

NO HAIR

by Walt Kauffmann

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“Why don’t you want to go?” Perry’s mother asked, handing her son a plate with a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. “You know how much Larry enjoys your visits.”

“Laurence,” Perry corrected his mother. He took off his Yankees baseball cap to eat his sandwich, somehow the brim felt like it was in the way when he ate. Besides, his hair was starting to grow back now, and he didn’t have to hide his bald head anymore.

“Everyone at work calls him Larry, he’s never said anything about it,” his mother paused, “does this have anything to do with him being gay? Are other kids giving you a hard time about that?”

“No! I didn’t even tell anybody he was gay! I’m just mad at him right now, that’s all,” he added, “a little.”

His mother placed her own plate of peanut butter and jelly sandwich on the kitchen table and sat next to Perry. As he looked at her, the noonday sunlight streaming in the window caught his chameleon hazel eyes in just that way which made them glow more greenish. “Hey, green eyes, you would tell me if he touched you...” his mother asked, “you know... that bad touch stuff we talked about?”

“Mom! He would never do that!” Perry held his hands over his ears, monkey hear no evil style, and added, “He saved my life, you know.”

She scooted her chair close to his and hugged him. Pulling the boy’s hand from his ear, she whispered, “I know, I love him for that. He’ll always be a part of our family for that.” Perry just shook his head. “What?” his mother asked, “I have to ask that stuff, I’m a Mom.” She smiled at him and squeezed the back of his neck. “Ya know?”

Perry just shook his head. “You can trust him. Besides, I’m twelve, I can take care of

that stuff.”

“Not twelve for two weeks,” his mother said, cheerfully adding, “I bet Larry’s gonna get you something. Did he ask what you wanted?”

“He knows what I want.” Perry smiled, biting his sandwich.

“Not the same thing you told me, I hope,” his mother wondered aloud, stuffing her mouth with her last quarter of peanut butter and jelly sandwich all at once. “Mmm!” she mumbled, jumping up and getting the milk carton out of the refrigerator. She poured more milk in her glass and drank some. “My mouth got stuck!” she laughed, and Perry laughed, too. “Want some?” She held up the milk carton.

“Mmm!” Perry agreed. His mother filled his glass, put the carton back in the fridge, and started shoveling through her purse on the counter. She pulled her long dangly keychain out, with the pink rabbit’s foot, and headed for the door to the carport.

“Don’t let anyone else in, just Larry,” she warned, “he’ll pick you up after work. I’m going right to The Oasis with the girls from work. I’ll be in late, so if you really need to call, use the cell phone number.”

“I know.”

“You sure you’re okay?”

“Yeah mom, I’m fine, really!” Perry insisted.

“Okay. Have fun with Larry, and I’ll see you both for dinner Sunday. Six o’clock? Okay?”

“Yeah, I know. Have fun, too.”

“Bye sweetie.”

“Bye Mom.”

Perry did the lunch dishes, he liked to do chores now, he had hated being in bed and

seeing his mom do all the housekeeping chores. He went in his room and turned on the computer. He looked at some pictures for a while, then turned it off. He opened the closet door, so he could look at himself in the full-length mirror. He pulled his tee shirt over his head and threw it on his bed. He raised his arms and made muscles at the mirror. He saw a boy that had lost a layer of baby fat, but not lost any muscle really. The leukemia and the chemo slowed down his growth, he was smaller than most boys in his class, but now he was back in school and taking gym again, and the baby fat did not come back. He knew he did not really look more masculine, like those guys in the porn pictures on the web. What was the word he looked for? Intense, he decided. He looked more intense. After all, he wasn't twelve yet, but he was impatient. Not really scared, he was in remission and getting better every day. Just sometimes the thought would happen. If his body got sick or broke again. Just sometimes that thought. So he was impatient, he knew it. He wanted hair around his cock, in his armpits. Now, just in case.

