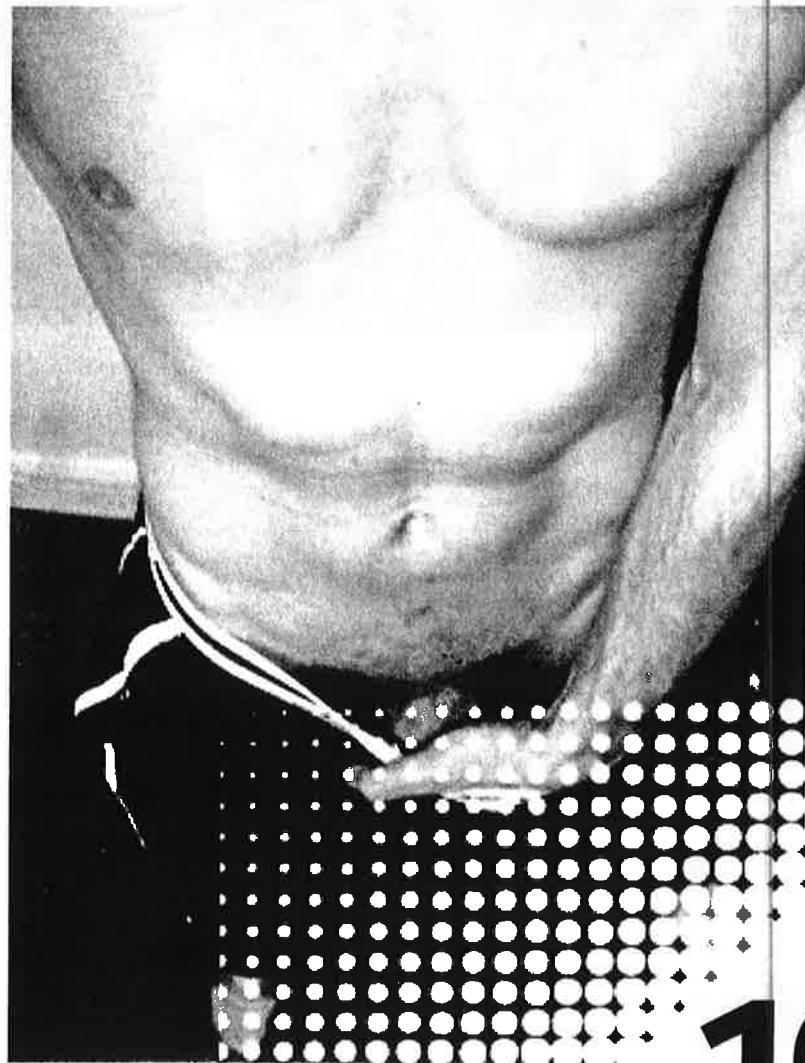




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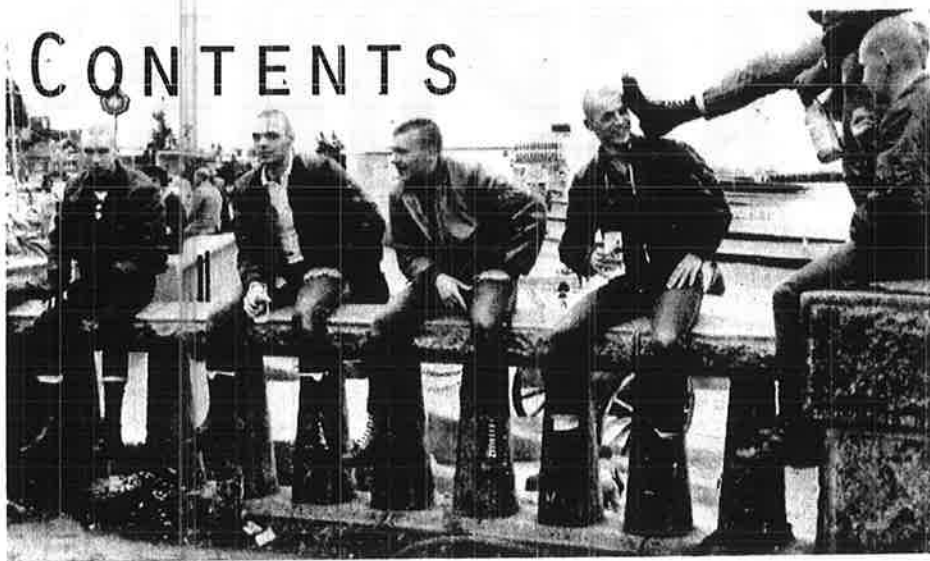


