

Chad, the Ideal Lad

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As an author, I welcome feedback on my writing. Please send any comments about this story, positive or negative, to Herb_Cat@mailcity.com. Thank you.

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Chapter 1 - My Ass Didn't Usually Giggle

Our narrator meets the boy who will be changing his life over the next few months. I think by the end of the story you will agree this is the ideal lad.

We were basking in the sun, feeling very lazy, just sitting and reading out back. Well, I was reading; Barney isn't all that into books. And to be accurate, he wasn't sitting either, or basking, but lying on the grass in the shade beneath my bench. Barney felt more secure in this cave behind my legs, where he could ignore the raucous cackles of the kids in the swimming pool. Though I couldn't see him there, I knew he was curled up, eyes closed, nose tucked into his tail.

The late morning sun was getting hot, even for July, and I was glad I was wearing only my khaki shorts and olive green T. I turned the page. I had already read *Three Cups of Tea* when it first came out, so this time I didn't need to concentrate too closely. I had a manuscript back on my desk written by an afghan woman who went on to college and eventually became a doctor. Before looking at her autobiographical account, I wanted to take a second look at Mortenson's book.

I could see why it was the #1 New York Times Bestseller. It's a gripping tale. Although I knew how it all turned out, it still captivated me. That's why I was startled to hear quiet giggling beneath my ass. I knew my ass didn't usually giggle, and neither did Barney. Both had other ways of showing their pleasure. In fact, I now felt Barney's tail lashing my shin, and I realized he was awake, content, and had company.

"Hi, there," I said as I peered over the back of the bench to see a skinny bare wet bony spine, and the waistband of a bathing suit. The legs were folded under his chest, and the head was out of sight.

"He's a nice dog, Mister," replied a voice under my ass.

"And you must be a very nice boy. Barney doesn't

usually warm up to strangers." I wasn't naturally a dog person. But Phillip was and I learned to love his dogs as I loved everything else about that man. Phillip had a soft spot for strays, which was why at 23 he let a mixed-up sixteen-year old into his home and heart. We were together almost twentyfive years. Jake, his last mutt, a bulldog, died two months before Phillip. Desperately lonely, I visited the shelter soon after and adopted Barney, a beagle mix. That was two years ago.

"What's his name, Mister?"

"Barney. What's yours?"

"Chad. Hehe. He's licking my face."

"He must like the way you smell." Wisps of chlorine had by then entered my nostrils. I closed my book, and sat there listening to the sounds of boyish and canine glee and trying to picture the scene under me. I took another peek over the back of the bench and assumed, judging from his upper back which was all I'd seen so far, Chad was between eight and ten. The boy was bony, every rib and vertebra clearly defined, which reminded me of Jefferson, even though this boy was white and Jeff was black.

I remembered the day Jefferson's mother walked into my music store, trailed by this skinny eleven-year old carrying a beatup trumpet. It had belonged to his late grandpa and the mother wanted to know if it could be fixed up. It had no mouthpiece, one valve was stuck, one slide was missing, the bell was misshapen and the cork on the spitcock was dried out. But it was a Hohner, so the parts would be easy to replace, and it seemed to be otherwise sound. It was obvious the family finances were tight, so I offered to fix it for free and give Jefferson a few lessons, but only if he promised to practice every day.

By the end of the third lesson, we'd established a routine. Jefferson would arrive at the shop, trumpet in his hand, and a big toothy grin on his face. We'd go into one of the soundproofed windowless booths and both strip down to our undies and sit with our butts abutting on a piano bench. I turned the music and pointed out things with my right hand while my left arm went around his

shoulder or his waist. After an hour during which I kept praising his progress, we packed up the music and the instrument and then helped each other out of our underwear which were both well filled by then. We kissed, fondled each other, and finally sucked each other off. I can still picture those big white eyes looking up at me and those black lips working on my cock. After six months, we had progressed to rimming each other, and fingering each other's anus. I promised him if he did well at his first recital, I'd let him fuck my ass. We were both looking forward to that day, but a week before the recital he moved away.

I recaptured mental images of other boys who had entertained Phillip and me over the years. Scott, Marshall, Aidan, Bobby. I still remember each one by name. And I can remember each one's favorite sports, foods, and games. And of course I can remember each one's lovely prepubescent body, how it looked, smelled, tasted and felt. Our shared love for young boys was one of the many things that bonded Phillip and me together. But since he left, I had not been with any male, young or old. That hot July morning, Chad began to rekindle an inferno of repressed feelings.

I could have sat there the rest of the day, lost in my memories and listening to sweet innocent chortling and canine slurping. I'm sure neither Barney nor Chad was anxious to have the moment end either. But our reverie was suddenly interrupted.

"Muffin! There you are! I've been looking all over for you!"

Chad's head hit the underside of my bench but not enough to cause either trauma or tears. He wiggled out and I felt Barney's body pressing tighter against my ankles in the presence of this new stranger. I kicked myself for not asking the boy immediately if his parents knew where he was.

"Hi, Mom! This is Barney!" I was glad to see Chad didn't feel he had to apologize for following his young inclination to investigate the local wildlife.

The woman was in her mid to late twenties and attractive, but her rumpled hair and disheveled jeans and sweatshirt indicated she had just been in the midst of some household project. She turned to me, brushing her long brown bangs out of her eyes with the back of right hand. "I'm sorry. I hope Chad wasn't being a bother to you, Barney." Chad giggled.

I stood and smiled. "Hi, I'm Foster. The dog is Barney." I could see she was ready to issue another "I'm sorry" so I cut her off. "And Chad has certainly been no bother. Barney was enjoying his company." Chad knelt down again and tried to coax the dog back to play, but Barney was too concerned about Chad's mother. He cowered in his makeshift cavern.

"Mom, I'm gonna go back in the pool now." He was polite, but this was a statement, not a request for permission. By now, I had had a good look at this fine specimen. His hair was somewhat lighter than his mother's, close cut around his ears, but long on top and back. When combed, I was sure it would make him even more handsome than he was. His eyes were brown and large, ready to discover all the wonders of this world. He had a miasma in his teeth, a definite asset in my book. A bony lad, he looked about four feet and 50 pounds. I now guessed him to be about 8 or 9. His swim trunks, reaching down to his knees, had mostly dried since his last dip, and he had nothing else on. His bare feet went skipping off.

Chapter 2 - Especially the Young Boys

Some of the background on Foster, Chad, Gwen and Barney.

"Chad is a great kid!" I said to Gwen, neither of us taking our eyes off him.

"Thank you, I think so too. But it's hard raising him on my own."

"Would you like to sit a few minutes?" She accepted my invitation and sat beside me. Barney moved away from her side.

"Thank you. I must look a wreck. There's so much to unpack. We just moved in on Tuesday. Oh, I'm sorry, Foster. My name's Gwen."

"Pleased to meet you. I'm sure you and Chad will be very happy in this condo. Everyone is friendly. And the place is safe."

"I could see the pool from my balcony. I'm in #42." She pointed. "I looked out one minute and saw Chad splashing happily in the pool, and the next minute he had disappeared. I shouldn't have let him go by himself, but he kept begging and I had so much work to do."

"Jerry is very attentive."

"Jerry?"

I pointed out the lifeguard. "He keeps good track of all the kids. I'm sure he knew Chad was under my bench. Next time, just ask him." It was true. I admired Jerry's attention to his duties. A lot of the guys we hired for this job were either bored or too interested in the teenage females poolside. But this year we hired Jerry, a local boy who'd just finished his freshman year at State. His sun-bleached white hair topped off a toned physique and a warm tan. Wearing only dark shades, a red speedo, and flips, he looked ravishing. Most important, he kept his mind on his work, and his eyes on all the kids. Especially the boys. Especially the young boys. Jerry

reminded me so much of my late lover. Phillip was the athlete. He often spent summers lifeguarding at the ocean. He also coached little league and peewee soccer. The boys all loved him.

I turned my attention back to what Gwen was saying. "It does seem like a nice condo. The rec hall. The playground. And of course, the pool. Chad was so excited when he saw that. I heard the schools are rated well here also. Is that true?"

"That's what I understand. I don't have any kids of my own." How often, Phillip and I had spoken of adoption. We even sent for the application papers. But then he was diagnosed and all our plans were put on hold. "But I hear a lot from my music students."

"Oh, do you give lessons? I used to play the piano, before we got married. I've been considering buying one after things settle down."

"I think it's a wonderful idea. I bet Chad would love to make music.

Gwen briefly peeked under the bench and saw Barney cowering. She laughed, "But maybe I'll get a dog first. Chad seems to like dogs, at least Barney."

"He certainly does. You know, Barney is very particular about people, and he took to Chad immediately. When I got him, he'd been severely neglected and was never socialized. He quickly became as attached to me as I was to him, but he always avoids other humans. So I was amazed when he opened up to Chad so readily. Chad can come by any time. I'm sure Barney would love to see him. I'm in #87."

"Thank you again. I better get back to my unpacking."

"Don't worry. I'll keep an eye on Chad. He'll be fine. You go do what you gotta do."

Before going back to her new home, Gwen walked over to the pool and had a few words with Chad, who waved at me. Then she spoke with Jerry who also looked over at me and smiled. Now that we were alone once more, Barney could

relax, curl up again under my ass, and shut out the rest of the world.

I'm not sure who enjoyed the next hour more, Chad playing in the condo swimming pool or me watching him from my bench 200 feet away. My book would have to wait 'til later. I had promised to keep an eye on the boy, and that was not a hard one to keep.

From my vantage, I could see Chad was perfectly comfortable in the water, jumping out, then diving in again from the edge. He swam the dog paddle and must have been treading water at times when his play brought him into water higher than himself. He had found a handful of playmates about his age and they were splashing each other and shrieking and laughing and playing Marco Polo.

After a while, Chad's play group dwindled as one by one the boys went inside. By himself again, he climbed out, exchanged waves with Jerry, and skipped over to my bench. Below me, Barney probably opened one eye when his prone body felt the approaching footfalls, saw it was only his new friend, not a threat, and settled down again.

"Your friends all go inside?"

"Yeah, they said they was hungry and went in for lunch."

"How about you? Are you hungry?"

"Nah, not yet. I'm gonna sit here with you in the sun a while." Again, it was a statement, not a request for permission. I love this boy! He had no towel, but with the sun now at its midday peak, I was sure he'd dry quickly. I certainly didn't mind having this gorgeous boy sit next to me a while. But of course little boys don't have the capacity to sit still for more than ten seconds. Chad kept squirming. He started out on his bum with his legs dangling in front. Then he brought his knees up to his chest and curled his pretty toes around the edge of the bench. Then he wriggled his legs underneath until he was sitting on his heels. He kept on changing positions, and sometimes his skinny wet leg brushed against my thigh. I guess drops of chlorinated water were dropping through the

bench onto Barney, but he didn't voice any objection. And as any typical boy his age would do, he fiddled with his dick through his wet trunks, poking it, rubbing it, all without the least bit of shame of embarrassment.

"Whatcha reading, Mr. Foster?"

"It's just Foster, that's my name." I picked up the book and showed him. "It's about a man who built schools for little kids like you in Afghanistan."

"That's where my daddy died." He said it so matter-of-factly, I was stunned. Perhaps, Chad was still very young when it happened. I had a hundred questions but I didn't want to begin interrogating him. I knew I'd probably learn soon enough the tragic details. "He was in the Marines just like you!"

I was dumbfounded. "How did you know I was a Marine?"

He poked my bicep with his darling little finger. "It says so right there!" His poke set off a switch which sent a jolt of electricity up my arm into my chest down to my loins. It had been so long since a little boy touched me and my body suddenly remembered the staggering feelings of such a touch.

Chapter 3 - The Finest Yankee Jizz

Foster reminisces about life as a gay pedophile in the Marines.

Phillip always hated that tattoo. He hated my decision to enlist. I remembered the night I told him.

I had just turned eighteen, and while I did manage to get my GED, at his insistence, we both knew I was in no way ready for college. We had just finished a wonderful fuck and were laying naked in each other's arms.

"Phil, I went downtown this afternoon."

"Yeah? What did you do, buy another game?" The Christmas before he had given me the new Nintendo console. I thought the 8-bit NES was the coolest thing ever and quickly built up a library of cartridges: Donkey Kong Jr., Super Mario Brothers, Tennis, Baseball, even Clu Clu Land. Occasionally he'd play with me, but these artificial sports bored him. He preferred what he called real games. "Come on," he'd say, "let's go out back and shoot some hoops." He probably regretted buying me the fuckin thing and so wasn't excited at the prospect of my wasting money and time on yet some new release.

"No. I didn't buy a game. I, please don't be mad."

"Uh oh. What? I know you didn't wreck the car. Did you get a ticket?"

"Please, Phil, this isn't easy. Just shut the fuck up and listen." He took his arm back, leaned on his elbow and looked at me. "I went to the recruiting station. I, I, enlisted in the Marines. I leave for Pendleton in three weeks."

"Shit!"

Supposedly, America was at peace, but only three years before I enlisted, 220 Marines were killed in Lebanon when their barracks was bombed. The memory was still fresh on everyone's mind. Phillip knew the risk I was taking. He hated war. He had never served himself. Back in college,

he even went on peace marches. I always thought, with his body, intelligence, and sense of honor, he would have made a fine Marine.

