

*The Ninth
Acolyte Reader*



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Printed in The Netherlands by Krips Repro, Meppel

First Edition published October, 1993

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Cover design and painting by Mario de Graaf

The Acolyte Press

P. O. Box 12731

1100 AS Amsterdam

The Netherlands

CIP-GEGEVENS KONINKLIJKE BIBLIOTHEEK, DEN HAAG

Acolyte

The Ninth Acolyte Reader / [ed. Frank Torey]. -

Amsterdam: The Acolyte Press

ISBN 90-6971-048-X

Trefw.: homoseksualiteit; mannen / verhalen ;

oorspronkelijk - Engels.

I Love My Little Brother

by Alan Edward

I hate my little brother. And so would you. I mean – just try to imagine the noisiest, brattiest, cheekiest thirteen-year-old in the business, with a perpetually mud-streaked face, hair a tangled and uncombed mop, permanently torn jeans, a ripped T-shirt, a shriek like a hyena, a kick like a mule... and, well, there you have him more or less. And I – I with Finals three weeks away, left in charge of him for a week. In *charge* – what a joke – of this human plague, this one-boy pestilence, this insalubrious gadfly, this noxious insect....

And tonight – oh, tonight was worst of all. Not just the Insect, but his friends, if friends they be, yelling, rampaging and wrestling through all the house, rattling and screaming round and round the yard on their skateboards, then, inside again, making the night hideous with the squeaks, bleeps and squawks of their wretched electronic models, games and other similar contrivances invented to make the lives of their elders as unendurable as possible.

And then, his friends banished, the Insect refusing to go to bed, standing on his head on the floor, trampolining on the sofa, then doing some kind of acrobatic where his feet, in their size-six Nikes, finally crashed right on to the table, scattering my books and papers far and wide.

So at last I did what I should have done hours earlier: I turned him over, took his pants down and thoroughly tanned his bum, then packed him off to his room.

Peace at last... Yet I still couldn't concentrate. I thumbed through my papers. The Fifth Peregrination of the Visigoths... Or was it the Fourth. Shit

Then the door creaked and I looked around. The *cheek* of it. The Insect again. Half-naked as usual, just clad in the skimpy little shorts he wears in bed or around the house in the evening. Looking pathetic this time, but it wouldn't work.

He came over and stood behind me.

"Go away," I said.

He had the impudence to wind his bare skinny arms round my neck.

"I've been crying," he said.

I couldn't be bothered to push him off.

"Hardened villains don't cry," I said. "Now, shove off and let me get on with my work."

Paid no attention, of course. In fact, squashed himself right up against me (yuk!) and said, "You're just cross because that silly girl isn't here and you can't smooch with her. You'll have to smooch with me instead." He pressed his face up close and blew into my ear.

I pushed him away; the Insect gets really stupid sometimes. What annoyed me more, though (and I'd *never* have told him this), was that when I reached round to shove him off, my hand pushed against his bare upper leg – and, well, I began to feel a distinct prickling right under the table, just below my third trouser button.... And, indeed, I'd felt the same when I'd been smacking him – which had never happened before. Was it the funny age he was at, perhaps?

"Shove *off*," I said again, furiously.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"For what? You have so many things to be sorry for that I'd like to be sure just which of them we're talking about."

"For earlier."

"Well... all right, then. Does it still hurt?"

"It's a bit warm still," said the Insect, "but I didn't mind. You can do it again whenever you like."

"That's guaranteed."

"I wouldn't let just anyone do it, though," said the Insect.

"I'm privileged," I said drily. "Now, are you going to go off and leave me in peace?"

Silly question. The Insect shook his head, and his untidy locks flew. He needed a haircut, besides everything else.

I sighed. "What do you want, then?"

"*This*." Quick as a flash, the Insect reached under the table. He *grabbed*.

I yelled and shoved him away, but he jumped up and down on the carpet, clapping his hands in triumph. "So you *do* like me – you *do*! I knew it, I *knew* it!"

"Oh, shut up," I said shortly. "The fact is, I simply can't stand you, and you might as well know it."

"You can't fool *me*!" He grabbed me from behind again, and started swinging on my arms. "And I felt it underneath, when you were smacking my bum. Hard as a rock, it was."

"That was *yours*," I retorted, making an unsuccessful effort to detach him.

"Mine too," the Insect admitted. "Wish you'd gone on longer, though. I was just going to shoot." He giggled. "How'd you have liked your trousers stickied?"

"If you'd done that, you wouldn't have sat down for a month."

"Sorry I didn't, then," said the Insect shamelessly. "Anyway, *you'd* probably have stickied first. Like an iron bar under me it was, you think I couldn't feel it? Bare skin's sensitive, you know."

"Oh, shut up!"

"Next time," the young wretch went on, "I'll wriggle and wriggle, as much as I can, and you *will* sticky, you'll see!"

"Just go away and let me get on," I said wearily.

The Insect sat in a chair alongside and pulled his knees up to his chest.

