

*The Seventh
Acolyte Reader*



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Little Brothers

by Jotham Lotring

"Oh, Mom, when'll this be over?"

"Soon."

"I mean, can't I quit now?"

"No."

"Why?"

"He's your brother. It's his birthday."

Garred sighed. "*I know!*"

"And next month it'll be your turn."

There'd be *girls* at his party, that was for sure.

"But, Mom, these silly games!"

"They *were* your idea."

"Don't remind me!"

"Now, here's the prizes you chose, although I don't know what their mothers are going to say about our taste. Go and referee."

When Garred went outside all the children were milling around getting ready for the three-legged race. He checked straps, tightened a few, then lined up the participants. Jason, his ten-year-old brother, looked at him with excited eyes, arm wrapped around the neck of his partner and best friend, Donny.

"All set?" Garred shouted.

They were.

He held up a fire-cracker and a kitchen match. "When this goes off, move it!"

He lit the fuse, threw the fire-cracker down on the lawn. There was a soul-satisfying BLAM, and the kids were off, hobbling and limping and squirming their way toward the orchard, some falling and getting up and hobbeling on again.

Garred trotted to the finish line and caught the first pair of contestants as they stumbled over it.

"And the winners are..." He bent to hear the names of the two panting boys. "...Barney Wilkes and Ricky Bender. And here's your prizes."

He handed them two T-shirts in the currently fashionable gross style. The boys held them up against their chests, smiling proudly. Barney was "Champion Nose-Picker 1992" and Ricky simply "The Pits" as illustrated by a lifted bare and fuming arm.

The rest of the boys hobbled in. Jase and Donny took their places beside Garred. "Okay, it's magic time," Garred proclaimed. His mother was standing in the dining room door, waving.

The boys cheered.

"Don't take the house apart. You do and you won't have to deal with my little brother here." His hand was on Jase's shoulder. "You'll be dealing with me."

"When are we going to play hide and seek?" Donny asked him.

"Soon as Tom has done his magic show." Tom was Donny's big brother. "And you've pigged out on... what is it, Jase?"

"Pie and cinnamon twists and milk," Jase said, bending down, untying the strap binding their legs.

"Aw *right!*"

Donny certainly stood out in any crowd of kids: blond hair, china-blue eyes, pointy lips always on the verge of a teasing smile which he now directed upwards at Garred – and a sturdy little chest, unless Garred missed his guess, inside that grungy sweatshirt. A real heart-breaker already in the fourth grade.

But then Jase was a pretty good-looking kid himself – for a ten-year-old.

With the three-legged race over, Garred assumed his duties had come to an end. He shooed the kids into the dining room. There Donny's older brother was waiting at the front of the room in a top hat and tails, brandishing a black cane. Behind him on the dining room table was a bright array of boxes. Tom was a classmate of Garred's – a nice enough guy, but their interests, somehow, were all different. Like being a magician. What could be more boring than a magic show? Well, an amateur magic show.

Garred gave Tom a thumbs-up and climbed to the third floor where he had his Alfa Fox Lair. There were signs on the door, on the walls of the hall, on the ceiling even, warning against trespass by parents, little brothers and other undesirables: "Persecutors will be Violated," "Dangerous Boy that Bites," "Don't Take 'Yes' for an Answer". Last year, the week after he'd turned fourteen, they had worked out a Treaty of Maintenance and Inspection. Father was allowed up in emergencies, such as lightning strike and invasion by unfriendly extraterrestrials.

Mother could come in once a week to change sheets and vacuum, but she could *not* move any object of his unless it was lying on the floor. Anything lying on the floor was fair game for Mother on Wednesdays.

The Treaty had no provision for Jase. His little brother had helped transform the old attic storeroom into Alfa Fox Lair. He'd glued acoustical tiles on the wall, moved bits of the aquarium up from the basement, even given Garred a guppy as a late birthday present. When told that Alfa Fox Lair was from then on off limits for him, too, he didn't take it well. It even seemed for a moment that he was going to blubber. He didn't; Jase was too old for that, but he came dangerously close. Then he hardened, stared Garred in the eye and promised, "I'll get you back for this."

