

UNPUBLISHED STORIES FROM A YOUTH IN THE USA  
BY LUIS MIGUEL FUENTES

Luis Miguel Fuentes was born in the Dominican Republic around the middle of 1976<sup>1</sup> and moved, aged six, to New York City, where he was a boy prostitute from the age of eight. He shot to fame in boysexual circles in 1990, when his new lover and mentor, the writer Kevin Esser, presented his first writing, a frank and vivid account of his life, for publication.

Presented here are nine apparently autobiographical short stories by him apparently never published in print, written as they were after the closure of the Acolyte Press in Amsterdam (which had published his early writings). At least the first and probably all of them were first posted on the long defunct website “Johnny Proudly Presents”. These are nine of the only eleven known stories by him not to have seen print publication. Of the other two, *Puerto Playa* is presented separately on this website as, alone, not being set in the USA, while *Sacred Grounds*<sup>2</sup> is of no Greek love interest.

In contrast to the stories for which Fuentes is best known, he is an adult in six of those presented here. They are arranged (after the introduction) in the chronological order of their setting, as follows:

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<sup>1</sup> It has sometimes been asserted online that statements about Fuentes’s date of birth are contradictory and that it is therefore far from certain, but the present editor has never seen a written statement by him that is inconsistent with his having been born around the middle of 1976. In “Speaks Loud and Clear” (*Diary of a Dirty Boy*), written in March 1990, he says he was born in 1976, that he was then thirteen, and that his mother died in a May just before his birthday. In “It’s Better to have Loved and Lost” (*Diary of a Dirty Boy*), written in July/August 1990, he says that about two years earlier, he was going on twelve. “Soon to Be Fifteen” (*Diary of a Dirty Boy*) was written in 1991. Establishing his truthfulness on this is an important step towards refuting claims also made that his very existence was a fabrication, though sophisticated analyses the editor has read of his use of language confirms his peculiar style and its distinctiveness from that of his mentor, Kevin Esser (who is sometimes accused of having fabricated him).

<sup>2</sup> It is also not about Fuentes’s life. Written in 2005, it will be found in *Selected Short Stories* by Luis Miguel Fuentes, available through the website (registration required) <https://the.nextthing.club/>, the immediate source for all these stories.

<b>Name of story</b>	<b>Setting</b>	<b>Written</b>
<a href="#"><u>Hola My Friends</u></a>	1984-99 (aged 8-23)	1999 October 2
<a href="#"><u>The Last of the Junkies</u></a>	1985/6 (aged 9)	2002
<a href="#"><u>The Dreamboy Dreamer</u></a>	1990/1 (aged 14)	2006
<a href="#"><u>God Is A Good God</u></a>	1998?	2002
<a href="#"><u>Return to Sandburg</u></a>	1999/2000 (aged 23)	2003 March 1
<a href="#"><u>Y2KYME</u></a>	1999-2001	2001+
<a href="#"><u>How to Spend a Sunday Morning</u></a>	2001? April	2002 March 12
<a href="#"><u>Road Trip</u></a>	2003 summer	2003 summer
<a href="#"><u>Paradise Life</u></a>	2004/5	2005

## Hola My Friends

I just wanted to introduce myself. My name is Luis Miguel Fuentes. I have been a big fan of "Johnie" and his most beautiful web site. He has brought many sunshines to otherwise cloudy days. Just looking at all those incredible smiles of the people he scans, fills my heart with happiness. I am the type of kid who is and always was insatiable. I cant get enough loving, holding, touching, talking, hugging and looking! There is a nation of boys inside my soul!

I found Johnies web site one day and from that day on, I logged on every chance I got. Then I lost him. I couldn't find the site. I never wrote down the address, I just linked on via Free Spirits. I went bezerk, and called around to different friends who were also fans, and they were in the same boat as me. Never wrote down the address. Just linked on and sailed away. One day though it re-appeared and I was so happy, I can't begin to tell you. So I quick fast wrote down the address, called my friends to pass on the good news, and sent him a "Welcome Back" letter! He was taken by surprise cause he never knew he went anywhere, but nonetheless, we started to correspond, and a whole new chapter of my life began to unfold.

See, my life has been filled with so much pain, that anything that brings joy to my soul, I grab and hold onto like a octopus. The only outlet I have ever had for my pain has been writing. It all started soon after my 13th birthday. By then I was already a veteran of the "streets". I'm from the ghetto which begins at the end of Harlem and stretches to the tip of Manhattan. A ghetto people don't even know existed. Washington Heights. From 155th street to 200th street. Rat and roach infested tenaments. Where there is always a shortage of food, love, and shelter, but never a shortage of drugs, crime, and devastation. A place where it's not uncommon to see kids under 12 runnin around on the streets long after midnight as their parents drink, sniff, or shootup their welfare checks, and don't even notice that "Carlito" aint around. Well, I was a kid who needed more then this. I needed love and I got it the only way I knew how.

Before I was 8 years old, I discovered the power my little brown body held. How the right movements, and touches to the right man

[or sometimes women] would bring me all the things I never got at home. The nice clothes and Nike sneakers. The fancy bikes and pocket money. Anything I wanted! Sometimes we could even get caught up playin the role of father and son, and go to a nice restaraunt holding hands, or pickin out whatever I wanted at Toys R Us. Although some people could see past what was presented, a majority of the folks used to look at us with joy as I laid my head on a mans legs takin a lazy nap in the subway as a man I hardly knew more then a few weeks would be strokin my hair, pettin me like a proud father. I needed them as much as they needed me. Some could look into my eyes and see my soul, and know I was a lost puppy starvin for affection...

It's been a long ride from then till now. A long painful ride. With the encouragement from Chris Farrell [the old editor of the Nambla Bulletin] and Kevin Esser, [author of Streetboy Dreams, Something Like Happiness... etc] I started to write about my trials and tribulations of life and growing up poor, and hungry for love [and food] in Times Square arcades and the surrounding welfare hotels. I was published by Acolyte Press in the Netherlands and Nambla Bulletins. This winter, a compilation of my short stories was published by Wallace Hamilton Press. I sent a copy to "Johnie" and he posted a few stories for me. He also listed ways you can buy a copy of the book. I know once you pick it up, you wont want to put it down.

I take you on a trip through my world. The world of a boy prostitute. The world of Times Square Arcades. This was before Disney Land took over on the strip, and Guilianni took over as mayor. He quickly came through and swept us all under the rug. Vanished. Shut down. On a summer night a few years ago, Times Square was filled with dozens of kids just like me searchin for a clean warm bed to spend the night, and some strong loving arms to spend them in. That was then, this is now. All thats left is memories. Some of you were there, and maybe we even slept together, some of you werent, but heard about it and always wanted to check it out, and now its too late, so come take a trip with me down memory lane. Read about me, maybe about you too. Laugh with me. Cry

with me. Dry my tears if u can. Give me just one more last hug, and make it a good one! And by the way... got a quarter mister????

Luis 2/10/99

## The Last of the Junkies

It was love at first sight, it was... well - you know... the pretty mushroom cloud... all I really ever wanted to do was see red anyways! The way my red blood would shoot into the syringe and bloom allot like the flower that produced the shit I was watching mix with my blood. Magical iced- tea lookin like loveable hateful liquid, red shooting in and maintaining a completely separate identity, then a deep purple color soon to bring me where I needed to be! Kinda like some shit in a deranged mad scientists lab in some Boris Karloff type flick I'd be peeping at midnight in black and white! ... Come to think of it, even if the movie was in color, I'd have seen it in b/w back then cause we didn't own no damn color t.v. anyways! Fuck it!!!! I don't really give a fuck anyways... all I can tell you, is my magic potion... it works! I don't gotta deal with this bitch no more. Nahhh! No more niggas feelin, pawin, suckin, lickin on me like some god damned Mexican whore, just so her and her fucked up, ass out junkie of a boyfriend can get theirs? Hells no! Not no more! This shits been building up in me for months, and in a way, I'm kinda glad that the "H" got me strung tha fuck out! For real! Cause now, anything to dead this way I'm feelin. This deep down emptiness! This pain I cant describe!?! Well... I'm all for it! Y'all know me pretty well by now, and bein the typa kid I am and always was, how long before I'd break the fuck outta Dodge City? The way I see it, if some mans gonna be pawin all over me, fuggittt, I'm gonna keep all the scratch! No doubt! I mean, let's be for real, the bitch got a pussy! Aint no sense in my 9 year old ass to be supportin botha their habits, plus mines?! Hell No! I mighta been born at night, but son, not last night!

The way I see it, the shit was all part of some master plan... all part of some fucked up plot. Maybe even a deal with the Devil. Who knows? Only her! All I know is that the bitch knew exactly what she was doing that day she told me to put out my arm and turn my head away! Bitch knew! Just as I knew as soon as that shit hit my blood, it was on! A life time love affair in the making! Now, I aint even sure if I'm strung out on the dope or the needle, cause like I said, sometimes I just wanna see red! And like I said before, if some

Chester's gonna be suckin on my dick or lickin my ass, you best believe every stinkin red cents going in my filthy pockets now!

Shit! The day I left, my ma almost lost her damn mind! Bitch acted like she got cut off from welfare or some shit. Way I see it is fuggit, it aint my problem! Bitch gotta hump for hers now, just like before. Just that plain and simple. The puta got lazy! Laying in her bed all day highed tha fuck up while I'm out all day and half the night turning tricks... bitch pimped me good bro! SHITS DEAD!

I knew I had options! I could easily lay up at Carlitos or Mikes house all day, every day! I don't need her nothin! If anything, she needs me! Dig? And that there shits damn pitiful! Two grown ass adult addicts relying on a little boy to maintain their addiction! Way I saw the big picture, either man would gladly keep me straight just for the full time company! Word! See most of the Chester type fellas is some real lonely type guys! Dig? They'd gladly keep me full, high, and lookin like a million dollars just to share their bed on some full time basis type shit and I didn't even have to fuck! That's my WORD! Yeah... I aint gonna lie to y'all, I like it when they cuddle with me! Nooo Fuck that! I love it! Who wouldn't?!? All the hugs, the kisses... not to mention the fact that they cant keep their hands and mouths offa my body... Hug me, kiss me, lick me head to toe! That bitch aint done shit but slap me up, beat me down, turn me out and fuck me up! She aint even hug me since they killed my daddy and damn! That shit was almost two years ago!

I figured going to Mikes would be the best move. I already had a key, plus my own box of Trix in the cabinet... "silly rabbit, Trix are for kids!" and Mike was definitely a trick! I met him at Playland about 4 months ago! Would you believe that this man gave me \$50.00 the first day I met him, just to jerk me off, and I couldn't even cum yet! I aint even gonna front, I kinda dig Mike. After our first week of daily business, he gave me the bottom drawer of his dresser just for me to keep my special things in. You know. A safe spot to keep any presents and valuables so as I wouldn't have to worry my ma would sell or steal them! For example, he gave me a big ass GiJoe doll, and the shit was the bomb! The best! Only thing is I didn't know how to play with it or anything else for that matter! The

3rd day I went to his house he had a brand new pair of Nikes' there for me! Plus some Phat jeans and shirt and a new Yankee hat. I aint even gonna front, the shit I was wearin was tired! Mad tired. Shit was filthy. I had them damn socks on for so long, them shits were literally stuck to my feet! Word! I had to peel em off like peeling the skin off a Sunkist orange! Mike knew I was strung the fuck out, shit was no secret, but what could he have done anyways. You know the deal, he really didn't want to see me shooting dope, who would? I was just a little boy. Then again, he didn't want me to stop neither cause with the habit, I needed him to the fullest extent of the word! Plus, it was impossible to hide the face if I was staying under his roof, dig?... if you seen me bare from head to toe, you were bound to see tracks... if you were with me 24/7 you were bound to see me nod... it was quite simple though... we had an agreement or better yet... an arrangement... he loved me... or at least he loved my body, and I loved his money and attention, dig?

Mike owned his own store so he had plenty of time to give me the attention I needed and thought wanted. At first it was lovely! You know, the museums, the shows, the cultural type shit, the problem was, at 9 years old, my English was still kinda shaky, and school was out of the question. I'd only been in NYC for about 3 years, and in my hood, everyone spoke Spanish. You know the neighborhood! The typical Spanish hood from the movies, like Popi or Carlitos way. A million kids running everywhere. A crew of hoods on every corner selling anything you ever wanted or needed. I mean they all specialized in coke or weed, but they all had the weed, speed or anything you need type mentality! An open pump [fire hydrant] became "Tar Beach" get the picture? To be honest, I actually learned more English watching Sesame Street then the 2 years I spent at P.S.5. "Juan Pablo Duarte" Shit, the name of the school alone tells the whole story! "Juan Pablo" was Dominican Republics version of that guy with the wooden teeth from US history... you know who I mean! The guy on the dollar bill! Jimmy Washington... wait... no Jimmies the kid in my building on the 5th floor... oh yeah... George Washington... thats it... my bad!



Regardless of the fact, Mike dropped his world for me. He kept me from being sick, and fed me more love than I knew was possible! Yet something was missing from me. I felt empty inside. I filled it up the only way I knew how. No sooner then he'd leave for his store, I'd hop the #1 or the A train up at 181st street and ride on downtown to 42nd to cruise the deuce! Playland once again. It wasn't like I needed the money. I wasn't lookin for no love... I guess maybe I was just bored... not to mention that I was setting myself up for the fall. There was no question about it. I knew that if he found out I was turning tricks, he would hit the wall, shit would hit the fan, and I'd have no choice but to hit the streets! I'm real real real good at fucking a good thing up though! I always was and I always will be... and old pro! Walking the tight rope! Putting just one extra bag in the cooker... just to see what would happen... dig? I called it, playing Chinese roulette, being most of the dope I was putting in me back then was China White. Matter of fact, I still play the game to this day, the only difference is, the rules stayed the same, but the outcome just don't matter no more! Shit, half of me is actually trying to hit that damn bullet in the chamber... thinkin to myself... I always o/d., why can't I just die???

To make a short story long, Mike came home early one day with a cart full of presents for me. A whole heap of surprises for little old me... what he never expected was that it was him who was the one who was truly surprised! Picture him barely able to fit through the door with an armful of wrapped up presents, expecting to find me sitting in front of the t.v. nodding out to the Price is Right but I was nowhere in sight... "C'mon Down Mike, you're the next contestant on Luis' fucked up life!" Well... c'mon down he did! He knew exactly where to find me... once a whore always a whore! I was in Playland on 46th street. I was playing a game with my 7th trick. I had already been with 6 other men in the past 4 hours. He yanked me out by my arm screaming all sorts of shit and not one of them a lie! He was as good at makin me feel like shit as I was being a piece of shit! An old pro I was! Not even 10 years old and I was laying the pavement for my future... paving the way! Setting the mold. Pushing away love. Fighting it off like a guy whose been

through 6 marriages, or better yet, giving it an uppercut like Muhammad Ali. The only relationship I aint ever push away was my relationship with death. With Dope! The only pleasure I aint never deny myself was the pleasure of seeing red! Shit! My dick would be hard as I tied a belt around my arm... might even cum myself as I squeezed in my magical serum!

Mike left me standing on the sidewalk on 50th street and Broadway with my mouth dropped open in a "what tha fuck just happened to me" mode! Like I said before, I set myself up for the fall. To be absolutely honest, half of me didn't really care cause all it did was reenforce the fact to myself and to the rest of the world [so I thought] that "nobody loves me!" and "nobody cares!" I also enabled me to repeat the lines over and over again... "Nobody ever loved me! Everyone hates me! Use me and abuse me... make me a Mugsy type stick up kid just for the thrill of it... make me walk the tightrope!" Shit... I been a real live stick up kid... sticking needles up into my veins always and forever! I mean I wasn't robbing nobody but myself and my own chance of any normal typa existence. You know the old scenario; every last stinkin penny went into my arm! For real! As far as eating goes, I'm ok with a buttered roll and a 50 cent juice, dig? \$7.00 a day for a bed in some Times Square dump if I really felt like splurging! Either that or spend the night wrapped around some outtatowner who was paying me for sex, love, or whateva tha fuck you wanna call it! I'd literally spend \$1.00 to eat and \$100.00 to stay comfortably numb... go figure!!! All I really wanted to do was see red anyways...

When the reality of Mike dropping me like a hot potato gave me a back handed smack across the face, there I was once again standing in front of some assorted video arcade on Broadway with no home, no plan and one hell of a fucked up habit for a 10 year old! Let's be real here, shit would've been a huge habit for a 20 year old... No regular monkey on this here back... Some real straight up King Kong type shit! Bust this - if I break it down to y'all to see what I'm sayin - it took me at least \$60.00 a day to stay normal! Times that by seven as in the days of the week, and I'm talking about just under \$500.00 a week! Times that by 4 as in the weeks in a

month and we're up to \$2000 monthly. Times that by 12 as in the months of the year and we're talkin \$24,000. Now take into mind that most people in my neighborhood made between \$10,000 and \$14,000 a year and I'm talking about a husband, a wife and 4 kids! Reality check! Not the position anybody would want to be in! Still, a nigga like me was not trying to be dope sick! Hells no! I wasn't even trying to hear no dumb shit like that! I had three choices and three choices only... #1 - I could have swallowed my pride, kiss ass, and make up with Mike, which meant accepting responsibility for my fucked up actions... #2-1 could've stayed around the Deuce turning mega tricks until I eventually o/d.' d, got arrested, or jumped off some roof somewhere, or #3, move to Carlitos apartment, and that's depending on the chance that no other lil mutha fucka didn't beat me to the jackpot! I maybe a fool and a jackass, but I aint never been no dummy! So what did I do? Duhhhh! I hopped on an "A" train on 8th avenue and rode up to 168th street heading directly to Carlos'. He owned a beautiful Brownstone on 162nd street between Amsterdam avenue and Edgecomb! Just as I turned Amsterdam and started heading down Carlitos block I spotted Chino, this kid who lived on 167th and Audubon. Chino worked Playland every now and then and was also strung out... only thing, he was 12! I could tell from his walk that he just left Carlos'. It was all too obvious! He had one hand in his front pocket palming his cash. His just made cash! He was boppin down the block with a ready to cop look on his face, and a sneaky just scored with a trick look in his eyes!

