



A Brush With Mortality

By

CJ Hallberg

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“There are as many paths to God as there are human breaths.”
The Prophet (salla Allahu ‘alayhi wa salaam)

Aoife tightened the twenty-sixth knot, the last one, in the orange and white silk rope. She leaned over the young man now woven into a slingbag, his arms and legs parts of the construction, and caressed his cheek.

“Are you comfortable? It is very important to us that you be comfortable. You will let me know the moment you have the slightest discomfort?”

The naked boy nodded his head like wildflowers in the breeze, smiling and closing his eyes against her caress.

“Cosi-san, he is ready for you.”

Drucker emerged from the shadows and bent his knees, lowering his head so that Aoife could loop the band of rope over his shoulder and across his torso. Rising to his full height, he lifted the bound package now balanced on his hip and back. The trio moved in silence from their private room in the bathhouse and onto the street where a heavy fog dampened Market and Castro Streets as far as the eye could reach. The Druckers’ car pulled up. Cradling the package between them, Aoife and Horace Cosgrove Drucker III settled into the back seat as their driver took them to their boat in the marina.

The parcel was again lifted onto Drucker’s back and he made his way to the

master suite where the watchful package was, like a sleeping child, deposited on the bed.

The older man stood waiting. The boy took in his surroundings, silently telling himself his own stories until he rested his eyes on his host who then undressed for his captive audience. Behind him, now her turn in the shadows, Aoife removed her orange halter top and white polyester bell bottoms, letting them drop to the floor, but the boy had eyes only for the man before him. Ambient city light filtered through the small windows, accompanied by creaks of rope, the bay kissing the sides of boats, and a distant foghorn.

“I will call you Farrah while you are with us. You may call me Cosi-san if you wish, or Sir.”

He leaned into the bag and found the final knot, the twenty-sixth one; he pulled at the folded rope until he heard the small popping whisper of the silk letting go. With a single sweeping tug of his extended arm, the intricate series of knots binding the newly christened Farrah fell into a soft silk nest haloing him on the bed. The unbound body spread from its fetal position to a full stretch. Farrah exhaled with pleasure and yawned, his hands finding and grasping the teak bed rail above his head.

“Sir?”

Farrah held his eyes on the face of the man who had born him so recently.

“You are perfect as you are, just stay lying on your back, my beautiful boy. Do

not move.”

Drucker moved with care until he straddled the smaller man before him. Reaching with both his hands, he began to stroke Farrah’s long blond hair, brushing it from his face and fanning it over the paisley comforter that covered the bed. He moved to his face, tracing every curve and angle, resting like nervous butterflies on the eyes and lips for only a moment. As he moved to the boy’s neck, he sensed without looking the two erections growing as his hands worshiped Farrah’s body. Moving ever downward, finding small spots of tension, and increasing his pressure just enough to induce deep relaxation.

When there was nothing left to pet, he placed his hands between Farrah’s thighs, cupping his balls and pushing a warm breath to cover the now rock-hard cock below him. In that same moment, Cosi-san felt his own balls captured in a soft caress and moist warm breath brushing his solid member.

“You are perfection, my Farrah. It is easy to worship your flawless body.”

The sharp edge of Aoife’s nail drew a line to the base of his penis when Cosi-san lowered his mouth to swallow Farrah’s jewel. Cosi-san’s hands again traveled the boy’s torso in long strokes, in rhythm, everything in rhythm.

A long time later, the boy was rolled onto his stomach. Now four hands massaged, tapping his back, legs, and finally his buttocks. Cosi-san grasped the boy in the hollow of his hip joint, his long fingers pressing into Farrah’s pelvis, lifting him into position. The boy could feel the pressure he had been waiting for

against his ass.

“Such perfection, but what are these dark marks on your shoulder blade? Is it a bruise, a birthmark?”

Dry leaves in late summer, Aoife’s voice was soft against his ear, her hand pressed in the small of his back. She snapped a popper at his nostril, and he inhaled.

“A blemish to enhance his perfection, Cosi-san.”

“Such gifts you wrap for me, my love.”

He pushed into his prize.

“Sir.”

