

The Twelfth  
Acolyte Reader

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# Primos

by Edward Bangor

Uncle Julio was late.

Andy's plane had touched down a full half hour ago and for fifteen minutes he'd been pacing the terminal doorway expecting to be thrown out any second by a grimy-looking security guard with a large black mustache and even larger pistol on his hip. It wasn't as if Andy *wanted* to be there. It was all his Old Man's idea, something about exploring his roots. The Old Man had come from Spain, *therefore* Andy was half Spanish, but who ever heard of, let alone had seen, a red-headed Spaniard?

All right, so it had been fun three years ago, when his cousin Juan, then eleven years old, had come to England on a family visit, but this was way different, and he'd pleaded and pleaded with his father to let him stay and enjoy the English summer with his friends. But the Old Man had insisted, saying Andy would get to love Spain, which was something he very much doubted. Still, millions of English twelve-year-olds went to Spain every year and they did all right, aside from a touch of burnt skin and taking part in the bottom Olympics.

At last Uncle Julio arrived, screeching tires as he yanked the hand-brake upwards. Before the car stopped bouncing, the back door opened and a boy sprang out as if released from a jack-in-the-box. He rushed over and embraced Andy like the long-lost relative he technically was.

But it wasn't Juan. No, the little boy embracing him was Juan's brother, Antonio, the one member of the Spanish branch of the family Andy had never yet met. "Hola!" Andy finally stammered as Uncle Julio chucked his bags in the back of the car.

"Welcome to España!" the small boy said, smiling broadly.

Andy felt embarrassed for him – no English lad of ten would be seen dead in a bright pink shell suit and highly polished school-type shoes.

"Venga!" Uncle Julio, back in the driver's seat, beckoned the boys with the crank of a finger, reminding Andy somehow of a stranger-danger film he'd once seen. "Venga!"

"We go," Antonio translated.

Good, Andy thought. He was sweltering in the suit his mother had made him wear for the journey, although the tie was now stuffed in his pocket and the top three buttons on his once crisp shirt opened to the humid air. He climbed in the car and greeted his older cousin with "Hola Jan," mispronouncing the name as if the BBC, and his father, had taught him nothing. Antonio giggled. Juan didn't even acknowledge Andy's presence, making it abundantly clear he was already as bored with Andy now as he had been three years ago.

"We drink," Antonio said, "then we show Jerez, then to – erm – piso, yes?" Uncle Julio launched the car from the airport slip road with enough G-force to throw Andy heavily into the car's fake zebra-skin upholstery.

First, in a dingy cafe they drank a pleasant, if over-sweet, cup of instant hot chocolate which went some way towards settling Andy's stomach during the whistle-stop tour that followed. He was introduced to blurs which Antonio instructed him were bodegas, or wine cellars, sherry being the town's main industry. Names, both familiar and not, adorned dirty, whitewashed buildings that looked

for the most part like giant prisons: A Harveys here, Tío Pepé there and Domecq everywhere. Between the great Sherry houses stood the Real Escuela Andaluza del Arte Ecuéstre where next Thursday they could see the dancing horses in the Sinfonía á Caballo show. Andy laughed for the first time at the thought of horses dressed up in tuxedos waltzing around a ballroom, but was stung when he overheard Juan remark to his father: "Inglés loco!" Uncle Julio patted the denim-clad leg of his eldest son to silence him.

Andy didn't speak after that. He didn't even look as the bullring rushed by, ignoring Antonio's enthusiastic and blood-thirsty description of Spain's national sport. Eventually the little boy's endless tourist spiel wound down in the face of silence. Andy pressed his nose to the side window. The streets became narrow and cobbled. Elderly women dressed from head to toe in yards of black cloth crossed in front of them. Finally Uncle Julio spun the steering wheel to the right and squashed the car between two buildings. Part way up a narrow alleyway, an automatic garage door opened and the car was swallowed by a modern building that would be Andy's home for the next two weeks.

The flat – up four flights of steps from the basement garage – was open and airy despite the roller shutters on every window to keep the sun out and internal temperature down. The small stone-floored rooms were nicely cool after the outside heat which had caused a steady stream of sweat to trickle down Andy's spine, threatening to drown his genitals.