"Aye Yo Chino!" I yelled from across the street. Waitin for him to notice me. Me and him go back cause he lives on the block where my father set up his operation and my uncles continued to sell their drugs. Plus, well, just to be on the up and up, we kinda messed around a few times up on his roof. Nothin heavy, just some spankin tha monkey type shit and maybe some head here and there... "Luis! Whass uppp lil nigga? Damn where u been hiding? I aint seen u for..." I cut his response off early cause my world was closin in on me! "You seen Carlito?" I asked already knowing the answer. Chino took one long look at my face and spotted my runny nose, teary dripping eyes and desperate look, and he knew how I was feeling!

“Yo kid, you best hurry up cause Carlos is gettin ready to split. I just left there, and if u wanna catch him, which I can see u do, best be splittin... You didn’t have to tell me twice. Before he could finish his sentence, I was halfway down the block. I left my buddy standing there with his mouth dropped like he was in shock or somethin! I don’t know why he gave a fuck anyway, he already got paid! Shit! I climbed the steps to Carlitos building. Every muscle ached like I was 60 years old. I could barely lift my feet for each step, nonetheless... I reached a shaky finger out and pressed for all it was worth... He had an old fashioned doorbell that rang as long as you held the button. The old type with a bell and hammer, kinda like a old wind-up alarm clock, only shit was somehow electric. I held my finger on the button till I heard him commin down them old stairs from his bedroom, “Commin, I’m Commin, whoooo iss ittt?” he yelled through the old thick ass door that weighed 3x more than I did! I could hear his stomps coming closer to the front door. “It’s me Carlos, it’s Lui, hurrerry uppp and open thaa dammmn door!” My voice quivered with dopesickness as I attempted to yell this through his old thick wooden oak door. When he opened up and saw me standing there, his face lit up and an ear to ear smile spread across his face. I knew I was in like Flynt! “Carlito, I really aint feelin too well Papi... lemme hold a quick 20 spot and I’ll be back with the quickness!” Without even thinking he reached out and handed me two 20’s that were already folded up and pressed them into my hand. It was as if he seen me through the window heading his way, cause the 20’s were folded like I fixed them to hand off to the local dope dealers. I folded them and placed them in my palm so when I went down the block and saw the man I needed to see, all I had to do was shake his hand in the typical ghetto fashion and hand him the bills as we small talked, then he’d hand me the bags on the handshake that left me to continue down the block on my way to relieve my dopesickness... La cura!! They say “A veces la cura es peor que enfermedad” meaning “sometimes the cure is worse than the sickness” That just seemed to always fit my life as a Junkie... I kissed Carlitos cheek as I ran down his stairs with a new found energy knowing I wouldn’t be sick much longer, and ran back to

Amsterdam and up to 166th street where I saw Kev and copped me 4 bags of "Mambo Kings" Shit was some of the best and strongest dope to ever hit Washington Heights. Ray was the lookout at Mamboland. He lived on my block and has known me since I came from Dominican Republic. He's a basehead actin like or better yet, playin the part of a dope fiend. For real. He's a sniffer and his habit never got to be larger than 2 or 3 bags a day. He was an ugly muthafucka who probably didn't have any mirrors in his apartment cause he thought he was gods gift to women. A real Casanova type with his pockmarked face and beady eyes. I'm gonna let you in on a little secret, truth be it told, he aint had no pussy since pussy had him, dig? Well not unless he paid for it anyways. He used to pay my ma for her rancid ass, so just imagine... gods gift to woman??? The ugly lookin rat bastard blew me like 20 times up on the roofs or assorted basements of our street for \$30/ \$40 a pop... so way I seen things, the guy was one desperate muthafucka... enough of them... back to me...

I ran all the way back to Carlitos house as fast as my dope sick legs would move me. I could barely make it up the steps. I thanked god under my breath as I reached the front door, cause Carlos left it unlocked!... thoughtful bugger that he is. I pushed the hundred pound door open, scurried in and ran straight into the bathroom. My fairygod mother... or better yet, the Dope Fairy left me a spoon, a piece of cotton, a shotglass full of bottled water, a belt and a bandaid laid out on the bathroom counter. I felt like a doctor getting ready to do an operation on a patient, only thing was... patient was none other than me! I pulled a new B&D syringe out of my pocket, popped the caps off of both ends, shoved the point into the shotglass and drew up 30 units of water. Placing the syringe on the counter, I poured the contents of 2 of the bags into the spoon, pulled off a miniscule piece of cotton, balled it up and dropped in right onto the pile of poison, squirted the water into the spoon, stirred around my magic potion and drew the liquid back into the B&D using the little cotton ball as a little filter. I wrapped the belt around my upper arm and yanked it tight till my babyish veins popped and bulged. I slid the needle striking blood instantly like a

stone cold junkie. Like an old pro 3 times my age. As the red shot into the syringe and bloomed, I didn't wait or take my time like usual. Being I was sick, I pushed the plunger to the bottom as fast as possible! As long as the blood shot into the syringe, I knew I was on! I'd hit my target. I didn't have to wait for it to bloom if I didn't want to. That was a personal pleasure. Searching and seeking what ever beauty I could extract from this miserable catastrophe I called my life and you'd call a sin! I called pleasure, and you could see it as plain as day that it was obviously pain... allot of pain at that!... Just the way I slid the needle into my own flesh just like a deranged psychopath! Just like a stone cold dopefiend! Just like the guys I used to watch on my roof landing! Just like the guys I used to watch in my mothers livingroom! Just like my Ma!! Just like me! Just as easy and as fast as I hit my target, that's as easy and as fast as it was all so good! All so smooth! All so damnnn comfortably numb! Embryonic journey that I was immediately on! Just as if I was floating in amniotic fluid, dreading the day I'd slide out from between her legs and into the sewers of NYC a born dope fiend!... My eyes stopped tearing and dried up! My nose stopped running and dried up! The pains in my muscles and in my stomach... gone! Just like that and just that fast and simple!... All warm and cozy... kinda like sitting in front of a big fireplace in the dead cold of winter only better times 100!!! 100 times better! My warm fuzzy cocoon... drooling... dreaming... I'm sure you get the picture.

Just as I slipped into a deep and wonderful nod, Carlos knocked on the bathroom door to check on me. He didn't want some little runaway fugitive of the fostercare system to overdose in his bathroom! Basically he was makin sure I was ok... which I was... very, very ok... I cleaned out my works, splashed some cold water on my face and lit up a Newport. Imagine the sight of me!?! There I was barely 10 years old, yet I was 10 goin on 25 or 50 for that matter! I slid into the kitchen where Carlito was fixing himself a sandwich as well as one for me. Damn - boy- oh - boy - damn I was hungry. My stomach felt like it was touching my back! Just lookin at those delicious sandwiches of meat, cheese... etc had me droolin like a damn dog! My basic survival diet of a buttered roll and some

sugar water just wasn't cuttin the mustard... dig? You know you aint been eatin right when a damn fuckin sandwich starts lookin like some damn Thanksgiving day spread!

"I must say that you sure look a hell of allot better little man!" Carlito said as he smiled a toothy smile directly at me. He came to where I was sitting down and patted me a few times on my scruffy hair. He brought his nose to the top of my head and sniffed as he ran his fingers through my filthy, matted mop. Before he spoke he kissed me lightly on the cheek.

"Not for nothing shorty, but you lookin and smelling like a shower sure wouldn't kill you! What you think bout that? Is it cool?" He said this just being truthful. He wasn't trying to be mean or nuthin, he was just doin his motherly thing, that's all! Carlos was a clean freak who kept his house spotless and forever been trying to teach me bout hygiene and shit! What tha fuck a lil ghettolicious kid like me know about brushing, flossing, washin behind my ears, or pulling back the skin down below to get myself nice and clean all over? Especially now that I'd start hitting puberty before long! To be filthy and a smegma king in my line of work could be detrimental! 98% of my custies would be running away from me and the other 2% would pay extra for some "head cheese" but those were the same stinkin perverts who'd pay extra for dirty underwear, and the dirtier the more they was worth. Them deranged soulless fucks would scoop sewer snakes outta a dirty toilet bowl and probably make themselves a stiff dicked stew outta the damn turds! To be honest with y'all, my devoted dedicated fans, at that point, I aint showered probably for like 2 or 3 weeks any damn ways! Mike didn't care. He figured he was givin me tongue baths every night and morning anyways so why bother!?!

"Finish eating and I'm going to run the water in the shower for you kiddo. Matter of fact, I'm gonna go dig you out a bunch a clean stuff to wear cause their aint no way in the world I'm gonna get you squeaky clean and then you gonna put back on them dirty stinkin sweaty crusty funky fucked up clothes! As soon as you done, just come up. But don't eat too fast! You take your time, and chew for once. You aint gotta worry Luis, aint nobody gonna steal your food

around here. " He smiled as he almost skipped his way upstairs. His words were warm and comforting to me. To tell you how I felt, I felt like he was coming to me from the heart. Like he really cared. I didn't know if he was like that with every boy that crossed his doorway, but what I did know was that he knew just how to make a kid like me feel real safe and at home! See, with him, I could just tell that he cared... maybe even loved me! Like sex wasn't the number one issue or topic! I was! How I felt was! If I was happy was! Dig? With Mike, it was like I could never tell nothin! It was like, to him, he'd have one hand all over my ass and the other all grabbin and squeezing my dick... it was more important to him than hugs and kisses and all that. He only asked if I was ok, meaning if I was dope sick or not, or on my way to being sick so I wouldn't be no problems to him and stuff I guess... word... I aint makin the shit up! See, with Carlos, if I felt like sleeping on the couch it wasn't a problem... in his bed... A-OK... in bed, he'd stroke my back, my neck, my head and my face... and he would cover my face with millions of tiny kisses and call me his special little boy or somethin like that... but with Mike??? Hells no! He always made me feel like he was trying to get his monies worth. Forget about the scene he'd pull if I didn't want sleep in his room. Oh my god! He'd pull some Michael Jackson psycho flip out guilt type shit with crying and the whole 9 yards! Word! "You hate me!" he'd say... totally reversing roles and sayin the tyra shit I'd always say... dig?? That whole "nobody loves me" type shit!... Speaking of money, I was still in the red with Carlito for the cash he slid me for my "cura" [cure] you know... "Mambo King!" I saw my red, then, I was in the red... then... time to make good on my part of the bargain and... get "head!"

Carlos was in the shower when I reached the bathroom, so I peeled off and climbed in. I figured that I might as well kill two birds with one stone. I let him wash me head to toe like I was a 4 year old. Difference being his washing was aimed more for a 40 year old. He soaped me up... soaped me down... turned me around... lather, rinse, repeat. Carlito dropped to his knees to worship at my altar. I was comfortably numb from the Mambo dancing to the beat of my heart. The beat of my soul. I closed my eyes, kicked back and



enjoyed. I grabbed him by the head, placing each hand on the left and right sides of his face using his ears as handles. I dreamed, and drifted, and was copulating with this 42nd street whore... fucking his mouth like I was John Holmes... not bad for a lil 10 year old guy, right? My mini love muscle womb sweeper was clicking away and throbbing... a dry run... dry cum... never the less, a full fledged damn near grown up orgasm... my first... My knees got weak. My eyes rolled back. My legs got all wobbly like, but I didn't fall... junkies wobble but they don't fall down! Actual, the grip that I had on Carlos' skull was the only thing that enabled me to continue standing. Chills ran down my spine! A new feeling! I was overwhelmed with pleasure. Orgasmic stupor. No sooner than I slid out of his mouth, he stood up. With a hand on each shoulder, he turned me around. Carlito took the bar of soap and lathered up my upper thighs, and between my cheeks. I was prepared for a \$40 fuck, but he wasn't planning on going up in me. What he did was slip between my legs and pretended. As he stroked in and out of my tight warm thighs, he palmed, felt and fingered where he dreamed he was. I already knew he'd been tapping Chinos' ass for a few years cause my buddy told me as much. I knew that I had no choice but to try and keep my friend away from Carlos' house and also had to keep Carlos' well drained, cause very easily could Chino fuck up a good thing for me. I mean, damn, it was enough trouble for me to keep myself from fuckin up, so now I had double the work! Word! If I planned on living there, I had to really be on point! King Kong was calling all of the shots in my life. I had to keep the scratch coming in order to keep the smack flowing. There wasn't much about it, just to do it!

After we dried off, Carlito led me to his bedroom by my hand. I was surprised he didn't carry me over the threshold like some damn newlyweds! On his bed, there was an assortment of pants, shirts, boxers, and socks spread out for me to pick and choose. The sneakers I got from Mike were still pretty much brand new, so I was ok in the footwear department. All of the clothes were basically my size, or rather, not my size, which was how I liked to wear my clothes... baggy. They all belonged to my friend Danillo who lived

on 134th street. He used to stay with Carlos until one day when Carlito came home from Brooklyn and his t.v., stereo and VCR were all gone... along with my Puerto Rican crone... My new "top shelf" wardrobe was "perfectamundo!" I was freshly dipped... "fresh dressed like a million bucks" as Slick Rick sang it!

Carlito had to jet down to 10th street and avenue B. He said he had some business to tend to. It was none of my business so I didn't ask shit and didn't wanna know! He handed me \$100 bill all fresh and crispy. His orders were simple! He handed me his video club membership card and told me to get 2 movies. One for myself and one for us for when he returned. Get some Mickey D's or Burger Queen for when I got hungry again, and spend the rest on my Cura. My dope. My medication. My poison. Call it whatever you want. I was callin it Mambo Kings. I mean, why bother shopping for another brand, if that shit hit the spot the way I expected and wanted it to!?! He gave me a ready made copy of his house key and kissed me long and deep. Damn, the love vibes he sent my way, had me ready to strip off all of my new clothes and hit the sack all honeymoon like! Carlos was out... See, he was so dope! So utterly perfect! He made sure I had enough cash so I didn't have to go out no time for nothing at least till the next early afternoon! I was so content and relaxed, it was the first night in as long as I could remember, where I slept through the night. I slept like the rock of Gibraltar! Damn! It was the first time in years where I didn't have to literally sleep with one eye opened! Didn't have to worry bout someone climbing in bed while I was sleeping and dickin me down, or trying to or whatever other nonsense I had to deal with since Daddy died. Didn't have to worry bout no one stealing my money, my clothes, my kicks... nothing!!! Absolutely nothing!!!

After two weeks in my virtual Fantasy Island, I woke up one morning sick as a dog. I thought I was hallucinating cause Mr. Rourke was in bed with Tattoo... I mean Carlos was in bed with Chino. I felt my stomach drop! Betrayal in the first degree... Criminal offense! Was all his love fake? I thought to myself. Was it all a lie? I took some small revenge that wouldn't really jeopardize

my stay. I crawled along the floor in Carlitos room to his pants which were laying alongside the bed in front of the night table.

I dug through the pockets like a thief in the night. A cat burglar... better yet, a chicken burglar. A small pang of guilt hit me. I felt like a greedy little thief. Well, I guess that's cause I was being just that! A greedy little thief! I was a mini pirate searching for my buried treasure. X marks the spot! Before my brain realized what was happening, my dick rose to the occasion. My little hand wrapped itself around a huge wad of bills. I already knew, knowing Carlos, they were 20's, 50's and 100's. He always kept his 10's, 5's and 1's in his shirt pocket to give out to the street urchins and to buy small shit with. I peeled off a small handful, leavin most in place. Like that, he wouldn't even notice. He rarely counted what he kept in his pocket, and every kid I ever know who slept at Carlitos stole cash every once in a while. As long as us vagabonds didn't get greedy, it was all gravy... all good in otherwords! I crept back out of the room slithering like the snake I was being... on my belly... and proceeded to slide out of the front door. I walked calmly to the park that ran along Edgecomb avenue so as to not draw attention. I felt like running, but it would of looked suspicious, a kid leavin his house and running down the block to the park! I wanted to count my take. I had \$520, so I did what came most naturally. I headed straight to Mambo Kings. I copped 4 bundles [40 bags] and still had \$150. They always gave me a break if I copped allot of bags. I slipped back into Carlitos un-noticed, shot 2 bags in my usual bathroom/ shooting gallery, peeled off my clothes, and climbed back under the blankets I left spread out on the couch.

When I finally woke back up in the early afternoon, Carlos was gone, but Chino was still sleeping in the master bedroom. I called his name, "Chino!" but he didn't budge. I did it again a little louder, but still no response. What the hey, right? I slid in bed next to him, pulled the covers over my upper body, and wrapped a leg around his. He was all warm and cozy, so I snuggled up next to him. I was starving for some affection. It was one of those days when I woke up lonely and depressed and being they spent the night together I felt abandoned and unwanted. Chino was butt naked. As I drifted into

dreamland, he wrapped his arms and legs around me and hugged me into him. He rolled me on top of him, and I fell asleep with my head resting on his chest. I slept with a smile on my face and warm peace in my heart, oh yeah... and a hand on my ass. I woke a few hours later. I could tell Chino had toured my guts, cause... well... I just knew... I turned to face him, and I kissed him on the cheek. He was play sleeping, cause he grabbed me like an octopus and caught me off guard. He slid home! I was pulling and squirming and movin but I was trapped in his grip! He was bigger than me by like a foot or so. The more I squirmed and moved, the more bliss he received. By me trying to get away, all it did was have an opposite effect on the bastard. I wasn't mad, but I wasn't exactly feelin like him neither! He pulled out in less then 5 minutes. He bent over and kissed me on my lips. He took his finger and wiped away a few teardrops from my eyes. I hurt deep down inside... always. As his fingers passed my nose, I could smell myself all over him... what a life! He kissed me again only this time he used his tongue, then he nibbled on my earlobe. Chino reached down and took me in his hand. He rubbed and massaged my womb sweeper into fullness, then took me in his mouth. I laid back and enjoyed what he had to offer me, yet I still felt too hollow inside. Empty. A vacant lot! Silent tears of agony flowed freely. Tears for every bit of pain that was ever felt by any boy across the universe. Even though my body was being pleased. Getting pleasure. My soul ached... boy did it ache! I don't think I could explain it even if I tried my hardest. It's like, every day - every breathing second of my life, my soul cries out a tortured scream. The pain is 100x worse then every mothers pain during the moments before delivery - without her shot of Demerol. No pain killers whatsoever - a little body that's still attached to her, slides out from a doorway 1/3 the size of their head... that gut wrenching, searing pain is what my soul feels every damn second of my existence... growing worse with each breath. I guess that's why I always prescribed my own pain medication... Heroin... The only relief I've ever felt from existence, comes from sliding a needle into my vein... a needle so sharp that it slides in easier than a hot knife through butter... sometimes... sometimes it's so dull that it rips and

tears and I just can't seem to hit or see red no matter how hard and no matter how many times I jab, stab and puncture my poor pincushion body... begging god... "please lord... just let me hit... just let me get some relief from this misery this one last time, and I promise you... I promise... I will never, ever do this again... just lemme see red!" I plead to myself outloud! Then it happens... I see red... I squeeze off... a pinch of pain... a burst of pleasure... my only relief ever... No sooner than the heroin hits my brain, I declare the contract I made with god to receive this relief... null and void... VETO!

