

The Fifth Acolyte Reader



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Josh and John(Or I Just Can't Get Enough)

by Luis Miguel Fuentes

Last summer, when I was thirteen, was the first year I went to camp. It was for four weeks, and I actually stuck it out. I was going through some wild shit at the time. My mother had died about eight weeks before I was about to start. To me she wasn't really any type of mother for the past four years anyway, so what the fuck, why miss a chance of meeting some new ass, especially some rich white kid, 'cause yo, this is a city specialty camp where rich, or just white kids (I guess *all* white people can't be rich, right?) meet and work with us underprivileged minority types... I never was with a white kid yet, just white men.

So here I am, the first day. I got up two hours before the bus was going to come (I was staying at la casa de mi abuela). Showered, combed my hair, and put on my "always work" shorts, a pair of faded blue PS 213 gym shorts, no underwear, and my favorite "Que me pongan Salsa" T-shirt, no socks, and Nike footgear... enough to drive a sane man to... Anyway, it was the boys I was after this time. I jerked off to the locker room orgies in my mind. Sixty boys, white, black, Spanish, Asian... asses everywhere, hard dicks shooting under the water... a finger in mi culo, and I pop, Pop.

I went outside to the bodega figuring I would kill some time before the bus arrived. I copped a Phillies Blunt and took out the tobacco so I could roll my herb with the leaf paper. Twisted a "Blunt" using buddah of course, and proceeded to smoke my breakfast. A perfect way to start a perfect day!

And perfect it was. The bus ride got me hard... it always does, it seems school buses don't have any shocks. The vibrations never fail to activate my missile. I sat in the back seat as usual, so I can check *every* ass as it turns to sit. After the last us of is picked up, I space out looking out the window, and think to myself, "Is everyone this fuckin' horny?... "then I rationalize, "At least I never jerked off in the bus and busted a nut like Steve Cruz did last year."

We pulled into the center and filed to the lunchroom. Upon arrival, shuffled to age and alphabet groups. Not bad... a counselor about twenty-five and a group of twelve-year-olds whose last names were between the letters F and H. The rest of the day was spent introductory style.

The second day was the real start of activities. I made my first friend: Josh. (I never knew any Josh before, maybe it's similar to Jose... I don't know.) Josh was a Jewish kid, Mediterranean, with dark eyes and brushy dark hair, always wore glasses, tinted glasses. He loved rap music and I the same. He came in that day with a "box" kickin' Eric B & Rakim. Immediate friends! Me, Josh and his friend John (both thirteen-year-old white boys, "blanquitos", from worlds I only dreamed of) became partners in crime. John was a little taller than Josh, Irish, with brown hair and green eyes, a real athletic type, into sports, thought he was cool. The three of us would sit to the side and describe each other's worlds, thrills, hobbies... lives in general... of course I had to lie big time in order to create a half-way decent past. Imagine if on the first day I said, "Yeah, guys, I don't go to school, I go to Playland and turn tricks for dollars..." To them, Trix is for kids, and dollars are no problem. I wanted to tell them in a bad way, but I guess I would wait till we know each other better...

By the second week I had them in shock when I told them I have fucked before, and could cum and my dick is growing and shit. By the third week I told them more about my mother and my family. I had these kids buggin'. Sure I liked to dream I was them, and never went hungry or got fuckin' beat down or been fucked by my uncles and their friends. And all the other shit too. But stories of endless presents and vacations bore the piss out of me. So, me being the horniest... I invented a little game. When we see each other, we have a tradition of a handshake. I taught them, 'cause it's a ghetto thing. I started changing this tradition like so: When we handshake mano a mano, I grab their hand and sort of mush it into my nuts. Their response is laughter, so they're with it. This becomes the new tradition. Although, they never do it back so I can feel their huevos. Shy I guess...

Camp to me has become more fun every day. Yet like all good things, an end is in sight. By now, my two friends know most of my life story, including reefer, and booze, but excluding sex with men and boys. I invite them for a Friday-Sunday sleepover and adventure in my Washington Heights apartment. For two suburban white boys to say "yes" to a weekend in Little Dominican Republic NYC, this should be interesting. Y'all know my motives. I spend more time listening to the voice of mi guevo than my brain.

I picked the weekend of the 20th, 'cause my abuela (grandma) is staying at my Uncle Carlos' house. She is taking three of my brothers and one sister, and is going to leave my brother Juan at home. He is ten

and can mind himself. My other brothers and sisters are in assorted group, foster, or facility type homes. (Social services came both before and after my mother died to "help" out, but all they seem to do is fuck up everyone's lives. I think they work as police people, too.)

