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QUARTERLY



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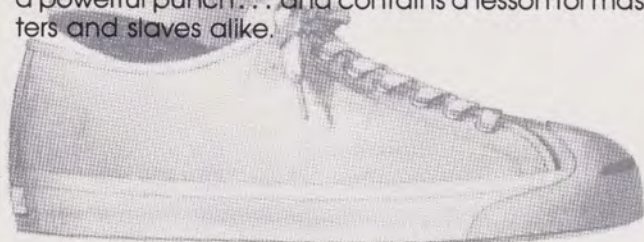
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# HARD LESSONS

**By Tim Donahue**

*It's rough to go through adolescence again when you're in your thirties. That's what happened to me. No pimples, but I had a lot to learn about myself and a lot of growing to do and so I fell flat on my face— a lot. Confused and embarrassed for a long while, I came out of it stronger than before. I thought at first that my new-found strength was a gift from one special person but I discovered with time that it was in myself. . . .*

*To be masterful is not something everyone can or should be. For the wrong person it's destructive, mostly to the self. It is not a guise or a costume. It doesn't originate in pride, although to be masterful one must be at home in one's own hide. Perhaps it comes most from knowledge. It is an easy stride, a sturdy but relaxed posture, a certainty of desire— I could go on. Like a new convert to a very demanding religion, I am moved to proselytize or at least to share the kind of relationship that put my life on the right*

*track. At least that's what I sometimes think. With my current boy, I hope I'm living up to my noble notions of what Command means.*

*I'm not an Adonis but an occasional head turns when I walk into a bar. Some things came naturally— a hairy, deep chest, a square chin, deep green eyes— but other things I've worked at. I have no trouble picking up guys. Tricking is fun but I really prefer a longer relationship, something I can build. . . .*

*I sized-up this kid quickly: a sport fucker. His eyes bugged out at the guys wearing chaps and straps and nothing else, or the guys in uniform, playing cops and soldiers. He searched for a piece of bare wall to prop his butt against so he could suck on his beer and watch the parade. A first-timer, I took it, titillated by the scene. I suspected he wouldn't go through with it. Most of the hyper-masculine peacocks, preening gruffly in that bar, couldn't even get him home. He was perfect for what I had in mind.*

**Photos by Zeus**





When I got him to my place, I left the lights out. He was hesitant to move in the darkened room. I'd been nice in the bar and car; it was time to up the ante. When I asked if he trusted me, he said he wasn't sure. My voice stayed soft when I asked: if he couldn't trust me, what was he doing here? He was silent.

"Take three good steps, turn sharply left and take four more steps. That'll take you to the bedroom. Wait for me there." He moved hesitantly, unable to see in the dark.

More sternly, I said, "If you don't listen to me, you will bump into things. Do it." The Sport took a deep breath and moved.

I slipped out of my clothes and then joined him. He stood where the four steps had taken him, just inside the open door. I crossed to the window and raised the blinds. Moonlight washed over me, a cold blue. The Sport didn't know what to do. He didn't want to displease me, was afraid to show his eagerness and afraid that if he didn't let me see some of his desire I'd get bored and tell him to leave. I knew all this because, once upon a time, I'd been in a similar situation. He wouldn't turn his head to look at me, but his eyes swivelled over my frame.

"You're sweating," I said.

He ran the back of his hand over his forehead, saying he was sorry.

"It's okay. I'm hot myself." I played with my cock until it was hard as bone. It slapped against my belly when I let it go. The Sport swallowed, about to speak, but didn't.

"Tell me what you're thinking," I said softly.

"You're so beautiful."

"Beautiful?"

"Handsome, I mean. Handsome."

What do you like about me?" That question really tripped him up.

"Uh...your chest, your hair..."

"What about my dick?"

Silence.

"Well?"

"Ye...yes, that too."

"You're sweating."

"I..."

"What do you want to do with my dick?"

"I..."

"My dick wants to ream out your ass."

There was a scuffling sound from the bedroom closet. The Sport's eyes bulged.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Just my pet. He doesn't know how to act with strangers, so I lock him up when I'm going to have guests." I walked to the Sport and took off his shirt. He just stood there as I rubbed the flat of my palm over his smooth, square chest, slick with sweat. I played with his nipples and his head rolled on his shoulders.

"Do you like it when I squeeze your tits?"

"Oh, yes."

Again there was a muffled sound, like tumbling, from the closet.

"He wants out," the Sport said.

"No, I know him better than you do. He's just jealous when I play with anybody else."

The Sport laughed. At odd moments as we continued the sound of clumsy movement could be heard from the closed door. We paid it no mind.

The Sport took off the rest of his clothes when I told him to. I moved him in front of the full-length mirror



and stood behind him. No older than 22, perhaps as young as 19, his body was practically hairless. The torso sleek, the muscle groups softly outlined. As he moved or breathed the flesh rippled, like a flag waving in a gentle breeze. With only moonlight, his skin glowed as only a young person's will.

Now I'm not fixated on kids. Much more of a treasure, I say, is the good-looking older man who has been a good custodian of his body. The undeveloped animal grace and beauty of young bodies is wonderful but so easy. Youth is profligate, not knowing how fleeting such freshness is. I marvel when I see young men like this one, playing sandlot baseball perhaps, or jogging down my tree-lined street, or, as then, when one stands naked and I feel how swiftly the sap runs in his limbs.

"You remind me of someone I know," I said.

"You're not like anybody I know," he said.

He did as I asked. He spit in his palm and rubbed it along the crack of his ass as I spit-slicked my cock. I took hold of his wrists and raised them over his head, then used one hand to hold them firmly against the silvered glass. With the other hand I lined up my dick. He liked the feel of the wide, soft head against his closed hole. He closed his eyes and rolled his head, humming. He wiggled his hips. I grabbed the side of his waist in a savage one-handed grip and plunged my cock half-way up his ass.

"No," he pleaded. "I can't...so quick...I can't."

"Yes, you can. Just relax."

"No-o-o."

"It's not so bad. Push against it," I murmured, as you would to a crying child, "There, there now. There, there." And for some moments the Sport continued to bellow. He couldn't; it hurt. He was causing this pain himself, clutching and gasping for breath. But he calmed down. His breathing got deeper and more regular. I just stood still. The Sport's murmurs turned from "no" to "yes." He pushed then, swallowing my dick up his ass a few inches at a time. His repeated "yes" stretched out till it was just a hiss of breath between his teeth.

I still had his wrists over his head in my one hand. I spat in the other and rubbed his bloated prick. His hissing became an "oh." Then, "oh, yes." Then a rhythmic chant, growing in intensity, "Yes. Oh, yes! Oh! Oh, yes!!"

I pumped only his dick. My dick stood ready in his hole. As the feeling mounted for him, he swivelled his hips. He rocked against my dick. He tried to bump back at me.

His voice was getting high and strained as he almost chanted, "Oh!" Then there was a still moment. Straining, standing on his toes, every muscle in his body frozen with unbearable tension, he was silent. Then he growled a deep animal sound I could feel along my upper arm where it touched his chest. He was struggling— whether to let loose or hold on, I don't know. Then three strong spasms of his ass gripped my cock. On the fourth jerk semen fired from his dick in a thick rope that stuck to the mirror. He shot and shot. From chest-height to the floor the mirror was a Jackson Pollack painting in white on silver.

The Sport was in that private place, the moments after orgasm, without will or need. I shoved forward, pressing his whole, loose body against the cold, slimy glass. Slowly and deeply I fucked him. He seemed barely conscious, mumbling unintelligible gruff syl-

lables. My orgasm didn't take me out of this world, as his did him. I felt a great burning in my bowels. When I come the feeling usually is concentrated at the head of my dick, but I felt this all along that smooth skin, making my dick seem as big as an arm. I pumped semen into that ass from profoundly deep within me and felt a great relief and draining of tension.

Sport peeled himself off the sticky glass and dressed. At the door he said he'd like to see me again. I was vague. He left with no exchange of numbers. I felt a little guilty, as if I'd deceived the kid. I hadn't offered anything but a good fuck and certainly he'd gotten that. There was no reason for guilt, just because I had never planned to see him more than once....

Still undressed, I sat and drank a beer. The can drained, I sauntered back to the bedroom. The Sport had left his print on the mirror, a smudgy white approximation of torso, legs and splayed arms. A shame to clean it, I thought. Then I went to the closet. For a moment I considered not letting him out. I was a little tired to play. Yet the evening would lose its point if I didn't. I opened the door and let the "pet" out. He looked at me with eyes wide with anger.

Blond, wiry, twenty-three-year-old Mark lay in an odd bundle on the floor: his arms tied behind his back, his ankles lashed, white rope wrapped neatly about his cock and balls. His mouth was propped open by a chrome ring held in his lips by a wide strap.

"Well, Mark, what did you think about that?"

Mark could only mumble through the open gag. He spit with the effort.

"Left quite a mess, didn't he?" Mark tried to kick out. "You'll clean it up. Why don't you start with this?" I hefted my softened dick, still gummy from the trick's ass. Mark turned his head away.

"You're not going to make me start your training over at the beginning, are you? When I ask you to do something, I expect you to do it."

Reaching in a dresser drawer, I pulled out an alligator clamp and snapped it on one of Mark's nipples. He moaned through the ring gag. His back arched with the pain. I knew his tits were sore from the night before.

"Come on, baby, that doesn't hurt that bad. You love it. Now stick out your tongue."

When he didn't comply immediately I pulled on the clamp. His head snapped up and, as best he could he thrust his tongue through the chrome ring. He licked away the filth from my dick, which swelled in response.

"You're in no position to get mad at me," I said.

Mark was so beautiful and so helpless. I grabbed the blond hair on each side of his head, holding him steady. My spongy dickhead bumped against his open mouth. I could feel his swollen lips and beneath them the hard circle of metal, warmed by his breath. Mark was ready for what followed; it had happened often enough before. He did not sputter nor choke nor spill a drop as urine coursed out of my dick into his slack, open throat. When he finished swallowing, I let go of his head. He looked at the floor, seemingly humiliated and chagrined.

I knelt before him and caught his eyes in mine. We looked deeply into each other's heads. Christ, I was growing to love him. I wondered if he could tell that. He had so much to learn.

Mark's dick was hard when I reached for it. I touched it gently but he flinched at the caress. He



must have been very aroused. Mark came quickly; I hadn't let him touch himself in four days. I spoke softly as I jacked him off.

"Mark, you belong to me. I don't belong to you. It's not your job to be concerned with who I see and what I do. Your job is to do what I ask and only what I ask and to do it as quickly and as well as you possibly can. I know you have your pride. I like that. But you're not ready to be a Master yet. Maybe some day you will be. When that time comes you'll have to make a choice, whether you want to stay with me or find a slave of your own. When you're ready to make that choice I'll let you know."

Mark shot, twisting and pulling at his ropes. . . .

Often people don't feel responsible toward their bed partners but how can a Master not feel a duty to his slave? Of course, you just have to look around to see that many don't. Maybe I'm the oddball to feel as I do. I guess it has to do, as most things do, with one's past. . . .

I was married, two children, and was absolutely stunned when my wife walked out on me. I'd no idea that anything was wrong. I guess I didn't know her very well, in spite of the years we'd been together. I was crushed, unmanned and, months later, had no perspective and little self-control. My career was in deep danger and maybe I was in more danger than that.

I met Nick through work. Like most people, Nick could see I was troubled, but unlike most he saw that sympathy and babying weren't going to help. He insisted we become friends and ignored my limp, depressed denials of invitations.

It happened first on a fishing trip. Until Nick took me I genuinely had never thought of sex with another man. Nick didn't ask; he just fucked me. I remember, it didn't even seem like sex to me. Just another pain, another impossible lump of dirt to swallow. I deserved to be raped, to be punished. I felt useless. When he was done Nick talked gently to me as I fell asleep. He told me that I was moving in with him, that he would make all decisions for me. I would wear whatever he wanted me to and eat and drink whatever he chose— or nothing at all. He would take my ass or my throat when he wanted them. My dick was no longer mine; I could touch it only when he gave permission.

"You're not worth much to anyone now," Nick said. "But there's the seed of a strong, good man in you. Who knows?"

As things turned out, I thank the gods that I didn't have the strength of will to tell Nick to go to hell.

Nick gave me back my manliness. It's a paradox, but true, that I learned to be masterful by serving. Nick showed me a new way of caring. Another paradox: although he made all the decisions, using my body like a dishrag if he wished, he was always thinking of me. He showed me what love could be and taught me by his example a devotion deeper than anything I had then known. . . .

Things change and you can't stop them. The devil's bargain was one Faust couldn't win. How often do we wish a momentary happiness to stay? How often would we freeze the moment if we could? Nick was transferred at work. I wanted to go with him but he said no. I was strong now, he told me, ready to find someone else. I was successful at my work, outrageously so. I should not give that up. Nick would think of me often and we would meet again.

The hardest lesson I ever learned with Nick was that change is not only inevitable, but often good.

I remember he was sitting in an easy chair; I sat at his feet. His hand passed idly through my hair. Then he put three fingers at my lips to kiss, lick and suck. He said, "I know what you're thinking. There's nothing about you I don't know. You're afraid that when I leave you'll go back to being the useless lump of flesh you were when I met you."

I looked him in the eyes. "You're a different person now," he continued. "You don't know that yet, but I do. It's all in you, not in me. You never have to be afraid again."

I wasn't at all sure then, but I didn't have a choice. The last fuck we had is a bittersweet memory. . . .

Whenever I have an odd moment during the press of the day I think of Mark— plans and provisions for his growth. I've never told him that; I won't either. He wouldn't believe it now. Mark is so cocky. He thinks because he's done some dope-running he's so tough. Self-sufficient. But a man has goals and works towards them through setbacks and opposition. Mark gives up easily and takes out his frustration with a good sour grapes kick, if he can. Leave him alone for fifteen minutes and he's frantic with boredom. And so on.

He's worth my effort though. He'll be one of the good ones someday. . . .

Home from work I went first to the kitchen to drop off some groceries. The breakfast dishes were still in the sink. Mark knew better than that. I called out his name. No answer. I searched the house for him. With each step I grew more and more angry. When I stepped into the bedroom I saw the trick's come wasn't cleaned off the mirror. I saw red and yelled, "Mark!"

That's when the lights went out. Someone I couldn't see had thrown a blanket over my head. Whoever it was grabbed me in a bearhold through the blanket. My first thought— ours is a crazy world— was that someone had captured Mark and now was after me. The thought of Mark in danger gave me a burst of extra energy. By brute strength I broke the grip of whoever held me. With furious motion I flipped off the blanket. Now I could see my opponent.

"Mark!"

Mark faced me in a wrestler's crouch. His face was red and he was slick with sweat.

"That's right," he said. "You son of a bitch. God, I was mad at you last night. You treat me like shit. I try to please you. It's impossible, but I try. Then you bring some twink back here and fuck him." Mark spoke between gasps. "Making lots of noise. Making sure I heard you. Leaving this damn mess for me to clean up."

Mark lunged at me. I sidestepped and he hurtled into the wall. With an injured, angry growl he turned and threw himself back at me. We grappled and fell to the floor. Mark was in a blind rage. That gave him fury but it also made him clumsy. He was already gasping. There was no way for him to beat me unless I let him.

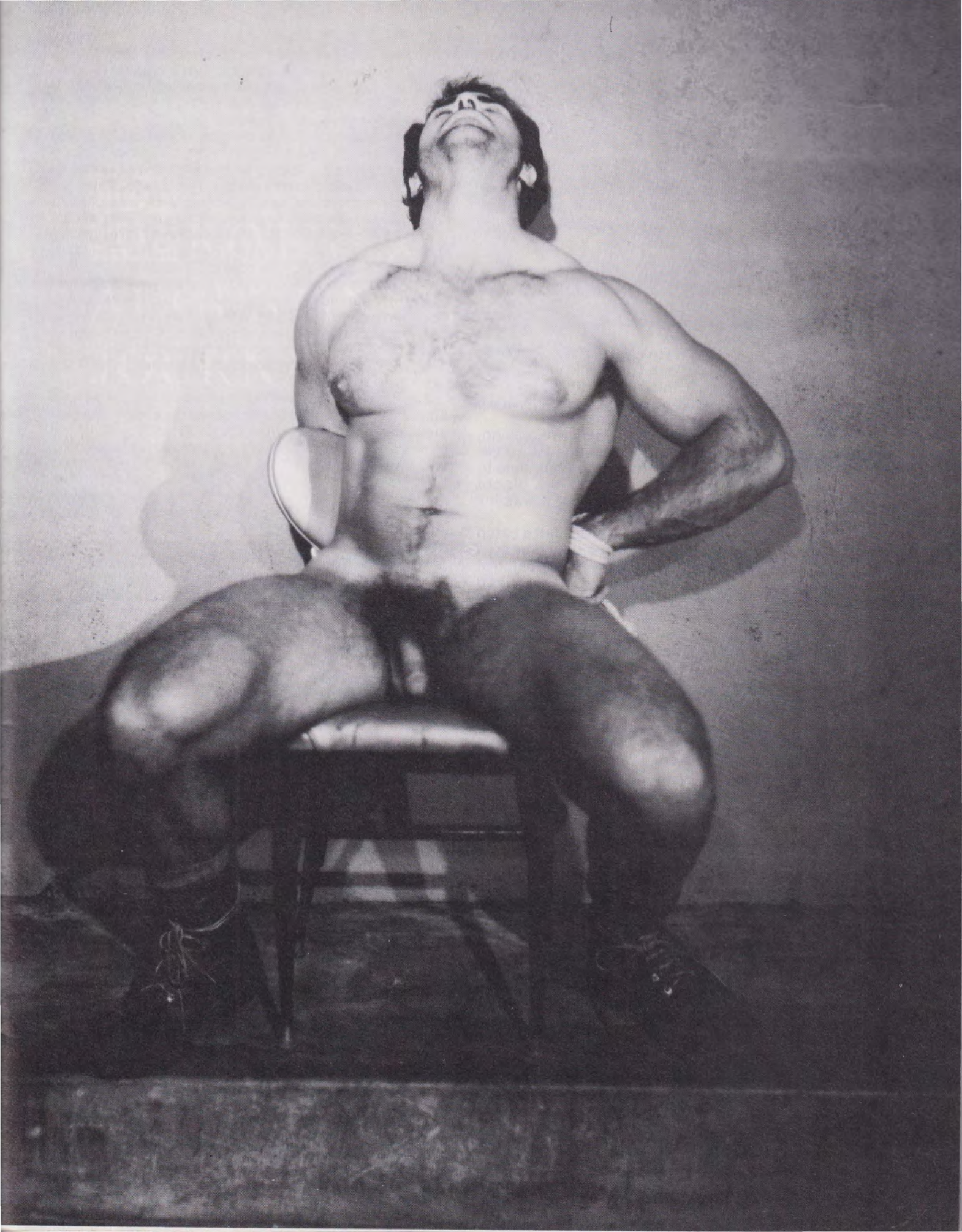
I easily broke free and stood. Mark scrambled to his feet. We faced each other, warily circling the room.

"Mark, what are you going to do if you win?"

"What I've wanted from the start. I'm going to fuck the hell out of your ass."

Mark lunged. He caught my arm and twisted it behind my back. Yanking it high, he shoved me against the dirty mirror.







I knew I could break that hold. Mark was tired and overheated. But that would be the end of us. Mark didn't know it but he needed me.

I said, "After you fuck me, what then? And tomorrow? And the next day? Are you ready to be the boss, take responsibility, make the decisions?"

Mark's grip loosened a little.

"You can win tonight," I said, "but tomorrow you can go. I don't want to touch your hide again."

Mark let me loose. I turned. We stood as close as two people can. Several moments passed. Finally, Mark spoke.

"I blew it. I'm leaving."

He turned and moved briskly out of the bedroom. Just before he got to the door, I called out his name. He came back to the bedroom, but wouldn't look me in the eye. He pointlessly searched the carpet for something that wasn't there.

"I'm going out for a while to cool off," I said, trying to keep my voice calm. "When I get back, either I find you naked, kneeling on this floor with your head between your knees, waiting for me, or you'll have packed all your crap and cleared out...."

I stayed away for several hours. If Mark was leaving, I wanted him to have all the time he needed to get gone. If he was staying, I wanted to give him time to reflect, to anticipate how I might punish him. It's not that I didn't care whether he stayed but it was his decision.

Mark was in position when I returned. I felt a catch in my throat when I saw him. I had mentally prepared to return to an empty house. I stood by him, looking at his smooth, curved form crouched on the floor and got so hard I wanted to possess him right then, tear off my clothes, get down on that floor and bend his body as I wished, warm his flesh with the slap of my hands and take his ass hard, fast and dry. I didn't speak or move for long minutes. Mark's flanks started to quiver from the tension of waiting. He expected punishment. It was clear what I should do.

Mark began to speak. "Sir, I...."

"Shut up," I barked. "Don't speak to me."

A shiver passed through Mark's body. I turned and walked away. Ignoring him, I went through the evening. I grilled a steak. I watched the late news. Just before climbing between the sheets, I stuck a shallow bucket under Mark's stomach. As I was falling asleep I heard his urine hitting the empty pail.

In the morning I still didn't speak to him. I placed a bowl of water and one of dry cereal in front of him when I left for work and when I returned they were empty. I continued to neglect Mark— ate, read the paper, watched TV— till late that night.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, I told Mark to stand. His knees cracked when he rose and his stance was wobbly. He had a growth of beard, his hair was wild and his shoulder showed a livid bruise where he had rammed into the wall. I heard his stomach growl with hunger. I barked an order to clean up. He returned still nude, with his wet blond hair slicked down. He looked like a choir boy, all innocence and charm. He did not smile.

Laid out spread-eagle on the bed with hands and feet tied to the four corners, Mark looked anything but angelic. Without a word spoken between us I took a belt to his white ass. There was no cause to rush. Methodically I covered Mark's ass with the swinging belt. He tried not to respond but after the first ten minutes his body shook with each blow. An involun-

tary gasp escaped now and then from his lips. It was a sudden rush of breath, not a sob or a moan. His eyes were squeezed shut and his face was distorted by a grimace. He was beautiful to look at. I do not remember being more aroused.

I kept at Mark's butt for a good half-hour. I would concentrate on first this bun, then the other. Mark's entire body was shaking by the end. I was ready to finish this up and move on to other things. I slipped away for a moment and returned with a bucket of water. I wet the belt and sent it sailing with all my might at Mark's ass. The smack echoed through the room. Once...twice...four times...six.... Mark whimpered, barely to be heard, "Please."

Putting the strap aside I stood by the side of the bed and softly placed my hand on Mark's ass. He flinched. The skin was hot and wet to the touch and livid red in color. I rubbed in a liniment with benzocaine or some such thing in it. It must have burned at first; Mark squirmed but soon relaxed as the anesthetic took effect.

Then an idea came to me. It seemed almost as if I'd planned it from the first. I smeared the cream over my dick. In seconds the numbing started. My dick felt bloated and dull. I crouched between Mark's knees and guided it in.

Now I have no problem with premature ejaculation. Just the opposite. With the benzocaine I fucked Mark for over an hour. Afterwards the skin of my prick was sore from the ceaseless friction. I would switch positions. I rested all my weight on my hands, placed between Mark's shoulder blades. That pushed his chest and face into the bed and raised his ass. I watched my dick plow into those puffy red buttocks. It was like watching a porno movie. The only feeling seemed to come through layers of softest cotton. Or I'd grip both shoulders and lie fully on his body, jerking at the waist. I sucked the skin of Mark's back between my teeth and held on there too. My belly slipped in our mingled sweat. We slurped and slid. My mouth left marks that turned rapidly from red to blue-black. Or rising back on my haunches, my thighs crossing Mark's, the only other points of contact being my dick and his ass. In that position I could reach down and spread his cheeks with both hands. I added my thumb to his hole, stretching it further and causing him to groan.

As I reached the home stretch Mark's breathing matched my violent stroking. Feeling came back to the head of my dick, but not the shaft. The spark of orgasm sizzled there, seemingly disconnected from my body, as much Mark's as mine. Numb on the outside, the gism coursing through my urethra was felt as a swelling pulse of heat. It poured out as one solid stream, like piss, for the first five or so heartbeats. I writhed on Mark's bound form, spurting and spurting then. Finally I lay on top of him, delirious with release. As my breathing slowed, Mark murmured, "Thank you, sir."

When I set him loose Mark's semen lay in a puddle on the sheets. He had come without being touched. A first for us.

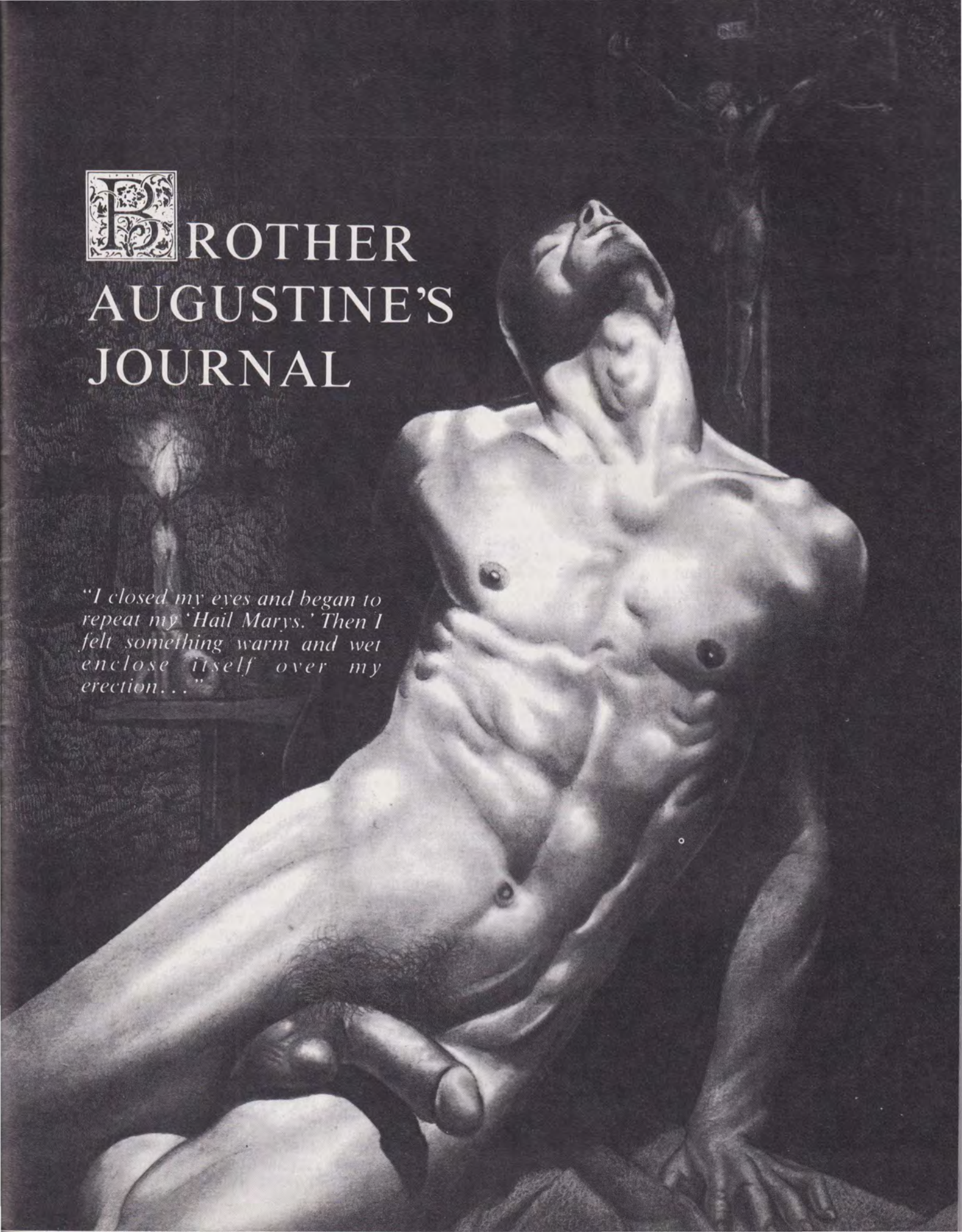
A little later Mark knelt before me and ate his dinner from my hands. He licked the blood of raw beef off my fingers. My feelings towards him were so rich and jumbled, they defied attempts to put them into words. I was only content when I realized that I didn't need to say anything. We had just shown each other more than we could ever say. □





# BROTHER AUGUSTINE'S JOURNAL

*"I closed my eyes and began to repeat my 'Hail Marys.' Then I felt something warm and wet enclose itself over my erection..."*







# BROTHER AUGUSTINE'S JOURNAL

*Text and Illustration by Olaf*



Let me preface this brief journal by reminding myself how many times I have gazed down upon that wooden crucifix above my bed, that gaunt, stretched body hanging upon his cross, his wrists and feet pierced by nails, his head and sides bleeding. His moment of agony, of supreme suffering, his ultimate moment of humanness. Having been born mortal, out of the loins of God, having known human life and love, pleasure, pain, power and glory, he chose an ignominious destiny. He was cut and pierced, humiliated, bound and nailed to a cross. He suffered, died and was buried before his godhead became evident; he rose from the dead.

I don't remember when the desire entered me, but it became obsessive. After prayers at night, I began to retire to my cubicle, strip myself and lie naked on my cot under the bloody crucifix. I would spread my legs and fervently beg God to come to me, to enter my body. When he did not come, in shame I would arise and chastise my impure flesh with a flagellante whip until my back was raw and my spirit cleansed. So that I could sleep at peace with both myself

and God, thinking that I had offended Him because he had not come to me.

1. I confessed my behavior today to Brother Michael. He told me that while my sin must be grave, my intentions were good. He offered to administer the flagellation tonight and to attend me in my supplications. And that he would pray for me.

