

ON A COLD WINTER EVENING

It was almost a year ago, on a cold winter's evening much like now, that I first met Randy, my newspaper delivery boy. He was making his monthly collections and had come inside my condo house to warm up and dry his mitts. We became friends and a few months later more than friends. And now on Wednesday evenings, his mom's bingo night, he usually comes to visit, tonight's no exception.

I greet him at the door and Randy quickly steps inside, bundled against the cold, stomps the last snow off his black leather boots, then he removes his toque and shakes it before unwinding the long plaid scarf from his skinny neck. The cold has reddened his cheeks and droplets of melted snow cling to his dark forelocks. I notice he has a sly expression, green eyes twinkling, as he takes off his bulky brown coat, and when I kneel to help him off with his boots, he looks down at me with an amused, smug smile. I ask him what his secret is as I hug him and feel his still cold face. He grins broadly, "Not going to tell you."

Pretending great violence I pick him up and carry him to the den where the fireplace is already blazing. He struggles in mock desperation and we wrestle on the rug and throw cushions at each other. We roll around wrestling some more, crotch grabbing each other, and soon I can tell we're both getting horny. Then I get hold of the cuffs of his tight tapered black jeans, dump him upside down and gradually yank off his pants while he holds the top of his longjohns. We resume our play fight. Randy almost rips off my shirt, popping some buttons in the process, and I pull off his sweater and then his shirt over his head. More wrestling and tickling and grabbing. He sits with his skinny, longjohned

legs tucked under his knees and I can see his thin pale chest heaving, accented by the flickering flames of the fire. I like to unwrap my magic elf bit by bit, and just as I'm going to start on his longjohns I see that sly expression on his face again. He notices me looking and taunts, "I'm not going to tell you my secret." I pin him to the floor, threaten him with a growl before I let him squirm free. He laughs and leaps on my back, squeezing his legs around my waist. I get up, stagger with my load and tumble on the sofa. Randy regards me haughtily, "Well maybe if you promise not to tell anybody, I'll show you."

I solemnly promise. Randy pulls down his longjohns, "LOOK! I got HAIRS! Three of them," he exclaims. I look and there they are, three dark real hairs sprouting from the peachfuzz. I congratulate him and lightly stroke his pubes his skinny little prick springing to 'attention'. "And my pecker's getting a lot bigger." I've noticed that myself, and he tells me he measures it occasionally. I feel his tiny nuts, they're growing too, and looked into his smug eyes. "Do you want to give me a back rub?" He wiggles his hardon and giggles, "I'm stiff and sore from walking through all the snow." he makes his voice crackle like some crotchety old man. I tell him I'm honoured to oblige. A 'backrub' is his euphemism for having his cock sucked although he certainly enjoys the massage too.

I get some oil and a big bath towel to lay in front of the fire while he steps out of his longjohns. He lies face to the fire as I pour the cold, tickling oil down his spine. I can feel him relax as I massage the muscles of his neck and shoulders and work my way down his bumpy spine kneading the muscles on either side. He looks around at me with a silly smile when my fingers start plucking the fuller flesh of his bum. And he wiggles and pretends to pant as I finger the crack of his ass, but he never allows more than a fingertip in. I'm not able to stroke the backs of his hairless thighs for long before he rolls over and insists I start on his front. He shakes the hair out of his eyes and pretending great nonchalance he folds his arms behind his head and waves his eager little rod at me. Not yet my little friend. I dribble more cold oil on his belly and swirl it around to his chest, tweaking his deliquescent nipples to give them their share. And then I draw long, firm fingerstrokes down to his

groin as if concentrating energy there. And then I massage up from the knees, creeping up the inside of his thighs farther each time and play with his balls and the base of his impatient shaft. I will make Randy wait. He vibrates his pelvis to encourage me. Gradually, very gradually my lightly stepping fingertips walk up his delicate four inch organ and then with my tongue, I just tease touch the bright pink tip, and it pulses super hard. I wait a couple of seconds and just touch the tip again. Again it quivers involuntarily. What a lovely instrument to play, and what a delicious torture for the boy.

