

The Next Day: Breakfast

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It was a brilliantly sunny Sunday morning when Christian awoke, his face shaded by a beautiful naked thirteen year old boy propped up on one elbow and staring at him with big wonderfully warm brown eyes. Josh grinned broadly and said, “Good morning.”

Christian perched himself upon one slender arm, too, bringing his face to Josh, touching noses, planting little kisses on his lips, cheeks, neck and shoulders. This allowed Christian time to reply with a leisurely, “Good morning!” Then his lips gently nibbled his nipper, and Josh giggled. Christian paused again, just to behold his sweet laughing boy, and Josh began the same little love pecks all over Christian’s face, neck and shoulders. Christian tittered, too. With his warm teen baritone, he fairly hummed his nasal giggles.

“This is so cool,” Josh said, “waking up naked in your bed with you.”

“Do you remember last night?” Christian wondered aloud, thinking of the effect too much booze had on his parents— they sometimes forgot entire conversations.

“I will never forget last night,” Josh promised, “not for my whole life, ever.”

“We never did play any records,” Christian slid his hand over Josh’s chest and abdomen. “I don’t want to get out of bed.” With those words, he pressed his face to his friend’s boyish shoulder.

“That’s right! *The Soft Parade!*” Josh exclaimed, “Should we listen to it now?”

“My mother probably has breakfast cooking,” Christian nuzzled Josh’s shoulder, “do you want to take a shower first?”

“Excellent! We can take one together!”

Josh hopped out of the bed first, dancelike, arms in the air, balletic, naked. Christian thought this is how it should be, naked beautiful boys dancing happily, hair mussed from sleep, sweetly erotic and free, free from winter, hunger, anger, fear or hatred. What a beautiful world it could be, and it exists right now in my bedroom, in him, in Josh. Christian leapt out of bed,

momentarily half dragging the top sheet, then raced to the door with Josh. Christian peeked into the hall, just to be sure nobody else was about to be shocked by their freedom and happy nakedness. He opened the door wide and they scampered down the hall to the bathroom. He could see that the towel he dried his hands on last night was gone, everything gone and replaced by new large fluffy towels and wash cloths, new soap in the soapdish and, yes, in the shower, new soap and a full bottle of shampoo. His mother had done this all this morning, as he slept with Josh. He wondered what she really thought of him having a friendship with Josh, and their sleepover. Nonetheless, he silently thanked her.

As soon as the warm water came up through the pipes from the basement, and they adjusted it, mixing a little cold with the hot, the two naked boys got in the shower, doing a rotating dance to thoroughly wet each other. Warm steam filled the enclosure.

Rather too loudly, Josh said, "I wanna soap up..."

"Shh!!!" Christian hushed him, explaining, "the dining room is right below us!"

Josh shrugged his cute shoulders with a grin, as if to say oops! He then whispered, "I wanna lather your dick!" Christian simply giggled his assent. Josh slid the bar of soap all over Christian's belly and thighs, under his balls, and began to use Christian's pubic hair as a soaping brush. The resulting mounds of lather were spread by the thirteen year old's slim fingers all up and down, over and under Christian's rampant hard on. As the spray of water hit mainly upon Josh's back, only the steam and some splashes kept Christian wet. Josh dropped the bar of soap into the niche in the wall's tiles meant for it, and had at Christian's magnificent member with both hands. Christian took the bar of soap and began lathering Josh upon his shoulders, but the intensity of the feelings below took his breath away, causing him to lean upon the squarely supportive shoulders his young darling proudly provided. Josh looked up into Christian's eyes, saying, "Squirt me!"

Indeed, that is what Christian did, as Josh proudly stuck out his chest and abdomen while his magically milking fingers created the intensity of orgasmic tingle such that Christian had never, *ever* felt so deliriously before, and Christian lowered his eyes to see the rocketing spurts of his sperm flung splat! ...then splat! again, upon Josh's sweet slender chest, where it momentarily clung, then released into the water and mists insisting it slide down the boy's tummy to his hairless, but rampant erection, finally dripping off his little nut sack to the tub below. And splat! ...again, then splat! once more, less voluminous this time. As spent and exhausted though he was, Christian also felt exhilarated and thrilled to be holding onto such a beautiful boy as only dreams are made on. His one hand tenderly caressing Josh's shoulder, the other nearly crushing the bar of soap, Christian began to lather his lovemate.