2. Brother Michael came to me last night and watched as I stripped and lay back on my bed. He kneeled and prayed, his hands clasped tightly, as I spread my legs and raised my hips while I implored God to enter me. I became erect, and I could see Brother Michael begin to tremble. When my entreaties came to nothing, I arose and gave Brother Michael my whip. He beat me severely. Then we kneeled on the stone floor and prayed together, after which he embraced and kissed me on the forehead. My sleep was fitful.

3. Brother Michael took me aside as I was working in the garden yesterday and told me that we must work harder, because he believed that my mission was saintly, although we should not tell the

other brothers about it yet, since they might not understand. He said that he had some ideas that might help me.

That evening, when we retired to my room, he told me that I was too intense and that, because of it, the Spirit of God could not enter me. It was, he said, as if the Christ had knocked at my door and I said "enter" but the door was locked and nailed shut.

I asked him what I could do.

"I shall help you open your door," he replied.

I laid down and spread my legs, lifted my hips and began my entreaties. Suddenly I felt something touch my buttocks. I looked down and saw Brother Michael touching me. He pressed the tip of his finger against my hole. "Indeed, Brother Augustine," he said, "you are indeed very tight. You must relax more."

I tried to relax, but I was very frightened. And excited. I closed my eyes and began to repeat my "Hail Marys." Then I felt something warm and wet enclose itself over my erection. I gasped and looked down to see that Brother Michael had taken my manhood into his mouth. I felt myself melt into him; his finger was slightly in my hole. I began to loosen, and his finger probed further in and began to



move. Soon he had two fingers in me and I cried out softly. With his other hand he began to finger my nipples. My body began to feel as if I was floating on warm water. His head was now thrusting itself deeper over my manhood and I felt his lips in my pubic hairs.

Then, when I thought that I could take no more of these sensations, he removed himself from me and lifted my legs over his shoulders, lifted his tunic and touched his own erection to my hole. I began to tremble as I felt it begin to push into me, first its head, which he held just inside the gate. I moaned and he signaled me to keep quiet: "Shhh! The door is now opening." I had never felt such a sensation. "Prepare to meet thy maker."

Slowly, he slid it further in; I thrust my hips up closer toward him and took more than he gave. As I did, I felt the large head of his manhood touch something sensitive in me and I experienced a hot, pleasurable sensation I had never even imagined could exist in the body of a man.

He began to slide back and forth in me and I began to fall into a warm, comfortable, trance-like state.

His thrusting became more agitated and frantic until, with one great thrust he climaxed his movements, paused, then slowly began to gently move again. Slowly, very slowly, so that when he came to a stop I could not control myself. I lost my sperm. He looked down, still resting in me, and saw my seed spurting from me. Quite suddenly he pulled out and slapped me across the cheek!

"You fool!" he cried. "You have polluted this ritual. You cannot do that until the Spirit of God enters you; you must save it for Him! He is your only husband and master!"

He jumped up and grabbed the whip. I curled up and felt the instrument as it struck me, this time with Brother Michael's full fury behind it.

Finally, in exhaustion, sweating, he laid it down and, helping me rise, embraced and kissed me, this time with his tongue in my mouth. We prayed together. My eye caught the crucifix above the bed. I knew that I was as bloody as the Christ.

After prayers he washed my wounds with water from the basin and kissed my feet.

I prayed before the crucifix for hours before I fell asleep.

4. Last night Brother Michael brought with him a leather band with sharp protrusions on the inside of it, which he placed around the base of my manhood while it was still soft.

"Now you will think twice before you cum," he said.

"But I could not help it," I pleaded with him.

"You need to discipline yourself and, if you cannot do it, then I must do it to you. Now prepare yourself."

I removed my robe, laid back on the cot and spread my legs and lifted my hips. This time Brother Michael removed his habit. I had not realized how huge, muscular and hair-covered the good brother was. Nor had I seen how gigantic a member he had thrust into me, a thought which suddenly frightened me, especially to think that I had felt so little pain. As he came toward me, I saw a long scar that began in his lower beard, stretched down his neck and through the hairs on his chest, ending at his nipple; above the nipple was a tattoo, barely visible through the thick mat of his hair. It was a crucifix, a bloody Christ. I felt very weak as he approached me.

He touched my thighs gently, then stroked his fingers into the hairs beneath my scrotum. I began to get erect, but when I did, I felt the pain of the pins in the leather band. Yet I could not help it. He climbed into the cot and straddled me, pinching my nipples. He moved his erect member toward my face, held my head with his huge veined and sinewed hands, and forced his member into my mouth. I began to gag. I began to repeat in my thoughts, "Hail Mary, full of grace..." He tasted bitter, sweaty. I could smell the manliness of his crotch. I felt myself grow more erect, the pain from the band increasing. He thrust his member further down my throat and suddenly I seemed to open to him. I began to relax more. I felt as if I was drowning in a sea of wet hair; his flesh was overpowering me. I felt that I could not breathe, but I could not reject him. I wanted him to use me in this way.

Then he pulled out and, moving back, lifted my legs over his shoulders and entered me again. This time, however, he was not gentle. He entered me roughly and I cried out in pain. He slapped my face and I muffled my voice. I watched as the muscles of his great

body tensed and gnarled as he thrust himself into me. My eyes focused on the tattoo on his chest. It was moving, twisting with his body, the hands of the Christ seeming to remove themselves from the cross. My whole body was searing with burning pain. When he finally climaxed, it was with violent thrusts followed by a sudden ending and removal of himself. He dropped me and I lay back upon the cot in pain and exhaustion. But I had not come.

Then he flagellated me as I lay cowering on the floor, after which we prayed and then embraced. When he kissed me that night, it was long and passionate.

I fell asleep quickly.

5. The Father Superior of our order came from Rome yesterday and spoke to us about the sanctity of our quest to find the living Christ in each of us. Brother Michael assisted him in the mass and, as I watched, a feeling of both peace and warm elation filled me. I took it as a sign of the Holy Spirit, that my commitment was truly blessed, for such a feeling must be a sign of God's Grace.

After dinner, as I was collecting the dishes to be washed, Brother Michael came to me and told me that we would work even harder that night, that he had a portent during mass, and that I must keep my mind especially clear until then, that I must pray at vespers with particular vigor, and be in a state of Grace when he arrived. I said that I would try, that I too had felt something during mass, but he replied that I must do more than try, that I must do it. I nodded humbly and said "yes."

I felt as if I were truly in a state of Grace when he came to me. This time he had with him leather and chain arm and leg restraints, which he attached to me and to the legs of the cot, as well as the leather band to encompass my genitals. I realized when he stripped how much I adored his body; even his immense member no longer frightened me. I was his to be used; it was what I wanted.

It was as if, when he came to me, that my Lord and Master approached, and I thanked God that He had sent such a good and giving man to train and discipline me so that one day I would be acceptable to the Lord Himself. After he had lightly whipped me

(Continued on page 36)









# THE MECHANIC

**By  
Terrance  
Sagan**

*The story so far: A young man driving across the desert has pulled into a desolated garage to have his car checked. Seemingly deserted, the young man wanders around until he finds the mechanic sitting on the toilet reading a magazine. The mechanic, Dan, is less interested in the car and intent on getting his hands on the driver. Halfway through what has turned out to be an ass-opening experience for the traveler, another man comes into the garage, a black friend of the mechanic. Dan convinces the new arrival, Ernie, to help himself to the traveler's orifices and, after some hesitation, he does. Dan decides to take the traveler off to 'the meeting.' After a long ride, naked, in the back of a pick-up truck, Dan and Ernie throw the traveler on the ground in front of a campfire surrounded by men and announce that the traveler is theirs.*

The laugh belonged, it turned out, to a tall, muscular latin-type who swaggered from the opposite side of the huge bonfire over to my two escorts and myself. I hesitated to do much more than just kneel there until I got a better sense of what was going on.

As he came up to me and grinned down at my nudity and my prostration, I got a good look at who, I assumed, must be in charge. He was about the same size as Dan and Ernie, even the same muscular build. His worn and faded jeans were stretched across his thighs to the point of

bursting. A wide leather belt, studded with metal bits, circled his waist and came together under a silver buckle the size of a pocket radio. The bulge between his legs looked like he had a baseball stuffed in his pants. The thin cotton shirt that wrapped around his chest was as strained at the buttons as the seams were on his jeans. He grinned, showing off a mouthful of pearly white teeth capped by a silky black moustache. But it was his eyes, two coal black circles stark against the smooth brown color of his skin that set me on edge. They were the eyes of a man who knows that he can dish out much much more than anybody can take.

"He wouldn't last five minutes," he said— looking at me the whole time, but obviously directing his comment to Ernie and Dan.

"Well, now, ah wouldn't be too sure about that," Dan countered. "He sure hasn't held back any so far, and ah threw quite a lot of strain on him."

"You know you can't match me— so don't think that just because he took you on that he's got the stuff to satisfy me or my boys." He was looking as well as talking to Dan now— and it gave me a moment to see a profile that matched every other monumental aspect of his build.

"All ah can suggest is that you give him a little workover and see if he's worth taking on. No charge. Just a little horsetrading between friends." Dan laughed.

I really began to wonder about



Dan and Ernie and my car back in the garage, and the fact that I was kneeling out here in the god-forsaken desert with no clothes on, and all these guys were sitting around watching me being haggled over like a dairy cow or something. It had all been exciting, and a little scary—but mainly exciting. Here I was being sold—more or less. Who were these people?

The latin powerhouse looked down at me. "My name is Manuel." He pronounced it in two parts, like 'man-well.' "If we start working you over, and if you stand up to it, there's no going back. This isn't a day camp for horny travelers, my friend. This is the real thing."

I was confused.

I must have looked confused as well, because he began to reiterate whatever it was he had just said. "If you tell me that you want to serve me and my men, then it's the same as signing a contract. You will serve and serve and serve. Nothing else will exist for you but serving us. And it will stay that way until I tell you to stop serving. But that is years down the road.

"You will not be harmed, if you're in good shape. Accidents happen but only to those who are careless about themselves. We are very careful. You must be, too.

"Everything you need is here, but I will determine what you need. You may never ask for anything. You may never expect anything. You are here for my pleasure, my desires, and I can dismiss you at any time. Do you understand?"

The truth is, I didn't. Or else I didn't believe what he was saying, because I nodded my head.

Manuel didn't even blink. He pulled out a worn leather wallet, flipped it open, extracted a single bill, handed it to Dan, then slipped the wallet back into his pants.

You know how it feels when you've hit your head on a door frame and are a little dazed? Sort of disoriented for a few minutes with perhaps a slight ache in your head or a cloudy feeling in the brain? Well, I was dazed and the following things happened in a sort of cloud. Dan and Ernie left, or turned and walked away. I seem to remember hearing the truck start up, but I don't remember hearing the doors

open or hearing it drive away. There was the sound of men talking low mixed in with the sound of laughter—and I was re-hearing, I think, some of the things Manuel had just got through saying, but hearing them as if on a record playing off in the distance. And there was this music—snatches of music that sounded vaguely Mexican or Spanish—coming from somewhere. When things cleared up, I was standing between two new strangers, each one holding me by one of my elbows, and being walked toward a white building that looked like a small Spanish bungalow. The door was open and there was a light on inside. Manuel was walking behind me, shouting instructions to other people off in the distance.

Inside, I was brought to a halt by my escorts and suddenly I noticed an absolute silence; I could hear, faintly, crickets off in the night. Crickets. Chirping.

Just as suddenly I was alone in the building with Manuel. He sat before me on a wooden bench, his long legs stretched out in front of him, his arms folded across his chest. Then the sound of a door closing behind me.

"On your knees."

I dropped, never letting my eyes leave his face. The smile from the campfire had been replaced with a cool, serious gaze.

"Any questions?"

I nodded. "How much did you pay for me?"

"One dollar. But it is not the amount of payment that is important, only the exchange of one form of value for another.

"Everyone who comes here comes as chattel, as merchandise. We have no illusions about free will, no one is allowed to 'join.' You will be kept here until we tire of playing with you, or until I set you free. If and when that day comes, you can decide between staying or leaving—but until then you have no choices."

As he talked, I could see the bulge between his legs swell. Obviously his power over the situation turned him on, but what made my cock start to grow was seeing his take on its huge dimensions.

"Start with my boots. Clean everything."

I crawled across the floor with

my head down and sank to my elbows when I reached the tip of his boots. I strained my head forward and began to swipe across the toe of one boot with my tongue. I began a pattern of moving my tongue across the face of the boot in front of me, each lick extending the area further, moving first across, then up the boot. After perhaps a hundred licks, I had saturated all that was exposed of the leather with my oral secretions. I reached out and took the boot in my hands and began licking up the side, lightly under the cuff of his jeans. Off in the distance above me, I heard the belt buckle unsnapped, heard the zipper come down.

Manuel stood and I hesitated. He stepped over me and I laid my cheek against the wooden floor, waiting. My ears told me that he was slipping off the boots—I heard them thump on the floor—and shucking off his jeans. Then he slipped the boots back on, stomping each foot down into them. He sat back on the bench and I raised my head.

For a moment I just looked up at his crotch, now covered with only a dirty grey jockstrap desperately trying to contain his cock and balls, which looked like a thick snake resting over two oranges. But I realized that to get to the oranges, I first had to climb the tree.

I went back to work on cleaning his boots, now free to lick and suck my way up the tall sides. While I was salivating over the leather uppers, Manuel stripped off his shirt. From the corner of my eye I saw a broad, well-defined chest covered with a fine spray of curly black hairs, two copper-colored nipples that rested like quarters on his pecs, and a long trail of hair that disappeared into the waistband of his jock.

I would have headed straight for the swollen jock strap, but he grabbed my head by the back and slammed my face under his balls. He dug his fingers into my hair as he raised his legs apart and pushed my mouth past the join of the elastic into his dark, hairy asshole. I reached my tongue out and began digging it into the sweaty pit of his rectum, soaking the thick black hairs with my saliva.

Suddenly, he threw me back-



wards on the floor and stepped over me until I was looking up between his legs. As he knelt over my head, he reached down and grabbed my jaw with one hand, squeezing my mouth open. He squatted down on my face, his rectum now opening up and my tongue able to dig further inside, lapping at the smooth but slimy walls of his shit channel. I heard a muffled moan as he began riding my tongue, like a soft dick, impaling his rectum. I reached up and held onto his thighs for support as he opened up even more of his ass to me.

Manuel raised up and changed directions, this time squatting down on my chin, my mouth instantly going back up to eat out his asshole.

As he ground his rectum down on my mouth, I began to feel water dripping on my chin, and realized Manuel was pissing in his jock strap while I ate him out. He moved off my face enough to shove the front of his stuffed, wet jock in my mouth— then let go with an overloaded bladder, the hot piss seeping through the mesh fabric between my lips and over my face. One of his hands grabbed my cock around the base and roughly squeezed and pulled at it as if he would rip it off my body; the other hand cupped and mashed my balls. I was close to exploding from the combination of tastes, sensations, and the sheer dynamics of the situation. I did come, the jets flying into the air as he continued to soak me down with his piss and maul my genitals with his hands. He smeared the thick discharge from my cock over my crotch and shifted his asshole back over my mouth, which was raw from the heavy workout and the rough texture of his jockstrap.

"Now eat it out." His voice was even and slightly low, and as soon as he spoke he relaxed his sphincter muscles and opened up to my eager lips and tongue.

It must have only seemed like hours, but finally Manuel stood up from my wet, cold, trembling form on the floor.

"Get on the bench, on your stomach."

I crawled up on all fours and climbed the wooden bench, as he had instructed, resting my chest and groin against the flat surface, my head hanging over the edge.

He knelt down beside me and began tying my arms and legs to the bench legs with short pieces of rope. When he was convinced that I was securely lashed to the structure, he began kneading and working the cheeks of my ass with his strong, huge hands— his fingers digging into my rectum. He stood up and stripped off the jock strap, but I couldn't see his cock since he was out of my range of vision. He shoved the piss-soaked pouch against my face and forced it between my teeth. A few fingers of spit went up my asshole. Although I was sure I was still well-lubricated from my earlier violations, I was expecting his prick would be anything but a cinch to accommodate if he was planning to fuck me.

Manuel straddled me and the bench, resting his ass on the back of my thighs, all the time working the fingers of one hand into my anal opening. I relaxed as much as possible, pushed back to open up and meet his thrusts. With a hand on each shoulder, he lowered his body down on mine, his cock bone-hard and right at the mark. It slid in for a while without a trace of pain, but quickly I realized that, while I could take the width easily, his dick was a very long one. I knew when he had reached the turn of my rectum, but his insistent cock continued to advance, straightening out my insides. When his balls finally slapped against my ass, I felt like I had been impaled with a baseball bat. Then he began a slow retreat, drawing his cock all the way out past my rectum opening. Then, in one blinding flash, he drove it in again to the hilt, my body going into automatic muscle spasms at the severe and unrelenting pain. Like a jackhammer, he drove his dick in and out, his balls smacking against the underneath of my tortured ass with every thrust. Then, after a few minutes in which I expected to black out, he yanked his dick out of my sore rectum and stood up at the foot of the bench.

"Rico!" His loud call was answered by footsteps and the door opening to admit an equally tall, beefy chicano whose eyes lit up when he saw the scene in front of him.

"Yes, Sir?"

"Fuck him." Manuel stepped away from me and my bench.

Rico began shucking off his clothes. His cock, a fat, dark, circumcised sausage of flesh, began to thicken and harden as he threw each article of clothing onto the floor. He grinned as he walked up to the bench and climbed in where Manuel had been. One hand on my ass, the other probably guiding his cock-pipe to my open hole, he rammed in with a single thrust, causing me to see stars in the back of my eyes. But Rico didn't pull out. Instead, he rotated and rocked his hips, his dick exploring and stroking every possible crevice inside me.

Manuel yanked the jock out of my mouth and replaced it with his cock, a straight pole that looked even bigger than it had felt. He slipped a good half of it down my throat, rank with the taste of my ass juices, and began fucking my face to match his friend's actions in my ass. Rico began to pick up his pace, pulling his dick out partways and slamming it back in rapid strokes. Manuel grabbed my jaw with both hands and tilted it so that he could feed his cock further and further into my throat until I was swallowing nearly all of it. I could see his damp pubic hair come closer and closer to my eyes. With a loud cry, Rico collapsed against me, nearly knocking my face off Manuel's rod, as he unloaded his balls into my stretched and aching rectum. He continued to lay on me as Manuel remounted his strokes into my throat. I could feel Rico's heart pounding against my back.

Rico climbed off and started to put his clothes back on. Manuel didn't miss a stroke as he turned his head to him. "Get some of the guys together. Give this pig a workover."

"How many?" Rico grinned.

"Ten." Manuel drove his cock in all the way.

I closed my eyes as Rico walked out the door and Manuel continued to slide his swollen meat in and out of my face.

"After that, you can take a nap."

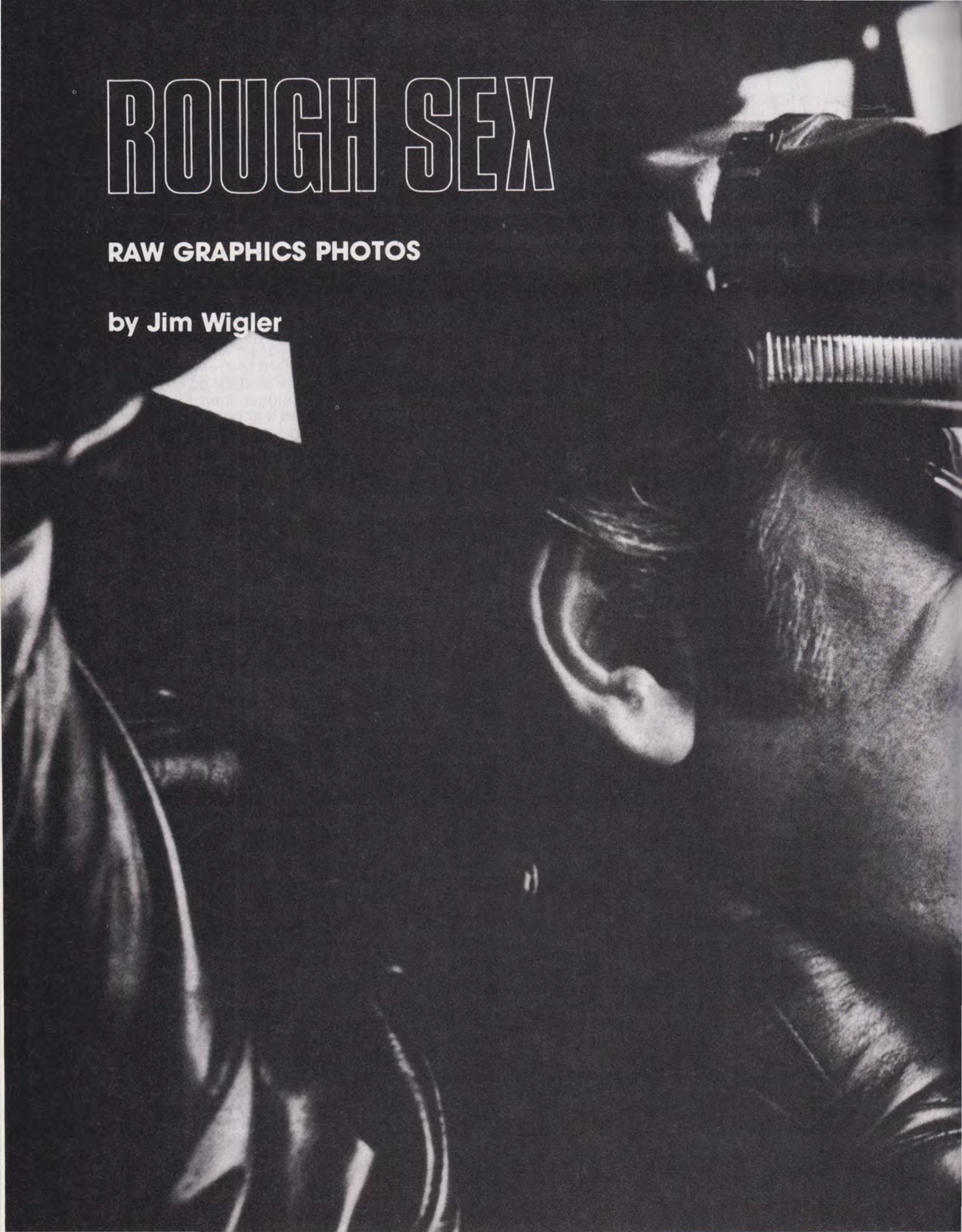
For a few minutes, as Manuel continued working his cock in my throat, I questioned how I had ended up tied to a bench with a sore ass and a determined chicano fucking my mouth. Then I gave up questioning and began to concentrate on the staff of flesh that was demanding more and more of my attention. □



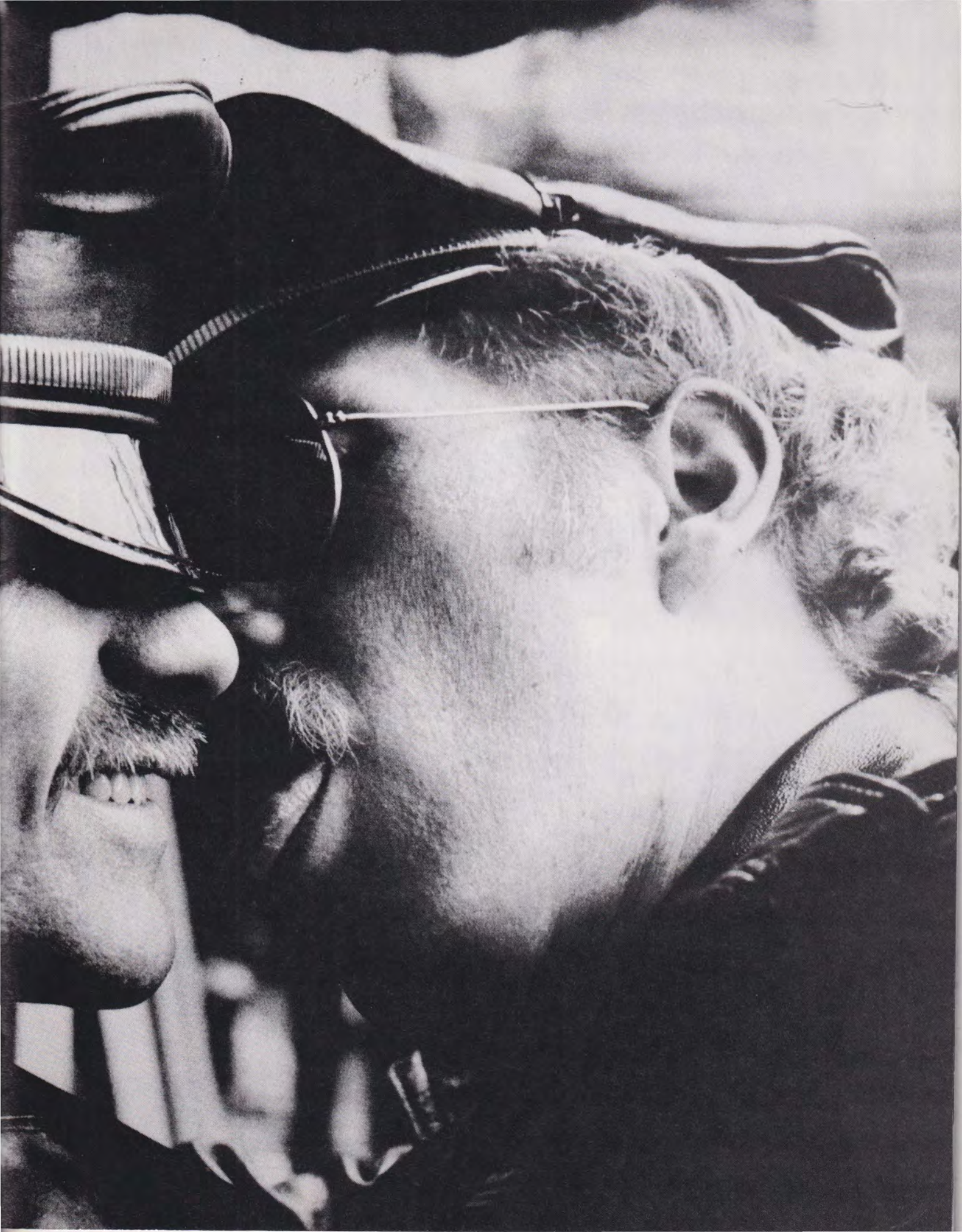
# ROUGH SEX

**RAW GRAPHICS PHOTOS**

**by Jim Wigler**



























# WELCOME To CHICAGO HELLFIRE'S



# INFERNO-XI

**INFERNO...** What is it? An annual gathering of members and friends of the Chicago-based Hellfire Club, perhaps the most famous SM organization in the world. Private. Serious. Outstanding.

Inferno is where you make your fantasies come true, really true, for a long weekend. Enough reality to carry you, perhaps, for a whole year, until the next Inferno.

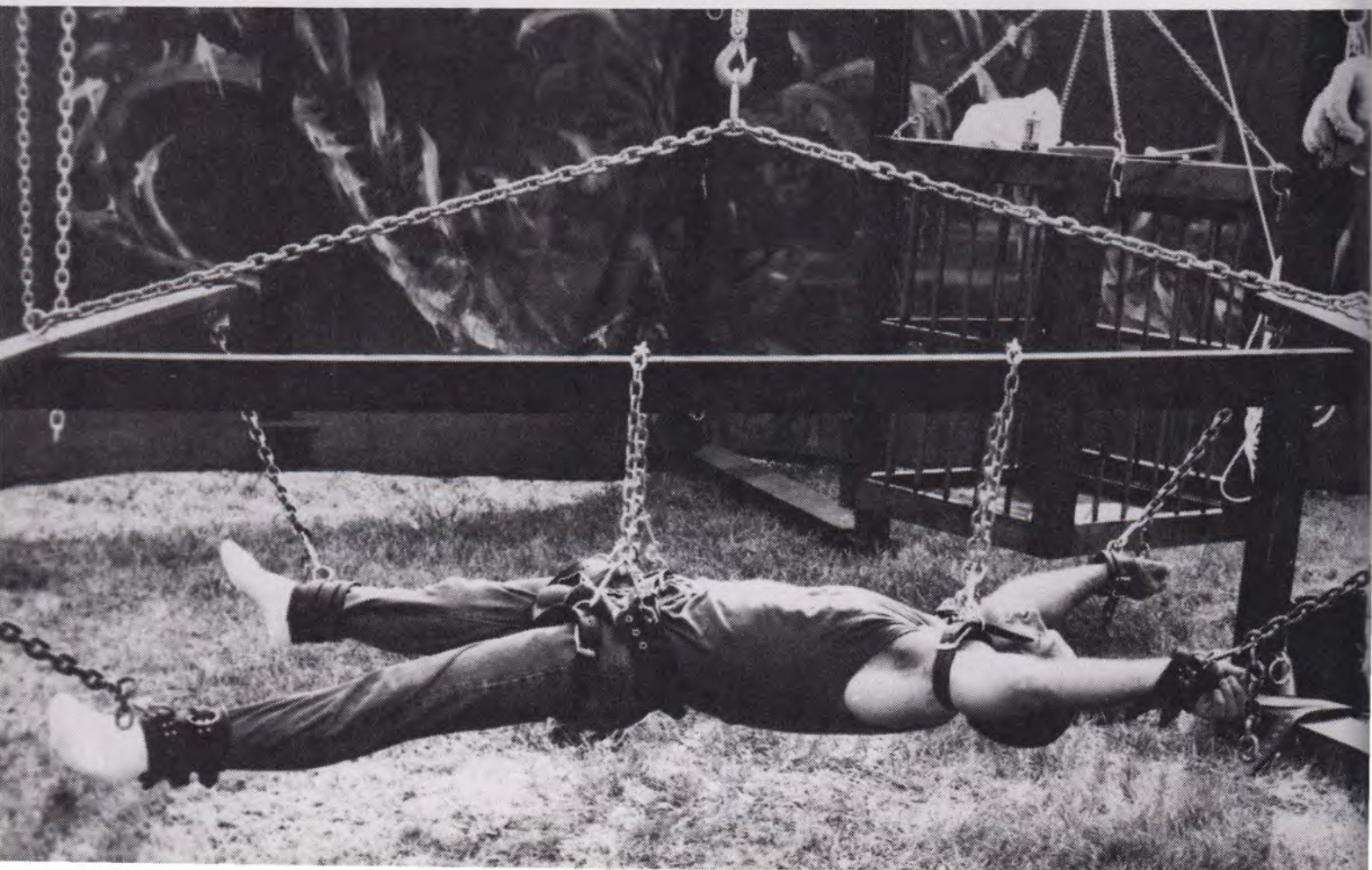
It doesn't matter what those fantasies are— well, it does mat-

ter, because Inferno is non-destructive— if you're serious, if you're ready, if you apply with the right amount of humility (or arrogance), the Hellfire Club can bring you and your fantasy together.

