



JOYBRINGER

THE MAN WITH  
THE GOLDEN DICK

LASSITUDE PRESS









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There is something good in men as in women: the asshole.

But to be fair, a mouth is also very nice, especially with a cock in it preventing the useless uttering of words that would only disturb the harmony of moans; a few little squeals of pleasure are enough. And don't talk to me about pussies, those uncomfortable, exclusive vulvas, possessed only by females and that only serve the miserable purpose of which we're all aware. No, the divine hot, moist hole waiting in the hairy posterior's lair, shared by nearly every sensitive creature worth knowing, is definitely the universal seat of equality and of my dick.

The monuments and façades of Paris, illuminated by the spotlights of the bateaux-mouches, appear and disappear in

concert with the speed of the taxi as I gaze out the right rear window at the City of Lights; I will never be bored with that sight. Nevertheless, I turn away from that marvelous spectacle to focus my vision just above the ear on the shaved head of the older Algerian man with strong hands who is nonchalantly driving the cab. I stuff my paw down my jogging pants and slowly let my cock swell in the cup formed by my fingers.

In the rear view mirror, my eyes meet those of the quiet driver and I can't believe the guy has no idea what's happening in the back seat of his cab. I find it titillating and have the impression I've shown a lot without really having done so. We (him, the car, me) pass by the Pyramid of the Louvre and I wonder whether the wide angle of the rear-view mirror allows him to see the mast of my cock, which has now raised a tent in my pants.

Place de la Concorde...leaning back on the seat, looking from upside down at the obelisk poking at the moon in the rear window, I finally take out all my meat and calmly jerk off. It's 4 AM, an hour when taxi drivers are surprised by nothing.

Moments later, arriving at our destination, I move forward just enough to slip my dick into his change container, and, having given me my change, intentionally or inadvertently, the man shakes my dick as if it were my hand to wish me a good day. Any day that begins like that is bound to be good.

I climb the four floors to the apartment four steps at a time, my cock and balls swinging back and forth like the ringer of the bell formed by my thighs. In fact the first thing Pascal sees is the head of my cock with which I just knocked hard on the

door. "How's it goin'?", he mumbles in a thick, raspy voice, barely able to stand, high on whisky and coke, as usual.

With my dick already deep in his ass, he whispers "Fuck me," all the while trying to remember what purpose the remote control for the DVD player serves. I try to bring him back to a conscious state by pushing up his anus, already previously ravaged by a factory-full of firemen (or is it a firehouse-full of milling-machine operators?) two or three chrome-plated Ben Wa balls attached to a cord that I push in even deeper with a stroke of my dick. "Aaah..." he utters, and I feel as though I've discovered in him some still intact source of pure sexual pleasure.

What happens next proves me wrong: "...I think this time it's gonna work ..." He continues his deaf man's dialogue with the remote. But it falls off the sofa onto the floor, which starts the porn DVD, puking out its inevitable punks fucking each other half-heartedly in the cellar of some low-income suburb. A bunch of junkies...joints of burnt rubber.

I turn Pascal over onto his back on the end of the sofa right next to the window, offering this spectacle to the construction workers finishing up the new wing of the school across the street. We are clearly visible and the thought that in a few months it could be tender little children who would contemplate this edifying scene (which my sense of moral decency would hopefully prevent) my erection gets twice as hard as I plunge dick first into the now wide-open ass.

The voyeuristic proletarian workers are sly at first, trying not to be seen ogling us, but, finally understanding the flagrancy of

our exhibition, which all their co-workers can see, they laugh, holding their sides so as not to look like fags.

A sexy young North African moves in my direction the thick white braided rope used to haul up the buckets; I shake my dick in response to his movement. But then they all go back to work, they aren't there to fool around. However, I am. We secretly keep an eye on each other as we go about our different tasks, making it all the more fun.

"You are the best fucker in Paris..." Pascal mechanically whispers. "I suggest you keep that perspective," I answer, while delivering a couple of hard slaps on his ass.

The TV screen where the guys pretending to be young boys continue to plow each other against a background of decaying artistic vomit only slightly excites me. If anything, I'd rather find something worth desiring in objects that are immediately available than in those that are merely transmitted electronically.

These damn screens seem as contagious as leprosy, eating away at every quality of the area they infect. What interest could there possibly be in contemplating a world limited within four straight lines, a world that makes one stare as if paralyzed in a single direction at confetti-like reality, when one can freely look at the things and beings around us? By comparison, contemplating a doorknob is a source of limitless invention.

Even more so then is Pascal's asshole, which puffs up and follows my in and out thrusts with its distended lips, a vision con-

nected to the physical sensations that go with it, a multimedia show which always holds my interest.

The next guy is also "pixelated," besides being hooked on teena, the nickname for crack. Three times now Danny has shown me a DVD of Mastahr, the king of silicone of the East (This fake Russian is actually Brazilian). He has silicone everywhere, his lips, his torso, his arms, his thighs, and especially his cock, but only botoxed in the shaft, sporting a relatively small head by comparison. Filming one scene with him in London was enough for me. Just looking at him makes my penis feel like that of a penguin stuck in ice.

In the bathroom mirror I appear bluish in the neon light. Glancing down, I see Danny guzzling my piss. I've been telling him for more than an hour the details of my sexual relations with my whole family. Only the truth, only real experiences. But I prefer my real fans; let's talk about them in no preferential order...it's an endless, open-ended list.

Damiano, son of a Portuguese father and an Irish mother, saw my picture in a magazine and on the spot decided I would be the one to break his twenty-year-old cherry. Once I'm inside this very thin, dark, hard and furry body, with a tiny, tight ass, each thrust of my cock head inflicts terrible pain, which he endures courageously. He utters pathetic cries, quiet groans at the least of my strokes; I get hard just thinking about it.

Jack is a scaffolding worker in the suburbs of London. he loves sucking me off, but can't bear getting fucked; nevertheless he'll do it, grimacing during the whole time. I enjoy hearing him plead "Easy, mate...easy, mate...", at each push of

my member into that mysterious opening, just below the image of a faded blue-green dragon on his pink flesh. I love looking at the details of the tattoos on his back, biting them as I fuck the beast. It reminds me of the marks on the meat in the butcher's shop and makes me salivate. Human meat is the only one that whets my appetite.

On Alan's back is a huge Christian cross with red Celtic interlace that I peruse as with both hands I spread open his anus in order to get deep inside. I think about the look on the faces of the morgue employees when mutilated, or even just pale, flaccid corpses arrive wearing a T-shirt, tattoos or extravagant charms on their fingers or around their necks; all representing skulls. They're probably indifferent, as much as one can ever be about death.

Alan loves me. I owe him one for finding an interesting idea. He arrives on a bicycle with an outfit that goes with it, a tunic showing a large part of the map of central London according to the famous A to Z, for the walking tourist. Lost, confused drivers call out to this Mercury of good directions to find their way by looking at his tunic.

To write is to lie, yes, but I have photos to prove what I'm saying: As soon as he's with me, the cyclist throws his padded ass in the air. He too begs me to stop, but I refuse to comply. I start off by assuming that his requests are as false as those of women in this matter; by obeying one disappoints more than by intensifying one's thrusts on the mount. I am uncontrollable. What delights me is that they submit, that they give in to all my fantasies daring only to make barely audible complaints, little plaintive cries like those of a dog that can't help whim-

pering, but who refrains from making a louder noise for fear of being even more severely punished....I'm not so nasty, really, and I only inflict the pain necessary for my own satisfaction—I'm not like the mosquito who only wants the blood and not the pain it causes when it bites. My bite is of another sort.



Jerry and Julian couldn't be more fun. This kind of designer hotel just ends up being rather ridiculous; the grand white, empty entrance with its high ceiling is no surprise, but there are some astonishing stools shaped like oversized, gilded molars, while others, yanked from the land of some African tribe, are carved from worm-eaten wood (violently expropriated from the original artisans), but they're way over-varnished. All of this, mixed with giant chess figures and white benches upholstered in beige, would have made the whole thing perfectly laughable, except that any effort to create something out of the ordinary merits praise and encouragement, no matter what.

Finding the room number is a game, which I win hands down: it's inscribed in the carpeting, right near the door.

Jerry opens the door wearing black lace stockings and very tiny panties. Turning gracefully, with a certain simplicity, his tall brown silhouette perched above very, very high heels, he precedes me down the hallway, a silhouette moving toward the light. We pass the bathroom where I briefly see Julian finishing some detail of his look. On the screen in the room is the inevitable three-way, with someone shaving another someone's ass or torturing some cock in a jockstrap; always an interesting touch, I suppose, if one doesn't pay too much attention to it.

There are several products methodically arranged on the table, like a little market display. The white powder is probably ketamine; the water pipe must be filled with crack, the rolled cigarettes with cannabis. Viagra, Cialis, the pink liquid of GHB and innumerable other substances that I cannot possibly identify. Jerry lights one of the cigarettes and the cake-like odor that permeates the room quashes my hypothesis; it's also crack.

In the time it takes for me to undress and assume my position in this scenario, wearing only my black leather jockstrap and my Ray-Ban Pilots, Jerry, having untied the pretty bows on the sides of his orange panties, which go perfectly with this 70s decor, kneels on the bed and offers me his ass, already avidly snorting poppers.

I take advantage of the moment to nonchalantly push three or four fingers of my right hand into him as deeply as possible, which has the immediate effect of making the front of my jockstrap pop open, clearing the way for the head of my cock. Julian has left the bathroom and, facing the mirror, attaches

to his Scottish minikilt just above his thigh-high boots that reach almost to his pubis, a small chain with the largest pendant being a pretty, jeweled cross among a thousand other trinkets. This invitation magnetically draws my hand under the oh-so-minikilt to fondle a timid anus, a precious cherry on the cake of a narrow pair of hips.

Julian is no longer very young, his face marked by fatigue and deprivation, but his huge, pale blue-gray eyes, his blond hair falling onto his forehead and his adolescent silhouette still give him a juvenile charm. Having served its purpose, the minikilt is quickly discarded. Jerry comments that he knew it wouldn't stay on long. They play with each other like a pair of lesbians. Julian now only wears his thigh boots and long mittens.

"I am going to give you a taste for men, you damn little lezzie" I say in a low, exaggeratedly male voice; but Jerry sighs, "oh, but we adore men."

An enormous orange, quivering ass invades the TV screen as my cock experiences violent shooting sensations, impatient to penetrate anything hot and moist. I grab the closest thing available: Julian's narrow hips into which I plunge. "Easy," Jerry shouts, but obviously experiencing great pleasure at seeing his boyfriend getting vigorously fucked by such a huge dick.

Julian says nothing, but his attitude, modest and contrite, is admirable. "That's my little pussy," I murmur into his left ear while pinching his right nipple. But I have to finger-fuck Jerry while I fuck Julian to keep him from getting insanely jealous.

After having fucked and refucked Julian despite his constantly imploring me with his exhausted voice to stop, while we're on the bed like boarding school boys in a dormitory on a Sunday afternoon, with the relaxed feeling so typical of this sort of moment, I tell Julian that life isn't always a valley of tears but sometimes a bed of roses. How naive I am. Jerry and Julian's life is a never-ending delight.

— Why aren't we doing this at your home as usual?

"We don't want to make a mess," Jerry says. "Oh look," he says to Julian, pointing his finger at a particular gay performer working his meat on the screen, "We know him, he has a dungeon. I've been there by myself several times and we've gone together, too." Julian refuses to remember. He doesn't even glance at the screen.

He appears totally out of it. I imagine there's not much left of his brain, the happy slut, whatever was left probably fell out of his ass when I pulled my dick out. His limpid eyes reflect an absent expression of perfect emptiness. Surely for him a moment of grace.

I first met them in their vast pre-Raphaelite apartment not far from Victoria Station. From the start it's always been Jerry who opens the door, completely naked, except this time wearing a little gray hoodie, dainty little boots that zip up the sides, and white sport knee socks. He goes ahead of me swishing like a bar hostess down the endless dark hallway beneath the coffered ceiling, which extends to all the rooms. In the living room the big dog, sleeping in a heap, with its plastic collar, looks like a ceramic statue near the fireplace, which really is fake and

adds a touch of bourgeois luxury; the drug table is ready and waiting.

But Jerry and Julian entertain in separate rooms. Jerry gives of himself more freely when it's just the two of us; he is probably the top in the couple, at least at the beginning. As I fuck him, with all of the sensations that provides, I can't help admiring the little 17th- or 18th-century engravings of villages with their steeples and of castle gardens, their borders folded back and just tacked to the wall by some audacious decorator (there's something wonderfully right about them remaining unframed like that) and suddenly Julian bursts into the room.

Seeing Jerry's boots on the floor but thinking they're mine, he gets all excited by them, though they are exactly like his own. How fiercely one can be interested in something one owns, particularly when one doesn't immediately recognize the object! Understanding his error, Julian decides the boots are not so great after all—how equally fierce is the disinterest in one's belongings once one recognizes them as one's own—and he takes care of my dick, which is quickly engulfed by a pussy pretending to be shy, but is really dying for it.

Jerry has left us for other games in another room in this apartment, the source of so many squabbles that they end up deciding it's more convenient to hold their little orgies in a hotel.



One of my very first sexual partners was the Mongoloid son of a neighbor. I'm thirteen, he's sixteen. I can't stop looking at his perpetually agape, drooling mouth and his bulging eyes staring at my crotch. Damn, it's very sexy. I pat his head as I would that of a dog and he smiles stupidly. It's so exciting.

My fly seems to unzip by itself, like magic. He swallows my meat deep down his hot, moist throat while I hold him by the nape of his thick neck. My pants get immediately wet with his saliva; that day I had to make believe I pissed my pants while laughing hard at the movies. I hold him by the ears, practical handles for controlling the rhythm of the fellation; the idiot has no idea what's happening and blissfully lets me do my thing.

In fact this kid likes my hot cum a little too much and can't keep his eyes off my crotch, even when we're in public. I'm rather relieved when he's institutionalized in a place where I can still visit him often; my attitude of modesty and my down-cast eyes fool both our families who think I'm a Good Samaritan. I never miss an opportunity to accompany this handicapped creature to the toilet where he always empties my adolescent balls, in perpetual need of attention. God, I'm like Santa Claus to him. I guess I held his head deep down on my big cock once too often—he was so docile—one day the poor little darling stopped breathing with my dick deep in his throat, but the radiant look on his face left no doubt about his last impressions of life.

The death of an invalid rarely provokes serious investigation and no one noticed it wasn't mucus flowing from his nose. I think perhaps the sex with him was the most natural that I can remember. We never had to DISCUSS how to do it or not to do it.

