

# **Meatus**



**A PORNZINE FOR QUEERS  
OUTSIDE THE BOX**

**VOLUME 2 - BIO MANSEX**

**Not for sale to minors.**

**If you are offended by men having sex with men,  
rough sex, golden showers, unsafe sex (barebacking),  
or rape fantasies, put this down and go get a Reader's  
Digest.**

**My first review:**

**I quickly read about ½ the zine ...and  
promptly shot all over my face, seriously,  
ugh, hot 😊 “ –Ken**

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By Cowen Conaghan**

load onto the hardwood floor in front of me. When I was done, I put the rug back down over my mess and zipped up. He'd never find that.

At the bar, we got our drinks and stood in the back room, cruising. In walks the guy I'm hot for, the one who started it all in my dream this morning. My dick got hard thinking about that dream again. I started kneading it through my pants, looking in his direction. His eyes finally found mine, and then traveled down to the bulge in my crotch. He looked at me again, and I motioned for him to come over. Immediately our lips locked and he grabbed my hard cock. I pressed into him closer, and found his cock hard against mine. Before I knew it, my dick was out and he was jacking it while we tongue wrestled.

“I've been wanting to fuck you” was all it took for him to turn around for me. I pulled his jeans down just below his furry butt cheeks and pointed my cock at his hole. It was already wet, and it slid in him easily. We rocked back and forth like that, slowly fucking for probably close to an hour. His cock was sticking out in front of him, and he had several volunteers kneel in front of him to service it. I fucked him faster and harder as I got closer to cumming, making it obvious to everyone in the bar that we weren't just idly humping. Finally I filled up his ass, just like I had dreamed of. He felt it coating his insides and came with a huge shudder into the mouth of the guy in front of him.

What a day. Talk about cumming full circle.

jizz, which he turned around and cleaned off for me, and then we were on our way.

Later on I was at a friend's house. There was talk about sex, as usual. That, and some hot guy on TV was all it took to get me hard once again. Lucky for me it was dinnertime, so we sat at the dining room table, giving me ample opportunity to poke my dick out of the fly of my pants and gently stroke the head with my left hand while I ate with my right hand. My best friend (who I wasn't particularly sexually interested in, but I wouldn't kick him out of bed) was none the wiser, as I carried on a conversation and ate my dinner as usual. I was really working myself up nice and slow. Every once in a while I'd give my dick a firm squeeze, and it'd pump up even more.

After dinner, my friend hopped in the shower, as we were getting ready to go out to the bar. While he was showering, I took my cock out and walked around his house, raging hard-on bobbing in front of me. I stroked it in the kitchen, in his bedroom, in the living room. I wiped off a drop of precum on his kitchen counter. I felt a little bit crazy, being led around by my dick all day, dripping all over my friend's house unbeknownst to him. But hey, why not?

I settled down on his couch and started beating my dick in earnest, knowing he'd probably be out of the shower soon. When I was getting close to shooting my fourth load of the day, I looked around for something to squirt in/on. In a moment of haste, I kneeled down on the floor and lifted up the throw rug in front of the couch. I squeezed my tired cock and out popped a thin, watery

## Hard Luck Fuck

I knew it was going to be a bad day when I was dressing for work and found a big blue ink stain on my best Armani shirt. I had a meeting that morning with a very important client and now I'd have to be seen in a lesser quality shirt. And if that weren't enough, they ran out of my favorite blend at Starbucks, so I had to stand in line for ten minutes at a different Starbucks. But I had no idea that those were going to be the least of my problems that day.

Rushing to my meeting in my brand new BMW SUV, I was running unacceptably late. I ran a red light at a moderately busy intersection, figuring everyone would get out of my way when they saw my large, powerful vehicle. I was almost across when all of a sudden this stupid kid on a bike, one of those messengers, darts in front of my car, and I hit him, sending him crashing to the pavement. The coffee spilled all over my new plush interior. Damn!

I braked abruptly and jumped out of my car, screaming "What the fuck do you think you're doing?"

The dumb, helmetless kid sits up on the street and says, "What the fuck are *you* doing, asshole? You ran a red light!"

"Yeah, well, I have an important meeting to get to."

“So you think that gives you the right to kill people? Fuckin’ prick!” He got up from the street and picked up his mangled bike while I went to the front of my car to check the damage.

“Look at this,” I sighed in disgust, pointing at the one-inch scratch on my bumper.

“Who the fuck cares about your car? My bike is destroyed!”

“Well, I guess you’ll have to get a real job to pay for it, huh?”

I could see the anger boiling in the kid’s eyes as he got close to my face. He was taller than me, skinny but muscled, with a shaved head and a dirty, tanned face. His right arm had a lengthy gash and was dripping blood on the pavement.

“Look, motherfucker,” he growled, just an inch from my face, raining droplets of spittle on me. “You ran a red light, you hit me, you’re paying for the fuckin’ repairs on my bike.”

“The hell I am! What about this scratch on my car? That’s coming out of your pocket, buddy!”

“What are you, retarded? You hit me!”

Just then, some busybody butted in. “You did hit him, you’re going to have to pay for the damage.”

bushes and stood next to a tree, using it to steady myself while I fumbled to get my dick out of my zipper. It was rock hard and dripping again. I let it stick out in the breeze for a few moments, just enjoying the sensation of my cock being out in the open air like that. Then again my incorrigible hand grabbed it and started jacking, shutting off my brain momentarily. I tuned out everything until I heard the snap of twigs right behind me. I turned around and there was a guy, not the one with the bulging board shorts, but this one had something in his pants just the same. We looked at each other, and after a few seconds he came closer. I didn’t have time for subtlety at this point, so I yanked him down into the dirt and leaves, and he swallowed my cock instantly. I fucked his mouth without a care in the world or a thought in my head except blowing my load. Which I did, in the back of his throat, and more on his head when I thought I was done.

I stayed rock hard after that, watching him squat and jack his dick on the ground. My dick showed no mercy and no sign of retreating, so I put it to use. Stood him up against a tree and shoved it right in him, fucking for all I was worth. I forgot about the yuppies walking their dogs and the families and the fag couples out for a Sunday afternoon stroll in the park, just a few feet away. What else was there in the world but this clutching asshole around my cock? He shot all over the dirt below and begged for my load. Another one? The selfish pig. Nevertheless, I delivered. It came easier than I thought it would, considering I just shot off 15 minutes ago. I filled up his ass and just stayed in there for a minute or two, feeling his ass pulse and my dick throb and my cum congeal around it. I pulled out and it was dripping

# Blur

Ever have one of those days when everything's a blur and the only thing you can think about is your hard dick? Started out waking up in a dream about the guy I'm hot for, jacking our dicks together, somehow fucking each other simultaneously. I woke up looking at my dick pointing straight up at the ceiling. I just watched it while I added to the dream in my head, watched it ooze a drop of precum that dripped down the shaft, making it twitch. Involuntarily lifting my ass off the bed, humping the air made it ooze another pearl of juice. I finally wrapped my hand around it, squeezing, sliding up to the wet head, making it wetter. Wishing I could reach my tongue down to lap it up. I grabbed my balls and stretched them down while I worked my slick, reddening shaft. Thought about my dream guy wanting nothing more than my dick up his ass, me slicking up his insides with my precum, filling him with a hot blast of cum, watching it ooze out his hole while I pumped those last drops in. My hand had a mind of its own now, pumping my dick. Didn't wanna cum yet, but I couldn't stop it. I shot a straight line down my forehead, nose, and lips. My cock was semi-hard and continuing to leak while I showered, ate breakfast, and got dressed.

