

*The Eighth  
Acolyte Reader*



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# The Piccadilly Rub

by Edward Bangor

Somfin' fackin' weird 'appened t'day. I mean, it didn't start off anyfin' fancy or nuffin'. I still don't follow 'ow it came about. One minute I was standin' on Hammersmith Station, an' the next fing I knows was that... Naw, better start from the start or nuffin'll make any sense ter yer.

As I says, I were waitin' for the tube ter get in and, shit, was it 'ot! Sweating me nuts off, I was. Anyways, the train gets there, don't it, an' bugger me if it weren't packed like some sort of fackin' sardine tin. But I weren't gonna wait for the next un, as I 'ad ter get 'ome so as I could get me tickets for The Quireboys at the Hammy O. inter me room before me mum sees 'em and starts on her usual bollock about 'ow I shouldn't listen to such Devil Music an' shit.

Anyways, I cram meself inter the train like, right over in the corner next ter the doors where it wouldn't get so 'ot. Penned in, I was, by these city gent types, all pin-stripe suit and Financial Times bollocks.

I'd just got meself comfy when I notice that somefin's touchin' me arse. I fought that it were some sort of case or somefin' what I'd sat on, like, but there weren't nuffin' there. Well, yea could 'ave knocked me down wiff a feavver when I see what it was that were 'avin' me on – a fackin' 'and, weren't it, in some sort of glove, an' a bird's glove at that.

At first I fought that it were after me wallet, but, shit, I ain't stupid or nuffin'. Even a littler kid than what I am at thirteen knows that you don't put yer money in such a dead-head place. But it weren't me money what she wanted, 'cause she didn't try to get inter me pocket. Then it came ter me: it weren't me pockets that the 'and was feelin' – it were me arse. I couldn't soddin' believe it! Right there on a fackin' Piccadilly train, some bird was goosin' my arse, just like Frankie Michaels 'ad in the inter-'ouse ruggar match last term. At least this bird weren't tryin' to get me kecks down, an' it weren't as 'ard as Frankie 'ad done it, neither. It were sort of nice, in a pervy sort of way.

I ain't sure, but I fink I might 'ave cried out when this 'and did what it did next – goin' right around on my nuts before I even knew what was

'appenin', and' fuck me if I weren't gettin' one. A pissin' hard. Not a piss 'ard, as I didn't want ter 'ave a piss, least I don't fink I did, but a sex 'ard.

So there I was wiff this 'and on me bollocks an' me dick makin' like it were a soddin' flag-pole. So wha' did I do then? Well, I 'ad a look, didn't I, ter see wevver she was a dog, or a bitch or somefin', and yer knows what? I couldn't see nuffin', not a fackin' thing. Just some great whapping "mind the doors" shitty poster right over the fackin' glass thing. Fur all I knows, there could 'ave been a soddin' alien there coppin' a feel of me dick, an' there weren't nuffin' I could do about it. I didn't even know that birds did this sort of stuff. I fought it were just dirty old geezers down in the park lavvies and pervs like Frankie an' 'is mates.

Anyways, if that weren't bad enuf, the next fing I knows is that me flies is bein' opened an' that bird's tryin' to get me dick out of me strides, an', boy, was that glove cold! I fought it had ter 'ave been in a fridge or somefin'. An' there it was tuggin' me dick out off me kecks, and bugger all I could do abou' it, wiff me one 'and stuck in me pocket an' the over one hangin' from the roof.

I fink we went frough one of the uvver stations there, but ter tell the truff I couldn't give a shit. Like, what was I gonna do about it wiff some bird givin' us a pull?

When the bird start to wank us, real slow like, I fought I were gonna boil over or somefin', it got that hot. Even me fackin' sweat was 'avin' a sweat, yer know?

I bangs me 'ead about then, inter the soddin' wall, 'cause me legs 'ad gone to jelly, like what that old geezer what collapsed at the end of the Marathon on the Telly. I finks I was pantin' like what 'e was an' all, too.

I mightn't 'ave known who the bitch was, but she was fackin' good wiff 'er 'ands, if yer know what I means. Me dick looked like it were twice the size that it were last time I wanked meself off. She was rollin' it round like it were some sort of Plasticine snake, yet somehow jerkin' it at the same time. Not ter mention what she was doin' ter me balls, an' she weren't even touchin' 'em! Shit, they felt like someone was tryin' to put some 'lecky frough 'em, like what they does in them African torture places. In fact, I fink that I could 'ave powered the whole fackin' train wiff me balls, no probs.

I tells yer, I couldn't 'ave stopped 'er then for all the tea in China. Shit, if I'd died I've 'ave gone straight up to 'eaven or down ter 'ell an' I wouldn't 'ave even bovvered none. There were this sort of glow comin' out of my jeans, sort of like a 'alo or somethin'. Can yer imagine that, me dick 'ad been made a fackin' saint or summat? Wonder what you'd call

it? St. Dick, prob'ly, but that ain't got nuffin ter do wiff it.

Then it 'appened, didn't it? Guess the bird felt it, too, 'cause she started doin' me 'arder. Not painful hard, just 'arder, faster, like. Guess that I must 'ave blanked out or somefin', like what that feller who was meant to be lookin' after us at that dumb-arse Cub camp me mum made us go to. When me mates an' me de-bagged 'im, 'cause Trev Watson said the bloke was wankin' off while we was swimming in the noddy, we fought we'd killed 'im. 'E fell over an' shut 'is eyes an' shit, but then this white stuff spurts out of 'is dick all over Trev, an' we knew what was happenin', all right. I mean, we might 'ave been only little sprats, but we weren't daft or nuffin'.

