

*The Sixth
Acolyte Reader*



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The Exorcizers Exorcised

by Jacques de Brethmas

It was during my occasional stays at Juilly, a local boarding school (stays I detested, just as I detested all forms of communal living), that I acquired my first techniques in active seduction. The promiscuity of all those incarcerated boys – until then I had just been a day student, and an only child at that – reinforced by the burning flood of fresh juice from my newly-awakened glands, set me on a course of exploration from which I've really never returned. I learned early on that it is far better to have a small number of highly qualified lovers than a great many one night stands. Essentially, my system of swinging into action every time I spotted a handsome boy is as effective now as it was then...

My first attempts were often clumsy. I now think conversation is the best means of clearing away potential obstacles with a minimum of bungling, but in those days my approach was more direct. It consisted of touching, very lightly with my fingers, those cloth-covered parts of other boys' anatomy which I coveted – touches which, as time went on, appeared less and less obviously accidental. How splendidly nature had arranged things, I mused, by placing those objects so conveniently at the level of my hands!

My system sometimes led to catastrophic consequences, as in the tale I once told you in my *Compact Guide to Boy-Cruising*, when, following a surreptitious grope, I threw one of my fellow students out of a window. The boy wasn't just a schoolmate: he was a teacher's son as well, and he had called me 'queer' more often than I could afford to ignore.

It was in July at Juilly (my parents passed up no opportunity to hone my brains into mediocrity), that five of my schoolmates appointed themselves a philanthropic Committee of Social Action the purpose of which was to guide me and my dissolute morals back onto the Right Path of Sex Reserved for the Sole Purpose of Procreation.

It happened that these five were the best looking boys at Juilly, the ones I found the most attractive because of their individual and magnetic charms. Right from the start I had been practicing upon them my strategy of progressive touching; five attempts I had made, and five failures endured. Perhaps I should have read my horoscope that week: Saturn must have hooked one of its rings on the tail of a passing comet, or something like that.

It happened they'd been discussing me with one another: "This de Brethmas... isn't he a little free with his hands?"

"He's tried that on you, too, has he?"

"The guy is sick. He's been feeling me up as well."

First in the pecking order among those five was a lovely, brown, sweet boy by the name of Bernard, with a face molded into fine curves, touched with darkish down, who walked about the whole summer long in very minimal cut-offs many times wider than they were short. A True Believer, he had the noble profile of a Chief Scout, or of St. Bernard. He had concluded I must be suffering horribly from this problem – or had strayed very far indeed from the Path of Virtue if I was reconciled to it. In the name of the friendship of virile scouts, boyhood camaraderie and the over-all (except in one respect) love inspired by Our Lord Jesus Christ, he undertook my detoxification.

Bernard, with his power of leadership, soon persuaded my other four prospective victims to join him in his task of saving my errant, libidinous, soul.

So one evening during our free time they sought and found me walking alone in the lovely park behind the school. I was afraid at first that they might have knotted themselves into a hard nucleus of stern moralists and would visit upon me a protracted period of social ostracism. I was somewhat relieved, then, by Bernard's opening words to me:

"We don't believe," said my dark seducer with the voice of a good Jesuit, "that by tearing your reputation to shreds and abandoning you to the vindictiveness of others we would be accomplishing anything. We think we can be of more assistance by keeping matters to ourselves and, in true friendship, helping you to solve your problem."

I was skeptical not only of their approach but also of the necessity for treatment.

"It's always other people who make a big fuss over this," I explained. "To me it's normal and fine. I've always had these feelings. They're so much a part of me that I'd be lost if they were taken away. And I don't see what I could put in their place. My only problem is in finding boys who feel the same way I do. And they exist. Sometimes I'm lucky, sometimes not. And you have to admit I never tried to rape you. So why don't you just live your own lives and let me live mine?"

"Now, wait a minute. When you're a grown-up you'll want to marry and bring up a family..."

