Three Weeks to Heaven

Three Weeks to Heaven, A Boylove Romance (M/b)

Book Two

by Teglin

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FOREWORD:

As with Book One of this story, I am indebted to Ganymede for my

inspiration to write. His stories remain the best in the boylove

genre, mixing eroticism with romance.

And again, this is dedicated to the boy, wherever he may be, who needs

love and care. In short, dedicated to all boys, anywhere and everywhere.

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way.

Chapter 1

Two days had passed since Wishus and I parted. Two days of hard riding up

out of his valley, across Black Mountain, and back down into the foothills

leading to the Rio Grande Valley. Every step my horse took seemed to pull

more taut at my heart, as if I were physically tied to my dearest Wishus,

and that tie was near to breaking.

Yet I would not let myself or my mount rest. Even the few hours each night

that we had to stop to eat and get some sleep, were fitfull for me. Images

of Wishus swirled through my dreams. He standing god-like, in golden

splendor in his luscious green meadow, fishing at the bank of the creek,

bare-chested, the sun bleaching his blonde hair into the infinite hues of

light. His tresses playing about his thin shoulders. Or me nuzzing in

that hair that first night of our meeting, when I had all-too-briefly

gotten him to lay down in my arms - that night when I began to care for

him, to show him that he was loved and cherished.... The sweet kisses that

he gave me so freely the next day as we toured his beautiful lost city up

in the canyon, the fleshy taste of his little dick and balls in my mouth

when we finally made love that night. And our last moments together, when

even through tears at our parting, he had dropped to his knees there in the

forest, at the trailhead, and taken my own swaying dick into his little

mouth and made me hard, and drank my seed, to make us `One'.

I could swear that through those two long days of riding I still felt the

moistness of Wishus' lips on my shaft. And the glorious warmth and

tightness of his sucking. Just as when I had been with him in his valley,

now that I was alone again I was suffering from a constant cycle of arousal

and flaccid weakness. Memories of our love-making made me hard with

desire. The simple joy at finally having found the love of my life, made

me hard. But I would grow soft and weak every time I remembered the mile

after mile of distance I had to put between us, before we could once again

be together. Not just the distance, but the worry about him, about the

lack of attention and care that his Aunt and Uncle gave him.

But I had a task to complete. I had to finish what I had started, answer

the call of my long-time friend to help rescue his own son from renegade

Indians - no, there would be no rest for me or my horse. I had to fulfill

my promise to Wishus to return to his side within three weeks. And I had

to be true to my friend and his son Joey.

"Oh Wishus, what are you doing right now!!" That desperate, helpless

thought stalked me practically every moment, fighting with my need to pay

attention to the trail, plan the days ahead, and get the job done.

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Two days and nights had passed, and now on the morning of the third day,

Wishus stumbled almost dazed, for the third time, up to his aerie in the

ancient ruins. Tears dropped to darken the rocks beneath his feet. He

still could think of little else. Would Teg return? Why did they have to

be separated? Would he lose the only person who had loved him

unconditionally?

He was having a hard time sleeping at night. Teg alone had brought him

moments of security and comfort, dispelling the loneliness he had felt

since coming to live here. Now without Teg, it seemed like his every fear

loomed larger than before, weighed heavier on his mind. As if without Teg,

there was no hope.

When he reached his hidden city, tucked inside the gigantic canyon wall

cavern, his heart quickened. They had agreed, upon parting, that he would

come here to feel renewed. To feel his lover's presence. To reaffirm that

they would be together again ... and to listen ... to listen in the wind,

for whispered words from his man.

He wiped the tears from his eyes once more, and climbed the terraces to his

Shaman's Tower, and sat down on the doorstep, facing the wide-expanse of

the forested canyon floor, and far in the distance the yawning canyon

mouth, where it opened out into the valley.

He could hear the wind in the tree-tops below. Faint, far away, and he

strained to hear something more ....

Minutes passed, then an hour, but the boy did not stir. He wanted to delay

his return to the valley floor below. His uncle and aunt wouldn't miss

him, probably wouldn't notice he was gone until suppertime.

The sun beat down through clear skies, but here in his secluded and

sheltered city, the afternoon shade was cool, the breeze soft against his

skin. He leaned his small frame back against the cool adobe wall of the

tower, and closed his eyes briefly ... just briefly ....

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Now on my third day without my boy, I grimly rode into Miranda, a little

ranching and farming town, concentrating as much on my thoughts of Wishus

as on refreshing my supplies. I needed at least one more blanket, to

replace the two that Wishus and I had put up in his secret haven, his

little fort up in the ancient Indian city he had found. It had been colder

each night than I had thought it would be, and I really needed another

blanket. Some oats for my horse too, since I was riding him so hard.

It was a dead town. Perhaps most everyone was taking an afternoon siesta.

Not much activity going on. What dust my horse threw up as he plodded down

the dirt streets went unnoticed. A couple of men were leaning against

posts in front of the saloon. A wagon was pulled up to the open doors of a

stable, where a big man was loading feed. Looked like a little boy sitting

there on the seat. I couldn't see his face, just some black hair hanging

down raggedly around his head, lustrous dark, dark black hair. A light

brown complexion on his neck, and on his arms, where he had rolled up his

sleeves. A Mexican, I guessed. His slight figure suggested he might be

around six or seven years old. But he was a boy, and even though I was in

love, even though I had been pining away for two straight days now over

Wishus - perhaps because of that - the predictable happened.

I can't help it, it's always been a part of me. I see a boy, something

happens to me. My blood quickens, I search unobtrusively to see if the boy

is pretty, and how old he is. It's strange. Practically every boy is a

sexual object for me. It's my first reaction upon seeing one. But there

is also something more - a real love for boys, just the desire to be around

them, to partake of their beauty, yes, but also to give of myself in return

- to love and be loved. They're kind of like works of art, each one, and

my eyes are drawn to them. Of course I got hard. But I had been aroused

so often in the last few days over Wishus, that I was already a mass of

tingling, aching tissue, so this one boy didn't change the way I was

feeling all that much. I didn't have time to angle for a better look,

however. So I forced myself back to the task at hand, and stopped before a

general store across from the wagon.

When I came back out of the store I saw the wagon was still there. Looked

like the man had finished loading the grain, because he was taking the

reigns from the boy. "So long, little boy," I thought to myself. "Go with

God. Have a good life. Thanks for gracing my presence for these few

minutes." That's the way I was, always whispering silently to the boys I

encountered in life. Until Wishus, that's about all I could ever do - wish

them well, and watch them go their way out of my life. Now I smiled,

knowing that there was my special boy waiting for me.

I hurried to my horse at the hitching rail and started packing.

Suddenly the big man across the street yelled out, as if angry. Something

in Spanish. Now, I don't know any Spanish really, so I had no idea what

the guy was angry about, and didn't much care. I had other things to worry

about. But in the mid-afternoon silence that had settled about this town,

the man's rantings were hard to ignore, and I suddenly remembered the boy.

No one else had been about, so he must be yelling at the boy. I looked up

in worry at the very instant that the kid screamed, and I saw him cowering

back in the wagon seat, trying to get as far away from the man as he could.

The man just reached farther over and I saw him brutally slap the kid, as

he barked at him. The man's back was to me, and I could just barely see

the little boy's terror- stricken face as he had turned half-towards me,

sideways against the far edge of the wagon seat. The kid went silent, and

drew back tensed, as if knowing that there were more blows to come.

Well, I'm ashamed to admit that I stood there stunned for a moment. I

looked around bewildered, and saw the two men who had been standing in

front of the saloon, a couple of doors down from the wagon. Now they were

standing at attention, sure enough, watching what was going on.

Dumbfounded, I saw that one of the men had a badge on his vest. Must be

the town Marshall. Damnit, I thought, what's he just standing there for!

And then, damnit, why am I just standing here?!

Yes, I'm ashamed to admit it took me that long, but at least when I did

come to my senses, I didn't hesitate any longer. I simply dropped the

supplies I had bought and took off running across the dirt street.

The man certainly did not see me coming, and if he heard me, he didn't seem

to care, because he just continued to stand there slapping the kid about

his head. As I got closer, I thought to myself, now this is one big man!

I'm 6'3", tall and rather slim. This man had to be three inches taller,

and big! I mean he was a brute. Looked like one of his arms was as big as

my leg.

I'm no coward, but I'm not stupid either. One, I had to stop this brute

from hurting the boy anymore. Two, I didn't care to get hurt myself, and I

figured if it came to blows, this guy was going to make short work of me.

So when I finally got close enough, without saying a word, I just clasped

my fists together, rose up on the balls of my feet, then threw my whole

body towards the man, using the combined weight of my arms like a

sledge-hammer on the back of the guy's neck.

He never knew what hit him. Just crumpled to the ground, knocked out. I

kind of ricotched off him and smacked my side and shoulder into the wagon.

The little boy was sharp. Before the horses could react to me jolting the

wagon, he grabbed the reins and held firm, all the while looking at me in

awe, in disbelief. I looked down at the man, to make sure he was out, then

up at the boy. I felt sick all of a sudden. What a sight he was! The

cheek below his right eye was swelling, and there was blood trickling from

his nose and a split lip. The blood mixed with his tears, both forming

dirty trails down his dark skin. I choked up then, but struggled to give

him a little questioning smile, and held out my arms to him. He sat there

for a minute, fiddling with the reins nervously, and using his sleeves to

brush the remaining tears, from his cheeks, and sniffling all the while,

gasping for short breaths, his little chest heaving. I could see the

struggle going on in his eyes. Coal-black eyes, wide-open in wonder. He

leaned forward tentatively, warily, and glanced down at his tormentor, as

if to make sure that he was definitely unconscious, then back to me again.

Well, once he made up his mind that I was no threat, I guess, he didn't

hesitate any longer. He literally launched himself at my open arms, and

let out a pitiful little wail, and started crying again. I just gathered

him up and wrapped my arms about him, and hugged him tight. I closed my

eyes briefly, feeling faint, when I felt the little boy's head rest in the

crook of my neck. You see, he had wrapped himself around me just like

Wishus had done so often, locking his legs around my waist, his arms around

my neck, and practically marrying his body to mine. For an instant I felt

Wishus against me and wanted to cry myself.

All boy! My Wishus, embracing me, letting me breathe in the scent of his

hair, feeling his hardening little cocklet starting to rub wantonly against

my belly .

I took a deep breath, and opened my eyes. I had to force myself back to

the present. I could feel the lines of this little boy's body beneath his

dirty shirt, I cupped the soft flesh of his little butt with one hand, I

caressed his dark hair, and held his head closer onto my shoulder. A boy

in need. But not Wishus. I breathed in, smelling this boy's own unique

unwashed scent. An odor, others would have called it. Not me. He was a

boy, and his scent was heavenly, the feel of his silken black hair rubbing

my cheek was heavenly, the feel of his ribs under the caress of my hand was

heavenly. I suddenly realized I was hard as a rock, and my cock was

standing straight up inside my pants, my dick-head squashed beneath the

boy's crotch.

I flushed then. No, not because I was afraid of being noticed. I flushed

in shame. Because of Wishus.

I had been a boylover as long as I could remember, and this was the way I

was. Any boy, any reasonably attractive boy, would do this to me. To be

truthful, I revelled in my arousal, and held this little boy closer. This

feeling was what I lived for. But I loved Wishus! Wasn't my body

betraying my love? And was it really right for me to become aroused

holding this boy when he was in terror?

That taut band about my heart grew even tighter. I almost cried out in

agony. A boy in my arms, that wonderful joy I felt having a boy in my

arms, the wonderful rightness of being aroused by this boy, of wanting him

near me - yet, wasn't that like forgetting that my heart belonged with

Wishus? "Wishus, dear Wishus, forgive me," I pleaded silently. "I love

you so much, Wishus Allouitious Knight!"

Time to think all that through later. I affirmed my love for my boy, back

in his valley, and felt better about it. Because I knew I meant it. If

only he could hear me!

Right now, I had to deal with this situation.

The kid was still snivelling, and wiping his tears and running nose with

the backs of his hands, still not unclasping them from around my neck. I

felt the wetness on my neck and shoulder, but didn't mind. Stains from a

boy in need. Like badges of honor, in this case.

I looked about, and noticed that several other people had stepped out onto

the sidewalks to see what was going on. The stable hostler stood closest.

He was standing there worriedly, rubbing his hands nervously on a cloth

hanging from his belt. When I looked his way, he drawled, "If I was you,

mister, I'd drop that little greaser and high-tail it out of here. Big

John there ain't going to be out for long, and you'll be mince-meat when he

gets up."

My hackles rose at that. I could hear the disgust in the man's voice, and

his total lack of concern for the little boy in my arms. So I just ignored

him, and turned towards the Marshall, whom I saw approaching now.

"Marshall, I'm going to need some help here. This man needs to be in jail,

and we can't just leave this little boy alone here. You have someone here,

maybe a Lady's Society, who can take care of him?"

"It's Constable, mister. Not Marshall. And no, we don't have no Lady's

Society here to take care of no little greaser boys. You made a big

mistake there, interfering with Big John ."

"He was hitting the kid, god-damnit! What did you expect me to do?"

I expect you better get on out of town now, is what I expect," he drawled.

"Bill, here, is right. Big John's liable to kill you when he wakes u.."

"Not if he's in jail, where he belongs for hitting this kid, he won't," I

responded in disbelief at the apparent attitude of the man.

"Ain't no jail around here that's going to keep Big John Smalley locked up,

mister," the Constable laughed, and looked at those gathering around us,

for agreement. I looked around too, and saw nods of amused agreement, or

looks of fear in the eyes of some, like they expected something even worse

to happen soon.

"If I was you," the Constable continued, "I'd just put the little greaser

back in the wagon, turn around, and ."

"He's no greaser!" I cut him off with a gutteral snarl. "He's a little boy

who needed my help. Now he needs yours. Now who can I turn him over to,

who'll take care of him?" I looked around, but noticed that a few of those

gathered around started to shy away now, to shuffle off, not wanting to be

involved anymore.

"Nobody around here's going to take care of a Mexy kid, mister. And

especially one of Big John's kids. Now I'm telling you for the last time,

to git. I won't be responsible for what happens when he wakes up, if you

don't."

"I'll be responsible then," I said with finality. "Where's this boy's

home? His mama?"

"Far as I know, Big John's never been married. This kid and his big sister

work for John out at his place. Ain't never seen the sister, but I guess

she's takin care of the house out there."

"Work for Big John," I said mockingly, in disgust. "This boy couldn't be

more than six or seven years old. Alright, so where is this place, where

is the sister? I'll take him to her."

"You're on your own, mister," the constable said, as he started to turn

away back up the sidewalk. "I warned you, and I ain't interfering in Big

John's business, no way."

I looked around, and said, "Anyone else got the guts to tell me where this

boy lives?" No response, just blank-eyed dumb stares, or lowered eyes from

those who looked embarrassed but still afraid to answer.

Well, I'm not one to stand around waiting for someone else to help, so I

decided then and there to shuck myself of this town, and take care of the

situation myself. I couldn't speak Spanish, but maybe this little tyke

could speak English.

I nudged Big John with my boot, looking down around the still clinging form

of the little boy. No motion. He was still out cold. But I imagined he'd

wake up pretty soon. Now I had business to attend to, and more important

than that, I had to return to Wishus in less than three weeks. So I had to

get this boy back to his sister NOW, and hopefully figure some way to

convince her to leave her employment with this brute. Damn, what was I

going to do if she said no? Was I going to leave this little boy there,

knowing this monster would return home and probably beat him again?

First things first. I tried to lower the boy to the ground, but soon

discovered he had a vice grip around my neck.

"Uh ... kid ... uh, I need to let you down now," I tried to lower him

again, but he let out a plaintive cry, and tightened his hold on me.

"Look, I'm not leaving you here, I just need to ...." His grip got even

tighter.

He either didn't understand, or was just too afraid, so I gave up. He was

holding onto me so securely that I hardly had to hold onto him anyway! So I

could have at least one hand free. I went to the front of the wagon and

kicked out the trace pin, then quickly walked around both horses, loosening

the trace straps. A couple of the onlookers started to offer advice to me.

Like, "You're begging for trouble, mister." Or, "Better listen to the

marshall." I even overheard others talking about the girl Big John had out

at his place. How they had seen her once. She was young, but a looker.

Big John wasn't going to take it kindly if I went out there to find her. I

just ignored them all. If they weren't going to help with the boy, then

they could all go take a leap, for all I cared.

I slipped the harness over the horses' heads, and then yelled and slapped

each on the rump, until they took off up the street. No doubt they'd head

home, and I could simply follow them there.

Now to my own horse, across the street. And a closer look at the little

boy I had clinging to me for life. You could hardly call him pretty, just

then, although I could see that he would be without his injuries. I leaned

my head back and gently lifted his head away from my shoulder as I crossed

the street. Big John had struck him really hard at least twice. The kid's

swelling right eye was almost closed now. And the whole left side of his

mouth was worse than my first impression. His lip looked like pulp - a raw

wound, with blood trickling from it. No wonder he hadn't answered my

questions.

All this time my dick had been ramrod stiff in my pants - I guess the

combination of a boy in my arms, and the rush of emotion defending him, had

excited me to fever pitch. But now, seeing and sensing how hurt this boy

was, I started to soften. I blanched, and felt a little cold, and clammy,

all of a sudden. If I hadn't stepped in to help him, Big John might have

killed this little boy out of nothing more, apparently, than pure meanness.

Again I tried to loosen his grip on me, but now I noticed him flinching as

I put my hands on his sides. More gingerly, I felt his rib cage. He

winced. The bastard had hit him there too. Poor kid must be one big

bruise. Well, I wasn't going to force the kid to let go, for more than one

reason now. Both because it hurt him when I tried to force him away, and

because he no doubt sensed that he was secure in my arms. I wondered how

long he had been hammered by Big John.

I managed to get my purchases loaded on my horse, and then mount up, all

with this little boy in my arms. He held onto me - in a pinch, I could

even free both my hands, so it wasn't all that difficult. Then I trailed

off down the street with nary a glance back at Big John or any care at all

for this cursed town called Miranda. Any group of people who would ignore

the suffering of a boy, even a `greaser' boy, as they called him, could

just disappear from the Earth for all I cared.

"Son, you going to tell me where your sister is?" I said to him softly.

No answer, just a brief stiffening of his body against mine, as if he were

frightened again.

"It's alright, I'll track these horses. Now if you feel like it, you tell

me if we're headed the right way, ok?"

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Hours passed, while Wishus slept during that still, quiet, hot afternoon,

when it seemed the whole canyon and all it's inhabitants were taking a

siesta. Dreams came. Of Teg. Of their time together. And just like Teg

had promised, the memories did renew his spirit. Again he rested his small

hand in the strong palm of his love. Again they stole kisses, some

passionate, some light-hearted. Again they lay together in the night, with

his man showing him how to become one with him ...

... the boy awoke late, lazily brushed his wind-blown hair from his eyes,

and lifted himself up on one elbow. He was surprised to see that the

shadow of the canyon wall had stretched almost all the way across canyon

floor, and knew he had to return to the cabin now. He sighed softly, both

happy that he had dreamed so clearly of Teg, and a little sad that he had

to leave now, and go back down to the cabin. Another lonely night, pretty

much ignored by his aunt and uncle during the evening, and then totally

alone up in his bed in the loft through the long dark hours. Still, he

felt good. The memories lingered from his dreams . he wondered, coming out

of the dreamy haze. Had he heard it? Hadn't he really heard it in the

wind? "I love you so much, Wishus Allouitious Knight!"

He smiled wistfully, certain that he had heard it. That Teg had really

said it . wherever he was. Wishus felt comforted, ready to return to the

valley for another night alone. To wait. To wait for the return of his

man.

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Tracking the horses was easy enough. I did it half unconsciously all the

way to the gate of Big John's ranch. Exhaustion was catching up with me, I

guess, and during the ride, with this little boy's silky hair brushing my

left cheek, I almost went into a trance. I imagined Wishus riding with me,

his sweet locks against my cheek, murmuring his love for me, accepting the

caress of my lips on the top of his head. Wishus parts his hair right down

the middle. Now I closed my eyes and and imagined tracing that line,

lightly kissing his scalp. He giggled, but actually pushed his head up

against my lips, signalling that he wanted me to nuzzle him. Well, if he

wanted more, I was not about to disappoint hi ....

My little friend brought me out of my trance, by lifting his head off my

shoulder for the first time, and half-twisting in the saddle. He pointed

to a shed over under some trees, and kept repeating something like

"Rolanda, Rolanda", which I took to be his sister's name. The road through

the gate led straight up to the ranch house, but I figured this little boy

knew what he was doing. He strained in the saddle, his legs still clamped

about my middle, with his torso undulating as if he were going to propel my

horse over towards the shed. Whatever was there, he was excited. I heard

the anxiety in his voice, the breathlessness. He wanted me to hurry. So I

did.

I spurred the horse a bit, and he trotted on over at an angle from the road

towards the shed. Gigantic cottonwoods shaded the whole ranch house area,

and out beyond I could see cattle grazing in the fields. With a practiced

eye, I noted that Big John had himself a nice spread. Idyllic here under

the whispering wind in the cottonwoods, in the cool shade. Too bad this

place was owned by a child-beater. Dampened my enthusiasm some, I can tell

you. He had no right to anything good, if he could lift a finger to this

little boy in my arms.

No one was about. The place seemed deserted. Not even a chicken plucking

at the ground. The only sounds were this little boy's repeated entreaties

to me, as if he were hurrying me on, the creak of saddle leather, and that

swooshing sound that seemed always present up in a tall cottonwood. I had

always loved that sound, but now it seemed kind of mournful, for some

reason. Damn this Big John, he knew how to ruin a day. I spat down into

the dirt of his ranch house compound.

My companion almost flung himself out of my embrace, when we drew up to the

shed. He would have fallen the six feet to the ground if I hadn't grabbed

him bodily around his waist, then lowered him on down gently. He ran to

the door and tried to open it. As I got down I saw that it was latched and

locked with a bar. Well, now I was starting to wonder. If Rolanda were in

this shed, she was obviously locked in there by Big John.

"Take it easy, kid," I held out one hand, palm forward, as I lowered myself

from the saddle, trying to calm the little boy. He was rattling the door,

trying to jerk the bar out. It wouldn't budge for him. He called out to

whoever was within. "Rolan, Rolan," he yelled, almost whining. I heard a

weak voice answer back, a feathery-light, weak voice, a sweet, sweet voice.

Oh god, for a minute my heart skipped a beat. That was Wishus I heard.

Calling to me from the doorstep of his aerie up in his lost city. It was

his soft, sing-song voice, whispering plaintively to me to return to him

... but no, it couldn't be ....

"Metrio," I thought I heard the voice say, then something more in Spanish.

So that was the little boy's name. Metrio. Metrio? Rolanda sounded far

away, as if she were calling with her last breath. Or perhaps she was ill.

Knowing Big John as little as I did, I already imagined the worst, and

roughly shifted the latch bar up, and jerked open the door.

Sensations hit me then with stunning force, one right after another, or all

mixed in together. First the smell, as my eyes tried to adjust to the

gloom within the shed. On warm draughts of air, flowing from the opened

door into the cooler air of the shaded ground outside, a scent, not an

unpleasant scent at all, swept over me. But it was unusual and strong, a

mixture of body odors, I could tell immediately, a wisp of ... well, to be

crude about it, if you've ever run your hand down inside your pants,

between your cheeks, then smelt it, you'll know what I mean. Not a fecal

odor, at all, not even necessarily dirty, but in a way sensual. Very basic

and so very very intimate to one's self. Another, equally intimate image

struck me as the scent registered on me - how it smelled when, just three

nights ago, I had sucked my dear Wishus, and run my finger tips over and

over his little anus, mixing my saliva with his own bodily mucus and

fluids. That memory alone was almost hynotic - enough to draw me into that

shed. Added to that, was that unmistakable, oh so familiar chlorinated

scent that I always smelt when I jacked off, and my semen came spurting

out.

My dick sprang to attention then and there, at the doorway to the shed,

knowing almost unconsciously, just from the smells, that someone had been

involved there very recently in sex acts. Big John was obviously screwing

his little maid here, then. And had locked her in here afterwards.

It was rather dark inside, and there was a partition wall extending part

way out from one side, blocking my view to the back. It was from there,

from beyond the partition, that I heard the voice again. "No banga in

aqui, Metrio!" the soft voice seemed to plead. "Metrio, detras. Detras."

I understood `aqui', meaning `here'. And `no', and saw that Metrio was

shifting uncertainly back to the doorway, obeying the orders of his sister.

She didn't want him to see something here, I supposed, and it wasn't hard

to imagine what. Big John must have left her naked, swimming in his cum.

Now that thought might have sickened me, had not that remembered scent of

Wishus, that physical reminder of him, kept me rock hard.

Beyond the partition, the shed was brighter than on this side. As I

stepped to the end of the partition, I saw that there was a window there on

the opposite wall. I looked to the left hesitantly, half-embarrassed for

the girl, that a stranger should see her here, in a condition that she

didn't even want her little brother to see her in.

How long did I stand there, breathless, my left hand on the partition edge,

my head bent forward to peer into the room? It was a moment lost in time,

that much I do know, for I was truly stunned, mind-numbed, by what I saw

just paces away. No, mind-numbed is not the word, because my mind was

racing, stimulated beyond clear thought. I smelt that aphrodisiac scent of

sex, I heard that beautiful, sensuous voice, and now I saw what should not

be possible - a boy! Half-reclining over a barrel, his naked rear pointing

directly up at me! Oh yes, an incredibly beautiful, completely naked boy,

with Metrio's own dark, coppery burnished skin tone, looking oiled. How

did I know he was beautiful? I didn't need to see his face to know that.

I just knew! His perfectly smooth buttocks shone honey-gold, reflecting

the light from the window. His thighs and legs were statuesque columns of

polished flesh, split apart, giving me a clear view of this boy's treasures

hanging down limply. His hooded, darker brown colored little cock, a

little less more two inches long, I reckoned, was half hidden by his

dangling little balls, loosely hanging in the sun-warmed air within the

shed. Above, arched over the barrel, his torso ... where Wishus' body was

alabaster, porcelain, ivory, the fairest and purest of complexions, this

boy's flesh was in tones of brown, mahogany, copper, bronze ... his

genitals were darkest, perhaps mahogony gold, I could see the soles of his

feet were much lighter, bleached bronze, his legs fine sun-darkened copper

below his knees, and a lighter hue above. His thighs, buttocks and his

torso, which he evidently did not bare to the sun, where golden tan, slick

and so smooth looking. He was apparently a bit older than Wishus, judging

from the size of his dick and balls, and while there was not an ounce of

excess flesh on this boy, he was more `filled-out' than Wishus, his ribs

less plain, the cleft along his backbone muscled perfectly. Wishus was all

boy, but oh so delicate looking, like fine china. This boy before me was

certainly all boy too, and exuding a sensuality that Wishus might have

someday, when he truly realized how beautiful he was . when he was less

innocent, I supposed.

I could not see this boy's face, for he lay over the barrel somwehat

awkwardly, with his head and arms down on the other side. I could see that

his hair was coal-black, like little Metrios, but much longer. I saw

shining tendrils of it hanging all the way to the floor, splayed across the

boy's left shoulder. I judged his hair to be at least waist-length.

I took all this in almost breathlessly, my heart racing. Here was a sight

so strange, so unexpected, and yet so incredibly lovely and alluring that I

was in awe. Yes, I noted all his features in an instant, my fevered glaze

roamed over his outstretched form, but my eyes kept returning to the very

center of this magical picture ... my hand trembled in it's grip on the

partition, as I struggled to accept what I saw ... sticking straight out

from between his butt cheeks, curving and arching out from this boy, was a

magnificently carved and polished phallus! A perfect replica of a long

cock shaft and balls. The cock head was buried inches deep inside the boy,

filling him, forcing his anus to stretch wide around it.

The ring of his anus, so tightly locked around the dildo shaft, was puffy

looking, dark colored, stretched smooth all around, not crinkly like I

imagined it must have been normally. Now I knew full-well the source of

that sex-charged aroma. This boy had been fucked by Big John, and then

left here, apparently tied across the barrel, and plugged with this fake

organ. Why, I had no idea. Was the man punishing this boy, this Rolanda?

Rolando. Was he trying to loosen the boy's hole?

I tore my eyes away long enough to look back, to see if Metrio were still

by the door. Sure of that, I gathered my senses again, and stepped to

Rolando's side. Yes, his hands were tied to posts, I could now see. And

so were his feet.

"My name's Teglin, son," I almost whispered to him. I don't know why I

whispered. I guess it was a mixture of awe at how incredibly beautiful his

form was, astonishment at seeing a fucked boy, not to mention one with a

man-sized phallus still penetrating him. And of course I did not want to

frighten him. "I'll ... I'll let you up now," I said nervously.

No answer.

An hour later, even minutes later, I wondered why I did what I did next,

before untying his limbs. Here he was bent and tied over this barrel, but

still perhaps in a kind of trance, instead of immediately cutting his

bindings, I instead gingerly grasped the carved wooden dick with my right

hand, and shaking as if from extreme exertion, started to pull it from his

lovely rear. With my left hand I lightly touched the ring of his anus,

needing to touch it, to prove to me that it was possible for such a massive

dick to enter a boy's hole!

He gasped! Not in pain, but letting out the kind of involuntary, surprised

sigh with which one might greet an unexpected pleasure. My heart skipped

another beat. I traced the ring of his anus with my index finger with a

feather touch, and he gasped again. It was so tight! The flesh stretched

so tight it was almost glassy smooth, yet moist! It stretched out, as if

not wanting to release the cock embedded within! Trembling, I moved my

left hand, letting my palm cup his left cheek, resting on his hot flesh, as

if I needed to push there, while pulling the dick from him. I thrilled at

the touch, so smooth and soft, so pliant. His cheek was hardly the size of

my outstretched palm, so small and delicate looking was he. So lithe and

elegant looking.

Did this boy feel pleasure in having his rear plugged with this cock! No

telling how long he had lain here, in a tortuosly uncomfortable position,

yet he gasped sensuously as I slowly withdrew the shaft. His fluids came

out with it, and that sex-filled aroma strengthened. The sides of the

slightly curved organ were streaked with the fluids. Not dirty with it! I

did not have that sense. I was enthralled by what I saw. As the

realistically carved glans of the fake penis plopped free of Rolando's

anus, the boy groaned again, louder, and a mixture of whitish-colored semen

and a yellowish, lightly brownish fluid streamed down his thighs. Was that

the reason Big John had plugged this boy? To keep his cum inside the boy?

Still holding the 10 inch long organ in my right hand, I regained my senses

at least partially, and looked around for something to clean the boy's

rear. A dress lay on the floor next to the barrel, a girl's dress, small,

just the size for Rolando. I wondered at this Big John, why he had kept

Rolando in a dress.

I stooped to retrieve it, which brought my eyes nearly on a level with the

boy's bottom. His hole was still stretched, but resuming a much reduced

girth - still open, still with fuck-fluids slowly dribbling from it. I saw

the pinkish red insides of his anus, and the dark brown outer skin, now

retracting, but still swollen.

How I wanted to run my hands up and down his legs, to stroke his anus, to

feel the flesh where he had been fucked, to cup his dangling little dick

and balls .. If ever a boy were a work of art, Rolando was it. His legs

were flexed taught, and the skin behind his knees were stretched tight,

uncreasing each wrinkle in his flesh. It looked so tender and vulnerable

that I wanted to kiss him there. His feet rested soles-flat on the floor,

no spring or bounce left in them, apparently. He was probably exhausted

from being tied there, and had lost the ability to support himself.

Instead of caressing him, I stole a deep breath of his nether scent, then

forced myself to rise halfway and gently dab and wipe the valley between

his cheeks, being ever so careful when Rolando gasped again, and jerked his

torso up involuntarily, when I touched his raw anus.

"I'm sorry, Ro ... Rolando," I stuttered, embarrassed now, both by my

insensitivity and my dulled reasoning. Astonished at myself, I dropped the

cock to the floor. It was a beautifully carved instrument, and I had to

admit that I was stimulated by just holding it, but had it been the

instrument of some insane cruelty rather than one of the pleasure that this

boy deserved?

I dropped the dress too, and quickly stooped to untie Rolando's hands and

ankles. At one point, my own cheek unintentionally brushed against his

bottom. I felt an electryfying mixture of his hot, pliant flesh against my

rough, bristly cheek, and the cold of the smeared leavings of his recent

fucking. I was still in a state of bewilderment, one of awe, I think.

This boy was so beautiful to behold, and that alone would make me tremble

to be able to touch him. But I was also rescuing him from this strange

. torture . that Big John had inflicted on him, and I felt a surge of

sympathy and concern for him. An overwhelming desire to be so tender and

gentle with Rolando, to show him by my every touch that he need not be

afraid.

He didn't move, after I untied him. So I gently, cautiously placed my

hands on either side of his torso, cupping his ribcage, and helped him to

stand upright. At first he was like a dead weight, but then he exerted

himself to regain balance. I felt him test his legs, bending his knees,

bouncing on them slightly. I half turned him towards me, and got my arms

up higher, under his arm-pits, and let him take his time in standing fully

upright. The top of his head came up to about the level of my breast, and

briefly he propped his forehead against the firm mass of my pectoral. I

looked down, and saw his hair was parted just like Wishus', right down the

middle. The difference was like that between dark and light, however.

Here were all tan and black tones, and Rolando's hair texture was thicker,

but just as silky. And obviously much, much longer than that of Wishus.

My lover's hair was finer, and stray wisps sometimes curled and hung in

silvery-gold waves about his beautiful head. With Rolando, his ebony

tresses hung perfectly straight, each follicle of hair perfectly aligned

with the rest, falling in one torrent.

He finally gathered enough strength to raise his head and look at me. No

wonder he had passed as a girl. His every feature was so utterly fine and

soft. Oriental-looking, almond-shaped eyes, under long black lashes. His

eyebrows were fine and thick, almost joined above his nose by a thinner,

wispy line of hair. His nose was thin, as was his face generally, and his

cheeks were prominent, as in most Indians. But this boy was not just a

native Mexican of Indian extraction, he must be what is referred to as

`mestizo', or mixed, with Spanish blood. His lips were full and

reddish-brown, highlighting the golden brown of his complexion. He held

them tightly closed, as if judging me, unsure of me. His chin was

relatively wide, just enough to give him a determined, rather than weak

look, although still so lovely and effeminate in line and curve. A chin

shaped for the cup of a man's hand, as he gently tilted Rolando's face up

for a kiss ....

By now I was one large tingling mass of tumescent flesh. A hardon

embodied, from head to toe, my every sense enraptured with the loveliness

of this boy. I looked down his body, seeing the soft lines of his chest

and tummy, his nipples hidden by the stream of his hair. Down, down to his

prominent, flaccid little dick, it's reddish glans just peeking from his

foreskin. Those columns of his dark honey-colored thighs ....

Again I felt myself enraptured by this boy. And again I had to shake

myself out of the trance.

"Rolando?" I said softly.

"Rolando? Is that your name?"

I saw a light burning in his black eyes, as he regained his composure and

full awareness, but he didn't answer. He didn't push me away forcefully,

but more gently I felt him turn away from me, and lower his eyes. He

didn't answer.

"Well, your ... brother called you that ... so ...."

I waited an awkward moment, but still he said nothing. Rather he just

stood there, half turned away. In shame? I wondered. Fear? Discomfort?

I had to do something. We had to get going. "Ok, son, whatever your name,

here's the deal. I took your brother, Metrio, away from Big John. And I

can't leave him here. And now, I ... I don't want to leave you here

either. If you understand me, here's what I'd like to do ... get you some

clothes, get a horse, and then head out of here. I guess ... I'll take you

to Santa Fe with me, and ... find someone there to take you in." I trailed

off, wondering if he were understanding any of that. I had noticed a

slight jerk of his head, when I said I had taken his brother away from that

brute.

"Come on ... Rolando," I gently placed my arm around his shoulder. "We

have to get out of here," I said, nudging him forward. He complied, then

hesitated, and started to reach down for the dress.

"No!" I surprised myself by the vehemence of my reaction. It just

overwhelmed me, a revulsion for seeing this incredible boy wrapped in a

girl's rags, ones that Big John had forced him to wear.

He looked up frightened, questioning, pausing in half-stoop.

"Sorry, son, it ... it's alright," I hastened to retract it. Wanted to

make him forget my vehemence.... "You can wear that if you wish, but

perhaps you have some other clothes up in the house?"

He seemed to understand, because he rose stiffly again, and shuffled out of

the room, slowly testing his legs, but seeming to gain strength with each

step. He saw his little brother, and let out a mournful kind of wail, upon

seeing the little tyke all bruised and swelling, then stooped to hug and

caress him. They hugged briefly, and then Rolando looked back at me. I

saw something like bewilderment, mixed with awe, mixed with a questioning

again, as if he were unsure of my motives or intentions. I'm afraid he saw

that I could not keep my eyes off his bare rear - as he stooped, his long

hair fell forward, and his outthrust bottom wiggled at me tantalizingly.

His little anus was still loosened, still a bit swollen around the rim, but

already closed completely and puckering inward.

I flushed, but whatever he felt upon seeing my stare, he must have decided

to ignore it, and accept me, because in the next five minutes, after I

forced myself to drag my eyes from his incredible naked form, he cooperated

fully with my plans. I went to the barn to get a horse and saddle, while

Rolando led Metrio slowly across to the house, still testing his legs. He

returned more steadily, now in another little girl dress. This one was not

frilly and girlish, like the one back in the shed, but more of a simple

shift, or sack-like garment, hanging from his shoulders. At least it was

clean. I could have sworn I saw embarrassment in his gaze, as he met my

look of wonder. I guessed he had no other clothes, that Big John had only

let him wear girl's clothing. He was also carrying a carpetbag full of

other items. I had no idea what, but guessed that he understood me well

enough. We were leaving this place, and never coming back.

I signalled to them to come on and get up on the horse, and he brought

Metrio over to me, then again looked up at me with a slightly embarrassed

look. But there was something more in those dark pits of his eyes than

embarrassment. There was that questioning again, and a glint, a fire of

something there. He suddenly let go of Metrio and turned and limped across

to the shed, and disappeared inside.

I went ahead and hoisted Metrio to the saddle, keeping half an eye on the

shed door, wondering what it could be that Rolando wanted there. Perhaps

he knew of Big John's money box or something. Well I didn't want anything

of Big John's. I wanted to be clear of that man, completely, and quickly.

I had just about convinced myself that I would have to tell Rolando to

leave whatever he had gone back to get, when he came out of the shed

walking towards us head up, staring boldly at me, almost defiantly, as if

he sensed I might object, and was determined to do as he wished. In his

hands he held two things. One of which stunned me - the phallus, that 10

inch long, perfectly carved and polished cock, still encrusted with his own

bodily juices. The sight of Rolando clutching it along the shaft, the cock

head held up tight to his chest, the balls hidden underneath his elbow, hit

me deep in my stomach. The feeling passed down to my groin, and I felt a

tingling there as my dick began to harden once again. For once, my mind

had returned to the requirements of our escape, and the journey on from

here to Santa Fe, on how I would deal with Big John if he showed up on our

trail. Now it was centered once again on the memory of this huge cock

buried in the anus of the little boy walking proudly, daringly, towards me.

He must have seen my astonishment, must have understood what I was feeling,

because his look of determination suddenly softened, his brow furrowed in a

question, as if he somehow knew that he had no reason to defy me, but was

not quite sure yet why.

The other object he carried looked like a container, a stoppered

green-glass jar, filled with some opaque, whitish colored paste or

ointment. Perhaps medicine, for all I knew. Whatever it was, it was

apparently important to him. He approached and held out the jar to me, as

I lifted the saddle bag cover. I placed the jar inside, and looked down at

him, and felt myself turning beet red in the face, as I hesitantly reached

for the phallus. He again noted my consternation, and stretched up

himself, to slip the tool into the bag.

He smiled ever so slightly, a kind of a sly, knowing smile. As if he were

in command of something that I knew nothing about. Well, I had to admit,

he did. He was a fucked boy. I was a man who had dreamed of making love

to a boy like him for years.

He just stood there waiting now, looking up at me. I paled, then flushed

red, I supppose, feeling the heat rush to my face. He was all boy.

Wearing a dress, with hair hanging below his waist, but with the power of

BOY over me.

I gathered my senses, and held out my cupped hands, to boost him into his

saddle. His soft garment brush across my cheek. I looked up to see his

lustruous inner thigh almost all the way up to the darkness of his crotch,

as his dress opened briefly. He sat astraddle just behind Metrio, so his

dress perforce scrunched all the way up his perfectly smooth, bronzed

thighs.

As we rode out of the ranch yard, I finally had time to catch my breath and

think, but it was impossible to take my eyes from the boys in front of me

on their horse. I guessed Rolando's age at about 12. Next to Wishus, I

had to admit he was just about the sexiest creature I had ever encountered.

But unlike Wishus, who was all innocent loveliness, this Rolando was like a

Siren, a walking, breathing, sex object, whether he consciously knew that

or not. He was a fucked boy, one who had been kept by Big John as a girl.

To be fucked. A boy who apparently liked being fucked, and who had safely

packed away an instrument which had only one purpose. I wondered whether

he was a loved boy, as was Wishus. And then I wondered, could any boy be

both?

Book Two

Chapter 2

by Teglin

FOREWORD:

As with Book One of this story, I want to thank Ganymede for the

wonderful boylove stories he has given us. I write in part to give just

a little back to him.

And again, this is dedicated to the boy, wherever he may be, who needs

love and care. In short, dedicated to all boys, anywhere and everywhere.

Copyright 1999 by Teglin. You may freely copy this boylove romance

and distribute it. Please have the courtesy not to alter it in any

way.

WARNING:

This boylove romance contains descriptions

of sexual acts between men and minor boys. Their sexual relationships

are very important to the story, as part of their love-making, but it is

their spiritual relationship that I wanted to explore even more, as the

very essence of boylove.

If you are under age 18, or the concept of a man/boy relationship offends

you, don't read further.

Chapter 2.

My little companions said not a word the entire rest of the day. We rode

on and on, their horse in front of mine. Metrio seemed to doze much of the

time, while Rolando kept the horse moving expertly. Occasionally he would

glance back at me, his expression wooden, unchanging, hiding his feelings.

I sensed he was weighing me, assaying me, trying to analyze my intentions.

At first I had no sense that he was at all angry, or resentful at what I

was doing, taking them away from their `home'. Yet his expression was

always stern, his lips compressed, unsmiling, his eyes open but half

squinting, as if peering into me.

Every time he turned my gut tightened. How could such sultry, dark, yet

pure, beauty exist all wrapped up in one form? Yet, I knew already, from

meeting Wishus, that pure, gorgeous, physical perfection was possible to

find in one boy. Had I met the two most perfect embodiments of boyhood on

Earth in the span of one week? Was this a dream? Rolando's hair hung like

a black veil all the way below his waist, hiding him almost completely from

me, except when he turned his head, and I could see his sillouhette thinly

through the veil. Every step the horse took made the boy rock forward at

his waist - rhythmically his little rounded buttocks, tight against the

fabric of his dress, would come into view, parting the veil of his hair. I

could see as clearly as ever could be that he was a boy. Every line of his

body, his sleek arms, his small hands and fingers, the narrowness of his

hips, were all boy! How could anyone ever have mistaken him for a girl?

He was wearing a dress even now, but I would never have mistaken him. I

would have known immediately, even if I had never come upon him straddled

naked over that barrel, with his dick and balls displayed so plainly.

His shift was scrunched up underneath him, since he was riding astride,

with Metrio in front of him. I knew the horse's hair must be rubbing his

inner thighs and legs raw. But he made no complaint.

I didn't bother to watch the back trail. If Big John were going to follow

us, we'd find out soon enough, but I did take some pains to hide our

tracks. Going over rocky stretches, or through sand. Nothing that would

fool a tracker, but I had no idea if Big John could track, or if he would

have help.

Approaching sundown we neared the junction of the Miranda with the larger

Rio Blanco, and I took the lead. I took the reins from Rolando, feeling

the heat of his fierce eyes upon me. He almost glared now. I wondered at

the change. I guessed he was suspicious, wondering what I was leading him

and his brother into, whether I could be trusted any more than his former

tormentor. Or was it lover?

I figured if it were the latter, this Rolando wouldn't be here right now.

He had a mind of his own, I could tell, and would have refused to come

along with me. I had made no effort to force anyone, so it had been his

choice in the end.

I felt more than the heat of his glare. I felt something physical in my

whole body, just approaching him again. After watching from behind for

hours, drawn like a magnet to his beautiful figure, coming close, almost

touching his hand, was unnerving. There was a mystery about him that had

its hold on me, not to mention the physical attraction I felt for him.

Fucked boy? Lover? Slave? Willing partner? Innocent? Aware of his very

real power over men like me? Possessor, or possessed?

Fighting a wave of something akin to fear, upon sitting my horse so close

to him, I took the reins and spurred ahead into the Miranda. I'm so

wrapped up in boys, that this feeling was not strange to me. I worry about

what they're thinking. I hope so much to please them. It's a result of

long years of pining and loneliness. That I still felt it, now that I had

Wishus, was testament to what kind of life a boylover must lead in today's

society. Desperate longing, acceptance of the impossibility of ever

fulfilling my dreams, but just the same desperate will to please, to be

accepted, when around a boy.

For the next fifteen minutes we backtracked up that rock-bedded stream,

came out on the same side, crossed our own trail, where I got off and

dusted things up a bit, then rode across a gravelly stretch I had noted

earlier to the Blanco.

Again, not much of a ruse to fool a real tracker, but it would buy us long

minutes, perhaps hours, if the man were pursuing us.

We made camp in a glade on the east bank of the Blanco, where we had easy

access to the clear waters of the river. I wanted to wash up, and at least

take care of Metrio. Demetrio, as it turned out. I heard Rolando call him

both names, at one time or another.

We cooked and ate, or rather Metrio and I cooked. Rolando took up a wary,

watchful perch on his horse's tack, after I had stripped the mounts bare

and staked them for the night. If a stare could pierce, then I would have

been wounded, because that boy never took his eyes off of me. He was

watching me, and watching everything I did with Metrio. He took the food I

proffered, but still ate alone, over on his perch. Metrio kind of flitted

between us, or roamed rather. He was a strong little tyke, and obviously

had a lot of energy, but he was visibly suffering from his beating of this

afternoon, and probably of others in the past. Whenever he forgot his

injuries, and started to prance about fawn-like, he was soon enough brought

up short by a stab of pain in his ribs, or an accidental brush against his

raw lips, or his swollen eye. But oh how it was wonderful having a boy

with me. Two boys, although one was a sultry, mysterious, creature always

on the edge, watching in. At least Metrio's helpfulness and energy

reminded me of Wishus, and by keeping me busy, made it less difficult in

remembering my separation from my Dearest One.

Well, I was exhausted from the trail, from the events of the day, from

anxiety over Wishus, and wonderment over Rolando, and there came a point

where I just flopped. I mean, we had finished up the supper, and cleaned

the pans. I felt this irresistible need to shuck my clothes and get

cleaned up. So notwithstanding Rolando's unnerving eye upon me, I stripped

and just walked into the river. For once I was not in a state of arousal.

My dick could only take so much stress, it seemed! Not to mention that in

my exhaustion I for once blocked out the images all wrapped up with

Rolando's presence. He had his eyes on me, but I blocked that out for the

moment too. I did have enough sense to keep my guns near the bank, where I

soaked and washed in the cold water.

Then I strode out of the water, put on my longjohns and camp moccasins, and

prepared to take care of little Demetrio. That's when Teg Junior woke up.

Did you ever see a hard, seven inch dick tent out a pair of longjohns?

That's what happened after I had some water heated, and a blanket spread by

the fire, and I called the boy over to me. He came willingly, knowing by

now he could trust me. I proceeded to strip him down for a bath.

Something perhaps never before done with him, from the evidence of grime

and dirt almost etched into the nooks and crannies of his body!

I started with his facial wounds first. And believe it or not, that's when

my erection started too. Taking loving care of a boy was incredibly

arousing to me. There's nothing sexy about washing blood from a scab on a

boy's lip, but when it comes right down to it, what are men for in Nature,

if not to minister to the needs of those they protect? Taking care of

Metrio, touching him tenderly, intimately, was a rush! When I gently

pulled his tunic up over his head, and revealed his perfect little boy

figure, suddenly my feelings went from protector to admirer. He was only

six or seven, yes, but he was a boy. His little chest was a miniature

version of Wishus', but darker in color. His tiny little nipples stood out

in the cool evening air, ready for my ministrations. I wanted to crush him

to me, and suck on them, as he stood so willingly letting me wash him. But

I resisted. Rolando was watching. Wishus was watching. And I was

watching, knowing that this little boy wasn't aware of my urges. At least

I didn't think he was. Wishus was old enough to understand how I felt

about him. Little Demetrio was just accepting a bath.

Wishus understood what it meant to get hard like I was now. Metrio didn't

even notice, I think. I knew Rolando did, but I could do nothing about

that.

I lovingly washed Metrio's chest and little tummy, his arms, under his

arms. His little pectorals were so firm, yet still so soft, defining his

chest, defining his sex! Here was a boy in my hands! What hung down

between his legs was certainly the true mark of his maleness, but as my

hands gently washed and scrubbed all over his front, I felt boyflesh! I

think I must have started smiling, just reveling in the feel of a boy in my

hands.

Finally, I turned him around and did his back. Again, the delicacy of a

little boy's frame, yet all the marks of his boyhood. His back was sleek,

lightly muscled on each side of his backbone, and his little shoulder

blades were strangely exciting to me. I wanted to lick along their raised

edges, but refrained, and washed there instead.

Metrio made no sign of resistance or shyness when I reached around in front

and loosened his drawstring, and slowly tugged his little pants down. I

realized then that even with Wishus I had never been this close, face to

cheek, as it were, with a little boy's rear! Wishus and I had splashed

around in the water, and I had grabbed his butt, and in the heat of my

passion even caressed his anus from above as he lay prone and I sucked him,

but here I was with my face just inches from Metrio's butt. I had been

upright on my knees, washing him. Now I lowered - still on my knees behind

him, but resting back on my haunches. That brought my face right on a

level with his buttocks. What I wanted more than anything right then was

to lean forward and plunge my face into his crack, breath deeply, and wash

him with my tongue and lips...with trembling fingers, instead, I again very

gently washed his pliable cheeks, then separated them and with a

feather-like stroke at first, washed his crack. His little, untouched anus

looked so delicate, the skin around it perfectly fashioned as a tiny

funnel, leading inward to depths where I wished my tongue could follow.

Instead I scrubbed him there, boldly, but gently, as if having my thumb on

his hole, encased by his soft flesh, was nothing to me.

Satisfied that I had washed him cleaner than he had ever been before around

his little butt-hole, having done everything except plant a kiss there to

finish my ministrations off, I treated myself to his little cock. His

little inch-long, half-soft stub, encased in his dark brown foreskin,

bobbed into view just inches before my eyes, when I placed my hands on his

hips and gently shifted him around. He turned willingly, oblivious to the

very real hunger in my eyes. My own dick had been massaged by the soft

fabric of my longjohns with my every movement, and I wasn't far from

cumming like I had three times with Wishus, without him ever touching my

dick, or even without ME touching my dick. The sight of Metrio's

proud-standing dick nearly pushed me over the edge! He wasn't hard, but

his little piece was half engorged, and sticking out at a slight angle from

his pubic mound. His glans was plainly visible inside the sheath of his

foreskin. A perfect-sized little angled head for a perfect little boy

penis. I may have licked my lips, but was unaware if I did. This was only

the third boy-dick I had seen, and I have to admit I was pretty much

hypnotized by it. Now I would get to touch it. I know there was a little

tremble in my hand, as I lovingly washed Metrio's tummy and just above his

pubis, then lowered my fingers, playing tiny circles all across his soft

mound. His pubis, and dick and balls, really stood out from his crotch, as

if nature had intended them to draw the eye of anyone there. The phallus!

Even soft, like this, and so small, yet it was just charged with power over

me!

Nay, because it was so small! Yes, it's the phallus I love, a dick that I

drool over, but it is a little boy that inflames me! I don't know what it

is about me, although I've thought about it enough. I love cock, I can

even become aroused contemplating my own cock, but I have never been

remotely attracted to a man. Even a naked man. On the other hand, I don't

have to see a boy nude to be aroused. There is a unique beauty in a boy,

in his frail and delicate frame, yet so straight and sleek, not muscled

like a man's, nor rounded like a girls, or woman's. A boy's frame, like

his little dick, filled with the potential to stand hard and tall, yet

still so soft and lovely. Like a work of art .... Oh, I don't know how to

explain it. And at that moment, seeing up close only the third boy cock in

my life, I was enthralled.

When I finally gave myself the pleasure of washing his little dick, I

blushed. Turned a deep, crimson red. I could feel it. And I could feel

Rolando's eyes on me. He was watching as I cupped Metrio's little seeds in

his loose scrotum, and so very gently washed them. He had to see the

intensity of my gaze as, with a feather touch, I washed around the tiny,

fluted opening of Metrio's foreskin, and then up and down his half-hard

shaft. He had to notice how I caused Metrio to thrust out his pelvis, in

reaction to my caress. He was watching when I leaned forward, perforce, to

run rivulets of water and soap down Metrio's thighs, both front and back,

pushing my face to within an inch of his little dickhead.

I may not have breathed during all that, until I found my nose so close to

his dick. Then I swear I engulfed the air around us, trying to breath in

the scent of his boyhood! So clean smelling! Yet still, even with my

washing, smelling fleshy and with just a trace of that tart, acidic scent

of a boy's, or a man's, crotch.

I washed his legs next, letting my hands caress his soft flesh up and down,

from his ankles all the way to his hips, lathering and rinsing lovingly,

all the while treating myself to the sight of his little dangling, wobbling

dick.

I even thrilled in washing Metrio's little feet. They were such small and

delicate replica's of a man's feet. Each of his little toes received my

attentions, as I attempted to draw out this magical chance to be so

intimately close to a boy.

It had to end. I finally gave in and wrapped Metrio in a cloth, and patted

him dry, then put him into one of my clean tunics. No sooner had I spread

a blanket for him by the fire, than he was fast asleep. I intended to wash

his clothes later on, but for now, I just had to lay back and rest. I had

to recover from the day's long ride, all it's excitement, it's unusual

twists and turns, and from the last few minutes of boy-heaven.

I was about to close my eyes, as I lay back with my head up on the saddle,

and my back supported by the folded saddle blanket, when suddenly Rolando

stood up.

I should say, he arose! A creature like him doesn't just stand up, he

rises majestically, whether consciously or not, rising to command the eyes

of anyone in his presence. Nor did he simply walk. He glided. Each

motion a composition, combining the grace that comes naturally to his

perfectly proportioned limbs, with the pure beauty of his form, propelling

his perfect body forward. His long, glistening black hair, fell straight,

and waved and parted with his every motion. Part of it fell forward of his

shoulder, and I could see the strands all the way down his belly to his

waist, as his arm would swing back and forth. The rest fell loosely to the

very outthrust of his buttocks, some strands even lower.

Wishus had the adorable habit of flicking his head, to flip errant strands

of his golden hair out of his eyes. Rolando instead would raise his hands

to the side of his face and pull his long locks back behind his ears. They

didn't stay there for long, so he did that often. For some reason this was

incredibly sexy to me. To see a boy whose hair was so long and lustrous,

that it served no possible purpose other than to attract the glances of his

admirers. And more, that it was an affectation that required his constant

attention, and that he seemed to do it willingly, knowing how beautiful his

hair was, knowing what effect it would have on others. My poor dick! It

was at full cock-stand almost instantly, just contemplating Rolando's hands

pulling his hair back from his eyes.

It was dusk now, with the sun just escaping beneath the crest of the ridge

to the West, leaving the sky a slate gray, a clear but darkening sky which

made the even darker green of the pines near the river seem cold. The

water too looked even colder, running over dark coppery-colored, rounded

and polished rocks near the bank. There was a shelf of smooth pebbles

leading all the way into the water. That's where Rolando was headed, I

could see.

He carried his saddle bags with him, and as he strode just ten paces in

front of me, across the clearing to the edge of the water, I imagined the

heat of his body. In the approaching darkness, everything else seemed to

be colored cold.

He was sultry. His limbs flowed as he glided past me, so erect and tall.

His thinness made all 5'2" of him seem tall, and so did the long reach of

his hair. He held himself perfectly erect, with his head high, and looking

neither right nor left, but determinedly forward to the water.

Proud. I felt his pride. He was proud of his bearing, of his looks, of his

statuesque grace. And conscious of it.

I knew at that moment that the long, hard phallus I had found sticking out

of his rear was no punishment. I knew it was a statement. Big John's

statement of possession, in the face of this boy's pride. But also,

Rolando's statement of acceptance - that he took the massive rod within him

willingly, and gasped with pleasure when I moved it inside him. Surely he

had resented, hated, being tied and left impaled with that phallus - but

surely also he was proud of his beauty and the need he created in Big John

to own him!

Was he proud too of his power over me? Surely he had sensed his power over

me. Knowing by the reverent touch of my hand on his buttocks as I pulled

the phallus free, knowing by my hushed and strained tone of voice, knowing

by my breathless shock when he retrieved the fake cock and stored it away

in the saddlebags. And he had to know by my repeated, strained glances his

way. And my arousal when I cleansed and cared for Metrio. Oh, he knew of

his power over me. Even now he flaunted himself before me.

I wondered why he seemed to disdain me? Was he disgusted? Was he angry,

because I tore him away from his ... lover? Angry because I grew so hard

and so obviously desirous, when washing his little brother? His eyes had

never left us, yet now he walked by as if I were beneath his contempt.

If he did hate me, why did he put on a show for me, one calculated to fire

every nerve in my body?

I tensed, and almost sat up, staring intensely, too intensely, as he

reached the pebbled beach, set his saddle bags down, and started to lift

his shift up off his body. Before I could prepare for the shock, he had

the garment off and dropped it beside the bags, and was standing stark

naked before me, just fifteen feet away, facing away. When he had raised

both his hands to get the dress over his shoulders and head, as if in a

dance he gracefully stood on his toes for the instant, causing his body to

stretch, appearing to almost dive up! Up into the sky! His calves so

sleek and taut, the outlines of his flexed muscles so clearly defined under

his dark skin. His long, thin thighs like columns supporting the twin,

rounded mounds of his buttocks. In stretching, the little crease below his

buttocks, where they met his thighs, smoothed out - there was just the

perfectly smooth rise of boy flesh, from his delicate ankles to all the way

up and up and up, till hidden by his incredible hair.

Standing tippy-toed also caused his buttocks to separate just slightly at

the bottom. I let out an involuntary little gasp as I glimpsed the dark

little button of his love hole. So tiny it looked, and I was amazed,

remembering touching it, feeling how tight it was, stretched around the

massive 10" cock protruding from it. Now it looked virgin, untouched.

I moaned, knowing his anus was certainly not untouched! Without realizing

it, my hand had sought out the hard ridge of my cock underneath the soft

fabric of my longjohns. When my eyes sought and found Rolando's little

pucker, I squeezed my dick-head and grasped my shaft, attempting to flex

it, as if by brute force I could bend it. I think I wanted to wrench it

out and jam it up Rolando's hole!

Rolando heard my gasp, and chose that moment to acknowledge me. Upon

dropping the dress and falling back on his heels, he looked back at me,

coyly dipping his head and glancing at me under lowered brow. His eyes

flashed and seemed to pierce me. His expression was still ... I didn't

want to call it hateful, nor resentful, but he looked so stern

... was it suspicion? Anger of some undefined kind?

I released my shaft like it had burned me, and indeed felt a hot flash, as

embarrassment at being caught in such blatant expression of my arousal

overwhelmed me. Why, I don't know. I knew he was flaunting himself before

me. And I suspected he was angry at me in some way. I could have resented

that, but didn't. I didn't yet understand Rolando's relationship with his

former master. What was it like to be taken away from the man who had

filled him, as only a man can? Or the man's ten inch wooden phallus. Had

Big John been to Rolando what I wanted to be to Wishus?

No! I didn't, I couldn't believe that! The brute was vicious, cruel. But

did Rolando love him?

I just could not resent the way Rolando was toying with me. But I didn't

understand it. In my confusion, I flushed deeply at being caught stroking

myself in reaction to his body.

From that moment on, I lay still, but every muscle in my body was tensed,

my hands dropped to the blanket, resting by my hips. Well, I could refrain

from touching it, but there was no way I could hide the tent made by my

dick - my shaft raised my longjohns fully four inches off my belly, and I

felt a dull ache building up in my balls.

Rolando might have smiled, as he turned away. To my consternation, I saw

his lips curl up at the corner of his mouth just before he looked away. I

really hadn't a clue what he was thinking. I just knew I could not have

averted my gaze for anything, or anyone, on Earth. Oh God! What a

betrayal of Wishus, that thought was!

The bronzed god standing before me shook his head, once more straightening

the long hair that had become mussed when he took off his dress. His

little bubble-butt jiggled slightly as the tips of his hair danced just

above the outward thrust of his cheeks. The veil almost totally covered

his smooth, arched back, allowing just glimpses of the burnished,

golden-brown curve of his sides, and just the ridges of his shoulder

blades.

Rolando's long, long hair was such an allure for me - I so much wanted to

get up and rush to him, and gently, lovingly, painstakingly, brush his

tresses free of every tangle. I imagined the feel of his hot flesh as my

fingers would accidentally touch his back, when I bunched his hair for

combing.

He might have read my mind, because he next squatted down beside his saddle

bags and started rummaging through them. He didn't bend at the waist, but

squatted onto his ankles, causing his buttocks to separate widely, but his

little anus was just out of view beneath him! Still, the flare of his

flesh at his hips when he squatted was so appealing. I wanted to wrap my

hands around his waist, and just let them slide down and out around his

hips, to his thighs, and then reach under and touch his little hole, which

would be stretched so tight underneath him.

Every position this boy took was a temptation to me! I wanted him! And

I'm ashamed to admit that for a while I forgot about plighting my love to

Wishus. At this moment I was a man lusting after a vision of boy

loveliness that I really had never imagined. He was different than Wishus,

my darling Wishus, who was all golden white light, and the epitome of

innocence. Rolando was golden, yes. But so sleek, so polished, and AWARE!

Here was a boy aware of his beauty and allure! He was flaunting his body

and beauty before me, and the thought could not escape me that perhaps I

might have him!

Rolando fished a brush out of his bags and stood again. Still with his

back to me, he now leaned towards me, sweeping his head back, causing his

hair to wave around his shoulders so that he could gather it all together

to be brushed. As he held it in a mass off to his side, he revealed one

narrow, yet so softly rounded shoulder, and an expanse of his back all the

way down to his rear. He brushed his hair thoroughly, alternating long

fluid strokes, with short, abrupt ones, to clean out little kinks. The

motions made his butt jiggle even more, and he again, more than once,

seemingly without reason, stood up on his tiptoes.

But there was reason in everything this boy did. His every motion was part

of a little dance. The music played in my heart and soul - I was a

boylover and here was my muse!

God how I wanted, how I strained, to grasp my hardened dick! I wanted to

open the buttoned panel and release my dick and balls, so that I might pump

myself furiously, all the while watching Rolando. But I would not. His

glance back at me had frozen my hands to the blanket. I could hardly

endure both the exquisite pain I felt in my balls, and the embarrassment

that would wash over me if he caught me again stroking myself. Or the

guilt.

