

*The Eighth
Acolyte Reader*



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For Those About To...

by Edward Bangor

You may well ask what I was doing there, and the truth is I couldn't tell you, either then or now. Trying to recapture my youth? Maybe. Who can tell the workings of a twenty-four-year-old mind? I sure as hell can't, and it's my mind we're talking about.

Still, there I was: Circle Row A, Seat No. 46, almost in the dead center of London's Hammersmith Odeon, spending more time watching my fellow concert-goers than AC/DC's roadies making last minute equipment checks to the black-draped stage.

Some things had changed since I'd last been there, even if the decor and, most telling of all, the smell of the former cinema hadn't. This was the style of dress. Most wore what could only be described as the Heavy Metal uniform – basically anything as long as it was made from stone-washed pale blue denim: jeans, jackets and the odd waistcoat – but it was this that made the odd others stand out. Like the few pre-teens who seemingly couldn't get permission to cum (I mean come, I think) unless accompanied by an adult. One lad of around nine looked most embarrassed in what appeared to be his birthday suit – that is, a suit bought for his birthday, complete with tie, not the one he was born with, worst luck.

The lights dimmed on time (that was a change for the better). Down came the half-a-ton of bronze "hell's bell" silhouetted by two yellow super-trooper spotlight beams cutting through the smoky gloom, and up went the fifteen hundred people around me. Being at the front, I didn't need to stand, of course, but why not?

The bell got struck by an equally huge golden hammer summoning the five band members to the stage, each getting a louder roar from the crowd, until the whirlwind of head-banging energy known as Angus Young arrived, literally flying in from a springboard hidden just off to the left of stage, his guitar already sending out the opening chords of the song that had given the bell its name.

The sound levels didn't seem too bad, even if the crowd was now drowned out. At least, that is what I thought until the rhythm section cut

in. God, were those drums loud! What do they say: *If it's too loud, you're too old?* Well, I guess I'm getting old. But then again those five men on the stage were a good deal older than I and they didn't seem to be bothered.

By the third song I was facing a new problem.. My ears had adjusted to the decibels. I'd even started singing along to the older songs, not that anybody could hear me, but now my neck wanted in on the action. Was I really the only one not leaning over the front rail of the Circle, raining dandruff down on those in the stalls? Still, it did give a few interesting views of denim-clad buttocks. Already I was nodding my head. It might have been a few years since I'd been in that position, but I knew what it meant. Any second now I'd be triggered, and off I'd go, speeding toward a neck brace.

I mean, what is it about these heavy rhythms and flashing lights that can get an almost respectable young man like myself to do something as ridiculous as head-banging? It had seemed all right in my last years at school, showing off to the little first years, as I crashed my temple into one steel locker door after another. Sure, it hurt, but the smiles on the faces of the eleven-year-old beauties had been worth it. Hell, it had even lead into some jovial teasing about my being an "'Ed Banger". Which in turn had lead to me being 'forced' to defend my teenage honor with some physical contact and we were into grope city. Time and time again, the same kids would come back for more of the same. Oh, those sweaty little bodies rolling about under, or more often on top of me! Those were the days, all right. Best days of my life for sure. It even made the lessons bearable. Well, most of the time. But what better way could there be to make sure a boy-lover passes his exam than to give him *Lord of the Flies* to read?

The first erotic story I ever wrote started out as English homework: *What would you do if you were trapped on an island with a group of young boys?* I mean, what sort of a government entrapment question is that? Ralph and Jack didn't have much energy left for fighting by the time I'd finished with them. Four, or was it five, times I rewrote that essay – never finished a version I could have handed in.

Is it me or has it all gone quiet? Shit, don't say I've gone deaf. That's all I need – all that money wasted building up a twelve-hundred-item record collection, just to end up looking at the covers. Well, quite a few of the album covers do feature boys, even some nudes.

Of course, I wasn't deaf. The band had stopped playing. Why has Angus taken his guitar off? Oh, I remember; he's going to strip. Must take some nerve, that – taking all your clothes off in front of an 80%

male audience. And these kids in the hall will cheer him every step of the way, yet if they came across a man of Angus's age undressing in a public changing room they'd blush and turn the other way. Mind you, Angus does dress as a stereotypical English schoolboy, complete with shorts, satchel and cap. Was that part of the attraction? Maybe, maybe not.