ANGEL FUCK • BUSTER'S NEW BOY

THE CRIMSON GHOST

10

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NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD
MISFITS

NEW WORLD IDOLATRY
THEY WILL BE DONE

COWBOY DAN
MODEST MOUSE

MY LIFE MY CHOICE
DEATHREAT

SLAVES
HOLY MOUNTAIN

SUGAR DADDY
HEDWIG AND THE ANGRY INCH

MINUTE BY MINUTE
GIRL TALK

HATE BREEDERS
MISFITS

ANGEL FUCK
MISFITS

CITY THAT ALWAYS BURNS
HAYMAKER

FUCK YOUR FEELINGS
GUNNER HANSON

CAR WRECK
DEVIL MAKES THREE



Nisbo brought his other hand, full of spunk, slowly up in front of David's face. "You produced a lovely big load, Dave," and with that he slowly spread the white sticky fluid from the top of the lad's forehead over the crown and down the back of his head. Buster advanced with a razor and a can of shaving foam.

"Ohhhhh..." began David as Buster started to rub the shaving foam into the lad's skull. As Buster began to take the shaving foam off again with the razor, David began to make the involuntary I-could-learn-to-love-this-experience noises again. Buster firstly shaved the lad's head from forehead backwards, leaving him with a male-pattern-baldness look made from shaving foam. Buster pushed the lad's head down onto his chest and held it there for some seconds before he began to pull the razor up the back of the boy's head, really leaving him bald. David felt his head being pulled this way and that as Buster worked to remove the shaving foam and the last vestiges of his stubble.

After what seemed like an age of having his head forced into his chest, David felt the hand going onto his forehead to pull his head up and he knew this was the first moment he would see himself completely bald. Was he ready for it? Could he handle it? He really didn't want to freak out in front of Nisbo and Buster.

Buster pulled the lad's head back up to face the mirror. David let out a gasp. "Oh my God, I'm really a skinhead now, aren't I?"

"This is just the start, my Lad," said Buster. David looked up at him. His gaze was interrupted by a new voice booming from the back of the room. "Come on Buster, do him like we did you. He still looks like a fuckin schoolboy, get him hard lookin," said the voice. David swung round in the chair to see two huge fat skinheads watching the scene. He'd no idea how long they'd been there, but they looked frightening. Well at least they would have in a different setting. They obviously approved of what was happening.

"Oi Charlie, Jimmy, didn't hear you come in. Was a bit busy," said Buster with a smile.

"Yeah so we see, if he's stayin here I want him lookin hard, now get his eyebrows taken off."

Buster knew it wasn't a suggestion. It was an order. Charlie still managed to call the shots.

"No, Buster, please....," began David. Nisbo stood at the back of the chair and placed his hand on David's forehead and pulled it back, holding his head in place. Buster advanced with the Mach3 razor and slowly and agonizingly scraped away David's eyebrows.

Once the job had been done, Nisbo released his hold and David slowly brought his head forward to see his reflection. Again, another gasp. David was distinctly pale.

"Now I'm really stuck, Buster, what will my parents say?"

"What does it fuckin matter, mate? You're with us now. Anyway, mate, like I said, this is just the fuckin start of it," said Buster, bending down to put his face into David's. "Now the fun really starts. Jimmy, do your stuff!" F

Be sure to stay tuned and pick up Fag Punk 11 for the next chapter of Busters New Boy.

