

JOSH'S INCREDIBLE PACKET

© Ken Smith 2007

It was a comfortable Saturday night, warmth wise. Josh had perched himself in the leafy arms of a large oak, its orange and rust coloured leaves darkened by the night sky, the half moon not bright enough to give splendour to the wonderful autumn colours.

He raised a pair of binoculars to his eyes and focussed on the small window of the rickety old cottage. It was the bedroom he was secretly spying upon, the bedroom belonging to a farmhand whom he adored, the farmhand that filled his fantasies night after wet-dream night. It had become a weekend ritual ever since he'd spotted Jason doing his nightly exercise.

Reward came when Jason's strong and shapely body came into view. As always, it was clothed in nothing but underwear, not those boring briefs or ghastly Y-fronts, but sexy and evocative underwear. That oh-so-tantalising, mouth-wateringly divine, body hugging, all-in-one underwear, underwear the likes of which he wanted his mother to buy but was too embarrassed to ask, not that he'd ever found a similar kind in her Littlewoods catalogue that he kept secreted under his bed.

Yes, Jason's underwear was special, underwear that buttoned from the neck down, all the way to his bulging crotch; underwear that hugged his powerful buttocks and abdomen tightly. Short sleeved underwear that gripped those cannon ball biceps, underwear that didn't reach as far as the ankles, like some old granddad's thermals, but stopped well above the knee, encircling those massive thighs. Thighs that Josh knew could squeeze him tightly in a passionate embrace,

or press against his face as he gorged upon the thick cock that nestled tantalisingly beneath the soft and musty cotton.

Josh pressed his body against the trunk of the tree, reached for his own cock, and teased it from his jeans. So hard was his sex he could barely prize it from the fly. He began to toss, Jason's image jerking slightly as the other hand pressed the binoculars against his eyes. If he was lucky, and he often was, he would shoot his whack before his adorable farmhand had completed his nightly exercises. After that, he'd scamper home for second helpings while the vision of Jason's handsome face, beautiful body, and bulging crotch was still fresh in his mind.

As the dumbbells rose and fell, pumping up those hardened biceps, Josh studied the soft cock nestling beneath the final buttons of Jason's all in ones. Although he'd never witnessed it, he knew he would be content with the size, with every scrumptious inch. He doubted his cock would be as big as Jason's when erect, but he was happy with his own six-inch beauty, now seeping pre-come as he feverishly worked the foreskin back and forth. He hoped that one day Jason would be too. Hoped, also, the pair of them would be dressed in similar sexy underwear when that wonderful moment came about, when Jason took away his virginity.

Jason turned slightly as he bent and lowered the dumbbells. The powerful buttocks hugged invitingly against the soft cotton. His palm went directly to his crotch and adjusted the huge mound when he stood. Josh gasped. He thought the cock was about to be withdrawn. His hand began working feverishly, even more so when he spotted the increase in girth and length when Jason's mystery sex was gratifyingly mauled and manipulated.

Jason moved to the window and pushed it open. Taking in the night air, his massive chest rose and fell with each deep breath.

Harder and faster Josh worked his cock when he sensed contact was about to be lost. His worst fears came to fruition seconds later when Jason moved from view and the bedroom light extinguished.

“Damn and bugger!” cursed Josh. His palm dropped from his cock. “I was about to come all over your sexy underwear. Lick all of it away. Suck that big cock of yours until you filled my mouth with spunk.” He let the binoculars fall to his chest. “Damn!” he cursed as he descended the tree, his legs racing him home when they touched down.

Josh’s desperate dash for his bedroom came to a halt with a timely verbal tackle from Mum. Bath and chores done, and thoughts re-focussed, he plucked the Littlewoods catalogue from beneath his bed and made himself ready.

The thick book fell open at the exact spot required such was the use it had received of late. Several times his mum had asked why it was always in his bedroom. He liked to look at the bikes was his repeated excuse. No, he couldn’t have one for his birthday had been the response of his only parent, far too costly. Anyway, it would only end up rusting in the garden while he played in the woods. Josh had feigned disappointment.

