

Chapter 1 Summer 1961

Mark Martin was not a happy child. The product of a broken home after his parents divorced he was now living in a strange new city, taken, aged fourteen from his friends, his school and life as he had known it, he was desperately unhappy. From the reasonably spacious house in his birth city he was now in a cramped top floor two bedroom flat with his mother and sister. He missed home, he missed his school and he missed his friends, especially Tony, his closest friend. Tony was an only child and had always wanted a brother. Mark had his older sister but he too always wanted a brother. In each other they had found the brother they had wanted. All the more so because they had chosen each other. After all there is no reason why genetic brothers should get on and often don't. In rare cases they are the same age but inevitably there is an age gap, sometimes quite large. Mark and Tony were born within a month of each other and grew up together. They had no secrets from each other and after primary school both passed the eleven-plus and went on to the same secondary school, a grammar school. They were in the same class and sat together. Both had fair hair and blue eyes but Mark was taller than Tony, tall for his age. Some others thought they really were brothers until their different surnames became evident. They worked together doing their homework and played together. In sleepovers, they slept together. It was all perfectly innocent.

As puberty arrived it seemed perfectly natural to them to share this joint experience, taking advantage of whatever privacy they could find to make the inevitable anatomical comparison as each was already familiar with the other's body. As puberty progressed comparison moved to mutual masturbation. Kissing followed and eventually experimenting with penetration. Mark was never happy taking the active part and Tony soon took that role every time. Given sufficient Vaseline, Mark enjoyed that and found the penetration exciting and arousing. He was unaware of the prostate gland but well aware of its erotic potential. Mark knew that he loved Tony and he thought Tony felt the same but neither dare articulate that to the other. Despite their physical intimacy and frequent union, that would seem to cross an invisible line somehow; from experimentation and boyish fooling around into the territory of a 'relationship'.

Mark missed Tony more and more as the weeks since his move passed. He wrote to him but his replies were always late. At first he told Mark what was going on with the people they both knew but it all seemed so distant to Mark now and irrelevant. Gradually the letters stopped. His mother had taken him to his new school two bus rides from the Northside flat, complaining that it was so far away (it was the nearest grammar school) instead of the secondary modern school up the road. At school Mark was regarded as an oddity so while his schoolwork was good, socially he was isolated. Nobody from his school seemed to live close by and there were no kids his age in Calvert House it seemed. Either grown up or much younger. Mark had no friends. He wasn't disliked at school and on a surface level got on with other boys but that's as far as it went. He missed Tony more and more.

He was often alone in the flat while his mother was late back from one of her cash-in-hand cleaning jobs and his older sister was out a lot. He would spend the time in his room, becoming addicted to the release he got from masturbation and once that was done, sitting alone watching the second hand television. He

hated his life, he hated the flat, he hated this city, he hated his school, he hated his mother. He hated himself.

There were frequent rows, often about money, more often about his sister's late night return or even failure to come home at all. It came to a head.

"Where were you all night?" demanded Mam when his sister appeared the next day.

"Just out," was the usual petulant reply.

"Well don't dare ever come back here and say you're expecting," said Mam. "If you let some lad fuck you and end up pregnant, don't come crying to me."

"I know what I'm doing, Mam. Stop nagging me."

"I'll stop nagging when you stop being a slut."

"Well it's not me who was shagging around with that berk from your work!"

"How dare you fucking question me! If you don't like it here, sod off back to your father!"

"Gladly! I hate this fucking place anyway."

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The next day she was gone.

"Mam, why'd you let her go?"

"I wasn't going to stop her, if that's what she wanted. Anyway Mark, it's just you and me now, eh love?"

"I suppose so," said Mark, grumpily.

"And at least now I'll have my bedroom to myself," said Mam.

