

IMPOSSIBLE PRINCESS

KEVIN KILLIAN

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YOUNG HANK WILLIAMS

————— *with Derek McCormack*

I never quit crying.

Mama wrapped me in a blanket. Me, a month old. September. We lit out toward dark.

Folks on horses. And in buggies. We walked. Stepping over shit. Beyond us, cottonfields. Full of hookworm.

Torches burned. Cotton wound around broomsticks. At a booth Mama bought a ticket. She sat me down. I cried. The seat was a plank. On crates. In a field.

A curtain covered a stage. In front, a table piled with blankets and joke books and pots and the like. A man come out. He juggled. Another man come out. He had a doll he made talk. The night smelled like guano. Bats black as blindfolds.

A woman up next. She had on tights. She stuck her hand in a drum. Drew out a ticket. Whoop went the man behind us. He won a French fan. He give it to Ma. She swatted. Flies hung like a net around me. Greenbottles.

The curtain split. A floodlight come on. The Professor appeared. He was old. He had everything silver—beard, fob, cane head. “And when you are dying,” he said, “when you are drawing your last breath, who among you can say that you are prepared to meet the Angel of Death?”

At the lip of the stage he placed a skull, a trumpet, a Bible. “Because within each one of you, right this minute and every minute of your lives, resides Death. Death is within you. Death is your tenant. Death is the worm.

“Death grows fat in your intestines. Death is the animal in your blood. Death is the abscess overtaking your stomach wall. Death is the germ hiding in the alveoli of your lung. Right now. As we speak. In you and in you and in you—Death has found a home.”

“It’s home!” shouted a woman. Her leg lame.

He brought her onstage. “Mere years ago this affliction might’ve killed you. But now we have a cure.”

He held up a bottle of his tonic. Egyptian Rooto-Bark Tonic. He rubbed a rag on her leg. “I can walk!” the lame lady said. He rubbed some on a deaf man’s ears. “I can hear!” the deaf man said.

An old man bounded up. Jaw wrapped.

“You won’t feel a thing.” The Professor give him a swig, then shoved a plier in his mouth. “Get behind thee!” he said, holding up a molar. It was black and white.

The crowd clapped. Mama rose up. “He’s got a bump on his back.” At the base of my spine. A hot strawberry.

The Professor fingered it.

I wailed. The spotlight calcium.

“I tried everything,” Mama said. “A poultice. A lance.”

“Arachnids,” the Professor said. “This baby has been

bitten by arachnids. They may now be nesting under his skin. They may be feeding on his blood. They may be ready to tumble out, hundreds of baby arachnids. Arachnids, my friends. Otherwise known as spiders.”

The Professor raised me up over his head. His other hand raised up a bottle.

A piss-stream of tonic down my throat.

Four ladies danced onto stage, two and two like the Bible. One pair, dressed like nurses in white starchy cotton, swept my mother away to comfort her. Another pair in Oriental snake-charmer harem pants hustled me backstage in a cobra-like basket. Backstage, I was confronted by a silent row of babies, staring at me, all sizes from newborn to toddler, mostly dressed like me in flannel diaper made out of old cheesecloth and the like. These babies, held in women’s arms silently, all meeting my stare with insolence.

The Professor’s wife snapped her fingers while on-stage her husband voiced the virtues of Egyptian Rooto-Bark Tonic and my mother gaped. Wife says, “That one will do,” pointing to a baby that kind of looked like me. Strong hands pried open his diaper and filled it with spiders, whether real or toy I cannot say. Then the baby was paraded out on the wood stage again, a little senior to me, but one baby looks mighty like another don’t they when they’s crying. Even my own mother looked convinced, her mouth a raw “O” like an onion. I stood behind the curtain, tears dripping down my eyes. She held “me” in her arms while I looked on in undisguised envy.

That other boy, in the spotlight, and me, held back behind the curtain with faceless nobody women and babies. That other boy who, at the right moment of Professor’s

peroration, had his diaper dramatically lowered and a host of black spiders wriggled out of his ass and onto the wooden stage to shrieks.

Over my mother's shoulder he jeered my way, thumb to his nose, fingers wiggling.

Meanwhile a passionate lady with a camera was urging the women backstage to look statuesque, and for all the little children to bury their heads into their mother's sternums. She was passing around her business card and her credentials from the WPA. "You women are just one step away from the Dust Bowl Trail," she said. "You're migrant workers, minus the migrating."

"Geese migrate," spat one hard-faced bully.

"I agree," said Dorothea Lange more heartily, digging deep into her pocket and finding some quarters there. "Now watch the birdie."

