

*The Sixth
Acolyte Reader*



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Crash

by Steven Wood

Big John, who'd been flying the aircraft, was the only one not the slightest hurt in the crash.

Young Jamie, to be thirteen in a month, had been sitting behind John, his left hand clamped over his eyes peering in terror through damp fingers at the storm clouds towering black and solid not only ahead of the Cessna, but to the sides, and even closing in behind. Tango Mike flew down the highways of clear but turbulent air banking, climbing and diving but always to be faced with another raging cumulonimbus barring the way with a promise of disaster. The harshness of the bouncing was incredible, like racing over pot-holes on an iron-wheeled barrow, the wings flexing and fluttering. Enough to make you throw up and, oh God, maybe shit your pants – the total works.

"What are you going to do, John?" asked Jamie's dad, Hugh, sitting in the co-pilot's seat and turning his head with what would have to be deceptive calm.

"Just keep out of those black buggers," shouted John. "They'd throw us thirty thousand feet straight up then spit us out wingless."

"Can you do it?"

"No." John turned the transponder and the radio to distress frequencies. "Mayday, mayday, mayday," he transmitted and gave his position (not exactly known, somewhere just west of the Australian Alps), aircraft type and number – the standard routine. Then to Hugh, "I'm going to put her down. It's the best hope we've got."

"Christ!" muttered Hugh. "We should never have risked this weather. And we've got the boy with us..."

Hugh turned to face the rear and his young son. "Don't worry, Jamie," he said. "We're going to do a forced landing. Pull your belt good and tight and rest your head on your arms. We'll be all right."

Jamie, very pale, stared silently forward at his dad. He thought, 'We're going to die,' and he was nearly right.

The twin-engined Cessna rocked and shook its way towards the snow, cleared a fringe of pine trees and tilted nose down as John put on full flap, and at about 100 feet turned off the engines and fuel. "Brace," he said. Tango Mike sank like a barn door. "I'm leaving the gear up," he added. And

repeated, "Brace."

"Brace?" wondered Jamie. How are you supposed to do that?

Then the ground snow began to fly. The left wing dipped into the great puffy whiteness and hurled the airplane round in half a circle, bits falling off, a wingtip light, then a chunk of flap, and now they were sliding like a huge sledge far out of control. Moving rapidly, helplessly forwards and sideways, and throwing snow high over the cockpit, they collided in the end with another group of trees which brought the crumpled aircraft to a stop – a violent, head-banging stop.

For many seconds nobody spoke, as snow fell from the trees and settled on the windscreen. Jamie stared down at his green cord trousers. His legs were still there and joined on. And his hands too. And he could see – his eyes worked. So, life instead of death. Fantastic.

Then his father groaned. John looked around. "Are you all right, Hugh?" he asked.

"I'm hurt. I've broken my leg, and, God, I think a rib or two..."

They had to leave Hugh, naturalist and author, in the wreck, wrapped in blankets and with water and a small amount of food from a survival pack. John pointed to the snowy peaks in the distance. "There could be skiers in the Alps," he said. "Somebody should find you. But Jamie and I'd best go for help, and we've got to get him out of here anyway. Maybe we'll find the railway. And don't worry, we'll be back for you."

It was not until Jamie climbed out of the aircraft that he realized he'd hurt his foot. He decided not to mention this new misfortune, and struggled to walk without limping as they set off, leaving his dad alone in the wasteland behind them. Jamie checked his watch. Eleven minutes past three.

"We'll head south-west, away from the snow," said John.

"Is there a railway?" Jamie asked him.

"Should be."

"How far?"

"Hell, I don't know! I'm not too clear where we are. But not more than a hundred miles, I'd guess. Don't worry about it."

"A *hundred* miles! *God!*" But, according to John, no one was supposed to worry about anything.

Very soon they lost all sight of Tango Mike. "D'you think Dad's going to be okay?" Jamie asked.

"Hope so." That seemed a casual enough remark.

It was mid-July, winter in Australia's New South Wales. Between them they had quite a lot of gear to carry including lightweight thermal blankets, a

small orange-colored survival tent, tins of food and bottles of water. They plodded on through the snow mostly in silence over scrubby land that generally sloped downwards. Going downhill helped, and the snow soon thinned, then stopped.

But the pain in Jamie's foot got worse. He couldn't disguise the limp any longer – anyway, what was the point? John must have seen, but was taking no notice.

Just before five o'clock Jamie said, "John, my foot's hurting. It's really bad."

"Yeah? Let's have a look at it, then." John sat him on a fallen tree and pulled his left shoe and sock off. He waggled the foot which was clearly swollen.

