

The Italian Restaurant

An A. Richard Hunter Story



**by
Brian Hunter**

Acknowledgments and Tribute

At the time of his death, Richard Hunter had an amazing collection of story ideas outlined that he intended to write and contribute to the Nifty Archives. Though just forty nine years of age, he had contributed so much to so many because of his generosity and the immense size of his heart. But, on a cold November day, that big heart finally gave out.

No one was capable of giving and showing love in the way that Richard was. I believe that tenderness came through in all of his writings because, as he often stated, "In the end it is the love that matters. Sex is merely the expression of love and a willingness to make a deeper commitment."

I was the last of the half dozen loves that he had throughout his life. I felt a deep loss at his passing as did all of his previous loves who, though having moved on, had remained very close through the years. We were all with him at the time of his passing and we all loved him immeasurably. His passing has bonded us as a family in a way that I know he would approve of.

Richard had crafted his first full length novel, "Dangerous Obsession" shortly after we met and always proclaimed that the lead character of "the black haired boy" was based on me. It is for that reason that I, and Richard's other close friends, decided to at least try to use the many story outlines he left behind to create stories as a tribute to this wonderful man of warmth and kindness.

We will contribute these stories to the Archives in his name and memory.

- Brian Hunter

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Chapter One

It was the newest restaurant in town and, by all accounts, served the best genuine Italian cuisine for miles around. It had opened a mere two months earlier and had already gained a phenomenal reputation and following just by word of mouth spread by past patrons. Its name, befitting its fare, was La Italia and was decorated in the red, white and green colors of Italy.

Not intended as an upscale restaurant, it was fairly small and could only accommodate forty eight patrons at a time. Consequently, it was perpetually full and the owners had taken to accepting reservations at the end of their first week as a sound business move to keep from turning away so many disappointed prospective customers.

I first heard about the restaurant during its fourth week from a friend who had practically fainted from loss of breath while trying to tell me about it. He mentioned the great food, the fantastic atmosphere, the absurdly reasonable prices; all in the first thirty seconds. The next hour was spent telling me about the busboys and waiters who had clearly caught his attention.

I was skeptical at first, knowing how easily Todd was swept off his feet by the sight of a dark haired young man who seldom needed any further attributes to raise Todd's flag, but I decided, just the same, to give the place a try. I loved Italian food, after all, and especially good Italian food that didn't come in a frozen package.

Quite disappointingly, when I called the next day for reservations, I was told they were booked solid for a month. The owner was effusive with his apologies and offered to make a reservation for me at the earliest possible time and call me if any cancellations were received. After giving him my name and phone number and expressing my appreciation for his helpfulness, I sank back in my comfortable chair to mull over what I might expect.

As is always the case, the lack of instant gratification, the delay in getting to confirm for myself what Todd had told me, served to incite my curiosity and anticipation to a greater degree and, by the time the night of my reservation came around, I was beyond anxious.

While I was certainly looking forward to a great meal, my mind was churning through Todd's tale, and the descriptions he had provided me of the male employees at the restaurant. Mentally preparing myself to be disappointed, my standards being considerably higher than Todd's, I could, nonetheless, not quite prevent a certain excitement and the visualization of handsome Italian waiters with their slim hips and olive complexions lightly tanned by the summer sun.

I had dressed in my very best Jones New York black suit, white shirt and a black and gold rep tie, with gold and onyx cufflinks. If what Todd had told me was true, I wanted to be dressed to impress and this suit had always seemed to do just that by emphasizing my broad shoulders and narrow waist

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just perfectly. I looked myself over in the mirror and, while never entirely pleased with my appearance, considered that I could do worse. At twenty-eight, and looking more like twenty-two, I was continually told that I was “cute” or “very handsome” but those kinds of things just fell aside because of my own perfectionist nature and never-satisfied attitude that continually found fault with my looks. I had great hair that was the envy of my friends; I was just over six feet tall and only one hundred sixty five pounds - none of it fat - and, I was told, soulful brown eyes that a lot of guys had told me were what they noticed first when they would approach me at a club. I always accepted the compliments graciously but would later discard their comments as being kind. I guess you could say I was one of those people who would always moan “I would never join a club that would allow me as a member”.

I called Todd just before leaving my house to let him know I was on my way to pick him up. I had decided it would look best if I was there with someone else rather than alone; if nothing else, it would make me appear less needy if I could show that I at least had one friend. And, I thought it might help to have Todd along since he was very gregarious and had no trouble engaging strangers in conversation or making bold advances.

When Todd climbed into my car, he looked at me with a big grin and whistled. He was dressed somewhat casually, as always, and I knew he was going to make my life hell over this because I was demonstrating just how much I had bought into his descriptions or I wouldn't have been dressed to kill.

There was no valet parking, of course, so I parked a block away from the restaurant and Todd and I walked slowly toward the restaurant. I was nervous with anticipation and my stomach was doing little flips. Todd sensed my nerves and tried to keep me distracted with stories of his encounters and conquests as we neared the small brick building. The smells that were already reaching us were heavenly and my nerves shut down and were replaced by a sudden ravenous hunger for what awaited us inside.