“Arms up!” Christian commanded with a grin, and Josh complied, softly giggling his hairless armpits being washed. Then Christian soaped his sweetie over his chest and belly, releasing any remnants of sticky that might have remained.

“Do you have hair there?” Josh asked, “I didn’t notice.”

“No, not really, not yet,” Christian replied, lifting his arms and soaping himself there. Josh slid his fingers into the peach fuzzy bubbles there, and down Christian’s sides, grasping his hips, and Christian did the same to Josh. They looked into each others eyes and kissed. Christian soaped down Josh’s back, over his cute little fanny, thoroughly cleaning all the way into the crack between the cheeks, the back of his thighs and all way around his calves, up the front of his legs and inside, around and over his little sack, now reddened from the warm shower and the sexual excitement, just as his stiffie glowed hot and reddened. He squatted in front of Josh, pressing his face to that throbbing horn of happiness, then licked it and kissed it, finally sucking the whole throbbing stiffie into his mouth.

“Mmm... mmm,” Josh mumbled, “I wanna... I wanna squirt you, too... like you did me.”

“Okay,” Christian didn’t mind at all, in fact it was so nice to look at his pretty boyfriend, his narrow hips, flat belly, long slender legs, and that urgent stiff willie pointing right at his chest as he pulled and pushed and set Josh’s whole body in a rhythm. Quite quickly Josh stiffened so, his willie pointed up higher, and the first squirt landed on Christian’s chin. The second squirt hit his chest, and a third fell to the water below. “Pretty massive dude,” Christian confirmed.

“Really?”

“Definitely,” Christian assured Josh, “for thirteen, most definitely.”

Josh smiled broadly, so sweet. “But I don’t have any hair yet.”

“You will,” Christian promised him, “by Isaac Newton’s birthday, you’ll have at least some hair there, I bet.”

“When’s that?” Josh asked.

“December twenty-fifth,” Christian replied, grabbing the soap again and washing his chin and chest, then washing Josh’s soft willie.

“Ooo... ooo, that feels interesting,” Josh whispered, “don’t stop. Please?”

So Christian kept soaping and slathering Josh's wee wimpy weenie, until suddenly Josh began to pee. "Josh!" Christian laughed.

"Oh, man! That felt weird, but it felt good, kinda," Josh admitted.

Christian just dunked Josh's head under the streaming water, and his own, then grabbed the shampoo bottle and squeezed some into Josh's hair, then his own. His fingers entwined in lathering Josh's scalp reminded him again of that night six years earlier. Six years wasted, he thought, but maybe it was meant to be. They rinsed their heads and bodies one last time before Christian shut the water off. Although the mirror was steamed up and the whole room was probably steamy, it felt much cooler than in the shower. "Brrr," Christian grumbled.

"Brrr!" Josh agreed, stepping out behind him. Christian handed Josh a big towel, then wrapped one about his own head, vigorously rubbing and shaking the towel over his head of hair. He flipped the towel over onto the drier side, and did it all over again. Only then did he dry his arms and the rest of his body. He watched Josh more delicately drying his body, his hair still wet and dripping. Christian sat on the lowered toilet seat to dry his feet, then reached out for Josh, pulling the damp boy to sit upon his leg. He wrapped his towel around Josh's head and vigorously dried his boyfriend's hair, just as he had done his own. With nearly dry hair, and not nearly so chilly now, Josh smiled with sparkling eyes and looked into Christian's. "Thanks," he said, and kissed Christian. They both kissed, probably longer than they should have, since breakfast was waiting, but sitting upon Christian's legs put Josh at just the right height for their faces to meet properly. And it felt so right, sitting naked with a pretty naked boy sitting on your lap, pressing his naked body against yours, and kissing. Christian just knew Josh felt the same way, and it was wonderful.