Or you can just come and explore a wide variety of SM and sexual experiences with other men as serious and committed as you are. Every action, every situation is by mutual consent. Mutual respect and seriousness are the

foundations of Inferno.

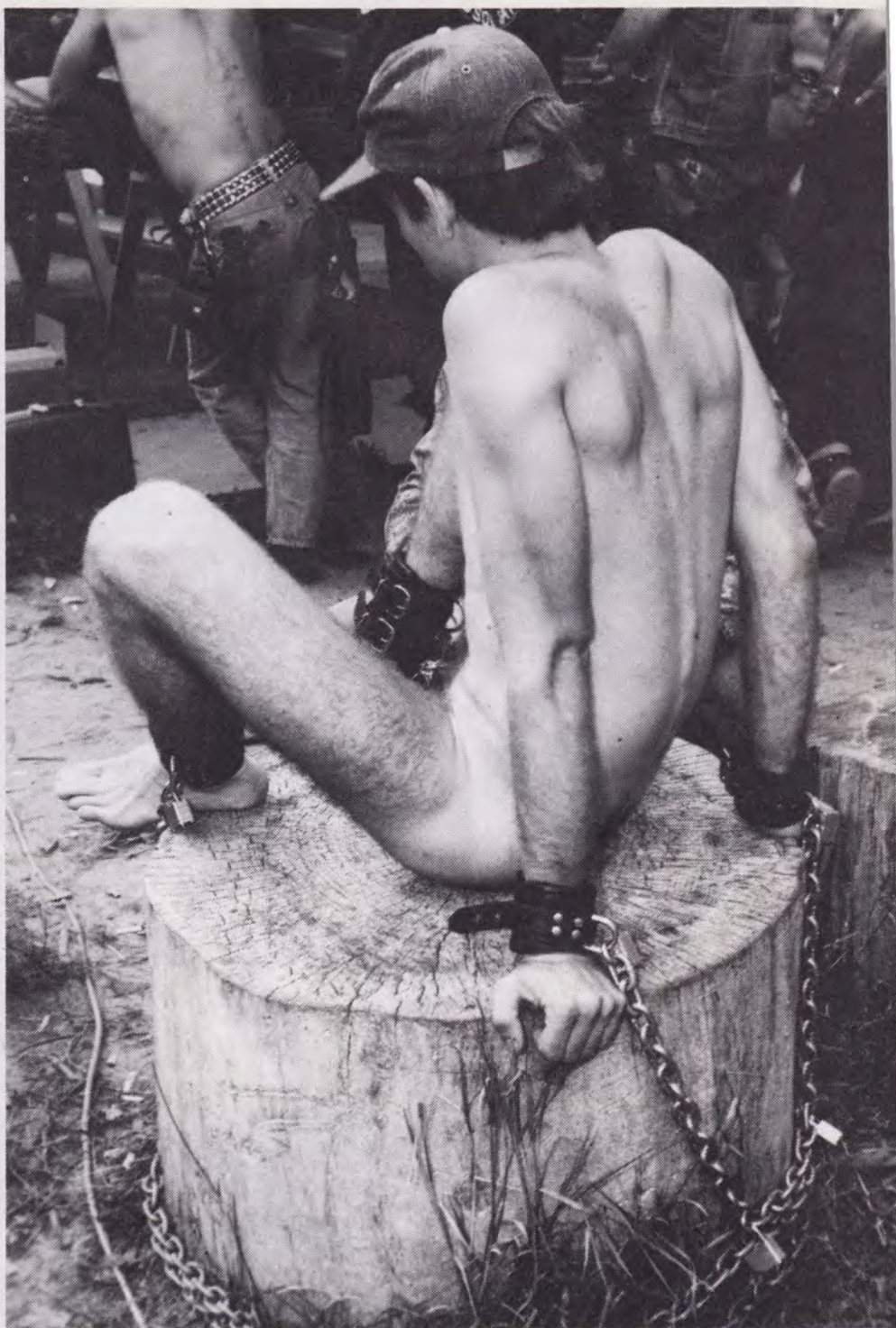
Inferno is not a game, or a night out at the bars, or a weekend of posturing. These are experienced sane participants, devoted to SM as a form of physical and emotional release. The action gets as heavy here as can be imagined, but always within the realm of sanity, always reiterating that we respect the body we torture, we see to its safety as well as to bringing it to new plateaus of physical excitement and stress.







Photos are from the 1982 Inferno (Number 11) and were taken by Larry Townsend. Admission to Inferno is by invitation only.



Inferno delights in bringing new information, new techniques to its members at each annual SMfest. Demonstrations abound: bondage with rope, chains, esoteric materials, whipping (some of the country's leading whipmasters attend Inferno each year), piercings, electricity, suspension, genitorture—the whole range of SM experiences. Special equipment, elaborate suspension

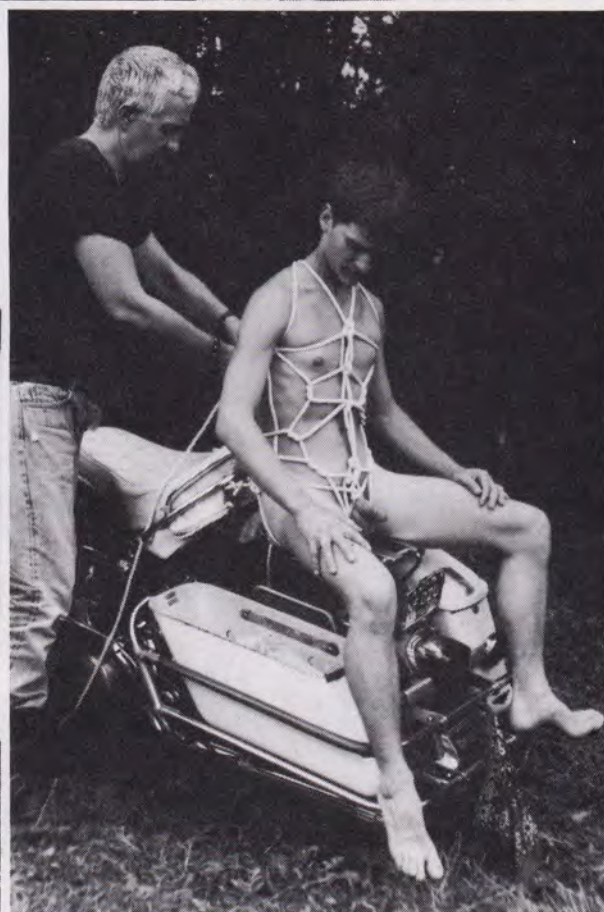




devices, some never seen before, are constructed at each Inferno.

Areas for specific sex play are designated and identified: fist fucking, whipping, water sports—you *can* have only one interest and have it explored to the maximum at Inferno.

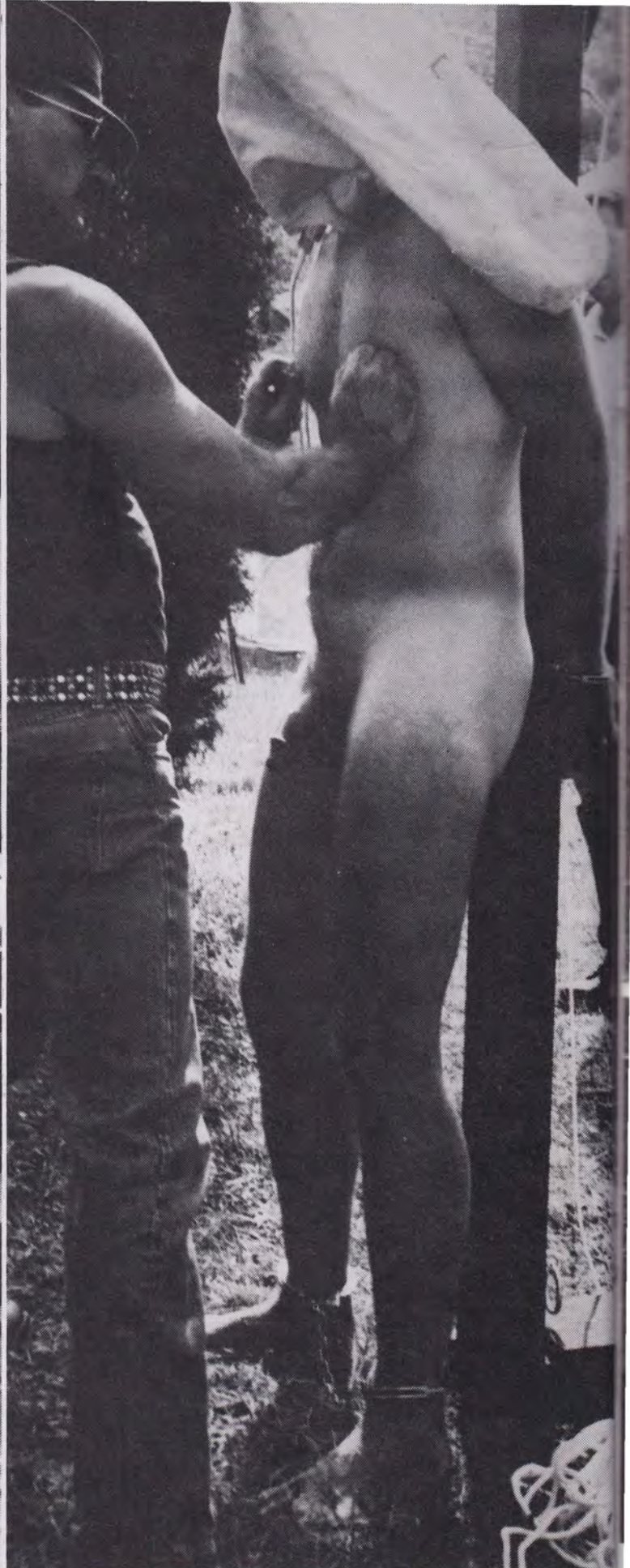
And you can arrange to have



















the world to practice what they know and to teach others who are not as experienced.

Inferno is a tribe and an academy. These same men, whether they are tops or bottoms, will bring back into their communities the essence of the time spent at Inferno. The camaraderie of the time spent there will give them a sense of belonging. The energy expended will make the participants better men and is a test of their mettle.

Inferno is the ultimate in the SM scene!

— Frank O'Rourke

While I think the photographs will probably illustrate the basic activities more satisfactorily than it would be possible to do in words, there are several situations where photography would have been inappropriate. One of these stands out in my mind as the epitome of an SM experience—at least from the standpoint of the bottom. Picture a

particular fantasies fulfilled by applying in advance. The list of fantasies that Inferno has brought to life is endless.

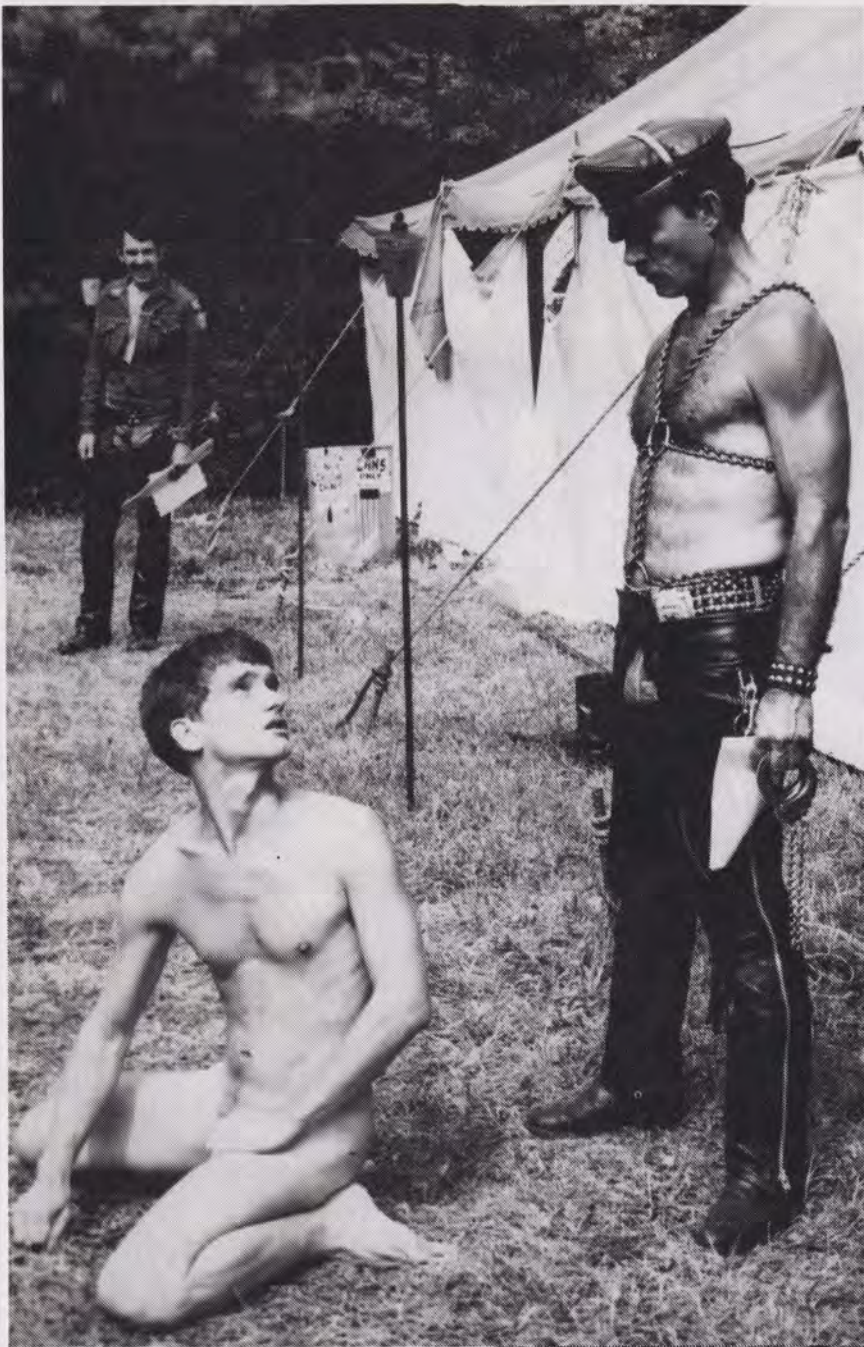
Because Inferno is serious business, you can't just walk in. You have to be a member of the Chicago Hellfire Club or be invited by a member, or be invited by the Club. How do you get to Inferno? Practice... and seek it out.

— Michael Endicott-Ross

**INFERNO— THE MEETING OF THE TRIBE!** Inferno means different things to different men. It means an orgy, a renewal of old relationships, but I guess it means a tribal meeting of men who have a total commitment to the growth and development of the SM spirit. Here one can find the innovators of sadistic techniques practicing and passing on their knowledge to others. Men travel from all over





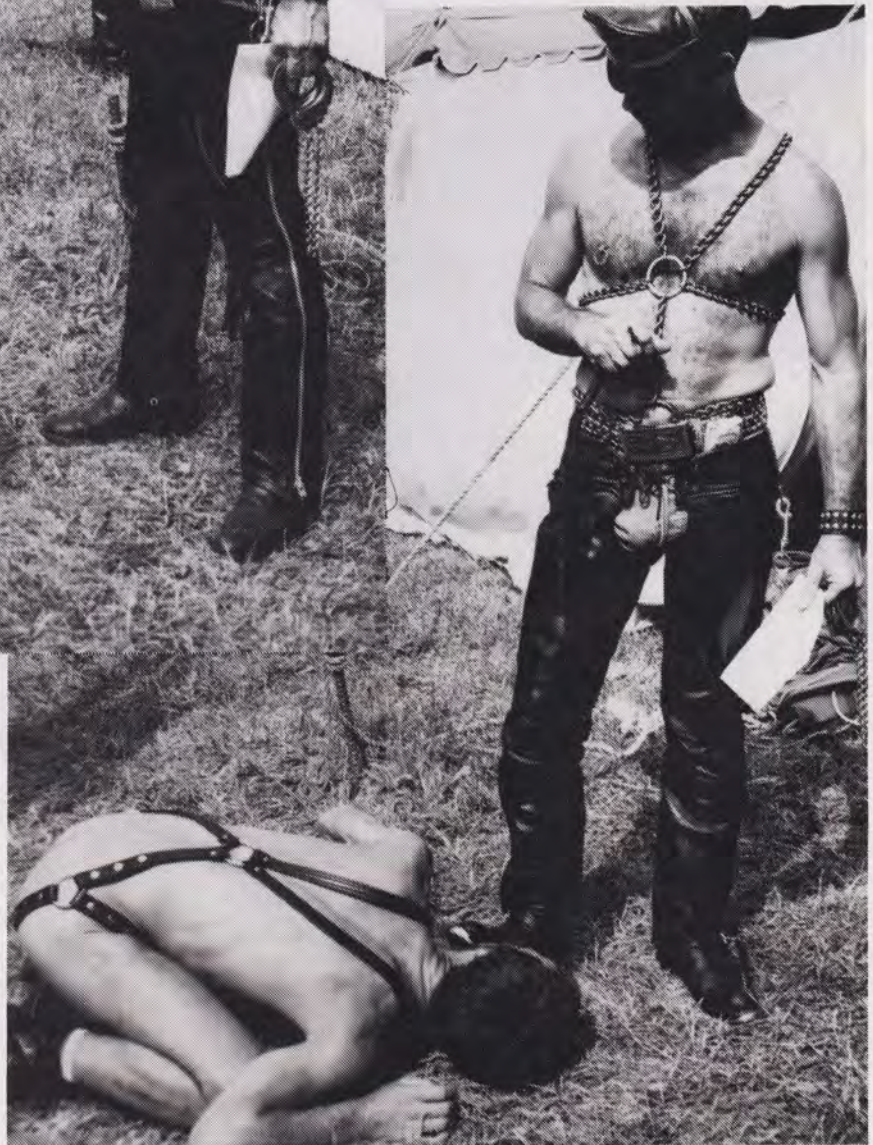


as they await their leader's next instructions. In the distance there is an occasional shout or snap of crackling impact from the run site, but these are alien and distinct from the action within the clearing.

The young man is moaning, swaying slightly as a gentle movement of air caresses his skin where the marks of his previous activities are clearly etched. During the course of the last two days he has served several Masters, and his body bears criss-cross scars on the back, lingering rings from previous bonds around his wrists and ankles. He has worn a catheter and he has felt the tingling sensation of electric current through his lower body. He now waits for whatever attentions his present Master will accord him on this final evening. □

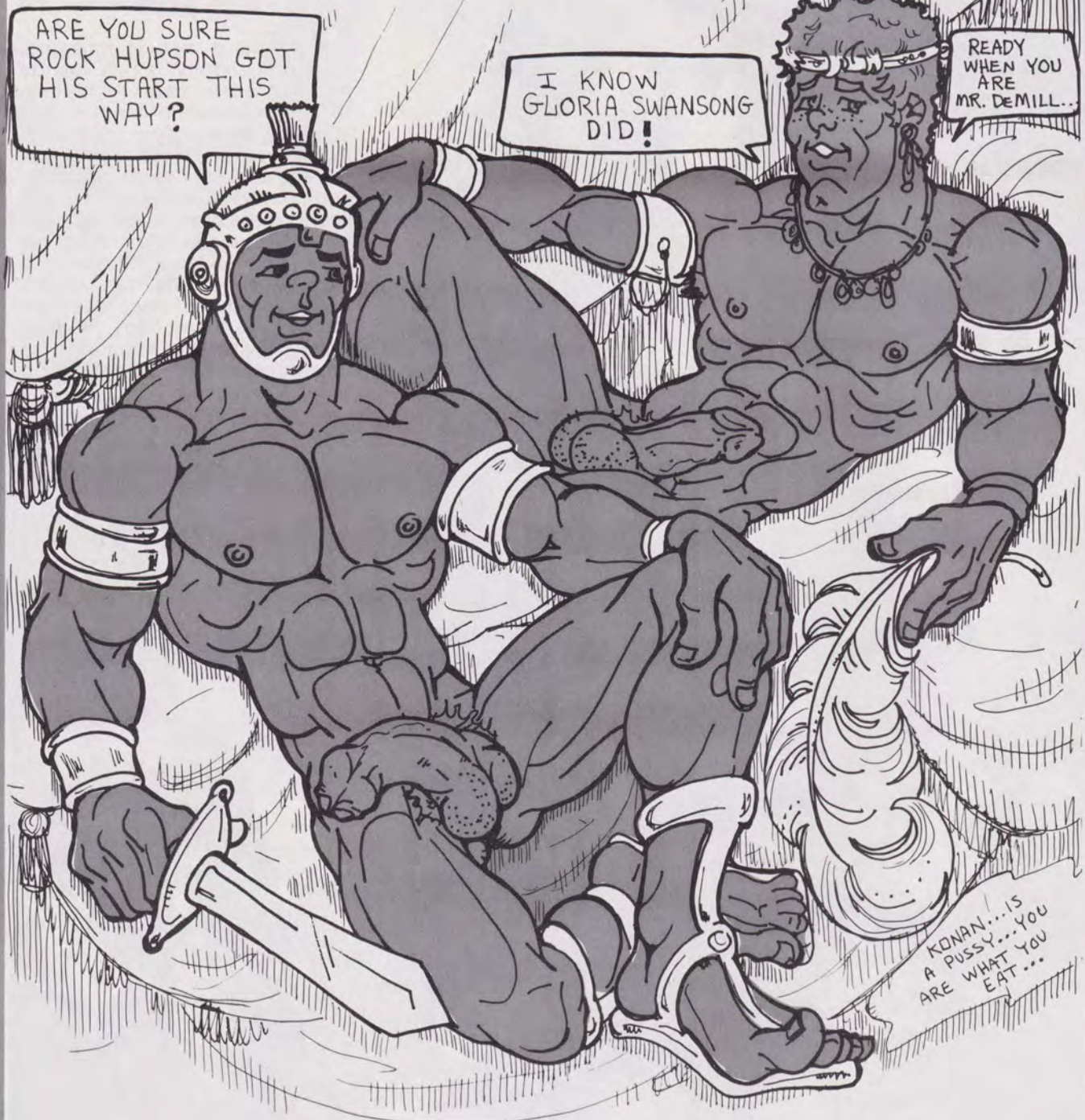
— Larry Townsend

small clearing in the woods, late at night, very dark, still warm from an almost oppressively hot summer day. A slender young man stands between two trees, naked except for a blindfold and gag, his arms secured to the solid trunks on either side. The front of his body is illuminated by the glow of a flickering candle in a crude container a few feet in front of him. The only sound comes from the half dozen men who have placed him there, now relaxing on the ground in pairs or singly, either watching their captive or interacting with each other





# Joc & Sac by Leo



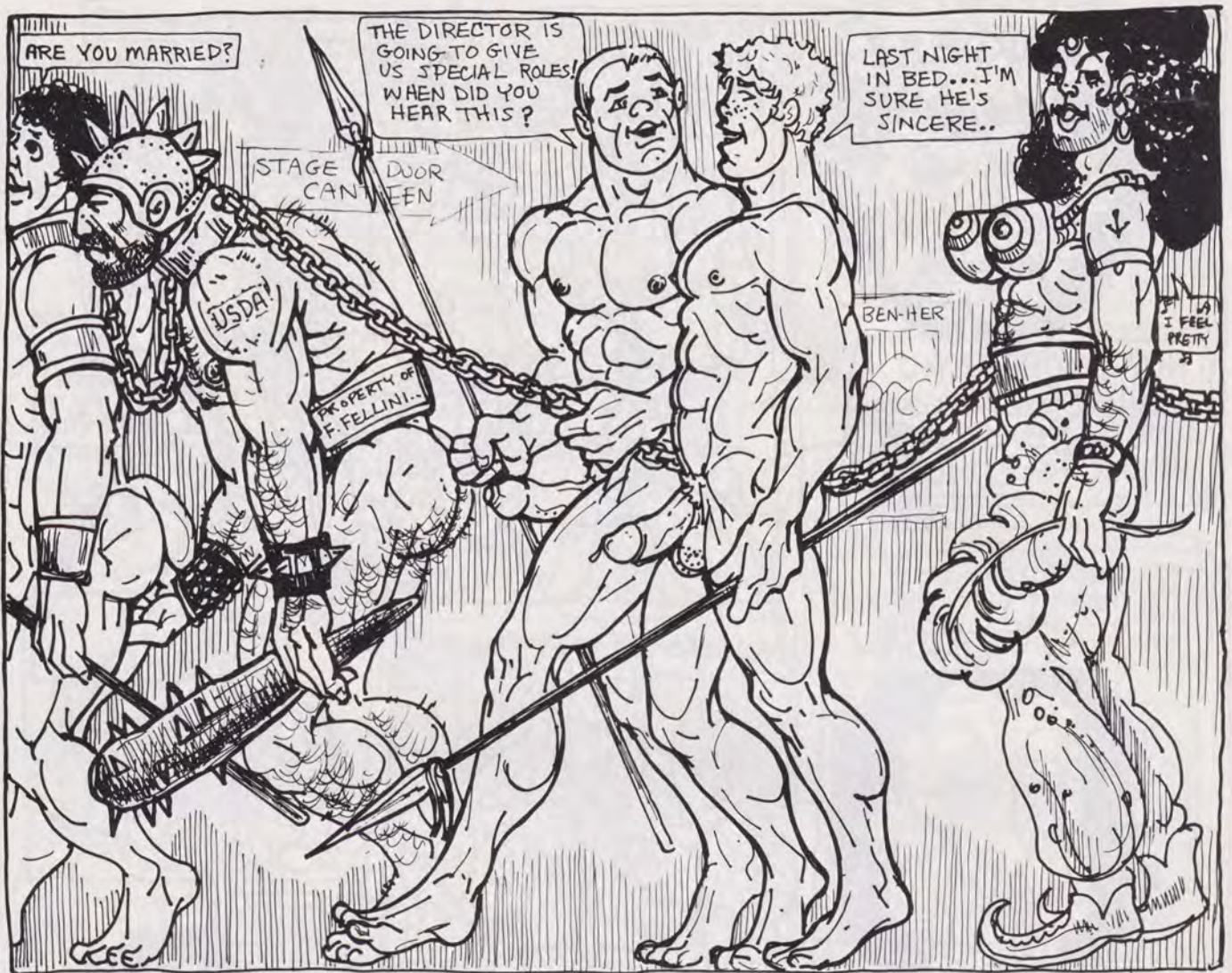
"WHAT OUR HERO'S...JOC & SAC...DID WITH THEIR SUMMER VACATIONS...WAS TO GET JOBS AS EXTRAS ON A MOVIE.....

"QUICKIE FUCK FILMS" WAS FILMING THE EPIDIDYMS EPIC....

"MAMMOTH MAN THE MONSTER MONGOLIAN MANHANDLER".....

WHO CONQUERES THE KNOWN WORLD....ON HIS BACK IN BED, KICKING AT THE CEILING.... OUR BOYS NEEDED THE MONEY.....







**HORDES!**

NOT WHORES...YOU  
ASSHOLE! MONGOLIAN  
HORDES! EVERYBODY  
BREAK FOR LUNCH!!!

THE BOSS ASKED ME TO  
FIND THE GUY WHO WRESTLES..  
FOR THE SPECIAL SCENE...  
WHO'S THE WRESTLER?

**SPECIAL SCENE!**

I Am!

NO ME! I'M  
THE WRESTLER!

HI BABY BUILTIE!  
YOU "S OR M?"...  
WANT A  
DATE?....

WANT TO EAT MY LUNCH?

WE DO  
CHICKEN  
RIGHT!

WANT  
A  
DADDY?

DANGEROUS WHEN WET..

WHO DO I  
WRESTLE?  
IN THE "SPECIAL SCENE"...

HIM...

HE'S THE  
WRESTLER!







(Continued from page 13)

and attached alligator clips to my nipples, he removed the leg restraints from my ankles and, pulling my legs over my head, attached them to the frame of the head of the cot, so that my buttocks were raised in the air and the underside of my genitals was revealed.

He was not gentle, but he was cold and distant, as if he were performing unwelcome tasks by rote. There was neither wrath nor passion in what he did. He placed pins through the folds of flesh at the base of my member, where it joins the scrotum. He stuffed a well-used athletic supporter into my mouth (which he said belonged to Brother Mark, who is searching for perfection through lifting weights). He placed a leather hood over my head, with only two small holes near my nostrils. He placed pins in the soles of my bare feet. And I was not afraid.

He brushed his rough fingers against my thighs, then twisted my scrotum so that the pins tore at my flesh. He pulled at the clips attached to my nipples. But not a sound arose from me. His manner was so cold, so objective, that I began to fear. His coldness was a greater torture than his violence: his indifference, his lack of passionate interest in what he was doing.

Did he not care for me? Had he lost interest? It was as if I did not exist, except as a job to do. I heard him walk about the room. Then I heard the sounds of him putting his habit back on himself, moving toward the door, opening it, closing it. Then silence. He was gone, he had left me there, bound, blind, in pain. I could not call out for help. I tried to adjust my body so that I could be more comfortable until someone found me, but I did not succeed. With each turn of my body, I was brought only greater pain.

