

Even for the BBOC,
the “Big Bear on Campus,”
today’s trade is
tomorrow’s competition...

IN THE BLAIR’S LAIR

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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 Wooly 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 Wooly 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 Wooly 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 Woolly 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 Woolly 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

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