

*The Eighth  
Acolyte Reader*



© 1992 by The Acolyte Press  
Printed in The Netherlands by Krips Repro, Meppel  
First Edition published November, 1992

All rights reserved. Except for brief passages quoted in a newspaper, magazine, radio or television review, no part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying and recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publishers.

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 Eighth Acolyte Reader / [ed. Frank Torey]. -  
Amsterdam: The Acolyte Press  
ISBN 90-6971-044-7  
Trefw.: homoseksualiteit ; mannen / verhalen ;  
oorspronkelijk - Engels.

# One Last Time

by Kevin Esser

You're lost in a haze of nostalgia, cruising through the streets of Sandburg like a restless phantom. The car windows are down and the afternoon breeze is warm against your face and arms. You're heading towards home. But first you turn down Cedar Street, hoping to get lucky and maybe catch a glimpse of Bobby. You haven't seen him in two years, not since he turned sixteen and left you behind as an embarrassment, as an awkward reminder of all the stupid homo stuff that no longer fit into his world of girls and beer parties and tough, macho posturing.

Foolish, of course. It's pointless to hunt him like this. You've done this before, maybe a dozen times, and you've never had any luck. This time doesn't seem any different. There are three young girls in the street outside his house, probably walking home after school. Farther away, across the street, a boy is returning from his paper route, walking towards you with a large newspaper bag strapped over both shoulders. The bag says "SANDBURG REGISTER" in red letters and is dangling empty against his chest. Something about the boy's stride catches your attention. He walks with a peculiar, gimpish strut that reminds you of Bobby. Funny, but he also seems to be the right size, the right age, with the same blond hair curling from beneath his camouflage baseball cap. Your breath catches in your throat and you almost stop the car, but then you press the accelerator and race to the corner, to the end of the block, stopping only when you're a safe distance away. Did he see you? You're sure that he looked at the car, and at you, but he didn't seem to recognize you. Of course, it was difficult to see his face from that distance, especially beneath his cap, but you didn't notice him slow his pace or turn his head or betray any type of emotion. You wonder suddenly if it was really Bobby at all, or just some other boy who happened to resemble him.

You continue to watch him in the rear-view mirror, more and more convinced that it's him. The distinctive hitch in his stride, the lean muscularity of his build – it's impossible not to recognize him, just as

stunning now as he was eight years ago when you first met him, when you first saw him prowling in your yard like a little golden cat. He was wearing tight gray shorts and a cut-off white T-shirt, and you remember being amazed by the perfect feline beauty of him. You became friends. It wasn't difficult. Bobby was hungry for your affection; he couldn't get enough of your kisses and hugs, all innocent at first, then increasingly hot, increasingly sexual, your simple friendship flaring eventually into a genuine romance. The boy loved to sit naked on your lap while you played with his penis, while you felt his nipples, while you sniffed the pubescent muskiness of his dirty hair. He smelled blond; he smelled like sex. You loved each other with a crude animal passion, getting off on each other's nakedness, on each other's sweat and boners and spit. Bobby couldn't ejaculate yet, not that first summer, but he was already obsessed with jerking off, and he started using your semen as his own, catching it in his fist when it came out and smearing it onto his own dick. "Look at my sperm," he told you, flashing his fatal kittenish grin at you and fondling his slippery penis. He liked to be watched; he liked to perform this way in front of you, stretched out on your bed with his legs spread wide, nice and wide, generously giving you a good view of his little testicles and of his hairless virgin asshole.

Almost four years went by before his body started changing. He hit adolescence late, but he hit it hard. The pubic hair and the hormones and the cum made him wilder and hotter than ever. Bobby the Goat Boy. He wanted more; he wanted every bit of pleasure you could give him, and he wanted it all the time. Was he actually gay? You weren't sure. Was he actually a bona fide homosexual pup? You hoped so, but it didn't really matter. For now, you had everything you could possibly want. Bobby was your boyfriend, your lover, your reason for being interested in life from day to day. You had other boyfriends at the time, five or six of them, frequent jerk-off buddies for Bobby, all of them bright and funny and wonderful – but Bobby was the golden-haired, green-eyed prince among them, special in some extraordinary way that almost frightened you – a young cat daemon too exquisite to understand or possess.

At fourteen, he became taller, lankier, with sloped shoulders and long legs and a lean, hard ass. His genitals seemed to get bigger and hairier overnight, ripening into saggy red balls and a big teenage wang that always looked raw and excited and ready for sex. That was Bobby all over: always hyper and horny and ready for sex. He went from jerking off with you to demanding blowjobs nearly every day, usually after school, or on his way home from wrestling practice later in the afternoon.