Josh kept his black boxers on while he studied the glossy pages containing every breed of youth and men’s underwear imaginable. Slipping his fingers over succulent bulges, big and not so big cocks, his excitement increased. Although he sighed, disappointed at the absence of any all in ones, he was reasonably content with his own boxer briefs, they being fairly close to Jason’s underwear. At least the bottom half, the most important part was.

Like his farmhand's, his boxers also had buttons on the fly and came a quarter way down his developing thighs, gripping his teenage buttocks tightly and making his youthful packet very impressive indeed. At least he thought so.

Josh's cock began to grow as he studied a youth and a man dressed in similar boxers to his own, the very same in fact. The handsome man had his arm around the attractive youth's naked waist, the youth smiling wildly. He began to wonder what the youth might be thinking as he unbuttoned his own boxers and teased his solid cock through the fly.

"Bet the youth's thinking how much he'd love to bend down and suck on that man's big cock, suck it through those musty briefs until it was big and hard. Thinking, he'd love to push the leg of the boxers up and pull the big cock out and swallow the lot, right down to the fluffy bush."

The foreskin of Josh's cock zipped back and forth over the bulging head as he increased speed, his other hand caressing his balls. "Bet Jason would like me to suck his big cock. Like me to start at the neck of his all-in-ones and unbutton them down to his curly hairs, licking all the way."

Josh fell back against the pillow, the catalogue no longer required. His hand continued to work frantically as his imagination did likewise. "Bet Jason would love to cram my head right inside his underwear and force his big cock down my throat; fuck my face." His panting and pummelling reached fever pitch. "Spin me around and spank my bum as I gobbled him good." An ecstatic grunt gushed from his mouth. "Climb on top of me and rip my boxers off, and ram his big co..." The word knotted in his throat. "Ugh! Ugh!" he grunted as a single spurt of spunk shot from the eye of his cock, followed by a small globule which ran over his thumb and down the shaft

Josh coughed, and then laughed. “Like that, Jason? I bet you would.” He slurped the spunk from his thumb. “Delicious!”

Sunday morning saw the sun’s rays streaming through the crack in Josh’s bedroom curtains. A keen but not-so-cold breeze was coming from the west. In the kitchen, he quickly devoured a boiled egg and toasted soldiers. A note from working Mum informed him supper would be at eight. It also contained a list of chores; feed the chickens, tidy his room, put the wash on the line and a few other minor tasks, all done within an hour. He had the rest of the day to himself.

Josh was quite content to be alone playing in the woods, by or with himself, and usually was. In a couple of weeks, he’d join the weekend beaters and earn some cash for Christmas presents. Today he decided he’d follow the stream that skirted the wood and search for treasure, old bottles, coins and the like. He’d found some good ones, bottles mostly, and was given a few bob for them by the old man who ran the local junk shop. A Roman coin had earned him the most, an incredible twenty quid.

As he approached Jason’s cottage his plans changed. He’d spotted washing hanging on the line and flapping in the breeze. Underwear suddenly flashed into his mind. With that, he moved into the small copse that shielded the south side of the cottage and began to sneak toward the garden.

Josh crept closer and closer toward an impressive hedgerow of hawthorn, elder and dog rose, that backed onto the garden. Between the foliage, he could make out several items of clothing as they twisted, flapped, rose, and fell. Jason’s all in ones were on the low side of the line from where the forked prop held it high. Even more pleasingly, they were at the end closest to the hedge.

Sneaking along the base of the hedge with the dexterity of a cunning fox, he searched for an opening. “What an earth am I doing?” he suddenly asked himself. He plonked his bottom onto the leafy soil to reconsider. He’d read in the local paper about some dirty old man that had been caught nicking some lady’s knickers from her line. Surely he hadn’t become so desperate to get inside Jason’s underwear that he was about to do the same?

Josh laughed, reassured. “S’okay. They’ll probably think it’s the same dirty old man.” Anyway, he thought stealing Jason’s underwear far more exciting than scrumping his apples, which he’d done many times before.

He continued with his plan but the hedgerow was tight and he could find no way through. Jason had done a good job laying it. He decided he’d have to leave the copse and make a dash through the gate, just as he’d done with the apples. His excitement increased with the prospect, along with his breathing, as he backtracked to the path.

