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## **‘The Boy Who Cried Wolf!’**

by Louis Walter Woods

*Casimir Dukahz is beyond doubt the best known, and most widely published, writer of man-boy erotic fiction. His first book, “The Asbestos Diary” burst upon the American literary scene in the 1960s and proved, among other things, that outrageous comedy and sexiness were far from incompatible. In it “boy-love”, for the first time, was depicted as a fun, playful and certainly guilt-free human activity, thus making a historic advance upon previous fictional treatments of man-boy attraction as a psychological sickness which always led to tragedy. Since then Dukahz has published three more volumes of “skits”: “Vice Versa”, “It’s a Boy!” and “Growing Old Disgracefully”, the latter published by The Acolyte Press in 1985. His stories regularly appear in anthologies and periodicals. His style is a unique and inimitable combination of erotism, tease, word-play and the kind of tall tale which for generations has been the root of folk literature in North America. His most recent work, which The Acolyte Press hopes to publish soon, is a novel in which the irrepressible ‘Duke’ has been somehow reincarnated backwards in time as a boy actor at Shakespeare’s Globe Theatre. Needless to say, nearly everything and everybody is royally violated, not excepting history herself!*

“I am 13 years young,” said Nubile Naked, supine beneath me. (I am wearing boxer-shorts for sweet propriety’s sake. Whether I shall doff them shortly depends upon the whim of my unpredictable partner.)

“*Thirteen,*” partner repeats with smug satisfaction. “A bargain Baker’s Dozen and a lucky number for *you!*”

“Um-h’m,” I necessarily mumble, orally occupied to my uvula and beyond.

“And my I.Q. is 182,” continues Young Nude, complacently.

Coughing, I disengage my rapine mouth and reluctantly raise my head from the warm fragrant nest of the boy’s thighs. “Now you’re either bragging or lying or both!” I rasp enviously.

Teener Bare-Ass shrugs. “It’s in my school-records, duly administered and signed by a sapient shrink—and pray resume what you were doing without delay! My John Henry ain’t partial to *fellatus interruptus.*”

“I’ll take care of comely John Henry in a trice but tell me about this Browning School you go to—is browning *really* a part of the curriculum?”

“Not *officially* but it’s rife in broom-closets, toilet-stalls, behind the furnace in the basement and other places known only to the cognoscenti, adult and juvenile.”

“And I suppose you eagerly participate,” I say sourly.

Young Birthday-Suit thumps my pate with a heavy fist. “*Actively* only, cruddy-buddy! I’ll have you know I’m as cherry-ass as the day I was born and I’ll mayhem to remain that way!”

“Commendable albeit regrettable but I’ll take your word for it,” I say, not taking his word for it. “You know, come to think of it—it’s all most odd.”

“Are you referring to *yourself?*”

“And you. Here I am—obscenely, illegally, delightfully sucking your peerless penis and I don’t even know your *name!*”

Another shrug. “What’s in a name?”

“Identification, easy communication.”

“OK, nosey, my given name is Burr.”

“And your surname is Aaron, I presume?”

“No, it’s Anon, short for Anonymous. And Burr is the kind that drives a horse nuts if it gets stuck underneath his saddle—so be warned! Now if you’re not going to milk John Henry, I know lotsa guys who’ll be only too glad for the privilege!” Scowling, the youngster starts to clamber out of bed.

I shove him back on the sheet and lower my face to the Scene of the Crime. Damn, he’s lost his boner—did he do that on *purpose!* No matter, it’s sheer ecstasy to begin the foreplay all over again. I kiss John Henry’s soft tiny lips and chide him lovingly. “What’s amiss, little friend? A couple of minutes ago you were standing tall and proud and ready to spit in my eye! Now you’re as shrunken and woebegone as an over-used condom!”

Burr erupts in scornful laughter. “Hey, *jerk-off*—you looney-tunes or something? J-H’s gotta mouth but he can’t talk ’cause he’s got no vocal-chords!”

“*Shhh!*” I hiss. “You’ll give him an inferiority-complex if he hears you! What I thought was, a little sweet talk might inspire him to aspire to Alpine heights.” But all my fond blandishments and busses, cozenings and caresses avail us naught—J-H remains limp as Pinocchio’s Peter, if such there be.

“Well,” I say at last, “J-H has copious spermed twice in as many hours so doubtless he is in need of a brief siesta. Spare the rod so’s not to ruin the child.”

“*Damn that!*” Burr snarls. “*I want to get my rocks off again and it’s what I want that goes around here!*”

“Did you hear that, John Henry?” I say disgustedly. “Your freakin’ owner thinks he’s King-shit, don’t he? The sorry turd doesn’t realize that *you* are the sole source of our mutual pleasures.”

“Can that crazy jive!” Burr-head growls. “Hey, you got a bicycle-pump? Maybe you can blow enough air into him to . . .”

“Forget it! That might ruin his erective apparatus altogether.” Wrinkling my brow, pursing my lips, I ponder—and at length a flickering light dawns. “There is one stratagem I can employ that almost invariably is effective.”

Burr’s eyes light, too. “Which is what?”

“Assume the prone position, please.”

