

THE THIRD ACOLYTE READER

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Kevin Esser is one of the best-known American fiction writers who deals almost exclusively with gay and intergenerational-gay experience. His first Novel, "Street Boy Dreams" .is still regarded as one of the finest tales of a problematic relationship between a man and boy to appear in recent years, and his second, "Mad to be Saved" revealed a poetical depth and intensity of experience seldom found in gay literature. But it is with his most recent book, "Dance of the Warriors", a science fiction thriller with broad themes applicable to the creeping fascism of our times, that he has made his greatest impact on the reading public.

In addition to these three novels, and at least two others which have not been published, Esser has produced over the last ten years a steady stream of shorter fiction which has been published in the "Panthology" volumes, the first two Acolyte Reader collections and various magazines of international readership, including PAN and both the Bulletin and Journal of NAMBLA.

Boyfriends

Kevin Esser

June morning.

Eight o'clock.

Ethan Crowe was still in his attic bedroom, just waking up. He could hear the robins and sparrows and bluejays outside his open window. A warm breeze was playing across his body. He opened his eyes, yawned noisily, then smiled. His room looked great in the morning - the red and black muslin curtains, the Persian rugs on the floor and walls, the crystal wind chimes - all bright, vivid, glittering in the early summer sunlight. Ethan called it his "Arabian Nights" room. It was the baddest, hottest room anywhere.

The boy let his head roll to the side. He could see his reflection in the full-length mirror across the room. He enjoyed looking at himself. His face was round and pretty -like Peter Pan,his mother always said - with frosty blue eyes and cheeks that had a permanent warm blush. His hair was dark brown, short on the sides, fuller on top, a punk crewcut just starting to grow out and get bushy. Ethan liked wild haircuts. And wild clothes. And earrings. He didn't want to look like every other fourteen-year-old kid. Being different was cool.

Still watching himself in the mirror, he ran his hand down his chest, his stomach. Pale. No hair. None on his legs, either. His mother called him a "late bloomer". His father called him a "runt". Ethan knew he was small for his age, but he didn't care. He wasn't worried about muscles, or about being tough. That stuff was for brain-dead jerks.

He touched his underpants. They were bikini briefs, silk, purple. His favorite color. He slipped his hand inside. He had some pubic hair, not much. It felt nice and fuzzy. Ethan closed his eyes, let himself think about all the foxy guys at school. In gym class. Getting undressed. Taking showers. Eric, Mark, Charley. Soaping up. Radical bods, all naked and hot. Getting stiff. Hiding in the steam.

Doing it now. Feeling awesome.

After breakfast, Ethan went for a ride on his Schwinn ten-speed. He was wearing a pink T-shirt and his favorite pair of shorts - satiny

tight ones spotted orange and black like iridescent leopard skin. He pedaled slowly toward the edge of town, out past the railroad yards, out to the old Swanson farmhouse. There was a big U-Haul truck in the front yard. A new family was moving in. Ethan sat on his bike and watched them. A white lady, a black guy, two little girls - and a boy, maybe sixteen, lanky and tough-looking, with brown skin and curly blond hair. Ethan smiled at him, lifted one hand in a timid greeting. The new boy waved back.

“Hey, man, you got any cigarettes?”

Ethan shook his head. “I don't smoke, sorry.” He pedaled his bike across the road, into the yard. “You're going to live here?”

“Looks that way.”

“I'm Ethan... from town.”

No response.

“This is a cool house,” Ethan said.

“Looks OK.”

“You'll like it here, I bet.”

The new boy shrugged, then pointed at Ethan's shorts. “Those are bad, mail. Wild shit.”

“I like fancy stuff,” Ethan nodded. “What's your name, anyway?”

“Daniel Monroe Robinson,” the new boy answered. “But everybody calls me Dandy.”

Ethan smiled at the name. It seemed just right for somebody who looked really sharp - and Dandy sure looked sharp. His skin was the greatest, like milky smooth chocolate. And his hair was even better. Ethan wanted to touch it. “So where are you from?”

Dandy swatted lazily at a fly buzzing around his head.

“Peoria,” he said, “by the river.”

“You don't know anybody here... in Sandburg?”

