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DRUMMER

ABOUT FOR GIFTING AND WERE AFRAID TO ASK

250



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VIDEOTAPES 1&2 **59⁹⁵**

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PHOTO BOOK

9⁹⁵

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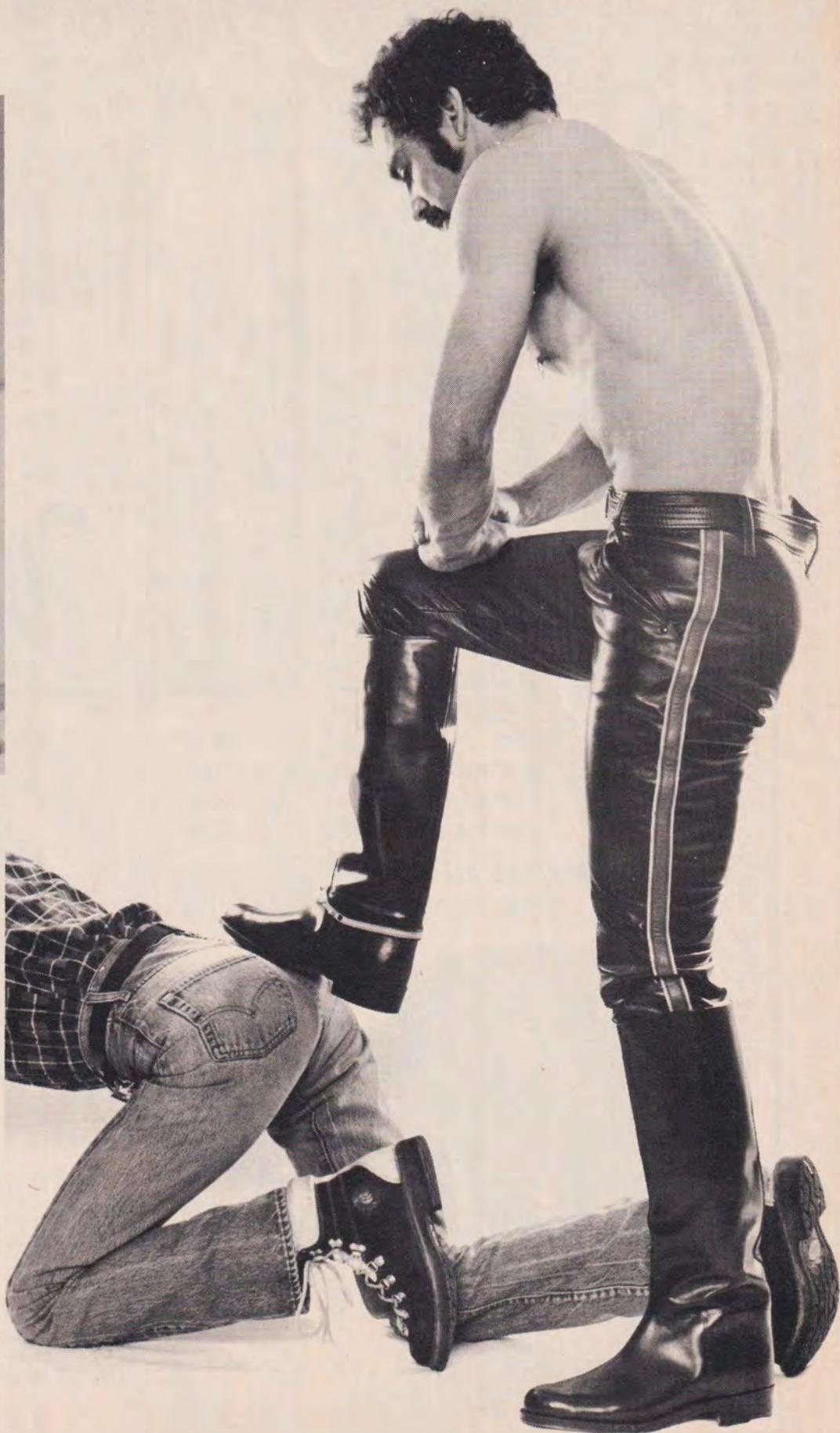
EVERYTHING YOU EVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT FOR GIFTING AND WERE AFRAID TO ASK



You might say that giving is a gift. To know exactly what the right thing is for the right person is one of the season's most difficult problems. He can end up with something he will never forget you for, or the whole affair can be one disappointment. The choice is yours and for a bottom not used to making his own decisions, that can be very painful indeed.

Consider, for instance, the photograph on this page. The man in charge is wearing leather officer's pants in black with a grey and white side stripe, along with officer's boots. Both are from the Studstore in San Francisco. The fellow who proudly presented these magnificent gifts is on his knees, enjoying the thanks he gets.

His jeans are from Worn Out West (San Francisco) and boots are from Safco. We have the feeling that both will be shed soon. Torso is by Nautalis, we assume.





GIVE OR GET THE SPOKEN WORD

Harkening back to the old radio days when your imagination soared farther than either movies or television, Audio tapes are becoming more and more popular. Starring at our left is Brutus, whose three Compound Tapes entitled "The Interrogation," "The Training Begins" and "Punishment and Reward" are all best sellers. Each is an hour long, which is unusual.

Also available is one from Tom of Finland's catalog, "Sgt. Ronco's Dirty Talktape." Man To Man tapes have a catalog of almost two dozen as does Hot Talk Tapes, a few of which feature porn star Al Parker

The best way for listening is with earphones, which makes the dialogue very real and intimate as well as leaving the hands free for other things.

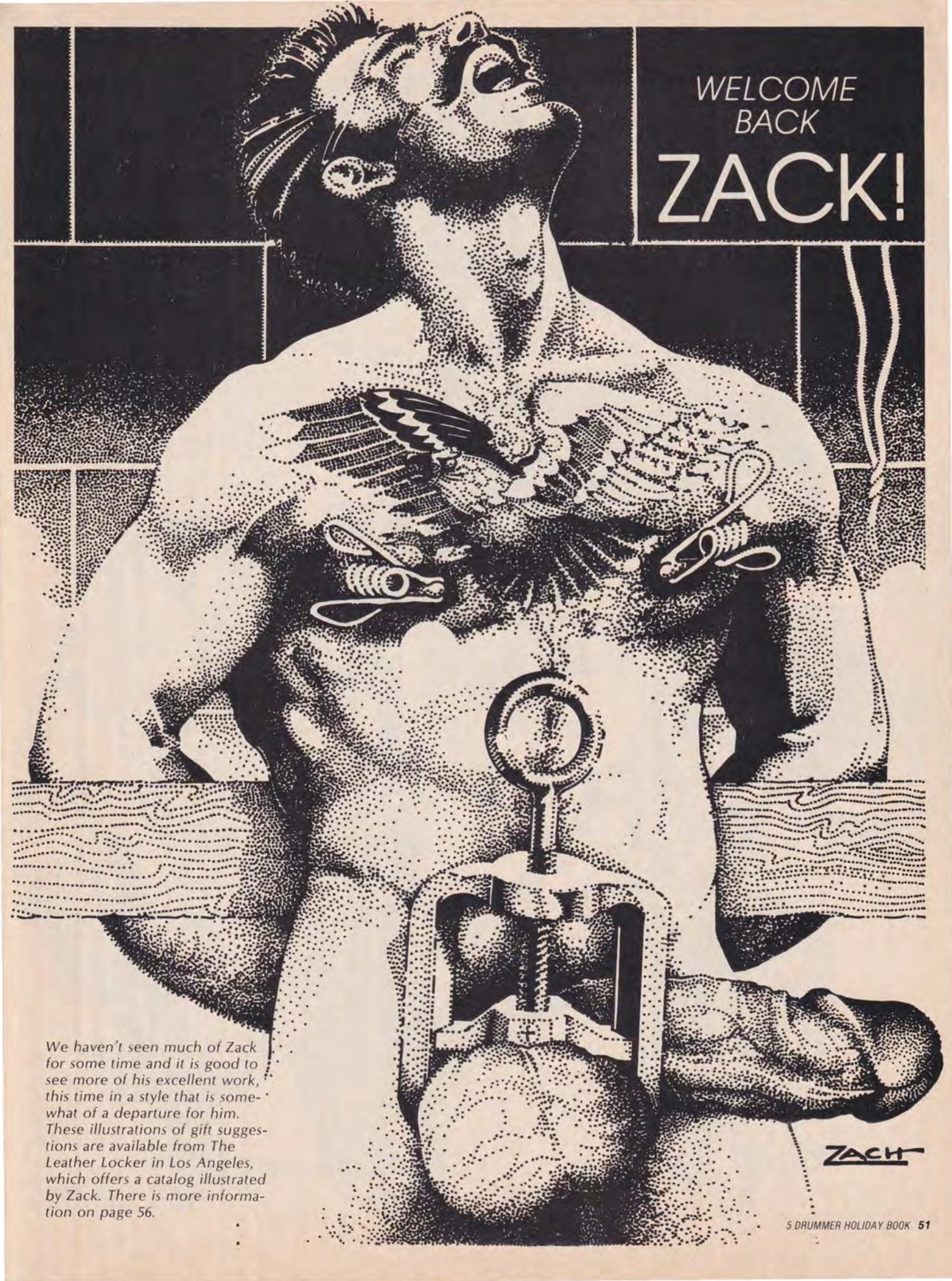


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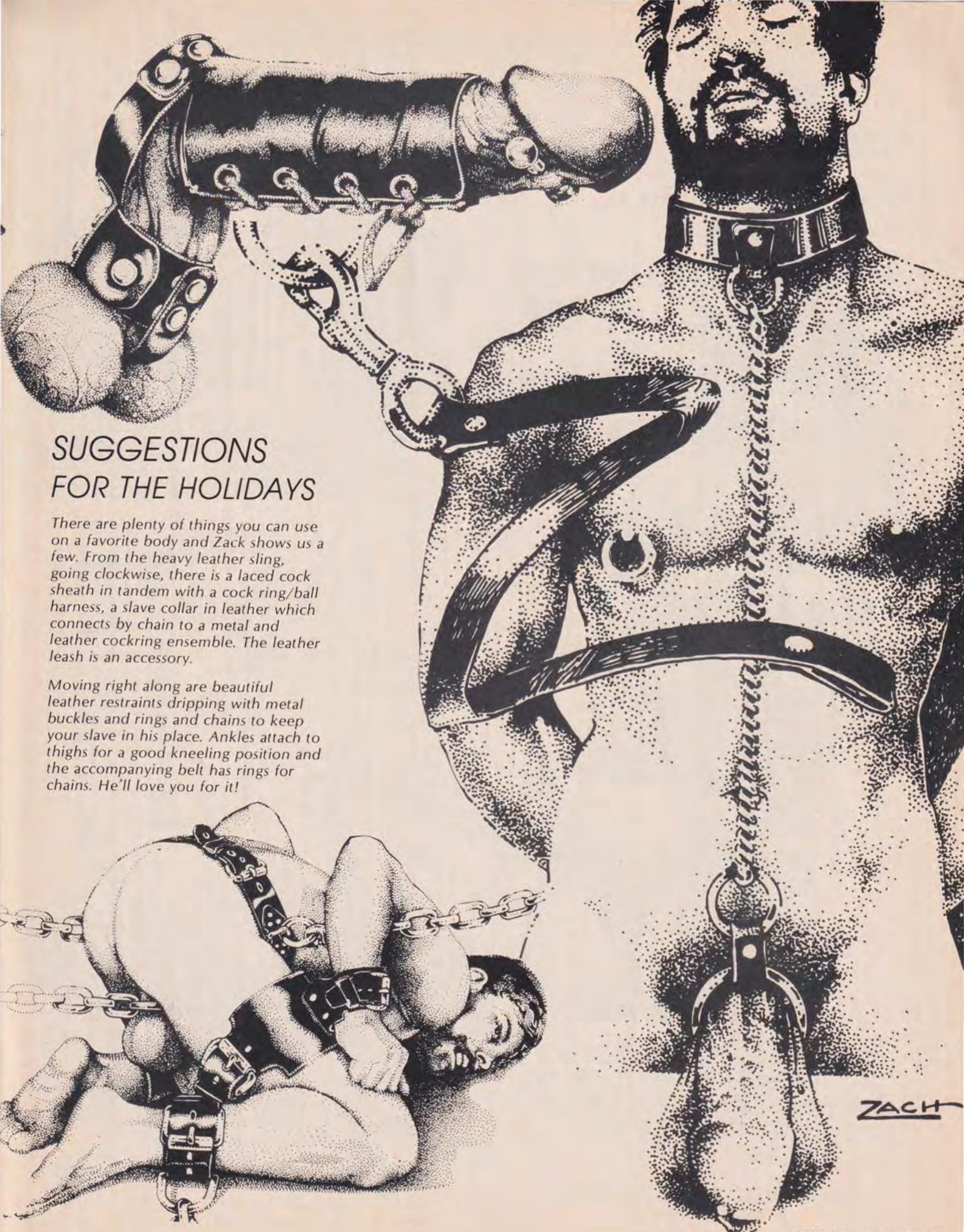
We haven't seen much of Zack for some time and it is good to see more of his excellent work, this time in a style that is somewhat of a departure for him. These illustrations of gift suggestions are available from *The Leather Locker* in Los Angeles, which offers a catalog illustrated by Zack. There is more information on page 56.

ZACK



ONE OF OUR
FAVORITE ARTISTS
FAVORS US AGAIN
WITH THESE

Left is a wide buckle harness with cod piece. The return moves up the ass and connects in the back naturally. Tattoo is optional.



SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

There are plenty of things you can use on a favorite body and Zack shows us a few. From the heavy leather sling, going clockwise, there is a laced cock sheath in tandem with a cock ring/ball harness, a slave collar in leather which connects by chain to a metal and leather cockring ensemble. The leather leash is an accessory.

Moving right along are beautiful leather restraints dripping with metal buckles and rings and chains to keep your slave in his place. Ankles attach to thighs for a good kneeling position and the accompanying belt has rings for chains. He'll love you for it!

