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I hope you enjoy this story.  
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### **Boys in Kilts - Part 12 - Daniel**

I awoke about 6am and had the great need to pee, my hard-on leading me to the toilet where eventually it was soft enough to empty my bladder. I left the boy in my bed; he was on his back and still sleeping soundly.

I slipped back under the sheet and it was cool, the early morning air drifted into the bedroom through the open window with the morning fresh smell of pine. I was chilled and cuddled up against the boy who was warm, his naked body felt awesome beside me. He smelled good.

As I held him close I thought about his life and how anyone could be so utterly bad to such a young, innocent boy. Forced to live rough in the UK in the 21<sup>st</sup> century, it beggared belief. I hugged him closer as I thought about it and he, deep in sleep, responded by hugging me back. We were face to face now as I held him, his cock hard against mine, the two hard members rubbing against each other, wet with pre-cum flowing from both swollen cockheads. It was so erotic; our cocks trapped tightly between our bellies the friction giving both of us pleasure. He moaned and pushed his thighs against mine hard, I could feel his boy cock against mine and suddenly he was awake, his eyes opened wide and he looked directly at me. I wished him a good morning and he replied that it was, especially since he had met me!

I asked him if he had slept well and he said he had, hugging me again to his skinny body. I loved that boy and wished that I could do something for him that would change his life. I had never really thought about having kids. As a gay man that never really entered my head, but now in this moment I wished he could be my son, but I pushed that thought from my head as I reflected on the raft of problems and issues that would prevent such a thing happening. I certainly didn't want to give the boy false hopes of a bright future when I couldn't possibly deliver it. So I said nothing.

He got up and went to the toilet, returning in a flash and was up against me again almost before I had missed him. I nuzzled his hair and it smelled so fresh and sweet as he sought my hard cock with his hand. I stopped him and said that we should wait as there was a lot to do and we would get back to that soon. He was clearly miffed and laid back on the bed tears forming in his beautiful eyes. I was sorry for being so abrupt and I apologised, but I was so scared that I was leading him to something that I couldn't sustain and he would end up hurt and hating me. I held him and said we had to speak to Mike at breakfast so holding on to each other we fell back to sleep for the next couple of hours.

We were awakened by a bunch of the boys jumping on top of us in bed and when they realised that I had company, they pulled back standing around the bed looking down at Daniel and I in amazement. They were stunned that in the night I had found a new boy to sleep with and they had known nothing about it. I laughed at their expressions and I introduced Daniel to the group, and as soon as the introductions were over, they jumped back on top of us naked as the day they were born. Daniel thought it was hilarious and a pillow fight ensued before I managed to get control and chased everyone off to the showers before breakfast, which was in 20 minutes. I asked Martin to take Daniel under his wing and show him where everything was.

Paul was hanging back and made for me as soon as everyone else had disappeared to the showers. I took him into my room, closed the door and asked him what was up. I could see that he was almost in tears and still wearing the trews, when he blurted out that he was wet and had overslept so he couldn't go and take his nappy and pants off now without being discovered. I held him close and told him that accidents do happen and not to worry, we were seeing the Doc again the next day and hopefully there would be some good news. He was inconsolable so I suggested that he use my bathroom and no one would be any wiser. He agreed and started to brighten up. I followed him through to my bathroom and he started to remove the trews, followed by the plastic pants and finally the nappy. I knelt down in front of him to assist and indeed the front of the nappy looked wet. I felt so bad for the boy as I could sympathise with his predicament.

The nappy slid off and his small soft cock came into view, but it seemed moist and it stuck a bit to the cloth of the nappy as I pulled it off. I was sure I could smell that smell - the one associated with cum! So I said nothing but lifted the soggy piece of clothing to my nose and yes, without any doubt it **was** cum. The boy had had a wet dream and not peed himself, as he had feared. He was so upset that he didn't hear me when I told him what had happened and I had to take him by the shoulders and repeat it. I told him that he had simply cum in his nappy and not peed. The nappy was soaked with wonderful boy spunk and he looked down in disbelief at the soaked material on the floor in front of him and his wet cock. As I was still kneeling in front of him I put my hand on his butt, feeling around the back for the butt plug that we had inserted the previous evening and it was still buried deep in his bum. I caught the end of it and jiggled it a bit, which brought him out of his daze asking him if he remembered the plug. He shook his head then smiled and said that he had had a very sexy dream, which he enjoyed it a lot, with the strongest feeling of being fucked.

