

# *Sebastian*

by  
*Rigby Taylor*

Free ebooks edition

Copyright © Rigby Taylor

This novel is entirely a work of fiction.  
The names, characters and incidents portrayed in it  
are products of the author's imagination.  
Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead,  
events or localities is entirely coincidental.

Also by Rigby Taylor

*Rough Justice*  
*Dancing Bare*  
*Dome of Death*  
*Jarek*  
*Time to Think*  
*NumbaCruncha*

\*\*\*\*

## *Chapter One*

Sebastian tore open the package, gazed in delight at the tiny yellow pouch, studied the strings, worked out which one went between his legs and which around his waist, tucked his penis over his scrotum and placed the flimsy bit of material on top. It was slightly elastic so with judicious pulling and manoeuvring he managed to cover the essentials and tighten the strings to hold it in place before gazing in awe at himself in the full-length mirror.

'Cool', he whispered, sharing a complicit grin with his reflection. The only thing he didn't like were the tufts of black hair sticking out round the edges like a fungal growth, so he shaved his pubes, running the razor over armpits as well. If he was going to be smooth he might as well do it properly. The mirror reflected an image that looked exactly as he'd hoped. Tall, slim and sleek; the pale gold pouch complementing his olive skin.

Sebastian had given up wondering why he hated wearing clothes. He'd always run around naked at home, encouraged by his mother because it saved having dirty clothes to wash and she thought it

was healthy. Until the age of ten or eleven nudity had been an innocent and unconscious pleasure. Since puberty, however, being naked among other people had become a source of confusion.

After a restless night filled with sexy dreams, followed by a never-ending day at school, he cycled to a public swimming pool on the other side of the city to avoid running into kids he knew.

There were few swimmers but the grassed area, stretching about fifty metres towards a diamond-wire fence, was jammed with half naked, mostly overweight bodies sunbathing, picnicking under the trees, or standing around hoping to be admired. Females were scantily clad; males wore bulky shorts from navel to knee. He was going to look like a hummingbird among toads.

The thought buoyed him, but to be on the safe side Sebastian asked the pool guard if it was OK to wear backless togs. The fellow shrugged and pointed out three bare bummed women in thongs, sunbathing while their toddlers played.

‘You couldn’t look worse than those great fat arses,’ he sneered. ‘If anyone complains I’ll tell them to bugger off.’ He looked Sebastian up and down and asked, ‘You on your own?’

‘Yes.’

‘We’ve had a bit of stealing so put your gear behind the door of my office.’ He indicated a blue door to the right of the changing rooms.

‘Thanks! I owe you! It’s a nuisance having to watch stuff all the time.’

‘No worries.’ The guard moved on.

To prevent chaos, those who wanted to swim lengths were only allowed to use the four lanes in the centre, in one direction, from the diving boards to the changing rooms. They then had to get out and walk back to dive or jump in again. Sebastian bravely wandered along the side of the pool, pulses thumping wildly, senses acutely aware of wolf-whistles from a gaggle of girls, stares of incomprehension from teen-aged boys, and the spotlight gaze of dozens of older men and women.

Despite a very audible, ‘Fucking exhibitionist!’ from somewhere near the middle of the sunbathers, he felt more alive than ever before in his life. Proud yet wary. Posture perfect. Determinedly nonchalant. Apparently unaware that he was wearing anything unusual.

With disarming modesty he walked to the end of the diving board, bounced a couple of times then dived neatly in, swimming to the other end and hauling himself out; giving his audience a view of the best buttocks ever to grace the place.

The pool guard was standing in front of the office and beckoned Sebastian over.

‘Have you stuffed your pouch?’ he asked with a grin.’

Sebastian shook his head nervously, staring at his reflection in the mirror-glass window behind the guard. ‘No. Is it rude?’

‘Of course not. There’s nothing more pathetic than a guy in a pouch with nothing to fill it. You’re making me jealous.’

Sebastian took a quick look at the guard’s well-muscled body and grinned. ‘I’m jealous of your physique.’

The guard laughed, flexed his biceps, winked and wandered away.

Against the boundary fence under a gaudy umbrella, a large woman of indeterminate age fixed her eyes on Sebastian as he sauntered to the diving board and did a perfect pike. The next time he walked past she sat up and waved.

“Sebastian! Sebastian!” she screeched, making a hundred heads turn first to her and then to the almost naked young man who suddenly wished he was wearing a wet-suit. He recognised her immediately. Massive Martha. Until this year Sebastian had delivered evening papers for her News agency. She screeched again. She’d been his boss for four years so ignoring her wasn’t an option and he realised he didn’t want to; this was his excuse to get right in among the crowd. Picking his way between dozens of curious men, mothers, children and sunbathing teenagers, stepping carefully over bags and towels, he occasionally looked down and winked at eyes glued to his groin.

Martha, solid and squat in a black bikini that made no attempt to cover everything bikinis were supposed to, was ensconced on an enormous towel, propping her bulk against the wire of the boundary fence. A profusion of solid flesh, straight grey hair hacked off at the level of her earlobes,

aggressive mouth and determined jaw gave no inkling of the heart of gold she insisted lay beating in the depths of her beefy bosom. She turned to the elderly hippie beside her.

‘Lysander, this fine specimen of manhood is Sebastian—he was my best paperboy.’

Lysander stood and held out a limp hand. As skeletal and feeble as Martha was robust, his grey hippie ponytail and ridiculous earring made him seem much older than he was, while sagging faded Speedos exaggerated the scrawniness of thighs and buttocks. A warm voice and smile compensated for the wrinkles, so Sebastian took the proffered hand and waggled it about.

‘Sit!’ Martha ordered, patting the towel between her and Lysander.

Sebastian sat, wondering what would be their reaction if the cord round his waist or between his legs broke and his cods burst forth.

‘Lysander is an anthropologist,’ Martha announced proudly.

‘How nice,’ Sebastian replied, having not the faintest notion what an anthropologist was.

Both adults were staring silently at his pouch.

Obedying an urge to display his charms he leaned back on his elbows.

‘I want to congratulate you,’ Lysander said in a husky voice, his gaze never wavering from the apparently swelling yellow pouch.

Sebastian frowned at the older man. ‘What for?’ He asked sharply, hoping the fellow was only a voyeur and not expecting to touch the display.

‘One of my fields of study is expressions of male sexuality in different cultures. It’s an extension of Margaret Meade’s work in the Pacific Islands.’

Sebastian nodded in incomprehension, relieved that his penis had changed its mind.

‘Did you know that more than half of all Australian men are more or less impotent, and eighty-two percent feel insecure about their bodies and sexuality?’

Sebastian shook his head.