I was born a sexual animal. Nothing beyond sex. What other purpose does a man serve than to have a frenetic sex life? As the train passes beneath the red, blue, green and pink fireworks at Seashore Dawn, I become aware that between my legs is an instrument of ecstasy and death, a veritable tool of love.

My cock is so big today that I feel as though I'm carrying it around like something outside of myself, something almost foreign to me.

I close the door of my ground-floor room that opens directly

onto the swimming pool around which the New Jersey boys, red as lobsters, all sweaty and wearing shades, are getting more and more soused.

They look as if they have come straight out of a four or five-image newspaper comic strip where the characters are only visible from the waist up and have hilarious but stagnant adventures around the office coffee machine. Later on, I'll go out and flaunt my dick in their faces and do my wet tee-shirt number.

That evening, Johnnie and I are in a gay bar at the back of a parking lot behind a butcher's shop. The usual Tom of Finland posters are on the black-painted walls, which create a pleasant sense of huddled oblivion in this space. Johnnie points out that the illustrator's work is no longer of interest to the younger generations and will probably soon be forgotten. Who gives a shit?

The bar is practically empty except for a single male couple, one of whom seems like a typical dead-drunk American writer, the other like someone pretending to be a still young man, with yellow hair and wearing a red zippered jacket—an overly tanned teenager in his forties whose outfit actually makes him look older. With my crazy penchant for sex, I first stop the writer in his tracks with my tongue—though I don't consume alcohol, I don't mind tasting it in someone else's mouth. In the meantime, Johnnie takes care of the teen.

A healthy hard-on rises between my thighs. I expose my meat and Johnnie, naturally a smooth talker (I guess today one would call it public relations) praises my merchandise with

unparalleled eloquence. My dick seems like the bottle of Coca-Cola when it first came on the market...

We go into the smoking section of the bar where there are more people, a whole bunch of old faggot farmers (Palm Springs valley is an ocean of cows and wind turbines) sucking down beer; the prize-winning cock, mine, makes the rounds, its weight is estimated, praised, admired—like the most gigantic cucumber ever produced, exceptionally large—the biggest fish in the sea. The thought occurs to me that it might make "this month's curiosities" column of the local newspaper, except that typical American prudishness would prevent that from ever happening.

We go back to the no smoking section where the depraved American intellectual (turns out he's an airline steward who has spent a lot of time in Europe) and the young blond rebel continue to get more and more drunk. The latter can't stay still and spouts incoherent sentences, striking poses that seem to be saying "I'm dangerous!" But why, for Chrissake?

His pal lets us know that he's a TV celebrity (his fame is for the moment in the men's room)—but neither Johnnie nor I watch "tevelision" as I call it. He finally spills the beans: the guy's a presenter on Fox News. Okay, so what?

When it comes to celebrities, I prefer Meena, whom I met in New York via the Internet. As often happens, I had no idea what she looked like until she opened the door to her room at the Hyatt. A beefy blond transvestite—pachydermic transsexualism is apparently all the rage—she has such big cheekbones that they're visible from the back of her head. She's

totally naked, her hair drawn into a little tuft high on her head behind impish bangs.

Meena left her native Iowa (where she performs when she's not in Las Vegas) just to have a little encounter with Joybringer. As an expression of my gratitude, I spread a sense of politeness the whole length of my dick, which I let her suck. She gobbles it up with exaggerated, simpering little-girl mannerisms.

Then trying to recall if I've ever penetrated anything so huge, I shove my huge cock, which almost looks tiny by comparison, into her huge pink ass, while fondling her equally huge breasts with both hands: are they like bags of potatoes ready to burst open or are they made of wax? Is any of it actually living flesh?

But, it doesn't matter; Meena is lovely, a delicate soul whom I let think has all the attractiveness and freshness of a virgin—and in some ways, it seems true. She lets herself get fucked with all the reverence, attentive concentration and blissful submission of a sweet doe yielding lovingly to her buck. Women are amazing, even the pleather version; apparently, since man invents woman, it happens all the time.

I can't stop gazing at the enchanting view outside the picture window of my 34th-floor hotel room on 42nd Street. The sky casts a glow on the slate blues, cold and warm gray tones, rust colors, ivory, titanium, ice and alabaster whites of an entanglement of lines on black, shimmering surfaces.

Ted and I are leaning naked against the lower window sill, the

moving contours of our bodies contrasting but also matching with the ocean of angles and level surfaces. These are the real magical castle of America, far superior to the Disney versions, which are only a mediocre copy of a copy of a fortified, military-style castle.

Speaking of fortifications...Ted has come to see me again after a first session where he said he only had time to give me a good blow job. This time he announced right off the bat that he had more time: I concluded that he had come with a more or less conscious notion he would be getting fucked. I couldn't be happier.

It's not easy, though. That beautiful white ass, its tender flesh turning red from my hard slaps, doesn't give it up so readily. Ted suffers, labors, moans, begs, succeeds from time to time in getting me to stop thrusting into him so he can get used to it, until I feel the contractions in his anal cavity that signal the guy is about to shoot his load.

I remain for some time stretched out on top of his quiet body, moving gently inside his now conquered, stretched wide open asshole, just the way I love them to be. Our conversation in front of the window makes him want to come off again, and so, kneeling between my legs, with me comfortably settled in the tapestry-covered armchair where he sucks me vigorously, he looks up from time to time to see the reflection of the Chrysler Building in the polished ink-black surface of my Ray-Ban Pilots.

Ted is replaced by Guglielmo, a tall Italian-type with a hairline just above his eyebrows, the perfect guy for the Strongest

Man in the World competition—an amazing strength contest where beefy types throw tree trunks around, lift rocks and barrels, drag trucks and airplanes, and engage in other playground games for giants dating from prehistoric times.

Guglielmo is just my type, among others, of course. I go at him with gusto and soon realize that this fag doesn't give it up without a struggle. Having two or three fingers shoved in his ass just tickles him a little. A jaw hold (holding his skull while slipping my thumb deep into his upper jaw) excites him to the point of drooling profusely and he voraciously sucks on the rest of my fingers...this guy's a real treat. I bite and lick his tits nonstop, I deep fuck him right up to my balls while slapping with the flat of my hand every inch of his hairy, trembling flesh.

The room seems to be ablaze and we're dripping with sweat. When I put my tongue on his eye below the lid, the electrified beast can't stop quivering. Luckily, because he is slightly overweight, he needs to stop and take a breath, otherwise I would bury myself in him in one quick stroke.

The big bottle of silicone-based lube has spilled everywhere. Used pink rubbers are flung all over the chairs and the bedside lampshades. All the terry-cloth towels are wet and dirty.

In the middle of this apocalypse, our faces triumphantly burning with sexual passion, we rejoice like two dogs who have just escaped confinement, surrounded by the torn-up remnants of the massacre. He empties his balls with a roar like that of a bear who has just awakened from hibernation in his lair in the middle of a wet dream.

I pull my dick out of him for an instant, but determined to go a second round in this supernatural coupling, I again brutally penetrate his deliciously contracting hole. The beast again spurts a torrent of thick cum while shouting animal cries, literally tortured by pleasure. The sex life of men, at such intense bestiality, seems like incomparable happiness.

I knock softly on the only door on the upper floor landing of an apartment building on rue de La Trémoille. It's what... 3, 4 AM? No answer. I knock a little harder. Still no answer. I take out my cellphone, punch in a number and hear the ring of a land line within. No one answers. I now bang on the door and finally I hear someone racing to answer. A young Arab opens with his finger to his lips: "Sh! You're going to wake up my mother." From the entry, the apartment appears huge. The young man invites me into a large, somewhat shabby living room on the left, which looks like it hasn't been renovated for thirty or forty years. Fortunately, there is not much furniture and it looks more like a place where people camp out from time to time rather than a place where someone lives permanently. The guy tells me to undress in the living room. He's very inebriated. I tend to like joking around and am a good

partner for those of a like mind. There are no drapes on the windows, just a huge, low, worn white leather sofa and three empty flower pots in front of the fireplace. Through the large windows one can see the little illuminated squares of windows in neighboring apartment buildings.

I find it odd that he has me undress in this very exposed room, especially strange coming from one of those wealthy Arabs who are usually so cautious and withdrawn. But I don't give a fuck; given my own sense of immodesty, my exhibitionism is such that anything goes.

He invites me to follow him toward his room, which requires that we go through a small, outdated kitchen, the door of which opens onto a long hallway where I spot a thin little brunette with short hair standing there in her bathrobe, suddenly discovering in her kitchen at 4 AM a naked westerner wearing nothing but a pair of Ray-Ban Pilots, his dick almost at eye level.

Her indignation is silent, motionless. She doesn't make a single sound or movement. She is fuming and looks like she might asphyxiate herself with rage. I race back to the living room, the guy following behind tells me that the next day is going to be really tough. That's his problem; he did it on purpose...getting totally drunk in order to come out to his mother like this will have triggered the cataclysm he wanted. I quickly grab my clothes and dress on the landing, narrowly escaping a maelstrom that has absolutely nothing to do with me.

Another time, again in the wealthy Arab context, a morbidly

obese guy hosts me in his Intercontinental Hotel room wearing nothing but a long-haired monkey coat, big Chanel sunglasses, and an extravagant junk jewelry necklace set with fake jade stones against the matte skin of his chest. We form a charming dark-glasses couple.

I am attentive to him as if he were a graceful young girl—this one at least is not chaperoned by a mother. This very young, very opulent harem princess is surrounded by an ocean of bags from a frenetic Paris shopping spree. Under the monkey coat is a set of buttocks that holds within it the pleasures of a thousand and one nights....

Nevertheless, my dick has a tough path to clear. Our "Night of the Stars" would make a great photo spread in the porn supplement of a celebrity magazine.

Again another moneyed Arab encounter, this time at Fouquet's on the Champs-Élysées, in the suite of someone who has just arrived in the city. It's morning, but he looks as if he has been up all night. He talks a lot, drinks a lot, sniffs a lot of coke, pukes a lot (he apparently still has to drink some more before being in a frame of mind to get fucked) tells me to get into his bed and insists that while I wait for him to join me I watch TV...something I never do. I prefer having a real life.

Then he goes off to make a phone call. He comes back to the room, where I am still in bed snacking on the chocolates and other sweets I found on the night table. All the tables in the suite are spread with things to eat, which of course are later added to the bill if they are consumed. These mini-apart-

ments are like boutiques where one can spend the night.

The guy is now babbling on the phone with his fiancée (suddenly I understand the reason for the cooing sounds coming from the next room). Apparently the relaxation related to the brutally excessive alcohol and drug orgy makes him feel sentimental...it's really outrageous. He spends a long time puking in the bathroom, which separates the bedroom and the living room. I almost feel like puking myself. He comes back frequently for a brief moment and time goes by.

I dive into the chocolates on the other night table, open all the packages of Hermès fragrances in the bathroom to sprinkle some on the sheets and finally allow him, reluctantly, to raise the TV screen up from its base at the foot of the bed, mostly so this guy can be assured that I have something to do with my time. I glance toward it periodically and fall into a stupor, followed by my usual consternation in front of TV...it's like a good, old, hideous working bee, laboring hard to put everything imaginable behind a screen.

He comes back into the room but shortly leaves again to get back on the phone, this time with his fiancé, a man he has loved secretly for five years without daring to tell him and who, of course, is not a homo.

Finally, when I have just about run out of patience, he comes and throws himself on the bed like a bitch in heat giving herself with great enthusiasm, moaning under the weight of the male who is doing his duty. I take care of him in one bite among the candy wrappers and Hermès scents, while all during this time the TV spits out its endlessly inept sound and

light display.

With his vast hairy folds of enormous, animal flesh, but even fatter (with a monster cock, monster and a half) this Egyptian is quite pleasant. In the depths of the 16th arrondissement, in a bedroom at the far end of an endless hallway, past one with hundreds of sweaters meticulously arranged by color, with on the floor enough footwear to make a shoe store look empty, he lies on his back on the bed and I sit on his chest with my dick at the level of the mouth that voraciously swallows it.

This thick-lipped orifice encircled by a mustache and goatee irresistibly reminds me of a hairy pussy into whose drooling wetness I have the pleasure of watching my massive rock-hard cock penetrate to the hilt. I amuse myself by speaking to him very formally, this son of the rich silt beds of the Nile, calling him Monsieur Mohammed; but when getting down to business I am much more familiar, calling him every nasty name I can think of and he deserves it, the fat slut. All that hair and flesh, dammit, it often feels like zoophilia in such instances.

I make him suck my balls, eat my ass (Do not ever use the tip of your tongue). I chew on the nipples of his gigantic hairy tits and finally I shoot on his face long spurts of very white, very thick cum—he also shoots his load while staring at my face, mesmerized and thrown back into the realm of his childhood dreams, never seeing beyond the blackness of my Ray-Ban Pilots.

When I leave him, I take the wrong door. It's much farther than I remembered to the elevator where, like at Claridge's Mayfair in London, one can sit on a little bench.

This Hard Déco apartment building, listed for historic preservation (no, I don't like modernity), with its abstract-style stained glass window in the hall—reminds me of another really luxurious one on the banks of the Seine, on the last floor of which is the duplex that I'm entering and which contains to the last detail, on the highly polished and varnished surface of the warm and deep, chestnut-colored exotic woods and the shiny chrome that plays against it, period furnishings and works of art from the 1937 World's Fair.

My Italian host nearly takes a spill when his slipper slides on the mirror finish of the wooden step of the spiral staircase that leads to the second floor, but he grabs the chrome handrail and avoids catastrophe.

He is only temporarily in this apartment lent to him while his own places are being renovated. He offers me his beautiful square Roman ass, which I prepare to vigorously penetrate, emboldened by the mental image of so many ancient colonnades, circus games, imperial bodyguards, victories over the Gauls and all the barbarians. He ends up on all fours, his ass high in the air, getting fucked to the hilt by a solitary wolf roaming from city to city by air.

It happens every time...whenever I am standing in front of a door that is about to open, ready to discover the guy I'm about to fuck, I experience the same excitement. Not to mention those that I never actually see, like the one I host at my place behind a screen that I myself installed, an opaque plastic curtain into which I have cut a glory hole at cock level, my cock level, just beyond the entrance door to my apartment and hiding the short corridor.

The boy falls to his knees as soon as he gets to the curtain, deep throats me until I order him to give me his ass: I penetrate two holes, one in the plastic barrier and the second on the other side of it, nestled between the pink roundness of his butt that I can only sporadically see.