I felt miserable, rejected, stranded in my own cubicle.

I do not know how many hours passed; gradually my body became such a mass of pain that I could not locate any single source of it. When I tried to remove myself from my restraints, I only succeeded in fixing them even more tightly. I prayed for release.

As the pain grew, I became more tired. Soon I fell asleep, perhaps as much as an escape from the pain and helplessness as from the weariness. I began to dream, even

though I was half-awake. I was faint; I began to feel as if I were spinning, falling into a state of vertigo. I wondered, when I became more conscious occasionally, how long I could regain my consciousness, what there was of it.

Perhaps I was conscious, perhaps I was dreaming, but I heard a rustling in the room, like a window had opened and a strong breeze blew in. My heart began to beat rapidly as I thought that perhaps Brother Michael had returned to finish servicing my needs. But it was not him. I could tell. The sounds were more like the rustling of the winds.

Something touched me, the breeze perhaps, the tip of a finger. I held myself very still, trying to listen, to know what or who it was who was in the room.

It was a man. Something wet enclosed itself over my member, then licked my scrotum, then moved its tongue around and into the gate of my desire. I moved my legs apart; a soothing balm seemed to cover my body and I was released from the pain. I relaxed as the tongue of the man ran through the hairs of my private parts, soothed the pain where the needles had been (they were mysteriously released) as it licked the soles of my feet, bathed my toes, which were then wiped dry by what seemed to be long hair. I felt the kiss of his lips and the brush of his beard upon my belly. He sucked my navel and his tongue parted the hairs of my groin, then led itself up the trail of hair to my chest, as the clips on my nipples disappeared to be replaced by gentle, loving kisses and quiet sucking, as the lips and tongue ran across my chest and wet the hairs of my underarms. Then, as his lips fell upon my mouth, I felt the pressure of his member at my gate; I relaxed and felt it enter me. I opened that door, not knowing who it was who entered. It was not Brother Michael. I could tell that. It was something finer, something even longer, gentler. It touched that place in me which was a source of the most intense pleasure, and then it seemed to pass. For a brief moment, a sense of terror passed over me, but the fears subsided when I felt his soothing hands on my thighs. His member continued to grow larger in me, even though he did not seem to move. It grew until I felt as if my entire insides were filled with it. But I accepted it.

It was comforting. I wanted more.

Slowly, with the gentlest patience imaginable, he began to move in and out of me. My member strained unfettered (I suddenly realized) from the studded band. Even as he moved, he seemed to grow larger in me, and I accepted and begged for more. A delicious warmth crept over my body. He now moved more rapidly; my skin began to tingle. The darkness of my blindness began to lighten, though I still could not see. It was as if I had come into a great light. He was moving rapidly in me, and I thought that I could see this man, but I was soon lost again in his presence in me. His thrusting, heavy flanks heaving into me; his scrotum balls slapping against my buttocks. The lightness grew; I could feel him coming close to climax, I could feel it build, could feel his organ inside me balloon up, ready to burst.

And then he came, like an exploding sun, in every pore and cell of my body; my ears rang with the immensity of it. I tasted and smelled his semen in me and I, with no inhibitions whatsoever, spilled my own sperm until I thought it would not stop.

And then I lost consciousness.

When I awoke, I was released from my bonds. Where I had been blind, now I could see, and I felt refreshed and new, as if I had been born again. I walked to the window of my cell and gazed out upon the new morning. The sun was rising and the sounds of the birds were music to my ears. The aromas of fresh morning struck my sense of smell. I turned and looked about the old, familiar cell, but it seemed strangely new, as if I had never seen it before. I saw everything with a sense of awe and wonder.

Suddenly my attention went to the crucifix above my bed; something on it glistened brightly. I walked over to it and peered at the bloody figure impaled upon that rood. The red loin-cloth was missing; it was a naked Christ I gazed upon. And on the tip of His member was a shining drop of sperm. I fell down to my knees and began to pray as the matin bells began to ring. I heard the sounds of my brothers as they stirred from their resolute sleep to rise.

I looked down upon myself; I was covered with blood, but had no wounds.

I could still taste His sperm in me.



I guess none of it would have happened if I hadn't decided to be absolutely honest in filling out the psychiatric questionnaire that was given to all third-year students at Oklahoma State. Thanks to the G.I. Bill I was enjoying pursuit of a college degree at that prestigious university and, wanting to do everything "right", I took things like questionnaires more seriously than the other, mostly younger, students.

So it was that when I came to the question asking about any unusual sexual interest or fetishes I could lay claim to, I wrote a long, detailed, very damning confession of the particular peculiar tastes I had acquired. It was a dumb thing to do and, looking back, I can't figure out why I didn't lie or put down something non-committal. But no, like a fool I outlined my whole trip, like how I get super-turned-on by sneakers and socks, feet and toes. As soon as I wrote it down I flung the pen away and leaned back in my chair, my cock stiff and a throbbing in my crotch from just thinking about such things. Shaking my head, I muttered, "Oh, no. I'm not sending that in!" I made up my mind to throw away the questionnaire and get a new one the next day.

Meanwhile, I had gotten myself so turned-on, writing about my favorite "trip" that I got up and went to the bathroom for a hot jack-off. I pulled my stiff prick out of the confining fly of my Levi's and started pounding it furiously over the toilet. My mind was filled with visions of warm, smelly sneakers and stinking sweatsocks, spinning with images of big, hot, sweaty feet shoved in my face. I threw my head back and closed my eyes, giving myself up to my fantasies but determined to prolong my pleasure as long as possible.

I had been working away for several minutes—till the pre-come juice was practically dripping off the slimy end of my dick—when a sudden noise made me look up and there in the doorway was my roommate, Stosh Sandusky!

Stosh was one of those big, muscular, raw-boned blond Slavic types. Twenty years old but with

the brute power of a more mature guy, he was a natural athlete and the star of the school's basketball team. Unbelievably handsome but not too smart, he did have a latent streak of sadism that sometimes got dangerous both on the court and with former roommates who got him angry. Fortunately we had hit it off well and, while not the best of friends, we were at least cordial. Caught like that in the act of self-pleasure, I could only smile weakly and mutter "Hi...hello" in my embarrassment. He grinned non-committally and leaned against the door jamb, his blue eyes flicking between my red face and the now-softening sausage sticking out of the open fly in my jeans. He had just come in from basketball practice and was still in his shorts and team shirt, sweatsocks and big Converse sneakers. He liked the shower in our room better than the ones at the gym and usually came here to clean up. Rivulets of sweat ran down his golden muscular limbs and his blond hair was plastered to his skull with wetness.

Suddenly I panicked, remembering the incriminating papers I'd left on my desk in the other room! Had Stosh seen them, I wondered, feeling my stomach turn to butterflies? Had he read that stupid confession of mine? I wasn't long to doubt. Casually the giant athlete leaned down and pulled off one of his hi-top canvass sneakers, exposing his very large, wide foot, sheathed in grimy woolen sweatsocks that accented every sweet curve and hollow of his shapely, teen-age Slavic feet.

"Hey, buddy," he smiled in feigned innocence, "I gotta get me another pair of sneakers—these are really raunchy! You ever smell anything so stinky?"

He held the soiled and ripped shoe toward me but I backed away, a cold sweat forming on my upper lip.

Stosh snorted derisively. "Shit, it won't hurt you none, Dwight. It's only some sweat and stink from my feet. The way you're acting, some'd think you don't like my feet or something."

I didn't answer. To tell the truth I couldn't have spoken then if my life

depended on it. The brawny blond athlete made a pretense of looking inside the frayed white shoe. "Gee, I can't make out the size in here. It's all rubbed out and smeared."

He stepped in close to me. I felt the sink pressing against my back. I couldn't get away from the overpowering closeness of Stosh's big hot body. "Here, pal, maybe you can read it for me!"

Slowly, teasingly, and with a cruel grin he lifted the sneaker up to my face. It was like some huge shell with a beat-up star patch on one side. The laces completely loose and partly out, the tongue up, the dark, mysterious opening gaped like some special, fragrant cave.

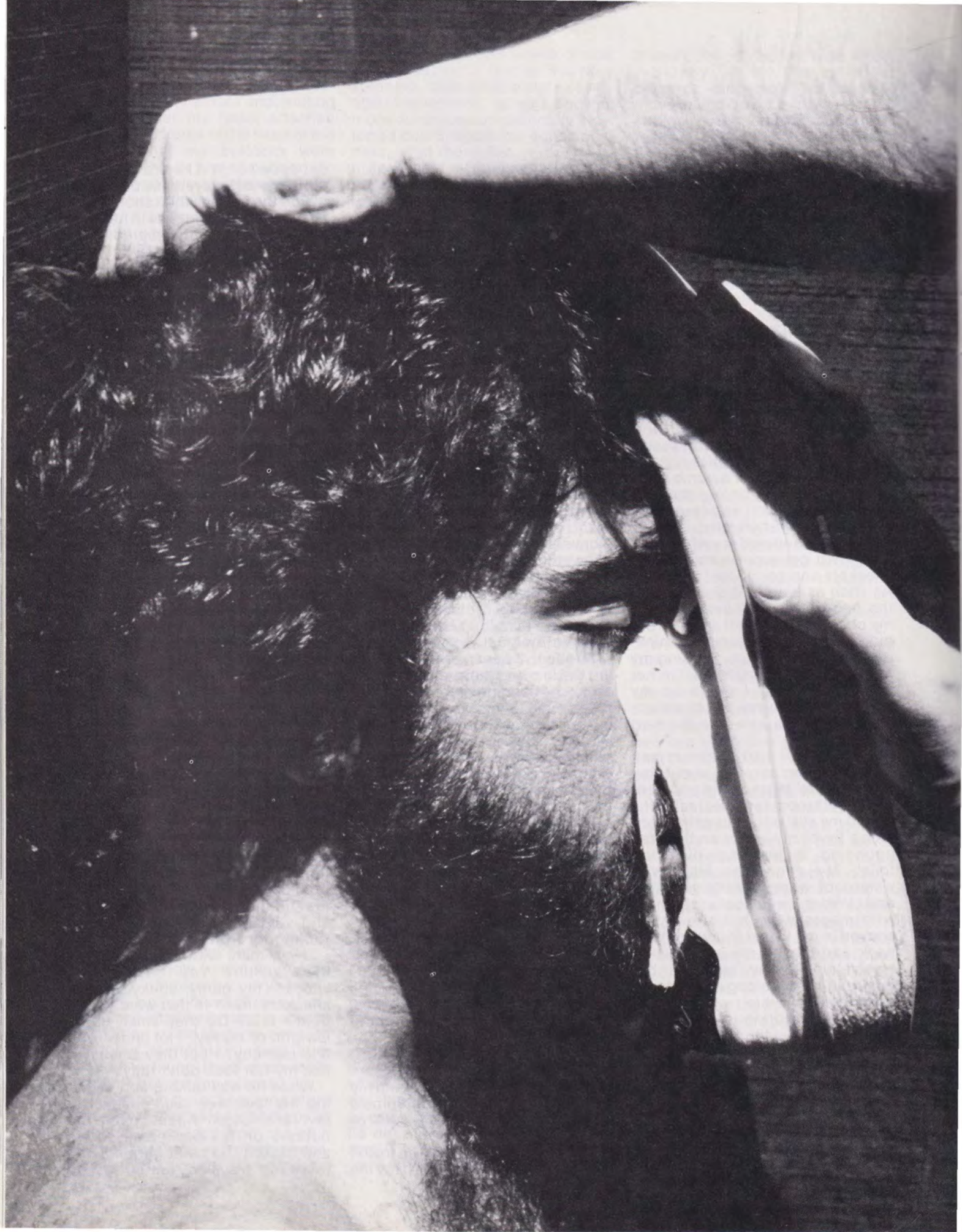
It was this very opening that Stosh lined up with my face, barely an inch away, so that my face and nose were practically inside the sneaker. Vaguely I noticed that the shoe size stamped inside was clear and readable, not in the least smudged or wiped away. Big, bold black letters proclaiming proudly to fit a royal size thirteen! Shit, the kid had *miles* of feet!

"Can ya make out the size, pal?" he grinned cockily. "No? Well, maybe it's not close enough for you to read good!" His grin widened even more as he brought the raunchy sneaker still closer, jamming the thing right against my face so that I was breathing no air except that inside the cavernous shoe! My lungs filled with the heavy, damp, warm, powerful odor that Stosh's big foot had left. The hot stink was overpowering and I drank it in greedily. The sounds of my sniffing and snuffling were loud and vulgar and primal, like a pig rooting for truffles.

"Hey, man, watcha doin' inside there? Huh? You smellin' my shoes—my gamy, stinky, sweaty sneakers, huh? Is that what you're doin'? Is it? Do they smell good, Dwight, ol' buddy? Hot and strong and raunchy? I bet they smell just like my hot feet, don't they?"

While he was talking and grinding his foul, well-used sneaker in my face, Stosh ripped open the buttons on his basketball shorts and kicked the satin garment off, revealing his slim, full-buttocked







hips adorned with a plumply bulging jockstrap. The wide white elastic straps stood out sharply against the deep golden tan skin, wet with man-sweat. He pried off the other big sneaker and shinnied out of his athletic shirt, so that he finally stood there on the bathroom rug, naked except for the dingy, moist jockstrap and his floppy wool sweatsocks.

He took the sneaker away from my face and tossed it off into a corner. Grabbing the other big athletic shoe he had just pulled off, he said, "Hey, pal, how about this one? D'ya suppose it smells as bad as the other one? Or maybe even worse? Here, take a good whiff and lemme know!" And with that he shoved his other moist, gamy sneaker into my face!

"Shit, man, you really know how to smell a guy's sneakers, don't you? I guess I know where to go now whenever I need my sneakers sniffed good!"

Finally he released me, walked to the commode and put down the seat, and sat on it, legs spread and outstretched, resting on their wool-clad heels. My mouth hung slack and open and my eyes were glazed. I was literally drunk with the orgy of sneaker-sniffing I'd just enjoyed with the inside of Stosh's large, wide basketball shoes. Their heavy athletic aroma still lingered in my nose, fresh and strong, raunchy and virile.

"Hey," he said, studying his socked feet. "My sweatsocks sure are dirty. They need to be washed real bad. How'd you like to take your tongue and use it to launder my filthy socks for me? Think you'd like that, huh?"

My eyes fell to the sweatsocks in question. The once-white wool was dingy-grey and hanging limp around his golden-haired ankles, the sheath of the socks wrapped wetly in clinging folds around the two huge, meaty feet. He'd obviously been wearing them for more than just one workout in the gym. Still, the suggestion he'd put forward, that I clean those soiled and smelly socks with my tongue, sent a shiver of anticipatory delight down my spine! Stosh noticed the slight shiver that vibrated through my body and he broke into a confident grin. Correctly interpreting my silence for assent, he taunted me further.

"Been storin' up a whole lot of dynamite juice from my funky feet there in them socks...real good,

tasty stuff! Bet you'd like it, once you tried it. G'wan, why doncha? Give my funky socks a good cleanin'!"

Numbly I crossed the small space that separated us and dropped down to my hands and knees, lowering my head to one of Stosh's beautifully-shaped size 13 feet. The socks were soggy with foot-sweat and permeated through with the ripe pungent stink of sneaker-smell and the moist musky aromas of his wide, high-arched manly feet. The strong blast of intoxicating foot-perfume that I had experienced while my face had been buried inside his sneakers was mild in comparison to the powerful onslaught of repulsive odors that filled my nostrils as they approached the sculptured arch of his wool-covered toes. I felt my senses reeling.

My tongue extended and began to lap the blond jock's smelly socked foot, over the hard full instep and around to the sides, licking and gnawing at the ankle and the delicious hollow underneath the ankle. Then downward over the fleshy side-ridge on one side and the shapely arch on the other. Then the tops of his sock-clad toes. I could feel the separations between each strong, firm toe and the hard bones lifting like a line of miniature mountains on the broad, flat plain of his toe-tops.

Shifting my position on the floor, I was able to reach the bottoms of his socks. They were filthiest here, with the imprint of his naked big foot clearly marked in dark wet grey, the large expanse of gracefully-curved sole and five circles of toe-prints like a border at the top curve of the sock-bottom.

My tongue was dry and coated with wool by now. I swallowed a few times, worked up some spit as best I could, and got to work licking off the dirt from the bottom of his sock.

Stosh encouraged me. "Yeah, that's it, ol' buddy. Get those socks real clean for me. You're doin' real good; yeah, real good. Looks like I found me a first-class laundromat!" He chuckled cruelly. "Yeah, with you as my roomie, it looks like I'm gonna have the cleanest, whitest socks on the team! Every night after practice I'll use your mouth for a washing machine to clean my socks. And maybe I'll throw in a pissy jockstrap or two, sweeten it up a little."

It took a long time but, after

about thirty minutes of licking and chewing, gnawing and sucking and licking some more, the sweat-sock so stuffed with the big hot foot of that blond college jock was finally clean! My tongue felt like it had been scraped raw and the sock was literally dripping wet with my saliva, but, by God, it was CLEAN!

Stosh raised his hairy, muscular leg, lifting the foot off the floor. With his thighs spread as they were, this movement served to spread open the twin mounds of his muscular, firmly-packed, alabaster white buttocks, exposing the pinkish-brown rosebud of his hair-ringed asshole. As he studied his lifted foot approvingly, checking on his newly-laundered sock, I devoured with my eyes the rare glimpse of his most secret and private mystery— his warm, moist, and tender man-hole. Like a hypnotist's eye the winking button lodged between the powerful, melon-shaped cheeks held me in a servile grip and there was no escape.

He sauntered to the door and out into the next room, his voice trailing back over his shoulder as he walked with a loose-jointed, hip-rolling gait. "Whyn'cha wash all that shit from my asshole off your face, then get yourself stripped naked and on the bed waiting for me?" Then I heard the door open and slam shut and he was gone.

I thought I should get the hell out of there while I had the chance, but the tantalizing promise of getting at Stosh's big, tanned feet again drove all thoughts of flight away. So, instead, I did as he had instructed: washed my face, stripped off my sneakers and socks, t-shirt and jeans I was wearing, and lay down on one of the beds totally nude to wait for him to come back. Meanwhile I amused myself by rubbing my stiff dick while chewing and sucking on one of my own smelly socks, my nose buried deep inside one of my own raunchy sneaks. Always one of my favorite activities, but now I knew the taste and smell were nothing compared to Stosh's funky gear!

It seemed like an eternity— my raunchy socks were sucked nearly clean and I had nearly shot my wad several times— but in reality it wasn't more than half an hour before I heard a key in the door and it opened to admit the young Nordic athlete, his golden, muscular limbs literally *dripping* with sweat, his mouth hanging open to gulp on



air as his powerful chest heaved with heavy breathing.

Ignoring the sweatsocks which I hastily pulled from my mouth and tossed to the floor as well as the stiff prick jutting up from my groin with clear sticky juice gushing from the slimy slit on the end, he walked to the bed and collapsed down on it on his back, his long, muscular legs sprawled wide. Arching his lean hips up off the mattress he peeled down his sweatpants and kicked them off. Then, flopping his naked, jockstrap-framed ass back down on the bed again, he nodded towards his feet.

"There they are, all hot and steamy inside my sneaks for you. Like fresh bread from the oven. Love 'em, man. Love 'em to death!"

Hastily I scrambled downward to his hair-haloed ankles. My fingers nervously untied the shoelaces of the first shoe. Grasping the bony ankle in one hand and with the heel of his warm, moist sneaker in my other, I removed the funky athletic shoe slowly, almost reverently. Like unveiling some exquisite treasure which indeed I was!

Slowly, slowly, my eyes devouring each new inch of naked foot as it came to view, I slid the sneaker off Stosh's wide sunbronzed foot. Soon only his long, shapely toes remained inside the sweat-drenched canvass. Then, like a cloud passing away from in front of the room, the large, heavy sneaker was completely and fully removed and I was staring, only inches away, at the rugged jock's moist, bare foot! The exercise had done its work well and restored the familiar strong manly stink to his filthy sneaker and I hoped to his feet even more. A light film of sweat glistened over the entire foot and tiny droplets of sweat had gathered in the hollows between his toes. The flesh was a deep sun-browned tone and the toe-tips pinkish and pale like jewels.

He allowed me to contemplate his graceful, tapering bare foot for a few moments. Then he brought his other sneakered foot to my face and had me remove that shoe also. Now *both* of his magnificent feet were naked before my eager eyes. I held these damp, hot prizes, one in each hand, and wiped them across my cheeks, applying some funky sort of aftershave. With one large, fleshy foot on either side of my head it was like stereophonic smell! The familiar odor of his feet

hit me from both sides and I felt like I was getting stoned.

"You really get off on my feet, huh, Dwight?" His voice was low and sexy, his eyelids drooping, and his pouty full-lipped mouth open. "They really turn you on every which way, don't they? Good, strong feet, ain't they? Hot, funky-smellin' feet with rich, ripe taste, too. Just what you'd expect a ball player's smelly feet to taste like."

Like a blind person reading Braille my fingers carressed every part of Stosh's sweat-slippery feet, squeezing the fleshy sides, stroking the sinewy tendons and metatarsus, running my fingers along the thick, wet sole. The moisture on his rubbery flesh gave the giant size-thirteen feet a slightly clammy feeling. I carressed each of his delightful toes individually, running my fingertips across the hard edges of the shining toenails and down in the deep groove between the toes.

"You did a pretty good job on that sock, fella!" Stosh said, lowering his foot back down to the floor. His sweet, puckered, moist rectum-hole vanishing from sight, locked between the two pale muscular butt-mounds.

"Now let's see how good you can do the other one." He shoved his other foot into my face, mashing my nose with it and rubbing the smelly sole of it in a grinding circular motion.

I took the big thing in my two hands and began licking it with long, hard strokes of my tongue. Somehow it seemed important for me to get them both completely clean—the smelly socks of this handsome young blond giant college athlete! After about another thirty minutes the second sock was as immaculately clean and white as the first and drooping just as wetly.

"O.K., buddy," Stosh grinned. "You did your job real good and you deserve a reward." He stood up and turned around so that his back was to me. Then he spread his legs wide apart and leaned over from the waist, resting his hands on the toilet lid. "So here it is, pal."

His full, beefy butt, lightly fuzzed with golden hairs, was framed in the white elastic straps of his athletic supporter and I could see the heavy-laden pouch dangling between his widespread muscular thighs.

"Dig my ass, man. Dig it. Good, hot ass. Can you dig it, baby? You know what's tucked in there

between my cheeks? Huh? Something juicy and sweet and tender! Something real tasty. An asshole, buddy, that's what. My asshole! Yeah, my hot, fuckin' asshole and, if you wanna, you can *eat it out!* Go on. Take hold of my buns and open 'em up so you can get your mouth into my hairy old bung-hole. You'll go apeshit when you taste how good it is."

I did as he directed. Gripping the rock-hard, powerful buttocks, one firm cheek in each of my hands, I pried them apart, like opening a clam-shell to expose the "pearl" and found myself staring into the tight, pinkish, button-like asshole of that muscular young athlete.

Eagerly I thrust my face into the warm, sweaty crevass and put my mouth down squarely over Stosh's asshole. I licked at it, stroking the soft, tender manmeat with my tongue. I sucked it up into my mouth and nibbled at it gently with my teeth. I sucked and chewed at his rectum, tasting all the manly sweat and virile sour-mash from inside his hard male bod. I inserted my tongue into the tight hot opening, probing deep inside, tongue-fucking him good! Stosh moaned and squirmed against me saying, "Shit, yeah. French kiss my shitty asshole, you fuckin' sneaker-sniffer."

My hands released his butt mounds as I burrowed in his ass and they snapped back into place, squeezing my face between them, holding me like a vise, locking my face in place. My hands swept up and down his tanned, muscular legs, tracing the bold curve of his column-like thighs, the hard edges of his knee caps and the hollows behind them, the voluptuous thick slabs of his calf muscles, and the hairy length of shin. And all the while I kept eating out his fantastic asshole.

"Told you you'd like it once you got a taste of it," Stosh said. "You ever eat out a basketball player's ass before? Well, you're eating out one now!"

Suddenly and without warning he straightened up and pulled his rump away from my face. "O.K., you've had enough of my asshole," he said abruptly. My face was smeared with my saliva and his funky ass-sweat and brownish shit-stains.

I watched as he put on a pair of old grey sweatpants. Then he stripped off his wet, dripping, soggy socks. But before I could



catch more than just a fleeting glimpse of Stosh's naked feet, he had stuffed them into his frayed old sneakers, lacing them securely.

He grinned at my look of disappointment. "Oh, don't worry," he laughed. "You'll get to see my feet later— and more! But they're too cleaned and washed now. I'm gonna go for a long hot run on the track so's, when I bring 'em back to you, they'll be all gamy and ripe and sweaty and smellin' like real feet again!"

"Hey, Dwight buddy, how's about if I feed you something real special, a little State U soup? All you gotta add is the saliva. I got a lot of that funky goop on those two big feet of mine that you're holdin'; probably make a right nourishing soup out of it. And lots of it, too. Good, strong stuff, enough to keep you well-fed for days!"

I nodded my head, dumbly staring in worship at the two bare, smelly feet I was holding in my hands.

"Well, then, it's chow time, partner. Start eating out my sweaty, funky feet. Get 'em while they're hot, ripe and gamy." With a strangled sob I dropped one of Stosh's feet and used my hands on the other foot, clutching the massive, fleshy thing as though I feared it might escape. Hungrily, like a starving dog my mouth slobbered over the blond athlete's beautiful, strong-toed foot, sucking up all the salty sweat on it.

My tongue discovered the strongest concentration of the sour, smelly stuff collected in the crevasses between the suntanned toes, packed in the delicate webbing between the bases of the toe-shafts. I scooped up the intense-tasting toe-jam with my tongue, like a shovel digging out the lode, and let the salty residue mix with a mouthful of spit in my mouth, rolling it around and squishing it till it was thoroughly mixed— till the saliva was flavored through and through with the rank, strong flavor of Stosh's feet. Soup! A pungent, rich and meaty soup made of Stosh's feet. Then I gulped down the delicious mouthful and proceeded to suck up another.

And no matter how much I licked off there was still more. The two superbly-arched feet never completely lost their hearty flavors, in spite of my determined efforts to eat all of his smelly foot-juices. Mouthful after mouthful of thick grey foot-soup went down my

hungry throat as I eagerly licked and sucked, tasted and chewed, and finally swallowed his ripe, gooey toe-gunk and raunchy foot-juices. They were like two miraculous, bottomless reservoirs of virile male smells and tastes.

"Hey, buddy boy. It's time for the second course. You've had lots of soup, now how about some nice juicy meat?"

My mouth stretched wide with a span of four thick toes jammed in it. I looked up the length of his hard, sculptured body. His jockpouch was pulled to one side and my gaze was filled with the sight of his blond young cock standing at rigid erection, plump and pulsating and steely-hard, the bulbous, mushroom-like head blushing a dark, angry purple and dripping forth big clear droplets of stud-juice! He held the monstrous man-club with two fingers at the root, tangled among the profusion of hair curls that shadowed the flat groin.

I had thought Stosh was pretty well hung, but my surreptitious glances had never caught him fully hard. I had no idea how much bigger that heavy fuckmeat of his got!

As that giant shaft of manhood throbbed before my eyes I knew I had never seen a prick as big and thick, as long and massive, as Stosh's. To one side of the tall, bony column I saw that his square-jawed, clean-cut, all-American jock face wore a confident cocky grin. He wagged his engorged fuck-stick at me playfully.

"How about this for a dynamite piece of meat, eh, baby? Ever see anything look so good? That's real dick, buddy boy. Grade A, choice-cut, prime DICK. The biggest hunk of meat on the whole fuckin' basketball team and the sweetest, tastiest, and juiciest fuckpole on campus. It's really too good for you, you know, but I'm feelin' kinda generous. Besides, my crotch's too juiced up for comfort. Need to drain off some of that hot butch milk packed away down there. So you're in luck. You did such a good job on my hot feet, I'm gonna let you chew on my big stick for a while. Let you polish up the ol' knob for me. C'mon buddy. Come'n get it."

I looked up from those sweaty, tasty jock-feet in my hands to the tall throbbing column of fuckmeat jutting from his hairy crotch, then back to his sexy feet again. My

mind was in a turmoil of indecision. I couldn't bear to tear myself away from that muscular jock's handsome feet, yet the invitation (or was it an order?) to get my face into that heavy stud-crotch, wrap my lips around his throbbing and give him some head was just too tempting to resist. Seeing my reluctance to abandon his perfect young feet Stosh reassured me.

"Shit, don't worry about it, man. You can eat some more of my feet for dessert— *after* you've finished your meat."

Reassured by his promise to let me return to his delicious feet later, I scrambled up the bed to his lean young hips where the drooling, dripping fuckstick was standing rigid and arrogant like a thick rod of steel growing out of a bush of cloud-like golden hair. The pouch of his gamy jockstrap was tangled around the base of his hot, pulsing cock and one of his massive nuts was still caught inside the sweat-soaked elastic mesh, the other dangling outside like some giant hairy egg.

I pressed my face against the crumpled fabric and inhaled the jockstrap aroma. It was saturated with the heavy smells of his meaty crotch, warm from the heat of his thick, beefy genitals, wet from all the funky stud juices his hot jock-bod had pumped out into it. A faint acid aroma of male piss added spice to the dirty fabric. Stosh smirked down his muscular torso at me as I lay there, eagerly sniffing the rank jock-stud odors that had permeated his athletic supporter.

