

Growing Old Disgracefully



CASIMIR DUKAHZ

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Growing Old Disgracefully

BY CASIMIR DUKAHZ

He may be growing older, but Casimir still pursues his youthful friends with as much vigor and passion as ever!

In this fourth volume of his partly satirical 'autobiography', he chronicles more tales of wooing, loving, woe and mayhem with the younger set.

Woven throughout is the story of 'Duke' and his flaxen-haired Baltimore-born favorite, Remy. But along the way this inveterate and unashamed worshipper of youth recounts the 'disgraceful' intimacies of yet another 80 encounters, spread across 17 American states from coast to coast, and in Puerto Rico. Readers familiar with his earlier books — *The Asbestos Diary*, *Vice Versa* and *It's a Boy!* — will find Casimir's pen has lost none of its literacy, and none of its wit, as he recalls happier days long before bigotry and hysteria spread across the land.

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*Growing
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Disgracefully*

by

Casimir Dukahz

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I Meet Remy

Handsome is as handsome does and though ultra-handsome lads usually *don't* (at least for me!), Remy is the coruscant exception: his face and form are 13^{er} perfection personalized and 'NO!' dwells not in his sexual vocabulary — if you satisfy his exacting standards and he's in an amorous mood at the crucial moment. I first caught sight of him strolling if not trolling ahead of me on East Baltimore Street, the Times Square of that presently unMerryland city whose municipal airport is called 'Friendship'. Alack! No more! No *more*! Since 1977, Baltimore has become a veritable Plague Town scourged by moral, self-righteous hetero Huns and Visigoth Vandals whereby to date nearly a hundred Little Ones have been entrapped and threatened into Confessing All (whether True or Falser), and more than a score of tender, loving, caring Sugar-Daddies have been hassled and harassed and hurled behind bars, there to wistfully meditate on their minor but marvelous unSins. Fellow-boylovers in England and the United States — Dante's *Inferno* is your inimical next door neighbor!

However, it was bicentennial reassuringly *safe* 1976 when Remy initially hove into my vertiginous view and delirium'd by his patrician posterior from his sunlit flaxen hair that tailed into a natural point on his delicate nape, and on down to his trim taut rump that seductively shapes his skin-snug jeans, I palpitantly pursued the little pulse-quickener as I note his patriotic apparel: spank-new glans-red sneakers, whiter than sperm-white T-shirt, true-blew pants — obviously an ipsy-pipsy, Yankee Doodle Play with my Noodle All-American Boy or an unreasonable, highly seasonable facsimile thereof!

Smitten with wholly unholy desire for the felicity of young flesh, I float in the wake of the lodestar kid for blocks (miles?) — and then suddenly he wheels around to confront me, emerald orbs ablaze. "Are you *following* me, creepo?!" he soprano-rasps.

For some seconds I can only gape in awed admiration, for this delightful Baltimore Sun-Son is even more comely in *front* than he is behind! "You know," I at length rueful, "sirenic succulents like you shouldn't be allowed on the streets because you're an irresistible temptation to felonied misdemeanors!"

At once the kiddy simmers down, perhaps placated by my sincere, well-deserved encomium. "*I* get it," he grins, ravishing dimples at each corner of his lush-lipped mouth. "You got the *hots* for me, huh?!"

"That's putting it mildly," I pant. "Actually, I'm a five-alarm *fire*!"

"H'm, I kinda doubt that. Too many of you guys are big *talk* an' little *do*! Do you give *head*?"

"*Do* I? I'm the head-man of my tribe."

"What cannibal tribe you belong to?"

"The WASPs, International — at your service."

"You're a White Anglo-Saxon *Protestant*?! Hell, man, I don't think we can get together 'cause I'm Polish an' Catholic — an' no cracks about *Polacks* or I'll slug you!!"

"My dear child, I *love* liberated little Polacks and their hot spicy kielbasi sausage that ever riots my taste-buds. I once knew a wee Polski about your age named Supinski who when supine was sublime and who when prone was *paramountski*!"

"But do you blow *ass*?"

"Kiddy, I blow like a gentle zephyr from a pagan South Sea isle!"

"Yeah, well, I kinda go more for a *rough* suck back there — it's kickier."

"Can *do*! I strive to please and your pleasure is mine. Uh, sweetie, your pretty puss is strangely familiar — I'm positive I've seen you somewhere before."

"You've seen me *behind*, too!"

"Not in the *flesh* — but the contour shapes up most appetizing."

"Well, you prob'ly saw me right here on Baltimore Street, 'cause this's where I score the quickest."

"That can't be as I was never on this street of dreams before. I usually prowl at the other end of town."

“So could be you saw me bare-ass in some porn-flick. I’ve been in about five of them.”

“Yes, that’s *it*! I remember now. Those films were works of art and so were *you* — I loved you at first sight!”

“Oh, *sure*! I’ve heard that kinda crap too often an’ it don’t mean a friggin’ *thing*!”

“But I *do* love you, baby — really, truly and sincerely. Gimme a *break*!”

“Man, you shoot a big line of bullshit, but I’ll give you a trial-run ’cause business is bad right now.”

“Fine, great, *wonderful*! Your place or mine?”

The boy frowns. “Not *my* place ’cause my Mama’s still at home.”

“I see. Your Mama doesn’t know you go with men, I gather.”

“God, *no*! If she knew she’d cut my kielbasi off an’ sew my asshole shut with barb-wire!”

“Does your *Papa* know you hustle?”

“Three years ago my poor Papa got killed by a hit-an’-run tricycle.”

“Oh, come *on*, kiddy — that’s impossible!”

“Not if the tricycle is five feet *high* an’ driven by a mad Lesbian bulldyke who hates everything that has a *cock*!”

“Lord save us all!” I almost tearfully exclaim. “These benighted United States are becoming much too violent for *me*! Perhaps I should emigrate to peaceful Beirut or brotherly-loving South Africa.”

“Don’t go *yet*, man, ’cause I’m sorta kinda half-ass gettin’ used to you an’ I like wanta sample your style of lovin’.”

Naturally, I am immensely relieved, delighted and grateful that this refulgent youngling ‘Goes Out’, as they say — is on the Great Game of Body-Vending and apparently is ready to accept me as at least a *pro tem* partner-player. It has ever been my amatory policy to attempt to partake of hyperbolical lads as they come — but too frequently they exhibit a marked reluctance to come with *me*! Far too dismally many times extremely engaging pre- and post-pube sex-merchants have mistaken innocent harmless TLC me for some type of Fuzz or Truant- or Probation-Officer, thus raising lowest Hell with my juvenile love-life. However, *this* fetching tolerant tot is obviously *different* so — my jittery arm about his warm hard young shoulders — we wend toward my mini-midget basement apartment which is a dump in a reeking slum but it’s a *clean* dump and all I can afford, what with the price of food and rent and touting little ball-toters being so inflationary these sorry days. En route, I say: “What’s your name, little luscious — and if you don’t want to tell me, I’ll understand.” (God, I want to go down on him right here on the street in broad daylight!)

“I ain’t got nothin’ to hide! My name’s Remiliusz Taczanowski but if you call me anything but *Remy*, you’re gonna get a fat *lip*!” And he brandishes a small fierce fist in my face.

“*I adore* Rerny,” I reply in all truth. “It calls to mind ‘Remy Martin’, an expensive booze which I’m certain can’t be half so intoxicating as your *own* inebriating boy-liquor!”

“Man, *I’m* expensive too — an’ don’t you forget it!”

That’s somewhat commercially down putting but perhaps the kiddy will later prove to be open to negotiation. One can only hope and gird one’s loins.

Here my companion queries: “So what’s *your* name — if you got one!”

“Most kids call me Duke — If they’re not pissed-off at me.”

“I useta have a *cur-dawg* named Duke but I couldn’t toilet-train the son-of-a-bitch so I swapped him off to another boy for a piecea ass.”

“Was it a bargain?”

“*Naw*! We all three got cheated.”

Arriving at my dingy domicile, I ask my scintillant visitor if he’d like a sandwich or something — stomach-stoked sub-striplings later generally feed *me* all the more copiously from their rarer *haute cuisines*. It’s the Only Way, really.

“No, thank you,” the young-un politely replies. “I ain’t hungry ’cause I just had my shoes shined.”

The above is one of Remy’s zany *non-sequiturs* which I largely ignore lest *I* become that crackpot myself. Besides, how in hell can you *shine* a pair of spank-new glans-red *sneakers*?! “A nice big glass of ice-cold orange-pineapple juice, then?” I tempt.

“No, thank you — I ain’t thirsty ’cause I just had my hair cut.”

His thick silky straw-stack locks haven’t known a barber for three months or more so I get the juice to which furtively I add a hefty dollop of Little Jack Horner brand vodka. I swig a mouthful of the potion, smacking my lips loudly. “U’m ‘m, *good!*” (You gotta *watch* me — I’m very sneaky at times.)

The boy snatches the glass from my hand, drains it, shoves it back at me.

“*Seconds*, please!”

“At your command, pretty baby,” I wheeze, trusting that *two* infusions of vodka will lightly turn this young lad’s fancy to Thoughts of Love on my lumpy mattress — *soon!*

Remy leisurely sips his second drink then begins to bloodhound-sniff the kitchen air. “Hey, what’s that I smell? You got somethin’ cookin’ in the oven?”

“It’s a little dish that I made from ‘Finger Lickin’ Good’ chicken,” I say modestly, inspecting my fingernails. “And since chicken is my favorite food, it almost always turns out heavenly yummy — though I do say it myself.”

“Well, I’ll take a chance on food-poisonin’,” the awful urchin smirks, “so bring it out an’ let’s taste it!”

“I thought you weren’t hungry,” I remind.

“That was five minutes ago! *Now* I’m hungry.”

In a flurry I scurry around to set out plates, knives, forks, spoons and paper-napkins, then scorch my fingers plucking the steaming casserole from the oven and placing it in the center of the table. A tantalizing aroma arises from the concoction which dilates my young guest’s delicate nostrils and forthwith he shoves his plate aside and pulls the casserole close in front of him, piggily digging in with knife, fork and spoon simultaneously and it’s only with adroit sleight-of-hand that I’m able to snare the measly neck and one wing — but I do not protest for I’m hopeful that I’ll get the real *live* chicken-meat later!

“What kinda chicken *is* this?” Remy mumbles through an over-stuffed mouth.

“It’s capon — the tastiest poultry known to Man.”

“That’s where a chicken has a sex-change or sornethin’, ain’t it?”

“Not quite. A capon is a young boy-chicken who has been sexually molested so his meat will be sweeter and tenderer and more abundant — a child-abuse abomination that the *Law* studiously ignores!”

“Did *you* molest him?” asks the kid suspiciously.

“Of course not! I never resort to fowl-play.”

“Chickens is nice to fuck if you can’t get nothin’ else,” Remy remarks reminiscently, “but you hafta hold their feet tight or their claws scratch hell outa your thighs an’ balls.”

“I wouldn’t *know*, I’m sure!” I say disdainfully as I disconsolately gnaw on neck and lone wing while the boy chowfs his greedy way through plump breasts and thighs and legs, the little pervert! Soon he has demolished the casserole even down to the last smidgen of gravy and he leans back in his chair, patting his distended belly.

“Duke,” he sighs, “I hate to admit this but that’s about the best damn meal I ever ate since I sucked on my Mama’s titties!”

“Thank you!” I say, getting up to kiss the kid’s capon’d lips and deep-sucking a fragment of breast-meat from his tongue. “But since I love *human* boy-chickens to distraction, it’s only natural that I can prepare them well for eating. First they should be well-browned with a rich cream sauce and then —

“No *shit*?” the boy grunts, elevating his aureate eyebrows and thumbing his fly at me. “So what’s for dessert?”

“Cherry-vanilla ice cream.”

“Gimme a double-helvin’ ’cause I ain’t got no cherry myself.”

“Not even between your sweet-buns?”

“*Specially* not there.”

“How did you lose it?”

“I... uh, wandered into a Girl Scout Camp by mistake — I thought it was a *Boy* Scout Camp.”

I strangle a laugh. “Kiddy.” I say sternly, “I think you’re a bluddy *liar*!”

“Man, how’d you *guess*?!” Remy snickers. As with noisy gusto he slurps his lion’s share of the dessert, he confides that he hates school but is fond of indoor-sports like sex-wrassling on a mat or a mattress or any comfortable flat surface or even standing up in a pinch, and he’s too lazy to jerk off if somebody will do it for him, preferably by mouth, and girls are beneath his interest if not his contempt so he’s never even *kissed one* though if he met a girl who had a dick instead of a twat he might whorse around with the pig a little bit and...

The cherry-vanilla now totally absorbed, the boy abruptly breaks off to consult his battered Timex wrist-watch, grimaces. “Hell, it’s gettin’ late so if we’re gonna futz around a spell, we better get down to it but I wanta take a *shower* first. What kinda soap d’you use?”

“Ivory-it *floats*!”

“Ivory is for *peasants*!” the kid sniffs. “I only use *Maja* soap which gives you a nice sexy smell all over, even beneath your toenails. Well, skip that — where’s your shower?”

“I’m dreadful sorry but the shower-head’s broke. However, I can give you a tittylating tub-bath with bubbles yet where I’ll lovingly lave you from hair to *there* and back again!”

“Tub-baths are out — they never get you *really* clean.”

“Sweetheart, you look and smell cleaner than clean to me so let’s forget the preliminaries and go on to the *basics*, OK?”

“Well, it’s against my principles,” the boy grumbles, “But I’ll make an exception in your case. So let’s see your bed-you gotta bed, ain’t you?”

I guide my fastidious visitor to my narrow Army cot which the kid regards sourly, griping: “I’m used to a *double-bed* where I can stretch out.”

“I thought a lusty lad like you would stretch *up* rather than out!”

“I do *both*, dummy!”

“But,” I slyly point out, “a single couch promotes more intimate sexual union, right?”

“Yeah, there’s *that*, I s’pose,” Remy reluctantly concedes as he proceeds to plop his plush posterior on my illicit *lit-de-amour* — and promptly leaps off it. “Damnit, Duke, your mattress has more rocks than your *head*! They’d bruise my bones an’ the Skin You’ll Love to Touch!”

“Alas, I fear that’s all too painfully true,” I sorrowfully admit, “and I’d buy a new mattress but I just can’t afford it right now.” I go up to him, take his hands in mine and kiss his fingertips. “So I guess it’s no go with you and me, huh? No *togetherness*?”

The boy thumps me on the arm and says, “Hell, Duke, your place is zilch but *you* ain’t so you come to my place where I’ve gotta shower an’ Maja soap an’ a big soft bouble-bed!”

“Well, *fine* — but won’t your Mama be there?”

“Naw, she’ll be gone to work by now, cleanin’ offices downtown, so we’ll have the place all to ourselves.”

In the street Remy leads me to a bus promisefully marked ‘Boyland Meadows’ and after a short journey, we disembark at a dead-end street and walk to a small cottage at the far end. There is a light burning at the back of the house.

“Oh, *shit*!” my companion grumps, “Mom’s still home — my damn watch must be fast but come in anyway. I’ll cover for you.”

We go in, I with some trepidation but Mrs. Taczanowski proves to be a buxom motherly 40 or so, the type whose household gods are admirably children, church and kitchen. Her son coolly introduces me as Mr. Duke, his ex-mathematics teacher who is helping him in remedial arithmetics. (One into one *is fun!* figuratively speaking.)

Mama greets me warmly then sits us down side-by-side to good hot strong coffee and delicious home-made butter-cookies. “I’m very grateful you’re taking an interest in my son, Mr. Duke,” she smiles. “He needs the discipline that only a *man* can give him.”

“Aw, Mom,” says Remy, nudging my knee, “I’m very disciplined! Don’t I always give you half the money I make selling my... *papers*?!”

“Yes, you do and it’s a big help but I’m so afraid you’ll turn out wild like your older brother — chasing every skirt he saw until he went into the Navy.”

“Mom, *believe* me, girls bore my socks off,” says the boy, yawning.

“That’s what you say *now* but I warn you, young man-if you ever get a girl in trouble then you’re on your own, the responsibility is entirely *yours*!”

“Mama,” Remy says, covertly pinching my upper thigh, “cross my heart and hope to try, I promise you I won’t even knock a *man* up!”

— (To be Continued)

Child-abuse

SATAN is glad When I am bad
And binds me with chains
In terrible pains and
I lie with HIM
In dreadful sin...
Forevermore.

— Puritan Child's Primer

The Pseudo-Feminine Mystique

In winter, the State of Minnesota is so cold that it would freeze the balls off a brass Cupid, hence from late November to early March few Cupidons are to be found there which is a deplorable state of non-affairs. If you *are* fortunate enough to ensnare a small Eros he is apt to be so immured in woolen underclothes that by the time you get him bare-ass, you're far too weary to pitch *woo, boo-hoo!* Minnesota northly nudges the Canadian Border — not a suggestively *sexual* nudge, you understand, merely a geographic one-and this is an ideal arrangement for *we* send them our draft-dodgers and feral felons fleeing and *they* send us their superb whiskey whose chief appeal is that it isn't *Scotch* so we get the better-best of the exchange. (I like to inform my foreign readers of these matters for most visitors to our shores are convinced, for instance, that New York City is part and parcel of the United States. *It is not!* It is an illegal alien enclave entirely and I wish to God that it would go back to where it damn came from.)

Many transplanted Swedes live in Minnesota (aside from the late, Thespian-great but somewhat erratic Ingrid Bergman — did she ever have a *kid-brother?*) and who have given rise to an oft-sung popular regional ditty, to wit:

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking
What a nice place this would be
If the Swedes were all transported
Far beyond the North Blue Sea!

Sweden, too, welcomes our draft-dodgers and dollar-subsidies and returns us nothing but insults and bad-mouthing. It is a demented place *in toto* for there you can legally sleep with your daughter but you *can't* spank your son! Now if this situation were *reversed*, I would fly to Stockholm this very minute-if not last night!

Minnesota is also famed as the Land-o'-Lakes and it was in the small town of Cass Lake in the merry month of May that I discovered uncovered Anders who is 5 feet 2, eyes of iceberg-blue, Nordic of hair, mouth of ripe strawberries and an infectious laugh that is half soprano giggle and half treble squeak. He is Danish by descent and Alpine by ascent when he's in rut — withal as superlatively desirable as a pint of wet-dream or an hour-long orgasm. I call him my Sinnamon-Danish for unspeakable reasons and though the sweet thing is well into the Milky Way, the poor child has a mathematical hangup whereby he can't count above twenty — which is when he runs out of his 10 slender fingers and 10 pretty pink toes-and even *then* he sometimes gets confused by any arithmetical anything which extends beyond 2 plus 2 equals 5 so he doesn't precisely know how old he is, but by adroit interrogation and much fumbling figuring on my hysterical abacus, I finally determined that of this date angelic Anders is exactly 4105 days young, an ideal age.

Luckily my ineluctable laddy-buck resides with his only living relative-an aged spinster aunt who is so uxoriously wedded to Mr. Demon Rum, Esquire, that she doesn't know her ass from toilet-paper! Thus hot-britches Anders can come and come and go pretty much as he's inclined, so from dusk to dawn almost every night and from dawn to dusk on other occasions, it pleases his fancy to spend every possible moment with me to spend and spend and spend *my* sweat-earned spondulix!

Alas, all is not quite pluperfect in Paradise for this kiddy — like most rugged individualist masculine boy-males — adores to give his devoted lover a varied and various *hard-time* in the worst sense of the phrase. He likes to *tease* and the ineffable tormenter often out-artfuls the Artful Dodger in delaying or avoiding the ejaculative issue or other bodily delights for the time being and which woes me greatly for every inch of this provocative puer is nectar to my tongue though unnaturally *some* private parts are more flavorful than others — but all too frequently I am put down and put off by a folly of boyish frustrations.

Anders will arrive at my lowly hovel and stuff his bottomless belly from my defenseless refrigerator or pantry but when I lay tentative affectionate hands on him and try to lead him to my Beastlyrest innersprang mattress, he eels away from me and chirps: “Come to think of it, Mister Man, I don’t think I can come today!” — and by Jesus he seemingly *can’t* despite all I can devise to cause the divine ambrosia to show its shy milky face to the light of day or the dark of night. Now this, of course, could be due to several factors as: (1) The little fuck has been thoroughly sapped by some other bastard just before he came to see *me*, or (2) Could be the kid’s urethra is blocked so the passage of fluids is temporarily impossible? — but then shortly I observe that he can do Number One in the crapper with the greatest of ease, so (3) Perhaps his cock is afflicted with a passing organic frigidity — but when I take the temperature of his penis, my oral thermometer registers 99.8 degrees in the shade, so (4) It’s remotely conceivable that this small Great Dane has such complete genital *will-power* and control that he can ejaculate or not just as he chooses, everything else being equal! It’s sort of as if the youngster is an hypnotic-eyed Svengali and his troublesome dick is a timid little Trilby! Or (5) The foregoing (1) is too hellishly the case and torturer Anders is teasing again!

Tease is this pre-teener charmer rascal’s middle name! The other day he told me that while I was at work in the salt mines, a young boy came to my door and asked *Anders* why I had been neglecting him and his hangdown for they both missed me to Hell and Gone — which, of course, is another one of sinful Sinnamon’s cute tricks as I don’t *know* any other lads in Minnesota but forthwith Anders, laughing up his sleeve, I’m sure, elects to become insanely jealous and I have to buy him a \$30 mail-order cowboy Stetson before I can persuade him to listen to Reason if not Logic.

And just day before yesterday Master Imp gleefully reported that a young *girl* had phoned, weeping and wailing and saying between hiccupy sobs that I had got her pregnant and if I didn’t *do* something about it right quick, then she was going to Tell All to her Daddy who is Chief Executioner for the local Ku-Klux-Klan! Which, as you might surmise, is a tissue of bald-faced lies a la Anders for the last time I had carnal commerce (unconsummated) with a female was in October, 1929 — but whether or not *that* caused the world-shaking Stock Market Crash is, I think, debatable.

But the culmination of Ander’s fiendish teasing occurred last night. All evening he had the heavy-lidded, hot-eyed, humid-tumid look of a lusty young lad in the throes of languorous heat and he was hugging me and kissing me and calling me ‘Lover’ which he now and then does when satyriasis has seized him — but to address me as ‘Lover’ is just arrant, arrogant, ironic sarcasm on his part for he has often contemptuously told me that what I know about loving *boys* could be put into an infant’s condom with enough room left over for a good-sized dill-pickle!

However, perhaps *this* time the boy is sincere for I can actually *smell* the passion-juice on-in-oozing out of him so fondly I kiss him back and tenderly fondle him — he is *ready*! — and gently urge him to my bedroom-door where he turns, cold-eyed, to confront me and in mock-maidenly accents he sighs: “Oh, Lover, not *now* ’cause I’ve got the most *dreadful* sick headache!” and simpering quasi-girlishly he slams and locks *my* bedroom-door in my face!

Stay away from Mazatlàn, D.F. — dire frustration, incrimination, condemnation! Here more than anywhere else souse of the Border, tacos, tortillas, mescal and little male mesmirers have an insidious effect on Americanos' heads and hearts, inciting them to rebel-yell: 'Down with the fucking Gringos! Return the Alamo to Mexico!' Or nostalgic they carry to their graves the delight-dolor love-brand of some or several Mehicano hit-run coruscant Cupids.

Needing a respite far from the temptations of Circe-penis'd too-greedy Yankee young flesh — and I am no Ulysses! — I hied to a local travel-agency whose walls were covered with huge blown-up color prints of fatal plane-crashes and the sinking of the Titanic. There a pale and twitchy individual, cold sweat on his blanched brow, ashen-faced recommended the azure depths of Lake Titicaca (can tits *crap*?) or Acapulco's sleek boy-divers for tourists' coins, so shortly I found myself in the belly of a metal dragon-fly winging only an atlas knows the hell where: Mexico and Peru ever confuse me — Inca, Inca, who's got the *Aztec*? Creeping to the forward washroom, I glimpsed through the ajar door to the flight-deck a sozzled stewardess squatting on the First Pilot's lap, beside them an airsick Chihuahua worriedly pawing the directional compass so it was no surprise to me when we suddenly skidded into Mazatlàn, flight to be resumed mañana, if ever — and resignedly I knew that once again I had been frigged by the fickle finger of Fate in the form of a horde of rapacious luscious gamins surrounding me as I disembarked, all chanting shrill blandishments of 'choo-chines' while winking both eyes and significantly jerking-fist indicating that the buffing of brogues was the least of the services they were eager to provide.

Mazatlàn *limpiabotas* know everything, far better guides than Baedeker. A quartet of them helped me change my dollars into pesos on the black-market though I suspect a trifle of larcenous sleight-of-hand here!, found me a spacious apartment, graciously remained to lend themselves to the house-warming. Clean-living when they can little concubini, they at once frolicked into the blue-tiled bathroom, shedding the vivid polychrome petals of their scanty attire to enter the king-sized *ducha*, cluster of sudsy brown-bodied blisses, their hands modestly concealing only their eyes as I immortalized them on film.

After I'd tender-groingly toweled dry my vibrant dusky charmers, tantalizingly they garbed themselves only in their briefs and frisked into the bedroom, leaping into the immense bed and spreading their knees high and wide and grinning shamelessly at me as they caressed their tiny stiffening nipples then rubbed their crotches as they hotly soul-kissed their boy-voluptuaries — four randy little Spanindies all in a row, each with a cotton-tented erection. Flinging off my clothes, I hurled myself among them to wallow in a warm sea of writhing young bodies. One by one I embraced them, made public their private parts, avidly sucking each small throbbing penis to limb-flailing dry climax — except Cuando who copiously wet — spasm's (mostly rather watery effluent but most welcome) upon relatively little tonguing of his glans and bridle! Talented him I retained for the night, the other tads cheerfully departing after I'd fee'd them and been solemnly assured by three sweet con-artists that the peso was worth but a paltry 2 cents American!

On the morrow yesterday's quartet doubled and forthwith I became gloriously head-deep in toothsome tots, daze of sangria and roses, cream on the side — utter hubris! Then one afternoon a thunderous banging on my front door. "*Policia!*" chorus my street-wise little angels who nude scurry out the *back* door, donning their garments on the run. Yes, indeed the fuzz — the *Jefe* in person, monstrously avoirdupois in a too-tight pongee suit but mincing neither accusations nor his contempt: the scads of youngsters entering and leaving my vile abode had been observed and reported by his spies and snoopy others. He surmises the super-diabolical worst and charges me with same: I am conducting an illegal child-labor sweat-shop while I ply the innocent kidlets with unlawful hard drugs as I commit unspeakable sodomitical acts on them-and I am almost *flattered* at this imputation of simultaneously tireless illicit versatility!

However, Señor Law y Order oilily adds, he will not incarcerate nor macerate nor castrate nor even machinate me *if* I donate 10,000 pesos to the Mexican economy (meaning *himself*), then speedily remove my contaminating presence from his virtuous homeland. Except for a modest-summed Letter of Credit I have secreted behind the bidet, I beggar myself finding ten grand in local currency to appease the piratical police-chief who — may he die with a clappy hard-on — did *not* keep the Faith, immediately reporting my boy-activities to the Sheriff in my own California hometown — where later sudden confrontation plus a plethora of discovered pix'd nude puers ultimately landed me in Atascadero, a prison for mentally abnormal sex-offenders.

Yet presently loath to leave the alluring little Zatlarntos, furtively I linger for one last look, touch, smell and taste of milk-chocolate muchachos — when suddenly, contrastively, perfectly *there* he amazingly is: an aureately arresting archangel, hair a golden cascade about his comely head, yawning against the gray granite portal of the Cathedral de San Pedrito (Little Peter!) and I muse on the arousing symbolism of it all. Breathlessly I slither up to him, worshipfully eye-feast on his edible attractions: smooth slender body surely hovering on the sunny side of 13, slightly tilted fey eyes luminously azure as terrestrial stars, slim retrousse nose, generously wide full-lipped moistly pink-red mouth certainly expressly created for ardent osculation! Though possibly innocent, he's a discerning youngling who instinctively senses what I seek from my gape-mouth'd admiration and desire which obviously pleases him for he is kind, communication at once established. In impeccable English with intriguing accent, he informs me that his nickname is Jicky, he's 12 years young and he's waiting for his dopey Mother who is on a chronic religious kick and spends hours in the Confessional, bludgeoning herself and boring the defenseless priest to tears with her endless outpouring of non-existent or absurdly inconsequential peccadilloes.

Ever seduced by sheer boy-beauty, I put my misdemeanor paws on the youngster's shoulders, draw him close to suction his hard little nipples through his thin, virtually transparent white shirt, then bring my tingling lips to his and his mouth opens to accept my embrace — whereupon, with a lyre-strum of lyric laughter, he turns his back on me, declaring that he personally is a devout Mormon on his decamped Father's side and therefore is forbidden to 'go steady' with Man or Beast until he's 16! Nevertheless, promptly I cleave myself to his posterior, his tight boy-buttocks precisely fitting into the yearning concavity of my burning loins, reach around to fondle his fly, tremulously stroking the sweet sugar-lump within and Jicky melts like ice cream into my arms. At once my felonied fingers slip into the waistband of his pants, eel into briefs to cuddle his moist and steaming crotch-comfits, palpate the quickening kiddie-dick as it rose honeysuckle rose to a throbbing five inches, already pre-coital mucous'd at the tiny glans-mouth.

Now an omnipresent tourist, guide-book in hand, looms around the corner and heads in our direction. With guilty haste I snatch away my compromising hands but the boy urgently propels me inside the Cathedral, shoves me into a small vestry just within the door, seizes a dozen choirboys' semen-soaked surplices from a rack and piles them on the floor as an inspiredly improvised Couch of Love! Feverishly I denude my bedmate while he confides that the only sex he's so far ever had has been wet-dreams, for the first time he attempted to masturbate he was caught by his puritanical Mama who severely scorched his offending fingers in a candle-flame and threatening to cut off his 'tween-thigh 'thumb' if he ever transgressed again. Tenderly I kiss the poor scarred little hand and gently lower him to our impromptu pad, tonguing the pink shallow cup of his navel, then on to muzzle the fragrant frieze of his pubic curls and below.

Breathing heavily, Jicky twines his nectarine thighs stranglingly about my neck as he shoves his rock-hard young virility between-my lips, begins wildly to fuck my grateful mouth tightly encircling him, my tongue rasping against the velvet underside of his frantically thrusting piston. Twisting and squirming beneath me, the boy's heels commence to drum on the small of my back as his passion-pleasure mounts,

mounts until between a caught breath and a sigh his cock leaps frenziedly in my mouth and just as it jets a froth of creamy come across my tongue, the vestry-door bursts open to reveal *Mama*, an Amazon extravaganza in puke-puce organza, mortal mayhem blazing from her mad eyes.

Bedewed with still-seeping bonanza boy-balm, I am rooted to the divine fount, powerless to move more than my thirstily vacuuming lips. Ah, but that *Jicky*! What superb poise, aplomb, self-possession, savoir-faire that wonderful one had! Fearlessly meeting his Mama's annihilating glare, his penis still full-blown within me, he clasps his hands in demure prayerful devotion and says: "*Oh, hello*, Mother — I wondered where you had got to! Look, this man between my legs is Father Fellatio, an evangelical Italian priest visiting here from the Vatican and he has converted me to the True Faith so I confessed to him and now he is scourging my Limb of Satan as penance for my dreadful sins!"

The unGRAND disILLUSION

Vermont, the Green Mountain State, has more boys' and girls' summer-camps (sexes allegedly strictly *separate!*) than Fuckleberry Finn had freckles on his roguish rogue hyde. He even had them on his balls for he showed them to me himself before I could ask, but Master Finn was too horse-hung to appeal to me (I didn't object but my indignant tonsils and prostate-gland *did!*) though perhaps that's why dr. jekyll Tom Sawyer was so bung-hole-buddy with him but Mark Twain never fully elaborates on these essential factors. Not long ago I spoke very severely to Mr. Twain about this but he replied that one's *imagination* was far better than the written word to fill in the blank pornological spaces. (Lord preserve us, poor Mark must be *insane!*)

In Hannibal, State of Missouri, there is a statue of Tom and Fuckleberry though both have far too many clothes on, there is no indication of erections nor outline of their buns and each lad seems to be intently staring off into the cosmic distance as if they were intently viewing the Man in the Moon hot-cocking Luna but I'm exceedingly skeptical about that as Luna is a lustrously large lady and it would take at *least* the Eiffel Tower to adequately service her Grand Canyon.

Then one day in late June a little bird (a *stool*-pigeon, do believe) craps on my cranium as he-she-it whispers in my bad ear that *this* summer the *boys* in Vermont camps are helling around in their birthday-suits from morning till night till morning unless it's Visitors' Day, so forthwith I damn near break a thumb and a leg hitch-hiking up to that lad-lovely locale to see what near-sighted me can see for *free!*

Scouting around in this northernmost State, I can spy nothing for two whole deprived days but on the *third* day I happen upon a crudely-lettered sign which warningly proclaims: "Camp Kisseemeeassimee for Boys. Proceed at Your Own Risk!" which intrigues me no end, raising all sorts of wicked hopes and expectations and other organs for Kisseemeeassimee, of course, is an American-Indian appellation which reflects a favorite boy-fetish of mine (among others beyond belief) so on my belly like a snake in the grass, I slither 'neath the outskirts of the camp — all bug-eyed and bated breath, hoping to observe a nice chummy boy-gang rape or similar kiddy-caper.

Nothing of the kind! Oh, I perceive a plenitude of prettymost puers — all toast-tan and garbed only in beaded moccasins — but every last one of the youngsters is by himself and there's not much fun in *that!* Here a lad is practicing archery, hitting the bull's-eye in the butt with alarming accuracy. There a kidlet is caulking a canoe cradled on saw-horses. A bit farther on is a superfine stripling trying to start a fire by rubbing two sticks together-and I long to tell him that if he rubbed his peerless penis-stick against another boy's, they would ignite a flame that would consume them both in ineffable ecstasy!

I ferret around the entire extent of Camp K. and all that greets my yearnful gaze are small scrotum-toters oddly solely only by *himself* — no buddy-system pairing-off or tripling-off or whatever! What kinda crap goes *on* here — are these paramount pubescents all *Lone Rangers* or something?! Yet even the original Lone Ranger had *Tonto* to titillate him! Could it be that these little ones have been so dosed with Saltpeter that they're not penilely interested in anyone or anything — male, female or neuter?! But that doesn't sound reasonable for even if some laddy-buck can't get a bone-on, he can still fall back on anal-masturbation.

And then abruptly this unnatural enigma is solved! I descry two grinfyl, gameful gamins about to Indian-wrestle when in a flash a Camp Counselor menacingly looms, parts the kiddles and sends them in opposite directions so they're 30 feet or more from each other. What *is* this?! Are boys no longer allowed to mingle, inter-mingle, commingle and conjunct with one another?! To make matters worse, said Counselor is *not* a youth or a young man but a beefy, cow-bosomy young *woman* who is possibly female though scarcely feminine and indubitably a male-hating terrorist Femlibber!!

And thus it *is!* *All* the bluddy Camp Counselors are brawny broads who don't instruct their charges in woodcraft or flora and fauna and such but just hurtle around like horrendous meteors to make sure that

two bare-ass little boy-bodies don't get too immorally close together! Undercover I linger, curious to see what happens at Lights Out when the kiddings go beddy-bye for probable nocturnal fun and games. No such of a thing! At night each poor tot is zipped into his own personal sleeping-bag (arms *outside!*), the zipper is *padlocked* and each lad has his own wee pup-tent to insure a more dismal depriving privacy.

But these dopey Counselor twats aren't aware of how ingenious a young ball-bearing can be when he wants to abuse himself. You can tie a boy's hands and feet and balls together and wrap him in chains and put him in a strait-jacket with his hands *outside* and the little dear will *still* find a way to get his nuts off — usually by snaring his stiff prick tightly between his hard thighs for a rapturous rub-off. Of course, this takes more time and energy than by hand or lover's mouth but it's a fairly sufficient substitute and the pleasure is more prolonged — as I know from non-experience.

That night I sleep near the Camp 'neath a weeping-willow tree and I weep a tear or two too for my arduous trip up here is evidently all for naught but I shall stay another day to try my luck for tomorrow. Could be I *might* find some superlative sonny-boy who is *immune* to the ravages of Saltpeter and pantingly prone to pleasure particularly pertaining to man-boy sex. (Fat chance, I *don't* think-but what the Hell have I got to *lose*?!)

At dawn the next morn I achingly arise, every blessed bone in my body creaking and complaining. Beautiful day, though-fragrance of late-blooming roses and early-blooming honeysuckle boys, clamoring for breakfast. The A.M. provides nothing — same old apartheid shit — but about 2 o'clock in the *P.M.* I detect an arabesque urchin with Autumn eyes surreptitiously sneaking off into the shrubbery, I worming after him. And, Oh, *My!* he is certainly a seductible little something for his five and a half inch slim stingaree is sticking straight out like a signpost to Puer Paradise! Obviously the heavenly little body is in Sahara-heat and is off to connect with another lad in like torridity. I shall play the *voyeur* and hopefully perhaps *share* in the upcoming boy-orgy.

The delicate prey I pursue enters a dense thicket, I squirming covertly almost at his heels-and there in a grassy glade is a crop-haired kiddy-boo already prone, legs spread wide, his rather too plump buns (for *my* taste!) twitching expectantly in the after-noon air. I can't see his face which is resting on his folded arms but I assume he is comely enough to suit boy and man alike. Ah, it's my *day*, without a doubt!

Without a word being spoken, my arabesque young raper spits on his distended cock-head, kneels, parts the other youngster's buttocks, spits on the orifice between, positions his rigid spear, nudges the tiny target — and plunges *in!* The rapee groans, sighs, then hotly pushes upward to meet each one of the raper's frenzied thrusts. Soon the thrusts become more rapid and the top boy begins to kiss, lick, bite and gnaw on his partner's tender shoulders, nape and ears. Fast-faster-fastest the humper drives until with a heaving convulsion of his slender body, his pleasure peaks into a gasping climax. He stays inside for several minutes, draining himself completely, then withdraws and rolls away, patently blissfully exhausted.

Now the other lad turns over on his back and shrinkingly I see, see, see that the supposedly sweet little boy-rapee is... a *girl!*

The Other Oscar

Thomas Wolfe wrote that ‘You Can’t Go Home Again’ but talented Thomas was not the type of Wolf(e) I am for I not only went home again (after an absence of more than four decades) but miraculously relived a boyhood romance literally oozing with sweet semenic sentiment — eratic Eros and callous Cupid being inadvertently kind for once.

Essentially, nostalgia impelled me back and it was benign June, the month of skittish boy-brides and hot-eyed grooms but Lackaday!, the house where I was born and raised is now a beauty-parlor — for *females*, of course, as most little males are *naturally* comely, courtesy of Ganymede and Priapus Junior. My home-town has grown from about 4000 assouls (anatomically speaking) to some 7000 now (with toilet-paper sales rocketing) but the village is scenically still an Iowa Eden set in a cup of lush green hills with a lazy silver river on the outskirts and a burbling crystal brook that ambles its placid way through urb and suburb. But I have become a stranger here — all my family and erstwhile friends dead or departed: I know nobody I here see and nobody knows *me* which is probably just as well in these hysterical anti-boy lover Dark Ages. However, as of yore there are bouquets of Nordic young boy-blooms thronging the streets. flaxen-haired, azure-orbed, most of them as sexy as the dormitory of a Boys’ Boarding-School after *Lights Out*!

And then, then, *then* I spot a stripling who outstrips all the others: golden-rod curls, questing turquoise eyes, aged possibly sweet summers 13 — a resplendent puer Gericault would love to have limned in luminant color. The laddy-buck is enticingly attired in dazzling-white tank-top, bleached-blue-blew(?) gymshorts and green-and-white sneakers. He’s eating a hot-dog (fortunate canine!) and I recognize him, I *know* him, I’ve seen that memorable countenance before — or its exact facsimile. Boldly I accost him. “Excuse me all to hell,” I blurt, “but isn’t your last name *Lovstuen*?!” (A magic Norwegian surname — Lovstuen/Love-Stone/Loadstone/Pet-Stone/Amulet/Talisman/Good Luck Piece/Nut-Stone: every proper, self-respecting boy-child totes a pair of them in a small suede pouch in his pants!)

The fetching kiddy surveys me doubtfully for a few seconds and then shyly admits, “Yes, I’m Oscar Lovstuen.”

“*I knew* it!” I exclaim. “My dear young sir, in auld lang syne I was a pal of your *grandfather* whose kingly name is Oscar, too.”

“Granpa passed away last year.”

A grievous shock for Oscar the First and I were born in the same month and year — ah, truly the Good Die Young and the Wicked Flourish Like the Green Bay Tree: I expect to outlive Methuselah! “I’m sorry to hear that.” I say sadly, “for when we both were about your age we were as close as Siamese Twins. We did everything together, we out-Damon’d Pythias in our total togetherness.” I pause. “Tell me, little friend, did you *like* your Granpa?”

“Oh, yes!” the boy responds eagerly. “I liked him much more than I do my father ’cause I was sort of Granpa’s favorite.”

“Your Granpa was *my* favorite, too — the flower of my youth and *you* could be his identical twin at 13! Will you permit me to show you our special place where we used to go to have fun in utmost privacy? Don’t be afraid-it’s a *public* place though veiled from the too-intruding gaze, if it’s still there.”

The youngster hesitates, again regarding me with some wariness. At last he says, “I’ll tell you what — I want to go to the Arcade to play a coupla video-games and then maybe I’ll go with you.”

“Fine! And the games are on *me* in fond memory of the dear departed whom you so refreshingly resemble.”

Most expertly the Other Oscar plays *eight* games, thus depleting my Privy Purse by two bucks but it’s well worth it just to stand that near to his honeysuckle puberty. At the mention of more quarters later forthcoming to subsidize his video-passion, the boy readily accompanies me to view the locale of my

Unholy Alliance with Oscar the One. We go to the City Park, the focal point of which is a pebble-stone fountain set in a large shallow reflecting-pool and whose misty spray makes fleeting rainbows in the sunshine air. Recalling memories that bless and yearn, I say to my young companion, “Late one hot humid night in August your Granpa and I came here, shed all our clothes and frolic’d in the pool. Moonlight nude he was so beautiful — like an ancient Greek boy-statue and I kissed him all over his sleek slender body, bathing him with my loving lips and tongue.”

“You kissed him *all* over, *everything*?!” the lad mutters, frowning yet seemingly fascinated.

“From the aureate curls gracing his head to his smooth parting thighs and within and underneath and beyond!”

“But what if someone saw you?!”

“It was 2 or 3 o’clock in the *morning* and the fountain-spray screened us from improbable snoopers. Then we went to our special place where we made love until the first glimmer of dawn drove us back to our respective repressive domiciles.”

“You made *love* — *two boys*?”! Oscar the Two is plainly shocked though hopefully perhaps not too much so. This is, after all, 1983 — not 1893!

“Why *not*?!” I reason. “is Love only to be permitted to male with female? Perish the thought! You see, my other Oscar, tender sincere Love is its own glorious verity for being, *whomever* its object, and needs no apology or defense from those who have known it. Now will you let me show you your Granpa’s and my secret place where we spent many blissful hours in ecstatic felicity?”

Reluctantly the boy allows me to lead him down log-railed steps that are built into the hillside adjacent to City Park and a part of it, affording a magnificent view of the sparkling river below and the surrounding verdant ramparts of even more lofty peaks. Alas and Alack! Oscar the One’s and my heavenly hideaway no longer exists! It was a small cave, a niche in the side of the hill and hidden by brambles and dwarf pines, undetectable to the casual eye — but now it has vanished beneath a small avalanche of earth and rocks, no trace of its early presence discernible.

Yet all is not lost. I give *this* Oscar the address of the furnished room where I am staying and he promises to call on me the next afternoon. He does but cautiously doesn’t even stick a toe inside my door, from the safety of the hall inviting me out to watch him play video games which of course *I* shall be expected to pay for, etc! The *etc.* means that afterward I buy him a double chocolate-malt with egg and a Triple Cheeseburger with a side of French Fries while *I* have a small cup of crummy bean soup! I hold still for this Highway Robbery as it’s a form of subtle courtship — but *not* with the Other Oscar! For damn near 2 weeks I pay for his bluddy games and high-priced grub until my *Privy Purse* is crapping all over itself and me — yet Awful Other Oscar doesn’t even permit me to tongue his coral ears or kiss the satin hollows in the backs of his knees!

So the next day when eager/avidingry little Greedy Guts taps on my door, I say to him: “Young Master No-No, you have become most *dear* to me in every sense of the word but you have priced yourself far out of my purchasing — considering the current crippling Inflation and my Below Poverty Level Income. Also you are *not* like your beloved Granpa for you take and take and take but you never *give* anything in return so I can no longer afford to associate with too-selfish *you*!”

The lad departs in a huff, leaving me to dolefully reflect that in the past many desirable little scrotum-toters have eluded my fond clutches for some such piffling reason or another — it’s the boy-lover’s Lament and Life which is never an easy one. Ah, well, let us be philosophical about it all and visit the local pharmacist to inquire if perchance he has any fresh hemlock on hand.

Forty-eight hours or more elapse during which I scarcely exist, taking no interest in anything. Then on the third day (a Sunday) *at 5 0’ clock in the morning* there comes a thumping and a bumping and a pounding on my door and naked as a jaybird I rush to open, fearing fire or flood or the nuclear bomb. It’s

the Other Oscar who for the first time somewhat bashfully *enters* my perilous lair, averting his virginal gaze from my turmoil'd bed.

“What in Hell is this?!” I gasp. “Have the Martians or Femlib declared War?!”

“Shhh!” the kid whispers, putting an admonitory forefinger to his lips. “You’ll wake the neighbors!”

Advancing further into the room, the youngster inspects my nudity with some interest — though whether with approval or other-wise, I can’t determine. I shrug into a bathrobe. “All right, why are you here at dawn’s early light? I already told you that I’m no longer going to waste my sweat-earned dollars on you if you persist in only allowing me to look at you from the neck up and nothing more nevermore!”

Blushfully the boy shuffles his feet, now peering directly into my eyes, then quickly away — and back again. “Well, you see, Duke,” he says at last, “I been thinking it over real hard and what with one thing and another, I’ve finally decided that what was good enough for my Granpa is plenty good enough for *me!*”

And giving me a mesmeric grin that lights up his face like the dazzling son-sun of a June noon, the Other Oscar comes to press himself against me as dazedly, paradisaically I begin tenderly, ardently to embrace him.

The Cocke Street Boys

Ethelbert Percival Cholmondeley — surname pronounced precisely as it's spelled: Chol-mon-de-lay (the *lay* is sexually intransitive), though I call him Cholly to keep things simple — is and was most masculine though you'd never think it from his first and middle names which were chosen by his Mama, who must've hated her poor penis'd offspring as even in Kindergarten the wee tot had to fight with his fists, feet, teeth and anything else to hand to maintain his male integrity against his hostilely hooting, scoffing schoolmates — boys *and* girls. As a result, by the time he was in the 5th Grade little Cholly was so punch-drunk that whenever he found himself in a revolving door, he would go round and round and round until some pitying soul plucked him out or he collapsed from peripatetic exhaustion. When he was 10, Cholly got butt-fucked by a randy neighbor-boy of the same age in some clandestine clothes-closet and ever since then he has been almost wholly addicted to this form of sex-play though now that he's 40 or more, he still looks, acts and talks more ruggedly he-man than Hercules, Atlas or a Lesbian bull-dyke. However, he has been mounted and hard-ridden by so many heavy-hung pre-teen jockeys that he often confuses himself with some gaudy horsie on a merry-go-round, during which aberrational interims he neighs rather than speaks and his laugh is a high-pitched whinny.

Cholly is a friend nobody should have for he will visit me and smoke the last cigarette in my last pack, complaining that it *isn't* his brand, and he will gripe that my whiskey isn't aged 10 years in a charred oaken cask and the ice-cubes aren't made from *distilled* water-but I put up with him for he is a veritable Niagara of information about boy-matters: the best current prowling-grounds, the areas to shun like the Plague, what local lad-lovers have been busted and the latest anti-BL Laws, Ordinances, Edicts and Inquisitions.

So about a week ago Cholly comes around looking exceeding pale around the gills-as if he had been sucked-off and sapped-out by a giant vacuum-cleaner and hugely humped by a unicorn's horn.

"Judas Priest, what happened to *you*?!" I exclaim. "You been fighting with them Militant Amazon Femlibbers again?" (Jesus Christ may have turned the other cheek but Cholly never does — if he's attacked by man, woman, child or baby bunny-rabbit, he attacks *back*!)

"I fell into *Heaven*!" Cholly beams like a skunk eating horse-apples and plops his ungainly self into the only comfortable armchair in the room. "Bring out your bottle of cheap booze and your unsmokable coffin-nails and I'll tell you all about it."

I haste to satisfy his auto-generous at-my-expense desires and he takes a swig of rotgut, coughs, lights up a fag, chokes and stares at me owlshly. "Duke," he says, "did you ever hear of the Cocke Street Boys? That's Cocke with an 'E', orthographically."

"Uh, aren't they the Big Brothers of Chicken Little who ran around shrieking: 'The sky is falling! The sky is falling!'"

"No, they are *not*! They are a select, well-vetted group of lads who are the nobility of boyhood and wondrous nubility in boysex — locally famous for their desirability, adaptability, flexibility, durability, semenability and supreme pleasurability, mattressability-speaking!"

"Oddly enough, you interest me hugely," I say, agog. "*Unless* you're pulling my leg or got mixed-up with another revolving-door."

"I don't go *near* revolving-doors no more and I wouldn't so much as pull your *middle* leg even if you were 11 years old and good-looking — which you never were!"

"Flattery will gain you naught," I say coldly. "C'mon, *give*!"

"I need more high-proof liquid to lubricate my tongue," chaffs churlish Cholly, holding up my *empty* bourbon-bottle. "This whore's dead — bring on another whore!"

Fuming, I hurtle to kitchen and return with a still-sealed full fifth of prime-booze — a birthday-present from an ex-boy of mine whose name I have forgotten but I still recall his picaresque puerility and I'm

reluctant to share his gift with my vacuous visitor but this is an *emergency* — I need to mine Cholly's putrid mind of possible nuggets of pertinently prick'd info for at present I am sorely boy-bereft, not to mention woebegone and boywoegone.

Cholly wet-lipped uncaps the libation and guzzles straight from the bottle, belches, hiccups, pats his bloated belly. "Now, let's see, where was I? Oh, yeah, I was dick-deep in the 'strordinary Cocke Street Cupidos!"

"Don't *brag*!" I sneer, "for I very much doubt you've ever been dick-deep in *anything* but a bowl of warm jelly!"

"Don't remind me," says Cholly glumly. He inhales more whiskey, smacks his lips. "This is *good* booze for a change and I'm grateful so I'll relate my tale of exhausting ecstasy. About a month ago a friend of mine who owed me money paid off his debt by cluing me in to a certain Puer Paradise in a big-little city some 690 miles from here as the loony-bird flies and which I'll call Erosburg which is not its name but I want to protect the Guilty Innocent — men *and* boys."

"Most commendable, for if those damnable *rich* boy-lovers hear of the place they'll swarm there like a plague of locusts to ruin the meat-market by overpaying the lads and/or enticing away the cream of the crop."

"My thought precisely! Now in this mini-metropolis is a short, dead-end, three-block-long byway called Cocke Street because a century or more ago cock-fighting contests were held there every Saturday night but evidently the sign painter didn't know how to spell 'cock'. It's chiefly a derelict tiny backwater lined with tumble-down, boarded-up warehouses or factories which used to make bustles and hoop-skirts and whalebone corsets for the twat trade... *But!* at the northeast end of this unique passageway is a *boy-house* which is yc1ept and prepuce-wise yc1ipt Prickly Heat, run by an old maid named Patience Prudence who rules her establishment with an iron hand in a steel glove — absolutely *no* fucking around! — for she likes a quick turnover to keep her cash-register merrily ajingle 25 hours a day, so essentially the place is a fast-food dinery where the bemused patrons eat and run, so to speak."

"Dammit to Hell, some people would commercialize Heaven *itself*!" I wrathfully critical.

"They already have. Now on the southwest terminus of Cocke Street is a peg-house which..."

"I adamantly disapprove of peg-houses!" I interject stiffly.

"There should be only *finger-houses* to dilate a desirable youngling for *pegs* are cold, insensate, unappreciative monstrosities of unaesthetic, unromantic hard *wood*! Personally, I'd prefer to gently open up a to-tight toothsome with my tongue but it isn't pointy enough or long enough to suit the purpose."

"I've *heard* of your gutter-sex habits with youngsters of the male persuasion!" Cholly snorts righteously.

"Look, ignoramus, most boys *invite* my lingual ministrations which I like, too, so that's the best defense for their being!"

"Well, it's an arguable point," Cholly reluctantly concedes. "But to return to my narrative which you so rudely interrupted — the peg-house I referred to is called the Waldorf-Asstoria and it's presided over by a spinster sister to Patience Prudence named Amazing Grace and with the same fascistic traits."

"*Ethelbert*," I say severely, "I have a sneaking suspicion that there's not a word of truth in your entire lurid account!"

"Duke, *believe* me, it's the whole truth and nothing but — as God is my witness!"

"God is too engrossed in counting sparrows' fallen feathers to pay any attention to the likes of *you*!"

"But why do you think I came back here so pooped-out that I could hardly *walk*?!" Cholly cried.

"Those Cocke Street Boys' lovable bods and loving ways damn near drove me to a blissful demise!"

I look closely at my doubtful visitor and he *seems* to have impeccable veracity written all over him so I take the chance — non-age-needful, I feverishly pack a small traveling-bag.

"Where are you off to?" Cholly inquires, pouring himself another drink.

“Where do you *think*, dopey?!” I reply impatiently. “Now tell me the *real* name of this Elysian Erosburg.”

He whispers it in my off-ear, claps me on the back and smirks: “Well. Take it easy, Duke, ’cause you’re not that *young* anymore, you know.”

“Fuck you, Percival! Be sure the front door is locked when you leave!” I snarl and depart, aware all too well that ever-thirsty Cholly will drink up all my special *good* booze — but hopefully it will be worth it.

I take a Greyhound Bus to save money to lavish it on rococo gamins if such there prove to be; arrive to find a small, ramshackle but cheap and clean-appearing hotel where the desk-clerk is evidently a resurrected Rip van Winkle for he’s incredibly ancient, has a long white beard and is soundly slumbering. Gently I wake him and fumblingly he checks me in to room 13 but I’m not superstitious about numbers — 69 is a very *lucky* number, indeed — if and when you can get it! As Rip hands me the key (no cute little bellhop or page-boy, of course), I say: “Sir, is Cocke Street anywhere in this immediate vicinity?”

Dully he stares at me for several seconds, then his eyes suddenly light up and he wheezes: “Oh, them *Cocke* Street boys — the little rascals were a caution! They used to tie my beard in knots and try to strangle me with it as a mark of their savage affection!” Before I can question him further, he yawns, drops his hoary head on the desk and falls asleep again, snoring loudly. I desolate to my room and freshen up, cursing myself that I didn’t get Cholly to draw me a map precisely pinpointing the Street of Boy’d Delight, though he *did* tell me it was on the riverfront — but half the damn town is on one side of the river or the other.