Holes, slits, orifices, I've always considered them to be terribly seductive objects (or is each one the negative of some other object?). Like symbolic or real rings, bands that suggest the bounds of copulation, compression, blood and muscle retention, the pleasure bubble that swells, swells, swells to the point of bursting forth the seed contained within....

I am still convinced that a man and a woman, when making love, are wrought with feelings of hatred and selfishness, the feelings of creatures overwhelmed by their instincts, their erotic irritation.

The closer a man and a woman get to orgasm, the more they individually lose themselves in the desire to do harm, destroy, avenge themselves, spill themselves into the immense container of the universe, whatever the cost. Particularly the man who, at the crucial moment, with the totality of his balls, wants his sperm to impregnate the female and that a poor little being suffer the consequences of his progenitor's moment of pleasure....The sire will later view the result of that crucial moment of pure spite and lack of concern for its consequences with much guilt—mixed with the desire to conclude his bad deed by rape and bad advice, and especially with indifference and boredom. Faced with a bundle of energy greater than his own, he ends up simply reproducing the problem.

Hidden within these rather ordinary circumstances is the capacity to inspire many sexual fantasies. The voice-over in my films bears witness to that fact, and while listening to it, so many men get hard and spill their useless seed, just like you, perhaps, who are reading this with my book in one hand and

your hard dick in the other, unless of course, you're a woman.

If you're not already doing so, why not stroke yourself while listening to your own mental voice telling you the following story? That I might occupy the place in you that the story creates at the heart of your imagination is already a meaningful penetration to which you've carelessly opened yourself. Can you feel via these sentences lubricated by a certain style, how my fable is penetrating your consciousness?

There is a place in Paris that I really like a lot, a sauna called l'Atlantide, near the Gare de Lyon, which defines itself as being "licentious." For a couple of euros one can watch and participate in a show other than the private performances that I give and where there is no really passive audience, which makes this living art incomparably superior to the rather dilapidated museums that performance halls have become. People show up alone or as a couple, men and women (I don't know if they would accept pets; I could ask them but I doubt it) to create or watch spontaneous living tableaux.

Lots of fat, old, not very graceful men are dressed up as incredibly hilarious women: wig, garter belts, flamboyant lipstick, and stiletto heels are de rigueur. In fact, there is a sign in the cloakroom asking that no one climb up on the upholstered benches and cushions wearing high heels. One excited guy chases after these provocative parodies of femininity. "I have a wife at home," he says. "Then what are you doing here?" I ask him. "I'm bored to death at home...."

A bit later, in one of the private little rooms, I see him finger-fucking with great dexterity, judging by the very audible

moans, the anus of a man well into his fifties, lying on his side, thighs spread wide, one black-stockinged leg high in the air, wearing a lovely matching lace bustier, a squarish chestnut and blond wig, and very bright lipstick.

Based on a very simplistic psychology, I draw the conclusion that the aroused man is probably frustrated never to see his spouse have an orgasm, and is therefore, before my eyes, providing himself with excellent compensation here.

Observing the scene gets me going. I plunge through the crowd with the authority of an actor about to go on stage to play his role. After conscientiously having my balls licked by the reviled creature and while the finger-fucker concentrates his efforts on the breasts, which have now popped out of the bustier, I smear some lipstick on my dick and, taking advantage of the now relaxed anus, I plow the false female for the entire audience to see. They are all stirred by the turn the event has taken (as a reporter covering the scene would say).

The hollow, very wet-blanket fantasy world of the theater in the hall that the sixties and seventies have made into a pompous watchword of modernity and bullshit freedom of speech suddenly takes on all its meaning. Many of the spectators are emboldened and suck on a nipple or jerk off a dick....Not a single line prompter behind the curtain would serve any purpose here: everyone involved is without question a natural-born actor. If there were a fireman on duty, he would already have his pants down and be getting plowed, his ass on fire.

The show continues until one of the sauna employees com-

plains about the overuse of this somewhat narrow space. The tableau breaks up at that point, but it doesn't matter, each performer having completed what the implicit terms of the program required of him. We all gather for comments and critiques at the bar for a friendly drink among "life" professionals. The art will have been, in its antique form, in terms of this type of accomplishment, just an outdated metaphor, an archaic pantomime imposed by false modesty and religions. It's what my favorite medieval philosopher, Downwithart, proclaimed. But the simple, spontaneous Actionism of l'Atlantide, a rediscovered continent of the most naïve debauchery which didn't move away into a representation, is what provides its daily amusement. Go and see for yourself, if you don't believe me.



To the sound of New Wave trills, my phone suddenly lights up and the caller ID indicates it's Cabbie. I know the routine. Hail a cab for a short trip from North to South Kensington with, during the whole trip, Cabbie calling and pleading with me, over and over again, always with the same request: ask the driver if he wouldn't mind leaving the meter running and accompanying me to Cabbie's ground-floor apartment to confirm the fact that he is a cosmic-size whore who loves getting plowed by monumental dicks.

Cabbie's recurring fantasy in fact makes me feel queasy. He sees himself surrounded by as many guys as possible, supposedly straight, which he says is a sure thing if they're old and pot-bellied (he unconsciously evokes a classic stereotype of non-gay men, but in my opinion, it's more a question of a

total lack of sensuality and consequently of any desire to seduce).

Today, male heterosexuality is simply becoming sexual inexperience in a vast number of cases. Men do not choose an exclusive taste for women, they just don't get beyond the primitive naïveté of the "normal" reproductive sexuality concept.

Most of them, if chance or their own inclination leads them to discover sex between men, give themselves over to a sensual pleasure that makes them quickly forget romantic postcards and the language of seduction for the blushing skin and gleaming eye of physical contentment; obviously none of this makes much sense when the true indifference of men in their older years toward fucking one hole rather than another is put into perspective.

Getting back to Cabbie and his taste for the prole behind the wheel, the absolute proof of the latter's heterosexuality remains without question in the fact that, his fat ass wedged into an armchair and his hands placed comfortably on his giant belly, he quietly, majestically, watches a DVD where some chick is getting herself boned by a gang of ruffians, one after the other, while right next to him Cabbie is having his ass torn apart by my humongous dick.

Whether I am naked or partially dressed, it is essential that I wear thick, white athletic socks. One has to spend hours in the armchair watching the same porno flick where the same chick gets her face covered with sperm, always having her perfect hair and perfect makeup abjectly disheveled and smeared,

symbolizing the taking of her virginity and the destruction of her purity. A man with an erection always wants to abolish, scorn and soil. Sexuality is the framework of a murderous violence that only fantasy—supple and active imagination—can direct away toward inoffensive games where pleasure is shared with neither harm nor guilt.

Cabbie is often bent forward with his head over the low table snorting coke. When he gets back up he grabs on each side of him a cock that he jerks off and then impales himself on whichever is the hardest. His man pussy is hot and deep. Without getting too distracted from the two-dimensional orgies, (which they stare at more to show attitude than by interest; it's the basic purpose of the tube), the surrounding men must appear thrilled and almost mockingly make comments on what an incredible bitch, a real street whore he is; and then they egg him on, forcing him, if necessary, to get fucked by the most male, as the most basic cry of nature, the call of the female in heat (Cabbie) demands from the quivering stallion (me).

Cabbie is often better when he is coached. This time an older black man, an attentive and stern instructor, drums into his head very strict orders on the positions he must assume and for which he has no choice but complete submission. A very special talent for improvisation, a limitless capacity to embroider on a single theme, not forgetting that of the bards from ancient times or of Arab storytellers, are the indispensable qualities for this kind of high-level purely hypnotic, seemingly cataleptic suggestion.

In the end, the private show will have preceded, survived and

lived beyond the crudeness of public shows, I think to myself, as Cabbie sinks into his few seconds of precious happiness, falling head first into the sofa cushions, loosening his grip on the back of the sofa that he had been grasping with both hands while I took advantage of his position to sink my dick even deeper into him, the hook that allows man to hold by this claw of his rostrum, of his spear, this flesh that he clamps onto, hooked to some circular muscle of the creature he is fucking, perfected over a long period by an imperious necessity through almost infinite time.

But reading Cabbie's name on my caller ID got me geographically off track. I'm in Paris, not London and it's Sunday, 7 AM. "Let's go to a sauna, I'm horny as hell!" his text message reads.

Everything is closed at this hour. I tell him to come pick me up with a taxi and I'll bring him to a cheap hotel near the Gare du Nord where he will be able to give free reign to his monomaniacal depravation, his desperate search for the pure essence of virility, of God-male, of which I will be the most credible, ultimate incarnation possible.

In the shadows behind the double glass door of the hall, freshly painted in the traditional forest green, I see, like an apparition, his pale little face wearing sophisticated tortoiseshell eyeglasses with brass trim.

He sent away the taxi, the driver of which he didn't like. Crap. Now we have to race around the neighborhood to find another one, along this boulevard that has run below the elevated subway since the Eiffel Tower launched itself into the air

as high as possible in its conquest of space.

It goes without saying, I have been instructed to convince the driver to help me tear apart Cabbie's mouth and ass, a scenario that he is so crazy about, especially, you've understood, in front of witnesses. His excitement is always suspended somewhere between desire and the fear of being discovered engaging in an illicit act.

Stroke of luck... a taxi comes down the street and miraculously stops when I hail it. I silently thank the hard economic times, which apparently make it necessary for these guys, who will soon be replaced by robots, to work from time to time. I head with my gift of gab straight toward the fiftyish, friendly driver, but Cabbie signals to me not to bother. I gather this one doesn't interest him, although he's the ordinary, family man-type who corresponds to the spectator profile that Cabbie prefers for his "productions."

When we get out at the Gare du Nord, on the Boulevard Magenta, Cabbie explains to me that of course the driver suited his taste, but that the man never would have accepted my proposition. I trust his profound wisdom in the matter and take his word for it.

We roam around a bit aimlessly in the deserted streets on this May 1st weekend. An Ibis Hotel, fully booked anyway, is not the sort of hotel Cabbie envisioned for getting fucked. I head toward rue du Faubourg Saint Denis and look for the Hôtel de Bordeaux.

I haven't brought a street walker there in ages and begin to

worry. Has the frightening increase in tourist traffic in Paris caused the transformation of this squalid place into yet another designer hotel?

But traditions are hard to kill and the dump is still there, intact, dirty and rundown, with the inevitable Arab receptionist asleep in the shabby little sitting room to the side of the main desk. We wake him up, this young rather well-built guy with a curly blond beard, probably well-hung, with his heavy low-hanging blond balls bouncing as he walks toward us. Although it's 8 AM, he greets us with Good Evening.

Unfortunately, they're also fully booked. As we leave, in a philosophical, Greek-prophecy tone of voice, Cabbie assures me that the receptionist would certainly have fucked him in the ass. The man would probably, as the Delphian oracle predicted, quickly gotten hard at the idea and would have mounted Cabbie like any other female mountain goat whose hind legs he would have grasped during the process, until his painfully full balls emptied themselves into the beast who would then wander off limping, half maimed, ready for the next selection for slaughter.

On rue Alfred Jarry, a few steps away, for sixty-five euros, we find a second-floor room, #103, with twin beds. Not so bad, in the end, even if very plain; I miss the bare wood floor marked by cigarette burns, the musty, smoky odor, and the paper-thin walls of the Hôtel de Bordeaux, through which one hears every word of the arguments between whores and dealers.

While thinking of Jarry's "Messaline", I lean out the window looking over the street named after the author of "Ubu Roi,"

nearly deserted at this hour, stroking my dick behind the curtain, while Cabbie rolls himself a fat joint. He's also struggling with a DVD player, which he does not manage to get working, fortunately.

I pace across the little room darkened by the almost completely drawn curtains with my meat hanging between my legs; the more it flops from one thigh to the other, the longer and thicker it gets. Cabbie is stripped down to his T-shirt and except for the mandatory white athletic socks, he is naked from his feet to his waist with his big hairy ass. It's indeed his uniform for getting fucked.

With one finger, I diligently play with the protuberance of his anal sphincter while, with my thumb and some water-based lube, I massage with short, quick movements his prostate the way one would a clitoris; I feel his knees starting to weaken, his back arching and his ass rising, the man is transformed into the female animal who desires, more than anything, to be mounted and have her womb opened by the battering ram of the male, while all the farmhands get an eyeful and stand around with their hands in their pockets and a knowing look on their faces.

As he kneels on the bed, I order him to get his butt as high up as possible and to spread wide his legs. I love this big, solid rump like that of a percheron, (a draft horse initially bred in the Perche, in Normandy, in the northwestern part of France), or rather of a percheronne, that spreads open to expose the pink, puckered, palpitating hole.

Good powder? Just the right Parisian ambiance? I've never

felt him so relaxed under me, so ready to get fucked to the hilt despite the absence of the usual half-dozen onlookers. He has three-quarters of my dick in his ass and it hardly bothers him not to be watched by a third party who is shocked, impressed, or feels his eyes violated by what he sees. Or else is Joybringer, with his Ray-Ban Pilots, both actor and audience for this scene? What do I know.

Cabbie feels, hefts, licks, jerks my cock, all the while praising himself, surprised at his ability to take up the ass such a slab of hard meat. Did he take the whole thing? Of course not, but an incredibly huge part of it. He mentions my brother Ralph, father of three children, with whom I occasionally visit the whores. It's a real treat for the cunt of the slut we select, since Ralphie is as well-endowed as his brother.

Cabbie places one condition on getting fucked deep, that I call Ralph while I'm doing it. I glance at the time on my cell-phone and conclude that on a Sunday morning, my brother and his little family are leaving the open-air market of the village where they have a country place, a kid on his shoulders (one of those he procreated by fucking Vulvina to the point of getting her pregnant with much more than needed of his sperm...nature is so wasteful) like in the bank ad, his wife with a bouquet of country garden flowers in her straw basket. I think I can make the phone of this imaginary brother ring without disturbing him very much....

I cleave Cabbie's hole in two and despite my tone of voice, which I tell myself is probably not all that convincing, he swallows my story by the same hole as my cock, dying to drink at the well without paying too much attention to the tenuous

source of his narrow fantasy.

After having described at length to Ralphie what I'm doing to this filthy bitch, and what he and I will do to him together the first chance we get, just the way he likes it, I hang up feeling like I've just buried a brother that I can always exhume if the occasion requires. It's the perfect family.



I am emboldened by the success of my first DVD. I loved giving a lecture on sexuality with objects on the one hand, and having my way with King Fu on the other hand, me looking like a bloodless vampire. I feel like shooting forward and launching my necro-pedo-zoophilic project: get some male and female piglet corpses, and fuck them.