The boy is outraged almost to the point of grievous bodily harm. “You wanta *fuck* me into a hard-on?!” he splutters. “I’ll kill you dead first!”

“Keep your foreskin on, Junior. Osculation, not pedication is what I had in mind. Or do you object to a trifle of *tongue*-screwing, too?!”

“Hell, *no*—if it’s just that and no sneaky tricks behind my back.”

“No tricks—on my honor as an upright Defender of the Faith and the Great Game!”

Burr flips over—with suspiciously *practiced* ease?!—and pries apart his tight buttocks, revealing the luscious grotto between. He possesses, Praise the Lord!, an infundibuliform anus—a funnel-type asshole, as Emily Post would say. Lovely spectrum of pastel tints ranging from the beige of the shapely lips to moist rose to shocking pink to vivid scarlet deep within. Enthusiastically I immediately begin to lick, kiss, probe, suck the heavenly orifice, extending my lapping tongue as far as it will reach into the Cove of Concupiscence. The boy moans, sighs, butts his bum hard against my face and I

savor the taste of cinnamon-buns and ambrosia— along with a smidgen of stowaway Scot-tissue which I inadvertently swallow. At least, Burr *wipes*—some lads forget or can't be bothered.

“*Hey, man!*” the boy yelps elatedly, “It’s *working!* But shove your tongue in a little deeper.”

I shove until I can almost feel the roots of my invasive linguality being torn from their moorings and—Burr flops over, his resurrected adamancy rearing in my face like a fleshly Tower of Pisa. I fall upon it with paeans of great joy, outdo my modest self in finessed suctioneering. My partner writhes in a paradise of throbbing sex-throes that shiver through his every limb and part and, his brow sweatily glistening, his chest heaving, his very toes spreading wide, he starts to roughly thrust himself up into me, abrasively copulating with my avid mouth. With a last frenzied drive of his sweating glans and shaft, he utters a muffled scream as he geysers his thick passion-juice to drown my tongue—taste of black walnut yoghurt, boy-god nectar. Savoring slowly, finally swallowing with regret, tenderly I strip John Henry thoroughly, lest some shy creamy drop escape.

“You’ll come back tomorrow, won’t you?” I beseech as Burr prepares to leave.

“Well, I don’t know, man, if I can spare the time or not,” the boy replies, grinning tantalizingly, denyingly (?), showing his perfect piranha (?) teeth. “To tell you the honest truth, you blow kinda mediocre, like amateurish, *y’know?*”

“I’ll take lessons in Advanced Fellatio at Harvard!” I slobber despairingly.

“You’re too old a dog to learn new tricks,” Burr demurs. “Not to mention that you’re gettin’ too friggin’ *possessive*—you act like John Henry belongs to *you*, not me! Besides, I’m not a one-man boy and

you're beginning to bore me. See, I like change, variety, excitement, thrills, adventure, danger—and *you* don't meet my needs."

Stammering abject apologies and promising to mend my tyro ways, I stare at him, suddenly aware of a shrilling alarm-bell in my subconscious. Those big blue eyes—are they not marble-hard with pitiless unconcern? That small wet rosebud mouth—is there not a cruel cast in those alluring lips still un-kissed by me? *Nonsense!* The boy-lover's existence is ever a parlous one—too often without reason he fears boy-bliss will be snatched from his tremulous grasp.

And yet . . . and yet. Burr is a rich man's son as he was quick to tell me, he attends a posh private school and lives on East 69th Street, an enclave of the money'd elite. I've no doubt his honey-blond mane was \$25-coiffed, his shoes of glove-leather and his subdued attire by designer Ralph Lauren— which gives me pause to recall a worldly-wise old friend who once solemnly cautioned me: 'Stay away from rich kids for the rich are heedless and often ruthless—like corporations, they have no souls. If you are not of their class by birth or bank-account, they either ignore you, exploit you—or destroy you.'

Still, I have known Burr for only three days so it's hardly fair to him to make snap-judgements on a mere intuition, if that. Tomorrow hopefully I shall see him again, observe him more analytically—this time with my mind above the belt!—and we can come to some amicable arrangement that will suit us both.

Surprisingly, Burr shows up the next day, a Sunday, sunnily smiling as though his dismissive comments of yesterday had never been. I rejoice—obviously all is well in Boyland, Toyland, Joyland.

"Hi!" says the youngster, breezily. "You dint think I'd come back, did you?"

"Frankly, *no*—but as long as you come, nothing else matters. Speaking of which, I discern by the beauteous bulge between your

thighs that jubilant John Henry is aroused to fever pitch!”

“Looks are deceiving—it’s just that my underpants is bunched-up there.” He claws at his crotch in an attempt to rearrange this and that but the luscious lump is not appreciably lessened.

“Are you *sure* that’s the case?” I doubtful, hungrily.

“Posilutely for certain. See, when I woke up this morning, ol’ J-H humped my fist twice so he’s kinda sapped out now and needs a coupla hours to recuperate. But don’t fret, slurpy—you’ll get what’s coming to you eventual.”

“Is that a promise?”

“A *firm* one, man! Hey, let’s go for a walk—I gotta surprise for you.”

