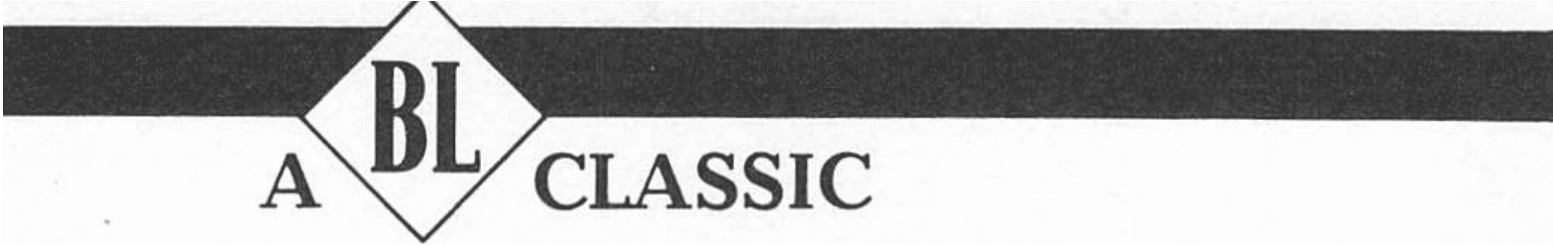


**THE CHRONICLES OF
FENWAY ACADEMY
BY PETER ZUPP**

A **BL** CLASSIC

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PART ONE

Jay's Journal

AUTHOR'S DISCLAIMER

The situations and characters portrayed herein are exclusively fictitious and are not intended to represent any actual persons or places. The Fenway School, The Arapajo Ranch School do not exist and never have existed, alas. Anyone who sees in himself Jay Mattheson or any of the other adults who stalk these pages should report himself immediately to the Authorities. No one, of course, who in the course of his boyhood had experiences like those of Billy English, Joey or Jamie McManus will be reading this book, since modern psychiatry has conclusively demonstrated that they would be dead, in prison or under perpetual custodial care.

Clump. Clump. Clump. Heavy-booted footfalls on my wooden porch. I left the sofa in my living room, where I was reading Gide and listening to Couperin, and opened the door. There stood Sparky, the after-school Western Union lad.

"Hello," I said, eyeing the snappy uniform. "You're busy."

The boy grinned. "Not very, Mr. Mattheson."

"How very, say in terms of leisure time?"

"Oh, I've got about an hour."

"Delightful." I opened the door. The boy slipped in and stood before me radiating health and good looks and mischievous lasciviousness.

"You got any ice-cream today?" Sparky asked.

"Juicy Fruit pecan with caramel ripple."

"And fudgie-twists?"

"Bought them yesterday."

"Oh, yeah, d'you bring back those dirty comics from New York?"

I nodded.

"Good, then let's ball."

We went to the bedroom and began to strip. Sparky sent articles of his clothing sailing about the room, until his jacket hung from a bureau knob, his boots were standing in the wastebasket, his socks decorated Gibbons' *Decline and Fall*, his trousers dangled over a wall light, and his undershorts, after being rolled into a ball and pegged into my face with pubertal impudence, lay hot, steamy, pungent and rejected in the middle of my deep-pile carpet. All of which left the lad gloriously naked and his little-boy cock proudly aroused.

It measured four and a half inches from tip to root (I'd checked it out only a month ago). It was nicely skinny, gracefully bending back a little but not at all to the right or left. The lavender glans was a proud acorn, smooth and shapely; the purple-rimmed corona pulsed like a stimulated jellyfish. The frenular fold was prominent, the veins a little less so. His pubic bush had the texture of burnished brass, the bright color of oak leaves in autumn but the sleekness of new spring foliage. I dropped to my knees. I was about to draw my lips over the blunt rod end when Sparky pushed himself away, flopped on his back on the bed and raised his heels and elbows and fists and prepared to defend himself.

"Come on, Sparky," I pleaded. I sat down beside the boy, trembling with frustration and a cock so hard, so blood-gorged it seemed to be impaling my lap with its root end. I put a hand in Sparky's hair.

"Be a nice boy."

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"You know what you once said?"

"What?"

"A kid like me is worth fighting for."

"So?"

"Well, today you gotta fight to get me."

"Sparky!"

"Unless... unless."

"What?"

The boy sat up abruptly, cocked his handsome head, stuck a pink tongue-tip through the corner of his mouth and angled his eyes into mine. "Unless you let me torture you."

"Absolutely not!"

"Why?"

"Because I don't enjoy pain."

"Not that kind of torture, stupid."

"What, then?"

"You submit while I do sexy things."

"Such as?"

A sheepish smile spread across Sparky's face. "I haven't decided yet."

"And for how long?"

"Let's say fifteen minutes?"

I slapped him on the thigh and he sprang up. I took his place on the bed, pulling pillows under my head and crossing my hands behind my butt (to make it easier to keep them away from my cock).

"Okay!" Sparky flopped down beside me, put an elbow across my chest, sank his chin in the supported palm and brought his face within two inches of mine.

"What would you give to kiss me?"

"Not much," I lied.

Sparky rounded his lips and blew sweetly into my nose.

"A little more?"

"A little more."

Sparky licked his lips, then halved the distance between our mouths. "Remember when I didn't like to get sloppy?" he asked.

"Uh huh."

"All I'd let you do was take hold of my hard-on and rub it."

"You were a very determined little prude."

"You were a very horny teacher."

"Still am. Thirteen minutes."

He again halved the separation, exhaling fresh, young breath, then slid his other hand around my neck, until his fingertips grazed the back of an ear. At last our lips touched. Mine rose in the warmth and wetness to try, without lifting my head (which would have been against the rules), to tangle our mouths together.

No sooner had I jumped, so to speak, at the bait, than Sparky shifted his attack: he now sat on my chest, calves compressing my sides, and against my nose leaned his fragrant boy-smelling cock. "Did you ever, as a child, suck your thumb, Mr. Mattheson?" he asked.

"My, aren't we Freudian!"

"Did you?"

The soft velvety tip of his penis, growing slippery, now, with its near-tear, probed at a nostril, then moved along my upper lip, poked briefly at a mouth corner and recrossed my chin.

"You can lick my dick if you like," Sparky said.

"If *you* like," I said. Obviously the lad was as hot as I.

"Be my guest."

"Be mine." I opened my lips and sweetly took in Sparky's cock: first the bulbous, yielding glans with its salty dew, then more and more of the stiffer, drier shaft, until, leaning over my head and supporting himself on elbows and shoulders upon the headboard of the bed, Sparky drove his rod full in with a nervous thrust, so that my nose was buried in his coarse, young pubic tangle, and I could smell the rich fragrance of hair and sweat and skin and just a hint of the stronger scents of down below.

"Hoo whee!" Sparky exclaimed. He drew back and slid his hard little prick home again. "Man, is your mouth ever warm and slippery!"

Sparky kept at it until he could stand the tension no longer.

"Hold it!" the boy suddenly gasped. "Jeez, don't move your tongue. Open up. Slow, for john sakes!"

I watched the lad's cock come out, white and jerking, still attached to my lips with multiple streamers of pre-cum and spit. Along these threads little drops and white bubbles slid downward to Sparky's cock crown where they gathered and snapped, then sank some more along all sides of his rod.

"Man, that was close!" the boy hissed.

"I should have brought you over."

Sparky shook his head, eyes closed and every muscle set against the decline of passion. "Not until I'm through with your torture," he managed to get out.

I laughed. "Who's victim now?"

Sparky opened an eye, stared hard at me, said, "Okay, sir, just you wait."

"Five minutes I'll wait."

"Five minutes of pure hell."

He dropped down beside me and began to run his hands all over my chest, thighs, thumbing across my up-balled scrotum, fingers tangling in pubic hair. Stray caresses flicked across the base of my cock, tantalizingly light and inadequately focused until my loins began to jerk involuntarily and my breath came hard and tense.

Sparky lowered his chest to mine, licked his lips and put his mouth over my nose. He knew I had a weakness for breathing boy breath, savoring the fragrance of lips and tongue and teeth. My heartbeat, already quick, began to race and thunder. My untouched cock cried copiously into my own navel well. Quantum after quantum of desire erupted from my loins and shattered and splattered upon the raw matrix of my neural mesh.

Just as I was about to give in, break the agreement to keep my sanity and prevent the boiling testosterone flooding through my arteries from overheating my very brain, I caught sight of the clock. The quarter-hour was up. I locked my arms around Sparky's back, pressed the lad's loins down into the lake of pre-seminal slipperiness that was already flooding out of my navel reservoir, and we were off in an unequal struggle of wills and sex. I rolled over on Sparky, pinning him down with my weight and reach, crushing him momentarily with a gigantic hug and repeated stabs of my cock. He thrust back upward, beat my back with his fists, but his sex actually spit forth first with its light, sweet drops of barely viable sperm. Mine followed a microsecond later.

Sparky in the kitchen gobbled down the ice-cream and munched on the fudgies, his face liberally smeared with both.

"Oh, yeah, sir, I actually brought a telegram for you this time." He pulled a yellow envelope out of his uniform pocket. I opened it and read:

YOUR APPLICATION ACCEPTED. REPORT FENWAY SEPTEMBER 1. PAULSON.

"What is it?" Sparky asked.

"It seems I have a new job."

"A better one?"

"I hope so."

I walked into the kitchen, picked up the phone, dialed my immediate superior at the bank and told him

I was quitting.

"I hope you work better with youth, Mr. Mattheson, than you do with money," he told me, and hung up.

I replaced the receiver and stared out the window. There was the familiar, even boring, street scene of summer in the little village where I had been born, from which I've never, until now, been able to escape for long.

Dear, dear Mr. Tushit: I am going to a place far better than your bank, a place filled with beautiful boys. Little boys of twelve with smooth cheeks and chirping voices, big boys of seventeen with hard muscles and harder donges. There will be blond boys, dark boys, stocky boys, skinny boys, shy boys and loud hustle-tussle lads. What better interest than that which accrues to boy flesh flashing in the school shower-rooms, boy-smiles parting wet lips over sweet, snowy teeth?

Sparky wandered into the kitchen and looked at me with saddened eyes. "Does this mean, Mr. Mattheson, that you're going away?"

"I'm afraid so."

"For how long?"

"One school year, at least."

"Gee," the boy sighed with real feeling.

"I'm sorry."

"I wish I could go to a nice school."

Soft sky of late summer. Haze. In the air that first hint of autumn. I am sitting in the window of the third-story master's suite in the South Dormitory. An occasional leaf is turning yellow below me in the Quad where a caretaker lethargically mows the lawn. A light breeze brings with it the smell of his grass cuttings. Flanking the Quad are four vine-hung Colonial buildings. Here, for the next nine months, with a hundred and twenty growing boys, I will eat, play, sleep, study and...

I was joined by a thirteen-year-old blond boy with the fresh touch of bloom just beginning to disturb the quiet velvet of his cheeks. He'd helped me lug up my boxes and bags and books, then stood before me in my suite, like a bellboy, I thought, waiting for his tip, blue eyes peering at me through a cowlick of yellow hair.

"Golly, sir," the boy said, having noticed a still-wet oil of my twelve-year-old nephew swimming in his undershorts, "do you paint real pictures?"

"Sure," I said. "I'll paint you if you wish."

I ran my eyes over the ripped T-shirt, holy loafers and jeans so tight you could almost see the blood pulse through the veins of his boyhood bat which just then was busy creeping down his pant-leg and bulging against the inside of this thigh.

The boy looked back from the painting. "In my skivs?" he asked, and laughed.

"Why not?"

His name is Billy English and his room, I discovered, is next to mine.

There is a bark from the road outside: "Hup, two, three, four! Hup, two, three, four!" The terror of the Taconic League, fierce defenders of the Fenway honor, trot across the Quad, led, I suppose, by Coach Osgood and his whistle. But what can you tell about a boy in shoulder pads, looking down on his helmeted head? That he's sweating, that soon, perhaps, he will be stripping naked in the shower room.

I suppose I must get down to the tedium of unpacking.

Throughout the day more and more students arrived. The noise grows: yells of greeting, hoarse laughs, radios turned up full. I have walked among my charges, looking them over as they looked me over. By evening the whole ninth grade (or third form, as it's called here) had checked in and the hall was a shambles of trunks, suitcases, packing boxes and crumpled newspapers, with boys stumbling through it all, arms full of clothes, records, books.

At last the lights-out bell rang; the riot is over. I slammed my door on the darkened hall, stretched out on my couch, put my feet on one arm, my head on the other to begin to assess the situation. I've just put fourteen thirteen-year-olds to bed. I haven't seen one of them naked yet, but facially and in pajamas at least, five, including Billy, are beautiful, three are good looking, one ugly in a cute way and only four are hopelessly unappealing (of these, two have bands on their teeth and their appearance will improve after Christmas vacation when the braces come off).

Game, then, is certainly abundant and sleek. But there is vast potential for peril. I will have to wait until the boys have been away from girls for a while, until they are ready to listen to the beat of a different drum. In the meantime I will simply observe and avoid emotional entanglements.

The door opened and closed and Billy English stood beside me in pajama bottoms.

"What are you doing up?" I asked.

"I had to go to the bathroom."

"This isn't the bathroom."

"I know that, sir." Billy looked around the room. His eye fell on my record player. "Hey, that's a neat stereo."

"It only plays classics."

"That's not so neat."

"Nor is you being in here after lights-out."

Billy sat down on the edge of the sofa. "Last year we had a master that was real strict."

"I'm real strict."

Billy shook his head. "You love boys, don't you?"

I gulped, blinked, started to speak.

But Billy went on: "I mean, not specifically. Just in general. Guys can tell. You'll get more cooperation out of us this way."

"Okay, so how about going back to your room?"

"Do you know I'm fourteen, almost? I don't look fourteen, do I?"

"Billy, what in the...?"

"I'm not very big, like some guys are at my age. But our doctor, the one my mother sends me to, whenever she's around, tells me there's this terrific variation..."

"...in growth rates when a boy enters adolescence. I know that, Billy, and a lot more, besides."

"I'll bet you do," Billy said and grinned.

"But tonight's not... What do you mean?"

"Nothing."

"Okay. ...not the time for a man-to-man."

"Sir, I only see my parents about one month a year."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Billy, but..."

"They travel all the time and go to a lot of parties. They have dough. Man, do they have dough! Some day I'll be rich, too. I guess I'm not going to get married."

"Billy, get up."

"I'm going to stay single, like you."

"For heaven's sake, you don't even know me." I rose, forcing Billy to stand, then put my hand on his shoulder. He beamed up at me from his height of five-foot-two.

"Sir, I hope you like me."

"Sure, Billy, I like all you kids, except when you..."

"...act like pills." Billy nodded. "Can I come in and see you a lot and sit down and talk?"

"If it's not after lights-out and I'm not busy and..."

"Thanks. Well, I think I'll go along to bed now."

"That's nice."

"See you in the morning."

"Inevitably."

The same electric bell that ended last night's riot goes off at quarter to seven this morning. I jump awake and put my head out the door. Thirteen sleepy boys stumble down the hall in bathrobes, pajamas, pajama bottoms, undershorts or a towel tied snug around their waists. All eyes are half shut. All heads, even the ones that were neatly combed during the day, are tousled and bowed. They file into the bathroom and I follow them in, watch them elbow each other for position before the washstands, place under the showers. Here, as the warm water flows over their waking bodies, I catch a first glimpse of their streaming wands of boyhood, from the little cocks barely nipped in the vice of puberty to the long and randy snakes that sprout proud from precocious thickets.

Slowly the boys come alive.

"Hey, mop-top, hurry up."

"Gimme the soap."

Four toothbrushes work at four basins: "Quit slopping on my arm."

"Okay, move over."

At the showers a yelp of pain as someone flushes a toilet and the water suddenly scalds. "Cut that out! Next time warn a guy."

"Confucius says, 'Man with hurt, jump through window. Pane gone'."

Like smoking, sex, it seems, is to be dispensed with at Fenway. This morning the boys assembled in the gym for their annual briefing by Coach Osgood on how self-abusers go crazy, lose their hair, develop shakes, stutters, acne and the drools.

I left before my smirk could undermine the Fenway ethos and returned to the empty dormitory hall. Fourteen beds awaited their makers. I plunged my face into the soft pillows that had so recently cradled the heads of my more beautiful charges and breathed the scent of their hair and sweet young cheeks.

Occasionally a drop of drying dew, lately fallen from sleeping lips, added accent and piquancy to the rich panoply of boyhood fragrance, to which my little soldier stood up in rigid, if cramped, salute.

I stripped back all the covers and searched for signs of spent ardor. Here was a still-damp comma, there a faint parenthesis: a modest night in all. But Jamie McManus' bottom sheet was a vast tapestry of lust and proved that one boy at least, on his first week away from home, had labored mightily with his dauber.

Jamie was definitely one of the beautiful ones, with brown hair the color of an alligator belt and light green eyes that looked as though they could glow in the dark. Yesterday evening I had watched him in his pajama bottoms chin himself on a door frame and hang there by his fingertips, lean and rigid, until another boy reached through his fly, grabbed some sensitive anatomy and hauled him down.

By now my cock was torturing me. I removed my shoes, stole under Jamie's covers and wedded myself to my hand. With three quick jerks I freed my load of lust and let it join the other crusting stains on Jamie's sheets. I was lying within them in torpor when I heard the school horde swarm out of the gymnasium and scatter. I made a quick departure. Jamie caught me entering my apartment with shoes in hand. He gave me a quizzical look, stopped dead as the others piled up behind him in the stair-well. I did my best to frown like a thundercloud. "Let's get those rooms made up," I bellowed. "Bed inspection's in ten minutes."

Jamie blanched, gaped and ran into his room. I retreated to mine, laughing.

Last Monday the school began in earnest. The master schedule was posted, books issued, classes met for the first time. Later, football squads were organized and the playing calendar revealed. I began my teaching of ninth- and eleventh-grade English and coaching the junior varsity.

Sunday chapel, compulsory for the boys, gave me a chance to pursue my research, and I buried my Super-Snooper microphone in the ceiling light of Jamie McManus' room. Stringing the wire back through the attic crawl-way, I heard a shower running below me in the third-form bathroom. There was a ventilator slot. I dropped to my knees and soon commanded a view of the whole shower area where for years so many hundreds of handsome kids had stripped down to absolutely nothing that it's a wonder the paint hadn't peeled from the walls and the very water in the pipes turned to steam.

On this particular occasion, however, Brian Donaldson, one of the really appealing third formers and apparently a chapel truant, was bathing alone. His eyes were closed, his handsome face turned upward with rapt concentration, his lips moving, speaking, it seemed to some imagined companion. But below his neck he was a statue of rigidity, for he was standing quite still with his fingers to his stiff cock, stretching out, like bat wings, the flap of penile skin in which the frenulum was implanted and holding it motionless in the full frictional stream from the shower nozzle.

Handel had his *Water Music*, and the Chinese their water torture, but it was left to Brian Donaldson of Fenway to invent for the world the *Water Whack*.

The policing problems of a prep-school dormitory master are fairly simple: getting the boys into their beds in the evening, out of them in the morning and keeping them there between times. On Sunday there is room inspection, to see that the mess doesn't overwhelm everyone. I enjoy the job, pursue it with deliberate oversight, but there are two things I thoroughly dislike about young teenagers: gum and their music. The sound of rock I suppose I'll get used to, but why, oh why, do they have to mask their sweet young breaths with the smell of Juicy Fruit?

Thirteen-year-old lips, lightly licked and gently downed, have a natural fragrance sweet as honey. Hair scent hangs like an aphrodisiac for hours about Jamie's discarded pillow. When David Larson walks before me in the classroom building (where gum is forbidden) clad in the same shirt he has worn for five consecutive days, he trails behind him a total boyhood perfume, of long, blond locks only moderately clean, fresh-dried tear, saliva, skin-sweat, arm-pit acidity, groin and loin and sock scent, and the faintest suggestion of unfresh underwear lightly and human polluted both fore and aft.

Younger lads smell like chlorine and older boys use male perfume of all descriptions, but at this age of bloom (and in the absence of gum) they are purely and gloriously naked to the appreciative nose.

Jamie is posing for me. I think I am capturing his feline imperturbability, his latent wiry strength, the quarter-tense sinew waiting for release.

I'm painting him almost full-face, in the act of throwing a dart. I would like to have painted him semi-naked, as I had my nephew, but I don't dare.

"Not bad," Jamie said, after he had studied the developing canvas for a moment.

"Thanks," I said. "I have a good subject."

"Interesting or good-looking?"

"Both."

An easy smile came to his lips. "Sir, are you trying to pick me up?"

Our eyes met, probed, but they hid our feelings.

"And if I was?" I said lightly.

"Would I have to go along?"

"Would you want to?"

"That's an unfair question," Jamie said. "Because if I had to, I might make out like I wanted to."

"And if you wanted to, you'd like it if I said that you had to."

"Maybe. And now we don't know any more about each other than we did before we started this."

"That's right."

Obviously, Jamie would like to seduce me, and I would like to see him succeed. But what if Jamie insisted on a union contract, guaranteed annual marks, work standards of minimum intimacy and a fistful of fringe benefits I could hardly afford?

"Sir, I seem to got this problem," David Larson began.

Lythe, luscious, he peered at me through sheep-dog locks of hazel hair, stretching on the door to my suite.

"Have a problem," I corrected.

"Ha. That's a good one, 'cause it's got to do with your crummy *Scarlet Letter* book."

"Which you don't understand."

"It's stupid. This chick shacks up with some Christian guru and they brand her like a dumb old steer."

"David, are you trying to put me on?"

"No. Turn."

"What?"

"Hey, who's the kid?" David moved to the easel where the swimming portrait now hung.

"My nephew. Now what, if you have one, is on your mind?"

David turned about face, swept the hair from his forehead with a swipe of his hand, and fixed me with innocent brown eyes.

"Sir, I'm no good at book reading. Like, would you believe, in all my life I never even finished a comic?"

"I believe it."

"I'm okay at other things, though."

"Such as."

For answer he fell on his back on my bed and hooked his thumbs in his belt. He was wearing no shirt. My heart pounded at the sight of his firm, hairless chest rising and falling to his even breath. He rolled his eyes toward the painting. "What is that kid to you?"

"My brother's son."

"You sweet on him or something?"

"Or something."

"I mean, like with you at school and he... wherever he is, well... like you're here and he's there and... there are other boys in the world."

"I've noticed."

"I'll bet you have. But it's nice to have a sort of steady arrangement, like. So you know, well, you can count on things. You don't have to ask. It's always waiting for you when you need it."

David flashed a big, bright smile. He started to loosen his belt. I went to the door and slammed it and locked it and leaned against it, hoping the sweat on my brow wasn't too obvious.

"David, if you mean what I think you mean..."

"And I do."

"...you simply must be more careful."

"Oh, sir, everybody knows about that kind of arrangement. Well, almost everybody. Maybe not the new kids, or a couple of innocents like Billy English, to give an example. But you'd be surprised who likes to give a little extra tutoring here, a tennis lesson there. Besides, I'll leave all the worrying up to you. Men seduce boys, not the other way around. You can read all about it in the newspapers – on TV the shrinks are always saying that. Come here and pull off my jeans. It's more fun that way."

I stepped to the bed, almost crippled by the thrust of my own hard-on as it tried to rise from its pant-leg trap, bent to the angle of agony. At last, I thought, the waiting is over. The safe boy, ripened fruit, is

ready to drop into my arms.

"Dave," I said, keeping all but a little tremor out of my voice, "I believe you are quite knowledgeable about certain things."

"That will hardly be news to my TV public. Look at those 'certain things' now."

The boy had parted his blue denim fly flaps and his beautiful cock was beginning to poke its young head through the slit in his shorts.

"Go ahead," David urged. "Touch. Feel the goodies. Fondle them a little, so as you and I can get the full effect."

My hand reached out automatically, but then, with my cautionary instinct in full arousal, I brought it back. "Let's have one thing fully understood," I began.

"What's that?"

"We're both in this for pleasure. Nothing, abso — Oh, good heavens!"

David had lowered his shorts and I was staring in shock, gulping at the first boy-erection I had seen in several weeks. His formerly dangling plumbing piece, which I'd grown used to seeing every morning in the shower, had now become a magnificent hammer handle, much too large, it seemed, for the boy it was attached to.