SKINHEADS PUNKS & RADICALS

The big one zero and it don't feel no different. Although when I tell my friends Fag Punk is in it's 10 issue they are impressed. I am not as impressed. Really the first 3 issues where an experiment to see what could be produced. 4, 5, & 6 where settling into style and now here in issue 10 we are still writing worthless sex stories and drinking cheap malt liquor. In the past 10 issues spanning 5 years (I think... it was 5 years... it got a little blurry in the middle) FP has gone coastal sending issues to the west and the east, across the pond and down under. FP 10 is a little on the thin side, but its not about how big it is, its about how you use it. FP is produced for pure love of the subject matter and medium, not to beef my portfolio or get in with the cool kids. Keep reading. Keep lovin' it. Fag Punk Forevea. F

FAG
PUNK 10



Fag Punk is not responsible for any sexual arousal or inspiration caused directly or indirectly by content herein. Back issues of Fag Punk (7,8,9) are available for \$2 USD or a few Canadian stamps each. Fag Punk is always looking for submissions of content; sexy stories, poems, or photos on theme, and even some stuff that is off theme too. Submit to Fag Punk. Fag Punk is Copy Left, give credit where credit is due. Most images are stolen from skinmarvin.com which has been usurped by porno companies and is now really really hard to navigate. You can still find cool shit there but good luck avoiding grossness. Body font this time is *myriad pro*, yeah I got lazy this time. Listen to more mash ups. Listen to more hardcore. Go to Hammer City Records (228 James Street North, Hamilton) and buy more vinyl. Contact: fagpunk@gmail.com

The Sun Shines at Night

One story down, outside my window he let pink paper parking tickets collect on the windscreen of the his baby blue pick-up truck. We stayed intertwined together in bed, fading in and out of sleep, squeezing our eyes shut trying not to face the painful ramifications of a chemical induced all nighter.

Yesterday...when he showed up at my swing shut steel fire door, I was afraid. I hadn't seen him in a year or two. This hangout was set up by our mutual friend Ann, she at the last minute skipped town. He still carried the deep scars of his last dip into depression that I had only heard about. I was timid around him, I still held on to the social fear of mental illness. After a few moments of awkward conversation, he suggested we consume paper blotter he had wrapped in foil in his pocket. I was apprehensive, but my need for that bright fractured feeling was greater. I agreed and we set about cutting ourselves out a little square of sunshine with my prized silver sewing scissors. We started the night with library picture books, watercolors of plants and medicine. It was a friday night so the *lifetime party* raged on at 72 James. Roommates and friends flowed in and out of the unlocked door, the slamming of the steel door was the only interjection into a blur of people that we never acknowledged. We sat together on the dirty couch in the living room hip to hip, thigh to thigh books open on our laps turning pages fascinated with the colorful illustrations that each held.

The drugs kicked in. We started to peak so we gathered our outer clothing and bundled up to face the chilly evening; shoes and mittens, sweaters and gloves, hats and jackets. We walked south to the hiking trail that skirts the escarpment. It was full fledged fall, warm summer nights had surrendered to cold early evenings. We walked and talked, we talked, and talked streams of thought that we both understood, like a dream or an unwritten song that we sung together. He told me about silting his wrists while he visited the west coast and I asked questions without shame; what did it feel like, who found you, what did you see, what was it like.... an end less feed of questions that he answered as we walked. Soon we came to the look-off where you can see the steel mills, blast furnaces burning endlessly burning into our lives. Blackened towers built by the hands of Hamilton steel workers, we stood in the dark watching the flames burn. Heading back the conversation shifted to reality, his girlfriend, his job, his life. I listened.

An early hour saw our arrival to 72 James. The apartment was silent and stale from a nights worth of drinking and smoking. I took him by hand and lead him though the darkness and gloom to my bedroom door. We entered and silently undressed for sleep without thought, the blankets were pulled open, we crawled in exhausted and fatigued. Smooth sheets greeted our worn bodies. We automatically curled around each other, sharing in the swirling warmth and the knowledge in knowing that the next few hours would be silence but for the noise of the waking city below.

