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The Deliciousness of His Sex

edited by R. Jackson

BI GUYS



The Deliciousness
of His Sex

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Bi Guys: The Deliciousness of His Sex

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BI GUYS

The Deliciousness
of His Sex



R. Jackson, Editor



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MAPLE SHADE NJ

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BI GUYS
The Deliciousness
of His Sex



“Without shame the man I like knows and avows
the deliciousness of his sex,
Without shame the woman I like knows and avows hers.”

— Walt Whitman, “A woman waits for me”
Leaves of Grass

Sex Beyond Bisexuality

Marco Vassi

Lucinda and Gerard

WE FLOWED THROUGH THE ANCIENT choreography of desire. We did nothing that has not been done through the millennia of recorded history and into the unwritten hundreds of thousands of years before our species began to take itself seriously enough to begin recording its folly. The changes from one configuration to the next were so organic that there was no sense of separation between positions. Moving like dancers in notation, still all our actions were spontaneous.

I sucked his cock while she sucked mine... he took my cock into his mouth while she swallowed his... she lapped at my cock while he tongued her cunt... she received both our cocks between her lips at the same time...

The catalogue is lengthy, listing most of the variations possible among three people. The moment of highest focus came as he fucked me from behind while I was fucking her from in front. I felt her cunt clasp my cock as his cock slid between my buttocks. The sensation was like peaking on acid.

She later talked about the experience in ecstatic terms, describing the overpowering excitement of having two men pour their energy into her. He said it was the single most erotic moment of his lifetime. For me, it was the bridging of a deep

inner schism. The twin element of my being fused: mother and father joined in my consciousness as once their egg and sperm had joined to create that consciousness.

My pelvis rolled and buttocks flexed in response to his entry, and the concurrent circling of my cock triggered the mounting tension in her to a surging orgasm. As I then went with the rhythms of her tumultuous eruption, he burst into climax. I was drawn by the vortex of total sharing of myself among the three of us, and when I came, the vibrations were those of us all.

I had been in scores of threesomes, but it was either me fucking two women, or another man and myself fucking a single woman, or three men together. This was the first time I attained to complete relationship to both a man and a woman simultaneously and equally. It resulted in a unification of perspective that introduced the contradictory aspects of my being to one another without the comforting buffer of confusion, and forced me to face the fragmentation of my soul.

During the course of the night, I was also alone with each of them at different times.

She and I talked, whispering, holding hands, our foreheads almost touching, while he went to another part of the house to be by himself. It mattered little what we said, the tales were told. It was the communion that transported us, the intimacy. When we fucked, it was by falling gently from words into deeds, deepening the bond between us.

Later, with him, there was a closeness of a comparable kind. I found myself in a mood of narcissistic responsiveness, and as he stood over me, I became passive, soft. I cared for little but to float in an onanistic reverie, allowing my body to find its own arcane expressions of yielding. He could use me as he wished, so long as he was content to remain solitary. He put himself in proportion to my state and found his pleasure by acting the complement to my desire. As I closed my eyes and stretched lazily, I thought of how deliciously it contrasted to other times

with men, when I would be fiercely active, and give myself with yearning pelvis and wild cries of need.

Before dawn, as we all slept, I lost all distinctions, lying between the two of them. There seemed to be no difference in our sexes. I was not a man, nor was I a woman, but something which included both. And like any good gestalt, I was greater than the sum of my parts.



Robert and Diane

With the energy born of exploration, we worked our way through a *Kama Sutra* kaleidoscope. The costumes of our insights and the import of our revelations were but varied aspects of a single awareness: the reverberation of cosmic vibration through the medium of the human body.

He entered her tenderly from behind, swelling between her buttocks, and I entered her cunt from in front. For a dazzling arc out of time we rang in all the changes of feeling possible in that position. I had my arms around his shoulders, his mouth pressed to mine, as she writhed between us, caught on our cocks, taking us in and giving to us all at once.

We followed no program, and yet I found a path through a vast array of complex interlockings. Most poignantly I remember her lips against mine, our kiss hot with passion, while his cock throbbed like a third tongue between our own.

Again I was fucked while fucking. She lay under me in classic pose, her legs at a thirty-degree angle, her knees slightly raised, as I swam in the hot moistness of her cunt easily. Suddenly, he was on top of me and with a stuttering shudder his cock soared between my buttocks and penetrated my flesh. As he moved into the privacy of my inner space of sensation, the basic

question of all bisexuality came to the surface: how to be a man to the woman while being a woman to the man, and how to be a man to the woman while being a man to the man, and how to be a woman to the woman while being a woman to the man, and how to be a woman to the woman while being a man to the man?

I could not deal with the multiplicity of levels except by surrender, and at that, the patterns began to sort themselves out. For a while, each thrust of his cock was matched by a pulsation of light in her eyes. Each roll of her pelvis and sigh from her chest was encased in the stillness of his mind and mine as they interpenetrated and became one consciousness to behold the beauty of the woman between us. Our hands found each other, and in the mingling of fingers I could no longer tell which was his, which hers, which mine, which was right, which was left. Like trapeze artists, we had leapt from our perches of safety and found ourselves given up to trust and timing.

The open manifestation of the bifurcation within me brought forth the split within each of them, and at a stroke, we were six. The shifts were rapid and startling. In one moment we were two men and a woman, and then became three men, and again, three women, changing into two men and a man. The genital realities played tag with the psychic states. The subtleties ramified. The man in me was not only a straight male responding as such to a female, and a gay male responding as such to a male, but also a male lesbian swooning in exquisite ambiguity between the figures on either side.

Finally, our breathing synchronized. Our inhalations and exhalations magnified so that each breath had the power of three, increasing the energy available to us to a superhuman capacity.

We did something that went even further to nourish the metamorphosis. I lay on my back, him sucking me while I kissed her. It was as though I were delineated at the waist. My lower part was male and my upper part was female. I kissed her

as a woman kisses a woman and she caressed my breasts while he sucked me as a man sucks a man. A sudden shift, and I was a man from the waist up while a woman below. Now I was a man kissing a woman while feeling the sweet melting of my woman's body to his male mouth.

With a buzzing connection, the male and female inside me began to undulate in a series of sine waves. I lost my sexual identity and became a sexual entity. Yet, there was none of the out-of-focus loss of sense of self that often accompanies experiences of that kind. On the physical plane, I had a sure awareness of myself as a genitally male animal; I knew my name; I remembered the nature of things. Reality was pervasive.

Then, a sense of urgency, a quickening of the life force, a deeper pulsation. Inside, male and female had fused; outside, male and female pressed upon me. We all crept in closer, we began to make sounds, we wept at the scope of the orgasm that swept toward us.

During the ensuing ecstasy, all the centers of my being operated independently and harmoniously. The instinctual brain moved my body, as the emotive core sent bolts of yearning through my system; I raised my arms to the heavens. The intellectual center was caught in a state of wordless wonder at the fact of existence, and the higher faculties spun mighty mandalas of meaning.

Through it all, my eyes opened and looked upon the brute truth of the actual room we lay in, saw the flickering shadows on the ceiling thrown by the candle next to the bed, and I heard, from the stereo at the far corner of the room, the Beatles singing, "In my life, I've loved you all."

CCBC

Marc Anders

CATHEDRAL CITY, SANDWICHED BETWEEN PALM Springs and Rancho Mirage like the middle-man of a *ménage-a-trois*, is the black sheep of the desert.

It's late Saturday — almost Sunday — and I'm driving down Highway 111. On either side of the highway, which is the main street, billboards announce the redevelopment of this dirty little town. Of course, I don't mean dirty in the pejorative sense because the town offers up so many seedy pleasures that aren't available in Santa Barbara — and now I see the sign for one of them: *Cathedral City Boys Club*.

I've anteed up the courage to check this place out. I'm bad, I know. I should be home with my wife and son tonight, doing the dishes or helping with homework. I should be committing to the family life I opted for fourteen years ago. Instead, I'm going to a place that represents the road not taken.

At the entrance, I hand a twenty to a jovial, balding man behind a counter, and then complete an entrance slip. He gives me some change and a receipt which is my pass, good for twelve hours, and buzzes me in.

CCBC is advertised as a 45-room, clothing-optional “resort” on three-plus acres surrounded by an eight-foot wall. In truth, it's equivalent to a bathhouse, the whole place having been

designed for sexual encounters inside and out. *Take A Walk On The Wild Side*, the ads beckon, *Where the nights are hot and the men are hotter*.

It is a hot night, let me tell you, still in the mid-nineties, and the large pool and Jacuzzi are full of naked men. I'm lounging atop a chaise on the grassy area near the pool, looking up at palm fronds moving in a breeze not felt forty feet below. The beauty is surreal; what should be a black star-filled sky is strangely lit under an almost full moon. I relax into the comfort of the chaise, thinking I could be absurdly content living here with *all* my needs taken care of.

I've decided to take "The Walk." It's a concrete sidewalk that twists and turns behind the bungalows, periodically offering up mature foliage with alcoves perfect for sex. I imagine this to be like the rambles in Griffith Park I've read about, where nasty boys do nasty things to each other. Splendid.

I'm passing several rooms with doors and windows left open. Inside, unclothed men wait like spiders, hoping to entice a passerby into their carnal webs. I'm rubbernecking, of course, the whole time, until I come face-to-face with a guy walking toward me.

"Hiya," he says.

"Hey," I reply, slowing as we pass each other. I turn around and see he's looking back too. I stop; our eyes linger and connect. He's tall, tan, wearing only blue jeans and black boots; the boots surprise me because of the temperature. I smile, turn around again, and continue on, unbuttoning my shirt as I walk. I know my chest is my best asset in a place like this.

I'm two minutes into this labyrinth jungle, passing several guys doing each other in the bushes. I slow my pace, look back, and there he is again — following me, as I hoped he would.

Further, past a small waterfall and several more bends, I notice a stand of blooming Oleander with a neatly trimmed, but narrow, portal. I squeeze through, just far enough so I can

still be seen, my silhouette framed by the white flowers. Seconds later, he's in the shrubbery with me — and far more handsome than I'd previously observed.

He speaks first. "Where you from?"

Before I reply, he slips his hands under my open shirt, palming them against my chest hair. He's kneading my pecs, running fingers over curly hairs; his grin tells me he likes them. I feel the delicious tingle of my inflating cock.

"Santa Barbara. You?"

"L.A.," he says. "You're a hot man." This is awesome to hear because he's a real stud — model-handsome face with a defined hirsute torso; my own Marlboro Man fantasy.

"You're hotter," I say, before I can stop myself. He pulls my head toward his sweaty chest and I flick my tongue against his right nipple, bite it slightly while feeling his bicep. He grunts, acknowledging his animal pleasure. His skin tastes like it smells — musky, and I sense he hasn't showered recently.

"Where you staying?" he asks, which I take to mean this may happen, but not outside.

"I'm at my condo — not far from here."

Two sex-hunting voyeurs have halted inside our cloister, watching us the way I like to watch others. "Beat it," my stud growls. The menace implied in his command is a turn-on, but it amazes me that he's come to a public venue for sex and is insisting on privacy.

"How far is 'not far,' man?"

"Rancho Mirage. About a mile."

He looks at my wedding ring. "You're *married?*"

"Yeah."

"To a woman?"

"Yeah." Where is this leading?

"Wife know you like dick?"

"She does," I say. "Why do you care?"

He pulls back abruptly, withdrawing from the bushes to the sidewalk. "I gotta move on," he says. "Can't stand liars."

"Hold on. I'm *not* a liar. I'm one of the honest ones."

He stops, pivots toward me again. "Sorry if I misunderstand," he says. "But, I don't see how a married guy can be in a place like this."

"You're pretty naive," I say, watching him retreat from whatever allure I held for him just a minute ago. Talk about the big one that got away! I'm angry now; this is so much horseshit. Does everyone have to be totally gay — or totally straight — to be accepted? Is *anyone* really a hundred percent anything?

I return to the lawn chaise, a time-out, hoping to dispel my indignation. This guy wanted sex until he saw my wedding ring. Fuck me. Hell, I know a gay guy in Santa Barbara who *only* has sex with married men. He actually hunts for men wearing a metal band and wants it in clear view while he services them.

I reflect on gay friends who dumped me when I married Megan. Not when I moved in with a woman — they thought it was a phase — but when I actually *married* one. The older lawyer who was my first man-fuck, introduced me to his two roommates. The three were great fun — two lawyers and a hairdresser — and together they mentored my youthful deviance. But, I've not heard from any of them since my marriage. I must have been such a disappointment — a waste of their tutelage.

The fact is, I've never *really* had my cake and eaten it too, as they say, because so many gays are hostile toward men who say they're bisexual. Just like straights, they abhor the notion you're getting away with something.

Resilient, I walk around again, and my aborted trick approaches me again.

"You know," I say, "my wife knows all about me. I'm not one of those closeted married men sneaking out." He doesn't respond. "I'm not trying to deceive anyone."

“Sorry, guy. I just don’t get it. You’ll have to forgive me for not getting it.” He brushes past me and I decide his body odor actually reeks. I do not look back this time, and I do not absolve him.

Now I’m in a tenebrous video room I’ve discovered near some outside lockers. The only light here comes from porn playing on a TV screen, filtering through slightly open metal miniblinds. Disinfectant permeates the air like in a public toilet, and I imagine some poor guy mopping the concrete floor free of dried cum in the morning.

Two guys in 501s stand in a corner, making out and playing with each other’s cocks through their open button flies. When one kneels, giving head, I move in for a closer look. I’m squatting inches from their action and neither one seems to mind — finally, two guys who *get* it. I pull my shorts down, freeing my blood-engorged cock. I unscrew the cap on my popper bottle, bring it to my nostril, and take a hit. The guy getting blown reaches toward me and I hand him the bottle. He inhales the nitrate fumes through his mouth, winking his kinship as he returns the bottle.

The door creaks open and another man — totally naked except for work boots — enters the room. He’s all height and sculpted black muscle, all self-assurance. His color blends into the room’s darkness, but I’m able to discern an enormous veined appendage flopping toward me with a sense of purpose.

I think I want it.

Late in the Season

Felice Picano

HE WAS WALKING DOWN THE street in a foreign city, an old city. It was daylight, but he was unsure of the hour. The light was so strange — so bright and yet without glare — he couldn't tell whether it was late morning or just before sunset. Whatever time it was, it bathed the surrounding buildings in an odd light, as though they were being illuminated for a film to be shot. Colonnades to his left seemed endlessly repetitive. A tall building of some sort with a crenellated roof visible loomed on his other side. The paving stones under his feet were unusually large, lightly pitted, pale gray; gutters — like half pipes set into their surface — ran along them: real gutters. It was a very old city. When he finally reached the end of the two long buildings, he was in a large, empty plaza. He realized he must be in some Italian city — Florence or Siena. There was a lovely little Romanesque-style church to one side; and in the middle of the plaza, a statue on a tall pedestal. Perseus? Suddenly he heard a telephone ringing. He looked all around him in the plaza, thinking he was near a phone kiosk, but there was none — no other structures but the apse of the church and the statue — David? — on the pedestal. Could it be ringing from where he'd emerged? From behind those colonnades? Or, perhaps, ahead of him, inside the church? It was somehow extremely important that he reach the phone

and answer it, desperately important. But there was no one on the street to ask where it was. He began running, first through the colonnades, then, when these only showed him an endless gray brick wall, across the street to the tall building, which had many doors. All of them were locked. Finally he dashed back into the plaza, and toward the church. He flung open the huge, cast bronze, carefully balanced doors, and rushed inside. Except for a flock of geese waddling across the dark, musty, tiled floor, and the distorted light filtering down through oddly colored high windows, he could see nothing inside. He edged back out again, into the plaza. The phone had suddenly stopped ringing, and he cursed himself for being unable to reach it. Then he heard her voice — and he knew it was Fiammetta calling him. There she was, at the other end of the plaza; she'd just come over a curved footbridge — were they in Venice suddenly? — running toward him. She wore a Nile green gown, embroidered with pearls at her throat and wrists, the sleeves slashed to explode out bunches of white satin. Her hair was the gold of an antique coin, fashionably plucked so her wide, lovely brow was higher than it ought to be. She charged right into his arms, shaking him... shaking him....

He woke up. Stevie was on the bed, almost astride him, shaking him awake. "It's Dan," she said. "He's on the phone. From London."

"Dan?" He sat up suddenly, awakened totally. "What time is it?" It was barely midnight. He'd only been asleep a half hour.

"I had to get it," she said apologetically. "Even out there it was keeping me awake. It just rang and rang, then started ringing again. I'm sorry, Jonathan. If I'd thought it was Dan... I thought it must be someone else. Some emergency or something."

He held her close.

"It's all right. I'll take it. Try to get some sleep."

He'd awakened as thoroughly as though there were a burglar in the house, or a murdering intruder. He jumped out of bed,

rolling her over him, and pulled on a pair of shorts. Daniel hadn't called this morning: hadn't called since Jonathan had hung up on him. Well, he would have to be dealt with sometime. Why not now?

"Try to go to sleep," he said, closing the bedroom door behind him.

"Jonathan?" she called.

"What?"

"Nothing." Then: "I was going to ask you not to fight. Please?"

"I won't," he said.

"Liar!"

"Am I that transparent to you?"

She had to think about that. "Not really," she admitted.

"Go to sleep!"

"I'll try," she said, unconvinced.

He went to the phone in the living room, picked it up, heard nothing on the other end, and wondered if they'd lost the connection. He extracted a cigarette from the package on the table and lighted it.

"Jonathan? You there?" Daniel's voice sounded odd. Here goes, Jonathan thought.

"Hi, Dan." Breezily. "What's with the phone call? Trouble?"

"Who was that who answered the phone?" Dan asked, equally airily. So that was how it was going to be played.

"The Locke girl. Stevie. You remember her. From across the way. Lady Bracknell's ward." Said as easily as though they were talking about someone not seen in months.

"So late in the season?" Dan inquired, as though over a Campari cocktail on the Via Veneto.

"She came out here to be away from her parents. She's going through a few crises. Undergoing pressures."

"I see. Crises. Pressures."

"That's right. You know the usual post-adolescent stuff. Whether to finish college or go to work. Whether to become independent or not. Kid stuff." He puffed on the cigarette theatrically.

Without missing a beat, or changing an inflection in his voice, Dan asked, "How long have you been sleeping with her?"

A nice turn. *Bravo!* Jonathan thought. "About a week. No. Not quite." Let's be civilized, his tone said.

"Not quite a week?" Slightly surprised — so the crumpets don't come with the tea today. Only scones. That kind of question. "Well, that must have made her forget her little crises. Unless," urbanely added, "it created a new one."

"I don't think so," Jonathan said, letting the smoke drift out of his mouth, á la Ronald Colman in God-knows-what awful movie. "Of course, I can't really claim to have helped her any."

"I'm certain you did. You're always so good with the little human touches."

This farce of cynicism and hypocrisy was beginning to pall on Jonathan. It wasn't getting them anywhere. They knew they could play it for hours if they chose: they were well enough matched for it. Why bother? He'd leave the phone for a minute on some pretext. Dan would naturally assume he was going to Stevie, and reporting their talk to her. When he picked up the receiver again, Daniel would be furious. Then, it would really begin.

"Hold on a second, will you, Dan?" he said, left the phone without waiting for an answer, and went to the window wall, one panel of which he moved aside so only the screen remained.

Dew spangled the screen's mesh already. Farther away a green meteorite dove through the night sky toward the horizon, exploding in a tiny emerald-and-white puff. It was chilly out. He'd better put on a shirt.

When he got back to the phone, it was silent. He thought he heard a sob. Oh, no! That wasn't what he wanted on a transatlantic call. Concerned, he asked. "Daniel? You there? What's going on?"

Daniel's answer was calm, collected, showing Jonathan he'd been wrong about the sob. "Here? Nothing wrong. A little post-adolescent crisis, perhaps. Perhaps a little realization that I've been awake until five-thirty in the morning, Greenwich time, worrying about my lover in New York who's been acting a little bit unlike himself, while he's busily screwing some young girl. Aside from that, nothing. Nothing important, certainly."

"I'm not going to say I'm sorry."

"Heaven forbid!" The first outburst. Then, calmer, "Sorry, babe. The strain, you know. The distance and all." Then, "Are you in love with her?"

Jonathan's answer was a long pause that Daniel himself interrupted. "Let me rephrase the question to make it easier for you to answer. Are you leaving me for her?"

"Look, Daniel..."

"Are you?"

"I don't know. It's not like that."

"What's it like, then?"

"Not what you think."

"I'm thinking nothing at all. I'm completely without prejudice or precedents. I'm just hearing it for the first time, remember?"

"Your imagination is running wild," Jonathan said calmly.

"Well, perhaps that's so. So why don't *you* tell *me*."

"I don't know," was all he could come up with after a long pause.

"You don't know? Well, *I* know," Daniel said. "And I know that you're not leaving me without a fight. Face to face. Hand-to-hand combat, baby. So you'd better get working on those

weights you've been neglecting — fast. Because you're going to be needing all the strength you can muster up by nightfall."

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about how I'm going to come shit in your little love-nest."

"You're crazy. You'd leave London, the film, the BBC?"

"The film? Fuck the film. How important can a film be when I have the opportunity to play Bette Davis and Clint Eastwood all in one in my own little drama?"

He was raving now, getting out of hand.

"Dan, you're upset."

"You'd better believe it."

"You'll feel better in the morning," Jonathan said.

"It *is* the morning here. A damp, dirty, rainy morning. I've been awake all night over you, wondering what terrible thing I've done to make you so testy, so unhappy, and now you sock me the news that I have some adolescent cooze for a replacement, and *I'm* the one that's crazy? The solitude must have gotten to you, just as I thought it would. You're acting like three-quarters of the fag-psycho ward at Payne-Whitney. Get her out of the house by the time I arrive or I swear, I'll put her through the blender, limb by limb!"

Jonathan was so startled by the line of attack, he almost laughed.

"I think you're jealous," he said.

Daniel ignored it. "Let's get off the phone so I can start calling British Airways."

"Don't be silly. You can't come here."

"Why not? It's half my house too. I paid the entire down payment if you'll recall." "Be rational, Daniel. You'll be fired from the film, word will get out immediately. You'll be called irresponsible. You'll be sued for endangering production. You'll never get work again. Your career will be washed up, now, at the very moment when it's finally going somewhere."

Calmly, "You're right. All the more reason to make her into purée of teenager and to beat the shit out of you when I get there. 'Bye."

"I don't believe you. You're acting like a Forty-second Street Puerto Rican transvestite."

"What are you acting like? Cary Grant? For chrissakes, Jonathan, you're obviously completely flipped out and need help desperately. I'll tell the producer you've gone bonkers. Everyone understands that."

Jonathan was no longer amused. "Well, do whatever you want to. Come here or stay there. I don't care. But know this: I'm not flipped out. The solitude hasn't gotten to me. I'm not schizoid from too much creative work. I'm quite sane, Daniel. And you're going to have to accept this as a sane decision. And it has nothing to do with getting some kind of twisted revenge on you, if that's what you're thinking."

"I don't think it's that at all," Daniel said.

"Good. Because it isn't. I don't know what it is, really, either. But I'm developing as a composer. And I've got to expand, to see things in other ways, to experiment. You're the one who always says, 'Change or Die.' Well, maybe that's what's happening to me. Maybe being gay is just a stage in one's development, as Freud thought. Or maybe we're capable of loving men and women equally well, equally validly. I've done a lot of thinking about this, Dan. You can't deny me the chance to change my life, can you? What right do you have to deny it? You're the one who always says 'Your first responsibility is to yourself.' God knows, you follow that philosophy. So, that's what I'm doing now, finding out what those responsibilities really are. What I really want. Who I really am. What my true commitments are."

It was a mouthful, Jonathan knew, sorry he'd gotten going on it. But after all, Daniel wanted it. It was clear he wouldn't settle for anything less. Yet Jonathan wondered where it had

all come from. He certainly hadn't been thinking anything of the sort lately. He'd done everything possible to avoid thinking about it. Yet here it came forth, like some revivalist communicant spouting gibberish, talking in tongues. And its coming so made it seem all the more valuable now that it was said, as though unconsciously he'd been thinking this way all the while and was only now admitting it — to Daniel and to himself.

All the more surprise, then, when Daniel said, "I'll tell you who you are, Jonathan Lash. You're my lover of the past eight years. The person I love most in this love-filled and hate-filled existence. You are a brilliant, famous, still-rising composer of popular music that may come to be regarded as classical in the not-too-distant future. You are someone who doesn't always know who or what precisely he wants. You are committed to music, the theater, the good life, great sex, and me — not necessarily in that order. That's who you are," Daniel concluded.

"As for what you are doing with that poor teen-age girl, I can even sort of understand that, odd as it is. You're having what's known as a midlife crisis. Male menopause is another name for it. Everyone seems to be getting it lately. It means that all of a sudden you turn around and more than half your life is lived, and there's a great deal you haven't done you were certain you'd get a chance to do. All those boys you haven't slept with, all those books you haven't read, all those movies you just kept missing, all those pieces of music you intended to write but could never find the time for, all those wonderful places around the world you wanted to go to, but somehow never bought the tickets for when you had a free week. You turn around and see the present, and it is reality, which is the most hideous bringdown when you're creative and have wishes and whims. Reality, darling, r-e-a-l-i-t-y. Sorry, love. But that's what it is. And it's a drag, because you don't think it will alter, as it probably will, so subtly you'll be surprised, or so suddenly you'll go into shock. So you think, 'Man, this is it. Let me out.' I know, Jonathan. I went through

the same changes last year myself. Remember? When I came home from Toronto and began playing around with the cute but dumb thing from the West Coast? You helped me through it then — good lover that you are, and you are the best — and now I'm going to help you through yours. See you tomorrow night. And get her out of the house!"

The phone clicked off.

Jonathan held it, dead, for a minute. He was blown away by Daniel's last barrage. Then he realized he still held the receiver.

He put it carefully in its cradle. Carefully, because suddenly everything around him seemed terribly fragile and frangible. The room he sat in — the so familiar room — looked totally alien, as though some subtle shift had altered its proportions since he'd been on the telephone: nothing he could measure, but clear, there.

His next reaction was disbelief — in the room, the house, the phone call, Daniel, himself. He even gripped the sides of the chair he sat in, as though he were in the middle of an earth tremor and the floor was about to give way.

That lasted a minute or so, and was followed by a slow but welling rise of rage at Daniel, which became intense, flashing anger, the kind that would make him explode.

When he calmed down a bit, he called the international operator and asked to have a call put through to Daniel's number. He was proud of how calmly he did this, how calmly he rehearsed to himself what he would say to Daniel, as the operator disappeared to find a line for him.

When she returned, she said he would have to wait for another line, perhaps twenty minutes.

He tried sitting there in the chair, waiting. But the words kept going around in his head, making him angry again, which he didn't want. So he stood up, went to the closet, found the pair of corduroy pants he'd given Stevie to wear the night of the

storm, put them on, a little tight, and found a pair of sneakers and sweat shirt, put them on too, and went outside.

The beach was wide — low tide, he supposed — farther out than he'd seen it in weeks. Dancing algae were phosphorescent on the distant surf. The beach was heavy with damp, thick sand, almost as soft as silt. As though by night it had a second, different life; not the dry, gritty, individualized granular identity of daytime sand at all. The air was chilly, as he'd thought, but somehow warmer at the edge of the surf. A thin mist hung over it, to the horizon, separating the surging blackness of it from the moving, more evenly hued flatness of the starry night. No moon. It was too early for it to have already set. It must be up there somewhere, disguised in shadow: a new moon. Moon of beginnings, of late sowing, of pruning to encourage growth. Wasn't that how the *Farmer's Almanac* characterized the late September lunation?

Daddy's Boy Meets Daddy's Girl

Patrick Califia

THE BOY — COUGAR is his name — is older than I am, and at least a foot taller. All he needs to do to get laid is walk into a gay bar with his shirt off. He's clean-shaven and has a shaved head, too. Two deep lines run down his cheeks — the warrior marks of seven years on HIV medications. He's got a chain locked around his neck. Servitude should begin with a simpler mark, like a plain leather thong around the neck. He lives too far away, and it makes me nervous to think about him going through his daily life with a collar on and no Daddy to keep him safe. But he has a key, and he has permission to take the collar off when he gets on an airplane or has other reasons to temporarily hide his status.

He gets to keep the collar on because he says it helps him to remember that he's not alone, and somebody loves the boy inside of him. That boy is sometimes a scared and lonely child who needs comforting, not sex, and sometimes he's a leatherboy who wants to pig out on flogging and sucking dick, getting fucked in bondage until he gibbers and cries and comes. The boy quit doing speed only three months ago. So he gets an exemption

from my usual cautions about awarding locked collars. If he relapses and lies about it, he will lose the collar and lose me.

Reba, the girl, is fifteen years younger than me. Like my boy, she's taller than I am. I love going out with a tall beauty on my arm. It makes all the other men wonder what the hell I'm doing to keep her interested. I can see them studying my crotch and wondering if I can tie a knot in a cherry stem with my tongue. (The answer to that last question is "no." I settle for tying girls in knots while I ply my tongue around that little pink hill hiding under its mantle. The problem with girls who are heavy bottoms is getting them to hold still while I do it. They would rather be sucking me, or they would rather be fucked, or they think they can't come that way. Luckily, I've got ropes and chains and leather cuffs and handcuffs and a few other tricks and toys to keep them still. And silent, if need be.)

The girl has the beautiful face of a corn-fed farmer's daughter; round, firm, medium-sized tits; and a lovely broad ass. When I spank or whip her, I never have to worry about hitting the same spot over and over again. She's got enough skin to keep my paddle or my cat-o'-nine tails in business for dozens of strokes. Unlike the boy, she loves to be caned. She has a sweet, high voice that makes me melt when she calls me "Daddy." But unlike the boy, who has the cheerful and optimistic disposition of a golden retriever, her long periods of silence and occasional outbursts of affection mask a critical observer. If I ever stepped on the wrong side of her boundaries, she would never forgive me. The boy would at least pretend to forgive, if he could bring himself to consciously note my transgression at all.

Both of them are masochists who love to be bound and fucked. There's nothing better for me than that. I love to hurt someone who can't escape me, then reach down and feel tangible evidence of excitement — his long, rigid erection; her slippery inner lips and hard clit; their orifices slack and moist. When I strap on my eight-inch bruiser and slide it into an ass or a cunt,

hear the moans that acknowledge my presence, and drive my hips back and forth, the sight of my phallus embedded in a willing (if ambivalent) orifice makes me come too. Sometimes I slip a little bullet-shaped vibrator behind the harness. It helps me along, if I don't let it run for so long that it makes my testosterone-enlarged clitdick go numb. Fuck fuck fuck. Daddy is a fucker. Daddy is a mean bastard. The only bastard in this family. The adult "children" you choose when you create a leather family are even more legitimate than blood descendants that are recognized by law and the church.

We bless our own union and worship at the shrine of one another's fantasies and fetishes. My hands running over Cougar's muscles, massaging oil into his perfect body, are a prayer. The cord that binds, then separates, his balls, and continues up to cinch in his hard cock, is a prayer. The thumb that rubs his precum over the head of his dick is an act of worship. Reba has her rituals as well — the slowly administered enema that is carefully measured out, then capped with a butt plug too big to expel without my help. She reclines on one side, enduring the cramps with calm impatience; the unwanted pain should be replaced with the pain that I administer as soon as possible. She has to hold the water in while I cane her ass. I take my time. The strokes are slow and placed an inch away from each other. Carefully parallel, like our lives. If she can hold still for that, she can kneel on all fours to be unplugged, and sent to the toilet to empty her aching bowels. Once she is clean inside, I will soil her with lube and work her asshole until she begs me to stop. The fantasy of coming inside her, making her carry my cum while she sleeps, makes me as hot as watching my boy cum when I put big, heavy clamps with sharp teeth on his nipples and order him to jerk off. You have to really grab his tits to get his attention. They are an inch long and blasé about kisses or sucking.

That big dick of his can really pump out the cum. It hits his face, splashes his chest, blesses the palm of my hand. He

obediently eats his own shellfish-flavored goo, licking it off my fingers. He is afraid to have me touch his cum. I tell him, "You are not toxic. We are master and slave, daddy and boy, and we ought to share cum. This is safe." When I get my fist into Reba's neat and clean little pussy, she sometimes whimpers (the sound a hooked fish would make if it had a tongue) and emits a spray of her own ejaculate. Messy girl. Sweet girl, to give it up so completely. Your body has decided that it loves me. No matter how your feelings might change for me in the years to come, your body will still and always love me.

Despite his name, Cougar seems more like a good and faithful dog to me than a feline. He wants me to move in with his lover, north in California, up in the redwoods. *The pack must stay together*, his instincts urge. Reba is a fluffy purebred Persian kitten, nudging me when she needs to be touched, her shoulder nestled into mine. This balance of two different domesticated animals suits me. Although my name is Wolf, I have always kept cats as familiars. I like other people's dogs, but the only collared canines I want in my house are the ones who can walk on two legs as well as all fours.

This week, something very special is going to happen. Daddy's boy is going to meet Daddy's girl. He has traveled south, out of the country, to visit me, and she has moved here from another state. She has had enough time to unpack and find her fetish finery and makeup. She's also found her shower shot, which I've installed today. Both of them like to clean out before having what Reba rudely calls "sweaty butt sex." I've gotten an extra nozzle. Each of them will have their own broomstick to ride, their own nozzle to insert. I like to hear them panting in the bathroom, groaning as they endure the water splashing their innards, washing out impurities, making them even more empty and hungry. While I listen to a butt pirate's victim prepare to back up to my plank, I masturbate, with that vibrating egg shoved into my cunt and my greased-up fingers on either side

of my clitdick, agitating my forehood, sliding thin membranes over a sensitized and swollen ruby of a glans. I have made myself come thinking about fucking Cougar and Reba side by side, two asses lined up, eager for attention, their tear-stained faces pressed to the bed. I'll be pumping one of my slave sluts and keeping my fingers in the other, reminding him or her that they have to stay open for Big Ben's impatient entry.

I'm the luckiest Master and Sadist in all of San Francisco.

Reba arrives first. I send her into the bathroom to begin the cleansing process. Just as she is coming out of the shower, naked and dark rosy pink, Cougar rings the bell. He is going to have to wait while I collar Reba, locking a length of silver chain around her neck. I wonder if they will notice that the padlocks are identical. He has a slightly heavier chain to bear, and I wonder if she will be jealous of the extra metal he has been given. She kisses me and thanks me for her collar, then whispers, "I'm nervous."

I reply, "Don't be afraid. I won't allow you to fail." This was once said to me in a scene by another master, and it kept me quiet and hopeful through lashing and tit clamps and the sweet, cold spray of his spittle on my face. I like repeating it to my own bottoms. He is dead now, and yet he lives. Just as he would drop anything to serve the man who initiated him, despite his status as a top, I serve him still. The tradition we shared will be passed down. Because nobody really learns how to do S/M from a book or a lecture. It is like Santeria or arc welding. You have to be taught by someone who already knows what they are doing.

I peel Reba off me and order her to stand naked in the shower stall while I drag Cougar inside the door, slap him for being late, and order him to his knees to strip. She eyes his lean frame, long rigid nipples, and thick impressive cock. It's big even when it's not hard, and when sexblood swells his rod, it gets even bigger. Reba is a size queen. She owns thirteen dildos, and all of them look to me like they would fit a mare better than my girl. She

is “flexibly heterosexual,” and my boy is bi, like me. He has his eyes down, his head bent. I doubt he has even seen her. So I order him to look up. He blushes. He actually blushes. His Irish Catholic upbringing shows up every now and then, and I tell him, “Don’t just look at her, dumbass. Go take her in your arms. Reba, embrace your brother.”

She takes a few steps out of the shower and into his arms. They look awkward together. He is not sure how much pressure he should put on her torso with his arms, and she is not sure where to point her face. “Relax,” I say, slapping both asses simultaneously. Reba is unlucky; she gets a smack from my weaker left hand. “Kiss each other,” I demand. Her naked breasts are compressed against his nipples. I reach between them to tug on each, to provide just a little jolt of sensation to heat up that kiss. He’s got a big mouth and an able tongue. I think he could fit two guys’ balls into that mouth. She has a smaller mouth and a more discreet tongue. I wonder how she feels about his big tongue invading her oral privacy. I hope she is wiggling with ambivalence. “Touch each other, stroke each other’s nipples,” I order. I let them twist each other’s teats until they are both relaxed and giggling at each other’s facial reactions to the titty tugging.

“Reba will clean you out for me,” I tell Cougar. “While you are waiting to expel, I want you to rim Reba. There are plastic dams and a tube of K-Y on the shelf above the toilet.” Then I leave, shutting the bathroom door behind me. I ignore her alarmed expression and his mute plea for a reprieve. Neither of them was prepared to give anything up to . . . another bottom?!? Too bad. I want them to star in sex shows for me, and they are damn well going to start eroticizing one another. Or else! My sex beasts are going to work out a relationship in a primitive but most effective manner — by acquainting themselves with the smell of each other’s hindquarters.

When they emerge from the bathroom, she looks almost ready to come. Her chest is flushed and her eyes are bright. Cougar is a marathon rim seat champion. He really knows how to work an asshole. He laps and pokes and tickles until you think you're going to die or scream. Maybe both. I wonder if he put his hands anywhere I didn't give him permission to touch. When I ask her, she purses her lips, looks at the ceiling, and says, "Maybe..." in her high little-girl voice. Then she moves away from him, and I notice that he has half a hard-on. He looks open and eager. Despite his long-term relationship with another man, he loves tits and ass, and she's got 'em. Between her legs is a dusky rose labyrinth that nips and sucks you into its depths.

When I look up from his hard-on, Cougar looks ashamed and depressed. "I didn't know I wasn't supposed to touch her, Sir. Uh, Daddy. Daddy Sir."

"Tattle-tale," accuses the sassy bitch whose hands had no doubt been wrapped around the dick that gave them both away.

