

Coco, a short story by Luis Miguel Fuentes, first appeared on the website Johnny Proudly Presents, and was later selected for publication in issue 2 of the magazine *Thamyris* by Ariel's Pages in New York in 2002.

Coco

I took a break from helping my mother clean the house and went into my room. I went to the window which is a small “project” window. Real small. Also it’s high up on the wall and in order to get a good view I have to stand on the bed. Sometimes when it’s late at night, or early in the morning, when I’m just too lazy, I stand up on the bed, pull down the front of my underwear, and piss out the window, fourteen flights down. My window faces the front of the building which faces Amsterdam Avenue. I’ve been pissing out my window as long as I could remember until Miguelitos grandmother saw me one morning and told my mother.

She wasn’t too happy about it and whipped my ass from dawn till noon, but that’s a story unto itself. Anyways, I stood up on my bed which I share with my little brother Freddy. Freddy’s in Santo Domingo at my grandfather’s farm until September when he starts 3rd grade. I never thought I’d miss the little fuck, but I do.

I just stood there staring out the window day dreaming. I watched the people come and go and recognized the whole scene like it was some old movie or som shit. I was staring towards Amsterdam when I spotted Miguelito getting out a gypsy cab. He reached into the back seat and took out his back pack and started walking along the walkway towards our building. He walked a proud walk. A “sure of himself” type walk. Marching forward. Determined. He puffed on a cigarette the whole way. I still can’t figure out how he can stand the taste of them shits. I wanted to call him out the window, but the damn thing is too small and I could barely stick my head out, plus my ma hates when I yell from the windows and it usually calls for a backhanded smack to my head. I jumped down off my bed and ran into the sala where mami was dusting the tables with this lemony oily type shit.

“Mami, Miguel is coming into the building, can I go down the hall?” I pleaded.

“Muchacho, I thought you was gonna take a break, that’s it. Now you wanna quit on my ass? Just help me a little more by doing the dishes

in the sink and sweeping the kitchen, then you can go. I dont know why you be followin under his feet Coco. If you keep botherin them people down the hall, and they get sick of you, who am I gonna get to walk you to school?" I heard her words drifting away and getting lost in the music she played while we cleaned the house. She loved old salsa records by El Grand Combo and groups like that.

I didn't answer her. I ran into the kitchen in the middle of her little speech which she dictated, never taking her eyes offa her work, sure to get every spot of the surface of the tables covered in that lemon shit. I wanted to hurry and finish so I could go to Miguel's house and chill. I ain't seen him for about a week and a half. Sometimes I be in his house more than him, bein Mami works and shit and Miguelitos granmother is the one who walks me to school and back and watches me till seven when mami comes home from the factory...

Even though I was in a rush to run down the hall, I took my time with the dishes cause ma be real strict about it. All's she gotta do is find one little grease spot and I gotta do them all over again. ALL OF THEM! I finished as fast as I could and kissed my ma on the cheek as I ran out the house. I jettted down the hall to the end and pressed the bell to 14H. I was outta breath. Miguel answered the door and let me in. His granmother was in the kitchen and greeted me as I entered, "Hola Coco, como estas muchacho?" I answered her, "Bien Abuela y usted?" I always called her abuela, even though she wasn't my granmother, she was the type that was everybody's granmother, if you know what I mean. I sat down in the living room and turned on the tv to peep some cartoons. In a few minutes Miguel cleared out his room and dragged me inside, shutting the door behind us. No sooner then he twisted the lock on the door knob, he threw his arms around me and gave me one of them horny kisses that men and ladies be doin, and let me tell you bro, them kisses Miguel be layin on me do get me horny too! Its like a chain reaction or somethin cause as soon as his tongue goes into my mouth, my dick be stretchin the fabric in my pants. He really knows how to kiss, and he been teachin me mad shit since the first night I ever slept over his apartment. See Miguel is two years older than me. I just turned eleven three weeks ago and he's

thirteen, even though he looks around my age, he ain't. To y'all, he's a boy, to me, he's my man! Just don't tell nobody, specially my ma! It's our secret. Actually it's the house's secret cause everyone who lives here knows, even abuela. She gotta know! I mean we be sleepin together all intertwined, and bathin together and shit. I know Juan and Fernando know. They're his little brothers, and they be sleepin in the bed with us and be seein everythin we be doin. Me and Juan's in the same class, and if Miguel's not around, me and Juan would be goin out. See, when Miguel don't be comin home, me and Juan be fuckin and shit, but as soon as his big brother's in the crib, I'm all his and nobody else's. That's his rules. No sharing of me! With Juan, its allowed cause he's Miguel's brother, but with anyone else, I'm off limits. Specially with anyone over seventeen! That's the official rule. Miguel on the other hand, he's allowed to go with men and shit cause that's his job. That's how he be gettin his flow to take me to the movies and buy me shit too. He's crazy, that Miguel, cause he be havin these rules and shit, I mean it ain't like I'm the only boy he messes around with, the thing is, with me, I never been with no one before Miguel. Never! I didnt even know what cum was! I didnt know jack bro! So on the reals, its like Miguel's the one that popped my cherry. Not that Im a bitch or nothin, its just the only way I can explain it. I was a virgin in all aspects. I never even jerked off before. Oh yeah, that's another one of his rules! I can't waste my cum for nothin or nobody. I gotta save it for him! Once again, except with Juan. Shit ain't too easy neither bro, cause sometimes he be stayin away for weeks and I be goin nuts. Sometimes it ain't too easy catchin up with Juan neither cause he got basketball practice after school and on Saturdays, and Cub Scout meetings and shit, and it always be seemin that when Miguel ain't nowhere to be found, Juan somehow be gettin busier. Plus sex with Juan be mad different then with Miguel. Miguel's my lover and Juan's just a cum buddy. With Juan their ain't no huggin, no kissin neither. Just plain old side by side 69 or I fuck him then he fucks me. The regular shit. It's usually a fast nut too. We both be bustin in minutes. With me and Miguellito its the bomb! Usually first he lays on top of me or visa versa, and we be kissin. French kissin. Deep passionate kissing. At the same time we be grindin into each other. Then he

usually undresses me real slow and lickin me down. Then we get into it. He be lovin my butt! He just be holdin each cheek in each hand and opening and smelling and licking and nibbling. It's like he be worshipin my brown ass. Then after like a half an hour, my dick be all drippy and runny underneath me. That's when he be startin with his fingers, stretchin me out. Afterwards he usually climbs on top and slides up into me real slow and smooth like. When he's all the way in he begins pumpin. Thank god I'm a flexible type kid cause he be bendin me and foldin me and flippin me over into all different positions. After he a spends himself, he lays back and I climb up and straddle his face. By now my dick be all red and sticky and slippery. Twitchin and throbbin in his face. He takes me into his mouth and does a few slow strokes as he gets used to me. Then comes my part. I start up slow, pushin in and pullin out. I build up speed. The whole time he's got a few fingers in my butt which has the opposite effect than what my dick's doin. Notherwords, as my dick shoves in, his fingers slide out. I fuck his mouth till I can't hold back no more, then I pull my dick out so just my head is between his lips, and I squirt as much as my.eleven year old balls allow and he drinks my juice. I collapse on top of him and we just one big sweaty, sticky mess. He makes me put my head like that when I'm ready to cum cause he like when it lands on his tongue instead of shootin to the back. Yet another rule. You cant imagine how hard that is to do cause when Im ready to cum I be feelin like shovin in to my balls and shootin like that, but nope, rule #3! Just after the deep kiss he laid upon my soul, we had a quick lovemakin bout that lasted no more than ten minutes cause it was still light outside and everyone was home, so I guess it was what you'd call a quickie. It didn't matter to me none cause I usually sleep over when he's around so there would be plenty of time to do the shit right! Sure enough I ended up sleepin over and we carried on for like an hour that night. I love Miguel. He's like my older brother cause I'm the oldest kid in my house and I aint got no one to look out for me and shit and Miguel's the type that keep it real. If I got beef in school or in the projects, he be real quick to smash the beef. I can't tell you how many times he showed up at my school at the end of the day ready to kick some ass.It's weird cause not only do I look up to him, but in a