Entering the restaurant I was overwhelmed by the appetizing smells that reached me. My mouth was already watering in anticipation of a great Lasagna, or a plate of Spaghetti Bolognese or Veal Parmigiana. I wanted to try everything.

A middle aged woman whom I assumed was either one of the owners or the owner's wife, greeted us as we stepped through the door. She was a slightly plump woman with black hair that was beginning to show a touch of gray at the temples, and had a warm and inviting smile and gave each of us a small hug of welcome as would be given to family members. I felt immediately at home and delighted to have discovered this place; even if it was because of Todd.

Escorting us to a small table at the rear, set in an alcove that was somewhat separate from other patrons, I noted the tidy setting of white linen napkins and highly polished silverware, wine glasses, a flickering candle and a little sign that bore my name.

We were no sooner seated than a gentle and youthful tenor voice greeted us from behind me. “Signori di buona sera”. There was a pause and then in perfect English, “Welcome to La Italia Mr. Sanderson. Is this your first

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visit?”

I could see Todd grinning and turned my head to look at whomever was speaking. My jaw practically dropped at the vision that moved up to the side of the table and I was speechless for several long moments while I noted Todd, out of the corner of my eye, struggling to keep from laughing at my reaction.

The young man, who looked a lot more like a boy, stood there smiling at me. He was all of five feet nine inches in height, dark hair that fell forward over his forehead and was long enough to cover most of his ears, and green eyes that instantly made my heart go wild. His face was smooth as silk, his lips moist, and the cutest little dimple in his chin. I simply couldn't take my eyes off his face until Todd kicked me under the table and asked for a bottle of Red Wine. It was then I realized how I had been staring, and that the boy had noticed my mesmerized expression.

“Would you like one of our fine house reds or do you prefer a special brand?”

As he spoke, the boy shook out the linen napkin that had lain on the table in front of me and casually draped it across my lap. He then repeated the maneuver with Todd. After Todd announced that a house wine was acceptable, the boy slightly nodded then turned to leave, stopping to flash a beautiful smile at me as he departed.

“So,” Todd asked, “was I telling the truth or not?”

“Truth!” I gushed breathlessly. “But he's just a boy. He can't be more than fifteen, maybe sixteen. How can he be a waiter?”

“This is a family business, remember. There are exceptions for family members. Besides, you don't know for certain he's just a kid. Anyway, every one here is part of the family; sons, nephews, son-in-laws.”

“You're amazing. How do you know all this from just one visit?”

“I ask questions. I engage people in friendly conversation. And these boys are all very friendly.”

“I apologize for ever doubting you.”

“I can tell you something else. That boy was Antonio, or Tony as he prefers. It's a shame you didn't turn to watch him as he left. For two reasons. One, because he has the cutest little ass you'll ever see and it's displayed to perfection in his tight black slacks. Two, because I think he likes you. He turned to look back at you as he left and blushed beet red when he saw that I caught him looking.”

My stomach did another flip and my heart rose in my throat. “You're not putting me on?” I asked hopefully.

“Not even a little bit. He saw you staring at him because he was staring at you. He hardly noticed me. I feel like a fifth wheel.”

“How do you know his name if you haven't talked with him before?”

“Oh, I've talked to him before. I even tried to get real friendly but I got nowhere with him. All you had to do was look at him and I think he felt the 'thunderbolt'. And, by the way, he only looks fifteen. He's almost nineteen.”

“Whatever his age, he is the most beautiful boy I have ever laid eyes on. He's absolutely gorgeous!”

Just as I made my declaration, Todd flashed his eyes at me in warning

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as Tony walked up, grinning, obviously having overheard my comments about him. I blushed as he looked me in the eyes, smiling warmly with a sweet puppy-dog expression on his beautiful face.

“Your wine, gentlemen. Would you like me to pour or leave the bottle?”

Todd was quick on the uptake. “Please pour, Tony.” I caught the look that Todd gave me, thankful that he had responded if for no other reason than to keep this exquisite boy at our table for just a few moments longer.

Tony poured a half glass of the wine in Tony’s glass while remaining mostly on my side of the table. It gave me a brief opportunity to look to my left and catch a glimpse of the boy’s perfectly shaped ass. As he prepared to pour my wine, Tony stepped back parallel with me. In bending forward over the table, he moved closer, his hip pressing slightly against my arm, sending shivers up and down my spine.

As Tony withdrew from our table, I glanced back to watch him, getting an eyeful of his retreating backside and another warm smile as he turned to look back and caught me staring.

Todd coughed in one of those ways meant to get attention. “He *really* must be taken with you, Robby. If you don’t hit on him you’re crazy!”

“You know me. I don’t hit on guys. Besides, how do you know he’s so taken with me. He’s being polite so he can get a big tip.”

Todd laughed, almost snorting his wine. “Yea, and I know the kind of big tip he wants! But I know he’s smitten because of the way he’s acting. When I talked to him last time I was here, he was very polite but nothing more. When I asked one of his older brothers about him, I was told that he’s very shy and basically insecure about matters of the heart and sex. He’s still a virgin and never been in love.”

“His brother told you that?!!”

“Yes, and he also told me that Tony is gay!”