"Kicks," David said. "Kicks for you, kicks and marks for me."

I was just licking my lips, bending my head. Now, shot by the boy's words, I straightened up. "No," I said. "Absolutely not."

"All I want is a pass."

"No."

"A moldy old C."

"No."

"C minus."

"No."

"A D plus, then."

"No."

"What's a D plus to you? It doesn't cost you anything."

"Yes it does."

"What?"

"Control."

"Aw, come on, sir," David said, eyeing the bulge in my pant-leg. "You want to. Little Davie down there wants it. Look at him sit up and do tricks."

With a supreme effort which I hope my post-apocalyptic judges will well remember, I tore my eyes from David's dancing cock, went to the door, unbolted it and, as the boy scrambled in surprise to cover himself, flung it open.

"Get out of here!" I ordered, then, noting the hall was empty, "Go to your room, before I brand you 'S' for seducer and flunk you too, for good measure!"

So much for trying to jump the gun. They aren't ready yet. They still make conditions. Give them time. I can wait. I and my cock can wait.

I awakened to thunder. Outside my window rain was being flung about in hard, wet gusts.

I didn't hear the door open and close, but when lightning filled my room again I opened an eye and saw Billy English standing before my bed in pajama bottoms.

"One thing that's not very mature about me," he said gravely, "is that I'm scared of thunderstorms." He jumped as another crack sounded through the night. "Can I stay awhile?"

"I guess so."

Billy didn't move, but a few seconds later he said, "It's cold out here. Can I get under the covers with you?"

"No."

"Okay. Sorry I woke you up."

He went to the sofa and sat there, rather straight and uncomfortably, clutching his bare chest, shivering. After a couple of minutes I rose and fetched him a blanket. Billy thanked me and rolled into it and lay down on the sofa and was soon asleep.

It was a while before sleep claimed me. At last the storm subsided, together with my erection, and the next thing I knew I was coming awake again with a tickle on my nose. Billy had slipped under the covers and was lying almost on top of me, head resting on my shoulder, face toward my neck, and my nose was buried in his hair.

I drew an aching arm from under his chest and spoke softly in his ear. "Billy. Hey. Billy, wake up."

The boy stirred; a hard little boycock pressed against my hip.

"Billy!"

"Huh?" Billy licked his lips and swallowed. I moved away from him.

"You're in my bed."

Billy seemed to consider this for a moment, then lifted his head, worked for a few seconds at opening his eyes, and said tersely, "Oh, yeah, I know."

"How come?"

"I got cold."

"Your bed isn't cold."

"Long way to it." He dropped his head back on my shoulder and curled a warm arm around my neck. "Won't you let me stay?"

My predecessor had had a wife and the school had provided the third floor master's suite with a king-size double bed. There was enough room in it for two grown sleepers. I broke Billy's grip on my neck and pushed his body away before our erections had a chance to tangle. "It's all right, just this once, tonight," I said. "If you stay on your side of the bed."

"Okay, sir, sorry."

I turned my back on my dazzlingly desirable bed-partner and once again had to fight for sleep.

It dawned clear. The pink sun poured in the window and touched Billy's face. The boy had a fine forehead, a nose that still rose childishly at the end. Long, fully adolescent eyelashes curled down to meet his downy cheeks. I put a hand into the soft, full hair that was haloed in the dawn light. Billy stirred and opened his eyes.

"Golly, sir, am I still here?"

I nodded.

"That's the best sleep I've had in a week. You're just... wonderful to a guy, you know that?"

I sent him back to his room before the rising bell sounded. Billy is a peculiar sort of orphan, his parents vibrating from Paris to Portugal, Athens to Antigua following some cult figure or another of the jet set. Their conception of Billy must have been deliberate but their follow-through was wanting. The boy had been brought up by a semi-invalid aunt and a household of servants.

He is sane, however, and three things are becoming clear to me. I am in danger of falling in love with him. Billy already loves me, even if he doesn't know it yet. And I am certain his virginity has never been copped.

Name it and it's named for you, even if in derision. Freud is forever wedded to his Error, Brown to his Movement. At Fenway, I learned from a snatch of obscenities exchanged by two fourth formers, the boys have named their happiest solitary solace, with superb sense of justice, after the one person who has risen in their midst to speak with deep emotional conviction against it. Now, at night when they lay lie in their narrow beds and suffer under the tightening of priapic gristle, they no longer Pollute Themselves or Abuse Themselves. They simply indulge in Coach's Vice.

Like a satellite with its sun wings delicately trimmed to receive maximum energy input, my antennae are always tuned to the subtle sexual vibrations of my pubertal charges, and, more and more, I am sensing that Coach's Vice isn't satisfying them.

For example, in the locker room today I watched Johnny Bowen, fresh from victory on the Fenway fields, peel down to naked flesh and for thirty solid minutes parade around in all his handsomeness before the younger boys with his sleek teenage build and pendant bell-clapper the obvious object of everyone's personal reverie.

Johnny was doing his share of looking, too: at Jamie McManus, who did his naked best to attract reciprocal attention, and at David Larson, who sat in the corner staring at the two Johnnys, body and cock, with disgustingly adoring eyes; even at Billy who to his credit finished up with his shower and left as soon as he could.

On the streets of New York I would have pursued Johnny Bowen. At Fenway, as captain-hero of the student body, he is liable to be my most important competition.

For several nights I had been listening with my earphones to the sounds in Jamie McManus's room as the boy faithfully and by himself made manual love to his cock. Last night was different. I heard the bedroom door squeak open and Jamie whisper, "Hey, Dave. I figured you weren't going to make it." I started the tape reels spinning.

"Had to wait till old Paint Pot turned in."

I smiled at my nickname. Their voices were as clear as if I were lying under Jamie's bed.

"You whacked at it yet?" David asked.

"Nun uh."

"Good. Where are you? It's dark in here. Ow!" David had stubbed his toe and Jamie chuckled. "It's not so darned funny."

"Want me to kiss it and make it well?"

"Oh, shut up."

The cry of bed springs, the rustle of sheets, creak of the bed frame. I sat there in the dark, earphones clamped to my head, listening, as was the spooling tape, to the sighs, then the moans and gasps, the hard breath and the sounds of licking, the occasional words, the truncated phrases whispered into each other's ears. (But what were they doing; how were they gaining their sex?)

"Mm!"

"That's nice."

"Faster."

"Tickle the... That's right."

"Put your..."

"Not so hard."

"Let me..."

"Wait a minute. You're... there."

"That's better."

"Ah!"

"Make it wet, real..."

"Man!"

The sounds of ecstasy, the pulse of joy. I could imagine the feel of their bodies as though they were moving, playing, teasing, pulling, gasping against my own. I could conjure out of darkness the outline of their blood-gorged, pulsing pricks, smell their lips and their breath. The sounds grew more nervous.

"How much longer can you keep this up?"

"Not much."

"That close?"

"You know it."

"Me, too."

"Then cool it."

For a while there was only the boys' deep and tremulous breathing. Then, desperately, "Oh, Jeez, Jamie, I can't hold it anymore!"

"Okay!" Harsh, guttural. "Let's go!"

I heard the motion start, then the follow-through of bed-rustle, frame-throb, hard against the wooden floor. The beat grew wild, wilder, building in my earphones until the boys almost deafened me with their

thrusts.

"Don't stop!"

"Don't *you* stop!"

(But what were they doing? How were they joined?)

"Here goes!"

"Oh, man! Jamie, Jamie, Jamie!"

" Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!"

Then from their mouths came only the deep breath of the sleep of resolution. I stopped the tape, went to bed curiously satisfied. That night my erotic dreams were lit by the green eyes of Jamie McManus.

I was at my favorite spy hole in the bathroom ceiling when the boys came back from their sports to clean up. First I watched two boys, David Larson and Peter Matthews, strip naked, start a towel fight, then a water-spitting fight (they would fill their mouths at the shower heads and blow warm spray in each other's faces) all of which, in time, made them bone up.

Next, Brian Donaldson (he of the Water Whack) came in, made some cutting teen remark about dogs fucking at the A and P, and was promptly teased into joining them.

Jamie McManus pranced through the door with a semi-hard cock and was soon in the swim, so to speak, and then Snoopy Sailer sailed in and joined the bacchanal and then Spider McCracken and Robbie Walsh, until mouth-blown spray was clinging everywhere, to all that naked third form skin, rolling and dripping off seven erected pubertal cocks, which soon became the preferred foci of everyone's oral barrages and not a few wet-handed gropes.

At this point they were interrupted by Kevin Compson, the class ascetic, inexplicably winding some nylon rope around his elbow and the heel of his hand. For a moment Kevin watched the melee with his upper lip lifted in contempt, and then he said, "Good grief, I've stumbled into Sodom and I must leave at once and not look back lest I be turned into a pillar of salt."

Jamie sidled up to the door, blocked it with his back and, smiling, said, "So you think you're different?"

"From you?" Kevin said. "I should hope so."

"Would you like to prove it?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because that would mean playing your dirty little games, right?"

"Right." Jamie grinned, then he said to the others, "Let's get him."

The ensuing fight was boring (aren't all kids' fights?), but not so the subsequent hoisting of Kevin on his own petard. They used the nylon rope to bind his wrists behind his back and then tied his ankles to the base of a toilet stall partition, each to an entrance side, and slipped a noose around his neck and fastened the free end, with just a little tension, to the steel bar across the top of the open door. When they withdrew and stood back to admire their work, Kevin looked like a naked young soldier standing at a somewhat awkward parade rest.

"Okay," Kevin panted, "you jerk on it and, sure, it'll get hard."

David Larson shook his head. "We won't even touch you there."

"But you'll wish we would," Jamie added.

For the next quarter-hour they touched, caressed him everywhere else. Seven pairs of hands and seven arms, seven lips, seven tongues worked him over with excited glee, from his head hair to the cracks between his toes, along his legs, up the inside of his thighs and buttocks, chest, shoulders, arms, neck, face, thumbing, palming, hugging, stroking, blowing gently on his face and nibbling on his nipples and his eyelids and his shut-tight mouth, tonguing, licking, wetting all his flushed flesh but his genital prong. And that, just as David had predicted, began quickly to lengthen, down-dangle, raise, erect and harden steel-hard and come tuned to the high-frequency vibration point, with the little eye in its throbbing head beginning to cry its frustrated tear.

The victim at first said nothing. He stood his stoic ground and, with his eyes closed, tried to fight the most natural of all human impulses, with waning success. He was a handsome lad, a year older and half a

head taller than most of his classmates, and his body was nicely proportioned. The tension in his lean muscles was maddeningly beautiful and, with only the angular roof joists to comfort my dripping dropper, I was stimulated almost past endurance.

Jamie was speaking to Kevin now. "How's it going? How's about giving up and getting a few fast, slick fingers where you want them most?"

Kevin suppressed a deep shudder and said, as calmly as he could, "You got about five seconds to do it in, because if you don't I'm going to pass out right here and now and hang myself."

A cheer went up that probably could have been heard clear across the Quad and in the headmaster's study. At least three boys licked their hands and reached for Kevin's cock, but I couldn't see who got there first to command the young Spartan's feelings. I did, however, have a close look into Kevin's upturned face at the moment of his first non-private peak, and it was a view into the abyss, a glimpse of a boy enjoying the bliss of heaven and experiencing the ultimate terror of hell, both at the same time.

At last they are mad, the whole third form, crazed with suppressed and endemic sex. My time has come, the shooting season has arrived, the game ready for the rut.

Last night I made my first move. Jamie had a model airplane he couldn't make go. I took the engine apart, found the trouble, fixed it and said, "Tomorrow, I think, it'll have a successful launching."

"Gee, Sir," Jamie said, holding the prize in his hand, "isn't there a way I can pay you back?"

"Sure."

"How?"

I smiled and didn't answer.

"Oh, that. Well, tonight I'm sort of..."

"...tied up."

"No, that isn't Johnny Bowen's bag."

"What *does* he do?"

Jamie turned the propeller with a stiff finger. "How about tomorrow? Say you leave your door unlocked, and after all the prowling settles down..."

"Will you want to do it again so soon after a night with the great Johnny Bowen?"

"Don't worry about me, sir. I'm fourteen and I recover fast!"

Jamie slipped in about an hour after lights-out. "Jeez," he said, "you like it cold in your bedroom, don't you, sir?" He stood bare-chested beside the bed, teeth chattering, trying to unknot the tangled drawstrings of his pajama bottoms.

"Here, let me help," I said.

"Sir, this is not a model airplane!"

"Maybe not but I got your propeller."

What I had was already tenderly warm and hard to the touch. It was about half-mature in reach and thickness, freshly and still sparsely thicketed at the root. I slipped my mouth over the bobbing end and felt the velvety, softer bulb slide slowly between my moistening lips. How good this was after all those weeks of waiting! When the head was fully in, I flicked my tongue tip lightly across the bridle of nerve, and then drew back the slightest amount. Now, inhaling, I could smell the soap Jamie had used in the shower at five o'clock. Since then the boy's skin had acquired a sweetness of its own, which my moistening only made the richer. Jamie's knuckles ground against my forehead as the pajama knot finally yielded to his desperate fingers.

"Sir," Jamie was saying in a whisper that shivered with passion and cold, "you don't give a guy much of a chance, do you? Oooo! Hold your horses! You jump the gun and it's like to go off!"

Jamie's hands came to my ears and twisted my face away. Then he raised the covers and jumped into bed.

"Make me warm!" he demanded. "I'm freezing!" And to score his point, as I rolled full on top of him, he brought the cold soles of his feet slowly up along the outside of my legs. I kissed him on the mouth, then lifted my wet lips to his nose, cheeks, forehead, eyes, holding the boy still in a heavy hug, for I was right at the limits of containment.

"Oh, boy, Mr. Mattheson, you really know how to do that!" Jamie shivered, squirmed, and I found my passion rising beyond stopping.

"Let's go!" I whispered harshly into the ear I was tonguing.

"Already?"

"Already!" I made the first real thrust onto his abdomen.

"Like this?" Jamie asked, returning the pulse.

"That's right."

We were caught up, now, in the chain of query and response that our hips beat out in accelerating tempo. From the ready reservoirs of our maleness the passion flowed, first into our loins, then out our driving shafts to their probing ends, where it leapt from one to the other in rising abundance and power. I heard myself sobbing. I felt Jamie's teeth sink slowly, deliciously into my shoulder. The peak was on us, grandly, sharply and finally wetly, as sperm shot from both of our cocks and flooded Jamie's flat stomach and dripped and ran off into the sheets.

The motion stopped but Jamie still pressed his lips into my almost bleeding flesh. We waited, spellbound in the spreading warmth and slipperiness. Then Jamie began to move again, and I found I was with him.

This time we had more leisure to kiss and explore. I ran my fingers through Jamie's long, rich hair, rolled from on top of him to fondle and mouth the perfection of his chest. I tongued the foci of his nipples, kneaded the firm flesh of his buttocks. When I finished, with a long kiss to the spermy head of his cock, Jamie leaned to me and explored my face with young lips for five delicious, fragrant minutes. Then I

returned to Jamie's cock and pedestal sack. I started with my tongue at the bottom, climbed to the base of the rising penis until I'd turned it into a damp and dripping little tree which I held onto with my lips pressing sweetly in its bower.

"Oooo, wow, better slow down!" Jamie shivered, thrusting his sweaty fingers into my face and pushing it sharply back. "Let me do that to you for a minute, and then..."

"And then?"

"Well, sir, I'll have it all slick and ready, and..."

I saw, felt the handsome little boy bend down over me, and then warm lips closed about my cockhead and slipped down the shaft. Fingers tangled in my pubic hair and scrotum, lifting my balls, kneading them. Up and down went Jamie's mouth, sucking, making little popping sounds as the coronal rim sneaked out of the boy's lips on each upstroke. I thrust against Jamie's rhythm and soon found myself on a high, steady blissful plateau of sexual response, gradually nearing its summit.

Jamie raised his head. "Okay, sir, I got you ready," he said, rolling aside and onto his back. "Get it into me quick, before it dries off."

I scrambled to my knees, threw the lad's legs over my shoulders and aimed my dripping cock-head at his little-boy rectal rose. "What about you?" I whispered hoarsely. "I can get some Vaseline."

"Forget it. Just stick your dick in. Hell, that old hole of mine's had Johnny's dong in it, for cripe sake!"

Cocky little brat! But this was no time to argue. I hurriedly wet the outside of the boy's hole, moved my cock-tip into position and gave it a shove.

"Man, that's more like it!" Jamie whispered, as my cock slid neatly and smoothly in. "Keep on going. Farther. Farther. That's right. Now down a little. There! Ah! Now... *go!*"

I did. In, then out, in, then out. Jamie was surprisingly experienced for such a young boy. He rolled his hips, wiggled his buttocks, held onto my thrusting nates with one or both hands and at the same time managed to lift his lips into my mouth and kiss me deeply, breathing into my face his sweet breath of passion.

' 'Are you getting close, sir? Are you going to cum?"

"Yes," I gasped. "Yes, right...!"

"Okay, I will too."

We drove on, rising, thrusting, spading, digging. There was sweat on Jamie's face. Some of it was mine that had dripped off my nose and chin. In our final embrace our bodies seemed wet as two swimmers and as fast and lithe and agile.

For the second time that night the great rise of sperm caught us and we moaned and shivered and thrashed and bit into each other's shoulders. We rocked each other through rich harmonies and building counterpoint, the music of our feelings coloring, brightening, growing richer by the second, until once again we were dazzled by the Grand Cadence. And I thrust sweetly home to find myself spurting, pumping my seed into the dark, warm inside of the boy who lay beneath me, just as Jamie's cock shot out its lighter load and pulsed into peace.

The vision faded but the warmth remained. For five minutes we snuggled together before drifting off to sleep.

Jamie was rubbing his nose into my neck. "Hi," he whispered when he felt me move.

"Hi"

"This is nice, huh?"

"You bet."

"Did I wake you up?"

"Uh huh. Open your eyes."

"They are open."

"You sure?"

"Sure I'm sure."

"I can't see them."

"Of course you can't! It's pitch black in here."

"I know."

"Are you crazy or something?"

How could I tell the boy I wondered if his green eyes glowed at night? "The best people are," I temporized.

"Thought so." Jamie's teeth bit an ear. "I'm ready for another one, sir," he said, grabbing my rising firearm and pulling it fully erect.

In a moment Jamie's passionate young body was all over me, mouth seeking wetly in all corners of my face, arms locking on my back, knuckles digging deep, legs clamping, hips moving, thrashing, driving forward the little fleshy sword time and time and time again beside my own, until the sweetest of all fulfillments took us both and left us in peace.

"Sir, let's do it again."

"Jamie's it's only been an hour..."

"Let's do it again."

"And that was the third time."

"Let's do it again."

"We got to get some sleep."

"Let's do it again."

"Do you think that jobbie you got hold of is going to stand up *every* time you command it to?"

"Let's do it again."

We did it again.

Gray dawn. I didn't really have another heat in mind, but since Jamie was lying in my arms and the boy's cheek was neatly tucked beneath mine, and his young probe, in full readiness, was pressing to shame the full flabbiness of mine; because, actually, there was no way I could move, I kissed him awake.

The lad stretched and smiled and said, "You're a horny old man, sir."

"That's what I've been told."

"You should be ashamed of yourself, leading astray a kid like me."

"As the twig is bent..."

"My twig isn't bending."

I shook my head. "How did such a nice boy ever come to this?"

"It's just the way the ball bounces, I guess."

"Show me."

"You mean it?" He smiled slyly and reached down and cupped my scrotum with a tentative squeeze.

"N... no, you better not."

A few minutes later, with the taste of Jamie's light, young culmination on my tongue, I looked at my watch and jumped.

"Good heavens, you have to get out of here," I informed my dozing lover.

"Why?"

"The riser will ring any minute."

Jamie stretched, "You mean you don't want the kids to see me leaving your apartment?"

"Do you?"

"Not many of them would be shocked. A couple, maybe."

"One's too many. Get up."

"You come with me."

"Oh, for gosh sakes!" I pulled the boy out of the bed. We put on our pajama bottoms and I opened the door to the hall. There, leaning against the wall, as though expecting us, was Billy English.

"I wondered why the door was locked," Billy said. "Was it fun, Jamie?"

Jamie winked at Billy, wiped imaginary sweat off his forehead. He nodded in my direction, rolled his eyes heavenward, then cupped his groin with his hands and, still holding them there, walked bow-legged off to the bathroom.

The rising-bell rang. Billy turned white with shock. Slowly the blood returned, and with it anger. I reached for the boy's shoulder, but Billy jumped away and spat in my face. Then he ran to his room and slammed his door.

For two days Billy avoided me. Finally, last night, about an hour after lights-out, he came to me as I was correcting papers in my room and stammered an apology. "That spitting thing was a crummy thing to do," he concluded.

"Okay, Billy, we'll forget about it. As for your reasons for being angry..."

Billy closed his eyes. "It's none of my business," he said quickly. "If you want to fool around with Jamie McManus... If you prefer him to... to..."

"Who said I did?"

"You chose him, didn't you?"

"No comment. Except to say that, unlike you, he is notoriously... athletic."

"Once he had his innocence."

"Of course."

"And I'm going to lose mine."

"With a girl, I hope."

"No. With Johnny Bowen."

I tried not to wince. "Why?"

"What do you care?"

"I care a lot."

"Then..." Billy shook his head, as though to clear his thoughts. "Sir, by the end of the week I'm going to be in the know as much as any guy in our hall."

"Okay."

"And then I'll..."

"Be unvirgin."

"Yes, sir."

"And then?"

Billy slumped onto the sofa and, cupping his chin in his hands, stared morosely at the floor.

"The truth is you don't want Johnny Bowen very much. If you did you'd have had him long ago. You've been saving yourself for someone who really matters."

"Suppose I know that someone? What do I gotta do to score?"

"Wait till it's a girl."

Billy gave me a withering look. "Sir, where do you find girls at a New England boy's academy?"

"In your memory, perhaps. In your dreams."

"Memories get old and dreams blur." Billy stood up again and fixed me with his blue eyes. "I guess I've told you as much as I'm gonna."

In all my life, I'd never brought out a virgin. Never had I wanted to initiate a boy into all-male sexual activity; the very idea scared the wits out of me.

But how insane, really, it is to make a distinction between the unlaidd and the laidd. I met Billy's level gaze and said, "If it's any consolation, I'm not indifferent to what there is between us, either."

"Then why...?" Billy's jaw dropped. His eyes widened. "Good lord, sir, what am I gonna do? I'm like to go nuts, with things hanging me up this way!"

"You could live with it. Lots of kids do."

"Big deal for you! You're not fourteen. You don't feel *it* like me. And besides, you have an out. You've always got Jamie, and gosh knows who else, to..."

Billy choked up. I reached for the boy's shoulder, to give it a paternal squeeze, but instead I found I was holding Billy in my arms, very tightly and very tenderly. Our cheeks met, and Billy's were wet with soft salt tears.

For a while we stayed that way, not talking, only moving to breathe and to weep. Then, the last of my resolve crumbling to dust, I picked Billy up and carried him into the bedroom.

The boy was dressed only in his undershorts. I could feel the steel-hard, medium-sized erection pressing against me, confessing the severity of his ardor. Releasing my young armload onto the bed, I stripped. Billy burrowed into the covers. A few seconds later I was beside him, pulling his trembling body against my own.

"As I was saying, sir," the boy shivered "I don't really know, well, what to do."

The worry of an appealing virgin over his lack of experience just has to be one of the great irrelevancies of the universe. Billy's small, hard, warm body, the intensity of his passion, were in themselves justification enough for the boy's presence in my bed. With almost insane lust, I threw myself onto Billy, wrapping my arms so completely around the boy's back that I was able to tuck fingertips of both hands between the places where our nipples pressed together. Once more our cheeks met; once again there were tears on Billy's. I moved my tongue over the closed lids of the boy's eyes. I tasted salt, felt the wetness of tears and the warmth of passion.

Moving my lips down over the raised tip of Billy's nose, I at last fastened them over his mouth. Obviously, this was the boy's first kiss. Billy's lips tensed instinctively, then, as I sucked tenderly and lovingly, they relaxed and flowed into my mouth, all warm and slippery and yielding.