With a quiet boom her camera exploded into light, we all froze in a stoic way. Offstage more applause, the Professor winding up his speech and the snake-charmer girls wafting into the audience with trays of Egypto Tonic, selling like crazy. The little boy who was playing "me" twinkled and shone like a diamond. I hated him, little upstart. My mother didn't know the difference—she, too, blinded by the spotlight.

The man who made the doll talk sat me on one knee and the doll on the other. I looked at the doll, and the doll looked back at me, first time I ever saw a mirror. The two nurses snuck behind me, marked my tailbone with a red heart and a red "X" to show where the wound had been. Course it was still there but felt smaller somehow. Impostor boy came off the stage, and they shoved me on the stage,

Young Hank Williams

happy in my mother's loving arms. At least—I looked happy. I was only a month old but already I had learned a passel of valuable lessons. Number one, there will always be somebody who can do your job better than you can. Number two, women can't be trusted. Number three, even a doll can have a personality that'll make people grin. Number four, you want to go out and knock them dead.

TOO FAR

with Thom Wolf

keeekeeekeeekeekpittarumbapittarumbakkeeekeeekeek here the bassline keeps popping and drilling into Alan's feet through the club's concrete floor, it hurts to keep still, a positive force for evil he's thinking, or would be thinking if any room remained in his brain for thought but not while the DJ, a dark dervish ensconced in a booth high above the thrashing crowd, is waving his muscular arms and dropping needles, remixing, sweat pouring off him in waves. The lights focused on the DJ's hands, one after another on a row of spinning turntables, a ring on one finger flashes a turquoise glint, Alan can't see what he's wearing, just the bare sleek arms and the fingers, nimbler than eyesight, and the spine-pounding repetitive dancebeat *keeekeeekeeekeek*, like Bernard Herrmann ripping the shower curtain down on Janet Leigh in *Psycho*. The boys on the dance floor go wild, mouths twisting in a quasi-sexual pain, eyes rolling back in their heads under

beam after beam of white light that plays on their faces for a moment only, then darts elsewhere. It hurts to stand still but Alan doesn't trust himself to let go, to dance. He lowers his eyelids and feels that *Psycho* screech rip right through the sturdy soles of his shoes, plowing at Concorde speed through the muscles and veins in his legs right into the base of his spine. And that means danger, don't it Alan, base of spine is not a safe place for you.

Can he see you? Magisterial DJ high in his wooden booth, to him you must be a blip down here on the dance floor, one dot in a sea of writhing bodies. Can he see you standing frozen here like a ninny, afraid to dance? *I've got jet lag*, Alan remembers, soothed by this plausible excuse. The balm of the alibi. It had been a long 36 hours since alighting from Heathrow and *I'm not used to driving on the wrong side of the road and all the new people and their clipped accents and the different market conditions*. England was so different than the States and yet it isn't, he is finding, exactly like the Austin Powers pictures either. Apparently there are only maybe, three or four full-size pools, swimming pools, in all of County Durham. So where's the glamour? Nor is England like the sweet dusky glen he's conjured up after years of listening to UK pop music at home on his stereo. Boyband music for the most part crossed with massive doses of Kylie Minogue. Where did they film Nick Cave's video for "Where the Wild Roses Grow?" in which Kylie appears, drenched, in water ten inches deep, looking like a corpse, Nick Cave leaving roses on her face like Ophelia? Probably in Australia and yet, that glade, that eerie green darkness, is how he has always pictured England. Here in this club Alan's supremely unconfident, older and younger

at the same time than the rest of the patrons. He's wearing a shirt for one thing. Subdued black T-shirt, fitted jeans. Where are the women? He's straight for another thing. Well, sort of.

Alan's 31 years old and lives in Greenbelt, Maryland, a suburb of D.C., in a small house he owns on a busy street near downtown, or what passes for downtown nowadays. It's near a Starbucks, which is the same thing. These guys all look high and it ain't coffee fueling their acrobatics. It's something stronger, in fact you can smell it, a thin high smell like kerosene or the cellophane his suits come back wrapped in from the laundry. Ecstasy? Is this what Ecstasy smells like?

