

Jacques Fleury
Mr. Muscle Daddy

"No testing has overtaken you that is not common to everyone. God...will not let you be tested beyond your strength, but with the testing he will also provide a way out so that you may be able to endure it."

— 1 Corinthians 10.13



You ever notice that our parents almost always come home just when we're bored enough to be doing something wrong? Is that God's way of making sure that we adhere to the teachings of the Ten Commandments? "Honor thy mother and thy father..." Now who's **not** guilty of falling short of this most earnest bit of wisdom? What about sex? What does the commandments say about sex? As far as I know it's no sex before marriage, is that right? As wound up, bible clutching, cross bearing grandmothers would say, "Sex is for procreation not recreation..." Along with that comes the Catholic guilt! Yes, I got my start as an uptight catholic fart. And we all know that a fart doesn't need any religion for it to stink, right? I was in catholic school up until the seventh grade. I walked catholic, talked catholic, feared sex like Catholics, and yes even farted catholic.

You know what I'm talking about, the "silent shameful" deadly fart, the kind like SIN unleashed like hissing serpents in a hot crowded church, while big fat black Creole woman sing songs of hope and praise, while wiping their putrid sweat pouring down their fat sweltering faces, as the minister's shouts of condemnation showers and wilds the audience with his funky breath mouth swollen with his sanctimonious sermon in a fever pitch voice begging the crowd for an AMEN! With that as my backdrop, let me regale you with a story of a cascading catholic city boy gone wild!!!

To the chagrin of my family and yes sadly even sometimes to myself, **I think I am pansexual**. There I said it! I am watching the cursor on my computer still blanking, waiting for me to elaborate. The world didn't end. I -am- pansexual. So what? Right? It's not like admitting that I am pansexual makes **you** pansexual, right? Unless you in the closet? Well, **are** you? Anyways, my father thought that I was a little "soft" so to speak, so he enrolled me in an all-male catholic school to make a **man** out of me, where boys with burgeoning masculinity's were erect with insatiable sexual curiosities. One of the things we used to do first thing Monday mornings was to yank each other's pants down to see whose pistons grew bigger and whose didn't. And we'd humiliate the ones who **didn't**. It's a wonder I'm not a "size queen" today because of it!

The other thing we used to do in catholic school was to compare stories about who **haven't** played with their nannies yet? Most of us were from middle class families to be at that school, so we knew that almost all of us had nannies. In Haiti that's called rites of passage, in America it's called

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child abuse. I remember experimenting with sex with my nanny during one of our usual black outs. My cousin Tod and I did her together. We went into her darkened room just as she was lighting up her candles.

"Hi boys, what ya upta?" we could see Nali's white teeth against the darkness.

"Nothing." we tried to be coy.

"Well come on you two, come give Nali a little massage. I know yall came here for something."

Tod took the top I took the bottom. Nali was on her back, her favorite position, my grandma Mini once said. Tod fooled around with her balloons and I fooled around with her cat. We had cute names for girlie parts then. I remembered it stinking so good that I didn't wash my middle finger for a solid week. I think that's when I discovered that I was a sniffer.

I love funky sweaty starving smells. Although, as I grew older, I developed more of a taste for the smell of a man more so than for the smell of a woman. As a kid, I used to get very close to the male porters delivering cargoes to our house in Haiti so to inhale them. They wouldn't have on any shirts, underwear, deodorant or shoes. Just a pair of tight-fitting jeans hugging coconut sized buttocks rippling, their masculinity straining through the fabric, long streaks of cooling sweat oozing down tickling their crotches toying with my fancy, slick sizzling licks of heat racing down their hung tree trunk thighs. Most rich pansexual men here in the states wouldn't think twice to mortgage a house for a trunk of hunk like this!

I also suspected my homosexuality when I found myself wrestling. A lot! The idea of two males grunting and rubbing and pegging each other down to the floor yelling "you give?" just appealed to me. So I wrestled. As many people as I could. My favorite was the son of my aunt's husband, Tobert! He was sent to the city directly from the country, with the hay still inside his dusty sandals, he too with heavy swinging country grown Haitian thighs. He had a habit of walking around with only his shirt on and nothing else, en route to taking a bath. That's when Tod and me would catch him, locked the doors and wrestled him down. Our collective "boyhoods" would become erect with youth juice and eventually; one of us would have to squirt. Usually, it was Tobert. Boy how sweet that boy came! Tod and me would wince at the sight of him relieving himself! It was like watching him milk a cow or something!! This wrestling business became a habit. Soon enough we started skipping church to hang out at the movie theatre all day long waiting for Jackie Chan movies. Back then we liked Jackie Chan but simply feared the Catholic Church! So we opted for the former. Jackie Chan ruled our Sundays!

