

Wellingtons

By Gareth Walton

“No! I’ve told you, like, twenty times already! Press total before payment method, yeah?”

Ruby’s first day wasn’t going too well. Somehow, the finer points of the till were eluding her. It was also becoming very apparent that patience wasn’t one of her colleague Chelsea’s strong points. She hadn’t even bothered to hide her irritation when Shirley, their manager, had asked her to show Ruby the ropes. Not having worked long in Wellingtons herself though, she’d quickly found the pleasure to be had from humiliating an even newer recruit.

Woodbury was only a small town, but its High Street ran to a couple of chain stores. With Saturday jobs at premium, Ruby had been delighted when she’d landed one in Wellington’s The Chemist. Working there had promised a touch of glamour. She’d imagined guiding the ladies of the town towards choices from the cosmetics counter that would transform their dowdy looks, earning her huge amounts of praise and gratitude. So far, though, it had just been nappies, haemorrhoid creams and - worst of all - Chelsea’s rolling eyes.

After enduring an hour or so more of her impatience, Ruby looked across to see what she was supposed to be noticing when Chelsea nudged her hard in the ribs, her head tilted meaningfully towards to door. “Look where they go,” she hissed conspiratorially, suddenly treating Ruby as if she was a confidante rather than an irritation.

There were three of them there. Their school uniforms looked really out of place on a Saturday, the day when most young people of the town either dressed up to kill or down for comfort. These boys looked smart though, Ruby thought. Like proper suits, really. Nice material too, not like the cheap-looking polyester blazers that boys at her school had to wear that never seemed to fit anyone properly. Ruby looked away quickly as she caught one of the boy’s eyes. He, the tall good-looking blonde one, looked really uncomfortable, the other two merely awkward. Past the toothpaste and shampoo, they made straight for the back of the middle aisle, huddled together as if there was some sort of safety in numbers. Going with the only thing she could think of that might have grabbed Chelsea’s attention, Ruby was surprised that posh boys like them might be shop-lifters. Thinking of the things that some of her class mates got up to, she wondered if nicking something was perhaps some kind of a dare.

“Told you!”, Chelsea whispered triumphantly when she saw where they were heading, although she had actually told her nothing at all. “Jasmine says that it’s ‘cos they’re all bum boys in posh schools and they need it for when they stick it up each other but Isla says her brother needs it too ‘cos he had to have his done after he got it caught in his zip and that’s why, yeah?”

“Sorry?” said Ruby, at a complete loss, hating having to appear even more stupid than the cash register had made her feel.

“Circumscribed,” Chelsea said. “They’ve all been circumscribed.”

“You do know what that is, don’t you?” she continued, clearly savouring the blank look on Ruby’s face that showed that she very obviously didn’t. “They’ve all had the ends of their wangers cut off.”

Wanger was the second new word for Ruby within seconds. Somehow, she'd known instinctively what that one had to mean but, when it came to circumscribed, she hadn't a clue. It seemed such a weird thing for Chelsea to have said that Ruby thought it had to be some kind of wind up – another part of her campaign of humiliation. Yet, on the other hand, she didn't really seem to be the type to have the imagination to make anything like that up. As she tried to process it all, Ruby was surprised to find that she was feeling something in addition to confusion – a strange, unidentifiable kind of tingle. She looked over at the boys and, to her horror, managed to catch the blonde lad's eye again. She blushed deeply this time, as did he too, but this time they managed to hold each other's gaze for a split second. He really was rather good looking, she thought, but she found she couldn't stop herself thinking more of his wanger than his face. She tingled more as she considered what it might look like, especially if, as unlikely as it seemed, Chelsea was actually right about what had been done to it.

"There's some of them come in here every Saturday from that posh-boys' school out past the ring road," Chelsea said. "The sixth formers come in on the school bus to go shopping, and they all come in here for that stuff. Some of them are really fit, but most of them are right stuck-up twats. Imagine wearing your school uniform on Saturday - stuff that!"

Ruby had actually been thinking that they looked really smart and that it was hard to believe that they were actually still school boys, but she didn't like to say. She didn't have much time for most of the lads that hung round Woodbury on Saturdays - all showing-off and being pains, and dead scruffy with it in their sloppy trackies and trainers.

"Isla says that boys need that stuff to rub one out when they've been circumscribed," Chelsea whispered. "She caught her brother at it once when he forgot to lock the bog door after he'd had to have his done. She said it looked really weird."

"They really have the ends of their thingies cut off, then?" asked Ruby, rather against her better judgement yet badly needing to know. "I mean, why?"

Ruby saw the look on Chelsea's face that said she hadn't a clue but didn't want to let on. "Ssh – they're coming over," she replied instead, glad to dodge the question. "Don't laugh."

