

The Tenth
Acolyte Reader



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Desmond and Joey

by Jotham Lotring

The Telling had begun so long ago they could hardly remember a time when they hadn't done it. As soon as their mother kissed them goodnight, they would take up the chronicle from where sleep had broken it off the night before.

At first the stories were physical adventures, starring both of them, with downed airplanes and doomed Indians, hunts for Big-Foot, sport epics, daring rescues.

Joey: "So there stands Desmond, tied to the stake with the rawhide thongs slowly shrinking, cutting into his wrists. The Cheyenne braves are dancing around him. Now the fire at his feet begins to crackle..."

Desmond, taking over: "But Joey is watching all of this, hidden under a buffalo skin. He feels the keen edge of his knife upon his thumb. He's waiting for the right moment to spring out and slit a few Cheyenne throats...."

When Joey reached twelve, he became suddenly obsessed with genital size: "Desmond stands tall against the fire, the shadow of his great cock dancing upon the wall of the cave. None of the others have a tool like that. They all gasp, 'cause it's truly monumental..."

Desmond, three years older than Joey, had suffered the loneliness of the first-born, confused about wet dreams and ashamed of his furtive masturbations on the toilet. Now, caught up by his little brother's clamorous arrival in puberty, he started making his own sexual contributions: "Joey is as hard as he's ever been in his whole life. Excitement has made him that way. Jeez, will it never go down? he wonders. Because Sinbad will come up on deck any minute now to count bodies, and who ever heard of a boy-corpse sporting a great homungous hard-on?"

Soon Joey's interest in genital size was replaced with circle-jerking: "Joey has hold of the two boys' cocks, one in each hand...."

Desmond: "But he doesn't see Sambhu, the dusky Bengali boy,

creeping up behind him. Sambhu clamps a warm, moist hand over Joey's mouth, to keep him from crying out..."

Joey: "It tastes of cinnamon and curry..."

"Feeling something lodge against his backbone, Joey bites into the hand. Sambhu cannot stifle a little cry. But what Joey feels against his spine is no knife, no deadly cobra head: it is just the tip of Sambhu's hardened cock...."

"Sambhu only wants to play."

"To join the circle of friends."

"And now Joey is apologizing."

"I hope I didn't hurt your hand too bad,' Joey says."

"Sahib son's teeth very beautiful, not hurt,' Sambhu says."

"Sambhu's cock is very nice,' Joey says. 'Let's see if it can spit as far as a white boy's can.'"

As Joey's imagination matured and Desmond's reserve melted, the Telling grew more and more erotic. It was a given that both of their cocks (for their adventures still starred themselves) were always erect and dripped lubricant like squeezed toothpaste tubes. There were also rules. Number one: you had to switch over regularly to describe your brother in action; number two: since Joey by nature desired girls and Desmond did not, the sex of their partners must always be left undefined.

Inevitably, they were becoming more and more aroused. One night Desmond was Telling, "The little slave slips into Joey's bed and whispers, 'I'm here, young master...'"

"Those lips," Joey said, "those red lips of the dancer in Desmond's arms lock onto Desmond's lips, and they kiss and kiss..."

"Desmond reaches over to the other cot and feels the hard, proud penis of Joey..."

"...stiff as steel..."

"...crying for a caress..."

"The smell is so nice; the feel is so nice..."

"And then the slave bends down and a tongue flashes out and touches it. Joey's magic, purple cock-tip, shiny and straining, pushes at the lips. The slave gives a cry and whispers, 'No, no, don't; it can't!'"

"Cause it's so huge."

"But there's no stopping Joey. 'Open,' he says. 'That's a command!' He gives a push. The teeth pull back and he's sliding gloriously in."

"Des?"

"And Joey's never been so happy..."

"Desmond!"

"Nothing's ever felt nicer. Nothing's ever felt sweeter. Nothing..."

"*Desmond!*" Joey had obviously dropped out of the Telling.
"Desmond, are you doing it, too?"

