

The Fifth Acolyte Reader



© 1991 by The Acolyte Press
Printed in The Netherlands by Krips Repro Meppel
First edition published January, 1991

All rights reserved. Except for brief passages quoted in a newspaper, magazine, radio or television review, no part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying and recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publishers.

The publishers wish to thank Enclave Press of Rotterdam, The Netherlands for permission to include in this anthology an English translation of *De jeugd van Judas* by Jef Last, first published in the original Dutch by Enclave as a separate book in 1962.

Cover design and painting by Mario de Graaf.

The Acolyte Press
P. O. Box 12731
1100 AS Amsterdam
The Netherlands

ISBN 90-6971-030-7

Living in a Dream of Us

by Kevin Esser

Luis is a dreamer inside a dream. Imagine him posing for a photograph, strangely bashful in front of the camera, a tough street kid who watched his father get gunned down when he was only seven years old. Now he's fourteen, and his mother is also dead, and he lives with danger and pain every day of his life – clever, cunning, always surrounded by friends and lovers, but always lonely, always searching for something to fill the sad emptiness within him.

The camera clicks. His image is captured forever. He gazes at us with watery brown eyes, sorrowful puppy-dog eyes, drowsy from too much reefer. He's wearing a yellow Hot Stick T-shirt. His shoulders are slightly stooped. His dark hair is shaggy over his ears and tousled on top. He's watching us with a gentle little smile. You have to smile back, because he looks so small and so sweet standing there, smiling like a pretty little gnome, a little elf, wise and playful and timid all at the same time.

Luis steps from the photo and finds himself in a land of new dreams, new sensations, lost in a sea of corn and wheat and cool green grass. There's a town here called Sandburg (a thousand miles deep in the middle of nowhere, in the middle of everywhere), a town where the boys are as fresh and ripe as the corn.

Luis knows which house to visit. He's never been in it before, but he's seen it a hundred times. The first floor is filled with music – not the hot tropical salsa that Luis likes, but the frantic wail and crash of heavy metal, the music of Middle America, the music of horny adolescent white boys. Luis wanders from room to room. He can smell marijuana, stale beer, cigarettes, cherry incense. He stops in the living room. Someone is coming.

The front door bangs open. Kim hurries in. He's wearing a red-and-white Marlboro T-shirt and gray sweatshorts. He looks sturdy and strong, with wide shoulders and narrow hips and muscular suntanned legs. He's not wearing any underwear. It's easy to tell, because his shorts are stained in front with a big oval of sweat, and there's a heavy jiggly bulge right there at the crotch, right beneath the sweaty fabric between the legs.

He pauses in the middle of the room. He's wearing a backwards

baseball cap over his mop of curly brown hair. There's a little gold stud in his left earlobe. He has brown eyes, a sharp nose, freckles. When he was a very young boy, he looked like a nervous little mouse, cute, with big ears and a pointy nose and pale, freckly skin. Now, at fifteen, he seems actually handsome, with rascally good looks – macho, cocky, quick to charm his admirers with a devilish, dimpled grin.

Luis knows him. They've met in dreams, in stories, in fantasies. Kim is the fireworks boy, the Midsummer Sorcerer, the original Sandburg Buccaneer. He exists, like everything here, through the power of Luis' hunger and desire – as real as sex itself, potent, alive. He crosses the room and takes off his cap, then his shirt. He has engine grease on his hands, on his arms. He needs a shower. He looks at Luis with one of his special red-hot grins. "Hey, man, how's it goin'?"

"What's up, Kim?"

"I need a fuckin' cigarette. You got any?"

"I don't smoke them things," Luis says. His voice is quiet and husky, already roughened by his constant use of marijuana and booze. He looks twelve; he sounds thirty.

Kim mutters under his breath – disappointed, impatient. He always seems vaguely irritated or upset about something, even when he's smiling, even when he's trying to be friendly. He's still in the middle of the room, posing there like a model in nothing but his sweaty gray shorts. His shoulders and chest are as brown and muscular as his legs. He knows he looks good. He likes to show himself off – to girls, to other guys, it doesn't really matter. Strutting around in tight shorts (the tighter the better) is one of Kim's favorite ways of killing time – and of turning himself on.

Luis is staring from across the room. He's a stranger here, far from his own big-city turf, uneasy, unsure of himself – like a jungle beast roaming lost in the Illinois cornfields. "I feel stupid homy," he says, laughing softly, speaking mostly to himself. He takes off his own shirt and tosses it aside. His dick is already hard inside his jeans. More than anything, he loves other boys – watching them, feeling them, having sex with them. He prefers kids younger than himself (twelve is his favorite age), but Kim is crazy sexy, smooth all over except for a little hair on his legs, not bad at all for a fifteen-year-old.

