

## WOLFIE, part two

By Walt Kauffmann  
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*(In part one, Wolfie has just gotten permission from his parents to go out after dinner, for the first time. He hopes to meet up with Jimmy, who claimed he often hung out there at...)*

### IX. At Chandler's

Although it wasn't dark yet at half past eight, well, it was getting dim. Ya know how the summer skies get deep blue straight up, but pinkish and orangey to the west? Like that. So all the other stores, like the barber shop, the *Electrolux* vacuum store, the antiques store, the men's clothes store and the women's, were dark and seemed almost further back, just not the liquor store and Chandler's. Their lights were on, and it makes both those stores look almost unreal. Ya know, like in a movie.

So I go in, and I'm not scared, but a little, well, apprehensive. Yeah, that's the word, apprehensive. Because I've been in there lots of times, especially for an ice cream sundae, I love ice cream, ya know, like after school, or anytime at all in summer. Just not like after dinner, 'cause I haven't been allowed out before, except for trick or treat on Halloween and junk like that.

Here's how it looks, if you've never been there. On the left is the front register, where you pay for anything except stuff from the soda fountain, because there's another register back there. The front register is surrounded by cigars, cigarettes and tobacco for pipes. They sell some pipes there, too, and pipe cleaners and stuff. On the right side is where they have these counters to display junk that changes depending on the time of year. They call it seasonal, because like right now there's still inflatable rafts and beach balls, snorkels, water pistols, ya know, summer stuff. But pretty soon they'll change it for notebooks, three ring binders, three hole punched lined paper, pencils, pens, erasers, all that crap that kids hate to be reminded about, 'cause it means summer's over and school starts again soon. After that they change it to Halloween decorations and cheapo costumes for little kids, then they put toys there again, but hold off on making it look Christmas-y for about a month, until Thanksgiving is over. Then the lights and tinsel garlands come out. They just don't want to look like they're rushing it, because they're Jewish, the owners Harold and Joe.

Behind that seasonal counter is where men go in the morning for a paper to take on the train or bus. My father drives to work, and there's a newsstand in the Courthouse, so he gets his paper there and can read it at his desk or in the men's room, or later when he brings it home. Anyway, over the stacks of papers is a rack with every magazine you can imagine, and attached to the back of the seasonal counter is a lower, half height rack with comic books. So you can guess that's where kids sometimes hang out, sitting on the newspaper stacks and reading comic books. If Harold is there, he's the partner that's always unhappy – the slim one with grey hair and no mustache – he chases kids away. "This ain't

the library. Buy something or get out." But if Joe is at the front register, he's the fat bald partner with the mustache, he'll sometimes peek behind the counter at the kids sitting there reading comics and suggest with a smile, "If you like it, you should buy it! It'll help you with your reading, and it's a story you like!" Then he just grins and waves his hand like he's saying "Sit! Sit!"

Alright, I know, all this describing the inside of the store is just putting it off, that Jimmy C. is not here. I walk to the fountain and sit on a stool. I could see the three girls at the back end of the counter. Gail is the middle one, and all three are whispering and giggling. I might be thinking that they are talking about me, ridiculing me, but I know better. The thought is still there, and I don't really know, but I know better. I order a coffee ice cream sundae with butterscotch. This is my favorite combo, but black raspberry ice cream with marshmallow topping is good, too, or mint chocolate chip with hot fudge. Alright, I'm nervous. What should I do? How long should I wait? I'll eat the sundae, then maybe walk around outside for a while, then I'll come back in and buy a candy bar, no a root beer at the counter if Gail and her friends are gone, or if they're still here but Jimmy is, too. Then, if he's not, I guess I'll try another day.

