

*The Eighth
Acolyte Reader*



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The Prefect

by Jotham Lotting

It just surprised the hell out of me, getting a dorm. I mean, I'm no big wheel in school, and I'm no sport hero. I'm just the average non-athletic kid and I'd got a dorm – a small dorm, but still a dorm, while some of the jocks got zilch. When they told me I'd have Tamarack Two my mouth popped open and must have hung there like a busted padlock.

All of us new seniors were in Assembly Hall. Mr. Marston was handing out the prefect assignments. I could feel my classmates sort of sizing me up anew, like maybe there was something in me they'd missed all these years. When we were sophomores and juniors, Crabtree, who was chairman of this and that, always seemed to have his back to me when a bunch of us were shooting the shit – not like he was putting me down: he'd just forgotten I was there. Crabtree had got a dorm, of course, a big one.

It seemed mine was to be a dorm of borderline squillies – fifth graders mostly, with one sixth. After we were dismissed I grabbed my two suitcases and crab-walked them across the Quad to Tamarack House. Boys were spilling out of cars; dads were lugging suitcases and cardboard boxes; mothers were kissing embarrassed kids good-by. I wrestled my way up the stairwell to the second floor, set down my bags (I'd get a couple of squillies to bring them in later), puffed for a few seconds, checked my reflection in a window and saw some hair sticking out the side of my head so I flattened it with spit and checked again. A-O-K.

The thing was, a prefect had to act cool. Everybody knew that. I shoved the tips of my fingers a little way down in my Levis pockets and walked into the dorm.

The kids had been bopping around like little kids do, but when they saw me they froze. All these solemn faces were suddenly staring at me, caught at what they'd been doing, talking to who they were talking to. Then Tam Farquhar knocked over this shoebox and I saw something white come out of it and run under the bed.

"Oh-oh," Tam said.

Then the white thing ran across the aisle and disappeared under another of the beds.

"Tammy!" cried the owner of that bed, 'cause it occurred to him, I suppose, that the critter might climb up and get between the sheets, and he said, "Jesus, does that thing pee?"

And one of the other squillies said, "'Course it pees, 'specially when it's scared."

"When it's scared it poops," said a third squilly.

Then everyone went after it, me included. We were all down on our stomachs, turning the beds over, making a real mess, and this little hamster – that's what the white thing turned out to be – was zipping off this way and that, until it finally found its old shoebox, which had fallen on its side by Tammy Farquhar's bed, and crouched in a corner of it awaiting doom.

"Awwww, thanks!" Tammy said to me, putting the lid back on the shoebox – the top had holes in it so the hamster could breathe. Then the little kid did the stupidest thing: he jumped up and gave me a big hug. I mean, here was me, new dorm prefect, Mister Cool, right? and in the first two minutes of my job I'd got half-covered with under-the-bed fuzz-balls and was having my stomach made love to by an 11-year-old squilly! I was through. I was finished. My image was *gone*.

Tam-Tam let go of me as sudden as he'd given me that hug and ran off somewhere with his hamster, and the littlest squilly in the dorm, a new kid I'd never seen before by the name of Buffy Gerritsen, came over and took my hand and looked up at me with big brown eyes magnified by these strong, round-rim, smeary glasses. He was imprinting on me. When I shook my hand loose, he snaked an arm around my waist.

Like I said, by all rights, my image should have been gone. I should have been washed up, respect from my squillies forever flushed down the sanitary, but it wasn't working out that way. The kids came crowding around me, asking, Roy, can I do this, can we do that? Showing me stuff: See, this is the model plane I'm gonna build; Uncle Jack gave me this baseball glove – cool, huh? I'd known all the boys from the year before – Buffy excluded. Somehow, without them, or even me, knowing how, I'd slipped, no sweat, from being just another 5th former last year into their dorm prefect now.

Then someone said, "Who gets to sleep in your room?"

"What do you mean?" I said. "Me, me and me."