It never mattered to me if the dope was from China, Pakistan, Africa, Columbia, Turkey, India, Iran... I run... I run for MORE! It's never ever ever enough... and it always takes more to get me where I need to be... I love you more today than yesterday... And I'll love you even more tomorrow! As long as the shit is cut properly and bagged up righteously... as long as I can still hit a vein... as long as I can still see red... it's all good... It's all so good it's bad! Evil! A slow death... I'm like those stupid kiddy toys that you box with... the dumb blow up clown that no matter how hard or how much you hit the damn thing... it always pops up for more... more abuse... that's me... call me the blow up clown... call me a fool... I really don't care... as long as you call me before noon so I can make the cold cash I need to put out this fire in my soul... The way I see it, once I get to see red, not much really matters after that... shit, you can bite me, kick me, punch me, throw me down a few flights of stairs... I aint goin nowhere... I'm here for the long run... I'm the president of the breed that dies the slow death... I'm the last of the junkies!

## The Dreamboy Dreamer

My papi. My Kevin. The only dad I ever had. Well, the only one that lasted more than a few months, weeks, nights... It was the summer I just got out of detox for the first time. Kevin signed me in to the "baby" ward. I trusted him. trusted him like no other. He was the keeper of my dreams and the holder of promises. I was a scared kid just barely 14. He held me in his arms as I tried to sweat it out. Tried for the millionth time, but it would never work. We both knew it. Accepted it as fact. Yet held on so tightly to the dream it really would work this time. Me? I spent the 21 says in Metropolitan dreaming of syringes. Tasting that taste Id get in the back of my mouth as I squeezed off a perfectly perverse shot. Saw visions of blood blooming into opium poppies as it shot into the syringe and blossomed mixing blood with dope before I pushed the plunger. Kevin was in NYC for a rare visit of close friends. Other writers. His son. Me. As many times as I traveled back and forth to Sandburg, we both always knew it couldn't last more than a few weeks until my bags dwindled to none. Even when I begged him to time and space the shots out as to keep me from getting sick and keep me "straight" as to enjoy all his friends and the company that ran amuck in his pirates cove. His hide away shack. His paradise amongst the corn fields and freckled faced gnomes. I loved Sandburg. I loved, literally loved a few of his friends. I still love Kevin with every bone in my body, but my need for dope was stronger than all of that. It was the only thing I was promised that I knew wouldn't let me down, for whatever lay in the future with it was all laid out. Everyone knew what would happen. You OD, you go to jail, or you die! Your habit grows into a monster that's out of control. I knew it and I expected it. No surprises. No let downs. No broken promises. The country boys were clueless. I excused my sleepy eyes, my nods as the effect of too much weed. Too much drink. And once my dick got up, it was there to stay! The dope dick! While me and Kevin were shackled up in the love nest of one of his friends on 118th street off of Columbus by Columbia university, I was a happy boy. My life has always been glimpses and glances at happiness surrounded and followed by tears and anguish, I took my

happy times with open arms as they were rare and few and too far between! I loved to be stroked, held, pampered and made love to. I liked wicked hardcore sex. A good fuck! I wanted to fill all the emptiness inside me with all he had to offer, ALL THE TIME.

When things got out of control and my habit was coming down on me I'd just jump the #1 train to the Port and turn some quick tricks before heading to the spot then back "home." Nothing disturbed Kevin more than my habit. It is what eventually dissolved everything we had until I was forced to just make the choice. Someone who actually loves me and makes me feel secure all of the time or something that I loved and made me feel secure for as long as I drilled it into my veins. As long as I had an endless wad of money to keep up with the growing monster. The habit that grew from a \$2 shot a day to \$400 a day. I made my choice a long time ago, and for that summer, I was ready to make the choice. I mean, I knew I didn't want to be strung out, but I also knew that it was as much as my ritual as brushing teeth or a morning piss. I let Kevin put me into the detox but not without promises. Promises I knew he would never break to me unless I somehow snuck out a window, a rafter, or some back door delivery entrance never fulfilling my end of the deal. I mean. Every night I fantasized about bags with names like SALSA, FUJI POWER, DO OR DIE... I pictured myself begging a nurse to let me out for 5 minutes just to get a fresh donut on 125th street from Krispy Cream, and sneaking over to "GATO" on 143rd and Lenox and doing just "one more shot!" But I stayed. I rode it out and I stayed. 21 days of madness. 21 days that seemed like a 90 day stretch at Spoffard.

Like the miracle he promised me, I emerged clean! I was detoxed and given a script for dolophine which he would gradually wean me off of as well. I was scared. So scared. Part of me was scared that he wouldn't be there to sign me out and I'd end up back in some foster type home upon release. Cast back to the streets. Back to the deuce. Once there I knew it would be a matter of days, hours or even minutes before I'd be back where I started. Where I'd sleep with anyone for the price of a bag or two. Cast back to my habit. Cast back to hell. But this wasn't the case. When they yelled,

“FUENTES” in the morning of my release and told me to “roll up” [meaning to gather my things] There he was at the desk talking to the head nurse. My papi. Waiting for me with open arms.

“How’s my boy?” He asked.

Tears were streaming down my once filthy cheeks. Tears of being freed from bondage. Tears that he actually came. Actually cared. Tears that he was as real as real could be and I really had someone who loved me in my corner.

“I’m hungry as fuck!” Was all I said as we hugged each other so tight. Just so much love between two people. No one ever hugged me in my life the way Kevin did. Ever! none of the 42nd street “johns” with promises of a loving home and endless security, just as long as I kept it as good as it was in the hotel. As long as I took all they had to offer in all the places that I could take it... be took... taken... tookd until they got bored of my body and moved in the next trade. What was between me and Kevin, it wasn’t based on sex. I mean, sure, sex makes love that much greater, exciting and fun and un expected. Every climax a new masterpiece. Every article of clothing, discarded and thrown to the floor was like unveiling a piece of art for the first time. Seen by no one before except the artist. With us, it went way beyond that. It was true friendship. It was father, son, uncle, nephew, husband, wife. It was what it was and it is what it is.

“Whadda ya wanna eat kiddo?”

“Papi, I want everything! I want bacalao, platano maduro, arroz morro... I want a big plate. A Plate so big I cant even lift tha fucker! And! And! I wanna just drop my face into and eat it like a dog!!”

We both laughed hard and loud.

“Did I mention to you how proud I am? How proud of you I am Looie?” He said looking directly at me. I didn’t say a word. I had a lump in my throat. I was holding back tears. I looked deep into his eyes for the sincerity and kissed him full on the lips. Our teeth clanked and our tongues intertwined! I didn’t care if we still didn’t exit the lobby of the hospital. The way I felt, the more people that saw us the better. I didn’t care if it disgusted them. Thrilled them. Made them dial 911! I wanted the whole world to know how I felt. I



wanted to leap onto the first car hood we came across and scream to the world. I wanted to yell out loud!

“Someone loves me! And look, he is right here!”

There were people going in and out of the main door where we stood kissing and locked just steps away. Some stared. Some clucked their teeth. All that did was add fuel to the fire. There we were with our lips locked and our arms wrapped around each other, so what did I do? What else? I dropped on arm from around his neck and brought it in between us and right to where I could feel his hard through his jeans. Then I took one of his arms from around me and dropped it to my back and pressed right to my ass. I was always a little showman.

“Fuck the food! Take me home! Now!” I almost yelled to him. If I didn’t just put on the show and security wasn’t on the way, I would have dragged him into the lobby bathroom, dropped my pants and straddled the toilet pushing back as far as I could, pushing him deep into me. God! My mind was tripping!

“Lets breeze! Hurry! Before I have to change my shorts!”

“Guess what?” Kevin said.

“I got a surprise for you, but you’re gonna have to wait!”

“Tell me! Tell! Pleaseeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!” I begged.

“No baby, you’ll just have to be patient and wait. Don’t worry, you will be a very happy camper!”

“Please tell me!” I tried again.” But he didn’t even answer me, he just smiled and shook his head no!

We jumped into his rented jeep Laredo and rode cross to the Westside, then up to 118th street. By the time we were halfway there, somewhere around Adam Clayton Powell Blvd, I was already hard again and drippy just waiting for our lovemaking “honeymoon” style. I could only imagine what my surprise would be. I reached over and started rubbing the front of his pants and went to unzip the fly. He gave me a sideways glance, taking his eyes off the crowded street for a moment. I knew the look. I started licking and sucking until he pushed

my head away.

“But...”

“But nothing, you want to get us killed? Arrested maybe? An accident? If you keep that up I’m bound to ram the car in front of us and turn our dream into a nightmare. Just wait Looie, we are almost there!”

He was right, within minutes we were heading down 118th and parking in front of the love nest. I jumped from the SUV almost before he put it in park and bolted into the building, taking the stairs 2 at a time. I slipped my key out my pocket and slid it into the lock. Kevin probably wasn’t even in the building yet! I shed my clothing piece by piece leaving a trail from the living room to the bedroom. By the time he reached me I was halfway there! We made wicked wild love. I could break it down piece by piece, step by step or inch by inch to you, but why bother. You know the deal, and you’ve read it all before somewhere. Sometime. You’ve read about our escapades and you closed your eyes and pulled and tugged at yourself until you finally unloaded deep into me. The boy of your dreams. Then you opened your eyes, found yourself alone, sighed, and downed another gin and tonic. Leaving your dreams behind on some washrag, bedspread, sheet, towel, paper towel, anywhere, everywhere, but in me!

I fell asleep in Kevin’s arms with him still inside me. I slept solid for the first time in such a long time. I only woke when I felt him thrusting in and out again sometime before dawn. So I did what came naturally. I flipped around still connected to him and put one foot on each of his shoulders and pushed in to meet his thrusts, pulled away as he pulled back...

After we were both a sticky sweaty mess, he took my by the hand and walked me to the shower where he just held me and kissed me deep under the stream of hot steamy water. We washed each other and I jumped on his back for a piggy back ride to the room. Both of us still wet.

“If we don’t dry off and get dressed, we may never leave this place, and you may never find out what your big surprise is!”

“Papi, what’s the surprise? I asked, trying my luck again.”

I pouted. Moaned. Griped. Sighed. Complained how unfair this all is! “A big secret! NO FAIR!”

Soon enough we were dressed and getting into the Laredo. As the sun was rising we were crossing the 59th street bridge, heading down Queens Blvd and on our way to the L.I.E. (495).

“Where we goin? I asked.

Kevin just smiled and told me to put on my seatbelt, put the seat back, and take a nap, as we had a long ride ahead of us. I did as he said and lit up a cigarette. I inhaled deeply. Flicked my ashes out the window. Daydreamed. The window was down, blowing in the smell of summer air.

I drifted in and out of sleep during the ride. When I finally woke and propped the seat back up, we were on Montauk Highway, way out on the eastern end of Long Island. I looked at Kevin with my famous “baffled” look. He knew it well. One eye closed. Eyebrow raised. Mouth twisted to the side. He just looked at me and laughed.

“Baffled huh? Flabbergasted even?”

He knew I loved those two words. We laughed together. I had ants in my pants. A nervous feeling in my stomach. A feeling I only dulled with a good strong shot. I lit one of my cigarettes and looked at him with my famous smirk. My eyes where taking in the sights and my nose the scents. Large beach houses. Country setting. Flowers. Salt water. Simple things I would never even had paid any mind to a few weeks ago. Things you don’t notice when you are doing time in a bag of dope. A cell of addiction.

We got off the highway and made a left turn. We stayed on that road for a bit until we slowed down and made a right turn down a dirt road. A dirt driveway. To the end of the rough bumpy path we were soon facing a cute little house. A small old house. White with green shutters that had little crescents of moons cut out into them.

“Who lives here? One of your friends? Where are we?”

He never answered me. He smiled in silent anticipation of my reactions to what was to be. We parked and jumped out the Laredo. I followed Kevin in through the unlocked door of his “friends” house. My mouth dropped!

“SURPRISE!” yelled Donovan and Robbie. My two best Sandburg friends. There were balloons of every color hung all over.

Streamers. And a big "Welcome Home Looie, We Love You" that apparently Robbie and Donovan made themselves. I hit my knees crying. So this was my surprise. I wasn't bawling like but crying. Just crying. My knees gave out from shock or surprise or what have you. Kevin took me by both hands and stood me up and all 3 of them hugged me with enough love to fill most third world countries.

"Why?... God... Kevin... What tha fuck? I don't... I aint... You shouldn't have..." I tried to say things but the words were racing through my brain faster than I could spit them out.

"I love you Looie. You are my boy. You are my heart kiddo, and you deserve this and so much more."

This was my reward. My surprise. My present. The next 8 weeks in the East Hampton. As far away from the deuce as you could get. Yet so close. A depraved simple ride from decadence to serenity and peace. Me, my papi, and two of my most loved friends ever. Friends that I never saw in my life not being stoned on dope, weed, alcohol, pills. The gift of their beauty danced before my eyes like the way a moth dances around a flame. Flickering in a make believe way.

Donovan and me had gotten so close the summer before out in Sandburg. Spent our times away chatting on the phone, exchanging mail and emails. Just staying in touch and up to date as much as I could with so much crap goin in my life. I tried my hardest though. Out in Sandburg he had become my boyfriend and he was Robbie's boyfriend and we were all Kevin's boyfriends. The ones that he held close to his heart.

I had to sit down. My legs were wobbly. I copped a seat on the couch, put my face into my hands and cried my heart out. I was loved. I was really loved. I was safe. Secure. And I wasn't strung out! Dope gives you a false feeling of warmth and security. Of love or not. Sex becomes as ritualistic as a shot. Nothing matters as much as the next bag. I was free. The scene was overwhelming.

Donovan came and sat down next to me. He put one arm around my shoulder and held me. I looked him in the face and he took one finger from his other hand and wiped the tears that were

still running. I smiled at him. He was more beautiful than I remembered him. He had grown a little and no more baby fat. He was lean and sported a six pack obviously doing sit ups during the past year. He still had his full lips and his curly hair. His perfectly colored skin. And as affectionate as ever. He put his face close to mine. Licked the last of my tears off my cheeks and we touched lips slowly, softly and passionately. I wrapped my arms around him and pulled him into my lap. We deep soul kissed until we were both squirming around. I opened one eye and peeped Kevin and Robbie on the Lay-z-boy reclined and staring at us as they jerked each other off. Me and Donovan were ripping each others clothes off. I couldn't wait another second. We pivoted into a 69 and were both going at it like dogs who hadn't eaten in weeks. I started licking his nuts and going higher and higher [he was on top] until I got to his hole. So perfect. His ass was to die for. He had the perfect black boys kid of ass. So round and so perfectly flawless. I spread his cheeks and licked until I had half my tongue swirling around inside of him. I was dipping my fingertips in at the same time. Getting him wet, slippery, ready and open. By now, Kevin had my legs in the air and was slobbering my butt as Robbie stood watching us and jerking himself off. Once Kevin slipped in the head, the rest was history. There we were. Donovan sucking me, my sucking Donovan's ass, Kevin fucking me as he sucked off Robbie. Where was that damn camera when we needed it. It was a definite Kodak moment. You'd think it would end soon right? No way! Me and Donovan where still where we left off. I cummed my first cum on my belly as I felt Kevin's dick twitch inside me as Robbie shot in his mouth. Then Donovan lapped up my milk like the puppy he was. Kevin slid out and him and Robbie went to shower. Even though I just came, it didn't matter, my dick stayed on bone and I wanted to get up in Donovan. We switched positions and he put each of his feet on my shoulders as I entered him and began fucking the damn daylight's outta him! At the same time I was jerking him off, and just like me and Kevin. When he felt my dick expanding and jumping and throbbing in his butt, he cummed all into my palm and as soon as I brought it to my tongue, I let loose and filled him with all I had!

We spent the next 8 weeks much like this. We had many beach camp outs. Many excursions. But my time there in East Hampton was probably the best time of my life. The summer didn't last too long. I wish it would have lasted forever, but it didn't. Kevin had to go back to work. The kids back to school, and me... me? I had nowhere really to go but back to the deuce. I figured I'd join a methadone clinic if things got bad. But I didn't. I never was good with good byes. I am a teary kind of dude who can't handle my emotions too well. This time there were tears from everyone. Not a dry eye. I promised Kevin, myself, and my friends I would never shoot dope again. And I meant it. I meant it with all my heart. The only thing was, no sooner than I hit my neighborhood, I was back where I left off. I said to myself, "Just this one last taste!" Well that taste lasted another 8 years or so. It lasted until I hit rock bottom. Until I chased away everyone who ever loved me. I chased away all my friends. The only two people I stayed true to was the devil and the cooker. But that was then and this is now. And now, looking back and reflecting on it. There's not enough apologies in the world to go around, but first I had to apologize to myself. I couldn't get clean for good until I accepted responsibility for my actions and stopped blaming the world for why I was the way I was. I didn't get cheated out of any childhood. I stole it from myself. For I am a dreamer within a dream...

