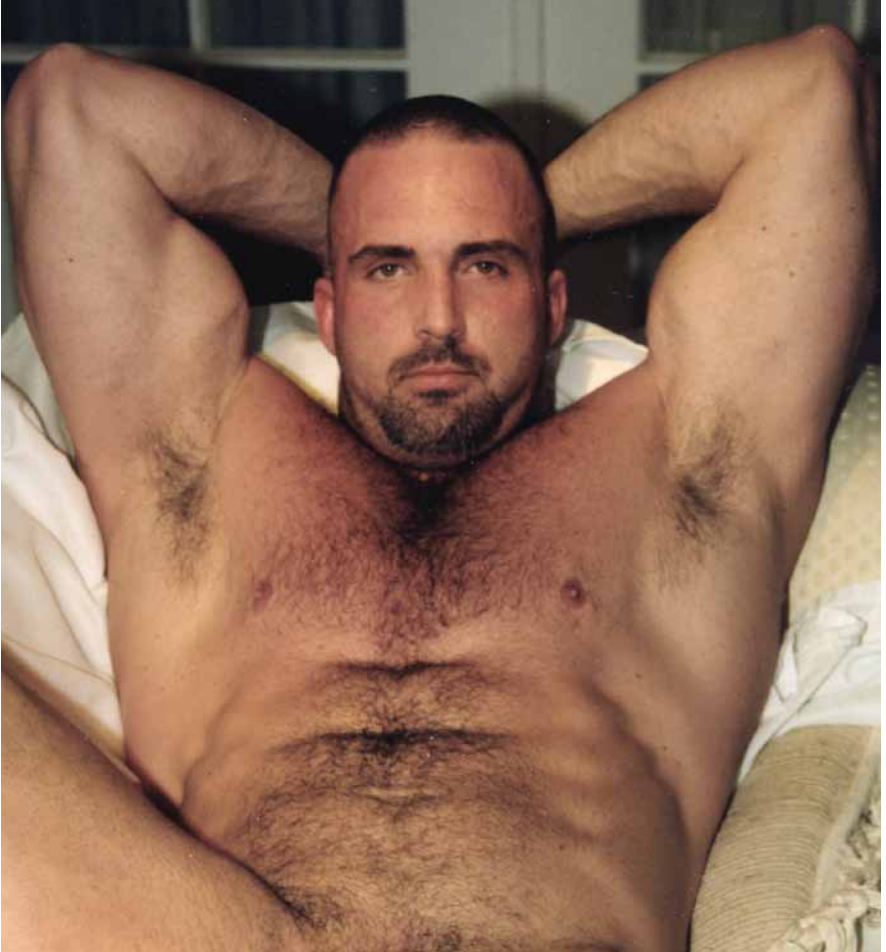


Tales from the Tales from the Bear Cult Bear Cult

Best Bear Stories from the Best Magazines



Edited by
Mark Hemry



Bear magazine cover, Chris Duffy,
Sunset Bull / Sunset Bear

Photograph by and ©Jack Fritscher (www.JackFritscher.com)

Tales from the Bear Cult

Conceived and Edited by
Mark Henry



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“Exit, pursued by a bear.”
—*The Winter’s Tale*,
William Shakespeare

Photographs

- Bear* magazine cover, Chris Duffy,
Sunset Bull/Sunset Bear ii
- Mickey Squires, *Trucker Café* viii
- Tom Howard, *Party Animal Raw* 12
- Tom Howard, *Party Animal Raw* 13
- Tom Howard, *Party Animal Raw* 14
- Steve Thrasher, *Thrasher Raw and Uncut* 28
- Curtis James, *Redneck Cowboy: Hellbent for Leather* 43
- Steve Thrasher, *Rough Night at the Jockstrap Gym* 44
- Mike Snofield and Cub, *Bear on a Hot Tin Roof* 65
- Dave Gold, *Dave Gold's Gym Workout* 66
- Jack Husky, *Nasty Blond Carpenter* 76
- Jack Husky, *Nasty Blond Carpenter* 77
- Sonny Butts, *Sonny Butts 3: Sonny Becomes Daddy* 78
- Chris Duffy, *Sunset Bull/Sunset Bear* 89
- Drummer* magazine cover, Randy Rann, *Daddy's Tools* 90
- Chris Duffy, *Some Like It Wet* 102
- Mickey Squires, *Trucker Café* 103
- Andy Gang, *Moustache Rodeo* 104
- Trucker, *The Tenderloin Tapes* 119
- Butch, *Butch: Tattooed Aryan Ex-con Biker* 120
- Dave Gold, *Dave Gold's Gym Workout* 133
- Tom Howard, *Party Animal Raw* 134
- Sonny Butts, *Sonny Butts 3: Sonny Becomes Daddy* 145
- Bunkhouse #9*, magazine cover, Andy Gang,
Moustache Rodeo 146
- Chris Duffy, *Sunset Bull/Sunset Bear* 153
- Chris Duffy, *Some Like It Wet* 154
- Roman Soldier, Slave, *Beyond the Valley of the Gladiators* 172
- Chris Duffy, *Some Like It Wet* 187
- Roman Slave Master,
Beyond the Valley of the Gladiators 188
- Bill Plum, *Master of the Leatherbears* 202
- Larry Perry, *Naked Came the Stranger* 214
- John Muir, *A Man's Man* 215
- Bruno, *Big Hairy Bruno* 216
- John Muir, *A Man's Man* 240
- Outlaw Red, *Bellybucker: Tattooed Hairy Biker Bear* 253
- Andy Gang, *Moustache Rodeo* 254

Contents

Stormy Weather	1
Trappers	15
Laying Loggers	29
Teddy Becomes a Bear	45
Bear-Assed	67
A Returning Appetite	79
Hippie Hitcher	91
Mountain Grizzly	105
Down 'n' Dirty	121
What a Good Fuck Tastes Like	135
Three Bears in a Tub	147
Bear Market	155
The Hero of the Greeks	173
House of the Golden Bear	189
God of Fire	203
In the Blair's Lair	217
Santa's Sackful	241
Author Biographies	255



Mickey Squires, *Trucker Café*

Photograph by and ©Jack Fritscher (www.JackFritscher.com)

Fucked out of being straight,
the trucker learned
the secret of snow:
the traction to plow...

STORMY WEATHER

MIKE WHITE

I was sitting in the truckers' area of the Nevada restaurant when two men approached me. One was tall with a black beard and a shaved head. The other was a little smaller with a flat top and a short beard.

"The desk clerk told us you got the last room," Jack, the taller of the two said, after he had introduced himself and his friend, Steve.

"Yeah. And?" I looked at him over the rim of my coffee cup.

"We were hoping we might talk you into letting us bunk with you. With the storm, there's not much moving. There's no other rooms available and the desk clerk says you got two beds," he replied. "We'll pay for the room."

I looked out the window at the flying snow.

"There's no place to go even if we could drive," Steve said.

"I ain't sharin' a bed," I said.

"Uh, yeah. It's not a problem." Jack, the aggressive one, sat the pair of them down in my booth. "Hey," he said.

"Hey," I said. "Have I seen you around?"

"Yeah," Jack replied. "We run this route more than we care to."

"We don't have our regular truck," Steve said. "The sleeper on our rig is a mess."

We sat for a few minutes eyeing each other. They seemed like nice guys so, finally, I said *yes*. They even bought my chicken-fried steak dinner for me.

“We really appreciate you doing this, man,” Jack said as we headed for the room.

We walked past the desk the clerk. “Have a good night, guys.” He winked sidelong and said. “I’ve never seen such a trio with absolutely no socially redeeming significance.”

I wondered what the hell he was talking about.

“I’ll take the bed close to the john,” I said.

“No prob,” Steve said.

We dropped our gear and bags on the floor.

“I’m gonna shower.” I stripped down to my boxers.

“OK, buddy. We’ll be right behind you.” Steve said.

After a long, steamy shower, I found Jack and Steve watching the pay-per-view Adult TV. “Our treat,” Jack said. “Tits and ass.” The pouch in his briefs looked a little fuller than I remembered. The front of Steve’s boxers seemed tented out too. They both were having a little party in their pants. The pay-TV was over soon enough and no one had moved a muscle, although I felt a certain tension had been rising in the room.

They took showers separately. Each of them making small talk with me.

Finally, we were all in our beds. I fell asleep quickly.

Sometime during the night a noise woke me.

“Quiet, man,” I heard Steve say. “He’ll hear you.”

“Fuck him.” Jack said. “I’m horny and I want your ass.”

“This dude’s straight. He’ll kick us out of the room,” Steve whispered. “Or he’ll call security.”

“Fuck! Show me a trucker so uncool he ain’t stuck his dick through a goryhole.”

“You fucking my ass and me sucking your dick ain’t the same thing.”

In the dim light I could see Jack was lying on top of Steve. Their hairy chests were pressed together. Their

bearded faces close. The sheet was pushed down revealing Jack's broad, hairy back.

Jack was right. I'd seen plenty of other truckers getting their dicks sucked. But I liked women. In fact, because of my future wife and my future kiddies, I had resisted any attempt by another man to suck my dick. I'd certainly never fucked anyone's ass. I'd seen guys fucking guys in videos, but never in person. It hadn't done much for me.

Until now.

I guess it was the fact that I was in the same room. I'd never seen two men fucking live. I suddenly realized my cock was as hard as a rock. If one of them glanced over at me, they'd think I was becoming what maybe I was thinking about. I kind of knew my straight white-picket future was getting farther away every fucking night I spent alone on the Interstate.

I loved the road.

"Jack," Steve said, "try not to make so much noise."

"Why not? I think it would be a blast to have a straight guy watch us fuck."

"Fuck me and shut up," Steve said.

"Because you ask so nice," Jack said. He spit into his hand and reached beneath the sheet.

I could tell he was working on his dick, making it slick.

Steve raised his legs and the sheet dropped away.

Jack thrust his hips forward and Steve moaned softly.

I could see Jack's hairy ass slowly pumping in the low light.

"Fuck, you're tight!" Jack whispered.

"Oh, man!" Steve gasped. "Give it to me, buddy!"

"You got it, man!"

I slowly pushed the sheet down, exposing myself. I worked my dick in rhythm with Jack's pumping ass. I wasn't sure if they had seen me or not, but man, it sure was a turn-on to watch. Far better than motel pay-per-view.

Jack continued to pump into Steve. Steve clutched

Jack's hairy back.

I slowly sat up working my dick in rhythm with Jack's churning hips.

"Oh, man!" Steve looked over and saw me. "Hey! Come on down!"

I stood up purposely dangling my dripping cock right in front of their faces.

Jack leaned over and suctioned my cock into his hot mouth.

It was unfuckingbelievable!

"Look at the size of that thing!" Steve said. "You da man!"

Steve made me feel triumphant, which was not what I felt when I paid quarters to truckstop gals for blowjobs.

He grabbed my balls and pulled them, feeding Jack more of my dick.

Jack could say nothing moaning around my cock.

I felt his bearded chin against my nuts.

They maneuvered around so I was over Steve's face. I ran one hand down Jack's hairy back to his pumping ass. With the other, I felt the heavy pelt on Steve's chest. I could see Steve's hard cock, trapped between his and Jack's hairy bellies, oozing pre-cum.

"I gotta have some of that dick!" Steve pulled his lips off my balls.

Jack released me and Steve sucked me into his greedy mouth.

"Fucking great cock, man," Jack said. "You ever fuck butt before?"

"Hell, no! I never even done this before!"

"Now's your chance, buddy. Steve loves a big dick up his butt."

"Yeah," Steve said. "You got one hell of a piece!"

"Let me turn on the lights," I said. "I gotta see this!"

"Lights! Action!" Jack said.

I turned on the light. Jack pulled his dick out of Steve's

hairy hole. I climbed between Steve's upturned legs. Jack grabbed my cock and aimed me towards Steve's furry butt.

"Yeah, buddy. Give him that fucking dick!" Jack said.

I watched in amazement as my cock slowly slid into his hairy hole. I couldn't believe how good sex looked and how hot a man could be inside.

"Fuckin' A, man!" Steve moaned. "What a fucking piece of meat!"

I felt my hairy belly pressed against his balls. "Damn good!"

"Nothing better than a hot ass around your dick, buddy."

Jack pressed his hand against my furry ass.

"C'mon, trucker. Fuck me!" Steve spread his legs even wider.

"Aw, fuck! This is great." I slowly began to plow in and out of Steve's grasping hole.

"Yeah, man," Jack said. His hand palmed against my hairy ass as I pumped my dick into Steve again and again.

"Give it to me, buddy."

"Fuck him hard, man! He likes it when you slam into him."

I looked at Jack jacking his dick.

"You got a great ass too, buddy," he said.

"In your dreams," I said.

"Don't worry about it, buddy!" he grinned, sliding his grin in his beard against my ass. He started at the base of my spine and threaded his way deep into my crack.

"Tasty ass, buddy!"

"Shit, you're nasty," I said, "but your tongue feels fucking good!"

"Give me that load, buddy!" Steve put his legs over my hairy shoulders.

"Fuck him, buddy! Dump your load up that hot ass!"

Jack goaded me on as he licked my buttock.

I rammed harder and harder into Steve. I knew I was gonna blow my load. Sweat ran down my back.

“Yeah, man! Bust your nuts! Give it to me!” Steve hollered.

I looked down and watched my cock plow into his hairy fuckhole. Man, that hole looked hungry.

“Now, man!” Jack liked being orgymaster.

I felt the pressure building in my nuts. “Aw, fuck!”

“Oh, shit!” Steve’s dick sprayed all over his hairy chest and belly. The first shot landed in his beard.

“Motherfucker!” Jack exclaimed. He reared up and I felt his load splash onto my sweaty back. White lava ran down into the blowhole of my ass.

“Unfuckingbelievable!” I collapsed onto Steve’s heaving chest. Cum glued our hairy chests together.

“Man, you’re good. Real fucking good,” Steve said.

“Thanks,” I said. “I never felt anything....”

“Hey, buddy! You’re one of the boys!” Jack licked his cum off my back and out of the hairs of my crack.

We flopped in a sweaty cum-pile. I’d never felt so good after sex.

Finally, Jack got up and looked out the window. “Fuck this stormy weather. We may be stuck here for awhile.”

“Too bad,” I grinned. “Three dicks. One room. Six holes.”

“Hey, man!” Jack toyed with my dick. “No prob. My turn!”

“Your turn?” I asked.

“Fuck, yeah,” Jack said. “You think I’m gonna let you out of here without putting your horsedick up my ass?”

“Jack don’t get dicked much,” Steve said. “If you thought I’m tight, wait until you fuck him!”

“Whoa! Time out.” I flopped down on the other bed.

“Take five.” Jack was fingercombing cum from his beard. “Like the man said, time out.”

I guess I must have fallen asleep. The next thing I knew, I opened my eyes and Steve’s hot mouth was sucking me hard. Jack was sucking my balls. “Fuck, yeah.”

“Yeah, buddy.” Jack released my nuts. “Ready to go

again?”

“Looks like it to me, buddy.” Steve suctioned his hot mouth off my dick.

“Let’s go in the john, man,” Jack said.

“Why?” I asked.

“Your dick. My ass. The mirror. I wanna see this.”

“How we gonna manage that?” I asked as he walked me to the john. My bobbing dick was pointing the way.

“Like this,” Jack said. He bent over the sink and spread his hairy ass cheeks, exposing his pink hole.

Steve took ahold of my foaming cock and pressed the head against Jack’s hole. I watched as I slowly disappeared into his hot innards. “Oh, fuck!”

“Ooof,” Jack moaned. “Split me open, buddy!”

“Want me to stop?” I asked.

“Are you nuts?” he replied. “Fuck me, buddy. I wanna feel that hairy belly of yours slamming against my ass.” Jack lifted his leg and rested his foot on the counter top.

I watched, fascinated, as my cock slipped into his hairy hole. “Now you see it. Now you don’t.”

Steve swung in below Jack’s wagging balls. He sucked the hairy scrotum into his mouth.

“Oh, buddy!” Jack moaned, pinching his own nipples.

I fucked Jack, watching my reflection over him in the mirror. I looked good! I put my hands on his hairy shoulders to grab more leverage.

Steve licked my shaft as I plunge-fucked into his buddy’s dripping screwwhole. “Lick that juice.” I liked the sound of command that fucking put in my voice.

“Oh, yeah, buddy,” Jack said. “Plow my ass. Big fucker!”

I wrapped my arms around the front of Jack’s chest, fingering his nipples. My hairy pecs rubbed against his broad back. His nipples made him crazy.

Steve knelt in front of Jack and began to suck his cock. I continued to slam my dick into his hot manhole, dialing up his tits. In the mirror, we all looked good together.

“Oh, man! Oh, fuck!” My balls suddenly pulled up tight against the base of my driving cock as I shot a juicy cum-load up Jack’s ass.

“Son of a bitch!” Jack unloaded into the tight ring of Steve’s mouth, open like a hole in a blanket of a beard.

I felt Steve’s load shoot down onto my legs and feet.

“Woof!” Jack exclaimed. “I need a rest, guys.”

Slowly, we uncoupled, undocked, pulled apart. As my still-hard cock popped out of Jack’s well-fucked hole, my cum began to run down inside his hairy thighs.

Steve pigged into licking clots off one leg.

I don’t know why, but suddenly I knelt down and licked the other leg, tasting my own cum. My face met Steve’s face at Jack’s asshole. We looked each other in the eye. Steve leaned forward and kissed me. His thick tongue thrust cum, sweat, and buttslime into my mouth.

“Shit, guys! That’s so fuckin hot. Two bearded men sucking face,” Jack said.

“Especially when one is *straight!*” Steve broke off the kiss.

“He only thought he was straight.” Jack took a slug out of a bottle. “They all think they’re straight...till they don’t some dark and stormy night.”

“What can I say?” I said. “Give a man a blowjob, he eats for a day. Give a man a butthole and he’s a fucker for life.”

“Sing that tune in Nashville,” Jack grinned.

“Ain’t you both fucking philosophers. I need to get some sleep,” Steve said.

I padded barefoot across the carpet and looked out the window. “It’s still snowing.” My breath steamed the glass. “We’re gonna be here for awhile.”

“Call 9-1-fucking-1,” Jack said.

“Sleep now,” Steve said. “Fuck later.”

“Sounds good to me.” I rubbed both my hands across the fur on my pecs, fingering the river of hair down the center of my belly and around my navel.

We all crawled into one bed and in minutes we were asleep.

Sometime during the night I awoke with Steve's wet mouth slurping on my dick. "Don't you guys ever rest?"

"Not with fresh meat like you around." Steve choked down on my throbbing cock. His beard rubbed on my balls as he deep-throated me.

"Shit, buddy!" Jack appeared on my bed. "You got one hell of a cock." He was kneeling near my face.

On sudden impulse, I raised my head and took Jack's dick into my mouth.

"Sonuvabitch!" He grabbed my head. He worked his tool down my throat. "Fucking straight-man sucking dick!"

"Hot, buddy." Steve pulled off my dick and started sucking my swelling balls.

Jack pumped his cock into my face slapping his hairy balls against my bearded chin.

Steve released my nuts and headed south toothcombing my hairy asshole. The feel of his beard between my thighs was making me crazy. He stuck his tongue up my shit-chute and blew slobber all over it.

"You thinkin' what I'm thinkin', buddy?" Jack said.

"Fuck, yeah, man." Steve looked up and grinned. His beard was wet from eating my ass out.

Jack and Steve quickly changed places. Steve lowered his hairy balls in my face. Jack started playing with my butt.

"Feed him your cock, Steve," Jack said.

Steve rotated to straddle my chest. He slid his cock back into my mouth. He bent over to fuck my face. His fuzzy balls bounced off my bearded chin with every stroke.

Jack raised my legs onto his shoulders. I felt his cock pressing against my pucker. Slowly he began to thread his way into me. I tried to relax. I wanted him, maybe. I wanted his dick, definitely.

"Motherfucker, you're a tight ass," Jack groaned.

“Fuck that virgin butt!” Steve plowed my face.

“Woof! I haven’t ever broken in a virgin,” Jack said, as his long cock slid into my guts.

Steve pulled his dick out of my mouth for a second.

“Your first is my first!” I said. “Fuck my virgin ass!”

Jack obliged by ramming his cock into my ass hard and fast. I couldn’t believe how good he felt inside me.

“Shit, man. I’m gonna build to blow my wad!” Jack’s hairy balls slapped against my ass. His belly rubbed against my own hard cock and balls.

“Do it, man! Do it!” Steve urged him on.

“Come on, buddy!” I said. “Show me how you fuck!”

I didn’t think it was possible, but Jack slammed into me even harder.

“Fucker!” He shouted at me.

“Come on, buddy,” Steve said. “I want a turn at him.” He continued to saw his cock in and out of my mouth.

I was loving it. I had never known mansex, or any sex, could be so good. I knew I’d be back at this trough soon enough.

“Gonna fuckin’ cum!” Jack said.

“Come on, fucker.” I urged him on. “I wanna feel your dick unload inside me.”

“Cocksucker!” Jack said. “Here it cums!” He smashed his cock into me and I felt his dick expand and pulse, shooting his hot load of manjuice inside me.

“Come on, Jack. My turn!” Steve pulled Jack’s sweaty body off me, rolled me onto my belly, and shoved his cock up my ass.

“Number Two! Oh, yeah!” I gasped. I pushed back against his hairy belly.

“Fuck, Jack! You shot one big fucking load. I can feel your sperm swimming like salmon around my dick!”

Steve pulled me onto my knees. Jack slid under me and swallowed my hard cock.

“Fuck me!”

I meant it.

I really meant it.

“Fuck me!”

That’s the one sentence once said that means you’ll never be straight again.

“Fuck me!”

“Oh, yeah! Oh, yeah!” Steve blasted his balls into my ass.

“Aw, fuck!” I hollered, as I shot into Jack’s mouth. My body turned a two-and-a-half gainer in the air, quivering, and I collapsed, flopping on top of them in a pile of hairy, sweaty flesh.

That was three years ago and we still get together. We’re always looking for a fourth to join our little “poker party.” Interested? Keep an eye out for our invitations written on the toilet walls along the Interstate.

We always got a party in our pants.

Stormy weather or not.



Tom Howard, *Party Animal Raw*
Photograph by and ©Jack Fritscher (www.JackFritscher.com)



Tom Howard, *Party Animal Raw*
Photograph by and ©Jack Fritscher (www.JackFritscher.com)



Tom Howard, *Party Animal Raw*
Photograph by and ©Jack Fritscher (www.JackFritscher.com)

That redhead McKenzie,
the Half-Breed,
and six pairs of dice...

TRAPPERS

BOB VICKERY

Six pelts,” I said, disgusted, shaking my head. “I spend a week up at Greenwater Creek trapping beaver, and that’s all I get. Six goddamn pelts. Hardly worth the effort. Hell, I remember five or six years ago I could pull down forty, maybe fifty skins from that creek. Almost ain’t worth my while to head out for the trading rendezvous tomorrow with the pitiful load of furs I got this season.”

Coyote Jim grunted, ’cause his mouth was ’round my cock, but didn’t say anything. I stared down at the top of his head. Off in the distance a wolf howled so mournful you’d think his heart was breaking. I took a slug of whiskey, washed it around in my mouth, and let the liquid fire slide down my throat. “You know,” I added, my voice rising, “on my way back I ran into a hunting party of Crees. I recognized one of them from our stay at Fort Defiance last winter. He told me he spotted a feller trapping around by Greenwater, hair the color of a new-polished copper kettle. That was how he put it. I’ll bet that was McKenzie, snooping around, trapping in the spots I staked out years ago. McKenzie was always poaching my stuff. “That red-headed sonuvabitch,” I said.

Coyote Jim took my cock out of his mouth and glared at me. “Hey,” he said. “Shut your trap about trappin’ right now, Cyrus. You’re ruinin’ my mood.”

I looked down at him, taken aback. I’d not been minding

my manners. Here Coyote was knocking himself out, sucking me off, to make me feel at home and I was ragging on about beaver pelts and McKenzie. I gave an embarrassed cough and spat into the fire. “All right, Coyote,” I said, “why the hell don’t we fuckin’ get down to business.”

“That’s what I been tryin’ to do,” Coyote Jim muttered. His dark eyes gleamed and I could see the hint of devilment playing around the corners of his mouth. Coyote Jim came close to being about the goddamnest handsomest man I’ve ever had the pleasure to come across, white or Injun. His ma was Blackfoot giving him the high cheekbones, hawk nose, and piercing black eyes common to that tribe. His pa was a white trader, and Coyote had the same tall, big-framed build his old man carried all the way from his tribe, maybe, in Germany, and cross the plains to the frontier, spreading his seed every chance he got, which was how the West was won. Where Coyote inherited his big, thick dick, though, was nature’s wild-card only half-breeds have. I’ve seen my share of peckers, both Injun and white, but Coyote’s had to take the cakewalk. Except for the red bandanna Coyote always wore around his throat, he was buck naked, and even half-hard his dick already looked bigger than any man could handle. But I always did like a challenge.

I leaned back on my elbows and watched Coyote’s mouth nibble down the length of my dick (and I got lengthy bragging rights, I might add). I didn’t know whether it was part of some secret Blackfoot teaching, or if Coyote was a natural, but the man was one powerfully mean cocksucker. He worked my dick with the same easy skill that he rode a horse or skinned an animal. Some folks are born naturally competent, and you gotta sit back and a man has to admire their handiwork when you get to experience it.

I slid down off of the rock I was sitting on and landed on Coyote. I did me a pivot around to a 69 so my head was facing Coyote’s dick that lay stiffening against his thigh, dark and fleshy, like some thick one-eyed snake rearing

up, getting ready to strike. I wrapped my hand around it and squeezed. A clear drop of pre-jizz oozed out the piss slit, and I lapped it up. I pulled back the foreskin, swirled my tongue around the dark knob of his dick, and slid my mouth down the shaft. Coyote gasped and thrust his hips up to meet me halfway. I felt the meaty shaft ram against the back of my mouth and I twerked my head so the entire length could slide down my throat. Dick always takes a little accommodating, but after a while my chin was buried deep in Coyote's balls. I gave a mighty sniff, savoring that rich, musky smell. Coyote began fucking my mouth like I was an expensive saloon poke. I paid him back in kind, pumping my dick in and out his mouth with a high-hearted enthusiasm that made my blood sing.

We lay on the dirt by the campfire, feeding off each other's dicks like it was deep winter and we'd nothing to eat for weeks. I came up briefly for air. Outside the small circle of light from the fire, the night pressed down upon us like black mud. There was no moon, and the stars blazed. I looked up the length of Coyote's beautifully muscled body and into his face. In the red glow of the fire he looked more than human, like one of the heroes in the Blackfoot and German legends he liked to tell me about from time to time.

The tin we kept the bacon drippings in was a reach away. Coyote globbed his hand with grease, and smeared the crack of my ass. His finger brushed lightly against my bung hole, teasing me, and then pushed on in. As lubed as I was, his finger easily slid up my chute to the third knuckle. Coyote began working in and out, staring into my eyes. His own eyes were dark and unreadable, his mouth slightly open.

"Your finger feels just fine," I said, "but I bet your dick would feel a helluva lot better."

"Cyrus, you're a mind reader." Coyote spun the 69 into a 68, grabbed my ankles, and slung my legs over his shoulders. Coyote always tended to get right to the point.

His cockhead push against my asshole, and I made myself breathe deep and relax, opening up best I could. Coyote slid on in the most natural way in the world. He pumped his hips, and I dropped my head down and groaned with pleasure, thinking about all that dick inside of me. I got a dollop of bacon fat myself and started fucking my fist, matching the tempo of Coyote's long, slow strokes. Every now and then he would hold his dick full up my chute and grind his hips against me. Whenever he did, the night sky would unfold above me like eagle's wings, beating hard and urgent against my face. I'd cry out and Coyote would laugh at how easily he could overpower me with pleasure. I think he sees that as a weakness in me, but I don't fuckin' care.

Coyote kept on pumping me, working me over like a mountain bear he was trying to bring down. I wrassled him good, snarlin' we was and spittin', rolling around in the dust by the fire, trying to get the best of each other. Anybody walking into the campsite would have figured we was fighting to the death. Finally I wound up on top. Coyote lay on his back, with something between a grin and a sneer on his face, still driving his dick hard up my ass. His hands slid over my torso, plucked my nipples and tugged hard. That did it! I fucked my fist with one last thrust, raised my head to the sky, and howled as my jizz squirted out and splattered forward hard against Coyote's face. Off in the distance, a couple of wolves howled back. I squeezed my ass tight and clamped down hard on Coyote's dick. He groaned and his whole body shuddered under me as I felt his load squirt up into my ass. I bent down and planted my mouth over his, shoving my tongue deep down his throat.

I could feel his dick softening inside me, but Coyote didn't pull out. I nestled down next to him beside the fire, and he reached over and pulled the buffalo skin over both of us. We fell asleep like that, his arms wrapped around me, his dick still up my ass. That was our favorite way of sleeping together. A couple of hours later I woke up to the

call of a screech owl. Coyote was snoring gently, but his dick was still inside me, half-hard. I nestled closer against him, and that small movement stiffened his dick to full boner. Coyote murmured something but never woke up. After a few seconds I drifted off myself.

I woke up for good, right before sunrise, when the eastern sky was glowing gray. I kicked the coals to get a fire started again, and boiled water for coffee. By the time Coyote got up, I had a cup waiting for him.

“We got three days’ hard riding ahead of us before we reach the rendezvous,” I said. “Better get your purty carcass up.”

Coyote yawned and scratched himself. “Hell, Cyrus, if I thought I could trust you to go alone to get a good price for my furs, I’d as soon sit this one out. I ain’t the sociable type.” He grinned. “But someone’s got to keep your ass out of trouble.”

I didn’t say nothing. I was always glad for Coyote’s company. I knew we’d have some high times down at the rendezvous. Nobody could protect a buddy’s back better than Coyote if things took an ugly turn. The sun peeked up over the nearest hill, red as a copper kettle, red as McKenzie’s hair.

Maybe I’d get a chance to settle some old scores.

*

By the third night of the rendezvous, I had already about pissed away all the money the traders had paid me for my pelts. Coyote had seen to it on the first day that we’d bought all the provisions we needed for winter before any-monkey business. After being provident about our larder, and improvident with two nights of whiskey drinking and gambling, I was having a hard time finding two coins to rub together. It was getting on in the night, and the campfires were blazing high. Off in the distance, by the bend in the

Sweetwater River, I could see the campfires of the Crows, the Blackfeet, the Bannocks, all the Injuns who had come along to trade. But around nearby was only the white fur trappers.

I took another hit of whiskey and passed the jug on to Coyote. The sound of men's voices and laughter rose from nearby fire circles. Shouts were hooting from one of the more distant fires where the men were gambling, tossing bones, and betting on which side would land face up. Damn if one of the St. Louie traders hadn't brought a concertina with him, and I heard the music float out over the night. Coyote passed the jug back to me and I drank deep, feeling the whiskey's warmth pass through me and make my body tingle. This is what a man's life is all about, I thought. It don't get no better than this.

I climbed to my feet again. "I'm going gambling. I still have a couple of bucks left to blow." I looked down at Coyote. "You coming?"

Coyote shook his head. "Naw, I'll hang out here by the fire." He seemed relaxed again, but he gave me a long, measured look. "You goin' to stay out of trouble, Cyrus?"

"I ain't goin' looking for it, Coyote. But if trouble comes knockin' at my door, I ain't goin' to hide under the bed neither." I headed towards the fire circle where all the gaming was goin' on, and turned back and warned, "Don't let no trouble go knockin' on you."

I meant red-headed trouble named *McKenzie*.

I gambled for an hour before the man himself, McKenzie, showed up larger than life, and louder, and joined the circle. I'd seen him comin' and goin' around the rendezvous the past couple of days. Hell, with that bright red hair he was easy enough to spot. His eyes were always on me. He was thinking up some new devilment. But this warm summer night was the first in a long while we actually got nose to nose. He was stripped real showy to wearing a buckskin vest. The fire light played on his upper body, lighting

up the cut of his muscles, the dusting of red hair across a chest as ripped and powerful as a young buffalo bull's. His show was working. When he reached up and stretched, I couldn't help but notice how his muscles rippled, how his biceps bunched together like small animals humping under his skin. I'd been winning, and was up about a hundred dollars and feeling flush.

McKenzie looked me in the eye and that wide mouth of his curled up into a slow, friendly grin, full of big white predator teeth. With McKenzie, this only meant trouble. He started right up betting against me, and damn if my luck didn't turn sour right away. Hell, I couldn't do nothing right. Them bones kept on turning up wrong, no matter which way I threw them. Somehow this bad medicine was McKenzie's doing. Every time I threw the bones and lost another few dollars to McKenzie, that old heat in me boiled higher and hotter. He sat across the patch of dirt, his blue eyes trained on me, and I could see the laughter in them, like his gut was about ready to bust from the joke of it all. I don't think I ever hated that bastard more for all he was always doing to me behind my back.

After a steady hour of losing, I threw the bones to the man next to me. "Hell, I'm about all cleaned out," I grunted. "You take them. I gotta piss." I climbed unsteady to my feet and stumbled out into the darkness. I pulled down my buckskin breeches, aimed my dick towards the bushes, and let the piss stream go.

I heard footsteps on dry leaves. McKenzie came up from behind.

"Looks like a good idea," he said. "Mind if I join you?"

"Yeah, I do. I'm right particular about the company I piss with."

"Too bad." He whipped out his dick and our two streams poured down the leaves of the bush. "With all the whiskey I been drinking," McKenzie said, "I imagine my piss is at least 90 proof. Hell, I should fucking bottle it. Shame to

let it go to waste.”

“McKenzie, you look like a piss drinker.”

His smile didn't waver a bit, but the light in his eyes turned threatening. “If I didn't know better, Cyrus,” he said calmly, “I'd think that you was trying to insult me.” His stream trickled down to a few drops, and he gave his dick a couple of shakes. But he made no effort to slip his breeches back up.

“McKenzie,” I drawled, “I guess you don't know better, 'cause that's exactly what I'm trying to do. I know you been nosing around my trapping sites, taking my game. We got some old scores to settle.”

“You'd be a hell of a lot more convincing, Cyrus,” McKenzie said gently, “if you looked me in the eyes when you said that instead of at my dick.”

I glared at him full in the face. “You wave your dick around. I can't help but look at it.” In spite of my best efforts, my eyes shifted down again. His hand was stroking his meat in a slow, teasing pull. Flesh swelled in his palm, fat and spongy, the head poking out of the foreskin like a prairie dog checking out the weather.

“Come on, Cyrus,” McKenzie crooned. “Take a break from that hot half-breed buck of yours. Give someone else a tumble for a change.”

I said nothin', staring at McKenzie's stiff dick shining slick in the light of the half-moon. I ran my tongue over my lips and cleared my throat. I hated this varmint more than anyone else in the Rockies. But my traitor dick wouldn't buy it. My own flesh swelled full staff in my hand. My balls shifted in their sac anticipating a good pumping.

McKenzie wrapped his hand around the back of my neck and planted his mouth over mine. His tongue pushed way into my mouth and, without a dance card, explored the back of my throat. I jerked my head away, but McKenzie held on tight. He was full of traps. The seductive fuck! My tongue pushed into his mouth and returned the kiss.

Off in the distance, the sound of men shouting signaled that someone had won big whoopee at the gaming fire. McKenzie wrapped his hand around my dick and stroked me slowly in that sweet stage of drink where I felt so light I could float. Only McKenzie's calloused hand around my dick anchored me to the ground.

McKenzie pulled back and looked at me. For once, his expression wasn't mocking and I could see the hunger in his face. Dick hunger. Hunger for my dick. His stroke was rougher, faster. My balls were swinging free in the night air. He loosened his grip and palmed his own dick slick in next to mine within the circle of his fingers. I stared down at our two dicks squeezed together in a mighty purty sight. I pulled his face against mine and kissed him hard again.

McKenzie tugged me to the ground and stretched out on top of me full length. He ground his hips against mine in a slow, steady rhythm, his dick poking hard against my belly. My body kind of took over after that, straining against McKenzie's, rubbing against him till I started having a hard time figuring where my skin ended and his began. With all that squirmin' around, our clothes sort of fell off us. I reached around and slid my hands across his furry ass, squeezing his cheeks, fingering his crack, feeling the pucker of his bung hole. McKenzie lifted his head and looked down at me. The moon gleamed full in his face, and damn if he didn't look like some ol' red bear high in rut. He reached down and cupped my balls. I half expected him to give a hard squeeze, but he rolled them in his palm like they was two tender eggs bursting to hatch.

"I like a man whose nuts have some heft to them." His hand slid up to my cock and squeezed. "Seems like you're all-around naturally big down south, Cyrus."

McKenzie took my left nipple between his teeth and bit. The shock slivered like prairie lightning through my body. He rolled my right nipple between his thumb and forefinger and squeezed hard. His other hand stroked my dick.

I groaned from the sheer criss-crossing, double-crossing pleasure of it all.

His tongue lapped a wet trail down my chest, across my belly and into my bush. I pushed my hips up, arching my back. McKenzie buried his face into my crotch, his beard tickling my balls, his wet mouth slobbering over my dick. I slid my dick between his lips and hard down his throat. McKenzie sucked like a true mountainman. His tongue danced a little jig around my meat shooting more lightning sparks through my body. Right about then I forgot all about Greenwater Creek, and my losing at gambling, and every other reason I had to hate McKenzie, and decided to ride the old trickster out to see what he had up his sleeve. Like a St. Louie whore, I pumped my hips, fucking his face with long, steady strokes. I groaned into each thrust of my dick down into his warm, tight mouth. McKenzie looked up at me, my dick fat in his face, scorn in his eyes. Was he mocking me for being knocked so easy off my high horse? Or for him poaching my pelts? But I never was a man to hold grudges, at least against someone who could suck dick as good as McKenzie.

Yet, something about his smugness riled me good. I decided to fight fire with fire. "Swing around," I said. I didn't have to say it twice.

McKenzie shifted his body around and over me so that when I looked up all I could see was his thick dick and low-hangin' balls above my face. I buried my nose in his nuts and snorted in deep his ripe, gamey smell. Damn if I didn't about swoon away. If the traders could bottle the intoxicatin' smell of McKenzie's balls, they wouldn't need to haul their watered-down whiskey over from St. Louie. I sucked the fleshy red pouch into my mouth and tongue-washed it good, 'cause it needed one. McKenzie gave out a long sigh, but never stopped feeding on my dick. I sucked on his nuts. I wrapped my hand around his dick and stroked it long and fast. McKenzie sighed again, only more like a

groan. I squeezed his dick good, feeling cock-warmth spread through my hand, and slid my tongue up the short hairy trail to his asshole. I buried my face in his cheeks and licked his bung hole good. McKenzie groaned and missed a beat sucking my dick. His own dick was slippery with pre-cum, and my hand slid up and down the meaty shaft like bear grease on a skillet.

McKenzie swung around so he was sitting on my chest facing me. His dick stuck straight up, fat, red, and shiny from my slobber and his pre-cum.

“Drop your balls in my mouth.” I swear I couldn’t get enough of them. McKenzie shifted his body so I could tongue his nuts again. He reached behind me and started stroking my dick, all the time slapping my face with his dick hard enough to make my cheeks sting.

All right, McKenzie, I thought. You asked for it. I jimmied a finger up his ass, up to the last joint, and commenced to finger-fuckin’ him good, looking up, with big red McKenzie’s nuts in my mouth. His dark prick was in my face. His sweat-streaked face look back at me across all his showboatin’ muscled torso. I could see that I’d wiped that grin off of him good. His mouth was pulled back in a snarl, and that cool, blue look in his eyes had given way to a mean, desperate light. His hand was a blur as he stroked his meat. I shoved my finger hard up his hole and dug in till I felt his peanut. That did the trick, all right. McKenzie threw back his head and let out a groan fit to raise the dead. Jizz squirted out of his dick, splattering against my face.

I opened my mouth for the last drops, rolling them around with my tongue, trapping all of McKenzie’s creamy load. McKenzie kept on pumping my dick with his fist and it wasn’t more than a couple of seconds more that I felt my own load cuming down the pike. I thrashed and bucked and McKenzie had to hold on for dear life till my cum was purty much squirted out. Finally I lay still, panting. McKenzie stretched out on top of me and licked the rest of

his cum off my face.

“Damn if my load ain’t 90-proof too,” he bragged.

“I don’t reckon there’s a more fun way of getting drunk,” I said. We both laughed, though I wasn’t quite easy about it. I was so used to hating McKenzie that it didn’t seem quite right to be horsing around with him like this.

McKenzie seemed to sense this. His eyes narrowed speculatively. “Well, Cyrus,” he drawled. “Are we square, or do you still feel like there’s unfinished business between us?”

I thought for a second. “I’m willing to let bygone’s be bygone’s, McKenzie,” I said slowly. “But if you start nosing around my trapping areas again, it’ll be your scraggly red pelt I’ll be selling for a bottle of whiskey at the next rendezvous.”

McKenzie grinned, but he didn’t say anything about backing off. In fact, he didn’t say anything at all. He pulled on his pants, winked at me, and rambled back towards the gaming fire. I had a feeling my run-in’s with McKenzie were far from over, and were maybe even gonna be epic run-in’s down the line.

Back at the campfire, Coyote Jim was getting ready to bed down. His face didn’t show much expression, but I could tell by the gleam in his eye that sleep was the second-to-last thing on his mind. I could feel my bung hole pucker happily at the plowin’ it was about to get, the one thing old McKenzie had neglected to give me. I eagerly stripped bare-naked and slid in under the buffalo skin next to Coyote who wrapped his arms around me and pulled me to him. His thick dick pushed against my belly.

“I’ve had enough of these sad, whiskey-sotted var-mints,” Coyote said.

“You have?” I was a tad surprised. “Any partic’lar one?”

“Let’s head on back to the mountains first thing sunrise, okay?”

Hmm. I kissed him. “Fine by me, Coyote.”

Sounds of shouts and gunshots echoed in the night. The boys were runnin' naked, drunk, and frisky out in the dark.

Coyote returned my kiss, and we settled down to the serious business of him plowing my ass, me not knowing then what I found out later about how McKenzie, two nights before, worse than poachin' my traps, had poached Coyote's butt that I thought was mine...

...And all the trouble that caused!

...And how I had to take my revenge on that fuckin' redhead.

But that's another story.



Steve Thrasher, *Thrasher Raw and Uncut*
Photograph by and ©Jack Fritscher (www.JackFritscher.com)

Still kissing Eddy,
 the meat-eating logger
 couldn't wait to screw
 the tree-hugging college boy...

LAYING LOGGERS

BOB VICKERY

There's a slight breeze blowing in through the cab window, cooling off some of the sweat I've been working up. It ain't the only thing blowing. I reach up and stretch, locking my fingers together, and pull my knees wider apart. They can only go so far with my jeans down around my ankles. I look down at the back of Eddy's head, watching it twist back and forth as I fuck his mouth with long, slow strokes. "Hell, Eddy," I laugh. "I do believe you're getting bald."

Eddy stops his sucking and looks up, holding my cock in his hand.

He gives me one of his easy, good ol' boy growls. "Any guy whose pa named him 'Dale' ought to be careful what he says to me while his dick's in my mouth."

I grin. "Sorry. Don't break your stride." I scratch my beard and settle back into the truck's seat. "Go ahead. Don't let me stop you."

Eddy's intense blue eyes gleam. I swear, somewhere back in Eddy's family tree some great-granddaddy must have fucked a blue-eyed grizzly, 'cause I can see the family resemblance in his brow. He slowly runs his tongue up the length of my dick, sucking gently on the head, tonguing my cum slit. It always excites the hell out of me watching my log jam the face of a man as handsome as Eddy. Without any warning, he plunges down, swallowing all eight and a

half inches. I feel the softness of Eddy's beard press down against my low-hangers. Up and down his mouth goes, his tongue wrapping around my dick, squeezing it, caressing it. Sweet Jesus, can that boy suck cock! It's one of his most endearing qualities. I look up at the cab's roof, letting the sensations sweep over me, and start giving out some mighty groans to show Eddy my appreciation.

Eddy's sucking on my balls, first the left one, then the right, rolling each one around in his mouth, while he strokes my fuckstick slowly. He's humping his fist with the same, even tempo, and I reach down to give him a helping hand. His bearmeat is slick with spit and pre-cum and slides in and out of my hand as easy as butter on a hot skillet.

My other hand rubs and strokes across Eddy's chest, feeling those pumped-up hard pecs and the soft fur that covers them. I grab his left nipple between thumb and forefinger and squeeze hard. Eddy, his mouth full of my balls, grunts his approval, and I slap the back of his head. "Didn't your pappy never teach you not to talk with your mouth full?" Eddy laughs and I pull his face up to mine, shoving my tongue deep into his mouth.

Eddy rolls over on top of me, and his muscular arms wrap around me in a powerful bear hug. I feel his hard flesh pressed tight against mine, the sweaty skin sliding back and forth across my chest, his thick dick dry humping my belly. I breathe in the strong mansmell of Eddy's sweat. We're both not-so-fresh off an eight-hour shift logging redwoods and we reek. I work a finger into Eddy's tight bung hole, torturing him with excruciating slowness, up to the third knuckle. My finger gloves into his warm velvet. I wiggle it, pushing against his prostate, and Eddy goes fucking crazy, thrashing around in the cab, squirming against me, groaning loud enough to wake the dead. This boy needs a serious fucking.

Still kissing Eddy, I pull my finger out of his ass and grope in the glove compartment for a condom. I roll one

down my shaft. Eddy shifts his hips up. We resume playing dueling tongues as I slowly impale him. I fuck Eddy with short, quick thrusts, and he pumps his hips to meet me, matching me stroke for stroke. My hand's wrapped around Eddy's thick shaft, jerking him off like a dawg.

Fucking in the front seat of a truck cab ain't the most comfortable way to get off. Eddy's head is bent down to keep from bumping the roof, and the stick shift keeps hitting me in the leg. But neither of us is complaining. I settle into a steady rhythm of plowing ass. Eddy's face sweats inches away from mine. I look deep into his wild blue eyes, and he stares back at me, his eyes narrowed in concentration, his lips pulled back into a soundless snarl. A low, half-whimper comes out of his mouth, and then another. I spit in my hand and continue stroking his dick. The whimper turns into a long, trailing groan. I stroke faster, and he groans again, loud. I squeeze his nipple and that tricks the shot. Eddy arches his back, and his body begins shuddering as he shoots his load. The first squirt gets me right in the face, smack below my left eye.

The next two hit me on the chin.

Eddy's growling like a damn trapped bruin, and the squirts keep on a-cuming. I'm soaked with spoor before he's done.

I shove my dick once more hard up its entire length into Eddy's ass and that tricks the shot for me. I groan loud, and Eddy plants his mouth rough on top of mine. He tongues me damn well down to my throat as my jizz shoots into the condom up his ass. There's a lot of thrashing about, a lot of crashing into ashtrays and door handles, until finally, things quiet down. Eddy softly licks his cum off my face as I lay back, eyes closed, feeling the late afternoon breeze blow in through the window. I can hear the leaves outside rustling, and, farther off in the distance, the buzz of the chain saws of the afternoon shift.

After a few minutes, Eddy pushes himself up. "I gotta

take a leak,” he says and climbs out of the cab. I watch him lazily, admiring his fine, tight ass, as he stands on the road edge buck-naked and pisses down the hillside.

His body suddenly stiffens. “Hey, Dale,” he calls over his shoulder. “Come over here.”

I’m almost drifting off to sleep. “Why?” I ask irritably. “Get over here, goddamn it!”

I push out of the truck’s cab and walk over to where Eddy’s standing. “What’s up?”

Eddy points down below and I follow the direction of his finger. Way far down, I see the work crew cutting away at the redwoods growing on the valley floor. But that’s not what’s got Eddy’s attention. He’s pointing closer up, where the logging road winds along the side of the hill before it climbs to the spot where we’re standing. I see what’s got his attention.

Halfway down the ridge, by the side of the road, there’s a man flopped belly-down, snapping pictures of the tree-cutting operation going on below him. A backpack lays by his side.

I look at Eddy. “What do you think he’s up to?” I ask.

Eddy shrugs. We watch the dude for a moment longer, not saying anything.

“I bet he’s a tree-hugger,” Eddy finally says.

I keep my eyes on him. “I think you’re right.”

At this distance, it’s hard to tell, but he looks like he’s not much more than a kid.

I turn to Eddy, grinning. “I see lunch on a stick.”

Eddy snorts, “Let’s do lunch.”

We jump in the truck, and, no engine running, coast down the few hundred feet, tires crackling gravel, braking to a quiet stop. The tree-hugger’s still stretched out on a small patch of grass a little ways off from the road, snapping pictures. I look at Eddy and put a finger to my lips. We climb out of the truck and creep over towards him.

We sneak up a few feet away from him. I assess his butt.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing!” I bark.

This gets the desired effect. The guy jumps up and whirls around, facing us with wide eyes. He’s young, all right, early twenties, clean-shaven, but with a shaggy mane of dark blond hair. His cut-offs fit tight on his powerfully muscled legs. Most likely a mountain biker, I think. I still got the picture in my head of how tight his ass looked when he was on his belly. The kid stares at us, saying nothing.