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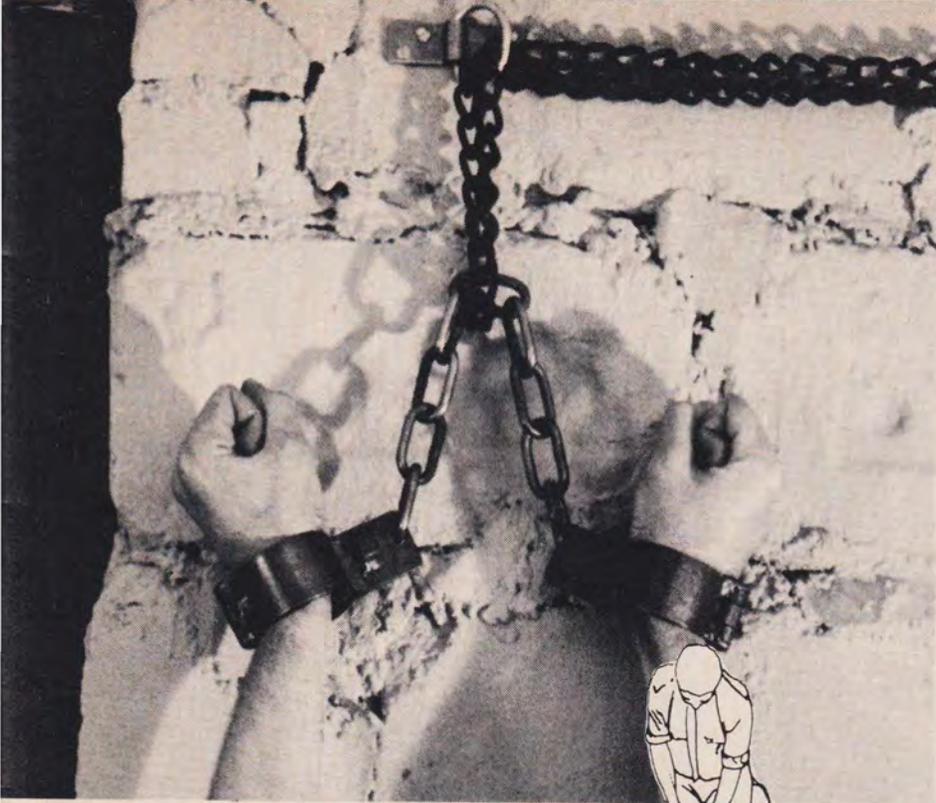
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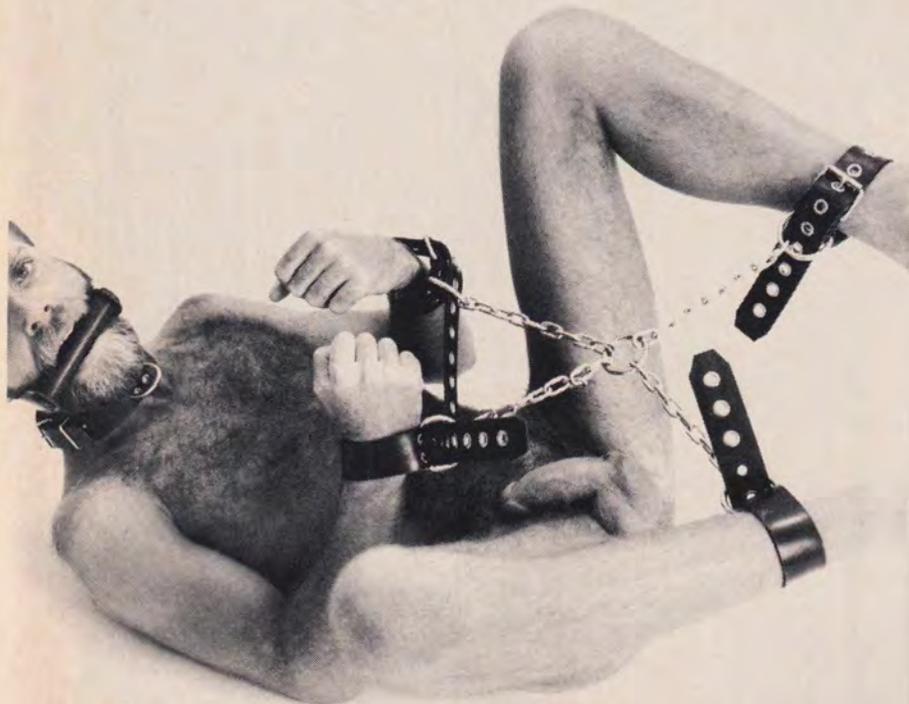
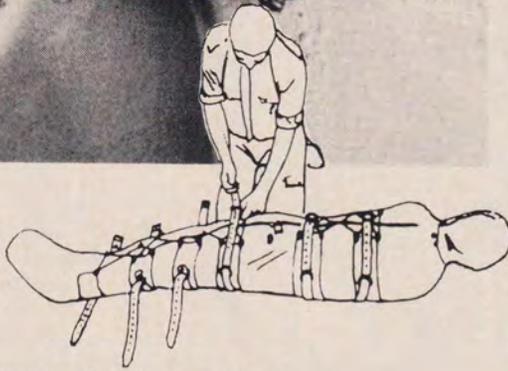
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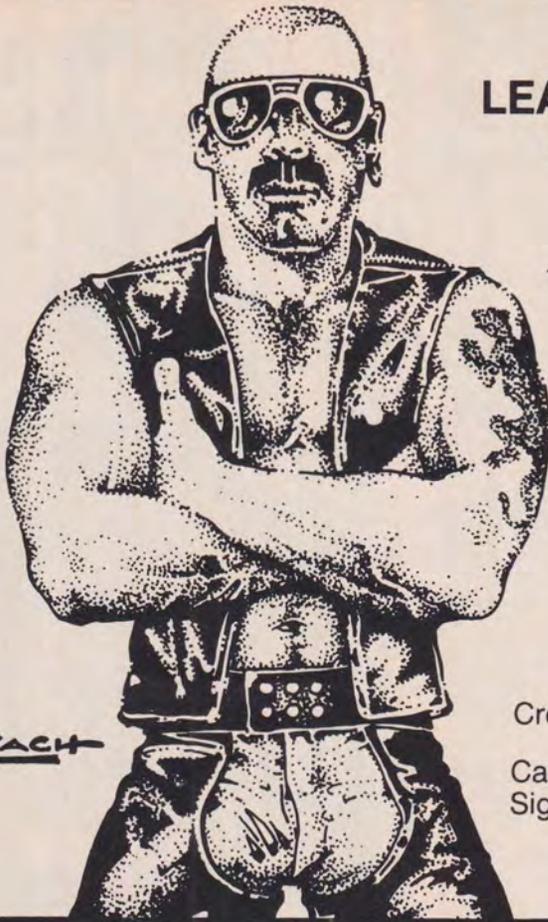


SHOW A LITTLE RESTRAINT

Fetters shows us (above) how to keep track of a slave. Steel wrist shackles, chain connected. Right is a unique bondage harness from *The Pleasure Chest*, Los Angeles. It takes a while to install but believe us, it is well worth the effort.



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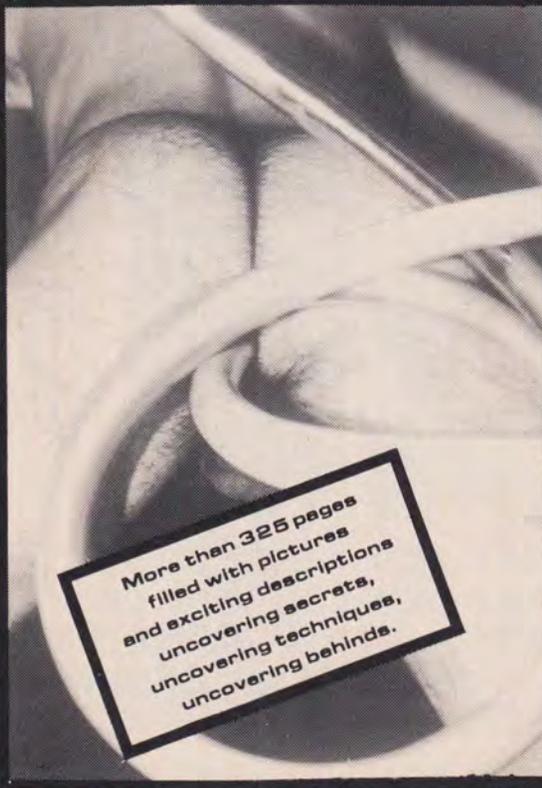
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nder is
t through the
eedy," came an announcen
y." "Well," said the young, dark art
ry, very well." I listened for signs of what they
ut heard no clue. Something was happening with the
ny ass. They weren't changing its fucking position, but they we
doing something to it. I didn't move. I didn't risk making a sound. I wa
terrified. Suddenly someone said, "Okay, let'er go." That's all I heard.
Then there was silence. For a few seconds I didn't know what was going
on. I didn't feel anything happen, but then, taken by complete surprise, I
was able to identify the torture. They were giving me an enema! Jesus
Christ. I thought, an ENEMA! The second thing I thought was that I wasn't
going to be able to hold it. I felt the water gush into me. It was hot. I
wanted to yell, but didn't. No one in the ambulance was saying a word.
Suddenly, as suddenly as the water started, it stopped. Still not a word.
Nor a sound except that of the siren, still blaring through the streets. I felt
a strange fullness in my ass—like getting fucked. I was about to enjoy the
though it felt good—like getting fucked. I was about to enjoy the
have it forestalled with more water. The pleasant
ing quickly to torture again. Then, just as I
eam, it stopped. It still hurt, but, at least, it
my attendant. Again, the water
pulling my hair.
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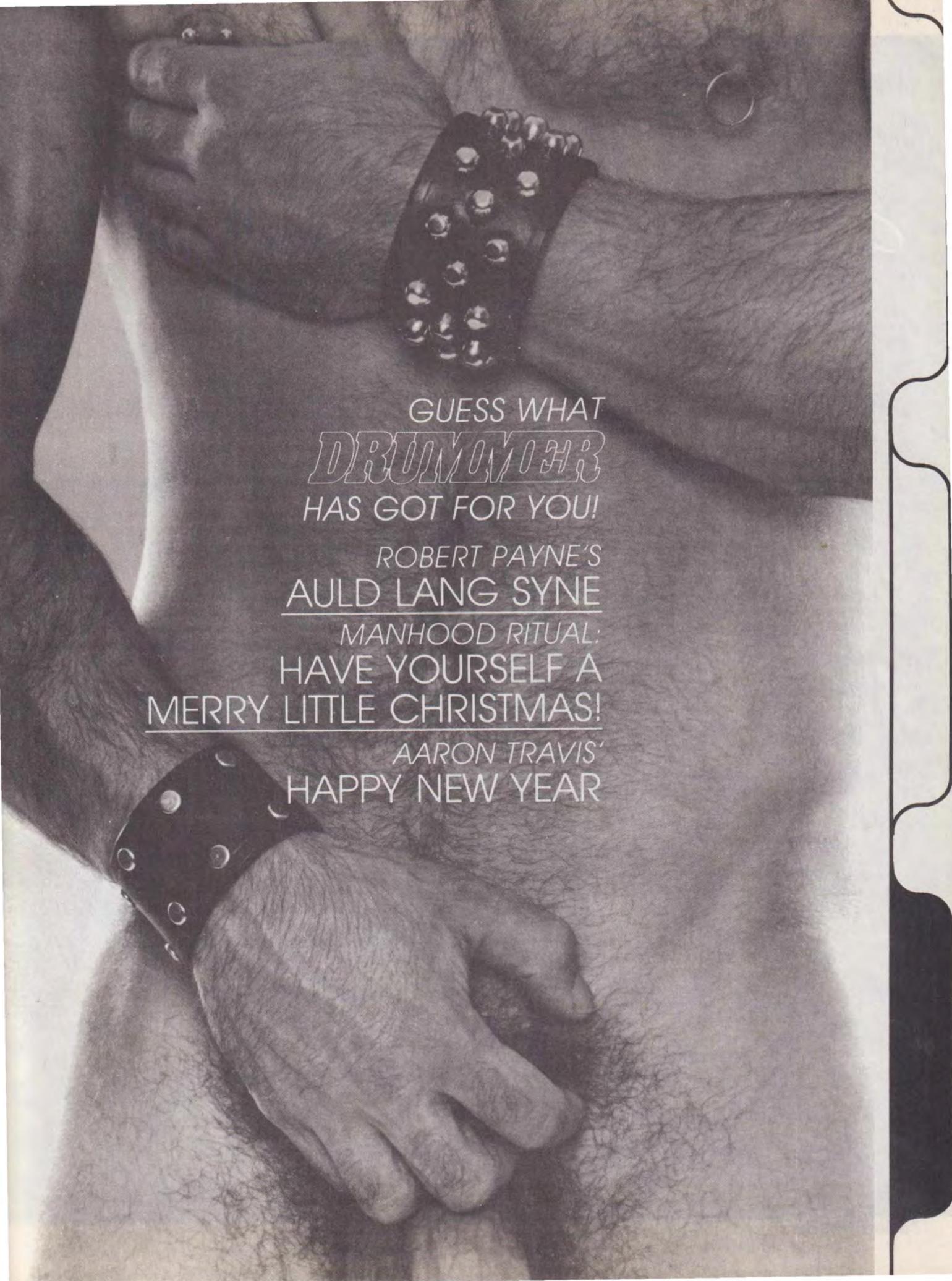
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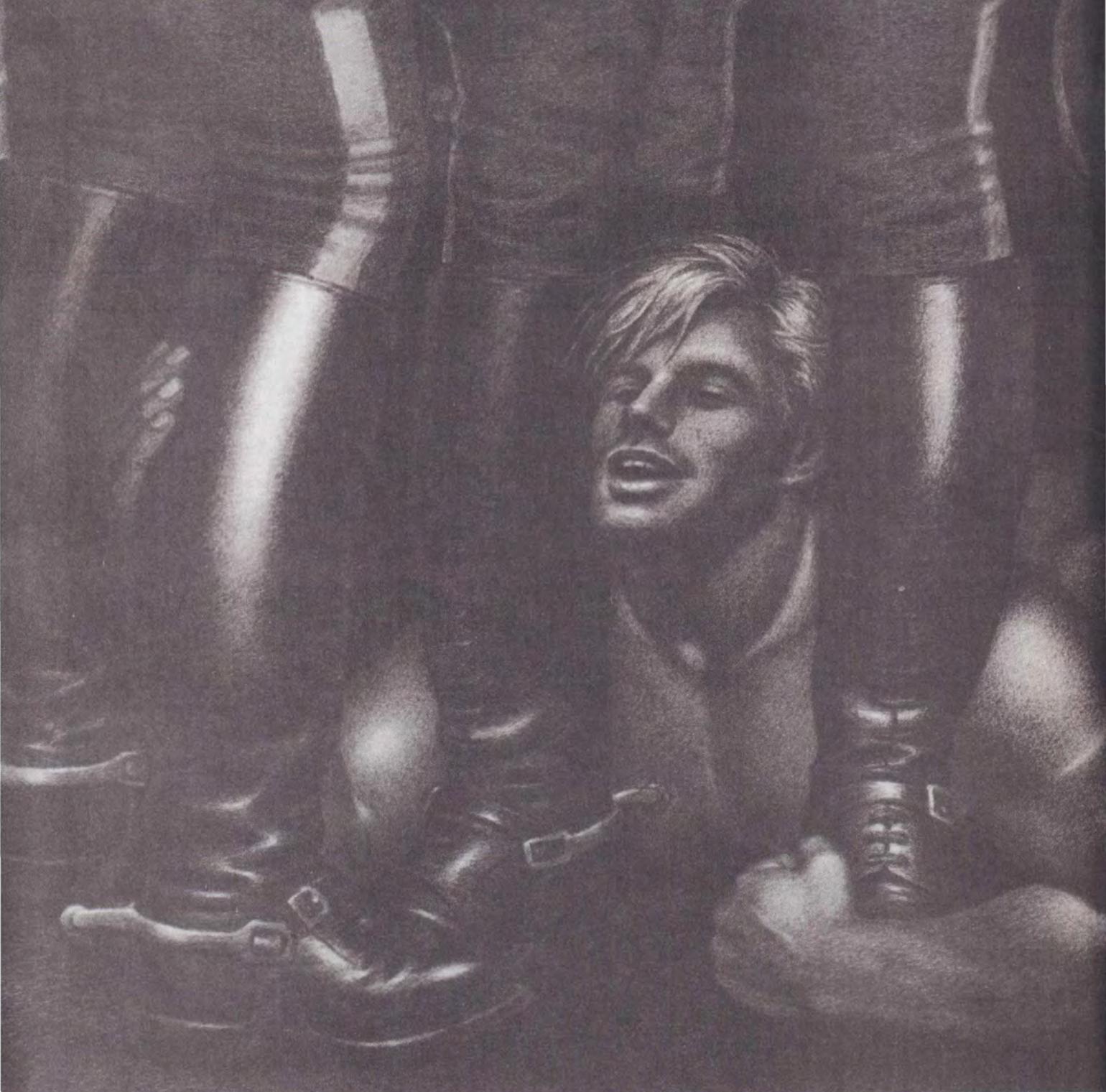
GUESS WHAT
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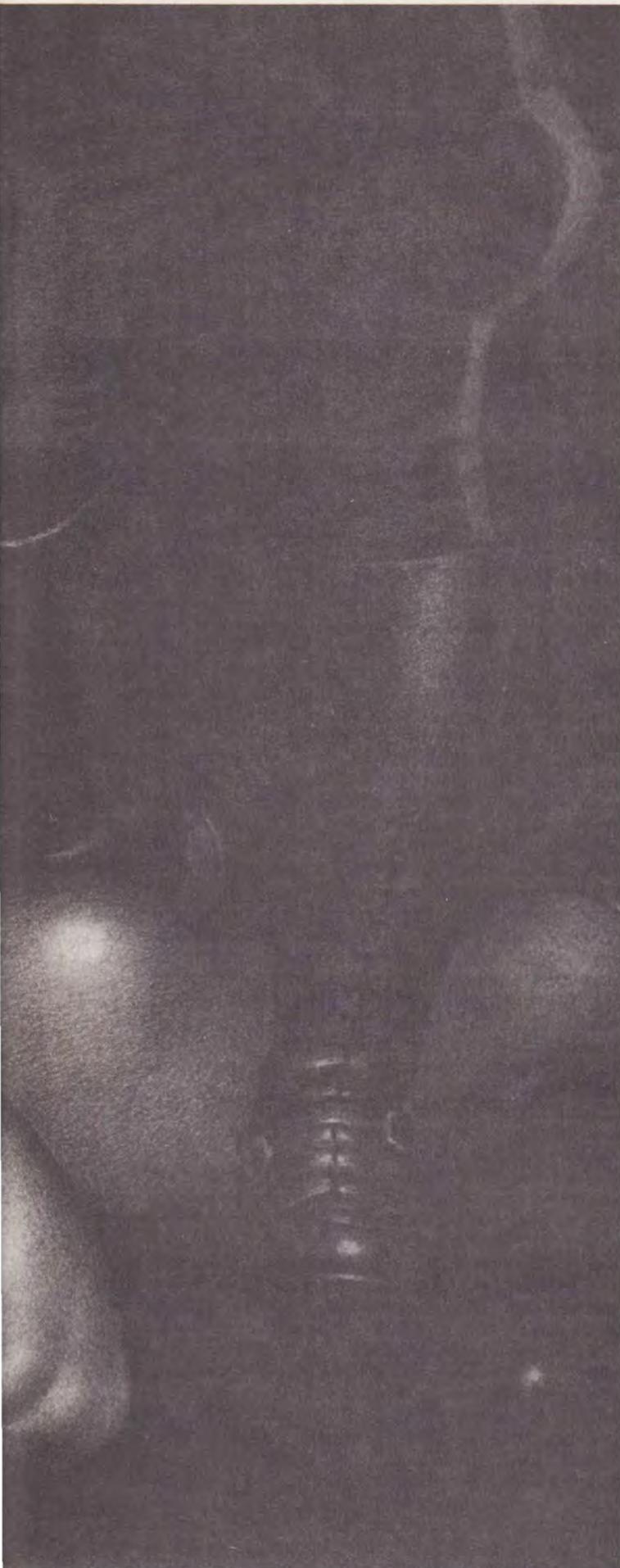
ROBERT PAYNE'S
AULD LANG SYNE