Randy has other ideas and grabbing my hair he guides my head up and down, downgrading me into a mere receptacle for his lust, but I get a little taste for my service. Next time, I'm resigned. He saunters to the bathroom, there's no big mirror at home, and after a pee he poses. From behind I watch, he knows I'm there, as his expressions and gestures transform his oil shiny presence into muscular superhero, heroic demigod or lascivious catamite. And we start in again when I towel the oil off him. Rapid Robert, as his cock is called these days, beckons me again. He sits upon the toilet and I slobber on his rod and I suck it, not as slowly as I like, but with all the suction I can make, and then I begin to detect spasms starting, so I stop, and slowly begin again until I feel his spasms about to come. I love to keep him on the brink with soft suction, he likes it too but not for long. His spasms begin and peak, my working lips sense its quivers, and my tongue tastes again! I ride him through as he allows me to keep his still hard cock in my mouth to soak in the mildest stimulation. It's over a minute before with firm suction I withdraw.

Randy hops up and gets two Cokes from the fridge, poses backlit in the doorway and rubs the cold cans over his nipples, "Oooh, oooh, oooh!" We sit and have our drinks in front of the fire and when I'm finished he abruptly rises, pushes me over and grapples with my belt. I struggle to stop him but he manages to pull off my pants anyway. Then he leaps on the saddle of my stomach, pinches my nipples, in "stereo" he tells me, and pulls on my chest hairs. I buck him off and we wrestle naked until he pins me down. "Now you're gonna get it." he threatens me. Squatting

on my knees he takes my cock in both hands, slobbers on the knob and jacks vigorously with a few pauses to squeeze my balls and push his hair back, until I squirt to his delight. I seem to get raped everytime he visits. I love it.

We shower off together, lathering each other thoroughly. He's hard again of course but, "I'm saving it for Madonna." Then, still wet, he grabs my clean shorts and runs. I chase the naughty elf through my house, leaping beds and sofas, dodging fallen chairs until I corner him in the kitchen. After a bowl of Shreddies with raisins, and a conversation about why Wayne Gretsky's a wimp, we play backgammon in the den. I watch his animated young body, laughing, talking, pondering, plotting in all its natural nudity.... And he beats me four games to three.

I switch on the TV and he pulls on his longjohns and snuggles in beside me on the sofa and I wrap my kimono around us. And when the program isn't very interesting I fondle him and he fondles me, and after a while we forget about TV. I switch to CJAZ FM and we move over to the big cushions by the fire, now reduced to charcoal embers which bathe our bodies with its glow. I tease Randy through his longjohns for minutes before slipping them off. His little prick pleads for attention but I ignore it as I lick his thighs and belly, and the soft creases where they meet. And I raise his legs to get at his lollipop balls and then lick and swizzle in the bud of his bum, which he loves. I nibble on the entree which is begging to be devoured, but only for so long. I announce a timeout to draw out my pleasure and built up his tension, that's my intention.

But Randy will have none of that, he sticks out his tongue and starts to jack himself. I watch as he works away slowly, almost experimentally at first, his body relaxed, eyes closed but occasionally flashing a naughty smile at me. He speeds up, holds it and slows down several times, his mouth half open as if he were savouring the sensation and finding ecstasy in its flavour. His whole body partakes in the undulating rhythm of his thrusts, his head shifts from side to side and one of his hands grabs mine. He works to a final frenzy, moaning urgently, and then tension falls from his face and he lies back as if exhausted.

But only for a moment. He's soon up and eating again, and after quickly dresses. "I want to be home by ten." I look at him and my hardon expectantly. Randy wrinkles up his nose and adds, "Maybe I'll give you seconds next time." We hug at the door and I promise to take him skiing Sunday, he's learning quickly. I watch the bulky bundled body, with the sleek boy form inside, turn and wave to me from the snowbound street.

Robin Sharpe



Content on this file is subject to 'copyleft' protection, i.e. you are free to copy, redistribute or use it for your own purposes provided you display my name and contact information and retain a copyleft notice, allowing others to subsequently reuse the material.