Garred kicked off his trainers, flopped down on his bed and, with the remote, flicked on his CD. The sounds of heavy metal twanged and thumped and wailed out of four speakers set about the extremities of the room. He closed his eyes and let the music fill his soul. It gave him a hard-on, but getting a hard-on was nothing unusual these days. He could see in his mind's eye Donny grinning up at him as Jase worked to free their legs. How nice the kid looked! Donny seemed to be saying, 'I could be your friend, if you dared. You could do anything with me you want.'

It was crazy the kinds of things that made a guy pop a boner: heavy metal, the face and shape of one little boy he hardly knew except as Jase's friend, the sweet scent of sweaty ten-year-olds, so different from the way he himself stank when he came in from football practice.

His hand strayed down to the lump his stiffy was making inside his running pants. He didn't intend to jerk off – he would save that until tonight – even though Alfa Fox Lair was safe and private enough. He'd made Jase explain to the kids at his birthday party that no one, if he wished to avoid a horrible, lingering death, was to go up to the third floor. His mind drifted away from Donny to the girl who sat in front of him in geography class, and then to a new picture clipped out of *Teen* magazine and added to his collection of similarly legal but arousing photos. They were kept in a lock-box well hidden (he hoped) on top of his cupboard and protected, just for good measure, with carefully scripted Medieval curses which would go to work on anyone snooping inside.

A fresh current of air over his face told him his door had opened. He turned his head. Donny was standing in the doorway, looking around the room as though he had never seen it before, which he hadn't. "Aw shit!" Garred said. He reached for the remote and turned down the music. "Didn't we just get through tellin' you kids..."

"Yeah, but..."

"Yeah, but nothing." Garred stood up.

"Quick, hide me. The game's started. *Hurry.*" Donny closed the door behind him.

This was a most serious violation of the Treaty, the conditions under which Garred had agreed to help with Jase's birthday party, everything. And yet...

Something vaguely conspiratorial *had* passed between him and Donny out there by the orchard. Well, why not, he thought. If Donny was Jase's best friend he couldn't be all that much of a twerp. It would be fun hiding him. "Okay," he said.

Donny, meanwhile, had opened the door to his closet and was peeping inside. "This'll be good," he said. Then he ran back and took Garred's wrist and tugged. "You come in, too."

"In there?" Garred said. "Why should I go in there?"

"It'll be fun. Quick. I hear them on the stairs."

"Donny, I agreed to *hide* you, but not hide *with* you."

"Ssshhh, they'll hear us."

The closet was full of clothes, a hockey stick, discarded stereo components and boxes of what Garred now considered his "juvenilia" but didn't have the heart to throw away. There would be room, just, for the two of them if they shoved the hangars with his winter clothes aside. Oh, hell, it might be amusing, Garred thought. He pushed Donny in, squeezed in beside him and closed the door.

Now, in the dark, they were pressed tummy to tummy, or, rather his hips to Donny's tummy. They heard Tom's voice outside explaining to some birthday guests that they were not allowed to come up to the third floor and he was sure Donny was hiding somewhere else in the house.

That set Donny off giggling. "No way," he breathed. Then, "What you got in your pocket?"

"Nothing."

"Something's poking me in the stomach, a screw-driver or something."

"I haven't got any pockets. These are running pants."

"I don't believe you." A hand groped him where he hadn't realized he'd gone stiff again. "Thought so," Donny said with a chuckle.

"Quit! Get out of there." Garred batted the hand away.

"Sh. My brother's still out in the hall. Man, it's a big one!"

Closets have their own smells, a mixture of wool, dust, electrical wiring and untreated wood. To them, now, were added the scents of

Donny's hair and skin, the sweet, cut-grass smell of a pre-pubescent boy. And that boy was breathing into Garred's face, Donny's mouth and pointy lips scented with cinnamon twists and blueberry pie. Garred's erection was not getting any softer.