After all, even if it's forbidden to abuse animals, what harm is there in playing games with food? Is it more criminal to penetrate the flesh of a dead pig whose genitals and anus have been prepared for this purpose, than to jerk off in polystyrene packaging between the all-pork chipolatas it contains under the transparent protective wrapping? To fuck a whole tuna rather than perforate a box of fish-shaped breaded fish sticks? Well, all this seems easier to write about than to do.

That's where I am with my thoughts when the Montgomery, Alabama, train station comes into view. Up to that point, I had been watching flow by scenes of rolling hills, scattered with all breeds of cows, horses and peaceful sheep, along with all the little houses and slower-moving vehicles on the parallel roads, all thrown into the abyss of oblivion by the speed of the train, interwoven twirling elements that were probably not unlike the rhythm of my vibrating meditation.

I find my mother very tired, her face very drawn, wearily telling me in the car how my father is a total wreck after some months of a long illness that has taken a turn for the worse the past few weeks. Nevertheless, she maintains a certain dignity for which I am grateful. My professional life takes up all of my time and I only come back to this house in the suburbs of Montgomery for an evening. I spent my adolescence (after a childhood in San Antonio, Texas) in this house and I used to hate it, but now I am totally indifferent to it. My father has been in a wheelchair since the hemiplegia attack he recently suffered.

This idea, associated with the sight of his paralysis—to put it bluntly, his inability to defend himself—bring up in me terrible thoughts that I will always be careful never to reveal, neither in my memoirs nor to anyone, out of basic caution.

I have always felt what I think is a very ordinary sexual attraction to my father. Did he himself take advantage of my naïvety to make me feel one time or another in my early childhood the swelling of his big cock, like mine would later become and perhaps even a lot bigger (but the perceptions of scale in children are adapted to their own proportions), in some circum-

stances that the framework of the presumed innocence of family relations always provides?

I don't see why my father would have deprived himself of it more than anyone else. When a man gets a hard-on, even if he winds up regretting and hiding his actions later, nothing can stop him. It might have happened and I've forgotten all about it, like so much else. Besides what would have been so special about it for me to remember anyway?

My father appears conscious, his drooling mouth agape, looking on and seemingly amused by the scene and by my words while I explain calmly to my mother that she cannot depend on me to replace Dad at home.

I'll skip over her complaints and her indignation. The false unawareness of family as concerns the animal mechanisms that are its driving force is inexcusable. With an idea in the back of my mind, I agree to stay with the old man while my mother goes out to shop for dinner.

Alone with my father, I take advantage of his forced immobility to give free rein to the swelling of my dick. Taking it out of my pants and stroking it, I move toward him. With my other hand, I gently pat his aged white head, which responds to nothing; still there seems to be a glimmer of amusement in his eyes, perhaps sheer interpretation on my part, as he focuses his attention on my cock. Turning his chin just a little, I have no difficulty whatsoever putting the head of my cock in his mouth. He is totally passive and lets me do as I like, and I am moved by his obedience. I stick the whole length of my member in the mouth of the very man who created me by doing

the same in my mother's womb. In the end, between him and me, it's all about thrusts of our dicks.

Despite his condition, I see that what's between his legs is quite swollen, and as I start to fuck his face faster, taking advantage of the non-stop flow of his salivary glands, a wet spot in his crotch and a wide-eyed stare such that his eyes look as if they might pop out of their sockets leave no doubt that he has ejaculated. I maintain my position in the silent, flaccid throat of the dying man. My sperm spurts into my dead father's throat. He has just suffocated, painlessly.

Despite my feeling of disgust when I think about my own little death, I have no regrets about having done my father a favor by providing him such sweet last moments (a clear sign that I forgive him), and my mother as well who, when she got back and despite her breaking down in tears, is relieved not to have to take care of a "vegetable" any longer.

I take mental note of one more experience for my records. The memory of that last, simple embrace calms in me any feeling of rancor. Even though my parents produced me and despite what they did to me, I hold no grudge against them. Except perhaps regretting not having had the time to go back, after the burial to spurt a little more cum onto my father's grave. I can render that homage at a later date, if it occurs to me.

I get hard just thinking about seeing Sean, that young lamb who drives all the way from Liverpool to London to offer me his ass after a rugby match from which he shows up all scratched and bruised, dripping with sweat, his uniform rolled up in a ball in his bag.

His young, milky-white, thick, muscular body on which the bruises stand out in delightful contrast, his shock of thick, red hair that I pull back with one hand as I spread his bovine cheeks a bit more or press hard on the small of his back to get his ass higher in the air, these are all delicious treats for my wolf's voracity for the flock. I mustn't nibble into his neck too much before biting, swallowing the blood. But I'm an apartment wolf, a wise wolf who doesn't get into scenes involving blood.

Sean is very quiet and attentive in my presence. However, he is very talkative in his emails. I know all his fantasies and love satisfying them. Fucking is so much a part of my nature that I do all sorts of things without even thinking and those things are so much shared without thought that it's quite rare for something to excite me without equally exciting my partner, always on a level of pure instinct.

For now, I am happy to contemplate the splendor, such as one might find in a stable, of his long, thick dick hanging below his enormous, full balls, surmounted by the terribly throbbing moist jewel of his anus already turned rosy-pink from multiple penetrations, quivering, gaping, as if in the hope of being penetrated until, from the powerfully defined cock hanging between his thighs—and without him even having to touch himself—the juvenile seed of a young bull is released.

In the end, I write the way I fuck and I dare to believe that, just as I give and take pleasure in lovemaking, I give it as well by writing freely, carried along by my improvisational inspiration; why the hell would it be any other way?

I met Sebastian in a lovely little apartment at Odéon; I still see him, but now in a duplex in the Marais not far from the Rue des Rosiers. He only calls me when he is quite drunk, this young blond Dane with an eternally childlike physique, despite being well into his thirties.

One time I called this charming child "sonny" or "baby" and since that unintended comment, we play an innocent father/son game. "Fuck me, Daddy" he whispers, his eyes

rolling back with sensuality, bloodshot from poppers and booze, his butt in the air, which I keep at just the right angle for my deep, rhythmic penetration. "That's right, my boy, you're getting plowed by your old man, by the dick that created you, you little bitch, I who shot my sperm, my fertilizing juice, onto the welcoming ovule of your mother to whom you'll never breathe a word about this, right? You will never tell her that I fuck your ass every morning before you leave for school and every night before you fall asleep in your daddy's arms ("Daa...dee" he wails in counterpoint with the muffled voice of a child), your dad who is telling you a story in his own special way. Once upon a time there was a very fat, very tall, very strong, very black, and very hairy bearded ogre who bounced his very blond, very pink, very little son on his knee. The more the child bounced, the higher up he went and it seemed to him that a thick, burning hot, elastic bar was becoming bigger and thicker beneath his tight little pink ass. One day the daddy held his little boy firmly by the shoulders and something very big opened up that little virgin ass that felt very hot and painful, but also felt really pleasurable. He no longer bounced in the air, it was his daddy who was moving his hips until the child felt a hot spurt of liquid filling his insides with such force that a both bitter and sticky sweet taste came up through him right into his throat....C'mon little whore, do as that little blond boy did and let your daddy go deep into your ass. "Daa...dee..." And don't let me find out you've been giving your butt to your brothers or your uncles, okay? Not until you've been given permission. Otherwise you're going to catch hell. If I want you to get fucked by other men, I'll organize a little family get-together and you'll be a nice little boy to Uncle Dan, Uncle Phil, and Uncle Alan who has once again knocked up Auntie Aline who will maybe once

again produce a little faggot like you whose cherry I'll have the pleasure of busting. Auntie Aline doesn't want my brother Alan to fuck her because she's too close to term....So now your uncle doesn't know what to do to empty his balls, poor guy. C'mon, I'm going to give him a call. Once I've shot my hot thick load up your little boy pussy, he'll show up and your little hole will be all ready, all nicely lubed up for him to plow you right under the eyes of your father and he'll get his rocks off when he's good and ready. As long as it stays within the family and everyone gets what he needs, there's nothing left to say. C'mon, darling, make a little effort and spread your thighs wider so your dad can get his cock in deeper. Why do you think I brought you into life if not for you to serve some purpose and to do everything I order you to do? And this is only the beginning: get ready to serve, to serve me, with no whining and no complaining. You'll do everything daddy asks you to do, won't you, little one?"

"Oh yes, Daa...dee, fuck me hard!" Sebastian moans; fucked to the balls, crushed, liquified, his shoulders flattened on the mattress by all my weight, which he must endure, his closed eyes seeing the very real image of his real father on the inside of his eyelids, in circumstances burned as by an erotic branding iron into little Sebastian's psyche; the father naked in the bathroom, coming out of the shower and drying his genitals right in the face of the little boy in the bathtub, or coming out of the parents' bedroom like a whirlwind to go get something his wife just had to have immediately, displaying a magnificent post-coital erection bouncing between his thighs and from which perhaps still drips a bit of semen; Sebastian, in the depths of the shadows in his room, fascinated, plays over and over for hours the mental film of this vision...."Swallow your

daddy's cock," I bellow at him, pushing my dick into the face of this no longer so young little fag, but whose erotic memories will never grow old.

I've been inside a lot of apartments in Paris with Mark. He's a real estate agent and, being married and unable to host, he takes advantage of several sets of keys.

He has come downstairs to open the huge iron gate of the entrance to an apartment building on Rue Jean Goujon; an immensely opulent apartment, covered with impeccable, though faded, fabric everywhere and that looks as though it hasn't been opened up since 1975. There are cushions in tiers in the living room on the right; on the left there is a glass dining room table and enough Plexiglass chairs for a dozen guests.

One would have to look between the folds of the heavy, lined draperies, move the furniture and the frames on the walls to know what the original colors of the decor were. At a glance I would say the still water green has replaced the original green of the Appalachians during a storm when the leaves curl up, the jade green has faded to a Pompadour pastel shade, the canopy of the round bed on which Mark is positioned naked and on all fours was certainly in the past a rich coral or Indian pink shade rather than this pale tea rose color.

Right in the middle of all this faded silk, Mark offers himself to me like a whore just doing her job, offering a hole for her client-of-the-moment to fuck until he has found relief, and so on, always offering her pussy or asshole, each guy choosing which orifice he wants or maybe both. Mark is so much that

bitch that I have barely penetrated past the entrance to his rectum when he silently explodes, shooting his thick cum on the faded oyster shell satin coverlet.

Another time in a 17th-century building on Rue Bonaparte, three hundred square yards including a ground floor shop, two floors and an attic: six million euros plus agent's fees; on the floor and walls green carpeting the color of the forest after a storm when the leaves are dripping with rain; the wood paneling is not original.

Mark closes the shutters of the second floor that communicates with the ground-floor shop by a straight, narrow staircase. He is more patient this time and after the terrible pain at the beginning of anal penetration, he relaxes and not only offers me his ass without hesitating, but begs me to fuck him harder and faster, because, in the end, he wants to again feel the infinite exaltation of the initial pain.

With little thought, I tear into his ass and the man under me arches his back as his anal cavity contracts to the rhythm of his ejaculation. His pleasure is dizzying, he nearly loses consciousness, but he takes that pleasure with a guilty conscience, ashamed of himself as soon as his balls are drained. He wipes his ass, then spits into the draperies and the cushions; it's all very 17th century.

My page is not blank, it is covered with ink. I must clean up all the ink spilled uselessly over its surface in order to see the words, or maybe they are written with sympathetic ink on the page that just seems blank and I must pour the developer on it—what more consoling fantasy is there for the solitude of the writer than the feeling of preexisting becoming?

Released into the black night, with my eyes I dodge the hooks of advertising catch phrases, everywhere, in the most obvious places, in spots of light that make everything look pale and seedy, lying in wait for a split second of inattention.

As a soldier in the daily war of images, I dart between the bullets while grasping at neutral details: a dingy, dirty street corner, light from a street lamp coming through the early spring

leaves of a linden tree, the plump butt of a street sweeper whom I would like to bend over a bit more as he does his work. My taxi stops in front of Stan's apartment building in the 14th arrondissement. This boy, well over thirty, has a look that's a bit goth: shaved skull, blond goatee, piercing, and a vast tattoo covering one whole arm and shoulder.

On this beautiful member of the flock, in several somewhat faded colors, the tattoo is big and attractive enough to give weight to the arm that ends with a hand that gently begins to fondle my already swollen crotch.

It's not for himself that Stanislas opens his door, at least not directly, even though we French kiss for a bit. It's for his boyfriend, Damien, who is sound asleep and snoring gently like a puppy when I enter the bedroom. It's a charming sight: Damien stretched out on his stomach, a fresh, pink little Bacchus with his shaved head and short blond beard trimmed into a point, all plump and more appetizing than a raspberry macaroon. His large eyelids are closed like those of a child exhausted by play and sleeping heavily with fatigue.

At Stan's insistence, I try to rouse the young faun by whacking him with my cock. He's really out, probably drunk, judging by his heavy breathing, and deep into the nether regions of sleep. Stan encourages me to keep it up, like a malicious demon whose mission is to torment the sleeper. I slap my cock on the boy's face with more insistence; Damien awakens slowly and with difficulty, raising a single eyelid to reveal a blue eye that sees what, exactly? Joybringer, standing over him, forcing his mouth open to swallow his cock. Standing near the bed, Stan smiles gently as he begins to jerk himself off; it occurs to me

he probably had fucked Damien for a good part of the night. At any rate, the boy's ass, which I begin to fondle gently and then probe with a couple of fingers, which slide in easily, shows signs that someone had recently paid homage to his fuck hole, you can trust the opinion of this bringer of joy.

Damien goes directly from sleeping like a log to working on my rock-hard dick that is now banging against his tonsils. I lean against the big mirror above the bed to facilitate my in and out movements and see, down by my balls, two blue and white orbs that stare wide-eyed up at me in astonishment. Looking down at Damien, I can't help being reminded of a cute little garden gnome statue, the kind of figure that would make me willingly behave like a fool in a suburban garden; at nightfall I'd have some fun with the little guy.

I let him take a breather and start to busy myself with his nice round ass, hot as fire, a beautiful ripe fruit to split in half and devour. Stan has set Damien on all fours and, with my hard cock straight out, I penetrate him just a bit. He moans and begs for mercy. Stanislas looks at me with an expression of complicity on his face.

This is almost like rape. Once before Stanislas had to call me back to cancel my visit, all upset because of a terrible fit of rage that the nice little Pan had just had. ...But this time, the Easter bunny and all the pastel decorations around the fake wishing well maintain their cuteness despite a few growls from the beast who still isn't sure how he feels about his situation, but who submits blissfully nevertheless. Damien lets himself get plowed, succumbs to the will of his partner who has him fucked whenever, however and by whomever he chooses.

