

*The Eleventh
Acolyte Reader*



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The Year I Gave up Boys

by Lee Savage

I have two passions; the first will become obvious and the second is basketball. Don't be mistaken, I play the same sport as Michael Jordan but definitely not the same game. Where he glides, I rumble. If he's opera at the Met, then I'm grunge rock in a dive bar. I set a lot of picks and score a few points but mostly I rebound. The last is trench warfare. Every shot ignites a battle of wills that I win more often than I lose. It's this crash of bodies I enjoy most. Within the mayhem of the paint I can vent a lot of frustration. I can get away with a lot of things in the name of sport that would otherwise land me in jail. (Not those kinds of things. I only play against adults.)

The year I gave up boys I was playing in a Chelsea rec league. That's north of the city for those of you who don't know. Understand, I love boys but when I play I block out them and everything else. It's got to be that way if I'm going to get anything done. Even so, he caught my eye the minute he entered the gym. We didn't draw many kids, so maybe he stood out. He came in through a far door but I still noticed. I found him and the guy I was guarding lost me. Bam! It was that quick. Lay-up. Two points and we're down seven.

That year we were coached by my wife. Don't laugh. She played college ball and could've beaten any of us in a jump shooting contest. I adore the woman but she takes her basketball a little too seriously. Witness her reaction to my momentary lapse.

"Shit! Wake up you son-of-a-bitch!"

Good thing we're in love. You should hear her get after the other guys.

Stop! I know what you're thinking: "What's he doing with a wife?" I'll tell you. Remember that day in Boy Lover 101 when they taught us all we're supposed to be insecure woman haters? Remember? Well, I must've been absent that day because I sure don't. I've enjoyed many women – before getting hitched, of course. Since then I've been as faithful as a puppy dog. That is unless you count a half dozen adolescent males. I don't. Comparing them to my wife is like comparing me to Michael Jordan. Same

sport but decidedly different game.

Anyway, following my guy's uncontested waltz to the hoop, my beloved had more sweet nothing to scream in my ear.

"Pay attention! What the hell were you looking at?"

I put my head down and stared upcourt. She knew what I was looking at. She despises boys as much as I love them and can spot one about as fast. She was the reason I gave them up last year. See, when she discovered my first passion, I was entrenched in an extremely satisfying relationship. His name was Kevin and when I say he was special I mean he was one of a kind. A beautiful blond, impish boy who fell into my bed at the age of eight and simply refused to leave. Because my relationship with him predated our marriage, my wife agreed to let it run its course on the condition that I promise to spend at least twelve months boy-free once it ended. That was our deal.

Now you probably want to know why I made such a bone-headed agreement. In retrospect I agree it was rash but at the time it made sense. Kevin was barely twelve and I had the perfect set-up with his mom. She saw nothing wrong with my enjoying her only child so long as he enjoyed me. I knew that once we outgrew each other there would never be another like him, or her for that matter. There would be no point in trying to replace him. He really was one of a kind.

As it turned out, he left during Christmas vacation of his sophomore year. After having trouble at home he decided to try living with his father in Arizona. Although it hurt to let him go, I couldn't stand in his way. He went with my blessing.

Back to the game.

We won but it wasn't easy. Afterwards I dragged my abused body to a bench chair and collapsed. The whole team had worked hard but I was the only one the coach rewarded with a kiss. I like being the teacher's pet.

"I'm going," she announced as she pulled away. "Be home later?"

We always went to the games in separate cars so she wouldn't have to wait while I bullshitted with the guys.

"Sure. Where would I go?"

She gave me her driest "keep your hands to yourself" look, but I matched it with my patented "what kid, I haven't seen any kid" stare. She blinked first.

"I'll hold dinner."

Now, honestly, I was so tired I wasn't thinking about that kid. Some folks believe that being a boy-lover means every pretty kid attracts you like a magnet. That's not true. Some do, some don't. When your back is aching

and your legs are cramped, most don't. Sure, I knew he was there but I wasn't looking. I was chatting with Dave, one of my buddies. Everyone else had hit the showers but we were debating the Celtic's title chances. I love Dave like a brother but I'll never understand him. He's a Knicks fan.

"Listen to me, Parker. I know what I'm talking about. New York's got the squad this year."