Joey's slowly pulsating elbow had been poking Desmond in the ribs.
"Doing what?" Desmond felt the saliva in his mouth turning to fluff.

"You know, doing *it*, jerking off."

"No. I... I never do that."

"Never jerk off?"

"I never do it here. Not in our bed."

"Why?"

"That's a stupid question and you know it."

"I guess I wouldn't mind," Joey said softly, then, gaining confidence,
"I been doing it the last few weeks – can't you tell, 'specially when I come?"

"You're not old enough to come."

"Am too! Anyhow, I get the feeling." Then, after a moment, "I don't see what's so wrong..."

Desmond gave in. "Okay." He swallowed and mumbled, "I'd need a kleenex or something."

"Chill!" Joey jumped out of bed and ran into the bathroom, his no-longer-so-little penis dancing before him. He came back, dived under the covers and stuffed a handful of toilet paper in Desmond's hand. "Now, where did you leave off – let's make this a good one. Oh, yeah, Joey's cock was sliding slowly in..."

The next morning their mother noticed, when she came in to tidy up their room, that Mister Pig and Waddy the Duck, Joey's sleeping companions since the beginning of time, had taken up residence on the other side of the bed. "What made you change sides?" she asked them at supper.

"We swapped 'cause I'm left-handed and Desmond's...Ow!"
Desmond had kicked him under the table.

"Well, I don't see what that has to do with how you sleep," their mother said.

Then their father started to laugh. "Leave the boys alone," he said, "and don't worry about it."

With Joey's puberty came not just awakened sexual appetite but curiosity about many other things. He read all he could get his hands on about limestone caves. He bought a mountain bike and a beanie helmet and afternoons rode himself to exhaustion over the bike trails in Winkler's Woods. He developed an interest in certain pop groups and

bought their records. He started paying attention to how he dressed and for the first time in his life kept his hair combed without being bullied into it by his mother. "He's growing up," their father told Desmond one Sunday when the two of them were raking the back yard. "You can help him; you've been there before."

Joey went away to the Kiwanis camp for three weeks. He came back browner and leaner. (What had they been feeding the kids, Desmond wondered.) A new throaty, outdoorsy voice entered their home. "I can't wait till tonight," Joey told Desmond as they were doing the dishes after supper.

"You should have had plenty of chances for *that* up where you were."

At last they were in their bed and the Telling had begun.

"So Desmond is standing there with this horrific, homungous hard-on," Desmond was saying.

"Truly magisterial!" Joey whispered.

"And all up and down his legs are going these unbelievable hands, and every so often they're reaching up and tickling under his balls," Desmond went on.

"His balls are *purring* like little kittens," Joey added.

"And Joey's getting pretty horny, too..."

"Yeah, watching..." Joey's voice had lowered to a growl.

"Cause that tongue's going in and out of Joey's ear."

"Joey can't *stand* getting his ear licked out..."

"That tongue's like a washcloth reaming out all the crinkles. It's poking deep down the hole..."

"Oooohh – it goes hot and cold with every breath," Joey said, shivering. "And there's that rattly wind sound, too..."

"Joey wants to come so bad it's torture..."

"Meanwhile, Desmond..." Joey tossed the narrative back to his big brother.

"Desmond's had to pry a hand off his cock, 'cause his cock's *too ready!*"

"It's all slimy..."

"Putting out the pre-juice..."

"Along with Joey's, the biggest cock in Pautagasset County!"

"And it causes formidable concern..."

"Like, 'Des, I don't know as it'll go in!' 'Sure, it will.' 'Des, I'm scared. I never *felt* such a dragon.' 'It'll just fill you up, that's all.' 'It'll hurt!' 'No, it won't. It'll fill you right up and that'll be totally radical. It'll

itch better than anything's ever itched before. I'm not kidding, it'll *satisfy* you!"

Joey was getting carried away. It was obviously time for Desmond to take control of the narrative and swing it away from the threat of female entry.

"And Joey's getting his nose licked out," Desmond said, "nice and slow, first one nostril and then the other, and that feels so good, smells so sweet, tongue, lips and all..."