MANHOOD RITUAL:
HAVE YOURSELF A
MERRY LITTLE CHRISTMAS!

AARON TRAVIS'
HAPPY NEW YEAR

*Have Yourself a
Merry little Christmas*





Not the least interesting thing about this story is that it is true. Jake celebrated his birthday in just this fashion which certainly made it a night to remember. Jake is a beautiful young man of our acquaintance who is further pursuing his training. Some of the names and places have been changed to protect the guilty.

I was a Christmas baby, which fucks up a guy's birthday like you wouldn't believe. I have always spent Christmas at home—you know the scene. Relatives, presents, big Christmas dinner, the tree, singing carols, sometimes even going to church on Christmas Eve. But this year I was a thousand or more miles from home, and to make matters enough to break your heart, it was my twenty-first birthday. What ended up making it the best one I can remember, I had very little to do with.

It all started about a month before. I had walked into this leather bar in Portland, which is where I met Robert. He was a bartender unlike any I had ever seen before. Wearing an upper-body harness and bare-ass chaps with a military cap, Robert had enough attitude for a half dozen bartenders. Watching him at work was an experience and, at the end of one evening of Budweiser and Schnapps, I ended up signing my life away for one of his infamous private six-week training courses that several guys warned me about. How all that came about is a complicated story and you don't really care. All that is important is that Robert convinced me I needed training in obedience along with plain old boot camp discipline. It was his hobby. At that point I became his hobby.

For that night when the bar closed, I went home with him, direct to his basic black SM bedroom. It was done World War II Army style, not that Robert was of that vintage but his furnishings were. In the middle of this army surplus bonanza, my training began. From that moment on we proceeded down perfection's route for four agonizing weeks. That whole month I couldn't call my soul my own. Or my ass. Or my balls. Or even one hair on my body. This was the setting for the particular Christmas Eve at hand, aka my birthday.

You might call it a surprise party, although after a month of Robert's training, nothing would surprise me. I had been shaved, humiliated, whipped, pissed on and abused daily. That's right, I had to move in with him and serve him when he wasn't using me to amuse himself. At work he would keep me standing by the bar, collared, with my hands behind my back. If he was in a good mood, occasionally I was allowed to play pool to kill time until he would attach the leash to my collar and take me home. Usually I was stripped to the waist or wore a T-shirt with "In Training" across the chest. When he tired of that training at night, I went through the ritual of polishing his boots, removing them and licking his feet. Then I would be allowed to lie on my pad beside the bed, sleeping lightly to be available at any time during the night.

It had been particularly rough and late the night before, and I was allowed to sleep it off that afternoon. When I awoke I found a set of military fatigues laid out for me with a note attached: "Put these on and come down to the bar."



I showered and, naturally, did as I was told as fast as possible. I took a look in the mirror. The fatigues were tight and, other than my new burr-head haircut, I didn't look at all bad. My cock and balls made a nice bulge, not an easy task in fatigues. The phone rang and I knew it had to be Robert. So I ran out the door knowing I would pay dearly for being late. In fact I ran all the way to the bar and arrived breathless.

It seemed more than a little strange that all my friends were also there but I put it down to simply the fact that it was Christmas Eve. I had assumed the fatigues were a present from Robert for either my birthday or for Christmas and that was that. But things got stranger. Everyone kept buying me drinks. Instead of standing in a corner, my hands behind my back, with everyone too afraid of Robert to talk to me, I was suddenly the center of attention. It certainly was not your average Sunday evening crowd. It began to be a little clearer, I thought, when Robert announced that there was to be a beer bust in my honor. He even pronounced that the beer was free and I really knew something had to be very different somewhere.

The announcement continued: For every pitcher of beer drawn, the Birthday Boy (me) would get five "good ones." A couple of the guys grabbed me and pushed me into the storeroom. Robert boomed through the door, "Strip down boy." That's what the man said and I took off my new fatigues, unlacing my boots and stood there in my birthday suit, waiting. The door opened slightly and someone threw in a jockstrap from the official collection on the wall behind the bar. Robert was always checking customers out as to whether or not they were wearing undershorts. If they were, they got them ripped off. If he found a jockstrap on them, he somehow seemed to get it away from them for his collection. Robert had a thing about jockstraps, among other things.

I put the jock on, awaiting the next directive. The door opened and I stepped out, the almost-naked center of attention. I was handcuffed and bent over the bar where Robert's best friend solemnly took an oversized black leather paddle and gave me my first five. Leather on bare flesh makes a frightening noise. I thanked him five times and continued being embarrassed as hell with my bare ass hanging over the bar. But what embarrassed me even more was the hard-on I was beginning to get. The tears in my eyes were not so much from the heartwarming sentiment flowing around the room but from the fact that my ass was stinging. It hurt, dammit.

They marched me over to a post near the edge of the room and fastened the handcuffs above my head. This turned out to be my position of honor for most of the honor-filled evening.

Did you ever try to get your friends to not drink free beer? I don't know about *your* friends, but mine seemed hellbent on consuming pitcher after pitcher and I got five "good ones" every few minutes. Some were more "good" than others, depending on who administered them. But each got a "Thank you, Sir." I was even allowed to drink a little beer but not through choice, since I had no desire to help drain any more pitchers than absolutely necessary.

And when beer starts going through you, what do you do with it when you are fastened to a post? I made the mistake of mentioning this fact, albeit humbly, to one of my buddies. "Please, I have to pee," I said naively. He told Robert, who was busy filling pitchers at the bar.

"Let him pee in his pants," said Robert in his sweetly concerned way.

I guess he was told that I didn't have any pants to pee in. So he handed my buddy an empty pitcher which was placed beneath my very full jock. I discovered there is a certain level of embarrassment that, when you reach it, there isn't much more room for any more. If you get my meaning. I pissed through my jock, and I guess you know what the sons of bitches did next. They made me drink it. At least it was warm, which I wasn't very at this point—other than my ass, which was glowing.

So it was fun and frolic for most of the night. Everybody was helping the kid celebrate his birthday. Then came time to close up the bar and Robert poured a pitcher of fresh cold beer over my head while my boozy chums sang yet another chorus of "Happy Birthday." I got five "really good ones" for the aforementioned pitcher and I was touched. I was cold. My legs were trembling but, nonetheless, I felt special. Comaraderie can be expressed in many different ways. Ask someone who has survived a football squad initiation. But the tears in my eyes were a little different this time as Robert followed the beer with a bottle of champagne (which I fully expected him to break over my head). However, he simply shook it up and sprayed my bare bod. The tears were very real. Did you ever have champagne in your eyes?

And then, to go with the champagne, came the real icing on the cake. Robert came out from the storeroom proudly bearing a huge round tray (probably stolen from the pizza parlor down the street) on which were twenty-one candles. No cake, no icing, just twenty-one candles. I was treated to the festive honor of a multicolored hot wax job. There wasn't a dry eye in the house, especially mine. I howled and begged and squirmed, even offering to decline the honor.

Standing in the center of all this attention, dripping wet, shivering in spite of being covered with hot wax, what more could anyone ask? What more could my dearest friends in the world do to me or for me? I soon found out.

The big present for my twenty-first birthday and my reward for the month of almost completed training was yet to come. For that matter, so was I. My cock and balls had expanded and contracted so many times that evening that I wondered if they were still there under the soaked jockstrap.

Robert almost gently took me down from the post and half carried me to the pool table under the bright light. Not daring to move, I lay spread out as he walked away. A very good friend of mine came over and gave me some quiet advice.

"What's coming next is the worst part. It's very intense and if you can close your mind to it, you're better off." Comforting. "Open your mouth."

He laid a tab of acid on my tongue.

Out came Robert from behind the bar carrying a black medical bag. Instantly there was pure and unadulterated panic on my part. What the fuck was he going to do, castrate me? "Don't look," he suggested.

Everyone gathered around and I mentally thanked the gods for the acid, which hadn't started to work yet. Robert started working on my tits, squeezing them, pulling them, pinching them and finally attaching some nasty little jagged-tooth clamps on them. If there was such a thing as a dentist for tits, Robert qualified for the job.



Have Yourself a Merry little Christmas



I knew. He was going to ring me like he had been threatening since a month ago. And my tits were on fire, but I knew the real pain hadn't really started as yet.

"Please, Sir," I said in my most pathetic voice.

I got my face slapped and was told to stick out my tits. I did automatically and got a wet needle through the right one. I could smell the alcohol. There was a flash of light; the acid was starting to take effect. Or maybe it was the pain. When I became aware again, I had a ring through my nipple, and Robert was wiping the area with more alcohol.

He held me in his arms and said, "Happy Birthday, boy."

I was still pretty shaky and someone handed me a cold beer. They all took turns inspecting my jewelry and Robert was beaming like a new father, proud as hell with himself and, I hoped, with me.

Then do you know what the sonofabitch did?

He made me stand up on the pool table and began selling chances on my ass for the night. I had envisioned his taking me home, letting me lie beside him in bed and hold me, telling me how wonderful I had been. And how brave. And how obedient. Instead he was selling my beautiful, if abused, little bod.

"Your training is over, kid. We're gonna see how well you learned." He pulled the soggy jockstrap down to my ankles and I stepped out of it. He put one of my boots on the pool table in front of me and the line came by to drop their bucks into it. As they did so, he handed each one a slip to put their name on and told them to drop it into my other boot. I was going to be the door prize at my own birthday party. Little did I know this might be the best present of all. Little did Robert know either.