Undaunted, I go out and purchase an Official Map of the City & Suburbs but an intent perusal reveals no mention of the street I seek — bluddy printer was a Puritan, no doubt. It now being about 8 PM I stop at a nearby ptomaine parlor where I order lamb-stew though what I get tastes like hyena-meat if not worse but *it’s filling*. And so on the hunt again as dusk deepens into dark. Then at a junction of several thoroughfares, I spy a sweet-faced little citizen possibly hurrying to an illicit assignation and I stop him. “Pardon me, sonny,” I say breathlessly, “but would you by any chance be a Cocke Street Boy?”

The kid shrinks from me as if I’m Pollution Personified, spits and hisses: “Git *away* from me, you filthy cocksucker, ‘fore I call the Fuzz!” And he dashes off.

My goodness, such *language*! I stumble on and at length hail a withered old crone who is pawing through a redolent garbage-can. I hand her a dollar. “Good evening, Madam,” I begin. “I wonder if you can tell me where...”

The scavenger mumbles: “Me no spika da Inglis!” and clumps away in her fireman’s boots.

Then a brilliant thought hits me and I act on it at once. Locating a phone booth, I search frenziedly through the phone-book for the numbers of the Waldorf-Asstoria and Prickly Heat. Nothing — un-listed numbers, I presume. But I’m so dumbass *stupid*! Why didn’t I get a taxi in the *first* place?! Hither and yon I trot until I detect a vintage Checker Cab pausing at a red traffic-light. Galloping up to it, I open the right rear door and say to the driver: “Cocke Street, please — and *don’t* spare the horses’-power!” The driver glares at me and before I can set foot in the vehicle he speeds off, his back door swinging madly. What is this?! Am I blighted by some wicked witch’s curse or hex or something?!

For hours I search the night city but nothing — compounded, confounded *nothing*. My feet are sore, my heart is sorer and my dick is sorest of all at me for NOT MAKING OUT ALREADY!! So here I am on this tomcat midnight with no boy-kittens around, caterwauling my frustration to the indifferent moon. Then from an adjacent ebon alley-way I hear a hopefully boy-soprano’d voice: “Hey, Mister Noisy, what’s with you?! You gotta problem?”

“Oh, Lord,” I almost tearful. “I got more problems than a lamppost has dog-piss!”

“So c’mon in here an’ lemme have a look at you. If you pass muster then could be I can help you.”

I hesitate. How in Tunket can whoever it is get a look at me in the *dark*?!

Also he could well be a juvenile mugger who has a Colt.45 in each hand, a Bowie Knife between his bandit teeth and a heart of stone but sometimes you've gotta live dangerously and pray for the best. Cautiously I creep about 30 feet into the alley when a flashlight suddenly plays upon my face and figure. "Well," I say nervously, "do I meet with your approval, Master Invisible?"

"H'm, you're kinda old but I ain't so *ageist* an' you ain't got no teeth which is a big point in your favor."

"Yes," I say smugly, "no chance of fellative accidents with Yours Truly! So how about letting me have a glimpse of you! For all I know, you might be a girl with a boy's voice (Perish the thought!) though your soprano sounds too pure to be a girl's."

"My voice might be pure but the rest of me *ain't*! See for yourself." The light shifts to dwell on the Intriguing Unknown and I get a brief view of a slim form with a well-packed lunch-basket in his tight fade-gray corduroys — which reminds me that far too long have I been boy-lunchless. Then the light lovingly lingers on the lad's lineaments and I catch my breath for here is Boy-Beauty Incarnate — with an added leprechaun charm! Visualize a 12^{er}'s curly raven's-wing dark locks, summer-sky'd blue eyes, delicate ears, aristocratic nose, a mouth like Cupid's tiny bow that curves up at both ends and a blush-rose April epidermis gracing all!

Tremulously I say: "What's a nice, tender, virginal-seeming Innocent like you doing roaming the streets this late? You should've been in bed *hours* ago!"

"I'm a *nocturnal* animal!" the kid snickers. "I like to sleep all day an' prowl all night 'cause the darkness makes me feel *horny*. But don't think I'm a *vampire* 'cause I ain't got sharp-enough teeth an' I *hate* the taste of blood — even my own."

Already hopelessly captivated by this Scion of the Night, I impetuous: "Beauteous youngling, would you be interested in a suck-job right here and now? Naturally it would be standing-sex for you and kneeling-sex for me but I assure you I would perform to your gasping satisfaction and swooning rapture!"

"*Hold* it, man!" the boy laughs. "Get out of the Fast Lane an' slow *down*! First things first — I thought you said you had *problems*."

"That I *have*! For the past six hours or more I've been hunting Low and High and In-between for Cocke Street and its pube and pre-pube Perfectos but —" I hang my head in defeat, swallowing a sob.

The lad stares at me curiously for a moment. "Shit, man, I was a Cocke Street Boy — but don't you know things've changed for the worse around here? Where you *been* the last coupla days?!"

"I'm a *stranger* in town — I just arrived here about 8 hours ago so I don't know from nothing."

"Well, mister, I'm sorry as hell to tell you this but there *ain't* no Cocke Street no more — it's now Cunte Street an' that's Cunte with an '*E*', orthographically."

"But... but what about Prickly Heat, the Puer Palace?" I stammer.

"That's now Tampax House an' the Waldorf-Asstoria is the Riverside Fish Market but the *real* fish are objectin' an' threatenin' to go on strike."

"Merciful Heaven, what *happened*?!" I moan.

"From what I heard, some two-legged rat squealed to some super-hetero big-shot in Washington, D.C. — an' that D.C. stands for Department of Crazies — that here on harmless little Cocke Street men who loved boys who liked men were gettin' together an' havin' a good time but I guess the Law *hates* seein' people enjoyin' themselves 'cause day before yesterday all kinda Fuzz descended on Cocke Street like a tornado an' earthquake combined! Oh, man, it was like Pearl Harbor or World War *Three*! There was Department of Justice guys an' the CIA an' State, County and City cops an' Postal Inspectors an' Femlibbers an' Lesbians an' Girl Scouts and fuck knows who *else*! They raided both the Waldorf-Asstoria an' Prickly Heat an' the men they caught there got 16 to 47 years in State Prison, accordin' to their age: My Dad says the authorities in this country are sufferin' from a severe case of *heterosis* which is a kinda halitosis of the brains, if any."

“But what became of the *boys*?!”

“They got exiled to icy northern Alaska to cool them off.”

“Woe is *me*! But no doubt the Eskimo men and boys ARE glad of their presence.”

“Yeah, but who wants to get blowed in an *igloo*?! You could freeze your pecker off that way an’ I don’t go for Love in a Cold Climate.”

“Well, this is hellish disheartening news but there’s still one thing that puzzles me.”

“Like *what*?”

“Like you told me you had been a Cocke Street Boy yet *you* haven’t been packed off with the other kidlets to the frigid wastes of northern Alaska! Why is *that*?!”

“Mister, all the friggin’ Law in the Land couldn’t lay a finger onna hair of my *head*!”

“That’s obvious and I’m most thankful for it but how *come*? Are you the grandson of the Pope or somebody?”

“Popes don’t have grandsons *or* sons!”

“You wanna *bet*?”

“No!” the boy laughs. “I’d prob’ly *lose*! But, see, it’s very simple. My Dad is Vice-Consul here from Transylvania so *I* got Diplomatic Immunity!”

(Or did he say Dipsomatic Impunity?!)

The Jinx on Dixon

I once knew a boy whose last name was Dixon (every male is some dick's son, come to that)-a highly intelligent ravishing ragamuffin who at first viewed man-boy sexual reciprocity with extreme animosity, condemning it sight unseen and pleasure unfelt. He was a 12^{er} blondino pernicious puer with impish eyes, smoochable .lush red lips, svelte corpus, blush-tipped penis, marshmallow balls and his small smooth tight buttocks were a Paradise pair of firm-soft white-satin cushions (Reality beggars Fantasy and buggers the Imagination!), so not unnaturally I long to play sweet tunes on his gushful glockenspiel and otherwise achieve togetherness if not *in*-ness with him but the sweet little schmuck doesn't say *Yes!* and he doesn't say *No!* and he doesn't say *Come!* and he doesn't say *Go!* and he's driving me frantic with unassuaged desire but I continue to copiously court him with comfits and cash and sugar and spice and everything nice though *he* continues to give me the Cold Shoulder and the Back of his Grubby Hand. Alas! Alas! I fear he has a congenitally cold nature and I shall never be able to heat up his genitals nor anything else.

The kid's given name is Demosthenes which he hates. "My Mama slugged me with that fuckin' name 'cause she's a freaky *Greek*. You like *ouzo*? *The* friggin' stuff is horse-piss. You like the *Acropolis*? The lousy dump's fallin' down. You like *Plato*? He was a closet-fag. You like *Socrates*? He was a..."

"Shut *up!*" I shout. "The ancient Greeks were the originators of an equitable Democracy and a boysexual Civilization."

"Buncha jerks, you ask me."

"Didn't you ever hear of the Theban Band?"

"They play Hot Rock or Cold Country-Western?"

"They were brave young warriors and ardent lovers!"

"An' *that's* a crocka shit for sure!"

"You're a contrary little screwloose, aren't you!" I grump. "Nobody can tell you anything-you know it *all!*"

"Up *yours*, creepo — with all five fingers!"

I sigh. What can you *do*?! Boys always possess the whip-hand and seldom fail to wield the lash. However, since arbitrary Demosthenes doesn't like his first name and I don't either, I came up with a nickname — Jinx. The youngster takes to it right off as he reluctantly admits he's a jinx — solely to *himself*. He gets up to all kinds of morales harmless mischief which ever rebounds on him alone. Like about a week ago he took it into his hollow little head to 'moon' on the corner of 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue at 12 midnight. He stood on the steps of the Main Branch of the New York Public Library, turned his back to the street, shoved his pants and briefs down to his knees, bent over and displayed his lovely cleft full 'moon' to the general public as was abroad at that hour.

Of course, this was an exceedingly foolhardy thing to do for if some callous sex-fiend boy-humper — usually hetero — had happened along, poor Jinx would've been in sore straits, indeed — not to mention a sore-anus. Luckily, a young cop in a squad-car caught sight of the shameless malefactor first and Master Indecent Exposure was yanked home where his parents were awakened from their innocent slumber and told the whole sorry story whereupon the son and heir got his little butt tanned by his Mama and his Papa and then by his Mama again — for good measure. It's a sad day when it's against the Law to look at one of the most beautiful works of art in New York City!

And now, shortly after midday on this sunny Juneous Sunday, I get a phone-call. It is Jinx, damn near incoherent. "Hey, Duke — that *you*?!"

"No, it's the President of the United States — Ronald Reagan! Did you vote Republican? Do you like my movies?"

"Jesus, Duke, don't horse *around!*" the boy wails. "I'm in hot-water again!"

"So take a bath in it — you often need one."

“God damn you, Duke, be *serious*! I’m in *real* trouble!”

“OK, baby, I’m sorry. So what’s it all about!”

“Look, I’m inna police precinct-house down at Battery Park an’ I’m only allowed one 3-minute phone-call so call me back. *Please*!”

“Why didn’t you notify your parents? *They’re* responsible for you — not me!”

“They’re at some fool wedding in New Jersey an’ anyway they wouldn’t help me. My Father’s already told me that if I ever get into trouble again, I was on my own — so you’re my last hope, Duke!”

“All right, kiddy. What’s your number there?”

“It’s FU2-1313. But *hurry* — I’ll be standin’ by!”

I phone back and learn the sordid details. It seems that at High Noon today zany Jinx was standing on the very most southern tip of Manhattan Island and throwing stones at the Statue of Liberty and though he never hit her, he came *close*! But why did you do a stupid thing like *that*? I ask, mystified. What did the Statue of Liberty ever do to *you*?! Nothing’, the crazy kid replies, except that she reminds him of his *Mama*! Anyway, he’s been picked up by the fuzz, charged with Intent to Commit Malicious Vandalism on a National Monument and has already appeared before a magistrate and been sentenced. *Fast* Justice for once — or *Injustice*, more like!

Here I inquire: “Were you informed of your rights when the fuzz grabbed you?”

“Yeah-all that *Miranda* slop. Fuckin’ *foreigners*!”

“Were you given free Legal Aid to represent you?”

“Yeah-some cruddy snot-nose that didn’t do me no good.”

“So what was your sentence?”

“I got fined 50 bucks or 5 days in the Killingworth Correctional Facility — but I sure-hell don’t wanta go to *that* suckin’ place!”

“It’s what you sorely *need*, kiddo! That correctional institution just *might* teach you to give up such crazy high jinks as ‘moonin’ and throwing stones at inoffensive ladies.”

“It *ain’t* correctional, stoopid — It’s a *goddam fucktional* institution an’ them big boys there would screw my poor asshole *inside-out*!”

“Oh, come *on*! The guards would soon put a stop to that!”

“They’d just look on an’ laugh — enjoyin’ a free kiddie-porn show that’s *live* in hot Sexicolor!”

“I don’t believe it.”

“It’s *true*! I know some kids who’ve been there an’ told me what happened an’ they all walk spraddle-legged like their poopy-holes *still* hurt them! So, please, Duke, *Please* pay my fine or I’m up shit-creek in a sinkin’ boat!”

“Well, baby, I *do* have 50 dollars on hand but that’s for the rent tomorrow which I *must* pay or my fascist landlady will toss me out on my rear.”

“Give the friggin’ broad a *check*.”

“I don’t *have* a checking-account.”

“Look, Duke, my fine has gotta be paid by 5 PM *today* or I go straight to Killingworth so why don’t you pay it an’ then tomorrow you can draw bucks outa your savings-account to give to your Scrooge landlady?”

“Sweetie, I’m a *poor* bastard, remember?! My savings-account has exactly \$1.49 in it.”

“You’re a lousy *crud*, Duke, you know it?! You’re always tellin’ me Love will find a *Way* but now you chicken-out on me!”

“With me Love’s *Way* doesn’t pertain to *money*, dear heart! Besides, I’m beginning to think that you’re too much of a little wildie for me-all this exposing yourself at midnight on the main drag and so on.”

“I didn’t hurt nobody an’ I only exposed my *bottom* — what’s wrong with that?”

“Absolutely nothing wrong from *my* point of view — I’d love to get a look at it! — but the hetero majority don’t see it that way. Incidentally, are your parents aware of these late-night excursions?”

“No! I climb down the fire-escape which is right outside my bedroom widow.”

“But, you little dumbo, don’t you realize it’s dangerous for a good-looking young boy like you to walk the streets of New York alone during the wee hours? Respectable lads don’t *do* that!”

“Who says I’m *respectable*?!”

“Dammit, it’s still highly hazardous-you might fall into the clutches of some demented sex-fiend who would rape you or *worse*!”

“Yeah, I know. Like a coupla weeks ago in Rockefeller Center a guy grabbed me an’ said he was gonna screw my nutt off! Well, my hind-end is as innocent as... as a new-born baby *chick* but I told him: ‘You go right ahead, mister — *if* you wanta nice big dose of the Gallopin’ *Clap*!’ — an’ Oh, man! he took off so fast his asshole was whistlin’ ‘The Star-Spangled Banner’!”

“That’s just *it*, kiddy-you take too many fool chances which endanger you and me, too, by association. Not only that, but you’re little good for me or *to* me-you don’t even permit me to kiss your cheeks, upper or lower, so I think we’d better call it Quits. You go your way and I’ll go mine-and the best of luck to you!” (I have not the slightest intention of calling it Quits but Jinx needs astern lesson to halt his heedless folly.)

“Oh, Jesus, Duke, don’t *do* me this way!” the boy cries. “Look, if you’ll save me from Killingworth I’ll... I’ll do what you want, I’ll go to bed with you! Now I don’t say I’ll give you *everything* all at once — but I will in a week or two when I get used to you.”

“Ha! Ha! I don’t believe *that*, either!”

“It’s true as true, Duke! I *swear*-Scout’s Honor!”

“I didn’t know you were a Boy Scout.”

“I ain’t. An’ *lissen*, Duke, I’m... uh, a *virgin*, believe it or not! Oh, not in front ’cause my hands’ve been there a lot — but my backside is still cherry ’cause I’ve never been to bed with nobody but *myself*!”

“*Really*?!”

“Cross my heart 3 times an’ hope to croak if I’m *lyin*’ to you!”

“OK, sweetie, your subtle propaganda is irresistible so I’ll come down there as fast as the subway can transport me. Keep your pecker up!”

“Hell, right now it’s so *shriveled-up* that I can’t even find it to pee!”

Downtown I find the youngster huddled in a chair, oddly silent, somber and subdued. I pay his fine, get a receipt (I don’t trust these uncivil civil-service bureaucrats) and leave. Jinx tucks his hand in mine.

“Thanks a *million*, Duke,” he murmurs. “I promise you won’t regret it.”

“That remains to be seen, little one. Do you want to stop off somewhere and get a sandwich or something?”

“I ain’t hungry right now. Let’s go straight to your place ’cause my folks won’t be home till tomorrow so I can stay overnight if you want me to.”

“I’ve yearned for *that* since the first time you came into my life — blessed be the day!”

Just inside my povertied pad — be it ever so humble, *no* place is like *Home*! — the boy lifts his face to me, eyes closed, lips pursed and I brush them with my own, his mouth as fresh and sweet as the bubchen blooms that burgeon in Spring, tra-la! — a glorious *First* at long last! I’m wondering whether I dare essay a bit of tongue-play when I feel Jinx’s slender wet red tongue lick my tremulous lips then slide searchingly into my mouth — high-quality linguality whose taste tantalizingly titillates my taste-buds. Shivering with impelling desire for more boy-manna (spiritual *and* semenical) I draw Jinx to the living-room couch and kneel between his legs.

“Are you gettin’ ready to pray to our Lord?” Master Dixon snickers, imp-eyes atwinkle.

"I'm preparing to worship a Little God!" I reply, falling upon the boy's pants-fly, kissing and licking the fade-tan of his much-laundered tight corduroys — soft as brushed-velvet — and feeling an intense tensional turbulence within.

"Hey, Duke," the boy laughs, "that ain't gonna do you no good — the *meat's* inside!"

"It is?!" I mumble in mock-surprise. "I didn't know. Well, take it out for me, please — these kiddie-pants-Zippers are awful *tricky*."

"*You* take it out — you're the one wants it!"

"Baby, don't be so *lazy*!" I chide — but I don't have to take it out.

Even before I can draw the nervous zipper completely down, the youngster's rigid spear — a crystalline bubble of pre-coital dew glistening on the glans-mouth — leaps out at me, avid for Sexual Combat in the Lists of Love: and Oh, my goodness, what an enticing little thingumabob it is! Perhaps five and a half or five and three quarters or five and seven eighths or five and nine tenths straining inches high-tall-long, the swollen plum a delicate pink-violet, a snug satin foreskin that yet retracts easily and, in fact, is presently peeling away from the palpitant penis-head — the delightful fragrance of dried kiddy-come from Jerk-offs Past arousingly scenting the genital all. Adoringly I take the vibrant boy-arrow into my mouth but before I can fully savor its delicious flavor, Jinx writhingly erupts betwixt a gasp and a shuddering sigh. (Another *First* from Master D — it's Christmas gifts in June!)

As I lovingly, thoroughly strip him the lad appears to be knocked-out for the nonce but he revives quickly and cries: "Jesus, Duke, that was *grand*! I never blasted *that* hard an' that soon when I used my dumb *hands*!"

"It's the hot mouth and the caressing tongue that does it," I say modestly. "No credit to me — *anybody* can do it. But I sure liked your passion-juice — a sweetly tart piquant nectar, very unusual and *most* palatable and appetizing!"

"Yeah, that's my speshul *Jinx-jism*. An' you sure-God get it outa me in record-time, Duke — my cock kinda lost its *head* there 'cause he liked your mouth so much."

"I didn't really blow you at all, sweetie-you exploded before I could get *my* head together."

"Whichever, it was *great* an' I wanta do it again-if you do."

"Courteous Service Day & Night is my motto, honey-boo! But let's adjourn to my connubial couch — I want to take your clothes off and see *all* your endearing young charms."

"OK by me. *Hey*, Duke, you know what? You're my second best friend in the whole wide world!"

"Who's your *first* best friend?" I frown, not a little jealously.

"*Me*, a course! Who else?!"

H'm! And so it came to pass that from mid-June to mid-July generous Jinx gave me everything he had — and *then* some! And we became as close as two love-lusty passion-smitten testicles in the same ball-bag and I'm so high on Cloud 69 that I wouldn't even call God Himself my cousin!

Alas, Paradise is seldom permanent-a hellish hiatus often intervenes: on the afternoon of the 17th of July Jinx calls around and plops his purty posterior on my lap as I watch TV, his legs dangling over my right thigh-and he is still small enough to be eminently snugglable hence highly cuddlable. "Greetings, my lovely little laplander!" I cry. "You're early today-how come?"

"My dick wanted to come so I *came*," he explains airily. "What're you watchin' on the idiot-box?"

"The latest news, such as it awful is." I mournful. "Another Long Island boy-lover has just bit the dust — helicopter surveillance of his house, midnight searches of his garbage-can for so-called incriminating evidence, the whole shameful schmear and he got 14 to 46 years in Attica Prison! If he had murdered the boy instead of tenderly loving him, he'd've received a lesser sentence. Truly the Spanish Inquisition is alive and well and living in the United States and England!"

"Tough tiddy!" Jinx shrugs, squirming his fancy little butt hard into my lap. "You wanta know what I think? I think men who have sex with boys should be hanged by their balls on Sunday in Central Park!"

and he digs a sharp elbow into my side with such force that it damn near fractures a rib. “Haw! Haw! Haw!!”

“Don’t joke about it kiddy-it’s a serious situation and *I* might be caught next!”

“*You*?! Naw, no *way-you* got too low a... a profeel.”

“*Profile?*”

“Yeah. In fack, you’re so low you’re lower’n a lizard’s ass or a snake’s belly an’ you can’t get no lower’n *that* less’n you’re six feet *underground!*”

“*Thank* you, my dear sweet boy-wife!” I wax spastic enthusiastic. “You give me courage to persevere in my infamous career!”

“Hey, wait just a goddam *minute!* I ain’t your wife ’cause we ain’t never been *married!*”

“Married or not. Our relationship has been divinely *consummated* — *my* dick is wedded balls-deep to your cute kiddy-cunt. You’re *better* than a mere girl-wife — you’re my boy-pet and my pet-boy!”

“It’s nice to know I’m ‘*preciated*, Jinx sniffs somewhat skeptically, “but sleepin’ with you is hard *work*, man!”

“As long as it’s hard but I consider it ecstatic *play!*”

“Play for you, sweat for *me!*” the youngster grunts, again squiggling his taut bottom around on my lap so my baser nature is ferally aroused and I begin to tongue-tickle his near ear and he turns his head so our lips meet and greet and osculate and swap spit.

“Ah, precious baby,” I at length maudlin lyrical, “your mouth tastes delightfully full of licorice!”

“I don’t know why ’cause I *hate* licorice. Lissen, Duke, I’m gonna be away for a week to visit my Granpop in Buffalo Chip, North Dakota.”

“Lord, Jinxie, I’m going to miss you like *hell!* Is this trip really necessary?”

“Yeah, it is ’cause Granpop’s been awful good to me — he awways telegraphs me lotsa bucks for my birthday when my *parents* only give me a pair of cheap socks or some shit like so. He’s awready sent me round-trip airfare but I figger I’ll go by bus an’ save me some long green. Which is the best bus-line — Greyhound or Trailways?”

“Well, if you are gone on animals and are not averse to Bestial Intercourse, then by all means ride a Greyhound which perversely might appeal to you but the round-trip will take you at least 72 hours so you’d have only about *four* days to spend with your Granpop.”

“I’d best go by jet then but I *still* don’t know what keeps them friggin’ planes 5 miles up in the *air!*”

“It’s inverse gravity, dear heart,” I say, “or some such aerodynamic nonsense — but you’re perfectly safe if you take out life-and-accident insurance before you leave.”

Here I intermission to kiss the boy’s not-too-sanitary smooth round warm kneecap showing through a rip in his pants, then deftly from long practice I unzip his crotch’d comfits for a farewell panting, wrenching suck session as Jinx spends his spendthrift semen to savorily surge about my soliciting tongue. Now he kisses me fondly, fervently, tasting himself on my lips as he devil-impishly gropes me shudderingly off then carefully he adjusts his gaping dungarees into Presbyterian respectability and prepares to depart. At the door he scowlingly threatens: “Now don’t you go getting yourself another boy while I’m gone, Duke, or I’m gonna shoot you to death with my switchblade!”

“Never fear, my true love!” I cry. “You will desert me long before *vice versa!*”

“Maybe so, maybe *no*,” Jinx grins, throwing me a final kiss as he exits, leaving me to resign myself to seven interminable days of boy-deprived non-existence.

Low and Behold! Within seven and a half days the beloved boy is back looking none the worse for undue wear and tear and, in fact, more compellingly desirable than ever so immediately and forthwith I bed him to make up for lost time-and then we sapped-out pillow-talk for a recuperative change.

“So did you have a good time with your Granpop?” I lovingly inquire.

“Oh, sure, *aces*! He’s a 100% better cook than my Mama or you but...”

“But *what*?” I quaver, fearing I know not what.

“Well, I kinda tangled ass with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police — or anyway, *one* of ’em.”

“Lord God, I should’ve *known*!” I moan. “You pulled one of your crazy tricks again, didn’t you?!”

“Naw, Duke, I didn’t! *Honest*! All I did was jerk off on Canada.”

“So how come you waste your tasty come on Canada instead of saving it for *me*?!”

“I wanted to brag about it to the other boys when I go back to school this September. Besides, I *couldn’t* save it for you’ cause I get a wet-dream awmost every night you ain’t there to drain me.”

I clasp my aching head. “Why in uttermost Hell I love *boys*, I’ll never know! They’re more grief than poison-ivy and a chronic case of compounded *piles*!”

“You love boys ’cause they’re *better* an’ you know it!” Jinx wrathfuls.

“Alas, that’s a proven fact — but what were you doing in *Canada*? I thought your Granpop lived in North Dakota.”

“He *does* but his farm is right smack-dab on the Canadian Border so he put up a single strand of barbed-wire to separate Canada from God’s Country — so when I pulled off I was *standin’* in the USA but my cock an’ my come were across the Border. You get the picture, *stupid*!”

“Dimly, as through a glass darkly. But how was a Canuck fuzz involved?”

“Aw, she come ridin’ up outa nowhere on a big black gelding an...”

“*She*?! Merciful God, do they have *women* now in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police?!”

“They got *one*, anyway, an’ I could tell ’cause her boobs was — awmost touchin’ the pommel on her saddle an’ her butt was broader than that poor gelding’s *back*!”

“Oh, Lord, what *next*?!” I wail. “Soon they’ll be replacing the Infant Jesus with a *girl*-baby!”

“I wouldn’t be at all surprised,” Jinx agrees. “Them Canucks is *all* fucks, you ask me.”

“So what happened *then*?”

“So then this cunt cop says to me, she says: ‘Young man, you have created what amounts to an international scandal and I am going to have you extradited to be tried here in Canada on a most serious charge!’.”

“And *were* you extradited?”

“Hell, no, I’m *here*, ain’t I?! I swear, Duke, you get *dumber* every minute!”

“Sorry, sweetie-just one more question. Precisely *what* was the serious charge against you?”

“Well, see, I wasn’t exactly charged but my cock an’ my come were charged with bein’ aliens guilty of Illegal Entry into the Commonwealth of Canada!”

In the Depression Thirties, for my little-male'd alleged sins I once discovered myself immolated in a 2-room, 4th-floor Philadelphia walk-up on Front Street — a nose-holding slum then and all I could afford (Poverty is my only Virtue) but I'd hoped to obtain work-play as washroom-attendant in a Boy's Junior High School, young-stuff fluids being outstandingly copious and delectable — but the Powers-That-Be in the Bored of Education decided that a *female* would be safer around seductive, seducible budding ball-toters — little did they *know*!

It being Spring my young man's fancy lightly turned to taking early-morning walks, particularly around that Victorian-Gothic monstrosity known as City Hall which is so spectacularly ugly that it's enchanting in a mediievally romantic Castle of Otranto fashion and — more important — it's where several young newsboys hang out, vending their inky sunrise wares and sometimes *themselves*. One morning in a secluded niche in a colonnade of the edifice I espy a sleeping boy, tightly curled-up against the dawn chill and he is garbed all in black except for his white shirt. Black high-laced clodhopper shoes, ditto socks, too-small pants and jacket, necktie and wide-brimmed hat — a fetching under-age Amish as ever was and a *rara avis* among kiddies. I observe him closely as he slumbers: chestnut-brown home-cut hair, small faun ears, triangular little face freckle-dusted, luxuriant eyelashes, delicate features, sensuous sensual (?) full-lipped mouth, body smallish, compact and cuddly. He appears to be a twelver or thirteener or in-between and though he's not precisely an earth-shaking beauty, he *is* as attractive and sexually appealing as the Solitary Vice is to a growing lad-and I am overwhelmingly ensnared! Oh, God, lead me not unto Temptation but having led me, *don't* put me down!

A cold windy April drizzle has set in so gently I wake the youngster. He raises heavy, sleep-laden lids to reveal spectrums eyes shading from gray through blue to green in the hazy light and stares at me. "Who're you?" he mumbles.

"I'm a friend," I smile, hoping the kidlet will take 'friend' to mean a *Quaker* Friend who are more Mennonite than not. I add that I'm now going home to breakfast and since my wife has gone to Chicago to take care of her sick mother (a little white lie), I'd be most glad of his company for I don't like to eat alone if I can help it. Evidently reassured by my mention of a 'wife', the boy stumbles to his feet and picks up a small bundle wrapped in a red bandanna. My arm around his slim torso, I hail a taxi which winces my wallet who kicks me where it hurts most but filthy Lucre is well lost for *Love*, no?

At home I sit the kiddy down at the kitchen-table and produce orange-juice, pancakes slathered with butter and Vermont maple-syrup, pork sausages and milk. My guest avidly gulps down two helpings of everything, shyly actually *praising* my cooking! That's a welcome change as most lads I've known acidly criticize my culinary efforts though I've noticed almost *all* of them lick the platter clean of whatever I serve them. This unusual youngling now also confides that he's 12 years old and his name is Caleb — but that's all I could then or later learn about his private life for he keeps himself to himself. I assume he is a runaway but such is my besotted infatuation with this Fascinating Unknown that in my mind I begin composing doggerel verse to him of which ensues a horrible example, poesy-wise:

Oh, my delightsome Caleb,
You've caught me in your web
And I'd love to love your zeb
If you are a *Reb* — Morally speaking!

(Two obscene footnotes here: 'zeb' is the boy-Arab penis but the American variety is better, the *best*. Also, to hetero readers of this, be it known that all true-blew boy-lovers are *nuts* — but they're essentially harmless nuts, heavenly blessed with the Divine Madness.)

When I prepare to leave for my new-found job as street-cleaner, Caleb — without being asked! — starts washing the breakfast dishes. I tell him to help himself to food in the fridge for lunch and I'll be back about 6. "You'll be here, won't you?" I query anxiously.

"I guess so," he replies, "but where will I sleep tonight? You don't have a couch or anything."

"You can sleep with me," I say with innocent offhandedness. "I don't snore or kick in my sleep." Then hubris'd by his piquant face I take his near hand and tenderly kiss the warm silky inside of his wrist. At once the boy jerks his hand away, wiping his wrist on his jacket and frowning at me. Damn! Have I gone too far too fast, startling the young game? I leave, praying that winsome Caleb will not take to his heels as soon as I am out of sight.

That night I return to find Caleb tubbed, scrubbed and shining, the kitchen gleaming with spotless cleanliness. When I go into the bedroom I find my double-bed is neatly made but bisecting it lengthwise on the coverlet is a 2x8-inch pine plank firmly wedged on edge from headboard to footboard!

"What's *this*!" I ejaculate. "Some. Kind of unconstitutional segregation?"

"Where I come from it's known as '*bundling*'," my heart-throb says aloofly.

"Yeah, I've heard of that," I disgruntle. "It's where courting couples are allowed to sleep in the same bed together-but *separate*. Oh, little Caleb, are *we* a courting couple?!"

"Only *you*!" the kid sharply retorts. "*You* kissed my wrist!"

"Yeah, I sort of lost my head there," I admit, not with regret, "but where did you *get* this wooden frustration — did you swipe it?"

"No! I found it in an alley a few blocks from here."

Helplessly, I sigh. This 8-inch high Philadelphia Wall is cruel-and-unusual punishment compounded and I feel like a randy young Bridegroom whose blushing Bride on their wedding-night pleads a prostrating Sick Headache! But I neither gripe nor grumble, hoping by gentle persuasion to brainwash this fetching child into a more Dukahzian frame of mind for our mutual empathy and delight — but it's tough going. On our first night 'together' I try to caress his left hand *over* that damn board but he rolls away, gritting, "Go to sleep — you have to *work* tomorrow." But I'm hot to sleep in the arms of Eros rather than Morpheus so I reason, "Oh, kiddy, you're in Philadelphia now — the City of *Brotherly Love*!"

"I'm not your *brother*!" Caleb sniffs.

"*All* men are brothers," I Biblical sententious.

"I'm not a *man*, either!" Caleb snaps. "Go take a cold shower."

This denial of my Human Rights goes on for several days/nights but I persevere, embarking on a campaign to subtly, harmlessly assail this impregnable boy-fortress: I buy him bluejeans, blue-and-white sneakers, light-blue nylon shirt-all of which he likes far more than his sober ebon garb and clumsy farmer shoes; and I bring him second-hand juvenile-adventure books (he loves to read but had little spare time to do so before), and by other modest offerings finally seduce the youngster into granting me small sexual favors. *Out* of bed he permits me to denude him except for his white shorts which he fiendishly wears *ass-backward*! I can also kiss/suck him from neck to belly-button and from mid-thighs to toes — all else, including his tight-bunned backside, is strictly *Verboten*.

One day, however, perhaps inflamed by a fully pubertal erection that achingly demands immediate relief from tension, my Amish Amoroso wondrously lets me nuzzle his genitals through the cloth of his shorts and I press and rub and stroke my lips against his concealed loins until a small damp pre-coital spot appears on his underpants. I continue my ministrations with increasingly urgent suckplication until with bleats of boyish ecstasy Caleb climaxes, his semen succulence oozing through the cloth and which I hungrily lick/suck up — much appreciated, *forsooth*! But this sort of half-ass wooing is aggravating for *boy-sex* above all should be *Sight* as well as Smell, Taste, Feel and Hear, right?! — and I've yet to see the cock and bottom of this put-off puer, he remaining adamant in refusing me a glimpse of these intimate treasures.

Ah, but I've got a sneaky ploy or two left in My Bag of Tricks so one day with tears in my eyes I tell Caleb, "Kiddy, I'm really awful sorry but tomorrow I'm going to have to turn you over to the Children's Shelter."

The boy pales. "Why?' Is your wife coming home?"

"No, she's divorcing me and good riddance but it's obvious that you regard my loving attentions as illegal, immoral, indigestible, et cetera so you'll be happy in the Shelter which is run by righteous, moral-as-Hell Baptists who will take *good* care of you."

That day I have to work overtime cleaning up after a Horse-Show and *Parade* yet, so pooped-out I get home about 10 P.M. And tiredly creep to the bedroom. Lo and Behold! That damned bundling-board has vanished and Caleb, naked as the day he was born, is lying awake on the sheets, a big welcoming smile on his face and his shapely, lively, rigidly-hard penis beckoning imperiously.

"Wh-what *happened*?!" I stammer, my pulses pounding. "Where's that denying pine *plank*!"

"I don't know *how* it happened," the boy squeaks, blushing a little, "but the fact is... I mean the true truth is that *termites* must've ate it all up!"

Unisex

Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, dear, what *can* the matter be?!
Johnny's so long at the Fair!

Not to worry, Mother dear. Young Johnny is being fucked in the ass by the Bearded Lady but he'll be home safe and sound in plenty time for supper with a crisp new 20-dollar bill in his pocket and he says he'll give you half of it. Won't that be *nice*?!

Dick and Jane: What Really Happened

Once upon a time there was a comeuppance lad named Dick, aged twelve and a quarter, and a ho-hum-looking girl of eleven and a quarter named Jane who were neighbors and *supposedly* the very model of what model young children should be — Haw! Haw! Now Jane had a teeny-weinie pet dog named Spot of whom she was most fond but one day Spot disappeared so Jane came flying to Dick and cried,

“Oh, Dick, where is my little Spot! Have you seen my sweet Spot?”

And Dick who for some days now was compellingly beset with rampant, rampageous, rapine puberty said,

“No, but I’d *love* to!” and forthwith he lifted Jane’s little pink skirt and pulled down her little pink panties and shoved his sociable finger deep into her little pink Spot and Jane exclaimed,

“Why, Dick, “that isn’t my sweet Spot-or is it?! Ooh, that feels wonderful! Shove your naughty finger in *deeper*!”

But Dick already had his manual digit in as far as he could get it so he pulled it out and replaced it with his sex-dick which was considerably longer and stronger and thicker and slicker and Jane shrieked, “Oh, Dick, have you got *two* fingers up me now?! Oh, that’s so nice... ooh, oooh, OOOH!!”

And Jane tumultuously came-came-came but Dick couldn’t, sweatily trying as he would, so exceedingly miffed he at last withdrew, cleaning his cock on Jane’s little pink panties.

“Oh, Dick, darling,” Jane begged, “do that to me again and again and again and *again* — I can’t get enough of it!”

“Fuck *you*, baby!” said Dick, wrinkling his nose as he zipped-up his pants fly. “My pal Mikal is much tighter than you and *his* hole don’t stink!”

Panegyric to Pragmatic Peregrine

Listen, citizens, and take heed! Ever since 1977 the Western World (and parts of the Far East) have been deluged with a lot of bullshit propaganda that young boys who sex-sleep with men are ruined from top to toe, from front to back, from inside to outside. This is palpably false and insidious brainwashing for if the men concerned are true *boy-lovers* then they can't ruin anybody except too often *themselves*. What *does* frequently wreck little males are their own peers, and adult hetero pro-drug creeps who long ago should've been hanged from the nearest tree their indirect destruction of countless impressionable juveniles.

Now the fact of the matter is that practical-pragmatic young boys attach no more importance to having sex with men or women or their age-mates or animals than they do to playing games or other recreational activities — *except* that playing with MEN pays off in much pelf and pleasure! You grasp the intelligent non-age philosophy here? If you still have doubts, lemme cite you a shining example of what was one of my own existential experiences.

Ah, how to sing the praises of pretty Peregrine?! His last name was Jones and he dwelt in Azusa, California — a small town which from A to Z would be nothing much if it hadn't been for princely Peregrine who at 12 dewily young years seemed to me the most beauteous ball-bearing ever to grace this planet Earth for he was a slim and shapely buttercup-blond, eyes blue as Parma violets, a mouth caressed by red roses and a creamy pink-ivory complexion all over — not to mention an uncut lively lovely in-milk little-boy penis that upon gentle stimulation multiplied into a most respectable five and a half inches, and a tight compact satin-smooth young bottom that had your lips and tongue and a ruder organ drool with impelling desire.

Master Jones was also a *good* boy — a veritable paragon among puers — who not only faithfully attended Sunday School but also helped his Momma around the house and garden, plus taking on extra chores like hand-mowing neighbors' lawns and the like. For his parents were 'genteel-poor' so every little two- or four-bits helped the family budget, though this left almost no time for sports — which the lad missed, for he was athletically-inclined.

Somewhat disturbed by her son's amazing pulchritude, Peregrine's Momma early on warned him against strange men who, by offering candy, car-rides, money or other gifts would lure him to their lairs of lust to destroy him in body and soul. The youngster took this with a large grain of salt and his tongue in his cheek for it sounded to him like a far easier way to make a few sweaty bucks than toiling at odd jobs for which he was seldom paid what they were worth — and, of course, if you tell an adventuresome lad *not* to do something, chances are that at the first opportunity he's apt to do it, or try to. However, naive Peregrine had no idea what these strange men wanted in return for their largesse for this lad (Oh, *rare!*) at 12 was still as innocent and pure as Ivory Soap, if not more so, and had not yet even discovered how to make love to his fist — so that when other boys joked about 'beating their meat', our untarnished hero had no idea what the hell they were talking about since nobody bothered to enlighten him.

Thus Master Jones was eminently ripe and pluckable for me when I first saw him, clipping a maze of hedges on an unseasonably hot Saturday afternoon in November. Stopping to admire his arresting comeliness, I waited until he had finished his task and was wending homeward-then I fell into step beside him.

"Hello, young sir," I open, politely. "Excuse my curiosity, but how much were you paid for trimming those hedges?"

The boy cuts a blue-violet eye at me. "A buck fifty," he mutters sourly.

"You were cheated."

"I know, but the competition is fierce around here. Some Jap kids would do it for even less."

“I need an odd-jobs boy about the house,” I say carefully. “The pay is ten dollars for 2 or 3 hours of your spare time and you won’t have to work — just *play*.”

Peregrine rounds his ravishing orbs. “*Ten* dollars! That sounds great, mister, but I can’t play a musical instrument of *any* kind.”

“You’ll play *games* — the Great Game, in particular — and I guarantee you’ll love every minute of it.”

“Well, fine, I *guess*. When do you want me to start?”

“No time like the present — I live just a couple of blocks from here.”

I take the boy to my rented 1920’s-style, California-type, stucco bungalow, usher him swiftly into the bedroom where I pin a crisp new ten-dollar bill to the fading wall-paper beside the bed. I sit on the bed and pull Master P. close to me. He is wearing blue-and-white sneakers with no socks, revealing slim boyish ankles; white-and-blue gym-shorts exposing slender shapely calves and thighs; and a light-blue tight-fitting sport-shirt against which his tiny nipples are faintly outlined. Little Blue Boy — Gainsborough should’ve immortalized him in paint.

I tongue the youngster’s near ear: taste of clover honey — and feel his body stiffen but he remains in the circle of my loving arms. I graze on his firm velvety left cheek then begin to unbutton his azure shirt, but the boy pushes my hands away. “Are you afraid of me, little one?” I sigh.

“I...don’t know,” he mutters, unable to meet my fond and feverish gaze. “Maybe I am and maybe I *ain’t*!”

“Don’t be afraid — I’m *not* going to hurt you so keep looking at that ten-dollar bill on the wall!”

A faint blush stains the lad’s cheeks as I open his shirt. His miniature pink breast-buds in their tan-pink surround are hard and thrusting and I kiss them, lick them, suck them-taste of warm sweet fresh milk. (*Milk*?!) I go down to his belly-button, a deep and perfect round, lovingly lave it with my lips and tongue-wondrous savor of heating aroused boy-flesh. On south to the gym-shorts but when I stroke the small bulge between his legs, Peregrine eels out of my tender embrace, leaps to snatch the sawbuck from the wall, dashes out of the bedroom, out of the house-out of my *life*?!

Obviously I have been too impetuous, too hasty and lost my enchanting amorino. Oh, well, you can’t win ’em all — but the sad fact is that *I* don’t even win a fourth of them! Ah, God, the Curse of ‘a Broken Heart! Sweet Peregrine has shattered it beyond repair. I go to bed and cry myself to sleep — *nightmares*!

Six days limp past during which I’m constantly seeing, hearing, feeling, smelling, tasting Master P. — but he’s only a tantalizing, maddening mirage. On Saturday, the 7th day in the afternoon, there’s an impatient drumming on my front door. I open and a beaming Peregrine bursts in, waving my ten-dollar bill which he extends to me.

“Here,” he grins, “this is *yours* so I brought it back to you.”

Stunned for some seconds, I at last exclaim, “Dear child, *you* keep it — let it be a souvenir of our aborted friendship. Hail and Farewell, lovely lad! I shall treasure your memory in what’s left of my heart!”

“You got me all wrong!” the kid laughs. “Pin that bill up on your bedroom — wall again and *this* time I’ll try to earn it!”

(As I said at the start, all kudos to pragmatic personable lads!)

Farce in Venice

That smog-ridden maniaopolis known as El Lay or Los(t) Angeles is a grand place to stay away from, though a couple of the satellite towns nestling about it are morales habitable and it is in one of these that I temporarily desperately dwell in my tumbledown shack by the railroad track, glumly gagging down a TV-dinner of goat-meat without even having an 8-inch (measured diagonally) boob-tube to goggle at — the only bright note on my immediate future being siren-eyed Shylocks who has promised to produce his pubertal pelt promptly at 8 PM. Faint fucking hope! If the kiddy shows up by midnight I shall consider myself thrice-blessed among boyeurs.

The youngster's actual name is Alois Snodgrass which his male schoolmates speedily perverted into 'Lois Snotass' until our hero's rock-hard fists persuaded his peers to call him 'Slugger' or get their facial features gorily rearranged. *I* call him 'Shylocks' as out of bed he is almost vestally virginal but *in* bed he is more wildly unvirtuous than Heliogabalus himself — *and* he has lots and lots of silky locks the hue of burnished bronze. He also boasts twelve and a half wise-ass years, a Valentine countenance, *vade mecum* inviting eyes, a slim willow-supple warm body, a 6-inch slender gob-stopper that is in a constant state of adamantine allure and an impelling rump which would debauch a prunes-and-prisms primly proper Presbyterian into panting osculation prior to lingual penetration — and *I* speak from the horse's mouth! I love seductive Shylocks more than I necessarily do \$\$\$ and cents which of course is the highest accolade I can accord him though *Alas!* the boy has only cupboard-love for *me-so* when the cupboard is bare, li'l Slugger ain't *there!*

It sads me to admit but this peerless puer's hustling appeal is so over-powering that I have legions of competitors, foremost among whom is one Throgmorton Squinch who is young, rich, handsome and otherwise everything that I am not. He is a dumbo voyeur who merely feeds his famished *orbs* on Shylocks' naked corpus but that's stupendous stupidity, for sex should be a contact — rather than a spectator — sport, right? Throgmorton and I maintain a sort of armed neutrality for I largely ignore him though he is not above a low blow if he can sneak one in. So far, however, sensually practical Shylocks opts chiefly for *me* as he much prefers a nice artistic fangless suck-job (et shameless shameful cetera) to only being *looked-at* which may be flattering to the ego but does little or nothing to inspire as soul-shattering orgasms!

Miracles will never cease! My whimsical heart-throb arrives at 7 PM, an unprecedented hour early — *but* he is in a towering rage as he has spent the entire afternoon with Throgmorton, basking bare-ass on a sable-fur rug in front of a cozy fire while Squinch, the awful bastard, reads aloud to the boy from Shakespeare's 'The Merchant of Venice' and my sweet love is furious that I should call *him* by the same name as some creepy Jew in some friggin' *play!*

"Calm down, kiddy," I strive to placate. "I call you Shylocks with an 's' which supremely describes you and which is certainly not singular Shylock though you *do* have a singularly irresistible Pound of Flesh when it's full-blown!"

"But I'm not a *Jew!*" the boy glowers. I'm not *cut*, I've got a *foreskin* which you've played with often enough!"

"Indeed!" I enthuse. "Your prepuce is a paramount penile production — but what've you got against *Jews?*"

"My Dad says Jews *eat* Christian babies!"

"Your father is obviously an Archie Bunker type and is woefully mistaken. Anyway, when you come right down to the meat of-the matter, *I* eat you too, baby-and a Lucullan banquet it is!"

"I'm no baby," Shylocks irrelevants, "and I believe my *Dad*, not you!"

"Oh, sweetie, Jews essentially are no different from anybody else except that they take their religion too seriously, their boy-babes are painfully de-capped beyond and probably against their will or desire

and they all suffer from the delusion that they are the Chosen People whereas simple horse-sense will tell you that comely boys in general are the *true* Chosen People though those who choose them are subject to Pogroms.”

“I *know* that but my name is Slugger so you din’t hafta call me Shylocks at all! You’ve put me down, you’ve hurt my feelings and if I never see you again it’ll be too soon!” And he bangs out the door, leaving me bereaved and bereft.

Ah, well, let boygones be boygones — you can’t fight wrathful Cupid and his lethal-aimed arrows! All my grievous fault, no doubt, for here is another ravishing young mesmerizer who has thumbed his ass at my dotting attentions but I’ve long been accustomed to that, for prickly kiddy-love is usually a suck-session of tragi-comedies and farcical melodrama *a fa Pagliacci*, with infinite variations. Yet it’s an incontrovertible fact that suctionable little Shylocks is/was an alluring young *body*-Merchant of Venice (California), the second such I’ve been privileged to meet/meat *and he* has a 10^{er} kid-brother who is beginning to regard me with shy acceptant expectant fascination!

Alack! To this day I can't adequately describe to you the charms of one-of-a-kind kind Andrew for my initial glimpse of his earthquaking sexiness so unsettled me that I wanted to throw myself before him and lick his feet *without* removing his shoes and socks! However, I try not to do too much *kneeling* these days as lately I've developed a rather irksome case of Housemaid's Knee (euphemism) so I substitute one or other of the 169 positions of boy-love: anterior/posterior/exterior or interior as seems best to be *indickated*.

I first encountered Andy at a NAMBHA social evening — refreshments and dancing in the Main Room, OI, AL, AI and other alphabetical antics in the Back Room, lubricants and other sexual aids and accessories supplied by the management at moderate (over-priced) cost, as you might know. Here I should explain that NAMBHA stands for NORTH AMERICAN MAN-BOY *HATERS* ASSOCIATION which, of course, is nothing of the sort but the quintessential word *HATERS* keeps the Fuzz and other vermin off their tails, from their door, no hassle, for haters of boys and the men who love them are much to the Establishment's satisfaction:

NAMBHA has absolutely *no* connection with NAMBLA which is rapidly committing paedophilicide because of its too obvious, too heedless hubris'd divine madness and as a matter of fact *I* am not a member even of NAMBHA nor on its mailing-list for it's always been my policy never to vote for anybody for anything and never to join *any* organization, including the YWCA and the Women's Christian Temperance Union unless it's under an assumed name and false address for a *gutter-low* profile in boy-lovers pays off in the end and other delightful places. NAMBHA *did* want me to become an Honorary Member but My Goodness! I lost my honor and my virginity to my cousin Bernie when we were both 8 and before I could return the favor my Mother caught us in an act which would've made even Wilde Oscar blush to the roots of his dyed pubic hair. Also the Boy's Clubs of America (local branch) begged me to be their official Cocksucker Emeritus but regretfully I had to decline that signal distinction, too, for discretion is the better part of a harsh prison-sentence and besides, if a whole *club* of lads is hot to be blowed 4 or 5 times a day then you can readily see that over-achiever poor me would soon be subject to a temporarily paralyzing attack of fellation-fatigue!

So on this aforementioned social evening I'm in the Main Room just sitting on the sidelines resting my 2 left feet (that last Rock-&-Roll number was a smidgen too strenuous for one of my whory hoary years) and sipping from a cup of what purports to be tea but *isn't*, though it rhymes — when suddenly Andy appears before me in all his blazing beauteousity and asks if perchance I'd care to dance! Finally collecting my dazzle-scatter'd wits about me, I whinny: "Angelito, I'm most flattered by your kind invitation but you'd be better sped with another *boy* for I can't dance worth a constipated shit!"

"I don't *like* boys," the youngster snaps, his delicate nostrils flaring. "I like only men — *some* men." (How the hell old is he?! He can't be a minute over 11, if that.)

"Wonderful!" I marvel. "If other lads thought as you do, what a Paradise the USA would be for such as me! Now as to terpsichorics, I admire the most to whirl around and around 'cause it makes me nicely giddy — a cheap drunk, as it were, so if there's a waltz coming up and you want to risk getting your toes stepped-on, I'm your *man*!"

"Don't worry about my *toes*," Andy laughs, "'cause I'm wearing steel-capped shoes. And yes, the merry-go-round Blue Danube waltz is coming up next and so, I see, are *you*!"

"Who *wouldn't*," I say gallantly, "with a kiddy like you so close!" (My God, he's got rainbow eyes — a symphony of gray, green, blue, amber.)

The music begins with a deafening crash that sounds like a mad bull in a glass-factory and the boy comes warmly, intimately into my arms. "Do you want to lead or shall I?"

“You do it as I’m used to being led around by young scrotum-toters. One brash little fascist wanted to put a ring in my nose and attach me to a leash.”

“And *did* he?”

“No, I was able to appeal to his baser nature — the one between his thighs, that is.”

“My own baser nature is trying to stand up and be counted but my tight briefs are strangling him!”

Andy snickers. Deftly he guides me as we swirl, twirl, whirl and spiral about the dance-floor like a demented top spun by a manic idiot, the seductive body-scent of my young partner sending me into even more blissful vertigo. As I try not to trip over the light fantastic my sweet leader remarks:

“Tonight my mother is attending the Policeman’s ball. She has a globular obsession — she adores policemen’s balls.”

“I can’t say I admire her taste,” I say tartly, “though I myself am much gone on Boy Scout Spheres, especially if they’re sexually delinquent.”

“The Spheres or the Scouts?”

“Both!” I say dreamily.

“Well, *I* was a Cub Scout,” pursues my Merry Andrew, tickling the hairs on the back of my neck, “*and* a Boy Scout *and* a Sea Scout and now I’m an *Eagle* Scout so it would seem that we have much in common.”

“Indeed we have!” I explain, hugging him ardently and hatching wild plans for the immediate future if the coast is clear. “Uh, by the way, where is your Dad?”

“Dad died shortly before I was born — apparently the act of begetting me was too much for the poor man. So, everything considered, would you like to come home with me?”

“You took the words right out of my mouth!” I ejaculate and we’re just about to leave when a gang of black-masked, black-garbed Moral Majority Reformers brandishing machine-guns and flame-throwers bursts into the room followed by two more of same carrying a huge sign which says in big red letters:

MAKE LOVE NOT *HATE* OR WE’LL KILL YOU!!!

The Lei-Lay Lad of Waikiki

Many moons ago, as the Indian maiden said, I won Second Prize in a Sanitary Napkin Slogan Contest, submitting my entry under the name of Casamira Dukahz and which read, in part: ‘Girls, are you Dainty Down There?’ — followed by a few short succinct words in which I told them how to be if never really *Dainty*, then at least less *unDainty* but I won’t delve any deeper into that noisome subject as this book is intended for family-reading by the fireside. My contest-prize was an all-expenses-paid one week’s vacation at the Waikiki Beach Hotel in Honolulu, Hawaii, and I remember Honolulu from World War II Army days when every pay-day was lay-day in Hawaii and you got a cheap crepe-paper lei (if not a sociable disease) *if* you were a big spender. *I* didn’t indulge as the only lays available at the time were the *unDainties* which my penis shrinks from and so do I!

From my room I have a comprehensive view of Waikiki Beach and the omnipresent rugged bronzed beach-boys/surfers in their too elderly late teens or early twenties and their too over-developed muscles from bulging biceps to half-erect love-muscles (real or falsie) and their silly surf-boards like overgrown ironing-boards, and it’s all too much of a muchness but females and gays *love* the type, thereby demonstrating their aesthetic ignorance but no doubt almost all beach boys will co-operate in almost any sort of sexual shenanigans if the *fee* is sufficient. *I* wouldn’t know, I’m sure! For I am attuned to finer fancies.