Paul was astounded that he had had a wet dream and had not peed in his nappy he was so delighted. I urged him into the shower as everyone else would be almost through and reminded him that breakfast was very soon followed by his appointment with the Doc. He disappeared quickly into my bathroom.

Everyone was ready but then I realised that Daniel still only had the dirty clothes that he arrived in so I went around the boys to see if we could borrow some clothing as a temporary measure. The boys were great and very soon we had a pile of clothing for Daniel to choose from. He was eventually dressed in a white T-shirt, CK briefs, courtesy of Martin, and a pair of sports shorts plus a pair of socks. He looked great and hugged me to thank me for everything but I pointed him to the guys who had given the clothing to him and told him to thank them. He moved towards each and hugged and kissed each one in turn, thanking them as he went. When he returned to me he was crying. I hugged him and then got the group motivated towards the dining room where a huge breakfast was at risk of getting cold.

Whilst the boys were eating Daniel was being looked after by Martin, who seemed to have taken a real shine to him. I made my way across to Mike who asked me who our guest was. I explained what had happened and Mike was

concerned that such a young man had been treated so badly and had ended up living rough. He immediately gave his permission for the boy to stay for the time being but cautioned me that he would have to make enquiries locally to find out about him, then he would decide what course of action was necessary. I fully understood and agreed. I went over to Daniel and updated him on my discussion with Mike and he was happy at being allowed to stay, but a bit scared of what the future held. I told him not to worry and to enjoy his time with us as he would be fed and have loads of fun with the boys. I told him I would go to the village that afternoon and pick up some new clothes for him so that he would have his own stuff. He hugged me again and looked up at me with large wet eyes and thanked me for being so kind. I was happier than I had ever been in my life but was scared also about what would happen to this innocent young boy. It was very likely that when the authorities took over he would be whisked off into care. It didn't bear thinking about.

The boys went off after breakfast on an orienteering exercise with Jakob and the other teams and they would all be gone for most of the day. I headed back to the cabin to do some thinking. Daniel had joined my group on the trip and waved me goodbye with a bright smile looking slightly out of place as the only boy without a kilt.

I borrowed one of the minibuses to make the trip into the village to get some things for Daniel and perhaps do some investigation.

The village was about 5 miles away and it took only 10 minutes to get there. It was a small Highland village with a long main street with a few shops either side, including a small branch of a menswear store, which was where I headed. I selected some CK briefs in white and black along with T shirts, shorts and socks plus a couple of pairs of jogger pants, all in sizes that I thought would fit the boy, but with an assurance from the shopkeeper that I could change anything I wanted to if they didn't fit. I then asked him if he perhaps had a second hand kilt I could buy and he said no he didn't, but he thought he might be able to get one for me, so I gave him my cell phone number and asked him to give me a call if he had any luck. I left the shop with a stack of bags and headed up the short street to find a shoe shop where I bought Daniel some trainers. As I was heading back to the bus, I found the Doctor's surgery, so on impulse I went in.

There was a prim, older woman sitting at a desk waiting to pounce on visitors and I asked if the doctor was available. She asked my name and then called him on the 'phone and within a few seconds he was there, welcoming me into his surgery with a strong handshake and a broad smile.

The surgery was quaint compared with the one at the camp. This one was in a converted cottage and as such it still showed the signs of the family home that it had once been. There was an old unused fireplace and a tiny window facing the street, almost like someone's living room. There was not much room, files piled high on the desk fighting for space with the computer and keyboard. The Doc motioned me towards a seat and said that he was pleased to see me and to what did he owe the pleasure of my visit.

I told him about Daniel and he listened carefully his eyes wide when I explained that the boy had been sleeping rough in the forest for the past 8 months, plus the reason why he had left home. Dr. Steve Corrigan shook his head in disbelief at the story and asked the whereabouts of the boy now and I told him that Mike had agreed to let him stay on camp with us until he did some investigations. The Doc said that was a good idea and promised he would check Daniel out when he was next at camp the following day.