So the sun is about at the horizon now, behind the stores across the street and the parking lot that wraps around them and behind them, for the Erie train station, where the commuters park. That's it, I'll walk over there, around the station. Check it out for a while. Okay, I won't describe everything over at the Erie station. Just say I walked around there a while, thinking and wondering if I wasted enough time, so that Jimmy might have shown up and I could go back and see him. I went back, but crossing the street and approaching Chandler's, I could see right inside, right to the soda fountain. A couple of older teenagers were there. One was Kenny, the afternoon soda jerk, but he wasn't working – just hanging with the other kid, drinking their Cokes. So why go in, right? I walk around the back, all the way around the building, not through it. Who knows, maybe Jimmy or other kids hung out back. Less nosy eyes watching. I don't know, I've never been out late like this, right? Well, ya know the hallways between stores that lead to the stairways up to the apartments over the stores? They also lead to a doorway to the back. I guess so the apartment dwellers can put their trash out back here instead of in front of the stores. Like I said though, I went around. Seems like an invasion of privacy to go through. There are a lot of trash cans back here, for the stores and the apartments. So no Jimmy, but that back door opens. Somebody putting theirs out maybe. I wonder if it's Mrs. Melzer, she lives and teaches upstairs over the antiques store where Jimmy's mother works. But no, it's the barber that cuts my hair and always watches me when I walk past his shop.

"Hello, lose your puppy or something?"

"No, I'm just looking around, I was supposed to meet a friend at Chandler's, but he's not there." Maybe I said too much, but it made me nervous to run in to the barber this way. "I've never been back here."

"Is okay, just trash cans and parking spaces. I have no car." He shrugged. "I make you nervous a little?"

I smiled. "I guess I need a haircut, I haven't been in for a while."

"No, no, no. I no care how long you like your hair, is beautiful." He laughed, "You must know, hairs don't all grow same speed. Some get much too long faster. That is what barber is for, to make everything even, right style, make you look good. I no care how long or short you like, just here to make you look very nice."

"Well, nice talking to you, I'll be in soon," I said, it was getting late.

"Yes, you come see me, my name Ruggiero," he answered, adding, "what your name, may I ask?"

"I'm Wolfie."

He laughed, holding his hands up in front of his chest, fingers curled over like paws, moving them with hunched up shoulders like he was chasing his prey. "You chase the rabbit like the wolf?" he grinned. I smiled, too.

"No, my father named me after Mozart, because he likes Mozart, and our last name is Gottlieb..."

"Yes! Like Mozart middle name he change when he come to Italy and fall in love!" My father never mentioned that last bit. "Yes, when he is about you're age, he become Amadeus. Make such beautiful music. You like, too?"

"Yes, I play piano. I study upstairs," I pointed to the apartments, "with Mrs. Melzer."

"Ah, she a great lady..." he paused a second, pointing his finger straight up. "When you come to Mrs. Melzer next?"

"My next lesson is tomorrow afternoon at three."

"May I ask you, if Mrs. Melzer say okay – I ask her first – may I come listen tomorrow? No talk – just listen, if you approve?"

"Yeah, okay," I said, "I don't mind, I like to show off a little," I laughed, "well, I really gotta run."

"Amadeo!" The barber called out loudly, then in a much quieter and warmer tone, "I call you Amadeo..." he smiled real big, "*ciao*, Amadeo."

"*Ciao*, Ruggiero!" I turned and ran around out front, then slowed to a walk past Chandler's so I could look inside, but no Jimmy. I looked at my watch, four minutes to nine, and way past being dark, so I ran home as fast as I could. I

didn't get in trouble. My mother just let her rule slide. So that's what a slide rule is for. Just joking. Maybe my father had something to do with it. Strange but cool. I think I'll look for Jimmy at Chandler's tomorrow, maybe in the afternoon instead. After my lesson, that is, or should I say my recital.

### X. Practice, practice, practice

I slept late. My mother was already doing the crossword from yesterday's paper. I just had some *Cap'n Crunch* with milk and a glass of OJ. Then I washed all my stuff up and that washed my hands at the same time. So I was ready for the Steinway.

You might think I would go right to the Mozart, getting it perfect to show off. That is, if Mrs. Melzer lets Ruggiero listen. No, I do the right thing, starting with some Czerny and Clementi, ya know, from the book. Eventually, I start the Mozart *Sonata facile*. I must have played it through six or seven times, *con espresione*, but not so *molto*. I mean, definitely not as cool as Gieseking, but cooler than before. Mrs. Melzer was right. It can't be so much me. I can't forget Mozart! I had it. I mean I really had it. I felt good knowing it might impress Ruggiero. The anticipation of showing off felt great. It was more than just showing off to somebody, it was Ruggiero. Not only was I not afraid of him anymore, I liked him. Because he liked me, ya know, the way I like Jimmy. I'm not sure, but I think so. Like I said before, that old expression, "it takes one to know one." This time I think I know. Yeah.