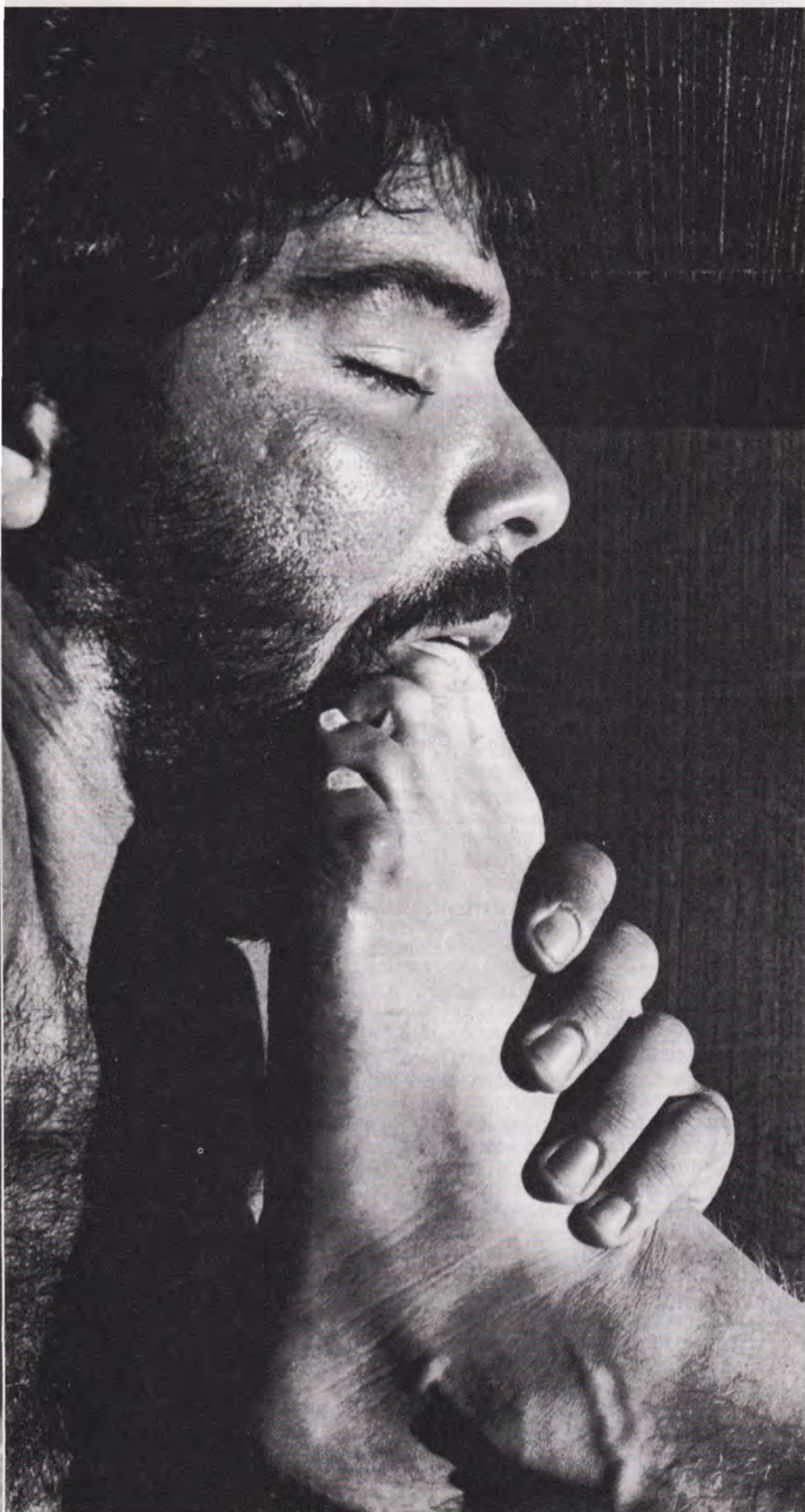
"Ya kinda like the way my ol' jock smells, huh?" He snorted contemptuously.

"Hmmm-mm-mm!" I answered, obviously meaning a big "yes". It was definitely the strongest, foulest, rankest jock I'd ever smelled and I'd sniffed a lot in my time.

"Well, I tell you what, ol' buddy," he said, "you do a good job on my dick and I'll let you chew on my smelly jockstrap afterwards— give you a little jock-broth to go with that raunchy foot-soup you liked so much." He made the offer like he was conferring some great royal honor on me. "Now get on it, man! I wanna see your lips around my pecker. I'm gonna fuck your mouth till I blow my wad down your throat."

He reached down and stuck his long thumb and two fingers into my unresisting mouth and spread the





lips apart, opening my jaws to receive his drooling meat. With his other hand he guided the massive club of hard flesh to the open cavity he had made of my mouth. I felt the fistlike, mushroom-shaped head of his prick probe, then push inwards, stretching my jaws wide— as wide as they've ever opened. For a moment I thought my mouth was going to rip at the corners as the huge knob forced its way further into my head. Then with an audible slurp it slipped in past the widened flange collar and my lips closed on the rock-hard shaft behind the head.

"Yeah...yeah...that's a good little cocksucker," he crooned in a low, sexy voice, his eyelids half-closed, his handsome mouth in a sullen pout. "You got a whole goddamn plum in there now, fella. Lemme feel you lick on it for a moment. Tongue that slimy slit and taste the sticky juice oozin' out for you."

It felt like a fucking basketball jammed in my mouth but I managed to massage the tender underside a little with my tongue, feeling at the same time a big glob of slimy fluid gushing out of the hot meat far back in my mouth, lubricating my throat.

"You're doin' great, cocksucker. It feels real good. But I've got a little surprise for you now, cocksucker..." My mind raced in the next couple of seconds; what was this hot, beautiful young college athlete going to give me now? Before I could tilt my head to look in his eyes again I felt the strong rush of a hot fluid filling my mouth and running down my throat and dripping out of the corner of my mouth. Stosh's hot manly piss was making its way down my throat. The taste at first was acrid and strong but I was afraid not to take it all. It just kept on coming and coming. I was swallowing as fast as I could. It was like a fire hose dousing a huge fire and the fire was ME!

"Surprised ya, didn't I, kid? Tastes good, doesn't it? DOESN'T IT!" he screamed. Still swallowing fiercely and almost gagging I managed to make a nodding approval.

Photos By Jim Wigler



But as a matter of fact it *did* taste good. It wasn't the first time I drank a stud's piss. I was really getting into it lately and now drinking Stosh's hot, manly, yellow stud piss was sending me into ecstasy. After what seemed like minutes of his piss shooting into my mouth it trickled to a stop.

"I've been savin' that up for you, kid. I had the feeling I hadda go when I first came in here but, when you started on the feet and had the soup, I almost gave you some nice broth then," he smirked.

His cock still somewhat hard in my mouth, he started to slide his long shaft down my throat. Slowly, gently, he reared his narrow muscular hips upward, pulling my head down simultaneously upon his giant cock, spearing my face with that incredible weapon. It poked against the back of my mouth, stopped a moment, and then, lubricated by sex-slime and piss, it slipped past the ineffective barrier there and pressed onward, breaching my throat. I gagged and threshed and kicked, but I was skewered and there was no way I could get off. The thick shaft went on and on, stretching my throat wide as he drove the monster implacably all the way to the hilt, and only stopped when my nose was buried deep in his pubic hair, pressed hard against his hot sweaty groin.

He held my head there for what seemed an interminable time, squirming and moaning in ecstasy, till I thought I'd pass out for lack of air. Then, just as I started to black out, he pulled my head up, holding me by the ears and letting his fuck-rod slip out of my throat for a moment. But not for long—up and down, up and down, he manipulated my head, sliding it to and fro along the rigid length of his athletic cock, timing the savage thrusts of his slim muscular hips with the forceful shoving of my head so that my face slammed up hard against his hairy crotch with each vicious plunge, making an audible "plop."

Suddenly he jerked up against me harder than ever, his magnificent body went taut and trembling, the washboard muscles of his flat belly contracted in spasms, he gasped and started cursing like a

madman, and I prepared myself to receive his flood of hot nut-juice. Bolt after bolt of the steaming, stringy, slimy cream shot from his tube just as his piss had done, like jets from the firehouse, and splattered down my throat into my stomach.

After he'd shot off about six volleys he pulled his jerking, pumping cock part-way out, so that the spurting knob was lying against my tongue. In this new position all his jism was squirting into my mouth instead of down my throat and I was able to taste the bitter slugs of oyster-like slime as they came blasting out of the slit.

Stosh went on cursing and swearing, "Eat it! Drink my slimy come, you fuckin' cocksucker. Swallow every fuckin' drop of my hot fuckslime, you pissface, cock-chewin', sockchewin', bastard. Suck my prick and lick my smelly feet. Drink my piss. I know you want it, you jock worshipper. You actually want me to fuck your face and come in your mouth. And I should have pissed all over you."

I wished he had, as the last bits of slime came out of his piss-chute. But finally he ran out of ball-milk and with a sigh he released my ears and went limp, the giant sausage of man-meat in my mouth softening and shrinking enough for me to let it slip from my lips and flop down wetly on his sweaty belly.

Remembering his promise Stosh stirred himself enough to lift his hips and pull down his jockstrap, freeing the straps from his legs and peeling off the rank, wet supporter. He tossed the limp, sweaty, piss-stained, smelly thing into my face.

"Here. I think this is what you want now," he said as I caught the warm, moist strap on my face. "Chew on it for a while; you've earned it!"

He watched me, idly toying with his wet, sticky dick, as I eagerly stuffed the repulsive pouch into my mouth and started sucking out the rich male juices from it, rank and virile. There was the taste of locker rooms and crotch-sweat, piss and cockdrippings on it, and it went well with the flavor of hot come that still lingered on my tongue.

Suddenly Stosh swung his long muscular legs over the side of the

bed and got up, striding to the bathroom as he absentmindedly scratched one of his big, gumdrop tits. I watched his compact butt dimple and ripple as he took step after step toward the john door.

"C'mon in here," he said without looking back, "and bring my ol' filthy jockstrap with you."

I jumped out of bed and did what I was told, the legstraps and waistband of his filthy jock swinging obscenely from my working mouth. When I got into the bathroom he was standing at the toilet, his meaty pisser, still gigantic though now soft, in his hand pointed toward the bowl. He stuck out his other hand toward me and snapped his fingers.

"C'mon," he said, impatiently snapping his fingers again. "The strap, man, my fuckin' jock. Give it to me, c'mon."

Hastily I handed him the well-chewed athletic garment I had been sucking on. Holding it by the waistband he placed it between his cock-head and the toilet, dangling the pouch directly in the line of fire where his massive young dick was aimed. I watched fascinated as the slit on the end of his big dong widened and a drop or two of amber yellow liquid squirted out, as it had before in my mouth. Then the torrent came.

Like a firehose his juicy prick gushed out an arc of steaming yellow piss, splashing against the dangling jockstrap and dripping into the toilet bowl below it. Soon his funky supporter was thoroughly soaked with the hot male urine, hanging heavy with its load of fresh, strong piss. Stosh stopped the flow, shaking off the last golden drops, and held the sopping, dripping jockstrap out to me.

"Now here's more of what you wanted. A jockstrap for ya, full of good, strong, hot jock-piss. Fresh from my hot stud bod. Just the thing to sharpen up the appetite before the dessert course."

Dessert course? My ears perked up and my heart quickened as I understood his meaning. I remembered he'd said, "You can get some more of my feet for dessert, *after* you've finished your meat!" But I could see he was going to make me work for the privilege again. □











# X

By T.R. Witomski

X listens to his lover.

His lover tells him that X is free not to love him any longer. But if X does love him, then X is in no way free.

What his lover wants from X is simple: X is to be constantly and immediately accessible. As X has already learned, he is not allowed to cross his knees and his lips must always remain open. To maintain this discipline requires constant effort, an effort which reminds X of the reality of his condition at all times, whether he is with those who share the secret or whether he is engaged in ordinary activities.

When his lover finishes speaking, X says, "Yes, I love you."

"Are you alone?" X's lover asked over the phone.

"Yes."

"Are you naked?"

"No."

"Put the phone down and take off your clothes."

X obeyed.

"Did you keep your ring on?"

"Yes."

His lover told X to remain as he was and hung up.

X saw himself in a mirror. He was not wearing his collar or any type of restraint, but he had never before felt himself more totally committed to a will which was not his own, never before felt himself more totally a slave, nor more content to be one.

He waited for his lover.

X was a photographer. During the next few days he worked with a new model. He took hundreds and hundreds of photographs of this model. They were like nothing he had ever taken before. Never had he been able to extract such meaning and emotion from a face or a body. The model had short, thick, blond hair, only slightly curly. He looked like a blissful boy who had drowned; he was so pale, so pale. X caught

himself thinking the model would be even more beautiful in leather and chains— his back, ass, and thighs marked by a whip. X wondered whether he should show his lover the photographs of this model.

One evening when X returned to his apartment, he found a note from his lover telling him to be ready at nine to join him and one of his friends for dinner.

After dinner they went to his lover's friend's apartment. As they drank brandy, the friend said to X, "I don't believe your lover has ever spoken to you about his family. His mother, before she married his father, had been previously married to a man who had a son from his first marriage. I am that son. So though your lover and I are not actually related, we are, in a way, brothers. That my brother loves you I have no doubt. I would have known even if he hadn't told me; all one has to do is see the way he looks at you. I know too that he has had you trained. In principle, the ring you're wearing gives me the right to do with you what I will, as it does to all those men who know its meaning. But what we expect from you is more serious. I say 'we' because, as you see, your lover is saying nothing. He prefers to have me speak for both of us."

"There is between your lover— my brother— and myself a freedom so absolute and of such long standing that what belongs to me has always belonged to him, and what belongs to him has likewise belonged to me. Will you join us? It will involve more than merely your submission, which I know we can count on. Before you reply, realize for a moment that I am only, and can only be, another form of your lover; you will still have only one Master. Will you give me an answer, or would you prefer to know more?"

The hardest thing, X thought,

was not the question of giving his consent, for never for a moment did he dream he might refuse; the hardest thing was simply to speak. His lips were burning and his mouth was dry; all his saliva was gone, and an anguish of fear and desire constricted his throat. If only they would order him to speak. . . . But this time what they wanted from him was not blind obedience, acquiescence to an order; they wanted him to judge himself a slave and to surrender himself as such. This then is what they called his consent. He remembered that he had never told his lover anything but "I love you" and "I'm yours." Tonight it seemed they wanted him to speak and to agree to, specifically and in detail, what till now he had only tacitly consented to.

"I'm yours," he said to his lover. "I'll be whatever you want me to be."

"No," his lover said, "ours. Repeat after me: 'I belong to both of you. I shall be whatever both of you want me to be.'"

X repeated the phrases his lover dictated.

"To you both I grant the right. . . ." To dispose of his body however they wished, in whatever place or manner they should choose, the right to keep him in chains, the right to whip him for the slightest failing or infraction, or simply for their pleasure, the right to pay no heed to his pleas and cries, if they should make him cry out.

"I consent to whatever you both desire," said X. There was a long silence, which X's lover broke: "I leave you to my brother. He'll dismiss you when he sees fit."

The brother ordered X to strip naked.

X was astounded by the next order: "I want you to masturbate."

He massaged his cock to erection as his lover's brother sat and watched. When his cock had reached its full height, X stopped, fearful of orgasm.



"Continue."

X hated himself for his own desire. He hated the man sitting in the comfortable chair. For X wanted to be beaten, wanted to be made to cry out in pain, to be devastated. X did not want his lover's brother to merely sit there, seemingly made of ice and iron, while X trembled in the spasms of pleasure.

He tried to remain standing, but he was forced to his knees. A cock drove into his mouth. The cock sought not the caress of his lips or the massage of his tongue, but the back of his throat. For a long time his cock probed, and X felt the suffocating gag of flesh swell and harden, its slow hammering finally bringing him to tears. In order to invade X better, the man knelt on the couch, one knee on each side of X's face. Although he fucked X's mouth for a long time, the man did not climax, but withdrew in silence.

X wondered: could he be feeling the same love for his lover's brother as he felt for his lover?

Who pities those who wait? They who wait are so easily recognized. None more so than X who goes through his daily activities waiting. Waiting for his lover. And now waiting for his lover's brother. Thank God he was no longer free!

X was at a session with the model, the perfect model, when his lover arrived unexpectedly. X introduced them.

X waited.

"I belong to you," X said to his lover.

"You belong to my brother first."

Once and only once, X asked his lover to be able to spend the night with him, rather than being sent to his brother.

Not only had his lover refused, but he had told his brother of X's request and asked his brother to punish X so severely that he would never again even think to ask such a question.

X was comforted because his lover's brother would now finally whip him. For his lover had been sending X to his brother two or three times a week for several months. The brother had been using X slowly, often making him

stand naked for hours, making X beg without reply, making X plead for cock, which sometimes he was given, sometimes not.

"I am going to whip you until I draw blood."

X had waited long enough.

X felt that he had been sanctified. The welts took almost a month to heal.

X was surprised one evening by a visit from his lover's brother, who had never before visited him. Though he ordered X to strip naked, X knew that the visit had purposes other than pleasure and torment.

"You have a favorite model, I hear."

"Yes," X said.

"Show me your photographs of him."

X did as asked. As the brother looked at the photographs, X's lover arrived.

X's lover's brother gradually made X submit to all his fantasies. He molded X to his own taste, demanded and obtained from him, as something quite routine, the most outrageous and scurrilous acts.

His lover and his lover's brother would talk of X, in X's presence, as if X were an object—a classic old automobile, maybe—that they were working on, honing to a fine perfection. They agreed that X was infinitely much more desirable when his body was covered with marks. They decided that X would be, irrespective of the pleasure they might derive from his screams and tears, whipped more often, daily if possible, so there would always be fresh marks for them to delight in.

X's lover's brother asks him: "Why does this one particular model interest you?"

"Because he's too beautiful, a life-sized doll of the finest porcelain that I'm afraid for anyone to touch."

"Exactly. I've already discussed this with your lover, and we are in agreement. We want you to possess him as we possess you, and then..."

"And then turn him over to you. You want me to cause my own rejection. No, I can't do it. It's impossible."

"No, it is by no means impossible. Remember how you first came to your lover? Did you sus-

pect that *that* boy was acting on his own?"

X had believed that it would be very difficult to follow the orders he had been given.

His belief was easily proved wrong.

X would go to the apartment of his lover's brother every morning. He would be met at the door by an old woman, in front of whom he would strip. The old woman would lead the way to the study, where she would stand aside to let X enter.

X never got used to this odd little ritual. Stripping in front of this old woman, who never said a word to him and scarcely ever looked at him, always gave X a vague feeling of terror. Just what was her relationship to his lover's brother?

X's lover's brother was becoming more completely, more minutely, and more deliberately exacting with X. X was retained, untouched most of the time, by his side for whole mornings. X felt only gratitude, which was all the greater on those occasions when he was abused. Each surrender was for X the pledge that another surrender would be demanded of him.

He was stunned one day when he was kissed tenderly on the mouth by his lover's brother. It was this kiss which, several days later, gave him the courage to say that the old woman frightened him.

"I should hope so," X was told, "and when you wear my mark and my irons, as I trust you soon will—if you will consent to it—you'll have much more reason to be afraid of her."

"Why? And what mark and what irons?"

"That's up to a friend of mine, to whom I've promised to show you. We're going to pay him a visit today."

X rarely saw his lover anymore. Had he given X to his brother so completely that he ceased to love him? The thought threw X into a panic, and he went to his lover's apartment, the first time he had ever done this without being summoned.

When asked why he had come, X said, "I was afraid you didn't love me anymore."

"All of a sudden, just like that?"

"Yes, coming back from..."



"But I know where you were. My brother just called me. In ten days you're going away."

"They can do whatever they want with me, I don't care. But tell me you still love me."

"Of course I love you. But I want you to obey me, and I'm afraid you're not doing a very good job of it."

Their destination was not the apartment where X had first met the friend, but a large house in the country. When they arrived, it was early afternoon. The friend was sitting in the garden and was asked, "When will X be ready?"

The friend glanced at X: "You mean you haven't told him? All right, I'll begin immediately. I imagine you'll want to be here when the rings and the monogram are put on. Come back in two weeks. The whole business should be finished two weeks after that."

X started to ask a question.

"Just a minute," the friend said, "go into a bedroom, get undressed, and come back."

When X came back outside, he was told to kneel: "Do you consent to bear the rings and the monogram without knowing how they will be placed on you?"

"I do."

X's lover's brother took hold of his nipples. "Are you mine, are you really mine?" he murmured, then turned and left him.

There were three other men in the house. Like X, they were naked all the time.

"We'll draw lots to see who will whip you," the friend said to him.

The man selected seized his arms and joined his hands behind his back. He fastened a pair of handcuffs on him. They entered— all five of them— a room in the house, and with the aid of implements to be found there, bound him, legs raised and spread in such a way as to provide easy access to the insides of his thighs.

"It's the most tender spot on the whole body," the friend said.

As the first blows burned into him, X moaned. As the blows continued to fall, he struggled, but he did not want to beg for mercy. And yet that was precisely what the friend intended wringing from his lips.

"Faster," the friend said to the man with the whip, "and harder."

X braced himself, but it was no use. He could bear it no longer. He screamed and burst into tears. The friend caressed his face. "It will be over soon. Just five more minutes."

But X was screaming: "No, no, for God's sake, don't!" X was screaming that he couldn't bear it, no, he couldn't bear the torture another second. And yet he endured it to the bitter end.

When it was over, the friend said to X, "Thank me," and he did.

X knew very well why the friend had wanted, above all else, to have him whipped. The friend was less interested in making a spectacle of his own power over X than he was in establishing between X and himself a sense of complicity. X had never really understood, but he had finally come to accept as an undeniable and important verity, this constant and contradictory jumble of his emotions. He liked the idea of torture, but when he was being tortured, he would have done anything to escape it. And yet when it was over, he was happy to have gone through it, happier still if it had been especially cruel and prolonged. The friend had been correct in his assumptions both as to X's acquiescence and to his revolt and knew that X's pleas for mercy were indeed genuine.

Today it was X who would remain for three more hours bound and exposed for the contemplation of the others. Tomorrow perhaps it would be one of the others whom X would contemplate in turn. It was a slow and meticulous technique, but an efficient one. Apart from the rings and the letters X would wear when he left, he would be returned to his lover and his lover's brother more open and more profoundly enslaved than he had ever before thought was possible.

The following day the friend showed X the three rings, made of stainless steel, similar to the links of a heavy chain. Each ring was composed of two U-shaped halves, one of which was fitted to the other.

"My instructions," the friend explained, "are to pierce both your tits and the frenum, that web of flesh beneath the head of your cock. It's nothing really, much easier to bear than the whip. The rings I'll be using today will be temporary ones. Your Master will

place the permanent ones in when he comes. Those rings can never be removed except by filing."

"These, then, are the irons that were spoken of," X said, "and the mark— will that be a tattoo like I see on the others here?"

"You will not be tattooed."

"But..."

"You're to be branded."

From the first day, X shared in the life of the house. After the chores were done in the morning, the men were at liberty to walk in the garden, to read, draw, play cards. They could sleep in their rooms or sunbathe on the lawns. Sometimes they would talk together for hours, and sometimes they would sit at the friend's feet without uttering a word.

In the evening the friend would designate one of them to sleep with him, sometimes the same one several nights in succession. But neither the pleasure the friend had tasted the night before nor his choice of partner had the least influence of the afternoon ritual.

At three in the afternoon, beneath a tree in the garden where the garden chairs were grouped about a round, white marble table, the friend would bring out the token box. Each man would take a token which had a number inscribed on it. Whoever drew the lowest number was taken in for bondage, as X had been that first day. Once bound, the man had to indicate either the friend's left or right hand. In one of his hands would be a small white ball. In the other, a small black ball. If black was chosen, the man was flogged; white, he was not. The friend never resorted to chicanery, even if chance condemned or spared the same man several days in a row. Thus the torture of one of the men, the smallest one among them, who sobbed and cried out for his lover, was repeated four days running.

But how admirably suited to blows was this man, how lovely it was to hear his moans and screams, how lovely too to witness his body soaked with perspiration, and what a pleasure to wrest the moans and the sweat from him. On two occasions the friend had handed X the thonged whip— both times the victim had been the small man— and told



him to use it. The first time, for the first minute, X had hesitated, and at the man's first screams, he had recoiled and cringed. But as soon as he started in anew and the man's cries echoed anew, X had been overwhelmed with a terrible sense of pleasure, a feeling so intense that he caught himself laughing in spite of himself, and he found it impossible to restrain himself from striking the man as hard as he could. Afterward, X had remained next to the man throughout the entire period he was kept tied up, embracing him.

"Your Master arrives tomorrow," the friend said to X. "Tonight you'll serve me. You can sleep without your irons. What we do to you tomorrow, you'll never be able to take off." He led X in front of a three-sided mirror. "This is the last time you'll ever see yourself intact."

The sun was already high in the sky, not a breath of air was stirring in the leaves of the beech tree, which looked as though it were made out of copper. X's lover's brother was standing, motionless, beside the marble table, the friend seated beside him.

"Here he is," said the friend when one of the others had brought X out. "The rings can be put on whenever you like; he's been pierced already."

When it was over, the friend said, "And now for the monogram."

They bound X securely to the table. Consumed by fear and terror, he felt one of the friend's hands on his buttocks, indicating the exact spot for the brand. He heard the hiss of a flame. He could have turned his head and looked, but he did not have the strength to. One single frightful stab of pain coursed through him, made him go rigid in his bonds, and wrenched a scream from his lips. X never knew who it was who had, with both branding irons at once, seared the flesh of his buttocks, nor whose voice had counted slowly up to five, nor whose hand had given the signal to withdraw the hot tools. When they unfastened him, he collapsed, but had time, before everything turned black around him and he completely lost consciousness, to catch a glimpse, between two waves of darkness, of his Master's ghastly pale face.

Ten days before the end of July,

X returned to the city. The rings in his nipples and on his cock were heavy. The marks made by the brand, about three inches in height and half that in width, were almost half an inch deep. From these rings and these marks, he derived a feeling of inordinate pride.

"Open the case," his lover's brother said to X.

Inside the case were several leather riding crops, two fairly thick ones, and two that were long and thin, a scourge with long lashes, each of which was folded back at the end to form a loop, a dog's whip made of a thick, single, braided lash, other devices, many leather restraints, and some rope. As instructed, X laid them out side by side on the unmade bed. No matter how accustomed he became to seeing them, no matter what resolution he made about them, he could not help but tremble.

"Which do you prefer?" he was asked.

But X could hardly speak, and already could feel the sweat running down his arms and chest.

"Which do you prefer?" X was asked again, but still could not answer. "All right, I'll use the dog's whip. But, first, you're going to help me."

X was asked for some nails and helped his lover's brother to arrange the whips and crops and other things so that they were displayed on the wall. Thus X would have, opposite his bed, the complete array of his instruments of torture. It was a handsome panoply, as harmonious as the wheel and spikes in the paintings of Saint Catherine the Martyr, as the nails and hammer, the crown of thorns, the spear and scourges portrayed in the paintings of the Crucifixion.

X was sent to serve two men. One, the older of the two, simply ordered X to kneel down in front of him and suck his cock until he discharged, after which he made X straighten his clothes, and then he left. But the other man, who had been completely overtaken by X's submissiveness and surrender, by the rings and welts on X's body, frantically made love to him for hours.

The following day when X arrived in answer to the summons of his lover's brother, he was told that the young man had fallen in

love with him.

"This morning," X was told, "he called on me and begged me to grant you your freedom. He wants to save you. You see how I treat you if you're mine, and if you are mine, you have no right to refuse my commands. But you also know that you are always free to choose *not* to be mine. I told him so. He is coming back here at three."

X burst out laughing. "Isn't he a little late? If he had not come by this morning, what would we have done? Then let's do it. Or perhaps you would not have summoned me this afternoon. In that case I'll leave..."

"No, I would have called you. I wanted..."

"Go on, say it."

"It will be simple to show you."

An hour later the young man was shown a grotesquely bound and spread-eagled X, his body dripping with blood. The young man blanched, mumbled something, and disappeared. X thought he would never see him again. But at the end of September, he had X consigned to him for three days in a row, during which he savagely abused and mistreated him.

X winced.

"What's the matter?" the model asked X, who was photographing him.

"My lover. He's given me to his brother who has had me pierced and branded. Look." X showed himself. "The other markings are from the whippings I receive almost daily."

Dumbfounded, the model gaped at X, who burst out laughing. "You really do look astonished. My lover's in love with you, you know. Hasn't he said anything to you about it?"

The model lost no time revealing what surprised him the most. "You look as though you were proud of the marks. I don't understand."

"You will. After my lover trains you. By the way, have you already slept with him?"

The model's face turned a bright crimson, and he shook his head in denial with such little conviction that once again X laughed. "You're lying. And you don't have to. You have every right to sleep with him. And I might add that that's no reason to reject me. Let me make love to you and I'll tell



you about my training."

"Tell me about it," the model later said to X.

X's tale, however faithful and clear it may have been, and not withstanding the material proof X himself constituted, seemed completely mad to the model.

"And you'd go back for more?"

"Yes," said X. "I'll take you with me if you like."

"To see what it's like, I wouldn't mind that," the model said, "but only to see what it's like."

"I'm sure that can be arranged," said X, though he was convinced of the contrary. If he could persuade the model to come with him, his lover and his lover's brother would be grateful to him—and once the model was there, there would be enough chains and whips to teach him to obey.

X already knew that the summer house, where he was scheduled to spend the month of August with his lover, the model, and his lover's brother (and with the model's younger brother as well, whom the model had insisted come along), had a room, to which he would be assigned and to which he would entice the model, that was separated from his lover's brother's bedroom by a wall that looked as though it was full but actually was not; the wall was decorated with a *trompe l'oeil* latticework which would enable X's lover's brother to raise a blind on his side and thus see and hear as well as if he had been standing beside the bed. The model would be surrendered to X's lover's brother's gaze. X was pleased to think that he would deliver the model because X had felt insulted at seeing the model's contempt for his condition as a flogged and branded slave, a condition of which X himself was proud.