"Ouch!" gasped Jamie.

"It's only a little sprain," said John. "Just put up with it."

In a half hour or so, Jamie complained again. "How old are you?" John asked.

"Twelve. Nearly thirteen."

"So for Christ sake, you're not a baby are you? Stop whinging!"

But John slowed the pace and seemed to take greater care to watch the boy. Before long he said, "Okay, we'll make camp and have a rest."

Together they put the tent up, and John lit a fire. There was comfort and reassurance from the fire. They ate warmed-up beans on biscuits and drank coffee. Early in the evening they settled down under the thermal blankets in the dark snugger of the tent. Jamie was tired. John seemed to be, too, but even so he made a surprising remark. "Pity you aren't a girl," he said. "We'd have some fun then!"

Big John was always on about girls. More than once on this trip he'd been telling Jamie's dad about successes he'd had. Met a girl for the first time on a train and screwed her between stations. That was one claim. Hugh found this kind of talk embarrassing. "Remember the boy," he'd said to that one. But John had just laughed.

"Know about fucking, do you?" John said in the tent.

"Yes," muttered Jamie, reddening.

"So you should, a good-looking kid like you. Ever done it? Done it properly, I mean, with a girl?"

"No."

"Oh dear, still a virgin are you? But you wank, don't you – you know what I mean, rub up your dick?"

Jamie's redness deepened. "It's nothing to do with you," he croaked. Then, softly, "Sometimes."

"I bet you do. I'll bet you're a regular randy little sod!" John laughed, the sharp laugh that usually rumbled out of him when sexy thoughts had taken on his mind. He added, "I've fucked thousands of times."

Jamie felt he'd had enough. "I hope you fuck better than you fly..." he muttered.

John seemed taken by surprise at this. "Are you looking for a thump?" he asked gruffly.

Jamie smiled in the darkness. That was one up to him, definitely a strike. He drifted into sleep still smiling. He woke, disturbed by something and, as his mind cleared, realized with alarm what this something was. A hand was lodged between his legs, outside his trousers but under the blanket and very firmly there. The owner of the hand, John, was asleep, or certainly appeared to be. And there was more bad news. Jamie's dick was stiffening, to the boy's immeasurable embarrassment, perhaps from pressure of the hand, though not necessarily so, since a middle-of-the-night or morning hard was entirely usual. The cause didn't matter, but the situation did. He was most uncertain what to do. Partly because his dick was uncomfortably caught up in tight-fitting briefs, he took hold of the hand and moved it away. He wriggled his own hand inside the briefs and gently pulled the erection up to lie pleasantly against his stomach. That was better, much, much better. He left his hand in place, gently moving the foreskin back and forth, and turning away from John to hide the gentle movements. The aim was comfort, not excitement, the best way to speed up the return of sleep which had worked so often and so well in the past.

When he woke again daylight had come, and John was outside the tent and roving about. Jamie lay thinking for a minute or two about the hand, the large hand that had caused such problems in the night. An accident no doubt. John had dreamt that one of his many girl-friends was stretched out beside him, something like that. He hadn't really known what he was doing.

Jamie put his head out of the tent flap. "Morning," he said.

"Hi! I'm making some coffee, then let's get moving."

"Okay." Jamie looked around. It was a pleasant, fresh, dry morning.

"How's the foot?" John asked.

"Quite a bit better, I think."

"Good. Take care of it."

In less than half an hour they were on the move again, John carrying a chart in his hand (which he complained about often) and the mickey-mouse compass.

"Where are we, John?" Jamie asked at last.

"I'm still not sure. We'll pick up the railway eventually – can't avoid it. Keep walking."

That night they camped in a vast forest of eucalyptus trees. "I get the impression there just isn't anyone else alive in this country," Jamie murmured as they put up the tent.

John laughed. "Right," he said. "The Aussies keep saying they like the outback – 'going bush' they call it. But where d'you find them all? In the bloody cities."

"God, look at the bird!" Jamie called, pointing. "It's *beautiful!*"

"Yeah, it's a parrot. Keep your eyes open and you'll see lots of things you've never seen as an English kid before. They're what bring your dad to this country."

"What things?"

"Oh, Jesus. Like dingoes, flying foxes, koala bears, carrawong that cry. Yeah, and cicadas that sort of croon, and pitchi-pitchies."

"What's a pitchi-pitchi?"

"A kind of rat."

Jamie winced. "Oh no, not rats!" Then he said, "Are you English, too?"

"Not now. I'm Australian. You can stuff England as far as I'm concerned."