Being of an altruistic nature I want to share my plush week at this posh hotel with some nice youngling in the vicinity of 13 or thereabouts but none is to be seen on the beaches nor even on the streets of the town-and then I remember that this is September and School has begun in such earnest that I don’t even spot the stray furtive truant lad or defiant little rebel playing hookey, so I deject back to where I came from and am just about to enter my room when from the room across the hall there emerges what appears to be an apprentice-boy room service waiter for he is snowily attired in white shirt, coat and pants with a neat little black bow-tie and he is pushing a small cart laden with dirty dishes.

I take a second appreciative look and yes, he is beautiful! A Polynesian Perfecto with page-boy sable locks, Day-Glo eyes, Hawaiian Punch mouth and a complexion like a ripe peeled peach. As for his age, he might be a very young 14 or a somewhat elderly 12 — my eye ever errs in these Cupidinous calendar computations.

The kid becomes aware of my rude stare and grins widely, revealing dentist’s dream teeth and and a wet pink tongue he sticks out at me. “Hi” he chirps. “Could you please tell me the time?”

I consult my chronometer which is so stupid it can’t even tell High Noon from Midnight! “It’s exactly a nickel to 4 PM,” I inform — or doesn’t he give a *damn* about the time but just wants to score with me? You never know with strange lads though frankly I’m not a particularly attractive specimen facewise or walletwise to persuade pubescent puers to pitch passes at.

“Great!” exclaims Little Lovely. “I get off work *at four*.”

“Are you training to be a waiter?” I ask politely.

“Hell, *no*! I’m just a friggin’ bus-boy an’ they run my ass ragged — it’s worse’n workin’ in a Siberian salt-mine!”

“But it’s *warmer* here,” I point out.

“Oh, *sure*!” says the boy bitterly. “They make it real *hot* for me if I happen to break a dish or somethin’.”

“Well, look,” I suggest, “why don’t you go in my room and rest a while. There’s snacks and soft drinks in the Frigidaire.”

“What I need is a shota booze is what I *need*.”

“There’s that too so help yourself while I take your cart down to the kitchen.”

“Just put it in the service-elevator at the end of the hall and press the Basement button — the night-shift’ll take care of it from there. Hey, my name’s Mono, *slave* bus-boy!”

“My name’s Duke sanitary-napkin sloganeer!”

“You’re a *what?!* ” the kid goggles but I’m already tootling down the corridor with the food-cart, spilling bits of toast, bacon and eggs enroute.

Returning, I find Mono lolling at his ease in an armchair with a glass of what evidently is straight bourbon in one hand and nibbling from a bag of cheese-popcorn between his thighs which makes *two* bags he has betwixt his legs, causing me to conflagrate with such intense desire for young bus-boy meat that I have to close my bedazzled mind’s-eyes and take several deep breaths before I get hold of myself. Then it occurs to me to ask this presumably streetwise if not totally sexwise youngster a question that’s been niggling at my subconscious ever since I arrived on Hawaii’s fair shores. “Mono,” I say cautiously (*Careful* now! Don’t scare the precious prey away!), “offhand, would you happen to know what the Age of Consent for *boys* is in this 50th State of the Union?”

“*Sure!* I thought everybody knew that. It’s 14.”

“What?” I gasp, convinced I haven’t heard right. “*What* did you say?!”

“You hard-of-hearing, man? I said *fourteen* an’ come to think of it, I was just 14 a week ago yesterday!”

“Incredible!” I ejaculate, drowning in my own miasmic yearnings.

“If you don’t believe me,” Mono snickers lewdly, “then just ask any cop on the street!”

I fall back on the bed, respiring, suspiring, perspiring, damn near *expiring* and then I leap up to cavort and caper about the room like a mad elephant with infantile paralysis. “Oh, God!” I gratefully cry, “at long last 14^{ers} are legal *somewhere* in this benighted Western Hemisphere! Hallelujah, *amen!*” And I break into decibel song — well, not precisely *song* ’cause I can’t sing worth a choir-boy’s fart but I *do* articulate the lyrics loud and clear!

Hawaii! Hawaii!
Land of the Lei,
Where you’re free
To enjoy sodomee
In sweet legalitee — ALOHA!!

Here I pause to ask Mono: “Did you *like* that, my sweet little slave bus-boy?”

The kid shrugs, says judgmentally: “Well, the words’re OK but the melody kinda fractures my eardrums.”

“I know,” I rejoin sadly, “but I do my best, such as it is, in the elation of this momentous occasion. There’s a second stanza my libido thunk up but I don’t guess you want to hear it.”

“*Sure* I do, Duke,” the boy laughs. “Sock it to me — I can take it!” So I cough, clear my throat, and launch into the second part of my awful opus:

Hawaii! Hawaii!
Land of the Lay,
Where Boy Scouts are licit
And Big Brothers explicit
In pleasures illicit — ALOHA!!

“So how did my braying strike you?” I query Mono anxiously. The boy goes to the Frigidaire, bourbons his empty glass to again brimming and returns to sprawl in the armchair. “Well, I’ll tell you,

Duke, your song an' your sentiments are all very well an' good but you've overlooked one teeny tiny little hitch here."

"*Hitch?!?*" I exclamatory. "*What* hitch? You're at the Age of Consent and you're beautiful and I'm *hot* for you and we're alone here together and I'll pay you whatever you ask so long as it isn't in three figures, so...

"But you miss the essential *point!*" says Mono, taking a huge swig from his glass and belching loudly. "See, I *am* 14, an' legal here — but only to a lover who is not more than *two* years older than I am, an' you sure-hell don't look like no under-16^{er} to *me!*"

I Am a Ball

Way back there in the late Twenties or early Thirties, a certain Herr Christopher Issyvoo (an Albion, not a Teuton) indited a book titled *I Am A Camera* which had much deserved success though of course Herr Chris was no camera in that he had no *film* in him which could be developed except that the images in the lenses of his eyes could later be enlarged, embellished and inscribed on paper to the edification of all but the illiterate. And if Issyvoo is a Camera by virtue of his visual acuity, ingenuity and authorial ability, *I am a Ball* by delightful vice of delicious boy-wet *dreams*! plus other plush things.

I am a soccer ball, to be precise, so I am perfectly round and lily-white with boy-love red pentagon-shaped figures set into me at geometrical intervals and I am owned by a sexy 12^{er} whose nickname is Tuck 'cause his last name is Tucker and when he and twenty-one other boisterous laddykins are not playing with me on smooth-clipped lawn or verdant pasture or sandlot or school-playground, he takes me home, puts me in his warm lap while he eats supper, tucks me under his arm while he takes out the garbage and such other small chores, places me on his desk while he does his homework, then when it's almost time for Mr. Sandman to arrive replete with his Morpheus powers my sweet master takes me to bed to play with me in a more intimate manner, snuggling my rotundity between his hot thighs so that he now has three balls down there, and rubbing his stiffening penis against me, fucking my smooth hide so that I become deliriant screw ball and when he ejaculates on me with groaning ecstasy, he tongues me clean, for Master Tuck is a devout believer that his 'sticky stuff' is a supreme body-builder — and I am in 12th Heaven for Tuck is my True Love and I long to grow arms to hug him, lips to kiss him, mouth .to suck him and cock to fuck him because I am a very *odd* ball, *indeed*! as in a sort of osmotic way I can sense and appreciate and adore my beautiful young owner who now goes to sleep pressing his velvet cheek tight against me on the pillow.

After school the next day Tuck and his friends gather in a green meadow beside a tumultous stream and I as ever am the prized Guest of Honor, being the only soccer ball present or available for which boon I am most grateful to whatever wee boy-gods there be. Tuck and his ten team-mates belong to the Reds, so named for each one is garbed in red and white calf-socks and red gym-shorts which are loose enough around the upper thighs to afford me many exciting glimpses of no-underpants pretty penile precocities with silky scrotums attached. The opposing team, the Blues, wears blue-and-white socks and blue shorts and they're generally singing the blues because my Tuck and his Reds almost always win! Both teams are attired in identical white T-shirts on the front of which in large bold brown letters are the words: 'Yes, I *do*!' but this not a little puzzles me for does it meanjoyful: 'Yes, I *do* love sex with other boys and men!?' — or does it primly properly Puritanically proclaim: 'Yes, I *do* belong to the Virgin Boys' Purity League!?' I would ask Tuck about this but I *can*'t!

As for me, I love soccer with all my heart and soul as it means getting kicked around with gentle violence and sweet torture by perhaps too enthusiastic but charming young soccerteers who knee me and elbow me or bounce me off their hips or heads or hard little bottoms and though it's against the rules of the game to put their hands on me unless they're goalies, I fervently wish they *would*! During play I try to roll into the path of my beloved owner and otherwise co-operate with him as best I can so he can score a goal. But today everything seems to be going wrong — the Reds appear to have no body-English at all in guiding or directing me and it's going to be Nip-and-Tuck to prevent the Blues from winning an overwhelming victory! Then the biggest lad on the Blue team kicks meso excruciatingly hard that I soar up and up, over and beyond the meadow to plunge headfirst into the river and naturally I can't swim so I'm going down for the third time when sudenly I wake up beside Tuck who obviously is in the throes of a horrible nightmare which causes him to Niagara-drench our bed!

Cleanliness is Next to Sexiness

Recently I heard from an ex-boy of mine named Osbert who despite his unfortunate name was a sexy Whoopee! at 12 but at 13 he and his parents moved to Prattville, Alabama, much to my heart's dolor and a couple years later he was falsely accused of assaulting a 10^{er} Southern laddy from *behind* which I didn't believe for a second as, when I knew Osbert, he was totally a passive little cocks man rather than an active junior ass-ist for even with me he never penilely intruded where he wasn't invited or wanted. Besides which he had less of a possibly intromissive cigarette-prick than even a Camel or a Chesterfield, king-size or not — but saying Osbert *did* pedicate the kiddy, I'm positive the process was far more pleasurable than painful but the poor lad couldn't prove his innocence one way or another so he fled to Atlanta, Georgia, where the sexual climate is more clement and wee Atlantans peddle pot and their posteriors on their perambulant skateboards from one end of town to the other.

However, according to his latest letter, Osbert at 32 has a different problem almost as serious and which is thus: he has met and fallen cock over cowlick for a 13^{er} named Biff but he should be called *Phew!* as he works in his father's fertilizer factory and the evil-smelling sulphur and brimstone and other noisome substances have worked so deep into poor Biff's pores that even though rinsing with cologne, the boy still smells to High Heaven, totally unfit for gracious loving and Osbert states that he can't live with the kid and he can't live without him — so what to do? He closes his letter with touching sentiments: 'Yours lovingly for what used to be between you and me! Osbert'.

I replied as follows: Dear Osbert, I have many happy memories of your 12^{er} delights, especially the warm welcome I always got from the snug harbor of your ardent asshole and I believe I have the answer to your present difficulty. Some years ago I met a farm-boy who was a lovely 13^{er} at the peak of his charm and bloom but he was nicknamed Stinky because he gave off so strong a stench of fresh gooey cow-pat and stale pig-shit and over-age horse-manure he was so offensive an insult to the nostrils and refined olefactory senses that even the neighborhood skunks were complaining to the Board of Health and the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. And even though, like you, I gave Stinky several rigorous soapy showers and such, he still was impossible to bed for aesthetic amour despite my wearing a clothes-pin and two large paper-clips on my schnozz!

Then an advert in the newspaper caught my eye, giving me a possible solution to Stinky's sick-sewer scent so I took him down to the local garage, stripped his clothes off and ran him through the *Car-Wash* three times. The third time he emerged half-drowned, spluttering and hurling curses at me but now *smelling* as clean, pure and sweet as a primavera primrose by passion's brim!

Recipe for Stewed Chicken (*Coq Au Vin*)

No matter how lousy a cook you may be (and I am one of them) you can't go wrong on this Kindergarten recipe for it's easily prepared if you have the two essential ingredients at hand — one of which should be emancipatedly co-operative and you yourself should be fearlessly derring-do and daring do. The quite common, everyday but extraordinarily enticing ingredients required here are 2 quarts (*to hell* with metric measurements!) of Sparkling Burgundy or Pink Champagne (buy the *American* product as the French crap is over-priced if not over-rated) and one tender chicken (*not* a capon!) about 12 or 13 years of age. Simple, isn't it? Just 2 household items needed to devise a gastronomic treat very few gourmets have the pleasure and privilege to banquet on in combination. Also, no cooking is necessary — no slaving over a hot stove, no fuss, no muss, no bother — *unless* you're stupidly careless and the Fuzz come rampaging in full of ire and search-warrants!

Ready for the next step in this very elementary, basic child's-play goodie-goodie? First be sure that the young boychik concerned is sexy, reasonably sane, thoroughly healthy (no genital herpes, *please!*) and well-washed in all his parts, private or otherwise. So far, so good? Then gradually ply him with about a pint of the Burgundy or Champagne (he'll probably protest that he prefers straight Rum or Vodka but don't pay him no mind) until he becomes sweetly sparkle-eyed and giggly — *stewed*, in other words, but don't make him so pissed that he falls flat on his face or you will defeat your own culinary objective here. Are you still *with* me?! If so, now pluck Chicken Little from his fine feathers or cut-off jeans and sneakers and stand him in a large china bowl (preferably white for contrast) and pour the wine over him from the *neck* down, back and front. Don't pour the booze from *above* the neck as Little Greedy-Guts will undoubtedly try to sip up more of it which just might make him sick to his stomach and thus nullify the supreme flavour of the superb 'dish' you seek to feast upon. Here a Gustatory Hint: chickie-boo will probably urgently urge you to jerk him off into the wine in the bowl but don't *do* it! — kiddy-come should never be adulterated and *always* inbibed warm and fresh directly from the cute container it comes from!

Now for the last and best part! Lick the wine from pollito's pretty pelt — and take your time here for it *pays* to pay particular stimulative attention to certain crucial areas — then drink the bubbly from around the young cockerel's feet and his feet, too, at which time Master Roosterino should be so aroused that his various other sexual dividends and bonuses will be yours for the asking. So Good Luck with my original recipe, Godspeed and Happy Drinking and/or Eating, as the case may be!

The Strayed Lamb

The given name of my current heart's joyful unease is Dudley which was speedily perverted into pejorative 'Dud' by his Satanic schoolmates until the youngster painfully changed their minds by kicks and low blows and sundry other modes of boyish mayhem into addressing him respectfully and with bended knee as 'Imp' which he devilishly is, being lean, mean and obscene thirteen — a fierce wolf-cub in deceptive lamb's clothing — as well as being cuddly-small with a quirkish grin, mocking laugh and his cute hard-soft forked little tail is *anteriorly* located!

Imp is also given to teasing tricks such as putting salt in the sugar-bowl, short-sheeting our shameless bed and squirting a few drops of his warm pee-pee into my near ear when I am asleep (improves the hearing, I hear!) — but I forgive him all this boy brutality for he is at that deliriant sexual dawn-time when nothing is as it seems and the Unexpected is the Routine Usual, for one day Imp can spurt gouts of frothy sperm and the next day he's as dry as a Sahara Desert WCTU! Truly a minor failing, however, for gamin Imp has been blessed with a glowing pink-and-white complexion all over his slim body including his feet, an Eros-oval countenance, green eyes with tiny glints of amber and thick satin-slick hair which can't decide if it's light- or dark-blond, thus contriving to be the best of both! In short, this idyllic inamorate is as feloniously tempting as the keys to snoozing King Mida's treasure-chambers. Most days and twice on Sundays charmant Imp whiles away a few or a many contralawful hours with me for which I fork out a loan-sharking fee — what Utter Fool ever said that Love was *free*?! But this lad and I *relate*, we have total limb-twining and intimate organ-rapport in sheet-shaking mutual pleasuring and so happy am I that often I need to pinch myself to see if I'm not experiencing an other-world dream of improbable ecstasy.

Then one gloomy Monday afternoon Disaster rears its hoary head. Woebegone, with tragic mien and melodramatic air Imp bangs on my portal and wrathfuls in.

"You have," he accuses me in acidulous tones, "ruined me in body and soul!"

"Just how do you figure I did *that*?" I creak in dismay.

"I learned all about it in Sex Education Class at school today!"

Here the boy shakes a menacing fist at me and shrieks, "I *gave* myself to you! You went down on me from my ears to my toes, both sides, and you copped my cherry!"

"Oh, come *on*, kiddy!" I interject. "If you ever had a cherry when I first met you then you got it out of a bottle — and may I remind you that you never *gave* me anything, you *rented* it to me and at a bankrupting price!"

"Go ahead — *add* insult to injury!" Imp moans melodramatically. "I'm just a poor lone lorn lamb led astray from the field of righteousness! "

I gape at him. "And where did you read *that*!"

"It was in our Sunday School Paper yesterday."

Ah, well, impressionable young bucks often go off on a Puritan tangent like this but I ever attempt to resolve the dilemma tactfully and with discretion if not bribes. "So what're you planning to do, Irnpy-boo?" I query warily, feeling my way toward a peaceful reconciliation.

"I ain't made up my mind yet but I'll prolly go right straight upto the Eff Bee Eye if not higher!"

"Oh, sweetie, I haven't robbed a bank, or kidnapped or murdered you or even taken you across a State Line for paramoral purposes, so why do you want to sic the *Federal* bloodhounds on me?"

"It's either them or I'll rat on you to the Militant Mothers of America who will cut you up into itty-bitty pieces and feed you to the *hawgs*!" And my little love scowlingly dry-spits into my face (I prefer *wet* boy-spit) and bangs so hard out of the front door that the door-knob falls off.

Naturally/unnaturally I'm in a dither — should I ignominiously haul ass, or stay to face the sour music? I consider all posible Pros and Cons and at last reluctantly begin to pack a small bag for he travels fastest who travels alone and *light* — when I hear a gentle tapping on my door. Is it the Avon Lady or the

Lord High Executioner knocking with a velvet glove concealing the iron fist?! Fearing the worst, I crack open the door and... and there stands *Imp*, grinning sheepishly at me! He sidles in and I say, “Well, have you returned to gloat on my downfall as all the forces of Law and Order converge upon me’!”

The youngster places a placative paw on my arm and smiles ingratiatingly as a prisoner seeking probation or a hacksaw. “Naw, nuthin’ like that, Duke but see, I’ve been thinkin’ about it and *thinkin’* about it and finally I realized ...”

“Yes?” I quaver. “Speak... *speak* or forever hold your piece!”

“Finally I realized that if you double my fee I’ll love to be ruined in body and soul so let’s take up where we left off, OK!”

It's All Done With Mirrors!

As fate or Destiny or Kismet would have it, I for a brief spell was largely unprivileged and underprivileged to know and to consort with an essentially auto-erotic 12 named Austin, but who actually was Narcissus Redivivus — if that's the term I mean to use here as I had to sell my Webster's Unabridged Fictionary (heavy as an anvil with weighty words) to payoff a hard-nosed wee 7^{er} who was not too genteely blackmailing me, the sweet little shit!

Now I'll have you know that Austin was Master-Pretty-as-a-Picture, pearly-white ass, off-and-on diamond-hard off-limits dick, which more about that anon, and a sardonic, sardonix air and aura — for this winsome What's It? was in love *himself* and even wore mirror-specs which should've given me a clue to his nature but I was too stupid to get the hint. Ok, most young lads are self-adorers with good and ample reason, but zany Austin carried it too *far*! Oh, I could hump him as often as I and my prick pleased and were up to it (*if* I paid the stupendously stiff admission-price he demanded) — yet I was never permitted to pleasure his burgeoning genitals or agreeably excite and titillate him above his neck!

“But *why*?” One night I question with expectable perplexity. “I like all of you, baby, so why this irritating exercise in sexual illogic? How come you never let me fellate you or deep-kiss you?”

“I've found a better way — for me, at least,” the boy replies with exasperating enthusiasm, for he is very noticeably stiffening between his hard young thighs — the shape of things to come?!

“What better way? I've never seen you masturbate since I met you — are you some kind of pervert or worse?”

“Well, Duke, you're at work most every day so you don't know what I get up to while you're away!”

“I *see*!” I seeth. “When I'm working my ass off you have another lover to ecstasy you — and in my bed!”

“No, man, I would never do *that* to you-but this's what I *do* do!” And he hops out of bed and goes up the pier-glass in the evil bedroom of this sumptuous rented dump I am presently domiciled in. In case you've never been intimate with same, a pier-glass is a large mirror some 5 feet high that stands on its own two feet and is one of those Victorian eyesores much fancied by females past and present for what twat, young or old, can resist admiring her morales full-length loveliness in almost any object that will reflect it?! (Catoptric catastrophes, these.) And now it seems that Austin is of this vanities persuasion too, for avidly he plasters himself against the glass, with debauched abandon writhing his degenerate front on it while pressing his steaming billing-and-cooing lips to the cold inanimate surface — a poor substitute for *my* ardent mouth! — and he rubs and bumps and grinds against his alter ego until his congested carnival cock convulses and comes all over the lower half of that triple-damned *mirror*! What a swindle! Disgusting, really, but then who am *I* to complain?!

Desirous at least of tasting *second-hand* the boy's passion-juice, I leap from the bed but awful Master See-Urchin is there before me, licking up every last drop of his superb semen spillage and then cleaning his sticky penis and environs with his own saliva'd fingers and hotly sucking his smeared digits with sickening gusto. God in Hell, it's a put-down beyond endurance!

“Ok, Narcissus!” I grate. “That's the last straw and you've broken *this* camel's back with it! Get dressed and get out or get out as you are — I don't give a fuck!”

“You're gonna miss me when you wanta get your nuts off again, Duke,” Austin smirks.

“I'm aware of that far better than you,” I rejoin huffily, “but you're not the only boy-hump on the horizon and besides — I've still got a teeny-weeny little bit of pride left which *you*'ve fractured badly so your permanent absence is urgently to be desired!”

“Ok, Duke, I was about to leave, anyway, 'cause I got an offer of a nice job abroad that's right up my alley.”

“Aboard a broad, no doubt!” I sneer.

“Nope! Aboard myseif abroad,” the kid leers. “With finger-fucking I’m gonna try for added kicks!”

“I feel sorry for you, baby,” I sigh. “You’re a hopeless case beyond redemption!”

“Hopeless to you, Heaven to *me!*” says the boy, very seriously. He dresses, I give him his Severance Pay and as I am ushering him out, he snickers: “No hard feelings, huh, Duke?”

“No hard feelings but no *soft* feelings, either! Nevertheless, I wish you well and may you be happy whatever you do and are.” I close the door firmly and lock it behind him, then return to my lonely bed to ponder upon the various multifarious whimsies of pretty boys!

About a month later I receive from France a postcard in color of the Palace of Versailles. On the back of the card is this snotty message:

Dear Duke: I am now Junior Assistant Caretaker in this Frog joint and every night I have myself three balls in the Hall of Mirrors. Glad you ain’t here!

—Narcissus

Remy Meets Me

It is now 5.30 PM and Mama Taczanowski kisses her son on the cheek, waves to me saying I am welcome here any time, cold-cuts and home-made potato-salad in the refrigerator for us both, excuses herself and bustles off to her job, leaving Remy and me gloriously alone in promiseful togetherness. I wash and dry the coffee cups while he cleans the coffee-pot and he smirks at me — *with appreciation*? “I can see you’re a born housekeeper, Duke — you’ll make some horny boy a good wife yet!”

“I’m afraid not,” I disclaim modestly. “Aside from Chicken, my particular specialty, I cuisine indigestion-style with a heavy touch of ptomaine and also I can’t have babies or...”

“Who the hell needs *babies*?!” the kid snorts. “There’s too fuckin’ many of ’em already. Besides, *I’m* your baby now, ain’t I?”

“I certainly *hope* so, baby-face,” I eager, “though I haven’t received any firm commitment as to that thus far and there’s many a slip ‘twixt the boy and the lip — as I too well know from arid experience!”

“Keep your *pants* on, man — Rome an’ Remy weren’t made in a day!”

“You mean I got to wait *nine months* to make you?!” I groan, appalled. “I *can’t* wait — I’d demise of unrequited adoration and advanced old age!”

“Could be I’ll make *you* in about nine minutes — OK?”

“That sounds somewhat intriguing,” I cautious, “but tell me more of your intended implementation of this machination.”

“That’s a rough-trade secret so wait an’ *see*!”

Lackaday! It’s footless to try to pin puers down to a definite statement of intent or consent, for they’re all either off-put little Jesuits or down-put sexual-dialectic Young Fascists. But here more immediate concerns obtrude. “Uh, Remy, how long will your Mama be at work?”

“She hasta clock in at 6 PM, then she works till 3 AM with an hour off for lunch but sometimes she has *overtime* so she don’t get home before 5 or later. *Why*? You scared she’ll bust in on us in *bed* or somethin’?”

“Well, it’s just that your Mama might’ve forgotten her umbrella or whatever and returned for it *inopportunistically*, as they say.”

“Why should she? It ain’t *rainin’*! Anyway, My Mom never forgets *anything* — like she never forgot my elder brother who useta chase cunt till he came home the next morning all sapped out an’ smellin’ worse’n a cat-house toilet!”

“OK, I just wanted to be sure that we were on safe ground. You see, when you chase *boys* you have to be as alert and wary as some poor fox pursued by a score of baying hounds, and men and horses, and hell knows *what*!”

“I’m glad you realize who our enemies are so *you* be careful, too! Look, Remy, you told your Mama I was helping you in remedial arithmetic but do you *really* need help in that subject?”

“Shit, *yes*! Specially *fractions* — they got me bangin’ my head against the wall!”

“To tell you the honest truth, I was never very good in Math at school either, but since then I’ve had to pay this infernal *Income* Tax which I can’t afford, so little by little I learned how to finagle the Internal Revenue out of a buck or two here and there.”

“*Super*! When we have pillow-talk later on you can teach me all about figures an’ finagling. But come on! I wanta show you my room.”

Still I hesitate. “Baby-face, do you make it a *habit* to bring strange men to your room when your Mama is away?!”

“Shit, *no*! You’re the first one ’cause at your place you got such an awful bed of *nails*!”

I’m the *First One*! My heart is warmed to virtually internal combustion for it seems a signal honor — whatever the reason. “The thing is,” I say somewhat apologetically, “I don’t want to get *you* in trouble or

myself either, you *know*?”

“If you’re outa here by 3 AM we won’t get into no hassle. Jeez, why’re you so scaredy-cat *chicken*? How long’ve you been hustlin’ boys, anyway?!”

“Practically all my Methuselah life.”

“*Christ*! I guess I gotta lead you by the hand like a little snot-nose child!”

I smile to myself like a tomcat in a careless aviary. This hoo-ha is much as I had deviously planned it, for I *do* admire to be led by lightsome lads even by the nose — if they don’t put a ring in it! The youngster push-pulls me into a small hall, to a door which he opens with a flourish — and there is his bedroom, well-furnished, even luxuriously so by my deprived standards: walls painted light-green, window-curtains of pastel gold, thick carpet of bronze hue. Writing-desk and chair, chest of drawers, armchair, bedside-table, bed of gleaming rock-maple, three reading lamps all dustless and polished to high luster.

“Your Mama certainly keeps your room neat and clean — right out of *House Beautiful*!” I marvel.

Remy frowns. “Mom never comes into this room — I take care of it myself.”

Reassuring! Safe boy-havens are rarer than roosters’ ovaries! My eye is caught by the half-open door to a clothes-closet, crammed to overflowing with juvenile attire. “My God!” I exclaim in awe, pointing. “Kiddy, you’ve got more raiment in there than *I*’ve ever had in my whole misspent life!”

Master Affluent shrugs. “They’re mostly gifts from my scores but some of that crap I wouldn’t wear to my own funeral or a dog-fight! Sit on the bed, Duke — see how much better it is than *your* torture-pad!”

A young boy’s Student Prince-size double-bed... ah, what lovely fantasies *that* conjures up of a randy youngling playing with himself before he goes to sleep at night and stimulating himself again when he wakes in the morning — and probably in between! Almost reverently I approach the love-nest, sit on the silk-sleek green-gold coverlet, lie back in sybaritic ease. “Baby-face,” I sigh, well-nigh drifting off on a swan’s-down cloud into Dreamland, “I’ve never felt a more sexually alluring sex-couch since Venus invited me to share her divine divan, but I spurned her as I had a previous date with her little son, *Cupid*!”

“Yeah, *sure*!” Remy sniffs. “An’ I bet you turned down the Queen of Egypt, too! You know — the one who got bit on the ass by an asp?”

“Cleopatra?”

“Yeah, *that*’s the pig! But I don’t wanta hear anymore of your dirty stories so come an’ look at my bathroom!”

I view the bathroom with envy: all tan and green tiling, shatter-proof glass-enclosed commodious shower-stall, gargantuan tub, *twin* washbowls beneath sparkling mirrors, toilet that flushes itself when you get up from the seat, two tan-cushioned benches, dark-green wall-to-wall carpeting — even a bidet which Remy touches fondly. “These are real fun-things, ain’t they? A built-in porcelain enema-bag that flushes out your butt-hole clean as a whistle! Mom thinks they’re sinful and only fit for whores. Well, I’m a boy-whore and I love my work!”

“Your Mama must have to pay a whopping rent for this place.”

“I pay three-fourths of the rent ’cause I earn twice as much money as she does.”

“That reminds me, Remy,” I say anxiously, “How much are you going to charge me for whatever taradiddle we are about to engage in? I’m an immodest man of modest means, you understand, so I may not be able to pay your body-tariff.”

“If you do what I want an’ *satisfy* me then we can negotiate the charge afterward.”

“Now wait just a friggin’ *minute*!” Is this gonna be a unilateral affair here, with you getting all the joy and me stuck with the probably inflated bill?! That’s no good! I’m accustomed to a bit of *reciprocal* action here.”

“You talk too damn much, Duke! Save your tongue for a Round-the-World or somethin’. Be patient — it’ll all work out one way or another or my name ain’t Remy!”

“It *ain’t* — it’s Remiliusz!”

At once I get a blow on my biceps that damn near paralyzes my jerk-off arm and hand. “I *told* you never to call me that!” Master Polack snarls, his eyes green fire.

“I’m sorry,” I wince, rubbing my bruise. “I forgot.” (I *didn’t* forget — I just like to tease once in a while, *too*!)

“Apology *not* accepted! Now peel down — an’ I mean *everything*!”

“In cases like this I usually denude the *boy* before myself.”

“What makes you think this is a *usual* case?!” demands Young Contrary.

“Well, OK — but wouldn’t the *bedroom* be a more sexy and comfortable background for that?”

“No, it wouldn’t. *This*’s the Theater of Operations for what I got in mind.”

“And what precisely have you got in mind?” I squeak nervously, some strange scalawags being not too refined and gentle — sadistically-speaking.

“*You’ll* find out!” Baby-face snickers evilly. “Excuse me a second.” He dashes to bedroom and returns with a bulging pants-pocket and a large magnifying-glass with focusing-light yet, powered by a small battery in the .handle and he proceeds to examine now bare-ass me with more thoroughness than I ever get from even the highest-priced sawbones, going over me inch-by-inch from bald-head to toe with busy lighted glass and fine-tooth-comb eyes. Then he pulls a surgeon’s right hand glove and a tube of KY from his pocket, dons the glove, smears the hump-jelly on his social-finger and circling around me, suddenly and with no finesse or delicacy whatsoever shoves his greased digit deep into my offended rectum, causing me to leap a foot.

“Damn it, take it *easy*!” I yelp. “You’re not digging a post-hole, you know!”

“Hey, man, you’re *tight* for an ol’ bugger like you! How come? Did you get a bunghole transplant or somethin’?”

“*No*! Unfortunately, I’ve got rectumic piles and an enlarged prostate-gland, *that*’s what makes me seem tight.”

Remy shrugs. “Same difference as long as *the feeling*’s there.”

“Aren’t you going to let me take your clothes off and examine *you*? For all I know you got all the sociable diseases plus henital jerpes and an ingrown foreskin!”

“I’m healthier than the American Medical Association! Now get your ass in the shower and start to soap up — there’s a big bar of Maja on the shelf. I’ll be with you in two shakes of Remy’s tail!”

“Don’t shake it *too* much, Baby-face, unless you got accident-insurance! And how’s about letting me ogle you while you strip down? There’s nothing I like better than to see a boy’s beauty slowly revealed bit by sexy bit — it’s the Ultimate in strip-please!”

“*No*! I’m keepin’ my underpants an’ shirt *on* in the shower ’cause that’s less laundry for my poor Mama to do.”

“That’s very thoughtful of *her* but not of me — but then boy-lovers almost always get the shitty end of the stick from everybody!” I self-piteous.

“You’ll get your reward in Heaven, Duke — if you ever get there!”

Fuming, I clamber into the shower-stall, turn on the water and adjust it to a nicely sensuous/sensual temperature as the youngster hops in behind me, grabs the costly Maja soap and begins to lather my back, commencing with the base of my spine and working slowly, delightfully upward — though *downward* would’ve been better. “Thank you, Baby-face,” I grateful, “this is a luxury I hardly expected!”

“I treat my scores *right*,” the boy sniggers, “*most* of the time!” Now he is sudsing my armpits — his right hand in my right armpit, his left hand in my left armpit, his foaming other hand in my... his *other* hand??!!

“Hey!” I yell. “What the hell’s going on here?! Are you an octopus? How many damn hands you *got*, anyway?!”

“I got *two*, mopey-dopey, one in each of your scungy armpits.”

“Then what’s that tickle-tickling in my *butt*-hole, for goodness’ sake?!”

“That’s my *prick*, stupid — what did you think it was, the Washington monument?! Scrooch down a little, if you please, , cause you’re bendin’ my cock.”

“Oh, Remy,” I moan, scrooching down a little, “I didn’t want you to fuck me right off the first thing on the sex-menu ’cause that’s like eating the dessert before the roast beef, potatoes and salad, or whatever. But *you*! You want the Ultimate Objective without any warming-up or foreplay or like lovely that. What’s wrong with you, anyway? You got an active case of extreme satyriasis or something?!”

“Could be I’m just *lucky*, I guess,” the boy shrugs, beginning to thrust deep into my vitals now.

“Lucky for you, unlucky for *me*!” I say tearfully. “I wanted your sweet kiddy-come in my appreciative *mouth* that has a titillant tongue, rather than in my insensate rectum that *doesn’t*!”

“Quit feeling sorry for yourself, Duke, ’cause you’ll *get* it in your mouth, every friggin’ drop!”

“Oh, *sure*!” I say bitterly. “Now kindly inform me just *how* I’m going to do that!”

“Simple!” the boy leers. “I’m wearin’ a *rubber*!”

A Phony Euphoria

Not too many eons ago there reputedly was a randy young lad whose seductive voice was just about to break and he was thrilling to the vaginal core almost every lassie in the entire Midwest by his sexy tones over the phone and his delightfully obscene offers about what he would love to do to every dewy maiden he could get his hot horny hands and tongue and et cetera on or in. And though he doesn't seem a violent or vicious type, his swooningly delicious but somewhat madcap proposals as to way-out sex-play lead his enthralled wet-pantied female audience to name him 'that sweet Screwloose Louis from St. Louis, Missouri' for he makes frequent not too flattering references to that city.

Of course, the uptight FBI and CIA and Fuzz far and wide can't endure having some zany young Lothario subtly destroying the morals of a whole segment of the adolescent female population via Ma Bell, so Drastic Steps are Taken — but the Steps get nowhere for wily Screwloose continues to play fast and loose with his Puritan Law and Order pursuers, whoever they may be.

Now what the Establishment *doesn't* know, and nobody else knows except me, 'cause a little bird who every day and night perches on the telephone-line outside Screwloose's house told *only* me in strictest confidence — and what this wee feather'd gossip (a cuckoo, if I'm not mistaken) revelationed to me is that Screwloose lives in *Kansas City*, not St. Louis, and he is *not* a boy at all but a hoarse-voiced, sex-starved lesbian Old Maid named Prunella!.

Jabberwacky

On his birth-certificate his name is Troy Tutwiler but he is utter Jabberwacky — that is, he's *talk-crazy* and the pity of it all is that he doesn't just talk 69 to the dozen, he also speechifies, he orates, he *declaims* like some filibuster-maddened Senator with lungs of brass and tongue like the demented clapper of a ceaselessly-tolling bell. I call Jabberwacky Troy 'Yak-Yak' for descriptive short and marvel that *his* tongue must be hung in the middle so it flaps at both ends in a never-ending monologue delivered in a shrill parrot-screech voice.

At least the boy is not proud, he will — seemingly he *must* — gab to anybody and anything: people young and old, animals, trees, flowers, lamp-posts, brooks, stones, the sun, the moon, the stars. Naturally he incessantly talks in his sleep and he used to Jabber to himself but himself Jabbered *back* which Yak-Yak didn't like, so now he contents himself with prating to the radio, to the TV, to the movie he goes to every Saturday night because these are incapable of replying. When he eats he chatters through mouthfuls of food and of drink, he yaps to the toilet-paper (if any) when he takes a crap and I wouldn't be a all surprised if he soliloquized to his cock while he masturbates — if, indeed, he's *sane* enough to appreciate the merits of jerking-off. There's even a quite credible rumor going around that Yak-Yak's mama died of shock when her one and only son was born talking a blue streak; and there are some who are firmly convinced that when the lad got his swine-flu shot at 3 years of age, he was vaccinated by mistake with a phonograph-needle. There are others who are of the opinion that while still in the womb, the unborn infant somehow managed to swallow a tiny atom-powered transmitter which can't be dislodged nor can it be shut off.

Needless to say, man and beast agree that this kid with diarrhea of the mouth is a perambulant disaster — a wimp and a nerd and viler epithets best unheard, and all shun him like the black Plague or the Income-Tax Collector. Even inanimate objects would flee from him if they could but they *can't* so the pitiful things perforce must suffer in silence. It is, in fact, totally impossible to *insult* insensitive Yak-Yak and he's wholly impervious to snubs, put-downs, put-offs, evasions, etc. One could *drown* him, I suppose, but that seems a bit inconsiderate.

I have mixed reactions to this unique urchin who appears to be mostly mouth and little else. Sometimes I think he's the village idiot and other times I'm positive he's a clownish near-genius who is laughing at us all — one never is *really* sure where one is at with most ball-bearings. Now I have known several delightful young chatter-boxes over the years who ranged from pretty to downright upright *beautiful* and none of them ever overdid their charming speechifying. *Not* so with pestiferous 13^{er} (unlucky number!) Yak-Yak who overdoes everything — even as to his personal appearance. In looks he's an abundance of nothing, an offense to the eye with a face that would sink a thousand ships plus *buckteeth* yet and he has about as much Sex Appeal as a Hangman's Noose.

The Hell of it, dear and gentle readers, is that *I* am a captive audience to Yak-Yak's lingual atrocities as the small converted garage which is presently my dismal habitat is rented from Y-Y's Daddy, and I'm a trifle behind in the monthly rent (due to earlier obligations), so if I'm *not* nice to this too-tonguey brat, he'll probably complain to his burly sire and *I'll* get thrown out of my slummy pad on my sorry rear. Thus I put up with Master Jabberwacky's frequent unwelcome visits for my *own* benefit and welfare and also because he seems to have adopted me as a sort of stooge or puppet to listen to his endless meanderings, and so in one way or another we horribly *do* seem to have achieved a certain uncertain guardedly suspicious if not overtly hostile rapport.

And on this late Saturday in late May he comes over, strangely subdued and relatively quiet for once and squats on a hassock at my feet. "Well, Y-Y," I sigh, "What's troubling your psychopathic mind *now*?"

"Oh, nothing much," he replies vaguely, untypically. "*Hey*, you know what I saw on the corner of Airedale Avenue and Dachshund Drive just now?"

“Obviously you *didn’t* see a hurricane which might hopefully have blown you into the middle of the Atlantic Ocean!”

“Jcez, man, don’t kid around! No, I saw two dogs screwing.”

“When you *don’t* see two canines humping on *any* street then that’s *news!*!”

“Yeah, but these were two *bitches* so how could they fuck?!”

“They didn’t—they were just going through the *motions* as here it’s the sexual urge and the mating instinct emotions involved rather than the penile *instrumentality* that counts, you see.”

“Well, *stone* the crows — I didn’t know that!”

“Now that you know it, go *home*, Yak-Yak! I’ve been on my feet in the salt-mines all day and I’m dead for sleep.”

“Yeah, OK — there’s just one other little thing.”

“Oh, Lord, give me *patience!*”

“You got paid today, Duke, so can you lend me twenty bucks?”

“No, I can *not!* After I pay your capitalist landlord Daddy something on the rent I owe him and buy a bit of food for the coming week, I’ll be broker than the Ten Commandments.”

“I need the money *bad*, Duke!”

“So get it from your Daddy — he’s *rolling* in it!”

“He’s in Palm Beach at some friggin’ convention or other.”

“That’s *your* tough tiddy, not mine.”

“Look, Duke, if you lend me the bucks I’ll let you suck my dick!”

“I don’t even want to *see* your damn dick, much less go down on it!”

“Oh, God, what’m I gonna *do?*” the boy moans — and there are actually *tears* in his eyes! Some silly juvenile emergency, I gather, but surely nothing of crucial importance. Now Y-Y leans forward and begins to stroke my knee, then my inner thigh, all the while gabbing unintelligibly to himself or to who the Hell knows whom or *what!* Finally he raises his *for once* blushful face but avoiding my eyes, he mumbles: “*Lissen*, Duke, if you could please give me the bread then I’ll... I’ll blow you!”

My goodness gracious, *here’s* a switch — boy fellating *man!* A too seldom sometime thing but, as ever, I’m cautious ’cause no doubt there’s a subtle *catch* here somewhere if I can just spot it. “You ever oral-intercoursed a *man* before?” I query dubiously.

“No, but I’ve done another *boy*. You know, he did me and I did him.”

H’m yes! To get sucked off by the blabbermouth son of my Scrooge landlord much appeals to me. “OK, Y-Y, you gotta *deal!*” I eager, spreading my legs. “There it is, help yourself and happy days!”

The boy drops to his knees before me, hesitates. “Uh, Duke, it ain’t that I don’t *trust* you but could I have the *bread* first?”

Quite the little business-man loan-shark, this confounded nuisance is — just like his bluddy Daddy! Ah, well, I’ve always paid for my perverse pleasures, such as they were and weren’t. Reluctantly and with difficulty I pry two shy retiring sawbucks out of my Made in Scotland moldy purse and hand them over to two greedy grasping claws. “All right, I *paid!* Now let’s see some action!”

To give the devil his due, the kid knows his business though I wish he’d stop talking or mumbling or muttering while he licks, tongues and kisses my perineum and my balls and the shaft of my cock until my private parts are smoking like a soon-to-erupt volcano — and then he takes my glans in his mouth and... and OW!! OW-WOOOOO!!!

Woe is me! In the heat of the moment I forgot all about Master Jabberwacky’s razor-sharp *buckteeth* but now two weeks later my Sawbones says my penis *should* be almost as good as new, once the 16 stitches are taken out.

Chicken to Go

Ten little joy-boys, high on youth and grass;
One get hair-burns, humping a Judge's ass.
Then there were...

Nine little joy-boys, exposing their pretty wares;
One got his nuts cracked, falling down stairs.
Then there were...

Eight little joy-boys, sitting in a row;
One got amnesia, forgot how to blow.
Then there were...

Seven little joy-boys, all so fine and sleek;
One get kidnapped by an oily sheik.
Then there were...

Six little joy-boys, sinning not above;
One met a *nice* guy, madly fell in love.
Then there were...

Five little joy-boys, bright eyes all a-roam;
One saw his Mommy coming, scampered off home.
Then there were...

Four little joy-boys, of their kind so grand;
One got guilt-feelings, couldn't make it stand.
Then there were...

Three little joy-boys, vending bliss for pelf;
One aped Narcissus, went down on *himself*.
Then there were...

Two little joy-boys, yearning for a grope;
One got Holy and eloped with the Pope.
Then there were...

One little joy-boy, feeling Oh! So lonely
Till he took Satan for his One and Only.

Ah, jubilee joy-boys, may your tribe increase —
Toward Men good-will, on earth Heaven-piece!

The Gooseberry Fool

In Washington, D.C. (the D.C. Stands for Delirium Compounded) I recently attended the funeral of a favourite but depressingly hetero uncle of mine (he died of Matrimony and Penile Shortcomings), and since this is the Year of the Wild Child, I hung around for a bit to assess juvenile penissentials — and the local scrotum sub-culture does, indeed, seem most promising, for I see passels of personable puers but they all have that dull-eyed sated look of youngsters who've just been thoroughly vacuum'd and need time and proteins to replenish their seedling spermaries. (I'm told that in our Nation's Capital there are more boy-lovers per square squirt than you can shake a search-warrant at.)

Then in front of the Hay-Adams Hotel I spy a sparkling sugar-tit so hubrisly hyperbolic that he has all my five senses plus ESP drooling with desire, for he sports a silky corona of aureate curls crowning a countenance classic with capricioso comeliness: larkspur-blue eyes, tiny dimple-dents at the corners of his coral lips and a third love-dot in his satin-smooth chin. In years he's evidently just barely tiptoe on the brink of puberty and he's neatly attired in white sneakers, white T-shirt and flesh-tan jeans which so ardently embrace his nether parts that his inflated Arrow of Amour is outlined with cameo clarity.

Closely observing him, I am somewhat bemused by this nonage Nonpareil — can he be Hay-Adams *Junior* pimping for his Papa's too high-priced caravansary and offering rooms with a beddable boy laid on?! As he stands there I see several men entering or leaving the hotel who screech to a rubber-scorching halt as they glimpse him, gape in admiration and then say something to him, but evidently Golden Boy is either a Certified Virgin or the fee they tender isn't financial enough, for they're aloofly cold-shouldered, one and all. Then up purrs a sleek black Cadillac with diplomatic plates out of which crawls what looks like a senile tortoise and so long in the tooth that he could very well/bad be the Ambassador from Transylvania, thirstily seeking pubescent throats to puncture-and *damn* if the kidlet doesn't go hand-in-hand and arm-around-waist into the hotel with this slimy slug, leaving me bereft, bereaved and begrudgeful.

Feeling worse than a hot-pantie June bride jilted as she's just about to climb into the wedding-bed, I hopeful around for an hour or more then sourly deject toward my poor-white furnished-room. Home-bound, I take a shortcut through a fetid alley and what do my dazzled eyes behold but Little Peerless, just shaking his limber hose of the last drops of his amber effluent after pissing against an unappreciative wall. I gallop up to him and exclaim: "*Hey!* I just saw you going into the Hay-Adams Hotel and now you're *here*. Have you maybe perhaps possibly got an indistinguishable identical twin, or clone, or something to confuse an admiring public-meaning *me*?!"

Master Paramount doesn't even look up at me as carefully he stows his indispensable dispenser within the arcane purlieus of his lucky jeans and mutters:

"Get lost, man — this's my lunch-hour."

"Screw your lunch-hour and *you*, too! I asked you a civil question and if I don't get a polite answer I'm gonna kick your tender ass from here to the White House!" (I'm always *most* tactful with lads I'm not yet familiar with!)

That got the boy's indignant attention and sour-faced he surveys me with slitted eyes, then with the brutal frankness of his sex and age exclaims: "Jesus, you're an ugly old bastard, *ain't* you!"

"That's why I go for pretty young boys — opposites *attract*!"

"You *repel* me. *Hey*, you're a Gooseberry!"

"*I am* not!" I deny hotly. "I'm a kiddyphile — if kiddy has two balls in the corner pocket."

"*I qualify*!" the youngster smirks dirtily. "No, man, what I mean is, you're a Gooseberry 'cause you got *green* eyes, catch?"

"So is that bad?"

"It's *lucky* — like a hunchback! You wanna be my Good Luck Piece?"

“If the job is steady. By the way, I saw that old turtle pick you up in front of the Hay-Adams and...”

“*Him!*” the lad snorts. “Gooseberry, you know what he wanted to do?! He wanted to suck my ass with a *cundrum* on his tongue! Fuck that shit! I *always* clean my hole good after I take a crap or whatever and I shoulda slugged him for insultin’ my backside but it’s *Be Kind to Dumb Animals Week*.”

“Maybe he had the hoof-and-mouth disease. Personally, I don’t go in for that kind of rubberized tongue-in-cheekiness, for with me it’s skin-on-skin-on-membrane all the way! Which reminds me- are you free for a romp in the Hay-Adams or elsewhere?”

“You sure flatter the hell out of me, don’t you!”

“Yeah, I like to make guys feel good, you *know*? But let’s go to my place — I’m expecting an important phone-call.”

We go to his place, a miniscule apartment on some Street of No Return wherein he plays the perfect host, pushing me into a Grandma Moses rocking-chair and producing a fifth of Old Grandad. I tell him that while free booze is always welcome, I’m more partial to guzzling Young Grandson, and the delightful kid promises I’ll get *that* for a chaser, meanwhile dunking his balls into my drink to give it that piquant nut-like flavor. Anon I totally denude him and he peels down gorgeous — five feet plus of perfection and still *growing*; as clean between his toes as he is behind his ears and as trimly slimly beautiful going as he is coming — what mere *girl* can say the asswise same?! I glut my eyes on his taut boyish breasts with wee winky niplets upstanding and his deep narrow tongue-solicitant navel and his lewd little fun-bag ‘neath an aspiring sticky-mouth’d peterkin and his smooth compact love-buns sheltering the tiny rosepink bud that seems to be saying: “Smell me, taste me, *pluck* me, please!”

In bed, for Starters I make the boy’s cream rise by using my unpatented shaft-acorn-bridle flank attack and as the youngster writhingly convulses, he cries: “Oh, God! Oh, *God!*” which I presume is not addressed to me personally — and it takes three tasty minutes of leisurely stripping before his geyser is completely dry! Then we go on to do what all well-bred, well-brought-up lads and their lovers do until blissfully depleted, we pillow-talk where belatedly I learn that my young guru’s name is Burr and he’s like 12 or thereabouts, his mother is a Soiled Dove Lady of the Evening Streetwalker and he hardly remembers his father who’s up in Alaska working on the oil pipe-line for the past eight years — but the one he really misses is his older brother Clay who used to baby-sit Burr and give him his cock to suck when at times there was no food or milk in the house. Furthermore, Burr has a burr up his ass on account of much loved Clay sitting in prison for 22 consecutive lifetime sentences because slimy politicians strengthened an anti-boy-love law that tripped him up, so the boy hates politicians to death if not worse and is hot to rip them off in any way he can. I know just how he feels, for I too lost some prized ex-boys to the cops and shrinks that enforce these laws (don’t touch a cock, dumb, or you’ll have Fairy Jewell and Dr. A. Nicholas Finkel-Gerber electrocuting your now-public parts and messing around in your hormones and squirting ammonia up your nose!). *Readers!* Don’t be deluded by the subtle propaganda that Politicians are servants of the People, for they are *not*! The tax-paying,ailable People are *slaves* of the Politicians!

Rebels with a Cause, Burr and I put our several heads together to plot some highly necessary changes, finally deciding to pull the old Badger Game on any Professional Congressional sexphobe the kid can lure into his fleshly net and when the schmuck is in a nicely compromising position I will rush in with my lethal looking cigaret-lighter pistol and my Brownie camera, shouting that I’m the boy’s *father* while I brandish my weapon and snap away until the terrified mark promises — under threat of exposure and disgrace — to do all in his power to politically privatize private parts.

Ah, Burr and I could’ve changed the History of the World — except for one asinine imponderable. One afternoon the boy picks up a bearded snerp who looks like the Senior Senator from West Dakota and takes him home and three minutes later I burst in with Gun and Camera to find the guy *already* seven inches deep into Burr’s delicate asshole and furiously I holler: “I’m this boy’s *Daddy* and I’ll see that you’ll get twenty years at hard labor for Aggravated Sodomy on the Under-aged Half-shell!”

Burr raises a disconsolate face and with tears in his eyes he mournfuls: “Gooseberry, don’t look now but we been royally screwed ’cause this guy who is in me is my *for-real* Daddy and he’s takin’ me back to Alaska with him!

Close Encounters With the Third Grade

Are we with it?
Well, I *guess*!
Boys for sex...
Yes, yes, yes!

Familiarity breeds Attempt, so I'm told, but you can't prove it by me for the boy-lover's chief problem is how to even *meet* the objects of his affection — much less becoming woo-woo with them. That difficulty was largely resolved for me when I was six untender years of age — I was drafted into baby-sitting my year-old nephew Verne. At 6 I was a solemn, sober, serious, reserved, 'responsible' sort of little creep who already long knew in a hazy, confused, thrilling, chilling but wondrous way that I was attracted to comely boys so I assumed the task with enthusiasm, for Verne was Hylas-handsome — but nothing untoward happened then because I was so stupid dumb ignorant that I still didn't know how to give the kiddy and myself gasping pleasure in childish games. Additional sitting-jobs later ensued but it wasn't until I was 16 that I fully realized what this delightful avocation could provide me and my sittee in clandestine ecstasy.

Now you may conclude that an adult male baby-sitter is ridiculous and absurd, not to say highly suspect of certain sneaky slimy sticky sodomic shenanigans, but I have some favorable factors going for me. For instance, I *appear* as masculine and straight and square as Henry VIII, whereas in reality I'm about as cubic boywise as *Times* Square and you know what a lovely cesspool *that* is, where you can not unseldom pick up a feisty little 8^{er}-on-up and *up* who badly needs a fiver for no good reason. Also I give excellent service as I usually charge considerably less than the going rate if the sittee is a good-looking boy; I don't use the telephone for endless calls to my boy-friend as girl sitters generally do; I don't raid the refrigerator unless invited to and even then I'm modest in my forays, and if there are some dirty dishes in the kitchen-sink or the like from a hasty parental pre-departure meal — I wash them up. I strive to *please* — for obvious reasons! Mothers seem invariably to trust me and it's mainly by their word-of-mouth that I get additional intriguing kiddy-chores... 'Oh, my dear, that Mr. Dukahz is so good with children!' Fathers, where there are same, are rather more contemptuous than suspicious but they much like my reduced pay-scale. Besides, I *look* sexually harmless as Pablum and twice as bland.

St. Nicholas, the patron Saint of Children, was the first male baby-sitter of record and renown but the Thunder of Little Feet finally got to be too decibel for him and he retired to a mountain castle with a beautiful 12^{er} amoretto who was as soft-footed as the ravishing little heart-thief he was! Gilles de Retz sat kiddies, too, but *his* Tender Loving Care left much to be desired. Baby-sitting is essentially child's play and a boy-fancier's success in gentle seduction depends upon his finesse and his Sixth Sense of how far he can go too far. He should also constantly keep in mind that while young lads on the whole are toothsome tender — they're not *legal* tender.