The model's brother had snow-white skin, was a shade plump, and like his brother, had slanting eyes, but his were black and shining, which made him look Oriental. His black hair was long, and his muscles were just beginning to fill out. When he first saw X naked (by watching from a window while X sunbathed), the same marks that shocked his brother filled him with envy and desire. He asked his brother about it. The model's replies, which were intended to revolt

him, in no way altered his feelings. He had fallen in love with X.

X's lover was asleep on the sofa of a cool room on the ground floor. Nettled at seeing that he should prefer to take a nap, the model had gone upstairs and joined X in his room. The sea and sun had already made the model more golden than before; his hair, his eyebrows, his eyelashes, his pubis, his armpits, all seemed to be powdered with silver.

To make sure that his lover's brother could see the model in detail, X took pains to pull back the model's legs and keep them spread in the light of the bedside lamp which he had turned on. The shutters were closed, the room almost dark, despite the thin rays of light that spilled in. For more than an hour the model moaned to X's caresses, and finally, his entire body aroused, his arm thrown back behind his head while his hands circled the iron bars of the headboard of X's bed, he began to cry out when X slowly began to bite the web of flesh underneath the head of his cock. X felt the model rigid and burning beneath his tongue and teeth and wrested cry after cry from his lips with no respite, until the model suddenly released, the springs broken, and he lay there exhausted from pleasure. Then X sent him back to his room where he fell asleep.

The model was awakened and ready though when X's lover came for him to go sailing, as they had grown accustomed to doing.

"Where's your brother?" X's lover asked.

The model's brother was not in his room, not was he anywhere in the house. They went out to the garden and called him. No one answered.

"Maybe he's already at the boat," the model said.

They left without calling him anymore.

It was at that point that X, who was lying on the terrace, saw the model's brother running toward the house.

"He's gone," the model's brother shouted as he erupted onto the terrace. "He's finally gone. I heard him. I heard you both. I was listening behind the door. Why don't you make love to me? Is it because I'm not attractive? He doesn't love you, but I do. I love you." And he broke down

and began to sob.

"All right, fine" X said to himself.

X eased the boy into a chair, took a large handkerchief from his bureau, and when the boy's sobs had subsided a little, wiped his tears away. The boy begged X's forgiveness, kissing X's hands.

"Even if you don't want to have sex with me, keep me with you. Keep me with you always. If you had a dog, you'd keep him and take care of him. And even if you don't want to make love to me, but would enjoy beating me, you can beat me. But don't send me away."

"You don't know what you're saying," X murmured, almost in a whisper.

The boy, slipping down and hugging X's knees, also replied in a near-whisper, "Yes, I do. I saw you naked the other morning on the terrace. I saw the brand. I saw the marks. And my brother has told me...."

"Told you what?"

"Where you've been and what they've done to you."

"Go away."

"I want to be like you. I'll do anything you tell me. Promise me you'll take me with you when you go back to that place my brother has told me about."

"You're too young."

"No, I'm not too young. I'm fifteen going on sixteen," he cried out angrily. "I'm not too young. Ask, ask him. X's lover's brother had just entered the room."

The boy was granted permission to remain with X. But X was forbidden to have sex with the boy. By way of compensation, the boy was not allowed to leave X for a single moment. The boy watched each time that X, bound, writhed and squirmed beneath the riding crop, saw X on his knees humbly receive his lover's brother's massive, erect cock in his mouth, saw X, prostrate, spread his buttocks with both hands to offer his ass. The boy witnessed all these things with no feelings but those of admiration, jealousy, and impatience.

It was about this same time that a change took place in the model: perhaps X had counted too heavily on the model's indifference and sexuality, perhaps the model felt that continuing to have sex with X was dangerous for his relationship with X's lover, whatever



the reason, the model ceased coming to X. At the same time, the model seemed to be keeping himself aloof from X's lover, with whom, however, he was spending almost every day and every night. The model had never acted as though he was in love with X's lover. The model studied X's lover coldly, and when he smiled at him, his eyes remained cold.

X's lover was head over heels in love with the model, paralyzed by a love such as he had never known before. X's lover lived, slept in the same house as his brother, the same house as X, he ate with them, he went on walks with them, he conversed with them; he didn't see them, he didn't hear what they said. He talked through them, beyond them. He was forever trying to understand the truth which was lurking somewhere inside the model, under that exquisite skin, like the mechanism inside a talking doll.

Well, thought X, the day I was so afraid would arrive is here, the day when I'd merely be a shadow in my lover's past. And I'm not even sad; the only thing I feel for him is pity. Even knowing that he doesn't desire me any longer, I can see him every day without any trace of bitterness, without the least regret, without even feeling hurt. And yet only a few weeks ago I ran all the way across town to his office to beg him to tell me he still loved me. Was that all my love was, all it meant? So light, so easily gone and forgotten? Is solace this simple?

X was wedged against the wall, moaning with happiness and deliverance. Would X ever dare say that no pleasure would ever compete with the joy of being used with such utter freedom, without limit, without restriction? X's absolute certainty that whenever he was touched by his lover's brother, now his lover, by hand or whip, it was solely to satisfy the other's desire so overwhelmed and gratified him that every time he saw a new proof of it, and often even when it merely occurred to him in thought, a cape of fire descended upon him. Pinned against the wall, his eyes closed, his lips murmuring "I love you" when he could find the breath to say them, X felt his lover's hands, though they were as cool as the waters of a bubbling spring, burn into him.

Opening his eyes, X noticed

they were not alone. An enormous man, a giant of a creature with a cigarette between his lips, his head shaved and his vast chest swelling beneath his open shirt, was gazing at him. X heard his lover refer to the man simply as Commander.

X was told to undress. Certain that all that was wanted from him was perfect submissiveness, he stood naked in the middle of the room, his eyes lowered, so that he sensed, rather than saw, the model's brother slip in. The Commander walked over to X. X thought he was going to be mauled. But the Commander did not touch X, confining himself to looking at him closely from parted lips to parted knees. The Commander circled him, studying him, inspecting him in detail but offering no comment, and this careful scrutiny and the presence of this huge body so excited X that he wasn't sure whether he wanted to run away or have the Commander throw him down and crush him.

"How lucky you are to be desired like that," the model's brother said to X later when they were alone. "I'm sure you will be given to the Commander. He'll whip you well. At least you'll not be thinking about my brother then. I know you miss him."

It was true, but not completely. What X missed was not, properly speaking, the model, but the use of his body. If the model's brother had not been declared off-limits to him, X would have taken him, and the only reason he had not violated the restriction was his belief that the model's brother would one day be given to him in thanks for having handed him over. How could X make the model's brother understand—and was it even worth the effort?—that it wasn't so much that he was in love with the model or with any other boy in particular, but that he was in love with boys in general—the way one can be in love with one's own image—but X always thought the other boys were more desirable than he thought himself to be. The pleasure he derived from a boy was so intense only because it made him constantly aware of the pleasure he gave to others. He felt his boys all properly belonged to the man to whom he belonged, and that he was present only by proxy. X was a

trained dog who would always bring the prey back to the hunter, his Master.

X's lover said to the model's brother, "Go downstairs and get the white cardboard box in the living room."

When the model's brother came back, he set the box down on the bed, opened it, and one by one removed the objects inside, unwrapping the paper in which they were packed, and handing them to X's lover. They were masks, made to cover the entire head, animal masks. X tried on each of the masks. The most striking, the one that transformed him the most but was also the most natural, was one of the dog masks, composed of brown fur that blended beautifully with X's tan.

"All right, you'll be a dog for the Commander. A dog on a leash. But the Commander was right; all your body hair will have to be removed."

The three of them—X, his lover, and the model's brother—left at midnight, the model's brother holding the leash of the masked X. When they arrived at the Commander's house, they joined a party of twenty or so people, all of whom immediately circled around X.

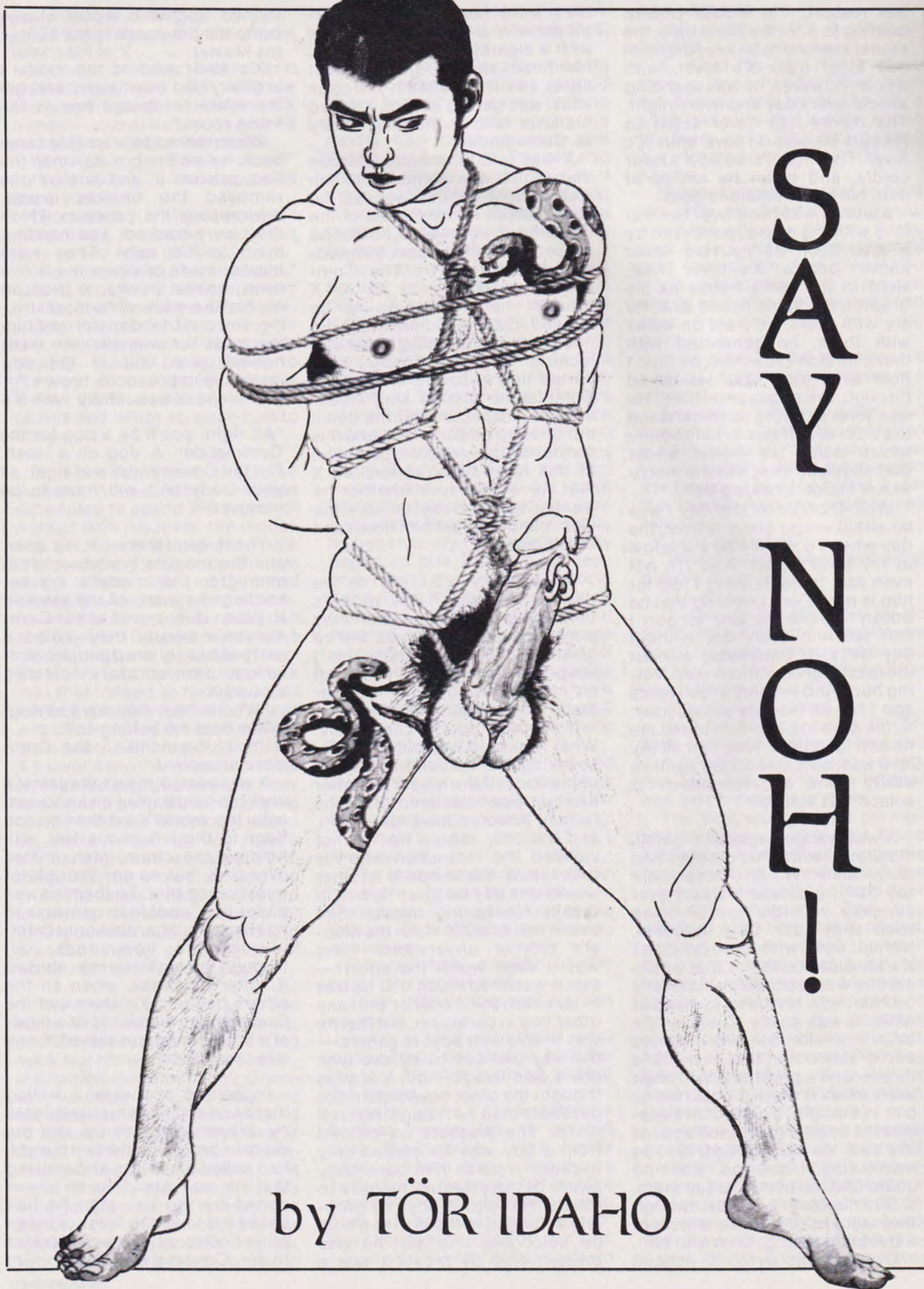
"Who is he," they were saying. "Who does he belong to?"

"You, if you like," the Commander replied.

X was seated, his back against a wall, his hands lying on his knees, with the model's brother on the floor to the left of his feet, still holding the chain. Men drifted over to X, but no one thought of questioning him. To them he was a real dog, unable to converse in human language, able only to follow simple commands. All through the night the men abused X. After daybreak, when all the others had left, X's lover and the Commander dismissed the model's brother and possessed X one after the other.

In the end, of course, X, seeing that he had fulfilled his usefulness by delivering the model and the model's brother to the two men he had called his lovers and sensing that he was about to be abandoned by the two men he had called his lovers in favor of those other bodies, said he would prefer to die. Consent was given. □





SAY  
NOH!

by TÖR IDAHO



When I awoke he was licking my cock. Disgust. Disgust, like an uninvited fist in my gut. I rolled onto my stomach. His little puppy tongue kept at me. The drugs which had lent the night some power were gone. Sunlight and consciousness beat into my head.

"Ah, c'mon, Ray. Let's fuck again. My folks are coming home this afternoon. Till then, we'll have the place to ourselves. So let's mess around some more, okay?"

Christ! There I was in Pacific Heights! I opened my eyes and looked back at the wet-dog eyes staring at me over my hips. I shivered and shook my head—violent swings to erase the vision of my idiocy. But the boy was still there.

"Hey, I know what, Ray. Let's smoke a reefer, huh? Then we can get it on like last night. Y'know, I have a feeling I could really fall for a guy like you. Wouldn't it be great if I could convince Mummy that you're my law prof and you could stay here this summer tutoring me? I bet you could really teach me a lot, huh, Ray?"

The boy was on his feet. Rolling a joint. He kept his stash in a hollowed-out copy of Caen's *Don't Call It Frisco*. Just Too Fuckin' Cute. He was young, but his body was already showing the belly droop of a baby lawyer. His skin was white, and there were no defined muscles. But there was a lot of defined money. In his room, in the way he acted like it was all for him.

While he played with his smoke toy, I rose and inventoried myself in a full-length mirror. Six feet of well-proportioned muscle and bone. My last two years as a dropout from the legal profession had done no harm, in spite of mammoth ingestion of whatever drugs I could get. And the long blond hair and beard were a distinct improvement from my financial district look. I shook my head again, to watch the hair move. Manelike. Leonine. Not bad for an old man of 37. But what was I doing fuck-sucking with a silver-spooned baby?

He was standing behind me. Putting soft arms around my waist, he reached up and traced the hard c's of my pectorals with a perfectly manicured nail.

"Daddy's gonna take me to Chicago this summer. He's leading the local demo move to stop Gene McCarthy. Not that I'm that conservative, but I prefer Bobby, don't you?"

Little shit. Thought he understood politics. I muttered the words of a song that'd been running through my head.

"Get off my cloud, baby."

"What?"

"It's a song," I said, pulling on my jeans and white cotton shirt. "A new song by the Rolling Stones."

"I'm surprised you listen to that shit, Ray."

That was it. "The only shit here, you precious little cocksucker, is that brown plastic cancer you use for brains. You pretentious little bastard. What do you

know about life outside this big house? Life without 'Daddy' and 'Mummy'? Do you know what's going on out there? Shit, man, it's 1968. Ah, get off my cloud."

I stormed out, almost knocking over the Hispanic maid. I decided to walk from the Heights to the Hashbury. I was proud of my explosion. But as I walked on, I lost some of that high which comes from verbal orgasm. By the time I hit the loud marijuana-smoked haze of Haight Street, the disgust of the morning had returned. Did I really know anything more than that kid? Had anything really changed in my life? I fuck-sucked more openly now. But I felt the same. I pursued the hippie life with the same driven intensity I'd felt consuming me as a lawyer. There was none of the transcendence Dr. Leary had promised.

The street was busy that afternoon, but I couldn't arouse myself to interest. Returning to my flat, I found a party in progress. Jake and Lillian had asked a gang of artists over. I made polite conversation, then helped myself to the usual brownies and punch. Within an hour, I knew that the punch was weak—I was not hallucinating—but the brownies were just fine, and the music was pulling the colors out of everyone's clothing and weaving it into unbearable brightness.

It seemed like all the people in the room were dancing. A member of the Airplane had brought over some basement tapes. And then, in all that swirl and pulse of movement and flashing light, I saw a stillness in the middle of the room. A broad, bare chest, dark skin, tapering into loose white pants. And the nipples on that muscular chest were incredible. They seemed to be almost an inch long. And hard. All the muscles of that hard torso were sculpted. And the biceps. And lower arms. But my eyes kept returning to the nipples. And something gleaming on each of them. Something... hypnotic.

That body and I seemed to exist in a circle of stillness. And then he turned his back and walked out of the room. The music came crashing back, bursting into my head. I knew I had to follow him.

One pace behind, for a block, then up some stairs. I watched that broad back, watched the ripple of strength beneath dark yellow-brown skin.

We entered a dark room. I had a feeling of space, though as yet I could see nothing. As soon as the door was shut, before my eyes could adjust, his hands were on my pants, his mouth on my cock. I put my hands on his head, feeling straight, smooth hair. For a moment I had a flash of recognition, then shook it off.

He was good. I was beginning to get hard. But I didn't seem to be able to make it past half-way.

"I think I know something that can help you," he said. Some more drugs, I thought.

But he led me over to a metal frame in the middle of the room—a room which

continued little except this frame, a mat in the corner, and long cabinets against the walls. What little light there was came through red curtains covering broad windows in the north wall.

"The thrill of childhood must seem so far away," he said strangely. His voice was low and gentle. Too gentle. "We shall recapture it. Put your hands up and spread your arms."

I was standing between the stainless verticals of the steel frame. Above my head was a pole matching the ones on either side of me, I grabbed it and did a slow chin-up, aware that the muscles in my chest and stomach were taut, strong and smooth beneath the skin. It felt good to work them.

"Lions inside your skin. Lions of memory. Grab the crosspieces above your head."

Crosspieces. My arms high and spread, the muscles along my armpits pulled almost to discomfort. I hoped I wouldn't have to hold the position long. I closed my eyes. This little cocksucker had better get me hard, I thought.

Fingers like butterfly wings ran up my arms. What the fuck was this? For a few moments those damn wings danced around my hands. Shit. Enough of this pansy bullshit. I decided to leave and jerked my hands down.

Tried to jerk my hands down. Those seeming butterflies had left tight leather cocoons around my wrists. I tried pulling a few times. No dice.

"Pulling on the straps will only tighten them. You don't want to cut off your circulation, do you? But, maybe then we might get something on your body to swell."

The voice was below me, so I aimed a kick for the insult. My ankles were bound too. He must have gotten them while I was focused on my wrists.

Up until now, that focus of mine had been pretty damn fuzzy. Suddenly it was sharp as broken glass. I felt a small knot of fear in my stomach. This man was not one of the college boys I usually fucked.

He was standing behind me, his mouth on my shoulder. Though he was shorter than I, the spread of my legs lowered me almost to his height. That's why, flashed into my mind. He's short and he needs the bondage for control. Control of my "lions", as he said. Yeah.

The fear shrank into a small hard pebble. I relaxed, and flexed my muscles against the bonds. It felt good to test myself. I felt strong, in mental control. I felt his thumbs spread my cheeks and he started to rub the head of his cock between them. His hands let go of my ass and I felt my cheeks around his cockhead. Christ, it was thick! His arms around me, one hand stroking my cock, the other pulling my balls. All the while he's moving that thick cockhead in circles near my asshole. When was he going to penetrate? I felt myself hardening at last. My breath came shorter.

"You want it, don't you?" said that low voice near my ear. "Big, butch son of a bitch like yourself. You want my



cock up that tight ass, don't you? Not yet, baby, not yet."

Where his hot hand had been, I felt something cold and hard. It clicked. Clicked around my prick and my balls and strangled them. I looked down and saw metal and leather. But the blood kept pumping and I felt the skin going purple and swollen. A prickling pain

of my cock. My discomfort grew with it.

"Just let me go and..."

He touched the head of my prick with one finger and shock waves ran through my body. He ran the finger up my stomach and chest till it lay across my lips.

"If you're going to continue talking, we'll have to take measures."

"Dammit. Release me or..."



joined the lust-rush of the hard-on. The fear in my belly unraveled, sending strands through arms, legs, mind.

"Hey, this isn't my scene, man," I said. "No offense, but, uh, y'know, I'm kinda stoned and, uh, really not into this, I mean, I'm sorry if I led you on, but..."

"You're babbling, Mr. Hansen. I'm surprised at you. You're usually so articulate."

"How did you know my name? Who the hell are you? Release me, dammit. I demand that you untie me."

He glided silently into my field of vision. "Need I remind you, Ray, that you're in no position to demand anything?"

Finally I was able to look him over. Though a head shorter, he was much broader through the shoulders than I. And below his slender waist something else showed thick and hard. His huge cock was totally disproportionate to his body. His thighs were thick and muscled and tapered into slender calves. But none of his obvious attractions were able to allay my growing fears. And that fear did nothing to reduce the swelling

No more words escaped. He'd picked his jockstrap off the floor and shoved it, wadded, into my mouth. My bandana followed, strapping the cotton into place. I tasted and smelled cum and piss.

"Now, do you enjoy music? I know I do for occasions like this." He walked over to one of the tall cupboards, showing a hard ass. "Not that I've experienced many moments like this. No. You're very special. Very special." He slipped a record onto the turntable hidden inside the cupboard.

A very strange sound, like a high pitched animal cry, or a bagpipe or violin, pierced the silence of the room. A long single note was followed by a wood block beat. Then another note and a drum.

"Do you like it? It's Japanese. As am I." I looked at his face for the first time. The eyes were narrow in its cold, smooth contours. "Do you recognize me now? Not yet? Ah, there is time. And while you search your memory, I'll tell you a little story to entertain you."

"Once upon a time, isn't that how all good fairy stories begin? Once upon a

time there were two little boys: an older boy who was as bright and beautiful as the sun, and a younger boy who counted himself lucky to call the older one 'friend.' They shared a summer in Idaho, swimming, hiking, being together as best pals. This friendship was sacred to the younger. For he was a for-eigner to those parts. His parents had committed the unforgivable sin of being Japanese Americans during a time of war against the Japanese."

As he spoke, he moved swiftly, silently, around the room. The strange music seemed to draw his arms and legs into ceremony. First he rolled a straw mat in front of me. Then he carefully, with intense focus, placed a series of objects down on it: a blue ceramic bowl of ice, a smaller red dish with three silver rings in it, and a pair of what looked like tongs.

"And that boy," he continued, "was used to the hate of those tight western 'pioneers.' So a buddy was a wonderful thing. Then one day, that 'buddy' hurt the younger boy in such a way that the boy went into the shack they had given his parents to live in and did not leave it again until they returned to California, the land of his birth. Now do you remember?"

Dim childhood memories skittered through my mind, dragging with them thick apprehension. I searched the eyes above the high cheekbones, but recognized nothing. Then my eyes dropped to his chest again. His long nipples were hard and red. A dark red, almost black in the red light which filtered through the curtains. Now I could see the glittering rings which had captured my attention. They were mates of those in the plate at my feet. The realization that he was about to torture me hit me like a drug. My heart raced, my muscles spasmed in an insane attempt to fight or flee. The pain of the leather cutting into wrists and ankles combined with the heavy pulsing in my cock to wrap my mind and body in a scarlet web of heat.

"Your struggles will not help you, Ray. But they do please me. Very much." He placed a thumb and finger of each of my nipples and started to tease them. Gently at first, then milking them with slow, heavy twists. Against my will, they hardened.

As the music moaned, he picked up two handfuls of ice, pressing the sharp cubes over my stiffened tits. Streams of cold fire trickled down my hot stomach.

"And now I will stimulate your memory, Ray Hansen. Remember, you said once that we would be brothers if only I proved my loyalty. And we shall be, soon. But this time, I shall be the older brother. The teacher. And like your lesson for me, the class is in pain."

He raised the tongs up where I could get a good look at them. They looked like a leather punch. On one side of its grasp was a flat round piece with a hole. On the other jaw was a long, thin, sharp tooth. As I watched, he lowered the device to my slightly numbed left nip-



ple. I watched, horrified, as it clamped down. I saw the blood before I felt the hot thrust of pain. Even as the scream started to well behind the scummy jock in my mouth, he pierced the other nipple. In moments, two silver rings, showed through the blood on my tits.

"It hurts, doesn't it? But it's funny the way that pain is going to your cock. Look at the way it struggles against its bonds. It wants to be free. Like I did. But it must be bridled first. And then we can go for a ride."

I jerked against the leather holding me as hard as I could. Nothing. I watched as he dropped his hand to my balls, and let his fingers stretch a piece of scrotum through the harness. As his hand grazed my cock I felt that I must cum. The pressure was too much. But I was held back, and the thick fiery lust of pain and fear pressed back from my prick and into my brain.

With gentle, probing fingers he pulled the loose skin down. He stroked the insides of my thighs with the tongs. Then I felt cold metal against the scrotal flesh. I shook my head. Moaned.

"Now perhaps you will remember T'sing Okami." A flame burst inside my balls. I closed my eyes and saw red pulsing webs. I had to cum. Goddammit! I had to!

"Not yet, not yet." I heard a click. Two more. And then, suddenly, my hands and feet were free. I tore the jock from my mouth as I opened my eyes. I began to strike out at the passive face before me when a sudden searing pain in my crotch jerked me on the floor.

T'sing had attached dog chains to the rings in my nipples and groin. With just a twist of his wrist he could command me. He held those command chains in his right hand. With his left, he pushed my head onto his blood-thick cock. It was huge. For the first time in my life I thought that I might gag. He rapped his fingers in my hair and as he pushed me roughly down, he spoke. But now his voice was no longer calm. It too was thick with desire.

"So now the situation is reversed, blond boy. Boy no longer. Now a man. Strong. But in my power. That summer. Told me to prove I was your brother. Made me suck your white cock. But your friends were watching from the bushes."

He shoved his rod deep into my throat, holding it there. I couldn't breathe. As I struggled to pull back, he twitched the chains.

"Ooooooeerrrrgh."

"Cry, you bastard. I could kill you now. You might as well have killed me. Humiliation. Horrible. In front of those boys who hated me you called me a Jap fag. A perverted killer. A fucking baby stabber."

Thrusting in, out. In out. The size of his prick stretched my mouth so that my jaws ached. The mushroom head grazed my teeth and lips. My hands were on the smooth hard columns of his legs. I wanted him to cum in my throat. Then

maybe he'd let me cum too.

"All those names. Names. Evil words. I lost face. Hid. Till home. Then, six months ago I saw you. And felt the hunger for revenge."

He shuddered. He's got to come, I thought. But he quickly pulled out of my mouth. For a moment he was still. Aware of the music again, I heard it change to rapid heavy drumbeats. My own blood was pounding along with it.

Then T'sing shoved me down on the mat. I was on all fours. I felt his legs against my thighs, his thick cock once again against my asshole. With one hand he reached the dogchains and pulled them over my shoulder. I felt chains and fist pressing into my back. The other hand greased itself with the blood on my chest. Then three fingers slipped into my ass.

"Fight me, son of a bitch. I want to rip you apart."

I bucked forward, but the flash of pain stopped me. And then he started to

started to burst. The constraints were gone, and I shot my wad straight under my face.

"Proof," he growled in my ear. "Proof I am your master. Fucking you. Saving face. Fucking you in pain. You have never cum like this before, have you?"

"No," I gasped.

"No, what, you bastard!"

"No, SIR."

With that, I felt him explode into my ass. It felt like his hot juices ran right into my stomach. His hips jerked spasmodically a few times, and then he slowly pulled out. I dropped to the mat and rolled onto the mat, closing my eyes. My eyelids filled with blue stars. Then something hot and wet sprinkled my chest. I opened my eyes to watch his yellow piss wash the crusting blood off my chest.

But I had no fear of contagion. I had no fear of anything at all. No more questions, either. No more need for college boys. Through hate and pain I'd been reborn into respect.



enter. I held still as death. He was too big. I knew I had to be bleeding somewhere else. He pushed in deeper. I hadn't felt like this since I lost my cherry when I was a kid. Deeper.

And then he started fucking for real. I felt like I was being split on his cock. Then I felt his hand on my cock. Then air. The pulse of the drums. The red light. The bright and dark pain. My ass began meeting his thrust and then I

As I lay there, that second time of sex with T'sing, I knew that he would bathe me and bind my wounds. Knew that I had met the master I hadn't even known I was looking for. Found my lost brother, the brother I'd driven away through fear of him and myself in a strange wartime land.

So as his golden rain poured over me, I lifted my hands up to it and started to laugh.



# Letter from the Slave master

forwarded by T.R. WITOMSKI

A great deal happened since I last wrote.

When I left Severin's chateau in Amsterdam, accompanied by two prime slaves, I returned to my ranch in Australia and prepared for one of my two yearly slave auctions. Though I buy and sell slaves all year round, most of my business centers around these two big sales. They are held in December and June to commemorate the longest and shortest nights of the year, an affectation I picked up from Mam'selle Victoire who holds her auctions on the same days.

The last sale went especially well (even though I privately believed that most of the slaves were below the usual quality my customers have come to expect from me). Fifty-seven Masters from all over the world bid on 32 slaves. All but three were sold. (Just like at other auctions, there is a minimum price set on each slave. If the bidding does not reach that figure, the slave remains with me.) I realized a decent profit. The remaining three slaves immediately began their training over again.

I received word from Severin that he was sending William to me. "The sessions were most rewarding," he wrote, "I'm certain you and Victoire will be pleased by the changes that I have wrought in William."

When William arrived, I was immediately struck by what I can only describe as his otherworldliness. His head had been shaved; his beard allowed to grow. But it was his eyes that struck me most. They had shar-

pened immeasurably, as if he had seen something that had penetrated his very soul.

"Where are the slaves' quarters, Sir?" he asked.

"I would prefer that you stay with me in the main house." I wanted to observe William. It was as though he had a secret that I needed to uncover. William was so deeply changed that I could no longer see him as I saw my other slaves: pieces of meat to be used only for my pleasure and their pain.

"Tell me about Severin."

"He is well, Sir."

"And your sessions with him?"

"I hope they were satisfying to him, Sir."

"I would like to know about them."

"They were of a particular intensity, if not particularly painful. I would hesitate calling them sadomasochistic, Sir."

"What would you call them?"

"Satanic, Sir."

I felt an odd sensation at the base of my spine. William continued:

"I suppose you know that Master Severin has come to believe himself the latest incarnation of the demon Nireves."