The music seems to be getting louder. Kim sits in a big Lazy-Boy reclining chair and tips it back. "Fuck the shower," he mumbles. "I'll take one later." He shuts his eyes and pretends to doze off. It's the same trick he's used since he was ten years old. He won't take off his own

pants. That would be too queer. But he likes it, he definitely likes it when somebody else does it for him. He's slouched in the chair with his legs up on the extended footrest. Luis comes closer. The bulge inside Kim's shorts is hard now, pushing the stretchy gray cotton way out. Luis takes the shorts in both hands and starts to pull them down. "Lift your *culo*, man," he says to Kim, then slips the shorts down all the way and drops them to the floor. Kim is so hard that his cock is throbbing slightly each time his heart beats. It's a big thick one, maybe seven inches, with fat, swollen balls. His mouth is open. He's waiting. He spreads his legs in eager invitation. Luis kneels beside the chair and leans forward, far enough to get Kim's big warm penis into his mouth. He can smell the dirt and the sweat from between Kim's legs, the damp spermy odor of dirty balls, dirty pubic hair, dirty ass. Sucking Kim is like sucking a raunchy young hound dog – big and hot and smelly, full of juice, pumping his hips, getting harder, getting hotter, then doing it, shooting it, shooting it into Luis' mouth, lots of it, spurt after spurt of nasty thick semen, like catching a mouthful of gooey, sour milk.

Luis swallows it all. The taste is rank, but it doesn't bother him. Knowing it comes out of another boy, fresh out of another boy's swollen red nuts, makes it all right.

He finishes sucking, then gets up and looks back across the room. The couch has been pulled out to make a bed, and there's a boy jumping on it, doing a freaked-out clumsy dance to the thunderous roar of drums and guitars. His name is Calvin, and he's still fourteen, a lanky ungraceful hillbilly boy with dark blond stringy hair and a toothy, maniac grin. He's taller than Luis, taller than Kim, with gangly arms and legs and a face that seems to be all sharp bony edges. "Stay right there," he shouts to Luis. "I'll do a special show for you!"

He's dressed in a sleeveless pink sweatshirt and green camouflage pants. Still doing his lunatic dance, he whips off his sweatshirt and tosses it at Luis. Then he unzips and unbuttons his pants and starts to take them down. He loses his balance and flops heavily onto the mattress, onto his back, his legs in the air. He kicks at his pants until they finally come off over his feet. He's wearing white Jockey briefs underneath. Still with his legs up, he yanks the briefs down in back, then up, then down again, showing Luis his bare ass, flirting with him, getting him more and more excited.

"I need to get naked, man," Luis murmurs. Quickly, he strips off his own jeans and lets his hard dick spring up free, a big healthy dick, definitely a nice surprise on such a small boy. He starts playing with it,

making himself feel better now, much better.

Calvin stretches his legs out on the mattress and looks down at his underpants. "Shit, dude, you're makin' me get a boner," he says in his slurry, lispy voice. "See, I ain't kiddin' about it."

"Let me see it," Luis smiles, enjoying Calvin's silly, flirty horseplay. "Don't be selfish, man, share it with the whole class."

Calvin responds with a hoarse, crazy giggle, then peels off his underpants in one dramatic flourish and giggles again. He has a huge hillbilly pecker, at least eight inches long, curved back thick and red against his belly, curved way back. Like all the boys here, he has a circumcised penis. The knob is exposed and raw, like a meaty red mushroom. His balls are fuzzy and saggy and heavy with cum. "Hurry up," he waves to Luis, "you can be my wife. Come on!"

Luis crawls happily onto the mattress. Calvin grabs him playfully and flips him onto his back, then climbs on top of him. They start humping each other, eagerly, hungrily, like two horny pups rubbing cocks. Luis is holding Calvin around the shoulders. He can smell the other boy's musty, unwashed hair. He slides his hands down Calvin's back, down all the way to Calvin's hard, pumping ass. Both boys are leaking pre-cum. Their dicks are red and slippery, wet, ready for fucking.

"Put it in," Luis mumbles, bringing his knees up to his chest, spreading his ass. He closes his eyes and moans as Calvin slides into him, inch by inch, filling him, filling him so hard and tight that Luis thinks he's going to explode inside. Every bit of him is achy and full, filled with Calvin's cock, swollen with Calvin's cock. He can feel it pushing and sliding and fucking inside him – aching in his balls, in his stomach, way up inside, sweet and deep and delicious.

And then, suddenly, Calvin is ready to finish. He pulls out quickly and starts spilling a warm, mucousy load all over Luis' upturned ass, all over the smooth brown cheeks of Luis' ass. Luis waits until the other boy has milked himself dry, then opens his eyes. Calvin is gone. There's a new boy in the room. The prettiest one so far. His name is Bobby, and he's only twelve, and he looks as supple and quick as a graceful little dancer. His golden blond hair is curly and soft, his skin is delicate pink, his wide-set green eyes are moist and strangely unfocused, wild. He seems to be moving at top speed all the time, seething with hot, risky energy. He's still wearing a green Jack Daniels T-shirt and white gym shorts, but he grins wickedly and starts undressing as soon as he sees Luis. "Time to get naked," he yells, stripping cheerfully, never really

comfortable in his shoes and his clothes. More than Kim, more than Calvin, he loves to be naked – not just for sex, but for everything – watching TV, playing, eating, sleeping, everything. Luis understands this; he feels the same way. He smiles at the younger boy, loving him already. "You look dope, man," he says. "I'm glad you showed up."