”Hell no.”

“I can show you around.”

Dandy looked more closely at the younger boy. "If you want to, sure, I don't care." Again he swatted at the pesky fly. The back of his right hand was tattooed with a coiled blue viper. "Not today, though."

"Maybe tomorrow?"

"Maybe... if I ain't too busy."

"That's cool."

"OK," Dandy mumbled, "later, man." He sauntered away across the yard. His jeans were old and ratty, faded almost white across the seat. Ethan couldn't look away, couldn't stop staring at Dandy's ass. He kept thinking about it all day - how nice and hard it looked, how sexy it moved beneath the powdery blue denim. That night, alone in his bedroom, Ethan didn't see Eric or Mark or Charley when he closed his eyes.

He saw only Dandy.

Ethan was up early next day. He spent almost an hour in front of the mirror, getting his hair just-right, slick on the sides, dry and feathery on top. He put a silver crucifix stud in his left earlobe, fussed with his hair a little more, then put on his leopard shorts, his lavender mesh T-shirt, his red-and-black Nike hightops. No socks. He paused, finally, to check himself out. Pretty decent. Hot stuff. Ready to go.

He found Dandy in the old garage behind the farmhouse. It was hot inside, dark, moldy. Dandy had his shirt off. He was doing arm curls with rusty iron dumb-bells. He looked around when Ethan walked in. "Hey, man, you came back!"

"Said I would."

"You wanna lift some weights?"

Ethan smiled, took a step closer. "No way, not me;"

"You- should pump up, jack."

"I could never look like you."

Dandy let out an uncomfortable laugh. "Maybe not," he said quietly, putting down the weights. "Come on, let's get outta here." He led Ethan outside, into the sunlight, his brown skin shiny with sweat. "It's a hot mother fuckin' day."

“I like hot weather.”

“You're nuts,” Dandy muttered. He was staring at Ethan's gaudy outfit. “I swear,man,you wear the *craziest* shit I ever seen.” “No doubt.” “So, anyway... where we goin' to?”

”Do you have a bike?”

“Shit, man,I'm sixteen - I don't need a fuckin' bike!” Dandy pointed to a big blue Oldsmobile parked in the driveway. “We can go in that, anywhere we want.”

They ended up at the Mall, stayed there for an hour playing video games, went to McDonald's for lunch. Cruised around town for a while. Then headed back home. Ethan, still sipping his Coke, looked across the car seat at Dandy. “That was a total blast,” he said. “Let's do something else tomorrow.”

“Like pick up some chicks,” Dandy replied. He glanced around with a mischievous grin, his blond curls ruffling in the breeze. “You got a girlfriend?”

Ethan shook his head. “Not really. Do you?”

“Shit, yes... in Peoria. Lots of 'em. I been fucking since I was six.”

“Unreal,” Ethan murmured, not sure what to make of Dandy 's odd claim. “You like sex a lot?”

“That's a stupid question.”

Ethan paused for another sip of Coke. “It's OK for kids to masturbate,” he remarked casually. “That's what! Think, at least.”

“Christ, man, don't talk like that!”

”People shouldn't get all embarrassed.”

Dandy swung the Oldsmobile into the driveway. “You're too fuckin' weird,” he muttered. The car rumbled to a stop. Dandy got out quickly and headed for the house. “Catch you later jack.”

”Come to my house tomorrow,” Ethan yelled after him. “We have a swimming pool!”

Dandy slowed down, glanced over his shoulder. “I don't know where you live.”

“Go up this road about three miles, turn left on Mulberry Street. It's the big yellow house... right next to the cemetery.”

Dandy nodded, then disappeared inside.

Ethan bicycled back to town. He went slowly, taking his time. Already thinking about tomorrow.

It was late in the afternoon when Dandy finally showed up. “Had to help my dad with some shit,” he explained sourly. “Can't stay long, either.”

“I'm glad you came, at least.”

“Where's the pool?”

The boys were on the front porch. Ethan turned to go inside. “Through here,” he said, “in the back yard.” He ushered Dandy through the living room, down the hallway, into the kitchen. “Do you need some trunks or anything?”