"I'll think about that when I get there. And don't worry, I've all the necessary equipment for making children!"

They were persuasive, however; at first they almost won me over. But then at night, with my cock in my hand, taking care not to rhythmically raise and lower the top sheet at which they were all surely staring with wide-awake eyes, I realized that if neither the priests nor anybody else had been able to show me the error of my ways, these boys certainly couldn't. And so, I reasoned, my view of the matter wasn't necessarily wrong.

On the other hand there were other, and more pressing reasons for going along with whatever they might propose, the first being that I was buying their silence with my meekness and any revolt I might make could lead to my denunciation in the dormitory, and even to the school disciplinarian; and the second being that it would be much better for the rest of my enforced relationship with these troublesome but nice looking boys to be talking about how one should (or in their case, should not) use one's generative apparatus than picking over the edifying life of St. Francis of Sales. Discussing our organs, perhaps even touching them lightly, would be something gained at least. I didn't believe I could do any better.

So, to the first lesson. Setting: a bench far removed, deep in the magnificent park, the statue of a male god clad only in lichen, six adolescents sitting in shorts on the ground or on the bench with their knees drawn up...

"As I understand it," said the head of his socio-pedagogical service, "it gives you a pleasant feeling when you put your hand on another boy... there."

I calculated, quite rightly as things turned out, that I should become so engaged in their scenario as to surpass all their expectations. Complete candor and naked emotion couldn't fail to affect them – literally, figuratively, and perhaps even lasciviously.

"When I fondle another boy," I began, "even when I look at him, or when someone else looks at me and fondles me..."

"Don't you think it would be nicer with a woman?"

"Perhaps. Only you have to use what's available. Where are you going to find a woman – today, or even before the end of the month? With another boy, you can do it whenever you like – right now, right here, if you want. One has to choose between that or nothing. You prefer nothing? That's your choice. I'll take boys."

"You should train yourself not to feel pleasure with a boy..."

"How can I?" I judged this was the right moment to change tactics radically, allow regret to well up through my brashness and reveal a soul sorely troubled beneath. I would add a little dramatic embellishment, release

some profound sentiment. "I'd never be able to," I sighed. "Nobody would help me. I'm abnormal..." And the horrible, Satanic de Brethmas burst into tears. "What can you do for me? Is there anything?"

I shored up the performance by giving a little sniff. The big scene of the third act. Irresistible. My five musketeers looked at each other, not knowing what to say. Just as in the movies, tears brought results.

"You promise you'll really try to resist?"

Sniff. "Yes."

"Fine. We'll help you. You can touch us, but you mustn't stiffen up. If we see it's arousing you we'll know you're putting us on and we'll stop right away."

And so a plan hatched in my diabolical brain of how to pass the remaining three weeks of internment in that boarding school as agreeably as possible and get in a maximum of feeling other boys' cocks. This was rather subtle planning for my age, but had I been much older than thirteen I suppose I would have been asking myself some interesting questions about the motives of my good Samaritan friends. Did they really need all these excuses, this whole constructed stage piece, to come out at where we were destined to arrive at the end? Were they really all that sincere, and if they were at the beginning, how long did they remain so?

Or was each of them smoldering with desire to play those naughty games he knew I would like as much as he but which he couldn't allow himself to indulge in under the watchful gaze of his friends? Assuming that was true, the training in chastity they were giving me would let each boy off the hook in the eyes of the others. *They* weren't queer: *I* was. It was I who had to carry on my frail shoulders all the horror, all the blame, all the infamy, all the shame – in other words, all the sin. They could wrap up in the cloak of saviors. They would only be soiling themselves in a just cause in pursuit of their holy mission.

And now I discovered a new triggering mechanism which I still employ today when some little darling blazes out at me, "*I'm* not queer, man, not me!" "Oh, no," I invariably reply, "I never thought *you* were queer. *I'm* the one who's queer; you'll only be having fun. Just lie back and get a hard on and enjoy yourself..."