Yet he knew I had to do this. I had to prove, at least to myself, I was capable of more in life than flipping burgers at McDonald's.

While I was away, I knew when Phillip wasn't worrying about me getting my ass shot off, then he was worrying about me getting fag-bashed. This was a decade before "don't ask, don't tell" and a group of testosterone-filled and liquor-filled Marines would beat up a fellow grunt with little provocation if they suspected he was queer.

At Pendleton Jimmy and I would sneak off to the supply room once a week or so and suck each other off. We each assured the other we were straight but under these circumstances a guy's gotta do what a guy's gotta do. I'm sure he was lying and he probably knew I was also. Our trysts were carefully planned, guarded and quick. We'd go to the supply room separately fifteen minutes apart, lay some keys on the floor by the door so we'd hear if someone opened it, head back to the deep recesses of the room behind the stacks of copier paper, and then blow each other efficiently and passionately.

It wasn't enough to just be discrete, I had to blatantly lie outright about all the bitches I fucked. While other guys would moon over pictures of girl friends and wives back home, I couldn't even carry a photo of my lover. "Hey, Foster! How come you never show us your fuckin girl. Aintcha fuckin got one?"

"If I showed you her fuckin picture, you'd be fuckin jacking off to it, you fuckin little perverts!"

"Ha ha! That's fuckin right, Foster! Next time you bang her, give her one big extra ram. Tell her it's from Sly! Ha ha!"

On every leave I got, I flew back to Phillip. Shit, what glorious fast-paced fuck-filled weekends those were!

But then I was sent overseas to the newly completed and

renamed Camp Gonsalves on Okinawa. Too far away from Phillip. And Jimmy was still at Pendleton finding some other cock to blow. But there was Sam (at least that's what I called him; his real name was Isamu). He came to the base every day with his grandfather who delivered a truckload of fresh local vegetables to our mess hall. I had the duty of unloading the truck with ten-year old Sam's help. Then Ojisan would leave and Sam and I would go into the store room. As I pulled out my pud and began working it to full hardness, the boy would pull down his pants, and bend over the pile of bags of potatoes, where I would fuck him silly. Every day he got an assful of the finest yankee jizz.

One Friday night, I got an 8-hour pass, and three of my buddies roped me into going into Naha. "Shit, let's get a hooker, rent a room and gang bang the shit out of her. What d'ya say, Foster?"

"Sounds like fun!" I lied. "I ain't been fuckin laid in two months now and if my balls get any fuckin bluer, I just might have to fuckin rape one of you guys."

"Whoa!! Ha ha! Come on, guys, we gotta get Foster to a fuckin pussy fast or he'll turn fuckin queer on us! Like Lincoln!" Poor Lincoln got caught with another Marine's cock in his mouth and was dishonorably discharged.

We stopped in a few bars and got tanked, but I kept wondering how was I going to get out of this. In the third bar, they picked up Wendy, a little oriental whore and we headed off to a cheap hotel. Then I spotted the tattoo parlor. "Hey, guys, I promised my girl I'd get a tat. I'll catch up with you in a little while."

"Shit, Foster, don't take too long. It's a long fuckin ride back to camp."

"Don't worry. I won't miss the chance to get my rocks off. See you soon, Sweetie." I squeezed her tit, then put my hand between her legs. "Save some of this for me, you fuckin whore." Then I ran to the tattoo parlor.

I could have gotten a simple USMC, but I was afraid that wouldn't take long enough. So I opted for the whole

damn insignia with Semper Fi scrolled along the bottom. I didn't realize how much it would fuckin hurt! Driving back to Gonsalves, the guys described in great detail what they did with Wendy, laughed about what I missed, and how I'd have to make love to my fist now. But they did admire the tattoo.

I felt Chad's little finger again tracing the globe, anchor, eagle. I looked down at him. His face looked so serious. I knew he was thinking about his daddy.

"I think I'm hungry now. I'm gonna go home. See you later, Foster. See you later, Barney."

I felt Barney's tail wag. "Have a good lunch, Chad. Get some meat on those bones." I poked him in the ribs and he giggled, then ran off. Shit, what a beautiful sight, those two sweet little globes bouncing along atop Chad's skinny legs. Would I ever get to see what's under those trunks, I wondered. "Come on, Barney, let's walk down to the dog park, then we'll have our own lunch."

Chapter 4 - A Baseball Bat Between his Legs

Foster recalls his musical career as well as a threeway with Phillip and a very talented twelve-year old pitcher.

Back in my condo, I tried reading again, but my mind had been set adrift on a sea of memories, which made concentration impossible. I sat down at my piano and began playing the Marine Hymn. I couldn't help myself and sang one of the many mangled versions: "From the balls of Montezuma to the whores of Tripoli."

Back in Junior High, the music teacher handed me a clarinet and said if I practiced I could probably be in the band. I don't know if he could somehow detect any well hidden talent or if the faculty was just desperate enough to try anything to get me interested in school. I had already been tagged a fag, and became the brunt of my peers' vicious verbal attacks. My attendance record plummeted along with my marks. Needless to say, I didn't practice, and never got in the band. But I did enjoy music. I used to play a harmonica as I wandered the streets when I was supposed to be in class. And when I was shipped overseas I picked up a secondhand guitar and entertained my mates.

In my third and last year in the Marines, I was assigned to Fort Hase, or to use its official title, Kaneohe Bay, on Oahu. Shit, it's a tough assignment, but someone had to do it! The commandant heard me strumming one day and ordered me to report to the band director. Soon I was playing lead trumpet, and in the process avoiding a lot of the less appealing duties my mates were doing. Then I picked up the clarinet and amazed myself that I could remember the fingerings from Junior High. By the time of my discharge, I could play any instrument in the band.

I rushed back home to Phillip and we took up where we left off. We were deeply in love, but never monogamous. We both had meaningless but exciting one night stands, and sometimes brought a young guy home for some threeway fun.

Guys like Marshall. Even at twelve, he had a great

hurling arm and was the primary reason his team won the Little League regionals. After weekly practice, Phillip would drive him home. Except the kid never felt like going straight home before his dad got off his shift at the factory, because his mom was always drunk, so he hung out at our house. Hung is definitely the appropriate word. Marshall had a baseball bat between his legs. The three of us would take turns topping each other. If I close my eyes, I can still feel the tiles of the coffee table pressing into my kneecaps, my mouth sucking away on Phillip's mantool, my hands grabbing his bare buttocks for support, as the boy behind me rammed his young cock deep into my shithole.

I went on to the local college on the GI bill. The Marines taught me discipline and I did well, majoring in business with a minor in music. In a few years, I owned my own music store and gave private lesson, and earned more than Phillip.

Phillip and I loved each other enough to always use protection with others, that is, except for that one time, that terrible, fateful, horrible night, when Phillip got careless. He was so self-loathing after he got the test results. He told me I didn't deserve him. Told me to find another. Told me he should kill himself. We got past the initial shock and worked on the problem together. I made sure he took his pills and nursed him through his many episodes. We wrote our wills and bought two plots in the cemetery, where Barney and I now visit him every Sunday. I tell him everything I'd done that week, and assure him (and myself) I'm doing ok. I talk about the good old days and laugh at all the stupid, wonderful things we did together.

The morning after my encounter with Chad, I woke early, took Barney for his walk, and then settled down at my desk to attack the waiting manuscript. I was already late getting it back to Humberto. I steeled my mind not to think about my new sweet little friend.

After Phillip got sick, I wanted to stay home as much as possible to be there for him, so I sold the music store. I held the mortgage and that gave us a nice steady income. I continued to give private lessons and we got

along pretty well. Phillip, the ex-public school gym teacher, had a good health plan. Still, I kept my ears open for any odd jobs I could pick up without leaving home.

That's how I met Humberto. He was starting a publishing house and one of his first projects was going to be a set of guides to compete with the Idiot series. He asked me if I could look over a manuscript he'd received for the music book in the series. I realize now he only wanted me to check it for content, but I went much further. I scribbled notes in the margins: "This sentence is awkward; should be reworded." "This paragraph is confusing." "This section is very interesting, but it doesn't fit in with the rest of the chapter." I also highlighted all the misspellings and grammatical errors I found.

A few days after I mailed it back to Humberto, my phone rang. "Where the Hell did you learn to edit like that, Foster?" He apparently liked my work. For one thing, I saved him the expense of giving it to another editor. I had simply written the kind of things my professors at college were always putting on my papers. My high school teachers wouldn't believe it, but my lack of success back then wasn't because I was stupid, but because I had no motivation. In college, after my stint in the service, I discovered I really enjoyed reading, and writing as well. Humberto began sending me manuscripts that had nothing to do with music.

I finished the book about the Afghan school, put it in an envelope, stood and went to take my shower. When I stepped out of the shower and started to dry off, I thought I heard a noise in the living room, a muffled voice. What the Hell! I wrapped the towel around my waist and went out leaving wet footprints down the hall. There in my living room was a sight that both surprised and delighted me.

Chapter 5 - When Does Your Weewee Get Big?

Young Chad surprises Foster in many ways.

There was Chad was laying on my living room floor with Barney. The boy was prone with his knees bent and his sandaled feet in the air. He wore blue shorts and a white T. His hand was rubbing Barney's tummy, and the dog must have felt he'd gone to heaven judging by the way his tail was swishing.

"Morning, Chad."

"Hi Foster," he said without stopping or looking up. "I knocked but you didn't hear me, so I comed in." I guess I didn't lock the door when I came back from Barney's morning walk. What a fortuitous mistake. I sat down on the couch. Somehow it didn't occur to me that perhaps I shouldn't be entertaining company clad in only a towel.

"Does your mom know where you are this time?"

Chad looked up at me to answer. I realized later he could no doubt see between my legs. "Yep. I telled her I was going to see Barney. She said I should call you first but then Aunt Irene called and she and Mom always talk a long time, so I comed over cause you told Mom I could visit Barney any time."

"Yes I did. You certainly can. Barney loves to see you." So did I of course. I sat smiling as Chad continued to rub my dog's belly. "What were you two talking about before I came in?"

"I was telling Barney I wasn't gonna be at the pool today. Mom n me is going to the zoo." He turned over on his back and Barney turned over on his front and started licking Chad's giggling face. It was beautiful.

I stood up. For brief seconds, when Chad was able to open his eyes, he must have looked right up my towel skirt and seen my semi-erect cock. "You two have fun. I'm going to get dressed." I walked down to my bedroom, opened my drawer and selected a pair of camo boxers and a coffee T. When I bent over to put on the undies, I saw Chad and

Barney at my door. I don't know why I felt the need to be polite, but I turned my bare ass to them to hide my very full frontal, as I pulled them up.

"You got a nice big weewee." I looked up and discovered I was standing in front of my full length mirror and all my discretion had been for naught.

"Well, it's a little larger than normal right now," I admitted. In my head I added, "thanks to you."

"Yeah, my weewee does that too, it gets big sometimes, but not as big as yours."

I pulled on my shirt. When I pulled it down to my waist, I knew I had a visible bulge in my pants. "When does your weewee get big, Chad?" Hell, he brought the subject up! I was just making conversation!

"When I rub it. Here, I'll show you." Before I knew it, the kid kicked off his shorts and his tighty whities, hitting Barney in the nose with them. He started playing with his uncut penis, rubbing and squeezing it like he probably does every night in bed. And sure enough his delicious looking nail was soon jutting two inches straight out over his lovely bald peas. "See?"

"Oh, yes, I see. I definitely see. Thank you very much for showing me, Chad."

"Wow, Foster."

"What?"

"You can make your weewee grow big without even touching it! How you do that?" I glanced down. My bulge had turned into a tent.

"Well, Chad, when you get older you'll find out when you think about certain things, it can trigger an erection. You don't need to touch it. The thoughts by themselves make it grow."

"Wow, really? So what you thinking about now?"

The kid had me. Did I really want to tell him I'd been thinking about kissing his soft young lips? tasting those two inches of scrumptious boytool? fingering his tight virgin rosebud? Should I lie to him instead? But then Chad started shouting. "Hey, give that back, Barney!" I looked. The dog had Chad's delicious underwear in his mouth. I silently thanked Barney for getting my out of a tight situation.

Chad started chasing Barney around the condo, which was just the game the dog wanted to play. I had to laugh out loud as the dog raced past my legs with a darling boy close behind. Watching that young bubble ass bouncing down the hall was the best sight my eyes had witnessed all morning. Oh, how Phillip would have loved this moment. Back and forth they ran. Chad would stop to catch his breath. The dog would stop and let the boy get teasingly close and then race off again.

"Come on, Barney. I gotta go soon!"

Ah, yes, I remembered, the zoo. I looked directly at Barney, and put out my hand. He handed me the undies, now all wet with his drool and I handed them over to Chad.

"Wow, how you make him do that?" Chad pulled them on and his sweet penis, now flaccid (as was mine) was nicely visible through the wet cotton.

As he finished getting dressed, I asked him, "Do you like to let men look at your weewee?"

"You're the first one."

"Why was I so lucky?"

"Cause you showed me yours so I knew it was ok to show you mine."

"Well, you're very smart, Chad. I liked seeing you with no pants. And of course Barney was happy also. That's why he didn't want give them back." We both laughed. "Tell you what."

"What?"

"Whenever you're over here and it's just the three of us, you can take your pants off any time you want."