Before I could respond, something sweet spilled into my ear.

"Hey, mister, those your balls?"

Are they my what?

I turned quick, but to my disappointment he was pointing to a corner.

"Are those your balls over there?" he asked again.

Oh well, at least I had an excuse to take a good look at him. What a look it was! From less than three feet away, I could see he was all boy. Pretty creme skin, beautiful shoulder-length black hair, dark trouble-to-come eyes. His shorts showed enough slender, hairless thigh to make me stutter. He was hard-core. Too bad I'd sworn off boys.

"They belong to the center but you can use them," I mumbled.

I only gave the kid with him a cursory glance. It was like the Hope diamond beside a Cracker Jack ring. Which one are you going to look at? My response sent them both scurrying. I watched long enough to see the pretty one bend over for a ball. I'd faced many temptations since Kevin's departure but nothing that compared to that ass.

I turned back to Dave.

How long did we debate? Ten, fifteen minutes? Who knows? When you're talking Knicks and Celtics it's easy to lose track.

All I know is that before long Wonder Boy was back. This time he was at my side tapping my shoulder and trying desperately to interrupt our conversation.

"Hey, mister! Hey, mister!"

A rude boy. I like rude boys. Come to think of it, I like polite ones too.

"Hey, mister, you any good?"

Why? Would you like a taste?

The pest persisted until I was forced to respond. I managed an irritated look, but if he noticed it he sure didn't care.

"Better than I should be but not as good as I was."

His pretty nose wrinkled at my riddle. "What's that mean?"

"It means I'm okay," I sighed.

"You better'n me?"

Understand how ludicrous this questioner was. Had I stood, the top of his wonderful head wouldn't have reached my navel. In fact, it occurred to me

that his head was at the perfect height for him to... well, to not beat me at basketball.

"I think so." My answer was slow, a wry smile curling my lips. Dave chuckled.

"Then let's play."

"Why don't you run along and play with your friend?" my teammate suggested.

"He ain't my friend. Besides, he sucks."

Rude and judgmental. Good thing he had that ass going for him.

"You guys brothers?" I asked, filling my lungs with his sweet scent. He was that close.

"No."

"Sisters?"

That remark earned me a punch in the arm. It might've hurt if he'd had more than seventy pounds to put behind it.

"We ain't related. You scared to play me or what?"

"Excuse me, Dave," I said, rising with exaggerated stiffness. "Let me beat Junior real quick and send him home."

"My name ain't Junior, it's Adam."

Once on my feet I could see he was indeed the perfect height to... not win. We played twenty-one using rules I was pretty sure he made up as we went along. He swore it was how they played in Wisconsin, where he was from.

"Well, no wonder the Bucks never win anything," I derided.

The game was more challenging than I'd expected. Adam redefined the world 'hyperactive'. Every time I touched the ball he was there swatting and grabbing, his little hands brushing my shorts as he tried vainly for the ball. We played long enough for me to learn that he was twelve and had moved east so his mother could be near her sister. That was more than I'd wanted to know. I'd given up boys.

After the game I was doubly exhausted. I needed a shower and a bed, in that order. As soon as I'd won I started to leave.

"Hey, mister, where're ya going?"

"To the locker room. I have to shower."

You could tag along. I wouldn't mind.

"But... it's early."

"Not for me it's not. See ya."

Once in the shower I quickly forgot all about him. Okay, that's a lie. I thought about him the minute I was naked. Too bad he wasn't there to see my reaction to the thought of putting *my* hands on *his* shorts.

So it was over. I was on my way home still boy-free. I made it outside and two steps from the door before I saw him again. He was sitting on the cold ground with his back to the building and his chin in his hands. The body I had so admired was now buried beneath a layer of sweaters and a bulky winter coat, but you could still see he was a prize. He shivered and looked very lonely when I caught his eye. I knew it was a bad idea but I had to ask, "What're you doing?"

"Waiting for my mom." I swear I was going to leave, but then he added, "Hope she comes."

"What time was she supposed to be here?"

"She gets off work at six." My watch told me it was not yet five-thirty. The wait would be a long one for such a small boy on such a cold day. As I studied him I realized I wanted his nose. I don't have a fetish for noses in particular, it's just that his was unreasonably cute. Maybe you had to see it to understand, but I wanted a bite. Not a hard one. Just a little nip on the end.