Now, in spite of himself, he's beginning to moo like a cow who's being deflowered and who is discovering for the first time her physical function; he has an ass orgasm, just like an animal in heat that is overcome by the hold her body has on her.

The orgasms are now happening closer and closer together. I have to struggle to stay inside the casing that is now contracting with more and more violent spasms, staying on course in the ass while the storm rages. I deal stoically with the squall.

The earthquake, the organic maelstrom not only seems endless, but also winds up being more painful than pleasant for the one experiencing it. The quaking of the flesh destroys him, smothers him like the twisting and turning circles of the boa constrictor. He seems to have an orgasm that overcomes and annihilates him, leaving him powerless. His anus seems to have a life of its own. It appears to be trying to get rid of the ecstatic yoke inflicted on him by my braquemard (an instrument of medieval wheel torture consisting of a metal bar used to break the bones of the victim), which leaves me perplexed. There is hardly any room left for my own pleasure in the excesses of the flesh that I am fucking, except for my fervent devotion to the task at hand.

And making sure that my dick is in as deep as it can be and while quickening my thrusts to take back control of the ship that had been so shaken about by natural elements, I ask myself: isn't this like the perfect female orgasm? On the one hand desirable but also feared, a proof of pleasure? Happiness suffered? Can an orgasm take on all the aspects for some people of something sick and therefore can the wound

and the pain in turn lead to ecstasy and annihilation as books on religion, science and the psychology of perversions constantly claim? As far as I'm concerned, it's better actually to be in that place than only talk about it.

I'm really just a very basic stud and my libido quickly concludes that these brainy questions are pointless. Sticking my hard cock in a hot hole and thrusting in and out until I ejaculate is the extent of my philosophy. Why concern myself with the swell of the haunch I have taken advantage of...all this rolling movement to accelerate the rhythm and then releasing, me too, but on another register—that of the captain of the ship—the shouts of coition, growling in my deep voice, raucous moans in rhythm with the pulsating contractions of my genitals and then the ejection of millions of spermatozoids (my generosity knows no limits) flowing into the strictly guaranteed limits of the manufacturer of a Trojan MAGNUM condom, separated by just a few microns of latex from the still writhing, hot anal cavity that I just vigorously fucked?

Another time, again the three of us, playing at being a giant, a hunter wearing a feather in his hat, and the pheasant hen. In the papier-mâché forest, painted in the most charming colors by our imaginations, roaming about among the branches of the stylized trees of the Brothers Grimm, it's the German gnome who is disguised as the bird with his asshole in the air, Stanislas is the hunter wearing green stockings and whose quiver bears the arrow, which pinning our falsely rebellious feathered friend to the trunk of an old oak tree, gives the giant permission to stuff his enormous member into him. A yellowed page, rolling up with the grace and split cracks of parchment, turns.



My proselytizing will be the end of me. There is nothing I like better than engaging a heterosexual in conversation about my sex life and the sex life of men, in general. No more than two or three hours ago (you can boast about having the very latest scoop from me), I come out of a boiling steam bath and just happen to stretch out near a strapping fellow, one I've seen before, not at all the sort to be gay and who is always ready to share stories about this or that bitch who gives great head.

As I take my place on the lounge chair next to his, I hear the very beginning of a snore that is interrupted by his waking up. It reminds me of the noise of a motor that stalls right after starting. I don't exactly know why I go from talking to him about sleep apnea and pharmaceutical products, to confid-

ing in him all the details of my love life, in the tone of manly complicity that can tell all. Frequency of encounters, cock size, how many partners and which sex. This Mediterranean type, whose repressed and above all frustrated sexuality I easily detect, is immediately interested and our conversation, though whispered, becomes very lively.

We speak of women as though we are experts, of course, tearing down nymphomaniacs and women who drink; I quickly get to the point of saying to him that nothing beats the comfort and pleasure one gets from penetrating men.

Of course, there are couples...but I've had some rather painful experiences. Yes, painful, but not for me. First of all, lots of men with female partners contact me, but when I get there, the Mrs. has disappeared. So there I am with the husband, his ass in the air. One must make do, right?

Let me relate a soon to be famous case, that of a divorced father with children whom I met through a mutual friend and with whom I spent part of an evening during which he was willing to let me talk. I quickly got to the subject of my classic dissertation: the epitome of pleasure for men. In the role of teacher and physiologist, I provide details about the effects on the organs when sodomy is done skillfully and the result: complete and ultimate sensual pleasure for the man, a rare satisfaction.

In the role of hygienist, I complete my demonstration with the practical details necessary for a comfortable experience. If one does not have a chemical enema product (it is the safest and quickest) one must make do with the shower head, which

has to be taken apart (something not always doable, for example, in hotels) to get as much water into the ass as possible and hold it in for as long as possible. Twenty minutes is ideal.

Then I leave this man without thinking any further about my introductory courses. A few hours later, he calls and says that he has done everything I told him to do and that he's ready and waiting for me. I think he has stuck up his butt every utensil he could find in his kitchen and bathroom, the rascal.

Cursing the almost automatic nature of my promotional instincts and my tendency to respond with a prodigal heart to a fire that I have lit, I get ready to perform. "But this guy isn't even my type," I say to my beefy friend with thick hair and a bearded chin who is really more my type and who is all ears, and whose body that I'm hot to penetrate long and hard and to whom I am telling my true story in hopes of lighting a fire under him, is still stretched out on the lounge chair near mine, drinking up my words with his ears, though I'd rather it were my cum in his ass.

Plus since buffalo meat is better cooked on both sides, I add that I hate busting the cherry of straight guys because it always end up being a lousy fuck; despite the fact that theoretically it's really exciting, in fact it's not, unfortunately. There could be much to say about the terrible gap that separates fantasy from reality; not in this case, obviously. Unless you use it as a new reason to fantasize, by talking about different unexpected ways to fill that gap, fill being the operative word, the zealous response to so many questions of a sexual nature.

I manage not without difficulty to open up this virgin anus and to provide, first the theoretical elements, then the practical advice to this neophyte who is perfectly willing but awkwardly inexperienced. What's so hard about licking someone's balls with the tip of the tongue? You don't need a master's degree to arch your back, offer up your asshole with legs spread wide, all the while remaining still and ready to receive what you know you want? Like the horse-hung Good Samaritan that I am, I offer patient, friendly guidance and explain every step.

"So, you know" . . . , I continue saying into the attentive ear of my lounge chair friend, during which time silhouettes go in and out of the steam, lit by blueish-colored spotlights, in the rather vulgar, trivial tone of voice that every man uses to sell his entire family to his neighbor, with his hand on his heart, while lying like a dentist about to pull someone's tooth (this won't hurt a bit), "Just imagine" I say as if about to tell a joke whereas in fact I'm about to tell the truth, "Believe it or not, a year later the same guy called to say he wanted to see me again. He's with his girlfriend to whom he has just explained what I did to him, but she doesn't believe a word of it. He asks me to come over right away to do it again while she watches. In the stairwell I hear the howling of a cat in heat. 'Is this the right place?' I ask the pretty blonde woman with very puffy lips, the perfect subject for a portrait, who opens the door. 'Yes,' she says in a pleasant voice, from the top of the landing, as I come up the stairs. What follows is a session where Brindelise lavishes almost as much attentiveness with words, gestures, and caresses as I lavish on her boyfriend's anus, which not that long ago, thanks to me, enjoyed its first sexual experiences; in any case, in that sense, my conviction is that every organism, what-

ever its usual habits, inevitably gets fucked in the ass—at least in the reverse direction, during the process of defecation. I find out that since our last encounter, Albert, who is incapable of a real homosexual relationship, has developed a relationship with Brindelise based on his anus. She strokes him, fucks him, shoves vegetables and bottles and other improvised dildos in his butt. Marvelous, fascinating female polymorphism. Women can be trained for nearly any art, any activity. And what could leave her feeling more indifferent, as long as she feels she is attractive and that we adore her? I shove my dick in and out of Albert's ass, while, as cute as she can be, Brindelise simpers, meows, sighs, squeals, masturbates, swoons. So many charming moments at such short intervals make me ask Albert if he wouldn't mind me fucking his friend a little? He acquiesces and we move on to more serious matters. I dive head first between her hot thighs to plunge into a delicious blonde pussy that I start licking uncontrollably. Fortunately the only thing I lose is a lot of saliva.

"As if moved by some celestial mechanism, her legs raise up and spread open, offering her pussy in the most natural fashion. I only have to give her my dick, gently at first, in her most welcoming vagina. I hardly realized just how welcoming it was. A few in and out thrusts were all I needed to get hard as a rock, all the while watching Albert's reaction to the performance we were putting on just for him, and then I ram my dick in as far as it can go....Bam! The concave and convex proportions suddenly reach an agreement that needs no words," I continue to relate to my cohort in female arousal, something that men tend to deceive themselves about as much as they deceive others. "Without even thinking, I fuck to the hilt this hot, wet hole, which reacts like a delicious, made-to-measure mollusk

for my dick. But I begin to worry: Brindelise actually squeals as I rhythmically fuck her pussy. Seeing the crestfallen look on Albert's face, I stop short of the end of the road to orgasm for Brindelise, which might have been disastrous for their life as a couple, I tell myself." At least that's what I tell the Mediterranean guy, who can't help seeing the erection that makes the towel around my waist bulge out, giving him a good view of my throbbing dick.

But when I get up to go take a shower, I do ask myself: shouldn't a man who has his wife fucked by another guy just accept the consequences? And while the stereotypical brick shit-house slips into my shower stall, the door to which I close in one movement, because the man who fucks is basically wrought with violent, nasty thoughts, why didn't I just let Albert watch his mistress enjoy the ecstasy of orgasm? Besides, would it have made them unhappy, I continue asking myself, during which time the beefy guy, on all fours, sucks the dick that gave so much pleasure to Brindelise and why not to him as well?

So, was I afraid to assume full responsibility for the totally sensual experience of this woman, or was this sexual experience no more than an empty promise of fireworks without any real consequence? The slab of meat lifts its ass to the height of my cock and, to thank him for providing such good head, I ram my bat up his ass with a little liquid soap to get him back on track. I noticed that when he shot his load he really was a virgin and up to that point straight; he showed no sign of weakness or pain, like a real man, who accepts the consequences of his desires to the end without unclenching his big, square, masculine jaw. As for those men who become transgendered, it

requires a great natural virility He coldly pushes my cock out of his ass and walks off cockily the way a muscleman strides with absolutely no sense of drama. That's life on the farm for the animals.

As the warm water flowed down my body, I continued to ask myself, did I act out of shyness when I stopped short with Brindelise, a task that seemed so easy, or was there a sense of caution that made me spare the tabernacle of some feminine mystery? The correlation between mystery and empty space is well known. One can never be too circumspect with women. The last word in this particular story is that, in the end, as usual, I really don't give a damn.

"Caution. Dangerous drop," states a sign warning against going onto the overhead subway rails. I am with my friend Violante, a colleague at Lassitude Press and we're not the least bit sorry to get out of this noisy, dirty transportation system, splattered everywhere with billboards, a real anthology of misery. "Caution. Dangerous drop. Stay within the enclosure" I say sarcastically. Viol responds, "It's because our natures are fragile and it's not so much emptiness that we must fear as the moment when we find fullness."

I'm used to filling empty space with my dick and when those two things come together, everything falls into place and becomes real. No teaching is richer...this key to knowledge opens the lock to the question, wouldn't the answer to the enigma of the Sphinx have been, better than a complicated puzzle, "Here, suck on this?" Of course the risk of having one's balls bitten by the mythological animal would have been something to consider.



Construction workers in London form a sort of noble brotherhood. They are arrogant, posturing on scaffolding and in the streets, full of self-assurance and male pride, ropes drawn with grand gesturing, all that pink and white flesh, blond body hair, inked in a way that is reminiscent of the inked numbers on pigs, all of it together—not to mention their salary, which is apparently mind-boggling—gives them a real stature, greater than that of medieval lords, of star rugby players.

All that virility, that heftiness covered in plaster dust and spots of white paint, which, despite the heaviness of their bodies, makes them seem as light as angel hair; it's impossible to ignore. So when one of them comes to visit me in my hotel room—one of the best of them—slim, strong, in his forties, I cannot bring myself to say no to his cooking his crack in the

room. He has also brought enough alcohol to knock out two or three horses.

The guy puts the ammonia and cocaine in a cup and heats the mixture with a lighter; it's disgusting and it stinks. It takes a long time to change into powder. Finally it dries and he starts smoking it. Now it's time for me to heat things up.

He has a magnificent butt, narrow, muscular, lean...he can squeeze my cock just with his cheeks. I get the impression he had a fight with his wife who probably told him to go fuck himself. He decided he might as well obey and, while he was at it, get fucked to the hilt by the biggest dick he could find. I recognize and appreciate the British taste for outrageous degeneracy, I find it rather touching.

I vigorously plow this workman who stoically does not pull away and seems just to be waiting for it to be over, monolithic as an unsolvable mystery and silent as an animal being mounted; either the crack has desensitized him or has internalized his sensations, or he is amazingly shy. At any rate, he seems elsewhere, as if disconnected from his ass, which he gives to me with his eyes closed...totally okay with me.

But then he starts to liven up, obsessed by the transom light of this mansarded room, persuaded that we are being watched even though there is absolutely nothing across from the window. Is he imagining his disdainful wife, his mocking (admiring? sympathetic?) coworkers perched on the roof and watching him through the window as he gets his hole split apart by one of the biggest cocks in town? He seems worried about yet wanting to be seen, a variation on a classic theme.

I have a hard time keeping him still under me. He keeps wanting to go close the window and draw the curtains, which I refuse to let him do because of the smell of crack and of the cigarettes that he lights up one after the other and immediately forgets. Then he wants to go take another shower to wash away a Shakespearianishly indelible dirtiness and I follow right behind shoving my dick inside him; at times he's like a dog into whose asshole some jokester has stuck a carrot and the poor thing just can't get rid of it.

The mental truancy of this schizoid prole in a state of crisis encourages me to treat him like an object inside which I can freely get myself off; it's like I'm joyously and enthusiastically fucking the ass of the entire working class. It's the backside of the entire prole realm that I am wearing thin, roughing up, with no effect other than my own satisfaction...there's always that. (Actually, I have no idea what sensations this dope is experiencing.)