At the office he keeps a photo of Kylie in a lurid pink swimsuit on his desk, his ideal girl, he jokes, and the reason his fiancée left him finally after a futile courtship of several years. She still lives in Greenbelt and their paths cross over and over. Vengeful bitch who's told everyone at the gym he never slept with her, not that it matters, who'd listen to a demented harpy who's presently, or so it appears, dating a black dude whose ass is bigger than hers? Since the breakup Alan's decided to make some changes in his life, get out of the rut all that dating had thrust him into. With his new chic haircut he looks pretty good to himself in the mirror. Thought of installing a full-length type mirror in his room so he could admire his body more, but then thought it was too gay. As it is, he must sidle up very close to the mirror and look way down, craning backwards, to check on his ass's perfection, in jockstrap, in gym shorts, rolled down perhaps so he can see the crack in his butt, its very beginnings where the hair trails between

his cheeks, he can see his mole, like a tiny brown button of desire. When he does this a hot flash colors his skin, from his brow and temples right down to his groin. He steps away from the mirror with the guilt of one who has seen something forbidden.

That's why he doesn't keep any pets, they might spy him at the mirror sometime and think he was pretty weird.

A shirtless man moves in, takes his hand out of his belt. "A drink, mate?" he hears the man bellowing at him. He shakes his head ruefully, no thanks. Doesn't drink much, afraid of drinking, afraid of blackouts, father a drunk, mother a heavy drinker. The guy moves away, Alan dismisses him, another queer probably. What time is it? At home he'd be running, or down at the local gym. His hobbies include reenacting Civil War battles with former University mates—the good ol' days.

Alan's a white man of 6 foot 1, 180 lbs, dark brown eyes that look black at night, with broad shoulders and somewhat a heavy neck. He has a mole below his belt line, pretty much right at the small of his back. When he's worried he presses it, as though for good luck. His hair is thick and black, almost Latin; were the mole on his face he'd look like Enrique Iglesias, and his body is lightly hairy, his pubic hair the color of Coca-Cola. His hands and feet are large as well, so he feels constantly clumsy, but this endears him to people, that he's not as coordinated, that he's awkward. He likes things neat and tidy, a reaction to the sloppy house-keeping of his tipsy mother, and the chaotic conditions of former roommates.

Same man's back again, his shirt on this time. "You didn't say what you wanted," he yells. "So—here, cheers."

Alan nods, takes the warm glass, smiles politely, as though they were two strangers on a bus queue, then looks again up at the DJ booth. DJ's pale hand fluttering like an exotic bird across the spinning vinyl. The man's foot is next to his, planted squarely up against his boot. Same smell slides off Englishman—thin, greasy smell of brain cells all dizzy with Ecstasy. "New to town?"

Swimming pool chiefs have sent him to England to a big convention here in Durham, hands across the water, get it? Meet his Euro counterparts. The guys who get out there and deal and make it happen. You've got a half acre of ground, dig it. New passport—his first—new David Beckham haircut, new luggage even. Convention brochures promise a visit to swimming pools of top UK pop stars. Maybe, he hopes, Kylie's will be among them. She must live somewhere, England's a small island right? So far they haven't seen shit, just endless meetings and horrid breakfast food and finally a night out. And now a guy a bit older than he is apparently making some kind of pass down among their insteps, nudging his foot, which hurts anyhow with the incessant beat, over which Kylie's angelic voice keeps chirping, "*I'm burning up, I'm burning up. . .*" Flattering if you weren't straight but he's straight. No really, despite the accusations flung at him by that bitch Charlotte of whom he'd once thought, finally a woman I can trust. *But Alan, if you've actually fantasized about men, you must really want them, deep down, face the facts Alan . . .* her voice, understanding initially, and him so grateful, so pathetically grateful he could open up, then her voice becoming a slash, a shriek *keeekeeekeeekepittarumbapittarumba* Ever since that terrible night of confidences, the

night of their breakup, he's only seen her in traffic. Let it stay that way. Over the years, he's rebuffed a few passes made to him by men encountered during business trips, on planes, or back in college days. He keeps these memories in a special place in his mind and trots them out when things get dull. His boss always sends Alan to visit with the gay customers, as a kind of bait, because he has the kind of body some men really dig, no sense being modest about it, but Alan acts oblivious, just treats the gay guys like he would every other customer. Polite, professional. Let's dig this hole! He has one memory of waking up in a hotel room somewhere in the West, a room not his own, his clothes torn, his body a bit bruised, his balls aching with an indefinable pain, and the bedclothes showing unmistakable signs of —what?—of something having happened to him. So maybe he did have sex, he thinks, but he doesn't know with whom or how. . . .

"Man up in the booth is having a party at his place," announces the foot guy, cupping Alan's ear. "Come to it, okay? It's quite nearby, we'll drive you. I'm Fitz," he continues, holding out a beefy hand. Alan looks him in the face and he's overtaken by a weird *déjà vu*, for the man beside him, once studied upclose, bears a strange resemblance to a singer from a long-gone pop band he'd followed in high school. All right, now a lot older, and chunky all around, red in the face, but still recognizable.