Smells of cooking wafted in from the kitchen where Aunt Ede – Andy had never learned to pronounce her full name – was discovered stirring a large mixing bowl with an electric hand whisk, the shells of broken eggs and splashes of milk scattered around her.

Once Aunt Ede had finished kissing Andy – a process which took nearly five minutes before he could peel himself away from her garlic-scented face – Antonio re-started his guided tour, this time within the flat. Andy would be sharing a room, but thankfully not a bed, with Juan and Antonio; an extra cot had been placed along side the big double where the brothers usually slept. Antonio pointed out that their flat was slap bang between the old Cathedral and a convent school; still it wasn't as if the nuns could see into the bathroom – not if you kept the shutter closed.

They were called to lunch – it was now just after two o'clock in the afternoon – a lunch which consisted of some sort of omelet with potatoes, a bit yucky but better than nothing, and preferable to the paella Andy had refused to eat in the Spanish restaurant back in London, to the great embarrassment of his Old Man. At least this tortilla stuff didn't have any fish shells in it. But the cup of tea Andy asked for afterwards was something else altogether: a glass of hot milk with a tea bag hanging down in it.

Then it was siesta time. Andy wasn't used to sleeping in the afternoon but today he was tired from the trip so he didn't object. Juan was gone now, having left virtually as soon as they arrived back in the flat. Juan had changed so much since the summer of 1992, and not just physically either, although that was dramatic in itself. No, Juan now seemed like any other European youth, with his noisy moped and metal-studded belt, end hanging free from over-tight 501s, riding from one bar to another, helmet hanging from his elbow. Andy simply didn't know him anymore. Nor, for that matter did he know Antonio. Juan's small brother was a handsome little boy with neatly cropped black hair with a few highlights of brown, but he was strange, even for a Spaniard. He took ages in the bathroom and then came out naked and smelling like he'd been swimming in aftershave,

something he wouldn't need for years to come. Hell, even Juan didn't shave yet, although he could if he wanted to – presumably that fluff under his nose was meant to be macho. Whatever, Antonio embarrassed Andy, he really did. Andy tried his best to look everywhere but at the *gastado* swinging about between Antonio's legs – it was as big as Andy's own! – while the little boy wandered about the room acting as if his penis was just another part of his body and not the forbidden fruit Andy had always been told it was. Antonio even yanked on it a couple of times when he caught Andy looking. Then he pulled on a clean pair of underpants he'd obviously been given to wear in deference to his guest. In the end Andy, wearing his English pajamas, turned to the wall, mumbled something about a long day and shut his eyes.

"Andi!" Antonio's sharply spoken words wrestled Andy from the sleep he had been trying his best to enjoy, despite intervening thoughts of home. "Hasta mañana por la mañana. Estoy durmiendo."

Still half asleep, Andy rolled away from the wall and towards the double bed. His left eyelid crept up. Vision gradually returned: strange, spotted shapes created by the perforations in the sun blind covering the window. And then a fuller picture: across the two feet of cold tiled floor which separated the beds lay little Antonio, his penis rising out of the fresh, white underpants like the Moorish tower over the town's cathedral. Andy could see every blue, pulsing vein of it. And ever so slowly, Antonio's hand crept up that tower and slid down again, baring the deep red crescent moon which crowned it.

Andy was fascinated. Were all Spanish boys wankers? Did that make him half a wanker? Did they all have things like Antonio? And why didn't he, himself, have one like that? Was his other half the Spanish half?

"Que?" Only when Antonio spoke did Andy's sleep-sodden brain register that his little cousin wasn't asleep, was in fact looking back at him. "Tu gusta? You like? Si o no?"

"Si." It was about as much of any language as Andy could have managed right then without asking an unacceptable question out loud: how come the otherwise so little boy had such a large penis? It was as big as Andy's, if not bigger.

"Venga! Come look."

Andy swung his legs out from under the blanket and found himself standing beside the other bed.

"Is nice, no?" Antonio grinned.