Shit! No, it was okay! He had erased the history. Not that his mother checked out his computer, but she did not need to think there was something else about him that was broken, fucked up. If she thought he was gay, she would think that. Or that Laurence did it. And Perry didn't know himself for sure. He went to the community dances, and always asked a girl, Melissa for the first two, then Elizabeth last time. So he didn't really know, but well, he did sort of idolize a high school boy named Wilt something, who had hair in his armpits, so he must have it down there, too. He saw him at the pool with his shirt off. Just thinking about Wilt having hair down there, and having a big boner, made Perry get one. He touched himself through the blue fleece fabric, thinking of Wilt's pretty smile and blue eyes, always laughing, always surrounded by girls. Laurence is gay, he rubs my back when I ask him, Perry remembered, then pulled his shorts and unders off, and reclined upon his bed. He kicked his sneakers off, thump, thump, they hit the floor. He pulled and yanked his stiff little dick, and it felt great. What if Laurence rubbed his back lower and lower, and pushed his unders down. What if Wilt touched his big hairy dick to mine, he thought, or let me lick it. Oh! Ooooh! Wow! That was great! Perry looked at his dick, already it was getting soft again, but there was something clear and shiny at the tip. He touched it with his fingertip. It was slippery, not really wet like piss. When he pulled his fingertip away, a thin gossamer thread of it, like a spider's web thread, stretched out then snapped back, part on his dick, part on his fingertip. He touched this wet spot on his finger to his tongue, and it was a little salty, like Chinese egg drop soup. Okay, who's he kidding? He thought only

of Wilt, and maybe Laurence, while he wacked off. Not girls. He is gay, he thought, that's what he tried to tell Laurence, but Laurence said he had to be sixteen. Perry closed his eyes and still saw Wilt. Wilt and Laurence doing it, like those pictures on the computer. Or pretty Wilt in his Speedos and Perry, going into the showers together after a swim. Alright, Wilt's a high school junior, and Perry's a seventh grader, but he knew he wasn't ugly. He liked the way his body looked, slim and masculine, for a boy, but Perry felt tired then, and sort of chilly, so he pulled the top sheet over his naked body and decided to rest for a couple minutes. When he opened his eyes and looked at his alarm clock, it said three o'clock! He must have fallen asleep for nearly an hour. Better get ready for staying over at Laurence's apartment.

Laurence worked for the phone company, like Perry's mother, but outside, in a truck. He usually quit at four, so Perry knew to expect him by four thirty. He packed a backpack with just enough stuff for the weekend, he didn't like carrying extra weight if he didn't have to, besides he sometimes got tired still, even though he was in remission and getting stronger every day.



When Laurence arrived, he asked, "You still want to come? You're not angry with me?"

Perry just lugged his backpack out to the red Miata, grinning he answered, "Not really angry, but the discussion is on hold."

"On hold?" Laurence laughed.

"Yeah, we can talk about it again later, if you promise not to get angry." Perry gave Laurence a slyly humorous look.

"It was you that got angry."

"I know," Perry smiled broadly then, "I just get impatient sometimes. Hey, let's get pizza somewhere else, not Tony's."

"Okay, where would you like to go?"

“How about Raphaello’s in Barnberg? They got really good pizza there!”

“Okay, but it takes about half an hour to get there.”

“That’s okay, I’m not hungry yet, but I will be when we get there,” Perry assured his man friend, “my mom and me only finished lunch around two!”

“My mom and *I*,” Laurence corrected Perry.

“You had lunch with your mother, too?” Perry teased.

“Get in,” Laurence laughed, “top up or down?”

As they sat in the black buckets, Perry said, “Leave it up. It’s nice out, but the wind would make it feel too chilly.”

“I thought so, too.”

“Besides, it would mess up my hair!” Perry giggled at his own joke, and Laurence reached over and ran his big warm hand over Perry’s short dark red hair. You couldn’t call it a crew-cut, since Perry hadn’t had a haircut in months.