"I'm Alan," he says, then goes for it. "Are you Fitz from Making Waves?"

"Oh Christ," says Fitz, his face a big embarrassed grin. "They still remember!" He introduces Alan to his girlfriend,

a tall, willowy, bored blonde. "But you're an American, how would you know of Making Waves?"

"Are you boys coming along?" intones Phoebe, her hand dangling a charm bracelet of car keys. "Or are we off on a stroll down Memory Lane to *Top of the Pops*?"

"Want to come up?" Fitz asks. "You see our DJ, our host—he's Chris from Making Waves. He was the cute one."

Alan is amazed. First free night in the UK and he's met a has-been popstar! "Can we stop back at my hotel for just a minute?" he begs. Phoebe shrugs, her eyes rolling. She's a stone fox, even a blind man could see that. Alan feels weak, all his expectations jostled and dumped topsy-turvy. "Hey Fitz, want a laugh? I thought you were a gay guy."

"He's not far from it if you ask me," Phoebe says. "And if you were to ask his wife she'd tell you the same."

"Women," Fitz sighs. "Can't live with 'em, or maybe not with just one of them." Out in the high street, the air so chill around their mouths, Phoebe and Fitz between them try to explain to their new American pal the strange vagaries of DJ Kris. "It's taken Chris a long time to distance himself from Making Waves," Phoebe says, generously. "He's not a boy any more, he's a man." "Spent years in the gym, he did, always looking for what he calls solid definition." "And credibility." So, Alan gathered, Chris's membership in Making Waves was a subject not to be alluded to. Fitz laughs and downs a tequila. "His credibility as a DJ will crumble into shit if people make the connection between DJ Kris and his cheesy pop past."

"Everyone knows, of course," yawns Phoebe. "He just acts as though, oh well, being a teen idol happened to somebody else."

"You must come to Chris's house," Fitz begs, "It's my birthday."

"Will Kylie Minogue be there?"

Fitz and Phoebe look at each other briefly, a European kind of look. "She's sure to bob up," Phoebe allows. "Durham is her home away from home and Fitz is one of her dearest amigos, aren't you, Fitz?" Alan feels his face swelling up into the shape of a plastic pumpkin, he's so excited and impressed. But he has to keep his cool.

Though confused and virginal, Alan has huge sex appetites. A compulsive masturbator, he likes to do it while driving, finds special thrill going by toll-taker during rush hour commute one hand on his dick. Almost caught several times. Has special g-spot excitement spot right under balls, narrow channel between balls and asshole, the perineum which he keeps shaved, lotioned, always smooth. He'd keep a dildo or vibrator or butt-plug at home, hidden in closet or somewhere, but he's afraid his house might burn down while he's at work and some fireman or other rescue worker would find sex device while he's absent. (No porn for the same reason.) So he's forced to resort to not so obvious household objects like cucumbers, et cetera. At the gym he's dangerously attracted, not to any man, but to their body parts, their funky clothes, few months ago he lifted a pair of boxer shorts instilled with a particular fragrance, sweat, piss, the whole drill. Bizarre.

He's decided he has the Christian Bale, *American Psycho* look. Now he wants the personality to go with it.

"You'll love the architecture at any rate," Phoebe says in the car on the way to Alan's hotel. "It's a Victorian building, once a police station, now converted to residential

flats. When Chris bought the place it was nothing more than an empty shell, with cells. It took nearly a year of work before he could move in."

"Don't worry, Alan," Fitz snorts. "Chris took the cells out."

"And regretted that later," adds Phoebe. "Now tell me again why we're having to stop at the hotel?"

"So I can get changed," Alan says. "Won't take me a minute. And also I have some photos and I hope Fitz can sign them."

"You came here to England hoping to meet the pop stars?" Phoebe marvels, pulling in sharply under the hotel's beige marquee.

"I know," Alan says, hopping out. "How gay."

Up in the booth, enjoying the lordly height and the sweep of the floor, I just nod at Fitz, as if to say, *he'll do*. Pathetic that Fitz thinks he knows the kind of guy I like. Comical seeing this straight man cruise a club for tight asses; he's practically incapable of actually seeing a boy's ass. And all because in a moment of insanity I agreed to let him have his birthday bash at his place, seeing that Fitz's wife doesn't understand his need to scarf down cocaine, and his kids don't like him screwing other women, et cetera. You figure it out, I gave up long ago.

"You haven't told him about me," I caution.

"He knows nothing, nothing," Fitz says.