They got the fire going again that evening with sausage and beans frying. They sat side by side, John prodding the sizzling mess. Cued by nothing, John said, "Jamie, I've been thinking. Right, well, I've been thinking something, see? Like, Christ, it's forever since I had a screw. That won't do for me. I'm a very sexy man."

Jamie sat with his arms round his knees, hands clasped. "So I gather," he nodded.

Silence followed. John seemed uncharacteristically embarrassed, and turned away. "See those trees?" he said. "Well, they're about two thousand years old. God, what I'd give for a drink!"

"We've still got water."

"Not that kind of drink, you bongo!" Then another silence. Then John said, "Let's turn in. We'll have a piss first. Come on, we'll piss against that tree. First time it's seen a piss in two thousand years."

They wandered to the tree. Jamie kept his back towards John and opened his zip fly. At once a hand gripped his shoulder and began to turn him. "Don't be coy," John said. "Let's have a look at it."

Uneasily, the boy turned. The sight of the man's cock hanging out, its hugeness, startled him, and he glanced away.

John's hard laugh, the sexed-up laugh, sounded again. "What a little sprat of a thing you've got down there," he jeered. "Like a teeny bit of over-cooked pasta. Not much good for the girls, eh? Not even with a hard-on."

Jamie's face reddened. "Shut up!" he said.

He crawled into the tent first, followed quickly by John, who switched on a flashlight, illuminating the bright orange interior. They both hauled their shoes off and slid in under the blankets.

John's strong hand came gently, palm downwards, onto the boy's face. "Your face is really soft," John said quietly. "Just like a girl's. Maybe better. Well, you know, no make-up and junk like that."

"Don't be such a berk," Jamie muttered, pushing at the hand.

"Take them off for me, will you?" Big John's voice seemed to have gone through a root change. The voice was soft now, urgent and pleading. "Take your pants off, Jamie."

"No!" gasped the boy. "Leave me alone!"

"You'll enjoy it. Honest."

"No!"

"If you don't take them off, I'll have to do it for you. Go on, please, take them off!"

The blanket was thrown back and the irresistible hands were unhooking Jamie's waistband, unzipping, then tugging fiercely at the green cords and blue briefs till they crumpled at ankle level. John crawled forward, took hold of the trousers and briefs again and yanked them wholly off. The long slender legs and small limp penis were helplessly exposed.

"I'm cold," Jamie said.

John took his own trousers off and knelt, facing the boy, his cock fiercely erect, swaying and immense. "Get onto your knees and elbows, Jamie," John insisted. "Bum well up in the air. Go on! I'm going to put my cock in your hole. I'll use lots of spit to smooth the way, and I'll try not to hurt you."

Right now, in this tent, in this unpopulated wasteland, Big John, the crashed pilot, was the most important person in the world to Jamie; he needed John to survive.

Slowly Jamie got onto his knees and forearms. John, still kneeling, shuffled into position from behind, put his arm under and across the boy's stomach and pulled tight, locking their bodies together. The slow thrust began. "Ouch, stop!" squawked Jamie almost at once. "That hurts."

John paused, eased back, then came on with another sustained push. But the new push brought more quick and desperate cries. "Stop, take it out!" pleaded the boy.

"I can't stop now," John said. "There's no way! But I'll hold off a moment." Then softly, reassuringly, "It'll be all right. I know. I've done it with girls – I mean up their bums, like this. Try to relax. Enjoy it, Jamie."

Then another push, and immediately more frantic yells, and tears between the yells, and high-pitched, boyish pleadings, and feeble, hopeless struggles, to break free from the pinning arm. John paused several times to wait until the protests lessened and fewer and fewer tears rolled down Jamie's cheeks to land on the slender splayed-in forearms and the blanket. "Relax," he whispered, over and over again. "Jamie, don't tense up. Relax, relax." Then another quarter inch.

The penetration took more than half an hour. But it was absolute. The full distance was eventually run. The enormous cock stood fully in, high up inside the boy at last. Jamie's frenzy faded to a whimper, and then to tautened silence. After that, in this strange and loaded quiet, the rhythmical pumping began. Now there were sounds to hear. Almost motionless, Jamie listened to the grunts and gasps and heavy breathing from behind him.

Minutes passed. Then in place of the grunts and gasps came stuttered words. "I'm... just about there, Jamie... This is it. Oh, God, it's so good! Oh, God, oh God!"

Quiet returned as the pumping slowly stopped. The locking arms released him and in a while Jamie felt the cock slide smoothly out.

"Thanks, Jamie," whispered John. "God, I've never known it so good."