Tongue-tied, all Andy could do was nod.

"You like?"

Andy nodded again. Now he felt his hand taken by Antonio's smaller hand and his fingers curled around the warm minaret. Andy's face colored to the shade of Antonio's penile tip. Of course he had tickled his own worm a few times when he'd been ten but what he had hold of now was no worm; it was a snake, a spitting snake, a real Andalusian *serpiente*. He froze, standing there like Pedro Domecq's statue in Plaza Arenal, yet the thought of releasing Antonio's penis never crossed his mind.

In the end Antonio moved Andy's wrist up and down several times before Andy came back to life. Even then he worked like a robot until Antonio shuffled his head over to the edge of the mattress and his fingers fiddled with a single mock-ivory button until a pair of neatly stripped pajamas were tangled around Andy's feet.

Andy closed his eyes; he didn't want to compare his more modest eleventh toe to Antonio's third leg, and so he only felt – but with what a galvanic shock! – Antonio taking the worm bait into his mouth.

Now Andy did look down, at the dark brown eyes under the even darker hair that brushed against his pale cream thigh. He stared at the full pink lips that enveloped his even paler worm, feeling Antonio's mouth so warm, so moist and slick, so tight and, yes, so nice. The worm reacted in the only way it could, changing into an English grass snake in all but color – not that Andy could see enough of it at any one time to check for green scales.

Antonio's hand crawled up Andy's body, slipping buttons from buttonholes on the way, so the pajama jacket fell open. Antonio's dark, nail-bitten fingers curled around the back of Andy's sweaty neck, brushing soft ginger curls at the top of his spine, to tug, urge, Andy gently down. Andy found himself bending at the waist, leaning over the bed, so the only two red things in the otherwise dull gray room came together: the English boy's head and the tip of the Spanish boy's erection.

The soft, tingly, damp crescent moon rolled across Andy's lips, sending its not unpleasant odors wafting up his nose, smells that reminded him of boy's toilets and sweaty underpants left too long on the bedroom floor before being deposited in the laundry. His jaw dropped, lips parted and the Andalusian *serpiente* slipped in.

Now it filled his mouth, but not unpleasantly. He thrilled to the feel of his own former worm safe inside a warm cavern while his plumbs were being nuzzled by affectionate fingertips. Andy couldn't even see Antonio's plumbs, although his eyes were less than an inch away: the little boy's testicles were still encased in white cotton with only the *serpiente* itself circumnavigating its elastic limits. Andy could feel them, though. Unable to take the entire length of the penis inside his mouth, his head had bent to the side and his cheek now pressed into that spongy mound, the rubbery objects beneath the

cotton oscillating against it, massaging him in a way he previously wouldn't have believed possible.

Antonio had Andy bent over as far as he could go and both the grass snake and the *serpiente* were plumbs-deep. Yet that wasn't all that was happening. As Antonio continued to slurp up and down Andy's pole, his hand eased around Andy's hips, crossed the faint tan line to a Michael Jackson style whiter-than-white buttock. Andy opened his legs. The hand, now reduced to a single finger, went between the buttocks, stroking and caressing. Andy lifted a foot from the puddle of pajamas as the finger struck gold and slipped into his back door.

To say Andy was startled would be to grossly underestimate the sensual explosion whose shock waves ran rampant through his body and filled his mind with shooting rockets and blossoming flowers. Andy responded in the only way he felt he could – by using his sphincter muscles to try to force the uninvited object out, just as he did twice a day in the bathroom. Only this time it didn't work – just the opposite in fact – but it did have one consequence: his grass snake leaped up as if someone had trodden on its tail which, in some respects, is just what Antonio's slightly curled finger had done.

A powerful rush – he'd heard of such a thing but had always put it down to schoolboy bragging – now took him completely over. His legs went limp, belly-flopping him prostrate over Antonio, his nose pressed deep in size-ten underpants, crushing the plumbs within as if to force millions of yet non-existent Spanish sperms out of their snug sanctuary to an early death via Andy's digestive fluids.