I went to the park for a while, found myself watching the guys, one with a prominent bulge (semi-hard) in his board shorts. That got me hard instantly, and I tried to rub myself through my pants as subtly as possible, which led to a wet spot on the front of my cargos. I decided to walk off to a more secluded area, maybe pretend I was taking a leak. I walked through some

"Who asked you?" I barked at him. "It's just a stupid bicycle anyway. It's not like it's worth anything."

"It's worth \$900, moron. Now fork it over," the messenger demanded.

"Fuck this!" I shouted, heading back to my car door. "I'm late, I gotta get out of here."

"The kid ran towards me and grabbed my arm. "You're not goin' nowhere until you pay for my bike. You want me to call the cops?"

"Go ahead," I said. "The cops hate you punks anyway. They would never believe you over me."

"I have witnesses."

"Yep!" "You're in the wrong!" Two bystanders piped up.

"You wanna be charged with a hit and run?" the biker spat through my open car window.

I sighed and reached for the checkbook in my glove compartment. "Fine, I'll write you a check, just to get you out of my face."

"No. No checks. I want cash; and a ride to the bike shop."

"Oh for Christ's sake, I have important things to do!" I shouted impatiently.

“So do I, and you fucked up my whole work day. Now gimme the cash!”

“How much do you need?” I asked, opening my wallet. I figured the kid’s toy couldn’t be worth more than fifty bucks to fix.

“A new wheel is gonna be at least two hundred, and I don’t even know what the fuck else you broke.”

“Two hundred! I don’t have that much cash on me.”

“Well go to a fuckin’ ATM, genius.”

“Ugh. Fine! Hold on.”

I ran across the street to an ATM, withdrew \$200, and came back to give it to the punk. He pocketed the cash and gave me a sly grin, grabbing his crotch through his army fatigues. “Usually when guys like you give me this much cash, it’s for this.” I couldn’t help but look down at his crotch, where he fingered the bulge there. I could see the outline of a fairly long shaft. I turned away in disgust.

“Alright, now you’re giving me a ride to the bike shop,” he demanded, picking up his bike and carrying it to the back of my SUV. I recoiled at the idea of having that greasy thing in my immaculate car, but I opened up the hatch and he slid it in.

I got into the car and slammed the door, and the cocky kid got in the passenger seat and made himself comfortable. The car filled up with his strong body odor.

He was approaching a second orgasm very rapidly. He fucked Keith’s mouth, keeping a hand on the back of his head to shove him further onto his turgid cock.

Suddenly Keith was shattered by an explosive orgasm. He hadn’t even touched his cock, and a stream of hot jism forcefully erupted from it, splattering Doyle’s leg, as well as his own stomach. Squirt after squirt of cum flew from his cock, which throbbed with the most intense orgasm he’d ever felt. His balls contracted violently. He felt as if the cum would never stop.

Watching this copious eruption sent Doyle over the edge. He pushed his cock to the back of Keith’s throat and sent forth a hot blast of creamy semen down into his belly.

Having made a mess of the Chester home, Doyle and Keith settled in for the evening on one of the unsullied guest bedrooms. Raymond and the old bat would be on holiday for another week, and they had much more work to do.

Doyle turned it on and playfully poked it at Keith's cock a few times. Then he held it there, letting it vibrate against Keith's hard-on.

-Well fuck, that does feel good, Keith said. Doyle kept it there, pressing it into Keith's nutsack. Keith closed his eyes and leaned back on the wall. Doyle began rubbing it up and down Keith's shaft, and then on his balls. He held it to the head of his cock, and Keith started trembling uncontrollably, smiling.

-Fuck, ol' Ray sure has got the right idea, hasn't he?

-I bet this ain't all he does with it, Doyle grinned.

In seconds, Keith was lying on the bathroom floor and Doyle was working the vibrator up his arse. Keith held his legs up in the air, his knees pressed to his chest, his eyes clenched shut. The vibrations pummeled deep into his hole, sending waves of pleasure through him and right out the tip of his cock.

Doyle had begun to stiffen watching his friend writhe with the vibrator inside him. He pulled his cock out of his soaked jeans and kneeled on the floor next to Keith. Keith sat up and wrapped his arm around one of his friend's thighs. He took Doyle's sticky cock into his mouth and began sucking voraciously. The vibrator in his hole had made him crazed with lust. He had never felt sensations like this before. He writhed around uncontrollably on the floor, devouring Doyle's cock.

Doyle watched as his mate bucked and wriggled around savagely on the floor. He felt Keith's loud moans reverberating through his prick.

I cringed, but found my cock thickening in spite of myself. I looked over at him and he was groping himself through his pants again. Now he was obviously half-hard, and it was a sizeable endowment. My dick got even harder as I tried to shake off my arousal, telling myself I hated this disgusting, obnoxious kid.

As I started to drive off, I noticed a pair of handcuffs hanging from his studded belt. "What do you use those handcuffs for?" I asked.

"None of your fuckin' business, just drive," he said, staring straight ahead again, hand still on his crotch. God, this kid was an asshole. I couldn't wait to get him out of my car. Those bike messenger types are the worst of the worst.

I pulled up to the bike shop and got out of the car to open the back so he could get his bike out. He stood behind me as I opened the hatch, and when I stepped back, I bumped right into his hard-on. When I tried to step forward, he grabbed me by the back of the neck and thrust his crotch further into my ass cheeks. "You like that, don't you, faggot?" he breathed into my neck.

I hated him, but nonetheless my cock was rock-hard and drooling. I shoved him away from me. He stumbled backwards, laughing. "Get your bike out and get the fuck out of my face," I told him sternly.

He pulled his bike out of my car, his tight arm muscles flexing, veins bulging. I slammed the hatch shut and started back to the door when he yelled, "I know you like it, cocksucker. I can see the stain on your pants."

I looked down and saw my dick bulging out and a small wet patch spreading on the front of my pants. I hurriedly got in the car and peeled away.

I found myself having to pull over on an empty street in the industrial district to relieve my hard-on. I quickly pulled my prick out of the fly of my pants, and with about ten frantic strokes, I shot a milky load all over the steering wheel. As I wiped up my cum with a handkerchief from the glove compartment, I tried to tell myself it wasn't him that made me suddenly need to jerk off. I hadn't cum in 2 days, it had just built up and I needed release.

Almost two hours late for the meeting and looking like shit, I lost the client. I hated that fucking kid and swore to myself I'd break his jaw if I ever saw him again. I told my co-workers about my run-in with the bike messenger, and they invited me out for beers at a downtown bar after work. I obliged, needing to blow off steam and forget about my shitty day.

I sat at the bar with a pint, chatting it up with the guys, and instantly felt better. It was a Tuesday night, so the bar wasn't that crowded. Good thing, because a crowded bar always stresses me out.