"What'cha staring at? You thinking about offering me a ride?"

My eyes widened in disbelief. Sensing a trap, I immediately became defensive.

"You shouldn't ride with strangers," I told him, as visions of headlines and prosecutors filled my head.

"You're no stranger. I've seen you around."

"You didn't know my name twenty minutes ago."

"So? I can accept if I wanna."

Accept what? When did I offer this kid anything? What'd I miss?

Before I could reply, he was up, those incredible eyes filled with eager anticipation as he took my hand. "Let's go."

"Wait! What about your mom?"

"I'll call her. She'll be glad you saved her the trip."

"What'll your dad say?" I was reaching a bit, I knew. But still...

"Ain't got no dad. Now, c'mon, it's cold."

He led me to the curb where my jeep waited. How had he known which car was mine? That was but one of many questions I had no answer for. Not that I cared. I'd give a body like his a lift anywhere, any time. Of course, I was just going to deposit him at his door and be on my way.

The ride to his house took less than five minutes. It occurred to me that he could easily have walked.

"Thanks, mister," he said, finally showing some manners. "You coming up?"

I'm already up. If you'd lean closer, you'd see that.

"I don't think so."

"But you can't just leave me here. What if there's a burglar inside?"

Poor burglar.

"Look, Junior... Adam. I've got a life. Mind if I get to it?"

He looked hurt, but at least he started to get out.

"Geez!" he hissed. "If anything happens to me it'll be your fault."

That's when I had to stop him. Think about it. Kids disappear all the time. It would be just my luck if he did vanish. It wouldn't take the cops long to identify me as the last to be seen with him. That kind of attention I didn't need.

"All right. I'll walk you to the door. Then I'm leaving."

"Sure, mister," he beamed. "Park around back."

I did, then we rode the elevator to the top floor of his building. Along the way I checked out his neighborhood. Like most of Chelsea, it was working class poor. I notice that sort of thing because poor kids are easy. Can I say that without offending anyone? If I can't, it's still true. Take a rich kid out, spend a little money on him, show him a little affection, and all he'll want is to know what you're going to do for him next. Do the same for a poor kid and you'll make a friend for life.

The door he had a key for opened into a living room. I ventured far enough inside to see it was well decorated, then I glanced down a short hallway. Seeing no one, I turned to go.

"You're safe," I declared. "Gotta run."

I spun, but you know who was between me and the suddenly closed door. When I turned back he reached up and patted my stomach.

"Relax, mister. Stick around."

I followed him to the kitchen only because he insisted I do so. That plus the fact I was momentarily silenced by the sight of his firm buns. After raiding the refrigerator, he handed me a glass of Coke.

"Here."

Good thing I was thirsty. I resolved to stay just long enough to finish the drink. On our way back to the living room he peeled off his coat and dropped it on the floor. I picked it up out of habit and put it and mine on the sofa. Then I sweated big time while he called his mother. There was no answer. Next thing I knew he was in motion again, headed toward the back of the small apartment. I followed. In the doorway of his bedroom I stopped with my tongue hanging out as his shirt went up over his head. He dropped it on the floor too, but I couldn't pick it up. I couldn't move. Not with his nipples staring me down.

"Don't stand there like a leech. Come in."

I moved to the bed and sat. I was still pretty sure nothing was going

to happen because I'd given up boys. Rather than stare at his breathtaking, hairless chest, I fixed my eyes on the posters of sport stars that hung on the walls. The next time I looked at Wonder Boy his sweat pants were on the floor. He was standing there with one thumb hooked in the waist band of his gym shorts giving me a funny look. Was I supposed to leave?

"Can I ask you a favor, Uncle Parker?"

How, when, where did he get to be family?

"Sure."

"I need someone to watch me after school. My mom says I can pick whoever I want. I think I want you."

"Me?"

"Uh-huh. Only thing is, she can't pay you. We don't have any money."

Great. I admit I was flattered, but I wasn't in the market for a pro bono baby-sitting job.

"Sorry, Adam. I've got to work for a living."

"What do you do?"

"I own a couple of video stores."

"If you own them, then you can get off whenever you want, right?"

Not true. I wanted to get off right then. Sometimes you just can't.

"Yeah, well, I usually work until four."