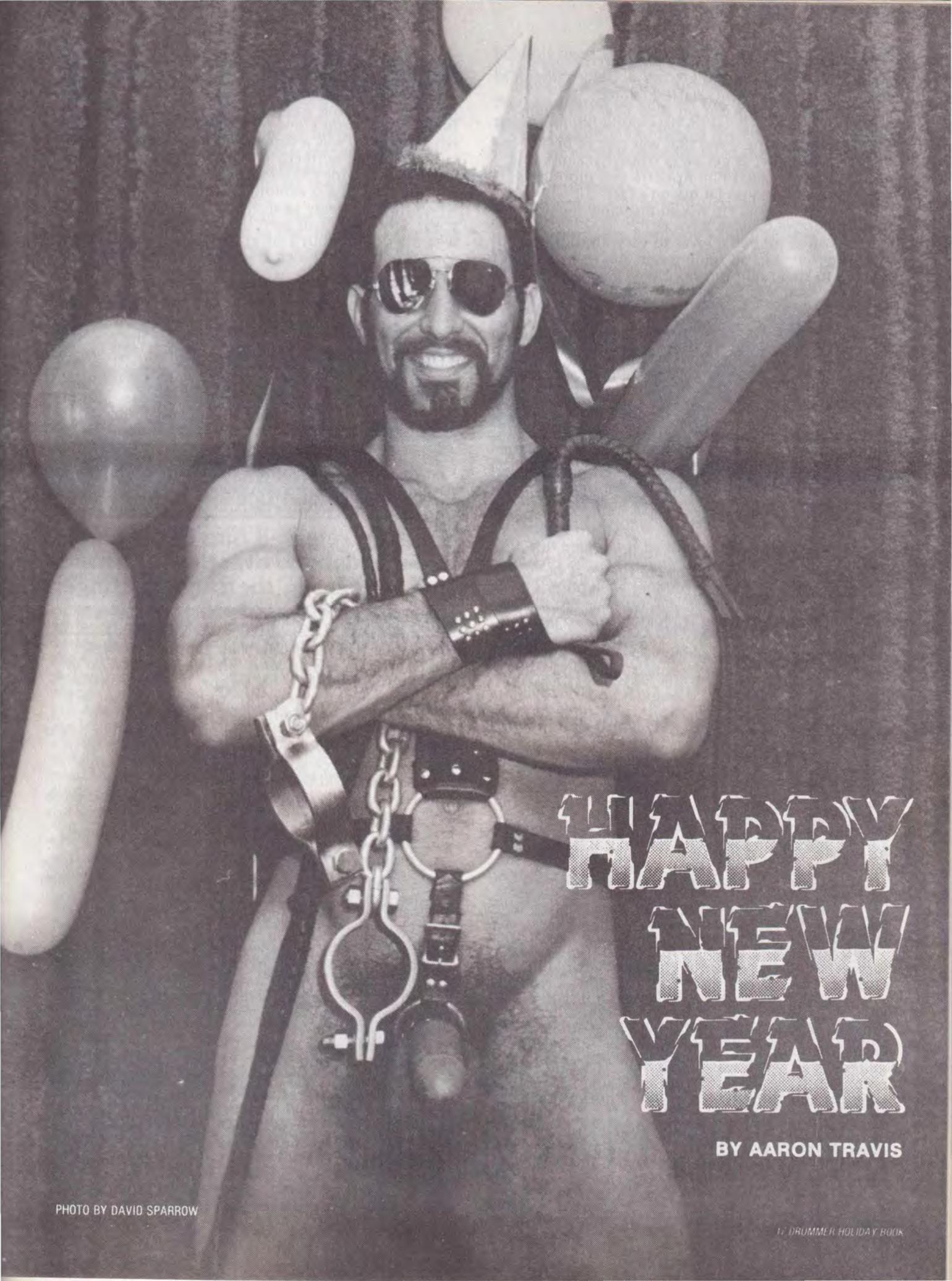
Robert made a production of drawing the name and big, blond Gary stepped up to claim his prize. Robert handed him my clothes and the lead to my leash. I followed my new owner through the patting, slapping, pinching, pissing crowd. It was such fun for them that they brought me back to make me pass through them again, this time on my hands and knees. I really got my ass warmed up good and proper. Finally I made it out the door to the boots of my owner-for-the-night and I licked them gratefully.

He told me to get on his Kawasaki. I was still wet, cold, my tit felt like it was going to fall off, and my ass was raw as I held my bare feet and legs away from the pipes and the ground and he started up the bike with a roar.

There is nothing quite like roaring away from your birthday party through a town a thousand miles from home, stoned, buck-naked, as the possession of the man whom your arms are wrapped around, holding on for dear life. With your prick harder than it has been all night.

Robert, the bastard, used the proceeds from the raffle to pay for the fucking beer and candles and ended up selling me. But I can't be too unhappy about it. Maybe he really did know what he was doing. Even without the very memorable party at the bar, I can never forget the rest of my twenty-first birthday. Christmas night had barely begun.

But that is another story. □



HAPPY NEW YEAR

BY AARON TRAVIS

PHOTO BY DAVID SPARROW

12 DRUMMER HOLIDAY BOOK

Bob Welty arrived at the Cabana disco around ten o'clock. Plenty of time to get drunk before midnight arrived and the balloons started falling.

It was rotten going out on New Year's Eve alone. But it was either that, or go with John and Peter and the rest of the gang—and that was one of Bob's New Year's resolutions, to get away from that simpering group. If Peter called him Roberta one more time, he was going to slap that fat queen's face.

So he went alone. He would probably meet up with the gang at the Cabana anyway.

Bob wished he had a lover to go with, but he had given up long ago on finding one. No man seemed to be able to stand him for more than two weeks. He knew the fault was his. His self-image was terrible, he was bitchy, and he looked awful. He had talked about it with his straight roommate Eileen. "For God's sake, Bob," she would, say, putting on her running shoes, "if you feel that unattractive, do something about it. Take est. Get into running. Work out, go on a diet. And get rid of those flowery disco clothes. Macho is in." The last sentence would be swallowed by a huff as Eileen started her side-bends. Then she would put on her reflector sunglasses and go out for a two-mile run.

Bob had never swallowed all that self-improvement shit. *You are what you are*, he told himself. Men with great bodies and good looks were born that way. *You are what you are, and I am a doughy, pale, unstylish, unhip, unattractive zero.*

He supposed he could have found a lover by now, somebody as neurotic and out of things as he was, and they could be busy shredding each other's egos. But that wasn't the kind of man Bob wanted for a lover, or even for a trick. He had gotten so picky, holding out for things way beyond his class, that his sex life had almost completely dried up. He wanted the kind of guy in demand—muscular, self-assured, steamy. The kind of man who entered a room and turned heads.

But studs like that weren't seen with guys like Bob. They were seen with other studs.

Secretly, Bob wanted more than a stud. He wanted a *dominating* stud. A guy with strong shoulders, a big fat cock, and a mean streak. Shit, Bob would do anything for a man like that—crawl for him, beg him, lick his feet, let the man use him any way he wanted. But men like Bob dreamed of wouldn't give a damn if he crawled. They'd just step over him and find themselves a hunk who liked to crawl.

The Cabana was about half-packed when he got there. The dance floor was already crowded, but the aisles on either side of the small balcony upstairs were almost empty.

Bob got himself a drink. He gave in to his weakness for sweet, creamy drinks and ordered a Golden Cadillac. The calories were depressing. As a New Year's resolution, he decided he was going to cut back somewhere.

He felt bloated and self-conscious suddenly, and wished he hadn't worn the tight white pants and his glitter T-shirt. Who was he kidding? The clothes just emphasized the rolls of fat on his stomach and ass. He went upstairs to the balcony where he wouldn't feel so obvious.

No one else was there. Bob relaxed and looked down at the crowd. The balcony had a perfect view of the whole bar. Jesus, the place was full of attractive men. Where the hell did they all come from? It didn't matter; Bob knew where they were headed. They'd all be going home with each other.

His eyes fell on a pretty blond boy standing by the dance floor, letting the whirling lights flash over him and swaying to the beat. Bob had never met him, but he knew his name was Joey. The kid was a regular at the bar, everyone knew his name. Joey looked about twenty and he was a dancer or gymnast or something. He had a lean, perfectly chiseled body, and he loved to show it off. Joey liked to dance up on the stage with the rest of the exhibitionists, stripping down when he got sweaty to show off his gleaming, hairless chest. Once Bob had seen him up on the stage wearing nothing but a silver jockstrap and doing somersaults while his cute young friends screamed with appreciation.

Tonight Joey seemed to be alone. He was wearing skin-tight jeans and a white T-shirt. Bob figured the shirt would be coming off soon enough, giving everybody in the place a chance to ogle the boy's muscled chest and back. *The kid's a trashy whore*, Bob told himself. *Not that I'd kick him out of bed...*

Bob ran his eyes over the rest of the crowd. Everybody in the place looked good enough to eat. Then he saw a man standing off the dance floor. One of his dream men.

The man stood above the crowd—he was tall, six-two at least. His face was flawless. Short brown hair parted on the side, smooth cheekbones and a square, clean-shaven jaw. In his early thirties, almost

The stud released one of his nipples and ran his hand over the boy's naked side and back, then slid his fingers into the boy's pants to feel his ass.

too tanned and handsome, like a model. He was wearing a flannel shirt with the sleeves rolled up in tight bands around his big biceps, the front unbuttoned to reveal the definition of his plated stomach and the dense thatch of brown hair between his pecs. He was wearing blue jeans, tight around his big thighs and hard round ass. And unless it was some kind of illusion of distance and light, the man had a *huge* basket. Bob could tell that from fifty feet away.

The man's face, beautiful as it was, had a cold edge to it. There was something selfish and cruel in his lips and eyes. The kind of man Bob would do anything for...

Bob shook his head and finished his drink. The man made him feel dumpy and depressed. He tried to turn his attention to the crowd on the dance floor. There were a lot of interesting costumes—a couple of guys dressed as 1985, wearing nothing but diapers, a few wild drag get-ups, more women than usual.

But his eyes kept darting back to the big man. Bob tried looking at Joey for a while—somehow the kid was not as threatening. Then he looked back at the man. Then he realized that the two of them were cruising each other.

That figures, Bob thought.

Suddenly the stud took his eyes off Joey and looked up at the balcony. He stared. There was no one to see on the balcony except Bob. The man headed for the stairs. As he ascended, Bob's heart started thumping.

He smiled at the man as he took the last step. The man frowned back and walked past him to stand at the rail and look down at the dance floor. Bob looked down too, his heart beating fast and his mouth dry at being so close to the man, and saw that the kid Joey was looking up now, with a serious expression on his

innocent face. Joey seemed to hesitate, then he walked through the crowd of dancers and headed up the steps, glancing up at the man who stared coldly back.

Joey stopped at the head of the stairs. He looked at Bob for an instant, merely noting his presence, then looked at the man. The stud was leaning against the rail, one hand idly squeezing his basket. Joey approached him slowly. Bob saw the boy's adam's apple bob as he swallowed.

Joey walked up to the man. The two of them stared at each other. Bob moved to the shadows at the back of the landing where he had a good view of them both in profile.

The man took his eyes off the kid, teasing him, and glanced down at the dance floor. Joey took the opportunity to stare at the man's chest and stomach, then down at the big lump at his crotch, and the man's fingers gently kneading it. The man looked back at Joey, caught him with his eyes on his basket, and smirked. He reached out and took one of Joey's nipples between his forefinger and thumb and squeezed it through the T-shirt.

Joey's whole body seemed to ripple in response. He parted his lips and closed his eyes. The man's mouth stiffened into a grim smile. He took one of Joey's hands and placed it on his basket.

Joey's mouth opened in a moan—Bob could not hear it for the pounding music—and he opened his eyes to gaze up at the man's face. The stud's cock was getting hard now. The bulge between his legs was enormous. Joey put both hands on it. There was a look of awe on his face.

The man let go of his nipple and reached down to pull the shirt out of Joey's jeans. The blond kid stiffened for a moment and looked over at Bob, suddenly remembering there was a third person on the balcony. The man took Joey's chin in his hand and jerked his face back, then went on as if they were alone.

He rolled the tight T-shirt up over Joey's stomach and chest, until his nipples showed. He looked down curiously at the boy's smooth sculptured stomach and ran his fingertips over the firm symmetrical squares of muscle. Then he took both nipples between his fingers and tugged.

He was hurting the boy. Bob could tell by the way the blond kid sucked in his breath and tightened his chest. But the whole time Joey looked up reverently at the man and kept his hands on the man's big basket.

The stud released one of his nipples and ran his hand over the boy's naked side and back, then slid his fingers into the boy's pants to feel his ass. Joey tilted his ass out to give the man easier access, and pushed his chest forward, encouraging him to pull on his nipple, and held on to the big bulge in the man's jeans.

The man reached deeper into the boy's pants; Joey suddenly stiffened. Bob knew what had happened—the man had shoved a finger up the kid's ass!

The man looked down, grim satisfaction on his face. His eyes were like cat's eyes, cold and shrewd. Joey looked up at him. His face had gone slack, mouth open, eyes narrow.

The man held the boy on his finger, forcing him to rotate his hips. Then he pulled his hand out of Joey's pants. He made a fist with his middle finger extended, and raised the slick finger to Joey's mouth. Joey frowned and turned his face away, wary eyes on the finger. The man grabbed the back of his neck and

held his head stiff. He smiled as he ran the finger over Joey's lips, then pushed it inside the boy's mouth.

Joey's face flushed—the man pinched his nipple—then he started sucking on the finger in his mouth, gazing up hungrily at the stud's smirking face.

Simultaneously the two of them looked over at Bob. Joey kept nursing shamelessly at the finger. His eyes were glazed, as if he were drugged. The man's face had no expression.

It was too much. Bob hurried off the balcony and went for another drink. He regretted wearing the tight white pants again. Everyone would be able to see his hard-on.

He ordered a double bourbon and soda and tried to put the two of them out of his mind. But how could he? The man had blown his mind, the way he acted so cool and stuck-up, as if he were doing Joey a big favor by squeezing his tits and letting him grope his basket. And Joey—what a whore, letting the man handle him that way, sucking on his finger after it had been up his ass. And all in front of other people. Not just Bob—anyone in the bar could have looked up and seen what was going on.

The crowd was getting thicker. Everybody seemed high as a kite. Bob didn't feel high, just sluggish and a little drunk. New Year's Eve stunk.

He fought the urge to walk the aisle that ran along the dance floor opposite the balcony. If he saw the two men again he would just get more frustrated. But he crossed the bar. When he looked up and saw them both still going at it by the balcony railing, he knew he would keep watching them as long as he could.

Joe had his shirt off now. It was hanging from the back of his pants on the right side. He was bent over against the wall with his rear end stuck out, as if he was ready to have his jeans pulled down and get whipped or fucked.

The man stood behind Joey. He pulled a switch-blade from his pocket and snapped it open. Bob gasped. The long tapered blade flashed brightly in the whirling lights from the ceiling.

The music changed, and strobe light filled the bar. The flashing white light stabbed Bob's eyes. He put a hand over his brow and squinted up at the balcony.

As the lights flashed on and off, the man ran his thumb over the blade. Then he lowered it and pressed the point into the seat of Joey's pants, as if he were going to jab the sharp point through the denim and stab Joey up the ass. Bob held his breath. Someone in the milling crowd bumped him, sloshed his drink. Bob kept his eyes on the balcony.

Instead of stabbing, the man pricked with the knife, cutting the threads that held the seam together, making an opening in the back of Joey's pants. The man pulled the knife back and said something. Joey stood up and turned around. The man shoved him against the wall. The flickering light showed fear mixing with the lust on Joey's face.