“Now I know you’re lying! No one is going to tell a stranger all that about their little brother.”

“I can prove it if you want me to call Angelo over and he can tell you himself.”

“Don’t you dare!” I actually was hoping that Todd might do so anyway but in a way that I could just appear a disinterested observer to their conversation. But I knew, from past experience, that if Todd called Tony’s brother over, he would go into great detail about how I was enamored of Tony and wanted to know more about him.

“Why would Angelo tell you so much?”

“Because I asked him. I’ve told you so many times that you can learn a great deal from engaging guys in friendly conversation but you’re so blasted shy and timid and afraid of rejection that you can’t even make the first move. But, this time it was more than just friendly conversation.” Todd had an evil gleam in his eye. “I asked Angelo over breakfast.” Todd flashed his lecherous grin and my jaw dropped.

“You didn’t!”

“Of course I did. You can’t let a handsome young man of twenty years of age go home on an empty stomach after a night of passion. I know you won’t believe it, but I even enjoyed just snuggling up to him for the rest of

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the night. I even called him a few days later to see if he wanted to get together again.”

“That’s a big change. You’ve never spent the whole night with a guy and never done anything with the same guy more than once!”

“Well, people can change you know. But there’s no future in it. He’s bi-sexual. And, he’s married.”

“What?”

“Yea. You know how the European boys and young men are. Sex is just fun and it doesn’t matter if it’s with the same sex or the opposite sex. I’ve heard that it’s especially true of Italian boys. They just don’t have the same hangups that we Americans have. Angelo was very sweet and protective of my feelings. After the second time he told me he couldn’t spend the night with me again because, being bi-sexual, he is capable of falling in love with a man. He doesn’t want to fall in love with me because it would ruin his marriage. I think he was just giving me a gentle brush off but it was certainly the nicest one I’ve ever had.”

I just sat staring at Todd for a long minute, too shocked to say anything. But I looked up when I noticed Todd’s eyes light up in a way I had seldom seen.

Another boy, or perhaps young man, had approached the table and as I looked up at him I was again mesmerized by stunning good looks. He paid no attention to me, his dark eyes directed at Todd.

“Todd! È buono da vederlo il mio amico! You have stayed away much too long and I have missed you.”

Todd smiled as though he had just won a million dollars. “Good to see you, too, Angelo.” Todd’s smile became somewhat melancholy. “I’ve missed you as well.”

“Antonio told me you were here with a friend and I just had to come over and see you.”

“Angelo, this is my good friend Robby Sanderson.”

Angelo looked at me pleasantly with one raised eyebrow and murmured “Quanto buon un amico?”

I blushed at the question as he looked back at Todd waiting for an answer to know what *kind* of friends we were. Todd winked at me.

“Just a good friend. We’ve known each other since high school.”

Angelo grinned broadly, apparently satisfied with the answer although I couldn’t understand why it was important to him given what Todd had just told me.

“Your friend, he is very handsome. He likes boys, too?”

My head snapped up in semi-shock at the boldness of Angelo’s question. But a split second later, I was blushing furiously at Todd’s reply.

“Oh, yes he absolutely does. Especially where your little brother Tony is concerned.”

“Ah! Antonio will be very happy to hear this. He is, how you say, all excited about his new customer.” Angelo turned to look at me, winked, then looked back at Todd with a lustful expression. “I can come to your home after closing tonight, no?”

“You can come to my house tonight, yes!” Todd was looking very happy.

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“But, what about your marriage?”

Angelo frowned momentarily. “She is being a bitch this week.” That apparently explained everything and I noticed that Todd wasn’t asking any more questions so I guess it satisfied him. Glancing at the rising mound at the front of Angelo’s tight slacks, I guess it would have satisfied me, as well.

Angelo looked quickly around, noting that we were not readily visible to others in our little alcove, then leaned over quickly and gave Todd a quick kiss on the lips. His hand simultaneously dropped beyond the table edge and from the way Todd twitched, I was sure Angelo had just groped my friend. Then he was gone, a lingering “Lo vederò stasera il mio amore” still ringing in our ears.

“Is it hot in here or what? Is the entire family gay or bi-sexual?”

Todd just looked at me for a moment with a dreamy, faraway look on his face. “Did you understand what he just said to me?”

I shook my head. Certain common words I could understand but most of what Angelo had said was beyond my linguistic capabilities.

“He said ‘I will see you later my love’. He called me his love.” Todd seemed to drift away again into his own little land of joy until Tony appeared once more, ready to take our orders.

“Are you ready to order?” Tony’s youthful tenor voice was so soothing, so exciting, that I was almost afraid to look up at him for fear that my face would betray my every lustful thought.

Once again, it was Todd who answered for us while I quickly sipped at my wine to moisten my suddenly dry mouth. “Yes, Tony. I believe I will have the Pasta Primavera with a small Caesar Salad.”

I found my voice and ordered the Baked Lasagna with meat sauce, as well as a Caesar, staring at Tony’s sweet face the whole time and sighing deeply that I lacked the courage to say or do anything else.