“The man asked what you’re doing,” Eddy says quietly, his grizzly-blue eyes squinting. Eddy can look real mean when he wants to.

The kid swallows. “I was watching the loggers down below.”

“Yeah,” I say. “And taking pictures too.”

The kid’s eyes dart to my face, then Eddy’s, then back to mine again.

It’s clear he wishes really bad he was somewhere else. I can’t help but notice how goodlooking he is, with a firm jaw, alert brown eyes, tight body.

“Look,” he says, his voice low. “I’m taking a hike. Photography’s a hobby.”

“You shooting for one of them environmental groups?” I said. “You one of them green terrorists?”

“Let me go.”

“Or you just into, like, shootin’ guys?”

“You one of them camera fags?” Eddy said.

I narrow my eyes, doing my best Clint Eastwood. “What’s your name?”

The kid meets my gaze, and, I have to give him credit, holds it steadily.

“Mark,” he says.

“This is private property, Mark,” I say. “Owned by Carolina-Pacific Lumber. You got no business being here.”

“Yeah, and you guys got no business cutting down those old-growth redwoods!” Mark blurts. “There’s a court injunction forbidding you from doing it!”

That sure as hell clears up any doubts about whether or not he's a tree-hugger. I turn to Eddy. "I think we ought to take him down to the foreman's trailer." Which is pure bluff. "Tell him this boy—this trespasser—is into photographing dudes. Ain't that exploitation of the working classes?" I have no intention turning this kid over to anyone, much less those fucking animals down below. I want to throw a scare in him. "It's a clear-cut case. But not of redwoods, huh, voyeur-boy?"

The low rumble of a truck comes from around the bend behind us, and me and Eddy turn to look in its direction.

The kid quick sprints off the road and jumps down the side of the ridge, half falling, half running, until he's swallowed up by the trees.

A logging truck comes around the curve, loaded down with redwoods, all old-growth. Mike, the driver, toots his horn and waves, and Eddy and me wave back. We watch the truck round the next bend in a cloud of dust.

We laugh 'cause the kid thinks he can get away.

Eddy nods towards the kid's backpack. "Our buddy seems to have left something behind."

I grin. "You want to go look for him?"

Eddy gives me a tetchd look. "Are you crazy? I ain't climbing down that hill. I'm going home to a cold beer."

I'm already sliding down the hill. "You ain't going nowhere with the keys to the truck in my pocket," I call over my shoulder. "You can either wait or come with me."

Behind me, I hear Eddy curse. He starts scrambling down the hill after me. We find Mark a little ways off, sitting on a log with his right boot and sock off. His ankle is already beginning to swell badly.

"Looks like you had a little accident," I say mildly.

Mark glares at me but says nothing.

"Come on," I say. "Me and Eddy'll get you back to the truck."

When we get to the road, Mark shakes us off like so

many flies. He hobbles to his backpack and pulls out an Ace bandage.

“Get in the truck,” I say. “You can do that back at our place.”

Mark begins wrapping the bandage around his ankle. “Leave me alone. I can get back on my own.”

“Yeah, right. It’s eight miles back to the main road.”

“That’s my problem.” Mark stands up. He takes a step and grimaces with pain.

“Don’t be a jerk,” I say impatiently. “Get in the damn truck.”

Mark starts limping down the road. He flips me off without looking back. “I was shooting trees, not guys.”

I shrug. “Whatever. Get in or not. Suit yourself.” I open the truck door and climb in. I look at Eddy. “You comin’ or are you walkin’ too?”

Eddy glances at Mark and climbs into the truck. I start the engine and begin pulling away.

“Wait!” Mark shouts.

I stop. The kid is blushing now, but his eyes are shooting daggers at me. Damn if he don’t look sexier than a motherfucker. I like ’em hot and helpless. I feel my cock stir paternally.

“You’re right,” he says. “No way can I can make it back on my own.”

I can tell it’s killing him to admit it. I throw open the door. “Hop in.”

Mark’s face twitches, and, in spite of himself, he grins. “Hop is about the only thing I can do right now,” he says.

In the truck, we jaw on the way back to the cabin where I don’t mind supporting Mark’s arm around my shoulder. Me and Eddy feel him up a bit, helping him up the steps, but not so he notices. Mark takes a pull from his beer. He’s sitting in a chair by the fire, with his foot propped up on a stool. “What those fuckers you work for are doing is illegal, you know. Like I said, there’s a court injunction against

logging old-growth in this area.”

I give him a long, deadpan look thinking about “logging his new growth.” I want to win him over. “What if me and Eddy told you we agree with you?”

“Yeah, right. Two fucks who’ll justify anything by saying you’re only working for a living. Support the wife and kiddies.”

“Fuck you,” Eddy says.

“Whoa!” I say. “We do, you know. Me and Eddy. We agree with you.” I nod towards his camera. “Look, we could pull the film out of your camera right now if we wanted to. You think you could stop us? Pulling your film? Stop us? Period?”

Mark glares at me. He’s a suspicious li’l fucker.

I make him more so. On purpose.

Mark says, “Then why were you guys out there cutting down the trees along with all your asshole friends?”

The kid is getting my goat. “Because, you little college punk,” I say slowly, “if we refuse, we get our asses fired. Logging’s the only thing we know how to do.” I glare back at him until he finally looks away. “Me and Eddy grew up in this area. Our daddies were loggers. So were our granddaddies...”

“...and our grandmas too.” Eddie was never serious.

“...Our folks knew how to harvest. But this shit is new. These companies are clear-cutting everything. They ain’t harvesting. They’re killing the land. In twenty months, there ain’t going to be nothing left to log. When it’s gone, guys like us are history. I don’t wanna learn routing for fucking telecom companies.”

“Hell, man,” Eddy chimes in. “If those pictures keep me from computer training classes...”

Mark laughs relieved. “Cool. Great. Logger Logic 101. I’ll take it next semester. You get me to my car tomorrow and I’ll do the rest.” He kills the rest of his bottle and scans the room. “You guys live here together?” he asks.

I can hear what he's thinking: two guys, one bedroom.

He looks at me again, his eyes bold. "Pals? Partners? Lovers?"

Eddy shifts in his seat. "You a national fucking inquirer?"

"Define *fucking*."

I return his slap shots. "Yeah, we're lovers," I say levelly. "You got a problem with that?"

Mark shakes his head. "Shit no." White teeth grin over his strong chin. "I may hug trees, but I...eat...meat."

A big lightbulb turns on over me and Eddy chewing on this tasty piece of 411. I give Mark a hard steady look, trying to keep a poker face, but I can feel my heart pounding. Mark looks back at me. Firelight flickers across his handsome face, his eyes gleaming, his lips pulled back into a waiting smile.

Damn! The very young are so cocksure. Why not? With the world changing every fifteen minutes, why wouldn't he be available and think we were available?

My dick is already stiff under my jeans, and I shift in my chair so as to give Mark the satisfaction of noticing. "So what do you want me to do about this...meat?" I grunt.

Mark's grin widens. "We can all think of pulling something off." He stands and real slow-posing teases his teeshirt off and even more slowly unzips his cut-offs and pulls them down, carefully lifting his right ankle to kick them off. He sits back in the chair again, looking at both of us very come-and-get-it. Even half-erect, his cock is impressive: thick, meaty, with a large, mushroom head. Firelight dances over his veined, twitching dick and the fleshy young balls beneath it.

I glance at Eddy, but his eyes are fixed with a hungry gleam on Mark's naked body. Eddy always was a pig for dick. But, hell, so am I. Eddy begins polishing his own knob under the heavy denim of his jeans. He shoots a go-for-it in my direction. *Go, Eddy!*

Mark watches us quiver. “Dudes! With my ankle, I can’t come to you. If you want it, here it is; come and get it.”

I don’t do nothing for a couple of beats.

“What you waiting for?”

Don’t want the kid to think I’m too eager.

“I got a twisted ankle.”

Or too stupid.

“I can’t even run away.”

Mark’s not playing a game. Why am I? I stand up, walk over to Mark and rub my crotch inches from his face. “Okay, fucker, chow time.”

Mark reaches over and slips his hand under my shirt, sliding palm across my belly. His fingers hook around the top of my jeans and he draws me closer. He places his mouth over the rough denim pouching my cock and gently bites. With his other hand, he begins pumping his dick. I reach down and squeeze his left nipple, not gently. He winces. Nice. I harden harder. He unbuckles my belt and unzips my fly.

I stand like an old-growth redwood letting him do the logging. He’s lost his coy smile. He has an expression I know well: dick hunger. That look always gives me wood.

His hands pull my jeans down to my knees. His teeth pull down my shorts. My cock springs to full attention. I glance at Eddy who’s already chainsawing his own dick with his grizzly-blue eyes hungry for the boy.

Mark reaches over and squeezes my cock gently. A little pre-cum pearl oozes through my cum slit. Mark laps it up. “My favorite flavor,” he grins, looking up at me.

“Yeah,” I say, “Log-cabin syrup.”

Mark laughs. He runs his tongue up the length of my cock, swirls the head twice around, and swallows it all, his nose buried deep into my brushy pubes. My knees buckle for a second, and then, holding the kid’s head with both hands, I begin fucking his mouth with long, slow strokes. Mark cups my balls with his hand and squeezes them gently.

I glance over at Eddy, still on the other side of the room, still yanking his crank. His beautiful, low-hangers bounce to his beat. “Hey, Eddy!” I yell. “Get your hairy ass over here!”

I look down at Mark, who’s looking back up at me, my cock shoved full to the base down his throat.

“Eddy’s a little shy at parties.”

“*Shut up, ‘Dale’!*” Eddy lurches over, his jeans down around his ankles, his thick meat swinging heavily from side to side.

“*Shut up, Eddy.*” I pull him over to me and kiss him hard, my tongue probing deep into his mouth.

“*And you shut up too, Mark.*” I make him equal for good measure and choke him on my dick. I spit in my hand and wrap fist around Eddy’s dick, sliding palm up and down the thick shaft. Eddy’s grizzly-blue eyes narrow, and a small roar growls out of his mouth.

Mark tongues Eddy’s fleshy nut sac, sucking on one ball, then the other, lumping the two of them together. He pushes my hand aside and deep-throats Eddy’s dick. His mouth works his lips tight up and down the thick shaft of meat. All the time he’s palm-fucking his own fist hard and fast. It’s clear that Mark’s a brother dick-pig as well. After a few sucks, he returns to my meat, then back to Eddy’s. I look at Eddy’s dick and my dick thrusting out side by side. Eddy’s is red, and thicker than mine, uncut and heavy veined. A good, meaty dick. Mine is longer and darker, cut, with a narrower head. Mark is giving us both masterful head, sliding his mouth up and down our cranks, while twisting his head from side to side in long, skillful strokes. The kid’s amazing! Is this something they teach in college? Makes me regret dropping out of high school.

I pull Mark to his feet, and kiss him. My hands explore his torso, pinch his nipples, play with his ass. I lift his right arm and tongue his armpit to savor the bittersweet man-sweat. Licking such liquor I could get drunk. My tongue

crosses over to his left nipple and swirls around it. I nipple him gently and feel his body tremble under my hands. I do the same with his right nipple. On his tender tits, I dial up 1-800-SURRENDER. My tongue slides down the smooth, hard ridges of his belly, past his stiff dick, and washes over his cum-heavy balls.

I vacuum both nuts into my mouth and suck hard. Mark heaves a sigh a hair's breadth shy of a groan. Holding the kid's dick in my hand, my tongue runs the length of his shaft. When I reach its red, corking head, I plunge down and swallow to the back of my throat. My beard presses tight against his balls. Mark cries out. His cries drive me into a frenzy of cocksucking. The kid is good at giving head, but nobody eats dick as good as I do, and I aim to prove how a logger can outsuck a college boy.

Eddy reaches into a table drawer, pulls out a condom, and slips it on, which is something useful we could have learned in high school before we enlisted in the Navy where we never told what we were never asked.

He wraps his powerful arms around Mark from behind, hugging him tighter than any hugger ever hugged a tree, and slowly impales his ass.

Mark grimaces like he's already dying for more. Eddy teases a bit before he continues working his dick in. It don't take long before he's sticking Mark's sweet young ass hard, driving his dick home with ball-slammin' force.

My mouth glides up and down the shaft of the kid's meat, my head twisting from side to side to increase the sensation for him. Between the two of us, the kid is getting worked over good. I can see he's well on his way to losing it big time. His groans are bouncing off the rafters. His body is trembling like a leaf at the top of a tree about to be toppled. He twists his head around and shoots Eddy a wild-eyed look, sweat streaming down his face.

Eddy plants his mouth over Mark's and tongues him for all he's worth, at the same time reaching down and twisting

the kid's nipples hard. Mark bucks between us, a bronco in heat. But we hold on: Eddy slamming hard into his ass, me feeding on his dick. I come up for air, hand-slicking my spit and pre-cum up and down Mark's crank. I feel his balls in my hand tighten up. I know he's about ready to shoot.

A couple more strokes and **TIMBER!** Mark's over the edge. He yells loud enough to bring the roof down, and a mighty load of jizm squirts out of his dick, splattering my face and chest. Eddy roars in synch. He squirts his load into the condom up Mark's ass. His arms are wrapped tight enough around the kid to damn near squeeze the air out of him. Only takes a few more strokes of my fist around my dick before I'm blasting my load halfway across the room. The two of them sink down beside me, and we kiss. Mark and Eddy lick white-hot clots off my face. We collapse together in a heap on the rug by the fire, and lay stuck together until the sky through the window starts turning light.

We drop the kid off at his car the next morning. "Take good care of those pictures," I tell him. "Sometimes a man's gotta do..."

"Shut up, 'Dale,'" Mark says. "Let me take a few pictures of you two guys."

"Us? For your 'Most Wanted' poster?"

"Yeah." Mark smiles confidently. "You were right. I like spying on guys and taking their pictures." He looks at us like he's predicting our future. "I can see you two bein' linemen running fiber optics."

When all the shutterbuggin' is done, Mark and Eddy hug, and Mark climbs into his car. I stick my head in the window and kiss him hard, my tongue slipping into his mouth. "Come back here some time soon," I say, "or I'll have to head south and hunt you down."

Mark grins. "Wild horses couldn't keep me away," he says. He pulls away, me and Eddy standing barefoot in the gravel, watching, as his car disappears into the distance.

“Some fun, eh?” Eddy winks at me.

“Hell, yeah, Eddy!”

Back in the cabin, we climb in bed.

“Hey, Eddy,” I muse. “How much wood would a tree-hugger hug if a tree-hugger could hug...”

“...woodies...”

“...like ours?”



Curtis James, *Redneck Cowboy: Hellbent for Leather*
Photograph by and ©Jack Fritscher (www.JackFritscher.com)



Steve Thrasher, *Rough Night at the Jockstrap Gym*
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HOW TO LEGALLY QUOTE FROM THIS BOOK

The difference between
a straight man and a gay man
is a sixpack.

TEDDY BECOMES A BEAR

RON SURESHA

Up to my hairy elbows in warm soapy dishwater when the phone rang, I called out to Tony, who was lighting his after-dinner smoke in the living room. “Hey, Beast, could you get that for me?”

Tony grunted and raised his sturdy 200-pound frame out of the sofa in front of the TV where he’d plopped himself. He picked up the cordless and, in that honeyed baritone that is one of the attributes that makes him a keeper-fuckbuddy, intoned, “Hello?”

A pause. “No. This is his friend, Tony. Buck’s doing dishes.” He walked into the kitchen, puffed on his smoke, and said, in a secretarial mode, “Who’s calling, please?”

I pulled my arms out dripping and reached for the dishrag. I turned around and looked at Tony the Beast walking toward me. His leather vest, chaps, jeans, and black teeshirt exhibited his smoldering sexuality. That he wore leather day in and out—especially in puritanical Boston—was one of the things I really dug about Tony. He was a real leatherbear, as opposed to the leather tourists who wear leather only to satisfy the dress code for the backroom at the Ramrod.

Wiping my hands, I pursed my lips in pantomime and he held out the cigarette for me to take a drag. His ruggedly handsome Italian-Irish grin, framed by a full dark

brown beard, told me he found whoever was on the other end of the line amusing. “Who is it?” I mouthed, feeling somewhat annoyed at the intruder. I put my hand on Tony’s crotch and gave his very full basket a gentle squeeze. I could feel his thick prong surge instantly underneath my grip. He smiled, listening to the phone.

I’d hoped the caller would be someone I could get rid of quickly. Tonight was my regular play night with Tony the Beast. We’d had to miss the last two weeks because of various work crises. I was really looking forward to this night with him, even going to the trouble of making dinner, although usually he simply came over, we’d pop a couple of cold beers, and head up to my bedroom to get nasty, sweaty, and sticky.

Tony arched his eyebrows, spoke into the phone, “Hold on, please,” and covered the receiver. He crossed his eyes and affected a soddenly slurred voice. “It’s (hic!) some *very* happy person named Teddy. I think he’s had a drink or five.”

I took the phone from him, put my ear to the receiver, and listened to the sounds of what was, my best guess, the neighborhood Irish (read: *not-gay*) pub called the Watering Hole.

“Hello?” I heard Teddy’s drunken voice over the background din. Without saying a word, I took the cig from Tony’s furry fingers and took a long drag, exhaled. I was in no particular hurry to answer. This wasn’t the first time Teddy had interrupted a date.

I met Teddy at the Watering Hole three years ago. I was minding my own business with a pint of Guinness, watching the football game on TV as if it mattered, when he sat down next to me. I immediately noticed his wedding ring, laughing green eyes, ruddy Irish goatee, solid build with a slight beer paunch, and the downy copper fur ringing his forearms. A bite-size Mark Maguire. After he

ordered a bottle of beer, I muttered something vague to him about the local football clowns on TV. He muttered something equally vague about the pub clowns watching TV.

I stole a closer glance at the beefy little fireplug of a man sitting next to me, and felt the pungent heat rising from the tuft of fur sticking out from the top of my teeshirt. I waited an appropriate pause to offer him another comment as a lead-in to an introduction, but by the time his Bud arrived so did a shrewish little skag of a woman, presumably his wife, who promptly towed him elsewhere in the bar.

I'd stop in from time to time at the Hole to watch sports on the tube and suck down a few beers. I never went to the Hole to cruise. Far easier to do that at fag bars in town. Although let's say I'd gotten more than a couple of offers at the Hole from local guys. In any case, though, most times at the Hole I sat quietly. Staring makes straight guys nervous. Yet I found Teddy's furry body so appealing that I couldn't help but gaze at him with a twinge of lust. Even at a distance, I found his offhand manner and Irish-homeboy sarcasm charming.

Several times, I caught Teddy catching me catching him with my eyes, and he'd give me a brief nod. Not a come-hither gayboy nod, but a regular-guy nod. For months I never got a clue from the way he acted around his wife and other women friends at the bar that he was anything but dyed-in-the-wool het. I figured he was being friendly with me. I kept my distance around him. Sure, I'd go home and pump my rock-hard piston thinking about him. I'd shoot a huge load fantasizing about sticking my hand down his tight jeans, hauling out the fat juicy meat he seemed to be packing, and showing him male delights he'd never before known.

One night, Teddy came up to me at the Hole to chat. He

asked if I was from the neighborhood, and when I gave the location he said he knew my house. He talked about this and that and warmed to me somewhat. I asked if he was married, although I already knew, to make conversation. He gave a small grunt of assent and asked me the same.

I wear a full beard and flannel shirts. I'm sort of a musclebear type, but trim. Anyone who looked hard would see that I'm really a man's man. Maybe, like me, he already knew the answer but was making conversation.

In any case, I replied, somewhat surprised at the question, "No, never married."

To which he snorted, "Lucky you." He stood up and, looking me in the eye, tugged at his crotch and said, "Gotta piss real bad."

Watching him weave toward the back of the bar, I was tempted to follow him into the pisser, pull his pants and shorts down around his ankles, and stick my beard right up into the delectable globes of his ass. Instead, I adjusted my growing hardon and waited.

When Teddy returned from the john, I bought him a beer. He was tying one on to avoid going home to the ever-lovely Mrs. Teddy. I alternately listened, stealing sideways glances at his hairy chest, and pretended to listen, the two of us looking not at each other but both ahead of us, in the way guys do shooting the shit. He and his old lady had no kids, I found out. "Shootin' blanks, but shootin'." He winked.

Why was he telling me this? I knew the only difference between a straight guy and a gay one is a six-pack. I decided to test the theory. Again.

I ordered us two more beers. He had a hollow leg.

After half the second bottle, Teddy said, "Sorry I can't buy you a beer, pal. I'm flat out broke tonight."

"Don't worry about it."

"I got some killer weed if you'd like to smoke."

When I grinned, Teddy tugged my sleeve and slugged down the rest of his beer. “We’ll take my Jeep and drive around.”

As we cruised around the neighborhood, we passed the joint back and forth. Aretha came on the radio and I mentioned I was from Detroit. We started talking about music. We bonded over 70s male-rock and Motown. We drove, smoking and yelling choruses to songs, around the small streets near the bar. My skin felt hot so I opened my shirt a button, feeling the late autumn breeze rustle through my chest pelt. My cock throbbed and nuts ached at the thought of getting into this sexy man’s pants.

Suddenly Teddy said, “Hey, Buck, this is your neck of the woods, right? Where’s your place?”

I realized he’d driven meandering through sidestreets less than two blocks from my house, even though he once bragged he knew where I lived.

“Down that street there.”

And down that street, there we went, Teddy cranking up the Motown to a volume where you can only be cool and bob your head to the music.

We pulled up, tires screeching, beside my house. I reached over and turned down the radio, inexplicably paranoid of alerting the neighbors. Usually I don’t give half a fuck who I drag home from the bar. Fuck the neighbors!

Teddy looked out the Jeep window. “Nice place.” He was out of the car, heading across the lawn, pulling at his jeans, yelling, “Let’s go inside, man. I gotta piss bad.”

Only a six-pack away.

At the front door, I asked him if he didn’t need to get home soon.

“Naw, she don’t care and I don’t gotta be at work until ten tomorrow.”

I let us in, pointed him to the bathroom, and put on a few CDs. I listened to him drain his bladder for what

seemed like five minutes. I resolved firmly, solemnly, to do nothing first. Unless he asked for it.

When Teddy stepped out he was zipping his fly.

“Want another beer?” I opened two. We stood in the kitchen. The cold bite of brew hit the back of my hot throat.

We moved to the living room. He plopped down on the couch and set down his beer. I sat at the other end of the couch. He pulled out a joint and said, “Great music, man. Let’s smoke another bone.”

I groaned, but he fired it up before I could move us on. I got an ashtray and sat within a long arm’s reach. He flicked a sliver of ash nearly in my hand.

We sat stoned, getting more stoned, and listened to the music. Teddy sank into the couch and played a little air guitar. Although I wasn’t looking at him and he was about three feet away, I imagined I felt his weight bearing down on me. Heat rose from my crotch. I sneaked a sideways glance and imagined I saw the mound in his pants grow. My bald spot was moist with sweat. I sat forward to drink more beer, hoping I’d cool down.

Teddy dragged at his beer and lit a cigarette. Marvin Gaye filled the room singing, “What’s Going On?”

We sat about two feet apart, both of us shortening the space between us.

Finally, he picked up his beer again and leaned forward next to me.

“Is this where...” He drained the bottle. “Is this the point where I turn to you and ask you if you wanna ‘get it on’ or not?”

I drew a breath. Whether from a surge of beer, pot, caution, or anticipation of sex, my mind went blank.

He put down the bottle. “Is this where....” He moved his face close to mine grinning his melting Irish grin! He mocked, as if I should have gotten it the first time, “You wanna get it on...or not?”

“Sure.” I exhaled in relief.

I felt the fast hot rush of Teddy climbing all over me. His mouth locked on mine. This guy’s straight and he likes to kiss? His arms and his legs entwined and covered me, Shirt buttons popped in our drop from couch to carpet. We raced to expose the other’s flesh first. I won. He wore no shorts and was hard in his pants. Teddy was not one of the Irish wee folk. His swollen dork was crowned with a fat juicy head I could have wrapped my throat around, except for the fact that he was intent on plugging my face with his tongue.

He soon caught up with me in the race to expose each other, hauling my meat out and roughly grabbing my nuts. Our tongues, thick with beer and pot, muffled each other’s moans. In no time we were completely exposed to each other on the floor, and Teddy rolled up on top of me, pulling his mouth away from mine long enough for us both to suck in a huge gasp of air. He plunged his tongue like an Irish Setter licking for a bone into the depths of my throat. Our combined pre-cum and ballsweat lubed us well. I took our matched meat together in my fist and pumped furiously.

Our tongues swam frantically around inside each other’s mouth. Teddy started fucking my fist cock. His ass was bucking out of control, which made his cock slip from my grasp. I grabbed his firm ass and jammed my thumb up his hairy hole. He yelled and drove his tongue deeper into my throat. I regripped our hard cocks, and worked them both up and down, concentrating on the sensitive cockheads oozing pre-cum out of our engorged piss-slits. I slabbed our fuckmeat. Our balls banged against each other and drew up, in preparation of our climax.

Another minute of moaning, tongue-jamming, and pud-pounding and I knew from the way his cock surged and throbbed against my own that we were racing to the

finish. Teddy grabbed my pecs by the fur. My thumb hit paydirt in his hole. We both yelled into each other's mouth. Our hot juices spurted and mixed into the fertile sweat pool on my hairy chest.

After a minute of heavy breathing, he pulled up, crouched over me. My cock continued oozing out a steady stream of spicy cum overflowing from my navel, running down my ribs in rivulets.

For the first time he smiled and looked directly at me. "Betcha weren't expecting that, were ya?"

Breathless, I couldn't answer.

"Neither was I, dude."

My skin peeled from his skin. I rose to get a hand towel. When I returned, he was blowing little smoke rings, which he interrupted to give me a moony grin. His pants were around his knees and his still-stiff cock was ringed with hair halfway up its length. I tossed him the cum rag.

I asked, "You done this before?"

"Not as a grown-up, man. Maybe I was drunk in high school or something."

"...or something." I could tell I wasn't his first, but I was satisfied with my conquest of yet another straight man, relatively sure it would lead nowhere.

I buttoned my fly and, shaking my head and smiling, I bent to the carpet to pick up the cum rag and a lone button from my shirt.

"I might wanna do this again sometime," Teddy said.

My cynical hopes did not rise, but soon enough, we balled again. Before long, we developed an irregular pattern. Every couple weeks he'd call, casually asking if I wanted to meet him for a beer. I'd head to the Hole and find Teddy already well-lubricated. We'd have a few more drinks, talking about only the most superficial of things. He never mentioned sex or flirted with me in the bar. After a few drinks, we shook hands and I'd walk out,

only to have him meet me at my home.

Privately he was a different animal altogether. We'd crack another couple beers or smoke a joint. If we hadn't already ripped off each other's clothes, we'd jump into bed and have frenetic sex. After cuming, we exchanged maybe fifty words of conversation and Teddy always beat a quick retreat out the door. He never invited me to his place. I never asked, nor did I ever call him.

As a lover, Teddy was awkward at first, but made up for his innocence with amazing passion. He was eager to learn, but he had the Irish curse for drink. Because he was a class-A studmuffin, I cut him a lot of slack. At first, at least.

Once, early on, I went down on Teddy's bushy cock only to look up and see him working his own nipples. Most straight men don't get that part of their anatomy. Either Teddy was a natural or he had more experience than he admitted.

In any case, sex with Teddy, though vanilla, was intense. The few times I tried to get him to screw me, he lost his hardon. Several times I tried to pop his cherry. Sometimes I'd insert several well-lubed fingers past his viselike sphincter. The feel and the idea drove him wild, but when I put my fat cockhead against his gorgeous ass, he'd clamp like a clam.

"Jesus, you're too fuckin' big," he cursed, squirming his ass away from my menacing hardon.

"No bigger than a turd, man." I considering forcing my way inside his tight shithole, figuring all his drink and drugs were his cover for wanting me to force myself into him in the first place.

"Maybe not bigger, but a whole lot harder," Teddy said.

I couldn't argue with that. In any case, when my dick neared his butt, his entire body stiffened to a point of maximum resistance. I couldn't enter him. So I rerouted

our respective orgasms.

In due time, however, my “straight” fuckbuddy became a more-than-capable cocksucker and seemed to enjoy it as much as I did. I loved watching him kneeling between my legs, my long cock lying on his tongue and framed by his handsome goatee, his muscular furry arms reaching up to tweak my tits, my right hand on the back of his head, a cold beer in my left hand.

Yeah, I'd think, the irony! It's politically fashionable for women to hate their husbands on TV talk shows, and yet—wandering straight husbands are exactly the “bad boys” gay men prefer.

Recently, though, it annoyed me that he'd always be drunk or stoned four sheets to the wind when he'd want to mess around. Twice in the previous month, Teddy called when I had a buddy or date at my house. I couldn't talk, let alone invite him over. He'd suggest I get rid of the other guy right away so I could meet him, or that he come over after I'd had sex with the other guy, or that he come over and have a three-way. The whole time I was saying *no* and squirming, and my date was looking at me wondering, “Who the hell's he talking to?” Finally, sounding wounded, Teddy agreed to leave me alone. Naturally, juggling a clinging straight fuckbuddy with other gay tricks and boyfriends was a strain on me, but hardly one on Teddy, whose passion and faithfulness proved resilient as a ruby.

This one time when Teddy called while Tony the Beast was over, I'd had about enough of Teddy's bad timing. I was standing in the kitchen, jiggling the low-hangers in Tony's pants while I listened to Teddy mumbling his somewhat misguided affectionate intentions. I was ready to tell him I was tired of his always calling at the wrong times, always interrupting my trysts, always half-wasted, and that I wished he'd leave me alone. It never works out with married men. Fuck 'em if they can't take a “Fuck off!”

As I was about to launch into a tirade at Teddy, Tony the Beast caught my eye. With his upturned eyebrows, his shaggy face, his lips slightly parted and his thick red tongue panting, he looked eager. “Invite him,” he mimed.

“Yeah, sure, Teddy. C’mon over, if you don’t mind some company. My friend Tony’s here.” If Teddy was sloshed and horny, I knew his answer in the long pause on the other end where laughter mixed with the clack-clack of pool-table balls.

“I’ll be right there,” Teddy said.

“Careful driving, man. Want you here in one piece, ready for action.” I hung up.

“Beast,” I said calmly. “We have a guest.”

Tony’s face lit up. “You know me,” he said. “I love to take turns, and I love to share.”

“That’s what makes you such a good playmate.”

When Teddy’s Jeep pulled up, the stage was set with Motown and candles.

“How utterly romantic,” Tony said. “How come I don’t get this treatment?”

“You got dinner, my shaggy punk, which is a whole helluva lot more hospitality than he gets. Get your ass upstairs like I told you. He’s here,” I hissed, and gave Tony the Beast a resounding smack on his voluptuous ass. He headed upstairs. A scene like this could turn difficult, and I wanted Teddy broken in right.

In the kitchen, I played at drying dishes. The knocker hit the front door. I banged dishes, ignoring the second knocking. I set two bottles of beer on the table. I walked to the door, unlocked it, and swung it wide open as Teddy was about to knock a third time. He looked sexy and silly, his denim jacket and shirt half-open to his hairy chest. His hand was poised about to knock.

“All right, already, get in here.” I let Teddy in and locked the door behind him, headed past him in to the

kitchen, where I opened the beers. Teddy's eyes looked stoned.

"Hey," he whimpered. "No sugar?"

"Sure sugar." I stepped up to him and grabbed his arms, feeling his biceps brace against me. I pressed my mouth to his and probed with my tongue. His mouth was a hole. His head was swimming inside. Adrift.

One sloppy fuck coming up.

The taste of his beer and cigarettes wasted my tongue. I lifted my beer and slugged a hit against his aftertaste. I handed him the other beer. He swigged the bottle high, exposing the stubble on his Adam's apple.

Teddy regarded me unsteadily. I squared my shoulders and rose up over him like a buck about to lock horns with another stud. Teddy gulped another drink. "Where's your buddy?"

"Upstairs, changing."

"Into what?"

"Shut up."

I led Teddy into the living room where I plopped down on the sofa. My legs spread wide. "Let's get busy." I palmed my hand into my shirt and played with my hairy nipples. Teddy watched my cock grow half-hard, snaking toward him. "My dick wants you real bad," I said. "It knows you know how to take care of it. Wanna take care of that cock, buddy? Huh? Get on it already."

Teddy was used to making the first move, used to me cutting him a lot of slack. He sensed a new tone of control in my voice. I was tripping on the scene.

"Shithead! What you waiting for?"

Teddy dropped to his knees watching a wet stain spreading at the tip of the bulge in my pants. My nickname "Buck" is short for "Buckets" of my famous pre-cum, cum, and post-cum.

I was so horny for Teddy's hot mouth around my meat

that I was producing steady ooze. My dick ached for his mouth. He rubbed my muscular thighs and squeezed. I unbuttoned my shirt to expose my hairy pecs and tight belly. Teddy looked at the hair blanketing my upper chest and followed its pattern down toward my crotch where he buried his nose in my crotch and smelled my sweaty nuts. His hand ran up my thigh and squeezed my cock. A drip wet my jeans. I grabbed the back of his hair to guide his mouth. He sucked juice out of the denim. His pink tongue protruded between his teeth while he unbelted and unbuttoned my jeans. The drugs had made him a passive buck, which was exactly how I wanted him.

I think he understood it was his night. He knew he was gonna get what he'd wanted all along from our sex sessions. Teddy was gonna become a real man's man, a real bear. No more "I'm not queer, but I mess around."

Our eyes locked. He pulled down my pants. My cock popped out pouched in my wet jock—so tented my nuts hung out. Teddy looked at my straining jockstrap with a mixture of lust, apprehension, and wonder. I visualized an X-ray picture of my balls stuffed inside Teddy's mouth with my cock sheated like a knife down a sword-swallower's throat.

I grabbed his hair. "Eat it, ya fucking cocksucker." He opened his mouth wide and, almost in slow-motion, his lips slid smoothly down the outside of my cockpouch.

Tony the Beast, with perfect timing, arrived silently at the bottom of the stairs with his playbag.

I wished Teddy could've seen the studly leatherbear approaching stealthily behind him. In the moment, he was not Tony, but something else entirely. He was totally Beast, animal testosterone, pure manfuckdrive. His hairy tool, tied off with a leather thong, stuck out almost ten inches. His Beastballs swung between his furry powerful thighs. He wore black-leather chaps and a studded

harness cinching his brawny torso and big arms. He exuded eros. In salute, my dick spurted cumjuice to the back of Teddy's tongue.

I let Teddy swallow and savor the sample of my semen before grabbing the short hairs on the back of his neck and tilting his head back off my dick, raising only my eyebrows to indicate for him to open wider.

"Nice adenoids." I pulled aside the jockpouch and let my equipment spring forward, free at last. My dripping dick drooled a thread of crystal pre-cum onto Teddy's lower lip. Juice ran down his moustache and into his goatee. I scooped up my ball sac and pushed forward, working both fat globes into his mouthhole. My cock bounced up, back and forth, right between his eyes. A web of cumstrands connected his forehead and cheeks to my belly. I thumbed into both sides of Teddy's mouth and pushed my balls further in, fucking his face.

Beast bent over toward us. I grasped Teddy's short-hairs with one hand and used the other to lock his lips around the base of my balls. As Beast was about to unbutton Teddy's shirt, I announced casually, "Oh, look. Beast is here. But don't get up, really."

Teddy's eyes widened, but he was in no position to turn. Beast quickly stripped Teddy from top to bottom. His juicy cock slapped his furry belly and his butt smelled of sweat and funk.

Beast's eyes lusted wild for butthole, and even before he had Teddy's pants off completely he was prying Teddy's well-furred buttocks apart and sniffing like a bear at a honeypot. Teddy's forehead crinkled in apprehension and anticipation, and I laughed, holding his chin firmly to my perineum. I'd never reamed Teddy out before but I knew that Tony was a master rimmer. Teddy was in for a mind-blowing assblow.

Beast placed his knees inside Teddy's and spread

the virgin legs wide. Beast's mushroom head brushed up against Teddy's behind and Teddy's eyes narrowed to the side as if he were touched by a burning branch on his backside. Beast crouched and blew air into Teddy's hole. Teddy tightened and relaxed. Beast's long tongue rimmed up into Teddy's hairy hole.

I had been holding Teddy's arms up to my chest, where he'd been thumbing my nipples, but Beast's initiation of his butt drove Teddy's hands to his dick. Beast pulled his arms back over his butt, snapped thumbcuffs on him, and chowed down on his manhole.

Did Teddy object?

Does the Pope shit in the woods?

Is a bear Catholic?

Without support of his arms, his head fell forward into my crotch. My nuts were already marinating in his mouth. My cock softened a bit. So I pried his lips wider, feeding my softer head and shaft past his goatee. I knew my equipment would fit in this condition and Teddy looked relieved. I leaned back and let him relax his lip-grip, adjusting his tongue to accommodate my full package. That was enough to harden me inside his face.

Beast's butt worship had gone where no one had gone in Teddy before. I knew Beast's rear-end skills. I stroked Teddy's lips and goatee, admiring the way they swallowed my cock and balls. It was such a hot sight that I could feel my balls and cock surge and stiffen.

I watched Teddy's eyes very carefully throughout all this. His mouth was too packed to let go of its contents. He couldn't help that my hairy tool was stretching out again, making way ever so slowly toward the back of Teddy's throat. His only option was to relax completely.

I looked down to find Beast parting Teddy's asscheeks with both hands, edging his fingers inside Teddy's sit-bones to pull them apart and give his tongue better access.

Beast's paws were like a speculum. He bored his tongue-depressor to inspect Teddy's innards.

I did what I could to make Teddy's mouthful enjoyable. I was drooling a steady drip of good-tasting cockmilk to keep his throat lubed. Teddy was making wonderfully pathetic, high little muffled *woof-grunts-hums*, I assumed, to pleasantly vibrate my cockhead and clear his throat to make more room for my telescoping length. If he panicked, he'd choke, because there really was no way I would take my cock out until I came.

I've said before several times, not to brag, but I am a huge cum-er. I am one hairy fucking cum-machine. So I considered the possibility that Teddy would either choke or drown as I snaked further down his windpipe.

To distract Teddy from major discomfort, I began working his wooly nipples. In sync, Beast wrapped his strong fist around Teddy's nuts, reached with his other hand into his bag of tricks, pulled out a leather ball-stretcher, and clamped it around Teddy's nutbag, never once removing his jaw from chewing Teddy's butt.

Beast pulled out one of those black "tuxedo" rubbers, slid it down the length of his meat, and squirted lube over the rubber. I had an idea where he intended to bury his big black bearcock. He increased his loud and lusty slurping, sucking, and spitting on Teddy's fuckhole.

My cock had gotten about as long as it gets. One big round tear rolled down from Teddy's eye into his goatee, and another. Both ran into his mouth. The third one I wiped from his cheek as I wiped sweat out of his eyes.

Beast suctioned his face out of Teddy's rear end. His beard was dripping with essential butt. Teddy so liked the big grizzly-tongue up his honeycomb he surged with lust, wanting more. His body arched up, pulling my butt up off the sofa. His mouth lifted me by the hook of my dick and balls like a heavy-equipment crane tilting a building by

pulling one central girder.

Beast got to his knees, His cock was sharp at the tip rising from the blunt base. Beast's eyes looked demented with lust. With both his big hands, he gave Teddy a half dozen resounding slaps on both his asscheeks. I don't know if he intended them to be hard as they sounded, but the slaps rumbled like a primal beat up through Teddy into his moaning throat and mouth wrapped around my dick and balls.

I got a foothold on the floor. Beast tore handfuls at Teddy's chest hair. I grabbed Teddy's ears. Was I losing it? Was Teddy? Who knew about Beast who positioned his condom-cock at the gate to Teddy's bottom.

Teddy whimpered like a lost mongrel chased from an Irish pub. I pinched his nose closed, forcing him to breathe through his only available orifice, his rectum, which Beast was pawing open for insertion.

Beast looked right at me with pure fucklust, and drew back his torso from Teddy's ass like an arrow in a bow. I released the hold on Teddy's nostrils. Beast plunged his dick like a beer can crushed into Teddy's virgin shitter. Teddy twisted his head back and forth around the fulcrum of my cock and started using his back-throat muscles to milk my rod.

Beast started drilling. I flashed on how fantastic Beast must have felt plucking Teddy's cherry out of his fresh-rimmed tight butt. I envied Beast tearing into Teddy's bottom, but I had Teddy's top, and got down to facefucking.

Beast pushed Teddy forward and grabbed him by the thighs. Quickly I inserted my hands into Teddy's funky armpits and together we hoisted Teddy up and started bouncing him back and forth between us like one of those clacking metal ball gadgets. Teddy's poor neglected dick dragged back and forth against the carpet. He was enjoying himself. He had wrapped his legs around Beast's waist

to help stay in position for the punishing fuck.

While we pingponged Teddy, Beast caught my eye, grinned, and heaved a loogie of thick spit into my face. I returned the volley, not missing a beat. We leaned in toward each other tongue-tied, swapping saliva, dripping drool that splattered on Teddy's cheeks.

At first Teddy's body was rigid against our alternating fuckpunches, but after some time he relaxed. The fear and pain in his eyes turned to a look of appreciation and desire, and his whining turned into pleasure. He loosened up his virgin-grip enough at both ends to give Beast and me some wiggle-room.

After we fucked and fucked and fucked for a good ten more minutes, there was a long pause while the CD changed disks. In the silence, flesh slapped flesh to the rhythm of animal grunts.

Beast was near the edge. Sweat poured from his beard onto Teddy's back. The hair on our bodies was completely matted down. Teddy was slick and slippery in the three-way sex slime.

Beast was ready to bust a gut. His face was turning beet red. He always had kind of a short fuse. I could have kept going. My flow of cockspit was foaming at the corners of Teddy's stretched lips.

We had to finish quickly.

We didn't want to kill Teddy.

Right before I cum, my cockhead swells to the size of an egg. When I start cuming, I spurt volume equivalent to a small frothy omelet. The timing was tricky. I matched my rhythm to Beast's.

After another minute of serious pounding, I slid my hands out from Teddy's arms and let my throbbler hold him up. I vise-gripped Beast's nipples and twisted about three-quarters around. That did the trick.

"Go, Beast, go! Let it rip!" My cum broke from a trot

into a gallop. My balls ascended. I backed out from Teddy's mouth about four inches. My cockhead inflated. The room was spinning around me. My toes curled. My cock spewed one cannonload after another into his face. The flow quickly filled his mouth and backed up over his tongue, lips, and chin. My clots dripped down my descending nut sac. I watched Beast climax.

Beast's face twisted into a stream of *motherfuckin Jesu sgoddamBuddaeatsshitHairyholeofGod'scrotchinheaven!*

As Beast approached the end of his religious organ recital, I released one of his hairy tits and reached under Teddy to free his balls from the stretcher. My hand brushed against the carpet and found a puddle. Under his stretched nuts, I felt a mix of pre-cum and piss. I un-snapped the ball-stretcher and dropped it. I scooped up a handful of the warm liquid and slathered it over Teddy's balls to soothe them. With another handful, I massaged his beautiful veiny cock still rigid with passion.

Beast opened his eyes, came to his senses, and let go of his grip on one of Teddy's thighs. Because they were both slick with sweat and lube, Teddy's legs slid down, even though he was skewered top and bottom by our softening dicks. Beast unlocked the thumbcuffs. Teddy's arms and legs collapsed beneath him so that he was splayed on his elbows and knees.

Beast steadily withdrew from Teddy's ass, making a soft-vacuum sucking sound until his cock exited on a rope of butt-drool. His black sheathed cock plopped against his flank. We turned Teddy over by squeezing his cock and laid him on his back on the carpet of piss, sweat, cum, lube, and drool below him. My dick stayed in Teddy's happy face, oozing post-cum, while Teddy made satisfied gurgles.

Beast was transforming back into Tony and tenderly suckled Teddy's balls. I put Teddy's hot cockhead in my mouth and jerked his shaft. With my other hand, I rubbed

Tony's hair. He looked up at me and winked. He opened his mouth real wide and swallowed both of Teddy's hairy balls in one gulp. Tony reached up to rub my neck. I released my handgrip and let Tony pull me slowly toward him, my mouth sliding like a glove all the way down Teddy's delicious thickness. When I finally reached Teddy's red-brown pubes, Tony was waiting for me to kiss him in Teddy's crotch while he gorged himself on Teddy's nuts.

Kissing Tony's masculine face was so hot that I almost forgot I had deep-throated Teddy's hard, pulsing bearcock. I rubbed my belly hair against Teddy's nipples and chest hair. Tony and I locked lips and eyes as best we could and braced ourselves.

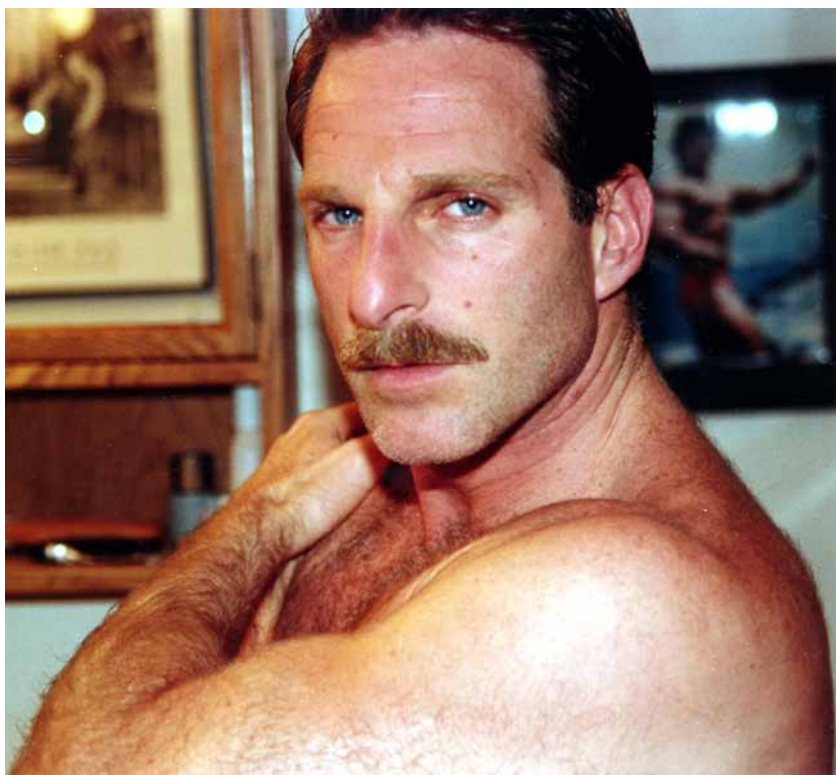
An ecstatic tremor ran through Teddy's body. I saw Tony's reaction from the sexquake hitting Teddy's balls a fraction of a second before I felt it ripple through the base of his cock, throwing multiple eruptions of his Irish spunk down the back of my relieved throat. Tony saw the thrill in my eyes and smiled. After Teddy's spasms subsided, we drew our mouths slowly off the satisfied ex-virgin. Teddy had passed out, happy at last, initiated as a bearman.

With our arms around each other, Tony and I drew together and kissed. I drooled down his throat the white hot nectar I had sucked out of the husbandly loins of Teddy, the young Irish bear.



Mike Snofield and Cub, *Bear on a Hot Tin Roof*

Photograph by and ©Jack Fritscher (www.JackFritscher.com)



Dave Gold, *Dave Gold's Gym Workout*
Photograph by and ©Jack Fritscher (www.JackFritscher.com)

Daddy called him *Lance*.
 Coach called him *Gold*.
 After his change-of-heart,
 no one called him *Goldilocks*...

BEAR-ASSED

SIMON SHEPPARD

Porridge? What the fuck is porridge?” Lance Gold screwed up his tough pretty-boy face.

“It’s Oatmeal,” said Daddy Bear patiently. “That’s what we eat for breakfast. Oatmeal. None of that mimosa-and-eggs-Benedict stuff for us up here.”

“Up here” was a cabin on the Russian River, fifty miles north of San Francisco. Lance Gold, driving from West Hollywood, his old WeHo stomping grounds, to his new home in Seattle, had found himself stranded when his car broke down near Guerneville. At two in the morning, in the midst of a rainstorm, no less. After a fitful night of trying to sleep in the back of his BMW, he’d been picked up early the next morning by three burly guys in an antique Volkswagen van adorned with dancing-bear Grateful Dead stickers and a black-and-blue leatherman’s flag.

“Eat it, Lance. It’s good for you,” said Daddy Bear in a—well, fatherly—tone.

“I know what’s good for me,” Lance pouted. And clearly, he did. A perfect, hunky little body manufactured at the gym, at least four workouts a week. Stunningly bronze, with an utterly precise tan-line. A torso kept shaved hairless. Pubes kept trimmed. Skin kept smooth as milk. Lance looked every inch the retired pornstar which he, in fact, was.