“What is it?” I say, agog as a kiddy waiting for Santa.

“If I told you, it wouldn’t be a surprise, dumbbo! *C’mon!*”

We stroll in Central Park. It is May and Spring and Fancy-time and I seem to be walking on air, my feet spurning the grass, visions of beguiling Burr in the buff in my bed dancing through my head.

Then the boy’s urgent hand on my arm, halting me. “*Uh-oh!*” he whispers. “*Fuzz!* Jesus, how I hate cops!”

Half-turned from us, the policeman is watching the gambols of a gray squirrel on the branch of a venerable oak. The squirrel seems to have nuts in mind, even as me.

“Let’s turn aside,” I mutter cautiously. “Alas, in these repressive times a man seen with a young boy is too often an object of suspicion!”

“And so it *should* be,” Burr hisses—and suddenly he is ripping open his pants-fly, tearing his shirt, rumpling his hair. “HELP! POLICE!” he yells. “Save me—this man is attacking me!” And in an instant he is a whirlwind of painful fists and feet and teeth about me.

Thunderstruck, I fall back, goggling at this horrendous change in the boy—and too late I realize that among his other talents, young Burr is a superb actor. (Laurence Olivier—look to your laurels!)

The police officer rushes up and roughly yanks my hands behind my back. “Now, then, what is all this? What’s going on here?!”

“He . . . he tried to pull my pants off!” the boy sobs, even sheds a crocodile tear. “I was walking along the path, minding my own business, and all at once he jumps out of the bushes and attacks me! He’s a *wolf*—a chicken-hawk! He was gonna rape me right here in broad daylight! Put the cuffs on him or he might get away—these damn queers are tricky!”

I feel the cuffs snap on my wrists and the policeman confronts me, contempt obvious on his face and in his manner. “OK, mister, what’ve you got to say for yourself?”

“Just this. I did not touch this boy, much less attack him.”

“That’s a damn *lie!*” Burr cries. “Look at my torn pants and ripped shirt!”

“Order your clothing, lad, and come to the station-house where I’ll take down your full account of this incident,” the officer grunts, keeping a firm grip on my arm. Burr walks sedately beside us, covertly grinning at me like a skunk eating horse-apples, the little rat!

The station-house looks as forbidding as a miniature Bastille. Inside we are escorted to a small room on the second floor where the officer types up the boy’s outrageous version of a non-occurrence and Burr signs his statement with a flourish. “When will this cruddy sex-fiend go to trial, officer?”

“He’s get a hearing shortly and the rest will follow in due course. You will be notified when to appear.”

“How many years in prison do you think he’ll get?” the boy asks, licking his lips.

The cop shrugs. “Ten years or so—*if* he’s found guilty at his trial.”

“Oh, he’s guilty, all right—guilty as *hell!*” My false love gives me an ear-to-ear taunting smile. “You picked the wrong kid to molest this time, *pervert!*”

“Ah, Burr,” I chide, “to smile and smile—and be a villain.”

“Exactly! Thrills and excitement for me—and danger for *you!* See you in court, sucker!” The boy bangs out the door, snickering.

“Nice lad,” says the officer, whose name is Adams.

“He was—for three bliss-filled days,” I sigh. “Then it was like an angel turning into a malevolent devil. I still can’t understand it. So what happens to me now? A cell, I gather—I can’t afford bail.”

“Don’t jump the gun.” Adams picks up Burr’s statement, grimaces, rips it asunder, casts it into a waste-basket.

I gape—this day is full of surprises! “Why did you do *that?*” I ask, mystified.

“Because I know *you* and therefore I know the boy is lying.”

My head spins. “You *know* me?!” I stare at him. He is about 25, stocky, dark hair and eyes, olive complexion. I shake my head. *I don’t recall you at all—beyond perhaps seeing you on the street once or twice.*”

“You remembered me well enough when I was 11 and you picked me up on Times Square and for two years we were very close until my folks moved to the wilds of outer Brooklyn. My nickname was Hicky because I used to get the hiccups every time I orgasm’d.”

The past flooded back with vivid immediacy. “Little *Hicky!*” I exclaim. “Of course! How could I have forgotten you?! You were *always* hiccuping in those dear departed days, weren’t you?”

“Believe me, it was *my* pleasure.”

“And mine. And my good fortune that *you* were the cop Burr denounced me to! A miraculous coincidence. But won’t you get into trouble, destroying Burr’s statement? He’ll be back here, looking for you *and* me.”

“He’ll be wasting his time. Today is my last tour of duty with the New York Police Department. Tomorrow, for far more dollars, I’ll be selling real estate in Arizona. You’d better move, too—if the kid knows where you live.”

“He does, but no problem. I’ve only a furnished room and I travel light—an occupational precaution.”

We talk of the good old days for a while until Hicky glances at the wall-clock, frowning. “Sorry, man, but I’ve got to get back on my beat—it’s nearly check-in time.”

We stand, shake hands, promise to keep in touch, wish each other Salud, Dinero and Tiempo.

“Go and sin no more, Duke,” Hicky laughs in parting. “At least, no more with sadistic creeps like Burr!”