“It’s growing back, and it’s a nice color,” Laurence smiled, and Perry did, too. Laurence rolled his window up most of the way, as he noticed Perry had done, started the Miata and drove off toward Barnberg and Raphaello’s.

Perry watched Laurence drive, and he thought about how good the man’s big warm hand felt to him as it caressed his short haired head and the back of his neck. Comfortably, cozily warm. With this man’s hand gently clasping the back of his neck, that tiny secret feeling gnawing at him, hiding out in his mind, that he might be still sick, went away. It went away and he felt whole, a whole boy, complete, well, safe. This is what he would have to put into words, to explain what he felt and what he wanted from Laurence, with Laurence. But later, at the apartment. After the pizza. For now, he leaned his head back and smiled as he watched Laurence drive the Miata toward Barnberg. Laurence quickly looked over at him and smiled, too.



They ordered Cokes, or rather Pepsi since that is what Raffaello's had, and Perry agreed when Laurence said he actually preferred Pepsi. "What should we get on it?" Laurence asked, referring to the pizza.

"Pepperoni!" Perry gleefully interjected, hardly waiting for Laurence to finish asking.

"Shouldn't we get some veggies on it, too?" Laurence wondered.

"Yuk! Like what?"

"Well, black olives are good, they are mild, but add a nice sweet olive oil taste. Very Italian," Laurence assured Perry, "and maybe mushrooms." Perry just wrinkled his nose. "You don't like mushrooms?"

"Don't they grow on dead tree trunks in the forest like mold?"

"Ha!" Laurence laughed, and that made Perry smile proudly, too. "Maybe those are the poisonous ones," Laurence added, "but mostly the ones people eat are grown on special farms. Very sanitary and wholesome, and they taste pretty mild and add a nice texture."

"Texture," Perry echoed sarcastically, "I don't know."

"C'mon, you liked the pepperoni, be adventurous, go for it."

"Go for it," Perry repeated Laurence's words again, but added an attempt at double entendre, "like go all the way?"

"Yeah, let's go all the way!" Laurence smiled, then waved at the waiter to come over. Perry wasn't sure if Laurence got his double meaning joke. He also wasn't sure what kind of guy Laurence liked, since he didn't live with anybody as far as Perry knew. He wondered if Laurence thought the waiter was sexy, because Perry thought he was. Not as sexy as Wilt, but like Wilt, he seemed a high school boy, tall, kinda broad shouldered, but not real manly like Laurence, maybe swam or played basketball, that's all. Flat

belly, nice chest under his tight black tee shirt with white flour hand marks here and there, and tight black jeans. He had a very smooth and good looking face, not ready yet for shaving, and pretty, real sincere blue eyes. With his blond hair, he might not be Italian, but maybe he is, Perry couldn't tell. He's probably a nice guy Perry thought, but then decided to watch Laurence, to see where his eyes looked, instead of looking at the waiter himself.

"We'll have a medium pie," Laurence began.

"A medium pie. Anything on it?" the boy waiter asked.

"Pepperoni, mushroom and black olives." As the waiter wrote the list of ingredients on his pad, Perry watched Laurence look down his figure to the crotch and back up again.

"About fifteen minutes," the boy told them, smiling a nice smile. Perry knew the waiter smiled, since he looked at the boy for a moment, then returned his gaze to Laurence's face as the boy waiter walked toward the back. Laurence lowered his eyes as he followed the waiter walking away, probably to look at his ass, Perry thought, making him smile.

"What's that big grin about?" Laurence asked, slightly surprised at Perry's stare.

"I think you and me like the same things."

"I knew you'd like the pepperoni, almost everybody does. You'll like the olives and mushrooms, too, you'll see." His statement made Perry smile so wide, the boy was almost laughing. "What?" Laurence laughed back.

Perry leaned over the table and whispered, "That waiter is kinda sexy!"

"Perry!" Laurence exclaimed, laughing. "Drink your Pepsi." Perry just laughed too, glad that Laurence finally got it. "So how was school today?" Laurence asked that same question grown-ups always ask.

