

A DRUMMER SUPER PUBLICATION

# MACH 6

CLOTHESPIN TORTURE

SHOE FUCK

STORY OF A  
MIDWESTERN  
FARMBOY

SIX DOLLARS

LETTER FROM A  
SLAVEMASTER

THE BAR

OH! SHIT!

THE ROGUE

IT'S TRUE! MY FIVE YEARS AS A DOG



# MACH

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NUMBER SIX

QUARTERLY



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If you've got what it takes to turn on the MACH man, then we want to see it! Photographers, artists and writers who understand the MACH attitude are invited to display their wares in the pages of the hottest men's magazine around. Let us look at your portfolio, read your fiction and take a gander at your physique. When they see you in MACH, they'll know you are strictly top of the line man's fantasy. Send submission to: MACH, 960 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94103.

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# MY FIVE YEARS AS A DOG

BY KAI

Sir:

Am finding this a difficult task, trying to relate the sum of five years, experience devoted to pleasing my former owner. Those years were spent in an all-consuming effort on a journey that was to lead me to become his dog.

I did spend, Sir, the majority of those years on all fours, having been dehumanized into my life as my Master's dog. It was a transformation of attitude, behavior, character and development of a personality originally human toward being as completely canine as possible. I had given up everything human. I gave up all attachment to friends and family. I gave up all my belongings, clothes, money, books—things that I had accumulated over 26 years. Dogs have no need of such things. I became a creature who owned nothing, yet never wanted for anything, but never went without basic essentials. I had found a man who became my Master, my owner, who led me to see the pleasure of living as that special dog of his. I was happy to have given up my human liberty to find a better freedom to be and exist under his control.

There is a special relationship between a man and his dog that, when found, is quite rare. The scratch behind the ears, petting the head, that stroking of the rump led me to a special level of understanding that I was wanted, cared about and, yes, even loved. I was led to the level of understanding a dog comes to know that told me: "I belonged to him."

I belonged to a man who had remarkably muscular body and carried himself

every inch of him a man. He stood 6'2" tall and proud. He had an air about him that would tell anyone instantly that he controlled his own destiny. He knew what he wanted and had a way of getting it. There was left no room in anyone's mind to question his motives or his actions. He was one when respect was earned, was real. There wasn't anything phony about him.

When I met him, I found him looking seriously for a pet—a very special kind of pet—he could mould, drive, restructure into the kind of animal he wanted. A human pet he could degrade, dehumanize and keep as a dog, to live as a dog on all fours, to eat what dogs eat, to live as dogs live, to work as dogs work (sometimes), to pleasure him and become a special source of pride for him. He wanted in his pet the best of two creatures: a bit of smarts, coupled with the loyalty and obedience of a well-trained dog. His whole demeanor suggested that nothing else would be able to fulfill a very special need he had to fill a very special part of his life. He wanted a man as a dog and him to be kept in that state. It later became obvious that he found a real pleasure in debasing and degrading and dehumanizing. And I was to learn a pleasure, free of my former human state, more fulfilling than anything I had ever experienced in my obscure past. I was to find that the focus of all my attention was to be directed around his pleasure, that when he was pleased, I was ecstatic.

I was to begin my new life fresh. All my natural needs were taken care of to the point that I could devote all my time and energy to the activities at hand, rather

than have to worry about where my next meal was coming from. I thrived on the attention received from him every step of the way from my 'puppy' days on. I grew in a way that only inflamed my growing desire to please. I was to become happy only when he was satisfied.

Yes, I crave once again to be chosen by a man who would be interested in developing me further as the dog I have come to be. I do hope that I may see one day the completion of the process started by my former owner finally and totally to actualize my life as a dog.

Sir, I am not a slave *per se*, though there were many components of a slave's duties during part of my life as a dog. Obviously, I had sexual duties to perform. But those duties were within a larger construct of my everyday life.

My owner was a respected S in Philadelphia. I was to find myself introduced to and eventually an active participant in those kinds of activities. I was to find my own pleasure under his control. I even eventually saw a sparkle in his eye that suggested I was becoming for him the animal he wanted, whom he was beginning to take pride in. With me, he realized what he had set out to do and for some time shared that special chemistry with him that brought what once was fantasy into livable reality.

To many my chosen life to live as a dog is probably thought to be strange. Unorthodox as it may be, my life found contentment and fulfillment never before achieved as a human. For too long I had lived with needs unfilled, desires often crushed, relationships too

*It is seldom that we are truly amazed by something submitted to us for publication. Delighted or turned on, yes, but this story, told in his own words actually overwhelmed us so we saved it for MACH. The young man is currently seeking another master and has agreed to the publishing of the story in order to find a similar situation. The photographs (including the cover) were posed for by Mr. San Francisco Leather '83 after we were turned down by a half dozen models. He, too, was touched by Kai's story. Photography by our own Jim Wigler.*





often one-sided and often times cruel. It is not my intent to dwell too long on such thoughts or to try to analyze my life in psychological terms. I can only repeat that for the first time in my life I felt content.

Sir, I experienced my basic needs for food, warmth and shelter from the outset of my being with my owner. Any preconceptions I originally had were quickly put to rest. I hadn't a thing to worry about. I was in good hands. I found other, deeper needs in me being met as well. I was seeing satisfaction in my own security, confinement, control, discipline, attention and even with a little affection thrown in. I found myself eventually where I was no longer even considered human. I lost everything from my freedom to my previous identity. I learned new skills. I was taught to bark, to listen, to behave more and more on an instinctive level. I found an excitement in worshipping at my owner's feet.

My owner was good to me. He tolerated no disobedience, but he took good care of me. He devoted an awful lot of time and patience and energy into training me. He brought me from my puppy state to where I was to become a functioning, responsive male dog. I learned to trust for the first time in my life. I learned to have confidence in the authority and the will of another who was my owner. I grew to respect him in a way I was never able to give anyone ever before.

My life would be living in his household, sharing his space, his time and his attention. I was to share space with his biological dog named Duke. I shared Duke's kennel, the same food he was fed, the same cages, the same leashes, and, yes, even some of the same fleas.

I met my owner in a Philadelphia bar. I never was one to frequent the bars. There was nothing in the bars that really held any attraction for me. But one day after a hard day at work, I chose to go out and try to unwind. I felt like a drink. I went out and was glad I did.

The bar wasn't crowded when I got there. There were a number of good-looking guys; some dressed in various degrees of leather, some in Western dress. Most were hot-looking. I wouldn't have kicked any of them out of bed, believe me.

I was there for about an hour or so, enjoying the music, chatting with one or another. I was feeling rather good with myself after awhile. I even did a little cruising on my own. Why not? I spotted a tall, dark, muscular dude decked out in leather, with chains hanging from the left and a drink in his hand. I wouldn't have thought anything of the situation if it hadn't been for the fact that he was staring at me. I've never even given thought to anyone in leather outside of my own fantasy world. But here was this dude staring in my direction. I felt his



eyes piercing right through me. He made me a little nervous. There was a look on his face that invited, that prodded, that inquired. Obviously, he wanted to talk. I grabbed my glass and went over to him.

I wasn't expecting much of a dialog, but was pleasantly surprised to find him to be an intelligent man who had the ability and capacity for gentleness. He also projected an air of authority that one didn't think about challenging. We exchanged a few pleasantries, those superficial introductory remarks everyone uses to break the ice. After a short time he took charge of the situation and directed a few questions, made a few comments and left me eventually with the understanding that here was someone who was far more interested in me than a mere bar acquaintance.

I learned his name was Phil. He was highly educated, owned his own business, owned his own home. That night I was to learn a hell of a lot more about this big man than I ever dreamed think of. He suggested we go someplace a little quieter, where we could talk. Since I didn't feel threatened being with him after we had already talked, I threw a little caution to the wind and agreed to go with him. He had something specific he wanted to talk with me about and the place he took me to offered the space

and atmosphere where he could lay on me what he had in mind. I was already intrigued with him. Here for the first time was someone who appeared to me genuinely real. I was quite willing to listen to him.

I felt a mix of a little fear, a lot of interest and a whole lot of curiosity.

We arrived at our destination, a small little place that from the outside looked like a proverbial dive. Actually, it wasn't much better on the inside. There were a lot of guys here dressed as Phil was. It was obviously a place where he was known and felt comfortable being in.

We entered, ordered a couple drinks, and walked toward a corner that looked private enough, where we could continue our talk. He made a move toward why he was interested in me at the bar I was in earlier. There seemed to be some invisible signal I was giving out that shouted of needs and frustrations, most of which he picked up on. He questioned me on many things: what I did for a living, what I had hoped for in the future. He touched on things only I thought were too personal to share with anyone. He took hold of a number of fantasies he sensed were in me and drew them out.

Then he hit me squarely with what he was looking for. It turned out that I was going to be part of his own quest. He was seeing me not as I was, but for what he

could possibly transform me into. But the way he wanted me sent my mind racing. He wanted to own me. He wanted me to give up my freedom and place my whole being in his hands. He wanted to bend me, drive me, mould me, transform me into his dog. I thought truly I was in bozo heaven when he told me. I thought me crazy just sitting here listening to all this. He wanted to take full responsibility for the life and well-being of me as his human dog. He was offering me a position at his feet, at the end of his leash, and eventually a place in his heart.

I sat there dumbfounded as he spoke of some very real needs, many of which I was feeling. He touched on a lot of things that went deep inside me. Yes, I had my fantasies. Yes, I envisioned myself at the end of someone's leash. But right here, right now, was someone offering the whole of that to me on a silver platter. I continued then to listen rather than dismissing the whole idea and leave.

But the questions that ran through my mind! Me? A dog? A 26-year-old who was struggling to be somebody in the world? Me? I thought, "Is he nuts? Am I hallucinating?"

He firmly but gently said, "I offer those things to you and more to one as yourself who would be willing to live the way you want really to live and the way I







would like you to live. I am capable of guiding and training you to realize in you that creature within you craving to be allowed to come out and live...you as my dog. Think about it."

Well...!! He gave me his phone number and extended the courtesy of as much time as I wanted to think about everything we had just talked about.

Several weeks went by. You know, I really love dogs. When I was growing up, I felt that attraction to the family dog every young boy comes to have. I'd play on the floor with them. I'd go out chasing with them in the yard. I felt a special affection for them that was different from that which I held for my own family. Yeah, they were special to me. But I never dreamed of realizing that I would possibly live as one with them.

I called Phil several weeks later. I asked to come by and talk with him. I had a lot of churning feelings and a whole lot of questions that were itching to be scratched with some answers.

He agreed to meet with me at his home up north and gave me directions on how to get there. I had to take a train from downtown center city to where he lived. I had arrived at his home promptly at 8:00 p.m., just as he suggested. It was a large colonial structure situated on what I thought to be about 30 acres of wooded land. He led me through a long hallway to a den that held his large collection of books, his awards, his writing desk. The whole room said a man lived here by the way everything was arranged in patterns of leather, wood, and metal. I was fumbling in my mind with all the questions that I had along with a whole lot of preconceived ideas. I had to force my

thoughts into some semblance of organization, because I desperately wanted to know just how he would be able to help me realize those things we spoke of earlier by being his dog.

He motioned to me to sit on the floor in front of a large chair. He offered me a drink. I guess he could tell I needed something to calm a few nerves. He then proceeded with a slow and carefully thorough explanation of his plans to take me from being what I was to where he wanted me. I was to give up everything and belong to him. He would take me way beyond learning what it was to be a slave. I would learn the pleasure of contentment, lying at his feet, enjoying the control he was soon to enjoy over me. All I had to do was submit my all to him.

I had to sift through a lot in my mind; to abandon some excess baggage of those preconceptions I seemed to cling to. It was all so new to me. It took a lot before I would go after what I was being drawn to.

He eventually did take charge of me one spring day in 1975. He began that training he spoke to me of. Whatever fears I had eventually gave way to trust which paved the way to the building of confidence that led me to respect that man man who was now holding on to my leash. That respect and that spark I had within me had developed and were flamed into an all-consuming passion to want to please him.

I found my attitude changing through his techniques of behavior modification and hypnosis. I was more and more willing to do what I was told as his reprogramming worked its desired effect on

me. I eventually began to see myself as a four-legged creature, romping about, playing and living with a freshness I never even knew was in me. I was at peace with everyone and everything, including myself, for the first time in my life. I began to worship the ground my Master walked on. I grew to know him who fed me, who disciplined me, and in whom I was totally dependant for everything. I grew to fully know that I was his.

My learning experience started with toilet training. When I had to relieve myself, I was trained at the outset that I was to perform those duties outside. I was taught to lift my leg to pee and to squat in a haunch to shit. Those functions were never going to be taken care of inside. I acted as a dog. It took some getting used to. It took practice before I was able to without pissing on myself or falling over trying to lift my leg. It was quite a sight when I kept falling backwards as I tried to shit, falling back into the pile I was making. I learned that I either balanced myself, or I went around being filthy. I learned to balance. When I finally learned the technique, I got a pat on the head and a "Good boy!" when I pottied as a good dog was supposed to.

My cleanliness and grooming were my owner's responsibility. Once or twice a week I got bathed and brushed. I enjoyed those special times he showed his attentiveness. I was bathed in a large washtub, was never hosed down as I've learned some owners would do to their dogs. I was grateful for his consideration and the use of warm water. I showed my appreciation by a few barks and a little licking his hand or his face.

Sir, at the beginning of my training I was stripped of my clothes, belongings and ID. I was shaved head to toes and kept shaved during the entire course of my training. I learned from the beginning that the only covering I was going to have on my body was going to be the two-inch leather collar around my neck and the occasional application of my dog harness. Only after my training was complete did my owner allow me the privilege of wearing a fur pelt he had made for me. Only after I earned it did he gradually costume me so that I not only acted like the dog I was becoming, but looked very closely like one; complete with paws, fur, tail and muzzle.

I wore paws that came off only for bathing. The paws quite effectively prevented me from grasping at things with my fingers. I couldn't grab at myself anymore as I had been accustomed to prior to meeting him. The paws were quite effective indeed, and they did make it easier to walk on all fours. I didn't have to worry about injuring the skin on my fingers or my bare feet. They literally forced me into carrying myself around on all fours, for wearing them was awkward if I was ever to try standing straight up like the man I used to be.



To part of my pelt was added a long bushy tail that curved up gently from my ass. Its length was about twenty-four inches. It was only added after he saw complete resignation of my will to his, once I learned and earned the right to wear it.

There were times I was taken out for show, but only when my Master knew I would make him proud. When I was taken out, I was the object of a lot of comments, of course. I got a lot of petting and prodding and examining. My tags saying I was the property of my Master were looked at. I was made to sit up, roll over. I was talked down to as the dog I was. I was made to jump for little treats. I even glowed with a little of my own pride when I heard those around make offers to buy me. I was thriving on attention as was my Master. At those times I felt very proud of what I had become and with whom I was.

I learned quickly what I was allowed to do as well as what things would prompt getting my butt whipped. My Master balanced praise with punishment and was very quick but honest in his giving of both. I learned that disobedience resulted in pain. I learned that it was futile to even dare challenge his design or question his direction. Our relationship was clear. We both knew who and what we were and it was evident that we were both happy.

My owner was a sadist who derived pleasure in administering pain. He enjoyed scenes with me where he could extract the response of a cry or yip from me. He enjoyed his workmanship and skill he had as a top. Play time was different from punishment time. I learned early to know the difference. He enjoyed using me and I enjoyed being used. I tried to be brave when his belt or his whip bit into my ass and back. It took great effort on my part. But I learned to accept that pain, because I was being even further changed to deeper and deeper levels of understanding of the part I was playing in my man's life. I began to find pleasure in that pain because it gave him pleasure.

Yes, my owner used and abused me, but he was never really cruel. He knew when to stop, he knew that point where he could really hurt me, and he never did. I was his first dog, a very precious possession, and only secondly his plaything. He would never do anything that would place me in jeopardy. He told me an injured dog is totally useless. He wanted me healthy, strong and responsive that I might continue to please him and be used by him.

He taught me how to walk on leash. He would take me out for walks in the park. We both liked those exercise times. They were for us special times shared with each other. In fact both Duke and I would be taken out for walks each on our respective leashes. We both shared a







unique position very rare when found.

I did learn that my opinion was less than nothing. Since I had been forbidden human speech, my opinions became irrelevant. He didn't need my opinion. Whatever I had to communicate came forth in yips and cries and barks. For those were the only ways I was allowed to make myself heard.

Whatever he wanted was law. I was given commands, not requests. I learned that his commands were well within my ability to be followed, and I dared not resist. I knew what behavior gave me pleasure and which gave me pain.

I remember one day I peed on the floor when I was in the house. I did it on purpose. I had an attitude on and my dog thoughts said: "I'm going to show him!" The reaction I got I should have expected. His response startled the hell out of me. It was quite effective. I didn't get slapped or spanked, nor did he rub my nose in the puddle or force me to lick it up. But he took hold of my shoulders and began to shake me till I thought I felt

my brains banging back and forth in my head. He gave me a verbal chewing out full blast. He spared nothing in the string of epithets he was pummeling me with. He laid it on so heavy that the sound of his disgust and his shaming me did more on my psyche than any paddling. The verbal thrashing I got, plus the whack on the butt, sent me racing to my cage. I never again even dared to think about doing it again. From that point on I became a very contrite pup.

My living quarters were bare, but comfortable. I was sheltered and kept warm. I spent many hours in my kennel in the yard when it was warm, sharing space there with Duke. I shared a lot with that ole retriever. Not only his space, but meals and even his fleas. The kennel was about twenty feet long, ten feet wide, and about six feet high. It had a top made from the same chain link that the sides were constructed of. There was no way to get out except through a door at one end that while we were both in the kennel was kept padlocked. A dog hutch

was at the opposite end of the run that was quite large, plenty of space for both Duke and me to be in at the same time. It had several places inside where we could climb up to be away from any draft that may come in through the door. The hutch was even heated when the temperature outside cooled down.

Our Master worked and there were periods where we were left alone with only each other for company. Duke didn't seem to mind. It was company for me to be with him. During warm weather when our Master was out, we would be locked in the confines of the kennel. We had water, so there was no problem. Both our lives directly revolved around our man. We were equally and totally excited when we would hear him coming to get us, to feed us and allow us to be near him.

When our Master returned home, we were led back into the house, where we were fed. Meal time was a high point in our day. We were fed once a day and for me, I was really hungry by the time food came around. Our meals, both Duke's and my own, consisted of commercially prepared dog food, either dry or canned. Duke and I were fed separately. Duke never knew the meaning of the word 'enough.' And too, there were additives in my bowl that gave me the nutrition I required that was different from the needs Duke had.

My meals never included scraps from the table. They were considered too human for me. I only enjoyed the bill of fare that could be poured from a bag or scooped out of a can. The only treats I was given, if I was to be given anything, was out of a box that usually had a picture of a puppy on it. I grew to like milk bones. Begging from the table was quickly thwarted. I learned that it did no good anyway, because nothing ever came my way. I learned to be content with what I was being given and I seemed to be thriving on it. I was even losing weight and feeling better. I took my meals out of a bowl, not too far from the table my Master would eat his dinner. He made sure I ate everything and that I licked his hand in gratitude after I finished. He had me licking a lot of other things, but I won't go into those just yet.

If I refused any of the food that was put in front of me, well, I just didn't get any food that day. Phil picked up the bowl and returned to the kitchen. He brought it out the next day the same feeding time. Going without food for twenty-four hours made sure I didn't turn my nose at what was in the bowl when it was put down the next time. I learned that lesson real quick.

Furniture was off limits. If I was caught in the act of trying to get on any of the furniture, I quickly learned not to a second time. The floor was my domain and that is just where I was kept. That



was the law. To disobey meant pain.

When it came time for sex, there wasn't anything unusual. I performed those things which were required of me. I got fucked. I learned to be a good cock-sucker. I got fisted once or twice in a punishment session. I learned to drink his piss and suck at his ass. I was gradually introduced into being his toilet. I was prodded and driven to do and want to do anything and everything that might give pleasure at the moment. My own release was at my Master's design. Since my hands were now paws, I couldn't masturbate. I was either allowed to hump his leg, or he would milk me. When I came like any good doggy, had to clean up with my tongue the mess I made no matter where it was. But I was not often allowed my own release. I was kept primed and ready and more than willing when Master wanted to use me.

My Master liked bondage. He liked securing me to objects. He saw the cage he kept me in as an effective way to keep me in bondage. But then the chain that was used as a tether did the job equally well.

In the beginning I had thoughts of escaping, but found the house and the kennel impenetrable. There were double cylinder locks on all the doors in the house. The windows were also locked. And then, too, when Master was away, I was locked up, or chained up, and always stark naked. Anyway, as the relationship grew with my owner, thoughts of trying to get away and to re-enter the human world faded. As my attention became naturally focused, even obsessively focused on my Master, I realized I didn't ever want to leave.

When the days grew colder, too cold for either Duke or me to be constantly outside in the kennel, we were brought in and I slept in the cage that was located in the house. Of course, there were those rare times when I was allowed into my Master's bedroom, where he would allow me to sleep at the foot or side of his bed. I had my special place, a special rug to lie on when I was sharing his bedroom space. I felt very warm inside for those moments when he would call my name...and I would come up to him close to where he would be lying on his bed...when he would stroke my head, and speak softly to me, allowing me to lick his hand and maybe his face. I couldn't have been happier.

Eventually my entire being revolved around Phil, every move and activity centered around wanting to please him. Nothing else seemed to matter. He was my owner, my Master. He became everything to me.

Sir, it has taken almost two years to get over the beating my Master gave me. I never knew why that final beating that went out of control happened. I never even to this day understand what if anything I did to deserve that. I had given my

all. And now....

I was beaten badly one day. It came without warning. It came swiftly and severely. Blow after blow from his belt landed on my back and ass and sides. I experienced a pain that went beyond reason. The beating went beyond any whipping I was ever given in any scene I found myself caught up in. At least before I knew whether I was going to get my ass whipped because of disobedience, and I knew the difference between that kind of whipping and the kind he would enjoy in a scene. My owner had always been in control. I can only surmise that one day, five years after the first stare from this man in that bar, my Master had somehow lost control. He seemed to be in a rage. Then it happened. I'm not sure if he had kicked me in the ribs or what, but the pain was excruciating. I heard a snapping sound. I became short of breath and eventually passed out.

Five years seems like an awfully long time to spend living on all fours. It is two years later and 3,600 miles away from my former life as a dog. I had to borrow clothes from the hospital to be able to leave it. Fortunately, I had a small savings account to get me an apartment. I finally changed my body over from my dog food diet, for the worst, I am afraid, as I began to put on weight. I seldom wear clothing when I am at home, only when I go out or am at work. I bought a collar in a pet store but it wasn't the same. I had no Master and what dog is ever on his own alone, except to prowl back alleys and dig in garbage cans for food. I must go back to being a man.

But I find that I have an unquenchable desire and a need to serve my Master. I have a lot to give, a good head and a willing heart. I had finally become more happy and more content that I had ever been before in my life.

My five years came to a halt along with my development as a dog. But Kai—for that is the name he called me by—is a survivor. I was, for whatever reason that still eludes me, locked out of my Master's life. But I am still here, once again waiting maybe for a time when a man may again look my way with a glance that invites, that prods and inquires if I would again be interested in belonging. If he is the right man, I will throw myself at his feet to once again be the animal that both he and I can take pride in.