I had just taken the first frothy sip of my second beer when the door swung open and I glanced over and saw that fucking punk messenger walking in with two equally scummy, dumb-looking bike buddies. "Oh great," I groaned, rolling my eyes.

the denim-covered cock and balls, snarling and grunting as he went. Doyle also grunted ecstatically, biting his lower lip. He grabbed hold of Keith's head and forced it into his crotch. Keith gnawed and sucked harder.

Doyle began shaking and jerking violently. He desperately tore open his jeans and pushed them off his aching cock. He grabbed it in his fist and squeezed, and a jet of thick, gluey cum shot out and stuck to the hair on his stomach. The rest of it oozed out onto his clenched fist, collecting between his fingers and coating the throbbing red head of his cock.

Keith lunged for the goo-covered prick and sloppily took it into his mouth, smearing cum all over his face. He sucked the jizz from Doyle's knob, hand, and stomach until there was nothing left. Keith was fully hard once again. He rubbed his prick against the bed, savoring Doyle's piss and cum on his tongue.

After recovering, the two skinheads got off the bed and discovered a private bathroom off Raymond's room. They opened every cabinet and drawer like curious kids, throwing things out onto the floor. In a cabinet underneath the sink, Keith made an interesting discovery.

-Ha! Fuck, mate, look at this!

It was a large, pink, corkscrew-shaped vibrator. This was Raymond's bathroom, so it must belong to him! The pair had a laugh about it, cracking jokes about Raymond and his mum sharing toys.



the verge of eruption, but he left it alone, wanting to prolong his arousal as long as possible. He put it back in his jeans, still hard, and the two set off to find Raymond's room.

It was on the other end of the hall, a large, flamboyant room filled with expensive, ornate furniture. The bed, like his mother's, was a tall four-poster, draped with silky fabrics and large pillows in dark reds and purples. Doyle ran in and threw back the duvet to find a set of wine-colored satin sheets. Keith searched through the drawers and shelves, randomly destroying various trinkets and ripping pages out of textbooks. He wiped his cum-dripping, well-fucked arse with a page from Darwin's "Origins of Man."

Doyle had sat himself in the middle of Ray's bed, legs spread, and began to piss himself. A wet spot spread across the crotch and legs of his jeans. Keith looked on with delight and climbed up on the bed with him. The silk sheets became stained with his recycled beer. Doyle leaned his head back and closed his eyes, moaning at the heavenly feeling of warmth spreading throughout his loins, his hard cock, his sensitive balls. – Ahhhhhhhhhh, he sighed several times, cherishing every moment of it.

When his bladder had been emptied entirely, his glazed eyes opened and he licked his lips, looking at Keith.

- Suck it off, pig.

Keith slithered forward with a serious look of lustful obedience in his eyes. His open mouth seized Doyle's wet crotch, and he began to suck and tongue the wet trousers. Suddenly very hungry, Keith gnawed at

The kid had some nerve, too – he walked right up to me and got in my face like he had earlier. "Hey fuckhead, you owe me sixty more dollars for the repairs."

"Oh, fuck you, I'm not giving you anything."

"You'd better, you fuckin' shithead, or I'll sue your ass."

He started digging in his pockets and pulled out a receipt from the bike shop. He waved it in my face, but I didn't even bother to look at it. "Yeah, well I got your license plate, motherfucker. And I know where you work."

"You do not."

"Morrison, Wheeler and Gross, 101 Pine, 7<sup>th</sup> floor."

My eyes widened and glared at him. "How did you know that?"

"Networking, pal. See you in court." He stalked off to a booth with his buddies and they ordered a pitcher of cheap swill.

Determined not to let this punk ruin my night, I continued chatting with my co-workers and enjoying some fine microbrews. I didn't want to overdo it, though. After my third beer, I said goodnight to the guys and hopped in my car.

Five minutes or so into my drive home, I glanced in my rearview mirror and saw that goddamn punk messenger pedaling his bike right behind me. "Oh, Jesus Christ," I sighed. I sped up to 60mph, hoping to lose him.

I thought I had succeeded, but when I turned left, I saw him jet out of nowhere from my left side and slip effortlessly in front of my car to get to the right side of the road. I didn't know what he was up to, but I didn't feel like playing his game. I sped up ahead of him and took a sharp right turn, and then a left. I wove a zigzag through town, going completely out of my way. Finally I lost him.

I pulled up in my driveway and breathed a sigh of relief as I got out of the car and headed for the door. Just as I had unlocked the front door, something hard and heavy hit me in the back of the head. I fell forward into my house and felt someone stepping on my back, pushing his way inside. I knew it was him, and I was terrified of what he'd do to me. He grabbed both of my arms roughly and pulled me inside.

The handcuffs were already off his belt and locked on my wrists before I even saw his face. He was red and sweaty from the determined bike ride to my house. He seemed a little drunk. I was lying on my stomach with my hands cuffed behind my back, watching him sneer at me.

He unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock, a fat, lengthy slab of meat, half hard. A drop of his piss came out of the tip and splattered on the hardwood floor directly in front of my face. With the tip of his boot, he kicked my ribs, pushing me over onto my back. I cried out from the pain of having to lie on my cuffed hands.

He grunted, and a stream of rank, dark yellow piss gushed from his dick, right onto my face.

flooded Doyle's mouth and throat. He swallowed it all in one big gulp and then took the cock out of his mouth to let the stream run all over his face, down his neck and chest, and onto the expensive Oriental rug. He laughed

- Go for distance, mate.

Keith pushed harder and shot his piss across the room, hitting the old lady's bedpost, splattering the duvet. A few more squirts hit the rug and Doyle's head. He took Keith's prick back in his mouth and swallowed the last few drops of golden water.

-Shit, I'm done for, Keith panted. – Where shall I cum?

-How about up my arse?

-Fuckin' right.

Doyle climbed up on the comically high four-poster bed, his boots soiling the already piss-stained duvet. He pulled his trousers down as far as the boots would allow, and got on all fours. Keith climbed up behind him, slicking his cock with his spit and precum, aiming it towards Doyle's arsehole.

He felt the warm, tight hole enveloping his cock. It was quite tight, in fact, and took a while for him to work it all the way in. When he finally did, it was just a few short, quick thrusts before he was blasting his load into Doyle's arse, shuddering and grunting, - Fuck, yeah!

Keith pulled out his sopping prick and fell back onto the fluffy bed. Doyle rolled over, pulled his soaked Fred Perry over his head and laid back. Keith, sweating, removed his shirt as well. Doyle's cock was on

The pair clomped up the stairs in their boots, cocks bobbing. They went through the upstairs, opening every door and inspecting every room, until they found what appeared to be Raymond's mother's room.

Keith sat himself on the vanity, surrounded by perfumes and powders and makeup of all sorts. He pulled his trousers to his ankles and presented his hard cock to Doyle, who bent down and took it into his mouth. Doyle sucked vigorously, sopping Keith's cock with gobs of spit. He tongued the head and the piss slit, sucking on the foreskin and sliding his tongue underneath it.

Keith leaned back in ecstasy, clutching the back of his friend's shorn head.

-Aw fuck, mate, do it just like that. Yeh...