"I fainted in gym, so Mom picked me up at lunch time."

"Really? Are you alright?" Laurence had a kinda worried tone, a concern in his voice.

“Don’t worry, we had peanut butter and jelly for lunch. High protein and a sugar jolt, that’s all I needed,” Perry reassured his man friend, “and I took a nap later after I exercised a small part of my body.”

“Maybe you ought to cool it on the exercise. Maybe that’s what made you faint in gym.” Laurence’s suggestion was sincere, Perry could tell, but it made him laugh, because he didn’t get what exercise Perry meant.

“I just exercised one muscle,” Perry giggled, cupping his hand around an imaginary rod and jerking it up and down quickly. “It releases the natural pheromones.”

Laurence just as quickly covered Perry’s hand with his own. “Don’t do that in public,” he smiled, “what would people think?”

“Sorry,” Perry bowed his head, but looked at Laurence impishly through his long upper eyelashes, still grinning.

“That’s okay,” Laurence forgave him, adding in a whisper, “you little devil.”

Perry whispered back, “Am I a devil?”

Laurence responded even more quietly, “The sweetest little devil ever!”

Perry grinned, matching his man’s soft whisper, “Whose devil?”

Softer yet than before, leaning across the table, Laurence answered, “Mine. My sweet little devil!”

Just then, Perry knew. Tonight would be the night. No more arguments that he was too young, that they could get in trouble, that it might ruin everything. No, it will be tonight, it will be great.

When the pizza arrived, they both agreed. It was better than Tony’s. Laurence said the full red tomato taste of the sauce blossomed with the green aroma of fresh basil, and the slightly sweet crunch of black olives melded with the earthy brown juicy mushrooms to compliment the tang of the orange-red pepperoni. He said it was a color symphony

of flavor.

Perry added, “Colors the blind could see.”

“Exactly!” Laurence ate three slices, Perry two. They brought the last bit back to Laurence’s apartment, where Perry kicked off his Nikes and flopped on the couch, dropping his back-pack and the pizza box on the coffee table. Laurence took the pizza into the kitchen. “You wanna watch a movie?” he yelled out from the kitchen.

“Yeah.”

Laurence came back in the front room, and picking up Perry’s shoes and back-pack, asked, “Which one?” as he headed toward the small bedroom.

Perry jumped up from the couch with a sigh and followed Laurence into “his” bedroom, across the hall from Laurence’s “big” bedroom, taking his stuff and putting it near the bed, on the floor. “You got any more with that Cary Grant guy and that Katherine Hepburn?” They had watched the *Bringing Up Baby* DVD their last weekend together.

“You really liked that?” Laurence asked.

“Yeah, all those high class stuffy people were so silly! It was funny.”

“Well, I’ve got one called *The Philadelphia Story* with those two and Jimmy Stewart, if you like old black and white comedies that send up stuffy high class people...”

“Cool!”

“... and Jimmy Stewart has a great drunk scene that’s really funny.”

“Cool!” Perry repeated. “Wasn’t he the guy in *It’s A Wonderful Life* that’s always on at Christmastime?”

“That’s right.”

“He got drunk in that one, too!”

“That’s right,” Laurence concurred, turning back toward the front room, “you really do like old movies.”

“Yup,” Perry said, following him part way, “why don’t you get that one out and I’ll get ready to crash, in case I get sleepy, okay?”

“Alright,” Laurence agreed, and began running his finger down the row of DVD’s on his shelf. Perry went into the small bedroom, stripping off his socks, sweatpants and hoodie with the Rutgers name on it. Actually it was his mother’s hoodie, but he borrowed it permanently, since it was only a little too big on him, and that looked cool, he thought. He stripped off his REM tee shirt, then put the hoodie back on. Perfect. Just his Fruit of the Looms and his loose hoodie. Tonight’s the night! He trotted into the front room and plopped onto the couch next to Laurence. There were two fresh Pepsi glasses on the coffee table.

“Which one’s mine?” Perry asked.

