

THE THIRD ACOLYTE READER

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There is little doubt that Casimir Dukahz is the grand old man of boy-love fiction. His remarkable literary career began in the 1960s when his first book of interconnected stories, 'The Asbestos Diary' .in one witty blow broke the barrier of obligatory gloom, self-pity and hothouse sickliness which theretofore pervaded all treatment, both literary and scientific, of erotic relations between men and boys.

Three more books followed: "Vice Versa", "It's a Boy!", and "Growing Old Disgracefully", as well as a steady stream of short stories.

To the irrepressible 'Duke', boys are the spice of life-and their men the object of mirth ,fun, sex and money. The typical Dukahz boy knows very well how to take care of himself: far from being a victim, suffering "the ultimate betrayal" by his friend, it is the beloved boy who often, with his boundless humor and sexual energy, victimizes his grown-up lover.. as can be seen in the following tale.

Master Feelgood

Casimir Dukahz

Time was that one memorable July August I secluded myself in Louisville, Kentucky – home of the honorary colonels, blue grass, mint juleps and the Mayday Kentucky Derby at Churchill Downs where if Cupid is kind you sometimes can consensually conjunct with a sloe-eyed 14er apprentice jockey who lied about his age, looks a cuddly two years younger and is steamingly ripe for mattress mischief.

I stayed in a cosy cottage at the end of a remote cul-de-sac (arousing phrase, that - evoking erotic vistas of beauteous wee bottoms and bulging ball-bags), said abode loaned to me free gratis by a hetero friend (poor chap!) named Bailey who was away on an archeological dig on the Greek Isle of Lesbos where stinky Sappho unseraphically sang.

To get right down to the unspeakable point of the matter, my temporary retirement (actually a hasty flight) from the Manhattan madhouse was precipitated by a very minor case of a pre-pubescent mistaking my bed for his own - not my fault at all, really, but the hysterical Law tried to make a Federal case out of it so I decamped until the Tempest in a Pee-pot could blow over.

So one lazy Sunday afternoon I am sitting on the front lawn beside a bed of green carnations, basking in the gossamer sunlight while avidly perusing an unexpurgated account of the Cleveland Street Scandals in Victorian London - tender telegraph tads and City Messenger teenies in their trim tight uniforms and perky pillbox hats, one and all erectically eager to share their blossoming young dicks with polite patrons possessing plump purses and perfervidly partial to the pursuit of perverse puer-pleasure - when with a start I become aware of a boy on a bicycle slowly cruising by.

The youngster is a stunner – in years perhaps twelve or twelve-thirty and seemingly well into the Milky Way (gastronomically speaking), judging by the several stiff-stains around the closed fly of his blue cut-offs and doubtless smeared there by some inept loose-lipped fellator. I inventory a tangled tumult of tawny locks, small shapely ears, pert nose he's probably overfond of thumbing at too-importunate lovers, slightly slanted scintillant eyes green as Jealousy's symbol, feathery sweep of dark eye-lashes, nectarous mouth, dimples

in each peach-blossom cheek, flesh-tint of face and pelt a pale amber 'neath a patina of gold – and I feel a distinct tingle where castrates never do.

The lovely entrancer's sockless feet are shod in laceless red sneakers, his azure cut-offs are ultra-mini and his snowy tank-top bears the words UP FOR GRABS in day-glo orange. (Does it pay to advertize?)

Kiddy frowns at me as he passes by and my heart plummets, but some fifty feet beyond, he turns and pedals back - and this time midst the sweet disorder of his nether garment I thrillingly observe that now his fly is agape and five full inches of penile . perfection protrude as - legs spread right-angled wide and with his hands behind his head - the shameless little exhibitionist pisses a crystal stream that rainbows in the sun. My eyes mesmerized by the prickly spectacle, I smile at the gamin and he grins impishly in return, shakes his drained flesh-faucet and denyingly tucks it within its cotton prison, alack! Cock-teasing, mouth-taunting young scamp should be jailed for Arson as he sure-hell conflagrates *me!*

Riding up to me, he says in tones of treble innocence, “Did you like my peep-show?”

"It was super while it lasted by why did you whisk the star performer away so soon? I hardly got a good look at him - is he cut or intact, I hope?"

"Oh, he's all there but he's kinda bashful around strangers." Well, that's an encouraging note - at least the succulent morsel isn't promiscuous. Or is he? "Those words on your tank- top, UP FOR GRABS - do they mean what I hope they mean?"

"Nope. I snitched this top from somebody's clothes-line 'cause some creep stole my brand-new T-shirt while I was swimming. Damn place is full of thieves! Hey, do you like my wheels? It's a BMX with coaster brake, steel crank, knobby tires and BMX pads on the cross bar so it don't angerify my Fam'ly Jools."

“A king of bikes but it must've been hellish expensive.”

“Didn't cost me a thin dime!” the boy snickers. “See, this fat- ass slobby kid I know went down on me but the sucker refused to pay. Well, he was too big to beat up so late last night I swiped his

transportation!”

“Was that wise?” I demur. “If he finds out you took his bike he might tell his parents or the fuzz.”

“He won't say anything 'cause he 'd be afraid I'd tell his macho old man that his sonny-boy is a peter-eater. Hey, where's Bailey? *He's* the one I really came to see.”

“Bailey's away - won't be back until early September.”

“*Shit!* I had a date with him for last week but I couldn't come over 'cause I hadda little accident.”

“Nothing serious, I trust.”

“Coulda been kinda *depriving*. See, I caught the tip of my foreskin in my sneaky pants-zipper and I hadda go to a sawbones to get me loose. Screwy doctor wanted to circumcise me at first but I nixed that crap so he oiled my pecker up real good and did this 'n that until finally he got me free. Jeez, that damn booby-trap had more fucking teeth than Tina Turner so I've sworn off pants-zippers - just *buttons* for me from now on!”