‘This insecurity and inability to achieve an erection translates into anger and depression. Most people don’t realise how this, and female reactions to the problem makes men feel so frustrated and angry it can lead to wife-beating and rape.’

‘Gosh.’ Sebastian wondered what this had to do with the present situation. Was the old bugger referring to the fact that his erection had failed to develop?

‘Did you know that boys do much better in single-sex schools than in co-educational schools because of this sense of inferiority?’ Lysander looked up owlshly.

‘No,’ Sebastian replied, awed that someone had studied such things, still wondering what it had to do with him. ‘I go to a single sex school.’

Ignoring the interruption Lysander ploughed on. ‘The recent origins of male self-image problems appeared in the late nineteen seventies, early eighties, when an upsurge of U.S.A. fundamentalist Protestant Puritanism decreed that men should hide their thighs with Bermuda shorts. After that they had to hide their chests with T-shirts. Then they had to hide the shape of their genitals even when swimming with the dreadful board shorts. Lethal things that fill with water, prevent boys from learning to swim properly, and cause several drownings a year.’ He paused for a much needed breath. Tar-filled lungs are no use to an orator.

‘Fortunately, my generation was not like that,’ he continued loudly, looking round to include the dozen or so people nearby who were staring with undisguised curiosity. ‘We wore brief shorts, went bare-chested all summer, swam in bikinis, and were proud of the bulges in our groins! We are the last emotionally healthy generation of Australian males and I had despaired for the future until I saw you! You are magnificent! You walk confidently, unashamed, proudly exposing the muscles that lifted humans above the other apes.’

He paused as if for applause.

Sebastian was too embarrassed to speak or listen properly and there were titters from the spectators. If Lysander epitomised sexy manhood in middle age, then Sebastian hoped he’d die young!

‘Thanks, I think. But not everyone agrees with you. Someone over there yelled that I was an exhibitionist.’

‘Ridiculous!’ Lysander snorted causing several more heads to turn. ‘An exhibitionist wants to shock. You are the opposite; you celebrate your youth and manhood. Perverts are people who think men’s sexuality should be concealed.’ He turned and glowered at everyone around him. ‘Repression of natural desires is the reason so many men post naked pictures of themselves on the Internet. They daren’t do it in public—they aren’t brave like you. The moral retards who denounce nudity are too stupid to realise it is their censorship that is creating demand for pornography. Humans are pathetic!’ he snapped in disgust, then paused and glared at a repulsively fat young fellow in long orange board-shorts, biting into a hamburger.

‘I sometimes wonder,’ he continued after a prolonged coughing spree, ‘if this modern modesty signals the end of civilisation. Two thousand years ago nudity was normal. Most indigenous peoples were naked if it was warm enough. The Greeks did all sport naked!’ He coughed again while ostentatiously scratching his groin. ‘Which school do you go to?’

Sebastian stared in horror. The old bugger had an erection! ‘What?’ he asked, then remembered the question. ‘Mt Hurmese Boy’s Grammar, why?’ He had to escape these two nutters!

‘Are you a sportsman?’

‘I do Graeco-Roman wrestling.’ Sebastian offered.

‘Naked?’ Lysander demanded.

‘Of course not.’

‘But you’d like to.’

‘No. It’s only me and the teacher. The other guys prefer karate.’

Several people who were listening to Lysander’s nonsense giggled audibly. Sebastian wanted to dissolve. This was not the sort of attention he was seeking!

‘I’m jealous of you,’ Martha interrupted. ‘I’d love to wander round bare chested, but haven’t your courage.’

As she was already exposing at least three times as much flesh as Sebastian, he thought she was being somewhat greedy.

‘Be a dear and fix my cushion,’ she demanded, leaning forward.

Sebastian got to his knees and adjusted the cushion to better to protect her back from the wires. As Martha lay back he slipped a loose strap of her bra over a hook-shaped wire protruding from the fence.

Too polite to just get up and go, Sebastian gazed towards the pool in desperation and saw a young man in white Speedos beside the diving board. ‘I’ve just seen a friend over there I promised to meet. I’ve got to go.’

‘I feel like a swim too’, Martha announced. ‘Pull me up.’ She extended her hand.

Sebastian grabbed it and heaved violently. She careered forward, tumbling onto a young couple immediately in front. Her bra remained on the fence.

Pretending not to notice, Sebastian leapt agilely over recumbent bodies to the diving board and confronted the young man.

‘Please pretend you know me and we’re friends,’ he pleaded. ‘I have to escape those people.’

The young man, who had been wondering how to approach the scantily clad Adonis racing towards him, placed an arm round his shoulders and said, ‘Only if you kiss me.’

‘What! Here?’

‘No, underwater. Come on,’ and he dived in.

Sebastian followed and the kiss was brief, but sufficiently crazy to excite him.

They surfaced, breathless.

‘I’m Rodney.’

‘Sebastian.’

They swam and lay on the warm concrete as far from Martha as possible, where Sebastian’s usual manic desire to communicate soon had Rodney laughing.

‘Well, she said she wanted to go topless,’ he laughed.

He was a little surprised when Rodney asked about his school and showed interest in the athletic sports the following week. Pleasure turned to nervous fear when asked if he had a girlfriend.

‘No,’

‘A boyfriend?’

Sebastian’s heart pumped. The world stood still. His throat constricted. Was Rodney a gay basher? They were everywhere.

‘No.’

‘You’re too good looking to be het, are you gay?’

‘Are you?’

Rodney just laughed and gathered up his things. ‘Look for me at the Sports Day, I’ll come and cheer you on.’

Sebastian stared after him. Mind a blank. What had that been about?

Gay. The word was meaningless to him. Sebastian wasn’t ignorant, he’d read magazines, surfed the Internet for sexy pictures of guys, knew what the word meant, but it didn’t describe him. No single word described him! He was a son and student who loved reading, dancing, singing, acting, sprinting, sunbathing wrestling and swimming. He hated team sports and individual competitions unless he was sure of winning. He was a bit of a loner and didn’t seem to have much in common with most other students. He liked wrestling, but just for the exercise. He enjoyed exams and looking after the few plants in their garden—flowers as well as vegetables. He’d enjoyed woodwork and flower arranging. He’d also made himself a pair of shorts on his mother’s sewing machine.

He didn’t object to girls, just never thought about them. He wasn’t sexually attracted to any of the boys at school. Well, one, but he’d never told him and they’d done nothing in the four years. Sometimes he wanked when thinking about Mr. Achilles in his Lycra wrestling gear. He shook his head to remove the nonsense. Gay didn’t describe him! He was just a normal seventeen year-old who found a few men sexy.