As for Antonio, he fought to regain the breath that had been forced out him by the collapse of the sweaty, writhing body upon him and the high pressure hose ramming into his tonsils. Now that hose suddenly let go with a warm sticky mixture of pubescent cream.

"Is good no?" Antonio panted, as soon he was able to speak. "Drink. You want?"

Maybe Antonio's English wasn't all that good after all, Andy thought: the little boy's cock had yielded nothing to drink, but Andy's certainly had! Then he grasped Antonio's meaning and answered, but in the wrong language, "Hot Chocolate," he said, before remembering where he was, "gracias."

Antonio laughed: "Cola Coa?"

Andy nodded, recognising the brand name from their stop in the cafe.

Antonio grinned, repeating Juan's "Inglés loco!"

"Vale!" Andy shot back as Antonio climbed from his bed and padded across the tiles towards the door with his dick-snake still flapping from his underwear. Andy collapsed back into the mattress in a state of utter confusion with just one question rattling around in his brain: why hadn't Antonio's elder brother done that. to him back in England and changed the whole style of their holiday then, just as he was sure it would do now? Suddenly Spain didn't seem so bad after all.

Through the still afternoon air came the sounds of the badly fitted kitchen door sliding open, followed by the clink of glasses, accompanied by light strains of Antonio happily humming as he waited for the milk to boil. A few minutes later the cocoa was ready. He carefully picked up the two glasses with his fingertips and walked back to the bedroom where he found Andy stretched out, still half-naked, legs spread invitingly apart, one hand curled around his penis and under his plumbs, his mouth hanging open in sleep.

"Coño!" Antonio put the glasses quickly down before the heat of the cocoa could work through to his fingers. Now, gazing at Andy, he smiled. Juan was wrong about him. He wasn't at all stuffy. Careful

not to disturb his cousin's slumber, Antonio climbed onto the bed, snuggled against Andy and pulled the blanket up over both of them. "Hasta luego," he whispered softly and kissed his cousin's forehead.

Andy slept for nearly two hours. Drifting awake at last, he checked his watch and tossed back the sheet – before replacing it even faster. Where had his trousers gone? Then he simultaneously blushed and smiled as memories crept back into his head and groin. His penis rapidly hardening, he checked around him: no one was present, but the other half of his mattress felt warm to his touch.

He rested back on the pillow, page after page of Spanish verb conjugations and their respective endings flashing through his brain. When at last his penis had returned to something he could piss through, he picked up his clothes from his suitcase and went naked to the bathroom to dress.

"Buenas tardes, chico. Dormiste bien?" Aunt Ede shouted from the kitchen as Andy opened the bedroom door and stepped out into the living room.

He paused, took a deep breath and plowed in with his first full sentence in the foreign tongue. "He dormido como un lirón."

Antonio, for one, was impressed, not realising it was just a stock phrase Andy had learned at school. "Tu hablas español?"

"Un poco – muy mal."

"I speak little English, bad." Antonio's near perfect teeth were dazzling in the living room's half light.

"Chicos." Aunt Ede appeared around the side of the sliding door. "Adónde va ustedes?"

Andy looked at his cousin and raised his eyebrows in confusion.

"Vamos al mercadillo delante del Alcázar," Antonio answered for the pair of them, leaving Andy none the wiser.

"Vale!" Aunt Ede turned back into the kitchen.

Antonio rose from the TV. "Venga. We go." He took Andy's hand and led him towards the door. "Luego!" Antonio shouted into the kitchen before dragging Andy out into the oppressive heat of an Andalusian afternoon.

"Donde? – er – bollocks!" Andy gave up trying to find the right words. He switched to his own language, remembering to pronounce all the words slowly and in full. "Where are we going?"

Antonio pointed over to his left, "Aliá!" His hand pulled back to cup his ear. Andy was suddenly able to hear the soft strains of music drifting in on the still summer's air.

"Tú gusta?"

"Si," Andy replied as usual.