"You hurt me," Jamie grumped.

"I'm sorry. It hurts much less each time."

"Have you filled me up with spunk?"

"That won't do you any harm."

Jamie twisted round to see what he could of his own bottom and any mess. No visible mess. Then he reached for his trousers.

"Don't put them on just yet," said John. "I want to do something nice for *you* now." He pushed the boy onto his back and, still kneeling, took the little cock in his right hand, and the balls in his left, warmly and comfortingly cupped. The strong hands had become gentle and light.

With his thumb and finger on the foreskin, he began a skilful oscillating action, pulling the skin forward then back until the tender, moist glans came briefly into sight, then forwards, back, forwards, back. Almost at once the little cock, that John in coarser mood had made such fun of, stood proudly up. "Say, that's good," said John. "You've a hell of a fine little cock."

"That wasn't what you were telling me an hour ago," Jamie said.

"Am I doing it right? Tell me if you want it faster or slower or anything."

Jamie lay now with his eyes half closed looking towards the darkened tent top, mouth slightly open, drifting into an unreal world of relaxation and bliss. "Just keep going," he mumbled

The big hand and the dainty foreskin flicked on to and fro, to and fro. Jamie's legs began a just-detectable quiver, and John noticed. A few seconds later, the quiver, still slight, had strengthened. John worked on, watching and sensing. The boy's breathing grew faster and deeper, his eyes still looking blankly upwards. Then came magic. A little white froth appeared in the cup of the foreskin and soon thickened to a blob of cream no bigger than a grape – not even that, hardly more than half a grape. The quivering stopped.

John put the first finger of his right hand to the creamy blob, skimmed it up and put the blob in his mouth. Jamie, eyes fully open now, watched.

John swallowed, then shook his head, as though surprised to find himself doing what he had just done. "Was that okay, sweetheart?" he asked.

"Yeah. Brilliant."

"Let's go to sleep." John bent forward now, kissed Jamie lightly on the lips, and pulled up the green cords and blue briefs, and then the blanket which he tucked in carefully. "You're a lovely kid," he added, apparently to himself.

"My bum hurts," Jamie said.

"I promise it won't for long. How's your foot?"

"My foot's okay."

"Fine. Good night, Jamie." He switched off the flashlight.

Jamie pondered on the amazing change in Big John. This 'sweetheart' business. And, 'How's your foot?' What was going on? All the tenderness, this sudden caring. Anyway, it was nice. Jamie felt secure and important, as he closed his eyes to go to sleep.

Next morning was mild and damp. Rain during the night had brought sweet smells to the air. The snow was a memory. As Jamie put his head out of the tent, John turned towards him and smiled. "Hi!" he called. "How's with you, sweetheart?"

"Fine, thanks."

"And the foot?"

"Yeah, fine." He hadn't asked about the bum, but that was fine too. Nearly.

They trudged more miles that day, still south-west, if the mickey-mouse compass was to be believed. They saw people twice. First, a small group of figures showed far away on the skyline, and soon disappeared.

Later they saw a man on horseback who broke out of scrubby trees. Jamie yelled at the man who turned his horse and cantered away. "Bollocks to him!" muttered Jamie.

And that evening, tired though they both were, there was more sex. They were outside the tent by the fire, when John said, "Kneel in front of me, Jamie." He dropped his trousers. "See if you can handle it in your mouth."

Jamie knelt and gazed at the enormous cock, already hard. "It's much too big," he protested.

John took Jamie's head gently but firmly in both hands and pressed forward so that his erection was pushing against Jamie's tightly closed lips. "Try it, Jamie, please," John pleaded. "Open up." He began knocking his cock against Jamie's resistant lips.

"It pongs!" Jamie said. Then he moved fast. He ducked his head out of the head-hold, flipped over onto his knees and elbows, and pulled his pants and briefs down. He made almost a single movement of it, done at break-neck speed. John found himself confronted by the tempting boy-bum lit up by flickering firelight.

Big John laughed. "Okay," he said. "Arsehole again." And the saliva lubrication, the powerful armlock, and the slow thrust began. There were several yelps from the boy, and each time a pause – then forward again. The yelps were not as frantic as the cries of yesterday.

Jamie didn't yet know about the sphincter muscle and how it could be tamed and deliberately tired, only that the pain of entry was less tonight, and once the penetration was done the steady movements deep inside him were easy enough to bear. And there was a strange satisfaction in this intimacy of union, this one-ness with a man he depended on so utterly. John stretched out the action, gasping and grunting again, and sighing his ecstasy and finally rocking the boy about with the violence of his climax. "Marvelous," he said afterwards. "Even better. Just marvelous."