So next I work on the Schubert *Impromptu*, opus 90, number 4. Mrs. Melzer let me add another one. I still play the opus 90, number 2, and think of my imaginary hike in the mountains with Jimmy, but it was time to add another. After playing it through about five times, I figure it must be near lunch time. I mean, I know I'm thirsty for one thing. Plus I have to make sure my mother didn't fall asleep over her crossword. Anyway my fingers are asking for a break. Oy, my aching legato! Just kidding. I'm not tired yet. If I was I'd be in trouble.

My mother has the TV on in the kitchen, with the sound down low. So she could hear me? Or so I couldn't hear the TV? Who cares?

"You watching those cooking shows again?" I ask.

"I just wanted to see if I could do it – he said at the beginning that I could make the same soup in one half hour. Just like him, no tricks."

"But what if you don't have the right ingredients? By the time you run to the market and get back with the stuff, the show's over!"

"No, that's the whole point, making something up out of practically nothing. He said you only need some broth, like a good brand of canned chicken broth, not the ones with too much salt – and that's the kind I always get – and some butter and flour for a roux, and one or two fresh vegetables, nothing fancy – like a couple tomatoes or a bunch of scallions – and some cheese. And who doesn't

have some cheese in the house? That's what he said, and he's right! We always have one or two kinds of cheese in the fridge."

"So are you gonna make it?"

"It's right there!" She pointed to a pot warming on the stove.

"Oh, is it tomato and cheddar, or what?"

"No, I had those scallions from two days ago – you know – when your father got the union members to vote in the package he worked up, so we went out to dinner? I don't even remember what I was going to do with them, but there they are. I held out a few for a garnish. And the cheese, I mean that taco-making shredded cheddar your father likes doesn't really have much of a taste to it. So I used that crumbled bleu cheese – that *Treasure Cave* stuff, with a little of the taco cheddar. I held out some of that taco cheddar to add to the garnish, it looks better than it tastes!"

I got out the *Royal Doulton* soup bowls. "It's not that big a pot, are we having sandwiches too?" I asked, "Should we have plates?"

"Yes, there's ham and that whole grain bread. Would you like that?"

"Sure," I said. I got out the small plates and the bread, then mayonnaise and that ham from the deli. It was sliced real thin, just the way we like, but it is hard to get the slices apart. I had to wash my hands before I ate. After we ate, I had to wash 'em again. My mother mentioned, not really complaining, that I played the same things over and over. That's what practice is, I reminded her, but trying not to sound whiney or anything. She just asked me to play something by Beethoven. I mean, yeah I could play the slow movements from the "Moonlight" or "Pathetique" and all, but you know Mrs. Melzer would want me to play the whole sonata, so I haven't gotten into that yet. I told my mom that I'd play *Für Elise* for her. Oh yeah, the soup was pretty good. It was cheesy, like blue cheese melted on a burger, only no burger and onions instead. Yeah, it sounds weird, but it wasn't. The ham sandwich complimented the soup, they each made the other better.

So with clean hands again, I did some scales, then went right into *Für Elise* for my mother. She applauded from the kitchen, just to let me know she heard, and I called out "Thanks." I mean, I could do it faster, but I did play it too slow, like in the movie *Death in Venice*. I loved that movie, did you see it? That's how I play it. I did the Schubert *Impromptu* twice through, then did the Mozart a couple times, too. I could hear her in the pauses and softer passages. She was on the kitchen phone. Must have been one of her lady friends, planning for some political or social cause. When I finished the *Rondo*, my mother came in and sat on the couch. I looked at my watch. "I'll just do the Mozart sonata one more time. Then I'll leave for my lesson."

"That's fine, honey. I am simply going to relax today. I told Ann that I simply couldn't work for one more candidate. After all, I am supporting the whole ticket, and my book is full. Not to mention the *March of Dimes*."