The other kids used gay as an insult, but they also used Boong, Wog, Nig, egghead and four-eyes as insults. So as Sebastian’s neighbours were Indians and he liked them; his best friend was an asocial, super-intelligent eco freak; and the school principal wore glasses to read, he’d always imagined there was no logic in any of the insults. The only girls he saw were usually giggling and whispering on street corners, and none of the girls at the pool today had interested him in the least. Rodney though, he was sexy, and Sebastian wouldn’t mind kissing him again. And the guard. He was sort of tough and rough with broad shoulders and a tattoo on his biceps. He was sexier than Rodney.

Sebastian entered the office feeling somehow deflated. The guard was standing staring out the window and Sebastian realised he must have been looking at him.

‘Is that guy your boyfriend?’

‘No, we’ve just met.’

‘He’s sexy.’

‘Not as sexy as you,’ Sebastian blurted, breaking into a nervous sweat. The guy would probably thump him. One day he’d make a mistake and say something stupid like that to a nutcase with a flick knife, who’d bury it in his chest after hacking off his balls. ‘Just joking,’ he added hastily. ‘Great tat.’ He added, indicating the seahorse tattoo on the guard’s biceps.

‘My name’s Ari.’

‘Sebastian’

‘There’s a butterfly on my bum if you wanna see it?’ The grin was cheeky.

A swarm of butterflies were flapping in Sebastian’s throat and chest.

‘OK.’

Ari kicked the door shut, then instead of just pulling down the top of his togs, he pulled them off, tossed them into the corner and twisted to show the tiny butterfly. Sebastian touched it lightly, grinning as another wank fantasy came true. Within seconds his pouch was off and with lips locked in a gentle kiss that Sebastian hoped would never end, they lay on the cool tiled floor and brought each other to orgasm.

‘Gee, Ari, that was my first time and...and it was just so great I...I...thanks.’

‘My pleasure. Come again.’

## *Chapter Two*

Sebastian was late and Desolé worried. It was stupid but she couldn't help herself. She knew the only way to keep her son was to leave him free to be his own man. She was well aware that possessiveness was poison, unsought advice anathema, and negative criticism counter productive. But when irritated by his increasingly callous insouciance, she found it hard to keep her mouth shut. Recently she'd been feeling as if she was walking among eggs—the slightest false step and disaster would strike and all her plans would come to nought. Sometimes she felt as if she hardly knew her son. She hardly knew herself!

Her parents had heaped hellfire and damnation on her for having a child out of wedlock, so they deserved their timely demise. Brakes failed and they sailed off the motorway exit into a quarry. Too old to be driving at seventy-six, the coroner said. No one checked for sleeping pills as it was around midday. The insurance had been very useful, although not as great a windfall as the rent-free, up-market townhouse with a large and very private courtyard, near the centre of the city. It was just the place to bring up a boy who threw off all his clothes when he came through the door.

Desolé worried about everything. When she wasn't worried she worried that she should be worrying. Sebastian never seemed to worry. As he told her on numerous occasions, he had a sixth sense and always knew exactly how people wanted him to behave, so he was always the person everyone wished their own son would be and there were no problems. Simple.

Desolé had not argued because it was true. Her son was a different person with everyone he met. She knew immediately who he was speaking to on the phone simply by the way he spoke. He could be noisy and tough, soft and gentle, bored and dull, interested and chatty, and everyone imagined this was the real Sebastian. All his teachers in primary school had adored him and said he was popular, and in the four years since he started high school his reports had been consistently excellent and his behaviour exemplary. So why did she have no motherly feelings for him? Why did she sometimes hope he'd fall on his face?

Her few friends with teenage boys said how lucky she was to have such a thoughtful and well-behaved lad; they were at their wits end. Some had even been attacked by their own sons! Sebastian was seventeen and, according to the books, testosterone was raging through his veins turning him into a sex-crazed, aggressive monster. He was physically an adult male. Did he need a male role model apart from Jack? Tough luck if he did. Desolé had no need of a strange male giving her son ideas of premature independence; she had her own plans for him. Jack already had too much of a hold over him.

It had taken only two years for her to realise she should never have had a child. They were like kittens—adorable when young and dependent, profoundly irritating when they started thinking for themselves, and in Sebastian's case that seemed to happen as soon as he was out of nappies. He'd let loose with ear-splitting tantrums whenever asked to wear clothes. Since deciding on her plan for Sebastian's future, Desolé had read every book she could lay her hands on about bringing up children. Her son would have no guilt feelings or embarrassment about sex. She'd read terrible tales about the harm guilt can do. One told of a deeply religious mother who, when she caught her son masturbating, had forced him to put his penis on the table then stabbed a fork through it. Later in life the young man had become a psychopath and murdered seven women.

Following the most enlightened ideas on child rearing Desolé had rewarded 'good' behaviour and ignored bad. All humans desire praise and recognition. There's no point in being a little shit if it's ignored. Much better to be a well-behaved, quiet kid who looks before crossing the road if that gets you a hug and an ice-cream. It was seldom cool in this tropical metropolis, and she saw no harm in his running around the house naked. Even to school he never wore more than a skimpy pair of shorts. Teachers gave up trying to keep a shirt on him; all agreed he was a beautiful boy and no

one complained. As he matured she'd thought he'd become shy, but he didn't, and was ready to tell any visitors who objected that they had the problem, not him. So far no one had objected.

Men had always been a mystery to Desolé, a mystery she had no interest in solving. She'd hated her father and grandfather and all her male teachers. The boys at school had teased and tormented her beyond bearing. She had tried to love women, but they turned out to be just as incomprehensible. After two years of acrimony, Marion had left her when she refused to have an abortion. Didn't want to live with snotty nosed kids—especially a male child! Desolé's anger at this betrayal was only mollified when her ex lover fell from her balcony and snapped her neck. Drunk, according to the coroner.

Sebastian's eleventh birthday had been a triumph, proving her success at raising a child without inhibitions. She'd offered to throw a party but he said he saw the other boys every day at school and didn't want to see them at home as well. In seven years he had never brought a friend home. He said he had friends, but if so they were kept in a separate compartment of his life. Not that he was secretive or sly. Quite the opposite. Sometimes she wished he were a little more reserved.

"Your son is attractive, but maniacally garrulous," one unkind visitor had decreed after Sebastian had bent her ears about tadpoles for half an hour.

Desolé had made a special eleventh birthday cake, and he put on a concert. He was a great little actor. Requiring no costumes, of course, and using only his 'wand', a polished stick in which he had carved symbols, he played every role in a tale about a handsome young prince who battled dragons, wizards, trolls and other weird things, then rescued another young prince and they ruled as joint monarchs. She could still recall the tingle of surprise at how regal her young son looked on his throne. It was indeed magic.

