

*The Eleventh
Acolyte Reader*



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Brooklyn Kid

by James Medley

"Keep your hands to yourself, Tony," she says.

Gonna fuck 'er, gonna fuck 'er last thing I do, I think. My cock is hard. Fourteen years and it stays that way a lot. *Fucking movie is boring.*

Trembling hand crawling up the inside of her silky thigh. Wet.

"Stop it!" she hisses.

Wide-eyed kid in front turns around. I jerk my hand away. Kid returns his interest to the film. I take Laura's hand, push it to my crotch. "Feel me," I whisper.

I'm not ready for the slap, her stumbling, pushing past my knees, a final furious glare. The light from the screen shows me her tripping exit. I slump in the seat. Kid giggles. I ignore him. She doesn't return.

Fuck her!

I loll back, slouching, hips out, cock hard. Stroke myself. Mouth set in a straight line. Single man enters my aisle. Sits two seats away. I stare resolutely at movie. Concentrate. Cover my hard-on with one palm.

Peripheral vision. Man strokes his groin. My cock is painfully hard. Aware of man staring at me. Questioningly. Just a flicker-look, a second. Enough. Too much. Man is brave, moves one seat closer. I breathe heavy.

Man now digging his crotch. I'm so fucking hard. Hard.

Wanna fuck! Wanna fuck so bad! Bathroom.

The man will follow me. Does follow me. I know. Brooklyn kid.

At the urinal. Hard. Door opens, I don't turn. Know. Man is there, fumbles, is nervous.

I stare ahead. The tiles are blue. I back off a way, enough.

Man reaches. Touches. I shudder. *Oh fuck!*

"Nice dick, boy," Man says.

"Twenty bucks."

Man goes for it. Has it ready, folded in his pants. Slips the bill to me, tries to caress my ass. I push his hand away.

"Just suck it!"

Man is hard. Leans over. Guy is good, soft lips. Feels good. Real good. I hold the guy's head tight. I come. Man's gravy spurts all over the floor. I jump back, not fast enough. Quickly stow away my equipment.

Later. "Tony, baby. How you hanging, man?"

"Hanging." Back in the hood. Black guy, Firecracker. Ass-breaker. No regular girl, fucks them all. Makes me feel deep down like shit.

Firecracker doesn't need a bathroom blow job from a queer. Firecracker's in every snatch in town. Big old black dick. Looks a foot long. I know. Saw Firecracker fuck one time, back of the school in the alley. All out, ball busting fuck. Man's an animal, goes pig-crazy in a cunt. Drives girls wild. Big old black dick.

"— do a rock, Tony?"

"Nah."

Things bad enough without that shit. No job. Twenty bucks in my pocket gonna stay. Old Lady's drunk when I get home. Go to my room. Read old comic books. Draw a Porsche, a Beamer. Draw naked girls. Draw a cock going in. Another, bigger. Like Firecracker's. Get hard. Get in front of the mirror, push my pants down. Watch. Feels good. Good right hand, my best friend. Boy-syrup. Sleep with it drying on my chest.

The sun is hot when I wake up. She's gone. Old Lady.

"You already into me for a big one." Toehead, the albino. Loan-shark, pimp. I bought a whore from Toehead three weeks ago. I need pussy now. Toehead gives credit to young men, boys like me.

"Tomorrow I pay."

"You say that last week."

"One more time, Toehead. You can watch." I'm smart, Brooklyn kid, know Toehead likes to watch.

"Come around one o'clock."

Hang out. Share a beer with Creepy. Fucker's got the crabs, digs at his groin all the time. Smells like stale bread and sour milk. Watch fat old Half-Acre try to run from police. Falls on his big belly. They kick his ass.

One o'clock. Toehead's place, a deserted apartment house, third floor. Piss smells, sex and sweat. Makes me hard.

"Right on time." Toehead's mouth filled with gold, flashing. Ten rings. Greasy yellow hair. "Next room." He jerks his head to the right.