Fitz and I met long ago, in the 1980s, when we each answered an ad in the Sunday paper, "Make Top Money Now, Become a Pop Star," and attended auditions, mine in Hammersmith, him up in Glasgow. Behind the velvet

curtain lurked pop impresario Simon Seymour, a devil in a polyester suit. Out of hundreds of applicants, he picked me and then Fitz. We didn't have to be able to sing or play any instruments, just had to, I don't know, "be." Whatever was in Simon Seymour's mind, which at that flicker of time was—"A new ABBA would really clean up." "And we'll call them 'Making Waves.'" I didn't actually meet Fitz until Making Waves shot its first video ("Sunshine Girl") in Aruba.

Two boys, two girls. The girls did most of the singing. I was the cute one, the one all the fans were supposed to fancy. Skinny and inoffensive. On the surface anyway. My hair naturally very dark and thick.

I can't even say the name of the band now without freezing up. I've changed my name, colored my hair, bleaching it blond for the last two years. I look nothing like the wide-eyed fuck puppy who used to dance around a stage, miming the words to terrible pop songs. A year after our debut we were dropped by the record company. A handful of minor hits, one flop album, and that was it. We were making waves no more, Simon Seymour told us flatly in his voice like an ice cube. Sometimes I'll see a programme on TV that asks, "Where Have the '80s Stars Gone?" and sometimes they mention Making Waves. Fitz appears on those broadcasts, but I've instructed him to tell them, "Chris? Went AWOL long ago, man. Haven't seen him since 1989."

Two queens have dug out my *Jaws* DVD and put it on. They're watching the scene where the shark attacks Richard Dreyfuss again and again. When the scene ends they skip

right back to the start. The sound is turned off and a hard house track blasts from my stereo. I've no idea who these guys are. This is my fucking house and I hardly know any of the people here.

The mechanical shark is tearing its way into the cage. "Jaws should eat him," one queen says to the other. "Like in the book."

"Isn't the film better?"

"It's different. In the book Jaws eats Hooper."

"I wonder why they changed it."

"Don't know."

I do. They hired a team of experts to film footage of real sharks in the wild. During the filming one of the real great whites got caught up in the moorings of the empty cage and went into a frenzied attack. The producers were so impressed with this footage that they rewrote the script to incorporate it into the film. Richard Dreyfuss gets away before Jaws goes to town on the empty cage. I can't be bothered explaining this to the two strangers who are making themselves at home with my DVD collection. They're so fucked on E I doubt they'd understand anyway. They've grown tired of watching Dreyfuss wrestle the mechanical monster and are arguing about what to put on next. One of them wants to see the water-skier attack in *Jaws 2* while the other wants to watch the lap-dancing scene in *Showgirls*. I warn them to be careful with my discs and go to get another drink.

Over a dozen people sit round my dining room table, snorting and smoking. Colourful pills are passed around in neat plastic bags. No one cares a fuck about what they're taking. I lean over and take a line that's been chopped on

top of a Shirley Bassey photo book. The girl whose coke it is smiles politely. If it wasn't my flat she'd tell me to fuck off. I don't know her name but I remember her from the club. She was dancing on a podium, bare to the waist; her pigeon tits hanging almost as far. Her skin is the colour of sour milk. This girl could really do with some sun. "Kris is here!" she cries. "Notorious DJ Kris."

The coke works fast. Tiny sparks of static electricity dance behind my nose. In no time at all it's tingling in my cock. My erection presses against my hip, inside my favourite white briefs. All my briefs are white. I have thirty-four pairs of the same style and colour. These are damp now. I'll change them when I get time. No one believes that a DJ sweats as much in his booth as all those dancers he is mixing into a frenzy.

Someone is playing with my CDs. They've exchanged hard house for disco. "Love To Love You Baby" is greeted with enthusiasm. The kitchen is full and the crowd spills out onto the fire escape. Fitz is doing tequila slammers off the washing machine. I slide over.

"Give me one of those."

He giggles, sloshing the gold liquid into a shot glass, slopping a good measure over the side. He moves the glass and licks up the spillage like milk.

"Having fun, Fitz?"

"Yes, cheers, Chris. Thanks for lending me the space."

His new girlfriend, can't think of her name, is slicing limes. The blonde bit. Her name's the same name as his wife, which is typical of Fitz and his distorted notions of loyalty. And handy in bed, he says, seeing as he only

has to remember one name when he's shouting it out. She passes me a huge drum of salt and a wedge of lime. The tequila is the best, sliding down my throat like a squirt of my own come.

"You got some dykes fucking in your bathroom," Fitz says. He's finding it difficult to speak. "Had to piss in the garden."