So life settled into a new routine. Mark was still alone and unhappy. He would often take the trolley bus into the city centre in the evening, just to walk around, away from the cramped flat. He preferred the trolley bus. It was smooth and quiet and didn't churn out black filth from the exhaust like the diesel buses. In fact, Mark realized, they didn't have an exhaust because they were all electric. And there was always the added excitement when one of the two collectors came off the overhead wires with a thump, causing the bus to come to an abrupt halt. The conductor had to get out, and with a long bamboo pole, push it back onto the wire so the bus could continue.

For a large city, the central area was fairly compact and he could walk across it in less than twenty minutes. Mostly that's all he did, walk around for a couple of hours, exploring and finding his way around. Sometimes he would buy a drink in a café. He rarely spoke to anybody and rarely was he spoken to. As the darker evenings approached he continued this routine for that's what it had become.

"Are you going out again?" asked Mam.

"Yes. Can I have some money for bus fare, please?"

"Why don't you get yourself a Saturday job instead of asking me for money all the time?" replied Mam tartly.

"I'm only fourteen still. Can you get a job aged fourteen?"

"You'll never know if you don't ask. Anyway, if they ask, tell them you're older. Most just give a few shillings out of pocket anyway."

Mark thought about this. "Mam, I'll think about it. But can I have some bus fare now?"

"You won't get a job just thinking about it," said Mam, opening her purse.

"Here you are, and don't be late because I want to bolt the door when it's dark."

"That means my key wouldn't work," complained Mark. "Can you not just drop the latch so I can get in?"

"I have to go to bed so I can get up for work. I feel safer."

"You'll be fine," said Mark.

"One of these days, I'll lock you out and then you'll learn."

But she left the bolt off.

Chapter 2 Autumn 1961

On one such city evening stroll, he realised he was being followed. This had happened before and it unnerved him. It was always a man and Mark wondered what he wanted. He usually went into a shop and then straight out again which made them give up. Sometimes he did a quick about turn and noticed the man would stop and pretend to be looking into a shop window. They then usually didn't follow after that. He sometimes turned round to see what the man was doing, often just staring after him. Mark wondered what they were thinking.

This time the man seemed more persistent. Mark changed direction, so did the man. He went into a shop and then straight out again. So did the man. He started walking faster. So did the man. Taking a shortcut through a narrow alley but under a street light, Mark suddenly turned to see the man's reaction. He looked about thirty years old, well dressed and seemed surprised by Mark's sudden turn. He was holding a five pound note.

"Is that for me?" asked Mark, thinking of that large amount of money.

"If you want it," said the man. "Are you trade?"

Mark looked blank.

"Do you do rent?"

"What do you mean?" asked Mark, thinking about the rented flat.

"Doing things for money?"

"Things? What things?"

"I think you know what I mean. Sex. Have sex for money."

"No," said Mark. "Well, I haven't done."

"Have you ever had sex with another man or boy?"

"Yes, I had a boyfriend," Mark offered warily.

"That's OK then, come with me." The man smiled and pushed the five pound note into Mark's jacket pocket. "So you can trust me," he said. "My name's Gordon, what's yours?"

"Mark."

"Come on then, Mark." He led the way back into the busier streets with better street lights. Mark could see now he seemed quite young, with brown hair under his hat and blue eyes above a nice smile. Mark thought he was quite good looking and he seemed kind. He had already given Mark the money so he could have just run off with it. It was doubtful if Gordon would complain to the police because Mark could then tell them why he had been approached. Something within stopped Mark from doing that. Mark started to feel his pulse race and arousal beginning. He was led to a pub called The Vault which Mark had not seen before in a close off a city centre lane. It was quite busy and many were smoking. Mark noticed that all the customers were men although in those days that was not unusual.

"Hey, Gordy!" A man in a group of about six round a table called out to them. "Struck lucky, mate?"

Gordon led Mark over to the table and they squeezed on to the leather bench on one side.

"Mark, what do you like to drink?" asked Gordon.

"No alcohol for this handsome lad," said one of the group, laughing.

"Coke please." Gordon went to the bar.

