

Three by Casimir

by Casimir Dukahz

1. The Irresistible Impossible

If I could recall when and where I first happened on Tip Peterson (*peter's* son, forsooth!) I would do my damndest to forget it and him as that sweet Suck gave me a monstrously *hard* time in every sense of the adjective. Alas, boy-love is its own punishment and in the Western World most boyeurs perforce become masochists though ever hoping that at least the seductive succulents they seek will not be *too* sadistically inclined.

Tantalizing Tip could make the Marquis de Sade hang his head in shame but transex Trilby I am caught in the trap of his Junior Svengali power because he is so *pure-dee* pulchritudinous! In years he's on the shady side of eleven or the sunny side of 12 but delightfully can already deliver delicious dairy products: rich thick boy-cream and piquant head-cheese – most tasty on crisp crackers or ingested *au naturel*. This alluring kidlet is cuddly-small and slim in size with flesh the tint of rose-ivory, the satiny skin you love to smooch; sunshine hair in lovely contrast to his dark soulful eyes, brows and lashes – though if temerarious Tip has a soul, it is so infinitesimal that a microdot is a basketball in comparison.

When I first laid eyes on this too-personable puer, I was attracted by his gamin-angel face and the plump promise of his crotch, boldly outlined in his ultra-tight fade-blue jeans, and when I finally inveigled him home to my povertied pad, using a ten-buck bill as bait (*too much, too much* but hubris had me!) and was permitted to pleasure his velvety verticality and tongue various enticing anatomical apertures (Tip's trim taut butt is as beauteous as a full-blown moonbean!) Paradise suffused my bedroom and I thought I had found a Treasure beyond the wildest dreams of Aladdin or Cræsus.

Little did I *know!* for soon I discovered that I had a pubescent panther by the tail. Truth to tell, *charmeur* Peter's Son is as false as tits on a bull and as fickle as a tomcat: solemnly he will swear that I am his One and Only but the very next day I find his too-public privates smeared with

lavender lipstick, no doubt deposited there by some slobbering, screaming queen of either sex – but the Awful Urchin airily declares he applied the lipstick himself, just to *tease* me.

The conscienceless kiddy is also cupidinous as compounded Scrooge: on Sunday he will call me up to say that he can't come over that afternoon as he faithfully promised. When he arrives on the following day, he immediately duns me for the 10 cents he spent phoning me yesterday! He's *not* a thief or a vandal or on drugs, for which blessings I suppose I should go down on my knees and... uh, thank *God!* but pretty Tippy is rapacious as the most vulturous buzzard. He will demand his exorbitant sex-fee upon entering my humble habitat, then when he is about to leave he will bald-face, bold-face declare that I haven't *paid* him yet but I circumvent that wily ruse by memorizing the letter and first three numbers of the bills I gave him and which even now are reposing in his shirt pocket – but the unblushful young embezzler merely laughs loudly at being caught and says, “Well, *that* trick didn't work, did it?! But you better watch out, Duke, 'cause I got a whole *bagful* of neat tricks!” (That he has, friends, that he *has!*)

Somehow, somewhere this mesmeric minor has got the idea that, despite my living in a noisome slum, I *really* am rolling in greenbacks, richer than the U. S. Mint or Fort Knox – and at times when he is with me he seems to be listening for the rustle of new banknotes or the chink of high-denomination gold coins in my mattress or underneath a loose floorboard. Often when he arrives he will cupboard-lovingly hug me and I will feel his hot little hands patting the left back-pocket of my pants, palpating the possible plumpness of my pocketbook – but when I try to convince him that I have neither checkbook nor bankbook nor hidden assets and just barely manage to exist on my measly Social Insecurity payments, Doubting Thomas Tip will yelp: “Oh, Duke, don't *gimme* that kinda crap – you got more money than God!” (If I have, then God must be on Welfare and Food Stamps.)

Then one crucial PM pestiferous, too perfect-plus, too persuasive Peterson *films* comes to see me covered with slimy grime from tip to toe. “What happened to *you?!?*” I goggle. “Have you been wallowing in a mud-puddle with the other pigs?”