"As long as they stay out of my bedroom." My bedroom is private. There's no need for anyone to go there. In the spare room there's a huge bed, equipped with all the toys, condoms, and lube that any of these freaks could want.

Fitz knocks back another shot and refills my glass.

"How many of these have you had?"

He shrugs. "Over thirty," he replies after a bit.

I knock back the second tequila but refuse a third, pouring a glass of Spanish red instead. I wander back through the flat, taking the bottle with me. In the living room *Showgirls* has won out. Elizabeth Berkley is thrusting her naked crotch in Kyle MacLachlan's face. He has a terrible hairstyle in this film.

There's an athletic-looking guy sitting on the floor beside the armchair, staring at the television screen. His legs are folded under him and he nurses an empty glass. I reckon he'll be a couple of years younger than I am, round about thirty. That's a bit older than my usual type but this fella is worth making an exception for. He has black hair, cut into a neat, boyish style and he's chewing his fingernails. He's wearing a tight black T-shirt and blue jeans, the body beneath is a result of work and dedication.

I pick my way through the outstretched legs and sit down beside him. "Hi," I say.

“Hi.”

I detect an accent. He’s American but I can’t place the region. “You here alone?”

He looks at me and smiles. He’s nervous. His eyes are as black as his hair. “I was at the club with a girl but I think I lost track of her somewhere.”

“She could be outside,” I suggest. “There’s a lot of people in the garden.”

“Actually she’s not really a friend. I only met her this past week. She and I are on a course together. I don’t know anyone in England so she invited me out with her tonight.”

I’m already wondering what this guy’s face will look like once it’s stuffed with my cock. His name is Alan and he sells swimming pools. “I don’t think there’s much demand for home pools here in the UK,” I joke.

His face remains stoic. “I’m here for a convention and meetings with your regional sales teams.”

Now would be a good time to shove my dick in his mouth and stop him talking. Instead I offer him a drink.

“No thanks,” he says, clinging to his empty glass. “And then in the club your—friend is he, Fitz?—invited me to this party.”

“You have to try this,” I say, pouring the wine. “It’s good stuff.”

I can tell he doesn’t care for the taste but he drinks it anyway. “This apartment is awesome,” he says.

Alan looks impressed. “Fitz was in a pop group, wasn’t he?” For a moment I freeze. He can’t have recognised *me*. I’ve changed so much. Besides we barely broke the band in Britain and Europe, we didn’t get near the States.

I laugh. "Yes he was. Don't tell me you were a fan."

He laughs, looking at his feet. "No. I've never heard of them before tonight. I heard a couple of guys talking on the line to the bathroom. What were you called?"

"Making Waves."

"Must have been pretty cool. Being in a band."

"We were anything but cool."

"Tell me." He seems genuine.

"Rather not, if you don't mind."

"What happened?" Alan asks. "To the group? Why'd you split up? I'd love to hear some of your records."

"You won't be hearing them from me."

"Is Simon Seymour still alive?"

The two queens have skipped further into the film. They shriek loudly and applaud when Elizabeth Berkley shoves Gina Gershon down a flight of stairs. After a lot of clapping and hollering they move the scene straight back to the beginning.

When I turn to Alan I see that he's looking at me. He reacts like he's been caught and moves his eyes back to the television. He's finished his wine. I top it up for him again.

"This is a terrible movie."

"You say that like it's a bad thing." I love the way his nose wrinkles when he laughs. I imagine shooting my load all over his face, smearing it around his nose and lips with my cock, rubbing my juicy head against his closed eyelids.

He asks me if I have any pets . . . says he has to go to the bathroom. "I'm not used to drinking wine." He gets awkwardly to his feet and stumbles his way over to the

stairs. He appears very self-conscious, as though aware that I'm watching him. I am watching him. His arse is a piece of perfection, so high and tight. I want to get my mouth in there and lick his crack until he pleads with me to put my cock in him. Until he gets on his hands and knees and shoves his arse at me, begging me to take it. I imagine he'll be a frisky and giving bottom.

Sitting on the floor makes my legs ache. I stand up and head back to the kitchen. It's cooler in here. More of the guests have moved down the fire escape to the garden that looks onto the river. Kylie Minogue is drinking a martini and eating a piece of pizza. She thanks me for the remix I recently completed for her. Fitz is still hammering back shots though they've run out of limes. It's almost five and things don't look like they're going to wind down anytime soon.

My cock feels wet against my hip. It's not sweat this time but pre-cum. I really need to get out of these pants and into a clean pair. I reckon it's about time I checked on things upstairs anyway. I take the bottle with me. I decide I'll look for Alan while I'm up there. I've got a gram of coke in my pocket and wonder if he wants to share it with me. Probably not. He doesn't even look like he drinks much, can't imagine him going for the party powder then.