Doc then told me in confidence that he knew Daniel and his family and it was a very difficult situation. His birth father had been killed in an accident

some years before and his mother had taken up with, and eventually married, his stepfather. The guy was a total bastard and really only wanted Daniel's mum and not the boy so he made Daniel's life a misery. Immediately after the boy had absconded the family moved away and the Doc had no clue about where they were now. He assumed like everyone in the village that the boy had gone with them. It appeared that the boy was without a family. I could have cried then, as no young child should be treated so callously as young Daniel had been.

I thanked the Doc for his time and information and asked what he thought would happen to the boy. He sighed and said that unless there was a suitable foster family available he would go into care and that would be the last thing that he needed. I agreed and suggested that I would be happy to consider taking him, but the Doc reminded me that even if I was willing, the laws in Scotland prevented a single gay man from fostering a child and that was 21<sup>st</sup> century Britain. I was sick at the thought that Daniel could end up in a foster home that he hated, in a town where he knew no one and I just knew that if that were the case, he would definitely run away again and possibly end up on the streets. How could that be better than letting someone like me who cared for him, look after him? It was a crazy world and the Doc had to agree.

I made my way back to the camp in the bus my eyes filled with tears, thinking about Daniel and his fate and I was saddened by the draconian regulations that prevailed in our so-called developed country when it came to dealing with kids like him and guys like me.

I had some time to kill while the boys were still on their expedition so went back to my room. I lay on the bed and thought it through. I was determined to make sure that I did the best I could do for this young boy, no matter what. It was to be my main focus excluding everything else.

I went to find Mike but he was off with the boys so I grabbed a coffee in the dining room and met Jakob who was doing some paperwork in the kitchen office. He said Hi and joined me asking what was wrong as I looked so sad. I explained about Daniel and he took my hand, held it tightly and said not to worry things would work out for the best, he was sure of it. I grabbed him and kissed him deeply. We grabbed onto each other and held each other in an embrace for ages. I valued the physical contact and his positive support.

I was very sad and worried about Daniel as his future seemed very bleak but I was determined to do what I could to help him and make his future brighter.

The boys returned after their orienteering trip and piled into the cabin excited about what they had done and the room was filled with the smell of hot sweaty boys. They dropped where they could find a vacant spot on sofas and beds and even some on the floor. I looked around the group and made a mental note that we had to try to get a kilt for Daniel, as he was the odd one out. I gave the boys some time to relax before asking them to strip for their shower. It took a few minutes to get them going but they eventually rose and started stripping of their kilts, each laying the heavy garment carefully on their bed before heading for the showers.

I called Daniel over and asked how he had enjoyed the day out with my group and he told me that at first he thought boys in kilts were a bit naff but when he realised that they were all naked under the kilt, he changed his view. When they had taken a short break in the forest, they were lounging around having a snack, he suddenly noticed that he could see Andrew's balls and soft cock clearly under the kilt hem. He looked around the rest of the group and he noted that young Jake's equipment was also on view, although not quite so soft! Daniel went over to Martin, his mentor, and asked him

about it. Martin laughed and explained that they were **all** naked under their kilts as that was the tradition and it felt great. Daniel agreed that it must feel awesome so Martin suggested that he have a try and immediately started to undo the straps holding his kilt up.

Martin urged Daniel to strip off his shorts and underwear, which he did, and then approached the boy with his kilt assisting him to put it on. Daniel was amazed at the weight of the garment and as Martin fixed the straps in place, then the sporran, he could feel his cock hardening rubbing against the inside of the kilt and the warm forest air circulating around his balls. It felt awesome and Daniel was instantly a fan of the kilt. He loved the fact that he could feel his balls and cock naked under there but no one could see, what a fantastically horny feeling.

After a bit Martin asked him to take the kilt off as he would be in trouble if he was caught with shorts or underwear when he was supposed to be wearing the kilt, but he promised Daniel that he would let him wear his kilt again. Daniel understood and quickly got out of the kilt, his hard young cock fully on view as he picked up his CKs and shorts. He got a big cheer from the boys as none of them had seen his penis hard and they were mightily impressed. Jake asked if Daniel would like it sucked but Martin butted in and told the eager young cocksucker that they had to complete their exercise and moreover win. Jake looked disappointed but Daniel assured him that he would pick up on that offer later, for sure. Jake brightened up as they continued on their expedition. I was delighted that Daniel had had such a good time with my group.