Now there were two rooms on our floor of Tamarack House: the main dorm for the squillies, with eight beds in two rows that I was

standing in now, and one small room that was supposed to be for the prefect alone.

But little Buffy, who was still staring up at me like he was trying to memorize every pore and pimple on my chin, tugged me by the arm.

We walked down to the end of the dorm, the other kids watching us suddenly silent. On the left was the bathroom, on the right the prefect's room, and the first thing I saw when I pushed the door open was that there were two beds in there rather than one, and on the smaller bed was a pair of feet. The feet had dirty bottoms – not the sort of hard and horny dirty bottoms that poor country kids have, but tenderfoot dirty bottoms. The toes were pointed down over the end of the mattress. The feet were connected to legs in sloppy pants and above the pants was an old khaki shirt that looked as though it had never been pressed (if it had even been washed) since it was given an honorable discharge from the Army. Sticking out of the wilted khaki collar was a wild mop of dark brown hair. It was a new boy I'd never seen before in my life.

"He just moved in," explained one of the squillies. "Doesn't mean he has to stay there."

"If you don't want," added another.

The boy on the bed was reading a book, lying on his stomach, head propped up on an arm, cheek cozied by four fingers that were just about as black as his feet. I could see a dirty forehead and a kid's nose that ended in a sort of blob. Now his little finger entered that nose, felt around and withdrew something under its fingernail and transferred that something to the boy's mouth. Chomp chomp. I sat down on the other bed and said, "What are you doin' here?"

No answer. Buffy, who was still clinging to my arm, looked back and forth from the boy to me, mouth open big enough to catch flies.

I cleared my throat and put on my best radio announcer's voice: "Hello. I'm Roy, your friendly dormitory prefect. Would you like to tell me your name?"

I could see the trace of a grin behind the obscuring fingers. Now the boy turned his head toward me and a really friendly smile spread over his face. If you looked close, you could see it was a handsome face – eyes set rather wide apart, square jaw and teeth that were as white as his skin was dirty. "You're okay," he announced.

"I know I'm okay," I said. "Are *you* okay?"

He shrugged and sat up. I saw the book he'd been reading was a thick one-volume edition of *The Lord of the Rings*.

Before the boy could answer, which he didn't seem to be exactly

dying to do, Mr. Marston and his ever-present clipboard parted the squillies hanging on my doorjambs and came into the room. "Roy," he said, "I'm sorry, I forgot to tell you – we've put Silas Benticomb in with you. There was just no other place. He was entered at the very last moment. I hope you don't mind."

As a matter of fact, I did mind. For three years I'd slept nose to nose with five or six other kids, listened to them snoring, having nightmares, jerking off. Even at home I had to share with my little brother. I'd been really looking forward to the privacy that was the privilege of a dorm prefect.

But what was I supposed to say? No, sir, my job rates a room and the kid's got to go? I just nodded and looked at Silas, who crumpled his face into mock boo-hoo and wiped a mock tear from under an eye. We were going to get along just fine, I could see, Silas Benticomb and I!

The rest of the day I was busy out of the dorm and didn't return until it was almost lights-out for the squillies. When I got them all organized into bed, Tam-Tam Farquhar threw his arms around me and gave me a big hug, and then the boy next to him said, "Me too". I had to give a hug to all eight of the little boys. Silas got no hug, however. For one thing, he was a little old for that; for another, he was too dirty.

Just as I was getting to sleep that night, two of the older squillies shuffled into my room and said Buffy Gerritsen was homesick and crying and keeping them all awake. So I went out and picked up the little kid and put him in my bed and let him snuggle on me. His face was all smeary with tears and snot. I thought, Jesus, I hope he's as dry at the other end as he's wet at this one, 'cause I didn't mind him snuffling and dripping into my pajama tops – I was used to that sort of thing when my little brother had a nightmare – but I sure didn't want to wake up in a cold puddle of piss.

He cried himself to sleep, wrapped around me like a sucker vine. He was warm as a puppy and silky soft and all night long I breathed in that clean smell of well-washed, sleepy little boy.