## God is a Good God!

I've heard the saying "God is a good god" since I was a small child and always brushed it off as bullshit. I had a list from here to eternity in my corner. A list fightin my case. A list provin my belief that there is no god... if there is a god, he seems to play favorites. He likes to kick a dog when they're down. As a matter of fact, it wasn't until this past summer that I seen what they meant by "God is a good god" and saw that maybe there was a bit of truth to the saying... even found myself repeating the mantra... god is a good god... god is a good god...

I spent this past summer away from everything. I left all I knew and all my comfortable surroundings... my comfort zone, in order to make some possible changes in my future. I mean fuck it, you cant erase the past... change what you done did... The damage is done... you can't look back... only forward... make amends... stop chasing ghosts and put them to rest for once and for all. I mean it's been years since I lost my dad, so why not finally move on. Stop this feel sorry for yourself shit and quit tryin to die a slow death. BE A MAN ABOUT IT. IF I WANNA DIE, FUCK IT, THEN PUT A DAMN GUN TO MY FREAKIN HEAD, PULL THE TRIGGER, AND THAT'S IT! BUT THAT KILLING ME SOFTLY SHIT HAD TO END... ENOUGH WAS ENOUGH! So I packed up what little shit I had left and hightailed it to a small resort town slightly west of Eastbubblefuck! The Hamptons. Land of Mercedes Benz driving, long nail having, perfect hair wearin, not a wrinkle hangin, too much make up using, not enough of a tan trying, multi million dollar house livin, shitting hundred dollar bill type people! I figured my bilingual skills would make me quite marketable, and I was right!

There I was, the only Dominican for a hundred miles and working in a ritzy restaurant right on a private beach on Dune road. The ever famous for the summer crowd dune road! I found a house to share with a co-worker. We split the \$1200 a month rent plus utilities. My take home pay was about \$750 a week give or take a few. At \$15.00 an hour, I'd work 40 hours a day if it were possible! Due to my perfect English, the boss took to me immediately. He had

a dozen guys from Costa Rica and places near there, working in the kitchen who knew "0" English. Although the only job I ever had in my life involved an inventory of my skin and bones; I was open to learn and eager to please! "At your service your majesty!" was my general attitude! It finally seemed like god was showin me some kindness for the life i've lived up to then. Pure sufferation. The only happiness I experienced lasted as long as I could, without squirting jism... then - the ultimate release!

The summer moved on without incidence and although I was making good money and working my behind off, I had no social life, no friends, no recreation activities, nothing. I was quite the sad guy. If only I could take this life to New York City, I'd literally "have my cake and eat it too!" I haven't seen a person under 25 since I got out east. Definitely no people of color... I couldn't even buy a platano... let alone find someone who knew what a platano was!! Lord helps me! god is a good god... god is a good god... I just kept repeating it. I had my own house which I decorated how I chose.. It was hooked up to the max! The boss even gave me use of the company van to run errands and get to and from work. It was mine to use at my discretion. At least I was mobile now and could explore the area... although I didn't have a license... it wasn't like uptown where you see police every minute. There were maybe 10 cops for the whole town, if that!

God is a good GOD! One morning I'm rushing to work almost late and I thought I was HALLUCINATING. I almost crashed into and killed a black kid like 10 YEARS OLD! I rolled down the window after I came to a screeching halt. "Yo, you trying to kill yourself?" I yelled... my stomach dropped... my heart in my throat. He looked up at me and smiled. I smiled back as I put the van in gear and pulled off. His toothy smile stayed with me.. His frizzy Afro from braids recently set free... frizzy hair everywhere stayed with me.. Our paths crossed and I knew they would again... I'd see to that. I was desperate for company that reminded me of the city. Then just like before, he appeared. Through the window of the restaurant I saw him discard his bike and run down the beach. I spied on him as he placed down his towel, took off his sneakers,



shorts and shirt. His boxers became his swim trunks... god is a good god. I watched him hit the waves as I ran to the car and grabbed my towel. Being it was the early afternoon, the restaurant wasn't opened yet, and I was the only one there doing some cleaning and inventory. I ran to the beach and placed my towel 5 feet from his, took off my shirt, sneakers and shorts. My boxers became my swimming trunks.

I hit the waves like I was un aware of his holy presence. We glanced at each other a few times as waves beat us down. He tumbled and fought the undertow. A wave caught him by surprise and his baggy boxers were history. He looked panicked and swam to me like his life depended on it. He had no idea that his boxers were already tucked into mine. I caught them as he wiped out and secured them in order to play superhero.

"Hey mister, I'm sorry from before, I didn't see you commin, but mister, please, I need ya help!" he pleaded his case.

"I know, I saw it all, just stick close, and ill make sure no waves hit you. I think I seen your shorts go over there!" I pointed to my side.. He reached out and grabbed my arm as we waded through the water.

"Oh shit, watch out!" I yelled as a huge wave started coming towards us. This kid I only know cause god is a good god wrapped his legs around me as I reached around him to hold him securely to me. I held him by his bottom and he didn't say a word. He didn't flinch move away or start yelling, so I was ok for now. The wave passed but he still clung to me like his life depended on it. By now, I was harder then I'd been in months. My new little buddy rested his foot on it like a footpeg on his BMX bicycle. He was smooshing it, grabbing it with his toes, moving it back and forth while the whole time I had my hand in his ass. Palming, squeezing, and fingering his perfectly rounded tight spheres. My god, a few more minutes of this carrying on, id be sure to blast millions of mini me's into the Atlantic Ocean. I was so into the scene that I didn't notice the wave that knocked us both off and into the air... all I could think of was that I had to keep him from washing on the shore where every beachgoer would see he was buck naked. I managed to grab him

and we tumbled together and I was able to keep him in waist deep water as the undertow pulled and the new waves pushed. I reached into my shorts and handed him his boxers. "Look what I found!" I lied though my teeth. He looked me dead in the eyes and said, I know you was holdin them in your boxers, but it's ok, I like swimmin naked." I almost fainted from his bluntness. He put on his boxers and we headed for the shore.

"You hungry?" I asked him already knowin the answer. He followed me to the restaurant door where I proceeded to unlock the lock from a key in my sneaker. We entered and I hit the alarm code. He followed me downstairs where I had a little lounge complete with a futon bed, a TV/VCR combo, a microwave and a small fridge. We entered my little clubhouse in the basement and I went to take piss. I came back with my boxers in my hand and my shorts on in place. I put the boxers in the microwave to dry them as he asked where the bathroom was. I figured he was gonna use the toilet. What I didn't figure was what he did! He came back with his boxers in his hand, but he was as naked as he was in the ocean. I put his boxers in with mine and sat down on the futon. He was covering his front with his hands, all of a sudden getting shy on me. He flicked on the t.v. To Pokemon and laid longways along the futon resting his head on my lap.

I reached out and palmed his ultra round, incredibly smooth, perfectly formed, without a blemish, hard yet soft, ass of a million fantasies. He pushed up into my hand... it was on!

I spread his legs and was feeling every centimeter of his flesh. I reached under him, squeezing his little grapes on the downstrokes. Wait up kid... get up for a second. As he did, I saw he was as hard as I was. I bent over and popped his dick in my mouth and gave it a one two three, before I removed my mouth, got up and opened the futon. He took his eyes off the TV to look at my dick bursting through my shorts. "Holy shit!" he almost yelled as he reached out and wrapped his hand around my shaft through the fabric of my shorts. I opened the futon, slipped out of my shorts, laid down, and yanked him on top of me backwards. I pulled his ass to my face and shoved my lips between his cheeks. I shoved my tongue to his hole

and started licking. Giving him a saliva bath from his dick to his ass and back again. He took my dick into his mouth like he's been doing it his whole life... god is a good god! We maintained 68 for damn near a half an hour. My tongue up inside of him and him licking, sucking, chewing, stroking, kissing, and working me into an orgasmic stupor. Just the sight of his ass inches from my eyes was making it hard enough not to cum. I can see it as I type this. A gift from god... a good god! I didn't say a word, or suggest a change, what we were doing was just fine with me! However, he slid down, grabbed hold of my shaft, straddled me, and guided it into his slippery with spit, ultra relaxed, opened hole... I slid into the steamy hot kid like a hot knife through butter. He eased on down as I felt him clenching, grabbing at me, throbbing, trying to force out the invader. But it wasn't happening. He only wanted it in. as much as possible. I hit the bottom where I couldn't get any further. About half my shaft. He started slowly at first. Rising almost until I was out, then sliding back down. Someone taught this boy well! I let him get used to me, and adjust, then I flipped him over and took the reins. We were face to face when he put his lips to mine and shoved his tongue in my mouth. How did this boy find me? How did he know? Why did he choose me? We carried on for a good 45 minutes when I pulled out. He scurried down, took me into his mouth, stroked me till I came with his hungry lips covering my head. He swallowed. Every damn last drop. He swallowed. Then we chased tongues again like we were lovers of many years. Like he was twice his age. David. He was on the verge of 12. 12 going on 20. God is a good god!

I drove David home and parked down the road. He threw his arms around me and kissed me like I was off to war. "Luis, can I see you later?" he asked

"Kid you can see me later, tomorrow, the next day, forever!" I said as I planted 100 tiny kisses upon his head. After work, he was waiting where he said he'd be. I took him back to my house where we could continue our honeymoon. He met me daily for the next few weeks and spent every weekend at my house. He almost moved in, except he went home for an occasional sandwich. I never pried

about his homelife. I waited for him to tell me all when he was ready. On his terms. David gave me a purpose. He consumed my soul. Eased my pain. Extinguished the fire in my gut. I was in love this was truly the summer of love. I spent every free moment with him and most working moments as well. He started hangin out at the restaurant. Helping out. Never getting in the way. Everyone took to him. Everyone! I was so blinded by love; I never saw it coming. I noticed my boss gave him little special jobs and paid him well for his work. When he helped on the boss's boat during work, I didn't even think nothing of it cause when I got off, he was always waiting for me. My boss took a special interest in him, but he was attached to me for some reason. Then David told me one night that my boss had been flirting with him. By flirting he meant feeling his ass, grabbing his dick... etc he told me he gave him head a few times for \$50 a pop but just so he would leave him alone. He also told me that my boss talked about me behind my back and told him to stop messing with me. When I came in on the following Monday morning, I was greeted by my boss's brother who fired me on the spot. I was in shock. Now what? All the cash I'd saved I spent on Davie. I couldn't pay rent without my job. I had no wheels without my job... Davie knew even before I did.

"Luis, take me to the city with you?!?" he asked when I came home that fateful day. Silent tears of a lifetime of bad breaks started to flow. His tears followed.

"Ill kill myself if you leave Luis, I swear I will!"

"How can I take you Davie boy if I don't even know where I'm gonna go, or how I'm gonna feed myself?" I said.

Kick a dog when they're down... up... a real practical joker that guy... a real practical joker!

"I never said it before Davie, but I love you. I love you with all my heart and all my soul I do! I don't know what I'm gonna do without you!" boy oh boy, the tears were really flowing now. We hugged each other and cried into each other's open wounds.

We ripped each other's clothes off in frenzy and I carried him to my bed naked as the day he was born. That night we made love 6 times and twice more in the morning. My balls ached, his ass was

sore, our mouths were swollen. Both of us knew it was our last night together. Our unspoken farewell. Broken hearts and broken dreams. Teardrops of misery on a sultry summer night. Our sweaty bodies were as one. I'm so tired of living the life of a bandit, stealing love in drips and drabs. An outlaw. Living on the fringes of society cause the love our hearts have to offer is not accepted. Pure true love that has to be expressed in clandestine secret meetings. There's so many of us that it sickens me. I'm disgusted it can't be expressed except between me and you. Us and them... but never ever them!!!! Hell no... Those special boys seek us and search the universe for us as I did as a child. They need us even more then we need them if that's even possible? We exist in so many hearts yet are refused. Denied. Rejected. Lied to and lied about. People hide from the truth within themselves... who can't see the beauty in the perfect being? The ones who make the laws against our desires are the true rapists, molesters, and monsters... you cant fool me... even god knows... cause god is a good god!

2002

## **Return to Sandburg aka A Little Pepper on my Meat**

I never felt like that before! Bewildered... more like "baffled" I guess. A word that would have Kevin laughing whenever I used it. To tell you the truth, I never in my life really felt actually "baffled" until now! I, Luis Miguel Fuentes, am the living, breathing, walkin and talkin definition of "baffled!" The way it all ended so quickly, baffled! The way it was finally over, baffled! The way I was really, truly on my own, baffled! The way I was really clueless as to how to go about actually moving forward from where I was standing... baffled.! Baffled, bitter, and mad! No, I wasn't mad at Kevin, I was mad at the universe! Mad to be Saved is what I was. Mad to be saved is what I had been my whole life! You know, out of all the books Kevin wrote, it was my least favorite, but now, how ironic is it that it is what I realized I WAS! I guess there was no way Kevin was gonna have me around once he found out that for all these years I was really a JUNKIE! All those years I hid it so cleverly! So cunning I was. Oh, there was many times he knew somethin wasn't right! Somethin was definitely wrong. So much just never added up! But he always figured it was just my brain being eaten alive by the Disease! The HIV finally won and cleared the path for AIDS to take over completely. Oh Kevin, man I am so sorry! I never in my life felt guilty about nothin! Hells no, you gotta have a conscious for that! You gotta have rules and boundaries for that! Gotta have people build you up before you can let them down, right? Well I felt it for the first time in my life. Guilty! A lowlife, sneaky little rat! That's all I ended up being after all them years! Oh, my love, it has always been as real as they come, aint no question bout that, but there I was, all them times he thought I was so sick and so fucked up from this disease, it was actually an entirely different one that had won me over and taken over my body. It was the disease of addiction! I was nothin more than a Heroin addict since I was a small boy! Shit, I never cared! Hells no, I truly accepted the fact that I was gonna die with a needle in my arm! Accepted, acknowledged and anticipated the day! Only thing is, I never thought I would have lasted this long! How could I? How did it ever happen? And what made my last OD different from all the others? Why was it that that last overdose, I

didn't run into the room and shoot the same shit into my arm again, only a tad bit smaller of a shot? Why did I hightail it down to Beth Israel Medical center and sign up for a detox and a drug program? I mean I wasn't court mandated! That never stopped me either! Shit, when my P.O. told me she was gonna have to start piss testing me, well, I just stopped goin at all! See, NOTHING in the WORLD would ever interfere with my heroin habit! No judge, [I got some excellent heroin in RIKERS Island] no Probation Officer, no love poured down on me from some larger person who wanted to pick me up, make me his son for life, and lover of a different caliber, no love going in the upward direction from one of my sons, puppies, lovers, or whathave you! NOPE! I was gonna die with a needle in my arm, and it was OK! I accepted it! It was my secret and a deal I made with the Devil himself when I wasn't even 10 years old! He said to me, " Luis, you agree to die shooting some kick ass Dope, and I'll make it so any piece of ass you ever EVER dream of havin will be YOURS! No iffs, and's only BUTTS about it!" Yup, the DEVIL and Luis Webster! A childhood tale of a different sort! A Kiddy tale of tails! A secret I swore I'd take with me to the grave! But somehow it didn't end like that! Nope! Somehow, the love of my pa thrown in my face and dissolved before these very baby blues was enough for me to make the deal with Satan null and void! A big VETO across the front page of our agreement! Ill tell ya. Kevin let me know to never call or speak to him again now that I made him feel like a fool, and I kicked cold turkey that day! It lasted 15 days! 15 days sick to death without a shot and I couldn't take it one more second! I went to 175th and seen my boy Arizona and copped 5 of the Bomb! Dropped 4 of them into a spoon, drew it up, found a starvin vein so fast it was un believable, slid in my new syringe and squeezed off slowly! No SLAM! I took my time! I took out the set just as I rushed! I got hot from head to toe and every single dope sick cell in my whole body was bowing down to their god and drinkin from his fountain of godly nectar. I wiped the drops of blood with an alcohol prep, cleaned out my set, and realized I needed something cold and sweet to drink! I walked into the kitchen, I was staying at Barry's fathers house, but his dad was in

the hospital and he was in Brooklyn so I was alone. I walked into the kitchen and poured a heap of sugar into a glass and some lemon juice, getting ready to fix myself a glass of ghetto lemonade, and that was it! 7 hours later I woke up on the floor of the kitchen. I had smacked my head into the counter because I had a gash above my eyes and dried blood on my face. At first I didn't know where I was. Then I looked at the clock and HOLYSHIT! 7 hours had passed! FUCK! If you would have seen me on the floor, you would have figured I was dead! And, well, I was... just about anyway! My god damn millionth OD, but it was different! I never went back after that shot and after that day! I went right into a program! That was then and this is now and I'm ok! I'm still on the right track! Only now... I'm, clean for the first time in my life! Shit, from the time I met Kevin at about 13, I was a veteran of the needle! I couldn't tell him, but I was! Hell no, if I told him one of 2 things would have happened, either he would have turned around and never looked back at me, or he would have made me get clean by any means necessary! I wasn't gonna tolerate either scenario! Nope! If I called all the shots up until then in my life, I wasn't about to stop! I didn't want any help because I didn't have a problem! I turned enough tricks to take care of my habit and then some. A problem is if I had to rob and steal and beg and sell my stereo to get straight or high! Nahhhh, I really thought I had everything in control! Well, by the end, it took me about 3 - 400 a day to stay normal! Kevin loved me, and would NOT have sat around watchin me kill myself! NOPE! So I mad sure I kept that habit of mine on the deep deep low down secret type tip! Word! As a matter of fact, the only person who even had a hint as to what I was doin was Miguel because he lived with me and was the one who used to find me unconscious in the bathroom a few times a year! He knew I was messin with heroin but I don't think he knew to what extent, or knew what it meant to be addicted, or even knew I was mainlining for that matter! I was good at maintaining that double life I led forever! Shit! I was strung out for years before I even had hair on my dick! I had a lifetime to perfect my skills of deception! Yeah! I broke Kevins heart! I never meant to but I did! I always said I was an old pro at destroying relationships, but this