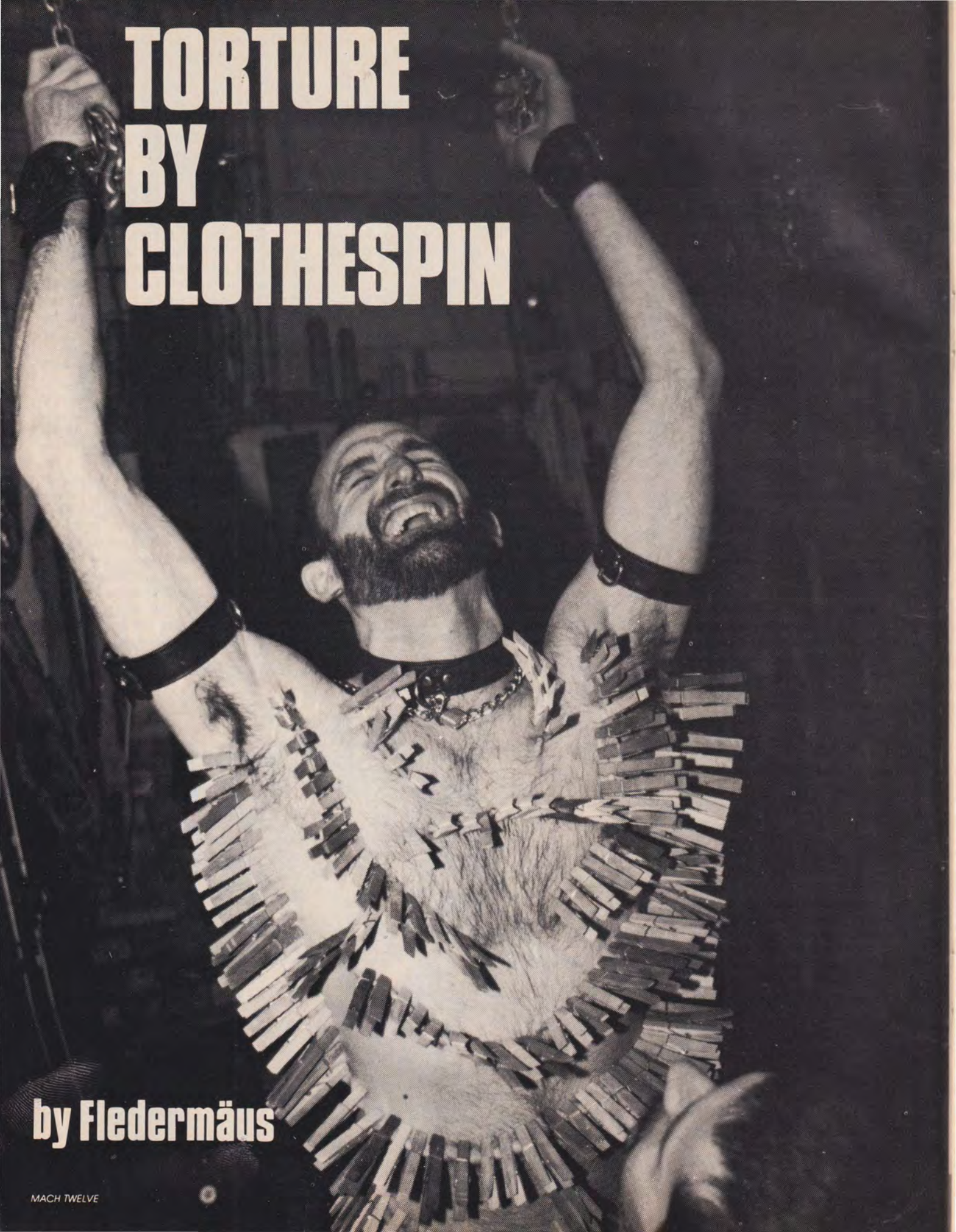
*This is an actual story in the subject's own words. We know him only as 'Kai' and while he dictated all this, he sat at my feet, nude and in the position he was trained to be in for his five years. He is a handsome fellow with clear, penetrating eyes and wide shoulders. Since his recovery, he has been ringed in both nipples, his foreskin and his scrotum, perhaps in the hope that it might make him more attractive as a slave. But what he really wants, in spite of his fear, is to live again as a prized dog.*

*He also gave me some favorite dog recipes (there are whole books of them available) and told me what brand of canned dog food was the best tasting. Our dogs agree and here we have been feeding them another popular brand for year. Kai knows what he is talking about.*





# TORTURE BY CLOTHESPIN



by Fledermäus





The sun is hot and I'm sweating like a horse in spite of the cool breeze coming in off the lake. We've been running for what seems like hours and I'm exhausted. But Kevin keeps going in front of me, never seeming to tire. The vibrant green park rolls by us in a blur and I keep my eyes fixed on his back.

He never looks back, that son-of-a-bitch! He just keeps jogging along, supremely confident that I'm there just a few steps behind him. He'd ordered me to follow and he knew I would! There was no need for him to keep checking up on me. He gives an order and I obey, damn him! I don't know why I do what he orders, but I do! He has a hold over me, a hold difficult to explain, I'm stronger than he is, by far; I could punch him out—beat him to a pulp. But I can't. I can't. He's my

Master. Whatever he says, I do.

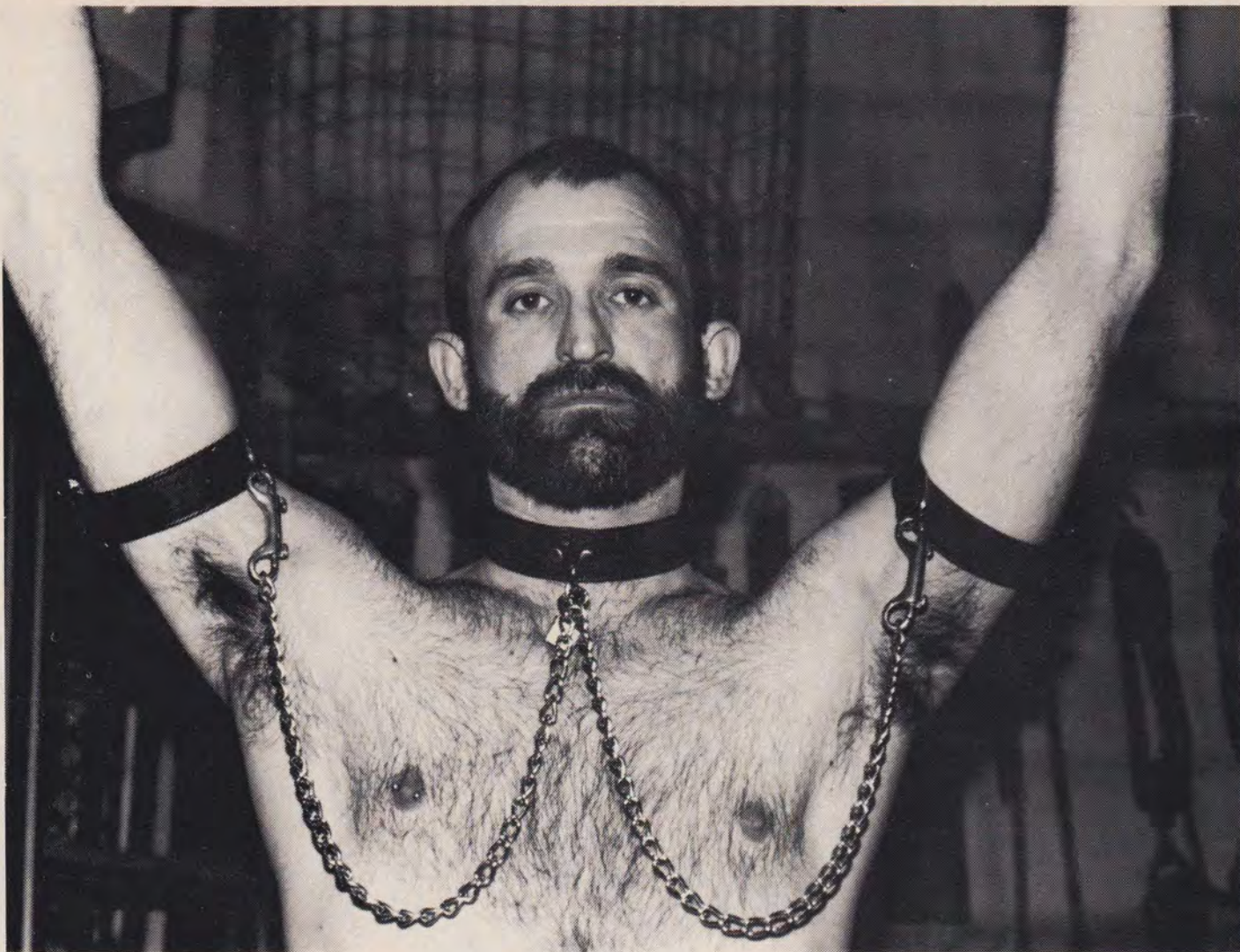
He's tall and thin with tight muscles that are hardly visible under his skin. Usually, that is. Now I can see them rippling across his back as he jogs ahead of me. I'm transfixed by them. I hardly even notice the gorgeous hunks that are jogging along the same path. Hardly, but not entirely—the last hairy-chested son-of-a-bitch gave me such a bedroom stare as he passed that I've got a hard-on under my jock. The stranger caused it, but the sight of Kevin's lean frame rippling before me—and the screaming pain in my own muscles—won't let it go down.

He swings out of the park and along a city street. I follow and wonder what the hell is going on. This isn't our usual route. Where are we headed? But I know better than to ask; I just follow behind. Finally we draw to a

stop in front of a huge white stucco building. It looks like a factory, and the chemical storage tanks across the street do nothing to dispel the image. Kevin rings the bell and within seconds the door swings open. I recognize the man who opens the door and a cold chill runs down my back. I stand quivering on the doorstep, shaking in spite of the sweat still dripping from me. The guy standing there with the shit-eating grin on his face is one of the best known tops in this whole fucking city!

I've never played with him; I've never even met him before. But he's been pointed out to me on one or more of his infrequent visits to the local leather bar. He's nobody's idea of an Adonis, nobody who isn't after tons of lard, that is. But, shit, I've heard. I've heard from guys who've had scenes with





him, scenes that took them to their limits and beyond, but I've never heard a comment other than praise or awe. He's the best.

"Close your fuckin' mouth and get your ass in here!" Kevin says. And I step across the threshold into the cool hallway. I'm still overheated from jogging in the hot sun and shiver as I enter the darkness. Around me I can see the rich sheen of antique furniture, fine porcelains, oil paintings, oriental carpets... but I stand there shivering, not so much with the coolness of the room as with a mixture of fear and anticipation.

Kevin's long slender fingers probe through my running shorts and jock, encircling my cock and balls. He jerks forward gently but firmly.

"You've been a real asshole lately, so I brought you here for a special

lesson. I want no questions, no hesitations. You'll do exactly as this Master says. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, Sir," I mumble as his fingers tighten around my balls. We pass from the elegant hallway through an inconspicuous door and into a torture chamber that sets my flesh to crawling again. Kevin and I have had what I thought were some heavy trips, but I'm really not made for this. All around me are ropes and chains and leather restraints; ball crushers, and stocks and suspension harnesses and whips. WHIPS—my God, there must be dozens hanging from that rack along with cats, paddles, bullwhips and quirts as well as many I couldn't even begin to identify. I'm terrified.

"PLEASE, Sir!" I whisper hoarsely to Kevin.

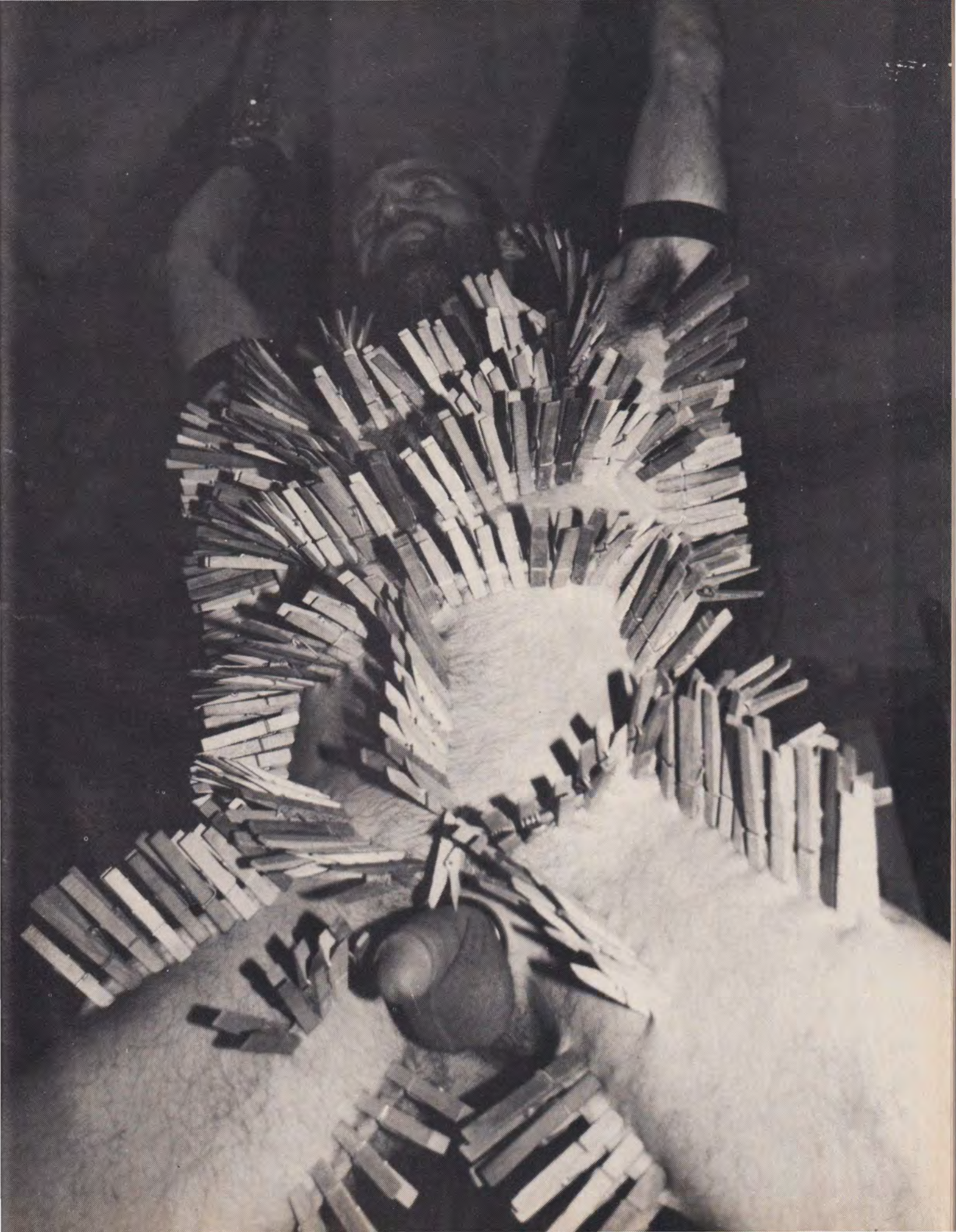
"Shut up!" he responds, "Just keep

your mouth shut and get your clothes off." I strip and Kevin and the Topman quickly secure my wrists in leather restraints and attach them to chains high above my head. Then Kevin puts his own collar on me, the one with chains running to leather cuffs around my upper arms. The Topman spreads my legs, securing them in cuffs attached to the floor.

I trust my Master; I know that Kevin won't really harm me; and, because of his reputation, I trust the Topman. But I'm scared shitless, nonetheless. Can I take what is coming? Will I break down? Will I embarrass my Master in front of this Topman? Please let me take it! Please make me endure whatever the fuck is coming!

Kevin sits back in the corner and the Topman gets a pair of ordinary clothespins and puts them on my tits.

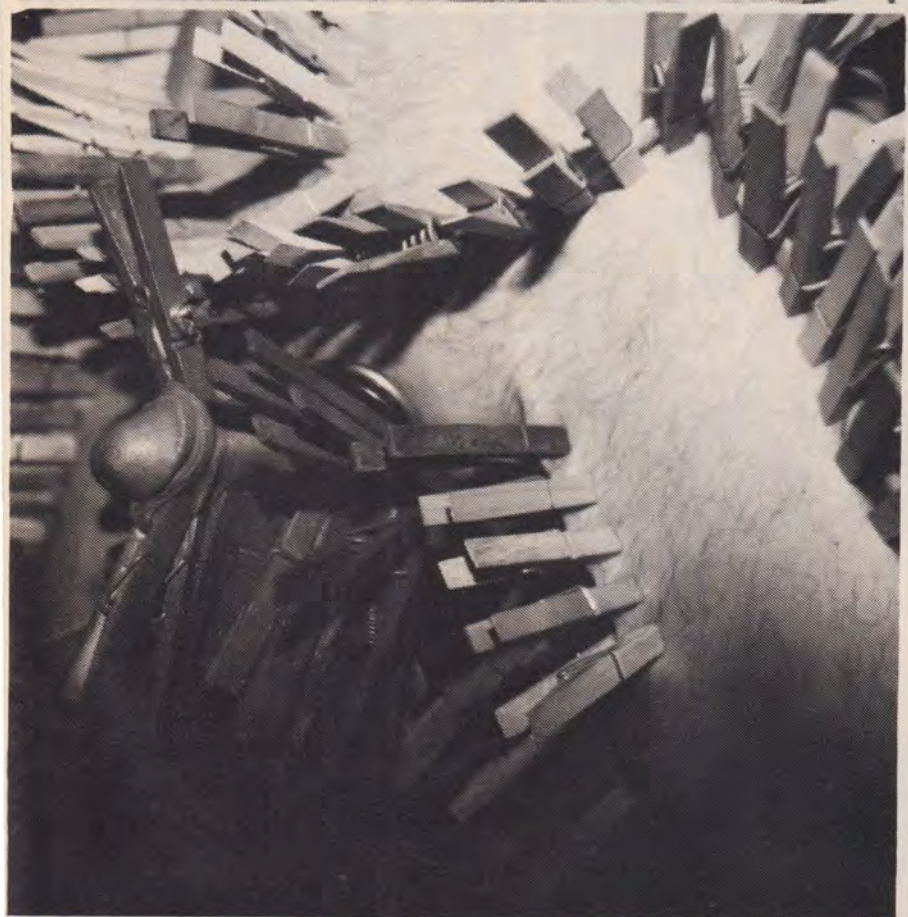
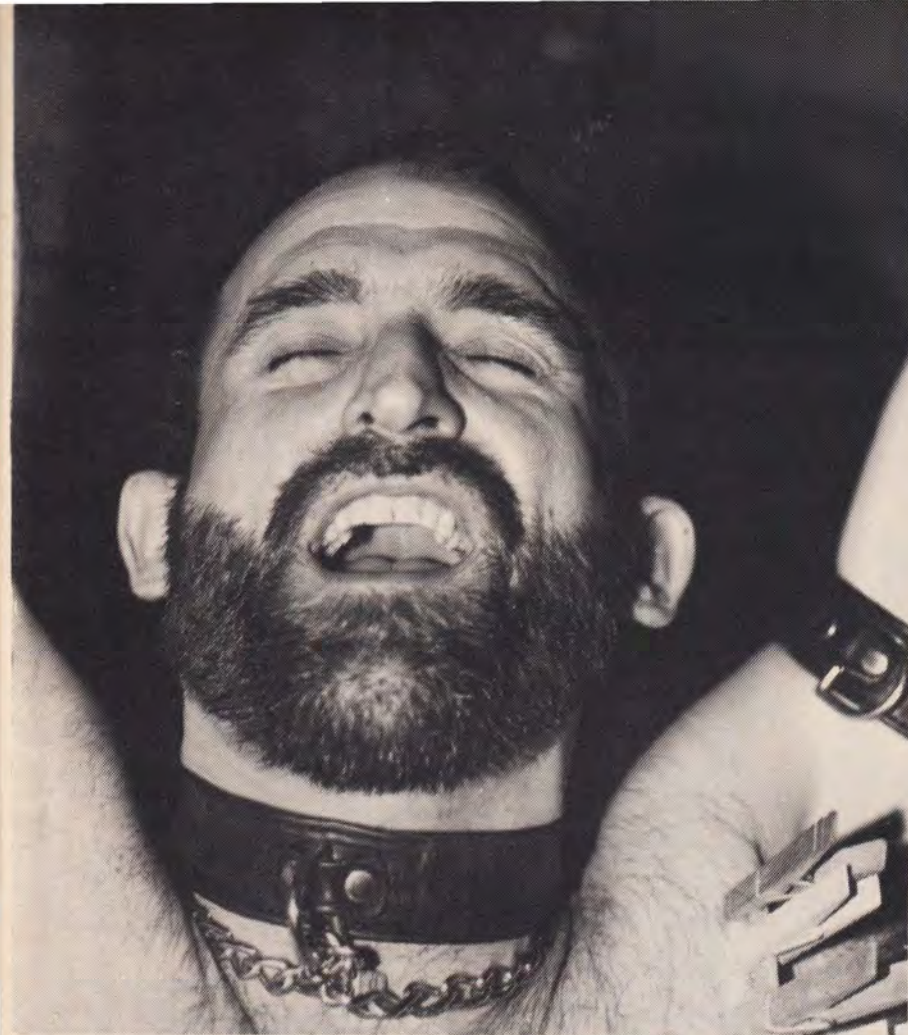












"Clothespins!" I think in disgust, "Clothespins!" Kevin had stopped using them nearly a year ago. Now we use alligator clips on my tits. I can take the bite of the teeth and he even hangs fishing weights from them. Clothespins are an insult! Hell, I thought this was a great Topman!

But he doesn't stop with two or even three pairs of clothespins. He keeps going. Two pairs, three pairs, more! He makes a straight line across my chest, pinching the skin in a ridge held by the clothespins. He extends them up into my armpits, then down along my sides, then across my chest.

The skin over my whole body is getting tight. I'm moaning. More clothespins! Down my sides and across my abdomen, into my navel. Then, damn it, down into my groin! Christ, he must be using hundreds of them! More and more skin is being pinched between the wooden jaws. I'm screaming, I'm trying not to, desperately I'm trying! But I'm screaming anyway!

Then the Topman selects a strand of blue clothespins, and from the way he holds them up for me to view I know that he's about to do something with them that I'll like even less than what he's done so far. His fingers close around my scrotum and the lump in my stomach turns to lead. A cold, hard weight sets into the core of my body as he begins to place a row of blue clothespins around my ball sac.

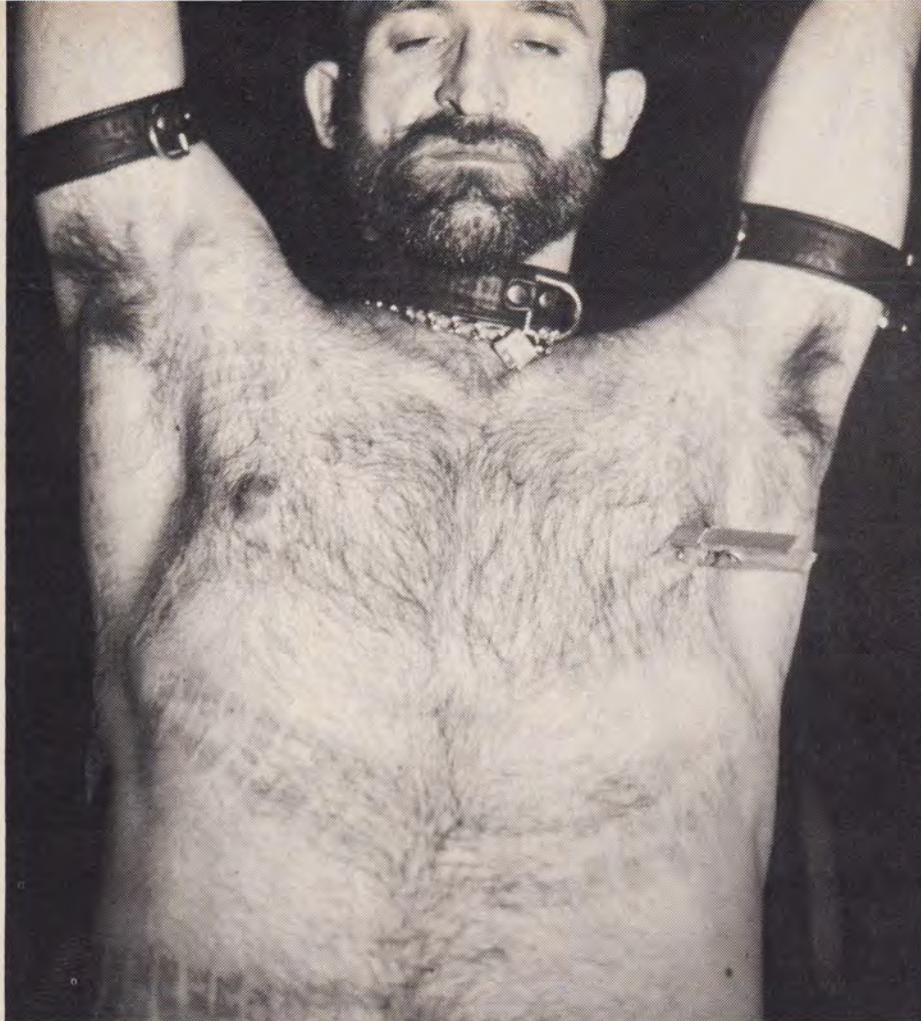
I fight to control myself while the scrotum gets totally ringed, but as he begins with a row along the underside of my cock I scream to high heaven! I scream and I shake, trying to shake the torturing clamps free. But my movements only awaken the skin deadened by the clamps and make my whole body ache.