My tempter finally dropped the brush into the opened bag, and stepped

forward into the water. I swear I could see every little goose-bump that

rose on his flesh, from the fifteen feet that separated us. It sent chills

through me as well.

He did not step back, nor did he seem shocked by the cold. Instead he

again squatted down, this time right over the water, and proceeded to scoop

handfuls of the cold water over his arms, his chest, legs, face.

Then he did something that I took as a statement. No, this boy was not

angry at me for taking him away from the brute, Big John. He was glad to

be away from that man. Why else would he proceed to so thoroughly wash his

anus, and to probe deep within himself, using first one finger then two,

then three - at one point almost feverishly scooping up water, and plunging

it with his fingers into his love chute! It was the only moment, in this

long day, in which I felt that Rolando had somehow lost control. It was as

if he were suddenly possessed to cleanse himself of Big John's seed. I

could see that he was also, just as feverishly washing his penis and balls.

For once, he forgot me, else he would have turned and displayed his boyhood

to me, just as he had flaunted his nether regions to me already. I saw his

head bent forward, his hair hanging into the water just at the ends, as he

looked down at himself and scrubbed and scrubbed. Was he washing away the

memory of Big John's mouth on his dick, or the feel of the giant's huge,

fumbling fingers?

It was suddenly dark. The nearly half, but waning, moon was not yet

visible behind the trees to the East, and I had to peer sharply into the

dusk to see Rolando rise from the waters, I listened as he stowed his

brush, picked up his dress and put it on, and then started back across the

camp to his former position by his saddle. He did not look my way as he

passed before me, but walked like the mysterious, bronzed god that he was,

stately, bigger than life, to his resting place. Only 5'2" tall, just a

boy ... but a boy!!!

Yes, it was dark, and I could no longer hold back. I nearly tore open the

buttons over my pulsing penis, and it was my turn to feverishly wash my

precum all round my glans and shaft, and then to start stroking up and down

- not like I usually did, starting slow, and building to a slow climax

dreaming of some boy, but now with ham-fisted, brutal, glans-

and-ball-stretching pounding! I came in an instant, great globs of my

sperm flying up onto my chest, and on the blanket around me. I moaned so

loud that Metrio stirred in his blanket near my feet, and in shock, coming

to my senses, I looked across to Rolando.

There he was, sitting stoically again, staring at me. Through the gloom I

could just make out his features. No expression, no smile, just that

steady, studying stare with which he had appraised me all day long.

"Good night, Rolando," I uttered heroically, raspingly, embarrassed again,

feeling almost foolish. I could barely hear myself, through the sound of

blood pounding in my ears.

He did not respond. Or maybe he did. He lay back and I could see him pull

his blankets about his perfect form. Blessed blankets, to warm the second

boy-god I had met in this one blessed week of my life.

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Wishus lay in his bed in the loft above the day room. His aunt and uncle

had already exited to the other part of the cabin, separated from his by

the roofed veranda. So far away, for an alone little boy, in the dark of

the night. Leaving him feeling so physically alone, as they always left

him alone in spirit.

He sighed, and swore he would not cry this night, thinking about the one

person who had given him unmeasured love. Wrapping his blankets about his

delicate form, he imagined they were the strong arms of his man. The man

who had sworn to return to him ... in three weeks. Now two weeks, and four

days.

The boy rolled over in his bed, still clasping his blanket, and finally

drifted off to a fitful sleep. A dream-filled sleep, a remembering dream,

of a time, just four nights ago, when he had awoken to the most

frightening, yet deliciously painful feelings in his little cock and balls.

He had awoken hard, and he felt like his balls were being scrunched by some

unseen fingers. It did hurt, but at the same time it felt so good, and he

just knew Teg would know the answer! So he had gotten up, and straddled

his man, and leaned over to awaken him, allowing his little boner to press

tightly into his man's belly. And then his man had shown him how to make

love, how to become one, how to release that aching feeling within his

balls ... and how to show his love ....

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Having just cum in an explosion of my pent-up lust for Rolando did nothing

to quieten my dreams. I must have slept fitfully, for a couple of hours,

judging from the rise of the moon when I was awakened. I remember flashes

of images, as if I were having multiple wet dreams simultaneously, with

Wishus all mixed up with Rolando and Metrio.

In the last of the dreams, everything was so hazy. But I remember

thinking, "Wishus, you've come to me again! I feel your warmth pressing

against my chest. Do you feel like your pee-pee needs to be sucked again,

dearest? I want do that for you ...." I started to rise, but felt his

weight against my chest, and I did not want to dislodge him. I felt his

little dick brushing my lips! I tried to take it in, but he withdrew it!

I opened my eyes to the moonlit campsite, much brighter than it was when I

fell asleep. But it wasn't the moon that I saw, nor the dark silhouette of

the ridge to the west. It was something a trillion time more beautiful

than Artemis, goddess of the moon, could ever have been. For when I opened

my eyes it was Rolando's statuesque form I saw rising over me, his black

hair blending with the black of the night, and sprayed just above me, the

tips brushing my face with the back and forth movement of his body over me.

I felt his soft buttocks pressing my upper chest! I felt the heat of his

thighs encasing my head, and rubbing my ears. He was naked! I felt his

hot flesh against me everywhere, his dangling, marble-sized balls sliding

over my chin in their silken sac! I glimpsed the narrow expanse of his

bare chest rising above me, veiled by the curtain of his shimmering hair.

It was what I felt and tasted on my lips, and sliding across my chin, that

made my heart stop beating momentarily. I smelt it, I tasted it, in

tantalizingly brief thrusts of his hips. He was sliding his little dick,

so soft, yet oh so hard, across my lips, his half-hooded glans poking

between my lips with each forward stroke! Oh God, I could smell boy! So

sweet and musty, yet clean. And I tasted his dick head and his foreskin -

that indescribable, slightly salty, yet sweet and earthy taste.

He was leaning over me, propped on either side of my head with his hands

resting on the rolled up clothing I had been using as a pillow. That kept

my head slightly tilted forward. All I needed to do was tilt forward a

little bit more, and let this boy's cocklet find it's desired sheath in my

mouth.

Through my stunned surprise, and with my senses of taste, touch, and smell

overloaded, came his sweet voice. It was soft but heated in his passion,

"take it, meester! I give you ... my dick! Take it ... Suck it!" He

crooned between breaths, almost in rhythm with his wanton thrusts across my

chin and lips.

Right off that answered one question. He certainly spoke and understood

English!

"You are good ... to Metrio, Meester ... I give my dick ... as a reward! I

... know you want ... me. Just like ... Big John. But you are a ... a good

man. You want Metrio

... too, but did not take him! Take me .... Now!

He leaned forward suddenly, angling his little three inch finger of a

hardon directly and more forcefully against my lips.

In my shock, I had held my lips lax, not accepting his offering, but

certainly not refusing! Now I either had to clench my teeth against the

invasion of his probing glans, or open my mouth and take him in, just as he

commanded me to.

I resisted! How I wanted to swallow this ravishing boy whole! But I was

disturbed by what he had said. I couldn't make love with a boy who felt he

had to repay me. Who felt that if he didn't, I might take what I wanted

anyway. From him or Metrio.

My roaming hands stopped on his slim hips and I firmly stopped his thrusts.

"Rolando!" I managed to whisper gutturally, feeling breathless. "You don't

have to do this! You don't owe me anything! I ... I'm not ever going to

hurt you or Metrio. I don't

...."

"But you want me, meester!" He moaned, starting to halfway struggle

against my firm hold, trying to resume his humping motion. His hair flew

all over my face, but I caught glimpses of the dark pools of his eyes, dark

but glistening with his passion. "You want Metrio too ... I could see

... I never see anyone so hard ... all the time! Even Big John had to

rest, but you ... I see you want me every minute today. I see your looks!

And then you are hard for Metrio too, when you wash him ...."

"Yes. Yes!!" I forced out a muffled bellow, struggling myself now, against

my own passion. I wanted these boys so much! Was that so wrong, with

Wishus waiting for me in his valley!? "But ...."

He squirmed in my grasp, and freed himself, and I felt the underside of his

hot little shaft slide across my chin again so quickly, and he leaned over

me again, and I felt the soft head of his dick lodging between my lips. I

just moaned, myself, opened my teeth, and pulled him into me, with my hands

seeking his buttocks. His pubis pressed hard against my nose, and I

breathed deeply, and sobbed, holding him in me, my tongue going mad

lasciviously seeking every contour of his dick head and shaft! I started

sucking hard on his shaft, hollowing my cheeks, and tightening my lips

around his little cock. Then I let him resume his humping. With each

stroke I let my tongue become a soft groove for his shaft. And on the

outstroke I would feverishly wash his glans with the tip of my tongue, each

taste bud sending electrifying signals to my groin .... I released one

hand and ripped open the flap over my rampant dick, and started stroking

it.

He sensed what I was doing to myself, and reached back and grabbed me by

the wrist, as tightly as he could with his delicate little hands. They

were hands made for gentle caresses, not for grasping against brute force,

but I let him stop me.

"Not yet, meester!" He commanded, "You will ... fuck me with that! Don't

waste it!"

I just groaned and resumed my sucking. He eased off on his humping and

kind of poised in mid-air over me, allowing me to slurrup and lave his dick

to my heart's content. I could feel his muscles all tensed, as he began a

slow rise towards orgasm. I started servicing this boy, determined to give

him that climax. I wanted to give, not take. And I wanted him to know

that. I NEEDED to give him pleasure. Every muscle in my own body, even my

rock hard dick, pointing like a gun at his back, was focussed on serving a

boy again! I'm a boylover! I need to serve a boy!

I locked my lips in a tight ring around his shaft and started moving them

up and down his full length. With each up stoke, my lips pressed against

his pubis. I knew the lower part of his shaft had less sensation, but I

also knew that I was stretching his foreskin this way, and could feel it

retract all the way over the rim of his glans. Then on the down stroke

with my head, my lips pulled his skin back over his glans, and I gave him a

soft massage directly on the most sensitive part of his body. To increase

his pleasure, I made a trough of my tongue, and could sense that its rough

surface was sending ripples and waves of pleasure through his loins.

Rolando was loveliness personified, but I closed my eyes and just

concentrated on the tastes and feels.

The feel of his hair, cool and silky, brushing so lightly across my face,

and on each upstroke resting in pools upon my forehead, my nose, my closed

eyes. The smell of it, clean but tinged with his personal scent.

The feel of his firm flesh gliding under my hands, as I let them caress

from his back, down his buttocks, to the length of his thighs.

The feel of his lightly dangling balls when they jiggled on my chin with

each upward movement of my mouth on his tool. I literally felt each of his

balls, as they first touched my chin, then slid over the precipice to flop

towards my throat.

Most of all the taste and feel of his pistoning dick, so small and soft,

yet so hard and virile and unyielding, demanding! Fully an inch longer

than Wishus' 10 year old dick. And a little bigger, filling my mouth a bit

more. The taste was much the same, so ... fleshy, earthy. I savored the

taste - only the second taste of cock in my life!

Wishus' foreskin was not ready to retract fully, and I had only tasted the

tip of his glans, where the frenular band of his prepuce was stretched taut

by his erection. Rolando's foreskin pulled back smoothly and completely

with each thrust, and I went mad laving his bare glans, feeling his shivers

each time.

His reaction made me more bold and forceful, and I moved my hands to his

stalk, reducing the length of my stroke. I gently pulled his skin back,

baring his cock head fully and permanently, and started concentrating

mercilessly on his glans.

He cried out again and again, weak, breathless moans, as if I were

inflicting exquisite torture on him. Of course, that only inflamed my own

frenzy. I suctioned harder, used my tongue more forcefully all over his

glans, stabbing into the tiny slit of his pee hole.

His moans became almost continuous, and he started writhing uncontrollably,

the nerve endings in his cock sending shocks to all parts of his body at

random.

Finally he shrieked, and grabbed my hair, and I felt quite joyous as his

thighs clenched against the sides of my head. I knew he was cumming. I

felt quite joyously like I was a bronco he was riding, with my hair as his

reins! Although he was doing all the bucking!

Rolando ended by practically collapsing onto me, crushing his body flat

over me, smothering me with his pubis. I just held him tighter, digging my

fingers into his fleshy butt cheeks, kneading them. I loved the feel of

boy against me, this boy - his soft, hot body so tight against me.

His dick softened just a bit, but was still stiff. I stopped my rough

treatment of it with my tongue, and loosened my lips slightly, but kept up

a very slight suction, sensing that that would make him feel cherished and

secure as he came down off his high.

Soon Rolando lifted himself slowly from off me, and I took a deep breath of

his private scent. His penis plopped free from my lips, but I gave it up

reluctantly. At the last instant, knowing I would no longer have his

precious little tool in my mouth, I tightened my lips slightly, and briefly

tried to pull back with my hands on his butt. I quickly licked and licked

the underside of his retreating shaft and glans, and concentrated on his

super- sensitive frenulum, where his unhooded glans was attached to his

foreskin. It was like an instinctual reaction - a boylover acting without

thought, doing whatever my nature intended me to do, to keep this boy

inside me!

He pulled out, nevertheless. But I could feel him grow harder almost

instantaneously. Having not released any seed, he was apparently still

feeling lusty. Tired, but getting ready for more!

I suddenly remembered his statement, just moments before, that I had to

save my own sperm for him, that I was to fuck him!

Fuck a boy?! The ultimate sexual act of boylove, in my estimation.

Something I had dreamed of all my adult life. At least since reading the

classic literature. Reading it, living those ancient times, in my dreams.

Now, here and now, a 12 year old boy-god had declared that I must fuck him!

And now he grew harder. He was not just giving his body to me in payment

for my kindnesses towards Demetrio. He wanted to be fucked. He grew hard

again, in anticipation of my penetration of his hole.

He called out to Demetrio as he rose from me. Something in Spanish, a

request, ending in `por favor' - `please'. That much I understood.

Something else I understood all of a sudden, and I looked beyond Rolando's

perfect form for the first time since he had straddled me. There indeed

was Demetrio, sitting upright on his blankets. My eyes were fully

accustomed to the dark, and the half-moon was very bright. I could see the

intensity of Demetrio's gaze, his eyes on his big brother, listening

intently to his request. He had his shirt on, but as he stood up to comply,

I saw he had his pants off, and one hand wrapped around his little erect,

one and a half inch cocklet!

So he had been watching us, of course. Watching me swallow Rolando,

listening to his brother's ecstasy, as well as my own groans - and he had

sat at the end of my blankets when I tore open my longjohns and pulled out

my hard 7 inches!

A hundred thoughts, fleeting thoughts, flew through my head then. This six

year old boy knew all about love-making ... no doubt he had often witnessed

Big John together with Rolando. Did he take part too? A six year old,

becoming aroused, jacking off? Could I taste his little dick too? My

heart skipped a beat, with my next thought - would I fuck him too? Could I

fuck him? Could a six year old take my dick inside him?

My mind was feverish with desire now. I wanted to fuck Rolando! I wanted

to take Demetrio in my arms and cover him with kisses on every part of his

little boy body!

Rolando climbed off me, and through my crazed, wide-open eyes, I saw him

squat at my side, while Demetrio ran to where their saddle-bags rested.

I didn't immediately see what it was that Demetrio went to get, because

Rolando shocked me by inserting both his little hands into the fly of my

longjohns. He was hot. His hands were hot, as if fevered. I could see it

in his eyes too, as he gazed down at my dick. Then he leaned over closer,

and his hair swung forward, veiling most of his face from me. As he leaned

forward, across my body, he shifted so that he could rest on his haunches,

instead of squatting on the balls of his feet. First I felt his right hand

slip inside and encircle my engorged and pulsing penis, his palm resting

against the top of the shaft, his fingers wrapping around, kneading my

turgid flesh. He pulled my dick free of the fabric, and started slowly

pumping up and down on it. Simultaneously I felt his left hand snake down

lower inside my longjohns, till with an oh so gentle, tender touch, he had

my balls cupped in his palm. Or I should say ball. Rolando might be 12,

but he still had little boy hands, and with his fingers outstretched, he

could cup both my balls, but his little palm could only cushion one. I

felt him encircle one, still being careful and gentle, and then he tugged

it free of the confining fabric. I felt safe in his expert hands. And

anyone who's had his balls handled knows how important that is! Even in

the heat of passion. With Wishus I was so aroused and se deeply in love,

that he could have pulled and tugged on my balls at will. With Rolando, I

sensed that he knew from experience exactly what he was doing. Soon, he

reached back in and likewise pulled my other testicle up, letting them both

rest now on top of the woolen fabric.

"Make me a lot of juice, cahones," he whispered gutturally, while cupping

my balls together now, lifting and massaging them with his soft fingers.

"And you!" he said playfully, still pumping on my dick, "you're not so big

as Big John!" I could feel him trying to touch his thumb and middle finger

together around my shaft, measuring it's girth. They didn't touch, so

small and dainty were his boyish hands, but I felt him squeezing, trying to

reach around, sizing me up. "Not so big," he continued, musing to himself,

"but I think you are longer!" I could hear his excitement, his

anticipation. Was he savoring the idea of my 7 inches up inside him,

deeper than he had ever felt from Big John?

What about the fake cock, I wondered. It was much longer than mine. How

much of it had he taken inside him? Did its cold, lifeless, polished shaft

feel so good to a boy as having a real man's dick inside him?

From the way Rolando was caressing and nearly slavering over me, I guessed

the answer was that he definitely preferred the real thing.

He was partially shielded from my view, by his long, long black hair, but I

could hear the way he felt in his words.

I had just cum, but with him rhythmically fisting my shaft up and down,

pulling my foreskin up all the way over my glans, then back down, pulling

it tightly down so it stretched my glans down like a squashed plum, I could

feel another orgasm approaching. His maddeningly slow rhythm was driving

me crazy! I started lifting my butt off the ground, to meet his downward

motion, as if I could hurry him.

He felt my rising tension, and seemed to suddenly come to his own senses.

"Not yet, meester!" he turned his dark gaze on me. He stopped his pumping,

withdrawing his hands, withdrawing those excruciating, building sensations

in my groin. But he replaced it with something almost priceless - a smile!

A half-smile, it was, a sly, knowing smile, jolting me with a sense of

reward. "Save your juice for me! I want it inside me!" he crooned. I

could have melted, hearing his sweet voice say that, seeing him smile - no

more disdain, or anger, or whatever it was before.

"Demetrio!" he called, turning to look for his brother, who was just

returning. They exchanged a few more brief words, quickly, while I saw him

take the green-glass jar from Demetrio's hands - the one he had retrieved

from the shed, where Big John had fucked him. Demetrio seemed to want to

join in. His little voice was pleading, and he reached out for my dick,

but Rolando commanded him away. He wasn't mean about it, I could tell from

his tone, just definitely in total control. Whatever he said seemed to

satisfy the little one, because Demetrio knelt back down on his blankets at

my feet, facing us, his eyes still wide open. Again I saw his hand reach

down to his still stiff little rod.

The dark of night softened the appearance of his ugly wounds, and what I

saw instead was a lovely little boy, thin, naked, his skin paler in the

brilliance of the moonlight, but the shadows, and his own coal black hair,

making him a vision of dark lines and soft, highlighted curves and edges -

all boy in the slimness of his flat belly and chest, the delicacy of his

arms, the eagerness in his eyes mirroring what he was doing to his own

little dick.

I returned my attention to what Rolando was doing, because he suddenly

straddled me again, this time much lower, below my balls. I felt his hot

buttocks now against my thighs, and could easily see his little dickie

pointing stiffly at me from his hairless pubic mound. He had the stopper

out of the jar already, and with a plunge of three fingers into it, brought

out a dollop of the thick white creamy substance.

A lubricant! I suddenly understood, with some trepidation, as he started

painting my dick all over with the cream. He concentrated on my glans,

making sure some of the cream stayed there, and then down below my

uncovered glans, where my shaft was thickest. I had to take a deep breath.

He was readying me to penetrate him! Would it hurt him? Was that why he

wanted the cream? To ease the pain?

"This make you slide in so easy, meester," he said suddenly, as if reading

my mind. "Or maybe you know that, huh? How many boys have you fuck,

meester?"

I remained mute with astonishment, and some trepidation, I'll admit. I

think I would have gone soft, if not for his hands sliding up and down and

all around the top part of my dick, making me squirm as his clenched, but

smooth-sliding hand massaged me. I could only look into his eyes, and back

down at what he was doing. Back and forth, wondering at what he would do

next.

Simple enough! He reached back and handed the jar to Demetrio, who quickly

got up from his position on his blankets. They exchanged more words, and

then Rolando leaned forward, lifting his butt up in the air over me,

forcing his head forward. He was totally shielded now by the thick veil of

black hair that hung down across my belly, but I could see Demetrio quickly

put his own fingers into the jar. He scooped out large dollop, and his

hand disappeared behind Rolando.

The elder boy suddenly lurched forward a bit, and sighed, and I knew

without seeing, exactly what Demetrio was doing. He was applying the

lubricant to Rolando's little anus. Touching that same sweet, sensitive

flesh that I had touched earlier in the day, just before I pulled the

wooden rod from it's grip.

"I think you must have fuck lot of boys, meester," Rolando suddenly

whispered gutturally to me, lifting his head and looking at me through the

strands of his veil. I saw his face soften, knowing that he felt

Demetrio's ministrations. "I see all day ... how you like watching me

... and Metrio. You love boys, don't you?"

I imagined that each of his pauses was caused by Demetrio's exploring

fingers, pushing the slick cream inside his elder brother.

"I ...," I started to say, but felt my throat growing tight with emotion.

Did I like boys?! I ate, slept, drank, and dreamed boys! And I was deeply

in love with one boy, named Wishus! And yes, all day my eyes had been on

these two boys before me, thrilling me, causing me doubt, enticing me,

tempting me, filling me with desire.

"I ... do love boys." I half-whispered back to him, as if he awaited my

confession. "But no, I have never ... fucked a boy." My voice trailed off

to a barely audible whisper upon uttering that word. Fuck. To me it was

more than mere penetration. It was ... filling a boy with my love. That's

what I wanted to do. Fill Wishus with my undying love! In the heat of my

passion, I was insensible to the contradiction. I wanted to fill Wishus

with my undying love, but I was being prepared to fill another boy.

"But I know you want to, meester." Rolando responded back immediately,

showing a little surprise in his reaction. "Don't you." It was a

declaration, not a question.

My hands remained rigid by my sides. How I wanted to lift them and part

his veil, touch his brow, pull him to me and smother him with kisses

... and plunge into him. He was ravishing me!

"Don't you!" He demanded so forcefully, yet still uttering it in a near

whisper. It was the force of his being, drawn from his knowledge of his

power over me, that I felt. He was well aware of how beautiful and

enticing he was. And he was quite well aware of my desire.

"Yessssss.!" I gave in to him. And suddenly I could hold back no longer.

I raised both my arms and reached forward, to grasp his shoulders, and

pulled him forward. He let me pull him forward, yielding to my sudden

passion. Smiling. Glorying in my passion. I saw triumph in his eyes! My

hands slipped down further, along his smooth ribcage. The heat of his

flesh in my palms was life-giving! I felt his hair in my face again, and

breathed deeply of his scent. I pulled him forward more, till his cheek

rested against mine, and I started kissing him feverishly all around his

left ear, and taking the strands of his lovely hair between my lips,

tasting it, consuming his essence, his smell, his taste.

My palms slipped down further, till I held him on his hips, and I then

pushed down, gently now - knowing that he would let me, but through the

fire of my passion still wanting it to be his choice. He was not going to

give me this out of some sense of gratitude! The muscles of his thighs

yielded, and he started to lower his rear towards my enraged dick. I swear

my dick strained upwards, and must have grown an inch in that instant,

practically exploding in power upward, seeking his hole.

I felt my dickhead against his crack now, and he suddenly took command

again, lifting his head away from my devouring lips, raising his torso,

giving himself a better angle to lower himself onto me. He said something

quickly, to Demetrio - giving orders again - commanding, but in his sweet,

boyish voice, not harsh. To my astonishment I felt Demetrio's tiny little

fingers on my shaft, guiding it to his brother's love hole.

Rolando wanted me inside, and quickly. It was a revelation to me. Here

was a boy who had been fucked, and apparently often, and by a man with a

dick bigger than mine. And this boy wanted it again. He acted like he

needed a cock up in his rear. Surely this answered one of my questions

about union with a boy - could he derive pleasure from it? Surely Rolando

would not be so eager to have me inside him, if not.

A moan escaped his lips, when my bare glans finally pressed against his

anus. It was a sound of ... satisfaction, of anticipation finally

rewarded.

I was too stunned to utter any sound. My cock, MY COCK, was resting at the

entrance to a boy's love canal, and I was about to enter him. I was about

to fuck a boy! I was about to perform a man's role, for his boy, and fill

him with my seed! With my love!

His whole crack, and the head of my dick, had been lubricated by the cream

from the jar, and the sensations of my soft glans slipping smoothly into

his crack, and into the natural indentation where it would soon enter

Rolando's body, was just delicious with warmth. Demetrio started pushing

my shaft against his brother's hole, in little back and forth, and rotating

motions, as if he were trying to center the tip of my dick right at

Rolando's anus.

Rolando pushed down, and I felt his ring of flesh slip easily down over my

glans. It was hot, and tight, constricting my dickhead. I lost my breath

momentarily, feeling his anus pulse around my soft flesh, sending flashes

of unspeakable pleasure throughout my groin. I knew he had been fucked

often, and no doubt his anus was loosened somewhat, thus the entry was so

apparently easy for him. But I had not expected him to be able to

literally grasp my dickhead with his powerful ring of muscle!

Have you ever tortured your glans, when jacking off, driving yourself

insensible with the pleasure, but refusing to grasp your entire shaft and

pump feverishly, holding the pleasure at the peak, not allowing yourself to

go over the edge to orgasm? That's the way I felt now, in the grip of

Rolando's anus. I had allowed him to take control again, and now I could

either endure the mind-shattering desire to feel him push further down, or

let him continue to tantalize me. He was an expert at this, and he knew

what he was doing to me, but from his own moans, I could tell he too was

feeling the pleasure of having his sensitive anus stretched by my dickhead.

For all I knew, given my lack of experience, this was a technique he was

using to loosen himself up, before accepting me fully inside him. He

certainly seemed to know what he was doing. I wondered if this were the

way he and Big John had made love, starting slow, letting the boy get used

to his man's penis invading his body. I imagined it was not always like

that. That Big John had no doubt often been more brutal. I wondered too

if Rolando, feeling more control over me than he had with Big John, sensing

my inexperience, was showing me how he preferred to make love. How a boy

could most enjoy taking a man inside him.

He kept at it, tightening and loosening, moving up and down on my dickhead

in almost imperceptible measure. Jerky motions, that he controlled with

the powerful muscles of his thighs. Driving me crazy! The sensitive skin

of my shaft, just below my glans, was stretched and pulled, but never given

the satisfaction of feeling the boy's flesh descend upon it. I almost

started to cry in desperation, wanting to feel his hot flesh just one more

inch, one more half-inch down on my shaft, below my glans! His own

tortured breath and his moans of pleasure added to the overflow of

sensations. I tried to push up just a bit, almost involuntarily, still

holding him firmly on his hips He pulled away expertly, continuing the

teasing knowingly.

My first fuck. With a boy! And with a very expert and practiced boy!

Here we were in the dark of the night, our united forms lit only by the

silvery glow of the moon, the cool, crisp air of the mountains enveloping

our fevered, white-hot bodies, and through the fevered passion I suddenly

had a thought - this was what a lifetime of boylove had prepared me for!

It was finally happening!

----------------------

Ben Knight awoke to complete silence. He and his wife had gotten into bed

early, immediately upon finishing supper. She hadn't eaten much. Seemed

like she was still exhausted from the trip into town. It had been four

days now, but she hadn't felt good since their return. Knight was torn up

with worry, and knew he was drinking too much because of it. But, damnit,

he couldn't get anything done around the ranch with his wife in this

condition!

Damned Teglin. If he hadn't been in such a hurry to get back on the trail,

he could have helped out now when they most needed it. The boy, up in his

loft on the other side of the cabin, just couldn't hack it. He was no help

at all.

Complete silence. Something nagged at Knight's consciousness. Something

was wrong. It was nighttime, dark outside. Should be quiet outside. No?

Complete silence. Not even the whisper of his wife's breath, laying next

to him..

He felt wetness under his hands. It felt sticky, gooey, slick between his

fingers, thick, cold.

Knight sat up in a flash and jerked down the covers from his wife's

reclining form. She lay there still, on her side, in her nightgown. He

could see the round protrusion where their baby lay in her womb. And at

the base of that mound ...

In the dark of the night, it was just a splotch of darker blackness. But

he knew what it was. He knew.

And now he knew why he couldn't hear her breathing. He nudged her shoulder

gently.

Nothing.

He called her name. Softly, then louder, and louder!

Nothing.

He fell over her form and grasped her, rolled her over onto her back, shook

her by the shoulders ... felt the coldness of her flesh.

He screamed in agony, and roughly cradled her head in his arms. Calling

out to her, yelling now, trying to wake her from a sleep he knew she would

never awaken from.

He stopped. It was futile. He knew it was futile. He just sat there for

long minutes, with one thought going through and through his head.

Everything was lost, now. He had nothing, now. Without her, there was

nothing.

He sat there like that, holding his wife's rigid and cold body, for more

than an hour. Then suddenly, he realized that for once he knew exactly

what to do. He lay her head back down upon the bed, and rose. He went to

the lantern sitting by the bed, and pulled off the lamp and jerked out the

wick, then splashed the kerosene around the room and on the bed. He didn't

care that it splashed on his own nightclothes too. Then without even a

second's hesitation, he picked up the matches, and lit one. Calmly he lit

the sheets of the bed, the curtain over the window, then he dropped the

match to the floor and laid down beside his wife.

Flames licked up the curtains to the roof, and the bed sheets were soon

engulfed too. In the rising roar of the flames, Ben Knights screams of

agony went unheard.

Across the covered porch, in the other section of the Texas cabin, Wishus

slept soundly still. The flames licked closer and closer to him, beginning

to cross the roof of the porch.

----------------------

Rolando continued to tantalize me with the suctioning grip of his anal

muscle on the head of my dick. My breath was coming in short gasps now,

and I felt that I would soon shoot up inside the boy. I started to groan.

Short, pitiful sounding wails of need. I wanted so much to push deeper

inside this boy, but he was in charge. Everytime I pushed up deeper, he

was quick to lift up, denying me. He was tantalizing me, yes, but at the

same time expertly giving me sensations in my dick that I had never

imagined possible. I felt like there were hundreds, thousands of different

points of excruciating pleasure in my dickhead - each one tingling,

itching, demanding the touch of Rolandos massaging sphincter.

I consciously let him torture me with this pleasure. I was a grown man,

and could easily have tightened my grasp about his hips, and forced my cock

deep up into his entrails. But I knew he was enjoying this, and that was

part of my fascination. He was a boy being fucked, and I sensed that he

was feeling the same delirious, almost unbounded pleasure that I was. I

could hear it in his own moans. His own short breaths. And in the now

almost spastic, irregular contractions of his anal ring about me. He was

in control, yet he was losing control in the pleasure. He was a revelation

to me. I had part of my answer - I COULD fuck my dearest Wishus, and bring

him this ultimate joy too ....

It hit me with the force of a sledge hammer. I felt a hot flash burn

through my already fevered brain, and felt my rigid body tense suddenly in

agony, instead of passion. The hot flash swept my body. The shame of it,

that I was here fucking this beautiful boy, fucking his body. I was not

making love to him. I could only make love with Wishus. I was using

Rolando, and even worse, betraying Wishus.

Wishus was my boy! I was his man! Yet here I was miles away, rutting

away. Doing nothing to hasten my return to his side. Doing nothing to

serve him ... well, if I had learned of the pleasure that a boy could

receive from his man, then it should be something I had learned with him!

"Now I ... weel let you fuck me ... HARD, meester!" Rolando grunted

through his erratic breathing. But even as I felt him begin to push down

on me, I knew that it would be impossible. I felt my shaft softening,

almost instantaneously, the blood rushing from my penis in my shame.

"Wishus!" I called out through tears, wishing that the hot flesh still in

my grasp was his, wishing that it was his body I had entered. "Wishus!"

----------------------

Wishus awoke in a start, as if he had heard someone call out his name. He

listened. Wanting to hear it again. Had it been his man? Had it been his

voice, calling to him?

He strained, but did not hear it again, and realized that it was but a

dream. He felt a tightness in his throat, wanting so much for the dream to

have been real. But there were still more than two weeks to go, before his

man would return. If he returned ....

Tears started to well again, as they did every night when he awoke to the

silence of the night, alone. Alone again. Always alone ....

No! Not alone. He would return! He had said he would, and therefore

... he just would!

The loft was eerie tonight. Something was different. His heart skipped a

beat, with a sudden terror. Wide-eyed now, and wide awake instantly, he

peered around and twisted about frantically, grasping his blankets to his

chest, searching for ... whatever it was. Oh Teg, I'm scared now! Where

are you?! An involuntary little squeal of fright escaped his throat. He

needed his man here, now! Not three weeks from now.

Cold sweat broke out on his brow, plastering fine strands of his hair to

his forehead. It was odd, he sensed. His natural keen intelligence for a

moment victorious over his fright, he sat shivering, but aware that the air

in the loft was unusually dry and warm. And instead of the familiar sounds

of the wind mewling through the cracks in the roof, he heard a crackling

kind of sound - like that a bonfire made, when the flames were licking

furiously up the newly ignited dry bark of the logs. There was a weird,

hellish cast to the night, too, as if the forest around the cabin were

alight ...

Fire!

Without a moment wasted in wonder, he leapt from the bed, dragging his

blankets with him, and rushed to the opening where the ladder rested. He

peered down, but saw nothing but pitch black there. He stuffed the

blankets through the opening and let them drop to the floor below, and

quickly followed, not even bothering to turn to face the rungs of the

ladder. He almost slid down, barely letting his heels touch the rungs in

passing. His nightgown flew up around his face and he felt the cool air

from below suddenly chill his bare buttocks and his little cock and balls.

If only his man were here too see that!. even in this moment of terror,

his thoughts returned to his man, to the thrill that came from pleasing

him, from knowing that in his man's eyes, he was beautiful and beloved.

No time for that! Knowing every inch of the small cabin, he had no trouble

in making his way quickly the few steps through the darkness to the door.

He flung up the latch and pushed the door open on its leather hinges,

expecting to see the forest ablaze beyond the covered porch. Instead he

stared directly into the flames coming from the other half of the cabin.

It was totally engulfed!

"Uncle Ben!" he screamed. "Auntie!!" The heat from across the way forced

him to pull back the door. He consciously drew a deep breath, trying to

still his futile gulping and gasping for air.

He knew there would be no answer. No one would still be alive over there.

But what if they had escaped! He pushed open the door again, but had to

close it quickly against the searing heat. He had to get out beyond the

cabin too. Surely they would be there waiting

... but why hadn't they come to warn him!!

His tears started to flow then. They hadn't come. Either they didn't care

enough to, or

....

"Teg! I need you," he whispered into the night, latching the door again

unconsciously, as if the barred door could keep out the flames. It was

only a moment of self-pity, however. He had no time for more. Soon, he

knew, this part of the cabin would go up in flames too. Furiously he wiped

the tears away, smearing the smudge of the smoke that was seeping into the

room across his cheeks. His face felt prickly, as it did when he had been

too long in the sun, and it had burnt.

Think! Think. He calmed himself. Teg's not here. Uncle Ben and Auntie

are .... I have to get as much as I can and get out of here ... and

... get up to our city! That ... that's what we fixed it up for!

He rushed to the cupboard, nearly stumbling over the blankets he had

dropped on the floor. Gathering them, he quickly pulled off cans and pots

and spoons - whatever his hands could reach, and dumped them into the

blankets. Then grasping the corners, he quickly slung the heavy bag over a

shoulder and stumbled towards the oilskin window. He punched through that

quickly, and tore it from the window, then proceeded to stuff his treasures

outside. Halfway out the whole thing came apart, and he heard all the

items tumbling to the ground outside, or inside at his feet. Quickly he

retrieved them, and threw them out, then levered himself through the

window.

He fell awkwardly, failing to release his hold on the sill quickly enough,

and felt a stinging pain as his right arm was wrenched at the shoulder.

The bed of cans and utensils yielded nothing, either, and he knew he would

be bruised from his back down to his feet. On this side of the cabin, it

was still relatively cool, so he took his time now, not panicking.

Frantically he gathered all the items back into the blankets and dragged

them out into the grass away from the cabin.

He looked up, and the forest around him was indeed alight, but only with

the reflected glow from the burning cabin. Uncle Ben and Auntie were no

where to be seen. He started shivering again, his frail frame not yet

inured to the cold nighttime air of the mountain valley. But more, he

shivered from the loss. The shock. He stared wide-eyed at the now visible

flames licking across the roof of his own side of the cabin, and realized

that he was truly, truly alone now. As alone as any little ten year old

boy could ever be.

"Teg ..." he started sobbing, his whole body wracked with convulsions of

desperation. "Teg, I need you! Now!!"

Book Two, Chapter Three

by Teglin

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Chapter 3

With my formerly ramrod stiff member no longer resisting his downward push,

in the tight confines of his anus, Rolando's buttocks collapsed onto me,

right on my fast softening cock. I heard little Demetrio let out a little

squeal of shock, as he pulled his hand free of our bodies.

As if not believing what had happened to the cock that he was just starting

to insert deeper inside himself, Rolando started squirming, his anus

blindly seeking out the hardness that was no longer there.

He was whimpering. I could hear the disappointment and disbelief in his

animal-like mewlings as he lifted himself, to look down between us, to

where our bodies were together, but no longer joined. Now he raised his

head and looked straight at me. In the light cast by the moon, on this

perfectly clear night, I could see the wrinkling of his brow, see his

consternation. His black orbs were glittering, stabbing in their

intensity, staring at me, questioning me. I felt his hands tighten around

my arms as he held himself stiffly above me, straddling me. He gave me one

last firm, punishing jolt in my crotch, his soft buttocks pressing down on

me hard. It didn't hurt of course, but it expressed his outrage.

"Why!" he said accusingly, but quietly. "I think you ... like me!" He

emphasized his words with the movement of his head, jerking his forehead

towards me. His hair splayed about me. With each motion, he squeezed on

my arms, his hands hot on my flesh, his fingers trying vainly to pinch and

dig into me. He was too slight, too delicate, too much a little boy to be

able to hurt me physically, but I felt the hurt just the same, felt his

hurt.

I knew I had hurt him. Not physcally, any more than he was hurting me now.

I had wounded him in his heart, in his belief in himself, in his erstwhile

knowledge of what he as a boy meant to a man like me. I knew this

instantly. In withdrawing from this boy, because of my shame about

betraying my beloved Wishus, I had spurned him, had refused his offer of

his body. In my own confusion of desire and doubt, passion and commitment,

I had hurt a boy!

"Rolando, I--"

He released his hold on my right arm long enough to hit me on the chest a

couple of times with his clenched fist, hitting me with his palm more than

his knuckles. Feeling the soft blow, knowing that he was outraged, and was

hitting me as hard as he could, suddenly I realized how befuddled I had

become through this whole day, this long day of watching his every

movement, seeing him look at me fiercely under lowered brow, seeing him

flaunt his beauty before me. Yes, indeed he did have great power over me.

But it was because he was a boy! He was just a little boy! And I had hurt

him.

I quickly grasped both his arms just above his wrists, wanting to still his

anger, wanting to tell him that I was sorry.

"Rolando, let me--"

He pulled back as hard as he could and started swinging his head from side

to side, and I could hear him sobbing now.

"You watch me ... all day, meester!" he sobbed out. He quit trying to pull

away, and instead looked at me questioningly. "I give myself to you,

because you take care of Demetrio, you are good, you want me ... why you

not let me fuck you, I want to repay you, this is all I have, I can't --"

"Shhhh," I tried to calm him. I released my hold on his wrists and grasped

him around his back and shoulders, and pulled him towards me. He

resisisted for just a split second, but then let me pull him down onto my

chest. Where I had passionately kissed his left ear and cheek just moments

ago, just before I had tried to enter him with my manhood, now I brought

the side of his head against mine, pulling him down against my left

shoulder. His soft hair was like a cushion, as he let me turn his head to

lay flat against me. I gently kissed his forehead through the strands of

his hair, and started caressing his back and holding his head.

"I did watch you all day, Rolando. You're so ... beautiful, I couldn't

take my eyes off of you. And remembering how I found you, and taking you

away from Big John, I couldn't stop thinking about you all --"

"Why you take me? Why you take care of Metrio, if you not want me," he

pleaded, trying to raise his head. I gently held him still. "Why you not

let me show you ... me and Metrio don't take nothin, we pay, like I --"

"I had to take you, Rolando. After what that man did to Demetrio, and the

way I found you, I had to get you away from there. Look, I don't know what

... what he meant to you ... but --"

He stopped my musing abruptly. "Mama want me and Metrio to have a better

life, so she ... teach me how to please Big John, how to make a man happy,

so we can have a good life, so --"

So he had been raised by his mom as a boy prostitute. That's how he had

come to be with Big John. He and his little brother. "Did Big John give

you what you

... wanted?" I interrupted in a husky voice, wanting to answer finally, once and

for all – had I taken this boy from where he wanted to be?

"He give us food and a place to stay. Better than living in a cave, with

mama!" I could hear the hurt and defiance in his tone. Then, more

strongly, as if making a declaration, "and he fuck me, every night, every

day! He love me. I do not love him, but he teach me to want him inside me

every day, every night! It's all I have, meester. It's all me and Metrio

have, to keep us alive --"

"You don't have to do that anymore, Rolando. You don't have to sell

yourself like that anymore, son," I hastened to tell him. "I'm going to

take care of you and your brother. I won't make you do that anym ...."

"You don't understand, meester. This is all I have. You don't let me fuck

you, and --"

"And I'll still take care of you," I tried to reassure him again.

"Big John was mean, but he want me! He fuck me because he want me. I

think you want me. I think you take care of Metrio and me --"

I could see that I wasn't going to get him to understand just yet that he

didn't have to prostitute himself to me in order to survive. I guessed

only time would take care of that. But I sensed more here. To this boy,

making love was all mixed up with security and comfort ... and just to

ensure something to eat for his little brother and himself! But more than

that, I felt like he was telling me that he needed the loving. He needed

what Big John had given him. The fucking had become a necessary part of

his being. He had not said it, but the way he had acted certainly seemed

to say that he not only needed what Big John had given him, but he enjoyed

it physically, and emotionally.

How was I going to replace that, for him? I couldn't. Not and remain true

to Wishus. But how to tell him that? And still have him understand that I

would care for him and his brother?

It suddenly dawned on me that Demetrio was kneeling beside us. I turned my

head away from Rolando, to see his little brother kneeling there, on his

haunches, his tiny little hands clenched and wringing, and he too was

sniffling and whimpering, not understanding what had just happened. No

doubt only half-understanding what Rolando and I were saying.

I gently lifted myself at the waist, bringing Rolando's still clinging form

up with me, and reached with my free right hand to gather Demetrio to me.

He unwound himself from his kneeling crouch, and scrunched himself to me.

Holding them both against me with my upper arms, I clumsily pulled my

blankets up around all three of us, and laid back down.

I felt the wetness of both boys' tears on my chest. But soon Demetrio

drifted off to sleep, the day and these last events, finally catching up

with him. A moment ago he been silently watching me and Rolando fuck, even

helping to guide my penis into his brother's body, while fingering his own

little stiffie. Now he was a babe in my arms.

I turned back to Rolando. He was exhausted too, from the long day, from

the tension of our hectic love-making, and from the catharsis of our words

together, after I so abruptly interrupted his attempt to give himself to

me.

"See if you can sleep, Rolan." I whispered to him, still nuzzling his hair

and his forehead. I let him slide his body off me, so that he could lay

with is belly against my side. I held him tight, firmly, letting him know

that I cared for him, even if I couldn't complete what he had started.

He was too tired to talk. I held him like that, silently, for what seemed

like half an hour. He quit crying and sniffling soon enough, and shortly

after that, I felt the tenseness in his being give way to the security I

was offering him at this moment. At least for the moment. I fell asleep

myself after a while, sandwiched between these two lovely boys, lulled by

the heat of their bodies and the magical feel of Rolando's sweet breath on

my neck, of his silken hair falling across my lips, of his now limp boyhood

pressed into my thigh. My last thoughts were like a prayer, that somehow

I'd find a way to let him know all about me and Wishus, about what kind of

man I was, and that I would indeed take care of him and his little brother.

----------------------

I awoke at the very break of dawn, with the two boys still huddled on

either side of me in our blanket cocoon. They both had their heads beneath

the blankets, and I felt the moist warmth of their breaths against my

sides. It felt so wonderfully fulfilling to awake thus, knowing I had

comforted and warmed them through the night. But I immediately felt

something else, too.

Guilt, was it? Shame again, at what Rolando and I had done last night? A

sense that I was in the wrong place, with the wrong boy beside me, that I

had betrayed Wishus. I had become so aroused by both these boys, and

shared such intimacy with them, while Wishus was patiently awaiting me up

in his mountain valley. He needed me.

Yet these boys needed me too.

They had both slid down off my shoulders during the night, so I had little

difficulty slipping from between them without disturbing the blankets too

much. I hastened to the fire pit to search for a live ember. The early

morning chill was like these thoughts of guilt and betrayal. It wrapped

about me unpleasantly. I had to do something to ....

What could I do? Now I had these boys. Joey needed me too. But I was

leaving Wishus behind!

No! I knew that wasn't what was bothering me. I had dealt with that,

already. I had to leave Wishus. No choice. He would be ok with the

Knights, until I returned in just a couple of weeks.

I found my ember, and gently blew it into a flame, letting it lick up to

ignite the small twigs I placed over it lightly, then started crossing

larger and larger sticks over that, absent-mindedly.

The fire was growing, but I couldn't shake the chill.

It wasn't leaving Wishus that bothered me. It was what I had done with

Rolando. Making love with hi ....

Suddenly it hit me – I had NOT made love with Rolando! We had shared

fevered, passionate sex last night, but ....

Wishus and I had made love. From our first tentative kisses, to the moment

of our parting, we had made love. Each kiss was a little moment of union

of our souls. The sex we had was a sharing of our love for each other.

Had I felt the same way with Rolando? Somehow, it began to make me feel

better, that I hadn't. Yet that disturbed me too! I certainly had not

betrayed my love for Wishus, but what did I feel for Rolando?

Astonishingly, I wondered at the fact that not once yesterday, had I wanted

to kiss Rolando, like Wishus and I had kissed. Yes, I had wanted to taste

him, to kiss him all over his face, to nibble his ear, but ... not once had

I wanted to meld with him, to really kiss him, and show him how much I

loved him with that one act.

Perhaps that was part of this guilt, or uneasiness, I was feeling. Not

that I had used the boy. He had initiated the sex. But what had I given

him in return for his offer of his body?

Damnit, I hadn't treated him like a boy!!! All day long I had watched and

wondered, entranced by his loveliness. By the knowledge that he had been

fucked. He had been nothing more than flesh to me, tantalizing, tempting

....

I stood up, and turned from the fire towards the blankets, and shook my

head in amazement. There sleeping so peacefully under my blankets was not

some mysterious siren, but a boy needing my help! Yes, he was an

incredibly beautiful, perhaps unsurpassably beautiful boy, but boy

nevertheless.

----------------------

The mare lifted her head to the hay bin and snagged a few strands of the

fodder, tugging and jerking it loose. The boy's familiar scent wafted to

her nose. She stepped forward and nudged the spot where he slept, right

where he had climbed and burrowed into her feed bin, totally blanketed by

the hay. She was feeling playful this early in the morning, after the

strange events of the night before.

It wasn't every night that the boy, or anyone else for that matter, came to

the barn and slipped into her stall to comfort and brush her softly, to rub

her long nose, whispering soothingly. All the strange noises outside of

the night before, the red glare, the awful suffocating stench in the air,

all were forgotten now. Right now she had her friend here, and it was time

for him to get up.

The boy had come quietly into her lonely stall, so late at night. He had

patted her and caressed her for the longest time, then crawled slowly up

into the hay bin, and snuggled in deep. They had both slept then.

She loved the boy. He had started bringing her sweet green grass, lately.

Once in a while there was even a carrot, or some dried fruit, in his hands!

He was light as a feather on her back. Not like that harness the man made

her wear.

She nudged the hay again, wanting his companionship so early on this

strange morning ....

... Wishus awoke to the sounds of the mare's snorting, and knew immediately

where he was. The horror of the night before came flooding back in on him

just as quickly.

For the longest time, last night, he had sat watching, crying, horrified,

as the cabin burned to cinders. After a while he could cry no more, but

that just left him feeling more lonely and lost than ever. He had felt so

empty.

Teg gone.

Uncle Ben and Auntie dead, or gone. Could be either. They wouldn't even

have tried to ....

He had felt the cold, when the fire finally began to die to simmering

coals, but didn't want to edge closer to the ghostly patch of glowing

ground, where once he had lived and slept. Everything was gone now,

everyone was gone.

What he had wanted right then was to get to his Tower! To feel Teg there,

to

....

But then he peered into the darkness, into the trees, and chills of another

kind crept over him.

His small body had shuddered, wracked with dry sobs of despair. He

struggled against the helplessness. Teg would not want him to be like

this. So ... if he was afraid to hike up to his safe haven in the dark,

what would Teg tell him to do?

The barn! He saw it then, noticed it for the first time, now that the

glare of the fire was dimmed. Across the clearing, on the other side of

the cabin site, still standing! Too far away to have caught fire on this

calm, cold, windless night.

A feeling of guilt had swept over him. Here all along he was feeling

abandoned and lost, forgotten by everyone, and he had forgotten about

Molly! Teg had shown him how to take care of her, to feed her, curry her

hair. How to calm her when she was frightened. They had become good

friends, and he knew he should have let her out of the barn just in case it

too caught fire.

Wishus started to rise, but felt a stabbing pain in his right shoulder. He

had sat motionless for so long, and with the chill now creeping in on him,

that his wrenched arm complained at the sudden movement. Holding it

steady, he stood more gingerly, dropping the edge of the blankets that he

had held onto so tightly through his fiery vigil.

Carefully he moved his arm. So long as he moved slowly, it seemed ok. So

nothing was broken. He'd just have to avoid extra strain.

He closed his eyes against the darkness around him, and sighed deeply, then

breathed in haltingly, trying to keep from crying again. Maybe ... maybe

Molly

... needed him, too.

So he had edged around the remnants of the cabin, fearfully avoiding

looking too closely at that part where his aunt and uncle might have

perished, and slipped in through the barn door and into Molly's stall,

feeling his way in the near pitch black of the night. Just standing with

her, feeling her body warmth, had made him feel better. It wasn't too long

before his soothing words for Molly had the exact same effect on him. He

lost that edge, the wide-eyed expectancy and fear, that had kept him awake

and staring into the flames earlier, and began to feel the need for nothing

more than rest. The hay bin, where he could stay with Molly, yet not be

trampled on in the night, seemed like the perfect place.

It was cozy and warm in the hay, and even now, in the morning, with Molly

nudging him, he was reluctant to climb out into reality. Too soon to see

what was left of the cabin, in the daylight. Too soon to have to start

thinking of what he was going to do now. He just wanted to lie here for a

minute and forget everything that had happened, and just think of Teg.

"Oh Teg, why can't you come back right now? Today ...." he sighed

wistfully.

----------------------

"It's been a long day, Teg," Wishus muttered, as he trudged towards the

pond slowly, with head down, his hair falling in unkempt clumps on either

side of his char-smeared face. He walked woodenly, his legs just worn out

from climbing up and down, to and from his canyon city repeatedly.

The sun hung towards the western ridge line now. It had glared down on him

all day, not making his endless treks any easier. The air in the valley,

and even up in the side-canyon, was still, dry, and hot, the sky completely

cloudless.

Time for relief. He wanted to just soak in the pond for a while.

He espied Molly lazily cropping grass out in the meadow, and knew he had

made the right decision earlier, to just release her. He couldn't take her

up the canyon trail, and definitely did not want to leave his city every

day to tend to her in the barn.

Wishus had also definitely decided against riding into town. No way he was

going to contact his folks back East! Nope. He was staying right here,

where Teg would be expecting him.

"Remember when we came here, Teg?" he said, as he stepped onto the area of

short grass around the bank. He had been talking out loud that way all day

long. Made him feel less alone.

He understood his need for it. And his need, all day long, to remember

being with Teg up in his city, sharing sweet kisses that just made him feel

like they were a part of each other, or hiking the canyon trail, stopping

occasionally to grab Teg's hand and pull him tight, or here at the pond,

frolicking and ....

Suddenly he felt something, a tenseness, a tighntess within his whole body

... and it hurt so!!

It hurt, gripping deep in his chest, and ... he felt it too ... down

... there ....

Wishus looked down, and then reached for the hem of his worn and dirty

nightgown, and started slowly to scrunch it up, pulling it higher, slowly,

tentatively, feeling each movement of the soft woolen cloth pressing

against the tip of his hardened little peepee.

"Teeeegggg --" he breathed out, as he felt the open air suddenly on the

under side of his standing shaft, and on his naked balls.

He lifted the fabric all the way up to the rope that he had tied around his

waist. His penis stuck straight out from the pearl-white flesh of his

crotch. He stared as it pulsed with his heartbeat, and felt each pulse,

coursing deep into him. He stared wide-eyed at his tool, wondering at its

hardness, and just soaking in that excruciating ... pain ... that seemed to

center around his peepee, and his balls, and even deeper, into his very

belly.

No, it wasn't a pain, he thought. It was too delicious to be called pain.

But it did hurt! Stabbing all the way up into his chest!

"Oh Teg, I want you here! Now!" He moaned, suddenly grasping his little

two- inch shaft in one fist, and squeezing hard.

He remembered how wonderful Teg had made him feel here, at the pond.

Holding him so tight. Reassuring him about ....

Wishus released his grip from his dick and jerked his hand up, as if it

were burned.

Absently he looked at his hand, and back down at the stiff little rod still

standing so defianly from between his legs. A mix of emotions and memories

shot through his mind. The shame everyone had piled upon him back home,

when he had told his folks about getting hard just like this when his Uncle

Tom kissed him. The shame, the rejection ... but then that glorious moment

when Teg had held him so close, right here at the pond, and had told him

that he had done nothing wrong. That to get hard like this, when you loved

someone, was right and good! And that when two boys ... a boy and a man

...could feel like this for each other, it was something truly special.

The boy stood still, staring down at his throbbing member, but in his

mind's eye seeing Teg.. Teg, the way he had been that time when he turned

so quickly, and Wishus saw that Teg too was hard, and his huge, man-sized

peepee swung around like the baseball bat they had been playing with before

running to the pond.

"You love me too, Teg!" Wishus said out loud, still looking down at his own

tumescent flesh. "You showed me ...."

Wishus smiled. For the first time that day he felt good. All the fear

about the fire, about his aunt and uncle ... about just surviving out here

all alone ... all the fear gone! He stole his small hand back to his

penis, and stroked it lightly, softly, reverently - barely touching it.

In an instant he knew what he was going to do, and his smile broadened. He

know now how to feel Teg's presence here with him! He felt the electricity

coursing through him, the anticipation ....

First, though, he had to clean up! "Us gods have to be clean, you know!"

He remembered yelling that to Teg the first time they came here, that time

when Teg just made him feel like the grandest little boy who ever existed!

And now, he wanted to be clean for Teg again! Then get back to his

Shaman's Tower.

With shivering fingers, he started struggling with the knot that held the

rope around his waist. He giggled at his excitement and clumsiness, then

guffawed loudly when he saw his outthrust penis flapping up and down, and

all around, in time with his antics.

Flinging the rope to the ground, he quickly lifted his nightgown up over

his shoulders, and over his head, and gloried in the feel of the slightest

little breeze against his now naked body.

He stooped, to pull off the crude moccasins he had crafted from leather

scraps he had found in the barn, and giggled again, feeling the coolness on

his behind, in the moist cleft between his buttocks.

Never before had he felt so attuned to his body! He felt the tightness in

his balls. The taut stretch of his foreskin over his straining dick head.

Even his nipples felt taut! He could not recall ever even thinking about

his nipples. They were just ... there ... but now he looked down and saw

that they were all hardened and crinkly, each with a tiny little pinkish

knob sticking out ... hard, like his peepee!

Bringing both hands up, crossing them, he lightly touched his nipples, and

felt a delicious tingling. They almost demanded that he press harder, but

when he did he had to gasp with the shock that ran all the way down to his

dick!

His breath was suddenly coming in short gasps also, as if he were desperate

for air, but could not breathe deeply enough.

"Not now!" he admonished himself, remembering these same feelings from when

Teg had .... "Later! When I can think about Teg --" He pictured Teg's own

larger nipples, surrounded by all that smooth, silky hair on the man's

broad chest, and wondered how Teg would feel if he touched him there too.

Teg ... turned , facing away, pulling his pants down, revealing his hairy

butt, with just a glimplse of his even hairier, heavy balls hanging down

between his legs ... Teg turning around so fast, when Wishus cried out,

because he had sprouted a hardon just watching the man disrobe ... Teg

standing there with the biggest, longest peepee Wishus had ever seen, or

even imagined ... feeling scared, and yet so strangely excited all at once

... feeling Teg pull his little body so tight against his manly frame,

feeling the shock of his little hardon pressed so tight against Teg's

stomach ... feeling Teg's own hardon pushed down beneath Wishus' buttocks,

and resting inside his crack ....

Wishus jumped into the cold water of the pond, and started to feverishly

scrub and wash the grime and soot from his body. The late afternoon was

slipping away, he realized, and he had no more time to stand here dreaming

of Teg. He had to cleanse himself. He wanted to feel just perfect.

Clean, and pure, for what he was going to do tonight.

What he had to do tonight!

He didn't know if he could make it through all this, if he couldn't feel

Teg's presence with him tonight!

----------------------

"We sleep with you again, tonight, Meester," Rolando said matter-of-factly,

as I watched him and his little brother carrying their things over next to

mine.

They had both gone to the edge of the clearing to relieve themselves, while

I had started spreading my blankets. We had eaten supper, washed up, and I

had washed Demetrio's wounds from a bucket of warm water. Now it was dark,

and time to sleep after another day of pushing our mounts to the limit.

A good day too, in which I had done just as I told myself I should. I had

treated Rolando like a boy. Talking to him, getting him involved in the

cooking, the cleaning, caring for Metrio. Both boys had responded in kind,

obviously feeling safe with me. Metrio even cracked a pinched little

smile, on occasion, though each time he winced through the pain of his

scab-hardened lips.

Don't get me wrong. After all, they were both boys! I was hard half the

day, just being around them. Hearing their voices, stealing glances at

Rolando's incredible loveliness ... stealing glances at everything, like

the time Metrio bared his little penis so openly, to take a leak against a

tree! And I was hard every time I remembered what had happened just last

night.

It was different today, however. I admired them both, and still wanted

them both – I can't be around a boy and not want him – but we seemed

like a little troop now, after another long day together, more familiar

with each other now, and having long since shed the tension of our strange

meeting yesterday.

I had dropped their saddle and bags across the fire from mine, expecting

that tonight Rolando would join in the close circle around the fire. He

and Demetrio could curl up for a good night's sleep, with no more thought

for any sense of debt, or any need to pay me back. I hoped that he had

accepted the fact that I was going to care for them, no strings attached.

I was not Big John.

Now to hear him declare that they were going to share my blankets again,

took me aback. My penis was only now beginning to soften, after Demetrio's

bathtime. Handling him, once again almost burying my face between his butt

cheeks, as I lovingly bathed every inch of his body, fondling his little

boyhood, and his ballsac, just taking care of him, had provided me with

long moments of nearly orgasmic joy. I figured that after last night,

bathing Demetrio was the closest we three would ever come to sex again.

Now, on the contrary, they both stood before me, with looks of suppressed

glee, as if they knew something about the situation that I hadn't figured

out yet.

"Rolando, I – I – I," I found myself stammering, feeling foolish. I

gulped, trying to push down the sudden lump in my throat, wondering if it

were going to happen again tonight. The desire – no way I could ever

extinguish my desire for these boys! But did I have to endure the awful

temptation?! Wanting to remain true to Wishus, but having Rolando offer

himself to me again! Desperately wanting to hold him. Feel him. And

Demetrio! Why couldn't he just be the little boy in my care?! Why did I

have to keep thinking of his little penis, or the little cleft between his

buttocks, where I had washed him so clean – his perfect, smooth little

butt that I could grasp in one hand!

"Rolando, y-you don't have to ...."

"It's too dark and cold here, Meester," he interrupted me, looking back

into my questioning eyes with all the calmness and control that I had seen

in him yesterday. And something more. He held whatever was humoring him

in check, but I could see a glint in his eye, like he had crafted a plan,

perhaps a new approach. Demetrio was not so controlled. He burst out

giggling, then winced and held his hand against his cracked lip.

"Wh ... what's going on, boys," I stammered, looking quizzically from one

to the other.

"We are afraid. We sleep next to you, like last night."

It wasn't a request. Just a statement. I knew he was making all this up

... there was no fear in this boy's eyes, and it was still early evening

– not at all dark. With all his control, he made no effort to act a

part. Just stood there before me, one arm about Demetrio's shoulder, with

that barely concealed little smile. A knowing smile.

I looked at Demetrio. Certainly no fear there. He hadn't a bit of his big

brother's guile. He was grinning from ear to ear. Whatever it was, it was

an awfully big joke.

I suspected what I was in for, with these two, but having Demetrio stand

before me so gleefully, suddenly set me at ease. Dangit, time to remind

myself once more: they were boys! This Rolando might be the most perfect

beauty ever to live, he might be the very personification of all the gods

of love, in a boy's form, with all the skills and wiles of a god, but he

was NOT Wishus! I could do this! I could hold this deity tight to me, and

still not betray my love!

Give me your best shot, I thought to myself, looking back at Rolando now, a

half-smile forming on my own lips.

I reached out suddenly, surprising both boys, and wrapped my arms around

their waists, and pulled both of them down upon me, laughing. They

collaped onto their knees, against my chest, and I squeezed tight, then

kissed both of them on the tops of their heads, making a loud smacking

noise with each of them. As I pressed my lips to their heads, I loudly

sniffed their hair, sounding like a rooting hog, I guess, and making them

squirm even more. There's something so intimate about nuzzling in a boy's

hair like that, even playfully, and I felt the juices flowing in my loins

again.

"Afraid, are you!" I laughed, totally free from my own fears now, just

enjoying the feeling of my again hardening cock, feeling them squirm

against it. I started tickling them both. I was going to enjoy this, and

I was just going to treat Rolando like a boy, and make him know it, no

matter what he had up his sleeve.

Demetrio laughed and wiggled about in futility, but Rolando struggled back

out of my grasp, and knelt back on his haunches. Still in control, this

little one, but now wondering, his brows raised, smiling just a bit more

broadly and openly now. But wondering. His chest rose and fell quickly,

as he panted from our little struggle, causing the long hair hanging down

across his shoulders to ruffle like a living cascade. I almost reached out

to touch his slightly parted, full red lips, wanting to feel their infinite

softness, but his gleaming, dark, lowered eyes, looking up at me slyly,

told me I had better not give in to my worship of his being.

"Oh, Demetrio is very fraid of the dark, Meester," he continued his little

charade. "And he wants me here too, so we all be safe together," he said,

but the glint in his eyes told me that he knew I knew. "You spread your

blankets for us, Meester."