“No way,” Dandy said, “I got some under here.” He unfastened his jeans to show a pair of red gym shorts beneath. “So let's go, man, we're wastin' time.”

They went out the back door. Dandy whistled between his teeth when he saw the big cement pool. “Shit, Ethan, you must be really rich.”

“You like it?”

“Yeah,” Dandy smiled, “it's pretty damn slick.” He was already taking off his clothes. “Where's your mom and dad, anyway?”

“At work... until four o'clock.”

“You don't got no sisters or brothers?”

“Nope,” Ethan said, “just me.” He stripped down quickly to his purple underpants. “I just wear these,” he remarked to Dandy. “Or sometimes I go nude.”

“Why not now?”

“It's almost four o'clock. My parents would freak.”

Dandy, in nothing but his gym shorts, looked as lean and dark and muscular as a surfing champ. Wasting no time, he sprinted forward and did a full-force cannon-ball into the pool. Ethan followed him in with a

clean, graceful dive off the board. “You’re pretty good,! Dandy shouted. “I thought you was a total wimp.”

“I’m just small,” Ethan shouted back, doing alazy breaststroke around the middle of the pool. “But I can do good if I want to.”

Dandy was floating on his back, squinting up at the bright blue sky. “This is great, man. I could stay here forever.”

“You can come back whenever you feel like it.”

”Serious?”

“Yeah, every day.”

“You’re all right, man, I like your style.”

Ethan was circling him slowly. “You’re cool, too,” he smiled. “I think I’ll make you my best friend.”

“What a weirdo,” Dandy laughed, “I swear to Christ.”

”Yep,”Ethan shouted, also laughing, “I’m a total weirdo perv! Everybody knows that.”

Dandy splashed him with a sudden kick. “I ain’t never known *anybody* like you before,” he said, still laughing softly. “That’s for damn sure.”

They stayed there in the pool for almost an hour, then crawled out onto the cement deck to rest and dry off. Ethan’s parents were already home, busy fixing dinner inside the house. “I gotta split pretty soon,” Dandy said after a few minutes. He was on his back, one knee bent up, arms folded over his eyes. “My old man needs help with the house.” His skin was coppery sleek, his hair a mop of dripping wet curls. Ethan was watching him, wishing he could reach out, pull down his gym shorts. They were clinging drenched to Dandy’s hips, clinging drenched to the big soft thing between his legs. There was a tattoo on the inside of his right thigh. Ethan leaned in for a closer look. “What is that?”

Dandy opened his eyes, followed Ethan’s gaze down to his own thigh. “It’s a scorpion.”

“Weird place for it.”

“I got one on my ass, too.”

”Another scorpion?”

“No, a cross,” Dandy chuckled, “for chicks to hang onto.”

”I wish I could see it.”

“Don't be such a perv, man.”

“I can't help it, I get excited easy.”

”Totally strange.”

Ethan pointed down at himself. “See, I get erections all the time.” His purple underpants were stretched out pointy at the crotch. “It just happens, that's all.”

Dandy, sitting up now, shook his head and laughed. “Ain't no reason to *talk* about it, for Christ sake.”

“*I like* to talk about sex stuff,” Ethan shrugged. “Don't you?” “Depends on who I'm talkin' to,” Dandy said, getting up to put on his clothes. “My dad is gonna kill me if I don't get home.”

“Come back tomorrow, OK?”

“I guess I might.”

“Come back early so we can swim naked.”

Dandy was dressing hurriedly, fumbling with his tangled jeans and T-shirt. “I ain't so sure about that,” he said. “Maybe... if I feel like it.”

“OK,” Ethan nodded, “that's cool.”

Later, after Dandy had gone, Ethan went upstairs for a quick shower. His stomach was tight with excitement, anticipation. He knew something great was happening. Something wild, sort of dangerous, almost scary.

By noon, Ethan's spirits were beginning to sag. He was afraid Dandy might not show up. But then the blue Oldsmobile came pulling into the driveway, spraying gravel. Dandy jumped out, wearing only his red shorts and white sneakers. His brown legs looked very long, very slender - like a deer, Ethan thought suddenly, watching him from the front door - as pretty as a deer.