Soon, Josh was approaching the mossy-green gate. Thankfully, it no longer squeaked. Keeping very low, he pressed his palm against the woodwork, his target just a twenty-yard dash. Oh-so-gently, he began to push the gate, his heart racing, his gaze flitting across the empty garden like a kestrel about to swoop on an unsuspecting prey.

An almighty shove saw the gate swing wide. Thigh and calf muscles flexed as he sprang away. In less than ten seconds, he was halfway across the overgrown grass and heading toward the flapping underwear.

“Mornin’, Josh. Lost summin?” Jason’s accent was as broad as his shoulders.

Josh fell spread-eagle on the other side of the hedge. He swivelled his reddened face. He caught sight of his farmhand hunk, fly-mower in hand. His mind raced for

excuses. Embarrassment caused him to stutter his words. “Phea... pheasant! I... I’m after this pheasant. It ran through your hedge.” Josh smiled guiltily.

“That so?” Jason wagged a finger, but he didn’t look at all angry, not that he ever was. “Naughty lad.”

Josh began to calm, got up, and dusted the twigs and leaves away. “But it was nice and plump. Just right for supper.”

“That’s may be... but if Lord Bankworth’s gamekeeper catches you with one of his precious birds up your jumper, it’ll be you for supper. Well and truly stuffed, I reckon.”

Josh couldn’t resist being cheeky, and a little smutty. “I’d like a good stuffing,” he said with a giggle, giving his bottom a sexy little wiggle. He wanted to add, “Especially, if you were doing it to me.”

Jason smiled. He checked his mower, giving it a quick burst. “That so?”

Josh walked back to the gate, more than relieved Jason hadn’t caught him with the underwear stuffed up his jumper. He waved a reluctant goodbye.

“What you up to, then?” asked Jason.

Josh shook his head and shrugged. He took another guilty glance at the illusive underwear. “Go to the woods or stream. Working on some ideas.”

“Working on your todger, more likes,” chortled Jason.

“Not!” yelped Josh, defensively, embarrassment flooding his cheeks as he wondered whether Jason had twigged.

“You can help me if you don’t mind doing some hard work,” suggested Jason. “I’ll give you something afterwards.”

“Sure,” agreed Josh, trying not to sound too keen and wondering whether Jason might give him what he really wanted when they’d done and help him play with his todger.

Jason scratched his crotch. “Into the kitchen and make us a cuppa.”

“Yes, boss,” said a smiling Josh, pleased he was to spend the afternoon drooling over his favourite farmhand, pleased he was still within striking distance of the underwear.

Josh returned with strong, hot tea. For a moment, he studied Jason’s cock and balls that were balancing on the handlebar of the mower like some skilful tightrope walker. The firming biceps held his attention next as they swung the machine effortlessly from side to side. Finally, he studied the powerful buttocks that flexed on every twist of Jason’s hips. “Tea, boss,” he called, as he strode over the freshly mown grass.

“Set it on the path,” shouted Jason against the constant thrash of slicing blades. He moved between the two big apple trees. “Grab the rake from the shed. Rake up the grass, grab the wheelbarrow and take it to the compost when you’ve got a nice big heap.”

“Got it,” replied a spirited Josh, skipping across the sunlit lawn and ducking under Jason’s underwear. Although it was the perfect opportunity to whip them away, he didn’t, merely giving them a gentle squeeze as the crotch and legs brushed the top of his head.

Jason worked at a steady pace, slicing a swathe as he moved the mower back, forth, and sideways. The aroma of freshly mown grass wafted in the warmish breeze, meeting Josh’s nostrils as he raked. He loved that smell, and the one after a summer thunderstorm, when the sun came back out and heated the wet earth.

A couple of hours into the work and Jason tossed his sweatshirt was over the gate. Josh's eyes sparkled with delight when the all-in-ones appeared. The top buttons were open, exposing a smooth summer-sun-tanned chest. Josh moved up close so's he could get a better look of how well they fitted, how they hugged that rising chest and powerful abdomen, stretched and sprang back into shape with every delicious ripple of that manly torso.