Sometimes he kept his sweaty green uniform on for you to see, because he knew that you liked him in it, and nothing delighted him more than preening and posing and playing coquette. You always told him how handsome and sexy he looked. Your flattery made him smile, and it made him excited. He would pose and primp for a while longer, and then he would let you undress him; he would let you bathe him in the tub like you did when he was a little boy spending his first night in your apartment; he would let you dry him and give him a massage as he sprawled drowsily on the bed, or on the couch, or sometimes on the living room floor, always making you wait before finally rolling onto his back to offer you his big red boner for sucking. You can remember another blowjob, about a year earlier, when he ejaculated for the first time – the surprise of it for both of you; his startled shiver of pleasure as he squeezed his first cum into your mouth, not sure what was happening, grabbing your head to steady himself; the fresh, organic taste of it on your tongue. He asked you, "Did I sperm?" in a husky, eager voice. You told him yes, that he was a big boy now for sure. He sat up quickly and asked you for a kiss, with tongues, so that he could taste his own spunk.

As a potent fourteen-year-old, his orgasms were more fierce and shivery than ever. He came like a nasty young tomcat every time, with his legs shaking and his back arched, whimpering at the unbearable pleasure exploding from his balls. You've seen lots of boys and lots of orgasms, but you've never seen anything like Bobby, never seen a boy cum and cum with such joyful, uninhibited ferocity.

He had always been a crazy, untamed little beast. When you first met him, back on that fateful summer day, you immediately wondered about his odd, tiptoed limp. Later that day, you noticed a shiny pink scar on the side of his left leg. You asked him about it, and he cheerfully told you the story of his accident, of how he drove his bike through a glass door when he was eight years old and gashed his leg to the bone. He viewed it as a badge of valor and daring-do. He was a little warrior, a little barbarian, and that part of him never changed. By the time he was fourteen, then fifteen, he was wearing a black leather jacket and an earring and letting his hair grow. You can still see the vivid image of his long yellow hair against black leather. Barbaric and beautiful. He was a smart-ass, a delinquent, crude and foul-mouthed, the toughest kid on the block, always coming home with his knuckles bruised from another fist fight. But with you, and only with you, he would lower his guard and let himself be gentle, quiet, affectionate. He would explore all the risky feelings and passions kept hidden from everyone else. Most of all, he

would explore love, and desire, and sex.

A few weeks after his fifteenth birthday, on a rainy day in September, he showed up in your hotel room to continue the exploration. You no longer lived in Sandburg, but you returned there for visits at least three or four times a year to see your old boyfriends – especially Bobby. When you saw him this time, he was starting to mess around with alcohol and with marijuana, and more than ever he had the look of a leather biker punk, with his long blond hair parted in the middle and a silver skull dangling from his left earlobe. No other boys were around this time. It was just you and Bobby, which seemed to make him unusually edgy and agitated. He was no longer your little tiger, your little pal. This kid in your hotel room was a big, restless teenager with new friends and new ideas and a life that had nothing to do with you.

The two of you spent the evening watching a movie on television and eating pizza (pepperoni and sausage, his favorite). He wanted you to call him "Bob" now, but you kept forgetting and calling him "Bobby" instead. After eating, he rolled a joint for himself and sat smoking it in the corner chair. He told you that he wanted to loosen up. He grinned when he said it, but you weren't sure why. And then he repeated it. "I want to loosen up," he told you once more, glancing at you with his wide-set, watery green eyes. The marijuana seemed to be helping his mood. He told you to take off his boots for him, which you did, happily, tugging off one after the other and chucking them both to the floor – black leather boots to match his jacket. His white socks smelled sour and dirty. You went ahead and took them off as well. Bobby pretended to kick your groin in mock protest, then let you massage his bare feet while he finished smoking his joint. His feet were slim and white with long, graceful toes – as beautiful as ever. You kept slipping your hand up into the leg of his jeans, caressing the fuzzy calf beneath. He didn't seem to mind. It was odd, this cautious seduction of a boy who had been your lover for over five years. But, in a way, that lover was gone, and this teenager in front of you was mostly a stranger. Bobby clearly felt the same way. There was a shyness about him that you had never seen before. It was obvious that he was horny, and eager to do something about it, but also that he was hesitant and unsure of himself, struggling with all the homophobic messages that he received everyday from TV and music, from parents and teachers, from friends at school and friends at home – from everyone, everywhere.

That was why he needed the marijuana: to give him the courage to do something that had once been so fun and so easy, so natural. It must

have worked, because he eventually got around to taking off his shirt and his pants. Needing a shower was his excuse. The farther he went, the more flirtatious and playful he became. "These fuckers here are brand new," he said, showing off his bikini underpants, very red against the pale skin of his long, lean body. You stood next to him and said, "You're almost as big as I am now."

"Fuckin' right I am," he mumbled. "Big all over, man." He stretched down the front of his underpants. "Here's a real dick for you, no shit."