one was different! Kevin and me, we was for life! Ask anyone that knew us! He was my dad! I was his son! And let me tell you, I kept it together for so long! Kept up the charade until the mask just came flyin offa me! I tried as hard as I could to hold it on, but I couldn't anymore! It just flew out of my hands as I held on! I lost my grip! I tried so hard to hold onto that fucker but it just slid out from my grip like it was greased down! Well... that was then and this is now! And I got more than a year clean! Not a day passed that I didn't think of what I did! Not a day passed where I didn't regret the years I threw away for some icedtea colored liquid I squirted into my veins over and over again... sometimes it felt good... mostly it just made me feel like you feel for free! For some reason,, the judge heard my appeal and let me off of death row! Even though they all knew I did it! They all knew the glove wasn't O.J.'s, it was really mine! But they gave me a second chance and I took it! I'm like a little kid now who is finally allowed to walk around. Finally allowed to see things for myself! I never noticed anything before! I lived the live of Sex, Drugs, and Rock and Roll but I wasn't no Rock Star! But I had little groupied wherever I went... that Devil! If nothing else, he always keeps up his end of the deal. His end of the bargain! Well, it's been over a year and I started getting a few emails here and there. I miss Kevin so much! I miss Sandburg! Miss Pepper! Even miss them kids that lived across the street! Them little country ass hillbilly kids that was as wild as the weeds growin on the side of the roads up there! I miss it all! I don't miss what we had cause I was never fully there, what I miss is what I never had cause everything I did and everything I experienced was through cloudy glasses. I was always on a short leash and nothin, I mean nothing was more important that what was inside those glassine envelopes! Nothing had more pull or influence over my actions, reactions, decisions, motions, movements and emotions than that off white powder that was inside of them little envelopes stamped with catchy names like "Do or Die" "Money Train" "Dead Presidents" "House of Pain" all different names with the same effect. All of it dictated my life. All of it determined how long I could stay at Kevins! All of it was how I measured my time. Like if you asked how long I stayed, I'd be able

to tell you I stayed for 55 bags. TO get the actual days would take work cause then I'd have to do the math. Figure out how many bags I'd shoot in a day and divide... you get the picture! Well... that was then... this is now! I wanted a second chance. I wanted a first experience! I wanted forgiveness! I wanted what I wanted but I wasn't sure I was gonna get it, or anything, cause I had no more pull! My words were just that, words! I was at the full and complete mercy of the universe! Groveling at the feet of all those I loved, but hurt over the years time and time again! Nahhh, I wasn't 12 no more and havin that pull I had as a kid! That pull of the ready willing and able and without limitations or parents! Nope! No more pull! No more nada! Know Pepper didn't get hurt like Kevin, but Peppers is Kevins boy and he wiped up Kevins tears and helped mend his broken heart, so I'm sure he has hate for me cause I hurt the person he loves the most! But see, it's all up to Kev, if he forgives then they will follow for the most part! If he don't, then I aint got a chance! Nope! Not a shot in hell! All I could do was hope and pray and wait and see. I didn't wanna send Kev an email askin if I could visit him and his boys cause then he had the chance to think about it and the chance to say no! What I did was pack up a backpack with my favorite pairs of jeans and shirts and hit the road on my Suzuki Katana. I had a pocket full of money! See, I'm not a junkie no more, so I can actually buy things I want, things I need, things! I Knew how to get there from years of traveling back and forth in Kevins car and on the bus. I had plenty of cash for gas, tolls, food, and motels along the way if I felt like stopping! Plus I could see the country! Since I copped the bike, all I did was ride local in the 5 burroughs. The longest trips I had made so far was to Philly to check out one of my little brothers and to the Hamptons to check out this boy David I used to have living with me when I worked in West Hampton beach summer before last. [See short story - God is a Good God] I waited until the perfect time. A weekend when the weatherman predicted a nice, warm, dry weekend. I picked a perfect day a few weeks before my birthday and started bright and early. The trip went without incidence. I made it my business to stay at a few motels along the way, and believe me, it paid off. I'll whip up a short story after this

one so you can meet the people I met along the way! I'm sure you can picture exactly what I'm talkin about! Just around sundown on Sunday I found myself turning onto Main Street in Sandburg. The sweet sweet smell in the air let me know I had arrived! My home away from home for the past 10 years! The lights were on in the livingroom, so I knew my dad and step brothers were home! I only hoped I would be welcome after such a long time and arriving unannounced. My heart beat faster with each step closer to the front door. I thought about turning around, getting back on my back and going home! Maybe I made a mistake coming here! I had butterflies in my stomach. I reached out one shaky finger to press the doorbell! I pressed! "Ding- Dong!" it screamed all loud in an electric bell tone! "Well, too late to turn around now, unless I made a run for it!" I thought to myself. Well, no one was coming. I pressed the bell again. "Ding-Dong" I reached out and checked the doorknob to see if the front door was locked. I took the knob in my hands and twisted it but it was locked. That's when I heard the footsteps. They were makin their way to the door. Now I was ready to puke I was so nervous. The door opened and there was Pepper standing there. He looked at me once, twice, then he realized who I was and his face lit up! He smiled ear to ear as he opened the door. He jumped and threw his arms around me.

"My big bro! Where ya been Lui, KEV, IT'S LOO-IE!" He yelled into the house. I held Pepper up in the air and kissed his cheek. Kevin stuck his head around the corner to see if it really was me!

"Well - well - well, what a nice SURPRISE!" he said. "Don't just stand there looking baffled, boy, Come IN!" he said as he laughed as happy to see me as I was him. Pepper took me by the hand and led me into the back livingroom as he bombarded me with 1000 questions.

"So, where ya been? Why didn't you call? Where'd you get the motorbike? Can I have a ride? What kind is it? What color? Is it fast? You hit 100 yet? Where'd you ride from? You hungry? Thirsty? How long you stayin? You got fat, you look good, you eat hamburgers yet? ... " He just went on and on, not missing a beat! Also he didn't forget a single thing! He remembered that I didn't eat meat a few

years ago! How stupid was that also. There I was a full fledged HEROIN ADDICT, but I didn't eat meat... hells no,... that shit'll kill ya! Pass my syringe!" What an idiot I was! I swear! Pepper was leading me into the room as Kevin grabbed me by the shoulders, looked into my eyes and hugged me as hard as he could! It felt more real and more powerful and filled with more love than any hug I have ever had in my entire life! Shit! There I was, 23 years old and getting my first hug of my life! There wasn't a dry eye in the room. Even Pepper was crying. Kevin let go and I took a step back, never takin my eyes off of his. Scared to blink because I maybe end up back in New York in some detox unit somewhere. He smiled, I smiled, took a step forward with my arms open and outstretched and fell back into each others arms again.

"I love you papi! Im so sorry! I love you, and I never meant to hurt you! Te quiero demasiado!" I said in a whisper into his ear.

"Shhhhhhhh! It's ok Loo-ie! I'm sorry too. It's ok mijo!" By this time, Pepper joined us into this gigantic three way hug with more love emanating from us than some small countries have all together! Kevin sat on the big leather couch, dragging me down onto his lap with him. Him dragging me dragging Pepper. The three of us all in a pile. Me on top of him with Pepper on top of me. I cried that evening. I sat on the couch and sobbed like I had never sobbed before. I let out so much pain and anguish with those sobs. I sobbed for my childhood. I sobbed for my birth dad. I sobbed for my mom and for my fucked up childhood. I sobbed and Kevin understood. Why shouldn't he, he always did! He is the only one who ever understood me! There was just that one dirty secret I couldn't let him in on and it destroyed us in the end! But here I am, back again! Back in Sandburg! Buck with Kevin! And I have finally grown up, which he always wanted me to do. I'm not jealous of Pepper, I'm happy for him! I'm happy for them! I can't imagine a boy so young, so sweet injecting the demon himself into those virginal veins! I Can't fathom the idea! Then why was it ok for me to do I wonder? Why was it alright for me to punish myself? To hurt myself? To kill myself? Why? Oh god it felt so good to finally be home again after that year and a half, almost two years of almost no contact at all. All

that time virtually alone, forced me to grow up! Forced me to really become a man for once in my life. Not some small little mini man,! Not some little big man, but a man, a real man for once in my life! Responsible for myself. 100% responsible for myself. Alone! Without the help of anyone! Responsible for whatever person I'm showering my love on! Not calling Kevin every week or two to send 50, 100, 250 bucks for rent cause the money I was supposed to spend on rent I shot into my arms. Nope! I did it! And I did it all by myself! And now I am at my home away from home! I am at the only place besides my own bed I am comfortable! And I am with the only adult I have ever been comfortable around, Kevin! I am in a town that is the Yang to the Yin I lived in! It is the complete opposite of the place I have lived since I came to NY! Just like Kevin is the other half of the circle that makes 360 degrees, well this town SANDBURG is the same! It is the small post office - general store type of town you see on t.v.! More people live on my street in New York City than populate Sandburg in its entirety. Yet, I am finally home! I finally made it home! And I am who I am supposed to be for a change! No secrets this time around! No fake faces! No hiding out in a bathroom on the second floor and sneaking a syringe out of its hiding spot and 3 bags out of their respective stash and no more going through the ritual of shooting up. The dirty yet sacred, the filthy magical decadent ritual... no more! No more dripping blood everywhere! No more boys asking me what those cuts on my arms and hands are from! No more elaborate tales of fights that never have happened and cats scratching me that never existed! Nahhh, what you see is what you get for once! This is like our first meeting in a way. I have never seen Kev through sober eyes and with a sober mind. I always looked through cloudy glasses. I liked what I saw. My love for Kevin was still there only a lot stronger, and for once, it was what it was, nothing more and nothing less. I was no longer this untrusting boy thinkin everyone was tryin to get over on me when it was me who was really tryin to get over on everyone. I did something I hadn't done since I was about 14, I put my nose directly onto his and looked directly into his eyes. Deep! Deeper than I ever had! For once, I actually saw my father in there. I looked and I actually saw

what I was looking for all them years! All them years of creepin around! All them years of turnin tricks and years of man after man, boy after boy, person after person, soul after soul. So many years I lost. So many years consumed by rage! Consumed by the blood of my father still wet and all over me. Covering my upper body! My blood and his mixed. So many years blamin my ma for turnin me out. Givin up before I tried cause I convinced myself I never had a chance! I didn't did I ? Well... I really did! I just never allowed myself the pleasure to know it! I was tired! I was exhausted! I was old yet so young! I was used up, yet so fresh and brand new! The ride from New York City to Sandburg really had me wiped out. I could barely stand up straight! Kev whispered somethin to Pepper and he ran up to the second floor. Pepper came down, in a few minutes, took my helmet which was still in my hand and put it on the table by the front door. He pulled at the sleeve of my jacket and I extended my arm. I was exhausted! Emotionally drained and just plain old fashioned TIRED! I let the boy take my jacket off of me like he was the adult and I the child. He hung it up in the hall closet with care and expertise like an old pro! How old was he now anyway? He couldn't be a day over 12, 13 the most if I remembered correctly. Kevin looked to him and he looked back and with eye contact and slight moves of the head, he sent the boy around the room doing various tasks. He came back into the sala and handed me an ice cold Country Time lemonade which was already popped open. I slugged and chugged and drank the sweet but thirst quenching drink in one gulp. I looked over to Kevin who looked back to me and smiled as he got up to flick on the big color television in front of him. Pepper took my hand in his and led me up the stairs and into the bathroom which had a huge oversized tub already filling with a hot bubble bath. Kevin! What a character. It was simple things like that which he never forgot! Simple little pleasures that I always enjoyed in my fucked up life. Dope fiend or not, I loved a good hot bubble bath! Pepper undressed me once again, like I was some little kid he had home for the first time. He took his time and carefully removed my shirt, undershirt, socks, pants, sweatpants, shorts and boxers. That was an old habit I may never shake, dressing in layers. It was what

we Times Square boy hookers were famous for, our peel off a layer at a time wardrobe. The boy guided me into the tub and I inched my way down into the steamy bubbles, forgetting to take off my durag. He reached into the tub and untied the back strings that held it in place and pulled it off revealing more hair than I'd had in quite some time. He reached over and ran his hand through my thick mop and closed the curtain. I shut my eyes and didn't even realize he was still in the bathroom with me until he climbed in and laid right on top of me like we did this every night! He put his head into the pit of my arm and just laid there with his arms around my neck as I ran my hands along his smooth, lithe body, like a blind man feeling things so as to read them or see them with his hands. My eyes were shut and I just went from his upper thighs, skipping over his ass and going to the small of his back, then up to his ribs and his head. The whole time I was kissing his neck and the top of his head. Then I reached down and took each perfect cheek in both my right and my left and I squeezed so gently, but fierce. He pushed up to my hands and I went to where he wanted me to. We were both ready for anything, and it was apparent when he pushed up to me. When he pushed back down, he stabbed me and I him. God was he hot! I didn't realize how horny I was either. It had been some time where a boy I had already been with had excited me to such levels. I knew if he went down and took me into his mouth, I wouldn't have lasted 5 minutes. I would have been glad to make it to 3! I held both spheres open and put the tips of both index fingers into him. He was squirming like a fish on a hook and I couldn't take much more of it. I was ready to explode any second. I held him in place and kissed him deeply. I figured I would do a fast cum then hit round two and make that sucka last forever! I pulled him up by his hips and took him into my mouth. I pushed and pulled at his ass so he'd get this hint to fuck my mouth as I jerked off with one hand and fingered him with the other. God I missed Sandburg! My cum squirted all over his back from between his legs with the force of slingshot from mars! As I twirled and spun my finger around the ring of his culo, he squirted! The first shot tasted like smoked skittles so I knew he was 12, not 13. So sweet! So tangy and sweet at the same time. He

collapsed into my arms and met my mouth with a kiss mixing his cum with our saliva! God I missed Sandburg! Man, how is it possible that I am in love with so many people at the same time? It is truly a curse! I know it maybe hard to understand that, but it is! A blessed curse it is! We relaxed in the hot water for an eternity when my hands started their journey once again. He looked up into my eyes and smiled a wicked smile that only a boy his age was capable of! A knowingly wicked wise smile of the sages! As I went back up and down his tight body I realized that this was the ultimate gesture from my pa! This was showing me that all was ok, and much like before! Like I was 14 again and part of the Sandburg boys all over again! This was my reward for being sober and honest for once! I was allowed to really enjoy what was placed before me! An offering from the gods! I just laid there in the steamy water with my eyes shut in my post orgasmic stupor. Just laid there with the heat from the water and the heat from Pepper's body warming my soul and filling me with a satisfaction that I had never felt before! A satisfaction of the farmer who just sold off his yearly harvest! The satisfaction of finally being there! Arrival! The feeling of having "made it" Although I aint made shit with my life, but I made it to where I was and somehow I was still alive! I actually beat all the odds! Everything was against me and I made it through to the other end! How? Only god knows that answer! This boy laid out across my body is a HOLY being! Gods image manifests itself in boys... no iffs - ands - and plenty... I do mean plenty of butts! Pepper dozed off in his peace! A boy not made to feel ashamed of the love that was given to him, that boy is at peace with me in the bath. At peace as I write this.

We both must've dozed off cause Kevin came in and woke us up. Over 2 hours had passed and we hadn't moved. As I dried off, Pepper stood on top of the toilet seat cover and Kevin dried him from head to toe with the boys head resting on Kev's shoulder. How many times has he dried me like that? I thought to myself. It was such a beautiful sight to behold. Every now and then, Kevin turned his face to Peppers curls and took deep sniffing breathing smelling breaths of that smell of a boys hair when he comes out of a bath.



That wet boy hair smell that is so unlike anything else. Perfume to us! One of the top afro-desiacs for men like us. Wet boy hair smell... roses to my nostrils... roses to yours as well otherwise you wouldn't be here with me now would you?

The whole time Pepper was being dried, he never opened his eyes or looked up once. He was asleep on his feet. Well almost anyways. Kevin picked up the now dry kid and carried him into their bed. He placed him down still naked and Pepper reached for the top sheet and drew it up over his body, rolled towards the wall, and went into la la land. With a boy like him that only knows love from every direction, he is dreaming of ice cream, carnivals, cotton candy and Christmas

morning. He knows no demons like I did as a boy of his age. God what I would have done to grow up just like him! I was one confused little muthafucka, that's for damn sure!

"Kevin, I'm really fuckin tired, you mind if I crash too, or we all just call it a night?" I asked, not sure if Kevin felt like doin a heart to heart soul to soul on the events that took place over the past 18 months since we last spoke at any length or, well, come to think of it, saw each other face to face for that matter. However, truth is, not only was I wiped out from ridin my bike in under the hot midwestern sun beating down on my upper body, but I was plain ol' pooped out from the intense sex that took place a little while before. Not that the sex lasted for any lengthy duration or anything, but the shit was so utterly deep, intensely deep, that I was thoroughly wiped the hell out! Kevin started to undress and I took that as a signal. I wasn't sure if I should be undressing, looking for the guest room, or asking where I should set up camp. I looked to Kevin for an answer and he smiled a wicked smile that I hadn't seen on his face since the first weekend we ever spent together in that very same house. I knew that smile, and to tell you the truth, it sent a familiar shiver down my spine that went from my head to my toes and then back up, resting in my sex zone. I tingled all over and my mind flipped back to that weekend when he first held me in his arms and all I could do was shake! Me! Luis Miguel Fuentes, shake? Me! Boy who slept with more people than a little bit... shaking in

the arms of Kevin! Shaking at being held for the first time in my life by someone who actually loved me! Knowing what was coming! Nervous anticipation of what lied ahead. Someone was actually going to make love to me! Make love with me! How different would it be from being just plain old fucked? Being used by another person just for their pleasure? I was in the arms of someone actually bent on my pleasure instead of their own! That look took me there so fast! Rewind!