"Bugger you!" alarmed Jason when he almost fell over Josh as he stepped back. "Nearly had me on top of you." He pointed to a mown area near the vegetable patch. "Over there first."

Josh giggled with embarrassment as he apologised, the thought of Jason lying on top of his body and bugging him the cause. His cock sprang upward and pressed against his red jeans.

Jason stopped the mower. "Where's me cuppa?" Josh's hand had subconsciously begun to adjust his rampant cock. Jason winked. "Told you you'd rather be playing with yourself."

Josh's face fizzed like cherryade. He decided to be brave, bold and cheeky. "And you, I bet."

Jason was upon him in a flash. "And how would you know?" he said, upending the lightweight youth and tossing him onto the cuttings which had been raked into a large heap.

"Get off, you bully," barked Josh, although that was the last thing he wanted.

Jason grabbed the kicking legs and lifted his work mate high. Josh's face swung between the muscular thighs and brushed the musty mound. How much he wanted to bite into it. Grab it. Be forced to eat it. Anything! His own stiffened cock oozed pre-come.

“Put me down!” snapped Josh, feigning his desire to be released. Jason dropped him onto the cuttings and began rolling him over and over until his jumper resembled a grass field. When he rolled him over a final time, Josh felt a strong palm accidentally press against his cock. A shrill gasp of delight issued from his mouth and his own cock jarred excitedly.

A large hand suddenly struck his backside, a single blow. “Ouch!” yelped Josh, but eagerly awaited another.

“My cuppa, slave,” ordered Jason.

Josh hadn't finished yet not by a long way. Excitedly, he jumped on his man, bowling him over when he caught him off balance. His bottom bounced on Jason's crotch. He was sure the cock grew bigger, harder, excited like his own. No longer embarrassed about his own erection he spread himself over Jason's body, cock rubbing cock. “Give up?” he asked, pressing his small palms onto those hefty shoulders, their lips within kissing distance.

A hand went to Josh's backside. His heart fluttered excitedly. It skipped a beat when the fingers began to slip beneath the waistband of his jeans. “Cheek me, would you?” said Jason. Gripping the boxers, he gave Josh a not-so-lethal wedgie.

Josh jumped to his feet. His artful gaze focussed on Jason's cock as he brushed the grass from his own. “Had you there,” he said with a satisfied grin. Boldly opening his fly, he pulled down his jeans and began adjusting his underwear. Far from being embarrassed, he wanted Jason to see the proud sex tenting his boxers.

“Reckon so,” said Jason, walking away, paying the proud cock no mind. Josh's disappointment didn't go unnoticed

They worked until teatime, Jason giving the lawn its last haircut of the year, while Josh heaped the green locks onto the compost heap.

A spot of rain caused Josh to rush to the line.

“What yer doin?” called Jason, now trimming borders.

“Raining,” replied Josh. “Better get it in.” The plan had been brewing in his mind ever since he spotted the approaching cloud. If he took the underwear down last, once in the kitchen he’d be able to sneak them into his windproof jacket hanging on the back of the door. After that, he could tell Jason he was late for tea and had to dash home, thus making a good excuse for a swift exit. Once at home, and in his bedroom...

Jason glanced skyward at the solitary dark cloud. There were others but they were still a fair way off. “Raining?” he questioned. He stretched his arms for falling droplets.

Josh wiped a palm over his locks. “Is over here.”

Jason laughed deep and loud. “Ged away with yer. A gnat can pee more than that.”

“Be heavy soon,” Josh predicted, his finger pointing toward the gathering clouds, his plan already evaporating.

Jason laughed again. “Monsoon by the looks of things.” He thought for a moment. The task needed doing at some point. “Is it dry?”

Josh rushed beneath the clothesline his hands squeezing clothing. “Yep.”

“You sure?”

Josh continued on his journey until he’d reached the all-in-ones. Pressing the crotch into his face, he breathed in their soapy freshness; felt the silky softness against his smooth cheeks. “Dry as a boner.”

Jason glanced over. “What?”