way I also feel bad for him. It breaks my heart. He acts all tough and shit like it don't bother him, but I can see through the mask. Like when we playin ball at the courts and his ma be showin up beggin for money and shit, I can tell it hurts him. Specially to see her like that. Its like none of the kids be darin to laugh or make jokes about her 'cept him cause he'd be quick to kick their asses up and down the blacktop. He be actin all tough and shit like with a "fuck tha bitch" type attitude, then he be crackin jokes and shit about her, but I can tell that that's just his way of coverin up how he really feels. One time Anthony said some shit about her suckin off Troy's dick under the stairs for a \$5 bottle of crack. He didn't stop beatin this kid's ass till we pulled him off. By that time Anthony could feel his pain as if it were mine. Not the pain from the bullet, but the pain of watchin his pops gettin gunned down. The pain of havin to face the world alone. That pain. The pain in his heart from havin a mother who used to let men fuck him when he was a little boy. I be wishin I was older and I knew him and couldve protected him from all them demons. All those nightmares which were real life situations that didn't have to be. My poor Miguelito. He!s just a pain filled hurtin little boy, stuck in a life he don't deserve. So many times he told me, "Coco, someday a rich man is gonna rescue me and take care of me and I won't have to be doin this shit no more and then I'm gonna come back and get you so you can live with us. I'll tell him you my little brother or my cousin or somethin like that and we can just relax, and float in a pool in California and play video games all day as we feast on peanut m&m's and skittles." He really believed this was gonna happen. It was his dream and I could never take that away from him. I wanted to go with men too and make my own money so I could buy him somethin like a CD walkman or a new bike cause his ma stole and sold the one that Reggie brought for him. That's another one of his rules. I was never allowed to go with him and never ever turn no tricks. I guess it was that he was protecting me but sometimes I can't help but think it was that he just didn't want to put me on. Didn't want me to have my own money... We were layin in bed Saturday morning when I heard his beeper go off. He climbed out of bed tryin to be all careful and quiet. He didn't want to wake me up nor Juan or Fernando, but I was already up, even though I didn't let him know. He got dressed real

fast and left the house. In about a half hour or less he slipped back into bed with me and took me into his arms. I just laid there like I was sleepin. He was kissin the top of my head and pawin at my butt cheeks. I slipped down and took his dick into my mouth and he just laid there playin with my hair as I sucked him till he came in my mouth. "Good morning!" he said. I just smiled, happy to make him happy, and we kissed. He got up to go to the bathroom and I ran behind him, practicky trippin him by runnin under his feet. We pissed in a cross pattern and as I sat on the toilet he turned on the shower, puttin a plug into the bath. I knew what this meant. It meant round two. He got the formula I was sayin before where I lay on top and take him into my mouth as he eats out my ass, well what I didn't say is that his favorite place to do this is in the bath with the shower on. When we got out and dried off was when he told me I could come with him to Frank's house. Frank is a man that he met a few weeks ago or had a broken nose and his whole face was a bloody mess. All the kids be scared of Miguel. Never once did I ever hear anyone ever say shit about him goin with men and shit, never. And they all know he be at Playland sellin his ass. To tell you the truth, they scared to death of him. I don't blame them either cause he definitely be goin nut. Plus he's the most paid kid in the projects and his family is one of the poorest. He's only thirteen and he be havin these dooky knots of cash with him at all times. His heart is even bigger than his wallet. Mad times he took all of us to the movies or McDonalds, and paid for everyone. All the kids wish they could be like him, specially me! I aint lyin! You should see, for Xmas, he brought me more shit than my ma! He brought me the new Jordans, a Sega Genesis, and a gold chain with a medallion of St Lazarus. I'm proud to be his boy. Not only no one gonna say jack shit about it, cause they all be knowin. Specially cause we be together whenever he's around and I be sleepin at his house. He be sayin I'm his cousin, but they know. That time we all went to the movies on 42nd street and we sat up in the balcony. There was like eight of us. The film broke and they turned the lights on without notice and my sweatpants were completely off. I was buck naked from the waist down, and leaning over in my seat giving him head. Thanx god the theater was almost empty, but the whole crew seen me with my

lips around his dick like that. Plus this black man was sittin all the way to the left of us, but in the same row, and as we were goin out of the theater, he grabbed my ass. I turned and smiled, thinkin it was Miguelito and when I seen this cocolo, I turned and told Miguel into his ear and he told me to go along with it. I trusted him so I did. I split from the fellas and walked with this guy to 43rd and 10th and as soon as we turned the corner, my whole crew was waitin for him and they took his wallet. Miguel jumped in front and was like, "What you doin with my little brother! You a pervert or somethin?" And the guy got all nervous and just plain handed over all his cash and ran. But still nobody ever said shit about me and him gettin it on, and I don't blame them. He glows. Everywhere we go, people be lookin at Miguel. Men, women, girls, boys, everyone. He stands out in a crowd. Everyone be sweatin him and wantin to hang out with him and outta all them people he chose me! Alot of days we be walkin over to Riverside Park to smoke weed and he be tellin me all these sad stories about his life and how much he misses his father. The first time he lifted his shirt and showed me the scars from the bullet wound he got when they killed his pops I almost died. He started gettin all teary eyed, and I somethin like that. A man that pays Miguel for sex. A black man. From what Miguel told and showed me, he paid really well, and I was finally allowed to go! I felt my stomach tighten with each word. I was both nervous and anxious. What was he gonna do to me? What was he gonna make me do? Was it gonna be a love filled sexy time like with Miguel? Did he have an absolutely huge dick like them men in the porno flicks Miguel be gettin? Was he gonna climb on top of me and ram it in me, or was he gonna lick me first, loosen me up, and ease it in, like Miguel? Now you gotta remember that I only had sex with two people in my life and they was both brothers. Miguel and Juan and that's it. No more, no less. Two! I only held two other dicks in my life also. Only put two between my lips or into my little butt. How was a man sized weapon gonna fit in poor little Coco? How? I mean I know for a fact that Miguel been takin men up his butt since he was eight and when I inspect his ass, it ain't all big and open like I would've expected. I looked like a normal butt, I guess. I mean it was a little bigger than Juans, but Miguel is a little bigger than Juan anyways. He

be swearin that he barely let any men fuck him but a few special customers, and I myself only fucked him twice. The first time he let me cause I was complainin that he always wants to fuck me, sometimes three or four times in a night. The record was six but that was last September, and I felt him inside me the whole next day in school. It was my own little private joke to myself. I had definite butterflies in my stomach now. After he told me I could go, I thought he was gonna beat me up cause I kept on askin all stupid questions about Frank, and what was gonna happen and when we was gonna go and all that shit. He just kept tellin me to wait and see. Finally he got so tired of me askin questions he said, "Let's be out!" I thought right then and there, I was gonna throw up. Puke all over the couch or something. Half of me didn't want to go no where, the other half was runnin for the street. We both hugged and kissed his grandmother goodbye, and dipped. When we got to the street I asked where we was goin, meaning to what street, and he yelled real fast and mad at me "I told you already!"

I almost started crying and I felt like being in my house all safe and cozy like. "I mean to what street?" I almost whispered back to him.

"I'm sorry Coco, I'm bad, I was just thinkin about somethin else, I didn't mean to yell at you." I leaned over and kissed him on the cheek, I didnt care who saw. I love Miguel and Miguel loves me, and thats that! We walked over cause I wanted to chase these butterflies outta my stomach before I got to Frankie's house cause I didn't want him to think I'm some dumb little kid. I wanted to be all smooth and cool like my "cousin." On the walk over, I caught at least a dozen men checkin out my ass which made me feel like a superstar. I wasn't used to this type of attention. I knew they was checkin me out cause we would pass them on the sidewalk and they would just stop and turn around and watch us walk down the block. Miguel had me wear a pair of Juans old sweatpants. They was a little old and real worn out and they hugged my ass like you wouldn't believe. I felt so super sexy in them. As we passed the store fronts on 125th street, I turned sideways in a window to see my own reflection and decided that if I seen a kid walkin down the block in some shit like these, I would stay lookin too, and probably follow them wherever they was goin like a butt zombie. We got to

Frankie's building, after a walk of barely no words. Miguelito pressed the bell.

"Who?" a voice said through the intercom which had to be "him"

"It's me Miguel, open up!" We got buzzed in and walked upstairs to the apartment. By now, my heart was beating fast and I was out of breath from a combination of the stairs and the situation. Miguel pressed the bell and the door opened.

This handsome big black man opened the door and took Miguel's face between his hands and kissed the top of his head. He said, "this must be your cousin," as he held his hand out for me to shake it. I did. "Come on in and make yourself comfortable guys, and give me your jackets." I passed Miguel in the hallway and lifted my jacket which was a sweatshirt over my head. I could feel all eyes on me, as my shirt lifted up with my sweatshirt, exposing my belly. I handed it to Frank along with my backpack which I carried with me everywhere following Miguel's example. I started to walk down the hallway when I turned to see if Miguel was gonna follow me and I caught Frank winking his eye at my man. Miguel passed me in the hallway and I sat next to him on the floor in front of the video game setup. We put on a game and started to play when Frank came in with some drinks for us. I thirstily gulped down my drink, handed him back the glass, and turned back to the tv. I asked Miguel in Spanish, now what, and he again told me to relax and just wait and see. Miguel got up and went into the kitchen to talk to Frank and left me to play. I started to get up and follow him but he told me to wait, so I did. Frank came back into the room with Miguel and a fat, fat blunt. He lit up. I never smoked weed with an adult before. This felt weird, but I wanted to relax and ease my nerves so I took the blunt and took some extra long drags on it.