The three of them were heading towards the till, blonde boy in the lead with his face painfully red. He had a tube of lube in his hand, carrying it as if it were radioactive. The other two were on either side of him like bodyguards. His eyes avoided Chelsea's and his hands shook as he put the lube on the counter then fumbled clumsily inside his blazer for his wallet. Chelsea adopted the helpful tone she only usually bothered to employ when Shirley was within earshot.

"Do you have a Pluspoints card?" she asked, all sweetness and innocence.

The boy blushed even deeper as he mumbled "no", fumbling again for his debit card. As soon as it had beeped on the reader, he was off.

"Do you want your receipt?" Chelsea called pointlessly to the blazered back that was already half way to the door.

Had Shirley not arrived back from her break just as the young men left, Ruby would not have been able to stop herself pumping Chelsea for more information. She doubted it would have gained her much though, probably only leading to more ritual humiliation. She found it even harder to concentrate on the till after they'd gone, still feeling that strange tingle, her mind full of new knowledge that she found hard to accept. Against her better judgement, she found herself waiting for

a combination of a lull between customers and Shirley being busy so she could try and ask Chelsea more, but the moment never came. Later though, she realised she'd had the luckiest of breaks when she noticed Jamie deep in thought in front of the nail varnish stand.

Jamie totally embraced his self-appointed role as "the only gay in the school". Many conversations about him in the staff room ran along "only doing it for attention" lines, and attention was something he did indeed both crave and get. Somehow though, he got away with his grotesquely exaggerated flamboyance not just because he was clever, kind-hearted and genuinely funny, but also because he was quick enough with his acidly witty put-downs to make anyone tempted to bully him think twice. Ruby was in his Geography set and often sat next to him. Through the many off-topic chats they'd had when they should have been collaborating on plotting isobars or drawing cwms, she knew that shyness or embarrassment weren't exactly issues for him, including when it came to talking about those topics usually only discussed in whispered playground speculations. When he came over to pay for the bottle of scarlet varnish in his hand, Ruby decided to push the real extent of their friendship and, with her lunch break coming up, risked asking if he fancied getting a MacDonaldis.

Ruby was very aware of time running out. They'd finished their burgers and fries and reached the McFlurry stage, but she hadn't yet been able to bring herself to risk asking him. Even though she knew that Jamie was impossible to embarrass and relished going with abandon where others wouldn't dare, she was hesitant. It was partly because of her worry that word of her having asked him might be right round school within days, but also because she was actually starting to wonder if Chelsea might have made the whole thing up anyway. In the end though, she was offered the perfect entrée.

"Mmm, he's lush", Jamie said, waving and pouting quite brazenly through the window.

Ruby looked up. She noticed the uniform first, then caught the lad's eye. It was blonde boy again. She couldn't help laughing at the look of pure panic on his face when Jamie blew him a kiss, but she felt sorry for him as he quickened his step and crossed the road in alarm. She had to admit that Jamie was right about him being lush though but, despite his handsome face and lean body, she found herself considering more the possible details of his wanger. Realising that it was a "now or never" moment, she crossed her fingers and braced herself, hoping that she wasn't about to make a total fool of herself.

"Actually", she said, trying to keep her tone casual, "I heard something about the boys from that school. "My friend says they've all been circumstrated."

To her surprise and mortification, Jamie threw back his head and shrieked a girly laugh that was loud enough to make a several heads turn.

"Oh sister", he said, "that's a good one!"

Fifteen minutes later as she was heading back to Wellingtons, Ruby's strange tingling had reached a moistness-inducing level. Her mind was so full of what Jamie had told her that Chelsea's further attempts at making her feel inadequate concerned her far less than hoping that some more smartly-blazered young men might perhaps come in. During the lulls in the afternoon, she kept considering what she'd learnt.

"So they really have had their bell ends cut off?" she'd asked Jamie when he'd finished laughing.

Jamie shrieked again but, although he might have decided to act differently had they had company for him to play up to, he sensed Ruby's embarrassment as he considered what tone to adopt for maximum effect.

"No, dear," he said, having opted for a kindly, wise, man-of-the world approach. "Not the whole helmet. Just the cover - the slidey bit."

Ruby was awkwardly aware that she had gone bright red. She knew that there was a part of boys' equipment that moved, but the exact details were very vague for her.

"One of my ex's was like that," Jamie lied. "His acorn was all bare. It was lovely when I gobbled him - like sucking a lollipop."

"But why do they do it though? Cut them off, I mean?" Ruby asked, genuinely puzzled and very keen to learn more, that tingling only getting worse. "I've never seen one like that," she said, not wanting to appear naïve. It was true, although she actually hadn't seen any of the other kind either.