“Tony, my friend is very shy, just like you. So, let me make introductions. This is Robby. Robby, this is Antonio. Now we all know each other.” Todd paused, looking at me with a mischievous grin. “Did Angelo say anything to you, Antonio?”

Tony blushed crimson, his cheeks aflame as he stuttered a half believable denial. Just the fact that he had blushed at the question seemed proof that Angelo had told him quite a lot.

“Well, if not, let me say this. Antonio, Robby thinks you are a very beautiful boy. He wants very much to be your friend and get to know you better but he is too shy. Angelo told us that you are very smitten with Robby, as well. So what say the two of you exchange telephone numbers.”

Tony stood dumbfounded. In his shyness, he was frozen in place, never having encountered such a profoundly bold advance and not exactly knowing how to respond but too well trained to simply flee from our table. I sensed that, in some ways, he wanted very much to do what Todd had suggested but was afraid to make the first move. As was I. We seemed to be at an impasse. Todd, again, to the rescue.

“Okay, Tony, I’m sorry if I’ve embarrassed you. I’ve definitely embarrassed Robby. I’m really just trying to be helpful. Why don’t we try this. I know that you get off work at nine which is about the time Robby and

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I will be finishing our dinner and preparing to leave. Why don't we order dessert at that time. I'll have the take-out Spumoni and Robby will have the take out.....you!"

This time it was my turn to swallow wine down my wind pipe and begin coughing violently. I grabbed for the napkin in my lap to cover my mouth just as Tony moved toward me with a look of genuine concern on his face. But Todd hadn't yet finished.

"The two of you are looking at each other as though you are soul mates yet both of you are too shy to make the first move. I can only do so much. So here's an idea. Angelo is coming over to my house for the night. Why don't you come along with him, Tony? And I'll have Robby there so that the two of you can talk and get to know each other without any pressure. How does that sound?"

I looked up at Tony, who was looking at me, an almost pleading expression on his face. Probably on mine as well. I nodded my head, keeping my eyes on Tony and sighing a breath of relief when he nodded his head also. As Tony turned to the side to speak to Todd, I noticed that the front of his slacks were almost obscenely tented.

"Would you still like the take out desserts?"

Typically Todd: "Yes, but change mine from Spumoni to Angelo."



Chapter Two

Promptly at nine o'clock, Todd and I placed our napkins on our table, having already paid Antonio and having given him an enormous gratuity, and made our way to the front of the restaurant. Although the restaurant closed in one more hour, most of the tables were still fully occupied and Antonio's mother was still seating the last of the evenings patrons at tables.

As she returned to the front, she again greeted us with a hug and an invitation to return soon. I couldn't help wondering what she would think if she knew the kinds of thoughts I was having about her youngest son. But she answered my unspoken question when she pinched my cheek.

"Such a handsome boy you are. Be good to my Antonio. He is a good boy but he knows nothing of real love yet and so he is very fragile."

All I could think of to say, in reply, was "Yes, ma'am."

With perfect timing to save me from further embarrassment, Angelo and Tony appeared behind their mother, each kissing her goodnight and whispering in her ear, then moving past her to follow us out the door.

Angelo was perfectly at ease, putting his arm about Todd's waist to pull him closer, then releasing him as we rounded the corner to find a small gathering of young men in their twenties and thirties lounging about aimlessly, apparently unacquainted with one another and trying to appear casual. They looked at the four of us as we passed, a couple casting looks of longing while others were shooting poison darts with their eyes.

Angelo explained, after we had passed. "Our little family restaurant has developed a significant gay following. They usually hang around outside the restaurant as closing time nears hoping to seduce one of us into going home with them. They are our fans and we are their rockstars!" He laughed quietly at his small joke.

Todd, in his typically bold fashion, asked, "How often do they succeed?" I thought I sensed a small tone of jealousy in his voice, which came as no small surprise to me. Could it be that my friend, the ubiquitous bed-hopping *I'll never fall in love* Todd was actually smitten by Angelo?

"Many men have invited me home but I just tell them that I am flattered but my wife would not like it if I were late. Antonio has much fewer invitations because he appears so young but those who are bold enough to approach him are *striscia* - how you say creeps - and I tell them not to bother my little Antonio."

Todd was mollified and brightened considerably. "Why did you accept my invitation, then? Quite readily, if I remember correctly."

"Oh, but you were special *il mio amore*. I noticed you when you first entered the restaurant and thought you were such a beautiful person I made Antonio switch with me so I could wait on you. I expected nothing but was very pleased when you asked me to come to your home. That is why I became afraid of falling in love with you after my second visit."

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“Are you still afraid?”

“No, it is now too late. I am already being in love. That is why my wife is being a bitch. I have had no desire to *sleep* with her for many days. She accused me of having another woman on the side.”

“She doesn’t know that you’re bi-sexual?” I couldn’t believe that I was the one bold enough to raise the question but it was out before I could stop myself.

“She believes such thing is impossible and that I have made it up to explain my absences with Todd. There was only one other man that I had *sessò* with before Todd and that was in New York City when I was but sixteen years. He was very kind until I became eighteen and then he wanted someone younger. I cursed all gay men then and found my Patrizia and we were married. All was well until Todd walked into the restaurant that night. It was the *thunderbolt* for me just as it was for little Antonio tonight.” Angelo turned to look behind him at his younger brother who was blushing and shooting darts with his eyes.