“Buttons will never bite, so they say. Uh, what did you want to see Bailey about? Maybe I can help.”

The youngster casts me a searching glance, then smirks. “To tell you the honest truth, I needed to get my nuts off something fierce and Bailey useta blow me 3-4 times a week. Always paid on the dot, too.”

“*Bailey* did?!” I ejaculate, shocked. “Oh, no, you're wrong about that. I've known him for over 20 years and he's hetero as King Solomon - been married and divorced *twice*, in fact.”

The boy shrugs. “So maybe he liked a nice hunka neat meat after all that *fish!*”

I shake my head in disbelief. “It must've been someone else who was visiting him at the time.”

“*Look*, man,” kiddy snorts, “your closest friend Mr. B. has a small brown mole at the left corner of his ever-lovin' mouth and he's got one blue and one brown eye, *correct?*”

“That's Bailey, sure enough,” I say glumly. Damn! What a hypocrite! Always lecturing me on my 'unfortunate passion' and

warning me of the dire consequences if I didn't reform - while all the time he was wallowing deep in junior flesh-pots himself! I don't know whether to praise him for his good taste or excoriate him for deceiving me.

"It's no big deal," remarks my companion. "Live and let live is my motto-long as you *feel* good. Hey, what's your name?"

"You can call me Caz 'cause I almost *became* a casualty a short time ago."

The youngling extends a small warm paw. "Pleasure to meet you, Caz. I'm Joey and half creole - the *lower* half - and I was born on Bourbon Street in New Orleans but then my folks died in a plane crash so I came up here to live with my maiden Aunt Eulalie, rhymes with *ukulele*. She's a free-thinker so she lets me do whatever I want to."

"An ideal arrangement," I envious.

"Yeah - she has boy-friends and I have *men-friends* and everybody's happy!"

"The generation-gap doesn't bother you, then?"

"Hell, no! I *prefer* older guys - they're less hassle and got more bucks."

"How long have you been hustling, Joey?"

"Um, let's see - 'bout three years now, since I was nine." He frowns. "*Why?* You got anything against hustlers?!"

"Not at all," I say, hastily. "No, *indeed!*" Damn near put my foot in it there!

"Every bastard and his brother hustles one way or 'nother. Even *God* must've hustled to make the whole entire world in only *six* days," my little street-Arab points out. "Besides, I hustle *righteous* and always give good value - if the price is right. Hey, Caz, can I borrow the loan of a cold drink offa you? It's an awful hot day and I'm sweatin' like a pig at a barbecue."

"Of course!" I say, flustered at my lax hospitality. "Come on up to the house and I'll rustle up some goodies."

Joey parks his mechanical steed in the hallway and sprawls on the living room couch as if this was his second home. Very probably it is!

“How does chocolate-layer cake and iced lemonade strike you?” I menu. “Or are you a *Coke* -friend?”

“Lemonade's grand- but can you put a shot of gin or vodka in it for the mellow kick?”

“You're rather young to be hitting the hard stuff, aren't you?”

“I only like mixed drinks and guzzle just enough to *feel* good - that happy buzz, y'know? But you take my aunt now - she's a lush from way back. When she gets *real* pissed she throws rocks at Alcoholics Anonymous!”

“Her aim is bad, I trust?”

Joey yelps with laughter. “Man, she couldn't hit water if she fell out of a boat!”

By the time I return with refreshments and share them out and sit down and take a chocolate bite, I notice that Master Piggy's cake has already disappeared and he's three-quarters through the lemonade. I'm glad to see the kid has a hearty appetite - it staminas the genitals.

“Did you know,” I say, apropos of nothing much, “that in Australia a baby kangaroo is called a *joey*?”

“Well, I'm no *baby* but I'm kinda like a kangaroo' cause I hop around a lot and I'm pure-dee *animal* in bed!” He winks bawdily, then belches explosively. ”Scuse me-everything I eat seems to go to my belly.”

“In China,” I further geography, “if a guest doesn't belch after eating, the host thinks he doesn't like the food.”

“My aunt raps my knuckles when I do it at her place. Hey, d'you s'pose maybe perhaps I could have another fortified lemonade? I ain't feeling the full effect yet.”

“Coming up,” I say, mildly affected myself. “After all, it's *Bailey's Booze*!”

When I return with the drinks I damn near drop them. Leaning back against the couch, thighs agape and hands behind his head, the boy is totally nude now, his cock rearing straight up, a clear drop or two of pre-come dew glistening on the wide dick- mouth.

“Surprise! Surprise!” Joey snickers. “Lemme introduce you to my

best friend. I call him 'Chummy' - ain't he cute?"

"A delight to behold!" I marvel. The straining penis appears to be all of *six* inches now - does it grow on one?! "How long have you known him?"

"He was there when I was born - I know 'cause I had my hand on him. If you fool around with Chummy a little bit, he'll spit sticky stuff."

"Really? I didn't know that."

"Oh, man, don't fuck around!" the boy moans. "You love boys' dicks and everything else they've got - Bailey told me."

"Bailey's got too big a mouth."

"Hell, I knew it anyway - the first time I laid eyes on you. So help me out, Caz - *please!* Chummy's about to blow his top and I can't hold him in much longer!"

Invited to the Lucullan feast, I throw a sofa-cushion on the floor and bone-creakingly kneel before the wee godlet's crotch of past pees, spent sperm and sweet boy-flesh in glorious heat, greedily sip up the pre-orgasmic liqueur, retract the supple foreskin to lip the moist shiny inside and the lone dot of sexy plum-cheese there, then slurpily suck in the swelling snout to spit-anoint its pulsing tautness, tonguing hard against the sensitive bridle while roughly frigging the smooth penile shaft - and my aphrodisiac inamorato wraps his legs around my neck, velvety caress of inner thighs, squeezes bliss-brutally, grabs my ears and pulls me all the way down on him as his cock violently throbs then leaps in my mouth, shooting hot liquid bullets which *splat* against the back of my throat and rebound to deliciously whitewash my tongue. I retain the still vibrating little teat as I tenderly strip it until the last flavorful bubble oozes out. Is Joey's dick-juice like piquant melted pears? My taste buds seem to think so!