I got naked and climbed under the covers. I was in the middle. Pepper to my left, and Kevin to my right. I rolled towards Kevin, got right up to his face, placed my nose against his and looked into his eyes a few centimeters away. Our lashes were touching. Kevin started laughing but I held mine in and just smiled. I put his top lip between my teeth and bit lightly. Kevin slipped his tongue between my open lips and we kissed as I rolled on top of him. Kevin put his arms around me and I shook just like I did as I little kid! I couldn't believe it! What the hell was happening? Man, time is a very strange thing, because we had a very long time where we had not made love with each other and it was as if no time had passed whatsoever. We fell into the same routine that we had when we used to make love hundreds of time a month! Kevin took his time screwing me, when he finished, I scooted up and he took me into his mouth and I fucked it like there was no tomorrow, just like I had so many times before. It was as if I was transformed into a 13 year old boy and Kevin a 35 year old man all over again.

I don't remember how the night ended. What I do know is that I woke up before sun up and was in the comforting grip of my Pa's arms with a puppy boy in the comforting grip of mine. Peppers legs were intertwined with mine and one arm was around my neck and one hand between my legs. I kissed his curly hair and drifted back to sleep. Now it was my turn. It was me who finally dreamt of the carnivals! Dreamt of the cotton candy and sugar mountains. The ice cream cones and merry go rounds. It was me! If I died at that moment, it would have been ok. I have lived a full life. A fucked up but full life. A lot of bad, no, terrible times, but a lot of good, no, amazing times like these. Moments of glory! It used to be a lot of

pain mixed with stolen moments of pleasure, now that I'm clean, it has become a life of tons of happiness and actual real pleasure with some stolen moments of pain and painful memories. But you know what? That's what they have become now, only memories... just a some painful memories. No more stolen moments of pleasure. They are free now... don't cost a damn cent!

1/03/2003

## Y2KYME

There's just so much pain rippin and runnin its' awful ways around my existence. I'm older now, and the shoe is on the other foot... it just aint fair. I guess it's just Gods ways of teachin, Or his special way of payin me back for all the torture and torment I inflicted upon the people who actually did love me. Those who suffered for me. Those who really did want it better for me after all!

Now it's my turn, as it's been for the past year or so.

The year 1999, and especially the year 2000 left me as bare as a tree on the coldest winter day. And I aint talkin bout no damn fuckin evergreen neither. I'm talkin bout them pitiful, bony, dried up, leafless, ready to snap its dried up crispy branches at the slightest gust of wind. That's me. That dried up shriveled lifeless tree... and it just aint fair!

It started with Miguel. Muthafucka had no damn right leavin me after all them years of brother lover son wife type dedication. How tha fuck he goon shit on me just like that? Run up and snap all the branches he can reach and laugh as they fall to the floor, only to disappear into the earth - turnin into some kinda fuckin fertilizer or someshit. Then, fuckin Kevin followed right behind him, chickenin out and backin out after 10 years of sworn dedication of fatherhood... shit just aint fair! I mean how tha fuck that look when the one who for all them hopeless years, maintained a steady stream of convincing me to "Hang in there!" and "Don't give up!" giving up? Shit makes me question why tha fuck I was born any damn ways?

Losing the two closest people in my life only made my brick wall of a "heart" fuckin five layers thicker. Made me walk in a fuckin daze steadily repeating the mantra I lived by as a child. The mantra I chanted as I lived with my mom... sayin it over and over again and again inside my head and every so often out loud... "Nobody loves me! Nobody cares!" I walked for months in a daze. So many sweet things offered me their love. Their complete undivided love, devotion and of course, attention... but not for me fellas. Ugh Ahhh I aint takin no chances! Fuck that! Expose my heart and my love? Give of myself only to get taken for a complete fool

once again? Don't think so. I've always been an untrusting unbelieving lil guy, but now? Now I'm completely destroyed. I'm talkin 10 years folks! 20 years if you combine the two. The two most important people in my life since I was 12 years old... how could I be such a fool? So blind deaf and dumb? How come I couldn't see it coming? I think back to all them nightmares I used to have of my baby sneakin around and givin his love other places as I trusted and believed... those nightmares where he would run from me laughin, pointin, and stickin his fuckin tongue out at me as he ran away into the darkness with his arms around some cheap floozy! I used to tell Kevin bout all them dreams I was havin, but he always reassured me that my baby would never leave my side. Hell no! Not if he been there for all that time. Shit wasn't gonna happen! I always felt it. Especially towards the end. But Kevin? Who would've thought he'd crap out on me? My dad? My papi? The only one I thought really and truly loved me always and forever? Damn... shit hurts so bad! ... damn... shit just aint fair...

Slowly but surely I started to let my guard down. If not for need of a good strong hug, then for need to bust a nut deep into the bowels of some smooth lil puppy type being. Now I had to choose which one of them lil cuties to let penetrate my soul as I penetrated their body. There were three I was holdin lil small tyra relationships with, no matter how much they hunted me down and felt me up... Two Dominicans and a black. They were once friends, but the fight for my attention led them to bicker, argue and eventually fight with their fists, feet and teeth. They used to try to humiliate, be-little, and make fun of each other. Focusing on each others weaknesses and faults. Each trying to out suck and out fuck the other. Always comparing their skills and askin "Who does this better, me, or "L" or "C" ?"

Each bringing me different little gifts, presents and each claiming stake to my residence by leaving things of importance behind. Be it their jewelry, hats, school stuff, or purposely leaving a pair of used Fruit of the Looms under a pillow or blanket so the next lil guy'll find em, hoping to create some sort static... I'll tell ya, lil

monsters can be the most manipulative beings on the face of the earth!

Each one breezed into my life, but the one that I finally let into my soul was the one sent from god.

Appearing like a mirage. An apparition. I saw those burgundy sweat pants that were much too small for him. Leftovers. Hand me downs. Feel me ups. There it was. The most perfect ass I've seen for a long long time. Perfect. You know the kind. The kind only given from god to boys with African blood. Allot of African blood! The kinda ass that starts at the top of their hips and comes out at a 90 degree angle. Then comes down to meet the tops of their thighs in perfect half circles. If you cut a basketball, cantelope or other 360degree round item in half to form 180degrees of heaven. Pure heaven. An angel. You know, you just know that if you reach out and grab it, it is firm, muscular, yet wielding to your grip. So hard yet so so soft. The kinda ass that men paid me for all them years to let them cop feels, licks or more of. There it was. I saw it on that rainy day standing inside the Chinese fast food joint. Not a day over 11. Couldn't be. I just know these things. Then I saw my break. On this rainy fall night, I'm walking my pit-bull [of course] when I notice the cheap, dirty, always picks on the kids, owner of the Chinese joint, raisin his fist and cursing at them burgundy sweats. I didn't hesitate to play hero. As Chinaman screamed curses in Spanish [which he thinks he can talk but got the vocabulary of anyone who's lived in my neighborhood for more then 5 years] I puffed out my chest, and with the back up of my pit-bull, I assured the sweetie pie that "I got his back". The Chinaman held in his verbal threats of physical abuse, gave the kid his change, and we both exited within seconds. We exchanged intros and a bond is formed.

Now that we met, I had an excuse to talk every time our paths crossed. Since we both lived on the same block, was quite often. About 4 days after the Chinese connection, we talked as we walked down the block towards my building. At my stoop, I sat down, and my new friend sat next to me. So close that our legs touched. As he spoke, I noticed the difference between him and my other lil

puppies. He wasn't ghetto in the least bit. Almost on the brim of "nerdy." We went to go sit in the small lobby of my digs and as we spoke, he dropped his pants and underwear to his sneakers. As he did this, he walked around in a little shuffle due to the constraints of his pants binding his legs close together. It was out of the blue, un called for, un asked for, un provoked yet un-believable!!!! I didn't reach out and grab his cheeks in one hand and little peanut in the other. I didn't put my face between them perfect spheres, breath deeply, and shove my tongue inside. As a matter of fact, I almost couldn't look. Kinda like in the gym locker room. I snuck peeks, but pretended like I wasn't about to cum all over myself with a strong breeze. I don't know why! I didn't want him to think that there was nothing more I wanted at that moment in the whole world than to seize and conquer. To devour. To live the rest of my life inside that ass! But now I was buggin! Why did he do this? What was on his mind? Did he know about me? Could he sense it? Was I puttin out vibes of sex? Was I tellin him psychokinetically to burn my eyes with that ass that shot beams of god? Rays of light? Energy of the universe?

He pulled up his pants and came and sat down on the chair next to me. He kept looking down at damn near 10" of hard dick bursting inside my pants, straining to get free. He leaned over me to take a paper sign off of the wall leaning his weight on one hand. One hand on my lap. One hand directly on my dick. He copped a feel. Squeezed to see for himself if what he was lookin at could possibly be something attached to my body, and not a sneaky trick I was playing upon his desires by putting a banana inside my pocket. "Just to fool him!" When he grabbed hold of my shaft inside my jeans, my reflexes caused my butcheeks to squeeze together, sending a surge of blood through my dick and causin it to throb in his grip. Causing it to expand in thickness and length as he squeezed. "You better stop, or I'm gonna cum all over myself!" I warned him, as he quickly moved his hand away, his cover blown.

He lingered just one split millisecond too long and as soon as he pulled away, I closed my eyes in ecstasy, and shot millions and millions of minuscule Luis Miguel Fuentes' all over myself. All on

my boxer shorts, and leaking quickly through them and onto my pants! As wave after wave of pleasure rippled through my body with each throb, squirt, and clench of my anus, I reached out and out of pure animal instinct, grabbed his small and perfect ass. I slid my hand so easily inside his pants. Slid it right down inside his Fruit of the Looms and held onto his firm, hot ass. I slid a fingertip between his cheeks and touched his hole, and the kid didn't even flinch! Wave after wave. Ripple after ripple. Throb after throb. Squirt after squirt. I thought it would never end! I can't remember ever cummin that fuckin much in my whole life. I damn near passed out from the sheer pleasure of the earth shattering orgasm!

As I came back down to earth, I slid my hand outta his pants with the quickness and in one motion, passed my fingers under my nostrils for a quick whiff! Musky, lovely, sweet, sweet ass! I slid off the chair and ran into my apartment without lookin at my new "baby" and spoke, "I'll be right back monkey, ok?" He gave me a monotone, "Yeahhh." and I went into my apartment to change outta my cum drenched bottoms. Before I shut the door I turned to give him a devious smile which was returned ten times as sinister!

After that afternoon, we managed to spend as much time together as possible. Two weekends after the day in my lobby, he managed to secure permission to spend the whole weekend with me. He lived with his pops and grandmother who was ancient, and his pops was in the hospital. I later found out his father was stricken with many diseases, as well as narcotic addiction. Anyway, my sweet little WestIndian beauty, was to be mine, all mine for the whole weekend. That meant two nights and three days without interruption of the outside world.

He showed up at the exact time he said he would, 3:45pm. He had with him a backpack filled with a few changes of clothes, as well as his Nintendo, and favorite cartridges. I smiled at his little pack of completeness, so as not to need to return to his apartment until it was time. Until our time was "up" that is! We hugged each other as if we were lovers of many years and re-uniting after a long absence. I looked into his eyes and we locked lips. His tongue met mine, as if he knew exactly what was to be expected. I took one of



his hands into mine and placed it onto my dick which was about to rip the fabric of my jeans to shreds, just to set itself free! He commented under his breath, "Holy Shit!" as I reached around and felt up his ass. We struggled to strip outta our clothes and into my bed. Within seconds we were completely free of any interference, and he laid ontop of me butt naked, grinding his little 4 inches into me as I fingered him. The whole time we were chasing tongues. I flipped him around and took a good complete look at his incredible ass before I shoved my face between his cheeks and devoured him with the skill and desire of a madman. He took my dick in his hands and slowly put it inch by inch into his mouth. It wasn't long before I cummed wave after wave deep into his throat as I had my tongue as deep as it would and could go into his bowels. He took my seed as if he hadn't eaten in days. He left me clean, with only the remnants of boypit on my shaft. I was inlove! This was all just too good to be true!

He spun around and we kissed again. "Suck my dicky" was what he had to say. Of course I wouldn't deny him the pleasure! Nor me! The kid couldn't cum yet and just wanted me to suck him so as to be fair!

We spent the rest of the day playing video games, tellin stories, etc... I had him in tears as I told him of my life! He felt my pain! He was sent by god to fill the void left by Miguel. He was super intelligent. A natural musician. A comedian. A charismatic individual. It wasn't long before I actually moved into his apartment. I was accepted by his small family as one of theirs. His pops saw the love between us, and knew he had little to offer his boy due to his illness. His pops was actually a boy who was involved with a man during his youth. He approved of our love. I walked him to school and picked him up every day. I studied with him. Did his work with him. And taught him to respect what he had cause even though he felt god dissed him, when he compared what he had to my life, he saw he had allot! He was surrounded by love!

Funny kid that he was. He would finger himself, or place various objects inside himself as he showered or bathed to prepare himself for the inevitable day that I asked to take him fully. I was

content with 68. Suckin his ass as he sucked my dick. I could live inside that ass if god would allow it! I finally took him completely that summer. The summer before his 11th birthday. I took it nice and slow in a sideways position. I went in rather easy if you consider my size and what it was trying to go into! I let him do the pushing. Let him be in control. Let him decide just how much would go inside. How fast it would move in and out. How deep it would penetrate! It was entirely up to him! He quickly got on top and humped away like a pro and I shot in about 10 minutes, the fastest ever between us! [Except the first day in my old lobby]. I filled the condom practically to the point of exploding! There was a few weeks or a month of him in control, till he asked me to "fuck the shit outta him!" I guess the god of sex possessed him! Or shall I say, the Horny little Devil! Well, don't gotta ask me 2 times for something like that! I fucked and fucked and fucked for damn near an hour. I fucked till he had his first wet orgasm! We were both bliss filled maniacs!

Time moves on as it usually does. We grow to become one. I see myself in him, as does he! "Look, I'm just like you Luis, look!" As he points out various reactions, responses and reasoning. He grows up more and more every day, and trades action figures with action. He becomes desperate when he cant find me and when he finally does, he smells my fingers, dick, shirt, and anything else that might uncover facts of assorted ass seizures resulting from my wandering eyes and wanton desires. If we decide to take a walk down one of our neighborhood blocks, he drags and pulls my ass seeking eyes his direction. He demands constant attention and reassuring of my love. Riddling my neck with hickeys to ward off evil ass advances! Marking his territory as a domestic animal might. "Mine, mine, mine!!! All mine!" as he's said so many atime in not as many words! Sniffing my sheets, my pillows and such for scents of enemy invasion! "Uhhh Haaaa!" He exclaims, as he checks the jar of Vaseline he secretly marked our most recent usage levels with a marker or grease pencil! Sneaky lil devil! Smart as hell he is, the lil fucker!!! For a new jack, he seems to be an old pro at deceit and

trickery! Something I'll never get the chance to figure out how and why!

Not six months into opening my heart to potential danger and damage, I got hit with a lil short term vacation due to outstanding warrants. A luxury hotel of sorts. C-76. Rikers Island Adolescent division. Round trip transportation provided! All inclusive! "Three hots and a cot" as they say. Rikers Island. Shit aint too much more than a homeless shelter run by "Bloods, Crips, and Gangsta Disciples!" Ain't a fuckin speck, hint nor clue of the infamous "Aryan Nation!" Like they show so prevalent on AmeriKKKan television! I hit the hotel runnin, just waitin for a buncha mini Hitlers and racist Klansman in mini kiddie form to hang, torture, and bang my Dominican ass six feet deep! Anyway, when they C.O.'s brought me to my "suite" I noticed a few small groups of black kids fighting each other around the "rec" [recreation] area, when I spotted my cousin Eddie spottin me from across the floor. He quickly approached as I signed in my "contraband" eg. earrings, etc... and he dropped it on me... "Why the fuck is they all fightin, primo?" I asked inquisitively. He smiled a devilish, guilty as sin smile my way, avoiding eye contact, and replied, "you don't know, primo? They fightin over who gets to rob you of your sneakers!" I couldn't believe it... I knew right then and there, it was gonna be a long ass six months! I had to come in fightin or else they was gonna stomp all over me, and in minutes, I'd be washin shit stains outta shitty boxers and bein the "tail end" of a train, if you catch my drift!

By the third day I got my first letter from my heart and soul. It was a love filled teary honey drippin cum encrusted horny love letter... 100% ghetto! 100% authentic reality! 100% true love!!! The photos he sent, along with the constant stream of letter and phone calls made my time there so much easier, as well as giving me somethin to actually look forward to for the first time in my fuckin life! I actually had someone I could count on once again, and this seemed so "meant to be" so "special" so absolutely "IT!" My baby was actually counting down the days. Actually had a "countdown" chart on his wall, awaitin the day of my release!... The day couldn't

have taken longer if it tried... I got home two days before he expected me, and surprised him. When he came home from school that day, I was in his house waitin... shit was really really truly like some shit outta some dumb damn fuckin movie bro! All huggy, kissy, tear filled and hard as hard can be. As his tongue met mine, I had to push away cause I felt my dick start clickin like it be doin when I'm about to cum, and I damn sure wasn't bout to waste no damn "held just for him" load on a kiss, dig? That nut was waitin for when we had the chance to rip off each others clothes and I had my tongue deep inside his perfect ass as he licked, sucked and sucked and sucked me like his damn life depended on tha shit! Like it was some life or death type shit!... Even my hair was quivering for that special "first" ejack we shared! It's so damn crazy how different a "cum" can be when one is making love - or better yet, bustin nuts with someone that you love, as opposed to just some strictly sex type shit... follow what I'm sayin'?

Days turned into nights turned into days and with each breathing second we grew as one. I never thought I could love again after almost two years of heartache... My wounded soul - healed! Life just couldn't have been any better. Kevin was back in my life in full effect... not that he ever left, he just was mad at me for refusing to grow up and refusing to take any responsibility for myself, and me, the wounded puppy just read his frustration the wrong way... I just wanted to be the victim so I could say, "I told you so" but he wasn't lettin that happen. I wanted to show the world that every adult that ever loved me never did really... but he wasn't lettin that happen neither! My dad! My only true family... he wasn't lettin go that easy... hells no... he knew I could be the biggest asshole in the world when I wanted to... just so I could feel sorry for myself and tell the world on full blast... "NOBODY LOVES ME!" Like I said earlier when I'd ask my ma... "Ma do you love me!" and she'd say "Yes Luis" and I'd reply "No you don't", and we'd go back and forth like this about a hundred times until she would get so mad at me she'd eventually smack me across the face. That way I could say... "I told you you didn't love me!" ...