With my hips I began to thrust, feeling hair. My cock-tip was tangled in the blond bush of Billy's puberty. Above my erection Billy's cock was poking its blunt end into my navel.

I slid up along Billy's body until our cocks were in phase. Billy snuggled his face into my shoulder, licking it, biting a little. My lips were on Billy's forehead, my nose pressed into Billy's silky blond hair.

Billy began to move against me. The boy's cock was about four inches long, straight, clear, warm and, to me (and, for that matter, to any other lover of pubertal boys), achingly beautiful. I felt it moving beside mine, slippery with our joint pre-cum. Billy tucked a hand into the place above our two hips to touch with his fingertips the side and end of my cock.

"Wow!" he whispered, words blurred against my shoulder, "Is your dick ever huge!" And he squeezed his ardent little body harder upward against me.

Back and forth, back and forth we rolled our hips, spading, digging, building. Something new was

happening to me. This wasn't Jamie or Sparky or any of the other boys I had conquered over the long years of chicken-plucking. This simple coupling with Billy was somehow deeper, and many, many times warmer.

As I moved against the virgin boy's body below me, whole new recesses in my soul were illuminated. Billy's cock was, in part, my cock. Billy's cheek was my cheek, Billy's mouth and tongue and lips and even spit were a part of me, mine as well. Although this was the first time we had ever held one another, I knew when Billy was about to climax without him even uttering a sound.

That was enough to plunge me over the brink. With a final, supreme thrust of my cock, I felt my feelings soar, shoot marvelously high, beyond the little bedroom, into the night, outer space, then go hurtling through our galaxy and beyond, and at that moment of mutual peak our cocks shot again and again and our slowing thrusts mixed my heavy sperm with Billy's lighter sap and the fast skin-sweat of our passion.

We didn't release one another. We didn't talk. We had no need for words. After a couple of minutes we began to move again, and as we did I realized that for the first time in my life I was truly and unalterably and hopelessly in love.

No one had ever warned me about love. I am constantly atremble with the harmonics of beauty; I find them everywhere: in boys, in trees, mathematics, a simple song. I am becoming as volatile as my pubertal charges.

My whole life has broken down. For days my Super-Snooper has been deaf, the tape reels still. My teaching goes on, erratically, but on some days with an inner passion that seems to mesmerize the kids into actually not wiggling for fifty solid minutes. Likes speak to likes, and I am as psychotic as they.

"Sir, do you love me?" Billy asks, lying back in a deep pile of leaves.

"I love you."

"Why do you love me?"

"It's your ears."

"What about my ears?"

"They're shaped funny. They're tight up against your head, as though you'd stuck them there with some of that awful Juicy Fruit..."

"Sorry. I'll get rid of it, sir."

"That's better. They're also usually dirty."

"Doesn't that turn you off?"

"I could flunk you on physical hygiene."

"I could flunk you on mental hygiene, sir. What else about me?"

"Well, there's your mouth."

"So?"

"If you don't chew gum and remember to brush your teeth..."

"Yes?"

"...it's not too bad, covering as much of your face as it does."

"Thanks a lot!" Billy pokes leaves in my shirt, then jumps on top of me. "What about *little* Billy?"

"Where's he?"

"Where do you think?"

"Hiding, probably."

"Like him?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Too small. Too little feeling. Not enough backbone."

"Sir!"

"A flabby fellow. Limp. Undependable. Won't stand up and be counted."

Sticky, sweaty fingers pinch off my nose, jab at my eyes. A palm seals my lips. "When you say that, sir, expect instant revenge. This is my air attack. Now I call out my navel destroyer."

Billy's hands leave my mouth and, while I gasp for breath, his knuckles grind themselves deeply into my belly-button.

"Ow! Help!"

"Then the pocket cruiser..."

"No! No!"

"...followed by a frontal attack..."

"Billy!"

"..to lay bare the enemy's mighty cannon!"

October days, Indian Summer, hazy sun. Winter lies ahead, but I have spring in a blond third-former collapsing his lips into mine, driving his little Billy-club deep into the soft underbelly of my vulnerability.

"You've kissed every other part of me," Billy complained, his fine-tuned pubertal cock jutting out clear and proud and hard. "Everywheres except... except." Gone for the moment was his usual sense of mischief.

"I know, Billy."

"Well, what are you waiting for?"

My heart leapt. "Do you really want it?"

"Yes."

"You're not just saying that to please me?"

"Golly, sir, we love each other, don't we?"

I leaned forward, put my hands around the beautiful twin nates of Billy's buttocks and drew his trunk towards me, until the cock-tip was resting on my lips.

"Ooooo!" Billy shivered. "Do it! Take it!" I opened my mouth and let the soft, spongy bulb slide slowly through my wet lips. I nibbled the end and felt the slitty eye with my tongue.

"Man!" Billy shivered. His fingers tangled themselves in my hair and rubbed nervously against my eyes and nose and cheeks. "Jeez, Mr. Mattheson, is that ever beautiful!"

Slowly the boy's hips rolled forward into my face as the young cock sank for the first time ever into a human mouth. My nose penetrated the tangle of Billy's pubic bush. It was coarse and firm and deliciously fragrant. When I drew my head back to let the shaft slide out, I smelled the added sweetness of my own saliva drying on the boy's cock skin.

"Man, what have we been missing?" Billy exclaimed. "Take it again! Did that ever feel neat with my dick in the back of your throat."

Once again I pressed forward with my face, sucking, wetting, tonguing the little nerve that ran down below the boy's cock eye.

"God!" he gasped, eyes beginning to stare, "let's never, never, never stop doing this!"

We set up a rhythm, both delicate and strong, but after only about five pumps Billy pulled away. "Oh, no, sir," he said, in an agony of conflict. I raised my eyes to meet his. "I was about to cum," he continued.

"I mean, put sperm in your mouth."

"That's fine," I said, with as much patience as I could muster.

"I wouldn't want to do that!"

"Why not? I'd love it."

"Really? But... But..."

"Relax. Let's lie down."

"Okay, sir. Then I'll do it to you."

Once again my heart missed a couple of beats. "It may be too soon, Billy. You don't have to, if..."

But there was no stopping Billy now. We rolled back on the bed and each of us put his mouth on the other's cock. I was so enormously, ecstatically excited that at the first touch of Billy's tentative lips around my feverish cockhead I almost came. With great effort I fought down my orgasm long enough to suck again on Billy's cock, now sweet-smelling and cool from evaporation.

Like almost everything we do together these days, our orgasms were simultaneous. An especially hard thrust sent Billy's light sperm spurting down my throat and my emission splattering on the inside of the boy's hesitant young mouth, both of us swallowing and swallowing, as though the gift of the other's seed were the blood of life and love, which it is.

Billy's favorite way of sleeping is on his side with his cheek on my shoulder and a leg thrown over my thighs. Since I normally lie on my back, this would work out nicely for both of us except for two problems. Billy's hair in my nose makes me sneeze (thus waking him up), and Billy insists on holding my cock all night long, even after our love-making is over. My cock, as Billy puts, it, is "a real hard-core case", and any kind of caress makes it swell with pride, which, again, wakes up both me and its holder.

Last night I tackled the problem of regulating our sex. It was my proposition that there was more to life than the glorious frictions which accompany love. There were sports away from bed. There was school work, the pursuit of excellence and the courting of maturity. Over-exertion could lead to aches and pains, wakefulness during the night and drowsiness during the day. Above all, I invoked the Golden Mean, without which a balanced life is impossible and the sweetest joys turn sour.

To which Billy replied that he was awake enough in class to grasp what was important, which wasn't much, and balling toned his muscles and strengthened his back, which actually helped him on the football field. As for maturing, that would happen anyhow, no matter what he did. In short, I was talking like an Old Man, which clearly I was not, as he could feel my cock swelling once again in his coaxing hand.

Knuckles on my outer door, a husky voice calling my name.

"Who is it?"

"McManus, sir."

"What do you want?"

"There's sort of an emergency in my room."

I got up and pulled on a bathrobe and opened the door a crack. "What kind of an emergency?"

Jamie shot in and held the door to. "Sir, you see Dewey Thompson and Ronnie Whittaker were making out, I guess, and..."

"You guess? In your room and you have to guess?"

"In their room."

"Jamie, it's after midnight, and I don't even find this news, much less an emergency."

"But, sir, they got locked."

"What?"

"Hung up."

"Coupling?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come on, human beings aren't dogs. They don't get stuck. The anal sphincter..."

"No, sir, with their mouths."

"Oh, I understand. They simultaneously developed lock-jaw and severed each others' privates..."

"They were kissing."

"I don't believe this!"

"First thing I knew they'd slipped into my room for help, with their arms around each other's necks, 'cause it hurt them when they jiggled. I couldn't take them to the infirmary, for gosh sakes, so I woke up some of the other guys and we've all been trying to pry them apart for the last half-hour, 'cept we haven't got any cutters or tweezers or even a magnifying glass, and we wondered if you..."

"Jamie, for heaven sake, make sense! *How* could two boys lock their mouths together?"

"Getting their braces jammed, of course. They wear bands, in case you hadn't noticed. Ligatures snagged or something during a super smooch. Now, if I could just borrow..."

"All right! I think I have something that'll help." As I fumbled through the drawers, Billy and Jamie eyed one another curiously.

"Hi, Billy," Jamie said.

"Hi, Jamie."

"'S he giving you a hard time?"

"You know it!"

"Crazy!"

"Here," I said, handing Jamie a pair of nippers. "And, McManus, try to sell them on the delights of buggery, at least until all that barbwire is taken out of their mouths."

The last weekend of October, New England basked in the most glorious and balmy of Indian summers. The sky was hazy, the trees past their prime colors but still brilliant. At Fenway the campus resounded to the shouts of exuberant young voices, the sounds of kicked footballs, rock music pouring from open dormitory windows and myriad footfalls on the grass, usually at the run, as everyone, from the littlest first-former to the big varsity athletes, took advantage of the last nice days of fall.

Billy and I walked in the woods hand in hand through windrows of fallen leaves, over downed timber and around miniature ponds that in spring would be filled once more with mating amphibians and mosquito larvae. Billy was tense and a little introspective.

"We don't have to," I told him. "If it worries you we'll forget about it."

Billy shook his head. "I've known this was coming," he told me. "You won't get pissed off if I make you take it kind of easy?"

"Of course not."

"It's just that I've never played around with myself back there, like other kids have."

"I understand. I brought something along to make it easier."

Billy looked up into my eyes. "What's that?"

"K.Y. It's a surgical lubricant."

"I don't want any sissy goop on me!" Billy snorted.

With the sole exception of Juicy Fruit, Billy is a purist when it comes to foreign substances. He will not use tonic on his hair, nor toothpaste on his teeth, which he brushes faithfully morning and night with table salt. Medicines he avoids whenever he can, powder he scorns, and just the thought of male cologne makes his velvety upper lip wrinkle in contempt.

As a result he insists that I shave electrically and he has hidden all my bottles of skin-bracer. Ivory soap is what we have to use in the shower, and now I, too, must salt my teeth at night in order to kiss him later.

We came to a wooded hillside notch, where a thick carpet of moss grows on rounded boulders, a cliff beetles overhead and beneath there is a series of steep, exposed ledges over which we could spy on any intruder, boy or man, who might wander through the valley.

We kissed. Would I ever tire of Billy's fresh, cool lips turning up to meet mine, smelling sweet, of skin and lick? I put my hand inside Billy's turtle-neck and began lifting it over his chest.

In a minute we were naked, still in embrace, rubbing our hard cocks together, as though we were innocent, inexperienced schoolboys fooling around with each other's sex. After a couple of minutes both of our cocks were dripping.

"I don't know if this will be enough," I said, smearing our mutual pre-cum over my glans and upper shaft. Billy drew back a little and stared at me with serious eyes. "What's wrong with spit? I got lots of *that!* Think of a steak, sir, all nice and juicy and topped with mushroom caps..."

It worked. Like Pavlov's dog, I felt my mouth begin to water. I pulled away from Billy, led him to one of the larger mossy mounds and turned him around.

How many times had I gazed at those wonderful white globes? Billy was a little old to be a truly bubble-butt boy, but there was still something of the childish roundness, smoothness, smallness of the orbs that faced me now, separated by the shadowed crease and pinkish-brown, puckered hole. There was also more than a hint of the coming strength of manhood, in Billy's lengthening legs, a certain leanness just below his hips.

As I approached this ultimate target I was actually trembling. I put a hand to my mouth, spat, moved the hand to Billy's ass and began the caressing transfer of lubricant. My middle finger played with the lad's rectal lips, pushing them this way and that. I slid it in a bit and felt the muscle ring close upon the first joint, once, twice, three times.

"Relax," I told Billy.

"I'm okay," the boy whispered. "I was just trying that out." I turned my finger inside, now, inserting it father and farther. At last I found and grazed the little prostate.

"Oooo! Wow!" Billy gasped, whipping his head around to look at me. "What you *doin'*?"

I explained.

"Man, I can't wait!"

By now I had two fingers inside and the boy seemed to be in no serious discomfort. In fact he was actually liking it. I judged the time had come.

"Ready?" I whispered, taking my fingers out.

"You know it!"

I spat on my fingers once again, smeared the spittle over my ready prong, mixing it with a big load of pre-cum that had been waiting in my urethra. A last dollop of bubbly spit went into Billy's anus and I moved into position. My tender cockhead touched the anal port.

"Now, *easy*," Billy warned. "Ah, man! At least your dick feels nice and slick. Isn't this better than using something that comes out of an old oil well, for John sakes? Ow! Hold it a minute."

I had the head all the way inside and the shoulder of my shaft past the rectal sphincter. "Hurt?" I asked.

"Yeah, a little. Pull it out just a tiny bit and slap on some more spit... That's better. Oh, man, your dick's *big!* Ease it in now. That's right... More. Ah, is this ever great! I feel your hips on my butt. 'S your cock all the way up me?"

"Not quite."

"I can take a little more. Oooo! Ow!"

"There. That's it. I'll hold it there until you get used to it."

"Does it feel good, sir?"

"I've never been happier in my whole life, Billy."

"I mean the feel."

"On my cock?"

"Yes."

"Billy, it's just unbelievable. I've wanted this for so long! I've dreamed about it even when we lay together and I was handling your beautiful nates..."

"What're they?"

"Those things you're backing up against me. What my cock is between."

"Why didn't you say so?" Billy snorted. "You can start to ball me now, sir. I'm okay."

I slid my cock half-way in and out and moved it back in again slowly, getting the most wonderful feeling all over my penile surfaces. I felt Billy's rectal muscles grip my cock-shaft, relax and grip it again.

"Ooooo, that feels good!" Billy sighed. "I never thought buggering would be so gosh-darned nice for the kid that's getting shafted, but it is, it really is!"

For the third time I spat on my hand, only now I reached around and grabbed Billy's steel-hard pecker and let the boy pump it into my saliva-moistened palm and enclosing fingers.

It was too exciting, too new, too thrilling for either one of us to sustain it for very long.

' 'Are you close, sir?' Billy panted, after only a half-minute of thrust and counter-thrust. "I know I can't hold it much longer."

"I can't either."

"Then, really fuck me, sir. Hard! Oh, man, that's *it!* Give your cock to me! Hit that little gland! Oooo! More! More! Here... I... *go!*"

I went, too, high up into Billy's dark colonic passage, just as he came off into my pumping hand, the light pubertal seed splattering on the green moss and running down my knuckles. Then we sank on the carpeted ground, and, still coupled, dozed in postcoital bliss.

I'm burning my candle at both ends, and Billy, with his limitless appetite for sex, his capacity for six or eight diurnal orgasms, is responsible. At last I have had to tell him to sleep on the couch, for my nerves are shot, my throat is sore and my groin, after two rounds of sex each night, is aching; occasionally I even see double.

I awakened in the middle of a dream about lilacs. Billy was kneeling beside my bed licking my face and the fragrance was not from lilacs at all but from the boy's breath and evaporating saliva.

"Did I give you a charge?" Billy whispered, tangling his fingers in the hair at the nape of my neck.

"Back on the couch!" I ordered

"Did you think you had a girl-friend making love to you?"

"On the couch!"

"My roommate pulled that on me last year, except that he had this fur piece on the inside of his mitten..."

"Get off your knees and..."

"Golly, you're cranky when you wake up!" Billy rose, wound himself in the blanket and flopped on the sofa. "Sir, last year they kicked out a prefect 'cause they found him smooching with a seventh grader. What's so awful wrong with that?"

"Go to sleep."

"I mean, he wasn't forcing the other kid. And they weren't fooling around. They just liked each other."

"I guess."

"Can't an older boy like a younger boy and a younger boy like an older boy?"

"Sure."

"Well, can't they kiss without the establishment getting all shook up?"

"Billy, it's a quarter after three in the morning and *you* may be lonely or something, but *I* need sleep, if I'm to be half-way sharp lecturing to you about *Huckleberry Finn*."

"Sir, we don't give a damn about Huckleberry. We don't learn anything about what him and that black fellow..."

"Jim."

"... Jim were up to on their raft all the time they were drifting..."

"You do, too."

"I mean, did they fool around?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because... Look, that's a stupid question and you know it."

"Sir, why did the Greeks do it? Do they still do it now?"

"Billy, for heaven's sake, shut up!"

"I'm not sleepy. I'm horny. I've got this terrific..."

"That's just not my problem."

"Yes, it is."

"How do you figure that?"

"Sir, I got it from kissing you."

"When I was asleep."

"It's not my fault you were asleep."

"Dealing with your logic, Billy, is like doing battle with a hydra..."

"That's silly."

"The more heads... What's silly?"

"We studied hydras in biology last week and they're flabby jellyfish things and mine isn't little or

flabby and you won't even have to do battle with it."

"Billy, so help me, if you don't simmer down you're going straight to your room."

"Okay, okay, I know when I'm licked, even if you didn't."

"Just shut..."

"Yes, sir."

"...up."

I need a diversion. Love has narrowed my focus to my own singular passion, my personal boy, while all about me in this seething jungle of adolescent prurience *Pubertus erectus* stalks his prey. No one truly loves humanity who loves only his lover. No lover of boys should shut his eyes to other boys in the act of love.

Besides, Billy is in the infirmary, victim of a particularly nasty flu that has recently been making the rounds.

So I got out my Super-Snooper microphone once again and lodged it in the South Dormitory laundry room which I had long suspected was a trysting place. A few hours later a sophomore entered the trap, and as I peeped through a hole in the wall from the furnace room, I saw the boy lie down in a motley pile of laundry bags and open a copy of *Sports Illustrated*. The boy's hands went nervously to his pants and brought out his cock.

Lyle Roberts was a dark-haired youngster with the kind of skin that retains its summer tan well into autumn. His eyes were brown and gazed at people a little timidly. There was no sign of beard. When Lyle smiled, which was seldom, his gentle lips parted touchingly over even, white teeth, the side of one of which was conspicuously chipped. He stood at about five-foot-seven and was very good looking.

But to a man of my jaded appetites there is little pleasure in watching a solo performance of Coach's Vice. I was about to turn off the Snooper and wait for a better time when the door to the laundry room was flung violently open and Lyle was caught with his cock in hand by football captain Johnny Bowen and his right-tackle, Tom Morrison.

Lyle gasped. He sat up, eyes staring wide in shock, hand ramming the root of his boyhood bat back into cover.

"Roberts!" Johnny shouted.

Lyle jumped up as soon as he could.

"What was he doing?" Tom asked Johnny. The tackle had entered slightly later than his captain and had missed the first of Lyle's frantic action.

"What do you think?" Johnny said, then to the younger boy, "Lyle, does your daddy know you play with yourself?"

Lyle gulped, his mouth soundlessly dry.

"I asked you a question. Did you hear it?"

Lyle nodded.

"That's not good enough." Johnny snapped his fingers and pointed to the floor in front of him. "Stand there. Look me in the eye."

By now the snake in Lyle's pants was limp and moundless. The boy shuffled to where Johnny pointed, stood gazing at his feet.

"Lyle," Johnny said quietly, "does your daddy know you do what you were doing?"

Lyle shrugged.

"You're not sure, is that right?"

Lyle nodded.

"If he did know, do you think he'd like it?"

Lyle shrugged again.

"Come on, kid, you can do better than that," Tom put in. "Would you like to have your daddy see you lying there in the dirty laundry playing with your dingus? Look at us and answer."

Lyle glanced up, then quickly down. "No, I guess not," he mumbled.

"Why not?"

"I suppose he'd get mad."

"Why would he get mad?"

"Cause you're not supposed to fool around with yourself, there, I guess."

"You guess. Why not?"

"It's... Coach says it's unhealthy."

"Then why do you do it?"

"I don't know."

"But you know your daddy wouldn't like it, might even give you a licking for it, right?"

Lyle nodded.

"And Coach says it's bad for you, right?"

Again Lyle nodded.

"Still you do it. Why?"

"I... can't help it," Lyle whispered. His face was turning red.

"Oh, come on! Do you think all kids in school fool around, as you call it?"

"Some probably..."

"Who?"

Lyle said nothing. His agitation increased.

"Tell us, Lyle, who plays with his thing? In your sophomore class, for example."

"I... couldn't say."

"You couldn't say. You mean you don't *know* of any kids that do?"

"Not for sure."

"Not one single person?"

"I guess not."

"So you might be the only kid in school that fiddles with his flapper. And you say you can't help it.

Are you weak or something?"

"Please, Johnny," Lyle begged, looking up suddenly with tears brimming against his lower lids.

Johnny's voice became gentle again. "We just want you to explain to us why you play with yourself when everybody tells you that you shouldn't, and you don't know for sure that anybody else does."

Lyle swallowed and looked down again. "Because... because..." he began in a whisper.

"Go ahead."

"Because it feels good!" Lyle blurted it out quickly and closed his eyelids on leaking tears.

"Ah, it feels good! Now we are getting some place. Tell us about that feeling, Lyle. What do you do it make it?"

"I'd rather not."

"Maybe he should tell it to Coach," Tom suggested.

"Oh, no!" Lyle said.

"Okay," Johnny said, "tell us what you do and how you do it. Start right at the beginning."

Lyle ran a dry tongue over his lips. "Well," he said softly, "you want to be alone."

"Why?"

"Because it would be embarrassing if someone saw you."

"Why?"

"Because *it* is out."

"What's 'it'?"

"Your... flesh."

"It's your flesh that's out, not ours. What're you doing with it?"

"Touching it."

"Is that all?"

Lyle shook his head. "Your hands are moving."

"Your hands are moving."

"Yes."

"Well, say it."

"My hands are moving."

"On what?"

"On my flesh."

Johnny smiled. "Let's call it 'cock,' okay? So your hands are moving on your cock. Describe the feeling you get."

"It's good." Lyle closed his eyes and began talking rapidly, with increasing heat. "It gets better and better the more you do it. At the end it's real strong and there's wetness at the tip and it's all over! And I don't have to think about it any more for a couple of days or even a week, and that's why I do it, honest, just to get rid of the wanting to do it, so my mind isn't on it all the time."

Tom meanwhile had gone to the laundry pile and picked up the boy's magazine. Now he held it, front cover up, before Lyle. "What's this?" he asked.

"I don't know," Lyle said softly.

"That's a lie," Johnny said. "Takeoff your shirt."

"What?" Lyle's jaw dropped. "Why?"

"Cause we told you to."

Color drained from Lyle's face. "What're you going to do to me?"

"Depends," Johnny said. "Strip off your shirt."

Lyle slowly obeyed, pulling the cotton jersey over his head to reveal the well-proportioned hair-free, smoothly sculpted chest of a healthy fifteen-year-old.

"Okay," Johnny said, "what would you say that magazine is?"

"I guess it's *Sports Illustrated*."

"You know it is. Why did you bring it along?"

Lyle shrugged. "Something to read."

"While you were rubbing your cock?"

"No."

"Did you want to look at a particular picture, maybe, while you fooled around with yourself? There's a cute girl in the Coke ad."

"Maybe."

"Is that why you had it along?"

"Maybe. I guess so."

"To look at the girls?"

"Y... yes, that's right."