"My brother Tom's is big like that," Donny was saying. His hand had come back to the front of Garred's running pants and was making little caressing, exploratory motions. This time Garred didn't push it away.

"How you know?" Garred whispered.

"That's secret. Don't you and Jase have secrets you don't tell anyone else about?"

"Maybe."

"Like now we got one: us doin' this."

"Us' isn't doing anything. *You* are being bratty."

Donny giggled. "That's me. Am I crazy or is this a slimy spot out here at the end?"

"Jesus Christ!"

Now Donny threw both arms around Garred's neck and hoisted himself up until he could plant a quick, wet kiss on Garred's mouth. "I think it's safe to leave the closet, now," he said. "Don't you?"

"Um, yes." The disappointment in Garred's voice was too obvious for Donny to ignore. "I mean, there isn't that much room in here. And it's awful dark."

They stepped out of the closet and were momentarily blinded by the spotlight trained on a dirt-bike poster taped to the door.

"Carry me," Donny demanded.

"Huh?"

"Come on. I'm not that heavy. I don't weigh any more than Jase. In fact, he's five pounds heavier than me, according to those scales outside the drugstore. Carry me to the bed." Once again Donny's arms folded themselves around Garred's neck; once again the little boy hoisted himself up, this time wrapping his legs around Garred's waist. "Horsy, move. You *can* walk, can't you?"

They were nose to nose, the blueberry and cinnamon scent stronger, now. Donny brought his lips together and blew them gently apart so that a puff of warm breath and a few misty droplets of spittle fell upon Garred's face.

"That was naughty," Garred said.

"Punish me. If you dare."

"I dare."

He carried the boy over to his bed and dropped him upon it. He'd been right: this was turning out to be even more fun than he'd thought. He reached down and unfastened the top button on Donny's shorts and lowered the zipper. Then he flipped the boy over on his stomach, drew down shorts and underpants and started giving the plump buttocks a series of not very hard slaps, the kind boys get on their birthdays. Donny grabbed the CD remote control and turned up the volume until it could drown out an earthquake and started screeching and wailing most pitifully. Garred spanked on. Donny's little buttocks jiggled and twitched and rolled and puckered. Gradually it took on a nice rosy hue.

"Are you ever, ever, ever going to blow in my face again?" Garred shouted.

"Yes!" Donny shouted.

Garred gave the tempting buttocks a few more slaps.

"Are you still unrepentant?"

"Yes, and always will be!" Donny screamed.

"Well, that's enough."

Garred took the CD remote and turned the volume down. Now the little boy rolled over and pointed to his penis, stiff as a stub pencil. "You can pay attention to that one, too."

"Like how?" Garred said, smiling.

Donny was suddenly thoughtful and uncertain. "It's pretty small..."

"Oh, about average..."

"...when I look at my brother's."

"...for a ten-year-old. Have you compared it with Jase's?"

Donny nodded.

"And?"

"He's a quarter inch bigger. But my nuts are fatter."

Garred bent down and examined it. Small it was, but a perfect miniature: straight as a dowel pin, ivory-white, capped by a rosy head whose purplish rim swung smartly down at the back and disappeared forward into the base of two soft cheeks which tucked between them the single eye, now closed. He touched the penis, ran his fingertips up and down the shaft. Warm and silky outside, smooth and loose, it was ardently hard within. It gave under his caress, the skin moving, the whole organ bowing backwards but still resisting his pressure. What a magic, mysterious combination of the hard and the ductile even a *little* boy's penis was!

"Go on. More," Donny sighed.

Lost in his inspection, Garred had removed his fingers. "I don't

know, Donny," he said. "This could be called child abuse."

"Oh, come off it. Starting and then stopping, *that's* child abuse. Or not doing it at all."

Garred got up, went to the door and peeped out. The coast was clear. Tom had made his point; he and his mother would surely be watching for other children trying to sneak up to Alfa Fox Lair. Or so he hoped. But how come Donny had slipped through security?