Jerry lumbered into the kitchen. Formerly known as

Roger, he had renamed himself in homage the day Jerry Garcia became truly dead. He was shorter, less stocky than Daddy Bear, but his gut was, if anything, bigger, and his black beard even bushier than Daddy Bear's salt-and-pepper whiskers. "Have some porridge, Lance," Jerry said.

"I don't want any porridge," Lance snipped. "Thank you very much."

"You sure?" Kid said from the kitchen doorway. Once back home, Kid had stripped down to his baggy boxers. He was by far the youngest of the three, around twenty, his chunky body already covered with a thick mat of brown fur, his beard neatly groomed. He walked over behind Lance's chair and began kneading the blond boy's shoulders. "You must have had a rough night, sleeping in your car and all. Some porridge and a nice big cup of coffee will perk you right up. I'll put some raisins and maple syrup in your Oatmeal if you want." He pressed his crotch up against Lance's back, right between the shoulder blades. Lance felt the bear cub's dick starting to swell. Kid was not at all Lance's type—too heavy, too hairy, too shaggy. But cute. Lance felt his own cock getting hard.

"Sure, sure. I'll have a bowl of porridge," said Lance. Jerry and Daddy Bear grinned.

*

"When we getting my car fixed?"

Jerry had told Lance he was an experienced auto mechanic. But when the warm autumn rain had finally let up, he seemed in no great hurry to drive back to the BMW and get it on the road.

"Chill out. What's your hurry?" Jerry inhaled deeply and held in the smoke. "Want some of this?"

"A little early in the day."

"Never." Jerry smiled and handed him the bong.

What the hell, Lance thought, and took a sizable hit.

“Good stuff,” he said handing back the bong.

“Hey, man, you aren’t in any hurry, are you? Because, I’m sorry, if you are, I can...”

Gold was already feeling more relaxed. Considerably more relaxed. “No, not really. No hurry.”

“Then have another toke and let’s go out to the mud pit. Kid and Daddy Bear are already out there.”

“Mud pit?” He took the bong and followed Jerry out the door. Out in the woods, a hundred feet or so from the cabin, the rain-soaked grass gave way to a patch of bare ground, transformed by the storm into a mass of goeey mud. In the middle of the mud lay Daddy Bear and Kid, their big, bare-naked bodies covered with dark brown muck.

“Feels great,” grinned Daddy Bear. “C’mon in, guys.”

“I don’t think so,” said Lance.

“Whatsamatter, WeHo Boy? Afraid of losing that attitude?”

“Fuck off.”

Jerry quickly stripped down. His long dick flopped against his hairy thighs as he strode into the mud and sat cheeks-down with a plop. Daddy Bear slithered over and gobbled Jerry’s pristine dick into his mouth. Jerry lay back in the mud and moaned with pleasure.

“Come on in, Lance,” said Kid. “Oh, c’mon.”

“Don’t think so. Not my thing.”

“Let me at least suck you off. Even a pretty-boy like you can’t be that uptight.” Kid’s tone was teasing, and he had a nasty twinkle in his eye.

“I’m afraid I’ll get my jeans dirty. Till I get back to my car, they’re the only pair I’ve got.”

“Take them off. I give awfully good blowjobs, Lance. Ask Daddy Bear.”

The older man, his mouth still full of cock, mumbled something enthusiastic. Lance hesitated.

Jerry spoke up. “Oh, give Kid your dick, Blondie, or you’ll never get back to your BMW.”

Lance kicked off his Kenneth Cole shoes and stepped out of his pants. Kid knelt before him, his mouth open wide. Lance shoved his dick in the boy's face. The cub's tongue played with Lance's cockhead, bouncing it up and down until Gold's dick hardened. Kid swallowed it all with a gulp. He hadn't been lying.

The cute one's a good cocksucker.

Kid's expert mouth vacuumed up and down Lance's veined, blond shaft.

No, make that a great cocksucker.

Kid's hands palmed Lance's butt, stuccoing mud across the porn-white cheeks. Lance had to admit the texture felt kind of good. The whole thing was pretty nice. Kid grabbed a big handful of muck and smeared it over Lance's thighs, between his legs, over his balls, up the crack of his ass. "Mmm," Lance said.

Never taking his mouth off Gold's dick, Kid pulled Lance down to his knees till he was squatting in the mud pit. Kid lay before him, sucking his hardon, his big, meaty butt pumping up and down as he fucked the ooze. Daddy Bear and Jerry joined in, dragging Lance down onto the slippery ground, stroking him, covering him with muck.

I don't have sex with fat guys.

Lance Gold did a reality check.

Oops.

He was wallowing in the mud with three big, big, hairy guys, having the time of his life.

Omigod!

Jerry wrestled him down on his back as Daddy Bear rolled on top of him. Lance gasped with pleasure at the feeling of all that flesh, all that man, bearing down on trim him. Daddy Bear smiled at Lance, pressed his bushy face to his, and kissed him long and hard. Hands—Kid's hands—worked Daddy Bear's and Lance's dicks, rubbing the muddy hardons together. Muck oozed up Lance's butt-crack. He pulled his hands free and grabbed Jerry's thin

but very long dick. Jerry slid over and squeezed Lance's head between his strong, furry thighs. The four men were one big mass of heaving, horny, muddy flesh.

Kid piped up. "Circle-jerk!"

They sat in a ring on the muddy ground. Kid squatted to Lance's right, Jerry at Lance's left, and a beaming, laughing Daddy Bear across the ring. Lance's mud-soaked teeshirt hung heavy on his back. He'd never felt so dirty before, so totally out of control, so totally into his body. Daddy Bear was already working Jerry's long, skinny hardon. Jerry reached over and grabbed Lance's famous pornstar dick. Lance reached for Kid's thick, stubby boner. Kid grabbed Daddy Bear's cock which was plain huge.

"Oh fuck, yeah," said Jerry. "Let's give Lance here a big ol' country welcome." Lance turned to kiss Jerry's bearded, joyful face. The four men worked one another's dicks, jacking, pulling, stroking, till with one tremendous explosion they all got off together. Big gushers of hot spunk geysered onto the muddy ground.

"Yahoo!" yelled Kid. "Best timing I ever saw!"

*

After a long, steaming shower and a hearty, leisurely lunch, Jerry drove Lance back to his broken-down Beemer. The rain had started again, coming down buckets by the time they reached the car.

"Oh, fuck it. I don't have to be in Seattle for days," Lance said. He threw his suitcases in the VW bus and they headed back to the cabin.

After an afternoon of smoking and talking, and a dinner of stew and biscuits, Jerry lit the logs in the stone hearth, and they all stripped down and sprawled naked in the warm, firelit living room. Lance and Daddy Bear lay on their backs on a bearskin rug with the blond boy's head propped up on the big man's fuzzy belly. "So, Blondie,

how can we keep you here for a while?” Daddy Bear asked.

“Hmm,” said Lance, “You might try tying me up.” He couldn’t believe he was getting into all this. He couldn’t believe his change of heart.

“Really?” squealed Kid.

Jerry and Daddy Bear were already hustling Lance into the bedroom where three big four-poster beds stood side by side. The two large guys threw Lance onto the middle bed while Kid scurried around gathering ropes and leather restraints. In a matter of minutes, Lance Gold was firmly tied spreadeagle to the bed, looking up at Daddy Bear’s grinning face. “You ever eat bear butt, boy?” the big man asked.

“I’ve never eaten butt at all,” Lance lied. He figured if the bears recognized him from his video stardom in *Rim Trail*, he’d claim he had insisted on a stunt tongue. But there was *Rim Trail 2*. He tugged at the ropes. And *Rim Trail 3*. He was securely bound, all right. He’d bought his BMW after *Rim Trail 4*.

“Now’s as good a time as any to start, right?”

“I guess so.”

“You guessed right.” Daddy Bear climbed aboard Lance’s chin, facing the foot of the bed and straddling Lance’s lithe torso. Lance looked up at the man’s chunky ass, the dark line of fur in the buttcrack.

The moment felt just right.

“Give it to me please, Daddy Bear.”

If they could see me now!

The man squatted further down till his hairy cheeks spread apart and Lance could see the juicy pink hole. Lance inhaled the musky odor and stuck his tongue out. Daddy Bear guided his hole down onto the boy’s waiting mouth. Lance lapped at the tangy flesh and felt Daddy Bear open up for his tongue. Someone’s wet mouth—Jerry’s? Kid’s?—had engulfed Gold’s dick and was sucking for all it was worth. Lance stuck his tongue even further inside,

devouring the heat, the taste, the contact with this big man's furry butt. The hot mouth on his dick was bringing him close to cuming. He writhed against the ropes.

"That's it, city boy, eat your big daddy's ass." Daddy Bear sounded like every inch of him had been in the Marine Corps.

Lance grunted an animal sound.

"Whaddya say we fuck him?" said Jerry.

The mouth pulled away from his dick. "Yeah, let's screw him!" giggled Kid.

Daddy Bear pulled away his tasty butt and climbed off Lance. "Somebody's been eating my ass," he grinned, "and he ate it all up."

Jerry and Kid untied the ankle restraints and pulled Lance's feet over his head, tying his feet to the headboard so he was doubled over, his ass wide open. He glanced around. The three men were standing side-by-side, unrolling extra-large rubbers onto their hard cocks.

Jerry went first, kneeling on the bed, lubing up Lance's hole, sliding his long, thin cock into Lance. The blond boy gasped at first, then relaxed into the pleasure of getting fucked, and fucked well. He looked down at Jerry's hairy chest and gut, at his own hard dick that bobbed and pumped pre-cum with every stroke.

"Let me in! I want a piece of that!" Kid said.

Jerry pulled out and the bear cub took his place. Kid grabbed Lance's ass, spread his cheeks, and shoved his beer can of a dick against the blond boy's waiting hole. For a second, Lance wondered if he could take such a fat piece of meat, but his doubts vanished as his ass swallowed up Kid's cock. Kid fucked with short, quick thrusts, lowering his considerable bulk down onto Lance, and kissing him, shoving his tongue deep into Lance's mouth. The bed groaned and shook with the force of Kid's fuckstrokes. It was almost too much. Lance was wondering if he'd have to ask Kid to slow down when he heard a gruff voice: "Stand

aside, child, and let Daddy Bear through.”

Kid’s short, fat dick was replaced by Daddy Bear’s enormous boner. The big, furry man fucked Lance’s aching hole with long, slow strokes, reaching every fuck-hungry part of the boy’s insides. For a moment, Lance thought back to the attitude-gym-bunnies he’d dated in WeHo. None of them knew how to do this.

Jerry and Kid were beside him to either side of the bed. While Daddy Bear pounded Lance’s hole, Jerry stroked Lance’s dick and Kid stretched out his balls. When Lance moaned in pleasure, Jerry spit into his open mouth. Lance gobbled it down.

“Oh fucking Jesus! I’m gonna...I’m gonna,” Daddy Bear grunted.

“Oh yeah!” groaned Lance. The hands left his dick. He looked up. Kid and Jerry were on their feet, leaning over him, kissing, beard against beard, stroking each other’s naked cocks stripped free from the latex. Daddy Bear roared, “Oh, shit!” as Jerry and Kid shot their loads, salty streams of cum flying across Lance’s face.

Without even touching himself, Lance Gold, relishing his change of heart, came as he had never cum before.

*

When he got back from the toilet, Lance found all three beds shoved together and all three men sprawled out beneath a fluffy pile of comforters.

“C’mon in, Blondie,” said Daddy Bear. “You earned yourself some rest in a bed that’s just right.”

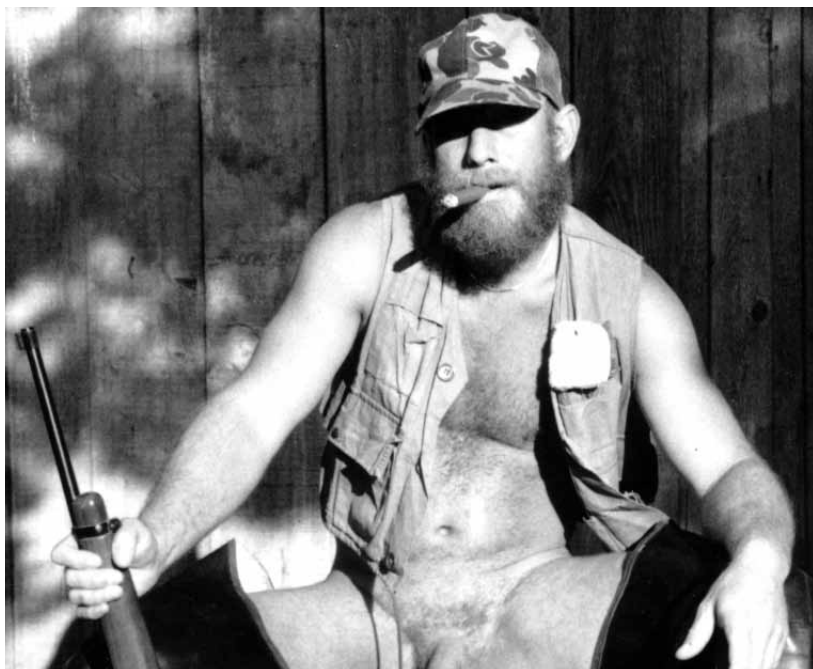
They drifted off to sleep together, huddled in a big, warm tangle of arms and legs and bellies.

The next morning, Lance woke to find himself alone. He shuffled to the kitchen. All three men sat waiting. The table was set for four. At each place sat a big mug of coffee and a bowl of steaming porridge.

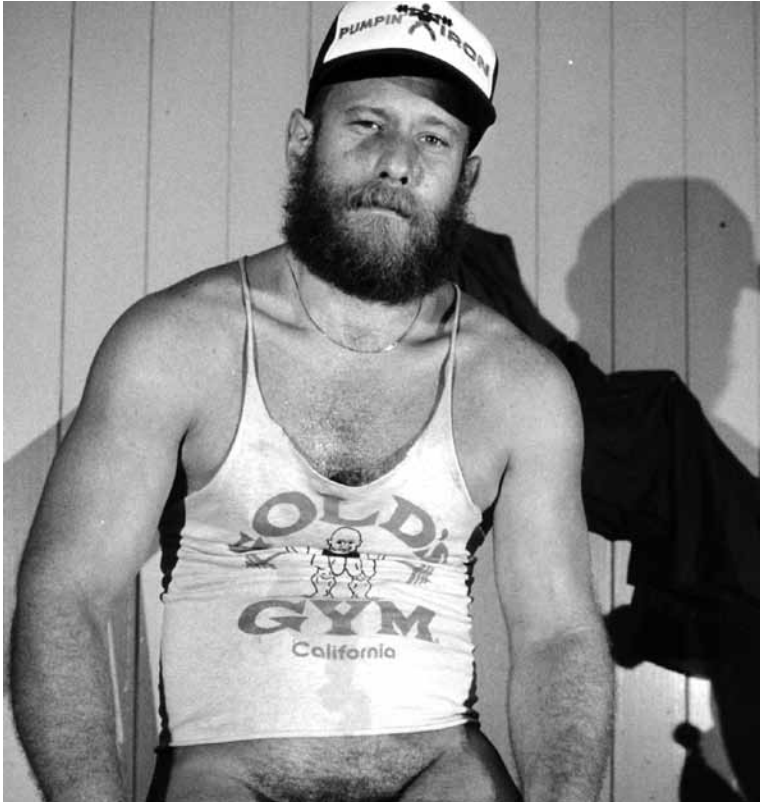
“G’morning, brother,” said Kid.

Jerry smiled.

Daddy Bear—again, well, fatherly in tone—said, “You’re gonna have to let your body hair grow out, and your hair, and your cute little beard, and put some meat on those skinny porno bones of yours, but anyways, boy, welcome to the fam-damly.”



Jack Husky, Nasty Blond Carpenter
Photograph by and ©Jack Fritscher (www.JackFritscher.com)



Jack Husky, Nasty Blond Carpenter
Photograph by and ©Jack Fritscher (www.JackFritscher.com)



Sonny Butts, *Sonny Butts 3: Sonny Becomes Daddy*
Photograph by and ©Jack Fritscher (www.JackFritscher.com)

Eating disorderly:
 Confessions of a
 starving bipolar bear...

A RETURNING APPETITE

JAY NEAL

It's 7:15 in the evening, dinner time, and I've walked into *Chez Michael*, my favorite restaurant. I say *favorite* when what I really mean is *usual*. *Usually* at dinner time I *usually* end up at *Chez Mike*. The food isn't bad, or particularly good, but the portions are large. I mean, a person my size doesn't get along well with *nouvelle cuisine* and dainty meals served by Snippy, the anorexic waiter.

Michael himself greets me at the door and offers to hang my coat for me. He's gotten to know me pretty well in the almost nineteen months that I've been without Ken, meaning since Ken walked out the door without saying as much as *bye-bye!* Michael is too discreet ever to mention I was seduced and abandoned by a thin man. Yet his knowing makes losing all one-hundred-and-fifty pounds of Ken all the easier to deal with. I'm single again. Ken and I set the world's land-speed record for the first civil-union marriage in Vermont and the first civil-union divorce in hell the next week. Michael escorts me to my table for one without drawing attention to my oneness.

Michael suggests the chef's special for the day: a pair of stuffed pork chops with new potatoes and asparagus. *Yes, yes, pork chops sound fine*. Naturally, it will be a couple of pork chops, exactly two pork chops, a pair of pork chops stuffed happily ever after, a pork-chop duet forever bonded and married, exquisitely stuffed. Nineteen months and

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[HOW TO LEGALLY QUOTE FROM THIS BOOK](#)

my heart still hurts from my eyebrows to my toenails. People told me the pain would get better. I'd get past it. Life would go on. But they never said when. Nineteen months of this fucking shit and no end in sight. It would be different if Ken had died.

It's so lonely being lonely. I hate the empty feeling that I can't seem to shake, the lack of any reason to get up in the morning. I hate the ache that kills my appetite for food or for sex. Look at all the people in here: pairs of people eating pairs of pork chops and enjoying every bite because they don't have to go home alone and try to remember how to keep on living. They will all go home tonight with someone who will keep alive their experience of sex, of love, of being with someone and feeling complete.

I'd like to feel happy again. Honest. I'm sure that I was happy once. I know that I used to smile a lot. Ken always said he liked my smile. Truth was Ken liked everybody's smile, particularly when the smile was around his dick. The whore. Clueless people once asked me why I would want to hide my beautiful smile with a beard. Now they tell me that my beard makes me look sad. Frankly, I think they've got pussy-whipped anti-beard attitude. I used to think my beard made me look sexy, really hot the way the brown fades into blond around my mouth, but I've forgotten what sexy was like, so who cares. I guess I keep bearded mostly out of habit now, and because a beard is a good place to hide.

Michael brings my plate of food. Sure enough: a pair of pork chops. They don't look at all bad tonight. I suspect Michael, who is cursed with being politically correct, is one of those anti-beard people. I bet most of the people in *Chez Mike* are anti-masculine puritans.

Except that bear in the booth against the wall. He has a beard and he's laughing right now, *ha ha ha*, not looking the least bit sad. He must be telling a joke to the guy he's

with. I wonder whether it's a business dinner, or maybe it's his friend, or more likely his partner.

He does have a nice beard. I only once convinced Ken to try growing in his beard, but that didn't last for long. He complained that the silvery patches made him look older than he wanted which was twice as old as his eighteen-year-old son who showed up as a big surprise from one of Ken's "youthful indiscretions." I couldn't convince Ken that the color contrasts were distinctive and that his beard was fun to chew on. Ken couldn't convince me that the eighteen-year-old was his son. Anyway, this bear's beard isn't so thick as Ken's, but it's short and it's a lush, dark brown that grows up high on his cheeks, right below the wrinkles around his eyes when he laughs. It grows in close enough around his lips to outline his smile. *Nice smile.* He could be a poster for Big and Tall.

What a nose this bear has. His may be the most beautiful nose I've ever seen. Long, but not too long. Long enough to give a certain elegance to his face, perfectly proportioned. His nose begins smoothly between his dark eyebrows and drops with majesty down his face, widens slightly, flows gracefully around his nostrils, and disappears into his lush moustache. He smiles and his nose curls up ever so slightly, making ovals of his nostrils. His is a decidedly erotic nose.

The way he eats makes his pair of pork chops look much better than they really are. His hands are pretty big, and I like his short, fat fingers with the little brown hairs between the knuckles, hair that gets enticingly denser as it crawls over his wrist and up his arm under his shirt sleeve. I bet his fur marches right up his arm to where the muscles twitch when he lifts the fork to his mouth. Without breaking rhythm, his lips part and his tongue reaches out to meet the pork chops as the fork slides into his hungry mouth, deposits its load, and slides

out again through his closed lips. *Oh, to be one of a pair of pork chops on his plate right now.*

He looks like he's a sensitive kind of guy, too, like he'd know exactly where to touch me when, how to hold me in those big arms of his and drive this loneliness away. He'd hold me hard and tight right up against his big chest, stroke my hair, and whisper in my ear that everything's okay, that I don't ever have to be alone again. How can one man be so sweet and caring?

Oh shit. How can I possibly think that I know anything about him from the way he looks? How stupid can I get? I've got to stop staring at him. He's going to look up any second now and see me sitting here, mooning at him like some teenage girl, and what's he going to think? Hey, why should I think that he'd think anything at all? Why should he even care if I am staring at him? Like I could ever get a date with him! Like why the hell am I even thinking about getting a date with him? *Stop staring and stop dreaming up this shit.*

Oh, damn, drop my knife right in the middle of my plate and wake everyone up why don't I! *Shit! Shit, shit, shit!* I hate it when people look because I do something stupid like I can't even hold onto my silverware while I eat. *Thank you! Thank you! I'd like to be your sit-com, but that's the end of tonight's dinner-theater entertainment. You can all go back to eating now.* I'm not senile at thirty-eight. I'll pick up my knife and continue eating and maybe we can forget about this little debacle.

He's looking at me. I can feel him looking at me right now. *Fuck.* Do I look thirty-eight? Can I pass for thirty-three? He sees me for the total idiot I am. Should I look up, show him that I'm not a wimp, maybe smile a little? Hey, it was an accident, could happen to anyone. I'm really a nice guy once you get to know me. Why am I even thinking that he's going to think anything? *Get over it.*

Look up.

What beautiful eyes. I hold my breath. *One...two...three...four...five...six.* Remember to breathe out. He blinks, releasing me, and looks back toward his dinner companion. I blink and exhale. I don't know why I was holding my breath. That must be what breathtaking beauty is like. What eyes he has: intense brown, penetrating right to my soul and reading me completely in that one glance. It felt like he saw my whole life laid bare looking into my eyes. His eyes are so deep, so complex, so caring, so sensitive. I could see that he is exactly the person I was imagining. *Geez, get a grip. Get a life.* I've got to trade in this over-active imagination for something a little more realistic.

Honestly, I don't have much of an appetite left for the pair of pork chops still on my plate, but I've got to finish eating or else he'll notice that I'm acting weird. Big guys always clean their plates. Did he smile? I'm sure that I saw a little bit of a smile before he looked away. He might have been laughing at me, a disdainful smile for the guy who can't hold his silverware. Maybe it was a prick-tease smile that said he knew what I was thinking, every absurd thought. Maybe he was thinking the exact same things though. Maybe his little smile meant he was thinking about me exactly what I was thinking about him. Sure, like that, I find perfect love while eating a pair of mediocre pork chops.

I've got to get a life, get real, before I fall completely to Patsy Cline pieces thinking crazy shit like this. But suddenly every time I close my eyes, ridiculous romantic images flood in. I blink and I'm on the beach at Bali Hai, the lovely hula sand still warm from the big red setting sun. Lying in his arms, my head rests on his furry chest. The sound of his heartbeat is so soothing. I smell his warmed skin, the salt water in his swimming suit accentuating his own scent. All I see is layers of damp

hair slaked against his belly, dotted with grains of sand. I hear his breathing in my ear, my head rising and falling with each breath. His arms tighten around me, and I know everything will be better from now on, because I subscribe to the Romance Channel.

Who am I to think that he'd ever hold me like that, or even say *boo* to me? What could a gorgeous bear like him possibly find desirable in a blubbering moby bear like me? No one likes a person who's sad all the time. But when you're sad all the time, how the fuck do you keep from looking sad all the time? There's polar bears and there's bipolar bears. What can I say?

I close my eyes and we're curled up together in front of a wonderful big log fire, drinking hot chocolate. Hot chocolate! We haven't said anything for what seems like hours. We sit close to each other, his hand over mine, being together, listening to the logs hiss and crack. Talking isn't necessary with a love as deep and close as ours. He sips some chocolate and looks over into my eyes, reflections from the fire dancing in his. He leans towards me and his lips meet mine.

I don't know why he's having this effect on me. My dick is hard as a thumb. I thought I'd given up this foolish romantic crap long ago. All I know is that I'm getting pretty worked up and need to ditch this depression or I'm never going to find my way back to sanity.

I close my eyes and his arm reaches around my naked chest from behind to pull me closer. My back is warm from his body next to mine. I feel him lying behind me, his breath on the back of my neck, the curve of his belly above my butt, his legs entwined with mine. As he moves his hand idly across my chest I feel his dick harden along the crack in my ass. My dick, too, starts to swell with desire. I want him more than I've wanted anything in a long time. I long for him to take me and give me the

sweet, tender loving I've been yearning for, like water for chocolate, like dick for days.

With my luck, and my dick, he's probably a size queen and wouldn't give a dick like mine the time of day. No doubt he has a perfect dick that gets big and hard and thick. And big balls, too. Such a dick the world rarely sees the likes of and he can command the attention of any man he chooses. Look at him. Look at his irritating air of self-confidence that says I've got a big dick so you can go suck rocks. I really, really hate people like that. Ken said I was jealous and full of penis envy. Ken said every twenty pounds over normal body weight takes an inch off your dick. Fuck Ken! If I was at normal body weight for my height, I'd have a twenty-inch dick.

I've got to talk to him. He can ignore me or laugh at me or spit in my face, but I've got to talk to him before I leave or I might never get out the door of fucking *Chez Mike*. His check's come. He'll be leaving soon. Quick, think of something before he gets away. What would I say? I can't say, *Gosh, you're beautiful! Would you like to spend the rest of your life with me?*

I wonder what he looks like naked. I bet his entire body is hairy. I bet that smooth, thick hair sticking out the top of his shirt goes all the way down to his toes. Big toes, big feet, and hairy ankles. He'd probably close his eyes and grunt if I sucked on his toes, brushing the hair up and down his leg with my hand, pressing my tongue between each toe. I want to lick his ankles, lick his legs all the way up to his ass. Thick legs, meaty thighs, and a big hairy ass. Instead of this pair of pork chops I should be eating his hairy asshole, licking the hair on his butt into swirls up his cheeks. That would make him grunt all right, sticking my tongue up his asshole and licking his pair of pork cheeks.

Grunt, bear. Turn around so I can see your dick, your

perfect, big, hard, thick dick. I touch his balls with my tongue and inhale deeply his sweet, luscious scent. The soft flesh of his hard dick rests gently on my cheek. I brush it with my beard and caress it with my lips, kissing up its stiff length until my mouth is at its very end. With the tip of my tongue I draw little circles around his piss slit and his dick jerks away each time my tongue slides over the top. I grab his dick with my lips, holding it still so I can tickle it with my tongue, breathing hot air out to make cool spots where it's wet. I draw his dick into my mouth and hold it. I can feel his pulse in my mouth, in my moist, warm, mouth.

I close my eyes, hold his dick in my mouth, and move my hands slowly up his hairy belly until I reach his pair of pork-chop pecs and feel his hard nipples between my fingers. I squeeze and rub and he starts to squirm and tries to pump my mouth with his dick. I'm rubbing his candy-kiss nipples and thinking how good it would feel to have him fuck me right now, to have his fat, stiff dick stuck up deep inside my ass, to ride his dick like he's never felt before, riding him until we're both ready to cum.

Shit. He's gone. Where'd he go? I didn't even see him leave! *Shit. Fuck this! Fuck, fuck, fuck!* How could I let him get away like that? I mean he was here and now my last chance for love has left. He was so beautiful, so perfect, and I let him walk away without saying anything to him. I've never seen him eating here before and he'll never be back again. Never! He looked so warm, so sensitive, so caring, someone I could finally love for the rest of my life.

All right. Leave the money. Put the wallet away. Get up and walk towards the lobby. I don't know whether I can make it home or even get out the door. *Keep moving. Get your coat. Put it on. Keep moving.*

Behind me someone comes out of the hallway from the bathrooms, talking to someone else. I really don't want to

see anyone, look at anyone right now, maybe never look at anyone again. I wonder what it takes to become a hermit? You probably have to belong to a church first. I'll stand here and fiddle with the buttons on my coat till they leave.

Why haven't they gone yet? I must keep my back to them. How long can a couple, a pair of porkchops, stand there talking on and on about stupid stuff, and who's calling out the name *Bill*? Honestly, all these cell-phone freaks and social misfits who don't know how to have a private conversation these days. Maybe I can slip out the door while they're all talking about this Bill person.

I turn around to leave and my heart stops. It's him, standing right there, saying "Bill," looking right at me with those beautiful eyes, a little smile turning up the corners of his lips. Now he's walking towards me, reaching out his hand and saying "Bill? Bill Morris, isn't it?"

I've seen lots of movies. I can do this scene. I take his hand, but who's this Bill Morris? Did he wink at me?

"I'm sure you don't remember me. Bruin Atkins. We met at the Atlanta convention last year."

I have no idea what convention he's talking about, but I'm beginning to catch on. *He wants me to pretend I'm Bill Morris*. I let go of his hand and nod knowingly, trying to think of something to say, so I won't look a total idiot in front of his dinner companion. Aha! Not his boyfriend, some guy he's having a business dinner with. *Fuck, yes*, not his boyfriend.

So I become Bill Morris.

"Oh, of course. Bruin. How've you been?"

"Great, great. Say, it's been a long time, way too long. Bill, good old Bill. Can we get together for lunch or something? Here's my card. Why not give me a call tomorrow and we'll set it up?"

I don't trust myself to talk again. I nod, wave a little goodbye as they walk out the door, like nothing at all

happened. I look at the business card in my hand.

Bruin Atkins.

What a perfect name. What a fucking perfect name!

I knew he'd think of something. I knew he wouldn't abandon me, leave me. Maybe this time I'll be lucky. I knew he'd be a great guy, warm and friendly like that, with a name like *Bruin Atkins*. Lunch or something. Right. Or something. Damn, it's been such a long, long time. Way too long.

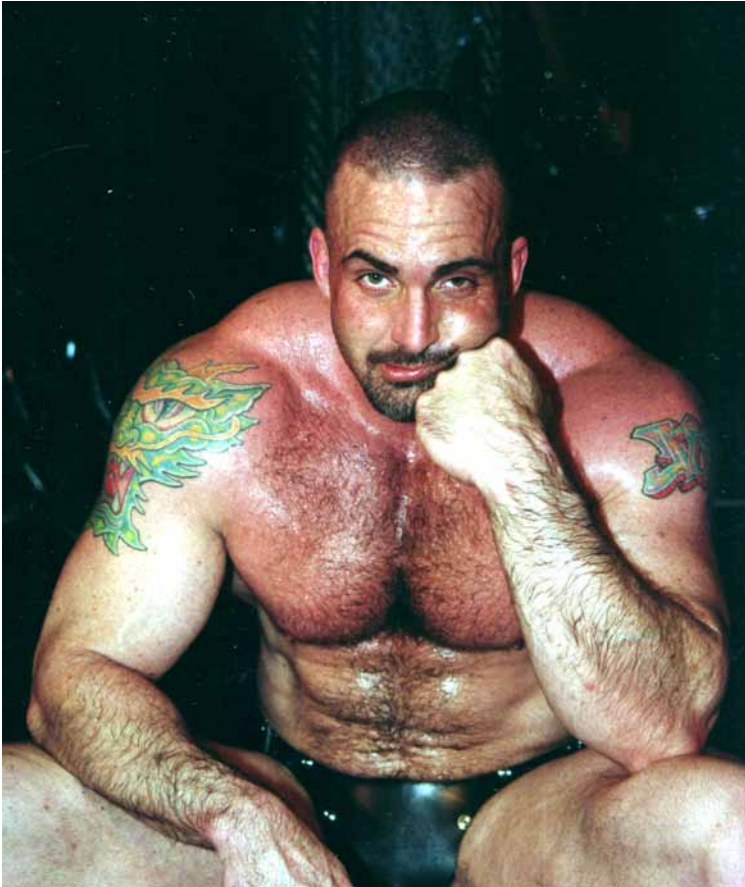
Bruin Atkins.

I repeat the name over and over.

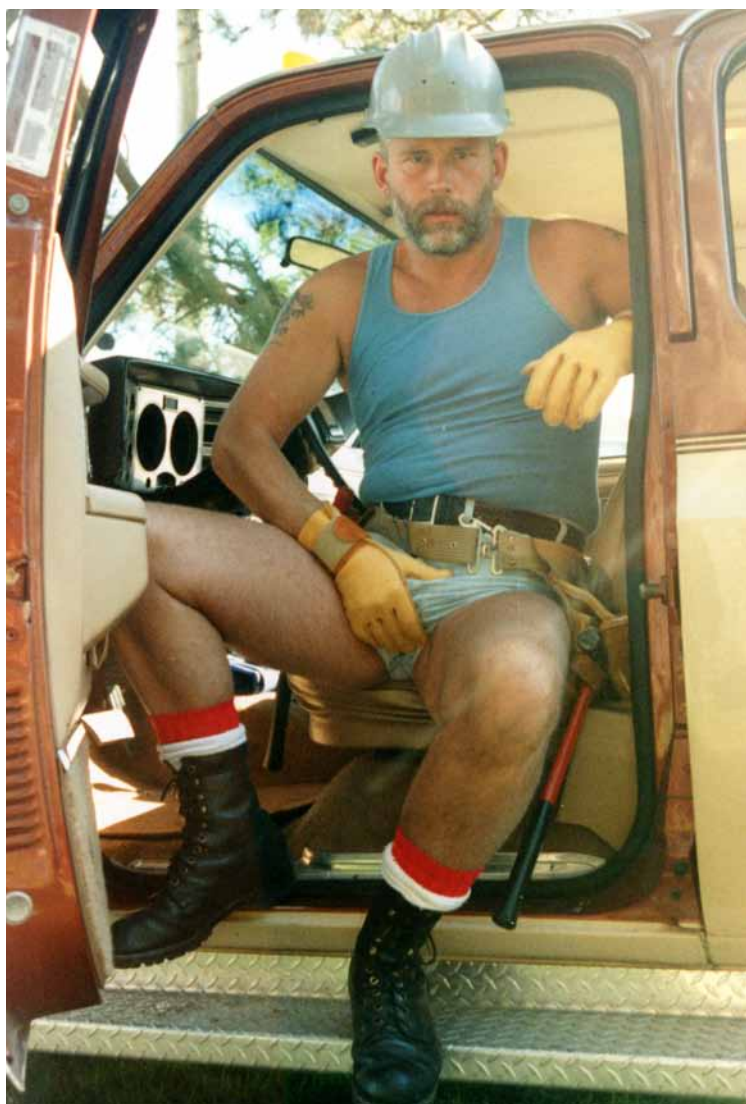
Bruin Atkins. Bruin Atkins.

Married in Vermont.

Mr. and Mr. Bruin Atkins.



Chris Duffy, *Sunset Bull/Sunset Bear*
Photograph by and ©Jack Fritscher (www.JackFritscher.com)



Drummer magazine cover, Randy Rann, *Daddy's Tools*
Photograph by and ©Jack Fritscher (www.JackFritscher.com)

This was not the first lift
the kid had thumbed,
but it was the ride he'd remember...

HIPPIE HITCHER

FURR

The northern coast of California is an interesting place to live. Not only is the rainforest, in my opinion, one of the most beautiful places on the face of the endangered Earth, but it's home to all kinds of interesting people you'd never run into in big cities. Lots of loggers, always speeding through tough times, live in the trailer parks. Quite a few Harley biker types and longhairs grow all the pot the north coast is famous for. A surprising number of people curve right out of a time-warp from the 60s. Not that these groups are distinct. I know a few guys who qualify for all four. Hey, I'm a mixed qualifier myself. Some folks even live in remote settlements of longtime collectives. Nobody uses the word *commune* any more!

So no surprise to see a young man with a bushy beard and long hair along the shoulder of the road with his thumb out, his pack on his back, and his guitar case leaning against his legs. I sized up his size pretty quick and pulled off into the gravel. He moseyed up, tossed his pack in the bed of my pickup, and climbed into the cab, resting the guitar case, split between his knees.

"Thanks! I'm Josh."

I shook his offered hand and scoped his grubby, patched Levi's, hiking boots, and flannel shirt he had layered over a union suit that had probably been white some weeks in the past. Guys with dirty longjohns ain't got no women

in their life. His light brown beard was bristly and dense, cropped about two inches long, and his hair touched down, catching on his strong shoulders.

“I’m Ike.” I had to grin.

His eyes were running a check list on me. I always figured my furriness was a signal of kinship. My hair is overall dark brown, graying some at the chin and temples, and so way longer than Josh’s that my hair hangs down nearly to my leather-belt line. Our clothes mirrored each other. The only substantial difference between us was my big engineer boots.

Being as I live alone and don’t subscribe to the Madison Avenue corporate idea that a healthy human body stinks unless it’s scrubbed and deodorized, I was pleased to note the dark wet patches under Josh’s armpits as he stretched in the seat, his male musk filling the cab.

“How far you goin’?” I asked.

“All the way...to Seattle, but I’m in no big hurry. I wanted to see the country and meet people, so I gave myself plenty of time.”

“I can’t take you all the way to Seattle,” I grinned, “but I can take you...about thirty miles down this road.”

“What happens there?”

“That’s where I turn off to my place. By then dark’ll be coming on, and my turnoff’s in the middle of nowhere. If you want a warm place to sleep, I’ve got space.”

He looked pleased. “You’re the man, Ike. Truly nice of you. I’ll take you up on that as long as company’s no bother.”

“Nope. I like my privacy, but, hey, it’s nice to have someone visit every so often.” I put my right arm up across the back of the seat. “Particularly someone who can stand the way I smell.” My sweat-stained armpit of my own shirt so intensified my aroma that I could smell myself. “Laundry ain’t my strong suit.”

Josh kind of sniffed, and smiled polite the way a hitchhiker should. He looked hungry, maybe both kinds

of hungry—grub-hungry and man-hungry, exactly what I was hoping to see.

“I know what you mean, Ike. A lot of drivers have passed on me climbing in with them once they got a closer look and a sniff of me.” He grinned. “Frankly, I think I meet a better class of people this way!”

“Yeah,” I said. “Separates the men...”

“I hope not.”

Such kind of joking started us laughing about some of the bizarre conventions society shoves down your throat like how deodorant is a US religion, and how circumcision and shaving fuck up nature.

“I’ll be damned,” I said, “if I’m going to scrape my face with a sharpened metal edge on a daily basis to tame my own masculinity...” I paused for emphasis to read his face to see if he was catching my drift, and when I saw he was riding along open to the future evening, I said, “Damn! Looks like I’m not gonna make it.” I started popping open buttons on my fly and hauling out my cock. “I knew I shouldn’t have had that last mug of coffee.”

Josh snapped his head to attention.

I squeezed a yellow arch of piss up through my foreskin hitting the dust on the dashboard. My shaft and dickhead enlarged. Piss splattered on the clutch, dripped on my engineer boots. “You won’t drown,” I said. “It all leaks out through the rusty holes in the floor. This is one beat-up truck and this is how it got that way.” I watched Josh out of the corner of my eye, and he looked suddenly maybe as thirsty as he had looked hungry, and I wondered had I picked me up a live one.

“Fuck,” Josh said. “And I was too shy to tell you I gotta take a leak, but I always been the opposite of pee-shy.”

That hippie boy popped open his own fly buttons, scooped out his cock and balls, and aimed his dick across the transmission hump towards my boots.

“Excuse me,” he said, “but I don’t want to piss on my

guitar.”

“Is that right?” I said. I had his number, and he had mine. “Good,” I said. My piss was warm tinkle compared to his thick and yellow splash. I tucked my cock back into my Levi’s before the rich smell of his hot young piss made me fully hard. With two fingers, he held his hose tight at the base, pressurizing himself. He was kind of lost in the pleasure of peeing and I was enjoying the sight of him when I hit a bump in the road that sent his piss bubbling across my pant leg, from boot to knee to my crotch. My cock went into a full-hard Levi-buster, and as I looked over at him and saw the look on his face, I grinned at him, and said, “...’Bout five minutes to home.”

We were truly comic the way we drove up pretending, so cool, nothing was out of the ordinary. Josh helped me lift the supplies from the truck into my cabin, even when my fly popped open, showing plenty of crotch fur, and the hardening of actual flesh. The instant the last of the stuff was in the cabin and the door slammed closed, my tongue went through Josh’s beard straight into his mouth and he wrapped himself, arms and legs, around me.

Kissing is an art that few people are really good at, especially the eager young, who’d rather suck daddy than kiss him, but Josh whose driver’s license probably showed him no more than twenty-four, knew how to suck face like an expert. Part of sex, I suppose, is not to dive headlong for the cock, balls, butt, and tits, but to savor soul-kissing as exactly that. I lost track of how long we simply stood hugging and touching and rubbing as we made love tangling lips and tongue.

Given that Josh was a couple inches shorter than my 6-3, my neck and legs started to ache after a while, so—without breaking the kiss—I drew him over to the couch and laid him down on top of me, sucking his breath, and him sucking mine, kissing from the mouth and lips to ears, nose, eyes, and beard. And, oh, man, if you’ve never had

someone gently lick across your closed eyelids, or nibble his way up through your beard from your Adam's Apple to your chin, you have my deepest pity.

Winded, we came up for air from our marathon kiss. Josh rose up on his arms grinding his piss-wet crotch into the open hole of my soaked fly while I unbuttoned his shirt down to his belt, and popped the buttons on his sweaty union suit. My palms slid easily across his sweat-slicked chest fur. He shuddered with pleasure as my hands grazed his nipples on the way to the goal of his armpits. I swabbed two good handfuls of sweat, pulling out eight wet fingers and two wet thumbs, making sure to tweak those nipples that made his eyes roll back. I snorted the sweat from one hand while I licked his 'pit juice from the fingers of the other. Sucking his moustache, Josh unbuttoned my own shirt, my own union suit, exposing my own chest fur, my own nipples.

"Why don't we strip off and get on with it?" I asked.

"Sounds good to me. But," he looked very serious, "keep your union suit on, alright?"

I grinned at him. "Two dirty minds. One thought."

We pulled each other up standing, kicked off boots, shucked shirts, and dropped pants. I led Josh into my bedroom and laid him down on the bed, unbuttoning his union suit all the way down to his wet crotch. My knees straddled his hips and I bowed into his hairy chest and sucked fresh sweat, layered on day-old sweat, out of the dense patch of fur over his breastbone. My tongue licked, tracing the natural whorls of his chest fur out to his erect nipples.

He hissed and humped up against me as I lapped and nibbled at his tits and tongued down into his wet, musky armpit. I rasped my beard through his soaked 'pit-fur, beard-wiping up some of that intoxicating smell for later, tongue-washing him halfway down his bicep to the middle of his ribcage.

When he realized he could get his face into my opposite

armpit as I worked on him, we wound up in a sweat-slurping crisscross “Armpit-69” that lasted until both of us, suffocating, had scraped our tongues raw on each other’s armpits and chest, which was quite an adventure because Josh had a fairly typical pattern of fur—quite a bit across his pecs, and a thick line down his belly to his dick, in contrast to the even carpet that covered my chest and belly from collarbone to crotch.

We lay catching our breath. The clock in the kitchen ticked. Outside the cabin, night creatures woke up to the dark. More hungry than sleepy, Josh worked my cock out of the crotch of my union suit, sucking the wet piss from the cotton and pre-cum from the tip of my foreskin. Guys were always surprised to see me stiff, fully hard, and bear-dick-big with the head of my uncut cock covered with a shield of dripping foreskin.

“Lots of ’skin for you to play with,” I said.

With both his hands wrapped around my hard cock, Josh winked at me as he slipped his tongue in between my cockhead and foreskin, polishing the pink glans. He worked spit around the whole neck under the head, making me growl, deep, then deeper, finger-playing my own nipples. He slowly skinned me back, snapping my tight bear-foreskin down, collaring around my shaft. The moonlight was shining rectangles in on us from the windows. I growled down deeper watching him, feeling him sucking the sharp cheese off my dick. He licked, chewed, swallowed. He rubbed the last of the clotted smegma carefully into his moustache. He slid up my body, grinding his furry torso against mine. He brought his cheesy kiss full to my hungry mouth. His piss and my piss were wetting our dirty union suits. We roared into a session of growl-kissing, hands pawing.

I loved what happened next. Taking control from me, the driver, Josh, the hitchhiker, broke the kiss as he sat up. I growled a question. He growled an answer. His hand slathered his greasy chest and my greasy chest and greased

my cock. He growled a question. I growled an answer. He lifted up and held open the rear flap of his union suit as he lowered himself, tight young cub butt, onto my fat bear dick. He rode me slowly, rubbing my belly, making me and my rod enter him burning wet and hot, in one descending steady push until he was all the way down, impaled, his tail-pipe suctioning my cock, rocking on his knees, working his hips in a circle, levering himself up and down with his hairy thighs, fucking himself on my dick.

“Ride me,” I said. “You wanted a ride.” I reached up and grabbed hold of his nipples. He grinned at the ceiling as his eyes rolled back and he started to piston his riding tempo. He did not drift away on his own ecstasy. He was an attentive lover. His hands were always busy, with one on my chest, steadying himself as he tweaked my nipples and fur, the other stroking his strong young cock. I knew looking up the line of fur up his belly, spreading hair across his chest where at his tender throat his pelt met his beard, this was not the first ride he’d hitched, but it was the ride he’d remember, because he started that kind of sex chant some guys fall into in the hypnosis of good sex.

“Oh, yeah, daddy bear...big fat uncut meat up my hairy ass feels so good...I can’t hold it!” And in the incredible last instant he looked down at me, taking me in, like I was really present, really penetrating up inside him, and he husked the ultimate whisper, “Ike! Here I cum!”

Incredible gobs of hot juice jettied out of his dick all over my beard and chest. I opened my mouth to catch one gob, two gobs, three, of sweet cream directly. I licked more out of my moustache as his shots came forcefully, making puddles in the thickets on my chest.

He dismounted and slumped off to one side, face down. I immediately rolled over on top of him and started working my cock back up his butt. He grunted and tried to get away, but I pinned him down and started pounding. I growled the facts of life into his ear. “Nobody mounts this dick and

gets away without a load up his shithole.”

After a minute or two of resistance, the kind that comes after cuming, he started bucking back into me, which was all the invitation I needed to finish myself off. I growled. He growled back. I growled louder, “You wanna ride?” I breathed, inhaled, snorted the armpit vapors rising off his piss-drenched sweaty young body. My hairy thighs brushed his hairy butt. My balls banged his furry crack. My bear-dick pumped his shit chute.

The idea of him exploded in my brain. The sheer chance of him along the road. *What great beauty.* I rammed my cock home. Me growling into howling him. I rose up, pulling the stretch of my dick out of the suck of his hole until only the foreskin-hood of my cockhead was screwed inside his puckered ass-lips as my cum began to pump. I jammed into his butt, my cock moving hard and deep and powerful enough to stretch out my orgasm as long as gushing possible, with him begging for more, for mercy, for mercy’s sake more.

My body felt electric in the night. He trembled between my thighs. A sweet bubble of air farted from his butt.

“Sorry,” he said.

“Nothing to be sorry about.”

“I can’t move.”

“So don’t.”

“You make me feel wonderful.”

“You were everything I hoped you’d be,” I said.

“So,” he said, “were you.” He popped another bubble from his butt and the air from it felt warm on my trembling dick. I tucked my cock and balls back into my union suit and buttoned the bottom two buttons, then lay down. Josh promptly snuggled up to me with his face in my armpit, and we drifted off to sleep that way.

The clock ticked. The refrigerator kicked on. I awoke to the warm, wet sensation of Josh’s tongue working its way up my butthole. I hunched myself up partly onto my knees to raise my bear butt up so he could rim me deeper.

Through his moustache and beard, he sucked my hole, ate me out, tonguing open my asslips and bud, making my hungry hole bloom. When he had me woozy with pleasure, suddenly he removed his tongue and before I could beg him for more, I felt his long, hard, young cock slam into me. All of it. I bear-bucked back into him to take him to the hilt.

“Fuck me right, buddy!”

“Hey, Ike! Who’s driving now!”

Oh, as I recall very well, he fucked me very well, hard and fast. His earlier wild cum must have taken the edge off, or he was determined to keep fucking me after he’d fucked me into cuming, because he outlasted my cumshot by about five full minutes of hard, full-dick fucking.

When he finally did shoot, he let me have the first couple shots up my hole, then pulled out and splattered my ass and the backside of my union suit. After he finished, I got up on my hands and knees, and slowly smeared the handful of my own juice down his beard and into his chest fur where I hoped it would cure for a couple days and turn ripe.

He thanked me with a grin, lay back, and said, “I wanna eat my load out of your butt!”