We dipped in and out of something that resembled sleep. We unconsciously held onto each other. Caressing each others skin as if trying to smooth away any memory of trauma, clinging to each

down to stubble.

David thought he was finished once the zero crop had been done. How wrong he was. "Keep lookin at the mirror, boy. That was only stage one. You wanted it fuckin bald, didn't ya?" said Nisbo. Buster brought a smaller set of clippers out of his pocket, battery-operated ones that made a much higher pitched buzz when you turned them on.

"OK, lad, it's goin shorter." Buster turned the edger clippers on and repeated the process. Fine hairs flew everywhere as the skinhead buzzed off the lad's stubble. As this was being done, David was breathing more and more rapidly and by now, his dick was rock solid. So much was going on in his young head. And in his underwear. Nisbo guessed what was going to happen.

"You fuckin love this, don't ya, skinhead boy?" Quick nods of agreement from David. "Tell Buster you want him to take it as close as he can get it," whispered Nisbo into the lad's ear again.

"Buster, make me as smooth as possible, leave me totally bald, completely bald, shave me, Buster, shave me fuckin bald as anything," David managed to get out between panting for breath. The edgers had done their work. The minutest of stubble was all that was left. David stared at his reflection - he hardly recognised himself and they were still not done. Nisbo renewed his grip at the back of David's neck and pushed the lad right up to the mirror. Buster began rubbing the lad's sandpapery head vigorously with his tattooed hands. "Fuckin gotta admit, Lad, you look way fuckin better," as he rubbed and rubbed.

Nisbo whispered, "No goin back now.....Skinhead!" Being referred to as a skinhead for the first time was too much for David. Without his cock even being touched, it was so engorged and ready for it, it shot wads of hot jizz sending the lad into waves of ecstasy. What David hadn't seen was that his cum went straight into Nisbo's other hand. David fell back in the chair, exhausted.

"Enjoy that, Lad?" David managed a weak nod. "Good, because the best is yet to come."

Nisbo allowed David a few moments for his heart rate to subside a bit. "Sit up, Lad. Gotta finish the fuckin job off now." David sat up. Now that he had orgasmed, he wasn't so excited about having his head actually shaved, but what could he do. With one hand still on the back of the boy's neck,





wanted this, and the two skins were more than convinced.

There was silence. "Please...." More silence. Nisbo broke it. "Tell us again you'll do anything to prove you're serious."

"I'll do anything to prove I'm serious," repeated David, mantra-like.

"Say it again." Nisbo was dragging it out, making the lad practically beg.

"I'll do anything, anything you want, and go along with anything you say."

Tears were beginning to form in David's eyes. He wondered if they were playing games with him. It was torture. More silence. Until Nisbo began again, bending down to speak softly into the lad's ear. "Tell Buster you want your head shaved completely bald."

David looked at him. Nisbo just raised his eyebrow. Slowly, the words came out.

"Buster, please shave my head bald."

"Ask him again, and mean it."

"Buster, please please shave me totally bald, I want my head shaved bald, completely all off."

Silence. Nisbo repositioned himself, and put his big hand at the bottom of the lad's neck and held David's head in place, nodding to Buster.

Buster slowly picked up the clippers from the floor. David couldn't move his head, such was the vice-like grip that Nisbo had on him, he couldn't look away from the mirror. "Now you keep your fuckin eyes wide open the whole fuckin time you're havin this done, understood?" menaced Nisbo. David managed a nodding movement. The click of the clippers made David jump.

Buster began in front of David's right ear and ran the bare clippers up the side of David's head. A wide band of skin appeared which made David gasp and his cock began to swell again. Nisbo pushed the lad's head forward slightly and released his grip slightly so Buster could shear up behind the ear, from the nape of the neck up to the crown, in one go. A cascade of short hair fell on David's bare shoulders making him let out an involuntary whimper. "Keep lookin at the mirror, lad," reminded Nisbo.