Two clones are getting a blow job on the staircase from a third. I wink as I step around and warn them not to get come on my carpets. They all have very small cocks. Why is that? I've never met a clone with more than an average-size piece at best. It completely contradicts the tough, skinhead image. I'll take a well-hung chicken any time.

They are still queuing up to get in the bathroom.

There's a second bathroom in my bedroom but I don't tell anyone they can use it. It's strictly private.

My bedroom is the largest on this level. I chose it specifically for the size of the room and the massive window that looks out over the River Wear and the city beyond. You can see everything from there; the three towers of the cathedral, the castle, the peninsula. It's spectacular. But as I enter the room I'm confronted by an entirely different kind of view.

Alan is sitting on the corner of the bed. He's got his jeans around his ankles and a pair of my underpants over his face. The lid from my washing basket is lying on the floor along with a couple of dirty T-shirts that have been discarded in haste. He's sniffing my used pants.

A spit-lubed fist moves over a modest hard-on. A tight pair of balls hug the root and bounce against his hand with each tug. From my position in the doorway I can see that his scrotum and the passage beneath, leading to his arse-hole, are exquisitely shaved. It reminds me of a boy, not yet developed. But his cock is definitely the organ of a man. It's not that big—I'm guessing just over six inches—but it's got a decent girth and a fat head.

He hasn't realised I'm here. He's too caught up in masturbating with my underwear. The anger I initially felt at the liberty he has taken has all but gone. But he's not going to get away with this intrusion. I'm going to have him. I step inside the room and close the door.

Alan bounds off the edge of the bed, dropping my pants. Panicked, he tries to stand up, reaching for his jeans. He stumbles and sprawls across the bed, face down, arse high. He still tries to pull up his jeans but they are caught around his meaty thighs.

“Stay down,” I say. I’m over him, one foot rammed in middle of his back, forcing him into the carpet. He turns his head, wide eyes look frightened over his shoulder. The reverence in his face excites me. I apply more pressure. “What you doing in here?”

“I’m sorry,” he stammers. His face is flushed, bright red around the brow and temples.

“This is my fucking room. It’s private, you bastard.” He tries to rise but I’ve got too much weight on top of him.

“I didn’t know. Not until I was in.”

“And thought you’d have a party of your own with my dirty laundry. What were you going to do, wipe your spunk up on my T-shirts and shove them back in the basket? Hope I won’t notice?”

“I don’t know. I didn’t think. I couldn’t stop myself.” I’m looking at his arse which is just as ripe and perfect as I had imagined it. He has a nest of downy hair in the hollow of his spine that trails into the crack. I’m surprised he hasn’t shaved this, considering how clean and smooth his balls are. His cheeks are meaty and round. I want to take a bite. Yeah, quite possibly I will.

I reach down for the pants he’s been sniffing and take a hit on them myself. They’re funky smelling, stained with yellow smears of sweat and piss. It looks like I’ve worn them for a gig. He couldn’t have found a more unsavoury pair if he tried.

I grab his hair, releasing my foot from his back, and haul him onto his knees. He looks frightened. I shove his face against my crotch, letting him feel what I’ve got there. He tries to pull away but he can’t. “Breathe in deep,” I tell

him. "Get it right from the source." My dick twitches and I know he can feel that.

I push him away. There's a wild, frightened look in his eyes. He's flat on his arse and his prick is jutting up towards his round navel. He doesn't try to get away. Now I know where we stand. I unfasten my jeans and ease my big cock out. His eyes widen. They always do. "Suck me," I tell him.

His mouth moves but it's a second or two before any sound comes out. "I can't . . . I never . . ."

I smack his face with my cock. The expression of shock is priceless. His mouth is hanging open so I grab the back his head and shove my dick inside. Surprise is on my side and I get to the back of his throat before he tenses up. Good, oh damned good. He hasn't got a clue how to move his lips or tongue around such a big piece but that doesn't matter. His warm, moist opening is all I need. I grip his head and shove deeper into the socket of his throat. His face is scarlet now and his cheeks are wet. I'm not sure if it's sweat or tears.

I move back a little, getting a rhythm going. I can tell how hard he's concentrating. I wonder how much experience he's had with men.

I'm big but most boys get used to me after a while. I fuck his face anyway. He hasn't tried to bite my cock off so he must be enjoying it in some way. I know I am.

But there's only so much cocksucking I can stand. It gets boring after a while. He gasps as I withdraw, open-mouthed and panting. His eyes are wordlessly asking "What next?"