They walked down a steep incline towards the dirty exterior of the cathedral. The music increased in volume as they approached the Alameda Vieja, the wide plaza which served as the town's street market. There, outside the high medieval walls, merchant stalls were laid out in four neat lines. The professional coin, record, and antique collectors took the prestigious pitches beneath the green fruited orange tress on either side, while down the middle in the full force of the blazing sun sat the amateurs, many Andy's age or even younger.

For the next hour the two boys wandered from stall to stall, to a puppet show, and back to the stalls again. They bought things to eat. "Tú gusta?" Antonio asked, a cone of oil-dripping, freshly cooked patatas fritas held in hand while their teeth crunched the large crisps which had been cooked right before them.

"It's brilliant – magnífico!"

Slowly Andy opened up to Antonio's terminally happy mood. The small boy introduced him not as his *primo* – cousin – but as his *amigo de Inglaterra* – English friend – and each time he did a soft

glow would come into the pit of Andy's stomach and spread down to his gym shorts. Everybody was unbelievably friendly. Soon Andy was having trouble answering all the questions being asked of him, particularly by the younger stall holders. English words for all sorts of objects were requested and given. As is the nature of schoolboys everywhere they traded swear words with an imaginative body language to illustrate the various meanings, all of which led to much laughter and delighted confusion. Andy only came unstuck when one raven-haired thirteen-year-old with the deepest of deep tanned skin asked him to translate the words stitched, in red, onto the seat of his jeans: "All Boy," Andy said – "Chico todo." The group dissolved into hearty boyhood laughter. Andy was swept up in the flow of strutting that followed, but ducked out of the crotch grabs.

On the bandstand at the end of the square music had re-started. It was now occupied by an extended family of flamenco performers. The battery of eight guitarists, ranging in age from ten to seventy, sent music via a battery of loudspeakers to every corner of the market. Crowds gathered at the bandstand like tabloid reporters around scandal; stalls were left unattended as hands clapped in such complicated rhythms as to baffle Andy's comprehension. Here and there small spaces cleared where people of all ages broke into spontaneous dance, skirts flying as arms were held skyward, chests thrown forward, feet stamping out the rhythms which propelled them around the stone floor in ever-accelerating circles or smaller tight but dramatic turns.

The boys made their way through the multitude towards the front of the bandstand, with only Andy mumbling the occasional "Perdón!" as people were bumped out of their way.

A boy of about Andy's age now strutted towards the microphone. He was dressed entirely in black, from his skin-hugging trousers to a

shirt with sleeves rolled up past the elbows and top buttons undone to show a simple leather strand from which a gold cross was suspended against the coppery tones of his neck, glinting like the brilliant blue eyes above it. Music poured forth from his lips, a song learned from his father or his grandfather, full of pain, the suffering of war and death, the sadness of life. His voice was on the very edge of pubertal breaking. Andy couldn't follow the words, but he didn't need to: he became entranced with the music, and cheered louder than many around him as the song died its death. The crowd demanded the black-clad boy back for an encore which he was only too pleased to perform, this time a faster number which soon whipped the crowd back into what the Spanish Tourist Board calls The Passion for Life.

A space opened up around Andy as his friends backed away clapping. "Tú bailas." Antonio asked.

"Que?" Andy shot back.

"You dance, my friend," said the boy singer on the stage, breaking into his song. He held his hand down, turning the crowd in Andy's direction. "Come."

Antonio pushed Andy towards the steps where the boy singer met him at the bottom, his place at the microphone taken by an older brother. While the older boy poured his heart and soul into song, one arm of his younger brother shot upward, the other falling back to cross his waist, fingers clicking. "You dance," he repeated as he stamped his way across Andy's vision.

"I can't."

"You can. You feel. Here." The dancer put his hand on Andy's chest and felt for himself the simplistic rock n' roll 4/4 beat of the English boy's heart. "You dance."

The crowd moved back to give them room. Andy tried to move to the thrum of the guitars. "Look – eyes," the dancer said. Andy fixed his gaze into the other boy's crystal blue eyes and shut off his awareness of the crowd around him, letting the music seep into his veins where Spanish blood began to flow as if it had never been denied. His legs pumped his trainers on the stones. The steel fixed to the polished shoes of his partner made up for his own silent steps.