Buster continued to clipper the lad's head down, all the way round the back until he reached the front of his left ear. The two skins then changed position. Nisbo moved to the side and cupped David's chin in his hand, again forcing him to stare right at his reflection. The next bit would really change the lad's appearance. Buster moved behind the trainee and ran the clippers very slowly from forehead backwards, taking the hair

other as if we where the last men on earth. Our hands dipped up and down each others torsos only to smoothly caress, tenderly touch, and enjoy the heated warmth that grew there. I pretended that he didn't have a girlfriend and that it was this way every morning, I pretended that we where lovers, that loved and grew together and lived happily ever after...

Soon enough mid afternoon arrived. We apprehensively peeled away from each other. Him grumbling about parking tickets, me about lack of beer. We exchanged phone numbers and updated address books. I tried not to let on that wanted him, wanted him to stay on with me. I wanted me and him to be us. When he asked to use the phone to call his girlfriend, thats when I knew the magic was over. He gathered his things as I recounted all my missed chances. F



I spotted him, from the second floor of the student centre. He was tall and of slender build; had short clean hair cut, black marred Garrison combat boots, fitted stone washed jeans, and a huge Crimson Ghost patch sewn to the back of a green military style jacket. He was breath taking. He was standing alone in the courtyard, smoking a cigarette. And I watched him. I watched him every chance I got. Between classes I climbed the stairs to the second floor of the student center to wait for him to appear in the court yard below and he would. I would sit on the worn couches of the student center watching and smiling to myself, fantasizing about him and his unknown naked body. Sometimes, for the thrill I would go down to the court yard and walk past him too close on purpose waiting for him to notice me, he never did.

Second semester I was taking a third year bird course, an evening course Media Studies. I walked into class and picked a desk mid to the back. As I settled in I turned to see the Crimson Ghost standing in the door way scanning the seats searching for his own seat. I stood breathless, staring. He spotted a empty chair and started to move. Towards me. I stood frozen. Staring at him drifting towards me, I could hear the tromp click of the thick rubber soles of his american issue combat/dress boots on the cheap university tile floor. He didn't notice me, just breezed past me with the ease of coolness. As he walked past I turn my gaze following him...I could smell him, the Crimson Ghost was fresh from his evening shower. His hair was still damp slick to the back of his skull. I spent the whole class obsessing about that man behind me, the Crimson Ghost. aware of evey move that I made was being watched by him. At the end of class I sat in my seat and waited for him to leave. I followed, just steps behind him. Down the stairs and out into the crisp air. I stood in the shadows behind the tall white exterior pillars of the main hall. He stopped mid step and ducked his head to light a cigarette as he did I caught a glimpse of his perfect silhouette. He continued to walk out into the darkness. I stepped into the light and watched him disappear down the hill, off campus.

As weeks passed my class attendance dwindled. The only class I seemed to have any interest in was Media Studies if only to watch the Ghost from the corner of my eye. When the midterms came I sat in the lecture hall waiting for the Ghost to show up to take the media studies exam. Reluctantly I finished my own paper and sat thinking about why hadn't he shown up.

Time passed slowly, I hadn't seen the Ghost in class or on campus for almost a month and had given up hope on seeing him ever again.

The Misfits (sans Danzig) were to play the exhibition centre. I bought tickets for

have to understand that," said Nisbo. Buster (who was still grinning to himself) chimed in, "yeah, Dave, you really will have no say in anything while we train you up. How do you feel about that?" "OK, I'm a bit scared but I still want to do it."

"Sure?" asked Nisbo.

"Yep."

Nisbo turned to Buster. "Enough chat, he's sure. We'll give him a haircut first, Buster, get the stuff." "Get out of those boots, Dave, and get the rest of yer kit off.," ordered Nisbo as Buster disappeared out of the room.