During one of my brushes with *old Bill*, one of the younger coppers had even asked me if this was why I liked heavy metal so much. I never got to answer; the laughing of his colleagues didn't give me the chance.

I remember the first time I saw such a show, back in 1982. Would you believe it got me sexually excited? A man taking his clothes off. Still, I was at an impressionable age, fourteen, and from that distance, with my eyesight, Angus could have passed for a schoolboy. Shit, he looked more like a schoolboy than I did at five-foot-eight and 13½ stone.

"What's so sexy about a schoolboy?" Angus himself was quoted as asking around that time. Shows what little he knows, doesn't it? I'm sure at least some of these 1,500-odd, say around 10%, would be able to tell him, not to mention you lot reading this book. But back to the point.

Now, there *is* a point, when you come to think about it. If it happened to the fourteen-year-old me, who is to say it doesn't still happen? Best have a butchers and see if I can spot anything interesting while Angus is getting his gear off. Erm! Not too bad, considering the current trend for jeans to be worn with the crotch down to the knees. One or two snug fits I wouldn't mind getting snug with, but the faces do let them down a bit. All that acne, yuck! And short hair, too. Damn those barbers; they should all be shot at once.

But...

Two rows back, right at the end, virtually in the aisle. Wait a minute, he *is* in the aisle. Wonder if he'd like a seat (I wouldn't mind his). Wish that man-mountain would get out of the way, though, so I could have a better look. God, I hope they're not together; I'm big, but this wouldn't be much of a contest.

The mountain's shifted, and I don't believe it: my angel's coming down to see me – well, the end of my row, anyway – and leaving that ugly biker behind to sleep with his Harley.

Oh, shit-a-duck, will you look at that? I've died and gone to heaven. I didn't think they made Lycra shorts in any other color than black, yet he's got some designed like the Australian flag. Wonder if he did that to honor AC/DC's origins. No, not Glasgow, Sydney. You're right, who cares why he's wearing them? The fact is, he is.

Let's see, what else has he got on? Well, there's the AC/DC tour T-shirt, obviously bought on his way into the Odeon. Oh, man, look at that hair. Not only is it the color of straw just before harvest, but it's trailing all over his shoulders.

I think I'm in love again. Tell Santa I want one of those for Christmas. What do you mean, I've not been a good enough boy-lover? Didn't you know that all boy-lovers are good? It's in the dictionary definition.

Got to be subtle here. None of your 'Hi, kid, wanna shag?' approach – it's too far down to the stalls for my liking. Try to be casual. Edge your way to the end of the line. Slowly does it.

Hey, who's that with him in the yellow shirt? Shit, it's security. They'll be telling him he's a danger to public morals. No, wait: they're arguing. What about? I can't hear a damned thing in here. Someone turn the music down. Get out of the way, you fat bastard – I mean, excuse me, mate: boy-love emergency.

Now I get it. The ape in yellow is trying to send my angel back to his seat up in the gods. Soon fix that. I hope he's alone or I'm going to look like a right prat here.

"There you are, Willy," I say. Well, it's the best I can do under those shorts – er, circumstances. "I thought I'd lost you. Best get back to our seats, now. Thank the nice man for helping you." Why do I sound like a kindergarten teacher? Still, it works.

"Thanks, mister." The angel speaks with a voice to match his appearance. But... do I really look like a 'mister'? I ain't *that* old!

"No problem. Call me Eddie." Keep it cool. Don't loose it now.

"I'm Ricky."

So, I was close with Willy, then. Call it Dick, if you want. It all goes down the same way. And up, too, with any luck.

"You by yourself, Di... I mean, Ricky?" A bit direct, you think. But try to hold a polite conversation when you're reduced to yelling in the kid's ear, cute ear though it is.

"My sister couldn't come."

"Bet you can."

"Pardon?"

Woops! Careful, Eddie. Nearly lost it then.

"I said, that's a pity." Yeah, right. Believe that and you'll think I'm going through a 'phase' of liking boys. Speaking of which... too late: he's back with the band. Hope he likes his improved view as much as I like mine. It's true, you know: Lycra does cling to all the best places.

