

# Mirage

by Daryl Waters

“And this will be your little house-boy!”

Raschid licked his lips. He'd almost said “your little friend,” or “Raschid's little friend,” but then evidently thought it wiser not to hint either at concubinage or sharing. He gestured toward Amin, who looked to be just on the childhood side of puberty. The boy couldn't wait to slip out of the long shirt thing he was wearing – a small brown body clothed only in linen shorts and a firm point inside jutting out to meet me.

“His family?” I asked.

“Ach, *nothing*, poor, many children.” Raschid stretched his hands. “Very happy he with good English friend. Very happy he with *me!*”

I got Raschid out of the house, *my* house now, as quickly as I could. Then I turned to discover that Amin had already found the bed. He was lying on his side, facing me, dark chocolate eyes drinking me in and his fingers playing inside the now superfluous pair of shorts.

He had been told what to expect: if he wasn't looking forward to it he was a very skilled little actor!

We talked for a few minutes. His English was weak. And then I couldn't keep my fingers out of his hair: it was nearly straight, but alive with iridescent reflections. As soon as I touched him he raised himself on an elbow and with polite curiosity groped me where I was hard.

That was the first time. It was all so easy. He was mine. And he could wash my shirts and clean up the house and cook and go off to the market and be trusted to come back with vegetables sold in their prime and fish that was neither rotten nor over-priced. And at night there was his excited embrace followed by his warm boy-scented body curled against me. I would wake up in an empty bed but with Amin coming through the door carrying the pot of coffee which we would share, with the early morning sunlight streaming through his hair.

I had walked about five miles that day, chasing someone who seemed not to exist from one wrong address to another, and had just crawled,

dehydrated, into the hypermarket to revive over a glass of apple juice (the closest thing to alcohol the government allowed) when I saw it: a flash of gold and electric blue. In that crowd of Arabs and Indians and Far Easterns no girl in the full bloom of early adolescence could have created such instant attention, especially as the silk shorts were very short.

All eyes followed the blue-gold mirage. There was a whistle, and the mirage's head turned. A cold look of contempt, a curl of red lips, a toss of golden hair. The disdain in his blue eyes blistered me to a blush as my own look lingered. Then he slammed out of the store, turned a corner and was gone.

Shamelessly I chased after him, ducking down one alleyway after another and getting sweaty and hot again in the process, but he was gone. Definitely a mirage.

The sight of him had burned itself into my memory. Everyone, I suppose, has his own *garçon fatal*. This was mine, right to the exact shape of his buttocks, the pattern of the gentle down which gathered on his cheeks. He was thirteen or fourteen. A powerful, well-proportioned body poised on firm legs which moved with the grace of a faun. Body well tanned, an athlete, perhaps: tennis, swimming, sailing. That night, as I made love to Amin, behind my tight-shut eyes came a vision of spun-gold hair splayed upon the pillow, and blue eyes half-closed in ecstasy.

The next day there was a message from Raschid. A Herr Sondermann wanted tuition in English. Raschid, whose business it was to know everything about every foreigner, knew I sometimes taught English as a foreign language and had recommended me. Unfortunately Sondermann lived 20 kilometers out of town and I could probably only screw a hundred ryalls, which would have to include travel. But the money it promised would go some way toward paying for the repairs on my car after a very large and very slow sheep had wandered onto its path late one night and swiftly converted itself into mutton and my auto into a near-wreck. I couldn't really afford to turn the job down.

The Sondermann 'villa' in the hills marked out its owner as a man of consequence. The door was opened by a servant who led me to an airy lounge and soon came back with a long ice-chilled glass of natural orange juice – nectar of the gods!

“Herr Winter.” I stood. My host was a thick-set Junker, all business. He clapped his hands. Another glass of orange juice was produced as he sat down opposite me. “It is for my son that I employ you. He has good

command of the English but he is a lazy boy and must practice. Be hard on him, please, and then he is obedient.” A grim smile. “What are your expenses in driving?”