"March!" I say, very pleased with how the evening is beginning. "Down that hallway. Into the dungeon. Run! Run, you slutty little pieces of trash." Reba grabs her boobs and pelts down the hallway. Cougar, afraid of running into her, jogs behind, his long legs eating up twice as much ground as her odalisque haunches and small, shapely feet.

In the middle of the dungeon is a new piece of equipment. One I built especially for tonight. It's a spider web of rope between two strong support posts. The webs are a little taller than Cougar, and the ropes are strong and thick enough to support a body sagging into them. I position them on either side of the web. "I want you to start asking each other questions and answering them," I say tersely, and take the first hank of black-and-purple climbing rope off the wall. Good rope bondage takes time, and it's sometimes hard to find a bottom who will hold still long enough to be turned into something like one of those pictures

on Midori's Website. I begin with the extremities, ankles and wrists, using carefully placed rings of rope rather than leather bondage cuffs. Her left hand to his right hand, right ankle to his left ankle, and so on. Neither of them can move without affecting the other.

I'm caught up in the studious ecstasy of planning knots and twists, and so I only hear some of their conversation. Cougar is asking Reba cocktail/business party questions like, "Where were you born?" and "What do you do?" (i.e., for work). She is asking him questions like, "What's the biggest thing you ever got up your ass?" and "How many tops have you flipped?" Eventually he abandons his attempt to be polite and gets as raunchy as she is. I didn't know that Reba liked to masturbate in a bathtub with a shower massager, and I had never been told that Cougar was once an altar boy, and had been seduced or molested (he wasn't quite clear about how to label that experience) by the choir director.

But even these two degenerate braggarts run out of queries. The dialogue stutters to a halt. I take a cane out of the studded black leather umbrella stand and apply it to him and then to her. "You're both interesting people," I say reprovingly. "I find you fascinating enough to collar and spend time with. So you had damn well better dig a little deeper."

"Do you love our Daddy right now?" Reba whispers to Cougar. He looks shocked and affronted.

"Of course I do!" he says stoutly.

"Well, I don't," she hisses. The cane comes out again. It seems to rise in the air of its own accord.

"Let me help you feel the love," I affectionately offer, and *whisk!splat whisk!splat whisk!splat*. She feels it three times on one side of her ass, and three times on the other. Striped like a red-and-white zebra, she shakes her head until her curly brown hair flies all about, and says, "Damn it! Damn it to hell!" She is

stamping like a pony, too, which reminds me that eventually I want to train both of them to pull a surrey together.

I am about to confess my plan to them when Reba looks at me, all doe-eyed, and says in her most sultry voice, "I don't suppose I could convince you that I actually wanted you to do that?" Against all of his principles, it makes Cougar snicker. Oh, dear. Was she going to become a bad influence in my devout boy?

He had already been caned as much as his slightly bony behind could take. So I pick up the penis gag and shove it into his mouth. The phallic part of this gag is about one-fourth the length of Cougar's dick. In fact, it's made from a cast of his own erection. Down the center of it runs a rubber tube, so the wearer can still suck in a good amount of air. When he seems a little slow to open his mouth to accept it, I say, "Do you want to be as naughty as your sister? Or do you want to do what Daddy tells you to do, and make him proud?"

"I'm a good boy, daddy," he insists, and while he is pleading his case, I get the silicone dick in his gullet and buckle it around the back of his head. If there's anything my boy hates, it's not being able to talk. He would talk all night if I would let him, constantly spilling out ideas, conflicts, memories, inspirations, reflections on Wagner, nostalgic excerpts from his memoirs, on and on and on like a radio station. It's best if he sleeps in the cage, wearing his heavy iron shackles, with his dick in a cock cage and his head in a hood crafted to muffle all sound from the outside world. Jail-cell captivity, sensory deprivation, and heavy metal fetters are the only things that bring him internal quiet and peace.

To keep my pets in symmetrical situations, I gag Reba as well. This was a brand-new toy — a rubber bit and a head harness that included reins. These I use to lash Cougar's back until it is welted, then I hook them to the D-rings beside her ears. She looks at me woefully, and I cannot tell if she is sad about being

bridled, upset because I had hurt Cougar so much, or mad that the reins had not been used on her shoulders instead.

But what she thought really didn't matter. I told them that. "This is all about me," I say. "The two of you might never have met each other. Or if you did, you wouldn't remember it. But because both of you fulfill so many of my sexual and emotional needs, I've brought you together. I don't want a life where I am hiding one of my slaves from the other or managing a competitive and bitchy stable. I want us to be a close and cooperative family. We're all in this together. The purpose of this scene tonight is to bind the two of you together, literally as well as figuratively. But I don't think I've thrown enough rope on you to make you feel connected. So here's the last part of the bondage."

I produce large needles and a plastic box full of fishing line soaking in hospital-quality disinfectant. Each one of them is pierced on either side of their nipples. Rather than connect the fishing line together, I ran his piercing tether to cords around her upper arms. And I did the same to Reba. That way, no blood will be exchanged. But they were each going to feel the other's movements in a new and more direct way. I also hang weights from the fishing lines. Reba's beautiful, marble-white breasts had thin lines of blood running down their sides. The ropes that were making her tits swell up would have to be cleaned carefully. I scoop the scarlet runnel up on my gloved finger and feed it to her. It's awkward getting it into her mouth, under the bit, but I manage, and she begins to cry. I take some of the blood that runs down Cougar's chest, and take hold of his cock. He is dribbling precum, a steady stream of that clear, salty, good stuff. The precum mingles with his blood in the palm of my gloved hand, and I jack him off hard, firm, because Daddy means business. He rewards me with a beautiful stiff cock, which I tie up and connect to a belly-button ring in Reba's inviting, rounded tummy. Then weights are hung from his balls, and lighter ones swing from Reba's labia piercings as well.

"Now," I say, uncoiling a single-tail, "how much do you trust me or each other?" There is no answer, so perhaps the question was rhetorical. But then, I've been ignored so often when I explain myself. Like the tree falling in the forest, I wonder if anyone can hear me. But Reba and Cougar are both Grade A slavemeat. She might be irreverent, and he might be a bit too Old Guard, but they both had a genuine desire to please me as well as a bone-marrow-deep need to be hurt bad on a regular basis. Neither one of them functioned well unless they were owned property and always marked. "If you jump, Cougar, you will pull out Reba's belly button ring. And you might injure her chest and your own, if that fishing line pulls out. It's thin enough to slice right through your tissues if you tug on it sharply enough. The same thing goes for you, Reba. If you thrash about like a scarecrow on fire, you won't be happy with the results. It could be disfiguring for you and for your brother. I'm going to single-tail you both. I'm not sure for how long. Perhaps until my arm gets so tired I require the services of a chiropractor, an orthopedic specialist, and a Rolfer."

I can see Reba shaking her head at my prolix discourse, and Cougar is waiting patiently, probably envying her bit and reins. "Get quiet now," I say. "Center yourselves and plant your feet. You are going to have to accept surprise and sudden agony. Accept it with stoicism and a still heart as well as an unmovable body. Are you ready?"

It takes a few minutes, but eventually they both nod. Without planning it that way, they had both bowed their heads at the same time. My team is coming together. I smile and stroke each one of them to let them know I am pleased. I refresh Cougar's hard-on and give Reba a little handjob as well. Each of them also receive a butt plug. Hers has a length of horsehair falling from it, and his is equipped with a bell at the base that would ring if he wiggled his ass.

I have not single-tailed anyone for a long time. I had rearranged the dungeon to accommodate my backswing and forward stroke. For a little while, I take aim at Cougar's back, flicking the whip lightly, getting my distance. I was making sure of my aim, not warming him up. There is no warm-up that will prepare you for the lightning stroke of a singletail, the bullwhip's pipsqueak cousin.

I circle them for at least half an hour, meting out strokes in judicious rhythm. I do not want them to injure one another, although I frequently remind them of that danger. They were slow-dancing with one another even though they were not touching or moving. Each made minute adjustments to the other's pain, and whispered encouragements. They are indeed bonding with one another, becoming a team, a matched set of masochists, boy and girl.

Then I escalate. "If you can't take any more, you can tell me to move on to the other one," I say. They both gasp, despite their gags. I take the gags off, squirt water into their mouths, and check for chafing. The butt plugs are removed as well. I don't want to risk my toys being distracted by a weight in their bowels. Then I resume my position behind the web and its prisoners.

"I know this hurts worse than having your lungs torn out," I say, placing a stripe on Cougar's back that was only a quarter of an inch away from another. "Why should you protect her? Tell me to move on, and I'll give her a turn under the whip."

He muttered nonsense syllables, uttering the echolalia that came out of him when his body overrode his mind. But eventually he came out with a clear statement: "I'm a masochist, I'm not going to share my pain with my little sister." It is a brave joke, but a false one. A whipping like this becomes intolerable even for hardened whip sluts with backs like rawhide. He does his best to prove me wrong, however. He shudders and grounds his feet into the floor, shakes his head and flips sweat off his brow, and roars behind his gag, an inarticulate prayer for relief.

"Stop it!" Reba finally cries. "He'll never give in. His skin will hang like ribbons from his bones if you don't stop."

"No!" Cougar cries. "It isn't right. You're —"

"A woman?" I say with a sinister smile. "You are trying to take all of this whipping because she's a girl, and you're a boy, and you're supposed to be a gentleman and open her door and shield her from the sordid reality of the world? How quaint."

"Shut up!" Reba snaps. She is crying. "He's not a fake like that. He's not a phony. He's taken more than anybody should have to stand for. So if you need to wear out your shoulder joint and prove you're the most psychotic asshole in town, beat me! At least I'm not completely ground into hamburger."

"No!" Cougar insists. "Please, Daddy, don't hit her. She's just a little girl. Hit me. I can take it. Honest, I can."

This is no grown man speaking. He has regressed. I kiss his sweaty face, dry it off with my black bandana, and kiss him again. "You're a good boy," I affirm. "Daddy knows what he's doing. She'll be okay. Just rest and relax for now. OK?"

"OK," he says, looking a bit dubious.

"Think about how nice it's going to feel when I put my fist where that butt plug was," I say. He rapidly grows up, and once more becomes the notorious adult sex pig. "Oh, Daddy, that sounds *really* nice," he purrs. "Good boy," I judge, and pat him on his mottled ass.

But I had unfinished business with the girl. "You called your Daddy some names that weren't very nice," I rebuke her. She says nothing. "Well?" I prod.

"I'm not sorry," she says, crying harder.

"Reba, that's not a very good frame of mind to take some strokes with this whip and not move. You're not grounded. Prepare yourself. You're going to have to release your resentment."

"I don't know if I can, Daddy. Sir. I don't know how. I'm so mad at you."

I move closer to her, lick the tears off her cheeks, and kiss her eyelids, her temple, her savory pouting mouth. "I know what I'm doing," I reassure her. "Everything that's happened here tonight has happened for a reason. Honest. You gotta have faith."

She relaxes a little, but she is still tight and resistant. She can't let go and trust me. Then Cougar speaks. "I don't know you very well, Reba, but I know our Daddy, and he wouldn't ever do anything to hurt us that wasn't for our own good. We don't understand what's happening now, but we will by the morning. I tried to take the whip for you, but I couldn't, and I still want to help you. Can you open your eyes and look at me? I'll try to send you all the strength I can." He gently coaxes her into linking with him. I can sense their psyches stealing toward one another, one soft and vigilant step at a time. Their energies meet in the middle, and I can almost see the spider web of rope light up like a neon display.

Singing "We Are Family" under my breath, I hang the singletail I had used on Cougar with the rest of his dedicated whips and go to find another one for Reba. She got one that was braided in Australia out of kangaroo hide. I come back to her and tell her she will only have to take six lashes. She nods her head, and Cougar nods with her. Their fingertips are reaching out and touching one another, and their bodies are pressed together. I watch them gradually come together in a kiss, and as they hold that contact, with Cougar's head bent to sup at her breath, I strike her. She gasps, and he takes that agonized sound into his chest and releases it for her. The air is crackling all around us, full of our best and highest power, uniting us in a way that human beings rarely get to experience. The ordeal I have crafted is successful.

But that was no reason to waste five more strokes with a signal whip that was brand new. I'd been rubbing grease into it for weeks, keeping it supple for my girly girl. "I'm not stopping

yet," I tell her, and measure out her punishment/reward. She remains connected to Cougar. They breathe as one, cry out as one, flinch as one, and it is as if they are holding each other up, without any rope to support them. If they hadn't been tied up, in fact, I think they would have floated off the floor and left this mundane realm entirely. By the time I finish whipping her, I am bone-weary and aching to merge with their bliss.

I slowly pet each of them, remove the sterilized filament from their temporary piercings, and apply ointment and bandages to their hurts. Cougar has a hairy chest and back, and it was going to be fun ripping off the tape. But he didn't think of that, and I didn't bring it up. The bondage takes almost as much time to undo as it did to apply. I ask them to start extending their energy around me, and they do so, adept as two learned mages. I can feel the hairs on my arms stand straight up, and my pussy-and-pole is rigid and wet. I want to gobble them up.

Finally free from the rope, I take their hands and lead them toward my bedroom. I pause at the doorway of the dungeon to say, "This space has been blessed with our coming together, three hearts joined as one, and I want us to go and bless the place where we will sleep together, so that it is a safe haven for our dreams and our slumber."

The bed had already been covered with a leather play sheet. (God, you do a lot of housework when you are the top.) I am afraid this new room will suck away our carefully crafted bubble of mutual love and understanding, so I kick the door shut and turn on some music. At my direction, boy and girl light candles and make further preparations. I have both of them worship my boots, and thrill to feel their tongues working my leather, knowing they both want to lick me further up, lick me all over. "Take off my clothes," I tell them, and they undress me reverently, sensuously. "Suck me," I order Reba, and on her knees she puts her mouth to my cunt and swallows my clitdick. "Fuck me," I tell Cougar, and he kneels behind me and puts two of his fingers

into me. "Make me come," I demand, and the two of them work, perfectly in synch, until I come and almost fall over. They steady me as we all move closer to the huge California King bed and climb up in it. It feels like entering a nest.

I scramble over to the safe-sex supplies and hand Reba a condom. "Suck him," I tell her, and she rips open the package. Cougar doesn't usually get his dick sucked when we play, so his eyes are round. New things make him nervous. But Reba's mouth certainly doesn't bolster that anxiety. She sucks him down like a good meal, and lavishes attention upon his balls as well. In between getting his balls licked and sucked, and her excellent head, he soon is hard, despite the rubber barrier.

I tap Reba on the shoulder and gesture for her to get on all fours, facing the head of the bed. As she puts her head down, she looks over her shoulder and mouths the words, "I love you" to us both. I grip Cougar by his love spout, and he knee-walks to the stud's position behind her. "Do you accept his cock, under my direction, as the piston that will give you pleasure and bring you home?" I ask.

"I do," she says, her voice husky from all of the crying and screaming she has done.

I point his cock at her pussy, and quiz him. "Do you understand that you are entering this pussy only with my permission, and you will fuck her the best way you know how, because Daddy is watching and that's what he wants you to do?"

He nods vigorously, eager to get his aching, hard cock in something soft and wet, and I put my hand on the small of his back and get him seated. Reba sings her surprise as he takes her. (He really does have a porn star's dick.)

Sliding behind Cougar, I massage some lube into his asshole. He does his best to accommodate me, raising his butt in a silent prayer to be filled. "I'm going to fuck you," I reassure him. "And when I push into you, I want you to push into her. Then I want

her to send her pleasure into you, and you pass it on to me, and then I will push into you again and we will repeat that cycle till we lose our minds."

It takes some maneuvering to get all of our bodies at the right height and angles, but we manage it. Cougar sobs with pleasure as I rummage around in his ass. "Your dick is a little too big," he says with pride. "But I'm taking it, aren't I, Daddy?"

"Yes you are," I reply. "Just like Reba is taking your big dick, huh, boy?"

"Yessir, she does a real good job of taking my cock, Daddy." He is a little out of breath, so the words are jerky.

"Reba girl, are you getting a good fuck? Do you like what Daddy gave you for a present tonight?"

Her only reply is a wordless, lusty wail. I take that for a yes. Meanwhile, the cycle of pleasure that I have summoned is in full operation. Every time I thrust into Cougar's butt, I am rewarded with a punch of otherworldly delight that makes my eyes roll in my head. We sweat and grunt over each other for I don't know how long, but I do know that I am going to run out of those little bubbles of lube I had collected at the Folsom Street Fair.

I am the one who called for us to wind down. My hamstrings are aching, and my lower back is calling me names that are worse than anything Reba could think of. We separate reluctantly. "I don't feel like I'm through, Daddy," Reba says, cuddling up to me on my right side. Cougar cautiously lays down on my left, and I cradle his head on my shoulder. I turn to kiss each one of them. "I'm proud of you both," I say, and then have to stop talking because my mouth is dry. We all agree we needed a drink and squirt water in each other's mouths. Some of it gets on us, and in the process of wiping me dry with a trick towel, Reba begins to caress my chest. I feel her soft fingertips and then her even softer mouth on my surgically reduced and repositioned nipples. The right one has almost complete sensation, but the left is a little crabby. Her attentions are so sensitive that she

doesn't disturb my scars. I have never had my tits serviced like this before, and I love it. She is so sweet to me, I can taste honey in my mouth.

Meanwhile, Mister Boy has some ideas of his own. He quickly gets his fingers back into the place where they've been before. Only this time, he has better traction, and he isn't taking no for an answer. "I think Daddy needs to be fucked," he tells Reba. She agrees.

"Is anybody going to ask Daddy what he wants?" I ask in mock indignation.

"No," they say simultaneously.

Daddy likes to come a lot, and he doesn't want to think too much while it's happening. I let go and relax into their mouths and their hands. Because they are my own dear boy and girl, I don't feel that I have to keep my shorts on and fend off any attempt to get at my vulnerable body. I love every mole and freckle on them, the good and the bad, and so I have to believe they will desire me even though I am built quite differently from most guys who keep their keys and hunter-green hankies on the left.

One after the other, they suck and fuck me, somehow managing to be respectful without diminishing their enthusiasm for the job. At first I can tell them apart by the size of their hands and the difference in the way each of them blows me. But my orgasms are coming fast and furious, so close together that it becomes pointless to try to figure out who did what to whom. They start making love to each other as well. My own needs sated, I join in. Reba gets to experience a double fuck, with my cock in her ass and his dick in her cunt. And Cougar gets his nipples worked until he begs for mercy. (Nobody is meaner to a masochist than another masochist.) Even his super-cock loses its power to stand up again, but he is still having orgasms, without ejaculating, while I fuck him and she sucks him off and jacks

him off. (The handjob was administered with a pair of thick rubber gloves that had pokey little nubs all over them.)

By the time we are done, the bars have closed long ago, and a small stain of light is gilding the hills. Luckily, we have nothing to do on Sunday but recuperate. We troop into the bathroom to brush our teeth. Soon we will be tucked in bed, falling asleep together, piled together like wolves in our den. The pack must stay together indeed.

Each of us has come home.

Midstream

Rob Stephenson

FOR A LITTLE WHILE, I thought that it started there in the dark of Santo Domingo's only porno theater. I was sitting on a broken chair, rubbing my palm with my other hand. I'd just jabbed myself on a screw sticking out of the armrest. No break in the skin, but it sure felt that way at first.

Across the aisle from me: a guy jerking his big black boner. I couldn't see it anymore without the light from the huge video screen, but I could see the whites of his eyes as he looked at me. I turned my head back toward the blank screen and realized I wasn't going to have sex here.

I was the only white guy, the only foreigner in this place, so there were quite a few of these guys who wanted to suck me or have me suck them. But I just wasn't comfortable. And now the novelty of being there was wearing off. I suppose I'd just had crabs and the clap one too many times from the bathhouses and sex clubs back home in wilder days.

And this place was really scummy. My sandals were sticking to the floor.

I was about to leave. The next video started. A boy-next-door jock type was soon assfucking a foxy blonde. She was amazing. Someone else's voice cooed and moaned and begged for it in badly dubbed Spanish while her pink spike heels pointed at the

ceiling. He was sticking it to her like a pro, but she was the hot one. She was the one with all the right moves. She was the one with fingernails that matched her spikes as she massaged her clit. She was the one in this whole theater full of men giving me my first hard-on of the day.



After that trip, I cruised guys as much as I always had, especially dark Hispanic men, but I cruised a lot of girls, too. More subtly though, like I was coveting something from them I wasn't really supposed to know about. When one of them would look me in the eye, I would turn away, or cruise the guy they were with, or just walk on as if I hadn't really been looking at them that way.



At the oddest times I would flash on that redhead I'd bumped into outside the used bookstore some time ago. My fingers had grazed her ass encased in tight black leather pants. She didn't seem to mind and made sure to push her chest-full at me under the sheer black halter-top that accentuated her thick nipples. She'd worn a slightly musky perfume that mixed with her light sweat and made a genderless smell.

I'd wanted to say soft filthy things to her, to burn holes in her pants with my sizzling fingers and stick two from each hand into her from each side. Her cunt and her asshole. At exactly the same time. Both of us standing right there on that Manhattan street corner in the summer heat. Moving those probing digits up through her slowly as if I could make them meet somewhere inside her. Worming around in those two very different tunnels.

Whispering in her pierced ear how this was the most of me that had ever made its way into a woman.



Is that what straight guys like? Such a variety of ways to get inside. Tongue in one hole, dick in another, and yet another for fingers or toys.

I'd always convinced myself that a women and man together had so many limitations. After all, two guys doing it have four holes and two sticks to work with. A guy and girl have all those holes and only one stick.

What a lame argument. I guess I hadn't started using toys when I came up with it. I was just trying to make my rigidly secure gay male sex play more spectacular than any other variation.



"You fuck boys, don't you?" she said, pressing her ass into my crotch.

We were in Tony's bedroom at the party. She'd been waiting to get me alone all evening. Said her name was Suzanne.

"On their bellies or bent over a table?" she said, moving up and down, talking over her shoulder. "Fuck me like that. I know you want to. You're not as queer as you think you are!"

She was maybe twenty-two. She had a stretchy red minidress on, just barely. Jagged bleached hair and too much makeup.

"You don't look like a fag. I hear you fuck good."



Joselito's sister, Maribel, spoke not a word of English, but she cooked me the best *tostones* I'd ever eaten. Crispy twice-fried pieces of green plantain, smashed and fried again in salty water and oil, drenched in crushed garlic. She swayed when she walked, a natural sexiness, a toned-down strut and a half smile. She and Joselito laughed so hard when they gossiped about one of their cousins.

Joselito said she looked like a whore and wore "always too much red on the lips." Maribel stood up, turned her back to me, and thrust her ass back out to illustrate her cousin's slutty mannerisms. Then she turned and winked at me so Joselito couldn't see.



"Come on, fuck me in the ass."

Suzanne pushed the papers and notebooks to one side and put her hands flat on Tony's desk. The bottom of her dress rode up enough to uncover an arc of gritty tattoo. No panties.

"I'm not going to blow you. Hey, I know! Just this first time, I'll be your little boy. Yeah daddy, I'm hot for your..." — dropping an octave in tone — "big pink cock. Tony told me it's fat and stays hard a long time."



It was in high school. I was fucking this Japanese guy in the senior class every night and six times on the weekend. And I was making out with Julie at school. Holding hands all innocent and

kissing her in front of everyone in study hall and in the lunch room. She was a good kisser, maybe better than Paul, but Paul didn't have time for kissing. He just wanted that hunk of my meat in him anywhere, anytime.

Julie never even tried to touch it. My cock was invisible to her or the very last thing on a long list of things to get around to eventually, when the time was just right.



“Fuck my ass, Mister.”

Suzanne had her tits on the table and was spreading her asshole open for me with long fingers. And I did it. I pulled it out hard through the hole in my drawers and the unzipped zipper and slipped it inside her. No condom. No lube. No hesitation. It was good to feel real flesh again on my dick.

Her practiced asscunt gobbled me up like a hungry baby bird.

She grunted low in her low voice, “Fuck me, daddy, I'm your naughty boy. Make it hurt.”



After Paul, Julie, and a couple of disastrous boyfriends, I started running around, getting it where and whenever I needed it. I stopped kissing men altogether, except when I found the rare virginal young man who'd let me fuck him for the first time. I would start sniffing and licking his brand new rosebud until he was completely open to whatever I wanted. Then, my mouth fresh with his ass taste, I'd lodge my tongue in his wide open face hole, which functioned much like a good thermostat, indicating when it was the right time to dick him fast or slow, to pull out

and put in back in again. And then when it was too much for him I would swallow his whimpers and whines and take just a little too long to finish my business, shooting my juice and holding him tight with my spent prick in his aching asshole.



Suzanne's dirty talk worked on me. Finally, a female with enough gumption to get me into it. I pulled out of her, rudely flipped her over, and started butt fucking her like a pro, like the All-American stud that I have always been somewhere inside here, the one that Daddy tried a little too hard to make me be. With her heels on my shoulders she talked louder as I stretched the red material down under her tits. I pinched her nipples and smacked them with open palms before shoving fingers in her cunt. Then I looked up right past her sailor's mouth and through the soggy made up ovals around her eyes and stared into her.

She stopped talking mid-word, her mouth left open on an "Oh" sound that just repeated every time I jerked forward into her. That was the moment, when we were both cumming, eyes searching eyes, that it felt so right I forgot she was supposed to be a boy.

Temptation

Stephen Albrow

BOBBY HAD A POINT: IT *was* unfair that we always drank in straight bars. With him being gay and me being straight, it would have been fairer if we'd taken it in turns to visit straight bars and gay bars. What Bobby didn't know, though, was that there was a reason why I didn't want to hang around in gay bars for too long. That reason was, in a word, temptation.

Bobby and I met through our work as construction workers and we were frequently hired to work on the same projects together. Bobby was openly gay and, out on the construction site, I had occasionally been called upon to defend him against some of the jibes that he received from our more homophobic colleagues. That support was what had made us such close friends, at least as far as Bobby was concerned. In truth, there was another reason why we'd gotten so close — the fact that I found him enormously attractive.

Ironically, the same week I met Bobby, I also met Kelly, a gorgeous blonde with the most kissable lips you ever did see in your life. Later that year, Kelly and I set up home together, and I waved goodbye to bisexuality. You see, up until the time I fell for Kelly, I dated men as well as women. At the time, I had assumed that it was just an experimental phase but, after seven

years sharing a bed with the same beautiful blonde, I'd found myself beginning to hunger after someone more masculine.

That's why Bobby and I went out drinking together so much. I really got off being around him, even if it was always a case of being able to look, but not to touch. Then he went and suggested exactly what I'd been dreading — that as a treat to him, we have our weekly booze up in a gay bar. I managed to talk my way out of it on a couple of occasions, but eventually I gave in to his pleas and found myself knocking back a beer in GuyZone.

Bobby was really in his element in the nightclub, checking out all the handsome studs and dancing up close with a couple of boyish hotties. For a time I just stood there, like a wallflower, watching him boogie from a distance. Then I headed back to the bar. The sight of all those hunky guys was making me start to feel horny and I quickly needed another beer to help me to cool down.

"Having fun?" said Bobby, appearing out of nowhere, then grabbing my beer and taking a swig.

"Too much fun," I said to him, then he asked me what I meant by that.

It was a defining moment in my lifetime. Suddenly, I had a chance to be true to my instincts, to admit to someone that I found really attractive that there was more to my life than my relationship with Kelly.

"Did you ever wonder why I stood up for you when all the other guys at work were making jokes behind your back?" I asked.

"Because you're my friend," suggested Bobby.

"Sort of," I said, "but there's much more to it than that. I'm bisexual, or at least I was before I hooked up with Kelly."

Bobby stared at me, a smile on his face, then he took a quick glance at the boys on the dance floor. "Anyone here that

you like?" he asked, making a joke out of a slightly awkward situation.

"There's this one guy," I said, then I reached for Bobby's hand. He let me place it right on my butt, then he leaned in close and began to kiss me.

You know they say how once you can ride a bicycle, then it's something that you never forget? Well, it might have been over seven years since last I'd kissed a guy, but I hadn't forgotten what to do or how to excite him. I wrapped my arms around Bobby's muscular upper body, while I licked my way right around his lips. After layering the edge of his mouth with a thin sheen of saliva, I forced my tongue between his lips and began to deep-throat kiss him.

Instant erections all around! In a split-second, his package grew big and bulky. His dick was trying to burst out of his pants, like it just couldn't wait to get up close to my naked flesh. Bobby pressed his crotch right up close to mine, using the hand on my buttocks to keep my crotch exactly where he wanted.

My tongue continued to shoot in and out of his lips, while I ran my hands all over his muscles. After all that dancing, his sweat made him smell even more manly.

"Where can we go?" I said to Bobby, as my desire to be fucked by him became irresistible.

"Follow me," he whispered, then he led me into the toilets. The farthest cubicle was vacant, so we moved on in and closed the door.

Bobby ripped off his shirt and then dropped his pants, revealing his massive dick. It had grown to ten inches and just about as bulbous as a dick could hope to be. Like Oscar Wilde, I can resist anything except temptation, so I dropped to my knees and began to suck on his balls. They were chunky and hairy, but I managed to get them inside my mouth. Bobby's gorgeous hard-on got a teasing jacking, while I gave his scrotum some oral pleasure.

The exhilaration that I felt on sucking his sac left me keen to eat up some more of his dick. His pants were round his ankles, so I started to dig in his pockets in search of a rubber. "Back pocket" said Bobby, when he saw me looking, and sure enough there was condom in there. I ripped open the packet, then stretched out the rubber to fit it over his helmet. "That feels nice," said Bobby, as I tugged the rubber down his shaft, gobbling up his meaty inches, as soon as they were sheathed.

The condom only covered the first six inches of Bobby's dick, which made it a nice sort of challenge for me to see if I could swallow up enough of him to get beyond the confines of the rubber. His chunky cockhead made me gag, as I slowly forced my lips down his shaft. Soon I could barely breathe at all, but I wasn't giving in without a fight. Two more inches and I'd be sucking naked dick.

I opened my lips as wide as I could, then bobbed my head forward and tasted Bobby's pole. Saliva spurted all over his dick, as my taste buds kicked into life. I flicked my tongue all over his shaft, wanting to get it really wet, so that Bobby would be able to penetrate my behind. My asshole hadn't been fucked for more than seven years, and, in that time, it had tightened up considerably.

Bobby stroked my hair as he thrilled to the feel of my lips around his dick. Sexual spasms were making his helmet bounce around in my mouth, letting me know just how excited he had become and that maybe he was ready for something more than a blowjob.

I withdrew my lips to the tip of his dick, planted a kiss on the end, and got to my feet. Bobby grabbed for my fly, then tugged down my zipper, pants, and my jockstrap. He grinned when he saw my stiff dick standing upright.

"You've been straight for far too long," he said, as he turned me around and pressed his huge cock between my butt cheeks.

The blowjob had gotten his dick very wet, so Bobby was able to force his tip inside me without extra lubrication. I felt my ring expand to accommodate his bulbous end, then a shiver ran up the length of my back passage, as the endless shaft followed quickly behind. Next, Bobby reached around my body and had me spit into his palms. He took my erection in both hands, using his spit-soaked fingers like a wet, slick, real orifice.

Suddenly the fucking began, with Bobby slamming his full ten inches in and out. I might have been out of practice, but Bobby quickly showed me what I was missing. His enormous dick gave me a level of penetrative sensation that I could never have gotten close to while in bed with a woman. Kelly and I had once messed around with anal vibrators but, as they say, ain't nothing like the real thing, baby.

Bobby's hunk of meat was so much more, though, than a piece of plastic. I could feel the warmth emanating from his crotch and feel the pulsating, pent up sexual tension in his helmet. His oversized dick awakened dormant nerve endings in my back passage. My chute had almost closed up due to lack of use, but luckily Bobby had come along with just the right tool to blast the orifice right back open again.

But this was so much more than a simple buttfuck. Each thrust of Bobby's dick was causing my erection to slam in and out of the makeshift orifice that he had made for me with his fingers and my saliva. He was gripping my shaft with immense force and passion, so that every backward and forward jerk was causing my foreskin to rub across my helmet. I could sense the tension mounting in my erection, as my exhilaration at being penetrated combined with the abrasions between my dick and Bob's fingers to leave me totally gasping with pleasure.

Just when it seemed as if the sex could get no better, Bobby sped up the fuck and moved into a whole new gear. He was definitely getting closer to orgasm — I could feel his dickhead expand in size — and that seemed to give him his second wind.

With thrusts of amazing depth and rapidity, he rammed his meat in and out of my buttole.

I began to groan and then to scream, as the speed and power of the buttfuck blew my mind. My back passage stretched ever wider and Bobby's dick reached ever deeper inside of me. Places down in the dark depths of my sphincter that I never knew even existed before came alive with sensations that echoed straight through to my cockhead.

My sphincter muscles throbbed wildly but couldn't keep pace with the throbs in my dick. A final thrust of Bobby's erection made my dick shoot a jet of spunk burst out of my helmet right through his fingers, and landed in the toilet bowl. Bobby clamped his fingers around my tip, just in time to collect a second jet of spunk, which I licked right off his fingers.

As I savored my sticky cream, he briefly jerked in and out of my buttole. His helmet had already began to lose its juices, but the extra jerk helped to really blast the juice clean out of his balls. I turned my head and kissed Bobby, his dick still inside my hole. As I forced my tongue hard between his lips, his bulbous helmet squirted out the last of his spunk between my butt cheeks.

Like a car, I need to be pumped with gas every so often in order to then drive the straight and narrow road called heterosexuality. Bobby filled me up with his premium fuel and that'll keep me going for a while. Time will tell how long it will be until sex with Kelly bores me and I'll hunger for some man-on-man loving. Not that it really matters, when you have a friend like Bobby always there to top off my tank. As he said while we left the men's room, "I'm here whenever you need me." I wonder how long until I next give in to temptation.

Unexpected Orgy

Kevin Green

I GOT HIRED FOR THE summer as a pickup and delivery driver for a remodeling business. I hadn't had my driver's license that long, and I was thrilled that I would get to drive their company pickup and van around.

The business was owned by three guys, Rich, Doug, and Reuben.

Rich, whom I lusted over, was the one in charge. He was a buddy of my Uncle Harry, and that's how I got hired. I had a perpetual boner when I was around those guys. They laughed and joked and talked dirty half the time.

My uncle had told me stories about how wild he and Rich were in their younger days, and he implied that a lot of fun shit went on at his friend's business. Rich ran the business from an office in his home. His wife was in politics and worked in Washington, D.C. and was only home during breaks and holidays.

They were all hot guys. Rich and Doug were nearly the same age. Reuben was younger and had only recently been brought into the business. He was the only single guy and got a lot of flack and teasing from Rich and Doug. But, all in all, they seemed to get along and enjoy the mocking and horsing around and they worked well together.

Rich's double garage had been converted into their workshop and he had a shed next to it where they locked up all their tools and lumber. I loved the smell of the freshly cut pieces of wood and sawdust. It was just great hanging out with the guys and listening to them josh and tease one another and tell dirty jokes.

Rita was their office gal. She came in only two days a week. The guys openly teased and harassed her, but she seemed to really enjoy the fuss they made over her. I was actually a little jealous, wishing they paid that much attention to me.

She'd laugh and tell Rich and Doug that she was going to tell their wives. Reuben wasn't as aggressive and verbal as the other two, but he laughed and joked and went along with it all.

My first Friday on the job I got an amazing surprise. I had just come back from making a pickup at the discount lumberyard and parked the van by the shed. No one was around. I walked to the house and there sat the three guys and Rita. Each one of the guys had his dick out and was stroking or playing with his hard-on.

Rita looked up at me with a big smile as I entered.

"Hey, Kevin. Rita gives good head. Want to join in?" Rich blurted out. He seemed eager to have me be a part of it. I froze on the spot. My eyes immediately went to his thick, hard cock, and then to Doug's and Reuben's. I got a boner instantly. What a sight! Rita was just starting to undress. She quickly pulled off her sweater.

I reached down and rubbed my boner through my jeans.

Rich and Reuben busily stroked themselves as they watched. Rita was pushing her jeans down her bare thighs, exposing her panties. Rich reached around and palmed her asscheeks. "She's got an even prettier ass," he remarked.

"You guys are just horny again," Rita giggled. "Are you sure Kevin should be seeing us like this?" With his pants down around his ankles, Doug looked right at me and said, "Shit, yeah. Kev's

a big boy. He's probably already pounding his girlfriend's pussy, huh, Kev?" All I could do was stare back at his long dick and bare thighs. I didn't say a word, I just blushed. What could I say? I had never even seen a pussy, and to be honest, I wasn't that interested in seeing Rita's or any other woman's.

"He's a virgin, I can tell," Rita piped up.

"So what. Everybody's got to learn about it sometime, huh, Kev?" Rich defended me.

Doug reached down, and with one hand, he cupped Rita's crotch and started to pet her hot mound. She moaned with pleasure. The other guys reacted to her response. My eyes darted from one mancock to the other. Reuben teased his foreskin, peeling it back and sliding it over his cockhead repeatedly. He remained quiet the whole time.

Rich suddenly stood up. "Show Kev how good a blow job you give, baby," he suggested, holding his stiff cock out. Rita stepped out of her jeans and got down in front of Rich and Doug. They stood so I could see as Rita took first one hard cock in her mouth and then turned and sucked the other.

"Yeah, honey, that's fantastic," Doug said. "Hey, Kev. Whip that thing out and bring it over here. Rita's going to show you what to do with it."

I froze for a second. I wasn't really interested in letting Rita suck me off, but I didn't want to be a wimp and run out of there, either. I'd never live it down to my uncle. More than that, I refused to miss out on seeing these three hot guys in action. It was far better than the magazines and video I had seen. I slowly walked over while opening my jeans. Self consciously, I took out my stiff boner. "Yeah, let her see it, buddy," Rich encouraged as Doug said, "Suck the kid's dick."

I was nervous as hell, knowing my dick was smaller than the other three guys'. I was afraid they would make fun of me, but I pulled it out anyway, going along just so I could remain a part of the scene.

Rich and Doug each put an arm around my shoulders and inched me in closer, pushing me right up in front of Rita. She smiled up at me and then leaned in and took my rod between her lips.