Angelo stopped short and turned to face Tony and I. He looked back and forth at each of us, glowering at the two feet of space that existed between us, then turned to Todd. “Ho vostro permesso?” Todd obviously understood both the words and the look that passed between them.

Stepping up closely in front of me, Angelo pulled me tight against him and began passionately kissing me, his hands making their way down to caress my ass. I felt shocked, embarrassed and a little afraid that this kind of thing might affect the possibility of friendship with Tony, but my body was reacting as it was programmed to when a beautiful, sexy young man grinds his crotch against yours and kisses you deeply.

Breaking the kiss and stepping back, Angelo looked at me with a pleased expression, grabbed my hand and pressed it against the front of his slacks. The hard flesh that lay up against his belly was unmistakable and, while not extraordinarily large, very respectable in size. I pulled my hand back like I had touched a hot iron, a reflexive reaction more than one performed out of considered thought.

Smiling, Angelo grasped Tony by his shoulders and eased him over beside me, then turned him to face me. Before either of us could think of anything, Angelo grasped Tony’s hand and pressed it tight against my crotch and forced Tony’s fingers to squeeze my own hardened and elongated flesh. Tony struggled minimally and it seemed quite obvious that he only made a show of resisting and clearly enjoyed the contact. Meanwhile, Todd had joined the action and was standing tightly behind Angelo and reaching around front to squeeze Angelo’s manhood.

After what was probably only thirty seconds but seemed much longer, we all separated, suddenly looking around to see if anyone had observed our indiscretions on a public street, and then moved purposefully toward my car.

As we approached my car, I clicked on the fob to unlock the doors and the lights flashed. Angelo stopped in his tracks and looked at me in amazement. “You are *molto ricchi* - very rich, no?”

I smiled with a degree of amusement. “No, Angelo. I’m not rich.”

“But your car. It is many tens of thousands of dollars, is it not?”

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My Mercedes CL550 was one of those little pleasures that I provided for myself, along with a respectable wardrobe, as a means of bolstering my self image and trying to overcome the handicap of shyness. I knew that there were a lot of guys who would come on to me when they saw my clothes and car which would alleviate the need for me to make the first move. I subconsciously detested my blatant attempt to find a companion through such a despicable ruse, but it had succeeded in providing me more than a few pleasant evening diversions with a cute teenager or young man. But they were either one nighters or short term as the attraction of purported wealth soon wore off.

“Yes, it’s an expensive car but I make monthly payments just like every other working guy. And I don’t spend a lot of money on other things so I can treat myself to a nice car.”

“Angelo nodded, but added, “and nice expensive suits.”

Todd broke in, apparently fearful that the vision of money was becoming too important to Angelo. “Robby is an attorney, Angelo. He makes very good money but it is far from being *molto ricchi*.”

“Still, it is comforting to know my little Antonio will be well cared for.”

I opened the front passenger door for Tony as Todd and Angelo climbed into the back, then shut the door after assuring myself that Tony’s hands and feet were clear.

Angelo leaned forward over Tony’s shoulder. “He is very much a gentleman, your Robby.”

It was a short drive to Todd’s house, a spacious but older plantation style home with a wide front porch and portico to shield arriving guests from inclement weather should it be present as they arrived at the front entrance to the house. I parked adjacent to the front steps and we all climbed out of the car and headed into the house.

Todd led us into the sitting room which he had tastefully furnished with sufficient seating arrangements for a sizeable party. Angelo draped himself over a small two-person sofa as Todd went to a sideboard to prepare some after-dinner drinks. I took a seat on another sofa and, after a moment’s hesitation, Tony sat down beside me, our hips touching and sending electric sparks cascading through my brain.

Angelo was staring pointedly at me, his eyes urging me to be bold, so I slowly placed my arm across the back of the sofa behind Tony and then gradually moved it until it rested on his shoulders. I was delighted when Tony moved closer and leaned toward me, but I was still conscious of other eyes on us and my trepidation overcame any further intentions.

Todd returned with a tray with four glasses with ice cubes and a bottle of Bailey’s Irish Creme Liqueur. I assumed it was in deference to my aversion to most alcoholic drinks and, perhaps, Tony’s youth but it became clear such was not the case.

“Oh, you remembered my favorite,” Angelo exclaimed. “That’s so like you to be thoughtful.”

My mind spun. Todd? Thoughtful? When had that occurred? Clearly there was a transformation taking place in my good friend that was directly connected to Angelo. I had to smile in recognition that, finally, Todd had

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found someone that he wanted to keep around and that he truly cared about and enjoyed being with.

Todd distributed the drinks and raised his glass in a toast. “To good friends, old and new.”

Angelo piped in, “And to *amore*.”

I sipped at the creamy liqueur, enjoying the sweet taste in spite of the slight burn at the back of my throat. Bailey’s and a Piña colada were about the only alcoholic drinks that I could tolerate. I noted that Tony was sipping at his drink as well while Angelo had finished his in a single swallow.