I coughed out a derisory twenty ryalls.

Herr Sondermann shrugged. “Modesty never made fortunes. Two hundred should be enough for tuition and expenses. Now, your charge.” He clapped his hands again. The servant appeared and received some instructions in Arabic. The only word I caught was 'Emil'.

I'd never thought of the Almighty as having a sense of humor, but Allah can certainly play jokes on the unsuspecting! My mirage walked in, bored and morose and – what in God's name was he wearing? A pouch, no more, that could neither contain his hedge of hair nor restrain a thickening mound aroused from lounging in the sun. The mound went down a bit when he caught sight of me: the introduction was cursory, courteous but on his part conducted with contempt. He hadn't forgotten that whistle, and I was a figure of scorn.

And so the first lesson began. Sondermann left the room. I opened my valise, took out my poor teaching aids. The boy lounged in an over-stuffed chair, one leg thrown over the arm and fingers massaging his crotch. The mound came back. As if by accident the swinging foot touched me from time to time, and this was followed by a mocking 'pardon'. Somehow I controlled myself and hammered him through Basic Conversation about Shopping: Questions and Answers! His English was good, so at least *that* wouldn't be a problem in what appeared to be a position of torture.

After 45 minutes or so he rose, glorious boyhood emerging.

“You want to swim?” he said slowly.

“I have no bathing trunks.”

He shook his head. “Doesn't matter. I will take this off if you wish.” And he thumbed the tie-string crossing above one hip. His teeth shone in smile. “Father is away for hours.”

“What about the servant?”

“Caleph will bring drinks to the pool, and see nothing. I enjoy water. I get bored with only Caleph to play with.”

He turned, and his naked cheeks danced, mesmerizing me as they led me through the hall, through a breakfast room and out onto a terrace in front of which a blue pool sparkled in the bright Arabian sun. Certainly Sondermann was not a poor man.

The boy had taken a cigarette with him; now he turned around and leaned forward for me to light it. Hands cupped mine to steady the

flame, and stroked my fingers to interlock. He drew back, inhaled with a look of deep concentration, then leaned toward me once again for me to take the cigarette from his lips and, so doing, drew almost totally into me, eyes now demanding, hard, warning that he would brook no refusal. Locked into his eyes I felt fingers searching the material of my slacks until they gripped and assessed what lay beneath. Then, mastered, he led me to a swinging canopied divan.

I touched that skin and felt the ripple of pleasure in his muscles. I started exploring with my fingers every square inch of the unclothed boy, avoiding, for the moment, the part of him which had slipped out of his pouch and was pressing warm and wet against my leg.

“*Danken-Sie, Caleph,*” Emil suddenly said. I blinked open my eyes. The Arab servant was putting down two glasses of what looked suspiciously like whiskey and water.

“Good lord!” I stammered.

“Yes, he is a little jealous, but that doesn't matter.”

Then, to Caleph, “*Heraus!*”

I was too intoxicated with Emil to care about his cruelty. I had my mirage. He was far more beautiful to touch than to conjure as memory, but I wanted the memory I was making now to be so concrete that when I had only it to rely upon everything about this marvelous body would be contained within it. Lips followed where my hands had explored; the scent of his skin, the tingling boy, mesmerized me, and drew me lower and lower to entangle my tongue in his golden thicket.

I slowly realized that he had turned over me and that I was kissing upwards. Soft, damp lips were now caressing me, spurring, goading. I was lost within the angle he was making of himself, a moist, scented cavern, as hands gripped my cheeks to rock them in time with the primeval rhythm of the bobbing head that drew between my lips.

Legs straddled my shoulders; a scented avenue curved beyond my eyes. The cave of mystery lured my tongue onwards, and to enter. I laved, smoothed, worked to make the well moist and supple, and then, near to bursting, I took control and seized the boy, who was laughing and lively as a colt – almost dancing – and entered him to climax deep. He enjoyed the moment, with gripping thrusts, air panting from his mouth and his boyhood clasped hard and tight to hold him as close into me as my own skin.