"I get out at three. I could meet you at the one by the school and hang out for an hour. Then we could leave together."

Funny, I didn't remember telling him where the video stores were. How did he know the one by whatever school he went to was mine? My anxiety increased tenfold as I realized that someone must have coached him about me.

"And then?" I asked, trying to sound very hypothetical.

Half-pint shrugged his bare white shoulders. "Go to the gym. Or we could come here, or we could even to your house. Whatever you want."

We could not, under any circumstances, go to my house.

As I considered the other possibilities, he pushed his shorts to the floor. Now all that separated me from the proof of his boyhood was a baby jock strap. I stared at at the smooth flesh of his upper thigh and stammered, "I... whatever I... um..."

As words continued to elude me, my racing mind wondered just how much he intended to take off. Would he really strip naked in front of a man he barely knew? Before my question could be answered, the front door slammed and we both jumped.

"Hello?"

My heart dropped as a woman's voice called out from the living room. Rude boy, bare ass and all, went running out to greet her. I followed slowly, hoping I could come up with a convincing story for why I was there alone with Junior in his jock. Mostly what I hoped for was an unobstructed path for my sprint to the door.

"Hi, Ma."

"Hi. How was school?"

"It sucked."

She berated his language and then they argued whether or not he needed a haircut. All the time I waited in the shadows for my path to clear. After a while I began to hope I might be forgotten altogether. Adam dashed that aspiration by coming to my side when I least wanted him to.

"Ma, this is Parker. My new sitter."

She flashed crystal blue eyes that froze me. Then she smiled a bit familiarly. Had we dated? No. I've never been to Wisconsin.

"Hello, Mr. Parker."

I cleared my throat and readied a response to the inevitable accusations she was sure to levy regarding me and her half-dressed bambino. "Parker's my first name," I mumbled.

"Oh. O.K."

Instead of suspicion, I sensed indifference. It was as if she were used to finding strange men in her apartment with her semi-naked son. My head began to spin as I realized I'd been accepted without question.

"Can he stay for dinner?"

No, Junior, he can't. He's got a wife.

"We're having spaghetti. You don't mind?"

She was asking me and she was serious. I had to say something so I said the first thing that came to mind.

"Spaghetti's fine."

"Then we'll eat in half an hour. You boys find something to do until then."

Boys? I was almost thirty but before I could point that out, Adam dragged me back to his room and closed the door. I was dazed and could only watch as he pulled an old shoebox out from under his bed.

"Just so you know, I usually look at these every day after school. Hope you don't mind."

Leaning over him, I saw the familiar glossy pages of a pornographic magazine. It was tame compared to some of the stuff that's out there but it was enough to make me spring to life and curse under my breath.

"Shit! Good lord, Adam, put those away!"

"You don't like them?"

"For Chrissake kid, your mom's in the kitchen!"

He just looked at me, his pretty face showing no understanding.

"So?"

"So!"

I was about to explode. The last thing I needed was to get caught looking at dirty pictures with some undersexed adolescent. Sensing my exasperation, he gave in.

"O.K., O.K., I'll put them away. Just don't have a heart attack."

Once the box was safely stashed away, I started to calm down. I sat on the edge of the bed, shaking my head in disbelief over the whole situation. Without invitation, he pushed his way into my lap. I know he felt my penis stirring beneath his bare ass because he kept squirming until it found a good spot. I held my breath until he settled.

"Junior, you're going to get me in a lot of trouble."

"Don't be uptight, Uncle Parker," he cooed. "My mom's seen all that stuff before. How do you think I got here?"

How *did* he get here? How did *I* get here? Perhaps more importantly, how had we gotten here *together*? I had no answers.

"My mom's cool," he insisted, soothing me with the sweet melody of his voice. "When I was little she walked in while I was jerkin' off with another kid, and she just patted my head – I hate it when she does that – and said, 'You're cute, both of you.' and left us alone."

Without warning, he pushed both hands into the front of his jock and continued reliving his memories. "And then *I* caught *her* making out with *my* baby sitter!" There was a crystal arpeggio of pubescent laughter. "Only Pete was makin' out with me a whole lot more than with her, which she knew."

"Was she pissed?"

"Naw, that way she got him for free. I liked sucking him, but she made us wait a couple of years before she let me give him my ass."