"Awesome..." Joey's voice had sunk to a whisper.

"...he doesn't even realize his belt buckle's slowly being undone and the top button of his 501's loosened and the others too, until his pants are actually bunched up around his knees..."

"And his goddamned skivs are pokin' out like there's a machine-gun stashed inside..."

"...that's all set to go off..."

"...hair-trigger ready..."

"And at the same time his chin's getting chewed out..."

"...and his throat licked, up and down..."

"...a tongue goes into that little crater beneath his adam's apple..."

"He shivers. He can't *stand* it..."

"Meanwhile, his machine-gun penis has crashed out through the skivvy fly..." Desmond was carrying the burden of the story, now. Beyond a certain point of arousal, Joey's imagination always dried up. "His cock's leaking a mile a minute. Long slippery streamers. 'Oh, Joey, are you ever *wet!*' 'That's 'cause you make me wet.' 'I'll make it even wetter – in a minute.' Now the tongue is in Joey's navel..."

"It tickles."

"It moves around, trying to poke in."

"Getting everything warm and wet..."

"Round and round."

"Then down, chewing on his pubes..."

"Now a couple of fingers touch the furious purple tip of Joey's cock..."

"...in the love-juice..."

"...slide around the rim, cross over the piss slit a couple of times, getting fresh lube..."

"...'Cause it's really puttin' out the love-juice..."

"...then down over the nerve, and... and..."

Desmond gasped. All was silent for a moment, until Joey said, "Uh, Des, you gettin' ready?"

"Yeah! That was pretty close."

"I figured. Go on."

"Okay, so Desmond climbs up on the bed. In the moonlight streaming in through the window he sees the body of the slave below him, touched in silver. Arms reach up to welcome him, pull him down. His cock's pointing at the full, red lips. His cock's streaming love-lube like it's going out of style. Lower and lower it comes, and then... contact!"

"Magisterial!"

"The tip, but just the tip, is in. Oh, man, oh Jesus, what a feeling!"

"So what's Joey doing now?"

"Joey's... Joey's..." Desmond knew he was starting to sound distracted again, "...his pubes are getting stuck between those chewing teeth... going lower... Cock's trying to push in further, but the teeth are blocking it. Oh, kiddo, let me in!"

"Hey, that's *you!*"

"Desmond grabs the jaw and squeezes. Slowly, *gradually* the mouth opens. It lets his cock slide home. Jesus, it's warm in there, and slippery!"

"Desmond!"

"The lips swallow it up. Right to the balls... I..."

"Desmond!"

"Ooooo, that tongue, that vacuum...!"

"Desmond, you're going off without me! Let me catch up!"

"So warm... so smooth..."

"Desmond... what's Joey doing?"

"Joey's... Joey's... Lips are wrapped around *his* cock, too..."

"That's it..."

"Tongue's going round and round, playing on the... on the..."

"Nerve..."

"Lips sucking on it. Joey feels the tongue, the tight lips sucking. It's driving him crazy..."

"Catatonic!"

"It's so warm in there, and wet and slippery. Joey and Desmond are shoving home..."

"Fucking away!"

"Everybody's moaning."

"Yeah, everybody. We're getting there, Desmond, right?"

"No stopping now, little brother!"

"You know it!"

"Let's go for it!"

"Go for it!"

"Go, man!"

"Go!"

September arrived. School began for both of them. One night during the Telling Desmond detected a new smell in Joey's hair. "You been playing with matches?" he asked.

"I'm no baby!" Joey retorted.

"You must have been standing down-wind of a bonfire or something."

After that Joey started showing up with wet hair at supper.

A week or so later Desmond came back early from school and heard water running in the bathroom. He went in and rattled the glass shower door. Through it he could see Joey's blurry, flesh-pink body moving about. "You okay, bro?" he shouted.

"Hey, Desmond! Yeah, sure. What you doin' home so soon?"

"Coach is sick. Why you all of a sudden taking baths in the afternoon?"

"Because I feel like it."