"God, Luis, you've got a giant dick," Bobby says, hopping onto the bed. "How'd you get such a giant dick?"

"It gets lots of good exercise, man."

"Mine is gettin' bigger every day."

"Yo, man, it looks dope, I'm not lyin' to you."

Bobby smiles, delighted by the compliment. He's naked now, a nimble little cat-boy with slender arms and slender legs and a lean, perfect ass. There's not a trace of hair or fuzz anywhere on his body. He's playing with his penis, making it hard. It's still just a baby boner, no more than four inches long, a skinny little red thing hooked sideways to the left. "I know how to jack off now," he announces proudly, kneeling next to Luis, demonstrating. "I do it all the fuckin' time. I'm gettin' real good at it,."

"I could bust a nut when I was eleven," Luis says. He's masturbating along with Bobby, doing it slowly, holding back.

"Shit, you're lucky."

"I need to bust at least three nuts a day, man, or I go stupid crazy."

"Do it now, Luis!"

"Not so fast," Luis says. He's grinning his sly little grin, using his playful, devilish voice. "Uncle Looie has a nice treat for you."

Bobby responds with a big, joyful, kittenish smile. He starts bouncing on his knees. "Wait, let me go first," he says. "I'll be your friendly little bobcat." He bends down and begins licking the other boy, licking him all over, purring and meowing at the same time. This is a game he's been playing with his adult lover for almost two years, teasing him with "bobcat kisses" whenever they get naked together. But he's never played it with another boy before. He likes it even better this way. Something about the way Luis smells and tastes reminds him of cinnamon and honey and oranges. It seems he could spend forever licking this other boy's body – his legs, his arms, his chest, his stomach. Finally, working up his courage, Bobby meows again and starts licking Luis between the legs, giving him slow, sloppy bobcat kisses all over his dick and balls. Luis spreads his legs. Bobby moves lower, licking down under the balls, down along the sweaty crack underneath, down to the asshole, licking around it, getting it wet, tasting it, making it foamy and

shiny with spit.

Luis can't stand it any longer. He needs to bust a nut, but he wants to do it with the other boy in his arms. "Yo, Bobby, come up for air, man," he laughs quietly. "Come sit on my lap."

Bobby gets up on his knees. He looks almost nervous. Things have gone way beyond just playing around. He scoots onto the other boy's lap and sits with his back against Luis' chest. He has his knees up as far apart as they'll go, wide open. Luis, hugging him from behind, starts working his dick up into him, up into his butt. They don't need baby oil or KY or anything else; Luis' dick is already slimy and slick enough to go in nice and smooth and easy, all the way in, fitting just right into Bobby's tight virgin asshole. There's no music in the room now, just the sound of two young boys having sex. Bobby continues jacking off while he's getting fucked. His head is back on Luis' shoulder. His curly yellow hair smells like fresh clover and cornsilk. Luis is pumping his hips, sliding his penis back and forth, making Bobby's asshole clench and squeeze, clench and squeeze. Then Bobby start shivering, shaking all over, especially his legs, shaking out of control. He lets out a hoarse, strangled groan. Luis looks down. There's a drop of clear fluid seeping out of Bobby's little red dick, glistening in the pee slit, one precious drop. "You busted a nut, man," Luis mumbles to him. "It felt dope, right?"

"Yeah, I spermed for real," Bobby mumbles back, smiling, exhausted. "That was awesome, big time."

Luis can't say any more. Holding his breath, he slips his dick out of Bobby's asshole and starts ejaculating, squirting cum up as far as his own shoulder. Most of it ends up on Bobby, making a creamy mess all over the younger boy's smooth pink tummy.

Once again, Luis closes his eyes. He needs to rest. He feels empty and lonesome and raw. "That was some stupid horny sex, man," he murmurs drowsily. "I had fun."

"Sandburg is a cool place," I agree, petting his hair, his cheek. "I'm glad you liked it."

He's cuddled against me in bed, his bare bottom pressed warm against my erection. "I think I liked Bobby the best," he decides. "That kid is dope, right?"

"He was always my favorite, yeah. A wild, sexy, beautiful boy... just like you."

"That's true, right?"

"I never lie to you."

"I know," Luis smiles, reaching back with one arm to hug my neck.

"You never lie to me, popi."

"That's because I love you."

"I wish we could always be together," he says softly. He rolls toward me. "Shit, Kev, you and me is made for each other." He puts both arms around me. "It's not fair."

I start kissing him on the lips. His breath is warm, sweet, spicy. "Don't be sad," I whisper to him. "You're my special boy, Looie. I'll always love you, I promise."

The room is silent after that. I pick up the photo of him and stare at it in the dim afternoon light. We're drifting, both of us, in a hazy, bittersweet romance – two lovers searching for each other, hungry for each other – two dreamers lost inside a dream.