"OK." He said matter-of-factly. "And you know what?"

"What?"

"You'll take yours off also." I loved the way Chad made statements rather than requests.

"OK, I will. And, Barney, you can't wear pants either." Chad found that hilarious. "And, Chad, this will be our own little secret, OK?"

"OK. Bye, Foster. Bye, Barney." Too quickly, Chad was out the door. I looked at Barney. I knew he missed him as much as I.

Chapter 6 - Manmilk Directly from the Tap

Foster learns just how young Chad really is. He keeps thinking about all the handsome delightful fun-loving boys he and Phillip used to "molest."

It was a long day for both Barney and me. I had no music students. No editing assignments. So I tried to busy myself futzing around the house, cleaning out the pantry, shining the bathroom mirrors, rearranging the books; but all the while I kept thinking about that little penis and that little ass. I also thought about Chad's delightful miasma in his smile, about his contagious giggle, about his forthright habit of telling you rather than asking. I was charmed.

In a way I hoped his mother would buy a piano. It would be an excuse to see a lot of him. Although, I realized Barney was all the excuse needed. "Bless you, Barney," I said out loud. He cocked his head and went back to licking his ass. Bobby liked dogs too. That's what first brought him over. Phillip and I were still living over on High Street then, and our current pet was a collie mix bitch. All our dogs were mixes, curs Phillip got from the shelter. We named her Lassie, very cliché. Then when we got her home, bathed her and brushed out her golden mane, she looked so regal that we renamed her Classy. We were playing frisbee with her in the front yard one Saturday when eight-year old Bobby rode by on his bike. He stopped to watch, then joined in at our encouragement. For about half an hour Classy dutifully brought him the frisbee and gave a one-bark command to throw it. I never knew her to tire of playing. After a good workout, we all went inside for a snack. Milk Bones for Classy, Oreos for everyone else. Bobby came by every Saturday for two years to play with Classy (allegedly), but he enjoyed the weekly snacks just as much, especially when we began supplementing the milk with our manmilk, which Bobby loved drinking directly from the tap.

I checked the cupboard and then added Oreos to my shopping list. Be Prepared, the Boy Scout motto. Once Phillip and I volunteered to lead a new troop forming in our town. We read up on all the requirements, and went to

some training sessions. We bought a pup tent and began dreaming about overnight hikes in the woods. But the fuckin organization won't permit acknowledged homos to be scoutmasters, only unacknowledged ones I guess. Still, we made good use of that tent with our own little troop of boys. Ha, at 43, I wonder how my poor body would feel sleeping on the cold ground again. But it wouldn't be that bad if I was sharing the tent with Chad.

Yip? "Yeah, with you too, Barney." I smiled at him, but of course he wasn't really thinking about camping. It was nine o'clock. Barney was actually yipping to tell me it was time for his evening constitutional.

As we walked past #42, I heard Gwen's voice. "Hey, Foster, wait up." Barney and I chose a bench, and Gwen soon joined us. There was a comforting nip in the air and she had a sweater on. She sat down beside me, and Barney again moved away from her side. "I don't want to talk too loud. Muffin's asleep."

"Did he have a good time at the zoo?"

"Wonderful! He'll tell you all about it tomorrow, I'm sure. That is, if you don't mind him coming over. I have to apologize for this morning. I told him he should call you first."

"No need! No need at all. Barney and I were delighted to see him. My door is always open to Chad." Literally, it turned out.

"Thank you. You've been very sweet. Very patient. Just let me know if he becomes a bother. A seven-year old boy can begin to wear on you after a while."

"Seven? Chad's only seven?"

"Yeah. He's a tall boy for his age. Takes after his daddy."

"I'm sorry about his father. Damn war!"

Gwen took a deep sigh. "Chad, I mean his father, his name was Chad also. His LAV hit an IED. Muffin wasn't even

four yet. He hardly knew his Daddy. He looks at his pictures and his badges and medals and we get a lot of moral support from the Corps. Well, you know, you were a Marine. At least Muffin thinks you were."

"Ooh-Rah!" That brought a smile to her face.

"Chad was looking forward to his discharge. We had a lovely home. He was just 44 days short of coming back when he died. I took it very hard. If it weren't for Muffin, I don't think I would have made it. It's been over three years now. My shrink feels it's time for me to get on with my life. That's why we moved. I needed a fresh start. There were too many memories in the old house."

"Are you dating again?"

"Yes. It was tough at first, but I'm getting there. Of course it would be neat to find a nice stepfather for Muffin. Oh, Shit, it sounds like I'm coming on to you. I didn't mean. Oh, I mean, you really are nice, but, oh shit!"

I patted her knee. "Don't worry, Gwen. I understand. You need someone more your own age anyway. But I gotta tell you, he better be good to Chad or he'll have me to answer to. Barney too! I gotta admit I've got a soft spot for that kid."

"You're very sweet, Foster. Thank you for being so nice to my son." We both stood up.

"I can't wait for his visit tomorrow." Then I added, "I want to hear all about the zoo," as if that were the real reason for my expectancy. Gwen gave me a peck on the cheek and bent over to give Barney a rub, but he would have none of it. I shrugged and we went our separate ways.

I asked myself, "Did Phillip and I ever molest a seven-year old?" That word "molest" was a little joke my lover and I shared because we certainly never considered it molestation. The boys always had a lot of fun. Let's see, yeah, Aidan, he was only seven. He was a good foot shorter than Chad, but he probably weighed the same, which gave him two beautiful round bums which felt so good pressed

around my cock. I'll never forget the way he laughed in glee whenever Phillip or I was fucking him. Of course we used plenty of lube. Wonder where Aidan is now?

Chapter 7 - It Doesn't Matter What He Does with Your Cock

Man and boy discover the joy and rapture of mutual masturbation.

After my morning shower, I purposely didn't get dressed, just puttered around in my towel. I made sure my door was unlocked. Barney knew I was expecting someone. Dogs can sense things like that. I told him to wait in the living room while I filled the dishwasher.

Sure enough, Chad came walking right in without even knocking. I could hear Barney's tail whacking the floor. I waited a few minutes, giving them some private quality time but finally I couldn't wait any longer. "Hey, Chad, I didn't hear you come in," I lied. "I must have been in the shower." Another lie. "I..." When I came around the corner, I stopped short. There was my beautiful boy, sitting on the floor, leaning against the couch, petting Barney, completely naked. "Well, Fuck! I guess I'm overdressed for this party." I took off my towel and joined my two best friends on the floor.

"This time I put my clothes way up there." Chad pointed to the top of the TV cabinet.

"Smart boy. Barney can't get them there. So, tell us about the zoo."

For a full twenty minutes, Chad told us about the monkeys and pelicans and lions and cheetahs and wolves, complete with vocal imitations that made Barney repeatedly cock his head. Of course the boy didn't sit still for this narrative. Between showing us how monkeys swing from branches and lions sneak up on their prey, he unconsciously showed us how a seven-year old boy scratches his balls and ass.

After describing the Koalas, Chad suddenly told us he was gonna get some cookies. Barney and I followed his lovely ass into the kitchen and I took down two plates and glasses, poured out some milk, opened a bag of creme filled Vienna Fingers, and wished I had Oreos.

Chad ignored the plate, took his glass and the bag of

cookies and sat down on the kitchen floor so he could tease Barney as he ate. Hell, what else could I do? I grabbed my milk and sat bareassed on the floor beside him. Together we ate half the bag, with Barney licking up the crumbs we dropped on the floor or on our laps.

Without warning, Chad said "That's enough," hopped up, put the glass and bag on the table and skipped back to the living room, with Barney at his heels. I got my old bones off the floor, put a clip on the bag, put the milk back in the fridge and headed back in to join them.

Chad was sitting on the couch. So was Barney. Normally, he's not allowed on the furniture, but Chad was making the rules now. I sat down on Chad's other side.

"I'm gonna make my weewee big again. So are you," He commanded, and started rubbing his precious little dick.

"I have a better idea."

"What?"

"Why don't I make your weewee bigger and you make mine bigger?" I took his tiny boyhood in my big hand.

"OK." In a second his little fingers were squeezing my cock. In the words of Gilbert and Sullivan, Oh joy! Oh rapture! It doesn't matter what a little boy does with your cock, it's all marvelous. Some boys squeeze, some run their fingers up and down your shaft, some tickle your scrotum, some twirl your pubic hair, the brave ones finger your piss slit. It doesn't matter; it's all good. Those tiny delicate fingers create such excitement just touching your shaft or balls.

Meanwhile, Chad kept up the conversation as if we were just two chaps talking on the bus. "You like to go to the zoo, Foster?"

"Oh, uh, yeah, sure." The kid had his whole hand wrapped around my shaft, his thumb barely touching the fingertips.

"What's ya favorite animal?"

"Uh, Barney."

"Hehe, that's silly. Barney ain't no zoo animal."

I manipulated Chad's wonderful genitals, watching his face carefully for any sign of discomfort. I saw none. In fact, he kept right on talking zoology! I held his little spike between my thumb and middle finger and moved the skin up and down along his shaft. Pretty soon his pretty pink dickhead popped up through the foreskin. I gently rubbed it with my thumb as I stroked his balls with my fingers. He spread his legs wide, resting one on my thigh and holding the other with his free hand. I took the clue and walked my fingers back from his balls to his anus. He was now telling me how he took a pony ride.

I finally had to interrupt him. "Chad, does this feel good to you?"

"Yeah, wow, it feels awesome. I'm glad we doin it this way."

"I'm glad also. I think it's awesome too!"

"Hey, your weewee is all wet. Are you goin peepee?"

"No, Chad. That's called precum. It makes my weewee all slick and slippery."

"Yeah. My hand's gettin all sticky. But I ain't stoppin yet."

"That's good. Neither am I." He said something about a camel but I couldn't listen any more. "Chad, I have to warn you about something."

"What?"

"In about a minute, my weewee is going to shoot some white stuff out. I don't want you to worry when it does."

"Really? Cool." Chad stopped to watch the show.

"No, don't stop. What you're doing will make it shoot."

"Oh, OK." Chad resumed his attack with gusto, as well as his description of elephants making shit.

In my forties now, I'm not as prolific as I once was, but I can still generate a fairly copious wad. The first blast shot up over my stomach on to my chest. Chad's eyes became saucers. He finally shut up about the pachyderm poop and simply breathed a long "Whoooah." He stopped squeezing my cock for a moment, then resumed with increased vigor. That soon brought a second shot, and since his hand was pulling my cock, the angle this time hit him in the face. "Awesome," he whispered, and squeezed some more.

Two lesser blasts followed, then I gently took his hand off my cock, brought it up to my lips and kissed it. "Thank you," I said to him softly.

Chapter 8 - The Wonderful World of Oral

The relationship between man and boy proceeds to the fellatio stage, and Gwen asks Foster for a big favor.

Barney meanwhile had crawled off the couch on Chad's side and now hopped up beside me. He settled down and began lapping the puddles off my chest. When he worked his way down, the sensation of dog tongue on belly skin was ticklish as Hell and I started laughing. Chad began to chuckle also, and then Barney started licking my cum off the boy's face, and we laughed all the harder.

"I need a bath," Chad said, pushing Barney aside.

"Me too!" We stood up, I grabbed the boy and threw him over my shoulder, and we headed whooping for the bathroom. While the tub was filling, and each of us took a leak, we started to chat about what had just happened. Chad had lots of questions. I promised him in a few years he'd start making his own cum, and then he'll have even more fun jacking off. I assured him Barney wouldn't get sick and in fact lots of guys also find cum tasty. Chad wiped a cum rope off my shaft which Barney hadn't gotten to yet. Hesitantly, he brought his finger to his mouth and licked it. He just shrugged.

I climbed into the tub, then Chad lay atop me. The warm soapy water felt good, but a wet seven-year old felt even better. His mop of hair in my nose smelled so alluring. Chad started recounting the cum shots, adding explosive sound effects. His mind seemed almost oblivious to the fact I had begun working his little dick again; however, his body responded to my stimulation. He thrust his hips up and then settled back and spread his legs. I said I wanted him to experience a dry orgasm. He simply responded, "OK," and went back to the description of my very wet one.

In a few minutes, he got uncharacteristically quiet. I felt his whole body stiffen on top of mine. His dick was now rock hard. I continued sliding his shaft skin up and down over his dickhead. His body quivered and he screamed, "Oh shit!"

"Did I hurt you, Muffin?" I couldn't help using Gwen's nickname for him; it just came out.

"Nah, it felt great!" He said the word like Tony the Tiger would say it, and we both started laughing again. I felt his two hands join mine on his dick. Disappointed, he announced, "Hey, it got small again!"

"Yes, Kid, after an orgasm, even a dry one, you have to give your body time to recover. Come on, let's stand up and rinse off under the shower."

"Foster."

"What?"

"You can't call me Muffin. Nobody can say that except my Mom."

"OK, Muffin." He glared at me. "OK, Chad."

The boy thought his mother might wonder why he looked so fresh and clean after his visit with me,--we both knew she was one of those mothers who notice everything,--so we decided to take a dip in the pool. Chad helped me into my green Speedo and retrieved his denim shorts from on top of the TV. I grabbed a couple big towels and we headed down for a quick swim. We splashed each other, swam races across the pool (I gave him a headstart), took turns diving under water and swimming between the other's legs, copping a feel each time. (How much I wished Phillip could have been in the pool with us; in a way he was.) We both waved to Gwen up on her balcony. Finally I gave Chad some pointers about diving into the pool so he wouldn't land flat on his belly; Jerry watched the lesson from his station with a big smile.