I generally avoid taking care of little girls though they're far easier to make than ball-bearings for they all have that Eve-the-Temptress (and Lilith the Destroyer) quality bred into them down the Ages from the primordial Dawn of Humankind. However, if the lass has a ball-breaker brother I'm Johnny-on-the-Spot, for brothers ever stand out and usually have a more definitive beauty and interesting personality amid a host of other signal advantages. In such sibling cases I give the cunt a small box of cheap cosmetics plus a magnifying mirror and at once she's occupied for the evening — leaving me free to devote all my loving attention to her cock'd kin. Alas, in rare instances the *lad* will also start fiddle-fucking around with powder, paint, mirror, etc., and reluctantly I usually write him off, though occasionally I have *en passant* enjoyed a soupçon of idlesse amour with a swishy limp-wrister if nothing better beckoned, but in the main

I prefer boys to be ruggedly masculine and proud of it. The sexes should be distinctly separate — they always *will* be unequal.

Unfortunately, too many of my kiddie-jobs are one-night stands — I'm just a substitute for the regular female sitter who is temporarily absent getting an abortion or a hysterectomy and here I seldom make a pass at a strange youngster I'll probably never see again because I'm not sure he can keep his little yap shut about a pass too soon. Of course, if some hot-nuts young studeroo shoves his pajama-pants down to his knees to show me three erect inches of pink passion and asks if I'd like to suck it, I promptly bruise my own knees in obliging for it would be highly impolite to refuse. With a regular sittee I still proceed cautiously, initially feeling him out as to his reactions to man-boy diddy-whomping, asking him what he thinks of queers and the like, and if he doesn't start spitting sparks and insults at this juncture, I feel reasonably safe in going on to make more pointed overtures.

Other kids I approach with circumspection are those who seem at first meeting to be too dominated by their authority-figure parents, particularly on the maternal side. A youngster may at least *appear* to be a Mama's boy (very dangerous in most cases!) or Mommy's apron-strings are throttling his neck like a hangman's noose and this type I subject to a little test to determine if the wee laddykin is trustworthy. I'll say to him: "Can you keep a secret?" (Most boys love secrets as it creates an ambiance of confidential camaraderie and an exciting sense of power and oneness with the other person — and what normal child of 7-Up does *not* have a secret so-called 'shameful' sex-life of one kind or another, extensive or limited?

So the kid replies, falsely or no: "*Sure* I can keep a secret! I won't even tell my teddy-bear!" Pretending to be a furtive desperado on the lam, I whisper into lambie's ear: "Don't tell a soul but I just escaped from Sing-Sing / Quentin / Attica / Alcatraz / Leavenworth and points South!" At once I'm deluged with awed queries from the bug-eyed tot, feverishly fascinated: What did I do — *kill* somebody? Rob a bank? Rape a girl? Do I carry a gun? Am I a Russian spy? And so forth. Luckily I'm, not *presently* an escaped convict nor even hunted for lovely 'crimes' with pre- or post-pubescents but I spin my potential prey a lurid tale, keep my itchy fingers strictly to myself-and await developments. If the young-un is a blabber-mouth I will shortly get a vitriolic phone-call from his outraged Momma or a gung-ho visit from the local Fuzz. Thanks be to God, to date the little darlings have never squealed on me except for one green-eyed Jersey 9^{er}, sexy as a morals charge in 69 specifications, who ratted his head off because he thought I had a more favorite boy in New York city! His parents Christianly forgave me but told me never to show my face in their home again. So few people understand the sexual nature of young lads and the men who sincerely love them.

As you will have gathered, over the years I've devoted much time and effort and blood, sweat and tears toward developing baby-sitting into a fine art — naturally, always with some risk — yet it has proved to be immensely rewarding in boy-spot mutual pleasure and profit. Lad-lovers have been accused of being immature, of Peter Panly never having 'grown up', of regressing to a virtual childhood in matters of sex, of being degenerate and depraved connoisseurs of Youth's delicate blossoms as the exclusive and sanctified meat. Happily I plead 'Guilty!' to all these delightful aberrations, not only because I love it but-more important — because the little ones like it, too, and I heartily, heartfully admire to see boys grow up *ecstatic*. 'Suffer little (male) children to come onto me' is the one Biblical adjuration I obey most religiously.

Of the relatively small number of ballerinos I've sat (and some sat on me!), special Dishonorable Mention should be made of the priapic third-graders who to me are particularly alluring and arousing. At age 8 a boy is a generally more intensely macho male than is the average man, for the lad's natural, spontaneous masculine, aggressive, predatory and even primitive impulses have not yet been suppressed or channeled into the 'civilized' deportment demanded by the puritanical establishment. *Born* pagan to the core, youngsters at the magic Year of Eight seem to 'wake up' to the comprehensive sex-scene — hetero, bisexual, boysexual or you name it! These kid- lets almost never have any melancholy moral judgments,

are usually completely uninhibited and to intimately ‘know’ one of these small Fascinators is to be privileged above the Gods,

The following are brief accounts of some of the more memorable blossoms in my pre-/post-pubertal Kindergarten *Bouquet-not* listed in the disorder of their appearance.

Adam, 8, a sweeter than mother-love Michigander (Traverse City) garbed at the moment in mini pajama-pants and nothing else. By virtue of ESP or queer intuition I feel he’s a safe type to horse around with so I goose the little gosling and he wriggle-giggles: “That felt *Wow!* Goose me again!” and before you can say ‘Molestation of a Minor’ I’ve got my avid hands down the inside of his pants, front and back, and then I’ve got his pants off him entirely and am fellating his eagerly thrusting three-and-a-half stiff inches to 3 dry orgasms in quick succession, as evinced by head-to-toe body-shivers and squinching up of his puer-pretty face — then his Mama-poo prematurely returns from an Evening at Bridge. She lacks *tact!*

Alan, 10, Manhattan, cinandre hair, candy-floss eyelashes, humid and tumid but he’s a glue-head, presently in a half-daze and stinks so strongly of the shit he sniffs that it damn near wet-blankets my romantic interest. I warn him that he’s ruining his liver and his libido but he’s too busy with brown-paper bag, wad of cotton and tube of model-airplane stickum to heed my advice. So summarily I confiscate his paraphernalia and throw it down the incinerator-chute, whereupon Alan becomes cursingly hostile and urging me to meet him in Fist City! On occasion you have to be mildly fascistic with lads to save them from a worser fate so I armlock the little punk into the bathroom, shove him into the shower to deodorize him, dry his svelte carcass, carry him to his youth-bed, pin his flailing limbs beneath me — and shortly the multi-climaxing boy admits that my lips and tongue and hands and so on are even more kinky-kicky than *glue!*

Blaine, 5, Revere, Massachusetts, tubbed, scrubbed and shining — a wee blondino boy-vestal, all pink and gold desire. He was already in bed when I went over to sit him and I found the bubchen lying buck-ass naked on the sheets, sucking the thumb of his left hand while his right hand caressed his rock-hard little noodle. Immediately and without permission I replaced Blaine’s right hand with my hot wet mouth and the kid coos softly at me as he sticks *both* his thumbs between his practiced lips. Some sexperts say that a laddie who sucks a thumb will suck a cock but here the proof of the pudding is in the *eating!*

Archie, 9, New Rochelle, New York — a vibrant Sagittarius the Archer, but hellish stingy with his arrow. He lets me ogle him while he takes a leisurely tub-bath during which he gracefully flips and flops like a sleek wet seal-cub to show me everything he’s got: cerise hard niplets in a beige surround, pasquinade penis, balls like tasty chewy caramel gumdrops and an ass so pinkly pure and perfect that overnight it would metamorphose the relatively clean-living and moralesless sinless Twin Cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis into sex-seething Sodom and Gomorrah! As he cavorts in the water, the lad’s Limb of Satan begins to fuss-fidget, standing straight out from the boy’s lean whippy body like a long-barrel’d pistol aimed directly at my tonsils!

Flinging caution and restraint out of the window, I grovel beside the tub and attempt to take the wee teaser’s obviously needful prickle between my lips — but Archie flings gobs of soapsuds into my eyes and mouth and growls that he has too much respect for his cock to let a scummy creep like *me* suck it! (Alack, boys far too often are uncanny and unerring judges of adult male character!)

Barr, 9, High Point, North Carolina — a Paphian sardonic all sweet flesh-pink and eye-blue and hair-gold, profile like an antique Greek medallion and though his head enchants and his tail no less so, he seems to be one of those maddening godlings who are exquisitely made but never to be *made!* On four different occasions I sit him before I hope-hopelessly summon up the courage to essay the most

conventional of passes — a gentle touch between his pajama'd thighs lighter than a hummingbird's fallen feather floating in the summer air. Instantly the boy bats my heinous hand away! Desperate with pueromania, I attempt a repeat intimacy — and Barr bats my hand away! Losing all control, I tremble-finger trespass in a third tender assault — and Barr seizes my interloper hand, bites it painfully and says: “*Quit feelin’ me* — that’s no kick! Either *blow* me front and back or get lost!” (Naturally I don’t get lost for I’ve been *boy-lost* since about the age of three when I was just *barely* emancipated from that humiliating receptacle, the China Potty!)

Bertram, 10, from the Sooner State (the natives thereof would Sooner fuck than anything, so I’m not identifying the city in order to protect the fellow-guilty). Bertie’s parents were egomaniac careerists who left their son and heir largely to his own devices and he made the most of his freedom. I sat the kid only once and it was a fiasco I’d sooner forget than fondly recollect. He was a pulchritude-plus cherry tartlet with tanglewild hair, idlewild habits, risque face and outre corpus — a strange fruit who loved to suck cock if the suckee struck his deviant fancy, for beauteous Bertram was convinced that the more select and special sperm he swallowed, the bigger and better his *own* cock would grow and crow from early morn to latest dusk, *amen*! As circus-king P. T. Barnum once remarked: “There’s a sucker born every minute, thank God!” and while I don’t know if Phineas T. Barnum was intelligent and fastidious enough to be boy-smitten, I *do* know that certainly boy-love is the Coming Thing and the Semenal Wave of the Future, but like every good thing it can be over- or *underdone*. The latter was my personal misfortune for when at long last I got to sit this sweet sin-eater he was just climbing nude into beddy-bye and pantingly I note that he’s a lush little piece of erotica who exudes an air of wanton abandon right down to the faint dusting of male maiden-hair on his pubis. Chewing the cud of concupiscence, I forthwith strive for criminal conjunction with this unique honeysuckle, but Gadzooks! There’s many a slip ‘twixt the dick and the lip for too obviously I do not dwell in the suburbs of Bertie’s pleasure as he turns sulky-sullen and accuses me of being some kinda undercover Fuzz trying to trap him — so if he sucked me off he would not only be incriminating himself but also I’m not circumcised and he’s *deathly* allergic to foreskins!

Licking my ego-wounds, I left that benighted boy and burg shorty thereafter but several weeks later I learned that carnivorous Bertie is no longer content to give individual oral relief-massages to rampantly randy peekers but is now into *group*-therapy, go-downwise, And to date the high point of his ardent suck-tioneering was surely last Friday the Thirteenth when he conceived a sudden mad passion for the entire local Junior High-School Boys’ Basketball Team (all presumably non-allergically clean-curl), and insinuating himself into their locker-room just before the Big Game of the Season, thirsty Bertie so thoroughly sapped all the players that when they staggered out into the gymnasium they could hardly see the baskets, much less toss their balls into them. As to be expected, the hometown fans and rooters began to hurl obscenities and everything else they could lay their hands on at the bemused and seemingly paralyzed athletes — but the Team thumbed their noses and their gym-pants’ flies at the crowd and shouted back: “*Fuck* basketball! We... Want-... *Bertram!!!*”

Rex, a dewy nine-and-a-half, lives in Pratt, Kansas, and is more scintillating than all the diamonds in Tiffany’s, but he’s also a hard-nosed little negative-activist as whenever I beseech for some trifling body-bonus like putting a fervent kiss on the palm of his cleaner hand, I get the same dusty answer: “NO!” in infinite variations. So OK, I gopher an urchin who doesn’t belly-flop the instant you start to unzip your pants, for such kids have innate dignity and self-respect — yet Rex pushed his imago-esteem to an unacceptable extreme and I was perforce forced To Take Steps! One evening while he’s in my charge, I impulsely embrace him and begin to soul-kiss his near ear but he gives me a swat in the kisser that damn near fractures my dental falsies and yelps: “*Lay off!* That’s obscenery, obcenical, oh... *you* know!”

“Look, mush-head,” I refute, “*obscene* is some fat human sow getting her jaws wired shut or her stomach stitched half-closed so she can’t eat her awful self to death! *Obscene* is cats fed on caviar and smeary-eyed yapping neurotic lapdogs wearing jeweled collars and mink overcoats while too many nice young boys the world over never get enough to *eat*!”

“Oh, kiss my *ass*!” the kiddy snarls, brandishing his tiny fist anew.

Well, of *course* I want to smooch Rex’s bottom and the little amusement park *between* his warm buns as well as arousing adjacencies just around the corner of his hips — but now is not the most auspicious moment to tell him that, so I gruff: “Look, pickle-puss, I’d gladly kiss your ass but it looks too goddam much like your *face*!”

The boy flashes a startled glance at me, then bursts into raucous laughter. Evidently he possesses a heretofore dormant sense of sexual humor which I’ve awakened with a ‘dirty’ joke for now whenever I sit him, the first thing he privately says to me is: “Kiss my *ass*!” — not in frigid insult but in fever’d invitation!

Bunny, 7, was a clipped cutie from Cucamonga, California, a fawn-eyed wee faun whose warm hard empyrean little body embraced a shy symphony of childish grace and in its age-class his teeny-flop meat couldn’t be beat — though it *was*! He early abandoned himself to my oral possession and I still have fond memories of his ever-hard hot-rod and his warm nut-bag soft and clinging to my adrant lips as a new spun spider-web, Bunny often standing up on the couch, his bare feet either side of sitting me as he thrusts his demanding spire of desire into my mouth. And when I’ve climax’d his lively fandangle for the umpteenth time (who keeps count at a time like this?!) naively the sweetie asks, “Why do you like to suck my Dirty Dick?”-and I reply: “Well, you see, it’s not me but my *taste-buds* who are queer for boy-cock and I must confess I heartily agree with them!” Then in cross-examination I inquire: “Bunny-honey, what do you *think* about while I’m blowing you?” “Oh,” the kidlet sighs, “I think about how grand it feels and how funny that a *man* is doing it to me and how I hope my *Momma* don’t find out ’cause she’d prob’ly kill us both!”

Of course, Bunny was a dry little squirt but his orgasmic reactions were delightful to see, feel and savor — much trembling of limbs and gasping muted cries as he convulsed in a festival of fellation. Even before I knew his name I’d spied him gamboling about the neighborhood and the sight of him, the sound of his delicate little hoofs pitter-pattering about, soon supercharged my inborn yen for tender lamb, but here my attempts merely to talk to him came to naught — evidently he’d been warned about the perils of ‘strange’ men so I was in the depths of despair anent acquiring a little playmate since Cucamonga, untypical of California as a whole, is *not* a town where handsome lads break down your door to go to bed with you. But then apparently my guardian-angel (male, 10, surpassing fair!) looked down upon me, decided my frustrated unvirtue should be rewarded and intervened on my behalf, for that very afternoon I get a phone-call from Bunny’s mother, asking if I can sit her son this evening as I’ve been highly recommended by Mrs. Dawn Ginsburg. I reply I’ll be only too happy to take care of her little boy (though the Ginsburg triplets, while Einsteinly intelligent, were a trio of no hits, no runs, all errors for Morris was obese, Sidney was obtuse and Irving had the Whooping Cough).

As directed, promptly at 7 PM I present myself in my Sunday-best togs at Bunny’s front door and his maternal parent (poor paterfamilias fled some six years ago) keeps me standing there while she inspects me and third-degrees me about my past, present and ominous future. After 10 minutes she still seems somewhat dubious about me until I tell her I never ask payment for a *first* sitting — a sort of special introductory offer — whereupon she mellows considerably and yanks me in by the arm before I can change my mind, which I have no intention of doing!! However, Mommy-dear, I fear, is short, squat, granite-faced with piercing eyes, hard thin-lipped mouth and an ass that would be wall-to-wall in an old-fashioned respectable telephone-booth.

Meek and silent, Bunny is sitting in a chair in the living-room and he suffers some final stern instructions to which he timidly responds:

“Yes, Momma!”, “No, Momma!”. “OK, Momma!” — and ’tis all too shamefully evident that Svengali madre has Trilby’d her defenseless offspring into a pitiful little zombie! Upon departing, Momma remarks to me: “You shouldn’t have any trouble with my son as I’ve taken great pains — to him and to me — to train him well. Why, would you believe that without even being told he goes to bed at seven sharp every night?!” Now in my experience no healthy sane 7^{er} willingly goes to bed at that early hour *except* for one compelling reason — moralesse absolute privacy on or between the sheets where several blissful things can happen and usually *do*!

Bunny is polite but reserved with me and as the Grandfather Clock strikes the magic hour he hurries off to bathroom to take a noisy leak, forgets to flush the toilet, then brushes his milk-teeth and moments later dashes to his bedroom, pajama-clad. I wait five impatient minutes, then stealthily try his door which luckily is unlocked and I ease it open a bare inch, peer within. *Just* as I’d fondly hoped and suspected/expected. ‘Model’ youngsters go early to bed so they’ll uninterrupted be early to *rise* and Bunny, sans pajama- pants, is well-risen and deep into the delightful pump and circumstance of penis-rubbing it for Good Luck and I’m instantly struck by the arabesque beauty of his glowing genitals: almost three smooth shapely inches of slender pink cock atop velvety little balls like blush-rose marshmallows, tan-pale perineal seam seductively delineated.

The boy is lying on his back, eyes closed, his face taut with approaching ecstasy and cat-footed I creep into the room, up to the bed, then suddenly plummet onto its occupant to halt Bunny’s hand in the middle of a downjerk. His eyes fly open and he redder reddens than a boiled lobster. “*Yikes!*” the downy chick cheeps, his hands coming up to clasp his burning cheeks. “*Oh, please*, mister, don’t tell on me! My Momma would skin me alive!”

“It’s OK, my little love,” I assure him. “Masturbation relieves hypertension, avoids perturbation, allays boredom and...”

“But you won’t *tell* on me, will you?” the kiddy again begs, a big teardrop forming in each apprehensive eye.

“Well, it’s like this,” I say, as I slip my hungry hands beneath Bunny’s small bottom and begin to tongue sexual rehabilitation into his fast-wilting peterkin “I won’t tell on you if *you* don’t tell on me!!”

Colin of Forest Hills, New York, was perhaps of summers 10 but afflicted with a wintry disposition. He was a ball-boy at the West Side Tennis Club and I powerful admire those sweet kiddies in their scanty white gym-shorts, kneeling on their little pads at one end of the net or the other when they’re not chasing errant balls far more fleetly than I’ve ever been able to chase ball-bearings. At the various matches I faithfully attend, I don’t give a hoot what the score is, or even who the hell’s playing — it might be Rintin-tin vs Lassie for all I care. No, I have eyes only for those Kewpie-doll ball-retrievers though I sometimes wonder if all that *kneeling* with pads yet doesn’t have some delightful cause and effect on the youngsters’ sexual persuasion and habits — now or later.

The first time I laid eyes on Colin he at once became the bright beckoning beacon of my burgeoning desire, inciting that divine urge to feed on his gustatory goodies for he was comely as a June dawn with a bouncy sassy-frass ass, dew-touch’d florescent flesh and a splendidly-developed young body of tapering torso, gracile limbs and of course slim smooth chicken-thighs are invariably tongue- and-lip-licking *good!!* In short, Colin was a boyant charmer who immediately created a vacuum between us which inexorably impelled me toward him, so by means of a bit of shady hugger-bugger and sneaky wire-pulling I manage to sit this nonage nonesuch on two consecutive occasions while his regular caretaker (a knock-kneed barrel-ass’d 16^{er} stinky female) was in the hospital being treated for 3 different Female Complaints of which there are total of 10 thousand and 13, according to the Masochists’ Monthly.

Alas, Colin must either have plucked a dunce-cap from the Tree of Homo-Erotic knowledge, or he was born with an impenetrable and seduction-proof armor of innocence. For though I lavished an ocean of love and devotion on him, the tide of his response was ever out. He wouldn't even let me *touch* the tiny combination-lock on the zipper of his shorts and if I asked him to kindly show me his balls bulging so invitingly, he brought out a tall can of Wilson or Spalding tennis-spheres of the same shape and name. If fervently I spoke of True Love, he counter-chattered of 30-Love or some such footling rhetoric and if I suggested that we play some exciting bed-games that I knew, he at once set about setting-up a miniature ping-pong table on his absent parents' Colonial mahogany four-poster. So it went — till at last I fed-up went, too.

I had the Last Laugh, however, for about a year later Colin came over to my *peed-à-terre*, proclaimed he'd had a change of heart and mind and was now ready, willing and eager to show me his *real* balls and anything else he had on him that I'd like to see and play with. I tell him I'm *teddibly* sorry but I'm dated solid for the next five years or more. He doesn't believe me, of course, so I take him to the bedroom where on my French'd-Provincial four-poster there frolics a pair of merry, madcap, bare-ass *English* ball-boys from exclusive Wimbledon!

Mickey, 11, hailed from Belfast, Ireland and was brought over to New York City from that strife-torn town by a well-meaning do-gooder organization which asked if I'd be willing to take care of the kid, all expenses paid — said outfit being totally unaware of my boyomania and that I'd long been looking for a nice live-in lad and was, in fact, so hard-up for a good boy-fix that I'd've taken on an adolescent Imp from Hell if his horns weren't too sharp and his hoofs were clean. Besides, Irish boys are usually very handsome, often as sexy as a carload of moral turpitude and frequently make ideal little sheet-rumplers, though they're inclined to be tricksey, mercurial and so unpredictable that even when you've got their cocks in your mouth you never *really* know where you are with them.

When Mickey arrived at my heretofore Loveless-Nest, I gloatingly observed that he's a classic example of Shamrock perfection in Body and Soul and though he looks harmless as skim-milk, he at once begins to brag that he's been shot in the butt by a rubber bullet and himself has shot two British soldiers and an innocent bystander who was merely a 'dirty black Prodesant who deserved to die!!'

Then he demands to be taken to St. Patrick's Cathedral where I discover he's addicted to low habits at High Mass, pissing in the Holy Water font and grab-assing the Altar Boys but he's most careful to cross himself while doing so.

Back home again I am pondering whether the time is ripe to make a discreet pass at this sweet little Harp when he asks if I've got any booze on the premises, so I produce a fifth of Old Bog Pussy, authentic Irish whiskey imported direct from London and we drink to each other in pseudo-Erin Dew, I quickly becoming so woogly-eyed with likker and lust that I'm just about to ask this crotch-tightening lovely if I can kiss his Eire ear when he gives me a look so rut-randy that it damn near causes my pubic hair to spontaneously combustion and smirks: "You wanna play with my dummy?" — and I'm no sooner genuflective between his thighs than he's got his cute little Jack-in-the-Pulpit out — five uncut inches steaming with prickly heat, shapely kiddy-nuts squiggly as quicksilver — and steers his stiff young dirigible into the hangar of my mouth where wildly it probes and prods and pokes until in about 169 half-seconds flat Mickey comes, almost collapsing on me in frenzied dry-orgasm.

When I strip his still throbbing standpipe and go on to suck his wee Blarney Stones he graciously permits me to denude him, revealing a hard-muscled but satiny-slim body suffused with antic beauty. Hot with hopes for anal-acrobatics, I carry him to bed where he flops onto his belly, shoves two pillows beneath his middle, spreads his legs wide and lilts: "You wanna blow my fuck-hole?" I *wanna* and descend on him, pry apart his sugar-buns, plunged my face between them and greedily inhale/tongue/lick/suck the moistly-hot full-lipt slit of Eros-scent of musk, taste of bittersweet chocolate

as Mickey writhes blissfully under my fervid ministrations. After an interim of hoopeddoo, I inquire with Victorian tact: “Sweetest baby, do you fuck?”

“Does Good Ol’ Charlie *Brown* Snoopy?!” the kid snickers. ‘But I wanna hump you *first!*’ Whereupon thereupon Mickey tugs and nudges and kicks me into prone-position, roughly jerks my pants and shorts down to my ankles, without benefit of lubricant mounts me and rudely pistons into my delicate depths like he’s drilling for oil through a cement pavement, much to the distress of my highly unappreciative and shrinking rectum — but in such mutually reciprocative cases I don’t too much mind a dollop of unavoidable dolor. However, when it’s *my* turn to actively couple with the boy I liberally anoint his Innisfree Ass with gabs of KY and enter Heaven’s Gate as smoothly and gently and painlessly as a moonbeam penetrating Lover’s Lane — and truly this little Paddy-whack is a felicity fuck: sibilance of thrusting cock in a bunghole so tight and slick and sex-sensual that I erupt long before I’ve fully enjoyed the ineffable ecstasy of Irish anus.

During the month that follows, Mickey’s netherworld is mine whenever I want it and am up to it and while I screw him he reads comic-books and blows bubblegum, as nonchalant and uncaring as a goddam condom in a cat-house. He isn’t exactly so seventh-heaven’d *with joie de foutre* as I am but he dearly loves the way I suck his illegal anality so we pleasure each other *out* of our hedonistic minds to hell and gone with no hard feelings an either side except below the waist!

Alack! Religion and Politics are the eternal scourge of the boy-lover! Somehow my little bed-benison became acquainted with a visiting IRA revolutionary (more tongue-talented than *I?*) who was enroute to the Midwest to solicit funds for the terroristic Unholy Cause and swept up my prized Amorcito in his Erin Go Bragh wake, inciting the impressionable youngster to rebel against even *me* who. loved him — for though Mickey’s last name wasn’t Finn, he gave me a *Mickey Finn* and while I was passed-out he absconded with all my cash on hand (\$6.94) and my Lifetime Diner’s Club Card at Father Flanagan’s Boys’ Home in the State of Nebraska!

A unique and tantalizing page in the anal of Boys was Gideon (no relation to The Bible of the same name) and I have many tittlylating memories of his lapidary paps, his malachite armpits *smoooooth* as a politician’s promises, his moist succulent passion-pit and the honey’d clutch of his asshole tighter than a just-opened jar of olives! Master G lived in Placentia, California, which reminded me that I’d recently read of a just-delivered young mother who invited all her hen-friends over to *eat* the fried placenta of her new-born son! These crummy cunts should hang their filthy heads in shame for even cruddy Casimir wouldn’t do a grotty thing like *that*!

Voluptuous Gideon was nuzzling 13, abundantly in milk (Borden was envious!) and had a dark delicate froth of pubic-lace surmounting six lordly inches of pink granite when he was erect. His body of exquisite design was slippery-sleek as oiled Persian silk — slim, slight, bright and precious as an adolescent’s ideal First Love and he wore a multi-detergent white T-shirt which proclaimed in large lust-red letters: I’M WILLING! (The point here, of course, is WHAT IS HE WILLING TO DO?! Does he frug, fug, glug, hug, plug, sug... or does he mug, slug and yell for the Fuzz if you just lightly, lovingly caress his tousled locks? Read on.)

The foregoing, naturally, was *before* I’d become decollete intimate with giddy Gideon and discovered the overpowering fascinations of his frontal output and backal input. Even when I first met him I was struck not only by his beauty but the seeming contradiction in his outward aspect. For a while he *appears* to be as pure and undefiled as a downy chick just emerging from the maternal shell, he also has that smug purry air of a young go-go tomcat who has just gotten into the cream-pitcher and a pretty pussy’s pussy as well, but on this initial meeting when I take the boy’s hand and seek to press a kiss thereon, he rudely snatches it away — *then* he makes melting calf-eyes at me! Several other most innocuous passes intended to persuade him to the Dukahzian sexiphilosophy incur the same depressing result — rough rejection

followed by almost simpering invitation! What the fuck *is* this, *anyway*! OK, the little *pièce de resistance* patently is one of those flirty but basically non-sexist lads who prefer Death to Dishonor, a rosé and wary Untouchable afflicted with an anal/penile-retentive personality, so dolefully I conclude that there's no hope for boy-Heaven here nor prospect of future bliss but I shall try *One More time*!

On my last visit to Gideon, the elusive moralist announces that he's going to bed early tonight and he proceeds leisurely to undress before me, giving me ample time to view his skittish charms in part and in whole and when I catch sight of his impudent kidd-buns, I'm so wild to dwell in his country-seat that I lose all sense of decorum and begin desperate plea-bargaining but the evasive Erosito is as adamant in refusal as his ass is in arousal. Grinning from ear to elbow, Giddy further tempts me by confiding that he calls his fun-hole 'Monkey' ('cause monkeys love bananas 'cause bananas have no bones)! Then he turns to reveal his Lovebone in full fettle, the engorged glans so angry-red and shiny-swollen that the miracle of ejaculation surely is soon to be made manifest. My unbridled lust finally snapping the last rein of caution, I'm just about to seize the sweet No-Sayer and suck him silly when from a nearby table the boy takes up two pseudo-silk female stockings and holds them out to me. "Here," he says gravely, earnestly, "tie my ankles and my wrists together and you can do anything you want with me!"

"Hell!" I grump, put off. "Are you into S-M, sweet stupid!? I don't go for that shit. Man-boy sex should be all sugar and spice and everything nice with free KY or baby-oil from the government!"

"I like it that way, too, but if you don't do as I say I won't let you so much as *sniff* my Monkey!"

"But *why*? I don't get it!"

"Well, I like to have my cake and eat it, too — so if you tie me up then I have no guilt-feelings about what you do to me 'cause it ain't my fault, I'm not responsible... *see?!?*"

Bix of Ballston Spa, New York, was 8 — that special age when every sexual horizon is a challenge and the boy must Christopher Columbus see what lies beyond the Beyond. He was epicurean Chicken a la King — King being his last name, and though sadly a scalped suckling he was thrillant third-grade dimpled appeal with the face of an archangel and a mind like a clogged-up sewer, Praise Be! The first time I sat him, saw how he acted and heard his raunchy chatter I knew I had him in the palm of my hand, mouth and heart. He had no use for girls, declaring he knew all about them and wished he didn't! 'cause they're made wrong, they got a part missing and they're too stuck-up! I point out that boys are often 'stuck-up', too — God bless the Difference! Bix snickers, "I'm that way right *now*!" shoving his pajama-pants down and quickly up again but giving me a half-second glimpse of his Holy Trinity — Papa Prick triple-inch stiff, his cute little baldhead shiny violet-pink appealing.

Seizing Opportunity by his horny young penis, I gently squeeze it through blue flannel cloth, carry Bix to the sofa, perch him on my lap with his back to me, fumble in his fly-opening (two buttons gone), extract the wee flesh-nougat, caress it to even more marmoreal state and whisper: "I bet a dime you can't pee through your hard-on!"

"I bet I *can*!" he scornfuls — and after a minute of intense concentration he spurts a sparkling splash on the carpet.

"*Hold it!*" I cry, as feverishly I tear off the boy's interfering pajamas and supine him on the sofa where he lies with his hands behind his head, all open and ready and wickedly grinning at me. I kiss his rounded brow, his chubby cheeks and his lips which eagerly accept me to return warm wet lapping puppy-smooches. Highly excitable, his niplets erect when I merely blow my heated breath on them and lightly touch with feather-tickling tongue-tip — truly itty-bitty boy-titties are a prime titbit but I never bite them unless invited to by kiddies who are specially stimulated by 'rough' sex-play. On to lick into the silky navel like a small rosy thumb-print on taut boy-belly — clean and dry and cotton-tasting, a tiny twist of umbilical membrane in the depths.

"Down!" Bix sensuously sighs. "Go *down* on me!"

So farther down to the frontal focus of felicity, to the slithery Testicle Twins in their slippery suede bag, to the thin perineal seam where young boys are sewed-together — and up to tongue-tease the rigid initial of immortality then suckle the honey-cock whereupon Bix instantly becomes an ardent mouth-raper, his rapier an affirmative actionist in my mouth until he gasps: “Ooh, I’m gettin’ the nice *tickle!*” and is more tickled and yet more till he dry-spasms with shrill squeals of bliss. When his penis has delivered up its final throb, I say: “Baby, you’ve been blowed before, haven’t you!”

“*Sure!* A couple months ago me and my best buddy Pip sucked each other every chance we got, but now the asshole wants to be *paid* for it so I told him to go fuck himself. *Hey, man, you owe me a dime!*”

I pay him the dime and a dollar besides. “Did you *like* to suck Pip’s pecker?” I query curiously.

“It was super and I liked the way it made *him* all hot and bothered!”

“Stupid Pip’s loss is my *gain!*” I cry, gratefully. Dear little Bix! Already he displays all the delightful stigmata of the true and worthy boy-lover: an elite breed that is extremely rare. Later I met this Pip who was a hobbledehoy 10 and a sad example of how horrendous Mommy Nature prizes procreation at the expense of the rest of the body, for Pip though facially personable was small for his age, pitifully thin and scrawny but he had a *six-inch* cock with nuts to match and he could produce several drops of thick milky fluid on heated demand! Pip’s peter was undeniably magnanimous but his fundament was miserly for at the time he wouldn’t even let me look at it. However, the ripening body has a wiser and more earthly intelligence of its own for when Pip was 13 or thereabouts he had become a nicely nautical Sea Scout who eagerly loaned me his palpitant porthole to the satisfaction of all concerned! Yet on reflection I’m a trifle unsent by small-fry who are inordinately heavy-hung as this too sorely reminds me of my *own* boyhood penile deficiencies. I was an ignoramus 11 when I first beheld a 9^{er} playmate sporting a 5-inch whang and the sight so chagrined my own modest tool that it tried to crawl up my poopy-hole and pull it in after him!

Sexy Bixie arouses me from my rueful reveries, urging me to lick him into shape again and when slobberingly I’ve done so his insatiable little shavetail ravishes my nostrils (deviating my deviant septum) goes on to attempt to de-pucelate both my hairy ears, and then demands my rear entrance! — he’s never humped ass before and wants to see how it feels. Obediently I shuck off pants and shorts and prone on the sofa, my libidinous lollipop clambering on top of me and soon I feel an ambitious baby eel-head snaking into my ugly assp... “I got it in! I got it *in!*” the boy elates and though it’s only about an inch in at best, so far as I can tell, he keeps tirelessly pushing and poking and prodding, going into one noisy dry-orgasm after another until I call a halt — time’s a-wasting and there are boy-joys yet to be savor’d.

Green fruit in front but lush-ripe behind, my precocious sweet-hardt in turn belly-flops for *me* and I kiss-lick his posterior cleft peach, tongue the tasty kernel within — tiny round-robin epicenter of my lingual desire, bring my heaving little hedonist to more writhing climaxes until I collapse off the sofa and onto the floor, my fatigued tongue limp and exhausted and complaining bitterly of too arduous unpaid *overtime!!* Bix crouches over me, strokes my pallid cheek. “You’re my *lover*, aren’t you?!” he coos, then begins to fondle my cock and particularly my foreskin the like of which he’s never seen before! He asks what it’s for and I explain that it’s a divine device to protect the vulnerable glans penis as well as promote and enhance sexual pleasure, so lopping off this essential part of the male human anatomy is *really* a Crime Against Nature and it’s ashamedful commentary on these degenerate times that a boy-lover caught rapturing a kid’s cock can get at least five or more prison’d years whereas scalpel’d surgeons and other official Jack the Rippers get *fee’d* for mutilating a helpless infant boy’s proudest possession, the born sign and sinbol of his masculine superiority. *Arise*, ye Lovers of Lads and make sure that your lads have arisen, too!

Bounteous Bix agrees with me in theory and principle but the poor prepuce-deprived child is essentially unable to miss what he’d never had and now hard against my face he butts that part of him which went over the fence last, he tacitly begging to be succored once more, so of course I suction him

until I hear the goddam sexist *grandmother*-clock strike the Cinderello hour of 12 — that awful time when the boy's parents are due to return, so hurriedly I re-pants myself, whisk Bixie-boo into his pajamas and into his bed, deep-kiss him Good Night and wish him sweet (dry) Wet Dreams!

Jamie of Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, was another 8^{er} but sexually so untypical of that age that he deserves special mention, aside from his being a dreamy-eyed little darling, with flawless young body etched in accented beauty, eyelashes limned in sooty sable, dark tender tendrils twining like a laurel wreath about his brow rounded as a babe's. Believe it or not, he was totally innocent when I first sat him (for instance, he thought girls' bellies swelled-up because they'd swallowed a watermelon-seed by mistake!), and for too long I was busier than a two-legged cat covering shit in my efforts to persuade the lovely Know-Nothing to the *True Way of Love and Sex*.

It was hellish hard-going at the start for I arrive at my initial sitting to find the 27-inch color console TV is kaput and it's raining and Jamie is yawningly bored and has read all the books, so I tell him a nice bedtime-story about two creepy scungy Red Russians (Let's bring back the *Czars* — they were colorful tyrants, at least!) named Sascha Sperm and Olga Ovum and how they vulgarly got together on the Volga to add to the fucking population-explosion — I'm sort of sexsentially feeling the kiddie out, you see. The boy interrupts to gruff that he doesn't know what the hell I'm talking about but I sound like a bloody *Communist* so maybe he should report me to the Town Marshal or County Sheriff or somebody! OK, I've struck out on this primary try but Hope remains Supreme and I suggest that we play cards. Jamie is most agreeable, says he prefers Gin Rummy so we pursue the game side-by-side on the couch, the deck between us. Here I employ a ploy that has been most successful in the past — accidentally on purpose I drop a card at my partner's feet and in retrieving same I manage to get my head well betwixt the boy's thighs.

Now in a situation like this your average normal randy rutty li'le male will instantly clap his knees together, snaring your head in a delicious vice-vice and then you press your face deeper into pajama-pant'd Paradise to blow your torrid breath against the youngster's fly, which almost invariably arouses peeker-pandemonium within — and soon, if not sooner, the sweet stiffening little cock will come out to play, and before you know it you are suck-suck-sucking it for all you're worth, Amen and Hosannah! Most ball-bearings are born with the innate inherent desire to be well and truly blowed but some strange little dumbos don't even *know* they want it, so you as the elder and mentor and instructor and guide and parental surrogate have to take the initiative in such shameful cases of acute deprivation.

Shit-fire, my wily ruse doesn't work with Master Goody Two-Shoes, a penis'd Pollyanna if I ever saw one! He merely very rudely shoves my questing countenance away and queries: "Is it *my* play or yours?" Two strikes against me but the precious prey is too prized to abandon, so presently I sneakily serpently sibilant: "Babykins, did you know that boysies who jerk off always have hair on the palm of the pertinent hand?!"

"Jerk off *what*?" he inquires unguilty, not even stealing a furtive look at *either* palm to see if it's hirsute if not setacious — instead slamming his cards down with a triumphant flourish. "*Gin!*" he crows.

Hell, this foolish virgin is unnatural — he *can't* be for real! I decide to attack from a different tactical position. "You know something, Jamie?" I say foxily. "You're far too beautiful to be a boy — I think you're a *girl* masquerading in a boy's blue pajamas, fly and all!"

"I'm not beautiful and I'm not a girl!" he denies hotly, hackles rising.

"Well, if you're a boy then *prove* it — show me your cute little middle leg!"

"I don't have to prove *nothing*!" he blushes, reflexively bringing his legs together.

"Ah-ha!" I exclaim. "Just as I suspected! You *are* a girl with only a hole down there!"

"I'm a *boy*!" he insists almost tearfully, "but I won't show you *anything*!"

"Then at least let me *feel* you between your legs-just through your pajama-pants."

“No, *no*, NO! C’mon, you gonna play cards or not?!” The bluddy little ball-buster looks at me with sly non-integrated eyes and I wouldn’t be at all surprised if he’s wearing a chain-mail chastity-belt with laminated-steel padlock and he’d swallowed the key! — an underwhelming experience that’s enough to make you kick the boy-habit altogether and start going steady with budgerigars! I’ve got one more gimmick left in my bag of tricks and if that doesn’t work I’m gonna complain to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Pederasts that hazardous Jamie is 200% Cruel and Unusual Punishment.

In a lightning movement I bend down, slip the boy’s bunny-rabbit slippers off, secure his thrashing legs in a firm armlock and begin to tickle his bare feet. “*Stop that!*” he screams. “I can’t *stand* to be tickled!”

“Then will you let me take your pajamas off and play with you, show you how *good* it feels?”

“No!” he shrieks, shrinking away from me as if I were a horrendous leper with murder on his mind rather than a notorious Do-Gooder who has been practicing Tender Loving Kindness toward Kiddie-bops since damn near the Turn of the Century! Sometimes it doesn’t pay just to get (it) up in the morning! Yet spurred on by my Passion for Young Meat Syndrome I renew the painless assault and battery, tenderly mercilessly five-finger kitchy- cooing Jamie’s armpits, ears, nape, titties, belly-button, backs of knees, backs of thighs, buttocks (most of these through damned pajama-covering, alack!) then return to supersensitive soles of his pink feet and between his pinkie toes. Scarlet faced, sweating, my small victim is giggling, weeping, yelling, hiccuping, gasping and rapidly going into a hysteria of ecstatic convulsions. “Give up?” I say at last. “Had *enough*?!”

“Yes! Yes!” the boy pants. “You can do whatever you want if you just don’t *tickle* me anymore!”

“I didn’t *hurt* you, did I?!” I inquire anxiously.

“No, but I can’t take any more *tickling* — it drives me nuts and I’m li’ble to *wet* myself!”

Success of a sort that remains to be seen, I carry the quivering delicado to his virginal youth-bed, observing that his pajama-pants bulges promisingly in this sexual Battle of the Bulge — my digital teasing has given the little sweetie an erection in spite of himself! I remove his pajama-coat, jerk the pants down and his aroused Pinga pops out at me: *four* astonishing rock-hard uncut peachblow inches of high-spirited kid-cock, a drop of amber liquid clinging to the mouth — I’ve literally tickled the piss out of my potential garçon de joie!

Eyes closed, Jamie moans as I kiss his glans, lick it, suck it, gently begin to minimize his cock’d maximum vibrating in my eager mouth as if begging to be abused and soon the boy stirs beneath me, involuntarily making little copulative movements to meet my fellative ups-and-downs. Then I feel his plush goodie-bag tighten, draw up, press against my chin, the youngster hotly squirming with delighted surprise as that frenetic frenzy known as *Climax* approaches and he’s about to experience the ineffable thrill of his very First Coming!

“Oh, *wait!*” he cries suddenly. “I think I’ve got to pee or something!” — and then his body tenses, surges up against me, his presto-penis swelling, leaping in my mouth as the orgasm rips through him. After his blissful shudders slowly subside, Jamie open his eyes, looks up at me wonderingly. “What *happened*?!” he asks confusedly. “Did something *bust* inside me?!”

“You *came*, pretty one — and nothing got busted but your inhibitions. Did you like it?”

“It was grand, great, *gigantic*!” the kiddie sighs. “Like... like... “But my glowing-eyed Love is at a loss how fittingly to describe *IT* — and so am I!

Hoping for unofficial though unpaid baby-sitting fringe-benefits, I’ve told favorite Jamie where I live so come down and see-me sometime — and sure enough the next day after school the boy comes knocking on my door all melting-eyed and eager for more grand great gigantic pleasuring of his sex-tool which as everyone knows, never *rusts* if it’s constantly lovingly well-used! And I de-tog him and too-thin-mattress him and his tender young limbs flung wide in welcome to my embraces, graze in his pre-pube green

pastures to his immense satisfaction and my own, bringing him to squealing orgasm one, two, three, four — how many times?! — for each time I called him he *came*!

And marvelously he flips over at the touch of a finger for a suctorial interim of Annie Linctus (the only girl I've ever fully approved of!) and I caress Jamie's damask buns, lick up a bit of milk-chocolate frosting within and the boy gasps, blissfully moans as I tongue the enticing tan-pink whorl of his analogic LOVE IN THE ROUND — he likes THAT even better than he liked IT, as who *doesn't*?! Then belly-to-belly he sprawls on me and lightly I kiss his lips to see if he will accept my mouth hot-fresh from tonguing his ass and he does with no hesitation! Now he reaches behind him to clasp my rude rigid reamer and guides it between his symmetry'd nether cheeks, my tumultuously tumescent glans one-on-one with his still saliva-wet Glory Hole — presses himself urgently against it as if tacitly inviting me in!

"Sweet child," I groan, "If you keep that up much longer then you are going to *get fucked*, sure as Hell!"

Unblushing, this unpredictable youngling looks me straight in the eye and says: "You can do it if you want to!" And of course I want to but Eight is not too late — it's too *Soon* unless the precocious pet has previously been penetrated by an age-peer or a vibrator or the like which Jamie *hasn't*!

The following Saturday I sit the sweet child again and arrive early, as requested. The family is just finishing the evening-meal and the Apple of my Eye, already in his fetching blue pajamas, winks at me in intimation of the deep dark dangerous delightful 'secret' we share. Momma asks me if I've already eaten and truthfully I reply that I haven't but gorged myself on an ample late lunch, a treat from a boring hetero friend but I'm grateful for his bounty. Here Momma says they had home-made chicken pot-pie for supper and there's plenty left so she will warm it up for me in the oven.

Momma and Poppa presently depart and I consume the pot-pie (quite tasty but the chicken was conspicuous by its absence!), wash the dirty supper dishes, pots and pans, and tidy up the kitchen then go in search of my current lovely Reason for Living — find him sitting huddled on the clanking radiator in his bedroom. At once anxious and concerned, I exclaim: "Oh, Jamie, don't you feel well? Are you coming down with a cold? Do you have chills so you're sitting on the radiator?!"

"No," this inestimable youngster grins, "I'm sitting on the radiator just to warm it *up* for you!"
(P.S. Jamie's chicken pot-pie was *much* more savory than his Momma's!)

As a long-time baby-sitter I've still not had too much experience with the pre-Kindergarten set (the one-week to morales five-year olds) and though these teeny-weeny-bops can be astoundingly sexy and appealing, they're generally inclined to be too erratic and impulsive for my Piece in Mind albeit certainly understandable at that age — yet mini-mini-meat is never too Young and I'm never too Old to enjoy its particular charm whenever it and the occasion arises. Here I recall Cricket who was all of four milky years if he was a minute and he had a minute so I got to suck and so forth everything he had within one palpitant hour of first meeting him!

A winky little twinkly, this temptation-tot had to use *both* eyes when he winked which might've been a nervous tic but more probably was an appealingly sophisticated Come-On — and naturally whenever sexy suckees give me the Come-on I'm right in there on all fours, drippy tongue at the ready! Bragging that he was so tough he could chew nails and spit tacks, the chief trouble with Cricket was that he wanted to be grown-up before his time, he yearned to do everything an adult male did-only *he'd* do it better! For example, Master Biggety possessed a beautiful but very *narrow* little ass, so when he had to do Number Two (or 'take a shit' as the etiquette-books say) he was supposed to use his blue china potty which dwelt next to the laundry-hamper in the bathroom — but on one memorable occasion Cricket *didn't* which caused a bit of complication, as follows.

On this pertinent evening while I'm sitting the kid, the phone rings — some contumacious twerp who wants to speak to the Head of the House, male or female, and it takes me all of 3 minutes to convince the

schmuck that I'm only the baby-sitter for he keeps saying that he can't believe a *man* would sit babies! Just as long last I hang up the telephone, from the bathroom I hear a belling like a calf that has lost his fond mama and I rush in to find Cricket has got his wee butt stuck in the *adult* toilet-seat so tight that he can neither pull out nor fall in! Rising to the emergency, in the adjacent medicine-cabinet I discover a bottle of liquid Vaseline which I slather onto the kid's flanks, then dashing to kitchen I return to pile ice cubs along his sides — figuring that while the ice may not contract Cricket's contrary flesh, it *should* have some astringent effect on the plastic toilet-seat.

Giving the Vaseline and the ice-cubes time to soak in and do their best for better or worse, I calm the caught kiddy down by going down on his seductive semaphore which is standing straight up on its tiptoes in empathic alarm. (Now don't assume here that I have taken advantage of this innocent and helpless infant because I'll have you know that Cricket has *already* played *subrosa* sex-games with another ball-bearing tadpole in a broom-closet at his nursery-school!)

Some 20 minutes later when the ice-blobs have melted to combine with the liquid Vaseline, I grasp Cricket firmly about the waist and give a sharp tug-and with a deafening 'Plop!' like an erupting champagne-cork, he catapults out of the too fond embrace of his cold hot-seat, nothing injured but his parlous dignity! I give him an ungentle swat on his offended botty, shake a stern finger at him and say: "The next time you hafta poop, do it in your blue china piss-pot — it's kinder to the *hinder*!"

Bitsy, 18 months old and young, had nutmeg-size balls, a prancy little whangdoodle that tasted oddly of cinnamon and a joy-hole that smelled like cloves (his Papa was a spice-merchant on Lower Broadway, New York City), and the tiddy-boo was nicknamed Bitsy because he *bites* — not viciously nor may-hemly but he left his tiny brand on you, nevertheless. Evidently cursed by the Bad Tooth Fairy, the poor tad *bit* because he was still teething, so perforce he gnawed on everything chewable he could get his still-emerging fangs on, so naturally I kept my *cock* well out of his reach!

Twenty minutes after I first met Bitsy I made it with him all the way (except for anal-intercourse, of course!) for though the little dear was newly house-broken and toilet-trained, he couldn't yet talk beyond 'Ma-ma' and 'Pa-pa' and such like, so he was absolutely *safe*, he couldn't rat on me even if he'd wanted to and we romped the romper'd hours away, as happy as a dildo at a Lesbians' Convention. Then one day about a scant three months later I come over to sit him and the second we are alone Bitsy hugs me lovingly and in articulate, perfect Queen's English chirps: "Gimrne five dollars or I'll *spill the beans*!"

Budge was 8 and Toddy was 9, brother and sister, and as so often is the case with young siblings, the *boy* was far more comely/sexy than the girl. Toddy was slim, quiet, gentle — a beautiful dreamer who loved books, whereas Budge was husky, loud, rough and a tomboy who thought reading was a waste of time. As far as I could tell, neither kid was into sex-games yet but early on I managed to get Toddy alone in the bathroom when he'd just finished taking a leak and I scored with him at the drop of my knees to the bath-mat — fellating his electric organ though not to complete orgasm (that came later) and giving a few quick licks to his honey-pucker in back. The difficulty was, however, in getting Toddy all to myself for awful Budge was as nosy and inquisitive as 9 cats with 81 lives, suspicious even of the few moments the boy and I spent in the bathroom. I couldn't persuade her into becoming interested in the box of cosmetics I proffer (complete with mini-Kotex and The Pill), and all the other inducements I tried to get her off our backs failed even more dismally.

Welladay! For once God must've been in his Heaven for all turned *right* in this sorry world — at least for a time. Budge climbed too tall a tree (*not* while I was *in situ*), fell out of it and plummeted 40 feet to the hard hard ground, breaking half of one Fallopian Tube and rupturing several ovaries — and during the three weeks she was in Children's Hospital you may be sure Toddy and I made the most of her welcome absence!

Years later I met Toddy again and he, now 19, was manager of the -0 ‘Chicken Ranch’ near Kissimmee, Florida. Translated into more earthy terms, -0 means ‘Bar-Nothing’ and the ‘chickens’ on this ranch are hardly poultry though they *do* lay good eggs who come their way and have plump purses. In short, the place is a sort of amplified and *al fresco* peg-house and the chickabiddies are all fine-feather’d but neglected, disadvantaged, runaway lads who have found a *home* — delightful young boys whose hindsights are as aesthetic, amenable and acceptive as their delicious foresights! Toddy remembered me with astonishing fondness and invited me for an extended stay at the Ranch, free of charge, if my tastes still ran to pre-pubertal roosters which they do — what *else*?!

As Rudyard Kipling undoubtedly would have written had he dared:

‘Four things greater than all things are — Boys and money and power and war!’

for these little cockamannies provided the first and bestest orgy I ever had the honor and privilege to share — two men and *twenty* boysies aged 8 to 13! (Oh, my blood-pressure!). Of course, orgies are the acme of healthful group-therapy (*if* they’ re stag!) but you have to be an eight-handed octopus times two to really appreciate such to the fullest extent. Under Toddy’s aegis, these mind-bombing saturnalias were a nightly occurrence though generally four or more other adult male visitors attended the farouche festivities and who were among the many financial contributors to this unique ranch-boy- farm-cockhouse- rendezvous with rape on the Soft Side. On this particular occasion, however, only Toddy and Lucky Me were the Grand Fucktotums in Residence, Sultans of Suck, Pharaohs of Fellation (God, give me *strength*!) — and the following is an itemized account of a *few* of the highlights of this florid Floridian 20-Ring Circus!

ITEM: A score of bare-ass little boyniks, pink posteriors for pale pederasts, minors’ minarets summoning you to kiddy phallic-worship... I don’t for the life of me know where to *start*! Then, on a love-seat in a corner I descry an exclusive sexlusive but not elusive little lovely who wears his blazing nudity like a badge of beauty, playing with his Yo-yo. As I ogle him he drops his play-toy, straddles the overstuffed voluptuous arm of the couch and begins heatedly to screw it! H’m *this* one sorely needs personalized attention so I accost him, supine him, between-thigh my head on him, my steaming mouth on the rigid symbol of his randy boyness. Quickly the generous quixotic seeds me with his creamy cocktail but he’s a knee-jerk ejaculator — when he came his jack-knifing legs damn near knocked me off the love-seat. (Not that I’m *complaining*!)

ITEM: I glimpse a Heavenly Little Body right down here on Earth with a stiff wet-lipped stinger burgeoning ‘neath his belly so I waylay him and supplicate/suckplicate: “Master Beautiful, I’d purely admire to go down on you since you’re so obviously *up* to it and you are agreeable!” At once a green light glows in the kidlet’s amber orbs and he replies: “Why, *sure*, Baldy — jist lemme take a pissarooty first an’ then I’m yours to command!”

ITEM: Now a wee Ecstasor of perhaps ten tender years comes up to me, bestows a honeydew kiss on my grateful lips and trebles that getting his balls sucked is his particular bag so if I’ll oblige then he’ll do the same for me! I can hardly refuse such a thrillingly tit-for-tat tootsums and his potentially potent potentate pouch so I forthwith and thereupon succubus — my mouth Chock Full O’ Nuts!

ITEM: I glimpse a sexy young Oomphy with eyes of jade and a newly-laid look about him, his asphodel ass stuck out like a shocking-pink stop-light which stops me in my tracks and I beseech him for a slice of his evidently well-brown’d bottom-round. The kiddylove cuts his caramel eyes at me and diffidents: “Grarnps, I do everything here out in the open *except* fuck ’cause I think fuckin’s a very private personal thing and I don’t like a goddam *audience* gawkin’ at me while I’m gettin’ it or givin’ it, you *know*!?” I respond that I agree with him in theory and principle if not always in practice — and the boy adds: “So here’s what we’ll do if you ain’t afraid gettin’ your hands dirty. Tomorrow I hafta swamp out

the cow-barn so if you help me you can have me in the haymow till the cows come home!” Eagerly I assent and the kid gives me a sticky smooch to seal the bargain — some bosom-buddy’s semen still warm and salty and Olympian on his lips.