“Don't gimme no hard time, Duke,” the boy sheepishly replies, “cause the fact is, I just fell into a hole.” (Oh, Jesus, has he got a girl-friend now?! Yet he gives off no stench of *fish!*)

“Well, less said, soonest mended,” I sigh, divesting him of his filthy T-shirt, jeans, brief-briefs and green-and-once-white sneakers and putting

them into the kitchen laundry-tub to soak. Then I give the boy a thorough *tub*-bath since my depression-domicile doesn't boast a shower, rinse him two and one-half times, dry him (*no* passes, but Tantalus-tempting!) and carry him to bed where he lolls in luxurious ease on my Beautyrest mattress which I'm still paying a dollar-a-week for to P. U. Shylock's Bargain Basement Emporium. While sybarite Tip noisily chomps his way through a huge bowl of Caramel Corn (his favorite bit-tit...uh, *titbit*, I mean – pardon the Freudian error!) and reads Penthouse or Peghouse or suchlike elevating literature, I toil over the hot washboard in the hotter kitchen, cleansing the kid's soiled apparel and hanging same to dry in front of the open door of the gas oven, turned on full blast. (What my gas-bill will be this month, I shudder to think – but it's all in a good cause... or is it?)

At length I too take a bath and wearily repair to my nuptial couch – only to be Olympianly surprised for unpredictable Tip enfolds me into his sticky Caramel Corn embrace and is so spontaneously, uninhibitedly affectionate that at once I sense something is *amiss*: there's a rat in the woodwork, there's something rotten in Denmark, something is decidedly not Kosher *here*! From long experience I resignedly, fatalistically, fearsomely await developments.

When the kid and I are both idyllically exhausted from our bed-antics and are engaged in restful pillow-talk, Tippy .says: “Duke, you like me a *lot*, don't you!”

“Hell, dear heart,” I say as I *shouldn't* say, “I love every fractional *inch* of you – but now, knowing I'm at your feet and at your mercy, you'll doubtless scheme and plot and plan to morales rip me off in one cruel way or another!”

“Oh, man, nothing like *that*!” the boy coos reassuringly. “But, see, if you *really* love me then you'd wanta buy me something I've needed for months and months, *wouldn't* you?”

“Yes, of course, if it was within my means,” I say cautiously. The thought strikes me that he probably ardently desires a 10-speed bicycle which I *might* obtain for him if it was second-hand on the installment-plan and I got a senior-citizen discount and skipped lunch for a couple of weeks.

“So,” the lad lilts, “I'd like you to buy me an Express II Honda motorbike which is on special sale for only \$398.00.”

I sit bolt upright in bed. “Kiddy,” I expostulate, “let me clue you in to a most important Fact of Life! At the moment I don't have enough dollars and sense to buy you even one *handle-bar* of your coveted Honda

so just forget the whole schmear, *OK?!*”

At once little greedy-guts flies into a towering tantrum, into Alpine-high dudgeon and he leaps from my arms and bed, dashes to the kitchen, hurls on his half-dry attire and bangs out the front door to the accompaniment of dire threats of reprisals, vengeance and revenge.

I sink back on my pillow and reflect that boys will be boys – but *some* masculine lads are more primitively Neanderthal than others and these you have to deal with as best you may. Meanwhile I bask in the present soothing Peace and Quiet in welcome contrast to the Piece and Pandemonium of a few minutes ago – though between you and me and the bed-post, I prefer the *latter!*

For three lonely days and nights I hear nothing from tumultuous Tip – no visit, no phone-call, no sweet hide nor hair of him and I resign myself to having lost a prime puer simply because I didn't have the dinero to delight him. On the *fourth* day I receive a registered letter from one F. X. Schwanzellenbogen, LLD, Attorney-at-Law (an arrant, redolent shyster if I ever smelt one!), informing me that Master Tip Peterson, Esquire, is suing me for one million dollars in compensatory punitive damages for inverse alimony, perverse palimony and *reverseboyimony!* (Socrates, good buddy, gimme a hefty swig from your cup of hemlock and we'll kick the bucket together – *if* I don't change my mind!)

2. The Sweet Squealer Who Didn't

Chicago is the place where, in the Roaring Twenties, the Saint Valentine's Day Massacre became a sort of local Holiday of Rejoicing and 'Scarface' Al Capone was the *de facto* Mayor for too many years but now was on his last syphilitic legs – brought down not by bullets but by the Infernal Revenue Service. 'Tis said that every mad dog has his day and *Al's* day was long overdue.