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I pulled out my cell phone and flipped it open.
"Hello?"

"Foster? It's Gwen."

"Hi, Gwen. Is Chad all right?"

"He's fine. I want to thank you again for being so nice to him these last three weeks." It was August now. Chad and I had a regular rhythm. Every morning, rain or shine, he came prancing into my condo where he'd strip off his clothes and set them where Barney couldn't reach. I'd already be naked. Early on I had dropped the towel along with the pretense I had just showered. Chad would roll about on the floor with Barney for a while. Then we'd have a snack (I was stocked up with Oreos). Then we'd get busy with our mutual masturbation. We each had learned what the other wanted, when to change tempos, when to change positions. I had begun to introduce Chad to the wonderful world of oral. He loved the feeling of having his little prick sucked, and that was usually all it needed to take him over the edge. However, it would take many more lessons for him to learn to be a good cocksucker himself. Some boys seem to take naturally to it. Others, like Chad, find it awkward. He didn't like to hold still; he didn't like to quit gabbing; he still hadn't learned to cover his teeth as he sucked. But he did enjoy tasting the cum when it came, and he even swallowed some, so he was making progress. Later, we would go for a swim or take Barney down to the dog park or throw a ball back and forth on the lawn, or any of a dozen other happy activities boys do with their uncles. For I now thought of the boy as family. A couple of Sundays, Chad even went with Barney and me to visit Phillip. I told him we could tell Phillip all our secrets.

"Believe me, Gwen. There's no need to thank me. Chad has brought unmeasured joy into my life."

"Foster, I'd like to ask a big favor."

"Sure, Gwen, anything."

"Well, I got a date this Saturday."

"Is he nice?"

"He's wonderful. He's thirty, handsome, considerate. He's been in the service. He's met Chad and they hit it off."

"Roger. Chad told me about him. Sounds like you may have found Mr. Right."

"Well, I don't know. But I'm willing to find out. That's why I agreed to this date."

"And you want a baby sitter."

"You guessed it. I was going to hire one of the girls who have their names on our bulletin board, but, well, actually it was Chad's idea."

"I'd love to."

"He's picking my up at seven. We should be home by midnight. So maybe you can come over around 6:30. You can watch TV. And make sure Chad takes his bath; I hope he doesn't give you a hard time about that. I told him he could stay up 'til 10, if he's a good boy. Oh, Shit, I forgot about Barney. Would he be all right by himself?"

"Gwen, you worry too much. You're cluttering your head with all these details when you should be thinking about Mr. Right. Look, let's make this easy. Why not send Chad over here at 6:30 and let him spend the night."

"What? Well, gee, I didn't think of that. That sounds like a big imposition."

"Believe me, it's not. We'll have a blast." (I didn't tell her what kind of blast). "And anyway, if things go well at dinner, you just may want to invite Roger back to your place."

"Oh, Foster, no, I don't think so. That would be rushing things. Well, maybe he could come in for a nightcap. Are you sure you wouldn't mind?"

"I insist."

Chapter 9 - Good morning, Handsome
Man and boy spend their first night together.

The next couple days were exciting for both Chad and me as we discussed the upcoming sleepover. Barney could sense something different was about to happen.

At Chad's insistence, Gwen brought him over at 5:30 as soon as he had wolfed down his supper. He ran in to greet Barney and kicked off his sneakers. I noticed him unbuttoning his shorts, but he caught himself, looked at his mother who hadn't noticed, and buttoned up again.

Gwen is a micromanager. She handed me his pillow and his backpack. "I packed his pajamas, a clean set of clothes for tomorrow, his toothbrush and hairbrush, his favorite teddy bear, a couple books he likes to have me read before bed, his vitamin pills, and oh yes, his Chutes and Ladders game. And here," she took a paper out of her pocket, "this is my cell phone number, and Roger's cell phone, and the phone number of the restaurant, and his doctor's number, and the poison control number, and my sister-in-law Irene's number, and her cell." Shit! What the Hell did she think was going to happen?

"Come here, Muffin, and give me a kiss. Mommy has to go get dressed up. Oh, Foster, are you sure you don't mind doing this?" What would she have done if I told her I'd changed my mind. She probably had a backup plan all worked out; probably already had a list of all the babysitters' numbers. But of course, I was not about to tell her any such thing.

"Don't you worry about a thing, Gwen. Just forget about us and have a wonderful evening,..." Then I leaned in close and whispered, "...and a wonderful night." She gave me a light slap on the chest, but smiled, and then pecked my cheek.

Finally alone, Chad and I lost no time getting naked. We spent the next six hours playing with Barney, jacking off, playing Chutes and Ladders, jacking off, eating ice cream, jacking off, discussing monsters, jacking off, 69ing, jacking off, playing Chopsticks on the piano,

jacking off, taking a bath, jacking off, reading books, jacking off, eating cookies, jacking off, sucking cock, jacking off, playing hide and seek, jacking off, playing Heart and Soul on the piano, jacking off, taking a shower, jacking off, and watching TV. Did I mention jacking off?

Chad and I had three or four orgasms each. Between that and all the cookies and ice cream, Chad was starting to nod around 11. I told him I had to take Barney out for his walk before I went to bed, and Chad said sleepily he wanted to go with us. So we slipped on some clothes (Chad and I, that is, not Barney) and walked outside. The fresh air revived us and when we got back, the kid was ready for more action. He was unstoppable.

I had told Gwen my futon couch converted to a bed and I would sleep there and let Chad have my bed. She argued that he should sleep on the couch. But of course now, nearly midnight, neither of us had any intention of sleeping anywhere than together on my bed. Also, there was no point in unpacking the boy's pj's, but we did take his teddy bear to bed with us. We turned out the light, lay down, cuddled and jacked off some more. Then I realized Chad's breathing had turned to light snoring. I wrapped my arm around his skinny naked body, made sure he was covered up, laid his sweet arm across my hairy chest, and went to sleep myself.

Some time in the middle of the night, Chad started to get up and I realized he had to pee. I guided his sleepy body to the toilet and waited while he gushed. I dried his pretty little prick with a towel and led him back to bed. I don't think he ever woke up.

I slowly began to stir. My body was undergoing some sort of pleasant sensation, but in my morning stupor I couldn't quite put my finger on it. I half opened my eyes. Sunlight was coming through the window, and they needed a few moments to adjust. Gradually I realized my cock was being sucked off and a darling seven-year old bony naked body was crouched over my right side, his knees pulled under his chest and his lovely ass raised high.

"Good morning, Handsome."

"Hmmm, mmm," came the muffled reply.

Shit, what a perfect way to greet the day. I tucked my left hand under my head and reached my right up to pet his butt, then slowly move down to finger his anus, and crawl between his legs to fondle his adorable genitals.

"Hmmm, mmm," he mumbled to tell me it felt good. The blow job increased in intensity. My normal morning hardon was turning into a rigid pole of turgidity. My left hand reached to grasp the headboard. My toes curled. I knew I was going to shoot a big load. I'm sure Chad must have known it also. I wondered if he would let go in time.

He didn't. I pumped his mouth full of jizz and he gamely tried to swallow every drop. "Hmmm, mmm," he repeated as cum dribbled from his lips. He held on for four good shots, then let go, came up and gave me a big juicy kiss on the lips.

"I love you, Chad."

"I love you too, Foster," he answered, still somewhat gurgly.

I kissed his forehead. "Why don't you let Barney clean your mouth while I go shit."

I sat on the toilet listening to the happy chortling and slurping. Thank you, God, for making me so fuckin happy.

I stood up, splashed some water on my face, and turned to see my two best friends again at the door. "What do you usually eat for breakfast?"

"Froot Loops."

"Figures. Sorry, there's none in the house. I'm surprised your mom didn't pack a box in your backpack. Tell you what. How about pancakes?"

"Yeah. Make pancakes."

I saluted him. "As you order, Sir. You speak and I

obey."

In a few minutes, dribbles of rich brown maple syrup had replaced the dribbles of white cum on Chad's lips. By the end of breakfast, there was also syrup on his chin, his chest, his belly and his dick. "Come here, Kid." I knelt down and while Chad stood giggling, I licked the syrup off all the aforementioned places. I wasn't about to let Barney get all the fun.

Chapter 10 - He Wanted My Finger Shoved Up his Sweet Ass

The lazy days of Summer end and everyone adjusts to a new routine of school, music lessons, and Sunday morning sex. Gwen asks Foster for another big favor.

Gwen and I had agreed to wait until she called before sending her Muffin home in case she needed to sleep late. Neither of us said so, but the real reason was in case Roger needed time to leave.

So Chad and I had time for a refreshing shower. Then he happily lay on the living room floor watching cartoons on TV and casually jacking off, while I set out the clothes for both of us so we could dress quickly. I also packed up his backpack, taking care to muss up the pj's. I joined Chad in front of the TV. Thankfully, Gwen didn't call until nearly 11. (I happened to hear a car start up and drive off twenty minutes before, but I suppose it could have been the O'Malleys heading off to church.)

"Was Muffin a nuisance?"

"No way, Gwen. He behaved just the way I'd want him to. He's perfect."

"Well, I can't thank you enough. He can come home now."

I wanted to say, "Then the coast is clear?" but instead said, "We'll be right over." I hung up. "Come on, Barney, we have a delivery to make."

That afternoon, Barney and I had a lot to tell Phillip. I'm sure he was pleased, though probably a little jealous that he couldn't have been a part of it.

Labor Day came and with it the end of school vacation. Jerry went back to college. The association closed the pool for the season. My music students were getting back from their various camps and family trips, and a new routine of commitments replaced the easy-going pace of summer.

I stood with Gwen at the bus stop to see Chad off on

his first day at the new school. I tried not to let her see my eye was watery. You know, masculine pride. Marines don't cry. All that nonsense. She came back to my condo for a cup of coffee.

"I've decided to buy a piano, Foster."

"An upright or a baby grand?"

"Well, I'd really like a concert grand, but I think I only have room for a baby."

"Let me help choose one. The new owner of my store is a decent guy. He won't screw you."

"Thanks, you're always so helpful."

"I have two conditions though."

"What are they?"

"First, Chad can't take lessons from anybody except me."

"Are you nuts? Of course, I wouldn't want to hire anyone else. What's the second condition."

"I get a ticket to his first concert at Carnegie Hall."

"Yeah right! I'd just be happy if can play a few simple songs. I'm going to enjoy getting back to playing also. Music always brought me comfort."

"Maybe you should sign up for lessons as well."

"Maybe I should. I know I'm a bit rusty."

"How are things going with Roger."

"We're both taking it slow. Neither of us wants to get burned. But I may need to ask you to watch Muffin again some time."

"He can spend a sleepover night any time you want. I loved having him. So did Barney."

"Uh, well,..."

"Well, what, Gwen?"

"Well, you know in October there's a long weekend for Columbus Day."

"There usually is."

"Well, Roger asked me to spend the weekend with him in the Poconos. Three nights."

"Don't say another word. Of course, I'll watch Chad! You go off with Roger and have a good time. It's important to get to really know each other."

"You really wouldn't mind?"

"Not at all."

"Three whole nights?"

"I'm just worried about my snoring keeping Chad awake. But then, Barney never complained."

"Oh, Foster, you're so funny. No wonder Muffin has so much fun when he visits with you."

I didn't see enough of Chad in September. Every afternoon, after school, I had music students and he had homework. Plus Gwen made sure he practiced the piano each day. On Saturday morning, I gave him his lesson, but instead of his coming over to my condo as both of us would have preferred, Gwen insisted I come to them so he could play the new Yamaha and she could get her lesson as well. The rest of the day, I had other students. Gwen and Chad always did things together on Saturday afternoon, shopping or playing or taking in a movie, and as the weeks went by Roger began to join them.

On Sundays, however, I could count on climbing out of my morning shower and finding a naked Chad in my living room, ostensibly to play with his pal Barney, but it was a time to play with his pal Foster as well.

Chad was now quite at home in my condo. (Well, actually he always was.) He never felt obligated to ask permission to do anything or take anything he wanted, which was fine with me. He knew where to get the Oreos when he wanted, pouring himself a glass of milk or Coke. He knew where to get the milk bones for Barney, who was now thoroughly spoiled, sitting on the couch, even lying on the bed. Chad also knew where to get the KY, which he'd hand me to indicate he wanted my finger shoved up his sweet asshole. He loved his finger fucks. He also greased up his fingers to fuck my hole. After using one finger for a while, he'd announce, "I'm gonna put two in now." I told him to go ahead. Then after maybe thirty seconds, "OK, you're ready for three fingers now." He was stopping at four fingers, but I knew the day would come when I'd have a skinny seven-year old fist up my ass. I knew the day would also come when he'd be ready for more than one of my fingers.

As for conversation, we talked about his teacher, his new friends, baseball and music, but mostly we also talked about all our plans for Columbus Day weekend.

After he went back home for lunch, Barney and I had plenty to tell Phillip on Sunday afternoons.

Chapter 11 - Put Your Weewee in There

The Columbus Day visit begins with surprises in store for both man and boy the first few hours.