Getting near the climax, now. No, not mine; try, you lot, to keep both hands on the book for a change. It's the end of the concert. Just the final encore to go: *For Those About to Rock, We Salute You*, if my memory serves me right, which would be something of a first. Yes, there it is. Angus is playing the opening riffs. That reminds me, I never did get to see the strip, did I. Wonder if little Ricky did, and what his reaction was. Maybe I'll find out later.

But let's finish the concert first. Ricky certainly seems to be enjoying himself. Look at the kid go. Hope his head doesn't fall off.

Oh, shit, here comes the cannon. I'd forgotten about them. Sorry, ears. They weren't that loud last time, were they? Maybe I *am* getting old. Still, you know what they say? You're as old as the boy you feel. How old would you say Ricky was, anyway? Twelve, thirteen? Yeah, me too.

Thank fuck for that. God, it's quiet. Hang on, has someone got a phone in here? No, it's me ears ringing. Oh, well, no time to worry about that. I've got some hasty planning to do, and I'm not the only one, either.

"Eddie?"

Who? Oh, yeah, that's me, isn't it? Don't tell me your dad's picking you up?

"Can you tell me where the tube station is, please?"

What was it my old Uncle Martin used to say? Don't look a gift boy right in the flies, or something like that.

"No, I'm sorry. I can't."

It's true. Honest. I'd nearly got lost myself walking from the car park. Hammersmith looks like the blitz has come a bit late. Not such a bad idea, now I remember what it used to look like. But back to the master plan.

"I could give you a lift, if you want?"

"Would you? That would be great."

Youthful enthusiasm: doesn't it just do something for you? Even if I didn't catch half of the details of why the previously arranged pickup (*he* called it that, not me) wasn't going to work, now that his sister wasn't with him. Damn my ears.

To cut a short story even shorter, we got to the car and onto the main road out of town before I realized I didn't know where I was going – driving to, that is – I knew well enough where, with a little luck, everything would lead.

"Where do you live, Ricky?"

"Hammersmith." Defenses triggered. Prepare for attack.

"But we've just left there."

"I know." The kid certainly knows how to smile, doesn't he? "I thought we could go to your place."

Now, wait a minute, here. Who's picking who up? I'm not standing for that, not for one second. I'm in charge of the situation, I think.

"All right." Defeated by a smile. I change the subject, quick. "Did you enjoy the show?"

Harmless enough.

"Yeah!"

Erm! Not giving much away, are you? Hope that changes later on.

"Which part?"

"Oh, around the fifth song."

"The fifth song?" Why are my defenses acting up? "Which one was that?"

"You know. I think it was your favorite, too." I don't like the sound of this. "*Let's Get it Up!*"

Gulp.

"Or was it *Let Me Put My Love Into You.*"

Double gulp.

"Or *Givin' the Dog a Bone.*"

Why did he have to sit like that, with his legs spread? And just what can you say when you see his bone stretching the Lycra in a new direction? At least I didn't crash the car.

"Here we are." My street. Thank god the neighbors aren't up at this time of night.

"Looks nice."

"I like it." How old was this kid again? Fifty? "Shall we go inside."

"Why not, now we're here?" Is he making fun of me, do you think? "You got any coke, Eddie?"

I hope he means the drink.

"Yeah, sure." Liar. Will he notice the difference between the cheap supermarket cola and *the real thing*? Hope not. "Just make yourself comfortable. Put some music on, if you want."

Half a Slayer track later, and two glasses of el-cheapo cola are all over the floor. Good job there's no carpet in the hall.

"You said to make myself comfortable."

Somehow I'd never expected him to take his clothes off to do it. Not yet anyway – that's my job. Yet there he is, sprawled across my mother's old chair in all his glory, pointing at me but without using his hands, if you know what I mean.

"I'm always more comfortable naked."

"You look it." Well, what would *you* say in that situation?

"Why don't you join me?"

Even Mary Whitehouse couldn't blame me for refusing that invitation. Good thing my tumblers bounce.

A minute later and he says, "It's nice like this, isn't it?"

You want me to argue the point? No way.

"Didn't anyone tell you to keep your hands to yourself?" Why did I say that? Don't you know humor is always a good way to hide your nervousness? And why shouldn't I be nervous? I'm not used to being molested in my own home.

"No."

Well, that's a relief. And if you keep doing that it won't be the only relief around here. Oh, my god, you're bending down. Does this mean you're going to...