The town is popularly, accurately known as the Windy City and if you ever visit there and walk along Lake Shore Drive in winter-time, *don't* leap up into the air in elation or in consternation for the constant fiendish gales will more often than not blow you feet-first into Lake Michigan – and that's *not* the kind of blowing I'm partial to!

Chicago is within an extensive Midwest area where not only the purest, clearest American-English is spoken but is indubitably the locale wherein reside the most desirable lads in the entire Fifty States, United or

not. Deep South younglings are frequently swooningly sexy but in the Mid-west the delightful, delicious corn-fed kids are largely hubrisly sexy *and* mostly of the rare *innocenti* type which I don't need to tell you is a decidedly added allure. (Who *else* would inform you of all these essential facts?!)

And recently it was in the Windy City – all on a summer's day – that I literally stumbled into/onto prized, priceless *Galen!* I was crossing crowded North State Street when I lost my bumble-footing and to save myself from falling flat on my stupid face I clutched the person in front of me. When we both staggered onto the opposite sidewalk and comparative safety, this somewhat small personage turned to me and there – well, *there* was the boyling of my present dreams and yearning: the smooth oval impelling face of a blond Botticelli page at the court of some Renaissance-kind, kiddy-inclined king! Finally catching my breath, I gasp, “*Thank* you, my boy – you saved me from a nasty fall!”

The youngster smiles at me – fetching dimples in his sun-tanned cheeks – and chirps: “Oh, that's all right, sir! I'm a Cub Scout and we're *taught* to help old people across the street and like that.” (Shades of Norman Rockwell's depiction of ideal times between Youth and Age – I thought they were extinct!) Grateful to this unique Little One for his Good Samaritan assistance and it being about noon, I invite him to have lunch with me where I learn his name, Galen Kelly, and that he's 10 years old and a bit – though later it develops that he has a *15-year-old's* astounding sexuality! Also he tells me that he lives just four blocks from me on the fringe of the black section of South Chicago. (As a rule, blacks don't like whites moving in or near their territory as it ruins the neighborhood but I can understand how they feel for I'm a rabid racist myself – I eat only *white-shelled* hens' eggs, never brown ones.)

After Galen has hungrily downed two pineapple malted milks and a Sooper-Dooper Cheeseburger (*I* have tea and toast!), he somewhat shyly accompanies me home and more than somewhat bashfully permits me to denude him, bed him and partake of his milksome delights, savoring his slim silken limbs and satiny adjuncts. He is new to the Great Game of Boy-Love in experience though not in theory for he has heard other Cub Scouts and schoolmates snickeringly talk about it, and *doing* it!

“Did you *like* it?” I anxiously inquire during our ensuing recuperative pillow-talk.

“Oh, yes, Duke, it's *grand!* I'd like to do this every *day!*” the boy exclaims, cerulean eyes asparkle.

“And so you shall,” I vow, my own eyes agleam with renewed desire.

And thus, in the gloriously unnatural course of events, it came to pass.

Alas, peerless boy-beauty tends to destroy one's common sense and nullifies one's self-protective instincts – and since boy-lovers in particular ever rush in where even hetero fools fear to tread, one afternoon in late August when I know Galen will be away on a weekend Cub Scout camping-trip, I rashly decide to go visit his parents, curious to know the background of my budding young blossom and passing myself off as the boy's Student Counselor in the approaching school-September.

Frankly, citizens, the kid's home is a *dump* – even poorer than my own impecunious abode, though clean. One small dingy, shabby room with tiny bath and micro- mini kitchenette adjoining, the room containing an open- out sofa-bed for Ma and Pa Kelly and an Army cot in a curtained-off corner for sweet Galen, a 1952 TV, a derelict but comfortable armchair for Pa, a rickety table plus three wobbly chairs – and not much else to speak of.