As Rita tongued and sucked me, I started to go soft. Now I was really embarrassed. I tried to concentrate, looking down at Rich and Doug's exposed hard-ons, but it didn't help.

Rich gently ran his hand across the front of my chest and down my t-shirt to my stomach. "It's OK, pal. You're just a little nervous. It's your first time, huh?" he softly asked. "It's hard to perform for an audience. We understand."

"Here, let me show you," Rich offered, stroking his big cock. He moved in and Rita automatically went for his full, throbbing hard-on. He put his hands on her head and started pushing in and pulling out, fucking her mouth. Reuben came over to join our group. He pressed up behind me, supporting my weak legs. I could feel his hard-on against my buttocks. Rich pulled off his t-shirt, exposing his furry chest, as Rita blew him. "Ahh, yeah, baby. That's real good," he said. "My turn. Deep throat this, honey," Doug said. "See, Kev, you just have to take charge." He gave Rita full access to his long, pulsing shaft and she soon had it shiny with her saliva as Doug shuddered and groaned with pleasure.

I felt Reuben's hands gliding down my sides and around to my crotch. His fingers found my semi-hard pecker, and he lightly tugged on it and played with me. I started to get hard again immediately. I couldn't believe he was touching me like that, especially in front of the others.

Reuben then dug into my briefs and pulled out my nuts. I could feel his cock pulsing against my backside. He was watching Rita take turns blowing Doug and then Rich but he must have been enjoying playing with me. He fondled my tight nuts with one hand, and with the other, he gently stroked the base of my growing joint.

"I think he's ready now," Reuben softly announced. The others all looked at my stiff pecker and Rita moved right in on it.

"Fuck, yeah. Suck his prick, baby. Show him how you can make a man feel. That's a girl. Give him head, baby," Rich blurted out. His throbbing, saliva-coated cock waved in front of him. They all watched Rita work on my meat. I was getting off more from the feel of Reuben's fingers touching my balls and the excitement of the guys watching Rita perform on me, than I was the actual blow job. My nuts started to tingle and I got that familiar feeling. Reuben rubbed his fat dick up against my rump. He rubbed my balls vigorously and massaged the swollen spot behind them. Suddenly I lost it. I gasped, shuddered, and moaned as my jizz sprayed wildly inside Rita's hot mouth.

"Ahh, yeah! That's it Kev! Yeah, man. Give it to her. Fill her mouth with your sweet cum, boy!" Rich loudly exclaimed.

"Good boy, Kev. Yeah, that's it. Give up that load! Feels good, huh?" Doug chimed in.

Reuben continued to hump against my ass and fondle my spent berries. His hands massaged wave after wave of throbbing from deep at the base of my cock. "Good job, Kevin," Reuben whispered in my ear. I was really weak now, leaning back against his full body for support.

"I need some pussy," Rich announced. He quickly kicked off his tennis shoes, dropped his pants and briefs, and lay on the floor. Rita climbed over him. Doug started feeling her up, teasing her clit, and playing with her wet hole.

As she bent forward over Rich and started kissing him, Doug got down and started lapping at her exposed pussy and asshole. His firm, hairy ass looked more inviting to me than Rita's cunt.

Rich was busy squeezing her tits and Frenching her. Doug's face was buried in Rita's pussy. They all had their eyes closed. I got up the courage to reach back behind me to feel Reuben's erection. I squeezed his cock. Reuben put his hand on mine and

squeezed my palm tighter. I could feel his cock pulsing inside my fist. Reuben started fucking my hand.

“That’s it, Kevin. Feel my cock, boy. Feels good, huh?” Reuben whispered close to my ear. My cock twitched and got hard again. Reuben started stroking me off. I relished the pleasure.

When I looked up again, Doug was rubbing his cock all over Rita’s twat. When he entered her, he grunted out, “Yeah, fuck! This snatch is hot, man!” I also heard Rich say, “Give it to her good, man. Do it. Put it up her ass, too.”

I was happy Reuben had sided up with me, and I felt the warmth of his protection. He was the only one still fully dressed; he just had his pants open and his cock sticking out of his fly. I was hoping for the opportunity to see more of his body.

After Doug fucked Rita for a while, he pulled out and he let Rich have at her. Doug sat on the couch and Rita got between his thighs and started sucking his juice-covered cock. Rich got behind her and filled her cunt with his thick pole. The reddish hair on Rich’s ass made it look very inviting to me. I could see Rich’s hairy balls bounce as he fucked Rita doggie-style. He pulled out and pressed into her anus. Doug raised his hips up and down and did his best to get his cock deep down her throat. She was moaning with wild abandon, squealing loud as she tweaked her clit and orgasmed, making both guys feel like heroes.

“You like watching them fuck, huh, Kevin?” Reuben whispered. “Uh-huh,” I softly replied, gripping his cock tighter, reveling in the moment of closeness with a man who seemed to understand me. The other three were caught up in their heated fuck session and Rita’s repeated orgasms. They weren’t paying any attention to me and Reuben. “Let’s show them we can be men, too, buddy. Let’s go fuck her together,” Reuben said. The thought didn’t necessarily turn me on, until he explained how he wanted us to fuck her. “We can both put our dicks in her

cunt at the same time, man. It'll feel incredible. What do you say? Let's go fuck her, huh?" Reuben coached. Just then, Rich let out a howl as he dumped his load inside Rita's hot, juicy snatch. "Ahh, fuck! That was sensational," he remarked, rolling off her back and flopping down on the floor. His cock started to shrink and he looked flushed and exhausted.

I badly wanted to go over to him and lick his cum-coated, spent cock and emptied rocks. Rich turned me on the most, and I wished somehow it could have been me he was fucking.

Not that I hadn't appreciated the attention I was getting from Reuben, and there was more of it yet to come. Reuben spoke up, "Hey, look at this. Kevin's ready for a turn at her."

The others all looked up. Rita had stopped blowing Doug when Rich shot his load. "OK. How do you want it?" Rita said. I sensed she had me figured out, as had Reuben, but they were going along with it all. Reuben told me to lie on my back on the rug. Rita got up over me and thanks to Reuben's touch and help, guided my dick to her pussy lips. This time, anticipating what Reuben had said was going to happen, and with the feel of Rich's fresh load still inside her hole, I stayed fully erect.

I saw Reuben come up behind Rita and soon felt the blunt head of his cock rub against the underside of my shaft. It took some adjusting and maneuvering for him to fit his cock inside her pussy alongside of mine, but once he had penetrated her, I felt his shaft slide like velvet against mine.

It was a truly remarkable feeling, just like he had promised. As Reuben started to push in and then pull out, I fought to hold off my imminent ejaculation. He encouraged me to hang in. "Fuck with me, Kev. That's a boy. Give it to her," he prompted.

Doug moved over and was feasting on one of Rita's bouncing breasts. Rich joined him, rolling on his side. He started teasing her other nipple with his tongue and teeth. I felt fingers on my balls, and knew it couldn't have been Reuben. His hands were on Rita's shoulders.

I realized it must be Rich. He was actually playing with and fondling both Reuben's and my nuts as we double-fucked Rita. He obviously wanted us to enjoy our fuck session and to feel us get off. Then his finger circled and teased my puckered asshole. The thought of him touching me there was about to send me over the top.

I reached over and found Rich's cock and started stroking him. It was now soaring to another full hard-on. Finally, I had gotten to feel my boss's cock! That was all it took to get me started shooting my wad.

The touch of Reuben's soft foreskin gliding across my sensitive dick, the feel of his cock pulsing and spurting out his sperm, mixed with my own release and our united convulsions was unbelievably sensational. I was dazed, but not so much as to be unaware that Rich was also having another orgasm, spilling and spreading his cum on my quivering thigh.

We lay silently in a heap on the floor until someone started to laugh. We all started laughing and slowly pulled apart. In general, we looked a bit silly as we each wiped off our genitals and struggled to get back into our clothes.

Rich broke the ice with, "Beer, anyone?" and we all yelled out an affirmative.

"You're all a bunch of animals," Rita joked.

"Yeah, we are, aren't we?" Doug chimed in. "But wasn't it fun?"

I looked at all the guys differently after the sex orgy we had had, but I realized that Reuben especially understood me. The next week he took me aside and said he had an errand to run and that I should go with him. As Reuben was driving, he groped himself when he knew I was watching. "You want to touch it again?" he asked.

"Ahh, sure," I confessed.

"Take yours out, too, so I can see it," Reuben requested.

We both took our dicks out. I marveled at the way his loose foreskin slid up and down as he drove and jacked off. “How about sucking mine?” he said. I didn’t refuse or even hesitate. I bent down and took his juicy, precum-dripping cock in my mouth and lavished it with tender slurps and gentle sucking. I was in heaven. I had so badly wanted to taste and suck all the guy’s cocks during our orgy with Rita. But, for now I was happy to have my mouth full of Reuben’s slick, uncut piece. Reuben parked by the river, and soon he had me laid out on the seat of the van. He climbed on top of me and we began sucking one another at the same time. I shot my hot load soon after I felt his warm, wet mouth slide down my quivering pole and start sucking me. Reuben gave up his sperm immediately following my release. I loved the taste and smell of his thick cream, and was always willing to service him from then on.

Later on, I confessed to Reuben that I’d like the opportunity to suck Rich off. I said I was afraid to approach him because he was my boss and was married.

Reuben’s reply was, “Go for it, Kevin. You might be surprised. He’s a horny guy. And I can tell you from experience, he likes a cherry asshole.”

Bedroom Alias

Lou Dellaguzzo

ZACH PRETENDS TO LOOK AT some videos in a display window. *It is happening*, he thinks. He recognizes the guy from television — some conservative news channel on cable. In person, the reporter's ginger top looks redder. His taut skin glows amber. Deep-set eyes and a Roman nose present a serious, sober appearance.

He's just being playful, Zach thinks. Some guys like to flirt. But Zach keeps the lid on his takeout cappuccino. A precaution against coffee breath. Shy and doubtful, Zach shifts his gaze to the display window. He hopes to glimpse the man in passing. Afternoon foot traffic on Connecticut Avenue is light, especially his side of the street.

In the breeze, Zach's wavy blond hair scatters every which way. A flaxen pile-up. It makes his fine features, his clear green eyes, look even more boyish. Still boyish at thirty-two.

A smile — a nod! — reflect on the plate glass as the TV personality passes.

"Excuse me," Zach says, looking directly at the man. "It's not because of who you are — that's not why I'm asking. *Honest*. I just wanted to know if you'd like to see some of my work. I paint."

The guy stares, silent.

"Pictures," Zach says, sounding apologetic. *Wonderful*, he thinks. *You sound like a kid who wants to show off his finger paintings.*

"Visit your gallery?" the guy asks. His full lips tighten. He jangles some change in his pockets. He seems nervous.

"No," says Zach. "My studio. My *home* studio. I have the top floor — and a great view."

The guy looks down at his shoes, checking out the shine. "Where's your studio?"

Zach wants the place to sound right. Discreet. "Georgetown. A quiet street. You can park in the garage behind the building. I'll let you in my back door."

The guy tilts his head and grins. "Can I bring some coworkers?"

"Bring what? Oh. Sure." Zach wonders if he was right that the news announcer's just being a flirt.

From his checkered brown sports coat, the newsman pulls out a small leather notepad. His grin towers above Zach's slight frame. Big guys are Zach's weakness. Gentle, civilized big guys. He finds the mix of muscle and self-restraint heady and moving.

"Name and address?" the guy asks, businesslike. Zach eagerly complies. "Four o'clock okay?"

"That's good," Zach answers, thinking that any time would be fine.

They shake hands. The man's warm skin, and the caramel smell of his breath as he bends closer, combine to overwhelm Zach. "Think I'll skip bringing the coworkers," the guy says, still wearing that teasing grin Zach wants to nibble. "Let's just make it you and me."



“Good to see you again,” Zach says when his guest enters the back door.

The guy seems even taller in Zach’s small kitchen, more muscular than he appeared on the street. Maybe it’s his new outfit, a pale green polo shirt and crisply ironed chinos. *Why did he change his clothes?* Zach wonders. He takes in the guy’s tanned skin. Hazel eyes, darker in artificial light, study Zach. The guy’s warm, piney smell belies his cool demeanor.

Their silence gets awkward. And then: “Sorry I’m late.”

“No problem,” Zach says, though his stomach had churned the thirty-seven minutes he waited.

“Something to drink? I’ve got —”

“No thanks,” the guy interrupts, sticking his hands in his back pockets. He’s clearly not comfortable. Zach wants to touch him, make some rudimentary contact. He looks for a sign. A go-ahead. His visitor keeps playing with the doorknob, as if about to leave. “Ready to see some paintings?” Zach asks.

“I’d like that. But maybe another time. Got some last-minute schedule changes — editing and production. So I have to keep the visit short.”

“Okay,” Zach says. “Should we talk about current events?”

“Not unless you want to see my eyes glaze over,” his guest answers. “I talk news all day — and night. I really love it.” His broad smile, the first unprofessional one, makes the room tilt. Boyish dimples crease half his cheeks. Zach wants to sink his tongue into them.

“I’m not here to discuss the news.”

“Okay,” Zach’s glad to hear it.

“We have to talk first.”

“We have to — that’s what I’ve been trying to do.”

“About being careful,” the guy says, drawing closer, letting Zach feel his warmth, smell the faintest whiff of booze and mint on his breath.

“Yeah. Okay,” Zach says, relieved. “Don’t worry. I know all about careful.” He moves a half step closer.

The guy matches Zach’s step — but toward the opposite direction. “Let’s understand each other,” he says. “I’m married. Got kids, too. So if we play — we’ll have to do it *very* carefully.”

Zach resents the obsession with caution. “If you really want to be careful, what are you doing here?”

The smile above him dissolves. Hazel eyes darken and narrow, reflecting conflicted thoughts. The guy never looked more beautiful.

Smart move, Zach thinks. Now you guaranteed he’s gonna leave.

Not knowing what to do next, fearing whatever he says will cause more harm, Zach rests his head against the guy’s chest. “That came out wrong,” he says into the soft cotton shirt. He risks curling one arm around the man’s narrow waist — before daring to rest his small hand against the firm rump. Zach wishes he were bigger, stronger. He’d like to pick the guy up and carry him to bed. Do his convincing there.

Instead, Zach plays the naughty boy, requesting indulgence: “Don’t go. Please. I didn’t mean to get flip about your being married. I’m responsible, too. You’re safe with me.” Zach can feel the other guy’s breath, hear it whoosh through the aquiline nose above.

Follow his lead, Zach thinks, if he gives you another chance. After all, he’s the one with obligations.



“This is a surprise.” The man takes a deep breath, exhales through rounded lips like he’s blowing smoke. “Must’ve dozed off. I usually don’t linger, you know.”

“Glad you are,” Zach says. “Lingering, I mean.”

The guy rubs his stomach, twirls the line of hair that leads to his navel. Both men lie curled together. Zach feels like a kid next to his massive partner, whose long, well-proportioned body seems to fill the entire bed. “Any chance I can see you again?”

The answer comes slowly. “Don’t know.”

Okay, Zach thinks. *Better change the subject; come ‘round to it later.* “Got a confession to make. Truly dumb.”

Zach’s partner faces him, mildly interested. “Let’s hear it.”

“When I told you on the street, back in Dupont Circle, that I wasn’t chatting you up because of who you are, it was *almost* true.”

“How’s that?”

“I couldn’t remember your name, you see. I still can’t. Sorry. But you’ve been *no* help — not mentioning it once since I met you. Not even when you knocked on my back door.”

His visitor chuckles. “Nice to know my news reports make a big impression.”

“I’m sure it’s a wonderful name,” Zach says. “Really. Only I can’t remember it.”

“Right. Not a regular viewer. Never mind; the station doesn’t care. You’re not in the demographic model.”

Zach curls himself around his visitor. “Come on,” he nudges. “Gimme a hint, at least.”

“What would you like to call me?” the guy asks, cradling his head.

“What would I — you want me to *name* you?”

“Just for here,” the guy says. “If it turns out I can come back.”

Zach thinks a bit. “Sean,” he says, recalling a boyhood crush.

“Don’t think so.” Zach’s visitor pulls a face. “There’s a production guy at work named Sean who drives me crazy.”

“Okay,” Zach says. “Next choice, coming up.” He explores the guy’s neck, arms and chest, nibbling as he goes.

“What are you doing?”

“I’m getting your scent,” Zach answers. “The way you smell after sex, so I can properly name you.” He hums as he sniffs and burrows. “It’ll have to be something... rugged.” He stops horsing around and straddles his visitor, placing his small palm across his partner’s forehead. “Got it,” he says. “I christen thee Hank. That is, unless you’re Jewish. In that case, I Yahweh you Hank.”

Zach’s visitor tries the name out. “It’ll do,” he says, lifting Zach off and turning on his stomach. “How about giving Hank a little massage? Work the crick from my neck.”

“Will it hurt if I sit on you here?” Zach asks, barely touching a scar above Hank’s right hip.

“Not at all. That’s from a kidney transplant years ago. My sister.”

“Gee,” Zach says, massaging Hank’s neck. “That was very nice of her.”

“That was nice of me, you mean.”

“Nice of... oh. You mean *you* gave?”

“My, you catch on fast,” Hank says, knocking his fist against his head.

Zach swats his partner’s ass. His hand lingers on the solid flesh. “Well, Hank, you know the old saying, ‘dumb as a painter’.”

Hank turns over and Zach rolls off him.

“Speaking of work, dumb or otherwise, it’s time for me to leave.” Hank looks Zach in the eyes, his gaze intense, but distant. He’s in the room with Zach and yet someplace else entirely. Zach senses a pronouncement he won’t want to hear.

“My job is *the* most important thing in my life,” Hank says, breaking the edgy silence. “No bullshit, Zach. I arrived here the

hard way — infomercials, voiceovers, lots of industrial videos — even before I entered broadcast reporting.”

Hank picks at a flaky callous on his heel and rubs his muscular calf. The hairs on his leg slowly arc back in place and cling to his skin. “North Dakota, no less,” he continues, “you would *not* believe the winters. Now I’m only halfway to where I want to be. And the higher I go, the more scrutiny I’ll face.”

Zach’s voice fails him. The pulse in his neck beats against his pillow, marking time between Hank’s paced, whispered sentences. “I’d like to visit you again,” Hank says at last. His long, square fingers caress Zach’s face. “I’m looking forward to it already. It’s like being a kid again, with you, I don’t know why.... But I have to be careful. This city’s just another small town where everyone knows everybody else’s private business. It’s a big problem when the other guy starts expecting more, or wants me to meet his friends, or starts getting careless. *I’m* the one taking the risks.”

Zach turns away, molds his back to the larger man, who drapes his arm on Zach’s slender thigh. “You don’t have to worry,” he says, taking Hank’s hand, drawing his fingertips along large, smooth nails. “I’ve been here before. I understand you lead a complicated life, and have important commitments. If you stick me in a small compartment labeled Occasional Friendly Sex, I’ll be happy with that. And I know how to be discreet. We’ll work out a routine to protect your privacy.”

Hank kisses the nape of Zach’s narrow neck, gives him a quick hug. “Gotta take a shower, now,” he says, and climbs over the smaller man.

Zach doesn’t ask if he’ll see Hank again; he doesn’t want to press it. *Keep it light*, he thinks. *Give Hank time to think*. “Aren’t you gonna tell me your secret now?”

“Which secret?” Hank yells from the bathroom.

“Your name. I still can’t remember.”

“You really want to know? Watch the show.”



“A married guy,” Ria says. She applies a glob of burnt sienna straight from the tube onto her canvas. “How stupid are you?”

“Maybe it’s contagious,” Zach says, “maybe I got it from you.” Last year, Ria had a messy affair with a married politico. Her current admirer, Arthur, a comparative religions major, has spent the past ten years of his life *not* completing his dissertation (something about Emanuel Swedenborg) and meanwhile waits tables at a trendy downtown eatery.

“A married *guy*,” Ria repeats. Her husky voice sinks on the final syllable. “Human beings are supposed to learn by example, especially bad ones.”

“Do you mean bad people or bad examples?”

“Shut up. You know what I mean.”

Morning light streams through the skylight and front windows of their top-floor studio. Ria’s short blonde hair glistens above her spare features and green eyes. Her figure is as flat as a boy’s and just as cute.

“So what’s his name?” Ria asks.

Zach hunts for the words that won’t exactly form a lie. “I nicknamed him Hank.”

“As in Hunk?” Ria asks.

“Kind of,” Zach admits. “But there’s way more to him than that — he’s a guy with responsibilities.”

“Sounds very earnest,” Ria says. “So tell me about Hank the Hunk.”

Zach concentrates on his palette, mixing scanty applied colors with a drop of linseed oil. “What can I say?” he asks, stalling for time. “Hank’s kinda big on discretion.”

Ria works the umber onto her canvas. She uses the brush as if it were a rubber stamp, twisting it as she lifts, forming curly

daubs. "Okay. Forget it, Zachy," she says. "I get the picture — you've been sworn to secrecy. Fine with me."

Doesn't sound fine, Zach thinks.

He knows he should say more, justify himself. "I'm sorry about this secrecy thing," he says. "Hank wants me to be careful. It's better this way, so I don't have to lie to you. Or to him. Except for fibs, which everyone knows don't count."

"Good point." Ria says. Her goofy, sideways nod lets him know things are mostly okay again.

Ria and Zach have been friends since their second year of art school. For starters, they liked to prowl the city wearing the same punk clothes and spiky hairstyle, just to mess with peoples' heads. They also fucked now and then, their pale, spare bodies hot on Ria's black bed sheets. Sometimes, especially after smoking a little hash, they still fooled around, but only between other romantic commitments.

"So Zachy, does Hank know about our setup?" Ria asks.

"He knows we share the studio." Zach studies a photo taken from an herbalist magazine. He paints still-lives derived from various photographs, composing them on the canvas into a compelling whole. It's not very imaginative, Zach knows, but the stuff sells, which is why Zach gets to play full-time artist, while Ria toils full-time at an ad agency.

"I told him you kind of live on the second floor," he admits.

"Kind of live.' You mean, like one of the undead?"

"Said you're hardly ever around. Too busy shagging your boyfriend at his apartment."

"You're lucky my bedroom's carpeted."

"So are you," Zach says. "Hank really shouts when he comes."

"Careful," Ria says. "You're giving away very personal information."

"Ahh, shut up," Zach says, sharing a knowing smile with Ria. A smile he'd never want to part with.



"Why can't you come with us?" Ria asks Zach as they sip cocktails with Arthur in her sparsely furnished living room. They have tickets for an experimental theatre piece.

"Hank called," Zach says. "Haven't seen him in a couple of weeks."

Arthur, eager to put his two cents in, says, "Your friend has made you a boring little fellow." Booze already clouds his blue eyes. Zach can see Ria's attraction, though. Arthur has a broad, intelligent face. He's small, like Ria and Zach. And the guy can be funny and engaging, when his sense of humor doesn't turn nasty, as it's been doing lately.

"There's more to life than playing the boy toy," Arthur says, knowing Zach dislikes that description.

"Easy for you to lecture," Zach says. "You're getting plenty of attention, from what I hear through the floor boards."

Arthur says something in Lithuanian to Ria. *Maybe the old ethnic simpatico is another reason she likes him*, Zach thinks. Ria tends to get involved with guys who start out charming, only to slide into obnoxious. Then the arguments, and the yelling, sometimes at all hours of the night. Ria and Arthur have gone at it several times already.

While Arthur preens once more in the bathroom, Ria tells Zach, "You've become a real phone watcher. You should be fucking your brains out with someone who appreciates you. Someone you can at least go out with now and then."

"Let's skip this conversation," Zach says. "We all got our problems, one way or another."

Ria glances toward the bathroom. She nods as if her head's attached to a spring. "Listen: if Arthur doesn't shape up, he'll be one less problem in my life." Embracing Zach, she kisses him. "You see, Zachy? I've finally learned when to let go."

Right. Zach thinks. *If it's so obvious, why can't I see it?*



"I brought you something." Hank gives Zach a smartly wrapped package after letting himself in the back door. It's a pricey brand of scotch that he doesn't want Zach to bother keeping on supply. In one of his paintings, Zach included the first such bottle — along with Hank's watch, keys, and notebook — arranged with some of Zach's bric-a-brac. He worked from an enlarged photo study. The small, finished canvas hangs in his bedroom, where he meticulously hangs his clothes in a generous space reserved for him.

"Short visit, then?" Zach can gauge Hank's stay by the first smile, the first kiss.

"It's been busy today, Zach, but I really had to see you." Hank emerges finally, wearing a relaxed grin, and stretches out on azure sheets that pay homage to his golden skin, the mesh of ginger hair that burnishes his chest and limbs. Hank's sturdy, muscular form is all Zach's, for a few hours.

"This is why I put up with you," Zach says climbing on top, embracing the larger man's waist with firm, thin arms. "I should tie you up and keep you against your will," he whispers in Hank's ear, forcing his hands between the sheet and Hank's round buttocks. "What I wouldn't do to you then. All these big muscles, this beautiful ass — bound, helpless."

Hank's eyes widen, and a small cartilage along his left nostril twitches. "You wouldn't let me go?" he asks, his hands roaming Zach's back and legs.

“Maybe. After I’ve had every bit of you. Again and again.” Zach caresses Hank’s dick, twirling his fingers around the firm, latex-helmeted tip. He inhales the warm, cinnamon smell of Hank’s neck. “I’d be real gentle. Like you were dreaming.”

Effortlessly, Hank lifts Zach and rolls him on his back; the slow, deft move excites Zach with its strength. Hank mounts him, then curves his back so his smooth lips can meet Zach’s. The two men move against each other in harmony.

Zach prefers being a top. He’d like to gaze down at Hank’s dimpled grin, his silky red hair spread across the prominent forehead, but Zach can’t extend his arms across the larger man’s broad chest and support himself. Yet compromise has its merits. Zach can lie back and fantasize about Hank’s body, and what he’d like to do with it. And it’s great to smell Hank in action, explore armpits warmly pungent like old leather, so well-matched by the taste in Hank’s mouth — booze and mint and caramel.

“I’ve got you on your stomach,” Zach whispers, as his partner slowly fucks him. “I’ve got you on your stomach, and I’m caressing your beautiful ass. I’m patting it — paddling it — watching the white flesh give under my hands. Turn a little pink.”

Grabbing Zach’s hair, Hank draws his partner’s tongue deeper into him. Coming up for air, Zach searches the man’s face. Fine lines around Hank’s round eyes shaded by lush, dark lashes have a masculine sureness to them.

“I really like to fuck big guys like you,” Zach says. He stretches to reach Hank’s ass, holding as much as he can in small hands. “Can’t get enough of it.” He bucks against Hank, dragging his hands across the man’s back, burying his head into Hank’s neck, kissing and licking off the salty, cinnamon-flavored sweat.

“Gonna grease you up now,” Zach says, pushing his dick eagerly against the hard, golden stomach. “Go all the way in — all the way out. Gonna fuck you for hours. Work every inch of your butt.”

Hank bites Zach gently on the face and ears. Eyes closed, his rhythm quickens. Both men grip each other tighter as they race to their core. And then, for a brief moment, their release erases all difference between them.



“Definitely Ria’s voice,” Zach says as he grabs his shirt and looks out the window. “And Arthur’s.”

“You *know* who’s making that racket?” Hank asks.

“Ria,” Zach says. “Remember? My friend on the second floor. And her boyfriend.”

Hank turns away, annoyed. “You know, just the other night, our crew was out covering a nasty drunken assault on a Georgetown resident. The guy nearly lost an eye. It was really awful.” Hank closes the bathroom door behind him. Zach knows nothing about the incident but doesn’t say so. Hank would only tell him to pay more attention to the news.

He peers outside, monitoring the argument. “She’s coming in now,” he yells. “Alone.” Zach sees some neighbors looking out their window. “It’ll be okay, now,” he adds hastily. Arthur is half-sitting in the back of a taxi, his legs dangling outside the opened door as he talks with the driver. Then Arthur leaves the car carrying an overloaded grocery bag. Staggering, Arthur missteps and trips on the curb. Milk, eggs, bread tumble from the plastic bag. Laughing loudly, he yells “Hey Ria, I’ve spilled all your breakfast from Seven-Eleven.”

“I want my fare, man,” the cabbie shouts. “Get another cab for the other address.”

Ignoring the cabbie, Arthur retrieves the fallen egg carton. He hurls eggs at the house. After some bad shots, he meets his mark, splattering a jumbo-size oval against Ria’s window.

"How's that for painting?" Arthur slurs, giggling. "See, Ria? I copied *your* lousy technique." Before he can take another shot, Ria opens the front door and screams at him in Lithuanian. Her bellowing voice echoes through the narrow street. Arthur joins in but Ria drowns him out.

"Oh great. Wonderful," Zach says. While Hank's still showering, Zach slips on his jacket and slippers and goes out to help Ria. He hopes his visitor hasn't heard the door slam, won't see Zach on the street participating in the mess. More than ever, he wishes Hank would stop being so damned wary.

Outside, Arthur lies spread-eagle on the pavement. Ria tries to get him vertical again, but Arthur won't budge. "I'm star gazing," he shouts. "Lemme alone." Each taking an arm, Ria and Zach sit him up. Arthur glares at Zach. "Looky here," Arthur says, turning to the frustrated cabbie. "I'm being ganged-up on. Then he shouts at Zach: "What's-a matter, baby? Boyfriend go backy to wifey?"

In Lithuanian, Ria berates Arthur nonstop. The veins on Arthur's throat look about to burst as he counters her tirade. At least he's standing now. Glancing around, Zach notices his neighbors across the street. His pudgy, bulldog face stares from a bay window, and his wife stands nearby with her usual smirk.

Zach turns to check his flat and sees Hank's faint, moving silhouette in the curtains. The shadow quickly recedes. Zach's vision darkens as the curtains release the form. In a blur, he sees Ria talk to the cabbie. *Hank won't be happy, Zach thinks. I don't see him for a while and when he comes, this happens.*

"Got your wallet?" Ria says.

"What?"

"The cabbie. He'll take Arthur home — for forty dollars."

Zach releases Arthur and hands his wallet to Ria, who takes the billfold and pulls out three twenties to seal the deal without further debate. "Here," she tells the cabbie. "Take it and get him out of here."

"You wanna bring him back first?" the driver asks, grabbing the money as he points behind Ria.

Newly energized, Arthur leans against the railing of Zach's building. "I saw you," Arthur taunts, peering into the bay window. "Let me in, mystery man." Arthur slams an open hand against the double glazing. A fine crack travels up the pane. Ria and Zach grab Arthur, drag him back, his heels marking the concrete. "This is assault — on *your* property," he garbles at Zach with a manic snarl. "I'll own you, man. Fuckin' kick *you* out on your ass."

A police siren, faint at first, gains volume as it draws nearer. "Sounds like we better hurry," Zach says to Ria. As the struggling trio nears the cab, Ria yanks the door open. The hinges screech. "Hey lady," the cabbie warns. "You break, you gonna pay."

Arthur's energy evaporates. He stops resisting, goes limp, stretching his small form across the vinyl seat.

"Tough shit," Ria growls. She slams the door shut and the cab squeals to a start.



The police take a while talking to Ria and Zach before warning them about disturbing the peace and finally leaving. Zach enters his flat timidly, expecting to see Hank dressed, ready to leave.

"Hank?" he calls out. Moving slowly from room to room, Zach repeats the other man's name. Such silence after the commotion outside.

It'll be okay, he thinks. I can explain it all when Hank calls. Arthur's history. It won't happen again.

Feeling thirsty, Zach goes to the kitchen. He stares at the empty counter. "Where is it?" he asks, as if questioning the

space for being vacant. He knows he put Hank's new bottle of scotch there.

Walking through the flat, scanning every surface for the missing item, Zach works through his game of self-deceit. Hank's closet space is empty, and the garage, too. He takes peculiar comfort in the movement. How large the flat seems to Zach now. Finally he returns to the kitchen and stops. On the ledge of the kitchen window, Zach sees the backdoor key he gave to Hank.



Ria and Zach shake out their old sleeping bags before the fireplace; they lay one open-face bag atop the other, their mattress for the night, a haven from their usual sleeping arrangements. Zach meanders into his bedroom, pulls the sheets and duvet from his bed, and carries them to the living room where Ria arranges them.

Kindling starts the fire nicely. Well-dried logs inspire blue sparks to dart among the yellow and orange flames. The fire's chatter comforts Ria and Zach as they remove their robes. Radiant warmth embraces their naked flesh, turned gold by the fire. Zach keeps Hank's pillow for himself. He breathes into it until he thinks he finds the other man's scent. Like an alchemist at his magical fire, he wants to conjure Hank. An apparition would be welcomed.

Ria slides next to Zach, conforming her nearly matching body to his, seeking reassurance about what they share together. They both look beyond the fire, study the flickering lights at play on the walls and ceiling.

"You know," Ria says. "Leonardo told his art students to study walls stained with many different colors." She outlines a spiraling, unfamiliar shape in the air. "He said finding forms

within the colors would inspire an inventive scene. Something new.”

Zach takes her suspended hand, wraps it around his waist. “That’s good to know,” he says. “I’ll keep it in mind for my next project.” Zach looks back at the fire and closes his eyes, waiting for sleep to happen. Shadows caper across the sooty tiles.

The Exit Stage

Marc Levy

IT IS 1971. A COLD year. Heavy with snow, bitter with rain. It is one year since the killing time, when men fell like red drops in a bad storm and their thunderous screams filled day and night. It is the time before nightmares. It is the time before furious sex. It is the time before the rising rage. It is the time before doctors pushed drugs that only made me shake. It is the time before a car killed my dog and I wept, unable to bring her back; it is the time before the days of drink; it is the time before lawless deeds. It is the time before walking up to hollow-eyed men, asking, "Who were you with? What year?" It is the time before regretting I did not shoot the officer who tried to send me back on patrol. A mistake, he said, hands raised, my weapon trained on his chest. It is the time before moving sixteen times in less than one year. It is the time before I pressed unloaded pistols to young girls' heads. It is the time before the time when life is neither good or bad. It is the time before I understand human beings.

It is Friday. I work six days a week. I am the head doorman at the Branford Theater in Newark, New Jersey. Outside, in the sleeting cold, large black letters hung on a triangular marquee tout the feature films, their ratings and times.

Shivering customers huddle beneath the illuminated tent. They wait to buy cardboard tickets from a young girl enclosed

in a cramped black booth. One at a time, they push their money under a metal grill. The girl mechanically presses a large green button, makes change, counts it twice, and then pushes the ticket and money back into their shivery hands. One by one, the customers push past thick wood doors located behind the booth. They walk, or amble, or strut down the well-lit corridor, which is fifty meters long, mirrors flanking either side. The people walk toward me.

It is the time before computers. It is the time before automatic inventory control. It is the time when hands still must do tedious things. Each ticket has a hole through its center. I slot the paper square onto a long thin rod centered in a sturdy, waist-high, rectangular, metal box. The ticket shimmies backward down the upright pole. Later, the manager will loop black thread around the top of the oversized needle. He will upturn the box, causing the tickets to form a bracelet of perforated squares. Behind locked doors he will count them one by one, just as he will count the paper cups, candy bars, hot dogs, and popcorn boxes, which remain after Irish Lucy, whose hair is a forest of fire, closes the glittery concession and hands him cash. Even though he trusts Lucy, by subtracting items remaining in stock the manager determines the day's take. The previous girl had skimmed the till, stashing her loot in garbage bags, which she later recovered in the alley way, out back. Confronted, she confessed, and was let go.

A set of double doors past the concession stand leads to the main auditorium. It can seat four hundred people. The cushioned chairs have small metal plaques nailed to the right armrest. Several seats have been stabbed or slit open. The yellow foam rubber puffs out like a rose bush in permanent bloom. Most chairs creak from age and abuse. The balcony, reached by a narrow staircase, can hold one hundred and twenty five people. But there are rats and most customers sit elsewhere.

Intricate plaster designs and gold leaf trim cover the walls of the theater. An ornate chandelier hangs defiantly overhead. When the house lights dim, all eyes focus on the motorized velvet curtain, which raises in a series of reverse cascades like a maiden hoisting up her skirts. As they watch the coming attractions customers munch or chew or lick their salty lips. Soon the lights will go out, the curtain will close and reopen and the main picture will begin.

Six days a week, eight hours a day, half hour lunch, wearing a black tuxedo, white shirt, bow tie, and shined black shoes, I take tickets.

"Tickets, please. Have your tickets ready. Tickets." No one knows I carry a gun.

Sometimes I flirt with pretty girls. Sometimes I let them in free. And sometimes I have interesting conversations with men. For example, one afternoon a middle-aged man spoke at length about Christ. Even Lucy listened to his passionate appeals. But then his voice went wild and he spoke in tongues and the ushers came and threw him out. I had never seen that before. Speaking in tongues. Nor did I know what a bull dagger was until Lucy waited for the patron to leave. "It's a woman," she said. "They dress like that. They do sinful things. Sinful. Shame on them. Shame. Shame. Shame."

Lucy is slender, gaunt, bony and frail. Crimson spider veins flush her nose and cheeks. She is old. Perhaps fifty. Perhaps sixty-five. Her long bad teeth jut forward when she opens her mouth. When customers ask, Lucy names each item for sale. Names and prices. She does this a hundred times a day. I hate when she does it. The same words, the same uncaring tone in her voice. Lucy wears too much make up. She looks as if she wears a mask. A scarlet mask, like a sneering devil or mocking clown, a painted whore, which makes me mad.

Whenever I speak or listen to Lucy, I always look at the space between her eyes, the one just above her delicate nose. In this way

I make no true eye contact, though like most people she thinks I do. Otherwise Lucy will look like a woman before her husband and daughter and three sons have been shot. Otherwise I might scream at Lucy to shut the fuck up, butt-stroke her across her red-flushed face. And Lucy will drop silly and not feel the blows of our boots, as they, too, are covered in the color I hate.

I forget why it happened. Hector is different. He is young, mustachioed, handsome. He parts his straight black hair high on the right side of his head. With his thin waist, dark eyes, and sharp, angular features, he reminds me of Mendez, met on the long, crowded flight departing the far away land.