Windows boarded over, dark as night. I can't see nothing. "Strip," says Toehead, his voice like a single-edge razor. "On the mattress in the corner. She's new."

I strip to my Jockey underwear. Feel my way toward the mattress on the floor. Kneel onto it.

Empty.

"What the fuck?"

Toehead's on me in a flash.

"Gonna take it outta your cherry ass." Toehead's strong. Grapples me to the rough smelly mattress. Rips my underwear, hang in tatters around my naked butt.

"Fuck you, boy."

I'm naked. Oh shit!

It's dark. I struggle. No match. Feel Toehead shoving down his pants. Feel Toehead's cock against my thigh. Hard. No underwear. Wet. "Get it up you." Toehead wrestles me to my belly. Climbs onto my body.

Toehead's hard all over, muscles and bones and stiffness. His shirt is on. His shoes and socks are on. His pants are just under his ass. His cock is big. His groin pumps hard against my rump. His clothes are rough. His cock is hard. Man wants to fuck me, virgin ass. I shake all over. I'm scared.

I can't help it. I'm helpless. My body helps. He fucks me.

"You still owe me," Toehead says, pulling out. I grunt and try to catch my breath. Toehead searches through my pants, finds the wadded twenty and takes it. I dress and leave.

On the street. I see Laura who I took to the movies. With Nat, the Jewish guy. He's 16. Laura sits on her stoop. Nat stands spread leg before her, arms to each side of Laura, leaning forward. Laura sees me. Nat's smile is a mile wide. Big old Jewish cock. Laura's going to suck it inside her apartment after her mother goes to work. I read it in the bitch's face.

Fuck her!

Pass Isaiah and Jedediah, twins. Young Jehovah's Witnesses. Have their bibles. My old lady threw water on them when they came to our apartment. Caught her on a bad day.

Firecracker hanging onto a fire hydrant. Fucked up on meth. Doesn't know who I am. I walk on. Head uptown.

In the city. It is windy and grit blows into my mouth and my eyes. I want to go to the movies. No money. Quick score? My ass hurts. Toehead-cock-hurt.

Fuck him!

All shit. And dirt and stink and dark. Filthy dumpsters and dark alleys and rotten garbage and long empty days and no pussy and 14 and think about it all the time. Sex, all there is. Drugs and broke. And everything gray. And all shit. Need sex. Brooklyn kid.

I wander down to the park. Sit on a bench. My jeans are too tight. My red T-shirt has sweat stains under the arms. My Converse All Stars are black and streaked with the man in the movies' cum on one side. All of a sudden, that's funny and I laugh to myself.

The winding sidewalk in front of me is made of yellow brick. My yellow brick road since I was a kid. No wizard, all straw men and tin men. I laugh at that. My butt itches and I scratch myself. My hole still hurts and that seems funny as hell.

Young guy walks in front of me. Cruises. I know the look, Brooklyn kid. Give it back. Want to go to the movies. Follow guy into public bathroom. See another guy at the urinal, and piss in a stall, leave. Back on the bench. First guy comes out and cruises me again. Smiles.

"Nice day, huh?" Young man stands in front of me. Too young to be buying, I figure.

"Yeah."

"What's a pretty boy like you doing alone?" Comes right out and says it. I squirm. Man winks.

He is good looking. He looks clean. His hair is freshly cut. His clothes are pressed and nice. His loafers are polished. He smells good. His name is Mark.

"My name's Mark."

"Tony."

"Wanna spend some time together?"

"What you have in mind?" Safe.

"A Coke? A sandwich, burger and fries? What do you like?"

"A movie."

"Let's go."

Three blocks. Mark pays. Movie is Blue Velvet. I've seen it before and like it. We sit side by side in the rear. Mark's hand comes onto my leg. Like I figured. It feels hot. I let him. He blows me. Movie ends, Mark thanks me for the blow-job and leaves me outside the theater. I go home. Old Lady's not there.