I just smiled agreement and played the *Sonata facile*. I closed the keyboard when I finished and stood to go. "Okay, I'm going."

"Do you want me to drive you up there?"

"No thanks, I'm fine."

"Okay," she said, standing. "I think I'll put my Peggy Lee LP on the turntable!"

"Bye," I grinned, Mom replied in kind, and I was off.

### **XI. My first performance**

I was a couple minutes early, so I peeked into Chandler's to see if Jimmy was there. He wasn't, so I went right up to Mrs. Melzer's, apartment 2a. Across the hall was 2b, and in the back at the top of the stairs was 2c on Mrs. Melzer's side, and 2d on the stairs side. Obviously, I was wondering which one Ruggiero had, but the doors all looked the same. No way to know. I knocked and Mrs. Melzer let me in. No other student on the way out, and no Ruggiero. "Hello," I said.

"Wolfgang, hello," she greeted me, "on time as usual," with a smile. We walked to the Bechstein.

"Hello Mrs. Melzer," I repeated, and asked, "did my barber ask if he could listen in?"

"Yes," she said, "Ruggiero is your barber? This is how you know him?"

"Yeah," I answered, "but I didn't know his name until yesterday, when I ran into him outside Chandler's."

"I see," she said, "so he will be here in five minutes. First, this is good, to play for a small audience. You know school will start again soon, and you will be in the Junior High."

"Don't remind me!"

"Yes! You must know, to be prepared, that there is a seventh grade talent show. So when you will see the notice, you must sign up to be in. Waste no time. Come, sit at the piano, I will let Ruggiero in when he knocks." I sat at the Bechstein.

"Now stand again, with one hand on the piano."

I stood up and put one hand on the piano, but I wasn't really thinking.

"No, face me and put your right hand on the piano. That's right, if Ruggiero applauds at end of Mozart, you stand like this and say 'thank you' and give a slight bow, not too much." I tried it. "Yes, just like that, then sit again and play one of your Schubert *Impromptus*." She primped her hair, like she was thinking. "Yes, then that is all, we do not sit. We thank him for coming. Then he will go and we continue the lesson."

Just as I was halfway sitting at the piano bench, the doorbell rang and I stood up straight again, well I wasn't *straight*, but erect. No, I wasn't *erect* either. Ya know what I mean. God! That would be terrible. With these tight shorts, there'd be no way to hide it.

"Ruggiero, *buon giorno!*" Mrs. Melzer welcomed him in.

"*Maestra, buon giorno!*" Ruggiero took the proffered hand Mrs. Melzer held out like some disinherited princess, as if by doing so she preserved some tiny island of civility. Not that I minded. Quite the opposite, I found it charming. Then he turned to me. "*Ciao, Amadeo!*" he exclaimed with a grin and a more manly, regular handshake.

"Hello," I smiled. Mrs. Melzer offered Ruggiero a drink.

"Something to drink? Iced tea perhaps?"

"Oh, no thank you, *maestra*, I have just had a late lunch, nothing for me thank you. I just listen."

"Then please," she indicated the stuffed chair nearest the door, "have a seat, and Wolfgang will demonstrate the point to which his studies have brought him." She sat on the couch, which is by that chair, rather than on the piano bench next to me, and nodded for me to begin with a *sotto voce* "Wolfgang."

I play the Mozart *Sonata facile* exactly as I have been playing it, but not tense as I thought I might be. I think it's because of Ruggiero, that I enjoy showing off for him, but not in a showy way. No extreme tempos, no bizarre personal touches, like my previous dramatic *andante* movement. No, I play it right, what feels right for both myself and Mozart. I think. Oh yes, and Mrs. Melzer, I could never have reached this point, this surety, this comfort without her teaching and advice. And her friendship, yes, she is more than a teacher. The *andante* is, even without my previous extreme *molto* and *drama*, still the longest movement. I dive right into the third and last movement, the short and sprightly *rondo*. I am quite sure I play it with a lightly worn pleasure and a floating delight. Not too much, just right. As I finish, Ruggiero applauds rather louder than Mrs. Melzer, but her politer applause is accompanied by a gently approving smile. I am standing with my right hand on the Bechstein, and I bow. I sit then, and begin the Schubert *Impromptu*, op.90, number 4. Not a single mistake, no fluffs, not even in all those devilishly quick runs was a single note struck wrongly. No, no adjacent key slightly sounded erroneously. Runs swelled in volume or diminished properly, tempos remained appropriate, and I felt great!