He sang two songs of his own composition, recited a poem, performed a dance he'd made up based on the ballet they'd recently watched on TV, then made her laugh by popping his penis head in and out of his foreskin. She had been delighted with his innocence, especially when he got an erection and demonstrated how he could use it like a catapult, bending it down, placing a little paper ball on it and letting go. The missiles flew several metres.

It embarrassed her to admit it, but her son's penis was the only real one she had seen in her life. Plenty of photographs, of course, but never a real one. Her rapist didn't undress, merely opened his flies and shoved it in. She'd been too shocked to do anything except close her eyes and blank the experience out.

The final act of Sebastian's concert had been a gymnastics display. He stood on his head, did cartwheels and handstands, then lay on his back and held his hips high with his hands, his weight on his shoulders. While straining to maintain the pose he explained that when he did this it felt extra good between his legs. Suddenly he groaned loudly and little spurts of semen sprayed over his chest and onto his face. He collapsed, sat up and looked at his penis in concern.

'Mummy, Willy's got a cold. Look at all the snot!'

Desolé had felt privileged to witness her son's first ejaculation. She had read that Japanese mothers teach their sons to masturbate, but had not dared herself, having no experience. But of course her clever son had worked it out for himself.

After absorbing her lavish congratulations and a detailed explanation of what had happened and why, he asked in innocent curiosity. 'Is that how I was made? A man pushed his Willy into you and squirted?'

'Yes, dear.'

'Who was it?'

'I don't know. It was dark and he hid his face.'

'Did you love him?'

'No. I hated him! It hurt and... ' a determination to be brave dissolved. Desolé burst into tears and, as he had been trained to do, Sebastian consoled her.

It was later while burning the video of Sebastian's performance onto a disc that an idea fluttered into her brain, took root and began to grow.

Desolé dragged her thoughts to the present and Sebastian's lateness. The previous afternoon he had seemed excited when she arrived home. He'd finished his homework, mowed the tiny lawn, taken a shower then helped her prepare supper, chatting constantly. Later, when he was sprawled in his chair in front of television she noticed he had shaved his pubic hair. She said it looked very neat and clean—which it did.

'Do you want to know why?' he asked, lazily stroking his groin.

'Only if you want to tell me.' She knew he was going to; he was in that sort of exasperating mood. She was wary, however. There was something about this careless insouciance that was different; a shift in the power balance. Instead of her setting the pace and itinerary, Sebastian was in control. Normally he would have asked before shaving his armpits and groin. She had to re-establish her authority. Another guest was due soon and a self-willed Sebastian might be a problem.

Sebastian went and fetched a tiny yellow pouch, hung it by its strings on his erection, and dangled it in front of her. 'So I can wear this at the public pool.'

Desolé fingered the soft, shiny fabric and shook her head. 'It'll never fit.'

'Not when I'm like this, but when I'm normal.' He eyed her cheekily. 'Wanna see it on? I'll have to release the pressure on Willy first.'

It had been two years since Sebastian had masturbated in front of her. She never mentioned it in case he thought she wanted him to—which she certainly didn't! She was privy to all his sexual experiments thanks to several tiny video cameras Jack had cleverly concealed in her son's bedroom four years previously. Sebastian was obviously trying to provoke her, and she didn't appreciate it! At least he hadn't become inhibited, that would really put a spanner in the works. But now wasn't the time to make a fuss so she squeezed a tight smile and managed not to yawn while he stroked, fondled and caressed himself until a large gob of cum shot over his shoulder to land on one of her satin cushions. Hiding her irritation she congratulated him on an impressive display, fetched a damp cloth and tossed it to him to clean the cushion and himself. After a quick wipe, he donned the minuscule pouch and paraded, choosing to ignore his mother's lack of enthusiasm.

Desolé had not the slightest sexual interest in any man, least of all her own son! Her current desire for him to be free of the usual inhibitions sprang from an entirely different set of desires, primarily economic. Since the video of Sebastian's eleventh birthday concert, which she had shown to her accountant, photographs and videos of her naked son in an interesting variety of poses and activities had earned her many thousands of dollars, thanks to Jack's contacts with foreign magazines and other people prepared to pay for that sort of thing.

As long as her privacy and financial security was assured, Desolé did not want to know about that side of the arrangement. She was obviously aware that her son was physically attractive, but she found his charm, smooth bronze skin and obvious fitness irritating rather than seductive. She only wished she could have been so self-assured. Men really were different from women. Increasingly, she felt she would have been happier as a man.

To Desolé's relief, Sebastian had never shown an interest in girls. Females were far too clever at ensnaring stupid men—and all heterosexual men became stupid when faced with female wiles. Women never lost sight of the main game—money, power, prestige. The employment agency she managed for Mr Farzdbuk saw a constant flow of silly young things who thought that simply being a woman was enough to demand respect, love, presents, and the fawning admiration of men. None seemed prepared to put themselves out for others—certainly not for their boyfriends or husbands. To listen to their gossip you'd think they despised the young men who took them to parties and bought them presents.

Adult females were no better. As Edith, a long-time acquaintance had remarked, 'If I don't know within five minutes of meeting a woman how often her husband wants sex, how good it is and the size of his cock, then she's a lesbian.'

If the men in their lives knew that their spouses and partners betrayed their personal details to the slightest of female acquaintances, they'd probably suicide. Just this afternoon a very ordinary young lass in the waiting room was regaling a dozen complete strangers with intimate details about her husband's tiny penis that she could hardly feel, his difficulty in gaining an erection, the rash he'd



developed under his testicles and the size of his haemorrhoids that popped when the piano she'd asked him to move fell on top of him. To everyone it was a great joke and proved the inferiority of men.

Desolé hoped Sebastian would be gay; she wouldn't be able to tolerate another female in the family! Once had been enough. She liked the word, Gay. He was usually happy and gay. However, he still never brought anyone home. Went to the pictures and bush walking with a friend on weekends and was always talking about what a great guy his wrestling teacher was, but he wasn't a friend, thank goodness. Friends can be nose and demanding.

The front door slammed. Desolé relaxed. Sebastian was home. A few seconds later he burst into the room, gave Desolé a wave and ran off to shower.

For several months Sebastian had suspected his mother had secrets; that she wasn't honest with him. Increasingly he'd realised there was something very odd about their relationship and the way he'd been brought up. As he'd grown older the similarities between his life and that of other guys his age had shrunk, and differences grown. Emotionally and socially his peers already seemed like old men; riddled with inhibitions about what they could and couldn't do, say, think, believe. Their futures appeared to be inscribed indelibly on both their and their parents' hearts. Get a steady job, be respectable, marry a suitable girl, breed two or three children, work till sixty-five, retire and die in a nursing home.