I was happy to oblige, and knelt astride his bearded face, feeling his long, hot tongue slurping away at my ass. I pulled his legs towards me and bent forward to return the favor by sucking his butt. As I recall, although a lot of my load had run out of his ass and scummed up his butt fur, there was still a fair bit of spermatozoa up his hole to suck out...but even if there hadn’t been sexjuice dribbling out, I would have enjoyed rooting my tongue up his tight hitchhiker hole.

“You done feasting?” I asked.

“I am,” he said. “Are you still hungry or thirsty?”

We tumbled around some more, and when we were satisfied that we’d licked each other clean, we lay on our sides face into each other, dick to dick, belly to belly, nipple

to nipple, beard to beard. Josh rolled over, and snuggled up to me spoon fashion, and we drifted back to sleep.

The next morning was about as domestic as you can get for two men in ripe union suits whose beards are crusty with each other's jizz. I made breakfast while Josh tidied the place up, and after breakfast we brushed and braided each other's hair.

As we dressed, Josh said "Well, um...I better get movin' on."

I gave him a lecherous grin. "Don't go getting embarrassed on me, Josh. You told me you had plenty of time for your trip. Besides, I don't believe you've had enough of this." I groped my dick for emphasis. "Besides, I ain't heard you play your guitar."

"I don't want to be a bother."

"There's plenty of work here. Think of all the fun we can have sucking fresh sweat off of each other."

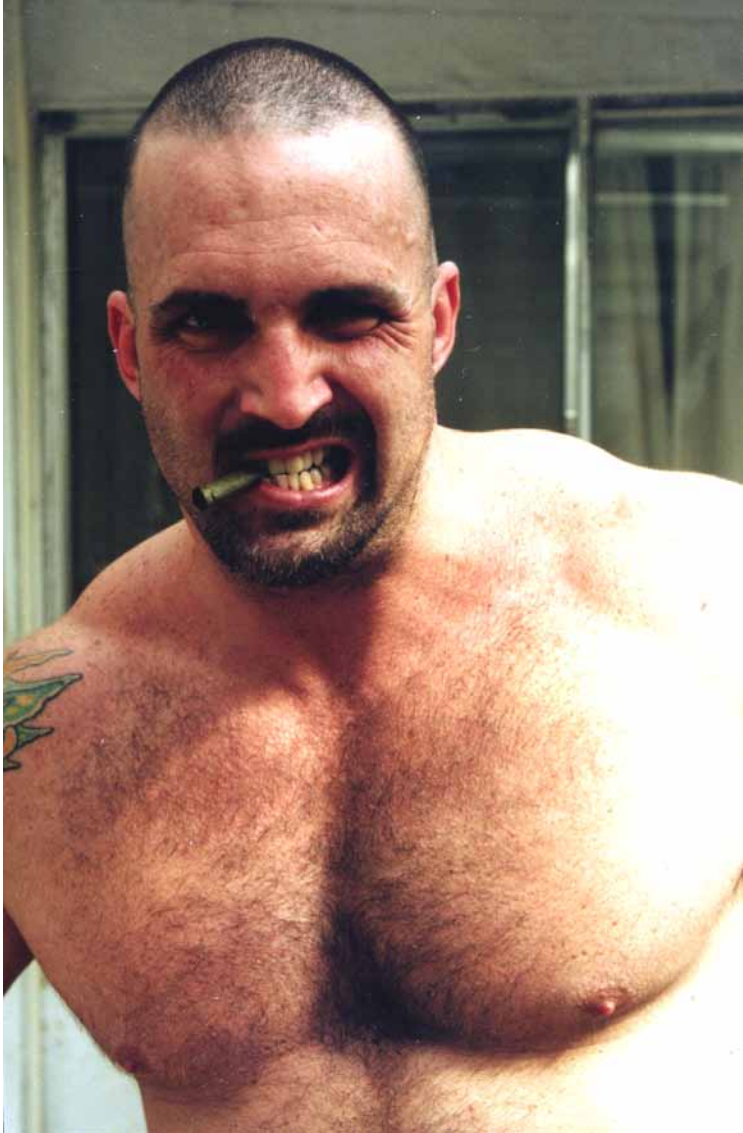
"Hey," he said, "Do I like Ike?"

The bulge in his jeans gave me my answer, which turned out to be another three days of nearly constant fucking when there wasn't some chore that had to be done. Memories were made of this. For instance, I remember the priceless look on that hitchhiker's face when I pulled my foreskin over his dickhead. I mean I only captured his cut cock with my uncut foreskin and only held it for a second or two—I swear!—until he started filling my foreskin with his hot juice shooting at the excitement of being hooded again.

Nor will I forget that ride through the mountains when I took him on my Harley, our hair blowing in the wind, with his dick poking up my ass the whole time, both of us cumming as I hit a set of bumps I knew very well right before we made it home. Finally, though, he did leave—walking a little funny, perhaps.

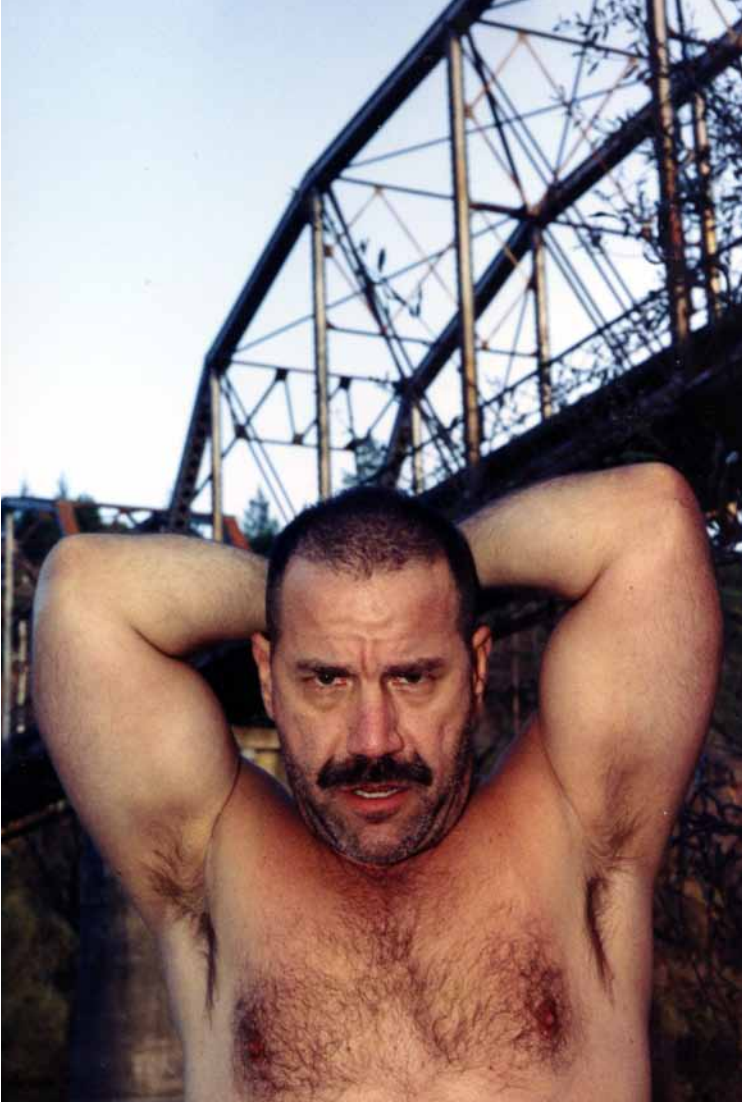
Sometimes I cruise the deep back roads of this northern coast, pissing out the floorboards in my pickup, palming my dick while I drive, looking for him, hoping for a re-match,

and if not him, his kind then, because I know, always out there, horny on the shoulder of the road, stands another hitchhiker smiling eagerly with one of his two thumbs up.

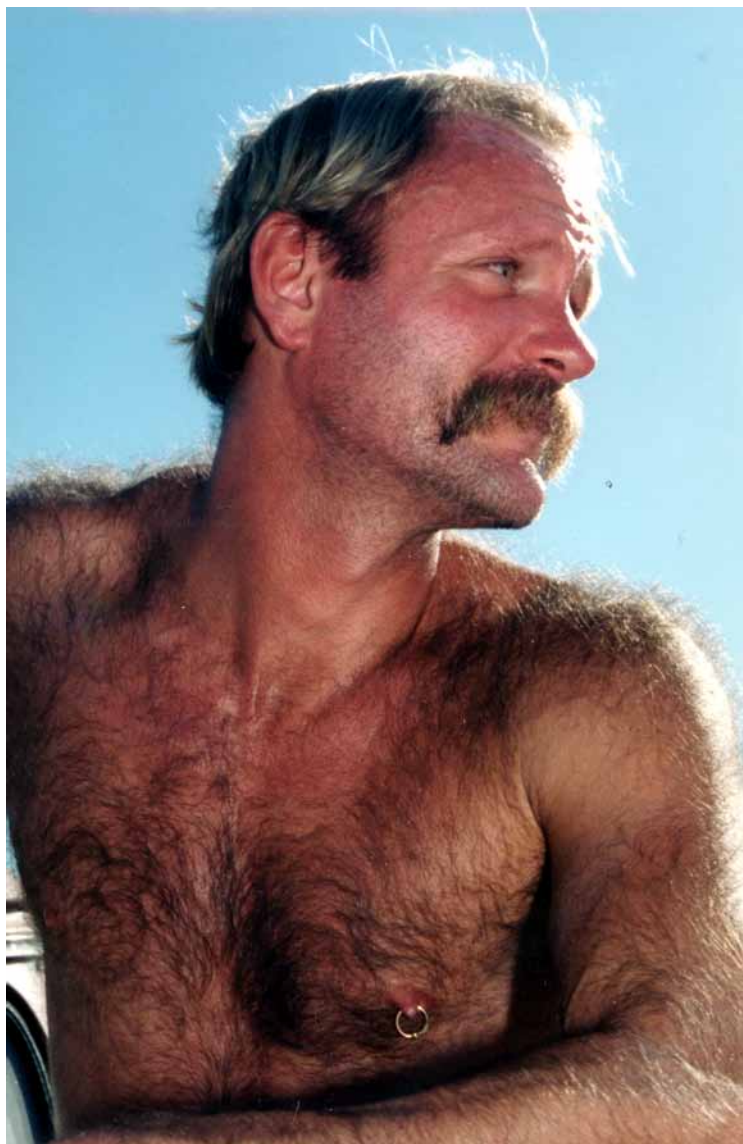


Chris Duffy, *Some Like It Wet*

Photograph by and ©Jack Fritscher (www.JackFritscher.com)



Mickey Squires, *Trucker Café*
Photograph by and ©Jack Fritscher (www.JackFritscher.com)



Andy Gang, *Moustache Rodeo*

Photograph by and ©Jack Fritscher (www.JackFritscher.com)

Fishermen tell fish stories.
Bar Bears tell cruising stories.
Wilderness Bears should shut up...

MOUNTAIN GRIZZLY

FURR

One of the things I like about the Pacific Northwest is no matter what city you live in, even if it's the size of Portland or Seattle, the woods and mountains are never very far away. People sometimes make fun of the region for all the rain we get, but it's that rain that keeps the forest so lush and the hills so green most of the year, even through summer.

Another attraction is the men. The dense forests draw lots of loggers and other rugged men to work them. Unfortunately for most of the city-bound in Seattle, the hottest of those men mostly stay in the woods where they live in trailers and cabins and tents.

A lot of my friends spend weekends hanging out in smoky bars waiting for tricks to walk through the door. I enjoy bars myself, but I prefer to head out for day hikes in the woods hunting fresh meat. Sometimes I even take Friday or Monday off, so I can take a longer camping trip. I was born in the Redwoods on the north coast of California, so nothing's better than walking naked out in nature.

One recent weekend, the weatherman was off more than usual. He had predicted a sunny, warm weekend, perfect for a trip to the woods. So I left work at lunchtime on Friday, and took off under blue skies, glad to leave my heavy-duty rain gear at home. I decided to scout out a

new area one of my bushwhacker friends had mentioned was very pretty.

He was right. The little valley was lush and untouched. Because the valley was Forestry Service land and hard to reach, it had never been logged, though nearby tracts were almost clear-cut. Prowling around in the woods with my shirt off, I enjoyed the sun dappling through the trees, catching light, and heating my furry torso. People classify me as a bear. I certainly felt “all that” out padding around in the woods.

I found myself a spot to pitch my light tent near a stream as the sun began to set. I was in my sleeping bag beginning to drift off when the storm moved in. Heavy rains at first, then wind, blowing south and cold from Alaska. I figured with the violence of the rain, right next to a stream was the last place I wanted to be. In a hurry, I pulled on my boots. A branch, a real widowmaker, snapped like a shot and ripped open my tent. The tips of the branch brushed by my face. Wind and rain poured in. So much for keeping dry. I quickly stuffed my gear in my pack, and draped my sleeping bag over me to repel water and keep me warm.

I was wise to move. The stream was swelling rapidly with the heavy rain. I moved to slightly higher ground when I realized I had no way to find my way back to my car. I had hiked in during daytime, and while I had taken compass readings so I wouldn't get lost, I didn't have a light by which to read my compass. The storm clouds blocked the moon and the contours of the land. I was virtually blind. The only noise was the stream below me and the rain hitting my sleeping bag.

I recalled a fairly sheltered spot near the top of the ridge I had crossed to enter the valley. The ridge would get me farther away from the stream and from all the running water beginning to gush out of the hillside around

rocks and ferns and trees. I figured I might also get a glimpse of sky or stars to help me navigate even in the rain-lashed dark.

I slogged up the muddy hillside. Tough going, but I finally made it, three steps up, one step sliding back. The nylon shell of the sleeping bag was fast soaking with rain. Even with my tattered tent wrapped over it, I was beginning to lose body heat.

I stood on the top of the ridge, tempest tossed, and scanned the night for location cues. I could see nothing. Better to stay put than get lost. Better to keep moving than get hypothermia. As I was trying to find the rock overhang I had seen earlier, I saw a spot of light somewhere deep in the forest. I turned toward any rescue, and looked more carefully. The light seemed to flicker because of the storm whipping branches between me and the source. I quickly started off.

I was nearly on top of the light before I could see the rectangle of window in a log cabin tucked in a small clearing. Fearing a killer-night worse than any stranger, I walked to the porch and knocked.

The door was quickly opened, and directly into the light from the cabin, I launched into my tale without really seeing who had opened the door. “Sorry. Thanks. I was camping in the valley when the storm hit. My tent was ripped by a falling branch.” I didn’t care if I sounded needy. “It’s too dark to find my way back through the forest to my car.”

“Git in. You’re prob’ly half froze!” The voice was male and warm.

I scuttled in, leaving my sodden sleeping bag outside the door.

“You ain’t dressed for this weather, that’s sure. You a tourist?”

“No. Sort of. I’ve lived in Seattle for twelve years. I

camp out a lot. I made the dumb mistake of believing the weather service.” I grinned sheepishly and looked up for the first time at my host. The kerosene lamp on the table lit him from behind, so all I could see was that he was big, 6-6 at the least, with a big beard that shimmered in the lamplight. When I realized I was safe, I began to shiver uncontrollably.

“Was kinda silly. But you’re shiverin’ somethin’ awful. We better git you warmed up. You best git them wet clothes off.”

Never particularly modest about my body, I sat down on a chair and quickly started stripping. By the time I yanked off my last sock, the shivering was so bad I could not stand. I had been resolute in the storm, but once safe, the cold and fear took a toll. Miraculously, I was picked up, tucked and rolled under a thick, warm comforter. I felt my host’s big warm body slip in, and I remember a strong, hairy arm pull me close before I passed out into a deep sleep.

I awoke the next morning with the sun in my eyes. The storm had cleared.

Of course, I’d been dreaming.

But I was in bed. I turned over to find my benefactor lying on one elbow watching me.

“Wondered when you were gonna wake up! Guess you’re entitled to sleep after a night like that.”

I was speechless. I had noticed last night he was big and bearded, but I’d not seen the whole glowing package that was lying next to me in a patch of bright sunlight shining in the window whose light had saved me.

His brilliant black beard grew down past his collarbone, and was long and thick on the sides. Except for the color, his beard was like the blond actor in the reruns of *Grizzly Adams*. His hair, long, and curling around the nape of his neck and the tops of his shoulders, was jet black shot

through with strands of pure silver that turned dense at his temples and chin.

And guys in Seattle thought I was a grizzly bear!

He was stuffed into a button-busting white union suit with sweat marks like a before-ad on a detergent commercial. The top buttons were open enough for me to see a chestful of fur that traveled on down to the sheet across his belly.

He reeked of sweet, spicy manmusk—my favorite scent. My sniffing made him self-conscious, because he jumped out of bed and sat down across the room. “Sorry ’bout the smell. Out here in the woods all by m’self, I don’t bathe as often as most city folk do, and, to tell the truth, I think it weakens a man. Didn’t mean for you to wake up to smelly ol’ me.”

“You smell fine. Natural.”

“I’m awful strong that way. I shouldn’ta been so close anyway.”

I sat up slowly on the edge of the bed. “Come over here, will you?”

He did as I asked. I grabbed one of his beefy arms and pulled myself to my feet. Eye to eye, I slowly raised his right arm and took a deep, loving sniff of his armpit. I could feel myself starting to get a bone on. “Now will you believe you don’t bother me?”

“I guess I do,” he said. “But it ain’t your sniffin’ me like you did that convinced me as much as this!” His voice grew husky towards the end of his words, and to make his point he grabbed my rock-hard cock in his big fingers that palmed down me to a fist.

He studied deep into my eyes and moved his face slowly closer to mine. I met him midway with my lips parted as our mouths gently touched. His tongue tentatively slipped out a bit to touch my lips. I caught the rosy tip and gently drew him deeper into my mouth. His other

arm slipped around my shoulders as I began to gently suck on his tongue and tease it with my own.

He eased me back down onto the bed as he slowly stripped out of his union suit, revealing a husky, solid-built body layered with honest muscles and thickly carpeted with heavy fur. His cock was hard too, and a beauty: about average in length, but thick through the head, and growing wider all the way down. Fully hard as he was, his foreskin still covered most of his cockhead, with a bit of the tip peeking out of the fold of 'skin. His balls hung big and low down in a thickly furred ball sac. I caught a whiff of the sharper scent of ball sweat and headcheese as he pushed me back down on the bed and covered me with his body.

Even though he was bearing most of his weight on his arms and legs, I felt his muscular bulk pressing down on me. My entire body tingled rubbing against his furry skin. His thick moustache brushing my face, he slowly teased my tongue out of my mouth and into his. I felt him rocking slowly, gently rubbing his hard cock against my hairy gut, plastering the hairs down with gobs of clear pre-cum.

“Oh, Baby! Baby Bear!” He hugged me passionately to his thick chest. I guessed even hermits get lonely. “Lay back and let me love you.” Lust overrode any need in his voice. “Let me make you feel good.”

I kissed him gently and nibbled his chin. He offered his throat so I could suck his full beard sweeping down into the thick fur on his chest.

“Yes, Baby Bear, your Grizzly likes that.”

Buried in his beard, I breathed through its bush, tripping on texture, smell, and taste. With both hands, I stroked his beard and rubbed the rugged, ragged volume of fur into my face, toweling my cheeks and lips and eyes filled with tears of gratitude that he had saved me. I'm not religious, but if Magdalen had been a man, her hair

would have been a beard such as his, glorious.

I lay back and looked into his eyes. His long fingers stroked my trimmed city-beard and moustache, and trailed down my neck to stroke the dark fur covering my pecs, to fondle gently my ringed nipples.

“Daddy Bear, please. Let me taste your cock, Grizzly Bear!”

He straddled my waist and slowly moved forward, plowing his pre-cum-drizzle through my thick belly fur. He stopped with his knees knocked in my armpits and his cock resting in the furry valley between my pecs. He leaned forward until his hard cock was bobbing up and down with the beat of his heart less than an inch from my mouth.

I nursed on the iris tip of his cock while slowly slipping my tongue into the depths of his foreskin, full of tangy headcheese. I worked his 'skin back and rubbed his cock across my 'stache so I'd remember the scent of his cockcheese like a bomb-sniffing dog. My thick moustache rubbing behind the corona-rim of his cockhead made him rumble with pleasure.

I sucked his cock again, slowly working my way down toward the root. The head was too wide to swallow to the base, so I palmed his shaft and ate mouthfuls of his balls, coming up gasping for air, dribbling with juice.

Grizzly figured my head was still spinning from the storm and rain and cold. He slowed me down. He made a cool deal of wrapping his cock with the hair on my chest and driving his hardon back and forth through the pelted valley between my pecs. Before he drenched me from nose to nipples in wad after wad of thick loggercum, he was really thumping his meat into my chest, and I couldn't help but wonder what he'd feel like with his fat rammer up my ass.

When he came, he crashed down beside me, holding

me, and I drifted off as Grizzly rubbed his cum into my chest and beard. An hour later, I woke from my fitful dreams to the smell of pancakes. Grizzly fed me forkfuls in bed and I ate like a starved cub, each of us eyeing the other with a lecherous grin. After we ate, my Daddy Bear let me lick the last traces of syrup from his moustache, and he cuddled me until I fell asleep again.

“Wake up, sleepyhead. Dinner’s on!”

This time, we ate at the table, kind of romantic, staring into each other’s eyes. After dinner, he insisted I lie back down rather than help him wash up, and when he started caressing me like I was tender cub, my bearish heart spoke up.

“Look, Grizzly. I’m not gonna break! Sure, I was exhausted from last night, but I’m way okay now. So if you wanna get rowdy, let’s rumble! I like sex halfway between pro-wrestling and pro-football.”

He smiled at me. “Guess I wasn’t sure yet if you were truly real.”

“Real?” I pulled back the bed covers and showed him my hardon rampant over my blue balls. “You’ve cum. Not me.” “I’m nothin’ if not polite,” he said. In a flurry of blankets, he burrowed down under the sheets and tickled my balls.

A quick wrestling match flung the bedclothes into a pile and left us both dripping sweat and laughing. Wrestling Grizzly didn’t last long, because he had both power and mass on his side, and the whole match ended with me face down, lucky me, on the bed, and Grizzly sitting triumphant on my ass. He knew my appetite was bigger than my strength. The wrestling exhausted me, but the tussle was an excellent nightcap; and we both fell asleep quickly as soon as the laughter wore off and we cooled down enough to be comfortable.

All night my blue balls ached, and I dreamed my hardon was spooned into Grizzly’s hairy buttercrack.

My first sensation the next morning was a couple of fingers playing lazy with my asshole. I felt the bed rocking as Grizzly was stroking his morning boner. Mmmm. I drifted back to sleep suddenly to be jolted wide awake as Grizzly rammed every millimeter of his fat cock up my sleepy asshole and started fucking me fast and hard.

“What the fuck!”

“Pearl Harbor, Baby.”

“Huh?”

“Early morning surprise attack!”

“Get off!”

“I intend to.”

“Umphh!”

“You said you liked it rough. True or not?”

“Oh, shit!”

“Me and my rubber up your butt.”

From behind, Grizzly’s hands rocked my shoulders in sync with the powerful thrusts from his thick logger’s legs ramming his fuckrod up my asshole. Had he lubed both of us up? My ass was relaxed in sleep when he first shoved his cock in. His powerful arms held me in place. My body rocked the way he wanted. His superior strength had been amply demonstrated by the earlier wrestling match.

Ambivalent. Mixed emotions. I didn’t like being attacked, but I really didn’t want to escape his woodsy domesticity. His thumping prick started to feel really good up my butt, and my body fit Grizzly’s very well in this position. Even better as his hands slid down my arms to pin my wrists to the bed, I could feel his sweaty, hairy chest rubbing up and down my back with each fast, powerful thrust.

He breathed heavily in my ear as he licked the back of my neck and nibbled my ears and the edges of my beard. In passion, he growled, “Damn, I wanna see what I’m fuckin’! Gimme some face!”

Before I could really register the motion, his cock was out of my ass. I was flipped over, my knees hooked over his furry shoulders, and he was back inside plowing me deep. This time, however, I could look into his eyes and watch his face as he fucked me.

“Ohh, yeah, Cubby-hole. That’s much better, yeah! I wanna watch your handsome fuckin’ bearded face while I fuck hell out of your furry bear butt!”

His hot dick rammed up my ass. My hard rod was rubbing back and forth through his thick bellyfur. Almost too quickly, I shot a big load of my cum into the sweat lubing our hairy chests as they frictioned together.

Grizzly inhaled the scent of my cum. He fucked harder. “Yeah, Cubby-hole! Shoot yer fuckin’ cum between our hairy bear chests, mixin’ it up with all that tasty sweat! Yeah, Baby Bear, yeah! I’m gonna do the same! Yeah! Yeah...Ugh!”

The split second he came, he pulled out of my hot-buttered butt, grinding his cock into my sweaty crotch. His first wad splattered against my throat, and the rest of his logger load seined into the sweaty hair on our chests. He unhooked my legs from his shoulders and lay down, pooling sweat, on top of me. My hands rubbed the drying sweat into his furry back as our heaving turned back to breathing.

“Whattafuck, eh, Cub?” He gently slipped his tongue into my mouth for a long, deep kiss. I was surprised at myself. A moment ago I was ready to rip the man’s throat out for attacking me. Now, I was sorry he’d cum so quickly. Should a man’s head decide for his body, or should his body teach his head?

“Whattafuck!” I repeated his words. “I love this mess we made.”

“We can make more of a mess, little Cub. Put on these slippers, so the dry needles won’t hurt your tender feet.

I got a shower for you.”

He led me out of the house into the warm morning sun to a slatted wooden platform under a tank. I bet the water was gonna be mountain cold. No wonder he didn't shower much.

“Y'all just kneel down here, and we'll git ya cleaned off.”

“Kneel?” I followed his bidding and closed my eyes against the cold splash of water I expected. A hot stream of piss hit me in the face. I looked at his thick uncut hose, drank, and gulped, and scrubbed the cum out of my beard, and sluiced off my chest, not knowing how long the golden shower might last. Piss beaded up in my beard, burbled on my lips, dripped from my eyelashes, and streamed down my body. I could have knelt forever on those boards enjoying the warmth of Grizzly's piss cascading over me.

“Always did love gettin' pissed on, Grizzly. Thanks for the shower!”

“Much less trouble than heatin' water. Your turn to do me, Cub. After I wash m' beard out, hit me at the top of my chest, okay?”

“Got ya.”

Ever pee-shy, I took a while to get started, but Grizzly knelt patiently stroking until I did. And when I peed, I zapped him right between the eyes! He opened his mouth and drank a shot. I watched raptly as he washed his long, black-and-silver beard. His big paws scrubbed my piss into his thickly furred, beautifully built body, slurping his armpits. In my stream of thick golden piss, I calculated my future back in Seattle.

I nearly jumped out of my slippers when the moment he finished washing, his head snapped forward and his mouth trapped the semi-soft head of my dick. He immediately started gulping down my piss as fast as I could whizz, with an expression of sheer rapture on his face.

“First lesson, Cub. That’s what a man does with the extra!”

“Got it, Daddy Grizzly.”

The rest of the day, much of the night, and Sunday morning we spent cuddling, talking, and discovering our sexual tastes were extremely compatible. He confessed his real name, Lionel, which he hated, and his job as a timber scout who decides where and how what trees will be cut.

“I’ve gotta tell ya, Cub. It’s been hard for me to get along out here, without a cub for company. I’ve tried some of those gay bars. Nothin’.”

“One bear bar, I know, you’d like the scene and every bear in the place would be drooling over you. Tell you what, Daddy Bear. You can spend some city weekends with me if I can spend some rainforest weekends with you.”

“Bright Cub. Keep me hot for you.”

“Keep you hot for me.” I palmed his butt. “I can’t leave this afternoon without a taste of that sweaty ass of yours I’ve been smelling all weekend.”

“That why you kept passin’ out?”

“Feed me your butt.”

“While I show you what this thick ’stache of mine does to a Cub’s cock!”

I laid back, and he squatted his ass on my face before bending forward. I was rubbing my beard through the thick forest of his sweaty assfur when I felt him take the tip of my dick in his mouth. His thick, soft moustache brushed along the underside of my cockhead. I was rock-hard before he had sucked his way down half an inch. His thick moustache working ever so slowly down the sensitive underside of my cock drove me crazy with lust. I slurped away at Grizzly’s tasty rump, working my tongue deep in his furry butt as he swallowed my cock and rubbed his ’stache against my balls.

My hands rubbed through the fur on his back as he

picked up speed in his cocksucking. I tried to drive my hungry tongue deeper into his hot, sweet asshole. Suddenly, he pushed out with his assring and I tasted deep from his forbidden hole.

The last taboo was so tempting.

Wild and dirty toilet dreams.

The thought drove me nuts.

“Grizzly Bear, I’m gonna cum!”

“Mmm!”

Before I shot, he pulled off my cock, wrapped his long beard around my pole, and beard-stroked my prick while I shot all over his moustache. He sat up, driving my tongue deeper into his loosening rosebud, feeding me convulsing rings, and jerking off.

“Yeah, Cub! Eat that butt! Your Daddy Bear likes the smell of your cub-cum all over his ’stache. Good. Someday when you’re ready, Cub, I know this clearing where this timber scout can hang up a sling...Ahhh...yeah, you can watch my hairy arm go up your furry butt, Boy Bear! Yeah, yeah, yeah!”

Grizzly’s fantasy of breaking me in as a fist bottom set him off shooting his load across my chest.

“Now, Cub.” He rubbed his load into my chestfur, “I want you to let that dry, and take that special ‘bear itch’ home for the rest of the evening as a reminder to get your hairy ass back to me next weekend!”

“Yes, Daddy! If you save your dirty ass for me.”

It was only a forty-five-minute drive back to Seattle. So, with a shit-eating grin, I arrived in time for the end of the Sunday beer bust at my favorite bear bar.

One of my friends voiced concern. “That storm Friday night must’ve fucked up your camping!”

“It wasn’t my camping that got fucked.”

“Lucky you.”

“Best trip in a long time!”

“What made it so great?”

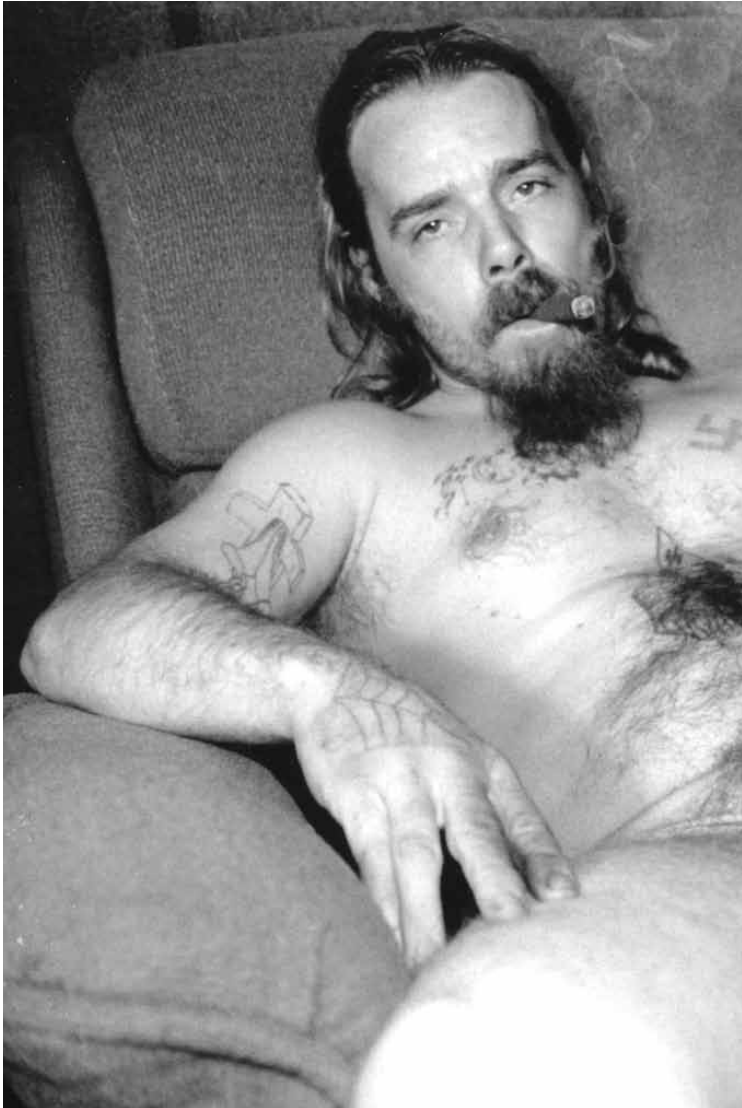
I looked at him and popped my shirt open to show him my chest-and-belly fur frosted in cum-whorls. “Sniff this!”

And sniff he did. “Oh, my my my! You are a lucky man. You met Lionel!”



Trucker, The Tenderloin Tapes

Photograph by and ©Jack Fritscher (www.JackFritscher.com)



Butch, Butch: Tattooed Aryan Ex-con Biker

Photograph by and ©Jack Fritscher (www.JackFritscher.com)

Some guys got opinions
 about everything,
 but sometimes their mouths
 write checks their butts
 can't cash...

DOWN 'N' DIRTY

FURR

I like bikers. Not the dot-com scum in a suit scooting to work on a little rice-grinder, but the kind of bikers that revolt citizens: dirty, leather, hawg bikers. Of course, the most outlaw thing most of them have done is to trade or sell a little grass to their bros, something half the techies on bikes are guilty of as well. I like “whassup” in the biker lifestyle that sends upstanding citizens into a tailspin.

Of course, there's more than admiration for political individuality here. I'm unabashedly gay, and bikers flat-out turn me on. The sight of a long-haired, long-bearded male in greasy 501's and worn leathers straddling a big hawg gives me a hardon in a flash. My gay friends buy gay skin rags to jerk off over. I buy biker rags, ink out the titty girls, and stroke off over the combustion-engine men.

Some time ago, I stole a hot nearly-new Low Rider with a flawless two-tone dark red paint job from some silly fool who was going to get a rice-grinder that wouldn't “vibrate” so much. I've spent the last couple years slowly customizing the bike, wearing in my leathers, and letting one particular pair of jeans go so unwashed they stand up by themselves in the corner.

A couple months ago, I saw the sign, “Teddy B'ar,” over

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[HOW TO LEGALLY QUOTE FROM THIS BOOK](#)

a run-down little tavern on the bad, bad, bad side of town, with nothing in front but scoots, mostly hawgs with a few Brit machines mixed in. I was taking a roundabout putt to the parts shop to pick up my new custom saddlebags. As the gray-bearded bro behind the counter rang up my purchase, I asked him what he knew about the Teddy B'ar.

“The Ted? Nice little biker bar. Windows out front so you can keep an eye on your scoot, though you hardly need to. Any of the Teddy bros would yell if anyone started fuckin’ with a ride. Gets good and rowdy, but brawls are rare. A real nice place to party. But, hey, if you’re looking for scooter babes, forget it. The Ted’s got a rep as the place to go when a brother slags out with bros. Here y’go. These bags will dress your bike real fine. You sure are one of our best customers. Y’all come back.”

“Soon as I decide what I can afford next.”

What the hell! I putted off to the Ted to check out the scene. I damn near popped a hardon strollin’ into the place. The air was funky with sweat and leather cured in motor oil, beer, and cigar smoke. Looking casual, I surveyed the snug bar. Being this was a Saturday afternoon, the place was pretty busy with the genuine article. I could have stroked off to a scooter mag picture of most of them.

I stepped up to the bar to get a better look at the fuckin’ huge bartender. The man, stripped to the waist, was at least 6-8 if he was an inch. His shoulders and back and chest were thick and covered with tattoos shagged with hair. His thick brown beard came down to his nipples. A long braid hung down his back. A half-smoked cigar sat fat between his teeth. No wonder no brawls!

His threat softened when he pulled the stogie out of his mouth. He looked sweet as a bear who’s stumbled onto a honey-pot with no bees. His upper-body muscles rippled as he leaned forward so he could hear me over the jukebox that was pounding out the Allman Brothers.

“Welcome to the Teddy B’ar. What can I get ya.”

“Teddy,” I joked.

“I’m Teddy.” He rose full size.

It was a Kodiak moment. Yes. *Kodiak*.

“Just kidding.” I backed off wondering why I could never leave my gay sense of humor in the closet. Some day it was gonna get my fresh lip in trouble. “Gimme a draft, and a light.” I was sheepish. “Please. *Bitte. Por favor.*” I couldn’t stop. Teddy, face and chest and belly, was so attractive he unnerved me. I pulled a long cigar from my vest pocket.

Teddy smacked my shoulder like I was a long lost relative reunited on Ricky Lake. “Comin’ up.” He lit his lighter. “Smokin’ like a man.” He passed me my beer and took my money. “Y’know, a bunch of bros who like stogies hang here ever’ so often. When they get goin’ and I get my own seegar fired up, I gotta turn off the damn smoke alarm.” He planted his butt back in his gorgeous teeth. “Enjoy your brew!”

I started hittin’ the Ted more often to enjoy the company of men who shared my interest in hawgs. Most of the time, I kicked back at a table in the rear, sipping my beer, smoking my cigars, and enjoying my hardon watching the bikers. Soon enough I recognized the cigar crowd Teddy had told me about. I overheard most of them lived together in a house one of them rented and the rest of them squatted. Once in a blue moon, they’d come to the bar and damn near empty the joint with an announcement they were having a party.

One mellow evening, a guy from the cigar crowd came over to me and sat down at my table. He was one of my favorites to watch: copper hair and beard, both long and groomed. Whoops. Danger. Maybe my eyeballing him was too obvious.

“Hey, man. The brothers and I were wondering why

you never show up at any of our parties?”

“Like, uh, I don’t force myself on people?”

“You might try.”

“Huh?”

“Word is,” he said, “that you’re good people. So you come to the next party, okay?” He put out his mitt. “Hey, they call me *Rusty*, but I ain’t!”

Rusty looked like a fucker; but while the prospect of likely having to compete with a bunch of biker chicks on some level for the men didn’t thrill me, I didn’t want to be a dick. “Thanks for the invite.”

“See ya.” I could swear one of his booted feet slid over to nudge my boot. When he stood up, he had a hardon in his greasy black jeans. He saw my surprise and winked.

Two weeks later, hoping against hope the cigar crowd was as progressive as Rusty, I was already celebrating. I was taking a month off with pay. So I was really up when Rusty and a couple of his buddies roared up to the Ted announcing one of their parties.

“Dammit, Rusty!” Teddy couldn’t hide he liked the idea of a private party. “You’re bad for business.”

“Yeah, yeah, Teddy,” Rusty said. “You always show up after you close this dump.”

“Zip it, Rusty, or I’ll fuck you over about 2:30.”

The whole lot of us hopped on our bikes and followed Rusty and his buddies back to a big run-down house with no neighbors. Everyone hustled inside, but Rusty’s side stand had gotten jammed. I pried it loose, falling conveniently to my knees between his legs, while he held the bike up.

“I like that,” Rusty said. “Your fixin’ my stand. Come on.” He led me up onto the enclosed porch that was dark and empty. He grabbed me behind the neck and tongued me a big wet one that left me gasping for breath and hardon in my pants.

“You passed your final!” he said. “Except for the prostate exam.”

I picked the little sucker up. He was about six inches shorter than me. I shoved my tongue into his face. When I finished pumping my spit down his throat, he was the one gasping.

“Rusty, tell me what the flyin’ fuck is goin’ down here.”

Inside the curtains facing the porch, shadows of bikers were doing all manner of sleaze.

“Some of those bros have ol’ ladies,” I said. “I’ve seen ’em. Most of ’em brag about nailin’ pussy. Wassup?”

“Bikers will fuck anything with a hole.”

“Yeah?”

“Only rule? No fights.”

Why ask if the scene was gay, bi, or boy-was-I-drunk? Labels fuck everything. Wasn’t I on the run from gay mags and gay bars and gay whatever?

“Blame Teddy. His bar is a recruiting office.”

“Like the Marines?”

“Like *Fight Club*. But with sex. No fights.”

“Cool.” Outlaw shit. The way gay life was outlaw before liberation ruined underground sex with workshops.

Rusty led me through the house filled with dudes ripped from the pages of biker magazines. I pitied the owner. The house was a toilet. Upstairs were the bedrooms where the men lived. The kitchen was a bar. The back porch was cranked. The main level of living rooms and dining room was a fuckfloor of broken furniture, cum slicks, grease, and bodies. The basement was set up for kinky and messy scenes.

The place rocked!

The scene swept me up. I popped my fly, flipped out my dick, stretched my pissy foreskin back, and pushed Rusty’s head down for a cockcheese snack. This was a house of rough sex. I choked Rusty till I almost came. I

fit right in. I hadn't showered in a week. I unplugged my dick from his face.

"I don't wanna be cuming off before I see what's going on."

Rusty stood up with his own hard cock curious to hunt room to room. "Later," he said. He was so cool.

A beer. Some prowling. Checking the action. Woo-ee! I had to piss out some of my Teddy B'ar piss. The toilet was strictly piss pigs. So I waded on in. I nearly drowned a particularly well-built urinal with a honey-blond beard, who was also sucking my cock, when piss started heating up my own butt. Over my shoulder I saw a regular from the Ted named Mick who was all shits and giggles behind his midnight black beard pissing all over my butt.

"I waited," Mick said, "a long time to do that, bro!"

I pulled out of Honey-Beard's mouth, and turned face to face to Mick. "Shit, if I'd known, you wouldn't have had to wait!" I dropped to my knees and inhaled his cock.

He grabbed my head.

"Whoa, boy. My tank's nowhere near empty." Mick forced piss into my mouth.

I gulped mouthfuls and guided his hot stream all over me. Honey-Beard moved in behind me and pissed all over my shoulders. I sucked Mick's cock back in my mouth and drank him to the last drop. Mick was still dry, so I wrestled him down into the pools of fresh piss, where he gladly let me wipe the floor with him.

The three of us crawled out of the toilet and collapsed together on a funky old mattress. Mick knew Honey-Beard and called him "Reb" who was quick to swing across my hips and thread himself on my hard cock. Mick mounted my face and spread his furry ass over my mouth.

Did I say I love fuckin' butt? Oh, yeah! Especially one as tight, hairy, and blond as Reb's. But eating ass! That's my specialty. I pulled Mick's black-furred buns apart and

drove my tongue right up his Irish hole.

I was the bottom leg of a sex triangle with them two at the apex sucking face. They jerked each other off while the blond Reb fucked his hole on my dick and the dark Mick rimmed his butt all over my face. That's the geometry of sex.

Mick suddenly blasted across Reb's chest. His cum dripped off Reb onto my belly. Mick's hole spasmed shut, trapping my tongue inside. *Ouch!* Reb and I shot off like perfectly timed twins. Reb dumped cum in the mess in my chest fur, while I pumped my load up his ass. The sexquake sent Mick sliding off to the side. Reb set his cum-dripping butt on my face and I got to taste my own jizz sliming out of his hole. By the time I cleaned out his fuckpit, to my surprise, we both were roaring hard.

"Jeez, Reb! Here we go again."

"Go, buddy. Get the next one off as good as you did me and Mick. I'm gonna wake Mickey up and go get something to drink."

As I moved away, the grunts and thumps behind me told me that Reb figured the best way to wake Mick was to throw his butt a good hard fuck.

I slammed three cans of brew in the kitchen and started buzzing the house. The night was late, must have been after 2:30, because Teddy the Bartender had become Teddy the Action Figure. My dick tented at the sight of Rusty with his legs locked around Teddy's muscular waist. Teddy held Rusty under the armpits, and bounced him up and down on his cock, strutting around the room! Teddy's stogie, clenched between his teeth, dropped ashes on Rusty's fur. A nimbus of seegar smoke haloed them under the red light screwed into the ceiling toward which Rusty was howling.

Teddy had ripped open the ass-end of Rusty's jeans to get at his fuckhole. Rusty's cock was sticking out through

his button fly. Roaring with the fuck, Rusty's head dropped back. His dick blew sperm all over the red fur on his chest. "Shit! Shit! Shit!" Teddy said. His big biceps and forearms lifted Rusty off his dick. Teddy tossed him like a rag doll into a chair with three legs, spilling him in a big laugh to the floor. The crowd watching hooted.

"I ain't got off!" Teddy yelled. "I need me another hole!"

Faster than a rapper sliding under a ho, I slid on my knees across the slimy floor, landing with my tongue under Teddy's foreskin. I yanked down one leg of my jeans over my boot. Teddy slammed me on my back. I hooked my legs around Teddy's muscular waist. A can of lube materialized out of the crowd and a stranger's hand reached in to grease me up.

Teddy puffed his cigar butt, blew the smoke in my face, and punctured my butt with the tip end of his dick and held it like the Shuttle ready for launch to deep space.

"Wanna bust you!"

"Call me Buster!" I said. With both hands, I pulled my cheeks open to a perfect target. Teddy leaned into a slow sliding swan dive into my hole.

Yeah, baby, he hurt. You know what I'm sayin'?

I liked his hairy muscular hips grinding my ass. I liked his big beard that grew almost down to his tits. On both sides of my head, his massive arms supported his big pecs and wide shoulders. His armpits smelled like fuck.

Teddy rocked.

"Dig my smell, bro?" He slow-pumped his dick. "Ain't had nothin but a biker bath in six months." Pumping my asshole. "I promise if you don't get yer gun..." Pumping to the rhythm of his words. "... till I get mine, you can..." Pumping like a heavy freight train starting up. "...give me a tongue bath." Taking awhile to get up to speed. "You tonguing Teddy B'ar." But once it's rollin', it's damn near unstoppable.

With Teddy's fuckrod pistoning me, I saw the same stars Rusty saw going glassy eyed with fuck under that red light glowing on Teddy's huge body. Some friendly flight attendant put a full inhaler of amyl in my hand. A couple long hits sent my brain on vacation and my butt took over. Heavy crystal drops of sweat formed on Teddy's beard, mustache, and forehead. Sweat streamed out of his armpits. He was wettin' me and he was buckin' my ass back to meet his strokes. The look of bliss on his face when I started meeting him halfway was fuckin' wild.

I was so focused on Teddy's eyes I didn't notice his tongue workin' in his mouth until he hawked a big mouthful of spit all over my face. I gasped, and my mouth fell open to receive the next three goobs of thick, cum-like spit, tasting like the pungent flavor of the cigar he had been smokin'. After blasting the last goob full force into my mouth, Teddy chased the goob with his tongue all the way to the back of my throat.

I sucked on Teddy's tongue. His fuck picked up tempo. His growling peaked. He inhaled the amyl I offered for the longest moment and whispered, "You better be ready to get your butt pumped full, 'cause I'm gonna shoot!" He thrust, *blam blam*, and his breathing caught for a moment in his throat behind his beard.

He yelled out an endless stream of *fucks* and *shits* and *yeah, yeah, yeah!*

His big train was charging into the tunnel full speed. His sweat was raining down. He let go with great goobs of spit into my face. My tunnel swallowed his train and in the ensuing wreck, I blasted my load up along his furry chest to splatter all over his beard that hung down to the tits on his hairy chest.

The room called out for more.

He slowly lowered himself down onto my body, but kept his dick in my hole. He gave me a long, gentle, tender

kiss. “Gonna piss, bro!”

“Is it rank?”

“Ain’t pissed since noon. Up your butt? Or all over ya?”

“Got enough for both jobs?”

“You’re a sick fucker. I like that.”

Teddy gave me a piss enema direct from his hose into my holding tank. He boiled up a gutbuster inside me. When he pulled out, I clamped shut, but he kept squirting on my legs and boots. I flipped around and drank the last drops off his cock. With a gallon of his piss in my belly and up my hole, I wanted Teddy’s full monty. He knew my tongue was ready to lick his filthy skin. He stood and stretched and ran his big paws over his hairy belly, chest, and shoulders. His fur was soaking wet. I chewed into his beard and groomed his chest with my teeth, swiped my tongue across his nipples, and ate out his armpits. My eyes were watering with his stench, but my nose and tongue were in ecstasy.

My butt hole was in constant demand. The whole while I licked Teddy B’ar, a line of half a dozen bikers marched up to my butt, plugged their hoses into my hole, and used me like the urinal I always wanted to be. By the time I spit-shined Teddy’s huge upper body, I had cum so much with my dick, my tongue, and my head, I was played out. The smorgasbord of Teddy’s lower body waited. Teddy expected full service. I collapsed across his chest. My butt tank was about six gallons full of biker piss.

“Ain’t you forgot somethin’, bro?”

““Um, yeah. Ted, I’d never want it said I passed up a funky crotch, but my tongue feels like it’s been sandblasted after suckin’ your fur. How about next time around? I gotta admit I’m lookin’ forward to havin’ you sit that hairy butt of yours down on my face!”

“Maybe you need to go dump all that piss you’ve collected!”

“This is only my first party,” I said.

“Wait till party number two.” Teddy pushed my dripping ass toward the door to the back yard.