Doyle slurped on his friend's reddened knob and then took him deep into the back of his throat, and repeated this several times. He then grabbed hold of Keith's cock and held it straight up while he lapped at his nuts, poking his tongue between them and sucking the sac into his mouth. He took each nut into his mouth and rolled it around before sliding his tongue back up the shaft and popping the head into his mouth once again.

-Gotta piss, mate, Keith panted.

-Do it, then.

Keith strained to force the piss out of his rampantly hard cock. At last a small squirt hit the back of Doyle's throat. He swallowed, waiting for more. Each squirt got larger and larger, until a full stream of hot piss

I turned away and tried to wriggle forward, but he and his piss followed me. It splashed on my chest, soaking through my white dress shirt and making a smacking noise on my breastbone. He must've drunk a whole pitcher of beer, judging from the amount he pissed on me. I thought it would never end. I kept my eyes and mouth clenched shut, but hot piss filled my nostrils and trickled into my ears.

By the time he had squeezed out the last drops, I was soaked from head to toe, and a yellow puddle surrounded me on the floor. He kicked me hard on the side of the head and my eyes snapped open. I looked up at him and he was holding his now-hard cock in his hand, and towering above me.

"Fuckin' yuppie prick," he snorted. "I knew that would get you hard, you fuckin' scum." I craned my neck to look down at my crotch, and indeed, my cock tented out my piss-drenched pants.

He stuffed his dick back in his pants and pulled something out of his messenger bag. Before I could even see what it was, I felt it strike my thigh, and I howled in pain. He swung the heavy chain in the air menacingly and struck hard blows on my legs and ribs, and even one on my face. My dick shriveled back down, and I thought I might piss from the pain.

When he had whipped me sufficiently, he kicked me over onto my stomach again. My face smacked against the wet floor. His piss was so strong-smelling it made me gag. The cuts on my face from the chain and his boot stung as they hit the urine puddle.

“Lick it up!” he commanded. “Lick my piss, you fuckin’ dog!” I did nothing. He stepped on the back of my head, squashing my face into the floor. “Lick it, fucker!” Still I refused to obey him. Then he kneeled on the floor next to me and put his face so close to my ear I could smell the beer fumes from his mouth. He screamed so loud, it made me jump. “LICK... IT... UP!”

Wincing, I lifted my head and stuck out my tongue to lap up the acrid piss. I took it in my mouth and swallowed it quickly, trying not to taste it. The kid walked behind me and stuck his boot between my ass cheeks, pushing and thrusting til I could feel my asshole burning. My cock started swelling again.

When he got bored of kicking my asshole, I heard him walk away, leaving me aching and bleeding, marinating in cold piss. A few minutes later I heard his footsteps again and I knew he was right behind me. I heard the chain clinking and braced myself for more excruciating blows. But he didn’t hit me with it, he just wrapped it around my ankles and locked it with a padlock. Now I was hog-tied. He grabbed the chain and started dragging me across the floor. The chain dug into my ankle bones, and I groaned from the pain as he dragged me into the bedroom.

He grabbed the handcuffs and pulled me to my feet, leaning me against the wrought-iron bedpost. With expert swiftness, he unlocked one cuff, wrapped the chain around the bedpost, and locked it back on my wrist. His beer breath whispered in my face, “You’re my bitch tonight, office boy.”

Keith followed his mate through the house, to a large, ornately decorated dining room. Doyle turned to him and said, - Your arse, mate.

With a grin on his face, Keith began to unbutton his trousers. He lifted the braces off his shoulders and let them fall to his sides. He pushed the jeans to his knees, his cock standing at full attention, pointing at Doyle. He turned around, leaning over the massive mahogany dining room table, spreading his fuzzy cheeks for his friend.

Doyle spit very loudly, several times, onto his prick, and then rubbed it in until his cock was well moistened. He began to ease it into Keith’s arsehole, which opened up wide for him and then clamped down to swallow his massive prick, inch by inch.

Keith grunted, feeling the pressure of Doyle’s cock taking over his insides. He steadied himself against the table, feeling his cock strain against the underside. Doyle began to pound into him, harder with each thrust. Keith’s cock slapped against the table, making a pattern of obscene thumps.

It seemed ages before Doyle grew tired of fucking and emptied Keith’s bowels of his throbbing cock. Keith felt his sore hole clench shut, desperately grabbed for something to squeeze itself around. He straightened up and faced his mate, who was standing there with his wet, rock-hard prick in his hand.

-Let’s find the old bird’s bedroom, Doyle smirked.

Keith sat at the kitchen table, and Doyle sat on the counter, picking his teeth with a fork. Keith watched as he put down the fork, casually unzipped his tight jeans, pulled his cock out, leaned back on the counter, and started pissing on the kitchen floor. Doyle's piss shot out in a thick rope onto the clean linoleum floor, splattering in all different directions and accumulating a dark yellow puddle. Keith started laughing, and felt his cock harden against his impossibly tight trousers.

Doyle's cock started to harden too as he pissed, hands-free, the night's ration of cheap beer. He pushed out the stream as hard as he could, and it shot with great force all over the kitchen table and chairs. As the last few drops trickled out, he placed a hand on the base of his cock, feeling its hard core against his palm. He shook the remaining droplets from his prick and started stroking up and down the shaft.

Keith licked his lips, looking at his friend's prick. He started rubbing the bulge in his jeans as he stared at the massive uncut cock. Doyle pulled his long foreskin up and down all over the rosy cock head. Veins popped out all along his shaft as it grew harder and thicker.

-Alright then, Doyle said as he jumped down from the kitchen counter, his boots sending up a splash of piss. His cock jutted straight out, bobbing up and down as he steadied himself. He stroked it a few times and then splashed through the puddle of piss into the next room.

Doyle had fetched a cock ring that was pinned to the outside of his jacket and fastened it round his cock and balls.

He accentuated this point with a hard slap to the side of my face. "You think you're so fuckin' important and powerful. Tonight you're SHIT. You're an object for me to use and abuse." He kicked me on my left shin. While I was doubled over in pain, he grabbed both of my legs and heaved my entire body up onto the bed.

He unlocked the chain on my ankles and wrapped it around the other bedpost, locking my feet to the bed. He stripped off his hooded sweatshirt, revealing sweaty, rippling muscles covered in tattoos. His nipples were fat and pierced. His hand fell to his crotch and he squeezed and stroked the sizeable bulge in his pants.

"Nothin' like a hard day's work to get me all pumped up. Stinky, too. Wanna smell my pits, asshole?"

I stared at him silently. "Before this night is over you'll get a whiff of every part of my body where the sun don't shine," he promised.

He lifted his arm and lowered his hairy armpit onto my bloodied face. I tried to move my head away, but he gripped a handful of my hair with his free hand. His armpit pinned me to the bed and I couldn't hold my breath long enough. I was forced to inhale his ripe pit stench for what seemed like ten minutes. He ground his pit into my face, twisting and mashing my nose. When he finally lifted it off me, my nose was drenched in his sweat.

I got a short break as he unlaced his boots and threw them on the floor. He climbed up on the bed next to me and stood up on it. I looked at his filthy socks, knowing what would come next.