ITEM: My dazed gaze is snared by two younglings just peeking over the periphery of puberty — both Nordic blonds who glow like encapsulated sunbeams, swansdown emblem of fertility soft-silky between their thighs. They’re apparently brothers under the foreskin, identical twins you can’t tell apart unless they’ve got clothes on and they don’t got clothes on so to differentiate one from the other, I’ll call them Lefty and Righty as they sit on a mound of pillows in the middle of the room, engaged in a Cock Contest to see who can pile the most home-made doughnuts on his superb, separate but equal, erection. It’s a *tie*, each rearing young javelin accommodating six crullers and then the horny little hornswogglers clasp their hands tightly about their dough’d pricks and begin to masturbate and in less time than it takes to tell it, both bouffant self-abusers pop simultaneously in a fusillade of exploding peters, their geysers of creamy sperm shooting straight up a foot in the air and then descending to bedew the crushed crullers with a deliciously rich warm vanilla sauce. Ah, the sweet folly of sexy scrotumeers and their ruttish cohorts! At once a covey of kiddies fall upon the frosted sinkers in a feverish frolic of tongues and mouths and fingers, voraciously devouring as if it were their last meal here on earth! I too try to partake of this unique banquet but all Poor Me gets are a few *dry* crumbs licked up from Righty’s left inner thigh!

ITEM: His proud *pupik* still stiff in unparalleled arrogance, now Lefty reclines upon the pillows while also-adamantine Righty crawls onto him belly-to-belly and a third honcho-cock’d lad I’ll call Toppy kneels beside them, guides Lefty’s dick into Righty’s moist pink inner-tube as Righty scrooges down to take his brother’s dong in to the balls and a trifle farther! Flopping onto Righty belly-to-back, now Toppy drives *his* stiff tallywhacker deep into unrighteous Righty’s already-occupied netherworld, the supersensitive undersides of the two invading peckers rubbing fierily against each other as Toppy and Lefty hotly thrust into the between twin in a steamy fusion of lusty young bodies. Such all-out, all-in, under-over propinquity is stimulating to behold, of course, but it seems to me just a *leetle* bit too much of a good thing so I say to the betwixt babykins:

“My goodness, Righty, you shouldn’t ought to indulge in this here sort of double-entry 2-in-1 gruesome screwsomeness where you’re the meat in a boy-fuck sandwich twice over ’cause it’s just li’ble to stretch your sweet Anal Ring beyond the Point of No Return and Ecstatic Elasticity is gone Forever!”

The two-too perforated puer grins up at me and pants: “Daddy-boo, I gotta asshole like a perma-tight rubber band — it *always* snaps back when the ceremonies are over!” Shaking my head in dubious disbelief I turn away from the too rude-rough rites of randy puberty — and then a pertinent thought tingles me and I intercept a pert pudicious with ultramarine eyes and ulterior motives, and askance: “What do you liberated lot of lovely sex-defectors use for *lubricant* when your sweet sockets get plugged? I *do* trust it’s something sufficiently squishy and squooshy so the analectomy is not only painless but pleasurable!” The beauteous bumpkin smirks and replies: “We use *goose-grease* when we think of it on accounta we raise geese here but I be goddam if I could ever raise a goose *or* a gander ’cause I can’t never even find where he keeps his fuckin’ pecker!” And he darts off to become enlaced in 69 with a plain-faced tad who looks so much like me when I was his age that I shed a bitter tear for my remote and so-deprived youth — as in uptight Iowa at that prehistoric time there were no delightful 4-F Clubs such as this one where I could Fuck, Frig, Fellate and Fraternate the happy hours away in blissful peer-communion.

ITEM: At this juncture four fidget-footed fledglings assail-wassail me, demanding to be sucked-off and with utter enthusiasm I absorb them — with a little acrobatic maneuvering even managing to take on two mini-minors at once and simultaneously. A trifle over-bloated with benign boy-come I haste to the bathroom where I encounter three poopy-doo darlings queued-up to use the Throne but Herr Scottissue is on a sit-down strike, so outraged that he’s shedding pieces of himself all over the floor and snarling: “Is there no *end* to this crap?! I’m sick and tired of being used in such a foul manner so no *more* — this shit

has gotta *cease!*” It scares you when inanimate objects start acting like human beings but I suppose toilet-paper has Civil Rights same as everybody else, so to help out in this evacuation-emergency *I* yum-yum lick the kiddies’ bonbon bum-bums clean after they’ve performed their noisy doodly-squats — a distinct pleasure, really. (Be not alarmed, you finicky readers, for healthy young boys almost invariably shit clean as a whistle — seldom do I encounter even the slightest amber aftermath.)

ITEM: After an intermission of milky emissions from the bath-room-boys who much appreciated being butt-wiped by my agile tongue, I return to the living room to feast my eyes anew on a pride of penises on Parade, concatenation of sporting balls, assemblage of pastel-pink ass holes in activities that out-Sodom Gomorrah — but with no fiery regrets tomorrah! All the laddies are practiced Laymen in the Lists of Love except one 8^{er}, Toby by name, who is now being prepped for his big Opening Night. I take a close look at him and see that he’s an itty-bitty little thing with eyelashes, still wet behind the testicles, the incense of innocence seemingly still strong upon him so I start squawking an appalled protest: “Listen, you devilish Imps, Toby’s too *young* to be impregnated — his tender sheath would be far too small for the dagger!”

A kid about 11 with dandy lion hair, hot lewd eyes and a slender 5-inch little reamer poking straight out from his pubis comes up to me and says: “Look, Gramps, Toby ain’t gonna get impregnated — he’s just gonna *get fucked* and *I’m* gonna do it!” I reply: “Why *you*? Are you the King of Florida or sumbuddy?” “I’m his brother Timmy and, besides, Toby’s had his thumb up his ass and the handle of a bath-brush too which is a helluva lot bigger than *my* fuck-piece!” “Well,” I hesitate, “I think we should let Toddy decide — he’s the Master of Ceremonies here.” Toby grins and thumbs his cock at me. “Toddy ain’t here — he’s in the pig-barn helpin’ a sow in labor!”

I’m about to leave to consult the M.C. when an avalanche of laughing youngsters overwhelms me, dragging me down to the floor and sitting on my feet, legs, arms, chest, face — one bold bambino’s balls on my chin and his zizi stuck in my mouth as tasty pacifier while helpless I watch the deflowering of Toby — which transpires to be a moralesless harmless and reassuring operation, for the wee neophyte obviously *wants* to be depucelated if not raped as he sprawls on the cushions heatedly twitching the pink purity of his undercheeks’ pair’d perfection to-and-fro and up-and-down as if he can’t wait to get a cock shoved up his wagging tail! Timmy anoints his bristling arrow and its target from ajar of goosy grease, slowly-gently nudges his swollen glans within the tight pucker, stretches out on the younger boy as he pushes all the way in and begins to fuck in long easy rhythmic drives, the sides of his buttocks indenting sharply with each deep thrust — and in less than two minutes his lunges quicken, his buns sharply contract and his body shivers in sweet ecstasy as he climaxes in his squirming, giggling hump-mate and stays in, continues pantingly to screw, orgasms two additional times before he finally rolls off his sibling, his whang limp and slick-shiny-red against his thigh.

I shake off my entangling captors and attempt to hurl myself upon the still recumbent screwie, avid to stopper his tiny bung-hole with my tongue for there’s nothing more savory than virgin (so to speak) boy-ass newly deep-dick’d by another kiddy — but a more agile dark-haired little trespasser gets there before me! (I swear to God there ain’t no Justice in this whole entire wide world — at least for *me!*) Later I asked Toby how it felt to have his backside cherry busted. He shrugged and said: “Well, it tickled real nice — but you know *what*? I think I’ll stick to my good old bath-brush handle ’cause it penetrates *deeper!*”

ITEM: It is now midnight and the festivities come to an abrupt halt as the lads must rise and shine at 6 in the morning to go about their various chores on the ranch. I drink a nightcap with Toddy and meet a dour-faced individual who has just arrived — an alleged Doctor of Medicine, though he strikes me as more of a bankrupt undertaker or a quack horse-medico or other type of doubtful veterinarian. Whatever he is, he grabs my hand, takes my pulse, looks at my (lack of) teeth, sighs and mourns that too obviously I’m an advanced boyco-holic and I’d better go into hibernation right quick or I’ll end up in a wooden box-

by which I gather he meant that I'd be reduced to screwing Pinocchio or Mortimer Snerd under The Spreading Chestnut Tree.

The diaper-brigade is the sort of infantry I generally try to avoid if possible though at least *boy-babies* are born with the inborn capacity for sexual pleasure and even the smallest fry instinctively reach for their cocks and stimulate them whenever the barest bare-ass opportunity offers. Pedomorphic fun and games are possible with these toddlers, too, for they're never too juvenile to enjoy having their wee dik-diks sucked and/or otherwise played with and many are able to achieve definite orgasmic spasms: tiny pink toesies splayed and small limbs flailing in infant ecstasy. Fellation soothes a fretful child, lulls him, usually contents him, puts him to restful sleep though occasionally he'll start to cry if you *stop* sucking him too soon. Boy-babies are ever ready for such unromper'd romps and unPamper'd play — I had but to kiss a wobbly wee winkle and it would climb right into my mouth and make himself at home — though of course they're the utterest of compounded jailbait so I had to exercise extreme care in this unorthodox method of simply seeking to make the littlest ones *feel good* which of course is an horrendous and unspeakable CRIME in horrendous and unspeakable England and the United States!

Truth to tell, however, there was one exassperating little maverick I had in my charge a dozen or more times despite his being the bane of my existence. Winthrop was his grand name but I called him Winnie the Poo-Poo for adverse pot-luck reasons. A cute child on the surface, he had the alluring fragrance of milk and Mennen's Baby Powder about him and he adored to be gone down on, but at 13 months of age he was still not house-broken — and here my own pet theory on toilet-training a tiddy-boo is the very first time he Number Two doo-dooes in his triangular britches, one should immediately rub his nose in it and throw him out the window (but gently) — this works wonders with kittens and puppies but naturally I am reluctant to do that with sittees I'm *paid* to watch over. Anyway, every blasted time Winnie Poo-Poo'd the hell out of his 3-cornered pants I'd carefully, completely cleanse him and rinse him and baby-oil him and powder him and disgustedly place him on a nice clean fresh diaper and just as I'm reaching for the safety-pins I'll be goddamned to hell if he don't copiously crap all *over* again, chuckling merrily but with an Original Sin glint in his baby-blue orbs as his underage turds fly in every direction of the compass. I speedily put Winthrop on my *Shit List*.

That's the Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia!

The best thing about the State of Georgia is its peachy boys, both the Freestone and the Cling type and in the City of Atlanta magnificent Peachtree Street is dedicated to these young toothsomes. Lower-class Southern lads are rarely little gentlemen but they usually are respectful and polite to adults: “Suck my balls, *please*, Suh?!”

Having recently got into a bit of a hassle up North for door-to-door peddling rehabilitated condoms and reconstituted Kotex which it seems ultraviolated the Pure Food and Drug Act, not to mention that everybody I tried to hawk my wares to not only screwed raw and used moss for Kotex, in despair I immediately entrained for *Columbus*, Georgia, where a year ago you could pick up ball-bearings by the handful on the steps of an abandoned inner-city church but alas, *no more*! The church is now an abortion-mill when it isn't a refuge from reality for unwed mothers, and there's not a male minor in sight! I'm biting my lips to keep back the tears when an ancient gaffer with cane totters up and wheezes: “Y'all lookin' fer the young meat that useta hang around here?”

“Yes!” I wail. “What happened to them — an attack by the Old Time Religion or by *Amazons*, female-type?!”

“Purt ‘near. Couple months back Anita Orange blew inta town like a plague o’ locusts an’ scared all the younkens the hell’n gone to El Lay or points west.”

“*Damn*! I’d follow them but there’s a warrant out on me in El Lay and all of California, come to that.”

“Hankerin’ real fierce fer a nice slice of teener rump-roast, be ye?” says the old man, a nostalgic twinkle in his rheumy eyes.

“Friend, I had my mouth all set for a repast of kiddie-cock *al dente*, but now...”

“Gimme a buck an’ I’ll tell ye a *good* boy-town — leastways I *hear* it is ’cause I ain’t been there myself.”

Hastily I fork over *two* bucks. “Where? *Where*?” I pant — as only the long boy-deprived can pant.

“Li’l whistle-stop name o’ Jinxville, down the road a piece.”

“How far is a ‘piece’?”

“‘Bout a hoot an’ a holler due west. Jist foller yer nose an’ ye cain ‘t miss it.”

The rest of that day and all through the night and part of the next day I follow my roamin’ nose before I come to the outskirts of a hamlet where — footsore and weary — I collapse against a white picket-fence surrounding a neat little cottage, and I’m fast falling into a deep deserved sleep when someone nudges my foot, and a *young* voice says: “Hey, *mistuh*!”

My eyes still closed, I mumble: “Is this Jinxville?”

In a drawl thick and sweet as molasses in January I’m advised that it shore is — Pop. 944, courtesy of Mom, the seat of Jasper County an’ the only Law an’ Order hereabouts is 20 miles away so there ain’t no Law an’ Order to speak of an’...

Curious as to the source of this gushing fount of local information, I open my eyes and behold of all things a pug-nosed, bat-eared, freckle-faced, ripe wheat-thatchd boy-critter of about 12 who is sultry-promise bliss in bib-overalls and as fashioned for sweet folly as politicians are for falsity. On the small side and cuddly-formed, he’s obviously one delicious little peanut Jimmy Carter never raised (even if the ex-Prez had the good taste to desire to) — but then if you fool around with goobers most of your life you’re bound to become more than a little nuts *yourself*, right? Of course, Jimmy *Who*? makes a big virtuous deal out of being ‘born again’ but personally I think that’s a shameful reflection on his Momma and implies that she didn’t do the original birthing right in the first place. Miz Lillian should sue, forthwith!

“You look plumb tuckered-out,” the kiddy says with surprising solicitude. “Wanna drink to perk you up?” Hauling out a pint-bottle from a back pocket he uncorks it, wipes the mouth with his tongue and

passes it over.

I take a huge swallow of the colorless contents and suddenly a fiery guided missile seems to be scourging my innards. “*Whoosh*,” I choke, “What is this stuff — liquid neutron bomb?!”

My small host winks, “I call it Geritol to fool the fuckin’ revenooers but it’s good booze an’ strickly home-made!” Shuddering, I return the bottle and the boy takes a long hearty swig without batting a beautiful eyelash. “Hey, you lookin’ for a place to stay?”

When my swimming eyes finally focus right, I gaze anew at the youngster’s so-evident charms in crotch and tight pants-seat and desirefully exclaim: “Lord, yes! And near here, if possible.”

“Come talk to my Maw — she might could fix you up.” Seizing my hand, he pulls me to my sore feet, leads me to the cottage, en route relating that his name is *Beejie* Bascomb on account of he was only given the initials ‘B’ and ‘G’ for his first and middle names when he was total-immersion baptized and which damn near drowned him then and there. “*Stoopid*, ain’t it? But at the time I was too friggin’ young to stand up for my rights!”

Miz Bascomb stands six feet in her carpet-slippers and chewing on a cigar-sized snuff-stick — a gargantuan and rawboned replica of her refulgent son and therefore acceptable. She’s also deafer than a post but expertly reads my lips when I introduce as a retired Big Brother and Boy Scout executive and inquire can she furnish me with room and board.

“‘Deed I can and with pleasure, Mistuh Duke — if’n you don’t mind sleeping’ with Beejie.”

My heart leaps with joyful anticipation, but cautiously I murmur: “My goodness, I don’t know how that would work out! You see, I’ve never slept with a boy before and ...”

“You’ll jist be in the same room with me which’s got *two* beds,” interrupts Master Bascomb, giving me an offended glare. H’m’m!

After I telephone to Columbus to have my luggage forwarded, I take a bath with the boy looking on. There’s no shower nor indoor toilet but the tub is palatially roomy and the water is *soft* — a delightful small-town luxury.

“You got an awful small cock,” Beejie criticals as I soap myself. *The better to fuck you with, my dear!!* I almost say aloud but utter only a gentle reproof: “*Nice* boys don’t say things like that.”

“Who said I was a *nice* boy?!” the kid snickers.

Thrillingly I conclude that this fledgling is hot to fool around and tonight I hope to find out! Now he takes me on a tour of the place and I see a cow, pigs, chickens, ducks, a tom-cat, flower-and-vegetable gardens, a large pasture with windmill and about 50 acres of field-corn. “You ever make love inna cornfield?” Beejie apropos inquires.

“No, but I suppose that’s where cornholing was born.”

“It’s good cover when the corn’s tall but you gotta watch it or the leaves’ll cut the shit outa you if you’re bare-ass.”

Miz Bascomb calls us in to a super of delicious chicken-fried steak, hashed brown potatoes and assorted spicy relishes, all slightly powdered with nicotine-grains from her snuff-stick but it lends the viands a certain exotic and stimulating savor. The boy and I help in the washing-up, after which Momma retires to the sitting-room to look at TV. “She loves to watch soap-operas and romantic shit even though she can’t hear a word that’s said!” Beejie remarks tolerantly as he brings out his bottle and proffers it with a flourish.

I take only a small sip of the powerful ‘Geritol’, wanting to keep my senses unimpaired for what may occur later, I fervently trust! “Where did you *get* this white lightning?!” I cough, red-faced.

“My uncle makes it. He’s got this big 01’ still way back in the loblolly pines an’ I help him whenever I can.”

“Don’t you have a Poppa?”

“The shitty revenooers caught him deliverin’ a case of booze to ol’ Judge Lynch but he’ll get outa the clink next year if he behaves hisself.”

This fetching wildie is more to the offside of the Law than I’d first imagined — always a favorable omen for then we are rogues in common. Smothering a fake yawn, I declare I’m bone-tired and ready to hit the hay and the boy escorts me to our chamber which is slap-bang next to the sitting-room and six-footer *materfamilias* who is, I hope, as hard-of-hearing as she is reputed to be! Ah, well, we all live in perilous times these days and it’s far more fulfilling to die in the Arms of Eros rather than in the Arms of Mars or Nemesis. Our beds are three-quarter size, a scant foot apart and on each is a thick cornshuck mattress which I eye with some misgiving, for dried cornshucks are comfortable enough but apt to be hellish noisy and dusty when unduly romped upon. Beejie leaves to take a bath and I strip, crawl into the unsheets, lie there pondering which particular sexual approach to employ with the kid and whether I’ll be roughly rebuffed or warmly welcomed. A few rare lads will fuck at the sight of a KY -tube, others freeze up if you but give them a melting glance, still others are weathervane youngsters who’re kind when the wind is from the West, but cruel when...

Naked and dripping, Beejie returns to stand inches from my head as he leisurely towels himself dry, twisting and turning as if deliberately displaying his juvenile enticements: slim gracefully-proportioned young body guiltless of the first hair, tiny niplets dewily erect, navel a sly vertical smile on his taut ivory belly, genitals like the Hanging Gardens of Babylon fragrantly in perfect boy-bloom, compact bottom that assesses 24-karats in the anal of Golden Lads... but will it prove *assentive*?!

As the kid dries his genitals he begins to stiffen until his organ is a pulsing flesh-piston whose tip is almost touching my feverish lips. “Yeah?” the young devil says suggestively, excitedly. “*Yeah*?!”

For answer I take his penis in my mouth and at once Beejie grabs my head to pull me farther onto his vibrant member, rock-hard now, my nose pressed deep into the youngster’s velvet pubis as he begins to fuck against my tongue with low moans of delight, copulating harder, faster until with groans of mounting pleasure my sweet ravisher convulsively comes, copious spurts of creamy passion juice laving my mouth. A fiery young cock, classic example of spontaneous combustion I gratefully muse as hungrily I strip it — and it’s precisely *then* that I first notice there is no shade or curtain on the large window in the room.

“Lordamercy!” I gasp, swallowing hastily. “I hope no one’s been looking in at us or I’m in trouble.”

“I don’t give the sweat off a skunk’s cunt if they did!” the lad scornfuls. “If I wanna get blowed no body’s gonna stop me!” He ruffles my thinning hair with rough approval. “You go down right nice, Mistuh Duke.”

“Always ready when you are, Master B!”.

Leaping into my bed he flops onto me belly-to-belly, nose-to-nose leers cross-eyed at me, an idiot grin on his gamin face. I seek his lips and he grinds them against mine as I suck his fluttering tongue, feel his sweet spit seep into my mouth. I caress his sturdy shoulders, his smooth back and the incurving small of it, his small hard boy-bum and satin between, find the warm moist tiny opening and stroke it, tickle, feel it quiver, grow soft and hot and receptive. “Will you let me do it?” I whisper, kissing his ear.

“I *knew* you’d be after that!” my little love snickers, “but I don’t wanna be on the bottom — that’s the way boys get knocked-up!”

“You shall be top-dog,” I assure him, “and we’ll... oh, *hell*! I don’t have any lubricant!”

“No sweat. I figgered you’d wanna get inta me so I awready greased my hole good in the bathroom.”

“Not with *soap*, I hope — that irritates delicate membranes.”

“I used *chicken-fat* — garnteed to make your cock crow an’ flap his wings!”

He scrambles up to sit athwart my thighs, his legs spread and knees raised as he guides my distended penis to his tender orifice, rubs my blood-engorged glans against his silky nether lips, wineingly works himself onto him, his anus slowly expanding and engulfing my throbbing weapon to the hilt — strait and narrow gate into Boy-Joyland. As I thrust into him with increasing forceful drives, Beejie moves up and

down on my swelling prick like a mad monkey on a stick, the bed shaking and cornshucks crackling like a raging forest-fire. My long unexpended ardor surfaces rapidly and just as I reach a wrenching climax and gaspingly ejaculate, we hear a stentorian yell from the sitting-room. “You, *Beejie*! What in tarnation you *doin’* in there?!”

“We’s jist *fuckin’*, Maw!” the boy bawls back midst a gale of giggles.

“Well, don’t you be pesterin’ Mistuh Duke — he’s tard and needs his sleep!” Miz Bascomb can’t have *heard* either her son or the corn shucks but doubtless she couldn’t help sensing the earthquake-vibration of the bed through the floor-boards.

After I thoroughly suck what I just fucked — much to my young partner’s intense surprise and delight — and we lie entwined in post-coitum content I green-eyed remark: “I know it’s none of my business, sweetie, but you’ve been humped before, haven’t you?”

“No, dopey dilldock — but I’ve been humped *behind*! Haw! Haw!”

“By whom?!” I grate, gnashing my few remaining natural teeth. “On’y by Judge Lynch but he can’t get it up most a the time an’ his peeker’s no bigger’n my middle finger! ‘Sides, he don’t *do* nuthin’ for me — don’t blow or lick my fuck-hole or let me screw *him*!”

“But you must like him if you see him a lot.”

“I *hate* the old bastard an’ I on’y let him in ’cause he’s tryna get my Paw’s prison sentence reduced.”

“Have you ever had sex with anyone else?” I query, masochistically flaying myself as lad-lovers are ever wont to do.

“Well, I 69’d with a couple other boys an’ fooled around an’ it was plumb *nice*! Then there was this girl who asked me to screw her an’ I was all rarin’ to go till I seen her cunt which stank worse’n a month-dead mackerel so I fled for my life ! The way I reckon, boys’re the best for sex an’ men ain’t *too* bad ’cause they pay and are more gentle but I can’t see twats for *shit*!”

“You took the words right out of my mouth, honey-child!” I concur.

Evidently stimulated by his randy reminiscences, Beejie becomes rampantly erect again and after fellatively pleasuring him and myself we both fall asleep, I with the kidlet’s half-wilted dick still blissfully in my mouth. Too early the next morning, industrious Beejie is up before sun-up and away to assist his uncle in the distilling of a lickier as illicit as I am and a hell of a lot *stronger*!

If the weeks that follow should be the swan-song of my boy-adorant career, it is the ideal culmination of a gloriously misspent life, for Beejie boasts a super-lusty amenable body without blemish and a sex-personality more incitingly colorful than stained cathedral glass in Sodom. There are feverish kisses behind an opened-out newspaper my love and I are ostensibly *reading* within sight of Miz Bascomb; gropes and feels and hot embraces in corners, behind doors and out-of-doors; blow-jobs in clothes-closets, locked bathroom, the barn, *chicken*-house of course, cornfield, in the outdoor privy where the only toilet-paper is cut-up squares of the *Atlanta Journal and Constitution* (Covers Dixie Like the Dew!) and which results in my asshole becoming much better educated on current events than my mind is. And though Beejie constantly urges me to partake of his abundant supply of ‘Geritol’, I opt instead for his gusty potent breath which is at least 100-proof and, deeply inhaled, keeps me nicely pissed until the wee-wee hours of the morning.

Oh, tears! Ah, wailing! Oh, Ecstasy’s finale! I get a frantic phone-call from a friend in Asbury Park, New Jersey, asking me to be a character-witness (!) for him as he has been caught with some pretty 12^{er}’s pants down and penis up so I go and truly testify, whereby my friend gets off with just a court-costs minimal fine and a stern admonition — and I hasten back to Jinxville to be greeted by a dry-eyed but garbed-in-black Miz Bascomb who breaks the news that four days ago Beejie was diligently tending the still back there among the loblolly pines and it blew up in his face, sending him so sky-high that no trace of him was ever found for a decent Christian burial.

Alas, 'tis true the *good* die young, leaving the likes of aged me to mourn them! Yet I take some consolation in the thought that at the moment of his explosive passing, sweet little Beejie was undoubtedly closer to Heaven than he ever would have been in a less elevating demise!

Chicken-Thief

Time was when I spent several months in a small Florida Keys hamlet named Macbeth, trusting the penetrating heat of the inferno'd sun would alleviate a severe attack of arthritis (Arthur lent his pussywillow pelt to me for a brief spell and loved to ride my shoulders piggy-back style but I overdid the transportation-bit, painfully undisking my lower spine). I was also assailed by an acute case of boyitis — the boy was first-glance beautiful, instantly infatuating me, but his troth was plighted to another and he was dismally faithful to the more solvent chicken-fancier who came before!

Days pass, sun Nepenthly heals, yet in my recovery I am beset anew with a compulsive yen for sleek young boy-flesh — and likely looking lads seem to be in short supply in this arid outpost of Anita Bryant-benighted Florida. Ah, but wait!... only *seem* to be scarce for the following afternoon I spy a slim small faunlet, face pressed against the window of 'The Bike Boutique', obviously entranced by some gleaming goodie within. Serpentine up to closer inspect him, my pubic-hair literally crackles with sparks of lust as the kid's Southern exposure secedes me from all thoughts of prim propriety, his bottom-line beneath skintight jeans so Siren-seductive that I know I must confederate with this refulgent rebelation in order to form a most perfect union.

Now I sneak furtive side-looks at his profile — oh, *rare*! Froth of frolic golden curls cluster'd about the shapely head, lush sweeping eyelashes like feathery lace fans, slender delicately-delineated nose God knows must've verily been stolen from some drowsy Endymion, uptilt of dimpled lip-corners sweet semblance of subtle crimson mesmerism. Smitten with aching desire, I long to pull this little one's pants right down here in the street to savor his fore-aft fascinations forthwith! (Simmer down, you old fool, this suckling can't be more than 11 or 12 jailbait years and Florida's anti-boylove laws are straight out of the Hangman's Noose!)

Then I observe that the youngster is making love with his eyes to a glittering ensemble of chrome and red lacquer on two wheels. Adjacent sign shouts: '*Super-Flyer, latest model, 10-speed, all accessories — Special Sale-Priced!*' Becoming aware of my presence and apparent admiration of his own object of worship, the boy turns to me, face aglow — chartreuse eyes with dark arch'd brows, pastel-pink cheeks, generous honey'd mouth, earth'd Eros!

"Ain't she *purty*?!" he exclaims. "Gee, I'd give anything to have her!"

"It's not a *her*," I say jealously. "You see that long hard horizontal bar that fits between the rider's thighs? Only boy-bikes have them."

"Well, he's sure a beauty!"

"Yes, you... he is that for sure! Let's go in and see how much he costs."

Inside, the youngster devours the Super-Flyer with greedy gaze, stroking the sum of its parts with covetous hands. Up comes a monstrously overweight 50^{er} Ugly with a Shylock smile and mean tiny pig-eyes that inspect me suspiciously then fasten on the boy.

"Hello, *Jonsi*!" he says unctuously. "How's your mother these days?"

The boy darts him a passing glance, but he has manners. "She's just fine, Mistuh Bunthorn. We come in to look at this bike."

"Ah, yes, a real bargain there." Fatso casts me a veiled sneer. "And you're a stranger in town, I believe?"

"Name's Dukahz," I mumble, "from New York. Down here for the sun which has helped my arthritis. Trust you never get it — hellish twingeful!"

"I'm sure it was most agonizing," he rejoins, looking as if he wished it had been *lethal*! I steer him into a far corner out of hearing of the laddie. "Uh... how much are you asking for that Super-Flyer?"

He smirks contemptuously, as if he could read my kiddy-smitten mind and its good Evil Intent. "A mere \$99.95 plus tax," he smugly intones, implying that I haven't seen that much lettuce in one lump since

Jonah swallowed the Whale. As a matter of cruel fact, I *haven't* and my appalled feet seek to beat hasty retreat from this haunt of high finance 'cause all I got is limited Social Insecurity and have to watch my pennies. No use watching my dollars — they're smarter than I am and ever elude me. Hopelessly juggling in mind my asset liabilities I hem and haw, begin copiously to sweat — and then I chance to glance at Jonsi who seems to be rubbing his crotch against the hind-end of the Super-Flyer. By some miracle of mental telepathy the sweetie now looks straight at me — smiling, eager, excited — and my myopic eyes clearly descry beneath his tight-stretched pants-fly a bulging inverted cross! Little hot-britches has gotten a hard-on embracing his boy-bike!

I *must* have him with no delay, come what may, and am reasonably confident that I can purchase him with the mechanical Pegasus as illegal tender. I shall hock my Selectric Tripewriter and my gold inlays — who needs *teeth*?! Every knowledgeable lad prefers a fellatively *fangless* lover!

“Reserve the bike for me,” I say to Fatso, “and I’ll be around shortly to pick it up.”

“No checks, cash on the line,” he denigrates. “Dun and Bradstreet gives New Yorkers a bad-ass rating.”

“Up *yours* and Bun and Dradstreet’s, too!” I rebut with dignified restraint and attempt to annihilate him with Laser-Eye but Laser’s out to lunch or jerking-off or something. Going up to Jonsi who is now astride the bike, his anthemic little ass restless in the saddle, I Mephisto-murmur: “If you would like to acquire this pedal’d Bucephalus, then come with me to my cozy little Hansel and Gretel witch’s cottage and we’ll talk it over.”

Trusting he accompanies me, small warm hand in my nervous one and as we depart I’m all too aware of Fatso’s buzzard-orbs upon us. I have little doubt that shortly he will phone or otherwise notify Jonsi’s mother that her son is consorting with a *strange* man who’s a wormy Big Bad Apple to boot!

In my Den of Siniquity I ask Young Innocent if he’s acquainted with hard licker in mixed company (I never ply boys with booze unless they’ve had it before — it’s taking unfair advantage of the kidlets besides being hellish expensive for *me*!) Ambiguously Jonsi replies that he prefers a *hard* licker to a soft one — which info immediately elevates my evil organ until he adds that his favorite drink is corn-squeezin’s, which Pappy used to bootleg but his Pappy’s gone to his Reward now and his Momma is pure-hell hardshell baptist temp’rance! So I regale my vivacious visitor with Betty Cocker devil’s-food cake with semen-white vanilla frosting and ice-cold lemonade subtly laced with Rasputin Brand vodka, which tippie is the ideal seduction-libation for it tastes not, neither does it smell. While the youngster sips and sups I weave my wily web, telling him that I will buy him the bike and he can pay me back, little by little, in thrilling installments.

“Oh, Mistuh D.,” Jonsi poor-mouths cakily, “I ain’t never hadda nickel to my name 'cause money just don’t never seem to stick to my fingers!”

I explain that mere dollars and sense wouldn’t be involved herefor he could amply repay simply by being nice to me. The kiddy frowns, mystified.

“Whut you mean, *nice* to you? I already been nice to you and came home with you, didn’t I?”

“I mean that if you let me make you feel good, that would make *me* feel good, too!”

Jonsi quirks a dubious eyebrow. “*How* you make me feel good?”

“Well, I’d rub your back. You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

“Sure *would*!”

“And I’d rub other places hither and thither which would make you feel even *better*!”

“*Whut* other places?”

“Like *this* pretty place, for instance.” Boldly I put my hand between his upper thighs and massage gently — almost at once feeling a warm wee resident aroused within. For a full minute or more the lad holds still under my manipulation then brushed my hand a way, grinning wickedly at me. “Mistuh D., you puredee know where it’s *at*, don’t you?!”

“Has anyone ever rubbed you down there before?”

“No, on’y my ownself, but I seen dirty pitchers of stuff like that.”

“Who showed you the pictures?” I ask, dolefully scenting unscrupulous competition!

“Dint *nobuddy* show ’em to me-I swiped ’em from a store in Miami.”

Most auspicious-alluring Amorino knows the sex-scene in theory if not in practice. “So is it a deal?” I quaver wist-wishfully.

“Well, I doan know. Reckon I better ast my Momma first.”

“Don’t do *that*!” I croak hastily. “Women never appreciate these ball-point niceties — this just between us *men*!”

“OK, I give it a whirl ’cause I sure do want that *bike*! Hey, why doan you c’mon home with me now? You kin meet my Momma and stay for supper. We is havin’ pig-meat an’ red-eye gravy, grits, collard greens an’ sweet-pertater pie — mighty tasty!”

“I much appreciate your kind invitation, Jonsi, but I have to see a man with three balls.”

Boychick bugs awed eyes at me. “*Three* balls?! Lord A’mighty, he mus’ be a far-out stud! Is he fuckin’ you?”

“No, baby — he’s just a little old Granpaw who owns a pawnshop down the street.”

“Oh, yeah, I knows him. He gimme two-bits once to run a errant.”

“I love your sexy accent, kiddy. Were you born in Florida?”

“No, I’s frum Vicksburg, Mrs. Sippi, till about a year ago.” Here he brandishes small menaceful fist on high. “The Stars ‘an Bars Ferever — the South Shall Rise Again!”

“I certainly hope so in your case as I really do go for Southern buckos like you.”

“Why? I ain’t no diff’runt to look at — ain’t got two *dicks* or like that.”

“No, but they’re usually highly exciting in bed!”

The youngster sniggers, winks. “I’s plumb *skeered* o’beds, Mistuh D — my Pappy done kicked off in one!”

Offering my condolences, I try to detain the sweetling for a jot if not a tittle of preliminary romp but he’s gotta go, his Momma being punitive *per-tickler* about promptness at meals — but he promises to return bright and early the next morning, Saturday. At the door I beatifically sift my fingers through his goldilocks, bend to lick the living gold when budling lifts his baby-face and lilts: “Oh, I awmost forgot! Kin I borry some jingling-money for carfare home?”

I gape at him in surprise. “I didn’t know there *were* street-cars in this small town!”

“There aren’t,” he smirks, testing his boy-power.

Despite hysterics from my budget I spill all my small change (69 cents including a rump-perforated Buffalo nickel) into his cupped paws — he may not be on the make but he’s on the take, he’s got my neck under his slender little foot and now he knows it! However, I possess myself in submissive patience for experience has taught me that in catching chickens you needs must be *foxy*. As Jonsi hurries off he gives me a behind salute, his erect middle-finger tauntingly stabbing upward. H’m!

Clutching my pitiful collection of pawnables, I call on Grampaw Moses who is astoundingly generous for he assumes I’m one of the Chosen because of my big nose — luckily he didn’t ask to see my cock (uncut) as a further credential! Next I visit Fatso and exchange hockshop-loot for the Super-Flyer which wobbily I ride home and park it in close-up of Jonsi from my bed — *if* so be I can get him there! Then I pace the floor in fever’d anticipation of the morrow — I’m on the mad merry-go-round once more, head-over-heels for this little enchanticlear, can’t wait to eat him, drink him, sleep and dream him.

The following morning my Springtime sapling of a dozen summers arrives with the dawn, announcing that his Momma has gonna to a WCTU-meeting in Tallahassee where somebody named Carrie Nation is teaching the good ladies how to wield a bar-and-booze- bottle-smashing hatchet in the interests of neo-Prohibition — so he can stay all day with me, if necessary, to earn the 10-speed apple of his eye. I am

touched — my downy little boy-pullit displays the virtue of gratitude in advance! Chicky-boo has breakfasted but asks for some more of ‘that funny-tastin’ lemonade you gimme yestiddy ’cause it go down real fine an’ do an fretify the blood like corn-squeezin’s do’ — sweet innocent begging for his own undoing! I mix the potent brew, thirstily he quaffs it, I fill him up again then usher him into the bedroom. With treble yips of joy he falls on the Super-Flyer, fondles, it, hugs it, rips off his ‘Make War, Not Love’ T-shirt for cleaning-rag to dust and polish his passion from prow to tail-light, deluges the long narrow glans-red banana-seat with fervid smacking kisses — which last I wincingly observe with green-eye’d pangs of sourest grapes. “One thing, my ardent dear,” I gruff, “that damned banana-seat has definitely gotta go!”

“Why so?”

“Because it looks like a giant man-cock and it’d give me purple fits if you rode the fucking thing!”

The boy bubbles with laughter, tinkle of sweet temple-bells!

“Dean git your balls inna uproar, Mistuh D.- I ain’t gonna ride him bare-ass!”

I am sitting on the bed, on fire with consuming desire but I clenched-fists contain myself — it’s fatal to rush things or you risk alarming the virginal prey. At length a smiling Jonsi comes to stand between my wide-spread knees. “OK, Mistuh D., I reckon I’s ready.”

“Ready for *what*?!” I wheeze in vertigo’d visions of bliss to come.

A faint blush stains the cheeks of my cherished cherrybim. “Well, like you said — I figger you ain’t givin’ me no bike fer *nuthin’* !”

“You’re a unique and magic lad, lovely one,” I breathe, overcome. “Your sweet face reflects ancient Samothrace and I adore you more each passing moment!”

Small idol bats his deluxe eyelashes and shakes an admonitory finger at me. “Doan go adorin’ me *too* much, Mistuh D., ’cause that’s puredee scan’lous an’ agin the *Law*!” Humph, my precious little wise-ass is not only a practicalist but he’s obviously had put-down sex-education at his Momma’s knee or some other joint.

“Thanks for reminding me that I’m *illegal*!” I mutter acidly and plunge my face into his spun-silk locks, sweet satin suffocation — descend to lipcaress the soft warm hollow at the base of his smooth throat, sighing: “My pet, my own, you smell so sweet and fresh and clean that you could be a living-color advert for Ivory Soap!”

“Ain’t my fault I’m clean! See, my Momma’s a nut ’bout soap’n water, makes me take a bath *ever*’ damn night whether I need it or not! No use’n me to holler — she’d jist thump my punkin-haid like it was a beat-up ol’ drum!”

“I’ve often wondered why boys and dirt are such bosom-pals!”

“‘Cause dirt’s more *fun*, Mistuh D. — dint y’know?!”

Gently I begin to rub my small darling’s back while I lick his firm young cheeks, tongue into the tiny nostrils of his gracile nose, press my avid mouth on his tremulous lips. With sharply indrawn breath he tries to pull away but I hold him fast, nuzzle his ear. “Don’t be afraid, little one, for truly I wouldn’t hurt a *fly*-I’d just unzip it!”

“But what are you...?”

“Shhh, baby... look at the bike!”

The boy’s verde eyes swivel to the Super-Flyer, begin to glow with wheel’d stars and slowly his lips part for me as I sow his milky mouth with deep kisses, capture his slippery pink tongue in tender suction that soon is thrusting between my lips like an urgent penis, his dew-sweet saliva wetting my face under his oral copulation while my pirate hand steals down the lissom body, becomes love-sick explorer of the Eden between his thighs, unzips, invades palpitant fly, cups the precious young jewels bulging the tight briefs, beneath the cloth fondle hard little balls a drowse in their suede sleeping bag, caress the velvety kid-cock quickening to my touch, hardening, leaping — and suddenly I feel the boy’s shivers of sex-

pleasure agitate his lips and tongue. “Dean do that no more!” he groans. “If you make me come in my pants, my Momma will think I bin jerkin’ off in ’em for *sure!*”

“Does your Momma know you beat your meat?”

“She ain’t caught me at it yet but I reckon she suspeck I do it ’cause she’s always warnin’ me it’ll make me go crazy an’ my ding-dong’ll fall off.”

“You don’t believe *that* bullshit, do you?”

“Well, I doan know is I crazy or not but my pecker’s still hangin’ around jist as ornery as ever! Whut I figure is my Momma’s real jealous ’cause *she* ain’t got no play-purties like you’n me.”

I hug my sapient stripling in gender-rapport. “Right on and in — but don’t let Women’s lib hear you say that!”

“*Fuck* ’em! I’s all for *Boys Lib!* Please, suh, kin I have some more o’ that lemonade? I’s drier than a desert bone.”

Elated, I rush to get it — huge glass, triple shot of Ivan the Terrible Brand this time, sprig of mint. Seraph glugs it down, upends the glass for the last tangy drop, staggers, his eyes criss-crossing — then he giggles, pats his belly, gustily blows his minty boy-breath in my face. “Whoosh! Thass sure-nuff prime *stuff!* could drink a tubful!” I promise a refill in the immediate future.

Naked above the waist, now Jonsi shucks his cut-offs, mops his sweatbeaded brow with them, wipes my damp ditto and I snatch the Holy Garment to bury my face in the soft folds of inner fly, inhaling the heady penis-scent within. Youngling laughs: “Oh, man, you got it *bad* ain’t you?!” and he plucks his briss’d britches from my grasp. Flinging them aside where they land squarely on that cussed banana-seat, then he laces warm tickling fingers about my neck. “You wanna suck my titties, Mishtuh D.? I doan garntee they’s milk in ’em yet but they jist about ripe, I reckon.”

“Boys’ nipples don’t ever give milk, I regret to say.”

“Why not? Tits is tits.”

“Mom Nature was in an aesthetic mood for once and put boy-milk lower down.” I bend to lick one amber aureola, nibble the tiny brown-sugar niplet which stiffens against my tongue, nurse on it like a starving babe-in-arms.

Jonsi sighs, squirms, strokes my busy head. “That tickle real scrumsshus, Mistuh D., but suck the other’n now — he feelin kinda left out in the cold!” I dart to obey, wheeling between the two erect flesh-buds like a lunatic tennis-ball at play. Sensation-sated in that section the youngster presses my head farther down on him to deep round of plump-lipped navel and I scour the inch-deep hollow with fluttering tongue-tip, taste of warm cotton-candy, slobber-kiss his taut belly and the soft slope of his partially-bared pubis. Set afire by this succulent arsonist, roughly I claw at his briefs to completely denude him that I might revel in that Supreme Moment when for the first time you get into a strange kid’s underpants to see what he’s got! (Poor Zeus never knew this ineffable preface that stupid eagle delivered Ganymede in the buff and no doubt snatched some tasty delicacies enroute!). Alack, *my* contrary godlet has other ideas about being totally disrobed for he shoves my plunder-bent hands rudely aside. “Turn yer back, man — I take off my briefs *my own self!*” *Modesty* at this late stage — or a juvenile rip-off?! Steaming, I stumble to bathroom, undress, soak my fool head in cold water, palpitant return.

Slim legs wide, hands behind head in the stereotyped pose of bored junior-hustler impatiently waiting to be sucked-off so he can sooner spend the resultant coin of the realm, naked Jonsi sprawls supine on the bed. Striving to save bestest for lastest, I try to delay looking the pubescent jewel-box but my gaze is inexorably drawn to the inverted V of hyacinthine thighs: Ah, *yes, gemmous* — and a tight basket of tasty boy-bonbons as well! Smooth hairless delta, apricot-sized spermaries in a dimpled pouch snugged-up to cushion the slender curving five-inch dusky-pink penis, fraise foreskin partly peeled to reveal rosy tip of plummy red glans, moist meatus smiling out at me in wanton-mouth’d allure.

Small pyromaniac setting me hotter aflame, hungrily I plummet onto the little body limn'd in lapidary beauty, my lips tracing Love on the refulgent young flesh, move down in sweet mist of desire and my lips ardent embrace against satin-sleek boy-genitals, I engulf the vibrant little cock, gently tongue-strip the tight sex-skin from the pulsing acorn, feverishly suck suck suck the tender bulb while I fondle silken nut-sac soft as eiderdown and clinging fondly to my fingers, hotly wetly fellate for five febrile minutes, seven minutes, *ten* — but nothing transpires, nothing *arrives*! No burgeoning of boy head, no appreciable erecting except my frustration. Have I been stiff'd with an impotent *no-stiff*?! Have I dumped too much vodka into my too-dry darling? Reluctantly I relinquish the slippery-wet little sex, look up at this odd lovely. “Baby, how come I can't get you *hard*? I've worked and played on you for ten minutes or more and you're still limp as a wet tea-bag! What's wrong — am I blowing you ass-backwards or something?”

Jonsi pats my dejected pate reassuringly. “You doin' jist fine, Mistuh D. — only thing is my prick's kinda bashful aroun' strangers when he ain't got no clothes on. You gotta 'scuse him, 'cause he like a li'l ole chile — you hafta show him who's boss or he doan pay you the *least* bit o' mind. Here, *lemme* handle him — he's used to me!” The youngster seizes his shy member in brutal grasp, pinches, squeezes, vigorously pummels it between the rude palms of his fascist hands — and in a matter of seconds Little Dick is rearing hotly hard and uptight and six inches tall!! “See?” exclaims the boy, pridefully if not actually arrogantly. “I got 'im trained right smart — he knows if'n he doan stan' up an' ack nice, I'll slap the livin' *piss* outa him!”

Intimacy of now-aroused cock between my avid lips, gentle push-pull of Jonsi's warm loins against my long-deprived face and yearning. The boy tweaks my left earlobe. “You want I should *came* off in your mouth, Mistuh D.... or yank it out tereckly afore? I doan reckon my sticky stuff tastes eggzackly like vaniller *ice-cream*!” I disengage to cry: “Stay inside and flow freely, little one — I want every drop of your precious penis-pabulum!” Again his pink-passion I absorb to up-fown frictive caress in sibilant supplication — moist slip and soft sigh of silken sex-skin, leap and throb of turgid boy-phallus sensate bliss to my tongue. Jonsi stirs, moans, his knees raise and press together, his damask inner thighs clasping my head in urgent and immediate need. His eyes hot and feral, with mounting gasps he begins to fuck roughly into my mouth with short hard thrusts till a wrenching shudder twists his sweaty limbs. “I's gonna *shoot*, man, I's cornin'... I's... *oooOOH!*” and searing young boy- flesh arches frenziedly beneath me in the strangled throes of convulsed climax and I savor his spurting love-juice like warm milk and honey, suck Youth from him and Spring and Ecstasy!

Still spasm-rack'd small face smiles up at me as I strip out the last pearly-palatable dick-drop. “You like to blow my skin-flute, Mistuh D?”

“Little mouth-organs are my favorite menu-musical instrument, chickie-boo,” I grateful. “More important — did *you* like it?”

“Pow'rful *did*! I never got that much kick when I frigged my own self!”

“I don't like to brag but the fact is Little Boy *Blew*'s my middle name!”

Lingeringly I browse on Jonsi's lips and within, he readily accepting my caresses and shyly returning them. My lust-inflamed adamancy still unassuaged, gently I shift the kiddy onto his belly. Instant shrill protest: “*Hey!* Whut you fixin' to do *now*?”

“Don't be alarmed, dear one — I merely want to glut my eyes on your backside blessings.”

Blessings, *indeed*! Firm around rosy little loaves that parted disclose the small Heaven-Hole like a plump pucker'd baby-mouth inviting kisses. I bend to lick and suck the Secret Sesame into quivering pout-scent of Moroccan leather (that damnable banana-seat *again*?!), taste of chocolate-brownie. Suckee moans, shoves his gossamer bottom up hard against my face. “Oh, man, thass so *fine*! Blow my ass *clean* out, please, suh!”

Excitedly I suction the sweet vacuum *and* suck it until my tongue becomes numb and my lips develop a nervous tic. I sit up — causing wails from my greedy bedmate. “Oh, man, doan stop *now*!” the boy cries.

“You’ got my poop hole inna *hoo-wee* connipshun!”

“Time out for a lemonade-break, *OK?*” I exhausted. I’m aiming for the Ultimate Goal here which — if my usual bad luck prevails — I’ll miss by a mile!

“Kin I have another hunk o’ that cake, too!”

“Two hunks!”

I get more high-proof lemonade and cake. Kiddy gulps and chowfs with noisy appreciation while I cuddle him close, eeling a hand under his sleek bum to tickle the wee joy-slit still wet from my zestful slavering, gently social finger penetrate it as the laddie wriggles and giggles and winks at me blearily. Sweet Little rooster is almost ripe for the plucking now, I judge, as he drains his glass, belches loudly, falls back on the bed.

“Jonsi?”

“Y-yeah?”

“Will you let me?”

“Let you *whut?*”

“Well, uh, I’m not asking for *myself*, you see, but for my prick who would like to know if you’ll let him get into your paradise ass.”

“Fuck yer prick an’ you *too!*”

“That’s precisely what I had in mind but if you don’t want to do it then I’m sure I can find another boy who *really* wants to earn that magnificent, hundred-dollar *Super-Flyer!*”

Baby-boo looks at his wheel’d Desire through swimming eyes, sighs, shrugs.

“The way I feels now I doan much give a shit *whut* happens so tell yer damn prick to go ahaid — I reckon it ain’t gonna *kill* me to try it onct.” He pauses to scowl fiercely. “But doan never ast me to suck you off ’cause I wouldn’t do *that* even for Gen’ral Robert E. *Lee!*”

Aboil with high blood-pleasure I dash to kitchen, return with a fifth of Mazola which the boy peers at in owl-eyed dismay. “Hey, dumbo, thass fer *fryin’*, not fuckin’!”

“Why, baby-love, it says right here on the *label*, plain as day: *This corn-oil is unsurpassed for cornholing as it provides a delicious polyunsaturated screw that is totally recyclable and biodegradable* — so kindly turn over, little sweetheart!”

“*Really?*” gawks my bug-eyed darling. “That must be somethin’ my Momma never told me about!” So flopping onto his belly Jonsi shoves two pillows beneath his middle and spreads his legs wide in relaxed anticipation. *Damn!* Has some rival competitive adult prick already copped his backside Bestality Vestality?! Then I recall that he’s seen *pictures* — no doubt the detailed *How To Do It* kind, slanted for the hot-nuts pre-teen trade!

Grinning, the boy watches as I self-consciously Mazola my modest but rigidly aspiring six measly no-account inches — then astonishingly with his *own* hands my little love pries apart his sugar-buns while reverently I anoint his anal blossom, on hands and knees crawl over him, nudge the distended head of my rude weapon against the tender little gate expecting to meet stout resistance but my blade penetrates the tight but marvelously stretchable anal portal like a hot knife through soft butter! Suddenly there sounds a pillow-smother’d yowl and frantic clutching of sheet as my snared Cupid — wounded by an arrow not his own?! — squawls: “Hey, pull outa me a minute-yer so heavy yer *mashin’* my balls against the pillows!”

With understandable reluctance I withdraw my reviling rapier from his happy home to sulk in ejected rejection while Jonsi elevates his loins to switch his pillow-compressed gems to a safer haven between his thighs and says: “OK, man, you can shove it back in agin but fuck me nice — that ain’t no big ol’ stinky *cunt* you is humpin’, y’know!” Jumping with joy, my revived cock hurls himself against the close-furled Dimple of Love which quiveringly expands to slowly moistly tightly hotly suck him and me in, in, into the narrow-walled snug rectum as I drive headlong on and up/down the impelling Path to Perilous

Perdition! Now an entreative small voice pipes: “Mistuh D., when you gits done screwiri’ me, kin I *please have my Super-Flyer*!”

“Yes, baby .yes!” I gasp, furiously thrusting deeper, harder, faster... then too soon, *too soon* the world is a sudden sweet shudder and dissolving in delight. When at length I withdraw, the boy slips out of bed, wipes his smeared little manhole on a corner of the sheet, dons his clothes and is a susurrus of small feet departing as he wheels his beloved mechanical steed to the front door, mounts it like a horny lover and speeds off. “Jonsi!” I call after him, emphasizing the *verb*, “come back first thing in the morning!”

He neither looks back nor waves nor nothing and the last I see of him are the seductive rounds of his tight bottom undulating on that unspeakable *banana-seat* as he pumps his two-wheeler inamorato down the street.

First thing in the morning the next day, I breathlessly, yearningly wait and wait — but no Jonsi. Next day becomes a week, two weeks, three — still no pretty hide nor sunshine hair of my heart’s fancy and sustenance. My lips remember Jonsi, my fingertips recall so I hunt for him, seek him up and down every last street and by-way of this small town — encounter John, Juan, Johnny, Jonathan but none is the Incomparable One. Doesn’t Jonsi *live* here anymore?’!

At last desperate resort I decide to contact bumptious Bunthorn at ‘The Bike Boutique’. Fatso knows the boy’s mother and doubtless can clue me in as to their present whereabouts, though probably he’ll bad-mouth me for my suspicious interest in 12-year-old ball-bearings! I go the bike-shop, enter. Nobody there, nothing but the rasp of my own thwarted chicken-hawk sighs midst a profusion of glittering mobility that seems to mock me in aching reminder. At the back of the shop I perceive a closed door, go up to it, and am about to knock when from within I hear muted gasps and groans of presumably sexual excitement. I might’ve known! Fatso is playing with himself — who else would want to touch the repellent bastard!

I turn the knob, door cracks open, I peer inside. First thing I descry is a resplendent XL-350 Honda motorcycle. Next thing I appallingly view is naked awful Fatso on his hands and knees on a mattress and looking happy as a hippo in mating-time as his horrendous horse-cock pistons in and out between the delicate rosy lips of nude helpless *Jonsi* supine beneath him! I am just about to burst in on them to hopefully pulverize sadistic Fatso and rescue my poor tortured little darling when the boy pauses in his fellation to say: “Mistuh Bunthorn, when I gits done blowin’ you kin I *please have my XL-350 Honda*?!”

The Little Unsaints of San Perdito

A tisket, a tasket,
A protuberant little basket!
“Where are you going,
My pretty made?”
“To get milked, sir,” he said.

San Juan, in the ‘Enchanted Isle’ should be called San Pedro From Whom all Blessings Flow, for the plethora of potent little peter-peckers prancingly present and, naturally, the consequent abundance of peter-eaters — largely foreign rather than domestic. And since the proper study of Boykind is *boys*, I spend six hecstatic weeks there in 1966, drunk on cheap booze (rum 99 cents a fifth in the supermarket!) and cheaper kidlings — 25 cents and *up!* With the assistance of Norman, an American resident friend there who is reputed to have befriended every comely little cock in the local Metropolitan Area, I found a reasonably-priced small apartment opposite the Caribe Hilton Hotel and kitty-corner to the Normandie ditto with Escambron Beach adjacent — and the following is a by-blow account of my sojourn in this West Indies Eden.