"Lyle," Tom said, "I got my finger in the place it was open to when you were rubbing yourself. Look at it. How many girls do you see on these two pages?"

"None. But you must of got the wrong spot."

"Lie number two, Lyle. Take off your shoes and socks."

"Some breeze must have flipped..."

"You keep this up and we'll go to Coach Osgood for sure."

"No, don't!" Lyle exclaimed. He stooped to untie his laces. "I guess it was open... where you say."

"What's shown in these pictures?"

"They were taken at a swim meet."

"What kind of a swim meet?"

"A college meet."

"What kind of college swimmers does it show?"

"Boys."

"And what are they doing in this one big shot?"

"Diving in."

"With their clothes on?"

"No, in their swim trunks."

"So you can see a lot of bare skin, right? Would you say they are well-built boys?"

"I guess so."

"Would you say the guys have the kinds of bodies that would turn a girl on?"

"Maybe."

"And these close-ups of the boys' faces. Would you say they are good-looking kids?"

Lyle nodded.

"I would, too. So you were lying here in the basement, fooling around with your cock, looking at pictures of handsome boys. Why, Lyle? Why this boy athlete bit?"

"I... don't... know," Lyle whispered.

"That's lie number three. Take off your pants."

"Oh, please!"

"Strip!," Tom said.

Tears began to fall from Lyle's eyes and splash on his chest. Trembling hands went to his leather belt, loosened it, undid the fly buttons, turned back the triangular flaps of denim, hesitated for a moment, then pushed the pants down over slender hips and even more slender legs.

"Now, tell us, Lyle," Johnny persisted, "why you were looking at the pictures."

"Please."

"Tell us. Why a spread of nearly naked, handsome boys?"

"It... made the feeling better."

"What feeling?"

"The sex feeling"

"Why?"

"I don't know! I don't know!"

"All right, Lyle, step out of your skivs."

"No."

Johnny reached down and with one jerk ripped the undershorts from Lyle's waist. Now the sophomore was cringingly naked. At his loins grew a brown tangle of adolescent hair and at the base of this bower swung the full but down-hung handle of his sex.

"Grab one wrist with the other hand behind your back," Johnny said, "and tell us what it would be like to sleep in the same bed with one of these swimmers, say that dark-haired fellow at the top."

"No, please!"

"You've dreamed a lot about it, haven't you?"

"No."

"Think of how his bed would feel. Think of the warmth of the covers and the mattress. Think of having that strong, tight, terrific body right there beside you, so you could reach out and touch him, drop an arm over his chest. Then, maybe, he rolls over toward you and you feel his breath on your cheek and it is soft and warm and it smells real good."

Despite the flow of tears and white knuckles on his grasping hand, Lyle was unable to prevent his cock from rising. It rose into Johnny's hand.

"Oh!" Lyle moaned at the first contact.

"Then he touches you," Johnny went on, beginning to move his fingers the length of Lyle's erection. "Imagine that firm flesh, those terrific muscles. Imagine those strong arms that in every meet do the crawl to victory now coming around you, snug and gentle. Imagine the feel as his legs begin to entwine themselves in yours, moving inward..."

"You!" Lyle said, a little strength, even anger, coming into his voice. "So you guys..."

"Shut up!" Tom said, "or we'll do it dry and your hole'll burn like fire!"

Lyle watched Tom step behind him. "No!" he shuddered. "Oh, mercy, not that!"

Now, sex between boys, or between boys and men, is one thing, but mental torture, blackmail and rape of a virgin is a little much even for a man of my flabby morals. It happens that the South Dormitory has an alcoholic janitor who secretes his whiskey in jelly jars in the very room where I was spying. I stole two of these liquid treasures and burst through the door into the laundry room.

For a half-second there was a sort of frozen tableau of suspended carnality: hands on Lyle's hips, the football captain was pressing his lips into Lyle's lips. Behind the younger boy, Tom, sinking slightly on his heels, had already hidden his spit-wet cocktip in the sophomore's tender, rounded nates and was gathering himself, hands snug about Lyle's waist, for the initial thrust. Then everything broke into confusion. Johnny jumped away. Tom began to stuff at the gaping hole in his clothing. Lyle covered his face and began to weep.

"Sir!" Johnny Bowen said, blanching.

I flung one of the jars of whiskey in his face and, when the boy stopped sputtering, handed him the other.

"Drink half of it," I told him. "Drunkenness will look better in everyone's eyes than this."

"Sir!"

"And Tom the other half."

"Liquor's against the regulations..."

"You bet it is," I said. "And tomorrow you cretins are going home. For good."

I was wrong. It was naive to think an athlete would be expelled from Fenway before the culmination of the football season for any misdeed short of shooting our headmaster. Johnny and Tom lingered on, living in limbo, while Coach Osgood pleaded for leniency and I counseled for expulsion.

The result, of course, is that Johnny has become even more of a culture hero. The other night the lucky winner of his body and his sex was Jamie McManus, whose green eyes I had seen flashing Johnny the welcome signal at the supper table. Due to a peculiar reflection off the glass doors behind them, I watched their knees touch and rub, then their knuckles meet, fingers scratch palms in both query and response, finally fifteen minutes of middle-finger rubbing in simulated practice of a mutual version of Coach's Vice.

The next morning Jamie didn't make it into the shower. I slipped into my bathrobe just as the others were leaving for the dining hall and found the boy rolled in his bedclothes totally unconscious, with a blissful smile playing about his lips.

"Jamie lad," I whispered, putting a hand in his corded locks, "you must wake up. It's late."

Jamie stirred and licked his lips and without opening his eyes planted a kiss firmly on my mouth, saying afterwards, "Why, Johnny?"

"Was last night good?" I whispered.

"You know it."

"Better than with Dave?"

"Oh, much." Jamie stretched, eyes still closed.

"Better than with Mister Mattheson?"

A frown crossed Jamie's forehead. "What do you know about...?" His eyes opened. "Oh, *sir!*" he gasped.

"You looked so lovely sleeping there I just couldn't resist."

"What time is it?"

"We're missing breakfast. Do you mind?"

"Not if you don't, sir," he said with a little uncertainty.

"Then move over."

"Oh, gosh, sir, what about Billy?"

"Billy's in the infirmary."

"I mean, won't he be sore?"

"I won't tell if you won't tell."

"But... I've had an awful lot of this last night."

"How many times? Your pecker feels solid enough to me."

"Four. But it aches. Be gentle with it, sir. Don't try to bend it. Oooooo, that's better."

I slipped out of my bathrobe, still holding the boy by his cock, and into the warm, scented coziness of the bed. Jamie turned to me when he felt my arms come about him and nibbled at the lobe of my ear.

"How come you never got married, sir?"

"What kind of question is that?"

"Well," Jamie said, grasping my cock and drawing sleepy circles on his stomach with its slippery tip, "it's kind of a serious question. You're smart and good-looking and so awful gosh-darned good in bed."

"Maybe I never found a woman quite as exciting as Jamie McManus."

' 'Or Billy." Jamie opened his hand and included his own not-so-little pecker in a new, exquisite

closing, then snug and slippery confrontation. "In a way I'm sorry it's Billy you love. He's my best friend, you know."

"I'm faithful to him in my fashion, Jamie."

"Yes. So am I." We started the slow, delicious rocking of our hips. "But then, I guess, I'm too young to be going steady."

"That's right. Live a little before you settle down."

"I plan on it"

Since I was rapidly approaching the point of no return, I rescued my cock from nuzzling its more satiated mate, which I now took in my mouth. It was bigger than Billy's, as large as many an eighteen-year-old's, sweet and salty to the taste, hard below, yielding at the tip and nicely warm all over. Every centimeter of his pubes had been lovingly washed by Johnny Bowen's lashing tongue, and inside the tent of Jamie's covers a delicious panoply of scents, both strong and subtle, of Johnny's spit and mine, of Jamie's skin and hair and ass, came into my nostrils with every breath.

"Oooo, is that ever nice!" Jamie moaned, reaching around my trunk and patting here and handling there, knuckling this muscle and stroking that, until one hand came to trembling rest in a cupped and warm and gentle pressure on the rounded storehouse of my seed.

"Oh, sir," Jamie said, after two minutes of ecstatic eternity had been measured in our heartbeats, "I'm getting close. You can put it in my ass if you wish."

Did I wish! I rolled on my back and Jamie mouthed down my cock until he nearly drowned it in saliva, and then he sat on it, lowering himself by painful degrees as I clutched the bedpost behind myself and tried to retard my passion. At last Jamie was firmly impaled. I raised my legs and pushed Jamie's face down to me and felt the droplets of sweat that were gaining quick birth on the boy's forehead fall to my face and, with a delicious tickle, run off down the sides of my cheeks.

"Take it! Let me ride you!" Jamie begged in a strangled whisper. "Oh, shit, Mr. Mattheson, am I ever ready, all ready to go!"

I began to thrust. Jamie bounced upon me. Sweetly the boy's buttocks rose and fell. Smoothly my cock slipped up and down inside the agile boy's asshole. I hugged Jamie's panting chest hard against my own. I filled my mouth with Jamie's mouth.

We locked, now, on the final rise. And out of my loins it surged, the feeling, the tension, soaring exquisitely to the ultimate spasm. Then, with a mutual shudder, it was out, the great drops, spurting deep into Jamie, and Jamie's splattering on my chest and rolling down my sides in sweet, white cadences of relief.

Query: How do you know when a boy really likes you?

Response: When he rolls his steaming, smelly underwear up in a ball and throws it in your face.

Poor Woody Harkness! Pubescent pimples punish him for sticky, thick-tongued thoughts: I see him scrub at them morning and night and still he manages to look facially dirty. And he shuffles, slouches, stares at his suddenly-too-big feet, won't look you in the eye, brush his hair, shine his shoes, straighten his bed, speak up loud enough to hear him. But he does change his underwear twice a day, crack his knuckles, pick his nose, listen to gloomy music and paw through picture magazines.

And, morning and night, he keeps his hand in at Coach's Vice.

In fact, he can hardly wait in the waning minutes of my evening study hall, breathing hard against priapic pressures, crouching against them at his crotch. There's always the toilet in the classroom building (but no doors can be shut on the individual stalls). There's always patience, courage to endure. He sweats. I see him eye the curling hair on the neck of the boy before him. Another classmate squirms and scratches his crotch.

At last study hall is over, lights are called and Woody lies on top of crisp, cool sheets. Eyes closed, lashes down-curling on cheeks still moist from perspiration, teeth set, lips slightly parted, he –

ONE: with his rod piercing his blue pajama fly, tickles the bulb with thumb and first finger;

TWO: runs five laps with four fingers around the race-track rim;

THREE: squeezes at the bulging frontal column but gets no tear;

FOUR: drops fingers to the crenelated satchel with its double load;

FIVE: works middle finger down to back door, enters same (remember in the morning to scrub that fingernail);

SIX: tries for tear again but fails (too young, alas, for lubrical reliability);

SEVEN: so wets all five fingers in his mouth and puts them slipperily to bulb (squeezing its voluptuous softness), the race-track again (five faster, sliding, slippery laps), bridle (third finger wetly dilating it left and right, down and up, round and round and round).

Suddenly he stops, waits. All is still but for his thundering heart which even my snooper can faintly record. Slowly the craving declines from the brush with fulfillment come too soon.

He sighs, holding on where he wishes someone else would hold on: maybe that boy with the soft hair curling down his neck, a junior whose gently swaying dick and heavy balls he had often admired in the locker room showers. Or the boy who scratched his crotch in study hall, perhaps: he has a fun grin, tough arms, could wrestle you down to an orgasm and then laugh in your face.

Woody licks his fingers, starts again. And now it is for real. All his sensitive flesh is wet, his hand likewise. He pumps with one, thrashes, thrusts with the other, the bubbles snapping, covers rustling. He grabs a breath, bites down on a lip.

Then the handkerchief: he must get it quickly! He feels under the mattress, finds it, rips it out, tears it open, stiff with load after thrown load, holds it right, hard by his cock's aim.

Then, jerking, shuddering, slippery sloppy fingers rubbing, fast, pounding faster, breath gasping, wanting to yell but can't, he sees the light hair on the soft neck, the other hand scratching the bluejeans crotch, and then he is throwing his shameful sperm, once, twice, three times, feeling the warm seed wet through the crusty cloth, and calculating, in decline, that this must be the twenty-first load his old snot-rag has taken.

He waits five minutes for the handkerchief to absorb the last of after-leak, then stuffs the tissue with his issue between spring and mattress again and sleeps.

While, at home, his older brother thrusts his cock in and spends his fraternal cum into the mouth of his fawning employer.

While, again at home, his best friend fools around mutually with his second best friend.

While his old Scout leader sucks on a cub's club.

While his old French teacher gives a Spanish boy the English hug.

While his family druggist (a fastidious man) dons a sterilized, transparent surgical glove, applies two inches of KY to the index digit, motions to the bare-butt, blondly virgin tennis champ to come close, slides clean rubberized finger through youth's rectal rose, tickles backwardly until the lad is frontally stiff, then falls, wet-lipped, on their mutual creation.

Woody sleeps. And in guilt dreams his handkerchief is discovered by his brother, friends and teachers and they tie his wrists behind his back to keep his hands away forever from prurient pursuit of priapic pressures, and he awakens in a slight scream, sure he will either go crazy or his boyhood cock will become so permanently stiff that even a chastity belt of cement and titanium alloy stainless steel would not be able to hide or repress his passion.

I had hidden the Super-Snooper microphone in David Larson's bedside radio. At 11:31 exactly it picked up the first words.

"Peter, for John sakes," David whispered, "it took you long enough."

"Sorry," Peter Masters answered.

"I darn near jacked off."

"Did you?"

"Naw. You're lucky."

"Yeah, well, Coach Osgood was looking at some dumb fight on TV."

"So?" Squeak of bed-springs.

"I had to wait till it was over to get my nightly diddle-check."

"Does he really do that?"

"He sneaks your door open and shines his flashlight on your crotch. Tonight he got me lying on my back with a sweet kid smile on my face with my hands strictly out from under the covers so any ding-a-ling could see nothing was going on."

"Because you had something better waiting upstairs. Did you bring the slippery stuff?"

"Oh, shit, I forgot!"

"Shh!"

"I'll go down and get it."

"With this bone thing sticking out of your skivs? We'll use spit"

"Like whose?"

"Mine. *You* fouled up. Here." Sound of hand being licked. "Doesn't that feel better?"

"Ooooooo!" Sound of sheet jerk, bed thump, explosion of pent-up breath. "Man, have I been looking forward to this! I haven't seen juice in a week."

"How'm I doing, technique-wise?"

"Move your thumb up and down the back."

"Like that?"

"Uh huh. And play around it some, like down at the base. There, ah, that's cool! Am I getting you the way you want?"

"Tickle the tip every now and then."

"You close?"

"So-so."

"It's drying off. You better slick up both again."

The sound of suspended breath, of hands emerging from beneath the top sheet, the oh-so-soft snapping of warm bubbles forced past wet teeth, past lips onto waiting fingers, then the rustle of hands returning to the double rhythm of mutual masturbation.

"Crazy, man, crazy," Peter whinnied in a whisper. "You really give a hand job nice."

"I get lots of practice."

"On yourself?"

"Naw. There's always some other kid I need a favor from."

"What an operator!" Then a little breathlessly, "Okay you better stay off the good spot for a minute."

"Getting there?"

"Yeah. Aren't you?"

"Sure. But I have control."

"Man, I don't. Sometimes all it takes is three good jerks."

"And then?"

"Zowie, I hit my roommate in the ear."

"Come on!"

"Splat, the fly on the ceiling is swaying back and forth in a gooey, hot dingle-dangle of jiz."

"You really turn me on."

"Say, how's old Paint Pot?"

"At this?"

"Yeah."

"I dunno."

"I figured, to keep him happy, all you guys up here would be slipping it to him nice and steady."

"Jamie McManus used to, but now Mr. Mattheson's on a make-out kick with Bill English"

"Still?"

"Still."

"That's bad news, man."

"Why? You sweet on him or something?"

"Hell no. I don't dig the Geritol set. It's just good business to have laid your English teacher, that's all."

"And you call me an operator."

There were giggles, the stirring of sheets, a harder hand beat. After a moment of suspended breath, Peter said, "Hey, I don't know as I can stand that an awful lot longer. You must have nerves of steel."

"Friend, I'm with you."

"There? Right there?"

"Want to race?"

"No, thanks. You'd pull your hand off at the worst time, just to win."

There were laughs. "That would kill a guy!" David said.

"Sure would. Before we start, let's you slick 'em up with your lickum again, okay?"

"You bet."

"Bill English. You ever had him in bed?"

"Nuh uh. Billy's a one-man kid."

"Is it love?"

"Ask Paint Pot. You ready for me to grab it?"

"Yeah. No, wait."

"Why?"

"Dave, you ever done more than this?"

"Sure. And you have too, I'll bet."

"I'm talking about... going all the way."

"You mean, you never..."

"Do you like it?"

"You bet."

"Better than this?"

"It's just different, that's all."

"Then, why don't we...?"

"Save it for next time. Here we go."

"Christ on a crash-pad! Davie! Man!"

"Aren't you going to get me, too?"

"Oh, yeah, sorry."

"That's better. Do it hard."

"This way?"

"No, on the nerve, you dink."

"There?"

"Yeah, but faster."

"Man!"

"Groovy?"

"Oh, Davie, Davie. Here I..."

"Cum?"

"You know it. Ooooooo!"

"Maaaaaaaaan!"

Sighs, moans, Peter's mostly, followed by the slowing beat of hands and an unwinding giggle or two.

Then a brief argument about Kleenex.

Peter, calm and dry at last, said, "Tomorrow night, okay?"

"Okay."

"And maybe we can..."

"If you don't forget to bring the stuff."

"I won't."

"You're on."

Billy says life in the infirmary isn't half bad. Food is better than in the dining hall. TV and comics are better than classes. "But the one thing I really miss," he confided, pulling my head down and whispering in my ear, "is making with the love scene. It's awful to have to lie here alone at night whacking away, with only my fingers and a few thoughts to give me a thrill."

"You're supposed to be so sick you haven't got steam up for that sort of thing."

"I feel lots better, now. Wanna see?"

He slipped back the bed clothes to reveal his stiff cock, purple head risen, poking and pointing up lustily into my gaze.

"Does my skin flute look like it's gonna croak?" he asked.

"No, it doesn't."

The sight of all Billy's passionate apparatus was bringing me into a similar but severely clothes-cramped state.

"Then play it, sir," Billy begged with sudden urgency. "The nurse is gone."

I kicked shut the door, jammed it with a chair and fell to the pleasant task of comforting my convalescing lover.

Jamie's probe may be bigger and darker, but Billy's cock is by far the sweetest, slickest, warmest, loveliest.

"Oh, Mister Mattheson," Billy whispered as his lithe, young hips beat into my face, "it's been so long! Jeez, this feels good!"

I couldn't have sucked on it for more than thirty seconds before Billy gasped and dug his fingers into my neck and said, "Ready, sir! I'm gonna let fly! Here I go!"

I sped up, moving, touching, tickling, sucking just where I knew he liked it best at the end. And then Billy's thickening sap was pouring into my mouth, and it wasn't a moment too soon, because already we could hear the nurse's footfalls on the stairs.

The world has this thing about the simultaneous eating and possession of cake, but Fenway resolved its Johnny-cake, Tommy-cake athlete problem in the most obvious and natural manner. Coach Osgood and the headmaster simply agreed to wait until after the football season and then ship the two boys home.

The day before yesterday I found myself sitting on the drizzle-soaked bleachers at the playing field, cheering Johnny and Tom with the best of them. Fenway won, and to the glorious sound of a hundred young voices, the two heros were carried on a score of padded shoulders from the gridiron to the locker room. An hour later the same two boys, acquitted of their usefulness, were given their airline tickets and told to pack.

I was delegated to drive them to the airport. We had hardly left the school property when Johnny put a hand on my knee and said, "Mister Mattheson, Tom and I want to leave here without any hard feelings."

"That's very nice of you," I replied, "but it's hard to erase the memories of me and Lyle Roberts. How do you propose to do that?"

"Well," Johnny said, tightening his grip, "see that little road ahead that leads up Burton's Valley? Take it."

"We're going to the airport."

Johnny shut off the ignition and palmed the keys. The car slowed. My heart sped up.

"Would you prefer Tom to take the wheel?"

Johnny asked politely.

I stammered something about abduction and lawsuits, none of which seemed very convincing.

"Sir, I don't think you're a match for either one of us if we get into a brawl, which I hope we don't. You better just go where we tell you."

Johnny put the key back and I restarted the engine.

A minute later we were parked outside an abandoned farmhouse. Tom went to the back door, pushed against it with his powerful shoulders until it gave, then motioned for Johnny to bring me in.

Up a tilting, step-loose staircase we went, and into what once must have been the master bedroom. A large bed with mildewing mattress sat dejectedly against one wall.

"Strip," Johnny ordered.

"But it's freezing in here!" I cried.

"I don't think you'll notice that," Tom said. Already the two boys had pulled off their suit coats and were loosening their ties.

"Come on, Mr. Mattheson," Johnny said, "we want to see you in your birthday suit, just like when we were in the showers back at school and you'd ogle us and rub your crotch."

I started the humiliating process of stripping under a student's orders, right down to the last lowering of flimsy shorts.

Then I was cringingly, shiveringly naked, kneeling before the bed on which both of the boys now sat, unlike me, still clothed but for the twin shafts of their exuberant erections which I had been forced to extract through the cramped slots of their flies.

"Do me," Johnny said in his fairest voice of command. "I'll tell you when you can quit."

I dropped my lips to Johnny's big cock. I wet it down and began to suck

Tom watched all this with a little smile playing about his mouth. "Remember the girls we brought here last September?" he asked Johnny.

"Yeah, they did it a lot better than Mr. Mattheson. I wonder how Bill English puts up with such lousy technique."

"The kid hasn't been around very much."

"Okay, sir," Johnny said calmly, "switch to Tom's cock."

I pulled my mouth off the one glistening shaft and fell on the other, miffed because I knew there was nothing wrong with my sex-making: everyone from Billy to Jamie to Sparky to my nephew in Maine agrees on that.

I worked on Tom's cock for a while, then had to switch to Johnny's joint again. This went on, amazingly enough, for almost half an hour, while the two boys discussed football, their favorite records, what kind of automobiles they would like to drive most and where. They never seemed to get any closer to giving up their milk. At last Johnny lifted my head off his cock, turned to Tom and said, "You got the roll of adhesive tape?"

They pulled me onto the rotting mattress, bottom up, and taped my wrists and ankles to the brass bars of the ancient bed frame. It was cold. I began to shiver even more violently. Johnny put a hand to my shoulder and said, "Don't worry, sir, this is all just fun."

"For whom?"

He chuckled and mounted me, slicking down his cock with passion-tear and spit, and then I felt the softer tip slide into the cleft, search for the portal, find it, press for entrance and finally, with incredible force and displacement, drive into my bowels, followed by the widening, slippery shoulder.

At first the pain was terrific. Not that I was virgin but all the recent penetrations had been by a tool far smaller and younger than what I now had to accommodate. I cried out, then broke into a hot sweat which quickly dampened the front of Johnny's shirt. Soon, however, the pain subsided and was replaced by a commanding fullness. With just a trace of masochism, I found my own arousal returning. But while Johnny pounded home toward the easy end, my cock could only ride in a ragged and moldy mattress hole. I squirmed and tried to ease the discomfort, but all my prick could touch was with its tip, and that was on buttons and wire and string.

"Okay, Mr. Mattheson," Johnny said at last, "here goes!" And I felt the boy's arms lock tight around my chest, squeeze out my breath. Johnny's thrust grew strong, stronger, until the ultimate fury was upon him and he shot the maleness which he had carried for a week, in class and on the football field, high and deep into my aching body.

Tom was next and every bit as strong, and, again, I could have come with him but for the helpless entanglement of my pecker which, with every thrust of Tom's loins, brought me as much pain as pleasurable friction.

At last it was over. The boys seemed satisfied. I was free of them, but all I could do was lie still, glistening in our tripartate sweat, too proud to beg to be released.

"Well, we got two hours to make the plane," Johnny said.