"Well, sometimes if boys are really hung, then their skins won't go over their knobs," he said, not actually very sure of his facts but going for an authoritative, experienced tone and hoping he could get away with it.

"But my friend says that all the boys at that school are like it," Ruby asked. She was puzzled, finding that she was thinking again about blonde boy and wondering now about his possible dimensions too. "They can't really all be that big, can they?"

"Well, some people just think it's better anyway," Jamie said, hoping that his rather limited knowledge was going to last out before he lost plausibility. "Posh boys do anyway. Harry in year 9 had to have his done after his mum married some rich bloke."

"Why do they think it's better then," Ruby asked, deeply intrigued.

"Well, it saves having to wash it for one thing," Jamie replied, "and they say it feels better with no wrapper on your sweetie when someone's having a good nosh on you too. Apart from that, when they get it inside you, they can keep banging away for hours 'cos it takes forever to get off with no skin." He'd heard that somewhere, but really wasn't sure, never actually having been banged himself. Despite the reputation he was keen to establish, Jamie had never gone further than a snog, and most of those had actually been with girls. "I mean," he continued "my ex was just insatiable when he was up me. I could never walk straight the next day."

To Ruby's disappointment, the only Woodlands boy that came in that afternoon ventured no further than the toothpaste. His looks were hardly in the blonde boy league either, but she still found herself risking a glance at his crotch when she took his money, not quite sure what she thought she might actually see there. When closing time finally came, she idled down the High Street and headed into the newsagents. For once, her age wasn't questioned when she asked for a pop-corn flavoured vape, and she was rather pleased to think that her Wellington's staff uniform might perhaps give her an air of maturity. Her purchase in her hand, she headed towards St Agnes's, where there was a corner of the churchyard well known by the youth of the town as a place where, as witnessed by the scattering of empty beer cans, cigarette stubs and used condoms, you were hidden enough behind the bushes to be able to enjoy various guilty pursuits well away from any disapproving eyes. As she turned the corner at the far end of the church, she was so pre-occupied with daydreaming about what else she was going to buy with her first day's wages that she nearly ran straight into someone coming

the other way along the narrow path. She registered the startled look on his face that matched her own before she actually realised who it was: blonde boy. He made to ignore her - as she did him - but, in their mutual urge to avoid the situation, they both stepped the same way sideways on the path, then did the same thing in the opposite direction. There was an awkward silence for a moment before they both laughed.

“Look, I’m really sorry about my friend earlier,” Ruby said. “In fact, both my friends.”

“That’s OK”, he said, blushing. Ruby thought how cute he looked when he was bright red. There was silence for a second more. Unsure what to say next, she looked down in embarrassment, noticing how well polished his shoes were before fighting and then giving in to the urge to raise her eyes enough to glance at his crotch.

“Look, would you like to?” she asked, brandishing her vape meaningfully. He looked very uncertain for a moment before finally nodding.

“I can’t be long”, he said. “Our bus goes soon.” To her surprise, he didn’t sound as posh as she’d expected. Quite normal actually.

Blonde boy made a run for it as soon as it was over, saying that he’d get a detention for keeping the school bus waiting. That, actually, was the least of his worries. Top of his list was what would happen as they undressed in the dorm that night and how he was going to keep the others from seeing, in his imagination at least, that his boxers were starched white with incriminating evidence. As he ran, Ruby, was left reeling in the bushes as she considered what had just happened. Her first impression, apart from the considerable size and hardness of what they contained, had been to note the good quality material of his smartly tailored trousers. Seconds later, as she’d clumsily pulled down the zip and reached inside, he’d muttered “no” but made no attempt to actually stop her. To her intense frustration, she’d only had a second or two to be amazed by the bare mushroom she’d freed from his fly, gasping in surprise at the feel of the sharp-edged outline of the helmet under her fingers. Had he lasted any longer, she would have been even more amazed when she’d felt just how tight the skin was on his thick shaft. But, as her astonished, greedy fingers explored and found the wide string of frenulum that was exposed on his underside, he’d moaned loudly and ejaculated copiously and forcefully into her hand.

Blonde boy cursed as he reached the Market Cross. The school bus was just pulling away. He knew the ropes - anyone who had missed it was supposed to take a taxi back to school and report to the teacher on duty for a rollicking and a detention. He knew that he’d be for it but, being a polite boy, he was also starting to feel guilty for just running off on Ruby. Reckoning that he might just as well be berated for a sheep as a lamb, he turned back towards the churchyard, hoping that she might still be around so he could say – and he actually wasn’t really sure which it was - either sorry or thank you. The whole episode had stunned him. His seemingly-endless month of abstinence was only up that day. He’d never dreamt during it that it would be a hand other than his own to be the first to try and pleasure his cock in its new format. After finishing what he’d called the “procedure,” the school doctor’s warnings about the need for a full month of recovery time were horrendous-sounding consequences to be avoided had really terrified him and he’d followed the stern injunction to the letter. Looking at his shockingly-altered reflection in the washroom mirror, he’d had to make himself keep positive about how things might be in the future as he wondered how on earth he might be able to enjoy his penis with such a vital part missing.