"Oh, alright," I played along, no longer at all averse to feeling two boys

beside me all night long. Even if Rolando had no more than a warm blanket

in mind, which I doubted very much, this was alright by me.

Gracefully, rising smoothly onto his feet without even touching his hands

to the ground, Rolando suddenly loomed over me. How does a young boy, only

12 years old, thin and slight of build, `loom' over anyone? Depends on

whom he's standing before. He stepped closer to me. In my eyes he was

BOY! The flesh underneath his girl's dress emmanated the heat from his

boyhood, and from all that made him boy – not just his penis and his

life-giving testicles, but all the essesnce of BOY that I lived for. Even

in this moment of playfullness, I worshipped the ground this BOY stood

upon.

His little brother, the little miniature version of BOY, took advantage of

my momentary lapse of awareness of anything but Rolando edging closer to

me, and laughed as he pulled free of my absently grasping hands. He didn't

go far either, but taking his cue from Rolando, he turned to stand on my

right, closer than necessary.

Ah, but necessary for what? I felt my pulse quicken. Idly, without even

looking down, I reached for my blankets to spread them out as instructed.

My eyes roamed from one boy to the other, neither more than a foot away

from my kneeling form.

"Uh, boys?" I started, gulping again. "Perhaps ...."

"We take our clothes off," Rolando deadpanned, looking down at me smugly.

His hair cascaded forward, almost masking the movements of his arms and

hands as he started to lift his dress up. "Momma always say to keep warm

have to hold us close. You take your clothes off too, Meester, and hold us

close. Denuda, Metrio," he barked softly to his brother.

I didn't know which way to look, now. What with Rolando slowly, teasingly

pulling up the hem of his dress, and Demetro suddenly fumbling at the

drawstring of his pants.

"Really is kind of cool to be taking off my longjohns," I said

half-heartedly.

"Need to touch our skin together, that's what momma say. You keep us warm

and protect us, we keep you warm too."

My eyes were about level with Rolando's crotch, so he knew he could lure me

into his little trap, because he could see that I wasn't looking up as he

spoke, but rather I tracked every slow upward movement of his hem.

Could there be more perfect boyflesh anywhere, I wondered? His slim,

smooth calves rose in heavenly sculpted curves to his little knee caps, not

all bony and angular like one might expect of someone so young and thin,

but just melding smoothly under his brown skin, then giving rise to the

hidden power of those thighs that had squeezed me so tightly the night

before, rising and flaring out ever so slightly below his hips, and in

towards his pubis.

At which point I lost focus on Rolando's perfect, boyish figure, when the

tip of his half-hard penis came into view, drooping down just in front of

his dangling balls. There was a little droplet of golden nectar captured

in the pucker of the tip of his foreskin! A little droplet of his pee that

had lingered for me, refusing to fall as he had walked over to me, hiding

from the fabric of his dress! His little, hairless cocklet was short

enough that, when soft, it's tip didn't even brush against his dress as he

walked.

Almost unbidden by conscious thought, I lifted my left hand and in one

quick, natural, fluid motion, I brought the tip of my index finger to the

tip of his little dick – so close, yet hardly even touching that dearest

piece of flesh that I had had in my mouth less than 24 hours ago. I

pressed in slightly, barely feeling the silky smoothness of his frenulum,

and the droplet slipped onto the pad of my finger.

Entranced, I brought it just as smoothly to my lips, and tasted it. I

wondered if he was thinking the same as I at that moment, that I had every

right to take in this fluid from his body. I, who had lain before him last

night, and let him ram his hardened dick into my mouth over and over. Yes!

This was the kind of payment I would take. Part of him so freely offered,

and freely taken – not by design, as in his mistaken efforts of last

night to oblige me, for rescuing his little brother.

I savored the salty pungency of his pee. BOY! I would partake of this

boy, THESE BOYS, tonight. I didn't know the details of their plan, but I

knew what Rolando and Demetrio had in mind. What they offered tonight, I

would take. Absolutely KNOWING what was in my heart and my mind, that I

would remain true to my Wishus. Preparation for Wishus perhaps!

Initiation! Rites of passage, that I must take towards being all the man

that Wishus needed and wanted.

My thoughts were fevered now, my passion building. I shivered, not from

the cold,but from anticipation. Rolando snickered softly, whether at

astonishment that I had tasted his urine, or in awareness of what he was

doing to me again. I didn't mind. He could laugh. He could revel in his

control over me. I certainly did!

The twin columns of his thighs were a bit larger, more powerful than

Wishus', but with the same taut, smoothly contoured delicacy, rising to

that most alluring part of a boy, where his legs meet with his body,

forming that little satiny, cushiony triangle of flesh around his boyhood.

So too were Rolando's dick and balls bigger, and heavier, than were my

Wishus'. Rolando's testicles hung lower. I could tell he was just on the

verge of entering puberty. Wishus'scrotum seemed to hide up protectively

behind his penis, while Rolando's ballsac was stretched low, with his

little balls within starting to hang down boldly, growing heavy with his

seed, one a little lower than the other.

With both boys standing so near me, I felt the radiance of heat from both

their bodies, in the still, pleasantly cool air of the evening. That heady

smell of a boy's crotch, a mixture of the boy's own sweat and faintest

trace of their urine, all fermented in the close confines of their

clothing, was now released and wafted like an intoxicant over me.

As Rolando continued to lift his dress over his head, I dropped the

blankets that I had been fumbling with unconcsiously, and reached my arms

about the legs of both boys, pulling them even closer, in my desire to

drown in their magical scents.

I pulled gently, and Rolando barely bent at the knees, with his dangling

cocklet and balls just above my upturned face. Demetrio was so much

lighter and slight of build. My grasp threw him off balance, and he had to

lean forward into me. I felt his hands grasp my head and right shoulder,

even as I felt the hot, pliant flesh of his little penis push into my

cheek.

In my obsession with Rolando, I had not noticed that Demetrio had

completely stripped, and quite obviously he had been pulling on his little

tool! It was hard. He speared me with it. My rough, shaven, but bristly

stubble must have stabbed him right back, because he let out a little cry

of shock, and instinctively tried to jerk away his midsection. He said

something in Spanish, in his sweet little boy's voice, a lilt of surprise

and giggling delight. Rolando translated. "Metrio say you always taste my

prick, but you only tickle him."

That was enough invitation for me! I had turned to the little six year

old, to find his inch and a half long tumescent penis staring with its one

eye directly at my mouth level. I had washed him twice now, and dreamed of

the forbidden pleasure of making love to such a little boy. A dream no

longer to be denied.

I felt a surge in my own rampant dick, a tightness in my loins. God! I

might cum just by touching this little boy – knowing that I wasn't just

going to wash him, but I was going to ravish him, and he would enjoy every

minute of it.

I turned back to Rolando, and quickly kissed both his little knees and gave

him a parting hug, pulling his legs tight to my cheek, as if to say to him,

"stay right there, I'll be right back!" Then I withdrew my arm from around

his legs and turned completely to Metrio.

Savoring the anticipation for just a moment, feeling a surge of desire

coursing through my whole body, I almost threw myself at the little tyke,

grasping him not just with my hands, but with my entire arms and body –

practically encasing him within my own flesh.

My hands roamed all over his back, molding to his form, tracing his

shoulder blades, cupping his buttocks, caressing the backs of his thights

– all the while squashing him to me. I roamed just as freely with my

face, rutting in his flesh like a hog searching for acorns in the ground,

breathing in gutterally, covering his chest, his tummy, his hips, his

thighs, with kisses and slurrups.

This was the boy I had lovingly, painstakingly washed, bathing every inch

of his body, touching him everywhere, but oh so very fatherly! Now I gave

in to a different instinct. Not a baser instinct, because I was filled

with just as much desire to please and care for him as before.

I was indeed like an animal, but thankfully, my abandon did not shock or

frighten the little boy. I heard both he and Rolando giggling at my

antics. Probably they were so pleased that I was so eagerly playing along

with their schemes.

When Wishus got hard, his glans just peeked from behind the tautly

stretched opening of his foreskin. His tiny pee-slit showed, at the tip of

his glistening, reddish, tender glans. Demetrio's dick head was totally

hidden even now, when his darling little dick stood up hard, proud of its

inch and a half length. Fully a quarter of an inch of his foreskin

puckered narrowly closed beyond the glans, carefully safeguarding its

virgin treasure within. It was all the more beautiful sight, because the

swell of his glans, underneath its sheath, was outlined clearly. I could

see that his helmet shaped glans was long and pronounced. It had a dark,

almost bluish hue, through the covering of his foreskin.

Gently cupping his butt cheeks in my hands, I drew him to me. More calmly

now, focussed totally on this special prize, I snaked my tongue out and

started tracing hot, wet lines around his stalk, slipping from side to

side, top to bottom. I heard myself mewling, savoring his taste,

practically cumming with desire to taste his little cock.

So tiny was Metrio, that my face was almost as wide as the breadth of his

hips! I was about to suck a little boy doll, and hopefully discover that

even at age six, I could make him have an orgasm.

It was obvious that he felt something so mightily pleasurable that he

wanted more, because he started twisting his hips about, trying to

anticipate the next direction of my wandering tongue and lips. He kept

stabbing at me, and started mewling himself, every time he pressed his dick

head against my cheek or lips.

I steadied him with a firmer hold on his butt, and opened my mouth and

sucked all of him in, then held him there while I started my tongue's

exploration of his shaft. At fist I licked and laved hap-hazzardly,

feeling for the contours of his glans, feeling the ridge of his urethral

canal, letting his drooping foreskin rest lightly on my tongue. I

shivered, marvelling that he was a miniature version of Wishus, and even of

my own much more massive penis. So hard, yet with that infinite softness

of a little boy!

I drew back and ever so gently clamped my teeth over that dangling

foreskin, and pulled on it, stretching it, even till his dick was all the

way out of my mouth. He squealed, and half-screamed something. I was

afraid I had hurt him, and felt a sudden drop in the pit of my stomach, and

almost released him.

"He says he likes that!" Rolando saved me. I turned a bit, and looked up,

still with Demetrio's foreskin pinched between my teeth, and nodded

gratefully.

Rolando stood majestically beside us, so tall in comparison to his little

brother, towering over my kneeling form. He had one hand on hisp, the

other stroking his own erection. He was so beautiful, from his feet all

the way up to that long, lustrous cascade of his silken hair. Again I felt

my cock surge, knowing full well that in bare moments I was going to

explore Rolando's boyish perfection too.

But for now, I returned to servicing my little Demetrio. I had calmed down

now, and was no longer in a frenzy to slake my own taste for boy flesh.

Now I wanted to delight the little bunchkin. I remembered how he had stood

last night, pumping his little tool while Rolando humped me. Now it was

Metrio's turn!

Wishus had loved it when I got down to business on his little dick, and

started to rhythmically suck and pump up and down on his shaft, tightening

my lips and tongue around him. So that's what I started doing for Metrio.

In and out, in and out, in and out.

I was glowing inside, astonished at the tininess of the boy in my arms.

Every instroke, my head fell into his tummy. I felt the soft warmth of his

tummy against my forehead. My little lover and I were both getting into

the rhythm, when I felt a hand trying to grasp my right hand, where I was

busily kneading Demetrio's butt. I figured I had gotten too rough for him

perhaps, and he wanted me to ease up. Another little shift in my stomach

– of all things I didn't want to hurt this little tyke, the same boy I

had rescued from Big John's brutal treatment.

Again, it was Rolando to the rescue. It was his hand on mine. Not

skipping a beat, pumping on Demetrio's cocklet, I refocussed my eyes from

the little boy's pubis to try to peer around him questioningly.

"I will show you what Metrio likes," Rolando said, as he knelt behind his

little brother. There was a edge to his voice, a sultry edge now, as if

Rolando too was getting into the fever of our action, and anticipated

something special. My heart started to skip faster. I suddenly felt

Rolando pull my middle finger up, and then felt the delicious warmth of his

lips closing around it, and the wet warmth of the inside of his mouth! He

sucked in my finger just as I had sucked in Demetrio. He was wetting my

finger, plainly laving all around with his tongue, depositing as much of

his spittle on it as possible!

He released me, and I felt him guide my finger directly back to Demetrio's

butt! Into his little crack, which Rolando parted with is other hand,

directly to his tiny anus!. Oh God! I almost fainted there and then, as

Rolando expertly placed the pad of my finger against his little brother's

anus, and pushed in. I must have spluttered, and lost my rhythm.

"Keep sucking, meester!" Rolando commanded. "He like that, and he like

this too. Now you let him get used to your finger inside him, then you

push in deeper. He likes it all the way in."

I couldn't believe my ears! But I believed what I felt. Demetrio was

apparently no virgin, but I certainly was, and now for the first time in my

life I felt a little boy's anal ring tightening around my finger. It was

every bit as enthralling to me as the night before, when Rolando had easied

his own butt down on my cock.

Instinctively, once inside him, I held my finger still, knowing that to

push to quickly, or too hard, would surely hurt him. Just as last night,

when I almost cried out to beg Rolando to let me go deeper into him, but he

held me there for what seemed infinity – so I steeled myself to

patience, feeling the heat of Demetrio's tight flesh around my finger tip.

So soft, yet so hard and powerful. Kind of the opposite of a penis,

physically, I realized – but also the same, soft and hard at the same

time.

I resumed my in and out ministrations on Demetrio's penis, and now with my

finger lodged in his anus, I had enough of a good lover's sense to bring my

other hand around and start gently kneeding his little balls. They were so

tiny that they retreated from my touch almost magically – I certainly

didn't want to use any kind of force at all to grasp them, so contented

myself with rolling his silken-soft scrotum between my fingers, pulling and

kneading. Then I let the middle finger of that hand slip along his

perineum till it met with my other finger lodged between his buttocks! I

had this little boy front and back, and in between, letting him fell

forward into my mouth, cupping his little crotch with my left hand,

supporting him, and plunging into him from the rear!

"Go deeper now," Rolando urged me. So I started with imperceptible little

motions with my finger, letting Demetrio's natural lubrication inside his

rear start to smooth my way. Ever so gently I started to push in. Perhaps

I'm uncoordinated, but I lost my sucking rhythm again, and kind of paused

on his shaft, concentrating on my finger in his rectum. It was deliciously

hot, and wet in there! The silken walls of his rectum molded to my finger.

I felt him tense, his whole body going taut against me, still leaning into

me. I had the good sense to keep licking him, keeping up the wonderful

sensations on his dickhead, while I explored deeper into his body. He

breathed in short gasps now. I wondered if it hurt, or if he was feeling

pleasure.

"Entry mas!" I thought I heard Demetrio utter softly, yet tensely.

"Go deeper!" Rolando translated.

So I felt reassured. Demetrio wanted me inside him! It was like magic,

those words! Like they gave me the ability, and the right, to pleasure him

to the utmost. And like they magically turned me into a pleasuring

machine. Suddenly I did regain my rhythm, and started sucking and loving

his little dick, and at the same time, I started pushing in rhythmically

into his rectum, letting the slickness take over, and draw me in deeper and

deeper.

The air was filling with the scents of Demetrio's flesh now. That musky,

nerve- tingling scent coming from his hole – not a fecal odor at all,

just so personal to him, and brought out by me!

He was also now filling the air with his grunts of pleasure. Each breath

he took was audible – short cries of what must be excruciating pleasure

– yes! The same that I had felt last night, when Rolando teased my dick

with his expert anal pressures. I didn't know what was the source of

Demetrio's pleasure, whether it focussed on his penis, or from deep within,

where my finger was now plunging to my second knuckle into his hole. I was

fucking this little six year old with my finger now, and his grunts

acknowledged the pleasure I was giving him.

I knew he was indeed going to cum, this little six year old was going to

cum! I knew it when I felt his hands one me again, now tightening their

grip. He had his right hand around my neck, grasping my hair there and

pulling it tight. His left hand had entwined itself into the fabric of my

longjohns on my shoulder, and I imagined he might rip it apart.

In and out, I continued, both in front and in his rear, feeling his heat

inside me, and on me, and feeling his every muscle start to stiffen and

jerk, in that uncontrolled, electric moment of delerium when he came. He

screamed into the still evening air, and if anyone were around to hear us,

I suppose they would have thought a little boy was being murdered. I knew

better, and felt so gloriously happy for him, and for myself. He plunged

forward into my mouth as hard as his little six year old body could, and

then ricotched back onto my plunging finger, time and again, letting his

cum peak. I let him do that till I felt him slump onto me. I rocked back

on my heels, and pulled his limp form with me, letting his dick slide from

my wet lips, letting his body slip down, forcing my finger from his anus,

as he came to rest with his head on my chest.

I brought my finger up to my nose and sniffed in deeply of our fuck. I

wondered if there were any other smell so wonderful, so intimate –

perhaps it could only be better if I had deposited my seed within him, and

our bodily juices had intermingled. I slipped the finger into my mouth,

and sucked Demetrio's being into me.

I shuddered. My whole body wracked by the exquisite pleasure of holding

this little boy to me so close, knowing that I had fucked him with my

finger, and he had loved it.

"Dear Wishus, this should be ...."

Rolando interrupted my thoughts. "Now you do me, Meester. I want it,

too."

I quickly opened my eyes, and literally lost my breath. Just the thought

of loving Rolando, like I had just loved his little brother, was

mind-numbing. What would I give to be able to delve into Rolando's rear

with my exploring fingers!

"What ... what do you mean, Rolando," I stuttered, feeling the pressure

return, the desire I had for this boy, against the determination I had.to

remain true to Wishus. I could not, I would not, fuck Rolando with my

dick, but I would not hesitate to bring him off like Demetrio, if he would

allow me.

"You just fuck Metrio with your finger, Meester, now you fuck me! We get

you ready for me. This time you stay hard, Meester. And this time I make

it easy for you."

"Now, Rolando, we've been through tha ...." I started, thinking that he

had more in mind than my finger up his rear, then I stopped in

mid-sentence, seeing what he had in his hands. While Demetrio and I had

been in the throes of the little boy's orgasm, Rolando had obviously been

busy. He had the phallus out! The wooden phallus, bigger than life,

longer than life, yet carved to such perfection that it seemed to indeed be

alive, glistening with the lubricating cream that Rolando was smearing onto

it as he held it up before his hungry eyes.

Something gripped tight about my heart. I remembered seeing this huge

phallus sticking up out of Rolando's upturned butt, back at Big John's

ranch. I had wondered then if it were some form of cruel torture, or if

Rolando had relished it inside him. I remembered Rolando's look, when he

boldly retrieved the phallus, and placed it into his saddle bags. I

remembered penetrating him with my own cock, just up to my dickhead,

wanting so much to plunge deeper, but wondering and fearing what it would

do to the boy. Now he wanted me to ... what?! Instead of my finger, he

wanted me to plunge this phallus into him?

The way he was looking at it, told me so. He smoothed the cream over the

hard wooden surface lovingly. This phallus was anything but an instrument

of torture for Rolando. He had the intense gaze of passion, and that

pinched, tense look of anticipation – an anticipation of something so

immensely wonderful and pleasureable, that it is almost to be dreaded.

Something that one cannot live without, yet something that is consuming,

that takes control ....

I had read of the opium dens of China, and of men and women giving

themselves over to that drug, letting it possess them. Looking at Rolando,

I felt I understood that kind of obsession. Yet, was this something to be

feared, or something altogether good, as compared to the evil of being

possessed by a drug?

I began to sense what Rolando had meant when he said he needed to be

fucked!

Looking into Rolando's eyes, as he lavished his care on this wooden phallus

– nothing more than a pale substitute for a man's real phallus – I

sensed what it would mean for Wishus when we finally made love, as a boy

and his man must!

"Spread the blankets, please." Rolando said it so softly, so plaintively,

that I felt his need. This boy was hurting inside, his need was so great.

He didn't even take his eyes off the phallus, as he closed the container of

the cream.

I kissed the now sleeping Demetrio on his forehead, and gently lifted up,

and placed him beside me on my blanket, then hastened to spread the blanket

out further.

The fire had died a bit, but in the growing darkness now, Rolando's form

was backlit by the flickering, yellow glare. His eyes were still on the

phallus, which he held almost reverently in both hands before him. He was

on his knees, sitting back on his heels, his body ramrod straight above his

hips. He had taken his hair and swept the whole mass over his shoulder

farthest away from me. His loveliness was beyond belief, in every detail,

every curve, every line of his body, from his rounded buttocks, resting on

his heels, up along the natural curve of his back; his tautly defined

chest, half-veiled by his hair. His straight, erect penis, sticking out at

a 45 degree angle from his crotch.

I felt I was witness to some kind of reverent ceremony, that I was to be

initiated into secrets of awesome power tonight. This twelve year old boy

was going to teach me. He didn't know it, but he was going to teach me how

to make love to Wishus.

Suddenly Rolando turned his head towards me and smiled so gently, so

sweetly, holding out the phallus towards me. "Take it, Meester, I need

your help."

"I ... I will do ... whatever I can, Rolando. But .... "

"I will lay down, you put him in me. OK?"

So meekly did he say it, so plaintively, so pleadingly, that once again I

sensed his need. It hit me, deep inside. I had denied him last night, and

he had cried when I refused him my own cock.. Now he was afraid I would

deny him again. Yet he needed this so much.

"Yes, honey, I'll put ... him in you."

"Good." I heard his relief. So their little scheme, to get me into sex

with them, had led up to this. I still suspected that he would ask me to

fuck him again, and I just couldn't bare to hurt him anymore. I prayed

that this fake phallus would do what I could not.

He layed down on his side, facing me and the sleeping Demetrio. Then he

pulled his legs up, in a fetal position, holding them behind his knees,

pulling his torso towards me, opening his bottom to me, reveailing the

puckered hole between his butt cheeks. Against the coppery colored skin of

his thighs, and peeking from between his cheeks, his hole looked mysterious

and dark. Used. Anything but virgin, like Demetrio's. So small, so

hidden there in his most secret of places, yet not the perfectly smooth and

tight little hole of an unloved boy, but puckered out a bit, as if prepared

for the entry of his man. Not wounded, not abused, not bleeding and hurt

– just used. Ready. Waiting. Wanting.

I held the instrument gingerly. It was lubricated and slippery all along

the shaft, so he did intend it to be pushed into him far more than just the

tip.

"Put him there, now," he directed me. No longer did he speak in the

commanding tones he had used with Demetrio, nor with the insistence of last

night. Now he was almost supplicating me. I had something he wanted very

much. He could have taken it from me, and fucked himself, but he very

plainly wanted me to do it.

I kneeled over him, and he watched with wide eyes as I started to put the

realistically carved dick head up to his opening.

"No, not that way," he said. "The curve should go the other way. That way

it touch my special spot."

Your ... special spot ...," I uttered dumbly, having no idea what he was

referring to, but wanting to know. I rotated the shaft, so that it would

enter him as if the man it was attached to were facing him.

"When it touches that spot, it feels ... oh, I don't know how to say it

...." He rushed, sounding impatient. "Put it in, please!"

With him holding his legs up like that, I could quite happily have dropped

the phallus, and just buried my face right in the center of all that

glorious boy flesh. Rolando's three inch cock was stiff and straining free

of his foreskin. All but the ridge of his plum-colored glans was visible.

I could see how tightley stretched was the skin at his frenulum, where his

foreskin attached to the skin of his shaft. His dick lay flat against his

pubis, pointing directly up to his face. His loose hanging balls, dangled

towards the blanket; his scrotum was darker than the skin of his thighs.

I imagined just laying down there and licking and sucking from his anus to

his stiffie.

"Please put him in!" he pleaded again, bringing me back to reality.

I swear that his anus winked at me! I saw that he was tightening and

loosening his sphincter, whether consciously, or in instinctive preparation

for penetration, I didn't know.

The dark brown, bulbous head of the phallus, was so much bigger than his

much-experienced hole, so I hesitantly pressed it against him, and too

gently started to position it.

"There! Push!" he demanded, saying it in his sweet, little boy's voice.

All the more commanding to me, that a boy wanted it. He grabbed hold of

his erection roughly, seemingly without conscious thought, and seemed to be

holding on for dear life, not pumping it, but just pulling upwards, and

squeezing hard.

I pushed harder, and suddenly the whole head of the wooden cock seemed to

just slip within, as if being suctioned. Rolando's anus stretched around

it miraculously, as the boy let out a gasp. I heard his breath coming in

staccato puffs, then suddenly he sighed, releasing all his tension.

"Yes!" he wailed. I looked up and saw that his face was now relaxed and

almost beatific, the softest, sweetest little smile gracing his lips. This

boy's little anus had just stretched from it's tightpucker to take in what

was easily a 4 or 5" circumference of the dick head, and he lay there in

apparent ecstasy!

"Finally! Now ... push him in slow ... very slow, Meester. Don't ... take

him out

... like ... you did ... last night!"

I complied, my eyes transfixed on the slowly disappearing shaft, and the

dilated ring of muscle, which was being tugged inwards too, all around the

shaft. Shifting my hands, I inadvertently let the phallus slip back just a

fraction of an inch, and Rolando gasped again, but quite obviously in

pleasure. So I started doing that on purpose, to vary the inward motion.

"That is good, Meester. You learn fast ... now come up here ... please

hold me up ... I show you how ... I want to be fucked!"

"Let go of the ... cock?" I asked.

"Si, you come ... hold me. Raise me up."

I quickly repositioned myself up the blanket, hesitantly releasing the

phallus, to let it stick out of his body by itself. I knelt behind him

now, while he turned onto his back. He lifted himself on his elbows

slightly, and I scooted up under him, careful to gather his streaming hair.

Gently I lowerd him onto the incline of my thighs.

He pulled his legs up again, and said, "Now you must hold my legs back

here, and I show you. This is the way a boy has to be fucked.!

The phallus waved about wildly in the air, protruding obscenely from his

rectum, as I replaced his hands with my own behind his knees, forcing his

butt off the blanket so that he could easily grasp the shaft of his

imaginary fucker.

I looked down his lovely, little boy's form, from his head down to his

drawn up knees, in between which the now free-standing phallus stood out

proudly from his butt. He now had at least four inches of the shaft inside

him. It shook, and twitched in the air, melded with the body that encased

it.

Just ... hold me ...," he whispered now, as he stretched his arms out and

grasped the phallus with both his little fists.

I did hold him, knowing that I had to spread his legs wide apart, as he

began to pull the shaft deeper into his bowels fully another inch. He

groaned loudly, and long, and I saw the muscles of his stomach tense

convulsively.

The he pulled the other way, and the cock eased back slowly, till only the

head was still within him. The shaft was slick with his body's juices, and

the scent started to fill the still air. I breathed in deeply, loving the

smell now. Not even stopping for an instant, seeming to need the phallus

back deep inside him immediately, Rolando stabbed it in again. This time

moving in faster, more forecfully than I had.

"Oh, you don't know ... how it feels ... so good ... to have a man

... inside you

..." he continued to instruct me, struggling to concentrate between breaths.

In and out, he started up a rhythm, punctuated by the wet suctioning noises

coming from his hole, at each change of direction.

"When it touch me ... there!" he groaned and tensed again, "I never

... want him to ... leave me!"

The magical spot seemed to be when the head of the penis was a couple or

three inches inside him. I remembered going about that deep, or a little

less, when I was finger-fucking Demetrio, but I had felt nothing other than

the soft, cushiony sides of the void within the little boy.

Whatever that special spot was, it dawned on me that Rolando was going to

cum without even touching his dick! That neglected member swayed from side

to side across his pubis.

"I like it when ... my man ... start to fuck ... me harder and ... deeper."

He indeed was increasing the tempo. I tried to picture the giant Big John,

laying on top of this little boy, plunging his huge cock into the small

body. All the while with Rolando begging for more. In and out, deeper,

harder, twice a day filling him, morning and night! Till it was something

Rolando lived for. Till the pleasure, and the sense of being loved, and

needed, and owned, became all important to him.

Watching Rolando fuck himself with a lifeless wooden phallus, I knew once

and for all that this was what I must give to Wishus. What I must share

with my beloved.

I cried out silently, through all the distance between us, wanting Wishus

to know this most perfect union between man and boy. " I hope you feel all

my love now, dearest Allouicious, and when we are together again, I will

give you all my love through all time! I want to be with you now,

Wishus!!"

Rolando's body shuddering against my legs, brought me back to where I was,

rather than where I wanted to be.

He kept pistoning in and out, his head bent down one moment, concentrating

on his anus, then slamming back against my belly the next, when the stabs

of pleasure hit him with overwhelming force.

The way his whole body was bent over it, it seemed like his very being was

concentrated there at his fuck hole. He started a rhythm with his legs, in

time with his pumping hands, using my hands as a fulcrum, letting him lift

his bottom higher with each in stroke, and then letting it fall slightly as

he pulled out.

At first it sounded like he was wheezing, but soon his high, almost

continuous moan of pleasure, told me he was going to cum soon. He simply

could not endure this much longer!

I stared wide-eyed, almost afraid for him, seeing that he was plunging

fully six or seven inches of the huge phallus into his body now, and he was

roughly jerking it from one side to another with each stroke, almost as if

he were plowing himself, trying to widen his own hole. I knew it was silly

of me to fear for him, because he was plainly in throes of ecstasy that I

myself could hardly imagine.

Then he screamed loudly, and I knew he had orgasmed, fucking himself. His

legs involuntarily spasmed out, breaking my hold, straightening themselves

out, convulsing and pounding the blankets, as the boy's body was wracked

with waves of pleasure. The phallus was clenched tight between his cheeks,

and buried beneath him. I feared it would rip him apart down there, but he

just squirmed about on it, either oblivious to its position, or revelling

in it.

He yelled out streams of Spanish, whether lewd blessings upon the phallus

that still penetrated him, or prayers of thanksgiving for his ecstasy, I

had no idea.

I just held him, and gently smoothed the sweat streaked hair from his brow,

glad that he had recaptured at least part of what he had lost, when I took

him from Big John.

----------------------

He didn't like to admit it, but as the sun fell lower and lower, and the

dark shadows started to lengthen into odd shapes on the far canyon wall,

Wishus felt afraid. Even here, standing above his city, next to his

Shaman's Tower.

Just weeks ago he would have been safely esconced in his 5th Avenue, third

floor bedroom, back in New York. Now he shivered against the growing

chill, and the sudden thought of ancient ghosts.

He was just a little boy, all alone, where being alone didn't mean he could

traipse downstairs to his mommy's bedroom. Being alone here meant that his

guardians were dead, or gone. His parents had sent him 2000 miles away

... and the one person on Earth whom he could rely on totally, was miles

and miles away over the high mountain ridges.

Teg would return, however. That much Wishus absolutely knew.

He had to return!

Tears again.

Wishus was so tired of crying. He had cried when Teg rode away. He had

cried himself to sleep every night since. He had cried watching the fire

take away his aunt and uncle. Now there was this awful, empty, loneliness

he felt, and all these horrid shadows.

Wishus felt so meek. Suddenly a wave of helplessness and hopelessness just

overwhelmed him. Teg would never return, and even if he did, he would find

his little boy ....

"No!" Wishus cried out, and heard the echoing cries go slamming back and

forth across the canyon. Even his own voice was frightening, when it

shattered the quiet of this lonely wilderness.

He clumsily and quickly wiped the tears from his cheeks, and angrily

grabbed his sleeve, to wipe the sniffles from his upper lip.

He knew what he would do, what he had to do, if he were to survive all

this.

"I'll do it, Teg!" he weakly called out in a breaking voice, but this time

with his head down. No echo came back to mock him.

He had it all planned out. So, very quickly, feeling the fears, the

ghosts, and the dark shadows starting to creep back in on him, he stooped

low, and stepped into the Tower. Feeling a sudden rush of panic, as if

some monster were just outside the door now, he screamed, and fumbled

furiously with the heavy rock slab. Grunting with the effort, struggling

against the pain in his wrenched shoulder, realizing that it was indeed a

lot heaver now that Teg wasn't here to help him, the despair almost

overcame him. Couldn't anything go right for him!?

The slab suddenly lurched and shifted into position, just as Teg had shown

him it would, and it fell firmly over the door.

The little boy flopped back, off balance, stumbling back across the floor

till he fell onto the thick cushion of the bed that he and Teg had made.

Just that afternoon, Wishus had freshened it with a new layer of juniper

bows. With his blankets spread over it, it was almost as comfortable as

his feather bed, in the old days.

He giggled, feeling suddenly so relieved. The big rock slab had shut out

all his looming fears. This was his very own little fort, just as Teg

intended it. Now there was just him, the four walls reaching up to the

solid cavern roof, and the flickering yellow glare from the small fire in

the corner ... that, and his memories of Teg.

He quickly got back up and loosened the rope around his waist, then lifted

his nightgown off. He folded it carefully and laid it at the foor of the

bed, then reached for the blackened brush that he had fished from the cabin

ruins.

He had planned every little step, and calmly continued through his ritual.

He had bathed in the pond, eaten, and prepared the Shaman's Tower for

tonight. Now safely within, it was time. Now he could just quietly and

clearly think about Teg, and those days when they were together, and the

days when they would be together again.

Just a rough stubble remained on the brush, so Wishus began to carefully

and slowly draw it through his hair. After the fire, and all the work

today, he wanted to feel his hair straight and freee of tangles again. He

had alsways loved the feel of his long tresses as he brushed them, and had

always taken great care of his hair. He loved to feel it soft and cool

upon his bare shoulders. Teg had loved his hair too. Wishus had sensed

that from the very beginning - Teg was always touching the boy's tresses,

sifting the strands through his fingers, leaning in to smell ... "you smell

good," Teg used to say. That always made Wishus just glow inside.

The boy looked down at his pale, slim body, and giggled again, remembering

the look in Teg's eyes whenever the boy was naked. Wishus had never before

been really conscious of his body, but now he knew that he was beautiful.

His Uncle Tom must have thought he was beautiful, too. Wishus had seen

that same kind of look in Uncle Tom's eyes. Kind of a ... desperate look,

or a pleading look, especially with Teg! Like Wishus had something that

Teg just couldn't live without.

It all seemed to center on his peepee!

Such a small, tiny, little thing, but it seemed to have the power to make

Teg's own huge ... dick ... so hard and long!

Wishus suddenly forgot all about brushing his hair, and dropped the brush

beside his bed. He laid back on the soft mattress and let both his hands

wander naturally to his stiff little penis.

He closed his eyes and tried to breath slowly and evenly, to calm himself,

but he felt something building within himself, like his blood was suddenly

rushing faster through his veins.

Just like he had felt that night when he woke up next to Teg, and his

peepee was so hard. And Teg had shown him how to ... jack off.

Never before had Wishus felt so wonderful, and so loved, as that night.

Now, that same feeling in his peepee was there again. Perhaps if he just

kept his eyes closed, and started stroking himself, he could feel like Teg

was right here with him ....

With one hand he started to lightly slide up and down on his little cock,

loving that special tingling everytine he brushed the head, so tight and

bulging under his foreskin. His balls too, demanded his touch - it was

like they were attached to some place deep inside him, and he needed to

pull and tug at them gently, to relieve the building tension within. Yet

the tension never stopped, it just grew, and grew.

His other hand stole slowly up his tummy, to his chest, to once again

explore those new centers of pleasure that he had discovered that afternoon

at the pond. He let his fingertips sweep over one nipple, then across to

the other, and wondered at the fact that they too seemed to be connected to

that gnawing center of ... hurt? Pleasure? A nagging feeling deep inside,

that he wanted to get stronger, yet felt compelled to try to relieve by

massaging himself all over! It was a tingling ... a burning ... some kind

of raw nerve that begged to become his sole focus, yet spread its tentacles

to his balls, and all along his peepee. It was like a hurt, because it

ached so terribly, yet ... so wonderfully! The harder he pumped on his

peepee, the harder he pressed and caressed his nipples, all the more the

hurt demanded!

His balls, his dick, his nipples - they were all part of this special

feeling that Teg had revealed to him ... Teg had touched him other places

too!

Wishus remembered when Teg had sucked him. His big hands roamed Wishus'

body, but then one hand slipped down, down, below his peepee, to his butt

hole! That had felt so good too!

Wishus rolled over slightly and let his left hand drop from his nipples,

over the upthrust curve of his hips, across his butt, to seek that other

place.

He kept pounding up and down on his little prick, feeling like it was now

the very center of that wonderful feeling - it seemed to command that he

stroke and clench it full-fisted now, harder and harder, faster and faster.

His breathing was now raspy and loud, and his skin was sweaty from the heat

of his body.

He inserted his middle finger into the hot, moist crack between his

buttocks, and slid it down, feeling his nerves suddenly on edge there too.

Teg had rubbed over and over his hole, the spit dripping down from his

mouth on Wishus' cock, making it so slippery.

Quickly, feeling like a dam was about to burst in his groin, Wishus brought

his left hand back up to his mouth, and wet his middle finger, tasting the

sweat from his own bottom. It was something he never would have done

before, but now it just seemed the right thing to do, and he loved the

musty taste!

He knew he was about to cum, and he knew he was about to lose control of

his body, so he just as quickly swept his hand back to his butt hole and

started rubbing, like Teg had.

Oh God, it felt so good! It tickled, it itched, it tingled, it ... ached!

Crying out for him to rub harder, demanding that he relieve the building

ache just within his hole!

He pushed harder, and felt the tip of his finger plop past the firm ring of

his sphincter. The sensation was like the final trigger, starting the

explosion of electrical shock with him. The excruciating pleasure seemed

to build to overflowing, within him, then to surge from his butt, from his

nipples, from his balls, all the way up his shaft to the very head of his

peepee! He suddenly felt so raw there, so infinitely sensitive, that he

could not bear to continue pumping.

Wishus fell back, gasping for breath, one hand still on his dick, holding

it tight, the middle finger of his other still knuckle-deep inside his

anus.

"Teg! I ... did it! Just like ... you showed me! Teg! Teg! Come back

to me! I did it ... Teg!"

----------------------

Coming down off his orgasmic high, lying limp against me, Rolando suddenly

spoke, in a dreamlike voice, "Now ... Meester. I can feel ... you hard

too. You put your ... cock in me ... now."

He reached slowly back down between his legs, pulling them up again, at the

same time, and took hold of the shaft of the phallus. It too lay almost

limp now, hanging from his rectum, with only its head still lodged inside

him. Its heavy, wooden balls rested on the blanket. I couldn't believe it

when he started once again to push it in, slowly now, but he groaned weakly

with the same sound of need that he had used earlier. Thinking him lost to

the world, and totally oblivious of my presence now, I was shocked at his

request. Had this all been planned, as I had feared, just to renew his

attempt to get me to fuck him?

I fumbled for a reaction. I cared for him too much to ever want to hurt

him. And I didn't want him to cry again, as he had last night. Stupidly,

I blurted out the first thing that came to my mind.

"I'm not going to put it anywhere," I tried to sound as if I were joking,

"especially if you can't stop calling me `Mister!'" I gently nudged his

shoulder with the palm of my hand. "Now I told you several times today

that you could call me Teg, or Teglin, or just `hey you!', but not Mister.

Don't you think we're

... well, don't you think we've been through enough by now?"

He slumped back again, and let his right leg fall back to the blanket. I

heard him sigh, and I could just barely feel him shake his head. In

disbelief? Disappointment? I was lost now, helpless to know how to mend

this boy's spirit.

He looked up at me, the hurt showing in his eyes and his furrowed brow.

With one hand he lifelessly withdrew the phallus, and tossed it onto the

blanket. He tried to push his body up off me, twisting his head back to

stare at me. His look hit me like a splash of cold water. The ecstasy

that had smoothed his features so angelically just seconds before, was all

gone.

"You fuck me, Meester, then I call you Teg, or Teglin, or even `hey you',"

he mocked me, listlessly, as if he had given up. "You fuck me. Now."

"Rolando, I ... I thought you understood I can't ... I mean, I won't. You

don't have to ...."

"You fuck me tonight. You tell me that way, that you take care of us

forever."

"No, you don't have to do that anymore." I almost pleaded with him to

understand. "You're mom was ... well, she just didn't know, Rolando, that

... things aren't like that everywhere. You don't have to sell yourself

anymore. Not just because you're with me, but ...."

"You tell me that," he said quietly, and continued in a monotone,

controlling his emotions, holding back the tears. "But you don't know.

You are not Mexican. I don't think you ever eat other peoples' trash just

to keep from starving ... Momma did know. She knew the only way. What

she teach me, what Big John give me, it's all I got, Meester. You don't

give me that, I got nothing."

His words were like ice water thrown in my face. Did I so little

understand this boy?

"You tell me I can't have that ... and ... I --" he struggled to continue,

fighting back the tears. I reached out and wrapped my arms around him, and

pulled him up to my chest. I kissed the top of his head gently now, trying

to reassure him, trying to understand what he wanted, what he needed.

"I'm telling you, Sweet One, that I will make sure you have a good life.

You don't have to f .... make love with me for it. Or with anyone else.

Can't you understand that?"

"But you are the one who don't understand, Meester!" I felt him shake his

head `no', his silken hair gliding under my chin. "I want it! I need

... to ... I have to have you ... have a man ... inside me, or I .... You

don't fuck me, I feel ... like ... I am lost...."

"Rolando!" I rasped out forcefully, through my own emotions, hating my

inability to comfort him. To make him understand, or to understand him.

"I can't make love with you, Rolando ... believe me, I would ... just die,

if you were my boy, my love, I would fuck you night and day, if that's what

you wanted, just to show you my love, but I ...."

"Why you can't feel that way, Meester? You say I am beautiful, you want

me. I know you want me, but you DON'T want me!"

"Rolando," I tried to stay calm, not wanting to hurt him further, and

thinking that the truth might be the only thing that he would understand.

"I can only do that with the one I love, and ... I ... there is another

... boy, waiting for me ...."

"A boy?"

I swear, I could physically sense the relief in him. He tensed with new

energy, and the intensity returned to his gaze as if I had just given him

reason to believe that all the doubts, and fears, and every other emotion

of inadequacy or loss, that he was feeling, might be needless.

"What boy," he asked, softly. Not defiantly, or accusingly. I heard

wonder in his tone.

"His name is ... Wishus --", I couldn't help but whisper the name of my

dearest, reverently, and with a sense of utter joy, and even relief, that I

had said his name out loud in the presence of another, revealing my love to

someone who might understand it.

"And this boy, Wishus, he waits for you? You go to him?"

"Yes."

"You do like me, but you have someone else?"

"Yes."

"He is the only reason you will not fuck me?"

How to answer that? I was heart and soul in love with Wishus, and in the

face of 37 years of loneliness, and against every condemnation of society,

I could not imagine it ever being different. Wishus was a part of me, and

I knew I was a part of him, and one day we would be One. Yet, if not for

Wishus, what would I have felt for Rolando? Not knowing, I said what I

thought was good for Rolando to hear, and perhaps indeed the truth of it.

"Rolando, I think if I had never known Wishus, then I would fall to my

knees before you, and worship you with all my heart, and love you till the

oceans go dry, and ... and I would fuck you continuously, till you would

beg to have me withdraw."

He remained silent, and still, for the longest time. Finally, I lay back,

pulling him with me, so that once again he and Demetrio could sleep at my

sides. I held him to me, and wrapped the blankets about us.

"You have a boy. And that is why you won't fuck me." I heard him whisper.

He seemed lost in thought, so I didn't answer. I knew what he meant. I

knew that he had needed to know about Wishus, otherwise he just would never

have understood why I couldn't commit to him totally.

Perhaps I couldn't have answered, anyway. I felt the cold on my cheeks

before I really realized that I had started to cry. The long moments of

silence had given me plenty of time to think. Holding these two sweet

boys, I wanted so much to give them everything they needed, and deserved,

but how could I fill the void in Rolando's heart? What he wanted, I could

never give to anyone but Wishus, now.

Oh, my dear sweet Wishus. I cried for him too. Cried for myself too, I

guess. I pictured him in his bed, up in the loft of the Knight's cabin.

Lonely, probably a little scared, wondering if I would return. The one

person on Earth who had total claim to my heart, yet I still had more miles

to put between us.

Chapter 4

When Wishus opened his eyes, fingers of yellow light sprayed in around the

edges of the rock slab covering the Tower door, so he knew that the sun had

already risen above the far canyou rim.

About time, too! He had to pee!

Funny. The pressure inside him, the feeling of having all that pee just

about ready to explode out of him, kind of felt like when he was about to

cum, last night! Well, not nearly so good! But he felt a little tingling

in his peepee again, and deep down inside his belly, pushing out, wanting

out. He even felt it down there, between his balls and his bottom!

For a moment, he stretched his hands behind his head, arching his back,

lifting his taut tummy and chest off the soft bed, tightening all the

muscles in his slim legs. He felt so alive! Even his toes had to be

stretched and wriggled.

He flopped down on the mattress and looked down his reclining form. His

little pink-white penis was standing tall and straight! Ready to blast!

Too bad it wouldn't blast that white stuff. That cum.

Yet! Teg said he would someday.

"That was so good, last night, Teg," he said aloud in a hushed tone, then

started giggling, remembering how he had poked his finger inside his

butt-hole while jacking off. Almost without thinking about it, he brought

the finger in question to his nose, and breathed in, testing his own body's

most private smell.

He could still smell it ... there was a lingering odor ... somehow it

smelled good and ... dirty ... but ....

He shivered, feeling suddenly very naughty, but liking it. He had done

exactly what Teg had told him to do, last night, and it felt so good!

Wishus practically sprang up out of his bed, feeling totally refreshed.

Things weren't all that bad! He had food, right here. And he could

probably find more. What about that smoked ham, hanging in the barn?

There was a root cellar somewhere too. He had heard Auntie ....

Well, think about that later.

"Ouch! My shoulder still hurts, though," he muttered, swinging his arm

cautiously a bit.

He shivered again, and forgot about his shoulder. He could hardly keep

from dancing around on the balls of his feet - he had to pee bad, and right

now!

Wishus scampered across the packed dirt floor to the doorway, and bent to

put his whole body into rolling the stone slab from the opening. It seemed

so much lighter than the night before.

It was like stepping out into a world showered in gold dust! The sun's

rays lit every particle of dust suspended in the air, every leaf in the

aspens just below the lip of the cave, every facet of the canyon wall, with

golden sparkles. The clouds drifting overhead were puffy little tufts of

white, painted golden yellow on their bottoms!

The golden boy stepped out into his very own, magically golden domain. He

stood tall and slender, naked to the world, and as he walked wonderingly to

the verge of the Tower's porch, the sun's rays caught in his hair, and lit

his face in an aura of brilliant light.

It was a bit chilly out, and he had neglected to don his nightgown.

Goosebumps popped out all over his flest, and he shivered as he stepped

over to the edge of the ledge.

He took his little piss-hard penis between two fingers, then shivered even

more furiously, and giggled, as he felt the hots stream of his pee spout up

his shaft and out the little slit in his dickhead. His whole body spasmed

uncontrollably for an instant. The golden arc of pee steamed as it hit the

cool morning air, and Wishus played with the little foggy trail he could

create, rising above the stream of pee. He twiddled his two fingers just

slightly, making the stream whip up and down, shooting its own condensation

trail. The relief in his bladder, and the tingle along his penis, made him

spasm yet again.

"Feels soooooo gooooood," he crooned, then looked down between his legs, as

the piss stream trickled to an end. Still playing, he pumped his fingers

along his urethra, milking his sfaft of the remaining drops, and wildly

splattering them all around.

"Wha ....!" He squealed suddenly, in alarm. As if by magic, the soft skin

covering his dick head no longer resisted the backward pull of his fingers,

and his virgin, lightly plum-colored glans was suddenly bare to his view

for the first time in his life! For a moment he thought there was

something wrong, that he had injured himself. Had he pumped too hard on

his penis last night?

The panic started to subside, but he felt his heartbeat pounding in his

chest. With trembling fingers he slowly, gently pulled his foreskin back

even more. It swelled easily over the flared ridge of his glans, and

plopped back. Tentatively, with one index finger, he felt the spongy

flesh. It was so soft! And a little wet. It glistened in the sunlight.

He shivered again, this time more from delight than the physical sensation,

and smiled. Now with finger and thumb, he felt the head again, pressing it

a bit, testing how deliciously soft and sensitive this reddish bulb on the

end of his peepee was!

No reason to worry, he thought. Teg's skin pulled back too, and he had

seemed to like it when Wishus had probed beneath the foreskin to feel the

cushiony, pliable flesh inside.

"Teg!" Wishus said aloud, softly, yet excitedly. "Tonight! Now I have a

new way to remember you, Teg!"

His bladder relieved, yet still fingering his penis, Wishus turned away

from the edge of the ledge. He felt hungry. Really hungry! And cold.

Time to for some breakfast. Then he'd have to go down and find that root

cellar.

He walked over to the pile of cans he had saved from the burning cabin. He

had even fished some out of the charred ruins. They were blackened, and on

a couple of the cans, the seams around the edge seemed to be broken, but he

figured he'd need all he could find before Teg returned. They didn't look

very appetizing however, so he picked one of the unburnt cans. First, a

fire!

As Wishus went about setting a new morning routine, all alone, he felt

good. Refreshed. Excited! Last night he had proved it. And now this

morning he had discovered something new and wonderful about himself! He

looked down wonderingly at his penis again, and fingered it idly, letting

his reddish glans peek out. He was going to make it. Everything was going

to be fine. He'd be just fine, waiting here for Teg.

----------------------

"Another day to be wasted, dammit."

"Why the hell is it so hot, so early in the morning?"

Big John Smalley cursed to himself, mumbling disgustedly.

Sweat made his hat cling uncomfortably to his forehead, and he felt the

unpleasant wetness all around the band.

It didn't help that he had a headache, and his neck and shoulder were still

sore from that bastard who had waylaid him.

Worse still, he sat atop 2000 pounds of hot forse flest, surrounded by the

heat already lifting up from the desert sands.

"Trackless waste," he muttered.

For the hundredth time he asked himself what he was doing here.

Not WHY he was here. That much he was sure of. He was going to kill a

man. But had to find him first.

He had to admit, again for the hundredth time, that he had lost the trail

way back at the last river crossing. Should he have turned south to

Albuquerque, or keep heading east towards Santa Fe?

Trouble was, no one knew who the man was, or where he was headed, before he

took off with Rolan and Metrio.

"Bastard!"

The thought of Rolando brought all the hurt back again.

"Damn!"

This is hopeless, he thought. He wasn't going to find Rolan again this

way. He'd never find him again, period. Unless ....

Unless he could find out who that man was. No one back in Miranda knew.

Or weren't saying. Everyone had been unusually uncooperative all of a

sudden, back there.

Well, he had lots of time to work over the worthy citizens of Miranda.

Now how about the man who had bushwacked him?

Wasn't going to find out where he was headed, so .... Wonder where he came

from .... Probably the Black Mountain trail into Miranda ....

Viciously, jerking the bit back in his horse's mouth, Big John pulled

around.

There was more than one way to make that man pay.

----------------------

We awoke entwined, little boy legs resting warm atop mine, the gentle grip

of their small fingers pressing so softly into the flesh of my arms, where

each had grasped me and held on through the night. Their warm breaths were

feather light against my arms.

I was sorry to disturb their angelic repose, but there was no way to slip

out from the blankets without awakening them, as I had so easily done the

morning before.

Time to rise and get back on the trail, time to leave behind another wild

glade where I had shared such intimate moments with these boys.

I stretched carefully, not quite ready to disturb them, and felt my penis

start to grow and throb, attempting to rise off my belly, against the

resistance of the blankets. It suddenly struck me that I had not cum last

night, being lost the entire time in the far greater pleasure, and need, to

touch, to caress, to kiss, lick, suck ... to penetrate ... to SERVE these

boys' pleasure. I had not cum, but I felt a more lasting and meaningful

satiation, spiritually, than I would have, had I simply spilled my seed

uselessly on the ground, or even on one of their brown bodies.

I closed my eyes and imagined being with my Wishus. I would not spill my

seed uselessly with him! He had drank my cum, declaring that he wanted me

inside him. I would have no need to pleasure him with that wooden phallus.

I would fill him with my own, and pump my sperm deep inside him ....

Demetrio stirred on my right, and I felt him sit up abruptly. I opened my

eyes to find him grinning from ear to ear, just staring at me, one hand

rubbing the sleep from his eyes. His busted lip was fast healing, and he

didn't even wince.

The blanket slipped from his naked form, and he sat there outlined by the

glow of the rising sun. The delicacy and smallness of his form was even

more clearly outlined for me. Narrow shoulders that were dwarfed by my

hands, as I reached out and pulled him onto my chest. He giggled as I

walked my finger tips quickly up and down his ribcage, on both sides,

trilling musical notes as I did so, as if his ribs were piano keys.

Rolando moved on my other side, and he too sat up, just more slowly and

gracefully, his burnished features washed by the direct rays of the sun.

Lazily, his eyes still mostly closed, he raised one hand to gather the long

strands of his hair that fell over his face. His lips were pursed together

loosely, and I heard him breathing deeply though his nose.

His brows rose high, as if trying to draw his eyelids up, against the dead

weight of sleep. With languid grace, he leaned his body over and propped

himself up on one stiff arm, his hand resting on the blanket. His hair

just flowed down in a stream to the blankets, as perfect and smooth as if

just combed.

I followed the lines of his perfectly sculpted chest, down, down, past his

little flat belly, to his pubis. His little penis was soft and propped up

between his closed thights. Just a rounded half bubble of one testicle was

pushed up from between his legs too.

Again I felt the stirring in my own penis, and that pent-up feeling in my

own balls. It crossed my mind that I might get my release this morning,

instead of waiting till tonight, at our next campsite.

Demetrio said something in Spanish to his brother. Rolando responded or

rather croaked, as if his vocal chords weren't yet awake either.

Matter-of-factly he translated. "He say ... last night makes him very,

very hungry, meester. What do we have to eat this morning?"

My cock was reaching full stand quickly, with me feeling one boy so close

against my chest, and staring at the inviting little penis peeking up

between the other boy's legs. What was the best way to let them know that

I ....

Demetrio's question must have hit a chord with Rolando, because he suddenly

stretched, and started to rise, saying, "Me too ... meester. Can we eat

now?"

I saw his eyes wander to the saddlebags, wondering what goodies were there

inside them.

I sucked my breath in raggedly, trying to steady the sexual tension I felt

building within me. It seemed like I would have to wait for tonight. Oh,

I could see right now, this was going to be a long day! I shook my head,

and silently laughed at myself. A few days ago I would have given years of

my life for but one chance to be with a boy, and now here I was

anticipating my third night of sexual play with two boys!

----------------------

For the umpteenth time today, Rolando swung the boys' horse off to the side

a bit and briefly peered back at me through the sheer veil of his ebony

tresses. It was almost a surreptitious glance, the way he did it. Or

would have been, if it weren't so obvious.

He had been quiet, lost in thought throughout the whole day, and I wasn't

sure he was even conscious that he looked back so often. Checking up on

me. It seemed like an almost involuntary act, unthinking, a subconscious

accompiment to his brooding thoughts.

His eye weren't vacant, yet they somehow did not directly focus on me. I

got the impression that just seeing my form there behind them, was

reassurance enough.

None of that anger or resentment that I had sensed, mistakenly, on our

first day on the trail. Also none of the liveliness and easy-going

companionship of yesterday.

For the umpteenth time I chuckled inwardly, wondering what he was thinking,

quite certain by now that this boy was mix of emotions, attitudes, hopes

... and demands ... that I could not quickly fathom, or predict.

Yet, he was a boy. Was it so difficult to understand what a boy in his

situation wanted and needed? This boy, in particular? Security for

himself and the little brother he held in front of him on the saddle.

Beyond security, some caring devotion. Love. Perhaps a father's strong

arms ... and a lover's.

Some semblance of security they had had, with the brute Big John. Some

form of caring, of love ... or need, and desire. I could not countencance

the thought that a man who would beat a boy, could offer love.

Wasn't that what Rolando had sought in my blankets, the last two nights?

More than the sex that he had learned to crave and yearn for. He wanted my

assurance of a father's love, and more - that of HIS man.!

For the umpteenth time this day, as I dwelt on these thoughts, my pulse

rose, along with my penis. I rode with a boy - two boys - who wanted to

share with me all the joys that a father and his sons might know ... and

all the joys that only a man and his boy could know!

I felt that Rolando and I had reached an understanding last night, and I no

longer feared his advances. This evening could not come soon enough for

me.

----------------------

I stood tall over my blankets, dropped my longjohns in a heap atop my

saddle, and stretched up to the sky. Naked as a jay-bird. The cool

evening air was like a tonic, revitalizing my weary muscles.

Watching the boys strip right alongside me did wonders for the muscle

between my legs, too! My arms were stretched up, my fingers were reaching

for the wispy cluds, but my penis jutted straight out, so hard and long

that my foreskin had pulled all the way back from my glans, without me even

touching it.

My eyes were the only other part of my anatomy not straining upwards. No

way I would exchange heavenly vistas for boy bodies!

It was a dry camp tonight, with no chance to explore Demetrio's little body

while washing him, so I rushed through supper, scoured the dishes clean,

and suggested we all hit the blankets early.

Thank goodness Rolando carried their blankets over next to mine, on either

side of me, just like the night before.

"Your mama said we have to touch bare skin, to keep warm - so bare skin it

is, boys!" I joked as I quickly stripped.

Oh, I was already hard, but seeing both boys start to toss their clothes

aside, revealing more and more of their sweet, smooth flesh, must have

added another inch to my seven inch shaft!

The tip of my glans was already wet with precum. God, I wanted these boys

bad! Which first?! Should I just go ahead and lead, or should I let

Rolando set the pace as he had the two previous nights?

I gulped and gasped audibly, feeling feverish and tense, as I brought my

arms down and stood watching as two little brown dicks flopped into view.

I just had to have little Demetrio's cocklet in my mouth again, and then

Rolando's too! I wanted to make both boys sing out their pleasure, and if

Rolando wanted help again with the wooden phallus, I knew exactly how he

liked it now. Then ... oh, I didn't care how it happened, just so it did

... dare I ask Rolando to suck me? Or could I get little Metrio to wrap

both of his diminutive hands around my shaft and pump me? It didn't

matter, so long as I could cum!

"You look ready for a boy, meester," Rolando said, as if reading my mind.

"Yes! And I have two ...." I started to respond, too hastily, in a voice

already rasping and hoarse with my lust.

"Your dick wants your boy, no?" Rolando continued.

"Oh yes!" I smiled. The thought of Wishus did nothing to curb my

anticipation. Would that I could make love with him tonight, but offering

up my love for these boys, wasn't I paying homage to MY boy!?

I felt no guilt in that thought. I was beyond all that now. My seed was

for Wishus. Only he would ever receive my seed. Until then, I would

gladly, freely, openly worship at the altar of BOY!

You've read one too many classical authors, Teglin, I chided myself - but

none too harshly. This was truly the way I felt about Wishus and these two

boys with me now.

"Yes, Rolando," I looked into his upraised eyes, and smiled seeing that

same far away look there, just as he had seemed to peer beyond me time and

again all day. So, this was what he had been ruminating about! My dear

Wishus! Me. Wishus. A man, his boy. "My dick definitely wants my boy,

Rolando. It definitely wants Wishus."

I wondered if he wanted to hear more about my love. "You want me to

... aaaaaahhhhhhhh!"

Even as I spoke, I saw his eyes narrow suddenly, and focus. His lips were

pursed, still reflecting his deep thought. Purposefully, almost

reverently, he slowly lowered his gaze and reached out with both his hands

to gently cup my long, heavy shaft! The shock of his tender touch, on the

sensitive underside of my penis, made me weak at my knees. I involuntarily

reached out and placed one hand on each boy's shoulder, to steady myself.

I gaped down at my jutting cock in awe. It was one of the most erotic

images I could ever have imagined! Demetrio, seeing his brother gently

hefting my shaft, reached out with both his hands, likewise! All four of

their little hands, side by side beneath my tool, did not span it's length!

My blood swollen glans, bared, almost flaming red, with a nearly

transparent drop of pre-cum forming at the slit of my urethra, dwarfed

little Metrio's hands.

Their bronzed brown flesh formed a bed on which my white shaft rested,

pulsating, alive. They held me lightly, fingers at one moment

outstretched, then so softly, with a feather touch, I could feel all twenty

of their little finger tips underneath me. I swear I could feel the lines

in their palms, with each tiny motion of their hands. They held me

tenderly, lovingly, as if offering up a treasure to the gods.

"Whhhhhhhhhhhhh ..." I drew in my breath tensely, as Rolando suddenly

removed his left hand and brought the tip of his index finger to the slit

in the end of my dickhead. He let the clear fluid there slide onto his

finger, then pressed his thumb to it and started slowly sliding it around.

"This is ... only for Wishus, meester?" he said softly. His voice was not

flutelike, as was that of Wishus, but sweet, with the quality of a far away

bell, high, melodious. "That's what you said. You will only fuck your

boy, Wishus."

"Yes," I managed a whisper, hardly yet allowing myself to breathe.

"You love him so much." It was a statement, not a question, but I answered

anyway. I must breathe now, to answer that statement!

"Yes!" Oh, the power of a boy, that he had me standing at attention before

him, to bear witness to the power of another boy over me!

Rolando paused for what seemed like minutes, staring at his fingers where

he still swirled my cum between his fingers. Demetrio stood silently, as

always following his big brother's lead.

When Rolando looked up, I saw small tears trickling so slowly down from his

eyes.

"Hold me, meester?" He broke the silence, but just barely.

"Of course.." I uttered, as he gently, so softly wrapped both his hands

around my penis and started to pull me down to the blankets with him.

I would have been shocked and dismayed by his tears, but I sensed in his

look that he wasn't sad! Was it ... relief ... that I saw there in his

eyes?

He released his hold on my penis, and grasped my left arm just as softly,

resting his head against it even before we could crouch all the way to the

ground. I saw that Demetrio was standing still, looking at us with some

bewilderment. I quickly fumbled with the blankets to make sure I could

draw them over us all, then reached out to pull Demetrio to my other side.

In mere seconds, I had both boys lying beside me again. They both snuggled

close in to me, under the warm blankets, and squirmed into comfortable

positions.

I felt the warmth of Rolando's tears on my arm, but he seemed so calm. He

sniffled a bit.

'What you do with us, meester?" he finally whispered. There was no hint of

fear, or worry in his tone. He was just ... asking.

Trust, I thought. I had gained this boy's trust.

I knew he wasn't talking about tonight. This wasn't about sex, this

evening. He wanted the bigger picture. "I'm going to find a home for you,

Rolando, where you both will have all you need. Everything from an

education, to food, clothing ... and ... someone who loves you."

"But not like you love ... Wishus, huh meester?"

"I ... I don't know ... about that, Rolando ...."

"You will not keep us with you?"

"I will keep you with me, if we do not find a better home for you," I said,

and I meant it. I already had some ideas on this. My friend in

Elizabethtown had a good home and would be a wonderful father to these

boys. He would have none of the prejudice against Mexicans, that some

would. If that did not work, I could call on my parents, back East.

There was another long silence.

"You like me, meester?"

"Of course, I like you, Rolando."

"You know where I came from ... what I did with Big John, just to ...."

"None of that matters, Rolando. No, no! Yes, it really does matter,

actually. I admire you all the more, son, for doing what you ... had to

do, to take care of Demetrio ...."

"But I ... what about the other, meester ... you know ... I wanted ... I

needed what Big John gave me ...."

How could I tell him what that meant to me, as a boylover?

"It makes ..." I started to deny once again that it mattered to me. Once

again I had to catch myself, because it did matter very much to me.

"Rolando ... how do I say this ... did you ever .... When you made love

with Big John ... did you ever hurt anyone by it?"

"No."