"Damn this shit is strong!" I blurted out between coughs, obviously making a fool of myself. They were both laughing and I was sure it was at me. I laughed too. I was getting high. Real high. We smoked this never ending blunt till it was a small roach and this shit hit me like a brick! WHAM! Miguel laid out on the floor with his arms folded and his head tucked into them and I followed, doing the same. Pumpin my

butt up a little in case Frank was lookin to give him a full rounded view of what I had. We stayed like that for a while and then I lifted my head up and it looked like Frank was asleep so I put my head back down.

Just when I started to fall asleep, I felt a hand pawin at my ass. Feelin up my firm, brown, round cheeks. I turned quick thinkin it was Frank, but it was only Miguel. He said, "Look!" and he took my hand and placed it on the front of his sweats, showin me his dick was rock hard. He pulled down the front of his sweat pants and his dick I sprang out. BOING! He pushed my head down to it. "Its ok, he's asleep, go ahead!"

I took it into my mouth and was movin up and down when he lowered my sweatpants, actually he yanked them down and was feelin and fingering me as I sucked him off. After like five minutes of suckin he got up and spun around. He tongued out my ass for a few minutes then he slipped in. I was kinda open cause he fucked me three times the day before. Once in the aftrenoon and two times that night. I just stayed with my head down, with my eyes closed until he came which was kinda fast. Especially for Miguel who sometimes be takin an hour to finish. I didn't realize that the whole time Frank was watchin us and jerkin off on the couch. I heard Frank get up and go to his room and slam the door shut. I guess he felt left outta the action. Between the herb high and the fact I just got fucked in front of someone, I felt real weird and outta place. I just laid there on the floor. After a while I heard all this noise comin from the kitchen where Frank was bangin pots and pans and Miguelito got up and went to talk to him. Now was my chance, I sprinted my way to the bathroon down the hall and before I could close the door, Miguelito squeezed in behind me. He shut the door and I went to sit on the toilet. Miguel walked over to the sink and started to wash off his dick. "Is Frank mad?" I asked.

"I think so, he wouldn't look me in the eyes and he barely answered my questions. I asked him if we should leave and he said no, but he seems pissed bro." Miguel blurted out in Spanish.

I realized I left all my stuff on the floor in the living room. My underwear and sweatpants. Here I was in this mans bathroom, naked.

“Miguel, do me a favor and go to the sala and bring me my clothes?” He laughed and told me to go out there and get dressed, and not to worry cause Frank aint gonna say shit, its just that I felt weird, walkin around naked. Fuckit, I let myself out the bathroom and walked all calm like down the hall to the living room where my clothes were lying on the floor next to the “fuck site.” I jumped into my clothes and sat on the floor. Miguel was still in the bathroom and I don’t know where tha fuck Frank was. I dressed quick and sat down on the floor and continued where I left off with the video game. In a few minutes Miguelito came out of the bathroom and joined me in a game of Mega Man. I was still kinda out of it from that blunt we smoked before. Frank came outta nowhere with two new big glasses of Iced Tea. Both me and Miguel gulped down wetting our throats from a bout of cottonmouth. Within a few minutes I started to feel all warm all over and I felt like I was fallin asleep. I kept rubbin my eyes which were gettin heavier and heavier and shakin my head tryin to shake the sleepyness which was taking over. I saw Miguel rubbing his eyes too, shit was crazy. I dropped the joystick like ten times before I just put it down and went to lay on the couch. Miguelito laid almost on top of me and that was it. Darkness. Asleep...

“It worked!” Frank said to himself outloud.”Theyre both out like a light” He was standing in front of the couch looking down on the two beautiful Dominican boys in front of him. Two very asleep and guaranteed not to wake up Dominican boys, at his disposal. He knew that he could do whatever he wanted with them, and they wouldn’t resist, wouldn’t yell for him to stop, or scratch and bite at him like those kids in his old neighborhood in Florida. The ones that threatend to tell. The ones that had him packing in the middle of the night and changing his name from Wilson Franklin to Frank Wilson. He didnt stick around long enough to find out if they ever did tell. Tyrell and Dominique. Two black kids who used to help out and work part time in his pet store. For awhile he thought it was all too good to be true. He started first with Dominique. The boy walked into the pet store on the first day of summer begging Wilson for a job. “For real mister, I can do anything, I just need a job thats all, please!” How could he say no.

Those penetrating eyes. That ass, he'd like to penetrate! The boy was no older than eleven, and obviously he didn't have anyone lookin out after him, cause he spent endless hours at the store and no one ever came around look ing for him or complaining that he's been spending too much time in the company of this man. It started after store hours, almost immediately, only the boy never figured. Frank, or rather Wilson, had an apartment set up in the back of the store and had fiber optic video in the bathroom. Two cameras no bigger than a pin hole. One in the shower and one facing the toilet. Frank used his ways to manipulate the boy into following the steps of his plan. He gave Dominique the job of cleaning out the kennels in the back and advised him to put on some work clothes he had around his house. "I just may have something around your size. I have a son you know, his name's Sean and he lives with his mother in North Carolina. He left behind some clothes and you should put them on cause its a dirty job and to tell you the truth, I don't want you going home smelling like shit. After the boy finished his work, Frank slipped in part two. "Take off your clothes in the bathroom and shower off before you put your clean clothes back on." The boy was already like putty in his hands. He followed commands like a faithful puppy who would follow anyone who fed him. Frank went to a small room behind the bathroom that used to be a pantry closet, and now was video monitor security headquarters. Just a small room with two 19"tvs serving as full color monitors for his cameras in the bathroom, and two vcrs that he could capture the moments on. He watched the boy lowering his pants then his underwear. Frank was already hard as the boy stood before the camera with his dick between his fingers as he pissed.He was getting off on the long muscular legs of the eleven year old. He could hardly wait for the show. He knew boys would often get hard in the shower as they wash themselves, and Dominique was no exception. Frank had to hold back his cum, he wanted to savor the moment. He couldn't help it though. As he watched the soap ran down his back, flipped up and out at the start of the boys buttocks. As the boy ran the soap between his cheeks, fingering himself with one hand and jerking off with the other, Frank busted a nut which he thought would shoot right through the wall and come out in the bathroom. He didn't care that it was over for

him, even though the boy was still going at it. He knew he would watch the video tape time and time again. He also knew he'd have those five fat boy inches in his mouth before the end of the month. After a few weeks of the boy's part time work, he asked if his friend could have a job too. The man I couldn't resist the chance of another boy on film, possibly he'd be able to get them both in the shower together and on film. It started out great with the other boy. His name was Tyrell. Maybe a year older than Dominique, but just as beautiful. It took him a few weeks before he would manage to get them in the shower together, but he did. He had a few shots of Absolut that day to ease his nerves. He was feeling high when he went into the pantry. When he turned on the monitors and saw both boys naked and jerking each other off, he couldn't take no more. He stripped naked and went into the bathroom to join them. An obvious mistake. It was one thing for two boy friends to be playing with each other, but with an adult man there, it was a definite no-no in their book. When he walked through the door and surprised them in their act, they yelled screams of protest. "Hey, what you doin?" And, "What the fuck!?!". Here he was with his nine inch dick in his hands, climbing into the shower with the two boys. "I saw what you two were doing, don't play innocent! I'm gonna give yall a taste of some real dick now!" He was feelin up and down botha their bodies feverishly. He was gonna ride this one out to the fullest. He was drunk. He made Dominique get down and he fucked the boys mouth. Both boys grew soft and tears were running down Dominiques face. Wilson had two fingers up Tyrells ass, and was pumpin the little boys mouth. What started out as two boys innocent sex play turned into rape. Frank didn't care, all he could think about was bustin a nut. And this nut drove him outta town. Caused him to drop his life and start all over in New York, where he knew no one. Where he could buy the pleasures of a boy who was willing and knew the score, at Playland...