The man grabbed one of the boy's lean pecs and squeezed it so the nipple stood out. He touched the tip of the knife to the lower edge of the kid's nipple. Joey pressed his hands between his legs and threw his head back. The man flicked his wrist, flipping the knife-point up. Joey's mouth opened and his chest heaved, almost as if he were coming. Bob couldn't tell if the knife had brought blood. He looked up and down the aisle, across the dance floor to the bar. No one else seemed to be aware of what was happening above.

When Bob looked back, the man had moved his clutching hand to Joey's other pec. Again he pinched

the muscle and put the tip of the blade to the protruding nipple. Joey was looking down at his chest, then up at the man, shocked and excited. The man's face was cat-like again. Impersonal but mean, playing with the blond kid like a toy.

The blade flicked again, gleaming silver under the strobe light. Bob could swear he saw dark wetness on the tip.

Suddenly the music changed. Something new and wild. The crowd on the dance floor screamed, and fog began to pour from the ceiling. The wispy blanket fell, swallowing the balcony. Joey and the sadist disappeared.

Bob panicked. Anything might be happening up there. He shoved into the crowd and headed for the stairs. Someone knocked the glass from his hand, he heard it hit the floor and shatter. "Watch it, creep!" an angry man in a silver domino slurred. Bob pushed on and bounded up the steps. Wisps of fog swirled around him. The colored lights danced over his head in solid beams.

The balcony was empty.

He steadied himself. As he caught his breath—running up the stairs had winded him—he turned angry. Those two were fucking his mind! It wasn't his business to look out for Joey. The kid had been hand-picked by the butchest stud in the bar. Maybe the man was getting rough with him, but Joey seemed to be licking it up. Fucking whore. If he wanted to get his pretty tits sliced, let him.

The fog was still thick. Bob could not see the dancers below, only the bars of red and blue light floating in the dense white mist. He felt alone and private, as if he were hidden in a cave.

He thought about the man, about his smirking handsome face, his knife, the huge thing hidden in his pants. He had let Joey touch it. One feel of that cock and the boy had been hooked, ready to follow the man's lead like a dog on a leash. *It must be enormous*, Bob thought. What was it like to go down on a cock like that? What was it like to have a cock like that between your legs?

The stud was going to fuck the blond kid's pretty face with it, stick it up his hard round ass. Joey wanted it bad. No telling what the man would put him through before he let him have it. Belt him, make him beg. The man would use his cock the way he used his shiny knife. To intimidate the boy, threaten him, hurt him. *Shit*, those two were hot. Bob would have given anything to see them both naked and sweaty, the big stud ploughing Joey with his huge shaft and making him grunt.

Bob squeezed the hard-on inside his pants. He peered down at his flabby chest and pinched one of his fleshy pecs until the nipple pressed against the cloth of his shirt. He imagined the man digging his fingernails into it and twisting, pressing his knife, sharp as a needle, against the tender spot, letting Bob touch his big fat cock—pushing Bob to his knees and telling him to suck it, in front of everyone in the bar...

Something flashed in the corner of his eye. Other people had arrived on the balcony. Bob's face turned hot, wondering how much they had seen. He hurried down the steps, almost tripping.

He elbowed his way to the bar and ordered another double. He glimpsed John and Peter in the field of faces, but he avoided them. He wanted to be alone. He wanted to find Joey and the man again.

The Cabana was full. It was eleven o'clock and the place was packed with partiers waiting for midnight,

when the balloons would drop, the DJ would play a disco *Auld Lang Syne*, and the champagne corks would start popping. Bob made the circuit of the bar over and over, avoiding Peter and John, but he couldn't find Joey and his stud anywhere. Perhaps they'd already left.

A half-hour before midnight he found an empty spot against a wall facing the dance floor. He watched the milling crowd, the sweaty, barechested dancers, the wild lights. He glanced to his right—

They were standing right beside him.

The man was leaning against the wall. His shirt was off. His chest and arms, darkly tanned, ran with sweat.

Joey was in front of the man, leaning back against him with his ass pressed into the man's crotch. His hand reached back to grab the man's hips, thrusting his naked chest out. A thin trickle of dried blood ran down his rib cage from each nipple.

The boy's face was beaded with sweat. He kept biting his lower lip, as if he were in pain. The man was speaking low in his ear. Joey ground his ass back against the man's lap, and moaned. Bob suddenly remembered the hole the man had cut in the seat of Joey's pants, and realized what was happening.

The discarded shirts hanging from their pants on either side hid the connection. The man was fucking Joey, right there in the bar!

The man was holding a drink in one hand—it was clear, something with gin or vodka. He worked his other hand over the kid's hairless chest, squeezing his tits, reaching down and running his fingernails over the obvious ridge of the erection down the boy's pants leg. He kept his hips stockstill, and made Joey milk the shaft with his ass.

The boy looked obscene. The men in the line streaming before them would stop and stare at him, at his bloodied nipples and lewdly gyrating hips, and at the stonefaced man behind him, before the crush forced them to move on.

Joey got embarrassed. He flushed, and hid his face against his shoulder. But the man grabbed his neck in a vice grip and forced him to face the gawking men passing by.

He touched the cold glass to the boy's nipples, making his pecs tighten and his tits draw erect. He relaxed his grip, dipped his middle finger in the alcohol, and touched his fingertip to Joey's nipples. Joey hissed at the stinging contact and dug his hands into the man's hips. The man chuckled.

Bob stared at them wide-eyed. After a few minutes the man turned his head and saw him gaping. The man sneered. Then, as if to say *That's right, cocksucker, I got my cock up the kid's ass*, he put his hands on Joey's hips and pushed him forward. Joey resisted, not wanting the penetration to be seen. Bob could hear his strangled "No!" above the booming disco beat. The kid strained to push back, but the man's arms were stronger.

Bob stared down at the four inches of exposed cock. It was thick as his forearm, slick and dark, emerging from the man's fly and disappearing into the hole in Joey's pants.

The man looked at Bob and curled his upper lip.

The kid kept straining back to reclaim the exposed inches. The stud pulled his hands away, and Joey sank back into his crotch. The complete penetration seemed to hurt him—he trembled and bent forward at the waist. The man reached down and pulled him upright. Joey's eyes were closed. Tears mingled with the sweat on his cheeks.

The man whispered gruffly in his ear, and Joey

reluctantly began squeezing and twisting his ass again. The man dropped his head back and smiled with pleasure.

Bob felt a hand on his arm and jerked.

"Well, Roberta, where the hell have you been?" It was Peter, staring at him through thick glasses and bouncing his blubber to the beat. Bob glared at him, wanting him to go away. But Peter started chattering in his lispy singsong voice. *Not in front of this man*, Bob thought. *Don't humiliate me*. He grabbed Peter's arm and dragged him away, onto the dance floor, hoping to get rid of him somehow and get back to the man quickly.

Peter threw his fat arms around his neck. "Ooo, so you wanna dance, tiger?" Bob tried to throw the arms off him—what if the man saw him like that? Then there was a burst of confetti, balloons, *Auld Lang Syne*. Peter shrieked with excitement and started covering his face with wet kisses. Bob glanced frantically toward the wall. He caught sight of the man's face—head thrown back, eyes shut, mouth open in a lion's roar. He was coming, shooting his fireworks up Joey's ass.

Bob managed to wrench himself from Peter's embrace. He tried to get back to the man, but the crowd was like a whirlpool. It swept him back towards the dance floor and away. When he was able to fight his way back, five minutes later, they were gone.

It was a lousy way to start the New Year—ducking his friends, ignoring the champagne and confetti, combing the packed bar in search of a man and boy who had no interest in him at all, desperate for the thrill of feeding off the electricity between them. If he had any self-esteem at all, he would find somebody to dance with, start having fun, and forget about those two oversexed assholes.

But Joey and the man were nowhere. Bob finally decided they must have left the bar. It made sense. They had stayed until midnight. The man had found a willing kid and celebrated the first minutes of the new year by shooting in his ass. Then they'd gone somewhere else, the man's place probably. They'd be doing it all night.

Bob accepted a glass of champagne from a wandering waiter in a leopard-skin jockstrap. He finished it quickly, and realized he had to piss badly. He hadn't hit the men's room all night—his cock had been hard so much of the time he hadn't been able to relieve himself.

There were lines three-deep at the urinals in the big men's room off the dance floor. He decided to try the room off the stage. It had only a single toilet in it, and a door that locked. It was usually reserved for the women who came to the Cabana, but it might be available.

As he approached the door of the toilet another man slipped ahead of him. The man opened the door and froze. He shut the door and turned around, face white as chalk. Bob stepped angrily out of his way. If the asshole was going to throw up, why didn't he do it in the bathroom?

Bob walked to the door and opened it. Joey and the man were inside.

He was allowed to see them only for a moment, but every detail burned in his mind like a brand.

Joey sat on the toilet. His shirt was still off, and his jeans were pushed down around his ankles so that he was virtually naked. His cock rose up stiff from the thatch of blond hair between his thighs, bigger than Bob would have expected. The boy had both hands on his meat, masturbating. His cock shone with a

bubbly coating of spit.

The man stood over Joey. His pants were down around his thighs. The tan line around his hips stood out starkly. His ass was as pale and smooth as cream.

The white light over the sink picked out every muscle in the man's torso. Huge shoulders and pecs seemed to levitate above a narrow waist.

His cock was held between Joey's widely circled lips. Joey's throat was rippling, swallowing. His chin and belly glistened with a wetness that wasn't sweat.

The man glanced contemptuously at Bob, as if he were a worm. He turned toward the door, dragging his cock out of Joey's mouth. The half-hard shaft was still pissing. The liquid shot across the side of the boy's face and splattered against the tile wall.

Bob saw the whole thing now, the whole fucking thing. Even half-hard it was enormous. Nine, ten inches? He couldn't judge. As thick as a baseball bat. The skin on the cock looked as sleek and tan as the rest of the man's body. Bob's mouth fell open. If only the man would let him—

"You seem to be following me and my kid around," the man smirked. Joey had turned his face away, embarrassed, but the boy's cock was still rock-hard in his hands. "Get the fuck out of here," the man snarled. He turned back to Joey, tilted his cock down like a heavy club and shot a jet of piss into the boy's crotch. Joey pumped his wet cock, wild with excitement.

"Get your mouth on it," the man said. The boy turned his face into the stream—piss splattered over his cheeks and chin, onto his chest—and caught the fat cockhead between his lips. He swallowed convulsively and pumped his cock.

The man looked at Bob angrily and crooked his finger. Bob walked to him, heart beating fast. The man grabbed one of his breasts and dug his strong fingers into the soft meat. It hurt like hell—but the man was touching him! Then the man grabbed his crotch and twisted, crushing Bob's balls. Bob screamed.

"You think I want a pig like you hanging around me? Now get your fat ass out of here and stay out!"

The man flung Bob from the room and slammed the door. Bob fell on his ass, scurried up and ran back to the door, wanting the man to touch him again, even if it was agony. But the door was locked. He looked around. People were laughing.

He hurriedly walked to the opposite side of the bar, keeping his eyes on the bathroom door. After a long time Joey and the man came out. The man pushed Joey through the crowd with his hand on the boy's ass—his middle finger unseen, inserted through the hole in the kid's pants. He marched the boy through the crowd, his finger up his ass. Joey's chest and face glistened with piss. His tight jeans were dotted with patches of wetness. His cock still looked stiff down his pants leg.

The man led Joey to the exit, then they disappeared.

Bob had an impulse to follow them, but he knew it was no good. He hung around the bar for another hour. A few guys asked him to dance. They were alright looking, but he couldn't get interested.

He drove home alone, so horny he pulled out his cock and pumped it on the freeway.

Eileen was still out partying. He stripped in the living room and touched the bruises the man had made on his pec. He squeezed his balls to remind himself of the way the man had grabbed him there. He beat off, and came three times before he was exhausted enough to sleep. □



auld lang syne

Here it is New Year's Eve, and I am standing out in the cold, waiting for something to happen, preferably something good.

Christmas always was bad enough, but then I never expect much from family holidays. We won't go into my family situation. They don't know where I am and, at this point, I don't know where they are. The important thing is that neither side really cares. Right now, all that seems important is that it is cold and starting to rain which may turn into snow. This old windbreaker isn't much help and my jeans are too thin to keep out even the wind.

Standing on this particular corner hasn't produced much in the way of offers. Most of the guys standing around this street trying to score are like me; they may talk money but what they really want is a warm meal and a place to stay. That's not much for letting some old guy get in your pants. I was out most of last night trying my best to score. I haven't eaten since morning and what sleep I got was on a bench at the bus station. Nobody bothers you there too much after about three or four in the morning. There aren't many cops around and it is too damned cold to be outside. Tonight I am too frozen and tired to turn anyone on or be very turned on myself.

How did I end up like this? At twenty-three, almost twenty-four, I'm out of the service, out of school and out of a job. I never was anything too great in school anyway, always interested mainly in sports, which probably accounts for my build. But I wasn't good enough that I would end up being a ballplayer, or so overwhelmingly handsome that I could be an actor, even if I could act. Out in California, where I was mustered out from the Marine Corps, I got by alright, standing on Santa Monica Boulevard with my shirt off and these same damn jeans hugging my ass. My god, was that only a couple of months ago? I got this chance to come to New York with a guy that dug me enough to pay the expenses. But he found someone younger and cuter who dug making it with guys more than I did, or at least with that guy.

So Happy New Year everybody, go away and leave me alone. Let me stand over here, bent over from the cold, leaning against the building feeling sorry for myself. I probably look like someone from *Midnight*

**BY
ROBERT PAYNE**

ILLUSTRATED BY CHUCK ARNETT

Cowboy. Right now I would go home with the Abominable Snowman if he asked me.

The cops came by a while ago and told us to move on. They didn't bother to get out of their nice warm patrol car to do it, either. Maybe I should get myself arrested. They'd have to feed me and give me a cot to sleep on. Shit, what am I thinking of? Me stay behind bars just for bed and board? What a hell of a way to start out a new year.

Finally this guy roars up on a big bike. He went around the block once and I saw him look at me, I thought. Then here he comes again almost immediately and stops. He looks me over and I look at as much of him as I can see under the leather jacket, helmet and gloves. He motions me to get on and, as desperate as I am, I shake my head. It's too fucking cold and windy and wet to ride anywhere on a motorcycle on this night. This asshole probably lives an hour away so if I don't freeze to death there's always a good chance that I'll get wiped out on a spill. He's a big guy, I can tell, but other than that, who knows what he is?

It's now eleven o'clock and that looks like it was my big chance of the evening. God, not another night in the bus station! My hands are so numb that I can't even feel them anymore and my feet and legs don't even belong to me and haven't for over an hour. Maybe I should move to some other spot on the street, but it's really coming down now and at least I'm under an awning.

I make a resolution right here and now. Never again will I be in this position. If I have to steal or go back home or whatever, I will *never* let myself get down to what and where I am. It isn't even midnight and here I am making resolutions. I felt more like praying.

Maybe I did, because this big van rolls up, like the answer to a prayer, the window rolls down and I don't even wait for the man inside to say "Get in," which he does as I open the door.