"But I really like wearing them," began David. "You'll fuckin get to put em on again soon enough," countered Nisbo, who was rearranging a kitchen chair in front of the mirror propped up on another chair. "I trimmed my hair this evening before I came round here, Nisbo." Nisbo just grunted. "All fuckin well my lad, but you're a fuckin skinhead now, and we're goin to give you a fuckin proper skinhead haircut. Your first of many, boy."

David stood there in his underpants with his dick leaking, producing a big precum stain on his white pants. It gave the impression of someone younger than David's eighteen years. "Sit on that chair, Dave, and pull it forward so you can really see yourself in the mirror." David did as he was told, and was doing so as Buster came back into the room. He plugged in the set of clippers and left them on the floor by the mirror. David spied them nervously. "How short's it going to be?"

"Fuckin' short," said the other two in unison. Buster continued on, "I phoned Jimmy already, he was bored and he's comin straight round." "Great," said Nisbo, "great."

"Who's Jimmy?" asked David, looking up at the two skins.

"He's another mate of ours, he's comin to help you become a skinhead, Dave. He's often around here, you'll see a lot of him over the next few weeks," said Buster. Nisbo chimed in. "Yep, you fuckin will, Dave..."

"I'm looking forward to meeting him then," said David, obviously not knowing who or what Jimmy was. He'd find out soon enough. Nisbo began the instructions, "Right, Dave, you want to be a skinhead, and we're fuckin goin to give it to ya, Lad." He continued as he and Buster advanced towards the chair, one skin on each side. David looked up at both of them, from one to the other. "I'm givin you one last chance, lad, then no more," he said, "tell us again what you want, loudly and clearly, and how much you want it, and if you fuckin convince us, we'll do it."

David sat there in the chair in only his pre-cum stained underwear. He looked at himself in the mirror as he began, "I really want to do this. I've never thought this would happen to me, and I've really wanted to be a skinhead now for months. It's all I think about every day and every night, I dream about being part of a group of skinheads, real ones who are always skinheads and don't just dress up. I want it, I really do, I want you two guys to make me into a real one-hundred-percent-skinhead, so that I look like a real skinhead, and be like one too. I don't want to be a normal kid anymore, I really don't. I want to go through with this, please do it. I'll do anything to prove that I'm serious. Anything. Really I will...." David looked at them both pleadingly. He really



BUSTER'S NEW BOY

BY DEREK SKIN

If you are just tuning in now we are catching up with young David as he meets his first real skinhead crew, to read pervious chapters go to skinmarvin.co.uk/stories/busters_newboy_01.html

Buster and Nisbo looked down at David who was sitting on the settee looking up at them.

"I'll do it. You two are right, I do want to be a skinhead. I wasn't sure when I came here but I am now. I want to be a skinhead just like you two. I want it more than anything, and I'm serious about it, I'm old enough to decide this myself. You said these thoughts won't go away and I know you're right. I've tried to make them go away but they won't. I thought I was too plain a guy to be a skinhead and all sorts, from the wrong background and so on....." Buster interrupted. "Are you sure of what you're sayin, Dave?"

"Yes, Buster, I am so totally sure." David began to calm down and was speaking a lot less fast. "I just never had the opportunity before and now I do knowing you two. I won't be able to do this myself though - and I want to do this right - I want to be a skinhead one hundred per cent, not a pretend one," he continued, "just tell me how I start."

"You sound fuckin good, but you gotta fuckin mean what you say, lad," said Buster, stifling a smile, trying to look deadly serious.

"I fuckin do, Buster, honest I do," swore David. The two skins laughed to hear the lad swear off his own bat for the first time.

"Good lad," said Buster. Turning to Nisbo he said, "do we believe him, Nisbo?"

"Well I fuckin do," confirmed the other. "You want to be our apprentice skinhead then, Dave?" he asked the young lad.

"Yes, I really really do," said David, eagerly. He knew that Buster and Nisbo were taking him seriously. "What do I have to do?"

"Well we can get you lookin like a fuckin skin, if you let us. Just leave us to work you over, you reckon you're up to that?" asked Nisbo.

"Yep, I reckon I am, cos I've made up my mind now and I'm not changing it again," said David.