Anyways, there I was wiff this bird givin' me dick a serious workout, an' one minute I was watchin' the nut of me dick gettin' all slimy wiff this liquid what came from fack-knows-where, 'cause me skin didn't even meet up over the end no more, an' the next thing I knows is that I'd fallen over. Not right over, but far enough ter bang me fackin' head again. It soddin' hurts, even now.

Me balls started ter ache then, like Frankie 'ad 'em in one of 'is vice-grips or somefin', but, like I says, she weren't nowhere near 'em. It felt like they was tryin' to get back in me arse or somethin'. Not that it 'urt or nuffin', but it did drive me sort of crazy. Man, it were embarrassing, really. There I was thrashin' about like they was drivin' an iron bar up me arse like they did ter one of them old kings, 'cept there weren't no iron bar, nor any uvver sort bar but the one the bird 'ad 'old of. Yeah, that's it: me dick felt just like a fackin' iron bar, an' a 'ot one at that.

I was on the 'ome stretch then, and before yer could say 'Watch out, 'ere it comes!', it fackin' did – spurtin' all over the place, like some sort of 'ose-pipe. Splashed everywhere, it did, all over them pin-stripes an' the bird's glove. Shit, I'd never cum like that before, not with that force. Bet no one else 'as, neither, no matter what bollocks Frankie Michaels comes out with about getting it in 'is 'air and shit.

That's when I collapsed, didn't I? Like a fackin' pile of cards, I was. Ended up like a used johnny on the floor, and that was when we got to Acton Town Station, weren't it? The sodden doors open, and all these stupid dick-heads are steppin' all over us, like I was some sort of doormat for wiping shit on. Some blind bastard even kicks us up the arse – there's still a great fackin' bruise there now. Shit, I looks worse than I did after the fackin' rigger match.

Still, I pulls meself back togevver, and there's me dick lookin' us right in the eye, like it was askin' us to do it again. This little dribble of stuff is

runnin' down into me jeans to mess up my kecks, so I scoops it up, an' you'll never guess what I does with it next. I don't even know why I did it, but I stuck it in my mouth. An' do yer knows what? It weren't even that bad – sort of salty and sweaty at the same time, like. Maybe I shouldn't have punched Frankie out when he said he'd give us a fiver if I let 'im put 'is dick in me mouth.

Anyways, the doors were shuttin' again by the time I manages to get meself back togevver an' me dick back in me strides. Not that it even wanted ter go. I fought I was goin' ter 'ave ter wank it off again just so as it'd go down, but I got it back in some'ow an' did me zip back up so everything's safe an' sound, like.

Then the fought 'its me ter 'ave a butchers around an' see what the bird looks like. One of them city geezers what she'd made us cum all over is tryin' to get me cum off 'is strides wiff 'is hanky an' spit, like it were pigeon poo or somethin', but the bird weren't nowhere ter be seen, so I tries lookin' out at the people what has gotten off.

As it 'appened, she weren't there neither. Not nowhere. Least that's what I fought, till I spotted 'er glove. But wouldn't yer fackin' know it, I still couldn't see nuffin of what she looks like 'cause, 'cept for her glove, she's all hid behind some dumb-arse 'oardin' thing.

Now, there was ovver people about, all over the shop, an' these included a couple of tarts an' what looked like their little brovver 'cause he weren't old enuf ter be shaggin' neither of them, as he looked ter be only about ten or somethin'. There was this train comin in down the District Line on their side of the platform, and that's when the bird moves behind the people what was crowding ter get in and 'specially behind the little kid. I still can't see too good, 'cause that sodden advert crap was still in the road, but I can see more than I did afore, if you can call her arm more, and she was at it again, weren't she, touchin' a kid up, touchin' 'is arse, an' on a little kid that won't know what to do wiff it neither. I don't fink that the kid was wigglin' 'is arse on purpose when she felt 'im up – 'e must 'ave fought it were some fly tryin' ter land on 'is shell just ter smell 'is bum sweat or somefin'.

That's when me train started to move, weren't it, just as fings were startin' ter get interesting. I fought that that had buggered everyfin', until the door closed on the other train and the bird hadn't got on it after all. And the 'oardin' thing was out of the way. And now the bird turned around, only it weren't no bird but a bloke!

He weren't nufink like what you'd fink a bloke what wanks kids off on trains would look like. No fackin' way. This 'un looked like that

geezer what's on me poster of Guns an' fackin' Roses over me bed – Sebastian Bach, that skinny one out of Skid Row what always 'as the size of 'is dick showin' in 'is skin-tight leavver strides. That's who this geezer looked like, all hair an' leather an' shit, just like what 'e did in that pervy dream what I 'ad the uvver night when he tries ter put it in me bum an' I made the sheets all sticky – God, was me mum pissed abou' that!

Anyway, this Seb Bach look-alike looked right at me. He soddin' looked at us lookin' through the window an' winked. Can yer believe that he fackin' winked? Like, this is what he soddin' does all the time. Well, me fackin' dick woke up again, didn't it? Crippled me it did, stuck like it were down between me strides an' me kecks. Time I got it comfy again; we was out of the station an' the bloke were 'istory.

Accordin' to what that Ester Rantzen bitch goes on about on the Telly, I've been abused, but it don't feel nuffin' like it were anyfing wrong ter me. It were rather nice, better than it 'ad ever been before. I can't 'elp wonderin' if he would do us again, even if it is queer. I mean, what else would 'e do? Would it be like my dream? How can it be wrong when me dick went 'ard all on its own, like? Shit, it's even 'ard now, stickin' out frough me jarmies – jus' thinkin' about what 'appened, an' wonderin', if I ride that same train termorrow, I'll see him again – an' I ain't even touched it once. Yet.