The much anticipated long weekend finally arrived. I canceled my lessons with my other students; most of them were going north with their families anyway, to take in some fall foliage. Before 4 PM, there was a knock on my door. (Barney hid under the couch.) In came Gwen, Roger and Chad, who was all atwitter with excitement. So was I inside, but a seven-year old hasn't learned to contain it in front of others. He took off his jacket, dropped it on a chair, and danced about happily as Roger handed me the backpack and Gwen gave some last minute instructions. She packed three changes of clothes and the kid's toiletries, but said if we found she left anything out we should go back to #42 and get whatever we needed. She trusted me with the key. This time she didn't give me a long list of phone numbers. Maybe she forgot in her excitement, or assumed I still had the list from last time. I would hope she felt by now she could depend on my knowing what to do should "something" happen. She gave me a peck on the cheek, Roger shook my hand, and they each gave Chad a hug and a kiss. "Have a safe trip, you two, and have a wonderful weekend. The weather is supposed to be beautiful there." Although I was thinking the two lovebirds may not even leave their romantic hideaway with its warm fluffy bed and heartshaped bathtub.

When they finally left, we could all breathe more easily. Barney crawled out from under the couch and started nosing Chad's legs as the boy quickly took off his clothes. "Hey, Foster, take your clothes off!"

I made sure the car pulled away and then sat on the couch and replied, "I don't think I can, I think you have to undress me."

"You're being silly," he laughed, then came over and began unbuttoning my shirt. I didn't give him any help, wanted him to work for it. He pushed the shirt off my shoulders, then pushed me forward and pulled the sleeves down off my arms. It was like undressing a paraplegic and

we were both laughing our asses off. He pulled off my shoes without untying them, and then my socks which he handed to Barney, I suppose to punish me for being such an idiot. Then he pulled me up to my feet and undid my belt and waist button. I closed my eyes as his sweet little hands unzipped me. My cock was already getting stiff. He pushed the jeans down to my ankles and then nearly tore my bikini undies pulling them down. He pushed me in the stomach forcing me to sit down again and pulled the pants off my feet. "There!" he said with a sense of accomplishment. I grabbed him up on to my lap, hugging his bony ribs and kissing his sweet lips. He threw his skinny legs on either side of me and reached back to guide my hand on to his butt so I could run my finger along his pucker, a foretaste of all the fun these three days had in store.

After jacking each other off to an "o-gas-sim," Chad was ready for something else. I gathered up our clothes and carried the to my bedroom where I just threw them in a heap on my bed for now. Barney still had one of my socks. Chad started chasing him to get it back. After they raced through all the rooms and back to the couch, the boy stopped. stood still, looked sternly at Barney and held out his hand. The dog compliantly placed the sock in his hand. "See, Foster? I can do that too!" I was amazed but glad Barney would obey my little friend. "Here, put it on, Foster, just like I had to wear my undies when they was all wet with dog slobber." I put my foot in the wet sock and made a big show of how icky it felt, which made Chad giggle all the more. "You makin me laugh too much. I gotta pee. You come too." What did he have up his sleeve this time? "Foster, you sit down there on the toilet." I obeyed of course and soon the sadistic seven-year old was aiming at my dick, except with all his wiggling the stream went all over my thighs and belly as well. We both laughed which of course made his pee land even further afield. Before the final spritses, I leaned forward, grabbed his penis and aimed it at my face to his astonishment and delight. I rubbed the last few drops off with my open hand and then went to kiss him again. "Ewww! Don't kiss me. You need a bath, Foster!" He bent over the tub and turned on the hot water. I went over and added enough cold to make it pleasantly warm and we waited for the tub to fill. He reached under the sink and took out bath salts and

threw in half the box. Soon the tub was billowing with froth. "You need lots of soap cause you is so stinky." I climbed in and lay down and Chad climbed in on top of me. We were soon encased in sudsy bubbles. I was a little disappointed I couldn't see his pretty wet nakedness, but I made up for it by feeling him and smelling him and tasting him.

It's such fuckin fun trying to take a bath with a seven-year old boy, who can't lie still. He wriggled about on top of me, and plopped himself down in varying positions and contortions. Lucky for my old body, he only weighed 50. At one point his head was down on my thighs which I raised to keep him from drowning. His shins were pressed against my two ears. I took the cloth and washed his little dick deliberately moving the skin down to expose his pretty dickhead. He was stiff. Then I moved to his ass hole and "accidentally" lost the cloth in the sudsy water. Since both my finger and his hole were wet and soapy, I was able to push in easily. He bent his knees, moved his feet to my shoulders and bucked his hips. He was enjoying the penetration. "Foster," he grunted, "later you gotta put your weewee in there."

"OK."

Chapter 12 - Come on, Foster. Time to go to bed

The first evening of the long weekend comes to an end. Well-fed, man and boy are both in a romantic mood.

We dried off, joined Barney again on the living room floor where he got his belly rubbed while we jacked each other off. We retreated to the kitchen and I asked Chad what he wanted for supper. I had stocked up on frozen pizzas and fish sticks, chop meat for burgers, hot dogs, boxes of mac and cheese, all the nutritious comfort foods boys love. He opted for burgers so I put a pound of meat in my mixing bowl and added some chopped onions and my secret mixture of spices. I divided the meat into four parts and handed them to Chad one by one to form into patties. "Mom don't let me help her cook. But look I doin it real good." Sure they were uneven in thickness and not very circular, but Hell, I knew they'd cook up just fine, so I put them in the skillet. "Tell me what else to do," he said wiping his meat covered hands off on his belly. I had him get out the rolls, split them with those dirty fingers and pop them in the toaster. Then he got the bag of potato chips, the ketchup, the mustard, and a big red tomato. "Don't put lettuce on it. That's no good." I agreed though normally I like mine with some green.

I turned the patties and cut the tomato, while Chad climbed up on the counter to reach two plates. I couldn't resist; I stopped what I was doing, bent down and began licking his scrumptious ass crack. "Hmmmm, that was the perfect appetizer."

"I need a at-tizer too." He jumped down and got behind me. I put one foot up on the counter so he could get his face between my buttocks and start rimming my hole. I wished he kept it up for longer, but after fifteen seconds he declared, "That was a good at-tizer. Now we eat."

It was such a treat watching him stuff the big roll in his mouth and take a bite, watching the juice from the tomato ooze down his chin, watching him grab handfuls of chips, and press them to his mouth while broken pieces fell down on to his naked lap where Barney was quick to nibble them away.

For dessert I made two bowls of vanilla ice cream with caramel sauce, whipped cream, and a cherry on top. Chad said we had to feed each other, so we both ended up with as much ice cream on us as in us. Then we had to lick each other clean.

We sat down on the couch and turned on some cartoons on TV while we jacked off some more. "I bet Mom and Roger are having fun now. I bet they's finished supper just like us did. I bet they's sittin in their room watchin TV too."

"Or maybe listening too some soft music."

"Maybe. I bet she's wearin her new red jammies. I seen 'em. They's all lacy and I don't think they's too warm. So Roger probly has his arm round her to keep her warm."

"Probably." I put my arm around him and he burrowed his face against my chest.

"I don't know what Roger wears for jammies. I ain't seen that."

"Maybe he's naked like you and me."

"Yeah, maybe." Chad had been groping my cock but now let go. "I gotta pee."

"You want me to sit on the toilet so you can pee on me?" I asked somewhat hopefully.

"Nah, you stay there with Barney."

After the toilet flushed, I heard him in my bedroom. He came back with his arms full of our clothes. "Barney's gotta pee too." It was a little early for Barney's walk but I could see Chad wanted to get it out of the way so we could enjoy the rest of the night uninterrupted. So we got dressed. Chad hadn't gotten everything off the bed. Whether intentionally or not, he didn't bring back our underwear or my other sock. I got our jackets and the leash and we went out into the cool starlit night. Chad had the leash in one hand and me in the other. "Maybe Mom and Roger is lookin at the moon and the stars and holding

hands now."

"Could be," I said, although I thought they were more likely wrapped up in bed with his cock up her pussy. I hope he brought lots of condoms. Unless maybe they want to make a baby brother or sister for Chad. I pointed out the few constellations I could name, first the two Dippers, then Orion and Canis Major, his dog. Chad thought he should name the dog Barney. I pointed out Cassiopeia and he found the name kind of funny to say and kept singing it all the way home, "Cassie, Oh PEE-uh."

"Barney, lay down now. We don't want you bothering us tonight," he declared as we took off our jackets and hung up the leash. "Come on, Foster. Time to go to bed." I wasn't tired and I knew Chad certainly wasn't either. But he had plans.

Chad turned off all the lights in the house, took my hand and brought me back to the bedroom where he turned on only one small lamp. "Now take my clothes off." I saw this was really going to be a special night, because before he always stripped himself. I knelt down, looked him right in the eye and smiled. He let a little grin cross his face. I slowly took off his shirt, then his undershirt, then I sat back on my heels, turned him around, set him on my lap and took off his shoes and socks. As he still sat there, I undid his pants, stood him up, and slid them down his legs. I kissed the back of his neck, then as he turned, kissed his ear, then his cheek, then his lips.

As we french kissed with both our eyes shut, I petted his bare butt. "There you are, M...Mr. Chad, Sir." He glared, then smiled at me. He knew I almost said "Muffin" before I caught myself.

Chapter 13 - You really fuckin me

The first night of the long weekend was a first in a very special way, as Chad loses his virginity.

"Now I'm going to take your clothes off." I stayed on the floor and let Chad unbutton my shirt and slip it off, then pull up my undershirt. He rubbed his hand over my hairy chest and we both smiled again. I put my feet out so he could untie me shoes and take off my one sock. "Now stand up." I obeyed and soon he had my pants off as well. He petted my stiffening mantool and said snidely, "You must be thinking about certain things." He knelt in front of me and began sucking me. He seemed to know just how far to go, for he stopped before I went over the edge, took my hand and climbed on to the bed. We spooned a few minutes, my firm cock pressed into his ass crack. Then he scrooched forward, handed me the KY and lay on his side pointing his ass at me. I put a good amount on my middle finger and greased the perianum and then went inside. Softly, quietly, slowly, he directed the operation: "In. Out. In. Out. Hmmmmmm. Wiggle it around. Hmmmmmm. Use more jelly. Now two fingers. Unh. No. Don't stop. Push them both in. Unh. Yesss. Out. Unh. In. Unh. That's better. It feels looser now. In. Out. Spread them. Make my hole bigger. Unh. Now three fingers. Ow. Good. Yeah. Push them way in. Yeah. Now get your weewee ready." With my other hand, I squeezed some KY on my cock, dropped the uncapped tube between the pillows and worked my shaft. "You ready. Foster?"

"Are you sure you're ready for this, Chad?"

"Yeah, I think so."

"OK. Now let me take charge. I don't want to hurt you." I pulled my hand out of his ass and quickly spread another big dollop of KY on and in his virgin hole. Then I lay down on the bed, my cock pointing up at the ceiling. "Now, my sweet boy, you stand up and straddle me. That's the way." I reached up and grabbed his hips. "Now squat down. Sit right on my weewee. He held the inside of his thighs and peered between his legs, slowly lowering himself, taking careful aim. Soon he was perched on my pole. "Good. Now. I'm going to pull your hips down. You pretend you

have to make #2, and my weewee will go right in." He pressed down. Shit. The pressure of his tight hole on my fat dickhead felt so wonderful. I pulled his hips. Suddenly, with a pop, I was past his sphincter.

"Owww. Ohhh. Wowww. Geee. You did it, Foster. You really fuckin me. Owww."

"I'm not holding you down, Chad. You can stand up any time you want and let it out, if it hurts too much."

"Noooo. It feels gooood. But it's like Wowww. I ain't never felt like this. Wowww." He went up a little bit and immediately came back down. He knew from the finger fucks the effect of the In/Out pistoning, and quickly saw the same principle applied now with my cock. He began to bounce up and down. "He kept saying, Owww, Owww, Owww, but I knew he liked the feeling. It was just his way of saying Wowww, Wowww, Wowww. Have you got any fuckin idea what it feels like to have a small boy with a previously virgin tight little ass hole excitedly bouncing on your spike? I gotta tell you it's the best fuckin feeling you can get. Nothing else comes close. It's Heaven, Nirvana, and Valhalla all rolled into one. I felt a wet stream on my chest. I knew it was Chad's pee. For a boyfucker, that goes with the territory. In a kid's small body, his bladder is so close to his bowel that an invading cock stimulates it to piss. In ecstasy, Chad didn't even know he was urinating on me.

I began shouting, "Oh God! Thank you! Oh Fuck! Oh! Oh!" Then words gave way to a primeval scream. Every pore of my body was pouring out sweat. Every nerve in my body was tingling with electricity. Every muscle in my body was tense. I grabbed his hips tight and he knew to hold still. I made one final buck with my pelvis and felt the gusher. My gonads burst out cum shot after cum shot into Chad's young rectum.

He must have been screaming as well along with me. But after I was spent and my cock began to deflate, the pressure on his love ring abated. Suddenly, I fell into fits of delirium.

"Hey, what's so funny, Foster?"

"Oh my beautiful Chad! You make me so fuckin happy!"