Anyway, I met Josh and John at 72nd Street 'cause it is a familiar area to all three of us. I wouldn't think of sending them to the Heights alone. They would definitely stick out, and probably get lost... and asking for directions in my neighborhood is asking for trouble... if you can even find an English-speaking resident. At three in the afternoon, I'm cooking in my kitchen, preparing shit for my friends' arrival. Pastillos, polio frito sin hueso, arroz con leche, rellenos de platanos. Can't forget about chips, candy, reefer, and rum. Juan helping by peeling the platanos, and seasoning the chicken. He's cute, my brother, maybe I shouldn't think so but I do. His father was white, so he got blond hair, real pretty, sandy color, with big brown eyes, a slim body and a nice plump ass. Usually he's a little troublemaker, but today he's being good and helping out.

Everything prepared and the house in order... off I go. When I got off the (1) train at 72nd, Josh and John were standing there looking lost, holding a backpack each. Big, stupid, kool-aid smiles on both faces, like they just got off with a major heist. This I later found out was due to a scandal they pulled off. Josh told his mom he was staying with John for the weekend, and the other the reverse. To them, this was major. If they only knew what I had in store for them.

The train ride was quiet, but before I knew it we pulled into 168th Street station, and rode the elevator to the street. Outside, these guys were all eyes. It's another world where I live. All sounds, sights and smells foreign to them, but home to me. Merengue, salsa, and garlic fill the air. We hit St. Nicholas Avenue and 172nd and turn right... everyone knows me, a million people fill the streets. These guys look real out of place. The only white faces on my block are from New Jersey, there to cop drugs, ya know? A lot of people are staring, but no one says shit! I see all my friends (the ones I sleep with know what time it is) – Alex, Junior, Jose Ca-Ca, Joey, Juan, Osiris. Rafael, the man who sells cooked meat on the corner, smiles at me and calls me over... in Spanish, says, "Luis, they look cute, do they play?" I tell them, "Not yet, and not for rent." Rafael sells his meat to people, then spends his meat money on my meat once a week. He likes to watch me undress real slow, then licks my butt until I'm mad hot, and my dick is dripping. He don't let me play with myself. He wants me to cum in his mouth with two or three fingers

up my... then he jerks off with his tongue an inch inside mi culo... all this for fifty dollars... if only he knew that I probably would pay him the fifty dollars for the royal treatment.

To my building... located between Audubon and Amsterdam Avenues. I live in a five-story walk-up, made sometime around 1890. Yo, there's even this old bitch who lived here since it was a new building, and likes to talk about how beautiful this block was when it was all Irish and Italian... fuck her! Sometimes we got no heat, and a lot of the time we got no water at all, or if we do, no hot water. New York, "big city of dreams"... yeah... fuckin' nightmares. Thank god all is OK this week. Our apartment is in the basement across the hall from the block's gambling casino... no rats inside the apartment like our last one, just behind the walls trying to break through. I'm used to it, but it freaks the cat out big time.

Anyway, I'm not embarrassed. My grandmother has it kind of hooked up. Indian style. She's from the old country and speaks only about twelve English words, and only three of them aren't curses. Only two bedrooms for all of us. I usually sleep on the couch... shit, in my mother's house, I was on the floor, so I'm movin' up.

My friends make themselves at home as soon as they spot Nintendo. I got thirty-seven games. I went and started rolling some blunts. They say they smoked pot before, but this weekend will be the ultimate test. After I prepared three blunts and made three rum and cokes, I went back to the sala (living room). Juan must've come home while I was rollin' up. He was playing Pro Wrestling with Josh. They are all laughing together like they been friends forever.

I lit up my blunt and passed them once each. Drinks tambien... off we go. Juan smoked with Josh. These two really hit it off. They're sitting together on the love seat giggling like two little schoolgirls fingering each other. I can see Juan is hard, and I bet that Josh could see it too. Juan is just sitting there in cut-off gray Lee jeans with a straight line pointing to his stomach. He's big for his age, about an inch smaller than me, but mine is fatter, and I can cum. He just gets a drop. Blasted... crazy mad fucked up. I'm on my third drink and second blunt. Everyone else stopped on their second drink. I don't really play Nintendo. I just buy it so I can offer a strange kid a reason why he should come to my house. So while these guys are playin', I'm gettin' stupid homy.