Anyways... as the school year ended and I walked my boy to and from every morning just as if we was actually goin steady... I woke up on a Tuesday to bring him to school and his grandmother told me that his mother picked him up to take him to North Carolina to go to some damn fuckin Military academy... I felt my stomach drop, my eyes swell with tears and my heart begin to palpitate... my hand started to shake and my bottom lip quivered as I stood there baffled... "Huh?" my reply

in disbelief. "Are you ok Luis? I said he aint here, he left last night. It's ok, its better for him to be with his mother anyway." Before she could shut the door, I turned on my heels and ran into the stairwell to hide the tears streaming down my face. I sobbed as I never did before... never! Is god really doing all this for all these years just to hurt me or am I just feeling sorry for myself? And they say god is a good god?!? GOOD TO WHO? I looked to the sky and asked, "God, do you love me?" and waited a few minutes for an answer before I said out loud, "No you don't!"

## How to Spend a Sunday Morning

I just couldn't believe my eyes. I wanted to rub them but I was scared that if I did, that when I opened them up and focused again that you would be gone.

"My god! Dios mio!" I said it out loud just like that in two languages. I took a picture of you. Many that day. That moment. My mind was better than any DigiCam on the market because no matter what, your image only improved with each viewing! I had to take as many pictures as I could that morning. I even took pictures of my surroundings because I would be back a million times if I had to, until I would find you there all by yourself, without that entourage of chaotic, energizer bunnies of beauty. There were 7 of you that Saturday morning in April, and I took a picture or two of each of you, even photographed the smell of the air if that makes any sense at all, but I did! I was playin the back. We are all at Astral Flea market on 181st street and Audobon Avenue. I like that little dump of a place. I love it actually. Not because their prices are cheap, not because the place is big, shit the whole place couldn't be 1500 square feet. But the thing about Astral is, it is "our place" and it is in "our" neighborhood and out of the 6 booths in the place, 3 of them are used and new video games that have interactive displays where kids can play on non busy days, trade their used games, and, best of all, get in nice and close with the people, and even run short a few dollars if they have to. An average Saturday morning will have 25 to 40 kids pushing their way to the front of the counter fighting for prime spots. Twisting, angling, leaning, crawling even if they must. Kids can be ruthless when it comes to video games. Well this is where I saw you that first morning Joaquin. Out of the other 6 of your friends, let me tell you little brother, you were shining like a star. You glowed. I am quite sure you didn't even notice, but I am also quite sure, at least half of your little buddies chose you as their friend because you were shining so brightly my little star!

I thought that day about following you but I wasn't gonna do that. A few years ago I would have. I really wanted to, but you know, I figured like this, if Manuel was with me and we were walking together instead of me by myself, I wouldn't even be

thinking of following this stranger, so why now! Manuel was back at the apartment waiting to see what game I would come home with. He wasn't feeling well, otherwise he would have come with me. He loved the Flea market as much as I did, and for the exact same reasons. Quite amazing for a boy who just turned 12 last week. A rarity even. He extracts the same exact pleasures from the same simple things as I do. I believe long before children are born, god decides who their parents will be. Either by natural childbirth or by default. Well, I hopped the subway back to the apartment and was as excited as Manny gets on his Christmas morning as I told him about the kid I had discovered. I use the word discovered because I feel in a way kind of like the Cristobol Colon del Muchachon meaning the Christopher Columbus of Boys. As I was describing this dirty blonde haired medium complexioned Dominican, Manuel ran and grabbed his yearbooks from the last few years. He makes such a perfect Diego Columbus. We ran to our bedroom and laid down. Manny climbed on top of me to allow him the view from over my shoulder. From the position he could also turn the pages. When we got halfway through the second book I grabbed his slender arm.

"STOP!" I yelled, anxiously,

"That's Him!" Wow his name suits him so perfectly. Manuel was engrossed in the photo of Joaquin Abreu.

"Papi, I know Joaquin, aint he the bomb diggity?" Manny said as he smiled a full toothy smile up and around at me, turning his head at a 45 degree angle. "We in 2 of the same class and he always be talkin to me. He always be invitin me to hang out with him but I don't be goin cause he be with a whole messa kids. See if he was like invitin me just like to be with me and him pa, you know I woulda been hangin out with Joaquin. Hows bout I invite him ova one a these days?"

Manuel hit me over the head with a sentence that only took him maybe a few seconds to dish out to me but it left me stunned and took me some minutes to take it all in. I couldn't even believe he knew this boy that was so devastatingly beautifully knock down drop dead gorgeous. Man, when I saw him at the video game

counter, I had to use all the restraint I ever had in the world to keep myself from running up behind the kid and committing some type of rash act that would have me either committed to a mental asylum or locked in some state prison.

You guys know as well as I that the rest of the week dragged on worse than any week ever could. No, it didn't even drag. It crept! But then Friday came and just like clockwork, Manuel's key was sliding into the lock and the doorknob was turning. My heart was beating. My house was so quiet at that moment, I could hear the electricity flowing through the wires. I had to pee like I never did before. It felt like I had been holding in my piss for 2 weeks straight. I didn't want to leave my position from in front of my computer because like in the beginning of the story where I didn't want to blink? Well, the door swung open, and there he was, Manuel and, and, and... NO ONE! Manny was alone! Manny!? What happened? I thought you were going to invite Joaquin over after school today? Man I was so disappointed! Any fool could see the disappointment on my face.

"Pa I'm sorry, it's that he didn't want to come!" Manny said as he started to close the door behind him. I felt like bursting into tears. I wasn't a greedy man. I never asked for much out of life, but I sure got disappointed easy. Just as I got up to lock the front door it burst open and Joaquin pushed his way into the apartment and both him and Manuel were hysterical laughing. Well, the joke was truly on me! The boys were hi-fiving each other, cracking up, laughing just about to the point of peeing in their pants. I was standing there feeling like a complete jackass. Not only were did there little joke and plan work out, but Joaquin heard how sad I was when I thought he wasn't there and saw how upset I was when Manny walked through the door by himself. I mean why would a parent be so upset about a kid not bringing home their friend after school?

Well, after the initial "shock" of the joke wore off, Joaquin ended up being all I expected him to be. We ended up having a great weekend. We had so much fun, it was truly amazing, and Joaquin was a natural at everything. Friday night we had some rain, and I figured the boys wanted to play and get to be together alone



some, so I rented some games for them at Blockbuster video and rented us a Horror film they picked called "the Devils Backbone" in Spanish. We were exhausted and didn't go to sleep until almost morning, but we all ended up falling asleep on my king size bed watching this movie. Saturday, I packed up my sister's car and we spent the day at Great Adventure in New Jersey. What an amazing day that was. I wanted Joaquin's time with us to be a time he would remember forever. By the time Sunday came around, no one wanted to get out of bed. We were wiped out. I woke up Sunday with Manuel on one side of me and Joaquin on the other. I had one prince under each of my arms and each one was nestled into my armpit. They fit like a puzzle. Each completing me. Making me final. Joaquin became a permanent fixture at our place. He rarely went home unless he had to, which wasn't often. It was then I realized I could close my eyes again. I could blink. I could forget my camera at home if I wanted to. Who needs it. Forget the camera. Forget the film. And... if you ever want to know the perfect way to spend a Sunday morning?...

12/03/2002

## Road Trip

Weird weather we've been havin here in New York. A brutal winter followed by no spring - then all of a sudden... SUMMER! Throw in some rain like damn near every day, put all of the ingredients in the oven at 98 degrees and what do you get? SUMMER 2003 in New York City! Life for me has become one of "ritual" once again, but instead of the ritual involving a burnt spoon, a belt and syringe, it has become a ritual of sobriety! A ritual of going to my program, hittin some assorted NA meetings, and hittin as much skin as I possibly can!

My motorcycle was in the shop a few days longer than I expected, so instead of wasting my hard to come by cash on a gypsy cab, I decided on above ground mass transit! I usually go for the subway, but for some reason I was drawn yesterday morning to the M-101 - a bus that leaves me almost right at the front door of Beth Israel. The bleak 6 story building that fills my cup with 90 mg of methadone every morning. Me and the rest of the \*MURDOCK zombies that fill the strip of 125th street "central Harlem" every morning. Coffee cup in one hand and a cigarette in the other. I medicated like any other day and went right back to the bus stop to get back to 160th street. If you start hanging out around the streets of the program you can end up with an Administrative Detox for loitering! See, we are all junkies so through the eyes of EVERYONE we are GUILTY of something! OR at least, up to something - if we are hanging out! So if a counselor or a security guard spots you, you might not be getting your full dose the next morning. You just may be in for a steady 10mg a week drop till you find yourself off the program, and back on the streets tryin to cop bags of dope as your ritual!

Well, to make a short story long, as I usually tend to do so well, I smoked my cigarette and waited for my M-100 bus to take me back uptown. {That way I can ride 2 ways for the price of 1 token - by getting a transfer on the 101 on the way down and riding the 100 back up} I call it junky ingenuity. I spotted my bus way down 125th by Lennox Ave., so I huffed and puffed my cigarette till I was clutching nothing but a filter between my fingers. I climbed up the

stairs to the bus, slid my transfer into the machine and walked down the crowded aisle towards the back. As I got around to the middle I felt some eyes on me and looked down to spot a kid about 12 wearing a shirt that would have a special meaning only to the gods and me. A message of some sort. I felt a cold draft breeze by me and had immediate goose bumps. The kid looked at me and smiled a crooked tooth smile my way. His shirt had a big number 16 on it. Not only is 16 my birthday number, but it is also my number with the SANTOS. My number! The number that makes me the SON of ELEGGUA. [Hijo de Eleggua} I stood behind where the kid was sitting, and held the pole as I stared down at the nape of his neck. His hair was scraggly, unwashed even. His shirt stained. Pants looked like they were maybe his older brothers, cousins, friends. Sneakers begging me to buy some new one to replace them. We rode the bus up Amsterdam Avenue, and I went into a methadone daydream. My eyes were shut, and I stood with one hand holding the pole and my other arm to my side. Dreaming a dream of nothingness. I heard the bell ring signaling the driver to stop. Somewhere around City College. 135th street. I felt a hand on mine. A small hand. The kid must've risen for the stop. The bus was slowing as I expected the hand to leave as soon as it came, but it didn't. It lingered. It just stayed there. I felt the fingers rubbing mine very lightly. The kid then got fully up and as he squeezed past me to exit through the back door he made sure he pressed his body into my other hand which was at my side. He stopped and waited for the bus to come to a stop with his crotch resting right into my knuckles. He moved himself slightly back and forth allowing my knuckles to feel both nuts and a hard cock to go along. I pressed outward to meet his inward thrust. Thank god for crowded busses. I just stood there with my eyes still shut. Too scared to see who was watching me. Scared to see the judge's eyes down upon me. The bus stopped, and shorty stepped down and off. The back doors shut and I looked out the window and saw that the kid was just standing there smiling up at me. He has a wave and a wink and I almost had to change my boxers. I reached out and pressed the bell frantically. I had to get off that bus immediately and see what ELEGGUA the

TRICKSTER sent my way! The bus pulled over at the light and opened the door. It was about 1000 feet from the stop that left the kid waving and winking up at me. I ran out the doors and off of the bus. Looked to my left, to my right, but didn't see him anywhere! I sat at the benches across from City College and looked around but saw no one! FUCK! As I shut my eyes and threw my head back, I heard a raspy voice that could only belong to a 12 year old boy. "What took you so long? I was wondering why you didn't just get off with me!"

I looked up astonished, "It's YOU! You sneaky lil devil! Where were you?" I asked, perplexed that he appeared out of nowhere like a mirage.

"I went over to the bodega for a cold drink. What's your name?"

I answered him and asked him the same. "Julio" what a perfect name for this kid. Julio.

We small talked and before I knew it we were in a cab headed to my place. The moral of this beginning of the story ROADTRIP is that although the gods gave me a HELL life as a kid and a HELL upbringing. I basically raised myself as you all know. One thing I got as a consolation prize is this ability to meet people and end up in bed in record time. Julio still stays with us most of the time. At least every weekend, but usually during the week as well.

Some close friends of mine recently decided to move to Florida against everyone's advice. They have 2 cars and asked me if I would be willing to drive one of their cars, a 2003 Volvo S-60 down for them. They would cover all expenses, motels along the way, as well as a return flight. I agreed without any hesitation. I needed a vacation, and really love road trips. Manuel and Tito have summer school so they couldn't take the trip with me, but Julio was able. I met with his mom and she gave me a letter giving him permission to travel with me and giving me emergency rights - just in case. We packed up the car and were ready to leave right after I got medicated on a Saturday. They gave me a few bottles to take with me and made arrangements for me to be medicated in Orlando. I spent a few days teaching Julio how to read a map, being he was

riding shotgun – his job was to navigate. I at least expected him to be able to keep track of our progress in case I needed to stop. It was easy for him to follow the directions of “MapQuest” along the paper map. I gave him a hi-liter, and he got busy. He took to his job like white takes to rice...

The morning of the trip I was the first one at my program. I was medicated and out their door by 6:04am. When I got back home I decided to climb back into bed with Manuel, Tito, and Julito. It was a cloudy morning, and the sky was heavy with rain. There was no need for us to run out the door. It was Saturday, and there would be no “rush hour” traffic. I stripped down and slid between warm, interwoven bodies. By the time my head came out by the pillows, I was equally as wrapped up and interwoven. I took a quick pit stop as I slid between everyone, and decided on sliding other things, other places before settling in on a comfy spot to snooze the next few hours away. Eeny – meeny – miny – moe... take your pick... where the jism will flow...

I woke up to Manuel nibbling my ear and giving the side of my face a sloppy erotic tongue bath. God... I could lie in that bed with that company FOREVER and EVER! Or, I could die at that moment, at the PEAK of my HAPPINESS!! I can tell you this; I have never enjoyed life so much as I do now that I am clean. Every smell is a new experience. Everything I do, I savor the moments and extract as much joy as possible. We all know that life is oh-so-short, and could end at -any- given -minute. I spent so many years in a Heroin OPIUM dazed haze – and everything I did... I was kinda going through the motions. I didn't experience anything... I just did things... maybe extracting pleasure of some sorts, but never JOY! I was one sad, depressed, miserable, fucked up dude! Thank GOD that is a thing of the past!

We got up and showered. I had to wait for my cousin to come. She was going to spend the next week watchin my kids as me and Julio went down south. The car was loaded, we said our hugs and kissloads of good-byes, and we were on our way towards the Highway.

The first day we drove all the way to Richmond Virginia. We took a room at the Holiday Inn, almost next door to where the Atlanta Braves minor league team played. The Richmond Braves. It was directly off Interstate 95, so I had no worries that we maybe get lost. We took our overnight bags and made our way to the room, which was on the 3rd floor. The only requirements that Julito had was that "could there PLEASE be a pool?!" wherever we decided to lay our bones for the night! It was only about 5pm, but we were practically crawling out of the elevator to our room. I slid the "creditcard" style room key and we entered the room. Julio sprinted from the door, leapt up onto the bed, jumped up and down about a dozen times, jumped over to the recliner, slid across the desk on his slippery boxershort bum, and was somehow standing on his feet before my astonished eyes... I was still standing there with a backpack swung over one arm, and a small piece of luggage clutched in my left hand. I hadn't even put down the bags, as this OLYMPIC style performance unfolded before my eyes. Julio slipped his sweatpants down and left them on the floor with his sneakers, flew into his performance, and finished his three ring act before I could put down my bags, flick on the t.v. and light a Newport. AMAZING! TRULY AMAZING!

I went over to the a/c. unit, lifted the door that covered the controls, found the knobs I was looking for, and "cranked" that mutha fucka till the curtains were blowing and frost collected on the metal vents that ran along the length of the huge hotel windows. We both were too bushed to do much more than flip thru the channels of the 19" standard issue Holiday Inn bolted to the table RCA t.v. "You hungry like me, bugger?" I asked Julito, who was flipping through hundreds of channels of nothing, and looking at the t.v. through half closed, sleepy boy eyes. He lifted his head and his eyes sprung open. "Hells yeah I'm hungry! Could eat a moose with 2 slices of bread! Can't we order somethin like Dominoes so we don't gotta go nowheres?"

"BLING" a lightbulb went on above my head.

"ROOMSERVICE!" I yelled half crazily. I got up and went over to the desk to pick up the Holiday Inn "roomservice menu" I flipped

through the pages of overpriced food, but didn't care! This was onetime I didn't have to worry about prices. The bills were being paid from my "Travel Allowance" envelope that was stuffed with hundreds and fifties. I didn't bother to count cause I trusted my friends as much as myself. This was my one childhood friend that I kept. Yeah I drifted in and out of his life, but never drifted too far. He's 4 years older than I am, and I have known him since I was about 11. [it's a long story] I picked out a couple of "sirloin" burgers and banana shakes for us, along with two orders of steak fries and an onion loaf. With a tip the bill came to just under \$40. Not bad for not havin to leave the room, let alone the bed!

The food came delivered on a cart on silver platters that were covered. I truly felt like Scarface! We ate, ate some more, then ate just a little bit more. Then I decided it was time to break the law. I went to my backpack, dug around a bit before I pulled out a pack of Newport 100's and my Zippo. This was a "no smoking" room, but the way I saw it, my whole life I broke the law! I mean REALLY broke the law! What the hell! What's one cigarette? Especially after a meal like that?! Before I finished my cigarette, I heard Julio snoring lightly as he lay sprawled across the king size bed. I snuffed out the butt and walked towards the bathroom, peeling off what was left of my clothes as I went in and ran a hot bath. I went to the sink top and found a hotelsized bottle of shampoo, which would now become my bubble bath. I climbed in then flicked on the shower so the water would beat down on me as the tub filled, then reached out and flicked off the light. I'm not sure for how long I dozed, but I awoke when I felt his leg stepping into the tub to join me. Julio laid on top of me and nestled his head into my shoulder.