July 28: Exploring the environs. Unlike most Stateside Ricanitos the kids here gaze directly at you, a thrilling question in their calorific eyes. The majority of them are hellish needy but very industrious, shining shoes or selling *El Mundo* or the *San Juan Star* or other papers and Eros knows what else, including *themselves*. On Avenida Ponce de Leon, the main drag, I pause to look at a display of cameras in a store-window and in seconds a slim form materializes at my side, begins to comb his brownlocks in the window’s reflection and glances my way with glassy invitation. He’s perhaps 14 with a lean foxy face and sexy smoky eyes so I touch his hand; he squeezes my fingers with perhaps heated promise and I take him home. However, in bed he doesn’t live up to advance billing for he won’t kiss (‘*Me no gusto besar!*’), won’t let me lovingly ogle his ass (roughly 1 kid in 4 has this bum-steer attitude), and his so-so penis is severely phimosed, only the cock-mouth visible through the tightly-clinging lips of the prepuce. This puts me off, for delicious though *fresh* boy-cheese is, even that delicacy becomes rancid if it hangs around too long beneath an unretractable foreskin.

July 29: From the balcony of my third-floor boy-bordello I can see the nearby Red Rooster Restaurant which I call the *Bicho Rojo* (‘Red Cock’ — *bicho* being the local term for kiddy-pecker) because within its shadow cluster several young *limpiabotas* (choo-chine cherubs) but they rarely shoes shine. Chattering among themselves they wait, all eyes and ears and twitching nostrils for the possible sucker-sucker — and soon a Pontiac or a Packard pants up and a usually heavy-set or a very lean middle-aged or far older man leans out the car-window and beckons to the nude above the waist lively luscious of his choice. Whereupon the gratified youngster hands his shine-box to a trusted companion, scrambles into the car and the vehicle pollutes away. How nice! The kind man has taken the deprived, underprivileged little slum kid for a ride — or vice versa!! — for when they return an hour later, the *hombre* looks pooped-out, dull-eyed and listless whereas the kiddy is all smug smiles like a cat eating his way through Mickey Mouse! I’d truly admire to snaffle one of these glowing Shoesies but they’re too dangerously close to my laddie-lair and the wise predator never fouls his own nest, *n’est-ce pas?* That PM Norman with his compliments sends over cockapert cutie named Nando (short for Ferdinando the *Bullshitter*) who is an in-milk prime 11^{er} and with whom I gloriously dick-dally away the rest of the day and night.

July 31: You have to be a careful Comparison Shopper in this Island Paradise! This AM, 10 blocks from my abode I glimpsed a toothsome little *enchilado* who picked *me* up before I could likewise him! Eight blocks from my domicile I saw a raunchy pre-teen number far more appealing than the first lad but I passed him by, not wanting to hurt the *amour propre* of the boy-in-hand. Six blocks from my passion-pad I

behold a *third* youngster shyly vending his hot nuts and sexier than the other two kids combined-but I avert my dazzled orbs, hurry home and make do with mediocrity.

August 1: The Fuzz in this titillant town all seem barely into their twenties — youths rather than men — and they're enthusiastic mayhem Hell on the crasser criminal element but let the boy-lovers (who are mostly profitable tourists) strictly alone so long as they don't start pulling boys' pants down in public at Low Noon. Strolling on Ashford Avenue in the posh Condado section, I hear multiple shouts of 'Dook! Dook!' blasting me from behind. Turning, I see Nando bearing down on me with bloated pants-fly and followed by three other mini-minors even younger. A *Cop* is about 30 feet away but he studiously ignores us (U.S. Fuzz, please *copy!*), scowling at a mangy mongrel peeing on a defenseless young Volkswagen. The toddlers all want to go home with me but in this instance there's no safety in numbers so I distribute consoling small change and take a rain-check. (It seldom rains in San Juan aside from brief rainbow showers but a few miles away is a triple-tropical Rain Forest where the *agua* cloudbursts down everyday and twice at night but I don't visit it as far too many cheeky wee nincompoops have time and again told me that I'm much too *wet* as it is! Damn it to hell, the well-meaning boy-lover in the West is probably the most insulted and reviled and Puritantly persecuted-prosecuted person on the face of the Earth and I'm thinking very seriously of bitterly complaining to the Supreme Court of the United States about this and possibly the *female* Honorable Judge there will lend a sympathetic ear. *Hear! Hear!*)

August 2: Today a Warm Body of could-be 10 with exquisite eyebrows and fancy red stitching on his blue jeans begs me for a nickel. I bestow a dime on him, saying he can earn ten times that much if he'll do right by me but he sopranos: "Oh, I'm too young for you — I can't even *squirt* yet!" I laboriously explain that he needn't necessarily be in the lactation-stage to more than satisfy me but he darts off in blushful confusion. Bashful tots are a rarity here — *this* one must be from the Virgin Islands! Later in the nearby park I bump into something or someone wearing green cut-offs, T-shirt and thick glossy dark-blond hair down to its shoulders and puzzled, I query: "Are you a boy or a *girl*?!" The something somewhat thumbs its questionable crotch at me and vanishes around a corner of the Park Museum and to this day I still don't know whether it was a Shaker or a Wiper (my long-time buddy Scottissue *hates* the latter but then he hates everybody who perforce at time has to pee or defecate!) Discouraged, I'm about to spend a quiet evening at home reading *The Choirboy's Revenge* when savior Nando drops in trailed by his kid-brother who is precisely nine months' younger than his sibling. They spend the night with me and *spend* is the operative word here except for kid-brother — but he's about milky dew-due any day now!

August 3: I sit on a low wall bordering Escambron Beach behind the Normandie Hotel and watch a score of youngsters cavorting in the water, grab-assing and such and occasionally, in deeper water, I descry a lad with swim-trunks shoved down and one hand midriff-busy — obviously pleasuring himself though generally not to completion, for self-abuse doesn't put money in your pocket like getting *blowed* does! As I glue-eyed watch these antics a fully-attired brash 5^{er} with raffish grin scrambles up on the wall beside me and supporting himself with one grubby hand on my shoulder rips open his buttoned fly and proceeds to pee on the sand below, his scintillant stream jetting out a scant inch from my face. Then the tiny urinator wanders away and I'm just about to leave myself when a sucksome sweeting emerges from the water, takes up a bundle of clothing from a shelter'd nook and perches on the wall so close to me that I can feel his cool young warmth. As he doffs his trunks he turns slightly so that I have an unobstructed view of his penile ensign waving on high before he conceals it inside his lucky briefs. When he is dressed he smiles at me, I smile at him and without a word being spoken we walk off, hand-in-hand home to Heaven!

August 4: The hustler-grapevine must be buzzing like mad about me, for today I have seven visitors — an AM trio and a PM quartet, one and all dropping their pants as soon as they enter the door and beating their meat to demonstrate their penis-potential, en masse. As a rule or a yard-stick, Rican lads are heavy-hung and it's somewhat inferiority-complexing to watch a 12^{er} flogging himself hard for me by using *both*

hands, one hand two inches north of the other! Some sage or sappy sociologist has stated that Spanish boys are compulsive masturbators almost from birth because their mothers constantly suck the infant member (penis-envy?) and the fathers frequently stimulate the baby prick to proudly exhibit to their friends how upstandingly *macho* is the Chip off the old Blockhead! I don't know first-hand about this but it's all lovely grist to my mill!

August 5: I meet Junior, a 13^{er} chickenito beautiful as a five-figure tax-free legacy from a deceased doting aunt. He would've been my favorito but he has adhesions which prevent his foreskin from being fully drawn back from his glans so he finds fellation fearsomely painful and shortly gave up the Great Game as the Dolor involved far outweighed both the Delight and the Dinero.

August 6: I pick up 12^{er} Papo, a winsome Prince of the Pavement (in France they're called 'Garçons de Pave') with enameled eyes and bare feet sand-scoured squeaky-clean from much play on the beach, but I no sooner get him in bed than he says: "*Ya me viene!*" (I already came!) — and by Hell, that's what he multiple must've done as I couldn't get a drop' of milk out him in one solid hour of sweaty suctioneering. (Is Eros boycotting me?!)

August 7: Jorge (pronounced 'Whore-hey!') is a darkly handsome chickabumchik of 13 who comes to call or calls to come and it's most evident that the hot sweet elixir is bubbling in his slim loins but he's another tunnel-vision sexual non sequitur for all he wants to do is *hump* me, declaring that screwing feels the best of all and at the climax makes his whang half an inch longer and the glans thicker than fellation does — but I refuse to co-operate in such penile heresy and promptly show him the door. Most Rican kids have this super-masculine urge to bang you and occasionally I take on the younger fry when such is their first experience of anal-intercourse, amused by their manful efforts to pound their little pegs into my distinctly unamused knothole — they usually *don't* but wincingly I assure them they did and then they go around bragging: "Last night I fucked an *American!*"

August 8: Boy-lovers can seldom *win*. At best the most they can hope for is a sort of armed neutrality! Today I get cussed-out by a paper-boy and bad-mouth'd by a Shoesie because I *didn't* take them home! Both were prime sucker-bait but I had a previous heavy date with a wee fisher-lad who sold cockles but not mussels on the seashore and loved to have his snorkel suctioned in the shower and he adores showers too 'cause Cleanliness is his Godliness. He is waiting for me at my door, bright-eyed and eager and already half-undressed. He stays until 11 PM by my crazy cuckoo-clock and is just about to bid me God Be With Ye when he decides he needs another shower — 'cause now his *mind* feels dirty!

August 9: This evening a seniorito followed me home unbeknownst to my rum-befuddled self until he groped my Gluteus Maximus as I was going up the stairs to my Sexist Seraglio so I figured he was well-versed or better-worse in man-boy games besides being so doggone sly and silent-footed that he'll probably end up on the Vice Squad or become the Cat-Burglar sought on three continents. He says his alias is Chacho and that he's an Andalusian Gypsy who got run out of Seville, Spain, and he wears a small thin gold hoop in his left ear-lobe, narrow gold chains circling his left wrist and ankle obviously a Leftist so he'll bear watching! Big-ball'd and sweet cock'd, rear hemispheres taut and temptant, sharp-cut delicate features 'neath the dark shaggy helmet of his hair: in toto a compelling little conquistador who I thought would afford me fiestas of fellation and fucksation but too soon I discover he's got a one-way dick that only wants to fuck ass and Chacho hauls out a pair of pink girl's panties he's swiped from Padin's Department Store, makes drink-sodden me don them and assume the prone position, through the silky cloth chews on my defenseless buttocks until he's erected himself to the sufficiently penetrative adamancy, rips off the teeth- mangled panties, deluges my hiccuping fundament with Oil of Olay (aptly-named but inaptly dries out too painfully quick), plunges in and carried away by his own rapine lust humps me so long and so laceratingly that I feel like poor Saint Sebastian mortally wounded by a thousand arrows all in one super-sensitive Spot and this damnably is *not* the sort of anal acrobatics I enjoy! I hurry into the shower to cool off my abused rump and when I return I find Chacho has decamped with the contents of my wallet

(\$4.56 including a lead half-dollar) and my prized credit-card to a peg-house in Punksutawney, Pennsylvania.

August 10: Today I somehow acquire 12^{er} Pancho whom I call Boo (short for Boo-Hoo!), a weepy wee booblitchki who declares he's an orphan and swears he can remember like it was yesterday the very hour he was born with all the blood, sweat and tears attendant on both mother and babe — hence, I gather, his constant blubbering. However, my own private opinion here is that his lachrymal ducts have a defect and are as leaky as a pissing contest in a Boys' Camp and clever Boo exploits this to his decided advantage. Since his only visible means of support seem to be between his knees and his navel, front and back, and are very nice indeed and in deed, this at once brings out the Mother in me for *this* sweet tear-jerker gives me full conjugal rights and it is a touching sight to see him approach me with cryful brimming eyes, Kleenex in one hand and KY in the other! And after every sex-session of whatever nature, my pretty wailer again turns on the water-works and sobs: "Nobody loves me! Nobody *cares!*" So forthwith I cuddle him, gently caress him, make much of him until he smiles through his tears and says: "Let's play Fuck-a- Luck!" which is the bastard offspring of Hearts and Gin Rummy and is the bane of my existence whereby if *Boo* loses I get a free piece of prat but if I lose I have to sweeten his personal pot with 2 bucks which I can ill-afford and I *never* win because the cagey kid keeps making up new rules in *his* favor as we play! Alack, I had Boo on only six occasions of costly benison — then he met a more affluent lover who whisked him off to Bermuda to reside among the *onions* which, I gather, will cause the lad to joyfully become more lachrymose than ever!

August 11 through 15: Days and nights exclusively with Nando who gets sexier and sexier every time I see him.

August 16: This afternoon Norman's brother Chad (obtusely hetero) got married in the Chapel of St. John the Supine and I was invited to the obsequies where both Low-an'-Grin and Mendel's Sons wedding marches were rendered appropriately off-key. The mother of the bride usually sheds freshets of tears at these affairs, but *this* mother all but danced in the aisles, the father looked immensely relieved as if he'd got rid of a monkey on his back and the bride herself seemed to glow with Unholy Victory although she was so heavily-veiled (probably with good reason!) that I could see nothing of her face except an ominously determined chin — 'Here Comes the Bride' and God help the groom if he later *can't* come! As you would expect of a moral leper like me, what most engrossed my eyes, ears and super-Id was the all-boy choir in their scarlet cottas and white surplices, impish faces, seraphic voices and particularly sexifying to me was one rococo youngster evidently strayed from some cinquecento Cardinal's bed, his sweet satin self evoking scarlet sins behind silken altars in an ambiance of incense and dilative devotive candles.

After the ceremony I hastened to the vestry hoping to encounter that aphrodisiac kid but all the little nightingales had changed and left, so I went on to the reception held in the church-basement where I ate the spun-sugar bridegroom off the wedding-cake, wishing he was the six-year-old ring-boy who looked far more tasty. Then I get hit in the face by the bride's flung bouquet which surely was a lucky omen for just as I'm going back for Ninths on the champagne and caviar-stuffed shrimp, I behold the beauteous beat of my heart — 12 his years, faun his ears, Innocence in an Eton Jacket? The hymn invites us: 'O Come Let Us Adore Him!' so I thread my way to the objectionable (according to heteros) Object of my Affection and am just on the point of uttering worshipful praise Owed to a Nightingale by me and Keats for his sublime warbling when the sweet songster snickers a soprano cricket-chirp and down put lilts: "I know who *you* are and what you *want* but you ain't gettin' it from me 'cause I ain't for sale!"

God Save Us All! You'd think San Juan was some gossipy uptight small town in staid New England! "Much as I would like to, I can't afford to buy you," I practical, "but I was hoping to rent a little bit of you here and there if your charges were moderate."

"Forget it! I'm a *good* boy!"

“Sweetie, there *aren’t* any morally good boys except perhaps in the womb, for boys are born to sexual mischief even as man is born of woman! You may not believe that but I’m sure I can convince you if you’ll just give me a few moments of your valuable time. Here, let’s us go behind this genuine imitation palm-tree in the corner where we can confabulate more privately.”

“Hey, *hold* it! I ain’t...”

“Don’t get your testicles in a tizzy, baby-love! I’ve never yet raped a kiddy at a wedding-reception — that’s far too dangerous conspicuous consumption.”

Hesitantly the youngster suffers me to nudge behind the fake palm-tree where tenderly I decently assault him, tonguing his seashell ears and massaging the back of his neck and shoulders — tricks Casanova taught me!

“What’s your name?” I whisper, licking his near eyebrow. “Cisco — short for Francisco,” he replies somewhat dazedly.

“I bet you were named for St. Francis of Asseasy who was for the birds.”

“How did you know?!”

“A shitty stool pigeon with loose bowels told me.” Gently I begin to lick his cheek while my right hand rubs the small of his back and my left hand strokes butterfly-lightly up and down his taut crotch. The boy’s breath quickens, then he tries to squirm out of my embrace. Holding him tighter, I murmur: “Has anyone ever tongue-bathed your pretty private parts?”

“*N-n-no!*” he sighs, suddenly quiescent in my arms.

“Has no one ever gone down on your little penis so that it will eagerly come up on you and ecstatically explode in a snowy gardenia shower of sticky bliss?!”

“*N-o-o-o!*” he quavers, pressing closer against me.

“Haven’t you ever had a fond lover lick and suck your tiny asshole until it gets all hot and wet and open and...”

“Stop! *Stop!*” the boy cries, wresting himself from my grasp and clapping his hands to his ears. “I *can’t stand* any more of this!” (He’s already standing — on his feet and between his thighs!)

“Little darling, you won’t *have* to stand. You can sprawl in naked comfort on my bed and let orgasmic delight possess you — so come home with me now!”

Avoiding my over-heated gaze, Cisco shakes his head. “I... I can’t I’ve got choir-practice in a few minutes.”

“Then later — for a First Night of Love you will remember all your *life* ?!”

“Tonight my Bible Class meets,” he mutters — then he looks directly, solemnly into my eyes. “But tomorrow afternoon... *maybe!*” and blushing furiously he flees like a hunted hare before the hounds, his trim little tail the last I see of him bobbing through the crowd. Will he let me teach him the exciting catechism of the Body to counteract the dull dogma of the Church or is he just another false-promiser?!

August 17 to my departure: The usually clement Caribbean weather lets me down this afternoon that Cisco is *maybe* due to arrive, lashing the city with heavy rain and strong gusts of wind — but at 3 o’clock a knock sounds on my door and I rush to admit my sweet chorister, faithful to his word and promise but soaked to the skin. Quickly I get him out of his wet clothes and into my dry bed to dry his damp pelt with my desire-parched lips though here plagued by the disturbing thought that more sexy youngsters by far have rubbed their stiff little dicks and piggly bottoms up against unfeeling Messrs. Simmons or Castro than any other man in bedlamic mattress’d history! Oh, the agony of it all.

The boy shuts his eyes tight as I slobber down his warm smooth sleek body to the Holy Family jewel’d in the satin surround of his thighs, kiss the shy glans peeping from pink prepuce, suck in the limp bashful penis which swiftly firms, hardens, erects to prod the roof of my mouth-and I suck-suck-suck the lively granitic morsel until with wild indications of frenzied pleasure Cisco gaspingly cries out and

heavily squirts bursts of hot creamy kid-stuff across my eagerly soliciting tongue. When I've stripped the milky residue completely out from the lad's still-stiff injector, I say: "You *liked* that, didn't you?"

The kiddy opens his eyes but puts a masking hand over them. "Y-yes, I did," he replies, after a minute.

"And something that feels so good as that can't be so *bad*, can it?" I relentlessly pursue.

"But they *tell* you it's bad!"

"Pay no attention to *them* — listen to what your *body* tells you for it incorporates all the sexual wisdom of the ages!"

Here for the first time I notice that my well-drained young virgin has a small Bible and a Rosary beside his pillow. "Well, bless my soul!" I exclaim. "What are these for — protection from heathen sex-friends and other Americans of like bent?"

The boy unveils his eyes, sits up, regards me gravely. "I brought them along so if God happens to see me in bed with you, he won't get mad and send down a Rain of Fire to destroy us!"

"Why, sweetie, veritably you are my lovely Guardian Angel safeguarding me from my baser instincts! Of course, it's always advisable to play it safe so I'm exceedingly religious, too — but my creed is the Cult of the Boy, a Religion of Joy!"

Cisco knits his gossamer eyebrows, purses his lush lips. "I don't think my Confessor would agree with you."

Suddenly I feel faint. "Good Lord, baby-love," I ejaculate, "I hope you're not going to confess that I just *blowed* you!"

"I *got* to but I'll say it in English 'cause my Confessor understands only Spanish."

Hugging my clever little dissimulator, I nuzzle my appreciative tongue into his dew-fresh armpit and at once the kid's eyelids snap shut again. Unmistakably he *likes* my erotic attentions but evidently he salves a possibly guilty conscience by persuading himself that what he doesn't *see* doesn't exist — his glance even shies away from his own nude and perfect body! Having sampled Cisco's anterior, I am ravenous for his posterior and slyly I say: "You know, dear heart, I envy you!"

"Why so?"

"Because you're sitting on the Treasure of the Indies!"

Cisco raises himself slightly to peer beneath him — then he reddens and scowls as he catches the drift of my meaning. "That's the worst sin of *all*!" he shudders.

"What is?"

"What you want to do with my... with what I *sit* on!"

"Oh, come on, baby — I'm sure you've heard about Mary Magdalen, one of the whores in the Bible?"

"I ain't s'posed to read parts like that but I *do* — sometimes." Another suffusion of pink stains his cheeks.

"So then you know that Mary sinned much but she was forgiven much because she *loved* much—even as I love *you*!"

"I don't remember that bit, but if it's in the Bible then I guess it's OK."

"So turn over, sweetheart—I want to love you much on *all* your sides!"

"But what are you going to *do* back there? I don't want..."

"I will strive to give you pleasure, my wary darling, but I won't try to fuck you for I never rush things. As Billy Shake-Spear once told me: 'For want of restraint, many a screw has been lost'!"

Sighing, atremble with misgivings, Cisco finally rolls onto his taut belly. Ah, yes, an Olé ass forsooth — the delicately-seamed perineal path between the twin bowers of bun-bliss leading to a pink, smooth-lipped, slightly open Heaven's Gate and I plunge my upper cheeks betwixt his nether ones and begin noisily to slurp at the moistly welcoming wee mouth. The boy gasps, squirms, moans then he shoves his shapely butt up to meet my rapine tongue that sinks deep as I can get it into the sleek slippery grotto and there is a faint fragrance and taste of savory boy-bottom and heating young membranes pulsing against

my lingual ravishment. As I lick an inch into the inner walls of his anal-vestibule, Cisco pantingly responds with frantic copulative movements in reverse, the bedsprings setting up an envious clamor! My traitor tongue too soon tiring, refusing to stay stiff and pointed to my purpose, with silent curses reluctantly I withdraw. Immediately a wail of protest from my amorino.

“I’m sorry, sweet child,” I placate. “The libido is all too willing but my confounded flesh is weak — I need a few minutes to recuperate!” The youngster twists onto his back and unabashedly stares up at me with awe or wonder or perhaps a faint *disgust*? You never can tell with a *boy*!

“Well, Saint Francis,” I dither, fondling his erect pastel nipples, “did you like being tongue-tucked?”

He smiles broadly, blushfully. “You *know* I did, it was out of this world — but how can *you* like it?!”

“Tasty baby, your ass is as sweet to eat as a whipped-cream hot-fudge sundae and furthermore your exciting flavor *lasts*!”

We pillow-talk for a while but the boy skillfully evades any personal questions about his parents or his home or even himself, though managing to imply that he is pretty much his own master. Some kiddies lead private lives as secret as spies’ and essentially tell you nothing — though most *volubly*!

Suddenly my bed mate pulls a corner of the sheet over his face and silently points to his midriff where his recharged penis is again stiffly aimed ceilingwards, so taking pity on its engorged need and distress I once more honk the melodic horn which soon releases a cadenza of liquid notes in the Key of White! Now Cisco says he must leave for a rehearsal of Handel’s *Messiah* (Fucking Handel — I never *did* like him!) so I give the lad a buck and clothe him, in the process embracing his privy parts anew while studiously Master Prim/Proper looks at his Bible/Rosary. “You’ll come back tomorrow, won’t you?” I hopeful.

“You can count on it,” he grins surprisingly, “like *early*!”

That night I dream of him, see his cherubic face and form with the vividness of total recall. We are naked in church in front of a crowd of spectators, the boy-choir is chanting: ‘Let Sleeping Dog Lie, let Singing Boys *Lay*’, *organ*-accompaniment subtle in the background. Cisco is on his hands and knees before the altar and I am bent over, trying to force my aggressive cock into his tender Eden Entrance but it’s way too small’ “Can’t you even get the *head* in?!” my writhing partner shrills disgustedly — and then I wake with a start: It’s 8 o’clock in the morning and my dream-child is hammering on the door.

Confusedly I let him in, my eyes immediately entangled in the nipper’s zipper on his pants which is half-open — and then I notice the kiddy is wearing wrap-around mirror sun-glasses. *Aha*! A sharp minor, his one — he wants to watch me make love to him but he doesn’t want me to see him watching! Cute acute kiddy, a beguiling mixture of Piety and Perversity, he’s again chaperoned by his Bible which he stuffs under my sex-stained pillows, and his Rosary which he hangs on the head of the bed to watch over him and/or me!? Now he rips his fly completely open, exposing himself to me and since he’s already early had his morning repast, 1 breakfast on denuded him — a hazardously high-protein diet but most necessary to avoid heart-trouble or cause it’

After making the Sign of the Cross and kissing his thumb, today my pretty songbird lets me kiss him on the lips and teach him the pyrotechnic joys of soul-smooches and tongue-and-spit swapping! Then, arpeggios tickling my esophagus, he croons into my mouth the good news that he’s going to skip choir-practice at church and practice *here* — but his repertoire is an odd one, albeit suggestive. Introductorily he trills ‘Mine eyes have seen the Glory of the Coming of the Lord!’ — which certainly must’ve been as arrantly nauseating a sight as you’re ever likely to suffer! Taking a deep breath, now Cisco launches into a second lively ditty which I fear is all too true-to-life, being rendered with stentorian and heart-felt sincerity:

‘I am Jesus’ Little man — Yes, by Jesus *Christ* I am!’

and when the kid strains for an alpine note, his precocious pricklet erects too, to oscillate between his thighs like a mad metronome and I bend to lick up a drop of crystal honey seeping from the quivering glans-lips. Carried away, I thrust my head into the velvet noose of Cisco's thighs and begin adagio suction of his allegro instrument. Squeezing his hard little nuts to sooner surface the semen — but Master Contrary pulls out of me and queries: "What d'you s'pose would've happened if Christ had been a *girl*!?"

"*Perish* the putrid thought!" I shiver-shudder. "Yet on the other hand, to be fair, I suppose we *might* could all be a bunch of bare-ass pagans, happy as the day and night is long if Christ had been a *female*!"

"Like us right *now*, huh?"

As I nod in fervent agreement, the boy re-inserts his lickable-dickable and I'm just getting it into a nice state of wild ecstatic excitement when he whips it out again — he feels an oversize crap coming on! In the bathroom he perches on the throne, does his little business and is about to tear off a piece of Mr. Scottissue when he spies the bidet, asks what it's for. In reply I turn on the up-jetting coozy-cleansing stream in the forepart of the sanitary device,

"Oh, it's a *drinking-fountain*!" Cisco cries and leaps up to gulp from it, then turns to squat his tight bottom over the lucky geyser and squealing with delight as the bubbling water scours his wee poopy-hole. I do like a clean boy though dried semen-smelly little pricks take my fancy, too. My lovely chorister remains all day with me which whets my appetite for still more of him so I ask him to stay overnight — but the youngster's face sobers in sudden dejection. "You wouldn't want to *sleep* with me," he mutters.

Is my singing-boy up to *larks* again?! "Why not?" I say. "Do you walk in your sleep all night or get violent nightmares or like it?"

"No, but sometimes I wet the bed," he whispers, his ears reddening in a beginning blush.

"Well, a bit of boy-pee won't matter here at all as there's protective plastic-cover on my mattress."

When we retire about midnight, drowsy much-used Cisco, instantly falls into a heavy sleep and after a few minutes I slip down and tuck his tired penis into my mouth for a last goodnight caress, and he doesn't wet the bed or me — not at least on *this* delightful nocturnal interlude!

As the halcyon days and nights too fast pass, my sapid suckee spends most of his time with me except for irritating choir-practice and singing his little head off, including at weddings or funerals or other like disasters, but soon I discover that the come-comely Cisco Kid brooks no rivals while he is my Boy-in-Residence — hurling his Bible at all other lads who come to visit me, or lashing them into precipitate flight with his steel-beaded Rosary! Jealousy in one's favorite innamorato is, of course, the sincerest form of flattery — or so I like to *think*!

I now enjoy all of the youngster's peerles private parts and privileged privities except his pretty little bum-bum for anal intercourse, so of course I speedily convince myself that I can't live without it, despite the hump-hazards. In so-called *liberal* New York if they catch you in the bare-trap of a 12-year-old fun-hole, you sing the Sing-Sing Blues for six years minimum. In San Juan in like case, until they can deport you they *might* shove you into *La Princesa* who is not a king's daughter but a prison where I hear tell are many personable youths all claiming that THEY DIDN'T DO IT! — but they WILL if the price is right.

And though I have not yet plumbed the plush pleasures of Cisco's Nether Nepenthe ("Maybe I'll let you in tomorrow!" he ever promises — but tomorrow never *comes*, poor chap!), he *does* permit me to pedicate his armpits and between his thighs, calves, soles of his feet and the inner walls of his warm buns. Then one evening just as I ejaculate in his capacious navel and wishing it were the close-lipped slit enshrined betwixt his buttocks, the boy surprisingly says:

"Would you like to get into my shithole for a change?!" At long last the Lay of the Latest Minstrel!!

Sobbing "YES!" in English, Spanish and Sodomesse, I scramble for more KY and pillows and trick-towels and other paraphernalia for the perfect pedication — but when we're both ideally positioned for idyllic connubial conjoining, my treacherous prick suddenly wilts like a spear of over-boiled asparagus

and all my efforts to revive the renegade reneger are in vain. Hysterical with mirth at my limp low-downity, cheeky Cisco deafeningly sopranos:

‘Hallelujah, I’m the Glory,
Hallelujah, amen!
Hallelujah, I’m the Glory,
Christ is *risen* again!’

“*Please!*” I miserable. “You and Jesus don’t hafta make fun of me because He and you erect more quickly and dependably than *I* do!”

Instantly the boy oozes contrition, pats my cheek, kisses my shame-faced penis, says he’ll be *open for business* again in the morning — but he almost forgot that right now he must leave to attend special religious services in honor of the Virgin Mary and flings on his clothes and is off, mirror-glasses and all! The next morning and Cisco arrive together, the latter spilling over with willing smiles and eager invitation to possess him *corpos in toto* — but just as I’m unzipping his pants he appalled realizes that he’s plumb forgotten his protective Rosary and Bible and forthwith he dashes off to get them, up-zipping himself as he goes! For a solid hour I impatiently, frenziedly, hopelessly pace the floor then finally the boy phones to say he’s had an emergency-request to sing at a funeral — my *own*, no doubt, though I don’t dare to look!

Moments later I get a *second* phone-call, this time from my boss in New York City who reminds me that I’ve long overstayed my vacation-time and if I’m not back on the job in 24 hours or less then I can apply for Unemployment scanty benefits or sell apples on the street! Cisco (sans mirror-glassess!) comes to the airport to see me off and behind the screen of two fat-ass lesbians from Ann’s Arbor, Michigan, I fervently kiss my downcast darling, assuring him that I’ll return for the coming Thanksgiving Holiday in November — and squeezing his fidgety pecker beneath the thin, almost transparent cloth of his cut-offs, I whisper: “Take good care of this for me and don’t let anybody *else* use it!”

The boy grins, slaps his bottom. “I’ll take good care of this for you, too!”

In New York I work like a dog not too think too much of my Indies Eros, counting the tortoise seconds until November 24th. Four days before Thanksgiving I get a cablegram from Norman breaking the earthquake news that my sweet Cisco has entered a seminary in Madrid, Spain, to study for the priesthood. Ah, *cruel!* Piety has overcome Paganinity, seminaries have vanquished semenaries, Bible and Rosary have triumphed over KY and plastic mattress-covers! Nuns become the symbolical Brides of Christ — but if I know Cisco *he* will become the diabolical *actual* Groom of Jesus and I hope to Christ that Jesus has the good taste to fully appreciate this too-devout little one!

The Cholesterol Kid

Why does a Boy-Chicken cross the road?
'Cause a Faggy old Capon's on the other side!

Which came first, the chicken or the Eg(bert)? Since in present slap-happy happenstance the latter is the former, necessarily they must've come together. Egbert is a downy little chickaboo of about 12:15 on the calendar-clock with a soufflé of yolk-blond curls, scrambled brains behind a hard-boiled mien, pullet-size scrotum eggs newly pregnant with baby-making juice and a chanticleer cock that indubitably is something to crow about.

I first spied Eggy in the Poultry Exhibit at the East Hennepin, South Dakota County Fair where speedily for some queer reason we became quite chummy, he confiding he was named Egbert 'cause he was an incubator-infant on account of he was born prematurely due to his Mama having been scared out of her half-wits by a radical Rhode Island Red rooster fried on fermenting silage, so the lad is looking for a nice plump hen to take home and fuck the hell out of to sort of revenge his Mama and himself on their earlier and never to be forgotten or forgiven feather'd foes — and he asks if I'll help him in the pedicative punitive process, like holding Chicken Licken for him and parting the pin-feathers while he rapes her. Regretfully I decline such fowl-play as some thirteen months ago I clutched a female White Wyandotte with a face uglier than Frank Perdue's between my bloodily chicken-clawed nude thighs for an engaging wee rapist named Cyprian I was trying to get on the good side of but it eventuated that the little chicken-shit was bad on *all* sides. So I whisper a counter-suggestion into Egbert's shocking-pink ear that to be sucked-off is far more sanitary and sending than to be ass'd off by some squawking cluck-cluck who is anything but amorily cooperative. Eagerly the boy agrees that a blow-job is easier and pleasier and do I want to do it here and now in back of the chicken-house or maybe in a double-decker seat on the nearby Ferris Wheel since dusk is coming on and no one is likely to see us? Though I'm virtually frothing at the mouth with fellative lust I opt for the safer, less publicly exposed course, escorting amenable Chicken Little home to my vile habitat and we're no sooner inside the door than I'm down on my knees downing the kid's pants and shorts and go-downing his sprightly come-uppance until with blissful gasps he strains against me, emitting fast, furious and free-flow- ing as he fills my mouth with creamy meringue — making me his forever or a day in condensed time, too soon evaporated.

As luck would have it, since it turns out that the boy coincidentally and conveniently lives just three blocks from me and egg'd on by my insatiable Id-Ego to *Love Thy Neighbor*, I strive to make a habit of Egbert but he can spare me only an hour or two a day — I suspect being otherwise occupied in hatching dark plots against Henny Penny and her cackling siblings. He's also adamantly one-sided in sexual shenanigans — totally Assent in front but rock-bottom Dissent in back as I morosely discover when I attempt tenderly to poach on his *bon vivant* bum, though he's Johnny on the Spot enthusiastic to lay *me* every time I'm caught with my pants or my defenses down. Alas, this hardly indicates that the kid regards me with undying affection — on the contrary, he displays the most open and unabashed cupboard-love and ironically this hinges on hen-fruit! See, the boy is crazy-gone on *eggs* (exclusively fried sunny-side up!), apparently operating on the principle that the more eggs he eats, the less chickens there'll be — a reasonable assumption though somewhat genocidal in intent.

However, at home Mama allows her fledging only one small egg per week, telling him that these shell'd deceits are more dangerous than artillery shells for they'll fatty up his arteries to a too-untimely demise — whereupon Egbert pouted out his lower lip, dug his heels into the kitchen-linoleum and shouted: "Frig my arteries — I want *eggs*!" Whereupon Mama gave her pride and unjoy such a swat that it sent him hurtling out the back door and into a patch of ripe eggplant ten feet away! Hence every morning the kid comes to my house for a second breakfast, wing-flapping his arms and soprano-crowing: "Cock-a-

doodle-dooo!” and I feed him his favorite food without stint for it makes a youngster’s hide and hair beautifully glossy and *I*’ve been eating eggs everyday for damn near six decades and I’ve yet to tangle assholes with Mr. Art Teriosclerosis or whomever — another bluddy *Greek*, I infer.

And on this auspicious Sunday morning naked Egbert is sitting on my likewise lap at my kitchen-table devouring a fried foursome of his delight, plus fresh-squeezed Anita orange-juice, cornflakes and half-and-half moo juice, cinnamon toast, Canadian bacon and cocoa with marshmallows — all lovingly prepared by me, but if I venture to steal a bit of bacon from his plate he snatches it from my mouth, hissing ominously and trying to strangle my erect penis between his powerful thigh-muscles, so about all the sustenance I get is his proffered greasy fingers to suck clean. And then the sweet bastard decides he wants four more of his consuming passion: “But make the yolks more *gooey* this time, Duke baby!” Sighing, I ease out from under my burping guest, weary to the refrigerator, extract a quartet of the required item — but on my way to the stove I slip on a grease-spot on the floor and thunderously fall flat on my prat, hitting my head so hard on the foot of the sink that I see more stars than Hollywood ever heard of.

“Jesus!” Egbert shrieks, his voice fraught with anxiety, “didja break the *eggs*?!” (I’m thinking of suing the lovable little prick for eggravated *adult*-abuse!)

The Sweetsop Sot

It seems like fourscore and 7 years ago as the crow flies that I visited Denver, Colorado, which had long intrigued me for its elevation — the rarefied atmosphere giving one the sensation of a continuous mild free drunk with no consequent hangover, though it raises hell with baking recipes which have to be adjusted to the empyrean altitude or in the oven they fall flat on their crestfallen faces. Too, Denver boasts the Brown Palace Hotel with its exhibitionistic Peacock Alley and it has ever been my aspiration to brown or *be* boy-browned in a Palace, hotel or otherwise, so I check into a modest single room with bath in the elite edifice which is redolent of Turn-of-the-Century grandeurs and glories and sally forth into the city to see what I can hopefully kiddy-find.

The streets are thronged with loads of luscious lusty likely-looking lads but when I smile/wink at them and slurpingly suck my left social-finger in discreet indication of what I seek, they all glare at me as if I were a monstrous Martian afflicted with homicidal mania and speedily take to their pretty heels — the succulent mini-teen *ignoranti* are probably already confirmed *pussy-hounds*, dammit! Doesn't their sex-education in school teach them *anything* about redeeming boy-man sexual syntheses, for goodness sake?! I'm wasting my time here on a bunch of brain-wash'd dumbos!

Then I catch sight of a charming little something about High Noon in years and 'High' is otherwise the word for him as he's got a distinct distillery smell about his person which my quivering nostrils detect from a dozen feet away and swayingly he can hardly stand on his own two feet, much less anybody else's and has to cling to a lamp-post for immoral support. In addition he has a tousled straw-stack of vivid blond locks, a carnation-pink countenance, spear-slim body — and he's also hey-hey *High* between his smooth blue-denim'd thighs! Immediately I go up to this fetching boy-Bacchus and ingratiate: "Hello, little friend! Permit me to say that you are the most handsomest youngling I've ever laid deprived eyes on in this whole Rocky Mountain area!"

Blearingly, the kidlet peers at me through swimming eyes, and whiskey-husks: "Haul *ass*, man — I don't know you from shit!" (His blurred speech has a pronounced Ould Sod brogue.)

"Do we have to know each other to thrillingly *know* each other later on — if our lucky stars are right?!"

Owlishly the boy stares at me, staggers, hiccups. "You talk funny. Are you an American?"

"I was born and bred but seldom *raised* in the State of Iowa where the tall corny grows — and you sound fresh off the plane from Dublin."

"I'm fresh off the boat from hell-hole Belfast an' I need a drink — a hair of the dog, woof, *woof!*"

"Small one, you've already too much drink taken so what you need right now is lots of hot strong black coffee and *food*. When did you eat last?"

"I...um, last night — I *think*."

"And you a groinal well-grown growing boy who requires three full meals a day to keep him healthy and outgiving!" I exclaim. "You come with *me!*" Hooking a hand under his near arm, I steer his stumbling steps to a nearby Greasy Spoon which at least *looks* clean and grease is a sort of basic protein, come to that. I guide the lad into a back-corner booth and order a big pot of black coffee, orange juice, scrambled eggs in triplicate, Canadian bacon and toast for us both. The youngster falls on the not overly palatable viands like a famished wolf-cub fearful that Papa Wolf will snatch the grub away from him.

"Take it easy, kiddy," I caution. "You can have seconds or thirds if you want them."

Now he clutches the mug between both tremulous hands as he gulps the coffee. I refill his cup an he downs that, sighs, pats his hard but slightly distended belly. "Thank you, man, that was *good!* Now how about a drink?"

"If you *must* have liquor, you must, I suppose — but on one condition."

"Yeah, I *know!*" says the kid wearily. "You wanta have sex with me."

“I...uh, didn’t have that in mind just at this moment but it sounds like an idyllic idea. Have you gone with men before?”

“Since I got here, I have. In Belfast, men are more gone on bullets than on boys. You ever get shot by a *rubber* bullet?”

“No, they didn’t use them in World War Two.”

“Well, I did! See, I was kickin’ a football around on the street and there was this Limey son-of-a-bitch soldier standin’ on the corner an’ somebody took a shot at him. The Limey had a *burp-gun* and he started sprayin’ the street but he was usin’ rubber bullets an’ one of ’em hit *me*!”

“Lordamercy! Did it hurt?”

“*Sure* it hurt but it didn’t draw blood or anything. See, I was bare-ass above the waist at the time an’ the slug hit me right slam-bang in my belly button!” The boy laughs. “Well, I *used* to have a belly-button but now I got a sort of a hole there. For weeks an’ weeks I kept that friggin’ bullet as a souvenir but some bastard swiped it from me. Hey, I wanta *drink*, man!”

“Have some more coffee — it’s better for you.”

“I’m *drowndin’* in coffee, dammit!”

“Ok, sweet rumdum I’ll get your booze presently. But first, tell me a little bit about yourself. My name’s Duke, by the way.”

The boy shrugs. “What’s to tell? I’m Paddy O’Toole, I’m 12 and a fraction, my Da was John Barleycorn in person an’ my Ma was called Ginevra by the neighbors though her *real* name was Bridget.”

“Did your mother like *gin*?”

“*Yes*. That was her favorite happy juice.”

“Ginevra is another term for gin — what the Victorians called ‘Mother’s Ruin’.”

“It wasn’t booze but a *bomb* that ruined my Ma and my Da, too — killed ’em both!”

“You poor child! How did that happen?”

“The IRA threw the bomb ’cause they thought there was a coupla Limey soldiers hiding in the cellar which there wasn’t, but I escaped ’cause my Ma sent me to the grocery for tea an’ milk. So there I was — an orphan ’cause I didn’t have no other blood kin, so some welfare agency sent me here, to Denver, to foster-parents who were willin’ to take me.”

“Was that when you started drinking — after your mother and father died?”

“Yeah, I drank to forgot an’ ’cause I *liked* it. Anyway, I can’t help it, it’s in my blood — I *inherited* it from my folks.”

“That’s damn *nonsense*, little rumpot! It’s not in your blood but in your *mind* and I’m sure Alcoholics Anonymous can help you.”

The boy shakes his head and cuts his hand at me. “I *been* to AA an’ it didn’t work! Some social worker took me there ’cause I was oozin’ booze from every *pore* even but when I got the meeting the other alcoholics took one deep sniff o’ me, threw up their hands in defeat an’ rushed out to the nearest saloon.”

“But how did you get the money to buy all this liquor?”

“By going with *men*, of course! What’d you think?”

“Did your foster-parents know what you were doing?”

“They thought I was *stealin’* the money! So finally they got disgusted with me an I got kinda likewise with *them* — they were Presbyterian, not Catholic — so I cutout.” Here the kid frowns at me impatiently. “Look, man, I’m still waitin’ for that *drink*! If you don’t get me a bottle, you don’t get *me* — simple as that!”

“Yes, all right — it’s coming up! Now I’m in Room 609 at the Brown Palace Hotel down the street. I’ll go there and you finish your coffee and then come up about five minutes later, OK?”

“OK,” the boy sighs. “But you better produce what I want!”

“Are you sure you can walk straight now?”

“Sure, I’m sure! I ain’t no stumblebum!”

“If the desk-clerk or anybody stops you at the hotel, tell them you’re Mr. Dukahz’s grand-nephew.”

“Who the fuck’s Mr. *Dukahz*?!”

“That’s *me*, baby, at your command — ‘Duke’ is short for Dukahz, get it? I’ll be expecting you with open arms and a song in my heart!”

“An’ a bottle of rum, *yo-ho-ho*!”

“Alas, you’ll get your bottle — never fear.”

“I’d better — or you know *what*!”

I scurry to my room like a Wilde Oscar hot for a windsome page-boy. Three minutes later a peremptory knock sounds on my door and Paddy burst in.

“Where’s my booze?” he demands, first thing.

“I was just going out to get it as soon as you arrived, lovely sot — but I wanted to ask what kind of liquid cheer you prefer.”

“Get me a gallon of Leprechaun Lad brand Irish whiskey — that’s the onlinest kind with the most kick.”

“Kiddy, right now I can’t afford to buy a gallon of *ginger-ale* but I’ll purchase a quart or a fifth of Leprechaun Lad if the tariff on imports isn’t out of sight.”

“Well, OK, but hurry up! I’m gettin’ thirstier by the minute!” Paddy shucks off his sneakers, flops on the bed, unzips his pants-fly and insert his right hand in the opening, obviously caressing his already hard boy-bauble. “What are you *doing*?!” I moan faintly.

“I’m playin’ with my dick — not that it’s any of your damn business!”

“But it is my business!” I protest. “I don’t want you spilling your milk in your *pants*!” (Jesus! It’s just my luck to pick up a little prick-teaser!)

“I ain’t in milk yet so how can I spill it?!” the youngster snickers. “I don’t even get a little sticky down there when I dry-come.”

“That’s all right, then,” I say, much relieved, “cause if there’s anything I hate, it’s to see comely boys waste their precious cock-juice on mere unfeeling, unappreciative *cloth*!”

“So get *goin’*, man, or I’m gonna leave you high an’ dry!” barks Paddy, double-thumbing his nose at me. Does that mean he has *two* sweet bottoms, sight unseen as yet in the buff?

I deject out and have to go to *five* different places before I track down the elusive Leprechaun Lad Irish Whiskey of which I purchase a measly fifth, but even then my pocketbook shrieks in agony when I pay for the Erin elixir. Still, prime tippie for prime tots so unhealthily inclined has long been my rewarding motto and my temporary Passport to Paradise — as the case maybe may be.

And so it came to pass — not ideal but far from unidyllic. Paddy nurses on his bottle while I nurse on him, getting a mild jag on just from deep-kissing him and sipping up his copious bottled-in-bond saliva — the *boy-flavor* much masking the acidic sharpness of this unusual whiskey. Then I dotingly concentrate on my so-youthful Mick’s cock — that cute little snake that Saint Patrick missed when he drove the asps out of Eire: I am enamored by the look of it, the shape, feel and heady scent of it when it’s adamanting into heat. “Paddy,” I pant, pausing for a breather, “I *do* admire to suck your delicious dick and balls and below to the very verge of your tiny Gate to Ecstasy.”

“I’d like to do that to me, too,” the youngster laughs, “but I ain’t got a rubber *backbone*!”

“Never mind,” I console, “any day now you’ll probably find a nice willing lad your own age you can do it to while he does it to you. Wouldn’t you like that?”

“*Nah*, b’God! Boys never have any money so how could I buy booze? I’ll stick to men — they got what it *takes*!”

“Look, my pretty rum-hound, perhaps you can kick your pernicious habit if you went all-out for *sports* which most kids love. Why don’t you give it a try — your liver will appreciate it.”

“I’m more gone on calisthenics — like liftin’ my arm when I’m holdin’ a bottle or a glass in my hand.”

I sigh dejectedly. Some facts kick you cruelly in the nuts — such as the fact that comely Paddy seems already a confirmed, incurable alcoholic. I suggest taking him to some local sanforized shrink who doubtfully *might* be able to help him — but the boy puts the kibosh on that at once. “Don’t worry about *me*, Duke,” he smiles, patting my bald pate. “I’ll get along.”

“Yes,” I say bitterly, helplessly. “You’ll get along to delirium tremens in a hospital-bed or to the morgue!”

“So what?” the sweet stupid shrugs. “Right now I ain’t feelin’ *no* pain! Hey, let’s go out an’ eat — I’m starved!”

With dire misgivings, I watch him kill the bottle but he’s still steady on his feet so we dine at a German bakery-restaurant which provides us with a Lucullan repast of baby-calves’ liver (tender as a choirboy’s first kiss!), Iowa bacon, French fries, saute’d Spring onions, homemade cracked-wheat bread and freshly-churned sweet butter. Again Paddy eats like a hungry hyena which I’m elated to see, as the food will soak up some of that goddam *alcohol*. “Do you want some more?” I ask, after he has cleaned up his plate and a third of mine.

“No, man,” he grins happily, loosening his pants-belt. “But *thanks* — I really needed that!”

“So let’s go back to my room where we can... uh, resume our reprehensible relations.”

“I’m sorry as hell, man, but no can do right now.”

“What’s wrong — don’t you like my style of tender loving care?”

“Oh, you’re not bad — though you *could* use a little bit more practice.”

Jesus! I’ve been blowing kiddie-cock for upwards of 60 years and this snotnose sweet soak says I need more practice! Well, all right, *I’m* willing but nowadays the blowees are morales hard to come by. “I suppose you’ve got a heavy date with some other asshole,” I remark acerbly. “Is that the case?”

“Yeah, sort of. See, I met this guy yesterday who’s visitin’ here from southern Ireland so he’s a Mick like I am an’ I think he’s got much dinero ’cause he was wearin’ a gold Rolex wristwatch an’ a diamond ring on both little fingers!”

“Men wearing diamonds are vulgar,” I judgmental enviously. “Diamond Jim Brady, an earlier *shamrock*, to the contrary nevertheless.”

“Oh, come *on*, Duke, diamonds are a boy’s best friend!”

“Are you just one more mercenary little gold-digger, Paddy?” I doleful.

“No! I didn’t ask *you* for money, did I?”

“True-not in cold *cash*.”

“An’ lotsa bread is better than just a *little* bread, ain’t it?”

“Indeed! It’s been the bane of my life,” I admit ruefully. “Did this apparently affluent blarney bastard make a pass at you — *grope* you or the like?”

“He didn’t even *touch* me but he wanted to see me again today so I wanta go an’... uh, kinda explore the possibilities, *y’ know?*”

“Well, go if you must and God bless but I won’t wish you Good *Luck* for that’s too much to expect from me. And be *careful* — the guy might be a sex-maniac or worse!”

“I’m *always* careful when I remember to be.” The boy gets up and plants a moist liver-and-onions kiss on my palpitating cheek. “Thanks for everything, Duke. When I find out what’s what here, I’ll either be back with you as soon as I can or I’ll phone, OK?” And with a wave of his hand he is gone, leaving behind a faint disturbing whiff of arousingly hot *boy-scent*.

Returning, I spot a large poster on the wall of the local Birth-Control Clinic which blazons: ‘HAVE YOU HUGGED YOUR CHILD TODAY?!’ “Not up to this moment,” I reply to the poster, conversationally, “but I sure do *hope* to when I deliver the 120-proof refreshment he requires!” A woman

passing by gives me a startled glance and dashes off across the street. (I'll have to watch that. Talking to posters or one's self in public could be a sign of mental degeneration — or is it just a manifestation of the Divine Madness?! Nobody *tells* me anything!)

Back in my room I find Paddy has denuded himself and is snoozing in bed, his pretty O'Toole uncut and altitudinous — a rampant pointer pointing yearningly as if trying to escape the bounds of the boy's body. Gently I kiss the swollen glans and take it in my mouth, with rhythmic increasingly forceful strokes tonguing the sensitive bridle and delicate adjacencies and in almost less time than it takes to tell it, the boy spasms — his penis vibrating tumultuously in my oral embrace... and he *doesn't* wake up! Little drunks sleep soundly — a nice note to keep in mind!

I shave for the second time that day, take a shower and climb in beside the kiddy to inventory his lovely indencencies and what I behold suits my tastes, dreams, desires completely: a smallish, compact, hard-soft, lightly-muscled, cuddly little body — roseate flesh like smooth satin over pliant steel; somewhat swollen nipples and aureolae, the most exciting kind to suck; navel a tiny round rubber-bullet(?) hole — almost a second miniature boy-cunt; penis still five inches erect and pulsing against the youngling's right inner-thigh; large balls in a tight sac snugged-up beneath Paddy's pecker. A big little tomcat out on the tiles!

Lightly as a butterfly's wing I ease the youngster onto his belly and here, too, every prospect pleases: round shapely firm young buttocks and the joy-hole between is a vertical rectangle which is invitingly open — either sweet Paddy has a naturally relaxed anus or he's been penetrated many times by a succession of lovers or one assiduous lucky bastard! Positioning myself at right angles to the boy, I kiss and lick his smooth buns and the secret valley between, then insert my slavering tongue slowly into his hot slit to lave the tender walls within and wishing my lingual invader was long enough to titillate the lad's wee prostate-gland — but you can't have everything, try as you might.

Suddenly the kiddy surfaces from slumber with a jerk and a squawk. “*Hey!*” he brays like an underage burrito mounted by surprise by a boysexual stallion. “What are you *doing!*?”

“Can't *you feel* what I'm doing?” I mumble, licking my lips. “I'm blowing your savory ring meat — do you *mind!*”

“No, I *love* it — nobody ever did that to me before! But how can *you* go for it — you got a taste for shit or somethin'?! ”

“Negative, Paddy-boo — I leave that to Verlaine and Rimbaud, a couple of perverted Frogs I used to know. And, as a matter of fact, your delightful back door was almost *too* clean as I like a trifle of musky boy-ass scent in the vicinity.”

“Well, it felt grand an' I want more of it though I think you're out of your crazy mind an'... *Hey!* Did you bring my booze?!”

“Right here at your fingertips, baby!” I reach under the bed and bring out his beloved brand. Immediately John Barleycorn, Junior sits up, fondles the bottle, ardently kisses the label-picture on it of the Leprechaun Lad who looks like a tipsy midget, with a practiced thumbnail breaks the seal, unscrews the cap and gurgles down a gill or more of the fluid folly. “Ah!” he sighs ecstatically. “That hit the *spot!*” He thrusts the fifth at me. “Here, be my guest an' have a snort — it'll put hair on your teeth!”

“I don't have any teeth to speak of and I'd rather taste a drop or two of it from your lush lips — with your *permission!*” I glow.

“Sure, why not?” Paddy purses his lips, closes his eyes and leans forward as I lick his wet mouth and briefly insert my questing tongue within — only to withdraw it hastily. “Oh, kiddy,” I wince, “that isn't *whiskey!* It's more like month-dirty socks fermented in skunk-piss!”

“*You* should know!” the youngster snickers. “But I like it 'cause I got a *refined* taste!” And again he inhales deeply from Leprechaun as I watch in alarm.

“Small one,” I say earnestly, “you have *got* to rid yourself of this ruinous habit — cease and desist before it is too *late*! You’re far too young and tender and beautiful to drink as much as you do — it will kill off your tiny brain-cells, and your wee liver is probably already so covered with ugly bibulous warts that it looks like a bloated toad on a lily-pad!”

“I’ll think about it, Duke — I really *will*!” He puts a warm hand on my knee. “Hey, let’s have *liver* an’ bacon with a side of French fries an’ onions for supper-OK?”

“You’re going to stay for supper?!” I grateful. “*Great*! In the meantime, will you be so kind as to let me make a little more love to you? I sampled your sexy pretty privacies while you slept but didn’t get half enough when you woke up!”

The kid waves a careless hand. “Fell free to fool around in front but I wanta stay on my backside while I swig more of my leprechaun friend here.”

I morose back to the hotel, fall on the bed, drift into a deep sleep and dream nightmare of Paddy . We both seem to be totally naked, his small hand in mine as we stroll in a summer-green meadow, velvety grass caressing our feet, rainbow-hued flowers fragrantly nodding to us as we pass. Then suddenly the meadow is overcast with ominous shadows, becomes murky, foggy and the colorful blossoms are now metamorphosed into so many whiskey-bottles! The boy tears his hand from mine and kneels to embrace the nearest cluster of glassy, evilly-gleaming booze-containers and...

