

Disclaimer: This is a work of fiction and that of love. Any resemblance to actual places, events, or persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. This story may contain erotic and/or sexually explicit behaviour between an adult and a teen. If it is illegal for you to, or you find this sort of work offensive, don't download or read it!

The people in this story do not use protection because diseases don't exist here. However, in our world they do so please use caution and protection. A.P.'s work is fully protected under the United States Copyright Laws © 17 USC §§ 101, 102 (a), 302 (a) All Rights Reserved. Placing or posting this story on any website, or distribution of this work in any way (in whole or in part) without the expressed written consent of the author is strictly prohibited.

You can write me at: patersonwalex@hotmail.com

I hope you enjoy this story.

© A.P. 2008

Boys in Kilts – Part 1

The traditional Scottish kilt is an amazing piece of clothing. There are 5/6 yards (4.6 metres) of material in a kilt and if you have ever worn one, you will know just how heavy it is. The other amazing thing is that they are, by tradition, worn with no underwear! The main accessory is the sporran, which is a small 'pouch' worn on a belt positioned over the crotch, the main purpose of which is to provide storage, as there are no pockets in a kilt. It also helps to keep any random erections from 'tenting' the kilt due to the lack of supportive underwear!!

I had lived in the small rural Scottish town for two years and was readily accepted into the little community without question as a young single guy who kept himself to himself. I moved there from London following a break up in a long relationship and being Scottish, I decided that a return to my roots and a rustic life in the Scottish countryside was for me. I was a graphic designer and was fortunate enough to be able to work from home with modern technology, which saved the daily grind of commuting to work.

My name is Jake and I am 28 years old, of average build, not a gym bunny or 'built' just 1.8m tall, slim and smooth with light brown hair and blue eyes. My very average uncut cock completes an average body. I do try to eat well and exercise regularly but my cock gets the most regular exercise of all my body parts!! I am gay and to date have had two longish relationships with guys about my age which have ended amicably but I have always harboured a secret interest in young teenage boys between 14 and 16 years old.

Mike Alderton, the leader of the local Scout group, approached me to help him with a two-week field trip he had organised for the boy because he was having difficulty getting sufficient leaders to support the group of kids especially with all the latest Health & Safety and insurance regulations. At first I was unsure about helping out but when Mike explained that he was going to have to cancel the trip if he didn't get one other 'body' to assist, so I felt it was my duty to be there for him, not to mention the fact that I would be in charge of a group of 6 young boys between 14 and 16 along with Mike and three other parents who were joining the trip.

I had met Mike and most of the other parents during my two years in the area and I also knew most of the boys, although not that well. What I did know was that I have always harboured a secret interest in and was attracted to young teenage boys between 14 and 16 years old. Most of the boys in the group were stunning examples of that age group and I was very keen to get to know them even better. I agreed to go and Mike was so relieved that his trip was now going to happen, he shook my hand and told me that I would really enjoy it. Mike asked me to attend a briefing meeting the following Wednesday at the local Scout hall, prior to the planned departure on the following Saturday.

I agreed to be there so that I could be introduced to everyone and also meet the other group leaders and of course, more importantly, the boys.

There were to be 29 boys between 14 and 16 and one of 12 on the trip with 5 leaders plus Mike as overall organiser, so that we each had direct responsibility for 6 boys and as we would be staying in cabins in the woods, I would be sleeping, as would each of the other leaders, with my boys in a dormitory.

I was looking forward to Wednesday and the meeting so that I could scope out 'my boys' as although I knew them to see around the town, I had never had any close contact with them. I made sure that I was wearing suitably 'cool' clothing, was freshly showered and even though I say it myself I do scrub up OK.

I was early and Mike was there along with Alex, Garry, Findlay and Robert, the other group leaders and after introductions we all set about checking through the lengthy 'to-do' list for the departure on Saturday. There was a huge amount to do.

Mike had rented three 12-seater mini buses and I was designated to ride 'shotgun' on bus 3, which meant I was in the back with the boys with dad Alex as driver. It would take about 4 hours to reach the campground so I was in for a very comfortable ride close to those beautiful boys. I couldn't wait.

