

The Twelfth
Acolyte Reader

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March-Past

by Mario Kochany

It's his eyes. That's the first thing one notices about him. Sometimes they are a sort of pale green. Deep. Limpid. Like a mountain tarn. At others they seem to flicker through a flash of gold to be an opalescent hazel. They are wild eyes, piercing, penetrating, like the eyes of a big cat – a lynx or tiger. He is a wild boy, unchecked, untamed – a spirit of the night, a will-o'-the-wisp with a wisp of a willie, long and slender. He has a wild mouth as well; not one with fangs and sharp teeth, but with big rich lips which seem to say, "I'm coming to get you! I shall swallow you up whole!"

Occasionally, when we are alone, he will creep up panther-like behind me and pounce. Before I even realize he is there, he will have his arms around me, his lips locked against mine, and his long eyelashes butterflying my cheek. He knows I don't approve, but that is exactly why he does it. He has no fear of anybody, and loves to shock and appall.

I don't know where he gets his underwear from, but that too is an integral part of his image. Under most normal circumstances he will wear a minuscule nylon slip, several sizes too small for him, and figure-hugging to the point of indecency; but at times – when he's feeling particularly provocative – even that will seem excessive to him, and he will appear in a pair of lacy flimsies, or else a petite thong or pouch scarcely adequately supported by its slender threads of elastic. He cares not a whit what people say, and revels in the

name of Queero Nero. He will waylay his friends after school or after scouts and challenge them to competitions of speed or size or effusiveness. I pretend not to notice, not to be aware of what is going on or who is cumming off, but I bless the uncharted peephole in the wall between the store-room and the toilet of our H.Q.

Belying his light hair, Nero comes from hot-blooded Italian stock, has a rich tan, a profusion of well-worn, holey jeans in his wardrobe, and an effusion of the other sort of genes from his father – a roistering philanderer, whose wife long ago reconciled herself to her husband running after almost anything attractive on two legs, whether female or male.

At the end of parade, when the lads change out of uniform for the more relaxed part of the evening, young Nero makes sure people are watching him. How he fancies his Sea Scout uniform! The lads' trousers have "bell-bottoms" which flare loosely around their calves and ankles; but at the top they are tight and trim, and show off the belle bottoms of the boys inside them. Nero's are so tight that he ought to take considerably more care than he does not to let himself get excited on parade. I am sure he would happily pin an ensign to his jack-staff if he were allowed, but there's no need; it's usually prominent enough without.

In uniform he's so smart; but when the lads get changed, some people might say he becomes even smarter still. He takes the expression "scruff-togs" only too literally. At best his cut-off jeans will be frayed; more often than not his turn-out could be better described as expanses of flesh held together by tatters of denim. His greatest delight, in playing British Bulldogs, is to incite the opposing team to tear them off altogether. He is a poser, a flirt and an adolescent Casanova.

Our records claim that he is aged fifteen, but you would find it hard to guess with any degree of accuracy. His height and agility might make him seem even older; his mental maturity too, his ability to talk man-to-man, his observation of human nature and human frailties, his worldly-wiseness. But on the other hand (and on most of his body) he has the tenderness and soft skin of a twelve-year-old, and scarcely a hair to be seen. I used to suspect he shaved himself – or got one of his lovers to do it for him – but then the silky fuzz which he has, not only on his legs but on his loins as well, would have been reaped by the razor too.

Wherever he goes, Nero is leader of the gang. Other boys look up to him. They admire his good looks and his strength, but they admire too his kindheartedness and *simpatia*, even for the underdog. He has a mischievous streak and is invariably the ringleader of any escapade. And then, of course... What boy could help but admire a fellow who can come twice in three minutes, shoot over a meter, and completely fill an eggcup with his juice? I treat Nero with the greatest of caution and respect. I have to. My position depends on it. As Skipper of the Sea Scout Group I have my reputation to think of. Of course I am well aware of what is going on, but I pretend not to be. I turn a blind eye and keep my distance. Boys will be boys – but a responsible adult dare not join them.