I left Haiti when I was 13 years old. I made the mistake of thinking that I'd left all that the Catholic Church represented behind when I came to the U.S. I was wrong. So **so** wrong. Sex to me became synonymous with guilt, shame, fear, and a sense of *disgust*. I found myself thrown into a school environment with both sexes and I even felt more pressured in the mixed American school than when I was in the all boy catholic school in Port-au-Prince, Haiti. The boys for "hanging too much with the girls" teased me and the girls teased me for not being like "one of the boys." So I was caught between a rock and a hard place. I felt such an intense attrac-

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tion towards the boys that I could not risk being around them for fear of being found out! There was this particular white boy from the baseball team. I would see him coming from practice, dripping sweltering like sex on legs! And somehow my crotch would rise to salute him as he struts by stroking and twirling this giant baseball bat in his king Kong hands!

One of the ways I vented my frustrations was to play "blind man" during swim class. I never wore goggles so I swam with my eyes closed. So I would end up "feeling" as many "boys" under the water as humanly possible! Since I only had all of 30 minutes to do it. Some of the boys naturally got frustrated. "Misere man, when you gotta get some goggles yo! Ya keep feelin' on me man...that aint cool." So since I wasn't getting any sex, I started over achieving. I had enough damn awards to cover the whole left side of the cold murky walls in my basement room! Then I started buying porno magazines. And so my addiction to x-rated stuff started! But that's another story. Then one day, I decided to raise the bar. And this is where this story takes a French un-Catholic Caribbean twist!!!

I picked up one of my porn mags and saw this ad. It was this comic book like drawing of a very physically endowed male, I would find out just *how* endowed later on that day! The ad said "Mr. Muscle Daddy." That and the picture was enough for this pent up sixteen year old! So I picked up the phone.

"Hello?" His voice growled and washed over me.

"A-a-allo?" I screeched like someone grabbed me by my religion.

"What can I do to you?" He sounded so casual, yet not cocky.

"Well, I was wondering what would you do for \$30.00 bucks?" I was afraid he would hang up after that silly question. 'pleeease don't hang up, pleeease!' I thought.

"Well, what would you like to do?" Yesss! 'stay calm, don't blow this you horny little piss ass!' I gave myself a pep talk.

"I'm only sixteen, never done this before. So I only wanna kiss and hug and stuff." Oh what a chump I must have sounded like!

"That sounds good to me! Where do you live?" I drew a blank! A live breathing, testosterone pissing man had just agreed to come over me house! Oh joy! Now think...

"You know what, why don't I meet you at Forest Hills station to make it easier, that ok?" I lived in Hyde Park, Massachusetts then.

"Sure. Lets say 1 p.m.?"

"Wait. What do you look like?"

"White male 6 feet blond blue, stocky build, 24." Everything he said was right except he looked 44 not 24 when we met! Which was all right by me since I'm into the "daddy" types.

"And what do **you** look like?"

"Well, I'm a black male, brown skinned black hair trim build, 5'11", and I'll be wearing a grey spring jacket with matching sunglasses."

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"Great, I'll be carrying a green gym bag."

"Great! See ya then!" I said excitedly!

"Ya see ya."

click.

When we finally met at the train station, the afternoon heat was just climacteric. We both got there half an hour early. Apparently, I wasn't the only one eager and cocked with anticipation. I shook his hands and they felt like bricklayer hands, my knees quivered my loins panted like a runner! He had a white smile, for a white man. His hair was thinning and sun streaked. He had a few mature wrinkles around his eyes, particularly when he smiled, and he did not exude the same sexuality he exuded over the phone. In person, he seemed pitiable and unresponsive. But I didn't care. I took the big goon home!