“The full one,” Laurence pointed at it. “You got anything on under there?”

Perry lifted the front of the hoodie, giving Laurence a quick peek at his Fruit of the Looms and the jewels they covered. He leaned forward, grasping his Pepsi, and took a big drink. He took another, gulped and sat back. “You got the remote?” As Laurence lifted the remote to press “play,” Perry asked, “That light on bright?” Laurence clicked the switch of the lamp on the end table twice – off, then on at the lowest setting. He knew Perry liked dim lighting when they watched a movie. Perry burped, as if in approval, lifted his bare feet onto the couch and onto each other, splaying his thighs akimbo, one naked knee in the air, the other flopped against Laurence’s leg.

As the film played, Perry fidgeted a bit, but eventually got into it and began to laugh at the sophisticated antics and downright silliness just as Laurence did. When he laughed, Perry’s leg lifted and flopped against Laurence’s, and the man wrapped an arm about the boy. Perry glanced at Laurence with a broad smile, and felt a hug pulling him closer. He gladly leaned his head against Laurence’s chest.

When Jimmy Stewart arrived at Cary Grant’s place drunk, and then began to hiccup, both Laurence and Perry were laughing a gentle laughter. They not only heard each

others' chortles, but felt them as well. At the happy ending, Perry noticed Laurence had a tear or two in his eyes, and he took off his glasses to quickly wipe them away. Perry immediately seized this opportunity to spring to his knees on the couch cushion by Laurence's leg, and facing his man friend, he wrapped his arms around Laurence's neck, placing a big wet kiss right on his man's lips. Next he hugged his whole body against Laurence, his cheek against Laurence's, then slowly slid from his kneeling position, bringing his hips and fanny to rest in his man's lap.

"You like a nice happy ending?" Laurence asked.

Perry, nodding agreement, asked, "Were you crying?"

"Not crying, just a tear in my eye... a little choked up, yeah... I guess." He watched as Perry reclined his head back onto the arm of the couch, his little round fanny pressing squarely on Laurence's crotch. He looked over the eleven year old with nothing showing but a sweet face, a Rutgers hoodie and miles of bare slender legs. He placed his hand safely on the boy's knee, then slid it up and down the tender thigh, no higher than halfway.

"Higher."

"What?" Laurence teased.

"It feels nice, go higher," Perry requested.

"Is this the conversation that is 'on hold' from last time?" Laurence chuckled, but his hand obeyed the boy's request, sliding not to the crotch, but almost, to the bottom edge of the hoodie.

"I guess."

"Okay, so what's your new argument?" Laurence smiled.

"No, its not really an argument," Perry earnestly replied, "and I shouldn'ta got angry, but I couldn't think of what I was trying to say."

“Okay...”

“But I been thinking a lot about what I think I’m feeling, and you know like when you put your hand on my head and neck in the car before, and when you hugged me when the movie was playing, and how you rub my back when I ask you to?”

“I know it feels good, but I didn’t mean to be sexual, just affectionate.”

“No, no,” Perry said, “don’t interrupt, I’m not finished. Just listen.” He added, with his sincerest puppy dog look, “Please?”

“Okay, I’m listening.”

“Okay, so first I kinda thought I might be gay before I even got sick,” Perry explained, “and I even think my father thought that, too, ’cause we didn’t get along so much, I mean he wanted me to like football and I hate it, and stuff like that.” Perry stopped to think for a minute, but Laurence didn’t interrupt. “And I like girls, just not the same as some guys I like to look at. Like this guy Wilt that’s on the swim team, I saw him at the pool with his Speedos on, and like wow, totally hot! And the waiter tonight, I know you were looking, too. But that’s still not what I’m trying to say.” Perry’s brow was furrowed, he worried he might not be able to explain.

“Wanna sleep on it and talk in the morning?” Laurence suggested.

“No, I’m so close, let me finish,” Perry answered. “Ya know how sometimes you’re in a room alone, but you think someone else is there, and ya turn around and no one is there?”