This past week has been specially exciting. Easter was early this year, the last weekend of March, and we had planned to go away for an early camp. But events took control of us; our musical reputation – (such as it is) – went before us. Hearing of our planned visit, the local village asked us to bring our instruments and join in their carnival; our band was booked to lead their Easter Monday parade. This led to minor problems. Twenty drums take up a lot of space under canvas, and in any case, they need to be kept dry. Moreover

bugles, trumpets and trombones are too valuable to be stored in unlockable tents.

But before we knew it, we had been offered the facilities of the local school. We could camp and parade in the sports hall; there were toilet and all other facilities on site; we could set up our cooking-stoves on the terrace outside, and I commandeered one of the beds in the first-aid room for myself, while Bosun moved into the P.E. staff's office. It was a snug weekend, full of fun and excitement.

For me one of the greatest excitements was getting them all worked up with violent games just before bedtime. Rushing round the hall and working up a good sweat was – ostensibly – an excuse to tire them out and make them sleep better. But in fact it provided a perfect pretext to insist that every boy should strip right down and take an invigorating hot shower before turning in. I supervised this personally myself.

Oh, the sight of thirty-six bare bodies! Pretty pre-pubescents of eleven and twelve soon overcame their shyness and danced around like baroque cherubs, with rounded tummies overhanging little treasures which almost needed a magnifying glass for proper examination. At the other end of the age scale, patrol leaders pranced provocatively, duly proud of their new manliness, and only too happy to show themselves off to the admiring glances of the younger ones. Darren has a good bush of hair which no one else can rival; Jimbo has a jumbo trunk which raises itself from time to time as if to trumpet forth its size; the two Davids thought I hadn't noticed when they retired to the same toilet cubicle for a full five minutes; Peter has pert little cheeks which, if Dame Rumor be true, are not unknown to the drama teacher at his school – (He played Stig-of-the-dump in their last production, and needed an all-over rinse of body makeup for each performance, as well as copious fitting-

sessions earlier to get the size of his skimpy loin-cloth just right); and Nero made no effort to hide from me or anyone else his well-polished will-o'-the-wisp, his jaunty jack-staff. In between, a gaggle of pubescent *piccoli* disported themselves prickily under the warm showers. Though some were shy at first, they soon discarded their inhibitions when they found I raised no objections to their raised obstructions. Some flirted with the older patrol leaders, others chased after the pretty pink cheeks of the younger lads or offered to wash their backs – and backsides – with soapy sponges.

I was glad that Bosun never offered to help with these supervisory duties. Though a young man, he is an elder in his local church, and very square. He has been married for five years, but the relationship has never been consummated; nor is it ever likely to be, I shouldn't wonder. I doubt if either he or Maureen are even aware of the differences between their two bodies. If they were, they would rush to sew themselves fig-leaves for fear of defiling their Garden of Eden. He is a wonderful musician, and our band would not be what it is without him, but the boys might just as well be clockwork robots for all he notices of them. They could get away with murder with him; whereas I may discreetly turn a blind eye, he is totally unaware of their nefarious conduct in the toilets, the bike-sheds or after lights-out. (And long may it remain so!)

On Saturday night we had an earnest discussion after the boys had turned in and their lights had been turned out. Sitting in his room, the staff office, we discussed the iniquities of drugs and drinking. Bosun never touches anything stronger than a cup of tea; he even eschews instant coffee because of its caffeine content. We smugly agreed that we "don't know what the younger generation are coming to nowadays." I like to humor him, but I had a pretty shrewd idea what some of our younger generation would be cumming to by that

stage of the evening. Darren would be snuggled up to Blondie; Jimbo would have his trumpet to the lips of Sucker Simon, our lead cornet-player; the two Davids would have added further stains to their already grubby sleeping-bags; and Nero would probably have made a public exhibition of himself as soon as our backs were turned. It was incumbent on me, for the sake of a happy weekend, to keep the staid Bosun well out of the boys' way.