Todd went to the kitchen to get a plate of cookies, demonstrating that he was a good host. As soon as he left, Angelo stripped off his shirt revealing a very bronzed, toned upper body. His waist was very small, his skin hairless and smooth, his abs and pecs lightly defined. He wore his slacks low enough that I wondered if perhaps he shaved his pubes.

Noticing that I was looking, Angelo smiled and ran his hand sensuously over his chest and stomach, closing his eyes and parting his lips as though the act gave him the greatest pleasure. I knew it was all for show but that didn’t keep my brain from sparking or my body from reacting.

I quickly turned to look at Tony, who seemed embarrassed by his brothers exhibitionistic tendencies. I squeezed him tighter to my side. “Don’t let him embarrass you, Tony. If you’re uncomfortable, I can take you home any time you say.”

Tony turned to look at me, his eyes wide, almost as if with fear. “No! I mean, he doesn’t embarrass me. I know what he’s doing. He’s trying to get a reaction from you so that I’ll be jealous. It’s the way he thinks he can help me stop being so shy. If only it were that easy.”

My mind absorbed Tony’s comment, especially the part about trying to make him jealous. I figured that was as close to a pronouncement as I was liable to get out of Tony for the present and I responded by leaning over and giving him a quick kiss on the lips. It was a testing kiss, to gauge his reaction and determine whether we were going to just be sitting here tonight or if this might go somewhere.

Tony closed his eyes and a dreamy look crossed his cute face. I took that as a signal and kissed him again, this time holding the kiss longer and nibbling at his lower lip. Tony responded, turning more toward me, and his hand rested on my thigh as he sought to brace himself in his lightly twisted position. Whether he realized it or not, his touch gave me a start and my manhood expanded rapidly and my thigh burned from his touch.

When I broke the kiss, Tony’s eyes fluttered open and appeared to be glazed over. Or, maybe it was because of the cheese cloth that I felt I was looking through at him. My head was lightly spinning and my mind was in disconnect, no longer in command of my actions as I reached up to softly stroke his cheek and run my index finger over his moistened lips, and trace the dimple in his chin.

Still in sensory overload and out of control mode, I whispered so that only he could hear, “You are so beautiful.”

At that moment I heard a laugh and snapped back to the here and now, looking over to see that Todd had already returned with the cookies and he

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and Angelo were wrapped in each other's arms but watching Tony and I with amusement and satisfaction. I'm certain that I was blushing because I could feel the burn rise from my toes all the way to the top of my head. I was surprised that so much time had passed in that brief instant that had allowed Todd to return and settle in with Angelo but the exhilaration of that moment had suspended time and consciousness of space.

I looked back at Tony. His head was listing to his side, resting on my shoulder, his eyes closed in dreamy thought. Either he was unaware that we were being observed or he no longer cared.

When I looked back at Todd and Angelo, I was surprised to see that Angelo had removed his slacks and was wearing only a very small pair of tight, white bikini briefs emblazoned with a gold waistband and the name Calvin Kline. His manhood was obviously in its tumescent state, judging from the shape extended to the left over his hip. Todd's shirt was open, the two were kissing and Angelo was sensuously exploring Todd's slightly muscular chest with his fingertips.

I forced myself to ignore them, no matter how uncomfortable I was at being in their presence while fumbling my way through this 'get acquainted' opportunity with Tony. I leaned over and kissed Tony once more, and let my own hand roam over the front of his white shirt, sensing the slender body that was beneath the cotton cloth. Tony moved his hand in small circles on my thigh and I held my breath as his fingers grazed precariously close to the tip of my erect manhood.

When Tony's fingers finally made contact, I froze and could tell that Tony had frozen as well, suddenly realizing where his hand was and what was under his fingers. After several long moments, in which I continued kissing him if for no other reason than to not betray the startling feelings I was experiencing, Tony's hand moved again. Rather than retreating, Tony's fingers grazed up the length of my erection and then back to the tip, testing, exploring, assessing.

I made no movement, other than to continue kissing him, enjoying his touch immensely and not wanting to stop this sudden leap forward that had occurred. I had hoped we might go beyond kissing tonight but had not really expected it. Now was the moment of decision.

I let my hand drift down the front of his shirt, reaching his belt, and descending lower. The backs of my fingers caressed the slacks at the apex of his legs detecting a hard mound that seemed to be confined in too small a space. I turned my hand so that I could gently caress the mound with my fingers and palm and felt the rapid increase in Tony's breathing. He wasn't objecting so I continued my caresses but afraid of moving too fast for the boy and frightening him away.

As though to alleviate my concerns, Tony squeezed the length of my manhood in his fingers, as though encouraging me to go further. I was just unbuckling his belt with one very clumsy hand when I heard a door slam.

Both Tony and I jumped in our seats and opened our eyes at the same time. The opposite sofa was empty but Angelo was passing through the room, obviously headed from Todd's bedroom toward the kitchen. He was stark naked and not the least ashamed. His small, tight ass undulated with

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his movement across the room, the cheeks as smooth and satiny as the rest of his body and deeply dimpled at the side. The crevice split his ass all the way to the base of his spine where two small dimples, one on each side of his spine, crowned the sudden swelling of his pert ass and punctuated the 'Y' formed by the crevice and muscular outline at the top of each cheek.