First thing when I woke up in the morning, I checked the sheets and found they were dry. Silas was sitting on the edge of his bed smiling at me – dirty face, tangled hair, and a morning erection sticking straight up out of the slit in his pajama bottoms – a pretty good-sized morning erection in fact: at fourteen he had a five-and-a-half incher already.

"Jesus, Silas," I said, "you haven't got any shame, have you?"

"About what?" he wanted to know.

"Oh, forget it."

I got Buffy up. Without his glasses he looked just like any other little squilly – rather cute, in fact. I had to point him in the right direction so he could trot off to his bed and find his toothbrush and washcloth.

If little Buffy smelled sweet from up close, Silas didn't. Silas was old enough so he didn't smell like a dirty *little* boy; he smelled like a dirty *big* boy. The breeze he made when he walked by you was sour, his clothes smelled sour, his breath had that sticky, gluey smell of teeth that hadn't got close to a toothbrush in weeks, and you didn't want to get a whiff of his sheets when he waved them around making up his bed for room inspection.

I made hints. He wasn't a squilly, so I couldn't just order him around like I did Tammy or Buffy. He ignored my hints, saying nothing. In fact, he seldom said anything at all and when he did it was just a kind of two-word bark. His voice was in the painful process of reorganizing itself: you never knew how it would come out, squeal, rumble or croak.

At the end of the week I mounted an attack upon Silas with my squillies. We hauled him into the shower room and stripped him naked. We dumped his clothes into one of the toilets and flushed the toilet until the bowl filled up and then squirted in some Sani-Flush. Tam-Tam Farquhar attacked the clothes with a toilet plunger. Then we put Silas under the shower and held him there.

Silas just smiled and smiled and treated it as a big joke. One of the taller boys rubbed shampoo into Silas's hair. Other kids soaped his body. I presented him with a brand-new toothbrush topped with a white worm of Colgate and asked him if he knew what you did with it. He shook his head. So I brushed his teeth for him, with him laughing and foaming at the mouth and slopping all down his chest and my arm.

Back in our room, I stood him in front of the mirror with the top of his head coming up just under my line of vision and combed his hair. Jesus, I don't know what had been in it – gum, pine pitch, snot. It kept breaking out teeth in my comb. When I was done getting out the snaggles I parted his hair down the middle. "There, see?" I said. "You could be a handsome boy if you'd take *care* of yourself." But he was looking in the mirror at me and not at himself. One thing Silas wasn't was a narcissist.

We were slowly settling into the rhythm of school life – rise with the riser, clean up and pee and dress. Then we'd march together as a group over to the dining hall, Buffy hanging on my arm. None of the other dorm prefects ever walked to the dining hall with their squillies. We

stood out. Crabtree started calling us the Goose and Goslings, and I got tagged with "Mother Goose", or "Goose" for short, which will stick, I'll bet, for the rest of my senior year.

After breakfast I'd inspect the beds in my dorm, then it was assembly and hymn-singing, classes, lunch, more classes, sports, showers, study hall, chow, another study hall, a free hour or two and get ready to sleep, which for me meant putting eight squillies to bed and giving them their expected hugs. Little boys like going-to-sleep routines. It didn't matter whether one of them was pissed off at me or I'd gigged him for some mischief or he was dripping with a head-cold: he needed – and got – his hug. Even the 12s-going-on-13s got a hug, although I sometimes saw the tips of their ears turn red with embarrassment.

And every so often one of them would whisper in my ear, "Can I sleep with you tonight?" Usually it was after something bad had happened in his life or he'd seen a scary program on TV. So the little kid would bunk in with me. Some would just lie beside me touching shoulder to shoulder and say something like, "This is nice, isn't it?" But most had to get closer than that. Tam-Tam would back up into my stomach and grab my top arm and wrap it around his chest and get a kind of lock on it. Other kids used my breast for a pillow and sprawled half across me. I was always falling asleep breathing through their hair.