The boys all arrived and Mike managed to get everyone's attention and then ran through everything for the trip including what they had to take and what they had to leave behind. The main thing that surprised me was that they were told that they had to wear the kilt for the entire trip and they were warned that they 'had to be traditionally dressed' or they would be in trouble. Mike told them that there would be a check before departure to ensure compliance. I was a bit unsure about this as I had never worn the kilt, in spite of being Scottish, but I decided to leave it until I got Mike alone to ask him what exactly 'traditionally dressed' meant.

The meeting closed and the boys, all very excited and animated about their trip, left to go home and make preparations for their adventure. I got a chance, finally, to speak to Mike about his rule about wearing the kilt.

He explained to me that the kilt was very important to the group and was also an important symbol of their Scottish heritage, about which they should be rightly proud. He further explained that the kilt was traditionally worn with no underwear and that was what he insisted on for the group. He said that I would assist with the checking of 'my' boys to make sure that they complied with the rule at any time during the trip, holding spot checks to ensure strict observance of the rule.

I have to say that I was a bit taken aback but readily agreed as this immediately offered me free access to the young bodies under my care and all completely legitimately.

This trip was sounding better by the minute until Mike asked me if I had my kilt organised for the trip and I had to admit to him that I didn't own one. He was surprised that as a Scotsman I didn't own a kilt but he said no problem as he had a spare, which he would be happy to let me use during the trip as we were of a similar build and height. He suggested that I go with him back to his house then to check it out, as I may have to buy a few accessories before departure so I readily agreed and off we went.

Mike's 14 year old son Jamie was waiting in the car for his dad to emerge from the hall and was surprised when I joined them to go back to the house. I explained about the kilt so he was amused that I didn't own one and said that he looked forward to seeing me in his dad's spare outfit.

We arrived at Mike's house in just a few minutes and he went straight upstairs to fetch the spare kilt and brought it down to the lounge where Jamie and I were waiting. He handed me the beautiful kilt and told me to get it on! I hesitated as I was in their lounge and Jamie was there and he immediately told me to get on with it we were all boys together. Mike's wife had died a few years back so it was only Mike and Jamie now and they had become very close since Jamie's mum had gone. All boys together.

I had no option but to drop my pants and standing in my CK briefs started to put the kilt on but was struggling a bit as I had never realised just how heavy a kilt is and both Mike and Jamie laughed at my predicament, which was just about to get worse.

Mike then said that I should remove the briefs too in order to be completely traditional and be naked under the kilt. I started to object as Jamie was in the room and Mike reminded me that I was about to embark on a two week trip with 30 young boys and that this was no time to be bashful. I was beaten and decided that there was no more to do but drop my CKs and swallow my pride, which is what I did.

Both were watching me closely as I slid my CKs down and off standing up straight again to get the kilt around me as soon as possible. Jamie jumped up and offered to assist but I could see that he, like his dad, had eyes only for my uncut flaccid cock and Jamie unconsciously licked his lips as he moved forward to support the garment as we fixed it in place around my waist.

Now, as I said before my cock is not huge, it is a very respectable uncut 4" soft, which gets to about 7" when fully 'awake'. I have large balls of which I am very proud and they hang nicely low under my cock. I was of course soft when I uncovered but because of Jamie's focus on my private parts as soon as the kilt was in place I was almost fully hard. Fortunately, because of the weight of the kilt it only showed a little bit of a tent and laughing, Mike then fixed the sporran in place around my waist with the 'pocket' hanging in front of my erection, and he said that the sporran was doing its job well tonight! Jamie laughed and we all admired how I looked in the kilt.

I was charged with the responsibility of buying a sporran and a Sgian Dubhs (Skean Doo) which is a traditional Scottish dagger normally worn in the top of one of the socks and 'suitable' shoes before Saturday's departure, as Mike did not have spares to lend me. Fortunately by the time I took the kilt off I was soft again and wasted no time in getting my CKs back on and my pants although I did notice that Jamie was again very interested in what I had between my legs as I made the change.

I bid them good night and left for home with a few thoughts about what might happen on my forthcoming trip with a group of young teenage boys in kilts with no underwear, mmm??

Sounds very interesting.