I ran for it. My gut was bursting. The plug in my asshole was ready to blow. I was gonna lose it. I ran into the yard. The full moon lit pairs and threeways of guys fucking on the lawn. I looked for a bush, but right there, right then, my dam burst. I shit a hundred gallons of piss. The partygoers hardly noticed except for one who ran over, yelled “Far out” and rolled like a dog in the pissy mud around my boots. He looked up at me and said words I’ll never forget: “You fuckin’ dirty biker. I love your dirty biker hawg piss.”

I won.

I passed.

I had turned into a fucking satyr riding a fucking hawg.

In the moonlight, with Teddy on my tongue, and a dirty biker worshipping me as a dirty biker, I passed from fantasy to reality.

For a long time I stood under what I felt was a Biker’s Moon feeling my hot leathers cool, smoking a big cigar, feeling Teddy still rasping on my tongue.

I could say I went back into the house and sucked endless cock all night long, and I did for an hour, until Rusty came to claim me for himself in what turned into an intense spitting contest between the two of us drooling into each other’s mouths and on our body fur, and cuming one last time.

But together.

On the filthy broken couch, we slept like cubbies. In the morning, Teddy B’ar woke us with a spray of his morning pisshard. Reb cooked up a breakfast fit for a biker gang, and I figured the adventure was perfect.

Teddy firing up a big stogie, ring size 64, kind of hinted

I could crash in one of the upstairs bedrooms.

So seductive.

Big-Time breakfast.

Big-Time cigars.

Big-Time bikers.

Big-Time whatever.

Later that night, home alone, I was strokin' to the fantasy that Teddy really meant it when he asked me to move into the house, and that all the bikers had gathered around me and offered to help move me in, which was good, but, I confess, I had to shower, clean up, and go back to work to make the payments on my condo, my Volvo, and like...you know.



Dave Gold, *Dave Gold's Gym Workout*
Photograph by and ©Jack Fritscher (www.JackFritscher.com)



Tom Howard, *Party Animal Raw*
Photograph by and ©Jack Fritscher (www.JackFritscher.com)

Told you once.
Told you twice.
Not gonna tell you again!
Don't go down
to the boiler room!

WHAT A GOOD FUCK TASTES LIKE

SHAUN LEVIN

Take your cock in your hand. Jerk it slowly up and down. Feel it getting harder in your hand. Easy now. Pull on it slowly. Move your fist right down to the base. Let's see the head each time you go down. Squeeze it at the base. Let the blood fill the head of your cock. And then up again. Feel how tender the head is when you go over it with your fist. And down again. Pull back your foreskin, boy. Uncover that head and piss-slit for me. Fuck, I love the sight of a man's piss-slit. Squeeze it, boy.

All that juice in a tiny hole. Warm cum, hot piss. Keep jerking your cock. Keep that rhythm going. Keep letting the piss-slit open up each time you pull down. Fuck, that slit is making me hot already. I'm going to need to get my cock out soon. More piss-slit, boy. Keep squeezing your prick. I want a good look at your piss-slit. When I fuck you like a pussy, you're going to shoot from there into my mouth. I'm going to drink your cum, boy. And you're going to piss all over my chest for me. That's what we're going to do now that I've got you down here.

Come kneel on the floor in front of me. That's it,

pussy-boy. You get down on the floor. I'll stand here for you to look at. Now show me your tongue. Show me how you wiggle that hungry tongue of yours. That's good. Don't stop pulling on your cock. Keep squeezing your prick. Now I'll guide you. You'll get to know my body. I've got your head in my palms. Feel how rough my hands are against your cheeks. They're like leather, 'cause I use these hands all day, boy, doing odd jobs around your building. That's how you found me tonight, here in the basement. Feel them on your face, boy. You like that, don't you. You like these hard hands against that tender skin of yours. You're a good boy. Now come rub your face against my crotch. Come feel my jeans against your skin. Feel that bulge against your lips, and lick the outline of my cock. Don't worry. You'll be able to swallow it all.

I'm going to unbutton my jeans now and take out my fat prick for you. I'm opening my jeans now. Move back. Move back and watch. See this thick bush of pubic hair. This thick black bush of pubic hair. You think that's dense, boy, wait till I get my shirt off and you can feast your face in that. Keep your eyes on my pubes. The root of my cock now, thick, nestling in that dark hair. I'm pulling my jeans down now. Pulling them down to let my cock out, give it some air. It doesn't like much fresh air. This fat cock likes dark and damp places where it can gather up the stench of sweat and cum and ass-juice. That's what you like, boy, don't you? I can tell you like a stinking circumcised prick. No touching yet.

I'll keep it nice and hard for you. I'll warm it up for you. Get it nice and hard so you can see what you're going to get. I'll wipe some sweat off my stomach and out of my pubes to make my cock shine. I'll scoop up some shit-sweat from between my asscheeks. You're going to love this treat down your throat, boy. You're going to fucking love this. Come closer now and smell. Smell what a week's

hard work and a regular two-hour workout are going to taste like. Take in that sharp musky flavor. No touching yet. I'll lift up my cock so you can get a good look at my hairy balls. See where they connect up to the root of my cock. Look how fucking hairy they are.

You're going to taste my balls in your mouth, boy. Now you can come closer with your tongue. Feel the wiry black hairs on the tip of your tongue. Brush those long ball-hairs with your tongue. Lick them now. That feels good. Lick more. Get that spit out. Really wet them. That's it. That's okay. You can nibble on them. Fuck, I love that. I love it when a man shows me how hungry he is for these balls. I could fuck you right now, boy. Get you on your hands and knees and shove my prick up your ass. But we're taking this slowly. We're going to draw this out until you're fucking screaming for me to ram my cock into you.

Keep wetting my balls. Feel how they bristle on your tongue. You like that, don't you? That feels so good. Wet my balls more. Come on. Let's hear you slobbering over my balls. Lick them, boy, 'cause now I'm going to let you put them in your mouth. You're going to feel these hairy balls right in the back of your throat. Easy now. One at a time. Don't choke. Gently. Just suck on that fat testicle. I'll hold the back of your head so you can get your face in closer to my pubes.

I've got my cock in my hand. Keeping it thick and hard. Fuck, boy! Looking down at you getting into those balls and sniffing out my pubes is one fucking hot sight. Smell that thick bush. There's a week's-worth of cum-dough and sweat in there. That's good. Keep sucking. Now the other one. Feel it in your mouth. Press down with your lips. Suck on it while the other ball brushes against your chin. You like these hairy balls in your mouth, don't you? Feel them on your skin. Because when I'm in that tight little ass of yours, you're going to feel them slapping against

your cheeks. You're doing well, boy. Gently now. That's my cum you're heating up in there. A nice thick load of cum building up. That's the cum I'm going to shoot off inside you, boy, if you just keep on doing what I tell you.

You ready to get a taste of this cock now? I can see you're hungry for it. Stick your tongue out for some thick cut cock. Fuck! There's so much filth and slime on this cock you wouldn't know there's no foreskin. First the head, boy. Slowly. Wet your lips. Make them nice and lubed so you're ready to slide over this fat purple head. Wipe that pre-cum onto your face. Let it stick there, boy. Don't be scared now. Put your lips onto that fat head. That's good. Yeah, stick the tip of your tongue in the piss-slit. Stick your tongue in there. You know what I like. You're a fast learner, boy. Fuck, that feels good. Flick your tongue around in the piss-slit. Make like it's a tight little pussy.

Now come take more of my cockhead into your mouth. You sure are hungry for cock, boy. Slowly now. Just the head. You'll get the rest. Don't worry. I'll be fucking your mouth soon like a pussy, but you've got to earn it. You've got to show me how much you want my fat hairy cock. Feel how smooth the head is in your mouth, now that you've swallowed all that grime. Feel how hot it is, boy. Fuck, you like that, don't you? Suck on it. Suck on it like your mamma's nipple, boy. This nipple's for you, boy. And if you're good you'll get to drink from my cock. Nice thick milk to heat up the back of your throat. Imagine that I might cum in your mouth.

Let me hold your head now and push my cock deeper. Breath through your nose, boy. That's better. You just keep dribbling like that all over my cock. Keep making those slobbering noises. Now open your mouth wider. Wider. Spread your lips so you can take all of my cock into you. Fuck, boy, what you can't get down your throat, you'll take up your ass. You can be sure of that. Keep sucking and I'll

keep fucking your face. Your mouth is so soft. You keep it loose like that and I'll fuck your face, boy.

Let's hear you spitting on my cock. Keep it wet. Come, let me get some spit onto my cock. I'll drop a nice thick wad of phlegm onto my cock from up here. You just keep sucking. That's to keep your mouth nice and slippery. Keep it moist. You're doing well, boy. I can feel the back of your throat. Fuck, your mouth is so hot. Keep it loose. You want me to cum in your mouth now, don't you? You'd like that. But you're going to have to wait for my load. I'm going to taste your ass before I shoot this load into you.

Come, stand up now. Let me look at those wet cock-sucker lips. Fuck, they're quivering. You're shaking all over, boy. You're so hungry for my cock. Open your mouth so I can taste myself. Kiss me so I can drink in the flavor of my cock. That tastes good. Your mouth is so hot. Now put your head on my chest. Feel that thick mat of hair through my teeshirt. I'm going to let you put your face against my heart when I get this teeshirt off. I'm going to let you suck on my nipples, boy. Get a good look at my chest now when I take off my teeshirt. Get a whiff of that stale sweat steaming in my armpits and in the fur on my chest. Fuck, I love the smell of funk.

Now come suck on my nipples. I bet you've never seen such massive tits. Not since you were a baby have you sucked on fat nipples like these. Lick the hair away and then you can stick this nipple in your mouth. Come. Open your mouth. Let me give it to you. That's good. Take it all between your lips. Flick your tongue over the tip. Get it hard. Get that tit hard in your mouth so you can have something to chew on. You've never had a nipple like this in your mouth, have you? Fuck, I can tell you're loving this. Hold onto my chest like that. That's it. Dig your fingers into that thick fur. Pull your face onto that fucking nipple. Cling to me like that, boy. Keep sucking.

Now the other one. Move over to the other hairy tit. That's it. Let's feel you pinch the nipple you've been chewing on while you get this other nipple between your cocksucker lips. Now bite on it. Nibble on the tip with your teeth. Harder, boy! Fuck! Don't hold back for me. Suck and pinch like you mean it. No need to be polite, fucker, 'cause I sure won't be when I'm fucking your ass. Bite that fucking tit. Chew on it, boy, and keep grinding the other nipple between your fingers.

You keep sucking while I check out your ass, running a couple of rough fingers down south to keep your asshole warm. Let's get those ass-juices flowing. You sure are tight, boy. We'll have to loosen you up if you want this slab of cock inside you. Open up so I can feel inside you. Fuck, you're hot. It's fucking steaming in your ass. Yes, you tighten the walls of your ass like that around my fingers. Boy, am I going to love fucking your juicy ass. Come taste this now. Open your lips. Let me put my fingers in your mouth. Taste the flavor of your ass.

You're doing well, boy. You're doing so well. Come put your head on my chest. Come smell the sweat in there. Bury your head in all that hair. Warm your face and smell the sweat and cum in there. Fuck, I had some pussy-assed punk sit on my face last night while he shot onto my chest. His cum's still in there. His and fuck-knows how many more. All sticking to this thick fur. That's right! Soak it up. Lick that sweat and cum. I can see you're getting the hang of this, boy. Nuzzle your face in there. Let me hold the back of your head. Make this funk your oxygen, boy. Fuck, by the time I've finished with you, you'll be hooked on big hairy men with stinking fat cocks. I know you will.

Time for some armpit now. I know you want to shoot your load. I know you do, boy. Just stroke your cock slowly. Stroke it slowly and stick your face in my armpit. You'll love it. Fuck-knows how long the sweat's been cooking up

in there. Bring your head closer. Show me how much you want to stick your face in there. Let's hear you breathe in that smell. Get a whiff of that armpit when I lift it up. Come, stick your face in there. You can wet your tongue in that armpit. Drink up the sweat, boy. Make sure you get your face nice and wet, 'cause when it's good and wet, I'm going to lick the sweat back off your nose. I'm going to lick it off that cute face of yours. Now the other armpit. Bury yourself in my furry armpit. Feel the hair against your lips and up your nose. Lick up those puddles of sweat.

Give me your face now. Let me lick my sweat off your face. Fuck, your face is wet. Open your mouth. Kiss me now. Give me your tongue. You want spit. You want to keep your mouth wet. Here, boy, drink this. Swallow my spit. Drink, boy. It's yours. This is the spit we're going to wet your asshole with now. I can see you're ready. I can tell by the way your mouth is starting to act like a pussy, the way your lips whimper like that. Let's see you on your knees again. Get back down on your knees and let's see you lift that asshole in the air. Fuck, it's beautiful. Open it for me. Get your hands on your asscheeks and open your hole for me.

I'm going to rub my stubble across your crack first, to get your hole heated up. That's it. Keep it open for me. You sure smell good down there. Too fresh maybe, but I'll dirty that up. More time with me, boy, and I'll teach you how to keep that asshole nice and slimy. You don't need a clean asshole if you want me to keep sucking it out. Feel my bristles against your hole. Feel my tongue fucking your hole. Feel me sucking the juice out of your asshole. You're loosening up, boy. Your hole sure is opening up. You want more flesh up your ass, don't you?

We need to go deeper. Lick your fingers and stick them in with mine. Two fingers each. That's good. Stick them inside with me. We can share this fuckhole, boy. Fuck!

You sure are loosening up quick. Push them in. Deeper. I'll spit some more into your crack. You're going to need more than four fingers to loosen up that ass for my cock. Keep those fingers stretching that hole. Fuck, you're wet down there. We're not going to need any spit with your ass-juices gushing like that. My cock knows you're getting ready for me to stick it inside you.

Let me rub the head against your hole. Just the head first. Like when you sucked on it. Get a taste of the head in your ass before I dress it up to fuck you. Relax, boy. You're going to need to relax to take this fat prick up inside you. Are you ready? Are you ready to start swallowing it all? Pull those asscheeks apart. Keep them wide for me while I stick this plastic coating on. Keep them wide so I can aim straight for your hole. What a fucking hole you've got there. It's begging me to stick this fat cock inside. You ready to ride this, boy? Slowly. I'm sliding it in gradually. That's good. Open up. Yeah. Clench your ass around my cock like that. Make your ass tight. Hug my cock like that, boy, 'cause you've fucking earned it. You deserve this fine cock up inside you. Fuck, that feels good. We're halfway now. Still more fat cock to stick inside you. Your ass looks so good from up here. I love watching my prick slide into your hole.

Now let's turn you over onto your back. I'll lift you up. You just keep that ass tight around my cock. Hang onto me. I'll lift you and turn you, on the spit of my cock, and then I can fuck you up to the root. That's good. That's my man. You like sitting on my lap, don't you? Just got a couple more inches to go. That feels good. That's okay. You can suck on my nipple again. You get your lips around that big fucking tit. I'll keep you on my lap so you can get a good drink from my nipple. Fuck, that feels good, boy. My cock up your ass and my nipple in your mouth. You are one hungry man, boy. One hungry man. Let's lower

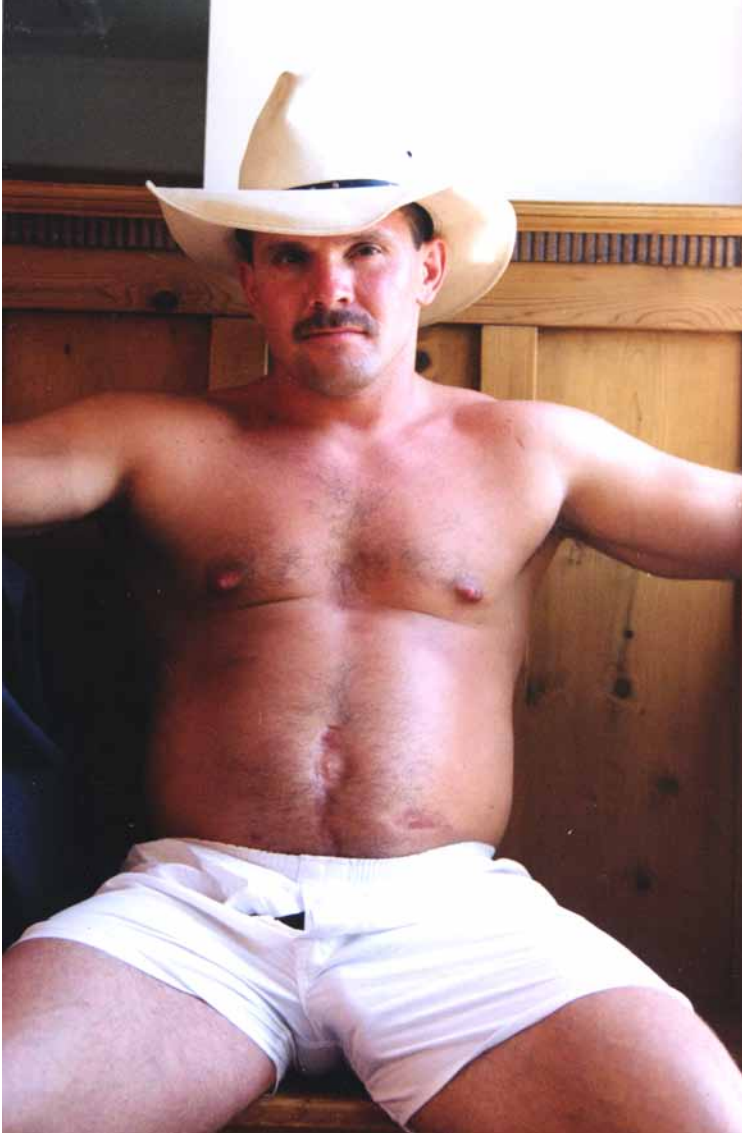
you onto your back now so you can get your legs up onto my hairy shoulders and watch me fuck you. Your eyes are wet from all this cock inside you. You're doing well, boy. You sure know how to keep that ass tight around my cock.

This feels so good going in and out of you. All the way to the tip and then back in again. Fuck, you've got one hot little asshole. Nice and slippery. You just lie back and feel this cock go in and out of you. You've never had a fat hairy cock like this up your pussy-ass before. Just keep looking at me while I fuck you. Feast your eyes on my hairy chest and the black hairs on my shoulders and down my arms. You love this, boy, don't you? I can tell you want to touch me again. I can tell you want to grab onto my chest again. That's right. Come to me. Hold onto my nipples while I fuck you. Dig your fingers into the thick hair on my chest. Fuck, I can tell you're loving this.

My cock is so hot I'm going to have to shoot off inside you soon. You lie back down and start pulling on that prick of yours. Get yourself ready to cum in my mouth while I'm fucking you. Just like I promised you, boy, you can cum in my mouth if you do what I tell you. And you've been good. Yes, clench those walls around my cock. You keep milking my big fucking prick and you'll get one massive load up your ass. Let's see you jerking that cock of yours. Aim that piss-slit at my face. Harder now, boy, I'm going to fuck you harder. Pump deeper so you can feel my cockhead ramming into your bowels. Take it, boy. Take it. It's yours. I'm inside you, boy. I'm staying inside you till you shoot your fucking cum into my mouth. Give me your cum, boy. Aim it, boy. Through these lips. Let me drink your cum, boy.

Fuck, that was good. I'm going to slide my cock out of that juicy hole of yours and you can come lie on my chest. Let me hold you now. That's good. You make yourself comfortable in my wet fur. Now you can let go. Now you can let that piss flow between us and keep us warm.

You let it stream. Keep us nice and wet and warm and I'll hold you. You let that piss mix with our cum and sweat and the hair on my chest and my stomach. That smells so good. Smell that, boy. Smell what a good fuck tastes like.

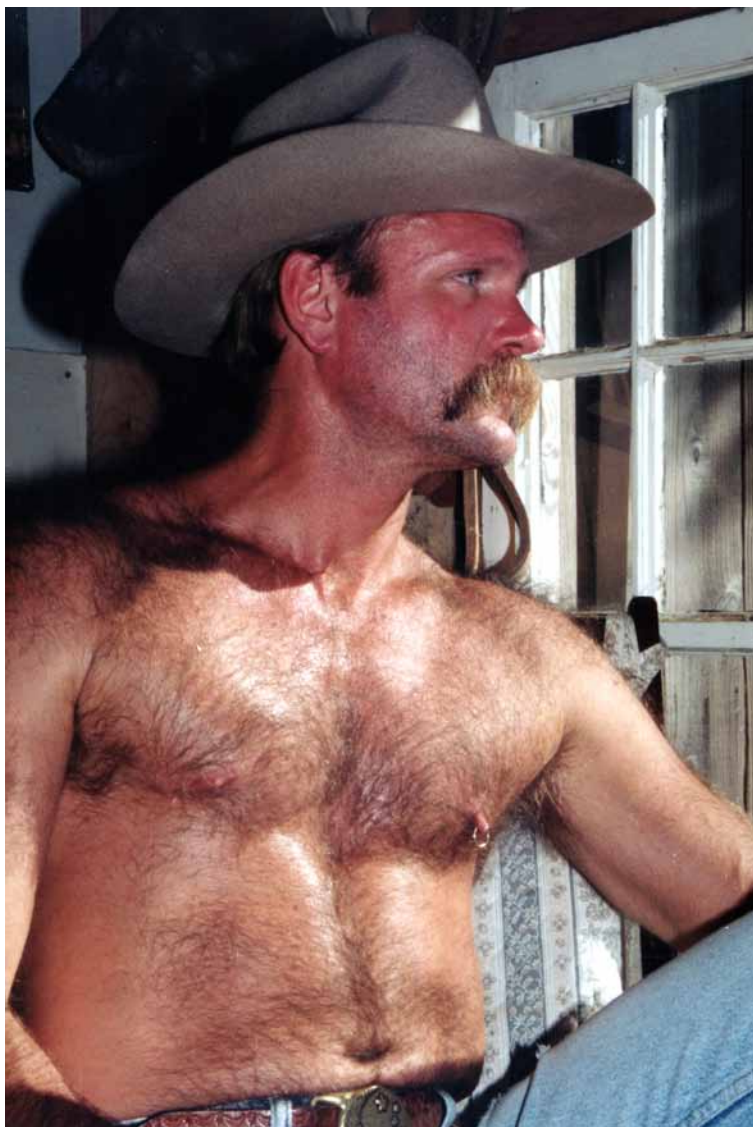


Sonny Butts, *Sonny Butts 3: Sonny Becomes Daddy*

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*Bunkhouse #9, magazine cover, Andy Gang,
Moustache Rodeo*

Photograph by and ©Jack Fritscher (www.JackFritscher.com)

There's a Summer Place
at Bear Lake
where the Lord of the Bears...
A breathless one-sentence romance.

THREE BEARS IN A TUB

JACK FRITSCHER

Listen here, boy, there'll be no hibernatin till after I finish tellin you this bedtime story about Big Daddy when he was himself hardly more than a boy and how he turned into a six-foot-five man and what he done to earn that reputation he got that famous summer on Bear Lake when the canoe overturned late around midnight and Big Daddy on his thirty-fifth birthday saw them two young hairy fishermen floppin like bears in the water next to drownin with their rubber boots suckin them down to the clear rock bottom and them able to stand just barely with their chins on the surface of the moonlit water cuz Bear Lake as you know ain't that deep but deep enough that Griz and Cub was standin so chin deep both their beards was floatin around their heads and all of Big Daddy's two hundred and fifty fucky pounds standin spread-legged on the dock thought even if it was the funniest gutbuster sight he ever saw he better climb on into his rowboat without so much as puttin on a stitch of clothes to cover his hide he was always so proud was so well upholstered that way with a coat of thick fur that grew out of his toes and wrapped up his foot to his ankle and grew up his calves like somethin you could curry with a brush especially near his pair of big thighs that made his powerful packed legs a sight to see especially if you caught a lordly eye-ful of him come strollin butt naked

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out of the two-hole outhouse he had downwind from his log cabin up on Bear Lake which could happen since Big Daddy always walked around like a big built hairy man is God's gift which I suppose is true with no supposin after all us seein Big Daddy standin lathered up next to his cabin under that shower with the tub of hot rainwater he tied up on the roof where the sun could always shine so he could scrub up his hairy crack he said where the sun never shined except I know different but that's another story about harvestin dingleberries if you fudgin know what they are and I do appreciate Big Daddy's hairy butt cheeks and sweet sweaty hairy crack where there never was one of those little ingrown hairs cuz Big Daddy always rough-buffed his fur with a big ol towel which them two handsome boys Griz and Cub could have used while they was waitin still sinkin in the middle of Bear Lake next to drownin with the little waves lappin around their mouths and their beards and long hair floatin in the water cuz of Big Daddy sittin naked in his wood rowboat in the moonlight lookin down and laughin at the two heads floatin on the water and them yellin *Keerist, Big Daddy* cuz everybody always called Big Daddy *Big Daddy* ever since he done sired Griz when he was seventeen out of that sweet Kathleen Jones over the other side of Bear Lake and never bothered to marry cuz her father was one of them shaggy men who takes a sidewise shine at life and don't care if a young man rolls his daughter in the hay as long as he gets to roll the fucker himself the way he tried everyone knows to roll over on Big Daddy but Big Daddy rolled over on him and shagged him holdin him by his hair and forcin his mouth open and then his ass all the time shoutin that there was room on Bear Lake for only one Big Daddy and the cum was rollin down Kathleen's legs at the same time it was rollin out the hairy butt and down the hairy legs of her pa and they both was screamin for Big Daddy at first to stop fuckin them and then not to stop fuckin them and that night was a night

everyone heard about and no one forgot mostly because nine months later little Griz popped out of Kathleen and some months later out popped Cub makin Big Daddy a real big daddy twice which he said was enough for him so he gave up screwin Kathleen and just kept on screwin her pa who by the way is famous for his moonshine still which he drinks from frequently always namin the praises of Big Daddy who he calls his son-in-law except no preacher hitched the unhitchable Big Daddy to anybody so Kathleen's pa who's less than a dozen years older than Big Daddy kept lit the torch Kathleen and just about everybody else carried at Bear Lake after they saw Big Daddy layin naked on those big rocks in the middle of Bear Lake where he always laid sunnin his big burly belly and butt and exhibitin his famous foreskin dick right out there on the water in almost the same spot Griz and Cub were sunk drunk as a skunk in their rubber chest waders unable to move watchin Big Daddy five feet away kickin back in his rowboat gettin a boner watchin them struggle in the bubbles burblin up their own hairy bellies and up their fuzzbball chests floatin in the cool dark water on a moonlit night so bright people sat on their docks under the big trees around the lake rockin in chairs and watchin out on the still water those two curly heads spittin lakewater out of their mouths like fountains in the middle of their beards and shoutin to their pa *Big Daddy come on and rescue us* and under the moon like exposin himself to some spotlight Big Daddy leaned back in the boat and rubbed his big hands up his naked thighs fingercombin his fur and runnin his palms into the dark swirls of fur on his big chest with wet nipples that stood out lit by night stars in the clear night like a constellation over the risin sine of Big Daddy's hardenin cock that made all the voices on the shore go silent out of respect except for the crickets and a loon or two whoopin at the powerful sight of two men caught neck deep wantin for all the world to be saved by a bear god in a

rowboat rubbin his big wooly belly and scratchin his most beautiful beard in all of Bear County him never shavin ever even as a growin boy so that his wavy long beard was as full as ever a beard could be and he could part it in two and wrap it around his starry nipples or lean over as he did that famous night and wrap his beard around his big uncut cock which if truth be known he could suck himself better than anyone else includin Kathleen or her pa or even Griz or little Cub who all had their turns by choice or by force which was one of the stern ways Big Daddy had of makin sure everyone who turned an admirin glance on his broad hairy shoulders and the hams of his furry forearms and the baseballs of his downy biceps got a taste of his dick first in the mouth and then sized up the ass which impressed one and all becuz of the bristly bush surroundin the root of Big Daddy's blue-veined ramdick with the uncut head slidin out so big and shiny even that night drownin out in the middle of Bear Lake Griz and Cub who was both themselves famously endowed thanks to their pa had to comment at the size of their Big Daddy's huge bear meat weighin itself maybe a pound or two and tentin up like a big white pole out of the hills of his thighs over his shaggy pair of bear balls bouncin against his sweet smellin butt crack and archin up the forest hills of his belly and mountains of his meaty chest all of him oiled with bear grease so he shined shined shined in the moonlight on the water while Cub started to sob in his curly beard floatin on the water cuz his big dick was gettin bigger and harder inside his rubber waders an he couldn't get at it and Griz was pleadin *Come on Big Daddy we need rescuin* and Big Daddy's only response was a big bellylaugh which growled like a roar echoin through the warm night makin all the busybody eyes watchin from shore all the more surprised when the two hundred and fifty fucky pounds of Big Daddy like the Lord of the Bears stood up in the rowboat stark naked and shinin with grizzly grease settin starlight

tweakin off his nipples like lightnin rods takin a huge piss aimed right down into the mouths of first one and then the other of his two sons who opened their faces like two little bears hungry and thirsty for Big Daddy's big piss which was their regular drink anyway like I say about Big Daddy and the way he trained his two boys Griz and Cub to waste not and want not by learnin to drink his piss and lick his hair and toothcomb his beard and tonguesuck out the sweat from his armpits and big hairy balls and even when they was all drunk enough which was not as often as they pretended because pretendin to be drunk gave them huntin permits even Bear Lake was not used to when both Griz and Cub would wrestle naked and hairy at night on the cabin floor in front of the fire so the winner could be the first one to crawl up to Big Daddy's big hard butthole and suck wind from the cave when Big Daddy hung his buttcheeks and balls over the edge of the bunk showin his big cock standin up hard with excitement and strokin it himself in anticipation of leanin forward and suckin his own big knob while Griz and Cub took turns feastin on the just desserts of his big bear belly pushin peanut butter and jelly out of his hole and them goin shit for brains nuts suckin and jackin themselves and chewin out Big Daddy's gifts of nature which of course made them see stars and howl at the moon like they was doin that famous summer night the boys thought they'd nearly drown with Big Daddy standin over them pissin down on them with them drinkin every drop and beggin Big Daddy to do with them what he wanted because he was their Big Daddy and they loved him so much and that's what Big Daddy wanted to hear so he saved them yes saved them both by cuttin them out of their rubber waders so they floated to the surface of Bear Lake and Big Daddy took ahold of them by their hair and beards and nipples and dicks and buttholes and pulled both them boys into his rowboat where they sat the rest of the night laughin and drinkin and shoutin through their

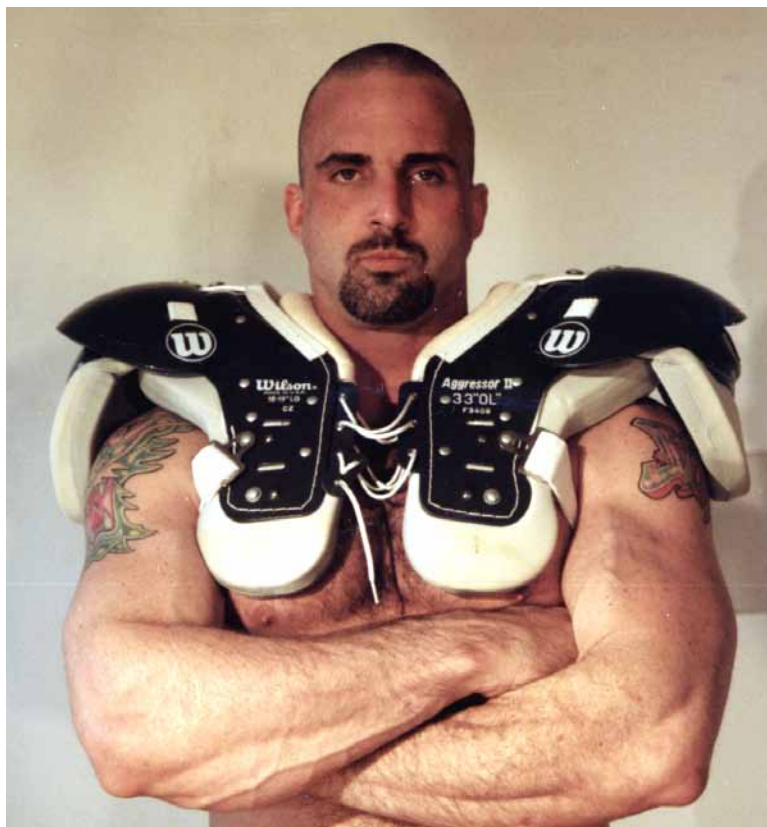
beards at the moon while stars glistened between them nipple to nipple with comets shootin flume tails from their dicks and they floated ever so happy on the still surface of the water while the real constellation of the Bear rose and set over their heads and their fudgey fingers sticky from their buttoles were all entwined in the fur on their chests and the hair of their bellies and the carpet on their shoulders and the bush of their crotches and the hugeness of their beards and the curly sweep of the hair on their heads and they were all three of them so satisfied that the summer night smiled and half asleep in each other's big furry arms, Griz and Cub and Big Daddy drifted slowly across the mirror of stars to their dock on Bear Lake as if the rowboat knew their way home.



Chris Duffy, *Sunset Bull / Sunset Bear*

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Chris Duffy, *Some Like It Wet*

Photograph by and ©Jack Fritscher (www.JackFritscher.com)

20 Minutes into the Sci-Fi Future,
Federation athlete Earthbear,
betrayed by his lover,
is captured and sold at...

BEAR MARKET

JACK FRITSCHER

Earthbear shifted his big, muscular body uneasily. His blond fur shimmered. His golden beard was beaded with sweat. He could remember nothing from before the Final War. Not his parents. Not any particular home. Nothing. He had been born, he had been taught, as part of the New Cycle. But in his young ursine hand, hardening, the teaching had shifted, divided, confusingly. Earthbear had been reared to obedience by the Breeding Matrix. But early, because of his handsome, wild good looks, other voices had whispered to him, telling him of a Wastral Outlaw Life beyond the Matrix.

Earthbear had at first been confused. He knew no certainty beyond the bruin balance of his own brawny body. He attended to the teachings of the Breeding Matrix more than he listened to the Outlaw whisperings. He suspected that something lay beyond the Perfect Circle of the Matrix, but he had not meant to veer off the Circle. He was, after all, a superior athlete in the Federation Games. Earthbear had always been eager to please.

Ultimately, he knew, his very physical perfection would cause the Breeding Matrix to torture him slowly through the Process of Perfect Harvest. Earthbear was tied in total bondage.

Earthbear understood the New Order of Things. The

World Federation had reinstated the death penalty. Not in the old way. Not in the wasteful way of the old revolutions with their guillotines. Not in the cruel and unusual manner of the ancient States of the old North American continent. The Federation had shown him Holographic documentaries of the old wasteful barbarities.

The day of his own sentencing, the day the Federation Didax had stared straight down into Earthbear's blue eyes to declare him unfit, perhaps, for anything but Harvest, they had immediately hosed him down, blown him antiseptically dry, curried his fur, brushed his beard, and led him stripped into the Experience Therapy Chamber.

The Elite of the Federation Guards tied him naked into a contoured lounge-rack. Its leather surface was warmed from within. They strapped down, in the Name of Didax, Earthbear's ankles, thighs, waist, chest, neck, and forehead. They attached small electrodes to his long thick unclipped dick, to his large furry sack of blond balls damp with sweat, to his nipples rising defenselessly on his large hairy pex, and to his wet tongue, and to his ears. Earthbear quivered.

The Federation Guards stepped back from the lounge rack. On a signal, they showed him they could raise or lower the lounge in any part. They could rotate his big bear body, spotlighted under multiple laser beams, on its base. Another signal sounded, and the well-muscled Elite of the Federation Guards checked his bindings once more.

The door to the Experience Therapy Chamber opened automatically. The bare-chested Guards—an aisle of hairy pex—made way for a Federation Medax. He was like the others: perfectly built, furred on belly and chest, and neither kind nor cruel. Efficiently the Medax pulled apart the lower and upper lids of first Earthbear's right eye, into which he dropped a warm solution, and then the left.

Earthbear tensed every muscle in his huge bound body.

At the Medax's signal, a brawny guard worked toward the lounge, his big commanding dick swinging down

nearly the long length of his hairy thigh. He held a pair of Contagoggle Lenses that with his big meathook-hands he slipped neatly beneath the upper and lower lids of each of Earthbear's eyes. Earthbear realized he could no longer blink. They had taken away from him his ability to look away. The Medax signaled the guards and followed them from the Experience Chamber.

Earthbear, tied into the contoured leather lounge rack, heard the door *shush* closed. The blue lighting that came from nowhere returned to nowhere. He lay unable to blink, alone in the darkness. He knew they wished to discipline him, even to the point of torture. They wished to edge him to repentance, to re-entry to their Circle.

He had been at the time of his capture, two days before, the most celebrated and handsome stud-athlete in the Federation.

The lounge began to undulate beneath him. He grew warm in the fetal darkness. Comfortable. He heard a faint hiss and smelled an unidentifiable smell from his childhood when he had been a hairless cub. The lounge moved slowly, unpredictably, like some live leather beast beneath him. His body began to flow along its hot contours like slow lava inching down a crevasse. In his darkness was no up or down. This was, Earthbear had been told, the "Preparation." Before he was to be "Harvested," he was to see, the Federation Didax had sternly warned him, the "Enormity."

Earthbear had dared to be different.

The Federation knew that he had thought Tangentially. The Wastrel implications (and the whole Tribunal had agreed with the Harvesting Judge) were heretically enormous. Earthbear, they accused, had not conserved. He had misappropriated psychic energy from the Federation's single-mindedness. Earthbear, the prosecutor said, had thought "Tangentially." They called it that. They said he had "strayed from the thinking of the Perfect Circle." He had been surprised. He had never really taken the Outlaw

whisperings seriously. What he had been thinking, he had presumed was merely a distraction, an idle Seed-Spill, a kind of day-dreaming, the way he was day-tripping, bound naked and alone, with his eyes held uselessly, uncontrollably open in the darkness.

Holographic Cinema had been his pleasure since childhood. He was excited then as he was relaxed now: almost against his wish. The Holocinema had always automatically altered the viewer's consciousness. The Didax Committee had regularly transported each Youth Compound Cadre to the Holographic Cinema Domes where the Cadets witnessed Cosmic History and learned the myth and thought of the New Conservationist Culture. Earthbear's Compound Cadets had lain about helter-skelter or sat cross-legged watching in every direction inside the Dome. They had sighed almost with a single voice as the battery of lasers, hidden in the circling walls, burned silently into life.

The first two beams intersected and at the point of their intersection a chair was projected. One boy, one of a set of Six Clonic Brothers, had tried to sit on the chair which his eyes and ears convinced him really existed. But he had fallen quickly to the padded floor of the Dome. The other Compound Cadets laughed at him. One big-armed teenage brute, already downed with body fur, even punched his shoulder, but he seemed not to notice. He was dazed by the short circuit between what his senses told him existed and what his experience proved did not.

"The chair," a Voice intercommmed softly, "is a Hologram. A projection actualized in thin air by the intersection of laser light."

The Cadets lying obediently about sat up. Interested. They were at the time old enough. The Didax Matrix had programmed this crop's sexual and asexual breeding some years before. The Cadets were perfectly formed with the hard bodies of strong young mancubs, and they recognized within their Compound the clear superiority in the walk,

talk, and bruin looks of the young Earthbear. Something in the slower, moseying way he moved.

“To the chair,” the Voice intoned, “is added a table.” Two more lasers glowed on. “And on the table, ancient writing instruments: a fountain pen and a bottle of ink. Spread beneath the table is a layer of Old Planet hay.” Another pair of lasers criss-crossed the Dome. “You may, the Matrix suggests, perceive the scent of the new-mown straw.” Earthbear, palming the hairy crevasse between his young pex, inhaled deeply.

“Concentrate,” the soft Voice counseled. “Become the smell of the hay.” Earthbear stared straight into the golden yellow straw and smiled.

“In our Cinema Sensorium,” the Voice easefully continued, “each of your senses will be stimulated to consciousness levels recognizable by your mind. Until this century, the Cosmos was new. Many things lacked names. The Federation Didax makes a simple matter of waking your consciousness.”

Laser light interlaced the Dome, knitting the six dimensions into projected reality: height, width, breadth, time, sound, and transcendence. Didax recreated whatever the Cadets called for. They reached for apples and their strong hard fists closed around nothing. “You must become the apple,” the Voice said, and across the Dome floor the Cadets rolled and wrestled in hot panting harvest. They stretched their naked bodies to chase a laser of a running miniature bearcub. Their hands stroked nothing.

“The bearcub is,” shouted a Dark Cadet with a beginning of fine black hair across his strong pex, “a handsome animal.”

The Holographic film unreeled through the lasers. The bearcub padded fast in circles through the Dome with the Cadets whooping behind him.

“Catch him! Catch him!” the winded Cadet shouted. “Feed him the apple!”

A large boy—it had been himself Earthbear remembered—had made a flying leap to the bear cub's back. He had wanted to please the darker, hairy, muscular Cadet, but he had only fallen through the projected laser bear cub and landed in a heap on the Dome floor.

The Dark Cadet had looked down at him. For a moment, their eyes locked. Earthbear felt a stirring in his young dick. He focused hard on the hairy built body, straddling frontal as a Seed-Bearer, over him in well-hung heat. Earthbear felt droplets of sweat form on the dirty-blond bristles of his thick young moustache. The Dark Cadet slowly groped his own large balls, smiled, and said in his quiet deep voice: "You've frightened him off." The laser light and direction had changed.

"The bear cub's hiding in that cave," the third of the Six Clonic Brothers shouted.

The Cadets slowed from their chase and milled about. Lying on the floor where he had ignominiously fallen, Earthbear tried staring straight through the laser projection. He wanted to see behind it, through it. But the Dome was filled with nothing else. The floor beneath him began to undulate.

"Come on then," the Dark Cadet said, offering Earthbear his calloused hand. "Get up and follow with us."

"Why?" Earthbear asked, and the floor convulsed beneath him.

"Become one," the Voice said, "with the cave and the darkness."

"Why?" he asked the taller Dark Cadet.

"Be with us," he said. "Circle in with us as Didax has taught. Be not willing to disbelieve in the Sensorium."

Earthbear raised himself from the floor. "I will believe," he said.

The Dark Cadet smiled. His whole body flexed fully frontal with a triumph of authority.

Earthbear watched the Dark Cadet glow in the purple

laser light of the cave. He reached for the Cadet's hand. The Cadet held steady. He closed his big furry hand around Earthbear's own large fist. He was, Earthbear knew from the heat of the Dark Cadet's hard touch, no thin-air laser projection.

As the Cadet pulled Earthbear to his feet, the other Cadets shouted at what they saw. Awed. They stood stock still, crowded together, huddled, in the roaring center of the Sensorium.

The laser cave with its dark horrors faded in around the Cadets. New lasers burnt thick into the gloom. High-pitched screams surrounded them. The rolling floor toppled them into sweating, cowering heaps. The temperature in the dome rose sharply and the air grew steamy with the Old Planet's poisonous vapor. Earthbear was certain, above the shouting, he heard an ancient auto horn honked by the ghost of a long-ago incinerated cabbie.

There was no ancient word or sound or sight that the Federation's Reality Retrieval Synthesizer could not in all authenticity reconstruct on computerized Hologramovies. Earthbear crawled on his belly through the naked writhing Cadets. He looked for the Dark Cadet who had towered over him. He found him.

"Believe on all this," the Dark Cadet whispered so close into the beard on Earthbear's face that he could smell the fresh warmth of his sweet breath. "Become one with it."

The Cadets choked. The air had become unbearable.

An ancient subway train roaring through the cave deafened them. In its windows, mummies of the Old Planet hung wasted and dead faced by one hand or the other from metal poles. Their green fluorescence shrank away to a red pinpoint in the cave of shadows. Again the floor quaked and the cave burst open to the rust-gray blood-sky.

What had happened to the Old Planet was happening now: buildings exploded; bodies rocketed through the flaming air; bridges swayed and collapsed as rivers reversed in

their course; the crust of the land burst apart at its seamy faults spewing up the layered detritus of a million buried civilizations; the oceans simmered with atomic boils, melting oil tankers and warships and igniting the sails of white pleasure sloops. Thick green clouds of poison broke from buried city mains, roiling up to the atmospheric smog-shell where they burst into a firestorm.

The Six Clonic Brothers curled fetally close to each other, a litter again of cubs, whimpering. The other Cadets lay frozen in Armageddon terror. One of the clones rose to all fours, retching into a Sensorium bag. Earthbear and the Dark Cadet sat cross-legged, face to face, frontal, with their arms around each other's big shoulders, furry chest to furry chest, nipples erect. Absorbing everything. Their big dicks lying head-to-head down on the floor between their hairy thighs.

The sound of the firestorm cued under, the evil projections dissolved into a single green mummy-face dialing desperately from a melting phone booth.

That too faded away. The lasers tuned out. The conditioned air returned to normal. The floor of the Sensorium came to rest. After a moment's silent debrief, the naked Cadets began laughing, quietly at first and then wildly, like furless boys who have braved through an initiation of terror. The Sensorium Dome echoed with their laughter. The Dark Cadet laughed too. It was the way his laugh began as a cruel snarl of upper lip under his black moustache, that prompted Earthbear to ask: "You were frightened?"

"Frightened?" The Cadet quietly, firmly wrapped the palm of his hard hot hand around Earthbear's big dick. He continued to laugh. "Frightened? Of the Old Wastrels?" He gripped his hand tighter around the lower half of Earthbear's Breeding Tube.

That was the moment, Earthbear remembered, that his Tangent had first sprouted on the outer circumference of the Perfect Circle of Didax and diverged from the World

Federation of the Ultimate Breeding Matrix. That was the moment he first Spilled.

Earthbear reached back. He wrapped his own hand around the dark-rooted Breeding Tube of the older Cadet. He gripped the big hot shaft hard and felt the Seed Veins roll under his pressure.

“You’re hurting me,” the Cadet said. He laughed and squeezed Earthbear equally hard.

“*You’re hurting me,*” Earthbear said.

They both smiled, tightened, and relaxed their grip.

“What is your name.” Earthbear did not say it like a question.

“I can become anything,” the Dark Cadet said. “What difference in a name?”

“A difference to me,” Earthbear said.

“Today,” he said, “call me *Merar*.”

The Cinema Sensorium exit swung open and Merar had risen, stretched his full young-bear height, soothed his dick back down to some engorged softlike thickness, and walked off to join three other older Cadets from the Federation Compound.

Earthbear had seen Merar twice since, both times, memorable, heroic, at the Federation Olympic Games; and curiously, a third time in a beautiful Cinema Sensorium Hologramovie of Merar’s winning physique performance, hairy muscle rampant. Earthbear himself, as part of the same programmed Matrix, had grown strong and golden and ursine. He lay awake at night with images of the Dark Cadet pounding in his head and in his Breeding Tube.

The superb athlete, Earthbear, was the genetically engineered Perfect Circler, so the Federation Coach had written to Didax. The sheer ability of his legs and torso and head had been honed to perfect Balance. To the digital Holograms of his golden physique, powerful and hairy and defined, Didax had himself personally responded the way an emperor long ago responded to his Champions.

Shortly, the official Federation Sculptor had requisitioned Earthbear for the central figure in his heroic triptych commemorating the Rise of the World Federation. The Olympic Vidtex had provided the sculptor with symmetrical Hologramovies of Earthbear in motion; but, the sculptor had insisted, Holograms would not suffice. For a painter, maybe. But a sculptor must touch. So Earthbear had been ordered to the sculptor's studio where he was stripped, oiled, kneaded, and curry-combed from head to toe, each joint and muscle and bristle carefully scrutinized, manipulated, curled, studied. Upon finishing his examination, the sculptor had pronounced Earthbear: "Magnificent." He in his long flowing robe stood back from Earthbear's naked body as if he had himself sculpted his flesh and detailed his fur. "Magnificent!" he repeated.

Earthbear said nothing, but the sculptor took no notice. Earthbear was losing, despite himself, the center of their Circle. The Tangent in his mind grew away from the others' common ellipse in fits and starts of illegal micrometers. He knew the penalty of Bruin Torture.

Unsettling dreams of the night crept back to Earthbear: two horsemen broke the flat horizon. Their heads rose in the distance against the blue. They rocked easy in their ancient saddles. Their horses surged against the reins. The men were bruin warriors, dark and bearded. Their helmets caught the sun. The bruin men and horses were armed with fur and leather. They rose proudly against the full line of the horizon. Earthbear saw behind them a trail of dust as they moved in the slow-motion dream opposite him. A rope stretched taut behind the second horseman. Gradually he made out the rope's burden: first the bound wrists, then the stretched arms dislocated from the bleeding shoulders of the hairy muscled bearman who was naked and dying but not dead.

Silent above the sad procession a great bird hung motionless, following the bruin horsemen trawling the wastrel side of human male-flesh. The bird caught a draft

and circled timeless above the horsemen. They rode evenly onward, across a ridge above a still lake. Wavy in the noon-sun shimmer, they doubled in the placid lake reflection. The descending hooves of the upright horses met precisely the rising hooves of the inverted water horses. Below them and above them the carrion bird circled noiselessly. In the mouth of the bound musclebear, thin wires rolled his tongue into a cylinder swelling purple from his mouth. His fingers, balls, and Tube had been tight-wired the same. The horsemen, breeder-proud and straight, dragged the Tangential bearman, his muscle-flesh-fur scraping raw, off into the noon brightness, because in noon was no shadow Tangent.