The two boys started to rotate in an arc that grew wider and wider and began to absorb other youngsters into its midst, until it took on nearly twenty boys, including Antonio and several youthful stall holders. Friends and families gathered around, urging them on with claps and cheers, the singer nearly drowned out now, despite the speakers pumping his voice over the market, as the crowd began to join in.

The song finished as dramatically as it had started. Andy was patted on the back until his teeth rattled. "Muy bueno!" he was told over and over again until he couldn't help but believe it. The boy in black never left his side until the music restarted, and then he kissed Andy, not the cheeks as he might have expected, but full on the lips, before climbing the stairs to rejoin his flamenco family.

Now Andy caught sight of Juan on the far side of the Bandstand, just standing there and staring at him with an enormous smile on his face. He had come with his friends, at first to mock the old songs and the old ways, but soon found himself unable to resist the rhythms imprinted into his ancestral memory. He had seen his English cousin change into a real boy. Catching Andy's eyes, he slowly nodded his head twice and moved off to rejoin his group. That was the Juan Andy remembered.

Inside their bedroom that night Andy paused to take in the scene before him. Antonio had been waiting for him but, as with Andy

before, sleep had claimed him. The small boy lay exposed across the bed. Single spots of pale street light filtered through onto his deep dark flesh, marking it like some tropical skin disease. Antonio's neatly cropped head was bent forward toward raised knees around which his skinny little arms with their scabbed elbows were wrapped. Andy stripped off his clothes and slid onto the bed without the impediment of pajamas. Antonio's well-rounded buttocks, presented outward, were as tanned as the rest of him, bearing out the Old Man's tales of his childhood playing naked on the beach with Uncle Julio.

He reached with an exploratory finger and touched the uppermost ball of flesh. Antonio sighed; his bony chest raised and fell again. Andy took time to explore his youngest relative from the back forwards. Three more fingers joined the first. A stubby thumb completed the set as they traveled over the warm fleshy mound, pausing only to skip across the alluring valley to pester the hill on the other side. But Andy was only stalling the inevitable. Dissatisfied with the lack of reaction, Andy's fingers and thumb worked together to ease open the valley and spill in, driving up and down the road they had created. Fingertips read, as a blind man a book of Braille, every detail there, from the warm plain at the top end to the soft small bouncing hillocks at the other. More and more, however, their attention became focused around the single hole in the center of the cleft.

Antonio's legs stretched and trapped Andy's hand between them; the small boy rolled onto his front.

Now, lying half across Antonio's thighs, Andy had a better view of what he was doing – at least he did when his other arm, now on Antonio's far side, came up to help spread the little boy's bottom. All around the first knuckle of his forefinger a very tight pulsing ring of

pink flesh gripped him. When he fiddled his fingertip inside the furnace, Antonio's whole body responded with shakes and sighs. The skinny legs tried to spread. Curling the rest of his fingers back into his palm, Andy found he could ease an entire finger-length up into the boy.

"Tú like mi – er – sister, no?"

Andy's head shot round but Juan was smiling as he closed the bedroom door behind him. "Si," Andy said simply, feeling no further words would be needed.

"Like finger." Juan came closer, unbuttoning his 501's over something that pushed the cloth out from the inside and distracting Andy's attention. "Pene mas."

Once again Andy's head cranked around. "Que?" he said before changing it to the more formal "Como?" as the BBC's *España Viva* had instructed.

"Like finger," Antonio confirmed, his head turning on the pillow to look down at his cousin, one arm raising from the mattress to waggle a finger. "Finger bueno." His sphincter tightened, making Andy gasp.

"El pene estoy el mejor," Juan added for his brother's benefit. He started to peel down his jeans.

"The best." Andy translated out loud. "What's the best?"

Antonio pointed. Andy was shocked. "My prick? You want me to put my prick up your ass – that's, that's queer – maricon!"

"Tú put finger." Juan sat on what had been intended as Andy's bed, the tiniest pair of bikini briefs fighting to contain his excitement.

"That's different," Andy said, trying to pull out but finding he could not. Antonio held him there. Trapped. "In England..."