With his three Silver Stars and two Purple Hearts, Mendez the medic unleashed harrowing tales until he slumped down, drunk on gin, covered in ghosts. Like Mendez, I was a medic. We loved our men. When the airplane lands, Mendez holds me close in the arc of his arms. Holds me until the shaking stops. I have missed the closeness that comes with combat.

Today, I do not know something of Hector and wish to know it. We talk secret, and when Lucy leans to our moving mouths, she cannot hear us.

“One o’clock,” I say. “By the balcony exit.”

I take his ticket and watch it sail down the sturdy pole. When I look up, another customer awaits.

Two hours later, I unlock a service door and lead Hector up the fire escape to a large storeroom. Its high brick walls hold large thick windows embedded with steel thread to make them safe. Wide shafts of sunlight filter into the room, illuminating the dust our steps kick up. We look about. Cleaning supplies, dry stiff mops, and rusty buckets crowd the walls. Wooden ladders lack pivotal slats. Below us, as the movie unfolds, the loud speakers make the floor tremble. But inside the sunlit room, it is quiet.

Like boxers squaring off, we stand one meter apart, ready to strike. With my right hand gripping the loaded twenty-five

automatic pistol sheltered in my coat pocket, I wait for Hector to suck my cock. If he makes one wrong move I will shoot him. Yes. Although I have never had a man suck my cock, I will shoot Hector if he takes one false step. I have done that. And I know that seeing and touching and smelling the dead is better than sex, and killing is better.

Hector says, "C'mon man. Do it."

I say, "I thought you were doing me."

I say to myself, *Careful. If he makes one false move, shoot him. Shoot the fucker.*

Hector drops to his knees, unbuttons my pants, unzips my fly, and smothers my cock with his mouth. After a time I grow big watching his head bob like a piston forward and back. He is very excited. After a time he works up a lather of white spittle which coats the length of my cock. His mouth glides over the slippery foam.

I fear. I fear spit has forever saturated my cock. I fear my cock is ruined.

After a time, discreetly aiming the gun at his head I say, "That's enough, Hector. I don't want anymore."

Hector continues a moment, then stops.

I say, "We have to go."

Still on his knees, Hector says, "Take off your shirt, man. C'mon, drop your pants. I want to see you naked."

I unbutton my shirt and expose my chest.

"More," he says. "Back up. So I can see you."

I take three steps back and feel the sun on my neck. I open my shirt. My loosened tuxedo pants fall to the floor. My body is still lean and muscular from jungle patrols. For several minutes I stand nude for handsome, smooth talking, cocksucking, spic-faced Hector. But if he takes one wrong step, I will draw my weapon and shoot. The small bullet will penetrate his brain and he will be dead. Yes. I will shoot and kill this black-haired, wheat-faced, spic-fuck, cocksucking, fucker who has spoiled my

dick. And I will curse and kick the round blue hole in his head. I will kill and kick the one who has spoiled my cock.

"Muy bonita," says Hector. *"Muy, muy bonita."*

I set the safety and put on my clothes.

At the exit landing, before we re-enter the theater, Hector says, "Don't tell anyone, all right?"

What the fuck? I am twenty-one years old. I have four confirmed kills. I fragged a lieutenant. Lost half my platoon. But Hector, whose slippery mouth and rapid tongue have searched and destroyed my unscathed cock says, "Don't tell"? What the fuck, over?

In my best combat voice, the one used to tell the stuck-pig wounded they are all right, the one used to calm impossible pain, the one used to instill false hope, I say, "Don't worry. I won't tell." Then he is gone.

Downstairs, I lock myself in the narrow employees' bathroom and repeatedly bathe and scrub and wash my dick with warm, soapy water. When I am satisfied it is clean, restored, safe, I return to work.

Lucy, who has covered for me, says, "You're late."

Straightening my jacket and pants, arranging my tie, I say, "It won't happen again."

I look down into the metal box. There are many tickets to count.

On the third day of the third month of 1971, I was fired from the Branford Theater. I have never married. I do not drink or smoke or use drugs. I have nightmares. I have crying spells. I spend much time alone.

And what of the Branford? Gone, whittled in half, the once-towering building now flat-faced with plate windows and white signs shouting impossible value. Inside, the bland interior is stocked with bins piled with failed merchandise. There is no mirrored corridor. There is no stairway. There is no second floor.

Gone too are the laughing children, drunks, pimps, cons, the lonely men and lonelier women. Gone are carpeted floors

and heavy brass rails; gone the hidden projection booth and its slow whirring, two-reeled carbon arc projector run by a man whose name was Lee; gone are the velvet curtains, dimming lights, and hundred-foot screen. Gone are the sudden gasps, shouted curses, cascading litter; gone are the trudging footfalls of satisfied patrons hurrying home before dark.

Nothing remains of the Branford Theater. Only the narrow, garbage-strewn back alley escaped untouched. It is fenced off on both ends, locked tight, impossible to enter or exit.

I once looked past the thick link chains and saw myself walking. The scent of stale urine seemed to rise over broken glass, crumpled cans; the ways of stifled sex. I heard rats scurry in the shadows created by tall humming lamps that curved overhead. Further on, in dark forbidding spots I felt the hot breath of men lying in wait. I swore I saw blood. I swore I saw the surrendering man shot point-blank. Everywhere I saw the blood of memory. I looked away. Nothing was left. Nothing.

And the gun? Any automatic pistol has four main parts. Frame, slide, barrel, magazine. The practiced hand can break down and reassemble a pistol in thirty seconds. Twenty is better. And last summer, on a very hot day, I pushed the safety on, depressed the magazine button, drew the slide back to inspect the chamber, removed the barrel from the slide by rotating it out, eased the slide off the frame, and removed the recoil spring and guide bar from the frame tunnel. I did that. I've done it many times.

And after cleaning the weapon with poisonous solvent and soft round patches, wiping it down, applying a small amount of gun oil to each moving part, reassembling the weapon, inserting an empty ammo clip, retracting the slide, checking the breach, and letting the slide snap forward, I pointed the slick, clean weapon upward and pulled the trigger one last time, the action sharp, smooth, tight, then put the gun away, hoping to never use it again.

New Orleans Convention

C. B. Potts

MARISSA IS PARTICULARLY BEAUTIFUL FROM the back: the subtle slope of her shoulder blades, the taut, angry column of her spine, the inviting curves of her hips, flaring from a narrow waist.

“Go out and get you some,” she snapped, staring out the window at the busy street below. “That’s what you want to do.”

“That’s not why I came with you,” I replied, stepping closer. Her shoulders were rocks under my hands. The scent of jasmine filled my nose as I kissed the top of her ear. “I came to spend time with you. Quality time.”

“Well, that’s not why I came, Jeff. I’m here because I have work to do — seminars to teach, contracts to sign — all that publishing stuff that pays the bills, remember?” She pushed me away. “And you can’t tell me that the thought of all those Cajun boys down there doesn’t turn you on.”

“Maybe it does,” I retorted, stung. “I’ll go see. We don’t want your unemployed husband getting in the way of your precious work, anyway, right?”

“Jeff,” she called as the door swung shut, “I didn’t mean it like that....”

Mean it or not, I thought, feeding the ATM the credit card, Marissa’s been awful free with those little snipes about my job

— or lack thereof — lately. A couple hundred should be enough to drown my sorrows, even in this tourist town.

“Cheri,” the first doorman said, brazenly checking out my casual attire, lingering perhaps a moment too long at my lonely crotch. “We don’t sell what you’re looking for here.” He provided directions and a knowing smile. “I get off at ten-thirty, if you can wait that long.”

The next bar was packed with testosterone and leather. There were more than a few denim-clad tourists, and I stood back watching the youngest, best-looking of the black-leather set approach the intruders for a few minutes of conversation and a discreet exit.

It took eight minutes to wind my way to the bar, another five for a tall cold beer. Six-point-four seconds passed before the most beautiful boy I’d ever seen sauntered up next to me.

Taller than me, but not by much. Longish black hair, flipped back from a five o’clock shadow face. Leather vest left open to reveal perfect abs, the gold nipple ring. Jeans tight enough to reveal intention, if not religion.

“You lookin’ for a little happiness?” he asked. His grin didn’t reach all the way to his eyes, but that didn’t matter.

“Actually, I’m shopping for true love,” I answered, pulling on my beer.

“If you’ll settle for half-hour increments, I’m your man,” he countered. “Half a buck.”

What the hell, I figured. It’s Marissa’s money.

The working boys kept rooms upstairs. I followed my latest purchase through an unmarked door, up some winding stairs, and into tawdry paradise.

“Aint much to look at, cherie,” he announced, pushing open a narrow door, “but the sheets are clean.” He chuckled. “So far, anyway.”

"It's early yet," I replied, turning to face him. Somehow he seemed taller now, broader than he'd been downstairs among the milling throng. "You got a name?"

"It's Dan," he answered, "but I answer to 'Oh, God!' pretty well."

"Why don't you show me?"

His mouth was hot and wet — all the humidity of Louisiana somehow centered in this orifice, the whole Cajun experience traced upon my shaft with his tongue. He gobbled me so vociferously that it actually hurt when his nose hit my stomach. My balls spasmed, and I felt sticky heat filling the condom.

"Holy shit," I whispered, my hands resting lightly on his hair.

"Close enough to 'Oh God' for me," Dan laughed, straightening up. He plucked a folded bill from my fingers. "And the sheets aren't even dirty."

"Well, not yet, anyway...."

No matter how many times I've tried to explain this to Marissa, she just doesn't understand there's just nothing better than this — lying here, propped on my knees, cheeks spread open by trembling fingers, waiting for some thick prick to fill me up. Fingers just don't do it for me, although I'll admit I moaned when Dan wiggled a well-lubed finger up my butt.

"You straight boys are so tight," he grunted, coaxing another digit beside the first. "Makes it hard to give you a decent bang for the buck."

"I'm sure you'll manage," I answered, willing my sphincter to relax. "And I'm hardly a straight boy,"

I felt the blunt head of his cock nosed between my cheeks and caught my breath. Dan laughed, and slowly pressed his way in.

"Let's just say inadequately bent, then, lover, for it's nine kinds of close quarters here."

There was that wonderful starburst moment of pleasure mingling with pain as my out-of-practice asshole learned how to relax and enjoy the ride. “Unngh,” I moaned, half-heartedly arguing with Dan, “You’re just too damn big.”

“Could be, cherie,” he agreed, feeding me his meat inch by bowel-widening inch. “Could be.” His hands were iron on my hips, a rough grip guaranteed to bruise. Slowly he pulled me toward him, until I was impaled. “Does this feel too big?”

Ever articulate, I moaned again. Dan took this as assent, and began to saw his hips back and forth. His balls were slapping against mine, while my own neglected meat was twitching like a rabid weasel.

“Looks like you needed a good fucking,” he said, quickening his pace. “Grab that cock — I hate to cum alone.”

The strokes were coming faster and faster, pounding hard against chronically under-stimulated nerve endings. I thrust back at him for all I was worth, squeezing my bowels shut in a futile attempt to keep Dan inside.

My meat was feverish in my hand, hot enough to explode without any extra stimulation. A few tugs and I collapsed flat on the bed, landing belly first in a fresh puddle.

“Oh God,” I groaned.

Dan echoed my own pleasure. “That’s what I want to hear,” he grunted, using quick rabbit strokes to finish off.

For brief seconds he let his weight rest atop me, gasping his way to the most rapid recovery I’d ever seen. Then Dan was on his feet, zipping up and ready for business.

“Hate to say it,” I said, pulling on my own pants, “but your sheets aren’t all that clean anymore.”

He laughed. “No sweat. Anybody I pick up this late won’t be particular.”

“Late? What time is it?”

“Almost eleven.”

The bar was even more packed when we emerged downstairs, and I couldn't see the cute doorman anywhere. Somehow I didn't mind — after all, Marissa was right. I had been out of work far too long.

"I'm sorry I was so harsh earlier," she said, half-whispering into the darkened hotel room.

"I'm sorry I give you so much to be harsh about." My hand ran down her side, enjoying the feel of her silky chemise gliding over smooth skin. My cock began to harden again, stiffening against her welcoming curves. "Anyway, I found some consolation out there in the big, lonely world."

"Really?" Marissa asked. She shifted backward in the bed, pressing her torso firmly against mine. "Why don't you tell me about it?"

September Shower

Bill Brent

DESIREE BONNER STOOD NAKED IN the doorway of the huge, lavishly tiled bathroom as several eager, equally naked partygoers brushed by her brown, balloon-shaped butt and into the big orgy room at the top of the mansion.

It was a famous butt, immortalized by one of her ex-lovers, a rapper. “Whenever I see a bottle of Perrier, I think of yo’ butt, an’ I get all *hot*,” he’d panted during an amorous interlude, alluding to the shape of the famous bottle. She had laughed out loud. But then the fool had gone and written her into a rap tune (reverently ripping off a couple of riffs from old Pointer Sisters hits), which had scandalized most of the women from her old neighborhood while enticing most of the men:

*When I see Desiree
I think of Perrier
I like to drink her for lunch
Sparklier than Sprite
She’s my afternoon delight
She packs a helluva punch.*

Most of her exes knew just how much of a punch Desiree could pack, particularly the black boys. And they really were boys, she'd soberly realized one day. That was the downside — some of the best lovers she'd ever had were macho studs who were still big Mama's boys at heart. They tried so hard — and almost always succeeded — in pleasing a woman, but so often they turned out to be emotional train-wrecks.

But this dude in front of her had, *mmm, potential*. He had that Italian street-punk thing going on — defiant, like a bantamweight boxer who'd fought his way into the spotlight. And she could tell that this compact Casanova really dug the spotlight. Besides, she liked a lover who could put up a bit of a fight — until she took him down.

She was leaning against the door-jamb, which allowed her to project a cool reserve while hiding her twitching fingers, which tapped out a rhythm on the wall behind her. This was the night of the Omnivorous Orgy, billed as "San Francisco's biggest Bacchanalian bash for bad boys and bodacious girls." The moon was full and the tide was high, providing further inducement for anyone who needed the slightest excuse for going wild.

The three stories of the huge Victorian were a triple-decker threat to anyone's sense of propriety. An enormous dungeon spread across the lowest level, lit up in lurid red, featuring racks, cages, massage tables, slings, benches, and beds spilling over with writhing, moaning masses of humanity. The sprawling space was festooned with vases of fresh, fragrant flowers and bounteous baskets of latex and lubricant.

The middle level was more of a social space, lit up in soft, incandescent white, featuring as its centerpiece a pair of magenta neon lips captioned by the single and catchy commandment, "Enjoy," metronomically flashing — in green light, no less, just in case one didn't get the point. Rippling rhythm and bass tracks bathed the scene in a soft, undulating layer of sound. The kitchen featured a lavish buffet feast; the video-porn room held a huge

screen depicting professional depravity of variously alternating flavors, and the bustling reception area (the “undressing room”) was lit up in a frenzy, yet the glaring lights made it a practical place to fish for fresh flesh.

The top level, in whose bathroom Desiree now stood, was lit with softly glowing, multicolored globes of stained glass, which cast variously prisms of hues upon the high, beamed ceiling that seemed to arch miles above the heads of the horny hedonists who slithered like serpents across the crowded cushions. The big room’s airy loftiness and crackling fireplace glow evoked the mood of a ski lodge. All was framed with tall walls of glass opening onto the sky-clad redwood deck, where a dozen or so partygoers were lounging and smoking in the nude on one of San Francisco’s delicious, melt-in-your-mouth September nights. Several glowing pipes were passed around. Piped-in music, piped-in water, and piped-in hash and weed provided the glue that bonded the social fabric of this fabulous fuck-fest.

The house and its grounds were awash with a watery presence. There was a massive wall of water falling down the fence, splashing into a mossy backyard garden bordering a giant, foaming jacuzzi which brimmed with the steaming, sated flesh of post-coital partygoers. There were indoor showers on every level, and a fourth outdoor shower near the Jacuzzi, all blasting away to cool and cleanse the briny, raucous hordes, rivulets of suds cascading from their happy bodies while at rest between romps in a roomful of writhing revelers. Twosome or even threesome shower sharing was commonplace and encouraged. The banner, *Save Water — Shower With A Friend!*, hung near at least two of the showers. (Some especially kinky soul had cleverly sketched in the word “Golden” before the word “Shower” on the banner hanging near the outdoor stall.)

But the architectural *pièce de résistance* was the shower in the bathroom bordering the “ski lodge,” — where Desiree and Donny were now facing off. The owner of the house had

commissioned a rounded wall built of rippling, translucent glass bricks that reflected tantalizingly vague, psychedelically distorted images of anyone in the spacious shower. The circular stall held three massaging shower heads, a douching station, baskets holding all manner of soaps, sponges, scrubbers, shaving and sex supplies, and room enough to accommodate up to eight bodies at once. The stall was finished in tiny tiles, psychedelic squares of crimson and navy, pink and aqua, with swirling white lines of tiny, sperm-shaped tiles set into the floor, eagerly chasing each other's tails toward the central drain, which looked like a giant ovum.

But Desiree wasn't noticing any of that just now. No, she was transfixed by the stall's lone occupant, Donny Blue (a/k/a "Rollerboy") soaping himself with lavishly extravagant handfuls of Dr. Bronner's Peppermint soap. The sensations made him squirm, especially the icy tingling on his balls. He was strongly aware of Desiree's presence; he even sensed her struggle to maintain control of her hyperkinetic hands, but he would wait a while to acknowledge her. Donny was the ultimate exhibitionist and loved to show off his body, especially to a chick as hot as Desiree Bonner. He'd make her watch him.

Donny's olive skin flashed beneath the gleam of the soapy water, like an exotic fish streaking through a tropical bay. Desiree had always had a thing for lithe, compact Mediterranean men. She'd first been seduced by the curly-haired husband of her older sister — an actual Greek fisherman — when she was just fifteen. She knew the guy was a horny, deceitful leech, but she could hardly resist him — the briny smell of the sea clung to his skin and his curls, flooding her senses, making her mouth water, making her cunt water. Her sister always did have good taste, and after one taste of that fine scoundrel, Desiree was hooked for life. She liked her black brothers well enough, she'd been with a few white guys, and she'd even dated a Japanese programmer once upon a time — but no one did it for her like

those Greeks, Italians, Portuguese, and Spaniards. Desiree wasn't an indiscriminate slut, but she liked to say that she was a "an equal-opportunity enjoyer." Still, as she was quick to observe, desire isn't politically correct, and just about everyone has her preferences.

Donny nudged his growing stiffness. It was getting tough to hide how much he was enjoying his impudent display. He hoped that Perry, his date, would get sidetracked by that red-headed muscle-boy he'd been ogling all evening so that he could have a bit of time alone in the shower with this fine lady. Donny was sure that Perry suspected his bisexual tendencies, but he was loath to discuss that side of himself in the early stages of seeing a guy, particularly a catch as hot as Perry. San Francisco was full of gorgeous, unattached men who had no interest in pussy. He'd thought that even inviting Perry to this mixed-gender party might be pushing it, but Perry had just shrugged and said, "Well, might as well try something different."

Desiree was growing impatient, and she realized that she was blocking the toilet. She was afraid that someone would want to use it and disrupt this little scene. She cleared her throat and adjusted the towel atop her head.

"Hey, boy, are you gonna play ball?" Desiree demanded, "Or are you just gonna stand there playing 'soap the salami' all evening?"

The only thing Donny liked as much as a dominant stud was a commanding woman, but he still had his insolent streak. "So who wants to know, and what do you like to do with salami?"

Desiree stepped across the expanse between them. "My name is Desiree," she snapped, "And what I do with salami depends on what else is in the fridge. Like these cherry tomatoes."

Desiree reached out and began flicking his nipples rhythmically as he flexed and posed for her in sweeping, lavish strokes. The soap foamed and frothed, decorating his body like

giant splashes of stucco or taffy. “Oh, yeah,” he muttered, as his cock surged within his fingers. “Yeah, play with those tits.”

“I will do what I please, little man,” Desiree retorted, “And you had best learn to like it.” Desiree stepped into the shower, moving behind him and grabbing his nipples from behind, grinding her wet pussy against his muscular ass-cheeks. The warm water felt good against her skin. She grabbed huge handfuls of his meaty pectorals and dug in her nails, which drove Donny into a lathering, frothing frenzy. “Aren’t you the dude they call ‘Rollerboy’?”

“Um, yeah, that’s one of my nicknames.” Desiree could tell from his squirming discomfort that Donny secretly liked to be called “boy,” and probably didn’t mind a bit of humiliation, either.

“And the others?”

“Well, they’re, uh, more personal....”

Desiree’s lips curled into a smile as she suppressed a giggle. “So, I’m waiting.”

Donny felt himself blush, as much as a dark-skinned Italian can blush. “Well, there’s ‘fuck-puppy’,” he started, “and ‘cunt-lapper’ — oh, man!” He groaned as Desiree dug four stenciled, bejeweled nails into the nubs of his nipples.

“I’m not a man,” Desiree snorted. “And you had best remember that.” She spun him around. “Does a man kiss like this?” She scraped her nails down his back and planted a deep, full kiss on Donny’s mouth. He could smell the faint jasmine scent she’d dabbed behind her ears.

Perry appeared in the doorway. “Oh, I was wondering where — son of a bitch!”

Perry froze and stared at his date and the turbaned black Amazon towering above him. Donny broke their lip-lock and stared back, afraid to say a word, afraid *not* to say a word. The hushed moment hovered above them, as eye darted to eye — eyes seeking answers, then knowing, then accepting. Hours of

talk packed into an instant that sparked truths beyond words — truths about fear, about power, and desire.

For once in her self-assured life, Desiree Bonner was speechless.

“Well, what the hell!” Perry shouted, stepping into the bathroom. “Sorry if I’m interrupting something, but that’s just the kind of bad-mannered bastard I am.” Perry fixed Desiree with an intense stare and summed up the situation with no further questions, other than: “I think this rude motherfucker deserves a rude awakening, wouldn’t you agree?”

Desiree’s eyes sparkled at the mischief in Perry’s. She recognized the “gay” pornstar and was pleased to see his flash of interest in her. Noting Donny’s astonished expression, she surmised that the boy hadn’t known that Perry liked girls, either. This was turning into quite the evening for surprises. Her heart sped up a bit as she imagined her body tangled around these two men. Perry wore his self-confidence like a comfortable, clinging T-shirt. It was different than hers — more embracing, less aloof. She wanted to know how it translated into sex. Donny would serve as their conduit. “I was teaching him a bit of etiquette when you appeared. He’s got a lot to learn.”

Perry flung his towel to the ground and stepped under the water. “Yeah, like how to tell his date that he likes pussy.” Donny started to retort that Perry hadn’t told him, either, but Perry waved him aside: “Yet apparently he’s learned more about that than he let on to me. I thought he’d been taking all his, uh, lessons from male instructors. I see now that this is not the case.”

“So, ah, how well do you two know each other?”

“Well enough for this,” Perry said, slapping the boy’s ass.

Donny grunted in protest as soap suds flew off his skin like sparks. “Donny’s reputation as a bad boy precedes him. And mine almost overshadows me at times. But right now, I’m about to overshadow this nasty piece of trash.”

Perry spun the boy around, grasping Donny's balls in one hand while working the other hand's soapy fingers rhythmically toward Donny's pucker, pressing hard on the boy's perineum. "Oh, man," Donny gasped, as the peppermint-icy pressure forced flashing surges of fire into his fuck-stick. He bent it downward until he felt as if it would break off, then let it fly, slapping against his belly and causing flecks of foam to scatter. Perry shoved two curved digits into Donny's spasming hole and waited. Donny was always open and ready; it was one of the boy's major charms, in Perry's somewhat jaundiced eyes. Soon the boy was fucking himself on the man's outstretched fingers. Perry smiled as his dick grew long, curving upward.

"Gonna fill you up, boy," Perry grunted as he assaulted the boy's hole repeatedly with his soap-slick fingers. Donny moaned as the tingling, slightly stinging sensations from the peppermint soap made his hole feel as though it were heating over a low flame. Perry had his hardened, curving cock in his other hand and was beating off to the same rhythm as his fingers were drumming in Donny's blazing ass.

"You cleaned out, pup?" Perry asked.

"Snatchurally," Donny moaned.

"Oooh, has that boy got a *mouth* on him," Desiree smirked, backhanding Donny's cock. The boy yelped.

"Yeah, he's a real 'pun' in the ass. You get used to it after awhile," Perry laughed, as he shut off the shower. "Boys are usually cocky when they need some cock."

"Makes me want to slap him *real* hard." She gave Donny's cock another stinging slap. "And me, without a strap-on. I'm traveling light tonight. But I see that your equipment can tackle the *toughest* job."

"Well, this job looks tougher than he is," Perry smiled, his perfect teeth gleaming and wet.

This was the hottest stuff in Donny's most blazing fantasies. Perry Palmer was about to fill him with his famous cock in

front of this hot, powerful bitch goddess, amidst a house full of strangers. "There's a basket of condoms hanging there," he nodded toward the shampoo rack. "Oh, man, I really want you to fuck me hard."

"Let's put one on this, too," Desiree ordered. "You're gonna have to put it somewhere, boy, so it might as well be in my snatch. '*Snatch-urally*,'" she hissed, baring her teeth.

Donny squirmed as he squeezed some lube and a rubber over his water-slickened dick. The white swirls of Dr. Bronner's looked especially delicious on Desiree's gleaming, chocolate-milk skin. Now he could feel Perry stuffing him from behind with at least three lube-filled fingers, and then that horse cock rode on home. It felt as though his hole were being stuffed with the thickest peppermint stick available, only Perry's dick had the advantage of a curve that conformed perfectly with the contours of his hungry hole. It also massaged his prostate, causing a small, trickling wetness to emanate from the head of his dick into the condom. He yelped as Perry plugged away; the tingling rhythm was driving him mad. Then his cock was engulfed with a spreading warmth as Desiree backed onto his rubber-suited cock. "Oh, man," he groaned as Desiree contracted her vaginal muscles around his thrusting cock. Perry tugged his thick nipples from behind as Donny pulled on Desiree's. Perry picked up the pace, his pelvis pounding and smashing against the boy's battered, outrageously stretched hole. The new tempo caused Perry's low-hangers to slap rhythmically against the curve of Donny's ass, causing Donnie to thrust harder against Perry and into an increasingly excited Desiree, who was rapidly approaching the first of many loud orgasms that soon had spectators crowding into the bathroom for a look.

"Yeah, fuck! *Fuck!*" Donny screamed, playing to his newly-discovered audience. He held still so that Perry could have even greater access to his still-hungry ass. Desiree thrust backward onto his cock and manipulated her engorged clit with renewed

intensity. Perry pulled out abruptly, his rubber-slicked cock making a loud *plop!* He surveyed the crowd. "You!" he barked, pointing at a young man, a weightlifter, who looked startled. Perry dropped his tough-guy character for a moment, his face breaking into a dazzling pornstar smile.

"What's your name, kid?"

"Leo."

"I'm Perry," he said, extending his hand. When the weightlifter grabbed it, Perry gripped his hand hard and yanked him into the shower. "You like her?" he asked. "Oh, yeah!" the guy enthused. "Desiree! You like him?"

Desiree was still breathless. "Uh... what did you have in mind?" she queried cautiously, peering over her shoulder at the hunk.

"Anything you like," came Perry's response. "But I want him to hold you while we treat you like the queen you are. Move in behind her, there," he said to the weightlifter, who complied. "Good. Now press your back against the glass bricks, facing us. Desiree, press back against this hunk and face me. Let him play with your nipples, and spread your legs for me. Trust me, you're gonna like this." He grabbed the shower massage attachment and set it to maximum pulse, then he turned on the water and waited while it warmed. Then he aimed it at Desiree's clit while the hunk rocked her in his strong arms, fondling her breasts to the rhythm.

"Oh, yeah," Perry panted. "That looks so hot." He paused the attachment and took her clit between his thumb and forefinger. "You like that, honey? Is that just driving you crazy?"

"Oh, God, don't stop."

Perry's mouth was on hers, tongue betwixt tongue, salivas mingling, and then he pinched her nostrils shut. "Just let it happen," he breathed, responding to the startled look in her eyes. "Please trust me. I won't do anything to hurt you." Desiree nodded slightly, sensing that it was deeply important to this guy

to win her trust. She stopped wondering why as his face merged with hers. He continued to massage her clit, breathing life into her, filling her with his air, then taking it back from her, over and over until they were both dizzy. All at once he released her nose and mouth, and each was startled by the sudden rush of fresh air, which felt very cold and invasive after all that intimate, moist warmth.

“Wow,” she gasped, all starry-eyed and gazing with astonishment at this white knight.

“Awesome,” Donny said in a low, hushed whisper.

Perry backed away but continued to fix Desiree with his gaze. “Now we’re gonna try something else. Donny, kneel on this bench and give me your ass while you eat her pussy.” Donny, grabbing something out of his toy bag, scrambled to comply, glad he had brought his rollerblading knee-pads to this sexual soiree. He thrust his ass toward the magnificent stud as he lapped noisily at the vortex of Desiree’s well-toned limbs.

Perry found the plastic tube of Aqua Lube and covered his left hand in it. He made his hand into a cone and entered Donny from behind, squeezing a generous helping of lube onto his pucker as he slowly pushed his hand into the boy “That’s it, my friend, just keep pushing out.” Donny’s breathing deepened as his surprisingly voracious hole expanded to accommodate the man, sucking his hand inside. The alteration in Donny’s breathing communicated itself directly to Desiree’s clit. The sloppy, gloppy sounds of Donny’s mouth on Desiree’s moist bush, and of Perry’s hand easing in and out of Donny’s now-cavernous hole, were soon drowned out by Desiree’s delighted screams and squeals.

The weightlifter looked up from this profane trinity and noticed about half the men crowding the room were jacking off their fully-hard dicks. and a couple of the women were fingering themselves as well. Wistfully he wished he could attend to the insistent, throbbing warmth between his own legs, but he knew

that after a scene like this, he'd have his pick of anyone he chose for his postponed gratification. And the release always felt so damned good after a long, hard wait. Perry glanced up at Leo and winked, causing him to wonder if the pornstar could read his thoughts.

Perry's hand settled into a comfortable, slightly undulating shape deep within Donny's guts, and he leaned over to place his mouth once again across Desiree's trembling, parted lips. They were one of her best features, he thought. So full, so petulant at times, which only served to betray the passion concealed within. Now that she knew his game, she took one of her hands from the back of Donny's damp head and placed it over Perry's nostrils. He replied mutually, and they kissed deeply, primordially, giving and taking the precious element they shared, back and forth, air into lungs, through the throat, out the mouth, into the other, over and over, until the waning oxygen made them nearly ready to faint.

Perry and Desiree gasped rhythmically as their faces parted and they gulped the cool, stinging air, which had a — mist? Yes. One of the onlookers had picked up a spray bottle of water and was spritzing it into the air above their heads, where it settled onto their bodies and clung like the softest of laces — spider-laces, perhaps.

Now Perry's hand was slowly snaking out of Donny's innards as the boy moaned ecstatically. Then Perry was pulling a latex glove off his hand — when had he sneaked on that, Desiree wondered vaguely — and now he was pulling on a fresh condom and preparing yet again to assault her oral servant. Desiree felt her entire body begin to tremble from deep inside as this beautiful boy kept lashing her with his tongue, his head rhythmically smashing into her belly and crushing her pierced navel as Perry pounded him mercilessly now, causing him to cry out, which set off a whole new set of vibrations in her clit, causing her to cry out too. She thrashed against the sturdy, patient weightlifter

who had never let his hands wander from her breasts and continued faithfully to ply her hardened, sensitized nipples. She was amazed at the stamina of all three of these unearthly men. She was amazed at her own.

The mist felt so marvelous, cooling their overheated bodies and mixing with their sweat, to roll off their skins in tiny rivulets that trickled down the drain with the tiniest of gurgles. Perry was really laying into the kid now, showing the assembled onlookers how he had earned the porn nickname “King Cock.” Perry grunted vociferously: “Unh! Unh! Unh!” as his biceps flexed and rippled, his firm, veined hands gripping the boy’s hips as he fucked his butt like it was the last thing he’d ever get to fuck. The intense pressure communicated itself through the boy’s mouth to Desiree’s cunt, causing it to contract involuntarily in a series of spasms as the weightlifter gripped her nipples and she screamed in terror and delight. She felt a ringing in her ears and a pounding in her chest as she came, fierce fluid gushing out of her center, spraying Donny’s chin. The surprising sensation caused Donny’s guts to contract around the massive cock, milking it tightly as Perry shouted at the sensation and pounded the boy’s ass so ferociously that Leo was afraid for a moment that Perry would send them all crashing through the glass wall. “*Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!*” Perry bellowed as his cock poured its contents into the tip of the condom deep inside the boy, smashing Donny’s face repeatedly into Desiree’s pubes, setting off a completely new chain of orgasms which left her absolutely spent.

When she came back to earth, Perry was sitting sprawled on the tile with his arms coiled tightly around Donny’s torso, in a mirror image of the brawny bodybuilder who held her still. The dazed boy’s eyes were glazed and his mouth was agape as Perry buried his face in Donny’s neck and rocked him softly. She vaguely remembered being lowered to the floor, but the recent moments were already a distant blur. She became aware of a

tickling on her brows and nose — the woman who stood above them with the mister was still squeezing that damned trigger periodically. Desiree flinched and smeared a hand across her face to relieve the tickling. “Thank you,” she said to the woman, who smiled at them and returned the spray bottle to its basket. Perry looked up and caught Desiree’s glance, and mouthed a silent “Thank *you*” back at her. She wondered what was really behind that gesture. Something about trust, she recalled. She would have to ask Perry about that later.

Then she heard a thundering sound and realized it was applause. The room filled with the noise, enfolding the four-some with the sound of whistling, cheering, and clapping. “A shower would feel so good right now,” she thought stickily. “Just as soon as I can remember where I left my limbs.”

Threshold

J.M. Boguno

EVER SINCE THE NIGHT HE wound up in bed with his best friend's girl, Rassahn hadn't been sleeping well. He hadn't been doing anything well, really, because he couldn't think about anything but the events of that night. He thought about it during his art classes when he should have been paying attention to his professors. He thought about it while he was working on his paintings, the strokes of his brush forming sensual images of intermingled bodies. He thought about it on the subway, sometimes so obviously that he had to position his portfolio in front of his groin.

Why was he was so obsessed? He'd made more than his share of booty calls during his nineteen years. Some had been pretty kinky, too, especially during his gangbanger days in South Central. Those homegirls would do anything to be with an Original Gangsta like him. A few times he'd even had them two at a time. Now *that* had been down.

Not as down as with Jamie's girl, though. Maybe it was the taboo element: thou shalt not fuck thy best friend's girl. Jamie was his boy, but Rassahn wasn't dissing him because Jamie was in on it, too. Best of both worlds, don't you know.

Jamie had shared his girl with Rassahn that first night. One minute the three of them were kicking it, tripping on some

X he'd been lucky enough to score, and watching *Real Sex* on HBO. The conversation turned to humping and, somehow, they all wound up in bed together.

Two weeks later the three of them were still at it. They did it every day, sometimes twice a day, and every minute Rassahn wasn't doing it, he was thinking about it. Obsessing over it. It was exhilarating — and exhausting.

Despite his prior experience with three-ways, he found it was different this time. Rassahn was used to women, but he loved to watch Jamie with his girl — watch as she wound herself around Jamie's hard body, or climbed on top of his broad chest, or took his long dick into her mouth. Rassahn loved watching that most. Jamie's head would arch back, his longish blonde hair brushing his shoulders and his blue eyes squeezing shut. He'd moan softly when he began to come and, at these moments, Rassahn would get so excited that he'd take the girl from behind, making love to her with his dick while she made love to Jamie with her mouth.

Sometimes Jamie touched Rassahn, fondled him with his hands or his lips, and that was fine. A little weird, at first, though it felt good. Jamie's caress was light and soft, a whisper touch that made Rassahn's flesh tingle and rise up into sensitive goosebumps.

"Why don't you touch him back?" Jamie's girl whispered to him once. He'd shaken his head, but she took his hand. "Just touch him, that's all. Look at him. He's beautiful..."

The flesh of Jamie's chest was smooth and silky, covered with fine golden hairs. To please her, Rassahn let his fingers trail down Jamie's body past his firm, tight belly. The hair was thicker here, and darker, like a field of fresh grass.

Jamie emitted a soft moan and Rassahn felt a throbbing in his own loins. He pulled his hand away and rolled on his back. He closed his eyes and, a second later, somebody's lips were on him.

One night Rassahn came by when Jamie was alone. "Where's your old lady?" Rassahn asked, pausing at the door.

"Still at school. There's some speaker she wants to hear, then a reception or something after." Jamie flopped down on the couch. "Game's just starting. Come on in."

Rassahn hesitated. It felt strange to be alone with Jamie and he realized he hadn't been, not since before that night. "When'll she be home?"

"Probably not till midnight. You can come back later if you want, or hang out with me. Whatever." Jamie turned back to the TV.

Rassahn hovered on the threshold, wondering what was the matter with him. Jamie was his best friend. That hadn't changed. Rassahn shut the door, got himself a beer, and sat down on the couch.

By the fifth inning Rassahn was beginning to relax. He had a pleasant buzz from the beer and, when Ramirez hit a homer in the top of the sixth, he cheered while Jamie went for the Cuervo bottle. After they downed celebratory shots, Jamie leaned back into the couch cushions and picked up his beer with one hand, placing the other over Rassahn's.

Rassahn didn't know what to do. Jamie's middle finger was gently brushing over the ridges on the back of Rassahn's hand. Soft touches, like he gave when they were in bed. Whisper touches that Rassahn could feel in every nerve ending in his body.

Rassahn kept his face pointed at the TV, but swiveled his eyes as far as he could to look at their two hands. His lay on the couch, nut brown against the beige upholstery, and Jamie's skin was light, pinkish against it. Rassahn's fingers were short and wide, Jamie's long and limber. Small splatters of paint decorated both sets of fingers in a rainbow of colors, identifying them as the hands of two artists.