"Let me see your arse," I say.

Alan hesitates, just for a moment, before turning round and lifting his arse for inspection. He pulls his T-shirt up to his shoulders exposing a broad, flawless back. I notice for the first time a small mole on his back, just above his right cheek. My eyes move lower, into the crack, towards his asshole. It resembles the mole in many ways, the colour is almost identical, only it's much bigger. Its colour reminds me of dark honey. I tell him to spread his cheeks a little and he does, stretching the opening. I can see something of the pink interior.

"Where's the girl?" I grunt. "The one you brought to the club."

"There was no girl," he moans. "I lied."

I get down and bury my face in his arse. His whole body jerks when my tongue caresses his hole. I'm certain this is a first for him, he's acting like a virgin. It occurs to me that he might have a wife and family back in the States. Maybe he considers himself to be straight. He wouldn't be the first straight man to drop his pants in my bedroom.

My tongue squirms around his hot opening. His has got a rich, manly taste. His asshole quivers around my lips.

"Oh my God," he groans, his voice full of wonder. I'm pretty sure now that he's new to this. It seems strange, most men with any kind of interest in dick would have at least experienced something by his age. I fucked my first man when I was fourteen. He was a student, in his early twenties. He dropped his pants in the underbrush down by the river and let me poke him against a tree. I remember barely getting two thrusts in before I squirted a load in his arse. I was scared afterwards that he would expect me to return the favour but he settled for a wank instead.

And Simon Seymour, sitting with him on his Hollywood poolside, him asking if I wanted to be a star, pointing at his tiny dick inside obscenely tight Speedos, me nodding, and then a half-hour later, me choking in the perfect blue water, head in shallow end, my arse up in the air with Simon Seymour sticking something in me bigger than that tiny little piece of meat, me choking, sputtering, from way above I hear, "That's the, huff, price of stardom, puff." Can still hear it in my ears today.

I've come a long way since then and I intend taking more than a couple of strokes at Alan's arse. He is on his knees, shoving his butt in my face, knowing what is coming. I feel between his legs, stroking the smooth path between his balls and his hole. That really gets him going so I back off, not wanting him to shoot before I'm inside. His bud is well soaked with spit so I stick a finger into him. He takes it easily enough. Nothing to worry about.

I think about offering him a line of coke but figure he'll panic. "Get on the bed," I say instead. "Face down."

He kicks off his shoes and wriggles out of jeans, climbs onto the bed in his socks and T-shirt. He lies on his front, spreading his legs. The guy's a natural.

I put on a condom and a handful of lube—then I fuck him. I climb on his back and slide my cock inside him, slowly to begin with. His body tenses with the introduction of my big head. I put my cheek against the back of his neck, pushing his face into the pillows. I tell him to relax, it'll soon get better. His arsehole is hungry; I know it can take me.

I fuck him hard and passionately, grunting with each stroke. His fists grip the pillows. My thighs slap loudly

against the back of his legs. I love the squash of his buttocks against my pelvis when I drive it deep. In and out, in and out, I fuck him thoroughly, feeling his arse with every inch of my dick. I dig my knees into the bed, getting more leverage, holding his arse in my hands so he can't get away. Harder. The bed springs are screaming.

My orgasm is a long time coming. For ages it seems I am almost there. I keep going, harder, faster. I throw my full weight on top of him, my hips hammering. When it finally comes I roar with relief, squirting gallons of spunk inside him.

I pull out straight away. My cock, his buttocks, the back of his thighs are streaked with blood. Shit. He must have been a virgin after all. He raises himself slowly, testing his body. He's come onto the covers.

"Use the bathroom in there," I say. "There are towels under the sink." Alan nods, climbing off the bed. His steps to the door are unsteady. I grab a handful of tissues to clean the mess off the bedclothes. I go to take the condom off my still hard dick. Something isn't right. I wipe up some of the blood with a tissue and look again.

The rubber has split right down the middle. There's no semen in the ragged tip. Must have happened inside him. Fuck. He's left a folder on the carpet, plastic folder he must have dropped in his excitement over my laundry basket. Idly I open the folder, a clutch of 8x10 glossies slithers onto the floor. Kylie in a bedsheet, closing a blind from the *Light Years* era. Gareth Gates, his mouth a stuttery pout. And there I am, sliding out, my cheery mug from *Making Waves*, hideous yellowing headshot of

Too Far

young Chris, hair in tight curls, my autograph sprawling across it from a dozen years ago. No more. "For Alan, who must be my only fan in the USA, cheers, Chris from Making Waves 1987."