"How did it make you feel, to have him ... inside you?"

He didn't answer immediately, but I felt an added pressure on my arm, as

his emotion made him tighten his grip on me. "From the very first time,

meester," he began solemnly, speaking every word very clearly, "I wanted

it. I never felt so ... complete ... so good, and right ... as when he

fuck me. I didn't love Big John, but when he fuck me I wanted to love him.

I did want to love him! What he gave me then, I wanted to ...."

He fell silent, as I felt his whole body shiver. He held me now tightly,

and pressed his cheek into my arm.

Finally, he continued. "But ... I am a boy. Wasn't it wrong for me to be

his ... woman? To dress like his girl? To be his cunt?"

For the second time in less than a week, I struggled to find the words to

tell a boy that what he felt was different than what some others would

feel, yes, but what he felt was a positive good.

"Rolando ... for all time, as far back as we have records of it, there have

been boys ... perhaps most boys, certainly SPECIAL boys, who need a

... special man. Just for them. A man they can share everything with

... didn't you feel like that , when Big John was inside you ...."

"Yes! I wanted so much to give him ... but ...."

"Big John was not the right man for you, Rolando. No, I ... I can't say if

you will find your man ... but I do know you were only doing, only feeling,

the best within you, son. I believe you are a very lucky boy to have these

feelings. You were not Big John's woman. You wanted to give him more, but

he was unworthy of what you could have given. You wanted to be his lover,

HIS BOY."

I stopped, wondering if I had said it right for him, hoping, wishing that I

could express in words just how wonderful it could be for a boy to find his

man, for a man to find his boy. Did he understand? I closed my eyes in

prayer, that he would.

Then I felt his answer. He had understood! He lifted his cheek from my

arm momentarily, and I felt his lips press softly there, just briefly,

before he turned his head back again to rest against my arm.

Tears again. Mine this time. He had kissed me in the same spot that

Wishus had kissed me out in the meadow, where we played base ball. Another

moment in time, when I could tell myself confidently, 'you done good,

Teglin.'

His breathing became so regular, and the silence went on so long, that I

thought Rolando had joined his little brother in sleep. At some point, I

realized that through it all, through the questions and the tears, I had

remained hard! I had not orgasmed, and now I knew I would not this night,

yet I felt so good, satisfied. I was a man, and had done good for a boy.

Two boys. Three boys! Your job for tonight is finished, Teglin, I

thought, and just as quickly I felt my erection begin to subside.

"Meester ...?" Rolando broke the silence again, now sounding a bit drowsy.

"Ye ... yes, Rolan?"

"Meester, tomorrow you cut my hair."

"Uh ... alright ... son, I will do that," and as I wondered about it, it

suddenly seemed so right. Of course, he wanted it cut. No longer Big

John's girl. Just Rolando, the boy.

"You get me boy clothes too?"

I chuckled softly, "Yes sweetie. Tomorrow you get clothes for the

wonderful, beautiful, special boy that you are."

----------------------

"You make me very happy, Meester," Rolando said out of the blue, as he

slowly scrubbed lather into his now much shorter hair. What a sight he

was, both his arms up high, and he still had that habit of lifting up on

his tippy-toes occasionally, as he washed! Standing just a couple of feet

away, helping him bathe, was like a dream. I looked down, from his soapy

head to his water-slicked chest and tummy, following the water trail as it

funnelled naturally into his pubis, and trickled like a tiny little

waterfall off the tip of his little brown cocklet!

I almost answered, 'you make me very happy too! Just letting me stand here

ladling warm water over your perfect body!'

Instead, I scooped more water from the bucket sitting by the fire, and

slowly trickled it over his head, helping him rinse the lather from his

hair and eyes. "Why is that, Rolan?" I asked simply. I glanced over at

Demetrio, who had already taken his shower bath, and was sun-drying,

swinging his legs idly from his perch on the bole of a fallen tree, just a

few feet away.

We were less than a day out of Elizabethtown, and I wanted the boys to look

their best when Bill Sanders first saw them. Not that Rolando could ever

look other than gorgeous, no matter how long since his last bath, what he

wore, how short he cut his hair, or any other possible variation on

boy-god.

"You're still hard, meester! You are still hard, and ... I cut my hair, I

wear boy clothes, and you ... you still want me, don't you!"

So he did notice! I thought to myself wryly. Three days without sex,

after he taught me to expect it the first two nights, and I was beginning

to wonder if I had not been obvious enough! Strutting around, with Little

Teglin rising to every occasion. Every occasion including when Rolando so

much as breathed!

"I want you more than ever, sweetie! You didn't doubt your beauty just

because you cut your hair, did you?"

"Mama make me grow my hair long. She knew how to make a man want ...."

"Uh ... Rolando?" I interrupted him. "Let me tell you something. You're

mama was no doubt a wonderful woman, but she was a woman! I'll wager it

takes a man, or perhaps another boy, to appreciate the true beauty of a

boy! You have never looked better, and your pants ... well, your pants let

every man see all of your charms! That dress just covered you up. No one

will mistake you for a girl now, for sure!"

"Thank you, meester ...," he said softly, and looked up at me, canting his

head up almost sheepishly. He smiled tentatively, almost speculatively,

and once again, just like the evening, three nights ago, when he brought

out the wooden phallus, and showed his need for it, his brow pursed a bit.

His eyes narrowed a bit, and I saw his chest start to rise more quickly

with something building inside him.

"Meester, I see you been hard for three days, and you did not even jack off

at night, did you?" He knew the answer, since he and Demetrio had been

with me twenty-four hours a day, and we had slept each night in each others

arms. Having had my own shower bath, I too was naked, and of course my

tool was standing out erect from my body.

"No, I was just ...."

"You were just waiting for me. You want me, but you did not take me. You

give me time."

I poured the rest of the warm water over his head, slowly. He blinked, but

did not lower his eyes. There was desire there, but none of the

calculation. We both knew where we stood with each other, now.

He grinned more broadly, but with a seductive tilt of his head. Suddenly

he reached out, as I lowered the ladle, and with both hands took the ladle

from me, and dropped it to the ground. He pulled my hand down, down,

making me stoop. My brow furrowed, as I sought his eyes, to figure out his

intentions, then I looked down where he was pulling my hand. To his little

penis! Now erect!

He said something to Demetrio in Spanish, something, something 'aqui', at

the very instant he placed my fingers on his dick. I did sense Demetrio

jumping off the log, but didn't take my eyes of my prize!

It was hot! Even wet, I felt his blood pumping into his little three-inch

long tool. I gently pulled the foreskin back, revealing his engorged

glans, almost purplish against the rich brown of his skin. I started to

bend my knees, I wanted his dick in my mouth, finally! Once again!

"Oh no!" he admonished me, as he reached out and forcefully took hold of my

own jutting penis! Using it like a handle, he made me stand again, and

giggled. "You just stand there, Meester." He ordered.

He was like a whirlwind, all of a sudden, when he let go of my prick.

Quickly he dried himself with the old dress, that we had all been using as

a towel. I watched in delight as he twirled and twisted and bent, giving

me glimpses of his dark brown anus when his buttocks parted a bit, of his

sleek, long legs, when he ran the cloth down each of them. I felt I might

cum just watching him. Even in his haste, every motion of his hands and

fingers, every pose he took, was naturally fluid and graceful. Once again

I wanted a painter, to capture his lines for all time!

His long hair had always lent him an aura of mystery, as it fell this way

or that, ever veiling one part of his body or another, always hinting,

allowing glimpses only, of hidden treasures that one could only know by

becoming his lover. Now that those luxuriant tresses were shorn, I

regretted their loss, the loss of that seductive allure which had been a

constant source of excitement and arousal. Nevertheless, my arousal was

hardly less constant now that he wore his hair like Demetrio's, just

falling long enough to cover his ears and midway down his neck.. How could

I be any less aroused, when now I could see every nuance of his graceful

motion? Now that I was granted the right to see what before only his lover

could.

He hastily dried his hair, then threw the dress aside and looked up at me

again, smiling coyly, and took a step closer.

"You have been very, very patient, Meester. I think you need a reward for

that."

With that, he reached for my cock again. This time he used it to pull me

along with him. I followed willingly, as he drew me bodily to where our

blankets were already spread.

He stopped, facing me, and briefly played with my dick, cooing all the

while, like he had a new toy . He tilted his head to the side, and pursed

his lips, as if throwing my dickhead a kiss.

I had held back so long that his touch had me close already. My breath was

already starting to come raggedly, but I stood as still as I could, letting

Rolando control my every move.

Again he wrapped his fingers firmly around the shaft, below the glans, but

this time he pulled me down. I followed like his willing slave, mirroring

his motions as he first knelt to one knee, then both.

His tongue protruded from his lips, and he slowly wet them, then with his

eyes glued to my penis, he scootched close to me, and sat back on his

ankles. He leaned forward. Without further ceremony, he opened his mouth

wide and took in the tip of my penis between his lips. The warm, moist

touch of his lips, and his pointed tongue already probing my slit, made me

feel feint. He moaned, "mmmmm", savoring my taste. I watched through

hooded eyes, as he slowly leaned in more and let my whole dickhead glide

all the way into his mouth.

His tongue roamed all over my glans, one moment pointed, pressing in, the

next flat, and slippery with his saliva. With his lips forming a tight

ring, just behind the rim of my glans, he started teasing me with his

tongue, slipping it here and there between his tight lips and my tumescent

flesh. It felt so delicious! Each separate lick along my shaft was

evidence of Rolando's courtesan-like skills. His mother must have schooled

him well! Instead of one overwhelming buildup of sensation in my dick, I

was treated to stabs of ecstacy, first along one side of my shaft, then

another, then below, directly on my frenum!

Rolando did not pump me at all, he made no jacking motion with his hands,

still wrapped around my shaft. There was no need! By the third, firm,

probing lick of my frenum I could hold back no longer, and cried out,

throwing my head back, bucking my mid-section towards him, driving my shaft

deep into his mouth. As I felt my glans flatten against his throat, my

testicles seemed to spasm up into me, and my cum started spurting into him!

I fell forward a bid, as if whiplashed, and steadied myself with my hands

on his back, holding him to me. I felt him gag, as my cum spurted again,

and again, so I loosenedd my hold and let him start to back away. He drew

back, and let my penis slide free of his mouth, but then used his hands to

direct my still spurting cum onto his face.

It was the most lascivious sight in all my experince, a wanton display of

his desire to please me, as he let my semen splatter his nose, his cheeks,

and chin. Dribbles of cum overflowed from his mouth. He wasn't swallowing

it. He looked up at me and grinned, then put his right hand to his mouth,

and pushed all my cum out into his palm.

"Demetrio, mismo!" he ordered.

My other little boy had evidently been a silent, and patient witness to the

sucking. I now realized he was standing close, as he held out the wooden

phallus.

"Can I, meester?" Rolando asked me, as he took the phallus and motioned his

hand filled with my sperm towards the shaft of the wooden dick. It already

looked slick with the cream that Demetrio must have applied to it, so it

was not the lubricating effect of my cum that Rolando wanted.

"I ... Rolan ...!" I stammered, wanting so much to give in to this boy's

every desire, but even in my fevered state, I knew that he wanted now to

fuck himself again, with my sperm lubricating his fake phallus. Even if he

could not have me inside him, did he so desperately want my seed? But

... that was for Wishus, and Wishus alone!

He saw the reluctance, the shock, in my expression, "Ahh, I see, meester.

This is truly only for your boy, huh?" he smiled, not in the least upset

with my reaction. "You mean what you say, don't you, meester. You tell

the truth."

"Rolan ... I ...," still dumbstruck, I just could not work my way through

this maze. Was there such depth to this boy's every action? In truth, he

was right. In truth, I did mean it when I said my seed was only for

Wishus. In truth, I did mean it when I said I would take care of Rolando

and Demetrio.

This twelve year old boy had the power to carry me to heights where I could

soar, he uplifted me bodily and spiritually. He was so much more than a

trained prostitute. More than a skilled courtesan. So much more even than

a boy in need.

"What ... are you ...?" I asked him aloud, letting my thoughts surface.

He seemed to understand, not even hesitating in his answer. "Just a boy,

meester. You take care of me and Metrio. We trust you, now. Completely."

He smiled at me again, then lowered his hand to the edge of the blanket and

wiped my cum there. Then he reached up to his face, and started wiping the

dripping cum away there too. I reached out to his cheek, and helped him.

"I need love too, meester," he said next, lifting the long wooden phallus

up. His smiled softened, as he focussed on the instrument. "You give me

one kind of love, and I will find the other. But for now, you help me

again, meester. It's been three long days for me too. I need to feel

... this ... inside me, again!"

"Do you ... miss ... Big John ... Rolando?" I asked stupidly.

"No. I want this in me because I need it. I have to have it, meester.

There's someone out there for me, meester. You will help me find him, I

know you will. This will be him, someday! Now, hurry, please!" He leaned

forward on the blanket, resting his free hand on it, propping himself up,

lifting his butt up, and held the phallus back along his side. He waved it

urgently, impatiently.

I regained my senses, and hastened to reposition myself, crawling quickly

to kneel behind his uprasied buttocks now. I took the phallus from him,

without even looking at it. My eyes were glued to his bared and open

buttocks, with the smooth, lighter colored brown of his crack running down

to the darkened ring of his anus.

I felt my on penis harden again, bare moments after coming. The sight of

Rolando, in this position, with both his hands on the blanket now, his back

parallel to the ground, his head hanging down and waving from side to side

in his urgencly, made me flush with the desire to please him now, to

service him. I felt the adrenalin flowing within me.

"Quickly now!" he called back to me. I could hear the desperation in his

pleading tone, the need.

"Which ... which way, Rolan," I asked, still so naive about how to use the

instrument to his greatest pleasure.

"Like you are fucking me, mister! Put it in quick. I'm ready for it! I

want to feel him all the way in me! Deep in me. Now!"

I positioned the head of the wooden penis to Rolando's anus quickly, and

noticed how his own little penis hung down between his legs limply,

dangling in time with his balls, with his every motion. He must have been

so centered in his desire to be penetrated that he had lost his erection.

I pushed in immediately, obeying his command.

I felt him pushing back, and the wooden glans glided inside the boy easily.

His back stiffened and his head raised. I heard him gasp for breath, then

hold it in. I paused, thinking to let him get used to the sensation, but

in quick, breathy gasps, he commanded me to "Push. Push! Push!"

With both my hands on the huge balls of the phallus, I pushed in deeper,

feeling only light resistance as Rolando's passageway accepted the

intruder. He moaned, as the dick penetrated to his special spot. Would

Wishus have that special spot? I wondered.

Deeper and deeper, I pushed, till fully six or seven inches of the ten-inch

phallus were inside the boy. The resistance seemed to grow suddenly, so I

stopped. The silence, and stillness, was utter and complete. Demetrio

stood stock still in front of Rolando. I kneeled behind him, entranced by

the thought of the carved glans of the mighty phallus buried deep within

the willing boy's bowels. He was motionless for an instant. I couldn't

even hear him breathe.

"Fuck me," he whispered, a rasping plea. I saw that his arms were rigid,

and that he had grasped the blanket with his fists. His knuckles were

white with the tension. "Fuck me!" he pleaded, louder.

I swallowed, realizing that I had frozen in position too, awaiting his

reaction. Starting slowly, I pulled the phallus out a couple of inches,

watching as the rim of his anus, which had slipped inward, along with the

penetration of the phallus, now pulled out. Even through the dark, bronzed

complexion of his skin, I could see that his anus was reddening, straining

to grasp the full circumference the tool, straining to pull it back inside

him, even as I pulled it out. Then, I pushed.

"Oh, yeessssss!" he moaned. He again tried to push back as I pushed the

phallus in, but now the phallus within him was in control, and his body

lurched forward with it as I buried it again, almost seven inches deep

within him.

"Faster, meester!" he pleaded.

So I quickened my pace, first withdrawing, then pushing the shaft in again,

out, in, out, in. Feeling his whole body surrender to the pistoning

action, I unconsciously started pumping my body too. I was kneeling still,

but erect from the knees up. My dick was ramrod stiff. It had to be! It

mimmicked the virility of the perpetually hard wooden tool.

I thrilled to every moan and gasp that Rolando uttered, as I helped him

regain the feeling that he obviously did not want to live without. I was

filling him, driving the phallus into him. His man, vicariously,

symbolically. I started to imagine doing this for real, with my Wishus.

Replacing the wooden tool with my own flesh, driving into him, hearing his

moans and gasps of pleasure, of want, of need!

I released one hand from the phallus, and hooked it around Rolando's hip,

helping to pull his weakening body back with each stroke of the fucking.

It was Wishus' hot flesh, that I felt! The tips of my fingers came into

contact with Rolando's dangling penis. It was Wishus' penis that I started

to stroke, pulling it, carressing it, making it harden too! I began to

jack him off, timing each stroke with the plunging of my phallus deep into

him! He uttered a strangled, almost piteous, cry of overwhelming ecstasy.

His cry released my love in full measure. I knew he wanted me to fill him

with my seed. I felt my phallus pumping, pumping, within him. Even as I

came deep inside him, I felt his body suddenly tense rigidly, forcing me to

stop fucking into him as the sensations exploded within him, and he cried

out now full-throated, screaming his joy for all to hear.

Almost by itself, I felt the wooden phallus start to withdraw from its

sheath, so I eased it out, lovingly, carefully, now holding Rolando up with

my other hand. He might have feinted in his orgasm, from all I could tell.

His arms had collapsed, and his head lolled limply on the blankets, his

glistening black hair hiding his face from me.

His anus remained open, spasming slightly, as if feeling a sudden void

within, and wanting the phallus back within him. I noticed droplets of cum

on his buttocks, and looked down in amaze at my own now softening penis.

Semen dangled from my glans. Had I cum too? Had the mere thought of

making love with my own Wishus made me cum too?

As I lowered Rolando lovingly and gently to the blankets, I closed my eyes,

and imagined my dear Wishus. Oh, if only he could feel my love, right now.

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Wishus sat back against the sun-warmed rock wall of his Tower, and released

his raw and tingling penis. He laughed. It was the third time today he

had jacked off. He found himself playing with his peepee all the time now,

ever since he had discovered that he could pull his foreskin back from his

bulbous glans.

Nothing felt so good to him as those moments when he felt the electrifying

tension building up within him, centered around his peepee and his little

balls, but seemingly everywhere, all at once! It was his one source of

pleasure now, releasing him momentarily from the constant longing he felt

for Teg to return. He endured each day stoically. There was plenty of

food so far, so he wasn't hungry. The weather was good, so he had not been

cold. But he wondered if a boy could die of loneliness.

Only when he jacked off, like Teg had taught him, did he feel ok. For a

while. At those moments of intense sensations, he could imagine Teg with

him so close, touching him, kissing him. Oh, just being WITH him!

So his hand wandered often to his penis. Today, he was feeling especially

... naughty ... experimental. Most times he jacked off, he probed his anus

with his other hand, but today he had suddenly thought ... what if he could

put something else, besides his finger in there?! Would it feel better, if

it were bigger ... longer?

He looked down beside him, and idly fingered his collection of possible

finger substitutes. He hadn't had the courage to actually use one yet, but

he wanted to! If it felt so good to have his finger in there, rubbing, and

pumping in and out, why wouldn't it feel even better with this smooth,

hardened corn cob he had fetched from the cellar? Or the brush handle?

He picked up the brush and began polishing its smooth ivory handle idly,

with the fabric of his nightgown. It was certainly longer than his finger.

And certainly bigger around! Twice as big around. Would it even fit

inside him? It was smooth, and the end was rounded. About six inches

long? Hey, just a little shorter than Teg's peepee, when it got all hard

and long!

Wishus stopped polishing, and just stared at the brush handle, feeling

suddenly all tingly inside again, but this time in his chest. His breath

suddenly came faster, and he felt a flush rise to redden his cheeks. It

was smaller than Teg's peepee, but not that much. If he could get the

brush handle inside him when he jacked off, what about ...?

But ... but ... would Teg put his thing there? What if ... what if he

could lay back now, and ... what if Teg crawled over him and ... he raised

his legs and ....

Wishus closed his eyes, imagining such a moment. Tears formed in the

corners of his eyes. Why couldn't it happen, now! All he wanted was for

Teg to be here now! If he were here, would he ... do it?

Wishus lay down on the on the warm porch of his Shaman's Tower, and pulled

his night gown up to his waist. He rolled his hips, giving himself access

to his butt, and cautiously slid the smooth end of the brush handle along

his butt crack. It was slightly cold, at least cooler than his flesh, but

felt good. As he positioned the tip right on his anus, and lifted the

handle, to hold it straight out from his hole, his other hand sought his

once again erect penis.

He closed his eyes, starting his now familiar ritual, pulling his foreskin

back off his glans, then letting it slide back, just the beginning of that

feeling that he knew would build in his peepee. It was Teg's hand he

always imagined there. He would show Teg his newfound glans, and let Teg

slide the soft skin back and forth over it. Teg would know when to start

making the motion more rhythmic, longer, rubbing his entire peepee. Would

Teg put his big peepee back there? Would he push in?

Wishus slowly rotated the handle of the brush, just pushing in slightly,

imagining Teg hovering over him. Wondering, dreaming ... would this be

something Teg would do for him? He had been planning to tell Teg about

using his finger there, and how good it felt, but now ... was it possible,

what he was thinking about now? Would Teg do this for him ...?

Wishus allowed himself to dream it. As the tip of the brush handle pushed

just inside his tightly stretched anal ring, he sighed, loving the feeling.

It was Teg over him now, it was Teg gently fingering his glans, and it WAS

Teg ... filling him ....

Chapter 5

We got into Elizabethtown by midday, and worked our way through mud-slick

streets -- runoff from the hydraulic blast mines that were tearing at the

gullies above town. It had `future ghost town' stamped all over it, with

false-fronted stores, more than one restaurant in a tent, and little sign

of any municipal planning. A boom-town, it seemed. Destined to wash or

blow away, as soon as the mines ran dry.

We found directions to my friend's house. It was situated near the

outskirts of the rough town, in an area obviously claimed by the more well-

to-do. Professionals like Bill, engineers perhaps, or mine owners, who had

either made it rich, or at least insisted on some pretense that Elizabethtown

was home. No picket fences, with green lawns, to be sure, but at least

Sanders home was a substantial, Mexican styled hacienda, presenting an

adobe facade and arched entry way, situated right on the dirt track. The

archway led into a small courtyard. At a glance, we could see stables to one

side, probably a kitchen and servants quarters directly ahead, and to the

right, no doubt Sanders living area. That section had some narrow flower

beds hugging the wall, and a lattice-sided porch, with climbing roses.

A small, wizened old Mexican came out from the stable. I suspect he had

seen it all, in his many years, because he gave Demetrio and Rolando barely

a glance of surprise, and said simply "Buenas dias, Senor", to me.

Perhaps out of habit, the boys started to follow the old man, when we

dismounted and he took the reins, then started towards the stables. I was

about to call them back, when out from the residence burst Bill Sanders,

shouting out a greeting. That stopped them, and I gathered them to me,

one on either side.

Bill was smiling, with that off-hand, non-challant manner I was so used to,

when I first looked up. Then instantly he blanched, and a mask fell over his

face, when he saw the two little boys I had in tow. I hadn't considered how

startled he might be, to see Rolando and Demetrio, after just having lost his

Joey.

I had never seen Bill so ... nervous, uneasy. And suddenly, so

unexpectedly reserved. Not even when I visited him at the time of his

wife's funeral, and noted how withdrawn he was from his own son, Joey.

Awkwardly he extended his hand to me, and in a voice hoarse with nervous

tension, he said, "Welcome ... Teg." Even more awkwardly, he came

closer and we embraced. I noticed his hesitant glance at Rolando, on my

left. A fleeting glance, as if he were afraid to let his eyes rest on the boy's

features. And then another, as if his eyes were like a moth drawn to a

flame.

Bill quickly regained his composure, and looked me square in the eye, with

his arms outstretched on my shoulders, "I can't thank you enough for

answering my call, Teg. I've been worried sick about Joey, and there's

been nothing I could do but wait ...."

"You knew I'd come, Bill," I said, as we embraced again, in a bear hug.

Then standing back, I got right to business, "Any word from the

authorities?"

"Authorities? Oh ... ah ... no, Teg ... I, ah, couldn't call in ... the ...."

"The hell you say!," I was taken aback. "What do you mean ...."

"Teg!" he interrupted my remonstrance by holding up both his hands, and

shaking his head, his lips so tightly closed that I thought he was about to

cry. The grim look on his face, suddenly ashen, told me he had his reasons.

I supposed I'd soon find out. "I ... I'll tell you all about it, Teg ... ah," he

said, lowering his eyes to the ground, looking afraid, hurt, confused. He

absently scuffed the hardened, adobe-like surface of the courtyard, with his

boot, then suddenly seemed to regain his sense of time and place.

Looking up, he said with forced cheer, and a false smile, "Now, come on in

... here ... Teg, and ... and ...

your boys ... of course ...." He glanced at both the boys, and motioned to

them to step forward. Quickly, nervously, he turned, and stooped to put

one arm firmly around Demetrio's shoulder, to guide him into the house.

He started to do the same for Rolando, but I saw his hand hover hesitantly

over the older boy's shoulder, then draw back. His diffidence surprised

me, because Bill Sanders had always been outgoing. A `slap-on-the-back'

kind of guy. Yet I had noticed the same kind of hesitancy and reserve in

him, when I had gone east for his wife's funeral, and he had seemed unable

or unwilling to even touch his own son. Something about that tragedy, and

this, that made him withdraw from a show of affection?

I followed them up the steps into his house, wondering at the strange news

that the authorities had not been imformed of Joey's kidnapping, and

dismayed at Bill's apparent discomfort with Rolando, at least. I feared

suddenly that I would have to find other accomodations for them. Some

other refuge. The thought of packing them by themselves, on the train, off

to Boston, was daunting. But Wishus had made the trip from the East, by

himself. So I knew they could too. Damn!

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"You just out and out ... lied to me, Bill," I said quietly, twenty minutes

later. I had to draw a breath halfway through saying it, out of sheer,

dumbfounded consternation and disbelief.

My first inclination was anger, but then, if not for Bill's telegram

summoning me, I would never have met my Wishus. So I searched about

for something I could be righteously angry about.

"Now let me get this straight. You hired a ...."

"No, I didn't hire him. He was sent out from Yale. He was studying

engineering ...."

I held up my hand for him to stop, giving myself time to think. Thank

goodness the boys were off somewhere else in the house, probably in the

kitchen, being fed. Bill's housekeeper had started mothering them as soon

as she laid eyes on them. The only bright spot to the last twenty minutes.

When she came in, and I saw that Sanders had a beautiful young Mexican

lady in the house with him as housekeeper, I had jumped to obvious

conclusions, and remarked with a leer, and a knowing nod towards her

retreating form, "I see you're getting along nicely in terms of female

companionship, Bill." He looked taken aback, and immediately blushed,

when I saw that he had sneaked another surreptitious glance at Rolando,

then answered mysteriously, "if ... only that were the case, Teg." He let his

chin fall onto his chest, and continued dejectedly, shaking his head, "If only

that were the case. None of this would have happened."

Not the Bill Sanders I had always known. His glances at Rolando had been

ostensibly furtive, shifty, yet almost unconsciously obvious, as if he had

lost control of his faculties. I could only think that somehow the 12 year

old reminded him of Joey.

He had proceeded to tell me the story. Why I was summoned, what had

happened to Joey. I listened, stunned, disbelieving. Wanting to grow

angry, but only able to grow more confused at the unlikely picture that Bill

painted.

"Ok, now. This Indian -- oh, here's the first lie you told." I held up my

hand, with my index finger up, shaking it at him. "This Indian, rather half-

Indian, was no Comanche renegade, but from one of the civilized tribes,

from a very settled part of Oklahoma Territory. Settled enough that he gets

sent off to Yale!"

"Two!" I held up another finger. "You don't need a tracker. You know

where he comes from! Now God-damnit Bill, what in the living hell did

you need me out here for!" I was getting angry, even knowing that it made

no sense to. Thank goodness he had lied to me. I just could not fathom

my best friend, someone I had known since we were kids back in Boston,

someone whom I had roomed with at Yale, someone I had stood with at his

wedding, and the funeral of his wife -- I could not fathom him lying to me.

"I told you, Teg," Bill answered, still looking down, still shaking his head, as

if in shame. "I ... couldn't ...."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, I heard you. You couldn't just jump on the train at

Raton and make your way over there, because of what Joey might do. Oh

yeah, that's going to take some explaining, Bill. You're his father, damnit!

It was bad enough during the funeral, but now, don't you really care about

Joey? You going to explain to me why you didn't contact the authorities,

and get this half-breed's tail in jail? And get your son back?!" There, I had

a reaon for fuming, finally. Not because I had been dragged over here with

a lie, but because my friend's actions towards his own son's welfare seemed

strange at best, and laggard, even uncaring, at worst.

"What, you can't drag yourself away from your Mexican whore long

enough to go after your own son?" I said the most outrageous thing I could

think of, and immediately regretted it. I burned red, knowing I had done an

injustice to Bill, and to his housekeeper, and even to Rolando and

Demetrio. I had just taken them out of a situation where Rolando had been

kept as a whore, for all practical purposes. I know Bill Sanders was no Big

John Smalley, and I had no right nor reason to cast aspersions on his

housekeeper.

Bill gave me no chance to apologize. He slammed his fist on the table, and

rose swiftly from his chair. Angrily, but without any sign of hate -- just pure

anguish, he yelled, "you don't understand it Teg! And there's no way I can

ever explain it!" Then he collapsed back down in his chair, buried his head

in his hands, and burst out crying.

I stood silently for a moment, still dumbfounded. More dumbfounded!

Then I said through clenched teeth, "I apologize to Mrs. Martinez. I had no

right to say what I did about her. I'm not apologizing to you, however, Bill.

Now, I'm going out to get some supplies that I'll need to get to Joey. You

had better be able to explain all this when I get back."

He didn't even look up as I turned and stomped out. I instructed the old

man in the stable to inform my boys that I would be back soon, then headed

into town.

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The sight that greeted me when I returned several hours later, was certainly

unexpected.

Mrs. Martinez met me at the door, this time, and said Sanders and my boys

were out in the garden. She directed me through, while taking charge of

the items I deposited in the foyer. The house was dead quiet, as it should

have been on a late afternoon, right after siesta time, with foot thick adobe

walls all around. I walked on through the living room, into the study, and

saw Rolando in the gardens, through the screened doorway in the left wall

of the room.

The brightness from outside made the study look dark, but right up against

the wall, next to the door, Bill was standing, as if hiding from the boys out

in the garden. In his apparently total concentration on the scene outside, he

didn't sense my presence at the other doorway, and for some reason, I

stopped dead still and quiet.

Well, I know the reason. Everyone has those flashback experiences, when

they see something, and it passes instantly through their mind, that they've

seen this before, experienced this before, been here before. That's what

happened to me.

Here was Bill Sanders, my closest and most intimate friend since we were

kids back in Boston, through our college days as roommates, and even after

I had left for the West. Standing out of sight from the outside, peering

around the door frame, at Rolando and Demetrio. I instantly saw him, in

my mind, years ago, back in college, standing in the shadows, just back

from our room window, looking out upon some picknicking families on the

mall. Standing so quiet and pensive and intensely watching, as he was now

... with an erection tenting out the front of his pants ... as he was now.

Back then, I had looked out onto the mall myself, and seen boys and girls

playing around their parents, esconcenced on picnic blankets. There were a

couple of coeds standing, talking, nearby, one of them his future wife. The

boys caught my eye, especially one dark-haired munchkin with his shirt off!

I got a hardon myself, then and there, but figured Bill was looking at those

college girls.

I had seen Bill like this once again, years later, after the funeral. Why do

the survivors of a death always gather after the funeral, to talk, eat, laugh,

play? Well, that's what Bill's family was doing in the back lawn of his

house. I walked in on him, so still, peering out onto the lawn at Joey, who

was frolicking with some of his little cousins. He had a hardon again. No

doubt about it. He also had the saddest mask drawn over his features, every

line of his face pinched, his lower lip quivering in his pain. He was plainly

watching Joey's every move, and trying to hold back the tears. I figured he

must be thinking of his dear wife, or of the loss, and that mighty emotion

had triggered his erection.

Strong feelings can do that, I knew. Men, boys, can show more than mere

sexual attraction through the tumescence of their penises. Seeing Bill's

condition that time, I felt ashamed of myself again, because I was growing

hard watching Joey too, as I always did around him, but not out of

overpowering sadness.

But now. This third time. How could I explain what I was seeing? Bill

Sanders, his left hand gripping the door frame, his right creeping slowly

across his pants front, till his fingers reached the ridge of his jutting tool.

His eyes directly upon Rolando, who was sitting on a bench next to a small

fountain, looking like a Roman boy, contemplating the fates, one arm

outstretched to prop his body up, his hand palm-down on the bench, the

other idly, gracefully fingering his still long, ebon tresses. In profile,

Rolando was just stunningly beautiful, with the rays of the sunlight forming

an aura around his whole body, his every delicate feature outlined in perfect

clarity. His face was relaxed, his expressions soft, unself-conscious, at

peace. Bill's face, in contrast, was pinched again, in what could have been

sadness, but could also be ... the kind of deep, burning, almost painful

desire that I felt everytime I saw a boy ... knowing he was not to be mine

... the face of ... desire ....

Things fell into place, suddenly. Bill's erection. His emotion, both now

and in the past, on those other occasions. And now I remembered our

childhood. Neither of us, not once, ever mentioned interest in a girl. Not

once. Yet neither of us showed any interest in other men. I remembered

the day he told me of his plan for the future, how he was determined to

marry ... I remembered the tears in his eyes, as he told me. As if, in

deciding upon a future with a wife, he were denying himself some other,

greater desire. I remembered berating him, after the funeral of his wife,

two weeks after, because he seemed almost afraid to interact with Joey ...

and his response, that I could never know the struggle he was going

through, that I would never understand why he could not be the father he

wanted to be.

It all fell into place. I understood now. Bill Sanders and I had always

shared more than we ever even knew.

"He's ... he's so beautiful, isn't he?" I finally broke the silence, and let him

know that I was present, speaking so softly, reverently. How else could I

speak, when speaking of Rolando?

"Yes, he i ...," Bill started to answer immediately, then realized he was

speaking out loud to me, and not to himself. He staggered back, shocked,

appalled at himself. I read the fear and dismay in his features. He just

looked at me, stunned, not saying anything, his eyes round with fear of

what I would say. Then he stumbled over to his desk, and fell into his

chair, and placed his head down, cupped in his hands.

I felt myself trembling. With the exception of Wishus, Rolando, and

perhaps Demetrio, if he understood it at all, I was about to reveal my

boylove to another person for the first time. To my best friend. To another

boylover. I was certain that was the answer to what Bill had been going

through for years. The answer to all those things I had seen and never

understood about him. I was filled with sadness that we had missed out on

years and years, in which we could have supported and understood each

other, but I was also thrilled that finally I could tell another man about my

love for boys.

From the looks of him, I knew Bill needed this release too.

I stepped into the room, and took up position on the nearer side of the

garden door, standing much as Bill had a few seconds earlier. We were

going to talk about boys. About love for boys. I had one of the most

beautiful, wonderful boys imaginable, right in front of me. I wanted to see

him, as we talked. He would be ... like representing all boys ....

"Bill. Bill, raise your head off the desk," I commanded him, again gently.

"I see what you see. You tell me, if this isn't what you see, when you look

out into your garden, just now."

He's ... your reason for living. He's the air you breathe. The sacred

ground you walk on, because his foot trods there as well. His hair, his

brow, his lips, shoulders, hands ... his being ... are the definition of beauty

in this world. His spirit, his laughter, his sigh ... they are the music that lifts

your soul. He is ... a boy. A boy!"

I paused, wondering at my own ability to encant poetry as prose. Then I

looked again at Rolando, and knew why. Even if Bill Sanders wasn't a

boylover, I was so happy that I had finally spoken the truth. The image of

my beloved Wishus floated into my mind, and I closed my eyes, and sighed,

and smiled.

I heard Bill sobbing quietly, over at his desk. That was answer enough, that

I had hit the mark.

I looked over at him, and saw my own decades long agony portrayed there.

"This explains everything, Bill. I know now what you've been going

through. What happened after Margeret died. Why you distanced yourself

from Joey. Why you were afraid to be a father, when you felt something

much more. It also explains why he ran away."

He raised his head at that, and stared at me wonderingly, through the

remaining tears.

"It also explains why you didn't call in the authorities. This other man, this

Indian, gave Joey what he needed, didn't he. What you would not, because

you were afraid to. Joey went away with him voluntarily, didn't he?"

Bill drew in a long, halting breath, and uttered, "Yes. How did you kn ...."

"Look, Bill," I continued, turning again to look out at Rolando, who was

now leaning over to play with Demetrio, who had some toy on the ground

at the foot of the bench. Their singsong voices wafted into the study. "We

have a lot to talk about."

I turned back to my long-time, but only now understood friend, and sighed

again. "We have to talk about ... boys. Joey, Rolando and Demetrio, and

... boys."

I walked slowly towards his desk, and sat down in the chair on my side of it.

I couldn't see Rolando anymore, but I heard his voice, and that was

enough. I had a boy outside, to remind me of Wishus, and all boys, and I

had my friend across from me, who would understand now.

Bill looked at me in almost stunned silence, his eyes as wide as they could

be, puffy with his tears. I heard his long, stuttering breath again, as my

words soaked in. He was a strong man. As strong-willed and intelligent as

any I had ever known. Strong, but burdened with society's wrongly

imposed shame. We both had some talking to do, to lift the burdens on

both our shoulders.

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By the time Bill and I finished talking, I felt lighter-headed than any other

time in my life. Except when in the presence of Wishus! There were no

holds barred. We talked about our boys, and we talked about boylove. We

talked about the repression and denial of our boylove too, and how this was

now the beginning our new lives.

Well, Wishus was the beginning of my new life, but I know I gave Bill

plenty to think about. I told him about Wishus, and about Rolando.

Everything.

He told me about Joey. His forbidden love for his own son, and the

apparent love Joey had found with his Indian.

We ended when I accepted his mission: to go find Joey and to bring him

back, so that they could repair their broken relationship. They would then

decide how Joey's Indian friend would fit into their lives.

I pressed Bill with a mission too: to make a home for Rolando and

Demetrio. He agreed to think it all over while I got some sleep, before

heading out.

I slept like a log, after the week on the trail, and awoke feeling like every

nerve in my body was fired, ready to get going again. I still had more miles

to go, taking me away from Wishus. How that hurt!

It was late evening, I could tell. I had requested that I be awakened before

ten, so I presumed it was earlier than that. The waning quarter moon cast a

soft light into my bedroom window. I didn't bother to light a lamp, but just

hastily packed all my gear, and towed it out into the main room, where Mrs.

Martinez had my purchases packed and ready.

Now to find out what Bill had decided, and whether I needed to send off a

telegram to my parents, back East, about my two new wards. Then back

onto the trail, to Joey, and my Wishus.

I started to call out, but it almost felt like sacrilege to break the peaceful

spell cast by the moonlight, the quiet, and the cool, still air within the adobe

walls. So instead, I decided to traipse through the house quietly, until I

found Sanders. I figured my boys, hopefully HIS boys, were now soundly

asleep. With a pang, I remembered that it was the first time since I rescued

them, that we had not slept together. It wasn't the sex I regretted. I had

truly come to love these two boys, in all ways. I felt they returned my love,

too.

It was but a few steps across the study, and I was about to push open the

door, when I heard their muted voices. Sanders' low, deep-throated, calm

voice, and the musical tones of boyish voices answering his, with soft

laughter.

I stopped, not wanting to interrupt this. My heart gladdened. Maybe I

wouldn't have to send the boys off, after all?

Through the webbed screen, I saw Bill sitting on the bench, next to the

fountain. Demetrio he held on one knee, and was bouncing him lazily,

rhythmically, holding the boy gently with both arms, his hands clasped over

Metrio's tummy.

I read the scene almost instantly. It was pretty easy, since I had been there,

right where Bill Sanders was now, just a few days ago.

Me talking with Demetrio, Rolando apart, observing ... and putting on a

show. The setting was different. Before, Rolando stood ankle deep in the

river, and lifted his dress up over his head, to reveal his lissome body. His

hair had been so alluring, and served to cloak him in an aura of mystery. A

boy, revealing himself purposefully, seductively, from within the trappings

of a girl. A boy, calling to me, forcing me to gaze entranced upon him,

casting his spell upon me.

Here, in an almost classical courtyard garden, like the atrium of a Roman

Villa, I saw another spell being cast. This time Bill was the silent witness to

Rolando's dance. All the mystery was unveiled now. The boy's long,

sultry hair was shorn. There was nothing to hide his perfect, boyish lines.

Nothing to cloak the delicacy of his narrow, rounded shoulders, nothing to

hide the dimpled line of his backbone, nor the graceful curve of the small of

his back.

I could see that although Bill was holding Demetrio, his whole attention was

on Rolando, who stood next to the fountain. He stood in profile to Bill, his

shirt off -- it was now a wash cloth. He gracefully, slowly dipped it's tail in

the fountain, then brought it to dab at his moonlight-drenched flesh. First

on either side of his neck -- I stood breathless as I saw him once again stand

on his tiptoes as he brought the wet cloth to soothe himself -- he did it with

such unstudied grace, that I suddenly knew he did it unconsciously.

Rolando was so incredibly beautiful, so blessed in his perfection, that even

unconsciously his every motion, his very stance, was a natural expression of

his loveliness.

Yes, I knew that Rolando was doing this purposefully, still plying the

courtesan arts that his mother had taught him, yet I also now knew that he

was so much more than a mere coquette. He was a boy in need, and a boy

with so much love to give. If he could find that love in Bill Sanders, I could

not have been happier for either of them.

Unlike the night when he had first disrobed in front of me, Rolando now

spoke. I saw Bill shudder at the sound of the boy's soft voice. I knew that

feeling too, an almost orgasmic thrill of having a boy-god speak to you,

when his consciousness was so totally attuned to the statuesque vision

before him.

"Meester Teglin has told you about us?" his voice carried softly through the

gurgling of the fountain.

"Yes ... he has. Everything." Bill answered in a hushed, hesitant tone, as

if he were unsure of his right to speak in a god's presence. Demetrio

suddenly sat totally still in Bill's lap, sensing that whenever Rolando spoke

like this, it was important.

"He has told you ... about me? You know what I have ... done with ...."

Rolando's hands stopped in mid-air. I could feel the tension, could sense

the enormity of the question. So he still had those doubts, those fears. He

wasn't totally in control. He was a boy in need, indeed. My heart went out

to him. My blood rushed. Shouldn't I step out there, and assure the boy

that everything would be ok, that ....

"Rolan." Bill's voice was stronger now, deep, still hushed, but taking

command. I braced myself against the door frame, and willed myself to

stand unmoving. "May I ... may I call you, Rolan? It's such a beautiful

name."

He paused, waiting for Rolando's response. The boy turned his head

towards Bill just slightly, and I could see his trembling lips, his attempt to

smile, and to hold back tears. It hardly mattered what Bill would say now.

The tone of his question had said it all. The things Rolando had feared --

ridicule perhaps, condemnation, denial of his needs, denial of his desires ...

rejection -- all were dispelled by Bill's simple affirmation. I could have

rushed out anyway, to kiss Bill myself, I was so overjoyed!

Rolando breathed out a halting, `Yeesss." Then seemed to weaken, then to

lean forward against the rim of the fountain, to brace himself. He dropped

the shirt into the pool. With his right hand he held himself upright, with the

other, he pulled back the hair that had fallen forward to hide his face, and

tucked it behind his ear. I saw the wetness on his cheeks. From tears.

Bill saw them too. He secured his hold on Demetrio with his right arm, and

held his left out to Rolando. "Come ... Rolan. Sit with me. Sit with us."

Rolando sighed again. It seemed like he released all the days of tension and

doubt, with that sigh. Perhaps even months, years of doubt and fear. His

face relaxed, and there was no guile left in him, as he turned towards Bill

and stepped to the bench. He sat down beside the big man, looking now as

innocent and wide-eyed, and HOPEFUL, as any boy could. He scooted

over, near to Bill, almost touching him, as my friend's large, powerful hand

reached out, at first tentatively, to pull the boy to him. It was an important

moment for Bill too. I could see that with that final, firm grasp of his hand

and arm around Rolando's bare body, that he had finally accepted what we

had discussed earlier in the evening - that he could finally accept and

embrace his boylove, that he no longer had to fight it, that he could show

his love for a boy.

Rolando sat half turned, and leaned into Bill's strong body. He wanted to

be hugged, he needed that simple expression of acceptance. Then he

pushed himself back a bit and looked up into Bill's face, "Meester, all me

and ...."

"Now Rolando," Bill interrupted him. "If we're going to ... live together ...

don't you think you should call me ... at least ... Bill?" He paused, then said

a little more hesitantly, hoarsely, "or ... Dad?"

Rolando's eyes went wide again. How well I knew this situation! Here was

one boy who didn't easily give his trust!

He sat there just looking into Bill's eyes for the longest moment, then

nodded just slightly, and gave a slight smile in acquiescence, "Alright Bill ...

Dad."

Bill tightened his grip around Rolando's body, and hugged him again. The

boy let himself meld into the man's bigger form.

I couldn't see his face anymore, but heard him continue. "You know about

me and Metrio, but you are willing to give us a home?"

"Yes," Bill answered without hesitation.

"You do this as a favor to your friend, to Teglin?" Ha! So he did know my

name, after all! The stubborn little scamp.

"I would do pretty much anything for Teg, Rolando, but this isn't one of

them. I want you here. I ...."

"You do this out of pity then, because Teglin, he tells you how we have

nothing."

"Well, that's not quite true, Rolan. With Teg, you have everything you'll

ever need. That's not it at all. I ...."

Bill stopped. I knew what was coming. At least I hoped I did. I had

coached him on this. Had urged him, on this. I knew what Rolando

wanted. What he needed. I also knew what Bill needed, if he were to heal

himself.

"Look, Rolan, this is ... something new ... for me ... being honest about my

feelings, so ... but ... from the moment I saw you, today, I ... wanted you to

... be with me ... Teg has helped me understand my feelings, Rolan. I need

a son - two sons! I need to show my love, I need ... you ... and I believe

I can be the man you want too. The father you need ... and ... more ...

please tell me you'll stay with me. Please tell me, Rolan."

Bill suddenly shifted Demetrio off his knee and stood him on the ground,

then turned on the bench to face Rolando, who was looking up at him

wonderingly. Bill took both of the boy's hands in his, then lifted one to his

lips.

"I'll try to be all that you need and want, Rolan. You may not believe me,

but it's true, that from the moment I saw you I have loved you, like I never

imagined possible in my lifetime! I think I've loved you all my life, and

everything I've ever done has prepared me for this moment ... I've made so

many mistakes, but if you'll take a chance with me ...."

Rolando had sat there, still wide-eyed, genuinely surprised at Bill's

confession. I knew what his answer would be. Bill did to, when the boy

interrupted his speech by leaning forward suddenly and kissing him on the

lips! Just a light tap, but there was such joy on his face as he did it.

Demetrio giggled, as usual a silent, trusting witness to the adventures of his

brother.

For myself, I knew my job was done. What started when I saw Big John

brutally slapping little Demetrio, and when I found Rolando, culminated

here. The boys now had a good home. I was pretty certain also that

Rolando had the man he needed.

I slipped away from the door, leaving them to the rest of their lives. Bill

Sanders would lay with Rolando in the nights to come, and be for him all

that I wanted to be for Wishus.

I strode through the darkened rooms of the house, and finally found Mrs.

Rodriguez in the kitchen. I gave her a message for Bill and the boys, and

said I was heading out immediately. Then I returned to my room, gathered

all my things, and went out to the stable.

The saddle bags were in place, and I was just about to untie the reins to lead

my horse outside, when Bill and the boys came walking into the stable,

hand in hand. I should say 'the boys and Bill', because they were leading

him like dogs on a leash, dragging him hurriedly to find me.

Demetrio released his hand and came rushing up to hug my leg. I laughed,

and bent down and lifted him up, then kissed him all over his face till he

giggled. "You be good, squirt," I said with false jollity. Now I was the one

hoping to contain the tears.

"I don't know what to say, Teg," Bill said solemnly. We looked each other

in the eyes, and held out our hands for a shake. he pulled me in for a bear

hug, then pushed me back. "No man ever had a better friend. I knew you

would find Joey for me ...."

Now he started to choke up!

"I ... never dreamed ... even you could bring such joy to me, though, Teg

...," he trailed off, again grasping both boys around their shoulders and

hugging them to him.

All the while, I could feel Rolando's presence stronger than any other. How

could it be otherwise for any man, much less me, after what he and I had

been through together over the last few days. For some reason, I suddenly

lacked the courage to look directly at him ... till he spoke.

A 12 year old boy, and his soft words commanded both of us men to

silence. But then, both of us loved him. Both of us would worship the

ground he walked on.

"You go now, huh, meester?"

It was instantly silent in the stable. I glanced at his perfect visage, then hung

my head down shyly, feeling awed once again, just as I had so often while

watching, listening, touching, and even making love with him, over the last

few days.

"Guess ... guess so, Rolando," I muttered, scuffling the ground with my

boots. How I wanted to gather him in my arms and thank him for being

part of my life! Thank him for existing! Why I couldn't do it, I don't know.

Damnit, I had done things so intimate with this boy ... yet now I couldn't

look him in the face. What was wrong with me? I had saved him. I had

taken care of him. I had found a new home for him .. found a man for

him, yet I couldn't look him square in the eye right now!

None of us spoke then. I think all four of us were on the verge of tears.

Bill finally cleared his throat, and grabbed the reins and started to lead my

horse out. He grabbed me by the arm and led me out too. Demetrio

grabbed my hand. I felt Rolando following along behind us.

We got outside, and I decided it was time, so I got up into the saddle, and

waved, putting on my brave, tough man mask. No tears for me!

I was about to spur the horse on towards the old man, who had opened the

gate for me, when I heard that magical voice, one last time.

"Hey you!"

Well, that did it. I gripped the saddle horn, hoping not to grow too feint,

and slide out of the saddle.

Through tears, I looked back to see him standing hand in hand with Bill

Sanders. A man and his boy. And what a boy.

His lovely cheeks were wet with tears too. I saw how tightly he gripped

Sanders' hand. But he struggled to smile, a weak, heartfelt little smile, with

trembling red lips. "Teglin!" he called out. "Teg!"

"Yes, Sweet One," I managed to croak out, in answer.

"Gracias, Teg! Te amo."

"I love you, too, dearest. Good bye."

And once again, I turned my horse, and spurred away from a beloved boy.

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Wishus awoke to total silence and near total darkness even in mid-

afternoon, in his Shaman's Tower refuge. The large stone he used to seal

the door was in place, his candles were all burned down to stubs. He hadn't

even wanted to get up from bed this morning, so after peeing, had returned

to the tower to lay lifeless, unmoving in his misery. Periods of fitfull sleep

alternated with mind-numbed consciousness. He had lost count of the days

now ... was it 18, 20?

Almost three weeks. Maybe already three weeks.

He felt so lonely. Even in his sleep. No dream, this time. Nothing to

relieve his complete ... aloneness. If only during his sleep, he could see

Teg, just as he dreamed about him all day long ....

The tightness in his chest, the grip of loneliness around his heart, was more

painful right now than the now constant grip of hunger, in his stomach.

There wasn't much food left. He was now using only one can a day, from

those he had saved from the fire. Couple of charred and swollen cans of

tomatoes, and one of salt pork, which had some kind of mold growing

around the top seal.

Feeling like he was about to cry again, he let his hand creep down to his

lifeless penis. Maybe if he could think other thoughts. Like Teg's kiss ...

Teg holding him close ... the feel of Teg's hand smoothing his brow ...

yeah, if he could jack-off, he'd feel better.

He closed his eyes. Even in the darkness, closing his eyes sometimes

helped him to concentrate on the image of Teg. The images came, but

somehow he couldn't settle on one. They flitted through his consciousness,

as if not strong enough to be real for him. He stroked his limp member,

trying to coax it to hardness. He closed his eyes tighter, but ... all he could

feel was the constriction in his throat ... oh God, how he missed Teg, and

...

"Oh Teg, I'm so alone here. I feel like you'll be riding away from me

forever, and you'll never come back!"

He felt numb. Dead in his penis, dead in his mind. He was losing the

magic ... if Teg didn't return soon ... he just didn't want to live ....

Wishus let his hand fall free of his little cock. His foreskin lay soft and

closed around the glans, his shaft refusing to swell to meet his need.

He turned over on his side, facing the solid rock wall of his tower, and let

the tears stream unchecked down his cheeks, to soak into his blankets.

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Big John kicked the saloon door open and staggered out into the dust-filled

air of Miranda's main street. He didn't care that he had turned his back on

all those yokels inside. There wasn't a spine to be found in this town,

leastways not one brave enough to shoot Big John Smalley in the back.

So, which way? Back to the ranch for supper, and another night of

brooding ... without Rolando? Or finally, off to find the man who had

taken him? How many times over the last week had he stood here, trying

to decide.

Every day he had packed his saddle bags, come to town, gotten drunk, then

returned home.

He took a deep breath, trying to clear his mind.

Not this time. He wouldn't return to an empty house this time. He had to

find that man. Or his place. One way or the other, that bastard had to pay.

He looked off to the west, towards the Black Mountain trail. That's where

he had to go.

-------------------------

Creeeaaaakkkkk ... whack!

My eyes were open even before the door slammed shut. I steeled myself

not to raise my head quickly. People had been going in and out of the

house all day long, slamming the screen door. This one must be in the back

of the house, though, since the sound was a little fainter.

I was cautiously raisng my head to peek through the tall grass at the edge of

the woods surrounding the ranch house, when I heard the scream. A

child's scream. Perhaps a boy's.

Joey?

I hadn't seen him yet, but the trail led here, and so did the directions that

Bill Sanders had given me. Nice, well-kept farm place, two story house,

with a veranda all around it. Well, I hadn't seen the back, but it went

around three sides, anyway. In the `civilized Indian' portion of Oklahoma

Territory. Certainly these people were very prosperous. If Joey were here,

it looked like he wouldn't suffer materially.

Creeeaaaaaak ... bang! The back door again. I was already moving back,

into the woods, so I could make my way around to the back of the house,

when I heard a man's voice, yelling angrily. And the boy's screams again.

The bottom dropped out of my stomach, and I felt fear strike deep in me.

Bill was thinking that Joey went with his ... man, voluntarily. If he did,

were his screams a sign that things had gone awfully wrong?

I had to know. As I scrambled back on all fours, I peered towards the

screams again, and saw a slight figure flit across my field of view, between

the house and a shed, going towards the woods. He was squealing and

screaming continuously, then fell silent as he must have entered the woods.

The man was yelling something like, "I'll get you. You're going to pay for

this."

He too fell silent soon, but as I made it to the woods myself, I heard both

the boy and man yelling farther away. They were not doubt on a trail and

moving fast. Now out of sight from the clearing, I took off as fast as I

could through the thick underbrush, hoping to hit their trail, trying to hold

down the racket as dead branches cracked underneath my feet, my clothes

hung up and ripped free of the clinging thorns of catclaw vines, and

branches whipped free of my grasp as I rushed forward headlong.

The canopy was thick enough to mottle the ground in thick shadows, even

with clear skies and the sun still high up in the afternoon, but I could see

clearly enough above the low undergrowth. Peering towards all the yelling,

I glimpsed the figure of the man as he chased after the boy. They had to be

on a trail, because he was running full stride, and getting farther away from

me quickly.

Instead of following him directly, I veered more to my right. My only

chance to catch up to them before he had time to hurt the boy was to get to

that trail.

I stumbled onto it shortly, but not before I figured they had gained 50 yards

on me, running at full speed. So, with a quick look back up the trail

towards the house, to see if I needed to watch my back, I took off after

them. Seemed like a well travelled trail, though not wide. Certainly not a

road, and not used by horseback.

The forest was mostly post oak, with scattered dogwood. I could see quite

far in it, now that I didn't have to free my feet from catclaw or fight through

hanging branches. The lay of the land was flat, but I could see that up

ahead, it dropped off abruptly. Both the boy and the man had already

disappeared over the lip of the dropoff, but I could hear the boy's piercing

voice yelling in the distance.

As long as I could hear him, I at least knew he was not yet caught, but by

the time I got to the edge of the dropoff, it had been ten, fifteen seconds

since I had heard anything. My fear increased with each passing moment.

I stopped at the top of the bluff. It fell off abruptly, forcing the trail into a

switchback, down to the river bottom - or what might have been the river

bottom hundreds of years ago, since the actual meanering river was some

distance off beyond the treetops that now blocked my view of the rest of

the trail below me.

The bottomlands looked less dense than the forest I had just run through,

and off in the distance, closer to the river, I saw stands of huge, towering

cottonwoods.

The next fiften or twenty seconds were as harried and fraught with danger

as any I've had in my life. Danger for others, not myself, that is. I took off

headlong down the cliff, cutting across the switchback. That was one way

to gain some ground on the boy and his pursuer. Now the trail led off

straight as an arrow for the river, maybe a 100 yards distant.

There, in a cottonwood stand, in a small, parklike clearing shaded by the

riverside giants, I espied the man. He was crouched over the boy, I

guessed, pinning him down. His arms were moving, quickly, perhaps

beating the boy, tying him? I couldn't tell yet, but one way or the other I

was going to put a stop to it. I ran full out to within ten yards or so. The

man's back was to me, and I couldn't see more than than the boy's feet and

a bit of his legs lying flat on the ground.

Not wanting to let the man know I was there, I slowed enough to run just

on the balls of my feet, to make less noise. That's when I heard the boy

giggle.

A giggle!

And his feet twitched, like he were squirming a bit, but he didn't seem to be

struggling.

I stumbled to a stop, no more than ten feet behind the two, and quietly

edged over to the left, behind a fallen log and some undergrowth.

From this vantage I now see that the child is indeed a boy. Indeed, Joey!

Nine years old now? Yes ... a little slighter than my Wishus, shorter by a

couple of inches. Thin and delicate, his mop of dark brown hair splayed

out on the ground. Cute little button nose with his broad forehead. Deep

blue eyes, and the sweetest, very straight set to his lips. My little boy Joey.

Would anyone call Joey beautiful? Or gorgeous? Surely that would be the

immediate reaction upon seeing Wishus. Joey, on the other hand, was just

... all cute boy. Petite. Cuddly. Active. Cute!

Of course I had fallen in love with him several times through the years.

Every time I had visited with his family. Especially the last visit, for the

funeral of his mom. For once he was so quiet, withdrawn, grief-stricken

both by his mom's death and his father's apparent lack of interest. For

once not bouncing from one activity to the next, always at a full run. He

had been so sad and vulnerable. His Dad was aloof, so his `Uncle Teg' was

there for him.

The boy I saw now, lying prone on his back, on the ground, his little form

pinned down by the hulking form of his pursuer, was the same boy I had

held, crying in my lap, just a year ago, toussling his chili bowl hair,

carressing him. The same little boy who had fired my passions on so many

lonely nights back at my ranch. Fantasies of loving Joey had kept me

going, memories of his touch.

He was the boy whose body I had dreamed of exploring, and now here he

was giggling and smiling coyly up at his erstwhile tormentor. I felt my

penis hardening even as I sprawled on it, peering over the log at my little

`nephew.'

At first I could only hear his giggles, the high-pitched trill of his voice, and

the low, deep-throated responses of the man. Had to be Antonio. The

man who had come out to Elizabethtown to work with Bill. The man who

had taken Joey away. Bill had described him just like this. Rather tall, a

big man, for an Indian. Long black hair, now gathered into a ponytail.

Swarthy, but not the deep redish complexion of a full-blooded Indian.

Handsome, forceful, powerful-looking.

He was dressed in a broadcloth evening suit! No coat, but his vest hung

open, to reveal a black cumberbun, and a stiff, white formal shirt, with a

starched color. Well, there had been a congregation of some sorts at the

farm house. I had seen several other formally dressed men enter the house.

Mostly older gentlemen. None of them Indians, as far as I could tell. Joey

too was dressed up. He had on a little evening jacket, a little bow tie, and

apparently was wearing formal, black knickers. His little Sunday shoes

were polished, and he had little white socks pulled up to his knees. Antonio

straddled him over his mid-section, and had his arms pinned down at the

wrists. He was leaning over Joey, leering at him.

So I found myself in the middle of Oklahoma Territory, hiding behind a

log, watching my little Joey and this rather sophisticated and certainly

`civilized' Indian, playing cat and mouse. Joey was certainly enthralled with

the guy. I could see that easily, bu the way he looked up so admiringly at

the man. He smiled sweetly, returning the man's affectionate gaze. I felt a

pang of jealousy.

If he had sat down with all his weight, the man would certainly have

crushed the little boy, but I could see he was straddling Joey lightly,

bouncing up and down with his strong thighs. He was indeed busy, as I

had seen from behind, when I ran up the trail. Now he was teasing Joey,

unbuttoning the boy's shirt, pausing often to joke and laugh.

My breath now more calm, the ringing in my ears silenced, I began to make

out their prattle.

"... and you thought it would be easy to get away, Little Deer!" The man

chided Joey, mockingly.

"Maybe I didn't want to get away. So there!" Joey stuck his tongue out at

Antonio.

"Yeah, then why did you take off running out of the house?"

"Maybe I didn't want to get away ... from you." He said this in a more

hushed voice, but I could hear him clearly enough, and sense the entreaty in

it.

"Oh, and why would that be, Little Deer?" The man said. He had finished

unbuttoning Joey's shirt, and now started removing both jacket and shirt,

gently, carefully. Lovingly. I heard the tell-tale, gravelly hoarseness of

building passion in his voice too.

"Well ... it wasn't any fun in there will all those judges and senators, and

stuff.," Joey pouted.

"No, it wasn't. Why my father insists that the whole household sit in on

those meetings, I can't fathom."

"That old Judge White kept tickling me," Joey said, grimacing.

"Father noticed. He said you two were getting along really well."

"Yeah, well, he was nice. I liked hi ...."

"Oh! Little Deer likes being tickled by old men?!" And with that, Antonio

started in on Joey's armpits, causing the boy to shriek with delight and

laughter. He flailed about under the man's feverish, probing fingers. He

kept begging Antonio to stop.

"Oh? That's not what you got me out here for?" Antonio teased, when he

paused, keeping his fingers poised just above Joey's bare little chest.

"You know what I got you out here for." Joey said, then pursed his lips

firmly, and stared up at the man sternly.

"And what would that be?"

Joey humped his hips up several times, into the man's straddling crotch.

"You know," he said quietly.

"Hmmmh, I think I understand. Well, as much as I'd like to oblige, I don't

think Little Deer can have that three times in one day! And whenever he

wants it!"

"Why not, Tonio, we don't do it everyday, so ... every once in a while,

let's have a day like this ...." Joey whined, pouting again, acting like he was

about to cry. I could see as well as Antonio, the boy's insistent desire.

His eyes were wide, and he stared up into ... I guess I had to say it ... up

into `his man's' eyes.

"Well, for one thing, we fucked this morning. And again out in the shed

before lunch! And now you want it again, two hours later? I want it as

much as you do, Joey, but this one would take me a lot longer, and Father's

going to want us back, and ...."

Joey struggled to release his hands from being pinned down, and Antonio

let him loose, and leaned back. The boy reached up to Antonio's waistband

and started to unbutton the man's pants.