"Not seen you around before," said the man on Mark's right, who placed his hand on Mark's thigh, gently squeezing. Mark's arousal level went up a notch. This man was older than Gordon by some years, as were most of this group.

"No, I've not been here before."

The man's hand moved up Mark's thigh and gently gripped Mark's now hard penis through his trousers. "Very nice," he said. The others laughed. One said, "Careful Fred, he's too young for you."

At that point Gordon returned holding a glass of coke and his own pint glass. He sat to Mark's left. "Off, Fred," he said. "Paid in advance so you'll have to wait your turn. And I've got the key." Fred withdrew his hand smiling and didn't seem to mind Gordon's command.

As the men talked, Mark was the centre of attention. He was aware that they were eyeing him up, taking in his fair hair and skin, blue eyes and tall, slim body; no doubt assessing his sexual attraction. He rather enjoyed that. Mark knew that some people said he was good looking so he liked that.

Gordon finished his drink. "Drink up, Mark," he said. "Time to earn your money," he added with a smile.

He stood up and led Mark through the bar, through a door marked 'Residents Only' and up some stairs at the back of the pub. The passage and stairs were well lit, carpeted and the doors had numbers on them.

"Is this a hotel?" asked Mark

"Just bed and breakfast," replied Gordon.

On the second floor they came to a door marked 'Private'. Gordon led Mark though but now the stairs and the passage were bare linoleum. The lighting was dimmer with a bare bulb.

On the third floor, Gordon took a key from his pocket and unlocked a door. Mark was now feeling both excited and nervous. They went into a small room. It was sparsely furnished and the predominant colour was brown. There was a double bed with a mattress and a lamp on a small table next to it. There was a washbasin in the corner near the window. A worn, mainly brown carpet covered the floor. The room was warm from a brown painted radiator by the window which was covered with brown patterned curtains. Mark wanted to back out but he had taken the money. Gordon locked the door and took what seemed to be a clean sheet from a drawer and spread it on the mattress. Mark stood inside the door watching. Gordon came up to Mark. His eyes looked kind, he thought, which helped Mark relax a bit. Gordon put his arms round Mark and kissed him on the mouth, while his hand ran down Mark's back and stroked and squeezed his bum. Mark felt all resistance ebb out of him. Unsure he put his hands round Gordon and placed them on Gordon's bum. He felt Gordon's hand move round and pressure Mark's cock then started undoing Mark's belt.

"Lie on the bed, Mark," whispered Gordon. Mark did as he was told. Slowly and sensually Gordon stripped Mark naked. "Lovely," said Gordon, and he then

quickly undressed. His body was slim and athletic and there was chest hair and more in a line from his navel down to his now stiff penis. They lay on the bed and kissed and stroked.

"What do you want?" asked Mark after a while.

"For that much, all the way," said Gordon. He reached over to the little table and out of a small drawer produced a jar of Vaseline. Then Mark knew what was coming. Gordon applied some to his penis. "Turn over, Mark."

Mark lay on his front and felt Gordon's finger probing inside him, spreading more Vaseline. Then he felt Gordon's weight on him and the entry which was slow and gentle. It took Mark straight back to his past boyfriend Tony with whom he had experimented. Gordon kissed the back of Mark's neck as he started to move. Instinctively and involuntarily, Mark started to respond.

"You're a horny young lad, aren't you?" whispered Gordon. Mark reached round and pulled Gordon down, deeper. The pace increased and then with a sigh, Gordon reached his climax and Mark felt him start to soften.

"Stay there," said Mark, as emotions swept over him. Both elation and fear at what he had done.

"You're a sweet lad," said Gordon, eventually withdrawing. He then quickly brought Mark to climax. While Mark got dressed, Gordon cleaned himself with some tissues, and put the bed sheet in a box in the corner before dressing himself. Mark noticed two light bulbs above the door, one was red, the other blue.

They left the room and Gordon locked the door. On the landing he gave Mark a hug and a kiss.

"Thank you, Mark. That was lovely."

Mark followed Gordon back down the stairs.