And I wake up — the phone is ringing with stentorian summons. I leap from the bed and snatch up the black- visaged instrument that will convey good news or bad — or a wrong number. “Hello?”

“Duke?”

“Yes.” It’s *him* — the delightful drunkling of my dreams!

“This’s Paddy. I’m callin’ to tell you not to wait up for me ’cause I can’t see you no more!”

“Oh, *Paddy*!” I half-sob. “What happened? Are you all right?”

“Sure, everything’s hunky-dory. But me an’ Desmond are flyin’ to Ireland tonight.”

“Desmond is the name of your well-heeled new john, I gather.”

“Yeah-stupid name, ain’t it?”

Is he a *Desperate* Desmond like in the TV old-time movies?”

The boy’s laughter trills in my phonal ear. “If you mean that he’s desperate for my body then he sure hell *is*! We no sooner got in bed than he was all over me like a blanket! He wants *everything* but he’s got a small prick so it don’t too much matter. An’ listen, Duke, he’s *loaded*!”

“His *prick* is loaded?!” I gloom not wholly liking the sound of that.

“No, but his pocketbook *is*. He told me if I came with him an’ was his live-in boy that he would buy me a red Ferrari sports-car when I’m old enough to drive it!”

“*Great* — though you’d be better off with a Mercedes. Alas, poor me! At the moment I couldn’t even buy you a one-speed tricycle!”

“An’ before we had sex Desmond gave me a diamond ring! Well, it’s only a quarter-carat diamond but it’s a *start*, ain’t it?!”

“Yea, *verily*!” I say faintly.

“The thing is, though — there’s a big catch to all this lucky shit.”

“There usually is,” I mutter from sore experience. “What’s *your* catch?”

“Well, see, Desmond is one o’ them there fuckin’ teetotums, teetootles — *somethin’* like that.”

“Teetotalers?”

“*Yeah*, that’s it. Desmond says if I wanta live with him an’ get that red Ferrari an’ more diamonds an’ stuff, then I must never touch a drop of booze *again*!” The sweet lush sounds ready to dissolve into tears, deep in the dismal Slough of Despond.

“Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine, *right*?”

“That’s about crappy *it* — an’ this guy *loves* to kiss!”

“Deep-kiss?” I frown jealously.

“God, yes! Right in to my tonsils, feels like. He’s got a longer tongue than you have.”

I feel like jumping out of the window but I’m scared to death of heights! “Well, your little liver and bacon... I mean, your little *brain*-cells will be forever grateful to you if you get off this alcohol-kick.”

“Maybe — but *I* won’t be grateful! Desmond’s already made me sign the Total Abstinence Pledge but that don’t say I won’t *break* it.”

“Look, honey-bun, you’ve got a good thing going here so don’t screw it *up*! You’ll regret it if you ever get old and gray like me — which I doubt if you start bending your elbow again.”

“Oh, I’ll give this goodie-goddie jazz a try but what I figger is, I’ll take a few snorts every time Desmond ain’t around.”

“But he’d be sure to smell it on your *breath*!”

“Hell, man, I’ll chew licorice gum or somethin’ right afterwards.”

“Well, little fool, if you’re hell-bent on risking a life of ease as well as destroying yourself, don’t ever say I didn’t try to *stop* you!”

“I know, Duke, an’ I thank you for it but I think I can get it both ways if I watch my step. I gotta go now ‘cause Desmond is gonna buy me some new clothes before we leave.”

“I’m leaving for New York myself in a few days. You have my address there so contact me if anything goes wrong and you want to come back or whatever.”

“Will do, Duke.”

“I’m going to miss you like hell, bottle-baby! You’ve got something special about you but I don’t know precisely what it is at the moment.”

Paddy gives a hoot of ribald hilarity. “It’s *gotta* be either my dick or my butt-hole, man, an’ it was super, duper, whooper — I *liked* it! So be good, Duke — good with *boys*, that is! ‘Bye, now.” He blows me a kiss over the phone but hangs up before I can return it.

I depart for New York at once — I can’t endure Denver any longer without Paddy: too many so brief but so intimate associations! In Manhattan I find a salt-mine of work awaiting me and eagerly plunge into it — a way of forgetting, or attempting to.

Several weeks speed by and then by mere happenstance I pick up an 11^{er} hustler on the subway. He’s brown-haired and browneyed, half-way into milk and all the way into pleasuring his ‘scores’, bless his bountiful little heart! A neat, clean, quiet, well-mannered, well-spoken youngster who soothingly induces Nepenthe. Off with the Old Love, on with the New! — though with frequent acute twinges of regret and longing for bibulous Paddy.

About a month later I receive a postcard from Paddy! On-the picture side is a photo in blazing Boozicolor(?) of the Leprechaun Lad Distillery-a magnitudinous edifice shaped like but much larger than Buckingham Palace. On the other side of the card, in a fine but somewhat shaky Italian hand the boy scribbled as follows:

Dear Duke-I’m a little pissed so I thought I would drop you a line. Wanta big laugh? I’ve weaned Desmond onto the bottle and now he drinks almost as much as I do but he gets blotto quicker. Though he does everything you did to me but not as good and he gave me another diamond ring. My liver said to tell you that he is feeling tip-top. Here is my address so write to me.

Love and kisses.

Paddy

Mother's Day

For some reason or other I can't bring to mind at the moment, a few years back in the merry month of May I inadvertently found myself in the small city of Kokomo in the insipid State of Indiana, which is highly unnoteworthy except for Torquil (about whom more coming up) and Indiana University, which contains the Kinsey collection of pornographic erotica — but you have to be a big-shot politician or a sexual-scientist Ph.D. before you're allowed in to see it, so I told the selfish creeps: "The hell with *you* and your inanimate collection! I get *my* porno exotic erotics in living, breathing young *flesh*!"

Now Kokomo, as you probably know, was named after an antic character in one of Gilbert and Sullivan's operettas, the title of which presently escapes me, but it was the one where a giggle-gaggle of alleged *girls* come out and sing: 'Three Little Maids are We!' — do you remember that bit? Well, don't for a half-second *believe* it for these twats weren't maids at all — they were *mades* who were made, laid and betrayed by their horny 13-year-old kid-brother! I lusted after this lusty lad who was wondrous handsome, so one day I accosted him, striving to put the make on *him* for a change with a modest 'molestative' proposal and a new ten-dollar bill. The negative noxious nugatory grabs the ten-spout out of my inveigling grasp, spits at me and wrathfully declares that his cock is exclusively for *cunt*; furthermore, he can neither stand nor stand for hot-mouth'd, drooly-lipped boy-lovers — and as he stalks away he slaps his left buttock in derisive and emphatic rejection. Ah, well, frigging around with all those female furrows as he does, he's probably dosed to the eyebrows with the compounded clap plus genital herpes as well or as *bad*.

I am just about to shake the dust of dull Kokomo off my bargain-basement shoes when on the main drag I catch sight of a seemingly little something with a dense thicket of light-blond hair gracing his conk and a sensually delicate profile, arrow-slim pubertal(?) body clad in the usual American Boy uniform: snug white T-shirt, snugger blue-jeans, once-white sneakers that are drastically in need of a bubble-bath or burying, so I devious up to the kid but when I view him full-face he is a smidgen disappointing for he's a plain-faced type, not a Fancy or a Beauty but I can detect the faintest glimmer of the sexual Spark in him, which I trust can be blown into flaming ecstasy — if I'm granted the opportunity. Also, here I should confess that I am no Beauty-Queen, as some gays and even boy-lovers are Size-Queens, for I eschew big-cock'd young boys — too much chance of their enthusiastically rupturing your tonsils or bruising your tender uvula and palate. Forewarned is *foreshort*-armed, *right*?!

Given the Spark — no matter how miniscule — I feel more comfortable and at ease with the sweet Plainies for they almost invariably cost cheaper, are more accessible, amenable and eager to please than their pulchritudinous brothers under the foreskin, scrotumskin or anuskin as the case may be.

But Beauty too often is sheer Tyranny. One time I picked up an absolutely hyperbolic little Love God — no one could resist him- and while I detected no manifest Spark, I hoped to induced it when I first touched my tongue to the mouth of his penis. This was in Fall River, Massachusetts and proved to be *my* fall, too, for this beauteous creature was cold as a marble statue of Medusa — he would've been frigid in a Turkish Bath, for someone else had recently sucked him so sapless he couldn't even get a hard-on, his ass was Off-limits, he wouldn't kiss, he refused to be hugged, cuddled, fondled or Around-the- Worlded, besides which he charged me twice the going or coming rate and was as critical, imperious, demanding and temperamental as a Paris Opera prima-donna with bleeding piles, so I breathed a heartfelt sigh of relief when he at length departed.

However, to be impartially fair and equitable to all, if you can manage to glom onto a wee beauty who is morales innocent and modest and hasn't yet got both feet into the muddy waters of the Great Game, then you will usually find him to be deliriously satisfactory in every respect. Trouble is, such eminently desirable types are rare as a politician who truthfully never lies to you!

Returning to this toothsome little piece of boyishness I am presently concerned with, a further niggle in my noggin somewhat disturbs me for this kiddy-luv appears to have a certain ambivalent aspect — a jot or a tittle too paradoxical for my woo-bent peace of mind. For example: his patrician nose is a trifle stuck-up... but his nostrils are flaring like a bull in rut; his mouth is dismissively straight-line prim... but his lips are enticingly red, moist and full; his ears are more big than small — but Oscar the Wilde once told me in strictest confidence that big-eared boysies are besties in bedsies! This sweet stranger's eyes are his best feature — a very deep velvety blue with luxuriant eyelashes and brows-yet the azure orbs themselves strike me as unsettlingly enigmatic, for the right eye seems to be warning me: 'If you are what I *suspect* you are, then scam pronto or I'll call the *police*!' But the left eye seems unmistakably to be saying: 'I'm wise to what you what and I'm *willing*!' Well, perhaps I'm suffering from an ocular hallucination or worse but I decide then and there to court *this* winsome little Kokomo with extreme caution, employing a harmless bit of subterfuge and misrepresentation to avoid boyish alarms and excursions *lawward* or the like.

Inclining my whoary head to the lad in a benign pontifical obeisance, I intone: "Good afternoon, my son, *pax vobiscum*! Your sunny self brightens this too gloomy day to the Greater Glory of God, *amen*!"

The kidlet narrows his eyes at me but doesn't dash off in all directions so I am emboldened to continue on my mission of boy-man missionary enlightenment. "Permit me to introduce myself. I am the... uh, Reverend Furbish P. Lousewort, Minister of the Gospel at your devoted *service*!"

The sirenic tootsums frowns. "If you're a Rev'runt why ain't you got on one of them ass-backward white *collars*?!"

Auspicious! The laddie evidently is conversant with the gutter-speech of slum streets. "Well, you see," I explain pursuant to implementing my disguise, "I'm on vacation for the nonce so I dress informally. Besides, those infernal ass-backward dog-collars cost the earth to launder in order to renew their original virginal *whiteness*!" (Can fleshly virginity be restored thus?! I like to think/hope so as relates to *boys*.) "Might I be so forward as to inquire what *your* name is?"

"Torquil."

"And a fine masculine appellation it is-but *Jonquil* would suit you better for your hair is the exact hue of a jonquil in full boyish bloom!"

"Jonquil is a *sissy* name!"

"Yes, I suppose manly boys would find it so — but no matter. May I ask how *old* you are?"

"How many months are there in a year?"

"Urn, let me see. January, Febuary, March... yes, there are twelve months in a year, near as I can make out."

"Well, that's how old I am."

"*Wonderful*!" I ejaculate. "Twelve is my favorite year except for eleven and thirteen and sometimes *eight*."

The kid gives me a quizzical look. "What kind of a *Rev'runt* are you, anyway, You don't talk like no Rev'runt I ever met up with before but then I try to steer clear of them when I can. See, I ain't too religious nohow but my Momma is puredee Hard-Shell Hellfire Baptist. "

At once seizing the obvious clue, I fervently proclaim: "I am of that sacred sect, too, for I love to baptize young lads in the river of holy redemption and my desire!"

"My Momma would like to meet you 'cause she's partial to Baptist ministers."

"Who is your *Pappa* partial to?" I ask, scenting possible danger from a too-knowing male parent.

"A couple years back Poppa passed away in the harness with his nose to the grindstone — so Momma told me but she didn't shed a tear though I cried for days and days 'cause I loved him!"

I shed a bitter tear for poor browbeaten Poppa, prematurely dead of overwork plus no doubt overwhelming disillusion with matrimony and the resultant heirs the flesh is ill to — but his *son* loved

him! However, a bright note is that patently neither absent Poppa or present Momma has warned their son about consorting with strange men even if they *are* professed ministers — for we all know what *that* leads to! A helluva lot of (sucked) clean little cocks running around town is what it leads to, so you uptight neo-Puritans quit your old-maid *fussing*!

Seeking to test this alluring unknown to see which way his sexual wind blows, I tentative in a hushed whisper: “Tell me, tantalizing Torquil, have you ever had a wet-dream?”

The sweetheart looks blanker than blank at me, creasing his smooth brow. “What’s a wet-dream? Is that when you wet the bed in your sleep?”

Ah, the little Innocent! “No, it’s more in the nature of spontaneous combustion of your *penis* in your slumber, though it usually awakes you just as the pleasure of it all is almost over.”

“No *shit*?! Well, I ain’t never had nothin’ like that — but I’d like to try it. In fack, I ain’t never had sex with nobody, not even myself.”

I find this difficult to believe, for all clever lads from age 10 on up almost instinctively tell you what they think you want to hear in this respect — which is gratifying in general but rarely the bare verity. Truth ever lies — and lies and *lies* in too many tricky boys’ wise eyes and over-plausible tongues. So I decide to subject this odd urchin to an additional test to determine which way he will jump in a critical situation. “Would you like to see some dirty *pictures*?” I husk, hoping to arouse the snoozing beast of his boyish sexual nature.

The youngster glares at me, his eyes slightly crossed in sudden surprise — or *shock*?! “What is this?!” he rasps. “You’re a Baptist Rev’runt and you got dirty *pictures*!”

“It’s not what you think, dear child,” I say hastily. “The pix are color photos of Yellowstone National Park but I accidentally dropped them in a mud-puddle the other day when it rained so hard. I cleaned them up pretty well but they’re still a bit soiled around the edges.” (The story of my life — soiled around the edges and in the *middle*, too, thanks to overtime Eros!)

“Well, my Poppa took me to see Yellowstone 3 years ago so I ain’t interested in seeing just *pictures* of it.”

Humph! I’m getting nowhere fast with this luresome strangeling — but *persistence* is one of my redeeming vices. “So would you like a bite to eat such as hot-dog or caviar-stuffed quail or something?” (The quickest way into a new boy’s pants is most often through his belly — tyro boy-lovers should ever keep this in mind for it’s more important by far than remembering the Sabbath to keep it Wholely.)

“I’ll take a rain-check on that, Rev’runt,” smiles Torquil, bobbing his head in silent thanks, “’cause if you wanta come home with me, my Momma usually fries up a big mess of chicken for Baptist preachers. Oh, it won’t be nothin’ speshul ’cause she can’t cook too good but she makes the gravy real *tasty*.”

“That would be most welcome,” I grateful, “for chicken is my favorite food as to boys and banquets which are actually one and the same delicious repast!”

So my hospitable little host takes me in hand and tows me home: sometimes his small warm paw is in my big nervous hot one and other times he is skipping, leaping, dancing, prancing, whirling like a juvenile dervish around me — and I can’t wait to get my hungry mouth on that ravishing young bundle of super-energy. Surely making love to him will be like embracing a low-wattage electric-chair, the Ultimate Thrill!

Alas, Momma turns out to be a Disaster on the Hoof! She is *broad* — broad in the beam, greasy in her straggly witch-tresses, snaggly in the teeth, bow-legged *and* knock-kneed and clad *only* in a soiled sleazy pink kimono that too offensively reveals the upper part of her stinky overgrown jungle bush. In short, she looks for all the world like a burly stevedore or saloon-bouncer in gay raiment! Good God in Heaven, what’ve I got *myself* into here?! Mama is also, as I belatedly, dazedly note, clutching an ice-bag to her Endor head. Obviously Torquil must’ve been adopted or his Poppa’s handsome genes overwhelmed and nullified this monstrous females’s genitive influence.

With exquisite poise and politeness, the boy introduces us and at once Momma gushes: “Oh, Reverend, I’m so glad to meet you and I want to have a long talk with you about very serious matters but right now I’ve got one of my splitting migraine-headaches so I’m going to have to take a Nembutal and nap for an hour or two.”

“But, *Ma*,” the boy demurs, “I promised the Rev’runt you’d fry us up a chicken dinner with *gravy* and all!”

“I can’t even *see* straight with this headache but I’m sure the Reverend won’t mind waiting for a little bit!”, and she redolents off, trailing behind her a strongly offensive odor like spoiled rising bread-dough, so I conclude she has a noisome yeast-infection in her ‘tween-thigh Chamber of Horrors.

Alone together, I say to the youngster: “Do you notice a bad *smell* in here?!”

Avoiding my gaze, the lad mumbles: “The plumbing goes bad sometimes — gets clogged-up or something.”

“Well, *somebody’s* plumbing is bad-that’s for sure!”

“Look, Rev’runt, I’m sorry about no dinner — and suddely I’m *real* hungry myself!”

“My goodness, we can’t have a young boy going around *hungry* — it’s deflating to his libido!” I exclaim. “So I’ll tell you what. Is there a Kentucky Fried Chicken place near here?”

“Sure — on the next block.”

“So would you like to go get us two boxes of fair fowl with all the fixings?”

“*Super!* But, uh... I don’t have no money.”

“This treat’s on me, dear lad. Here’s a ten-dollar bill which should cover everything. If there’s any change, keep it for your trouble.”

“Gee, *thanks*, Rev’runt! The other Baptist preacher we know never gave me a penny in my whole life but every time he comes here he eats his damn *head* off!”

“My boy, *some* preachers are far different from others — as I trust I can demonstrate to you before you’re a day older!” (The ten dollars was a fiendishly calculated gesture, of course — sort of a small payment in advance for the sexy fiddle-faddle I hope to have with temptant Torquil later on and though I know I should be cringingly ashamed of myself, the greater shame would be to allow the boy to remain ignorant of the ecstasies a young body can achieve. Here I am reminded in a roundabout way of my last boss but one, a rawboned New England Puritan who was uncognizant of the fact that at birth I contracted a delightfully chronic dose of deadly boy-virus, and with my own ears I once heard him Inquisitionally declare that all boy-lovers should be ground up into mince-meat and cast before swine — a case of the Unclean devouring the Uncleanest, according to *hetero-think!* So it was with immense glee that some months later I read in the papers that my last boss but one was in-prison for *pregnantly* molesting an eleven-year-old girl! There but for the Grace of God *don’t* go I!)

“Uh, Rev’runt,” the kiddy pipes up, breaking into my felony reverie, “do you like your chicken crispy, crispier or *crispiest?*”

“I like what *you* like, honey-boo as long as the flesh is reasonably pubescent and tender.”

With a wave of his hand to me, the boy dashes off. When he returns, his countenance one big pleased paid smile, we eat sitting side by side on a comfy-cushioned wicker couch on the screened-in side-porch which bears no taint of Momma’s awful twat for a gentle balmy breeze permeates the porch and my sweet one’s seductive body-scent is reminiscent of carnations in budding boyish fragrance. Surprisingly, our box’d meal is Lucullan — Colonel Sanders has outdone himself, for the piquant poultry (capon junior?) melts in your mouth, the whipped potatoes are feather-light and fluffy, the gravy is succulently giblet-rich, the coleslaw seasoned just right and the still warm, freshly-baked baking-powder biscuits are a buttery, flaky mini treat in themselves. My cherubic chicklet and I Chow Down with gusto and appreciative licking of lips.

“Do you s ‘pose,” articulates the boy through a mouthful of breast sans nipples, “that Colonel Sanders cooked this food his very own self?”

“Not a chance!” I disillusion. “The good Colonel probably can’t even boil water without *burning* it!”

“Then I guess this here chicken never saw the State of Kentucky or anywheres *near* it!”

“I doubt if the poor lad ever saw his own *Momma*.”

The youngster casts me a mystified glance. “But how can that be?!”

“He was undoubtedly an incubator-baby, you see,” I explain.

“Oh, *yeah* — I know about them. Anyway, he tastes *great*!”

“Most little males *do*, dear child,” I subtly insinuate. Our repast finished to the last savory crumb, I note with slaverling satisfaction that in Master Torquil’s crotch *The Son Also Rises* in a different and far more arousing sense than it did in Hemingway’s yawnful novel, but then young laddy-bucks erect at almost everything under, over and around the said son!

Promptly I snake a sneaky arm about the boy’s slim waist and drink in the compelling allure of his seraphic visage. Instead of pulling away from me as I’d half-feared, he presses *closer* and giggles loudly: “*Ma!* The Rev’runt’s makin’ eyes at me!”

“*Shhh*, babykins,” I caution. “Your Momma might *hear* you!”

“Don’t worry,” the kid snickers. “When she takes Nembutal, Momma sleeps like a log in a bog in a fog!” And no matter how I strive to soft-pedal him, the young hellion continues deafeningly to proclaim to the roof-tops the inflammatory course of my fiery wooing. “*Ma!* The Rev’runt’s stickin’ his tongue in my ear!”

“*Ix-nay*, sweetheart,” I hiss. “Keep it *down*!”

“It’s already almost *up*! *Ma!* The Rev’runt’s kissin’ my cheeks and my nose and my chinny-chin-chin!”

“Be quiet, noisy one,” I plead, “or I’ll be caught in the *act*!”

“Momma’s dead to the world and prob’ly snorin’ worse than Rip van Winkle. *Ma!*” he yelps. “Now the Rev’runt’s tryna suck my tongue!”

“*Please*, kissy-boo,” I entreat. “Not so damn *loud*!”

“*Ma!*” he bellers. “The Rev’runt’s pullin’ up my T-shirt and lickin my titties and now he’s at my belly-button!”

“Blast it to Hell, what’re you trying to *do* to me? You’ll alarm the whole neighborhood!” I cry, virtually in tears.

“*Ma!*” the awful urchin shrieks. “The Rev’runt’s pullin’ down my jeans and openin’ my shorts and takin ‘ out my *thing*!”

“If you don’t shut *up*, Torquil,” I say severely, “I’m gonna put a six-inch *gag* in your mouth!”

“Ooh, *Ma!*” the little devil piercingly screams. “The Rev’runt’s *blowin’ me*!”

And that, I must abashedly confess, was precisely what I idyllically was engaged in at the moment — my mouth urgent on the boy’s dick which was hard as a diamond-drill point and I’d hardly got accustomed to the tangful taste of it before I felt the smooth shaft throb, the burning glans swell in ecstasy and with a convulsive lurch of his shapely loins and a shrill cry, the gasping kiddy dry-comes, his cock jerking wildly about in my mouth.

When his penile spasms have at last subsided, the youngling sighs:

“You do it real *good*, Rev’runt, so blow me *again*!”

I am just about to do so when suddenly I feel an impellingly heavy hand on my defenseless head. Turning in my kneeling position, with horror I behold *Momma*, completely nude, her sewer-twat a scant inch from my face — and getting closer!

“Now blow *me*!” she fascist commands. “Or you’re in b-a-a-a-d trouble, *Reverend*!”

Oxymoron Axel

There's an old Yankee Farmer's Almanac saying (true as Death and hog-trough Politicians) that the axle that squeaks the loudest gets the most grease — and 12^{er} Axel is much the same for he is eternally squeakily griping about every little old picayunish thing that is wrong with me and mine: I don't fee him sufficiently for his body beneficences which between us felons are woefully seldom and far betwixt even though wonderfully they occur nightly and sometimes daily, too; my horrendous mattress is rock-hard and my putrid penis even more so; on the other hand, my tongue is too soft and slurpy and *never* seems to get onto or into where it pleasures master Down-Put the most; I don't pay him *one-tenth* what he's worth; my bedroom is too shivery cold in Winter which shrivels his dick, balls and anal rosebud yet said damn bedroom is too sweatily hotmid in Summer which pisses him off 'cause he doesn't like to sex around in a puddle of perspiration; the inflationary home-cooked meals I lovingly prepare for him he deems only fit to be flushed down the toilet though I notice that he voraciously gobbles down everything culinary I set before him — including one intimate tasty titbit modesty restrains me from describing more fully, especially in a Family Circle domestic treatise like this.

I didn't pick antisocial Axel up — he picked defenseless *me* up one June afternoon and unnaturally I was most flattered that seemingly he had taken an erratic/erotic fancy to me, rare as a mare's cock and therefore all the more excitingly intriguing. See, I was walking along the downtown street, minding my own boy-yearful business when suddenly out-of-the-blue the kid appeared before me like the Genie of Aladdin's Lamp — and I am stunned, for the appealing apparition looks to be in the delightful throes of the just-turned pubertal, there is an effulgent smile on his lips, a sexy gleam in his eyes and he could easily be mistaken for Marilyn Monroe's kid-brother: need I say more?! Now the lad turns on his seductive charm full-blast and in a mild-and-honey accent, lilts, "I'm cherry-vanilla *hot* ice-cream! Would you like to eat me?"

Well, of course I succumbed like any self-respecting boy-lover would, enthralled by the thought of mingling the kiddy's sweet sleek young flesh with shopworn mine and he accompanies me home, grinning and laughing and chuckling and chortling and snickering and sneering as though he's playing a huge joke or boyish trick on me, but you have to take a chance on comely happenstance lads or you might as well be a lone lorn rutabaga in a garden, threatened by rabbits.

The boy's dazzling blondness and easy accessibility incline me to believe he is of Swedish descent but in sexual temperament and habits he is undiluted Soviet Red Russian Bolshevik — as I learn later but then it was *too* late: I am hook, line and sinker lost, for in bed Axel deliriantly demonstrated that he is well into the lacteal stage of nubile development and every orifice and protuberance he possesses is for rent and the various emissions and by-products of same are for *sale*! Who could resist such an idyllic set-up?! Not *me*. Thus virtually unvirtuously immediately I am all tangled up in the warped woof of his wild wooing for this alluring oddity is more ruthlessly macho than King Kong or a runaway demented bulldozer and though I am granted complete all-out all-in sex-play with him, I thereby also suffer a deluge of somewhat more than somewhat mayhemick kicks, punches, pinches, bites, scratches, ribald raw raucous verbal abuse and other unsubtle tokens of his misbegotten misaffection.

Some hetero bastards beat and/or demise their largely unoffending wives and/or girlfriends and children, and bad cess and an early decease to these male mad dogs. True, Axel abuses, bruises, contuses, not over much Band-Aid/liniment/aspirin amuses masochistic me but he's too good-bad between the sheets to relinquish and perversely I can understand his Visigoth Vandal sexual philosophy for lengthy pillow-talks have subsequently elicited the fact that the youngster is sick and tired and fed up to the eyebrows with the Imbalance of Power between boys and adults that he has long suffered and endured. He has been booted around from Pillar to Post by his parents or their surrogates, by older peer-pressure and by his teachers and other awful awful Figures of Authority in every size, shape and form until at long last

the kiddy rebelled; he is indignant, angry, vengeful and wants to get even — and he has chosen harmless, peace-loving, *me* as his way of getting even! My goodness, my Mama never told me I would have to hopfully surmount such situations as *this*!

Obviously in sex-play I'm not altogether comfortable under this heaven-hellion's rough caresses and delicate savagery yet I'm desolated without him. No doubt he is pissed-off with me as a token symbol of his multi-oppressions yet I'm persuaded that he also more than a little *likes* me in his fashion, for he keeps coming around to spend all his free time in my bed and board — and though I must admit that he is more of an anal/oral Juvenile Rapist than otherwise, he additionally contrives to be a sort of nightmarish Dream of Love.

And now on this activist April afternoon the lad and I (at his command) are indulging in a frivolous intromission of 69, he on top, and he copiously comes three times before I can achieve a single measly scoffingly-scanty ejaculation, my maltreated black-and- blue foreskin and glans silently shrieking in ecstatic agony. Master A. is speedily ramrod stiff again and hotly directs me to assume the prone position so he can once more (too damn *much* more!) demonstrate his expertise in Husbandry if *I* play the docile Hausfrau! (Oh, the glorious indignity of it all!) Sighing, I turn over, spread my legs and part my buttocks as the boy no other lubricant at hand pees a few drops into and around my Inquisition'd anus and plunges in without even an ameliorative bite-kiss on my ear or nape or shoulder and with vim, vigor and vernal viciousness proceeds to painfully plow and seed me, which fortunately takes only four fractured me-moaning minutes.

Ah, well, I abide and make a mental note to purchase a second First Aid Kit for, you see, damfool I am hopelessly ensnared by this tortuous, too torturous ineluctable seductio. Who can understand the nature of sexy young boys what they will get up to or down to or sideways to *next*? Verily, not too often is a boy-lover's life a happy one but it seldom is unexciting and uneventful. And don't think I am bad-mouthing Axel, for he has several admirable qualities: for instance, he's acutely intelligent, he despises Liberal Intellectuals (Libewreckers) even more than I do, believes the only good Red is a dead Red and says there oughta be a Law against all the laws punishing men for having sex with young boys. He can quote extensively from the *Satyricon* and recite almost verbatim practically all of ancient Strato's amorous exuberances, besides obscenely *improving* them!

Indeed and in truth overwhelming Axel is no moron, yet he's *oxymoron* in amour, for he makes love with such tumultuous gentle VIOLENCE!

The Happy Ending of Putzi's Sad Tail

Even fully clothed, Putzi exhibits the kind of sweet hot tight little can which is prettier and probably almost as expensively unobtainable to such as me as a ten-pound tin of Beluga caviar — the former item highly worthy of dishonorable mention, and which instantly alerted my satyric libido to sniffing around and silently baying at the kiddy's honey moon as it strongly emanates the elusive, exclusive, scent of pure Attar of Puer: a mind-boggling compound of youth, health, freshness, usually spurious innocence and quasi-vulnerability — plus a dash of vivifying Something Else which is beyond all human analysis.

I first encountered the youngster in Philadelphia, Pa., the alleged City of Brotherly love but punitively not *Kid-Brotherly* Love or you're highly liable to go to State Prison for an extended confined non-vacation stay where you're apt to be maimed and mayhem'd by the other inmates as being lower and worser than a mass-murderer, but these perils are ever present in the USA (though so far wary I have been able snakily, sneakily, to avoid them simply because perforce I have laceratingly learned to become cockroach cautious/canny, thriving in dark damp delightful places such as a boy's rectum or the like).

I calculate Master P. is hovering between the years of 11 and 12, an hypnotic Pennsylvania Dutchie who has dropped out of that scene because he was bone-weary of wearing wide-brimmed black hats, dark sober work-clothes, clodhopper rough boots, and toiling from pre-dawn to post-dusk on his Pappy's farm with no TV, radio or any other diversion except nightly, secretly playing with his built-in boy-toy and Sunday go-to-church, which latter is never much entertaining to vibrant masculine kiddy-boos — so wisely he decamped to Philly with 19 honestly-earned one-dollar bills in his pocket (his life-savings) and it being benignly warm June, the month of boy brides, at a second-hand, maxi-discount store on front Street, Putzi purchased off-white, reasonably clean used Adidas sneakers, mesh tan ankle socks, faded flesh-tone much-laundered soft-as-velvet Calvin Schwein designer jeans, which clung to his alluring netherosities closer than a rub-down with baby-oil, no underpants (money running short) and a snowy T-shirt whose front bore the traffic-stopping large letters in red: YES, I DON'T!! — the implications of which our young Dutchie didn't immediately grasp but the garment was dirt-cheap. The lad changed into his newly-acquired raiment in a tiny dressing-room cubicle in the store, giving his discarded threadbare apparel a hearty kick to relieve his resentful feelings of his now-shed Past.

Being accustomed to hard work in the once Laudable but now derided Horatio Alger tradition, Putzi tried to get a job hawking newspapers but was insultingly informed that he was the wrong color for 'white' was an horrendous word these days, far worse then 'Capitalism' or 'Capital Punishment' to delicate Ebon Spremacists, the Third World and the Glass Menagerie on New York's East River, ill-known as the UN. So our industrious young hero, imbued since birth with the praiseworthy Protestant work-ethic, attempted to find employment as a dishwasher or bus-boy in various and sundry cafeterias, beaneries and fast-food ptomaineries but was roughly told that he had to be African black or Indian Red or Caribbean brown or Oriental yellow to be eligible! Has the White Man's Burden that Rudyard Kipling wrote so warningly about, now become the White Boy's Burden, too?! Well, not if pale-face boy-lovers can help it, for soon one of them spotted needy, hungry, despairful Putzi and attracted by his evident and concealed charms, enticed the youngling home by promise of paying him well for an idle hour or two of simple easy tasks around the house — euphemism for a sultry sex-session.

Oddly enough, I'd heard about Putzi some 10 days before I laid appreciative eyes on him, my informant being the aforesaid boy-fancier who was the first to Biblically 'know' him — though in a frustratingly limited fashion. The referred to aforesaid is an ,Orthodox Jewish gentleman by the name of Mr. Hammon Wrye who eats fish every Friday and attends Mass with clockwork regularity. He is an anti-circumcision rabbi by vocation and a rabid palpitantly perspirant penisser/anusseur by avocation so we have several things in common.

And it came to pass that shortly Mr. Wrye is ensconced on my spring-sprung couch and bitterly regaling me with his too-brief, too unsatisfactory contact with the alleged delightful delicious wee Dutchie. “Oh, he came home with me willingly enough,” Hammon grieves, “but he resolutely refused to go into the house so I ushered him into the enclosed back yard which is safe from prying eyes or ears and where without objection he stood under my weeping-willow tree.”

“I remember that tree of yours,” I say with no enthusiasm. “It really *does* weep so that soon you’re soaked to the skin!”

“Well, it’s a *Blue Willow* so naturally it cries and sobs and carries on just like humans who are blue and moaning low.”

“All *right* already!” I bark impatiently. “Get down to the *meat* of the matter-young Putzi.”

“You know,” mourns Hammon ruefully, “It was the strangest thing — the kid would only permit stand-up sex and that just at his *crotch*! He unzipped his pants, hung out his cock and balls and waited for me to go to work — and though this puer-pasture in which to browse is better than nothing, it doesn’t wholly reflect the way I prefer to conduct Affairs of the Heart.”

“Yet I presume at the time that the urchin was decidedly Upthink to coincide with your wishful *Downthink*, was he not?”

“Oh, exceedingly! His smooth little poker was hard and warm and sweet and tasty and then it was *big* and hot and harder and soon swooningly rambunctious in climax — but, alack! A *dry-suck*!” concludes Hammon wryly.

“You probably didn’t fellate him long enough, I judgemental. “Some tantalizing tadpoles need 20 minutes or more of stimulation before they blast off.”

“I mouthed him, tongued him, gently teathed him for 32 minutes and 10 seconds,” Wrye rejoins indignantly, “and poor me fresh out of *knee-pads*!”

“Tough titty,” I respond callously. “But, look, didn’t the lad permit you denude him so you could at least inspect if not partake of his nipples, belly-button and other bodily bonanzas?”

“No way! He just popped his milkless munificences back in his pants, screechingly upzipped, stayed to be paid and was off to hell knows where!” Hammon sniffed loudly. “A *most* distressing experience to be inflicted on a super-sensitive cocksucker like me!”

“H’m!” I effuse. “This strange Sahara suckling intrigues me no end. Do you know where he lives?”

“He wouldn’t tell me but I ran into him on Front Street where I believe he hangs out — if only frontally.” Hammon goes on to exhaustively describe the lad’s appearance and attire, with special emphasis on his T-shirt’s paradoxical message.

I thank Rabbi Wrye for his rather too-sparse information and get him half-pissed on Manischewitz Concord Grape Wine and Matzoh whereupon he staggeringly departs morales happy, smiling like a shark eating its young and evidently forgetting for the nonce his excruciating, non-excreting boy-woes.

Early the next afternoon I repair to Front Street (which is badly in *need* of repair) and I haven’t paced a dozen steps before miraculously I spy the perhaps Apple of my Eye — or at least his T-shirt’s unusual imprint. Accosting him in an ultra-bland benevolently avuncular manner, I introduce myself as a friend of Rabbi Wrye with whom the youngster had some slight sexual traffic a few days past, did he not?

“Oh yeah,” says Putzi, frowning, “but he didn’t need to blab about it all over *town*!”

“He was the Soul of Discretion,” I assure the lad solemnly. “In fact, I had to worm details of the incident out of him when he was in his cups or thirstily preceding. He was highly impressed with you and I... well, it seemed that I fell in love with you, sight unseen! And now that I have met you in your radiant flesh I am purely positive I’m ass over tea-cup for you!”

The boy laughs-a treble tinkle as of Chinese wind-chimes in a Peking peg-house — no *peeking*! “I think you’re *talking* through your ass, too!”

“That may well be, as my bottom possesses more natural wisdom than my brain. Dear one, will you come home with me so that I can more intimately express my adoration?” I hold my breath.

Kiddy shrugs. “I might as well — since it’s beginning to drizzle and I hate to get my clothes wet.”

“By the way,” I remark casually, “I live in an apartment and don’t have a back yard or a weepy willow tree.”

“Ok, I trust you not to come on too heavy ’cause you’re so old — so let’s *go* before we get drowned!”

In my 2-room Below-Poverty-Level abode, I hospitality: “Would you like a sandwich and a glass of milk or something before we... uh, address the topic of our mutual interest?”

“Afterwards,” kiddy-boo says, ’’cause I don’t perform too good on a full stummick.”

Now astonishingly Master P. doesn’t just rip open his surely appetizing fly, spill out his anterior edibles and, standing, wait for me to dine on them — on the delightful contrary, he sprawls on my sex-spavined couch, winces, leaps up, grimaces: “Your damn sofa or whatever is the *pits!*” he denigrates with little regard for my finer feelings.

“I rented this rat’s-nest furnished,” I excuse, “but perhaps you would find the youth-bed in the next room more comfortable — if you would deign to honor it with your puerchritudinous presence.” . The mucho macho mini-masculino precedes me through the door of my *own* frigging bedroom, toes off his sneakers, supines on the sheets, shoves his jeans down to his knees, hoists his emblazoned T-shirt up to his shoulders and narrow-eyed stares at me challengingly. “Well, here it is,” he rasps, “so don’t just stand there like the Village Idiot — *do* something!”

Astounded, dumbfounded, not to say not a little gabberflasted, I stumble toward the bed — but my goodness gracious, what *is* this?! The poor deprived Rabbi is accorded only a vertical suck (seldom supremely satisfactory) whereas I am favored with a horizontal ditto (in bed, yet!) with apparently kiddy nipples and navel thrown in for good measure! Can it be that this overwhelming little oddity is anti-Semitic? Well, more than a few people are, including other Semites such as the Ay-rabs who, however, also have a passionate yen for young boy-flesh. On the other hand, of course, peri-pesky Putzele might simply be indulging in one or more of the innumerable whims and whimsies, quirks and quiddities, fancies and fantasies of the typical masculine BOY and for which there is absolutely no logical explanation or lucid understanding — but I *like* it!

Forthwith I dive upon the Object of my Unspeakably Ineffable Infection-Confection and slaver all over and around the youngling’s much-distended beige scrotum, then on and upward to his already uplifting pastel penis: pink-white satin shaft, Miami-suntan snug foreskin, Scarlet Letter-crimson-with-a-hint-of-palest-violet taut glans — but suddenly, cruelly, my vibracious visitor thumps me on my defenseless pate with urgent hard knuckles. Reluctantly I disengage from the puer’s puissant prick and look up, my lips adrip with boycock-flavored saliva. “Yes, my lovely one, what is it?”

Somewhat shamefacedly kiddy mutters: “I guess I should tell you that I can’t *wet-come* yet.”

“You’re *lucky!* I exclaim, experientially sincerely.

“*Really?!*” queries the youngster, mouth agape and smooth brow knitted in incredulous surprise. “Why so?”

“Because laddies who are still *dry* are capable of at least 3 times as many soul-stirring if not as intense orgasms as their milky older gender-peers.”

“But almost all my scores *want* milk from me and are browned-off when they don’t get it!”

“Pay these creeps no mind, dear heart-they’re rank amateurs who’ve probably been brainwashed/mouthwashed by their mamas’ titty-milk when they were mere helpless infants! *I’m* more broad-minded and tolerant here ’cause I was bottlefed myself — beer-bottles, whisky-bottles: you name it and I’ve sucked on it.”

The kidlet squeals a peal of pure delight. “*You’re funny*, man — but I think you’re a little crazy, *too!*”

“Sweet child, show me a boy-lover who is *not* Mad Hatter mad or March Hare madder and *I* will show you an Utter Impossibility!”

Impatient with delay, I once again mouth Putzi’s peter — flushed and pinkly swollen, steamy and squirming with evidently anticipated ecstasy — to bring him to arid climax, but gently my Fond Fiendish Frustrator pushes my head away from his desert-dry spigot. “Now what?!” I deprivedly wail like a babe-in-arms whose precious prized pacifier has been rudely yanked from his pursed lips.

“I’m sorry, Mistuh Duke, but I just don’t feel up to fooling around right now this very minute.”

“But you’re *already* up!” I point out, pointing pointedly at his point of small return.

“Yeah, I know, but that’s a kinda false alarm ’cause I often get *real* stiff but I can’t follow through — you know what I mean?”

“Only too *well*!” I groan, ruefully recollecting countless identical denials in my parlous prick-povertied past. “So what can I do to remedy this crucifying cruciality?”

“Well, if you gave me a little snacks to munch on, that should help.”

“Immediately, lover-boy, if not sooner — though not half an hour ago you told me you didn’t perform too good on a full stomach!”

“That was *before*. Now my belly says he’s *empty* and is kicking up a storm ’cause he’s hungry!”

“But while your stomach feels empty, wouldn’t this be the ideal time for me to suck your pretty penis into spasming?”

“No! Now my belly’s *too* empty for that!”

I give up. This charming chickaboo is obviously headed for a padded cell in a straitjacket — or I am. Nevertheless, against apparently hopeless odds, I continue to persevere. “Fine, *great*!” I mumble. “If you and your scatter-brained *belly* are desirous of a tasty little snack then on hand I’ve got oodles of crispy Ritz Crackers, a big tin of imported caper-stuffed anchovy-fillets, a huge hunk of Danish Blew Cheese and...”

“I got my *own* cheese, thank you,” the boy smirks, lewdly goo-gooing his eyes at me, “but what I’d *really* go for, Mistuh Duke, is to sink my teeth into a mess of hoo chee foo subgum coo chee shrimp chop suey.” He smacks his roseate lips wetly, sexily, seductively — and I am *totally* lost!

“OK,” I sigh as I creak out of bed. “There’s a Chinese joint about 2 blocks from here so I should be back in no time at all — and *please*, small one, dearest one, don’t *play* with yourself while I’m gone!”

“I won’t,” assures Master P., raising his right hand as if his left paw were on Holy Writ. “I’ll play with your clock-radio instead!”

When shortly I return, breathless and heavy-laden, with satisfaction I see that the kiddy has been faithful to his promise for with *both* hands he is holding my clock-radio to his left ear, his gaze aglaze in a soft-rock daze. With an almost electric shock I also behold that my Recumbent Love is now naked as pre-Exit from Eden Adam — if not more so! Blessed Infant Jesus, what *transpires* here?! What does this state of complete nudity portend — sex-play in toto or precisely the opposite? Who can ever wholly know with *knaben*?!

Sitting up in bed the boy welcomes me with open arms, soprano squeaks of greedy joy, and bustling about like a fond foolish mama I place a dainty tray-full of still-steaming Oriental edibles on his lap into which he voraciously digs with all the fervor of a ‘49^{er} miner discovering a seam of California gold. Unclothing my own ugly corpus I speedily join him where Putzi-boo proves to be moderately generous — but *above* the waist, which is a horrendous waste of delicacies below! Since the lad is somewhat of a sloppy gourmandizer, I am forced to second-hand sup on particles of Yellow Peril provender as well as Lily-White-Delight *him*: I kiss his shrimpy lips, smooch his mushroom’d chin, suck his thrusting left nipple which tastes of sweet-&-sour sauce, ditto his right ditto which is flavored with tangy Chinese mustard, lip-scour his belly on which resposes a stray bean-sprout, tongue into his deep cunt-like navel savorous of T-shirt cotton lint and soy sauce.

When Master Famished has licked the platter clean, I remove the tray, wit a dampened towel wipe off the spilled traces of his meal from face, hands and torso, slither in besides him. “I suppose,” I acidulate, “that now your wee belly is *too full* to comfortably resume our illicit relations at this juncture?”

“You suppose right,” yawns Young Negative through a thunderous belch, “but if you just let me grab 40 winks or so than I’d be in great shape to horse around with you till the cows come home.”

“Very well, take your cat-nap but first I want to eyeball your posterior face-to-face.”

“Say *what*?”

“In Queen’s English, I crave to look at your backside.” Suddenly the put-off puer is wide-awake and bristling like a porcupine under dire attack. “*Oh*, no!! I don’t let nobody look at my bottom!”

“Why not?”

“‘Cause I ain’t made right back there — *that’s* why, Mistuh Nosy!”

“Oh, *c’mon*, baby! I’ve seen the way your sweet buns plump out your tight jeans and they seem to me to be the Heavenly Twins in person!”

“It’s not my buns that’re fucked-up — it’s what’s *between* them.”

“I get it — your anus is the guilty party.”

“Say *what*?!”

“Your *asshole* is at fault.”

“*Yes*!” the youngster wails, close to tears, so I pull him into my arms, hold him close, stroke his hair, kiss his cheek. “There, there, small one, don’t fret — everything is going to be all right if you’d just *tell* me what the problem is. Do you perchance have *two* bungholes? If so, that would be most convenient — one could take a siesta while the other was occupied in passive pedication or poopydoo or whatever.”

“It’s not *that* bad, thank Jesus!”

“*Amen*! So maybe perhaps you don’t have any anus at all and have to do Number Two through your belly-button or like that?”

“Don’t talk *filthy*!” the offended babykins barks, blush-bridling like a Kotex’d June bride on her wedding-night.

“I’m just verbally feeling my way — a semantic grope, so to speak. Now I presume the orifice under discussion is not On Strike and refusing to cross the Picket Line on the toilet-seat or some such feces-foolishness?”

In reply kiddy double-thumbs his nose at me and sticks out his tongue in an ear-splitting, saliva-splattering razzberry.

“I’m merely exploring all the probable possibilities,” I hastily placate, “so *confide* in me what’s amiss and could be I can help you — or at least allow me to inspect the alleged Disaster Area so I can adequately assess the situation.”

For a long minute Putzi looks at me intently, gravely, seemingly somewhat doubtfully.

“Look, baby,” I say earnestly, “I’m not *fundamentally* an ass-in-filtrator so you needn’t be afraid that I’m going to attack or rape you or such like humpadiddling nonsense for I simply want to *view* your ailing aspect.” Here with difficulty I mask my mobile features with the most innocent, harmless, respectable mien I can muster. “Dear child, you *trust* me, don’t you?!”

“Yeah, I guess I do,” the boy mutters, “as much as I trust anybody, that is.” He heaves a deep sigh. “OK, here *goes* — so brace yourself for a shock!”

Uttering not another word he flops over into prone position, spreads his slim legs, with his own trembling hands pries apart his lush loaves — and waits in a breathless hush. Hovering over the lad, I see that his pink smooth compact young flesh-hemispheres fulfill the promise that his snug jeans implied — but betwixt is the astonishing kernel of the kid’s concern: covering some five-sixths of his roseate pinhole is a semi-transparent thin whitish membrane which is extraordinarily like... like...

“Well, I’ll be *Go-to-Hell!*” I ejaculate, pop-eyed. “Putzi-boo, you are the first little male I’ve ever ogled who has a *hymen* in his pleasure-hole!”

“Is that bad?” whispers the youngster, stirring uneasily. “No-o-o, it’s not necessarily bad — it’s just odd, unusual, unique, one-in-ten-billion! *And* it’s proof-positive that you are an Anal Virgin beyond the shadow of a doubt!” Reverently I bend and suck-kiss the exotic erotic anomaly.

“Darnmit, I want you to get rid of it — not make love to it!” my small love wails. “What is this here friggin’ *hymen*, anyway?!”

“You might call it an extra foreskin who doesn’t know his proper place or a public-spirited prepuce who is protective of your tender poopy-portal. Yet heretofore, as far as I know, the hymen has invariably been present only on *girls* 3 years old, or younger, for after age 3 the enterprising little misses blissfully lose it by intercouraging themselves with their fingers or other similar-shaped convenient objects such as unripe bananas, carrots, candles, garlic dill pickles et cetera or riding ponies bareback or climbing trees and whatnot — but most often the female hymen is punctured by the push-pull penises of their wee boy-friends horny-hot for a frontal Piece of Ass.”

“Well, *hell!*” Putzi growls, outraged. “I ain’t no girl so why should this disgusting thing happen to me?!”

“Kiddy, it’s all the fault of that sexist bitch-whore Mother Nature who *loves* to play anatomical tricks on vulnerable young boys. *Father* Nature would’ve been kinder to your hinder but in these militant feminist days Father is the forgotten Man!”

My sweet bed-buddy clasps his head in his hands. “Can’t *anything* be done for me?!” he movingly laments.

“My dear young sir,” I reason, “are you sure you really *want* something done to change your anal status quo? You know, you could make a mint of money exhibiting yourself in side-shows at carnivals and circuses and State Fairs, where you would be hailed as the Eighth Wonder of the World! Why, P.T. Barnum would’ve cherished you far more than he did Tom Thumb, for tiny Tom was always getting lost in the tangled bed-sheets and sticky-stained trick-towels!”

“No way!” Master P. snarls. “I don’t go in for that kinda freaky public-exposure shit!”

“Great!” I heartily concur. “The more exclusively private you are with *me*, the better I like it. Uh, by the way, does your misplaced wrong-sexed hymen *pain* you at times?”

“Yes! It too much blocks the opening down there so when I take a crap and hafta squeeze out big stuff, the fucking thing hurts like *hell!*”

“Ah, well, that’s a turd of a different color so I wholeheartedly agree that encroaching excrescence has gotta *go* forthwith! However, I’m rather astonished you didn’t apply to the good Rabbi for assistance as undoubtedly he possesses a well-stropped Jack-the- Ripper scalpel which he wields in countless circumcisions so he would be the ideal person to excise your intrusive incubus.”

“Screw the Rabbi! I didn’t like him ’cause he acted like he was doing *me* a big favor when he sucked my dick!”

“H’m! He was prob’ly mulling over edifying Talmudic truths at the time. All right, no more Rabbi so I’ll tell you what. Tomorrow, if you’re willing, I’ll take you back to New York with me to see a pedo-proctologist I know who is skilled in treating the ills of disorderly anuses and similar malaises of male minors.”

My heart’s systole and diastole suddenly peers at me with dark suspicion. “Is this pedo-whatever-he-is, a *doctor?*”

“Yes, *indeed!* Doctor, surgeon, general pure-practitioner and loves his work.”

“Oh, no! A *thousand* times No! Doctors are *out!*” “But *why?*” I say, mystified.

“Cause a couple years ago my four-year-old kid-brother took sick and my folks called in a doctor and ten days later my brother was *dead!*” The boy suppresses a sob and turns his face away.

“Baby, I’m sorry,” I murmur, wiping away a tear and cuddling him close. “What was wrong with your little brother?”

“Nobody knows-least of all that damn *doctor!*”

“I know how you must feel, Putzi, and I mourn with you for your loss. But...”

“But *what?*” the youngster sniffles, regarding me with damp eyes. “Well, I’m afraid now you’ve only one option left to remedy your... uh, hymeneal condition.”

“So what’s the option?”

“Well, in a word, *me* — you should kindly excuse the expression.”

“I told you before that I trusted you and I *do*,” the lad says impatiently, “so quit your yak-yakking and let’s have some *action!*”

“You mean you put yourself entirely in my hands for better or worse?!” I marvel, my ears unbelieving.

“*Jesus*, I’m already in your hands, ain’t I? Don’t be so fucking *stupid!*”

“I’m obliged for your touching vote of c-c-confidence in me,” I stammer, my bliss-befuddled wits scattered far and wide. With a superhuman effort I at length gain control of myself. “Now down to business and the bottom-line,” I say briskly. “First, boy of mine, I want you to go and take a nice hot thorough shower, washing well your pretty parts below the waist, coming or going.”

“I already had a hot shower *and* a cold early this morning.”

“But did you perchance do Number Two *since* then?”

“No, dammit!”

“Excellent! You’re basically hygienic enough to enter the Theater of Operations — as we war-vets are fond of saying. Here please excuse me for a moment — I’ll be right back.”

Dashing off to consult bathroom medicine-cabinet and kitchen-cupboard, I return with a miscellany of necessary items which I deposit on the bedside-table. “*Achtung!* Dear Putzele,” I cry. “*Attention!* What I shall do now is administer a varied local anusthetic of a sort to which I presume you have become accustomed.”

“Go *ahead*-you’re calling the shots.”

“It’s a pleasure to do business with you, Master P. These are 4 orange-flavoured kiddy aspirin — wash them down with this small snort of Kentucky sour-mash bourbon.”

“Can’t I have plain water instead? I’m not exactly what you’d call a drinking man.”

“*I know* you’re not a man or you wouldn’t be occupying my bed — but the whiskey is strictly medicinal and an essential ingredient of the anusthetic.”

“OK, if you say so. *Bottoms Up!*” In one gargantuan gulp the youngster tosses aspirin and booze down without so much as batting an eyelash. “*Hey!* That stuff warms my innards something scrumptious! Can I have another snort? I never really *tasted* the first one.”

“Of course,” I refill his glass which is emptied more slowly, with much appreciative licking of lips and of glass-inside. “Now turn over, sweetling, while I swab your anal Eden with a germicide solution and apply an analgesic ointment which will render you totally immune to the slightest discomfort in your approaching ordeal.”

“I s’pose there’ll be lotsa blood?”

“There should be very little if any at all for I shall take great care in removing your illegal-alien hymen which is more insensate membrane than flesh.”

“Oh, I’m not scared of a little blood and I heal quick, like overnight sometimes. But how are you going to take that goldarned thing out — with a *butcher-knife?*”

“No, nothing so callously crude as *that!* I shall gently excise it with a pair of West German-made, thrice-tempered carbon-steel manicure scissors honed to razor-sharpness and which is being sterilized in boiling water right this very minute.”

“Well, *great!* — I guess. Uh, can I have another shot of that sour-mash?” Kiddy blushes faintly. “See, it’s my belly that wants it — not *me!*”

“You have but to ask, my thirsty love,” I speedily oblige.