“Yeah.”

“And then you see a shadow at the end of the hall, so you go down there to see who it was, and there’s still no one there?”

“Okay.”

“When they told me about the bone marrow transplant, even before they knew who

would be a match, they told me it might work, it might not, or it might work for a while and then come back. That's the guy in the room. That's the shadow at the end of the hall. I'm not scared all the time, mostly I'm not, but it's there. Not all the time, but when I don't wanna think about it, I do."

"Oh Perry, you're gonna be fine," Laurence told him, "I just know it." He began caressing and massaging Perry's thigh again. Higher, too.

"But anyway, when you rub my back, or like now rubbing my leg," Perry explained, "that guy is gone, that shadow in the back of my brain, it's gone... and I feel healthy and whole... a whole boy... and I'm not afraid."

"Can I say something now?" Laurence inquired.

"Okay."

"First, you are a real thinker, very eloquent, and I expect you will be getting straight A's from now on, no more B's and C's." Laurence grinned, because Perry knew he was only half kidding. "Second, don't forget, the law says you have to be sixteen." Now there seemed to be a couple tears in Laurence's eyes, like at the end of the movie, but Perry did not mention it.

"Well, promise me you'll think about what I said, and think about this, too. We were studying the Constitution at school, and I been thinking about this all week. I know it's true, too. The Law ends at your door. Unless someone has a good reason to suspect we're doing something bad, the Law ends at your door. This is your apartment and you're supposed to be here, and I'm supposed to be here, too. My mother expects me to be here. So unless we make too much noise or parade in front of the windows naked, we're safe here. Ain't nobody's business but our own."

"I promise I will think about everything you said," Laurence pledged, "and I am so impressed and proud of the way you said it."

"I think I'm tired now," Perry admitted, "can I have just one favor tonight?"

"Depends on what it is."

“You give me a back rub,” Perry suggested, “but my way.”

“Well, I’d have to know what you mean by ‘your way’ now, wouldn’t I?”

“Okay, it’s just that we do it in your bed, and when we fall asleep, well, we both wake up there in the same bed together in the morning. Oh, yeah, and we both are naked!” Perry grinned hopefully.

“That’s a tall order, let me think about it while we get ready,” Laurence offered, “why don’t we hit the bathroom while I think.”

“Okay.” Perry jumped up and headed to the bathroom, Laurence right behind him. He went in to pee, leaving the door slightly ajar. That’s what they did so they could still talk and pee, too, but still be a little modest. He also didn’t flush, to conserve water. “Do I have to brush my teeth?”

“You can skip it tonight,” Laurence consented, and as Perry opened the door and came out, he went in, saying, “but wait right here by the door. Don’t move.”

So Perry waited, listening to Laurence’s pee splash in the bowl and mix with his, and then Laurence flushed. He came out, leaving the night light on in there, and took Perry’s hand. He led Perry down the hall, turning into the small bedroom. Perry sighed dejectedly, but Laurence reached over the bed and grabbed the pillow. “You’ll be wanting this if you sleep in my bed tonight.”

Perry jumped into his arms with glee, squeezing his man as tight as he could and hopping up and down with joy, at least as high as his arms tightly encircling Laurence would allow. He shook Laurence and the man chuckled with pleasure. So Perry was right. He had won. Tonight’s the night!

They headed for Laurence’s room, the man turning off lights as they went, first the small bedroom’s, then from the double switch in the hall, the front room lamp and the hall’s overhead light. They both looked back to see the night light in the kitchen and the one in the bathroom were on. Just in case somebody had to pee in the middle of the night. Perry tossed his pillow next to Laurence’s, and hooked his thumbs under the elastic of his unders. He pushed them over his fanny and they dropped to the floor