Of course, Ruggiero had more enthusiasm in his appreciation, but Mrs. Melzer applauded politely, too, and her smile appeared to contain some well deserved pride. I could never have come this far without her. I stood at the piano, bowing conservatively as instructed, but my grin probably gave me away.

“Well, thank you for your interest, Ruggiero.” Mrs. Melzer subtly let him know it was time for me to continue my lesson without his presence.

“Yes, thanks for coming.” I shook his hand and looked him directly in the eyes smiling. “I’ll be in for that haircut soon.”

“No hurry, a few more weeks before school. We are here all the time. You must know, your artistry is so beautiful to hear. I am privileged.” Ruggiero shook my hand once more. He turned to Mrs. Melzer before parting. “I will see you Sunday?”

“Yes, of course!” Mrs. Melzer agreed, which shouldn’t have surprised me, but it did. I guess us kids are used to putting people from different parts of our lives into separate cubby holes, and we are slightly amazed when they turn up knowing each other.

“Well,” Mrs. Melzer mused, “That went very nicely! I think you have time to learn another Mozart sonata.” I sat at the Bechstein. “Yes, I will speak to the principal. He must let you play all three movements of the sonata, not just one like before. It is good for your companions to hear that the classics are not only beautiful, but also fun. So you will learn the A major sonata, K331. Everybody loves the final *rondo Alla Turca*. They will love it, and you can learn it in time if we begin now. But Wolfgang, I have a secret, you must not practice this in the evening or on weekends when your father is at home. Your mother will take no notice of your practicing this, but your father will be surprised at the talent show recital.” She sat next to me on the bench, handing me the music. “Won’t this be nice for you to surprise him?”

“Yeah, okay,” I said, “I’ll only practice this sonata before he gets home.” I smiled conspiratorially with Mrs. Melzer, and we began. The first two movements went pretty well for the first time. Kinda tentative, but okay. It was the final *rondo* that I was too cautious about. Mrs. Melzer showed me her way, and it had that drama and theatricality in those almost wrong notes, those Turkish imitations, that went from *molto* to a surprising *dolce* and back to *molto* and *dolce* again. Really cool! No wonder everyone likes it. I knew I would have to practice, practice, practice! Mrs. Melzer had me do it again after she showed me, and already I was better. This was going to be a challenge, but a fun one!

Altogether it was an excellent lesson and recital. I left Mrs. Melzer’s feeling elated. Ya know, really good! I let myself out, because I didn’t want Mrs. Melzer standing at the door. I wanted to try and figure out which apartment was Ruggiero’s.

## XII. My second performance

I thought maybe I could smell something that would give it away. Like tomato sauce or garlic from Italian cooking, or that tangy, semi-sweet after-shave aroma that Ruggiero had. So I inhaled deeply outside 2b. Nothing. I walked down to 2c, behind Mrs. Melzer's 2a, and inhaled through my nose again. Nothing. Lastly, I tried it again outside 2d. Still nothing. So I walked the few steps to the top of the stairs and paused. I heard the click of a door unlatching over my shoulder. It was 2c. The door opened a crack, and I heard a whisper.

"Amadeo!" I turned towards Ruggiero's whispered beckoning, and crossed to the now widely opening door of 2c with a grinning Ruggiero inside. "Do you have a minute?" he asked.

"Sure." I grinned, too, and stepped into his apartment. He gently closed the door. Already there was an air of secrecy and naughtiness that was fun and exciting. I was more sure than ever. It takes one to know one. Yeah, this was fun. Let's see where it goes.

"Your playing was so wonderful. I am excited to know you."

"Oh, thanks," I said, "This is a nice apartment."

"Yes, and is very convenient to go to work! Would you like a Coke or maybe orange juice? If you can stay a few minutes?"

"Yes, thanks. I can stay a few minutes. Do you have chilled Coke? I don't like ice."