Josh coughed and giggled. “Bone dry, Jason. Shall I take it in?” Jason nodded.

Walking back to the basket, Josh began to take the clothing down, folding each item neatly; paying special attention to any garment that went over Jason’s naked body. When he reached the final item, Jason’s divine underwear, his mind began to wander back to his tree top vigil.

“What yer doin’ with me smalls?” called Jason, his voice startling Josh who had them pressed against his body, his arms folded about them in a loving embrace.

Josh’s brain reacted quickly, as it usually did. He laughed and began to wave the underwear. “What you call these, granddad bloomers?” He knew his face was red but hoped Jason wouldn’t notice. “You don’t wear these, do you?”

Jason strutted over and took them from him. “I’ll ave you know them's designer. You can’t buy these in any old shop. Very expensive.” He held them against his body. “And sexy, don’t you think?”

Josh tilted his head from side to side. “Suppose. But I’d have to see you in them first.”

“Ged away with yer,” laughed Jason, giving Josh’s locks a rub. With that, he picked up the basket and carried the wash into the kitchen.

“Damn!” cursed Josh when another plan had been scuppered. He was tempted to tell Jason he’d carry the basket in for him, iron the lot if he could bring his plan to fruition, but decided that would really blow his cover. “Best be off now,” he told Jason, the work done and no other plan to hand.

Jason called him into the kitchen and thanked him for the hard work. He handed over a tenner. “What you gonna spend it on?”

All-in-one underwear would have been nice, half an hour of spanking better. He told Jason he would save it up and buy something special for his birthday on Saturday.

“Naughty mags, more like,” Jason said with a grin, giving Josh’s cute bottom a gentle pat as he bade him farewell.

Josh leapt from the bus this Friday afternoon. Now that he’d left school, he’d registered at a big college in the town. The bus journey had been a desperate bore. Josh couldn’t think about anything apart from Jason’s underwear. His mind now had a detailed drawing of the all-in-ones, every button, seam and stitch. Twice he’d had a full-scale boner going.

He began the three-mile walk home; a journey that took him along tractor paths, small footpaths, across fields and through copses, shortcuts of the essence.

He’d reached the summit of Bishop’s Hill when he spotted Jason working in a far off field. It looked as though he were mending fencing. Josh could see no tractor in his vicinity and guessed he was on foot today. The underwear suddenly sprang to mind. “Plan B!” he delighted with a grin. With that, he darted to his left and jumped a five-bar gate.

He almost tripped as his legs raced him excitedly down the grassy slope. Another couple of gates keenly vaulted, he crossed the tractor path again. The copse slowed him down a little as he zigzagged through silver birch, willow and beech, fallen twigs cracking underfoot as he raced. In the next field, a herd of milking Friesian cows scattered as he rushed through. The brook was low and flowing slow when finally he reached it. His feet and best shoes got wet as he tiptoed across. Mum was going to shoot him.

Almost breathless Josh began the ascent of Bishop’s Mitre; a far steeper hill than the one he’d just descended.

Another speedy descent saw him do a complete somersault and come up running. Two more fields and a largish wood and he finally spotted Jason's cottage, smoke rising from the chimney.

"Made it," he breathlessly puffed, sucking much needed air into his chest, then bending over when his side started to stitch. He was beginning to wonder whether these shortcuts were indeed quicker.

Josh walked the remaining distance. He began calming himself and gathering his thoughts. It proved extremely difficult, his heart was truly racing in excited anticipation of what he was about to do.

Reaching Jason's garden gate, he briefly leant upon it, his eyes scanning his surrounding for witnesses. There was no washing hanging on the line today, but his plan wasn't to grab the underwear and dash home. No, this plan was far more daring than nicking them from the line. He planned to enter the cottage and steal them if necessary.

Josh strolled up the garden path to the front porch. He acted calm, as if he were on a genuine errand. Doors usually remained unlocked in these parts. Turning the big black knob, he pushed the creaky woodwork open and stepped inside.

The glowing embers of the fire had given incredible warmth to the cottage. It felt like a furnace after all that running. With no time to spare, he darted into the kitchen and knelt before the washing machine. Disappointingly, it did not contain dirty clothing as he'd predicted; he'd have to risk going upstairs to Jason's bedroom.