The boy sighs, stretches luxuriously, his thighs giving me a fond final choke or two before I am released. "Did you like my Creole cuisine, Caz? It's pure one hundred percent protein and only 150 calories!"

"It was unique," I value-judge, "with a certain unusual *gemmous* quality."

“Whatever *that* means. But I always explode too soon - the good feeling never *lasts!*”

“Felicity and frustration, 'twas ever thus,” I say, sagely.

Now the rapacious urchin shoves his hand in front of my face, itchy palm up. “You forgot to pay me,” he scowls. “I don’t give out no free samples.”

From the Olympian to the Odious! It’s always the boy who gets the Pleasure and the guy what gets the Grief! “*Pay* you!” I snarl, mock-outraged. “You *asked* me to relieve Chummy’s tensions, remember? And against all propriety, I *did* - on my sore knees, busting my aching butt to make you feel good. You should pay *me!*”

“*Shit* on that! All you cocksuckers’ve got plenty bucks.”

“Not *me*. My income is from hunger - way below the poverty level.”

“That’s *your* problem! *Look*, man, I belong to the Militant Boys’ Liberation Front so you better cough up the dough or I’ll sue you for Child-Abuse!”

“And *I* belong to the Society for the Protection of Abused Boy-Lovers so if you sue, I’ll rat to the fuzz about a certain BMX.”

“Oh, hell, *forget* the whole thing,” mumbles my exquisite extortioner hastily. “It ain’t worth arguin’ about.”

Soothingly, the ormolu clock on the mantel tinkles out its six silvery notes. “Hey. I can stay for supper if you’d like to have me,” exclaims Joey, all beaming smiles now. “I always get powerful hungry after somebody eats my meat.”

“Bailey’s got enough food here to feed an army. Anything especially special that’d tickle your appetite?”

“Whatever *you’re* having. I’m like a goat, I’ll chew on most anything - and no *cracks*, man!”

I fix chicken-fried steak, mashed potatoes with slathers of rich beef gravy, cole slaw, baking-powder biscuits with sweet butter and honey, strawberry ice-cream for dessert. The fledgeling gobbles it down in a trice, says he wants more, please, if there *is* more, licks the platter Jack Sprat clean - and he’s the first bewitching ball-bearing I’ve ever

slavered over a hot stove for who *doesn't* caustically criticize my culinary catastrophes! Too subject to Cupid's wanton arrows, too heart-on-my-sleeve, I already love this dear demented darling to distraction - will he prove-far too dear for my possessing?

Be that as it may, my comely Cherubino even helps with the washing-up and takes out the garbage! Then we watch TV, my canny companion immediately commandeering the remote-control box. Still in his birthday-suit except for sneakers, he sits on my lap - oh, that hard little bottom restless on my erotic zone! - on a love-seat that Bailey said once belonged to Oscar Wilde. Most appropriate, a Wilde seat for a wild boy.

Joey goes for shoot-'em-up flicks spilling over with grisly gore and guns galore while I go for palpitating his precocious penility which soon is randily resurrecting with born-again ardor. Wetly I tongue-explore the intricate convolutions of his near ear and seductively whisper (as the Devil did to Faust), "Fair youngling, one good come deserves another so how about it? I'll do you during the next long commercial."

"No *way*, man! Sometimes the commercials are better than the film."

"Don't tell me you can't watch the boob-tube and get your ashes hauled at the same time!"

"Course I can, creepo - but I wouldn't get the full benefit of the good *feeling*, see?"

Jeez, what is it with this contrary little citizen? He blows hot and cold - one minute begging to be sucked off and the next minute giving me the cold shoulder and the back of his hand! "QK, snotnose," I at length capitulate. "I'll just hold young Chummy here nice and gentle 'cause he's so warm and silky and pert and milky that I can't keep my hot hands off him."

"Go ahead - but if you get me *hard* I'll get dressed and go home."

So perforce I must content myself with lovingly clasping Joey's best friend while leisurely I browse in his tawny locks which emit the nostalgic scent of wood-smoke - reminiscent of camp fires at Boy Scout Jamborees and ecstatic moans and sighs in a pup tent after. The Good Old Days were the better old days for *damn* sure!

Half awake I sit through three bloody epics, my hands full of the felonious flesh-feel of my farouche favorite as feather-light I lick his nape, his wet-behind ears, his upper spine - when suddenly the kid is painfully pinching my arm” *Hey, Caz, it's 2 a.m. - the show's over. Gimme a lift to the bathroom - I gotta drain my crankcase.*”

Blearily I 'tote him thither, raise the toilet seat, aim his cock at the bowl, then thrillingly feel the thrum of his intimate waters coursing through his spigot. Putting a forefinger-tip into the crystal flow, he offers me his dripping digit. “You wanta taste my wee-wee, Caz?”

“I'm not into water sports, thanks just the same.”

“Some guys love Pee and Sympathy, say it cures constipation and it's a helluva lot cheaper than Ex-Lax!”

“Everybody to his taste, as the filly said who kissed the jockey.”

“Or the Pope said as he kissed the choirboy's ass!” Little Sacrilegious snickers.

Lingeringly he shakes his hose, flushes, then turns and looks up at me, yawning so widely I can see his pretty pink uvula, like a puppy's penis. “Hey, I can stay all night if you don't like to sleep alone.”

“Marvelous!” I enthuse, visions of sugar-dicks dancing through my head. “But won't your aunt be worried when you don't show up?”

“Are you *kidding?*” kiddy giggles. “By now she'll be deep in the arms of John Barleycorn or Demon Rum or one of her other boy-friends. Besides, it's more comfortable here than in Auntie's crummy dump.”