This must be the craziest adventure he'd ever embarked on in his life. Molesting a child, except the child didn't feel molested. Getting it on with another guy, except Donny wasn't really a "guy": he was a little boy who smelled sweet and whose skin was tender as a woman's breast. And that tiny hard-on! He'd inspected his own, he supposed, many times when he was ten, for by then he was working it pretty good with his hand, but even in front of a mirror you could never quite see it from the side, and never close up, as he'd seen Donny's just now.

Donny's penis was no threat, no competition; it didn't look or smell Male, not at all. He was *comfortable* with Donny's penis! But what next?

Well, there was only one way to find out. In for a minute, in for a mile. He closed the door and turned around.

Donny was definitely getting ready for 'more'. He had ditched his shoes and socks; his shorts and undershorts decorated respectively Garred's reading lamp and bedside clock. Now he was standing by the bed squirming out of his dirty sweatshirt and revealing a torso every bit as well-formed as Garred had surmised.

"Man," Donny said, "that's a *big* wet spot!"

Garred looked down. An area some three inches across on the front of his pants was sopping. Did other boys, he wondered, put out so much slippery stuff when they got turned on? What a pain! Except that when you wanted to jerk off the stuff was real handy.

Donny touched the wet gingerly. When he brought his hand away some of it came with him in a crystal-clear, viscid streamer. "Wow!" the little boy mouthed. He moved his thumb over his fingertips, sniffed them, then, apparently satisfied, hooked his hands inside the elastic bands of Garred's running pants and underwear. "Come on. You gotta strip, too." He pulled sharply down.

"Ow!" The tip of Garred's erection had caught in his skivvies. "Here, *I'll* do it."

Garred skinned off his tank top, toed off his socks, then carefully pulled away the elastic bands at his waist so that his penis wouldn't get

traumatized again, shoved pants and underpants down and stepped out of them. Now he stood before Donny, a naked, slender, well-built fourteen-year-old going on fifteen with an up-pointing cock in which he had enormous pride but which until now he had never displayed.

Donny took it in his hand, bent it this way and that, squeezed it, hefted it, appraised it. "Okay," he said. "We'll do me first." Garred raised his left eyebrow. "It'll go better that way," the little boy explained, "you'll see."

Then they were lying on the bed, Garred's right arm under Donny and his right hand tugged by Donny into place so that it was lightly resting over the little boy's erection and up-tightened scrotum.

"Now, *go!*" Donny said. "Make me feel good!"

Garred took the penis and squeezed.

"A little higher up.... Slow at first. Ah, that's nice...."

With his first two fingers snugged against the tiny frenulum, Garred pulled the loose skin up and down, half enveloping the glans in it on the upstroke and stretching it tight on the down.

"It'd be nicer if you used some spit – no, better yet, that slippery stuff your cock's puttin' out.... There, that's better – ooo, much better...!"

Gradually Donny's chatter died away to the little noises of trembling bliss. Garred's fingers moved steadily back and forth, up and down, sliding in the lubricant his own loins extruded in such abundance.

He found himself liking this, liking it a lot. He'd never, well, *almost* never, thought about getting it on with one of Jase's contemporaries. There'd been an occasional dream, but that was all. Yet here he was snuggling up naked with little Donny, masturbating Donny, making pleasure ripple all though Donny's body, and that somehow transmitted the pleasure back to him. And there were the smells: his own exposed crotch (acidic, cheesy), Donny's cheek (soap and little-boy sweat), Donny's hair through which he was breathing (for several days unwashed).

Donny was getting close. At ten, Garred supposed, you were quick. Well, you could be quick at fourteen-going-on-fifteen, too, when things were right.

"Okay, faster," Donny cried. "Here I.. man, don't stop now!" A big shudder, a little squeak from somewhere down in his throat, and Donny tumbled over the brink of orgasm. The little cock clicked excitedly for a moment, then the pulses gradually died away.

"Whew," Donny said when he got his breath back. "That was a good first one."

Garred laughed. "How many times you figure on me bringing you off, anyhow?"