"Joey ...." Antonio warned, but quite obviously without much conviction.

"I want him in me, now, Tonio. You promised me you would take me

away and make love to me anytime, anyplace, and always be my man,"

Joey admonished in soft tones, continuing to undo Antonio's fly. "Well, I

can't help it if I want you with me all the time. You're the only one I can

count on, Tonio ... and it ... feels so good ...."

He now had Antonio's pants open, and reached in to grasp and pull out the

man's mighty weapon. Mighty it was, too! I was impressed. I almost

gasped. I had worried about penetrating Wishus, with my own seven

inches. Antonio's penis dwarfed Joey's clutching hands! It was easily an

inch longer than my dick, and definitely bigger around. Swarthy, like the

man's complexion, but perhaps a shade darker -- probably due to being

engorged with his impassioned blood. The foresekin almost completely

covered the head, but Joey immediately retracted it, quickly, and Antoinio's

huge, purplish-red glans glistened in the dappled sunlight coming through

the cottonwood canopy.

His huge reddish brown tool, rampant, sticking straight out from his body,

looked so ... savage ... in Joey's small, delicate white hands. He may have

already fucked Joey twice that day, but Antonio was obviously in his prime

-- I saw a drop of pre-cum dangle from the tip of his glans. Joey quickly

caught it, and lovingly smeared it all around the glans. Antonio reared back

his head, at the direct touch of even Joey's little fingers on his engorged

glans, and drew in a loud breath through clenched teeth.

"Oh Joey!" he moaned, then leaned forward, his eyes now flaring wide

open with passion, and lowered his lips to his boy's. Joey let go of

Antonio's penis, and wrapped both hands around the man's head, holding

him, obviously not wanting the kiss to end.

I almost gasped out loud. This is what Wishus and I looked like, when we

kissed!! A little boy, every feature so soft and smooth and tender, laying

beneath the grown man's massive, powerful bulk, dwarfed by him, yet in

that kiss, completed by him. As their lips pressed so tightly, and I saw their

heads move gracefully in the dance of the kiss, I knew immediately what the

result of this trip would be. At least, for Joey. As I saw Joey open his

mouth even wider, and as I saw their tongues duel, as Joey let his man's

larger tongue into his diminutive mouth, I knew they had what I had with

Wishus.

Antonio lifted himself, trying to break the kiss. Joey wouldn't let go for a

moment, and the man lifted the boy's head and shoulders from the ground,

as he rose. Gently, he reached up to pry Joey's hands loose from behind

his head. The boy let go reluctantly, and as Antonio laid him back down

tenderly, he said, "We must hurry, Little Deer. If you really must have me

now!"

"Yes! Please, Tonio. Now." Joey pleaded, laying prone still, looking so

helpless and vulnerable. Such a little boy, and he was begging the man to

make love to him!

I watched, thinking whether I should interrupt them now? I had to talk with

Joey. I had to confirm the decision I had already made. I couldn't just

walk away from this. On the other hand, how could I interrupt a boy and

his man, making love?! This was what I lived for. This was what I

dreamed about with Wishus. Should I pull back? Leave them alone to their

sacred union? Dare I watch, as I so much wanted to, just to witness the

man's huge instrument pierce into Joey's tiny body!?

It was so easy to just lay there, so hard to even contemplate leaving. So I

stayed.

Antonio wasted no time asquiescing to Joey's plea. He scooted back off

the boy's mid-section quickly, and started unbuckling his knickers, then

jiggered them down off his hips. Before I had time to blink, my little Joey's

boy cock sprang free, so small, so sweet looking, and so hard! Centered in

the creamy white flesh of his pubis. I could clearly see the outline of his

coronal ridge, underneath his foreskin. The covering was stretched taut,

and barely enclosed his glans. He looked so virgin, yet plainly, from their

talk, he and Antonio had been fucking for quite some time now, and he was

capable of taking his man inside him often. Three times a day!? I

wondered immediately if he had unhooded his glans yet.

Antonio was like a madman now, jerking at Joey's pants, sliding them all

the way off, over the boy's shoes. Joey lay there naked, on the bare

ground, but for his shoes and socks. His body was even more lovely than I

had ever dreamed. The soft, boyish contours that I had dreamed of

caressing, were now bared for another man's loving touch. My jealousy

was gone, however. I just stared and marvelled a the beauty of a boy!

Such a small, precious, little boy, perhaps only 6o pounds, maybe 4'5". He

would barely come up to Antonio's stomach, if they were standing. Yet the

two were in love, and would consummate their love before my very eyes.

Joyous love for Joey spilled out from my heart -- I just felt like surrounding

him with it. I felt like going up to Antonio, and wrapping him in my arms

too, to thank him for saving Joey from his desperate loss, and neglect.

Joey's lover groaned, gutterally, animal-like, and lunged forward,

separating Joey's legs. Quickly he walked forward on his knees, and then

hasitly bent to roll Joey bodily from side to side, spreading the boy's jacket

so that his tender flesh would not be wounded by the rough ground as they

fucked. All the while his huge penis jutted out from the open slash of his

own pants. He looked almost comical in his formal attire, with his dick

protruding rudely, but oh so magnificently!

Quickly, he dropped down on one forearm, his face above Joey's crotch,

and without ceremony he devoured the little boy's dick. He sucked it in his

mouth loudly and with his left hand free, started caressing and fondling the

boy everywhere, ranging from his hardening, tiny little nipples, down his

sides, to find his little balls and knead them. Then madly, feverishly back

up his body to his neck, his chest, his tummy!

Joey began to thrust up into Antonio's mouth, and a low, continuous,

almost vibrating sound emanated from the boy's throat. Like a purr! Joey

had his head back, whipping from side to side, his Adam's apple protruding

up in the arch of his narrow neck, his shoulders alternately, with no pattern,

rising and smacking back onto his jacket. His legs were taut and straight,

seemingly hardened into steel-like appendages. His feet stiffened in his

shoes, pointing them, as if his toes curled painfully inward towards his

soles. Antonio was in a hurry, but he certainly knew how to make my little

Joey's body sing! He pumped up and down on Joy's two-inch little prick

like the madman he was. Temporarily insane with lust for his boy, with

desire for his boy to feel this pleasure.

Joey was like an animal in heat. He must have been thinking about this

moment, planning for it, hoping for it, because it was just moments before I

knew he was about to cum. He jerked his arms out straight, just as tense as

were his legs, and began to clutch at the ground, trying to find a purchase

for his fingers. Failing that, he reached down to grab two handfulls of

Antonio's hair, and held on for life.

"Joey! Brother!"

It was a woman's voice, calling from up the trail. It sounded like she was

still up at the top of the bluff. I heard it and it wracked me with shock.

Joey and Antonio heard it too. The man's head shot off Joey's cocklet like

one of those rockets that Wellington used at Waterloo, and he looked about

wildly, to see who it was. Joey lay back as if dazed, his little penis now

abandoned, but glistening wet and slightly reddish from the sucking. He

either had just been robbed on the brink of his orgasm, or had just started it.

I watched as his whole body froze, and wondered for a second if he were

still breathing. His eyes were wide open, but staring off into the sky. Then

he gasped, gulping in the air, and shook his head with a look of dismay, as

Antonio called out to him in panic,. "Get up Joey, Molly's coming!"

He reached down and grasped Joeys hand and jerked him up to his feet.

Joey whined his disappointment, and quickly grasped his little dick and

started pumping it. "Joey!" Antonio hissed, then laughted. "No time for

that! Molly will see you. Us!"

He started jerking up Joey's clothing from the ground and throwing it at the

boy. Wordlessly, but both giggling now, they got him dressed. Antonio

was brushing dirt from Joey's jacket, when the boy laughed again and

pointed down at the man's crotch. Antonio's once rampant tool was now

hanging limply from the opening in his pants, with precum dripping from its

still half-swollen glans.

It hung there, dark and flaccid, still thick and powerful looking, yet rather

pitiful, compared to its mighty stand of just a moment ago. They both

laughed, as Joey reached out and started stuffing it unceremoniously back

inside Antonio's pants, then fumbled, as if panic-stricken, with the buttons.

Antonio stood there laughing through the whole operation, lovingly

caressing his boy's head.

I suddenly thought about my own position. Would someone coming down

the trail be able to see me? I pulled myself into a position along the log,

fairly well masked by low growth.

When I looked up again, the two were brushing dirt and twigs from each

other. Their giggling was interrupted when the woman called out again,

"So there you are, I figured as much." She carried herself more like a

queen walking down a carpeted runway, rather than the dirt and leaf-strewn

pathway.

She was dressed in matronly fashion - perhaps the woman of this obviously

very well-to-do house, yet she was more clearly of native blood than her

brother. Her complexion was darker, and she had more distinctive features.

"We were just ...."

"I know. You two can't keep your hands off each other," she shook her

head reproachfully, placing her hands on her hips and observing the two

standing now somewhat embarrassed before her. I sensed no outrage or

condemnation in her bearing. It was more like she were saying, "you two

rascals."

"However, if Father thinks it's a match made in heaven, then who am I to

complain. Come on, you two. Father is definitely NOT happy that you

have been gone so long, Tonio." She held out her hands to them, and they

all started back up the path. Joey smiled at her, and let her shake him

gently by the neck, as he and Antonio walked with her hand in hand.

I just lay back, and tried to gather my senses. I had found Joey. Now what

to do about it?

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Taking my time in following the three back to the ranch house, I had plenty

to think on.

In spite of witnessing the very obvious love between Joey and Antonio, and

knowing that I had to make a decision about what would happen now,

seeing him again after so long brought back so many memories. With the

memories came some doubts.

At the time of the funeral, I was able to help take the little boy's mind off

the tragedy of his mother's passing, and to some extent I even kept him

from brooding about his own father's seeming lack of care. We rode

horseback, went swimming in the river, played yard games. Just spent time

together. He was briefly happy. As any boy should be.

If I left him here with the man he loved, would he lose the opportunity to

just be that little boy again? How ironic. I could ask the same question

about Wishus. Yet not for a single instant did I consider NOT going back

to my beloved Wishus.

Joey was different, though. He had a father who was a good man. Bill was

also a different man now, than the one Joey had run away from. I felt he

would be loving and attentive again, no longer burdened with his doubts.

Did Joey need his Indian friend, when he would have his own father back?

The very questions sickened me, even as I asked them. I was bidden by my

dear friend to bring his son back, or to make sure he was safe and secure.

That was a sacred task.

YET I WAS BIDDEN BY THE LOVE I HAD WITNESSED, to leave

these two alone. Joey and Antonio apparently had exactly the kind of love

that Wishus and I had. It was a positive good in Joey's life, as with Wishus.

Denying the love of a man and a boy would be simply evil. I could not do

that.

What could I do? What would I do?

Night was falling by the time I took up position again at the edge of the

forest. There was a cool breeze in the air, which lulled me into a troubled

sleep. Images flitted through my dreams, of Wishus. I was back in his

valley, but could not get to him. Someone was keeping us apart. We

should be together, but someone was denying us our right. I could see him,

but every time I tried to speak to him, someone took him farther away ....

I awoke to the nearly pitch-black darkness of a moonless night. I awoke to

certainty. I had to speak to Joey now, tonight. And I had to get started

back to Wishus now, tonight.

The house guests had apparently departed. Their buggies and mounts were

nowhere in sight. The whole compound was silent. I judged it to be

perhaps 9:00 o'clock. Didn't feel like I had slept too much longer than that.

No dogs, thankfully. So I simply rose to stand against the nearest tree

trunk, then scouted out the best approach. Over near the back of the house,

where the trail to the river began, I could cut the distance to the house in

half, by hugging the walls of the shed. Then it would have to be an open

shot to the house. So be it.

Five minutes later, I stood on the veranda, that indeed surrounded all four

sides of the house. Inching along, avoiding any tell-tale patterns in the

squeaks and creaks of the flooring, I started checking rooms. Halfway

around, I found him. I knew instantly, when I heard him muttering! Either

he was talking to himself, or he was talking in his sleep. "Dad ... going with

Tonio ...."

I slipped inside the open window, into the pitch-dark room. Across, against

the far wall, I could make out his bed. Now, if I could just wake him

without startling him ....

A light appeared suddenly at the crack beneath the door, near the foot of

the bed. The doornob started to turn with a low, low screach. Quickly I

stepped back to hug the wall.

It was Antonio, wearing a nightgown and stockings. He came in quickly,

and was careful to latch the door quietly, then put the lamp on a table at the

foot of the bed. Without pausing he lifted his nightgown up and up,

revealing his naked body underneath, his huge dick already rising,

hardening. His body was hairless, as I had heard most Indians are, but for

the patch of dark hair around his cock. He looked magnificent, his light,

coppery-colored skin reflecting like oil in the yellow lamplight. With his

hair now hanging loose, I thought suddenly, that this was what Rolando

might look like years from now.

It was a sad thought, piercing. Reminding me of the inevitable passage of

time. Boys must grow into men. In the years still to come, I wanted to be

there for Wishus. There was no time to waste. Feeling every nerve in my

body, every muscle, straining to get back to my boy, my senses were on

fire. I wanted to rush out of the shadows right now, get Antonio out of the

room, and finally talk with Joey ... yet, I knew I was about to witness

something sacred. I had to see it!

Antonio lifted Joey's covers. The boy was naked too! Waiting. Ready.

The lines of his small body glowed in the lamplight. I could see his golden-

hued white flesh, from his shoulders down to his narrow hips. The covers

crossed his body diagonally, just below his breast down to his pubis. His

little cocklet was still hidden, but the soft mound of his pubis made me

almost groan out loud with desire.

Antonio sat gently on the mattress, and leaned over to kiss his darling

awake. Joey's eyes fluttered, with the first touch of Antonio's lips, then

suddenly Joey was wide-awake. Gracefully, but quickly, he slid his hands

up Antonio's bare sides, up across his shoulders, to lock behind his head,

and pulled him in for a deeper kiss. Still holding the kiss, Antonio slowly

repositioned himself, pushing Joey's covers all the way off, and vaulting

hmlself over the boy's reclining form, so that they could lie together,

touching flesh to flesh, from head to Joey's little curled up toes.

"You ... finally came ...," Joey whispered, through kisses.

"Father kept us ... too long, dearest. Im sorry. But you got ... some sleep

... at least."

"Ummm ... knowing you, I'll need that rest ...," Joey said as he reached

down blindly to grasp Antonio's now stiff cock. It lay dark and powerful

against the light flesh of the boy's thigh. Joey caressed and squeezed it,

then started to rub it side to side across his smooth skin.

"Arrrhhhh ... I want you ... now, Joey!"

Antonio started to gather his knees up, and reached down to part Joey's

legs, so that he could reposition himself between them. Suddenly Joey

broke their kiss, and like a snake quickly pulled himself free. He stood

quickly and crossed the room to a set of shelves.

"Why did you ... ohhhh ...," Antonio started to ask, surprised, but then his

question trailed off.

Joey's little bottom jiggled as he stood on his tiptoes and retrieved a box.

Quite a large, wooden box. He turned and carried it wordlessly back across

to the bed, and deposited it on the floor, then reached in and withdrew a

length of rope. Looked like soft, white, curtain chord, about a half-inch in

diameter. Silently, now looking almost solemn, Joey held the chord out to

Antonio, who was reclining still, half-propped up on an elbow.

"You ... want it that way, Little One?" he asked, huskily.

Joey didn't answer. He just gestured with the rope again, holding it out for

Antonio. How beautiful he was. Totally naked, the front and near side of

his body lit all golden by the lamp, and his back dark and soft. His little dick

jutted out stiffly, showing that whatever he had in mind, aroused him in

anticipation.

"Why do you want it that way?"

"You showed me, Tonio," the boy responded quietly. I could hear an

urgency in his tone, however. His voice rose slightly, pleading.

"But just once, for fun, dearest. I was telling a story. I didn't expect you

...."

"I like it, Tonio. Please?"

The urgency in Joey's voice obviously surprised Antonio. "I ... sense

something ... different, this time," he said.

Joey looked down, and said more quietly, but still with that trace of

urgency, or need, in his voice. "It ... It makes me feel special, ok? Like

you'll never let me go, Tonio."

"Ahhh." Antonio answered, just as solemly now. He sat up on the edge of

the bed, then cupped one hand under Joey's chin and lifted his face, so that

he could look the boy in his eyes. "You know ... we don't have to do this.

I'll always be here for you, dearest. I'll never let you out of my life."

Joey didn't answer. He just pushed the rope out again.

Antonio smiled softly, and brushed Joey's cheek with his fingers. "If this is

what you want, dearest, of course I'll do it." He stood up, his rock-hard

cock bobbing up and down just below Joey's chin. "Now you lay down,

honey, and I'll start."

Joey did as his man bade him, and lay there on the bed, unmoving, his arms

by his sides, his legs straight, in complete and conscious readiness.

Tonio climbed across him once again, and knelt beside him on the bed, the

rope in hand. Slowly, in time with a sort of sing-song litany that he began

to utter, he lifted Joey's left leg and bent it at the knee, then lifted farther, so

that Joey's thigh was almost parallel to his torso and his arm.

"Little Deer was an unhappy little boy. He did not like living with his own

people, because they were cruel to him. No one cared for him. So Little

Deer decided to find his way to another village. On the way through the

forest, a powerful young brave from another tribe saw him. The brave was

enchanted., bewitched. He felt he had never seen anyone or anything in

his entire life, so lovely as Little Deer. Exercising his right, and his duty,

the brave captured the boy. As was his duty, too, Little Deer fought and

fought, so the powerful brave tied him with ropes, and carried the boy to

the brave's tribe."

As he told the story, Antonio started to carefully lash Joey's calf, thigh, and

upper arm together, so that they would lay parallel, tightly bound and

immobilized. Joey lay unmoving, accepting the bindings willingly, just

staring intensely up at Antonio's solemn visage.

"Everyone at the brave's village accepted the boy, as a new member of the

tribe. It was the way. The boy was now to be a part of the brave's

household."

Antonio tied off the lashing with a gentle tug. I could see that the ropes

were tightly bound around Joey's little limbs, leaving little bulges around the

lashings. He then shifted across Joey's body, and proceeded to repeat the

process. I didn't know how to feel about all this. My little Joey was laying

there, looking like a helpless fawn, indeed, while a man was tying him into

complete, utter, submission.

"Little Deer cried and cried, for day after day, living with the new tribe,"

Antonio droned on as he started to lift up Joey's left leg, and fold it against

the boy's body.

"His captor kept the boy tied most of the time, to prevent his escape. The

brave was desperate to keep Little Deer from escaping, because he had

fallen in love with the boy."

Antonio paused, before starting to tie Joey's left leg and arm. Lightly he

stroked Joey's brow and cheek. He looked so lovingly into the boy's eyes,

and I could sense what was passing between them. Joey looked both

forlorn and yet fulfilled, at one and the same time. His face was pinched

with sadness, as if he were living the role of Little Deer, but there was

something else in his expression. The wide open eyes, filled with need; just

the trace of a weak smile, as he submitted willingly, wantonly, to Antonio's

bindings.

Antonio continued with the lashings, and resumed his story. "Every waking

moment he talked to Little Deer, and served Little Deer, hoping that

through kindness and love, he could sway the boy, and get him to stay

willingly."

With both legs pulled up and now securely tied, Joey's bottom was raised

high, his cheeks parted, and his little anus was stretched wide open to view.

I stood transfixed at the sight, feeling almost as if I were bound too, Joey's

beauty, his desire, his submission to his lover, all combined to fascinate and

thrill me. I could not have interrupted the two lovers now even if I had

wanted to. I could see that his sphincter was reddish, and slightly swollen

around the edges. More like Rolando's well-used bottom, than Demetrio's

virgin hole. Perfect proof of what Joey and Antonio meant to each other,

even if their every glance and touch didn't tell me the same, already.

I began to smell Joey's private scent. Perhaps my imagination leant strength

to the sensation. It was heady, intoxicating. This boy was offering

everything he had to his man. There was nothing the two did not share.

No secret, no private touch or sight ... or scent ... reserved for someone

else.

"Finally after many weeks, the boy agreed that he would never run away,

because of the love and care that the powerful brave had given him so

freely. The ropes and bindings were no longer needed, he said, because the

brave had bound their spirits together so tightly."

Antonio finished the second set of bindings, then again brushed Joey's

brow, and ran his hands soothingly up and down the boy's legs. Joey's

limbs were growing pinkish, reddish, with the constricted flow of his blood.

"The brave and Little Deer became lovers, and remained so till the end of

time. Once every year, the powerful brave would tie Little Deer with the

ropes, and bind him, and make love to him, to symbolize the true ties that

kept them always together."

At this, Antonio leaned down to kiss Joey's receptive lips. When he lifted

his head, Joey said, "My hands, Antonio."

"Oh, Little Deer, but doesn't that hurt, when I get on top?"

"A little. But I want it, Tonio."

"You are mine, forever, you know," the man said, as he fished for another

length of rope from the box, then knelt down below Joey's upturned

bottom, and started lashing the boy's wrists together. "Tied or not, you will

always be with me."

I saw a tear trickle down Joey's nearer cheek. He was crying. Was it in

pain? Again, I started to move, wanting to cry out myself in anguish. Yet

what would I cry for? The loss of his mom? The way his father had

neglected him? The deep longing and need for love, that Antonio had

finally given him?

I froze in place again, remaining in the shadows, trying hard to stifle my

own tears, not wanting to make the slightest noise.

I saw Joey gulp meekly, then he said the one word, "more."

Antonio looked up, non-plussed. "That's not necessary, Joey dear," he said

quickly.

"Do it, Tonio. For me ...."

The man sighed, resigned to carry out his little boy's wishes, and again

slipped off the bed to rummage in the box. He pulled out a wide strap of

black leather, on either end of which were metal loops. To the loops were

tied two old, dark, and cracked leather tie-straps.

"I wish I had never saved this old slave collar," Antonio muttered. "Nor

shown it to you."

"It's what I want, Tonio. Do it for me, ok?"

"For you, Little Deer. If this makes you feel more like mine, then so be it.

I just want you to know that you don't need any of these ropes, or this

collar, to make you mine."

"I do know that, Tonio. I just want it, ok?" Joey pleaded.

"Ok." Tonio cupped the back of Joey's head in one palm and lifted it,

while sliding the strap of leather underneath. He lowered Joey's head, then

pulled the tie-straps through from underneath. One of the loops was larger

than the other, so as he closed the strap around Joey's neck, Antonio

slipped the smaller loop through the larger and pulled the tie-strap through

all the way.

He then secured each tie-strip to either side of the bed frame. Joey was

trussed completely. He could move his head from side to side, and perhaps

with great effort roll his body a bit. He didn't move, however, but just

followed Antonio's every motion with his fawn-like eyes, laying there

completely submissive to his man. It was powerful symbolism indeed, just

seeing it. I felt it too. I sensed what Joey must feel -- a little boy who so

desperately wanted to be loved, and who needed to give, and receive, this

proof that his man would always love, cherish, and possess him.

Antonio's long, hard cock offered more visual proof of the love these two

shared. I felt that too. My own dick was erect, trapped within my pants.

Even as I saw that Antonio's half-bared glans was wet with his pre-cum, I

felt my own oozing to stain my pants leg. He silently stroked his cock, and

collected the pre-cum in his hand, then pushed his foreskin back up over his

glans and gingerly spread the natural lubricant all around his now covered

dickhead. He positioned himself over Joey's upturned bottom.

"Take me ... Tonio," I heard Joey's voice break.

"I will, Little Deer. Now." Antonio uttered solemnly. He leaned forward

and dropped a pool of his own spittle on Joey's raw anus, then slowly, so

lovingly, swirled it around the swollen anal ring with his two middle fingers,

wetting, lubricating every surface. Joey gasped as Antonio's middle finger

dipped into his rectum, and he twisted his whole hand upon it, letting the

pad of his finger lubricate Joey's inner flesh, mixing his spittle with Joey's

own bodily fluids.

Joey seemed to be on the verge of tears. Not of pain, or fear, but of desire

soon to be fulfilled. He strained to lift his head and look up at Antonio, but

the slave collar held him securely. He closed his eyes, then, and lay his

head back. "Take me ... take me ... take me ... take ....," his voice trailed

off into a whisper, then stopped completely as he felt his man position his

dickhead against his little anus.

My eyes flitted from Joey's face, to the incredible sight of that huge 8 inch

tool, descending into the little boys' body. Antonio's massive, muscled,

coppery-colored body dwarfed his little lover's balled-up form. Joey

tensed, but didn't open his eyes, as Antonio used his index finger to push

down on the shaft of his dick, and force his hooded glans into Joey's

opening. Slowly, slowly ... I could just see Antonio's glans baring itself,

entering the boy, as his foreskin was constricted by the anal ring. And then

it was within! Antonio paused, his taut body propped on his hands, on

either side of his boy, his long piston pointing straight down into Joey's tiny

orifice.

Joey sucked in short gasps of air. His anal ring was stretched bloodlessly

white around the girth of Antonio's dick, just below the coronal ridge of his

dick. The entire glans was within Joey's body.

Again the boy tried to move his head up, but this time almost hypnotically,

eyes still closed, as if his head naturally sought to flow forward in reaction

to the plunge of the dick into his body. Again the tight collar forced his

head back, and immobile. Unable to move, he groaned aloud, the sound

coming delayed. It all seemed in slow motion, in a dream sequence.

The scent of their union wafted to me even stronger. The pungent, yet

sweet odor of a boy being fucked!.

Antonio was in his own dreamworld. His eyes were at one moment shut, as

he concentrated on the sensation of his dickhead clamped tight within his

boy's bottom. Then he would open them, and rear back his head, breathe

in deeply, and look lovingly at the boy beneath him.

They had obviously fucked many times, and knew each other's needs well.

Joey seemed to be constricting and releasing his anus consciously, drawing

soft mews from Antonio in response. The man held himself rigid, poised

stiffly, not wanting to plunge deeper until his lover were ready for it.

Suddenly Joey seemed to relax. Even tied and bound into rigid submission,

his muscles had strained to meed the intrusion of his man's cock. Now he

seemd to simply release himself even more totally, into Antonio's control.

He lay his head back, kept his eyes closed, and breathed smoothly now, and

deeply. His hands, held so tightly in clenched fists, loosened, and he spread

them on the bed. With his wrists bound, his forearms were buried under

his back, but he seemed to ignore any pain that might have caused.

It must have been the signal Antonio was waiting for. Without further

hesitation, he let himself fall into his boy, his cock sliding smoothly into

Joey's cavity, till fully four inches were embedded within.

Joey just smiled and groaned again, this time long and sweet. It was like he

had finally, after waiting endlessly, felt what he desired so much. He was

filled. His lover was inside him.

Antonio then began his rhythm. Three inches in, beyond his bulbous

glans, three inches out -- his dick head forever probing within his boy.

Three in, three out. In, out, in out. His motions were smooth and

practiced, seemingly timed to sustain Joey's moans of pleasure. The man

was silent now, but it took only a look at his tensed features to see that he

was feeling excruciating pleaure himself.

"Hhhhoooooooaaa ..." Joey moaned, as Antonio pushed in.

"Hhhoooooooaaa ...," as he withdrew. "Hhhoooooooaaa ...

hhhooooooaaa."

I was entranced by the boy's audible ecstasy, and the visible evidence of

where that ecstasy centered. His balls lay splayed wide within his flattened,

loose ballsac, and his little penis hung soft down along his pubis, neglected

and for once ignored, weaving back and forth idly. It was in his rectum that

his world centered right now. His anus pushed in, then pulled out, always

resisting the motion of his lover's cock. When the tool pushed in, Joey's

flesh was sucked in with it, every nerve ending within his anal ring drawing

attention. When the tool pulled out, the pucker formed around the shaft

anew, and resisted the outward motion. Joey could not use his hands to

keep his lover inside him, but his anus clamped tighter.

Sweat formed on both their brows, and Joey started to move his head from

side to side, in timing with Antonio's thrusts, and his own moans. I

wondered if others in the household might not hear the boy, but from what

Antonio's sister had said, everyone in the household knew what was going

on anyway, and accepted it.

Imperceptibly almost, Antonio started to quicken the pace. As he did so,

his plunge just as imperceptibly deepened. His shaft was now glistening

more than half way to it's root, wet with the slime from within Joey's

bowels. Each withdrawal now pulled out a film of yellowish mucous that

began to accumulate and trickle down the boy's crack, and towards his

balls.

I could literally smell the quickened, more intense pace of their loving. I

was being overwhelmed with sensations -- the sounds of their moaning and

the suctioning of flesh against flesh, the soft slap of Antonio's heavy balls

against Joey's back, the smells, and the very real sight of a 200 pound adult

male impaling a bound and immobilized 65 pound boy on his massive dick.

Here was a bull elk fucking his Little Deer.

Sweat now glistned over both their bodies. What chill there had been in the

room was replaced by the heat of their lust. The flickering yellow glow of

the lamp seemed to flow across their wet bodies, painting the man in his

darker, coppery tones, and the boy in his soft golden hues.

Now the man was plunging in and out in five inch strokes, and the boy was

taking in fully six inches of the man's mighty tool. Joey's body was being

hammered. Tied as he was into a ball, unable to flail about, the entire force

of the thrusts and withdrawals was spent pushing him bodily deep into the

mattress, then springing him back up. He couldn't lift his head, and the tie-

straps kept his neck from bouncing in time with his lower body. I would

have thought it was cruel torture, but one look at his face told me that it was

exquisite torture, if at all. Joey had his mouth open now, breathing in

stentorious breaths, alternatively clenching and unclenching his teeth, or

biting his bottom lip. It was red and inflamed. His hair lay plastered to his

wet brow or sprayed about wildly, as he swung his head from side to side.

When he opened his eyes, they were a feverish, scintillating blue now,

staring up unseeing. Truly all his consciousness was centered in his bowels.

Joey's dick was still soft, but I knew he was cumming. I knew that

everything I had read was true, that a boy could cum just by having his

prostate enraged by his man's plunging dick. Rolando had proved it, and

now Joey. He came just before Antonio. His moans stopped in mid-air,

and his body tightened again, going from flaccid submission to rock hard,

intense spasming, in an instant. I thought he was going to break his bonds,

and that the ancient leather of the slave collar would burst apart. I could see

the straining veins above the collar, and the bulges around the bindings on

his arms and legs seemed suddenly to expand and redden even deeper. It

must have been ten seconds, that he lay in excruciating, unbreathing

rigidity, like that, then just as quickly as it had begun, his orgasm reached its

peak as he finally screamed out incoherently. His fingers dug into the

mattress and seemed to pull the fabric up impossibly. His body convulsed.

It pulsed in waves, forcing his balled-up torso even higher off the bed. It

met the next down thrust from his lover, and Antonio seemed to plunge all

the way into the boy. It looked as if his entire eight inches were impossibly

buried to the hilt inside Joey! He came instantly.

Joey screamed again, feeling the hot spurts of cum inside him. I wondered

if he screamed from pain too. His insides had to be pulverized and

punctured from the intrusion of that massive dick, yet there was no pain in

his expression, just sublime, uninterrupted bliss!

Perhaps sensing that such depth was impossible but at the moment of

climax, Antonio withdrew quickly. Even as he collapsed on the boy, letting

his chest fall forward over Joey, pressing the boy's body down, I saw that

he arched his pelvis up, tensing his thighs, to make sure his dick did not go

so deep again. He gave five or six short, spastic thrusts into Joey's bottom,

grunting loudly with each one, then let himself fall sideways, totally

withdrawing his tool from within the boy. Cum splattered wildly as his

glans sprang free of Joey's anus, with a plop.

Joey was still bound, his bottom still upraised. He could only relax as he

had before, by loosening his tensed muscles, and trying to breathe more

smoothly and deelpy. Before his anus started to close, I could see into the

red tunnel that had accepted his lover's dick.. It gaped, then started to

disappear as the anal ring tightened inexhorably. Sperm mixed with the

yellowish mucous, as it oozed out of Joey's body.

With Antonio in post-climax delirium, I decided it was now or never. I was

sad to interrupt their love-making, but I had to complete my mission. I

drew my gun and stepped out of the darkness to the side of the bed.

Joey saw me first. He was stunned, of course. I think he totally forgot

about the unusual circumstances for a brief moment.

"Who ..." he started to yell out, panicking. Then, "Uncle ... Teg? Is that

you?"

"Yes, Joey, it's me, Teg." I answered quickly, before Antonio hardly had

the sense to become aware of what Joey had said. He opened his eyes, and

started to jump up. I pointed my gun at him, and said quietly, "Just take it

easy, Antonio. I'm not here to hurt anyone, much less Joey."

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"It's ... my uncle Teg ... oh god, you saw everything?" Joey responded,

then suddenly remembered his situation, as I reached out and started

untying his bindings with my free left hand.

I have to give it to Antonio. He was no coward. He hardly blanched. And

he didn't bluster. Calmly, sensing that Joey wasn't frightened, but rather

was embarrassed, he sat up slowly, showing me his hands, and started

untying Joey on the other side.

"Yes, Joey, I saw everything. And we have to talk about it."

"I'm ... s ...ss ... sorry ... a ... a ... about," Joey started to stutter,

as he had last time we met. He had never stuttered before. I guess the

loss of his mom, and the way Bill had neglected him, had done that.

"Joey." I stopped him, forcefully, but gently. "There's no need to be sorry.

I know you love Antonio. I know he loves you. I understand. Now, I'll

holster this gun, and we can talk. You're Dad sent me, of course. I suggest

you two get some clothes on, and we'll sit here and talk.."

-------------------------

An hour later, I left them. They had sat hand in hand, as lovers should, as

we discussed everything that led up to this moment. There were some tears

all around. Sadness at what led to him running away. Joy at what he ran

to. Tears that I shed, for myself and Wishus.

And an agreement. Antonio would take Joey back to New Mexico. Back

to the home Bill Sanders had waiting for him. The new home. One

where Sanders himself understood and accepted their love. One where he

had found his own beloved. Also where Antonio could complete his school

work, in Sanders' employ. No more running and hiding.

I could now return home too. Home. To wherever Wishus happened to be.

Chapter 6

I took the two high steps up into the coach, then turned through the door

into the long aisle, and surveyed the possibilities. Most seats were

empty.

It was hot, and even with most of the windows open, the air was stifling.

I hoped they'd get the train moving quickly.

And keep it moving!

When I left Joey and Tonio, a little less than 36 hours ago, I had 600,

maybe 700 miles to travel back to Wishus, and four days to do it in. I

knew it was impossible. I might kill a few horses trying, but a trip that

long never goes smoothly. Remembering his tears, making cold, white trails

down his pale cheeks, and the helpless fear in his eyes, when we parted, I

couldn't bear to disappoint my boy. I would have indeed tried the

impossible, but a different solution had been brewing in my mind for

several days now.

One good way to get by an insurmountable obstacle. Go around it. So I

nearly rode my horse into the ground going north, instead of west. North

to a railhead, in Kansas. Got to Wichita by the next evening. Had to idle

away 12 seemingly interminable hours waiting for the next train west.

Every minute of that wait, I wondered, was I doing the right thing? If I

had gone the other way, I would at least be doing something!

Oh man, when that train pulled in, I was a bundle of raw nerves. I sprang

up, rushed to oversee the loading of my horse into the stock car, made sure

he would have what he needed to recover from my rough treatment, and then

strode in unnecessary giant steps to the passenger coach.

Now, seeing the insides of the coach, I realized I had more interminable,

idle hours on my hand. This was going to be pure torture.

No boys. That was my first observation, as always in any new situation.

Look for the boys. If there's a boy present, I want to be near him. I

want to see him, hear him, joy of joys - talk with him! Draw strength from

him. Feed upon his spirit to get me through the long hours.

No boy. If anyone saw me, they must have noticed the grim set to my lips,

and the deep intake of my breath.

Hmmh, two days of non-stop chatter and gossip with that schoolmarm-ish

looking lady on the right? I could sit near her for company. No doubt

she'd welcome it too.

I wasn't feeling generous. Nobody was on the southern side. Too much sun,

I supposed. So I strode beyond the schoolmarm, up about three rows, to a

completely empty section, threw my saddle bags down, and sat on the right

side near the window. No one nearer than her, no one to share in my

misery.

The coach lurched, then started silently forward, seemingly detached from

the iron-horse up in the front of the train. I felt just as isolated. I

was jittery, nervous, fearful. I just couldn't let Wishus down!

This was not like me. I'm usually not mean-spirited or nervous. One makes

his choices in life, then lives with them. I had to leave Wishus to go

after Joey. Now I had to make this circuitous, but most likely to succeed,

route back to him. So be it.

Calm down Teg. Your boy will be ok. He IS ok. It won't be a crime if

you're one day late. Or two or three.

Ok. Two full days to go. Twenty-four hours on this train to the Mogollon.

One day in the saddle, back to the Valley. It could be done. It must be

done!

------------------------

Wishus felt his hardness, and the tingling need centered in his groin, even

before he felt the sharp pang of hunger in his stomach.

Oh God! He felt good!

It was morning again! A bright, clear morning, by the looks of it, through

the chink in his rock slab-covered door. Later than he usually awoke. For

some reason he had gotten such a good sleep!

Blindly he swept his palm across the underside of his little dick, then

grasped it and squeezed hard. It resisted with all its blood-filled

tumescent strength. The electric sensations swept through him. He smiled,

breathed deep of the body- warmed air inside his enclosed tower, then

sprang up. He looked down and giggled, watching his little penis flip up

and down wildly for a moment, then coming to rest at attention!

`Ok, I'll take care of you in a minute! Hold on! First we have to get

something to eat. I've never been this hungry!"

He felt the hunger actually feeding his strength, rather than a draining

it, as it had a couple of days ago. He knew the reason. All day

yesterday, he had sat down by the pond, where Teg and he had played. Going

over and over in his head all the possibilities. In the end he was just as

certain as ever he could be, that Teg was on his way here even now. That

it didn't matter whether it was three weeks already, or one day to go, or

two days over! Teg would get here.

He had taken a quick plunge in the cold waters of the pond. That

invigorated his body. He had even caught a fish in the stream! His

fishing pole was burned along with the cabin, and the string, but suddenly

it had dawned on him - why couldn't he wait just where Teg had taught him

to put the hook? Dang if it hadn't worked! He had flipped a very nice

sized trout right out onto the bank.

He made a mess cleaning the fish, and lopping off the head. Then, perhaps

he wasn't going to win any awards for cooking, but the two charred slabs of

white, flaky meat had tasted better than any meal in his life.

He was suddenly just so filled with hope, and he felt so strong and clean.

He had his first erection in two days too! Quickly he had headed back up

to his tower, closed himself into his room, sought the bed, and lost

himself into the familiar dream of making love with his man. A vision of

Teg's mighty penis hovering stiff and potent over his body, was his last

memory of the night, before drifting off to sleep.

One look at his grocery supplies and he knew that this was the day. No way

he was going to go back down to the Valley and wait patiently for another

fish to wander into his hands! He still had the two cans of tomatoes, and

the grimy can of salt pork. All three were destined for his stomach, right

now!

The tomatoes first. Squatting next to the slab of rock that he called his

kitchen, he took one of the swollen cans, and placed his knife point right

on the top. Gingerly he pounded the handle with his balled up fist. Gas

suddenly spewed from the vent. He fell back in alarm. None of the other

food cans had greeted him like that.

He raised one brow in surprise. The smell that wafted to his nose was

sweet! His mouth watered. He hadn't tasted anything really sweet in ages!

Were tomatoes sweet? Not to his recollection. But these apparently were.

Kind of . sickeningly sweet, actually.

Getting back up on the balls of his feet, he started carefully edging

around the lid, to remove it. Halfway around he pried it up, and there was

his feast. Succulent, brownish red globes of tender tomatoes, in a rather

gooey looking juice.

Gingerly he dipped one index finger into the sauce, and brought it to his

tongue. It was indeed sweet. Pretty overpoweringly sweet! A bit pungent

too. He shook his head involuntarily as the scent wafted up into his

nostrils and his sinuses. Not quite the taste of tomatoes, as he

remembered them, but ..

Wishus plunged his fingers back into the can and brought out a dripping

chunk and plopped it directly into his mouth. Food! Forget the taste! It

was food, glorious food. Ravenously he practically sucked the rest of the

can into his gullet, hardly bothering to chew. Just feeling the most

richness, the tangy sweetness, overcoming his senses, filled him with such

inner satisfaction!

Quickly he repeated the whole process and downed the second can completely.

His stomach gurgled. It was a pleasant, fulfilled sort of gurgle however,

but he suspected it meant he was going to have some gas later on! He

giggled again, feeling on top of his world. Teg was on his way back, he

had a full belly - at least it was getting full!

One more can. The salt pork.

He eyed it somewhat more suspiciously. That moldy growth around the lid

had bothered him for several days, but what the heck. He had heard Auntie

one day saying that a little mold never hurt anyone.

He stood up, wondering for a moment - did he really need to eat that can

right now? He arched his back, throwing his hands up in the air, and

stretched. Oh how he felt so good! The sun drenched his body in it's

life-giving rays, but it was still early enough in the morning that it

wasn't too hot.

He could feel his dick growing hard again, as if it was being fed the vital

juices from his newly filled tummy. He fingered it gently, pressing his

hooded glans between the pads of his thumb and middle finger.

Should he? Right here and now? Another jackoff, just standing right here

in the glorious sun, kind of like in thanks for such a good morning?!

Then he felt the rumble in his stomach again. Hmmh. Dick. Stomach.

Dick. Stomach.

Oh what the heck! He could have another great cum right after eating that

pork!

Squatting over his cutting slab again, he examined his last remaining can.

First step, get rid of that mold! He half turned his body, still balancing

on the balls of his feet, and rolled and scraped the edge of the can in the

dirt. He pressed hard, to get it clean. It dug into the dry, packed floor

of his porch, and a chunk of the caked dirt flaked up.

"What's this?" he murmured, espying something buried there in the dirt,

just below the surface. It was rounded, smooth, and had a soft, orangish

color to it. He dug at it, still using the can, then reached for the

knife. Carefully, he pried the object up, and saw that it was a small,

polished stone, about the size of the tip of his little finger, and there

was a hole bored through it. Like a bead, to make a ..

Wishus stopped. He felt stunned. He had just pried up something precious.

He knew it! Something from the Shaman who had once lived here! Something

magical perhaps. Well, at the very least, something priceless because it

did come from whoever used to live here!

He cupped the little polished orb in his palm. The color almost blended

with his flesh, it was so soft in tone! Not quite orange. More like

. like the coral color that he used to see back East. Like the beads made

from the coral, that grew in the ocean off the East Coast! Tenderly, he

brushed it free of all the dirt. Then he wet his thumb, and washed the

little gem. It was perfectly smooth. Polished smooth, of that he had no

doubt. It gleamed softly in the direct sunlight, not reflecting back

glaringly, but soaking in the sunlight, and somehow . oh, he didn't know

how to describe it, but it was just so beautiful. It really must have been

treasured by his Shaman.

Were there more treasures like this buried here? He carefully took the

knife again, and started digging deeper, and all around the spot where he

had found the bead. The earth yielded easily, revealing several more

little globes of color. Some were not coral, but lighter-colored, like

ivory. Each one he pulled out was much like the others. Polished,

rounded, with a hole bored through.

For a necklace, he knew. The Shaman had once wore these beads around his

neck, or his wrist, as a bracelet. Why had he dropped them here? Why had

they lain here through the long years, buried? Why had he found them now?

It was indeed, almost magical. Mysterious. As if he were meant to hold

this can just so, and dig it into the soil just so, just here!

Wishus felt so excited. He forgot all about eating, or even about jacking

off, but as he dug for more of the little stones, his little penis still

stood out hard and erect from his body. He squatted like that for half an

hour, digging and thrilling to the discovery of each of the priceless orbs.

He knew what he had to do. He was going to make a necklace too! He was

going to wear it, and feel all it's magical power. It was like a promise

from the ancient Shaman. Like a wonderful reward for him, to make it

through all the days after the fire, to be here for Teg, when he returned!

------------------------

Two hours closer to Wishus, maybe 24 more to go on this train. I sat like

stone, staring out the window. Feeling aroused.

Feeling guilty.

I was getting closer to him, and images kept flicking into my mind. One

moment I smelt his hair. The next I felt his hand in mine. The next, I

let my tongue rest so lightly against the tip of his tightly puckered

foreskin opening, and tasted him.

I wondered, was I just horny? Was it right that all I could think of now

was his flesh?

The images returned time and again. I fell into them, day dreaming the

minutes away. Each time, I pulled back from the dream, into the real

world, wondering. Was I returning only so I could once again taste my

boy's flesh?

My boy! What did that really mean?

I would return. I would take up residence near the Knight's farm, so that

on occasion I would be in Wishus' presence. So I would always be near, if

he needed me. So on occasion we could . make love.

Would that be enough? For him? For me?

Another hour passed, along with mile after mile of empty prairie lands.

There was nothing to mark the progress, nothing to lend me assurance that I

was truly on my way back to Wishus. Truly going back, for him.

For him. For me? How could I doubt what we had? How could I doubt what I

could offer him? How could I doubt what he meant to me?

Did I doubt?

Time. Like the endless time of this journey. That's what we needed, time

to understand what we would mean to each other.

NO! Forget all that. You already know, Teg! Forget the doubts. Don't

let society's restrictions, or unearned guilt, stand in the way.

Think of his flesh! Revel in thoughts of his flesh!! Realize what his

flesh means, and is.

His hand in mine. Softness. Tenderness. Each small digit unmuscled,

unroughened by work. Miniature. A complex thing of beauty. Why does it

excite me? How does it excite me? It wants to be held. Needs to feel my

stronger, work-hardened grasp. It offers innocently, aware of my strength,

but totally unafraid. I hold it, and pass to him some of my strength,

safeguarding him, nurturing him. We form a union. Just the touch of

flesh? Merely a stimulus to make me hard? No, oh so much more. And

that's why I do indeed become hard.

More time passed. My doubts gave way. The long hours, the long miles were

no longer torture.

As if in a dream, I turned half-sideways in my seat and called quietly

across the intervening seats, "Ma'am? May I .. Teglin's the name, ma'am."

I nodded to her, as the schoolmarm looked at me in surprise.

I saw how pleasantly surprised she was, probably hoping for some

companionship. Her eyes opened wide, pleasant and expectant, then she must

have sensed my need, sensed that some great or unusual mood or emotion had

overcome me. Her eyebrows shot up, questioningly. Yet she smiled still,

willing to help, sensing I needed some form of help.

I felt like my eyes must have been glazed over, so inwardly focussed was I

at that moment. I felt this burning need to complete a task. I had to

somehow permanently record what I was feeling, what I had learned, sitting

here hour after hour in this train.

"Ma'am, may I ask if you have some paper, perhaps a pen and ink, that I

might borrow. I need .."

I paused. How to express what I needed to do, to this stranger? I need to

write down why I exist! I need to define love. I need to write about a

boy!

She understood already. Must have been my crazed look! "No need to

explain, Mr. Teglin," she waved me silent, and started rummaging in her

things. "I do have exactly what you need, and you're welcome to it. I

fully understand. I truly do. These daunting miles offer a lot of time to

think, don't they?"

"They surely do, ma'am."

I gratefully took the paper and pen as she handed the forward. I hoped I

gave her a sufficient smile of thanks. "I really want to thank you, ma'am.

This is ... well, I'll be able to repay you at the first major stop, I

hope."

"Think nothing of it, Mr. Teglin. Go ahead, get your thoughts on paper

while these lonely, quiet miles cooperate with you."

I nodded again, tried to smile my thanks again, then turned back to the

task.

At first I held the pen hovering motionlessly over the paper, then finally

it just flowed, and flowed.

My Wishus,

A poet named Elizabeth Browning once wrote to her beloved., `How do I love

thee? Let me count the ways.'

Oh Dear Wishus, I'm no poet, but just now, feeling so far away from you,

and desperate to be by your side, I dare to take up Mrs. Browning's

challenge, and ask : How? Why do I love thee? Surely, in the answers, I

will feel you drawing closer, till next time I hold you in my arms

I see you, Wishus. I witness beauty, defined, In your presence, I feel the

divine. I touch you, and my devotion begins. Each spot of your body is a

shrine. I can't imagine a single spot that I would not like to hold and

kiss through eternity.

I love your green eyes with those golden flecks, so deep that I can look in

them forever, bathing in their verdant richness, feeling forever refreshed.

I love your almost transparent, silver-gilt eyelashes, long and dainty, oh

so elegant, below your silken eyebrows. Both like fine settings for the

treasures within. What did I see first, Wishus? Your hair, the line of

your shoulders? Perhaps those first, but forever will I return to your

eyes, for one more glimpse into the goodness and love shining there.

I love your golden-blonde tresses, sun-drenched into a cascade of many

colors, yet each alone, and altogether - pure gold! I love to bury my face

deep into your hair, smelling your scent, and feeling as if I were able to

sink into your body. With every turn of your head, with every motion of

your body, your tresses bounce and float and whirl, the living material of

your energy. I follow them almost hypnotically, each scyntillant curl,

each golden strand. Whether you're at rest or play, I can see your moods

in your lovely, golden hair.

Your sweet little nose! I laugh!! Like your ears, so childlike still in

form. You are indeed still a child. Touched by sadness, even tragedy, yet

untouched by bitterness or reproach.

Your wet, red lips. Your eyes close, and I seek your pursed lips as the

new focus of my being. We kiss, and I join with your godhood. I taste

your lips with my tongue, feel their smoothness and softness, and feel your

tongue, rougher, probing, yet pliant, seek mine. We kiss - we exchange the

very fluids within our bodies, knowing such an intimacy that only true love

can grant.

Yes, those wet, red lips, forming into a smile, or a plaintive frown. The

one is a glorious reward, perhaps for something I've done! The other is a

reward too, for when you show me your sadness I know you trust me to help.

Through those lips comes the sweet music of your voice. I remember still

when you first told me your name, and so soft, light, and lilting was your

voice that it might have been the breeze. Oh Wishus, through your lips,

you breathe, and sustain life for us both.

I laugh again! I love your precious little ears, my playthings. I can

kiss them, trace their whorls with the tip of my tongue, or chew ravenously

on your delicate lobes! You laugh too! Your ears are like magic, for I've

found that I can whisper directly into them, telling you how I love you so,

and suddenly you'll turn your face toward me, kiss my lips, hold me so

closely, and murmur softly, with your flute-like voice: "I love you too".

Eyes, nose, lips, chin . hair . I could rhapsodize about each finely

sculpted part of your fair visage, but how wondrous is the art of the gods

when altogether I behold the face of Beauty.

Your perfection is expressed in so many forms, Wishus. My God how I see it

your beautiful little hands! Pale-pink nails, fingers so thin that it seems

that there are no bones inside, yet filled with strength! I always marvel

at your hands, miniature versions of mine in form, but so soft and tender.

Able to impale a cricket upon a fishhook, yet just as capable of giving me

a caress. I love your soft palms, traced with fine lines. Palms shaped

just right to fit in mine, or to so softly cup my manhood as we make love.

Palms, fingers, capable of drawing my hands to cup your little manhood too.

I love your arms and your shoulders, so classically wrought. Smooth and

long, rounded by the grace of youth, not yet burdened by muscles, or work.

Still a boy's arms and shoulders, to be held in a man's protective embrace.

Then I can lift your arms, and find that secret, hidden place, those

ultra-sensitive little caves under your shoulders, where I can tickle you

to tears (would I do that!?) or breathe in your boyscent. That you will

sometimes let me dwell there shows your trust for me, and your love, your

willingness to be known by me, as by no other.

How I love to hold you by your shoulders, and let my hands slide down your

back, feeling the jutting ridge of your shoulder blades. Or I pull them

forward, and trace the lines of your collar bones. It's here, along with

your little hands and feet, and wrists and ankles, that I can actually feel

your little frame. Someday as I hold you there, I'll feel how you've

grown. Will it thrill me any less, to have been with you through all the

years to come? To have been part of your nourishment? To have fed your

growth?

Just as sensitive as your armpits, are your precious little nipples, that

get erect every time I kiss them. Sure, I tickle there, and along your

sides where each of your ribs can be traced, or on your taut little tummy,

but it's not your giggles that I love so much as the glaze that comes over

your eyes when I caress you there instead! Your chest, your tummy, must be

connected to some nerve centers deep within you, because when I run my

palm, or my lips . or my tongue . there, you arch your back, your neck juts

up, your head goes back, your eyes roll up, your eyelids flutter

involuntarily . you begin to moan. Your nipples are almost like your

little penis! Not as true in becoming so hard and rigid, as a symbol of

your love, but a sure sign of each thrill you feel, and of the passion that

steals over you when we are together.

It's a wonder to me, than when I closely examine your pinkish-coral colored

aureola, it's almost like looking within your body, so thin and delicate is

your skin there. I see the blue of your veins as if through a window.

In the same way, I can slide my gaze down, down, to your navel, and see

there remains of veins that once linked you to your mom. I love the little

remnant of baby fat around your navel - a cushion for my head as I worship

below, or above.

I love to lay also with my head on your chest, because when I put my ear

close to it, I can hear your heart. If I do this when you are deep in your

sleep, in the quiet of night, I can hear the very passage of air into and

out of your lungs, then I can breath it in to my own..

I love your back, with skin so smooth and silky, long and flat, firm with

your young muscles, the whole white expanse divided in the middle where I

can see and feel your very vertebra. The curve of your back, from your

shoulders, down, down and in, and then out to the two little dimples over

your buttocks! Designed by the gods for your man's embrace! The broad

expanse of your back narrows to your waist and your boyish hips, every

contour and line so fluid and graceful that it would defy measure.

I love when you lie on your stomach. I imagine someday you'll let me rest

my head in the arch of your back. There I will gaze down your body,

towards your legs. Your buttocks will look as if they were hills,

perfectly rounded and formed. Designed by the gods, to be sure. If ever

there is a temple to boylove, it should be patterned after the form of your

buttocks. All the more fitting, because of the inner sanctum hidden

between your cheeks.

Perhaps as I lie there, your little bottom will become chilled, and I will

warm them with my caress. Softness. That's what I will feel. Your bottom

represents all your softness. There's something on the other side that

grows hard and mighty and strong - your bottom will always remain

infinitely soft to my touch.

I lift my head, and see beyond your buttocks. Your strong thighs, the bend

of your knees, your sleek calves. All so utterly smooth, and covered in

the most delightful, tiny, thin and delicate whitish blonde hairs! They

reflect the sunlight only when I see them at just the perfect angle.

They're so long! Some as much as a quarter of an inch long, yet invisible

to they eye when not backlit by the sun, or the glow of a nighttime fire.

There's some powerful aphrodisiac in those hidden hairs that cover your

legs, and your arms! I can't define it yet. Perhaps symbols, like your

erect penis, of your manhood? I just know that I love to feel them. I can

close my eyes and feel the softness of the skin over your legs, and just

the angel's breath hint of all those little hairs.

I love your ankles, because they are so thin that I can close my thumb and

middle finger around you there, and I'm reminded how small and fragile you

are. Mine to cherish, hold, protect, provide for.

I love your little feet. If the human foot is Nature's masterpiece of

delicacy and complexity, combined with such enduring strength, then your

feet are the mold which the gods use for us all. Such cute, long and

slender toes and pink nails! I want to pay homage to your feet. I imagine

licking the sensitive skin of your soles, especially along your arch.

You'll probably giggle, and unlimber your little toes! You'll wriggle them

around and separate them - easy targets for my probing tongue. I'll cup

your heels in my palm, as I make love to your feet, feeling so close to

you, because this, my Wishus, is my rightful place! At you feet! Serving

you through time. It is what I live fore. It is why I am here on this

Earth.

Your feet . they bring you to me, whenever we are separated. Here's a

promise. Whenever you are at rest, or whenever I can do so without

disturbing your purpose, I'll kiss and caress and care for your feet, in

appreciation.

Oh!! I'm sure you're asking, why has Teg roamed over my whole body, telling

me how and why he loves me there, yet he has skipped over my little peepee?

He seems to take such pleasure there!

I answer simply enough. We are talking about the center of my universe,

after all. Your penis, and all that's hidden there below. Hidden from all

other eyes but mine. Treasures known only to me, and given by you, freely.

I do love your little penis, Wishus. You know I do! There are so many

reasons. The perfect and undeniable and never to be doubted symbol of your

love for me. When it becomes hard I know you are thinking of me, wanting

me. Whether hard or soft, I love it because this is the part of your body

that can give you the greatest pleasure.

I love when your dick is at rest. It looks so fragile. Soft beyond

description, but I'll try to describe that softness anyway. Soft like your

voice? I mean so feathery light, velvet? Soft like air - is there

substance to the smoothness of the skin that covers your inch long shaft?

Or of the foreskin? So soft that it molds itself to the contours of your

glans, within? Then that foreskin hangs down beyond, and tapers to close -

infinitely soft, yet still unyielding in its strength, protecting,

covering.

Then when your little penis is erect! Still it's soft! Your skin

literally glides over the tumescent flesh beneath! And stretches to

contain your hardness - your foreskin looks like it will burst over the

swell of your glans. Hard! Yet so soft! What a wonder is your erect

penis! Virile, pointing up and out so straight, pulsing with your hot

blood. I love the way you flex it and it slaps against your pubis. Then

it stands at attention, your taut muscles holding it pointing up towards

the sun, just at an angle off your body, unlike mine, which points heavily

straight out. Your youth, compared to my manly pride - we make a perfect

combination of expectation and realization of all that it is to be

gloriously male!

You've always been hard for me, Wishus. Swelled with desire. I'm going to

catch you unawares, whenever I can, take your flaccid little member in my

hands or mouth, then feel it being filled with blood that just left your

heart, metamorphosing from the most fragile thing on Earth into the solid

symbol of boyhood. I want to see your long, pink foreskin, looking rough

and wrinkled on the outside, as your tool expands within, then try to slip

my tongue in between it's silken smooth inside, and your glans.

I've just had a peek at your glans. Your foreskin protects it still. I've

seen that it can be engorged and purple with rage, as it peeks out the

tight enclosure of your frenar band when I jack you off. I'd love to see

it pink and glistening too, when not so excited. Someday I'll be able to

pull your foreskin all the way back over your dickhead, like I'm undressing

you again. It's surface will be slick, mirrorlike, and sensitive beyond

your wildest dreams!

I can picture it. That lovely spot where the retracted foreskin creates a

"V", at the bottom side of your penis, around the frenum. This will be the

most sensitive spot on your whole body, with millions of points of

pleasure. I will be able to drive you to orgasm just by touching you there

with the tip of my tongue.

I love your piss-slit! Just at the tip of your dick head. Even now I can

pull your foreskin back that far, and squeeze gently - your slit opens a

little, allowing me to look inside your urethra, and it feels like I am

looking into your little body.

If the skin of your dick is lighter than air to the touch, then how could I

possibly even sense the magical softness of your ballsac? What a marvelous

little appendage, pliant, retractable, expandable, surrounding the two

precious little ovals inside. I love to knead this flesh, to pull and push

and stretch and scrunch it into any shape - unless you become excited . or

cold! Haha! Remember when we jumped into the pond? The magical flesh of

your scrotum tightened into a hard little protective shell, pushing your

balls high up into your body to keep them warm. Yeah, I think your ballsac

has a mind of its own. I'll bet I could warm it with my lips and my

tongue, and coax it into dangling down again, loose and vulnerable.

When your sac is pulled up taut and wrinkly, it's easy to see the little

ridge which divides it into two parts. It's like a trail of raised skin,

which actually starts under your frenum, goes down under your dick, across

your ballsac and leads directly to your anus. This narrow ridge, sometimes

so faint, white and pink, can become rigid and aroused, and flare to a

reddened color, when I rub it. I want to move my tongue and my lips slowly

along this path, to follow it, lick it, love it, all the way below your

ballsac, to your perineum. I'll press there, harder, Wishus, and massage

you to ecstasy. The pale, pinkish white skin there, which never sees the

light, will so slowly give way to the more rosy, then slightly brownish,

corrugated skin around your anus. Another of Nature's marvels. So many

tiny nerve centers there, as if calling to my finger tip, or my tongue, to

home in there ..

My home! Your buttocks do hide my home. I want to live there, bury my

face there. Enter you there. How do I explain that!? I can't. Yet..

How to explain that what most people think of as dirty, I think of as

almost holy?

Part of it is that you open yourself there to only me, Wishus. It is a

hidden place, private . except to me. The scent that I smell there, is for

me alone. Pungent. Musty, even when you've just washed. It's the

sweetest of perfumes, intoxicating, intimate. And the taste . again, for

me, alone. The skin around your anus is slick and soft, secreting your

special lubricant mucous.. I want to taste it, as I would want to drink of

the most priceless elixir. I can only imagine now, but what if I probed,

to loosen and separate the folds of your skin there, leading down,

funneling down, into your body! Someday I wish to enter there . with my

tongue, with my . well, some things I cannot write of . yet. There are

some things you and I have yet to learn, about love. Perhaps I can simply

make another promise now, dearest: at your secret, private opening, someday

we'll learn how to join in that union we have spoken of.

Your body. My temple. What I've written here is like my prayerbook,

Wishus. I hope you realize now what loving your flesh means to me. I'm

going to read this to you when we next meet, and again, and again, through

the years, as a reminder. I'll sing my devotions again, whenever I might

seek to renew my vows to you. Perhaps it will also serve to remind you of

my love, any time you feel lost or lonely or afraid, as I do now.

Your Teg

------------------------

The two strands of coral and pearl beads lay stretched upon the wide, flat

stone that Wishus often used as his table. He stared at them in wonder.

He'd done it!

How painstakingly he had unraveled threads from his bedraggled nightgown,

rolled them together into long strands, then carefully strung the beads.

He had measured the diameter of his neck, and made one strand twice as long

for Teg. There had been just enough beads . as if indeed, the Shaman of

the Tower had left them here for this very purpose.

Time had stood still as he worked - almost. Only the occasionally rumbling

in his tummy, and the creeping shadow of the canyon wall across his porch,

had marked the time. Now, to his amazement, he judged it to be

mid-afternoon.

At first he had felt full and completely satisfied with his morning meal.

Then the gurglings started in his stomach. It was such a strange feeling,

at moments making him feel bloated and satiated, at others making him feel

hungry again. Nothing to intrude upon his task at hand, though.

Now he took the shorter of the two strands, and held it draped across his

palm. He felt like he should somehow mark this moment - the moment when he

put it around his neck.

"Ok now," he uttered aloud, rudely breaking the total silence in his

canyon. The sound shocked him, seeming out of place somehow. He stood,

looking about as if someone might have been disturbed, then walked to the

brink of the porch. Below was the rest of his city, and the sweep of the

forested canyon below, to the small stream at the very bottom.

He felt so alive! For days now he had gone nude, but for his crude leather

moccasins. He hadn't even put those on this morning. So he stood there,

the very center of his private world, tall, sleek, browned from head to toe

by days in the sun. Naked to the universe! Nothing hidden. Proud.

More softly now, just above a whisper, he incanted words drawn from deep in

his soul, "Teg, I made these necklaces as symbols of our love for each

other. I'm going to fasten these beads around my neck now." He draped the

strand below his chin and pulled it up tight around his neck, like the

chokers his mom used to wear. That was the look he wanted, the look of

possession, of captivity. Of being held, claimed.

"This means that I am yours forever, Teg," he said, as he finished tying

the knot to hold the strand in place.

He looked off towards the East, towards the far wall of the canyon, BEYOND

the far wall, trying to summon up the image of Teg riding towards him even

now. Raising his hands in supplication, his voice rising now too,

plaintively, yet still not tearful, as it had been on days past, he begged,

"Wherever you are now, Teg, please hurry to m .."