I took him up to my parent's bedroom of all places! Being as big as he was, I figured we'd need a much bigger bed than mine. He wasted no time getting undressed. However, I did tell him that I would not take off my shirt or underwear. From what I learned from my mother and catholic school; one is to stay a virgin until marriage. However, how this applied to me, I didn't know. I was embarrassed at having to tell him that, but he just smiled it off. What he revealed underneath his clothes was a wet dream come true! A one-piece spandex-wrestling outfit!! Was this my lucky day or what? I sat on the edge of the bed, and he stood in front of me, his pelvic was at my eye level. What protruded from that was the biggest mound of flesh I've ever seen on any man! To the point where I foolishly asked him "what's that?" Duhhh! Then he bounded on top of me. "Kiss me!" I ordered him. He planted the biggest head on collision kiss on me ever! I mean seriously, it was like two trucks smashing face to face at full speed! "alright alright! no more kissing!" I begged him. "Let's just wrestle." As we continued to roll around in the bed, I was becoming more and more disappointed with this fantasy? Somehow, I expected more, know what I mean? Then without warning, the situation **did** become more than I could handle when, *guess what?* Yep! My parents were coming home unexpectedly from work! Aaaahhh!!! I mean you see this stuff in movies, but you never imagine it happening to you for *real!* "Get dressed!!" I tried not to panic.

"Why what's going on?" He had this vacant look on his face. "Just get dressed, please?"

"It's my parents. They are coming up the stairs as we speak!" He muttered this "oh shit" sound and proceeded to dress. He was done in all of a minute! I on the other hand did not have time to button my pants when my mom bulldozed down the door! She found Mr. Muscle Daddy on the recliner and all my books and me on the floor with my book bag opened spread out assimilating doing some homework.

"Hi!" She said in a psycho suspicious serial mom sort of way.

"Oh hi mom, dad. This is Mr. Sultry, he's my urrr...English tutor from school." I said like I was trying to convince myself.

"Uh...huh. Well, if you'll excuse me Mr. Sultry, I'm about to prepared dinner." And with that, I proceeded to take Mr. Sultry, I mean Mr. Muscle

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Daddy down stairs. I couldn't help but feel cheated though. I mean I only got to spend an hour with him. I guess looking back, I should have been satisfied, but I wasn't. I figured that since my ass was toast anyways, hell I might as well get my money's worth! So when I got down stairs, I made him pinned me against the back porch wall, and pretend to probe me and I don't mean for information! I told him to grind his grunting torso against me, all the while intertwining his bricklayer fingers with mines. Then I started whining lustfully...uuuh...ohhh...ahhhh oh please put that big massive piece of testosterone, in me!"

"Miserrrrre!" Shit, my mom was calling me. I fixed my clothes all the while gazing, beseeching him like a morose parched puppy in need of water. Then I took the final leap!

"Would you be my boyfriend?" I was so young.

"You wanna be boyfriends now?" He was obviously amused.

"Sure, why not?"

"Well, we'll see." and the last thing I heard was the door slamming behind him. I felt foolish for having asked the question only minutes after he left. I thought that I was probably going to be the laughing stock among his hooker friends. I was probably a joke to him. But all that had to wait because I still had to face my parents.

Mom was waiting for me in the master bedroom. Dad was watching TV, trying not to "make a big deal" of things, as he often puts it.

"Misere, now talk to your mother, that man was no tutor, was he?" I could see her eyes dancing around in her head, searching, beseeching for the truth.

"No mom, he wasn't." It was time to stop the hiding.

"Well, then? What was he?"

"I hired him from an adult magazine." The whole time, I was staring down at the floor.

"You like that kind of thing?" She was calm and very matter of fact with her demeanor.

"Yeah..." I was still looking down.

"Why? Is it something I did? Was I too tolerant? Too domineering perhaps?"

"No mom. You were a great mom, really." I finally looked up to meet her lustrous eyes.

"Then what then? How long have you felt this way?" her lips were starting to look pale.

"Since I was in first grade." I wanted desperately to free her from her guilt. But how could I free her from **her** guilt, when I wasn't even close to freeing **myself** from mines.

"Well let's put this matter to bed for a while. Don't tell your father a thing. Just promise me that you won't try this stuff again, here?"

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"Yes, mama."

And that was that. I was left to wonder why this all happened. This whole thing reminded me of Pucks' soliloquy at the end of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: "...if these shadows have offended, think but this and all is mended, that we have all but slumbered here, while these visions did appear, and all this weak and idle theme, no more yielding than a dream." Except for me it wasn't a dream. It was my *reality*!

When I picked up that phone to call that 'call boy', I didn't realize that it was going to change my life forever. But maybe my higher power knew that I was just about ready to embark on this journey that permeates my life this 'til this day. This was *my* test. And I don't truly believe that this was the kind of test I could either pass or fail. Just simply feeling ready to take this test was sufficient.