For Jamie's own pleasure they went back into the tent. How fine it was that Big John actually felt obliged to pay back pleasure with pleasure. Jamie managed to delay his coming, too, and prolong the bliss for many minutes. In the end the quivering climax had to be. John took the precious blob again, this time directly from its source. "My night-cap," he laughed.

Soon they slept, John's arm resting protectively across Jamie's chest.

Next morning's breakfast was beans again, with a little bit of chopped-up sausage.

"I'm hungry," Jamie said.

"I'm not surprised," answered John. "You're a growing boy. Look, you have mine."

"Hell no!" spluttered Jamie.

"Anyway, we're bound to hit that railtrack soon. Then we'll have a feast."

Three hours after breaking camp they spotted their target, the long, thin ribbon of the railway. As they neared it they saw a timber hut and headed for that. There was no one about, but the rails and hut meant civilization. "We'll just sit and wait for a train," John said. "Chuck the stuff on the ground."

Jamie dumped the stuff, yawned, stretched out on his back with hands behind his head. John sat upright looking at him.

"Jamie," John said quietly, "I'd really like you to take me in your mouth. You've got a beautiful mouth. Lovely lips, the neatest teeth I've seen."

"No. You're too big. I'll throw up. I told you."

"I'd put it in very slowly – really slow."

"No!" Jamie rolled over, face down. "You can have my bum again if you want."

John chuckled. "I've got you programmed, haven't I? It's a lovely little bum, too. Everything about you is lovely. Those bright blue eyes of yours..."

"They're not blue. They're more, like, sort of gray."

"It's strange – I've never noticed boys before." He sprawled on his back beside Jamie, took hold of the smaller hand in his, and sighed. "Jamie, I've grown so fond of you..."

"Yeah, and I'm really tired. It's all the walking."

They snoozed in cool sunshine, at ease with each other, waiting. At last a train came, and they waved a thermal blanket to stop it. The driver told them this was the Sydney train. He radioed ahead reporting that he'd picked up a man and a boy, and gave their names. A call came back. Jamie's dad had been picked up. He was okay and in hospital.

"That's great!" shouted Jamie. "D'you hear that, John?" He pounded on John's arm. "Isn't that great?"

"Yes," John said faintly, and after a lengthy pause. Then he turned away.

John hardly spoke for the rest of the journey, so Jamie chatted to the driver.

As they were walking to the hospital, John said, "Listen, kid, nothing weird happened out there. We walked, yeah, we ate beans, yeah, and we

slept. Right?"

There was no tenderness now. A gruff voice, a deliberate looking away, a sudden disinterest. Jamie found it puzzling.

"Thank Christ for some good-looking nurses," John said as they entered the hospital. "See that one? She'd go like a rabbit."

They found Hugh lying in bed with his leg in plaster but looking well. He clasped Jamie against his shoulder. "I can't hug you the way I'd like to," he laughed. "That's because of my ribs. Tell me all that's happened to you."

Big John stepped in to answer. "We just walked, ate beans and slept," he said. "What about you?"

"Oh, they picked me up with a helicopter. It was a couple of days, though. Not very nice. They looked in the wrong places at first. I reckon I'm lucky."

"Yeah, we'd have come for you..." But Big John's attention now had wandered off to a young blonde nurse across the ward. He sidled towards her, and Jamie heard him say, "How about a drink, when you finish? What time, eh?"

"Get lost *again*," she said quietly. "I hear that's what you're best at."

Jamie grinned.

Big John left, ignoring the nurse. Jamie watched him go. So that was the end of a strange, unpredictable friendship.

Suddenly it came to him: all these extraordinary changes in Big John had to do with sex. Sex made him behave badly with girls. Picked them up, dropped them, laughed at them and made use of them – gave nothing back, except a drink. And there would be reasons for giving a drink. Jamie could think of only one explanation. To John, sex with a girl was routine, natural and ordinary and it didn't really get to him at all. But with a boy? There must be something so massively different and important about that that it changed his whole outlook. Now, with no more boy-sex, he'd reverted to type. What a pity, Jamie thought. The skilled, strong hand that could make a boy slobber with excitement had gone and wouldn't be coming back. Never mind. There was a smaller hand that did a good job too. Always had done.

He was brought back to the present by a question from his father. "You're all right, then?"

"Yeah. Fine."

"So, as John says, it was just walk, sleep, eat?"

Jamie hesitated, then nodded. "You could say that, Dad," he muttered. "More or less."

A lot more of the more than the less, he thought. Good-bye, Big John.