But little did I know how prophetic was our decision that we didn't know what our younger generation were coming to. I had a surprise waiting in store for me that night.

It was nearly eleven o'clock before I left Bosun's room. He went to wash and clean his teeth, while I checked the gymnasium dormitory. It was as quiet as the grave. Either the boys were genuinely asleep, which was quite possible by now, or else they were making a very good pretense. As I suspected, Blondie was lying close to Darren, his mop of curls and pink cheeks lit by a ray of the moon; a look of utter contentment was spread across his face as he lay asleep. Stick-in-my-rump Peter's sleeping-bag was still unzipped. I recalled the excitement of his theatrical performance. How I would have loved the privilege of applying that body make-up all over his boyish limbs for the show. His costume had been so brief that it must have taken a bottle-full every night.

I eased his sleeping-bag aside and admired him again now. His nylon slip concealed even less than his furry loincloth. Gently I touched his thigh. He was fast asleep. I ran a finger up it. He never moved. The flesh was warm, and it was so soft too. I fingered higher and higher, longing for the courage to pull down the back of those panties and peep inside. Was the drama teacher really an initiate into those mysteries? And if so, how often did he worship there?

The little buttocks twitched as I fingered high, high up between Peter's legs. I longed to kiss, but instead lifted my finger to my lips. Oh! Two seconds before, that had been stroking him there! I touched tongue-tip to finger-tip and imagined my very mouth had been in such an intimate place. A man can dream, can't he, even though I wouldn't dare kiss a boy there in real life? I put my finger back to the seat of Pete's pants. So near, and yet so far! I pressed into the soft material. The boy stirred. "Sir, I love you. You can do it again if you'll help to wash my make-up off," he moaned, still far away in Dreamland.

It was too risky, now he had stirred. Sucker Simon lay next to Jimbo. How many instruments had those puckered lips blown tonight, I wondered? Simon was a multi-talented lad who was ready to test out his embouchure on anything he was offered, from a bit of French horn, through an expanding trombone, to a huge but dumpy tuba. Out of his own well-polished cornet he could produce fine music; but any other cornets he had played this evening were more likely to have been filled with creamy vanilla or yoghurt. Cornucopia!

I decided to go to bed. The light was out in Bosun's room. I made for the washroom to clean my teeth. I had just squeezed the paste from the tube and put the brush to my mouth when an apparition appeared in the doorway. "What's Peter got that I haven't?" said a strange figure. It had a campfire-blanket on over its shoulders, like a poncho, riveting eyes which seemed to pierce right through me, and long bare legs.

"A pair of underpants on, for a start, I shouldn't wonder," I spluttered through a mouthful of foam.

"I've got pants on," said Nero, lifting his blanket to show me. "Go on, Skipper. You can't deny you fancy boys, not when you've just

spent five minutes knelt beside Pete's bed in adoration! Why're you so cold and keep us all at arm's length?"

"Nero, you know the answer to that as well as I do. If the breath of Scandal were to..."

"Fuck the breath of Scandal! Who's gonna know? Eleven o'clock at night in a windowless washroom. Who's gonna see us? Who's gonna hear? I've been pinching meself all night to keep awake for you. Everyone else is well away by now!" He took off his blanket and came to stand close beside me. "'Ere, gimme that!" He grabbed my toothbrush, and stuck it into his own mouth, polishing like mad. "Grea'er love hath no man than this, than a feller shares 'is tooofbrush with a friend," he gurgled through the froth. "Know yer Bible?"

"Yes! And I know my Bible tells me a man must not misbehave himself with little boys."