Impaling. And then I was deep into his crotch to drink his sap, wondrous spirit in a barren land, sweet yet pungent, bursting into my throat, and still more untapped which only reluctantly spent to its last.

And so another part of my life fell into place. The English lessons changed from drudgery to an unbelievable fullness. Each day, after an hour of sincere effort, Emil gave freely – once, but that was my accolade. And I would come home feeling that heaven had been opened for me and there, waiting, was Amin, brown eyes drinking my whole being, thin body glistening from a shower and naked to entice me into our room. At night, now, he insisted upon undressing me, placing each article of clothing either in the wardrobe or linen pile. Small puckered lips held upward for a kiss. We showered together; his hands would lather me with soap (not knowing how he washed off, too, the sweat, the spit, the seed of Emil), laughing and giggling as fingers delved into my triangle. His fingers held a magic that brushed away any tiredness from the afternoon before and was more effective than an aphrodisiac. For a long time we would lie tangled and damp on the bed until I would feel his chocolate warm body ease onto me and set up a gentle, slow movement to urge me to take him.

There was a beauty in our love-making that opened another Oriental Paradise. This garden was Pleasure, whereas the first was Excitement. Amin was the magic which refreshed the thirsting man after his exercise, and his pleasure never ended throughout the evening and the night.

Decisions always intrude. One afternoon Herr Sondermann was waiting for me at the beginning of the lesson. “I wish you to tell me exactly the progress my son is making, if any, with the English.”

I outlined the work we had done together.

“That will not be enough, I fear, for him his gymnasium this autumn to enter.”

“There is still three months....”

“I have decided we will pass the summer in Germany.”

My Paradise was collapsing about my ears. “Perhaps he could have a tutor....” I stammered.

“My thinking exactly. You will come with us. You will have a room in our estate in Hesse, and it will be your responsibility Emil for his school to prepare. If you agree, of course.” And Herr Sondermann looked at the ceiling as the clock ticked waiting for my consent.

I agreed. And suffered the sad eyes of Amin that night. I told him it would only be for a few months. He would stay in the house and look after it for me and keep it clean. He nodded, and tamely allowed me to hold that body which only the day before had been charged with such

electric joy. Now it was limp and submissive. He clung to me, not for me to enjoy but to plead for me to keep him: a little boy in a big world suddenly losing his friend and his patron and his purpose. But my mind was filled with Emil and the new adventure.

Mirages are a phenomenon of the desert and wither in colder climates. Emil in Germany became human – and he grew. Now there was a social life for him; he plunged himself into tennis and a covey of girls. I was left out. To make things worse, he looked upon me, now, as agent of an unreasonable father trying to limit his enjoyment of the new free world he was entering.

“Poor Mister Winter!” he said one evening when some disaster in his dating arrangements had left him alone with me in the great house. “This hasn’t been a, how do you say, nice deal for you.”

“I think your English has improved.”

He came over and leaned against my chair, staring down at me with those intense blue eyes. Eyes that would soon be the eyes of his Junker father. “Get out of here,” he said suddenly. “Don’t let my father...” He broke off, looked away and pounded one fist in the other palm. Then he turned back and put a foot on the arm of the chair I was sitting in. “Look, I’m not interested in doing that any more. Well perhaps one more time, for the friendship we had, eh?” And he reached down politely for my wrist so he could drag me off to his bedroom.

When we had finished and caught our breath and lay at ease beside each other, Emil said, “Didn’t you have someone else, some little house boy?”

“How did you discover that?” I asked.

“Raschid.”

“I should have known. Yes. He was very dear and very hurt when I left to come with you.”

“Are you going back?”

“Haven’t decided yet.”

I had, of course, only I didn’t know it. And after the long flight, when I saw Amin through the soundproof windows at the airport jumping up and down, smiling, trying to tell me things with his hands, I knew I had chosen the more permanent Paradise for at least two of us, the one behind the mirage.