"Yes is chilled. American way. In Italy we have very small refrigerator. Ice is expensive, so is a luxury. A status symbol. So Italians like ice. Please to feel at home while I get Cokes. Sit anywhere."

"Okay." I looked around. Lots of colors, floral patterned upholstery, flower form vases, and a few sculptures. There was one, over a foot tall, of a nude boy with a hat. I think it was supposed to be David, from the Old Testament. That's what Christians call the Jewish part of the Bible. Anyway, this boy has a slingshot, so that gives him away, but he's about my age, not like the famous Michelangelo David. There's also the head of a giant at his feet, which he has just slain. Must be Goliath. It's a pretty cool statue and probably famous.

"You like David with the head of Goliath?" Ruggiero handed me my Coke.

"Yeah, it must be famous huh, I mean it's cooler than the Michelangelo David, I think."

"Yes. This is Donatello, he is before Michelangelo, or even Leonardo. Il Quattrocento."

“Cool.” I looked around, deciding where to sit. I chose his couch with the curvy carved wood legs and frame all gilded and solid red velvet upholstery. Ruggiero started to sit in one of the floral chairs, but I smiled and said, “sit here so we don’t have to talk loud,” and I patted the couch. I sipped my Coke and placed it on a coaster protecting the end table’s white marble top. Ruggiero sat by me on the couch. Remember, I’m wearing my white shorts and my white Izod Lacoste shirt, with matching white sneakers and socks, so I’m pretty confident that I look sexy. Not that I’m trying to out Ruggiero or embarrass him, after all, I really don’t know for sure. I do have a very strong feeling, though. He just smiled and looked me over, up and down. I decided to tell a sort of story, to try bringing him out. “My parents took me to Florida for a vacation one time, and we went to Sarasota, where the Ringling Museum is. Ya know? The circus guy, John Ringling?”

“Yes?”

“Yeah, he collected all kinds of art from all over Europe, and built this big house, a mansion or palace almost...”

“A *palazzo*?”

“Yeah, and he built a museum next door for most of the art works, ‘cause they wouldn’t even fit his *palazzo*, and, well, there’s also a circus museum there and a whole Italian theater from the Renaissance there from the town of Asolo that he bought and brought over. But the thing I like best is in front of his *palazzo*, a life-sized statue of a nude boy standing on the remains of a boat, trying to bail out with a small pot. It’s really a fountain. The pot he’s holding over his shoulder has water coming out into the large pond that surrounds him. Anyway, he’s really cute, except his willy is too tiny!” I just grinned real big when I said that last bit.

“Willy?” he asked, then pointed to my zipper, and held his fist up with just the index finger slightly pointing outwards, but curving downwards. “*Pene*?” he asked, “like penetrate?” He held up his other hand with all fingers curled around to make a hole as they touched the side of his thumb. He took his other hand with the curving index finger, making it stick straight up, then curve down, then stick up again as he said, “*Pene*, penetrate, *pene*, penetrate,” as he finally stuck the straightened index finger into the hole his other hand made, then went in and out with it several times, all the while grinning a silly grin like a kid telling a dirty joke. I admit, I laughed.

“*Mio pene...*” I haltingly tried out, “*sono... duro? ...como espagnole?*”

“*Como spagnolo, si,*” he corrected me, “yes, means hard. You are *duro*, hard... right now?”

“Yeah, wanna see it?”

“No, is not necessary, I too get hard when I see nude boy statue in Italy when I am your age. Is normal. Is normal for many boys.”

"I know it's normal. I think... you want to see. I don't mind... I won't tell anyone." I pulled my shirt up to expose my tummy and some of my chest. Then I stood right by Ruggiero and popped the button on my shorts and pushed the zipper down.

"Is not necessary." Ruggiero repeated, without taking his eyes off my belly.

"It feels good... please?... I think you want to... I won't tell." I knew he wanted to see me, he said nothing more. I pushed my shorts and underwear down to my thighs, and my *pene* popped out, stiff as it ever was. "You can touch me."