"We can do it if we drive ninety," Tom said.

"Will Mr. Mattheson's car do ninety?"

"We can see."

And then I looked back over my shoulder, because there was something suspicious about their position, and I was just in time to see twin jets of gold shoot from the tips of their swollen but down-hung cocks and splatter with a shower of secondary drops against my shoulders and back and buttocks and neck.

I yelped in shock, growled my anger, but still the flooding came, like the rain of the Great Deluge (and me a Noah without an ark, or even a paddle). In the chilly November room it felt warm at first, when it played on my skin and ran down, but in a moment I was simply cold and reeking.

The two boys finished, zipped up, and as I maintained my humiliated silence, climbed into their coats.

"So long, sir," Johnny said. "It's been as pleasure knowing you."

"Yeah, sir, thanks for everything," Tom echoed, and then they laughed in boyish high spirits and clattered down the stairs.

It was an hour before I was able to tear loose the adhesive which bound my wrists, and midnight before I was able to retrieve my stolen car at Kennedy International.

"Will you miss me?" Billy demands.

"Every second."

"Will you be faithful?"

"Of course."

Billy stands on his toes and kisses me wetly, and I remember what it had been like, before Billy was sick, to possess his whole and ardent body. Now, just out of the infirmary, he looks pale and thinner. "I wish we had time for just one little..."

There is a pounding on my door. "Hey, Billy, your limousine's outside."

"Thanks, Jamie," Billy shouts. We exchange the longing look of lovers and quickly depart, for Thanksgiving, at long last, is upon us.

The plains of Lake Erie on a late November afternoon. I am driving back from a boring family affair in Michigan, half asleep, with only the picture of a beautiful (but inaccessible) teenage relative I had just met, and a super-charged disk-jockey on the radio, to keep me halfway alert, when I spy a small figure ahead holding out his thumb. A young schoolboy, perhaps good-looking and, if so, good company, even though such a ride is seldom for more than ten miles. I stop and see through the mirror a shock of yellow hair that bounces as the boy runs toward me, a dark jacket, tan trousers and a small suitcase where I had expected a bundle of books. He opens the door, throws himself on the front seat (holding the suitcase in his lap) and stares straight ahead. A few minutes later, when we are moving down the road, I steal a better look at him.

Holy smoke, what a face! Something of a button nose, blue eyes, perfect lips and chin. He is thirteen or thereabouts.

"Look out, mister, you're driving off the road!"

I look front just in time. His voice has the rasp of puberty.

Now he gives me the once-over, from head to the muscle I am sitting on. "How far are you going?" he asks.

"To the East Coast."

"Good. So am I."

Once again the car veers with a mind of its own, and the boy says, "Take it easy, mister. You won't have to feed me."

I ask him how much money he has and he says enough but won't go into details. It turns out that there are candy bars and peanut butter in his suitcase, and if I can just save some bread when I stop in a restaurant... As for sleeping, he'll be glad to curl up in the front seat of the car.

We drive for another hour, my mind in a spin and my cock erecting itself in prurience and collapsing under the weight of conscience as though it were doing deep-knee bends.

Needless to say, we stop at a restaurant with the highest AAA ratings and I buy him a T-bone dinner, which he wolfs down as though he hasn't eaten in days, which is probably true, unless you consider peanut butter food and I don't. We get back in the car and he sighs with contentment, leaning his head against my shoulder, dozing as I try to knock off another hundred miles.

But after a half-hour I can't stand it anymore and check into a motel. There is only one room left and it has only one bed, but they roll in a silver frame mousetrap thing which lets down into a lumpy cot. I tell the boy it's his. He gives me a knowing look and I retreat to the bathroom to relieve pressures as best I can.

I come out to find the boy (his name is Triff) lying in the large bed, staring at the ceiling. I tell him I don't mind buying dinner for him, driving him east, even paying the motel management an extra two dollars for double occupancy, but I do expect to sleep in the bigger bed and he, being smaller, can fit very nicely on the cot, thank you.

Triff looks at me a little surprised and says, "Don't you want me here?"

I gulp but manage to ask him if he doesn't think he is big enough to sleep alone.

And then he proceeds to tell me that he knows what the score is and what I want, he thinks; that he has been used front ways, back ways; standing, kneeling, sitting, squatting; lying in bathtubs, closets, swimming pools, chairs, sofas, ladders, pool tables; on bear rugs, hair rugs, tile floors and dirt; in long grass, short grass, hay stacks and corn fields; in furnace rooms, laundry rooms, school rooms, and bathrooms, and even in bed, ever since he was nine years old and a teacher in school discovered that his

(Triff's) dick could be made to stand up and salute. At supper he had ascertained that I am not married but friendly and considerate to a boy such as he. What is a guy to think? He is prepared to sing for his steak.

I throw him out of bed and slug down a few stinging mouthfuls of Scotch, and after an hour or two of thrashing about in sexual tension dulled only slightly by alcoholic haze, I drift off to sleep.

When dawn grays, Triff gets up and goes to the bathroom and I am instantly awake, greedily listening to his hushed trickle in the toilet bowl. And then, before I have time to close my eyes and feign sleep, he is walking back, staring directly into my face.

"Sorry I woke you up," he says, "but I got cold and that always affects me this way. Did you get cold?"

I tell him I am perfectly warm, thank you, and he sits down on the side of my bed, feeling my blanket and cussing out the motel for not giving him one like it. Then he climbs in beside me, turns to me and grins, and I flee, trembling, to take his bed. Where I no more sleep than a pole-vaulter could impaled upon his pole.

At seven o'clock I get up, stagger into the shower. A cold rinse at the end shrinks my persistently erecting middle leg. I come out to find Triff eyeing me.

"I am sorry, Mr. Mattheson," he says. "I guess I had you figured out for a mark."

I start to tremble again, reflecting upon the stupidity of the faithful lover, of not instantly surrendering to temptation when it comes along in such a package. But I sit down beside him, adopting the demeanor of *pater familias*, tell him how I know what terrible experiences he must have had, but I will try, in our few hours together, to treat him as a responsible adult ought to treat a lad of his age. He listens to me a little absently and, when I have finished, he throws his arms about my neck, pulls my throbbing lips to his soft, young shoulder and whispers his gratitude intimately into my ear.

Now he releases me. Just as I am sighing over lost opportunity, he throws back the covers. He has removed his undershorts and my blood-shot eyes look upon the beautiful boy-cock that is rising stiffly out of his sparse new thicket of curly hair and slanting expectantly over his stomach. Passionately he confides to me the urgency of his need and begs me to satisfy it. "Please,*please*," he concludes, "unless you don't like me!"

Whereupon my own masculinity, subdued only moments before by the cold shower, pops through the slit in my pajamas to reveal the hypocrisy of my pose, and his hand comes around it. My resolve softening to putty, even as his handful turns to steel, I subside into the bedsheets beside him.

He smells of sleep and several days of not showering. His fine yellow hair, which he wears long after the fashion of the seventies, lies atumble about him on the pillow, and I bury my face in it to breathe its most pungent odor. He licks his lips stickily and cups them warm about my nose, tonguing one nostril then the other and breathing into acute life the sensing mucosa within. He thrusts his boycock against my mancock and begins to pant until a stray speck of his spit makes me sneeze, thus shifting to him the burden of salivary gratitude.

Now I grasp our two erections, which have been missing each other until now, and direct a hip-thrusting glide of my bridle over his, where the drool of our joint passion makes the motion unbearably sweet. The boy cries out, "Oh, gosh, Mister, don't stop now!" Indeed, I can't. Our locked mouths neigh wildly and we are instantly over the top and declining in a pool of mixed cum, which spreads on the sheets between us.

I have many miles to make that day, so we get up and dress before lust can once again carry us off. By mid-morning Triff is wiggling on the seat beside me like a pony that has been stabled too long. "Let's stop," he says. "I gotta take a leak."

We pull over, scramble down into a small gully and soon find absolute privacy to make a joint and

simultaneous project of flooding a fresh ground-hog hole with our penises. Triff flips my organ dry for me until it will no longer flop but vibrates head-up in his hand. Flattered by his spell, he drops to his knees and puts his lips around my littlest head. I lean back on a tree trunk, warm inside and out. Not daring to risk a mouthful before he has a mouthful to give, he moves only the tip of his tongue, and only slowly and not in quite the right spot.

A moment later I throw him off and strip us both in a maelstrom of fury so that I can get at his boyhood root. Which in a second I am milking with my lips in final earnestness, even as he is attending me. And if in that ultimate moment, when I received his pubertal sap, the clay walls of the gully had fallen down to reveal all the good people of Ohio staring at our conjugation, I wouldn't have cared in the least.

"Do you know what day this is, sir?" Billy asked when I made my after-lights-out room check.

"No," I lied.

"My fourteenth birthday."

"You've been telling everyone you were fourteen all this fall."

"Well, I was almost fourteen, wasn't I? Anyhow, today I really am."

I told him to follow me after a couple of minutes and returned to my master's suite. I opened a cardboard box and brought out a small tiered birthday cake. There were fourteen candles arranged around the lower tier, and at the top stood a six-inch colored statuette I had carved of Billy characteristically standing with his hands in his pockets and a grin on his face. I lit the candles and a moment later Billy came in.

He saw the cake, looked at me, then at the cake again, then at me again. Suddenly his lower lip trembled and tears started running down his cheeks. He dropped to his knees and, clutching me about the middle, buried his face in my stomach.

"Hey, hey, hey," I said stroking his hair.

"I'm sorry," Billy sobbed. "I guess this isn't very grown-up, but... This is the first time I've had a cake since I was seven."

"Really?" I was shocked.

"Yeah." Billy stood, wiped at his tears with the back of his hand. "Well, that's enough of that! Man, sir, is this little figure me?"

"Like it?"

Billy lifted it from the cake, turned it around in his hands. "It's the best present I've ever had." Then he threw his arms about my neck and I felt his wet mouth sliding all over my face, as though the boy were trying to take all of me into himself, and, failing that, cover me with his own adolescent moistness.

We fell to the bed and crawled, naked into it. Suddenly we were very exuberant.

"How, sir, are we going to celebrate?"

"I guess you're too old for Blind Man's Buff."

"But not for Post Orifice," Billy giggled.

"How about Pin the Dong on the Taily?"

"Whose taily?"

"Your taily."

"Suppose I blew out your candle first?"

The boy was already working with my cock, pinching the wet end, making me jump time and again with little explosions of energy that rubbed off the lad's fingertips and went off in my loins.

Billy ducked his head and let his lips come around my glans.

"Oh, Billy!" I gasped, thrusting my cock automatically into the boy's mouth. "Happy, happy birthday!"

Moments later my cock emerged slippery but not eaten. Excitedly, Billy turned over. I buried my gleaming tip in his inter-glutal cleft.

"Ready?" I whispered.

"Ready," Billy answered.

"Okay, one for the bummy."

"Two for the blow."

"Three to make Billy."

"And four to... Woa! It still isn't wet enough. Ow!"

I remedied the situation with dripping lips and shaking hands. Then I shoved and the boy's anus accepted my cock. We rested briefly, the tender mounds of Billy's birthday buttocks cheek to cheek with the crook of my hips.

"Oh, man!" Billy shivered when at last I began to move. "This is the nicest spanking I've had all day."

"Sir, who is Lawrence?"

"Lawrence who?" I asked.

"The cat that wrote the dirty book."

"Billy, he wasn't a cat and the book isn't dirty. What's D. H. Lawrence to you?"

"Well, my mom's got this thing about him. They're buying a ranch and building a house in Taos, New Mexico, for gosh sakes."

"Lawrence settled out there for a while."

Billy kissed me on the nose and tried to insert the end of his cock into my quite inadequate navel.

"Did Lawrence live dirty, too?"

"Stop using that word."

"Well, I don't mean repulsive. Like, there's fun-dirty and then dirty that makes you want to go yuk. This is fun dirty."

"It's nice you think so."

Billy squeezed my cock in his toughening, callusing hand. The tear from my tip wet Billy's palm, making the contact deliciously slippery. "Did Lawrence use his dick on boys a lot?"

"No, women."

"Then I guess I like yours better."

He bent to ravish my cock with the same warm lips, the same teasing tongue, the same smooth nectar of his mouth that had already mastered my face.

Kids! Jamie McManus looks at me with cat eyes and rolls his Juicy Fruit and lifts a bare toenail to scratch a bare calf and asks me if I "ever met a sex-maniac!"

Kids! David Larson hasn't changed his underwear for a week. His dorm mates gang up on him, cut them off, drag him to a shower, bend him over a washstand and soap his boyhood apparatus, from cherries to bat, until not all the white on their hands is suds.

Kids! Peter Masters has a crush on Hal O'Neil, the lanky basketball star, who doesn't even know he exists. At practice, when he thinks Hal isn't looking, Peter buries his face in Hal's discarded sweatshirt and brings himself off through his shorts.

Kids! Girl talk, car talk, rock talk, horse laughs. Cruelty, sincerity, idealism, fear. Beauty, yes, but their sheer grubbiness as Christmas approaches is beginning to get me down. Running a ninth-grade dormitory is, to the problem of boy-love, a supersaturated solution.

I'm in Florida for the holidays. The weather is marvelous and while Billy is testing himself with steer and steed at his parents' ranch in Marlboro country, I baste myself in sun-tan oil and, ogling the adolescents, slowly darken my skin.

Last night I emerged at dusk from the ocean and spied a stick-shaped shadow amongst the palmettos of the upper beach. It was a boy and he didn't see me approach, for his eyes were closed. He had lowered a pair of corduroy cut-offs and his hand was on his cock holding it, comforting it, beginning to move. I moved in and hid.

"Oh, Donnie!" the boy whispered in an agony of longing. "Donnie, Donnie, Donnie!" He pressed a kiss into his free hand as the other picked up speed and pressure and started to fly over his generative twig.

It seemed the boy had no reason to be so lonely. True, he was skinny, but then so were many lads of fifteen summers. There was something to be said for the angular as well as the rounded, the spare in contrast to the padded. That evening every fiber of the boy's skeletal and muscular anatomy showed sharp beneath his deep-tanned skin. Peeping through the palmetto fronds, I could count his ribs, see his nipples erect, distinguish each of the jerking sinews of his wrist, even in the dimming daylight of dusk.

And then, just as the boy was about to throw his sperm, and I to relieve the violent constriction in my clammy trunks, I heard a scratching, scraping, creeping sound behind me and I looked back to see an enormous maroon land crab creature advancing on me like a Sherman tank.

Without thinking I shot out of my hiding place, tripped over the lad's prone body, and then the two of us were rolling in the sand, the boy's fists flying furiously into my ribs and stomach.

"That monster!" I gasped. "Ouch! Did you see those claws? Oh! He was coming...!"

"Help!" the boy yelled. "I'm being murdered by a psycho!"

"No, no, be quiet. I'm trying to save you..."

"Help! Heeeellll...!"

I put a hand over his mouth. Two terrified eyes blazed at me as the boy tried to bite and spit his face free. His cock had already shrunk to a sandy worm.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I was just watching... No, I mean I was just walking along the beach and this antediluvian dinosaur started crawling in our... I mean your direction. So... Look, here he comes."

There wasn't just one but many, now, emerging with twilight to start their nocturnal rounds. I released the boy's face.

"Them?" the boy said, looking at me with round-eyed incredulity.

"Those," I said.

"You must have a screw loose to get shook up by them things. They're scar'der of you than I am, even. Let me go."

"If you won't shout."

I stood and the boy stood and the crabs scattered.

My heart stopped racing.

"Well," the boy said, hitching up his sandy cutoffs, "this is kind of a mess, isn't it? I think I'll go for a swim."

"I'll join you."

"What are you, queer?"

"Certainly not," I said automatically.

"Creeping around that way. Suppose I turned you in to the FBI?"

"Suppose I told Donnie what I saw."

We had been walking toward the sea. Now the boy stopped just as our ankles were being tugged by the swash.

"Mister," he said, "you don't know anything about Donnie. He's a thousand miles from here."

"I know he's not a girl."

"So?" Slowly he realized I had trapped him into a crucial admission. "You... *fruit!*" he flung at me, then disappeared into the waves.

It was dark when we quit the sea. The boy went to the palmettos, picked up his towel, which he hung around his neck, and accompanied me to my rented car.

"Holy cow, a Barracuda!" he exclaimed.

"It's just bait. Want to bite?"

He called me a nasty name and jumped into the right bucket seat. "What'll she do? Let's ring her out."

By way of pre-payment, I dragged sixty-seven times around a certain hot-rod square, stopping thrice each revolution at the traffic lights and screeching off from each in a rubber-smelly cloud. At the same time I learned that the boy's name was Ben and that he was something of an orphan, having come to Florida to visit his uncle, only to find a note and an empty apartment and too much idle time on his hands. I realized that the boy wouldn't be missed that night, maybe not for many nights.

"You can guess what I'm leading up to," I said.

"Uh huh. Let's take her out on the expressway, now, and open her up. And then you can buy me a malt at the Big Boy."

"Have you ever spent the night the way we're going to spend the night?"

"Sure. Lots of times."

He was lying, of course. When the joy ride was over and Ben had gurgled up the last of his chocolate shake and was lying sprawled in his shorts in my motel room, he said, watching me strip, "All right, so what do I do now?"

"You're supposed to know, remember?"

"I mean... Okay, I haven't shacked up an awful lot. It's not a crime, for gosh sakes."

I sat beside him, naked, on the bed and put a hand to the top of his shorts. "Tell me about Donnie," I said.

"Let's leave Donnie out of this."

"No."

"Why?"

I opened the clip at the top of the boy's fly. "Because if I know your dreams I can guide your pleasure."

"All right," Ben said, looking away. "Donnie is a senior in college. He plays foot... Oooooo, what're you doing? And he has this terrific build..."

"What does he do to you, I mean? This?" And I parted the two triangles of cloth that flanked the boy's central zipper and wrapped my fingers around the adolescent handle that leaned obligingly into my palm.

"Good grief!" Ben gasped.

"Is my touch as good as Donnie's?"

"Mister, I only dreamed about Donnie."

"What did you dream?"

Ben gulped. "Going to bed together."

"Nothing more?"

"And... lying close, I guess."

"And?"

"Oh, man, you do that nice!"

"And?" I persisted.

"And using our hands just about everywhere, I suppose."

"Including?"

"Okay!" he shouted, beginning to beat with his hips in tempo with, and counter to, the stroke of my hand. "Including that jobbie you got yourself ahold of!"

I released the boy's cock and stretched out beside his lanky body on the bed.

"Cool down a bit," I whispered into Ben's sun-tan-peeling ear. "We want to stretch this out."

The boy bit a lip to contain his feelings and when the crisis had passed he turned to me and looked into my eyes steadily, breathing sweet, young breath in my face. "Anything you say, Mister. You're the queer, not me."

"That word I intensely dislike."

"Tough."

"Besides, a moment ago you yourself were far from indifferent to my completely masculine attentions."

"Yeah, but look what you were doing."

"Now you can return the favor."

His eyes traveled down to the lusty rise of my cock. His lips parted and curled upward in a smile of chagrin. "I don't know," the boy said, drawing back.

"Go on, Ben."

"I... lied when I told you I'd done this before."

"That doesn't matter." How far I had come from my former reluctance to touch a virgin!

"Yes it does. Guys just don't..."

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" I rolled toward him and gathered in one commanding fist our two stiff erections. Slowly I began the roll of my hips that sent the slippery front of my mature cock gliding over the front of the smaller penis which opposed it, at the same time twisting both cocks in my hand to make them snap sideways back and forth against one another, like chopsticks slipping on a piece of meat.

"Now I'm going to kiss you," I said.

His eyes had been closed, lips parted over the shallow breath of mounting tension. Now his lids opened and he looked at me sternly. "That's for with girls," he informed me. "Guys never kiss each other."

"Most of them don't do this either," I said, tightening my grip on our two slippery cocks.

"But those are just our old rod-ons. Your mouth is, well, where your spit is."

"So?"

"Well, it's dirty."

"My mouth isn't dirty. I keep it clean. I brush my teeth. Don't you?"

"Sure, but..."

"Okay, skip it." I knew a boy's first inning up at bat is usually characterized by more foul balls than hits and scores.

"Good." Ben's face broke into a full grin, boyish, beautiful, like sun breaking forth from a parting storm. With vigorous, young strokes he thrust up with his hips hard into my clasp.

"Hey, wait!" I gasped. I released our cocks, but the boy moved into me, grasping me tight about the back. "Stop, you're going to make me...!" But by then it was too late. I tried to push him away, to stay on the anticipatory side of orgasm, but my feelings, with Ben's hot body sliding over me, kept on rising. I

rolled underneath the boy, hugging his buttocks down against me, slammed upwards against Ben's lubricated abdomen. Instinctively, I brought our mouths together. I shivered at the luxurious touch of lips. Our teeth clicked and Ben turned his face aside and plunged it into the pillow, hard beside my cheek. And then I was at the top, pulsing with the fertility of my tremendous white culmination, beautiful because of the freshness of the boy's virginity.

A moment later we were both quiet. "Did you cum?" Ben asked, a little in awe.

"Yes," I said. "I couldn't help it."

"I still haven't."

"Are you anywhere near close?" Ben raised his head and looked toward the curtained window.

"Nope," he said. "Not now."

I sent Ben out with a ten-dollar bill to buy some food, and a half-hour later he returned, his nose running from the sudden coolness of the Florida night.

"Is it working again?" he asked, nodding toward my cock.

"Are you impatient?"

He wiped his nose on the back of his hand. "That was a dirty trick, cumming before I had a chance!" He put his packages down and flopped into a chair. "This time we get to fool around the way I say."

"How's that?"

"I don't know," he admitted, grinning his sheepish grin. "Guys at school talk about blowing and things. You got a Coke around here?"

"Lots of boys are in the know."

"What does a guy's hairy old dingus taste like?"

"Experience is the world's greatest teacher."

"Jeez, I'm dying for a pop."

"Try the fridge."

Ben got out a Mountain Dew. He tilted back his head and sucked down the cooling, bubbling liquid. His eyes caught mine just as the last drops drained into his mouth and he put down the bottle, grinned and burped. "'Scuse me," he said.

"Big boys can find something better to suck on than a pop bottle." I said, and threw aside the sheet that had been covering my loins.

"Wow!" Ben said. "Your dick's already hard again?" Then, a little doubtfully, "I don't think I'd ever get that thing inside my mouth."

"Strip and we'll talk about it."

A moment later the boy was standing naked beside the bed, lanky, his skin nut-brown except for the bathing-suit stripe of white across buttocks and hips. He tossed his straight brown hair out of his eyes, put a finger into his curly brown pubic hair to scratch.

I sprang out of bed. Putting my hands to Ben's shoulders, I forced the boy to his knees. Ben's cock was beginning to stiffen and raise its head with joy.

"Wet your lips," I whispered.

My cock was a little high for Ben's kneeling position, so I spread my legs and locked my knees, not only to lower my cock but to withstand the galvanic shock I knew would follow the first contact of the boy's virgin lips. Releasing Ben's shoulders, I grasped my cock with one hand and with the other squeezed open Ben's hesitating jaw, just as you do a dog's muzzle locked on a stick. Cock and lips trembled, each glistening with its own fluid. I drew them closer, closer, until...

I had a sort of vision of entering Ben's mouth myself, doing so in the form of my own rampaging hard-on. Its head was my head, its shoulder my shoulder, the long erect shaft my own rigid, ecstatic body. The

tiny lips of the purple cock-tip were my own lips as they pressed for admittance and were finally accepted.

It was as though my face was gliding inward on boy-spitty surfaces. I caught a glimpse of white teeth opening like a giant portcullis. A swift current of warm air flowed up from the mysterious depths of Ben's lungs. I penetrated faster, felt teeth nibbling along my back. At last I rested, immersed in his warm, dark, saturated, strangely silent, totally lubricated world, waiting for the motion to start.

Which it did as soon as I whispered to Ben his instructions. I tangled my fingers in the boy's hair. I grasped Ben's ears and moved my hands down the boy's neck to where bare skin began. I moved my hips in complement to Ben's in-sucking and pull-back on my cock. The boy groaned a little, partly in pain at what my hands were doing to him, partly, I hoped, in pleasure.