Before climbing to Jason's bedroom, Josh checked all windows for approaching people, for Jason. He began by tiptoeing up the creaking stairs but quickly darted to the top when he realised there was no need.

The bedroom was much cooler, the window wide open. Even so, his farmhand's odour was present; mingling with what Josh thought was a smell of oranges.

His heart was truly racing now. His excuse, if caught, he needed to use the loo. He knew it was lame. Even if you needed to squat, country boys would duck behind a hedge or find a decent sized tree. It would be most unlikely they'd pop into another person's cottage.

His eagle eyes began scanning the bedroom for the dirty underwear but Jason was a tidy guy and there wasn't even a mug of cold tea or any half-eaten biscuits lying on the bedside cabinet. The place was spotless. His mum would gladly rent a room to Jason; swap them perhaps.

Josh pushed the bathroom door wide. Without him realising it, his cock had begun to stir when he spotted a laundry basket. Darting over and kneeling, he whipped the lid away and began to forage, tossing clothing onto the carpeted floor.

His fingers grasped something soft and silky. He tugged the garment out. "Yes!" he delighted, holding the musty all in ones up to the light.

Josh studied the underwear shaking them fully out. He already had visions of Jason's body inside of them, his big balls bulging the crotch, his solid cock poking through the fly. Cupping the buttock area in his palms, Josh pushed the crotch into his face. A heavenly, musty smell met his nostrils. "Delicious," he sighed when he breathed the odour deep. An exploration of the armpits produced a similar response.

Josh shoved the rest of the clothing back into the laundry basket. He dashed into the bedroom and again checked the windows. The coast was still clear. His shirt and jacket came off in a flash. The excitement had already tented his trousers, his solid cock having found a way through his

boxers fly, and standing proud. Down they came, his six-inch cock springing flat against his tummy. Boxers swiftly followed. Apart from his socks and shoes, he was naked.

Josh brought the all-in-ones to his face and took a healthy sniff, then gave his cock some satisfying tugs. It almost developed into a full toss. Again, he checked the windows.

His right foot went into the underwear first. The left soon followed. Wriggling his bottom, he hoisted them over his rampant cock and up to his armpits, both arms slipping into their respective sleeves. Trembling fingers buttoned the underwear to the neck, his whole body shaking like never before when he fastened the final button. He took a deep breath in an attempt to calm himself. He couldn't believe it; he was dressed in Jason's underwear. An elated smile filled his cheeks.

Josh moved over to the full-length mirror standing in the corner of the bedroom. His joyous expression quickly changed to one of disbelief. Rather than looking sexy, he looked... well... ridiculous! Unlike Jason's, his cock wasn't hugged tightly and suggestively by the underwear's crotch, that was down by his knees. Actually, his cock was poking through the exact spot where Jason's navel might be. Likewise, his delightful bottom looked inviting no more, lost in the bagginess. And those sleeves that gripped Jason's biceps so magnificently on his workouts, flapped just below Josh's elbows, his thin arms lost in a tunnel of cotton. As for his chest, God only knows where that had gone.

"Oh dear," said Josh, his hands falling to his side. In a sudden fit of giggles, he began twirling before the mirror, the baggy underwear filling with air and ballooning, his stiffened cock loosing rigidity and vanishing out of sight.

"Evening, Dusty."

“Evening, lad.”

Josh’s heart raced; panic this time. Dusty was the gamekeeper; the other voice was Jason’s.

“Please, God, don't let me get caught,” he sent up a prayer to the man in the heavens who had taken away his dad.

Off came the underwear. Josh didn’t even need to unbutton it and simply stretched it over his body. On went his trousers. He slipped his jacket straight over his naked chest, both shirt and boxers hastily stuffed under his arm. He did a quick peek from the window. Dusty and Jason were still a fair distance away. He could run around the back of the cottage and take a detour home. The hedge would hide him.

“Please, pretty please,” another prayer went skyward.