The pain hit him like a sledge hammer, right in his tummy. It took his

very breath away, in its intensity. He doubled over instantly, even as his

knees began to collapse. He had just enough sense to reach out one hand

steady himself, or he would have tumbled down the ledge onto the roof of

the dwelling below. His other hand clutched vainly at his stomach.

He wanted to scream out, it felt so bad. Like nothing he had ever felt

before! The pain wrenched at his insides, tearing at him. Then he felt it

rising, the bile seeking escape.

"Oh, Teg, I .," he tried to plead through clenched teeth, but his stomach

convulsed, and retched, and he could only steady himself on both trembling

arms over the edge of the ledge and let the sickening poisonous mix from

his stomach spew up into his mouth and nostrils and out in a stinking,

reddish stream.

The awful stink and the wretched filth made him pull back on trembling

limbs. He crawled, barely able to prop himself up. It was as if his very

life force had spewed out with the vomit, and he felt suddenly so weak.

And afraid ....

Surely, if he could ... just make it ... into the Tower, to lay down ....

Again he felt the bile rising, and didn't even have time to scramble back

to the lip of the ledge - the filth shot out and he felt the muscles inside

his stomach tightening and convulsing. It hurt so bad!

He wanted to scream out against the pain, but all he could manage was a

weak little moan. His forearms collapsed and he fell into his own vomit.

He just lay there, eyes wide open in abject terror, staring off to the

east, unable to move.

All he could think of suddenly, was an image of Teg riding back down the

trail into the valley, to find nothing but emptiness.

`I'm going to die,' he suddenly knew, with certainty. He had never felt

any pain remotely like this. `Teg's going to come for me, but I won't be

here for him.'

In agony, he collapsed completely onto the dry dust of his Tower porch, and

feebly cried into the dirt.

------------------------

With my Ode to Wishus carefully folded and tucked away in my vest pocket,

over my heart, I should have felt a lot better. Several hours well spent,

and now it was apparently mid-afternoon. A few more hours had passed,

bringing me that much closer to my boy.

In fact I was feeling pretty self-satisfied, when ... something just came

over me. Something tugged at my consciousness. Something worried me.

Some presentiment of doom. I wasn't where I needed to be, damnit! Somehow

I just knew that Wishus needed me right now ...and I wasn't there for him.

I wanted to stand. Shout. Scream out my frustration. My muscles tensed

for it, but I sat like stone. There was no use in that. I wanted to cry,

tear the arm rest from my bench, smash out the window next to me. Yeah,

that would accomplish a lot too.

I breathed deeply and clenched the arm rest instead, seeking to release my

useless tension.

`I'm coming, Wishus! I'll be there ... soon. Please, please, hold out

till then, dearest!'

Chapter 7

Wishus clenched his teeth, trying to still their chatter, as his whole body

shook convulsively against the chill. He didn't know how far he could

get, before completely collapsing. Or stumbling off the trail, into the

canyon bottom. He just knew it was now or never.

Better to die, looking for Teg, than midst the stench and filth in the

Tower. All night long he had lain in his bed, too weak to even roll the

rock over the doorway. He hadn't gotten any better, just kept vomiting

and ... worse ... on the floor, on the bed. Teg mustn't find him like

that!

His world was coming to an end. He knew it. When the sun finally

rose, it did nothing to dispel the chill, hiding behind clouds. The skies

seemed to lower upon him. Wet, gray drifts of clouds hung below the

rim of the canyon. It hadn't rained yet, but everything he touched was

wet and cold. Just above those foggy banks, the sky was completely

overcast for the first time in weeks. Must be a late spring cold front

before ... before a summer he would never see.

He felt it to his very bones. The cold sapped his remaining reserves of

strength.

But worse ... he whimpered weakly, feeling the pain starting to surge

again in his stomach, and reached out quickly to grasp a branch hanging

over the trail. It snapped under his dead weight, and he fell to his knees,

not even feeling the stabs of the sharp rocks as they cut into his skin.

He doubled over for what seemed like the hundredth time, feeling the

dry heaves take over his mid-section. They were uncontrollable – he

couldn't fight them anymore. His stomach muscles tightened into hard

little knots against the emptiness in his belly. He tried to throw up,

wanted to throw up! Anything would be better than this remorseless

torture. At these moments he seemed to feel his heart stop beating,

and the muscles of his chest seemed too weak to resist the rib-crushing

pressure from below. Oh God, he wanted to die!!

He collapsed completely onto the cold wet rocks of the trail bed. His

nightgown soaked up the moisture quickly, shocking him back to

awareness. The heaves stopped. With one long, despairing groan he

lifted himself again and stumbled forward to his feet. Not here! He

didn't want to die here. Teg had to find him on the trail. The trail out

of the valley. On the trail where his man would be returning. Just as

he had promised.

----------------

Almost numb to the cold now, Wishus just plopped right down in the

shallow water at the edge of the beaver pond. Good! He had made it.

Teg would now find his body easily enough. The trail would carry him

right past the pond.

He would find a clean body too.

Wishus looked down at himself. Blood trickled from his right knee.

Listlessly he slumped to scoop water over the cut, and to wash the dirty

red stain away. The nightgown was hopeless. And now useless. He

struggled to lift it up and off his shoulders, and over his head. It felt like

he couldn't lift his arms that high, so he bent over even more and kind

of rolled the fabric over his back and head. It fell into the pond water.

He regretted that. It would just make the water dirtier. Perhaps Teg

could fish it out later on. He hoped so. This was such a nice place.

Teg and he had played here ....

Goose bumps rose involuntarily on his arms, as he was suddenly bared

to the chill air. They disappeared just as quickly. He guessed even the

goose bumps were too cold and weak to stick around. Funny, but that

wasn't funny. Maybe it would have been, some other time. Slowly he

washed himself, removing the streaks of dirt bequeathed by the trail and

bile stains from out of his own gut.

His hair. Teg loved his hair. He knew that even when Teg found his

body, he would cradle his head and smell and kiss his hair. Grimy, wet

clumps of it hung down over his brow. He reached up and felt the

lockes on one side. It was all matted. Slowly, painstakingly, he started

pulling the tangles free, using the water from the pond to soften and

remove the dirt, using his fingers like a comb.

Half an hour later, Wishus crawled grimly out of the pond and slowly

rose to stand on wobbling legs. He was as clean as he could get. And

cold to the core of his being. Even through his tan his skin looked pale

and pasty, the blood drained. He couldn't even feel anything through

his fingers or toes anymore. There was no reason to die here, though.

Teg should know that he tried till his last breath to get closer and closer.

That he had never given up. That he had always believed the promise

....

Almost unconsciously, Wishus put one foot forward, then the other,

and shuffled his way around the pond. The trailhead over Black

Mountain was just across the meadow, in those trees.

Now it started to mist. The clouds lowered even more, settling in, just

like his wet nightgown had hung wet and clammy on his skin.

His whole world looked gray now ...

... the luminous gray of the clouds – somewhere beyond them, there

was sunlight. Maybe Teg was riding right now above the clouds, on

his way here to find his boy.

... the smooth sheen of gray of the meadow grass that he trod down

into a flattened mass with each shuffling step. Maybe the sun would

come out someday and dry the grass, and each leaf would rise again,

hiding the fact that a lonely little boy had ever passed this way. That he

had ever existed.

... the lifeless gray of his own form. From the wet-darkened clumps of

his hair, inert and plastered against his scalp, to the leaden droplets of

water that fell from his chin, or his fingers, or from his shriveled little

penis. Maybe someday ....

No. Maybe not.

Wishus made it to the trees at the edge of the meadow, and knew he

was going no farther. Not now. Not ever. Odd, he realized. This was

where he had said good-bye to Teg just three weeks ago. Now this was

where he was going to ... where Teg was going to find him.

There, under that big aspen tree, where he had knelt before his man, and

taken his seed ....

`I wanted to do so much more for you, Teg. And with you. I wanted

to be with you always.'

Wishus stood for a long while, motionless, benumbed. His mind

somehow not capable of directing him onwards. He felt the cold as

something inside him now. It wasn't in the air around him, nor in the

mist. Not something he felt on his skin, or even in his bones. This cold

was in his soul. It was infinite sadness, that his cold form was all that

Teg would find now. It was infinite despair, that there was nothing he

could do.

`I tried, Teg. I waited here for you. I'm sorry. I just couldn't make it.

I love you.'

Finally he took the few halting steps to the aspen tree, then slowly laid

his body down. The carpet of wet, dank leaves sank to his weight,

enveloping him. He closed his eyes, and lay insensible as the mist

gradually turned to a light rain.

A leaf, long dead, but hanging stubbornly all winter long from the aspen

branch above, quavered in the slightest of breezes, grew heavier and

heavier with the rain, and finally, ending it's life completely, fell down

sodden upon the boy below. Claiming the boy ... the boy who had

wanted to become one with his man, would now inexorably, become

one with the very earth.

----------------

My hand sought the letter resting over my heart once again. An

unconscious act. I didn't notice it, really, until the fourth or fifth time

that I pulled off the trail at a turn, nudged my horse up to the very lip of

the drop-off into the valley, and sought that first sign of my boy's

presence.

I kept looking for smoke rising from the chimney of the Knight's cabin.

My heart leapt into my throat when I came to that overlook, where I

had first espied Wishus fishing down below.

Nothing yet. He wasn't there.

How I wanted to spur my tired horse down that trail faster and faster, to

force him to take it headlong. Every nerve in my body was tingling, my

breath was quickening, my heart pumping faster, stronger.

Still, I had the sense not to force it. Both my horse and the packhorse

following on a rope behind us, were dead tired, after the last twenty-

four hours non-stop on the trail. I had packed up at the railhead with all

the supplies I could imagine needing, planning for an extended stay in

the valley. I'd build a cabin here, somewhere near. Start a second

ranch. Sell off the one back in the Mogollons. Do whatever necessary

to be here with Wishus.

So I sat bolt upright in the saddle, letting my horse pick her way down

the trail at her pace, feeling the drag of the pack horse, every one of my

senses heightened, ready to leap off into Wishus' arms ... if we ever got

down this trail!!

I was not likely to find him out playing by the creek on this foggy,

chilled afternoon. It wasn't raining yet, but the moisture hung in the air

and glistened from every rock and branch and leaf. The sun was a pale,

slightly brighter blob of gray in a totally overcast sky, shedding no

warmth at all. This cold front had stalked me all the way from Arizona

Territory, then had finally enveloped me and everything before me

during the night. I hoped Wishus was snuggled up before the fire,

perhaps reading a book.

I reached in and felt the letter again. How I would love to sit with him

this evening, before that very fire, and pour out my love to him ....

My hand froze in place, touching the letter. I suddenly felt even more

chilled, sensing something ... something out of the ordinary? I took a

deep breath, clutched the letter briefly, then reached back down with

both hands on the reins to pull my horse to a stop. There was no

sound. I couldn't even hear the rush of the snowmelt stream down in

the valley below. No breeze to speak of, to rustle the wet canopy

overhead. It was gloomy, cold, and dead.

Dead ... empty. I tried to take another deep breath, haltingly, my throat

constricting now with sudden dread. It hurt. Deep inside of me, it hurt.

Something was ... wrong.

I closed my eyes and tried to still my thoughts. You know how

something pops into your head, and it's so terrible that you sense it

coming, and you try not to let it enter your consciousness.

Think of Wishus! He's down there right now, waiting for you.

Nothing's wrong. It's just this weather. Enough to deaden anyone's

spirits. But not today!

It wasn't working. I couldn't shake the feeling.

Alright, Teg. Forget this. Get on down the trail. Find your boy.

That's when I realized what I had sensed.

The smell of smoke. Not a trail of living, rising smoke, wafting from the

Knight's cabin chimney. A pervading smell of ... old smoke ... a stale,

dank, enveloping scent that just lodged in my nostrils, like it blanketed

everything around me. The smell condensed on me with the very

moisture in the air! Deadening, numbing.

I looked around, mystified. There was no sign of any recent fire here.

Nor any across the way, across the valley, on the slopes rising above

the valley.

So, no reason for panic, or dire imaginings. Just get on down this trail.

Just a little farther to go, and you'll find him waiting.

I did quicken the pace, spurring my horse on, jerking at the taut rope

leading to the pack horse. Both horses started to stumble, so I slacked

off a bit. Dangit, it wasn't going to do any good to get killed coming

down this trail, yet the dread was eating at me, against every rational

explanation I could come up with.

Lots of things could leave that trace of smoke. A small forest fire.

Perhaps Ben Knight burning off some meadow grass? No, not in the

springtime.

The smell was so pervasive. Ok, some hay caught fire. Burned the

barn ... and Wishus tried to help put out the fire ... maybe he got his

hands burned ... or got caught in the fire, and was seriously hurt, or ....

Oh God. Tell me that he's alright!

My mind snapped shut on that. I couldn't bear to think of Wishus

even being slightly hurt. I tried to replace the thought with something

good, instead. Wishus at the creek fishing ... pulling Wishus into the

pond ... kissing him up at the hidden city in the canyon ....

It didn't work. What if he had indeed been injured?

Struggling to avoid the image in my mind, didn't keep it from trying to

sneak back in over and over. All of a hundred possibilities suddenly

demanded to be played out in my imagination. I started crying, in a

explosion of tears and anguish. Feverishly, I wiped the tears away,

clamped my jaws shut in a vice grip, and mentally screamed at myself.

What was I doing?! This was foolishness! To think the worst for no

reason.

I breathed deep, calmed the thoughts, but now felt my fears replaced

with a deadened feeling of lifelessness in my own limbs, and a heavy,

sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach.

This was no way to meet my boy!

Plain fact was, I had been on the trail for 24 hours now, without sleep. I

had walked off the train unrested from fitful sleep, stiff as a board. And

before that, 48 more hours on the trail, from Oklahoma! So it was time

to just remain as calm as I could be, get down this trail, and show

Wishus that I had returned just as I promised I would.

Seeing his smile would make everything alright. Just his smile ....

--------------------

Half an hour later, at the bottom of the trail, I felt like I could float

across the floor of his valley, bouyed by that prospect of his smile.

He wasn't there, beside the creek, where I'd first met him. But that

didn't matter. I looked the spot over ... there's where I fell down with

the saddle atop me ... and he smiled at me. Over there we romped

through the tall grass, and he laughed and laughed. And there! Across

the meadow - the trees screened the Knight's cabin from me, but I could

see beyond, where little cottonwood saplings circled the banks of the

beaver pond, where we had splashed and literally shouted with joy.

The three weeks were over! Finally! I was back.

Here was the path along the creek, past this spur of trees, towards the

cabin. I did nudge the horses into a trot now. Level ground, they could

handle it. My heart was in my throat. He might be standing right there

on the porch of the cabin! Just imagine his smile when he saw me ....

I spurred my horse again, past that last pine screening me from sight of

the Knight's cabin, singing in my heart, Wishus, I'm here! I'm back,

dearest!

-----------------------

I floated, indeed. Even as my cold, lifeless body sat dumbly midst the

ashes of the cabin, my consciousness seemed to hover above.

Witnessing. Not living this moment. No senses, but that of sight. I

saw myself holding and staring at the burned remnant of Wishus'

baseball knickers. I couldn't feel the texture of the cracked and charred

cloth ... but there I was, fingering that precious fabric.

Was I crying? I felt no tears running down my cheeks ... but how

could I? I was seeing all this, as in a dream. It couldn't be me.

Ahhh. That's what it was ... a dream. A very bad dream. My world

suddenly, horribly changed. A world without ... him in it.

This couldn't be real. There was no sound ... not even the prattle of the

light rain that had started to fall while I sat there, minute, after fading

minute.

In a dream, one can see everything. Odd how in this dream world, the

burned-out cabin still held its shape. Blackened remnants of the rafters

that had hung silently, massively, protectively, over his bed ... a charred

portion of the ladder, rungs still intact, that he had climbed up ... ashes

laid down in a pattern, by the very floorboards of the veranda that he

had trod upon ....

Over there, in the Knight's bedroom, some coyotes had been gnawing

and splintering bones. Mr. or Mrs. Knight, caught in bed by the fi ....

Horrified, I jumped up and stumbled back, my senses rushing in upon

me. Now I smelt the stench of burned and decaying wood and human

remains, all too clearly! How terrifying, the heat and the rising flames!

The suffocating smoke! The horror of not recognizing his

surroundings, not knowing how to get out! Hearing the screams.

Theirs. His own ....

I still clutched my boy's remains ... a small piece of cloth. I felt the

tears now, but was insensible to the cold dribble of the raindrops, or the

pain in my legs, from sitting for more than an hour, motionlessly, midst

his ashes.

The aching, choking pain inside me was so overwhelming, leaving me

feint with weakness. "My Wishus!" I croaked out in agony, wanting to

scream it, but my strength was drained, and my knees buckled. I

collapsed awkwardly onto one knee, my hands falling into the ashes

again, arms stiff and trembling. Quickly I retrieved the fragment of his

knickers, and clutched it to my chest.

The letter ... folded and resting over my heart ... there it was. I felt it

underneath the very fingers that curled around the cloth fragment so

tightly. Slowly, I straightened at my waist, then reached in to pull the

letter out. I had wanted to read these thoughts to Wishus, then give the

letter to him, to read again any time he felt the need.

That wouldn't happen now.

Did I ever tell him? Did he understand?

If he ... if he knew he was going to die in the flames of this cabin ... did

he at least know that I loved him? Was it any comfort to him? Did he

suff ...."

I couldn't, wouldn't complete the thought ... yet it didn't matter what I

did, or thought. It was all over. Done.

Oh God, how it hurt!!!

Ten years old. Torn from his childhood home. He knew such

overwhelming sadness. Then two days when ... it seemed ... I ... it

seemed I gave him hope ... then I failed him!!

Oh my dear, sweet Wishus! What have I wrought?

I DID ... I DO love you, Wishus. If only I could take your place ....

I fell back, into the bare mud next to the ashes of the burned-out cabin,

and gave myself to the tears. They were all I had left in this world.

At some point, without any real conscious direction, I managed to wrap

the folded paper within the tatters of Wishus' knickers, then brought it

reverently to my lips, to kiss. Then I crawled again to the verge of the

cabin's charred remains, and set the packet down. It was hard to let it

go. Like letting go of my past, and saying good-bye to a future, that

now, could never be.

-----------------------------

Who knows how long I sat there in the drizzle. It may have been

minutes, or hours. You have to be aware, to sense the passage of time.

You have to be thinking, living, hoping, striving, to even need the

concept of time.

I remember asking my aged grandmother one time, how she could just

sit in her rocker, on the porch of her old house back in Boston, for hour

after hour, doing nothing. She never answered, just returned a blank

stare. Now I understood, completely. I suppose there comes a time for

us all, when all meaning in living departs.

So I might have sat, time without end, but for the thump in my back,

from my horse. He wasn't stupid. He saw the barn standing across the

way. Inviting, dry, warm. Filled with hay.

I looked around, sightlessly, and felt his cold, wet nose press into my

cheek.

I resented the intrusion, and wanted to viciously strike out at the beast.

Instead, taking a deep breath, resigned at the necessity, I brushed the

tears from my eyes and stared back at him.

Misdirected bitterness, I realized, looking up at his round, glassy eyes,

dumb with the innocence of an animal, who could know nothing of my

loss.

"At least you won't tell me that `life goes on.,' I mumbled.

He snorted, and so did I. It wasn't true. I refused to admit that it could

be true. There should be no life in a world that would no longer know

... his smile.

No life. Well, duty, responsibility, then. I stood up, upon creaking

knees, feeling very old and worn, and reached out for the reins.

It suddenly seemed a sacrilege to leave this spot. I had left him once.

How could I do it again? Why should I do it again?

I could just cut my horses loose, let them fend for themselves, while I

stayed here ... by his side. My place was with ....

Through eyes still glazed with tears, I finally focussed on what was

before my eyes all this time.

There were three, not two horses standing now, heads down, waiting

patiently in the rain for their human master to become aware of them.

I wiped the tears and rainwater from my eyes and brows with a brush

against my sleeve, and stared again.

Molly. It was Molly. The Knight's draft horse, the one that I had taught

Wishus to groom and feed. Ben Knight treated her better than he ever

did Wishus, always leading her to a warm stall in the barn at night,

filling her feed bucket with oats ....

Instantly, I spun on my heels, my blood suddenly rushing through my

veins, my mind suddenly reeling with wonder.

The barn door was open! Molly was roaming free, to graze on the

green grass of the meadow. But the fire had obviously occurred during

the night, when the Knights were in bed! Their bodies, their bones ....

"Damn you, Teglin! Open your eyes!" I shouted out. I ran towards the

barn, then stopped in mid-stride, my blood boiling, my breath heaving

in stentorious bursts. I felt faint again, but this time with uncontained

joy. Wishus might be ....

I had to remain calm now! Look around, Teglin! Tracks. Look for his

tracks!

Curse this rain too. Oh God, if he's alive, where is he!?

The ground showed smudges, small depressions, nothing that I could

see were clearly left by the feet of a boy. The fire was old. Perhaps

weeks old. It probably occurred right after I left the valley. If Wishus

had escaped from the burning cabin, then his tracks would be old, but

they ....

I started circling, criss-crossing the ground leading towards the barn.

Had he opened the barn door? Had he released Molly?

Oh God, was he in the barn right now? Sleeping? Hurt? Burned?

"Wishus!" I cried out, as I ran again for the barn, still looking for tracks.

"Wishus!" I yelled into the darkness, as I slammed open the swinging

door. It was all gloom within, and the air was heavy with humidity and

the scent of the hay in the loft.

I ran from stall to stall, calling out his name, then clambered up into the

loft, in case he were laying there unconscious.

He wasn't there. He wasn't anywhere in the barn. I saw no sign that he

had been living here ....

The City! He would have gone to his city up in the canyon! How

stupid I was! Why couldn't I start thinking clearly? When would I start

thinking clearly!

I ran back out of the barn and literally leapt up into the saddle, and then

spurred my horses towards the canyon trail.

The drizzle still fell, draping the valley floor with an opaque veil. The

cloud bottoms were down inside the valley too. I began to lose all

sense of up, down, right and left. There was only the damp, gray circle

of visibility around me, always shifting forward as we galloped across

the flat bottoms. It didn't matter. I knew the way. If Wishus were up

there in his City, I would find him!

-------------------------

Once the trail left the canyon floor, and started skirting the steep incline

of the canyon walls, the way was treacherous, in the misty rain. I saw

signs of Wishus' passage everywhere though! Smudged and washed

out tracks of small feet. Broken twigs, at a little boy's height. A

precious shred of flannel - maybe his nightgown! He had escaped the

fire, in the middle of the night!

Soon I climbed into the cloudbank that had drifted into the valley and

it's side canyons. It was like throwing on a hood. I couldn't see

beyond twenty or thirty feet, around me, and my range of hearing

seemed to shrink into that circle too. I felt so isolated.

It didn't keep me from yelling out his name. The closer I got to his city,

the louder and more desperately I shouted, to the point of hysteria.

There was no response, and I couldn't tell if it was just the dampening

effect of the fog, or ... he wasn't there.

If he wasn't there, what was I going to do!?

Ok, dumb question. I'd search and track, and find him. Please the

gods, I'd find him soon, especially if he were injured from the fire, or

from the rigors of living out here all alone.

Finally I got to the first terrace level, of his city. Sepulchral, vacant

doors stared at me from the ancient dwellings, chilling me more than

the cold fog and rain shroud. The Shaman's Tower was hidden in fog

still. I called out sharply, "Wishus! It's me! Teg!"

Silence was returned. The sodden air muffled every sound, but surely I

would have heard him, if he called out to me.. He could be asleep or

sick, and injured. I pictured him laying in misery on the bed we had

fashioned.

His tracks were everywhere, going both ways - up to the Tower, and

down. I couldn't tell which were the most recent. The dust in the city

pathways was now turning to mud, and all tracks prior to this

afternoon's mist and intermittent rain were being obscured. Light rain

fell now, so I stuck to the rockier parts of the pathways.

By the time the Tower came within my radius of vision, I knew

something was indeed terribly wrong. The stench of human waste and

vomit hit me like a hammer - he was sick, perhaps injured. He would

never have used the Tower as his latrine, unless he simply could not

move. I scrambled and ran the last steps up to the Tower level, my

heart pumping wildly, dreading what I would find inside - yet hoping

still to find him there.

Please, Wishus, be ok!

Vomit stains trailed down the ledge face, below the Tower porch.

Puddles of it lay near the brink - so he had tried to get away from the

Tower itself.

The detritus of several weeks of his stay here lay littered around.

Opened cans. A firepit filled with old coals and ashes. Wood for the

fire, stacked and sorted by size. Markings on the adobe wall - he had

counted the days till my return!

Quickly I stooped to enter the Tower itself. My first reaction was

dismay, that he was not there. My second, following almost

immediately upon the first, was a gut-wrenching horror. I felt my own

bile rising, seeing his soiled bedding, from uncontrolled diarrhea.

Vomit lay on the floor and the bed. He had suffered horribly from

some sickness.

Quickly I looked around, for some clue as to where he could be now.

There was nothing.

I backed out, back into the `fresh' air of the porch, and breathed deeply.

The tainted air wasn't what sickened me. It was the thought of what

my boy had been through. He had gotten sick, and had been all alone.

I looked around here, too. He had obviously sat here on the porch a lot.

Cooked here. Ate here. He had collected a variety of items from the

burned cabin. A comb, some pots and pans, and oddly ... one of Mrs.

Knight's necklaces? It lay by itself on a flat stone. Perhaps something

he held onto as a reminder of her?

I picked it up, and wondered. It wasn't charred in any way. Coral

beads. And ivory. Strung on ....

This wasn't one of Mrs. Knight's necklaces! Well, perhaps the stones

were hers, but the string was knotted and twisted grass, or fibers, or

bark, from a tree! Wishus had fashioned this! Something to occupy

his long hours up here?

I lifted it to my lips and kissed it, closing my eyes. Dear Wishus,

wherever you are, I'll find you!

I quickly stuffed the necklace into the same chest pocket where I had

kept the letter I wrote to him ... and remembered the letter! I had left it

at the cabin site! He wasn't dead! I would need that letter, he would

yet hear my words with his own ears!

Find him first, Teglin! I looked around one last time. Saw nothing to

offer me a clue to his current whereabouts. I hastily circled around the

perimeter of the city. The only tracks led down the path to the valley.

He hadn't wandered off somewhere here, around the city. So I took off

down the trail too.

-----------------

At the bottom of the canyon trail, I cursed myself again for not being

more systematic. I had jumped to conclusions about Wishus dying in

the cabin fire. I had rushed headlong up to the ancient city refuge.

Now, right here, I found sign of Wishus' activities over the last couple

of weeks. Trails leading to the cabin site, and directly out into the

meadow. One heading over to the vicinity of the beaver pond. Grass

still lay flat on the ground there, from recent passage.

I leapt up into the saddle of my patiently waiting horse, and took off to

the pond. I didn't even dismount there, having learned my lesson. He

wasn't there, so I searched for his next destination. He had come to the

pond. Sat right there at the edge of the water. Then he had taken off

across the creek, across the meadow. The path through the tall grass

was like an arrow pointing my way.

He was heading straight for the trailhead out of the valley! My boy had

taken off to meet me! Sick. Injured. Refusing to give up! Perhaps

desperate. Perhaps thinking that I ....

The tears started to flow again. I spurred my horse off along Wishus'

trail at a gallop, crying and whimpering like a little boy myself. Dear,

sweet Wishus! I'm on my way. I'll be there, baby. I'll find you!

--------------------

Big John Smalley pulled his horse to a stop at the bottom of the trail,

not believing his eyes. There, not twenty feet away, was the nude form

of a boy, well, maybe a girl, laying right there on the ground, partially

covered in wind-blown leaves.

He felt himself growing hard instantly. What a looker! Long blonde

hair, perfect, slim figure. It didn't matter to Big John, that the child's

skin looked pasty, and slightly bluish, no doubt from the cold.

He grunted, dismounting from his horse, and tying him quickly to the

closest aspen bole. Then he strode over to the reclining form and

looked down. Boy? Girl? Well, one way to find out! He laughed out

loud at his own joke, even as he inserted his boot beneath the child's

mid-section, and nudged the body over.

Boy indeed! As pretty a piece as Rolando!

Was the kid dead? What was he doing out here like this, with no

clothes. All he was wearing was a necklace. God, he looked hot in that

necklace!

Hell. Did it matter if he was dead or alive??

"Wake up, kid," he muttered gruffly. "Big John needs to plant his dick,

and right now! Been a long time."

"Wake up, I said!"

"Damnit, I'd rather do it awake, but ...."

"Wake up, god damnit," he warned, one last time, then pulled his foot

back and swung it forward viciously, his hard boot tip hitting smack in

the boy's side.

-------------------

I've made a few mistakes in my life, but none so bad as the one I made

now.

I could have simply drawn my gun and called out to the bastard, but

when I reached the trailhead, and in one instant saw Wishus lying on

the ground, with Big John kicking him and shouting at him - well, I saw

red. I didn't think.

I didn't even wait for my horse to come to a stop. I simply leaped off

him, landing on my feet, and started running.

At the start, I let out a groan of anger, and it just built and built in

intensity to the point that I was screaming, by the time my right

shoulder hit Big John square in his back, on his left side. I was coming

at an angle, and at least had enough sense not to trample Wishus!

I just had to get that bastard away from my boy!

We both went rolling beyond Wishus' body. I came up against the

trunk of an aspen tree, maybe 6 feet from where Big John fell. He was

twice my body weight, at least, and didn't fall as far as I did.

It felt like I had wrenched my shoulder from its socket. The pain was

searing.

I came up growling. "Stay away from him, Big John! I'm not going to

let you hurt him, no more than I did with Demetrio!"

Second mistake.

He came up in a crouch, his big ham-like fists held up at the ready. He

looked stunned. Not at my attack, but at what I said. He took a quick

look down at Wishus, then back at me.

"You!" he boomed out. "So you're the one who took Ro ...."

"Yeah, took him where he'd be safe. And now, I'm going to kill you

for what you did to him and Demetrio, and for so much as looking at

my boy!" I indicated Wishus with a nod of my head. Even as I did so,

I wanted to scream out to this monster to just get out of my life. I had a

boy in need right before me, and here this bastard was in my way again!

Third mistake. I lunged for the brute again. Now I stand over six feet,

and have been roughened by hard work and hard travel, over the years.

So I'm no pantywaist. It mattered not a whit. Big John was ... well, he

was a giant, in every way.

He caught me with an almost non-challant right, practically exploding

into my stomach. I charged into it stupidly, letting my anger, my fear,

my hurt, get the better of me. The impact made me reel back, and I fell

against the aspen trunk again. I was literally stunned, unable to breathe

for a couple of seconds.

"Going to kill me, huh?" he laughed at me. "Why, I've been looking

for you for a couple of weeks. Figure on doing the same to you. Took

my boys away, you did. But now, I see, you've brought me one even

better. How you feel, knowing that Big John's going to have your boy,

mister?"

I fumbled for my gun, suddenly very much afraid. He slapped it away,

with a grin, and it went flying off to the side, out of reach.

Then he reached down and grabbed me by the collar and pulled me half

upright. I was paralyzed. Limp like a rag. He held me up with his left

hand, and started to pummel my face. Left and right, using each slap to

emphasize his words.

"I'm going to TAKE you apart, mister. You're going to eat your own

TEETH."

Each blow was more than a slap. It was like taking a sledge-hammer

blow to the side of my head.

I knew at that moment that I was going to die now. Right here. Here,

where Wishus and I had said goodbye three weeks ago. Where I had

promised to him, that I'd return, to be with him always. Here, where he

had come, to meet me again ....

"I'm going to beat you to DEATH. Then I'm going to make your BOY

be my fuck toy, mister." The blows got harder, as he got angrier.

Through the fog in my brain, I tried to react. I tried to lift my knee into

Big John's groin, tried to flail about with my own fists. I ... just

couldn't do it ... he had me whipped through sheer brute force. I had

just enough sense to understand that the next blow, or the next, might

kill me outright.

The man was still talking to me, but I couldn't hear it anymore. There

was nothing beyond a ringing in my ears now. And pain.

Through the pain, I felt I had to at least ... well, what do you call it?

Pray? Wishus had to know, that I loved him. That I did come back for

him. That I ... that I'd give my life for him, I love him so! Wishus, hear

me! I ... I've failed you ... but dearest, I did ... I DO love you! Hear me,

Wishus ...."

SLAM! He was getting rougher now. That one was a fist to my jaw.

No simple slap.

Amazing how I could be aware of each blow, yet too paralyzed to even

react.

SLAM! This one against the side of my nose. Blood spurted out,

soiling the big man's vest. He didn't seem to care. Just reared back,

still shouting at me, taunting me. I saw the glint of pleasure in his eyes.

He liked hurting people. Killing things. And I was incapable of

defending myself or my boy. Wishus! Hear me, sweet! I tried, but ....

---------------------

Cold.

The one reality he could perceive. It was hardly a thought - his mind

had long since fallen into a state of lethargy, induced by weakness, and

the chill air and mist on his naked body.

He had been drifting in and out of consciousness, but now he just lay

awake, occasionally managing to open his eyes to mere slits. At times

he wondered what he was doing here like this, cold, naked, wet. At

others, he remembered.

Teg. He was waiting for ... Teg.

Occasionally a new thought or image arose in slow motion, drifting

before him ...

... he should get up. Now that he didn't feel the pain of his sickness,

why not get up, and ...

... oh, there was a bird, pecking at his outstretched hand. Odd, he

couldn't feel it. It should hurt. Fly away now, bird ...

... who was that giant standing over him? Not Teg. Bigger. He was

talking, but ...

The smashing blow from the hardened leather of Big John's boot came

as a surprise, indeed. Didn't hurt, but maybe it should have. Was that

the crunch of bone that he felt? His own ribs?

Movement ... some kind of commotion ... oh ... too tired to think about

that ....

Wishus ...

... ahhhh, a nice dream ... Teg's calling ... would be nice to drift along in

that dream, but ... I think I'll sleep a bit now ...

Wishus, hear me!

Teg. Teg?

Teg! Is that you?

Wishus summoned every ounce of his remaining strength, against the

numbing, paralyzing cold, and opened his eyes wide, for the first time

since falling into the matted leaves beneath the aspens.

Look, now. See!

Figures ... fighting ... two men ... fighting ... the giant, holding Teg by his

neck. Hitting Teg. Teg!

Wishus screamed. The sound welled up deep inside him, and built and

built ... but nothing came from his mouth ....

If this was a dream, it was like a nightmare, in which he knew what to

do, but just couldn't get his body into motion!

At least his eyes worked, and suddenly he was as mentally awake and

aware as ever in his life.

The big man was hurting Teg.

Sounds started to filter in. What was that? What did the big man say?

"I'm gonna enjoy killin' you, mister."

He was trying to kill Teg! Blood was everywhere! Teg was bleeding!

His eyes were open too, but he just seemed to be hanging there in the

big man's hands ....

Again it started deep inside him, building and building, and this time

there was no stopping it. No scream. Just his very life force! And a

rage at that brute who was hurting his man!

Wishus felt the strength coursing through his veins again, replacing the

nerve-deadening cold in an instant. He rose, on unsteady limbs, then

fell back to his knees. NO! No time for weakness! He propped himself

up on one arm, and used the other as a brace against one knee, to

propel himself up onto his feet.

The big man was sputtering in his rage now. Killing Teg with his bare

hands!

Wishus looked around for something to use as a weapon - a rock, a

fallen branch - anything!

A gun! It lay there practically at his feet!

He bent over quickly, grabbed the gun. It was heavy! He almost fell,

unbalanced by the unexpected weight of the gun. Now with both

hands, he grasped the gun by it's curved handle, and lifted it up, rising

too quickly.

A wave of dizziness and nausea swept over him, and he was afraid he

would fall again. Would he be able to get up this time?

Of course he would! But no need! There was nothing, including his

own weakened body, that was going to keep him from defending his

Teg!

Wishus quickly shook the haze from his vision, and steadied the gun at

shoulder height, holding it straight out, pointing at the massive figure of

the big man. He slipped his index finger over the trigger, and didn't

even hesitate to shoot. The flame and smoke that blasted from the

muzzle of the gun enveloped the big man's profile.

The force of the blast caught the boy off-guard, and he felt his wrists

crushing against the backlash. He staggered back, but didn't fall.

The giant released Teg, who fell heavily to the ground. Then the man

seemed to straighten, slowly. He turned his head towards his assailant,

disbelief written over every feature.

Wishus felt like he was going to crumble to the ground again. He

whimpered, seeing blood start to seep from the big man's wounds. He

wanted to cry, to run away, it was so horrible what he had done ... but

no! It was for Teg! He wouldn't run. He wouldn't cry.

His lips and jaw trembling, his hands shaking now at the end of his

outstretched arms, Wishus fired again. This time the blast

overwhelmed him, and he staggered back, even as he saw the big man

fall too.

He had done it! He has saved his man!

As he fell, he dropped the gun. His head hit the ground hard, and he

was out instantly. The cold quickly enveloped him again, and he lay as

still as before.

---------------------

BAM! An explosion broke through the ringing in my head, followed

by a wash of gun smoke!

Big John let go of me, and I dropped like a rock back against the aspen

tree, hitting my head again. I didn't even feel it, but I was plainly still

alive, still aware.

As the smoke wafted away, I saw him standing over me, looking off to

the side, as if in disbelief, astonished at something. I tried to turn my

head, and to focus.

Wishus stood there! Not 5 feet away! All 4 foot 10 inches of him,

holding my gun out with both hands, arms straight out, pointed directly

at Big John's midriff. His diminutive form was dwarfed by the huge

bulk of the man. He was totally naked, but for a coral colored choker

necklace – just like the one I had picked up in his city! His skin was so

pale, drained of blood by the cold. It was bluish-white like that of a

spectral wraith.

By the gods! Even in the jaws of death, even when despairing for both

my life and that of Wishus, even as my would-be killer stood over me, I

could still be instantly affected by the mere sight of this boy. I was

immediately struck by his beauty. No telling what trials he had been

through. Sickness, injury perhaps, yet he stood so tall and straight, like

a statue, perfectly chiseled - if only Michelangelo had seen him like this,

Wishus would surely have been his model for David.

His sleek, unmuscled boy's body was like a tender reed standing before

a forest giant, yet in that instant it was plain who was the strongest. It

wasn't only the gun that equalized things. I could feel it. I know Big

John could feel it! Wishus radiated power. We could see even in his

trembling arms, his determination to defend me. There was fear in his

eyes, but also courage.

Big John, the child beater, was no match for the mighty Wishus.

For Demetrio! For Rolando!

BAM! Smoke and flame flew out of the end of the gun again, point

blank, into Big John's broad side. This time the recoil knocked Wishus

back, and he staggered and then fell to the ground, onto his back.

I tried to lift myself more, to reach out to Wishus, but my muscles

refused. I could only stare up, as Big John fell off to my side. I

followed him down with my eyes, and saw blood spilling from his mid-

section. Wishus had hit true.

I lay there for a moment, straining to move, gradually regaining my

senses. Pain came first. I felt like my skull was crushed. Perhaps my

jaw was broken. Each breath I drew hurt deep down in my midriff.

Had he broken some of my ribs?

Slowly, I rolled over on my side towards Wishus, and started to drag

myself towards him, hoping that I wouldn't faint, but feeling like I

might, at any moment. My legs wouldn't answer to my directions, but

were dead weights holding me back.

Wishus just lay there where the gun blast had kicked him back, arms

splayed wide, the gun nearby. I reached out and finally drew close

enough to touch him, at his ankle. His flesh was like ice! I could see no

obvious injuries. No bleeding. His chest rose very slowly, then fell. He

lived.

I lay still for a moment, feeling like I was going to lose consciousness at

any moment, dizzy waves blurring my vision.

Ok. That was ok. I could faint, no problem. But not before I took care

of my boy!

Mustering every remaining ounce of my strength, I dragged myself

towards my horses. I reached up to grasp the belly strap on my

packhorse, and pulled myself up, to lean unsteadily against him. I un-

strapped my supplies as quickly as I could and struggled to drag out a

rolled up tarp. Then a blanket.

The tarp I had planned for a temporary tent, while I built my cabin. It

would serve a similar purpose now.

I tried walking back to Wishus, but I fell flat, when I let go of the pack

straps. My brain was addled. Big John had taken care of that. He had

left me without the capacity to walk. Without the capacity to see

clearly. Without the time to cherish this moment, this meeting with my

boy.

So I crawled, dragging the tarp and blanket, and when I collapsed from

that, I dragged myself too, across the carpet of leaves, to my boy's side.

With fumbling hands, I strained to spread the tarp. Upon that I spread

the blanket. Then I lay flat myself, along side Wishus. I lay on my

right side, with his head about chest level. Slowly I pushed my right

hand beneath his shoulders, astonished again at how cold and lifeless

he felt. Then I wrapped my left hand over his chest. Grasping my

hands together, locking his body to mine, I started rocking the both of

us, till on the third roll, I was able to lift him bodily over me.

We were now both on the edge of the tarp, with the blanket beneath us.

I hurried to pull the tarp and blanket over us now, and let it fall over my

back. Wishus was completely wrapped inside this cocoon now, and I

hugged him to me, willing my body's warmth into him.

The waves of light-headedness seemed to have subsided, but I didn't

think I had one ounce of energy left, had I wanted to make a better

shelter for us. All I could do was run my hands up and down his cold

body, and hold him close, hoping to impart my warmth to him.

I became hard! My legs wouldn't work, but I think my penis was

governed by an altogether different mechanism! It snaked up in my

pants, stiffening between us. I cupped his icy buttocks in my hand and

pulled him up a little farther, letting my hardness rest against his own

little penis. It was rubbery hard too, from the cold. I pulled him in tight

against me, my right hand caressing his bottom and his thighs, my left

arm cradling his shoulder, my hand travelling in light circles from his

shoulder blades down to the small of his back.

His head now rested just at my chin, and I kissed and kissed his soft

hair, whispering to him over and over again that we were both going to

be ok now. That we were together again.

We lay like that for I don't know how long. I may have drifted into and

out of sleep more than once. Gradually I felt his body warming,

coming to life. At first I felt a twitch of his legs. Then he squirmed

about a bit. He whimpered, seemed to be talking under his breath -

perhaps in a dream. A while later, I felt him moving his arms. He

snaked his right arm up against my chest, letting his palm rest flat

between my breast and the crook of my arm. I thrilled at his conscious

touch. My tears started flowing, when he put his left arm up around my

waist, and held on tightly.

"I missed you," he whispered with an angel's breath, as though it took

every ounce of his being to say those words. At the same time I felt the

wetness of his own tears on my arm.

"I missed you too, sweetheart. But now we're together again. You are

my boy."

"I love you," we both whispered simultaneously.

I think we both slept then, almost immediately, our bodies demanding

rest from our ordeals.

------------------------

Wishus was so warm and soft against me, when I awoke. We were both

still wrapped in our tarp and blanket cocoon, our arms entertwined, our

breaths intermingling.

I didn't want to disturb him. I didn't want to move, myself! How my

body ached. It seemed like I would long relive the beating Big John

gave me. My punching bag head throbbed, my jaw felt unhinged –

even breathing hurt! But I was breathing the air from Wishus' lungs!

That had to have magical healing powers.

My mind was clear. I knew I had things to do. The pain was as nothing.

First, was he ok? Was my boy ok? Any injuries? I let my hands roam

slowly, gently, all over his back from the nape of his neck down to as

far as I could reach, to his upper thighs. No apparent cuts or abrasions

or swellings. Just the infinite smoothness and softness of his skin. He

felt a little thinner. The delicate curve of his shoulder was a little

sharper. Everywhere I touched, my hands glided over the very structure

of his small frame, feeling his ribs and his backbone, the base of his

skull, his knobby elbows. He was just a little doll in my arms, malleable,

offering no resistance to my touch. I pulled him into me, tighter still.

The hot air that he had just exhaled for me to breathe in, the scent of his

hair so strong in the enclosed space, the feel of his body against mine,

all combined to remind me how far we had been apart these last three

weeks - but now we melted into one another. I wanted to undress, and

give in to my passion, and crawl back into his embrace. Suddenly I felt

like one huge tumescent penis! I swear I felt that I could cum just

feeling his hot flesh against mine. It was such a magnificent feeling!

Even the pain of my injuries mixed into my soaring emotions - I had

made it through countless miles to get back to Wishus, I had fought for

him, suffered for him, saved him! Just as he had saved me.

I had to pull away. Lifting the covers a bit from off my head, I saw that

it was almost dark. The mist was still falling – lighter now, like a heavy

fog. Carefully I arose to a sitting position, replacing the blanket and

tarp over Wishus' upper torso. I reached in towards his legs, and felt

along his calves, his ankles, his feet. He seemed fine. So I could rule

out injury!

Time to get him to the barn. I'd build a fire, cook something for him,

get him comfortable.

There was one thing to do first, though. If he woke up, I didn't want

him to find Big John's body so close by. He didn't need reminders of

that.

Hurriedly I stood, forgetting all about my inability to command my legs

just hours ago. They seemed fine now. I guessed it was my head, all

along, that was the problem. I felt a bit dizzy, but that soon passed too.

Wishus had killed the man in self-defense, as far as I was concerned.

There also seemed little chance anyone would come looking for the

man, but why take chances?

I pulled a rope from my saddle, looped it over the horn, tied it around

Big John's chest, and dragged him a couple of hundred feet into the

woods. The wolves or a bear would take care of him. Better yet,

vultures.

Back at the trailhead, I couldn't help but kneel beside Wishus, and feel

along the surface of the tarp, where it curved and mounded over his

body - just to prove he was still there, I guess! I smiled. Took a deep,

invigorating breath of pure satisfaction. I was back with my boy!

All aglow, oblivious to any soreness or pain now, I scurried about the

little clearing, to make sure there was nothing of Big John laying

around. His horse was nowhere to be seen. Fresh tracks led up the

trail, so I figured she was long gone for home. Likely there would be a

celebration in Miranda, when the bastard's horse came through town

with an empty saddle.

My own horses stood still, heads down, looking rather forlorn and

miserable, but loyal to their master. Molly had tagged along too.

Seeing her, I knew exactly what I had to do next.

It took no more than fifteen minutes to find some fallen aspen poles,

lash them together crudely, and then rig them onto Molly. I had a

makeshift travois frame. Now I needed that tarp Wishus was snuggled

up in.

I peeled it away from his blanket, keeping him wrapped up like a

mummy, then rolled him off the edge of it onto the bare ground.

Quickly I threaded a rope through the grommets, stretched the tarp

across the travois platform, pulled it tight, and we were ready to go.

Again I knelt beside him. He hadn't moved even once since falling

asleep next to me - I hoped he would sleep through the rough haul

across the meadow, down through the cobbled bed of the creek, and on

to the barn. Was there a better way to do this? If I could have carried

him all the way, myself, I would have, but I still wasn't sure of my own

strength.

I gathered him into my arms, feeling his warmth through the blanket.

He was such a little package! And so precious. Soft, delicate. I laid

him onto the tarp, and very loosely strapped him in.

My mother used to pat everything she touched. She seemed to draw

some satisfaction from it. Now I knew why. I couldn't keep my hands

off my precious little package, as I tied the ropes in around him. I

brushed his head, through the blanket's fabric. I patted his shoulder.

Smoothed the wrinkles over his tummy. Stretched and tucked, to make

him cozy. Made sure he could breathe inside his wrappings, while

remaining warm and secure.

With every touch, I just knew he could feel my love. Even through his

sleep, I knew he would be aware that we were together again, and that I

would take care of him always.

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He never awoke, during the entire trek across the valley floor to the

barn. I grabbed more blankets from my packhorse, then rushed in to

set up a nice bed for Wishus. We had to have a fire for cooking, and

just to stay warm. So I chose the big, vaulted portion right in front of

the main entry way for that. At that point, the roof was at least 15 feet

high, and there was no loft. Six feet beyond the fire pit, I dumped a

huge pile of hay from the loft, spread a little for a soft, clean flooring,

and back from that I formed a ledge for our bed. Three layers of

blankets, and a couple more for covers, and we were set.

Next I unstrapped Wishus and carried him in and situated him on the

bed, dug out a fire pit, and got the fire going. There was plenty of cut

firewood outside against the barn wall. Dangerous enough, having a

fire in a barn, but this was no time for caution. Wishus needed some

comfort and care, and I intended to be with him every minute. I'd

watch the fire like a hawk.

The horses needed tending, so I brought them in, unsaddled and

unpacked them, quickly curried them, and got them into stalls. I gained

more respect for Ben Knight. He had built a fine barn. Even had water

piped in from a rain barrel up top.

Now for some food.

I knew that Wishus had been sick. Lots of vomiting and diarrhea.

Food poisoning, I guessed. Or just the runs. By the look of the Tower,

he had been pretty miserable for a day or two. No doubt couldn't eat,

or couldn't keep anything down.

So I'd have to start with something light. Get something on his

stomach that he wouldn't immediately throw up.

I shaved some jerky into a pot, filled it with water, dragged out some

coals, and started brewing. Later on I'd round up one of the chickens

and make some fresh soup.

I was going to need a lot of hot water. Wishus needed a good bath, and

so did I! Mrs. Knight's huge cast iron laundry vat was just what we

needed, so I spent a good twenty minutes rolling it in from the back of

the burned out cabin. It was heavy! By the time I had it filled and

warming, twenty buckets of water later, I was ready to sit back.

I just sat there for a moment, on the straw next to Wishus' ledge, and

stared into the flames. We were doing ok. Soon the barn would be ....

"So I didn't dream it, after all."

It was like music. Someone singing. His voice is that lovely, and he

said it so softly, that I wasn't even startled - yet, I cannot describe the

depth of my emotion at that instant. My Wishus was alive and well!

We were together again, and now I heard his angel voice again, to prove

it.

I turned to him, shifting bodily upon the straw, onto my knees, and

leaned over him - he was propped up on one elbow, the blanket had

fallen away from his head and hung down across his bare chest, from

his shoulder. I hadn't even heard him arise. I loosely wrapped my

arms around him, still not totally convinced that he wasn't injured

somewhere, and gently hugged him, then pulled back a bit to gaze

happily into his eyes.

He looked at me wonderingly, smiling with those beautiful red lips of

his. I reached out with one hand, slipped the palm of my hand between

his head and his hair, and pulled him towards me, then kissed him on

his forehead.

"No dream at all, Wishus. I'm back. We're together again."

He looked weak, unsteady even on his elbow.

"How do you feel, sweetheart?" I murmured. I let my hand flow from

the base of his head, feeling his soft hair underneath my fingers. Then I

let it drift along up over his shoulder. He was warm, and silken to my

touch. Not hot, as he would have been if the sickness still lingered.

"You were sick, weren't you?"

"Oh yes, Teg, I could barely move, it hurt so bad, and I kept throwing

up, but I knew you were coming back, and I ...."

He collapsed back upon the blankets, but his eyes never left me. He

reached out to touch me, as if to prove I was really there, his eyes

roaming all over my face.

"I thought it was all a dream, Teg. But it's not. You really did find me

laying under our tree, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did sweetie." He didn't seem to remember anything clearly.

He tried to get up again, and winced. His hand went to his side, where

Big John had so brutally kicked him. I saw a big bruise there, where

Wishus rubbed his hand in gentle circles.

"Ouch, my side really hurts."

"Looks like ...." I started to say something stupid, `looks like Big John

really kicked you hard.' Thankfully he interrupted me.

"I must have fallen on the trail down from the City, Teg."

"Yeah, it's a nasty bruise there, Wishus. Let me look." I gingerly

pressed beneath the wound, testing his ribs. He didn't cry out, so I

knew he had no broken bones there. Plainly he didn't remember the

kick.

"Looks ok, it will heal soon. We're both going to be ok, now, Wishus."

"So long as it's not a dream, Teg!"

"It's not. I'm really here. You're really ...."

"Where are we ... oh! In the barn. You carried me all the way here?

Found me out there, and carried me here? Oh Teg ...."

That was it. All it took. His damn of pent-up tears burst, and it all

started to pour out. He was sobbing instantly, just overwhelmed with

emotions. I grabbed him in my arms again, this time drawing his head

and chest tight in to my own ... and I rocked him! I just rocked my

baby up and down, holding him like I'd never let him go, reassuring

him over and over, "I found you Wishus. We're together again. We'll

always be together from now on. I found you sweet Wishus."

I made no attempt to get him to stop crying. He needed to let out the

tensions of these past weeks. He had just been through so much. I

kissed him softly on his head, I brushed his hair and caressed him like

that for a good five minutes while he continued to sob. Finally his sobs

turned to halting attempts to say something. Bits and pieces came out

clearly, "it was so lonely up there ...Auntie and Uncle ... the cabin

burned down ... wanted you to come back so much ...."

I let him talk it out, even though it all wasn't totally clear. He ended

with a couple of little whimpers and sniffles, and then pushed himself

back from my chest, so he could look again up at me. His face was red,

with pale little rivulets streaking his cheeks, where tears had flowed

down. His lips still trembled slightly, as he looked at me through eyes

rounded by wonder and worry.

"You went through so much, honey. I'm sorry you had it so rough.

And you got sick too."

"You ... you're hurt too, Teg," he said, questioningly, suddenly

noticing the cuts and bruises on my face. "What happened?"

Again I almost mentioned the beating, then realizing once more that he

didn't recall the fight, I shifted gears. "Oh Wishus, can you believe that

I could get like this falling off a horse?" I shook my head in dismay,

acting as if embarrassed and ashamed. "That's a rough trail down to

the valley, and, after all, I was taking it pretty fast trying to get down to

see you!"

"You're going to be ok, Teg?" he asked, as he tentatively reached out

with his right hand and lightly touched my bruised cheek. "Must have

been a really nasty fall."

"Oh yeah, I'll be fine. You and me are going to recuperate right here,

then we have to decide what to do next, Wishus."

"Here, let me lay you back down. I have some broth ready for you.

We have to get something on your stomach."

So I busied myself getting the broth ready, and we just chatted like that,

both of us keeping our eyes on the other, like we just couldn't get

enough of the new reality. Wishus was still weak. He lay back flat

upon the hay ledge and turned his head to rest it flat upon the blanket.

Only his eyes moved, as he followed my every motion.

"What do you think, Wishus? What do we do now? Build another

cabin here in the valley, or head back to my ranch in Arizona?" I started

off, as I sat down before him on the straw.

"I don't know, T ...."

I put a spoon of broth to his mouth and he opened wide and took it

down.

"Mmmh, that's good, Teg. It seems like forever since I ate, and kept

anything down. Uh, why can't we just stay here?"

"This'll get you going. Then we'll have something more substantial a

little later, if you can take it."

"Ok, Teg." He opened wide for the next spoonful. That alone made

me feel like a king. I was taking care of my boy, and we were definitely

going to be alright now.

"Well, everything at the ranch is ready and waiting. Here we'd have to

rebuild. And then there's another small problem, Wishus." I couldn't

help but let my voice go lower, with the doubt that suddenly entered

my mind.

"What's that?" he noticed my concern.

"Here, don't stop." I said. For a moment I just fed him silently, until he

finally lifted one hand and kind of waved the spoon away.

"I think that's ... about all ... I can take right now, Teg," he said, as I let

his head back down upon the bed.

"I need to ... rest a bit here ... but what's that other problem?"

"Well, honey. With your Aunt and Uncle ... gone ... well, what if your

parents want you back with ...."

"NO!" He jerked back up onto his elbow, just as I was drawing away to

put the bowl and spoon down. His eyes were wide this time with panic,

and his breath suddenly came fast. "No, Teg! I'm staying with you!"

"That's the way I want it too, Wishus, believe me!" I hastened to

answer him, coming back to grasp him into my arms. He was the one

who grabbed on tight, this time, clutching me. I felt his little hands

gripping at the fabric of my shirt.

"Don't send m ...." He started to cry again, his words choking off.

"Shhhhh! I'm not ever going to send you back willingly, Wishus! We

just have to think these things out. If we go back to Arizona, then

there's less chance of anyone finding you, if they ...."

"They'll never even look for me," he cried bitterly, through his tears. "I

hate them!"

Again I just held him tight and tried to comfort him, letting him feel my

presence.

"Let's just ... let's just go to your ranch, huh Teg?" he finally uttered.

"Ok, and we can always come back here and build later," I said.

"Yeah. We can do that," he answered, letting me lay him back down

on the bed.

I got up again, wanting to clean up things a bit, then lay back down

myself. I could cook something better a little later.

He just lay there looking up into the rafters this time, lost in thought. I

just remained silent, letting myself savor this treasured moment,

watching my lovely boy just laying there in his bed. His golden hair

splayed out under his head, and shone like the firelight that it reflected

back to me. I admired his sleek shoulders, and the gentle rise of his

little boy's chest.

After a minute or two, he turned his head again, looked at me so sternly

and solemnly, and said, "Don't ever do it again, Teg." He shook his

head no, and once again I saw his face start to pinch up into a bout of

tears. He was trying to hold it back, but it was coming.

I was a little taken aback. Blinked my eyes, in a double take, then just

dropped the bowl I was washing, and rushed back to him.

"Don't do what, sweetie?" I pleaded. This time I lifted his head and

slipped onto the bed beneath him, drawing my legs up onto the bed too,

so that he could lay between them, and rest back against my chest.

I laid back against a mound of hay as a headboard, and wrapped both

arms over his chest. He was crying softly this time. No sobbing

heaves. Lightly I smudged the tears from his cheeks and brushed his

hair a bit.

"Don't do what, Wishus," I asked again, more calmly.

Weakly, slowly, but fully determined to do it, he turned in my grasp,

and rose on wobbling knees before me. The blanket fell from him,

sliding off his frame reluctantly – as if it too wanted to linger over his

perfect form. At any other moment, I would have gasped and become

instantly aroused. This was my first look at my little god, since

returning. I had held him so close that our bodies melded, I had

explored and felt for any injuries, I had carried him all bundled in the

tarp and blankets, but I hadn't really gotten to see him! My eyes glided

hungrily down his frame, from his pale pink nipples, down across the

protrusion of his ribs and breastplate, across his flat tummy, down

down to the sloping triangle of his pubis, between his slim and supple

thighs. His little dick hung wobbling with his motion, soft, yet perfectly

outlined within the fragile foreskin. I could see his glans as if it were

uncovered. His balls hung down, warm and loose, the little orbs

pressing out against his scrotum, perfectly outlined. I could see the

very tracery of the veins which fed them ... oh! At any other moment,

I would have leaned forward to take him into my mouth, and make love

to my little boy.

Not now, with him in such obvious distress. He wasn't even aware that

he was naked before me.

"Don't ever leave me again, Teg. Please. Not ever again. You just

don't know how much I .... "

He just collapsed in upon me, still crying.

"Never again, Wishus. You and me, together, forever."

He rested his head in the crook of my neck and let his tears stream

down my shoulder. I reached forward, pulled the blanket back up over

us both, and laid back, holding him against me.

"You go ahead and cry now, sweet. It's ok. I know, you've been

through more than any boy should have to . You and me, together

from now on, Wishus. We're both going to be fine, now. Ok, sweet?"

He sniffled, but answered me in a muffled sigh, "Ok, Teg. Always."

He stopped crying soon. Neither of us wanted to move. He lay on me

like that till we both finally slept.

Sometime in the night, I awoke. The fire was out and all was quiet. I

rolled over till we could both lay flat on the bed, keeping him wrapped

in my embrace, then fell back into an untroubled sleep of total rest with

my boy.

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Absent-mindedly, I soaped my loosely and very heavily hanging balls,

reached down beneath to scrub a bit, and then up to squish the suds

along my flaccid penis.

Wishus was sitting cross-legged upon our blankets, on the hay ledge,

one of my over-large shirts hanging open over his shoulders. He hadn't

bothered to put his arms through the sleeves, it was so nice and warm in

the barn now. The shirt tails hung down to form a cover over his thighs

and his far knee. Inside, he held my letter!

He had been reading it now for ten long minutes. Only once did he

look up at me, at the very beginning - probably about where I said I was

going to take up Mrs. Browning's challenge, and answer the question:

'how do I love thee?!'

He had smiled, quizzically, at me, but said not a word. Rivulets of his

golden hair hung down over his forehead, and he flicked them back

with a toss of his head, and then smoothed them, and gathered them

behind his ears, before lowering his head again to read more. How

lovely he was from that angle, his profile so smooth and angelic. His

green and gold-flecked eyes under those long, long silver-golden lashes,

his red lips pursed in thought, his ... but no need to compose my Ode to

him again ... let him finish it. I hoped it would mean as much to him as

it did to me.

While he read, I bathed, standing on a carpet of hay some distance

away from the fire.

I just watched him, wondering at his thoughts. A bit nervous, even

though I knew he loved me. Would he understand what I had wanted

to express? Would he understand that I treasured him soul and body?

Would he understand and accept the full measure of the love that I

returned to him?

I rinsed the last of the soap from my body, and began to towel dry, still

glancing over at him. He must be nearing the end ....

He looked up again, this time turning his head towards me, but holding

it down still, looking up from under lowered brow. Lips still pursed,

pressed tightly, his eyes ... he held them half closed, peering through

slits at me. His shoulders heaved a bit, rising and falling quickly. He

opened his lips a bit, and let himself breath in and out, deeply, as if

laboring with some deep emotion, and then ... I saw the first tear trickle

down his cheek, and drop upon the open letter. He lifted the letter then,

and kissed it.

"Te ...," he tried to utter my name, but his throat was hoarse with the

intensity of his emotion. He gulped, then brought one hand up to wipe

more tears from his cheeks and his eyes.

So I had my answer. It was a moment of the sweetest joy, knowing

that I had brought this feeling upon him, that I had the power to mold

his feelings. That he granted me that power. That I could in turn bring

him joy.

My penis became engorged immediately, and I stood there facing

Wishus, holding the towel, with my tool rapidly rising to stand straight

out looking at him.

"Oh Teg," he whispered forcefully, this time, seeing me become erect

before him. He fully understood now what that meant.

He was still weak. I had prepared a good stew, and he got a good bit of

it down earlier. But he still needed a lot of rest. He hadn't voluntarily

moved off the bed, except when I took him out to pee. So I was

surprised now, as he dropped the letter onto the blankets, and propelled

himself off the bed towards me.

Before I could react he knelt before me, reached up for my jutting shaft,

wrapping both of his little hands around it, and kissed the very tip of

my glans!

I was electrified, feeling the warmth of his lips enclosing me, and then

the tip of his wet tongue against my slit.

He looked up at me, his eyes round with emotion, and just as quickly as

he had fallen to his knees before me, he pulled back, released my dick

and held his arms out straight up to me, beckoning me.

"Wh ... why did you ... do that!" I exclaimed, as I grasped both his arms

and pulled him up to his feet. I held him before me, my hands behind

his shoulders, and he leaned back, beaming.

"You just made me so happy, I felt like I had to kiss you!" he said. His

shirt hung open, revealing the golden tanned flesh of his chest and

tummy. He was regaining his health. His skin was no longer pasty and

pale, like it had been out there in the cold, under the aspens, but showed

that he had spent the last two or more weeks out in the sun.

"It was a very nice kiss!" I laughed.

"Come!" he commanded, pulling back, and taking hold of both my

hands again. He walked backwards, leading me by both hands, looking

up at me with such a sweet little smile of entreaty. I followed quite

willingly. It was almost like dancing, as he would twist and turn to pick

his way backwards, but always leading me on.