The Topman lets me scream and twist and moan. He and Kevin just sit back and watch, playing with each other's dong while I suffer. For some perverse reason seeing them enjoy my agony only makes my cock harder, which in turn makes the clothespins dig in more viciously and makes me writhe even more.

Then the Topman takes up a pair of long slender blacksticks and begins to play the rows of clothespins like they're a xylophone. And I sing like a musical instrument. It is all involuntary. I wouldn't, by choice, give him the satisfaction of my agony. But I can no longer conceal it. His clothespins hurt! He squeezes each pin, moves it around, and I scream! It seems like hours. I think maybe he'll never stop.

Then he does stop, and a torture that is even worse begins. He starts to remove the pins. Every other one comes off my chest and sides and flanks. The reawakening skin tingles





then cries out in pain. The Topman rubs it violently, restoring circulation and, not so incidentally, bringing much pain. One by one, two by two, all of the clothespins are removed—all except the blue ones. "The rest are yours," the Topman says to Kevin.

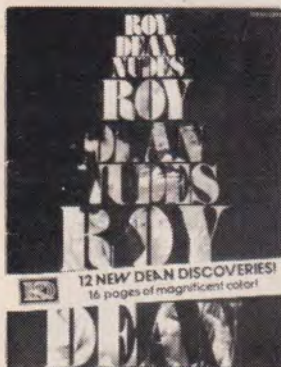
My Master kneels before me. At first it strikes me as odd. He's not in leather—he's in shorts and a sweat shirt—dressed for jogging in the park not playing at SM games! And he's kneeling, kneeling there is front of me! Is that any position for a *Master* to be in? My doubts are short lived. He leaves no doubt that he is truly my Master. And this SM is not a game—not in the sense of play—it's for real, a *REAL* exchange of love and power and pain and passion.

He takes my cock in his mouth—can a Master suck his slave's cock!? You're damned right he can—*IF HE WANTS TO!* And Kevin wants to—but he's doing it for himself, not for me. He chews on that cock and has me writhing. Lips, tongue and teeth torment my cockhead while his hands fly over my body—fingering the blue clothespins, twisting and snapping them, pinching my tortured tits, following the red tank-track marks left by rows of clips across my torso, fingers darting in and out of my ass.

I scream, I writhe while my Master torments me with pain and pleasure. Then he starts taking the blue pins off. With each one my whole body jerks. I taste blood in my mouth where I've bitten my lip in an effort to keep from screaming. Kevin's mouth never leaves my throbbing cock, but his teeth torment it as much as his hands torture my body. Then as the last blue clothespin comes off my genitals, he grips my scrotum, shoving the balls up near the base of the cock and roughly massages the empty sac.

I can hold back no longer. I scream in agony and at the same time my cock erupts in my Master's mouth. I continue to writhe in an unbelievable mixture of sensations as Kevin's mouth moves to my tits, chewing at the now super-sensitive mounds of flesh, then locks with my own mouth. Our tongues intertwine as he lets my cum flow back into me. □





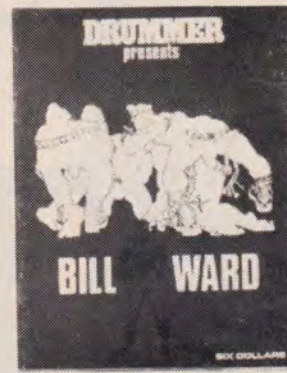
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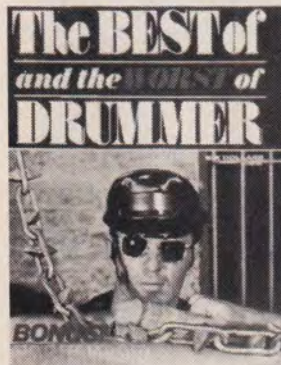
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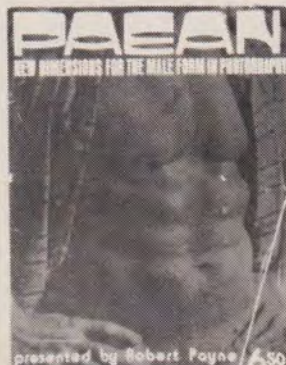
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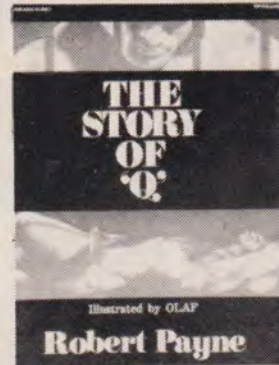
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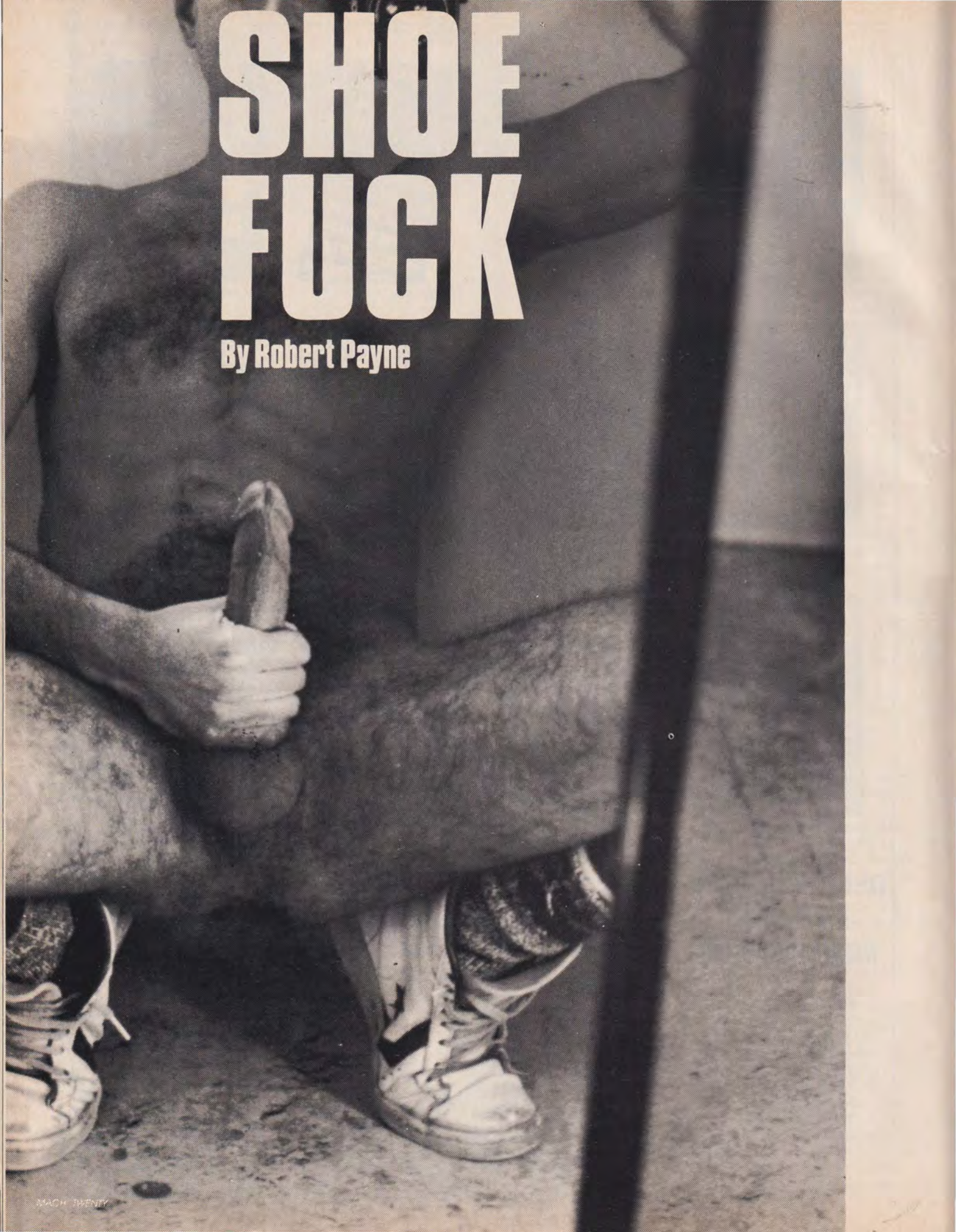
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# SHOE FUCK

By Robert Payne





An old friend of mine was having a problem with his new boy. He hadn't had him very long; in fact the kid had been recently referred to him from a fellow topman Back East ("Back East" being somewhere in Ohio). The kid had arrived bag and baggage on the doorstep one day, dressed in teeshirt, jeans and tennies. My friend took the luggage and his clothes away from him, locked them in a closet and didn't examine any of it until quite a while later. When he did he found the suitcase completely full of badly worn-out athletic shoes, some work shoes and a couple of pairs of laced boots.

He discovered something else about his new acquisition. The kid constantly played with himself. He'd find him in the basement or the bathroom with his rod in his hand pounding the hell out of it. Believe me, that stopped fast. I was over one day and noticed that the young guy's bottom was blistered red. My friend told me he had caught him again with his dick in his hand and that his

ass was going to stay that color until he was broken of the habit.

He made the boy sleep handcuffed at the foot of the bed to keep him from playing with himself at night. During the day the kid walked around with a very stiff hard-on. But he was learning.

Then the kid had started begging to be allowed to wear some of his shoe collection around the house. Now, my friend likes his slaves bare from head to toes. They pad around indoors and out, barefoot and bareass. And that was the way it was to be for the new boy as well. Period, end of discussion.

But the kid persisted. And at night he would hump the mattress while his master was sleeping or rub up against his master's leg like a dog. It began to get on my friend's nerves and he finally decided the only way to cool the kid off was to let him shoot once in a while.





It worked out to be once a week and he put the kid's shoe fetish to work at the same time.

The photos on these pages were taken by the boy himself. He uses his master's camera, sometimes utilizing a mirror, sometimes just pointing the lens down to his crotch— which is wearing a shoe! That's right. He still isn't allowed to handle his dick, but his master showed him how to put his cock through the strings and beat off using the shoe. His favorite choices, of course, are the soft well-worn canvas numbers that are beginning to curl up and take the shape of what they are being used on. But for variety, the boy's master insists on his also using the hard leather workshoes and boots he found in the collection.

I happened to drop by on a Sunday evening, which it turned out was The Night for the boy to get his rocks off. My friend invited me to watch, and while the kid was in no position to object, he showed no resentment at having

a little larger audience for his self-abuse. He was too excited about being allowed to fuck his shoe.

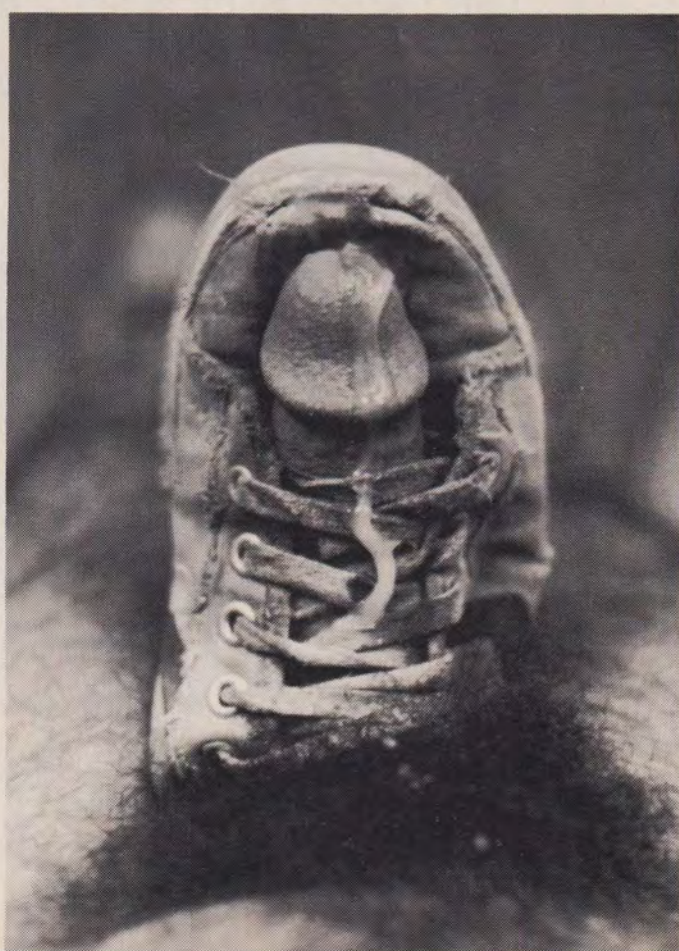
He is allowed to touch his prick with his feet, if not his hands, so he put his long tool between the soles of his bare feet and held it while he pulled his pelvis back and forth. When he was rock-hard, he picked up the chosen tennis shoe and, being careful not to touch himself, inserted his rod through the strings, then took the shoe by the sole and held it against his balls. He then began to fuck.

My friend explained that the whole procedure was more of a fucking exercise than a meat-beating one. The shoe has to be held solid and is not a substitute for his hand. Otherwise the whole thing is called off. And the boy was too excited to let that happen.

It certainly didn't take long for him to be ready to shoot. He stopped and looked up at his master who was standing over him as he squatted.











"Keep pumping," was all my friend said.

The boy continued and kept looking up for the magic words. Finally they came.

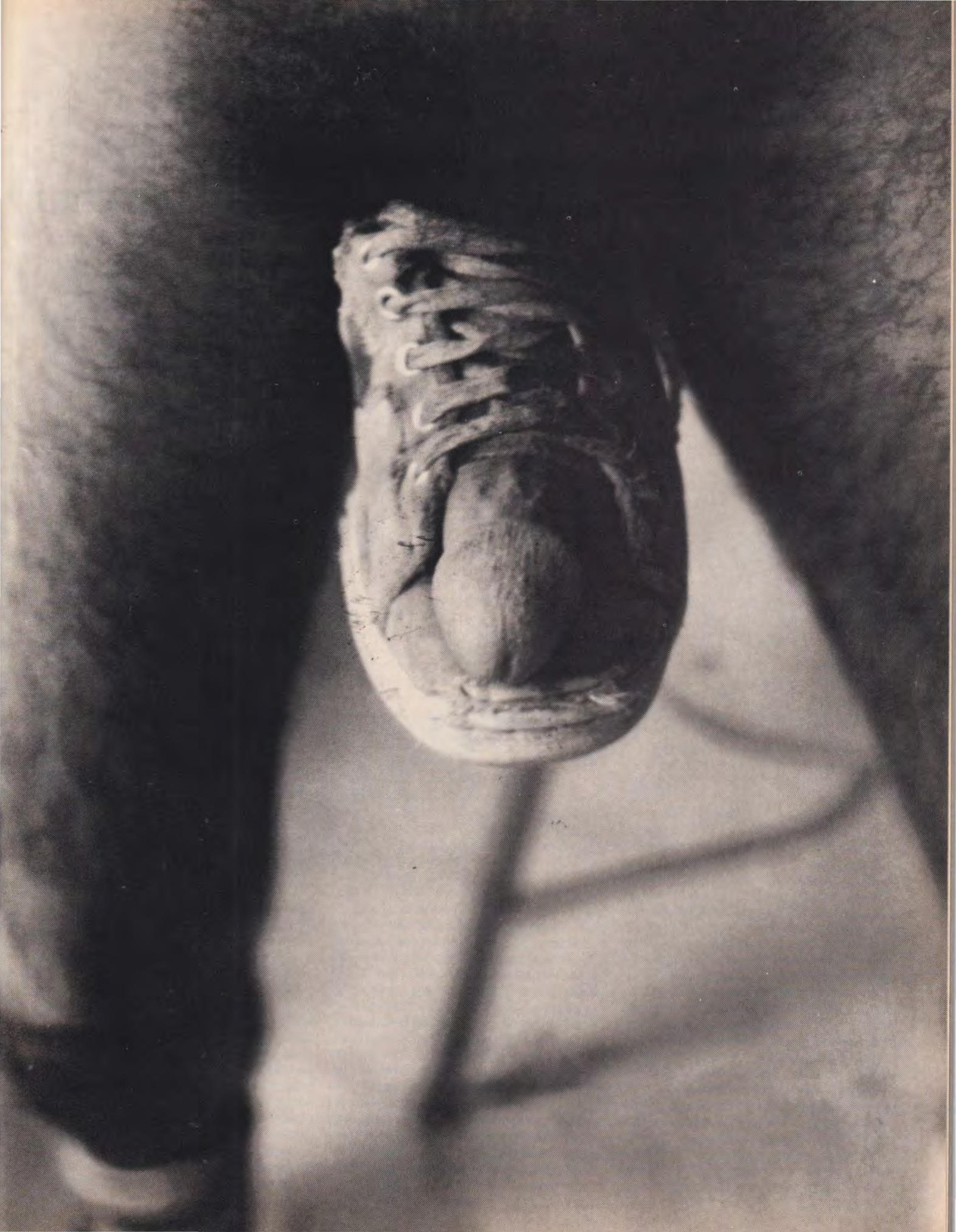
"You can come now." And come he did. All over his shoe, his hand and finally it began running on the floor. Still he came. His balls must have been filled to bursting. Still he pumped until he was told to stop.

Head down, he lowered his shoulders to the floor and began cleaning up the mess with his tongue. He licked up the floor, the shoe and then his hand. Then he crawled over and licked my friend's boot.

He kept murmuring his "Thank you, Sir's" and licking until his master pulled his head up by his short hair and told him to blow me.

And well he should, my cock was as hard as his had been and it wasn't even wearing a shoe. □







# Story of A Midwestern Farmboy

## Who Learned Wrestling The Hard Way Behind The Barn From His Older Brother

By Tom Hammer



Living on a farm in a small Midwestern town I did not always get a chance to go to the wrestling bouts as my older brothers did. Buck was 23 and was built just naturally solid, something like a football quarterback, while Clint, who was two years older than Buck, had by now developed a tremendous musculature, being especially pronounced in his chest, shoulders and arms. Both Buck and Clint's legs were like tree trunks bearing somewhat of a close resemblance to the trunk of our oak tree in the front yard which we were forever climbing when we were kids.

Since our Mother had died giving birth to me, it was up to Dad to

maintain a living for the three of us, work the farm, and raise us at the same time. Most of the day we were left on our own to do our daily chores since Dad took the pickup to the nearby town, 12 miles away, to keep his accounts serviced with the produce markets he was doing business with. So we had the farm to ourselves for the better part of the day. I was always working in the fields and therefore very visible to Buck and Clint. My brothers had their chores, but it seemed like during the midafternoon they would always disappear. I could never find them around.

One day as I was pitching hay in the barn, I heard a sudden crashing sound

against the back wall. I thought it was one of the horses kicking the wall but when I walked around to the back of the barn, I saw Buck and Clint with their shirts off wearing only their Levis brawling and wrestling around on the ground. For a while they did not even notice me standing there watching them. I knew I had to finish my work back inside the barn before too long, but for some reason I just couldn't take my eyes off of those two muscular hunks as they grappled with each other, rolling around on that hard ground, locking each other up in various wrestling holds. As I stood there watching them, I became more and more fascinated with what they



were doing to each other. It was merciless the way they were going at each other in full fury. Clint would get Buck into a double Nelson hold and throw him to the ground and pounce on top of him, only to apply a leg-lock crotch split, which would have Buck screaming in agony. In a frenzied state of fury Buck grabbed Clint tightly by the balls, forcing Clint to release the vicious leg-lock crotch split he had on Buck. Once free, Buck clasped both of his fists together and slammed a body blow into Clint's rippling muscled chest, which sent him crashing against the back wall of the barn. As I watched them slamming their hunky, muscular bodies into each other and I heard the grunting and groaning and saw the sweat rolling off their broad shoulders and the hair on their chest getting matted with dirt and sweat, I felt my heart pounding inside me, not quite understanding why my whole system was getting charged up by watching this brutal encounter between my two older brothers. They really looked like they knew what they were doing, considering the wrestling holds they got each other locked into. Buck would get Clint into what I was to learn later a double hammer lock and Clint would invariably be able to maneuver himself around Buck and then flip him over and apply a scissors hold from which Buck could not get loose, unless he was able to get his arm under Clint's crotch and close it like a vice. When Clint was getting Buck down on his back into a grapevine hold straddling over his body while his sweat was dripping down on Buck's chest hair, which was now matted with sweat and dirt, they noticed me standing there. Clint said, "Come on in and join the fun and we'll teach you a thing or two."

I was younger than Buck and much younger than Clint, who had arms like a pile-driver with super broad shoulders and a wide chest covered with curly dark brown hair. He looked even more menacing than Buck, who was built like a football linebacker. Both of my brothers were studs in every sense of the word and I knew I would be no match for either one of them, even though I was 6' and they were 5'10" to 5'11". It wasn't so much the weights they were always pumping, but the daily heavy farm work which developed them into real brutes.

I wanted to be like my brothers more than anything else: raw muscle power. I had to prove to them that I was my own man and somebody to be reckoned with in my own right. When I saw them there on the dirt, their hairy, sweaty bodies slamming and grinding into each other, I felt a bulge coming on which I couldn't control. I had to

get in there and mix it up with them no matter what the cost. I had to join them, especially after they had challenged me.

And jump I did. My animal impulses were taking over, for I not only couldn't control the bulge in the crotch of my Levis, which had now become rock hard; my heart was racing and my breathing was heavy. I didn't care if I did get hurt, for I had to feel their raw, muscular, hairy bodies pinning me down on the dirt and grinding all over me.

I frantically ripped off my shirt and threw the full weight of my body on Clint's broad back, getting my arms locked into a hammer lock around his thick neck, pulling him over to the side off Buck, who had been tied up in a tight grapevine hold by Clint's brutally strong legs.

I tried desperately to keep my hammer lock around Clint's neck, knowing full well that if I lost my grip he would give me a good thrashing. But his shoulders were too broad and his sweat loosened my grip.

Clint said he was just waiting for me to do this to him, and now he was really going to teach me some rough barnyard wrestling and brawling.

I told him I didn't think I would be any match for him since he and Buck were almost evenly matched in physique. But he wouldn't listen to anything I said.

Buck just lay on the ground laughing as Clint put one of his massive arms between my thighs, lifted me up about three feet and threw me down on the ground. Stunned, Clint took advantage of the situation and plunged the full weight of his massive body down on me, pinning me completely flat to the ground.

I could not move. As he pressed his hairy chest and massive shoulders down on me, I tried to move out from under him, but it was to no avail. Unrelenting and savagely, he grinded his hairy, sweaty chest all over my body. The dirt had now become matted in with the sweat and thick curly hair of his chest and acted as an abrasive against my well-formed but smooth chest. The more I squirmed, trying to free myself from his tenacious body grip, the more aggressive he became and the tighter he wrapped my entire body around his massiveness. His rock hard legs were now tightly intertwined around mine and I could painfully feel the tremendous pressure of his cock growing larger and harder, firmly pressing into my crotch. All the time he continued grinding his sweaty chest and rubbing his thick dark mustache all over my face. I didn't have any mustache or beard to protect my skin, so his really bristled against my face. He was doing

this just to prove a point. To prove to me that he had me in complete submission and that he could do anything to me that he wanted. He said he always wanted to get me flat on my back and grind his body into me showing me that he was the dominant stud and I could be used for his pleasure whether I liked it or not. And since I had the balls to pull him off of Buck, I was, in effect, asking for it.

While he had me down locked into a tight grapevine hold and rubbing his thick mustache roughly all over my face, I tried desperately to prevent myself from getting a hard-on, for I had an idea what Clint would then do to me if he felt my cock hard against his cock. Clint was a real stud and really knew how to turn me on in his own brutal and violent way. When he felt my cock becoming harder, he ripped apart the zipper of my Levis and started pulling them down. I wasn't at all ready for this brutal act, but that made no difference to Clint, because he was ready and that's all that mattered.

I pleaded with him to go slow, because I had never been fucked before and Clint knew that. But he said that was nonsense, and that I would enjoy it his way. Besides, I was in no position to argue with him. I could only submit to his demands.

He told me that he did not try taking me down before, because I had not provoked him as I had this time.

I told Clint that I didn't mean to provoke him, that I was just trying to show him and Buck that I wanted to wrestle with them and learn some holds.