In the bedroom he kicks off his sneakers and dives headlong into the sheets, splaying his limbs to the four corners with boyish abandon. Fortunately the bed is half again as wide as a king-size *lit d' amour* or there'd be no room for yours truly!

“Did you put the cat out?” the boy says, mock-solemn.

“Cat?” I frown. “Did Bailey have a *cat?*”

“*Sure!* A china pussy by the clock on the mantel.” Throwing his legs in the air, he laughs like a hyena, hilarious at his own dim wit. Pretty feet, I observe- do his toes taste as good as they look? (They do, I learn later.)

When I join him he promptly climbs onto me, thrusting his hard knees into my armpits and parking his compact little hinder on my chest. “*I wanta be top-dog this time,*” he leers, peeling back his lengthy prepuce and rubbing his hardening glans all over my mug from eyebrows to chin - heavenly massage but if he sees I love it he'll probably stop!

I try to snare his magnetic salience between my lips but it bobs and twists and turns with adroit evasion until Joey pulls his dong up against his belly, giving me a ringside view of his butternut balls in their soft suede sac. “*Lick my marbles,*” he directs and I kiss, lick, smooch, caress, attempt to take the squiggly titbits into my mouth but the plump bag is too big for my modest aperture.

“*Lick more under,*” kiddy commands and I tongue under and up and down the primrose perineum and with quickened breath he scrooges further over me, revealing the delightful grotto of his underside. He pries apart his close-clasped sugar- buns. “*Now tongue even more under,*” he orders, pressing the hard rounds of his velvety little ass against my cheeks and I feed on his tiny pucker, laving it with spit-kisses, tickling, sucking, anus-lips embracing mine.

“*Oh, yes!*” Joey moans. “*You hit the spot there, man-that feels s-o-o good!*”

Slyly I try to replace my tongue with a sneaky fingertip but my fondest hopes are dashed as my cruel concubino jerks away, roughly cuffing my left ear. “*Hey, fuck that shit! You can kiss my bunghole and suck it and lick it and love it but you can't go in!*”

“*Why the hell not?*” I grouse. “*I got my tongue -tip about half an inch in!*”

“*That's different-your tongue ain't gotta nail. I'm scared of finger-nails up my ass 'cause they scratch!*”

Anxious not to alienate my tender prey, I follow instructions to the letter - apparently to my partner's utter satisfaction for soon he's grinding his steamy tail so forcefully against my mouth that he seems intent on impaling his wee rosebud onto my entire tongue - which obviously is impossible but still a nicely obscene endeavor.

Suddenly my hyperactive Hylas reverses himself so that now I am confronted with his Jack-in-the-Box which is rampantly *out* of the Box

and reaching for the moon until kiddy guides his Art- Deco erection to my lips then rudely plunges it full length into mouth - and my bruised tonsils shriek.

“I love to mouth-fuck 'cause I can control the action - like in butt-humping,” my ungentle rapist gasps, pumping into me as if he was pounding spikes into a plank.

“Take it *easy!*” I mumble but under the coition circumstances my words sound like gibberish so in revenge for my undignified posture my right hand reaches up to fondle the boy's left buttock, my social finger tickle-stroking the tiny anal rosette into quivering moistness as my left hand reaches *under* to grope then gently squeezes the hefty ball-bag and panting Joey gives a final pile-driving thrust - and *withdraws!*

“Don't get your nuts in an uproar,” Master Merciless grunts. “See, I like the build-up almost better than the blast-off so I try to make a good feeling last as long as I can before exploding.”

“But a delayed orgasm plays hell with your delicate dick-sphincter and might eventually lead to involuntary emissions.”

“Says *who?*”

“Jerry Falwell is who - he wrote about it in *The Breeders' Digest*.”

“Him!” the boy scoffs. “He wouldn't know a dick from a dog-turd. I'm gonna ask my aunt about that. She knows all about sex 'cause she was head-girl inna Frisco cat-house till the whole damn town turned into Fag Heaven. Hey, *c'mon*, man, get Chummy all excited again!”

“I'll do it only if he'll erupt this time.”

“Yeah, yeah, he'll blow your head off!”

Which he doesn't quite do though he sure-hell tried hard enough and I've got an awful feeling that he's dislocated my left tonsil - but I'm afraid to look!

Joey yawns till his jaws crack. “Thanks for the painless extraction, Caz - you weren't too good but you ain't bad for a beginner.” (Where did he get *that* insulting idea?!)

“How do I compare with Bailey?” I jealous inquire.

“He's got more bucks. Now I wanta grab some shut-eye. Nighty-

night - don't let the termites bite!"

"Uh, Joey," I say with evil intent, "are you a light sleeper?"

"Hell, no - I sleep like a dead log." (Nice to know.)

Up to no good, I stay awake until 4 a.m. admiring my sweet bed-mate and furtively caressing softly as an amorous zephyr. Sprawled on his back, kiddy is gently snoring like the rustle of a baby breeze through Autumn leaves. Tenderly I buss his near ear, his cheek, his titty, his navel, further go down on him - but his busy hand has got there first! Unbelieving, I check his breathing but it's as regular and even as his fist- movements on his upstanding cock! Unmistakably, undeniably the little satyr is jerking-off in his sleep! Will wonders never cease?!

Light as abutterfly's sigh I glue my lips about the boy's swollen glands, his wanking fingers thudding rhythmically against the underside of my chin - and I damn near laugh aloud! Here he's doing all the work and I'm about to reap all the benefits! Or will he awake before he pops? No, he slumbers on- but he's restless now, spasmodic ripples through his thighs and belly, copulative thrusts against the enclosing hand and my mouth, long-drawn-out moans - and all at once, without the slightest warning, he pees a little, just a few drops, taste of warm salty water, slightly effervescent but I'm not only on Joey's horn but on the horns of a dilemma! Should I spit the wee- wee bit of pee-pee on the sheet? Well, no, that would wet the bed and it ain't my bed. So I swallow the briny effusion. Jeez, what I do for this infatuating odd-ball and what's my reward? He's rapidly disintegrating, degenerating my morals!