"You'll move in with us and we'll take care of ya, and you'll be a skinhead for as long as you live in this house. How does that sound?"

"REALLY? Move in here with you guys?? I'd have to ask my parents, but...."

"No, you don't ask your parents, you just do it."

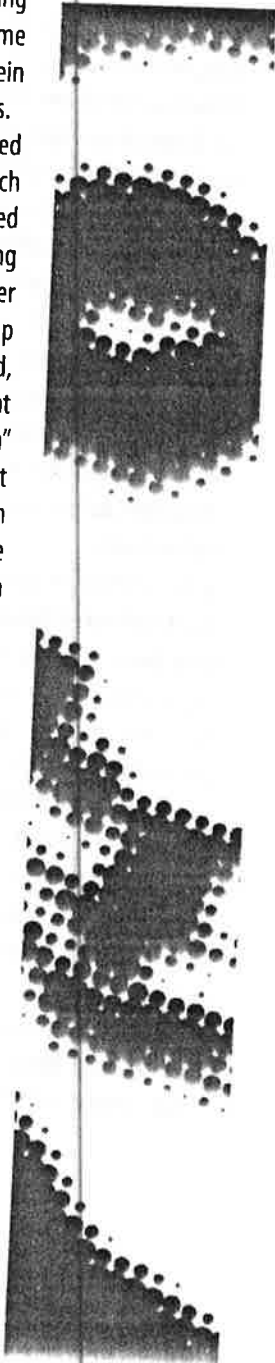
"I'll do it, I'll move in." David was panting again. He was beside himself.

"Yep. But you'll look how we want you to look and behave like we want you to behave, you fuckin

a friend and I. When the day finally came that friend and I spent the evening downtown drinking under the walking bridge waiting for the time to come when we could gaze up at Jerry Only and Doyle Wolfgang von Frankenstein in caked on white make-up and slicked devil-locks sweating down on us. The show was as fun as the new Misfits could be. After the show we filed out of the arena with the crowd chittering like chipmunks recounting each moment of the show to one another. Thats when I saw him, it looked like he was waiting for something...maybe me, I hoped. He was smoking standing alone like usual in the darkness of the parking lot. With the power of Danzig's lyrics behind me I approached him. With a smile I staggered up to him, he smiled back and flicked the cigarette away. I was over whelmed, there he was in all his black booted, army jacket glory looking right at me. I spoke, all I could stammer out was a query for his name. "Weldon" he said and I told him mine and that I had seen him around campus, but not recently. He confessed he had spent a few days in the hospital with Phenomena and had been taking it easy. I suddenly became aware of the situation, talking with my long time crush and I went silent. He began to look uneasy, by then my friend had caught up to me and knowing how drunk I was trying to save me from any embarrassment by pulling me a way from Weldon. I let myself be dragged away from the Ghost and waved goodbye to him as he lit another cigarette seeming not notice my departure. What a night. I ignored my friends jokes of "what kind of name is Weldon?" That name sounded like sweet music to me. I couldn't wait to see him again.

That following monday there he was smoking in the court yard like he had never been absent. Still feeling the courage from Danzig's lyrics I heard the weekend previous, I approached him. I saw recognition in his eyes as I approached. We where both again were awkward, I asked if he'd like to go downtown for a coffee. My heart fluttered.

Coffee downtown turned into beer at his house and one beer turned into three. Around the fifth beer and half way through some Tarantino movie I made my move. I leaned into him pressing my body against his. Instantly he responded, reaching down to place his beer on the floor and turning to me. He took my face into his hands and kissed me on the lips, slowing parting his and probing my mouth with his tongue. My mind exploded. This guy that I had be passively stalking on campus for two months was in my mouth. He tasted sweet like candy and bitter from the beer. I slid my cold hands up his t-shirt, his skin warm. His back arched in response