I turned off Nintendo and suggested we play cards. Everyone is real high about now, so I take advantage of the situation. Not that I'm not fucked up, but I do this every day... blunts and Bacardi, that is. Everyone

in my family gets fucked up, except the babies. Shit, I started smokin' weed when I was eight. I call the game. Poker. Better yet, strip poker. Everyone agrees. I got to keep givin' Juan the evil eye, 'cause he always strips without losing a hand. This kid is crazy about sex, sex, sex... I guess it runs in the family! I can see he already opened his pants... at least today he got on underwear. Most of the time neither of us wears them. Where the fuck did he dig these up?

Joshua loses the first hand and removes his shirt. I follow, and have to take off my sneakers, 'cause yo, I only got on kicks, and gym shorts, and you know I don't got no underwear. Juan loses the next two, and is down to his underwear... dick pointing north. John is still "winning," although to me he is losing. Josh loses the next three hands, and is down to his underwear also. John still losing. Ya know, if you look at his shorts, you can see a serious hard-on. I lose with a pair of twos, and am naked as the day I was born. I'm sitting on the floor with my knees up and arms wrapped around my legs, and sort of leaning over them... only to hide my guevo. Everyone else still plays as I watch. I got up, walked to the kitchen, and mixed myself another drink... a stiff one for a stiff one, tu sabes?

I went back to the sala, where card activities left me uninterested, so I put on channel twenty-three... sex channel. Even on the commercials, they show some pussy and bitches' asses and assholes. (Monday night is gay features and commercials.) I see John and Josh's attention pointing towards pussy more than cards. John is in his drawers, and Josh and Juan naked and passing a joint between the three. Fuck that joint shit, I'm a blunt boy... down with the 172nd Street blunt posse. Anyway, I got the lights turned down but you can still see everyone 'cause of the glow of the TV.

I was the first. I just grabbed hold of my cock and started stroking it. I pictured Joshua's dick in my ass, and John fucking my throat for all it's worth. Both these kids got serious nice bodies, real smooth and pretty, no hair except a little by their dicks, just the way I like it. With my eyes closed, I even forgot anyone was there. When I opened my eyes, Juan and Josh were laying stupid close, and John was jerking off on the couch, the next cushion down from me. His dick was about four and a half inches long, and he was workin' it good and hard. I don't know, I guess it was the rum 'cause I just kinda leaned over and moved John's hand, replacing it with my own. I grabbed and rubbed his dick and was blowing air on it when he reached out and grabbed my balls from the back. He busted a nut all over my face... a hot, nutty delicacy.

When he got up to pee, I couldn't believe my eyes – Josh y Juan were adding on the floor, and the sum was 69! Even though Juan is my little brother, just seeing his ass up in the air, hairless, tan, and as round as they cum, builds up my cum! I stand over it and put my nose right against his hole. I start licking and sucking and licking... pushing my tongue home. I grab hold of myself and only stroke about ten times when I spill milk all over myself.

All four of us sitting around in a naked daze. In a sexual stupor. Blunts and Bacardi fogging our brains, sweat and cum smearing our bodies, fresh ass and nuts filling the air. I lit another blunt on the solo tip, and proceeded to proceed. Mi abuela tiene a real big bed, king size, surely big enough for all of us to lay comfortably... drifting off to sleep...

At about six a.m., I wake up... only one up before me is my dick, not to mention John's, Juan's, and Josh's too. I went and started to cook us all a healthy breakfast. It's something that I rarely do, but it just seemed so natural. Eggs, toast, potatoes and leftover rice from last night, jugo, café con leche... we ate and watched Bugs Bunny naked on my grandma's bed.

After breakfast, Josh requested a shower, and I requested I'd join him. I started to wash his back and got lower and lower until I came to the top of his butt. Josh got a nice round butt like me. I started to soap him up real good like. We both got hard in a second. His dick was bigger than John's, about five inches, standin' up horny and red. I slipped a finger into John's hole to see what he would say, and he didn't say a word. When I reached around and started to jerk him off, he just closed his eyes and let the water hit him. I angled mi guevo towards his hole, and nudged my head into him, shit, he scared the shit out of me. He turned around so fast, I slipped, and found myself laying in the tub on my back, boner in the air. Josh got upset that I chose to explore unexplored territory without proper permission from the queen.