I, too now, was beginning to moan low in the throat, bracing all muscles against tremor. One of the boy's hands was locked around the root of my cock and directed its tip to his mouth with each new cycle's start. The motion grew. The rhythm became steady and knowing. Inevitably the approach to final spasm began and, not wanting to end it just then, I had to lift Ben's protesting head from my cock to let my feelings subside, digging fingers hard into the boy's flinching shoulders.

I sat back on the bed, glowing with deep and unexpected excitement. Ben was standing above me. The boy's eyes shone and he was breathing a little hard. "Did... you like that?" he asked.

"What do you think?"

"I mean, did I do it right?"

"You did it right."

"You must be real close"

"I am."

In throat-lumpy gratitude, I reached for Ben's cock, took it between dry fingers and led the boy to a luxurious sprawl on the bed. I spread Ben's legs, crawled up between them and drew them against my sides with my elbows.

"What are you going to do?" Ben asked, his voice tensing with anticipation. "Geemeny, I can feel you breathing on my prick!"

I pursed my lips and blew a sharp little jet of air on the adolescent cock-tip, then down on the red cord below. Ben grasped my shoulders. "Does that ever feel weird!" he exclaimed.

I blew again, then put dry fingers to Ben's glans and, very gently, began stroking the sides of his young shaft, avoiding sensitive areas and moving the loose skin just the slightest bit up and down. It was a heart-breakingly beautiful sight: the lavender cap with its moist, crying eye, the white skinned, blue-veined stalk of stiff gristle with, at the coronal contact, its red, swollen, sensitive nerve bifurcating a down-draped tapestry of browner velvet. I gazed at it and breathed upon it and caressed it, and soon the boy was shivering.

"What you trying to do," he asked, "torture me?"

"Sure."

"You could kill a guy this way! You're staying off the part that feels good."

"Was," I said. I moistened a finger on my tongue and touched Ben's nerve with it.

"CHEEZ!" The boy jumped and a knee collided with my jaw. "You're... You're... Look out, here I go!"

Even masters blow it. As Ben writhed beneath me and tried to take in his fist what my fingers had teased beyond countenance, I made the best of a bad situation. I knocked the hands away, dropped my lips and in-sucked Ben's pulsating cockhead. Spastic fingers tried to pull off my ears, gouge my eyes, pluck my hair.

"Holy geemeny Jeez!" he cried, beating his sweaty hips against my bobbing mouth. "I never dreamed that getting blowed could be as good as this!"

And then I tasted the end of Ben's ecstasy, the light, white sperm of his now-no-longer-virgin loins. Ben drooped. I drooped. "I'm sorry," the boy said. "I guess I fouled up again."

"Don't apologize. It was nice while it lasted."

"Just give me time. You are going to let me stay the night, aren't you?"

The Keys. Almost a tropical climate. We have been SCUBA diving, Ben and I – and we were joined by a smaller, younger blond friend of Ben's who calls himself Teddy. The first evening, with our blankets spread on a deserted beach and three spiny lobsters boiling over a driftwood fire, I discovered that Ben had told Teddy all about the strange, neat, perverted things I liked to do with young boys. Teddy's curiosity was bursting at the eyeballs and bathing-suit fly.

"So how old are you?" I asked him.

"Almost thirteen."

"Too young," I said.

"Come on!"

"I mean it."

"I got feeling. Don't I, Ben?"

"How would I know?"

"I showed you my thing one day."

"Yeah, was it ever small!"

Teddy attacked and I had to separate the two boys in order to save our dinner.

The night grew chilly. We ran out of wood and lay together for warmth, one boy on each side of me, talking about the heavens and, later, about sex.

"I think, Jay, you can diddle him," Ben said. "I sort of promised him you would."

"You what?"

"You know how it is."

"No, I don't."

"It won't hurt anybody. All he's gonna get's a tickle-bone. He's not going to tell."

"I sure won't," Teddy said, snuggling up.

"It's not as though you gotta kiss him or anything,"

Ben said. "Just make out with him like you do with me."

"Wait," I said, a lascivious plot rapidly ripening in my head. "What will you do to bribe me?" Although Teddy was cute, Ben was infinitely more appealing.

"Nothing," Ben said.

"Then nothing doing."

"Why?" they both chirped.

"Because what I want is..."

"Yes?"

"Your lips, Ben."

"Jeez!"

"Your mouth in sweet, warm occlusion..."

"Whatever that is."

"...pressed on mine, tongue darting in and..."

"Oh, no!"

"...teeth clicking, jaw moving, the nectar inside meeting and mingling with mine."

"I'm gonna barf."

"Do you accept?"

"I accept, if you promise first of all not to talk about it in that fruity way."

"All right."

"Second, if you'll give Teddy's cock a real good jazz job, and..."

"I will. I will."

"...suck on it, man, like you done to my dick..."

"Agreed."

"...and afterwards I can wash my mouth out in the sea."

In a flash Teddy was out of his trunks and kneeling on the sand beside me. He held his immature, hairless peter with the fingers of both hands and poked it at my face. I turned and took the stiff little shaft in my mouth and sucked on it as you would a thumb.

"Whee!" Teddy hissed, shivering all over, and almost instantly his prick was clicking its first dry orgasm of the evening.

"Man, you done already?" Ben asked, impressed.

"I can do that over and over and over again," Teddy said. "Don't quit now, Jay. Keep it up!"

We did. Five times in half an hour I brought Teddy's cock through its tickle-bone climax, until at last I had to beg off because of my aching jaw.

But the big thrill of the evening was when I finally kissed Ben, lying naked on the boy and allowing my lips to meet Ben's lips, my tongue to press and enter Ben's mouth, to mingle our warmth and wetness. It was one of those precious, perfect moments of first sex, and after we were through I sat up and looked into Ben's face and said, "That was beautiful, Ben; now, honestly, wasn't it?"

The boy opened his eyes and wiped off his velvety upper lip and chin. "You're a fink," he said. "Drop dead." Then he laughed and picked up sand and threw it on my cock.

January third

Ten o'clock on the last evening of Christmas vacation. I sit in my car at Burton's Corners looking up toward the Fenway campus. A snow flurry gentles the outline of the dormitory windows. Somewhere in there Jamie McManus is preparing for bed. David Larson will be reading a comic in his easy chair. And Billy? My heart accelerates. Why am I waiting? Soon, in my great bed, protected from the winter night, I will be folding my arms around Billy's growing spirit, hear of his vacation adventures, comfort him for the indifference of his parents. Ah, love, love, love! Oh, Billy, my Billy!

But there is no Billy at Fenway any longer. Over Christmas vacation, Jamie informs me, Billy's parents enrolled him in the Arapajo Ranch School in south-central Colorado. To be closer to them, it seems.

The thought of losing Billy is more than I can bear. What will I do? I'll finish out the year at Fenway, then, who knows?

In the meantime, perhaps Jamie will occasionally take pity on the loneliness of my bed. Or Dave – it doesn't matter. Without Billy, one kid will be as good as another. Behind the shut-tight eyelids of my imagination there will be only the moving memories of all those great conjugations of the fall. Now that is all past. Through. *Finis*.

Dear Mrs. English: Why did you get hooked on D. H. Lawrence? Why did you, in your jet-set innocence, decide to read a book? Don't you know that the man who wrote of Lady Chatterly is not in Taos any longer? That he is dead?

Why did you have to kill the best in Jay Mattheson. And in your son?

PART TWO

Billy

I was sitting like I usually do when I'm on the floor, legs crossed and feet tucked under my butt, like a Buddha in the jungle, except that I was in a moving boxcar on a long freight train looking out its cracked-open door at this gaudy New Mexico sunset, all red and gold puffy clouds and a silver contrail streaking south. Down where we rattled along was a desert valley that's got to be the loneliest place I'd ever been: miles of sagebrush and chaparral that sloped up to cold, distant mountains. It all made me feel serious and kind of grown-up. Partly it was because Joey and I were running away.

Anyhow, I wanted to be alone, and it made me mad when Joey came up and bothered me. Joey was cold and shivering. He persuaded me to go back with him and lie down in the dark straw and hug him to get warm.

Joey's my age and, like me, his hair's long and blond and mostly mussed and his eyes are blue. People at school kept saying we were look-alikes. But I've got an inch and ten pounds on Joey, and a whole lot more experience.

Our steady hug got Joey stirred up. I could feel his cock pressing on my hip, and then Joey started hinting around, except that he didn't really know what to do or what to say, so I naturally took over.

Joey said, "Guys, are they supposed to...?"

And I said, "Of course not, stupid. They're also supposed to stay in school."

"But this!" Joey said, and what he said next wasn't a word exactly, because I'd put my hand first on Joey's buckle and undid it, then on his zipper and shoved it down, then through the slot in his Jockey shorts, and before you could say Jackoff Robinson I'd three fingers curled around Joey's cock, with a wiggling thumb tickling light on the tip.

So I said, "What about it? Want me to quit?"

And Joey said, "No! You *can't* stop now!"

And I said, "Oh, yeah?" and pulled my hand away. "Maybe I'll go back to the door and watch that old sun go down."

Joey yelled and rolled onto me and started banana-peeling off my clothes. When he got down to where my cock and balls were I loaned him back my hand, and then we were just busy on the loose skin of each other's cocks as our muscles started getting tense.

In a minute I knew I couldn't stand it any longer unless we were to finish things off, and it was too soon for that, so I told Joey to stop stroking my dick and I did likewise, except we still hung on, squeezing every once in a while and feeling the other cock click back.

Joey said, "Oh, man, is this ever nice! How many times you jacked another guy, before this, I mean?"

I thumbed Joey's soft and warm and velvety cock-tip and said, "Hundreds."

Joey's joint clicked and he said, "Who with?" and squeezed on my cock.

My cock clicked back, and I said, "None of your business."

And Joey said, "Was every time this good?"

And I said, "Some better."

And Joey asked how, and squeezed on my cock, and got the answering click, and said, when I didn't answer him, "Billy, let's not split up like we talked about we might have to. Let's never do that no matter what. After this, I mean."

And I said, "After what?" and started to move my fingers again in the most teasing way I knew.

And Joey said, "Cheez!" like air hissing out of a tire going down.

And I said, "Close?"

And he said, "You know it! Finish me up in a hurry or stop quick!"

I stopped, (cause I figured we might as well do this right, seeing as how Joey was a rank beginner. I yanked down both of our pants, opened our shirts at the front to bare our chests, and I bent down to lick Joey around the nipples. Then I made a mouth-track downward for what I wanted to do. And then I lay down on Joey and we did it.

We both got cold quickly afterwards. I fished around in the straw for my clothes, found them, shook them out and crawled over to look out the door again. New Mexico was even more lonesome in moonlight. I'd just gotten myself into a serious, sorrowful mood, like that classical music Mr. Mattheson plays, when Joey was there again.

I told him, "Quit hacking around."

And he said, "Come on back. I'm horny and I'm cold, and, besides, we gotta get some sleep tonight."

Remembering it, the motion of that freight train gets all mixed up with what my cock and Joey's got up to, and the smell of straw with Joey's breath, and the sound of Joey sobbing after our most happy cum that night with the sound of train wheels grinding and whining on the rails, taking us farther and farther away from the Arapajo Ranch School.

Anyhow, I finally fell asleep, with Joey's back curled into my chest, and we rode that way, like a pair of stacked spoons, until morning.

We awoke so hungry we could of eaten the straw. Around dawn the train stopped. We jumped out and walked in the direction of some buildings we had spied from the box car, through chaparral that was still white with frost. When we got there it was a ranch, and a dozen young hands were sitting around the kitchen table eating breakfast. We offered them some of the change we had in our pockets, but the men said we could eat for free, they would take it out in trade. I didn't know exactly what they meant by that, but the pancakes on the griddle smelled so good even my eyes were watering. Joey and I wolfed down about a dozen of them each.

When we'd wiped the Log Cabin syrup off our chins and our hands and pushed back our chairs and burped, the guy who seemed to be the foreman scratched his stomach and stretched and looked at me and said, "I'm Dale."

And I said, "I'm Bill and he's Joe."

And Dale said, "It looks like you just got elected to do the dishes."

Billy and I didn't really mind, but when we were done Dale took us out to the barn and told us to clean up the floors. It was a sweaty, smelly job. We stripped to our Levis and for two solid hours shoveled horse and cow shit, while the ranch hands slouched around wired up with Walkmans or reading comics in the hay.

After a while Joey asked, "How much we get a day for this kind of work?"

And Dale said, "About as much as you'll eat up at breakfast, lunch and dinner."

And I said, "Then it's hard to see how Joey and me can make out very good."

One of the other hands grinned and said, "Make out?"

And I said, "Get away from here, I mean, with either money or a full stomach or both."

And Dale said, "What's your hurry?"

And Joey said, "Well, the job's not so hot and the pay's lousy."

And Dale said, "Both can be changed."

And I asked, "Like how?"

But Dale just smiled and said, "We'll see."

I sat next to Dale at lunch. He was built like a basketball player, all bends and angles, sort of, and so tall he had to stoop to pass through the doors. After we'd been eating a while Dale looked at my hands

and winked at the other men and said, "Nice. Soft. Like a girl's, almost."

And I said, pissed off, "They won't be much longer."

And Joey said, "Yeah if you keep us shoveling shit all the time."

And Dale's hillbilly face broke into a smarmy grin and he said, "Maybe after lunch we can use them nicer."

When I looked down that long table all I could see were twelve pairs of dreamy eyes staring at me and twelve big, bony jaws working away on the pork chops and pinto beans.

Joey didn't understand. He said, "Good. Neat," and grinned at me.

I kicked him under the table and said, "Wait a minute, guys. Joey and me, we don't do anything for free."

One of the men said, "How much for what?"

And I held up my right hand and said, "We only use these, and no pawing."

And another man said, "Who wants to paw?"

And Dale said, "Two bucks."

And I said, "Each."

And the man at the end of the table said, "Six of us to each kid." Then, pointing at Joey, "I have dibs on him."

Well, that was the first time I'd ever set up shop in a bedroom and used my old fidgety-five to earn me cash.

Dale, being boss, was the first to sort of fold his big body down on my cot. His feet stuck over the end. He put his hands behind his head and said, "Okay, kid, unbuckle me."

I did.

He said, "Okay, kid, unzip."

And I said, "Don't call me kid. My name's Bill."

And he said, "Don't get smart. Get busy."

So I grabbed the zipper pull and yanked it down over the front of Dale's bony cock inside. And then I shoved his pants down until they were rumpled around his knees and then I made the drawers join them and pulled up his shirt-tails so his belly was naked. And then I asked, "How do you want me to work on it?"

Dale drawled, "I suppose you're going to tell me you never rumpled up and down the skin of your own little Peter Cottontail."

And I said, "I didn't say that."

And Dale said, "Well, mine doesn't work much different from yours, 'cept it's bigger."

He wasn't exaggerating about the size. It was built like his body: long, skinny and brown. I figured its dark color was due to sunburn, or maybe sweat on leather, from riding in the saddle all day. Anyhow, it was the tannest cock I'd ever seen. I lathered up my hands with soap at the basin, grabbed the cock and squeezed it and then started moving my fingers over the tip, slow and slipperily.

For a good two minutes Dale didn't say anything. I changed my grip, sped up the stroke, thumbed the nerve every once in a while. Then all of a sudden Dale tensed and said, "Quit it! Let go!"

I got my hand off the slick bean pole and watched Dale grit his teeth.

I asked, "You done this much?"

And Dale said, once he got control of his nerves again, "Not since I was fourteen. Me and Mario used to fool around on our farms back in Sevier County, Tennessee. We'd pretend we were driving stock cars on the track, lying bareass on the hillside above our bean patches, and we'd grab each other's stick shifts and jerk like hell. First guy through won the race."

And I said, "Why'd you quit?"

And he said, "Girls. We grew up. But it's still sort of nice to remember. You can get back on it now and finish it off."

So I soaped up again, grabbed the dark cock and shook it until Dale almost bounced off the cot. It spat its clotty load about a foot in the air, and then dribbled all over his stomach. Man, he'd been saving that stuff much too long!

After Dale came a kid called Mellon, because he had a big, round, moon shaped face, and he was so quick it was only ten seconds before he was yelling at me and cussing me out and tearing up the bed, and his cock was actually spitting out its cum – all at once.

Then I got an older man who took five minutes just to get a hard-on and a half-hour of steady prick beating before he could cum. After that both of my wrists were so tired they were like to drop right off.

When all the hands had been jerked, it was back to the barn for Joey and me, but we were now twenty-four dollars ahead and our keepers were well worn out. Most of them went right to sleep in the stalls with their Walkmans going. One of them had a transistor radio, and every so often the hillbilly music would stop and the news would come on. Police were looking for two blond-haired, blue-eyed boys that had run away from the Arapajo Ranch School and nobody knew where they were. That made me awful nervous, even through these cowboys were probably too dumb to put two and two together.

So Joey and I sneaked off into the bushes and ran, crouching, until we were safe. Then the whole thing seemed so funny we doubled up and howled laughing, rolled together on the ground. We shook each other and pounded each other and crossed our eyes and made faces, and that just started us laughing all over again.

After we stopped laughing we stayed in a hug, and then I was on my back looking up into Joey's eyes, and Joey was saying, "I'm gonna kiss you, like one of us is a girl, and I don't know who it is and it doesn't matter. Is it okay?"

I didn't say anything.

Joey's pink tongue came out and flicked over his lips and, when it finished, they were smiling. His head sank down until our noses almost touched, and then it went up again, and Joey said, opening his eyes, "Is it?"

And I said, "That's up to you."

Joey licked his lips all over again and brought them down close to mine. I'd just been lying all loose under Joey, but when Joey still hesitated, with his licked lips so close I could smell them, I grabbed him by the nape of his neck and shoved our mouths together.

Mr. Mattheson says you never know a boy until you have fought with him, laughed with him and kissed him seriously. Well, I'd fought Joey back at school a couple of times – in fact, that's how we'd gotten to be friends – and now we'd laughed together and kissed, and I was pretty sure there wasn't much that mattered that I didn't know about Joey.

After the kiss Joey rested his forehead on my shoulder, and I licked at the traces of his tears of laughter.

It was that perfect time in an early spring day in New Mexico: past the noon heat but before the mountain shadows got to you. Like Joey, I was left jittery from the hour and a half of after-lunch jack-off. We started to move – first with our clothes on, later naked.

"You know what I like?" Joey said, snuggling down into my chest. "I like everyone thinking this is real bad. Isn't that crazy?"

I said, "Yeah, man."

And Joey said, "If every kid could do it and none of the grown-ups cared, it wouldn't be half so much

fun."

And I said, "Like running away."

And Joey said, "So now I'm gonna try what I guess they can jail a guy for."

He bent to my cock and took it in his mouth, and that felt so goddam sweet! Because it had been a real long time. The last had been in December with Mr. Mattheson, and now it was nearly April. Joey's lips started to move. Contented noises came from his throat. I lay back and watched him, feeling as great as I'd felt in months. But I did wonder if I should let a kid that had never even fooled around before with another boy do what he was doing. Then I figured from now on we'd have to stay so close, for protection and sometimes warmth, and sometimes just to keep from being lonely, we just couldn't stop, once we'd started, and that meant going on to more and sweeter things.

I lifted Joey's head when I got close and then Joey hugged himself down on me and brought his cock alongside of mine. "I can't hold on much longer, either," he whispered.

So I closed my eyes and rocked against Joey's roll, and soon we got that terrific feeling of falling off a cliff, only nicely, and our cocks spat and we slowed up and stopped. But when I opened up my eyes I almost jumped out of my living skin because there, right there, standing over us, was a horse with a young man sitting on it.

"That must of been a good one," the stranger said.

Joey snapped his head around and started to roll off me, but I held him in place for cover.

"You sure were taken with what you were up to," the man said. 'You didn't even hear me come along.'"

The rider's voice was young but he had the height of a man. I guessed he was about eighteen.

Joey whispered, "What we gonna do?"

I said, "Beats me."

The guy on the horse smiled and said, "Oh, sorry. I'll turn around while you dress. There's no water hereabouts to clean up with, but here's a handkerchief, just in case you kids are old enough to need it."

He threw down the red bandana he'd had tied around his throat and laughed and reined his horse around so that its big, switching tail was right above my nose.

Well, Joey and I both had the same idea at the same time. We jumped up, threw on our clothes and then lit out over the sagebrush as fast as our feet could carry us.

I heard hoof-beats behind me. A lariat dropped over my head and tightened around my ankles and I came crashing down, cussing like Lucifer and shouting to Joey to keep on going. But dumb Joey stopped like he couldn't make up his mind whether to run or come back. The other end of the rope which had me was tied to the saddle, and the horse kept it tight, even dragged me a little by the feet every time I tried to get up. The rider climbed down and came up to me, grinning.

"That's a heck of a thing to have happen to you just after making out, isn't it?" he said.

I couldn't have agreed more. He freed my legs and I stood.

"Are you Joe and him Bill, or is it the other way 'round? I'm Larry, by the way, and I heard about you kids on the radio."

"What are you gonna do to us?" I asked.

And Larry said, "I haven't figured that out yet. Where you heading?"

I shrugged and Joey came in closer.

"What have you got for money?" Larry asked.

And I told him, "Not an awful lot."

And Larry asked, "Food?"

And I said, "Nothing with us."

And Larry said, "You're crazy. Ever doubled up on horseback before?"

We nodded.

"Okay, I guess there's enough food at Rifle Creek for all of us for a while," Larry said. "I'll go get that roan I was leading. And don't run off, because if you do I won't bother to come after you again."

Joey and I talked things over while Larry was gone and we decided to trust him.

He led back a ratty looking gelding. Joey and I climbed on bareback and the three of us set off for the western range of mountains.

We rode all afternoon. By sunset our butts were raw as uncooked hamburger. At last we dropped over a mountain spur, and there below was a meadow with the prettiest little cabin and corral and trout stream lined with willows you'd ever hope to see.

Someone shouted "Halloo!" from the cabin porch. I could see a big blond boy leaning on a post. "Who you got with you?" he yelled.

Larry said, "Couple of strays."

We rode up to the cabin and dismounted.

Larry said, "This here's Tim Stuart."

We all went into the cabin which was warm and lit with the dim, yellow glow of kerosene lamps.

Tim said, "I hadn't figured on four mouths to feed." He scratched his head in front of the wood-burning stove. "What about chores? Do the kids know they got to help around here? We need some wood split, for instance. And sleeping?"

Larry said, "There's two bedrooms."

Tim said, "And two beds."

And Larry said, "That sleep four," and winked.

I was given an axe and taken to the wood pile. When I came back with an armload for the cook stove Tim said to Larry, "All right, just tell me straight, for once: do Billy and Joey know about... things?"

Larry laughed and said, "First time I laid eyes on these kids they were making... how did Shakespeare call it? ...'the beast with two backs' out behind Porter's ranch, so I guess that takes care of technical virginity."

"Come on!" Joey groused.

And Tim said, "Then who are they?"

And Larry said, "They belong to the distinguished company of boys who have dropped out of school for a while, like us. Don't ask too many questions. It isn't nice."

We ate – hash and beans – and after dishes were done we played four-handed poker. The result of the betting, somehow, was that Larry got me and Tim got Joey to sleep with.

Tim said, "Happy dreams," winking at Larry before the bedroom door.

And Larry laughed and said, "Wet ones, and while you're awake." Then he winked. "That is, if the kids are up to it after that mind-blowing scene they were making down in the valley..."

I caught Joey's eyes and he mugged and I shrugged and then both bedroom doors slammed and Larry and I were alone.

There was this great big bulge in his pants. It was so huge and the blue denim pulled on it so tight I was amazed Larry wasn't in agony. But he just smiled down at me like he was real pleased with himself or something. He stripped off his shirt and kicked off his boots and put his hand on this big silver buckle on his belt. Muscles rippled down his chest and his arms and across his shoulders and back, but his waist was small and the skin there smooth as a baby's bottom. Down went his pants, and his skivvies, and out sprang the great bulge-maker I'd been eyeing all evening. It was huge, stiff and up-pointing and back-bending and stuck so hard into his thick cock-hair it wouldn't even vibrate.