He said that if he and Buck were going to teach me some wrestling holds then I would have to be willing to pay their price. I told them that wasn't fair, because I wasn't as big and brawny as they were; but they said fairness had nothing to do with it. Only raw, brute force counted and the sooner I would learn that, the better off I would be. Clint also said that he and Buck would take the pickup and drive to the local town on Saturday nights for the wrestling bouts they had for all the nearby farmboys. This enabled Clint and Buck to perfect their wrestling techniques in a tough competitive atmosphere. And since they went to the wrestling bouts every Saturday night, that was another reason I had to pay some kind of a price.

I knew there was no use arguing with Clint, because the more I argued with him the more aggressive he became. As he put his strong hands around the calves of my legs, he said he was going to show me a new wrestling hold he had never shown me before. He instantaneously pulled my



legs above his shoulders in one jerking movement. Defensively, I struggled to move myself up somewhat off the ground but as soon as I did that, Buck was behind me and pushed my shoulders back down and held me there. There was no way I could fight both of these muscle studs and they knew it.

They told me they had me where they wanted me and therefore I might as well submit. They told me that if I wasn't their brother, they both would have gang-banged me right then and there with no questions asked. But since I was their brother, they had decided to put me in a position in which I would be begging for it.

I knew how big Clint was from seeing him in the shower, but until he pulled down his Levis, I had never seen him this huge before. His cock was a good 10" and super hard and thick with the head over 3" in diameter. He started rubbing his cock up between my thighs and as he was doing so, I felt him becoming even larger.

I started getting another hard-on and when Clint saw this he jammed his hard cock into mine. Rubbing his hard cock against mine and smothering my mouth with his savage rough kissing drove me into a state of frenzy.

He then stuck just the head of his huge cock into my ass, massaging in and out without actually penetrating. He said he was going to make me beg for it, I then knew what he was talking about. He was going to drive me to a point of begging him to fuck me before he actually invaded my virginal ass. He didn't have to wait long; for even though I didn't want him to I soon found myself literally begging Clint to fuck me all the way and fuck me hard. As he started to drive his tool into me, I really didn't think I could take it, for he was just too goddamn big. I made the mistake of telling Clint that his cock was just too big for my ass. Hearing me say that drove Clint into a state of hungering delight. My arms were pressing against his massive shoulders in a futile attempt to somehow restrain him in some way. Clint grabbed my arms and pinned them behind my back so there would be no way to protect my virginal ass. He then brutally thrust his hard cock all the way into me, and to secure his hold on me he grabbed me by the ass until his hairy balls were right up against my ass. The pressure was so intense that I cried out for him to withdraw. But instead Clint started pounding into me like a jackhammer with relentless, deep, thrusting penetrations. Clint's full-throttle pounding drove me almost to hysteria. Clint now had my ass completely in his grip, giving him leverage to ramfuck me

until he wasted himself. As he was voraciously pounding his super hard cock into me, I was finally able to release my arms from behind my back, which he had restrained for so long. And all the time he was ramfucking me, he kept telling me how lucky I was to lose my virginity in such a masculine way; how I would never forget this experience which only he was able to give me and how I would always be indebted to him for showing me what real masculine sex was all about.

As Clint was telling me how grateful I should be to him for this initiation into man to man sex, I was thinking how great it would be if I could just rob him of this unique opportunity and force him to unload himself in my mouth so I could swallow his final load of warm cum. To pull this off I would have to muster every bit of strength I had left, for it meant I would have to throw him over and get him into a tight scissors hold. Even though Clint was still plunging his engorged cock into my once virginal ass without letup, I channeled all the energy I had left in raising my shoulders off the ground and quickly, before Clint had a chance to respond, I locked my arms around his thick neck. Having Clint in a hammer lock was a real accomplishment, for I now had some leverage and although I still felt the tremendous pressure of his pulsating cock inside me I was still able to tighten my hammer lock grip around his neck.

We were both now what seemed irrevocably locked into each other, grunting and groaning. Quite literally, we were like two wild bulls locked together in heat.

Now that I finally had this hairy muscle stud locked up in a tight hammer lock and he still had his hard cock buried up inside my ass and neither one of us were about to let loose, I knew I had to throw a scissors hold around his rippling muscled midsection and maintain that hold before I could go down on him and force Clint to unload himself into my mouth. All this time Buck was standing there laughing wondering which guy would come out on top and probably thinking that Clint would fuck me good and dry and then give me a good thrashing and then force me to suck him off until he was wasted.

The smell of Clint's hairy, sweaty body, mixed in with the dirt and hay on the ground from behind the barn, unleashed a surge of energy inside me which enabled me to tighten my arms around his neck and pull him off me and over on his side.

Naturally this enraged Clint, because he was set on fucking dry inside of me. I had only seconds in which to seize the advantage, for as

his engorged cock withdrew from my ass he let out a loud moanful groan. As he groaned from the unwanted freedom his cock now experienced, I quickly took advantage of his unpreparedness and wrapped my legs around his muscled midsection and got him into a tight scissors hold. Maintaining my scissors hold was crucial and I was having difficulty in keeping my legs tightly wrapped around him. Seeing the difficulty I was having and obviously enjoying the changing of events, Buck got a leather belt from inside the barn and started strapping it around my ankles, tying them securely together and thus reinforcing my scissors hold. With a little bit of Buck's help, I now had Clint where I wanted him: tied up to me like a wild broncho. I was securely mounted on top of Clint and was now ready to take his wet, hard cock into my mouth and voraciously suck him dry as hard and ruthlessly as he had fucked me.

Slowly licking the enlarged head of his cock and driving Clint into a frenzy and thoroughly enjoying his frustration for a long insatiable period of time, I finally rammed my mouth all the way down on his now super-enlarged cock and again he shrieked out a loud and long groan. I had my mouth right down to his hairy balls as his cock was violently shooting his warm virile juices into my throat. I finally had Clint, the macho, hairy, muscle stud, in a position in which I could suck him off until I wasted him.

After what seemed an indeterminate period of time I suddenly felt Buck's hairy and sweaty body rubbing against my back and at the same instant his thick, hairy arms wrapped themselves around my chest in a tight clinching embrace. As I felt his hard cock rubbing against my ass, I knew what he was up to. I really had no choice because if I was to try and resist Buck's suddenly aggressive moves, I would lose my hold on Clint. As I continued to suck Clint off, I felt a sudden deep and very hard thrusting into my ass, which had already been so brutally ramfucked by Clint. However, Buck had helped me get Clint tied up, so I felt I at least owed something to Buck.

Buck and I were not only brothers, but also became good buddies. After that experience we had with Clint, it seemed like we were always dreaming up ways in which we could get Clint on the defensive and do a job on him. Between the two of us we usually got the drop on Clint, even though he was bigger. After that incident Clint never took me on again. I guess he learned that he would have to take on both Buck and me at the same time. □



# ROGUE

COURTESY OF HIM  
(ENGLAND)

11AM !!!  
HIGH IN THE SKY  
ROGUE IS READY  
TO ACCOMPANY FOUR  
TRAINEE PARACHUTISTS ON  
THEIR FIRST JUMP !!!



OVER  
DROPPING  
ZONE NOW!

OK, YOU  
GUYS, JUMP!

OLIVER  
FREY

AN EXCHANGE  
OF GLANCES !!!

JUMP  
KID!

HE'S  
GOT OTHER  
THINGS ON  
HIS MIND !!!

I KNOW  
WHAT I'D  
RATHER  
DO, YOU  
HUNK !!!



ROGUE IS LEFT WITH  
THE KID !!!

!!! A SUDDEN IMPULSE !!!

HE WANTS IT -

I WANT  
IT -

SO  
I'LL HAVE  
HIM NOW!  
THE SKY'S THE  
LIMIT !!!

HE  
WOULDN'T  
WOULD  
HE? !!!

THE PREDATOR  
SWOOPS IN FROM  
THE BOY'S REAR !!!

DOWN  
WITH HIS  
PANTS !!!







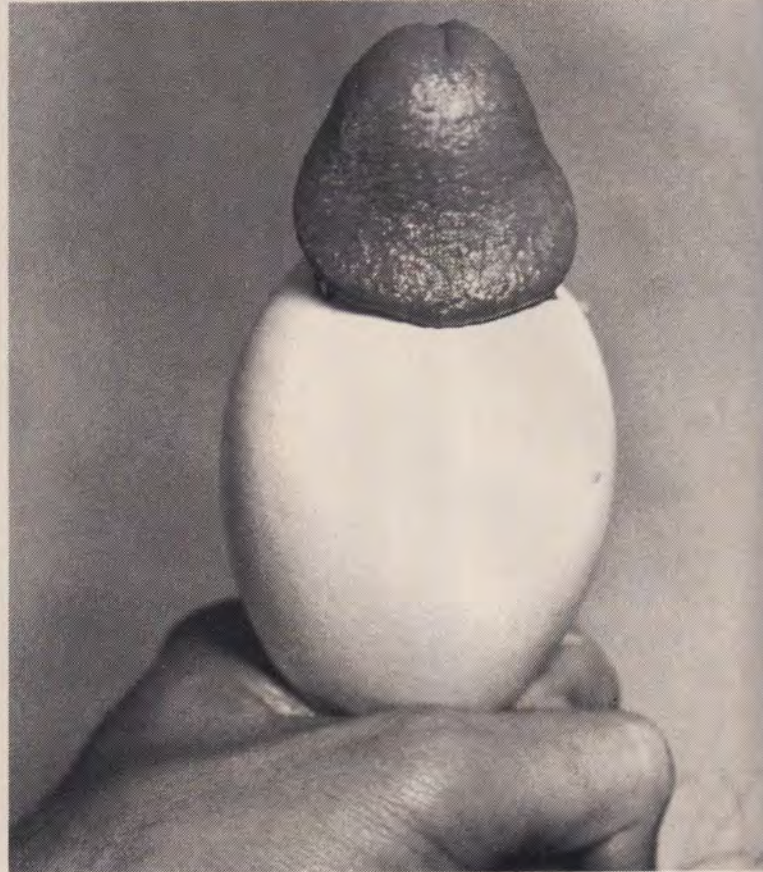


# FUN THINGS TO DO WITH YOUR COCK

YOU CAN ABUSE IT, MISUSE IT, BEAT IT OR LOVE IT.  
BUT LET'S FACE IT, YOUR COCK IS MAN'S BEST FRIEND.  
HERE ARE A FEW THINGS TO DO WITH IT.



PUT THE SCREWS TO IT



HATCH A NEW ONE



HELP IT MAKE NEW FRIENDS



PUT IT  
IN A CAGE





MARRY IT



TIE IT UP



TAKE IT FOR A WALK



GET IT A LITTLE BUDDY  
TO PLAY HORSEY WITH



PUT IT TO WORK CARRYING  
YOUR ☐ BRIEFCASE ☐ PURSE



OR JUST PUT IT TO WORK



MOST IMPORTANT OF  
ALL—KEEP IT WARM ON  
COLD NIGHTS AND  
COOL ON HOT ONES!





PUT YOUR MONEY ON IT



EAT IT



TEACH IT TO TELL TIME



SOCK IT TO IT





PHONE SEX

THIRTY-FIVE MACH



# MACH





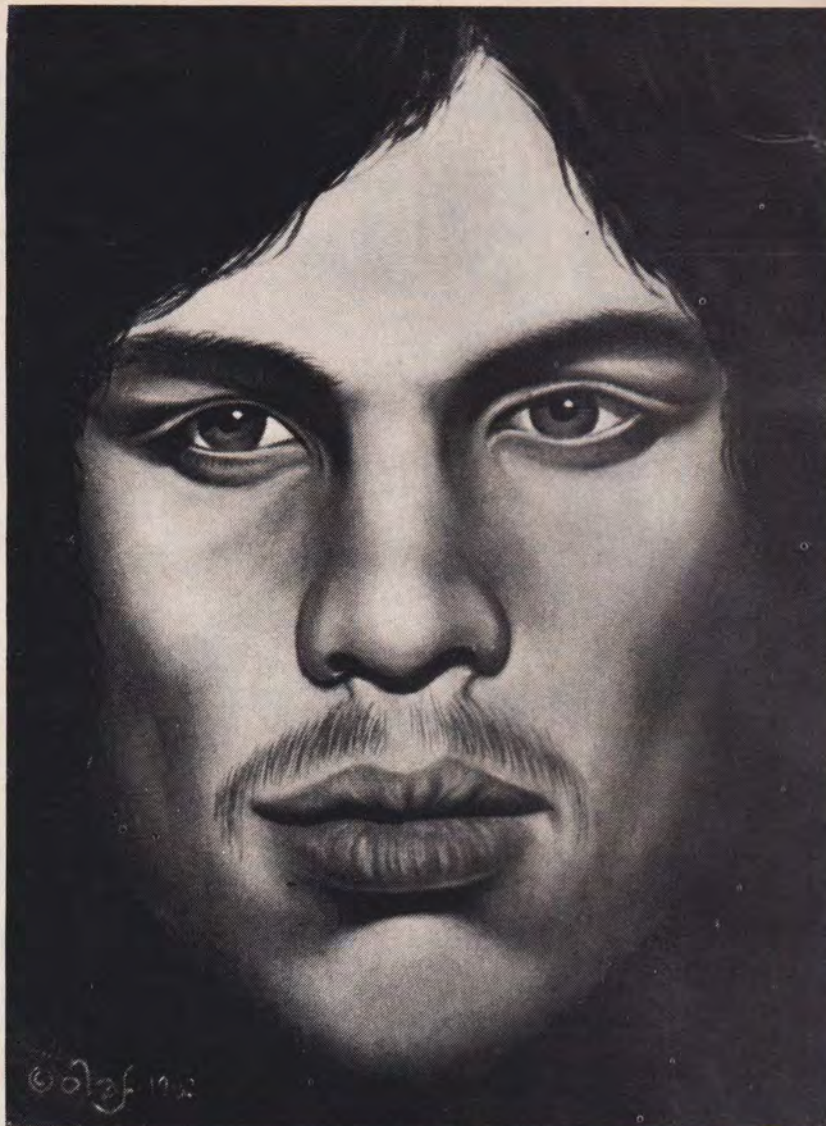
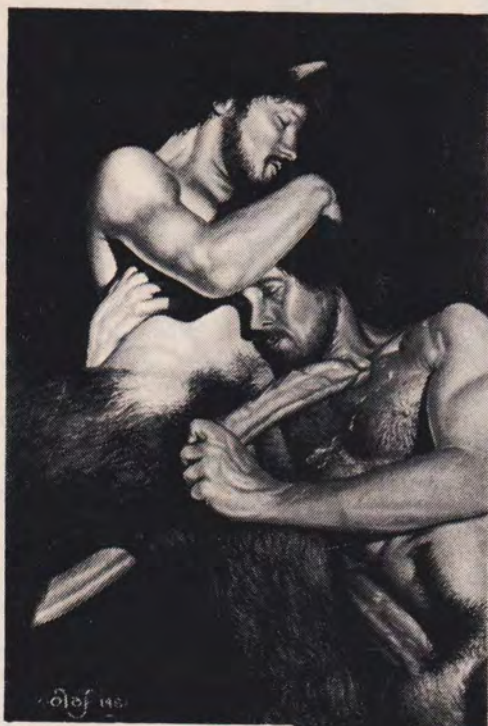


FANTASYLAND

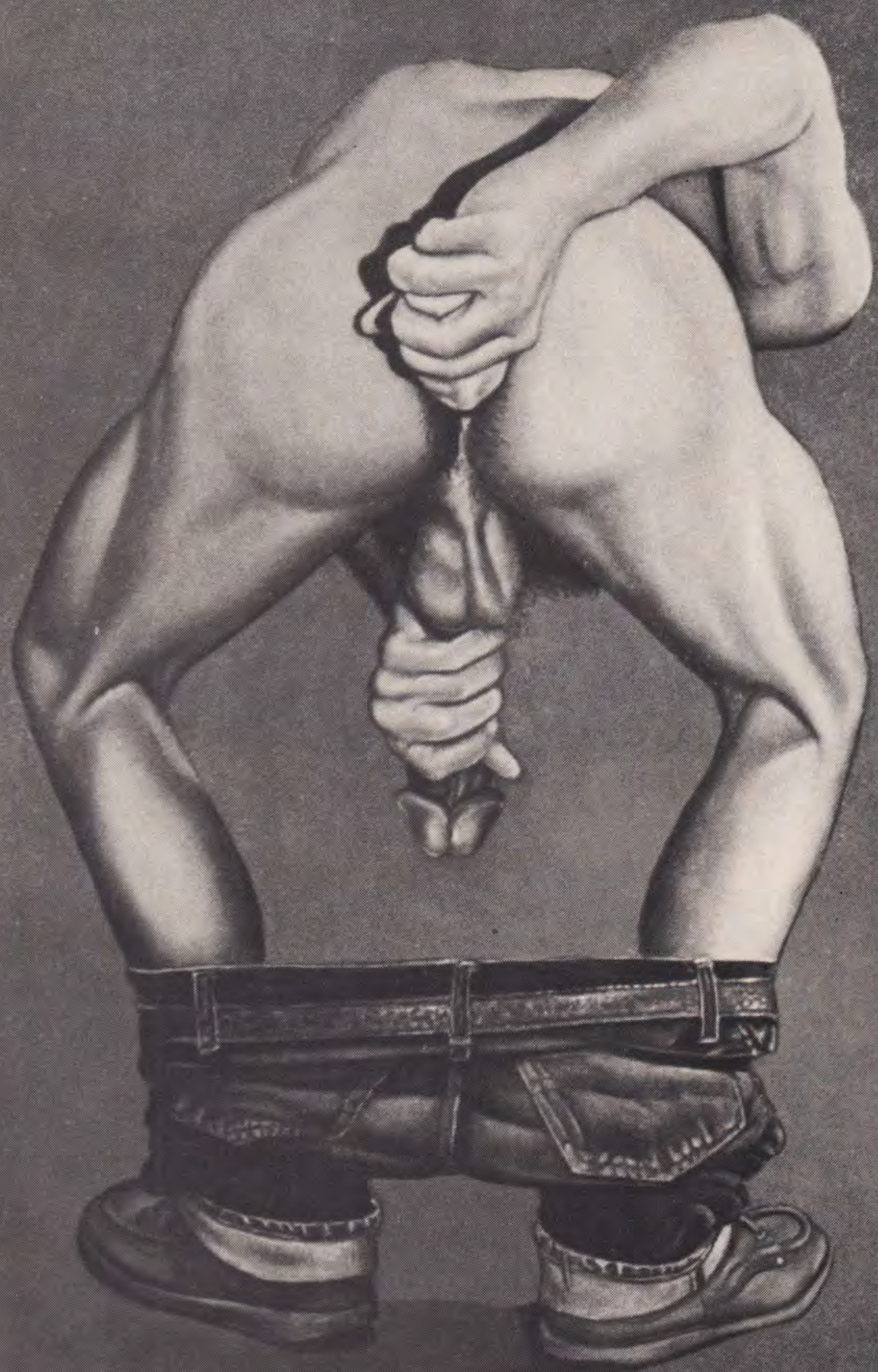


# THE ART OF OLAF

Olaf, singular, an artist with a reputation for capturing and reinventing the animal quality of sexuality in his men; master of the landscape beyond the pale; chronicler of the unspeakable sexual desire.







© 1962

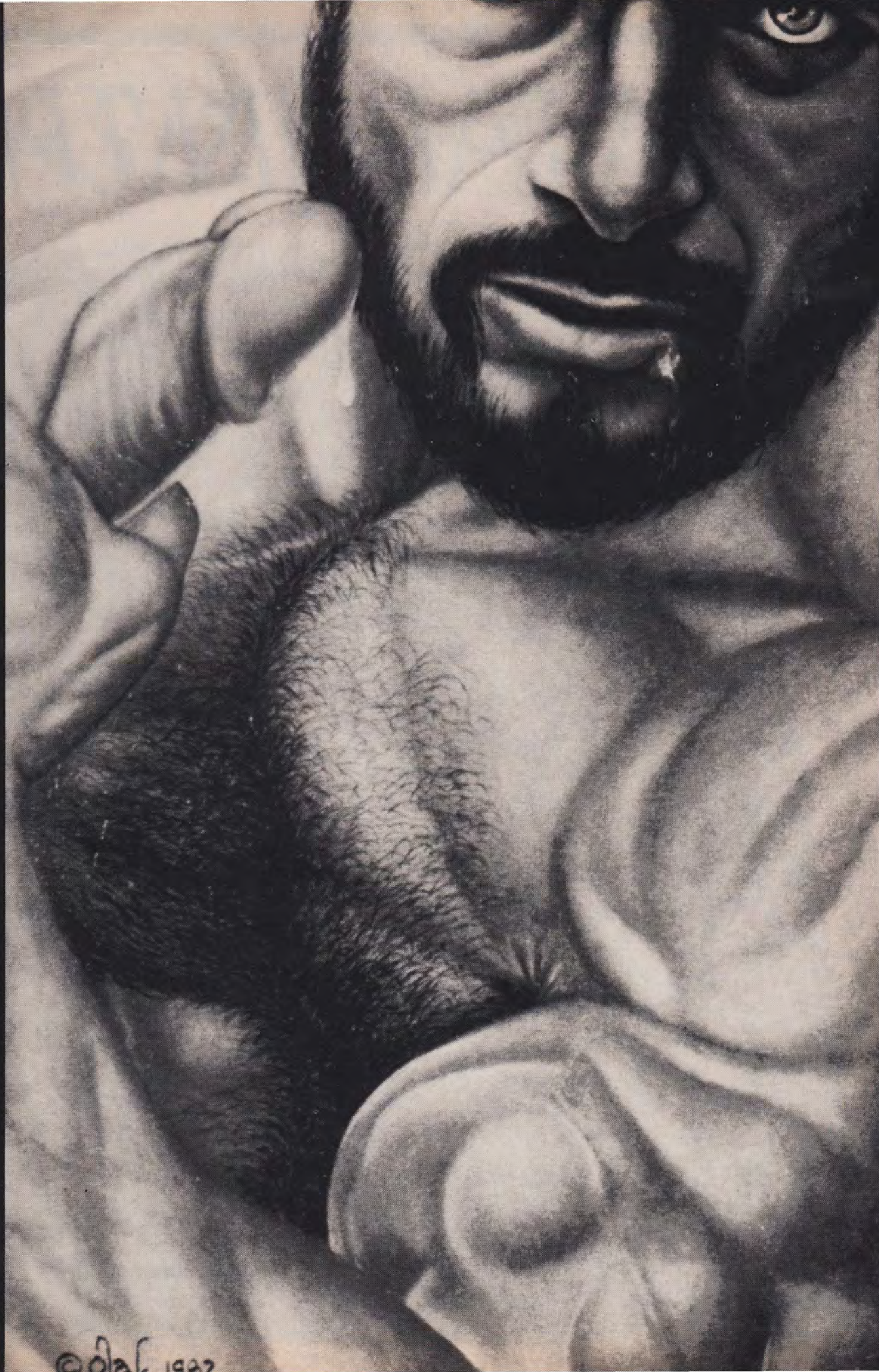




Olaf's new work is taking a studied bent, since he has been working full time for a year on a single project, *Brother Augustine's Journal*, and excerpt from which appeared in *Mach 5*. When he unveils this massive collection of text and illustration, rest assured Olaf, singular, will become an everyday, everywhere word; the name of the man and the style.







© 1932



# THE MAN IN THE



MACH FORTY



# MASK

by Tim Barrus

I work construction for Amtrak. I build and repair railroad cars in the San Francisco yards off Hunter's Point. I'm a twenty-five-year old straight man with a wife, a kid, and no idea that what happened could ever happen to the likes of me.

It was about a year ago that I began to get the feeling that I was being watched. It was only a feeling. Nothing concrete to prove it. But I'll swear that he was watching me.

I'd be at work and start to feel really uneasy. I'd look around and all there was to see were my usual buddies. No one out of the ordinary. No one particularly interested in me.

I'd be getting out of my car, just having arrived home from work, and the feeling would creep over me that someone was watching my every move. I'd look around. No one there.

Once, late at night, as I was watching TV, I got the feeling stronger than I had ever felt it.

"Somebody is watching us," I said to my wife. "Somebody is looking in the windows."

"You're nuts, honey," my wife said.

I mean it. Go into the bedroom.

Turn out the lights. Lock the door."

"Chuck, are you crazy? There's nobody here but you, me, the baby, and the damn dog."

"I said go into the bedroom, now do it, Marsha."

"Jesus H. Christ! I really think that you're going nuts. Really nuts. Why would anyone look into our windows? There isn't anything to fucking see! Now... what are you doing with that gun? Chuck, you know I hate that gun. All right already. I'm going. I'm going."