I had heard these rumors, Severin even referred to them himself from time to time. But William's radically changed appearance—indeed, his entire personality—was the first real evidence that Severin had powers of a sort not found in men. "Is he the demon, William?"

"I don't know, Sir. In the sessions there seemed at times a presence that was..."

"What?"

"...not human. Severin's cock penetrated me..."

"Yes?"

"It was ice cold."

"That seems a topic worth pursuing."

"His fist, also, was searingly cold. And during the sessions there were times when I lost consciousness or, rather, when it appeared that I was experiencing a different level of consciousness."

"Were you drugged?"

"Not that I know of, Sir."

I wrote to Victoire inquiring if she could shed light on the mystery of Severin. In reply, she said, "Yes, I too have heard the many rumors. In fact, I have been hearing variations on the theme of Severin's powers for some years now. At first, talk centered





on his unchanging appearance. He looks exactly the same today as when I first met him thirteen years ago. Very Dorian Gray, don't you think? One explanation involves blood rituals, which sound almost like the carryings-on of cannibals—or vampires. The Satanic angle is a slightly new twist, but I would not put too much belief in it. Mystery is just another intriguing part of Severin's personality. As for the cold cock and cold fist, I've not heard of that before, I suspect Severin was using some type of ice dildo."

I am inclined to believe that Victoire is correct in her assessment, though I plan to question Severin himself on my next visit to Amsterdam.

Many Masters employ an overseer for their slaves, but I have not always found this necessary. However, since at times I have a good number of slaves at the ranch, it is not possible for me to supervise all training sessions, nor all disciplinary sessions. Therefore, certain slaves are ordered to assist in the training and discipline programs of other slaves. This is not only efficient, it provides me with entertainment.

I ordered William to improvise a scene with a newly arrived slave. This young slave's body was so perfectly (but not excessively) muscular that it cried out to be marked. Beautiful flesh is made even more beautiful when it is adorned with the red bites of the whip.

The slave was brought naked into the room. I settled down to enjoy the show and told William to exercise no restraint.

William ordered the slave to bend forward, his legs spread, his hands behind his neck: an uncomfortable, humiliating position. William took charge easily. "Spread those legs further," he ordered. At once William had assumed the role of Master and exercised one of the chief rules of S/M: Always, in every respect, make the slave go beyond what he thinks possible. Even a simple order, obeyed at once, should be occasion for the Master to say, "No, that's not good enough." This procedure causes the slave to strive constantly to improve

himself, to dedicate himself entirely to the wishes of another.

William inspected the slave, roaming his hands down his back, testing the tension of the slave's ass muscles with a few slaps. Then he came around to the front and rubbed his hands on the slave's chest, lingering longest at the nipples. The tits are particularly vulnerable flesh. Playing with a slave's nipples is a show of a Master's power. So fine is the line between pleasure and pain in these little nubs of sensitive skin.

I was pleased when William began inspecting the slave's cock and balls. Many Masters ignore those parts of a slave, believing them irrelevant (since a slave is not considered a man) and often keeping them covered. But a slave's cock and balls, to me, are just another part of the body to be trained. This slave's cock, quite a large one, was raging hard. I made a mental note that I would have to work on training him to control his erection, to grow hard or soft only on command.

William gagged the slave. Since the ranch is isolated, no one would hear the screams. The gag was merely to instruct the slave in his slavery. William next attached heavy leather restraints to the slave's wrists and clipped them together behind his back. He led the slave to the wall and hung him from iron hooks. A pair of alligator-ridged tit-clamps were put in place on the slave's chest. A long, thin strap of leather wrapped around and around the slave's cock and balls, to which a dozen clothespins were attached.

The sight pleased both William and myself. The slave's terrified eyes were imploring. William blindfolded him and, by pulling hard, very hard, on the chain that hung between the slave's nipples, began a prolonged tit-torture routine.

As the blood flowed freely from his tits, the slave was repositioned face-up, unhooded and thrown spreadeagle on the hard wood floor. William undressed, and removed the slave's gag.

boy. Get that tongue moving," William said as his asshole

covered the slave's mouth and his hand reached for a large lit candle. Because of the blindfold, the slave had no warning that hot wax would begin to drip onto his bound cock and balls. William gave the slave no chance to catch his breath as he encased his whole crotch in a thick, quickly hardening, crust of wax.

For the next part of the session, William disciplined the slave's thighs with a thick plastic rope. These ropes are particularly painful. The pain is not like the thudding blow of a belt but feels like a knife cutting into the skin. William was particularly thorough, doing almost as good a job as I would have done myself. After the thighs had been well worked over, the plastic rope was used on the slave's balls.

William unbound the slave from the floor only to tie him against the wall. With a thick belt, he beat the slave's back. There was no tenderness, no build-up, no play-acting—it was just as it should be. The belt came down again and again with a mad, almost vengeful fury. Finally after a very long time, he stopped and ran his hands up and down the slave's mutilated back. Not as a sign of affection but merely to display his handiwork to me.

The slave was released so he could show his gratitude by sucking William's cock. When William came, he pushed the slave away and ordered him to kneel and press his shoulders to the floor. With his ass in the air, the slave was given a steady stream of strokes with a cat-o'-nine-tails, followed by a savage fucking with a huge dildo. The slave, of course, was not permitted to have an orgasm. William dismissed him.

I was most impressed by William's performance. Perhaps he might one day make a fine Master. I do not generally agree with the practice of role switching; roles are fixed dimensions of individual personality. There are exceptions, Masters, who had been trained as slaves, are usually of an especially cruel demeanor. Transforming William from slave to Master (has Severin already started this?) might just make for a most interesting project. □

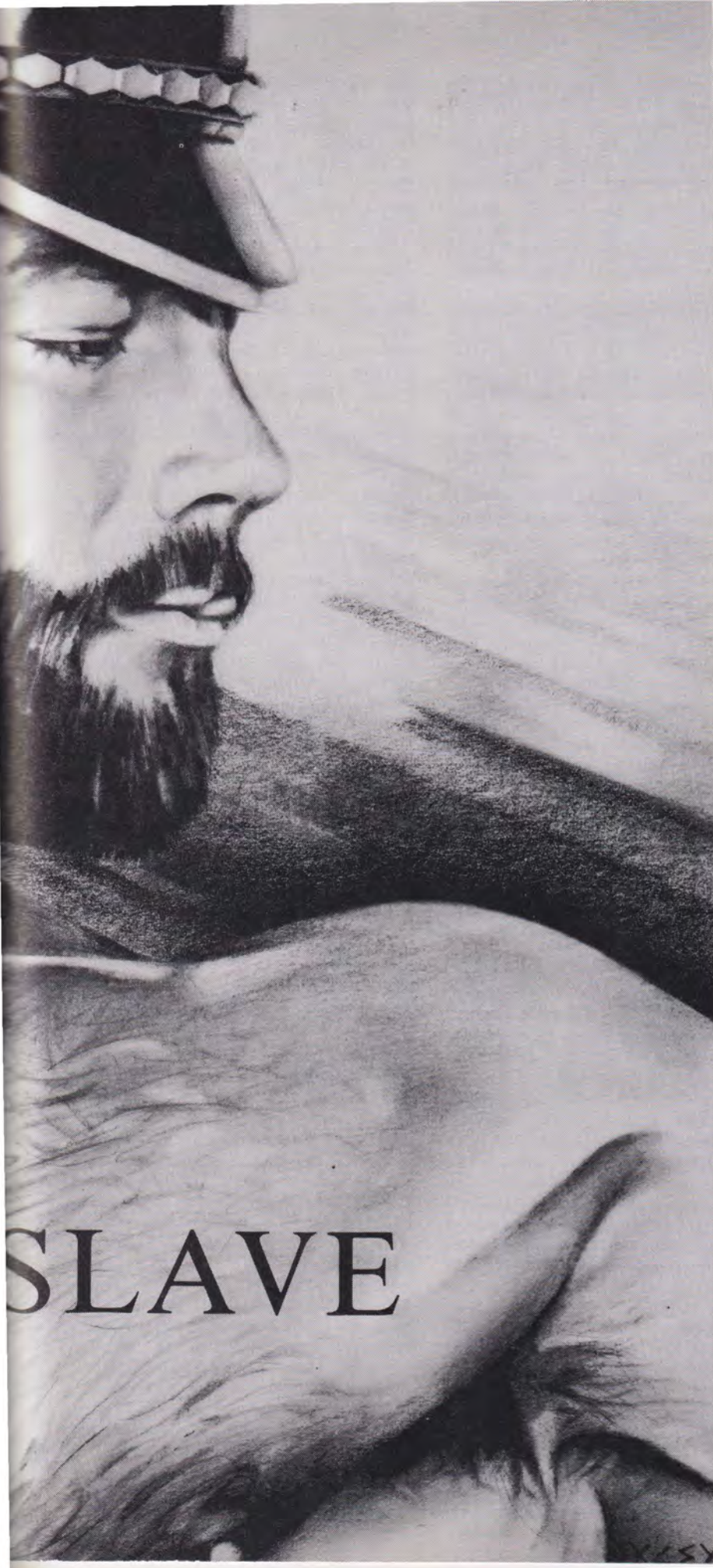




# BIRTH OF A

By Frank O'Rourke





Tom Nash lived in a small hotel which had clean rooms and cheap rent. His parents were dead and he was an only child. At 20 years of age, he had been out on his own for the past two years. Since he had been in high school, Tom had become aware of his homosexuality and had learned to come to grips with it.

By eating inexpensive but wholesome food and working out daily, Tom Nash had an athlete's muscular body topped by an almost boyishly innocent face and short blond hair. His blond crotch hair embarrassed him because it took so long before it became really noticeable. His hair emphasized for himself his masculinity.

Although he was an attractive young man, he wanted a sense of belonging which only a permanent relationship could give him. Tom had become an avid reader of classified ads, looking for that special person.

SLAVES WANTED caught his eye in one of the papers. He ignored it even though his cock leaped in his denim pants as he read the words. He recalled one night at the baths how a good looking stud had gotten into a domination/submission scene with him. He had called the dominant dude Master and Sir. It had been a real turn on. Reading on, he saw ads which incorporated initials such as WS, C&B, B&D, FFA and others. Tom knew what some of these meant and in his mind he could not decide whether they were perversions or turn-ons.

None of the ads did much for Tom and he found himself returning to the SLAVES WANTED ad. Picking up the phone by the bed he called the number in the ad.

"Yeah," a deep voice responded.

Tom felt intimidated by the nonsense voice. "I read your ad, Sir."

"Yeah." The voice was not very encouraging and Tom began to wonder if he had made a mistake.

"Did you place the ad? Is it serious?" Should I hang up?

"Give me your name and address and I will send you a questionnaire. Include a nude photograph with your report."

Tom hesitatingly gave the man the information and the line went dead. Tom knew that he had some photos, but the contact had been

Illustration by Exley



so brief, he wondered if he would ever hear from the man with the sexy voice.

Daily, Tom Nash reported to his job at the pizza parlor. The customers found him to be affable and a number of guys tried to date him. Then the letter arrived.

Just reading the questions turned him on. He knew that his trip was submission and that he liked having sex with a man who could top him. The SM questions of torture seemed extreme and he decided not to lie. He responded that he was *not* into those scenes. As to the questions of his personal background, he saw no reason not to be truthful. Tom had no relatives; he was alone in the world. He had come West to get away from the homophobic attitudes of people who discovered that he was gay. Jobs were scarce in the city so he had had a few jobs, the most recent at the pizza parlor.

After he had filled out the questionnaire, he mailed it to the post office box shown at the top of the form. Days passed and there was no response. He felt sure that he would not hear from the mysterious, yet enticing, voice, since he had such little experience.

Ten days elapsed. It was Friday. Tom was in deep doldrums. That morning, when he had arrived at work, he was told that because of the loss of business, the owner was letting Tom off. He received his last paycheck. On Monday, he knew that he would have to file for unemployment. When he reached home, he took a shower. He had eaten before leaving the pizza parlor, his last free meal. He couldn't decide whether to stay in or go out. He didn't want to stay in, but he wasn't sure he could afford to go out.

Tom stripped off when he got home to take a shower. Standing in front of the big dresser mirror, he examined himself. His stomach was flat and hard, his pecs and biceps well-defined. His right hand lifted his heavy cock and balls. Turning, he surveyed his hairless ass; guys had referred to it as "bubble butt." He wondered if he could become a hustler. The only thing was he knew that his cock was not exceptionally large and he wondered if that would be a serious drawback.

In the shower he lathered his body with soap and a washcloth. He concentrated on the lush

golden foliage around his cock and balls. His cock responded to his manual ministrations. One hand washed the cleft between his ass and his finger worked its way into his hole. The water was stimulating him to the point where he decided to beat off. As he grabbed his hardening cock in his right hand, the phone in the room rang.

Tom turned off the shower and walked over to the phone as water dripped from his body on to the worn, frayed carpet. His half-hard cock swung against his thighs.

"Yeah," he said as he picked up the phone.

"Tom Nash." Immediately he recognized the deep voice. His cock responded to the voice as it grew harder until it was standing at attention.

"Yes," he said.

"What," the voice growled.

"What," he asked in turn, wondering what the man meant.

"Yes, SIR, puss-head," the voice barked.

"Er, yes, sir," Tom mumbled.

"Louder, freak, let me hear it."

"YES, SIR," he shouted over the phone, wondering what his neighbors would be thinking.

"Okay. Get yourself ready and in one hour you will be at the rendezvous." The man told him to wear levis, a shirt, no underwear or socks, and sneakers. The location of the contact was a corner in the warehouse area. The warning, "You'd better be there," almost made Tom come.

Suddenly the line went dead. Tom grabbed a towel and began to dry off. Carefully, he selected his clothes, wanting to look particularly sexy for this trick. He wondered if the dude got a lot of answers to his ad. Would the guy be turned on enough to ask him to stay overnight, or even possibly over the weekend? Would he like the guy? He shrugged his shoulders. If the guy wasn't a turn on, he'd just politely walk out on the guy. He selected his oldest, tightest pair of levis, deciding that they would best show off his luscious butt. The plaid shirt had long sleeves which he rolled up to better show off his biceps. The sneakers were dirty whites which he rarely wore. His cock had not softened at all during the time it took him to get dressed. He forced his hard tube into the right side of his pants, remembering that, as he understood it, slaves

always dressed right. Why, he wondered. Would the dude be good looking? Would he respect his limits? It could be nothing more than a domination/submission bit with a lot of old fashioned fucking and sucking. Boy, that would be great!

Tom Nash arrived at the rendezvous a few minutes before the deadline. Except for a lamppost at the corner, the entire area was shrouded in darkness. There were no cars. A chill wind caused him to shiver. The place frightened Tom and he began to wonder if he had made a mistake. Maybe the sadistic bastard would not show up.

A lone car turned a corner a block away, its headlights cutting the darkness. Tom stood straight with his hands by his sides in expectation. The car swept by without pausing. Tom was beginning to feel dejected and thinking about getting out of the area.

A pair of lights broke the gloom from a vehicle parked down the street. It moved slowly down the street. The lights were switched to the high beam, causing Tom to shield his eyes against the glare. As it entered the light of the street lamp Tom saw that it was a black van. Tom tried to see the driver, but he couldn't. The van stopped by his side. The driver came around the front of the car and the lights picked out a blond, taller than Tom in levis and a leather jacket. While Tom's stomach quailed in apprehension, his cock came to life in his pants.

"Are you Tom Nash?" the man asked. His voice sounded differently than over the phone.

"Yes, Sir," Tom whispered, barely audible.

The man opened the sidedoor of the van. "Give me everything you have in your pockets."

Tom only hesitated for a split second. He reached into his back pocket and handed the stranger his wallet. Unclipping his keys from the beltloop on his right side, he gave them to him along with his two handkerchieves, one blue for fucking and the other gray for light bondage. He hoped that this would tell the man what he was into. The man took them without comment and laid them inside of the van doorway.

"Now, strip naked."

"Out here?" Tom began to protest.

The man's eyes became



hooded and his voice softened almost sensuously. "Do you take them off, or do I rip them off of you?"

The words frightened Tom but they also stimulated him. He removed his jacket, handing it to the man. Next his shirt came off. He could not tell if the man was turned on by what he was revealing. Bending, Tom untied and pulled his sneakers off. As he unbuttoned his levis, he felt goose bumps from the cold. He whipped the pants off, folded them and handed them over. Under the lamplight, he stood stark naked. Reaching into the van, the man switched on a light.

"Get in, man."

The floor on the van was carpeted. The man followed him in and shut the door. A couple of leather bags lay to one side of the door and what appeared to be a stereo player was lashed to the panel which separated the back of the van to the driver's compartment. From one of the bags the man extracted leather wrist and ankle cuffs. With the dexterity of an oft-repeated routine, he secured the leather bindings to Tom's extremities.

"Get down on the floor on your stomach."

Tom laid down, his hard, dripping cock up against his lower abdomen. He was secured to bolts at either end of the van, placing him in a vulnerable spreadeagle position. A leather hood with openings for his nose, mouth and ears was fitted over his head and tied, and its base secured by a wide leather strap. His forehead was placed on a support to keep his face off of the floor. A rough hand felt his body while adjustments were made to the bindings to insure security without cutting off the blood flow. The hand squeezed his buttocks and he felt something cold being rubbed into one buttock and it was quickly followed by a sharp sting. The man looked down at the prone figure; he knew the pentathol would work quickly since he had used it on his patients often at the hospital. He checked Tom's vital signs and found that he was reacting well to the solution. The man took a set of earphones and placed them over the lad's ears.

A quiet, insinuating voice began programming the susceptible brain of the young man. "You

are a slave. You exist only to serve your Master. You are a slave. You will sexually service your Master in any manner he commands. You are a slave. Your body is no longer yours to command. You are a slave. Your mind is no longer yours to command. You are a slave." The tape went on and on. Tom was oblivious of the trip or the number of times booster shots were given him. The doctor-driver kept close watch over his vital signs. Later the tape was replaced by another one which programmed him to accept anything commanded of him. His brain reeled at the orders which impinged on his subconscious. His mind adjusted gradually to the series of suggestions.

When Tom finally reached full consciousness, he found himself in a small, clean room with padded floors and walls. It was brightly lit. Getting to his feet, Tom checked himself out. Every bit of his body hair had been removed; feeling his head, he found only his eyebrows and lashes had been left. His cock was hard with a cock ring locked into place. The lack of hair made his cock look bigger than it was. A chain slave collar was locked around his neck. His wrists and ankles had cuffs locked into place. He reached down and stroked his cock.

A voice blared from the ventilator above the door, "Slave, you do not touch your cock without permission. Disobey and you will be punished." Tom dropped his cock as if he had been scalded.

The door clicked and slid open. Tom was not ready for the spectacular apparition which stood in the doorway. The man was a giant. It was not the man who had picked him up. He wore black leather chaps with nothing underneath, boots, and a leather executioner's hood which masked his head and the upper part of his face. Black hair matted his torso. He was obviously a body builder and both large biceps had leather bands around them. It was his fat, uncut cock which captured Tom's eyes.

"Come here and turn around," the man commanded in a tone of voice which brooked no insubordination.

Clips were attached to the D-rings in the cuffs and Tom found himself naked with his hands secured behind him. A dog leash

was clipped to his slave collar. Without a word the man strode down the hall, pulling Tom behind him. The hallway was brightly lit and no one could be seen. They passed a number of doors. Before the end of the hallway, the man stopped before a door and placed the palm of his right hand on a plate embedded in the wall. There was a click and the door slid open. After the two men entered the room, the door slid shut and lights erupted in the room. Their entrance had broken a photosensitive beam which turned the lights on.

"Kneel," he told Tom, pointing to a spot in the center of the room.

Tom knelt at the designated spot, watching the man as he moved around the room. He pulled a chair close to Tom.

"First," the man began, adjusting his cock and balls as he crossed his legs, "Tom Nash no longer exists." Tom began to offer a protest, but the man lifted his hand. "You never speak unless you are given permission. As I said, you no longer exist on the outside. The night of your surrender a team was sent to your room and everything was removed. You have become a slave and will be such for the rest of your life. You are a saleable commodity."

"You can't do this," Tom burst out.

"You will be punished for that infraction." His voice assumed a hardness. "If you speak again without permission, you will be gagged."

Tom bowed his head, his shoulders drooped in resignation. The drugs had had their effect and continued subliminal programming and intensive hypnosis would mold him; the man had seen it happen before with men who were neither gay nor masochistically inclined.

"For the period of time you are here, I will be your training Master. You will service other Masters here as well as other slaves, but I am responsible for your overall training. You will bring the organization a lot of money when you are sold. That should give you a sense of pride. A psychologist went over your questionnaire in detail and he discovered that you were prime material. Throw yourself in your new lifestyle and you will discover a great sense of self-satisfaction and sexual fulfillment



in being the property of another man. Do you understand what I am saying? You have permission to speak."

"Damn, are you kidding? This can't be real."

Patently, the man continued his communication. "From now on you will punctuate your speech with Sir or Master. Any violation of this rule will bring severe punishment. Now I am very serious. Let's go through it once more; do you have any questions?"

"Yes, Sir. Do you get everyone through these ads?"

"Well, it's none of your business, but we have other methods, especially when the orders are for straight men."

"Straight men, Sir." What did straight men have to do with it?

"Yes, some customers are dominant women or men who are turned on by slaves who are not gay but perform as such."

This was hard for Tom to grasp, but he had more personal questions to ask, while he could. "Sir, what happened to my body hair?"

"Your entire body was depilated. The treatment will continue until we find that all of the hair follicles have been destroyed. Slaves are always given this treatment. It acts as a constant reminder of your status. Any other additional treatment such as piercing, tattooing or branding will come from your Master, unless he specifically orders it before you are turned over to him."

"Sir, what if no one buys me?"

"Don't worry, your picture and vital statistics are being circulated and we expect some pretty intensive bidding for your body."

"Sir, will I meet my Master before I am turned over to him?"

"Very possibly. Bidders will be allowed access to you before the final bids are posted. It gives them an opportunity of seeing how you will suit them."

Desperately, Tom concluded, "It's against the law, Sir."

The man grinned at the absurdity of the statement. "You will say nothing more. You will forget the name Tom Nash. Tom Nash is dead. I will refer to you as a slave, because that is what you are. Your Master will probably want to give you a name." Uncrossing his legs, the Master leaned back in the chair and gripped his monstrous cock in his large right

hand. "Now, about your training. You will learn to suck this cock. You will eat my come and drink my piss. You will eat my shit. You will be whipped and tortured because it will give your Master happiness and that is your highest aspiration in life. You will feel empty without a cock in your mouth or up your ass. Pain will become very pleasurable to you. You will take my hand and my arm up your ass. You will service anyone I tell you to, whether he is a Master or a slave. We will begin. I have to take a leak and you are my toilet, so crawl over here."

The slave dropped from his knees to his stomach and inched his way across the narrow space which separated them. His eyes stared at the sheathed cockhead above him. He got on his knees and dove for the cock.

His Master smashed him across the side of his face, knocking him to the floor. In an expressionless voice, he said, "You do nothing without permission or direct instructions. Now get back on your knees and beg me to be allowed to drink my piss."

The blond felt tears spring to his eyes, but he managed to say in pleading tones, "Sir, may I please drink your piss? Please, Sir."

"Take the head in your mouth." The Master aimed the head toward the gaping hole in front of him, resting it on the slave's tongue. "Don't suck. Just hold it."

The slave had never had such a massive hunk of flesh between his lips before. His widely gaping mouth was no small thing and even he found it hard to hold his aching jaws open that wide. He felt the fleshy appendage leap and a furious stream of hot piss erupted in a heavy flow which the younger man gulped down. He was unable to keep up with the coursing fluid; some of it leaked out of the corners of his mouth, running down his hairless body. Slowly, the piss became less demanding and he found himself able to drink it all. He flicked his tongue over the heavy flap, seeking the last dribblets of the golden juice. His Master pushed his head away.

"You will learn not to lose a drop of my piss. You will quench your thirst from my cock and others. Now, get to your feet."

The young man got to his feet and was directed to the center of the room. His cock was hard, jut-

ting out before him. His cuffs were released from behind him and attached to overhead chains which were drawn up, holding him in a spreadeagle position. His legs were pulled apart and secured to staples in the floor.

The Master stepped back, studying the taut body before him. He saw a good looking young man with a bleached scalp where his hair used to be. A muscular body which the Master knew would learn to endure a lot of punishment. The cock was about six inches, he would guess, with low hanging balls. The buttocks were round and tight. The nipples indicated a need for a lot of work. Approaching the slave, he shoved his fingers into his mouth to examine his teeth. The slave did not suck on the fingers which told the Master that he was learning not to act on his own. After discovering that he had all of his teeth, he ran his hands over his back, squeezing the buttocks and he shoved his finger into the dry, tight asshole. The slave gasped at the brutal intrusion. The Master knew that the hole would have to be loosened up. The thighs and calves were muscular. He stroked the slave's hard cock and twisted his balls, squeezing them until a mewling sound came from the slave's clenched teeth. The stomach was tight, able to take some punishment while continued exercising would raise the tolerance for heavy fists without damaging any internal organs. The tits needed the most work. Pinching and twisting them, the Master got a screaming response.

After completing his inspection, the Master walked over to a wall cabinet and selected a dildo with a harness. The dildo was almost as long as the Master's eleven inches but smaller than the Master's wrist-thick cock. The organization selected its trainer-Masters for their sadistic propensities, innovativeness in torture, sensitivity toward evoking the most from the slaves and huge endowments. Taking some substance from a jar, the Master spread it over the phallus. The ointment consisted of a muscle relaxant which allowed large protuberances to be introduced without tearing tissue while none of the erotic sensitivities were muted.

The slave watched him carefully and he understood what was



going to happen. He pleaded with tears in his eyes, "Please, Sir, I can't take it. You're going to kill me."

"Shut your mouth, asshole."

The Master's greasy fingers probed at his pink, hairless hole. He pushed two of them into the tight gap, stretching the tender membranes. Twisting his fingers around, he began to saw them in and out. The slave tried to pull away, but his bondage prevented him from escaping the brutal invasion. Suddenly, the fingers were gone. The Master pushed the huge corona of the dildo against the hole. The muscle relaxant on his fingers was already having its effects. Although the slave tried to prevent the dildo from entering his ass, it moved in gradually after it had gotten past the still tight sphincter. He twisted the dildo in and out of his asshole while he twisted it around. The slave was beginning to groove on the assault of the dildo. He moaned, not in pain, but in ecstasy. His hips began a circular motion within the limited space his bondage permitted and he tried to back up at each plunge. Finally, the dildo made its last drive and his Master tied the straps securing the phallus firmly up his ass.

Walking to the sideboard, the Master selected a heavy cat of nine tails, loosening the strands from their tangled mass. He swished the strands ominously through the air, causing the slave's heart to beat in terror of what was to come.

"It's time for your punishment. You know your sins. This is your first punishment. I will lay ten lashes on your back and buttocks. You will count each blow and thank me for each blow."

First, the Master offered the whip to his slave. "Kiss the whip that will teach you to be a more obedient slave." The slave kissed the handle and bunched strands of the whip. "Now kiss the hand which will administer your punishment." Almost tenderly the slave touched his lips to the large hand with its glistening black hairs.

The whip whistled through the air a few times before the lash landed with full fury against the milky buttocks. The slave felt his brain explode from the fiery pain, but he managed to count and thank his Master. Each of the first

five blows was administered with full force of the dark man's heavily muscled arm. After the first five the Master moved to the other side for the final five. On the ninth blow the slave passed out. The last blow of the cat was administered with equal power on the unconscious figure.

He applied a balm to the welted, red-streaked buttocks. Next, he released the slave's arms from their bonds and eased him to the floor, releasing his legs after he was stretched out. After settling him on his back, he reattached his hands to the floor staples in a widespread position.

Going to the fridge, he pulled out a can of beer and moved the chair closer to the slave. As he sipped his beer, he studied the unconscious man. The beating had been severe and the Master was gratified that he had lasted nine strokes; he should have passed out by the sixth blow. In time he was sure that this slave would come to really groove on the pain trip. The very thought of it made the Master stroke his own hardening cock. Administering pain was a really great turn on for this tall dark man. A moan came like a sigh and the slave's eyes began to flicker. It took the prone man a moment or so before he could focus on his Master.

The slave found that his body ached and his ass seemed to be on fire. He looked up at his Master and whispered, "I'm sorry, Sir."

"You will pay for those few words at your next punishment session."

Rising from his seat, the Master stood over the slave, squatted and brought his hairy ass over the man's face. Positioning his asshole over the man's mouth, he ordered him to start licking and eat his butt out. The musky scent of the Master's hairy ass made the slave's cock harden again. His tongue laved and probed the tight hole above him; the sphincter began to loosen, allowing the slave's tongue to go deeper. The Master ground his asshole harder against the slaving mouth, enjoying the sensuality of the hungry mouth. A turd began its trip to the hot mouth beneath and the Master knew that he must make the slave eat it.

"Do what I tell you, exactly as I tell you, or I'll tear the flesh from your back. Open your mouth wide and keep it open."

The slave was beginning to obey without thinking, so he held his mouth wide open. Without any warning to the slave, he felt a foreign body enter his mouth. The Master said, "Now, just swallow it. Swallow it fast." It was only then that the young man realized what had happened, but the asshole pressing on his mouth would not let him spit it out, so he gulped it down, trying not to taste it. His stomach was queasy and he gagged, but he managed to get the hot turd down his throat. "Yeh, eat my shit. You'll be eating it often from here on out." The Master made no effort to get off his mouth. "Now, shit-eater, stick your tongue out and clean my shitty asshole."

The slave washed the hot buttole above him as tears coursed down the sides of his face from the humiliation. Moving off his face, the Master turned and pushed his cock head into his mouth and began to piss. "Something to wash the shit down. Rinse your mouth with my piss."