My standing pole bobbed up and down to the rhythm of the dance.

Wishus noticed it and giggled, naughtily, "The things you said in your

letter, Teg! You must have been real hard when you wrote that!"

"You know I was, Wishus." I smiled and knodded, then gazed down

along his half-nude figure. He noticed, then stopped moving

backwards, and looked down with me at his wobbling little boydick. It

was soft, but apparently starting to stiffen a bit! The shaft wasn't

hanging loosely over his balls now, but lifting, lifting, pulsing visibly.

The dangling tip of his foreskin was slowly pulling up, forced tighter

and tighter by his swelling glans and lengthening shaft.

He looked up again, his eyebrows raised and his head cocked wantonly.

"Hmmh," he mused. "You wrote about a lot more than my peepee,

Teg, but I really liked that part!"

"Umm, what other parts did you like?" I played along with him,

wondering where this would lead, and not at all unwilling to satisfy my

longing to make love with him again, if that's what he wanted.

"Well, sit down here with me, and I'll read a few parts I ...."

"Oh! I have an idea, Wishus! Let me do this! You read the letter to

me, and tell me what you liked about it, and I'll give you that bath we

talked about. You know – when you read what I said about your nose

or your neck or ... other parts," I nodded down at his now upstanding

stiffie with a knowing glance. "When you read about it, I'll wash it!"

"Yeah! Yeah, I like that, Teg!" He grabbed up the letter and sat down

on the bed, squirming with delight and beaming at me.

I quickly retrieved a couple of buckets of the steaming warm water, and

a wash cloth and soap. In one bucket I mixed the soap. In the other I

would dip the cloth, to rinse my boy clean.

"This Mrs. Browning, Teg," Wishus called to me, as I ladled the water

into the buckets. "Somehow I imagine her poem wasn't quite as ...."

I looked over at him, and he was holding the paper, examining the first

lines, looking bemused. "Quite as ... what, Wishus?"

"Naughty?" he looked up at me, grinning.

"Naughty?" I asked. "Well, yeah, I don't think she had any lines in her

poem about probing her lover's belly button with her tongue, if that's

what you mean!"

"Yeah!" he giggled.

"Ok, now where do we start?" I asked eagerly, as I set the buckets

down beside the bed, and knelt there. I was excited. This was going to

be fun! It was warm in our little barn now, nice and cozy, but I felt

goose bumps rising all over my flesh in anticipation, and my penis

jutted out mightily, still. It rudely pointed its head right into his lap.

He noticed, and reached down to grasp it.

"Aaaahhhhhhh!" I groaned, feeling his fingers around my shaft,

squeezing, inadvertently pulling my foreskin down tautly over my

glans. It plopped free, red and shiny and wet.

"Oooh, Teg!" He exclaimed breathlessly. "That reminds me, I have

something to show you! I can do this too!" He reached with his other

hand down to his own jutting little penis, but then suddenly released

my dick and his own, holding both his hands out, fingers splayed out,

palms flat.

"No, no, not yet. When we get to that in the letter, ok?" he said so

sweetly.

I breathed in deeply, to calm myself, then said, "oh ... ok, honey, when

we get to that point. Uh, read fast, huh?"

"No! We're going to take this nice and slow, Teg. You have to give me

a proper washing!"

"It will be my pleasure," I answered, smiling happily, as I dipped the

cloth in the soapy water. "Now where do we start?"

He lay back, just beaming with happiness, loving my attention, my

willingness to follow his lead. He was excited too. He held the letter up

in his hands, over his chest, and perused it, "Hmmh, have to start here,

at the beginning, of course, where you say, uh ....

"... I love your green eyes with those golden flecks, so deep that I can

look in them forever, bathing in their verdant richness, feeling forever

refreshed. I love your almost transparent, silver-gilt eyelashes, long and

dainty, oh so elegant, below your silken eyebrows ...

"Have to start there, Teg!" he said, lowering the letter to his tummy, and

then reaching up to cup both his hands behind his head. He looked so

self-satisfied! So pleased with himself, reveling in my worship of him,

knowing that I meant every word I had written.

"Ok, sweetie, now this is going to be a little ... let me just softly get

your brows, and around your eyes here ...." I started in, dabbing lightly

at his eyebrows and eyelids, and below.

"That tickles!" he laughed out. His tummy jumped up and he

squirmed around.

"Oh! Oh! I'll try to not to tickle you. There, those verdant, green

eyes, all clean now."

"Yeah, whatever verdant means," he said sarcastically, picking up the

letter again. "I'm sure it's got to be a good thing, though!"

"You gotta believe that, for sure, honey. Now, what's next?"

"Hmmh, let's see ... here's the next part:

"I love your golden-blonde tresses, sun-drenched into a cascade of

many colors, yet each alone, and altogether - pure gold! I love to bury

my face deep into your hair, smelling your scent, and feeling as if I were

able to sink into your body.

"My hair, Teg. You don't have to wash it completely right now, but

...."

I leaned down then, captured by my own words, suddenly no longer

feeling like laughing or giggling or tickling. He saw my sudden

upwelling of tears, as I slipped my fingers beneath his hair, and lifted

his tresses to my lips. Then I raised back up again, and started to press

the damp cloth to his hair, brushing the strands down against my palm.

So very softly, quietly, he almost whispered, he too no longer playing,

"I knew you loved my hair, Teg. I stopped at the pond to wash it for

you. I just sat down in the water, feeling so sick and tired and ...."

"My dearest boy ...." I murmured back to him, and then kissed him

lightly on the lips, then his nose, his brow, and again his hair.

We remained silent then for a while, as I carefully and thoroughly

caressed and brushed his hair, at times cupping his head lovingly in one

palm. He looked into my eyes so sweetly.

Finally, I laid his head back down upon the soft hay mattress, and said

merely, `thank you." He graced me with a smile.

I cleared my throat, sniffled, and dried my tear-streaked cheeks. "You

can go on now, sweetie."

I washed his cheeks, his neck, his chest and tummy ... every part of his

body, as we got to that part in the letter. Just as I had written: his

reading, and my ministrations to his body, did indeed become a rite of

devotion. Every moment I gave thanks for the chance to serve this

boy, just to be with him, to love him. I knew he felt just the same,

giving of himself freely, accepting and returning my love.

It was really such a joyous time together. Yet when he started reading

the lines about his feet, and I saw how the last two or three weeks of

rough living had left his feet a little scarred, a little hardened, with dirt

and grit embedded in his skin, I couldn't contain my tears any longer.

Then he read on ...

"I'll cup your heels in my palm, as I make love to your feet, feeling so

close to you, because this, my Wishus, is my rightful place! At you

feet! Serving you through time. It is what I live for. It is why I am

here on this Earth.

Your feet ... they bring you to me, whenever we are separated. Here's

a promise. Whenever you are at rest, or whenever I can do so without

disturbing your purpose, I'll kiss and caress and care for your feet, in

appreciation ...."

I knelt at the foot of his bed. With such studied reverence, I washed

every part of his feet and toes, removing every particle of grit, cleaning

his toenails, kneading and rubbing the little hardened calluses on his

heels and the balls of his feet.

The warm water, the warm air, the quiet ... the love ... when I looked

up along his naked form, I saw that Wishus was now in a kind of dream

state. His eyes were closed, his head back, he was breathing softly,

slowly, and one hand languidly glided up and down, so very slowly, on

his still-hard penis. I saw him pull his foreskin all the way down over

his virgin purplish-red glans, then push it back up, absently luxuriating

in the sensations that I was giving him, and that he could give himself.

So that was his surprise. I felt privileged to see it.

I lowered my head then, wanting to add to his pleasure, and took one of

his big toes into my mouth. I sucked on it, laving my tongue around,

over and under, feeling the slickness of his toenail, and the rougher

texture of his skin, beneath. I shifted to his other foot, and did the

same, then just lost myself going back and forth, kissing, sucking,

cleaning each of his toes, licking between them, tasting of my boy.

This was not something I had ever really fantasized about, in all my

lonely days as a forlorn boylover. Yet now, it seemed so right. What

more fitting symbolism of a boylover, than kneeling at my boy's feet

and making love to those appendages which trod the very earth. He

could use me, as he used the earth – his solid foundation. And no

matter what trials or difficulties he had to endure, no matter how dirty

and cracked and hardened his feet would ever become, I would gladly

clean and love him there. It was my place. My purpose in life.

Use me, Wishus! I cried out in my mind. Always make me yours! I

give to thee everything that is of me.

I kissed and licked the soles of his feet. He began to moan an

acknowledgment, feeling my gentle love of his tender flesh.. I took the

taut tendons of his ankles between my lips and kneaded them, I licked

around his heels and over, to the top of his feet, all the while rubbing

and massaging.

I knew my boy was aroused – I could see that in his continuing

erection. I also sensed that he was in a state of bliss that was so gentle,

and serene, and sublime. I felt the same way. We both had erections,

coming from our shared intimacy and love, yet I sensed that neither of

us at this moment needed release. Reading the rest of the letter could

wait.

We needed more to just drift together, to rest together, to BE together.

The fire was still pouring out it's heat. The dusk was full now, and

there was no more light seeping in through the cracks in the walls. All

was dark, quiet, and peaceful.

I stood and walked to my clothing, piled on the hay-strewn floor.

Reaching into my vest pocket, I drew out the coral necklace I had found

up at the city. I tied it around my neck. This was how I wanted Wishus

to see me, when he woke up. I knew he had made it for me. It was

kind of like my letter to him. Something that would bind us forever.

Then I crawled in beside Wishus, and made the blankets ready to pull

over us, when we would need them. Then I very slowly, very gently

replaced his hand with mine, upon his little penis. He was more than

half asleep already, and his hand fell away to his side.

I held my palm flat over his rod, but didn't wrap my fingers around

him. What he needed now was a much softer touch. With infinite

patience, I caressed his tumescence with my palm, sliding it up and

down, and around in circles against him, pressing his covered glans

down onto his pubis, adding to the soft sensations. Slowly, I widened

my caresses, letting my hand glide down and up over his little balls,

feeling their spongy hardness beneath the almost cottony soft texture of

his scrotum.

Letting him down easy, so very easy, I widened my arcs even more,

and started caressing his thighs and his tummy, coming back to his

penis and balls less and less often.

His breathing slowed. I felt all tenseness in his body was gone,

completely. And finally, his little peepee lost it's urgency and laid

down flat upon his pubis. I watched through long minutes, as the

engorging blood slowly seeped out. Ever so slowly, his little tool

softened, and glided off to one side. His glans grew smaller and

smaller, his shaft shorter and shorter, till finally his loose foreskin once

again hung down below his glans, gathering protectively.

I let my hand glide up his body, slowly, to just barely press against each

of his tiny, translucent nipples, then in and out of his armpits, and

across his shoulders. He was mine. I remembered that first night we

spent together, when I had my first chance to see him nude, and could

not look. Would not look, because he had not granted me the right.

Now, tonight, I knew that he had given himself to me totally.

I then lay my head down beside his, pulled the blankets over us, and

just watched him ... live. Thank the gods, it was all over, and we were

together again! Together again ....

When I felt myself starting to drift to sleep, I lay back flat on my back,

and ever so gently gathered him into my arms, pulling him over onto

me. I felt his bare flesh against mine. That's the way I wanted every

one of our nights to be, from now on.

Final comments (indulge me!):

Apart from my desire to thank Ganymede, and to write something he

would enjoy, writing Three Weeks to Heaven has been all about

presenting what I consider to be an ideal boylove relationship. Could

such a relationship happen? Yes. Will it? Has it? I don't know.

However, in the course of writing the story over the last three years,

I've been privileged to learn about some boylovers who certainly live

one aspect of my ideal. I want to dedicate TWTH to two of these men,

who love and care for the boys in their lives with every beat of their

hearts.

In his free time, Pawel runs a sports club for boys. Most of his boys are

too poor to get their own equipment. Pawel helps provide it. Most are

too poor to provide their own transportation. So Pawel makes sure they

never miss out. Some of the boys lack the attention at home that all

boys deserve. So Pawel makes time for each one. He teaches them how

to take care of themselves, but when they need help, he gives it. He

builds up their self-esteem, but is there to comfort them, when they fall.

He loves the boys, and you can be certain they love him.

Pawel, remember how Teg taught Wishus to fish, to cook, or to take

care of the farm animals? How he gave Wishus a sense of worth and

confidence? And how he comforted him when he was sad, or just plain

exhausted? That's the way I sometimes see you. I admire you beyond

measure.

Dax goes through life making good things happen. Twice he's opened

his heart and his home to boys in desperate need. Twice he's done

whatever it takes to meet their emotional, physical, and spiritual needs.

Well, twice that I know of. I suspect Dax has touched the lives of

others, as well. He has immense common sense, and the kind of good-

will that Will Rogers used to talk about.

Dax, remember how Teg decided he was going to find a way to make a

difference in Wishus' life, no matter what the barriers? Remember how

Teg put everything in his life aside, when Wishus needed his presence?

It was a selfless act. Yet supremely selfish too, because what Teg

wanted, is the same that you have always shown that you want - to

serve your boys with all your being. I call you 'boylover extraordinaire'.

Sometimes I call you a Saint! I guess what's more important, is that

your boys - somebody else's

throw-away boys - now call you Dad. May you and yours always

prosper, together.

Finally, some thank yous: Thanks to both the Michaels that I know.

You have been supportive in many ways. To each of you, there's a boy

out there, just like Wishus, who needs you. Someday you'll find him.

Thanks to all the readers who sent me comments, criticism, and support.

I appreciated every one.

Thanks to Ty, who ... well, words fail me. What can I say about the sun

in the sky!? I met him after it all started, but it's his spirit and his

promise, that I tried to convey in this story.

A Special Note to Ty:

I have a favor that I would like to ask of you Ty. You have a new

brother that has lost much. Like you, he lost the love of his mom and

family at a young age. First of all with his mom's refusal to say the three

words that he so desperately needed to hear, "I love you". He has

bonded to you in a way that was never allowed by his 'old' family. He

looks up to you with the utmost respect and love, because you have

shown him your soul. Tristam worries about you. He does not want to

loose someone close to him again.

Second, his older brother was many times the source of his abuse. And

many times when things looked like they might become friends, he

would only betray that trust with shame. I know that Tristam has

attached himself to you, in a way acting like a guardian angel to make

sure you don't fall. You have scared us a couple times trying to cope

with things. And Tristam has sensed that from you. I know that at times

you get annoyed at him because he won't always give you that personal

space. But take it for what it is. He loves you very much, and probably

more than words can say. And I want you to promise to him that you

will never let him down. And to promise him you won't abandon him

like his real family did.

Chapter 8

"I never ... thought you would want to ... touch me there, Teg," Wishus

said in a voice just above a whisper, hushed and hesitant, almost

breathless. I knew he felt just as I did.

His lips were rigid, almost grim His little nostrils flared, filling with the

pungent, musty scent that perfumed our little bedroom. His most

private scent ... from between his upraised legs, from that always moist

and secret place between his parted cheeks, from the puckered little hole

of his anus.

My chest tightened. I breathed with effort, through lips taut and tense.

I felt like my whole face was pinched, skin drawn tight with emotion.

With lust.

His eyes were little circles of ... fear? No. Wishus had no reason to fear

me, ever. It was ... expectation ... desire, a desperate yearning for

something we had never given ourselves before ... but now we would.

We both were crossing a line set by our own inhibitions.

Morning sunlight streamed in through cracks in the brightly lit lace

curtains, warming us against the chill. Dust motes floated in the still air

of our bedroom refuge. The three feet of new snowfall, the icy

temperatures - all were forgotten, as we gazed with pent-up lust into

each others eyes.

"I've wanted to touch you here for the longest time, dearest," I

answered, my own voice husky with the constriction in my throat. "Oh

God, how I've wanted this moment ...."

I pressed the pad of my right thumb across the rim of his tightly

stretched anus, and very slowly pushed to and fro, and in circles, around

it. His heaving chest told me that it felt so good to him.

"Why ... didn't ... you say you wanted ... it?" he asked.

"I was afraid, Wishus. Afraid that you might think ... it was dirty."

"Maybe it is, Teg. But please don't be mad at me for touching myself

there. It does feel so good, and ...."

"It's not dirty. It's part of you. I love every part of you. When you

withdrew your finger, would I have kissed it, and sucked on it, if I

thought it were dirty?"

"I guess not. So, you don't think it's wrong for me to play with myself

there? I've been doing it when you weren't looking. I'm sorry I hid it

from you, but ...."

I lifted my thumb from the heat of his soft and pliant hole, and brought it

to my nose, and smelt deeply of the aromatic, penetrating, pungent

scent. It was intoxicating, literally, and I felt my eyes rolling up in their

sockets, and my head lifting, as if floating.

'Oh dear God!" I cried out, almost in pain, I was so delirious with the

joy of this moment. My back arched, I lifted up on my knees, and all

seven inches of my erect penis slid smoothly up along his upraised butt

crack. I shuddered, in what could only have been a mini orgasm, a

spontaneous release, brought on by Wishus' most private scent, by the

magic of this moment, and what it might mean for our future. Droplets

of my pre-cum spilt onto his balls and the underside of his dick.

"Did you cum, Teg?!" Wishus whispered in awe, as he reached down

between his upraised legs, grasped my shaft with both his hands, and

with his thumbs started sliding the gooey coating all over my glans. He

pulled back my foreskin, and I cried out again, as he spread the cum all

along and beneath the ridge of my glans.

"No ... I don't ... think so ... but I ... will if you ... keep that up!" I

gasped.

A knowing little smile formed on his lips, and his eyes glistened,

sparkled. He let me go, and slid his cum-slicked fingers down my thighs

lovingly. My dick slapped softly back down between his buttocks, and

he seemed to want to hold me there in that position. I could have taken

him then! Plunged my tool deep within him ... yet ... we had never

even talked about such a thing. I could not do it, could never do it,

before he asked me to!

"Well, what do you want to do with me there, Teg?" he asked, forcing

me on.

Wishus seemed driven now. When I had awoken this morning, I found

him already awake, lying on his side, facing away from me. His legs

were drawn up and he had one hand buried between his butt cheeks. In

surprise, I could see he was probing there! Rays from the sun shone

down on him from every opening in the thin white curtains that were

drawn across our bedroom windows. He looked like a white marble

model of a boy, skin mottled with light and shadow, almost unreal in the

perfection of his lines and the smoothness of his every curve. A boy lost

in self-exploration and gratification.

I had arisen quietly upon my elbow, only to find that his eyes were

closed, and he was obviously feeling waves of quiet pleasure - his head

lolled, he breathed through his open mouth, each breath labored and

audible.

"That is perhaps the loveliest sight my eyes have ever beheld," I said, to

show him that I was awake.

His eyes sprang open, and he rolled his head back to me, looking panic-

stricken. "I'm s-s-sorry, Teg! I s-s-s-shouldn't be ...."

"Hush!" I whispered, and gave him a quick understanding smile. Why I

thought to do what I did next, I don't know - but it seemed to be just

the right thing to tell him that pleasuring himself like that was just fine.

I reached down and placed my hand over his, where he had jerked it

from between his cheeks. I slowly lifted it to my mouth. He rolled over

onto his back, staring at me wide-eyed, looking astonished. He had

been probing himself with is middle finger, and it still stood out separate

from the others, moist, coated with his inner essence. I folded his hand

in at his wrist and brought the anointed finger to my lips. I kissed its tip

first, then sucked it into my mouth and savored the ripe taste!

His mouth dropped open in wonder. Then he smiled quizzically as I got

up on my knees, lifted his closest leg over me, and positioned myself

between his legs. I dared finally to do what I had wanted to do for all of

the six months since we had been safely back at our Arizona ranch. Not

a day had gone by, without us making love, but never had I dared to ask

him for this prize.

"May I?" I whispered, looking from his eyes, down between his legs,

and then back up, in entreaty.

"Yes," he answered, hoarsely. He lay back, his slim white arms laying

straight out flat upon the bed, his palms up. He had lost all the golden

tan of the past summer. His tiny pink nipples stood up hard, plainly

visible against the nearly translucent, pale white flesh of his unmuscled

chest. I could see the lines of every rib, his breastplate, collar bones, his

shoulders - all boy, all gloriously tender, sweet, beautiful little boy!

For a moment I caressed the tops of his slim thighs, splayed on either

side of me, then I reached beneath both his knees, and slowly,

reverently, raised his legs, up, up, up, till they began to press back upon

his torso, pulling his bottom up with them.

His little two inch penis, still hard from the pleasuring he had been

giving himself, pointed straight up his body towards his face. His

ballsac was loose, laying flat, spreading like it was molded over the two

little marble sized testicles within. The skin of his scrotum hung down,

laying flat upon his bottom. From beneath, the fine, upraised ridge of

his perineum flowed straight back, a raw, pinkish-red line, leading to the

edge of his anal ring, falling within, deep down into him, into the

smooth funnel that led into my boy's body.

Now, the faint, pungent scent of Wishus's most secret spot, drew me on.

That he would let me gaze so openly upon it, was the truest sign of his

love for me that he had ever given. I dared to wonder if he would let

me taste it.

Many times, while sucking him, or undressing him, I had glimpsed his

anus. I had even brushed it, sometimes pressed against it, when making

love.

This was different. Totally different.

He looked up his long, smooth, perfectly white body at me

beseechingly, almost begging me to go on. There was a look on his face

now, that I had never seen before. I had seen him in the throes of

passion. I had seen him wanting and waiting, and expecting, to be

kissed. I had seen his eyes afire, when his body was on the brink of

climax.

Yes, this was different. Truly different.

There was a longing in his look, yet something akin to apprehension

too, all mixed up with daring and wanton desire. His chest rose in

short, quick, staccato increments, as he tensed for feelings, pleasures ...

fulfillment ... that he had only dreamed about, before.

His private spot, his secret recesses, were not just 'there', for my

exploring hands to enjoy. He reached up now and put his hands behind

his knees, keeping his legs widespread. Was he freeing me to explore?

As I knelt lower, I knew not where to start! His balls were right under

my lips, completely vulnerable. His penis was turgid and inviting, hard

and so virile, calling to me. And then, I could feel his muscles strain,

to lift himself further, to bring his most sacred spot to my lips. To my

loving touch. To my eyes. To my nose.

Wishus. God on Earth. He was laying here, in my grasp, opening his

very being to me alone!

I suddenly felt feint again, with the enormity of it. I looked deep into his

eyes, once more exchanging assurances with him, before lowering my

head to take what he had offered me alone!

My tongue extended out as of its own accord, and licked the very

bottom of his ballsac, then I slipped both of my hands around his thighs

and beneath him, cupping his buttocks and lifted up.

Slowly, savoring the taste and texture of his flesh, I began to lick

downwards along his perineum, towards his anus. The taste was a

precious mixture of the earthy, slightly salty flesh itself, and the

pungency of his sweat ... and the fluids that inevitably seep from within,

from his hole. He could have bathed ten times just moments before, and

I knew I would still taste it.

What a useless concept, in this instance – the concept of `clean'!

Involuntarily I uttered a weak, choking moan of my own fulfillment.

Essence of Wishus! I was tasting his essence as never before

imaginable! I've tasted his lips, his ears, his neck, his nipples, his

glorious boyhood, his toes, his thighs ... now I tasted from within his

precious body!

I licked closer and closer to my prize, letting my saliva mix with his

bodily excretions, then licking it up hungrily. The ridge of his perineum

was rough in comparison to the surrounding tissue, a tiny, tender saw-

toothed line. As I slipped along it, I knew Wishus could feel the

abrasion of my tongue. He squirmed, and I felt the heat of his inner

thighs tightening reflexively against my face.

My spirit soared. I just couldn't believe this was happening! I was

giving myself to wanton lust, yet still I was attuned to my boy's

pleasure. If only I could impart to him my gratitude for the treasures he

was granting me. I wanted this to be so pleasurable for him that it

would forever overcome any of his inhibitions. It was the first step

towards our ultimate union. I knew that.

He had freed my hands, holding his legs back over his torso himself.

With my right hand I started caressing and kneading his thigh and

buttocks, cupping them, pressing them into my own cheeks. I reached

across the bottom of his upthrust thigh with my left, and gingerly

grasped his penis, my thumb pressed lightly just beneath the bottom of

his glans, two fingers pressing from above. Very slowly, naturally

falling into a rhythm with the motions of my tongue, I started jacking

him, letting his foreskin tighten over his glans, but not yet pulling it

down all the way, as I so loved to do.

I felt the tip of my tongue slip into the depression of his hole.

Tentatively, I pointed my tongue and probed the tiny corrugated folds of

his entrance. Then flittered it all around his hole. His body squirmed,

pushing up against my tongue, as if he wanted more. So I boldly

flattened my tongue, and swiped his anus broadly - feeling his body

tense and jerk, as a million nerve endings exploded simultaneously. I

couldn't help but moan deep in my throat, savoring the taste!

His own moans echoed mine. I realized suddenly that I had my eyes

closed. I opened them and looked up his body, to see that he lay with

his head back, his own eyes closed, eyelids fluttering. He was breathing

hard through his nostrils, his lips pressed tight against one another. His

hands clutched tightly behind his knees, and his calves pointed straight

up into the air, framing his angelic face.

I listened. His moan was unconscious, not something he even knew he

was doing! It sounded monotone, unthinking, an automatic response to

sensations he had never felt before. It sounded almost as if he had

temporarily lost his mind, like something one might hear from a mentally

retarded boy, who moans unknowingly.

Then he pushed against me, and I knew he was indeed conscious on

some level! He pushed his bottom up towards me, almost demanding

more pressure on his anus.

I complied willingly, washing, laving, sucking, probing lovingly for long

moments. Could a boy cum from this?! I knew the anus was

remarkably sensitive, but like this?! Wishus was in veritable throes of

ecstasy at these new sensations from my tongue! He began to move his

bottom in little circular patterns, timed to my probes and licks, timed to

the steady rhythm of my fingers stroking his little dick. He clenched and

unclenched his butt cheeks, at one moment pressing in on my face, at

others pushing to make me fall even deeper into him.

My cupping hands were drenched now in my own saliva, mixed with his

own inner juices. I didn't know it was possible, but I tasted the

moistness oozing just barely perceptibly from his rectum, in response to

my probes.

With my thumbs smeared in the slick juice, I caressed and pressed into

the cushiony flesh of his cheeks, occasionally letting my whole palm

spread the slick substance all over his bottom.

Finally, I gave myself to his gift, and lowered my nose to his sanctum,

burying it, pushing into his ring. I breathed in deeply, feeling the juice

enter even into my nostrils, carrying it's essence of Wishus!

It's a potent drug, one that I was already hooked on. I couldn't stop, I

could not remove my nose, I could not stop breathing in, to the point

that I become light-headed. I would have stayed buried like that

forever, if I were here to satisfy my own desires. I was here for more,

however, to bring him to the heights of pleasure too.

With one final lick, one final taste and whiff, I backed off, and let myself

look upon Wishus's sacred, secret spot.

It was as virgin white as the rest of his perfect body, yet somehow more

so. That white that is so clear and translucent, that it becomes pink

from the very rush of the life-giving blood within. It was like a little

funnel, an elongated funnel, all sides of it sloping to a perfect little point

within him. I thought for a moment how it would look when I had

finally stretched and forced it's crenellated folds to open wide, to accept

my manhood. I knew that in my passion and his, combined, Wishus'

anus would be abused. That wasn't really the right word, because it

didn't express our love for each other. Yet it is the right word, because

I would stretch and pound and rub and suction his sensitive, virgin flesh,

till it was red, perhaps bluish and bruised. I hoped his anoderma, that

special skin just within the very portal of his rectum, would not split and

bleed, under my pounding, but I had no doubt that neither I, nor

Wishus, would stop, if I felt it rupturing. If ever I were to fuck him, it

would be his choice. He would want me to be inside him!

I was still stroking up and down on his dick. He was still breathing

hard, just on the verge of his orgasm. I decided it was now or never, to

try something I had dreamed about all my years. Something I

remembered doing with Demetrio and Rolando. If I did it right, I knew

it would not be long before Wishus and I would fuck. He would want it

as much as I did.

The preparation was done. His anus was slick inside and out. My

thumb - my whole hand - was sloppily wet with my own saliva and his

anal excretions. The very air around us was wet and heavy with the

earthy fragrance! I moved back between his legs just enough to give my

right hand better access, then lowered my palm down flat upon him. I

continued to stroke his penis with my left hand, and now fingered his

little balls with my right, letting my right thumb reach down towards his

hole.

His little anus seemed to have a mind of it's own. With every pump on

his penis, with every motion of his hips, with every gasping breath, it

was opening and closing of it's own accord, with a barely audible, wet

smack! I could literally peer into his depths as it opened so slightly, and

get a glimpse of the slick, reddish-brown inner walls of his sphincter and

intestines.

I lowered the pad of my thumb to cover it, and on it's next rhythmic

opening and closing, it sucked me in! He groaned loudly, feeling the

rougher texture of my thumb, where he had felt my probing tongue

before.

My heart was racing. I must have looked like a madman, eyes wide, my

fevered passion written all over my face, with my intent to penetrate

into my little boy!

I started to pump on his dick a little faster, gripping his shaft a little

more firmly. His whole pelvis responded immediately, circling wider,

lifting higher. With the each lift I let my thumb fall a little deeper into

his rectum. I felt the strength of his sphincter muscle all around its tip

now, squeezing, resisting, then suctioning in even more. It hardly took

any pressure from me at all, till finally I was lodged completely within

his anal ring, fully three quarters of an inch, almost up to my first

knuckle!

He was so tight! Now I met resistance. The suctioning force, the

rhythmic opening and closing, now changed to rhythmic squeezing, as if

he intended to bite off my thumb joint inside his rectum. It was so

deliciously wet and hot! His sphincter was so strong! Deeper too, than

I had expected. It wasn't just a ring of muscle, right at the opening of

his anus, but it was more like a band of muscle, almost half an inch in

depth. How delicious it would feel if it were my penis lodged there!

I let my thumb just rest there where it was, and remembered to

concentrate for a moment on his penis and testicles. Wishus loved to

have his balls massaged and tugged a bit when I jacked him off. So now

I used the fingers of my right hand to exert just a slight pressure, flat

against his scrotum, pressing his balls into his perineum, and pulling

them down just slightly towards his anus.

He screamed out, above his moans.

"Oh ... God ... Teg! What are ... you doing ... to me!"

"Loving you, Wishus," came my guttural response.

Again I started pushing with my thumb, in time with my hand pumping

his dick. In ... In ... In ... never letting it come out, but pushing in just

slightly more each time. Soon I made his little muscle stretch to take

the width of my first knuckle. Then it slid in more easily beyond that,

like a dam bursting, all the way to the base of my thumb.

Most of my feeling was concentrated in the pad of my thumb, and the

sensations there were incredible! The smoothness, the silkiness of the

inner lining of his rectal passageway ... the heat of it ... the wetness. As

my thumb slid along the passage, I could actually feel his innards.

Where was his prostate!? That's what I wanted to find. Could I feel it?

Wishus suddenly screamed out again, just as I felt a slight, squishy

resistance pressing against my thumb, from outside the lining of his gut.

I pressed again, and his whole body lifted and spasmed, and he cried out

incoherently again.

"Eeeeeehhhhhhhaaaaa!" he screamed. Through his labored breathing he

tried to utter something.

"You ... touched someth ... oh my ... God ... you found ... that spot ....

ooooooooooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhh ... Teg! Oohhh ...oohhh ..

ooohhhh ..."

He started moaning in time with my pumping, and with the now

rhythmic massaging of what I knew must be his little prostate.

I remained silent. I couldn't even think to talk. I was poised ramrod

stiff, bent over him, now feverishly trying to keep up the pace, then to

gradually increase it. Smoothly, firmly pulling up and down on his dick,

gliding the soft skin over his shaft up and over his glans, then all the way

back down again, with each relentless stroke, now baring his glans to

the air. Still massaging and pressing his testicles, rolling them around

now, letting the pressure on them get more and more forceful - seeking

that glorious verge where the excruciating pleasure could turn to pain,

but never getting there. My own hard dick lay right there beside his

balls, and I pressed them into my rigid shaft. I kept plunging the base of

my thumb in and out of his now wide-stretched anus, letting all those

nerve endings fire over and over and over. Add to all that, I never let

up on his prostate, going around and around it, pushing, probing.

His moans became more staccato. "Uunnhhh!... uunnhhh!...uunnhhh!...

and I knew he was going to cum like never before. Wishus could cum

time and again, and I made sure he did everyday! We had refined our

jacking and sucking techniques to an art, after making love with each

other for the last six months, and I knew how to make him sing every

time. This one, however, this one was going to be a cum to remember!

"OOOOHHHHHH ... Sweet ... Jesus ... Teg ..." he screamed as his

orgasm finally hit. As always he practically lifted his whole body off the

bed, slamming his penis up higher than ever inside my grasp, forcing his

foreskin back even farther, stretching his engorged glans down and

down, adding to the moment of overwhelming pleasure. I became rigid

myself, stopping all my pumping and massaging and rubbing, holding

onto his penis for dear life, pressing down firmly on his balls, and

pushing my thumb in as far as it could possibly go and holding it there

tightly.

We were like a static display for one second, as his body arced up off

the bed. He lost his breath for that second, and suddenly there was only

the sound of my own rasping breath. Then he shuddered, and spasmed

repeatedly.

It was like he was impaled on my thumb, like I was holding him up

there. I let him down gently back onto the bed and released his dick,

letting it flop onto his tummy. He let go of his legs, and as they started

to fall forward to me, I let my thumb slip from his anus with a little plop,

and moved my arms so he could lay out flat, to recover.

"That was ... like ... I never ... dreamed ...," he panted.

"You liked it ... huh?" I asked unnecessarily, with a beaming smile.

"It ... it was ...." he didn't finish. Couldn't find any words. He just

beamed back at me, shaking his head, and flopped both his arms out

onto the bed, palms out.

"Well, now you know what I wanted to do down there!" I said,

mischievously.

"Yeah! Hey Teg, do you think ... that you'd like me to ... do that to

you?" he said in a rush, the idea popping into his head that if it felt so

good for him, it would for me too. He always wanted me to share in his

ecstasies.

"Hmmh, maybe sometime, sweetie. But right now, let's just savor this

moment, ok? You know I get my greatest pleasure just from making

you happy."

"I know you do, Teg. I know you mean that. Well, ok, but it's my turn

though. At least I get to suck your dick!" he said, as he scrambled up

onto his knees before me.

"As you wish, my boy. As you wish. My body is yours," I said, as I

allowed him to push me back onto the bed.

He snuggled up on his knees between my legs, and bent to grasp me.

With one hand he pulled his hair back from his eyes, as he lowered his

lips to my glans.

I brought my thumb, my anointed thumb, to my nose and breathed in

deeply, then lowered it to my mouth.

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We did our morning routine like always. Our winter morning routine,

that is. When you're locked in by three feet of newly fallen snow, and

two more below that, you tend to take things a little more leisurely. The

stock all had plenty of hay. We'd dig our way to the barn a little later.

We're kind of funny. Both of us liked to sleep in the nude, but pull on

our nightgowns in the morning, till after breakfast. Somehow seemed

more cozy that way.

I got the fires going in the kitchen and living rooms. Wishus helped

with the cooking.

We ate breakfast together right there at the kitchen table, still in our

nightgowns. Still awash in the afterglow of our love-making.

Wishus blushed more than once. I guess I did too. We didn't talk about

it, directly, but we both knew.

It was a new level of intimacy. My heart skipped a beat, each time the

thought of my face buried in his bottom popped up. I knew he felt the

same way. He had been playing with himself back there for some time.

Now he had let me in on his secret, and we had shared in the breaking of

a taboo.

We would always be closer, because of what we had done this morning.

Wishus kept giggling. I went along, feeling just as giddy as he did, until

he went too far, and spit toast crumbs all over the table!

"What!?" I exclaimed, wrinkling my brow, trying to look stern, as if I

had no idea what was on his mind.

"You knoo-oo-oo-ww-ww," he giggled again, and smiled so wide that I

could see the unchewed sausage and eggs inside his mouth. He twisted

his head side to side, mocking me, his eyes just gleaming with delight.

"I have no idea!" I protested, trying to look stern, and failing.

"You had your finger up my butt!" he scoffed. He wiggled his head

again, with the word 'butt', pronouncing it something like 'bu-ei-utt'.

"Hmmh," I grinned. "Yeah, I did, didn't I? But it was my thumb. This

one right here." I brought my right hand up, my thumb extended out

from the other fingers, and sniffed it.

"Mmmmm ... sweet!"

He started to answer, but I knew I caught him off-guard with that little

compliment. He stopped, mouth open, and then dropped his fork, and

put both his hands on his hips defiantly. "Well, I've put other things up

there too ... oops!" His hands flew up to cover his mouth. He was still

giggling, though.

'Oh yeah? Very interesting, young man. Like what?"

"Well, I guess the brush handle is my favorite ...."

"You mean our hair brush?" I acted like I was angry. He didn't buy it.

"Oh well, I washed it off afterwards, every time, Teg."

"Yeah, well, I guess you know now that that wasn't necessary for my

sake!"

"Yeah," he quietened down, and peered at me speculatively, his brows

raised. "You ... really liked doing it, huh?"

I took a deep breath of just overwhelming satisfaction, at being able to

say this: "It was glorious. It's part of you. I ... want to do it again ...

sometime ... if you'll let me."

"Yeah," he almost whispered, and blushed again,

We both fell silent, lost in the glow of just being together, being able to

talk about things like this. Knowing that it would, indeed, happen again.

Finally I pushed my chair back, stood up, and started to clean the plates

off the table. "Why don't you go get dressed, Wishus. I'll clean up here,

then we can go have some fun shoveling a path to the barn."

"Oh, great fun." he said, rolling his eyes. "Better shovel a path to the

outhouse first, ok? I think you made me loose back there!"

He got up and turned towards the door, giggling again. He slipped his

hands back to press his butt cheeks together through the flowing fabric

of his gown, stood on his tippy-toes, and pranced away, as if he just

couldn't contain it any longer.

"Oh get out of here!" I threw the washrag at him, laughing, as he

danced through the doorway.

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I listened for the tell-tale sounds. He should be putting on his clothes,

maybe making the bed if he felt really energetic ... tinkling into the

chamber pot. Those were the sweet morning sounds I always listened

for. I didn't need birds chirping their wakeup melodies. I didn't even

need the bright rays of the sun shining in. My good mornings were

defined by Wishus.

Hearing nothing, not even the scrape of his bare feet on the even barer

wooden floors of the hallway, I went searching for him after I finished

cleaning the kitchen.

He wasn't in our bedroom. Apparently hadn't gone there at all. I

started to worry. This was unlike him, out of the ordinary. Given that

our morning sex had been something new, I suddenly feared that I had

indeed hurt him. Or maybe he was indeed too loose `back there.' Or

....

I found him in the living room, standing framed by an aura of bright

sunlight streaming through the large picture window. The curtains were

drawn wide, and the room was flooded with the sun's radiance. Or was

it his?

He was, after all, as bright and golden as the sun. Certainly life-giving.

For me.

I had labored hard, and spent a good part of my fortune, to make my

ranchhouse something more than the typical Western cabin. Glass for

the windows – I defied all the jibes from everyone around, to ship those

in. Now all the nay-sayers would confess to their mistake, if they could

just once see Wishus standing here.

The fabric of his nightgown was aflame with the light. It caught the

suns rays, seemed to soak them in and spread them to every fiber, to

glow like a lamp around my boy's body, framing him, letting me see his

every line and curve through the now transparent gown.

His hair shone too, with highlights so glaring that I had to blink.

I wanted to rush across to him, and gather him into my arms, and make

love to him again, right now, right here! He was so slender and straight,

such a little boy!

I felt the blood rushing through my veins, and my penis lifting within my

own nightgown again. Oh dear Wishus, you are lovely beyond words.

Let me make love to you!

But why was he standing here like this? So quiet. Unmoving. Pensive?

Was he crying? Was he ....

"Wishus, are you ... are you ok?" I managed to contain my passion

enough to ask it. He had but to say the word and I would rush to him.

He turned, finally aware of my presence.

I blanched. He looked almost forlorn. So concerned by something. As

quickly as I had become aroused, I slumped within myself. Had I hurt

him in someway?

"What's wrong, honey?" I asked, walking towards him, arms

outstretched.

He turned towards me, and let me pull him into my embrace, but kind of

fell into me limply, his arms slowly rising to grasp my gown about my

waist level, tugging, folding, twisting the fabric. Something was

bothering him.

"Is this about what we did this morning? Does it bother you, Wishus?"

"No," he said, mumbling it onto my chest. I lowered my lips to his hair,

breathed in his scent, and kissed him there. He kissed me back, right

through the fabric of my gown, lightly pecking my chest. I felt like the

weight of the world lifted off me with that little kiss. At least he wasn't

angry with me!

He turned in my grasp, slowly, gently, so that I knew he wasn't trying to

break my embrace. He wanted to face the sun, to look out upon the

brightly-lit snow covered meadow. Our ranchhouse was built up high.

It took five steps to get up to the veranda surrounding the house – the

new snow covered the steps completely, and extended off unbroken,

lifting to the very bottoms boughs of the trees at the edge of the

meadow. We were socked in completely, and the vista before our eyes

was simply beautiful. White, sparkling, frigidly cold. Leaving us so

close and cozy, together, inside.

"I've been thinking," he started off quietly, singing his words in that

flute-like voice of his, so high, so sweet. "Wondering about something.

And I've wanted to ask you to ... do something for a long time, but ...

maybe now, after this morning, I can ...."

He paused. I didn't say anything for the longest time, waiting for him to

go on. He just reached up and grasped my arms with both his hands,

and folded them even tighter around his thin chest. Through his gown, I

felt the soft pads of his thin pectoral muscles and the tiny tips of his

hardened nipples. He was aroused.

I was almost breathless, wondering, waiting. What could it be? What

could it have to do with our love-making this morning? That I had

finally tasted and touched and penetrated his bottom. That we had

shared a new intimacy. That must be it. But how?

Finally, I said, "Wishus, you know I'll try to give you anything, if I

possibly can. Or talk with you, about anything. If it's about what we

did this morning ...."

"How long are we going to be together, Teg?" he interrupted me.

Certainly not any question I had expected! And one fraught with import

for any boylover. For any loved boy. For us. A question I had not

expected Wishus to be concerned with for many years. One that I had

thought on many times. Questioning the very nature of boylove. One

that I no longer had any doubts about, to be sure. I hoped I could

convince him of that.

"I'll ... I'll answer your question with another question, Sweet. How

long will our love last, Wishus?"

"I'm not sure, Teg."

Again not what I had expected! His answer shocked me. I could have

let it hurt, but it was of paramount importance to hear him out.

"What do you mean, honey?"

"Teg, I know I'll love you forever, but ...."

"I'll love you forever too, dearest!" I rushed to fill that unspoken void.

"You don't doubt that, do you?" I gently twirled him around, needing

to see his eyes, to see what he was feeling. He looked up at me

questioningly. I kissed him on the forehead and hugged him tighter.

"I don't want to doubt it, Teg."

"Have I ever led you to believe otherwise?"

He raised his brows. "Well ... you once told me about our special love,

how some men love boys, and ... well, I know you love me because I'm

a boy. I won't be a boy forever, Teg. The letter you wrote, the Ode.

It's all about me as a boy ...."

His words started to tumble over one another, and I could see tears

starting to well at the corners of his eyes.

I crushed him to me, wrapping my arms around him bodily, making him

feel every bit of me around him, so that he would feel so secure and

loved that he could never doubt again. Then I lowered one hand to his

bottom and lifted him up and carried him to the couch, at the side of the

large window. I sat down and curled him onto my lap, his head against

my shoulder.

I spoke into his hair, softly, soothingly. "No Wishus, you won't always

be a boy. I know that. You will, however, always be the one and only

Wishus. Yes, I'm a boylover. I'm attracted to your little boy body and

your little boy spirit. You should know, however, that there is much

more to boylove than that, dearest."

He lifted his head from my shoulder and shifted his little bottom in my

lap, so that he could look at me, peer into my eyes. His eyes were

rounded and questioning. I knew he was listening with all his heart.

"There's the joy of serving you, through all your days. The deep, deep

satisfaction that comes from being with you as you grow. Helping you

along your way. It's the growing together that raises us up above the

plane of normal existence, Wishus. That's what makes boylove such a

beautiful and wonderful and exciting part of nature's plan for mankind.

"I was given this lust for little boys' bodies for a purpose. YOU ARE

THAT PURPOSE! You were given that same kind of love for a man.

For ME! I think our love is for all time, Wishus. I think therefore, that

you and I will be together for all time! We must. Do you see?"

"I think so." He blinked, meekly, wanting to believe me.

"I'll be here for you, with you, as long as you want me, Wishus. You're

like a little fledgling birdie. I'm here to live with and love you, to help

you learn to fly. I'll fly with you, wherever you want to go, if you'll let

me."

"If we're to be together always, Teg, then is it ... like we're ...

married?"

"Well, now ... I never considered it that way, Wishus, but ... yes ... I

guess we are married! We share everything in life together, we want to

be together always, we do everything together, for each other. Yeah!" I

exclaimed, delighted with his suggestion. "We're married, if you'll take

me for yours, to have and to hold, till death do us part!"

Wishus just lit up, then, smiling so broadly. He wanted to feel that way

too. "I do take you for mine!" he giggled. He twisted around, pulling

his knees up, till they rested in my lap and leaned over me bodily, his

hands now on my shoulders, pushing me back. He pursed his lips, and

brought them to mine. Just as my back found support against the sofa

cushion, he opened his lips and let his tongue slip between mine, wetting

me.

He let his legs separate, and his knees slipped down across my hips. I

felt the stab of his little penis dig into my lower stomach, where he

squirmed in time with his probing tongue. My own hardening tool

lengthened rapidly, almost instantaneously, and I felt my half-bared

dickhead slip under his gown, and lodge forcefully against his perineum.

"Ummm ... we didn't ... make out ... this morning," Wishus

murmured, as he started in on one his `around the world tours', as he

called it. Every morning we generally cuddled together after waking. It

always led to us kissing. He liked to nibble at my lips, taking them in

between his teeth or his lips, and going all around my mouth like that,

`around the world.' It usually led to him humping me, his little dick

gliding up and down against my stomach. I would stroke a bit, but

usually wanted to save my cum for later in the day. I preferred to just

caress and stroke him!

"Yeah ... well you ... distracted me ... and I got to ... kiss you

somewhere ... else. Remember?"

Our morning makeout sessions sometimes went on for twenty or thirty

minutes, till he had cum against me at least once. Sometimes more. It

was the only way we could get anything done around the ranch! We

had to get the edge off his libido.

Now however, being socked in by the snow, I figured we might extend

this session. I started humping the soft, inner surfaces of his thighs,

moving around so my dickhead would go from side to side, slipping up

against his satiny flesh.

Suddenly he pulled back, breaking our kiss! He was no longer sad, but I

could see that his mind was still churning on this idea of us being

married, of how long we would love each other, and be together. He

lifted his torso, stiffening his arms, his hands still braced over my

shoulders. He kneaded my muscles there, and sat back, crushing his

dick hard into me. I felt my dickhead slip firmly up between his butt

cheeks!

He looked at me quizzically, speculatively. It seemed that he still

hesitated to say everything he wanted.

After a pregnant pause, I finally said, "Something else on your mind,

sweetheart?"

"Yeah. We're married, but ...." He started to say something, then

paused again, pursing his lips.

"But what?"

Never one to let his fingers remain idle for long, he started fiddling with

my gown, fingering the lining of my collar, and looking from there back

and forth into my eyes.

"Well, there's one thing we don't do. One thing we can't do, Teg."

What's that, honey?"

"Hmmh ..." he said, almost bashfully, lowering his gaze to my chest.

"Uh ... remember, you said that when a man and a woman love each

other, the man puts his ... thing ... in the woman's hole ... there, where

a man has a peepee, but women don't. Pits it in her body."

"Yeah. I remember talking about that. Back in the Valley ...."

"Yeah, that's how they make babies, remember! Have a family. We

can't do that, Teg. I wish we could have a family together. I wish I had

a hole down there so you could fill me with those sperm, and we could

have babies, just like married people. And we could be ONE together,

like we talked about before ... and I was thinking ... that if you would

... put your ... dick ... in me too ... back there ... where you kissed me

this morning ... you said you liked it, Teg! I know you loved it. And

...."

He had grown almost breathless with the sudden rush of his words,

seeming to think that if he could only continue talking, I wouldn't have

a chance to refuse his wish.

"Hush, hush, sweetie," I placed my index finger over his lips. "Of

course I'll make love to you that way, if you want it. You really have

been doing some thinking, haven't you!" I was amazed at myself. Here

he was asking for what I had wanted for so long, yet I met the moment

with such calm.

"Yeah, and Teg, I've been putting things in there, just to try it, and I

know you could get your peepee in there ...."

"Oh God, Wishus, you are so wonderful! Yes, we can do that. It's my

greatest dream too, dearest. To be a part of you, that way, to fill you

with my love in every possible way. Like men and boys who love each

other have been doing through all the ages."

"What do you mean, Teg? You mean this isn't just my idea?

"Well, you know, it really is your idea. You thought of it. It's just that

other boys and men have had the same idea all through the ages."

I gulped. The enormity of the moment really did finally hit me. "It will

truly ... make us like we're married, darling Wishus," I spoke softly

now. "Through all time, as far back as we know about in history, men

who loved their boys, like I love you, have ... fucked their boys ...." I

lost my breath. I felt a tightening in my chest that made me almost feint.

"Fucked?" Wishus asked.

My heart pounded! My dick raged! I literally felt it pounding in rhythm

with my heartbeat! My heavy balls tightened up against my body, as if

ready to spill my seed within him right now! Hearing that lovely word

from his mouth was the greatest aphrodisiac I could imagine at that

moment. My Wishus, saying the word `fuck', and knowing it meant I

would join my body with his, that I would actually insert my penis into

his bottom! He would pull me in, I would plunge in! We would be

One!

`Yes, dearest," I managed to croak out, then regained my voice. "We'll

fuck. I'll fuck you. You want me deep inside your body, Wishus?"

"Yes!" he almost shouted, at the same time he jerked his body against

me. I felt his still hard dick press into me again, felt the softness of his

little balls glide along my flesh just behind it. He scooched up, until he

was sitting just below my sternum, his body stiffening in his excitement.

He bounced up and down on me, and said, "Now, Teg. Let's do it now.

Let's ... fuck. Would you fuck me now?"

His eagerness, his willingness, hit me like the double blow of a

sledgehammer! I was thrilled that he wanted us to join together in this

ultimate act of love, yet suddenly I panicked. Just as I feared I always

would. It was as if my mind suddenly raced through all I had learned.

From books. From Rolando! From Joey and Tonio. Yes, doing this

was the way Wishus and I had to consummate our union. I knew I

could make him feel my love that way, and I just knew that I wouldn't

hurt him. Mustn't hurt him!

I let my hands roam up along his sides, and held him firmly there, his

body rising so statuesquely above me. "We will make love like that,

Wishus. We will fuck. But let's ... let's ...." I fumbled for words.

Not wanting him to know that I was nervous about this. I didn't want

him to think that I had any question about wanting it.

"Let's do it tonight, honey. It's an important step, I guess you could

say it's like a wedding ceremony for us. I want to make it special for

you ... for both of us."

"Ok," he said calmly, thinking it over.

"Never any doubts again, Wishus. Not after tonight."

The darling boy just melted against me then, letting himself slide back

down, scraping his dick across my thrusting member, and lowering his

chest to mine. He smiled so sweetly, angelically, accepting my words

without even a trace of doubt.

"Yes, Teg. Tonight, then. I know all about weddings, Teg. I've been

to them. Are you going to give me a ring? Before we fuck?"

"I'll ... give you a ring, dearest. Then we'll fuck."

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Neither of us ate much at lunchtime, and neither of us wanted any

supper at all. The jitters, I guess. We did get a pathway cleared to the

barn ... and to the outhouse. Checked on the animals.

Most of the day we spent apart. It was so odd. Wishus and I had

hardly been out of each other's sight, voluntarily, for longer than a

minute, since I had rolled his near-frozen and lifeless body up with mine

in the tarp, just after he killed Big John.

Now suddenly he discovered his own room. We always shared my bed,

every night, and he rarely even went into his bedroom, even keeping

most of his clothes in mine. Now today, he spent the entire afternoon in

his room. I wondered what he was doing, but didn't intrude on his

privacy. I somehow felt the same need.

With each passing minute during the day, we were creeping up onto the

crowning act of our union. We both knew it. Perhaps there's some

instinct within humans to withdraw into themselves, on the brink of such

moments.

I took the time to just think about our trails through life, how both of us

had reached this culminating moment. As dusk fell, I was left with two

things, from all my ruminations: a sense of gratitude that I was a

boylover, that I had been granted whatever life force there is that makes

some men love boys, that I had finally met my boy; and a sense of

calmness, complete and utter assurance, that joining with Wishus was a

positive good in both our lives. I was blessed, by whatever gods there

are. I knew Wishus was blessed too.

Wishus was still quiet in his room, his door closed, when I finally left

mine, and went into the living room to stoke the fire. It was dark out

now. A moonless night. I left the curtains before the big picture

window open, so we could look up into the blackness of infinity and see

the stars shine their brilliance down upon us. The virgin white snow

reflected even the starlight, and there was an ethereal glow about us,

surrounding the ranch-house and our meadow – I almost wept at the

beauty of it all. I felt like angels were watching tonight, and it was the

glow of their gossamer wings that lighted our world.

In the ten foot open space between the couch and the lounging chairs,

which framed the large window, I laid first a thick padding of bearskin

furs upon the large throw rug that covered the hard wooden floor.

Upon the furs, I laid our softest blankets.

I looked at myself one last time, brushed and smoothed the wrinkles

from my broadcloth formal vest and pants. What to wear on the night

of your honeymoon, I had wondered all day. What would Wishus want

me to wear? Finally I had settled on my finest clothes. Shoes polished

till they shone in the lamplight. A soft white silk shirt with ruffles.

Black tie and vest. Wishus didn't mind my stubble. He often giggled

when I would scratch his inner thighs with my whiskers.

I stoked up the fire, adding enough logs to battle the frigid winter cold.

I figured we might be in here for a good long while, maybe all night!

The house was built solid, but I wasn't such a good carpenter that a

wisp of cold didn't seep in here and there.

Then I waited. Getting more nervous by the minute. I hadn't seen my

boy for hours! Had he decided he wasn't ready for this? I heard an

occasional rustle from the direction of his room, down the hallway. An

occasional creak from the floor boards.

All else was silent.

The winter storm had passed by with the leading edge of the cold front,

leaving behind a crystal clear sky, obsidian black, but studded with tiny

diamonds, and the frosty trail of the Milky Way. I stood still before the

picture window, just staring out at the wintry vista, for at least a half an

hour, waiting, wondering, hoping, fearing, wanting. I looked out. I

could see the snow, the stars, the frosted spruce, but don't ask me to

describe it now, for all my attention focussed on Wishus. Where was he?

What was he doing? What was he thinking?

Was he thinking of me?

I closed my eyes at one point, trying to envision him. How he would

look, as we made love tonight. How he would look as I entered him for

the first time.

Suddenly I felt like I was dreaming. It was Springtime. The air was

light, and scented with Mountain Jasmine. Oh! ... I remembered how

before we left the Valley, Wishus and I strode across the meadow, hand

in hand, to the far side, seeking the Jasmine that we knew was there,

because it so brightened our world with it's glorious perfume.

We found it, cascading down a rock outcrop, flowing like a waterfall

with green tendrils. Wishus literally bathed its scent, rolling in the vines.

I laughed and laughed, and vaulted him and twirled him around. We

both luxuriated in the beauty of Nature, and the wonderful joy of being

together. He finally plucked a few sprigs, saying he would keep them

forever, to remind him of our Valley. Where we had met.

I opened my eyes almost reluctantly, not wanting the dream to go away,

yet still so on edge, waiting, wanting ....

The scent remained!

It was here! In this very room!

Turning on my heels, I had to draw in my breath in surprise! There he

was! My boy!

And oh God, how lovely he was! The hours of silence, of whispering

rustlings from his room, were all explained in an instant.

He had crept in upon me, on bare feet! Letting only his sweet scent, and

that of the dried Jasmine garland he wore as a crown upon his golden

hair, announce his presence. It must have taken infinite patience for him

to weave the dried flower sprigs into a delicate wreath, to lay like a

diadem upon his head.

I started to cry, right then and there! My breath caught in my throat, as I

moaned incoherently. Tears started to stream from the corners of my

eyes. One simply cannot witness godlike beauty, and stand mute,

unmoved! His hair was combed to a silken sheen, flowing in soft ringlets

and curls down to his shoulders. I felt paralyzed! I tried to raise my

hands, tried to utter a word, but could not! Dare I touch him!? Dare I

try to tell him of his own beauty!?

I could not say then, if he were a god indeed, or a boy. Were they one

and the same, then? Surely. Truly!

He had taken down one of his curtains, separated the sheer, soft white

lining from it, and fashioned a gossamer wrap from the lining, draping it

over his right shoulder, down his back, and then around his waist!

Through it's diaphanous folds I could still see his pale flesh, his tiny pink

nipples, the soft curve of his belly, his dainty little penis peeking through

just above the hem of the fabric! His gloriously long, smooth legs were

naked from the tops of his thighs down to his wiggling little toes.

"Men since time immemorial, have taken their boys, as you will take me,

tonight, Teg," he said, as if he had practiced it. Like an incantation. "I

read about it, this afternoon, from that book of yours. On the classics.

So I thought I'd look the part."

He lifted his arms and held his hands out, presenting himself to me. "Do

I look like a little Greek boy, ready for his man? I tried to make myself

look like one of the pictures I found there, of little Alexander."

My breath stuttered in my throat, as I tried to speak. I finally was able to

say, "Youuuu ... look ... this must be how Alexander conquered the

world ...."

My eyes must have been wide with wonder. At least I had stopped

crying. He was real. He was mine.

"I surprised you, didn't I!" he laughed, and did a slow twirl to display

the results of his labor. His pert little bottom lifted up the skirt, and the

bottom of his crack was visible below it.!

"You certainly did, Wishus," I muttered, shaking my head in awe.

You've never been lovelier, and to think you did this for me, for ... this

night ...."

"It has to be special, tonight, huh Teg? You dressed for it too. Though

you don't look like any of the men in that book." He stepped closer. In

command of this moment. His words. His bearing. All revealed the

truth.

He was indeed a god. Or the young Prince Alexander. Or just a little

Greek shepherd boy. Whatever form of BOY he wanted to be! And I

was here for him. I was his man.

I reached for his hands, but he slipped one down to slide his fingers up

the rigid pole of my erection, My dick had risen of its own accord,

straight up, feeling like it would burst from the fabric of my pants. Pre-

cum began to ooze already, and my balls felt so full. They almost hurt.

Tonight I would pump my seed into him.

He smiled up at me naughtily, still massaging my tool, with his

unspoken question, 'Are you ready?'

I looked down, and saw that his own little penis was erect now too, it's

head pressing out and up, against the transparent mesh of his toga. I

stepped into him. He raised his arms up to me, as I wrapped my left

arm behind him, just below his shoulders, and cupped my right hand just

beneath his little bottom, then lifted him, pulling him in to me, feeling

the fabric of his skirt crumple into his soft buttocks. His little balls and

his dick pressed into my stomach. He locked his arms around my neck.,

and gave his weight to me, letting me hold him, his legs dangling off the

floor, as we let our lips meet.

There we stood, kissing and holding each other, all 6'2" of me in my

Sunday best, all 4'10" of him - a little waif, dressed in his vision of the

loved boy. Man and boy. Truly wed.

Wed, but for the ring I had promised him.

I bent at the knees and lowered him down, till he could stand, then

continued to my knees, and knelt before him. From my vest pocket I

took a little band of gold and held it out for him to see, resting on my

cupped fingers.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, smiling in delight, his eyes big with wonder,

looking first down at the ring, then into my eyes. "You did get me a

ring!" He looked so happy, filled with childlike joy at the surprise.

"Yes, I did, sweetheart. A very special ring it is, too. Shall I tell you a

story about it, before slipping it on your finger?"

"Oh yes, Teg! Does it have a special story? Wherever did you get it?"

"Well, you notice it's a small ring."

"Yes."

"It's small, because it was my ring, when I was just about your age."

"Oh?" he cocked his head a bit, as he so often did when he

contemplated a new wonder in his life, staring down at the ring so

intently. Curls of his hair hung down loosely, golden lockes springing

into motion with the slightest turn of his head.

"Yes, it was mine. It's a ring of love, Wishus," I said solemnly.

"A ring of love?"

"Yes ... I ... didn't know it then, when I first got it, but ... in time ... too

late ... I realized it." I couldn't help but feel the distant pain of old

memories again. Wishus saw it in my suddenly half-closed eyes, heard it

in my hushed tone. He reached out with both his hands and brushed my

hair back. I felt like a supplicant before him, receiving his healing touch.

"Why too late, Teg?" he asked softly, soothingly, letting his thumbs

smooth my brow.

"Ahhh ...." I had to tilt my head up a bit to look into his eyes. He was

so concerned for me, that I could see he might break into tears if I let

my memories overcome me. I didn't want that! I had a story to tell, but

it was meant to make our wedding vows even more meaningful.

I forced myself to smile just a little, and was gladdened to see the

immediate change in him, in response. He became all tenderness and

understanding and patience.

"What happened with this ring, Teg?" he urged me on.

"Well ... when I was your age, Wishus, I attended a private boarding

school for several years. It was a wonderful time, with all my friends

and ... one very special older boy. He was ... oh, 18 years old, when I

was 11, I think."

"What was his name?" Wishus asked. He let his hands fall, one to rest

on my shoulder, the other to hold my free hand. I still held the ring out

before us.

"Fletcher was his name. Fletch, I called him. He took me under his

wing, helped me with my studies, let me join in with the older boys

sometimes, out playing ball - oh, he was just wonderful with me,

Wishus! He ... he seemed to always be there for me. We spent so

much time together. And yet, there was always something sad in

Fletch." I shook my head, feeling the regret again.

"I didn't understand why until much later, when I began to realize that I

was a boylover. You see, I think Fletch loved me, Wishus. Like I love

you. But he never told me. He never told me, until it was too late. It

was he, who gave me this ring, the evening before he left the school the

last time. He gave it to me, and told me to let it always remind me of

our time together. And that's what I always do, Wishus. I look at this

ring, and I try not to remember what could have been, but what we did

have together. All the closeness, the good times, and the unstated love.

I think Fletch was a boylover too. He gave of himself to me without

limit."

"That's what I do, Wishus. I love you without limit. I want to give

myself to you, without limit. To me, this ring represents that total love.

I hope it will, with you too.

"It will, Teg." Wishus said.

"So. With this ring, dearest, I thee wed," I intoned, my voice low,

almost whispered. I took the ring from my palm, and took his right

hand, holding it flat, with his fingers out. I slipped it on his third finger.

It fit perfectly. "Will you be mine?"

"Yessssss," he whispered back to me, with such feeling! Then he lifted

his hand to his lips, and kissed the band of gold.

"Do you take me, too, Teg?" he asked.

"I do, dear Wishus."

He let me guide his hand to my lips, where I also kissed the ring.