You put your arms around him and ran your hands down the back of his body, down over his tightly muscled ass, pulling his underpants down at the same time. He was definitely ready now. No more confusion. Not tonight. His itchy dick had made the decision for him. It was all the way up when you finished getting his underpants off. You stood there for a few minutes hugging this naked boy against you, feeling his bare ass in your hands and his erection pressed against your own crotch. You figured that he wanted a blowjob, same as always, but then he made a joke about being your girlfriend for the night, and he laughed a goofy, nervous laugh that made him sound like the boy of your memories, like the virgin Bobby who first uncovered his little ten-year-old weenie for you to play with while he sat on your lap. He said it again, about being your girlfriend, then stretched out on the bed and started feeling under his balls, fingering himself for your benefit. "I'm all loosened up," he told you again. Now you understood his earlier comment. He was offering himself to you, fully, for the first time. There had always been masturbation, and then sucking, but anal intercourse had never been a part of your love-making. He knew about it, of course, had even seen you doing it once with Calvin, one of his older friends, back when you still lived in Sandburg and couldn't keep track of the boys coming and going from your apartment. He hadn't been upset by it, but he had never seemed interested in it, either. Until now. What had caused the change? Maybe it was his greater familiarity with girls, and a greater interest in hetero fucking, which had put it into his mind. Maybe it was just a search for new thrills, new kicks, not much different from his new found interest in alcohol and marijuana, just a way of pleasuring himself with fresh, forbidden vices. Whatever the reason, he never told you. Bobby never liked to talk about his feelings or motives; he liked to *do*, not discuss. You once tried to start a conversation with him about being gay, and he listened quietly and politely to your own uneasy remarks, but he offered nothing in return. It was the last time you tried to draw him out. For

Bobby, just doing it was enough, just feeling good was its own explanation.

And now he was taking you farther, he was taking you all the way, and you were grateful and eager to go with him. This kid on your bed, this slender, gristly adolescent with the big cock, was more exciting to you than the pretty little Bobby had been – raunchier because he wasn't as cute, hotter because he knew more and wanted more and had a full load of cum to offer as reward. He brought his knees up and used both hands to spread the cheeks of his butt, inviting you to get inside him. He had more pubic hair than you remembered from your last visit, a frizzy golden-brown bush of it, but his balls were still smooth, and his opened asshole looked pink and clean inside and out. You were already undressed when you joined him on the bed and started licking the insides of his thighs. You could smell his unwashed balls as you licked down farther into his ass, getting your tongue in as deep as you could, getting him as wet as you could. He obviously liked it, having his ass eaten like this, because he was helping you, he was pushing his bottom up against your face to get as much of your tongue and as much of your saliva as possible. And when you eased your dick into him a few minutes later, he welcomed it just as hungrily, taking it into his ass inch by inch until you were all the way in and humping him slowly, slowly, making his face tighten, making his eyes water, making his body shiver beneath you. He was still on his back, masturbating himself while you fucked him, and both of you ended up ejaculating at almost the same moment – your cum inside of him, his cum spilling all over his own belly.

He wanted to do it again next morning, but this time on his hands and knees and with the Vaseline you bought for him from the pharmacy across the street. That became his favorite position over the next several months, up on all fours. He called it "bitch style". Sometimes he jerked himself off while you were doing it; sometimes you did it for him, reaching around to masturbate him from behind; but most often he preferred to delay his own orgasm until you were done fucking him, when he would settle back for a nice leisurely blowjob that would bring him pumping and spurting into your mouth.

You never knew for sure why this sudden obsession with anal sex began, and you never knew for sure why it ended – but it did, just as suddenly and just as mysteriously, when Bobby was sixteen. You called him from the hotel when you came to town for a Christmas visit, but you knew immediately from the tone of his voice that something had changed. You had dreaded this moment for over six years: the inevitable break-up,



when Bobby would finally decide that homo was bad, that homo was dangerous and sick and unacceptable. Over the phone, his voice sounded lackluster and cold; he promised to come over and see you if he could find the time, but he was busy, he had things to do, and he might not be able to make it. Of course, he never did. You never spoke to him again. In August, you sent him a card for his birthday as one last gesture of affection, and then you gave up.

But even now, whenever you find yourself visiting Sandburg for other reasons, you still drive past Bobby's house in hopes of seeing him again. Finally, after two years, your persistence has paid off. You're sitting in the car at the end of the block, and you're watching as Bobby crosses the street to his house and drops his newspaper bag on the front porch. He's no bigger or taller now than he was two years ago, back when he was still your boyfriend and still happy to spend the night in your bed, in your arms, cuddled naked against you. But he looks older: when you drove past him, you caught a glimpse of his face, and it had the hard, angular look of young manhood, of someone who needs to shave the blond stubble on his jaws at least once a week. This is no longer your boy. This is a young man who has no connection to you, or to your memories, or to anything else resembling the beautiful young Bobby who once possessed your heart and your spirit like some savage elixir. This is a stranger, and it's time to let him go.

You swing the car around and cruise one last time past his house. He's already gone back inside. You realize that you'll never see him again. It's finished now, completely. You find yourself wondering, as you drive away, if he ever thinks about you, or if he ever sees you in his dreams. You hope that he does. And you hope, more than anything else, that he's happy.