I studied him, but it was impossible for me to say if he was telling me the truth. The only thing I knew for sure was that I wasn't going to broach the subject with his mother.

In any case, the story had raised my interest. Against my will, I tightened my grip around the story-teller and sighed as he wiggled against me.

"I really miss him," Adam said, his voice suddenly sorrowful. "Pete was my best friend."

I gave him a quick peck on the cheek before coming to my senses and

pushing him to his feet. Repeat after me, Dreams do not come true. With the exception of my Kevin, they just don't. Surely, one man cannot be blessed by two miracles such as him in one lifetime. I knew this had to be a set-up. His mom was a cop. He was pedo-bait. There were cops hiding in the closet. Somewhere, somehow, the law was waiting to pounce as soon as I put a finger on that tempting body. Well, they weren't going to get old Parker. Not this time.

"What'd you do that for?" Adam was obviously hurt and angry at the sudden intrusion of space between our bodies.

"Because you were... that is, I..." Suddenly I realized I couldn't give an honest answer. Not without admitting my desire, and I wasn't about to do that.

Rude boy did it for me. "You were getting hard, weren't you?" he teased. I immediately shook my head, but he persisted. "Yes, you were. Don't be embarrassed. You know, the only thing I didn't like about Pete was he never sucked me."

"Why not?" I half-whispered.

"I dunno. I asked, but he just wouldn't do it. I bet it feels great!"

With that, he pushed the jock strap down and his joystick popped free. He stared at me, gently massaging the tip, and waited.

"Um, Adam, did I mention I'm married?"

He shook his head.

"Well, I am. I have to go home."

His face fell. He stopped playing with himself and sat down on the bed beside me. "I guess if you have to," he said resignedly. "Will you come and visit me again?"

I shook my head. "It's probably better if I don't."

He seemed to accept my judgment with a reluctant nod, but I should have known better.

"Can I at least have a good-bye hug?" he asked, looking as if he would cry if I refused. I hung one arm loosely, tentatively about his shoulders, and as soon as I did, he latched onto my neck and threw himself back, taking me down with him. With the top half of my body covering his, he found my ear and whispered, "I really wish you'd do it. Please! Just put it in your mouth one time!"

I take pride in my self-control, but the one thing I can't resist is a little boy's hot breath in my ear. With a will of its own, my hand slipped across his smooth chest and found his penis. At my touch he spread his legs and arched his back. It wasn't long before I was on my knees with twelve years of boy crammed into my mouth. I'll never forget that first taste of

Adam. He was sweaty from our basketball game and I loved the flavor. Once my tongue discovered his tiny slit, I licked it repeatedly. Before long, Adam began to moan.

I wanted to tell him to keep quiet, but there was no way I was going to let go long enough to speak. His hairless penis was just the right size. As he began pumping my face, I took a chance and pressed one finger against his gloriously tight anus. It was impossible to think any adult-sized penis had penetrated that tight opening. After several minutes, Adam whispered in my ear, "Use some spit – it'll go in easier."

I didn't have to be told twice. I wet his opening and slid my middle finger in as far as it would go. Now that finger was exploring the depths of boyhood and my lips were sucking the staff of Heaven; the beautiful moment lasted all of ten seconds.

Then Adam shifted into overdrive. He threw his legs over my shoulders and locked his ankles together, making it impossible for me to escape – not that I wanted to. Next, he grabbed two fistfuls of my hair and began angrily assaulting my face. In a frenzy, he rammed his penis in and out of my mouth, at the same time alternately impaling himself on and then withdrawing from my finger. It was all I could do to hang on.

"Oh, man! Suck it!"

Adam's moans, grunts, hoarse commands were rising with each thrust. Before long I was sure his mother could hear, but she never interrupted. Adam kept going, squeezing my head between his thighs, raping my mouth and begging me not to stop.

Too soon, he wailed and his movement slowed. There was no cum, but I knew he was satisfied. I pulled away and kissed his still-full penis and licked his previously unattended balls. After bathing his entire pubic area with my tongue, I looked up to find the prettiest smile. It wasn't a trap after all. Adam grabbed me by the ears and pulled me on top of him. We kissed and then I remember my wife and my promise.

"Uh, Adam –"

"Shhh! Don't say anything. We're not done yet."