"C'mon, let's get dressed," Christian urged, and they wrapped their towels about their waists, ran down the hall to Christian's room, and dressed for breakfast. Josh put on his same clothes, and Christian pulled his long legs into some blue jeans, with a black tee shirt. Leaving their shoes and socks for later, barefooted, they padded down the carpeted stairs for breakfast.

"Hi, mom," Christian said.

"Good morning, Mrs. Howard," Josh cheerfully added.

"Good morning, boys," Mrs Howard responded, "your sister is still at Nancy's, she won't be back till after lunchtime. I'm afraid I cooked too much bacon, I forgot Josh is Jewish, but there's warm biscuits and eggs any way you like 'em." She folded up the newspaper she had been reading, and slid the butter dish toward the center, between the two settings made for the boys. "There's butter for the biscuits."

“Thanks, mom,” Christian replied.

“Actually,” Josh interrupted, “I like bacon, if ya promise not to tell my mom!”

Both Christian and his mother laughed, and Mrs. Howard promised, “I think we can keep that secret!”

“Yup!” Christian agreed. He looked with a big grin at Josh, and Josh just smiled shyly.

Mrs. Howard brought the baskets of bacon and biscuits in from the warming oven, setting them in front of the boys and asking, “Fried or scrambled?”

Christian looked to Josh for his answer, to which being scrambled, added, “Me, too!”

“Soft or well cooked?”

“Soft,” Josh replied, and Christian agreed again, although he needn’t have. His mother knew what he liked.

“Dig in!” Mrs. Howard encouraged, “The eggs’ll be done in a jif!”

Each boy grabbed some bacon strips and a couple of biscuits, breaking these latter open and spreading the softened butter on each half. The butter began melting into them as each boy chewed a strip of bacon. Josh bit his bacon with his side teeth, reminding Christian of his friend at college, Kevin. Kevin had described his much younger neighbor boy doing the same thing. Kevin called it the Bugs Bunny style. Christian wondered if Kevin felt about that neighbor boy something like what he felt for Josh, but their friendship had not progressed to that point of confidence in each other for Christian to broach that subject. His mother brought the sauté pan in with the eggs, and she brought a large serving spoon rather than a spatula, for the eggs were indeed softly scrambled, glistening with butter, and not a speck of crispy browning anywhere to be seen. Just as he and Josh liked them. She scooped out half on each of their plates.

“Thanks!” Josh smiled.

“Thanks, mom,” Christian rejoined. When Mrs. Howard returned the pan to the kitchen, they heard her talking about forgetting the orange juice, is orange juice okay? “Sure!” Christian called out, and Josh agreed. Mrs. Howard brought two glasses of juice in, then said she would sit and talk as soon as she got herself another cup of coffee. The boys momentarily looked into

each other's eyes and grinned, then resumed eating. Christian still peeked at Josh every now and then, in disbelief at his luck. The gloss of bacon fat glistened on Josh's pretty lips, the pale yellow eggs rapidly disappearing shone in the morning sunlight, the porcelain plates reflected shiny spots of that streaming sunniness, even the buttered biscuits sparkled in the morning light. Everything was shiny, from Josh's deep brown eyes, to all upon the table before them, to the shiny miracle in his heart. Christian had never been so happy in all his life, and now he was, thanks to Josh. It really was a shiny sparkling miracle of joy. "Just to think," he quietly said to Josh, "I didn't even want to go to that party last night."

"I know!" Josh exclaimed, but in a soft voice, "I mean, I know what you mean, because I didn't want to go either. My mom laid it on thick, saying you would probably be there, but I didn't believe her, but a tiny bit I did. I guess I was just hoping she was right, but you weren't there at first, and I was pissed. So that's when I grabbed that first one." He grinned, referring to that first beer he had last night.

"So, what's up for you boys today?" Mrs. Howard brought her steaming cup of coffee to the table and sat across from them.

"We still have at least one record to listen to," Josh explained, "I kinda got sleepy last night."