They seldom questioned anything political or social, wore whatever was in fashion, got drunk on weekends, and thought it was sissy to enjoy reading, singing, dancing, talking and chatting. Cars, football, cricket and rating the sexiness of girls walking past, were the topics of conversation. They told their parents nothing—for there was nothing to tell. Sebastian told Desolé everything because in the telling he sorted out his ideas, values and hopes, and her reactions gave him an insight into her mind—a mind he was beginning to suspect was not as he had been led to believe.

'I met Massive Martha at the pool,' Sebastian began while they were doing the dishes, 'and...'

He was a great storyteller and they laughed at Martha's debut as a topless bather. Desolé hid her irritation at his meeting a young man who was going to watch Sebastian run at the School Athletic Sports. He hadn't even told her it was on, or that he was likely to win the hundred metres! Her brain drifted off while Sebastian regaled her with a deliberately unnecessarily detailed account of his dalliance with the handsome pool-guard.

'Goodness,' Desolé smiled tightly. 'How nice.'

She blew her nose then burst into tears. 'I'm happy, Sebastian. Really, darling. So happy for you. I just hope you know what you're doing... sex with strangers can be dangerous. I know you can tell a person's character in the first nanosecond, whatever that is, I just want you to live a few years longer, that's all.'

Sebastian looked at his mother. She was good, he gave her that. The tears looked real. She wanted him to live longer to look after her, that's what it was all about. Well, she'd brought him up to be independent, and independent he would be.

'By the way, darling,' Desolé sniffed while patting her eyes, 'Mr Farzdbuk rang to see if we'd take another guest next Friday. I said if he was as pleasant as the others, there was no problem. He assured me he was. Are you fine with that?'

'Sure, why not?' Sebastian shrugged as if it was of no consequence. This was another thing that had been bugging him lately. All those young homeless guys his mother's boss dumped on them for a few days or a week. Apparently people were streaming up from the South to laze on tropical beaches, but when their unemployment cheques stopped they were abused, assaulted, and even abducted. Mr Farzdbuk was a benefactor. If he heard of such a case he'd rescue him, have him repaired and checked for bugs and diseases, bring him to Desolé's to recover his sanity and looks, then when he was presentable and stopped bursting into tears every five minutes, he'd find work for him.

Sebastian did not like Mr Farzdbuk. He was overweight, had too many chins, smiled too much, had clammy hands and, despite a drenching of cologne, smelled sour. The guest's were always

potentially good-looking young men about the same age as Sebastian. Desolé was well paid for her trouble and the visitors assisted with house cleaning and cooking, which pleased Desolé who hated housework. Complaints about wearing no clothes soon stopped when they were told they were free to go back on the streets.

Desolé's house was large but had only two bedrooms, one at either end. Sebastian's was huge with a desk and armchairs, an en-suite bathroom and dressing room. French doors opened onto the patio and garden, and a gigantic four-poster bed, the sort usually seen in raunchy, romantic French period-films, dominated one end.

The weekend before the first guest had arrived, Desolé prepared the way by arranging for fifteen year-old Sebastian to meet her accountant, Jack, a youthful looking thirty-one year old who could easily pass for Sebastian's brother. Slightly less than average height, Jack was tough with a muscular, sun dried body, and thinning hair. Fighting had donated a broken nose and prominent ears; features that added interest to an otherwise plain countenance. A beguiling smile assisted in the manipulation of others, but Desolé worried Sebastian would see through his superficial charm and refuse to cooperate.

Having been told to expect Jack to be there when he arrived home from school, Sebastian had peered through the French doors at a man sunbathing by the pool. He was used to being the only naked person in the house and felt irritated. He studied the fellow, unable to decide if he was angry or interested. He still hadn't decided when he wandered out and introduced himself.

Jack stood and Sebastian was pleased to see he was a few centimetres taller than his visitor, who appeared shy and diffident. Jack's arms, chest, groin and legs were sprinkled with short brown hairs. Not like an animal, though. Muscular definition was clear. The effect was sexy and Sebastian wondered what it would feel like to stroke him.

Normally, Sebastian's knack of putting people at ease meant that within a few minutes whoever was basking in his attention imagined he was the friend they'd been searching for all their lives. For Sebastian, though, it was but a game, a game that wasn't working this time. Jack appeared impervious to Sebastian's chatter and charms, remaining politely impassive. In a last ditch effort to make the muscled runt take a shine to him, Sebastian asked if, seeing he was an accountant, he would help him with his maths homework.

Jack shrugged pleasantly and trailed the young man to the bedroom, gazed vaguely around and asked if the bed was as comfortable as it looked. Sebastian told him to try it. Jack neatly folded the cover down and sprawled over the sheets.

'There's enough room for several people in this bed.'

'Yeah.'

'You'd never know the other person was there.'

'I would. I like to sleep alone.'

'So you can wank?'

'Yes.'

'It's more fun to share.'

'Wanking?'

'Lying on a bed with someone.'

'Doubt it.'

Jack patted the bed. 'Try it and see.'

Curious, but unwilling to seem like an obedient puppy, Sebastian shook his head.

'Frightened I'll bite?'

Reluctantly, Sebastian lay on the edge of the bed.

Jack bounced up and down, making Sebastian roll towards the centre. Then Sebastian bounced and they ended up lying side by side laughing, thighs touching. Sebastian suddenly didn't like it any more but Jack felt playful and shoved Sebastian off the bed. Sebastian's wrestling skills apparently surprised Jack who found himself on his stomach, one arm up his back, Sebastian astride, demanding submission.

At that moment, Desolé, who had been watching on the monitors, came in and plonked herself down in an armchair.

‘Oof! It’s great to be home. The traffic was horrendous. You’ve met, I see, that’s excellent. Are you staying to dinner, Jack?’

Jack hesitated.

‘Yeah, stay,’ Sebastian insisted. ‘You haven’t helped me with my maths homework yet.’

During the meal Jack told them about a great spot beside a river a few kilometres inland, and invited Sebastian to go camping with him that weekend. Sebastian failed to hide his pleasure.

A two-man tent was erected, they stripped and sunbathed while Jack talked about the history of the area, then they clambered up a steep rocky escarpment for a view over the plains. The river was full and they swam in a series of deep holes scoured out between giant granite boulders. A whirlpool dragged Sebastian under. He surfaced and grabbed a lungful of air and water, but the rock was too smooth and slippery to grasp. He sank, surfaced again and took another mouthful of water. As if in a dream he could see the bank and Jack standing with his back to him. Down for a third time. No panic, merely resignation. He was going to drown. The realisation was oddly relaxing and he released the air in passive acceptance of his fate.