The dog started barking. I went outside with my .38 and walked around in the dark. Damn... not a soul there. But I could *feel* it. I knew that someone had been there.

The next day I was walking down Folsom Street at lunchtime. Somebody was following me. I quickly turned around. A figure darted between two buildings and down an alley. I went after it. I got into the alley and there was no one there. But I had seen something.

About a week later, as I was walking to my car after work, I saw him. He was standing alone in one of the abandoned rail cars. He was naked, wearing a silver mask, and looking down at me.

I was really surprised and had not anticipated anything like that. He had a very firm muscular build, not unlike my own. He was young. His hand slowly massaged his thick cock, which began to get larger and stiff. I just stood there and watched. I could feel

my own cock straining to get out of my pants.

I unzipped and took out my ten inch uncircumcized piece of meat. I squeezed it and showed it off to the man in the mask. His own piece of meat was pretty big and he started to seriously jerk it off.

I looked around. Everyone had gone home. The railyard was deserted. I climbed up into the abandoned car. His thick erection was pointing toward me. I took hold of it with one hand, and with the other I felt his firm masculine ass.

I had never done anything like this before. I was surprised at how turned on I'd become. I kept looking around, but we were alone.

The man in the mask walked into the deserted rail car. I followed. Without a word he slowly unbuttoned my work shirt. I kicked off my boots. He undid my pants and slid them off. I was soon as naked as he was—except for the mask which he showed no indication of taking off.

He got down on his knees. A tongue came out of the mask and explored my firm and hairy body. A drop of cum glistened on the tip of my cock. His tongue licked it. I shoved my cock into the mouth of the silver mask. I slammed my meat into his throat and grabbed the back of his head, pushing and pulling, making sure that he took every inch down his throat.

"What I really want to do is fuck your tight asshole," I said.

"Turn around," he said. I did not recognize the voice. I turned around. I was not prepared for what he did. I'd never had anyone put his tongue up my ass. I bent over and spread my cheeks exposing my rectum.

"Eat it. Stick that tongue up my hole." I strained in order to open it as far as possible.

After he was through it was my turn. I'd never considered putting my mouth into *anyone's* ass before. This was one very hot ass. This guy was a total turn-on... even if I couldn't see his face. It was great. My tongue explored his hairy rectum. The taste was sweaty, masculine, and sweet.

I put a big glob of spit into his hole and then stuck my finger up there in order to open him up. I had one pulsating piece of red meat ready to pump itself dry.

I pushed my cock up his ass and rode him, thrusting, pumping deeper and deeper into his warm moist hole, listening to his moans, sobs, and sighs.

"Give it to me! Fuck my ass! Fuck my ass!"

I filled that rectum until it overran with my cum. I left him lying on the



floor of the abandoned rail car. I'd never had such hot sex.

After that I began to wonder who the fuck this guy was. Maybe he was someone I knew. I didn't have a clue. I'd never had sex with a man. I'd never been turned on the way he had turned me on. I was real confused.

Although the feelings I'd been having around being watched did not go away, I didn't see the man in the mask for a long while.

It was at least a month later that I knew he'd returned. It was about 4:00 am, Marsha was asleep, the house was dark and quiet. I am a light sleeper and was awakened by more of a feeling of a presence than any particular sound.

I quietly got out of bed, leaving Marsha sound asleep. I was nude. I retrieved my .38 and went outside into the quiet darkness. At first I didn't see him. Quickly my eyes grew accustomed to the dark. There he was... standing in the backyard near the bedroom window, totally naked, except for the mask.

The thick juicy cock that had been haunting my fantasies stood fully erect and was slowly being jerked off for my attention.

I walked over to him, raised my gun to his head and said, "Get on the ground, you fucking pervert. You've been following me long enough. I'm going to give you what you've been looking for."

Silently he lay on his belly on the wet grass and spread his legs. It was too dark to see his asshole, but I found it. I put the short thick barrel of the snub-nosed .38 into his ass and rammed it up into him as far as it would go. I twisted the gun around in his ass several times. He moaned.

"Unless you want me to pull this trigger, you're going to lie very still. You're going to be very quiet and you're going to take what's coming to you. When I'm through, you'll never want to follow me again."

I climbed on top of his round buttocks with my knees and spread his cheeks apart so that I could look down and see the barrel of the gun frantically fuck him in his rectum. I could make out the image of the cold black steel of the gun ram repeatedly into his warm soft flesh. I jammed the gun into him again and again.

My cock had become quite stiff but I refused to give him the pleasure of my big dick. I'd heard about fist fucking, although I'd certainly never been involved with it. I had seen pictures of it in magazines in bookstores.

I took the gun out of his hole and inserted all five fingers of my left hand. With my right hand I held the gun barrel at his head.

"I am going to shove this fist up

your guts, cocksucker. Unless you want your brains splattered all over the lawn, you're going to lie very still, and you're going to take my fist and my arm up into your faggot insides as far as I can shove it. It looks like I need to teach you a lesson. *I'm not a faggot!*"

He didn't say a word. I could feel his rectum slightly open itself up. I balled up my hand and shoved. He didn't flinch a muscle. I kept shoving. It felt fluid and soft. I kept shoving. I went past my elbow. Suddenly—softly—I could feel his rapid heart-beat. I began to pull out. He whimpered once quietly.

I pulled my arm and hand out. My fingers felt damp and wet.

"If you ever bother me again, cocksucker, your punishment will be worse than tonight's. Now get the fuck out of here."

I went back inside. Dawn was beginning to break. Sunlight was just starting to break up the darkness with shadowy strength. I was cold.

I went into the bathroom and turned on the light. My cock was ramrod stiff. I looked down at my left hand. It was covered with bright fresh deep-red blood. I spread some of the blood on my hard erection and beat my meat savagely. My jism squirted out onto my hand and mixed with the blood, forming a pinkish lather, which I washed off. I wanted to wash him off of me. I wanted this to be the *last* time.

Months went by and the man in the mask became an abstract erotic memory. I no longer felt watched. The problem seemed to solve itself.

It was June... my favorite month... a warm San Francisco summer. I like to take my Irish setter to Lands End and run her. It's good exercise for both of us. We've been there a thousand times.

One Saturday afternoon while I was running the dog, we went down to the deserted beach area. The waves were magnificently large and the dog was having the time of her life chasing waves and retrieving sticks that I'd throw.

Unexpectedly, he stepped out between two giant boulders. He was naked except for the mask. His flaccid, thick, dark cock dangled between his legs.

I knew what had to be done. I had to prove to this guy that I wasn't like him. There was no question in my mind and no hesitation in my actions. We were quite alone. I stripped and threw my clothes into a pile on the sand. I picked up the dog's thick leather leash and went toward the man in the mask. He seemed to know what was coming. He wanted it.

As I approached, I noticed a large



freshly healed abdominal surgical scar slashed across his belly. "You're in for more of it, cocksucker," I said.

The man in the mask observed my approach with the leather leash in my hand. He faced one of the boulders and leaned against it with his hands extended, exposing his tight muscular ass and back to me.

I stood a few feet behind him. The first lash tore into the skin, leaving a dripping streak. Not a sound from the man in the mask.

"I told you to stop bothering me."

My cock had grown rigid and angry. I let him have another lash of the leash across his perfect ass. It ripped the skin again. I let him have another, then another. I hit him so many times my arm hurt.

With his fingers clutching at the rock he fell slowly to his knees.

"I'm not done with you yet, cocksucker."

I stood over him. He lay on his belly in the sand. His wounds were bloody. I took my cock and pointed it at the lash streaks, a gush of warm yellow piss splashing and soaking his wounds.

When I was through pissing on him I dragged him over to the waves and threw him into the surf. I went in with him and grabbed the back of his hair and straddled his bleeding ass. My cock was frantic to fuck his open rectum. The salt water mixed with his blood and my sweat. I pumped it into his ass with an angry vengeance.

I held his head under the water. I jerked it up and he gulped—gasping for air—I pushed him into the water again. I fucked that bleeding ass as hard as my thick cock could shove it into him.

When I was done I dragged him back to the sand. I tied him up securely with the leash and left him bleeding on the beach. I looked back and had an urge to go rip the damn mask off of his fucking face. The dog went up to him and gingerly smelled around. We left him there. Let somebody else find him!

I was sure that I'd seen the last of the man in the mask. I'd jerk off when Marsha had gone to sleep, thinking about his great firm ass, his juicy thick cock. Sometimes I'd fuck Marsha senseless... but it wasn't the same. Nothing was like the hot sex that I had with him... whoever he was.

One day, suddenly, he appeared. It was just like the first time... after work... standing in the abandoned rail car... jerking his thick cock... the silver mask...

I went up to him, into the rail car. Suddenly the door closed behind me. I looked around. Jesus Fucking Christ! I counted six naked men, all wearing the same silver masks. The door was

shut and locked. I wanted out. Three of them held me. I fought, but they were strong and determined. I was stripped and expertly tied with thin nylon cord that cut into my skin.

I was put on the floor on my stomach. One of them straddled me and put his finger into my hole. I'd never been fucked in my life. I started screaming. One of them pissed on a rag. The rag was shoved into my mouth as a gag. The taste of the piss was warm and stringent.

The first monster cock that went up into my asshole felt as though it was tearing me apart. It got easier as my rectum filled with cum and provided more and more lubrication. All six fucked the shit out of me.

One of them appeared with a can of shaving cream which he spread over my entire body. They shaved me. Every hair on my body. My head, my crotch, my eyebrows... everything shaved. It took all six of them well over an hour.

I tried resisting. They'd rammed a huge dildo up my ass. I felt like I was exploding. I struggled; they'd shoved it in further.

After the shaving, my skin was red and sensitive. I felt about as humiliated as I could possibly feel. I lay there as they took turns pissing on my raw shaved skin. I was ordered to open my mouth. I drank as much as I could. I'd do anything versus having that dildo rammed any further up my hole.

When they were through with me they dressed, but kept their masks on. The last one to leave had to be my original "man in the mask." He was the only one with an abdominal surgical scar and fresh scars on his ass and back. Besides, I'd recognize that beautiful cock anywhere.

I was lying on the floor, completely tied, quite defenseless. He slowly took off his mask. It was frightening. A chill went up my spine. If I ever had a twin or an exact look-alike it would have been him. The dark eyes, the dark hair, the lips... I had a double.

He was gone.

I was found that night by a security watchman. I had a lot of explaining to do to police and my wife. I said it was a sexual-assault-abduction-robbery.

I took a week off from work. My hair started to grow back. I itched like hell. I thought a lot about the man in the mask. I ran the dog at Lands End but no men in masks appeared.

One day a package arrived in the mail.

"It's for you," Marsha said and handed it to me. "There's no return name or address."

She watched as I opened the box. Under some tissue I pulled out one used-looking silver mask. □



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Signature \_\_\_\_\_

(I am over 21)

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CITY, STATE, ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Enclosed is \$ \_\_\_\_\_ or charge it to my ☐ VISA  
☐ MASTERCARD No. \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. \_\_\_\_\_



OH!  
SHIT!

OH!  
SHIT!

OH!  
SHIT!

SHIT!



**BY  
VINCENT  
ZENO**

Illustration by DIRK DYKSTRA

I watched the hunky young number push a large brown turd out of his asshole into the sanitized white porcelain toilet. He smiled and wiped his hairy ass. He flushed his shit into the mystical swirling netherworld of plumbing wizardry. The toilet gulped down his shit with a noisy swallow, refilled itself with sparkling clean running water, and once again assumed its former status as a reflective zen pond instead of a receptacle for shit.

Toilets are magic. Big brown globs plop out of my scat partner's straining hole and mysteriously vanish into the flushed bowels of the earth. Toilets make shit disappear. They're very tidy. Modern man does not like shit. He's taught to believe that it's dirty, filthy,

and disgusting. He likes to pretend that shit does not exist.

Shit has not always enjoyed such evil status. Select male prostitutes of the Roman Empire cultivated their shit and specialized in the digestive use of strong opiates. During shit-eating orgies a unique euphoria was induced for the participants, who frequently found themselves several hours later relieved of their worldly possessions.

In 1291 William, Marquis of Montferat, was captured by the citizens of Alessandria during an uprising against the French King Charles I. William was exhibited naked in an iron cage for seventeen months until his death in 1292. It was common for the townfolk to present William with fresh shit for

his consumption. Watching the Marquis shit and eat shit became a major village pastime.

As little boys we are taught to shit into the potty. The more the merrier. But just when we become accomplished at this task and become big boys, we are told to use the big toilet, shut the door, and to stop talking about shit.

We learn quickly that nobody really likes our shit. Even as babies whenever daddy changed our diapers he snarled up his nose and told us that we were yucky. This is very heavy conditioning. So it is not strange that **many gay men are turned off when they encounter someone into scat.**

Over the years I've read several



articles on scat in gay publications. But the authors always seem to play "reporter" and never really allude to being part of the scat scene. In the ten years that I've been a heavy scat freak, I've been able to observe more and more gay men exploring this aspect of their sexuality as the walls around our fantasies come tumbling down.

My first scat experience was normal enough in that I simply went home with a really hot looking young man by the name of Terry. We had met in a local bar. The sex was good and seemed pretty average until he asked me if I was into shit. Up to that point I had kept those fantasies securely locked up. I was surprised at his frankness. "...Not really," I answered. He asked me if I wanted to try it. I was turned on anyway and asked him what he had in mind.

"Why don't you try shitting on my chest?" he said. I straddled his chest and tried to push something out. I felt funny and couldn't do it. I was scat shy.

We tried it the other way around. I was somewhat apprehensive. My cock was so hard it hurt. Slowly, a large, firm, warm, brown log eased itself out of his shit-hole and onto my chest. I was encouraged to play with it, smell it, and run it through my fingers. We washed it off in the shower where I fucked Terry hard in his tight asshole that had just recently dropped such a large and unexpected gift.

I saw him again and the next time we had sex I was more psychologically prepared. This time we had sex in his large unfilled bathtub. Once again, I straddled his chest and the big shit I'd been saving in my rectum slowly eased itself out.

Terry seemed ecstatically surprised. He asked if he could sample my product. "To each his own," I replied. He gingerly put his finger into the shit and put a large glob into his mouth. He took more and more until he had eaten all of it. Terry then grabbed me and kissed me hard. His tongue probed my mouth passionately. I could taste my own shit and was amazed by its sweet and exotic flavor. I had him sit on my face and my tongue pushed into his tight smelly hole. The tip of my tongue could barely make out the taste of a hard turd just waiting to get squeezed out. "Let it go," I said. Terry tensed his abdominal muscles and pushed out his warm shit into my waiting mouth. His shit filled my mouth and slid down my throat. I wanted as much as he had to give. Terry violently beat his

hard piece of meat as I ate out the shit of his asshole.

Eating shit has always played a significant and often ritualized role in the development of human cultures. Shit-eating goes way back. As long as there's been shit, man's been eating it. The historical importance of shit-eating to the development of civilization isn't something you'll be apt to learn in your high school Western Civ. 101 class. History suffers from a strong case of censorship and assumes that there are aspects to the past of man that we would rather not know.

Before the Christian missionary invasion of the South Pacific Islands during the eighteenth century, the daily shit from young Aru Island princes was closely examined by priests who foretold from it the outcome of tribal wars and the possibility of tropical storms. Such practices were duly exorcized by shocked missionaries who replaced the belief in shit with the belief in the wrath of the Christian god. This abrupt change in their value structure led the islanders to bury their shit in holes secretly rather than use it to fertilize their crops. The eventual decline in the quality of their food supply was attributed to an angry Christian God, not to a lack of fertilizer.

Most men feel quite shy about shitting in front of their buddies. While I was in the army I soon got over this reluctance and developed a couple of shit partners. We'd always end up in the barracks 'can' together, side by side, slowly dropping our smelly loads for one another, and occasionally, discreetly, play with one another's cocks.

Two guys spent so much time in the can together that our sergeant made them wipe each other's assholes in front of the assembled troops.

I once sucked off a rather burly and muscular young private in the can while he was sitting on the pot. As I sucked his ramrod cock, I could smell and see a huge long brown turd sitting in the water. His shit turned me on, but I was too shy to do anything about it at the time.

I fondly recall my army field exercises. These were extended combat trainings, during which we spent two weeks at a time roughing it in tents. Shits took place almost anywhere at any time.

My friend Paul once disappeared behind a tree to take a crap. I silently walked around to observe. Paul had

squatted down and a long curly blackish turd snaked its way out of his dark opened hole.

"Like what you see?" he said and laughed. Later that afternoon I sneaked back to the tree for another look. The shit had dried a bit. I touched it and smelled it. I knew that it was as close as I'd probably get to Paul's fantastic ass. I took out my cock and jerked off, dripping my white jism on Paul's wonderful crap.

It has been said that an army travels on its stomach. If that's true it leaves a lot of shit along the way. Scat has always played a part in the continuing drama of man versus man.

The scat practices of invading armies continue to be a source of controversy among archeological historians. There are noted academicians who maintain that Alexander the Great's armies did *not*, contrary to myths, engage in scat rituals. They premise their beliefs on the fact that no Macedonian archeological artifacts or religious accouterments point to shit as having played a role within early Greek culture. They completely sidestep the fact that Alexander conquered almost half of the known world, literally thousands of tribal cultures, the entire Persian civilization, all of Egypt, all of Arabia, all of Afghanistan, all of Pakistan, and much of India. The Greek invaders soaked up so much of the world's exotically rich cultural empires that by the time they stumbled back to little old Macedonia, they had become totally unrecognizable. Instead of simply raping, conquering, and pillaging a civilization, Alexander would often study its cultural heritage and actually adopt some of its ways before he was off to his next raping and pillaging expedition.

There are Hindu wall sculptures in the abandoned temples of Bahawalpur that depict Vishnu images of the old gods eating the shit of the new Sun God, who is assumed to be Alexander.

Fables abound about Alexander. Now that must have been one very hot conqueror. There are stories about how his shit was saved by slaves, blessed by priests, and eaten by followers, lovers, and those eager to prove their loyalty.

Yerevan folklore tells of Alexander's Persian prisoners asking for his mercy and the opportunity to eat their master's shit instead of being beheaded.

While Macedonia was an early Greek hotbed of fidelity, honor, and chivalry, the Greek city-state of Sparta was not. Some stuffy historians have



concluded that Sparta was too disgusting to have existed. All of those naked men running around doing things to one another. Had Queen Victoria lived in Sparta she would not have been amused.

If one were lucky enough to have been born into the Spartan slave class, one tended to view one's master with a religious fanaticism. One's master's shit was treated with reverence, affection, and sanctity. The Spartans were very imaginative men. It was very popular to take an offering of your master's fresh droppings to a seer who would analyze the product and foretell the future.

Modern man is not so far removed from the deeds of his illustrious ancestors. During the British-Arab conflicts of this century, which actually encompassed several on-going civil wars and tribal claims, T.E. Lawrence (Lawrence of Arabia) was said to have witnessed one Arab tribe's dominance over another symbolically dramatized by the loser begging to eat the shit of the victor as an alternative to public castration.

Most cultures regard shit as a natural fact of life; some cultures elevate shit into the realm of worship and sacrificial ritual. For some civilizations it was easier to leave their god a plate of royal shit instead of a number of virgins or lambs. Lambs were valuable and virgins were rare.

Many gay group scat scenes resemble ancient erotic rituals. My first gay scat scene with a group was an extremely erotic experience.

My friend Terry gave a scat party. I was shocked to see so many *hot* young men. A really good-looking group. I guess I expected a convention of dirty old perverts. Conditioning effects everybody.

Terry put everyone at ease by greeting the people at the door in the nude. There was plastic sheeting and cotton linen spread around the room. Like any other party, there were drinks and music.

Terry broke the ice and went first. He stood on top of a large glass coffee table top and let loose with a big brown monster. Several intrigued studs watched from below. Terry then assigned his gift to a young blond number who ate the turd with his fingers.

One of the men had brought a proctology device that is used to open the rectum for close medical inspection. He was held upside down by two naked men who inserted this device into his shit-hole, opening it up a

good two inches. Six very excited men took turns, shitting their turds directly into his gaping stretched hole. I could see the big brown shits slide out of one asshole into another. It took a lot of shit to fill him up. The best part came when he couldn't take another load and proceeded to push out his accumulated massive mess for the rest of us to eat. It was a true scat thrill to eat shit that had been in two assholes.

No true scat party is complete without a tub scene. This involves everyone dropping his shit load into a large tub until it is full. It takes a lot of shit to fill up a tub. Being first to go into the tub is a special privilege as all of the shits are still individual sizes and shapes. They haven't been mushed up by the scat-bathers yet.

During my first tub scene I was amazed at how turned on I got. I climbed into a tub full of warm shit that had just left the smelly assholes of some of the hottest men I'd ever seen. There was everything from mushy globs to round firm logs. The feeling was indescribable. My cock was rigidly hard and ached to be sucked. I stood up in the tub with my rock hard dick covered with shit. Terry knelt and sucked the runny brown scat from my ready-to-explode cock. Soon enough his lips and mouth were dripping with a brownish-white mixture of shit and jism. I put my tongue into his mouth and forced him to share the precious scum.

I've found that some of the best scat scenes can be found just north of San Francisco at Stinson Beach. There are several abandoned World War II military bunkers set back behind the beach overlooking the ocean.

I was there recently at about 4:00 am when I met a bearded hunky looking man dressed in black leather. We didn't waste any time getting down to business. We weren't there to listen to the music.

"You into shit?" he asked.

"I could get into yours," I answered.

He took off his leather vest and put it on the cold concrete floor. This left him with just leather chaps and boots on. He squatted down over the leather vest and pushed a dark long solid mass of stinking shit out of his guts. The dark massive glob smelled deliciously erotic and gave off a gentle rise of warm steam into the cool night air. He stood up and bent over. I put my face into his rank ass-crack and eagerly ate the leftover shit and one small turd which clung to some of his black ass-hair.

I was then told that I could have the

big rancid turd that was waiting for me on the vest. I lay on the concrete floor. The sweaty leather smell of the vest mingles with the hot aroma of the human waste in front of my face. He grabbed my hair and pushed my face into his shit and held it there. I ate all that I could.

He pulled my pants to my knees, and, keeping my face pressed into the leather and the shit, he plunged his monster cock into my waiting asshole and pumped fanatically into my guts.

The concrete floor soon held rivulets of our sweat. I licked the black leather vest clean.

I enjoy turning people on to shit. I enjoy watching people change their stereotyped attitudes. If you think that you might be interested in checking out the scat scene, take your time and explore it. Don't rush or you'll turn yourself off. Decondition yourself slowly.

Try shitting in your underwear and keep it there while you're alone for awhile. Walk around with the load in your pants. Call somebody up and tell them what you are doing. Get into it.

If you're exploring the possibility of breaking in a friend, be honest and just ask him if he's into shit. Have him shit on your chest. He'll be able to observe just how turned on you get and the excitement will be contagious. But remember to go slowly. It takes time. If he can do that, in time he can do more.

Try having your scat partner shit into the toilet. Play observer. Spread his legs and watch his load ease itself out and into the toilet. Wipe your partner's ass. Have him do the same with you.