His socks were obviously once white, but now they were dark grey, stiff and worn, with brown blotches on the bottoms. I could smell them already, and shuddered inwardly. He lifted up one of his raunchy feet and planted it firmly on my face. Just like with his armpit, he left it there for so long, grinding and forcing it into my nose. I had no choice but to breathe in the noxious foot odor. I coughed and gagged, but he kept it there for what seemed like an eternity. Then he forced it into my mouth, making me suck the filth off his sock.

When he finally took his foot off my face, I was relieved – until I saw him removing his socks. This time, instead of mashing his foot on my nose, he planted his toes between my lips and forced his way into my mouth again. Soon, almost half of his foot was in my mouth, his overgrown toenails scraping the roof of my mouth. His foot tasted moldy and sour. He held it there until tears came to my eyes, and then he took it out and replaced it with the other foot. “Lick it,” he demanded, and this time I obeyed. I licked the entire surface of his foot, even in between the toes. “Swallow that toe jam,” he sneered. I swallowed it, my throat already raw and dry.

He took his foot away and started to unzip his pants. He pulled out his dick, which now pointed toward the ceiling and was bulging with big fat veins. He lowered himself onto my chest, straddling me, his huge hard cock pointing menacingly at my face. He reached into his pants and pulled out a pair of large, hairy balls. I caught a whiff of their scent, sour and cheesy. I prepared myself.

-Yeh.

-Th’other day I was at the shop and e’s blathering on about how he and his mum are going on holiday to Tahiti, eh?

-Yeh.

-I’m thinking maybe they could use some sitters for that big place, eh?

Doyle turned and cracked a huge smile. He nodded in approval and took a drag off his stump of a ciggy.

-Fan fucking tastic, mate. Let’s go.

They walked in the light drizzle up the hill towards Devonshire Road, taking sips of beer while they walked. It seemed to take ages, and when they finally got there, they had to search for the right house. Finally Keith spotted the name on the mailbox.

-Chester, eh? This is it, mate!

The house was one of a cluster of mansions on the top of that small hill. It towered over the two men like a great monolith. They looked up at its three stories, giant columns, massive curtained windows. They smiled at each other and walked over to the side windows, working quickly to jimmy one open and hoist themselves inside.

As soon as they got in, they settled in the kitchen, eating everything worthwhile they could find. There wasn’t much in the fridge, but the pantry was stocked full with crackers, canned fruits and meats, bread and jam. The remainder of a chocolate cake was split between them, and they guzzled what was left of the jug of milk in the fridge.

# Holiday

Keith and Doyle stood shivering against the drizzle outside the pubs on Concord Avenue. They had run out of money and were at a loss for what to do besides stand on the corner and drink their stolen beer. They passed the bottle back and forth in silence, smoking fags clutched between wet fingers.

Dressed nearly identically in tight jeans, flight jackets, and tall combat boots, the two skinheads were distinguishable only by their heights – Keith was quite short, while Doyle was tall and lanky.

-Wot should we do then?

-Fuck if I know, Doyle muttered, spitting on the wet pavement.

They stood scowling for several moments, when suddenly Keith came up with something. A devilish smile came across his face, and he burst into laughter.

-Wot?

-Ye remember that poof Raymond from primary, the one works at the chip shop and thinks e's me best mate?

-Yeh.

-E lives with his mum in this daft palace up on Devonshire Road, eh?

Sure enough, he lifted himself up and sat on my face, smacking my nose repeatedly with his weighty balls. This time I didn't try to hold my breath. I breathed in the heady smell of his nutsack. My cock twitched and grew hard again as I savored his working-class sex funk. "Lick 'em," he grunted. I stuck out my tongue and swirled it around the sensitive skin of his scrotum. I lapped at his balls and sucked them into my mouth. His groans of pleasure made my cock harden to its full capacity. I could hear and feel him jerking his cock as I worked on his nuts. They swung back and forth, hitting me in the face repeatedly.

Lifting his body up again, he resituated himself on my chest. The underside of his dick rested on my nose. It too smelled sour and cheesy. He pulled back and inserted the head of his dick between my lips. I sucked on it lightly and teased it with my tongue. All of a sudden he shoved it past my lips and down my throat, choking me instantly. His cock was so thick it stretched my mouth painfully wide; so long it repeatedly skimmed the back of my throat, even when he only had half of it in. I tried to relax my throat so I wouldn't gag, but it was so painful and constricting, tears streamed down my face and I tasted their salt on his cock.

He fucked my face like this for a long time. His cock swelled and throbbed in my throat, trickling precum. He was silent but for his labored breathing. And then he crammed his dick down my throat to the hilt and just held it there, not moving. I choked and tried to force it out, but he wouldn't budge. "Choke on that, fucker," he panted. "Yeah. Choke. Take it all." I strained my eyes to look up at him and his face snarled in anger and disgust.

He spit forcefully in my face, hitting me right between the eyes.

He pulled his cock out of my mouth and slapped my face with it several times before slamming it back in. He repeated this for a while, slapping, then slamming. At one point, he hit my eyeball with the head of his dick, causing my eye to sting and water.

When he had had enough of my strained mouth, he climbed off me, turned around and sat on my face, his rank, hairy butthole resting on my lips. "Eat out my shithole, scumbag." I stuck out my tongue and tentatively lapped at the sweaty, smelly asshole. The tip of my tongue sifted through the dense, wiry hairs and found his puckered hole. I poked at it and saturated it with spit as he gyrated on top of me, jerking his meat and smacking me in the chin with his balls.

Suddenly and without warning, he got off my face, jumped down from the bed, and walked back into the other room. He came back a few moments later with his Nextel radio in hand. He pressed the button and it chirped. "Yo, Bri, this is Kyle. I'm gonna need some backup here at Yuppie Scum's house."

The radio beeped and a husky voice barked back at him, "10-4, bro, what's your 20?"

He recited my address and the cross streets to his friend on the other end.

"10-4," the other responded. "Me and JT should be there in about 10."

I was on the verge, and I didn't even have my dick out of my pants. I hurriedly worked at the button and zipper, and practically tore my jeans open trying to get it out. When I finally did, my short, fat cock was standing straight up, the last two inches blazing red. With just about five quick strokes, I blasted a load all over the front of my jeans and the linoleum floor of the supermarket. When I was able to pry open my eyelids, I stared, dazed, at the guy in front of me. We were both holding our dicks, covered in cum, in the middle of Safeway at 4 a.m.

He stepped towards me and pressed his body against mine. Our cocks touched. We slid them together, mixing our semen, savoring the feeling of our softening pricks mashing against each other. We pulled away, put our dicks back in our pants, and walked in opposite directions. I left the store empty-handed but satisfied.



My own cock had made a very obvious wet spot on the front of my jeans, but I didn't care. I had dropped my Flavor Twists long ago. I stood next to him and unzipped my pants. It was difficult getting my cock out in its hugely aroused state. I managed to pull it out and started jacking next to him, beside a stack of boxes.

He put his basket down and put his hands on two packages of toilet paper. He maneuvered his cock in between them and started thrusting. It was too dry, so he spit in his hand and lubed up his dick, then resumed fucking the toilet paper packages. All the while he looked into my eyes, and I had my cock in my fist, pumping away.