"Now I know what a fuck is!" He stood up, bent over and looked between his legs. Then he took his hand and started catching the jizz as it flowed out of his enlarged hole. Then he too started laughing. I grabbed him, pulled him down on to my chest and squeezed him hard. "Hey, you hurtin me!"

"Come on, Big Boy, let's have some ice cream!!"

"Yeah!! I want chocolate this time!"

I threw a dish towel on the kitchen chair for Chad to sit on since he was still leaking, then I made two huge bowls of chocolate ice cream with chocolate sauce and chocolate jimmies. Now that the BIG EVENT was over, Chad told Barney he could join us again and he happily came in and wagged his tail at each of us. Chad began speculating about his Mom again. "I bet she's asleep now cause they's probly tired after driving all day. Sometimes she snores. I shoulda warned Roger. Hope he don't mind too much." I knew they were probably not sleeping, but no matter what they were doing, it couldn't have been as intense and satisfying as the love match her son and I had just enjoyed.

"You like Roger, don't you, Chad?"

"Yeah. He's neat. He makes Mom happy. It been a long time since she be happy. She usta cry lots. Even though I tried to cheer her up."

"You did a wonderful job of cheering her up, Chad. She told me so. She said you were the reason she could make it."

"Wow. She really said that? Gee. But now Roger can cheer her up too. So she'll be even more happy!"

"Right." But I thought to myself, never as happy as I am right now. I noticed him snickering. "Now, you tell me what's so funny, Chad."

"Hehe. I'm thinkin maybe they gots up like we did and maybe theys eatin ice cream too. Hehe."

"Maybe, Chad. Maybe."

"Yeah, she likes chocolate too. I shoulda told Roger that."

"You'll probably have lots of time to tell him stuff."

"Yeah. But don't worry. I won't tell him our secret. I'll never tell no one that. But I can sure tell him lots of stuff about Mom."

"I'm sure you can."

"'Specially if he lived with us. Then I'd have all the time in the world to tell him stuff. He could sleep on our couch, or if he wanted he could sleep with me in my bed. Or maybe he'd want to sleep with Mom if he don't mind her snoring."

"Would you like that? Would you like Roger to live with you and your mom."

"Yeah," he said softly and got pensive.

Chapter 14 - We Can Take Our Clothes Off And Get Warm

While his mom is away with Roger, Chad spends Saturday with his best friend, doing the things he loves best.

I picked up the bowls and put them in the sink. "Chad, do you know it's after midnight. Look at Barney. He's asleep. Maybe we should go to bed too." I picked the boy up and carried him back to bed. He grabbed his teddy bear and lay down hugging him. I shut off the light, lay behind him and hugged him and the bear both.

Chad now knew the best way to wake me up. Before I even knew the sun was up, I was aware my cock was inside a warm wet sucking environment. "You don't ever get enough of Foster's milk, do you, Handsome?"

"Hmmm mmm," which I interpreted to be a negative. With his precious tiny hand massaging my balls, it didn't take long to reach an orgasm. He saw my body stiffen, recognized the clue, and lifted his head just in time to get a nice faceful of jizz. "Yeah, that's what I wanted," he chortled. "Now we can have breakfast." He hopped off the bed. "Hey, the floor is cold." I keep the heat warm enough for comfort in the nude, but bare wooden floors can still be chilly in October. I gave him two pairs of his socks to put on, and I donned a pair of slippers.

"Today we'll go over to your house and get your slippers."

"I'll bet Mom will be sprised when she finds out she forgot sumpin."

"Yes, I'm sure she will. She seems to think of most everything. I bought Froot Loops."

"Nah, Barney n me want pancakes." I thought I'll probably end up throwin the fuckin sugar cereal away.

"Then pancakes you shall have, Sir." We each had as many as we could eat with plenty of syrup. This was followed by a course of cock. And believe me, nothing tastes better after a big stack of pancakes than a young

boy's dick. Actually a young dick is the perfect top off to any meal!

Barney was in the mood for a chase so Chad gave him what he wanted, until we both noticed him sniffing at the door. Quickly, we got dressed, put on our jackets, grabbed the leash and took Barney for his morning walk.

The air was brisk. A lot of leaves had fallen, but the colors weren't changing quite yet. There were acorns all over the sidewalks which hurt Barney's toes, but which made an exciting crack when Chad stomped on them. Hearing some honking, we all looked up at the sky, even Barney. "That's a flock of Canadian geese heading south for the winter."

Chad frowned. "Is that south?"

"No, actually that's west. You know, I never understood that. I see geese flying north, and east, and west, and all over the place, but somehow they end up in the south."

"I'll ask my teacher. She learned us about gooses in school. They always fly in a V."

"That's right."

"I bet you don't know why one side of the V is longer than the udder!"

"No, I don't. Why?"

"Cause there's more gooses on that side!" Chad broke into laughter. He repeated his teacher's joke perfectly and I fell right into it!

"I tole Mom that joke. Maybe she n Roger is taking a walk n maybe they see gooses n maybe she tole him that n fooled him too."

"It sure is a perfect day for a walk. And I bet the trees are real colorful where they are."

Chad looked at our trees, mostly oaks, which hadn't turned color yet. "Why is they more color there?"

"They have lots of different kinds of trees, Maple, Sumac, Sassafras, Hickory, Chestnut. Also, the Poconos are in the mountains. The nights are colder there, so the leaves change color sooner."

"Colder. Uh oh! I don't think Mom knew that, cause she brought those skimpy little jammies."

"I'm sure Roger knows how to keep her warm at night, Chad."

We stopped by Gwen's place and I unlocked the door so Chad could go in, but I stayed outside out of respect for her privacy. "OK, see, I got my slippers."

"They look real toasty, Chad."

"I's gettin kinda cold. Let's go back to your place so we can take our clothes off and get warm." We looked at each other, both realizing the patent absurdity of what he just said and burst out laughing. Of course that's exactly what we did when we got back, took our clothes off and got warm. We started by jacking each other off, then we played Go Fish while we jacked off, then we brushed Barney while we jacked off, then we each did our shit and got in the shower where we jacked off. Then, squeaky clean we rimmed each other which gave us an appetite for lunch. Pizza was Chad's choice so we took it out of the freezer and jacked off while it heated in the oven. I could have used the microwave but that would have given us less time to jack off! We ate it while we jacked off, put our dishes in the dishwasher while we jacked off, and decided to check out the cartoons on TV, which we watched while jacking off.

Chad suddenly asked me, "What day is today?"

"Saturday of course."

He jumped up and turned off the TV. "You is supposed to give me a piano lesson. Come on, Foster. Mom is paying you good money to learn me how to play." He promptly plopped his naked ass down on my piano bench and flipped the cover up off the keyboard.

I scooched him over so I could sit on the bench beside him, butt to butt. "Well, Chad, did you practice this week?"

"I practice every day! Well, uh, not yesterday."

"Why didn't you practice yesterday?"

"I, uh, was sorta busy n I forgot." Then he added, "And you didn't remind me! So it's your fault."

"Yes, I guess, I sorta forgot also." I poked my finger in his ass, and we both laughed.

"Hey, I don't got my music book. That's sumpin else Mom forgot to pack."

"No problem, I have all the practice books here." I reached into the pile and took out my copy of Chad's book.

"Yeah, but then you won't put a gold star on my page."

"Oh, you think you'll get a gold star this week?"

"Yep!" was the confident answer. "I know! Tonight we'll take Barney for nudder walk and I'll stop in my house and get my book and you can put the gold star on it. I'm still gonna tell Mom she forgot."

"Your poor mother is sure in a lot of trouble."

"Yep!" He giggled. He played Frere Jacques very well actually. He had been practicing. I moved him over and told him to play it an octave higher. After the second "dormez vous", I began playing it on the low register and we had a round going. We kept going for five repetitions. And each one got faster and louder so by the end Jacques would definitely not be able to dormez!

"OK, for next week, you'll practice "Row, Row, Row your Boat". We'll make sure you practice tomorrow and Monday. And today you have to practice twice as long because you missed yesterday.

"Ahh, that sucks!"

"Here, how about if..." I picked up his light body,
"...if you sit on my lap?"

"Hey! Super!" There we were with my dick tucked neatly in his ass crack while he pounded the ivories. "I could practice for hours this way." I smiled thinking I wouldn't mind that at all, but knowing the squirming kid would be wiggling out of it in a few minutes. But it was fun while it lasted. I gently placed my hands under his wrists for guidance, worked the pedals with my feet, and breathed in the sweet aroma of his brown hair, while I softly hummed the lyrics into his ear, "Life is but a dream."

Chapter 15 - The Luckiest Man on Earth

Saturday night brought new adventures for Foster and Chad including large things going in both their asses!

For supper, I made grilled cheese sandwiches. And guess what we had for dessert: Froot Loops with whipped cream. Why the Hell not! We took a long leisurely soak in the tub and then got dressed real warm for Barney's nightly walk. It was cloudy so we didn't see any stars and the moon was fuzzy. "What's that, Foster?"

"What's what?"

"That noise. Listen." We got quiet. Even Barney froze, though he couldn't understand why.

Then I heard the familiar three notes. "That's a whippoorwill, Chad. Listen, it's singing 'Whip poor Will, Whip poor Will.'"

"Whippy Will, Whippy Will," he quietly repeated. "Cool."

"Whippoorwills are like owls and bats. They're nocturnal. That means they're active at night while we're asleep. They're just waking up about now."

"Do they got whippy-willies in the Pokey-Nose?"

"I'm sure they do." I knew what Chad was thinking. "And if your mom and Roger are taking a walk now, they might hear the same song."

"Cool."

"Speaking of cool, I think it's time for us to get inside, take our clothes off and get warm."

"You forgot sumpin."

"I did? What?"

"My music book! Boy, I gotta member everything!"

Back home, we got undressed, I stuck a star in his book, and we headed to bed. "You gonna fuck me again." Not a request, of course, simply a statement.

I got out a new tube of KY, and reminded myself to pick up a few more at the store. I lay down on the bed and Chad went to work sucking me off. When he felt I was ready, he grabbed the tube from my hand and put a big splat in his hand and rubbed it all over my shaft. I don't know how I managed not to shoot with those little hands climbing my pole. Then he took another splat from the tube, reached back and greased up his own hole. "Hole out your hand." I obeyed and he put a splat on my fingers. Then he lay across my belly "OK. Start."

I went right to work finger fucking him, and he quickly got two fingers. He squiggled around with his knees on either side of my chest, his hands on my thighs, so I was staring right at his boycunt. I went back in with my fingers and it wasn't long before I had three in there. "That's, Unh, three, right? Unh."

"Yes."

"Good." He changed positions again, walking right over my chest, and squatted above my cock. "Now hole my hips. Unh. Unh. Unh. What's wrong?"

"Are you pretending to make #2, Chad?"

"No, that's what I forgots. Unh."

My cock popped in and the bouncing began with even more fervor than the night before. What had I done to deserve this prize, this perfect lad? Why was I singled out to be the luckiest man on earth? If I should never fuck again in my life, I would still be happy.

When I cummed, Chad stayed on there. I felt his hole clamping down on my cock. He didn't want to lose any of my milk this time. He didn't want it to end. Neither did I, even though I was getting soft. I pulled him down to lay on my chest carefully keeping him impaled on my flaccid dick. I kissed his sweet sweaty forehead. The salty soft

skin was delicious.

Regretfully, my cock eventually couldn't stay inside and flubbed out. We both sighed and knew it was over. "Do you want ice cream again, Kid?"

"Nope."

"Are you ready to go to sleep?"

"Nope."

"Well, then we'll just lay here. This is nice too."

A few minutes of utter bliss passed as Chad lay still on my chest, his lovely anus slowly oozing out on to my pubes.

"I know." Chad sat up suddenly. "Now I gonna fuck you!"

"OK, Kid. I think you better do me doggy style."

"You hear that Barney? We gonna do it doggy."

I got off the bed and got down on the floor on all fours. Barney started licking my face, until Chad pushed him. "Get out of the way, Barney, Foster's gotta suck my weewee so it gets hard n I can fuck him." I felt Barney sniffing my Chad-pissed chest and my jizzed-up gens. I wrapped my mouth completely around the boy's tiny dick and balls. Unfortunately, for I was so enjoying the tasty treat, it didn't take long for Chad to get his stiffy. He pulled out, went around back, took the KY and slathered my ass and his own weewee. I felt his body slam into me but the tiny nail came nowhere near making contact. After a few vain attempts, he put one hand on each buttock and tried holding them apart. But when he thrust forward, his hands would let go. "I can't do it. Your dumb ass is too big."

"Wait, Chad, let me move." I wriggled over and rested my head and shoulders on the bed. Now my hands were free to hold my own buttocks. I reached back and spread them wide. Chad threw himself at me again and I felt a nice hard something in my hole.

"I did it. I'm fuckin you!"

"Grab my waist and hold on tight, Kid."

He started pounding me. His penis couldn't stay in when he backed, but it was so stiff and hard, he poked back inside with each forward thrust. "Hehehe. I fucks you good, Foster. Oh, oh, oh, I's gettin a o-gas-sim." He pushed in one last time and stopped thrusting. Then he let out a long "Ahhhhhhhhhh!!"

"Chad, you know there's a way you can go even deeper into my ass."

"How?"