"En España ahora."

"I know I'm in Spain but...."

"Estoy el mejor."

"So you say." Andy was confused now. Here was a little lad, his cousin yet, asking, no begging, him to fuck his ass. What's more, the kid's big brother was urging him on. And then there was all that stuff during siesta. Did that mean...? He had to ask. He looked at little Antonio. "You and Juan, do you... you know?"

"Si." They said together but Juan took it further without the courtesy of translation. His shirt joining the growing pile of clothes on the floor. "Mi padre y Tío Paco también."

"Tío Paco! What's Tío Paco? Sherry?"

"The brothers laughed. "No Tío Pepe – Tío Paco. You know not?" Antonio asked.

"No."

"Paco is less for Fransico. Fransico en inglés..."

"...is Francis!" Andy interrupted. That changed things. As hard as it was for Andy, as son, to imagine, if the Old Man had done it with Uncle Julio then it was a tradition, wasn't it? A Spanish custom. An Old Spanish Custom. Andy had read in a Dutch book something about a Spanish boy being pulled off by some old Wise Woman in front of his family and teacher, but this was better any day of the week. Meanwhile, Antonio continued to milk his finger as if it were a cow's teat. That made his mind up for him. "Okay!" he said. "Vale!"

"Muy bueno. Uno momento," Antonio said.

The brothers got things ready with the sort of thoughtfulness only boys could put into a sexual operation. Antonio raised his middle so Juan could insert an additional pillow, folded in half, under his belly. Antonio adjusted the angle of his penis for maximum comfort. Into Andy's hand was pressed a small glass jar filled with some sort of pale yellow liquid looking at first glance like piss.

"Que est...?" Andy's Spanish failed him, again. "Shit, what is it?"

"Oil," Antonio said. "Best oil. Oil of España is best in world."

"Por qué?"

This time Juan answered the question. "Make pene wet. No hurt."

"Oh!" Andy moved around to kneel between the smaller boy's opened legs. There before him, nestling between the cheeks, was the reason, and target, for the oil. Above his nose hung Juan's swelling penis. Was it really that big or was it just the unusual angle that made it appear so? He shook his head to clear his mind.

"P'favor!" Antonio pleaded. "P'favor!"

"Si, si." The jar was opened. Fingers went into it. The rich yellow substance was brought to the raised rear of the smaller boy, a finger poking and prodding the oil into place, slipping in much easier than before to feel its way around the cave.

"Mas, mas," Antonio urged. Andy complied, adding more oil and a second finger, stretching his cousin in a way he definitely wouldn't be telling the Old Man about.

"Tu pene, también," Juan said, spilling some oil into his own hands and, with thoughtful caresses, made sure that the English grass snake would have no frictional problems.

Andy trembled with pleasure, until... "Stop, stop!" he gasped, afraid that Juan's thoughtfulness might bring events to a premature conclusion.

Now Andy moved closer in. Antonio raised his hips to enable his big brother to direct the tip of the grass snake towards the well-oiled entrance. The red ring seemed to leap forwards and clasp the red tip in its jaws before sucking the rest in. Andy wanted to rest, to wait, to savor the moment, but it was not to be. In and in he went, until there was no more to go. The snake was gone, gone to a better place, a warm, tight, pumping, humping place. Andy flopped onto Antonio's back. His hands fought through pillow folds to grip the small boy's stiff *gastado*.

Now a slimy hand brushed against Andy's bottom. A family finger found its way into his own cave, easing him open just as he had done to Antonio. That should have told him what was to follow but he was still more than a little surprised when he felt Juan put something bigger than a finger, but equally as slippery, into him. It hurt. He wanted to cry out with pain but couldn't find his voice and then the pain vanished as the now rutting brothers worked both with and against each other, separated by their English cousin.

"Si, si, si!" Antonio gasped. Andy provided a spontaneous translation without realising it until, at his moment of torrential pleasure the one Spanish phrase he'd thought he would never say and mean spat from his mouth into the back of Antonio's head, just as another substance left him from a different exit.

"Viva España!" he screamed.