Suddenly he pulled out from in between the toilet paper, put his cock in his pants, picked up his basket, and walked away again. No! Not when it was just getting good! I painfully stuffed my hard dick back in my jeans and followed him again. It took me a while to find him this time, but when I did, he was in the cereal aisle again, between the two tall stacks of boxes. Now he was really going at himself full force. His cock was purplish red, the head saturated with precum. He moaned quietly. I looked back and forth between his face and his rock-hard, veiny dick. His whole body jerked forward and he closed his eyes. I watched his dick as a bright white jet of cum shot out and onto a box of Chex in front of him. The rest oozed out all over the shelf and his fingers. He couldn't help but sigh loudly as he milked all the juice out of his cock, shuddering and splattering it everywhere.

“10-4, bring some more brews, we're gonna party.”

“Already covered that. We got a 12-pack and we're on our way. “

Kyle, my attacker, dropped the radio on the floor and climbed back on the bed. His dick was still rock hard, jutting out and casting a shadow on my drapes. “Got two hot buddies comin' over to play,” he snarled. Better get you nice n' ready.”

He took a folding knife out of his pocket, flipped it open, and sliced off my piss-soaked shirt, throwing its remains on the floor. Next he put the knife blade on the crotch of my pants and pressed it against my hard, straining dick. With one swift movement he sliced a hole in my pants right next to my cock without ever touching the knife to my flesh. With his hands he tore the front of my pants open, and then used the knife to cut all the way down the legs.

Now I lay bound, in nothing but my royal blue silk boxers. He got between my legs and spread them out as far as the chain would allow. He pressed the sharp tip of the knife to my asshole and tore my boxers there. He continued to slice upwards, grazing the thin skin of my ballsack and then my cock. I felt a stinging sensation on my scrotum and felt warm blood trickling out. One more slice up the length of my cock, and my boxers were off. My dick stood straight up, the tip a fiery red.

He unlocked the cuffs again and roughly turned me over onto my stomach, fastening me to the bed in this position.

This time he left my feet free, so he could yank my legs apart. He knew I wouldn't dare resist now. I heard him spit a few times to lube up my asshole and his dick. He didn't bother with any pleasantries, just started jabbing at my hole with his huge swollen cock head. I felt my ass give in and the head of his cock break through. I winced in pain, only to be skewered further onto his shaft. The length of his cock seemed to be never-ending, and its width threatened to split me at the seams.

His animal grunts grew louder as he shoved every inch of his massive prick inside me. When he got it in all the way, he would thrust in short, quick bursts. I felt my insides aching as his cock seemed to swell more and more. It took a while to loosen me up enough, but when he did, he started savagely fucking me, pulling out almost all the way and then plunging back in. He was tearing me apart. I screamed for mercy, but he just kept violently plowing me, his powerful biker's legs providing ample horsepower.

Soon the pain subsided somewhat, and I started to focus on the friction of my cock against the bedspread. The pain in my rectum morphed into pleasure. I started thinking I might even be able to get off during this assault.

Suddenly I heard the front door slam, and a couple of loud male voices. Kyle continued fucking me as his two friends stumbled into the room. One of them pulled a cube of Pabst Blue Ribbon out of his courier bag. He ripped open the cardboard and took out three cans, handing one to the other guy and one to Kyle.

I turned left and looked for him down the next aisle. Nope, not there. Not in the next one, either. In the third one down, I spotted him looking at canned vegetables. I turned down that aisle and boldly walked past him, brushing my hand "accidentally" against his ass. When I turned to look at him again, he had pulled down the waistband of his track pants so I could see his tuft of light brown pubic hair and the root of his dick. My heart raced. I cupped the crotch of my pants as our eyes met again.

Again he walked away and signaled for me to follow him. This time I met him in the cereal aisle. There were very few shoppers in the store this time of morning, and the employees were doing the stocking for the day. There were pallets with boxes stacked high, blocking parts of the aisles. In the cereal aisle, there were two, and I found him between them.

This time, when I moved next to him, I saw that he had his cock completely out, and was stroking it brazenly, right there in front of the Fruit Loops. I stared at it, taking in the details of its beautiful surface. A drop of precum dangled from the tip. He shook his cock, and it dripped onto the shelf. I rubbed my cock vigorously through my jeans. We both stood facing the shelves as if we were at the urinals, rubbing our dicks and staring at each other.

He moved again and I followed him to another aisle, the one with the toilet paper and paper towels. He had his cock out again and was resting it against a package of TP, jacking it slowly and rubbing the leaking head all over the plastic overwrap.

## **Safeway, 3:26 a.m.**

I knew exactly what I wanted. Fritos Flavor Twists, a six-pack of Sierra Nevada, and a box of donuts for tomorrow. But in my dazed, just-come-from-the-club, ears-buzzing state, I weaved through all the aisles uncertainly, the fluorescent lights burning my glazed eyeballs. There was something else I wanted, but I wasn't sure what.

In the chips aisle, I picked up my Flavor Twists, but continued to survey the other products, thinking maybe there would be something else I'm more in the mood for. There was another guy in the aisle, holding a basket and blankly staring at the bags of chips. His hand appeared to be rubbing his crotch. At first I thought he might be idly scratching an itch, but he kept doing it. He sensed me staring at him and turned his head in my direction. Our eyes met, and his hand kept rubbing.

I walked closer to him, pretending to look for another bag of chips. Upon closer inspection, I saw the enormous bulge in his track pants, and could even make out the distended tube of his cock as he squeezed it through the thin material. My dick grew instantly hard in my jeans as I wondered where this was headed. And then the guy turned and walked off down the aisle. When he got to the end, he turned around once more and looked at me, and then turned left. I followed a few feet behind, slowly, carefully.

The thrusting stopped for a split second as he popped open his beer. I felt the foam drip on my back. He resumed fucking me, sipping loudly from his beer and resting it on my back between sips.

"Looks like you fucked him up good," one of his friends said, hoisting himself up to sit on my imported dresser.

"Yeah, now I'm fucking him good!" Kyle laughed. "Huh, faggot? You like how I fuck you with my big dick?"

"Fuck dude, I might have to get me some of that," the guy on the dresser said, grabbing his crotch.

"Yeah, save some for us," the other one piped up.

"You'll get your turn, boys," Kyle said. "Soon as I bust a nut in this shithole."

They were silent for a while, watching Kyle sodomize me. The guy on the dresser, a stocky redhead, took his cock out and started tugging on it.

"Hey Brian, you can fuck his mouth if you want," Kyle said to the guy standing next to the bed.

"Fuck yeah," Brian said, unzipping his pants. He pulled out a sizeable limp dick and started stroking it right next to my face. He put the tip of it in my mouth.

"You could piss on him first, dude," Kyle suggested. "He likes that."

“Alright.”

Brian pointed his cock at my head and a few brief spurts of his piss landed on me and dribbled down my face. Then he stuck his dick head back in my mouth and said, “Drink it, bitch.” He started peeing again, a steadier stream this time. It spilled out of the sides of my mouth. “Swallow!” he screamed. I swallowed some of his strong, bitter piss and felt his cock hardening in my mouth. He pulled out and sprayed the rest of his piss on my face. Then he shook himself off and stuck his cock back in my mouth. I sucked on it eagerly, feeling it harden more and more. He grabbed me by my wet hair and started fucking my face, grunting.