I told him, "Josh, it don't hurt. I'll take my time. I've been fucked since I was eight, and it is a large part of my religion. At least I practice it religiously. Don't be scared." He said, "Luis, if you like it so much... let me!" NO PROBLEM DUDE! And in he went... all the way to his balls. It was his first fuck, boy or girl. I laid on my stomach in our old-time bathtub, pushed my butt as high as I could to let him take full strokes. He didn't last too long, but it was definitely quality time. He reached under me and played with my dick as he gave it all he had. I could feel him throbbing inside me, so I counted down the blast-off... ten, nine, eight... My buddy returned the favor by letting me fuck his mouth,

and fuck it I did. It didn't take long for me either, but I rammed him like a maniac. And when I busted inside his mouth, he didn't even spit it out... true friends.

It was nice with Josh, but not enough. Sometimes I just need a "manwich" to fill me up, tu sabes? That's usually why I go with men, aside from the money. Like I said, sometimes I just need someone to call the shots, someone to smother me, someone to go out of control over my body. After nuts were busted, I called Rafael, 'cause yo, this is one of those times. I was just dying to be filled up... sure I love boys, but I needed something bigger than five inches and fatter than my fingers and shit. Rafael got eight inches and a real fat one. And just to throw off his routine, I ran to his apartment across the street in Building 504 and stripped as I entered. I left a trail from the front door to the bedroom. Shirt, shorts, sneakers... I guess there ain't no thin' else I wear in the summer. I laid on my stomach on his bed and he put his tongue up my ass. I said, "Rafael, one hundred dollars and you can fuck me right now!" I never let him put more than his fingers or tongue in there, so in he went. I propped myself on some pillows and moved my butt in counter rhythm so his strokes, and moved my hips in circles for him. He lasted about fifteen minutes. I cummed madly as I felt his juice inside me... you wouldn't understand, it's a "manwich" thing. He paid me fifty dollars extra because the nuts he busted were none he felt before, and some he waited years to get. I went home with a hundred and fifty dollars and found a room full of crashed naked boys, an empty bottle of my Ron Bermudez Dominican rum, and reefer clouds as far as the hallway.

Being I am who I am, I went out of control. I couldn't decide whose ass to lick first, so I went from butt to butt probing with my tongue and jerking off at the same time. I could only raise a drop, and my dick was on fire, but sometimes I just can't stop, I can't get enough.

Later, when I woke up from an afternoon nap, I was greeted to my two white friends doing something that I never expected. Josh must've broke down, 'cause he was on his hands and knees and John was behind him humping, and humping, both of them with their eyes closed and their teeth grinding. They didn't notice that I was awake, so I faked sleep and watched them carry on. In minutes John's legs began to tremble and he collapsed on Josh's back. AYE DIABLO! A VIEW TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!

The next two days went real well, with more of the same. Aside from walks to High Bridge Park (across the street) and a variety of

Dominican restaurants, most of the time was spent busting nuts and getting fucked up. We have become the closest of close friends. They know me and I know them better than most people will ever know us throughout the rest of our lives. The thing is, *our worlds are so different*. I mean, ya know, they from these rich two-parent houses... two boys, one girl... John, Bill and Suzy. Ya know what I mean? I mean, I watched my father get shot in our living room when I was seven over drugs. And I watched my mother die a slow death ever since with heroin and crack. I got a total of thirteen kids in my family, most of them with no clue as to who's their father. I live with my old grandmother on a welfare budget... well, what I mean is *our worlds are so different*.

The weekend finally came to an end. My friends helped me clean up the house... wash the sheets, mop, and throw out the empty bottles. We had to bum cocomango incense to get the sex out of the air. Left with just memories to cling to. I never did hear from John, but Josh continued to write me for almost a year, then his family moved to Massapequa out on the Island, and he never wrote after. He mentioned that John had been getting into some trouble, shoplifting and junk like that. They were still best friends, still bustin' nuts whenever they could. We always talked of hookin' up, but never seemed to connect. It was like, they was embarrassed to bring me to their houses and shit. Well, I'm not surprised. Ya know, being Spanish and poor... just prejudice I guess. Probably their fathers were suckin' me off at Playland anyway. My life hasn't changed much except for the fact that mi abuela died some months ago. Juan is in DFY (Division for Youth). He got caught selling reefer and crack downtown. I moved with my uncle and his lover down to Harlem. It's OK, but I miss my block... it will always be my home. I find myself daydreaming about Joshua and John in between pulls on my blunts. I'll never forget them. And they sure will never forget me.