Dandy loped up the steps and smiled at Ethan. “We're finally done movin' into our house,” he announced. “Thank Jesus for that much.”

“So you can stay here for a while?”

“For a while, yeah.”

“Cool,” Ethan grinned, “let's go out back.”

They went quickly through the house, out to the pool. The water was shimmering like blue diamonds beneath the hot noon sun. Ethan moved his hand from left to right, pointing out the surrounding redwood fence. “Nobody can see us,” he said to Dandy. “It's super private.”

“And your mom and dad ain't gonna be back till four?”

“That's right,” Ethan grinned, “so it's safe to go nude.” He was wearing a purple terrycloth robe, nothing beneath: “Is that OK with you?”

“Shit, man, it's your house, go ahead.” Dandy kicked off his sneakers and jumped into the water. Ethan hesitated a moment before slipping off his robe and dropping it to the cement. Dandy glanced over. He let out a brief laugh, shook his head in gentle amusement, then waved for Ethan to come in. “Don't stand there showin' off,” he yelled, “it ain't worth it!”

Ethan stepped to the edge of the pool. “My penis isn't very big yet,” he admitted. “I started puberty late, that's why.”

Dandy laughed harder. “Oh, man, you take the all-time prize for talkin' crazy!”

“Don't you want to swim naked, too?”

“Just come in the damn pool and shut up!”

Ethan sprang into the water with a quick, nimble dive. He resurfaced in a sunlit geyser, shaking his head like a drenched pup. “Feels better this way,” he shouted across the pool. “You should try it, Dandy!”

“OK, OK,” the older boy said, “anything to shut your big mouth.” He brought his legs up in the water, tugged off his gym shorts, held them above his head like a sopping red flag. “There, you happy now?”

“Yeah,” Ethan answered with a whoop, “now we're both raw!”

He swam closer, dove beneath the water, grabbed his friend around

the legs. Dandy yelped and went under, then counterattacked. They lunged and tumbled for over an hour, attacking and retreating, back and forth across the pool, both of them ending up panting and exhausted. “That’s enough,” Dandy finally announced, “I can’t do no more.” He was hanging onto the side of the pool, trying to catch his breath. Ethan paddled over beside him. They looked at each other and broke out laughing. “That was wild,” Dandy concluded, “I swear to Christ!”

“Radical,” Ethan agreed. “Let’s get out and rest for a while.”

They pulled themselves onto the deck and sprawled in the sun, both of them flat on their bellies. “The cement is hot,” Ethan said quietly.

“Feels good,” Dandy nodded, his head resting on his arms. “It ain’t bad this way... without clothes, I mean.”

“It’s the best. But I sure don’t look as sharp as you do.”

“Come on,” Dandy mumbled, “get off it.”

Ethan pushed himself up and rested on his left hip. He looked down at the other boy. “If I had a cool body like yours, I’d show it off everywhere, all the time.”

“Don’t talk like that, man.”

“It’s true,” Ethan shrugged, “I can’t help it.” He leaned closer.

“Let me see your tattoo.”

“It’s right there on my butt,” Dandy said. “Look all you want, get a thrill.”

Ethan leaned over him. The tattoo (a blue Maltese cross) was in the smooth, muscular hollow of Dandy’s left buttock. Ethan touched it cautiously with one finger. “Did it hurt when you got it?”

“Not too bad.”

“It’s cool, I like it a lot.”

“Quit feelin’ me up,” Dandy chuckled. “I don’t let nobody but chicks play with my ass.”

Ethan was petting around the tattoo with his fingertips.

“Doesn’t that feel nice?” “It feels OK, but...”

“I’m your friend, so it’s OK, don’t worry.”

“Ethan, man, you are really nuts.” Smiling, Dandy rolled away onto his back, out of reach. “Now keep your hands off me, weirdo.” He threw one arm over his eyes to block out the sunlight.

Ethan stayed where he was, a few feet away on the simmering deck of cement. He could see everything now. It was all right there in front of him, all hanging out, a big brown wiener, big saggy testicles, bushy pubic hair. He had never seen anything so raunchy and hot and sexy in his life. Just looking at it made him stiff.

Dandy peered out suddenly from beneath his arm. “What are you starin' at, dude?”