"How many times you want to?" Donny elbowed himself up on the bed to where he could look down into Garred's face. "Now it's your turn." The little boy started giving instructions with the easy confidence of a football captain. "First, you get my crack." When a look of incomprehension came over Garred's face, Donny went on, "I could do it, but it's easier for you."

Good Lord, was Donny really talking about what he thought he was talking about? Was he getting ready to be corn hauled, or whatever they called it? Stories about bugging made the rounds at school, but Garred never dreamed any boy he was likely to know actually *did* it. Yet little Donny, his brother's best friend, was up on his knees, pushing his butt hard into Garred's face.

In for a mile, Garred reminded himself, and, hell, wasn't the kid asking for it? He put his hands on either side of Donny's buttocks, thumbs tucked slightly into the cleft, and parted the cheeks, expecting the worst. What ten-year-old ever had a clean butt? To his surprise, the whole area was immaculate, right down to the little pink rose which lay slightly open so he could see up it a short ways.

"If you don't want to lick it," Donny said, looking over his shoulder, "you can just sort of rub spit around with your fingers, especially in my you-know-what."

To his surprise, Garred *did* want to lick it. He tucked his face in the crack. All he could smell was soap and skin. His tongue came out and touched the base of the little boy's scrotum. He worked his way up, slowly and deliciously laving the perineum, the cleft and the walls of the cleft, then darting back to lubricate the target itself. How nice it felt! Was he at heart a sex pervert? Surely not: some of the boys at school had done this to women, or so they said.

"Okay," Garred panted, "it's all ready, I guess."

Donny rolled onto his back, threw up his legs and drew his knees down to his ears. "Quick," he said, "Before it dries off. No, you gotta get your pole first."

He was beginning to catch on. He rubbed his erection down with spittle and precome and brought its tip up to the proffered target. Donny's hand came around it, directing it. Contact was made. "Okay, push," Donny whispered. "More. A little more. That's it. Stop for a minute. Let me get used to it."

Never had such warmth enveloped his penis, or such slipperiness. He

shuddered with unbelievably intense pleasure.

Donny was biting his lip, head turned aside, breathing deeply. "Okay, slide it in some more." The little boy's hand had come off Garred's cock, moved to his buttocks and was urging him in. "Now more, a little more. *Stop!*"

The warmth spread. He wondered, briefly, if this was what it would be like when he had intercourse with a woman. Would she be this tight, this warm? Would it feel this slippery?

"Okay, *slowly*. That's right. You must be pretty near all the way in."

"I guess so," Garred gasped, "but I'm not sure. How you making it?"

"Don't worry about me. You can try for home, now."

The hand on his buttocks tightened. A last barrier seemed to give way and Garred slid all the way in.

The feeling was like nothing he'd ever experienced before. He felt his penis clasped by strong muscles, warmed by Donny's blood. It was comforted, cosseted, put to bed, tucked in, kissed goodnight and hidden deep as a jeweled scepter in the little boy's body.

"Let's just rest this way for a bit," Donny said. "Don't move. When you can't stand it any more we'll go for broke."

Donny's hands came off Garred's buttocks, locked around Garred's back and pulled his chest down. Garred would never have believed that a little boy could fold himself up into such a tight zig-zag, yet here Garred was, thrust deeply up the one body entrance a boy had for the penis of another and looking down into Donny's slightly sweaty face, smelling again the boy's cinnamon and blueberry breath. He stared into the china-blue eyes, now serious and a bit distracted and dreamy. Incredible he'd never known about this! Doubly incredible that boys put it down. And absolutely criminal that adults should make it illegal. He vowed he would never be without it again as long as he lived.

Donny's hands moved to the back of Garred's head. Fingers tangled in his hair and urged his head downward. Donny's lips were wet and cool. Garred felt his upper lip being taken between them, drawn inside Donny's mouth and tested with the tip of Donny's tongue.

Then the tension inside him became too intense; the tide rose; he couldn't hold it back. He started to move.