He looked down at the two boys passed out on the couch and reached out and shoved his hand down the back of Coco's sweats. He put his forefinger to the boys hole and pushed. It went in with little resistance. He moved it around in there and took it out and brought

the finger to his nose where he took a long deep sniff. “Ummmmmm Roses!” he said again outloud. He moved Miguel to the other side of the couch so he could have access to this new, fresh boy. He pulled the boys sweats all the way off, taking his underwear with them. He threw them on the floor and spread the boys legs. Coco was on his stomach and now Frank had a complete view and complete access to his ass. He ran to the room and got the video camera out and started filming Coco’s ass. Getting all different angles and closeups. Then he put a few pillows from the couch under the boy causing his ass to be all up in the air. It was too good to be true. He put the camera down and got between the boys cheeks. He took each cheek in each hand and separated them. He stared at the purpleish hole for a few seconds before he put the tip of his tongue there and started to lick. This was his dream come true. Not one, but two boys at his disposal. Passed out and there for him to enjoy for hours. And he did. He got up and went into his bedroom and pulled back the comforter. He took the vaseline out of his night table drawer and placed it on the bed. Then he took a towel from the closet and laid that out on the bed too. He went back to the sala and picked up the eighty-five pounds of deadweight and carried it back to the room. First he laid the boy on his back and started playing with his dick. He leaned over and took the dick into his mouth and sucked till it got hard. Right now Coco was probably deep in a dream of him and Miguelito laying on the shore of Playa Dorado in Dominican Republic, naked, with Miguel sucking him off. It felt so real. After he sucked the boy for a few minutes He flipped him over and started licking his ass. He straddled the boy’s hips and put the head of his dick even with the hole. He greased the length of his dick so it would go in easier, as well as the entrance to the boy’s ass. He shoved and the sphincter gave way. His dick slipped in almost all the way. He took his time. He moved the boy all different ways in order to give himself maximum penetration. Before the night would be over, he’d fuck the boy several more times, then carry his cousin in bed next to Coco and fuck him as well. He justified this to himself saying they were street boys. Hustlers. And he knew he was gonna pay them a hefty sum for his actions. “This will teach yall to disrespect me in my own house and leave me sitting on the couch jerking off while yall have

all the fun! Uh uh, not me! Yall got the wrong guy fellas, not Frank Wilson!" And he began to laugh a devilish laugh. When he saw the two boys enjoying each others bodies before as he could only watch, it reminded him of that time when he burst into the bathroom on the two black boys in Florida after watching them jerk each other off in his shower. By two in the morning he was all spunked out. No more cum left in him and his dick was raw and sore. Enough is enough. His beeper went off. Frank walked into the kitchen with a towel wrapped around him and called his boss, who was beeping him. The words he dreaded to hear. His boss asked if he could come in by four am to cover for Steven who just got into a car accident. He couldn't say no. He knew it would be the end of that job, and they paid so fuckin good, he had to go. He made \$73,000 a year as the Manager of room service in the Hilton. Damn good money. He cursed his boss as he took a shower, but he also knew it would be overtime and the money it will cost him to pay for the nuts he just busted will be paid back from the job. He got dressed and left a note to the boys as well as \$600 for them to split. He felt less guilty by leaving the money. By doing so, it put his conscience at ease. He left...

I heard Miguel walking around but I couldnt move. It felt like a pack of elephants were dancing in my head. My legs were sore. It was still dark outside. "What tha fuck?" I said as I sat up. "What am I doing here? And where are my clothes?" It was then that I felt the sharp pains in my stomach. The bottom of my stomach. The inside top of my ass. Right then and there Miguel came into the room, threw my clothes at me and told me to get up. "We're leaving, don't say nothin and don't ask no questions. Just get dressed and cmon!" I got up and put on my clothes and it felt like there was a broom stick up my ass or something, but I didn't say shit, I just got dressed and followed my lover out of the apartment. We went downstairs and tried to hail a cab, but they wouldn't stop. I was trying to remember what happend last night, but I couldn't remember shit. The last thing I remember was we were playing video games on the floor in the sala. Finally a cab stopped. It was a gypsy cab of course, and the driver was Dominican. "Donde vamos?" He asked. And Miguelito answered, "133rd and Amsterdam."

We got out and Miguel gave the driver a crisp brand new twenty for a ride that was at the most five dollars.

“What tha fuck Miguel?” I asked when he told the driver to keep the change.

“Dont worry, we got more, and he needs it more than us right now.” We walked into the building and as soon as we got into the elevator, Miguel gave me \$200.

“For me?” I asked like a dummy.

“Yeah it’s for you!” he answered.

“What happened last night Mig?”

“Dont worry kiddo, I got him back is all. He fucked you last night and me too. He put something in the Iced Tea to knock us out, so I robbed tha muthafucker! Go to your house and I’ll be over in a little while or you come to my house, whichever, ok?” We split up in the hallway, but not before he told me not to spend the money on nothin big and to hide it from my ma. I went to my apartment and to my room. No one was home. I guess they went to church cause it was Sunday morning. In about an hour, Miguelito came in all teary eyes telling me he had to go to Santo Domingo and won’t be back for a while.

“What happened? Dont leave me! I can’t live without you Miguel, please!” He gave me a few hundred more and filled me in on how bad he robbed this mothafucker and promised to send me tickets to go to DR for the summer. “You promise? You swear to god you gonna send me a ticket?” I said between sobs.

“Yes baby boy, I promise and I swear to god.” He was crying too. He gave me a hug I’ll never forget and the deepest most sensual kiss he ever laid upon these lips. He turned the love into sex cause for him there’s no difference. He was gropin and feelin on my dick and he pulled down the front of my sweats and gave me my goodbye kiss. He sucked me off till my drop of cum came bubblin out the tip. “Yo te quiero papi, pa ahorra y ‘pa’ siempre” I knew he meant those words. See I was a kid who he could protect from the life he had. I knew just

how special I was to him, yet on the same hand, he brought me with him to Franks so in a way, money meant more to him and I guess by him bringin me he showed he wasn't soft. He was hardcore. He wasn't this mushy loverboy he became when we were together. Alone. He was a hardcore hustler living a life of crime. He did send those tickets and I went, but I'll never forget the pain in my heart when he left. As I watched him helpless from my window hailing a cab on Amsterdam with everything that counted to him in a backpack. I'll never forget the last hug and kiss. It was then I realized that the pain I felt at that moment was the pain he felt every day of his life.

Another side.

I woke up startled. I wasn't sure if it was my dreams tormenting me or what. Wiped the sleep from my eyes, waited a second or two for my eyes to focus. Then I realized that I wasn't familiar with what I saw. Where was I? I took me a few seconds for the foggyness of the new day to wear off. A big bed. Naked. Feelin slippery down there. I heard a toilet flush in the background and footsteps coming towards the bedroom. Quickly I shut my eyes and pretended to be in a deep sleep. Someone slid in bed next to me and wasted no time by pawing my ass and slipping a finger into my greased up hole. I squirmed and sat up quickly.

"What tha fuck?!?" I said outloud.

"Sorry champ, you're just too irresistible, hope I didn't scare you!" Said the stranger.

"Is ok b, wheres the bathroom?" I asked.

"Go down the hall and it's the second door on the left." I scurried down the hall, entered the bathroom, flicked on the light and bolted the door shut behind me. I stood in front of the toilet for a minute or so trying in vain to piss through my hardon, but eventually it came out. A few squirts at first, then a full stream. I looked in the mirror when I was finished and ran the water in the sink. I liked what I saw in the mirror. A cesar cut with a part to make me look like a mini gangsta, almond shaped brown eyes, big full lips, and cheeks that people couldn't resist pulling, tugging and pinching. I ran the shower

and climbed in to wash up real fast. I soaped my chest and arms and started to run the soap into my head when I spotted the shampoo. Coconut shampoo. We never had a bottle of shampoo in my house, and I always considered it a bit of a luxury, you know, for rich people and shit. I really didn't have any hair to wash, but I liked the way it made me feel and smell so I poured a small handfull and lathered up my head and washed my face with it as well. Then I lathered up my legs with the bar of soap and my butt. As I scrubbed in between my cheeks my dick grew hard again. This was cool cause now I didn't have to pull the skin back myself to do it, it showed its head automaticly when I got hard. I scrubbed my dick and balls and washed my ass inside out, climbed out, toweled off and ran back down the hall to the bedroom. I didnt know this guy for shit, he was my last pickup yesterday at Playland. All I know is that I'm here, he is black, and from the looks of the apartment, he seemd to be well off – not rich, but well off.

“Hope you dont mind that I showered?” I said.

“Nah its cool, are you gonna stay for breakfast? You should stay for a little while because its not even ten am and there's cops at the train station always and the truant van be cruisin around here alot lookin for kids whos cuttin out. What grade are you in anyways Miguel?”

I thought about my words before I spoke them, then answered, “I aint really got no where to go right now so I can chill and I'm definately hungry. I hate my fuggin school cause they be pickin on me alot cause my ma be smokin that shit, you know how it is, so I dont really be goin that much, and I'm supposed to be in eighth but I'm in seventh cause I got left back last year, and is lookin kinda fucked up so Im gonna probably be in seventh forever unless I move the fuck up outta tha Heights anyways. I dont wanna seem like a dick or a doofus or nuthin but whats ya name bro, I forgot?”