But all is forgiven, forgotten as with a groan and heaving of his middle the boy ejaculates - a deluge of creamy Joey-joy that bedews my inner cheeks, drowns my tongue and soothes my put-upon left tonsil - and oblivious of everything, the unaware youngster snoozes on. With a smug smile on my face, I too surrender to the embrace of Morpheus or his slant-eyed assistant, the Japanese Sandman.

A raucous mocking-bird wakes me at 10 a.m. To find myself alone. No kiddy in the bathroom but on the kitchen table he's left a note in his own inimitable style:

Hi, Fuckface - Do you know you snore noisy as a 747? I taken my BMX to pedal it all over town hunting for big game. I be back for

*supper. Fix us some pork chops with Frenched fires, . plenty ketchup.
Be good.*

-Joey

Why is the lecherous little fart so confident that I'll be waiting for him like an adoring wife, supper all prepared as specified?! I will, of course - but it's the the principle of the thing.

He returns at 6 p.m., this time attired in a black T-shirt which boasts the words HERE COMES TROUBLE! in phosphorescent yellow. His full-length pants are light blue inside his legs and pastel pink outside, remindful of Italian Renaissance page-boys who were so prized by fastidious red-breasted Cardinals.

At supper I say, "Don't you know that there's no big game in Kentucky any more?"

"Sure there is - the *two*-legged kind only I ain't found any big stuff yet. Got me a couple small-fry, though, who liked what they saw between my thighs - one of 'em even licked my *bicycle-seat!*" Kiddy snickers loudly.

"That's a *new* wrinkle - street-walking on a bike!" I say dismally.

"Yeah, morales. Saves wear and tear on my feet and I made me a fast twenty bucks;"

"Speaking of the Wages of Sin, I received my anti-Social Security check today so how much do I owe you for past favors?"

Surprisingly, the boy shrugs. "Keep it for me - let me draw interest." He grabs my wrist and looks at my watch. "Hey, it's almost time for a three-hour super-thriller - *Jacqueline the Ripper!*"

"You mean Jackie Onassti Kennedy?!"

"Could *be!* It's about this freaky Fem Libber who goes around slashing the pricks offa homos with a dull paring-knife' cause they get all the best-looking guys."

The flick hasn't started yet so I denude my illicit love-object before we sit side-by-side on the love-seat. The alluring scrotum-toter's gracile body glistens with fresh fragrant young sweat, seductively beckoning me to drink the ambrosia'd flesh dry. Behind-ears dry, alas! But when I solicit his tongue he thrusts it wetly into my mouth

somehow contriving to spit at the same time - and whisks it out. Armpits a veritable oasis of tangy droplets tasting of apple cider with a dollop of rum - intoxicating! Likewise the deep navel though the cider seems nicely fermented now. Descending the taut smooth belly to the moist dick and balls literally adrip and again piquantly redolent of sweet sperm spent and pee-pees past.

During the commercial I pull Joey to his feet and tongue down his juicy spine like mini-stepping stones to the anal Eden below. His backside sweat has all run down to the crack of his ass and collected in the tiny pink loving-cup 'twixt his bouncy buns - and I sup it up like a thirsty bee in a boy-bouquet.

“You like everything I've got, don't you?” says kiddy, preening himself.

“Well, *nearly* everything,” I reply cautiously.

“I'm one of a kind, ain't it?” Master Vanity brags.

“*I hope* so! I don't think my heart could stand *two* of you.”

“S'h'h! The film's on again.”

And so my sojourn in Paradise, Kentucky began - a symphony of sensual delights where every prospect pleases, every day is sunny and Sonny is paganly perfect.

Each morning and often in the afternoon the boy goes cruising on 'his' BMX, on the hunt for *really* big game-like, say, some biped possessing \$100,000 income per year, tax free and more is better! Thanks be to God, kiddy doesn't repeat his somnolent masturbation (several times at dawn I checked his crotch and the sheets for tell-tale signs of sticky-stuff residue) and I am immensely relieved for I'd hate to miss the bliss of this luscious lad's liquidity whenever it comes my way.

July and most of August idyllic by in a succession of passion' d interludes by day and and by night when I slumber with Joey's· best friend, his pal Chummy between my lips, my head pillow'd on his warm belly, now and then arousing just long enough to achieve a nocturnal emission or two - the boy drowsily half-awaking to vociferously complain, “Don't suck so *fast*, damnit! Make the good feeling *last!*” Or I'll cushion my cheek on a tight little buttock as I dip my agile tongue deep into the fragrant Vale of Assmir to anal-yeze posterior palpabilities - all good clean innocent fun, virtuous as vestal

virgins.

Then a series of sexcapades occur which are unforgettably outstanding. One evening the youngster shows up hot, tired, dirty, hungry, thirsty (no luck for young Nimrod today!) and I give him a brace of gin lemonades, feed him, fan him, finesse him with subtle gropes - and with the resilience of his years he readily randily revives.

“Let's me and you take a shower together,” he proposes. “You can scrub my back and blow me underwater.”

I agree with alacrity, we strip each other and clamber into the shower-stall but before I can turn on the spray, kiddy says, “On your knees, man - gimme some dry foreplay first and make it *nice!*” I don't protest - wouldn't do me any good if I did - for the true boy-lover is ever a martyr to the erratic whims of the loved one.

Here I want to inform you that the floor of that damn stall is like a bed of nails and I am scrounging around trying to find a halfway soft spot for my poor bones when I hear a burst of giggles from above as the little prick proceeds to *pee* Niagaraly on my head! I try to dodge away but the hellish young imp keeps me there until the crystal cataract has ceased, I not daring to open my mouth in protest lest it be invaded by a grievous insult to my taste-buds.