Josh had only made it down three steps. “Bugger!” he cursed. Dashing back, he scooped up the underwear, rolling them into a ball and hurled them toward the basket. They missed and landed beside it. “Bugger!” he cursed again, leaving the evidence and legging it back down the stairs, out of the door and across the garden.

“You. You there!” Jason’s voice roared when he spotted an intruder vanish around the corner of his cottage.

Josh heard the garden gate slam against the catch; Jason was in pursuit. His heart kicked hard but when it came to great escapes, he had the speed of a March hare. In a flash he’d jumped the garden hedge, zigzagged through the copse, run down a hill, and was soon rushing along the brook that had a steep bank to hide him from view.

“Don’t think you’ve got away. I know who you are,” Jason’s distant voice barked.

“Thank you, God. Thank you,” were Josh’s panted words of gratitude when he realised he was safe. He didn’t stop running until he’d reached home.

The voice of his singing mother this glorious Saturday lunchtime woke Josh. He thought her rendition of “Happy Birthday” a little silly at his age, but she loved to do it. A late breakfast came on the tray she carried. With it, his present, a pair of expensive trainers, trainers that were not for woodland rambles or tree climbing, she reminded him before she set off to work. Josh wasn’t quite sure when he would be able to wear them, at home probably, but he thanked her with kisses and cuddles

After he’d done his chores, he spent most of the day idling around, watching telly, messing about in the garden, and the like. He wore his new trainers when indoors and several times checked himself in the mirror. They did look smart.

As the sun began to set, he again started to tingle with excitement, even more so after yesterday’s episode. Although apprehensive, the need to nip to the old oak and watch Jason go through his exercises could not be ignored and had to be fulfilled. After all, it was his birthday and what better present he could give himself than a damn good toss.

A big moon played hide-and-seek with the clouds as he silently moved through the darkened woods. The night was chilly, so he’d wrapped up warmly for his vigil. Shivering with excitement, and a little apprehension, he was soon climbing.

Josh reached the penultimate branch. With squirrel skill, he raised his arms above his head, grabbed the higher branch, swung his legs sideways, and plonked his bottom on the sturdy arm. “Phew!” he puffed, sending a steam cloud from his mouth as he made himself comfortable.

He pulled the binoculars from his jacket pocket and brought them to his eyes. As usual, his cock had begun to rise, ready for the show. This time a vision of beauty did not

greet his eyes but a cottage in total darkness. He stared blankly at the black window; Jason was always there, always doing his routine for him, why not today, his birthday of all days?

“Bugger! Bugger, damn and bugger!” he cursed. He looped the binoculars over his neck. He’d wait. “Jason must have had some urgent task, sick cow, or something,” he considered.

In the darkness, his mind began to wander, worrying thoughts. Right now, was Jason sat in the police station giving a description of the intruder? Was he telling the police that he reckoned the lad was local, had a fair idea who the culprit was, and that the lad had tried to make off with his smalls?

A barn owl hooted from a couple of branches higher, its white face swivelling inquisitively from side to side. Josh almost jumped from his skin. It looked far too wise for its own good. “Okay, clever clogs, where is he?” Josh asked with a whisper. “Reckon he’s shopping me?”

The owl gave a couple more hoots; Josh let it be, still none the wiser. Anyway, they were wonderful creatures and did a good job at catching vermin. That said, if one landed directly in front to you, you were a goner. That meant death.

“I’ll give him fifteen minutes,” he told the owl. The owl hooted agreement then sailed silently away; its wings spread wide.

Jason’s cottage remained in total darkness only the moon illuminating the white walls on each of its appearances. Josh checked his watch; twenty of his fifteen minutes had already passed. With his mum due home at eight, he had no choice but to leave. He needed to get the spuds boiling for supper. Oh, and peel them, which he’d forgotten to do.

His bottom was feeling numb when he slipped his legs over the branch and stepped onto the one below. “Thanks a lot, Jason. Great birthday present that was,” he mumbled sarcastically.

As he swung around the trunk, preparing for his descent, something struck him on the head and caused him to jump. He knew it wasn’t the owl because they didn’t attack people. Thankfully, it wasn’t a policeman’s hand either. Reaching above his head, his fingers struck the offending object. In the darkness, he couldn’t see what it was but it felt like a flat box. Gripping it tightly, he plucked it from the thread on which it hung and stuffed it into his jacket pocket. Whatever it was, he reckoned it must be for him, a bomb, perhaps!