Finally, after several hours, when I push him out the door, he leaves with the same sexy, stupid look on his face, still walking like a zombie, a little wobbly, but heading in the right direction. He's indestructible. One day he'll drop dead without ever having really let himself go. He'll fall flat on his face, like a statue that's been toppled, a Stalin-like monument to the glory of the worker, unshakable to the end, even among its rubble.



I can't believe Looveen van Dameeck is almost 70 years old. It's true her plastic surgeon didn't even come close to making her look like Claudia Schieffer. She has a huge head, made even larger by her hairsprayed coif, but for the rest, the naked body she shows me from behind, the butt with the perfect shape that I'm preparing to split open, and those perfectly proportioned breasts can't possibly be those of a woman over forty.

I make my pelvis slap against the beautiful rump that has known everything that ever presented itself in the realm of a pair of legs and a nice dick looking for a hot hole to bring it relief, for example (even if the impotent old man probably didn't touch her very often), Walt Disney. She was his last mistress and he left her a very comfortable trust fund (she was

apparently the inspiration for Cinderella).

Ambiguous Looveen, woman or tranny, before beginning a career late in life as a TV host, was always in the news and kept the scandal rags busy with announcements that she was pregnant. After our little fuck scene, she showed me on her computer the barracksful of firemen that plow her ass whenever she's in the mood to use it like a pussy. She's clever; sitting in the bidet she hides her lower pubic area; but after seeing it I have no doubt about what sex she is, especially after the orifice she offered for me to use. A common friend of ours told me that she uses her tool from time to time like a man.

After fucking, Looveen always relates some little story about Disney. One day, after an appointment with Salvador Dali, Disney met up with Looveen. Seeing that the eyeglasses of Bambi's creator were covered with fingerprints and wanting to be helpful, she removed them, cleaned them, and put them back on him. "It was better before," Walt said to her. "After a certain age, it's better to see things a bit out of focus."

Is that what happened to classical painting, its optical sharpness diminished by that of photography, when it was swallowed up into impressionism? And wasn't this term, initially pejorative, with its success, a malediction it well deserved? There is little of interest in such pointless thoughts, so I'll move on. Looveen really is charming and walks me to the door with all the thoughtfulness of the perfect hostess.

There is such joy in letting go of all things cerebral, intellectual, the suspension of thought that occurs when a man is fuck-

ing. It seems to me that I take particular advantage of that joy because the dizzying emptiness of copulation is so clear and precise to me, thanks to many years of meditation. The human being having for a long time embellished, polished the nature of his intelligence, finally rewarded by terminal idiocy, the joy of stupidity.

The revelation of death is equally clear to me: one faces it alone and the privilege of death is that one owes nothing to anyone. In dying, we might create awkwardness for this or that person, but it should only encourage them to understand that we all die alone, thankfully, and that such a moment of intimacy with oneself is the great joy of death and not a horrifying curse, an instant when every posthumous detail is irrelevant. When I think that so many people write their last will and testament. The notion that they want to continue being, acting beyond the final moment of release, the joy of final nonexistence, totally escapes me.

But for now, I'm floating in the ecstasy of perfect emptiness: one thrust out, one thrust in, as I firmly grasp the hips of this hairy, virile forty-year old with an ass like a steamer trunk, cheeks darkened by a day-old beard resting on the immaculate lace coverlet of a king-size bed on the 37th floor of the Mandarin Oriental.

Junks and all sorts of more modern vessels slide along the plate-glass windows, lost in an early-spring mist, traveling between Kowloon and Wanchai. An hour later, in a room just across the hall but on the 52nd floor, another Frenchman who is gulping down oysters, along with wine and my cock, insists on criticizing the Chinese-style decor of the hotel. He's a de-

corator and he doesn't like the furnishings. But when he's in Hong Kong, he stays at the Mandarin only because of the service; in his eyes, the design of the carpeting and the lacquered furniture are in very poor taste.

A moment later I'm at the Luxor in Las Vegas. I see an Egyptian-style pool surrounded by lotus-shaped columns as I raise my eyes from the spectacle of this entertainment mogul who, in order to relax after hosting the previous night's dinner for three hundred people, is deep-throating my cock from his position on the sofa as I vigorously pound against his tonsils, using the guy's ears as convenient handles (why else would they be there?) to pull his head toward me and feel my dick produce the "gag-effect," the point where the sucker is on the verge of vomiting.

It's how I get the thick saliva flowing that always forms at the back of the throat; I'm cleaning out, in the true sense of the word. The decor of the room at the Luxor is dark and muddled, almost English with so many designs contradicting and clashing with each other.

If I don't consume meat, fish, or any product containing animal ingredients (no alcohol or drugs either) it's not so much out of concern for animals, nor for the obvious dietary benefit; rather it's because I choose not to share the widespread practices of all those in our species who cannot free themselves from them. it's a principle of refinement, which I do not attribute to those who devour cadavers, nor to those who seem to need to be almost unconscious before they can believe they're having fun or that they're just alive. Too pitiful.

The only flesh that I am always tempted to snack on is human flesh. I sometimes nibble the tender crook of the neck that would so easily crack in one's teeth, or the plump flesh of the buttocks that one can sink teeth into like into an apple. Depending on the likes or tastes of the one being nibbled on, I maintain, increase, or regretfully release the pressure of my jaw. There are those who worry about the marks I might leave and that could provoke embarrassing comments from others; but most are willing to be chewed raw and only the fear of dire consequences holds back the nibbling beast in me.

Ah, the taste from licking drops of blood on the skin, the first step toward the intense chewing one can only dream about...Flesh is always a matter of resistance. Go on, get into your kennel!

In Washington a tall, very handsome, dry-skinned and muscular older black man gives me the smoky, varnished meat of his dark and shiny body to treat as I wish. Actually mistreat is a better word.

I fuck his ass, watching the whole length of my white cock splitting apart the two licorice buns of his ink-black ass, shining with the sweat of the panting man. My dick is so hard it could snap in half. I alternately slap it against the plump mass, hard as the rubber of a truck tire that has been covered with oil, and then drive it back into his ass until my balls bang against his butt. I whisper into his ear just what purpose a black man's hole serves for his white master when he needs to fuck and spill his white seed into a hot, moist slit, the owner of which must clench his teeth and endure his fate by biting into the pillow to muffle his cries as they would only provoke

even more violent punishment.

The man with flesh the color of the night, touched so deep in his soul that he moans with joy, prostrates himself under me drenched in sweat, nearly asphyxiated with pleasure. Can you imagine a better couple than us? It's perfect love. I suddenly realize that I must intensify the punishment, so as I split apart this man's big, hard, heaving ass, his back arched to the fullest extent, I slap as hard as I can this flesh that would turn scarlet if it were possible to see that happen. But all of this is like a caress to this beast in heat who yearns to be there when his boss flies into a rage and lets loose his fury on his disobedient slave-boy.

I grab my studded belt and with the buckle end I beat his back, head, buttocks with all my might. The animal's body flails in the air, his nerve reactions making him experience a kind of total body orgasm, which frankly makes me feel a bit envious. I strike and strike again with no holding back, putting all my weight behind each strike, hitting harder and harder in those places where it hurts the most, where the flesh is the most tender.

Nothing seems to satisfy this athlete and I am the one who finally gives up, exhausted. Though he begs me to continue, I only have enough strength left to say "No more." In the end, the slave, the victim, always triumphs.

I love hanging out for hours ensconced in my king-size bed with its white sheets and pillows; beds are my universe. The soft warmth on my skin and my eyelids that just can't seem to get the strength to open leaves me in a state of euphoria. I especially love hiding under the comforter when I've left the door to my bedroom ajar.

A twitching mouse, the vague sound of clothing being removed...in my state of drowsiness I automatically take note of that more than of the actual presence in my room. At the foot of the bed something slides stealthily under the comforter—a trembling hand, intimidated at the thought of the anger that will suddenly spring from me if I am disturbed in my sleep, travels delicately up my calf, over my knee where it lingers for a brief moment and then barely touches the sur-

face hair on my thighs, those tiny sensors that stand imperceptibly at attention.

A moist, warm thing, a soft, amorous octopus of the species that swims in the calm waters of the folds of my sheets gently inhales the head of my dick and I feel the blood flowing into my groin. I have not changed position and feel somewhat numb, unsure whether I might be drowning deeply in a liquid dream.

But the damp ring, extending from a supple deep tube soon tells me clearly what sort of creature I have caught at the end of my hook, with which I now share the intimate, milky warmth: it's a cock sucker. And a good one. Experienced, seasoned even, and committed to accomplishing his mission. The whole length of my cock is swallowed deep into the throat of this sucker whose tears I feel falling on my belly.

The excitement prevents me from remaining still and I pretend to be impatient and scolding, which makes the intruder draw back: is he going to be rebuffed, chased away, flogged perhaps? Will that make the experience even better? Or else end it? In fact there is only one rule and the crawling creature quickly realizes it: when a man has another man's cock in his mouth there is indisputable mutual pleasure, with no moral issue or state of mind than the law of cum that spurts out of his ears. Even if a minute later the two men ignore and despise each other, the moment of one body rubbing against the other is an unconditional armistice, invariably respected, simply for reciprocal convenience. It's one of the rare bilateral agreements that always works.

The sword-swallower takes up where he left off. Quivering, moaning, he quickens his movements and is careful to caress my testicles with the hand he is not using to jack off. I pinch with two fingers of each of my hands the rock-hard nipples of the enormous bedbug and twist them with all my might. The orifice of the parasite who is sucking me reacts with renewed energy, licking and swallowing faster and faster.

I struggle to hold back the change of mood that precedes ejaculation; the thin pre-seminal liquid, like reconnoitering scouts, vanguards of the mass of troops, thrust forward toward the Valhalla of victory by insemination to which all these little animals are dedicated with such ardor, the taste of these first few rows thrust into a suicide mission (banzai!) lost from the start, lost with all hands in the abyss that swallows them up, resulting in deeper, more raucous moans beneath the sheets, where the heat intensifies. As does the beating of our hearts.

I draw toward me the burning hot body that turns around effortlessly, settling myself deep inside it through its anal passage. The man makes a barely audible "ah," I intentionally entered in one thrust, without preparation or lubricant, a drastic measure putting all the pain into one brief, intense moment, so painful as to produce tears, a thunder and lightning moment where after a few seconds the clouds break, a moment when one must remain still and simply wait for the sky to slowly clear, after which comes the most delicious pleasure that a man can experience, the blinding sun at the zenith of one's senses.

It's something else, of course, as sometimes happens when I

am alone, to fuck a bolster between my thighs, to feel the palpitating joy of that boiling, reactive life whose least contraction in quick response to my touch is passionate and instinctive, all that soft, supple flesh in the palm of my hand, those languid, submissive members whose posture I change at will.

Feeling the sap rise, I straighten up. Pulling the comforter around my waist, I submit again to the hot mouth that I smash between the mattress and myself to empty my balls into it; the amorous mollusk opens even more and swallows greedily, blindly, everything that spurts with deep contractions out of my dick, drowning in tears and saliva, taking every last drop while with all my weight the beast in me tries to smother the receptacle that could refuse to shelter its offspring.

Exhausted, our delirious, abusive instincts, in a total hallucination of reproductive delusions, without my having succeeded in destroying the creature that inhaled my substance, I collapse like a structure whose foundation has suddenly been knocked from under it and go from ecstasy to sleep; in a half-stupor, I sense rather than hear the author of my morning happiness get dressed and leave. Our paths could cross a few hours later and I wouldn't even recognize him.

But I'm asleep and the creature was perhaps no more than a succubus issuing from the depths of reason. I'm willing to fuck monsters like that in every hole every morning. If my imagination is willing to lay them, I'll fertilize those eggs.

Might as well let them be less humanoid, equipped with several orifices and ticklish appendages each hairier than the next, thrusting the tips of a thousand probing and insistent

tongues, striking like torpedo fish that toy with their discharges without ever releasing their prey.

Nighttime ghosts or those encountered while falling asleep but also in daytime fantasies, the presence of which I feel behind the closed eyelids of my completely enraptured partner.

Friend of the father, father himself, family member, neighbor, high school friend or who else? The enormous dick, hard as a rock because of the anger that swells with blood, that dilates the anus is in spirit, in the fantasy of he who is taken, that of the desired being, represented as finally granting the desire of the person dreaming about him...fantasy of being the child, the woman that the man dominates and fucks with all his strength with a gigantic iron-hard dick. Does it hurt?

I too, angry sky above you, I have my own inner fantasies, mind visitors who make my cock grow inside you and who excite me more than you do, perhaps.

But when these inventions, these beings called to the rescue begin to weaken and fade, I've always noticed, and it's a statement that carries weight to a large extent in the circumstances of life, that there is nothing more invigorating for the spirit of the one who fucks, rather than following painfully the ghosts when they hide themselves, than to empty one's mind completely, to fuck like a drooling, belching, lowing, ejaculating beast. The moral of bestiality is that it is never more at ease than when it's in its own territory. The intellect has no hold there, ideally.

Why then should anyone be surprised that I put face cream on my dick? That my brain has scarcely any value there where my cock and balls do wonders is the source of both limitless pride and amusement. I'll never stop getting a kick out of it.

Of course every day I hear someone tell me, thinking I'm flattered by it, that a big cock isn't worth anything unless the owner carries it well and knows what to do with it. Who cares? Being a bit of a dope, a dick on two legs, continues to make me happy; a triumph for the intellect at the very moment when it seemed to totally evaporate. If you want further explanation concerning this strange phenomenon, speak to my cock, my brain just flowed into it. And I leave to my posthumous exegetes the care of other runoff that certainly won't be lacking: ink, bronze, crap? Bah, I won't give a damn at that point.

I don't understand why I never end up meeting the people who ask what size shoe I wear. The simple fact of announcing a double digit seems to be enough to make them happy and direct their thoughts to other magic.

Upon learning that I wear a size 12 shoe, would you put aside a book that suddenly loses its source of charm in your eyes? After all, as far as I'm concerned, just having a fleshy hole for me to stretch out makes me totally happy. You could also consider rolling up this book and shoving it up your butt, you might enjoy it. Let it spread you open when the spring mechanism relaxes, you whore. But I'm not averse to a little touch of sophistication.

And that's why I'm waiting for Igor to arrive. Two members of

the armed forces, Chuck and Pepe are already here. Chuck is wearing the uniform of his profession: customs officer. Pepe is wearing his motorcycle officer's uniform. While waiting for Igor, Pepe shows me the picture of his new baby on the screen saver of his cellphone. I for one would not want the result of a moment's inattention constantly under my nose. Unless of course I ended up believing a whole slew of idiots and hypocrites singing the same old happy tune to cover the fact that they regret having had intercourse? I doubt that will ever happen, given that I'm prone neither to happiness nor regret.