"Grab the KY." I flipped over on the bed with my ass at the edge and pulled my legs up to my chest. I grabbed them with my arms and held on for dear life. "Use lots of jelly on your hand, Chad, all the way up to your elbow. Really slather it on thick. Good. Now start with two fingers. Oh, that's perfect. Now three. Yeah."

"Now I do four, right?" He didn't wait for an answer. I had four tiny digits wiggling in my shithole.

"Now add the thumb, Kid." Ah, yes, that felt so fuckin good. "Now push your hand in a little more. Yeeeeaaaahhh." My sphincter finally felt a tightness. I willed it to open wider. "Now pull out a just a tiny bit and then go in even more." The final knuckles, making up the thickest part of his tiny hand, now popped inside. "Oh, Man, yeah, Kid. Now keep pushing as far as you can go." Inch by inch, his arm continued its steady advance. I'd had a lot of thick adult cocks up my ass in my life, but I don't think any were as fat as this boy's skinny arm. My cock was rock hard again and oozing more precum.

Chad got halfway up his forearm. Then he began to move in and out, in and out, in a beautiful rhythm. "I really fuckin you now, Foster. I fuckin you real good."

"Reeeeeal good, Kid," I grunted. "See, Unh, how happy, Unh, my weewee is?"

"Yeah, it's big and hard and oozy. I'm gonna keep movin my arm in here until you shoot again."

Well, that didn't take long. A few more pistonings and I was over the edge. My first wad hit my chin and three or four followed. Chad pulled out, a bit too fast, but I knew my anus would recover. At any rate, it was well worth it.

We took a shower and went to bed happy.

Chapter 16 - Daddy, I'm a Big Boy Now

On Sunday Chad goes with Foster and Barney to tell Phillip about their adventures. Chad also meets someone else there to share with.

It was almost noon and the morning dew had already burned off. But I knew the ground would be cold, so I brought along two low beach chairs for Chad and me to sit on. Barney snuffled around the tombstone. He remembered not to raise his leg and he was just checking if anyone else had desecrated the site. I absent-mindedly began pulling a few weeds.

"Hi, Phillip. Look who's here again."

"Hi, Phillip, it's me, Chad. Member? And Barney's here too." Chad looked around and tried to figure out the difference between a weed and grass.

"We had a very busy week. Humberto sent me another manuscript. It was about the peace movement. You would have enjoyed reading it. And I went to that used book store on Monday, the one on West End Avenue, and found a complete score for 'A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum.' I remembered how much you loved that show. It was our first Sondheim musical. And when I thumbed through it, I found that song that made us laugh so hard:

Where is he?

That dirty old man, he's here somewhere,
Cavorting with someone young and fair,
Disporting in every shameless whim.
Just wait till I get my hands on him!"

Chad was impatient with my singing. "Hey, Foster, get to the part about me."

"Chad wants me to tell you,...yeah, well, you heard him. He's staying with Barney and me all weekend. His Mom's away."

"She's in the Pokey-Nose. I been a real good boy."

"He certainly has, Phillip. He's an ideal lad."

"Foster taught me about Cassie, Oh PEE-uh, and about the whippy-willies."

"Chad is a quick learner."

"I got a nudder star in my music book."

"He's leaving out the best part, Phillip. You know how modest he is." I had a snide grin on my face. "Chad got his first fuck on Friday night."

"And a nudder one last night, n I'm gonna get nudder one tonight, and tomorrow too. The first time it hurted like heck, but it felt good anyway. You member your first fuck? Last night I was ready. Foster's a real good fucker. You probly knows that. N guess what. I can fuck too just like a big boy. I fucked Foster in his dumb ass and he liked it cause I got a big weewee like my Daddy."

The energetic kid couldn't sit any longer and started walking around my chair. Barney got a sore neck trying to follow him, and I had a chance to get a few more words in. "And there's even more, Phillip. Last night Chad fisted me. I told you he was ideal."

"Foster makes the bestest pancakes in the world. You probly knows that. Did you ever pee on him? I did n he liked it. I even peed in his mouf, hehe. We play Chutes n Laddies n I usual beats him, but he's gettin better. He jacks me off n I jacks him off n we bofe gets o-gas-sims but when he gets a o-gas-sim he shoots lots of white milk. I likes to drink it. It's yummy in my tummy. We looks at the stars as night. Orion has a dog. Do you ever play with him? I know you likes dogs. I hopes I can spend lots of nights with Foster."

I reached out and gave him a hug as he passed by. "I hope so too."

He pulled away and said, "Phillip, call Daddy over. He's in the Vets Semi-terry cause he was a Marine." The kid was not reluctant to tell even the departed what to do. Of course Phillip did what he was told, just like me, because in half a minute Chad said, "Hi, Daddy. It's me,..." He glanced at me, turned his head, and whispered,

"Muffin." He sat down on Phillip's tombstone and started to talk to his father. "I been a real good boy. I got a hunderd on my spellin test, n the teacher learned us about gooses. Daddy, you know when gooses fly, why is one side of the V longer than the udder. Yeah, you know that joke, don't you. Hehe. I can't fool you. I fooled Foster though. I's stayin with him cause Mom's in the Pokey-Nose with Roger. Roger makes Mom happy, Daddy. I know you'd like him." I wondered to myself if Chad Senior would like Roger sleeping with his wife.

The kid stood up again and started walking around. "Daddy, I'm a big boy now, not little like when you was here. I can swim n read n make hamburgies, n I got a big weewee just like you. Daddy, check on Mom n make sure she's OK. She didn't take her warm jammies cause she didn't know it got cold at night in the Pokey-Nose, so tell Roger to keep her warm. I love you, Daddy. Bye." I realized Chad never told his father any of our secret, which was reassuring.

Chad grabbed my hand and pulled me out of the chair. He said all he needed to say and so it was time to leave. I quickly said goodbye to Phillip and promised him I'd be back next Sunday and we'd have more time to talk. I'm sure he understood. He knows how little boys are.

We walked away, Chad in the middle holding on to Barney's leash. I began softly singing the Dirty Old Man song. Chad said it was a silly song. He started to catalogue all the things he had planned for us to do when we got home, when we got alone, when we got naked. The Ideal Boy and the Dirty Old Man.

Chapter 17 - So Fuckin Naïve

The long cool holiday ends but not after a parade of hot activities and warm memories.

On Monday morning we had french toast for a change, but still smothered them in maple syrup. Then we hunted for Chad's clothes, which by now were dispersed all over the house. We kept out one warm outfit and packed everything else in his backpack. That task accomplished, we lay back down on the bed and jacked off.

"Hey, Foster, when's the parade?"

"Starts at 11. We have plenty of time."

"No we don't! We gotta take our bath and get dressed and drive there and we gotta sit right up front where we can see everthing. I don't like bein behind udder people. Come on, move your dumb ass."

I knew the Columbus Day parade never drew the big crowds like the parades on Thanksgiving and St. Patrick's and the Fourth of July. But Chad must have his way. We took turns shitting while the tub filled up. Then impulsive Chad climbed in first. So I climbed in and started to lower myself on top of him. "Hey, I'm being drownded by a dumb ass whale! Barney, Help!" He scriggled around so I could sit down and then flopped himself with a big splash on top of me. He grabbed the cloth and started washing my cock. Those seven inches always got more attention in the tub than all the rest of my body. He stood up and instructed me to flip over and get on all fours. He scrubbed my scrotum and then used one finger to push the cloth up my ass hole. The essentials over, he washed my back and legs, flipped me over again, got my chest, arms and feet, then threw me the cloth and told me to wash my face. This was no lazy relaxing bath.

"OK, you're clean enough. Now wash me." He squatted over me so I could wash between his legs and reach his anus. He stuck each limb out at me to wash and then turned around and had me wash his torso. He opened the drain and climbed out. "We're done," he said superfluously.

Chad did a cursory job of toweling off and was about to escape when I grabbed him. "Here, let me dry you completely. I don't want you getting sick because you're wet when we go outside. I briskly rubbed him all over. He was pretending to be impatient, but I knew he loved my hands exploring every inch of his beautiful young body. Regretfully, he didn't take the time that morning to return the favor. Instead, he skipped out of the bathroom into the bedroom and started putting on the clothes we'd set aside. Long warm corduroy pants, a plaid wool shirt, a pullover sweater. I had him put on two pairs of socks. With his jacket, I hoped he'd be warm. I also dressed for the weather. Even Barney wore his sweater.

We set up our chairs on the curb and waited. We were still early. A vendor came by and sold us American and Italian flags to wave. I was hoping someone might come by with hot cocoa. On the other hand, if we drank, we'd probably have to use the porta-potty which I did not relish. I promised Chad we'd go to McDonald's after the parade.

I thought about the year Phillip and I went to New York to watch the Gay Pride Parade. That's always in June, which is a good thing, what with the skimpy outfits everyone wears. We met Butch there. That was the name he told us. Probably thirteen, but pretending to be legal. He loved the parade. The chance to be himself. He kept feeling Phillip's ass and making him feel his. He liked my hands because they were smaller and could reach into his tight cutoffs. After the parade, we walked back to our hotel with my finger in Butch's hole. Of course once we were there, a lot more went in his hole. He was a high-spirited bottom. But so fuckin naïve! He thought we were pussies to insist on condoms. Poor Butch. Wonder if he's still alive.

Of course Barney was the first to hear the music. His ears perked up. We peered way down the street. Chad got out of his chair and went out on to the blacktop. "Yeah, I can see em comin." Barney crawled under my chair and pressed against my ankles. Too many people to deal with.

There were bands from all the local parochial schools, floats from the Knights of Columbus, and the usual fire

trucks, antique cars, and stilt walking Uncle Sams that fill out every parade. The final float had three ships made out of plywood. "That's the Nina, the Pinta, and the Sandy Maria!" Chad had to prove how much he learned in school. "And that guy dressed up like that is Chrissy-fer Columbus. In fourteen hunderd ninety two Columbus sailed the ocean blue."

It was good to get a hot meal and sit in a warm McDonald's to eat it. Chad got two Happy Meals and when he found the same Hot Wheels car in both, he went back and made them exchange one. We each pushed one and played Drag Races on the table with noisy revving, squealing tires, and catastrophic crashes. You can usually count on McDonalds for a clean bathroom. After peeing, we gave each other quickie blow jobs before anyone else came in. Now we were both anxious to get home and do it properly.

We spent the afternoon practicing the piano, jacking off, playing with Barney, jacking off, rehearsing what to tell Gwen, and jacking off. We made sure to leave enough time for our last fuck together, followed by our last shower together. When we got dressed again, Barney assumed he would be going out, so he was confused when we just sat waiting. There was a knock on the door, and he crawled under the couch. Chad opened the door. The lovers had returned.

Chapter 18 - Coming to an End

Thanksgiving is the time for feasting, family, fun, and fond remembrances.

Gwen invited me over for Thanksgiving dinner. I brought two bottles of wine. Gwen bustled about the kitchen while her "menfolk" watched football, and debated sports. Roger knew much more than I about the various teams; Phillip could have given him a stronger defense. Chad sat between us, at least when he was sitting. He kept popping up to shout at the TV and to get more chips and to bring us beers and usually for no apparent reason other than seven-year old antsiness.

In the middle of the fourth quarter, the score was tied up, and even I was getting excited about the game. Then Gwen announced, "All right, Men. I have all the food on the table. Come get it while it's hot." I sat on one side of the table with my lovely Chad, Roger and Gwen on the other side. We feasted on all the traditions: turkey, yams, stuffing, succotash, cranberry sauce and gravy, accompanied by my wine. Chad and I kept exchanging glances and when the opportunity was right I snuck a hand under the table and grabbed his crotch. He giggled, but Gwen and Roger were too absorbed in each other to notice.

I remembered when Phillip and I played with Sunny and Peanut's dicks under the table. We were spending a week at the fanciest hotel in Hikkaduwa, Sri Lanka, Coral something-or-other. The staff prided themselves on providing the guests with only the finest amenities and that included the boys they sent to "entertain" us. Sunil and Pina were nine-year old twins who had gone to school to learn all the ways to please the male tourists. The concierge even showed us copies of their diplomas! From their performance, Sunny and Peanut must have graduated head of the class. Unlike Butch, they knew all about safe sex. They were so identical I couldn't tell them apart until I had my cock well implanted up their ass. Then they would respond--Sunny with contented moans and Peanut with happy shrieks (or vice versa, I forget which now). After a very satisfying fuck each night, we'd all put on our shirts and shorts and head to the main dining room for a late dinner. Sunny and Peanut felt very special; the

Europeans never took their boys out of their rooms. Phillip, Sunny, me and Peanut sat around a small table, and held our chopsticks in our right hand. Then with our free hand we opened the fly of our neighbor's shorts and played with his dick. A circle jerk. Right in the main dining room, with its crystal, china, and conveniently long linen tablecloths. I'm sure the waiters and other patrons all knew what we were doing.

After Roger and I had seconds on turkey, and Chad had thirds, Gwen said, "Let's wait a while before dessert to give the food time to settle." Even Chad thought that was a good idea. Everyone helped clear the table, and pack up the leftovers to store in the fridge. Gwen fixed a plate of everything for me take "for lunch tomorrow" and another tupperware container for Barney. Then she urged "Muffin" to give us a piano recital in the living room. He didn't need much urging, natural born ham that he is. He didn't make too many false notes. I've had a lot of first year students who would've done far worse. The "Indian Song" was this week's piece, in honor of the holiday, so I knew he'd completed his whole repertoire. But he said, "I got one more song. It's a sprise. It's the Whippy-Willie Song." Gwen looked at me. I shrugged. All I could think of was "My Blue Heaven," and he certainly wasn't ready to play that. We sat back to listen.