Rassahn pulled his hand away to reach for his beer. He had to grip it tightly, since his palm was slippery with sweat. He sipped, acutely aware that Jamie was watching him.

After a few moments, Rassahn turned. "What you lookin' at?" he barked.

"You." Jamie's eyes never left Rassahn's as he reached over to recapture his hand. He lifted it to his lips.

And kissed it.

Rassahn jumped, jerking his hand away from Jamie's mouth as if he'd been scalded. "*Whoa!* What the fuck you doing to me, man?"

Jamie grinned. "Kissing you." He reached for Rassahn's hand again.

Rassahn crossed his arms over his chest, tucking his hands into his pits. "Don't you *never* kiss me! That shit is *gross!*"

Jamie's grin faded. "Why're you freaking out? It's not like I haven't done it before."

"You *ain't*," Rassahn insisted.

"I *have*," Jamie corrected him. "My mouth has been all over you, man. What's the problem, all of a sudden?"

"There was *three* of us them other times," Rassahn pointed out.

"Just because my girlfriend was there doesn't mean that I wasn't." Jamie turned his face away.

Rassahn felt bad, looking at the hard set of Jamie's jaw. "Look, we been having a good time and all, and I know you *like* me, but this ain't gonna happen. I mean, you know I ain't gay, right?" Jamie didn't respond and Rassahn leaned forward. "I'm not trying to say you *are*," he added apologetically, "but maybe you bi..."

Jamie's eyes stayed focused straight ahead, but his lips twisted sardonically. "That's quick, Sahn. How long did it take you to figure it out?"

Rassahn made a futile gesture. "Look, I don't wanna hurt your feelings or nothing, but... shit, man! It's *different* when we all together, you know? I mean, all I'm saying is —"

"I know *exactly* what you're saying," Jamie snapped. "I read you loud and clear. You don't mind it if I get you off every once in awhile, I just better not mention it. Or touch you when the lights are on, right?" Rassahn didn't answer, just scowled, and Jamie shook his head. "I won't play that game. If you're ashamed of what we do, then you shouldn't be doing it."

"Like *you* ain't?"

"No, I'm not," Jamie shot back. "I don't *do* things I'm ashamed of!"

Rassahn walked out without another word.

As he started down the street toward the subway station, Rassahn jammed his hands in his pockets and balled his fists. He *wasn't* gay, he reminded himself, and it wasn't his fault if Jamie had got all hung up on him. Jamie was his friend, the best he'd ever had, but that didn't mean he was queer for him. Just because he liked hanging out with Jamie more than anybody he'd ever known, just because he liked and trusted Jamie more than anyone in the world, just because the sight of Jamie walking up the street toward him was enough to make his heart sing.

Just because sex with Jamie was the best he'd ever had.

He stopped, realizing that it had been weeks, literally, since he'd spent a night at his own apartment. He still went there to shower and change, but he'd slept at Jamie's every night. His own apartment would be so empty. So lonely.

Abruptly he switched directions, turning and half-sprinting back up the street. He was puffing lightly when he arrived back at Jamie's building and he leaned on the buzzer.

"S me," he began, speaking into the intercom. "Look, can I come up? I'm sorry... I didn't mean..."

But Jamie had already buzzed him in. When Rassahn reached the apartment, he was waiting on the threshold. "I'm glad you

came back,” Jamie said simply. He pushed the door closed and Rassahn leaned back against it, with Jamie’s hand resting just over his shoulder. Their faces were very close.

They stared at each other for a moment. “What do you want to do?” Rassahn whispered.

“Take you to bed,” Jamie said, “unless you need to talk some more.”

“No,” Rassahn said, following Jamie to the double bed. “I don’t wanna talk at all.”

But he did talk a little later, when they were naked. Jamie’s lips were on his face and Rassahn turned away. “No kissing,” he decreed.

“I like to kiss,” Jamie persisted, nuzzling his cheek gently, but Rassahn pulled back and Jamie relented. “No kissing,” he agreed, “at least, not on the mouth.”

“No,” Rassahn murmured, his eyes closing as Jamie’s head moved down his body, “never on the mouth.”

Jamie’s progress paused when his head was level with Rassahn’s flat, brown belly. “Because you aren’t gay.” His fingers were beginning to stroke him, those soft, whisper touches.

“That’s right,” Rassahn agreed dreamily. “I ain’t gay.” Then he groaned out loud.

Keyhole Blues

Gary Zebrun

HIS WINDOWS WERE COVERED IN wide, slatted blinds — white and wooden — with no curtains. The blinds were open, and through the slats I saw the lit paths of the park. There were two large silk screens in corners across from each other at the back of his living room. They each depicted a Tahitian scene — Polynesian men and women painted in wild colors on a backdrop of a rain forest, like a Gauguin. Along one of the walls, over a stylish Japanese couch, a row of Mapplethorpe's photographs: nude black men curled into rock-hard poses. In the center, larger than the other photos, a white cross with a wide black border.

There was bric-a-brac everywhere: a model of a small aquamarine-and-white motel somewhere on Southern California's Route 66, with a pink Volkswagen Beetle parked outside it and a palm tree stuck into a tiny patch of artificial turf; beside that was a hook-and-ladder truck, bright red with shiny chrome details, its ladder extended into the air. In the middle of a glass coffee table was a *Simpsons* chess set, with miniature Barts and Homers and the rest of the characters lined up across from one another on teal and yellow squares. On the shelf below a row of *National Geographic* magazines was a plastic statue of Frank Sinatra in a suit and fedora and Elvis Presley in tight black pants.

The two pop idols faced each other with dueling microphones at their mouths. An inflated Betty Boop hung from the ceiling. Inside a crystal bowl below her was a pair of handcuffs.

Stephen noticed me looking at the handcuffs.

"The whip and chain are hidden in the closet," he said.

"I didn't think you'd be into bondage."

"I'm kidding. I thought the cuffs inside the family crystal made a statement." He smiled and said, "I've got the key somewhere if you want to try them on later."

"I think I'm passive enough without them."

He pulled me against him and patted my ass with his hands, lightly, again and again, as if he were keeping beat to a song.

"I'm in the mood for a passive man tonight," he said.

He slid his fingers along the crease in the seat of my khakis. "I like this," he said.

I felt the pressure of his fingers, first the strong index finger, pressing inside me and finding the opening he wanted. He pushed the soft cotton of my briefs inside it. I didn't think, *He's a stranger. What am I getting into?* His touch felt lovelier than anything I'd imagined.

"How about some Louis Armstrong?" he asked.

"Nice," I said. But before he turned to put in the CD, I kissed him, first on the lips, then his chin. I kissed the center of his T-shirt and felt thick chest hair beneath it. I knelt before him and pressed my lips against the center of his jeans, working back the strip covering the buttons and breathing into the denim, long and warm breaths. I could feel him getting hard against my face.

He had placed his hands on my head.

You keep surprising me," he said. "But understand one thing: I run the fuck."

He turned away to put on the music, leaving me there still on my knees.

I moved to the couch and listened to the sound of Armstrong's horn filling the quiet Stephen had left me in. I was glad there were no lyrics to distract me. "Keyhole Blues" was like the night itself: a clear acceptance that nothing simple would ever happen again. Lyrics would have told a more hopeful story. Or a more woeful one. Words usually exaggerate. The music of the trumpet knew better.

He placed two beers on the glass table next to the Simpsons. He sat and took my hand. I felt an unexpected tenderness.

"Why are you here?" he asked.

"I think it's chemical," I said. "You stunned me into wanting to be with you."

"I mean in Seattle." He slid his thumb along my palm.

"It's business."

"You're secretive. It's a little scary."

"I'm a columnist for a newspaper. I've been here all week at a forum on writing. I gave a lecture a couple of days ago called 'Confessions of a Liar: What Columnist Tells and Keeps to Himself'."

"I know a reporter. They're not as honest as you think," he said.

"Sometimes a columnist needs to play the confidence man," I said.

"What's that?"

"It's a liar, maybe worse, because a confidence man makes an art of gaining someone's trust before he abuses it."

"So I shouldn't trust you."

"Most of my lies don't end up in my columns."

"So am I going to be in a column next week?"

"You're a secret."

"A dirty little secret."

"No."

He looked at me as if I were someone he's known long before that night. Armstrong played his horn so sweetly, I wanted to melt into Stephen's lap.

"Do you like dancing?" I asked.

"This is awfully sleepy music," he said. Armstrong was playing "Melancholy."

I knelt before him and removed his shoes. I pulled him from the couch.

The rest of the night he called the shots. He undressed while I sat on the edge of his bed and watched. His chest was muscular and hairy, and a dense patch of hair circled his navel. The muscles in his thighs were statuesque. His balls and penis rested snugly inside his cotton shorts. When he pulled them off, his sex fell softly down from a thick tuft of dirty-blond hair.

He stood in the light from the hallway. Then he pulled me from the bed and kissed me. He took my hands and drew them behind and rested them on his naked ass.

"You're next," he said.

"I think we should have that talk about our sexual histories," I said.

"You don't have to worry about me. I'm no confidence man."

"But I was born worried."

"Born yesterday, you mean. I'm going to use a condom when I fuck you. Besides, I'm negative. How about you?"

"I've never been tested, but I've also never been fucked."

"Then you've got a sweet surprise ahead of you."

I kissed him and said, "I usually don't like surprises."

For a moment I remembered Sarah and Jamie and considered stopping. I thought, *He's a stranger. What am I doing?*

"So tell me about your lovers," I said.

"Shit. What do they have to do with this?"

"More history. You know I'm married, with a kid. I haven't fucked. What about you?"

“You want to know how many times I’ve fucked. Let’s just say Willie’s a celebrity.”

“No longtime lover?”

“This is a first date. Why the interrogation? You don’t want this moment to slip away.”

He looked down and seemed embarrassed, maybe even nervous. I could tell he wasn’t as promiscuous as he pretended to be. Then he surprised me.

“That *Simpsons* chess set out there — Sam gave it to me about five years ago. He’s a reporter, too. Crime beat. Married, just like you. After about a year he started to knock the crap out of me. I loved him — sometimes I still do, but he’s bad news. Not gentle, like you seem, not even in the beginning. He stopped seeing me almost a year ago the day after he broke one of my ribs with a fireplace log. I told him I’d go to the cops and his family if he ever stepped foot in here again. Happy, now that you know too much?”

“I’m sorry,” I said.

“You ever hear Magnetic Fields?” he asked.

“I hated physics.”

“It’s a band, all queers: ‘All the things I knew I didn’t know / And didn’t want to know’.”

“I don’t get it.”

“It’s one of their songs. It’s like I’m saying: You think too much.”

“Right.”

“You still want that surprise?”

I nodded and he unbuttoned my shirt, which fell to the floor. He pushed me, gently, back onto the bed and knelt to take off my socks. When I touched the small round bones that ran along the middle of his spine, I thought about him being hit with the fireplace log. Then all I thought about was his nakedness. He pulled me up and unbuckled my belt and pants. He unzipped my fly and pulled off my khakis. He knelt again and pressed

his tongue into my navel, removed my briefs with his teeth. He licked the spaces between my balls and legs.

All through the night Armstrong's trumpet played the same blues over and over. What happened from this point on was filled with the trumpet and the night. What I tasted of Stephen was shadowy and spectacular. When he entered me, the pain and wonder of him moving inside me irrevocably changed everything.

"No one has ever entered me there." I knew I'd repeated myself.

His only response was a melancholy sigh, which might have been, I couldn't tell for sure, notes from Armstrong's blues.



I was awakened by a slash of light across my face. Stephen Hart wasn't lying beside me. I couldn't hear him anywhere outside the bedroom. I'd stayed through the night with a man in his bed and wanted to believe what had happened would mark a beginning. I wanted to put my arm around his side and rest it across his stomach. I wanted to tell him I was sorry about Sam and maybe, if he wanted to, we could meet again sometime soon. I imagined a beach in Costa Rica. A hotel room near Central Park. A cabin in the Rockies. The sunlight on my face felt like a rebuke.

I slipped on my shorts, which were on the floor next to the bed. He wasn't in the living room or the kitchen. The bathroom door was open. I saw a note taped to the mirrored wall: "Daniel, I went to the station and didn't want to wake you. Thank you for last night. It was fucking beautiful."

The note was signed *Stephen*. No "love," no "call me sometime," no X's and O's, just *Stephen*. I pulled it off the mirror, returned to the bedroom, and lay on my back in his bed. I held

his note against my thigh, and thought, *Fucking beautiful*. My ass hurt. I remembered it hurting last night, too, while I spooned against him. He'd fallen asleep long before me. I'd listened to his breathing and tried to sleep to its rhythm. I remembered his condom breaking while he was pushing himself deeper in. I could feel him, warm and slippery inside me. I wondered if my wife felt something mysterious like this when I left a part of me inside her. Alone in his bed, I thought I could still feel his cum. *Why aren't I worried?*

I took off my shorts and stepped into the shower. There was no soap. I stepped out and looked on the sink. None. I opened the medicine cabinet and saw a prescription bottle with the faded letters AZT printed on the label.

He'd told me he was negative, and I tried to convince myself I could count on his honesty. My flight to Providence was leaving in less than two hours. I thought about home and trembled at what I'd done so far from it.

I jumped into the shower and ran the hottest water I could stand. I turned my back to the showerhead, and bending over, I opened myself to let the hot water cleanse what it could. My ass burned but I didn't turn away.

I dressed fast. When I left the apartment, the door locked behind me. I wondered how I'd reach him. He'd have an explanation. What was the name, I thought, of his fire station? Then I remembered DEFIANCE ENGINE 5. I thought about a reporter named Sam. I felt unsteady and leaned back against the door. Volunteer Park in the morning looked green and harmless. Its furtiveness was gone. I felt sick.

On the way to the hotel for the luggage, I saw how easily chaos had happened, how a single night had stolen more than just the measure of caution I'd lived on for so long. I was angry, terrified at what might have been let loose inside me. I knew I would be a long time before I'd have any idea how to put my life back together again once it finished unraveling.

At the hotel there was a phone message from my wife. Her voice sounded content and happy. It hurt.

It's late. Are you out getting soused with all those egomaniacal writers? We miss you here. Night. Love you, more than I should. And don't forget to bring home some Dungeness crab.

Switching

S. Bear Bergman

I LIKE IT IN PUBLIC. Okay, I like it pretty much anyplace, but I like it especially in public. Something about having to pay attention, hurry, maybe being caught, gets me even hotter than usual. Some people would say that's saying something. I guess they wouldn't be wrong.

There's a rest stop about fifty miles from my house, lots of action, any time of the day and most hours of the night. All kinds of guys, too, from truckers who want to lose the load that's been boiling on the heat of a diesel engine all day to skinny, pale guys in glasses who probably proofread actuarial tables for a living. I've seen punks, high-school boys, bikers, soccer dads, you name it. Right off the state highway, that helps. Supposed to be a scenic overlook. Some scenery, let me tell you.

I go about once a month, when my partner's away. It's not a secret, we've talked about it, I'm allowed out to play as long as I boot up before anything gets stuck in anyplace, and I think the tales of my adventures add some real spice to our late night goodnight-baby-I'll-talk-to-you-tomorrow phone calls. Once a month, that's often enough for me. And I'm home alone today. I mowed the yard and raked up the clippings, did the grocerying

and made every single one of the long list of phone calls on my list. I'm rewarding myself.

I go upstairs, shower, put on my favorite bright orange jock, it's lucky for this kind of hunting, it belonged to the first man I ever fucked in a toilet stall. Jeans, a hoodie, a couple other accoutrements, and I'm ready. I stash a handful of dry Trojans and some of the good lube in my sweatshirt pocket, double check that the TiVo is set to record *Mythbusters* for AJ, let the dogs out into their yard, and hop in my car.

The trip goes fast, two cigarettes and almost all of my new Devil Doll CD and we're there, me and my hard-on. I park next to a blue 4x4 and stroll into the men's room, just a little slower than you would if you actually had to piss, what I think of as the sightseeing stroll. Not looking at anything, per se, just aware, seeing if anything catches my fancy and wants a further inspection. Something does, immediately, a huge, bearded guy in paint-spattered blue jeans on the left side of the sink row gives me a long look before walking into the last stall. The door doesn't shut. The lucky jockstrap is working again — a bear in the first five minutes! I walk over, stand in the doorway, look at the guy, who looks right back at me, rubbing the knot in his pants, plain gold wedding band shiny against the denim. I run a hand down the length of my own dick, hard in my pants, and say, "What're you looking for, guy?"

"Wanna suck this?" he asks.

I slide to my knees in reply, taking a safe out of my pocket as I go. He unbuttons his jeans and hauls a thick, hard dick out of Big Dog boxer shorts, it's already dripping precum, reddish at the head and bouncing up against his big, hot blond-furred belly. Hell, yeah. I put the safe in my mouth and lean in, wrapping him and taking half of his cock in one swallow, working the rubber the rest of the way with my hands and squeezing the base of his cock, which throbs in my mouth. It's a fucking mouthful, too, thicker than it looked, maybe because the width of the guy

attached made the proportions seem more manageable, but I can just barely get my mouth all the way around it and I'm working hard to keep my teeth out of the way at first, running my tongue around the head and sucking a fast but light suck.

His thighs are hard, I wrap one arm around them to keep him close, I like to feel the heat of a guy when I suck him, feel his muscles tense and his hips buck and all of that, so I'm happy when he shifts his leg forward a little and really lets me rest against his thigh. He runs his hands through my hair and laughs a little bit, says, "You look like a schoolboy from here," and pets my head a little bit more while I work on his cock. I hum happily, letting the vibrations tickle his dick, and he laughs some more.

I sneak a glance up though my hair falling in my eyes and see that he has his eyes closed, a big grin splitting the beard. Never trust a smiling bear, I think, involuntarily, but I keep sucking, closing my eyes and letting myself get lost in the feel of his dick warm in my mouth, his leg pressing into my chest. Doing my best for him, giving him the kind of hot time he deserves, he probably has kids, and dogs, probably lays on the sofa with all of them at night watching TV, and I want to do him right, give him something just for him. I take a deep breath and start rocking his cock in and out of my mouth a little bit, start working it further and further in, it stretches my mouth but I can tell it won't be long now.

Wrapping a handful of my hair in his big paw, he starts driving his dick, sliding it almost all the way out of my mouth before he puts it back in, giving me lots of air before he takes it all away. I start humming again, almost a laugh in the back of my throat, glad I can do so well for this hot man and loving the heat of his leg against my chest, taking his dick in my throat with gulping, fast sucks, moving with him, not wanting to let it out of my mouth anymore. "I'm gonna come down your throat, man," he growls, and even though I know it isn't quite true it *feels* true,

so when he starts bucking into me with his last, hard thrusts I imagine it, his cum running down the back of my throat, so far back I can't even taste it, and it makes me shudder a little bit when he roars and explodes safely into the rubber, grabbing the back of my head and crushing my face against his belly, my throat spasming around his cock, painful but wonderful at the same time, and he lets me go right away.

Instead of ricocheting I ease off slowly, flicking my tongue against the head as it deflates, loving the heavy feel of his cock on my tongue for a second before I let it go, catching the condom in my other hand. I rock back on my heels and smile up at him, standing slowly because my knees hurt, and taking a step back to let him out. He surprises me with a gentle grin and a kiss on the lips, says, "Thanks," and leaves, buckling his belt as he walks.

I lean against the cold cement wall and sigh. So good. Something about big guys like that always makes me a little weak in the knees.

Since I've just arrived, I decide to go outside, smoke, and wait around a while to see if I'll get lucky again. It has been known to happen, there have been days when I've been able to go three or four rounds here in an afternoon. So I lean against the squat building, look at the scenic overlook (it's a wooded gorge), and wait to see who might appear for my amusement. It's pretty quiet. One absurdly hot man gets out of a minivan with a wife and two daughters and gives me a long look as he passes, but something about him creeps me out, and I let the possibility go.

I wait about forty-five minutes, until the sun starts to sink and the air gets a little cold, wandering from the bathroom (where I pretend to have just peed) to the outside, smoking more than I like to but there has to be a reason to stand out there. Rest stops get pervert bashers as much as they get perverts.

I start one last cigarette, resolving that if there's no play by the time I finish it, I'll pack it in and leave, but — just like lighting a smoke to make the bus come — a crappy green Tercel disgorges a short little brute cutie, red-haired guy with a lot of freckles, a goatee, a labret, and thick steel earrings. Love a redhead. He looks like a volunteer fireman, or a former college wrestler, he has that kind of stocky muscled frame. Getting out of his car he stretches hugely, which makes his shirt ride up under his jacket so I can see a slice of pale, pale belly, and swings his arms from side to side. I start thinking at him, as hard as I can, *Come here, come here, come here*. Miraculously, this seems to work: he walks right over and asks, in a gravelly voice, "Got one for me?"

I hand him a cigarette, thinking I have a number of things for this guy, and pass him my lighter. He lights up and stands there, just a little closer than strangers would, like we're buddies, smoking quietly. This kind of cruising is so much about the little signals, and he's giving me all of them. I get down to the filter and flick my cigarette away, but I don't move, watching him smoke for a minute in the gathering dark. He turns and looks at me — oh G-d, green eyes, and bushy pale eyebrows — and says "You gonna piss?"

I run my palm down the hard shaft of my dick, say "Can't piss through this."

He looks, nods, says, "Come on, then. I got that."

I'm sold on this boy. I follow him inside, palming his ass and giving it a squeeze, because I want to fuck the grammar and good sense out of this little hunk. He flexes his asscheek in my hand, and my palms start to sweat. This is going to be a good time. I grab the corduroy collar of his coat, march him in ahead of me to the last stall, unzipping with my other hand and fishing for lube. He tries to turn around but I don't let him, bending him over the bowl with his ass out and getting my cock right up against him, so he can feel how big it is — nine inches, about two inches diameter, and hard as it gets. He groans, and unbuckles

his belt. I tug on his pants and they fall to the floor, showing his meaty ass in white boxer briefs. I look for a long moment, while I snap the top off a little pack of lube and then take the shorts down, drizzle the lube into his crack, pink and pale and lightly fuzzy. He arches his back a bit, giving me a better target, and I get a rubber on in no time and start bumping the head of my dick against his hole, getting him used to the idea. He's used to something, I'll tell you that, his hole starts to open up at my first touch and I grab his hipbones and start working my cock inside, taking it easy until the fat head pops past the ring of muscle at the opening and then sliding the rest of the way in like a sigh, all the way to the balls, until the fronts of my thighs are right up against the furry backs of his. He groans, "Give it to me," and I think, *Oh, Bubba, you got it*, and start fucking him in earnest.

I'll tell you what — I've never fucked a man like this, not this hard or this fast, not this deep, but his butt just gobbles my cock all the way down and seems to be begging for more so I pound him after the first few strokes, driving my dick in like I'm going to bust out his throat, bouncing off his hot ass at the end of every stroke and pulling halfway out or more before I drive in again, doing him like I don't even know what, a battering ram, maybe, or a drive shaft, jabbing at him with my cock and getting a little grunted "Yes!" every time for my trouble. I don't know what this boy is used to, but he takes my dick like a champ, bucking up and down, even stamping his foot a time or two. I start to worry that he's making too much noise, but I don't really care. The heat rising off his body, the roundness of his ass against my thighs, the noises he makes are like crack to me. I want more, and I don't care about the consequences.

I start to short-stroke him, giving him a full one and then a couple of little dips before I sink it in again, I want him hungry when he finally comes, hungrier than he was when he got in here, and he whines a little bit, tries to push back against me but I smack his ass hard and he stops, letting me run the fuck, taking

what I want to give him while my handprint comes up pink and perfect on his white ass, making me wish I had more time to see exactly what I might be able to do to this boy. When I switch, as they say, I switch hard, and right now I'm a mean fucker with a hard dick that's calling the shots. My plan is to milk this kid's load and see what he sounds like when he comes.

His hands are taken up with bracing himself against the commode, so I reach around and grab his dick, uncut and hard as a rock, and I start moving it in time with my thrusts, squeezing tight to give him the illusion of fucking something while he gets fucked. He likes that, his dick starts jumping in my hand every time I slam back in, he starts to sweat, a funky sex-sweat that smells like moldy bark and crappy beer but I love the smell, love having this hot little short stack moaning for my dick.

"Gonna! Come!" he grunts, and almost before the last syllable is out of his mouth he's decorating the back wall of the stall with three forceful shots, and the rest dribbles down my hand as I ease out of his ass. He lets his head sag, breathing hard like a horse that's been run out, sides heaving, and I take the moment to grab a bit of toilet paper, get the condom off and into the toilet, and put my cock away, still hard. I put my hand on his belly, under his shirt, and rub his tummy and chest for a second, keeping him warm while he calms down. I know a lot of guys just leave right now, but I like this moment, and this guy is so much my type that I wonder if he's from around here, if I might be able to get his number. He bends all the way and hauls his shorts and jeans up, shakes my hand off, and walks out without even looking at me. Guess not. Oh, well. A good time is a good time.

I walk into the stall and look at his cum sliding down the wall. It makes me grin while I piss and leave to head home.

Halfway home my cell signal returns, and there are messages, my pal Lauren asking if I want to have dinner tomorrow, the

video store about something late, and AJ, to say, “Hi! I’m home early! I’ll be here when you get home.”

I smile big for that last one — that means when I get home I can get fucked, which is what I have been wanting all afternoon but which is not among my rest-stop options. I lay on a bit more speed and pull in the driveway twenty minutes later, parking behind AJ’s truck and heading inside. The dogs greet me like I’ve been gone a year, and I hear AJ call out from the kitchen, “In here!”

I walk into the kitchen, my thighs a little tired from my day, and walk right up behind her, pressing the hard-on in my pants against her big, square ass and giving a little bump and grind, nuzzling against the back of her head, dull silver and cropped like a freshly harvested field. She turns, smiles, runs her hand down my chest to my crotch, and says, singsong, “Someone’s been out playing...” I nod.

“Have fun? Anything good?”

I nod again, “A lot of fun.”

She gropes and squeezes, leans forward and growls in my ear, “And now you’re a little hungry, aren’t you? Did you come today?”

I shake my head no, slightly.

She hooks her nimble, knowing fingers into my belt and pulls me behind her, down the hall, and into the bedroom where she pushes me back on the bed. I fall like a heap of bricks, and she kicks my boots apart, unbuckling my belt and then grabbing everything around my waist — belt, jeans, and jock, and gives it all a hard tug, making the dildo I’m wearing flop out. She smacks my thigh and I lift up, raising my ass so she can get the harness down, too, pulling it all down to my ankles and leaving me to kick it off while she rummages in the bedside table for the lube. I’ve only managed to get one leg free when she gets back, but that’s enough so I can spread my legs wide, and she walks right between them, running a finger up the length of

my cunt, so wet after the events of the afternoon, and laughing, “Well. Maybe not so much with the lube, eh?” I blush, and grin, and then gasp when she slides three fingers right in, easy as pie, start grunting, thinking of the redhead and how much he liked it, thinking about what he’d say if he could see me now, and I thrust back against her pumping hand, gasping “More.”

“More?” she teases, sliding her pinky in as well, “that’s not enough for you?” Hmm?”

“You know it isn’t,” I gasp, “You know what I need.”

“Yeah, I do,” she growls, and puts her thumb in with the others, curling her fingers slowly up into a fist, easing her knuckles in more with each stroke while I get my feet — one still booted and trailing half my wardrobe — up onto the bed so I can push back harder, loving the feeling of her bare, warm hand inside me. It hurts a little bit, taking it this fast, but the edge of pain ringing the incredible pleasure of getting exactly what I need is sort of perfect right now, I’m getting fucked like I fuck the men I meet at the rest stop — a little too much, a little too soon, and if you’re not enough of a slut for it that it works for you then you have no business messing around with strangers in a public place. It works for me right now, that’s for fucking sure.

I can’t believe how lucky I am, I was expecting phone sex and the Wahl Coil later, not my own private porn-movie day from beginning to end. She adds a bit of lube, cool around my hot flesh, and I know I’m going to come as soon as she gets her fist closed, as soon as she’s punching her way up toward my heart. My hands get busy, one flying over my clit and the other pinching one nipple, eyes closed, head thrown back, I don’t care what it looks like because it feels so, so good. I wonder if the redhead thinks the same things, I wonder if he knows what it looks like to get fucked or if he even cares, and the idea of him next to me on the bed, getting fucked while I do, is what it takes to get my cunt open the last bit for AJ to get her entire fist in.

She waits a minute, letting me get used to it, I love her hand inside me but sometimes it makes me cramp something fierce so we play this game, where she stays still and I ask, then beg, then plead for her to please, for the love of G-d, fuck me.

She plays the mean top, while I grind around on her fist, trying not to whine, saying *Oh please*, and *Pretty please*, or sometimes, *I've been good and I'll do anything you say*, or sometimes *Please don't, please stop* until she feels whatever little internal flutter pass and starts fucking me again. It's a good time in any direction. But I want it more than ever today, after playing with those hot men, getting to be a man with them myself, getting to walk in that world and fuck and suck with the big boys, I'm hot as hell. Sometimes I tease myself with the idea of trying to get one of them to fuck me, but that's a whole other thing of what if a condom breaks or what if they freak out and go psycho on me. I mean I loved *The Leather Daddy and the Femme* as much as the next pansexual pervert, but I know that men like Jack Prosper are probably not hanging around this skinny neck of New England. Besides, I like being a boy with them, like being a fag sometimes and a dyke some other times. Being a straight girl would be... weird. But then I stop thinking about queer taxonomy and start thinking about AJ, wet to the wrist in my cunt, flexing her hand a bit and making all the nerve endings do happy little dances of joy.

Soon, she's moving her fist just a bit inside me, and I'm back to working my clit, grabbing the vibrator and tucking it in the exact right spot, hips bucking on the bed, I want it now, damnit, I've been wanting it all day and I don't have the patience for anything but a frantic, five minute fuck. She shakes her head at me, I'm almost out of control, fucking myself on her hand as hard as I can and she's just trying not to get knocked off the bed. I feel it start to build, crawling from my spine forward and then racing toward my cunt, stretched wide around AJ's hand, the sounds of fucking slick and slurpy with lube and my juices.

Flicking the vibrator to jackhammer speed I come instantly, stiffening my entire body and arching up off the bed, almost breaking AJ's wrist and yanking the vibrator plug out of the wall as I go.

I collapse, pressing my hand against my clit in that way that feels so good, breathing deeply while AJ comes out of me, and having another little aftershock. She's grinning down at me, highly amused at the sight: shirt and sportsbra rucked up under my armpits, one boot off, pants, jockstrap, harness and dick hanging from the other ankle above my boot, flushed, sweaty, fucked out, and delighted. She leans in and gives me a kiss on the tummy, which makes me wiggle happily, and I tug her shoulder to make her come closer so I can kiss her lips. She falls on top of me, and we laugh and smooch, and I think how lucky I am, and reach for her belt.

Stormed and Taken in Prague

Steve Berman

WOULD IT HELP TO TELL how haunted this city is? Walk the quiet, lonely streets and listen: soft sighs and sobs and whispers hidden in the sound of a footfall, the drip of rain, the rustle of cloth. Each building wears a patina created from smoke and acid rain and simply too many years standing.

Most nights I wander, taking the wrong alleyways back from wherever, all to avoid my lonesome rented flat. I have been in Prague for three months but I doubt I'll ever leave. So many small streets call out, seem to breathe. I can find old bulletholes in walls, marks that threaten to add new carvings to the marble like the crudest of chisels. Why is everything so haunted here?

Back in the States, I heard so many things about this city. Beer so cheap that pocket change would last the whole night. Bottles of absinthe waiting to be downed. Clubs that pounded with trembling music and fevered bodies. Crowds of the eager young looking to make their lives mean something, if only for a night. So I left the uncomfortable boredom that had held me so long and traveled across the Atlantic looking to claim something lurid for myself.

I had the funds to avoid the cramped rooms filled with bedrolls and blankets that other expatriates faced. I rented a small penthouse suite fallen on bad times. The building might once have been grand. Or else victim to an artist with no taste. Hard to tell with all the layers of soot and dismay covering the ornamentation along its sides. What most captivated my eye amid that grotesque current state was along the door. A figure reposing against the frame. Streaks of marble for hair. Or merely cracks in the stone. The turn of a thigh eaten away by pollution. I would return home, my mouth and head thick with the taste of vodka, and spend nearly an hour staring at the work. But I never could reach past the grime and decay.



I doubt that the Czech scrawl over the club's old doors actually translated to "Stormed and Taken." For all I knew, it could have meant "Sweatshop Demands Blood." You don't need to understand any of the locals to survive here. Just have an empathy for situations that might occur. So I think it was my fellow expatriates that had dubbed the club. By the decibel level leaking through the old brickwork, I commended their choice.

The club's owner was a loathsome, middle-aged Frenchman who barely fit in his outfit of dark silk and metal clasps. Everyone had on their lips his years of suffering through the rigors of art school, until his escape to Eastern Europe where his spirit could finally go unfettered by demands. Perhaps. Seems to me that a little learning in a third-world country could be stretched to become recognized genius.

I barely glanced at the catwalks and the iron spiral staircases. Hastily constructed frescos along the walls were fine. But trees fashioned from clay and bits of sticks, all set to rise from the scuffed floor and entangle the platforms?

But one did not go to the “S&T” to appreciate the trappings. What kept it alive after four months was a raw and basic draw far better than loud music and cheap drink. Back in the States, it would have been raided, the owners and patrons lynched perhaps.

The Frenchman’s one bit of creativity was to adorn the club with rented bodies. The most alluring locals, each a living bas-relief standing naked except for layers of plaster and porcelain masks. One to a niche, each still until you glance away and turn back to find yourself staring at their new pose and accompanying innuendo.

During an evening, a statue would sneak off its stand and waylay a dancer, bringing him or her back to their hole for the fuck of the evening. Though supposedly random, everyone knew that gratuity to the Frenchman could ensure that a hungry soul never exited the S&T. With flesh always in demand, the club never risked becoming passé.

My first night I dedicated to pure ego, wanting to be freely chosen as one of the lucky few to appreciate the local art up close.

If my sense of reality was any more skewed by what I drank that evening, I would have to say that Prague was kept inside those doors that night. The floorboards could be glimpsed only as a pause between footwork. The floor pounded with dancing feet, the walls echoed the music.

Still, I barely glanced at anything other than the prizes in their niches. So much flesh and muscle and curves. All barely hidden under the finest of white coatings. I ached to touch and taste one.

Around me youths dressed like dead poets and leather ghosts danced. The timid ones hung in clumps, looking about, never daring to embrace serious sin. My eyes grew more wet and wide with every shot of vodka and every sight I took in.

The crowd around me began to part; a golem strode the dance floor. One of the statues on the prow, a tall woman, who still held a papier-mâché tree branch in her left hand. She idly swung the stick before her like a dowsing rod. My heart skipped out of whatever doleful beat the DJ played when I saw she was heading straight for me. I did not mind handling a woman tonight.

But before she could take me, a weasel rushed in to coil around her. One of the Frenchman's latest cronies, some little man from South America with an excessive appetite. I let myself imagine that the statue gave me a brief look of misery and lost joy while leading the weasel back to her niche. Some small comfort to know his trendy just-bought clothes would be ruined from the handling.

I kept to myself, bitter the rest of the night.

After drinking too much I barely managed the walk back to my flat. Every step was a mixture of sway and lean and near-fall, as my hands touched the buildings along the streets, my feet stomping through dark puddles on the road. Finally I found myself home, a revelation that I had ever found my way back. I rested against the wall, my face against the cool stonework. One hand near my cheek, the fingers idly scratching at the loose mortar. Something began to give. Dust and bits of stone fell, and I looked up, shocked at what I had done.

I had torn loose some of the age from the doorway, revealing more of the old design. Something creamy and smooth. Perhaps a shoulder. My fingers dug around it, hoping to uncover more, but my nails only cracked and bled as the rest was too solid to move. Whatever form was in the cocoon would stay another night.

In Prague, the days are for exploring and a bit of drink with lunch. Those who spent the night in excess wander about like hollow shells, wincing every so often at some unseen slight. Their bloodshot eyes dart about with concern. Battle fatigue,

I suppose. I had physically recovered well enough, but my foul mood was still evident by the death of any taste all afternoon. Every bite and swallow was a chore of boredom. Tonight had to be when I sampled one of the statues from the S&T. The thought of waiting another week seemed too much to bear.

I was too eager to begin the night, showing up an hour before the crowd so that I might admire more of the decor. I avoided gawking like a circus mark, instead letting my eye fall on each bit of still flesh with an artisan's approval.

This time I made sure that no little vermin would get in the way. I made the effort to buy drinks for the obnoxious cronies of the Frenchman. Only a few drops of the cheapest rat poison in each and every cup, an old trick I learned from my days as a bar back in New Orleans. Not that they'd be dead, but it's enough to ensure stomach cramps and leave them dry-heaving until the early morning hours. I made sure to walk away from the bar before the ill effects started.

A smell first alerted me. Almost musty but not unpleasant. I saw the faces of the crowd around me shift to masks of envy as they looked behind me. When I turned I could only stare.

My eyes were held by the lines of muscle along a firm chest, moved down arms and legs wrapped in black ribbon and dusted with plaster. The young man had all his body hair shaved except for a long black mane slicked back. He lifted a hand for me to take. I did not hesitate.

The grip was rough and tight, leaving me hard in an instant, basking in the reaction of those around me as I was led off the dance floor and into an alcove no deeper than a yard.

The youth held me tight, my face pressed hard against his strong chest. Hearing his heartbeat disappointed me for it betrayed the illusion of being fucked by something inhuman.

The smell of plaster mingled with the scents of sex, of semen and secretions, of sweat and sighs. I breathed it all in as rough hands tore my clothes off.

My first taste of him was rich. The Frenchman must have made sure that the plaster was flavored so as not to deter the lips and tongue. My hands and face traveled up and down the length of his body, never removing more than a fine layer of the plaster.

And then he took what he wanted. I was pushed up against the wall, cold against my naked front, my ass kneaded by his hands. I felt no breath against my neck though he was close, so close that my skin itched from where he touched me.