I feign the customary expression of joyful tenderness that you are forced to show at the sight of a sweet little baby's face if you don't want to have to provide endless reasons for not doing so to the surprised and easily enraged breeders. At any rate, when you don't bubble over with congratulatory comments, the parents quickly understand what's going on, it's so totally obvious.

Finally, there's a knock at the door. Chuck and Pepe stop jerking off to a porno flick and rush to hide in the next room for the little surprise we've prepared for Igor. I greet him coldly: this little asshole son of a Portuguese father and an Irish mother is one of the biggest bitches I've ever had to train. He has the audacity to speak in a mocking tone in response to my curt, formal attitude. We're facing each other, standing, and the more I back away to avoid his little advances and raunchy comments, the bolder he gets, heading with his mouth agape straight toward the carrot that I dangle in front of him. He even goes so far as to slide his hand between my thighs. I jump back, outraged and yell "Hey! Guys, to the rescue!"

I pretend to be that colonel in the Tennessee State Police who, dressed in civvies, was approached by a real faggot who did not hesitate to grope him, a terrible scandal for the illustrious members of the police force. Fondling the balls of the nation, even if just with the fingertips, soils America right to the heart of its honor: the nuts, the balls, the source of the nation's seed, the sacred liqueur of a hereditary line descending from the Pilgrims, fondled like avocados by any damn passerby. The reinforcements that rush forward at the call of their superior in command understand the grave nature of the offense that has just occurred.

The little fag's in for it now. We force him to his knees, shoving the barrel of the pistol into his mouth and forcing him to lick it. Slaps in the face, threats, insults. Spit rains down on him, we yank his ears...all of this to prepare him for what he really deserves: three big, thick cocks as stiff as the penalty of the law, jutting out above big, heavy balls solidly hanging from a powerful pubis, superb endowments, impeccably groomed and ready for battle, seasoned and practiced, hard and hot like the wooden cross-bow, thrusting out like a rifle barrel, but also supple and throbbing like the proud clear colors of the flag that flaps in the wind against the pumped-up pecs and beer-can abs of flat, taut stomachs. The three cocks on guard are ready to attack each in turn this joker who is going to really get it for having shown disrespect for the Nation.

He is torn apart like in the good old days in the South and without even bothering to undress him, my cohorts and I take turns with all the weight of our bodies and our gear—ranger boots, harnesses, billy club belts—on Igor's fragile body beneath which the metal bed springs make pathetic creaking

sounds that punctuate the whines of the raped, crucified, nailed, fucked and re-fucked, ripped-apart victim who is made to take up his ass not only the handle of the cop's short billy club, which looks so much like a dick (probably a special touch for the solitary agent longing to feel a sense of authority in his ass or at least in the palm of his hand), but also by our own dicks that plow his ass one after the other and even two at a time.

Whichever hard cock he doesn't have up his ass he must forcibly deal with in his mouth or be face-whipped by it. Pepe especially is amazing when he mounts his little queer like a man who is desperate to fuck a pussy but settles for the next best thing. He is almost as well-hung as I am and vigorously fucks the gaping, swollen wound that Igor's asshole has become. I expect at any moment to see his guts spill out of his mouth.

Unbelievable, incomprehensible endurance, or provocation? Despite the pain he must still feel, to the point of not being able to put one foot in front of the other, Igor boasts that this episode was just a little tickle and that the next time we need to really get down to serious business.

What will we have to do to him? Members of the police force must think seriously before inflicting significant damage on another individual, even if he begs for it. The provocateur is well-aware of that and finds it amusing. The law truly allows all sorts of abuse.

In the forests of the Landes region in the southwestern part of France, dry and crackling beneath the burning summer sun, I

have few scruples about unleashing my instinct to devour.

At the crossing of two paths, I meet a rather short, nicely built young man, thirtyish, with a shaved head and wearing just a cap and gray polyester swimming trunks. He falls immediately to his knees, his eyes glued to my stiff cock that had just pulled out of the asshole of another guy whom I left behind still moaning with pleasure in a nearby thicket.

The little guy in the gray shorts turns his cap backward to get the visor out of the way and starts sucking me feverishly. I bet he made the whole trip across the pine and cork-oak forest in hopes of having his throat fucked just like this; an earthquake wouldn't distract him from the job. This bitch would bite until she drew blood if anyone tried to take away her bone.

A slight movement of my hips gives my expert fingers access to the anus that has maybe already comforted one or two men lacking female company earlier in the afternoon; as soon as my cock is rock hard, I easily turn the guy around and fuck him right there on the path covered with dead leaves and nettles that tear the hell out of his skin, which doesn't seem to bother him. He has other itches to scratch.

His submission, his cries, the sun that shimmers in the drops of sweat on his thin, muscular, tanned back, the hair that lightly shadows the top part of his arched buttocks, the sight of my dick going in and out of his ass and his loud moans at each deep thrust, the burning hot, huge and noisy forest that surrounds us, everything irritates me, fires me up, leaves me feeling totally beside myself.

I grab some bits of string gathered on the beach with which I generally build myself some sort of shelter from the sun and the wind and tie the young man's arms behind his back. I then tie each of his feet to nearby bushes. This debris from moorings and nets is made of tough plastic.

He has no idea what's happening to him and he nearly faints with rapture while through his ligatures I manage to totally plow his ass. His body becomes completely relaxed, blissful, I sense that this creature may never again experience such joy in the course of his existence and I see clearly, despite the work that will be required, the duty I have to the flesh that I have brought to the zenith of pleasure.

I put another piece of fishing boat rope around the man's throat—rope that must have been handled by numerous fishermen before falling into my hands—and tighten some of those grass-green bits of braided plastic with their ends unraveled, mixed with seaweed and spotted with tar, around the neck of the creature who, with bound hands and feet, gives himself to me so that I may bring him the experience of total, absolute climax.

The man's body twists a little to escape its shackles and his legs and arms tremble, his back arches and his hips try to back away from my penetration. I feel my sperm shooting out as heat blinds me and my fingers tighten even more the pressure of the cords on the guy's throat, which no longer produces any sound. I wait for the shortness of breath, the explosions of stars in my eyes, and the convulsions of orgasm to ebb in me before straightening up; the man who has collapsed with his ass still in the air and his shoulders on the

ground is motionless, reduced to a mere object that has served its purpose and now must be disposed of in some manner.

It's late afternoon and there are no more strollers on the paths; now glad to have spent my afternoons at the gym, I toss the body over my shoulder and carry it to a spot in the dunes where I lay it out, naked, on my beach towel. The scene I have just produced, inspired by one I remember reading in a Violante Claire novel, is perfect; the guy really seems to be peacefully enjoying a sunbath. At nightfall, I come back and dig a deep trench on the beach and roll the body into it. The crabs and plankton will do the rest. It's just work.



To any outreaching hand that wishes to feel the weight of my arguments, I henceforth have them weigh the only hefty, incontestable argument at my disposal: my long, thick, burning hot and intrepid cock, which fills up not only the palm of a hand but also the mouth that it silences and the asshole that it plugs. It has its own way of dotting i's and crossing t's.

This tangible reality, this official representative of absolute power, this proof of the unquestionable, supreme value of all reigning materiality more surely opens doors and minds for me than specific words or a lucky rabbit's foot. It's here in my heavily stuffed briefs that a real power reigns, recognized by all. In a world such as ours, which limits itself to materialistic simplicity, each person must give in to functionalist absurdity even though it will endlessly contradict matter. In the mean-

time, a cock is a cock is a cock—especially a big, thick one.

And it's in the United States that this temple, this sanctuary is revered with the most complete devotion. The adoring one approaches timidly on his knees without daring to raise his eyes to gaze on the divinity whose brilliance would strike him down on the spot like lightning, positioning himself motionless and humbly beneath my balls, with tender, respectful gestures full of priestly reverence that echo ancestral rites and speak volumes about the cult of the phallus to which American men give themselves beyond all imagination.

And this faithful servant of the cult is not just one of a few. Joe Washington, that's what he calls himself, because his name is Joe and he's from Washington. His real last name is Johnson.

Joe Johnson wants to spend the night with me. We meet in Times Square in the entrance hall of the Marriott Hotel where he has reserved a room in a corner of the building. The decoration of the Marriott is rather sober except for the carpeting covered with big, multicolored floral designs. The large interior central courtyard and its white balconies are in themselves enough to be impressive. The problem is the complicated elevators, which do not stop at all the floors. But they are fast.

The hotel is packed, like all of Manhattan, with groups of tourists that I imagine will spill into the local theaters. At least it's easy to understand the range of public entertainment to choose from: lots of noise, absurdity and flashing neon colors complete the plot of the story. No defibrillator can outdo the effect of a Broadway show.

But I'm just one more ant playing my particular role in this gigantic, swarming theater of entertainment, even if it's in a more private, rather special domain, and for an informed audience only.

My public shows a timeworn face but a lean body, an iron temperament and a vibrant personality. It's characterized by the type of person capable of doing poppers all night, getting fucked for hours, and still being capable of getting up in the morning as fresh as a rose. His apparently delicate nature is really deceptive. Everything is meticulously set up for this session. The first part of the program involves trying on underwear. He has brought with him an incredible array...dozens. There is a kind of white cotton jockstrap with a hole in the front, boxer shorts with a front panel that lifts up to give the cock sucker easy access to the cock; a green German-style boxer with a button fly; short, wide pants in black or white sheer cotton, and some in very tight lycra.

Mesmerized by this Broadway atmosphere, the place where night is as bright as day, I expose my genitals veiled by these various garments and in a variety of positions, like an actor on stage, and Joe takes shot after shot with his camera, ecstatic with admiration. I'm at the window, jerking off, exposing myself to the blown-up stars on the billboards—not one blushes, each maintains his or her angelic composure. Of course I end up mounting Joe with no foreplay. He screams and moans with pleasure until dawn.

A second night is planned. He wants me to dress up as a Nazi officer. Where will I find the costume? We spend the rest of the week communicating on this subject. I go to the address

Joe has given me, a costume rental shop on the West side. I was told to ask for someone named Leo, but he wasn't there when I arrived. There was just some middle-aged, smiling Italian guy with a bodybuilder's chest wearing a skintight, brilliantly white T-shirt. I think he's somewhat taken aback by me, a tall guy with a shaved head wearing Ray-Bans looking to rent a Nazi uniform. He must think it's a joke.

I find myself alone in this enormous place, recently set up in an old warehouse, staring at two long rows of used, worn clothing that is supposed to look like German uniforms from World War II, but it all looks more like Swiss mailman garb, or maybe the tattered remnants of some actor's tour across the states. It all has one thing in common: it's worn and useless.

There is even a uniform jacket with Adolf "Hitlur" embroidered on the sleeve. The only thing I choose is a brooch representing an eagle with spread wings holding a laurel wreath inside of which is a swastika. I turn my attention to NYPD uniforms, which are in much better condition.

Just before Leo, a puffy-faced young man with ringlets, looking rather like a housewife, finally appears and, looking at me out of the corner of his eye as if at some strange object, tells me that they don't rent Nazi uniforms without written authorization from a theater or film company. "No problem," I say as if it were unimportant; in fact, given the ragged condition of the old clothes, it is. I inquire about the police uniforms, which are much more enticing; but since the September 11 terrorist attacks, police uniforms are only available with an authorization from NY City Hall, a bit hard to organize with such short notice....Oh well, too bad.

I imagine making my request: "Dear Sir, a friend of mine would like me to plow his butt hard with me wearing a NYPD uniform. I am requesting your permission to rent the uniform for such an innocent purpose. I will also need a real billy club in order to prepare his rectum for penetration by my gigantic cock."

I randomly pick some outfits that are not too hideous; in the mirror I see the image of an escaped Russian prisoner of war who has spent the last several nights in intolerable conditions. The guy in the white T-shirt still has a smile on his face, at least he will have spent an amusing afternoon moment. I wouldn't have minded getting a blow-job from him in the middle of those dusty aisles smelling of mothballs, but I really didn't have time.

I later tell Joe about my failed efforts and make it clear I won't try again. Joe works in an advertising agency and, taking the bull by the horns, orders the costume to be sent from Hollywood within three days, in time for us to have some fun with it.

Indeed, the outfit arrives in an immaculate cardboard box and in very good condition, with the shirt, the gloves and the most important fetish of all: the boots.

As soon as Joe gets back from his biennial Jewish convention on the theme of tolerance in advertising and before I disappear into the improvised dressing room (the bathroom), I get him fired up by opening on my laptop "Pink Narcissus," that old, sensitive erotic film that shows male body parts twirling around in different kitsch decor within all the traditional mas-

culine themes: sailors, bikers, male prostitutes...in a dream-like fantasy of scarves, beaded curtains, blue, pink and green lights, big dicks enveloped in oriental veils, guys jerking off in darkened streets with neon lights glaring above them.

Joe is silent, fascinated by the film that so closely corresponds to his tastes. I admire and respect this kind of innocent perversion, which is really quite subtle. Joe is rather special with his sense of humor and his ability to coldly assume his most torrid passions and to satisfy them in the most minute detail.

"The conventioners that I just left could never imagine that I was heading upstairs to my room to get fucked by a Nazi." Joe knows what he wants and just as all those who are like him, he gets what he wants, no matter how savage it may become. In fact, it's an argument in favor of the United States where every kind of merchandise is readily available to those who want it and have the means to pay for it.

When Joe directs his full attention away from the screen to make a 180 degree turn to glance in my direction, he sees on the king-size bed a Nazi officer in full uniform casually stretched out, looking haughty and disdainful behind his Ray-Ban Pilots.

He is incredulous. It's so real, unbelievably real. He grabs his camera to record the event: the sudden, unexpected realization of a Nazi officer in a Times Square hotel room.

I conjure up all the German I know and, standing before him, visually express all the arrogance that one sees in the worst caricatures of the German race.

"Grovel at my feet, Coca-Cola drinker...Chevrolet driver...Kentucky fried-chicken eater...20th Century Fox fanatic...Marlboro cigarette smoker. What's a fucking Texas cowboy compared to a Bavarian shepherd?" I ask, terribly mispronouncing the language of Goethe with Joe not understanding a word but literally speechless when he hears the German language, which I spout with exaggeration as I stroke his face and thighs with the rough cloth of my uniform.

"Mercedes-Benz...Volkswagen...Krupps...Bayer. Nivea, UFA. Open your disgusting mouth and swallow my enormous German dick, you slave of my Aryan genitals. Jewish animal...you are not a man."