"Where? Chapter and verse?" He spat out the foam. "It don't say that nowhere! Not from what me dad tells me." He rinsed his mouth, gargled and spat out. "I really like you, Skipper; an' you likes me too, don't you. So let's prove it!" He stood right in front of me – much too close for comfort – his eyes, like a cobra's, paralysing me. I couldn't move. He had his hands on my hips. Slowly he moved even closer still. Until we were touching. His tummy and underpants were pressed against my trousers. He put his arms around my waist and hugged me tight. His loins were making little stabbing movements against my body. But it was all so gentle. "There, that's nice! Innit!" He pressed his big, moist lips against mine.

"Nero, stop it!" I commanded, summoning up all the authority I could muster and pushing him away.

"Don't you know what you're doing to me?" he asked me, quite undismayed. "You really turn me on. Dunno why I fancies you, but Jeepers, I do! 'Cos yer play so hard to get, I s'pose. Look!" He took

his hands away from the front of his minislip and slid it down. "That's what you're doing to me," he said proudly as his near-five-inch bowsprit sprouted majestically in front of him. In front of me. "Been looking forward to this weekend for weeks; been looking forward to this moment even longer than that. Get together with you, and no one else around! Go on, Guvner; show me how yer love me!" He slipped his pants right off, and snuggled up to me again, my back pressed up against the washbasins so that I couldn't move. " 'Ere, feel this!" He grabbed my hand and drew it towards his eager organ. " 'T's all yours tonight! Six or eight blissful hours! Who could resist an invitation like that?" I felt its firm warmth, and a bead of moisture at its tip. But only for an instant.

"I can!" I replied, pushing him away. "I can resist even your wiles. Nero, you perverted Roman emperor, we can't! Okay – I love you, I fancy you, I admire you. But to make love to you, and with you... No way! It's more than my job's worth, and I'm saying a firm 'No! No! No!!!" I slapped him playfully on the bare bottom to punctuate each word.

"Spoilsport!" He tried to unfasten my trousers, but I pushed him away. However he wasn't going to give in without a struggle. "You want it really, don't you! What's all this otherwise?" He grabbed at the swollen bulge in the front of my trousers. "'S a dead give-away! So why don't you cop a feel o' this?" He steered his jack-staff towards my hand again.

"No hard feelings, my darling Nero!" I said, returning his firm gaze, and looking into those wonderful eyes while keeping a safe distance, "but you and I are not going to be 'feeling' each other's 'hards', if you don't mind."

"Oh, but I do! I do mind!"

"Figure of speech. Know what I mean?" I pushed him away yet again. "Off you go to bed now, and I'm going to mine. They're at opposite ends of this building, remember, so don't pretend to get confused!"

He looked disappointed for a moment, but then smiled, accepting the inevitable. "Thanks, Skip; thanks at least for being a sport – even if you're a bloody great spoilsport too!" He laughed merrily and gave me another big kiss, without trying to press himself on me otherwise. "But just you wait! I'll get you sooner or later! You see if I don't!" He flicked at the front of my trousers, playfully, and turned to get dressed again. It didn't take him long, and I stood watching him.

"One last kiss then? And no hard feelings, Mr. Hard-to-get!" We flung our arms around each other and hugged tight, our lips locked. He knew I wanted him as much as he longed to share himself with me. But he also knew that with me a firm No is a firm No, and that neither pleading nor provocation were likely to be of any further avail.

Our kiss probably lasted longer than it should. We both had our desires, but we were both trying our hardest to resist them. His breath was so fragrant. I had my arms under his blanket and was caressing his back. He was trying to probe his tongue into my mouth. I guess he was probably hamming things up, but I was afraid his sighs and gasps of passion would awaken the dead, let alone Bosun and the gym-full of scouts. I feared he was going to have an orgasm at any moment, even with no 'hard feelings' between us. He was really offering me a good come-on.