So at its world premier, J de B, in the role in which he later became such a celebrity, said, "You mean you're actually going to make me touch you... *there!*" Sniff. "And you won't let me get a boner?"

"That's right. Let's get started."

And before the astonished eyes of not only me, as you might suppose, but of those four other apostles (yes, dear reader, I'll get to them in due time!)

my handsome, marvelous Bernard pushed his buttocks forward to the edge of the bench, stretched out his superb downy legs, arched his fine body and presented to me that most interesting lump in his shorts.

I put forth my timid hand and, under the concentrated gaze of our honorable audience, methodically checked out that protuberance. I took care that it remain bent double in order to prevent it from hardening up and to allow a prolongation of our pleasure – all in the strictest compliance with the scenario they'd invented.

You can imagine the religious silence which fell over our little group, all those eyes staring at the spot where this gentle action was being carried forward – and then, after a minute or so, the restless movements of our onlookers as they squirmed to arrange things within their clothing to give a little more living space to...

As for me, I had taken great care to determine in his shorts the exact position of Bernard's jewels, and now, with the most innocent expression on my face, I guided his cock by skilful squeezing, little nudges and manipulation into a position where it could freely expand, where, indeed, I could encourage that expansion with loving, expert caresses – and those caresses soon succeeded.

Quite some time later I took my hand away, stretched, arranged my shorts discreetly so as not to reveal the condition of my own cock, and said in a dejected voice, "Well, I don't have a hard-on. Thank you so much for helping me. I know this is just the beginning – for you and me both – but there isn't much chance of me getting a stiffy like this. When I said I like to fondle boys, I meant with their shorts off – just as you'd like to feel up a girl and look at her at the same time."

As would any good leader, Bernard looked for approval in the eyes of his lieutenants. He obviously found it, for he decided to make a sacrificial gesture himself. With theatrical deliberation, he gripped the elastic bands at the top of his shorts and the slip beneath and in spectacular slow motion pushed both downwards, an inch at a time. First his navel appeared, the brilliant satin of his belly and the first of his nether hairs. Here he stopped for a moment, collecting once again with the air of a general the approving looks of his council of staff, and then went on to the last stage of disencumbrance. He now revealed to us a magnificent cock, so large, so hard, so engorged, and so trapped between his thighs by the constraint of clothing that as soon as it was free of the elastic band it leapt up like a jack-in-the-box, smacked against his belly, and remained erect as a maypole.

I was fascinated by the hairs around it. Bernard, like me, was

thirteen and the jet-black tufts sprouted up in twin bushes left and right of where his great member was rooted. They were long and thick, twisted in the multiple strong curlicues of a squid's enticing tentacles.

"Oh," I wailed, "it's *you* now who's got the hard-on! If *you* can't help it when someone touches you there, what chance have *I* ever got?!"

"That's tougher," Bernard explained, looking very scientific. "You start with not getting an erection when you grope somebody down there, and later you try not to get stiff when another boy puts his hands on it. I know it's difficult – I haven't been very successful myself."

"I'm afraid I'll never be able to do that!"

And to prove my point and demonstrate the hopelessness of the situation, I thrust down my own shorts, revealing a lusty, perpendicular boner which sprang even more ardently to attention when it felt the eyes of all our onlookers focused upon it.

"I think I'd better not subject myself to too much temptation all in one day," said Bernard, and then, to Jean Philippe, the boy on the other side of me, "You do it. Touch it. We'll have to all take turns, or one of us will be sure to mess things up."

Jean Philippe was as blond as Bernard was dark. His hand wrapped itself around my erection and 'spontaneously' discovered the so very natural gestures of masturbation. I touched his thigh with my fingers. He shifted his body around so I could have easier access to the front of his shorts.

"All right," I said, "I'll put my hand there and I'll try not to feel any pleasure. Maybe it'll work..."