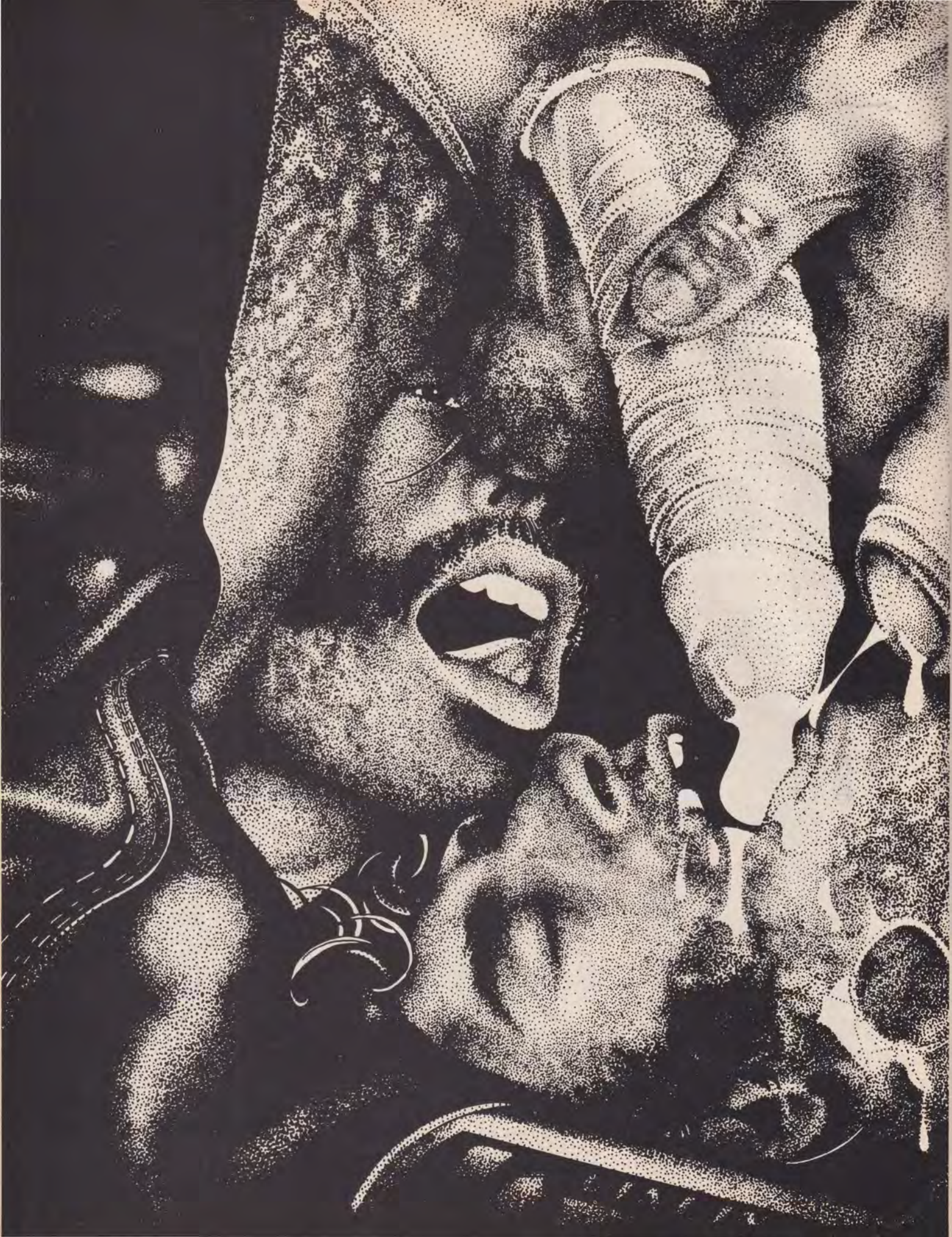
Throw a scat party. People will be shy about being first, but they'll show up. If you are the host, break the ice and show them how it's done. You'll be in for a kick when you see how much of a turn-on it is for other men to see you drop a load on them.

If the image of yourself eating someone's shit repulses you, okay, the scat scene is not for you. If the word *shit* itself bothers you, you probably have your head up your ass anyway.

Every scene isn't for everybody. I wouldn't recommend walking around abandoned World War II military bunkers at 4:00 am for the weak of heart.

I used to meet men and judge them in terms of simply being attracted to them. My standards have totally changed. I am over cute. Now I ask myself: would I eat this guy's shit? □









# WET BIKERS

by Scott Dana

The once-cool morning had become hot and sultry as the day had progressed. Jess straightened his back. Leaning on his pitchfork, he could see the length of the windrows of hay they had been stacking. He and his cousin Ken had done a fair morning's work and then some. It was clearly time for a breather. He knew that Ken, city-bred and unused to farm chores, would be almost worn out. Perspiration streamed from Ken's forehead under the broad-brimmed straw hat and his shirt was sweat-soaked as it clung to his back. Jesse knew that his own shirt was just as wet and he could feel the itching of bits of hay which had worked their way inside his clothing as they irritated his wet salty skin. He swore softly as he scratched at the bulging crotch of his jeans.

"Shit, I reckon we've done earned us a little rest. We've raked enough hay for one morning. Let's cool off and have our lunch. We can come back when the sun slacks off some."

Ken's laugh was relieved. "I'm for it if you are. You're sure Uncle Ephraim won't mind?"

"He wouldn't be mad at you anyway. You're supposed to be on vacation, but he won't mind. We've done more now than a lot of hired hands do in a day, anyway. Let's get our lunches and find us some shade."

They tossed down the pitchforks and retrieved the paper bag lunches which Aunt Emma had packed for them before sunup. As they walked toward the shade trees at the edge of the hayfield, Ken remembered something his cousin had said earlier.

"What was that surprise you promised this morning?"

Jess smiled cryptically. "Wouldn't be no surprise if I told," he said as he quickened his stride walking ahead of Ken leaving his city cousin nothing to do but follow in puzzlement.



Jess led into the woods which bordered the field, but, to Ken's surprise, he did not flop down once they were in the shade. Instead, he continued deeper into the woods following the faintest path through the brush.

Ken followed him about five minutes, his curiosity getting stronger and stronger. Then, suddenly, the path turned and they found themselves at the edge of a little lake almost hidden in the trees. It was totally surrounded by trees and ferns with sunlight coming down in the center of the crystal clear water.

"Don't eat before we go in or you'll get a cramp," Jess warned, already shucking his shirt and fumbling with his belt.

"Damn," said Ken. "I don't have a swim suit."

Jess stood nude at the edge of the lake. "Where do you think you are," he asked, guffawing. "the municipal plunge?" Before Ken could answer, Jess had dived into the cool, inviting water. In seconds, Ken had joined him.

The water was delicious as it revived their hot fatigued bodies and they gladly splashed away the sweat and the itching hay. Jess then retrieved the lunch bags and, holding them above his head, paddled out to a stationary wooden raft in the middle of the lake, with Ken following close behind.

They were cooled and cleansed by the water, and the sun felt good on their wet flesh as they stretched out on the raft and attacked the cold fried chicken in their lunches. They were ravenously hungry and soon had eaten their lunches and were basking lazily on the raft.

It was then that Ken first noticed Jess' body. It was browner than his own and rather more muscular. Jess also had more body hair due, Ken assumed, to his being a year older.

But it wasn't the hair on Jess' body that caught and held his attention. It was the giant cock that thrust its way up from the matted jungle of Jess' golden brown pubic hair. It too seemed to be enjoying the sun. It was half erect, immense as it rose tilted to one side, with its gleaming head, half hooded by a thick foreskin. To Ken's intense embarrassment, his own healthily sized member also began to rise. He hoped Jess would not notice.

But Jess did notice and he laughed as Ken flushed red. "Got a rising beauty there, hey, cousin?"

Ken remained silent. He did not know what to say. His embarrassment grew as Jess began to matter of factly stroke his own giant member, now thrust defiantly upward in a giant blood-gorged erection. Without looking (he dared not look) he knew that

his own member was thoroughly erect too.

"Hell," advised Jess good-naturedly. "You might as well jerk it off. It ain't healthy to let it just stand hard." As if to lend emphasis, he spat on his hand and redoubled his attack on his own great cock.

"Is it safe here?" Ken asked doubtfully.

"Well, there's a road that comes down from the highway, but we could hear anyone coming in," Jess reassured him.

Ken began, at first hesitantly, then with spirit to stroke his penis. He looked over at Jess. "That's a big one you've got. Or at least I haven't seen anyone with a hard-on before. It may be that you are normal and I am small."

Jess studied Ken's cock for a moment. "Naw, your pecker is good sized, but I 'spect I am a mite big. Leastways, that's what folks say."

Ken was shocked. "Folks? How many people have you shown it to?"

Now it was Jess' turn to be surprised. "Shit," he said, "here in the country we play around all the time, jacking off, butt-fucking, and other stuff. Don't you do any of that in town?"

Ken's voice was weak. "Never." His throat felt strangely dry. "In town only perverts do stuff like that."

"I'd sure as hell hate to live in town," Jess mused unabashedly as he continued his strokes on the giant penis. "Hell, half the fun of growin' up is grab assin'. If I'd a known you didn't play around, we wouldn't a come here..." His voice trailed off and Ken knew he was spoiling his cousin's afternoon. He didn't like that feeling and he was also aware of an excitement pulsating in his own body.

"What kind of fooling around did you have in mind?" he asked cautiously.

Jess rolled over on his side so that his body was close to Ken's. "This kind," he said easily as he reached over and grasped Ken's cock and began to stroke it. He grinned, then took Ken's hand and guided it to the heavily veined, thick, foreskinned cock.

Ken was surprised at the delicate softness of the loose skin which sheathed the extraordinary organ. He had never felt another boy's member before and he had never seen an uncircumcised cock. But there was an excitement beyond curiosity as he stroked Jess in the sunlight.

Jess lay back and stretched his arm around Ken's waist, gripping Ken's mushroom shaped organ from this position. With his free hand he rubbed the back of Ken's neck, gently nudging the younger boy's head downward

as Ken stared fascinated at the organ. "Go on," Jess whispered insistently. "Taste it."

The younger boy resisted the pressure, but made no move to pull away as his own organ began to tingle with pleasure at Jess' touch. Then suddenly, as if hypnotized by the glistening cock, he succumbed to Jess' insistence and lowered his head. Extending his tongue tentatively he touched the moist tip of Jess' cock, sampling the taste of a drop of clear juice which had formed there.

He was opening his mouth to sample it further when they heard the sound of roaring engines on the road that approached the lake. In confusion and shame both boys dived into the water and swam for shore, scampering to the bushes just as the engines fell silent one by one. And, as the first figure emerged from the forest wall across the little lake, both boys looked at each other in embarrassment for they realized that, in their embarrassment, they had swum to the wrong side of the lake. Their clothing was on the other side! They were trapped!

They had not time to discuss this, however, because across the lake things were beginning to happen.

There were about fifteen young men gathered on the shore as they gazed on them. From the way they were dressed, it was clear that they were a motorcycle gang. All of them wore boots and Levis; most wore tank tops or white teeshirts. All of them had black leather motorcycle caps and all of them wore arm bands and other insignia. All except one, who seemed to be there unwillingly.

He was a youth about their own age, white with fear, with both hands tied behind his back. A motorcycle tough stood on either side of him grasping him tightly as they dragged him to face one of the gang who was evidently the leader.

One of the burly guards spoke. "Here he is, Stoker, the little pussy that's been hanging around us." They pushed the trussed youth forward. He stood visibly shuddering under the baleful glare of the one called Stoker, a blond tough with a jutting jaw, a pug nose, whose eyes were hidden behind reflecting sun glasses. Stoker's skimpy tank top revealed a heavily muscled chest matted with blond hair. His half-long hair was brushed and wind-blown back from his square jaws to reveal a thick thatch of reddish moustache and a gold ring in his left ear.

He walked close to the trembling prisoner. "So you want to hang around the gang, Pussy..." There was a heavy silence punctuated only by the ragged breath of the frightened victim.

The air cracked as Stoker's ham-like



hand slapped the youth across the face. "When I talk to you, fucker, you better answer up."

"Yes...Sir...I wanted to spend time with the guys."

Spend time, huh, and maybe pick up a little information for the cops?"

"Oh n-no! I just wanted to become one of you guys."

The muscular blond leader laughed in derision. "You, Pussy? One of us?" The whole gang laughed unpleasantly as Stoker seemed to address them at large. "I wonder if he knows how you get initiated. Do you know, Pussy?"

The youth's voice trembled. "N-No, S-Sir."

"Well, don't you think you should have found out before you came out here?"

"Y-Yes, S-Sir."

"Well, Pussy," the bike leader gloated, "it's too late now. You have asked for whatever we decide we want to do to you."

He looked about him. "Do we want this pussy?"

One of the gang answered back with a guffaw, "How the fuck should we know, Stoker. We haven't tried him out yet."

Stoker grasped either side of the waist band of the trembling captive's jeans in a huge fist and with a mighty heave of his tattooed heavily muscled arms ripped the jeans apart, leaving the boy naked and trembling before the gang. He then looked appraisingly at the smooth roundness of the youth's buttocks. In one motion of gigantic strength and grace, he somehow picked the youth up under one arm and exhibited the round buns to the gang. Slapping them lightly, just so as to redden the soft skin, he laughed cruelly, "Well, look at that. I reckon that's worth trying out."

He swung the youth to his feet. "You see, Pussy, you have to be our slave. Then, if we like you, after a while you *might* get to be one of us...unless you get to like being our pussy." His laugh was cold and unpleasant. "But first we try you out to see if we even want you, but," his voice subsided to a menacing whisper, "you better make us want you, because, if you don't rate pussy, you rate corpse...you understand that, Pussy?" he growled, and the frightened boy could only shake his head.

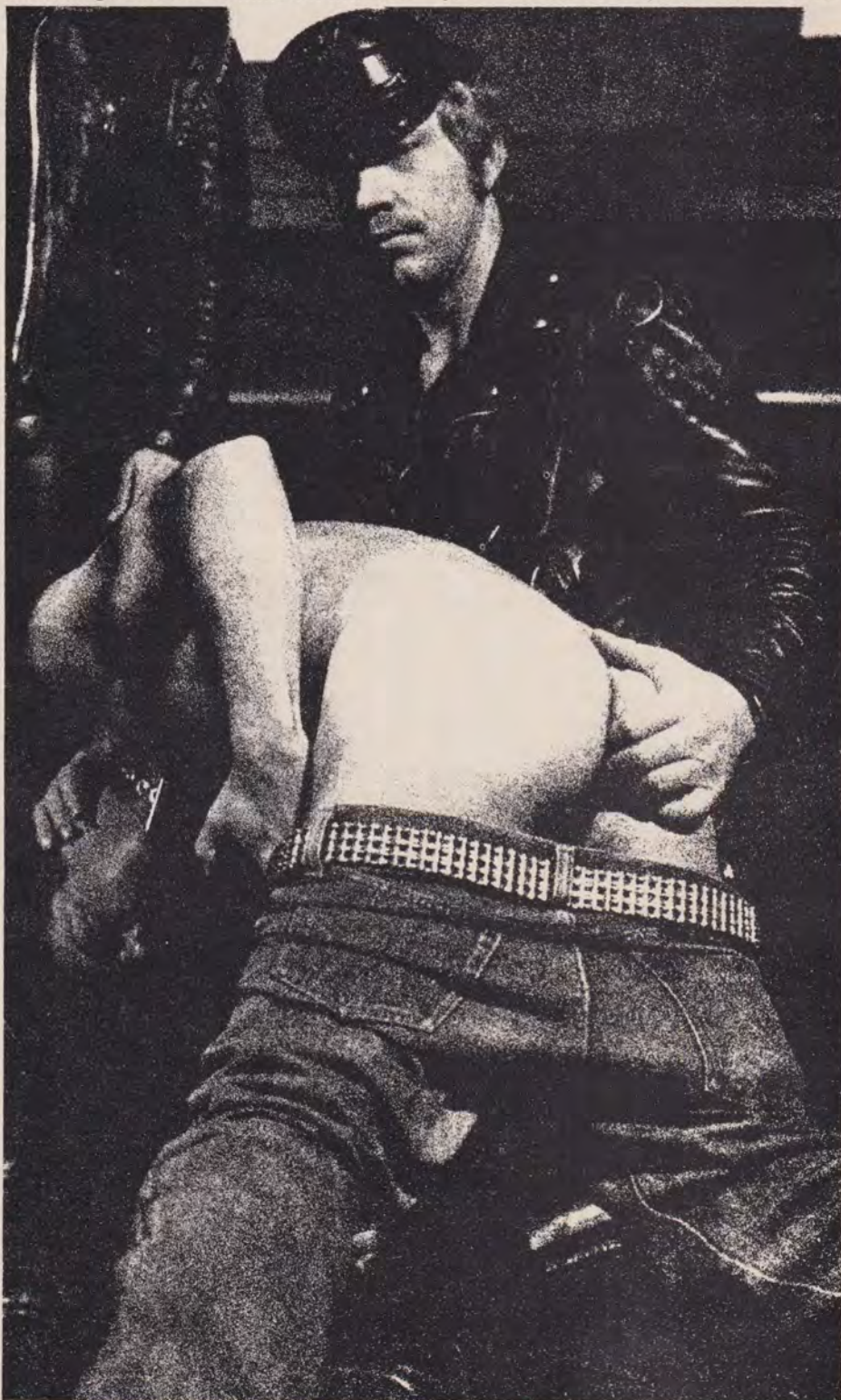
Someone had brought a motorcycle into the clearing, a big Harley, and the two guards tied the hapless prisoner to it, with his legs splayed wide over the handlebars and his head resting on the seat. As Ken and Jess watched from the brush, Stoker popped open his grimy Levis and an enormously thick and heavy veined penis with giant pendulous balls tumbled out of the discarded trousers. With no prepa-

ration he moved up to the exposed asshole of the helpless boy.

"Any of you fuckers got any grease?" he asked the gang and one of the guards rushed up with what appeared to be axle grease which he spread over the buttocks of the 'slave.' Stoker smeared some of the grease on his hand and lubricated the tight asshole of the prisoner roughly, thrusting several of his thick fingers deep into the horrified and writhing youth. Then he raised his by now throbbing cock and rammed it into the

screaming boy with such force that the guards had to hold the motorcycle to prevent its collapsing. They stood on either side of the victim, pinching his nipples as the gang leader again and again tensed mighty thighs and rammed the trembling boy. A thin whine of pain escaped the now ashen lips of the youth, but that only increased the excitement of the gang leader.

"Am I hitting bottom, Pussy?" he asked. "Have you gotten to liking it yet?" But all the helpless victim could





do is cry out in that odd thin wail which ended in a little yelp each time Stoker rammed his mighty club of a dick home.

Stoker motioned to the guards. "Untie him."

And as they did so, to the astonishment of Jess and Ken, the bleating slave made to attempt to escape. Instead, his arms reached around Stoker as his legs clamped about Stoker's ramming buttocks and the yelping object of his thrusts rose writhingly to meet each thrust.

"Jesus Christ," breathed Ken. "He likes it!" He glanced over at Jess only to find his cousin staring hypnotized as he masturbated his own enormous tool.

Ken soon was gripping his own member as Stoker came to a thrashing climax inside the bound slave and withdrew his giant pole from the boy's now distended anus, dripping come across the fender of the motorcycle. His place was immediately taken by another of the gang, a giant black man who immediately began stuffing his glistening cock into the hungrily sucking anus of the slave.

Meanwhile, Stoker was not finished. He moved around to the boy's head and plunged his now limp penis into the yearning mouth of his more than willingly submissive victim. The boy sucked greedily at Stoker's softening, but still distended cock.

"What are you?" demanded Stoker, pulling his penis from the boy's mouth so that he could answer.

"I am a slave," the boy responded.

"Whose slave?" Stoker continued.

"Yours" was the answer.

"Only mine?" insisted Stoker.

"No, I am the slave of all the Nazi Bikers," the boy gurgled.

"What do you want?" demanded Stoker.

"I want your cock!" cried the youth.

"There's nothing in it now but piss," said Stoker.

The sucking lips of the boy were his wordless reponse and Stoker once more plunged his enormous, but now soft, penis into the boy's mouth and pumped urine into the eagerly sucking boy.

And one by one the entire gang mounted the boy, each doing his will, each finally pissing down the throat of the eager slave, who writhed and contorted his body for the members of the gang.

But Ken and Jess were by now enveloped in each other, mouth to cock, and were quite oblivious to the events in the clearing. Ken had never experienced such an ecstasy as had tingled through his body when Jess' mouth had engulfed his member, already throbbing from his own hand strokes as he had watched the ravish-

ing of the boy Stoker called "Pussy."

And, as his excitement had mounted from the ministrations of Jess' hot mouth, he had searched out his cousin's massive uncut cock, and sucked it greedily into this own hot mouth. And they lay in the underbrush, each youth's muscular arms clasping the other as the lean hard buttocks of each of them thrust forward deeply into the other's eager throat.

As the excitement mounted, Jess' finger found Ken's brown, roseate anal orifice and began to tease it, gently penetrating only the slightest amount, then pinching gently the soft flesh where the buttocks came together, then tugging again while vibrating the probing finger. It was too much for the ecstatic Ken, who with a moan of helpless and delirious pleasure thrust deep into Jess' throat, pumping hot spurts of semen into the elder youth's mouth. And as Jess in turn began to exude an equally hot stream into Ken's mouth, the younger cousin drank eagerly and swallowed deeply.

Neither of them noticed that Stoker and several members of the gang, alerted by their thrashing in the bushes, now stood looking down at them.

"Well, look what we've got here," he rasped. "Looks like we got more pussies than we thought we had," he answered his own question, glancing around. "You guys feel like breaking in any more pussies?"

There was a murmur of assent as Ken felt himself being hauled to his feet and the two cousins were marched single file into the clearing, Ken leading in the rough grasp of two of the burly bikers.

He numbly felt himself being thrown face down over the bars of the motorcycle and tied in place. Rough hands smeared grease on his buttocks, thrusting rudely into his virgin anus, which smarted at the pain of their intrusion, but nonetheless seemed to tingle with excitement. Then it seemed that a giant and red-hot dick was rammed into his body. The pain was excruciating and he screamed aloud. A voice he recognized as that of the big black man cried out, "This bitch needs something in his mouth."

At once he could see a grimy pair of jeans straddling the motorcycle seat, thrusting a bulging crotch smelling of sweat and engine oil up to his face. A huge hand lifted his head by the hair as its mate popped open the pouch-like fly and a giant rubbery penis and two great hairy balls tumbled out before his gaze. The still flaccid cock was unceremoniously forced into his unresisting mouth, which had opened in a moan of pain from the fiery sheets of agony being hammered into his

body from behind.

It was Stoker, whose great cock was now hardening with excitement in his mouth. His very cries of pain seemed to excite spasms in a big gnarled and veined penis. And he himself was excited as he swirled his tongue about it while the strong hand grasping his hair forced his head up and down over the throbbing shaft.

Meanwhile, he was suddenly aware that the tearing pain had ended in his ass and that the deep thrusts of the black man were causing his whole body to tingle with pleasure. There was still some pain as occasionally the giant black organ thrust deeper into him and encountered new centers of sensation, but it was an exciting and exhilarating pain and he found himself groaning with desire rather than agony. Then he was impaled on the black member one last time as it rammed deep within him and in giant spasms pumped hot spurts of semen into some inner recess of his body.

He heard Stoker's voice, now breathless with excitement. "You through down there?"

"Yeah," came the answer. "Shit, he's sucking at this end too. That's damn good fucking ass!"

Stoker's penis was dragged from Ken's by now greedily sucking mouth as he replaced the black man at the boy's spread buttocks. Ken tensed to receive the giant member, but the shudder that ran through his body was one of delight as Stoker first inserted the top then slowly, teasingly, slipped deep into the boy's pulsating canal now hotly lubricated and dilated from the passionate climax of the black man.

Meanwhile, a nude form had taken Stoker's place at his head and another thick bulbous and uncircumcized cock head was forced between his willing lips. A groan of pleasure welled up out of the ecstatic boy as Stoker spoke to the newcomer. "Hell, he's even better than you thought. We get through here, I want to take this punk home for some real in-depth all-night fucking.

"Yeah, I knew you'd like him, if we could get past how goody-goody he was... or thought he was."

Dumb with incomprehension, Ken recognized that second voice and the body which was now thrusting into his mouth. *It was Jess' voice and Jess' body!*

"Yep," panted Stoker, "he's a natural all right. This ass has been hungry for dick for a long time."

Jess laughed deeply. "Well, I reckon it's gonna get its fill today... with all of us getting ready to hump him."

Ken could only sigh amid the thrills of ecstasy that engulfed his body and agree. □



# PISSHEAD!

BY T. PRESS

I woke up in a heavy sweat, aching all over.

My shirt clung to my chest, pulled tight and uncomfortable under my hot armpits. My baggy boxer shorts felt as though they had been tied around my cock and balls and then stuffed up the crack in my ass.

"Sorry to wake you, sir, but it looks like you slept through your stop."

As I pulled myself up from the slippery train seat, I tugged on the wrinkled and soiled tan summer suit which felt like a straightjacket. My shoulders and thighs shot out blasts of pain from being held so long in a awkward position.

Damn! What a fucked-up day! I had worked all day in the office until running for the last train at midnight and then fallen asleep so that I missed my stop. Now I was in the middle of nowhere being kicked off the last train from Boston.

"We have one of you overworked executives almost every night, sir. There's a train going back in about an hour. Just show the conductor your ticket and he'll let you ride back to your stop for free."

The conductor was standing with his hand on the seat. He was about 25, about ten years younger than I was. His long black hair stuck out from under the blue cap and over the white shirt and blue uniform jacket.

Maybe I was imagining it, but it seemed to me that the conductor was smirking a little, amused at the plight of the white collar workers who pissed their days and evenings away on some tedious job and then fell asleep on some dirty train.