Finally tearing myself away but still genuflective, I splutter, “What the hell did you do that for?! I ought to whomp your butt to a frazzle!”

“Don't get your tits in a tizzy,” says my stall-mate airily. “For all you know, dick-water just might make hair grow on your bald spot.”

“But you know damn well I'm not Aquarius-inclined!” “I know, but Chummy didn't - and he's a *Pisces*.”

“So that makes you a Pisces *too*, dumbol!” I say, trying to inject some logic into this loco dialogue.

“No, I'm Taurus, the *Bullshit*,” Joey snickers, turning on the shower. “Hey, don't forget you promised to gimme some nice hot *foreplay!*”

The foregoing took place on a Thursday. Friday sees kiddy gone with the dawn but he returns at noon for a quickie, this time arrayed in cerulean shorts and white T-shirt sprouting the words MINE IS BIGGER! in large scarlet letters. With satisfaction I note that he seems spontaneously to erect the moment his genitals are bared - but as usual,

I catch Hell for sucking him off too frigging *fast!* A hasty lunch, then he wheels away again and once more I wish I was that lucky bicycle-seat, host to my tawny love's sweet bottom.

In bed that night I am entertaining the boy's engorged juvenility with reverential lip-service but a half-hour of intense sweaty ardor elicits not the slightest illicit deposit! Pausing to rest, I wistfully remark, "My goodness, all that meat and no cream gravy! What's the hold-up? Too many other felons feeding on you today? A fellatio too frequent?"

"You ain't *doing* it right!" Master Put-down scowls, evading the issue. "You're not licking the proper *places*. Jeez, I wish I . could go down on *myself* - I'd do it the way it *oughta* be done!"

"But who's going to pay you for *that*?" I point out.

"Shut up, cruddy, and go on where you left off!"

Sighing, I resume my allegedly amateur ministrations but after 40 additional minutes of sweaty endeavor, Chummy remains as sapless as the dick on a marble statue. "It's no use!" I gasp at last. "This is Emission Impossible - your milk has all been spilt!"

"Don't give up yet, Caz!" my drained darling cries. "I can pop - I *feel* my sticky stuff trickling down inside my belly!"

My feverish fingers between his buttocks, beneath his balls, avidly I return to the Lists of Lewd Love. Soon Joey is pumping into me with forceful thrusts, fast, faster than the speed of light, muted moans and groans-until with a strangled cry he pantingly collapses against me, my nose dug deep into his silky pubis.

After a vibrant minute or two, my perfidious suckee withdraws - *still* with a gigantic hard-on but nary a milky post-orgasmic drop to be seen! "I *really* shot a double-load into you that time, man!" the brazen little brat boasts.

Fixing him with baleful eye, I grate, "You're a braggart and a liar and an Artful *Dodger!*" and I shake my fist at his cock which seems to be mocking me.

Immediately I get a rough punch in my shrinking solar-plexus. "What's eating *you*, cunt-face?! I busted my balls to give you a super-blast and you *bad-mouth* me!"

“You didn't come at all - you *faked* it!”

“I did *too* come! I squirted and squirted till I was blue in the face!”

“Then how come I didn't *taste* it?”

”Cause I exploded so hard it all went down the back of your throat so fast you didn't get a *chance* to taste it, stupido!”

“Very plausible - but false as your phoney-baloney phallus is! Look, Judas Junior, I *know* you didn't erupt 'cause your Holy Trinity told me so.”

“Are you crazy-*nuts* or something? What's religion got to do with a blow-job?”

“Nothing - and everything. Let me give you a sorely-needed lesson in intimate anatomy.”

“I already know the Facks of Life - a little cuckoo-bird whispered in my ear!”

“Here's some facts birdie never heard of. Every nice, modest, respectable boy's Holy Trinity is his anus, his nipples and his *bulb*.”

“Oh, *sure!*” kiddy scoffs. “Light-bulb? *Tulip-bulb?*” “It's a tiny button you can feel way up underneath your testicles and another name for it is *prostate gland*.”

“You're fulla *crap!* That gland is up my ass-hole.”

“So it is but it gets around a lot. Now when you have a real, honest-to-Jesus orgasm, wet or dry, your nipples stiffen - which yours didn't, your anus quivers - which yours didn't, and your bulb throbs - which yours *didn't!*”

“How can you be so damn *certain* they didn't?!” Joey barks.”

“Cause I had my eagle eye on your tits and my groping fingers on Monsieur Anus and Senior Bulb.”

“OK, *OK!* So I *didn't* shoot sticky stuff! So it's all your fault, you awful bastard!”

“Lordamercy, how do you figure *that?*”

”Cause I'm pretty damn sure you've been milking me off in my *sleep*, that's how!” (Boys, bless 'em one and all, hate to lose *face*.)

On Saturday my unpredictable Amorino is away at sunrise- to return at High Noon looking madder than a virgin young bull who's been castrated on his wedding-night.

“Some fucker snitched my BMX while I was taking a *leak!*” he howls, dancing with fury.

“Take it *easy*, kiddy! After all, it wasn't *your* BMX.”

“It was *too* mine! Possession is ten-ninths of the law - any lousy shyster'll tell you *that!*”

“And now someone else possesses it.”

“*Yeah!* And if I find him I'll shove the handle- bars so far up his poop-hole they'll be coming outa his mouth!”

“Calm down, Joey - it's bad for your gonads.” I delve deeply into my safety-deposit pocket. “Here, dear lad, is the money I owe you - *with* interest. Now you can buy another bike.”

The kid plasters a wet bite-kiss on my cheek. “Gee, *thanks*, Caz - you *shouldn't* of! See, what I'm gonna do is I'm gonna get me a *Comet* this time. They're as good as a BMX and they got real thick mink-dyed rabbit-fur on the *seat!*” He wiggles his neat buns with sybaritic anticipation. After a quick snack he's off again - can't wait to spend my hard-earned dollars slaving over a hot boy!