Fair enough, Desmond thought – perhaps. He went to their bedroom and dropped his book bag on the floor. Joey had opened both of the windows wide, letting a really chilly breeze sweep through the room – most un-Joey-like. Joey had also strewn clothes all over the place – his 501s, flannel shirt, T-shirt and briefs.

Desmond shut the window, and now his nose detected that same bonfire smell that had been in Joey's hair the week before. He picked up Joey's T-shirt and sniffed. It gave off the peculiar sweat scent of puberty – half man, half boy – but mixed with it was that same smell of smoke. The explanation stared him sickeningly in the face. He snatched up Joey's Levi's, searched the pockets and withdrew a battered, folded black wallet. He held it undecided in his hand for a moment. They had always respected each other's privacy. Desmond had a dresser which Joey never looked in and Joey's dresser was safe from Desmond's prying. But this was serious; this was different. He opened the wallet. Inside, tucked between two bubblegum comic wrappers and a baseball score-card, was a small glassine envelope of marijuana.

It felt like his stomach was being sucked down into quicksand. How could Joey do this – his brother, whom he loved and was so proud of? He threw down the wallet and envelope of weed on the bed and ran to the bathroom. He pulled open the shower door, grabbed Joey from

behind with an elbow crooked around his throat and dragged him into their bedroom. He kicked the door shut. Releasing Joey, he pointed to the marijuana. "We're through!" he shouted.

Joey stared at him, pale with shock, then dropped his eyes. "I... It's only..."

"How long's this been going on?"

"Not long, sincere!"

"I suppose you're fucking addicted."

"No!"

"How do I know that?"

"Because I tell you!" A spark of spirit, pride.

"The word of a druggie isn't worth shit! I'll *never* believe you again! We're totally through!"

Joey was standing before him, naked and dripping, clutching his chest, shivering and teeth chattering, eyes wide with alarm. His wet hair was plastered around his head, making him look a good three years younger. "You're not going to tell Mom and Dad?" he pleaded.

"I haven't decided *what* I'm going to do," Desmond said. "Maybe I'll go to the police."

The alarm in Joey's eyes grew. "Please!" he begged. "Other kids..."

"You aren't other kids. You're my little brother and I *used* to be proud of you. We're not sharing anything any more. The Telling's *over!* From now on you're sleeping on the floor – give me that stuff!"

Desmond snatched the marijuana off the bed and went out, slamming the door behind him.

They didn't talk for the rest of the afternoon, or at supper. Alone in the kitchen, doing the dishes, Joey said, "I'm sorry." Desmond turned his back. "I'm sorry. I really am," Joey tried again.

That night Desmond went to the movies and sat alone in the back row, hardly following the story playing itself out on the screen. When he returned home he found Joey curled up on the floor in the old green sleeping bag he'd taken to camp, asleep or pretending to be asleep.

Their mutual silence continued for the rest of the week. Desmond started staying up later than normal, doing his homework downstairs on the kitchen table, sometimes afterwards falling asleep next to his mother watching a late show on television. But every night, eventually, he had to climb the stairs and go into his bedroom where he would see the huddled form of his little brother on the floor, every night he would have to crawl, alone, into the big bed with the gingham coverlet, now dispossessed of

Joey and the two stuffed animals.

Their parents, of course, noticed. "Don't you think it's time you two talked out whatever's bothering you?" their father asked. They had just sat through another tense and brooding supper.

He got no answer.

"Because the atmosphere around here is getting pretty poisonous." He paused and looked from one of his sons to the other. "I think it's time to call it quits."

"That's up to him," Joey mumbled.

Their father turned to Desmond. "You want to tell your mother and me what this is all about?"

Desmond glanced quickly over at Joey – the first time they had looked directly at each other in a week – and saw the fear and pleading in his eyes.

"No," Desmond said.

"You can work it out between you?"

"It concerns just him and me."

Later, upstairs, after Desmond had slipped between the cold sheets and turned off the bedside light, Joey whispered his name.

He didn't answer.

"Desmond, can we talk?"