And that started giving me hard-ons. For the first time. I mean, I'd had hard-ons, of course; I'd had hard-ons for years, and I knew what to do with hard-ons, too – what kid doesn't? But I'd never boned up, never thought I'd bone up, over snuggling with a squilly. It surprised the hell out of me.

The kids would just conk right out, and I'd be left with this "turgid desire", as I'd read it called in a novel somewhere. It was nice in one way – a guy could get *addicted* to the smells and feeling of a warm little squilly – but it was mostly frustrating. At first I toughed it out the whole night through without doing anything. My cock would be straining like to bust the skin on it. I'd doze off and wake up and suffer and doze off and wake up and suffer some more.

Then one night about twelve o'clock I found Colin Johns crawling into bed beside me. Colin was probably the cutest of the squillies – blond, longish hair, green eyes, a round, perky little ass. He was our dorm artist. He'd decorate anything he could draw on – mostly wrapping paper and cardboard boxes – with Ninja Turtles and even Batman flying through the air with Robin clutched under one arm and The Joker about to commit some horrible, sadistic crime. Maybe he'd just had a

nightmare about The Joker.

"You got a bed of your own," I mumbled.

"I'm not safe there," he said.

"Come on, who's going to hurt you?"

He wouldn't answer, just snuggled up to my side and said, "They won't get me here," and before I could think of anything to come back with he was out, with a thigh thrown across my groin and his fragrant hair just under my nose. That's when I decided, what the hell, the little kid'll never know – an atom bomb won't wake the average sleeping 10-year-old. So very carefully, so as not to be heard by Silas, I did myself off and caught the sperm in my hand and wiped my hand on a corner part of my bottom sheet and then went off to sleep happy. After that I was better prepared: I always had a pair of dirty shorts or socks handy to jiz into in case one of the squillies would come crawling in under my covers.

That was just some nights. Most nights I slept alone. When the riser rang, I'd haul ass out of bed, make sure the kids in the big room were up and on their way into our communal bathroom, check quickly that some of the casual washers wouldn't get sent back for dirty hands or necks by the masters at their breakfast tables, and then off we would set across the Quad, always as this little peeping covey, with Buffy glued to my arm.

One morning I woke up with a funny feeling that something unusual had happened that night. There was a squilly with me, I don't remember who now, dead out asleep and tucked over on the side of my bed against the wall. The riser bell was ringing. I shook the squilly and then looked over at Silas who was sitting up with his usual morning hard-on sticking out of his P.J.s like something about to go off at Cape Canaveral. He was grinning at me. And that's when I remembered that some time during the wee hours I'd shifted position with the squilly, 99% asleep, and I could have sworn Silas had been bending over above us, looking down.

I sent the squilly out into the dorm with a pat to his bottom and got up and stretched. And then – and it seemed like the most natural thing to do at the time – I reached down and grabbed Silas's erection overhand and pulled him by it up to his feet.

"I like that," he whispered.

Instead of being pissed off, which just about any other fourteen-going-on-fifteen-year-old would have been, he stood against me with his nose almost tucked into my armpit and his arms hanging loose at his sides. By now he was keeping himself reasonably clean and stink-free. What in hell, I wondered, was going through that strange, eccentric but not stupid –

definitely not stupid – brain of his?

Well, a lot goes on in the dorms at night. Everybody knows that. Even the faculty knows, but they don't talk about it, and they don't snoop. Neither do I. Sure, I'll go out when there's a thunderstorm and check that the rain isn't flooding in one of the open windows, and then maybe there'll be a lot of scampering of bare feet as bare-ass squillies head back to their own beds. Or I'll find two of them in one bed, out cold till morning. I suspect Tam-Tam and Ricky Knowles fool around quite a lot – they are, after all, best friends. But there's no harm in that. If something gets out of hand the dorm prefect can usually handle it, and if the dorm prefect is the problem he gets replaced by another senior. No boy was ever kicked out, as far as I know, for doing penis things with another kid.