Josh scampered home, his thoughts on supper preparation rather than his find. For a brief moment, he did wonder if the packet was another gift from Mum. She knew he climbed that tree and was nifty a climbing them herself, having chased him up a few. Perhaps the gift was learner plates for his Porsche she promised to buy him when she’d won the pools.

A few logs went on the lounge fire after Josh had changed into track pants and his new trainers. Soon, potatoes and sprouts were bubbling away on the hob. Cold pheasant was to accompany them, a gift from the gamekeeper. He reckoned Jason had had a word. Not charity you understand, neighbourliness.

His mum looked tired as she flopped onto the sofa. Josh took charge and prepared supper. It wasn’t long before she decided to go to bed. Neither of them had mentioned the packet in the tree. In fact, it wasn’t until he too climbed the stairs that he remembered it.

Josh slipped under his blankets, totally naked. In his palm, he held the mystery packet. Several shakes didn't give any clues as to what it contained, as did sniffing or listening to it. He did wonder whether the gift really was for him, if indeed it was a gift. Unable to contain his curiosity any longer, he began to peel the paper away.

A blue corner appeared first, then a blue side. He had no idea why he was opening it so gingerly but it did make the proceedings more exciting. It wasn't because he still thought it might be a bomb. Then again, it could have been a prank, and any moment flour or some other messy substance would explode from it.

Josh tore the paper away. Blue card greeted his blank expression. "Oh!" he said none the wiser.

He turned the packet over and held it so that it was facing him. Closing his eyes, he peeled the remainder of the paper away. Oh-so-slowly, he began to reopen them. As he did so, an image began to form.

Fully open now his eyes almost popped from his head. Staring back at him stood an extremely handsome, wonderfully sexy, blond-haired youth. Not any youth, but a youth dressed in brilliant white, all-in-one underwear. Josh's fingers became thumbs as he began to wrestle the box open. The Sellotape caused him to rip it apart when he couldn't remove it. "Wow! Bloody wow!" he exclaimed when the neatly folded contents greeted his eyes.

He was out of his bed in a flash, almost breaking his neck when the bedding snagged his foot. Checking for pins, he'd been pricked in the bum before, he swiftly unfurled the garment. "Oh, boy!" he delighted, hugging the underwear into his nakedness, his cherub face beautiful and beaming.

Excited fingers eventually managed to unfasten the small buttons. Unsteady legs wobbled as they stepped inside

their respective holes; Josh felt as if he'd been coated in cool cream when he slipped the silky white cotton over thighs, firm buttocks, proud cock, flat abdomen, and smooth chest.

“Oh, yes,” he sighed, his heart dancing with delight.

Elasticated arms gripped his biceps tightly but gently as he pushed them through the short sleeves. Trembling fingers again worked on buttons, fastening them to his slender neck. “I love you, Jason,” he gushed as he moved toward his wardrobe mirror, not for a single moment suspecting Jason had rumbled him.

The mirror reflected his beauty back at him as he stared proudly into it. Sun-tanned skin looked darker and smoother against the whiteness of the underwear. His tapered waist and hips looked even more defined as he swivelled from side to side and studied his seductive shapeliness, peppercorn nipples and navel, too. And his crotch, well that appeared twice its normal size hugged tightly by the soft cotton, especially his six-inch cock that had become so hard you could see the ridge of the helmet. As for those teenage buttocks, those mind-blowing, fuckable, virgin buttocks, they simply begged attention, begged to be kissed and licked, begged to be hugged and squeezed, begged to be....

Josh could have stood there all night long admiring himself. Reluctantly closing the wardrobe door, he gently kissed those parts of the all-in-ones his luscious lips could reach. Moving sleepily to his bed, he lay down and began caressing every inch of his body, especially his cock, his cherub face beaming joy like never before.

“Just wait until you see me in these, Jason. You’ll want to eat me for breakfast,” were his contented slumbering words.