A moment, later, Angelo came through again, with the bottle of Bailey's in hand, smiling at me as he passed, oblivious to the seven inches of manhood that stood straight out in front of him, swaying to and fro as he sauntered past, two healthy eggs low in their sac swinging from thigh to thigh. Or perhaps he wasn't so unaware, I decided, as he reached down and gave his erection a couple of strokes as he passed.

I couldn't help but look, and catalog the attractiveness and sexuality of this very beautiful young man, barely out of his teens and so wantonly displaying his wonderful treasures to my view.

At that moment, an argument my parents had at the mall one day when I was fourteen occurred to me. My father had been walking with my mother, hand in hand, but had been distracted by a number of very beautiful and nubile young women who passed in the opposite direction and smiled at him. My mother had objected. Dad had proclaimed that there was nothing wrong with looking; in recognizing that a woman was beautiful. My mother had softly replied, "Carl, if you truly love me, you shouldn't need to even look at other women; you shouldn't even be aware of them." This argument had gone on for days until my father finally admitted defeat. But, the seed had been planted and would flower again six years later and culminate in their separation and divorce. It was my first experience with the power of perception to overrule reality.

I turned my head away from Angelo and back to Tony, kissing him more passionately and barely opening my mouth so that my tongue could taste his lips which still tasted of Bailey's Cream. I resumed feeling up the front of Tony's slacks for a few moments and then, in a sudden rush of passion, I scooped him in my arms and deposited him in my lap where I could encircle him in my arms while continuing to become more insistent with my kisses.

I resumed my fumbling efforts to open the front of Tony's slacks, finally lowering the zipper and pushing my hand inside the fly. He was wearing briefs, though without looking I could not give any further description of them. I moved my hand in, Tony's breathing coming hard and fast, perhaps to hard and fast and indicating imminent release, so I backed off a moment and allowed his feelings to calm down.

As a back up position, I ran my hand up under his shirt, over the flat stomach and barely rippling abs of a developing body, over his chest and tickling each small nipple and then back down over his sensitive belly.

I leaned to my left, laying down and drawing my legs up on the sofa, causing Tony to lay beside me. Laying there, face to face, our arms about one another, I pressed my hand inside Tony's briefs and drew his painfully cramped and doubled over erection upward where I wrapped my hand around it. As much as I enjoyed caressing this instrument of his sexual manhood, I wanted so much more but was again stopped by my own fears and inhibitions.

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Tony ran his hand inside my shirt, feeling my own musculature and not quite as smooth and hairless skin, while pressing his mouth to mine ever more insistently. His erection throbbed in my hand to the beat of his heart and again I feared he was nearing climax.

Another interruption at just that moment brought both of our temperatures back down to normal as Angelo, once again, strode naked through the room to retrieve ice cubes. As he was returning, he noted that I was grasping his little brother's erection and came over close to look at us.

Very tenderly, he stroked Tony's hair and kissed his forehead. "Ah, little brother. Tonight you will be a man and know the sweet joy that comes from being loved." He stood, smiling down, his erection almost wagging in my face, and then returned to Todd's bedroom.

I didn't watch him go.



Chapter Three

I parked in the garage and led Tony into the house. After that second interruption by Angelo, I had suggested we go to my house where we could have some privacy and not feel like we were being watched all the time or pressured into doing something that, perhaps, we were unprepared for. Tony had quickly, even excitedly, agreed. He wanted to be alone with me just as I did with him.

Leading him by the hand up the stairs to my bedroom, I kept watch on him. I half expected that, like Angelo, he would comment about the seeming trappings of wealth. I was pleased when he never took his eyes off of me except to step over my sleeping Jack Russell Terrier, Mindy, who barely opened an eye in acknowledgment.

In my bedroom, we stood facing each other, both clearly nervous. Wanting to know for certain where we stood, I posed a question. “Do you want to just lay down beside each other and talk or are you comfortable enough with me?”

It was a very vague, open-ended question that allowed him the freedom to indicate a desire to move forward or retreat. He chose moving forward, giving his answer by unbuckling my belt and letting my slacks fall to the floor. He seemed, at that moment, like a boy on a mission as he quickly unbuttoned my shirt and pushed it off my shoulders. The shirt didn’t slip entirely off and I had to pause to unfasten my cuff links so that the shirt could slide off of my arms.

I was now standing there in just my white briefs, my slacks puddled at my ankles, and Tony looking at me almost with an expression of ravenous hunger. Whatever had overcome him in that moment had now dissipated and he stood shyly looking down, afraid he had been too aggressive.

Placing a finger under his chin, I raised his face to mine and proceeded to kiss him, forcing his lips apart with my tongue and exploring his oral cavity with an immense sense of joy. He was pressed tightly against my bare chest, his arms wrapped around me and hands exploring up and down my back. He seemed hesitant to take the plunge and drop his hands to my ass so I encouraged him by taking his ass in my two hands and squeezing each wonderfully full, tight cheek.