Suddenly a strong hand grabbed at his hair, hauled him out and held him upside down. The water gurgled from his throat and he coughed violently. Jack laid him on his side and stroked his head.

‘Lucky you’ve long hair, Seb.’

Sebastian was shivering violently from cold and a sudden fear that seemed to clutch at his belly. Jack placed him gently on the sleeping bags in the tent, lay beside him and wrapped them both in a blanket. After several minutes of gentle massage, stroking and comforting words, the shaking stopped and Jack unwrapped himself.

Sebastian was relieved.

Later, Jack taught Sebastian how to spot dangerous currents, apologised for not warning him, and, courage restored, they swam again and enjoyed the rest of the weekend.

On the way home Jack brought the incident up.

‘You OK after your brush with death?’

‘Yeah! Sure. Thanks to you.’

‘We don’t tell Desolé.’

‘No, she’d have kittens.’

‘That’s right...but it’s more important than that. Always bear in mind that it is stupid to tell people about your woes and problems, accidents and fears. Not because you’re ashamed of them, but because it gives them ammunition. Some time in the future—you never know when, someone will want to hurt or damage you and they’ll use the information you carelessly let slip against you. It’s the way of the world. Trust no one, keep your secrets, and you’ll not get hurt.’

Sebastian thought for a bit. ‘Yeah. I can imagine several kids at school who’d love to sneer at me for nearly drowning and having to be rescued. Thanks. Good advice.’

‘Well, here’s some more. The young man who’s coming to stay with you has suffered far more than you. He was kicked out of home, hitched north, was seriously beaten up, then locked, blindfolded in a room for a week. He was on the verge of madness when Mr. Farzdbuk found him.’

‘Why did someone do that?’

‘No idea. The point is, what did I do to calm you after your near drowning?’

Sebastian blushed. ‘You cuddled and stroked and massaged me.’ He blushed and added, ‘We were naked and I got a hard on, but you ignored it as if it was normal and that made me feel it was OK.’

‘Why did I do it?’

‘To make me feel safe?’

‘Right. And believe me, the young man who’s coming to stay with you is going to need a great deal of that sort of attention. Can I trust you to give it to him if you think he needs it? No embarrassment; just make him feel safe?’

‘As long as he’s clean and isn’t covered in sores...’ Sebastian looked at Jack who wasn’t smiling.

‘That’s very wise. Your own health must always come first. But I assure you he isn’t. He’s been in hospital for a week where he was checked for diseases, sanity and drugs. He’s clean and healthy—but emotionally scarred. He needs a week with someone sane like you before starting work.’

‘He’s got a job?’

‘Yes, Farzdbuk’s arranged it.’

‘I don’t like that man.’

‘Well, don’t tell him that. He’s...’

‘What?’

‘Nothing. So, are you going to do the job properly?’

‘Yes! I’ll look after the guy for you.’

‘No. You’ll do it because it is the right thing to do.’

Sebastian blushed again. ‘Yeah. OK. I understand.’

Neil had been a little older than Sebastian, but leaner, taller, less sure of himself. Not bad looking if he stopped that nervous twitch of his nose. Farzdbuk was standing beside him in the entrance hall. Neil was wearing a short towelling dressing gown and looked embarrassed. He had good calves. No sores. Desolé invited Farzdbuk to stay for dinner, but he shook his head brusquely. He turned to go then swung back and held out his hand.

‘The gown belongs to the hospital.’

Reluctantly, Neil removed it and handed it over, then held his hands in front of his groin, embarrassed. An upwelling of sympathy for the young man coursed through Sebastian’s young veins so he put an arm round Neil’s shoulders and led him to the dining room, telling him gently not to be embarrassed, he had a great body and...

Desolé was friendly and relaxed, the meal was tasty, Sebastian chattered constantly about life’s banalities, and Neil relaxed sufficiently to fall asleep in front of the TV. Sebastian woke him gently and led him to the bedroom where a second bed had been placed a metre from Sebastian’s. He tucked Neil in and settled into his own to read. All was peaceful until the lights went out. Neil sat up shrieking. Sebastian turned on his light and raced over. Neil sat, rigid on the edge of the bed. Shivering.

‘Sorry...I...I spent too long in the dark, I...’

Sebastian took the unprotesting guest to his own bed, left the light on and massaged him until he fell asleep. That was the pattern for the first three nights, so the spare bed was removed and Desolé got some fine videos for her collection during the rest of the week.

During the day, Neil spent time with Jack, telling Sebastian it was just boring stuff. Sebastian didn’t probe.

That had been 18 months ago. Sebastian let his thoughts drift over the events of the last few days and his suspicions about his mother and the bizarre set-up grew. He didn’t believe she didn’t know who had raped her, but it was impossible to broach the subject without a screaming tantrum. It remained a festering sore in his heart. He had a right to know who his father was. He had no idea what he would do if faced by the man who had forcibly squirted semen into his mother, but it would be memorable. Kill him? No, too easy. He wasn’t jealous of his school friends for their fathers. They seemed cold, irritable and unfriendly. One guy in his economics class often had red welts on his legs thanks to a length of electricity flex wielded by his loving father. When he thought about it, which was increasingly often, he was pleased to have only one parent to irritate him.

He wondered if he’d see Ari the pool guard again. He’d been so proud to be Sebastian’s first sexual partner. That little white lie had given pleasure to all nine of the guests who had slept in his bed since Neil. It was strange, though, that although they’d all promised to keep in touch, none had. Desolé said it was normal; that was how humans were. Never to be trusted. But this was yet another mystery that rankled. Another thing that needed explanation.

What had happened to those guys?

### *Chapter Three*

The opinions of Massive Martha's scrawny anthropologist tumbled around in Sebastian's head all weekend.

On Monday he waited till lunchtime and approached the Principal as he wandered the grounds checking for smokers. Mr. Noall was a lean and handsome man of sixty-four, not at all impatient for retirement, being one of those rare people who truly love their work. A distracted frown, brusque manner, and clipped speech preserved his sanity by deterring self-important pettiness, while amusing his few true friends. He was a scrupulously impartial observer of both teachers and pupils and, with the invaluable assistance of his wife's daily spying through binoculars from their verandah, knew more about them than they did themselves.

Mr. Noall was unashamedly human and accepted with equanimity both his and other peoples' faults along with any virtues. Wisely, he seldom put anything in writing and thus managed to avoid failures. Success, on the other hand, was a burden he was always prepared to shoulder.