“My names Frank, and is ok cause you was mad fucked up last night, cmon, lay down and chill for a few before I make breakfast.” With these words, he reached into the ashtray and lit up what was left of a blunt we mustve smoked last night, took a long, noisy pull, and

passed it to me.

“Umm yummy, whas this, hydro?” I asked.

“Hell yes my boy, nothin but the finest!” We passed the blunt back and forth a few times and I layed back in the bed with my hands folded behind my back. Frank bent foward and put my dick into his mouth and sucked me off for a while, until I switched positions and jerked him off with my mouth over his head as he finished me off. I cummed a healthy load down his throat and he started bubblin broth out the end of his dick, so I upped the tempo and pointed it away from me, as I just washed off and didnt want him to mess me up. Its the best way in the world to wake up, some strong ass weed and some lips locked around my dick. When we came back to earth, he jumped up and flicked on the tv for me and went to the kitchen to whip up some grub. “What you like?” he yelled from the kitchen.

“Just make some pancakes or eggs or somethin cause I don’t eat no pork and the shit I be likin for breakfast you probably neva heard of.” He came back in like 15 minutes with way too much food for two of us, set up some folding trays and got my plate ready. I could barely take my eyes off the tv cause I be lovin the Price is Right. Word, the show is the bomb. If only I could get my ass on that shit bro, I’d be winnin all that shit.

“Eat up lil man, is gonna get cold.” He watched me amazed as I wolfed down my food with the quickness like there was no tomorrow. It was a survival thing I learned in my house. eleven kids in the family, if you don’t eat fast you gonna miss out. I barely chewed. But the shit was good. I think?!? When we was done eatin, he cleaned up and I stared at all the prizes I wished I could be winnin right now. Frank came back into the room and rolled another blunt, a huge one at that. We smoked out and I got mad high bro. I was just layin there thinkin deep about nuthin when he started feelin on me again. I really didnt wanna mess around no more, but I was kinda speechless and too high to say shit, so I just layed on my stomach and let him stroke and stroke my ass. He was sniffin and stuff and I started to push myself up into his face. Then he started lickin me out and I was gettin into it. He

carried on for like a half an hour when he tried to replace his tongue with his dick. Fuckin me is somethin I reserved for special customers and this guy was nice and all that, but I just learned his name less than an hour ago.

“Stop Frank, please, you can do the other like before, but not that please!?!” Maybe he didnt hear me cause he was nudgin the head in about now. I pulled away, and he pulled me in. I pulled away and he pulled me in again. I tried to squirm away, then he did the unexpected, he grabbed me around the waist and punched the side of my head. “What the fuck?” I said to him. Now he pushed me down on the bed and held me down. I’m no virgin so this wouldnt be too hard for him to get himself up in me. Ain’t shit crazy how one minute it’s mad peace and the next I’m kissin death? He put the pillow over my head and fucked the hell outta me for at least a half an hour or more. I just layed under him helpless and crying to myself under the pillow. I grinded my teeth everytime he lunged in. He was like six feet tall and maybe 225lbs, and me, well I was about five-two and 112lbs. No comp. He was pickin up the pace so I knew he was gonna bust a nut soon. He shoved in to the hilt and cummed deep into my bowels and just layed there laughing to himself. As soon as he got off me I jumped up and started my bit about what an asshole he is and all that jazz. He kept laughin and reached in the drawer and threw three hundred dollar bills on the bed. I shut up with the quickness.

Money always shuts me up, especially when it’s more than a hundred. I held my head down. I couldn’t look this guy in the eyes anymore. Even though he paid me, I felt violated and even more, I felt like a piece of shit cause I could be bought.

“Don’t be mad lil man, it’s just that ass of yours is the best. It’s perfect. So round, I aint never seen an ass on a boy like yours before, just like a bitches, only small and compact, plus why you played hard to get when you know damn well you let me fuck you last night?” I stayed shut. Silent. I didn’t remember him fuckin me last night, I must’ve been asleep. I looked around for my clothes and got dressed.

“Yo Frank, I’m gonna head uptown to my ma’s house, aight?” He

looked down on the floor, and fidgeted around nervously.

“No hard feelins kiddo, right? You gonna come back right? Here, let me write my number. Give me a call on Friday or whenever you want, ok?” I nodded my head, took the paper, and tipped. He was probably scared I was gonna call the cops and rat his stinkin ass out, but that wasn’t gonna happen. See, Im a ghetto kid and the cops are my enemy. If I got beef, I’d tell my uncles or friends before the pigs who ain’t gonna do shit for me anyways. I hit the corner and got my bearings. 116th and Morningside. Ok. I walked up to 125th and Amsterdam and went into the Basement Pizza Coffee Shop, my favorite spot for homefries. I ordered a toasted bagel with jelly and butter and an order of homefries, of course. Johnny, the waiter whos been servin me the same shit since I discovered the joint like 2 years ago sat down and shot the breeze with me while I ate.

“Ya ma was in here yesterday Miguel, I gave her a fish sandwich and some fries, she said you would pay for it when you came aroud, is that ok?” he asked. “Yeah, it’s ok, just put it all together.” I paid the check and walked up to 133rd to the projects so I could check out my abuela and hit her off with fifty beans. I love my grandmother and she loves me. Out of everyone in our family, I’m the only one who ever hits her off with money instead of beggin for some. Also I usually pop up with groceries or a present of some sort for her and or my little brothers and cousins who she cares for being all of her daughters is crack smokin heroin addicts whod rob her blind given the chance.

I walked into the building, and what I prayed for not to be, was. The elevator was out. This meant I had to climb my way up fourteen flights. Being the elevator was out, I knew everyone would be stuck in the house so I ran to C-Town and brought \$25 worth of snacks, fruit and cereal. I carried the groceries up the fourteen flights, and rang the bell...

“Quien?” I heard her sweet voice from the other side of the door.

“Soy yo, Miguelito!” I replied. The door flew open and she threw her arms around me as she dragged me into the apartment. I was still out of breath from the climb. I called my little brothers to take the bags

into the kitchen and threw my jacket on the couch.

“Aye bendito, you are such the little man, always thinking of us!” The old woman sang to me. To me she is this old woman, but now that I’m a little older, I realize how young she really is. She had my mother at fourteen, and my mother had me at fourteen to carry out the tradition. When my mother died of a heroin overdose, she was twentyseven and I was thirteen, my abuelita was forty-one.

By now the kids had rummaged through the bags and savagely ripped open a box of Honeycomb. They were in a frenzy when grandma snuck her way to the kitchen to catch them in the act. She caught them red handed. All I heard from the room was the crack of the belt and their little yelps as they ran into the room crying. As soon as they shut the door, they both covered their mouths and were laughing this little sneaky laugh. Was I ever this bad I thought to myself, then I remembered that I was never a child and when I was their age I was already gettin dicked in the ass in order to feed them cause my ma was spendin the welfare money faster than fast on her head.

The house was empty due to the fact that my uncle Jose took most of the kids to the Bronx Zoo for the day. He’s one of the few sane caring people in my fucked up family. The only ones in the house were me, abuela, my brother Fernando and Juan. I gotta give my uncle credit for takin nine kids to the zoo. He did this to give his ma a break. Fernando and Juan were old enough to play by themselves while she tended to herself. I gave each special boy a special hug and a kiss on the top of their heads.

“Why you two little niggas so fuckin bad?” I asked half jokin. The both skipped around the room in an elfish dance of the “bad boy” almost in a square dance formation.

Both chanting at the same time, “We’re bad, we’re bad, we know it” This went on for a good five minutes till I threw Juan on the bed. Fernando jumped me from behind and the two little brats attacked me in Wrestlemania style. We wrestled around on the bed back and forth. All the while I was grabbin and pinchin their little asses. All this ended

when Fernando grabbed my dick, which was hard from the contact.

“Aye Miguel, tu 'ta duro!” he said.

“Am not!” I replied as I jumped up to re arrange myself.

“Juan, Miguel ta duro, y diablo, ta grande tambien!” said the elf-boy all excited. They were both laughing and if I was a white boy, you woulda seen my face go red. I could feel the heat of embarrassment. We've all slept together mad times and bathed together, and seen each other naked a million times. We've also messed around many times, me and Juan, but Fernando was too little, too curious, and way too persistent. He's begged me many times to “see it” “Dame ver, Miguel please, let me see!” His exact words. This time I didn't give him a chance, I got up and ran to the kitchen. Abuela was putting away the groceries.

“Why are you so good to me Miguel? You don't have to buy us anything you know. We always seem to survive. What were you boys doing in there?”