I look over in the dark and I'm almost sure it is the same dude that stopped on the bike a while ago. Or maybe I'm not so sure. But he doesn't drive off, he just looks me over. He can tell I'm cold as hell and although the van is warm, he turns up the heater. The radio is playing softly and the lights on the dashboard look warm and inviting, almost like the Christmas tree that I didn't have. He's still looking me over. Shit, please let me be what he wants tonight.

"You hustling?" I start to tell him it doesn't matter but I just nod my frozen head. My ears feel like they're going to fall off.

"How much?"

I still have a voice of sorts. "Anything you wanna pay." Shit, if any of the other guys heard me say that, they'd run me off the street.

"Open up your jacket," he says quietly, but in a voice that nobody would think of arguing with, even if it wasn't raining outside. I unzipped the wet jacket and decided to pull it off.

"Shirt," he says in the same voice.

It is damp too, and surprisingly, I feel warmer without anything on from the waist up.

"What you got between your legs?"

I start to say, "Same thing you got," but I unbutton after unfastening my belt and I show him. I threw what underwear I had away last week.

"You a good cocksucker?"

I would have told him I was anything that would keep him from ordering me out of this warm, comfortable spot. "Whatever you say, man."

"What's your name?"

I told him. He said his was something or another, but I could call him "Sir." I'd call him anything he liked, he could be sure of that.

"You're all wet. Strip."

Going along with my "Give 'em anything they want" and "The customer is always right" slogans of the day, I pulled off my wet shoes and socks and pulled the tattered jeans down. I was stark naked sitting at the corner of a busy city intersection with a complete stranger.

"You cold, kid?" I nodded and he reached over to the glove compartment and pulled out a flask. He handed it to me. It turned out to be brandy and the warmth of it burned all the way down. On an empty stomach, I knew I would be feeling it very fast. Well, it was New Year's and I was grateful.

The guy pulled away from the curb with naked me on board. He seemed satisfied with the merchandise. And I had no complaints. It might be a better night than I had hoped for. Like I said, I was grateful.

I handed the man his flask and he took a swig. "Have another," he said.

"Yes... Sir." He seemed to like that, at least he smiled.

"Get down on the floor, boy." I looked around at the back of the van.

"On the floor here, between the seats."

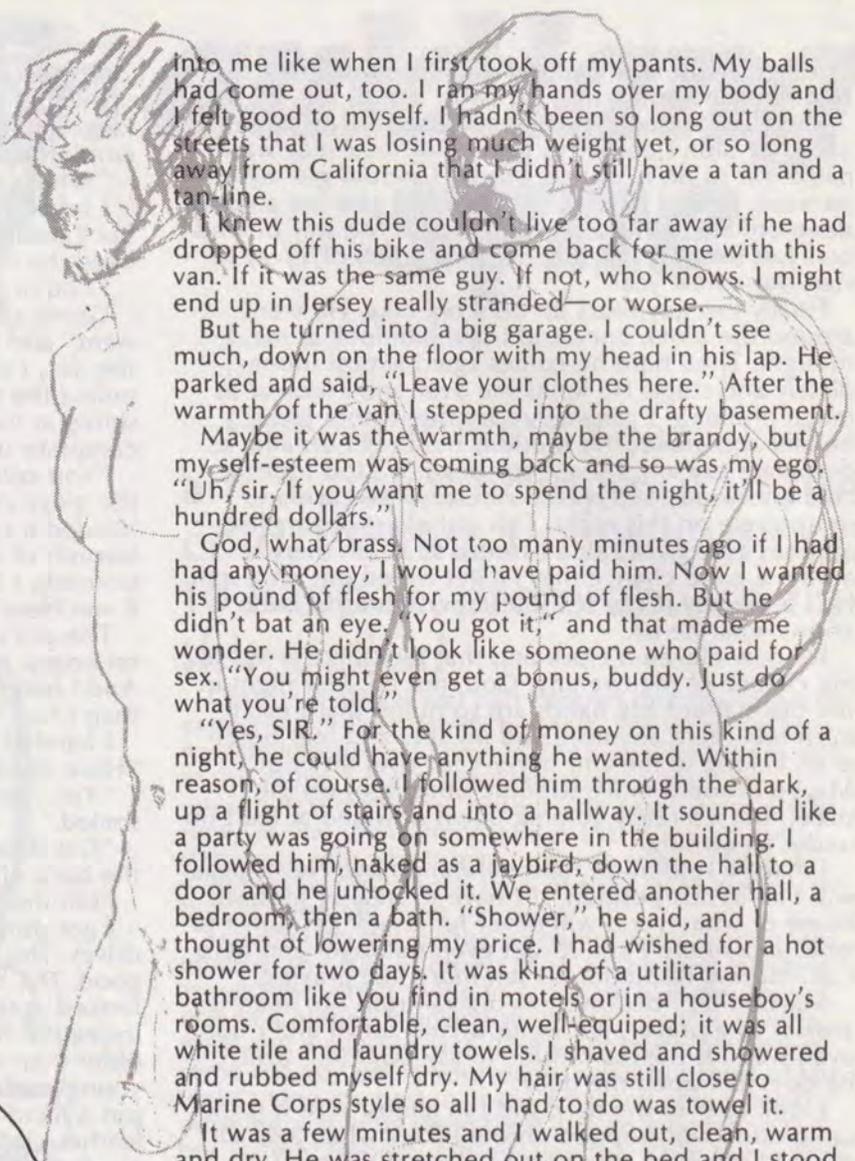
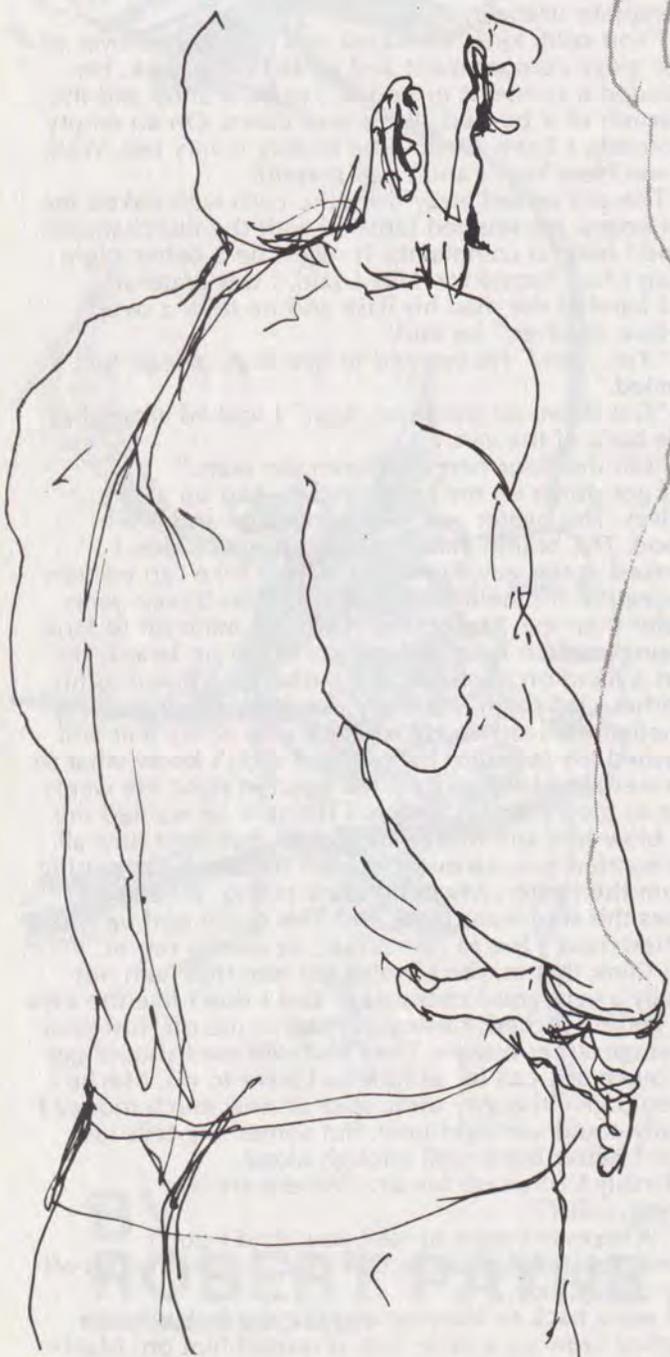
I got down on my knees and looked up at the driver. The heater was blowing on me and it felt good. The brandy had warmed up my insides. I looked at the guy. He had a leather bike cap on now instead of the helmet. Strong face, ten-fifteen years older than me. Moustache (I shaved mine off to look younger when I got to New York) but no beard. He put a hand on my head and pushed me down to his leather-clad thigh. I laid my ckeek against it and smelled the leather. He took a fistful of my hair and pushed my face into his crotch. I didn't know what to do next and I figure he'll tell me. I'm right. He wants me to blow into his crotch. I thought he wanted me to blow him and maybe he would, but right now all he wanted was warm air into his fly, like I was getting from the heater. My mind starts racing. What else does this stud want from me? This could end up being a New Year's Eve to remember, or one to regret.

I think that maybe I better tell him that I am not really a very good cocksucker and I don't like the idea of getting fucked. Kissing guys turns me off. Just your average street hustler. They had told me I should get as much as I can for as little as I have to do. Maybe I should give this guy some idea of how much money I really could use right now. But something tells me that I better leave well enough alone.

Finally I come up for air. "Where are we going... Sir?"

"Wherever I want to take you. And I don't remember telling you to take your fucking mouth off my crotch, boy."

I went back to blowing and felt the bulge in the leather blow up a little, too. It turned him on. Maybe it did me, too; at least my own prick wasn't drawn up



into me like when I first took off my pants. My balls had come out, too. I ran my hands over my body and I felt good to myself. I hadn't been so long out on the streets that I was losing much weight yet, or so long away from California that I didn't still have a tan and a tan-line.

I knew this dude couldn't live too far away if he had dropped off his bike and come back for me with this van. If it was the same guy. If not, who knows. I might end up in Jersey really stranded—or worse.

But he turned into a big garage. I couldn't see much, down on the floor with my head in his lap. He parked and said, "Leave your clothes here." After the warmth of the van I stepped into the drafty basement.

Maybe it was the warmth, maybe the brandy, but my self-esteem was coming back and so was my ego. "Uh, sir. If you want me to spend the night, it'll be a hundred dollars."

God, what brass. Not too many minutes ago if I had had any money, I would have paid him. Now I wanted his pound of flesh for my pound of flesh. But he didn't bat an eye. "You got it," and that made me wonder. He didn't look like someone who paid for sex. "You might even get a bonus, buddy. Just do what you're told."

"Yes, SIR." For the kind of money on this kind of a night, he could have anything he wanted. Within reason, of course. I followed him through the dark, up a flight of stairs and into a hallway. It sounded like a party was going on somewhere in the building. I followed him, naked as a jaybird, down the hall to a door and he unlocked it. We entered another hall, a bedroom, then a bath. "Shower," he said, and I thought of lowering my price. I had wished for a hot shower for two days. It was kind of a utilitarian bathroom like you find in motels or in a houseboy's rooms. Comfortable, clean, well-equipped; it was all white tile and laundry towels. I shaved and showered and rubbed myself dry. My hair was still close to Marine Corps style so all I had to do was towel it.

It was a few minutes and I walked out, clean, warm and dry. He was stretched out on the bed and I stood in front of him, awaiting directions. He opened a drawer in a lamp table next to the bed and took out what looked like a dog collar. He motioned me over with his finger and I bent down. If this was what he wanted well, hell, he was paying for it. He fastened the collar on me, reached in for a chain leash, fastened it, then led me out of the bedroom, out the door and back into the hallway. Up another flight of carpeted stairs we went and he stopped before a door, from behind which the party noises seemed to be coming. I wasn't about to be paraded in there by choice, buck-naked with a dog collar around my neck. But it was too late; the door opened before my mouth could and he pulled me in. The lights were very dim and a lot of men in and out of leather were in the room. Some guys had on only about what I had on, which was almost nothing.

A big blond came over and said, "Got one?" to my john.

He nodded to the obvious and led me into the, thank God, dimly lit room.

"Where do you want him?" he asked and the blond led us to a sort of platform in the next room. It looked like part of the floor in the dark, but when I

stepped up on it I was about a foot higher off the floor. But there was another step and I was a couple of feet higher. I stood there in all my nakedness. The two men each grabbed one of my arms and I felt what seemed like a fur-lined bracelet clamped on. I started to protest.

"Hey man, you didn't say nothin' about anything like—" and a heavy hand hit me across the face. Just as I started to protect myself, or better still, hit back, my arms went up in the air and I was standing on my toes. The "bracelets" were attached to the chains I could hear rattling. Two sets of hands grabbed my ankles and fastened similar restraints. Shit, just like in the brig! Maybe I'd be better off in jail.

I was spread-eagled and I heard the horns and bells and music swell up in the next room. It was the new year. One of the two guys stepped up facing me and put his mouth over mine. What a trip. In fact, what a kiss! His tongue was down my throat. For a guy who didn't kiss other men, I sure had a mouthful.

A pair of gloved hands were going over my body. They felt my pecs and stopped around the nipples. I jerked back when they pinched those nipples and wouldn't let go. I opened my mouth to complain loudly and got my face smacked for it. My eyes were getting accustomed to the gloom and I saw the blond take off his boot and sock. He put the sock in my mouth. He slapped my face again and said quietly, "Keep that in or I'll have your balls."

I kept my balls, as well as my mouth shut. Men were starting to wander in the side room and look at me. I began to figure it out. From the bits of conversation, I got the idea that everyone had chipped in and sent the man out to find someone to use at the party. The guy they must have hired originally hadn't shown up. What the hell were they planning on doing to me? Well, at least there would be the hundred bucks. But this crowd looks like it could have paid a lot more. I should have upped the ante. Outside the big windows the rain had turned to snow and again I was almost glad I was here, even nude and tied up, rather than still standing at that godforsaken corner with nowhere to go. So began my first few hours of the new year.

Everybody helped themselves to me, sort of. Guys would come over and play with my cock and balls, or worse yet, stick a finger up my ass. Or pinch my tits or grab a handful of chest or pubic hair. But nothing really unendurable. The most uncomfortable part of it was being spread-eagled and having to stand on my tiptoes. Occasionally someone would make my cock hard and I would remember that I hadn't gotten off for several days. First, I had had no opportunity and second, a good hustler, I am told, saves his loads for the paying customers.

An hour or so goes by and almost everyone has ended up in the second room where I am the entertainment. And the plan starts coming to light. I decide that the guy who picked me up is going to get back HIS money by selling chances on me. They draw names out of somebody's boot and he calls a name. Up steps a leather number with chains all over his left shoulder and takes off his belt. He walks around to the back of me and his belt comes to life. Man, does that sting. I would yell out, no matter what, but I have a mouthful of sock. I yell anyway into the sock.