We didn't speak again. It wasn't necessary. I simply lifted him up as I

stood, again cupping his soft buttocks in my right hand, holding my left

arm below his shoulders. Our lips met again, and then we parted them,

letting our tongues begin to explore. The taste of him was so sweet! As

was the hot air I felt strike my cheek from his nostrils.

I carried him to the very center of our bed of furs and blankets, and

gently lowered him bodily, kneeling to lay him flat. Only when his head

touched the blanket did our lips part. He lay there, one side of his body

lit by the licking yellow flames from the hearth, the other by the softer

glow from the lamp at the head of the couch. He held his hands up

briefly, as I released him, as if he didn't want to let me go, then let them

drop to the soft fur padding. The soft, thick hairs of the furs let him sink

within, forming a sort of frame all around his body. The halo of dried

jasmine that he had placed round his brow, slipped off, to lay above his

head.

His delicate white wrapping had slipped down along the slope of his

shoulder, and pulled up above his pubis. His little cock beat

rhythmically, pulsating in time with his heart. His balls hung loose within

his sac, warmed by the fire.

Darkness enveloped us above, in the rafters, from outside, beyond the

window, and through the hallway door. It was just Wishus and Teg,

alone in all the world, finally ready to consummate our union.

I stood up tall and straight above him, and began to disrobe. We still

didn't speak.

I pulled off my shoes first, tossed them to the side, and then undid my

pants. I watched Wishus all the time, and when my pants lowered to

release my dick, his eyes were fixated on the mighty shaft, as it swung

out and down, to bob from between my legs. My heavy balls dangled

loosely below, announcing my readiness to inseminate my boy.

I stepped out of the pants and tossed them on the couch. then stepped

down from the little boy's side, to straddle his legs, just above his thighs.

He pulled his legs in together, as I stepped over him, giving way, letting

me approach him, but not yet completely submitting to me. Was he in

doubt now, seeing my manhood over him? Did he now fear it? Fear it's

penetration into his body, fear how it would feel, when I pushed my

dickhead in, to stretch his anal ring?

If he feared, if he doubted, I would let him choose the pace, the time. I

would not force him!

Wishus must have sensed my own doubts. Whatever his own fears, he

conquered them. Suddenly he lifted his legs, and placed his hands on the

insides of his knees, and separated them, revealing once more the way to

his most private treasure.

I looked into his eyes, and he beckoned with them, beseeching me. He

offered himself to me. Once again, just like this morning, he pulled back

with his hands. His skirt fell up even more, revealing his bottom and

baring his hips and pubis, all the way up to his lower tummy. His flesh

was just as virgin white before, but I saw just the hint of added redness

dipping into his little anus.

I quickly undid my tie, unbuttoned my vest and shirt, and threw all of

them aside. I was completely naked. I wanted to be. I wanted to feel

Wishus' body against mine as I fucked him, wanted his very flesh to be

mine.

We knew it was time. My boy must be fucked. I knelt between his legs

and looked down, across the expanse of his body to again meet his

beseeching glance. I noticed his coral necklace, and suddenly reached

up to finger my own. I could never be completely naked, after all. The

necklaces were symbols of our union too, tying us together, binding us

always. Every time I saw his choker, or felt mine so snug around my

neck, I felt our possession of each other.

"We'll do it now, honey. Dearest." I uttered softly.

He smiled weakly. I noticed suddenly that his penis had begun to

soften. And his ballsac was now drawn up tight, pushing his little balls

up into his body, leaving just the corrugated surface of his scrotal flesh

to my view. He was indeed afraid.

"We'll take it slow, Wishus. Trust me, ok?" I said, now beseeching

him. "I want to be in you so bad, dearest, but I'll take it slow."

"I ... I ... I want you ... inside me, too, Teg," he stuttered meekly. His

voice was more high-pitched than normal, and weak with his fear, yet as

always he was trying to think of me first! Trying to make me feel good.

Too bad there are no manuals on how to fuck a little boy. Rolando had

certainly taught me a few things, but now at the moment of truth I

realized I had forgotten the lubricating cream that he had always used!

Was it necessary? This morning Wishus had become so slick, almost

sloppily slick, with my saliva and his bodily juices. I stemmed my

momentary panic, and decided to take the time to get him wet again.

"First ... first, I'm ... I'm going to use my fingers, Wishus," I assured

him, "and then ... when you tell me to, I'll put my dick in you. Ok,

sweet?"

"Yes ... Teg," he said, still meekly, yet willing to submit to me. His

fingers were kneading the undersides of his knees, nervously drumming

and digging and stretching. His bottom pushed up and down erratically.

His eyes were on my hands, not my own eyes. He watched my every

move. I needed to calm him, to relax him.

"I love you, Wishus." I said, as I reached out to place my palms on his

upraised thighs, to begin to caress him.

He gasped, still out of fear. "I ... I love ...." He was starting to

breathe in short little gasps.

"Shhhh. Shhhhh, sweetheart ...." I whispered, as I started to stroke up

and down his thighs slowly, gently. Not even coming close to his hole,

or his genitals. "You don't have to say anything, sweet. Just lay back.

I'll take it slowly. We'll only do this when you're ready, honey."

I followed his worried eyes. He was staring at my engorged penis,

which was arching up so proudly from between my legs. It strained

against my foreskin, forcing it back, down my glans, almost baring it's

furious, purplish, raw might. Cause enough for Wishus' fear! At the

same moment I was speaking so softly to him, calming him, my dick

was contradicting me, straining, as if to seek immediate entrance into

my boy!

Still stroking him with my left hand, I grasped my dick and pulled back

the foreskin all the way. I looked from it back to Wishus. He was

staring at it still. No way I could gainsay the evidence! So I just had to

reassure him again.

`I'm so hard for you, Wishus," I said softly. "Look at my precum. I'll

smooth it all around my dickhead, to make it slick for you. It will go

into you easily, smoothly. This is the way it's meant to be, dearest.

Remember, only when you say you're ready."

"Oh ... ok ... Teg," he answered, finally looking back up into my eyes.

I smiled at him, lifting my brows, questioning him.

"Trust me?" I said.

"Yes."

And he meant it. He closed his eyes briefly, laid back his head upon the

blanket, and then opened them again. "I'm ok, Teg. Please make love

to me. I want you inside me. I want us to be One, like we said."

"We will, sweet. We will be One. Now relax even more, for me.

That's it."

I saw his brow smooth even more, his shoulders relaxing a bit, falling

back. He consciously tried to breathe more slowly.

"Good. That's it, Wishus. Here, you don't need to even hold your legs

back like that. Just relax. Just let me do all the work, honey."

"Ok, Teg," he said, as he let go of his legs and let me lower them to the

blankets. For a moment he didn't know what to do with his hands, and

fidgeted about, brushing a wisp of hair from his eyes, twiddling with the

sash of his Greek boy's dress, flopping to rest on the blanket, then back

up into the air.

I smiled understandingly, and leaned forward to take both his little

hands in mine. I kissed each in turn, marveling once again, as I always

did, at their delicacy, at how short and soft were his fingers, how

smooth was the skin on the back of his hands. And now, how lovely the

gold band looked against the pure white of his flesh.

He liked my gentle kisses. I felt his arms relax. He smiled too, his head

still resting back upon the blankets, looking down the length of his body

at me, under those long, golden eyelashes.

"My God, you're beautiful!" I exclaimed, though softly, as I gently

placed his hands upon the blankets at his sides, then let my own hands

begin to wander and explore the bare flesh of his left shoulder, the

length of his neck, the choker necklace, the soft, lacy fabric of his gown.

"I want to make you cum first, Wishus! It will ... fucking you ... will

be easier, I think, if you cum first."

"Yes, Teg. Please."

With my left hand I started to ever so lightly finger his ballsac. I traced

my fingertips over the wrinkled, tightly-drawn surface, trying to coax it

to relax and release his balls down a bit. He giggled! So I pressed a

bit more firmly, not wanting to tickle him, and began to pluck his

scrotum up, pulling it out between the tips of my finger and thumb.

I slipped two fingers of my right hand under the now flaccid, almost

wieghtless length of his little dick and lifted it. It was no more than an

inch or so long, and thinner than my little finger. The loose foreskin at

the tip draped down over the bottom of my index finger. With my

thumb, I pressed into the sensitive area just at the base of the underside

of his glans, where his foreskin attached at the frenum. Wishus loved

me to massage him there, and as he always did, he started to get hard

again. Sometimes at night, I would put him to sleep beside me on our

bed, just gently caressing him there on his penis, making him hard, but

just letting him luxuriate in the sweet sensations, not bringing him to

climax. How I loved to see him drift off to sleep, his lips curled up at

the corners with the pleasure of it.

Now he lay back, and I saw his eyelids fluttering, closing, then opening

again. His gaze was turned inward now. He was giving himself over to

the pleasure of my caresses, becoming lost in my touch.

As his shaft lengthened and hardened, I started to jack him, first lightly,

then lengthening the stroke gradually, up and down, farther, farther, till

his foreskin started to stretch over his now swollen glans. With my left

hand, I started alternating the massage of his ballsac with broad, random

caresses down his thighs, across his tummy and sides, sometimes letting

my finger tips graze the hardening nubbins of his nipples. Always

returning to his balls. They did begin to loosen, as Wishus felt the

warmth from the fire, and the inner warmth of his body, responding to

my loving.

We rarely spoke much during our love-making. I sometimes whispered

my love to him, but Wishus would just become totally wrapped up in

the sensations, almost losing conscious control. I always thrilled at

what I could make him feel, and as now, when he began to move his

body in sometimes random, sometimes rhythmic response to my touch,

it was all the communication I needed.

I kept the stroke long and slow, pumping his dick lightly, not wanting

his orgasm to be cataclysmic, as the final act of our night together,

rather just the beginning. When I jacked him off like this, he was

always ready for more, either wanting to do me in turn, or wanting to

flow into my arms and hump his still hard dick against me to another

orgasm. Or sometimes he would stand immediately, and bring his dick

directly to my lips, seeking entrance into my warm mouth. I always

obliged, taking him in, and pulling him down upon me. He would end

by fucking my mouth, or I would soon roll him over, and suck him off.

Tonight would be different. As I jacked him slowly, I let my left thumb

start to plunge lower and lower along his perineum, till it penetrated to

his little pucker. He immediately responded, widening his legs even

more, and once again, seemingly without conscious thought, raising

them, and pulling them back over his chest with his hands.

His eyes were closed now, and he was beginning to whimper and mew

softly, so I wasn't sure if he was even aware that he was opening

himself to me again. Or was he following instinct? Was he doing what

little boys had been doing through the ages, and offering himself to his

man?

I continued to jack him, pressing just slightly harder and harder,

squeezing sometimes with the pad of my thumb, as I grazed the

underside of his glans. With each downward stroke, I now pulled his

foreskin all the way down, tightly, and made his glans stretch over the

hard shaft beneath of his dick head. Slowly, slowly I pulled up, then

down, the entire two and a half inch length of his erection. His balls

were now loose, and with each upward stroke, his ballsac lifted them up

high. I could see the hint of their blood engorged bluish color, through

the near transparent whiteness of his scrotum. With each downward

stroke, the two little orbs dangled free, and flopped back down upon his

taut bottom.

As I jacked, I started grazing his anal opening with my left thumb. Then

I would raise my hand and broadly caress the sensitive undersides of his

thighs, where they stretched over his torso. I don't think he knew

where the sensations felt the best, because he rolled against my hands,

seeming to follow them, first pushing up against my thumb, then shifting

to the right or left as my roaming hand caressed him.

Quickly I brought my thumb to my nose, and breathed in, wanting again

to be intoxicated by the odor from his most private spot. It was heady,

yet so sweet! I licked it, tasting the ripeness, the tang! I dropped some

spittle upon it, and once again brought it back to his opening. I swiped

the moisture across him, then started to daub it into and around his

pucker with the tip of my index finger.

Again I brought my left hand to my mouth, and this time deposited more

spittle upon my three middle fingers. I mixed that with my oozing

precum, spreading it all over my bared glans, then shifted my hips

forward, and lowered the head of my dick to his opening, pressing it

down firmly.

He felt it! He opened his eyes immediately, in obvious alarm. The huge

shaft of my penis had to feel very different to him from my finger or

thumb.

"I'm not going to push it in yet," I hastened to reassure him again. "I

just want you to feel it. And I want very much to feel you!"

"Oh! Ok, Teg ... I trust you," he said, trying to speak through the

building waves of his impending orgasm.

"Good."

"It ... feels so ... good, what you're ... doing!" he exclaimed, laying

his head back down, and closing his eyes.

It felt good to me too! The feel of the hot flesh of his butt cheeks

folding over my shaft as I pressed it into his crack, and pushing against

his anus, was sending waves of pleasure up my penis too! I pushed

down from the top of my shaft, making my soft, pliant glans dip into his

funnel of his rectum, smearing my spittle and precum all around. In

time with my fingers on his little prick, I slowly started to slide my dick

along the groove between his cheeks.

This was something I knew I couldn't keep up, lest I cum right then and

there. Fortunately Wishus was nearing his orgasm, long before I would.

I refused to quicken my pace however, loving the way he was trying to

take control with his body, lifting his pelvis off the furs, trying to force

me to stroke harder and faster.

Wishus signaled his climax in lots of ways. He would become flushed

sometimes, redness touching his cheeks as if he had stepped out into the

cold winter air. His legs and arm would stiffen too, and flail about

erratically. Most of all I loved it when he would start to ramble to me,

almost incoherently.

He gave all those signs now. His face was so beautiful, his blush

making the green of his fluttering eyes sparkle even more, and seeming

to brighten the golden lustre of his flowing hair. His nostrils flared,

taking in deep drafts of air, as he held his lips rigidly closed. They were

flushed red too. I wanted to kiss him now, so badly!

The rambling usually started just before his orgasmic peak. Like in the

midst of all his overflowing sensations he suddenly wanted to share with

me. He started now.

"Teg!" he muttered lowly. Calling to me, wanting me to listen.

His chest heaved, and his stomach muscles rippled, sometimes sinking in

to form a deep depression below his breastplate. He was grasping at the

blankets with one hand, and pulling on his diaphanous, sheer white

gown with the other, unconsciously lifting his skirt up higher and higher

across his tummy. His little belly button winked at me over and over,

with the heaving of his tummy.

"I'm getting ... there ... Teg!"

I just kept pumping, slowly, slowly, relentlessly, watching, feeling, and

thrilling to the electrifying sensations that I knew were rippling though

his body now. My own dick swept over my slowly pumping hand,

with each slide along his crack.

"Faster ... I need ...."

"I love you, sweetie," I whispered. But I didn't give in!

"Please ... can't ... control ...."

I knew the climax was just on the verge when he suddenly released his

legs and they shot down around me as if spring-loaded. Convulsively,

his thighs suddenly became rock hard and tight against my legs, pushing

in on me.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh Teeeeeeeeeeeeeeeg!" he cried, arching his neck

as he always did. This orgasm was nothing like the explosions he

sometimes had, which would literally lift his body off the bedding, in

shuddering convulsions. Instead it seemed to flow in slow motion,

starting at his midsection, and the vice-grip of his thighs against mine.

Then his tummy tautened and stayed firm, and his chest stopped rising

and falling, and his eyes stopped fluttering. They were open, and I saw

his eyes roll up, till I could see the white of his orbs.

I immediately stopped pumping on his jutting penis, and lifted my cock

from his crack. My seven inches jutted over him, as I knelt back and

again lowered my left hand down between his legs, to continue to probe

and massage his anus. I wanted this orgasm to flow immediately into

the next, so that Wishus would indeed want me inside him, and ask me

to enter him, needing me in him.

"Oh God, yes!" he exclaimed, finally regaining control. He blinked his

eyes, and shook his head. Instantly, his legs loosened, and fell away

from their vice-like squeezing against mine. He brought his left hand to

his chest, and pressed his finger tips to his nipples, alternating between

them, slowly massaging. At the same time, with his right, he reached

down to his little cocklet and balls, and cupped them, and squeezed his

shaft.

"It was good, huh?" I smiled, continuing to rub within his crack. I

brought my fingers all the way up, and pressed them into his perineum,

massaging his prostate from the outside. I hoped to soon touch it again,

from the inside.

"If only you ... knew, Teg! I thought you would never ... let me cum

though!"

"Sweet torture," I chuckled. "You're getting wetter down there,

Wishus. Are you ready for more?"

Even before he answered, I let the first joint of my index finger crook

forward and into his hole, pushing it lightly. It slipped into his rectum

easily, with so little resistance. He felt it, even in the afterglow of his

orgasm, and immediately started to raise his legs again.

"Oh Teg, are you ... going to do it ... now?"

"Not yet, honey. We'll take it slow."

"That feels so good down there," he said softly. I could hear the

momentary exhaustion in his voice, mixed with his boyish eagerness to

begin again. His dick was still rock hard. It never lost its erection

between orgasms.

I swapped hands, letting my right delve down between his legs, to split

his cheeks. With my wet slickened left hand, I again tenderly grasped

his penis. It was still wet with my spit and cum, so I ever so gently

pulled his foreskin back and with a feather like touch, I started

spreading the fluid around his moist, inflamed glans. It was almost fiery

red, like the flames in the hearth. With my fingertip still lightly touching

the slit at the tip of his dickhead, I started to very, very gently stroke

him again.

The sharp, penetrating scent from Wishus' bottom was lifting into the

air now. I loved it! I couldn't get enough of it! I breathed deeply,

reveling in the thought that I was breathing this very different essence

from his body.

As he pulled his legs back, and locked his hands behind his knees again,

I once more had full view of his bottom. My hand had shifted around,

as he rose against it, but I kept my finger tip embedded within him.

Now I started to slowly revolve it around within the slick ring of his

anal muscle, probing, and pushing out against the ring, trying to widen

it, loosen it. I brought my middle finger to his orifice, and let it rest

there momentarily, then started to push.

He gasped lightly, but didn't show any sign of discomfort.

"Two fingers now, sweetie. I'm going to try to loosen you up a bit,

ok?"

"Ok, Teg," he breathed. I glanced up quickly, almost loathe to take my

eyes off my prize. He was again resting easily, with his eyelids

fluttering, almost closed, letting the sensations flow through him, from

his penis, and now from his anus.

My two fingers together, were bigger around than my thumb. But he

had had the brush handle up his bottom, and that was just as big, so I

knew this would be no problem. I just wanted to take this in gradual

stages. His anus elongated, only slightly resisting my push, and the first

joint of my middle finger was lodged with him, alongside the shaft of my

index finger. I let it rest there briefly, then extended the finger all the

way, pushing, stretching his muscle, feeling resistance now.

"Oooooooh!" he breathed out.

"Is it ok?" I asked, almost panicking, ready to withdraw.

"Yes!" he said, louder, more forcefully, eagerly. "It feels great, Teg.

Can you find my spot in there?"

"Your spot ... oh ... yeah, where I kept touching this morning? From

inside you?"

"Yeah! It really feels good when you rub me there, Teg. Almost like

jacking off, but ... inside me, you know? There!"

"I got it, huh?"

Yes, you definitely ... GOT IT!"

"I did it again!" I chuckled, loving this. I pumped both fingers in and

out slowly, trying to make sure they came into contact with his prostate.

"Is this ... what you're GOING ... to do with your ... DICK, Teg?"

Every time I touched his gland, he lurched, bodily.

"Yes, honey. This is fucking. I'm going to slide my penis in and out,

just like this."

"Do it now, Teg!" he begged. "I want to feel your peepee in me.

Please, now."

"You need to be a little looser, honey. I'm going to try three fingers

now, ok?"

"Ok," he answered immediately, and I sensed the renewed trepidation in

his voice. He did want me in him, but at the same time, he too was still

unsure, knowing that my three fingers would be more than he had ever

had in there.

I lowered my mouth to his balls, still gently stroking his penis with a

light touch. I licked them, then literally scooped and rounded them up

with my tongue and sucked them into my mouth. At the same instant, I

withdrew my fingers from his anus, lined up the third finger with the

other two, and without missing even a bit of the rhythm I had started, I

pushed all three against his sphincter, widening it, forcing it, arresting

its' closure.

He stiffened under me. I felt his thighs and buttocks tighten beneath my

arms, but he didn't release his hold on his legs. I sucked hard, pulling

his balls into me, and simultaneously plunging my three finger tips past

his tightened guard.

"Ohhhhhhhhh" he yelped. A high, sweet yelp, not fearful, but accepting.

He consciously attempted to relax, but I felt his thighs and bottom

reflexively tighten and loosen, along with his sphincter. He could

consciously control his sphincter, but it's also one of the body's

automatic muscles. He couldn't stop it's alternating dilation and then

it's tight grip, seeking to expel my fingers.

"I ... feel ... like I'm going to ... have an ... accident, Teg!" I could

hear the near panic in his voice. He was embarrassed, suddenly. Once

before, after we first arrived at the ranch, he had gotten sick again.

Probably something in the water. He had involuntarily pooped in his

pants one day, and had felt so bad.

Now here I was plunging into his bottom.

I quickly released his balls from my mouth, and lifted up. "It's alright,

sweetie! You won't have an accident. We took care of that,

remember? This morning? You're the one who demanded we shovel

a way to the outhouse first!"

"Yeah," he acquiesced.

"This is totally different, Wishus. Doesn't it feel good? Just let

yourself relax. Let me in, sweetie."

He was gripping the blanket again, with both hands, and clenching his

teeth. I saw his breath shudder from his lungs, as he consciously tried to

follow my directions. He released his fists, and spread his palms upon

the blankets. "O ... ok, Teg, I'll ... try."

"Great. That's it. I'll just hold my fingers inside of you now. You tell

me when I can start in again."

"Ok, but ... remember, I warned you!" he gave me a half-hearted smile.

"I'll remember."

"Don't get mad if ... I can't control it."

"I would never get angry with you like that, Wishus. Remember, this is

what men and boys have done for all time. This is the way we make

love, honey. I love you with all my heart. I want this more than

anything. I want to be in you, Wishus. I want us to have what a man

and boy should have together."

"Yes. I want it too, Teg. Go ahead now." He laid his head back again,

and closed his eyes, awaiting me.

"I do love you so much, Wishus," I said, feeling overwhelmed by love

for him suddenly. He was so good and brave. And he wanted me so

much!

As I said it, I pushed in again with all three bunched fingers. The little

triangle of hardened flesh widened quickly, from the tips up to their

base, and his anus stretched and stretched, inexorably.

I pushed in a half inch, and held there, listening as he drew in a quick,

startled breath. Then he relaxed again.

I withdrew just slightly, and then pushed in again. The mucous from

within him made it slick. It gurgled now, plopping and swishing with

each movement of my fingers.

"Uhhhhnnnn." He groaned, with the next half inch, but he met my

thrust with a push of his own now. I rotated my fingers with him, so

that the pads might touch his prostate, and started again into a rhythm.

In a little more each time. In, out, in, out.

With each stroke he mewed. With each stroke I widened his hole a bit

more. We both lost ourselves to the rhythm, to the pleasure, to the

moment. I felt the warmth of the fire envelope us, bathing us both in

it's soft, flickering light. The soft piling of furs beneath us, the warmth

all around, the angel glow from outside – the very image of what we

were doing – a little boy on his back, his legs pulled up, his anus

stretched to accept his man's fingers – how could this be forbidden?! It

was so beautiful! So good! So right! This little boy was giving himself

over to his man, letting all his inhibitions flee away, releasing himself

body and soul in this incredibly intimate act! Was there ever a more

perfect example of giving and trusting?

I felt so uplifted! I had three fingers inside Wishus' bottom! I was

bringing excruciating pleasure and joy to him, because he trusted me.

He loved me! And we were on the verge of joining in an even more

magical and intimate way.

I was exalted beyond measure. This was what I had lived all my years

for. To join with the boy I loved. To make us both whole, by becoming

One! This was boylove!

"Now, Teg," I heard his voice, so soft, so sweet.

It electrified me! I felt my manhood surge with power. It seemed to

grow and grow, to harden beyond the hardest steel. Wishus, my boy,

wanted me now. I was indeed born to be with him, to serve him, to

care for him, to love him, to fill him!

"Yes, Wishus. Now." I said so calmly, answering him as I should. His

to command. His to serve.

Suddenly I knew how to do it. All my years of wondering, reading,

dreaming. All my varied lessons with Rolando! They had brought me

to this moment, but now, with my boy spreading his legs for me, calling

me into him, I realized that I had known what to do always. Some few

of us, in the course of human existence, are blessed with a natural

passion for boys. We don't procreate with them, but we do something

just as important in our boys' lives. We give everything we have to

them. Our very beings.

I would give my being to Wishus. Now.

I looked into his eyes. He held them wide open now. He was in the

throes of the renewed climb towards another orgasm, yet he was as

clearly aware now as ever before. He looked at me with a mixture of

longing and a kind of beatific blessing, granting my wish, recognizing

my purpose in his life, and acknowledging his own need.

He was lovely beyond compare, even to any vision of himself! His little

body, his slim little legs, drawn in together beneath my massive form.

His dainty fingers, clutched tightly behind his knees. His long, slender

arms, so straight and tender and unmuscled, shoulders rounded, his little

collar bones so delicate. His flawless, pale complexion, lips red and full,

his eyes sparkling green and golden, the spun-gold of his hair splayed

upon the blanket. His pure white garment, frilly and soft, pulled up to

allow me to take him as mine. The coral and ivory beaded choker,

proclaiming him mine.

We were ready.

I withdrew my slick fingers from his wide-stretched hole, quickly wiped

their lubricating juices on my dickhead, and spread my own pre-cum all

around it. I pulled back on my foreskin, completely baring my flaring

reddish glans, and in one motion inched forward between his legs, and

placed my dickhead against his slowly narrowing rectum.

"I love you, Wishus." I said solemnly, as I pushed in and down, using

my fingers from above to leverage my glans into him, while I pushed

forward with my hips.

"I ... LOVE you ... Teg!" he gasped, responding even as my glans

penetrated his ring. I pushed forcefully, feeling the resistance of his

anus. It was loosened, relaxed, but naturally constricting again.

"My ... God!" he screamed, at the very instant the ridge of my glans

passed within his rectum, lodging all the way in. I screamed too,

something animal-like and incoherent. I had known that if I bared my

glans, the penetration would almost be painful to me. Almost! It was

an excruciating overload of sensation, and when his rectal muscle closed

in behind my glans, on my frenum, I couldn't help but cry out.

Wishus involuntarily released his hold on his legs, and dug his fingers

into my arms, gripping me fiercely. I had leaned into him, with the

penetration. I propped myself on outstretched arms, resting on either

side of his body. His legs fell onto my arms, and slid partly down

alongside them.

He gasped for breath, his diaphragm suddenly tightening along with the

rest of his body, responding to the penetration.

I gasped too, with each involuntary squeeze of his muscle so tight

around the shaft of my dick.

Neither of us could move for a moment, or hardly think. He calmed

himself first. It took all my will power to keep from withdrawing my

penis. Each squeeze upon it sent s shock of deliciously agonizing

pleasure through me.

"You're ... in me!" he said.

"Ye ... yes, sweetie ... can you ... try to relax ... a bit," I struggled to

answer.

I almost wanted to laugh, or cry, I didn't know which. I had impaled

him, invaded him, but his little body was in control of me now.

"I'll ... try, Teg," he whimpered.

And he did. I felt every bit of his effort, as he consciously tried to relax

his sphincter. It fought him for control, instinct only reluctantly swaying

to his desire, constricting again and again, but each time a bit less.

I looked down at him. My head hovered over his now, my hair hanging

down all around me. He looked up into my eyes, his little eyes roving,

seeking to read my thoughts. Neither of us smiled, yet we both could

sense the love and need in the other. I could look down between us,

and see the stem of my dick rising from his bottom. He strained to look

too, following my gaze.

"Are you ok, honey?"

"Yes," he said. "I'm ... getting used to it. It feels ... good, Teg. And

so big!"

He released my arm with his right hand, and lowered it to feel between

us. Suddenly I felt his fingers on my rock-hard shaft. Then he slid his

fingers along the flesh of our junction, feeling how his anus was

stretched so tightly around me.

"Oh god, Teg, it feel so ... incredible!:

I lowered my face, pursing my lips. He had to strain his head up a bit,

since my torso was so much longer than his, but he met my lips with his,

and we kissed lightly.

"Can you take a little more, honey?"

"Yes, Teg. I want you in me more."

I looked down between us again, and started to push in. He guided

me! I felt his fingers wrap around my shaft, and start to pull me into

him. The swell of my dick, just beneath my glans, would stretch him the

widest. He took it with eyes wide, staring into mine. Neither of us

breathed. Both of us were totally, blindly concentrating on the slide of

my flesh inside his, for all of another inch into him. Then we both

rested.

Beyond the tightness of his anal ring, I felt a softer wetness and

warmness envelope my glans.

"It feels so good, Wishus! I never dreamed it could feel so good, and

I've dreamed of this moment all my life!"

"It's like ... nothing I ever dreamt of, Teg! I played with myself, like

this, but ... your dick is so hot inside me! I ... I can feel it beating in

there, like your heart!"

I lowered myself to him again, and we kissed again. This time he

opened his lips, sucking my tongue into his mouth. We were joined

there too!

"Can you take more?" I asked, as we separated.

He surprised me again, bringing his right hand up to his lips, and licking

the pads of his fingers, then spitting into them. Then he reached back

down between us and started to lubricate our junction, then all up and

down my shaft.

"I'm ready, Teg. Can you ... fuck me ... now?"

My heart ached at his words, and I let out a cry of passion and love and

gratitude. He overwhelmed me in every way!

"Yes, dearest. I'll ... fuck you ... now," I tried to answer, at one and

the same time straining to push within him some more, and to breath

against the constriction in my throat.

How deep could I go? I had no idea. He had no idea. Deep enough to

make sure I could brush against his prostate, but not so deep as to hurt

him inside. Rolando had taken six or seven inches of his dildo. Joey

had taken most of Tonio inside him. I slowly thrust in another inch, and

felt him tense at the same time that I felt my glans press against some

soft, but resisting part within him. So I started a slow slide out. His

inner juices, his spittle, the lubrication of my pre-cum, all combined to

make the glide smooth. I felt every bit of the slide. His bottom seemed

reluctant to let me out, pulling and tugging at my shaft, literally grabbing

at my glans, stretching it in the same way that I stretched his anus. I

continued the glorious slide all the way till the ridge of my glans was

once more the only thing keeping me inside him.

Wishus must have thought I was going to pull out. "No!" he exclaimed

softly, but firmly, and he quickly raised both his hands, and strained to

grasp my buttocks, to pull me back in.

"Don't worry, dearest," I said. "I'm not pulling all the way out. Just feel

my dick inside you, honey. Feel it as it slides in again."

"I ... ooooooohhhhhh," he had started to answer, but I pushed back in

immediately, and he seemed to both sigh with relief and groan with the

sensation.

"Do you like it, Wishus?"

"You're filling ... me up, Teg! It feels ... wonderful. Keep ... going ...."

My dick slipped smoothly into his heat again. The slick walls of his tube

gave way to me, but slid along my shaft and glans tightly. I couldn't tell

if I hit his prostate or not, but my penetration was met with another

whimpering moan, a physical reaction, not one of hurt or fear, but an

automatic response to the sensations he felt.

I lifted a bit and looked down between us again, and saw that I was

planting fully 3 inches of my meat inside Wishus. The root of my tool

stuck out of his bottom just as straight and hard as the dildo that I had

fucked Rolando with.

As I paused like that, poised within him, he started moving his butt in

the slightest of little circular motions, testing the stiffness of me within

him, pressing more firmly against first one side then another of his anal

ring, just slightly pushing up and then down. He moaned softly,

continuously, a vibrant, deep-throated hum almost. I looked down at

his face, and saw that he still lay with his head back, his eyes closed. He

was in total concentration on the feelings with him.

It suddenly swept over me. Just the most extraordinary and uplifting

feeling of joy, that Wishus and I were joined so tightly. I was embedded

within him. He was impaled by me. He could have rudely pushed me

out. I could have grown limp and weak, as I had done with Rolando.

Yet both of us wanted this moment.

"Look Wishus," I uttered softly, arching my back a bit more. I smiled,

as he opened his eyes again looking almost dazed, as if coming out of a

trance induced by the sensations he was feeling. "Look, honey, we're

joined, like one body!"

I motioned with my head for him to look down our bodies. "Look at

my penis, Wishus, sticking out from your bottom."

"We're ... One, Teg," he answered dreamily. "

"Yes, we are, honey."

Wishus sighed softly, and closed his eyes as he laid his head back down

on the blanket. He seemed to relax, then. All over. He seemed to all of

a sudden simply give in to the new and wondrous sensations he was

feeling. His hands flopped down onto the blanket, by his sides again. I

felt his legs rest with their full weight against my arms. Only around

my deep-thrust pole, did I feel his conscious effort, as he continued to

shift his pelvis, testing the physical link between our two bodies.

Suddenly he discovered that he could control his anus. He constricted it

around my shaft. "Aayyyyyeee!" I called out, my whole body stiffening

to the tightness. He was so powerful down there! He felt my reaction,

and loosened, then constricted again. When I reacted again, going rigid

and taut again, I heard him laugh so softly. He had the sweetest, most

self-satisfied little smile on his lips, but he didn't even open his eyes.

"I just can't tell you, Teg ... how good it feels ..." his voice almost

drifted out from his lips, a soft echo of the trance-like state he was in.

"It feels like heaven to me too, Wishus. When you squeeze me like that,

it's like you had your hand around me, but a hundred times better."

"Fuck me, Teg," he pleaded again, softly. "Just ... fuck me."

"Yes, Wishus."

To answer his command, I pulled out again. That delicious slide, the

continuous, slick yet tight friction on my glans – I knew that I could not

last long like this. I would soon cum inside my boy.

Out to the ridge of my glans, hearing his whimper, feeling his whimper.

Then back in again, to the accompaniment of his sweet moan.

We started our rhythm. He met each thrust with a slight upward heave

of his pelvis. He began to jerk, involuntarily, at the end of each thrust.

Perhaps the moment when my dick hit his prostate most firmly?

Perhaps the moment when he felt himself impaled, just to the point of

pain. But never sensing that pain. Oh, there was no pain in my Wishus!

Each outward movement ended with him breathing an almost panicked,

jerky sigh. I tensed at that point too, feeling the tightness of his anal

ring on my frenum. Perhaps we both feared that my penis would

suddenly plop out of his bottom. It was like repeated steps to the edge

of a precipice. To step over the line would end this moment of

incredible joy. We tested the limits with each motion of our fuck.

In to the deepest depth he could allow me. Out to the threat of

separation. In to his moans of most intense delight, out to his

whimpering plea for me to stay within him.

I thrust in, feeling so powerful. Taking my boy. Making him mine. I

pulled out, then poised for a fraction of a second, before pushing back

in, to reclaim him again! My balls slapped down, just grazing his

bottom, heavy with the semen that I would soon pump deep into him.

As we gained a rhythm, a sync with each other, our private little world,

within these four walls, within our lonely meadow, within our protecting

forest, was filled with the sounds of our melding. We gave ourselves to

it, with complete abandon. Wishus answered each thrust more loudly. I

pushed in a little deeper, inexorably plunging more and more of my

manhood into his body. I began to almost grunt with each stroke in.

Not a moan. More like a brute announcement of my possession of my

boy. He answered in his sweet, boyish tones, giving himself. Letting

me take him. All to the rhythm of the squishing sound of my dick

sliding in and out of him.

His little body shook with each thrust. My dick was like a piston,

pushing his whole body down into the furs, and lifting him up with each

outstroke.

Oh god, I felt myself tensing to cum. I knew I couldn't last much

longer, yet I didn't want this to ever end. I wanted Wishus to continue

to feel these new pleasures, these new sensations. I wanted him to cum

with me! Could he?

I looked down again between our bodies, thinking I should start jacking

him, but not sure I could manage it. His little penis was limp! It

flopped wildly across his tummy with each of our strokes. Yet he was

obviously in the deepest throes of sexual passion! My constant abrasion

of his prostate, the never-ending jolt from the nerve-endings in his

rectum, my tool expanding and filling him - those seemed to be his focus

now.

I couldn't hold out any longer. That was the instant I felt my dick

suddenly swell, and my balls constrict. I shot into him, and plunged the

deepest, all at the same time. I felt the first spurt of my semen bursting

out along my urethra, and flooding into him. I yelled out, triumphant,

proclaiming the consummation of our Union!

He tensed to it, and screamed out incoherently. His arms shot up like

bolts to grasp me round my back. His legs stiffened and tightened in

against my arms. He shrieked , and literally lifted himself off the bed,

his whole body pulled up to mine. In the blind, animal-like moment of

orgasm, I thrust hard, uncontrollably. He swayed beneath me, in the air,

swinging like a pendulum under my body.

"Ohhhhh Teg!" he screamed, his voice shrill, penetrating the night air. I

felt his anus clamp down upon me, even as his body started to go into

convulsions. It seemed like he was holding onto my penis and my back,

as his only remaining links to the physical world.

I fucked and fucked into him, my penis pumping my seed deep into his

little bottom.

"It's so ... hot ... Teg!" he yelled in amazement. "I can ... feel your

cum! Inside me! You fucked me, Teg! You fucked me!"

He continued to hold himself up off the bed, against me, swaying with

my body. Finally I quit thrusting, feeling that incredible, almost painful

sensation from my glans – like if I moved one more fraction of an inch,

it would explode. I wanted to hold him so tight. I tried propping

myself up with one hand, and raising the other to hold him around his

back, but succeeded only in flopping over on my side onto the furs,

bringing him with me.

I rolled over onto my back, reversing our positions, and wrapped my

arms around him, hugging him so tight. My dick slipped out a bit from

his behind, and I felt the relative cold of the air along my wet shaft,

below where we were still joined.

Wishus nuzzled into my chest hairs, kissing me there over and over. "It

was ... so wonderful ... Teg."

"It was ... beyond words ... sweetheart," I panted. Our bodies were so

hot against each other. I felt a sheen of sweat between us.

"You fucked me ... just like husband would fuck his wife."

"Like a man would ... fuck his boy," I answered, and kissed the top of

his head. I held him still, not wanting to ever let my dick slip out of his

body. Amazingly, I was still hard. Normally, I could easily get hard

again after a few minutes, but to stay hard after cumming was just not

normal for me.

"Yeah, Teg. Like a man would fuck his boy," Wishus raised his head,

and looked up at me, and smiled so sweetly. "I want to kiss you, Teg."

"I want to kiss you too, sweetie. But then you would have to get off

my dick," I feigned a pout.

"Ohhhh ... " he sighed, letting it out with such a show of satisfaction,

"that's ok, because we're going to do it again."

"Oh! We are?" I asked, as he pulled himself up along my body. He

wiggled his butt as his rectum protested, not wanting to flare out around

the ridge of my glans, to let me out of his body. "Oh! There it is," he

laughed, as my dick plopped out. We both heard a little plop of gas

too!

"What was that!" I laughed.

"Well, hmmh, you were up inside my butt, Teg!" he proclaimed

impishly, then compressed his lips tightly and pushed them out

tauntingly, and tilted his head indignantly.

"Yeah. I was!" I laughed, raising my eyebrows in a knowing way.

"Now what's this about me fucking you aga ... ummmmmmh ...."

He didn't let me finish, just planted his lips on mine, and opened his

mouth. We let our tongues explore softly, lovingly. He cupped my

head in his hands. I just held him around his back, locking him to me

again.

Finally he lifted his head, and said, "Yeah, I want it again, Teg. But this

time, can I ... uh, can we try it with me on top?"

"Well ... of course we can." I was surprised that he thought of it.

"Like this, Teg," he said, rising up and scooting back down my body

again, over my dick, lying hard against my belly.

He positioned himself so naturally, as if we had been fucking for

months. I suddenly realized that indeed this was so natural. Almost

instinctual. A man and his boy, loving each other this way. Giving each

other pleasure. I knew what to do. He knew what to do. We were

made this way, to love each other.

He straddled me, right over my balls, and grasped my dick, lifting it up

like a pole. "It's so slick and gooey, Teg!" he exclaimed.

"Our juices, Wishus. From inside your body, and from my cum."

"Yeah, and I can fell it wet around my hole too," he said, his eyes round

with wonder as he reached back with one hand, lifted himself off my

thighs, and probed back there.

Without further exploration, he got on his feet and straddled me higher,

positioning my dick right up against his anus. He pushed down, letting

himself literally sit on me. My dickhead slipped into him again, this

time with very little resistance. Slowly, slowly, he impaled himself this

time. Taking it at his own pace. He held my dick in one hand, and

propped himself over me with the other, leaning a bit. He chewed on

his lower lip, and looked off into space, concentrating blindly on the

penetration of his bottom.

I remembered doing this with Rolando. Wishus wanted it as much or

more than Rolando had! This time I remained stiff, knowing I was

sharing my manhood with my intended.

Wishus looked so sexy. His sheer white garment was draped in lewd

disarray down past his shoulder, lowering across his chest to reveal his

bare nipples. I reached up and lightly caressed them with my thumbs,

then traced my fingers along his sides.

His dick dangled out half-hard, his balls hung loose. I lowered one hand

to cup them, and lightly pluck at his scrotum, then up to fondle his tool.

He moaned again.

"Oh God, it feels so good, Teg," he said softly, his eyes closed.

Sounding dreamy again.

I fingered his balls again, tugging them outward gently. He moaned

loudly, and squirmed on my dick. Then I let my fingertips trace the line

of his perineum, all the way to his dick-plugged anus.

I felt all around, amazed at the sight of his little form impaled on me.

Leaning forward, I reached behind him. He was so small and slim, that I

could cup his buttocks in one hand, squeezing them, feeling the pressure

on the head of my dick inside him! My cock looked so huge sticking up

inside him, like it should split him wide apart.

He was almost in a delirium. His head lolled from side to side as I

squeezed his bottom against my shaft, and that unconscious, continuous

groan of his started to build again within his throat.

"Ooooooohhhhhhhhhhmmmmmmmmm," he intoned, his mouth closed,

his voice somehow gravelly, yet still so high and soft.

"Wishus," I whispered. He continued to just sit there on my prick,

swaying, moaning, lost in some enchanted world of sensations that I

could only imagine.

"Wishus..." I said a bit louder.

"Yessss ... Teg," he answered from out of his trance, not even opening

his eyes. "Uuuuuuhhhhhhnnnnnnnn."

"Wishus, what are you feeling, honey? What does it feel like to have my

penis up inside you?"

"It's like ... oh God, Teg! I can feel you in there, just filling me up ...

and it's like ... around my bottom," he said in a dreamy monotone. "...

my hole there, is trying to squeeze ... all the time ... but I can't ... control

it anymore ... you're peepee is so big, and ... and it's ... holding me

open."

"Does it feel good?"

"Teg! It's ... it's ...." His head suddenly fell forward, his hair falling all

around it, then he arched his back and pulled his head back up, breathing

in deeply. He sounded like he was going to cry. Each word came out

by force of will, as he tried to explain what he was feeling.

"I ... feel ... how hard ... you are, in there ... Teg! It's like ... I'm helpless

... but I know I ... could get off now ... if I wanted to. But I don't want

to! It's like I ... want you to just go in deeper and deeper, and fill me

up."

"It doesn't hurt?"

"No! It's ... killing me ... but I've never felt ... anything so wonderful ...

oh God, fuck me, Teg!" he called out, letting his head fly back again.

His whole frame was ramrod stiff upon me, his arms propped on mine.

"You can do it, sweetie. Just move up and down on me. You can fuck

me, Wishus."

He took my cue immediately, and started to tense his thighs, raising his

bottom up along my shaft, letting me slide an inch, then two inches out

of him. Then he started down again, sitting on my tool, forcing it back

up into his cavity.

"How does it feel ... for you, Teg?" he asked suddenly, his eyes still

closed. He kept up the rhythm, slowly lifting himself off me, then back

down, each time letting me about 3 inches up into his bottom. Each

stroke he let out a low, almost whispered moan, that I don't even think

he was aware of. His arms seemed to wobble a bit, threatening to

buckle under the effort of holding his body poised over me.

"Feels like ... home, Wishus. Where I belong. My dick buried in your

body. Feels like when you suck me. Hot, wet, and a hundred times

tighter. Feels like ... I'm making you happy ... like you want me in you

...."

"I do, Teg! I wish we could fuck like this forever! But ...."

"But what, Wishus?"

"Teg, I don't know if I have enough strength to do it this way. Just

...."

He paused, bouncing ever so slightly on my dick, letting it slip inside

him a little bit more, as if he were losing the strength to hold himself up.

"Just what, honey?"

"Can you ... just ... fuck me like before? Could you do it to me?"

"Of course, dearest. I'll fuck you any time you want it."

Why I did it I don't know. It wasn't a conscious act. This was our

bridal consummation room, where we had finally joined our bodies. But

for some reason, I felt like taking him to our bed.

In one sweeping motion, I raised up at the waist, putting my arms

around his back as I arose, letting him fall back into them, still impaled

on my outthrust dick. I just lunged up, cupping one hand beneath his

buttocks, letting my lower two fingers feel around our junction. His

little anus gripped my shaft tightly.

"Let's fuck in our bed, honey," I said, as I carried him like that through

the hall to our room.

"Ok, Teg, let's fuck ... in our bed," he leaned into me wearily, dreamily,

just a little boy letting his man take control. A little boy, impaled on his

man's dick, ready to make love again.

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"Teg," Wishus whispered, waking me. I immediately felt his hand

hefting the flaccid shaft of my dick. He stroked it, in the familiar way he

always did to get me hard.

"Yeah honey," I said, opening my eyes to the darkness of a pre-dawn

morning. We were cuddled together deep under our covers, warm and

secure. I smelt the stains on our bedclothes of our love-making last

night. We had fucked in our bed, the second time, then fallen asleep like

this after I withdrew. He had spooned his body against mine, and fallen

asleep almost immediately. My semen and his rectal juices leaked from

his bottom onto the sheets during the night.

He pushed his bottom back against my lower tummy.

"It was so wonderful last night," he uttered so softly and simply.

"Yes it was, dearest."

"My bottom feels ... kind of funny," he said.

"Does it hurt?"

"No ... well, just a little bit, but ...."

He hesitated. I waited a minute for him to continue, just luxuriating in

our warmth.

"But?" I finally asked.

"Well, it feels ... kind of ... loose."

I chuckled. "Yeah, I expect so. I rode you pretty good last night. I'm

sorry it hurts, even a little."

"It doesn't really. In fact, I ...."

He paused again, but still fondled my dick. It was now answering to his

touch, and rising stiff and hard. He patted the slit at the tip with one

finger.

"You what?" I asked, this time a little more quickly, wondering if he

meant what I thought he meant!

He pushed his bottom back and slid down a bit, pressing his crack

against my dick head.

"I'd love to, Wishus," I whispered. I reached down and gently caressed

his upthrust hip, beneath the covers, then let my hand slide down

between his crack. Tentatively, lightly, I let my middle finger touch his

hole. It was soft and wet, feeling a bit more puffed and swollen than it

had the day before, when it was still virgin.

He didn't cringe or show any sign of pain, so I leveraged the head of my

dick up to his anus and used his juices to slick my bared glans.

He pushed back again, signaling very clearly just how much he wanted

me inside him. I suddenly felt a million little itching pinpricks in the

head of my dick. I drew in a deep breath, letting the urge build up in

me. I just had to be inside him!

With my cock lodged up against his hole, I reached around to grasp him

and pull him onto me. His little dick was hard! I held it firmly between

my thumb and index finger, and used the rest of my hand to pull him

onto me.

He was sloppily wet back there, after two fuckings within the last 8 or

ten hours. I had pumped two loads of semen up into him. My glans

slipped in past his loosened ring fairly easily.

He gasped and tensed, so I stopped and just held him there, kissing his

hair from above, tenderly jacking his little dick.

In a moment he relaxed a bit, and pushed back again.

"Fuck me, Teg." He whispered those magical words again!

I pushed in, deeper and deeper, sliding easily into his slickened canal,

glorying again when I felt his body jolt ever so slightly as I brushed his

prostate.

I slipped my left arm underneath his side, and grasped his little peepee

with it, freeing my right to caress up and over his thin chest. His flesh

was so warm underneath our blankets, so soft. Lightly I touched first

one nipple then the next, exerting the slightest pressure, kneading,

tweaking, till both were hard little nubbins.

Then I started fucking him. Slowly, gently. In and out in a continuous

motion, never pausing or thrusting hard, matching this fuck to this

moment of early morning tenderness. He began to whimper very lightly

this time, with the same unconscious, automatic response to the

sensations with him, but this time more quietly.

"I ... love having ... you in me ... Teg," he uttered.

"I love being a part of you, sweetheart."

"Do you ... want to ... go deeper?" he asked querulously, as if unsure

of himself, unsure if he himself wanted to test the limits.

"Is that what you want, Wishus?!" I answered, feeling a surge of

emotion and wonder. "To feel me as deep as possible within you?"

"Yes! I want that. I want you in me always, Teg. I need you in me."

I stopped thrusting, thrilling to his words, and feeling so complete inside

my boy. We were truly joined.

My dick was embedded 4 inches within him, and he wanted me deeper!

I placed my arm across his lower tummy, and held him firmly, as I

started pushing in once more, slowly, patiently. Another half inch. An

inch.

Wishus moaned lowly, feeling my invading member deeper than ever

before. I paused momentarily, then again began to push. His bowels

took me in deeper, deeper. Another half inch again.

I heard his breath catch in his throat and he tensed. He clutched his

pillow to his face, and bit into it, his little fingers twisting and turning. I

was fully 5 and a half, almost 6 inches inside him, my dick stretching

him wide, my glans touching some firm, yet soft spot within him. He

trembled, down the length of his whole body, the tremors continuing,

like I had directly touched a nerve deep inside him, and his brain could

not figure out how to deal with this new and strange stimulus. The

moan started again. Low and soft, a subconscious tribute to my

penetration.

I just held him there like that, firmly. Impaling him, feeling his inner

heat, feeling like my cock had somehow become a part of him. That to

withdraw it even a fraction of an inch would be sacrilege.

He made no effort at all to pull forward, to make me withdraw. His

body continued to convulse. I felt it all around my dick. I felt his legs

thrash in small, uncontrolled motions against my own. His upper body

shivered, even deep down inside our warm blankets. His arms and

shoulders shuddered against me. Gradually, after long moments in which

both our hearts raced, the trembling ceased and he relaxed his grip on

the pillow.

He reached back finally, and placed his hand possessively on my hip,

pulling me forward firmly. Keeping all six inches embedded within him.

"Remember, Teg, you said ... you'd never leave me." he muttered, his

voice muffled by the pillow that he still held to his lips.

"I remember. I'll always remember, sweet."

Neither of us moved after that, for the longest time. The sun began to

rise. Our blankets were dappled in the sunlight through the lace

curtains. It was magical. I felt it. I know he felt it. We were like one

being laying there, our bodies touching from his head against my chest,

to his heels against my feet, my hard penis lodged unmoving inside him,

filling him. His body stretched to take me inside him.

"Teg?" he finally called to me, so softly.

"Yes, honey."

He lifted his head off the sheet just a bit, as if trying to look back at me.

A lazy, relaxed effort, knowing I was there for him. Knowing I lived to

hear his words.

"Can we ... can we be One like this, forever?"

"Yes, Wishus. I will always be your man. You will always be my boy.

We will be One. Forever."

The End

Dear Bill,

Thought you'd like to hear about our Easter morning here. I've certainly

been wondering how Rolan and Metrio fared. Not to mention Joey - but I

suppose he and Tonio have had their own private celebration?

Well, we'd been half-awake for a while, since dawn, when Wishus finally

slid forward and let my half-hard penis plop free from his slick bottom. I

laughed as he sat up, and his little pucker fluttered loudly - I had

certainly pumped him enough - he had to be full of something more than air!

He groaned and slapped my thigh, then leaned forward and shook his perfect

little hiney at me. The gown shifted down, quicky shutting off my view of

his still gaping hole, already dripping with our combined juices.

His eyes were barely open, and he had to part the fly-away tangle of his

hair to see the Easter basket at the foot of the bed. I just waited as he

finally realized what it was and rasped, "Oh Teg, why did you do this! I'm

too old for this."

"Too old for the Easter Bunny?!" I asked. He looked back below his

shoulder at me, oh so very offended. I just raised my brow

conspiratorially.

"It's not the Easter Bunny," he answered in his drollest, driest voice.

"It's you. And Uncle Bill. I know he sends you stuff to put in my basket.

I saw some of it in his closet when I was there."

"Wishus! Whatever are you talking about?" I tried to act wounded.

He gave me a look of disgust, but it was weak and half-hearted. Funny how

he suddenly seemed very intent indeed, as he crawled forward on his knees

and pulled the basket up onto the bed and started exploring it. Eleven

years old, but not too old for a chocolate bunny, it seemed (I'll let you

tell him how hard it was to import that all the way from Switzerland!).

Then, satisfied that either you, or I, or maybe the Easter Bunny, had taken

care of him in the candy department, he slid off the bed with his basket in

hand and non-challantly sauntered towards the living room, his bare feet

silent upon the wooden slats of the floor. Nothing on his mind. Oh no, not

this boy. Just waking up.

Yeah, right! I followed him on tippy-toe, knowing better, and loathe to

let his beautiful form out of my sight anyway.

Sure enough, when he saw the first colored egg peeking up out of his shoe,

by the front door, he squealed like a 5 year old, and ran to it, and

plopped it into his basket. Then he turned with the widest grin on his

face, which transformed instantly into 11 year old glum self-consciousness

as soon as he saw me. He reluctantly tossed me a smile anyway, but then

stuck out his tongue at me, and said, "well, whoever left them, I might as

well find them."

"Yep, I agree." I said, innocently.

So that began ten minutes of him scampering about the place looking for

eggs and counting them in his basket.

When he sat down at the kitchen table at the end, I sat down with him, and

started brushing his hair, feeling such a rush of love for him. That

incredible thrill that comes EVERY TIME I touch him, even for the millionth

time.

"I can't wait to tell Rolan and Metrio how many I got this year," he said

excitedly, concentrating on the basket's contents, still taking inventory.

"Hmmh, I don't see one of those that I found in Uncle Bill's closet. Teg!"

he turned to me, and then climbed right up into my lap. I felt the wetness

of my own semen trickling from his bottom onto my thigh. "Teg, do you

think, well, maybe I ought to go back over there for a visit soon?"

"Well, sure, sweetheart. Maybe the Easter Bunny visited there too, you

think?"

He chattered and counted and ate chocolate and real eggs, while I just sat

there holding him close, combing his locks, and thanking whoever, whatever,

that this wonderful boy is a part of our lives.

Your friend,

Teg

Dearest Teg,

I'm having so much fun here in Elizabethtown! I was kind of scared when

you left to go back to the ranch, but Uncle Bill is just as sweet to me as

you said he would be - he always seems to look after my wishes first. The

boys are just the same . No matter what me and Rolan and Metrio are

doing during the day, they always let me decide on things. They're spoiling

me! You said they would, and they do. Well, you're pretty good at

spoiling me too, aren't you.

It's fun, for sure, but I'm missing you. I miss every little moment together

with you, and not just the uhh, umm - - well, remember when you said it

would be alright to do things here? You know? That you wouldn't get

mad? You said it was only natural that when boys like us get together that

something might happen. I'm sure glad you told me that, because, well, I

was kind of missing that too! It's not the same with Rolan, because you're

my man, and there's a whole lot more to it than just getting my rocks off,

like you call it, but we kind of been doing stuff, Teg. Like every night.

And practically all day too! You told me not to feel guilty. So I'm trying

not to. But I keep thinking of you all alone there, and me with the boys

here. And what we're doing all the time.

Rolan is always horny, Teg! And so cute! And Uncle Bill has been letting

him sleep with me while I'm visiting. Maybe Uncle Bill wants a rest!

Rolan always has his hands down my pants. Practically any time we're

alone. Doesn't matter where we are, either. Yesterday we were climbing

all over this big mining dredge and when we got into this little cabin where

all the controls are, Rolan got down on his knees and started unbuttoning

my pants, begging me to let him suck me. And there were miners right

down there on the ground working!

He's got a crush on me. Uncle Bill says Rolan's in love again, but Rolan

says he just wants my dick! He's always staring at me, smiling when I look

at him, trying to kiss - even in front of Uncle Bill, who just laughs and tells

Rolan to save a little bit for him. Rolan says he can handle us both, any

time, any place. I don't know what I feel for him. It's not like with you,

for sure. Like what we say - you and me are One together. But with

Rolando, Teg, sometimes I look at him and it just bowls me over, he's so

beautiful. He's growing his hair long again - like when you first found him.

I really like that! He's just as gorgeous as you said he was.

He kind of feels the same about me. He loves to just hold my hand, or put

his arm around me, or run his fingers through my hair. And he loves to just

play with my dick! I can't keep his hands out of my pants. Even if I

wanted to. It does get a little dicey though, when we're not here at home,

and he slips his hand down there with people around - maybe we're

standing around the corner from a store or somewhere like that.

Sometimes, especially right before we put out the lights at night, when it's

real quiet in the house, he pushes up my nightgown and just lays his head

on my legs, right below my balls, and touches me all over, lifting my balls,

jacking me. He always ends up sucking me. Most times he begs me to let

him fuck me too, but I haven't let him go that far. Doesn't seem right,

somehow. Only you have even seen me there.

Sometimes I do him too. His dick is a lot bigger than mine - maybe four

inches now and twice as thick as mine. Uncle Bill says Rolan will get hair

down there pretty soon. That his balls are getting heavier and hanging

down real low. And guess what! He's shooting cum already! But his dick

is a lot different from yours. Darker, of course, and a lot smaller. And his

foreskin stays up, covering his dickhead, even when he gets hard. Still, in

the important ways, it's the same as yours. You both get rock hard for

me!! Ha ha. You both are always rock hard for me. Am I so beautiful?

I think I must be. Rolan can get hard just looking at me, from across the

room. He get's hard smelling my hair. He'll get hard just sitting next to me

at breakfast! He says I'm a very powerful magic for him!

You know what we did this morning? Normally when I wake up, Rolan is

laying by me, already awake, "just watching you breathe", as he says. He's

hard of course, always, doing that, so I get hard too. Lots of times we like

to just snuggle together then, and rub our bodies together until each of us

cums. It can get pretty messy when he shoots up between our bodies! Not

today, though. I woke up first, for a change.

Aha! My chance to play with him soft, for once. So, very carefully I

pulled down the covers and there it was! His big balls (almost as big as

yours, but still hairless) were hanging down across his thigh, and his dick

was just laying lazily down, too. His dickhead is more pointy than yours,

and totally covered up by his foreskin, and it's really, really sensitive! I

wondered if I could get him in my mouth without him waking up, he's so

sensitive. So I lifted his limp dick up very gently, and weighed it for a

second. Heavy! A lot of boy meat. Remember you once called yours man

meat?

Then I leaned down and opened my mouth as wide as I could, and got him

inside. When I put the tip of my tongue up against the opening of his

foreskin and pressed in, he moaned in his sleep. Talk about soft! His

foreskin is so soft to the touch, and now with his whole dick soft, it was

like melting in my mouth! I licked around lightly, loving the salty, earthy

flavor.

Well, that did it of course. He started getting hard, even in his sleep. So I

quickly stuffed as much of his soft dick into my mouth as possible, and let

it grow inside me! It was fun! Before I knew it, his dickhead had swelled

up against the back of my throat, and his shaft was stretching my jaws and

lips, and it was big enough to make me feel like I was going to choke all of

a sudden, but then I remembered to just breathe through my nose.

So I have his hard dick filling my mouth now, and he's still asleep! But not

for long. I didn't move my tongue, or my head, Teg. I decided to do

something totally different. I don't think I could do this with you, but with

Rolan 's foreskin, it turned out to be real easy! All I did was start sucking

the air out of my mouth, making the sides of my mouth close even tighter

around his shaft, and also drawing his foreskin up on his dickhead a bit.

Then I'd loosen the suction, then start again, back and forth!

He woke up, of course. About on my third suction. He started to move,

and put his hands on my head. Like lightning, I grabbed his butt and

slipped my other hand under his hip, and held on for life! Rolan catches

on quick, of course, and he whispers something sweet in Mexican. Most

times I don't know what he's saying, but I can tell it's sweet. So he relaxed

back again, and let me keep sucking.

Uncle Bill explained it afterwards, what I was doing. He knows all this

stuff. He said I was creating a vacuum inside my mouth, every time I

sucked the air out. Rolan described the feel of the sides of my mouth, and

my tongue, collapsing tightly around his dick. It was like slow, but

pleasant, torture, he said. His natural urge was to start pumping into my

mouth. He expected me any time to start pumping up and down on his

shaft. But he stayed still, and so did I! It was all that vacuum action, Teg!

Well, I kept doing that. And pretty soon Rolan is moaning almost

non-stop, and getting louder, begging me to start pumping up and down on

his dick. I was afraid we would wake up Metrio, so I quickly put my right

hand up against his mouth, to quieten him. He quit moaning so loud, but

kept squirming like he was about to go out of his mind. Then I got this

idea to stick a couple of fingers in his mouth! That was really, cool, Teg!

You wouldn't believe how surprised he was, and how he sucked my fingers

in, and started doing the same thing to them that I was doing to his dick!

Before long, I had him wriggling about on the bed almost like a snake. He

couldn't keep still! I wasn't moving at all. I decided when I started, that I

would keep doing it forever and ever, never moving my head, or tongue.

Rolan said later that it was maddeningly slow torture. He felt his cum

building up for what seemed like eternity, with just that slow, soft buildup

of pressure everytime I sucked in, and the slight stretch of his foreskin over

his dickhead.

Near the end, he started to thrash about so much, that I had fun watching

his big balls jiggling around. They were almost hypnotic! So I finally

cupped them in one hand, and played with them too. Rolan said that when

I did that, when I squeezed them a little, it helped him finally shoot. Man

did he ever shoot!! I felt the first spurt of his hot cum in the back of my

throat, like a bullet!

Now you know I like to taste cum, so Rolan had taught me that if I

wanted to taste it, I had to pull the head out so the cum could hit my

tongue. That's what I did. Of course, Rolan 's dick had other ideas, and

while he was lost to the world cumming, he was slamming his dick in and

out of my mouth, no matter what I tried to do! It was awesome, Teg. I

just love having you or Rolan cum inside my mouth. Almost as much as I

love it when you cum inside my bottom!

After he came, I settled him down real slow and easy, licking his cock from

the tip all the way to the base, making sure all his cum was cleaned off. I

did such a good job of it, that he never got soft! Of course he wanted to

fuck me right then, but I told him I was ready to try for a second shot in my

mouth. He yelled out NO! and said he couldn't take that kind torture again

without some rest. Imagine that coming from Rolando!

I just jumped out of the bed, wiggled my fanny at him, and said I was

hungry, and if I couldn't have any more cum, then I was going to go ask

the cook for breakfast. He tried to grab me, but you know how fast I can

be!

Well, that was our morning fun. It's been one thing or another like that

every day, all day. I have a lot to tell you when you get back here to pick

me up!

Ummm. I'm almost afraid to ask you this, but here goes. What if I did let

Rolan fuck me, Teg? Would that be bad? I don't want to do anything that

would hurt you, but I'm used to having you in me practically every day,

and sometimes I just feel so empty, you know? It wouldn't be like with

you, I know, but he does keep begging me, and I kind of would like to try

it.

Yeah, I know, you said 'trust my own judgment.' I guess I'll have to. I

wish you were here!

Even if I do it with him, Teg, you will always have all my love. I miss you

sooo much! Can't wait till you get back.

Your boy forever,

Wishus