So grabbing hold of my roommate's erection wasn't all that big a deal, but it did establish one more routine for me up there in Tamarack Two. Silas wouldn't move off his bed in the morning unless I pulled him up by his boner. Then he wouldn't go off to pee and brush his teeth until I gave him the hug all my little squillies got in the evening.

Silas meanwhile had been making something of a name for himself on the Junior Varsity football team. He wasn't very stocky, but it seemed he could run like a rabbit. Now, the last thing that turns me on is carrying a football clutched to your kidney while all the hunks in the line are trying to cream you. As for baseball, I can't catch those little fuckers. They end up bending a finger backwards or bopping right on through and about knocking me out, no lie. I actually woke up on the grass once with all the kids laughing at me and a humongous shiner blooming out on my left cheek.

Not that I'm hostile or anything to sports: those as likes them, great, it's their thing, enjoy. As a matter of fact, I envy the way two friends can go out on the lawn and play catch, sort of shaking the classroom kinks out of their shoulders and dropping a comment every now and then when they feel like it. Like friendship goes back and forth between them with that stupid ball. Or brothers. Little brother is scampering all over the lawn picking up pitches he's missed, no big deal, shit-eating smile all over his face, 'cause his older brother's paying attention to him. And big brother? Lips kind of curled to show the other kids he's not really into doing this with a squilly, but you know he really loves the little guy.

To get back to Silas, I stopped by one Saturday afternoon to watch part of a game the junior team was playing against another school. You get a bunch of 13-and 14-year-olds poured into football helmets and shoulder pads and one looks pretty much like another, only I knew Silas's

number was Lucky 13. Even smothered in all that gear he was a sight to watch – catching a pass, feigning, dodging, tearing over the grass. He was already making varsity coach Molloy drool with anticipation of what he'll be like in his senior year.

That night as I was sitting at my desk wrestling with a trig problem Silas said, "You saw me, didn't you?" Not many kids watch the juniors' games, so I suppose I'd stood out.

"You were quite a sight," I said.

"I liked having you there," he said. "It made me play extra good."

The finer points of football lost on me, I just kept on working at my assignment.

Then a pair of arms came around my neck and Silas's face tucked in against my cheek. "Thanks," he whispered. I could feel his warm breath on the back of my ear.

Our riser bell goes off at 7:15. Sometimes I like to get up early so as to beat the crowd to the bathroom, which is what I did the next morning. I stretched and moaned and looked over and saw I'd woken Silas who was already sitting on the side of his bed in a daze but with his penis, as usual, in anything but a daze. I rose, handed that penis as I always did, pulled the boy by it to his feet, and while I was giving him his morning hug he whispered the information that the riser wouldn't be ringing for another three-quarters of an hour, today being Sunday.

"Oh, shit," I mumbled.

There was no reason to do anything very soon, obviously. I stood there with my fingers still wrapped around that warm cock. Silas didn't back away. "This is nice," he said. And then, very simply, he reached through the opening in my pajamas and took hold of my morning hard-on in the same way I had his. "It would be even nicer if we got into your bed."

Well, you can imagine what I felt. Or maybe you can't. It was, first of all, that jab of sex you get when you're grabbed by your horn and you know something's going to happen, sure thing. Number two, after all those nights with this squilly or that squilly fast asleep and wrapped around me like I was some sort of Egyptian mummy, I was ready for something *real*. It was unfair to expect me to go without, month after month, all through the school year. Number three, here was this kid who wanted what I wanted, right now, who was hard, was hinting around, *and he was my roommate!* Number four, it was safe. It was okay. Nobody was going to wake up and say, "Roy, what you *doin'?*"

Well, instincts took over. We slid out of our P.J.s and into my bed. I covered Silas's young-boy body with mine and felt his older-boy cock poking up on my belly. We were kissing. I was surprised he knew how to kiss. Soon our faces were sloppy-sopping. His saliva was delightfully scented with sleep. But "we need it more down there," he whispered, and even though we were still pretty dry-mouthed, we managed to slick up our hard-ons and the areas we were arranging them to ride on.