There is another stinging pop against my butt. And another. And another. Ten in all and the leather number steps down and hands my man, who is holding the boot with the slips of paper in it, a ten dollar bill. Shit! Does this mean I am in for at least one hundred of these? Or more if my john is to make a profit.

I was, baby, I was.

They beat my ass, they beat me across by back, my legs and one guy demanded that one of my ankles be unfastened so he could whip the souls of my feet. Not soles, but souls. I think that hurt the most and I spit out the sock to yell out.

"Hey, your boy wants us to use his mouth!" I looked over the group and saw a number of naked bodies on their knees before someone in full leather, all obviously using their mouths. The crowd was turning on obviously, but I was no longer in any mood to be the star. I always remembered New Year's as being a night you took a girl out dancing and drinking and tried to get into her pants. Now that was the way for a man to start the year out right. Along with some resolutions about going to the gym and getting a job and straightening up your act. Nobody ever told me I would end up at this particular time and in this particular place being a virgin sacrifice for a bunch of drunken leather faggots. But maybe every man has his price and these guys had simply paid mine. If I was for sale for a night or for a certain amount of strokes with a belt or a whip, maybe I wasn't at the beginning, but at the end.

Then somebody poured a complete drink into me. It wasn't the first, but it was the only full drink I had consumed since I got kissed at midnight. They poured it down me, inside and out. Then they let me down and shackled my ankles and wrists together. I crawled around on the carpet, having my face pushed into guy's crotches and suddenly I felt something other than a finger entering my ass. My mouth was full so I couldn't complain. In it came, all the way, and I felt a hairy crotch against the cheeks of my ass. I got fucked right there in the middle of the room in front of everybody. When whoever it was was satisfied, someone took the leash and led me, still crawling, into a bedroom. There they lifted me on the bed and laid me on my back, my legs in the air and very spread apart. I was open season and the line formed to the left.

I was crying and begging but nobody paid much attention to it. One guy brought me another drink, which I opened my mouth for gratefully. Then the bastard sat on my face while someone else was fucking me. Man, I was really earning my hundred bucks the hard way. Of course I wasn't the only one getting fucked, but as far as I could tell, I was the only one that didn't have any choice. This went on for I don't know how long. My ass was so sore I thought I couldn't take any more when they unfastened my shackles and led me back into the other room.

I was suspended again and subjected to every indignity anyone could think of. I was whipped more and fucked and pissed on. One big bruiser kept stepping up and using my belly for a punching bag every once in awhile. Maybe this was the price for selling my body. In that case I guess I deserve whatever I get.

"Lay on your back." I do. "Okay, piss."

It takes a while but I shoot a stream up, which naturally comes back down all over me. And it goes on and on. When I finally run out of piss, he pulls out a great big dong and empties it all over me, especially my face. He rolls me over, handcuffs me and I lay there on the cold shower tile in piss.

As the night went on, people started leaving and the crowd thinned out until there were only a few guys left. I was shaking, from exhaustion, from not eating, from the booze and from hitting the bottom of the barrel. I didn't see the john that brought me here or even the guy that had put me up on the platform in the first place. I had become like a room decoration, not unlike the Christmas tree in the next room. I had been decorated with bruises, both black, blue and a very red ass to boot. They had put clothespins on my tits and hung stuff from my balls. If I hadn't been connected to the ceiling by the chains on my wrists I would have collapsed in a heap.

It wasn't too much longer until there was nobody but me and the furniture in the room, unless you want to count a couple of guys who had passed out over by the fireplace. The radio was still playing, but there were no other signs of life.

Then in walked the guy that hired me. I made noises to indicate I was asking to have the shorts taken out of my mouth. He went around turning out lights and picking up half-empty glasses and ash trays. Eventually he came over to me and said, "You had enough for one night, fellow?"

I nodded. "Well, the night isn't over. I think you named the price for staying the whole night. It's only five o'clock."

I made more muffled noises. He did some more cleaning up and finally came over to remove my mouthful.

"Please...sir...let me down. I don't want your money. Just let me down and let me go. I...I..." and damned if I didn't pass out.

So I'm in bed now and I don't know what time of day it is. There is a light coming through the closed draperies. It is a big comfortable bed and it looks like the first place the guy brought me last night. Sort of like a maid's room with decent but not very fancy furniture and motel-quality pictures on the wall. I feel sore and tired and hungry, but other than that I'm alright. One of the shackles is still on my right ankle and the other end seems to be fastened to a leg of the bed. What woke me up is the fact that I've got to piss. In fact, my dick is standing straight up with a piss hard-on. My ass is sore as hell but no worse that it was last night, so I guess nobody did anything to me while I was passed out.

I lay here for an hour like this and finally the guy comes in to check on me. All I can think to say is, "I gotta go to the bathroom."

He kneels down at the foot of the bed and unfastens my chain. He pulls the covers back and refastens it to my left leg. "Follow me," he says. The only way I can follow him is to take very tiny steps or to crawl and that is what I end up doing, crawling after him to the can. He points not to the toilet, but to the shower. I crawl in.

"What do you do for a living besides hustle?" he asks me.

I tell him my situation, fairly honestly and without too much bullshit.

"You tired of standing out in the weather hustling your ass?"

I start to give him a long dissertation, but I just look up at those very stern, dark eyes and nod. There is something about lying in a pool of your own and somebody else's piss, unable to stand or do much of anything that cuts the crap.

"I need a boy. You want to be my boy?"

"What do you want me to do...Sir?" I remembered.

"What you are told to do, boy."

Last night seemed a long ways away. It also didn't seem so bad after I got out of the cold. In fact, the part I kept remembering was that everyone wanted me. For one reason or another.

"This'll be your room. You a good worker?"

"Yes...Sir." Maybe it was the Marine Corps training talking.

"You a good cocksucker?" I had been taking most of it at the other end. I could be a good whatever it took, if it made the man happy with me. God, not to have to be on my own for awhile. I seemed to have done such a poor job of it. This guy at least had his act together. But what was he really offering me? Or better yet, what did he want me to offer him?

"Anything you want, Sir." Just let me stay here where it's warm, without the cops breathing down my neck and having to drop my pants for anybody with the price, when I could find someone who qualified.

So this is how I am starting the new year, living a brand-new lifestyle—albeit naked—taking care of this place, keeping the man's van and bike in shape and spreading my legs whenever he wants. Or getting hung up in the playroom to amuse him and a few of his friends. You know what? I'm getting used to it. I won't admit it but I probably like a big part of it. I've learned I have some skills around the house that nobody ever gave me credit for until now. My health is a lot better than when I wasn't eating right and was out in all kinds of weather.

I work out downstairs with his weights and the other night he made me do more pushups than I ever did before in my life at one time, even in the Corps. My shoulders and arms show it, too, my belly is flat and rippled and my ass is tight (and shaved). His friends keep mentioning how good I am looking, and since I don't wear anything except an occasional jockstrap, there isn't an inch of me they can't pass judgment on.

The other night he made me get on the bike with nothing but cutoffs on and we rode over to one of his buddy's through the snow-covered streets. I thought I would freeze, but I didn't. It was kind of exhilarating being stripped and racing through the snow. I held myself close to him as we rode, which helped. Then when we got in the guy's place, I handed over the cutoffs at the door and sat on the floor by the fireplace sipping a hot brandy.

This slave bit isn't so bad, I guess. But then, we'll see what the rest of the year brings. □

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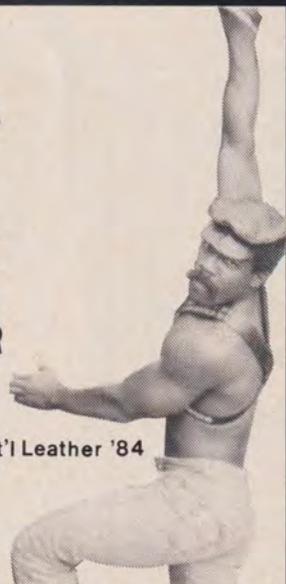
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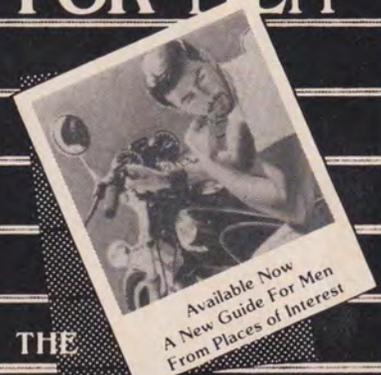
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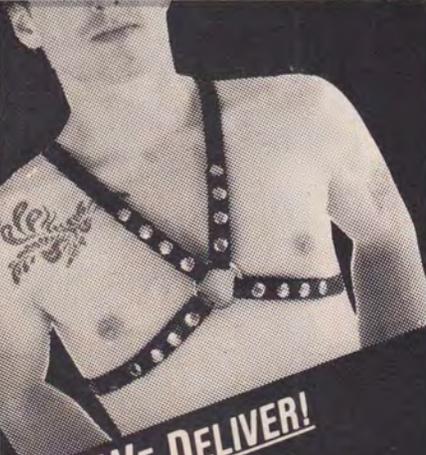
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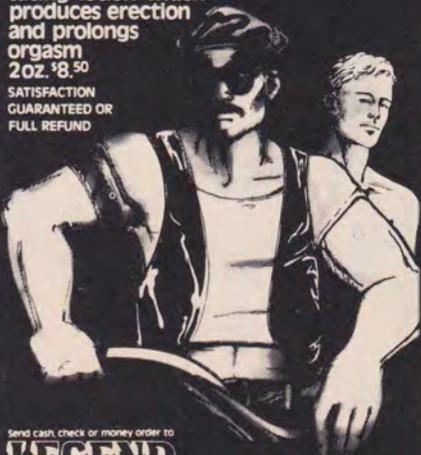
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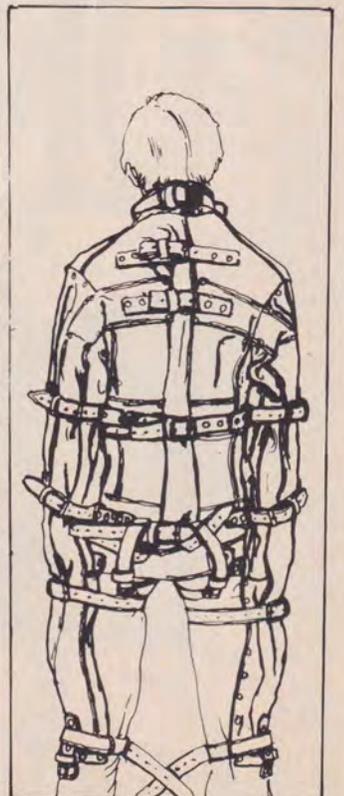
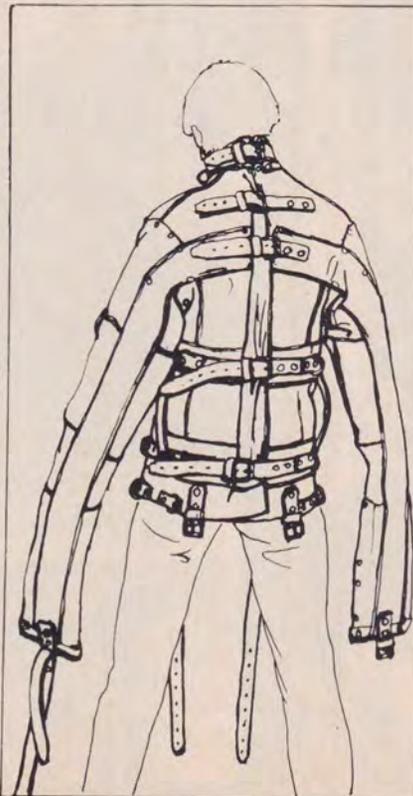
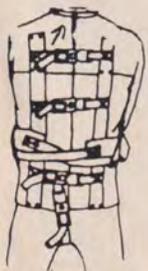
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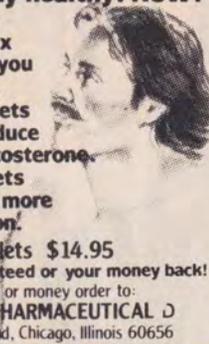
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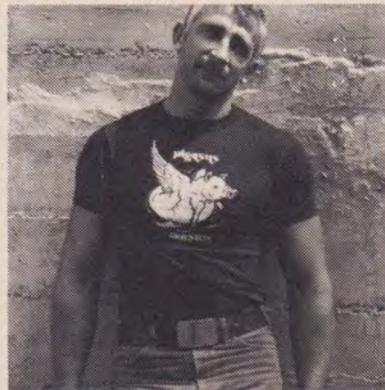