Kyle was frantically fucking my asshole and digging his nails into the flesh of my back. I heard him cry out, “Ahhhh! Fuck!” and felt the wet hot blast of cum filling my insides. His cock head swelled and throbbed inside me, pumping several wads that coated my hole.

He yanked his dick out harshly, causing me to wince. My asshole clamped shut, accentuating its emptiness. Kyle wiped off his sticky cock on my butt cheeks, slapped me playfully, and said, “JT, you’re up.”

JT jumped down from the dresser, and his hard cock bounced in front of him. He shimmied out of his pants and climbed up on the bed to mount me.

“I lubed it up nice n’ good for ya,” Kyle said, patting his buddy on the back. JT laughed and slapped his hard cock on my asshole a few times. He held my cheeks open with one hand and guided his prick into me with the other. My asshole sucked him in quickly, having been drastically stretched by Kyle’s monster.

I dripped some into his pants as well, but he just pulled them up and rushed out the door, leaving me there wet and panting.

Breathing heavily, Jared extracted his cock from my lips and hastily sprinted to his room. I sat back on the couch to face the TV again, a raging erection bulging in my shorts. With the taste of Jared's cum deep in my throat, I threw my shorts off and sat totally nude on the couch, stroking myself. I stared blankly at the TV and rubbed my dick lazily. It was already throbbing, bulging veins, and red at the tip, but I was in the mood to savor the sensations.

Jared walked back and forth a dozen times while he got dressed, constantly forgetting something or looking for something. He didn't have much time left. As he walked through the living room for the 13<sup>th</sup> time, he stopped and looked at me stroking my hard, red dick on the couch. He stepped in front of me. "Okay, make it real quick, I'm gonna be late," he said.

He turned around, dropped his pants, and bent over. I excitedly stood up and reached for the pump bottle of Lubriderm on the coffee table. I smeared it all over my dick and slid in between Jared's hard, meaty thighs. I loved the feel of his muscular biker's legs gripping my cock. I fucked his legs as he stood there bent over, gripping his calves. I relished the sight of his perfect, muscular ass and the hole that I'd fucked so many times. But for some reason, I always preferred those tight, tight legs.

In mere seconds, I was trembling and losing my balance. My balls contracted and I came hard, smearing my cum, combined with the lotion, all over the insides of Jared's thighs.

JT's cock was on the smaller end of average, filling me but not stretching me like Kyle's. I humped the bed as JT fucked me, my cock now harder than ever, aching for release.

His cock kept slipping out of me, and he laughed, "Dude, you ruined him for me." Kyle sat back on the bed, sipping his beer.

"Well, you shoulda got here sooner," he replied.

Brian was still fucking my throat. It was a strange sensation, getting plugged in both ends like that. I felt Brian's dick start to throb in my mouth, and he shouted, "Oh yeah, I'm gonna cum!" He shoved it in to the back of my throat and filled it with his thick, salty slime. "Yeah, fuckin' swallow that shit," he panted. As if I had a choice. There was nowhere for it to go but down.

After Brian pulled out of my mouth, JT spoke up from behind me. "Hey, let's flip him over." Kyle sighed and got up to unlock the handcuffs. I automatically flipped over on my back for them, and Kyle refastened the cuffs on the bedpost.

"Check that out, he's getting' into it," Kyle said, "Look how hard his dick is!"

"He's probably thinking about his money," Brian laughed from the other side of the room as he wiped off his wet dick with his t-shirt. All three of them roared with laughter. JT got between my legs and shoved my knees up to my chest. He inserted his dick back into my ass and started pumping away. I was wishing my hands were free so I could jerk myself off.

But it turns out I didn't even have to, because about five minutes into the missionary position fucking my cock pulsated and my nuts pumped a huge load all the way up to my neck. A little drop even landed on my chin. The rest puddled on my stomach.

JT started pumping faster as he got closer to his own climax. Kyle was kneeling on the bed next to me, slowly stroking his cock, fully hard again. "You should cum on his face," he told JT. Immediately, JT pulled his dick out and moved up to kneel beside me. He ferociously beat off his bright red dick right next to my face. His orgasm came loud and strong as he dripped his cream all over my nose, mouth and cheeks. He rubbed it in with the head of his dick, grunting with relief.

They left me cuffed to the bed and went into my living room to blast loud rock music and drink their beer. I heard the shower running, and shortly after, the three of them came in naked, sporting hard-ons. They all gathered around me on the bed and took turns fucking my mouth while the others jerked off. While I was sucking JT, Brian started blowing Kyle, and then they switched off.

Then they all gathered around my head and started beating off and shoving their cocks in my mouth. I had my eyes closed and didn't even know whose dick was whose anymore. One by one, loads dropped on my face from all of them. They soon relaxed and sat down on the bed.

"Man, I gotta piss so bad," JT said.

## LEG MAN

I heard Jared thumping up the stairs with his bike moments before the door swung open and he hefted his silver Fatboy into a corner of the hallway. Sweating and pulling clothes off as he ran back and forth through the apartment, he was getting ready for his class which started in 45 minutes.

I heard the shower turn on. I was slumped on the couch watching People's Court. The shower turned off moments later and I heard Jared's heavy footsteps behind me. Suddenly I was aware of him standing there, staring, waiting. So I turned around and there was his hard dick and inch away from my face. He stood there silently. He was in a hurry.

I turned around and kneeled on the couch. His cock filled my mouth easily, as it had many times before. I quickly slicked up his whole shaft while I kneaded his large, pendulous balls. The head of his cock slammed to the back of my throat, and he moaned out loud. I milked him with my mouth, squeezing and sucking and tonguing underneath the head.

Jared fucked my mouth faster, his hands planted firmly on the back of my head. I felt his cock swell in my mouth, and tasted a tangy droplet on my tongue. He tensed and groaned. My mouth filled with his thick, bitter cum. I sucked it out of his hole and felt it slide down my throat and into my belly.

I didn't expect him to reciprocate. I had taken my cock out a few minutes before and started working the foreskin up and down. I was about to blow when I tasted his juice. He stepped back and his dick fell out of my mouth, still oozing. I stood up with my cock in my hand and he reached for it and kissed me deeply while he stroked me.

I felt his hand creep around to my ass, nudging a finger or two in the crack. I moaned into his mouth and instinctively pushed my ass toward his probing fingers. In a second my pants were down and he was behind me. His spit-slicked finger tickled my opening before easing its way inside. I groaned in appreciation, grasping my aching cock once again.

Two of his meaty fingers were inside me, frantically pounding my ass. I braced myself against the wall and shot what felt like a quart of thick, ropy cum all over the dirty bricks. My asshole clenched his fingers. I panted hard, my head against the wall, my dick still leaking and throbbing. I turned around, panting, and he was gone.

"Me too," Kyle said. "Let's do it."

Steaming hot piss splashed onto my chest, and then another stream onto my face. Brian added a third to my stomach and crotch. They all had very full bladders from drinking beer all night, and when they were finished, me and my bed were completely flooded.