I just stared at it, looking stupid, I guess, bug-eyed, without swallowing, senseless words like "Gol!" and "Crimenee!" and "Holy moley!" coming out of my mouth instead of breath. Because his prick was beautiful – not just big, but finely made. The lavender cock-head wasn't blunt or squishy or too large for the rest of it. The tip sat on the end like a cap that was just exactly the right size. The back part lay along the shaft with a curve that would have pleased the painter in Mr. Mattheson, even though it would have been too big to turn him really on.

Anyhow, I dropped to my knees and kissed the magnificent tool, wrapped one hand around Larry's legs and with the other fondled and stroked the light hair and crinkly skin that covered his balls. I started with dry lips, closed them, pressed them on the cock-tip, then moved down to where Larry's tiny nerve lay and flicked my tongue-tip across it, then moved down further to where the cock-root sank into his pubes with their strong man-smell, sneezing once when they tickled my nose. On the return trip up I made it all wet.

His hands came into my ears and twisted me so I had to let the softer tip (it was oozing pre-cum now) sink slowly between my lips, moving in steadily, slipperily and warm.

He told me later it had been a long time since he'd cum. What with watching Joey and me balling down on the desert, and then the long ride back to Rifle Creek, he just about had his heart thumping right in his mouth. Anyhow, he couldn't hold back any longer. He came off in my mouth quick as a little kid getting his first tickle-bone climax in a series, filled my mouth with the full, rich whiteness of his mature seed, and sank back on the bed with my lips still closed around his relaxing cock.

The next, for him, was after-love, but for me it was warm-up time, since it hadn't been too long since I'd creamed into the sweaty place between Joey's belly and mine. Larry crawled in bed. I followed him in and lay on his chest and licked at his face and breathed his breath and thrilled to the feel of him holding me close and still.

"You're so light," he murmured. "You could lie on me all night and I'd feel it no more than a blanket."

I said, "Wait till I ride you."

And Larry said, "Ride me where and with what?"

And I said, "Wherever you want," and I rocked my hips down a little to show I was all ready to go.

Larry said, "Just give me a couple of minutes and *I'll ride you.*"

And I said, "Okay with me."

I went back to tracing the outlines of his nostrils and upper lip with the slow, wet end of my tongue. At last he turned me over. Even though he'd promised me he'd be gentle, I started to get scared. That cock of his was so big! But we slicked it down with everything we had: sweat, passion-tear, spit.

Larry said, "Look, Billy, if you don't want..."

And I said, "Hurry up. Get busy and bury your cock before it dries off!"

And Larry said, "Okay, kid, it's sure going to be beautiful for me."

I grabbed the bedposts. Larry spat on my up-turned asshole, worked in the bubbly stuff with his fingers and hunched forward into position. I bit my lip. I felt the cockhead press, slip aside get aimed again, and then slowly start to sink into my stretching rectum. I tried to relax but it still hurt. His dick went deeper and deeper in and it hurt more and more as it did. Just when I was afraid I'd have to start yelling, Larry stopped.

"That's it," he said in a trembling whisper. "Man, I'm all the way in. And you're good! Boy, are you good! You're really taking it."

"I'm trying," I said. I could feel sweat running down and tickling on my neck. "Your pecker's so gosh-darned *enormous!* Give me time."

Larry said, "Sure."

And I said, "Is holding back hard on you?"

And Larry said, "Some."

And I said, "Then go ahead. I can take it now."

I tightened my ass muscles around his pole.

But Larry said, "Quit that!"

And I said, "Really close?"

And he said, "Just lay still. There. That's better."

And I said, "Man, you're fast."

And he said, "Man, you're good. I want to wait until both of us are ready."

Larry groped under me and my cock came slipperily into his palm. I jumped and shivered as four fingers and a thumb wrapped around the back of my dick, and again Larry had to fight for control of his feelings.

I said, "Gol, you're making yourself miserable. I can cum any time."

And he said, "You mean it?"

And I said, "Yup."

And Larry said, "Okay, hang on, 'cause here we go!"

Some of the most wonderful things that happen in bed don't happen between two people who love one another. I didn't love Larry like I do Mr. Mattheson. I wasn't even as close to him as I was to Joey. But when Larry started pumping his cock in and out of my back parts it was like rockets and Roman candles and the Chicago fire all going off at the same time.

We stayed with Larry and Tim for a week. One night while they were asleep Joey and I switched places. It was so dark in Tim's bedroom that when he awakened for his second round of balling he thought it was still Joey that was lying beside him. Tim's hair was a beautiful gold, and it was wonderful to run my fingers through it. But it was my hair that gave the game away – not the hair on my head but what was around my cock, for I'm a lot maturer than Joey is down there. When Tim buried his face in my stomach to suck on me he caught on quick enough. I giggled, but Tim got mad.

And stayed mad, and that ruined the good time we'd been having. The next night we left the two guys a note of thanks and snuck away.

We had a hard time of it for a while. We didn't dare hitch-hike the main highways, and certainly not the Interstates. We hid whenever we saw a police car. Money was our worst problem. We had just what our hands had earned us back at Porter's ranch. We spent it only on food, the cheapest we could buy. At night we slept in ditches, with only each other, and a blanket we'd stolen off someone's line, for warmth.

Still, we had some good breaks. Like the night when we found ourselves in a mountain pass with the sun going down. We got a ride in a station wagon full of Boy Scouts and driven by a young counselor who invited us to share the campground with them. We also shared their food. By the time they all turned in, Joey had chosen one of the younger scouts and me another, and an hour later I was whispering into a sleeping ear, "Hey, Tommy, wake up. I want to talk to you a minute."

The lump in the Scout's sleeping bag stirred. A fist came out the top, knocking back the bedding and rubbing on closed eyes. "Huh?" the boy groaned. "What's going on?"

I whispered, "It's Billy. Everyone's asleep. You want to fool around a little?"

He said, "Fool around, what do you mean?"

And I said, "You know," and grinned in the moonlight.

And he said, "Gosh, if you mean what I think you mean, I never done *that!*"

And I said, "Then, man, you been missing out! Here, let me in."

I started to lower the zipper. But the boy inside grabbed the quilting and said, "Oh, jeez, I don't know!"

And I said, "Aw, come on, Tommy. It's no big deal."

And he said, "Guys aren't supposed to..."

And I said, "Nobody's gonna know. After tomorrow you'll never see me again. Besides, it's freezing out here!"

And he said, "What's wrong with your own bedroll?"

And I said, "I don't got one."

So then Tommy started feeling sorry for me. I put on more shivers than I really felt coming on. Finally he said, "Okay. I'd hate to think of you sleeping cold all night."

I crawled in and snuggled down against the Scout, at first just to get warm, then for pleasure. In one minute Tommy's dick was hard. In two minutes I'd got both of us bare to the hips. In three I had his cock shoving against mine in the tight grip of my right hand. And in four minutes Tommy was panting his first shared cum into my ear and pouring it into his under-quilting.

I said, "Now, that wasn't half bad, was it?"

But he said, "I don't know."

So I said, "Do you feel sort of strange?"

And he said, "Yeah."

And I said, "Sad?"

And he said, "No. It's just all so new."

And I said, "Do you want me to leave?"

And he said, "Without a bedroll to go back to? You can sleep with me."

But sleep wasn't what we did an awful lot of. For one thing there was a thunderstorm growling to itself somewhere off in the mountains and I was afraid it would come after us. And then Tommy, once he got used to balling with another boy, just wouldn't stop.

After his third or fourth cum he whispered to me, "It's amazing! It's so different from what I figured. Kissing a guy's mouth. Getting sloppy. Still, it's not sweet, like it's supposed to be with a girl, but it's strong and powerful, sort of like driving fast in a race car, or skiing, or shooting the rapids in a canoe. I could really get used to this!"

The next thing I knew Joey was shaking me awake.

He said, "Billy, you better grab your socks and get out of there, before they run us out of camp on a greasy pole shoved up you know wheres."

A couple of hundred miles east of the mountains Joey and I turned our pockets inside out and discovered that together we had only forty-two cents to our name. So we went to a soda bar and ordered one big chocolate malted to share between us. That wasn't very logical, but it's hard to be logical when you are hungry and it's so hot all you can think about is something rich and sweet and wet and cold.

We put the malt between us on one of those little marble tables, divided the straws, closed our eyes, pressed our sweaty foreheads together so our messed-up front hair sort of tangled and raced each other to the bottom. Soon the tin was empty and we were making in it loud, hungry sucking-bubble noises with our straws.

When I opened my eyes I was amazed to see two more malteds right by my elbow and a couple of hot dogs. And this soldier was standing above us with the kind of handsome, boyish face you see on a 'Join the Army' poster.

I looked in the soldier's eyes, then down at the food, then up at the soldier again. He nodded and smiled, so Joey and I dived in. When we were through the soldier told us to wipe our mouths (Joey's was smeared with chocolate and mustard) and follow him to his place.

By then it had been a couple of days since Joey and I had balled. We had been too tired and hungry. So this looked promising. But when we got to his little apartment the darndest thing happened: the soldier made us strip him and tie him up in a metal chair and put a gag in his mouth and knot it behind his ears and move the chair next to the bed, and then we had to strip naked ourselves and climb on the bed and wrestle and jerk each other off with our hands.

That soldier watched all this with his forehead sweating, muscles straining and a ram-rod hard cock dancing in his lap. Crazy that such a good-looking guy would go in for all of this tying-up business, like he was still some kind of little kid somewheres in his mind. Anyhow, this pretend torture ended up by turning us on: we went at it, and not just with our hands, for a good half-hour, and then I said to Joey, because holding back was getting harder and harder, "Okay, man-o, you ready to drink my malt?"

And Joey said, "If you eat my wiener."

And I said, "Crazy, man! I'll race you."

So we got into the old sixty-nine position, which we'd practiced a couple of times before we left the mountains, and it wasn't long, with our faces working and our cocks clicking and everything getting nice and wet and smelly down there (we hadn't washed for going on a week), before I was flying over the top and eating Joey's light sperm at the same time.

Then we settled back to the normal world of being just boys. I could see the soldier was still unspent. He was actually crying: big tears that sank into the crease of his gag.

"Shall we let him up?" Joey said.

I looked into the soldier's eyes and saw him shake his head, so I said, "Naw. It's his thing. I feel like taking a nap."

And Joey said, "Me, too."

We went to sleep, as we'd gotten used to doing, with our arms around each other, but we woke up making out again. I was on top of Joey and I was gliding my dick slow and sweet beside his. And then I realized where I was, 'cause the soldier beside me was making little sobbing noises in his throat, and I was mad, not fighting mad, but pissed off. Because I didn't feel like putting on another show. I rolled off Joey and sat up and rubbed sleepy dust out of my eyes. The soldier was as aroused and tense and frustrated as ever.

Then I had an idea. I woke Joey and whispered in his ear, "Let's get him."

It's not easy to seduce a sitting guy, as lots of kids have learned trying to make out in their fathers' cars. It's even harder when the guy is tied up. We knelt beside the soldier, stroked and kissed and mouthed and licked everywhere on his body except his cock and balls: all his lonely hard-on could do was click and drip pre-cum into a little pool on the plastic seat of the chair.

As the soldier got more and more breathless, we got sexier and sexier. We stood on either side of him and mouthed each other's peters and then shoved them at his nose and eyes and upper lip, painting his face, sort of, with their wet tips, and at last nothing could hold him back from having an untouched cum. Now, that's just got to be about the most agonizing kind of sex climax a male can have. He'd been trying to hold it back, with his eyes shut and his chest running in sweat. But his cock won. Sperm shot out of its head like bullets from a repeating rifle and splashed on Joey's and my legs.

After that the soldier seemed to collapse inward, and Joey and I climbed back into bed and pulled the covers around our necks and we got on with completing what we had started a half hour before.

A week later we were the proud possessors of a Honda-90 motor bike. He'd found one for us at a

second-hand place and, between tie-ups and untouched cums, he overhauled the engine. We were a little too young to ride it legally, but we planned on sticking to the side roads where the police were few and far between. And then I figured I could pass for fifteen, especially in a helmet, even if Joey did seem a little small.

So we set off from town early one Saturday morning, me driving, Joey behind, and a pair of old sleeping bags with matched zippers for rigging as a double, all of which we'd earned by taking tricks with the Standard station man, the high school basketball coach, a lawyer and a couple of unprominent citizens with big mouths and small bank accounts.

It was the last that almost got us into serious trouble. We were hardly out of the city limits when a green Harley-Davidson dropped in behind us, ridden by two big, rough-looking kids. The green Harley tailed us all the way to the next town, where I decided to pull into a diner and see what happened. We took a booth, and the motorcycle boys took the one right next to us.

One of them stretched his neck to talk over the partition. "Where we going?" he asked.

And I said, "I don't know where *you're* going, but it's not where we're going."

And the bikie said, "Sure it is."

And Joey said, "What you wanna bet?"

And the other bikie said, "Your ass."

And Joey said, "Speaking of which, I gotta take a shit something powerful."

And he got up and went into the men's room.

The bikies joined me. I wondered what in heck Joey was doing. It wasn't like him to clear out on me when trouble came along. But then I saw out the corner of my eye that Joey was out in the parking lot with a bowlful of sugar swiped off another table, and he was pouring it into the gas tank of the Harley.

Meanwhile the bikies were giving me this big line about how Joey and me had better give in and meet them in a barn or when they caught us they'd make it real rough.

Joey returned. We all went outside. We started the Honda, the bikies started their Harley, and we pulled out of the parking lot, us first, the bikies practically riding up our ass, but before we'd ridden a block the Harley slowed and stopped. We circled back and asked the bikies if their Harley liked sugar in its gas like they liked sugar in their coffee. The boys made a lunge for us, but I laughed and gunned the Honda, and the next thing we knew we were out in the spring Nebraska countryside, with the day suddenly all bright and cheerful again.

When we'd first run away, all we really had in mind was to put miles between ourselves and the Arapajo Ranch School. Things hadn't gone so awful good for me there. First of all, I missed Mr. Mattheson, and especially what we used to do to each other in bed. There wasn't much of that at Arapajo, at least not among the kids. Everything was macho and aggressive. You could never tell a guy you liked him. You always had to be sarcastic or cutting or braggy. In fact it's amazing I even got to make friends with Joey, 'cause his bad-assing made us enemies at first, and it was only after we'd fought for about the third time, alone on a hike and we were washing up afterwards in a stream, that Joey looked at me with this sort of hopeless expression on his face and said, "Bill, why the fuck are we doin' this?"

And I said, "Beats me."

And he said, "Do you do this at home? Did you do this at that other school you came from?"

And I said, "No. Never."

And he said, "Then, let's quit."

And I held out my hand and from then on we were best friends.

But not jerk-off buddies. Not yet. The only sex I'd had was with the physics and chemistry teacher,

who reminded me a bit of Mr. Mattheson 'cause he had this funny way of talking: "Dear boy, come *in!* How *delightful* you look in that *very* smart short-sleeve shirt." And so on. Anyhow, he had me up for some extra tutoring to try to get to the root of my problem, he said. He couldn't quite put his finger on it, but when I was bare-ass he did, in fact he put his finger *in* it, which hurt.

"I have something that will make this all go easier," he told me. And he opened the drawer in the little table by his bed and brought out a tube.

And I said when I saw what he was getting up to, "Oh-oh, what's that?"

And he said, "Its called the Tokyo Torch."

And before I knew what was happening he'd poured some on my asshole and stuck it in with his finger.

And I let out a yell that if it wasn't for all the loud music the kids were playing in the dorm, could have been heard clear across to the mountains, 'cause it burned like hell.

And I shouted at him, "What have you done to me?"

And he said, "Wait, wait. Relax. You are just surprised."

Then the pain went down and this great warm feeling spread out from my behind, and even though I was mad I had to admit that the Tokyo Torch had its points.

Anyhow, when Joey and I decided to run away we started south, because that was where my folks were, but once I'd thought about it I knew my parents would just send me back to Arapajo Ranch or, worse yet, put me in a military school, as they were always threatening when I was bad. So I figured, they'd about abandoned me since I was a very little kid; now it was my turn to chuck them off. Besides, there was Joey, and Joey didn't want to leave me, and what we had going with one another was pretty nice in itself.

Joey's family lived in Connecticut, not too far from Fenway. We'd never really said so in words, but we'd probably turned east because both of us knew Joey would eventually want to go home. He didn't get on very well with his parents, but there was a much older brother that he really loved. The brother was married and had grade-school children, and this was the family Joey had told me he wanted to move in with some day.

We continued east across the plains, watching the countryside grow green and feeling the air get heavier with the hint of rain. Somewhere close to the Mississippi River we stopped to spend the night outside this big walled-off estate. We were about to set up our little tent beside the road when Joey found a hole in the wall which we shoved the Honda through and then we came out into this beautiful quiet woods, with wild flowers coming up all around us. We broke out our little stove and were sitting around it watching the beans come to a boil when two guards came up with this tough looking mastiff.

We couldn't run; we couldn't afford to leave the Honda and our bedrolls behind. My first thought was that this was the end of our trip. Police would be called. We'd be locked up for a few days, and then shipped back to our parents' control. Shit, it had all started off so well!

But then came the first of the surprises. Without saying a word, the two guys (they were in uniforms, like forest rangers) folded up our bedrolls, tossed out the food we'd been cooking, shut down the stove, packed everything neatly back into our Honda's saddlebags and then indicated we should follow them.

What we came to was a sort of cross between a country house and a castle, or one of those things witches are supposed to live in: all towers and turrets and stuff. We walked across a nicely mowed lawn, up to the front door where one of the guards pulled a chain thing that rang bells somewhere in the back.

The door was opened by a funny little man. He was actually shorter than Joey, old, with an orange

wig. But when you looked in his eyes you saw he wasn't nasty. I mean, he had a sort of crafty look, as though he was ahead of you all the time when you talked, and he was seeing something funny you were too slow to see. Well, I didn't dislike him. I didn't really trust him, but I figured Joey and I would get out of this somehow or other without us getting involved with the police.

"Come in, come in!" he said. "You can leave your *steed* in the care of Jürgen, who will see that it is properly stabled. It's not every day that I have such *attractive* company. And..." (peering at me with those old, shrewd eyes) "...so ideally suited for modeling. I'm a painter, I should say, of some international notoriety."

"You mean with oils and stuff, and on canvass?" I said, thinking of Mr. Mattheson.

And he said, "Yes and yes. Come, I'll show you."

So he took us through his castle, and even though my stomach was growling, what I saw was pretty powerful. First was a room full of these old paintings of saints and things. "Early Christian sadistic," he said. There were men with arrows through their naked chests, having skin pulled off them alive, tied and nailed to wooden things. "I like this one especially," the little man said, as though he was telling Joey and me a secret. "I think I got just the right feeling in the hands."

And I said, surprised, "*You got?*"

And he said, "Yes, of course. Oh, I didn't tell you. I painted all of these. In Italy now there is quite a market for the Fifteenth Century. Not my favorite period, but we had to practice and practice in art school – oh, that was longer ago than you would ever *believe*. Well, I'm *competent*. If an expert ever gave one of these a close look my goose would be cooked, I know. Well, I try to sell to minor collectors. My nightmare is that one of my customers will one day take what I sold him to a museum." And the little man actually shuddered.

The next room was huge, and the paintings in it were huge. He explained that not long ago there'd been a Napoleon fad, but he was just a year too late for it. He was stuck with all of his Napoleon oils. You could see Napoleon in Italy, retreating in the winter from Moscow, inventing his Law in a tent. In fact, more about Napoleon than any normal person would ever want to see.

Then there was a room full of fat women in orange and purple with pigs and things and palm tress in the background, all sort of tipped up so they looked like they were going to fall out on your lap, and another room of fields and swirly sky with trees twirling up into it like a lot of dark green Dairy Queen cones, and a room with triangles and prisms with faces, sort of, except they had two eyes on the same side of their heads, like flounder fish. And then, when I thought I'd keel over from hunger, the little man opened a pair of huge doors and there was dinner all laid out.

Afterwards we went to his own personal wing of the castle, and here there were paintings something like all the styles we'd seen below, except they were full of naked boys and all the naked boys had hards. There were goings on in the early Christian things that wouldn't have looked right in a church at all; Napoleon was getting sucked off by curly-headed blond kid that looked about twelve, who, in turn, was getting bugged by a soldier, while all around it was snowing and the troops were freezing to death in the cold. Two kids were making out in a purple canoe, and under the Dairy Queen trees another pair were giving each other hand jobs. And in the flounder-people painting the kids had two cocks and four balls each, which is logical, I suppose, if you have two eyes on the same side of your face.

"Gol, Sir," Joey said, "you can't sell these!"

And the man said, "That's not their purpose, which is to entertain me. When I don't have the real thing. Are you two the real thing?"

And I smiled and winked at Joey and said, "After a meal like that I guess we really ought to be."

And the crazy thing was that, even though he was as old as Father Time, he was real nice in bed and

didn't mind when Joey pulled his wig off and kissed, one by one, the big brown spots on the top of his bald head. The only thing I feel bad about is that we wore him so much out that the next day he slept all morning, and we found where the Honda was kept and sneaked away from there without even saying goodbye.

We crossed the Mississippi and dropped down to the north bank of the Ohio River, eating and camping on its shore where we could wave to the men on the barges.

Then, suddenly, without warning, Joey got sick. It started one night when we were lying in our double-sleeping bag. Joey complained he was cold. I had to hold him close to keep him from shivering. Soon he began to cough. The next morning when we set off on the Honda, Joey was wearing all the warm clothes we had between us. And still he huddled in my wind-shadow and was miserable.

To make things worse, it started to rain. We were just outside Cincinnati and I was thinking of checking us into a motel somewhere, when I remembered this was where Johnny Bowen came from. Probably my old ex-football captain would be at his home now; it was worth a try.

So we stopped at a phone booth and, after waking up every other Bowen in Cincinnati (it was Sunday morning and still early) I finally got the right house.

"Man, you're famous," Johnny said, when he'd finally got waked up enough to talk at all. "I could get a cool five hundred dollars just by calling the cops and telling them you're in town."

And I said, "Are you going to?"

And he said, "Well, if you're about to turn yourselves in, I'd be a fool not to collect."

I just about hung up then and there, but Johnny continued, "Relax, kid. One hell-raiser deserves the help of another. Tell me where you are and I'll be right out."

He came after us in a red Triumph convertible. I put Joey in the right seat, and then I tailed the car in my Honda in a ride that was more like a cops and robbers chase through all the winding suburban streets. We finally screeched to a stop in the parking lot of a big Georgian house. Johnny's parents, it turned out, were on a cruise to South America, so Johnny led Joey and me to the master suite and I stripped Joey and put him to bed and piled the covers over him while Johnny called the family doctor.

It turned out to be the mumps, which I'd had when I was six.

Johnny was horrified. "I haven't had them," he explained to me as he stood in the shower lathering his body all over for the fifth or sixth time. "But if I'm really lucky I can catch it now and lose my manhood and half a grand to boot, plus the doctor's bills, which I know damned well you can't pay." And I said, "What do you want us to do? Leave?" And Johnny said, "That's a real good idea." I ran out and slammed the door, but Joey was in such sad shape that I had to go back and beg Johnny to let us stay.

It was a miserable time. Joey's neck bloated up until his head looked like a pear. The infection spread to his groin. Sometimes he was delirious and then I had to spend hours nursing him and trying to get him to calm down. And I'm a lousy nurse: that's something grandmothers and fussy old aunts are supposed to do. I was a flop.

And then whenever I came out of the sick room I was supposed to brush my teeth and shower and soap all over as though getting rid of sin.

Johnny usually slept until noon. Then he would jump in his Triumph and be gone until the wee hours. But one evening he came home early and wanted me to take a dip with him in their private pool. The sun had just set but it was still warm. Johnny stripped and threw his clothes on the diving board. "We're going in bareass," he said.

And I said, "What about the cook?"

And he said, "I sent her home."

Just then Johnny's cock popped out. The sight of it stopped me dead.

"Come here," he commanded.

I gulped and walked to him. I just couldn't take my eyes off Johnny's pecker. It had started as a down-dangler but it stretched and raised itself quick into a magnificent hard-on.

Johnny smiled and said, "Oh, what the hell. I might as well burn my candle at both ends, because in three weeks – that's the incubation period – I could be left with just a wick and no wax."