My penis had never been so stiff! It was transmitting all through my body these humongously beautiful feelings that were blasting my brain and curling my toes. That old cock of mine slid back and forth on his hip, and his hips, working in the opposite direction, sent his almost-grown-up penis squidging and poking and scampering all over my belly. I clamped my mouth over his mouth and his nose and breathed into him. He clutched at my butt, tucking his fingers into the crack and prying it open. I groaned. He barked some kind of "Man", or "Ah!" or "Uff!" and then his voice went into squeak. I couldn't have put off the end if the whole population of Tamarack Two had been clustered around us making derogatory comments.

When I came it was awesome, mysterious – scary, even. The sperm shot out of me like fire. I'd never had such a come, even when I'd been a squilly fooling around with other squillies, or the afternoon I'd jacked off to a porno tape on my cousin's VCR.

"Whew," I said when I came back down to earth. "That was something!"

"Did you like it?" Silas asked. He'd obviously had his orgasm, too.

"More than liked it."

"I'd been waiting for that to happen. I've been waiting and waiting. And all those nights you'd be lying there with some little kid in your arms, doing nothing."

We filled the next half hour pretty well with kisses and sperm. "Your bed's starting to smell like a swimming pool," Silas said after our last come, and then the riser bell was ringing.

On the way to classes a couple of days later, Silas told me I didn't have a very good idea of what was going through my squillies heads. "Do them," he said. "They half expect it. Take that Buffy – he loves you, he'd let you do anything."

"How do you know?" I asked.

Silas grinned. "Not saying. And, yeah, next time it looks like you've two of them on your hands, send one of them over to me."

It couldn't have been more than a week after that that Buffy grabbed

me extra tight during his good-night hug and said, "I've got dibbs on sleeping with you tonight."

I gave him a little "yes" squeeze and continued down the double row of beds. I had to tell both Tam-Tam and Colin that Buffy had gotten in his reservation first, but Colin said, "Then what about Silas?"

The two squillies padded in about a half hour after lights-out. Buffy climbed into my bed so full of whispers about what Tam-Tam's hamster had been up to that he forgot to take off his glasses, which I did for him and set them carefully on my bedside table. Then he got into his usual snuggle position, with me breathing the nice smell of his hair and stroking his back, when I felt a small hard something poking into my hip. It was a tiny cock, stiff as a piece of chalk, and it had slipped out of the slit in his fuzzy pajamas. I touched it with my fingers. Buffy rolled slowly back so I had better access to it. I started moving the skin on it, gently, up and down.

"Does this feel nice?" I whispered into his ear.

"Yes."

"Can I do it some more?" I asked.

"Yes."

"You done this before?"

"Yes."

"You tell me when you're getting close."

"Yes."

So there I lay, with his head against my chin, breathing in all those nice little-boy smells, left hand rubbing his stomach and the fingers of my right hand pulling away on that tiny penis. I was beginning to feel like one of those dirty old child abusers we hear so much about on TV, when all of a sudden he sort of caught his breath, turned and whispered into my ear, "Don't stop."

I sped up my stroke. His body trembled. There was a little peep inside his throat and it was all over, just like that. No surprise, no big deal. He rolled back into his snuggle position and was out like a little light bulb.

"We going to sleep with them all night?" Silas whispered after a few minutes.

"Let's not," I said.

When you're seventeen, which I am, you're a whole lot better at everything if you're able to make out with somebody you like on a nice and regular basis. Just about every night Silas and I had managed to sprinkle each other down with our sperms at least once.

I picked up Buffy and deposited him beside Colin in Silas's bed and Silas and I went to mine.

"Now," Silas said, a kind of chuckle coming into his voice, "let's see if we can make it *perfect!*"

In the morning I woke up to see the two squillies sitting on the side of their bed looking at me and Silas who had his arm still locked around my neck.

"I love you," Buffy told me. "And I love Silas, too."

"Likewise," said Colin, but it wasn't until I'd rubbed some sleepy-dust out of my eyes that I saw he'd been busy making pornographic sketches of Silas and me all over the back of my trig assignment.