As a long-time baby-sitter (I began when I was six tender years and needed a baby-sitter my own self!), I speedily size up *these* so-called parents just by looking at them and hearing what they guardedly tell me. They're on Welfare and Pa (who is a rough, tough hefty six-footer-plus who could make *two* of me) spends most of his time lolling in his armchair and drinking cheap beer while he looks at violent contact-sports on the idiot-box. Ma Kelly (a wispy, faded, nondescript 40) spends most of *her* time at Mass, Wednesday Evening Bible Class and Saturday Night Bingo – and it strikes me anew that the wonders of genetics, and that old hag Mother Nature, are manifold to behold for here is this hulking skunk-cabbage who has somehow sired on a shrinking eggplant a resplendent pink-and-white rosebud! I don't get it but on bended knee I thank Eros for it!

However, everything between Galen and me continues to be sweetness and delight until one Sunday in early October when Pa Kelly bursts into my unlocked front door, smoke coming out of his ears, and brandishing his meaty fists in my face, he thunders that his son has told him all about the filthy things I did to the boy and if I don't get out of town in 24 hours or less, Pa K. is going to tear me into little bits and send the remains to the Public Morals Division!

Well, it's not that I'm afraid, you understand – I'm scared to *death* for I don't want to become *hors d'amour* over the Crime of Love without a rat's chance to fight back so forthwith I flee out of South Chicago into North Chicago – so far north, in fact, that I'm practically in the State of Wisconsin, boyless, joyless and existing only on fond memories of Galen

and other puers past. Then late the following November, I'm downtown in the Carson Pirie Scott Department Store goggling at the arousing display of domestic and imported boys' briefs and shorts, wistfully wishing they were all *full* filled with warm vibrant young flesh when suddenly someone leaps upon my back, a pair of slim arms encircle my neck in a strangling bear-hug and a boyish voice cries: "Duke! Duke!!"

It is Galen, cocky with youth and health and comeliness – but I hold the eager, smiling lad at arm's length. "You *squealer!*" I say reproachfully. "You ratted on me to your father!"

"I didn't, Duke – I *didn't!*"

"Your father said you told him *all* about what I did to you!"

The boy shuffles his feet in confusion. "Well, I *did* tell him but I didn't – I mean I didn't *mean* to."

"You're talking in *riddles*, Galen!"

"Well, Duke, it's like this. My parents sleep on an open-out sofa-bed which is right next to *my* bed and separated just by a thin curtain – and my Dad often has *insom nia*."

"This is all clear as mud, so far – but go on."

"Oh, Duke, don't you *see?!*" Galen cries, blushing a little with embarrassment. "Sometimes I talk in my *sleep!*"

3. Peekaboo

I have good reasons to little note nor long remember that engaging young turd, Fritzl, and I disremember now if I unluckily met up with him in Massa Chusetts or Rode Island but he was something to behold, forsooth! In fact, you couldn't look at him too long at a time or your eyeballs began to steam with ocular lust for he was a sweet butter-blond with orbs as blue as cloudless October skies and a felicity of face and form I've not seen since I threw dice with Zeus to see who would win fairest Ganymede (I *lost* – but woke up with a hard-on).

So naturally as Night follows Day I pursued and woo'd peerless Fritzl – and to no avail! Oh, he would come to my maxi-mini inefficiency apartment and plop his ambrosia ass on my Louis Seventeenth love-seat (which would immediately open up into a lush *lit d'amour* for two if the Awful Urchin would only drop his pants or even just unzip his fly!) and with deafening gusto he would gobble down the costly comestibles and drinkables I supplied but when at long last I suggested that he would find

it highly exciting, pelfable and pleasurable if he would permit me to fellate him, at once he masks his eyes with his hands and says: “*Peekaboo!* I can't see *you* 'cause I ain't here! I'm somewhere else.”

A tad miffed, I say bitterly, “Oh, sure! You're in a padded cell in a booby-hatch in West Woonsocket!”

The youngster drops his hands from his face and barks, “Don't look now but I'm saner than *you* are!” (And *that*, Hell knows, is God's *truth!*)

But as long as there's a smidgen of hope, my life-long motto has been: 'never say *Die!* - even when the Undertaker is undertaking to underground you!', so doggedly I persist and persevere with this mesmeric puer. Alas, it's a wild gosling chase, a yearning after an unobtainable chimera for the kiddy is a confirmed and hopeless hetero – as I learn from the Gay Grapevine which informs me that last night fickle Fritzl played Peekaboo and then Peeping Tom and then exposed himself to a gaggle of giggling young girls at a slumber-party on South *Fishe* Street!