I think about getting fucked by Toehead. It makes me hard. What the fuck is going on?

My old lady is not there when I go to sleep that night and she is not there when I wake up the next day. She is still not there when I leave in the afternoon and walk back uptown again.

My yellow brick road. I have changed my shirt. I wear a blue one with a blond haired surfer boy on both sides. He's cute. My jeans are the same. I sort of wait for Mark.

Mark does not show up.

Fuck him!

I go into a clump of bushes with a white haired man. The old man sucks me off and pays me thirty dollars. I spend the afternoon in the movies. My

only companions are a white haired lady who talks to herself, and a derelict who snores. Nuts!

There is no food in the house when I get home and my old lady is still not there. I go to a diner in the middle of the block. Find a stool at the counter and order a greaseburger and fries. Toehead comes in with Firecracker when my mouth is full. They sit in a booth. Toehead whispers something to Firecracker and they both laugh. They look at me.

Fuck them! Motherfucker probably told him he fucked me. Big fucking deal

Old Lady's in the apartment when I return. She has a man in the bedroom and they are loudly fucking.

Fuck her!

My sleep is restless and I dream. It is three o'clock in the morning when I awaken. The man has gone and my old lady is drunk and sleeping on the couch and her snores are loud. I slip silently out the door.

The streets are dark. The street lamps are shot out. I make my way to Toehead's place. I need a whore. I smell my way up the dark stairs toward Toehead's lair. I hear sleep sounds from the dark corner. I strip off my clothes. I stumble toward the mattress. I fall naked onto it. There are two warm bodies there. One is Toehead.

The other is a young black boy, his hair soft and kinky. I can only feel him in the darkness. I start feeling on the boy. His body is smooth and hairless, lithe and skinny. I can't help myself. He stirs fretfully, moving under my wandering hands. He feels so good under my palms. His armpits are warm and smooth. I kiss the moist hollows and he moans. I lick his tight nipples and stroke his sides. I suck the boy awake. Because it is so dark. *No one will ever know.*

Toehead sleeps while I fuck the boy. A boy-pussy. Because it is so dark. *No one will ever know.*

The boy falls asleep. I get dressed and leave.

I sleep till noon. I fight with my old lady before I leave. Back on the yellow brick road. I see Mark.

Mark is with another young man much like myself. We could be brothers. Mark gives me a guarded stare, a tiny shake of the head.

Fuck him!

I go back to the hood. Toehead and the young boy I fucked are in a red car. A black girl is in the back seat. The boy does not recognize me from last night.

The sun is white and hot as I sit on the front stoop of our apartment building. The bricks beside my bare arm throw off heat like a furnace. I

take off my T-shirt. The sun feels good on my body. I spread my legs. The afternoon drifts like slow, shifting sand, lazy. The shadows pile up in comers. I sit. It grows dark. Playing kids leave the street. I can hear the subway grumbling and feel its thunder beneath my feet. I go to the store just down the block and get a stranger to buy beer for me. I sit on the porch and drink the cool brew.

A dark figure runs around the comer, tennis shoes, chipping on the sidewalk. He stops in front of me. He's out of breath. His hand is bleeding. His lips curl with fear. His eyes are wide and white.

"Hide me, man!" Firecracker says. He's not fucked up.

I don't ask questions. Hurry Firecracker down the dark hall to our apartment. My old lady isn't there.

"Nasty cut," I say, cleaning it with a wet dishtowel. I hold Firecracker's brown hand over the sink and let cool water cleanse the jagged wound. I reach under the counter and get a bottle, splash several waves of isopropyl alcohol over the ugly gash and Firecracker dances. In the medicine cabinet, I find two wadded elastic bandages and they almost cover the tear in Firecracker's dusky skin.

"Wanna beer?" I ask.

"Thanks," Firecracker says. It seems like he wants to say something else but can't.