"*Che bello fanciullo!*" he softly whispered with an obviously tender affection. *Sotto voce*, he cooed, "*Amadeo, mio bello Amadeo!*" And at last he caressed my side, my belly. As he slipped his hands down my thighs, pushing my white clothes to my ankles, I pulled my shirt over my head and tossed it on the red couch where I had been sitting. He slid one hand up the inside of my thighs to lightly graze my nuts, then covered my stiffie with his palm while his other hand softly created the shape of my butt like a sculptor.

I kicked off my sneakers, but removing my socks might have broken the spell, the magic that was happening. I simply held out my hand, and Ruggiero took it, stood, and led me to his bedroom. I seemed speechless, enchanted, just grinning as he lifted me onto his bed, undressed, then made love with me. He was so gentle, his touches so tender, everywhere I felt electric, so wanted, not ordinary at all. I told him, sliding my own hands over his still slender and slightly boyish arms, that he made me feel so good. "I didn't think anyone thought I looked nice, but you make me feel pretty."

"Amadeo, you are more than pretty," he whispered against my throat, "you are beautiful." He kissed my chest and nipples, as if to punctuate his compliment. Let me say he is not so old a man as I used to think, his pale white skin is warmed by the black hair on his chest and pubis mons. That's what medical types call the fleshy mound part above the prick, and a thin line of that black hair connects the two areas, except for his belly button. So I surprise him when I kinda hop back from him with a smile, and roll toward him onto my tummy. You know what I want, even though some guys think it's weird, or makes me a femme to want to be a bottom, but fuck them. It feels good to me. If Jimmy is a supermarket hot dog, Ruggiero is a deli kielbasa, so we'll have to see if it fits, but I think I can convince Ruggiero.

"I want you in me," I slyly grinned.

"I think... I am too much... I no want to hurt you."

"Go slow... I'll tell you to stop if I need to," I promised, then pleaded, "please... I like it."

He ran his warm hand over my hair and down my back, stopping on my bottom. He smiled. "I have KY."

We did it. Slow at first, then he was in, then he started to hump my ass, and man! It was so relaxing and exciting at the same time, such twitching titillation and erotic release, too. I came, then he did, too. Then he was in the bathroom, running water, then he was washing my butt with a warm terry washcloth and drying me with a big white terry towel. I was in heaven, his pretty little doll. And I didn't feel bad about it. Sure, I still have a huge crush on Jimmy, and Ruggiero has one on me. So the world isn't perfect. But right now, I feel good. So does Ruggiero. He's still smiling at me, touching me sweetly. I got another boner, and he pulled me off. I could have just lazed there, but I suddenly realized it must be around five. I had to split quick. I looked at my watch, jumped up and ran naked into the living room. My clothes were in there. I sat naked on the red couch and put my sneakers on first. Well, my socks were still on, but I know that was weird. So I put my unders and shorts on, and my shirt.

"Are you late?" Ruggiero asked. "You will not be punished, I hope?"

"Don't worry," I reassured him, "I might be punished, but my father doesn't spank me." I giggled.

He had just thrown on a bathrobe. He gave me a hug, then said, "I look in the hall. Make sure Mrs. Melzer is not having her door open." He winked, opening the door, peeking out. "Is okay. You visit again?"

"Sure."

"Wednesday, barbershop is closed. Is good for good times." He leaned forward. We kissed each other goodbye. Our first date. I hopped down the stairs and ran home. I was late. My father was home and dinner was ready.

"Where were you?" my mother asked.

"Sorry, I lost track of the time."

"You have a watch," she replied. Yes, I never took my watch off, or my socks. I started to giggle.

"Why is that funny?"

"I forgot to look at it." I couldn't stop giggling. My father interrupted.

"Oh honey, the dinner is still edible, isn't it?" he asked, and he was smiling, too. My mother huffed off into the kitchen to retrieve the dinner, and my father stepped closer to me. "So what exactly kept you from looking at your watch?"

"Well, Richie and I were just telling stupid jokes that can't be repeated under your mother's roof, and just laughing like idiots."

My father put me in a headlock and tousled my hair, I mean he really messed it up. Then he let me go and said, "you'd better comb your hair, you know how your mother is about neatness." He said this with a big smile. So I turned to go fix my hair, and he slapped my ass, you know, like a jock. I glanced a smile over my shoulder and kept going. Strange, really strange. If he only knew.