He guzzles the third slug with I trust not incipient-alcoholic alacrity, then I lift his seraph slenderness to wedge two pillows beneath his middle so his posterior will be elevated to a more operable position. I lope to kitchen to scrub my hands to immaculacy, snatch the scissors from its steaming bath, burning my damn fingers, lurch back to bedroom. “Dear lad,” I say cheerily, “are you all set for the Grand Exorcism of your baneful *bete noir?*”

No response from my patient. I tiptoe closer to the bed and peer down at him, now becoming aware of his muted snores. All to the good! What peerless Putzi doesn’t know will never hurt him — I *hope!* At this point I really should have buttocks-retractors to perform this extraction professionally but I ain’t no dad-blamed *hospital* and the youngster’s buns are sufficiently slumbrously agape for my purpose, so breathing a silent prayer to Aesculapius and the American Medical Association (not that I have too profound a respect for the latter!), I drive the needle-point of the scissors into the center of Putzi’s anal caul. There resounds a stentorian POP! My goodness! Without particularly meaning to, have I popped my darling’s backside cherry — in a manner of speaking? In any case, a once-in-a-lifetime experience I shall treasure in my sere, drear old age of 140 venerable years or so. Then clumsily/deftly I begin to cut around the perimeter of the impeachable obstruction — snip, snip, *snip* I go like Sweeney Todd, the Mad Barber of Fleet Street — but with *no* Malice Aforethought!

There appears not the slightest trace of crimson gore, Deo Gratias, for which I *should* get the Nobel Prize for medico-surgico-sexico puer-pioneering — I could use the money. With the scissors, gingerly I pick up the cut-out segment of the youngster’s anatomy and hurl it out the open window where it is immediately pounced upon in mid-air by a bird on the wing — and by God! I recognize that feather’d fool or his kindred! It’s obviously a refugee from a cuckoo-clock and as every schoolboy knows, cuckoos are crazy *per se*. Yet in these sexually enlightened times is it possible that even some lucky *birds* are boysexual?! I don’t see why not.

Returning to the bed, I kneel and inspect Putzi’s anal area. All is well there, all is calm, all is bright, no inflammation or swelling or other malign signs of a bum abortion, as ‘twere. I bend closer and lovingly lick the lad’s now open but still miniscule anus-bud, for the first time fully inhale the feral fragrance of it which is redolent of a smoky Boy Scout camp-fire of applewood and balsam, around which are sprawled junior tooth some giggling, sighing, moaning, groaning, in an orgied circle-jerk.

Gently I remove the pillows from beneath the kiddy and dispose his tender limbs in comfortable communion with Morpheus. I long to crawl in beside him and clasp his young nudity to my palpitant breast but I refrain, fearing to disturb or arouse him for what he needs now is a good night’s recuperative sleep — so I deject to the living-room couch where I resign myself to fitful cat-naps or kitten-snoozes.

After a nightmarish interlude, roseate dawn at last comes bouncing into the room — and with it Master P., bare-ass and gleeful as he catapults himself on me, throwing his arms around my neck in a throttling bear-cub hug. “Mistuh Duke, you did it!” he cries. “I took a *big* crap just now and everything slid out so nice and *easy* — no hassle at all! And the funny thing is, I slept through the *whole* operation! I guess I was kinda knocked-out by that bourbon, huh?”

“Maybe so but don’t make a habit of booze, little one — it *could* destroy you.”

“Oh, I won’t. In fact, between you and me, I like chocolate malts *much* better. ‘Course, they don’t warm your belly like sour-mash does but malts stick to your ribs better.” Suddenly the boy nuzzles my face and slobbers a wet slurpy kiss full on my lips. “Thanks a million for cutting out that consarned thing, Duke!”

“You’re very welcome, I’m sure. But the trouble with thanks is that I can’t deposit them in the bank!”

“Yeah, I know, so *listen*, Duke — every day for one whole entire *month* I’ll come over here and you can do me as much as you like for *free*, no charge, it won’t cost you a thin dime!”

“My sore-pressed budget and I are immensely grateful, Little Lord Bountiful — but can I do you *all the way* as a bonus?”

“U m, well, you sure are *entitled* but that part’s open to negotiation when we come to it. OK?”

“As you wish, Master, but don’t delay too long or I might be too old to rise to the occasion.”

“That’s what I was *counting* on,” the boy snickers, bringing his flattened hand, palm down, up against his chin and wagging his fingers at me as a token of his disrespect, “but day after tomorrow you can like futz around with my bottom if you buy me a mess of lobster fon goo.”

First it’s shrimp and now it’s *lobster*, yet! “How much would it cost?” I wince. “This may be news to you but I’m damn near a financial as well as a *moral* bankrupt.”

“It’s a *bargain*, Duke! Only \$7.95 and you get tea tong-style and fortune-cookies thrown in.” Here he catches his breath and moans passionately. “Hey, *look*.” Putzi hops off my lap and turns to confront me, flaunting himself, displaying his rearing penis aspiring ceilingward, skyward, heavenward, its shaft thrusting from the heart-shaped inflated scrotum sheathed in dimpled suede. Noting the surely obvious glitter of love-lust in my lewd gaze, the boy laughs and pulls my head down on him, teasing my lips with the tip of his ample foreskin. “You *like*?!” he whispers hoarsely.

In reply I insert my dagger’d tongue into the silken tube of my paramour’s prepuce, to the glans-lips that gradually open enough under my lingual inslaught to enable my tongue-tip to penetrate a good half-inch or more where I begin to lick with lustful ardor.

“Wait, that *hurts*,” the youngster squeals, trying to pull away — then pressing hard against me once more. “No, it’s OK, lick me there some more — I’m beginning to *like* it!”

Swooningly I comply, attempting to rub the boy’s penile column and gently squeeze his nuts with my free hand — but suddenly Putzi groaningly jack-knives over me as he spurts several gobs of creamy nectar that *splat!* against the back of my throat and rebound onto my avid tongue: liquid silver bullets to sublimely slay this semen-sucking vampire. Lingeringly I taste, savor then reluctantly swallow, milking the little cock for residuals — a cherished drop or two.

The spent succulent regards me with puzzlement as I fall back on the couch, relive the ineffable emission for a few fleeting moments, dazedly sit up. “What’s with *you*, Duke?” he grins. “Ain’t you never sucked on a dick before?”

“Kiddy, you wet-came!” I ejaculate, striving to collect my helter-skelter wits.

The lad frowns. “Are you *sure*?” he dubiouses. “It might’ve been only *pee*. See, sometimes I squirt a tiny bit of piss when the good feeling hits me.”

“Oh, *no*! This was thicker and stickier and tastier than mere boy-water so it could only have been your First Coming milk-wise, and here I don’t know whether to congratulate you or commiserate with you as from now on the sex-life of your penis will be a smidgen limited, alas!”

“Maybe *you* know what you’re talking about but I sure as shit don’t!” the boy snorts. (How quickly sheltered respectable little males who become runaways so easily pick up urban gutter-argot — not that I don’t *like* it!)

“My poor darling, you will realize it soon enough and you will just have to adjust to it — but be not downcast for I know a *lot* of lovely substitutes and compensations I shall administer anon. Anyway, didn’t you enjoy your latest blasting more than your previous dry-spasms?”

“Well, sort of — but it was so sudden and it shook me up so much that I didn’t know *what* the hell happened! For a minute there I thought I’d even spilled out a piece of my guts through my prick or something!” The boy laughs and shakes his head in awed wonderment — then he becomes serious again.

“Look, Duke, blow me for seconds — I want to be sure I *really* can give milk.”

“But kiddy, you just exploded a couple minutes ago! Do you think you can do it again so *soon*? You must take care not to injure your delicate genito-urinary amparatus, you know.”

“My nipples and my whang are stiffer than before which is agood sign that I’m still in heat so I’m gonna give it another whirl.” He peers anxiously at me. “You’re not too tired to try for a repeat performance, are you?”

“I’ve never felt more wide-awake in my life!” I bubble-burst with ecstatic enthusiasm. “OK, baby-love, you *asked* for it so brace yourself for a ruthlessly rude rough fascist suck-job which will bring you off in record-breaking time if you’ve got any lacteal boy-juice left *at all*!”

Sitting on the bed I position Putzele in front of me, my knees clasp his lower thighs, and orally absorb his Staff of Life — all febrile five inches of it — for a preliminary survey of the property. Yes, he’s nicely adamant again — rock-hard, in fact-but that’s often a false clue to a puer’s potentiality in production of sperm, woe to relate.

“Ooh, your mouth is red-hot!” Master P. giggles, placing a solicitous paw on my brow. “You gotta fever or something?”

Glumly I disengage from my illegal activism and mumble, “Just the usual boy-fever in situations like this — 102 degrees Fahrenheit, morales. And *please*, dear heart, try not to interrupt my obscene devotions with asinine questions — you break the unnatural but essential concatenation of coming events.”

“Sorry, man,” kiddy contrites. “*Carryon*!”

Seizing this brief opportune cessation of sextivities, I saliva-lave my left social finger, snake my sneaky claws around to the youngling’s satin-slick buns, part them, grope my way to the pouting nether lips — lush and velvety as a kitten’s belly — stroke same, tickle ditto, eel my spiteful digit slowly gently between the soft-firm lips to the 2nd knuckle. Lordy God, the youngster’s virginal rectum is *steaming*, my trembling manual member feels as if it’s knee-deep in a torrid Turkish-bath, blissfully being boy-boiled alive! Heightening the penetrative pleasure, the lad’s tiny ananly ring is delightfully snug, close-fitting yet somehow it contrives to slurpily suck in my intrusive digit like a babe-in-arms-and-soaked-diaper hungrily thirstily fellating his Mama’s swollen titty. Tardily recalling my good manners, I pause in my back-door benisons and anxiously inquire: “I’m not hurting you, am I baby?!”

“No, but what d’you think you’r *doing*, anyway — playing *stink*-finger?!”

“I’m playing frig-finger solely wholly because I’m busting my ass to assist *you* in your demented desire for a premature sooner-than-soonest second coming — but if you no like them tell me and I’ll desist.”

“No, no — I’m *gone* on it, it *sends* me, so push your finger in more deeper and squiggle it around up there... *yeah*! Like so. Ooh, Duke, I feel right now like I might could come off in my *butt-hole*! Is such a thing possible?!”

“With lascivious young boys anything is possible and highly probable, bless their larcenous, latrinous little hearts! Well, so far, so good — so now we come to the terminal stage of your hoped-for repeat semenics.”

“There you go — talking over my *head* again!”

“Button your lip, sweetheart, before I bite it something dreadful. What I want you to do here is pull your foreskin down on your magnificent erection as hard and tight as you can until it begins to pain you, OK?”

“But *you’re* s’posed to do that!” Master Contrary balks.

“Why so?”

“‘Cause *you’re* making love to me — I ain’t making love to *you*! See the difference?”

“Now *look*, snot-nose, man-boy sex should be a *two-way* street to get the most enjoyment out of it. There must be cooperation, give-and-take, take-and-give, tit-for-tat *reciprocity*!”

“OK, OK, goof-ball, have it your own way!” the boy sighs tragically, resignedly. “Which hand shall I use to torture my dick?”

“Whichever one you *abuse* your dick with, dopey — familiarity breeds content.”

“But what’ll I do with the *other* hand?”

“Fondle your nipples and your belly-button — it all helps toward a happy ending.”

“*You* got one free hand so what’re you going to do with it — stick it up your *ass*?!” Master Impudence sniffs.

“That I’ll employ to beatify your balls and points south. Now are we all set for a maybe perhaps reiterated Exodus of Ejaculate?”

H’m, foolish to ask for my ardent bliss-mate is already patently palpitant in promoting a re-run of his semenic seepage: hands busy-bee benevolently brutalizing anvil-hard pecker, ecstatic nubbin-nipples and burgeoning belly-button which he pluck-pinches with tender ferocity. “*Help* me, darnrnit!” the puerpants. “You ain’t doing your *share*!

Abandoning my enthralled voyeurism, I join wholly into the generation-gap saturnalia. The boy’s penis now urgently prodding my lips trying to roughly break-and-enter, I open wide and suck in the sweet fever’d flesh, thudding my tongue hard against the sensitive bridle taut-stretched to breaking-point and instantly the kiddy begins to rape my mouth as lustily lustfully as those ruttish junior satyrs of fame and fable, while my right hand lovingly squeezes, mandhandles the distended scrotum, velvety cage for the stone-hard butternut balls, as my middle finger strays to caress my little bed-buddy’s delicate perineal seam and tickle the bulb that begins strongly to pulse with a sex-life of its very own.

Co-operating with concupiscent enthusiasm, my left social digit buries its frenetic self entirely within Putzi’s anal vent where it madly wiggles and wriggles and squiggles against the satin rectum walls like a copulating caterpillar segmenting off in all directions — and near- fainting I realize that my fortunate finger has never been so well and thoroughly intercoursed before! Afflicted now with benign rigor mortis, the kiddy’s dick rams deeper into my mouth and as he thrusts into me my sex-crazed digit probes quarter-inch by quarter-inch further into his Posterior Paradise, sparking between us a sizzling direct current of heavenly friction — and the boy whinnies with rapture like a pony getting his first Piece of Ass behind the barn; whinnies again and then suddenly neighingly convulses, his asshole contracting sexleptically stranglingly tight about my rapine finger as the youngster’s penis geysers a forceful fountain of honey’d globules which ricochet in my parched mouth before coming to rest on my famished tongue, where I miserly hoard them, ligeringly savor.

My little love partly withdrawns to milk himself into me. “I wet-came *again*, didn’t I?!” he proudly pants, still almost wholly in the wrenching throes of his spasming. I nod, not to interrupt my delicious sampling of his manna.

“Stick out your tongue,” the boy commands, “I want to see what my jism looks like.” I comply, my sticky lingual extension closely inspected by my wide-eyed partner in slime. “Jeez, it looks like... like melting pearls or something, don’t it?”! But don’t *swallow* it! Swap tongues with me — I want to taste my stuff!”

Putzele plasters his mouth to mine, I protrude my bedewed member in a quiver of ecstasy as he lick-suckingly scrubs it clean with is own tongue, finally pulls away scowling. “*Shit*!” he exclaims aggrievedly. “What a gyp! All it tastes like is *spit*!”

“What did you expect-liquid moonbeans or angel’s cream-cheese?”

“*Fuck*! It should at least taste like warm vanilla ice-cream or something!”

“Well, that’s because you got it second-hand. It tastes real out-of-this-world when you suck it fresh and hot directly from the flesh-faucet.”

“Hell, I ain’t no damn cocksucker like you!”

“That’s your loss, baby-love! One of these days you’ll meet a nice sexy lad your own age and you’ll start fooling around with him and before you know it you’ll be flooding each other’s mouth with your sweet young boy-balm to bliss you both!”

“You think so?”

“*I know* so — it’s happened to *me* and over and under and sideways and every whichaway!”

“Well I *might* try it if I met the right kid. Anyway, Duke, I wet-came real fast *twice* in succession, didn’t I?!”

“Indeed you *did*, sweetheart, the fastest in all boy-history, I *swear*! You should be in the *Guinness Book of Records*!”

Ah, yes, I got prime Putzi’s super-quick Second Coming which after all even Jesus Christ Himself hasn’t yet been able to achieve or so His Daddy told me in strictest confidence.

Are We in Love-Or Are We Just Friends

If it's not a contradiction in terms, I trust all you happy boy-lovers who are presently perusing this polecat polemic will recall Remy, my little Polski bathroom/bedroom-sweet, as for two months now we are the utmost in male solidarity (he's more solid than I am but then he's *young* and at his penile peak!) and every day except Sunday when Mama Taczanowski has a Sabbath break from her office-cleaning nightly chores, I spend the ineffable hours from 7 PM to 3 AM with the lad in his sybaritic double-bed wherein I savor everything he's got and readily gives — a Ready-to-Eat laddy: just heat up and enjoy for all items on his sexual menu are available ... if he's in the mood (which varies from high to low from hour to hour) and I'm sufficiently abject in pleading for his bodily benisons. However, between you and me I must disclose that Remy has an ultra-strong seminal drive which impels him to deposit his rich copious kiddy-come into one or another adequately pelfable mouth or rectum and which I take shameless advantage of to our mutual satisfaction, though shortly I fear I shall run out of *pelf*!

These two months I have spent with Master T. have been something of a revelation to me: a welcome change of scene and situation — ardently courting a sexy kiddy in his own comfortable home rather than in my primitive Palais de Putridity in the heart of the local Slumsvilie. Mama has taught her younger son the basics of country-style Polish cooking and he has a flavorful flair for it: last night we had an 11 PM collation of rich crispy waffles with slathers of sweet butter and white-clover honey, aided and abetted by tiny plump Polski pork-sausages and lots of strong hot coffee to keep us awake and alert for further bed antics until 3 AM when I had to make myself scarce lest Mama arrive betimes and the Awful All is Discovered! (You all know this frustrating sempiternal hassle that is ever a boy-lover's occupational hazard but the rewards are worth the risk — as long as you can evade the sweaty clutches of the Law, or killjoy moralists and missionaries of the dull Christian hetero- ethic.)

Ten days ago Mama invited me to a wedding — the groom was a second step-cousin or other of hers but among the Poles even the most distant kinfolk are bonded together in ethnical amity. Of course, I gratefully accepted as informal attire was indicated, no nuptial gift or donation was expected of me except my presence and I welcomed this rare chance to be with Remy or in sight of him in the *daytime*! The ceremonies were held in a rented German beer-garden on the outskirts or underskirts of the city and the young couple were welded together in proper hetero oneness by a prelate who looked the spitting-image of the Pope himself (but just yesterday I read in the newspaper that the Supreme Pontiff is off to *Persia*, the better to attempt, with all sincere goodwill, to convert Islamic heathens to the Roman Catholic faith, because the more Catholics there are in the world, the more the Vatican's coffers *swell*, doncherknow?)

The bride was young, the bride was blond, the bride was beautiful but didn't I kiss her for I'm not of that persuasion, but I would've liked muchly to buss her kid-brother who at about 10 tender years was even fairer than his sister and seemed impishly amenable but I didn't avail myself of that delight either for I didn't want to make Remy — comelier than them all — jealous. Then the newly-married miss flung her bouquet (dewy lilies of the valley and tiny red red rosebuds) which was caught by a blushing youth who promptly bestowed it on a personable young man by his side. H'm! Does what I suspect goes on here go on here?! I fervently hope so.

Anon comes the cutting of the cake — a gleaming white-and-pink five-tiered edifice which should be featured in the Architectural Review as a classic example of its kind, whatever that is. Adeptly the bride slices the towering confection with a huge knife so evilly razor-edge sharp that Jack the Ripper would've coveted it for his own humanitarian purposes of ridding Victorian London of foully diseased Damsels of the Night. Alas, poor Jack was never honored in his own time as his purification methods were just a wee bit too uncomfortable for those dismemberedly concerned. However, the misunderstood chap *meant* well and it was all in a good cause.

Served with rose champagne in generous tulip-glasses for the adults (soft drinks for the young fry) the cake is a cuisine dream — a taste-treat snowily topped with frosting that smacks wondrously of melt-in-the-mouth newly-pubescent kiddy-come and which so enchants me that I ask the bride's mother if she made it with her own two dainty hands.

"My dear man," laughs she, patting my cheek with her fan, "I can't even make a descent respectable ham-sandwich!"

"It was *store-bought*?!" I ask, astounded.

"Yes, indeedy — from the Gay bakery on East Street."

My goodness! Is Gay a proper noun and the name of the owner of the bakeshop, or is gay an *adjective* here?! If it's the latter, I trust the joint is *boy-gay* for there are a helluva lot of sweet young laddies hustling in the area who may have well helped to produce that memorable frosting!

I return to our table to find Remy busily gorging himself on an extra piece of cake and a glass of champagne he has somehow illicitly acquired but I ask no question for he's a relative of the groom so no doubt has special privileges. "Hi, Baby-face!" I say breezily. "Where's your Mama?"

The boy waves a vague hand in a compassless direction. "She's over there somewhere, chewin' the rag with her hen-friends... and *don't*," he adds darkly, "call me Baby-face in public!"

"Sorry, kiddy — I, uh, got carried away by the sentiment of this momentous occasion."

Remy gulps down the remainder of his cake and champagne and cocks a sudden emerald eye at me. "You havin' *fun*, Duke?"

"I always have fun when I'm with or near *you*, Master T.," I truthfully flatter, "but something here strikes me as very odd."

"What *odd*?" the boy frowns.

"Well, I've always been led to believe that a Polack wedding — you should excuse the expression — was a combination of an inner-city riot and a minor revolution."

"You're thinkin' of an *Irish* wedding where all the grown-ups get pissed, the best man throws up all over a shriekin' bridesmaid an' there's lotsa fist-fights an' blood an' hell in general where some of the guests get carted off to the hospital an' a couple end up in the morgue!!"

"I stand corrected," I mumble "but I don't know much about the tribal rites of these different ethnic nuptials."

"That's the way it *is*, dum-dum, an' don't you forget it!" says Master T. severely. "Us Polskis may get kinda noisy but we're harmless. Hey! You see that tall drink of water with the handle-bar mustache standin next to the ring-boy?"

"You could hardly *miss* seeing him, the size he is. Who is he — if anybody?"

"He's merely the Father of the Bride," Remy snickers, "*and* he's one of my Johns!"

"Oh *hell*!" I mutter, glaring at the guy with instant hate. "A damn bi-sexual! He should drop dead without delay!"

"Listen, Duke," coos my Titillant Tormentor, "why don't *you* grow a cookie-duster like his? It tickles scrumptious when he goes down on me!"

"In such situations I tickle you with the tip of my big nose, don't I?!"

"Yeah, but it's not the same — not *half* the kick!"

"I'll take the matter of a mustache under advisement, kiddy," I temporize, glancing around. Since no one seems to be observing us, covertly I lick a vagrant cake-crumb from the near corner of Remy's moistly maroon moue'd *mouth*... yum-yum!

"Layoff, dammit — someone will *see* you!" the boy hisses, under the table pinching my aroused nozzle cruelly.

"Nobody's looking," I reassure him, "and I just couldn't resist slurping up that bit of cake clinging to your sweet mouth — both of which are the best I've ever tasted!"

“Never mind my mouth,” the kid sour-mouths, “an’ the icing on the cake wasn’t sweet *enough!*”

“But that was the best *part* — it had a thrillingly erotisme tang!”

“My Mama can bake better cakes than that everyday in the year!”

“I’m sure she can-with *your* help! Oh, I must remember to thank her kindly for inviting me to this wedlock (as in handcuffs) affair — I’m enjoying myself very much so far.”

“Yeah, my Mama likes you a lot for some crazy reason but I told her to invite you to this here shindig.”

“So heartfelt thanks to you, *too*, dear boy!” I enthuse, fondly pressing his hand. Casting my feverish gaze about the hall, I note with puzzlement the absence of the two main characters in this splicing ceremony. “Good grief!” I gasp. “Whatever happened to the non-blushing bride and the ultra-nervous groom?! They seem to have totally disappeared!”

“Didn’t you notice?” Remy snickers. “They left about ten minutes ago in a shower of confetti and rice for their honeymoon — the groom couldn’t *wait!*”

“How *nice!*” I ejaculate romantically. “I suppose they’ll spend their honeymoon in Washington, D.C. — it’s cherry-blossom time there.”

“They’re spendin’ it in the Virgin Islands — it’s *cherry-bustin* time there!” my little love leers.

“Oh, kiddy,” I exclaim admiringly, “you *do* have a lovely dirty mind but I hate to see you so *cynical* at your tender age.

“I ain’t cynical — I just see things as they *are!*”

“Well, that’s fine, I guess, though it must be hellish *disillusioning!* So what’s next on this exciting connubial agenda?”

“Next is the dancin’ which tops off the whole friggin’ razzmatazz. You *can* dance, can’t you — or are you too ignorant?!”

“*Enough* of the slams, cheeky-boo, or I’m gonna wallop your little bum-bum right here in the public eye!”

“You’ll hafta *catch* me first — an’ you ain’t answered my ques- tion.”

“Well, uh, I’ll tell you. I Terpsichore like a three-legged elephant with arthritis and sore feet.”

“Shit, even *mice* can dance so you shouldn’t have no trouble. See, the band is already settin’ up over there.”

My bloodshot orbs track the boy’s pointing finger and I descry six young men on a small dais along one side of the hall, surrounded by their electric instruments: piano, drums, saxophone, violin, electric guitar and an accordion.

“Lord love us!” I marvel. “I haven’t heard an accordion for *Lo!* these many years!”

“The squeeze-box gets a big play in the polkas an’ you’re gonna hear a lot of *them!*”

“I go for polkas, especially that one titled ‘You Can Have Him, I Don’t Want Him — He’s Too Fat For Me!’”

“I like that one, too, but you got the sex ass-backwards, screw-loose! It’s a *her* that’s toot fat — not a *him!*”

“Oh, yeah, I should’ve known. How come I made a bad mistake like that?! Am I afflicted with immature senility or something?! Well, anyway, thank God most healthy active lads are delightfully slender in the classic ancient Greek conception — and *you*, pretty boy, are as slim and straight as the sword of Excalibur!”

“Who’s *Excalibur?*”

“He was the sword.”

The boy sighs and looks at me as if I were the Village Idiot, and no doubt I am but more of the Big City variety which is the idiotest of them all!

“Master T.,” I say placatingly, “What else do these musicians play besides polkas? I trust they’re not into punk-rock or hard-rock ’cause these set my teeth on edge — if I had any *teeth!*”

“Don’t fret your balls,” my young companion assures me. “These guys don’t even play soft-rock or *Menudo* which drives the pre-teen twat trade up the wall. Hell, half the time these stinky little pigs don’t even listen to the music or dance — they just stand around screeching ’cause they all wanta get *screwed!*”

“Remy, love, have you ever... uh, had sexual intercourse with a girl?”

“No man, no way!! My Johns take care of my sex needs an’ pay me to boot! Except that *you* don’t pay union-scale but then you make up for it in other ways.”

“Saints above! Are you telling me little hustlers have a union now?”

“No, I’m my *own* union.”

“Oh, I *see!* Very enterprising, I’m sure, though a bit too monopolistic.”

“Hey, Duke,” the kiddy whispers, his eyes asparkle. “Lend me your jacket-pocket for a minute.”

“Gladly-but *why?*”

“I gotta take a leak.”

“Look, snotnose, my jacket isn’t waterproof nor is it even pre-shrunk so do your business in the *toilet* like everybody else. Jesus, whatever will you think of *next?!?*”

“Never a dull moment, huh?” the boy snickers and lopes off. He is back within 25 *seconds* — if my accutron chronometer is Greenwich Observatory accurate. “That was certainly a fast leak!” I dubious, “but I sure God trust you *shook* yourself sufficiently afterward?”

“If I’d shaken it any more I’d’ve had a blow-out-an’ you wouldn’t want *that*, would you?! Besides, only old bastards like you have *slow* leaks.”

True enough, alas, but another slur, another put-down ever inflicted by Extreme Youth on Advanced Age but I usually hold still for such from favorite lads, as it seems to me to indicate that a youngster wouldn’t take the time and trouble and energy to gratuitously insult me *unless* he had a teeny-weeny tiny little bit of sincere affection for me, wouldn’t you think? It *stands* to reason — as a comely boy-penis remarked to me one memorable night in Memphis, Tennessee.

The six-piece orchestra is tuning up preparatory to striking up the band and my attention is drawn again to the members who are all short-haired blond or near-blond with nicely no macho mustaches or overgrown sideburns — personable youths in their late-late teens or early twenties, neatly-nattily attired in skin-hugging black trousers, frilled white shirts, black bow ties and all wearing identical trim cream-colored dinner-jackets with *green* carnations in the lapel button-hole. H’m. What transpires *here?!?* None of the lads seems to be of the Wilde Oscar inclination yet you can never judge a young male by his cover these ambiguous days.

“Do you know any of the uh, Boys in the Band?” I query Remy with some understandable trepidation.

“*Nah!* They’re from outa town — Philadelphia, I think.”

The city of Brotherly Love! Well, that figures — but I don’t believe it for a minute! If these adolescents hailed from San Francisco then anything would be possible if not more so.

Now Mrs. Taczanowski returns, apologizing for neglecting me but she met some old friends she hadn’t seen in years so was catching up with the latest births, deaths, illnesses and whatnot. “Are you having a good time?” she inquires anxiously. “Is Remy taking good care of you?” Behind his mother’s back the boy grins Cheshire Catly, sticks his thumbs in his ears and twiddles his fingers at me.

I assure her that I’m having a grand and glorious time and her son is indeed attending to my every desire and pleasure — at which scapegrace sonny bows deeply, mockingly! Mama can’t stay for the dancing or she’ll be late for work and anyway, cavorting about a dance-floor makes her fallen arches painful. On departing she says to me: “Mr. Duke, will you please see that Remy gets home by midnight or sooner? I don’t want him to get into the habit of staying out until all hours, for I had too much of that with his older brother, Stefan.”

“Of course I will, Mrs. T. — you can count on me! All nice young boys should go to bed early so they can grow up fast and become *big* and strong!”

After Mama leaves, her younger son leers dramatically at me and sexily husks: “Are you *really* going to see that I get home by midnight — like Cinderella?”

“Yes, my lad, I am — even if I have to drag you there by the scruff of your pretty little *fanny*!”

“Fannies don’t *have* scruffs, dumbol!” the kid derides.

“Yes, they *do*! It’s where the bottom of your back joins the top round of your buttocks — a junction of joy!”

“Oh, I don’t *mind* going home early. In fact, I’d like to leave about eight o’clock so we’ll have more time in *bed*!”

“Cherished child, you are the answer to this poor put-down put-off pedophile’s prayer!”

Now I become aware that the orchestra is very expertly swinging into a Strauss waltz but whether it’s *The Blue Danube* or *Tails in the Vienna Woods* I can’t determine for I’m not too musically inclined except for the treble sopranos of cute choirboys and their beguiling little brethren.

“Shall we dance?” smirks Remy, raising a quizzical right eye-brow.

“Are you totally hopelessly *insane*?!” I quaver, aghast. “If this largely hetero horde here catches me tripping the unlight fantastic with a young squirt like you who’s not yet dry behind the ears, I shall likely unlikely be *lynched* out of hand and with no regard for my finer sensibilities!”

“Not to worry,” shrugs Master T., nonchalant as a multi-pleasured penis. “I’ve already told almost everybody that you’re my *godfather* so it’s OK if we dance together an’ suchlike.”

“Crucified *Jesus*, kiddy!” I groan, clutching my aching head between my hands to prevent it from exploding. “Now everyone will think I’m a *Mafia* Godfather and I’m liable to be shot on sight by some gun-happy, eager-for-promotion piece of fuzz!!”

“Why should anybody think you’re *Mafia*?” queries my awful anti-Love, cool as a cucumber in a blizzard. “You don’t *look* like a Wop, you ain’t got a Wop *name*, you ain’t got spaghetti-sauce drippin’ from your mouth an’ you don’t wear big diamond rings on each pinky *finger*!”

“Well,” I mutter, somewhat assured, “I only hope what you’re telling me is the Gospel *truth*!”

“It *is*, man!” the youngster says impatiently. “Straight out of Revelations: Chapter 2, Verse 4! So *c’mon*, let’s get goin’ — I *like* waltzes ’cause all that whirlin’ around makes me feel nice an’ dizzy like a quick cheap drunk!”

“Then on with the *dance*!” I cry, inflamed by Remy’s ardor. “Let boy-joys be unconfined!”

In mad boozeless inebriation we execute (Master T. ever *leading*) a waltz, a polka, a mazurka(?), a czardas(?), and a second waltz and polka and in obedience to my young companion’s expert guidance I do uncommonly well for a change, not tromping on anybody’s toes except occasionally my own. Being in love, it seems, makes me fairy-light on my feet! And here I breathlessly exclaim to my partner:

“Like your tight little buns and your loose umber-pink balls we make a lovely couple, don’t we?!”

“I’m lovely, you’re *ugly*!” retorts my *primo danseur*, kneeling-me ungently in a most tender private place. “Now look *here*!” I begin heatedly — and then, sighing, keep my big yap shut. In arguing with young manic-expressives like Remy, I’ve found that silence is usually Golden — speech only invites further caustic rebuttal and causes you to wonder if you’ve really got all your marbles your *own* self!

Another waltz lilts across the floor and promptly I insinuate myself between my love’s arms, excitedly expecting to be led again but he shoves me away, *forcefully*. “I’m *hungry* so let’s go put on the feed-bag-there’s a snack-bar at the back of the hall.”

“Is it free for nothing?” I anxious, solicitous of my shrinking purse.

“Of *course* it’s free!” scornfuls my pretty partner in unspeakable crime. “This is a *Polack* wedding, not a MacDonald’s fast-food-pay-though-the-nose Scottish one!”

Relieved, I follow the boy as he threads his thrusting way through the merry perspiring throng. At the snack-bar I am dazzled by the banquet-profusion of salads, sandwiches, cold-cuts, breads, biscuits, desserts, coffee, tea, milk and every soft drink known to humankind.

“No booze, huh?” I remark. “I was hoping to taste some Polish vodka.”

“It’s the best in the world ’cause us Polskis *invented* it!”

“Is it better than Russki Stolichnaya which costs a short-arm and a leg to purchase?”

“Hell, yes! That Commie crap tastes like a pregnant sow’s piss!”

“You sampled it, I gather,” I dubious.

“Shit, *no*! But I heard tell about it from a guy in Alcoholics Anonymous. But you gotta bring your own hard licker here an’ if you get *too* plastered you get tossed out on your ass!” He hands me a plate which is the size of a small platter. “Here, load up. Try the shrimp salad — my Mama made it so I can garntee it’s *good*!”

“What are *you* having?” I inquire, convinced that this kid is far more of a fastidious epicure than I can ever hope to be — even if I could *afford* it.

“I’m gonna take a chance on the chicken-salad. The Mother of the Groom fixed it so it shouldn’t be *too* bad.”

“Speaking of edibles, the Groom looked like he might’ve been a surefine Chicken Delight about 10 years ago when he was 12 of 13. Did you notice that he had damson plum eyes and black velvet eyebrows?”

“Aw, man, that ratso is a *total* mess — all he can think about is pussy and Porsches!”

“My dear boy, while it’s true that pussy is only pussy, a Porsche is an article of automotive art!”

“Well, far as I’m concerned I’d piss on the friggin’ Groom but I got too much respeck for my *pee*! Besides, he’s got a big streak of mean in him so I don’t think that marriage is gonna last too long.”

“Nowadays most marriages don’t and your knowledge of inhuman nature scarifies me,” I say faintly, wondering what Remy thinks of *me*?” Is there a green-eyed tinge of jealousy in him here?

The boy shrugs. “I been around an around an’ I keep my eyes open, is all.”

Master T. recommends the Polski meat-balls swimming in rich smooth brown gravy touched by a kiss of garlic and other exotic spices, a melange of endive, water-cress and tender spring onions on the side, moist fragrant black bread with slathers of sweet butter and a frosty stein of imported Cracow heady beer. “They won’t serve me no brews ’cause they think I’m too *young*,” he scowls, “so I want some of yours later on.”

“Well, OK,” I accede, “if nobody’s looking.”

“I gotta paper cup for it an’ why should anybody look at a peasant like *you*?!”

“For that insult you will get no beer at all!” I growl, draining the stein with elaborate gusto, smacking my lips and wiping a fragrant froth of yeasty foam from my upper lip. (Occasionally you have to sit on uppity urchins or they will sit on me, *ungently* — mayheming my unclassic facial features.)

“You’re gonna be *sorry* for that,” glares my cheeky cherub. “Mark my words!”

“That’s nothing new,” I dismiss airily. “I’ve been a sorry character all my life, not to be trusted. Your Mama’s shrimp salad is delicious — lots of crisp celery and other subtle seasonings. How’s your *chicken* salad?”

Through a full mouth the boy mumbles: “It’s *pig-slop* but I’m eatin it ’cause my Mama told me never to waste food.”

“It’s not as good as my Chicken Casserole, then?” I query, with bated breath hopefully awaiting an affirmative reply.

“No, it *ain’t*, the kiddy scowls, “an’ quit fishin’ for compliments!”

“I do that ’cause I get so *few* compliments and I sure-God *should* be skilled in making tasty little chicken dishes like you for I’ve been at it off and on ever since I was eight years old.”

“There you go — *braggin’* again!” the youngster denigrates. His copious snack consumed, he glances at his Timex watch. Belching loudly, he exclaims: “Hey, man, it’s a nickel to 8 PM so let’s go home — I feel like I’m gonna get a bone-on right soon!”

“Probably only a false alarm or a piss-hard,” I mutter from past sperm-less experience.

“One never knows, does one?” the boy snickers libidiously. “So *c’mom!*”

Sighing, I struggle to my feet. I’ve eaten too much again but fortunately I never have to diet since much of my food intake is pure unadulterated boy-protein. The difference between fatsos (especially females) and repressed boy-lovers way way back there in that dark closet is that the fatso is trying to diet and the chicken chicken-lover is dying to try IT! One distinct advantage in being a moral degenerate like me is that it keeps you healthily slim and fit just evading the clutches of the Law, hostile heteros, wrathful parents, holier-than-thou reformers and other Puritans — and *some* blood-thirsty boys themselves who feel they’ve been *underpaid* for their star-studied sexual services. (In truth, they *are* underpaid since I’m not Croesus or King Midas, but I do the best I povertied can under my woefully circumcised circumstances.)

I want to splurge on a cab to get us home quicker but the youngster vetoes that in favor of the slower bus. “Don’t waste your spondulicks on taxis,” he admonishes. “Spend it on *me!*”

Arriving, I immediately propose a nice invigorating shower in sweet togetherness. “You can like bend over and pick up the soap!” I add evilly, wishfully.

“Oh, sure, you’d *love* that, wouldn’t you?”! Well, sorry, but include me *out!*”

“So *I’ll* pick up the soap, OK?”

“Nix! Sex in a shower is all *wet!*”

“You liked it *before!*”

“Now I like it better in bed. You can give me a tongue-bath an’ tongue-fuck for *Starters.*”

“Why do I have to do all the dirty work while you lie there in Lazy sensual ecstasy like a pig in a mud-puddle?!” I moan, put-upon.

“‘Cause I invited you to a Polack wedding where you ate an’ drank your damn head off an’ danced all over my poor feet up to my ankles — *that’s* why!”

I don’t say another useless word but essay to undress my bitter-tongued little love for Remy is an epical artifice of Artful Nature or Unnatural Art and perforce I have perhaps become too over-fond of this found lad who is never found sexually wanting — *eventually!* But of course contrary Master T. elects to disrobe himself with maddening slowness to reveal his glowing body boyishly beckoning in beguiling beauty. His last garment is his briefs which he leisurely peels down half-inch by half-inch, wickedly grinning at me all the while, exposing his little toy-soldier standing at rigid attention — then he whips off the lucky cloth and hurls it at my face. I catch the super-snow-white briefs on the fly, bury my nose in them and inhale the heavenly full-blown crotch-scent therein, reminiscent of fresh dried boy-milk and Attar of Ardent Young Penis; lovingly lick up a visual memory of brown from the garment’s inner backside which tastes edibly of bittersweet baking-chocolate and the evanescent nostalgia of baby-oil, disrobe my own quivering disordered self knowing not what further sexual ordeals I must undergo in the immediate future. Surprisingly the boy holds out his arms and yawningly says: “Gimme a piggy-back to bed, Duke — I’m total smashed!”

“You’re total *lazy*, too!” I backlash. But groaning I bend over with my hands clutching my knees as Remy leaps upon me, his stiff javelin stabbing roughly at the cleft between my buttocks as he climbs upon my *shoulders*, his warm silk thighs urgent against my shrinking belly. “Giddy-up, horsie!” he chirps. “An’ don’t spare the man-power.” But my devilish darling’s idea of a short piggy-back to bed is the *long* way around — into rooms and out of rooms and all around the house like Wee Willie Winkie during which I am sharp-toed prodded to pace, trot, canter and gallop until gasping for breath I stagger back to bedroom and decant my squawking rider into his bed. “No more equestrian antics, jockey-poo,” I pant, collapsing beside him. “*This* Pegasus is pooped-out!”

“You’re no Pegasus!” my perverse Polski scoffs. “You’re a worn-out Bucephalus, headed for the glue-factory!” (H’m, the kiddykins has had some *learning* drilled into him — if not yet wisdom and tact.)

“In your esteemed estimation,” I tartly retort, “I’m just a damned *jackass*.”

“You took the words right out of my mouth. Now let’s get down to *funny* business!” Saying which, he scrambles over me to sit his hard little buttinski on my chest, legs spread wide, his bedlamp-gilded Trinity of Treats within easy reach of my rapine tongue — suede scrotum swollen with sticky kidstuff, panache penis straining hard at its moorings, granite glans already moist with pre-coital mucus caressing my lips.

“Tease the animal a little,” Remy hot-eyed urges, retracting his satiny foreskin all the way to present his brazen bare-faced glans in blushful or boastful invitation. “He *loves* that!”

My rakish eye mouth-watering intent on chickie-boo’s tiny shocking-pink bum-hole winking at me from below in shameless suckplication, I tremulous: “Do I get as reward a bounteous bit of your bottom-round afterward?”

“I’ll hafta consult my asstrology-book about that ’cause I don’t think the stars are in perfect conjunction for rumpticoo right now.”

“That won’t *do*! I want a firm commitment here, a definite affirmative-action bottom-line decision or you can tease your damn dick your *own* self!”

Too late! Too *late*! Even as I am expostulating, my lips and adjuncts necessarily moving against my negative little love’s engorged whang, with a strangled cry he suddenly writhingly erupts, his ineffable goo spattering my face from my WASP Hebraic schnozzola to my Casper Milquetoast no-chin. Licking up as much of Master T’s divine chrism as my torrid tongue can reach, I deprivedly splutter: “Now look what you’ve went and gone and done — wasted most of your precious load *outside* my mouth!”

“That’s *your* fault!” the youngster indignants. “You didn’t tease the animal nice like I told you so he got insulted an’ kinda lost his head which I don’t *blame* him!”

“You must’ve *felt* your orgasm coming on so you should’ve warned me!” I sorrowful reproach.

“Duke, I swear I didn’t feel a damn *thing* till all at once I blasted like I was hit by a bolt of lightning or something!”

“That’s a cock-and-bullshit story if I ever heard one!” I exclaim almost tearfully. “Well, I’ve had enough and too much of your present put-off put-down so I’m going to wash my sticky face and then if I can sort out my humble garb from your own splendiferous garments, I’m getting dressed and going *home*!”

“Oh, cool it, Duke, don’t get your balls in a tizzy! Here, don’t move, I’ll fix you up real *sexy*!” And with an adept right forefinger my considerate Cupid scrapes almost all of his still-warm creamy emission from my face and into my gratefully agape yap, following which he proffers his milky digit and his spent cock to suck clean as a bonus fellative fillip. (Stupid heteros, you don’t know what you’re *missing*!)

“I think you missed some of your sweet stuff still clinging to my left nostril,” I querulously complain whereupon obliging oddball Remy thoroughly tongue-launders my ugly mug from eyes to Adam’s-Apple!

“See!” my pretty one laughs. “I’m not finicky — I *like* my own come!”

“Pity you don’t go for my likewise overmuch,” I remark glumly.

“I *take* it, don’t I?!”

“Once in a blue moon, if then.”

“*Hah*! This city has a blue moon three times a week so what’re you gripin’ about? Besides, you’re way behind in your *rent* of my beautiful bod.”

“Oh, baby-face, a thousand pardons — I clean *forgot*!” Scrambling out of bed I ferret around on the floor for my pants, extract a slender sheaf of long green, hand it to my Exquisite Usurer. “Thanks for giving me sex on the cuff, dear heart. It’s all there, I think — but count it to make sure.”

Wetting his thumb, Scrooge Junior does so — *twice* with extreme CPA expertise. “Yeah,” the kiddy finally concedes, “It’s all there an’ a bit extra so now you’re paid up to and including next Sunday. He pauses to dart a suspicious glance at me. “But where did you get this dough? Did you rob a blind little old lady on crutches comin’ out a the bank after cashin’ her Social Security check?!”

“Oh, Remy, how could you even *dream* of such a thing! Don’t I look like an honest man?”

“No you look like Jesse James’s grandfather.”

“That may be but for your *information*, Master Skeptical, I *earned* this money by writing an article I sent to a militant Fem-Lib magazine which they liked and promptly remitted a nice fat check.”

“I didn’t know you could write your *name* even! What was the article about?”

“It was... uh, a frontal and backal brutal attack on boy-lovers wherein I stated with utmost sincerity that all pederasts should be fed limb by limb and organ by organ into a mammoth meat-grinder and the minced results thereof should be fed to Gadarene swine — a plain case of the unclean swilling down the *Uncleanest*! Needless to say, the awful Fems simply *adored* it!”

“Oh, man, what a hypocrite you are!”

“But of *course*, my dear dunce! Every wise boy-lover in this country, my native land, has to be a consummate hypocrite just to *survive*! But enough of these gloomy thoughts. Turn over now — if you please.”

“*Why?*”

“I want to see what you look like on the other side.” “Jesus, you’ve *seen* it every night for weeks an’ weeks!”

“Alas, I fear my memory is failing — I can’t recall today what I saw yesterday!”

Kiddy regards me with my distrust. “You puttin’ me on, creepo?”

“Not any more than usual — and here I will remind you that I have never used force or violence on you in bed or out of it!”

The boy communes with himself for 2 whole minutes, after which he vouchsafes: “OK, I’ll flop over-but just for AL, *not* AI!”

“Kindly spare me the alphabet-soup and why *not* a glorious trifle of hump? It provides healthful stimulation of your sweet prostate gland. Did you know that some lucky camels have *two* humps every second of their entire lives?”

“Hell, all you damn queers can think of is just *one* thing!”

“Not *me*! I like every lovely thing you’ve got except a bowel-movement — my idiotsincrazies don’t include feces-fetishism.”

“But that’s just *it*, rock-head! I got diarrhea.”

“You lie in your perfect, non-cavity teeth! I’ve been with you for the past seven hours or more and the *only* time you went to the toilet was for a four-second *pee*!”

“Well, see, I’m constipated, too — I got to go *real* bad but I’m all clogged-up!”

“So relax with Ex-Lax or Epson Salts or shove a giant firecracker up your bum and it’ll all work out in the *end*.”

“Don’t joke about it, Duke-I’m *sufferin’*! Anyway, I don’t like to get laid by a *foreskin* — none of my other Johns had one.”

“That’s *their* problem! Foreskins heighten pleasure and you’ve got one yourself so don’t knock it — don’t be a traitor to your own inestimable little body!” (Some delightful lads are occasionally hard to to get along with, but that’s better than *soft* — or so I have perhaps been unreliably informed. Remy, for example, is ever-ready to play Bottoms Up with me — if it’s my bottom, but I generally give him stiff opposition in this area as a matter of ethical principle. Also boys are almost invariably superb Masters of Tease and I never know if *this* particular prized puer is telling me the true truth or the factual facts or *what*! Of course, that makes a boy-lover’s sexual encounters most exciting and ecstatic though I much fear it considerably shortens the elder’s normal life-span!)

Here I say to Master T. who, more than any other youngster I’ve ever known, continually and with unholy glee throws me off-balance: “All right, this is all very much to the point but beside it so reverse yourself, honey-chile, and I promise faithfully not to screw around — for the *time being*!”

Amazingly my small love does a bodily About-Face without further qualms or quibbles, so worshipfully I besottedly admire his boy-classic posterior from wide svelte shoulders to slim hips and rounded thighs to the delicate tendons and hollows of knee-backs and lower beyond. Return to wet-lip the pebbled valley of his torso to the twin tiny dimples on either side of the base of his super fine spine. (Gray's *Anatomy* can learn from *me* — juvenile malewise!) My face sandwiched between Remy's sweet honeybuns, like a maddened fly to honey my slobbering tongue is irresistibly drawn to his pink pouty pedication-portal, tenderly prying the soft hot lips open to lovingly lick-lave and, with slightly narrow'd tonguetip, penetrate the sensitive membranes of his *antrum amoris*, causing my little one to grind his pulsing fun-hole against and around its lingual invader and sigh: "Oh, God, I wish your tongue was 10 inches long so you could get it into me all the way!"

"So do I," I slobber, coming up for air. "Then I could caress your satiny sigmoid flexure which would *really* send you round the bend."

"My satiny *sig-what*?"

"It's... uh, a dull anatomical term for a tour in your delightful dirt road." Feverishly I resume Aling the Sweet Prince which after 4 minutes sends the kid into such ecstasies of sexual arousal that he twists and turns and frenziedly gasps: "I'm gonna *pap*! Get on it quick before it goes to waste!"

So again I famished slurp up the youngster's quicksilver liquidity, his wrenching writhing panting emissions seemingly more copious and savory than before — Ah, to be *thirteen* again in my third childhood! After I strip the boy thoroughly of the last warm drop that firefly-glow on my tongue, I draw him up beside me and maudlinly semi-sentimental: "Tell me, my peerless Polack, are we in *lu-u-u-ve* or are we just friends?!"

"We ain't even *friends*!" fair young unfair Polski hoots.

Bonjour tristesse! "So what *are* we?" I mournfully inquire. "Deadly enemies? Armed neutralists? Cold warriors?"

"We're... uh, *business* acquaintances. I sell an' you buy — though you ain't too prompt with your damn nickel-and-dime *payments*!"

"Oh, baby-face, surely we are more to each other than just this sordid commercial exchange?"

"What's wrong with that?! The business of America is *business* — an' that goes for men an' boys sexin' it up!"

"My goodness, small one, don't you have the merest jot or tittle of an iota of romanticism in you *at all*?!" Are you just a hard-boiled, half-baked pragmatic *realist*?!"

"You'll never know, *will* you?" the boy taunts, thumbing his crotch at me. (I don't know why I ever persist in arguing with boys — I never win 'cause they seldom abide by the Marquis of Queensberry Rules of Fair Play.) I pause to sip the lewd dew'd tang of Remy's armpits — axillary accscent of healty sweaty young boy — and placatively murmur: "OK, little man you've had a busy day which has rendered you a touch contrariwise so let's pillow-talk for a spell before I continue my horrendous devotions to your scintillant bod fore-and-aft, stem-to-stern and bass-ackward."

Eyes heavy-lidded, kiddy complies — I suspect he's sneakily guzzled overmuch purloined champagne at the wedding but that perfervidly promotes my perfidious purposes. As if to prove me wrong, suddenly Master T. sits up, wide-awake, sleepy orbs agleam. "Hey, man, I gotta present for you! Now where the hell did I put it? Oh, yeah, right here!" His right hand dives beneath his pillow and brings out a large round button with a needle-sharp pin in the back and on the button's front, against a glans-pink background is inscribed in huge lavender letters: CHICKEN INJECTOR! "See?!" the youngster exclaims. "A gift from me to you!"

"Why, *thank* you!" I grateful. "I shall treasure it forever and pin it to my undershirt right over my *heart*."

"Pin it to your *skin* right over your heart — that way you won't never lose it."

“I shall do that very thing,” I mendacious, “later on. But, kiddy, truth to tell, I’m far more of a Chicken *Tittilator* than an Injector, you know. I stimulate my little unfeathered cockspurs to elevated thoughts and lofty aspirations.”

“Crapshit!” Remy snicker-sneers. “Your name oughta be *foxy* ’cause you’re always chasin’ young chickens an catchin’ ’em an’ eatin’ ’em *alive*!”

“Well,” I murmur modestly, “I haven’t heard any complaints thuswise from the capricious cockerels yet, though on money-matters the little lovelies and I don’t always see eye-to-eye! But to a more serious subject. Sweet stuff, let your beautiful blond hair down and tell me when you first got laid.”

“What d’you think I am — an *egg*?!”

“You know what I mean — not that it’s any of my business. I’ll bet a pretty penny that it was your older brother Stefan who first plugged your electrifying socket.”

“Not on your *life*! Oh, he tried hard enough when he couldn’t get twat but I never so much as let him kiss my feet ’cause I *hated* him! No, the first time I ever got laid was in a bed of pansies.”

“Flower-bed or fag-bed?”

“Both. See, these two guys were room-mates an’ they strewed their queensize bed with pansy-blossoms an’ put me bare-ass on it — but they didn’t *do* nothin’ except look on while I played with myself an’ like that.”

“They were voyeurs, poor chaps — *most* unrewarding!”

“Most unrewardin’ to *me*, too, so I never went back for seconds though they paid real good but I don’t go for the freaky trade, like leather an’ whips an’ chains an’ such damn messin’ around. These crazies don’t even love *themselves* — much less anybody else.”

“You’re wise beyond your years, my small Solomon! So how many nice, spectacle non-creepy Johns do you have in your man-harem *now*?”

“Four — you’re the last.”

“You mean I’m the bottom-man on your penile totem-pole?” I ejaculate indignantly. “I’m the *fourth* runner in your confounded sexual marathon — panting to keep up and keep it up?!”

“You might be the *front* runner for all you know but I ain’t exactly made up my mind about that yet. Anyway what’re you gripin’ about? You’re the only jerk who has sex with me in my *own* bed!”

“I appreciate that more than I can say — but why am I thus honored above all others?”

“‘Cause my Mama likes you an’ you blow my butt-hole which nobody else *does-that’s* why!”

“They don’t know what’s *good*!”

“That’s what I keep tell in’ em but they’re so dumb-ass stupid they can’t see it!”

“Their ignorance is my advantage, not to say *asset*. Be frank with me, pretty baby—who is *your* favorite lover? Is it the Father of the Bride?”

“Hell, *no*! Beneath that bushy mustache he’s got a mouth like a hen’s cunt an’ he can’t suck dick worth a damn, but he’s got ingrown *piles* so he’s a super-tight hump though kinda bloody now an’ then.”

I wince in empathy — with a dash of envy thrown in. “I gather you consider me a non-account *loose* hump?” I dolorous.

“It’s the same difference to me an’ my cock,” cheeky Chicken Little shrugs. “See, you got an enlarged prostrate so you’re a grand screw, *too*!”

“And *you’re* the hottest, most tactless junior sensualist I’ve ever met-but you still haven’t told me which of your men-concubines you like *best*!”

“Well, don’t tell nobody but there *is* a special guy, an old fool like you who I guess I maybe prefer.”

“I’d like to meet him — if only to see what he’s got that I *haven’t*!”

“You’ve already met him.” my unspeakable light-of-love chortles. “*Long ago*!”

“But what’s his *name*?”

Master Tease shakes his head in firm denial. “I ain’t gonna tell you ’cause that’s strickly between him an’ me!”

“Merciless torturer, don’t be so damn *mysterious*! At least give me an idea what he looks like.”

“You wanta know what he looks like? OK, go into the living-room an’ over the mantel of the fireplace you’ll see the crummy fuck I kinda like *special*.”

“*Saints* preserve us! I suppose you’ve got a studio-portrait of him there in glorious color.

“He ain’t colored an’ he ain’t no-way glorious but he *does* know his business — I’ll say that for him.” here the horrendous kiddy flashes me a big ear-to-ear Jack the Ripper leer and coos. “Pick up the KY from the bathroom on your way back to bed!”

Groaning, I bone-creak out of Remy’s luxurious *lit* and stumble to living-room, to mantel-piece on which there is nothing but a silver-plated candle-stick at one end and at the other end but on the wall *over* the mantel is a large, shining-clear, rococo-framed... *mirror*!

THE END

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