Promptly at supper-time my Partner in Crime (total murpitude!) arrives but his only transportation is Shank's Mare. “So what's with the Comet?” I query. “Complications?”

The youngster lays a forefinger alongside his nose and winks in a Faginesque manner. “Confidentially, I think I can grab onto one free-for-nothing if I play my cards right.”

“Oh, *no!*” I groan. “For God's sake, don't *swipe* it - you'll never get away with that a second time.”

“No sweat,” the boy grins, contriving to look as proper-pious as a male nun. “Everything's on the up-and-up but there's a few kinks I gotta iron out yet. What's for supper?”

After we eat and do kitchen-chores, we watch a TV film of the Roaring Twenties titled 'Flaming Youth'. One scene is in a nightclub where a sleek young man with berserk hormones drinks champagne

(probably carbonated apple-juice) from a chorus-girl's satin slipper. Joey is unduly impressed.

"Caz," he lilts, poking me in the ribs with scant finesse, "would you drink champagne from my sneaker?"

"Perish the thought!" I mutter, rubbing my side.

"Why not? They're almost new and you've kissed my feet often enough."

"Clean comely feet ain't street-scummy sneakers."

Then what say you gimme a nice clean comely champagne shower? Ol' Bailey's got at least three cases of Dom Paragon in the cellar, We drank a couple bottles on his birthday and you know what? It was his birthday but he gave me a gift!" Crass kidlet squeals with laughter, then slaps my knee. "I'll go get three or four bottles and put 'em on ice, OK?"

The champers cooling, we watch 'Flaming Youth' to the finish, which has a moral:

Golden lads and lasses must

In the end bite the dust!

Sobering thought, but all the more reason to eat, drink and be sexy .
for tomorrow there's sure to be a new law against it.

The stage is set: the auditorium lights are dimmed, the audience hushes, the conductor raises his baton, the curtain rises... oops! Wrong scene! Begin again.

The stage is set: my eyes are riveted on Joey's heavenly body which denuded seems more naked than the day he was born 'cause there's more of him now - a graceful flow of subtle curves and sensuous planes each melting into the next, beguiling as the seductive Pipes of Pan. The boy is standing in a huge enamel roasting-pan, four bottles in an ice-bucket on the kitchen table beside him. "I wanna open the fizz, Caz - I did it for Bailey better than he could."

"Be careful of the cork," I caution, "aim it at a neutral corner and watch out for ricochets!"

"I know what to do!" Kiddy seizes a bottle, deftly untwists the wire, eases the cork halfway out - then shakes the bottle and holds it

directly over his fool head! With the BANG! of an exploding cherry-bomb the cork hits the ceiling followed by a foaming gush of wine which descends to drench the boy like a miniature cloudburst - and with lifted face and wide-open mouth, little greedy-guts gets the lion's share of the bubbly, damnit! On my long suffering knees, my own yap agape beneath Joey's balls, I manage to snare a few hasty swallows before the sparkling deluge ebbs to a trickle.

"Oh, man, this's really grand!" Juvie Delinq sighs rapturously. "It's like a thousand tiny tongues tingling all over me! Dom Paragon coming up again!"

This time a variation on the vinous theme. I pull up the boy's capacious foreskin to form a phallic chalice which immediately brims with the grape which I quickly suck up, get an instant re-fill, gulp that, poise the sweet flesh-cup for a third libidinous libation.

"Let the fizz go down my pee-hole, selfish!" kiddy chides. "Chummy's thirsty, too!"

"Pee-holes only let things out, dummkopf - they don't take things in."

"It took your tongue-tip in a hundred times!" the boy growls.

"A bare quarter-inch ain't in!" I mumble, wringing out my pagan puer's prepuce and stripping his dripping nuts for more of the elusive nectar.

As the third frothing fountain bedews Bacchus Junior I scramble around to his backside, my avid lips pressed to the peach-cleft of his ass - and at once my cheeks bulge to overflowing. "Hey; pig!" wee Porky grunts. "Don't hog it all! Save some for me!"

Old Sneaky in person, behind my fellow -boozer's back I grab two soup-bowls from the cupboard and when the final bottle of suds torrents down, I have one bowl 'neath kiddy's privates and the other butted-up against his streaming perineum - withintoxicating rewards, wholly undetected! Then a leisurely tongue-bath to lip drip-dry my soaking Cherubino, seat him on the table while I slobber up the vineyard drops on his feet, pink toes & between getting special attention.

"Hey, Caz!" Joey cries, eyes swimmingly aglow. "Jerk me off into the rest of the bubbly in the pan - give it that extra *kick!*"

“Not on your life!” I indignant. “Sticky stuff should never be diluted - it should be sipped fresh and hot right from the palpitating spigot!”

“*Ooh*, you Dirty Old Man!” the boy sniggers, trying to look shocked. “Why didn't I meet you years ago?!”

The Last of the Wine fills two quart-size beer-steins which we quaff between bites of hot pastrami-on-rye and slabs of Lord Baltimore cake to soak up all the costly beverage. “You know something?” kiddy hiccups, trying to put his elbows on the table to support his sagging head, “we should do this more often - but with *five* bottles this time.” Saints preserve us! The sweet sot is sure-hell blood-kin to this Auntie - if not more so!

The food gone, the steins empty, we stagger arm-in-arm and hand-in-hand to beddy-bye, tipsy as the Leaning Tower of Pisa ..

The next day, Sunday, my light-footed love is gone at cock-crow, leaving a note that he'll probably be late so don't wait supper for him. At 9 p.m. he returns, looking smug as the canary that ate the cat.