I brushed against him as I stood up. "Well, thanks for the ride, I guess," I said, pulling the underwear out of my ass crack, looking down in disgust at the soiled suit and scuffed cordovans.

He followed closely behind me to the back of the train.

"The next train comes in on this track. And there's a phone booth just over there if you've got someone to call to come get you here."

If I've got someone to call at one o'clock in the morning. No, not this month. Janie had left again for the same old reason. She said I was too rough in the sack. She said that she didn't want to end up black and blue after every fuck.

As I stepped into the black, hot night, I found myself in a big, almost empty parking lot. My shoes crunched

on the gravel. Too far from civilization for concrete, apparently.

As the brightly lighted train pulled away, I noticed a big, black limousine parked on the far side of the lot.

Maybe I could get a ride home in comfort!

As I approached the limo, I noticed the commercial plates and guessed that this guy must meet the last train. But the windows were dark, the lights and engine were off.

Actually, the windows were tinted, because I couldn't see a thing through them. I tried the doors and found them locked.

Well, it was worth a try although I guess I should have expected nothing to go right today.

Sitting on the front fender of the limo, I realized that I had to take a wicked leak.

Well, at least the little pleasures remain, I thought as I stepped up in front of the Cadillac.

I opened my fly to pull out my cock and figured, what the hell, I'm so hot and uncomfortable, I might as well get comfortable. So I opened my belt, pushed my pants and boxer shorts down, letting them settle in a tangle around my ankles. I pulled open my shirt, pushing it and the blue, knit tie back so that I could rub my dirty, hot hands over my smooth, sweaty chest, stomach and thighs. My grimy touch felt good. Working so steadily, living alone—I didn't get a chance to touch naked skin often.

Pulling my balls and cock forward, I rubbed the sweat off. Pulling on my scrotum, I stretched the creases out, wiping away the moisture. Yes, I did like to touch the old ball sac, loved to feel the soft skin, the liquid feel of the elusive balls.

Finally, the touch on my smooth-cut cock made the need to piss unstoppable.

Turning towards the front of the Caddy, I let a thick, hot stream of yellow piss spurt tight on the shiny grill. What the hell, piss on all the fancy cars you're wasting your life to work for.

What did it matter, standing totally alone, half naked, in the middle of nowhere?

I felt like I could piss forever, the hot flow shooting out, dripping a little on the fingers. I aimed the stream up onto the hood of the black car and up on the windshield. Then waving my growing cock from side to side, I

pissed on the fenders and the side mirror.

It felt good. The air temperature, even on this pitch-black night, was about the same as my piss. In my tired, frustrated state, my hot piss and the damp night air seemed one. My wet body seemed to be floating in yellow, acrid piss.

Suddenly everything was white. I was standing in a hot, bright light. I accidentally pissed on the clothes bunched around my ankles as I put my hands up to shade my eyes from the headlights of the limo.

Shit, even a simple piss turns into an exhibition for the countryside for miles around to see.

"Don't move an inch, pisshead!"

I heard the loud voice and the car door opening at the same time. With my clothes practically tied around my feet I wasn't about to run too fast.

"Stand up and put your hands behind your neck. Fast!"

I saw a man in a dark suit run towards me. Before I could move, I felt the hard blow of a fist on the side of my head and another fist hit the center of my chest.

I fell against the piss-covered hood of the limo. The guy pushing his knee against my ass, held me against the car. He pulled my hands back, tying them with what seemed to be strips of rubber. They stretched a little, but the man tied them so tightly around my wrists that I couldn't move.

He held me tightly with one hand around my neck against the wet car hood, using the other to pull my arms back so that the pain was like a bright red light filling my brain. Although I struggled to free my legs from my pants around my ankles, his knee held me firm against the car. My struggles just resulted in scraping my ball sac painfully against the Cadillac emblem on the hood.

"Piss on my car, you piece of scum. No, you won't, not after I've earned this by driving you executive assholes to Boston and back."

It flashed across my mind that pissing on this guy's car was not a federal offense and that I had enough money on me to buy a ride home.

"I just want..." I started to say, until the hand around the back of my neck tightened unbearably.

"Shut up, asshole. I'm doing the talking. You let your ass hang out. You pissed all over everything that wasn't moving. Now you can start



licking. Lick up every drop of piss on my car."

"Get fucked," I reasoned as I struggled out of his grasp, falling backwards off the car. The sharp gravel scraped my naked ass and my hands bound behind me.

Now I could see him clearly in the bright headlights. He wore a dark suit and a chauffeur's cap. Curly, not very clean-looking hair spilled out around his face. It was dark brown like the roughly cut mustache. His face was pale, the eyes dark. But what you couldn't miss was the way the features came together into a strong firm, white replica of the men on the billboards for cigarettes, for cars, for jeans. But where the models all carried an unbelievably perfect tan, this guy had a real working man's face—pale and showing a dark beard stubble.

The opposite of myself: tan from weekends on Cape Cod, blond-haired in the perfect Calvin Klein cut, short on the sides, longish on top, I had augmented what Janie called my smooth good looks with the best grooming money could buy.

Although the chauffeur appeared to be the same age as I was, his cheap suit and cap showed that he had chosen a very different work from mine.

But where usually I wouldn't even notice this guy—sitting on the unpaved parking lot with my pants pulled down to reveal my pissy cock and balls, with my hands tied behind me with my chest and head aching—I had to admit that he had my attention.

"You *will* lick this car clean, piss-face!" he shouted as he pulled me back up, throwing me against the hood.

"Now, lick!"

His right hand was again tight against my neck, his body pushing me onto the hood. His belt buckle scraped the small of my back. The teeth on his zipper scratched against my bare ass. He must have been wearing jockey shorts, because I could feel the large tight ball of his genitals behind the zipper. His left hand was pulling my tied hands painfully away from my body.

"Listen, I'll pay for a carwash and a ride," I shouted.

"Pissheads can't pay."

He pressed my face against the black car, rubbing my cheek and nose in my own piss.

"Are you ready to lick?"

"No, asshole, but I'm ready to fight."

My balls felt a scraping pain as he pushed me across the headlights onto the ground. My knees lost their skin as he pushed my body away from the car, trying to hook my hands over the sideview mirror.

"No," I screamed when I realized what he was trying to do.

"Yes, you'll just help by putting your head down under the car," he firmly, almost sympathetically insisted.

As my cock and balls rubbed against the gravel, I realized that he had succeeded. His feet against my pulled down trousers held me fast on the ground.

The pain in my arms and shoulders was fierce. But I felt a strange fullness in my chest. It was almost a delight. Although I was tied, naked, and entirely open to this other man, I felt a kind of freedom, a freedom from my own tedious life. My pain was mixed with a kind of trust, a love for this man.

"We'll teach pisshead to respond a bit more quickly."

He was dangling something across my ass and along the crack between my cheeks. I felt a breath of air and then a smack against my rear.

He was hitting me with his belt. The fucked-up shit was beating my ass! As I tried to escape, I painfully rubbed my stomach, cock and balls against the rough and dirty parking lot.

"You will respond."

The blows of the belt stung and I could feel the skin on my butt getting even hotter than the air around us. We were both sweating. I could feel his sweat dropping on my bare back. My ass was getting numb as he carefully struck in a different spot each time.

The heat or my struggling was making my cock grow painfully hard and tight. I tried to lift it away from the sharp gravel, but flinching from the blows as they grew harder tended to push my tender red back into the rough surface.

Now he was hitting areas which had been beaten raw. The ass warmth was becoming deep pain.

"Are you ready to lick?"

My guts seemed to expand, my cock got harder. That strange feeling of freedom came back again. What the hell! He could make me do anything he wanted. I didn't have to decide.

"Yeah, I'll lick your car."

But the blows didn't stop. My ass was beyond pain. I was in agony. The front of my body was scraped raw, my shoulders were in pain from being hung from the mirror. My hands were getting numb from being bound.

Then I started crying. I fought against it, but the tears, the phlegm, the thick mucous burst from my heart through my eyes, my nose, my mouth. I guess I was shouting—a sort of groan of unhappiness, of relief, of gladness.

He quickly pulled me up. Great pokers of hot pain shot through my arms and shoulders. The pain and itching on my hot ass was being

smoothed. I realized he was rubbing his hand across my butt.

He was holding me against the front of his body. Through the tears I could see his intense, pale, sweaty face in the bright light. My head was exploding. He was so beautiful. His black eyes stared straight into mine. His scruffy mustache obscured any expression on his full lips.

I felt joy and exhaustion. Every part of my body was alive. It was as though I had passed a test and he was not afraid to hold me, to touch me. Almost without realizing it, I pushed the naked front of my body against him.

We were about the same size. My hard cock pressed against his fly. The pouch of his cock and balls seemed like a great fist pressing against me.

His face had the hint of a smile, as if we were enjoying a joke together. His strong hand on the back of my neck was almost like a massage.

"Now, I think we're ready to start licking."

He abruptly pulled away and I fell onto the hood of the limo. For a moment I felt like an idiot, lying against a car with my ass hanging out, my cock hard, my hands tied, wondering what to do.

Then I knew. There was no question.

I would lick.

The taste of my own piss was pretty awful. I was glad that the limo was clean. At least I was not going to eat some bird shit.

And the acrid piss taste gave me a pretty good guide as to where to start and stop licking.

With my hands still tied behind my back and my pants bunched around my feet, I licked my piss off the front of the big, black Cadillac limousine.

The headlights were still on, illuminating the empty lot. The owner sat in the drivers seat. He had turned on an inside light so when I licked the windshield clean, I could see his expressionless face gazing at me.

I wondered what he was thinking. Would this tongue job satisfy him? Would he now drive me home for \$20 or \$50 or whatever he wanted to take me back to my all-American good life?

The last part was the front bumper. Although I knew he couldn't see me, I was determined to do a thorough job. Maybe I was just being true to form, doing more than required to further my career. And I guess some of the things I've done are about as productive as licking my piss off a car.

But maybe I felt that he trusted me to do a good job even if he didn't watch. As my tied hands touched my sore ass, I knew that his whipping me with his belt wasn't the real reason I was doing this.

So I finished on my knees, licking



the bumper.

Since I wasn't sure what to do next and I was somewhat reluctant to put myself in his line of fire again by going over to the car door, I just stood up.

My shirt and jacket were still on my arms and shoulders, but they were open in front. I couldn't help it that my cock and balls hung out in the open. They and my stomach and chest were raw from being dragged on the unpaved parking lot.

As I stood, I realized that my cock was getting full again. I pulled on my tied arms trying to ease the numbness in my hands, the movement of my straining muscles seemed to send more blood to my cock.

My face was getting even hotter in the steamy night. Was I blushing for the first time in twenty years from the embarrassment of getting a hard-on in front of a limo driver? Or was I being turned on by showing my rod to a strong, handsome man?

"Your car is clean."

He called out from the limo, "I'll be out when your cock is fully hard."

I looked to see my cock going down. This asshole was not going to tell *me* when to get hard!

So I stood there and he sat there. It flashed across my mind that the conductor had said that the train back would be along in an hour. Surely that much time had passed.

It was simple. I could escape by hopping over to the train, my clothes falling off, my hands tied behind me, my hard-on flopping out in front of me.

Yes, the question of a hard cock. I may as well get it if only to find out what this guy wants next.

It's easy to get a hard cock. Just think of the last thing that gave you sexual pleasure. I seemed to be thinking of being held by a chauffeur in a cheap black suit with a uniform cap barely covering curly black hair.

But it was his face that held me. The strong, pale features, the staring black eyes, the scruffy mustache. The look when he held me as though he knew me, as though I mattered to him.

Yes, my cock got hard. And I couldn't help but smile a little at him through the windshield.

He got out of the car. As he walked towards me, he definitely was *not* smiling.

"You see, sir, we are in a service business. That means that we treat our customers with respect. We address them with respect. We call them sir."

One of his white hands was tight on the back of my neck, the other was pulling my arms back sharply.

"Were you in the military?"

"Yes, the Marines."

"Then, pissface, you'll have no trou-

ble calling *me* sir."

"Look, I'll pay you to drive me home."

"I told you, pissfaces don't pay."

"Look, the train is coming soon, so you can't hold me here..."

"On the contrary, pissface, I can hold you," he tightened his grip on my neck and arms as he said this, "as long as I want. As long as it takes for you to relearn how to say sir."

Shit, I was wrong about this guy being a person. Now, he seemed nuts and I didn't seem to be able to do much.

"Sir, yes, sir," I said quietly, falling back into a familiar pattern.

"Louder, pisshead."

"Sir, yes, sir," I shouted. Yes, it was familiar. But the hard-on while shouting 'sir' was not.

"Now, I'm going to put your cock down and your pants back on. I advise you not to try to run, for there's no place to go around here and I don't care if you spend the rest of the night with your red ass sticking out." He gave my sore ass a swat to bring home the point.

"So, pissface, stand still." I knew it was a command and I knew the response.

"Sir, yes, sir."

He gave my cock a swift hit which did make it go down and quickly pulled my boxer shorts and trousers around my waist. After closing my fly and my belt, he returned to the tight grip on my neck.

"Now, we will learn how to piss on command."

No, I was not going to piss for him on my \$300 suit.

He grabbed me in the crotch. I could feel his fingers grasping my cock and balls. The hand on my neck tightened.

"You will either stand here getting hurt or you will piss on yourself. The choice is yours."

Yes, the choice was mine. I want to piss on Ralph Lauren. I want to piss on my boxer shorts. I want to submit to someone who knows what I really want.

The pain in my neck was intense. But that wasn't why I tried to release my plumbing to piss in my pants.

"Ahhhh," I couldn't help a long sigh as the hot piss covered my clothes and his hand. The scratches on my cock and balls stung.

That fullness came back in my chest. I felt I was doing something important for someone...

"Now lick your piss off my hand."

He held his hand away from me face while holding my neck.

"Sir, yes, sir."

As I licked his hand, our bodies touched. I liked the feel of the heat radiating from him. It seemed his eyes

were burning my face as he looked at me.

"Look, pissface, you've peed on your expensive shoes," he said as he forcefully bent my head down.

"Take them off." The grip tightened. "Take them off."

By pressing down on the heel of the shoes, I did get them off.

"Now raise up your feet so I can get your socks off."

He quickly pulled off the dirty, sweaty socks and pushed them against my nose.

"A little reward." He almost smiled as he looked into my eyes as I tried to pull back from the funky smell. But the grip tightened.

"You will not look at me with displeasure," he said as he stuffed first one, then both socks in my mouth.

I could feel the gravel of the parking lot on my feet as he pulled me away from the headlights to the back of the car. Pushing me against the trunk lid, he reached into his coat pocket and pulled out another strip of rubber and wrapped it around my head to hold the socks in my mouth.

Then pushing me aside, he pulled open the trunk, pushed me in, and slammed the lid shut.

As the car pulled away, I felt a little bump, which I figured was my shoes being run over.

The ride wasn't bad. The trunk was well carpeted, the interior was immaculate, and the ride was smooth.

When the trunk lid was opened, I discovered that we were in a great big garage: grey concrete floor, steel beams above, everything clean and neat. Stiff from the ride, I tried to get up, but the driver grabbed me first, lifting me out.

Pushing me on my back and sore ass, he quickly tied my feet my cord through holes in a heavy steel beam lying on the floor. A punch in the side of my head put me out of commission long enough for him to cut the ties on my wrists and to retie my hands to a beam above me. But now my hands and legs were tied about four feet apart. I could just barely reach the bar above. Actually, I had to balance myself to keep from falling over.

"This is the garage I bought a few weeks ago. It's so far from anything, nobody else wanted it."

My response to this conversation was lost in the socks stuffed into my mouth.

"Yes, you won't be using your mouth to talk for a while. I'm going to teach you another way."

He walked over to a big tool chest, returning with a big pair of scissors.

"Better get this pissy suit off you," he muttered as he cut along the sleeves of my suit coat and shirt. When these fell away, he stuck one of



the blades of the scissors down into the waist of my pants.

"No, pissface, you won't lose the little hose, not yet," he said as I pulled away. He cut down the front of my trouser legs and they and the boxer shorts fell to the floor.

He picked up the dirty white shorts and rubbed them across my face. The piss on them stung my eyes. The smell was strong, but I was getting used to it. As he rubbed my chest and ass, the cuts and rough spots stung sharply.

"Ah, well," he said with a sigh, dropping the shorts and taking my cock and balls in his sweaty and rough hands. He pulled my scrotum straight down until the pain made me cry out in spite of myself. Then, holding my cockhead, he pulled on the fold of skin underneath until my cry told him my ultimate pain point there.

His touching me all over had given me a half hard-on. I could feel my cock filling, but I couldn't help it. It felt good to be touched, even in this rough and offhand way.

Pressing my cock and balls down between my legs with one hand, he pressed a finger into my ass with the other.

"Seems this back part hasn't been used much." His hand on my red ass felt good. Even the rough finger forcing its way into my asshole. The hot night made the inside of my ass sweaty, so the finger slid into my prostate.

Then my cock did stand up full and hard, pushing his hand aside.

"Yes, we know what you like, piss-face. We know how to play you," he said giving a few little punches with his finger. My cock jumped each time in response.

I was feeling good, standing naked and helpless with this dark guy in a suit and cap probing my body, not minding my sweatiness, pissiness, shitiness. Somehow I didn't mind him looking at my cock, making it go up and down. What the hell, he knew I liked it.

But he pulled away, giving my red ass a swat. He stood back, looking up and down my body, removed his cap with one hand and ran the other through his curly, uncut-looking hair. He looked good and he knew I liked looking at him. My cock stayed hard and I couldn't keep my eyes off him. The slight smile seemed to return to his face. His rough mustache made it difficult to tell. The few bare lightbulbs in the high ceiling didn't help.

"Now, we'll teach you how to talk to me. It's your cock that will do the talking for the next few days."

My cock was already doing the talking, but I didn't like that shit about

the "next few days." I struggled and spoke into the socks in my mouth. Another strong fist against the side of my head stopped me, though.

"No, now we're talking through your cock, pisshead."

He stepped back, putting his cap back on his head.

"When I'm around, your cock is hard. When I'm not around, your cock is soft. That means I own your cock and if it's not the way I want it, my belt will correct it."

Well, the blow to the side of the head had definitely made my pisser droop and the whole idea was not a turn-on.

He turned away to take off his cap and coat, putting them in a large grey metal wardrobe in the back of the garage. As he walked back, I could see the white shirt clinging to the sweat on his hairy chest. He pulled down the cheap black necktie, untying it carefully, putting it folded into his pants pocket.

We were almost exactly the same height and size. I would have said that his build was about the same as mine. I wondered why he had been able to overpower me so quickly and easily. He seemed so much more powerful and willful than I was.

His coloring was the opposite of mine. I was tan and smooth, blond and well groomed. He was pale and hairy, dark haired and almost un-groomed. His hair could definitely use a shampoo and his mustache could use a trim.

As he took off his shirt, I saw how hairy he was. Totally. But the hair was thickest on his chest. As he ran his hand over it, the chest hair stood up in perfect black curls. I don't know why, but I wanted to touch it. A darker line ran down the center of his tight black stomach into his black trousers. The belt was back in place, I couldn't help but notice.

I had to admit that I was getting off on looking at a man take off his shirt in front of me. This man had me in total control. He was looking right at me, into my eyes, down at my cock. At my hard cock.

The slight smile was back. I felt a warmth, a proudness, as if I was doing something right for a change.

"You will also piss and shit when I tell you to. You see the drain in the floor and the hose on the wall. That's how we'll keep you clean, if a piss-head can be kept clean."

He walked over and lightly touched me, running his hand up from under my balls to the tip of my cock. When I'm hard, my cock stands straight up, almost touching my flat stomach. He continued touching me, pushing at my balls, which were rising in my scrotum, gently squeezing my cock in the

sensitive spot under the head. I was trembling from the way he was playing with my favorite cock parts in his casual way. I had never been touched so skillfully before.

"Well, this will be interesting. When I tell you to piss, it looks as though you're going to have to piss all over your stomach and your chest, maybe into your face. I think you're going to soak that sock in your mouth."

No, I was feeling too good to piss and I couldn't piss all over myself with some guy watching me, anyway.

"Remember the rules: you can stand there hurting or you can piss on yourself," he said as he pulled out the belt from around his waist. My ass was still hurting from the beating just a while ago, but my cock didn't go down.

He stood in front of me and used the belt on my stomach. This way we could both look at my hard cock bouncing around and he could open up a new part of me to the pain of the belt. I was beginning to try to figure him out, but I didn't see how this would soften my cock enough to piss.

The strokes were even, reddening a different part as he moved down from the bottom of my chest towards my cock. I definitely hoped the swat of the belt was not his plan to bring the cock down. But actually I was so turned on that a belt on the head of my prick would probably make me come.

I saw the little smile as he stopped just above my cock. Putting the belt back into the loops, he moved near to me. He put his hand back on my cock, pressing it up tight against my stomach.

"Now, we're going to work on this together. I'm going to hold your cock and you're going to piss on yourself."

I knew I wanted to do it. I knew I wanted to piss on command for some stranger while tied up in his garage. It was the most important thing I had ever done.

"We're going to say one word together: *piss*. Say *piss* into your sock. Say *piss* as I hold your cock. Say *piss*, because I want you to."

I said *piss* into the sock in my mouth. And slowly, with a few tentative spurts at first, I pissed up through my hard cock onto my stomach. The stream got hotter and stronger, and I felt the hot liquid on my chest and onto my face. The strong smell of yellow piss rose from my wet body.

"Stop," he said quietly, putting his thumb over my piss slit. I stopped pissing.

Our faces were close together. He looked into my eyes and I felt a great satisfaction that I had pissed for him. He stepped away.

"You know, pisshead, there's an



easier way for you to piss on your stomach. I'd like to show you."

He walked to one of the metal cabinets in the back of the garage, returning with another length of rubber strips such as I was becoming familiar with. I wondered if they were strips of inner tube.

Pulling my cock and balls away from my body, he wound the strip around the base of my cock a few times. I didn't think my cock was going to get harder, but it did.

He pulled my balls down with his fingers, rubbing the scrotum skin roughly. Then he wound the rubber strip, pulling the balls further and further away from the rest of my body. When the sac was sore from being stretched, he wound back up again, pulling the strip up into my ass crack, rubbing into it firmly. Then the strap was pulled up my back, around my neck a few times, down the center of my chest, past my belly button, through my pubic hair to be fastened around my cock.

"Gives me something to hold on to," he explained in a pleasant way.

Although the rubber had some stretch to it, I knew I wouldn't like it at either end if he did hold on.

Then he stepped behind me. I couldn't see him, but I heard what sounded like one of those electric garage door openers that every suburban house has.

Whatever it was, it was lifting my feet up off the ground. The iron beam my feet were tied to was rising up even to the bar that held my arms. Then both bars were lowered to a few feet off the ground. I was facing the ceiling.

My ass was hanging down, pulling painfully on my arms and legs tied above.

The driver walked back across the garage, looking at me struggling unsuccessfully to get into some kind of position which didn't pull my arms and legs out of joint.

"Got a little problem, here. This is the first time I've used this with a live one."

He pulled on the rubber strap on my chest, giving me a stab of pain in my balls and a tightness like choking around my neck. Then with a shake of his head, he let the rubber snap back onto my chest.

"Well, no worry. I've got another part around here, somewhere." He turned away, pacing slowly around the garage.

After what seemed an eternity of pain in my shoulders and hips, he returned with another iron bar which he used to fasten the middle of the bars holding my legs and arms. This new bar could hold me up as it held the other two steady.

"Just keep your ass wrapped around it and you'll be flying high," he said as he lifted me onto the thin, round bar. It took a bit of effort at balance as the whole thing tended to sway somewhat.

"Now as I raise your legs above your arms, you can't help but piss over your stomach, onto your chest and into your face. Might get a good noseful."

He walked back to the controls and, sure enough, my feet were raised higher than my face.

As it turned out, I was glad to get this help in pissing upward as the pain on my body from being suspended without support had caused my cock to go soft. Not entirely soft, because the rubber straps around cock and balls continued to pull at me.

But I was enjoying new feelings. Being held above the ground was like flying. Although I was tied at every appendage and although I was constantly afraid my slippery, sweaty back and ass would slide off the center bar, I felt free of gravity, free of self-control.

I could piss like this. I could shit. I could come!

The chauffeur walked back into view. As he stood above me, he touched my chest. I felt sure I was bound for heaven. He looked so fucking proud of his gadget and, maybe, of how I fit into it.

"Are you ready to piss?"