"Okay, I'll play a game with you. If you win, I'll go away and leave you in peace. But if *I* win, then you have to do whatever I say."

I sighed and pushed my chair back. "All right, what do I do?" Better to humor him than refuse.

The Insect placed his palms together, held upright. "You do the same."

I did, then the Insect said, "Go!", reached out quickly and slapped me gently on the cheek. He said, "You lose. *You* should have done that first."

"I wasn't ready. It's not fair."

He shook his head. "Sorry, too late. Now you have to do what I say."

"Well?" I asked, resigned.

Quickly the Insect stood, skinned his pants down. "Suck me," he said.

I stared. Of course, I'd seen all the Insect has, many times, as he certainly isn't shy. But not like *that* – and I'm really talking *hard*. I admit it, I was impressed.

He'd grabbed me round the neck again. "And you must do it *properly*" he said, his voice a bit breathless. He swallowed. "I mean, go on and on till I shoot. I *can*, you know."

"I don't doubt it," I said, still looking. Of course, there was no other way to get rid of him, so I leaned forward. But suddenly the Insect's arms tightened, he locked his mouth on mine, and he started doing things with his lips, tongue and teeth that even 'that girl' never dreamed of. *How* did he learn?

But perhaps you don't have to, at that age.

And, as for me, that tingling down below got ten times worse than before. And because of the *Insect*... I ask you!

Anyway, I found my hands clasping his two small rear cheeks and, just to please him, I poked the ends of my fingers in between and wiggled them around a bit. Of course, being the *Insect*, he squirmed and squealed extravagantly and, when I took my fingers out, he reached round and pushed them back in again, as far as he could. Finally – quite a bit later – his lips detached themselves and I bent down again, but he pushed my head and said, "No – you *must* do it properly now. I mean, both of us upstairs and *completely* bare."

Before I could protest he had kicked off his pants altogether and was scampering for the door, his bowsprit waving in front like you wouldn't believe. So... that was how we came, shortly afterwards, to be wrestling around on my bed with not a stitch between us; what I do in the cause of a peaceful life!

Anyway, as I promised, I took my little mouthful (though not so little as I'd expected) and did my best, with the *Insect* – typically – playing up madly as usual, flinging his legs and arms about, laughing, whooping and shouting... And *did* he shoot, too – his body snapping like a whip – and with a shriek like a banshee. And not just once, either!

Well, did I escape at last? Not likely; in an instant he'd wriggled upwards, pinning me down on my back, lying on his tummy on top of me. Somehow, he managed to trap *mine* in the tight, warm space between the tops of his thighs. He squirmed and squeezed, and I couldn't hold back a gasp.

He giggled (the *Insect* missed nothing) and repeated the process even more vigorously and I couldn't prevent catching my breath that time either.

The *Insect* said, dropping his face on mine, "I could make you come, *now* – with me, *because* of me. Couldn't I – *couldn't IT*" He jerked and squirmed again; two-thousand-volt shocks began to run all through me. "Couldn't I?"

"Aaaah! Yes, *yes!*"

"Either this way, or suck. You can choose."

I couldn't speak for a moment. The *Insect* began to squirm again. "Go on – admit it – you're crazy about me, like I am about you. You'd like to turn me over and stick it *right* up me, wouldn't you? – just as far as you can. And I'd let you, and I'd wriggle my bum like mad for you – and I'd be the best fuck you've ever had, the best *anyone's* ever had. Wouldn't I – *wouldn't I?*"

"I told you – I c-can't stand you," I gasped.

"Yeah? Then why are you in bed with me, *naked bare?*" He squeezed tight as a clamp, writhed again and again.

"Waaah!"

"Choose!"

I chose and – the things he had done with his tongue and his teeth downstairs were *nothing*, I can assure you. I just couldn't keep still or couldn't keep quiet and – Insect or no I forgot about everything for a while. Though I don't think it took long – not long at all.

I lay absolutely breathless afterwards. Not the Insect, though. On his tummy on top of me, he bounced up and down again, and I groaned.

He prodded the end of my finger with his nose. "So – I know now – you *are* crazy about me!" He prodded and bounced again. "Tell the truth, now!"

I've always found that's a mistake. So I don't know what possessed me then. But whatever the reason – so help me – I shrugged, pulled his head down, then whispered in his ear.

"I knew it, I *knew* it!" He bounced even more vigorously. "Now every night I'll sleep with you – *every* night, all night. I'm *your* boy now. You can suck me as often as you like, *and* you can stick it up me too, as much as you like and as *hard* as you like, and I'll do the same to you."

He thudded and thumped and I groaned again. Why can't I keep my trap shut?

"And I'll be really nice to you in the day, I'll be quiet and good as gold, I'll let you do your work and never interrupt and do *everything* you tell me." He lifted my hand and slapped the palm. "Deal?"

I made a face. Then, suddenly, I laughed, kissed the Insect on his cheeky little mouth and slapped his palm in turn.

"Deal!" I said.