"We're not?"

I allowed him to push me onto my back and kiss me again. Then he grinned and started undoing my pants. "Your turn," he declared.

I was too dazed to reply. Who was this marvelous child who seemed to know so much about me and what I wanted? A little voice warned me I was about to be blackmailed, but just then I didn't care.

Adam undressed me as though he'd been doing that sort of thing all his life, taking my underwear and pants in one motion. I'll never know if he was

impressed by the sight of my erection, because as soon as it was free he gripped its base in both hands and pushed it into his mouth. Right away I knew the story about Pete had been no exaggeration. The First Man may have been Adam, but I was hardly Adam's first man. His mouth was very experienced. After only a few seconds, he pulled away.

Seeing my discomfort, he grinned. "Sorry, but we can do better than that."

I didn't know what he meant until he stretched out on his stomach and spread his legs.

"C'mon," he implored. "Fuck me."

I stared at his delicate ass without budging. Fuck him? With my finger, perhaps, but certainly with nothing bigger.

"Do it!" he demanded. "I'm clean. Mom's seen to that. And you wouldn't be doing your ol' lady if you weren't too."

True. There was no risk of infection, from my side anyhow.

His legs were stretched as wide as possible. Since I was more than than wet, I figured there was no harm in trying, so I went for it.

Surprisingly, it wasn't as difficult as it looked. His hole was very tight, but after a couple of tries I succeeded in getting a quarter of the way in. He had his eyes clenched shut and was breathing hard, so I penetrated no more for fear of hurting him. Even the partial entry was ecstasy. It was like slipping inside a furnace: all of his body heat must have been concentrated in his ass. I was acutely aware of those adolescent muscles gripping my penis. It was all I could do to keep from exploding as I pressed in and out, never giving him more than a quarter of my shaft. After several of the happiest minutes man has ever known, I withdrew.

As soon as I did, Adam whirled half-way around, smacking my chest with an arm. I was startled and not at all sure what I'd done to earn his wrath.

"Did you cum?" he demanded.

"No, I—"

"Why the hell not?"

"Because you're too little. I don't want to hurt you."

"Hurt me? What that? Shit! Go on and try."

Now, I've been in enough locker rooms to know I'm bigger than most guys, but this pre-teen taunt got to me. I flipped him onto his back and pulled his legs up. Then I raised up and drove my balls into the underside of his ass. He yelped – and then immediately begged for more. If his mother had missed the blow job, she sure heard the fuck. Adam made so much noise I started worrying about the neighbors, but I was too far gone to care about anything except for the warm, wonderful set of buns I was diving into. My only

regret was that I came entirely too soon. Then I collapsed, still inside of him, not believing he'd taken the whole thing.

"I knew you'd do it!" he declared breathlessly. "I knew you would."

That he had known was more than I could stand. Adam was no pedo-bait manipulated by the local gendarmerie, but who the hell *was* he? I demanded to know.

"I'm just a kid," he replied, doing his best to sound innocent. "What do you mean?"

"O.K., how'd you know I would fuck you?"

He shrugged. "Lucky guess."

"Tell me," I insisted, increasing the pressure on his body. "Tell me or I'll..."

"What?" he giggled, clearly not worried.

I recognized I had zero leverage. I resorted to begging. "C'mon, Adam, how did you know? You couldn't have just picked me off the street at random?"

"Aw, Uncle Parker, can't you just be glad I did pick you? Maybe we're meant to be together? I could be like an angel or something?"

I shook my head. He knew too much for me to let it pass: my car, my taste for adolescent ass, knowing he could break my will by whispering in my ear – too much.

"All right," he relented at last. "Look in the drawer beside the bed."

Keeping our bodies together, I fished into the drawer and pulled out the only thing there: a picture of two boys by a lake. One was Adam, maybe a year or two younger – and the other was Kevin, *my* Kevin!

"Hey! How'd you..."

Adam beamed devilishly. "Kevin's my cousin. Mom moved here to be near his mom, and Kevin asked me to take care of you, 'cause he was afraid you'd be lonely, so he picked me to be his replacement, only I'm gonna be better 'n him, like I just proved it, right? Hey Uncle Parker... Uncle Parker, are you okay?"

Now, how how was I going to explain this to my wife?