“At you.”

“That's what I figured.”

”I'm getting horny again.” Dandy sat up, leaned back against his hands. “Jump in the water, cool off.” He glanced down between Ethan's legs. “You can't just sit there with your pecker up.”

Ethan was staring down at himself. “Do you think it's too small?”

“Jesus, man, don't ask me shit like that.”

”Just tell me if you do.”

“It don't matter how big it is,” Dandy said. “Anyway, it'll probably get bigger, don't worry.”

“Never as big as yours, I bet.”

Dandy looked away with an embarrassed grin. “Stop it, man, you're makin' me feel stupid.”

“Your girlfriends are really lucky.”

“Cool off,” Dandy said again, “take a swim.” He pushed himself up and jumped feet-first into the pool. “Come on, you'll feel better!”

Ethan didn't move. “When I'm here alone,” he shouted, “I just go ahead and masturbate!”

“That don't surprise me.”

“It's the best thing to do ... when you get horny like this.”

”Seems queer to do it outside.”

“Nobody can see you,” Ethan shrugged. He reached down, started doing it slowly, bashfully. “Like this, here, this is how I do it.”

Dandy, treading water near the middle of the pool, watched silently for a few moments, then floated away on his back. “Whatever turns you on,” he said softly, “must be OK.”

“You can keep watching me,” Ethan called out, “I don’t mind.” He scooted forward to the edge of the pool, let his legs dangle in the water. He was using his right hand, doing it faster now, already getting close.

Dandy was still floating languidly in the deep water. He turned his head, glanced at Ethan. “You probably can’t even jizz yet.”

“Of course I can!”

”Hard to believe.”

“Another few seconds,” Ethan said, “and then you can see for yourself.”

Dandy drifted toward him. “OK, stud, show me.”

It didn’t take long. Ethan was gnawing his bottom lip, staring down at his hand. Rubbing faster. He could feel it coming. A few more rapid strokes. And then he started squirting. Two delicate strands landed in the water between his knees, floated there like curdled milk. “That was unreal,” he sighed. His face was red and sweaty from sun, heat, excitement. “Sex feels better than anything else in the world.”

Dandy swam to the side of the pool, hoisted himself out.

“Congratulations,” he smiled, “you can jizz for real.”

“Told you I could.”

“You’re a total stud-demon.”

Ethan laughed, then washed between his legs with a handful of water. “Now it’s your turn, Dandy.”

“I ain’t in the mood for jacking off.”

”Come on, don’t be selfish!”

Shaking his head, Dandy put on his gym shorts, stepped into his shoes. “I ain’t in the mood,” he repeated, “so forget it.” He headed for the back door. As he passed Ethan, he gave him a friendly swat on the

head. "Take it easy, jack."

"Are you coming back tomorrow?"

"Don't know for sure."

"I hope you do."

Dandy kept walking.

Ethan stayed on the edge of the pool. He was stirring the water gently with his feet, watching his semen disappear.

Two days passed, then three, with no sign of Dandy. On the fourth day, Ethan got on his bike and rode out to the farmhouse. Dandy's two sisters were playing in the front yard. Ethan waved to them on his way to the old garage. He was almost there when Dandy stepped suddenly from inside. Both boys drew back in surprise. Then Dandy smiled. "Hey, Ethan, what's up, dude?"

"Where have you been?"

"I was just puttin' the mower away."

"No, I mean for the last few days."

"Just hangin' around," Dandy shrugged. He ambled to the Oldsmobile and sat on the hood. He was wearing dirty yellow sweatpants rolled up to his knees, no shirt, a Cubs baseball cap turned backwards on his head. "What's the problem?"

"I was worried."

"About what?"

"About you," Ethan said impatiently. "About everything, I guess."

"Well, here I am, no big deal."

"Don't you want to go swimming anymore?"

"Sure, man, of course I do."

"It's not any fun without you," Ethan said. "I miss you."

Dandy reached out and mussed Ethan's hair. "You're a big baby," he said gently. "Come on, I'll show you my room ... since you're here."