around his ankles. He stepped out of them and unzipped the front of his hoodie. Pushing over his shoulders, this also slid down his naked body to rest on his unders. Already he had a big boner, and he knew Laurence saw it. He peeled back the blanket and top sheet, hopping and bouncing into the big bed. “C’mon!” he urged. Laurence stood there with a great smile, obviously enjoying Perry’s joy. He picked up the boy’s hoodie and unders, placing them on the chair. Then he began to strip as Perry watched. Not wanting to seem prurient, Perry flipped onto his belly, back rub position, and buried his face in the pillow. However, he couldn’t stand it for ten seconds, and had to look again as Laurence stripped. His trousers and shirt were already on the chair, his shoes off. He had an undershirt on that he now removed, and smiling all the while, he sat on the edge of the bed to pull his socks off, tossing them over onto his shoes. He took his glasses off, placing them on the nightstand next to the bed. “Can you still see me without them?” Perry wondered.

“I only need them for driving and TV, faraway stuff,” Laurence assured him, “you won’t be far away tonight, I’ll see you just fine.” Perry just smiled. Laurence stood then to remove his undershorts. He had a big boner, too. Perry looked at it, then looked away. He didn’t want Laurence to think he was staring, but he was. “It’s okay, you can look. It’s natural we both got ’em. We feel good. Our bodies feel good, and we feel good about each other.” He got in bed next to Perry and reclined on his side, facing Perry. He rolled on to his belly, getting so close to Perry that his shoulder overlapped the boy’s. He began at Perry’s shoulders, gently rubbing and massaging, or just caressing the boy’s smooth tender skin. Up onto his neck, his short dark red Breton hair, then down his spine and across ribs under shoulder blades, up into his still hairless armpit and down that side to his hip, all the while Laurence’s elbow and forearm were making their own contact with different parts of Perry’s backside, so that now, with Laurence’s hand on Perry’s hip, his elbow rested in the crack between his fanny cheeks, and his forearm warmed his pale buttock. Maybe Laurence decided to give him more than he promised, maybe he got carried away, but Perry thought he was getting so much more. Maybe Laurence’s fears were swept away, too. Laurence slid down to rest his face in the small of Perry’s back, kissing him there, and then on his bottom, one cheek and the other, as his hand skated down Perry’s thigh and calf and back up, his fingers twirling over the skin between Perry’s asshole and his balls. That made his boner throb, and he wondered if Laurence could feel that, too. Then Laurence was up by his shoulder again, kissing him there, and Perry turned his face to him and smiled as Laurence kissed his shoulder, then pushed it back, turning Perry onto his back. Laurence kissed Perry’s

chest and his nipples, then kissed one nipple more, his tongue licking it and swirling little circles around it and over it, and Perry no longer wondered why boys have nipples, he got chills from it and shuddered with pleasure, and Laurence kissed his belly button next and Perry hoped there was no lint from the hoodie in there and then Laurence was kissing next to his balls and under them and licking them and licking by his boner and then kissed the side of it and the tip of it and then his tummy, his chest and his chin and nose and eyelids and then his lips as he grasped Perry's boner and pulled it up and down, up and down, and kissing his bottom lip and licking it and Perry licked his, too, and Laurence licked his whole mouth and Perry was breathless and had to exhale and it went into Laurence and Laurence breathed into him, too, and their tongues licked each other's and were licking inside each other as Laurence pulled and squeezed his boner that made him shudder with electric lightning into his belly, his nipples his toes and both their tongues as Perry's back arched and released, arched and released, and it... felt...

GOOD!

Perry was still out of breath, but he began to breathe almost normal, and Laurence was looking at him. He returned Laurence's gaze, sweetly staring right into his eyes. Laurence kissed him again, on his cheek, right by his ear, and whispered, "You were right, and I was scared, too. Thank you for teaching me... for chasing my shadows away. I love you."

Perry closed his eyes, but whispered, "Even though I'm not sixteen?"

"Yes."

Perry whispered, "Even though I have no hair?"

"Yes." Laurence reassured Perry, and in the faintest whisper, released him from thinking, "Shhh... sleep now... shhh..."

Perry mumbled one last agreement for the night. "Mmmm..."

FIN