Finally he broke the clinch. "That was great, Skip! You're a fantastic fellow. There's not many blokes could resist that much pressure!" He flicked at my groin again. "But you know, it's a challenge! Reckon I'll have to use some trickery next time. Just you

wait! I'll get you yet—just see if I don't! I'll... get... you... yet!" he repeated slowly – almost threateningly. Then he pulled down the front of his scanty slip once more to wave me goodbye, and tripped off to bed, blowing me a final kiss from the door.

It rained on our parade. In fact I think everything went wrong which could possibly have done so. Someone had bashed Darren's trombone in the store so that the slider bent and it was unplayable. The bass-drummer had lost one of his sticks and had to improvise; he found an old relay-baton, but the sock he had tied round it fell off within the first quarter-mile, so we marched down the street to an unrhythmic ping-boom, ping-boom, ping-boom, as he strove valiantly to keep us in time. Our uniforms got soaked, and the blanco flooded off our whitened belts and smudged our trousers.

Luckily far fewer than expected turned out to watch, and the streets were almost deserted, except for the other drowned wretches who followed behind us, their carnival costumes slowly disintegrating in this English monsoon.

The crowd (if that isn't an exaggerated word) met and assembled at the school, and marched down the village street with us in the lead – past the church, right at the war memorial, and the saluting-base was outside the village hall. The vicar was there, and the chairman of the planning committee; Lady Who-cares-what-her-name-is? was taking the salute in a wide-brimmed hat and very tatty fox-fur stole, which made even our bass-drummer's ancient tiger-skin look smart. She was accompanied by the Carnival Princess, and a five-year-old pageboy in white shirt and velveteen breeches who was dancing around and clearly becoming desperate to react in sympathy with the pouring weather. Unashamedly he was grasping the front of his trousers and pleading with the lady next to him to be excused from the podium.

It was just at that moment that Nero created his diversion. Though he can make some sort of sound on a bugle, he is not a great musician, but he is – as you will have gathered – a showman. Last year he was promoted to Drum Major, and proud as punch he is about it. Leading the parade, he has his huge mace which he throws high into the air with a majestic twirl, catches it, swings it flamboyantly around his head, then launches it into space again. It is as if the last few years have been a rehearsal. Always proud to twiddle his in-built mace with its swollen head in front of spectators and admirers, he now leads the parade with a majestic phallic symbol. And he can flaunt it and twirl it and send it flying into the air perfectly legitimately. He's as happy as a sandboy, knowing all eyes are on him.

But his eyes were not on his job. He admitted to me afterwards that he was watching the wriggling pageboy on the podium. He dropped the mace right in front of the saluting-base. It bounced on its pointed tip, and the polished silver head came up between his legs as he marched, and struck him where it shouldn't have done. He fell to the floor, cringing in agony and clutching his vitals. The band marched on, carefully trying to tread over him while keeping in step, until finally he emerged from their trampling feet in front of me and Bosun.

An ambulance crew was already there. We lugged him quickly to the side and put him on a stretcher as the band went on. The march-past continued, the rest of the followers-on quite oblivious of what had happened. His eyes streaming with the pain he was suffering, the ambulance rushed Nero off to the nearest hospital with Bosun as escort, while I hastened on and just caught up the rest of my scouts as they turned into the saturated field with its great marquee. There we fell out as everyone else filed in.

The cold and wet were a good excuse for another hot shower, especially in Bosun's absence. We went to the chippie, which saved us cooking, and then played Murder in the Dark. By ten o'clock there was still no sign of Nero and Bosun. The P.L.s begged for a game of Strip Tag before bed. It's always a popular sport with our boys. Like ordinary Tag, the object is for 'he' to tag some fellow player as they race around the room. But the tagged must not only take over the role of 'he', but must remove one item of clothing before doing so. There's no need to retire from the game, unless you want to. A lack of clothes is no bar to taking part, so, after no great time, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five naked boys are chasing round among an ever-decreasing number of those who still have some remaining garment.