Earthbear had thought the dream, not a premonition, but only a memory from his secret nightmares. A sudden shift of the recumbent lounge rack to which he was bound jerked him back into the Full Circle of the Experience Therapy Chamber. The procession of Bruin Torture had frightened him in his sleep and now again. He had not noticed when exactly it was that the Sensorium lasers had slowly faded into the dark Experience Therapy Chamber.

He registered no surprise that the Federation cinefiles contained Hologramovies of his most private dreams.

His mouth grew dry. He could neither blink nor turn away from the replay unreeling all around his bound body. His fur glistened wet, matted with sweat to the contours of his belly.

“As a Tangential Thinker,” the soft Voice floated through the Experience Chamber, “you must try hard to refocus your increasingly short attention span on the Perfect Circle of Federation Consciousness. Without the perfection of the Circle, you are not whole. You are parts. Without rehabilitation into the Circle, your Tangential Parts will be harvested by the Federation for redistribution throughout the Breeding Matrix by Didax’s order.”

Laser light scanned Earthbear’s naked body: patches of red and violet glowed from his head and groin. His immense

chest radiated magenta; his powerful legs orange; his fur sun-yellow. Earthbear tried to will to blend his rebellious Outlaw energies into the Perfect Blue. His were the forbidden Rainbow colors of Tangential Distraction. He strained to project the Ideal Didax Blue of Circular Consciousness. He truly wished to waste not; to Spill not; for without his contribution of energy, the Circle suffered.

He begged to understand. Always he had known the Whole was greater. Yet Didax, with all the power of the Matrix behind him, would label him a Spiller, an Outlaw Wastrel, and mark him for Harvest. Earthbear had obediently by day fit tightly into the Circle of Didax, programmed, to all their close scrutiny, quite properly; but by night the wild Rainbow dreams he could not control had leaked, Tangentially, he guessed, from some atavistic activity of his pituitary. His fur grew in other, wrong directions. Earthbear had been alarmed, afraid of the cold sweats of his naked sleep giving him away. He was hardly surprised when the Compound Night Monitor had cautioned him suddenly one morning, almost before even he was aware that nocturnally the Dormitory Scanners indicated that his Circular Energy Flow had shorted out with more than one Spill.

“Help me,” Earthbear had said then. “Help me now,” he called into the void of the Experience Therapy Chamber.

Somewhere a generator started with a whine. Earthbear recognized it as a recorded sound from a Holographic history unit on industrialization. A new lesson. Multiple Transcendence Lasers criss-crossed the Sensorium Chamber.

“The warden and other officials have already assembled,” the soft Voice said. “Observe the Wastrels’ nervous anticipation. The rest you will experience completely. Totally. With all the old Wastrel feeling. We are here to help you. Aversion to the Wastrel old way of life may aid, even at this late moment, your return to the Federation Energy Circle. Your senses shall become one with the linear

Wastrels of the Old Planet.”

In was led the Holographically retrieved bear-prisoner. He was stripped, searched, and showered. Wetness filled the chamber. The prison barber shaved the top of his head like a monk, then in utter shame shaved the prisoner's body. The condemned man pulled on his own burial clothes: a clean khaki shirt, a short jacket, khaki pants with the leg slit to the knee. He felt, feels, the washed softness of the unstarched khaki.

Behind the one-way window stands the executioner.

The guards and a chaplain march in with the prisoner. He is young. No more than a cub. He is handsome. He feels their hard ugly hands firm on his big arms. The warden addresses him by his first name, Ursus. He has nothing to say.

“Then,” says the warden, “have a seat, please.”

The uniformed guards strap in the shave-stripped bear very quickly: his arms, wrists, ankles, and his chest. Such taming is familiar. They attach electrodes to his head and leg. They stuff his nostrils with cotton to trap the blood. They tighten the leather mask over his face where his beard had been. They step back from the bound bear cub.

The generator whines again. An exhaust fan whirls above the chair. A guard signals the executioner. The switch is thrown. The muscular, handsome prisoner lifts and strains against the straps. His fists clench. His blood boils. His head explodes. His body slumps to a relaxed position. They do it again.

A doctor opens his shirt, touches the shaved chest of the bear prisoner, and listens through an antique stethoscope. “I declare,” he says, “this man legally dead.”

Redness flushed through Earthbear's whole being. His own fists clenched. Didax and the Matrix had paced him through the program of the other bear's old-fashioned Wastrel execution. Yet the Medax and the Elite Federation Guards pretended to be neither kind nor cruel.

“Linearity,” the Voice came through many filters, and

no longer sounded capable of human passion, “is imperfect. Beyond the Line is the Circle.”

Earthbear focused intently, but his energy no longer converged at all with the program. His laser-scanned flesh was a disintegrated spectrum of glorious color displeasing to the cool Blue of Didax. “The Circle is vicious!” Earthbear shouted. “It feeds on itself. Beyond the Circle,” and he paused as the hot Rainbow Tangents crossed in his head, “is the Spiral! The Spiral is greater than the Circle!”

The lounge rack shook violently. Earthbear felt he was strapped to the back of a horned-skin, cold-blooded muscelizard whose long neck could rise, turn, and devour him in its hot, wet, salivating mouth.

“Alternation!” he shouted.

The Holographic Sensorium faded fast to black. Only the soft disembodied Voice remained: “Alternation merits Alteration.” The sentence, Earthbear knew, was irrevocably pronounced. Time had taught the Federation the necessary use of everything. Generations before, they had nearly exterminated themselves with Waste. Only slowly had they recovered at all: regrouping out of the Old Wastrel ruins, focusing first the Old Planet’s interior energy, then the energy of the Old Planet’s one star, and finally the unified energy of the small human circle surviving the end of the terrible plaguing Waste.

It had happened. It was recorded. One day a woman, two years plugged to a dialysis machine, asked the courts, not for much, she said, just one kidney from her incurably insane brother. At first, the court had refused; but the woman was insistent, demanding. She pleaded against the foolish Waste. Her brother needed but one kidney. Other sympathetic survivors of the on-going Waste picketed, lobbied, pressured the judges. Before the onslaught of the harridan women, the courts that had once protectively declared the brother’s sanctuary of insanity, bowed, and declared him suitable for Harvest.

The woman became the symbolic center of the New Energy Matrix. The judges of the court, themselves survivors, granted her rights to her brother's living body. She excised his kidney, and he smiled dumbly at her on a live satellite show. She auctioned next his eyes, right and left, and the hammer and stirrup in each of his ears. She sold his hands which to him, blind and deaf, were useless and wasted. Finally, in one grand auction, she bartered off his remaining kidney, both his lungs, his gonads, his marrow, and his heart. She was inspired that the New Federation Medaxes had perfected the transplantation genome.

She died, finally, a very rich old woman, by her own hand, peacefully passing in the presence of Didax. In the early days of the Federation, she was venerated as the Mother of Harvests. Her energy, the Breeding Matrix pronounced, had given central focus to the Perfect Circle from engineered birth to scientific Harvest.

Thereafter, a Rainbow caste of Outlaws—rogue males living in caves—was segregated aside, hunted down, kept in camps for taming. They were arrested Tangentials, Spillers, who, because they refused to Breed wholly, were Harvested partly. Only clones were bred for specific parts and were in demand by only the most narcissistic or barren. Earthbear knew he had somehow become one of the criminal Tangentials, shorted out for malfunction, for a Spilling malfunction, the Matrix diagnosed, and for excellent Outlaw reason, he for the first time thought. Outside the Breeding Matrix, outside the Perfect Energy Circuit of the Great Blue Didax, lay a different, alternate world.

The world of triumphant Spilled Seed!

Earthbear had to laugh. Out loud. Even bound immobile, he laughed. The Enormity indeed! Because he had once been so Elite, his parts would command the bidding of only the wealthiest and most influential Harvesters. He laughed again, unblinking, in the silent and dark Sensorium where, hidden, he knew they were all listening. He

laughed louder, for above him on the perfectly circular Dome were appearing the glowing red digital letters of his final computerized sentence.

Earthbear was a Tangential Thinker, far outside Didax's humorless Circle, and he roared at the absurdity: they, who so darkly conserved, condemned him. He read aloud each of his body-parts as its title appeared for sale on the Market Screen. He wished that his wrists were not shackled so he might applaud the prices as the Federation bidding rose higher and higher on his Harvest Futures.

He neared convulsive hilarity as the names, the famous names of the highest bidders locked in next to his auctioned parts. Earthbear had been a Champion Circler at the Federation Olympic Games and his parts, the envy of many, had not been forgotten. Even his bear-ball testes were sold to an aging intersolar shipping magnate.

Then seizure!

The Federation power began to drain him through the electrodes the Elite Guards had clipped to his Seed Tube, sack, anus, navel, nipples, tongue, and ears.

Didax's suffocating Blue filled the room and stung Earthbear's unblinkable eyes.

The Elite Guards pretended to be neither kind nor cruel. They watched his torture. They were hung and hard. They were what they were: whole and Seeded against him, laughing and jibing at the magnificence of his auctioned body parts.

In the Blue Dark of the beginning Harvest, Earthbear spied one Dark Face, more powerful in its square-jawed manhood than it had been even as a Cadet, hand-pumping his enormous dark meat, hardened at the sight of the perfect blond musclebear strapped down at the mercy of the Elite Guard.

"Merar!"

The Dark Face over the sensuously moving dick seemed to say: "Though you seem to be lost and in the shadow of

death, fear not, for my secret Rainbow energy is ever with you, and will never leave you to face your perils alone.”

The last lock-together of look was wordless. Effortless. Lightening.

Grinding his big body down into the hungry Dark Blue, Earthbear steeled himself and laughed. He laughed loud and long.

At the thought of Merar, his Seed shot, Spilling, wastefully, triumphantly.

He laughed as long as he had life to cum and spit and piss and fart and shit against them.



Roman Soldier, Slave, *Beyond the Valley of the Gladiators*

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HOW TO LEGALLY QUOTE FROM THIS BOOK

When Antaeus met Herakles,
he learned: Keep your feet
on the ground and never turn
your back on a muscular Greek...

THE HERO OF THE GREEKS

CHARLES ELDRIDGE

Herakles, Son of Zeus, pulled on the reins of his horse commanding the beast to halt in the middle of the dusty road. In front of him the road forked due east across the flat green Libyan landscape, and due south into the desert. Which was the road to Egypt? He tugged on his beard with his right hand. No signs pointed the way. Annoyed, he pondered this unexpected problem affecting his whole situation.

It was bad enough that his cousin, King Eurystheus of Tiryns, had blithely sent him on the Eleventh of his Labors in search of the golden apples of the Hesperides. Even worse, nobody knew where the Land of the Hesperides was. He had traveled from Greece to Italy and on to Iberia, but to no avail. He was in Africa in hopes that the trading men of Carthage could give him direction, but the story was the same.

The mystified Carthaginians shook their heads in regret, for they had never heard of this country, the Hebrides. However, they suggested rather helpfully that Herakles, the Hero of the Greeks, travel east to Egypt. Certainly in ancient Memphis on the banks of the Nile

the wise priests of the oldest kingdom in the world would know of that place which he sought. As a result, here he was, stymied, in the middle of nowhere under a warm spring noonday sun, trying to figure out which fork led to Egypt.

Herakles started to utter a curse, but stopped when he noticed a cloud of dust racing down the eastern road towards him. Curious, he waited for the rider and his vehicle to come into sight and reach him. His curiosity gave way to surprise when a two-wheeled Egyptian cart drawn by two horses flew into view. The driver, with two attendant lads, was in an obvious panic and urging the horses on for all they were worth. Only when the cart was several hundred feet in front of Herakles did the Egyptian notice him in the middle of the road. Herakles was hard put to discern which squealed louder, the driver, the horses, the two athletic lads, or the wheels as the hurtling cart braked to a sharp halt only a few feet in front of him. Herakles, Son of Zeus, smiled politely, for Egyptians were men of honor.

“Greetings, Egyptian,” he called in Greek to the floundering driver and his two attendants. “Why the great hurry? Is some demon chasing you?”

“Indeed not, Most Noble Sir!” The pudgy Egyptian gasped in fluent Greek. He straightened his dust-covered black wig on his shaved head. “Rather, we are fleeing the place of a demon!” The Egyptian gasped again, not because of what he was running from, but because of what he had run into. He stared in disbelief and his two attendants, both their first time out of Memphis, gaped open-mouthed at the sight of Herakles standing before them.

Herakles, mounted on his horse in the fork of the road, was a great bear of a man, the likes of whom the driver had never seen before in a dozen lands. Even seated, Herakles, Son of Zeus, was taller than the tallest men of Nubia. His

build was muscle whose cut mass was articulated by veins in which his hot blood visibly thumped. His naked legs, arms, and chest sprouted rushes of coarse black hair. A full black beard framed his square face. A gold circlet, the symbol of a Greek prince, held back the oiled hair on his semi-sacred head. His hot blue eyes gazed humorously at the comical Egyptians who had landed in a pratfall in the middle of the fork in the road.

His laugh revealed his white teeth. The tawny pelt of the legendary Nemean Lion was draped across his bare shoulders. Its sharp pearlescent claws, clipped to a golden ring in his left nipple, were tangled in the dense black fur of his broad bare chest. Herakles, who knew the full impact of his Olympian image, graciously nodded his head at the staring Egyptians.

“I am Herakles, Son of Zeus, of the kingdom of Tiryns in the land of the Greeks. Perhaps you have heard of me?” He let his voice rumble off on the warm Libyan breeze.

Immediately the Egyptian driver nodded his head respectfully to Herakles. “We are honored by your sudden company, Great Prince. Even in distant Memphis and Thebes, we know all about the famed Hero of the Greeks and his exploits. I am Rahotep of Memphis, a merchant on my way to Carthage with my attendants and a consignment of papyrus goods.”

Herakles nodded his head in recognition, and leaned forward in his saddle eyeing the Egyptian keenly. “Tell me, Rahotep of Memphis, why were you traveling—no, fleeing—so fast?”

Rahotep waved his right hand at the road behind him. “A few miles back down this road, Great Lord, is the main border crossing between Libya and Egypt. There, the ruler of the district on the Libyan side, Antaeus, has set up a roadblock. A great gate across the road! He collects a fearful toll from all travelers!”

Herakles raised his eyebrows. “Ah, and what is this fearful toll?”

“Either three-quarters of your goods,” the Egyptian said, “or, if you do not wish to part with them, then you must wrestle with him. If you win, you go free with your goods.”

“And if you lose?”

“If you lose, he confiscates everything and kills you.” Rahotep was evaporating. “As you can see, Son of Zeus, I am no wrestler. Neither are these stripling lads. So I gave him my goods. It will take me years to recoup.”

These words caused a wave of anger to sweep over Herakles. “By all the Gods, I will not let such injustice stand unchallenged! Follow me, Egyptian, and I shall win your goods back for you and put this bandit in his place!”

“Thank you, Great Prince, but I must warn you that you have not met this Antaeus and we have. Dare you challenge him?”

Herakles shot him a look that melted his words in his throat. The desert shimmered around them.

The trio of Egyptians fell in line behind Herakles and retraced their tracks eastwards down the dusty Libyan road. They soon reached a low range of eroded hills through which the ancient road threaded into a gap marking the border between Libya and Egypt. Herakles turned them sharply to the right in the narrow road and guided them into a small clearing.

A great stone gate with barred wooden doors, and a large gatehouse, blocked the road where the passage tightened even more beyond the gate. No one greeted or confronted them as their horses stopped in the middle of the clearing. Herakles dismounted, tossed the reins to one of the Egyptian servants, and walked to the barred doors. With his massive right fist, as famous as his massive left fist, he banged loudly three times on the door causing the

huge structure to shudder as if in an Earthquake.

“Who dares to block the road to the Son of Zeus?” he roared. “Show yourself so that I may give you a well-deserved fist!”

As his last word rumbled into the desert heat, the tall door of the gatehouse was flung open and its occupant burst into view. The Egyptians cringed in dread as the huge man, Antaeus, who had robbed them stepped into the shimmering sun and walked, dripping with sweat and dazzle, over to Herakles.

“You dare challenge me, so-called Son of Zeus?” Antaeus’ tone was easy. His smile a menace. He balled his hands into his own famous fists. “Know now that you rashly challenge Antaeus, Son of Gaia, Goddess of the Earth, who has never been defeated by any God or man!”

“Antaeus, the Earthling,” Herakles said.

“Herakles, the Olympian,” Antaeus said.

“It’s the same old story,” the Egyptian whispered. The two lads from Memphis hid behind his caftan. “My family can beat up your family.”

Herakles had respect for any and all Gods and the progeny of the Gods like himself, but he was bored with challenges, even from Gods, for he simply wanted to get on with the Eleventh of his Labors as given to him by his cousin, King Eurystheus of Tiryns.

Antaeus, Herakles had to admit, was obviously progeny of Gods. Antaeus was the Son of Gaia. He was as giant, bearish, and heroic a figure as Herakles. He was broad-shouldered and thickly muscled and appeared to be every inch a match to the Hero of the Greeks. Unlike Herakles, Antaeus, affecting the Libyan style, wore his straight black hair and beard cut short and wore no signs of rank. He was stripped, barefoot, oiled, and naked but for a sweat-soaked linen loincloth that revealed his massive body pelted with tight black ringlets of hair. Antaeus’

Libyan smile and voice turned contemptuous as in the desert heat he coldly surveyed his challenger.

“You don’t want a piece of me, Greek boy-lover. So be gone, and thank your impotent Gods that I have spared you!” Antaeus had no respect for other progeny of other Gods. He laughed uproariously as he noticed the horrified Egyptians nearby. “Ah, Rahotep of Memphis, returning to Egypt so soon? You certainly aren’t picky about the company you choose for travel!” Antaeus flexed his powerful arms and shoulders and took steps towards the Egyptians’ cart. “What other treasures do you have to pay my toll today? Perhaps your Memphis buttboys?”

Herakles stopped Antaeus abruptly in mid-stride and mid-sentence by clamping a firm-fisted hand on his left shoulder.

“It is not the Egyptian today who will be parting with his property, Libyan, but you who will be restoring his stolen goods to him! Return his papyrus immediately or deal with me!”

Antaeus sniffed at the Olympian hand on his shoulder and sneered. “Ah, boy-lover. Will you wrestle me for the papyrus, or do you in truth wrestle to keep the buttboys for yourself?”

Herakles, smiling and flexing his massive forearms, stroking the hair on his renowned forearms, laughed at Antaeus’ jibe. Confident as a champion, Herakles said, “You will be an easy victory, for I am the best wrestler in all of Greece. Be warned, Earth Barbarian, that today you have more than met your match!”

“My Mother Gaia will see about that.” The Libyan sized up Herakles.

“My Father Zeus will see about Gaia.” Herakles duly noted the glint of secret knowledge sparking Antaeus’ dark brown eyes.

The men moved apart from each other. Antaeus spit

and menacingly stripped off his loincloth with which he wiped the sweat from his bearded face, his hairy armpits, his pelted belly, his furry balls, his olive-sheathed cock, and finally his asshole. He tossed the dripping loincloth at the attendants he called the buttboys of Herakles. His manhood swung free at an enormity that dragged the ground of his Earth Mother.

“In your honor, boy-lover, lover-boy, we shall wrestle in the depraved *gymnos*, naked style of the Greeks, and when I win, perhaps I will make you one of the boys.”

Herakles ignored the barbarian tongue as sharp as a woman’s coming from the Son of a Goddess. He peeled the fabled skin of the Nemean Lion off his broad shoulders, tossed the fur to the Egyptians, and flexed both huge biceps. He removed his princely gold head-circlet, sandals, and, finally, slowly, perfectly, his loincloth, handing them to the wide-eyed Nile Dwellers who were not unappreciative of two Sons of Gods stripped naked in challenge. One of the young attendants took hold of Herakles’ loincloth and pressed the wet strip to his lips, noticing that Herakles too dragged his enormity in the hot burning desert sand.

When both men faced frontal, naked, in the afternoon light, they crouched into the Greek wrestling stance and began to slowly circle each other. Rahotep shook his head in excited awe as the two semi-Gods jockeyed for position. What a tale this would make in Memphis! Why even jaded Babylon would hang breathless on every detail! Rahotep realized he would be able to eat his suppers free for years by recounting this tale of such a skirmish on the border.

Suddenly, thunderously, with bellowing roars that hurt the Egyptians’ ears, the two enraged beings charged each other head on. They collided with such force that the very Earth trembled as they became a snarling, grappling mass of hairy sweaty flesh. After a long, long struggle,

Herakles finally managed to knock Antaeus' legs out from under him and to send him sprawling huge, dick down, in the dust. Breathing heavily, Herakles grunted in triumph as his opponent lay face down, bested and beaten, in the dirt of the roadbed.

"Son of Zeus, you have won!" shouted Rahotep in delight as the Egyptians applauded the Greek victor. But their joy was short-lived.

Calmly and deliberately Antaeus rose to his feet and again assumed his wrestling stance. Herakles frowned in puzzlement. The Son of Gaia should have been as winded as he was, but he appeared as fresh and full of energy as when they started! How could this be? The Egyptians, too, lapsed into troubled silence over this trickster surprise.

"Come on, Greek boy-lover!" Antaeus taunted him maliciously as they began to circle each other again, dicks dragging like ropes in the sand. "Can it be that you are growing tired? Has it been that long since you tangled with a man and not some rosy-cheeked buttboy?"

Suspiciously, Herakles ignored these vocal barbs meant to rattle him. Once again, the two semi-Gods clashed and fought and grappled with each other like two enraged bears. Their grunts and snarls filled the air as they sought to dominate each other. After a long struggle, it was Herakles who a second time managed to throw the muscular Antaeus sweating into the dust.

This time the Egyptians, always ready to change allegiances, waited warily to see if Antaeus was truly defeated before they applauded the Hero of the Greeks.

"Have you had enough?" Herakles, winded, wiped the sweat out of his eyes with his right fist, and sand from his prepuce with his left. "Acknowledge defeat, Barbarian!"

"Never, Greek boy-fucker!" Antaeus sprang to his feet laughing. Stunned, Herakles watched his now-ominous opponent assume his stance and begin to circle him with

miraculously renewed strength and energy.

The Egyptians stood rigid in disbelief at this unfolding scene.

For a third time, the two Sons of Gods collided and struggled furiously in locked combat. Chest to chest, belly to belly, thigh to thigh, sliding sweaty back to belly, cock to butt, and butt to cock, they locked their fistful fingers together, palm to palm, in face-to-face conflict. Such was their rising blood-fury and so intimate the excitement they invested in their struggle that both sported raging hardons which rose rampant from the sand.

The Egyptians, being of a modest race, were shocked at this frontal display and were tempted to avert their eyes from such transposition of emotion. But they were not in Egypt, and what was correct along the Nile hardly applied to life on the Libyan border. Watching both men grappling hardon, with erections that put the enormous Apis Bull to shame, Rahotep himself grew rigid and reached for the two attendants whose own hard erections he stroked with both his hands. These lads were more to him Rahotep suddenly realized than any papyrus goods. Only Herakles could save them from Antaeus who certainly would fuck them to death.

As Herakles struggled mightily with Antaeus, a growing exasperation came over his Greek heroism. How did the Libyan keep up the trick, renewing his strength every time he cast him down into the dust?

The dust. The Earth, Herakles thought as furiously as he fought. *Yes, the Earth!* Antaeus, the Earthling, was the Son of Gaia, Goddess of the Earth! Every time the Hero of the Greeks sent him sprawling in the dust, his Mother, the Earth, renewed his strength! That was the secret! But how to undo him? Put simply, he must prevent him from coming into contact with the Earth.

Herakles reached to grab Antaeus in a back hold and

felt his hard prick slide into the river of sweat between the hot asscheeks of the Libyan. The shock of this contact caused Herakles to grin, for he was before all a Greek and a member of a most crafty and randy race. A plan formulated quickly in his mind and he waited for the right moment to strike.

That instant came when the Libyan rushed Herakles. The Son of Zeus ducked and deftly flipped his opponent upside down and held him airborne, inverted, in his arms. This position put the Libyan's sweaty, hairy ass right in Herakles' face.

Rahotep had seen such positions in statues in Athens where the sculptors loved movement more than Egyptian sculptors who were more wooden and still. His hard cock gifted him with a fresh understanding of Greek art.

Herakles moved to lean back against the Egyptian's cart for support, surprising the amazed Rahotep who nevertheless did not unhand his attendant lads. With a shout of glee, the Hero of the Greeks shoved his bearded face between the asscheeks of the startled Libyan and began to furiously lick and suck his puckered hairy hole while holding him tightly off the ground. The Libyan fought awkwardly against this tongue-lashing invasion, but to no avail. Lust had become a welcome weapon in the battle between the two men, and in matters of lust, Herakles was legendary worldwide for his Olympian prowess.

Erotically, Antaeus could not fight the artful rimming Herakles was giving him. Physically overwhelmed, Antaeus, whom the mighty Herakles held upside down, legs in the air, arms thrashing, found even his fists and palms unable to touch the ground of his Earth Mother. Sexually, the Libyan was faced with the Greek's enormous hard cock slapping his nose, and eyes, and lips. His own short beard rasped back Herakles' foreskin revealing a large olive-oil head, clotted with feta, copiously oozing a stream

of clear pre-cum down the shaft. In the throes of his sexual frenzy, the Libyan opened his mouth and began greedily to suck on his opponent's manhood. Herakles grunted in pleasure and rimmed Antaeus' Earth-chute even harder. A few moments longer, thought Herakles feverishly, as lust adjusted his thinking, and I will spring my trap.

When Herakles finally felt his tongue begin to penetrate roughly into the throbbing hole he was assaulting, he went into action. Without warning, he pulled Antaeus' mouth off his cock and flipped his body in his arms, keeping him elevated off the ground. In one swift motion the Hero of the Greeks grabbed Antaeus by his asscheeks, spread them and forcefully shoved his entire cock into the Earth Son's orifice. Herakles laughed in triumphant satisfaction as the Libyan gave such a bellow of pain and outrage that the Son of Zeus guessed they probably heard the fuck-cry even in the remote northern villages of Rome and Byzantium. Antaeus went wide-eyed and rigid with shock as the Greek's raging member tore relentlessly in and out of him.

"Greek boy-fucker am I?" Herakles roared in the Libyan's ear. "Oh no, my friend, I much prefer fucking a bear of a man like you! Feel my hard cock up your tight hairy hole? Show me you are the true Son of your fuckable mother, Gaia. Tighten your Earth-Hole around my cock. Make me bury my seed deep inside you! Go on, Barbarian! Beg me plant the dirt of your ass with my seed!"

Antaeus gritted his teeth as he was repeatedly impaled on the Greek's prick, but quickly pleasure betrayed pain. Herakles knew his own Godlike power to cause such a change of heart. He sensed the change coming over the Libyan and snickered mischievously in his face.

"Ho, Libyan, you are your fuckable mother's fuckable son. I will make a Greek out of you yet today! I will lift you from Earth to Olympus!"

All the Libyan could do was gasp for air as wave after wave of unknown and undreamed of pleasures orgasmed through him. He flung his arms around Herakles' neck to steady himself as he drooled in his ear.

"Damn you, Greek dog! I will make you pay..."

Herakles cut him off. "You are going to get my payment...in a moment!" The Hero of the Greeks thrust with renewed energy into the slick orifice. Antaeus felt the heroic prick inside him swell and grow harder, signaling the Greek was close to climax. This knowledge suddenly provided extra excitement to him, also, as he felt his own hardon sliding furiously between their sweaty hairy stomachs. Quite unexpectedly, Antaeus gave the Greek a fierce grin as he began to meet the upward thrusts with matching downward thrusts of his own. At long last, they were both rocking like two Cretan bears in raging full heat.

"Fill me with your seed, Greek, and I will cover you with mine!"

Rahotep, his own dick rampant, was furiously jacking off both his attendant lads.

Herakles threw his head back and roared in full animal lust as he gave a mighty final thrust of his cock into the hot tight anal canal he had conquered. Antaeus went glassy-eyed as he felt the Son of Zeus begin to spurt jet after hot jet of his seed into him. The heat of the Greek's flowing seed inside him sent him over the edge. With a roar of pleasure that fully matched that of the Greek, his own iron-hard cock swelled up and suddenly shot a fountain of his white Godseed up into the air between them.

In a second both their faces and beards were covered with the sticky, slimy fluid of life.

Rahotep, in salute to the two giants, shot untouched into the hot desert air, stroking both his Memphis lads who followed his rhythm to orgasm.

Herakles and Antaeus, panting heavily in the

inevitable exhaustion that follows sexual release, slumped against each other for support. Herakles laughed as he felt his softening prick slowly pull out of Antaeus' well-plowed Earth-Hole.

"Now, Barbarian, will you acknowledge that I have planted my best in you?"

"Aye, Son of Zeus, plowing and sowing I learned at my Mother's knee, and if plowing and sowing are victory, then Gaia bows to Zeus." He smiled sardonically. "I see why men say one should never turn his back to a Greek!" He paused. "I must admit, though, that you have taught me pleasures today that I here in my desert wilderness did not know existed. I thank you. Now, put me down. Put my feet on the ground. Let me touch the Earth, and I swear I will restore the Egyptian's goods."

Rahotep, caked with cum fast-drying in the desert air, took a cautious step back.

Herakles nodded at the trio of Egyptians, and released the Libyan who, to Herakles's amusement, walked rather unsteadily to the gatehouse to get the purloined papyrus rolls. While Antaeus busied himself, Rahotep warily came over to Herakles.

"Son of Zeus, that, mmm, was quite a display."

"You obviously enjoyed it," Herakles said. "As did I." He made a show of wiping the Libyan's Godseed off his face with his hands. The ursine Antaeus had been a tasty diversion, but it was time to return to the Eleventh of his Labors to find the golden apples of the Hesperides. Suddenly to his own surprise, Herakles started to chortle with amusement at some private joke that Rahotep hoped was not at his expense.

The Egyptian, his caftan still tented, stared at the Greek semi-God. "I fail to see what is so funny, oh, Hero of the Greeks."

Herakles was laughing so hard that tears had come to

his eyes. He playfully whacked the scandalized Egyptian on his butt with his right hand.

“Don’t you see? I feel sorry, Egyptian, for the next traveler who wanders down this road! Imagine the toll that poor fool will have to pay! Where once you paid in papyrus...”

“Indeed, I can imagine the coinage of sex.” Rahotep of Memphis mumbled as he gazed nervously at the still semi-hard cock of the naked Hero of the Greeks. “By Holy Mother Isis,” he swore. He pulled his attendant lads closer to him, holding them by their still-hard goods he intended to keep for himself. “I vow the next time I travel to Carthage, it will definitely be by sea!”

“You are,” said Herakles, Son of Zeus, and Hero of the Greeks, “such a liar.”



Chris Duffy, *Some Like It Wet*

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Roman Slave Master,

Beyond the Valley of the Gladiators
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HOW TO LEGALLY QUOTE FROM THIS BOOK

Veni! Vidi! Vici!

I came. I saw. I conquered.

Or was it: I saw, I conquered,

I came?

HOUSE OF THE GOLDEN BEAR

CHARLES ELDRIDGE

ROME, 63 A. D.

The late afternoon sunlight gave the Roman spring air a pleasant warmth as General Marcus Licinius Verus descended the steep street down from the Palace of the Caesars on the fashionable Palatine Hill. Marcus Licinius did not live on the Palatine nor was he on his way to visit family or friends. His goal was the House of the Golden Bear. This visit was a reward granted by Nero Caesar for Marcus Licinius' military victory in a Syrian border skirmish against the Parthians. And this visitation would be of a carnal nature. He paused and studied the much-sought-after gold admission token in the palm of his right hand.

The front side of the exquisitely-crafted coin bore an image of a standing bear displaying an erection *maximus* while the obverse side showed the bear fucking a man. On both sides engraved around the edge were the words *Domus Ursi Aurei, House of the Golden Bear*. Marcus Licinius flipped the token into the air and deftly caught it. What a curious name for the most exclusive male brothel in the

empire! Marcus Licinius knew this was a very lucky day for him, because admission to the notorious House of the Golden Bear was by imperial invitation only. He smiled in anticipation and the weight of the weary months he had spent on the borders of Parthia disappeared as he finally spotted the small portico entrance in a tall red stucco wall with no windows to the street. On either side of the sturdy doors, two even more sturdy guards eyed him sternly as he approached. One flash of the token Marcus Licinius held brought beefy smiles and burly bows. One of them knocked on the door which opened quickly. Almost on a zephyr of Roman spring air, Marcus Licinius was ushered silently into the mysterious House of the Golden Bear.

Marcus Licinius found himself in a large square atrium beyond which rose the equally elegant three-story pile of a mansion. Colonnades of rare dark red African marble backed by tall cypress and palm trees surrounded the atrium. In the center was a large marble pool where, with earthy Roman humor, a bronze fountain of a drunken Bacchus pissed into the water. His observations were interrupted by a high-pitched voice that entered the room before the face that spoke it broke through the curtains.

“Greetings, General Marcus Licinius Verus! Welcome to the House of the Golden Bear.” The eunuch’s accent was pure Syrian. “Our pleasure is to give you pleasure that would delight even the Gods.”

Marcus turned and saw a short, dark-skinned eunuch bowing to him. The middle-aged Syrian had long hair dyed the deepest black, rouged cheeks and lips, and wore a brightly-colored robe over his plump body. Marcus hardly tried to disguise his distaste at being recognized by a eunuch, because Marcus Licinius Verus was a man’s man.

“You don’t know me, eunuch. I have never been to the House of the Golden Bear.”

“Ah, but we’ve been expecting you, Most Noble Sir,”

the Syrian cooed. “The Divine Nero Caesar himself sent a message notifying us of the expected time of your arrival.” The Syrian grinned almost conspiratorially. After all, this was Rome, the capital of the world. Everyone was a conspirator. The eunuch gracefully took the token from Marcus. “The Divine Nero has given us explicit orders to gratify your every wish. ‘Nothing is to be denied my good and trusted friend, General Marcus Licinius Verus.’ His very words!”

Marcus smiled at the imperial favor.

“As always, Nero Caesar is most kind and gracious.”

“How true, how true! Now, General, shall we begin?”

The Syrian ushered Marcus to an antique Greek chair situated under the colonnade. Slaves were summoned and refreshments provided. As Marcus comfortably situated himself, the Syrian smiled and sized him up.

He judged Marcus Licinius was handsome for a Roman. He was of moderate height and appeared beneath his blue linen tunic to have a husky, muscular build. He was no more than XXXIV. His short-cut Roman hair was black as his unRoman clipped beard. The beard, the Syrian knew, was an affectation, the kind soldiers pick up on campaigns, and Marcus Licinius had fought long and hard in the barbarous east, *barbarous* because *barba* was the Roman word for *beard*. His clear skin was a light olive and his facial features even and attractive. No big Roman nose, the Syrian sighed. Thank the Gods! His eyes were hazel and clear and his smile revealed white teeth in excellent condition. The Syrian also noticed the curling black hair that covered his exposed arms and legs and surmised that his body must be as hairy as that of a satyr.

Yes, Marcus Licinius Verus, the Syrian mused, you are definitely a cut above our usual customers, even if you are so regrettably hairy! Some poor resident will be coughing up a hairball like an Egyptian cat after he licks

you all over!

“Most Noble Sir,” the Syrian announced, “please allow me now to present for your selection the residents of the House of the Golden Bear. You may select whomever you desire at any time.” With that the Syrian clapped his hands three times as a signal for the procession of residents to begin.

A red-and-black curtain parted in the portico to the mansion and a line of some twenty young men, themselves not yet twenty, paraded in tight loincloths past Marcus Licinius. As he inspected them, they strolled casually about the atrium waiting for him to make his choice. Many of the residents smiled encouragingly at him; for like the Syrian, they too were glad he was more attractive and masculine than some of the doddering patrons of Nero’s favor. Suspense filled the atrium as they waited for Marcus Licinius to announce his choice.

“As you can see,” the Syrian noted proudly, “our residents come from every part of the empire and beyond. The House of the Golden Bear has spared no expense in bringing our esteemed patrons the best younglings available in the world. Of course, I need not state that their training in the arts of pleasure is also of the highest quality.”

Marcus observed the young men closely. No doubt what the eunuch said was true. Before him stood fair-skinned Greeks, dark-skinned Egyptians, a red-headed Hibernian Celt, and a black Ethiopian. Never before, be it in Rome, Alexandria, or even in Antioch had he seen such a dazzling collection of smooth-skinned handsome youths.

Marcus frowned in disappointment. Damn the Gods, if it wasn’t the same old problem! The last thing he wanted to bed was some youth as hairless as a girl. Contrary to popular Greek and Roman taste, he preferred men, not boys, and the hairier the barbarously better! He realized that his visit to the House of the Golden Bear would

be a waste of time because he would not find what he wanted, but he would have to fuck so as not to displease Nero. Marcus Licinius cursed into his hand. He shifted his weight in the pretty, pretty brothel chair. The thin wood legs creaked the way those pretty, pretty boys would splinter under the weighty matters he had in mind for his pleasure, the way those strapping Parthian prisoners had broken under his victory as he...

“Sir, is something wrong?” The Syrian eunuch had been beaten for less than one Roman’s frown. “Our residents displease you?”

“Not displease, eunuch! But not please either.”

The Syrian and the teasing parade of youths gasped hoping a situation had not arisen that might go suddenly and disastrously wrong. Rome was a place where torture was sometimes the same as desire. The Syrian, eager to protect his youngling goods, clapped his hands twice. The nearly naked young men disappeared quickly behind draperies and palms, through doors. The Syrian, wishing to guide and please the Roman, began to navigate.

“General Verus, Nero’s residents are beyond compare. Complaints are few.”

Marcus cut him off. “Have you shown me everyone, eunuch?”

“Perhaps the General prefers females?”

Marcus stood up, folded his arms across his chest, and gave the dithering Syrian an exasperated look. “Don’t babble nonsense.”

“Sir...” The Syrian eunuch trembled at a loss. “Sir, you have seen everyone.”

“I have wasted my time and yours. No, do not worry. I have no intention of complaining to Nero Caesar. The problem is taste: mine, not yours. Good day, eunuch.” Marcus would compliment Nero. The eunuch would never mention the General had chosen not to fuck.

Marcus turned to leave, but never left the spot where he was standing.

A new figure stood in the bright empty portico where the younglings had exited.

Marcus studied the figure so caught in a shaft of Roman spring sunshine he glowed.

Marcus' face broke into a smile.

He pointed to the doorway.

"By the Gods, yes! He is what I am looking for! Why didn't you show him to me with the others?" He raised his hand to slap the Syrian with his open palm. He felt his prick jump. "He is the man I want."

The Syrian turned to the golden figure in the portico. He squealed. "Sir, no! Impossible! You don't understand. He is not available to our patrons!"

"Why not?" Marcus looked again at the man in the doorway. He was, in fact, golden in the sun, shimmering with golden fur and golden beard and golden hair. He was pleased when the man smiled back. "You have been hiding your Golden Bear. He's the first true man I've seen since I've come into this puerile garden and I'll have him! Arrange it, eunuch!"

"But, Sir..., he's...."

"Did not Nero Caesar command that I was not to be denied anything—which means anyone—I wanted in the House of the Golden Bear?"

"Yes, but..."

"Then I take the Golden Bear himself. Dare you disobey the emperor?" Marcus gave him the harsh look that had made the fiercest warrior of the defeated Parthian soldiers cringe. "You have my orders, eunuch, or your tongue like your balls will be tanned into a whore's purse."

Defeated almost to tears by the imperious Roman, the Syrian swept over to the man in the sunny doorway. Marcus could make little more than sounds from their

conversation, but he heard the golden man laugh. His voice carried the accent of the Celtic lands of northwestern Gaul. The blond man looked at Marcus and stepped back from the sunny portico. He disappeared into the mansion as the Syrian hurried back to the Roman. This time the Syrian eunuch was shaking his head. He was confused by the ever-changing appetites of Romans drunk with the power of ruling the world.

“Eunuch?”

“Alexander says...”

“Alexander.” The name promised power.

“Alexander would be delighted to entertain you, Marcus Licinius Verus. He asks you join him now.” He gave the Roman a look.

“Is something wrong?”

“Oh no, not at all.” He gestured to the mansion door. “Please follow me, General.”

The Syrian eunuch escorted the Roman General through the ground floor of the labyrinthine mansion to an inner colonnaded courtyard. He paused before a doorway covered with heavy linen curtains and bowed to Marcus Licinius.

“The esteemed Alexander of Gaul awaits you, Most Noble Sir,” he said in a slightly baffled voice. “Please enter and may you enjoy pleasures that even the Gods would envy.” With that, the eunuch spun on his heels and hastily retreated, leaving Marcus by himself. The Roman shook his head for a moment at the strange behavior of the Syrian. *Eunuchs!* Who could figure them out? Castration was good, but Rome should never have imported Syrians. The combination was a problem all over Rome.

Forgetting the eunuch, Marcus Licinius slowly parted the curtain and stepped into the small dim room. As his eyes adjusted to the low light, he saw the man he wanted standing naked in the middle of the room with his legs

spread and his arms folded across his chest. Marcus paused to savor the sight as he felt himself growing hard.

The naked man appeared the same age, height, and build as Marcus. The General was a quick and skilled judge of men. It was obvious that Alexander of Gaul was from that northwestern province of the Celtic empire, for his short-cropped hair was a dark golden blond as was the full Gaulish-style moustache that covered his mouth and drooped down to the bottom of his jaw. Marcus was delighted to note that the body of the Gaul was furred dense, dark, and golden. Between his sturdy spread legs hung a large hairy ball sac and a prominent prick that was rapidly hardening and rising in its succulent foreskin. His pale blue eyes assessed Marcus with a smile.

“General, shall we stand and stare, or shall we fuck?”

Marcus, who loved men of humor, gave a great grin and walked up to the Gaul. He put his hands on Alexander’s massive hairy shoulders and began to pet them. “Gods,” was all he could say in a thick voice, “it’s been a long time since I was with a real man. A long, long time. Not since my days in Britannia.”

The Gaul Alexander unfolded his hairy arms and pulled the Roman Marcus into a firm bear hug. Pale blue eyes gazed directly into hazel.

“My feelings also, General.”

Marcus raised his eyebrows. “What do you mean?”

“Have you wondered why this place is called the ‘House of the Golden Bear’?”

“A symbol perhaps, I thought, once, and now I see you.”

The Gaul began to nuzzle the Roman’s beard and neck with his blond moustache and moist lips. Marcus sighed a deep moan of pleasure. Having conquered the Parthians, he considered surrendering to Gaul.

“You see, General, I am the Golden Bear after whom Nero so fancifully named this establishment. I am a

freedman and I manage this house. You will understand when I tell you that it is not my responsibility to personally entertain our patrons.”

Growing more puzzled, Marcus tried to step backwards. Was this a rebuff? But the Gaul continued to hold him in a tight grip.

Himself cognizant of Roman politics played out in the symposia and baths of Rome, Marcus said, “You are with me now because of Nero’s command?”

“When I saw you, I wanted you as much as you wanted me.” Alexander lowered his hands, grabbed his own Roman tunic, pulled it over his head, and threw it to the floor. He untied his loincloth, tossing the brief strip aside, and pulled the laces on his sandals. With an armspan wide as Gaul itself, he once again folded Marcus in a bear hug, grinding their hairy bodies together.

Marcus felt the rush of sexual combat. Once again Rome was pitted against Gaul, and Gaul fought back in a blazing heat of animal lust. Their foreskinned pricks slid wet against wet as they grappled, felt, licked, and tasted. Alexander pulled Marcus to a large bed in the corner and forced him flat onto his stomach. He threw him out full force. Gaul fell across Rome. Marcus, the conquering General, shuddered with pleasure as he felt the Gaul grinding his stiff oozing prick and hairy crotch against his ass. Swallowed up in their lust, neither man noticed the slight movement of the curtains in the doorway.

“Gods, I want you to fuck me!” Marcus said.

“Want no more,” Alexander rasped hoarsely, “I’m going to fuck your ass and shoot my seed full up in you. A true Celtic shot. I will make you shoot your bow at the same moment. Would you like that trick, General?”

“Yes!” Marcus panted and thrust his hungry ass back against the Gaul. Alexander grunted in approval and forcefully yanked Marcus backwards up onto his knees.

The Roman grabbed his own asscheeks and spread them, exposing his hairy puckered hole. The Gaul palmed his foreskin all the way back and rubbed his lubricious precum over the twitching orifice. Satisfied, he spit in his hand and slicked up his rock-hard prick. The Gaul moved forward and placed the firm head of his prick against the Roman's waiting hole.

"Veni! Vidi! Vici! General!" Alexander leaned forward. His cock met initial resistance and he applied more pressure. Marcus let out a loud moan of pain turning to pleasure as his muscle relaxed and Alexander slowly slid into him. After a moment, the Gaul began to slowly fuck him. With Marcus on his hands and knees, his own thick thighs presented his haunches up to meet Alexander's thrusts with equal butt-thrusts of his own. Alexander let out a triumphant roar.

"That's it, General! Clench my prick! Lock it deep in your tight hot ass as I ride you!" The Gaul started to pound him even harder. "Yes, oh yes! Get ready to feel my seed fill you up!"

"Oh Gods," Marcus gasped, grabbing his own dripping cock, vigorously jerking off. "I'm going to shoot soon!"

"Then we ride together!"

The heat rose off them...

...in the hot afternoon.

The curtain quivered...

...in the Roman spring.

The two men, Gaul and Rome, abandoned themselves to their furious building climax. In moments the Roman felt the Gaul's prick grow so much harder and larger that he clamped his ass muscles even tighter around the ramming shaft. Alexander bellowed like a conqueror.

"Take my seed!"

Marcus felt the Gaul's exploding prick jerk with sliding rings of pleasure, pumping shot after shot of hot seed

into him. The deluge of Alexander's seed set Marcus off shooting his seed all over the covers of the bed. When both men were exhausted, the Gaul collapsed on top of the Roman. Sweating profusely, Alexander pulled himself out of Marcus who groaned in regret.

A voice spoke from behind the curtain. "My, my, Poppaea, now we know how Marcus Licinius defeated the Parthians. *He backed them down!* Quite a novel military tactic, don't you think?"

Marcus heard the voice, the unmistakable, conspiratorial voice. It was as if the voice, and the presence behind the voice, parted the heavy linen curtains covering the door. The dim fuck chamber instantly flooded with the afternoon light of the Roman spring. Both men jumped with a start, then froze in place on the bed, deferential to the husky voice chuckling at them.

"See, my dear," the all-powerful voice in the all-powerful face said, "I was right and you were wrong. I have won our little wager and you now owe me 1,000 sesterces!"

Standing in the doorway observing them was Nero Caesar himself with his wife, the Lady Poppaea. Nero smirked. Amusement flew like an ugly starling across his fleshy face. The beautiful Poppaea appeared distinctly disappointed, for she had thought to have Marcus Licinius Verus to herself. The thought crossed her mind that the only way to insure men for women, to curb their natural proclivities, was, through religion. All else had failed. Perhaps those horrible Christians threatening Rome had a point, but what point it was evaporated in the heat of the scene in the room, where both Marcus and Alexander grabbed frantically at pillows and sheets to cover their nakedness. Nero, keeping an eye on Poppaea, laughed at their antics.

"Don't bother!" Nero said. "Modesty is not an encore. What a performance! Two bears in heat! He turned to his

wife. “Poppaea, imagine a bronze statue of them twined and bound in burning orgasmic climax! So perfect for the gardens of your villa outside Herculaneum.”

The empress wished not to imagine, but she had to play his game. She fingered her famous emerald-and-gold necklace. “Oh, my dearest love, perhaps I’d prefer a statue of Venus...twined...on ...Juno.”

“Oh?” Suddenly Nero caught her humor. “Oh! Splendid! Even better.” Nero Caesar returned his gaze to the two bewildered and embarrassed men. “I do hope you don’t mind the little fun we’ve had at your expense. My expense actually. How do you like my brothel? You see, Marcus, it was Poppaea who suggested I reward your victory against the Parthians with a visit to the House of the Golden Bear. I was dubious, knowing your particular tastes; so we placed a little wager on you. I said you and Alexander would like each other while she bet you would pick no one. We secretly followed you here to witness your choice.” He smiled imperiously at the men. “I thank you for the entertaining diversion you have provided us today and for making me 1,000 sesterces richer.” He shot a knowing glance to his wife. “Now, my dear, don’t you think we should be going so they can continue cuming?”

Poppaea smiled. “You are the most whimsical of emperors. I love you because you are so unpredictable.” She turned to the two men and threatened with a purr. “Isn’t the divine Nero absolutely dangerously unpredictable?”

The imperial couple swept out of the doorway.

When the terrified Syrian eunuch informed Alexander that the Emperor and Empress had left the mansion, he jumped up and closed the curtains. In his fright the eunuch had bonded himself to the General. He approached the two men both shaken by what had happened.

“Marcus,” Alexander said, “that took ten years off my life.”