“Hi, Caz,” he greets airily, “how's *bayou*? as we say down New Orleans way. Hey, man, would you please fix Chummy up? He's been busting my balls playing *Up, Periscope!* all day!” Saying which, kiddy forthwith drops his cut-offs and hoists his T-shirt to tuck the hem under his chin as he reveals a rampaging penis looking so mad he could *spit!* Which he does almost before I can lodge him comfortably between my lips.

“*Woof!*” the boy ecstasies. “I shot a space-rocket into you that time - but you made me come too *soon* again!”

“What do you mean, *I* made you?!” I rasp while stripping assiduously. “Your meat-head Chummy blew his top a bare two seconds after he forced his way into my mouth!”

A thrill of golden giggles. “It ain't *his* fault, man-he ain't had sex-education yet. Hey, I got lots to tell you so let's go to bed for some serious pillow-talk.”

Now *bed* can be a highly troublesome if not downright dangerous place if you're in it with someone or something you shouldn't be - but I ignore that eternal verity as I clamber into Bailey's fake-Colonial four-poster.

“You *comfy*, Caz?” inquires my mattress-mate with unusual solicitude.

“Moraless,” I say warily, wondering what's afoot - if anything.

“Flop over and I'll give you a super back-rub, satisfaction *not* garnteed.”

“Why are you suddenly so *nice* to me?” I mutter suspiciously.

“Hell, man, when was I ever *unnice* to you, lending you Chummy and the rest of my hot bod and all?” Joey knuckles my ribs. “Roll over in the clover, sucker!”

Sighing, with some misgivings I assume the prone position. Kiddy's fingers lightly tiptoe down my spine, pinch my buttocks and an odd-ball snared between, return to deftly massage the small of my back - then he climbs onto me. Eros Ascendant. “*Ooh*, Caz, we fit together like a coupla spoons, don't we?”

“Spoon, moon, June, croon!” I murmur dreamily, fool that I am.

“*Romantic*, huh?” the boy-siren snickers. “Caz, would you do me a big favor?”

“Sure, if I can.” He whispers in my ear, tickling it with his tongue - aural ecstasy till I realize what he's proposing. “*No*, damnit!” I grate. “I'm not overfond of a pushy little stranger invading my private precincts!”

“Chummy ain't no *stranger!*” Joey barks. “You've used him and amused him and abused him and accused him for going on two *months* now!”

“I know and I'm grateful but his love-leche would be wasted in my rectum which has neither tongue nor taste-buds to wholly appreciate milky manna.”

“Oh, c'mon, man - it would be just one itty-bitty load and besides, my dick would massage your *prostate*, keep you from gettin' cancer and like that.”

“NO! It's not an aesthetic sex-act!”

“*Asstheticis* what it *is*, stoopid - and if you don't put out I'm gonna get dressed and go home. Aunty'll welcome me with open arms.”

“But, kiddy,” I say in a last desperate plea, “there's no lubricant of any kind in the house. No KY, no vaseline, no Preparation H, no...”

“Sure there is, the best of all. I'll go get it while you put a bath-towel under you in case of accidents.”

Glumly, I obey orders. Best not to antagonize temperamental young fry - they have such a low boiling point.

The boy returns with a small newly-opened can bearing a vaguely familiar *brown* label. “*Canned* lubricant?” I dubious. “What in the name of Priapus *is* it?”

“It's Hershey's Chocolate Syrup - wonderful oozy-squoogy for zig-zag so I'll slip into your big ol' butt as slick and smooth and easy as Mommy's titty into Baby's mouth!” my bedmate leers.

I give up, give in, give out since the Awful Urchin is already thumbing gobs of goo in, on and around my nonplussed service-entrance.

“Oh, *shit!*” kiddy exclaims suddenly.

Now what?” I groan. “Can't Chummy get it up?”

I stuck my thumb in my mouth by mistake - and Chummy's *been* up ever since we got into bed. Now brace yourself, cruddy-boo, 'cause you're about to be royall y *raped!*” (Little devil can't resist bragging, as usual!)

As I feel cockahoop Chummy sliding into me with Evil Intent, I reflect that to be ravished by a favorite youngster - providing h e's not horse-hung - is ever a pleasure and so far I'm enjoying *this* particular Fate Worse'n Death immensely.

Time passes in bugged bliss. Then Joey slides his arms 'neath my armpits, cups my chin in the palm of his hands- and sticks his fingers into my mouth. I suck them, digital delight! He kisses my shoulder, wipes the kiss away with his snub nose. “Y'know, Caz,” he confides, “I purely love to screw' cause I can set my own pace and drag out the good feeling as *l-o-o-o-n- g* as possible.”

“Don't outwear your welcome, you over-sexed little prick,” I critical. “You've been at it for 24 minutes and 69 seconds now so ain't it about time you either blasted or got off the pot?”

I get a painful nip on my off-ear from his piranha-teeth. “You're just jealous - or do I mean *envious*?” he taunts, and his rhythmic push-pull proceeds leisurely, relentlessly on. “*Hey*, man, not to change the subject but I got some bad news for you.”

“Don't tell me you finally found Mr. Right, a rich millionaire money-bags?” I gloom.

“That I did, except it's *Mrs.* right. See, she's been after my young meat for a long time but I always turned her down 'cause she was strictly from Poverty. But yesterday she won 5 million bucks in the Canadian Lottery so now she can keep me in the style men have accustomed me to.”

“Damnit, Joey, you're a traitor to your own sex, including me!” I indignant.

“*Ain't* I, though?!” kiddy chuckles. “But I gotta think about my old age if I live that long.”

“Another Love's Young Dream gone up in smoke!” I snivel.

“Do I know this Mrs. Right?”

“You've never met her but you've heard me mention her often enough.”

“Joey,” I gulp as I feel Chummy leap and swell within me, “the only female you've ever mentioned to me is your... your...”

“You got it in one - my every-lovin' *Aunty!*” kiddy pants. “Now hold tight, Caz, 'cause here I COME!!”