to my beer cold hands. He reached down and pulled my shirt over my head and then removed his own, we joined again kissing and sucking at each others skin. He was aggressive with me pushing himself on top of me, I gladly sunk into the soft couch. He pushed his thigh into my crotch and the fiction of his warm thigh wrapped in soft stone washed jeans on my own denim bound cock was too much to bare, I moaned with pleasure, my cock hardened. We kissed on the couch until the VHS tape played it self out and began to automatically rewind itself and the room became silent but for the smacking of our lips and the groans and grunts of our pleasure. I didn't hear his housemate and his girlfriend enter the house nor did I hear them as they drifted to the door way of the living room. She abruptly cracked her gum which snapped me and the Ghost out of our semiconscious state of heightened lust. We both looked to see them standing at the threshold of the room smirking. Begrudgingly we peeled our selves from each other, Weldon muttered an apology to the couple and snatched up our doffed his t-shirts. I jumped from the couch and followed Weldon out of the room trying to conceal my hard-on with my hand and the waist band of my jeans as I passed the girlfriend who seemed to be trying to bore a hole into my naked chest with her eyes.

In the safety of his dark room I sat on the edge of his bed still unbelieving that I had the Crimson Ghost half naked before me and I was sitting on his bed. Weldon left the room to get us some fresh beers. My eyes adjusted to the darkness of his room. This is a place I only had imaged in my dreams. It was a typical punk bed room, nothing adorned the walls but for a few fist shaped holes near the closet, a record player was in the corner resting on a makeshift shelf of pine planks and cinder blocks. He had nailed a scratchy grey wool blanket over the window to keep out the sun, for sleeping off the hang over. The Ghost returned, two beers in hand he gave one to me and tipped the other into his mouth. Holding the beer like a virgin child I sat looking up at him, his torso from neck to the few curls of hair that escape the waist of his jeans at his hips was on full display while he emptied the amber bottle. I sat there stunned like it was my fist time. He moved in the darkness and dropped the needle onto 'walk among us'. The B side started

up and Glenn's voice filled the speakers. The Ghost pulled open his button fly jeans. He stepped forward, I snapped out of my trance and wasted no time. I pulled him to me by his hips and slid his cock in to my mouth, I reached into his jeans to fondle the rest of him. I could feel his body tense and his hands snaked into my hair. He rocked back and forth along with my sucking motions. I would take all of his hardness into my mouth, encasing him in the hot, wet, softness of my hungry mouth then pull all of him all the way out, resting the tip of his crown on my lips. Over and over again i did this, driving him wild. My mouth salivated filling with his salty precum, soon he couldn't handle any more without exploding into my mouth and he pulled away from me. He stabb'ed back. He stood away from me holding and stroking his hard cock in his left hand as he flipped the record with his right, keeping an eye on me as I watched him. And before the music filled the room, the Ghost spoke. He told me he had been waiting for me to approach him. He told me he knew I watched him and was contented to watch me suffer as I longed for him. I knew this guy would drive me over the edge. Hastily I stood and went to him, I tried to embrace his punk hardened body but he pushed me back, hard onto the bed. I fell and bounced once before he fell onto me. He drove his face into mine searching for my lips. He undid my fly, wrenching my jeans down releasing my strained cock from the binds of my tight jeans. This time he took me into his mouth. I lay sprawled on his bed spread eagle, eyes wide and staring at the empty ceiling. I still couldn't believe this, the Crimson Ghost was sucking my cock. He quickly worked me into a frenzy and I grasped the back of his head pushing his mouth further down onto cock. The record played side A over again as I tried to control myself. Hate breeders kicked on and I lost it. I exploded with 2 months of pent up fantasy into his mouth and he took the whole of my load. As I basked in my orgasm, the Ghost climbed up my prone body and passionately kissed me. I could taste myself on his hot mouth. I was unable to move anything but my lips.

We kissed for what seemed like a life time. Finally the Ghost got up and flicked the record player off and pushed my body to one side of the bed and pulled the covers over our bodies. He slept facing away from me waiting for me to hold him. I held him. He laced his fingers with mine. I kissed the back of his neck and drifted of to the land of the living dead. F