"Aaarrgggh!"

Whoops, sorry about that. Guess it's been longer than I thought, but I did promise that nice Mr. Policeman I wouldn't do this anymore. Oh well, what he doesn't know won't hurt him.

Must be my turn now. As Steven Tyler says on Aerosmith's *Love in an Elevator*, 'Going down.'

Yum-yum.

Gulp-gulp.

Erm. Very tasty. 1979 vintage if I'm not mistaken. Still young and fresh without that fullness of body to worry the girlies. Just how I like it, in fact. Hope the well isn't dry. I could go for seconds of that. Not to mention thirds and fourths, etc. Looks like I'm not the only one, either. That *is* why you're licking your lips, isn't it? After me, you're first. I wish mine would recover as fast as that. Never mind, I know a way to pass the time. Excuse me if I don't talk with my mouth full.

Smaller helping the second time around, but who's complaining? Wonder what the third time will bring.

"Ouch!" Easy on the hair. I'm loosing it fast enough without your help, thanks. Why didn't you just say you wanted to move onto something else? Hey, where are you going? There's no need to be like that. Oh, you just want what little is left of your drink from the tumbler on the floor. You do look rather fetching from this angle – all rounded buttocks and hanging jewels. Funny how his tan doesn't stop at the waist. Wonder where you spend your holidays.

"Do you know what song I'm thinking of now, Ricky?" Two can play

that game.

"No, what?"

"*Put the Finger on You.*" With a lead-up like that, there was only one thing I can do. So I do it.

"Don't." Now, there's something I didn't expect.

"Sorry."

"That's okay. It's just that I don't like people touching the outside of my bum."

"Only the outside?"

"Yeah!"

A couple of minutes later, and I couldn't care less about the outside. Man, it's tight in here! Hot, too. I think I might not be the first one knocking on his back door. It might be those subtle hip movements he's doing, but I think the real give-away is how he's clamping onto me. I bet I could just lie here and he'd do everything for me. Mind you, I haven't got that sort of control. Normally I would keep in time with the music but, as this is Slayer's usual hundred beats to the minute thrash, I think I'll give that a miss. I don't want to put my back out.

"Bet I know your favorite song right now," he says. How the hell can he talk at a moment like this? "*Deep in the Hole.*"

"Nuh un," I manage to gurgle out. This kid's going to be the death of me yet. "It's... *Shoot to Thrill.* Aaarrg-ggh!" And right then I do. Again.

"You're quite good at this, Eddie."

Quite good indeed!

"Do you mind if I have a go now? I know some blokes don't like it..."

Interesting offer. Needs to be thought about long and carefully. After all, nothing's been up there since that air hose initiation into my workplace when I was sixteen and that wasn't much fun, I can tell you. Painting your balls is one thing, but giving you a high pressure air enema is something else all together. I farted for weeks after that. And vowed, never again, but...

"Please?"

"All right." Well, what did you expect me to say, 'Be *gentle!*' "This reminds me of a song they didn't play tonight."

"Oh, uh..."

Not much on the talking now, are you?

"Wh... wh... which?"

"*Who Made Whooooooo.*"

But it's difficult to speak when there's some four or five inches of

boyhood using your exit as an entrance.

"Like it?"

Silly question, Ricky. God, is he good, or what? It's never been like this before. He's even managed to wake Mr. Willy up for an unheard-of third time without even touching it. Wonder if he'd like to swap positions again later. But this is no time for coherent thought, as there's a couple of explosive eruptions due any second now.

"All fucking mighty!!"

No, that wasn't me; that was him. Hardly the words you'd expect from an angel. I think I'll take it as a compliment. Hope he didn't scratch my neck too bad. After all, we don't want people to think I'd been up to something disgusting like sleeping with a woman, do we.

"You enjoy that?" See, it's not only boys that ask stupid questions, but there's worse to come. "Do you cum here often?"

Do you know he actually laughed at that? "Only when I'm not going."

"You're not, are you? Going, that is." Panic attack.

"Not unless you want me to."

"What about your folks?"

"They won't mind. They're used to it."

I find that hard to believe in this day and age, but if you think I'm going to argue, then you're reading the wrong book. That's not how we do things in this one.

"Okay, then, but I've got only one bed."