They finally left around three in the morning. Kyle took the handcuffs off my badly chafed wrists and gave me a business card. They left me a hell of a mess to clean up, but you'd better believe I called up Hard Luck Messenger Service for regular Friday night deliveries.

# Nebraska

The motorcycle cop pulled me over on a rural stretch of highway somewhere in Nebraska. Figures he would spot me speeding when there was no one else around for miles. And to top it off, he found the bag of weed I had in my glove compartment that I had forgotten about. “We’re gonna have to take you in, son,” he said, cuffing my hands behind my back.

He called on his radio for a cruiser to come pick me up and take me to the station. The nearest car was about 20 minutes away, and they were occupied with some shoplifters at Wal-Mart. “Stay put, kid, it’s gonna be a long wait,” the officer said.

He insisted on standing right behind me, gripping my cuffed hands to make sure I didn’t run away. I thought he was standing a little bit closer than he needed to be. I could feel his hot breath on my face – it smelled like cigarette smoke and fried food. I felt his belt buckle pressed into my right butt cheek, his gun against my hip. And just below his belt buckle, a large spongy mass pressed insistently into the crack of my ass. I pressed back against it. The officer thrust forward, pushing me and then pulling me back into him by my cuffed hands.

This time the spongy bulge of his cock and balls pressed directly against the palm of my hand. For a moment he left it there motionless, and then I slowly flexed my fingers against it. I squeezed it, kneaded it, held it in my hand, feeling it grow

I knew what he needed, what she wouldn’t give him. I grabbed the crotch of his jeans and felt his dick as hard as concrete beneath. I squeezed and kneaded and pressed my palm into the warm, pulsing mass. He groaned into my mouth.

I sunk to my knees while snapping open his button fly and tugging his jeans down. The head of his cock poked out of the leg of his boxers, so I leaned over and stroked it with my tongue. He sighed heavily and sunk against the wall as I suckled and mouthed his stony prick.

I opened the fly of his boxers and freed his cock and balls for total access. I liberally tongue-bathed his entire shaft as well as his nuts. After savoring each of his meaty balls in my mouth, I dove down on his cock all the way, taking the thick, throbbing head into my throat. I pounded him into my mouth again and again, swirling my head around and pressing his shaft with my muscular tongue.

He was grunting loudly now, thrusting into my gaping throat. I sucked hard on the head of his cock, which was drooling so much precum I could hardly keep up. I drank it all, sucked it out of his slit hungrily. I stretched the skin of his scrotum, and he sighed loudly, his legs tightening next to me. “Yeah! Fuck yeah! Just like that!” he shouted as I went down hard and fast and wet on his cock, tugging on his ballsack. Suddenly his cock seemed to double in girth and the first salty bubble of cum hit the tip of my tongue. I opened my throat to the fire-hot jets that followed, swallowing it eagerly.



## Lover's Quarrel

He was fighting with his girlfriend when they got on the bus. I didn't catch what their argument was about, nor did I care. But I noticed him intently staring at me, after the fight was over and his girlfriend sat coldly silent next to him. They were in the backwards-facing seats across from me. I looked out the window and sensed his icy stare. Every time I glanced to him, his eyes were locked to mine.

They started talking to each other again, then yelling. She pulled the cord and got off the bus suddenly. He waved a hand at her in annoyance and looked back at me. Three stops later he got up and moved to the row of seats in front of mine, on the opposite side. He glanced back and forth from me to the window. I knew he wanted something even before he spread his legs in my direction and dropped a hand casually to his crotch.

The second-to-last stop was mine. I pulled the cord, brazenly looking into his eyes as I stood up. And then he made his move. The bus stopped, and he cupped his hand over his cock and nodded his head towards the door. I nodded in confirmation and walked out.

He followed me to the alley behind the 7-11. Quickly we were up against each other on the brick wall of the building. Kissing desperately, grappling tongues, spit flowing like water. We sucked each other's lips, stubble scraping stubble, hands gripping muscle and flesh.

and harden. It was massive. The officer remained silent and motionless, so I continued.

I rubbed my fingers all over his hardening cock, as much as the cuffs would allow. The bulge in his uniform pants continued to grow to obscene proportions. Just when I thought it was going to bust his fly open, the officer took a step back away from me, and I heard the sound of a zipper opening in the otherwise completely silent Nebraska night. A moment later I felt the silken flesh of his cock pressing against my hands. I worked my fingers over it, teasing it, feeling its dimensions, its heat, its rigidity.

I grasped the head in my palm and figured out how to stroke it despite the restrictions of the handcuffs. I pulled on it with one hand, tickling the shaft with the fingers of my other hand. My cock had filled out the crotch of my pants, hard and desperate for touch. I felt wetness on my hand. The officer's dick was leaking. My own cock responded by drooling out its own small rivulet of hot fluid all over the front of my pants.

I quickened my pace, jacking the officer's wet cock against my ass. He was still as a statue and made no sound. The only sounds I heard on that dark stretch of road that night were the wet squishy sounds of my hand stroking his cock, and the clink of the handcuffs. I heard him breathe in deeply, and a second later felt a hot gob of cum splash against my cuffed hand. It dripped down my fingers, and I felt more of it seeping through the fabric of my pants onto my ass. He exhaled then, breathing his fried breath all over my face. He took his cock from my hand, pulled away, and wiped

the remainder of his cum on my pants before tucking his cock away.

My dick was painfully hard now. I felt his cum on my skin, smelled it in the air. Just then, I saw headlights down the road. It was the police cruiser. When it pulled up, the motorcycle officer pushed me toward the car and started talking to his colleague.

“He had a bag of marijuana in the glove compartment. I haven’t searched his person yet.”

“Well Jesus, Frank, what are you waitin’ for? You’ve had a half hour to search him, for cryin’ out loud.”

“I wanted to wait til you got here, just in case he got crazy. You know how these dopeheads are.”

“Well alright, get to it.”

Frank shoved me up against the cruiser, my cock pressing against the cold steel. I let out a little moan. “Shut up, punk,” Frank said. He started patting me down.

“I’m gonna go have a look in the car myself, if you don’t mind,” the other officer said.

“Sure, go ahead.”

As the other officer was looking over my car, Frank began patting my balls down. He kept a hand firmly planted there on my crotch,

and another hand holding me by the scruff of my neck. He moved my body up and down against the car, knowing that my hard cock was pinned against it. He shoved his hand harder between my legs, this time grabbing my hard shaft and gripping it in his meaty hand. He jerked it up and down in my pants. It felt so good, I couldn’t help but groan a little bit. Frank whispered in my ear to shut up. I bit my lip.

He was furiously beating my dick through my pants as the other officer crawled around in the backseat of my car with a flashlight. I felt the cum welling up in my balls. My cock swelled enormously just before I felt the hot jet shoot through it. I let out a loud grunt as cum filled my pants, soaking through to the officer’s hand.

“What’s going on over there?” the other officer yelled over.

“Nothing, Jimmy, he’s just being a little shit.”

Frank took one last squeeze of my drenched crotch and stepped away. I was now covered front to back in cum. He opened the door of the cruiser and shoved me inside.

“See ya later, kid.”