I caught my breath and answered, “Nothin abuela, we was just playin, and I know you don't need this stuff, but I like to help you know!”

She stopped what she was doing and looked me dead in the eyes. “I dont know what planet you came from boy, but you are so different and so special. You got this way from your father; may his soul rest in peace. He was such a good man, always helping people. I know you didnt get like this from Yvonne, she never cared about anyone except herself.” Remembering my family, how it was before my father got killed brought tears to my eyes. My grandmother saw my pain, felt my pain and pulled me into her arms for a hug. It made me feel guilty that just hours before I was being hugged by a man who used and enjoyed my body. Two totally different hugs. One from pure love and the other from pure lust. I cried into her chest as I pushed myself away from her. Deep in the core of my existence I felt low. I felt sneaky. I felt useless, used and dirty. Too dirty to accept the pure love she had to offer me. I didnt deserve it. In my heart there was not much difference between me and my mother. We were one and the same. Outcasts from society.

Sleazy. Dirtbags. The grunge that sticks in the grooves of your sneakers. I deserved to die. I wanted to die. I shouldve died when I caught that bullet to my chest at seven, as they murdered my daddy. The doorbell rang. Saved by the bell. I wiped the tears off with the sleeve of my shirt and answered the door. It was Coco, my little friend from down the hall.

“Hey Coco!” I said.

“Hi Miguel, I saw you walkin into the buildin through my window but I had to help my mother clean the house before I came ova, how you doin, and where you been?” All this he said in one long breath. One sentence.

“I been around, you know, workin and shit, cmon in!” He followed me into the house and sat down in the sala. He flicked on the t.v. as he sat down, like he lived here. He almost did live here cause he basicly came over every day waitin for me and playin with Juan if I didn’t show up. Plus my grandma walked him to school and back as a favor to her neighbor being she worked forty plus hours a week at the factory. At least she worked! He was almost as close with Juan as he was with me, they were the same age. The difference was, me and Coco were “special” friends. If we were adults, you’d call us lovers, but since we were both boys, we were as I said, “special” friends.

Since the first night he slept over with me we been tight. That first night we smoked a small blunt to losen up the atmosphere. Within a few minutes he had his hand down the front of my shorts and I had mine down the back of his. It was clear to me he wanted what was up front and I wanted what was behind him. I wasnt sure how much experience he had, so I walked him through the process of lovemaking step by step. I slipped out of my shorts and let him get a good look at my older, more mature dick and eased his shorts down his legs. I turned his small brown body around in my hands and examined what I knew I had to have! I then reached out and stroked his already hard dick which was quite sizable for such a little fellow. His knees were buckling and his head threw back... he aint seen nothing yet. I laid him down on the bed and put his dick into my mouth. His first blowjob

which led to his first cum. He played with my dick the whole time, yet never put it in his mouth, it was cool with me cause I was gonna have that ass before the night was over, that was for sure. As I was suckin his dick I spread apart his legs and lapped up his nuts. I took my time with both hairless balls, and licked down to his buried treasure. I tongued out his ass for a few minutes then went back to his dick and finished him off. He jerked me off well with my tongue buried in his hole and I didn't mind cause I knew we'd be ready for round two in less than an hour, and I was right. It was during round two that I had him lay on his stomach on top of botha my pillows, allowing me perfect access to his ass, I sucked his ass for a good half hour before I eased the head of my dick up inside of him. He didnt squirm. I actually thought he was asleep until he mumbled, "go faster" and I did. When I was finished, I let him fuck my mouth, and he came within seconds. I ate the tasty cum he had to offer which tasted like smoked skittles. From that night on, we been lovers, best friends, special friends.

"Yo Coco, lets go to the movies or somethin tonight" I offered to pay, but he said he couldnt go out due to the fact they was gonna have company that night. We walked into the room and I shut the door behind us. As soon as the door was shut, I wrapped my arms around his torso and shoved my tongue into his mouth for a kiss that had me ready to cum with a strong wind. During our kiss, I reached into his pants and felt his ass and asked, "You keepin it warm for me?"

He smiled and grabbed my hard dick through my jeans and was like, "Yeah I'm keepin it warm, but you gonna wear out this big guy if you keep messin with them mens, then what you gonna have for me?" I laughed to myself and told him about Frank and pulled out the \$250 that was left to show him. I had spent \$25 on groceries and gave my abuelita the other \$25 to "buy herslef somethin special." He looked amazed. A boy my age wasnt supposed to be dealin with more money then most adults. He was open! "When you gonna take me with you Miguel?" I frowned down on him.

"You know the rules, I ain't ever gonna take you! You mines! You think Im gonna let some fuckin man dick you down? Forget it!" He looked sad, but I explained how I ain't got a ma like him. This money I

make has gotta last. I live on it. I eat from it and buy my clothes and shit. I didn't really have to explain shit to him cause he knows my ma. He's seen her sellin my shit in the projects, like my bike and my Genesis. He seen her go from a pretty young woman to a fiendish ugly monster. Still, I reminded him.

Coco slept over that night, and the next two nights that followed. My beeper woke me up at 7:30 in the morning on Saturday. We didn't have a phone in the house so I got dressed leaving Coco asleep in the bed with Juan. Fernando, Gabriel, Cesar, Jorge, Neil, Carlos, Raymond and Joshua all asleep in the other two beds. You be thinkin us Dominicans really know how to pile people up into cars, you should check out our sleeping arrangements, they're even more extreme when it comes to the under fourteen crowd. The only way to compare it would be the clowns in the car routine at the circus. Anyways, I tiptoed out the house so I wouldn't wake nobody and walked down the hall to the elevator with my fingers crossed. I pressed the button and it lit up! The shit was actually workin for a change. I went down and walked over to Amsterdam Avenue where all the payphones was at. I dropped the quarter and dialed the strange number in my pager.

"Hello?!?" was the voice on the phone.

"Somebody paged me from there?" I asked.

"Miguel? This is Franky. Remember me?" said Frank.

"Hey Franky, whats up? Of course I remember you nigga! What you been up to?" I asked.

"I hope you wasn't sleepin."

I paused for a second then answered. "Yo, it's 7:30 in the morning on a Saturday, of course I was sleepin, but is ok."

A stoned laugh came through the receiver followed by, "Where you been baby boy? I miss you! How come you don't visit Uncle Frank no more?"

"It's only been a week, and I been grounded anyways." I lied. "If you want I can come over later today. You gonna be around?" I asked.

"I'll be here all day. Come whenever you want, just make sure it's

before eight oclock tonight, aight?” responded Frank.

“Is it alright if I bring my cousin?” I said.

“It’s cool with me, but how we gonna mess around?” he asked.

“He’s cool Franky baby, you know I wouldn’t bring no herbs to the house, plus we be messin around all the time. Just promise me you’ll leave ya hands offa him, unless I say it’s ok, not like you did with me ok?” I grabbed at my ass cheeks through my pants, remembering the pain. “Plus if you do mess with him, I gotta be there, and he gets double what I get cause he never messed around with a man before, only other kids.” He agreed and I hung up the phone. I walked back to the building and took the elevator back to my house. I slid back into the apartment, slipped outta my clothes and slipped back into bed. I managed to go outside, make the call and come back without disturbing anybody. It worked. We all got outta bed at about 10:30. Me and Coco went to the bathroom together and pissed in criss cross fashion. If the toilet was big enough we woulda shit side by side. He was my shadow. My twin. My right hand. While he was sitting on the toilet, I started to run the shower for the two of us. At the same time, I plugged the tub so we could take a “bather” a combo shower/bath. I’ll get into this in a second. It was our tradition. It was how we started the day whenever he slept over. Thank god the kids all went with abuela to C-Town for platanos and eggs for breakfast and then she dropped them off at the barber’s for some fast crew cuts.

We both climbed into the steamy shower and proceeded to wash each other head to toe. When we were done I laid on the floor of the tub and he climbed on top facing the opposite direction. His legs straddled my head, and his head was between my legs. He took my dick into his mouth to give me head, and I pushed my face between his cheeks. I used my hands to seperate the two spheres and I tongued away, eatin out his ass as he sucked me till I came in his mouth. This was our formula for a good day. It was routine. After I came in his mouth, he swung around, straddled my head and fucked my mouth as I massaged his balls and hole. We climbed out the tub and dried each other. Squeezy clean. As we dried, I told him about the phone

conversation with Frank. He gave me an ear to ear smile and asked how much he was gonna make. I told him not to worry about the money and just come with me, and see what happend. To plan or to spend your money before you get it is a big no-no. A jinx. It made the chances of actually gettin the money slim to nil. We got dressed and Coco ran around the house in an unexpected show of excitement. Like a kid whose pops is on the way home with a new bike for him. By the time we were puttin on our Nikes, grandma called us to the kitchen to eat. No sooner than we finished, he jumped up and said, “We out?” I dropped my plate in the sink and told him to hold his horses, we got all day. Coco kept bothering me to the point of sayin “Fuck it, lets go!” He ran and put on his sweatshirt and we both kissed my abuela goodbye. I told her we might stay at my friends overnight, so if we don’t come home, not to worry, we’d be home before noon sunday, in time for church. She reached in her purse and pulled out a five dollar bill for me and Coco. I didn’t want to take it, but she almost forced me. She knew I didn’t need it, but she also knew he didn’t have any money and I’d have to be treatin him all day, so I took it.