The boys started to filter back from their showers and with towels wrapped around their body they lay about relaxing after the day's exertions. What a fine bunch of boys they were, all still wet from the showers with only towels covering them. I took Daniel to my room and gave him the clothes I had bought and he was so happy, he grabbed onto me and hugged me hard. I stroked his damp hair and his back and told him to get dressed and we would allocate him a bunk. He smiled up at me and let go of me, moving into the main room and joining the other boys.

As we had two spare bunks in our cabin, he had a choice, so he picked the lower bunk and dumped his new clothes on top of the bed then sat on it. His eyes were still wet with tears as he smiled at the other boys around him. They had taken him completely into the group so he was now one of us, at least for the time being. I went back to my room and lay on my bed.

I dozed off and was awakened by a movement on my bed. I opened my eyes to find young Jake, my namesake, sitting on the bed beside me. I said hi and he smiled back and said he had a question for me. I told him to shoot and he asked about the instructions for anal sex that the Doc had said I would help him with. I smiled and pulled the boy down beside me on the bed and hugged him. I held him and explained that anal sex was wonderful but, and it was a big but, it could be very painful, especially to begin with, more so when you were young and small. Preparation was the key. He nodded agreement and asked me to show him, as he really wanted to be fucked.

I moved up on the bed, with him lying flat on his back, and took a pillow, which I moved under his thighs to raise him off the bed slightly. I then raised his small legs up and asked him to hold his legs back while I went down on his small ass hole. I stuck my hot, wet tongue directly into his hot hole. He squirmed with pleasure as I probed his warm hole, making it wet with my hot saliva. His small cock was solid as I licked his ass and made it so wet it was dripping and moist.

I placed one wet finger at the entrance to his ass and pushed it gently in, feeling a great deal of resistance, so I pulled back asking Jake if he was

OK and telling him to push down on my finger as though he was taking a dump. I suddenly felt the change in his ass as he relaxed, and my single wet finger slid in to the hilt. It was warm and tight and I moved my digit around inside his deep, tight ass feeling for his pleasure spot, which I found easily. I stroked it with the tip of my finger and the sensation almost made the boy leap off the bed.

I added a second wet finger in his ass, and he welcomed it, his hole opening and grabbing me tightly as I continued to massage his sweet spot stretching his hole wide. The boy was thrashing on the bed, his head turning from side to side and his hands grabbing the bedclothes as the pleasure surged through his small body. His wide cock was solid and the foreskin fully retracted, his glans red and swollen lying against his flat boy-belly.

I added a third, wet finger and probed his asshole deeply, stretching the sphincter muscles wide and preparing him for my man cock. He was in another place as I asked him if he was ready and OK for me to fuck him, and he shouted YES, YES, YES!!

I moved up on the bed pulling his ankles onto my shoulders, his ass hole was open and ready. My cock was pointed at his hot hole as I pushed the tip of it against his hole and held it there for a second. I pushed gently in and my cock head slipped past his tight sphincter, deep into his hot boy hole, hitting his prostate and making him yelp with pleasure. My balls slapped against his ass cheeks as I started to fuck him, sliding in and out faster and faster hitting the sweet spot on each inward thrust. It was amazing, hot and wet and he was gripping me like a hot gloved vice. God I knew I wouldn't last too long so I grabbed his small cock and started to wank it as I thrust deep into him, the heat rising as we both approached our orgasm, he was yelping with pleasure as I slammed home my cock, never harder than now, feeling like a hot hand was gripping it, I fucked the boy.

We came together, me shooting my load deep into his ass hole and him spasming in a dry cum under me. I fell onto him and kissed the boy deeply, his tongue fencing with mine, our lips meshing together in lust. The room smelled of boy, cum, sex and warmth as our bodies parted and we lay on our backs on the bed, spent.

It was amazing. My small lover lay beside me, his small cock wilting visibly against his flat belly and mine still slick with his and my juices, combined in a slick glossy coating on my shaft and cock head. My softening cock was still dribbling cum, which meandered down my thighs as I rested.

He turned to me and smiled, thanking me for fucking him. I told him it was entirely my pleasure and I was pleased that he had enjoyed it. He said he had and wanted to do it again very soon.

Thanks to everyone who has written with encouraging comments and erotic suggestions, I appreciate it a lot, keep them coming.

AP