Donny moved against him. A great sun rose in his loins, burning, evaporating everything about him except for the little boy he was thrusting into, whose arms were locked about his neck and who was kissing him with fragrant, tenacious lips. Hotter and hotter the sun

burned. He moaned, gasped, broke out in sweat. With his hips and the lightning-rod of his penis, he dug deeper and deeper into Donny's inner space. Eternal night rolled back. The great resolution loomed and he crashed through it panting and shivering – to the sound of applause.

Donny was hammering on his shoulder. Garred opened his eyes. The little boy was grinning: "Look," he said, tossing his head in the direction of the door.

There stood Jase and Tom, clapping their hands.

"What *the fuck?*" Garred gasped.

"How'd he do?" Tom asked.

"Great!" Donny unfolded himself and slid away from under Garred. "I wasn't sure anything was going to happen there for a while, though."

"Jesus Christ, it's a conspiracy!" Garred sprang to his feet. "You set me up. All three of you."

"Yep, that's right," said Tom.

"Uh huh," said Jase.

"You bet," said Donny.

Garred gathered up his running pants and started into them, thoughts of his mother screaming, scandal, newspaper headlines, prison or worse flashing through his mind. But betrayal wasn't to be read in any of the faces grinning at him. Terror subsided. It was replaced by embarrassment – and curiosity.

"So, what do you want?" he asked.

"Nothing," Tom said. "Almost nothing."

"Like what? Jesus Christ!"

"Well, Jase and me could use this place once in a while – a whole lot, in fact. That old garden shed of your Aunt Martha's is pretty uncomfortable and not all that secure."

"You?" Garred said to Jase. "You... *and Tom?*"

"Uh huh," Jase said.

"In Aunt Martha's garden shed? Doing what?"

"The same thing you were doing with my little brother," said Tom.

"Only better," said Jase with an infuriating grin.

Revelation was following revelation, surprise hard on surprise. Garred walked over to his little brother, put a finger under his chin and raised his head. "And that's all right with you?"

"Uh huh. It's more than all right."

Garred looked into Jase's sunny, innocent gray eyes. There was nothing there to indicate his little brother was lying, or deceiving, or covering something up. "Well, you're old enough to decide for yourself,

I guess. Only for effin' sake, don't tell Mom."

"Don't *worry!*"

"We're all clean," Tom said, "I've only done it with Donny and Jase. Jase only does it with me, and Donny'd never done it with anybody but me until today. I wouldn't let him."

AIDS, of course. Garred hadn't had a chance to even think about that.

"And you want to keep on doing it, but up here?"

Jase nodded.

"That all?"

"Maybe my little brother's got some ideas," said Tom.

Donny turned on Garred. "Sure. I told you, when you did me off, it was a pretty good first time. I'd like a whole lot of seconds and thirds and fourth times, too. *Up here.*"

"Shit. Let me think." Garred turned to the wall and hit his forehead a few times on a Coors poster. They wanted him to share his lair. Was there any point in resisting? Probably not. And, as Tom had pointed out, there were compensations, specifically in being able to repeat safely the indescribable delight which had surged through his body a few short minutes ago and brought him face to face with the greatest mystery of the universe. Yet it meant that Alfa Fox Lair would no longer be secret and private. For a moment he mourned the loss of its proud isolation, and his. Something in his life had clicked and he'd moved on. That seemed to be happening more and more frequently these days.

He turned around. "Okay," he said. "Agreed. You win. I loose."

"Not entirely," Tom said, nodding down at Donny.

Suddenly everybody was awkward. "Well," Garred said at last.

"Yeah, well," Donny said.

They were looking to him to make the next move. He was, after all, still master of Alfa Fox Lair, even if its quarantine status had been badly eroded. "Jase, you got a party going. You and Tom beat it."

On his way out, Jase whispered, "I told you I'd get even. And I got even good, didn't I?"

Garred put his hands around his little brother's neck, considered briefly strangling him, then settled for a kiss on his left ear.

"Happy birthday, Jase," he said. "I haven't got my spanks in yet, have I?"

Jase ran down the stairs yelling "Rape!" like bloody murder.