To add realism to the experiment, Jean Philippe broke off the masturbatory strokes he was attending upon my cock and, with a click, unsnapped the buckle of his leather belt. He lowered his trousers with badly disguised evidence of relief, revealing a second layer of long underwear reaching almost to his knees – very much in the style of the '30s – and exposing to everyone's appreciation his blond thatch of pubic hair and a very stiff, slightly curved erection. We had barely resumed our mutual stroking when I could restrain myself no longer and climaxed with powerful pulses of sperm. His hand was full of it; my belly was covered, his belly was covered; it was everywhere.

"Oh, I've failed!" I moaned, resuming my sobs.

"This is only the first time," Bernard consoled me. "That's not so serious. Don't cry!" To make his sympathy more convincing, he took me by the shoulders and drew me to him to blow a chaste kiss onto my tear-stained cheek. Since he hadn't yet pulled up his shorts, our cocks met. Putting his hands on my hips, the heroic boy drew me close in

order to to comfort me more intimately. Our cocks bobbed and sparred with each other like fencers' foils; our bellies, mine well speckled with drops of sperm, met in sweet, lubricated occlusion. After one more kiss, he gently let me go.

"Things have gone too far now," he said with deep regret. "We're going to have to relieve ourselves. Do you realize what you are making us do?"

I thought it my duty to call up a few more sobs. "It's all my fault," I said. "Let me do it to you, so maybe you'll forgive me... a little?"

He nearly accepted the offer, but then, faithful to his scenario, he backed away: "No, that would excite you all over again..."

Nevertheless, impelled by pure gratitude, of course, I placed my hands high upon his thigh, and the thigh of Jean Philippe, as each of those endangered souls set upon the task of pulling himself off, and they didn't stop or even scold me as I caressed their balls right up until they earned the rich, milky reward of their self-sacrifice.

The other three, Daniel, Jean Pierre and Thierry, watched the proceedings with big bulges in their pants.

"Oh, how difficult that must be!" I said to them compassionately. "I don't know how you can stand it, doing nothing. I really admire your courage...!"

"Well, uh... it's hard, yes," Thierry stammered, oblivious of his unintentional pun and starting to manipulate himself through the straining cloth of his shorts.

"To think you're going through all of this just for *me!*" I sobbed, and I pushed away Thierry's hand to substitute my own which now cupped with commiserating pressure the rigidity within his shorts that tormented him so cruelly. "You *can't* stay like this," I said. "Nobody's strong enough to do that!"

I was inexhaustible that day. After sprinkling Bernard and Jean Philippe with my sperm, I now washed their recently-satiated bellies anew with my tears. I called them to witness the unhappy state of their comrades: "We can't just leave them wound up and walk away!"

I was gripping Thierry's prick firmly through the cloth of his shorts as I pleaded. With their bellies still spotted with the wet evidence of their relief, Bernard and Jean Philippe couldn't very well condemn the others to continued chastity. "Go ahead and do it," Bernard sighed. "Nobody can be expected to hold out at a time like this!"

I pulled Thierry by his prick in front of the bench, lowered his pants, made him sit down, fell on my knees between his legs and with my rapid

hands delivered his expiatory masturbation. Playing out the Satanic comedy to the last, I permitted myself a tearful crisis, wetter and more spectacular than ever, the moment he achieved his peace and let myself topple down upon him, face on his belly, mouth in his pubic bush and my cheek resting in his divine juice.

It didn't take much longer for the drama to come to its appointed end. Jean Pierre and Daniel needed little time to jerk themselves off standing with their shorts puddled about their heels, looking at me and their three satisfied companions. Perhaps I really did need a benediction that day, for Daniel, from more than a yard away, sprinkled me liberally with his sacred fluids. It was fated, perhaps? Who knows?

Every night thereafter the six of us met far back in the secret places of that park at Juilly. The noblest among us was he who could postpone his final satisfaction the longest.