A moment later I felt something heated and harsh impale me. I would have cried out but a hand locked over my mouth, cutting off any gasp. A deep pain, running all through me, sending ripples through me. If I wasn't crushed against the stonework on every thrust as he fucked me hard, I would have collapsed. But thankfully I could not move. Trapped, I let myself indulge in the raw intensity of living and surviving when all around me suffered.

I do not know how long he lasted. I had already sprayed cum all over the wall and myself. When finally released, I would have fallen had he suddenly not caught me, in the most gentle of holds, licking my cheek of the sweat.

Wet trails went down my back and thighs. I looked down to see that some were bright red. My rear side must be marked with lines from sweet abrasion.

I weakly attempted to dress myself, often looking back up toward the object of my desire, who had become still once more. All the blood I donated to provide lube had stained my shirt and jeans. I was a virgin to the S&T no longer.

The walk back to my flat was spent in long remembrance of the act. I had finally discovered something overwhelming enough to capture my thoughts totally. I gave only a moment's regard to the stone of home. The blocks seemed in bad shape, the steps gave a little under my feet, and crumbs of mortar fell upon me as I opened the front door.



The days seemed far too long until the weekend, an imagined mental torment. I found myself walking past the slumbering S&T, seeing how its outside facade looked under daylight, wondering if the statues ever went home... and if I could walk them there. During this time I also made a mental note to seek another place to live. The building looked more disheveled than ever, like an old person throwing off a set of worn clothes. The only good that came from the decay was the unearthing of the sculpture framing the door. A figure with arms wrapped around itself, though not enough had crumbled away to reveal sex or design. But the whole lent a sad air of lost art to the place, a moving greeting to me whenever I entered.

I became a regular to the club, if not an all-too-willing sacrifice to any statue that would take me. They all came in so many stances, so many builds, that to say I enjoyed them all was foolish. My emotions, my hormones reacted upon stimulus with frightening speed.

Afterward, I would feel scared at how easily I lent myself to any of them. But the scene was too addicting, so I ignored the nightmares. I disregarded the scars on my body that were a mark of my patronage, my being taken.

My last night at the S&T, I could barely rise from the floor after being pushed from an alcove. The Frenchman had the hired help gently escort me to a backroom so that with iodine and bandages I could patch myself together to accept the gracious paid drinks he gave to a favored customer. I headed home wondering if I'd collapse along the way.

The cool breeze that night rushed my scratched skin and made me delirious from the raw intensity. I think I began to cry, but at what I could not tell. On the steps to my building, I

raised a hand to wipe my eyes clear, when a familiar touch took hold of my wrist: the rough texture, firm grip, no warmth. Had one of the statues from the S&T followed me home? Perhaps even the one I had been with that night. I stopped the tears and grinned at the thought of finally sharing my dim penthouse. But turning, I found that the pale gray hand that held me led along a granite arm to the wall, where it met the caryatid. The face, still sexless under a cover of ash and grime, turned to me, causing debris to fall at my feet. Then I was released, though I did not pull away; the shock of the sight still held my feet in place as I watched the figure's free hand rise to its head and begin to scrape away and free its features. I stumbled back, fleeing from my home.

I spent almost a day curled in an alley nearby the club. I sought to convince myself that a monster did not lurk outside my apartment. Would the craftsmen of old Prague truly adorn their homes with something so horrid? What would I have seen when the stone sheets that wrapped my golem crumbled away? Perhaps something so startling in its beauty that I'd lose all my will and utterly succumb.

And now the end. The haunt is free. I am so weary of standing in the shadows and betraying my inner wants and desires. The doorway to my building has collapsed but the rubble is clear enough for me to come inside. Though my window is dark, I know something waits upstairs for me. And yet, I feel only a twinge of fear. Has my sin only been skirting the edge of the storm, never really braving the turbulent winds surrounding the eye? All sorts of thoughts make me stifle a mad laugh. An image intrudes upon my mind: would the lumpy mattress support us if I was taken to bed? And if that mass of stuffing and springs and floorboards could not survive the embrace, how would I?

Duck Tails and Fins

Jay Neal

IT MIGHT SURPRISE YOU, BUT I remember every detail of that summer very clearly, and with very warm feelings. I've wondered many times whether I should feel embarrassed or strange or even sinful, but truth to tell, I don't. Never have, and don't ever expect to neither.

That summer. Trish and I had just graduated from High School. We'd been going steady all of senior year, but had only officially gotten engaged the night of the senior prom. I don't think she saved the orchid corsage, but I do know that she still has the green dress she wore that night, up in her closet. She can be so sentimental sometimes.

Paul was her twin brother, so of course we were all seniors at the same time. I never managed to meet him though, since he went to school upstate at some military academy. That was maybe just as well since I was going with his sister and all that. I mean, what do you talk about with the guy who's dating your sister?

That evening, the one when we first really met, I had taken Trish out for the first time in my dad's new Chevy Bel Air. Boy! That car was a beaut, let me tell you. I still think it was the best car we ever had. It was a Wednesday evening, the first one in June, and it still got a little cool after dark. We didn't do much

special that night, drove around some, stopped at the drive-in restaurant for hamburgers and shakes, then drove on back to her house, but not too fast.

We were almost there when Trish pushed herself a bit further across the seat, leaning against me a bit more firmly. Her breast pressed compliantly against my upper arm. She put her mouth close to my ear.

“You can park in the driveway, if you want,” she whispered into my ear. “It’ll be more private that way. My brother’s the only one home.”

I downshifted and turned into the drive. My tires crunched loudly across the gravel, although I think the pounding in my chest was louder, what with Trish pressing against my arm that way. Golly, she sure did look good in that cashmere sweater.

I turned off the engine and sat with both hands on the steering wheel — ten and two o’clock! — but maybe clenched a little too tightly. To be honest, I was afraid of what I might do if I let go. Trish reached across me with her right hand and put her fingers on my left arm, making the hairs on my arm tingle. She turned her head up to look into my eyes. I looked down into hers, too, but didn’t risk moving my head or my arms.

“I had a very nice time tonight, Todd. I think that may have been the best chocolate malted I have ever tasted.” She extended her tongue and slowly traced the shape of her upper lip with its tip, creating a glistening trail. “Thank you for a wonderful time.”

Her eyelids descended gracefully across her clear, sapphire eyes. Her neck relaxed, somehow causing her mouth to curve enticingly up toward mine. My own head automatically twisted and lowered, our lips drawn magnetically together. That chocolate malted may have been great, but it couldn’t have been as tasty as kissing Trish. Not to mention that she tasted more like strawberries and apricots. Delicious.

I hated for our moment of togetherness to end, but it may have been for the best since my resolve to do more than kiss Trish was starting to stiffen, if you know what I mean. I wasn't sure I could keep my hands only on the steering wheel much longer.

It was the alarmingly close sound of a long wolf whistle that startled us. Feeling slightly guilty at being caught, our mouths parted and we quickly slid apart. When we looked up, there was the impish, smiling face of a guy our age, standing in the driveway, hands on hips, openly admiring the car.

It could only have been Paul, he looked so much like Trish. In the face anyway, except for their hair, since Trish was more of a medium auburn and Paul's was dark brown, and except for the beard. Paul had a little goatee, like he was thinking of becoming a cool cat. Their bodies were different, naturally, but both were good looking, svelte you might say. And the glasses: he wore rimless glasses. Trish would have worn glasses, too, but she felt that they interfered with the lines of her cheekbones.

"Boy!" he said. "She sure is a beauty!"

Trish preened and smoothed her hair, imagining a compliment from her brother.

"Not you, sis. The car! Bound to be an instant classic."

Paul was right about that, and his appraising look made it clear that he knew what he was talking about. I got out of the car, because I didn't want to seem rude, leaning out the window and talking and all.

"You bet!" I said. "This has got to be the best car that Chevy has ever made. Maybe the best that anyone has ever made. Advanced engineering and aerodynamic styling, too!"

The passenger car-door slammed and Trish huffed across the gravel, heading toward the house. She didn't sound pleased when she said, "You two boys enjoy your discussion. I've got more important things to do."

"Ah, Trish, don't feel like that." What could be more important? I raised my voice a little, but didn't want to shout. "We're just..." Before I could finish, the screen door slammed behind her. I hate it when Trish gets all bothered and pouty, although it is kind of sexy. However, sexy wasn't much use to me right then, with her inside and me outside.

"Girls!" I felt a little embarrassed in front of Paul.

"Don't worry about her," Paul said. "She'll be fine."

"Oh, I know she will, but it's more fun if I help her get over it."

Paul grinned a little at that and ran his hand through his dark, wavy hair. "Anyway," he said, pointing toward the car, "this year's model?"

"Actually it's a '56, but still new, fresh off the lot. My Dad picked it up just last week."

"This sure is a slick color combination."

"Isn't it the best! 'Twilight Turquoise and India Ivory two-toned, perfectly complemented by the Light Turquoise / Dark Turquoise interior', according to the full-color brochure. I like that it's a two-door, too. More hip for going out, like with Trish. You know, your sister."

"Yes, I'm aware of that."

"Cool. Anyway, Dad lets me drive it to take Trish out pretty much whenever I want, since we're engaged and all."

"Belated congratulations, and welcome to the family." He stepped toward me and held out his hand, which I shook. I don't really know why he did that though. "So, what are your plans now that we've graduated? When are you and Trish planning to get married?"

"Oh, not for a little while yet, at least next year. I'm taking this summer off, then starting a job at my Dad's company in the fall."

"Construction, right?"

"You bet. Civil engineering, roads, commercial building, that sort of thing. We do all the bigger projects, important ones that are turning this town into something. Work we can be proud of. What about you? Didn't Trish say something about college?"

Paul held both hands in the air. "Guilty as charged! I'm starting at Rutgers this fall. Planning on going into Nuclear Engineering. Nuclear power is going to be vital to this country's future, and I plan to be a part of it."

"Wow! College back East. Nuclear Engineering. I knew you were a brain, but not that much of a brain."

"Say, you can't be much of a slouch yourself. Won't you be starting out as a Vice-President in the company?"

"Nope. Job foreman. I intend to work my way up, learn the company from the inside, earn the trust and respect of the guys who do all the labor."

"You've thought quite a lot about this."

"You bet. Planning our future is about the most important thing we can be doing right now. That's why Trish and I are waiting to get married, to give me time to build a good foundation for our future together."

"I'm sure Trish respects that."

"You bet she does. We've talked it over, and we're definite that we want to keep ourselves pure before we are blessed in holy matrimony."

"That's very commendable, Todd," Paul said, "and I want to support you in that decision. As fully as I can."

He put his hands in his pants' pockets and stood with his legs apart, looking at the car, admiring its clean lines and advanced engineering. At least, that's what I thought at the time.

"I like cars," he said. "Cars are straight forward. Cars are things a guy can really understand."

"Like pistons and transmissions and torque and that."

“Something like that. I was thinking more along the lines that they’re simple, uncomplicated things.”

“Well,” I said, leaning back against the front fender. “I don’t know about that, Paul. After all, the modern internal combustion engine is a pretty sophisticated thing.”

Paul turned and leaned against the fender next to me. “What I meant, Todd, was that cars are things a man can understand a lot more easily than women.”

“That’s for sure,” I said. “I’ve never met a woman yet who ever understood a car like a man.”

“Let me put it another way, Todd: women are different from men.”

“No kidding! Girls smell a lot nicer, and they’re all soft and curvy and they got tits and all.”

“What I meant was, women don’t feel the same — no, they don’t react the same as men about doing it.”

“Doing what?”

“Making out.”

“Sure, I guess that’s so.” At the thought of making out with Trish my boner started to reassert itself.

“You see, Todd, guys are much more immediate in their emotional and physical needs. Women have different ways of expressing their desires and emotional needs. Now, they might let you feel their breasts, say, or put your hand up their dresses, but they worry about pregnancy and venereal diseases. I’m sure they don’t mean to, but what it comes down to is that they get you all hard up and then let you down. You see, another guy, he understands that.”

“I guess that’s right.” My pants were feeling much tighter than they had when I put them on earlier.

Paul rested his hand on my shoulder.

“Let me ask you, Todd, has Trish ever even touched your penis?”

I jumped away from the car in surprise. "Jesus H, Paul!" I couldn't believe he was saying this right out there almost on the street. "That's your sister you're talking about!"

"She is, Todd, so that means I should know her pretty well. She's a great girl, she'll make you a great wife and you'll have wonderful kids. But, until you're married you're not going to get any relief action from her for that raging hard-on you've got straining against your trousers."

Paul gave my shoulder a friendly little slap, then he stood and walked away from the car, meandering across the driveway. That gave me a chance to stand and adjust myself some, so that I could be more comfortable.

Paul stopped strolling and waited for me to catch up. "Trish told you, didn't she, that we're twins?"

"Right, she explained. But you're fraternal twins, obviously not identical."

"Obviously not identical. Regardless, twins always share a special bond, a certain connection with each other. After all, we spent nine months together in a very small space, alone and naked. Let me assure you, Todd, that Trish and I are very, very close."

"Oh sure, it's cool," I said. "Like I said earlier, we agreed to no hanky-panky. Are you worried, you know, that we might have relations before marriage?"

"Again, that's very commendable, Todd, and I want to support your decision any way that I can. But no, what I was trying to get at is that Trish and I are very, very close, since we're twins..."

"Not identical."

"Right, not identical, but sometimes it's almost like we feel what the other one is feeling, sense what the other one is sensing, think what the other one is thinking. You know, strong emotions and other feelings. We share our happiness."

"That's cool."

Paul stood silently for a minute; I stood uncomfortably. Then he said, "why don't we go up to my room for awhile, drink a beer and relax some?"

Hey, a beer's a beer. So I started down the path between the garage and the house, stepped up onto the porch toward the screen door, but Paul touched my elbow and pointed to some stairs that went up the side of the garage.

"My room is right over the garage," he explained. "I have more privacy that way. Why don't you go on up while I grab the beers from the ice-box. I'll be up in two shakes."

He disappeared through the screen door into the house. I thought I heard him talking to Trish in the kitchen, but it wasn't very loud so I couldn't be sure. I headed up the stairs to his room.

What a neat room! Not real wide, being over the garage and all, but long, with windows all along the side opposite the house. Everything was paneled in knotty pine — very elegant and cozy. The decoration was in a South-West motif, with lots of leather and rough-hewn log furniture, and a really nifty pair of lamps made from cactus skeletons.

There was a double bed against the far wall, with night tables on either side. Just inside the door was a couch with leather cushions and a couple of leather chairs, all arranged around a coffee table. I sat down on the couch and rested my feet on the coffee table. Very comfy.

I wasn't exactly snooping or anything, since I was sitting down, but I couldn't help noticing on one of the night tables a copy of that magazine *Playboy*. I'd never seen one before, but I had sure heard plenty about it. I thought I'd give it a quick look before Paul came up, see what the fuss was about.

Boy! Let me tell you, that centerfold sure was something. A blond bombshell with big, luscious tits right in front of my eyes and legs all the way from here down to there! It probably wasn't a good idea to be looking at that right then, what with

the major boner I already had, but it sure wasn't easy to stop looking, either.

Fortunately, I heard Paul coming up the stairs before I followed those thoughts any further. However, I did have a bit of difficulty getting the centerfold folded back into place and the magazine put back before he opened the door. I managed though. Barely.

"Here we go, two bottles of ice-cold beer." He handed one to me and put his own down on the coffee table. He sat down in a chair across from me. I suspect he pretended not to notice that I had mangled his magazine, because how could he not notice?

We drank some beer and made some comments about it: cold, refreshing, that sort of thing. It helped that it was cold, because I was feeling sort of warm with embarrassment about the magazine, and my boner, and thinking about doing it with Trish, and stuff like that.

"Say," he said, "have you seen the new issue of *Playboy*?"

"Nah." Darn! Why'd he have to mention that? "Actually, I've never seen one at all, but I've heard plenty about it."

"You really should have a look then." He got up and fetched the copy from the night stand. "This centerfold is really something."

He flipped the magazine open right in front of my face, the bombshell unfolding inches from my nose. I had no choice really but to hold the magazine and continue to examine the centerfold with renewed appreciation.

I heard Paul's voice from behind the bombshell: "Isn't she a doozie? Have you ever seen tits like that?"

"Nope," I claimed, even though I just had. "Those sure are great tits."

"A guy could lose himself in tits like those, all round and firm and big as cantaloupes. Probably just as juicy, too. And where in the world did she get those pointy nipples?"

I started feeling pretty uncomfortable again from the old boner, which had gotten even harder than before. This needed to stop soon, or I was going to need a very, very cold shower.

"Look Paul...", I said as I lowered the magazine.

"Jesus H, Paul! What are you doing?!" That actually was a pretty stupid thing to say, since what he was doing was pretty obvious: he was stroking his own hard-on, which he had silently popped out of his trousers while my attention was otherwise engaged.

"I am relieving myself, Todd, something that it looks like you need to do very soon if you don't want your balls to start aching rather painfully."

"But what would your sister say?" Another pretty stupid thing to say in the circumstances.

"The truth be told, Todd, I think Trish would be happiest if she didn't have to deal with you and your trouser snake at all, so I expect..."

His slow, rhythmic stroking was becoming a little hypnotic. And, I don't want to make a big deal out of it, but he did have a pretty nice looking thingy there.

"... that she'd be pleased if you just did what you needed to do and didn't bother her about it. Besides, we're almost family now, you and I, and as I said, Trish and I are very close. I'd like you to feel as comfortable around me as you would my sister."

His snake charmer voice and mesmerizing stroking evidently worked. Seemingly without volition, I opened my trousers, pulled out my own bone, and started stroking in rhythm with Paul. Needless to say, the usual magic worked reliably and in just a few more minutes we were both greatly relieved.

It's something that we never really talked about again; never felt much need to. One of those guy things, I guess, avoiding unnecessary words. After that day, though, the summer seemed to fly by. Trish and I grew closer emotionally, and Paul and I drew closer physically.

In a way it became a habit. Trish and I went out every Wednesday night and every Friday night. Sometimes it was to go to a dance, sometimes just to the drive-in, sometimes just a walk in the park. Regardless, though, I always drove her home, we always parked in the driveway and made out for awhile, and I always stopped up to see Paul. Happily, he was always there when I dropped in.

Things with Paul progressed so quickly that I didn't take time to think about it then. Some of it's a blur, but I remember moments here and there rather vividly. About the middle of June was the first time he touched me, stroking my leg one evening while he sat next to me. A week later was the first time he gave me oral sex.

Independence Day, July fourth, was a big celebration! Watermelon, fireworks, feeling Trish's bare nipples for the first time, and getting my first kiss from Paul. I have to admit, his beard felt a little funny to me at first, but I came to enjoy its rough scratchiness pretty quickly.

It took a couple of weeks after our first kiss for me to feel bold enough to put Paul's thingy in my mouth, but I finally did. I enjoyed it more than I expected to, maybe enjoyed it even more than having Paul give me a blow job. Perhaps it goes without saying, but by August Paul and I were taking turns fucking each other. I was enjoying myself immensely.

I think Paul was right about Trish, too. She seemed perfectly satisfied with the arrangement we had, even though we never talked about it. I certainly never told her about me and Paul. How would you even bring up something like that? I didn't know whether she and Paul ever talked about any of it, but I always had the impression that what I did with Paul was strictly between us. I found out otherwise late in August.

Trish and I were out at some party, a dance for some social cause. One of Trish's friends broke up with her boyfriend that

night and needed a ride home. The friend lived not far from me, so I said sure.

Without thinking, I said something about taking Trish home first, since her friend lived closer to my house. Trish gave me a sharp look, then smiled and wrapped herself around my arm like a little kitten. She said that maybe we should take her friend home first, so that “we could spend some more time together. You know, Todd. Alone.”

Having satisfied her friends with that explanation she turned me away from them. She whispered in my ear: “Besides,” she said, giving my crotch a gentle squeeze, “my brother will be up, waiting to see you.”

We left then. Somehow. I don’t really remember. It felt like everything had drained out of me. All the while in the car, driving first to the friend’s house, then to Trish’s house, I tried to make sense out of what Trish had said, and that little squeeze. It made no sense to me. Furious was what it made me. Trish knew! Paul had betrayed our secret.

When I turned off the car in their driveway that night, I was boiling with anger, but trying to keep a lid on it. Trish must have known, since she didn’t even bother snuggling up to me. She just gave me an good-night kiss on the cheek and skedaddled into the house. I seethed for a few minutes, before stomping out of the car clomping up the stairs to Paul’s room.

I flung the door open. He stood just inside the door. Could he tell I was angry? No doubt, but he acted as if he treated me like always, things would be like always. Could be he was right about that.

“Todd, I’m so glad you’re finally here. It’s been such a long evening, waiting for you to arrive.”

He pulled me to him, kissing my lips roughly, grinding his stiff crotch against mine, which was equally hard. We kissed aggressively, and between kisses we tore off each other’s clothes. Without a doubt it was a night for fucking, and as soon as we

had stripped we fell on the bed and I was fucking Paul harder than I ever had. I was furious over what I thought was his betrayal, and I took it out on his ass, exhausting my anger until I was near to coming.

“Does — Trish — know — about — us?” I demanded in rhythm with my thrusts.

Paul’s eyes were closed, his lips curved slightly into an enigmatic smile.

All he said was: “We both love you very much.”

My anger dissipated instantly. I came, then collapsed against Paul in tears, my body pressed to his, my arms tightly around him. Who could deny that simple, sincere statement of truth? I cried tears of — what? — pain, sorrow, joy, ecstasy? All those, I think, and more. I, too, loved both Paul and Trish more than I could say.

I stayed with Paul that night. Neither of us said anything more. There was no need for words, then or later.

That September, Paul went off to college as planned. Trish and I kept dating, as planned, but only at the weekends. I was pretty busy and tired during the week, working for my Dad and all.

As the year went by, Trish and I started planning our wedding. Paul came home for holidays, and we spent some time together, the three of us. Paul and I also had sex together, although it had become quieter, less urgent, more tender. Our last time together was during his spring break. Trish and I got married the following June. Paul and I never did it again after that of course. But, we’re still very close, still very much in love. All of us.

Mike from Massapequa

Felice Picano

“Someone’s at the door,” Ray said to J.K. in a hushed voice. “It’s not him, is it? Mr. Sexy Repairman?”

Seeing the fellow moving back toward the van’s door, Ray unlocked the door. “U.P.S.,” he lied. “Gotta go.”

“Call back the second he’s gone!” J.K. demanded. “We’re not done discussing this encounter or its ramifications.”

“Right. Sure,” Ray agreed. Then, door finally open, he called, “I was on the phone.” Seeing the dark head turn and those amazing eyes, visible through gray sunglass lenses, he added, “You made it! Great!”

“The other job was canceled. I had free time,” the repairman said. “Am I parked okay? I’m blocking the sidewalk.”

“Anything bigger than a bike will block it. I’ve got a parking decal you can put in the window that says you’re here on business.”

Ray left the door open and located the decal, brought to the workman peering down Joralemon Street at a police car.

“I can’t get another ticket. My boss’ll go ballistic.”

“Hang this from the mirror in your window. If you get a ticket, I’ll pay.”

Back inside, the phone rang. Ray hoped it wasn’t J.K. It wasn’t. It was however the second customer he’d spoken to

earlier, asking if he could modify his order yet again. Ray said sure and entered the revision directly onto the computer screen, still scrolled to “billing.” He’d have to exchange the outer label, reopen and repack the box. Hell!

When he turned around, the office door was closed and the repairman was inside, staring out the window at the street. Ray still couldn’t believe he was there.

Ray joined him at the window, just in time to see the police car stop and a heavysset female cop get out, check the van, then get back into the patrol car and move on. “What’d I tell you,” Ray said.

The repairman filled with office with his presence, his smell, a complex fragrance Ray couldn’t quite figure out, a mixture, he theorized, of machine oil, after shave, maybe natural musk. Ray wanted to touch the younger man, only inches away so badly that he was actually trembling.

“I just can’t get another ticket,” the workman apologized, facing Ray. “Three this year already. It comes out of my pay.”

“I understand. No problem.”

The visitor looked around at the office with its metal framed Music Festivals of Europe posters on the walls, the cabinets of CD albums, “This is what? A German record company? *Blue Danube Waltz*? Oompah-pah bands?”

Ray laughed. “No, keyboard music. Piano, some organ and guitar. Mostly classical stuff. *Klavierstuecke* means keyboard pieces. How about that beer?” Ray turned to the half-fridge and the mechanic was there, palms out.

He presented his soiled, square hands, with their stubby fingers and mangled fingernails, skin all cut up. A few of the incisions looked fresh. “I’m all greasy. Better wash up.”

“I’ll show you the john.”

Ray led him out of the office, past the storage area, where Otto stretched and ostentatiously yawned as they passed by, into the master suite. Ray blushed as they entered the large room. He

pointed out the lavatory. As the repairman entered, Ray said, "You want mercurochrome or bandages on those cuts? They look pretty raw."

"Sure. Alcohol, peroxide, whatever." He ran the tap.

Ray had to graze him to reach the medicine cabinet.

The repairman held his hands over the sink. Ray poured alcohol over them, dabbed them dry with a facecloth, carefully wrapped Band-Aids across the two newest-looking gashes. From this proximity, the repairman was the same height as Ray: eyes level. Less prepossessing now. Even younger. More vulnerable. Ray felt less apprehensive, less unsure. He still didn't know what would happen, but it didn't trouble him. He was simply pleased by the man's presence — so close, so easygoing, so unassuming.

"Now how about that beer?"

Ray thought the fellow looked longingly at the bed as they passed out of the bedroom and back into the office. Or was Ray deceiving himself? The beers were waiting on the desk, and as there was only one chair, they leaned against cabinets, a few feet apart as they snapped open and chugged down the brews.

"So you what? Work and live here too?"

Ray explained the set up.

"How did you get into this line? It's pretty unusual, right?"

Ray explained that he'd been an A& R man at EMI/Capitol Records. He mentioned popular artists the guy might have heard of. "GiGi Gertz!" the workman was duly impressed. "You don't mind not working with pop stars any more!?"

"I had no choice if I wanted to stay in the city. How's that brew? Need another?" During the discussion they'd become more equal in Ray's mind. The power had even shifted in his favor.

"Don't want to drink and drive. Maybe I should be taking off. Gotta get back to the Island. It'll be an hour with the traffic and all."

Ray knew he would have to act immediately, or what J.K. had predicted — him doing all the work and someone else reaping the rewards — would come to pass. He was no longer unsettled by the man's good looks, nor by the thought that what he intended was disloyal to Jesse. His focus had shifted to how to get the young man undressed easily, gracefully, not too aggressively. Ray extended a hand and brushed the front of the guy's shorts, then said in a calm and measured voice, "I'm not being a very good host, am I? I did promise more than beer."

"Well, ye-e-eah," the younger man answered. Now he was the one who was nervous, adding, "Look, it's okay if...."

Perversely enough, his uncertainty convinced Ray not to stop what he had started. Ray caressed the repairman's bulge through the corduroy. It wasn't large but it was hard and that seemed to validate anything that might happen. "I think we've got a winner here. Let's go into the bedroom," Ray said in what he hoped was a reassuring yet sultry voice. "It's more comfortable."

Refusing to relinquish his corduroy prize, he towed the young man along the corridor by degrees, gripping his belt to draw him along.

Once across the bedroom doorsill, Ray released the shorts and used both hands to lift the rugby shirt. When the repairman made a gesture of hesitation, Ray reassured him. "Don't be nervous. I'm not going to do anything you don't want me to do. Okay?"

The raised shirt disclosed the athletic chest and flat abdomen Ray had imagined. The repairman's torso was by no means huge, thickly muscled, or perfectly "cut," but it was without an inch of fat and hairless but for an inky penumbra circling each nipple, and a tuft rising above and below the his navel fading into tanned skin.

"It's not that," the workman said. "It's just that I don't... you know, do this kind of thing."

Ray wasn't listening. He let instinct take over, taking hold of the man's torso and nibbling one nipple, then kneading it between his fingertips as he moved his lips and teeth to the other. Back and forth, once, twice, thrice. When he perceived the repairman would not try to free himself, Ray let go and slowly kissed down the tummy, engrossed in delineating with the tip of his tongue the nearly invisible line of hair evanescent into the reinforced waistband of the promised land of underwear. Ray paused in his descent only to dally at — circumscribe with the tip of his tongue, teasingly explore — the vortex of belly button. He employed those few seconds of distraction to effortlessly unbuckle the belt, unbutton the pantsfront. The corduroy shorts drifted down, settling gently around densely stockinged ankles. Ray knelt, never for a second ceasing to caress the young man's briefs, and with hands and mouth, never pausing in his stroking of the cotton-enclosed bottom.

Ray was like a child receiving a long-awaited present, so temptingly close, he so eager for it, yet willing to restrain himself from tearing off the wrapping to savor the prospect a few seconds longer. He was conscious of how unconditionally lust had been set free in him as well as by how thoroughly he intended to experience this fellow, and this fellow's sex, when he made out a low moan: basso, guttural. Only with the greatest effort was Ray able to momentarily force his face away from the snowy field of Jockey cotton to glance up and discover from where those sounds emanated, what they were meant to express.

The young workman's head was thrown back. When his face swung into view again, just beyond his flat pectorals with their erect nipples, the voluptuous green eyes appeared smudged, three quarters shut, his lips a blur. Ray sat back on his knees to relish the sensual victory, then slowly nudged the repairman backward, step succeeding step, all the while taunting him by running his teeth back and forth across the Jockey-covered swelling — until the younger man turned muzzy and stumbling.

At that instant, Ray drew down the underpants, freeing a perfectly shaped penis, which sprung out, shuddering. He also released that specific and individual bouquet he had detected before, intensified tenfold. Essence of Man, they'd called it in the movie, *Barbarella*. Ray nudged the guy one more time a bit harder so he couldn't help but lose his balance. He floundered, then dropped backward, landing athwart the edge of the bed's mattress.

All but deranged by the sight and smell, Ray moved, attacking the longed-for lower torso with face and hands, teeth and lips and tongue in a barrage of kissing and sucking. Ray consolidated all effort, the entirety of his existence, toward a single end: producing in the sexy workman a thrashing, teeth-clenching, mattress-thumping, unsmotherable, earth-shattering, gut-born roar of orgasm.

When he began to come, the repairman rose off the bed as though intending to levitate, gasping and groaning, before softly subsiding, panting, deflating back onto the bed. Ray at last allowed the fellow's hands to detach his face from the still vibrating body. Sated, relenting, Ray hunched on his heels, surveying the scene, then joined the repairman on the chenille.

The guy attempted to rise, fell back exhausted. "God. I needed that!"

Me too, Ray thought. He had come without touching himself.

Holding the well-muscle arm, he looked at the left hand, the one he had not bandaged. A gold ring on the scarred third finger. "Married," he mumbled.

"Yeah," a little laugh, "but that don't mean I get treated like this at home. And lately," he added more darkly, "I don't get much at all." Then, lest he seem disloyal, he went on, "It's all since the last kid was born. You know, she's had woman illness, that kind of thing."

"You have kids?"

"Two boys and a girl. Eight, six, and two. Want to see their picture?"

"When did you start? When you were twelve?"

"You think I'm a kid?" half-sitting up. "I'll be thirty-one."

"I'd never have guessed it."

"You're what?" green eyes scrutinizing, "Thirty-five?"

"Close," Ray said.

"But never married, right?"

"Never married," Ray admitted.

"Which is why you sent me to the ceiling a few minutes ago."

Ray was flattered. Jesse had never complimented him like that. "You liked it?"

"I think I already expressed my appreciation," the repairman laughed, rolled closer to Ray. "Everyone says: for good head, you gotta go gay."

"And now you know which gay to go to," Ray said, feeling esteemed, giddily so. Which was why he was emboldened to add, "Maybe when you're in the area. . . ?" He touched a hot shoulder, "You around a lot fixing automatic doors?"

"I haven't been. This other guy, older guy, who works there too, he asked for Brooklyn and Manhattan jobs. But he's ticked off a few customers. I could ask for the route... drop by. I couldn't say when, exactly. That okay?"

"I'm here all day. You've got my card. Give a call."

Their faces were inches away from each other. Those eyes!

"You like it, right? Being gay? Doing stuff to guys?"

Ray wasn't sure exactly what he was being asked. "I like doing stuff to you." Then he added. "Why?"

The workman turned away, looked up at the ceiling. "She was my high school sweetheart. We went to the prom in May, graduated in June, got married in September. Everyone thought she was knocked up. But she wasn't. We knew each other since we were, like, in second grade. I hung with her brothers. I like

her folks and all. We do things together with her family all the time. The beach. Deep-sea fishing. Barbecues. The whole nine yards."

It came out affectionately, yet rueful. Ray didn't know how to answer. "Sounds comfortable."

"It's comfortable." Again the workman's tone was mixed. "Unlike my friggin' job." He sat up, stretched. "Which can be a bitch. Now I gotta fight traffic all the way back to Massapequa. When instead I could sleep all afternoon. You ever do that, you know, working so close to bed?"

"Not often," Ray admitted. "The phone rings. Orders to be filled."

"The john's that way?" Pointing. Then the repairman was up, winking at Ray as he pulled on his Jockeys, his shorts, and buckled up. All Ray could think was: Look at that body! Look at that face!

He could have stayed in bed and waited and watched the guy come out again, but it might have embarrassed him. So Ray got up and was straightening his clothing when the repairman entered, checking his watch, all business.

"I'm gonna be right in rush hour traffic."

Ray led him back through the hall to the office and street door. As he stepped out, Ray said, "By the way, you know my name. From the card and all. You are...?"

"Oh, right. Mike. Mike Tedesco." His handshake was butch, one of the Band-Aids flapped off.

"Mike from Massapequa," Ray mused. "See ya around."

"Sure." Hearty. Then, in a different tone, "You know, maybe sometime, you can show me some other stuff. Other gay stuff," he added conspiratorially, "You know what I mean?"

Ray didn't have a clue. "Sure," he said as though he did.

Mike hopped into the van, and it dashed into a break in the Joralemon Street traffic, moving so fast that he was gone before Ray remembered the parking decal was still in the truck. Maybe

Mike would see it and come back. If not today, then another time.

Ray closed and locked the office, then drifted through the lower floor, stroking the cat, meandering into the bedroom — so unexpectedly redolent with Mike's fragrance. Jesus, it's strong, Ray thought. I've got to spray in here before Jesse comes home.

He decided he should change the bedcover, too, just in case. Chuck the cat out the door, open the windows, and totally sanitize the place. But just glancing at the bed turned Ray on so much, that all he could do was lie back in the midst of that fragrance — Essence of Mike Tedesco — and replay it in his mind. He become aroused again, and ended up masturbating.

Prison Nurse Makes Three

Larry Lawton

CONTRARY TO WHAT PEOPLE IN the outside world might believe, being gay or bi in prison isn't a good thing. Sometimes it's outright dangerous, and so I have to keep my bisexuality hidden in prison. I'm thirty-two, five-foot-eight, 150 pounds, hazel eyes, dirty blond mid-length hair, my cock is seven inches and thick, and I'm told I have a real nice bubble butt.

My pal Donny is around thirty and has been in prison for five years. His whole body is perfect: all he does is work out. He's six-foot-three, 190 lbs, black hair, with the most piercing blue eyes you've ever seen.

I met Donny when he came to medical a few years back after running headfirst into the softball fence one Saturday evening during a unit game. He was all bloody and I was starting to clean him up, at least until the nurse arrived. Donny acted so damned macho but I could see through the façade. Out of the corner of my eye, I caught him checking out my fine bubble butt as I was bending over to pull some bandages out of the medicine locker.

Having a janitorial assignment for the prison hospital sure has its advantages, but being a bisexual guy makes it even better. Although the AIDS rate is high in prison, working in the hospital gives me access to everyone's medical record. Lucky me!

Finally the prison nurse, Suzy, arrived to attend to Donny. Suzy is one hot woman. She's in her mid-thirties, with short curly blond hair, five-foot-six, 130 pounds, blue eyes, tits the size of cantaloupes, and what I imagined was a gorgeous pussy. You could usually see her nipples sticking out through the white cotton blouse of her low-cut nurse's uniform. I always thought she was a tease, because she dressed so sexy but normally acted very subdued. As Suzy leaned over to investigate the cuts on Donny's head, I could see Donny looking right down her blouse. To my surprise, Donny winked at me, reached out, and grabbed Suzy's tit. Even more to my surprise, Suzy didn't hit her body alarm, or try at all to stop Donny.

It was on. Suzy told me, "Close the door and come over here." Who am I to disobey a staff member? Since the hospital has complete privacy after 7:00 at night, Suzy, Donny, and I quickly pulled off our clothes. Suzy got down on her knees and began sucking both our cocks. Her lips felt incredibly moist and perfect, and Donny's big cock looked so beautiful next to mine.

Suzy really knew what she was doing. I watched her suck my super-hard tool and Donny's in total shock. Even though I had worked with Suzy in the hospital for more than a year, I had no idea she was such a cock-hound. Donny gave me a knowing smile and threw his arm over my shoulder, drawing me close.

Suzy kept going back and forth, sometimes sucking both our cocks at once. Whenever my cock touched Donny's, I felt a jolt of electricity. I kept looking in his eyes for a sign of him getting mad, but he was clearly loving Suzy's blowjob as much as I was.

Suzy slid up onto the examining table and reclined with her hot wet pussy calling to me. I dove between her legs and started eating her sweet-tasting cunt. Donny changed position and pushed his big cock deep into her throat, muffling her moans. Watching Suzy suck Donny's big cock as he played with her tits

excited me to no end and my cock was leaking precum onto the floor. Donny kept smiling at me as I ate Suzy out like a starving man. I really got into gobbling Suzy's clit while running my finger in and out of her sopping wet pussy. Her moans made me concentrate even more.