No, Desmond thought.

"Desmond, I'm sorry."

Of course he was sorry – *now*. What else was new?

"I been miserable all week. I can't stand it when we're like this." Joey sat up in his sleeping bag. He looked in the light filtering in through their window like a big, thick, green inch-worm.

"I've told you over and over again I'm sorry," Joey said, "and I haven't smoked and I'm never going to smoke again, and... I don't know what more I can do."

Joey wasn't crying. There was a dignity in his little brother's voice – was it a new note? – which touched Desmond more than tears.

"Please!" Joey whispered one last time.

Desmond felt his anger crumbling, and then came all the good reasons for relenting: his father had said, as the eldest, it was up to him to come up with the right answers – Joey obviously couldn't; little kids were dumb, they got led, they were liable to do anything to be popular, which may not be a really good excuse, but how could he remain the cold, stem judge of Joey, the person he probably loved more tenderly than anyone else in the world? God help him, but their estrangement was

tearing him up, too.

"Okay," he said, making up his mind suddenly, "Okay!"

"You mean, it's over?"

"Yeah. Come on in." He lifted the covers, and, with the cry of a little animal, Joey scuttled over and threw himself down on top of Desmond, sobbing and laughing and bathing Desmond's face and shoulder with quick tears of relief, runny-nose and saliva.

"Jesus, Joey, I said it's over. Don't drown me!"

"Don't never, never, never do that again," Joey said. "I'd do *anything* for you, Desmond; I'd *die* for you!"

"So, you going to stay off that stuff?"

"I told you and told you and told you, but you just wouldn't believe me."

"I wouldn't believe you. That's right."

"And you do now?"

"You promise?"

"Solemn promise – cross my heart and not my fingers and if I'm lying you can put me to a horrible, lingering death."

"Like what?"

"You can burn my tongue out with red hot coals. You can tickle me to death, or give me the dreaded Chinese water torture – drip, drip drip."

"That's what *you're* giving *me* now. Quit slobbering."

"You believe me?"

"I'll think about it."

"And we're all right together again?"

"I'll give you one more chance. *One* more."

"Okay. *Okay!* Wait. Let me get Waddy and Mr. Pig."

A few minutes later, with Joey and the animals once again restored to their rightful place, Joey said, "What are we going to Tell about tonight?"

Desmond smiled. "Where did we leave off?"

"I forgot. But I got an idea."

"Like what?"

"Okay, here goes. They've thrown Desmond in the dungeon, and Joey, crawling in through the secret passage, finds him lying naked on a pile of rags. It's cold and Desmond's shivering. Joey strips off his clothes and lies down beside him."

"It feels awful nice," Desmond said, "I must admit."

"Yes, and to Joey, too, it feels nice. He runs his hand over Desmond's chest and feels Desmond shiver but with pleasure now and not with cold."

They can't talk because the jailer with his torch is right outside. Instead, they just touch each other, enjoying being back together again..."

"That's good enough..."

"Desmond knows he can do anything with Joey, anything he wants, anything at all..."

"He does?"

"Joey knows it's the only way he can bring Desmond back from the brink of death..."

"Really?! Anything?"

"So Joey moves his hand down, first tucking the tip of one finger in Desmond's belly-button..."

"Hey, that tickles..."

"Then tangling all his fingers in the thick patch of curly hair further down..."

"Joey..."

"...out of which that *majestic* cock is rising like an intercontinental ballistic missile. Now he wraps his hand around the slippery pole itself..."

"Oh, my God!"

"...and licks the fingers on his other hand..."

"Joey, what are you doing?"

"...and reaches back to lube the crack between his balls and asshole. He knows that's what Desmond has always wanted to do with him. Now he lays Desmond's monstrous cock in there and then..."

"Joey!"

"...locks his legs around it and squeezes it in a vice-grip of steel..."

"Yikes!"

"The fucking starts. And Joey doesn't care it isn't happening with the beautiful woman of his dreams: he's got his brother back, and he's so happy, so goddamned, shit-eating happy...."