Darren was the last. Big, strong Darren was hard to catch with his long legs and athletic agility. But at last he more-or-less gave himself up to Blondie. In a feigned attempt to escape, he climbed the wall-bars. But at the top he could go no further. Blondie caught his foot, and cried, "Taggy-winkle! Got yer good and proper! Tough!"

A chant went up from the floor. "Strip! Strip! Strip!" called over thirty voices, broken or unbroken. "Strip him! Strip him! Strip him, Blondie!"

Blondie needed no second bidding, especially as everyone could see quite clearly that, inside his cotton Y-fronts, Darren was fully aroused by his recent exertions among these naked and excited scouts. Few remained with any degree of flaccidity.

A good loser and a fine sport, Darren hung by his hands from the top of the wallbars, and waited for his young friend to strip him in full view of the throng. I longed to stay and admire. Darren and Jimbo are two fine and handsome boys, though a little bit too old now for me. I should think one would need to resort to using a micrometer with certainty to decide which is in fact the better

endowed, though Darren indubitably has the most hair. I once overheard a boy referring to his fleshy trombone as "that Black Forest gateau", and I knew exactly what he meant. This evening I beat a diplomatic retreat and allowed the boys to slice up the cake between them. When Blondie emerged from the gym five minutes later, licking the cream from his lips, I knew it was safe for me to return.

"Any news of Nero yet, Skip?"

"Not yet – so beddy-byes for you lot." I coaxed them into bed and tried to induce some sort of quiet and good order. Then I switched out the light. I knew, after that much excitement, they would soon be asleep – as soon as they had newly and nudely bedewed their sleeping-bags.

"I hate hospitals!" announced Bosun as soon as they at last got back. "They're full of blood, and antiseptic pongs. I've been sat in the Casualty waiting-room for nine hours, in soaking clothes, with nothing but a coffee-machine to support me. Can I hand him over to you now? I've done my duty; I'm off to bed." With hardly a backward glance, he disappeared to his room.

"Bosun doesn't sound too happy," I said, putting my arm affectionately around Nero's shoulder. "But how about you?"

"He nearly puked up in the ambulance when I told the paramedic what had happened, and that was the last I saw of him. He were about as much use to me as a rotten potato. I got wheeled off on a trolley as soon as we arrived, 'n' that was that. Wished you was there though! They asked me if I wanted him to come an' sit with me as I recovered, but I reckoned I was better off on me own than with his long face by my bedside. Hey, what time is it?"

"Gone midnight," I said, glancing at my watch.

"Oh, goodee! But I've got news for you." His voice sort of crackled, as if it were unbreaking again. "I's got problems – big problems – an' I gotta tell you all about 'em. But, Skip, the first problem is that they says I must really look after meself for the next week or so. No rough-and-tumble; no larkin' about. They even says I ought to sleep on my own in the sick-bay until the end of camp. Well – on me own' – away from the other kids. Don't s'pose it's gonna matter much if you're there. You're not gonna do much to me, are you? An' there's two beds 'n any case, ain't there." He gave me one of his mischievous grins as he headed for my room.

"So, tell me all about it. What exactly happened, and what did the doctors say?" As he drew the curtains across the window, I climbed quickly back into bed. I was glad to return to its warmth. It had been cold standing there in the lobby in nothing but my pajamas, and with bare feet.

"Oh Skip!" He sat on the opposite bed with his head in his hands. "I'm a dead man!" His voice croaked again. "I's had it! All I'm gonna have, at any rate. 'S all over now."

"What is? How d'you mean? Start from the very beginning. I never even saw what happened in the first place – on the march-past. Was it the mace?"

"Yeah. I dropped it, 'cos I wasn't watching prop'ly. It bounced, and came up and hit me – wow! – hit me – in the goolies. 'N' yer know what weight it is!"

"It hurt!"