I nodded my head forcefully, almost slipping off the center bar.

"No, you're not!" he shouted suddenly as he hit me on the side of the head.

"You know how to piss out of a *hard* cock. I expect you to do it."

The blow on the head set off all the pain in my body. I didn't have a hard-on and I didn't plan to get one.

"Remember, pisshead, we can work together on this," he said gently as he climbed over me onto my chest.

Now that he was sitting on me, the pain on my body just intensified. But I was impressed by his chest and beautiful face towering above me. As I looked down, I saw he was pulling down the zipper on his fly.

"You know, pisshead, I used to be a junior executive Ralph Lauren doll, somewhat like you, before I decided to break free," he said in a dreamy voice as he pulled a thick uncut half hard-on out of his pants. He reached in and pulled out the big pink balls with dark coarse hair.

His cock was white, so white that the veins were blue. The top of the foreskin was shaped in perfect wrinkles around the pink tip of his cock. I could see the piss slit clearly.

"I got a pretty good business now. A service business, as I said. Driving executives from the train to wherever

they want. As a matter of fact, I can't meet all the trains so I've been looking for an assistant."

I don't know if it was seeing his cock for the first time, or whether it was what he was saying, but my cock was harder than it had been all night.

"Seems to me, pissface, your cock should be hard now and I should be feeling your hot piss running down your body, seeping into my pants, up my ass crack, and around my balls. Then I'll probably want to piss on your chest and onto your face."

As he flopped his beautiful, pale cock around above me, I could see it getting harder. The head pulled free of the foreskin, the long slit seemed to grow larger in the full head.

And I was pissing. I could feel my hot piss on my stomach and running into his black pants.

Then his piss slit opened and the yellow water shot out on me. He pointed it on my face and into my hair. I choked as some went up my nose.

Suddenly he pulled the socks out of my mouth, shot piss into my dry cavity and pushed his cock in just as the piss stopped.

I ran my tongue along the part of his cock under the head, pushing the head into the soft part of the back of my throat. I felt a pulsing and my mouth was full of come.

Holding onto my arms, he pulled his body down into mine. His cock pulled out of my mouth, leaving a trail of come down my chin and chest. Before I could swallow, he put his fingers into my mouth, covering them with his sperm. He roughly rubbed his jism and piss on my face.

I couldn't move to respond, but as his pants slid down my hard cock, the slight pressure set me off into a soaring climax. As shot after shot of come was pulled out of me, his cock covered mine.

I was shaking all over that bar and shouting something like: "Pisscome-pisscome..." as loud as I could.

He shut me up with another hit on the head and then lay against my body, every part of him touching me. Even with his weight pressing my back and ass into the thin bar, I was flying. Every part of me was being pressed on, being strained, being bound, yet I was free.

He put four come-covered fingers into my mouth and pulled roughly on my straight, blond, piss-covered hair with his other hand.

"In my business I call everybody sir," he said in his dark offhand voice. "But only a few special people call me sir."

"Sir, yes, sir," I shouted around the four fingers in my mouth.

□



Illustration by BILL WARD

# Letter from the Slave Master

forwarded by T.R. WITOMSKI



My pet project since I last wrote has been transforming William from a slave into a Master. William had proved himself capable of handling a slave in a session, so I decided that I would give him a new arrival for his very own.

As regular readers know, I operate a slave ranch in Australia. My main business is the buying, training, and selling of slaves. But occasionally a Master will send me a difficult slave for advanced training. Such was the case of the boy I put in William's charge.

When the boy arrived at the ranch, he was placed naked in an isolation cell for twenty-four hours. In the unrelieved darkness of the cell the boy was heard to cry out for his Master for forgiveness. But it was too late for that

now. Had the boy performed satisfactorily for his Master, he would not have been sent to us. We—or, rather, William—had a job to do and no amount of the boy's pleading would have any effect on the training schedule that was to be followed.

I accompanied William when he went to the cell to retrieve the boy. Should the slave prove too rambunctious for William to handle alone, I would step in. But for the most part, this was to be William's show.

The cowering slave was blinded by the sudden flash of light as the door to the cell opened. William ordered the boy to his feet and gave him the first law of the ranch: "Do nothing until ordered; obey all orders instantly."

William spoke calmly to the slave, reminding him that he had but one



Master—the man who had sent him to the ranch. “When you serve me, when you submit to my discipline, you are really serving your Master, submitting to his discipline. Remember that at all times. Keep the image of your Master in your mind constantly; it will make the training easier for you to endure. Your Master must love you very much to send you here.”

The slave was then positioned on his knees, his shoulders and forehead pressed to the cold floor of the cell, and ordered to spread his asscheeks with his hands, exposing his asshole. “When you are not being trained or allowed to sleep, you will maintain this position. It is for your instruction, to remind you that your hole is forever available for your Master to penetrate.”

William moved to stand over the boy, placing one black booted foot on either side of the slave's face. Almost instinctively, the slave let his lips reach for the leather boot. Without a second's hesitation, William crashed a whip against the boy's back. “You have forgotten the first law,” he told the slave.

When William finally gave the slave permission to service his boots, the boy's tongue eagerly ran along the dusty leather. With his hands still keeping his buttocks spread widely, it was difficult for the slave to keep his balance. But every experience at the ranch is a learning one. Slaves are taught to overcome all sorts of difficulties, taught that their worth is only to be found in their ability to serve, taught that all discomforts, even minor ones, are to be offered up for the greater glory of the Master.

The slave worked the boots until they gleamed with his saliva. I noted with approval that the boy's eyes did not dare focus on anything else but the work at hand—or, I should say, at mouth. After a long time, when William was satisfied, the slave was ordered to tongue clean my boots. No doubt his tongue and his lips were growing numb from the demands placed on them, but he did not allow his tempo to flag. The boy's cock was rock hard, its head glistening with pearly drops of pre-come.

Should slaves be permitted to come while servicing a Master? Sometimes, of course, a slave climaxes from the sheer joy of following his Master's instructions. I generally recommend punishing a slave for shooting his load unless he has been given permission

to do so. I believe that all of a slave's responses should be governed by his owner or, as is frequently the case with me, his surrogate owner. Occasionally though, I order a slave to jerk himself off before a training session begins. This is done so that the slave will not confuse the pleasure he gets from submitting to me with *my* pleasure. As I have written before, a slave exists *only* to please his Master. Anything that distracts the slave from fulfilling his duty must be eliminated. In extreme cases I have ordered the castration of slaves, but in most cases slaves can be trained to control their orgasms.

As a reward for tonguing the boots satisfactorily, the slave was permitted access to William's cock. (Just as in the training of animals, there must be a proper balance of punishments and rewards in the training of humans.) William guided the boy's slobbering mouth along the erect cockshaft, forcing the slave to sniff deeply of his odors, pushing him beneath the balls to savor the funky sweat, making him lick and suck the huge balls before bringing his mouth back to the head of his cock. Then with one savage lunge, William forced his cock deep down the boy's throat, making him gag. There is nothing more exciting for me than watching a slave gag and choke on a Master's sextool, seeing the slave's face redden from the lack of air, his eyes tear, snot run from his nose—all for the sake of being able to taste the precious piece of Mastermeat!

William began to fuck the slave's face. Locking his hands behind the boy's head, William relentlessly drove his cock in and out of the ravaged throat. When he was close to climaxing, William roughly shoved the boy away from his cock. It would be a long time before the slave had earned his Master's come.

Like all slaves, this one was to be completely shaved. Every trace of hair on his body was to be removed. I was glad to see that William believed, as I did, in the efficacy of shaving: it makes the naked body even more naked. Also, shaving has added psychological significance—it turns the slave's body into a ‘clean slate,’ symbolically reducing him to nothing so that he can then be molded into a completely new person, according to his Master's wishes.

For the next step in the training the slave was placed on his hands and

knees. William fastened leather bands around the boy's ankles. To the rings in the bands was attached a chain that joined them. Another chain ran from the middle of the ankle chain to a collar that was placed around the slave's neck. The chain from the foot shackles to the neck collar was short enough to prevent the slave from standing upright.

William slid a finger into the boy's ass and caressed his prostate. When pleasure began streaming through the slave's body, the finger was withdrawn and the chained animal sighed in frustration. After ordering the slave to loosen up, William shoved his thick cock into the slave's ass. The sudden invasion of his tight hole made the slave cry out in pain, but, to his credit, he remained still until the full length of William's cock was embedded in his ass. William made a few long-dicking thrusts and then pulled out as roughly as he had entered. The slave whimpered; he wanted nothing more than a stiff rod in his bowels.

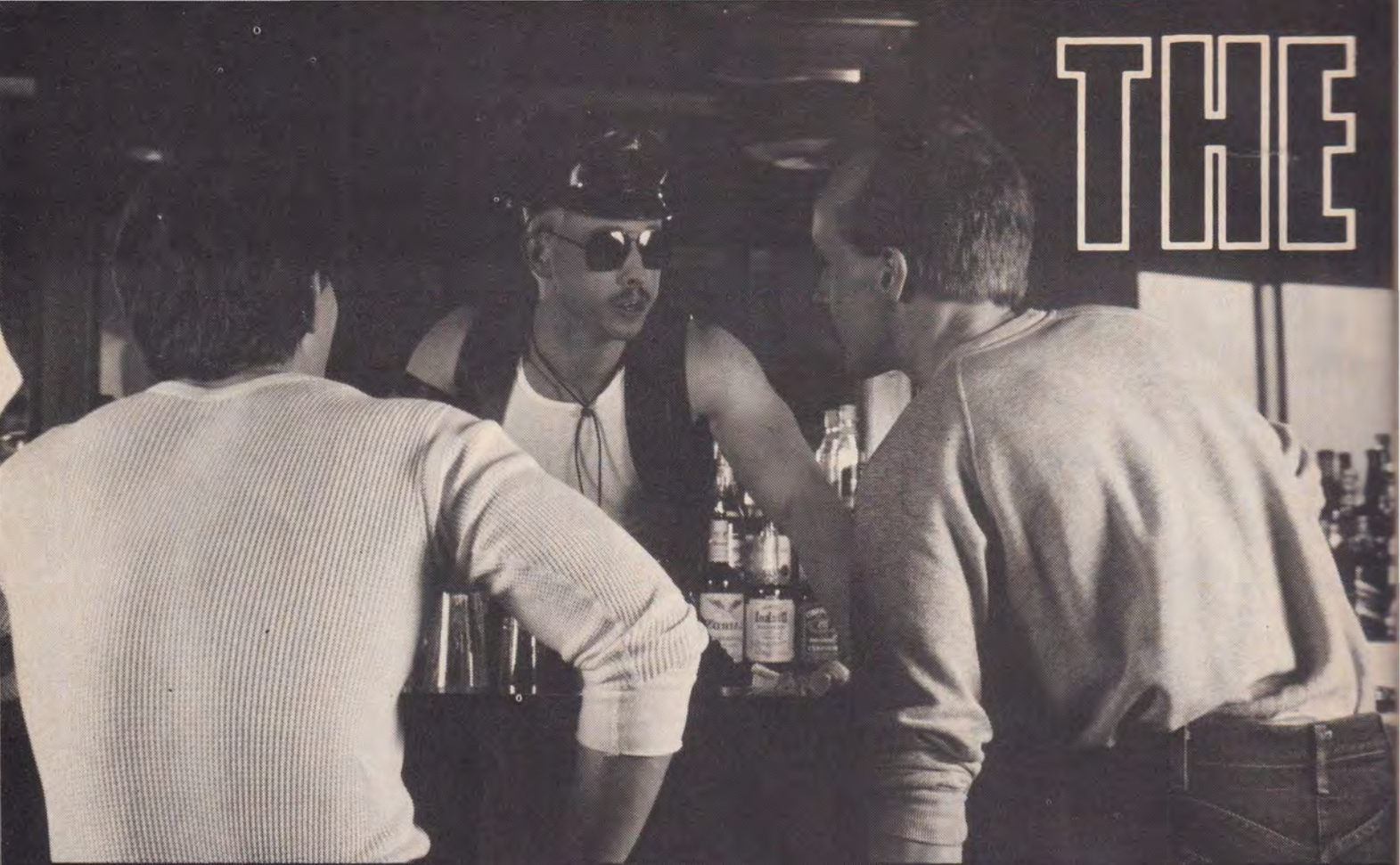
“He's learning already,” William said to me.

Williams' slave continued to be trained over a period of weeks. He learned how to drink his Master's piss and eat his shit, to take a fist up his ass, to revel in whatever tortures were inflicted on him. William delighted in thinking up new forms of torment. Rarely has a slave been so thoroughly put through the paces. By the end of the training, I was indeed proud of William. He had successfully taken a disappointing creature and turned him into a boy who fully realized that his entire existence, his every action and thought was dedicated to pleasing another. The boy's sense of self was utterly destroyed. He could now be returned to his real Master, and I could now treat William as an equal to myself.

Next week William and I will leave the ranch for an extended period of traveling. We will first be stopping in Amsterdam to attend a ‘special convocation’ that Severin has invited us to. (A note from Mam'selle Victoire informs me that Severin has promised “Something that is unique, that has never been seen before.”) We have already received two curious masks that we are to wear to that event. Afterwards, our itinerary takes us to many cities. News of the ranch has spread worldwide and we need to ‘interview’ many applicants who desire to be trained.



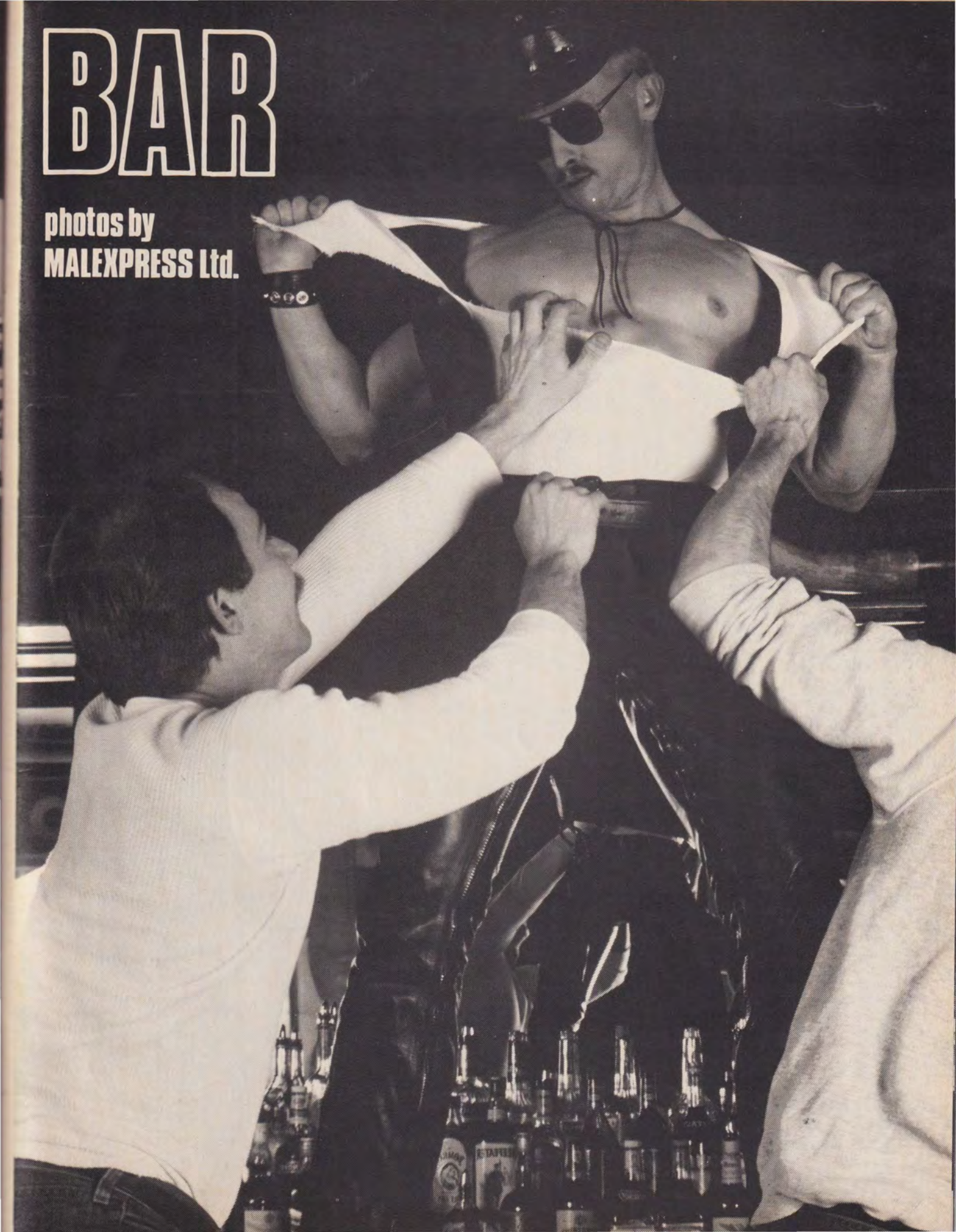
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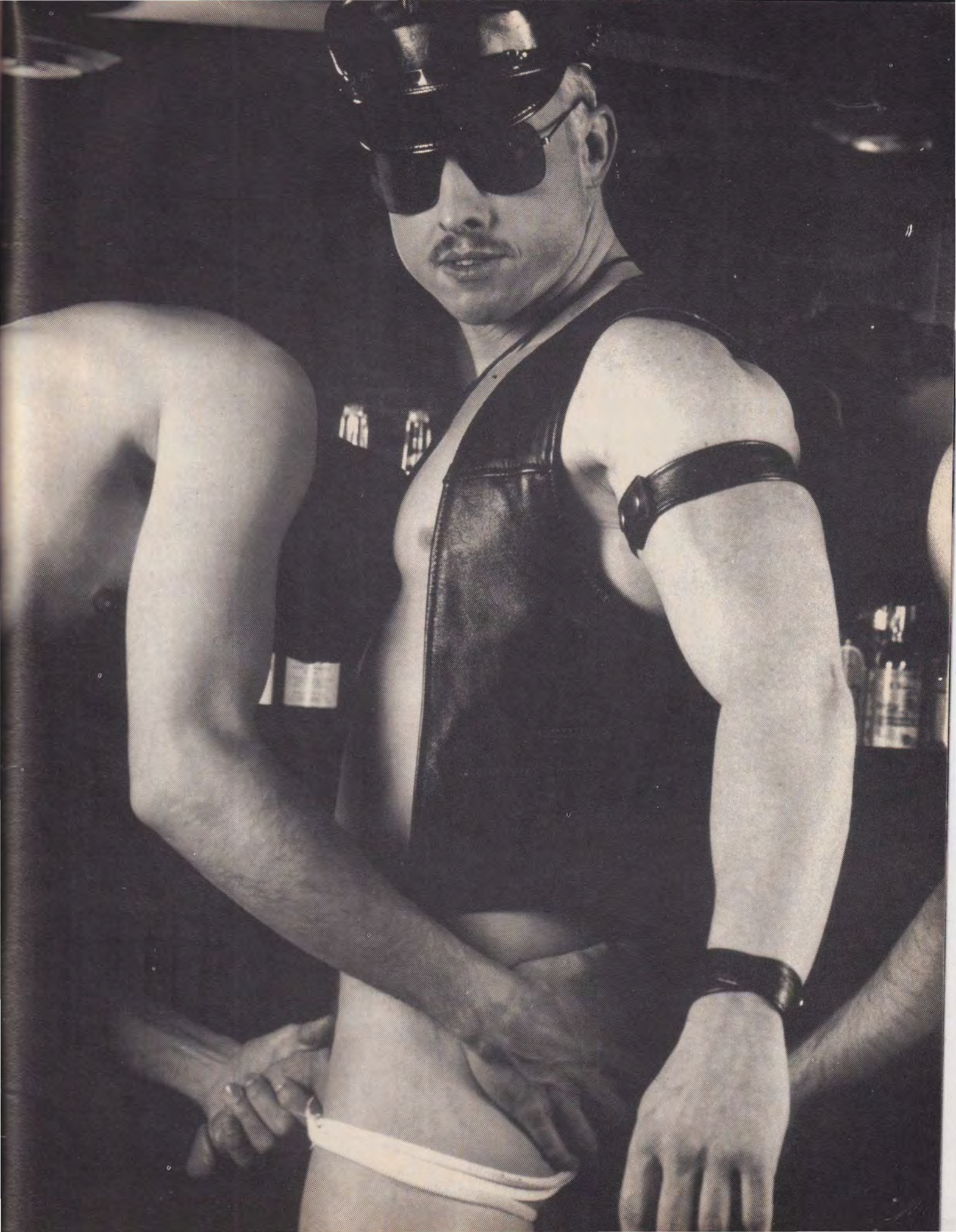
















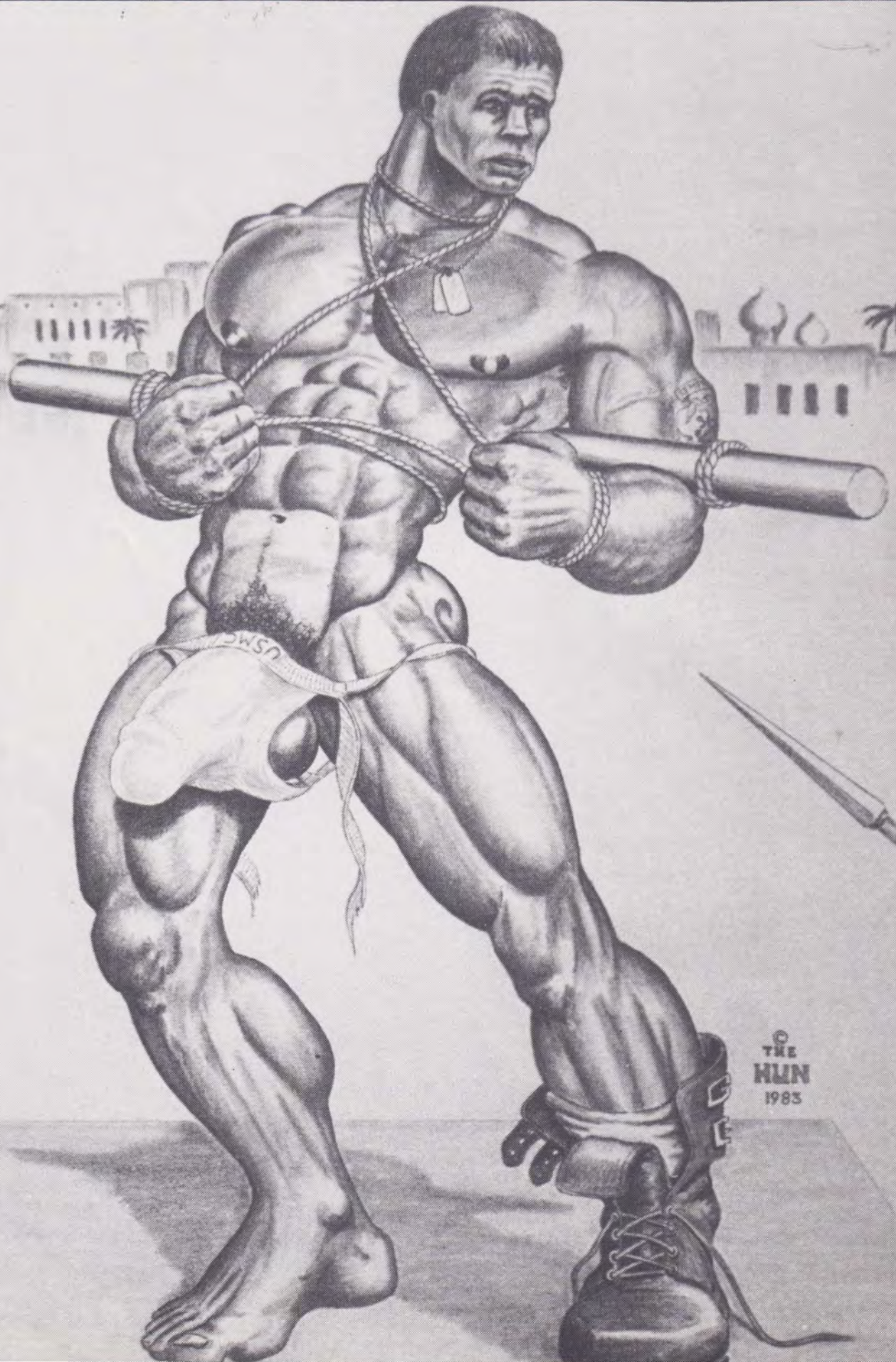






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