"I only need one bed." Not always a bed, either, I'll bet. "You can sleep in here."

"Cheeky little bugger!" I can't help but laugh, though.

"Bugger I may be; little I ain't."

Is almost five inches little these days for a twelve-year-old? It certainly didn't look little. Not that I'm going to let him win the argument.

"I don't know. You're still little enough to put over my knee." One of my mother's sayings. She still says it, in fact, even though I'm nearly a foot taller than her and twice the weight.

"Oh, yeah? Try it!"

God, he's off again, prancing around the room like a little prize-winning boxer. Jabbing fists, legs and genitals at me. Just like the first years used to – well, not the genitals. Still, pleasant memories or not, I'm not getting into that again. There isn't the room, for one thing, and I'm knackered, for another.

"Come on, Baldy. You scared?"

That did it. Call me Fatty and I have no problems. Mention the fact that my head seems to be growing through my hair, and that's something else altogether. Wait till he tries one of them fancy high kicks again. Here he goes... Just a matter of timing it right, and... We've got it. One quick pull and he's all mine.

"Hey, no fair!"

"All's fair in love and war, and this is both."

We struggled for a bit, but it wasn't long before I had him face-down over my legs, and off we went.

Slap, slap.

"Ouch! Ouch!"

You get the picture?

It didn't last long. Ricky didn't seem as interested as my last young friend had been, and I couldn't help remembering what he had said about not liking people touching the outside of his bum. Could there have been something in that? Anyway, I stopped after around half a dozen or so. He had come up a nice color, though – sort of rosy blush effect, quite fetching.

"Finished now?"

Sarcasm doesn't fit the young.

"I've made my point, I think."

"Yeah, I can feel it in my guts."

I didn't even know I'd gone hard again, even if there's nothing like a hot, sweaty little boy squirming around on your naked lap to start the old juices flowing. Wonder if it did anything for him. My leg does feel a little damp. Hang on, while I slip a hand under here and have a fiddle. Oh, yes, there it is. Just as I thought: the randy little sod has been humping my leg.

"Can we go to bed now? I've got school in the morning, you know."

I pick up on the 'we'. No more mention of the living room couch for yours truly. Meanwhile, let's see if I can't find out more about my young friend here whose genitals I now seem to have in my hand.

"What's the matter, Ricky – have you got someone at school who'll be pissed if I've worn you out?"

Squeeze, squeeze. Pull, pull.

"Might have."

"Bet you have them all queuing up, don't you?"

Stroke, stroke. Hump, hump.

"Might have."

Smaller fingers seek, find and retaliate.

"Might not?"

Masturbation duo. Action for action.

"Might not!"

Not sure how long I can hold out, even on the third time in under two hours.

"So, which is it?"

Oh dear, oh dear. Hurry up, will you? And stop humping my hand so hard. You're squashing my fingers.

"Both."

This is too much for me. Self-control was never my strong point. Any minute, now.

"Oh... oh... oh... shit!!"

That's me done for the night.

The conversation's falling apart again. Up to me to save it. "What were you saying?"

"There's this group of us, see?"

Oh. Heard about that sort of thing when I was in the lower years at my old school. Never could find one, though, more's the pity.

"We does each other, now and again."

You seem to be losing your diction, Ricky.

"We takes it in turns see? Draw lots like."

Well, this is rather more interesting than I'd imagined. If only I can hold him off long enough to hear the rest – it's getting rather frantic down there.

"Sometimes it's just a quick hand job, an' such like."

"Like what?"

"The usual."

Trying the shy approach again, are we? There was a trick I'd learned during those play-time wrestling matches. 'Torture' the first-formers used to call it, otherwise known as driving a boy to the brink but not letting him fall off. All it needs is a little pinch here, a poke there, and we could be at this for what little remains of the night.

"What's that, then?"

Ah, nice to have control back. Still don't know how he can talk at a time like this. I'd be a gibbering wreck by now. I always was an easy push-over for the first-formers.

"Mouths, bums and dares," he blurts out.

"Dares?"

Ease off a bit there, Eddie; this could be a long one. I know what

you're thinking, dear reader: it would be kinder to put the kid out of his misery, but, hey, who's to say he'd finish the story? He could just go right to sleep, and that would leave the tail without an ending, and you wouldn't like that, would you?