Tony pressed tighter against me and I could feel his erection against my own as he slowly moved his hips in an instinctive rhythm. Just when I thought I couldn’t take the waiting any longer, Tony’s hands pressed inside my briefs to cup my ass and gradually ease my briefs down over my hips. Where my hesitation, borne of experience and past rejection, Tony, in his inexperience, knew nonesuch and acted strictly as his hormones dictated.

Stepping back, Tony looked down at me standing naked in front of him. “*Oh il mio dio,*” he exclaimed, momentarily reverting to his mother tongue.

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“Siete bello. L'uomo più bello nel mondo.” Then, reaching out to take my manhood in his hand, he tested it's girth and weight in his hand, gently stroked it a few times, softly squeezed it as if determining the strength of the steel that lay beneath the soft skin. Then, looking up into my eyes, his own eyes moist, he quickly shed his clothing to stand before me, exquisitely beautiful, gloriously nude and waiting to be loved.

I wrapped Tony in my arms and kissed him deeply and passionately, our two male swords dueling against each other with the movement of our hips. Then, picking him up, I moved forward and lay him on my bed like precious goods and stretched out beside him.

Tony was on his back, his erection standing tall like a flagpole. His uncircumcised erection was unsheathed, the foreskin having withdrawn entirely along the almost seven inch length. His upper body was entirely smooth except for a small line of hair under his arms. His pubic bush was full and thick but confined to a neatly defined crescent at the base of his manhood. His two updrawn eggs rested in a smooth sac with a few lone hairs here and there and the space beneath was only lightly dusted with sparse black hairs leading to his ultimate treasure.

As if by contrast, his legs, from about mid-thigh down to his ankles, were hairy with straight and fine black hairs that accentuated his maleness and enhanced the beauty of his toned, shapely limbs.

I rubbed my hands up and down his legs, enjoying the crisp hairs and the tickling of my palm as I quietly explored his beautiful body. But my exploration was brief because his erection was waving enticingly, urging, begging, calling out for attention.

Without preamble, I leaned over and took Tony in my mouth, down to his pubic hairs, then slowly withdrawing up the long stalk, working my tongue round and round and finally dragging it across the sensitive glans. Tony's hips bucked upward when I took him in, and again as I withdrew, and a third time as the roughness of my tongue lathered the sensitive head. His hands alternately curled into fists, grasping the bedding, his toes curling, and his hips continually moving up and down as I continued my ministrations to his overheated member. Truly a virgin, he had long awaited this day but had saved himself for one that he thought he could love. I was awed by the realization that he could have chosen me, of all people.

A slight perspiration had broken out on Tony's forehead and upper lip as his face and chest flushed red with the exertion of controlling his body and its functions, and fighting against the inevitable release which he wanted to delay for as long as possible. He had waited too long for it to be over so quickly. But his efforts were of no avail. The hot, tingling sensation that began somewhere in his rectum and spread, like the heat of the morning sun rising over the mountains, quickly engulfed him. His release was upon him and he barely had time to grunt a warning before the first salvo fired from his hard as steel erection to strike the back of my throat, followed by several more shots of gradually decreasing intensity.

After he was spent, laying back, too exhausted to move, gulping great lungs full of air, I lay up beside him, kissed him on the cheek and draped my arm around his waist. He offered a breathless smile in return and turned

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toward me to embrace me and press his cheek against my chest. The blissful after-moments were my favorite time, when simply being together was all that mattered.

It took Tony ten minutes to come down from the mountain, by which time he was slowly stroking my erection. He forced me onto my back and leaned over me, staring closely at my pulsing manhood, hesitant, wanting. Slowly, he stuck out his tongue and touched it to the head of my erection once, then again, then licked at it briefly like an ice cream cone.

I was sure I would explode long before he could learn his technique, so exciting were his ministrations. But, reading my mind, he lowered himself and gradually impaled his face on my long sword, managing half of it before it struck the back of his throat and triggered the gag reflex. He drew back and focused his oral attentions on the glans, causing me to cry out in the pain/pleasure of immense arousal and warn him that I was about to unload.

Tony backed up, grasping my erection in his hand and pumping furiously as I began to empty my seed on my chest and stomach. Then, in the nature of the young and curious, Tony approached once more to lick at the head and savor the results of his efforts.

After we had rested, we showered together, soaping each other and continuing to explore one another's bodies, then dried off and moved back to the bedroom.

A look at the clock revealed it was almost two o'clock in the morning so I pulled back the covers on the bed and let Tony slide in between the sheets, following closely behind. I wrapped the boy in my arms, cuddled up to him in spoon fashion, and we breathed the deep, satisfied breath of those who have found ultimate satisfaction.

As I drifted to sleep, I felt as though heaven had smiled on me. I had found that special boy I had been searching for ever since I was a teenager. A boy who, like me, was shy and searching for true love. I had found my other half.

Tony's mind was equally mulling over the evening. He pictured arriving home the following morning, telling his mother of his discovery. "*Madre, ho trovato il mio amore allineare. L'altra metà della mia anima.* I have found my shadow. I am complete."

We both fell into a deep, blissful slumber that can only be achieved by those who are truly content and deeply in love. Such is the way with the *'thunderbolt'*.

- L'estremità -
(The End)

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