Mt Hurmese Boys Grammar was one of the few socially successful results of the government's support for private schools. Whereas most of these so-called educational establishments had become examination factories and grooming grounds for organised religion, Mt Hurmese was belligerently secular and broad in outlook. Situated in the heart of the most prestigious of the city's garden suburbs, its astronomically high school fees ensured that only the obscenely wealthy had access to its small classes, cutting edge electronics, science, art and everything else. While other schools were touting for business and becoming co-educational to increase profits, the extremely well heeled parents of Mt Hurmese did not think it necessary to share their fortune with less favoured families. One hundred and thirty-two pupils was just about right, the School Committee reckoned.

Sebastian had never questioned how his mother, the manager of a small, downtown employment agency, could afford the fees. On the odd occasion when he'd pondered the question he assumed she had inherited money.

The Principal had taken an instant delight in the shirtless and inquisitive thirteen year-old who, unaccompanied by an adult, had registered for classes on the first day. Normal procedures requiring parental presence had been waived on presentation of a brief note from Desolé claiming sickness, and a cheque for his first two years' instruction. This colossal amount of money would earn multi bucks for the school's general purposes fund, so was gratefully and unquestioningly accepted.

Sebastian recognised a kindred spirit in the Principal and they had become clandestine friends. Clandestine, because Mr. Noall guarded his personal privacy as assiduously as he ferreted out the secrets of others. Not that he had the slightest objection to teachers becoming friends with pupils—quite the reverse. He deplored any tendency of staff and pupils to consider themselves on opposite sides of the educational fence. It was his opinion that teachers, in their search for knowledge and wisdom, have as much to learn from pupils as pupils have from them; so placing themselves on pedestals is counterproductive.

The respect he enjoyed was such that he was trusted to act like a benign dictator, hiring only male teachers who were in agreement with his philosophy.

Mr. Noall watched his protégé approach and bestowed a rare smile.

Sebastian's responding grin enlivened the Principal's day.

'Sir, I was talking to an anthropologist recently who said too much modesty was dangerous for society.'

'His justification?'

Sebastian outlined Lysander's arguments.

Mr. Noall considered them and grunted, 'Makes sense.'

'The school pool's private, so why do we have to wear togs to swim?'

'You don't.'

'We don't?'

'We didn't when I was a student here. It's as your anthropologist acquaintance said, idiotic middle-class morality.' The sneer on the words 'middle-class' was worthy of a great actor—which, like all good teachers, Mr. Noall was. 'Over the years, Principals gave in to parents' increasingly puritanical notions about nudity and sin, so by the time I took the reins it was a fait accompli and everyone wore clothes when swimming. Mad. On the other hand, it will amuse you to know that there's no rule saying students must wear clothes at all at school.'

Sebastian looked his astonishment.

'The parents' association when I first took over was full of SNAGs, sensitive new-age guys who decided to abolish school uniforms. They were not expert law-writers, so the appropriate school rule simply says, and I quote: "From the date of this meeting, clothing for both pupils and teachers is optional". I realised at the time that it didn't say what they intended, but as a dedicated weekend nudist myself, I happily signed it into the School Rule Book.' His self-satisfied smile made Sebastian laugh.

'Brilliant! So I can swim naked this afternoon?'

'If you want.'

'And I can go to class nude?'

'Except for a few wet, cool days, you have never worn more than running shorts and sandals in the four years you've graced this establishment. I don't think you even own a proper shirt. Do you really want to plonk your naked bum on seats other boys have been farting into.'

'No thanks! But how about at the sports next week?'

'No, that's a public place on that day, so you have to obey State laws which demand you cover your bits.'

'Pity. But at least I can swim naked. Should I warn Mr. Sprague?'

'Why?' The Principal's smile was sly. 'What time is your swimming class?'

'Last period.'

'Damn, I forgot my togs.' Sebastian was searching through his knapsack in the changing room. 'To hell with it, I'll go naked.'

'You wouldn't dare'

'Wanna bet?' He stripped.

'Fuck! You've shaved your pubes!'

'Like it? The cheeky response got a laugh and no one dared comment further in case someone thought they were queer.

Mr. Sprague stared at the twenty-three young men lined up on the side of the pool and was about to give instructions when he noticed Sebastian.

'Sebastian, where are your togs?'

'Forgot them, Sir.'

'Then you can't swim.'

'But...'

'No buts.'

At that moment the Principal bustled into the pool area, apparently unaware that he'd dropped a folder by the gate.

'Old man Noall's here, Seb,' someone whispered. 'Now you're for it!'

Ignoring the students, the Principal walked briskly up to Mr. Sprague, stopped and rifled irritably through the bundle of papers he was carrying. 'Damnation! Where's that...' He swung round, saw the dropped folder in the gateway, turned to Sebastian and snapped, 'Get that folder and be quick about it!'

Sebastian ran and picked it up, returned at a sprint and handed it to the Principal, who barely nodded before turning back to the swimming teacher.

‘Mr. Noall, Sir!’ one of the students called. ‘Sebastian’s naked.’

Mr. Noall turned, studied the fellow and with testy tongue hissed, ‘Cruikshank, speak when you’re spoken to. And what are those things you’re wearing?’

‘My togs, Sir.’

‘Togs? They’re death traps. Great bags of material that fill with water and would drown you if you fell overboard.’ He gazed around venomously. ‘The only boys I see who are ready for swimming are Charles and Reginald in their Speedos, and Sebastian in his skin. The rest of you look ridiculous and would drown if caught in a rip.’

Silence.

‘You disagree?’

Silence.

‘I’ll prove it. You’ll each swim one length in your baggies, and a second length nude. No cheating by deliberately slowing down on the second lap.’

Shocked mutters and no one moved.

‘You get changed in front of each other for all sports, the pool is private, what’s the matter with you men?’

That was the smart word—men. As ‘men’ they dared.

Mr. Sprague irritably produced another three stopwatches for Sebastian, Charles and Reginald, and, as Mr. Noall predicted, the lap times when swimming naked were markedly superior. Furthermore, what everyone thought but no one admitted, swimming was not only easier but also more fun, and the water felt great flowing past groins and thighs. When the students were told to spend the remaining time swimming lengths because Mr. Noall had to speak to their teacher, no one put on their baggies.

‘What did you want?’ Mr. Sprague sounded truculent as they walked towards the office.

‘I wanted to tell you that you’re a fine teacher, but so bad tempered and unpleasant you’re causing stress to both staff and pupils. Therefore, I think it is time for you to find another school.’

‘You can’t!’

‘I can. Unless...’

‘Unless?’

‘You’re twenty-eight.’ Mr. Noall stated apropos of nothing.

If he was surprised by this change of tack the P.E. teacher didn’t show it. ‘Twenty-six.’

‘Bad temper makes you look older. No wife. No Girl friend...’

Mr. Sprague clamped his mouth shut.

As if unaware of mutiny brewing, the Principal continued blithely. ‘Who’s the best kid out there?’ indicating the pool.