And that would have been a shame, to have something so beautiful ruined, and I said, "Cripes, how'd you get your dick so *big*?"

And Johnny said, "When I was little I brought it up by hand. When I got older I fed it to all the best looking boys at Fenway, except one, it turns out. Take a hold."

I grabbed it and squeezed it. The end leaked, and when I moved my fingers they glided smooth on the warm and rumply skin.

Johnny played it real cool. He started unfastening my shirt buttons, went on to my trousers. Soon all of my clothes lay about me on the flagstones and he was leading me by my stiff cock to the diving board, where he told me to lie down way out near the end.

The rope covering the board was coarse on my ass, but that feel was quickly drowned in the great explosion in my lower stomach when Johnny's lips came around my cock and started to work it over. Pretty soon that old board was going up and down like it wanted to join in the fun. In half a minute I was rising toward my cum. I yelled at Johnny, and he stilled his lips but kept them clamped tight lower down on my cock. I bit the back of my hand to stay where I was with my feelings. Even so I probably couldn't have held back except that Johnny all of a sudden let my cock out of his mouth and shoved me in the water.

When I climbed out of the pool I was mad. I was about to walk off and visit Joey when Johnny stopped me and said, "Let's quit this horsing around and go to my pad."

That was the first time I'd ever been in his bedroom. There were things he had stolen all over the place: highway route markers, stop signs, warnings, parking meters, even a policeman's helmet with the Cincinnati emblem on it. I couldn't help wondering what Johnny's folks thought of his collection.

Johnny sat on his bed. He pulled me down beside him, and then I was under him and Johnny's mouth was all over my face. But the best pressure of all was from his cock driving into my stomach. I spread my legs, and Johnny reached down and lifted them over his shoulders.

"I don't have any grease," he said seriously.

And I said, "Use spit. I'm used to it."

Johnny slicked up his dick and drove it in, and for a couple of minutes we were on the wildest ride this side of a bucking bronco. Johnny started to moan, and I caught it from him. I tore at Johnny's hair (it was fairly long and honey-colored and hung straight into my eyes). I lifted my ass to meet Johnny's dick-slammng thrusts, with one thrill coming hard on the last.

We climbed the climax both at once. He shouted my name and his sperm burst into my backside at the same time mine flooded my stomach. We held the peak for enchanted seconds. Then slowly the feeling fell.

Even when it was all over Johnny didn't let go. I lay in his arms and remembered some of the old times that must have been especially good for him, such as when he was a Junior and was on the varsity already and I used to sit in the cold autumn drizzle and cheer for him until I was hoarse. Johnny must have been thinking the same thoughts, because after a while he whispered in my ear, "Some wait, wasn't it?"

And I said, "For what?"

And he said, "For this, all those months. Was it worth it?"

And I said, "It was nice, you better believe."

And he said, "Do you love me?"

And I said, "No."

And he said, "Not any more," rolling onto his back. "And that, you got to admit, is sad."

And I said, trying to make him feel better, "Two years ago I didn't know what loving was."

And he said, "Who taught you?"

And I said, "Does it matter?"

And he said, "No. I guess I'm being jealous. That's a switch, isn't it?"

And I laughed and said, "I think you're outgrowing kids like me. What you need is a woman."

And he said, "Man, I can't keep them off my back."

And I said, "I can see why."

And he said, "What do you mean?"

And I said, "Come on! You're the best looking guy in Cincinnati and you're built and you're rich and you're smart and..."

And Johnny interrupted me to say he'd never really kissed a girl. "Fucked, yes; smooched, no."

And I said, "You're kidding."

And he said, "I don't suppose their mouths work any different from boys'."

He shoved my head down to where his cock was stretching itself, getting set for another play. I pressed my lips on the tender head and took it happily into my mouth, even though it filled it awful full. I began working with my tongue and pressing with my lips and moving all of my mouth against Johnny's skin in the teasingest way I knew.

"Billy!" Johnny whispered, with his stomach shivering. "Oh, Billy, Billy, Billy!" It was real strange to hear an old hero of my boyhood thrill to my name. "You're good! You're so good! How come I never got to ball you at school?"

I released him and raised up my head and said, "Well, you had Jamie and Dave and Tom and..."

"Back on my prick, you little punk!" Johnny shouted and pushed my face down. "I'll do the talking. That's better. Oh, man, I'll say that's better!"

I slowly took his dick deeper and deeper, until I wasn't choking any more. Johnny kept calling my name over and over. Finally when he was close he swung me around so we were facing each other's cocks.

"Okay, Billy, go!" he said.

And we mouthed the cocks down and came incredibly rapidly.

Lazy, now, with all the energy gone out of me, I crawled around and lay down against Johnny. He pulled a sheet over us, then smiled down and ruffled my hair. I was just drifting off to sleep when Johnny's big thumb moved along my neck and he whispered in my ear, "I think you're right."

And I said, "Huh?"

And he said, "About getting a girl. Maybe it can be as good as this fag stuff."

After a week Joey got better. In two weeks he was walking around the house, a little bow-legged at first, but with increasing strength. Three weeks from the day we arrived the doctor said Joey was ready to go.

"Give old Paint Pot Mattheson my regards," Johnny said, when we had the Honda all packed and pointed down the road.

And I said, "If I see him."

And Johnny said, "You'll see him."

And Joey asked Johnny, "You still feel okay?"

And Johnny said, "Great. I'm up to my eyeballs with gamma globulin and I'm going to stay that way for three more weeks. If I crash I'll send you a bill for bust balls. I can always get in touch care of Paint Pot."

And I said, "Look, you keep saying..."

And Johnny said, "Okay, so where you heading now?"

And I said, "Who knows? Off for more fun."

And Joey said, "Not that having mumps at your pad hasn't been real."

We thanked Johnny, then, seriously and meaning it, Johnny said, "Beat it, kids, before I decide to charge you rent."

I started the Honda and we waved goodbye, and then the two of us were moving at last, and was it ever good to have the wind roaring in our ears again and feel free to be just crazy as we had been when we'd first run away.

I felt Joey's hand tighten on my belt. "It's going to be awful nice," Joey shouted, "to be making out again in our own sack tonight."

And I said, "Do you think you're up to it?"

And Joey said, "Well, I didn't ask the doctor if I could ball with my buddy yet."

And I said, "What about the swelling?"

And Joey said, "Man, that's not from mumps any more. That's from pressure!"

We howled with laughter, but that night, when the Ohio fields were singing with crickets and a little swamp nearby was ringing with the voices of bullfrogs, that night, when Joey first came into my arms and our cocks down below that had been separated for so long began to press together and move, for the first time since New Mexico, Joey cried.

PART THREE

Jay and Billy

That evening, the first of spring, I was entertaining Laddie Bonenhagen, a gorgeous blond twelve-year-old of German extraction who slept on the floor below. Until recently Laddie had simply provoked pillow-fights, Coke-swiping expeditions to the kitchen refrigerator and all manner of pubertal social eruptions, until one day he discovered that the best fun of all came from his own fifth appendage. Within a week Laddie was paying proper attention to his prick, and Mr. Barrington, his hall master, found the after-lights bed-check amazingly quiet.

I, of course, have the best sex information gathering system at Fenway, and on the 21st of April I finally had Laddie stretched on my king-size bed, naked, with his little cocklet thrilling to make its first sweet contact ever with another human mouth, reaching for all its stiff two-inches-worth up toward my wet and slowly descending lips. Just then the telephone rang. I jumped as though shot by a vice-squad peeping Tom.

It was Billy's mother, informing me that her son had run away from the school in Colorado and inquiring whether he had made contact with anyone at Fenway.

"Not that I know of, Mrs. English," I said, "but if I hear from him I'll notify you immediately." I reached for Laddie and took his flagging cocklet between fingers and thumb.

"Julius H. Christmas!" Laddie exploded. "Wait, let me spit on it."

I covered the phone with my hand and said, "Shut your innocent yap!" Then, "Sorry, Mrs. English, what did you say?"

"I said Billy had a strong adolescent crush on you and I wouldn't be surprised if he telephoned for money or advice or something."

I felt Laddie's fingers wetting my own and the hard, sweet boyish cock they held. "What should I tell him?" I said into the phone.

"To come home, but first find out where he is."

"Now, jerk!" Laddie said.

"What?" came Mrs. English's astonished voice.

I glared at the boy and removed my fingers.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. English, but I have a student with me who is something of a disciplinary problem.

"At this time of night?"

"Well, yes."

"That's just... too annoying. Can't you dismiss him?"

"No, I'm afraid I can't."

"Then make him behave."

"Behave," I told Laddie.

The boy grabbed my hand and put it back on his cock. "You sure make a guy feel good, Mr. Mattheson," he said.

"At any rate," Mrs. English continued, "call me collect if you hear anything. Anything."

"Speed up your whack," Laddie said.

"I beg your pardon."

"That was the boy again," I said.

"Well," Mrs. English said, "it certainly sounds as though you have your hands full."

I admitted that this was indeed the case.

"Perhaps it is a good thing Billy's no longer at your school. Good night, Mr. Mattheson."

I hung up and leaned toward Laddie, ready to ungrasp his cock and replace fingers with mouth.

"Oh, sir, I'm sorry," Laddie said, moving away from me as his body relaxed into indifference, "but it felt so good I couldn't let you stop. You want to do it again to me tomorrow night?"

I had a glorious May. Laddie did visit me the next night, and the next. He was the most oral little boy I'd ever brought out. He loved to have me lick him, from his forehead to those damp little places between his toes, and, of course, when I fastened my lips around his cute little pecker, Laddie glowed with the deepest pleasure of all. And the boy would reciprocate, too, tongue for tongue, kiss for kiss, lick for lick, even though his loins were hairless and his ends were dry.

Then there was Lyle Roberts, whose stricken sophomore shaft I'd last seen yearning into Johnny Bowen's hand. Ever since I'd rescued him from a fate far better than Death, Lyle had focused all his hero worship on his horny English teacher. Thus I was able, through kindness and support, to do what Johnny Bowen and his sidekick had not. On Valentine's day I first took him to bed, and by then the boy didn't just want it, he was climbing the walls. The student council had just had him on the carpet, (figuratively speaking) for a tearful hour because they had learned that a week before he had pulled his slinky cock through a hole in his right trouser pocket and invited a straight seventh grader to fish in there with his hand for change. The little boy had panicked at the touch and squealed. Lyle came to me shaking from his terrible ordeal with the seniors, and together we inspected the offending organ. I assured the boy that it was not such a lethal snake that the young tattler had had to do what he had done. In fact, I thought it had a certain rugged and ruddy beauty, framed with its dark hairs, shot with its blue veins, mounted with its lavender and velvety cap, which for all the world looked like the heart on one of those Valentine cards some of the boys had been surreptitiously trading with their own loved ones.

The object of our attention grew as we discussed it. I asked permission, pretending shyness, to touch it, to stroke it, to fondle it, to comfort its agitation. I led him to my bed. Lyle lay down quietly, and gently I removed the lad's trousers and undershorts and carefully, so as not to frighten him, undid the buttons to his shirt.

"You're a very handsome boy," I was saying. "You have a beautiful chest, splendid muscles on your shoulders and back. But best of all, Lyle, is this!"

The boy had been blushing deeply at my extravagant praise. Now, when I locked my fingers around the lusty cock and began to move them, Lyle jumped and sighed and turned to me his adoring eyes. "Oh, sir," he said, "this is so good! What can I ever do to pay you back?!"

He was still paying me back that night in June. Classes had ended and final exams were about to begin. In my bed our cocks were locked in love. I happened to raise my head and look toward the open window. There, crouching against the screen, was a human form. I jumped and stilled my hips. But something familiar about the set of the shoulders, the thrust of the knee, started my heart knocking as no friction with Lyle ever could. Moonlight fell on a full shock of fine hair. I could swear it was blond. The neck was thicker, the legs lankier, the upper arms fuller, but it took no longer than a milli-microsecond to recognize the growing, swelling form of my beloved Billy.

It was the night after we'd left Cincinnati and we'd just made love for the first time in a month and Joey had cried and now he was sleeping the deep sleep of peace on the other side of the bedroll.

Outside it started to rain. I wasn't afraid of thunderstorms any longer, but for some reason I stayed awake. I thought about all that had happened to me and Joey since we'd left Arapajo Ranch, of our night in the boxcar, the cowbums at Porter's Ranch, the Boy Scouts, the weird soldier and the painter and above all of Johnny Bowen and how he had taken care of us when Joey'd been sick. It hit me all of a sudden what a wonderful thing my cock was, how great it made me and the other guy feel if everyone just came off it and didn't worry and stripped down and *did it*.

But at the same time I knew I was through wandering. I was sick of it. I had wore out its freshness. Especially I needed my old English teacher and lover, not just for sex but for help in all the things I had to do in the next ten years.

Because there was so little time left. A man and a boy can love each other, and love each other true, but it can't last a lifetime. Boys grow up.

The next morning I dragged Joey out of the sack and we headed right for Joey's home. Joey had a twin sister, Patti, who was nearly identical to him in looks, and I was surprised to find that from my first sight of her I could hardly take my eyes off her face and lips and especially her breasts, which were small but swelling nicely. And Patti stared at me like boys were going out of style. It made me shiver just to think of how it would be to make out with a girl like that.

Joey's parents were away, so while Patti fixed dinner Joey and I talked about some of the more couth things that had happened to us since we'd left Arapajo. She told us that police in 48 states and five provinces and Mexico had been looking for us, which was hardly news. "And, Joey, Mom and Dad are going to send you to a military school," she said.

Joey shook his head. "They do that and I'll run away again, and this time they'll never find me."

I didn't want to get involved in a family argument, so after supper I said goodbye, and when I was sitting on the Honda with the spring moon streaming down, Joey kissed me, which was nice except I would of liked it a lot more if it had been his sister.

And then I was off. The old Honda felt like a feather with just me alone on it. This was *my* part of the country and I knew all the roads, the little ones that wound over hills and through hollows where the ground fog lay. There was the smell of dew and hay and flowers and asphalt and, in the swamps, the quick passing bad breath of skunk cabbage.

About midnight I came over a rise, and there were the lights of Fenway soft and yellow and cozy and warm and winking at me from across the valley. A few minutes later I was crouching in Mr. Mattheson's dormer window.

I was up in half a heartbeat, unfastening the screen with shaky fingers, and then Billy was in my arms. I don't know how long we stayed that way, locked in embrace, or what we said. Finally Billy was whispering in my ear, "Sir, you better answer him."

"Who?"

"I don't know. You were sleeping with him, it looks like."

Then I remembered Lyle and said, "That's a good boy, go back to your room."

"Sir, he's crying," Billy said

"I can't help that," I said. "Look, Lyle, Jamie McManus is three doors down on the left. Tell him I sent you. Jamie would just love to get you between the sheets, I'm sure."

At last Lyle was gone and Billy was reprimanding me for my callous behavior. But I wouldn't have cared just then if the Supreme Court of the United States had been sitting in inquisition into the quality of my mercy, the capacity of my compassion or the tensile strength of my moral fiber. The only person who held an atom of interest for me (and he was the whole universe of light and darkness, of outer space and the fission-fusion inferno of the great galactic centers), all, everything, being and nothing, was the fourteen-year-old boy I held in my arms.

Mr. Mattheson let go of me and turned on the lights and told me to take off my clothes.

"Why?" I asked, looking sort of nervously back at the window. He drew the curtains.

"Because, you little idiot, I haven't seen you in six whole months!" He started to undo the buttons of my shirt. "Oh, how cheated I've been! Look at this chest! And those arms and your neck! I wouldn't know your neck! How tall you've become! How much you've gained! What is it, Billy? Two inches and twenty pounds?"

I lowered my eyes and said, "I don't know, sir. I guess I'm getting bigger all right, but would you believe what I mostly want tonight is to talk?"

I tucked the tails of my shirt back again inside my trousers. "Excuse me, sir," I said, half turning away, "but seeing you stark, raving naked this way all of a sudden and all in a heat is... well, it's embarrassing!"

We got dressed. We decided to go out into the countryside, but when we opened the door, Jamie McManus was staring at us, all bug-eyed and drop-jawed.

I said, "Hello, Jamie."

And Jamie said, "Hello, Billy."

And I said, "How's things going?"

And Jamie said, "Oh, not too bad."

And I guess the two of us could of gone on that way forever, except that Mr. Mattheson interrupted and said, "Jamie, take your curious little *gluteus maximus* with its ancillary dangles back to your room and..."

"Yes, sir," Jamie said. "But Lyle is sort of shook. He says when you leapt out of the sack it couldn't have come at a worse time for him, emotionally, and.."

Mr. Mattheson said, "All right, all right, Jamie, you have five hours to administer emotional therapy. Just get him back to his own bed before the riser bell rings."

And Jamie said, "Yes, sir."

Then we were in Burton Woods, with the moonlight dripping on the grassy paths and I was telling Mr. Mattheson my story. Everything came tumbling out, the good feelings and the bad feelings, me laughing one minute and nearly crying the next, such as when I told about Arapajo Ranch and, even worse, home.

And then, hours later, I got talked out. I fell asleep with my head on Mr. Mattheson's shoulder, and the next thing both of us knew dawn was shining into our eyes and we were sopping-wet with heavy dew.

That morning I had a stormy telephone conversation with Billy's father, but in the next hour Jackie or someone called them and extended this perfectly heavenly invitation to cruise the Adriatic, *sans kindern*, so Mrs. English now called back, all icky-sweet, to ask if I would accept a tutoring position for Billy and his renegade friend at their ranch in Taos, so both boys wouldn't have to drop back a year in school.

"Man," Billy exploded. "Hey, let's get Larry and Tim to be our wranglers."

"What makes you think I accepted?"

Billy's face fell. "Didn't you?"

"No, as a matter of fact."

"Why?"

"Well, it sounds as though, with Joey and your two young cowboy friends, the old ranch house will be swinging enough without any help from me."

"That's not very funny, sir."

"I think it's hilarious! Me, the broken-down old school teacher with his three Rs and a ruler, trying to compete for your attention (and an occasional bedtime favor) with two young and resourceful rascals. Why, I'd soon be a sexless, harmless Mister Chips!"

"Sir, you're jealous!"

"You bet your bippy I am."

Billy threw himself into my arms and kissed me wet and passionately on the lips. "Oh, Mr. Mattheson," he sighed, when his tongue was once more on his side of our two rows of teeth, "let's not wait until tonight!"

"To start talking again?"

"No!" Billy thrust his hips against me. The angled ridge of his magic wand rubbed front to front against my cock. "Take it easy, sir," he shivered. "Oh, please do it now!" And his hot little tongue darted again between my lips.

I kicked shut my bedroom door on the luminous green eyes of Jamie McManus, who had been calmly observing all of this on his way to the shower. When I turned back, Billy was midway in a flying leap off the bed into my arms. I caught him. The boy wrapped his strong, young legs about my chest and buried my face in his hot and Levis-covered crotch which began to thrash, to beat out a rapid tattoo, and sand-papered my nose and cheek and upper lip with his ardent but well-wrapped Billy-club. I gasped. Into me flooded the rich, strong boy-scent of Billy's unwashed clothes and vital organs.

"Bare it, sir," Billy was panting into my hair. "Unbuttonme! Pull my prick out! Use your mouth on it. Oh, golly, do it quick!"

I dropped Billy on the bed. As Billy kissed my face, I pulled the boy's Levis and shorts down. With a stab of poignancy I knew the measure of Billy's growth and my loss of those intervening months. Billy now was almost as well equipped sexually as a man.

I wet my lips and began to lower my mouth, when suddenly there was a loud banging on the door.

"There's some parents coming up the stairs," Jamie whispered, "and this blond kid I've never seen before in my life."

"That's Joey," I yelled. "Man, let me out of here!" I hitched up my pants and was gone in five seconds flat. I went to Jamie's room. Jamie slammed the door and asked, "Who's that kid?"

I told him, and Jamie said, "Does he fool around?"

And I said of course he did, and then Jamie said, "I've *got* to get it on with him, I've just got to!"

When I brought up Mr. Mattheson's tutoring offer, Jamie said, "But I'm flunking English and history, and Mr. Mattheson is supposed to be tutoring *me!*"

We stared at each other, then slowly broke into big grins.

An awful lot was arranged in the next couple of hours. Jamie called his parents to ask if he could go west with Joey and me. With that plan okayed, all three sets of parents decided Mr. Mattheson would run a tutoring program at Taos for three months. Even the headmaster got into the act when he conditionally accepted me back in the fall, and said Joey could come, too, if Mr. Mattheson was satisfied with his work. And, best of all for the moment as far as Jamie was concerned, Joey was allowed to stay at Fenway until we all headed west in a few days.

Love is blind and conquers all, but onlookers are not blind, and the three boys glowed with a lust so ardent that I had to lock them with me in my suite at night, under pretense of celebration, in order to protect our summer venture.

My bed had often rocked to the passion beat of two enthralled bodies. That night it lurched to four. Jamie and Joey stowed themselves first beneath the covers and were in a close tangle of limbs and lips and cocks when I led Billy to the other side and we settled on the gently moving mattress and, lulled by the moans and whispers and gentle complaints of the other couple, fell onto each other.

We moved, not bothering to get fancy or elaborate or advanced. I lay on Billy and breathed Billy's breath. The boy's lips when I first touched them had the coolness of dew, the scent of wild clover honey, the touch of love's madness.

From my loins came the first burst of fireworks and glory, fused by the sweet shaft of Billy's cock. It lit the landscape of love, edged it with color.

"Oh, yes!" Billy moaned.

"Yes!" echoed Jamie beside us.

"Yes!" Joey said.

"Yes!" I agreed.

I opened my mouth and plunged it to Billy's face, covering nose and lips and teeth and tongue, breathing life's breath down into the boy's lungs.

"Oh, Joey, you're so great!" Jamie whispered.

"Do it nice," Joey said and sighed. "Oh, Jamie, Jamie, Jamie!"

I plunged my mouth to the hollow of Billy's throat, tonguing its cup-like roundness, filling it with wetness and warmth.

"Oh, golly Mr. Mattheson," Billy said, "nobody makes love as good as you do!"

Down and down I moved, my mouth making wet, sliding circles on shivering flesh, crossing nipples and breastplate, ribs and stomach. At last Billy's sex hair and glorious cock rose into my face, the one throbbing, pulsing, jerking, bobbing, crying its crystal tear, the other cutting my nose with its rank resilience.

I dropped lower, opening my lips on the ball pouch, and sucked in the moving, tightening testes.

"Oh boy! Oh man! Oh Jeez, sir!"

My tongue ran on crenelated skin. My nose breathed Billy's scent of curling hair. My chin rode deep in Billy's crotch.

"Oh, sir! Man!"

I raised my lips, slid them slowly up the cock until the purple tip was pressing for entrance.

"Do it, sir! Oh do it! Do it!" Billy whimpered. "But don't do it long!"

I opened my mouth and let the head slide in.

"Cheez! Man Alive! I mean... Look out!"

I wrenched my head off Billy's cock and threw myself onto Billy in a gigantic hug.

Beside us, Jamie's voice was hoarse with sweet agony, "Oh, Joey," he said, "I can't hold it any longer!"

"Then, let's go, Jamie!"

"I'm ready! I'm ready!"

I whispered to Billy, "Are you ready, too?"

"You know it," Billy breathed.

We trembled and began the slide. Now all the rockets and sparklers and flares of the universe went off, the pinwheels and firebombs, the searchlights and sirens, all, everything, ignited like the celebration of the Fourth of July.

I cried. I bit. I hugged the breath out of Billy. I surged and pounded and Billy's body rose against me. In that final, furious fugue, four voices said:

"Joey!"

"Oh, Jeez, sir!"

"Do it harder, Jamie!"

"Kiss me, quick!"

"Oh, Billy, my Billy!"

"You're so great, so...!"

"Hug me tighter!"

"Make it fast!"

"Do it faster!"

"Here I...!"

" Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!"

When it was all over, Jay said, "Good night. Better get a little sleep."

"Good night, sir," Jamie said. "And thanks."

"Yeah, thanks a million," Joey said. "For everything, I mean."

And I kissed my thanks, long and cool and lazy.