We sit in my bedroom. Me on the bed and Firecracker in the straight back chair beside it, my night stand. We sit for a long time and don't say anything. We drink more beer.

Finally, Firecracker says, "Sorry, man." I figure he's apologizing for laughing at me. It's enough.

I nod my head and we don't need to say any more.

"You hungry?" Firecracker asks. I tell him I am. "Money in my pocket, man." Firecracker stands and gestures to his right. He turns sideways to me and lifts his bad arm in the air. "Get it out."

I slip my hand into Firecracker's baggy gabardine pants and seek the crumpled bills. I feel his pulpy cock as I dive to the bottom of the pocket. The fucker is always half-hard. There are several hundred dollars there. Firecracker looks mischievous as I slip a twenty off the roll, hand him the rest to his good hand.

"...Ketchup too?" I ask.

"Please."

The corner diner is deserted and I order two greaseburgers to go. I go out of my way to stop by the Cuban Market further on where they sell beer to kids and buy another six-pack of beer. We wash them down with that.

My old lady doesn't come home.

Firecracker doesn't ask but I get an extra pillow off the couch and place it next to mine. I avoid looking at Firecracker as the black man strips naked. His hard body gleams like chocolate pudding. I feel a little silly in my underwear.

"Can't lay on this hand," Firecracker says as he lies down, faces the middle of the bed. I switch off the overhead light and crawl in beside him. I turn on my side, away from Firecracker.

I think, about what Toehead might have said. *I fucked the little faggot*, he probably said. *Turned him out.*

I'm painfully aware of the man's body heat. I draw the sheet to my neck.

In a soft voice, Firecracker says, "Was it too bad?"

I shrug my slight shoulders. "What?" I ask. I ain't saying nothing.

"Toehead?"

"Just leave me alone," I say.

"Member that time you watched me fuck?" Firecracker says, barely above a whisper. "Back of the school?"

"Yeah. Now go to sleep." My cock is hard.

"That was a good fuck," Firecracker goes on dreamily. "I remember everybody who was watching got off that day."

"I was the first," I allow.

"I know."

The silence is like a soft and smothering blanket. I hear Firecracker breathing in little puffs, his breath like the hiss of an air-hose. He exhales loudly and it washes over my back in warm waves.

He touches my shoulder. I shudder.

"It's okay, Tony," he whispers. "Not like with Toehead."

There it is. Plain and out.

"Are you hard?" I ask, holding my breath and whispering so low, it might be the sighing of the wind.

Firecracker says nothing. Reaches for my hand. Clasps my wrist and drags it unresisting to his groin.

"Take off your underpants," says Firecracker, pulling them down from my waist. "Good little butt on you."

Firecracker's hand is soft and warm as he caresses me. "Nice, Tony," he mumbles. He strokes between my legs, the insides of my thighs.

I tremble. Firecracker pushes his big black cock between my legs. I spread them open. Clamp back onto Firecracker's cock.

"I can come like this," Firecracker whispers intimately. "If you want

me to."

"I want you in me."

"Yes," Firecracker mutters, beginning a slow rolling gyration of his hard and muscular loins. "Always wanted to fuck you, Tony. Always."

Boy fuck. It feels good.

Nerves pop. Synapses crackle electrically in my head, between my legs. Firecracker jackknifes his spine, ruts in hard. His come flows into me. I come.

And then the best. Long and tender and gentle, Firecracker strokes my stilling body, my thighs, legs, sweating chest. Firecracker's kiss is languid and loving. I nibble at his fleshy lips. Snuggle closer. Firecracker cradles my head to his chest.

"I gotta get away, man," Firecracker says.

"But we just..." I start to say.

Firecracker shushes me with another kiss. "I got enough money for both of us. I can get off the shit if we go down south, to my brother's place in Georgia. I want you with me."

For right now, that's enough. Brooklyn kid. I think I love the fucker.