Without hesitation Mr. Sprague snapped, ‘Charles!’

‘Charles is the pool and gymnasium monitor and you spend a great deal of time alone with him during and after school. It is obvious that you like each other. Furthermore, Charles hangs on your every word and gesture. He wears Speedos exactly like yours and cuts his hair the same way.’ Mr. Noall smiled benignly and asked gently, ‘Is your relationship sexual?’

‘No!’ exploded Sprague with such force the swimmers looked up.

‘Why on earth not?’ Mr. Noall asked as if shocked. ‘The lad’s not a minor, and you’re both obviously crazy about each other.’

‘But that would be... Are you telling me I should...?’ Sprague spluttered.

‘Are you stupid as well as unpleasant? It wouldn’t be unusual. I had an affair with my Latin teacher when I was Charles’s age; she was petite and wore six-inch heels. Quite the best thing that had happened to me until then. Set me on the path to happiness.’

‘How do you know these things?’

‘I’ve a third eye.’

‘Why don’t you mind your own business!’

‘It is my business to care for staff, pupils and school, so I need to know everything relevant.’

Charles, worried that his mentor might be in trouble, got out of the pool and hovered indecisively as if ready to come to his hero’s aid. He was a tall fellow, solidly built, swimmers shoulders, close-cropped light blond hair, blue eyes and a determined mouth. Not handsome, but then neither was Sprague. Youth and fitness were their strengths.

‘So here’s my ultimatum,’ the Principal continued calmly. ‘Take Charles to bed and do whatever makes you both happy. If after a few days of this you change from a bad tempered oaf I want to get rid of, to a pleasant young teacher, then you can stay. However, as you obviously realise, the experiment demands absolute discretion. As far as I know I’m the only one who has divined your relationship, and while Charles is a pupil it must remain a secure secret. Agreed?’

Mr. Sprague remained speechless so the Principal beckoned Charles.

‘Charles, how much do you like Mr. Sprague?’

Charles’ eyes grew round and moist as he gazed in abject fear at the Principal. With his retrousse nose he looked like a sentimental pig.

‘Very much, I think,’ Mr. Noall said with a gentle smile.

‘Yes, Sir,’ the lad whispered.

‘Well, he has just confessed that he feels exactly the same about you, so after the lesson I want you to wait for Mr. Sprague in his office and he will explain the situation. What he has to say is very personal so I hope you will not be shy?’

‘No Sir.’

‘Good lad.’

The following afternoon, buoyed by the knowledge that, technically, clothes at Mt Hurmese Grammar were optional, Sebastian decided to broach the subject with Mr. Achilles, his wrestling teacher.

When karate classes had taken over the gymnasium and with it all the other wrestling hopefuls, Achilles and his sole remaining pupil had cleared a hundred and twenty years of junk from a surprisingly large room under the main stairs, cleaned the drain of the small washbasin, placed a couple of rubber mats in the centre, put a Yale lock on the door and created a private and perfect space to wrestle—as long as they remembered where the stairs were and didn’t bang their heads.

‘Mr. Achilles, we’re doing Graeco-Roman wrestling, right?’

‘Sort of.’

‘They wrestled naked.’

‘They also punched, kicked, grabbed hold of their opponents balls, gouged eyes and tried to kill each other.’

‘Did they?’

‘What?’

‘Kill each other?’

‘Sometimes. Mainly during intercity games’.

‘But...with the boys and young men in the Gymnasium it wasn’t like that?’

‘No.’

‘And they were naked.’

‘All sports were done in the nude.’

‘Then so should we.’

‘OK.’

‘You agree?’ Sebastian’s surprise showed.

‘Your swimming pool escapade is the staffroom gossip topic of the week. Mr. Noall clearly supports you, so why shouldn’t I? But first I’d like to know why you like to bare all. You cycle to school in nothing but shorts and sandals, and that’s what you wear all day, every day. I’ve never seen you wear a shirt or long trousers. You now swim naked in the school pool, even at the



lunchtime free for all today. And a young man who sounds very much like you was swimming at the public pool on the other side of town wearing nothing but a tiny yellow pouch.'

'Who saw me?' Sebastian demanded.

'My cousin is a pool guard there.'

'With a seahorse tattooed on his shoulder and a butterfly on his bum?'

'The seahorse, yes. I've no idea what he's got on his buttock. How do you know?'

Sebastian just grinned and changed the subject. 'You wonder why I like being naked. It feels good.'

Not to be deterred, Achilles persisted. 'What did you and Ari do?'

'Why?'

'He has a wife.'

'That's his problem. As for being naked,' Sebastian continued determined to get off this potentially hazardous topic, 'I think I also want to test people.'

'Test them?'

'Yeah. People seem to like me, but will they also like me if I'm doing something most people don't do? Something that is considered weird or rude, like running around naked.'

'So you want people to like you?'

'Not really. After all, I don't like many people so why should they like me? It's just fun doing things to make them like me and then seeing how far I can go before they drop me.'

'Has anyone ever dropped you?'

'No, and that's odd don't you reckon?'

'Not really, it's just that they don't see you as competition—you're too...different.'

'As in strange, ugly, deformed, abnormal?'

'As far as looks go you could never be called handsome with that large hooked nose and hooded eyes, one slightly lower than the other. On the plus side you've a strong jaw and an amused mouth. Good thick hair. Slippery eyes.'

'Slippery? What's that supposed to mean?'

'It means you're impossible to pin down. For example at the moment I can't tell if you're serious or having me on. Most people's eyes give them away but you keep people guessing. I think that's part of your charm.'

'So I'm charming?'

'Only in the sense of casting a spell. It has something to do with your energy and enthusiasm; the way you involve people when talking to them...I don't know. Your individual bits are nothing to write home about, but the sum of the parts is a winner. I've watched teachers and kids talking to you. They don't really listen, they just watch you and smile as if mesmerised. And if you haven't put a spell over Mr. Noall then my names not Conias Achilles.'

'We're friends.'

'Sure; a seventeen year old pupil and a sixty-four year old Principal who let's him do whatever he wants.'

'Having demolished my face, how about the body?'

'You'd never win a bodybuilder competition but you're lean and firm with a permanently tanned satiny skin. You're obviously fit and strong. Good shoulders and slim hips. Excellent legs, tight bum and gigantic balls.'

'You've noticed?'

'It looked as if you were wearing water wings between your legs in the pool at lunchtime.'

'Does that mean you like me?'

'Do you care?'

'Yes.'

'I like you enough to keep wrestling.'

'Would you still like me if you knew I got a sexual thrill thinking about wearing my yellow thing in public, swimming naked at school, and wrestling naked with you?'

## Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