“Abuela, if it’s important, or an emergency and you have to reach me, just beep me from Nildas house, ok?”

She frowned, “You know I dont like to call them things nino, I can never get it right on how to do it!” Granma was afraid of technology. The world scared her. There was so much she didnt know. I gotta give her credit here she is in a strange country with no skills, no english and no reading, yet she held her head up high and seemed to know everyone and have friends everywhere. Coco gave her a big hug and a bigger kiss and ran following me to the elevator.

“So where we goin to Mig?” He always called me Mig or Gelly, rarely Miguel.

“I told you a million times punk, to Frankies house!” He always looked sad when I spoke to him in that tone. He was an ultra-sensative kid.

“I mean like where is it and stuff?” he said in a low tone. “We goin over by Columbia University, we can walk if you want, or take a cab or

the bus.”

“Lets walk then, it’s a nice day Mig, and I wanna kill these butterfliesi got in my stomach.” Poor kid, all nervous and shit. I agreed and we walked over to Morningside and took our time walkin down to 116th. We got to the building and rang the bell. Frank buzzed us in and we walked up to his apartment. I rang the doorbell. We heard footsteps comin to the door. Coco was rockin back and forth alternating and shifting his weight from his right foot to his left. The door opened.

“Hey Miguel”he said as he hugged me, kissing the top of my head. “And this must be your cousin!?!” Lookin him up and down and chekin him out. I was surprised he didnt ask him to turn around so he could check out his ass. “Here, give me your coats so I can hang them up.” We took them off and I watched Frank check out Cocos’ body as he lifted his hooded swearshirt over his face “Go to the living room and get comfortable guys.” Frankie winked at me as Coco passed me and walked down the hallway. He didn’t take his eyes off the seat of his pants. I felt guilty cause I kinda set Coco up. I even dressed him and had him put on a pair of Juans old sweatpants, which hugged his ass and showed the exact form of his cheeks. We went into the living room and I clicked on the t.v. & started pluggin in the Playstation. We picked out Mega Man and started to play. Frank came back with two big glasses of Iced Tea which we gulped in between losing men, never takin our eyes off the screen. Frank said he was gonna do some chores around the house while we played and we both nodded our small heads in unison, still with our eyes peeled to the screen, not even blinking. In a short while he came back into the living room with a huge blunt, and told us to turn off the game. I walked over to the stereo and started to look over his cd collection, I plucked out one by 2Pac and put it on. By now, the blunt was passed to me from Coco and I took a long pull and walked over to the couch and sat in between the other guys, closing the gap between the two. We finished the blunt and I laid down on the floor. Coco, not only stoned, but now ultra nervous and following me under my feet. He followed me to the floor and practicy laid on top of me. Frankie laid back in the couch enjoying the

high. Coco was ripped. He asked me in Spanish what was gonna happen now, and I just told him to chill, just relax. I was layin face down with my face into my folded arms, and Coco did the same. I vibed out on the skunk for a few minutes till I got a hardon. He peeked up and Frank looked like he might be nappin and my “cousin” was still and quiet layin as I was a few seconds before. I reached out and started to feel up his ass. It just looked so good in those sweats. So round and full that I had to grab and feel on him. He whipped his head around in hyper speed and looked relieved when he saw it was me instead of the black man on the couch.

“Shhhhhh don’t worry, he’s asleep, plus, look!” As I said this, I took his hand and placed it on the front of my sweatpants. He grabbed at my dick which was makin it throb. I shoved the front down and my dick sprang out in his face. Coco closed his eyes and took me into his mouth. I pulled down the back of his sweatpants and placed a soft kiss on each firm, brown cheek. I dropped a mouthfull of spit into his crack and fingered his ass as he sucked me off. After about 10 minutes of this action I pulled out of his mouth, yanked his sweats to his ankles and pulled his ass to my groin, side by side on the floor. I put another mouthfull of spit into his hole and slipped in. I was fuckin Coco for a while, buildin up my cum and slowin down to let it drop then pickin up the tempo again. I looked over my shoulder and saw Frankie jerkin off to this very live kiddie porn in front of his face. Coco never lifted his face from the floor. When I finished, I got up and walked to the bathroom. Before I could shut the door, Coco squeezed in behind me. He went over and sat on the toilet as I washed my dick in the sink.

“You think he saw?” Coco whispered to me.

“Of course bro, he was jerkin off on the couch watchin us!” My little friend was snickering, the same type of laugh one might do after gettin away with a buncha stolen candy from the bodega. “You ready yet?” I asked as I unlocked the door. It wasn’t till he was finished that he realized he’d left his sweatpants on the floor in a pile, and was now quite the naked streetboy. He hesitated at the door. “Cmon nigga, he don’t care, just c’mon! Hurry!” I reassured him. Hopin to build his confidence, so we both could make a little extra cash. When we got

back to the sala, Frank was already in his room with the door shut. As Coco put his clothes back on, I put on another cd, this one was Sade. I liked it alot. It was some real sexy, sultry street type shit. Sophisticated grit. I told Coco to stay naked, but he just couldn't do it. In a few minutes, Frank emerged from the room and his attitude changed. He seemed like he was mad or somethin. I didn't say shit, I just stayed shut and joined Coco on the floor with the video games. Frank stayed quiet and was mopin around the room. He went into the kitchen to do the dishes and made as much noise as he possibly could. He was like a little kid lookin for attention. He was slammin cabinets, pots, pans, anything that would make more then enough noise when banged properly. He came back into the living room with two more glasses of ice tea. He handed them both to me and left back to the kitchen without even lookin at us. Something was wrong, I just couldnt tell what it was. "You wan we should leave?" I yelled to the kitchen. Coco looked at me with a surprised look. We both gulped down the drinks. Mine tasted a little bit bitter this time which I figured that he just didnt use as much sugar as last time. I felt a warm glow take over my body. It started in the tips of my ears and spread down to my toes. I stood up and felt dizzy. Coco just stayed playin his game. He kept shakin his head fast, like you might do after you fall asleep in class. I sat down on the couch. It felt like I was deep into the couch. Stuck. I coudn't move. Coco went to say something to me, but his word sounded like a tape slowed down. He dropped the controller on the floor and crawled over to the couch. He climbed up on top of me and that's the last thing I remember.

I was the first one to wake up. Funny thing is, I didnt remember walkin to the room. Frank must've carried us there cause we were both in his bed. I sat up and wiped my eyes. It was already dark outside. I looked at the clock and it said 6:52. By lookin out the window I couldnt tell if it was 6:52 in the evening or dawn. Coco was sprawled out next to me snoring deeply. We were both totally naked. Frank was not in the room. We seemed to be alone. I reached over and turned on the lamp next to the bed. As I reached for the light, I felt all slippery back there and knew immediately that I'd recently been fucked. After I

turned on the light, two things came into view which confirmed my belief. I saw a jar of vaseline on the table, and I saw grease stains on the top of Cocos thighs. "Oh shit!" I said outloud to no one. That muthafucker. I shouldve realized that Frank was not to be trusted, especially since he took my "pussy" last time I spent the night. Now it seems he took botha us last night. I didn't bother to wake Coco while I gathered my thoughts. Muthafucker put somethin in our drinks last night to knock our asses out! Word! Its the only way. Last thing I remembered was drinkin the ice tea, and that's it. I got off the bed and walked to the sala. Frank wasn't there either. Nor was he in the bathroom. It seems like the muthafucker split. I walked to the window in the livingtoom and looked out. I could see the sun coming up and realized we slept the whole night. It was almost morning. I turned the light on in the kitchen and saw a note on the table. I read it outloud.