Avidly, the slave drank his Master's piss, trying to swirl it around as he frantically gulped the golden stream. Drinking the recycled beer, the young slave never thought that piss could taste so good. The Master decided to reward the slave by giving him a good taste of his cock, so as the piss dribbled to a stop he began moving it in the slave's hot mouth. His enormous cock began to grow both in length and breadth. The slave's already gaping mouth was forced to open wider as he tried to prevent his teeth from coming in contact with the fleshy pole. Less than half of the length of cock was in his mouth. The Master knew that to drive the full length into the slave's throat would cause irreparable psychological and physical trauma. He knew that it would take time to stretch the throat to accept all of it to the black pubic hairs. Yes, this slave would learn to take every inch of his weapon, in time.

As he pulled the raging hard-on out of the hot mouth, the fingers released the harness which held the dildo in place. Placing the young man's heels on his shoulders, he reached down and pulled the dildo from the membranous nest. On his knees his thumb found the puckered hole. Quickly he wedged the huge flar-



ing cockhead into the pulsing hole. Unlike his insertion of the dildo which had been slow and almost gentle, he drove the full length of his eleven inches into the tight sucking hole up to the crotch hairs. The young man gasped as if the sheer force of the impalement had taken his breath away. The effects of the muscle relaxant were still active, but he felt as if his insides were totally filled. As the cock pulled out and returned he found all of his senses centered in his asshole. At the beginning of the assault on his ass his cock had been soft but it slowly filled and every muscle in his body was reacting to the pummeling. The corona of the cockhead strummed erotically on his prostate. The Master twisted the head of his cock as he pulled out to the chamber where the swollen prostate nestled, prodding, poking and stroking the gland. Wave upon wave of sensuousness coursed up the nervous system to the brain bringing and building the exciting sensuousness and sexual enjoyment. Both men found themselves responding more and more to the other's sexual demands. There was an animal lust and passion which manifested itself by the sweat of their maleness and their labored breathing. The slave wanted to stroke his cock but he had learned not to touch himself without permission. He wanted so badly to come at the same time as his Master.

The Master felt his come-heavy balls rise higher in their sac. His ass clenched in the growing urgency for release. He tried to hold off his load, but he knew that in seconds the hot volcanic column would begin spewing its hot human lava into the clenching pit which threatened to wrench his very soul from him. In turn the slave reacted frenetically to the swelling monster within him. His muscles sought to crush the invader, not to destroy it, but to force it to release its viscous balm. The slave's own scrotum was tightening and preparing its own response. Suddenly, the Master stiffened and his rod poured load after load of hot come into his ass. The slave came a fraction of a second later. His come spurted over his face and beyond his head. The force was incredible, a testament of the intensity of their coupling. The Master's body fell upon his slave,

their hearts beat with terrible force, the noise of each heart rang in the ears of each man.

Rolling off of his slave, the Master straddled the exhausted younger man and offered his come and shit coated cock. With a sigh of surrender, the slave raised his head and washed the organ with his tongue.

For the next sixty days, the slave who had once been Tom Nash broadened his training. His pain threshold had been raised to phenomenal heights and an ancillary advantage was that the slave became highly aroused by the pain he was forced to submit to. He had been subjected to the humiliation of being a slave to slaves. He had eaten other men's shit, drunk their piss, been sexually used and abused by all who chose to do so, and had been deep fisted by one and two arms simultaneously.

Unknown to the slave there were two contesting bidders for his possession. Each man had been scheduled for a period of time with the slave. The only restriction placed on these Masters was that they could not take the slave beyond the limits established by his trainer and no damage could be done to him since his body still belonged to the organization. They were told that after they had taken possession they could do what they wanted to him as their property.

The slave had had so many scenes with different Masters, he would not know who was a bidder and who was just another Master honing his techniques.

The first of the bidders to appear for his assessment of the slave's potential was a member of the United Nations. He was a diplomat from Africa, a black athlete, and a man of culture and wealth. As a Muslim, he had a wife to provide him children. His wife was left at home with the family while he lived in a condominium in New York City which he had had outfitted with a playroom. A graduate of the London School of Economics, he had a natural sadistic bent. He saw his slave as a plaything and he hoped that he would become a lover.

When the black Master entered the chamber, he found the young slave on his knees in the middle of the room, unbound. His head was bowed with his hands clasped behind him. The black man stood

over six feet five inches; his ebony body shone like black ivory. His body was hairless, except for a great brush of black, wiry hair at his crotch and shorter hair in his armpits. His cock measured about eight inches and it was fat. When the uncut appendage hardened it would not get longer, only fatter. The small head, resting on a long neck, had delicately sculptured features which would have been the envy of a Benin sculptor; his eyes were of jet and they were highlighted by long eyelashes and a keen intelligence.

Abdullah watched the motionless slave. An aesthete, he had an appreciation and he saw this shorn slave as a piece of art. He licked his narrow lips lasciviously as his cock began to fill with blood. The door slid quietly shut behind him and the click of the lock made him approach the kneeling slave.

"Greet your Master, boy."

Without hesitation the slave bent at the waist and kissed the Master's left foot and repeated the kiss on Abdullah's right foot. He remained bowed, his head resting on the floor until he had been told what to do next.

"Look at me." The young man settled back on his ankles and looked up at the man. Although the slave had had sex and use by other black men, he had never been so impressed by the sheer masculine beauty of this man. Master Abdullah knew that this slave must be his property. His cock hardened quickly. He would have felt angered at this betrayal of his cock if he hadn't been gratified to see the young man's cock growing hard as quickly.

"On your feet," he commanded gruffly. "Over there." He indicated the stretch rack against the wall. The slave walked over to it and waited to be told how he was to lie. "On your back." The Oxonian intonation of voice required the slave's attention so he would clearly understand what he was told to do. "Lie on your back."

"Yes, Sir," he murmured. As he lay back on the specially made table, he positioned himself in a spreadeagle position. At the head of the table, the slave's head lay on an adjustable platform which allowed the Master to raise or lower the head while between the legs the table had been cut away allowing the Master to have his



own crotch at the ass if the legs were raised. Now Master Abdullah fastened the bindings to the hands and ankles and by turning a winch he spread the slave's body out tautly.

His strong black hands caressed the vulnerable flesh. The slave's nipples had received a lot of work since he had arrived and they were a bit larger. A table by the side of the rack held a large variety of equipment. Carefully, the Master selected a pair of needle-pointed clamps, testing the spring tension. Dissatisfied with the strength of the spring works, he picked up another pair which suited his needs. Playing with one of the nipples he brought it to full length and then set the clamp. The needles bit into the tender flesh, penetrating the pink tit while blood seeped from under each sharp point. The slave moaned. Months earlier he would have shrieked and fainted. His cock had lost none of its hardness. In the same manner he positioned the other clamp. The slave felt the prickle of his nerve endings in the back of his head while his chest was aflame. Flicking the clamps before he proceeded evoked another moan while his flesh paled and a light coat of perspiration broke out all over his body.

Master Abdullah was quite pleased with the slave's reaction and he rubbed his hand over the tight stomach. He teased the sensitive flesh of the thighs, causing the slave to writhe in his bonds by the pleasure he was receiving. Then he seized the slave's balls and squeezed them brutally without causing any permanent damage. The slave's cock remained hard. The Master thought that he might castrate the slave when he got back home with him. There should only be one set of balls in the family and it would be more in accord with Islamic custom. Picking up a small reed cock whip, he took the slave's hard cock in his hand and tested the whip with one sharp blow to the head. He felt comfortable with it and began to pummel the cock in a rhythmic fashion. Each breath of the slave was a moan as he felt his cock being whipped. The pain in his tits had become numb compared to the fire in his cock. He knew better than to plead for mercy, but he came close to it. In places the reed had broken the cock's flesh,

but it did not deter the Master. A few times, purposefully, the cock whip smashed into the balls, causing the slave to catch his breath as the fire flashed up into his groin. Tired of the cock whip, the Master lined up on the table a variety of heavy-spring small clamps which he began setting along the tender flesh of the whipped cock. The pain came like flashes of fire in his tortured brain. Next, he set the clamps on his ball sac and along the inside of his thighs. The pain was intense. At this stage the slave felt sure that the Master would begin removing the clamps—a torture in itself; instead, he picked up a leather riding crop and began to lash away at the slave's hard stomach and chest, not trying to avoid the needle tit clamps. The agony was so great the slave thought that he would shame his Master by passing out. He fought to retain his senses. When it seemed that he could no longer tolerate it, the Master tossed the whip aside. Walking to the head of the table, he dropped the ledge supporting the head; the mouth of the slave was at cock level. He opened his mouth, since he had been taught that his orifices must always be available to his Masters.

Master Abdullah's hard eight inches was demanding a hot hole to lodge itself. He shoved his cock into the gaping hole. The slave closed his hungry mouth around the fat black flesh. Master Abdullah was pleased that the slave could take his prong in one fell thrust. He began a steady thrusting and pulling out while he twisted the crucified tits, causing moans and blood to emanate from the slave. Feeling close to orgasm, he jerked his cock from the sucking mouth. Reaching for the first tit impaler, he pulled it free, jerking and tearing tit flesh that had caught in its needle point. For the first time, the slave emitted a small scream. The other tit almost caused him to break. Blood seeped from the torn, tortured nipples and created small rivulets of blood which trickled down his sides.

Offering his hand to the slave, the latter kissed and slavered over the wielder of his misery. The Master adjusted the headpiece, so the head was brought back to its level. Slowly he removed the clamps from the thighs, the balls,

and finally from the blood-encrusted cock. The removal of each clamp caused excruciating pain as the blood rushed back into the starved areas of the flesh. Jumping up on the table he stood astride of the slave and began to stroke his cock. Master Abdullah reserved the act of penetration for the day when the slave would be his and this slave would be his, he was determined. The motion of his hand sped as he felt his need rising. He could tell from the slave's pleading look that he wanted his come, but he never believed in gratifying a slave unless it pleased himself. Without warning the cock began to shoot come over the body of the slave; long ribbons of semen streaked the slave's body. As suddenly as the gush of hot come had begun, it stopped. The Master made no attempt to move. He just stood there with his cock in his hand and then the come was followed by hot piss which was aimed at the slave's depilitated crotch, across his stomach and into his face. The slave opened his mouth wide, but the Master had no intention of allowing him to have any of his life's liquids until he belonged to him. Jumping from the rack, Master Abdullah gazed intently at the slave as if to imprint his image on his memory and turned and left the room without looking back. The door slid shut with a click.

Although the slave had to perform sexually for the next ten days, the lesions in his flesh were treated and allowed to heal. On the twelfth day the second bidder made his appearance.

Baldur was a Scandinavian shipbuilder and entrepreneur. He was one of the most experienced tops in Europe. His interests in sadomasochism had taken him around the world to experience and learn the ultimate in life's sadosexual fulfillment at such places as Baltic Battle, Chicago's Hellfire, the Munchen Lowen Club, and the Pandri Trials. He knew that he was ready to join his life with a slave. The casual contacts and even the long-term relationships left much to be desired. Baldur needed to own another human being, to be the Master of this human being's fate—the lord of life and death.

Again the identical scene had been created. The same room with the slave kneeling in the mid-



dle of it and the tall blond Master entered. Baldur was six feet two inches, blond headed and bearded. His blue eyes and square jaw were his strong features. His chest, arms and legs were heavily matted with blond hair. With large biceps and a massive chest, his torso tapered down to a narrow waist and flat stomach. Between the sculptured muscular legs lay a cock of unbelievable proportions which rivaled the slave's Master-trainer's. The golden crotch hair only emphasized the tube of flesh— an ivory shaft in a golden bed.

The Master did not wait for the door to close behind him. He strode across the room and offered his left foot. "Welcome your Master, pisshead." Baldur spoke with a slight, almost indiscernable accent.

Before the slave could transfer his lips to the Master's right foot, Baldur stepped back. "Get to your feet." The well-trained slave readily obeyed, standing erect with his head down, his eyes centered on the Master's crotch while his hands were clasped behind him.

Master Baldur walked over to the corner of the large room where a wide bed occupied the nook. He signalled for the slave to follow him. The young man trailed behind him. Lying back on the bed the Master offered his arms to the slave. "Lie with me." Hesitantly, the slave got on to the bed, stretching out next to the Master. The man put his arm around the young man. "Play with my cock and balls." The slave reached down and gripped the half-hard mass, stroking, petting and caressing the hardening flesh. Getting up on one elbow, the Master took the slave's head in one hand and planted a deep soul kiss, his tongue penetrating the sweet mouth of the slave. Avidly the younger man sucked and tried to twirl his tongue around the invader. The breathing of each man became shorter and the Master rolled on top of his slave, capturing the caressing hand between them. He ground his crotch into the slave's groin. The younger man withdrew his hand and he felt the full hardness against his own erection. Gently he tweaked the slave's tits. If Baldur had not been so busy making love to the handsome young man, he would have seen tears leaking

from the corners of his eyes. This was the first act of gentleness that the slave had experienced since his capture. His heart had a fullness that he could never remember feeling before. He was so happy for the moment that he didn't care what the man did to him afterward. The slave felt a growing wetness in his crotch and didn't know if it was his precome or his Master's.

As quickly as he had begun, the Master rolled back, keeping one arm under the slave's neck. "I want to talk to you and I demand honest answers from you. If you lie, I will know it and I will punish you like you have never been punished before. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Do you want a Master?"

"Oh, yes, Sir!"

"Do you like being a slave?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Do you feel you are committed to a life of serving and servicing a man?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Could that Master also be a partner?"

"Sir. That would be up to him, Sir."

"A lover?"

"If he wanted it that way, Sir."

The Master was pleased with the responses. He got up and directed the slave to a sling on the other side of the room. Attaching cuffs to the slave's wrists and ankles he anchored them to the chains which supported the sling. His position left his asshole exposed and vulnerable to any assault the Master might opt for. Grabbing a container of lubricant from a nearby shelf, he began greasing his hand and his arm while he eyed the helpless slave speculatively. His searchings for a slave had taken him all around the world and he had even been here a couple of times, looking the crop over, but something about this young slave told him that he was special. He felt certain that he would be a vessel for his sadistic and sexual needs, a lover and a companion. Most of the heavy bottoms that he had encountered had lost a certain sensitivity of spirit by the use and abuse while this young slave still had this malleability of spirit and mind.

"I do not believe in giving a slave drugs. He must experience to the utmost the pain which I

administer and he must accept it as an act of love. For myself the use of poppers, uppers and downers pervert and make meaningless the energy that I seek to create between us."

The Master's greased thumb teased the pucker of the slave's asshole. The slave had not lost all of his erotic sensitivity and he tossed his head from the sheer pleasure. Inserting his middle finger, he searched for and found the prostate and began to tease it. The slave's cock had never softened while they were in bed together. As the Master rubbed the prostate, the slave's cock jerked in response. Baldur had large hands and his fingers were broad. He inserted two more fingers, sawing the fingers in and out. He was in no hurry to drive his fist into the clenching hole. The small finger joined the trio and he tucked his thumb into the curve of his hand. With determined force, the Master got the knuckle of his thumb past the barrier and his hand entered the hot hole. Quickly, he curled his hand into a fist with the thumb inside of the fist. Twisting his hand around, his knuckles abraded and teased the slave's prostate, evoking a gasp of sheer pleasure from the slave's lips. Carefully he began to drive his fist in deeper, pulling back to the threshold slowly. More force was used to drive the fist and arm higher until Baldur found most of his forearm buried in the hot hole. As he got deeper and deeper, he felt the slave's heart beating. He knew that care had to be used or serious damage could be done. Within minutes he was into the slave up to his bicep. He felt that he could go deeper, and would at some later date, but his cock was demanding action of its own.

Withdrawing his hand to the wrist, he directed his heavy hard leaking cock with his other hand toward the filled hole. His cock had the breadth of a normal man's wrist with a large head. Baldur knew the slave had been double fisted before, but he was careful as he drove the cock into the tight hole. The slave threw his head back and held back the expression of pain that almost emanated from his throat. He did not want to shame himself before this man, and he could not understand why. The Master got all of his long, fat cock up the achingly tight hole



and carefully wrapped his fist around the shaft. Slowly he began fucking his fist; the head and front half of the cock was up in the colon while the fist clenched the half closest to the base. The tempo began to build as he twisted his enlarged fist over the slave's prostate. Each man was quickly becoming lost in his own lust. The Master's cock pulsed and grew as he reached the point of orgasm. The slave's breath had speeded up and become more shallow. He had completely forgotten where he was or what he was. His entire being was centered in his bludgeoned asshole and the growing demands of his own cock and balls.

In unison both men began to shoot their loads in seemingly unending spurts. One filled the slave's body while the other shot load after load which flew into his face, chest and stomach as the force diminished. Baldur felt the

simultaneous orgasms in the first scene as a good omen. First, he withdrew his half-hard cock and then eased his hand out. He removed the bindings and ordered the slave out of the sling. The slave would have liked to rest, but he was too well trained to even consider expressing any objections. The Master directed him to his knees and offered his cock and crotch to be cleaned. The slave sucked out the remaining residue of come from the cock slit. He took the entire cock down his throat as the Master wiped his hands and arm on a towel. The Master offered his asshole for a bit of cleaning and discovered that if he allowed the slave to continue he would be there longer than he planned to.

Turning to face the slave, he held his heavy cock and began to piss, directing the flow at the hairless crotch and moving up over the stomach and chest. The flow

hit the slave in his face. "Open your mouth, pisshead." This piss splashed into his mouth and he gulped it down as if it was some sort of exotic nectar, not wanting to miss a drop. Some of the piss had splashed on the Master's feet and the slave was directed to clean it off with his tongue which he did.

The Master backed toward the door, watching the slave as he prepared to depart. Yes, he thought, I must have this one.

Ten days later, the slave was told that he had been sold and that his new Master would arrive the next day to take control of his property.

In a short few months Tom Nash, a confused, unhappy, young man with no real purpose in life, had become a proficient, dedicated slave who would spend his life fulfilling the needs of his Master. ☐

# MACH

If you think DRUMMER is outrageous, wait until you see the future issues of MACH. We introduced the Six Dollar Magazine, which is in itself fairly outrageous. However, this one is a real bargain. It has more of everything, except advertising. MACH is fresh, bright and a definite turn-on.

Volume One, Issue One is still available, which is more than we can say for the first issue of DRUMMER. Published quarterly, MACH 6 will soon be on its way. If your local bookseller or newsstand doesn't have it, piss on them and send twenty bucks to MACH, 15 Harriet Street, San Francisco, CA 94103. Strictly High Octane.

## Highly Flammable \$20

☐ Hot damn! I want to get it regular, so enclosed is \$20 for the next four issues of MACH.

☐ I missed issues ☐ One ☐ Two ☐ Three ☐ Four. Send them to me. Here's my \$6 each.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE/ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

I am over 21 (Signature) \_\_\_\_\_





# MISTAKEN IDENTITY

by Robert Payne

Talk about dumb luck. I knocked on the door to ask if I had the right address even though I knew I didn't. I had gone up and down the fucking street a half dozen times looking for a house number that didn't seem to exist. But this place had a similar number and it *could* have been the right address.

If you must know, I had a date with a girl whose father is one of the owners of the business where I work. Get the picture? You might say I was using her and you might not. It doesn't matter too much. I guess I have been using people ever since I was old enough to talk. My looks and build came natural; in fact, all through school I got by on my athletic ability and by charming my teachers, both female and male. So if I decided to date one of the bosses' daughters to get somewhere with the company, why not?

At any rate, I knock at the door and it seems like they are expecting me. Before I can say anything, the guy tells me to come in, which I do. All of a sudden a couple of goons grab me from behind and hustle me off through the next room and down some stairs. One guy has his hand over my mouth and when they get me down to the basement I get a gag to replace his hand. So believe me, there was no conversation. These guys rip off my clothes and fasten my wrists behind my back. In less than five minutes I am standing Godknows-where buck-naked, gagged and pretty damned helpless. They blindfold me, which doesn't help too much either and I can hear a conversation consisting of several guys. There is no fitting the voice to the person because I don't know anybody, believe me.

"Not bad. In fact better than he was described," says one. I assume they are talking about me. A hand runs across my chest and grabs a nipple. It gets twisted and I react which gets me a swat across the face.

"I was given to understand he would be shaved." Hell, I have a moustache but I'm no bearded freak. The hand moves down to my crotch and yanks on my pubic hair. The hand moves around across my ass and the voice says, "Nice. Very nice." And I get a heavy smack across my butt. Shit! that hurt.

I am fidgeting around from one foot to another when what feels like a lumberjack boot comes down on my bare toes. "Stand still, boy." I would have liked to run but I couldn't see where to go.

More hands are feeling me up. These guys have got to be queer, but they sound very unlike any faggot I ever saw. Deep rough voices of men who are used to being in control. Shit! Maybe they think I am someone they were planning to do away with. And I can't say a fucking word because of the gag.

You aren't going to believe this, at least I hope you aren't, but do you know that in the next half hour they had me down on my knees licking their goddamn boots! Someone took a belt to my backside and I found myself willing to do about anything to make them stop. I was yelling wordlessly into my gag, pleading for them to tell me what they wanted— just anything, name it and I would do it.

Then someone took me by the hair on my head and raised my head from the boot I was licking to about crotch height. I felt round, moist flesh against my face, which he rubbed into it. It was a man's cock and balls and I rebelled. A little more of the belt treatment and I had that fucking big fat cock in my

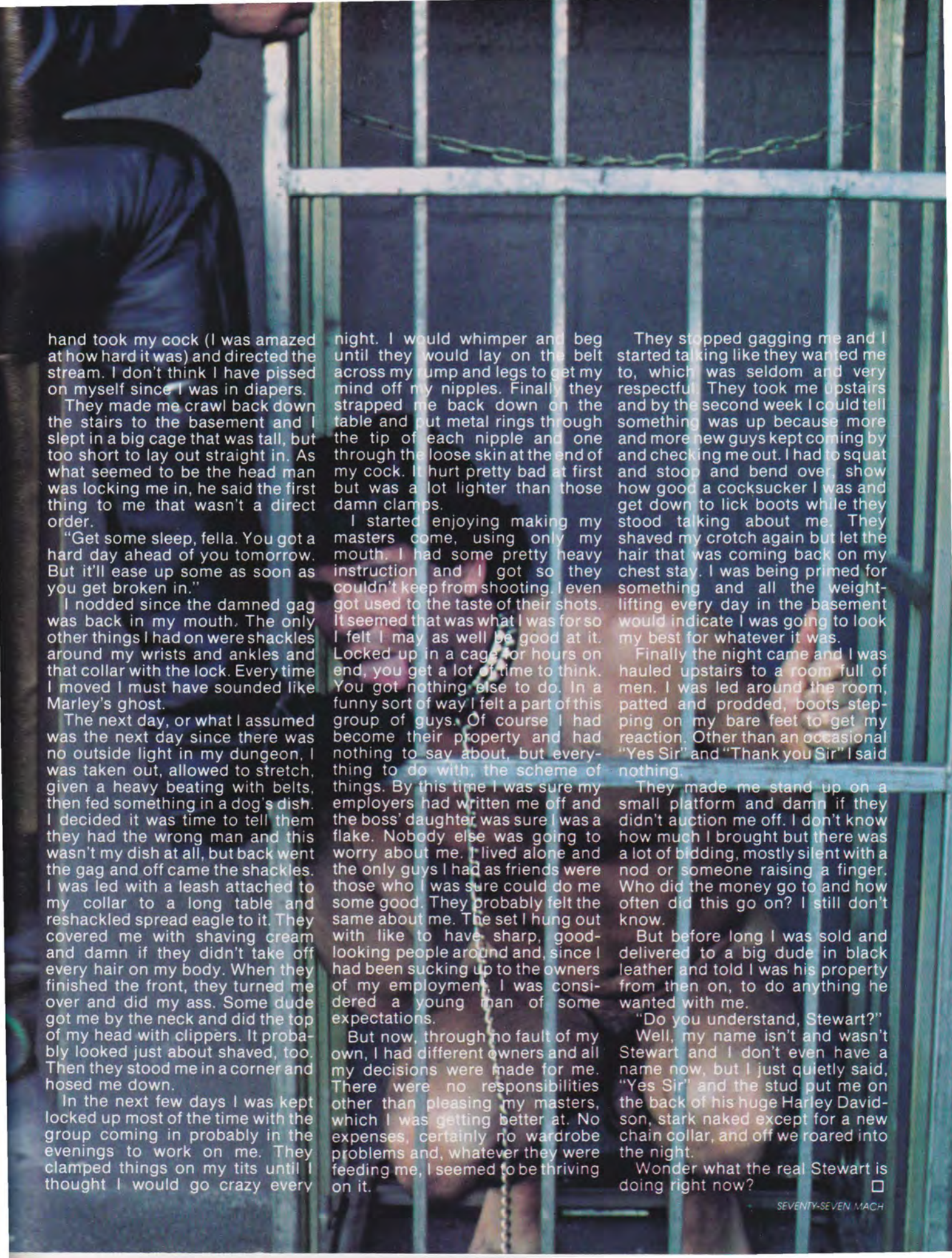
mouth. It was getting bigger and stiffer and I couldn't take it all, I thought. The guy tells me to relax and swallow it all the way. It took a while but I found myself taking that whole big piece of meat down my throat without choking to death. You may as well know, I took them all that night. They took turns on me and I was passed around the room, scared shitless from the things they were saying would happen to me if I didn't cooperate. I felt like I was back in 'Nam' and the gooks were working me over.

To make a long story short, they turned me everywhere but loose. They pissed on me and made me do things I never thought I would ever do with anybody, let alone another man.

Who the hell was this guy they thought I was anyway? They used me like a woman and like an animal and, between the humiliation and degradation and abuse, I started accepting it like it was what I expected. Maybe it was the beer they kept pouring into me or the pill somebody shoved down my throat, but even with the gag being off— so I could accomodate those big hard dicks— whatever I said came out garbled. I could hear myself begging and whining, which sure as hell isn't my style. I learned fast to say "Sir" whenever I opened my mouth and I was "Yes, Sir"ing them and thanking them for everything they did to me. I crawled on my belly all over that cold dirty basement hoping to get out with a whole skin whenever they had finished amusing themselves.

But after the last man tired of working on my ass and I had drunk everybody's piss until I thought my guts would explode, they led me off to a bathroom and put me in the shower on my back with my legs going up the wall and let me piss all over my face and chest. Someone's





hand took my cock (I was amazed at how hard it was) and directed the stream. I don't think I have pissed on myself since I was in diapers.

They made me crawl back down the stairs to the basement and I slept in a big cage that was tall, but too short to lay out straight in. As what seemed to be the head man was locking me in, he said the first thing to me that wasn't a direct order.

"Get some sleep, fella. You got a hard day ahead of you tomorrow. But it'll ease up some as soon as you get broken in."

I nodded since the damned gag was back in my mouth. The only other things I had on were shackles around my wrists and ankles and that collar with the lock. Every time I moved I must have sounded like Marley's ghost.

The next day, or what I assumed was the next day since there was no outside light in my dungeon, I was taken out, allowed to stretch, given a heavy beating with belts, then fed something in a dog's dish. I decided it was time to tell them they had the wrong man and this wasn't my dish at all, but back went the gag and off came the shackles. I was led with a leash attached to my collar to a long table and reshackled spread eagle to it. They covered me with shaving cream and damn if they didn't take off every hair on my body. When they finished the front, they turned me over and did my ass. Some dude got me by the neck and did the top of my head with clippers. It probably looked just about shaved, too. Then they stood me in a corner and hosed me down.

In the next few days I was kept locked up most of the time with the group coming in probably in the evenings to work on me. They clamped things on my tits until I thought I would go crazy every

night. I would whimper and beg until they would lay on the belt across my rump and legs to get my mind off my nipples. Finally they strapped me back down on the table and put metal rings through the tip of each nipple and one through the loose skin at the end of my cock. It hurt pretty bad at first but was a lot lighter than those damn clamps.

I started enjoying making my masters come, using only my mouth. I had some pretty heavy instruction and I got so they couldn't keep from shooting. I even got used to the taste of their shots. It seemed that was what I was for so I felt I may as well be good at it. Locked up in a cage for hours on end, you get a lot of time to think. You got nothing else to do. In a funny sort of way I felt a part of this group of guys. Of course I had become their property and had nothing to say about, but everything to do with, the scheme of things. By this time I was sure my employers had written me off and the boss' daughter was sure I was a flake. Nobody else was going to worry about me. I lived alone and the only guys I had as friends were those who I was sure could do me some good. They probably felt the same about me. The set I hung out with like to have sharp, good-looking people around and, since I had been sucking up to the owners of my employment, I was considered a young man of some expectations.

But now, through no fault of my own, I had different owners and all my decisions were made for me. There were no responsibilities other than pleasing my masters, which I was getting better at. No expenses, certainly no wardrobe problems and, whatever they were feeding me, I seemed to be thriving on it.

They stopped gagging me and I started talking like they wanted me to, which was seldom and very respectful. They took me upstairs and by the second week I could tell something was up because more and more new guys kept coming by and checking me out. I had to squat and stoop and bend over, show how good a cocksucker I was and get down to lick boots while they stood talking about me. They shaved my crotch again but let the hair that was coming back on my chest stay. I was being primed for something and all the weightlifting every day in the basement would indicate I was going to look my best for whatever it was.

Finally the night came and I was hauled upstairs to a room full of men. I was led around the room, patted and prodded, boots stepping on my bare feet to get my reaction. Other than an occasional "Yes Sir" and "Thank you Sir" I said nothing.

They made me stand up on a small platform and damn if they didn't auction me off. I don't know how much I brought but there was a lot of bidding, mostly silent with a nod or someone raising a finger. Who did the money go to and how often did this go on? I still don't know.

But before long I was sold and delivered to a big dude in black leather and told I was his property from then on, to do anything he wanted with me.

"Do you understand, Stewart?"

Well, my name isn't and wasn't Stewart and I don't even have a name now, but I just quietly said, "Yes Sir" and the stud put me on the back of his huge Harley Davidson, stark naked except for a new chain collar, and off we roared into the night.

Wonder what the real Stewart is doing right now? □





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