The Roman put his arm around the blond furry shoulders of the Gaul. “Better thrown into combat in bed than into combat in the arena.” Marcus kissed Alexander. “I’m not sorry for our combat. Are you?”

“Gods, no!” The Gaul felt his own asshole melting toward the Roman. “Would you like to fuck the Golden Bear?”

Marcus grinned and tightened his grip on the Gauls’ golden shoulders. “You know I would; but this time, Alexander, I will order up a room with a strong door and a lock.”

“...And a guard, or Centurion, or two.”

General Marcus Licinius Verus, turned conspiratorially to the Syrian eunuch, on the fine Roman spring afternoon. “If you can make yourself useful as well as faithful...”



Bill Plum, *Master of the Leatherbears*
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HOW TO LEGALLY QUOTE FROM THIS BOOK

Fuck with the gods,
and get burned
by the...

GOD OF FIRE

CHARLES ELDRIDGE

Across the street from my row house is a block-square city park known as “Garden of the Gods.” The park was named when a nineteenth-century robber baron, feeling philanthropic, brought back from Paris twelve life-size bronze statues of the major Roman Gods and donated them to the City to edify the working classes. The center of the park is a large-tiered fountain surrounded by gardens whose perimeter is wonderful old elm trees that provide welcome shade to passers-by in the summer. The statues of the Gods form a circle inside the tree perimeter and dramatically overlook the fountain and gardens. This urban oasis is one of the main reasons why I bought my house.

I love spending time, after dinner in the summer, wandering in the park and admiring the statues. They are worked in the classic Greco-Roman style, bold and heroic. Jupiter, King of the Gods, is a majestic bearded father seated on his throne with imperial Roman eagles at his feet. His wife and sister, Juno, Queen of the Gods, is a haughty lady who regards him suspiciously (as well she should) as she pets her peacock. Apollo is a clean-shaven naked young man with a lyre. Venus, naked and smiling, looks fondly at the mischievous Cupid at her feet. Vesta, Goddess of the hearth and home, looks as frumpy as if caught cleaning her cellar. Mercury, Ceres, Neptune, Pluto, Mars, Minerva, all stand on their granite pedestals with

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[HOW TO LEGALLY QUOTE FROM THIS BOOK](#)

their various symbols and attributes. My favorite statue is the God of Fire, Vulcan.

The French sculptor who created this statue of Vulcan created one unlike the others. Vulcan was considered by the rest of the Gods to be the ugly duckling in the Olympian nest and they looked down on him. Thematically, his statue is not of a pretty, majestic or foppish being, but of a husky, masculine, bearded bear. It is a quite fitting representation for one who was the God of Fire and the Blacksmith of the Gods, whose workshop and home was the erupting volcano. The sculptor portrayed him seated on an anvil with a hammer in his right hand and thunderbolts he had made for Jupiter in his left one. I am appreciative that he is clad in a simple loincloth that displays a large bulge at the crotch and exposes his broad hairy chest and muscular hairy arms and legs. His hair is cropped short as his beard. Most arresting, however, is the solemn, almost sad look the artist gave the God's face. His eyes regard me with a stare that mixes elemental power and human vulnerability. If he were human and alive, I'd jump his bearish bones in a minute. Because he isn't, I have to content myself by stroking his bronze leg for a second as lewd fantasies whirl in my mind.

Even though I live in one of the gentrified parts of town, I know better than to be alone in any park at twilight. Anyone could lurk in the shadows: gay men cruising, street guys sleeping, hustlers and husbands hunting, the homeless drinking. Interesting, all of it, and some of it, attractive. One humid night last July my luck ran out.

I had finished musing over the statue of Vulcan, the Fire God, and had turned to walk back to my house when I noticed two guys in their late teens standing nearby, smoking. They were eyeing me rather intently. As I passed near them, one of them called out.

"Where you think you're goin', faggot?"

I stopped and gave them a hard look. At thirty-two, I stand 6-2 at 210, a firm husky, hairy build, and am

definitely no coward. I balled my hands into fists, ready to give as good as I got.

“You talking to me, motherfucker?” I shot back at him. “Because if you are, you’re gonna eat some fist!” “Hey, Billy,” the other one snickered, “this dirty cocksucker thinks he’s got balls! What do ya think of that!”

Billy reached down and pried a loose brick from the pathway. “Joe, I think we need to teach this faggot a lesson on how to talk to real men. Get the fucker!”

They both rushed me. It was the nightmare gay men fear. I turned so the granite base of Vulcan’s statue protected my back. The dark turned into a frantic brawl of fighting bodies. I popped several good blows to them both before the one named Billy caught me from behind and banged me on the back of the head with his brick. I saw stars and crumpled. The last thing I remembered was a third voice roaring, “Now you two fuckers have to deal with me!”

*

I vaguely remember weird disjointed images flashing inside my head. I was being carried by someone into a fire-lit underground room paneled in marble and gold that had been built especially for me. The gold was intricately wrought and set with diamonds and emeralds, amethysts and white jade. Magnificent gems were gleaming everywhere.

In the distance I heard a continuous roaring sound, like a gigantic blast furnace. I couldn’t see the face carrying me, but the rank smell of sweat and ash plus the effortless way I was being carried told me the man was a very strong man.

My face brushed against his upper pectorals and my beard and face rubbed into a dense thicket of sweaty, heavy-metal hair. I felt myself being gently placed on a bed.

The man stood up and caressed my forehead with his calloused fingers. “You will be fine, my special and dear friend.”

I tried to look at his face, but all I could see were his eyes which burned in the reflected light of nearby gold and rubies, or, perhaps, they were themselves molten fluid.

*

“Oh, God,” I opened my eyes. I was in my own bedroom on my bed. My dirty, torn clothes lay in a pile next to the bed and I was wrapped in my summer cotton bathrobe. My wallet and keys lay neatly placed on the night table by the lamp. The sound of water was running in the bathroom.

“Hey? Hey in there!”

“I’m coming, Nick. Hold on.” A man limped out of the bathroom and stood next to my bed. His left leg was injured. He carried a damp washcloth in his left hand. He smiled at my bewilderment.

The stranger was about my height, looked to weigh about 220, forty-something, naked except for a bath towel tied loose at his waist. He was firm and husky with a broad chest and large dark nipples on pecs upholstered with a thick pelt of coarse brown fur that traveled in a dark swirl down his stomach to disappear beneath the towel. His short-cropped hair and beard were dark brown burnt with red. His eyes were brown. He was no movie star, and he was hot in the non-self-conscious way I like.

“Nick, you okay?”

“I’ll live.” I studied him. “Who are you and how did I get here?”

He smiled and sat down near me on the edge of the bed.

“I was in the park when those two punks attacked you. I finished the job you started.” His smile darkened. “I think the nearest emergency room must be busy right now setting four broken arms. They won’t soon be jerking themselves off. I used the brick. Poetic justice.”

I smiled. “Hey, pal, I’m awfully grateful.” I looked at his left leg. “You hurt your leg in the brawl?”

A look clouded his face. “This is an old injury from childhood. Never healed properly.”

“Oh?”

“Forget it,” he sighed, hesitant to talk about himself. “My father didn’t care for me. He judged I wasn’t as good-looking or smart as his other children. So he threw me out of, hmm, uh, threw me down a flight of stairs and kicked me out of the house.”

“Oh man! I’m sorry.” More than his leg was scarred. I put my right hand on his.

The stranger looked pensively at me, as if he weren’t used to even a simple act of kindness. Regaining himself, my burly savior cleared his throat. “No matter. Ancient history. When those punks ran off squealing like girls, I picked you up and carried you home.” His mysterious smile grinned. “I’ve seen you in the park often enough. I knew where you lived. I cleaned you up, and was washing myself when you woke. I hope you don’t mind me using your bathroom.”

“Hell, no!” I instantly cut him off. “Feel free to use anything of mine you want. It’s the least I can do.”

An amused spark of fire flashed in his eyes. “Anything?”

Was that code? Was it a come-on? What was his name? I couldn’t remember. Did I know him? He knew me, even my name. He looked so damned familiar.

I rose up on one elbow. The sudden flash of pain in the back of my head made me gasp. I fell back on the bed. “Man, my head fuckin’ hurts!” A cold sweat beaded my forehead and ran into my eyes.

The stranger quickly moved closer to me and gently wiped my face with the damp washcloth.

“Turn over and let me massage your neck and shoulders,” he directed. “Do some deep breathing.”

Obedient beyond protest, I groaned and rolled. His calloused fingers began to gently massage my neck and head and the pain almost magically drained out of me. *How did he do that?* In a moment my groans turned to purrs of

pleasure as he continued to soothe me. The joy of feeling better coupled with having this hot man massaging me gave me a raging hardon. Knowing what he was doing, he stopped and patted me on the butt.

“Okay, Nick, you can turn over now.”

“Uh, that may be a problem,” I responded, a bit embarrassed at my hardon. “You see, um...”

He made a deep chuckle.

“Your...problem won’t offend me. Let’s see what interesting state we’ve gotten you into.”

As I turned over to face him, my robe parted to reveal my eight-inch cock hard as the brick I’d been hit with.

The stranger grinned. “Nice,” he said softly and took my erection in his big right hand. “Very nice!” He lowered his mouth onto my cockhead and caressed my piss slit with his tongue. I bucked at his unexpected but pleasurable action. The sight of his bearded mouth sucking on my hard cock sent me into full heat. This oddly familiar hot bear stud and I were going to get it on. I didn’t care if he was Jack the Ripper! The best part of sex partners is anonymous fantasy anyway.

He raised his head and grinned wickedly at me. “You still okay?”

“Oh yeah, bear buddy! Stand up and drop that towel. I want to check you out!”

He stood up by the side of my bed and moved near my head. He tossed the towel to the floor and towered fully naked over me. He balled his hands into fists, raised his arms into a massive double biceps, and gave me a tense look of desire as his cock rose to attention.

“To quote you,” he said. “Anything I have is yours.”

I had to gasp: he had the biggest uncut dick I had ever seen. Surrounded by a dense bush of dark brown hair, his fat cock must have measured nine to ten inches. The foreskin slid back untouched to reveal the rock-hard red head bubbling from the piss slit. A hairy nest of balls hung

large as eggs. *Fuck!*

I leaned forward, pulled his foreskin all the way back, and sucked his cockhead into my mouth. As he had done to me, I rough-tongued his piss slit sending a shudder of animal delight through him.

“Oh, Gods,” he moaned, “that’s great! It’s been so long. Don’t stop!”

I took more than half his fat tool down my throat without gagging as I slowly began to suck him off. After a few minutes, he pushed me off his dripping dick.

“I want you too!” He climbed onto the bed with me. I tossed my robe on the floor and we twined into a 69 diving onto each others’ dicks, sucking like madmen. The bedroom reeked with the sweat of two male animals in full rut. We licked and sucked everything we could: dicks, balls, tits, navels, buttholes, armpits, toes. My nameless bear stud turned around, picked me up, dropped me on my back, and raised my legs. He spread my asscheeks for a full view of my hairy pucker. He looked me directly in the eyes. His eyes were fully afire.

“You know what I’m going to do, Nick?”

I shook my head in hope.

“I’m going to eat that hot hairy ass of yours until it’s ready to be fucked. You want that?”

I felt totally free of control. “Fuck me, fucker.” He slapped both my cheeks and pushed his bearded face into my sweaty crack. The rim of his rough beard against the opening of my ass drove my shoulders into the sheets. He chewed down on my hole. We grunted with lust. My hands on his head forced his tongue even deeper into me to help prime me for the main event. When he judged I was ready, he raised his face with its spit-smearred beard and grinned.

“Do it!” I was intense. “I want what you want! Fuck me!”

Without another word he put my legs on his hairy shoulders and positioned his big-veined tool against my

throbbing hole. We both grunted when he gave a small thrust and the large head popped in hot. I passed through the momentary pain in anticipation. He gave me a moment to fit to his insertion. When he sensed I was ready, he slowly slid the whole length of his red-hot poker into me. “Oh, god-dam!” Never had such an inhumanly large cock penetrated my buttock! A fierce pride I was able to take him flushed through me as his hairy balls slapped against my cheeks.

“Okay, stud, drive it home! Give us both a ride we’ll never forget!”

He moaned loudly banging my impaled butt and jerking off my cock. Pounding sweat poured off us as we fucked in a frenzy. The feel of his fat cock filling me up and ravaging me rapidly pushed me to the point of no return.

“I’m gonna cum!” I yelled. I pinched his erect nipples.

“So am I!” He fucked my ass and palmed my dick harder chanting, “You cum. You shoot. You cum. You shoot.”

I blew my load all over his hairy stomach. My shot triggered his roar so loud the neighbors could have heard him beginning to explode inside me. I closed my eyes to brace myself.

Gasping for air, I felt him pump his seed into me. Spurt after spurt of his thick cream shot up inside and I had the molten sensation of running red-hot lava. His dick was volcanic spewing into me. The pleasure was frightening. I had never felt my guts seared by the hottest, sweetest liquid fire. Startled, I opened my eyes and looked directly into his staring wildly back at me: not a pair of brown eyes but two swirling pools of molten red-gold lava! *God help me! The horror. Was I in hell?* I blacked-out for the second time that night as the alarming stranger continued pumping my ass, way beyond my experience, filling me with his fiery seed. His forging pump was endless, unstoppable, infinite.

I wanted the fuck to last forever and I was afraid it might.

*

Once again I lay in the marble-and-gold underground room with the roaring ringing in my ears. Mingled with this sound was the unearthly frantic growling of the sweaty hairy body that was fucking me unmercifully. As I felt him shoot continuing fountains of lava into me, I looked at his grimacing face and saw the same pools of lava where his eyes should have been.

My grasping ass surrendered, and that surrender brought his climax. When he finished shooting, he collapsed panting on top of me. I was crushed under his weight and couldn't move. Eventually he moved his lips to my left ear and licked it lovingly with his red-hot tongue.

His whisper rumbled in my ear like a distant earthquake, "Don't be afraid, Nick, you know who I am! You have freely given me your seed and I have filled you with mine. All you need do to seal the bond between us forever is to say my name as I have said yours."

*

I regained consciousness, which I'd never really lost, lying on my back on my bed with the stranger-who-was-no-longer-a-stranger seated next to me. He carefully mopped my hairy chest and beard with a washcloth. He tossed the cloth to the floor and rested his hand on my right nipple.

"You okay, Nick? I didn't mean to fuck you till you passed out."

I raised myself up on my elbows and stared at him. *Thank you, thank you, thank you!* I thought, but I only smiled. I took my right hand and grabbed a fistful of his coarse chest hair.

"I truly think you fucked me crazy."

He patted my chest. "You're far from crazy," he responded softly. "Everything is real." His look was earnest. "You know who I am. You know my name." It was his turn

to grab a handful of my black chest hair. “Go on, Nick, say my name!”

“You are...oh shit! I can’t say it! If I do, then I know I’ve gone off the deep end!” I shook in fear and panic.

He grabbed me by the shoulders, held me hard, and pulled my face close to his. The red-gold color came back to his eyes as he bared his teeth at me.

“I am what you want. You know it! For years you’ve mooned over my statue. The first person in over two thousand years to ever want me for myself. Nick, I want you too. So what if I am a God! My life has not been pleasant. I want happiness and I want you!” His voice took on a note of pleading. “Say my name, Nick, and that will let me know that you want me! Seal the bond between us for eternity!” His grip tightened painfully on my shoulders. “Say my name! Even though Jupiter, my father, forbids it. Say my name!”

I said nothing for a long moment. I knew his name was *Vulcan* and that he was the God of Fire somehow brought back to this world.

Or maybe a street person who lived in a bush in the park.

What to do? I was scared, more scared than I’d ever been in my life. What did I have to lose? My mind? My religion that had long ago lost me?

Here was the hot man, the God of my gay dreams, and, bum or God, he wanted me as much as I wanted him.

Simple enough?

Case closed.

Go for it, Nick.

The divine ambiguity of love.

This could be heaven.

This could be hell.

I took his bearded face in my hands. For the first time I looked boldly into his glorious fiery eyes. My actions caused him to smile in joyful understanding and made the swirling

red-gold fire in his eyes blaze anew.

“Do it, Nick!”

His command was gentle.

“What about the gods?”

“Fuck the gods.”

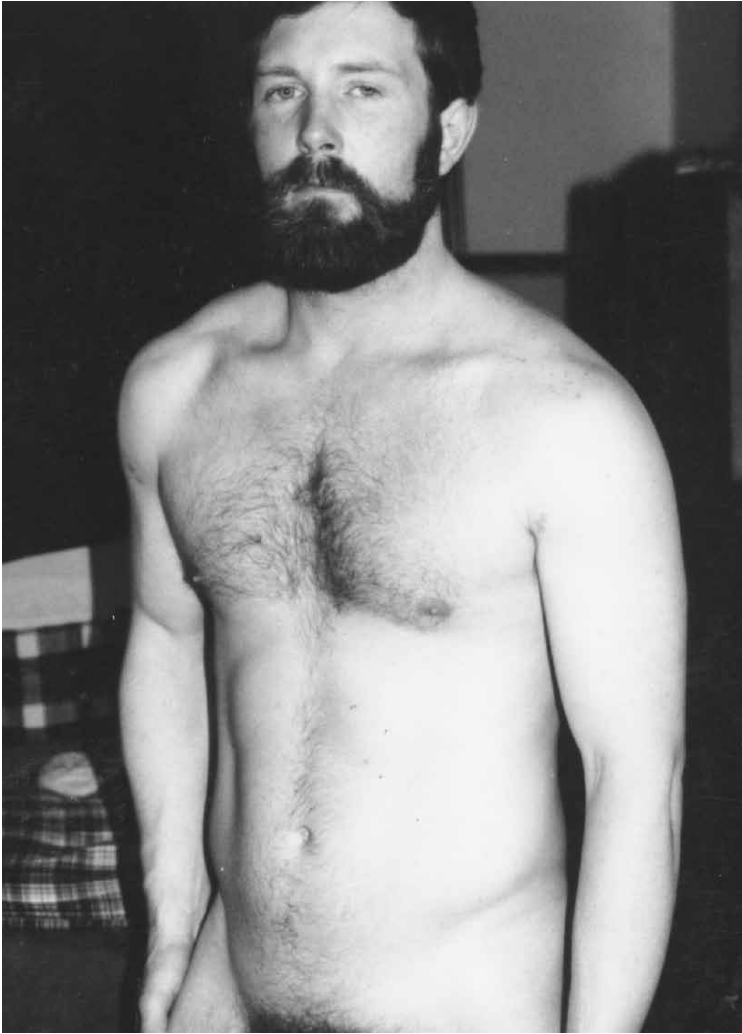
Every good love affair is always mysterious, dangerous, crazy.

I didn't need to be hit with another brick.

I said his name.

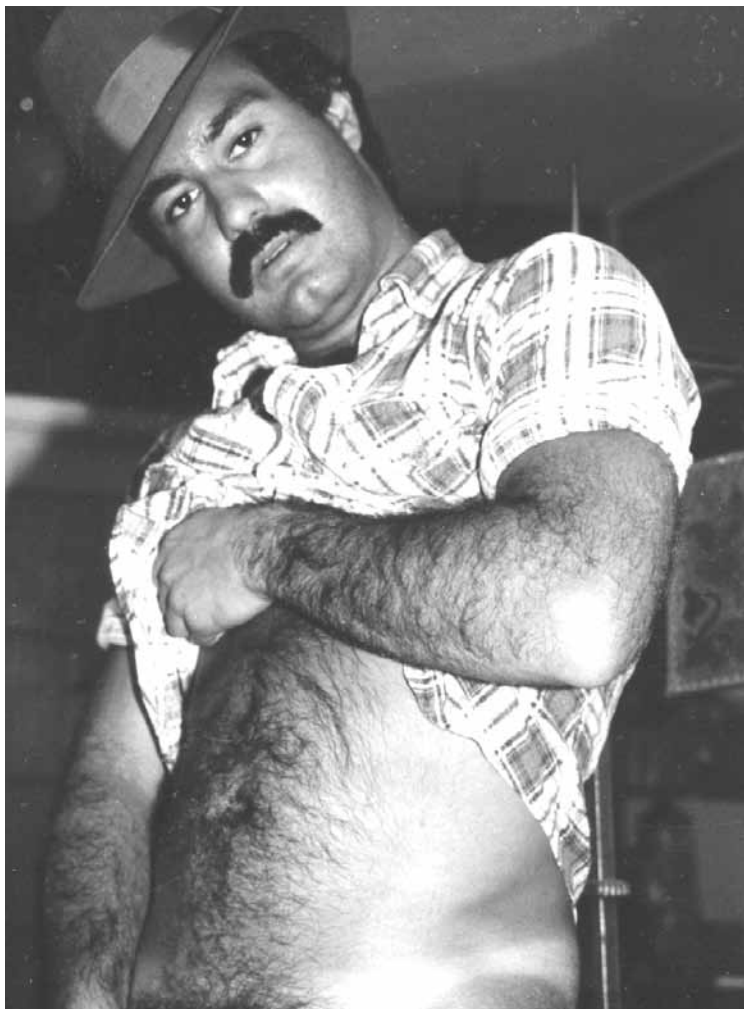


Larry Perry, *Naked Came the Stranger*
Photograph by and ©Jack Fritscher (www.JackFritscher.com)



John Muir, *A Man's Man*

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Bruno, *Big Hairy Bruno*

Photograph by and ©Jack Fritscher (www.JackFritscher.com)

Even for the BBOC,
 the “Big Bear on Campus,”
 today’s trade is
 tomorrow’s competition...

IN THE BLAIR’S LAIR

JOHN CORIOLAN

The Wooly Blair seldom left the Wooly Blair’s Lair except to attend his classes and eat a couple of meals a day. His lunch was an apple. Blair had to watch his weight. It was all right to be cuddly, and wooly from blond hairy head to blond furry toe, blindingly blond and upholstered, but he had no intention of allowing himself to become fat. For exercise he balanced for ten minutes, as long as he could on one foot, then on the other, bringing a great many muscles into strenuous play, always in training; for the Wooly Blair’s Lair was a busy service station in the dormitories where he exercised other muscles strenuously in almost daily sessions of a more convivial nature.

The Wooly Blair was always up early. Among the yawning, complaining other early-birds in the washroom, he washed, shaved, showered and shat; then he ate his meager breakfast alone in the dorm cafeteria before most of the hundred and nineteen resident males were out of their beds. Supper was a different matter: he supped in easy congeniality at a big corner table with six or eight other campus hot-shots—two other very promising Graphic Arts majors who had already had solo exhibitions in the Gallery, a Music major who had had a ballet performed by a women’s college group, and a variable number of

Dramatic Arts majors who wrote, directed, and enacted the university's experimental plays.

Among the eccentric and conspicuous DAs, the most remarkable was Ricky Smith—six feet seven, angular, intense, and the president of the new local gay-rights organization. Ricky Smith was an overt, notorious cruiser of delectable chicken. Any cute freshman who hadn't been wooed by Rick by the end of the year must have had serious doubts about his own attractiveness and sex appeal. Fortunately for their bruised egos, Ricky Smith was not addicted to freshmen only; he had been known to observe suddenly, and focus his charm on, some humpy sophomore who had escaped his notice earlier, and a few times he had gone right after some particularly promising upper-classman. Some of the young men who attracted Ricky Smith's hawkish eye stolidly refused to join him in his sex games: a surprising number of them clung to their cherry-status only a decent while and then succumbed to Ricky Smith's exciting teasing and their own curiosity by allowing the charming faggot to give them head. What they seldom reported to curious, not-so-cute, and possibly envious chums was that almost invariably, having sucked their sweet dicks for them and thereby obligated them to swing a while on his nice long one, Ricky Smith rolled them over and also fucked their sweet asses for them. Ricky Smith believed in giving any novice every chance to find out if he was ready to join the gay ranks or not.

The gang at the big-table evening meals were patently all high-powered achievers in the arts but were presumably a mixed lot in every other way—black, white; rich, poor; gay, straight; young (eighteen), ancient (thirty-two). While the other mixtures were matters of plain fact, the gay-straight mix was pretty much a matter of sustained fiction for, at some point, Blair had had every man of them and had had most of them fairly often in their

three-years-plus at the university. “If it’s worth doing once, it’s worth doing again and again” was his benign philosophy.

So, sure of their welcome, straights like Erik Sorens, who was engaged to a Stevens beauty whom he would marry at the end of semester, wandered up to the Blair’s Lair at least once a week for a quiet, energetic hour in the Woolly Blair’s busy bed. Erik Sorens and the others in his ambiguous category didn’t feel guilty of any real infidelity to their fiancées and wives since no woman was equipped to cooperate as Blair did and to perform some of the services which Blair so enthusiastically performed for them. Also, because the cock they went down on, *quid pro quo ad orgasmum*, and with which Blair massaged their prostates was not a particularly large one, it wasn’t as if they were cock-crazy faggots like some of the others at the table, most notably Phil and Gary who were lovers but openly vied for the favors of every lavishly hung campus stud they heard about.

The Blair’s Lair was a third-floor corner room which Blair had contrived, after two years of continuous jockeying, to get himself assigned to, a single with several distinct advantages. Besides being located around a jog in the corridor so no one could observe who happened to enter the Lair late at night or leave early in the morning, the Lair’s door was only a few convenient feet from the door to the fire-stairs so callers from the floor above and the two floors below could also arrive and depart without attracting undue attention. The layout of the Lair was reassuring to the men who preferred that their private relaxation remain simply that and not grist for campus gossip.

Blair was no Ricky Smith to blazon his conquests; the Woolly Blair’s discretion was a second distinct factor taken into consideration by his straighter-laced repeaters when

they felt the need for heavy, all-round sex action. A third factor, which they may never have consciously admitted to themselves as perhaps even more important, was that Blair was personally so hot-blooded, adept, obliging, and zesty he just naturally swept them along into positions and practices they would have boggled at with anyone else. And, fourthly, the Woolly Blair was nearly always alone and eager.

Besides its strategic location in the dormitory, the room Blair had happily settled into at the beginning of this third year had a further particular charm for him: it had windows on two sides which offered him fine light for his drawing, windows that were too high from the ground for any peeper to see into, windows which overlooked the tennis courts and one of the lawns most densely populated by unclad sun-bathing male bodies in the fall and spring. Only one thing pleased Blair more than contemplating trim, healthy young male bodies sprawling naked in the sun or dashing almost naked about the courts: holding those trim young bodies and enjoying everything they had to offer him.

The Woolly Blair enjoyed observing the beauty of as-good-as-naked males dancing on the stage, but ballet was a rare treat. Tennis players and sunbathers charmed his eye only at certain seasons and for brief hours. Making love with the young men who sought him out was his most continuous pleasure and it was a rare day that he did not entertain at least one horny visitor. Over a quiet Sunday, it was not unusual for two or three restless men to drop by, having nothing special to do, to find the door of the Blair's Lair ajar, and leave an hour or so later, thoroughly sucked off, or fucked, or both.

One brisk September night early that senior year, Phil and Gary arrived together to lounge and compare notes on the new crop. The trio left the door ajar and, between

midnight and two a.m., in the spirit of happy reunion, the three of them took care of nine others out looking for something festive to do—including four new dorm residents who had heard rumors about the Lair as well as Ricky Smith who brought along a superbly endowed youngster named Jimmy the Pony to flaunt before Blair’s envious eyes. Phil and Gary each had Jimmy once while Blair and two late arrivals wore Ricky Smith to such a cum-frazzle he staggered off, leaving Jimmy the Pony to snuggle into the Woolly Blair’s embrace for the rest of the night and sixty-nine cozily with Blair the next morning for an hour.

Throughout most of each day Blair worked at his desk before one of the windows, his chair at an angle to the door and near enough to it so he could reach over and open the door wider if anyone knocked on it. Besides academic assignments, Blair drew a cartoon series signed “Woolly Blair” for the campus weekly, occasional cartoons signed “Ron” for the town daily, unsigned ads for that journal for which he was paid, and, in a totally different style, lovingly detailed and romantically magnificent illustrations for the short stories he wrote and sold to the raunchier gay magazines. The stories and those particular eye-catching drawings were “by Lem Bold,” Ronald Blair’s middle name being *Lembold* after his mother’s very blond German family.

None of Blair’s confreres at the big table knew about his Lem Bold career. When he worked on those stories and drawings, he closed the Lair door as he did when he was otherwise privately engaged and played his tapes. The permanent sign glued to his door read, “If this door is ajar, knock. If this door is closed and you don’t hear music, I’m asleep. So don’t knock. If the door is closed and you do hear music, please, please, don’t knock!” Friends who stopped by and heard the Viennese operettas, Strauss

operas or the Penderecki and Xenakis pieces, smiled and went away, assuming that Blair was up to his customary tricks. They had all been royally done with that musical obligato which masked all but the most vociferous groans and whoops. Usually they were correct in their subjective conjecture but not always. In addition to his down-to-earth dual engagements, Blair managed to maintain a fairly active solitary fantasy life—the Lem Bolds.

By late fall of that senior year, a good many of the Woolly Blair's fantasy stories and drawings involved a tall, rather lanky and highly austere young man, the original and model of whom Blair had often observed in the active and intriguing flesh down on the tennis courts. By adroit and seemingly casual questioning he had learned that the impressive young tennis player, Sileno Ferrante, was a third-year man and a transfer student to the Phys. Ed. department from St. Olaf's. Without having to ask, Blair soon knew that the man's striking figure was not going unnoted and conjectured about by others, most particularly by Phil and Gary.

If he, whoever he was, were in actuality so gorgeously equipped as Blair had described and depicted him to be in his fantasy productions, the man's crotch bulk would have been so alarming that Phil and Gary would have been compelled to waylay him right in the shrubbery and have their way with him, will-he nill-he. As it was, they were extremely curious: he didn't show a lot, but that rangy type often possessed something special tucked in his tight jockstrap between such long, strong thighs.

The Woolly Blair had often stated for the record and proved in practice that he was not the addicted size-queen that Phil or Gary or many another of his chums was. He held with wise old Bernard Shaw that "Enough is as good as a feast." However, he did enjoy on occasion a fantasy revel with an outsized hunk of man-meat and evidently

his readers did too, though when he got right down to hot, hard, pulsating reality, a really huge cock such as Roger Allen's black wonder, or freshman Jimmy's pony-dick or what Sileno Ferrante was so proud of could sometimes be way too much for comfort.

Not that Blair had any intention of begging off, should Roger Allen or Jimmy the Pony come around again, and he certainly would never ever discourage for one second a surreptitious visit by Si Ferrante, the beautiful campus Don Juan. Si Ferrante's wild Italian reciprocity more than compensated for any momentary agony caused by his over-sufficiency in the penis department. And Blair admitted ruefully to himself that he did love to gaze out his window and behold handsome, merry Sileno down there on the courts, the cynosure of all eyes and the envy of many, the epitome of macho aggressiveness who could make out with practically any women he chose. Ah sure: the same super-straight stud who sneaked up to the Blair's Lair once or twice a week, late in the afternoon or late at night for an uninhibited hour of male-male sex. Let Si keep up his precious macho image; Blair had his gay fun and his delicious secret. He didn't dare use Si as model for a spectacular drawing, but he had in his gay porno writing often made him a fiction-hero, blond, and rough, of course.

The Wooly Blair had had a fair number of very handsome guys—more than his share one might say, more of the beauties than anyone would imagine, considering his six feet and two hundred pounds of over-padded blobbiness; his nothing-special face, physique and phallos; his unromantic, unfashionable furry coat of blinding blond body hair that had grown across his smooth body at age fourteen morphing him into a shocking wooly mammoth like his father, an only child, and his three uncles, his mother's hairy blond German brothers. Precisely because

of Blair's hairy blond strangeness, the campus beauties found the beast a safe haven. The best of them found their way to the Blair's Lair, and among them was the adonis, Sileno Ferrante, who was known to be hung like the proverbial stallion. He'd proudly shown himself off half-hard in the showers that fall to how many envious males?

Besides his romantic Italian hairiness, the thin muscular bod, and the astonishing cock, the zest of the man! Zest which often in the Lair manifested itself in Si's uninhibited joy in exhibiting and adoring his own huge, insatiable dick.

The Wooly Blair had encountered in his seven gay years a wide range of play-fellows, including some pretty weird ones, but never any other man who reveled so continuously and happily in jacking off his own big dick, in having it sucked forever, in fucking like a demon with it, playing with it while he was being fucked, wearing it showing like a trophy in his pants. What might have seemed like pathetic narcissism in another man, in Sileno was simply natural pleasure: a chance accumulation of genes had bestowed on him something wonderful. Si enjoyed it himself and he enjoyed sharing it sometimes. Especially he enjoyed sharing it with Blair who wasn't put off by his exhibitionistic antics and was never so crazily turned on by its sheer size that he seemed to be attempting to turn Si into an attachment to his dick, as Si said others did.

Blair decided it was probably for the best that Si couldn't suck it himself. If he could have, as Blair had heard one man in a hundred could, Si might never have needed to share it with anyone: the women he wooed and laid or the few men he allowed to have it, out of all those he let look at it. Ricky Smith had had Si, and so had Gary, but not Phil. They had all been sworn to secrecy by Si, and hadn't breathed even a hint to Blair, but Si hadn't

been at all loathe to tell Blair all about his half-dozen gay conquests and to laugh about them. He'd let Gary have it because Gary was damned sweet. Phil, Si said, would never get it because Phil was a predatory grabber. Si was perfectly aware there might be bigger dicks elsewhere in the world, but he swung the biggest one on this campus and it was his gift to bestow or deny. Let Phil and all such cold-blooded nuts eat their hearts out. Si liked to be asked nicely, to be wooed as he wooed an exceptional woman, and he had to be damned choosy, because even he didn't have all that much time even if he had the energy. "You're the only man who's ever had me more than once, you blond ape, and damned if I really know why, except you're so fucking sweet and undemanding and such a fabulous lay and love me so much and none of my women have that funny furry hair all over them which I seem to be somewhat queer for."

So who could ask for anything more in addition to Sileno Ferrante? Except that Blair did also harbor a persistent yen for another rangy young Gary-Cooper-type also down there playing his fast hard game of tennis. For more than two months Blair had wasted time, checking to see if that particular young man was there and, when he did turn up, watching him play. Roger Allen, who was another of the fascinated, passed along the information that their new target's name was Forrest Lawton and that he shared a double on the first floor with a Chem major who was a troll, but made out amazingly often with the town chicks. No one had reported yet even a glimpse of Forrest Lawton's private fixins.

Several times Blair had caught Sileno Ferrante on an adjacent court glancing speculatively, he thought, at the tall Forrest Lawton, as if he had seen him before somewhere or maybe it was his brother. Forrest Lawton had never appeared to be aware at all of flashy Si Ferrante's

existence and that lack of interest, more than anything else could have, proved to Blair that his own project was hopeless. The guy was boringly straight and probably not too bright. One more dumb muscle-bound Phys-Ed specimen.

So the Woolly Blair was totally stunned one November afternoon when he leaned over and opened wider the door after a discreet knock, to behold Forrest Lawton standing, naked except for a towel he held around his hips, in the doorway of the Lair. Disconcerted, Blair could only gaze up in wonder and puzzlement and blankly admire what he saw. He felt sure that if he uttered something stupid and ordinary like, “Yeah? What can I do for you?” or even, “Hello, come on in,” the vision would vanish. Before Blair could find his stupid tongue and frame a suitably subtle and unalarming opening ploy, Forrest Lawton stepped inside the room, closed the door behind himself and dropped the towel aside.

One question was answered: the man was nicely equipped, not super-endowed as Blair had allowed himself to imagine, but generously fixed—no dangling Roger Allen, no astonishing Jimmy the Pony, certainly no one-in-a-million Sileno Ferrante, but nice, oh, very nice, indeed. The whole physique was something special and the face—stern but as pretty-handsome up close as John Wayne and Gary Cooper were in their first films, but Wayne and Cooper had never been that young. What did this young dream-in-the-solid-flesh expect? He’d heard about the Blair’s Lair, but what else?

Forrest Lawton evidently read Blair’s reluctance to make a move that might be the wrong one. So Forrest Lawton took the initiative. He knew what he was there for, what he wanted to be done; he moved another step closer to Blair, so close there could be no doubt in the seated Blair’s mind as to just what his visitor wanted, so

close that all Blair had to do was to bend and take into his mouth what was being offered him to suck.

So the Woolly Blair did. He had never gone about servicing a curious straight or an eager convert quite so abruptly, so crudely, without even the mildest of ritual preliminaries. But there was a first time for all novel experiences and the cock in his mouth was long and warm and was fast growing considerably longer and hotter. A hearty tug brought it out to a respectable length indeed.

Blair glanced upward. Forrest Lawton's eyes were closed; he wasn't smiling—he was just waiting, registering a sensation which was probably new to him, and waiting.

Charmed by the crude novelty of it all, Blair played the game according to what his visitor seemed to believe were the rules and gave the lanky young man such an adept and thorough blowjob he soon had Forrest Lawton, handsome tennis-playing Phys-Ed major, rocking on his heels and breathing deeply. Blair augmented his insistent mouth action with teasy ball-fingering and adoring exploration of the athlete's lean belly, loins and thighs, his tightly contracting asscheeks and long back. Gloating a little that at last he was doing exactly—or very nearly exactly—what he had yearned to do for weeks, Blair allowed himself to enjoy the simple act to the fullest and was simultaneously elated and sorry to feel his partner's plunging cock pulsating in his mouth and to taste the young man's semen on his tongue.

It had happened at last; it would probably never happen again. Blair's fantasy was demolished; still, the warm, heavily breathing reality was very pleasant. Blair did a thorough job of sucking out and licking off every drop that Forrest Lawton had for him.

The man was perhaps a little discomfited by Blair's post-orgasm ministrations; he drew back as if surprised and not too happy about his fellator's insistent attentions

and hurriedly wrapped his towel around himself.

What to say? “Thank you”? “Drop in again some time”? “Was it what you expected?”

Forrest Lawton evidently considered any words at all superfluous, also the barest smile of satiety, appreciation or complicity; he simply backed away, opened the door and left poor ol’ Blair feeling slightly bewildered, somewhat amused and somehow a little elated too. He had been used, but he wasn’t indignant at all. He had been brought down from ridiculous fantasy to rather commonplace facts. He had had a mild little adventure. He supposed he should feel grateful. The young tennis player had undoubtedly been given hints about Ron Blair’s proclivities and activities. He’d come up, curious, maybe a little bored, to find out for himself. He knew he was attractive to faggots; perhaps he even considered he would be doing the Wooly Blair a favor, giving him a treat, a mercy fuck. He’d cum. He’d had his dick well and truly sucked. He’d gone. That was that. Life would go on as before for both of them, no harm done, nothing much changed. Forrest Lawton very likely had allowed quite a few faggots to suck his cock, as long as they didn’t suck and tell. He’d heard too, along with the rest, that the Wooly Blair was discreet.

Taking Forrest Lawton’s unsmiling silence and abrupt departure as tacit insistence that Blair keep on being discreet, Blair decided not to mention anything about Forrest Lawton’s surprise visit to Phil and Gary or to Roger Allen or anyone else. At best it wasn’t much of a story and why deprive them of the fun of going on imagining how wonderful sex would be with the striking tennis player? Blair might write his lust-object’s surprising appearance at his door into some story, complete with the immediately removed towel and the unambiguous step over to Blair. The only really interesting aspect of the episode was Forrest Lawton’s ghostlike silence, although there was no one

else nearby to hear if he'd spoken.

How the Woolly Blair did wish wild, wonderful Sileno would come romping in, all zest, big dick, crazy games. The hors d'oeuvre had been nice; Blair's appetite was merely whetted for a real *pièce de résistance*.

Blair went on with his work and his play. Ricky Smith sent him a willowy young scenic-designer who needed no instruction at all and reciprocated most pleasingly. Sileno slipped in every other day to complain about both his current "ladies" and to forget about them in the most efficacious way possible. One afternoon Si averred that he was about ready to give up women and marry Blair. Blair was so completely turned on by the mere thought of having Si as a steady lover that for once he didn't feel tormenting pain when Si fucked him; he wanted to hold Si's ramping body in his arms forever.

To even out things, however, the next day a kid Blair had never even noticed on the campus pushed the door open, barged in, and blithely demanded that the Woolly Blair suck his rather ugly cock. While Blair was somewhat dispiritedly carrying out his self-appointed mission in life, the smart-ass growled out mean dirty-talk. Blair precluded, he hoped, the critter's ever coming back by giving him the most artfully unsatisfactory blowjob he could manage. Blair liked a lot of sex, but there was also a lot of sex he didn't care to get mixed up in. Verbal abuse and deliberate meanness put him off. Its counterpart, that spooky silence and wooden-Indian passivity, he could do without more of too.

A week after Forrest Lawton's appearing out of the blue at Blair's door in his towel, he knocked and came in again, again at exactly four o'clock, and, as far as Blair could tell, draped in the same towel. For an instant, Blair suspected he himself was hallucinating. He considered for another instant putting the young man off with some

obvious excuse, but was distracted by the door being shut and the sight of Forrest Lawton's instantly exposed dick which seemed surprisingly impressive and enticing. Peering intently, Blair realized the thing was already half hard and, fascinated, for a moment he watched it rapidly burgeoning. The spectacle of a nice dick growing big and hard always excited him. Naturally, he reached for the swelling organ and clasped it lightly: the one thing he loved more than to see a man's dick erecting was to feel it hardening up for him to take.

Determined to make this second session no dull replay of the first, Blair simply indulged in fondling and stroking Forrest Lawton's proffered toy even after it was up full force and trembling under his touch. One quick dip to wet it made Forrest Lawton gasp—in escalated pleasure too long anticipated—but Blair slyly went on for ten minutes deliberately teasing the rigid flesh, jacking it vigorously until Forrest Lawton was on the verge of ejaculation, desisting politely, stroking it again to near-climax time after time. Forrest Lawton finally grabbed Blair's head and pulled him down to take it. Blair resisted. *Shall I make him beg out loud? But why spoil his silence-act and, besides, forcing him to speak and beg would be mean of me.* Blair relented and did what the young man clearly ached to have him do. He sucked Forrest Lawton artfully for his visitor's intense pleasure and for his own purpose of getting his stolid visitor off and out the door.

To Blair's great astonishment, Forrest Lawton suddenly pulled free, hauled Blair up and shucked off Blair's terrycloth robe, knelt, and went down on Blair. Reciprocity was the last thing the Woolly Blair expected from his macho trick. All during the ensuing ten or fifteen minutes Blair was constantly fascinated and amused as well as thoroughly fellated, for Forrest Lawton did everything to Blair that Blair had done the first time to him and he

went through the various phases of the action as exactly in order, intensity and duration as if he were following a set athletic drill or dance routine which Blair had choreographed and he had memorized. Forrest Lawton's cocksucking technique improved rapidly. He was a neophyte, but he had a certain flair. His finger-work improved too as he went along, although he couldn't really tease Blair with the tormenting tugs his own big balls had received, because Blair's smaller set clung obstinately to his cockshaft even while Blair became very much excited by his athletic partner's increasingly masterful fellation.

At that instant, before he could no longer resist ejaculation, Blair too pulled away; he led Forrest Lawton to the bed and tumbled him down on it for further instruction. Eager as Blair was to get back into action with his surprisingly responsive partner, he took a few seconds out to poke a *Die Fledermaus* cassette into his stereo and to start it playing, and a few more seconds to gaze down at his lanky, lovely trick, who stared wide-eyed back at him. Blair smiled; Forrest Lawton grinned. He was no dummy; he was delightful and eager to learn. At that instant Blair fell somewhat in love and he knew it was going to be all-out "Follow the Leader" and "A Fuck to Remember."

Both young men were so wrought up that Blair cut their reciprocal and simultaneous cocksucking short to mount his young athlete tenderly and fuck him for only a few minutes before totally losing control and giving Forrest Lawton his all. The *Fledermaus* overture was still rollicking along when Forrest Lawton, apt pupil that he was, gave Blair his final ecstatic thrust and his too-long-held-back ejaculation.

After lying wet in Forrest Lawton's muscular arms, panting in bemused triumph, the music lilting along gaily, Blair twisted out of Forrest Lawton's damp embrace to stand beside the bed and look down fondly at his latest

addition to his little list of favorite lays. Forrest Lawton smiled as if he were quite pleased too with the way things had progressed; he rose, kissed Blair, found his discarded towel and wrapped it around himself, and departed swiftly without, once again, having uttered a single intelligible sound.

If the Wooly Blair hadn't previously several times viewed Forrest Lawton chatting with fellows down at the tennis courts, he might well have concluded that he had inadvertently added an exotic item to his list of repeaters: a deaf-mute. In a way, Forrest Lawton's not speaking was rather refreshing, especially after Blair's having entertained the foolish dirty-talker. It was pretty refreshing too to lead on a stunning, ripe young man who was, apparently, an absolute novice but a quick and eager learner. It had been years since Blair had played teacher-guru to such an apt pupil.

That second afternoon Blair's tutorial with eager, extremely active, and very exciting Forrest Lawton left Blair satiated, much more inclined toward amused contemplation than further vigorous participation. He found himself a little impatient with Jimmy the Pony's childish pretenses when he dropped in for a rap after supper, but especially when Jimmy the Pony just happened to let his fat lob fall out of his unbuttoned pajamas. Although Jimmy the Pony was as cute a little trick as anyone could hope to find and Blair had had hot sex with him only that one time, Jimmy the Pony's absent-minded fondling of his naked, really extraordinary large peter turned on Blair hardly at all. When Si barged in on them, very early in the evening for him, but already half drunk, and so hot for sex that he was reluctant to leave, Blair staged an impromptu happening. He drew Si down onto the bed beside himself, sprawled with a pillow behind his back, and let Si laugh and complain about his women while

horny little Jimmy the Pony feasted his eyes on the man's enormous, prominently displayed basket.

After teasing both Si and Jimmy the Pony for almost twenty minutes, Blair was ashamed of himself for being such a sadist, and when Si stopped babbling and looked about expectantly, he calmly unzipped Si's fly, dragged out the monster lurking there, aching for attention, and displayed its floppy, heavily veined bulk for the Jimmy the Pony's delectation.

Of course, Jimmy the Pony had to come over for a closer viewing. The Wooly Blair turned it over to him. Jimmy the Pony shyly felt its hot hugeness, then threw caution to the four corners and went wild over it. Si lay back purring. Blair moved away to Jimmy the Pony's chair and watched the kid go crazy over the only cock he'd ever seen that was bigger than his own and a straight man's besides. For what seemed like an hour to Blair but was probably only another twenty minutes, Jimmy the Pony sucked on and manhandled Si's surging hard cock, torn between bringing Si off and going on playing with it forever. Si solved the dilemma for him by suddenly groaning, bucking and shooting his jizm all over Jimmy the Pony's face. Jimmy the Pony captured as much of the spurting semen as he could and went on sucking and masturbating Si's flagging organ until he had it up hard again.

To relieve battered Si, Blair roused himself to take care of Jimmy the Pony whose swinging hard dick had been neglected too long. Jimmy the Pony relinquished Si's cock to flop beside him and let Blair do what he had come for Blair to do. Knowing Si's curiosity about the competition, Blair staged the new variation so Si could see what a really big and beautiful dick the young one had. He also suspected that Si had never seen any big one except his own sucked and hand-jobbed to orgasm.

Si's response was not passive observation. He reared

over Jimmy the Pony and Blair, jacking his huge, hard dick furiously, and when Jimmy the Pony panted and poured out his jizm over Blair's hand, Si moaned, "Take me! Take me!" and jacked off his second load into Blair's upturned mouth.

Even while Blair congratulated himself on having wild sex with the campus' three most stunning males in a single six-hour period, he was not too happy. He swabbed off Si's and Jimmy the Pony's special treasures, which at that point were just two more spent dicks; he had had more than he wanted of both hombres; almost rudely he pushed them out of the Lair. Not that either of his departed guests noticed or cared if he was rude and rough with them. Jimmy the Pony went out into the corridor clinging to Si and whispering to him. God knows, Si was concerned with detaching himself from the amorous kid without making a scene that would be overheard and gossiped about.

Of course, Jimmy the Pony had fallen in love, or in lust, with Sileno Ferrante, but who hadn't? Jimmy was hot to get his hands and his mouth on the fabulous Ferrante dick again. He ached to take it up his sweet agile ass, but Blair doubted he'd ever succeed. Si had never let any male except Blair himself have him twice. Poor young Jimmy the Pony would never lure the campus stud into the hot reciprocal session he was already dreaming about, and after a couple of love-sick weeks he'd be right back in the Lair with his fat lob hanging out of his pajamas. Blair would give Jimmy the Pony a good time or send him away frustrated, depending on how he himself felt at the moment. With Si's regular visits and the full course of sexually mentoring Forrest Lawton, any other erotic engagements were mere pastimes.