"Good morning boys. I got called into work at 4:00 am and didnt want to wake you two. The envelope on the table is for yall. I'll be home by noon if you want to wait, if not, please lock the door when you leave and I'll beep you later. Love Frank!" I picked up the envelope. There was four crisp hundred dollar bills, three fifties, two twenties and a ten. Holy shit! Six hundred dollars?!? I took out one of the hundreds for Coco and put the other five hundred into my sneaker, which was on the floor in the sala. I ran back to the room and eased myself back into the bed. I had two options. First one was to take the money, break out and keep on seein Frank cause he paid really well, even though he is a scandalous fuck. My other option was to call one of my uncles and let them come here to help me rob this mutha fucker blind. I jumped back outta the bed, careful not to wake my buddy and went back to the sala for my keychain. I always kept a little circus flashlight on my keychain and I used it now to check Franks room for stuff. First I checked the dresser for anything valuable. Money, jewelery, whateva. I checked all the drawers and worked my way to the closet. There wasn't really anything valuable around. I figured I would just take some small shit for him bein so damn sneaky and not call my family to rob him blind, even though he deserved it. In the closet I found a metal box that looked like it was for files and stuff. It was

locked. I ran to the kitchen where Frank kept his extra keychain with his spare keys and brought them back to the room. Just my fuckin luck, none of them fit . I got a little desperate. I went back to the kitchen and opened the cabinet under the sink where he kept his tool box and took out a screwdriver and a hammer. I pried the damn box open. In there I found mad shit. I found about four pounds of that weed he be smokin and took it out. I also found a jewelery box. I took it out as well and put it on the bed to open it. By now Coco was movin around and begining to wake up. In the box was a few nice rings with diamonds, a fat cuban link chain with a medallion of Saint Lazarus,a bracelet that matched, and 2 watches with diamonds everywhere. I put all the gems aside feelin like Captain Blueballs. I found my buried treasure. I went back to the box, ready to close it when I noticed a buncha envelopes. Thick envelopes. I took them out. Each one had writing on it. The first one said Kx4, the next one said Kxl.5 the next one said Kxlo, and so on. I opened the first one and saw green. Mad green. All the envelopes was filled with cash. There was seven envelopes in all. I put them aside, shined my light into the box, didn't see nuthin else that caught my eye and I shut it. I went back to the sala and grabbed my backpack that I always carried with me everywhere and took it to the room to fill up my goodies. I woke Coco up and practically dragged him outta the bed and told him to get dressed fast. I was runnin around like a lunatic gettin dressed and gatherin my shit up. Coco was in slow motion. Stunned. He was walkin kinda funny. "Dont worry about that, Ill explain later, just lets be out!" We gathered our shit and ran out the house.

"What happend?" asked Coco.

"Let's just get uptown and I'll explain."

We caught a cab on Morningside. The first few cabs passed us, probably thinkin we aint got no money, then one stopped. I told the driver in spanish to bring us to 133rd and Amsterdam. It was a \$4.00 ride and I gave the guy a twenty. He started to give me change and I told him to keep it. Coco was like, "take the change loco!"

"Dont worry bout it Coco, he needs it more than us right now!" The

driver was quick to give me his card and thanked me a million times. He just stayed there watchin us walk into the building. As soon as we got in the elevator, I gave Coco the hundred dollar bill and apologized for what Frank did last night.

“He fucked me Miguel? How come? Damn that’s why my ass is burnin.”

“I’m sorry Coco, it’s my fault. He put somethin in our drinks, but dont worry, he won’t bother us no more!” We went to his house cause no one was home. I gave him another hundred when we got in his room and told him to hide it from his ma and don’t buy nothin big and just take a little out each day, otherwise they was gonna find out. “I’m gonna go home Coco. Come in like an hour. Let me go relax for a few. If you want, I’ll wait for you to shower, and we take one together, ok?”

“I’ll be over in a while.” he said. I bent down and gave him a deep tongue kiss and let myself out. I ran over to my apartment across the hall and let myself in. Shit was empty too, they must’ve went to church together. I went into the bathroom and locked the door. Even though I was alone, it was the only place I felt safe. I emptied my bookbag on the floor. There was mad shit. I put all the money in order. I didn’t know I could count that high. There was just under fifty thousand in cold cash. Dead Presidents. Also some mad jewelery, and two watches with diamonds. I checked the brand. ROLEX. Rolex? Even I heard of that. I didn’t know the value but these shits looked mad expensive. I went to my room and couldn’t sit still. I was mad nervous. What should I do? Who should I tell? I stashed everything in my church suit pockets which was hangin in my closet. I kept the cash I had left that he gave me, in my front pocket. There was \$400. Thank god he didnt know where I lived. He knew more or less, but not exactly. I peeked out the window. My heart was racing. What if he finds me? What did I get Coco into? I was scared shitless. My stomach hurt bad. I couldn’t stay here. Where could I go?

At noon my grandma came home with the kids. I was in the room. I was waitin for someone to bust down the door shootin. I called abuela into the room and told her the whole story. How last week he held me

down and fucked me. I told her everything, even about the ice teas, passing out and Coco. She turned white. "What you gonna do nino? The only thing you can do is go to Santo Domingo." My beeper went off. I checked it and saw it was from Frank. He's home. He found out. By now my stomach was doin backflips. "What about Coco abuela? If his Ma found out what happend and all, you know, gettin sex and stuff, she gonna flip. What we gonna do?" I started to cry. I went from happy to helpless. My beeper went off again. I had to disappear, this was a fact.

I went to the kitchen and took my grandma \$10,000. She didn't want to take it, but I made her. It would help her life so much, It would be like hittin lotto for her. Like she hit the numbers. I took all the rest of the cash, the jewelry, the weed and some of my necessary clothes, and kissed her goodbye. I told her I would take a cab to my uncle Carlos' house in Queens, and let him help me work out the details so I could high tail it to Dominican Republic. I went to Cocos to call my cab and say goodbye. He was cryin as much as abuela. I held back my tears. We made some hasty love. It would be the last time for awhile. I gave him another hundred, hugged and kissed my best friend, wiped away the tears and was out. I took his address so I could write. I told him I'd send a plane ticket for him to come for the summer. My grandmother promised she'd work it out for us. She would convince his ma to let him go, even if it was only for a few weeks. I'd pay for the tickets and he would be more than welcome at my uncles. I was out.

I cried the whole cab ride to Corona. My uncle was waitin for me outside. My beeper goes off again. I didn't even look. I knew it was Frank. I told Carlos the whole story from begining to end. And my beeper went off again. I left it on the table and went to the bathroom. I had the worst pains I could ever remember. As I came out the bathroom, I heard my uncle yellin into the phone. The last words I heard before he slammed the receiver down was, "You better forget about him, unless you want the police to get involved, motherfucker!"

"You called him tio?"

"Dont worry bout him Miguel. You just relax. He needs to be glad I

dont get my gat and run up there and blast the cocksucker! Ain't nobody gonna rape my nephew and think it ain't gonna cost him!" I reached into my pack and gave Carlos one of the watches. It wasn't the one with the diamonds on the band, but it still had mad diamonds on the front. "Holy shit sobrino! This is for me? You know this watch is like 20 grand right?"

I also gave him the weed. Not all of it cause I took off a nice chunk to take me to D.R.

Tio drove me to the airport the next morning at seven. The night before he escorted me on a shopping spree. I had to start from scratch. I needed suitcases, clothes, and essentials. I also brought the most expensive walkman I could find and a bunchas new tapes. I dressed in my new clothes, had on the chain and bracelet, and my spankin new AirJordans. I looked like a million dollars and felt like Donald Trump. Tio took his time this morning taping the money to my legs. I had the other Rolex on my ankle like an ankle bracelet. We found the terminal to American Airlines at Kennedy and parked. I had a thousand dollars in my left pocket for pocket money. We small talked waiting for my plane to board. When the sign flashed flight 516, he walked me to the gate. I hugged and kissed him like he was my father. I boarded the plane with my headphones around my neck. I had a window seat, and paid the stewardess the cash for the plane headphones so I could watch Home Alone, the movie for the flight. I had three hours to think about my life. What I've done. What I'm gonna do. I needed this time to relax. Puerto Plata would be just the place. I could visit my family, my friends. I could buy a scooter. I always wanted a scooter. Now I could buy whaeva I wanted. Even a JetSki if I wanted to.

I be mad stressed out in New York City. I needed a break. To tell you the truth, I knew well in my heart that I would be turnin tricks in DR with the Canadian and German men. It was more about love then it was money. It was about sex and love. Attention. Affection. Men who love boys listen to boys. They wanna hear what we gotta say. They watch us, study us. Sometimes all that changes after they get in our pants, but not always. I always be thinkin its all about the cream. The money. I realized on the plane ride that it really ain't got shit to do

with money. I need men in my life. I'm gonna have men in my life. Whether I'm in Manhattan, Dominican Republic or Czechoslovakia, I'm gonna have them. If I got a dollar in my pocket, or 40 grand taped to my body. I was already eyein a guy in his late twenties sittin by himself. The guy kept lookin back at me, studyin me. Tryin to figure me out. I wanted him. I needed him! I'll have him!

*(Selected for publication in *Thamyris*, issue 2)*