He took the other boy into the house. His bedroom was on the first

floor, next to the kitchen. Ethan could smell cigarettes, incense, the spermy tart odor of Dandy's own body. The walls were covered with pictures of naked girls. Dandy pointed to them with a proud grin. "These are hot, ain't they?"

"They look OK."

"Don't you like chicks, for real?"

"Not especially," Ethan said. He wandered across the room, started looking through Dandy's tapes and records. Casually, over his shoulder, he added, "You look a lot better than they do."

"You can't be serious."

"Your body is the coolest," Ethan nodded. "That's what I think, at least."

Dandy sat on his bed and pulled a plastic bag from beneath the mattress. It was filled with dried green buds and leaves. "Time to get high," he grinned, quickly starting to roll a joint. "You ever smoke grass, Ethan?"

"No, never."

"It's a radical high, man, no joke." He finished rolling the joint, lit it, took a long hit. "Put on some music, it's better that way." Ethan put a Van Halen tape into the machine, turned up the volume. The room was already smoky sweet from the marijuana. Dandy held out the joint. "Come on, take a hit."

"I don't like drugs."

"I don't either, man, not the hard stuff. But a little grass ain't gonna hurt you." Ethan crossed to the bed, stood in front of Dandy.

"You go ahead," he said, "I'll just watch."

"That don't sound like much fun."

"I just like looking at you," Ethan smiled. He sat on the floor next to the bed. "It makes me happy."

"And horny," Dandy remarked, clearly amused. He leaned back against his free arm, continued smoking the joint. His head was swaying to the music 's heavy-metal beat. He nudged Ethan's shoulder. "Look under my bed ... in the box."

Ethan reached under and slid out a cardboard box full of dirty magazines. Dandy was grinning. His eyes were droopy and bloodshot. “Those fuckin’ things are dynamite, man! Go ahead and take a look.”

Ethan started going through them. “They’re pretty excellent,” he agreed after a few minutes. “I like this one here.” He held up a picture from *Cumshots*. “This guy looks like you.”

“No doubt,” Dandy chuckled, already working on a second joint. “Maybe I’ll do porno stuff when I get older.”

“You should, yeah.”

“I’ll be Dandy Dick the Porno King.” Both boys were laughing now.

“And I’ll buy all your pictures,” Ethan said.

“And use them to jack off with.”

“Yep, all the time.”

Dandy took another hit of grass. “Do you really, honest to Christ, dig my body?”

“Yeah,” Ethan said, “honest.”

Dandy was staring at the picture from *Cumshots*. “Grass always gets me hot,” he mumbled, smoke leaking from his nostrils. “Happens every time.”

“You’ve got an erection... I can see it.”

“An erection,” Dandy repeated with a groggy smile. “You always be usin’ such fancy words. I got me a hard-on, that’s what.”

“Will you show it to me?”

”Serious?”

“I want to look at it, yeah.”

“Sure,” Dandy shrugged, “if it gives you a thrill.” He took a final hit off the joint, set it aside, untied his sweatpants. “OK, dude, here it is. “He lifted his hips and pushed the pants down to his knees. ”My awesome hard-on.”

Ethan sat up closer. “It’s so big,” he smiled, “it’s really cool.”

”Get a good look,” Dandy said drowsily. He took off his baseball

cap, tossed it beside him onto the bed. "I need a shower."

"Aren't you going to masturbate now?"

"Not in here, man, no way. Too close to the goddamn kitchen."

"I'll do it for you," Ethan said, petting the blond frizz on Dandy's thigh.

"Don't be stupid, we can't do that stuff here."

"I'll do it fast."

"Christ, this is nuts."

Ethan took Dandy's cock, started stroking it. "I'll do it fast," he said again, not sure how to handle the huge thing in his fist. It was hard and red and hot and its big hairy balls were bouncing underneath. "Does this feel OK?"

"Just hurry up," Dandy mumbled. He leaned against both hands, spread his legs. His sweatpants slipped down around his ankles. "Do it faster."

"Like this?"

Dandy nodded. His legs were trembling.

"You'll be my boyfriend from-now on," Ethan said softly. "OK?"

"Sure, man, whatever."

"It'll be awesome."

"Just keep going."

"Come to my house tomorrow."

"Right, no problem."