The Wooly Blair realized he must not be quite as much in love with Sileno Ferrante as he had supposed he was

or he would never have shown him off to Jimmy the Pony and turned him over so generously for Jimmy to enjoy. Later, for a moment he had been afraid that Jimmy might steal Si away—Si's getting so turned on by the sight of Jimmy's lovely dick being stroked and sucked that he had jacked himself off a few minutes after he'd let Jimmy jack him off had alarmed Blair, but it was pretty clear that Si hadn't really been interested in Jimmy the Pony. He had been challenged and he had even been a bit jealous of Blair's attention to another big dick when he was present. Si had deliberately stuck his dick into Blair's mouth and given him his second load of jizm just so he couldn't take Jimmy's. The idea of Si being the really jealous one made Blair laugh at the irony of it all. Si had to be King Cock of the Walk. He probably was wildly jealous if one of his women dated another guy.

Even if Si should be so flattered by sexy young Jimmy the Pony's hot passion that he bedded him regularly instead of coming to the Lair, Blair wouldn't really mourn. Inevitably, Si was going to wear out his curiosity about what guys could and would do for him and go back to his women full time. He'd probably soon marry some bitch as sexy and self-centered as he was, who would keep him jealous all the time. Blair didn't want to lose Si. He really did love the brute, but the man whose love he needed more than Si's was, beyond explanation, Forrest Lawton.

The surprising aspect of Forrest Lawton's third visit to the Lair was its timing: two days later, at four o'clock, a light rap on the door-frame caused Blair's heart to jump. He was so happy to see Forrest Lawton that he flung himself on him, snatched off the damned towel, slammed the door, and hauled Forrest Lawton right over to the bed. As far as he was concerned, they were ripe to do whatever came next, without words or any other preliminaries. Forrest Lawton evidently agreed. He followed eagerly where

Blair led, sucked cock avidly, put up no resistance to being fucked, gave Blair as good a plowing as he'd just received and seemed utterly content to be in Blair's arms afterward for half an hour until the final trio of *Der Rosenkavalier* faded away and Mohamet tinkled in to snatch up his mistress's handkerchief and run out. When Blair asked Forrest Lawton if he had ever heard of Richard Strauss, he shook his head, but nodded when Blair invited him to come back that evening and listen to the whole opera and see whatever other diversions they might dream up. Forrest Lawton rolled his eyes and wiggled his eyebrows like a complicitous kid. The queer silence had become their private queer joke. Forrest Lawton spoke not a word.

Forrest Lawton's docility and his eagerness to learn inspired Blair to lead him into rimming, into popper-wild fucking, and pot-dreamy cocksucking, and even to contemplate leading him into the rough S and M and fisting which Blair himself had rarely been conned into trying. Forrest Lawton would very likely have ventured into anything Blair suggested, but Blair balked. There was no point in going too fast and risking abruptly spoiling a delicately attuned relationship which, at its present stage, was apparently every bit as satisfying to Forrest Lawton as it was to the Woolly Blair.

Then, by chance, Blair became aware of the catch to it all. He'd glanced out the window on a fine afternoon to see if either of his favorite men was playing on one of the courts. They were down there all right, both of them, there and together, not playing, but standing on the lawn by the nearer court where other fellows were playing, animatedly talking.

To Blair's surprise it was Forrest Lawton who was doing most of the talking; Si was simply listening as if very much interested. And it was obvious to Blair that Forrest Lawton was unabashedly cruising Si, putting the

make on him so intently that he didn't know or care who might see and surmise. Forrest Lawton was deliberately doing his best to charm Sileno Ferrante, striving to fascinate him, practically begging the beautiful dark stud to go make love with him. Forrest Lawton's behavior was outrageous; Blair had never seen him so animated in conversation and so fucking gorgeous. Si was impressed. Who wouldn't be? Si was smiling and gazing right into Forrest Lawton's eyes; he was already almost as eager to go fuck as Forrest Lawton was eager to have him. Si swayed, practically pushing his big basket into Forrest Lawton's barely restrained hands; he wanted this handsome new athlete who was so charmingly turned on by him to play with his famous cock and admire it and enjoy it. Blair had never imagined that Si could be so indiscreet in public.

Blair's heart plummeted and despair flooded into the void. Blair had to face the sad truth at last: Forrest Lawton had been enamored of Si all along, but he'd caught on early, or been told that Si had to be wooed, that he was passive and the other man had to take the lead, do all the work. And Forrest Lawton, completely ignorant about how to seduce another male and how to go about making love to him, had come up to the notorious Blair's Lair for instruction by the acknowledged master guru. Blair had taught silent, oh-so-willing Forrest Lawton every trick in his book just so his pupil could go after Si, Blair's own favorite, and steal him away.

Blair didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. Or should he just cut his throat? Or throw that big bottle of India ink at them? Which one of the hateful pair of them down there did he want more to hit and mess up? If he could throw his ink or anything else that far. Both of them were blithely betraying their Wooly Blair.

He couldn't be mistaken. Any fool could see that the usually stern, supposedly straight athlete Forrest Lawton

was enthralled by handsome, super-sexy Sileno and was desperately eager to get his hands on him—on him, all over him. No one could blame young, vulnerable Forrest Lawton for suddenly falling for the sex-god of the whole damned campus. Only it wasn't just a sudden flare-up of irrepressible desire: Forrest Lawton had planned for weeks, prepared for this moment, used Blair. God, how he'd used Blair, sneaking up, an awkward virgin, to be initiated, soaking up everything Blair in his ignorance and generosity freely taught him. Pretending...

Actually, Forrest Lawton had never not said why he had to learn how to be gay so fast. He'd never pretended. He'd never said anything at all, the sly creep. Leading Blair on. Or letting Blair lead him on. And, to be fair, Forrest Lawton hadn't known that the man he was planning to woo and carry off was his mentor's lover; for no one except Blair and Si knew that.

There was certainly no point in wasting a second blaming Sileno. Forrest Lawton was appealing—big, macho, goodlooking, strong, at this moment glittering with desire and politely begging—a man for Si to make it with at least once.

Once!

Si never made it with any man, except Blair himself, more than once! He'd stated that as flat fact several times, laughing about how his lovers never got enough of him. He hadn't even let lovelorn Jimmy the Pony tease him into a second session: Jimmy the Pony was still disconsolate about that sad failure.

"Go on!" Blair wanted to yell down from the open window. "Go on, you gorgeous pair! Get it on! Get it over! Do it! Do it now! Do it tonight. Then tomorrow or the day after or in a week, you'll both be back in the Woolly Blair's Lair."

Of course, the blond, chunky, Woolly Blair did not yell anything out to the tennis courts. He closed the window,

but continued to stare down at his lovers who seemed immobilized in a trance of passion. “Go on, Forrest Lawton, take him. Suck that gorgeous cock as I taught you. Take it up your athletic ass as I taught you to take it, but you’ll never fuck him, and he’ll probably never suck your cock as he sucks mine. When you can’t have him a second time, you’ll get over him and come back to me. I’ll smile and not say a word. I can play that silent game too, lover. I can keep a secret, Sileno Ferrante. Go, you proud beauties! The sooner you go, the sooner I’ll have you both back.” The Wooly Blair grinned at his own excited, mixed-up state. He sighed. “But don’t either of you tell me about it. I’ll cry.”

Blair blinked away an irritating dampness about the eyelashes and sat down at his desk to sketch out a drawing of the two most desirable studs on a college campus in hot action and to plan out a story he would write to accompany the illustration.



John Muir, A Man's Man

Photograph by and ©Jack Fritscher (www.JackFritscher.com)

Dashing through the snow,
I fell for an Irish rugby coach,
but he seemed like Santa to me...

SANTA'S SACKFUL

BOB CONDRON

Dublin's City Centre wasn't mere mad. It was bedlam! Even in Ireland, Christmas comes but once a year. Thank Heavens! Or so I thought, as the crowd of us lads poured out of Bewley's Coffee House onto Grafton Street, adjusting coats, smoking a minute, picking up our carrier bags from shopping, overwhelmed by the rushing waves of traffic and music and cheer. The street was mobbed with last-minute shoppers, tourists, and emigrants come back to Ireland for the holidays. Shop windows sparked a glow with all their Christmas finery. "*Mammy!*" cried some child protesting she wanted to go into MacDonald's. "*Ma!*" she screamed as she was dragged away by her mother's hand through the crowds. A gentle snowfall, that would be falling thick enough to muffle the noise, was drifting down from the Irish sky of dark winter.

"So, farewell," I said, and, "Farewell," my friends said to me. "Cheers."

I turned up my coat collar against the wind that suddenly felt chill now I was alone. A man could use a nice whiskey. For the warmth. I braced myself to trudge a path homeward. The street was growing icy.

Pressing through the crowd, noticing the better-off office workers from the new dot-coms springing up all over Ireland, I was not displeased to see not everything

changing on the streets. From a couple of doorways, I heard the old drunken laughter of men and the chatter of the tenement women pushing their ragamuffins to beg for pennies, hoping the Guarda in uniform wouldn't hustle them along, being Christmas and all. I was taking it all in when something absolutely sexual stopped me in my tracks.

A voice. Bass baritone. Sweet. Manly. Through the bobbing, weaving crowd, I saw him. He was singing "Silent Night." In tiny whirls of snow and steam and light, he appeared and disappeared and reappeared again through the smoke from the brazier kept burning red by the street vendor wrapping white-paper cones of hot chestnuts. A smell—a feeling, really—wafted over me, like I could smell the musk of his chestnuts, his balls, that gave rise to his big, rich voice.

Naw. My old Dad said I'd one day be turning soft. My chin lifted from my collar. I craned my neck to see, what? A beard, and sparkling eyes, spotlighted under an amber street lamp. A man. No. "Father Christmas." Six-foot plus. Big. Strong. His hooded coat was circled at his waist by a thick, leather belt. His red britches he had tucked to the knee in black-leather boots. I was only a face in the crowd so I dared move closer. He had cropped, snowy white hair curling low on his forehead. His thick beard grew high on his rosy cheekbones. His walrus moustache curled at the ends. "Singing for some charity, are yeh," I thought. Yet I was drawn as to a siren's song, edging towards him, like a kid, my shoes crunching on the carpet of snow. Filled with the spirit of the season and influenced, not a little, by his magnetic presence, as well as the wee drops of whiskey with the lads, I held out a fiver, and dared say, "Father Christmas?"

His gloved hand, a meaty paw, plucked the note from my fingers. He said, "Thank yeh kindly, son." His voice

was rich as Christmas pudding. My knees buckled at the play of his eyes. His breath was hot on my cold face. He brushed against my heavy carrier bags, without breaking our gaze, and asked, "And what might yeh be wanting from Santa this Christmas time? No...let me guess..." His smile was as white as his hair. Perfect teeth with a cute little gap in front, up top. Dazzling white. "I believe I have just the thing. Have yeh been a good boy all year?"

My face flushed as I surrendered to his game. "Yeah, always good..."

"Then I'll see what I can do," he chuckled.

I looked him up and down, thinking, *If only!*

His eyes read mine, questioning, as if he could read my thoughts. "If yeh've been good, I'm obligated to give yeh what yeh want. It's my job...to grant the desires of yer heart." His eyes never left mine, never stopped smiling, searching.

I gave him a quizzical look that I meant to mean, "Yes, I am. Are *yeh?*"

Some of the ragamuffins went running by, sliding on the ice, bumping into me. I was fuck mad they were ruining the moment. I was too grown up to believe, but not so jaded I didn't want to flirt with the idea. Was I sliding too? Father Christmas reached out to me. "Come fly with me," he said.

"Who do yeh think yeh are," I said, very unlike myself, giggling. "Frank Fucking Sinatra?" I tried to sing, "Come fly with me." But I said, "That ain't a Christmas carol."

"Put yer arm around me shoulder and hold tight."

Crazy! Yet without faltering, I hooked myself around him and was swept up in an icy gust. In the moment, I felt how a Christmas robin might feel held by the winter wind. Someone called out, "Yer shopping bags!"

But the voice, and Grafton Street, and Dublin, and Ireland, our little island in the dark North Atlantic, all

fading down into the distance...below me, rising up into the dark...like the time, my first trip to Amsterdam, when the lads and I ordered beer and brownies.

Are yeh unconscious when yeh're unconscious?

I knew, really knew, my face on his shoulder was dusted with snow flakes. His massive arms held me tight. His bass voice murmured beside me, inside me. Whispering, singing, humming, laughing. "All is calm. All is bright."

*

Suddenly, I was in a cave. *His* cave. Head back on fur pillows. Fur rugs under me, around me, over my naked body. My clothes in a heap alongside. No recollection of being stripped bare. A crackling fire in one corner and opposite, lit by the blaze, a mountain of presents. I rubbed my sleepy eyes and heard murmuring noises still. Then twinkling eyes.

Santa sank down on the edge of the makeshift bed dumping a sack of goodies beside him. He smiled down upon me and we remained silent for a moment. Finally he asked, "What's yer name, son?"

"Michael...Mick, Mick O'Connor."

"And yeh know who I am?"

"Yeah, you're the man that's on the front of Christmas cards, aren't yeh?"

He chuckled. "Father Christmas, son. But yeh can call me *Daddy*." He turned and dipped into the big bag of presents. "Now...Let's see...What do we have here..."

The first gift he produced brought tears to my eyes, Tommy! My beloved Teddy Bear. I'd had him with me always. He'd even rode with me in my pram. That's how I'd lost him. Saturday shopping, somehow I'd lost him. Mammy bought me any number of replacements but I was inconsolable. Now, after all these years he was once again being clutched to my chest.

The appearance of the second present made my eyes water for completely different reasons.

It was a giant double-ended dildo, long and fat and heavily veined. Santa's fingers barely met as he held it around the circumference. Both ends were mean fuckers.

The third gift was a giant tube of lube.

"And this, just for starters, my boy." I must have winced because he let out a roar of laughter whilst his eyes grew even more kindly. "Now don't yeh worry about a thing," he cooed, yanking off one big boot. "I'll loosen yeh up gently." He cupped the bulge in his pants. "First I'll give yeh what yeh *really* want, young fella." Off came the second boot.

With his red coat pulled apart he looked like a big, burst sofa. Curly white hair smothered his skin, his barrel chest, muscular arms, and broad back. Big paws unbuckled the belt and pulled it through the hoops. Trousers dropped down over powerful thighs and a big, fuzzy, chunky butt. Lifting a knee to tug them off, he flashed a clump of chalky hair peeking out from his spreading crack.

My cock was up and pulsing against the fur blanket. A delicious friction produced a tickling sensation deep within my sizzling hole. I was mesmerized by his pendulous balls as they swung between his legs, and by the rhythmic twitching of his stiffening cock. The strawberry head blushed crimson atop a colossal ivory column. Hoisted aloft, transparent globs of goo began to dribble from the puckered eye and run down the underside of his cosh. Glistening balls ballooned low in his pouch with thirst-quenching promise. Rising up from somewhere deep in my bowels, a groan escaped my lips.

He stroked my forehead, "Sshush...shush...Shh...it's okay...It'll be worth it! I swear."

Leaning forward, as if to kiss me, he brought the full, wet width of his tongue to lick my face from bottom to top.

Breaking the tension, I giggled like a child. His whiskers rubbed against my own. My lips searched for, then sucked on, his moustache. The same big, wet tongue poked and probed its way into my mouth and stretched back almost to the tonsils. My fingers gripped and clung to the hair on his back. He ripped the fur rug off me and, flinging it to one side, brought his full weight down upon me. Parting my legs, he ground his hips against mine.

I hadn't believed in Father Christmas since I was maybe five or six. All the magic had gone once my mate Derek Byrne put me straight on the subject. He'd made me feel like the butt of some horrible joke. Twenty-odd years had come and gone since then only to find out Derek had lied to me. Santa Claus did exist. It was impossible to deny his existence as he pinned me on my back. I felt cheated!

"I can't fuck with yeh, Father Chr—" I whimpered, jerking back my head.

"Call me *Daddy*..."

"No! No! I can't!"

"Call me *Uncle Chris* then," he replied.

"No. No! Me Mammy told me not to talk to men like yeh!" I tried to wrestle him off. "Let me go...I don't want to!"

"Why, yeh little trickster. I'll break yer fuckin' neck!" The gentle giant thundered into action, leaping up to pin my arms either side of my head with his knees. "I'll not take *no* for a fuckin' answer!"

Santa drew his north pole to my lips and waved it menacingly.

"Please, Uncle Chris, please don't make me do it!" I blubbered in an Oscar-winning performance, quickly followed up with a broad grin.

"Why, yeh!" He smeared the oozing tip of his big, fat mickey around and around my lips. "Yeh little trickster!" He grinned and stuffed his cob down my gullet. "That should stop yeh fuckin' whinin'."

It did too. It acted as a comforter.

Hooking his fingers behind my head, he rocked gently backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, slowly building up steam. I couldn't help but gag and gulp whilst pleading with my eyes, but to no avail. He was insistent in his need of relief. On and on, sliding in deep...deeper... "I'm fuckin' mad into yeh, Michael. Fuckin' mad into yeh." His words resonated against the granite walls. His banging bollocks bounced against my chin. "Take it easy, d'yeh hear me? Relax!" Abruptly he withdrew, slapping me playfully about the face with his log. A little annoyed, I raised my head to flick it with my tongue, but he gripped me gently by the ears and restrained me. "Wait!" he bid me. Wide-eyed, mocking me. "What's yer hurry?"

With finger and thumb he nipped the base so that the glistening, bulbous head and rock-solid pole bloated to perfection. "Isn't it a beauty," he teased, holding it just out of reach. "Beautiful, eh?... Smell it!" He stuck it under my nose and I inhaled to capacity, my head swimming. "Makes yer mouth water, doesn't it, yeh little hoor!" Again I strained my mouth towards it. "Wait!" he demanded once again, then his face cracked in a big grin. "Bet yeh can't wait till Santa cums?"

I nodded furiously. Admiring his own portentous erection, he spat on his free hand and lovingly caressed his succulent shaft, delighting in my adoration, and then benevolently, he restored the full length down my aching throat. "Stuffing yer stocking! Oh, fuck! I'm gonna cum down yer chimney!" Once again, he quickly re-established his rhythm; up to the tip, down to the base. "Let me fuckin' cram yer stocking full to bursting. Empty me big sac of goodies into yeh." His organ swelled to a crescendo whilst I tooted like a maestro. "Yeah, suck it, yeh little cum bucket. Drag deep! Drain it all out! That's a good wee fella...." And then the groaning voice built quickly from a gentle rumble

to a bellowing howl. “Suck it now, Michael. Suck it. Suck. I’m cumin’, Michael. Cumin’. Cumin’ now. Get ready. Oh, get ready, me Mick. Here it comes, my boy. Cumin’ now! Oh...Oh...Oh! Yeah! Fuckin’ aye!”

A blast of thick, pungent sperm punched my tonsils, pummeled against the back of my open throat, and once more, and once again. Spurt upon thick, luscious spurt. My lips held tight, squeezing every last drop from his pleasure dome and gulping it down. His huge body quivered, wracked with comfort and joy. Moaning in rhythm with each fervent after-suck, Santa groaned aloud at each thrust of my tongue as it probed into his piss-slit lapping up the last, precious, pungent, pearl drops.

His laughter caused a resounding echo. Pleased with himself, pleased with me. He rolled off my chest and lay down beside me. Cradling me in his arms, he began to sing: “*Jingle Bells! Rudolf smells, Prancer’s a disgrace. Much more fun it is to ride on a horny fucker’s face. Oh...*”

He chuckled and clasped my knob in his hairy mitt, sliding the foreskin backwards and forwards purposefully. My toes curled and my thighs stiffened. He sure knew how to work my dopper.

“Looks a wee bit sore...All red and swollen. Maybe I should return the favour?” And he was up and on his knees.

First time his open mouth encased my cockhead, I quivered like jelly on a plate. His expert technique drove me to distraction and beyond. Depraved would be more accurate.

My fingers found his still moist cockhead, then slithered a snail’s trail around to his hairy hole. One digit teased the opening of his ass, drawing circles, feeling his tender ring-piece pulse at my touch, then voluntarily open to give access.

One, then two, then a third, and a fourth digit slipped

assward in to the second knuckle with minimum effort. I swirled my hand around whilst he shuddered and shook. “Sit yerself down on Mr. Fingers, and get comfy,” I insisted. I maneuvered him around to hover squarely over my face whilst he sucked my dick ever more wantonly. “Wouldn’t yeh just love to sit all hole-y night on my mouth?”

Spreading Santa’s cheeks, I basked in the sniff of his blossoming bud. “Oh, my,” I growled. “I’m goin’ to lick half yer brain out!” Then I dove in, bathing his crevice with spittle. His hair matted into dark wads and spikes plastered to his fleshy, pink sphincter as I drove my tongue ever deeper. Pulling him open, two fingers either side, I hit the spot, and he went wild, grinding down with his firm, fleshy mounds, smothering me with his quivering thighs. Roughly, I heaved his buttocks up to within an inch of my face and spat into Santa’s gaping hole. Again I spat, and again, until saliva drenched his hole.

Then, reaching for the double dildo, I punctured, *surprise*, the seat of his passion.

In the instant he cried out, “Oh, blitzen! No! I didn’t mean any harm, for fuck’s sake. That dildo gift was only a double-headed joke.”

“Yeh fuckin’ did mean it, pal!” I replied with a smirk, and plunged the dildo in even harder. “And now yeh’re gonna get what yeh deserve!”

In and out, in and out, I rammed with no finesse, stretching him to the bursting point whilst he pounded the ground with his fists. Throat off my cock, he chewed the fur blanket and howled.

“Take it, yeh old fucker,” I snarled. “Yeh love it, dontcha? Yeah, yeh fuckin’ love it!” Working the dildo length ever deeper into him, I fingered my own hole with lube. Four fingers and thumb up my hole stretching wide, I swivelled onto three of all fours. Aiming the second bulbous end of the double dildo, with one backward thrust,

I hit bull's-eye into my own hole first time. Inching my rear-end over the thick, rubber truncheon, my buttocks touched base with his buttocks. Both of us skewered on one kebab. In an instant, we were whirling our rumps like two fucking Christmas toys gone crazy in a window display, bucking and slamming and crunching our tail ends together. *Oh what fun it is to ride...*

No mercy, I yanked the dildo out of him. My turn to leap up and around to mount and plug his solid rump. I jabbed my cock full length inside, stuffing him like a Christmas pig. Reaching forward, I grabbed a handful of Santa hair and yanked his head back so I could ride home. His soggy arse slurped as I punched in and out on a cushioned glide. Next thing, a shiver ran through me and my hips were jerking all on their own. My body began to glow, like warm honey was swirling through my bloodstream, and with it a sense of expectation...something wonderful was about to happen. And happen it did. A handful more sharp stabs from my pigsticker, and I let out a yelp, shooting my full-fat milky wad to drown his gut-wrenching squeal.

I closed my eyes, but inside my lids lightning flashed, and fireworks spun into a night sky of Christmas stars of wonder, stars of light.

Grunting and snaffling like a hog, he lunged backwards, his ring pulsing tight. "Keep goin'. Keep goin'," he gasped, urging me on with each rhythmic slam of his buttocks.

I felt I'd emptied everything out of me, from my toes to my nose, up and out and into his desperate, gobbling hole, basting his guts with my blistering juices.

I collapsed on top of him, spent. Chris dissolved beneath me, spreading out like a rug. "Jaysus, yeh little bollix," he murmured. "Yeh sure know how to show yer gratitude. That's nice!"

“Nice?” I replied, “Nice? It was better than fuckin’ nice, It was great! The best fuckin’ ride you’ll ever get and that’s for bleedin’ sure!”

He heaved a satisfied sigh, smacked his lips, whilst still impaled on my dribbling spike. As I withdrew, still stiff as a poker, his ring-piece hugged onto me tightly, reluctant to let me go until, with a sloppy plop, I slipped out.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to hurt yeh,” I said sheepishly. Still, I couldn’t resist shoving my cock in his face and forcing him to lick my prick clean.

“Got what yeh wanted for Christmas though, didn’t yeh?” he chuckled and chewed.

“I got me hole right enough,” I replied before crashing back exhausted into a heap of fur pillows. “Thanks, Daddy...”

He was pleased as Punch. “Yeh called me *Daddy!*”

*

Suddenly, I’m back on Grafton Street. Bags, people all around me. Flat on my back in the snow. I’d slipped, banged my head. Woke up dazed and confused. Looking up at paramedics and into laughing eyes and rosy cheeks.

Santa took hold of my hands, lifted me to my feet and helped brush me down. He leaned towards my ear, whispering. “Where do yeh live?”

“Ranelagh.”

“It’s not so far. I’ve got me van. Come, I’ll go with yeh,” The street lamp behind his head formed a golden halo. “Let’s get yeh home safely. Tuck yeh up in bed.”

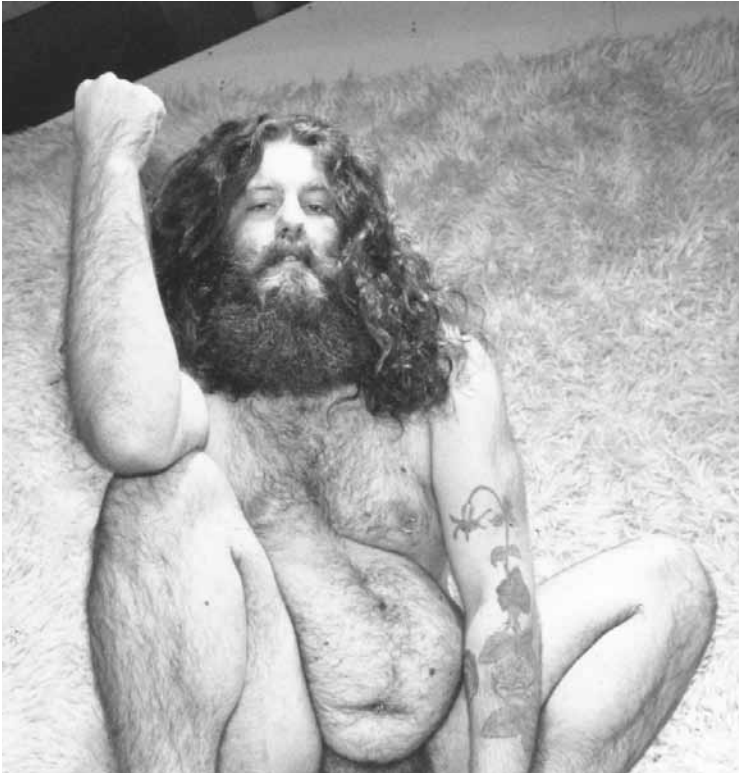
I nodded, beginning to understand.

“Come go with me,” he whispered again. “Just put yer arm around me shoulder and hold tight.” Without faltering, I obeyed and felt like a robin might feel being held by the winter wind.

Presently, I’m in bed. My bed. Head back on feather

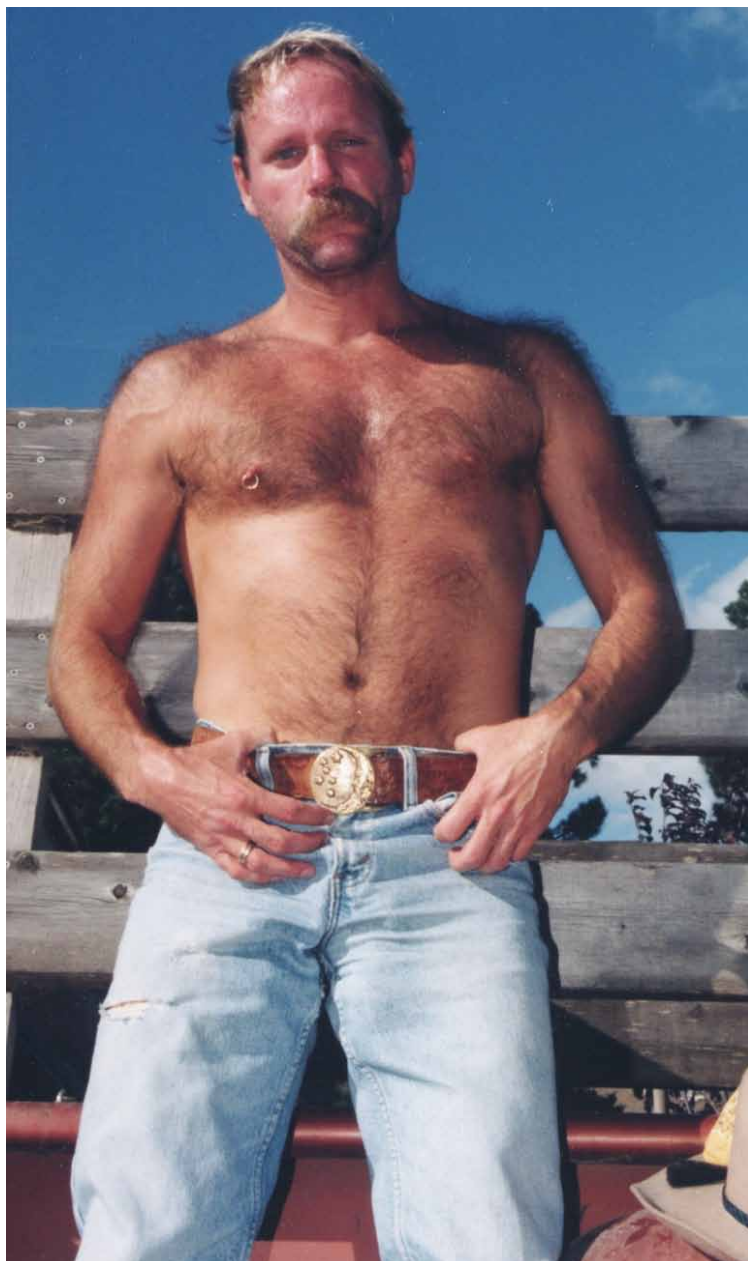
pillows. Firm mattress beneath me. Duvet around me, cuddling my naked body. My clothes in a heap alongside. The delicious recollection of being stripped bare. A crackling fire in one corner and above me, silhouetted by the blaze, a mountain of a man. No fantasy figure this, but flesh and blood. My own Santa—a rugby coach from County Kildare. Up in the big city to fund-raise for his local team. I'd already made one donation and I planned on plenty more before the night was through. I rubbed my sleepy eyes and heard murmuring noises still. Then twinkling eyes and a shimmering phallus.

“I’m fuckin’ mad into yeh, Michael. Fuckin’ mad into yeh,” he whispered hoarsely and, with a final flick of the wrist, the Daddy of all Father Christmas’ emptied his teeming sackful into my open mouth.



Outlaw Red, *Bellybucker: Tattooed Hairy Biker Bear*

Photograph by and ©Jack Fritscher (www.JackFritscher.com)



Andy Gang, Moustache Rodeo

Photograph by and ©Jack Fritscher (www.JackFritscher.com)

AUTHOR BIOGRAPHIES



Bob Condron

Bob Condron is the author of two recently published erotic novels, *Easy Money*, published by Idol-Virgin and the bear-themed, *Sweating It Out* published by Zipper/Prowler). His short stories have appeared in numerous anthologies, including Alyson's *Bar Stories* and *Slow Grind*, Arsenal Pulp Press' *Quickies 2*, and Palm Drive Publishing's *Chasing Danny Boy: Powerful Stories of Celtic Eros*. He is a trained actor and his work as writer and director for fringe and community theatre has been performed in Ireland, the UK, and the USA with notable success, including the prestigious Edinburgh Festival, Scotland.

Born, raised, and educated in the North of England, he first worked as a social worker before returning to full-time education in his late-twenties whereupon he studied Drama at university. Thereafter, he embarked upon a career as a teacher and writer. For the past five years, he has lived and worked in Berlin with his Irish husband, Tommy. He

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is currently at work on new fiction.

Bob says, “‘Santa’s Sackful’ was the first erotic story I ever wrote for publication. It was written, dispatched, and sold directly to *Bear* magazine who snapped it up. It was that straightforward. And it was at that point that I thought to myself, ‘Bob, you’ve found yourself a new audience!’ ‘Santa’s Sackful’ was an attempt to write something that I personally would want to read; something centered around bear sex for sure, but something a little off-beat, breaking free from stereotypes and formula. The bear cult may well have originated in the States, but the movement is now worldwide. Why shouldn’t erotica reflect that diversity? On the other hand, so much erotica is *phantasievoll*—as they would say here in Germany—in that the scenarios in bear erotica are seldom grounded in reality. I wanted to take this fantasy idea to the extreme and write a modern fairytale or, more accurately, a ‘Beartale.’”



John Coriolan

The Midwestern native who has long been known under the pseudonym “John Coriolan,” author and artist, decided after one year in New York acting school he would never be a movie star and that he wanted to be a playwright. After graduating from the University of Iowa, he returned to New York ready to be a famous playwright. He was “promising” and did all sorts of theatre work, including running a summer stock company and staging drag-shows at Fire Island—until he turned to teaching and settling down to thirteen years of connubial bliss with a six-foot blond teacher. They alternated summers of work on graduate degrees at Columbia with touring Europe. While Senior English master at a boys’ school (established in 1709), “John Coriolan” emerged in 1968 as a gay novelist with his novel, *A Sand Fortress*. He mounted the barricades of early Gay Lib along with his novelist friends Richard Amory (*Song of the Loon*, 1967), Sam Steward (his ‘Phil Andros’ stories), and David Merrick (*The Lord Won’t Mind*, 1969). This Over-the-Barricades Gang of pioneer gay writers was determined to tell explicitly who did what to whom and

how big it was that it was done with. All of them continued writing into the 70's and beyond. Coriolan's later novels were *The Smile of Eros* and *Christy Dancing*. His story collections are *Unzipped* and *Dream Stud*.

Weary of dirty old New York, where gay life was becoming routine, Coriolan fled to Key West in time for the fabulous Gay Boom. He deserted Key West in 1992 to explore legendary San Francisco where he discovered he liked drawing better than writing and could still center attention on a splendid Big Dick. In San Francisco, he could roam the wild reaches of the Nameless Beach. "After all," this pioneer writer says, "my great-grandmother Chaney was a Shawnee and Indians believe the passing years only make one wise, not less curious and less hopeful."



Charles Eldridge

“Charles Eldridge” is the *nom de bear* of this fiction writer well-known to the readers of the popular bear magazines. His specialty is fiction set in such historic periods as the American Civil War, the Crusades, and particularly the Roman Empire. A prolific writer, Charlie has had over 25 stories published since 1995.

Charlie was born in Baltimore, Maryland, in June, 1950. His home-life and upbringing were typically suburban and middle-class. Even then he showed a marked interest in history, especially Roman history. Charlie graduated Towson State University in Baltimore in 1973 with a B.S. degree in History, and began his long career in public administration.

Charlie was always interested in writing, but never did anything about it. However, in early 1995, a chance visit to the Baltimore offices of *Daddy* magazine changed all that. During a conversation with the magazine’s publisher and secretary, he was asked the fatal question, “Do you like to write?” He responded that he had always wanted to, and *Daddy* encouraged him to submit a story for consideration.

Daddy liked his first story, “Decision at Pompeii,” and published it in the next issue of *Daddy* 22. Thus was launched his writing career of his “One-Handed Epics.”

Charlie has always been interested in bear-men ever since he came out in 1974. So after his writing debut in *Daddy*, in late 1995 he submitted his first bear story, “The War Is Over,” set during the American Civil War, to *American Bear* magazine. This story was published in *American Bear* 13, in mid-1996. Ever since, he has had a very pleasant and successful publishing relationship with *American Bear* and *American Grizzly* magazines. To round out his success, his first story published in *Bear* magazine was “The Hero of the Greeks” in early 1998, *Bear* 49. Charlie has learned to concentrate on what he seems to do best—bear stories set in historical periods—and has future plans for stories set in Sumeria, England, Japan, Italy, Russia, and India.

Charlie lives in Baltimore with his partner of twenty-five years, Jim, who is also a bear. He is an active member of the Chesapeake Bay Bears.



Jack Fritscher

Jack Fritscher is a pioneer founder of the bear movement on page and screen. He wrote the first-ever piece on bears and was the first editor to print the word “bear” on a magazine cover. His article was “Bears: Hairballing at the Hair Fetish Ranch” in the November 1982 *California Action Guide*, published in San Francisco, five years before the first issue of *Bear* magazine. No one person created “bears,” but many regard journalist Fritscher as epicentric to the upgraded way lesbian culture now judges homomasculine men as acceptable new gay archetypes.

With a doctorate in American Literature and Criticism from Loyola University, Chicago, he is also the legendary founding San Francisco editor of *Drummer* magazine into which he introduced in 1978 the butch-romance themes of beards, bellies, and cigars in both “Tough Customers” and “In Praise of Older Men.” He is *Drummer’s* most protean

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contributor with a record of more than 125 feature and fiction pieces, as well as 400 photographs, including covers and centerfolds, in 60 issues.

In 1979, his invention of *Man2Man Quarterly* set the 1980's tone for the emerging homomascularity of bear culture. *Bear*-magazine founder, Richard Bulger, acknowledged *Man2Man* as his model for *Bear* magazine first published in 1987. Fritscher was one of *Bear* magazine's first writers and centerfolds, and is Brush Creek Media's most published author.

The *Bay Area Reporter* says "Jack Fritscher is the inventor of the South of Market leather prose style of masculine writing." He is the deeply established author of 16 books including *Some Dance to Remember* (1990) which is the first novel to feature a bear as one of the central characters. The main character is named precisely "Ryan O'Hara" for Orion, the Constellation of the Bear. Reviewed as a literary classic by *The New Republic*, *Some Dance* spins with some irony the epic story of "men's men" in San Francisco, 1970-1982. *Some Dance* is extraordinary memoir for Daddy Bears who remember the 70's party and for Cub Boys who wish they'd been born to celebrate the Golden Age of Gay Liberation during the window of the Gay Renaissance, 1970-1982, after penicillin and before the twins viruses of HIV and politically-correct Marxism.

In 1967, as gay-activist founding member of the academic American Popular Culture Association, he insured that homosexual culture be prominently represented. His nonfiction book, *Popular Witchcraft: Straight from the Witch's Mouth*, the first book to address gay wicca and gay-witch voices, was published in 1972 as was his first novel, *Leather Blues*, which critic Michael Bronski hailed as the birth of the gay male romance.

His nonfiction titles include his memoir of life with his scandalous lover, *Mapplethorpe: Assault with a Deadly Camera*, 1994. His collection of "69 Erotic Stories" is in the

four books: *Corporal in Charge of Taking Care of Captain O'Malley*, *Stand By Your Man*, *Rainbow County*, and *Titanic: Forbidden Stories Hollywood Forgot*. The series won the 1999 Small Press Book Award for best erotica in the U.S. from a field of straight, gay, and lesbian books.

He has written, directed, and photographed more than 130 videos for www.PalmDriveVideo.com. Hundreds of his photographs have appeared as covers and centerfolds of 18 magazines including *Bear*, *Bunkhouse*, *Powerplay*, *Checkmate*, and *Drummer*, as well as on the cover of James Purdy's novel *Narrow Rooms*; and in *The Index of Censorship*; *Gay Sports: The Arena of Masculinity*; Edward Lucie-Smith's *Adam: The Male Figure in Art*, and *Ars Erotica*.

Gay Men's Press, London, published fifty-five of his photographs in the coffee-table book, *Jack Fritscher's American Men*. Two of his videos regarding the painter-photographer, George Dureau, are in the permanent collection of the Maison Europeenne de la Photographie, Paris.

His screenplay, *Water from the Moon*, the true story of a Chinese woman who became an international political force, is in pre-production as an international motion picture with the Beijing Film Company, Beijing, China.

His 6,000 published pages also appear in more than 30 magazines, as well as in more than 20 anthologies including Camille Paglia's *Vamps and Tramps*; Derek Jones' *Censorship: An International Encyclopedia* (on Mapplethorpe); Richard La Bonté's *Best of the Best Gay Erotica*; Winston Leland's *Gay Roots: 20 Years of Gay Sunshine: An Anthology of Gay History, Sex, Politics and Culture*; *Chasing Danny Boy: Powerful Stories of Celtic Eros*, and M. Christian's *The Burning Pen: Sex Writers on Sex Writing*. He is also the author of the Introduction to *Bear Book II* (2001), and the founder of www.BearArchives.com.

In 1993, he appeared on *Oprah*—before *Oprah* became a self-help church—recounting why gay men sleep with straight women's bearded, blue-collar husbands. His

pre-quel to the bearish *Some Dance to Remember* is his new 2001 novel of teenagers coming of age in a 1950's Catholic boys' school, *What They Did to the Kid: Confessions of an Altar Boy*.

www.JackFritscher.com



Shaun Levin

Shaun Levin lives in London where his short stories appear in *Does the Sun Rise Over Dagenham?* (Fourth Estate), *The Slow Mirror: New Fiction by Jewish Writers* (Five Leaves Press), *The Gay Times Book of Short Stories*, and in the journals *Stand* and *Kunapipi*. In the USA and Canada, his work can be found in the *Queer View Mirror* anthologies, *Bad Jobs*, *Quickies 2*, *Best Gay Erotica 2000*, *Slow Grind*, and in *Mach*, *Indulge*, *Harrington Gay Men's Fiction Quarterly*, *The Evergreen Chronicles*, and *Venue*. He also has stories in the e-zines, *Mind Caviar* and *Suspect Thoughts*. He runs "Gay Men Writing," a creative writing workshop for gay men.



©Greg “Beast” Garcia

George Madison aka Furr

My “bearness” has roots deep in my childhood. My dad was in the redwood logging business, and would occasionally take me out and show me where the crew was working, or take me with him to the logging hardware store. There’s a connection between the kind of men I idealized at an early age, and the kind I prefer now: big, burly men, often bearded, in dirty, sweaty work clothes with dirt and grease under their fingernails and sawdust caught in their arm hairs.

My fourth-grade math teacher was a chunky man with a nice full beard and hairy forearms. He was one of two coaches. I was so enamored of him that I became a sports team “manager.” I was the lucky go-fer staying late to pick up jockstraps and equipment in the locker rooms when the two coaches took their showers. Both men were bearded

and furry: my math teacher with dark fur and the other coach with blond body fur. At that age, it never occurred to me to pay much attention to their crotches. Their beards and hairy chests fascinated me.

In college I realized I was gay, and my long fascination with bearded and hairy men finally made sense. By then I myself was bearded and hairy. Genetics granted a childhood wish. Not long afterwards, I discovered the world of erotica where the kind of man I liked wasn't exactly common. Most of the stories dissatisfied me, so I began writing my own jerkoff material. I figured writing down some of my more heated fantasies would help get them off my mind.

And then came *Bear*. I'm not sure it's possible to relate the impact finding that magazine had on me back before bears were popular. I scraped up my nerve and sent off some stories...and got published! Karl von Uhl, one of the *Bear* editors at the time, gave me valuable advice: "Make me taste it; make me smell it!" My story "Down & Dirty" provoked the biggest reaction from readers, possibly because it printed alongside pictures of me whacking off smoking a cigar. Readers got the story plus the twisted hairball who wrote it, all in one package.

After years of fantasy and fiction, I finally got my first motorcycle, a Honda Shadow ACE 750 Deluxe, in December 1999. My scoot is a chain-drive bike. So in the name of servicing the chain, I have a perfectly legitimate opportunity to get greasy, and I wipe that grease all over my jeans the same as the bikers in my stories.



Jay Neal

By day, Jay Neal is a rocket scientist; by night, a bear pornographer. Born in 1956, Jay Neal has always been attracted to husky, hairy men. He's written about bears since 1998. After his youth in Kansas, college in Iowa, and graduate school in New England and the South, he received his Ph.D. in Physics in 1984, after which he worked on NASA projects for the U.S. Space Shuttle and Hubble Space Telescope. Later he moved into satellite-communications technology research for the twenty-first century. Under a pseudonym, he has published a number of technical papers with remarkably silly titles.

Words have long been his obsession. Actually, so has sex. Together, they're a pretty potent combination. With his scientific background, he never expected to find himself at a keyboard typing sentences like, "Fuck me! Fuck me! Oh yeah! Fuck me harder!" Happily, life is full of surprises. He'd like to reassure his readers that most of his writing is indeed done in the nude.

Besides the science, which pays the bills, and the porn, which doesn't, but helps keep him warm, Jay Neal enjoys

music. As a child, he played cello when he was smaller than the cello. Recently he realized a life-long nightmare and appeared on stage as the leading man in an amateur musical-theater production. The experience convinced him that he's better off behind the scenes than in them.

He's at work now on his advanced degree in sex, but feels it could be some time before he really masters the subject. Several of his research findings have appeared so far in *American Bear* and *American Grizzly* magazines.

He hopes in the near future to obtain a grant to study the relationship between self-organizing pattern formation in chest fur and chaos theory. In the meantime, he continues his course of studies with his partner in suburban Washington, D.C., where they collaborate on experimental research with friends and guests.



Simon Sheppard

Simon Sheppard is the author of *Hotter Than Hell and Other Stories*, Alyson Books, and the co-editor with M. Christian, of the best-selling anthology, *Rough Stuff: Tales of Gay Men, Sex, and Power*. His work has appeared in two editions of *Best Gay Erotica*, and has also been published in over fifty other anthologies including, lately, *Guilty Pleasures*, *Aqua Erotica*, *The Burning Pen*, *Strange Bedfellows*, and *Noirotica 3*, as well as in a bunch of magazines. He is currently working on a non-fiction book about kink, to be published by Alyson. His column, “Sex Talk,” appears in queer newspapers nationwide and on several websites. He lives, happily and hairily, in San Francisco.



Ron Suresha

Ron Suresha grew up in and around Detroit, where his first sexual encounters with adults occurred in the downstairs tearoom of his neighborhood mall. He studied creative writing and journalism at University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, and edited several alternative periodicals. Converted to vegetarianism, he ran a community switchboard, went to India, and lived in yoga ashrams for ten years. Over the past twelve years, he has contributed freelance editorial work to scores of book projects at Shambhala Publications and other book publishers specializing in Eastern studies, philosophy, and psychology.

Ron has been involved with the bear community since the late 80s when he lived in San Francisco with one of the creators of *Bear* magazine. He designed signs, graphics, and promotions for the Lone Star Saloon, including the famous barn sign on the Lone Star patio. He also studied

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Sign Language at Vista College in Berkeley for three years.

Since leaving San Francisco in 1994, he has been a member of the Chesapeake Bay Bears, New England Bears, Rhode Island Grizzlies, and Motor City Bears. He acted as a judge for the International Mr. Bear 2000 in San Francisco.

His interview column for *American Bear* magazine has featured discussions with comedian Bruce Vilanch, New Hampshire State Senator Sen. Rick Trombly, artist Tim Barela, and authors Eric Rofes, David Bergman, and Michael Bronski. He has also written for *Harvard Gay & Lesbian Review*, *Lambda Book Report*, *White Crane Journal*, *Art & Understanding*, *Southern Voice*, *Gay Community News*, *In Newsweekly*, *Darshan*, *Siddha Path*, and *Visionary*, as well as for the anthologies *The Bear Book*, *Bear Book 2*, *My First Time 2*, *Quickies 2*, and *Bar Stories*.

He is finishing work on two books: *Bears on Bears*, a collection of interviews and discussions; and an anthology of bear-themed erotic fiction, both forthcoming from Alyson Publications. He's also working on a recipe book, and a collection of Persian folk tales.

Ron lives by the verdant Emerald Necklace in Boston.



Bob Vickery

Bob Vickery has been writing erotica prolifically since the 1980s. His stories have been published in numerous magazines, and he is a regular contributor to *Men* and *Freshmen* magazines. Two anthologies containing only his stories are: *Skin Deep*, Masquerade Publishers, and *Cock Tales*, Leyland Publications. Other Vickery stories appear in a wide number of other anthologies, including *Best American Erotica 1997 and 2000*; *Best Gay Erotica 1999 and 2001*; *The Friction series, 1-4*; *Up All Hours*, *Quickies*, *Quickies 2*, and *Queer Dharma (Voices of Gay Buddhists)*.

A motion picture, *Love, Lust, and Repetition*, based on his stories, is currently in production with independent film maker, Edgar Bravo.

Bob can often be found in his favorite coffee shop in the Haight Ashbury, pounding out his prose on his lap top. In his spare time, he bakes muffins for a Zen Buddhist monastery a few miles north of San Francisco.

www.BobVickery.com



Mike White

Author Mike White has worked at a variety of jobs, from selling auto parts, telemarketing, truck driver and courier, to dispatcher. He has raced cars, taught competition driving, and done public relations work. He has also taught country western line dancing.

Mike attended the Dale Carnegie Human Relations class, where he won two awards. He was also a Graduate Assistant five times.

His nonfiction work has appeared in *Super Ford*, *VW & Porsche*, *Ford Dealer World*, and *E Jag* magazines.

Mike's fiction has appeared in *Playguy*, *Manifest Reader*, *American Grizzly*, *American Bear*, *Gruf*, and *Hand Jobs*.

In January 2000 Mike turned his full attention to writing and investigating alternative medicine, such as acupuncture, massage, biofeedback, yoga, and Shamanistic medicine. When he's not writing, he also does extra work for TV and movies. Mike also does volunteer work at the

Howard Brown Health Clinic in Chicago.

Mike maintains an interest in auto racing, mainly NASCAR and CART, when he is not writing or reading science fiction. He often reads two or three books at the same time. A long-time *Star Trek* fan, Mike grew up in the Detroit area, and lives in the Chicago area.

