

Under Thirteen

By Simon Tryst

Boy, TWELVE AND A HALF. Comes up to my shoulder. Comes up to my. Comes. Dazzling gossamer waves caress his ears, his sweet coralline ears, boy arms circle my waist, wrist watch cold against me. He comes to my shoulder. Gracile waist; hipless hips. Precious candied lips. His mouth breathes open. For long seconds no breath comes out. Comes then in tiny gasps. Comes. His cyan eyes half shut, a flaxen lash so glossy licks my chest. Boy, twelve and a half sings in the College chapel. Mozart makes him stiff. Makes him quiver in the stalls. The choir-men gaze on him with the look: they know. This is true, he tells me so. I kiss. I kiss the bloomy curve of his honey gold neck. Boy abandons his tresses into my arm; offers his slim, slim throat so white. I kiss. I kiss the lovely part. Soft as a mouse's ear and hot. He sighs. He sighs in secret murmurs. His pretty groans vibrate my lips and I milk his stiffening cocklet. Boy takes my part. He slides it in his sugary hand. I kiss. I kiss as a zephyr his corrupt wet mouth his blushing parted lips. Gently I bite his sweet bright tongue his slinky oyster and I lift him to our bed. Toffee hued on cricket white Boy lies on his lissome back, hands idle with his curls, creamy pricklet a throbbing elver. I lick. I suck his baby eel, kiss the small tight sac. His dear brown thighs come up. Come to my shoulder. Schoolboy fingers wreath my hair darling inky fingers. Choirboy flutes with delight as pants the hart and he makes the sign. Signals 'O' with his red bruised lips. Lower eyelid Mounds of Venus puffed with love. He signals. I kneel across Boy. Over my boy. I caress his silky ringlets. He strokes my rod and draws it to his kiss. Draws it in his hot, wet mouth. I cannot breathe. I probe his dewy grotto. Boy, twelve and a half sings Mozart where he sucks. Boy, purely fervid takes me to his garden; his garden of earthly delights. I groan. Boy draws deep and hums his pleasure. I cherish his lovely head in the damping pillow. I stroke my sullied darling, my wanton angel plays with me. Perceptive lad stays our rhythm, circles my cock with his hand. His face. Radiant downy blush. I am the object of his love. I am mad for the boy. Stiff little nipples I kiss. I kiss. I kiss his pretty feet the hollow of his knees his brown boy knees. His moon round bum I squeeze, his hot smooth bum I kiss. Boy gives the sign. He speaks the sign. Boy

parts his lips and softly asks, fixes my eyes and knows the answer. I know, he tells me so. I squeeze the tube. Red, white and blue. Boy slickly spreads the unction. He anoints me. I nip his elfin ear. I taste him. I lick the salty boy. Boy, twelve and a half sprawls back. Lies at the edge of our bed. He lies with dangling legs. His pearly feet. His feet don't touch the rug. I lift his dreamy thighs, his vibrant boy brown thighs. I lift one in my left hand one in my right. Boy pants, he whispers fast. I know. I toss his pricklet, hard hot; he lifts his knees his game scarred knees. Up to his ears he lifts his knees. They frame his face, his avid mouth his fervid eyes. I draw close to Boy close to my love. I am tossing the boy. He takes my cock, his sweet brown circlet pouting pink. He tickles my cockhead on his flower. I groan. My darling's rosebud glistens. I push. I push gently, tender. Urgent, boy arches, demanding. Urgent. I press at his gate. Knees by his ears I press at his gate. Boy, eyes closed, mews as a kitten. He gets me in headlong. I shout. He locks my tensing neck, his arms imprison my head. He speaks in tongues. He kisses my chest. Boy bites. I travel the way of revelation. I bury the treasure in the secret place. White cheeks knead my belly grind my pubes. Schoolboy absorbs me. Sweat on our skin slaps; sucks. Mozart makes him stiff. My hands are under his knees. One in my right hand one in my left. We pump. I look at my love, I worship his face. Chaplet of wet locks crowning his head. Round his face damply the gold hair flames. Boy's mouth abandons, low lashes shield the blueness of his eyes. Pieta Virgin ascending into heaven, soprano moans at every plunge and my choirboy sings his solo.