"That's what happens," Mrs. Howard winked at Josh, "but don't worry, I won't tell your mom about that Heineken either." She laughed, "We always let Christian taste our beers when he was your age, and now he's old enough, he hardly ever has one!" The boys looked at each other and laughed politely. Then Christian detailed the day.

"Josh's mom made me promise to have him home at five, and that I would stay for dinner."

"Oh, that's nice," Mrs. Howard said, "then I guess you won't be home till about eight or nine?"

"Yeah," Christian pondered, "or maybe a little later, we'll see what happens."

"Just don't forget you have work Monday morning," Mrs. Howard reminded her son.

"I know mom," he answered, "anyway, we're less than half an hour from Josh's house in Oakland, it's just down 208. I'll be home in plenty of time." He turned to Josh, as if Josh had any info on his next statement, "I mean, your mom might not have dinner ready as soon as we arrive at five," he turned back to his mother, "she might want to sit and talk awhile first, like we're doing now, or after dinner."

“Yeah, I don’t know,” Josh reinforced Christian’s speculation.

“Well, of course you wouldn’t be rude and leave too early, but you don’t want to overstay your welcome either,” Mrs. Howard surmised, “I’m sure you’ll figure it out,” adding with a smile at Josh, “between the two of you.” When Christian stood, collecting his empty plate, silverware and glass, she stopped him, “Don’t worry about the dishes, honey, you boys go listen to your music. I’ll be fine.”

“Thanks, mom.”

“Thanks,” Josh rejoined, standing and grabbing his orange juice glass to down the last couple of ounces, “everything was delicious!”

“Thanks, Josh, it’s a pleasure having you over.”

Christian turned and announced to Josh, “C’mon, *The Soft Parade* awaits!” With that, they trotted up to their secret temporary love nest. Josh sat on the side edge of the bed, at the foot, as Christian put the lp on. He sat next to Josh as “Tell All The People” began, and they did indeed touch each other as “Touch Me” played. When the side ended, Christian jumped up and flipped the lp. They sat seriously out of respect for this band they both idolized, but only the last two tracks on this second side had them swaying and touching.

“It’s so cool,” Josh announced as soon as the side ended, “I have to get this, are there any record stores open today?”

“All the Paramus malls are closed on Sunday, but Willowbrook is open out Route 80.”

“Brilliant!” Josh enthused, “my mom and I go there for clothes, it’s closer to my house. I can show you the way to Oakland from there, and they have a cool food court. We can have lunch out there!”

“Great!” Christian agreed, “but first I wanna play one more record.”

“Just one?”

“Yeah, I wanna get outta here before Betsy gets home.” He stood up and put the one lp away and got another out.

“How come?” Josh asked.

“Because she babysat you a lotta times and I only did that once, so she’ll wanna talk and hang out and shit.”

“So?” Josh kinda giggled.

Christian placed the lp on the automatic spindle, then turned with a big grin. “I want you all to myself.” He laughed, “do you mind?”

Josh, with his sweet grin and a titter in his voice, responded, “I only ever wanted you to play with me, and I give me to you. Only you.”

Quickly Christian stepped over to Josh, placing his hands under his giggly sweetie’s armpits, and lifted his barefoot boy entirely onto the bed, then returned to the record player, clicking it’s switch. As the golden tone-arm of the Westinghouse record player raised and moved to it’s left, and the lp dropped onto the spinning platter, Christian dropped onto the bed next to Josh. The two boys looking at the ceiling turned to look into each other’s eyes, and as the tone arm lowered onto the lead-in groove, Christian whispered, “Hello, I love you,” just before that song began. The music played and Jim Morrison sang those same words, and the two boys kissed, their hands reaching under their shirts as before. Christian hummed, “Mmmm,” which Josh echoed. Was one treble or alto? Was the other tenor or baritone? Unrelated to the music coming from the record player, they made a music heard only by themselves, with a harmony only angels can comprehend. When the lp side was over, they got their shoes on and drove to Willowbrook Mall.