Ethan, rubbing faster, let out a sudden startled laugh as Dandy's warm semen came spilling over his hand. Three spurts of it, then four, then five - a big, sloppy gusher that ended up all over Dandy's stomach. Ethan watched all of it shoot out, then started licking his fingers, getting every bit of it, licking it off like melted ice cream, a strange flavor, sour buttermilk, stale nuts, sharp on the back of his tongue.

"I can't believe you're doin' that," Dandy murmured, still trying to get his breath. "That's really sick."

“It tastes OK,” Ethan said. “It tastes like you.”

Dandy sat forward on the edge of the bed. “Your boyfriend,” he said, laughing gently, shaking his head. “Did you really say that, man?”

“You’ll be my boyfriend, yeah.”

“But I ain’t gay,” Dandy pointed out. He picked up a dirty sock, started using it to wipe his slippery belly. “I don’t get turned on by other guys... like you do.”

“That’s OK, we can still have fun.”

”It ain’t like bein’ with a real chick.”

“Come over tomorrow,” Ethan said, “so we can swim together.”

Dandy tossed away the damp sock, pulled up his sweatpants.

“I’m gonna take a shower now.”

“Come over tomorrow, OK?”

”Yeah, maybe ... for a while.”

“Great,” Ethan said, “we’ll have a blast!”

Later, on his way home, Ethan kept thinking about Dandy - on the bed, naked, with his big penis sticking up. Ethan wanted to see it again, play with it, smell it. Make it nice and wet and hard. Suck it. Lick it. Feel its stuff jizzing into his mouth.

And then, after that, he wanted to feel it inside him. From behind. All the way up.

Dandy came early. He had his baseball cap on (backwards, as usual), his red shorts, his sneakers. A thin gold chain was around his neck. Ethan, in nothing but underpants, met him at the front door. “We’re all alone,” he said to Dandy, “so we can do whatever we want.”

“Like what?”

“I want to show you my bedroom.”

”What about swimming?”

“We can do that later,”

The boys went upstairs. Dandy let out a soft whistle of amazement

when he saw Ethan's room. "This place is unreal, I swear to Christ."

"You really like it?"

"Pretty goddamned awesome," Dandy nodded. "I swear, Ethan, you are one freaky dude."

"We'll make this our special room." Dandy was checking out the Persian rugs, the wind chimes. "We can do anything up here," Ethan continued. He stepped behind Dandy. "Nobody will know."

"Remember, I ain't gay."

"It'll be fun, don't worry."

"This whole thing is crazy."

"Come on," Ethan said, "let's take our clothes off." He was already stepping out of his briefs. "We'll feel sexier that way."

Dandy turned slowly, looked at his naked friend, then surrendered with a quick shrug. He kicked off his left sneaker, his right. "I can't believe I'm doin' this." He pulled off his shorts, dropped them to the floor. "I really can't believe it, I swear."

"This is so totally cool," Ethan said. "Look how hard my penis is."

"Yeah, I can see it, asshole."

"Let's go downstairs now and eat our lunch."

"Like this?"

"Yeah," Ethan grinned, "and watch TV."

"What about... other stuff?"

Ethan picked up a jar of Vaseline from the table near his bed. "You're my boyfriend," he said, "you cando anything you want."

Dandy, still wearing his baseball cap, looked at the jar. "Is this a joke, man?"

"I want you to do it."

"Serious?"

"After lunch."

Dandy was getting an erection. "Real fucking?"

"It'll be radical," Ethan nodded. He glanced down between Dandy's legs. "Wow, you're getting really horny!"

I know," Dandy said quietly, also glancing down. "My stupid pecker." Quickly, he took the jar of Vaseline from Ethan's hand. "Sorry, man, but I can't wait till later."

Ethan sat on the edge of the bed. "I can't either." He stretched out on his back. The bedroom door was open, but it didn't matter to Ethan. He and Dandy were lovers now, naked, ready for sex, everybody could watch. Ethan looked up and grinned. "Are you going to leave your cap on?"

"Sure," Dandy said, "it ain't in the way." He opened the jar. Ethan rolled his head to the side and stared into the mirror across the room. He could see himself. He could see Dandy. He could see everything. And it was all perfect.