

Having the Boys to Tea

by Daniel D'Arezzo

Mother is in bed with another one of her sick headaches. She's had quite a few lately, poor thing. I brought her some chamomile tea a minute ago to help her sleep. We've had a lot of snow this holiday season—it has literally buried us—and the streets are quiet, thank goodness. I decided to have the boys over to shovel the snow. They're such strong young fellows, it's a pleasure to see them work, although it's hardly work for them, they have so much fun. It's a work party—is that a paradox or an oxymoron? I can never tell the difference—and I make it festive with beer and pizza. Most of them are underage for alcohol, I suppose, but they're Eastern European, so they were weaned on beer. Here they come now: Dolph, Josh, Todd, Alex, Luke and Sascha. I better get my apron on and rustle up some snacks. “Hi, boys! Come on in and make yourselves at home.” They take off their heavy outerwear—been working hard outdoors—and then off come their shirts. They always seem to like to be bare-chested. I guess they feel more comfortable that way. “Are you going to join us?” Luke asks (the little devil). I have to remind him that *he's* the exhibitionist, not me! Luke points out the blond hairs that circle each of Dolph's nipples. “Those look good enough to lick!” he says hungrily. And my word! Wouldn't you know it, in two shakes of a jiffy they have shucked off all their clothes and are butt naked right here in my den. I don't have to wonder what Mother would say if she could see them here. “Keep the noise down, boys!” I have to caution them. “Mother is trying to sleep.” Well, they're too busy slurping and whatnot to pay attention, and of course that's what I like about them. They are so completely uninhibited—just the opposite of me—especially Luke, Josh and Todd, those little imps. Todd wants to tie me up, but I say, “You must be kidding. Tie up Sascha instead!” Which he does. They are obedient, really. Just really, really nice boys. My favorite is Dolph (his *nom de porn*—I have no idea what his real name is). I love those big cow eyes of his. Brown, green, blue—I really don't know what

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color they are, but sometimes they have a hint of sadness in them that tells me he has a soul. Or is it rebellion instead of sadness? Whatever. He's a blank slate on which I can write my fantasies. I wonder what he'll think about my obsession with the royal family. I haven't actually met them, but I have some pictures I took of the queen. And I did meet Fergie, although by then she wasn't a royal any longer. He'll probably just say, "Wha—?" (His English is pretty good.) That's O.K. I understand that his hobbies are picking stocks and planting potatoes. I can't really get behind that but I can support it, if it makes him happy. He can't be a porn star forever. I shouldn't worry about his future, but it's just my nature, when I really care about someone.