Suddenly, I felt a hand on my ass. In total shock, I looked back and saw that Donny was feeling my behind. I gave him a big smile and pushed out my ass. He took that as a yes. Donny spat on his hand and rubbed some on my butthole and some on his rock-hard cock. When I felt his wet thickness jamming against my hole, I buried my head between Suzy's legs, driving her crazy with my intense mouthwork on her pussy. Suzy's head jerked upward as she started coming in my face just as Donny penetrated my hot tight ass. The head of his cock felt huge. He was going real slow but at first it hurt. The pain quickly subsided and I let out a moan of pleasure. Deeper and deeper he slid into my hot guts. I felt totally full with Donny's hard cock. Donny started pumping me, in and out, in and out. I stopped eating Suzy and pushed back to receive Donny completely. Oh! Yes, I was in heaven. Suzy slid off the exam table and cheered us on.

It didn't take us long before I felt his cock swell even more and start pulsating. He let out a low scream and started unloading his hot cum deep in me. He pulled out of my throbbing hole as he started losing his hard-on. Seeing the cum dripping from his glistening cockhead is a sight I'll remember forever.

I was exhausted, but my cock was standing straight up toward my chest. That's the way my cock curves. Suzy motioned for me to lay down on the table while Donny watched and caught his breath. Suzy mounted me and my cock slid right in her already juicy slit. Instead of humping up and down, Suzy slid back and forth making the curve of my cock rub against Suzy's G-spot the right way, which drove her wild. Suzy grabbed my overloaded, boiling balls and yelled, "Oh Mike, yes, yes, don't cum yet!" but her pace increased until her eyes rolled back in her head and

she began having multiple orgasms. I could feel her warm cum gushing all over my cock and balls. I was about to cum myself when Suzy jumped off and yelled at Donny to suck my cock. Donny eagerly deep-throated my spasming fuckpole like the pro he was. I knew it wouldn't be long.

Donny's lips and tongue was encircling my head and doing things I never had done to my cock before. I grabbed his head and banged my cockhead against the back of his throat. I drained my overheated nuts in Donny's willing mouth and, not missing a beat, he swallowed every drop. Finally, totally spent, I fell back onto the table as the room seemed to spin.

When I opened my eyes and looked around, Donny and Suzy were getting dressed. After Suzy finished bandaging Donny, he gave me a note telling me to meet him on the yard: "Meet in the recreation yard bathroom tomorrow at noon." I guess he didn't want me to forget — yeah, like that was going to happen.

I returned to my unit with a satisfied smile. After being in prison for eight years, I thought I died and went to prison heaven. That night, I slept like a baby. It was Sunday, so I slept in until ten o'clock. I showered, got my shorts on, went to brunch, and headed to the yard. I really didn't know what to expect when I entered the bathroom. There are three urinals and three stalls, and Donny was waiting for me in the last stall. He motioned me in, closed the door, and quickly pulled my shorts down. Whispering, "Oh! Mike, I didn't get enough last night," he grabbed me roughly by the ass, pulled me close, and started sucking my cock. The danger of getting caught really excited me. After only a few minutes, I started coming, yelling, "Fuck yeah, Donny, suck me off!" Donny drained every drop of my hot spunk out of me. We left the bathroom and went for a walk around the track. Donny is very popular, so many guys were stopping and talking to us. I knew a few of them, but only from working in the prison hospital.

When we were alone again, Donny turned to me and said that he wanted us be lovers, but we had to keep it between us, of course. I couldn't believe my incredible luck. I thought, *Here I am, a bisexual guy having a love affair with one of the hottest guys in the prison.*

Ever since then, every Wednesday night when I wax the floors in the prison hospital, Donny helps me — in more ways than one. Wednesday evenings have become *our* night out.

Just last Wednesday night, I was in the hospital, bent over the examination table, taking Donny's fat eight-inch cock. Oh yeah, it felt so incredibly good. With his hands gripping my shoulders, he was ramming my butt with the passion I've become accustomed too. The feel of his hot manhood penetrating me is the best feeling in the world. When Donny accelerated his fucking, I could tell he was getting close to his climax.

I begged Donny to fill me up. I can always tell when he's about to cum because he will be punch-fucking me fast, then abruptly stop deep inside me. My sensitive ass muscles could feel his cock pulsating, and then his hot cum started running down my leg. He came bucketfuls.

About once a month, Nurse Suzy still regularly joins us for a romp in the prison hospital. Although I like cock now more than pussy, Nurse Suzy will never be excluded. Without her, I never would have found my love.

His Games

Thom Wolf

THE MAN WAS VERY TALL — athletic and strong, rather than huge. He was handsome with East European good-looks and a short fuzz of black hair. I noticed him through the supermarket cafeteria window as he pulled into the parking lot. I saw the woman with him, and the children, both under five years old, that he easily lifted out of the back seat. He kissed the woman on the cheek and she headed in the other direction with the kids, and he came into the cafeteria, which was less than one-third full. He joined the queue at the counter.

I was attempting to drink bitter latte from a large polystyrene cup and to read a Gilbert Adair novel. Before long, carrying coffee and a greasy bacon sandwich on a brown plastic tray, he made his way over to my table and nudged the chair in front of me with his foot.

“Excuse me,” he said clearly with just a hint of an accent, “mind if I sit here?”

I glanced at the man and half turned, casting my eyes over a dozen empty seats, before looking back at his face. As a come-on, I thought he was being obvious, but I felt a certain respect for his boldness. There was a plain gold ring on his left hand, which he made no attempt to hide.

“Feel free,” I told him.

He half-smiled, half-sneered, his top lip curling upward while the edges of his mouth drooped, and pulled the chair all the way out with his foot. He set the tray down clumsily, spilling his drink, which I saw was tea rather than coffee, and sat his ass heavily on the plastic seat.

I tried to read, feigning interest in my book, while watching him across the top of the page. He caught me looking, and his lips curved fully back from large white teeth into a proper smile. He busied himself while I watched, emptying two packets of sugar into his muddy looking tea, spilling granules across the tray, stirring vigorously with a plastic spoon. He ripped open three sachets of ketchup with his teeth, squashing the contents across the bacon. He compressed the bread bun with the palm of his hand and took a large bite of the sandwich; chewing, he wiped ketchup and grease from his full mouth with a white paper napkin.

“Beautiful,” he said after the first swallow, still chewing, preparing to take another bite.

I nodded, closing the book, suddenly far more interested in the man opposite me. I was curious why a married man wanted to make eyes at me and sit at my table in a near-empty restaurant. I was curious to know exactly what he wanted, and even more so to know how I would react. I’ve seen friends and relations in seemingly perfect and strong relationships that were fucked to hell by selfish, self-centered, promiscuous bastards like this one. I wondered what men like this were searching for that they did not already have.

He was confident. It didn’t seem to bother him that we were in public and that one of his buddies or a friend of his wife could see him, or that his wife might even come back, and that she, and their children, would see him cruising a stranger, a man, for sex.

I was impressed by the easy way he made conversation. With a bright smile and direct eye contact, he talked to me like a

friend he had known for years, as if we had so much in common besides wanting each other's cock. Beneath the table as he spoke, his leg moved between mine. When I didn't withdraw from the contact his confidence grew and he brushed his fingers across the back of my hand several times.

"What are you doing?" I asked, feeling uncomfortable, grasping for my moral high ground, being seduced to his level.

"Nothing," he said, his brow furrowing like a guilty puppy. "I like you; I just wanted you to know that."



The bathroom in the cafeteria was small with just two stalls, but they were modern, well lit, and hygienic.

We moved into a narrow stall and locked the door behind us. He kissed me as if he really wanted me. It was hard not to feel the same, holding him, feeling his lean body respond to my hands and mouth; I wanted him despite my reservations earlier.

"We don't have much time," the man whispered, tasting my lips. "This bathroom is inspected every hour. The attendant may be back soon."

He pushed me against the hardboard wall that divided the two stalls, moving down my body quickly, running his hands along my flank, pressing his face against my chest, stomach, breaking at the groin. He rubbed his cheeks against my crotch, nuzzled the bulge with his large mouth. I love seeing a man in this position, looking down at the top of his head and his brow, watching his pious dedication to my dick.

He unfastened my jeans and hauled the thick shaft out of my pants, making noises of approval. He gasped, smiled, and wrapped his lips around the head, all the while maintaining eye

contact. He tore my jeans open wider, getting his eager hands on the base of my cock, around my balls, and sucked me deeper.

I wondered what his wife would say if she could have seen him then, with his mouth full of my cock, his cheeks bulging as he attempted to suck it all. I focused on his lips, which were stretched and swollen, thinking about later, when those same lips would kiss his kids goodnight still tasting of me.

He sucked me for a while. He had a good technique, with lots of spit and tonguework, light on teeth. I gave myself over to the sensations of his mouth, relishing every hot, wet moment. I let him take me as far as he could without coming before telling him to stop.

“Get up. Bend over,” I said, reaching for my wallet. “I’m gonna fuck you.” I took out a condom and a sachet of lube.

The man stood, turned around, unfastened his jeans, and shoved them to mid-thigh. He leaned across the toilet, presenting a nice round, olive-skinned, and lightly furred rump. He gathered his shirt and jacket around his chest, giving me an open view of his back, ass, and thighs. I noticed a luscious patch of dark hair at the base of his spine, right between the dimples. I put a hand on his asscheeks, spread them, and was pleased to see the thick, lush hair between his buttocks. Damp curls surrounded a juicy brown hole. I stuck a couple of lubed fingers inside him, feeling a tight, hot chute. He oohed and ahhed, arching his back across the toilet, squeezing his muscle.

I stood up straight, guided my cock into position, and lunged in. The tight heat of his ass swathed my long inches, drawing me into its snug, fiery core. The man put his arms against the tiled wall and rested his head on crossed elbows. His labored breathing came as short hisses between clenched teeth.

“Are you all right?” I whispered, hovering a few inches in with some way to go.

“Aye,” he gasped, “shove that fucker up me. I want to feel you deep inside me.”

I grabbed a handful of his shirt, twisted it between my fist, and slipped the remainder of my dick into his ass in a slow but flowing motion. It was like sinking into liquid. Though it was only my cock inside him, I felt like his ass was surrounding me, claiming me. I watched my cock; only the root remained, protruding just a fraction from between his ripe cheeks.

At first, I fucked him long and gracefully, going faster very quickly. I wanted to treat him harshly. I was consumed with an urge to hurt him, to treat him cruelly, to punish him for letting me ride his ass while his wife took his children shopping. I imagined her now, looking at kids clothes and toys, treating them to ice cream, while their daddy was taking a hard cock up his ass. He gasped and twisted, pushing back to meet my thrusts, which only made me want to fuck him harder, deeper, really make him feel me. I slammed him against the wall as I came, hissing in his ear with each spurt my dick gave, “You bastard, you bastard, you bastard.” He got off on the abuse, tugging his dick until it splattered the back of the stall with ropey strands of cum.

Afterward he handed me a scrap of paper. “My cell phone number,” he said, smiling. “Text me if you want to do this again.”



I had no intention of ever texting, calling, or seeing him again.

I kept the number in my wallet, however, and I found myself thinking about him for the rest of the day, which wasn't all that unusual. My thoughts of this man were not the usual warm, fond memories that follow a sexual encounter; they were darker, deeper. I wondered about him, who he was, where he lived, what he did. I was curious if his wife knew what he was doing.

Did she condone his behavior, or did she ignore it? Did either of them even care?

Three nights later, following a vivid sex dream about him, I sent him text. He replied in the morning, saying that he was free that afternoon and would meet me in the park at five o'clock.

It was a dull and misty day. A cold damp atmosphere hung low over the large, practically empty park. I had no trouble finding the lone figure, hands in his jeans pockets, wearing a dark anorak fastened at the neck. Sitting on a bench beside the climbing frame and sandpit, his breath swirled around his face like smoke. He rose, smiling, when he saw me approach, and met me halfway.

"I know a good place," he said, turning and walking toward the trees, not bothering to wait and see if I followed him.

I hurried to catch up. "I live alone," I called after him. "We could go to mine."

"No," he answered. "It's better that we go here."

The grass grew longer, and wet scrubs brushed my calves as the man led me away from the path into the wooded area. We didn't go far, just to a slight clearing in the trees with a long-forgotten picnic table.

"It's safe here," he said. "No one comes through unless they are looking for something."

He launched himself at me, forcing his mouth on top of mine, tearing at my clothes. I wanted to wait, take it slowly, but his passion was so urgent it was contagious. My body responded to him. When he unfastened my pants and wrapped his greedy fingers around my cock, it was already hard and leaking. He was down there in a beat, cramming my dick into his mouth, sucking like he was born to it. The urge to harm him consumed me. I grabbed his head, holding it firmly and fucked his face with a cruel intensity. I got off on the gagging sounds he made as I thrust beyond his mouth into his gullet. He offered himself and I was determined to take everything.

Impatient for more, I released his head. He dropped back on his knees, brown eyes gazing up at me, mouth open, his breath coming ragged and shallow. His face was red and his eyes watered. I hauled him from the ground and threw him down on the table. His eyes gleamed; he was excited. I tore at his clothes, ripping jeans and shorts down together, pulling them over his shoes and tossing them on the damp grass behind me. His throbbing, wet cock curved upward from a trimmed pubic bush. I grabbed his hips, hauling him to the edge of the table and angling his ass over the side. Instinctively he raised his legs, drawing his knees into his chest, exposing his insatiable pucker.

I bent over, getting my face into his crack. I loved the darkness of his asshole and the warm brown tones of the skin surrounding it. I ran my tongue around it, across the deep lines radiating outward from the core. His hole was hot and spicy, like a foreign dish. It responded to my tongue, pulsing, unfurling slowly before withdrawing back. He hissed encouragement, loving every second.

I took a condom and lube sachet from my wallet. Unrolling the rubber over my cock, I watched the hunger and anticipation in his face. "What's your name?" I asked, positioning myself to enter him.

"Cumhole." He raised his head off the table, glaring at me, waiting.

"That's not your name," I said, pushing into his tight brown asshole.

He laid his head back down, smiling again. "It'll do."

Infuriated, I began to fuck, giving it to him hard and fast straight away. His face twisted and grimaced but he did not ask me to slow down or stop. I dug my fingers into his waist and increased the force of my thrusts, my balls thwacked nosily against his butt. I came soon inside him, inflating the condom with a thick spunk load. When I pulled out, his asshole

remained open for a moment, a near-perfect O shape, before curling shut.

I finished him with my hand, palming his cock until he squirted a milky load across his belly. A trail of spunk landed on the back of my hand. I shook it off across his upturned face, splattering it across his forehead.

I left him on the table, ass still suspended, hanging loose and open. This time, I was determined, I would never see him again.



“Why here?”

“It’s exciting, isn’t it?”

He sprawled across the backseat of my car, the lower half of his clothing already discarded, dick in hand, squeezing precum to the tip. I was parked at the rear of his house, a decent-sized property in the suburbs, just beyond the perimeter of his garden. It was dark outside. The lights inside the house were switched on and the curtains were open. I’d seen his wife twice, in the five minutes I’d been waiting, passing by the upstairs window. If she was aware of me, she didn’t show it. I wondered whether he’d told her I was here; whether she was in on his games. I caught a glimpse of one of the children too, the eldest boy, bouncing on top of the bed in an upstairs window.

“This is wrong,” I said, still fully dressed in the front seat. I was unable to share his excitement.

I saw a gleam of teeth in the rearview mirror. He got to his knees, leaned across the backrest, and looked back at me while he stroked his bare ass. “Why don’t you come back here? You’ll feel much better when you bring your cock on home where it belongs.”

“But it doesn’t belong there, does it? I don’t even know your name.”

He laughed at that. “You don’t need my name to screw me.”

“It would help.”

He smacked his ass, and the crack of hand on butt rang through the enclosed space. “Punish me,” he moaned. “You think I’m so bad, then give me what I deserve.”

The bastard knew me after just three meetings. He knew how I would respond to his taunt, and that I couldn’t refuse him. I climbed over into the back.

I sat in the center of the seat and he spread himself across my lap, face down. His naturally dusky ass was pale in the dark interior of the car. I stroked it for a moment, thrilled afresh by its ripe shape, its meaty fullness. The first smack was not too hard, just enough to make a noise and give me a feel for what his butt could take. I brought my hand down hard the second time, smacking the left cheek, following quickly with the right. He hissed into the upholstery. I whacked his butt repeatedly, warming it. I began to use both sides of my hand, smacking his rear erratically, faster, wildly, making him roar and swear into the seat.

I stopped spanking him, breathless. He used the respite to regain control, pushing up off my lap, fumbling a rubber over my cock. “I don’t want this,” I gasped, too late as he straddled my waist and sank his ass down my shaft. He put his hands on my shoulders and kissed me on the mouth, forcing his tongue inside. I sat there, powerless, as he road me, bouncing up and down my dick, his butt cheeks smacking against my thighs. I found myself responding, thrusting my tongue against his, jerking my hips upward, and bound by an ancient, animal instinct to fuck.

I saw his wife looking out of an upstairs window, unmoving, peering directly into the car. Feeling guilty and confused, I tried

to make him stop but his ass just gripped my rod even harder and he locked his body onto me. I almost cried as I came — more intense, more pleasurable, and more painful, than any I could remember. The man groaned triumphantly as I came, mashing his dick against my chest until he squirted, hot and wet against my chin.

He laughed softly as he dismounted, dabbing at his asshole with a wad of tissues. The interior of the car stunk of sweat and cum, the hot scent of sex. “I think that was the best one yet,” he said, turning to look at me. “What’s with the long face? I can’t believe you didn’t enjoy that.”

I fastened my jeans. “Your wife was watching. She’s gone now, but she was there at the window just minutes ago. She saw us.”

“Then she has a right to look miserable; you don’t. You just fucked me for the third time, you should be buzzing.”

“I’m not.” That was a lie. He was right, I *was* buzzing. Despite everything I wanted him. I was obsessed with this selfish, manipulative bastard who used me for his own pleasure.

“You think about things too much,” he said, reaching for the door. “You’ve got a bloody great cock between your legs; try thinking with it for a change and you might enjoy yourself more.” He got out, letting a breath of much needed air into the car. “Call me later in the week. I’ve got a few ideas to try out on you.”

He headed toward the house without saying goodbye. I watched his figure moving through the garden, merging with the shadows, until he was gone. I climbed back over into the front seat, started the engine, and slipped the gear into reverse, knowing that it would not be as easy to back out of this relationship.

Bowling with Fred

Dominic Santi

MY WIFE DOESN'T LIKE RIM jobs. Not giving, not getting. Nada. For Charlene, sex means my dick in her pussy, which is a fine thing by me. I like fucking pussy. But it doesn't satisfy the itch I get in my asshole, or my tongue's need for the occasional foray into a hot, willing — and male — hole.

Fred's ass is hot and willing, and gawd almighty, can he eat ass. He's just another ordinary guy, like me. Both of us are pushing fifty, with short, graying hair, and not as much of it as we used to have. But we've both worked construction all our lives, so we still fill out our jeans and bowling uniforms the way a man is supposed to. Our team's been league champions eight of the past fifteen years.

Everybody else on the team is straight, but Fred's always been real clear that he's not interested in pussy. We'd made a point of letting him know it was okay to bring a boyfriend to the team banquet and shit like that. Hell, as far as I'm concerned, it's one less guy staring at my wife's ass, you know? Not that Charlene'd ever let me touch her ass. But Fred said he liked his freedom. Cruising, he called it. So he kept that part of his social life to himself and racked up the points with his strikes and an ability to pick up spares that sometimes made my jaw hang open.

Three years ago, though, things changed between Fred and me. Our weekly game got canceled one night when some yahoo drove his truck into a transformer pole and knocked out the power to that part of town. I couldn't face going home to a houseful of Charlene's bridge-club cronies. Instead, I took Fred up on his offer to go to his house for a few beers and some basketball on cable.

It was hard to concentrate on the game, though. Fred kept squirming on the sofa like he had fire ants in his pants. Finally, after a six-pack of beer, with the Lakers losing, I asked him what the hell was wrong. He'd had as many beers as me, so he grinned and said his asshole was chafed. That's not your usual conversational answer, and I sure as hell couldn't figure out why he thought having a sore ass was funny. I belched when I said so. Fred took another swig of his beer and wiggled his eyebrows at me.

"I like a chafed asshole just fine when I got it from a beard."

It took me a second, but I finally figured out what he was saying. Not just that he'd been having sex with another man, but that the guy's whiskered chin had rubbed Fred's crack raw!

"You mean he...?" I spewed my beer. "Jesus Christ!" Heat flamed across my face and my asshole clenched tight.

"He sure did." Fred's grin got real sly. "I laid back buck naked, right there in that armchair you're sitting in. I pulled my legs up and my asscheeks open, and my bearded buddy ate my hole until I was squirming like a bass on a hook. I wanted to sit on a damn fire hydrant! But I settled for his dick."

"Fuck!" I held my beer over my crotch. My hard-on popped so sudden and so fierce it almost hurt. Just the thought of Fred squirming with his cheeks spread while some guy buried his face in his crack had me hard as a rock. And my ass was sitting in that very same chair.

When Fred lifted his beer to take another drink, I quickly resituated myself. We sat there for a few minutes, just watching the game. I couldn't figure out what to say, so I had another beer. Each time Fred squirmed, my asshole twitched.

"You liked it?" I blurted it out, then got real interested in my beer again. Fred looked up at me and laughed.

"Hell, yeah! There's nothing like a hot, wet tongue rooting around in your ass! When a guy rims me good, I'm the cheapest slut around."

"Damn."

Fred stopped his beer halfway to his lips. "Don't tell me you've never had your asshole ate!"

I blushed and shook my head, becoming real interested in my beer again.

Fred whistled low. "Man, I thought even straight chicks liked eating ass. I mean, it's not like everybody doesn't have an asshole!"

"Tell that to Charlene," I muttered, taking another drink. "She can't decide if assholes are the source of all evil or the sanctuary of the Virgin Mary."

Fred shook his head. "Fuck, man. I could never be straight. You mean she just uses her fingers to get you ready when she sticks things up your ass?"

I choked as beer foam sprayed out of my nose. Fred pounded me on the back, and when I could finally talk, I gasped, "What the fuck makes you think she'd ever touch my ass, much less let me touch hers? Goddammit, but what I'd give to know what an asshole looks like up close!"

Fred, a little unsteady on his feet, walked over to the TV and pulled a tape from the pile by the VCR. He popped it in and settled back onto the couch. "It's fast-forwarded to my favorite spot."

He clicked the remote and the game was gone. In its place was a bull's-eye shot of a guy's widespead crack. The guy was

laying on his back, holding his knees up and back. A glistening pink pucker like I'd only dreamed about was dead center of the camera. As I stared at the screen, a tongue flicked out. The guy moaned as the spit-wet tongue teased back and forth over his quivering sphincter. It was a guy's tongue. I mean, the tongue was attached to a guy's face. And as the guy with the asshole arched up, twitching and groaning, the guy with the tongue licked all around the wrinkled edges. His tongue swiped all the way up that wide-open crack. It licked long and slow and dripping spit, then it pushed through the glistening pucker and into the guy's hole.

I came in my pants. My dick spurted and I grabbed my crotch and squeezed. I panted and squeezed and let go and squeezed again and again until I'd emptied my balls, and I was still rock-hard. I looked up at Fred, and man, I didn't know how to ask for what I wanted, but I wanted it so bad I was damn near shaking. Fred grinned and turned off the TV. Then he stumbled to his feet, knelt down in front of me, and tugged open my belt buckle.

"Man, you need to know what this feels like, even if it's only one damn time in your life." I jerked as he got my jeans unsnapped and pulled down my zipper.

"I'm not g-g-gay," I stammered, lifting my hips in spite of myself. He yanked my jeans and sticky briefs down to my knees.

"Everybody has an asshole, pal," he said, helping me kick my shoes and socks off and working my pants over my feet. "Yours just wants to feel tongue. I don't think it cares who the tongue's attached to."

He was right. My asshole didn't care, and I didn't care either. My beer was spilling on the carpet. Fred took the bottle from my hand and set it on the floor. Then he pushed me back into the chair.

“Lean back and put your legs up on the arms. Now slide your ass all the way down to the edge of the cushion.”

I shivered as cool air whispered into my exposed crack. I tried to pretend I wasn't looking at the cum drying on my still half-hard cock and stuck to the hair on my balls. Fred cupped my asscheeks in his warm, strong hands.

“I t-t-took a shower after work.” I wondered if my ass was clean enough, and how the hell I'd know one way or the other anyway. Nobody but my doctor had ever been that close to my ass, and he'd worn a glove. Fred nodded and settled himself between my thighs.

“Did you stick your finger up inside, you know, with soap on, when you were showering?” His voice was soft as he squeezed my asscheeks, alternating between kneading them together and pulling them apart.

“Yeah,” I admitted, feeling my face flush again. I always did it, partly to be clean, but mostly just because it felt good. Sometimes, when I jacked off in the shower, I stuck my finger up my ass and kind of moved it in and out. It made for awesome comes.

I hadn't realized I'd said that last part out loud. “Sure does,” Fred laughed. He leaned forward, his tongue jutting out, pink and wet as he licked his lips. “I'm going to eat you real good, pal.” He lowered his head to me and inhaled deeply. His breath blew out gently against me. Then heat and wetness and an incredible silky softness slid over my asshole.

I didn't know my throat could make a noise like that. With his hands holding me open, Fred's tongue licked and tasted, his stubble scratching lightly over the hypersensitive skin inside my crack. He was so slow and tender, I closed my eyes, feeling almost like I wanted to cry as his tongue swirled over me in warm, lazy circles.

“You can put your hands on my head if you want,” he said. His breath was cool on my wet skin. My hands shook as I lifted

them to the short bristles of his hair. Then Fred's tongue was back on my asshole again. Holy fucking mother of gawd, that man ate my ass. I jumped and groaned, shivering at each new touch and not caring that I was wiggling around like a basset hound in heat. Sometimes he tickled fast, all around the edges and over the middle, until I was squirming and wiggling, holding his head tight like I wanted to hold him still, even though I didn't. Then he swiped in long, deep glides, up and down my crack, licking until I was moaning, keeping his tongue flat and firm as he washed over my trembling hole. I tried to keep my eyes open, but what he was doing felt so good and the constant abrasion of his evening beard had me so sensitive it was hard to do anything but relax and spread my ass for him.

"You taste good," he whispered. My eyes flickered open to see him smiling at me. "Some guys have a problem with a gay man kissing them." He sucked softly on the edge of my hole. "Are you okay with me kissing you?"

"S'fine," I whispered. My whole body trembled as Fred grinned up at me.

"Your pucker's twitching like it's kissing me back." He winked, then lowered his face again.

Just thinking about my asshole kissing Fred's lips had me blushing like crazy again, but this time I didn't care that it made my dick swell. Fred tongued me until I was shaking, his lips moving deliberately over the skin around my asshole. His fingers pulled my cheeks wide apart. He kissed in a slow, sucking circle all around the edge of my sphincter. I inhaled, letting the air out of my lungs on a long, satisfied sigh as my asshole relaxed to his lips. And as it did, the tip of his tongue poked through my sphincter and slid in deep, just like in the video.

"Breathe," Fred said quietly, his tongue swiping over my sensitized flesh. I hadn't realized I'd been holding my breath. I followed his voice, drawing in slow, shuddering breaths that seemed to relax my body from the inside out as he deep-kissed

my hole. His tongue probed hot and wet, so incredibly gentle, yet firm and sure as it stroked back and forth through my asslips. He thrust so deep his bristly cheeks ground into the skin around my asshole. But as he wiggled his tongue inside me, I didn't care how fucking chafed I'd be later. What he was doing was better than anything I'd ever felt before — better than anything I'd ever imagined. I was totally relaxed, yet my whole body felt like it was one huge, incredibly intense hard-on.

"You want to come like this?" Fred asked quietly. I moaned as his tongue again thrust deep. With his tongue buried in my ass and his upper lip on my perineum, he was once more sucking the edge of my hole.

"Uh, huh," I gasped. My dick was already leaking like a faucet.

"There's some lube in the end table drawer. Use a lot, bud," he said, licking all up my crack again. "The chair is Scotch-guarded, and I'm going to tongue fuck you deep, so have a really good come."

I took my dick in my hand and started to stroke. Fred's tongue dug into my hole, fucking deep and relentlessly as my balls drew up around my stiffening shaft. Suddenly, his tongue was sucking the back of my balls and his finger slid in even deeper than his tongue had, gliding on an ocean of spit and pressing up into a place in my ass I hadn't even known existed. I yelled, cum pulsing from my dick as Fred rubbed that incredible fucking place inside me until I felt like even my bones were coming. I didn't know my balls held that much cum.

When I could breathe again, I looked between my legs at Fred's grinning face. My belly was covered with man-cream, the last drops leaking out of my piss slit. Fred's finger was still buried in my asshole, massaging gently as I twitched and tried to work up the energy to smile. From the corner of my eye I saw his other hand wrapped around his dick, ropes of creamy white

spunk oozing out around his fingers. I hadn't even noticed him dropping his drawers.

"You liked?" he chuckled, kissing the side of my ass.

"Oh, yeah," I gasped, still trying to catch my breath. "Fuck, man. I never dreamed, you know?"

"I know," he laughed. "Think of me tomorrow when your ass chafes when you walk."

I thought of him all right — the next day, and every other damn time he did it, which got to be our standard weekly routine from then on. Soon Fred and I dispensed with the beer and went straight to stripping down each week.

Charlene was totally wrapped up in her bridge club and various meetings, so when I said I was bowling on Tuesday nights as well now, she just shrugged and told me about her latest fund raiser for some rose-gardening committee.

Eventually the snow melted, and the team came in third in the city, which pissed us all off. Charlene couldn't have cared less when the team decided to continue informal weekly games. Fred and I kept to our additional practices as well. Eventually, I figured that if I could let him kiss my asshole and vice versa, I was being pretty silly not kissing his lips. So once, when we'd shucked off our clothes off and Fred took me in his arms, our warm hairy chests pressed together, and I turned my head and kissed him. Fred got real still, and I figured maybe I should say something. But I didn't quite know what.

So I just kept kissing him, moving up over his stubbly jaw until I reached his lips. They were bigger than Charlene's and strong, and softer than I'd expected, even after all those times I'd felt them on my asshole. He pulled me hard to him, then his tongue was in my mouth, rooting around like it did in my asshole, and it felt so damn fucking good, rubbing our bodies together, then rubbing our cocks together. I came and he came and we stood there for the longest time, just kissing, rubbing our cocks together on our shared jism.

We didn't eat each other's assholes that night. Even though I felt great and I didn't want to stop touching him, I felt confused. We sat down naked on the couch and leaned into each other's arms and watched a Dodgers' game while we drank a couple of sodas and the cum dried on our bellies. I thought that I should say something, but I still didn't know what, and it was comfortable just sitting there. So I stayed until the end of the game, I kissed him goodnight and went home to listen to Charlene's play-by-play of that night's gossip from the town council meeting. She mentioned that the kids were coming home for Memorial Day weekend. Her stuff was canceled the next week, and she asked if I could skip bowling on Tuesday.

I called Fred and he said no problem. We bet on whether the Kings would make it past the third round of the playoffs, which didn't seem likely. When I went to bed and Charlene snuggled close to me, I kissed her back. We fucked, and it felt as good as ever. Fred didn't call. When I stopped by his house the next week, I wasn't sure what to say, but he was his same, usual self. He offered me a soda, but then he led me into his bedroom, sat on the bed, and patted beside him. I just stood there, unsure what to do. He leaned back, smiled, and rubbed his crotch.

"You know what a fuckbuddy is, pal?" he said, squeezing his dick the way it gives him a hard-on fast. When I shook my head, he laughed, "It's us, pal. We're friends, we like hanging out, and our dicks and balls and sure as hell our assholes have a good time together." He slid his hand down and rubbed his crack. I grinning as my own asshole tightened. "No pressures, bud. You have your wife and I have my tricks and none of that's going to change. You and I are buddies and we like to fuck. Nothing more, but sure as hell nothing less. That doesn't have to change either — unless you want it to."

He looked at me for the longest time, his hard-on tenting the front of his jeans. When looking at him got me too horny to think, I laid on top of him and rubbed my dick over his,

right through our jeans. We kissed, and soon our clothes were off, the blankets were on the floor, and we were sixty-nining each other's holes. Our actions mirrored each other's so closely, it almost felt I was licking my own asshole, except it was even better, because the sphincter in front of me was Fred's. I shivered as his tongue snaked deep into me. I knew he was going to make me come so good and that his stubble would leave me lovingly sore tomorrow. But instead of sliding his finger into my hole, he lifted his face and kissed my asscheek.

"I have something for you, bud, if you want it." He leaned forward, giving my crack one more long, slow swipe. "It's safe, and it won't hurt Charlene, either." He gave my hole a soft, tender kiss. "All you have to do is lie there and let me make you feel good."

I was afraid he wanted to fuck me, and even more afraid I wouldn't stop him because at that moment there was nothing in the world I wanted more than his cock in my hungry, craving asshole. Fred's cock was drilling into my chest, sticky with my spit, and he was massaging my hole with his fingertip, not trying to resituate me. So I nodded, too afraid to say anything, and I closed my eyes.

Fred rimmed me until I thought I was losing my mind. Then he was digging around under the pillows. The lube cap clicked open, and he held my asshole open with the fingers of one hand. Something smooth and sturdy, and almighty slick with lube, touched against my hole.

"It's a dildo," Fred said quietly. He held it firmly in place while my asslips fluttered against it. "I'm going to make your horny pucker feel so good, pal." My asshole kept twitching like it was tasting the damn thing, getting used to it a little bit at a time — gradually opening to it, the way I did to Fred's tongue. Then suddenly my sphincter gave way and the head of the dildo slid in. I gasped, my whole body stiffening as the slippery hardness stretched through my burning sphincter. Then my ass

clamped down like a vice, squeezing the huge relentless dick until I gasped from the pain.

“Relax,” Fred said softly as he withdrew the rubber cock. I sighed with relief but then realized it wasn’t all the way out. The smooth, rounded tip was resting in my sphincter just enough to keep stretching my asshole. He pressed the dildo forward, rocking it back and forth and whispering how fucking eager and hungry my asshole looked kissing against the stiff, thick cockhead.

When he eventually slid it deeper again, it burned and stretched and fuck almighty, I knew there was a fuck-stick sliding up my ass. Fred moved the dildo slowly in and out, working it back and forth to stretch me gradually deeper. Eventually, my sphincter opened all the way and the whole damn dildo slid in, in one long, slow stretching, burning glide. Smooth rubber balls nuzzled the curve of my ass, and I moaned deep in my chest as I arched and ground my oozing cock against up into Fred’s chest. I writhed on the relentless hardness spearing my guts as Fred tenderly sucked my balls.

“You like?” he laughed softly when he finally came up for air.

“Fuck, yeah,” I gasped, shaking as he teased the dildo into that place he knew so well in my ass. “Much as I’d like to fuck you with my own cock, pal, I know that’s not in your game plan. But I sure as hell enjoy fucking you with this. Your ass-lips look so damn hot stretched so wide and working so hard to let my big old hand dick in.”

He fucked his hand cock in and out of my well-eaten asshole, twisting and rocking and tapping it with his fingers until I was so desperate to come I was begging him. Then he angled the dildo right into my prostate and fucked me hard and fast. My balls drew up and as hot semen pulsed through my shaft, I thought my whole body was erupting through my pulsing, burning dick.

Holy fuck, I yelled! I didn't know it was possible for a human being to come that hard — or that loudly.

I knew I'd have died if I'd never had Fred and his tongue and lips and dildo in my life. As I lay there twitching in his arms, totally spent, Fred got out a second dildo. I lubed it up and worked it into his experienced hole, and I found out just how much fun he'd had fucking me until I was blissed-out putty in his arms.

Fred and I take breaks in the summers now, when my youngest kids are home from college, the older ones come to visit with the grandbabies, and Fred's cruising the summer beefcake on construction sites. But come fall and the World Series, I look forward to feeling Fred's hot tongue on my asshole again, and the fun of teasing my tongue up his chute. Just knowing my fuckbuddy's raring to go gets me in the mood for another long, hot bliss-filled winter. And next year, I'm cocksure that we're taking the bowling league championship again. I can feel it in my bones.

Permafrost

Simon Sheppard

“MAGAZINE. YOU NEVER HEARD OF Magazine?”

“Not really.”

“Not really, or no?” Dodger squinted, wanting the exact truth.

“No.”

“They were this English group back in the early eighties, what you’d call ‘alternative’ today. Back then they were . . . I don’t know, new wave? Punk? My father used to play their albums when I was growing up. He liked them a lot. You never heard them on the college radio station?”

Scotty wished he had. He found Dodger, with his intensively pierced ears and orangey-pink hair, slightly intimidating. Dodger, with his obsessive knowledge of every three-decade-old, out-of-print rock ‘n’ roll rarity. Scotty’s girlfriend, Julie, always called Dodger a poser. Scotty wasn’t so sure.

“Magazine. This song by them keeps kind of going through my head. ‘Permafrost.’ The lyrics go ‘I will drug you and fuck you / on the permafrost.’ Something like that.”

“Sorry,” Scotty shrugged, trying for nonchalance, “doesn’t ring a bell.” He took in a deep suck of smoke and passed the joint to the tall, skinny boy with orangey-pink hair.

"I have something by them on vinyl." Dodger reached into a huge stack of LPs in the corner of the room and miraculously pulled out just the record he wanted. "It's one of their biggest hits."

Hits. Magazine. Whatever. Scotty was getting very, very stoned.

Dodger put the warped vinyl disk on his turntable — only Dodger would still own a turntable — and slightly scratchy music belched forth: *This is a song from under the floorboards / This is a song from where the wall is cracked / By force of habit I am an insect / I have to confess I'm proud as hell of that fact.*

"Not bad," ventured Scotty. The song reminded him of those English neo-psychedelic, Beatles-knockoff bands that had been in vogue a few years back that Julie liked. Pulp. Oasis. Blur.

"Fucking fantastic," said Dodger when the song was over, not a second before. As he slipped the black disk back into its shiny cardboard sleeve, he hummed to himself.