"More than fuckin' that! It's killed me. Oh Skip!" He looked as if he was about to burst into tears and came over to my bed to be closer to me. He sat on the edge of it, and I allowed myself to put my hand on his leg to try to comfort him. He took off his uniform top before he spoke again, and kicked off his shoes and socks.

"Sounds serious," I prompted.

" 'Tis!" His mesmeric eyes were welling with water as he looked me straight in the face. He held my hand in his while I softly fondled his thigh. He brushed away a tear from his cheek.

"Oh Skip! Can I snuggle in with you? Just for a moment. While I get over it. After all, I'm no danger or threat to you now. Couldn't do anything naughty even if I tried."

"It's as bad as that, is it?" I said, listening too to his unnaturally high-pitched voice.

"An' more, I reckon!" He started wriggling out of his tight trousers as he continued to perch on the edge of the bed. "Doctor says there ain't never gonna be no baby Neros! Wanna see the damage?" He stood up.

"Nero!!! You didn't go to hospital like that, did you?!"

" 'Course! Didn't 'ave no choice, did I? Nurses liked it though!" He gave a little giggle. "I wanted to feel real smart on the parade, so I put this on underneath instead of me proper pants. Hey, budge over!" Dressed only in a tiny chamois-leather thong a few inches square, he pulled at my bedding.

Looking back on it, I ought to have said No there and then. I should have foreseen that knave's mischievous scheming. But it's always so much easier to be wise after the event. I allowed him to climb into my bed. "So, have they carried out some tests?"

"X-rays. Prodded and poked. I couldn't even get a hard-on. Yeah, this was about as much as I could manage." He had already slipped his hand into the front of my pajamas and was grasping at me. I had really been too taken up with his story to see him at the moment as a sexual object of desire, though the tininess of that thong, and the thought that he had been paraded round the hospital in it, had certainly had some effect. "Doctors say I never will again. Get a stiffy,

I mean. Just 'ave to make do with other people's." He gently stroked my cock to life. "Don't mind, do yer? Means an 'ell of a lot to me just at the moment."

How could I say no? I knew how important sex was to this randy young rascal. Now he would never be able to enjoy it fully again. Guiltily I allowed him to tickle and massage me into life. "There, that's better, innit!" With a fist clenched gently round it, he rubbed my now fully-extended member slowly but firmly up and down.

"Nero, stop it," I said weakly. I felt I had to protest. But I would have been bitterly disappointed if he had obeyed. We had already gone too far. But it was for his sake really, I tried to persuade myself, that I had allowed him to cross this Rubicon.

"Appy?" he asked.

"Not really. We shouldn't be doing this."

"But we are! And I knows you likes it. I can feel your pleasure right in the palm of me hand. Like this!" He rubbed lovingly over my hot tip. "'s the one consolation I've got left," he reminded me, putting his lips to my cheek for a nibbling kiss. "Wouldn't deny me that? Not after a day like I've just had." His actions now became more urgent. So did my need for them.

"Just this once! Okay? But never again, mind." I could suddenly feel it coming on. I put an arm around him and reached down for his tail. "Oh Nero, Nero! This is just for you!"

"I know!" He leaned across me and put his mouth to mine, inserting his tongue. I poked in my finger – into the eager crevice of his backside. He seemed totally relaxed. He happily let me enter; he let me tickle; he let me probe; he let me explore.

"Oh Nero!" I gasped again. I soaked his hand. I drenched my tummy. I doused the pajamas.

"Good fellow!" he said. "And now-to say 'Thank you'..." He climbed on top of me and stretched himself out. A few seconds later I felt another violent explosion all over my navel.

"But, Nero, I thought you said..."

"What time is it, Skip?" he gasped breathlessly. "Gone midnight before we even got back, weren't it!" He looked me unblinkingly in the eyes and sniggered wickedly.

"So?"

"Ain't yer worked out what day it is yet? That were a great 'fuck', yer fuckin' great April Fool!"