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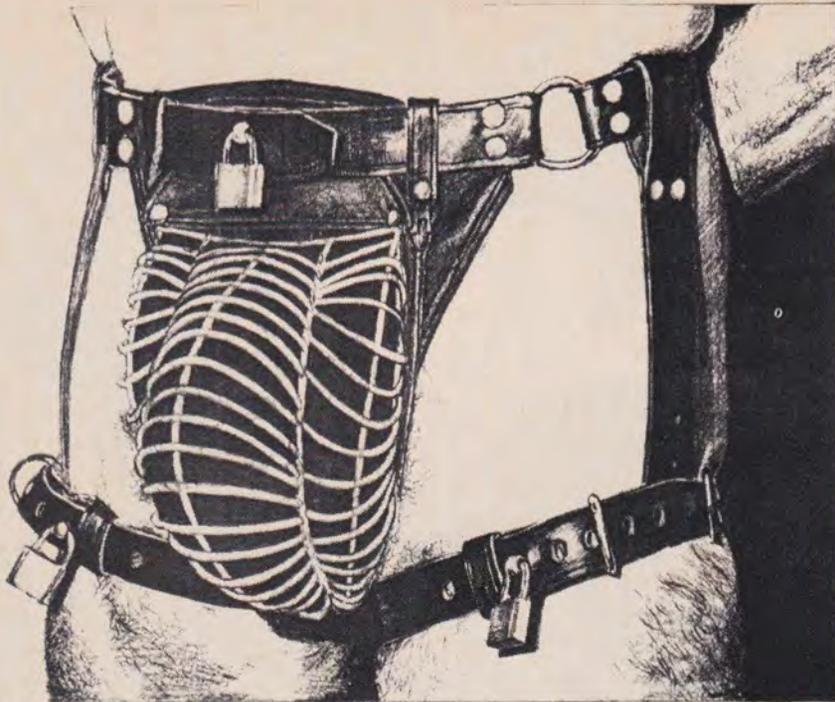
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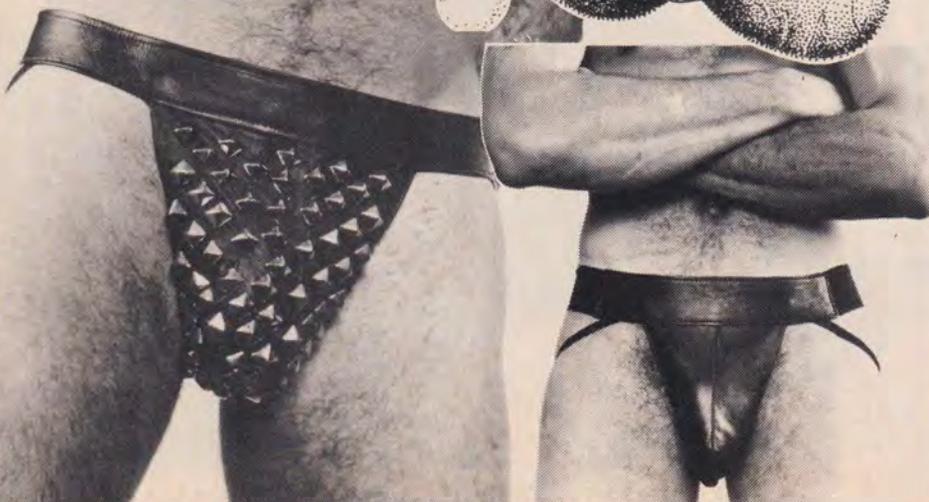
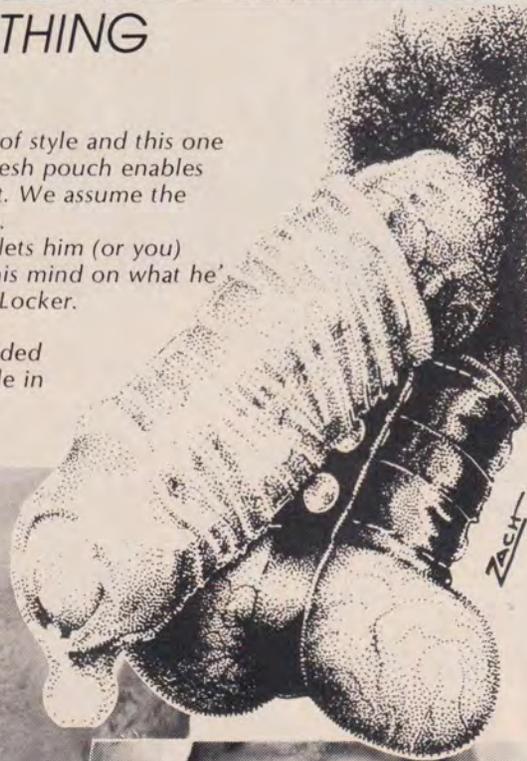
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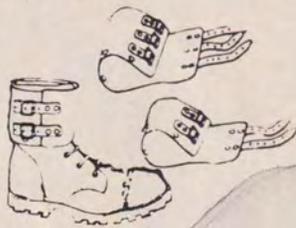
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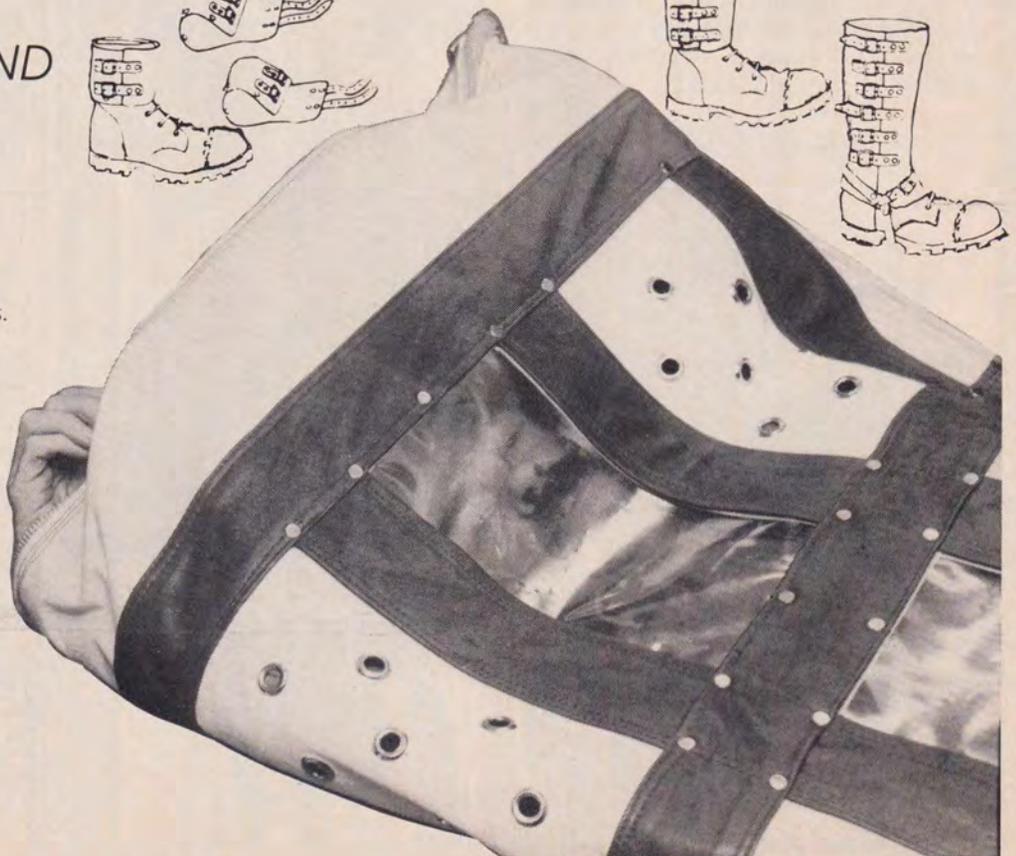
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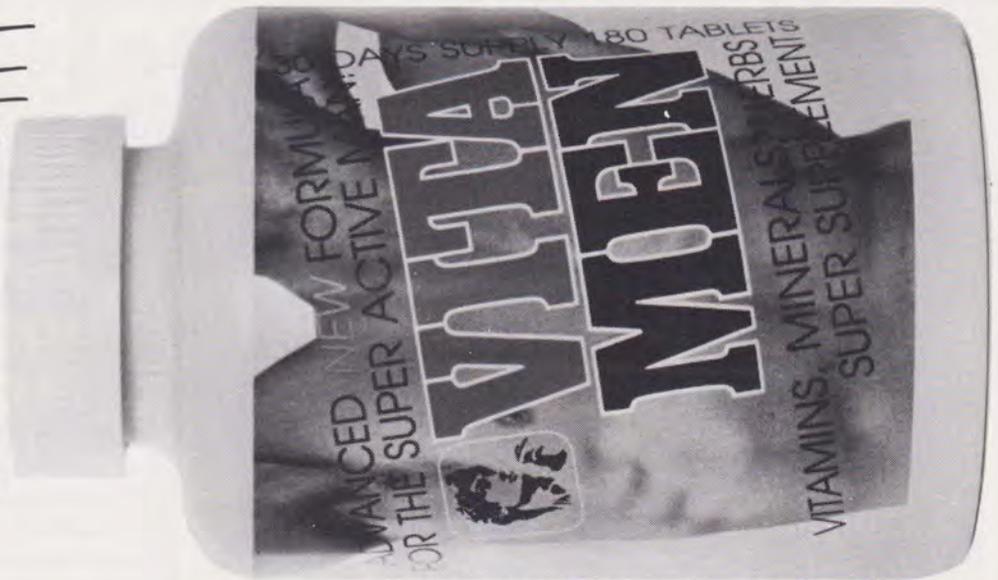
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ADVANCED NEW FORMULA FOR THE SUPER ACTIVE MAN!



VITA-MEN

VITAMINS, MINERALS, HERBS SUPER SUPPLEMENT

SIX TABLETS CONTAIN:

VITAMINS	POTENCY	%RDA*		POTENCY	%RDA*
Vitamin A (Beta Carotene)	10,000IU	200%	GTF Chromium	200 mcg	***
Vitamin A (palmitate)	5,000IU	100%	Zinc (Amino acid chelate)	100 mg	667%
B1 (thiamine)	100 mg	6667%	Copper (Amino acid chelate)	2 mg	100%
B2 (riboflavin)	100 mg	5882%	Manganese (Amino Acid Chelate)	20 mg	***
Niacin	50 mg	250%	HERBALS		
B3 (niacinamide)	100 mg	500%	Gota Kola	25 mg	***
B5 (pantothenic acid)	150 mg	1500%	Ginseng	25 mg	***
B6 (pyridoxine)	100 mg	5000%	Saw palmetto	150 mg	***
B10 (paba)	100 mg	100 mg	Sarsaparilla	50 mg	***
B12 (cobalamin concentrate)	200 mcg	3333%	Echinacea	300 mg	***
Vitamin C (Sago Palm)	1000 mg	1667%	Lemon Balm	125 mg	***
Vitamin E (d-alpha tocopherol)	400IU	1333%	Taraxacum	20 mg	***
Vitamin D3	100IU	25%	Licorice	25 mg	***
Folic Acid	400 mcg	100%	Spirulina	25 mg	***
Biotin	100 mcg	333%	Bee Pollen	100 mg	***
Choline (bitartrate)	200 mg	***	AMINO ACIDS		
Inositol	125 mg	***	L-Lysine	750 mg	***
BioFlavonoids	200 mg	***	L-Phenylalanine	25 mg	***
Hesperidin	20 mg	***	L-Glutamine	25 mg	***
Rutin	75 mg	***	L-Ornithine	25 mg	***
Octacosanol	250 mcg	***	L-Tyrosine	25 mg	***
MINERALS			D-L Methionine	100 mg	***
Calcium (Amino acid chelate)	500 mg	50%	L-Cysteine	30 mg	***
Magnesium (Amino acid chelate)	350 mg	87%	ACTIVATED GLANDULARS		
Silica	500 mcg	***	Prostate tissue	50 mg	***
Vanadium	75 mcg	***	Thymus	10 mg	***
Iodine	225 mcg	150%	Adrenal	50 mg	***
Iron (Amino Acid Chelate)	20 mg	111%	DHEA Complex (Dioscorea Villosa)	200 mg	***
Potassium aspartate	55 mg	***	***No U.S. RDA established for these ingredients		
Selenium (Amino Acid Chelate)	150 mcg	***			
Molybdenum (Amino Acid Chelate)	50 mcg	***			

NEW SUPPLEMENT!

A REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT! An exciting powerhouse formula designed for your Immune System. Developed by the doctors and lab who give you VITA-MEN.

30 DAYS SUPPLY \$12



Guaranteed by VITA-MEN laboratories. San Francisco, CA. Dealer inquiries invited.

VITA-MEN LABORATORIES
964 Folsom Street
San Francisco, CA 94107

- Send me ___ month's supply of VITA-MEN @ \$25.
- Include ___ month's supply of IMMUNITABS @ \$11.95.
- Send one of each for \$35.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

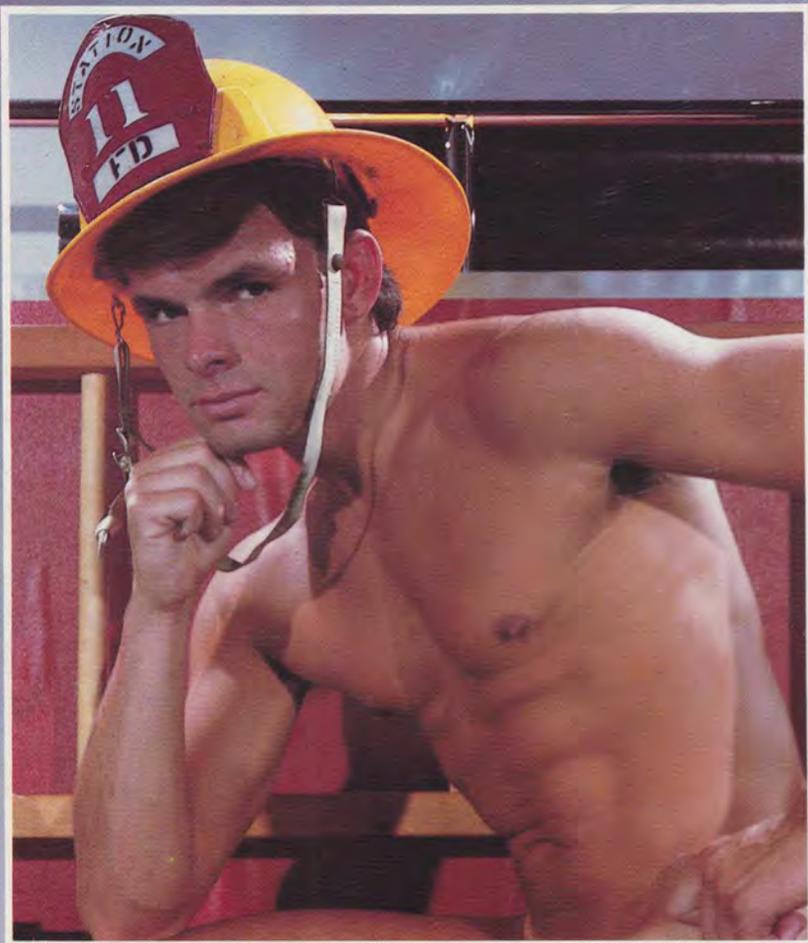
Enclose is my check or money-order.

Or charge it to my VISA MASTERCARD

No. _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____

HEAD TRIPS

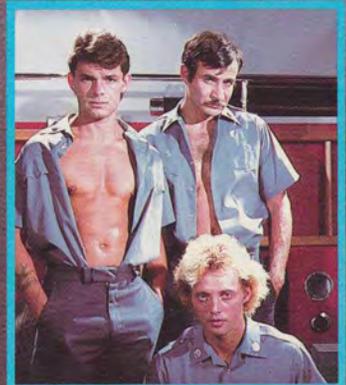
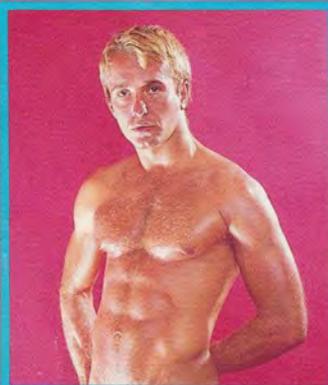
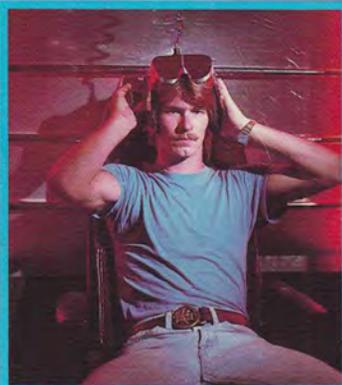


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Just \$79 Each

Add \$2.50 Per Tape For Postage/Handling. Available In VHS & Beta.



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PLEASE RUSH ME THE NEW SURGE STUDIO VIDEO, "HEAD TRIPS."
PRICE: \$79. I will add \$2.50 FOR POSTAGE & HANDLING.
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BY MY SIGNATURE I STATE THAT I AM AT LEAST 21 YEARS OF AGE.

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