Chad stood up, adjusted the piano bench, sat down, wiggled his ass, put his hands in position, gave a little smirk, and started to play: G, C, high C. He repeated it over and over as the three adults laughed ourselves silly. He'd taken us in. I said to Gwen, "The kid sure does have a good ear."

"Come on, Mom. You gotta play now." Roger and I agreed and Gwen and her son exchanged places. She played a bunch of standards, some Beatles, no Sondheim. Some brought tears to her eyes, and I expect they may have been some of Chad Senior's favorites. For others, she looked at Roger, so she was already collecting a new set of favorites. Then it was my turn. I didn't want to steal the show, so I only played one song, "My Blue Heaven," and was happy when Roger and Gwen began to sing along. "Wow," said my little admirer, "you don't even have to have the music."

"Who's ready for some dessert?" Somehow we all were able to make room for Gwen's pumpkin pie. Chad belched and naturally all three males found that hilarious. Roger poured another round of wine and Gwen said she had an announcement to make. "Roger has asked me to marry him and I said yes." She held out her left hand to show us the ring. So much for taking things slow. She'd known him a little over three months. But I was happy for her, for both of them. I guess to tell the truth, for all three of them.

I raised my glass. "I wish you all the happiness in the world." We clinked across the table. Roger took Chad's half filled water glass and put a splash of wine in it so he could join in the toast. He was grinning happily, which honestly gave me mixed feelings. I turned to Roger. "So when is the big day going to be?"

"In April. Foster, I want you to be one of the groomsmen. Actually, I wanted you to be my best man, but my brother wouldn't understand. Please say yes."

"Yes, Foster, please," repeated Gwen.

"How could I say no?"

"And Muffin, you'll carry our wedding rings down the aisle." Roger and I exchanged glances; we both knew the boy was tiring of that name.

"But there's more," said Roger. I braced myself for the next revelation. He looked toward his fiancée dreamily. "Gwen's going to move in with me right after New Year's."

"Who'll take care of me then?" Poor confused Chad. Roger could have worded that better.

"Muffin, Silly. We'll both be moving," comforted his mother. "We'll be starting our new family."

"OK."

I wasn't totally OK though. Roger lived four hours away. My happy impromptu times with this ideal lad were coming to an end. But by sheer force of will, I didn't let

my disappointment show. "I know you'll be hiring a band, but I'd consider it a great honor if I could play the piano for your first dance."

"Oh, Foster. What a beautiful idea," Gwen said, speaking for both. "We'd love that very much."

Chad wanted to add something. "And I'll play Twinkie, Twinkie Little Star." We all looked at him, afraid to hurt his fragile feelings. Then he burst out laughing. "Fooled ja!"

Chapter 19 - I'm Gonna Miss You

Man and boy make the most of their last few days together.

That Sunday when Chad came over, things just didn't feel the same. Oh, sure, he came bounding in and immediately stripped. He chased Barney through all the rooms. He ate half a bag of Oreos. And he did a super job of jacking me off, but there was something different. We both knew what it was.

The lad stood up on the kitchen counter and told me to suck his weewee. Not asked of course, told, but I was happy to oblige. He continued to make conversation, even though he knew I couldn't answer. My mouth was stuffed with boydick, and to make sure it stayed stuffed, Chad held the back of my head. "Mom says the school there is real nice. Roger got a big yard and he's gonna put in a swimmin pool. I wonder if Mom ever sucks his weewee. She never sucks mine. Roger don't neither, but if he asked me to suck him I would. I ain't seen his weewee. I wonder if it gets as big as yours. I wonder if my Daddy had a big weewee. Probably. Cause he was a Marine. Mom said I don't gotta call Roger Daddy. I can just call him Roger. Unless I feel like calling him Daddy. I wonder if he'd like that. Probably. Oh, that's real good, Foster. I gettin a o-gassim. Oh, oh, oh. Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Chad hopped off the counter and ordered me to go in the living room and sit on the couch. He ran into my bedroom and when he came back handed me the KY. Then he lay across my lap so I could start fingering his asshole. "Mom wants to go through all our stuff and throw out anything we don't need to move. We still got stuff we ain't used since we moved HERE. Yeah, that's it, Foster, go in and out." My mouth was empty, but I still felt he wanted to carry on the conversation single-handed (or single-mouthed). "I got an old rubber ducky I use to play with in the bathtub when I was a baby. I'll give it to Barney. I'm ready for two fingers now. Ow, ow. No, don't stop. It always hurts a little when you first put in the second finger. You know that, Foster. My hole will get use to it real quick. Yeah, it use to it already. Barney, you want my old ducky?" The dog cocked his head, assumed he was being summoned and

came over to lick Chad's face. "Hehe, that's OK. You lick me all you want. After I'm gone will you miss me? I'm gonna miss you. A lot." I wanted to think that Chad included both Barney and me in that pronoun.

"OK, three fingers." Chad got quiet as I stretched his hole even wider. He gave a soft grunt and I knew Barney was now licking a face that was well scrunched. He was breathing hard now, but managed to say, "Make my hole nice and big, Foster, cause you know what you gonna do next." Yes, I knew. I certainly knew. All the while I was fingering him, my free hand was getting my cock ready for the "next."

"OK, Barney, licking time is over." Chad pulled free of my invading fingers and turned over. He planted one foot on either side of my hips, wrapped his arms around my neck and squatted. I quickly squeezed some more KY on my throbbing cock and guided it to its target. Once my cockhead was in contact with that seven-year old anus, I took his hips and slowly pushed down. With a pop, I went inside. "Oh, yeah, Foster. Fuck me good." The boy rode up and down on my pole like a carousel horse, only faster. "I'm gonna miss this, Foster. Ow. Oh. Yeah."

I couldn't be quiet any longer. "I'm gonna miss it too, Kid. Unh! Unh!" We both tensed up simultaneously and I shot a wad of warm jizz up his ass. Then another. And another. We were both sweating. I wrapped my arms around him and we french kissed. Neither of us wanted this beautiful moment to end.

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It was a cold Wednesday afternoon in mid-December. My mood wasn't warmed much by the thought of my Chad, my ideal lad, moving away. But I knew Gwen would be happy and Roger would be a good stepfather. Roger had been spending Saturdays with Chad. He usually arrived at Gwen's about the time I was finishing her music lesson. She and Chad would both show him what they learned that week. Then after lunch, Roger would take Chad out for some bonding time. They'd go to a hockey game or the local skating pond or just hang out.

I knew from experience my liaisons with young boys were bound to be temporary affairs. So I steeled myself and went about my business, which this afternoon was a lesson for the Reynolds girl. She'd been taking lessons with me now five years and at 14 was quite accomplished. Last spring she gave a complete concert for her family and friends. We were working on the Moonlight Sonata when Chad burst in. "I'm taking Barney for a walk." He got the leash and in less than half a minute was back out the door with a surprised but happy beagle in tow. I could never predict what that boy might do.

Two days before Christmas, Gwen invited me over for some refreshments. I helped her and Chad finish decorating their tree, then we sang Christmas songs around the piano and gorged ourselves on eggnog and fresh baked cookies. Before I left, we exchanged presents. I gave Gwen a lovely metronome, Chad two books, one about wild animals, the other about the Marines. They gave me a fruitcake, some aftershave, and best of all, framed pictures of them both to put on my piano and remember them by. I knew when I ate the fruitcake, I'd be thinking of the taste of his delicious dick, the aftershave would remind me of his sweet clean body after our bath, and whenever I looked at his photo, I'd see more than a face, I'd picture his entire perfect young body.

"I was able to sell the condo, Foster. They're a real nice family. The man teaches African American Studies at the university. He and his lovely wife brought their children by a week ago Wednesday. The kids are in fifth and first, so Muffin told them all about the school; I told them you gave music lessons." She went on and on, and I tried too show interest, but I felt I was losing a big chunk of my heart.

Chapter 20 - I Got Nudder Sprise For You

Foster and Barney are both cheered when they discover the legacy Chad left them, better even than aftershave or a rubber ducky.

The Sunday between Christmas and New Year's, Chad and I spent a wonderful final morning together. We spent it looking at all his presents, jacking off, eating cookies, jacking off, taking a bath, jacking off, playing with Barney, jacking off, playing his new games, jacking off, eating ice cream, jacking off, 69ing, jacking off, playing the piano together, jacking off, taking a shower, jacking off, rimming, jacking off, finger fucking, and jacking off. Throughout it all, he talked about Roger, the new house, the new school, his new bedroom, the planned pool, and the upcoming wedding. I kept looking at the clock on the wall, hoping that maybe for once time would stand still, and we could preserve this moment. But the minute hand moved on relentlessly, and we both realized our visit would soon end.

When Chad stopped talking, even Barney raised his head to see if something was wrong. The boy looked up at me, made a weak grin and took my hand. He picked up the KY from the coffee table and led me down the hall to the bedroom. Once I was laying down, he hopped up on the bed and began working my cock one final time with his hands and mouth. When it was good and hard he opened the KY and lubed the shaft well. Then he handed me the tube, pointed his beautiful little ass at me and pulled his cheeks apart. Tenderly, I inserted a greased finger up that darling cavity and slowly moved it in and out. Chad seemed relaxed so I added a second finger. He'd come so far in the few short months we'd been fucking. His sphincter loosened to admit a third. When I pulled out, he quickly got up and sat down on my pole. With one short grunt, his ass swallowed my cock. I took his hips in my hands, and he grasped my wrists. We looked at each other and we both had tears. He began his marvelous bouncing, but instead of whooping like he'd been doing, he just bit his lip. It was a moment for quiet joy. He wanted to concentrate, to remember everything about this mystical union of man and boy. In the months and years ahead when he lay on his new bed in his new home, jacking his little nail, he'd be able

to picture this, our last time together. He began to increase the pace until I was pounding into him every second. I tried my damnedest to make it last as long as I could, but in the end of course ejaculation is inevitable! I filled his bowels with the most precious thing I could give. He collapsed on top of me, and we hugged each other tight as both of us broke down in uncontrollable sobbing.

We must have lain there half an hour. Finally, we got up and dressed without speaking. Barney went with us to the door. He knew there was something different about this parting. I picked Chad up for a long goodbye kiss, then set him down. I opened the door and he started out. Then he stopped like he just remembered something. He came back and whispered, "I got nudder sprise present for you, Foster, but you won't get in until next Sunday." I smiled but was damn curious. He was moving away right after New Year's.

On January 2, I watched some men pack up the moving van. Gwen's furniture, the new piano (she knew it would need to be retuned when it got to Roger's house), and dozens of boxes. I tried to imagine their contents: Chad's swim trunks, his Chutes and Ladders game, his blue shorts, Gwen's cookie sheets, her music books, her metronome. The next day another van arrived with a different set of furniture, a boy's bicycle, and more boxes, then some African drums which piqued my interest. On Saturday, when I would have given Chad and Gwen their music lessons, I sat down instead and played the Moonlight Sonata myself. I moped around most of the day and so did Barney. There was a reminiscent scent on his new ducky toy.

On Sunday, I woke up feeling sorry for myself, and decided to take a shower to wash away my tears. When I shut the water off and started drying, I heard a soft voice in the living room. I thought nothing of it at first, it was Sunday morning after all, Chad's usual visit. But wait. Chad wasn't supposed to be here any more. I tiptoed out and was amazed by what I saw.

There was Barney playing tug-o-war with a white sock. At the other end of the sock was a boy, a stranger. Both were obviously enjoying the game. The kid looked older than Chad, about half a foot taller, and weighed maybe

125, so he had much more meat than Chad. He had kinky reddish hair and an olive complexion. And most surprisingly of all, he was playing with my dog in my living room stark naked!

"I see you've met Barney."

"Hi, Foster, I'm Melvin, I'm ten. Yeah, actually I met Barney a few weeks ago when we came over to look at our new home. Chad told me his name."

"I see." I was wearing only a towel but under the circumstances didn't feel embarrassed. Melvin had an ass that resembled two oversized caramel bonbons and a dick, slightly darker than the rest of his lovely bod and well proportioned for his age. I sat on the couch. "And what else did Chad tell you?"

The boy released his sock and let Barney win, but now that the game was over, Barney didn't find the prize so attractive. He dropped it and curled up on the floor, while the new boy planted his handsome naked ass beside me. "Chad said Barney likes to have me come over and play with him on Sunday morning. He said that's why you leave your door unlocked. He said Barney doesn't make friends easily, so he brought him to me and Barney liked me. Chad also said I should take off all my clothes because that's how Barney likes it. And he said you don't wear clothes either, but he didn't tell me about the towel."

I quickly took off the towel. "Did Chad say anything else about me?"

"Yeah, he said you're a great guy and you teach music and you were a Marine and you and he played a lot, but he said he couldn't tell me what you played because it was a secret."

So this was the surprise present Chad had for me! Well, thank you Muffin! You really are the ideal lad.

Every Nifty author loves to get mail from his readers. Please write and tell me how you like this story. Herb_Cat@mailcity.com. Thank you.