"If one of us don't get to a meeting, the others decide a punishment, that's all."

"Like what?"

"I don't know. Depends, don't it?"

Temper, temper, little Ricky. Remember, your cock is slave to my fingers, and I'm hardly moving them at all, now.

"On what?"

"On what they feels like at the time."

Anyone would think he wanted not to climax. Either that or there's something he doesn't want to tell me.

"Give me some examples."

"Mostly embarrassing stuff, like painting your dick bright pink for a week."

Boring. "And?"

"Running bare-assed across the yard at break."

Better. He's catching on, now, as the rewards speed up – or slow down, depending on which side of the loins you are talking about.

"Or see how many sixth-formers you can de-bag before they get you."

"Before who gets you? The teachers?"

"The other lads."

"And do what?"

"Much what you're doing now, 'cept you're tied up when they does it. Real tight, too."

"That happen to you, Rick?"

"Not really. I've only missed one meeting."

Could this be the great secret? Has it something to do with not liking his ass to be touched – only on the outside, of course?

"So what was your punishment?"

"Not much."

Man, this kid is frustrating! Surely he can't be scared of saying anything to me, not after all we got up to a while back. Hell, I even let him abuse me. Time to stop messing about. Get everything out in the open. Lay my cards on the table.

"Don't you want to go to bed?"

"Yeah, can we?"

Shit, he's making me feel guilty.

"In a bit. Tell us what happened first, then we'll finish up here and go to bed."

"To sleep?"

Drives a hard bargain, doesn't he? Still, I was beginning to feel a little tired myself.

"Now, spill the beans before you spill anything else."

"It ain't much."

Nor would mine be, after the number of times he'd done it tonight.

"They just said I had to screw a man, that's all."

"*What?!*" Yes, that was me, and, yes, it was out loud. Very loud.

"I've been had."

"So have I."

"You just went to the nearest concert to pick someone up?"

I'd given up on the torture now. I was no longer in control: this crazy twelve-year-old's circle-jerk was.

"No, I like the band. You were just a... What's the word?"

"Added extra!"

"Yeah, added extra. You don't mind, do you?"

How can you stay mad at someone who looks like Ricky lying across your lap and gazing up at you with his baby-blues from under that hay-stack fringe?

"No, guess not. It was just a shock."

"It ain't over yet."

Now what does he want – a royal command performance?

"Can the others come with me next time?"

Good lord. Interesting possibilities, though. Best do some checking first. "Why?"

"'Cause they have to witness that the dare is done."

"Uh... How many?"

"Just a few, really."

"Ricky... how many?"

"Only twelve, 'cause usually some can't make it..."

Oh, that's all?

"When?"

"Soon as you like, Eddie."

Nice to know I have *some* choice in the matter. So I throw out, "Tomorrow?"

"I guess."

"That's settled, then."

He gets up, still erect, of course. I open my mouth to receive his

offering, but he walks away from me, padding over to the sticky stains on the hall lino.

"Where you going?"

"Bed. You said I could when I told." Oh, no – the 'we' has turned back into 'I' again. But... "You coming? – To sleep," he adds.

I get to my feet. "By the way, Ricky, what do you and your mates call yourselves?"

"'Rock', after the song."

That's a lot of help. Do you know how many songs there are with that word in their titles?

"What song?"

"The last one tonight."

We crawled into my bed. He backed into my stomach, took my arm and put it around him and tucked my hand under his ribs and got a kind of lock on it with his own arm.

That last one tonight? Last on the Slayer disk? *Chemical Warfare*? Could be, I guess, if you have a twisted sense of humor like I have, but with a bunch of twelve-year-old lads? I doubt it. But what else could it be? That was all we played, and we weren't exactly listening, were we?

Then it hit me. Call me slow, if you like, but I had ejaculated an unnatural number of times that evening. The concert. The last song of the concert. That's actually quite clever. I'll have to watch little Master Ricky more closely, that's for sure. Do you remember what song AC/DC finished with, dear reader? Have you been paying attention? If you think I'm going to tell you again, you're mistaken. Do you think I write this stuff for my own enjoyment? (What do you mean, 'yes'?) Well, I'll give you a hint, now that Ricky is snuggled against me like a warm puppy and out cold until morning: it's the same title as the story you've just read.