Blonde Boy re-traced his steps to the churchyard, but there was no sign of Ruby. It struck him that she might still be vaping in the bushes and, nearing them again, he was pleased to make out the

shape of a figure in there through the deepening evening gloom. He pushed his way in, then stopped dead. It wasn't Ruby. It was Jamie.

A minute or so later, blonde boy was surprised that his overwhelming thought wasn't the implications of kissing another boy, but what it would have been like kissing Ruby and how, perhaps, that might have been even nicer. It wasn't at all bad doing it with Jamie though and, despite his recent download, his cock had hardened again as soon as their lips brushed. He'd gasped when he felt Jamie grope for his erection through his school trousers as they'd kissed. He wasn't sure how far things would go this time but, until he realised that the evening was now too dark for him to need worry, his concern was that Jamie might see the evidence that he'd so recently a cum. It struck him with a pang that, if he still had a foreskin, then his drying earlier emission would have been pretty much welded it to his helmet by now. Now, though, things were different - there was just nothing left to weld to it.

Being more used to boys' zips than Ruby, Jamie soon had blonde boy free. He'd gasped as he felt Jamie's first touch but, although he wasn't sure, he thought he sensed him tense slightly as his fist closed round his erection. He chose not to let himself think that Jamie had been surprised - perhaps even shocked - by what he felt, or rather didn't feel. Ruby had merely gently explored before he had erupted his month's-worth of pent up cum, so Jamie's firm grasp and eager rubbing felt almost brutal. He felt a pang as he reciprocated and reached out for the cock that Jamie had released from his own fly. The way its skin moved so easily backwards and forwards felt just like his own had until so recently and, as he worked Jamie, he longed for the familiar feeling of sliding his own generous, loose hood, knowing that he'd never experience it again.

After a few moments, blonde boy could tell that Jamie really was struggling in his attempt to pleasure him. He was trying to do it in the way that he would have done himself the last time he had masturbated but which clearly wasn't going to work in future. He suddenly became very aware of the weight in his blazer pocket of his tube of lube. From all the gossip he'd overheard in the dorm, he knew it was the answer, but he was in an agony of indecision about reaching for it. He'd never used it nor seen it used, and the tube had looked fiddly to open. He'd dared to have a quick look at it earlier, but it was far too tightly sealed to open discretely in the High Street. When he'd gone into the public toilets for the privacy to explore further, both the cubicles had been occupied. Determined though Jamie was, his ministrations were clearly not doing much for either of them. After more ineffective trying, Jamie gave up on his attempts at manual manipulation, suddenly went down on his knees and, before blonde boy had time to react, resorted to taking his cock in his mouth instead.

Despite the eager attention of Jamie's lips, having so thoroughly unloaded into Ruby's hand meant that it took blonde boy a surprisingly long time to cum - so long, in fact, that Jamie assumed that what he'd heard about bare-headed lads' lasting power must be true. When it finally came, blonde boy's orgasm hit suddenly and unexpectedly. Jamie, inexperienced as he was, was caught unawares, choking a little as he instinctively swallowed the small amount of thin cum. It would have been rather different if it had it been blonde boy's explosive earlier load that he'd had to deal with. If it had been, it would have been both of them worried about having to explain away curiously stained clothes.

It was Jamie who made a dash for it this time, leaving blonde boy in the bushes. The six thirty bus was the last one, and he was relieved to get to the stop just in time. His heart sank though as soon as he'd paid his fare and turned to look for a seat - there was Ruby sitting in the first row. She seemed pre-occupied, rubbing hard at a mark on her uniform with a tissue, so he reckoned he might get away with pretending not to see her and making a quick dash upstairs. But, though, two hearts sank this time as, pausing from her rubbing to spit on her tissue, she looked up at just the wrong moment.

Had blonde boy not been a star runner and, on account of it, been offered the sports scholarship with the un-expected and unwelcome condition attached to it that had enabled him to move from his comprehensive to his new school, there might not have been a reason for it to have been three hearts that sank the next time. There had been no taxis at the rank, so he'd set out on the long walk back to school. Then, though, he'd seen a bus coming up behind him that he realised would take him part of the way – the bus that had Ruby and Jamie on it. They'd both noticed him sprinting along the pavement but neither of them said anything, both silently willing him not to make it to the next stop before the bus did. He did though, barely even out of breath.