Scotty looked around the weird clutter of Dodger's off-campus apartment, enviously. In his sophomore year, Scotty was still stuck in the dorms. And now he was stoned enough to ask an obscure question about an obscure song by an obscure group. As if it really mattered. "So what is permafrost?"

"It's, like, the always-frozen ground in Siberia or something. I think. High school geography, dude."

"I never paid attention."

"You would have if you'd known there was going to be a test at the end." Dodger started to giggle, an unreadable smile splitting his thin, handsome face. "And this is the test."

Scotty didn't know what to say. Dodger was standing right over him now, close enough so he could smell his dirty socks.

"I wish I could remember the rest of the damn words," Dodger said, plunking down cross-legged on the bed, right next to where Scotty was now sprawled out. "Did you ever try to

remember something really, really hard, and it's like it's running away from you and hiding?"

Dodger's left knee was touching Scotty's left thigh. Scotty didn't answer, and when he closed his eyes, he felt the arrival of Dodger's fingers on his leg. He let Dodger continue. After all, Julie had been out of town for a week, so he was horny as hell, and anyway he could always stop things before they went too far. Besides, it felt good.

Dodger's thin, eager fingers began to knead Scotty's leg, then gradually work their way upward to his crotch. Meanwhile, Scotty's cock had begun to swell decisively, snaking its way out of his stretched-out briefs, down the leg of his baggy jeans. Hand and dick were just inches apart.

"Hey," said Scotty, "got something to drink?"

"Yeah. Juice? Beer?"

"Beer'd be good."

After a bit of hesitation, Dodger's hand withdrew. He got up, pulled a bottle out of the little refrigerator in the corner of the room, and poured cheap beer into a not-very-clean glass. He went over to his desk and fooled around with something, his back to Scotty, before delivering the drink.

"Y'know, dude, I'm not sure this is such a good idea."

"What?" asked Dodger, all innocence.

"Being here like this." This was all so damn awkward, especially when Scotty was so fucking stoned.

Dodger smiled. "Thought you were curious, man."

"Well, I am, but I don't know if I'm ready." He rolled half-over and set the empty glass on the floor. "And what about Kara?" Kara was supposed to be Dodger's girlfriend.

"What about Kara?" Dodger laid a hand firmly on Scotty's half-hard crotch. "Nice pussy. Great tits. But cock is what I really want tonight. And maybe ..."

It was out there, then. Scotty felt a collision between dim panic and secret desire. "Hey, get your hand off me. Take it

slow.” But the hand remained. Scotty wanted to sit up, but his body wouldn’t obey. Too much dope. And a beer. The hand squeezed down. His dick squeezed back.

“I’d say, ‘We both know this is what you really want,’ but it’s such a fucking cliché. So I won’t say anything at all.” Dodger smiled, the ring through his eyebrow winking kind of lewdly.

Scotty felt good, his dick felt good, but Dodger’s cockiness was beginning to piss him off. He tried again to get up. But his legs wouldn’t listen to his brain. His body felt like wet sand. It was perfectly limp. Except for his cock.

“I will drug you and fuck you. On the permafrost.” Dodger’s hands were undoing Scotty’s belt, unzipping his jeans. He smiled. “I put something in your drink.”

Scotty lay there stupidly as Dodger tugged down his jeans. Scotty’s cock jutted out from the left leg of his baggy briefs. It was even brighter pink than Dodger’s hair.

Dodger left him lying there, sprawled across the bed, hard cock half-exposed, and walked over to the turntable. “Heartbreak Hotel,” the old Elvis song, but done at a dirgelike place, scary vocals, really dark: *Since my baby left me, I found a new place to dwell.*

“It’s John Cale,” Dodger said, reaching down for Scotty’s dick. “He used to be in the Velvet Underground. He was the one who did the really interesting stuff, not Lou Reed.”

Fuck, thought semi-comatose Scotty, *I’m not only being raped, I’m being force-fed Music Appreciation.* But when Dodger tugged his briefs down, Scotty’s hard cock sprang smartly to attention. He was lying there in just his T-shirt and white socks, and he couldn’t move a muscle.

Scotty felt wet lips wrapping themselves around the big old bulb at the end of his cock. He swiveled his eyes downward until he saw a mass of orangey-pink hair bouncing up and down in the fuzzy vicinity of his crotch. It felt good, all right, better than

Julie could do it. He shut his eyes. And felt the back of Dodger's throat up against his straining cockhead.

Dodger's hands were pulling Scotty's thighs apart, were traveling down the ridge between his legs, down to, down to.... He shut his eyes tighter. The sound of spitting; his hearing was still acute. And wet fingers slithered down the crack of his ass. Oh fuck! Oh fuck! The fucking faggot! Scotty wanted, or knew he should want, to put an end to it. But his body was limp, helpless, beyond command. Only his dick, still planted firmly in Dodger's warm, slippery mouth, was rigid. Sudden silence. The song was over. The song was over, Elvis was dead, and Scotty was being finger-fucked.

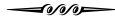
A sudden thrust and his eyes shot open. He looked, and Dodger's thin body was naked. When had that happened? Yep, Dodger was naked all right. Nipple ring. Tattoo of a satanic goathead and an inverted pentagram. And Dodger's dick, which he'd never seen before. Hard, and pierced, too, and very, very thick. Big, fat dick on a pale, skinny body. Dodger grabbed Scotty's ankles and pushed up his legs until he was doubled back, his asshole fully exposed. "I will drug you and fuck you, Scotty. On the permafrost."

Scotty tried to relax. Well, he *was* relaxed, so relaxed he couldn't move. But he tried to think of something, anything. Heartbreak Hotel. Elvis. Some fat, sweaty old guy in a sequined white jumpsuit. He closed his eyes. Dodger's smelly sheets. Wet pressure against his hole. I've found a new place to dwell. Pain. Well, not pain really. Discomfort. Interesting discomfort. *I will drug you and fuck you*. When he opened his eyes again, the room was swirling. *On the permafrost*. He shut his eyes again. Elvis. MTV. The skinny English dweebs in Oasis. His cock was still hard. His butt was sucking in another guy's dick. And it felt great. Alanis Morissette in that video, hanging out a car window, singing about irony. That was the irony. It felt really great. His insides felt really great. He wanted more. Damn, he wanted

more. *I have to confess I'm proud as hell of that fact.* Hey, Michael Stipe was bi, right? Dodger pumping away, up inside his butt. Dodger grunting "permafrost" over and again. Dodger slapping his ass, his no-longer-virgin ass, his very own faggot ass.

"Permafrost. Permafrost. Sing it with me, Scotty. Sing it, you hunky straight bastard."

"Permafrost. Permafrost! *Permafrost!*" Scotty yelled, spraying spunk all over his own belly as Dodger plowed and screwed and screamed and pulled out and collapsed on top of him in a sticky, limp, stoned heap. Scotty opened his mouth, gasping. Dodger's tongue moved right in.



They didn't actually talk about that night till weeks later, after a movie double date. Julie and Kara had said goodbye at the theater and gone off somewhere on their own.

"I didn't really drug you, y'know." One of Dodger's weird grins.

"*Bullshit!*" Scotty remembered lying there, asshole pulsing, gradually coming back to himself, finally able to move his body, relieved to spot a used-up rubber on the floor.

"Didn't have to. You wanted it. I knew you wanted it." He patted Scotty on the butt.

"*Bullshit!*"

"Hasn't what we've done the last few weeks proved my point?"

"*Bullshit!*" Scotty said. But he grabbed Dodger's skinny bicep, gave it an affectionate squeeze. And then pink-haired Dodger planted a rough-but-tender kiss on Scotty's lips. His just-pierced, slightly swollen, not-at-all-frozen lips.

Cultivating Oblivion

Dale Chase

WHEN LORD MAYHEW DIED, I seized the opportunity to steal away Boothe, a brute of a gardener I had long coveted. My own man, the callow and unwilling Rowdon, was dispatched elsewhere to make room for the formidable beast who readily fucked me when summoned.

Oh how masterful was Boothe! Possessed of a long prick of unusual girth, he would take me roughly in the summerhouse, assaulting my willing bottom with a power heretofore unknown. Coarse, hairy, handsome, and crude, he fired me beyond all reason and I was given to demanding still more, sucking him, feasting on the weapon, licking his fat balls until he made use of me again.

After a few weeks in my employ, he became quite bold and I would often encounter him as I walked about the estate. Invariably he was shirtless, hairy chest glistening with sweat as he worked his spade. Upon seeing my approach, he would unbutton himself, get out his prick and have a pee so as when I reached him it was in hand. Transfixed upon the thing, I would watch his fat stream and when it ceased, he would turn to me and I would fall to my knees in worship, sucking madly while frantically rubbing my own nether region. We then might repair to the summerhouse or, if Boothe chose, we would have our

fucking in a garden shed or sometimes among a copse of tall shrubbery. In any case, I was eager to bare my bottom and receive him. After, I would return to the house with bottom-hole tingling and as a result enjoy a renewed interest in all aspects of life. Sometimes I would settle into my study and savor the feel of his spunk dripping out of me and for a time be lost in decadent recall.

My wife, Lady Julia, had known from the first that while I would honor the marriage bed and indeed willingly partake therein, I had a need of men that would not be put asunder. Thus in our years together a certain unspoken arrangement had come about, one in which I was allowed my dalliances so long as discretion was maintained and so long as I continued to visit Julia's bed. In time it came about that fucking men enhanced fucking my wife and the best of days were those in which I took a cock up my bottom in the morning, then put my own rod up Julia at night.

Julia had maintained a fine figure throughout our marriage. Full, voluptuous, with fair skin and silky yellow hair, she was a sight to behold. Whenever I entered her room for sexual congress, I would find her lying naked against a mound of pillows, and, knowing how I loved to suck her fat tits, she would hold the things as if to present them to me. I would throw off my dressing gown and rush to her, get my mouth onto a nipple and suck contentedly, my hard cock rubbing against her. She would stroke my hair as I fed at her breast and coo gently, "Dear boy, dearest Cyril." Her voice was sweet and welcoming and soon I would feel her hand on my cock. "Come to me," she would whisper and I would relinquish the tit, climb over her, part her legs to get at her dripping cunt. She would take her tits in hand and squeeze them and this would drive me fairly mad and I would ram my cock into her and give her a good fucking. At this she would writhe on the pillow and spend copious amounts of

cunny juice so that when I at last issued my own spurts, we were awash in a veritable sea of satisfaction.

Most of my male dalliances were with gardeners and grooms although I had once become involved with a valet who was subsequently dismissed as I'd allowed him to fuck me in my bed. Aware that all household matters ultimately become known to any lady of the manor, I nevertheless persisted as the valet, Fortiscue, was amply endowed and most eager. Julia, without acknowledging the reason for her decision, made it clear the man was unacceptable and I dared not challenge her lest we get into a discussion I sought to avoid. So he was sent on his way and I then kept my fucking out-of-doors, primarily in the summerhouse situated at the far end of the garden. A comfortable refuge with large day bed, soft couches, and pillows, it was seldom used by any but me. It became my custom to walk out each morning to take the air, striding about the estate to view the gardens and such, usually ending with a man poking his prick up my bottom.

Boothe, however, disrupted things as I found difficulty controlling myself in his presence and would sometimes seek him out in the afternoon as well when, as I attempted work in my study, thoughts of him got my prick up. Julia would see me rushing out of doors and if questioned I would offer some pretext and she would nod in acquiescence. Finding Boothe among the flowers, I would tell him I must speak to him on an urgent matter and we would find a secluded place where I would drop my trousers and urge him to get his big thing up me.

By the time he entered me, I was ready to spurt and oftentimes did so simply at the feel of his cock head poking around back there. I would hold my prick as it spewed and Boothe's big cock would ram into me as I shuddered through the climax.

His fucks were hard and quick. A man eager to satisfy himself, he would simply do it to me, then withdraw and stand with his thing bare for a time, allowing me further use of it if I

so desired. If I did not, he put it away and returned to his work. Nothing was ever said.

“How is Boothe doing?” Julia asked one day when I had returned from such an outing. Flushed and somewhat disheveled, I was taken aback by the inquiry but soon recovered and told her he was a commendable employee who had taken the gardens well in hand. Had not the flowers doubled their blooms under his care? Had not the shrubs ceased to succumb to pests? Did not the hares and other intruders no longer call?

She nodded and went back to her needlework, nothing more said, but that night as we climbed the stairs to bed, she invited me to visit her room. “I shall await you,” she said with a kiss.

Having spent twice in the day, I knew it futile to attempt another but I could not refuse my wife, else difficulties in the arrangement might arise. So I called upon her in the usual manner and enjoyed her fat tits at length. She, in turn, pulled on my cock but to no avail. The thing would not rise, no matter my arousal at her breast. So I slid down between her legs where her cunt dripped most deliciously and got my tongue on her, licking her juices and playing with her clitoris until she lay writhing. I then put my tongue into her at which she called out, grabbed my head and pulled it hard against her as her climax began. Nose buried in her bush, tongue deep in her cunny, I could scarcely breathe as she rode my face. At last she subsided and released me and I sat up, her juices smeared across my mouth. “Come to me,” she whispered, breasts heaving. I lay upon her and she began to kiss me, tasting her own spend.

When I at last returned to my own bed, I lay happily exhausted. How fortunate is a man to have a wife with fat tits and willing cunt and also a gardener with thick and willing prick! As I drifted toward sleep, I clenched my bottom muscle in delicious anticipation of Boothe’s formidable rod once again pushing in.

The following morning I found Boothe weeding the roses and for a time simply watched him work. Shirtless, he was an impressive sight, broad chest covered in that pelt of his. When he saw me he dropped his hoe and strode away. I quickly followed.

I found him in the garden shed among his tools, only this time he had stripped naked. My breath caught at the sight of the whole man, the thickly furred chest, flat stomach, formidable thighs, and dark hair rampant around a cock that at this moment was halfway along. He eyed me in such a manner that I knew he meant me to strip as well and I did so, my small body such a contrast to his. He came to me then, handled my prick, gave my balls a tug, then positioned me standing at a post, spread me, and put it in. And there he fucked me while I frantically pulled on my cock until it issued a good spend.

Boothe's grunts were familiar. Animal that he was, he uttered many and they increased with his thrusting until, when his climax neared, he began to growl. How I loved this! It was as if some forest creature had come in and taken me, some beast with unholy prick and constant need. His fucking was rough, hard, and I felt myself in glory. And then he spurted his seed into my bowels and I had my reward. It was all I wanted now, life's precious elixir.

When he was done with me, he withdrew and stood in display as always, allowing me to pet his thing if I so desired. Never one to soften quickly, it retained a good portion of its girth and I took it, pulled on it, rubbed it against my own. I would have had it up me again but knew we should not linger. Such was the burden of discretion.

That afternoon, after visiting the town on business, I returned to the estate quite restless for as I had in truth been unable to concentrate on legal matters. As my solicitor prattled on about matters he found important, I was fixed on the image of Boothe, considering how I might make use of him upon my

return home. There was no reason not to have him twice each day, I decided, as my tongue had proven worthy should I be required in poor Julia's bed.

It was late afternoon, the sun was high, and I left my coat in the house, went directly to the garden. Having not seen Julia upon my arrival, I assumed her upstairs in her sitting room. As I descended to the lawn I saw Boothe in the distance, entering the summerhouse, and thought he must have seen me and anticipated my need. My step quickened as I hurried to him, rushed up the steps, threw open the door. Already with a hand on my trouser buttons, I was stopped in my tracks by the sight before me: Boothe with his trousers down, his cock in Lady Julia's mouth.

My gasp was not acknowledged by either participant. It was as if I did not exist. Julia was quite fixed on the big thing, sucking fiercely on the knob, tongue darting down the shaft. Her eyes were closed and she seemed quite enraptured in her feasting while Boothe stood hands on hips, allowing himself to be sucked. I watched for a few moments, waiting for some emotion to spring forth — anger, jealousy, outrage — but oddly none of these surfaced. What rose up in me was my prick.

It was when I moved forward that Julia opened her eyes and Boothe turned his head to see who had joined them. Neither, however, ceased the activity and Julia, as if to make a point, attempted to get the whole of Boothe's cock into her mouth. The sight of her trying to consume the thing fired me and I knew then what must happen.

She was clad in naught but her dressing gown, the tie loosened to bare her below. I tugged and it quickly opened at which I put a hand to her tit and began to squeeze. Her response was to become quite agitated and fix on Boothe's fat knob, sucking it as I had so often sucked her. My other hand descended between her legs where I found her awash in juices and I worked her until she squirmed, poking my fingers into her

cunt while my thumb rubbed her clit. We continued for some minutes in this manner until Boothe withdrew from her and, holding his mighty instrument, said with great authority, "We must fuck!"

Julia, by how heaving with great need, threw off her dressing gown, lay back on the day bed and spread her legs in invitation. And Boothe, moving as if I was not in the room, pulled away his clothes and climbed onto her, put his fat prick in and began to fuck.

At a loss as to my role, I quickly stripped and, holding my hard prick, knelt to once again attend Julia's tits. As I sucked a nipple and kneaded with my fingers, I felt her receive Boothe's hard thrusts and my eye wandered to him to convey that I too would like to have him. It was as he and I were so communing that Julia came, crying out in her ecstasy. I remained at her tit until she had fully spent, then sat back and Boothe withdrew from my wife, who now lay quite prostrate, and came to me.

"Fuck her," he growled.

"I want to be fucked," I countered.

"You shall if you do it to her. Get her onto the floor, get at her from behind."

He held his cock as he spoke, stroking the thing which dripped with Julia's copious spend. When he made no move, I saw there was no other way and so I lifted dear Julia, placed her on the floor, turned her over and got her onto all fours. "Dearest," I said and she simply moaned, which I took as acceptance. I then got in behind her, guided my swollen cock to her swollen red slash, and entered.

She was wet and loose and I felt her clench her vagina to welcome my rod. "Fuck her," Boothe commanded and I began to go in and out of her as a dog would his bitch. Never had I taken my wife in such a debased manner but she soon began to murmur her approval and it suddenly occurred to me that the position might be familiar, that Boothe himself might have

taken her thusly. He hovered nearby as if in confirmation, watching me go at her. I could see him from the corner of my eye stroking his wet prick with a confidence that made the awful truth undeniable. He had been having her all along. How could I not have seen such an obvious circumstance? A raw brute knows no boundaries with his fucking, will put his rampant cock into any hole, and Julia, dear Julia, had been no more able than I to resist such a creature.

When he approached, I almost spoke of it but words were impossible. I thought he meant to take my place, get his cock into her again, but that was not his intent. "Hold still," he said as he knelt and got in behind me.

"Good God!" I exclaimed when I realized what he was about to do but then he was doing it, pushing his prick into my bottom hole while my cock remained in dear Julia's cunt. As he began to push in and out of me I was momentarily paralyzed with the feel of him once again inside me and the strangeness of having my cock up my wife at the same moment.

"Fuck her," he commanded as he did just that to me and I began a somewhat hesitant thrust, working to establish a rhythm so that he was pushing into me as I was on the out-stroke from Julia. Soon we had it going well and I reached under to grasp Julia's tit. "Oh, my dear," I managed as I squeezed and fucked, as I in turn was fucked. "It is the greatest joy!"

"I too," she said, and I realized she had a hand at her clit and was rubbing herself. "Come in me, my husband, come in me while he comes in you."

Soon she had her wish as I began to spurt forth great streams while Boothe issued his familiar growl and unleashed a torrent into my bowels. Lastly, Julia cried out as well, having brought herself off by her own hand.

Spent, organs were withdrawn and we collapsed into a pile from which Boothe quickly extracted himself. I lay with my head on Julia's breast and watched him dress. When he had all

his clothes on, his trousers remained open, his big cock hanging heavily in display. Julia and I gazed upon the thing that had provided such satisfaction while Boothe looked down at us with an expression befitting master rather than servant. He then nodded, put away his cock, and left us.

We did not speak for a time but lay fondling one another at length, my cheek upon her breast, my hand caressing her swollen cunt, her fingers playing with my soft prick. The sun shone in upon us, warmed us, and it was a contentment unlike any I had ever known. Time passed, we may have drowsed a bit, but at last I asked my beloved if she had known Boothe in this manner before today.

“As have you,” she replied, kissing my cheek.

“So he has fucked us both.”

“Quite well, don’t you think?”

“Oh yes, he is right up to it.”

Quiet again, as if both pondering the situation, it was Julia who finally spoke. “Are we to have him like this again?”

“Would it please you, dearest?”

“Indeed. Not that I do not enjoy your attentions in my bed, but an interlude in the summerhouse is most pleasing. And Boothe is certainly up to the task. I shall have to join you for your morning walks.”

The thought of Boothe’s cock inside me while mine was inside Julia brought quick agreement on my part and, as if to seal the pact, she put her fat tit to my mouth.

Fondling Fathers

Leo Cabranes-Grant

SETTING: An empty space.

AT RISE: GEORGE stands with his back toward the audience, his hands crossed in front of him. His body is very tense, squared like a block. For at least a minute he will stand there alone. After a while, he starts to move different parts of his body, very slowly, emphasizing every muscle, every motion. When JOHN comes in, GEORGE stops, abruptly. JOHN stands besides GEORGE. JOHN performs all the motions needed to urinate with the utmost care, without looking at GEORGE at all. For a few seconds both men stand there, quietly. Then GEORGE tries to look at JOHN in a very discreet manner. JOHN suddenly turns to look at GEORGE. GEORGE jumps, afraid, surprised. JOHN stares at GEORGE, without showing any emotional response.

JOHN (with neutral intonation): Hi.

GEORGE (without looking, after some hesitation): Hello.

JOHN: How are you today?

GEORGE: Fine.

JOHN: So am I.

GEORGE: I'm glad.

JOHN (after a pause): Do you — do you come here often?

GEORGE (after a pause, really nervous): I... I don't... come... very often...

JOHN: Me neither...

GEORGE (after a pause, trying to control his nerves): Are you... a policeman?

JOHN (squaring his shoulders, like an athlete): What do you think?

GEORGE (looking at JOHN, at last): I don't know.

JOHN (looking at GEORGE, smiling): Take a guess.

GEORGE (looking at him, deadly serious): That's exactly... what I'm trying... to avoid.

JOHN (looking into GEORGE's eyes): Do you have a place?

GEORGE (looking at JOHN): You didn't answer.

JOHN: I didn't answer.

GEORGE: My question.

JOHN (without looking at GEORGE): Can we go somewhere else?

GEORGE: I don't have a place. (short pause.) Please. I don't want to be arrested.

JOHN: What do you think *I am* ? (very short pause) C'mon. Play.

GEORGE: I think... I think you're an asshole.

JOHN (looking at GEORGE): Take it easy. (short pause) Relax.

GEORGE: Are you one of them or not?

JOHN: I'm not wearing a badge.

GEORGE: Undercovers don't tend to wear those things.

JOHN: Under covers is exactly where I would like to get you.

GEORGE (raising his voice): What the hell are *you*?

JOHN (whispering, alarmed): I am... not... a policeman.

GEORGE (still loud): Are *you* sure?

JOHN (getting ready to leave): Oh, fuck you —

GEORGE (whispering, emphatically): I... be-lie-ve... you.
(short pause) It's... okay.

JOHN (readjusting his pants): It's not okay. I'm not hard anymore.

GEORGE: That can change... very easily.

JOHN (without looking at GEORGE, but we know he is smiling again): How?

GEORGE (extending a hand toward JOHN): I'll show you.

JOHN (getting nervous): Can we go... somewhere else?

GEORGE: I'm here because I don't have a somewhere else.
(ironically) Do *you* have a place?

JOHN: I don't. Not right now. I mean... I can't bring anybody.

GEORGE: Why?

JOHN: I have guests. People.

GEORGE: Are you married?

JOHN: No. Sort of.

GEORGE (looking at JOHN, sincerely interested for the first time): Wife?

JOHN: Wife.

GEORGE: So?

JOHN: So... what?

GEORGE: Does she know?

JOHN: It's none of your business. (ironically, but with a friendly edge) Do you have a *home*?

GEORGE: With a wife, one kid, and a dog. The dog is great.

JOHN (looking at GEORGE, almost relaxed now): Would you like to... to have coffee... somewhere? A drink. We can talk for a while... and...

GEORGE: Thank you. But I have to be home before seven tonight. It's my son's birthday.

JOHN: How old is he?

GEORGE: Seven.

JOHN: My girl is almost seven.

GEORGE: Do you have any photographs?

JOHN: Of course! (looking for his wallet, and then showing it to GEORGE) Take a look... Isn't she cute? My Judith.

GEORGE (doing the same, flirting): She's beautiful. Just like her father.

JOHN (suddenly shy, but flirting back): Thanks. But she's more like her mother...

GEORGE: And this is my Jeremy.

JOHN: He got your eyes. Your chin... (he touches GEORGE'S chin, very tenderly, while closing the wallet) Does your wife... suspect?

GEORGE (touching JOHN'S lips, sensually, while closing the wallet): She knows. This is her favorite urinal. She recommended it to me.

JOHN (almost laughing, while licking GEORGE'S fingers): You are so funny.

GEORGE: I'm not pulling your leg. I prefer not to lie.

JOHN: Really?

GEORGE: She knows exactly what I am doing, and where, and for how long. We have a deal.

JOHN (smiling, still believing GEORGE is just joking, and getting closer to him): And how does that happen?

GEORGE: Luck. It's all about that. Marriage is always a bet.

JOHN: I wonder what she would do... if you got arrested.

GEORGE: She'd bail me out. It's very simple. Our sex is much better when I stop by to squeeze the monkey in front of other men. I find urinals... exciting. It's very safe, and it makes me so horny that it boils my hormones. After a handshake with you guys I become all sweet and honey and I'm ready to go and satisfy Mama at home. She understands that every man needs

to be admired by another man. It's the "locker room rule." And it's perfectly natural.

JOHN (nodding his head): You must be Catholic.

GEORGE (moving closer to JOHN): I almost became a Jesuit. Once. (touching JOHN) Come here, baby. Make my wife *happy*.

JOHN (responding to GEORGE'S advances): If it makes *you* happy.

GEORGE: Ah, yes, it certainly will.

JOHN: Do you *kiss*?

(THOMAS enters. GEORGE and JOHN jump back to their original positions, like soldiers at attention. It is unclear if THOMAS noticed what was happening. The three men are lined up, facing the imaginary urinal, backs toward the audience. With ceremonial emphasis, THOMAS prepares to urinate. Slowly, GEORGE starts the same routine of muscle contortions as at the beginning. After a few seconds, JOHN joins him. Silently they perform their "ballet" until THOMAS has no choice but to look at them, puzzled).

JOHN (looking at THOMAS, timidly): Hello.

GEORGE (looking at THOMAS, aggressively): What are you up to?

(Looking at them, silently, THOMAS turns around a little, allowing them — not the audience — to *see* his response).

JOHN (looking at THOMAS): Bless the Lord.

GEORGE: Are you a policeman?

THOMAS: I'm horny.

JOHN (still looking at THOMAS): We can see that.

GEORGE: Are you an agent?

THOMAS: I'm just horny.

GEORGE (to JOHN): Time to go, man.

THOMAS: I'm still horny.

GEORGE (to THOMAS): Rent a movie.

THOMAS: Cock teaser!

GEORGE (to JOHN): Let's get out of here. He's going to report us.

THOMAS: It's not illegal to talk with strangers while you pee.

GEORGE (to THOMAS): Yes or no? One word. Are you?

THOMAS: I am *not* a policeman.

GEORGE (to JOHN, unconvinced): Anyway... I have to leave.

JOHN (looking at GEORGE, sadly): Are you *really* married?

GEORGE: Yes. I'm *really* married. And you?

JOHN: I'm divorcing. (short pause) Somehow.

GEORGE (after a pause): What's your name?

JOHN (looking at THOMAS): I'm not telling you my name in front of an agent!

GEORGE: Yeah. (beat) You are right.

THOMAS: I'm not an agent! I'm just looking for a friendly hand.

GEORGE (to JOHN): Nice meeting you.

JOHN: The same. (after a short pause, looking at GEORGE with sincere kindness) Let's talk outside.

GEORGE (suddenly evasive): I can... I can give you my e-mail... and...

THOMAS (closing his pants, and looking at them): I'm married too. Let's have a three-way.

GEORGE (To THOMAS, paying attention to him at last): Any kids?

THOMAS (lowering his eyes): Not yet.

JOHN (to THOMAS): Not yet? What are you waiting for, dude?

THOMAS: I'm not waiting for anything. (beat) But I'm really horny . . .

JOHN: I love being a father. Everything makes sense in life when you see a piece of your flesh moving around the room and screaming "Daddy! Daddy!" while puking all over the carpet.

THOMAS: I have a nephew. (beat) He's adorable.

GEORGE: Kids grow so fast and they imitate you so well that your ego grows with them and then you want them to be exactly like you.

THOMAS (averting the others' eyes): My wife was pregnant... for three months. But then she had... an accident. The baby just... flushed out. One morning. She... *we* couldn't hold it. (silence)

JOHN: I'm... so... sorry.

GEORGE: Was that... her first time?

THOMAS: Yes. (beat) It was.

GEORGE: Don't worry. There's nothing wrong. First timers, very often —

JOHN: You can try again... soon.

GEORGE: And the next time... you'll see...

THOMAS (looking at them again, interrupting the consolation ritual): Everybody was so... so disappointed. You know. Families... they were already debating if the baby's room was going to be pink or blue... but we were going to paint it... beige. It reflects the light... better.

(Silence. GEORGE reaches out and lays a compassionate hand on one of THOMAS' shoulders. JOHN approaches THOMAS and then kisses him on the cheek, very softly.)

GEORGE: What's your name?

THOMAS: Thomas.

GEORGE: I'm George.

JOHN: And I'm John. (to THOMAS) Are you... a policeman?

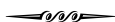
THOMAS (closing his eyes, after a short pause): Not anymore.

Black Out

About the Editor & Contributors

“Virginia Woolf said that writers must be androgynous.
I’ll go a step further. You must be bisexual.”

— Rita Mae Brown



R. Jackson has edited several books of gay and bi men’s fiction, including the anthology trilogy of *Bearotica*, *Bear Lust*, and *Bears in the Wild* (all from Bear Bones Books/Lethe Press), and with P.J. Willis, *Kink: Tales of the Sexual Adventurer* (STARbooks Press). He briefly wrote a column for the Daddyhunt.com blog, and is severely (some would say irreparably) underemployed.



Stephen Albrow was born and raised in the sunny seaside town of Lowestoft, England. In his 29th year, he began to write porn. More than five years later, he still hasn’t stopped. His perverted, cum-soaked, orgasm-inducing stories have appeared in *Torso*, *Mandate*, *Best Fetish Erotica*, *Three The Hard Way*, *Saints & Sinners*, *Latin Boys*, *Cherry Boys*, and *Love Under Foot*.

Marc Anders has published one piece of nonfiction. “CCBC” is an excerpt from a novel-in-progress about bisexual married men. He lives in Santa Barbara with his wife and son.

S. Bear Bergman is a theater artist, writer, book reviewer and pornographer; touring hir award-winning show “Ex Post Papa” around the country to colleges, universities and theater festivals, including the National Gay and Lesbian Theater Festival and the National Transgender Theater Festival. Ze has been heard and published in a variety of places, but makes a home in Northampton, Mass.

Steve Berman has published more than eighty articles, essays and short stories. A multiple finalist for the Lambda Literary Award and Gaylactic Spectrum Award, his specialty is blending eerie with queerly erotic elements. More dark and sordid tales can be found in his collections, *Trysts* and *Second Thoughts* (Lethe Press). He admits to having sex with both women and men (not at the same time — yet), but his preference remains for the XY chromosome. Single, he resides in New Jersey.

J. M. Bogino’s short fiction has appeared in a variety of print and online venues. “Threshold” is an excerpt from an unpublished novel, *Touch*. Bogino lives in Western Massachusetts with partner, dogs, and cat, works as a reference librarian by day, and is currently writing a second novel.

Bill Brent is the author of *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Men*. His fiction appears in *Best American Erotica* 1997, *Tough Guys*, *Best Gay Erotica* 2002 and 2004, *Best S/M Erotica*, and *Rough Stuff* plus its sequel, *Roughed Up*. He co-edited two volumes of *Best Bisexual Erotica* with Dr. Carol Queen, the second book a finalist for the Lambda Literary Award. He has authored several chapbooks of poems and short prose.

Leo Cabranes-Grant is an award-winning playwright whose plays have been performed to high acclaim in Santa Barbara, San Juan–Puerto Rico, and Boston. A former Board

member of Boston's Theatre Offensive, Leo has been profiled in *Contemporary Gay American Poets and Playwrights: A Bio-Bibliographical Critical Sourcebook*. Leo currently teaches at UCSB in the Departments of Dramatic Arts, and Spanish & Portuguese.

Patrick Califa is a bisexual transman who is also a proud member of the leather community, a therapist in private practice in San Francisco, and a parent. His latest books include *Mortal Companion*, a vampire novel, and *Speaking Sex to Power*, a collection of essays.

Dale Chase has been writing erotica for eight years with more than 100 stories published in various magazines and anthologies. His literary short fiction has appeared in *Harrington Gay Men's Fiction Quarterly*. Chase has a forthcoming collection of gay sensual ghostly fiction from Lethe Press.

Lou Dellaguzzo is a freelance writer who lives in Washington, D.C. His stories have been published in *Lodestar Quarterly*, *Blithe House Quarterly*, *Harrington Gay Men's Fiction Quarterly*, and *Velvet Mafia*. His short story "Feast" appears in *Best Gay Love Stories 2005*.

Kevin Green is a regular contributor to *Handjobs* magazine.

Stephen James is a writer and actor who lives and works in Brighton, England. He has played minor roles in numerous radio and television series, but is best known for his theatre work; he has toured the U.K. as both Romeo and Hamlet, and has sung the male lead in several musicals.

Larry Lawton is a former inmate at an east coast federal correctional institution.

Marc Levy served with the First Cavalry Division as an infantry medic in Vietnam and Cambodia in 1970. He was decorated for gallantry and valor. He has backpacked in Central America, Southeast Asia, Indonesia, and Europe. Marc has studied writing with Larry Heinemann, Tim O'Brien, and Stratis Haviaras. His work has appeared in various publications and anthologies. A video of his war-related prose and photographs, *The Real Deal*, is distributed by The Cinema Guild as a teaching aid for high schools and universities.

Jay Neal's favorite flavor in men is "husky." Having held various day jobs as a rocket scientist, he is basically a geeky, vanilla guy who enhances his sex life by writing dirty stories, some of which has been published in *American Bear*, *American Grizzly*, and *100% Beef* magazines, and the anthologies *Best Gay Erotica* (2002–2005), *Bearotica*, *Bear Lust*, *Kink*, and *Friction* 7. He and his partner are celebrating fifteen years of suburban contentment together in Washington, D.C.

Felice Picano's first book was a finalist for the PEN/Hemingway Award; since then, he has published twenty volumes of fiction, poetry, memoirs, and more. Among his many award-winning novels are *Like People in History*, *The Book of Lies*, and *Onyx*. His books include *The New Joy of Gay Sex*, with Charles Silverstein, and his memoir-trilogy, *Ambidextrous*, *Men Who Loved Me*, and *A House on the Ocean, A House on the Bay*. Other recent books are a science fiction novel, *Dryland's End*, and a memoir, *Fred in Love*.

Freelance journalist by day, smut monger by night, **C. B. Potts** lives in a word-filled world, occasionally abandoning the computer for camping, shopping, and hot wings. A collection of her Daddy-themed erotica, *Silver Foxes* is forthcoming.

Dominic Santi is a former technical editor turned rogue whose latest erotic work is the German language collection *Kerle im Lustrausch* (“Guys in Lusty Frenzy”), published by Bruno Gmunder in 2004. Santi’s fiction is available in English in both volumes of *Best Bisexual Erotica*, *Best American Erotica 2004*, several volumes of *Best Gay Erotica* and *Friction*, *Tough Guys*, *His Underwear*, www.nightcharm.com, and dozens of other smutty anthologies, magazines, and Websites. More at nicksantistories.com.

Simon Sheppard is the author of *Kinkorama: Dispatches From the Front Lines of Perversion*; *In Deep: Erotic Stories*; *Sex Parties 101* and *Hotter than Hell*. His work has appeared in more than a hundred books.

Rob Stephenson’s writing has appeared in *Best Gay Erotica*, *Black Sheets*, *Wet Nightmares Wet Dreams*, *The Muse Appreciation Guild’s Mini Mag*, *Between the Palms*, *Problem Child*, *Dangerous Families*, *Perspectives on Evil and Human Wickedness*, *Velvet Mafia*, *Blithe House Quarterly*, and *BUTT*. He co-edited with Bill Brent the erotic anthology *Tough Guys*, which was nominated for a Firecracker Award. He lives in NYC.

Thom Wolf has been writing erotic fiction for more than a decade. He is author of the novels *Words Made Flesh* and *The Chain*. His stories have appeared in numerous anthologies including Alyson’s *Friction* series, *Just The Sex*, *Bearotica*, and *Twink*. He recently collaborated with Kevin Killian on “Too Far” for *Frozen Tear II*, a project co-funded by the Arts Council of England. Thom lives with his boyfriend, Liam, in County Durham, England, and is developing a third novel and short story collection.

Marco Vassi died of AIDS in 1987. He had authored more than a dozen books, including *The Metasexual Manifesto* and *The Erotic Comedies*, and hundreds of essays and erotic stories. Born in 1937 in New York City, Vassi studied in the 1970s with several spiritual masters in various communities. From 1976 to 1981, Vassi did research on contemporary erotic possibilities, “embodying and articulating the full range of metasexual forms, including heterosexual neo-monogamy, gay romance and promiscuity, male lesbianism, bisexual double-coupling, the triad, the swing, the orgy, and the sadomasochistic ritual.”

Gary Zebrun is an editor at *The Providence Journal*. A graduate of the University of Notre Dame and Brown University writing program, he is the recipient of Yaddo, MacDowell, and Breadloaf fellowships. His first novel, *Someone You Know*, was a finalist for a Lambda Literary Award in the category of Gay Men’s Mystery. He lives in Newport, R.I.

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