"I got scared Lui, I thought maybe you went out or somethin!" He said to me in a hushed tone. Almost a whisper.

"Baby boy, would I ever leave you alone? You know me better than that! I didn't wanna wake you! You were sleeping so good and I wanted to relax in the bath! You know damn well that I'd rather take a special bath with you, than bathe alone ANY DAY of the WEEK! I'm sorry if I scared you!"

Julio rubbed his nose with mine, then pressed his lips to my lips and kissed! He kissed an innocent kiss at first, then opened his mouth and shoved his tongue past my lips and into my waiting mouth. The sexy kiss had an immediate effect on us both! He took my excitement as a cue and swung his wet body around into a 68 position! That's our special routine in the bath. He scooted down and grabbed my dick by the base and started kissing it all over until he took half of it into his hellfire hot mouth. Without missing a beat, I took a cheek into each hand and separated them as I shoved my face between the wet, slippery mounds! As Julio worked my orgasm closer and closer, I ate out his perfectly smooth, round ass. I had my tongue in as far as it would go then twirled, slurped, nibbled, and stretched his hole to heaven! Wave after wave of orgasm pumped through my nuts, up my shaft, into his mouth and down his throat! No sooner than my cock stopped it's lovely twitching, my baby spun around, straddled my face, and fucked my mouth for 15 seconds until he too was twitching, and squirting between my lips. I could see his head thrown back and his eyes clamped tightly down as he cummed and deposited his sweet, smoky jism all over my tongue where I savored it as I jerked my still hard love muscle to orgasm #2! Even though the lights were still out, my pupils must've adjusted in the darkness, cause I could see his pleasurable pained expression as plain as day. Julito kissed my face 50 or 60 times before he climbed out the tub. He yanked a towel off the rack and dried himself halfway. He ran out of the bathroom and reappeared in seconds with my pack of cigarettes, lighter and ashtray! Smart lil guy! Perfect lil lover! He lit the cigarette for me as I dried my hands. He knows I don't approve of him putting a cigarette between his lips, but he only did it to please me! He didn't light the smoke in some sneaky little effort to steal himself a puff or two. His intentions were pure!

After I finished the Newport, I climbed out and dried myself off. Just as I figured. He was fast asleep. I laughed to myself and thought, "maybe the sex didn't even happen! Maybe it was nothing more than a great jerk-off fantasy?" I laughed out loud at the



absurdity of the thought. OK, I kicked drugs, but I was still a burnt out, dopey fool!...

We woke up at the crack of dawn, checked out, and started the day's journey. Julio slept most of the morning, and by noon we had driven as many miles as the whole previous day! We were on a roll!

I

only stopped to refuel, and to check cigarette prices in each state. Being I was flying home, I brought at least one carton of Newport 100's each stop. Being I would have the chance to go back to whichever of the stops ultimately had the cheapest price. Strangely enough, it turned out to be Virginia! At \$19 a carton, it was a steal, as opposed to New York City's \$7.50 a pack - \$75 a carton rate, which was the real Highway Robbery! Can you imagine? \$75.00 a carton? I would have thought that North Carolina would be the cheapest place because that is where Newports are manufactured, but it wasn't even second! Georgia was!

I stopped at the ever so famous "South of the Border" rest stop, just because it is sort of MANDATORY! You absolutely can't miss the place. Billboards start their "Technicolor" advertisements along I-95 about 20 miles from the place. Then once you start getting closer, they are at every single mile... as sort of a "twilight zone" countdown! You feel as if you are nearing Disney or Six Flags. Then, once you arrive, a 20-foot statue of "Pedro" greets you! A huge plaster pastel colored comic book stereotypical Mexican complete with a sombrero and a blanket swung over his shoulder for his "siesta!" The place is utterly ridiculous! Yet, every single passerby insists on snapping picture after picture of little Billy, Timmy, and Barbie in front of "Pedro" using their "disposable" cameras! Sunglasses, tacky shirts, flip-flop sandals and all! I'd be willing to bet the house that you don't catch any little Fernandos, Enriques or Juanitas daring to even stand next to tacky 20 foot Pedro, let alone let their parents or spouses snap any insulting pictures!

Then, South of the Border has "adobe" style building after building offering the same exact souvenirs and fireworks, burritos and burgers! The only thing we brought from the place was a 3 pack of "tums" to cure the heartburn and nausea we both left the rest

stop with! I was sure Julito was going to ask me to buy him some firecrackers or bottlerockets, but that wasn't gonna happen if he did. The last thing we needed was to get pulled over with New York plates and have a trunk full of explosives! Especially after that whole 9-11 incident! The authorities were eagerly seeking any brown skinned "terrorists" they could find during their "witch hunt!" I was really really surprised that he didn't ask though. I guess he was as anxious as I was to finally reach our destination. Can anyone out there spell "CARSICK?"

I continued on I-95 until before I realized we were crossing the Florida border. We were both exhausted and our stomachs were communicating back and forth with dueling growls. I pulled off of the first exit that had a sign for hotels on it. I came to a sort of Hotel mall. It was one huge drive with a large circle and a fountain in the middle. Off of the circle fed 5 large hotels. A Holiday Inn, La Quinta, Ramada Inn, a Marriott, and a Best Western. I chose la Quinta. I liked one I had stayed in in Houston a few years before. They are always clean, well maintained, have large rooms and not expensive. I signed us in and left Julio in the car snoring loudly. After I got the keys and brought up our bags, I went back to the car and carried Julito up to the room. I could tell he was faking sleep as I reached the door. He had a smile spread across his full lips and his eyes were clamped tightly. I knew he loved the special treatment, just as I did at his age. I laid him carefully down on the bed and began to undress him. I paid little attention to the "tent pole" in his boxers and just batted him a few times on his firm butt as he scooted up and under the covers. I joined him and within minutes we were snoring loudly side by side.

When I got up and went down to the lobby shortly after dawn, I was quickly reminded why it was I liked la Quinta so much. Spread out before me was a huge breakfast display free to all guests. Included was a do-it-yourself Belgian waffle kit. I made myself two fluffy treats, had some fresh fruit, coffee, juice and a bagel! A breakfast of champions! I headed back to the room to wake up Julio so he can ready himself for the end of our journey! He was still asleep and covered head to toe in the hotels thick comforter. I didn't

blame him because the room was frigid! I had the a/c set to the max and the room was truly arctic!

I reached down and pulled the comforter gently from my sleeping boy. Just as I realized I was trying to wake a few pillows and sheets balled up, my naked boy jumped onto my back and clung to me with his arms around my neck and his legs around my waist. He leapt from the dresser top yelling,

“Super Boy!”

I swung him over my shoulders and onto the bed and laid on top of him. He was still clinging to my neck and brought his face to mine. His lips to my cheeks, nose, eyes and lips. He covered my face with little wet sloppy kisses, spreading Skittle scented saliva all over me. He obviously had dipped into our candy stash for breakfast. “Breakfast of Boy Super heroes around the World! Skittles!” I savored every moment of every millisecond that we spend together! If kicking dope has taught me anything, it taught me that life is absolutely precious and way way too short!

We rolled around on the bed for a few minutes, then began a bit of the old – cat and mouse! Kinda like tag! He’d poke me, then jump off the bed and run, baiting me to chase him. I’d catch him and throw him onto the huge hotel sized ultra king size bed. He’d roll across, then lay still with his eyes closed, as if he were dead! I’d then pounce and tickle – causing him to squirm around in hysterics until he was ready to absolutely piss all over the bed.

Then start all over again. Poke, chase, catch, throw, tickle, squirm, laugh. Poke, chase, catch, throw, tickle, squirm, laugh! Then we got tired of the whole game, and changed the rules of the game a bit. It turned into; poke, chase, catch, throw, tickle, squirm, suck, lick, fuck, bust, lick, kiss, hug, bath!

We dried off and dressed. I put our bags back into the car as Julito devoured 3 waffles, 2 bowls of cereal, a bagel with jelly and two oranges! If I didn’t spend every breathing second of my life with people his age, then I would have absolutely been in shock at such barbaric, Viking feeding frenzies. It didn’t even faze me the least bit, but there were quite a few spectators with their eyes wide opened and their mouths agape in awe!

“God bless him! You have such a strong, healthy boy! Said an elderly woman sitting next to the buffet.

“Why thank you kindly ma’am, and God bless you too!” I said as I grabbed Julio to leave and a handful of fruit and muffins for the journey. Thank god we only had a few hours left. We were somewhere around Jacksonville!

Julio got into the car and looked at me with pain stricken eyes as he clutched his stomach. I knew what that meant! I ran back inside and asked the clerk for the keys again, saying I left a few things in the room by accident. He didn’t even look up as he handed them back to me. It wasn’t even 9:00am and checkout time was at 11:30, so what could he say? I paid already, so technically the room was ours until then! I ran back to the car and handed my lover boy the credit card key.

“Hurry up baby boy, and make sure you flush!” I said with a laugh, but Julio wasn’t laughing. He was clutching his stomach with one hand, grabbing the key with the other, and running for his life to reach the toilet! Twenty minutes later I started to get worried. He still hadn’t returned. I went up to the room to see if he was okay, but before I reached the door he came out shutting the door behind him.

“Better not go in there for a few days if you know what’s good for you!” Says my crazy Julito with an ear to ear smile.

“Damn boy, I was starting to think maybe you fell in!”

Julio put his arm around my waist giving my left cheek a love pinch as he passed it. I reached down and took a hand full of his ass. I squeezed the pliant meaty cheeks and kissed him on the top of his head as we neared the elevator.

“I love you Lui!”

“I love you too baby boy! Shit, if we weren’t expected in Tavares yesterday I sure as shit would turn rite the hell around and go back to the room for round two! You make me so fuckin’ horny! I swear to god!”

“Look papi, I’m hard just from you sayin that!” replied Julio.

“C’mon, let’s get to the damn car already, otherwise I’ll end up bookin that room for another nite!”

We both laughed as we entered the elevator. As soon as the doors shut I seized his lips and kissed him a deep, long, passionate kiss. I knew damn well that there was a good chance there was a camera watching our every move. I didn't care! It made my heart race. I felt like a sneaky thief. I knew that the three clerks behind the desk watched our kiss because they were all doing their best to look busy, and to NOT look at us as we passed. Then as soon as we walked through the exit, I could feel their stares on the back of my head. Burning! I turned to them quickly and all three looked away as fast as they could!

B-U-S-T-E-D!

We got in the car and hit the road. Before we realized it, we reached the complex. Our destination! I almost didn't want the road trip to be over but... it was. We still had damn near a week left to kill in Florida, but the "mission" aspect of the journey had come to an abrupt halt! Julito and me drove in circles in the "Pringle" development. Funny it should be named after his favorite potato chips! Well, in this "Pringle" development, not all the homes looked the same, actually on the contrary, every single house was completely different, but it was a maze of roads with stupid names and numbers. It went from First Street to Butterfly, to Second Avenue to Gull Way, from Third Street to Pelican View then 4th Avenue to Sunset Court... I was struggling to find the crumpled up piece of paper that had my buddies cell phone number. Or the used tissue that some of Julio on it, some of me on it and some of the address we were supposed to bring the car to!! Man... AM I EVER GONNA GROW UP?

We spent the rest of the week "tourist" style. We went to "Disney" then to "Universal" We really had a relaxing, good, old fashioned, vacation! Of course my friends insisted we stay in their newly built house, but Julio felt self-conscious. He wanted us to have privacy. I didn't feel the least bit awkward, as I had spent many different times with many different boys with my friends. They were happy that I was such a helpful member of society... actually I wonder what they really thought... they never spoke out of line, and never made separate beds... I guess they knew enough

about the way I grew up to figure “old habits are just hard to break” or something! Well anyways, Me and Julio found another LaQuinta in Tavares. Well, actually it was in Leesburg. Close enough to Orlando without having to pay Orlando prices! Anyway, We spent the rest of the days carryin on like two fools! We met a couple a friends by the pool, nuthin serious, just pool buddies. We flew home at the end of the week, and were greeted to open arms! God, I missed New York!!! I love to travel! But I think once you live in New York, everywhere else is just - BACKWARD!!! ... Like they say... “Nice place to visit, but I wouldn’t wanna live there!”

Summer in New York ended just how it came... it snuck up and it snuck away... Weird year! I’m scared to see what the winter brings! Last winter was the worst winter we had in a long long time!! And me, I’m a Tropical Guy! I hate the cold!! I’m all about palm trees, sunny skys, beaches, water... everything the summer brings! Here we are in September and it already smells like Halloween outside! The leaves are fallin, less and less people are on their stoops uptown... HERE WE GO AGAIN...

Summer 2003

## Paradise Life

At first I used to agree with my dad. You know, Kevin... as in Esser. You know, the whole baggy pants, clown suit wearin boy thing. That was until I landed here on Oahu though. Here, the boys are much more eye candyish. Yeah. Most just wear a pair of baggy surf shorts and a hat. That's about it. Then, they have their shorts so low that their BVD's, yes BVD's not boxers, show their nalgas leavin me delirious. Did I mention the fact that there are so many that don't wear any BVD's at all, and just throw a flesh treat to everyone?

The boys here are much like Dominicans. They pull their pants down to their ankles to pee. Have no fear of swimming naked. Are proud to strut their bodies up and down the beach, just for me! I think!?! Most of all, some extreme sex play doesn't mean being "gay" its just part of the every day thing. To them, being gay means doing ballerina twirls up and down the beach. That's what it means, don't it?

When I met Nestor, I wasn't ready for him. Or better said, I wasn't expecting him. I mean, fuck yeah I noticed him on the beach, but then, who didn't? He liked to be noticed. Loved to be watched. Running or walking through the sand with his deep Hawaiian tan and his round ass exposed. Not the whole thing, but the top half. You know, just enough to see the thing jettin out from his back and the swell of his nalgitas. Man, when he started diggin in the sand on his hands and knees and the thing was bobbin up and down, swirlin round and round... FUCK! I had to use all my strength and then some not to just run up behind him, yank them all the way down and bury my face between his cheeks.

He was alone that day, even though I had seen him many times with a group of kids. All part of the Waianae Canoe club. The sun was droppin fast behind the jetty, and people were packin up their goods and leavin. I was in my own world, just daydreamin an shit when I came to and Nestor was standing in front of me. Extending his hand for a pound.

"Uncle, you got anything to eat or drink in that cooler of yours?" Observant boy. He probably was used to seeing me with

my flock of sheep. Two coolers. One full of sandwiches and juices and the other with beers and vodka.

“Course I do boy!, go check and take what you want.”

There wasn't any food but there was plenty of tropical juices to choose from. He reached in as comfortable as a fish in water and picked out a Coconut juice.

“Good choice, my favorite!” I said.

“Thanks uncle” he said as he sat beside me on the log we turned into a bench. Oh, by the way, “uncle” is a respect term boys here use for anyone older. We started some idle chatter and soon he said he was starving. He helped me pack the cooler and my radio and shit and we jumped into the whip. I drove him to the local L&L Drive in. A local chain serving Hawaiian food. It was already dark. I told him to order whatever he wanted. After he scoffed his food down, I asked him where he wanted to be dropped, cause I didn't want his parents to worry.

“Shoots, we is homeless! We live right there on the beach in the yellow tent. Can I go to your house for a hot shower maybe?”

What was I gonna do, say no? I was wondering if he noticed my dick hard in my shorts. I drove to my house which was right down the road, and we climbed out. He followed me around back and into the door. As he entered he let his shorts drop to the floor, and asked which way is the bathroom.

“Just go to the big one in my bedroom over thereon the right.” I said.

“Well? Arent you gonna come?”

Shit, I almost came right then when he asked me! Lol! I stripped down and followed him into the shower. Fuck, he is so beautiful!

“Well? Arent you gonna wash me?”

With that, I grabbed the Irish Spring and began soaping his back. I hesitated for a second when I got to his perfect ass.

“Keep on!” he demanded.

So I did. I took my time and savored the feeling of his muscular flesh yielding to my touch. So hard, so soft, so perfect. He turned around with his arms raised for me to do his front, and his arms weren't the only thing raised dear brothers. I washed him well, and



teased him at the same time. I had my fingertip in his butt as I was soaping up his dick and nuts. Making him squirm and give some throaty moans. When I took my hand away he replace it with his own and started pumping.

“Wait Nestor! Hold on, not so fast you rascal” as I took his hand away from himself. He was all worked up.

I quickly washed and started filling the tub. I laid down and he laid right on top of me in a 69 position. He grabbed me and put me in his mouth and of course I did the same. Then I pulled my head back and took a good long look at his butt all open and exposed for my enjoyment. I extended my tongue and lapped and sucked and licked my way inside him as he worked feverishly on my pinga!

After about 5 minutes I nudged him over and stood up, bringing him with me. He knew the score. He stood with his back to me, held on to the shower soap dish and pushed his butt out to give me a view of some full, round, perfect cheeks. I bathed my dick with KY jelly. Yeah I know, Im a pervert! So! Whats bad about keeping KY in the shower? I love to fuck under the stream of water. And just think, did I seduce him, or did he seduce me? Ok kill me!

I slid into him slowly, letting him get used to feeling me inside, but he kept pushing back to me. I grabbed his hips and screwd the daylight outta him. Ok, kill me! So Im a deranged lunatic perverted boy fucka! But let me assure you my brothers, once you have it, you will always need it... kinda like smack! Only, the only smack here is his cheeks smackin my groin!

I pulled out and nuttled all over the place. I don't think I came like that in a long while. {what time is it anyway?} After my dick stopped twitching I spun him around and dropped to my knees to bring him off. He fucked my mouth like an old pro! Not bad for a 13 year old. After his cum was swimming around in my mouth and belly, he threw his arms around my shoulder and kissed me long and deep.

“Uncle, can I stay here tonight?”

“Nestor, you can stay here forever!” I said as I covered his face in baby kisses.

Nestor is a wonderful person. He fit rite in with my boys and shit, there is always room for a Nestor in my house, in my life. He is a cuddler. A kisser. A natural lover. And, hey! There aint no baggy pants wearin clowns round these parts. Why you think the airfare is so high?

2005