Joe unbuttons my Nazi fly and partially lowering it, discovers my jockstrap made of metal rings worthy of the coats of mail of Teutonic knights, a marvel of metal and rubber found in London and upon which I have pinned the brooch depicting an eagle with outspread wings holding in his claws the indispensable swastika, matching the red, white and black one on my armband. I force him to kiss it, almost tearing his lips on the metal. "Europe discovered America: America has discovered nothing. You are a pathetic copy of Germany, just as Disneyland is a parody of Neuschwanstein." Now the pink, stiff, hot mass of flesh sticks out between the vents of my jacket.

Joe is so close to me that I bet he can see my Nazi dick reflected in the silver buttons. "What did you say? Nazis have big cocks? Of course, all Nazis have big cocks with an enormous cock head, since they are all supermen, you stupid fool. Not your American Superman. Not that red, blue and yellow

clown, no, no....The Nietzschean übermensch, recognizable by his gigantic phallus, nothing less than ME," I continue, slowly raising my arm to make the Nazi salute, while gazing into the distance. "Cock sucker, cock worshipper. Grovel before me." With my arm still stretched straight in front of me, ending in an impeccable white glove, I strut around the room. "Worship your only god, The Cock. Your skyscrapers are mere monuments ERECTED to your only idol, the PENIS, you pinpricked midget."

I twist his nipples, remove my gloves to strike him in the face with them. "Your dreams are disgusting. Your ambitions vulgar and hopeless. Publicly you shout and spread wide wings of steel, a mere imitation of ours, but privately you sob and tremble, deep inside you are pure weakness. Defensive, petty and stupid, and totally weak," I continue in my far-from-perfect German, a total farce.

Too bad, I say to myself, that I hadn't arranged for an interpreter for certain parts of my harangue. It would have been worth it. But I'm always careful to focus on what's essential, jackhammering even harder the dirtbag that twists, whimpers, gasps for breath, exults, beneath me. Finally, behind the Nazi officer role that I am playing, all of this is no more than a performance the point of which is relatively unimportant. All that matters is having a stiff cock.

And there's nothing more effective than a slew of well prepared insults. I remove the briefs that restrain my cock, including the cotton and leather suspenders that come with them. But I put the indispensable boots back on my otherwise naked body. "Spread that ass open and receive homage from

this monumental Nazi cock. Push against me and take it deep..." The slave responds instinctively without understanding a word I've shouted at him. In one hard thrust, I plow to the hilt into his ass, without Joe having the chance to utter a single word of protest. It's amazing what miracles can be performed with a uniform. Nevertheless his body makes weird convulsive movements that he can't seem to control. Is he shooting his load like some wild beast?

"You're trembling? Perfect....That's what excites my very natural pride. Are you afraid I might destroy your anus, pulsating hole for my dick? Fear is your motivation, isn't it? Mine is the ideal, faithfulness, nothing you know, pig, faggot, hole for my long, thick, hard SS cock. You're dying for the immaculate conception, the SS sperm, whiter than the Babelsberg mountains. The real source of the Führer's willpower is within, in these two throbbing balls firmly attached to my incommensurable penis. You have my permission to open wide your asshole." I see my reflection in a mirror of the room in disarray, furniture knocked over, underwear hanging from 1940s-style sconces, devastated by the caterpillar treads of our Panzer.

Nevertheless in the mirrors, Joybringer, with his Ray-Ban Pilots, seems more like a colonel from a South American dictatorship than a WWII German officer. Whatever...history marches on. And so I yank my big Bertha out of the enemy trench and jam it back in with a regularity worthy of total war. Without sparing his aural cavities: "The dollar is your soul, drugs are your blood, the Arian penis is your sacred emblem. Open yourself to your god. Caress these unforgettable testicles dangling between your legs."

"Ah, jawohl, mein Führer....Heil Hitlur!?" Joe answers with the only German words he knows: stretched out on the floor, with me crushing his face with my boot, which he adores. "Yes, lick my Nazi boots, subhuman Jewish shit. Now. Faster....Faster....I'm going to crush you with my Nazi boot. Your neck is going to break. Crack." and Joe is dying of pleasure as a torrent of millions of impeccably pure Germanic spermatozoids falls on his stomach, drowning the infamy of his own mongrel spunk. Despite his very calculated preparation, Joe is delighted as if someone had given him a charming surprise. A child who now has everything he ever wanted. Dear Joe, my baby boy, Merry Christmas.

At breakfast we talk about how much admiration so many men have for me. "Do you realize that admiration is completely shallow?" he says to me. I'm surprised by his comment. I hadn't ever really thought about it. Men throw themselves at my feet, worship the big cock that I have between my legs, but it's the phallic symbol they worship through me and they claim for themselves the benefit of that worship, none of which concerns me; it's a way to integrate the phallus, to be the phallus by deifying it. The marvelous sensation of being overcome, dominated, invaded, inundated by power.

It's about the real center of man's deistic instinct, perhaps. It reminds me of a security guard I once met, a veritable monument of muscle and menacing virility who had prostrated himself before me sobbing his heart out.

Just what is the true nature of admiration, is there even one example of admiration that is not shallow, one single senti-

ment that concerns anyone other than the person who is feeling it? Doesn't every admirer dream of replacing, killing, even ingesting that which he admires? Is it wise for a star to remain too long in the company of his or her fans? And is it of any interest to fill up pages and pages on this subject? Let's settle it with one line: It turns me into a kind of portable altar.

So what? It wasn't my choice. And my predatory instincts have a field day with any sentiment expressed to me, like everything that falls between their mandibles. Who will blame them? Have you ever felt the lightness of an erect cock, little deity of flesh, blood and sperm, as if suspended by threads from high in the sky? The winged version, once again.

And so Joe Washington's virility tried in vain, by his pernicious argument, to get the better of the stallion who had performed his role by perforating him all night long, succeeding only in furnishing a few paragraphs to add to "The Man with the Golden Dick."

Was it a good idea for me to let it be known that big men don't scare me? The result is that I see a lot of obese men of all ages, especially in the United States. Of course my height (6'6") and my cock (11" x 7") allow me to deal with very heavy individuals and to reach—unruffled explorer set out to conquer the most virgin territories that I am—depths where no man has ever put the tip of his cock. In fact, I often deflower the second anus.

Many black men are fat, perhaps too spoiled by their mommy. One in particular, when he gets into the light, I see isn't even twenty-five years old; I wouldn't have thought he

was so young. And another fat white one I call the sow, living with his father in a suburb of Paris, the only two heirs to a defunct glory of French song with intellectual pretense. He is beyond obese, it seems to be a terrible thyroid malfunction. He makes me feel like I'm mountain climbing, passing through countless folds of hills and glacial valleys—but in fact it's all very cute and comfortable, like a little pink baby.

As I prod the depths of his tortured guts with the head of my cock, I describe to him what a whore he is and what I have in store for him: I'm going to tie him to his bed while every male in heat who needs a hole to plow to get rid of his daily load, wherever I find them—public transportation, bars, parks—will come wait his turn in a line stretching out to the sidewalk.

But there are so many other fantasies, like the mother who gets fucked in front of her sobbing children—What is Daddy doing to Mommy?—and the kids wind up being forced to participate as well, all being made to bend over to the sacrosanct will of the head of the household whose authority must never be questioned, who, in the meantime, is rather depraved and wants to screw everyone in his family with his drunken, laughing buddies, hoping that the next time they'll do him the same favor.

From the last floor of his little house in the suburbs, in his room where all the heat from the house has risen, thanks to the skylight window looking out over the street, I am able to describe to him the guys I see and to whom I'm going to peddle his butt, lead him to slaughter like the lowest category of prostitute who is put out to be fucked by anyone who passes by, naked and defenseless before all the crass fantasies and

fits of anger of which a male who is fucking is capable. A state such that he can become totally exasperated and capable of losing control to the point of life-threatening abuse.

Brutes with no reserve, no concern for anyone else...that's what I tell him he can expect—and the sow can't wait for it to start. Nature is well-designed and each person, as the sow likes so much to say, knows his place. The female underneath, the male on top, fucking her. A perfect world, right down to the last pubic hair.



This one's an international artist of the kind that really flourished following the minimalists and performers of the sixties and seventies. His web site provides a glimpse of a lot of sophistication in the art of being, above all, elusive, as much in the media as in the themes, a refinement cultivated to the most perfect extinction.

I receive from him a long email, which, probably like everything he does, is executed with maniacal, egotistical care. One has to know how to offset a lack of inspiration by the ravaging forces of laborious detail; nothing is resistant to meticulousness, that insistence on detail which is so typical of his whole era. Every forest that boasts one day of beautiful, hundred-year-old trees will wind up being choked out by brambles and ivy with the same scrupulous precision in nature to

take over every square inch.

In his long communication, Luke shares with me his longtime admiration for me and his decision to finally contact me to set up a meeting. Everything must be planned in advance. We'll have a glass of wine and after an hour of conversation, I'll accompany him to the river where, with a kiss, I'll say good-night.

His preparation is so scrupulous that he admits stopping by the wine bar that afternoon to check it out. The table he would have preferred was unfortunately not available. One must sometimes put up with the imperfections that inevitably occur when turning a plan into reality.

When I arrive to take my place in his scenario, he is already there—a charming young man, the perfect subject for a painting, shaved head as is de rigueur in the Berlin scene, wearing a gray shirt buttoned to the neck and which, in its provocative, annoying simplicity, was probably the object of an infinite number of questioning glances—at that table at the Saut du Loup, a pretending-to-be-chic bar recently opened in the Napoléon III part of the Louvre, with its entrance on the rue de Rivoli, and which, on the other side overlooks the central court from where one sees not only the pyramid (a successful attempt to enhance the reputation of a monument by referencing another; imagine them building an entrance in the shape of the Louvre at the pyramid in Louxor) but also the little multi-level garden where the boys go to cruise—the Tuileries area has never lost its psychogeographic consistency—where on one of the benches I tell Luke about the American that I recently fucked who was just passing through

Paris and who was thrilled to be able to contemplate the illuminations of the pyramid while having the Eiffel Tower (or a phallic symbol of comparable importance and much more comfortable) pounding his ass to the hilt.

But I am not at the Saut du Loup to share the details of Joybringer's adventures; the representation includes a proper love scene the happenings, repartees, gestures of which are really not left to improvisation. Even without having read the play, I instinctively feel the role I am expected to play. That's how it goes with well-broken-in routines.

One such routine is the light touch of our two free hands, those not holding the stems of our wine glasses. Our knees touch furtively under the table. An idiotic sentimental machine automatically sets into motion the heart of the actor and I can't be indifferent to the tenderness, even simulated, of the relationship and my eyes involuntarily fill with tears, invisible behind the unperturbed mask of my Ray-Ban Pilots to which I had carefully attached hooks behind the ears so that they would stay in place in the event of vigorous sport or intense emotion, as is the present case. I feel that my admirer has perfectly sensed a sentiment that is strengthened by having been less revealed.

He tells me about his sadness when his grandmother died and offers to take me on a sentimental journey to Italy—not in the least a melancholy pilgrimage—to the last place where he and his grandmother stayed. My always vivid imagination, sharpened by the two or three drops of wine that, despite myself, I swallowed while pretending really to drink, begins to see wondrous beaches where in a warm mist we might walk,

just the two of us, in step, even though those steps might leave footprints that a short wave could erase with its tears. Joy and pain mix together like our fingers in this part of the room where at this hour we are alone.

The emotional moment has passed like a dream. It's now time to accompany my dear friend to the banks of the river. We walk, passing by the park where shadows timidly woo each other, cross in bright light at the back of the Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel while Luke brushes over the panorama of his comings and goings during the last few years, most of which he spent in Berlin. But this star-trekker doesn't really have a home port; he wanders about at the will of his impressions.

As we go through the high vaulted passage that links the courtyard of the Louvre with the banks of the Seine, I take advantage of the darkness to fleetingly kiss his lips; having crossed the road that runs along the Right Bank, I drag him down the stairs to the river bank and behind the trunk of a tree that is too thin to hide anything from the passing strollers, I crush my body to his up against the tree. This goodbye kiss turns into a torrid embrace during which I force him to his knees and make him swallow the whole mass of flesh that falls out of my trousers into his willing throat. He chokes on it. The shadows that pass by don't miss any detail of the scene but they don't in any way diminish our happiness—quite the opposite—isolated as we are in the shadow of our radiant intimacy.

But I soon feel the necessity, with this long-term lover, to break it off in a blaze of fiery light, with all of the passion that true passion demands, that magical fusion where we might

have really lost ourselves with no chance of turning back. It's up to me, the man, to flee, to tear apart a knot, the danger of which I feel and which could have cost me my balls.

So with a brutal spin, I leave without looking back, feeling behind me the piercing look of my still panting suitor whom I imagine to be devastated, destroyed by love, his heart trembling and his sobs about to fall from his lips, which only moments ago were, in the lubricant of his tears, engulfing my cock, gathering the synthetic roses of an eternal first spring. I pull away like the sailor, the constant traveller who leaves behind in each port a distraught woman who will wait for him forever, but who will never see him again.

As I quickly climb the stairs, leaving the scene of so much emotion, I begin to think that this young boy, lost in sensual pleasure, nearly satiated, was transported to the point of desiring the most violent, the ultimate vice: love.

And given that this impulse is as easy to forget as it is easy to feel, I thought I'd never hear from Luke again. But our paths did not forever separate on the banks of the Lethe, the river of forgetfulness. More than a year later, I receive an email relating nostalgically the few pertinent details of our encounter and developing—embroidering—the themes of his first epistle. It seems to give credence to the theory that every sentiment, even if—and especially if—simulated, ends up producing the desired effect. Ah, the virtual world.



While starting up with Aldonze, who greets me, the little rascal, wearing very light pants, I tell him the story of the piece of cardboard that my father gave me, eager to see me home from school to report that the father of this or that pupil has a bigger, redder car, or a bigger house, and so he cuts out of the gray cardboard from a box of crackers, a rectangle corresponding to the size of his cock, giving me the task to ask my classmates if their dads have a dick that measures up to his. I observe in Aldonze's light cotton trousers a real bell ringer that begins to grow as I tell my tale. There must be a pipeline that connects the ear to the dick.

"In class, very quickly," I continue, "the cardboard rectangle is copied over and over and even traced and then cut out from schoolbook covers, thus making them useless for future ge-

nerations. Silence reigns in the weeks that follow and the theme of length and thickness disappears. However, one night, my father tells me the story that during a cocktail party organized for a departing colleague, as he was pissing in the men's room, a guy came up to the urinal next to him who had found out the last name of the originator of the cardboard rectangle, and shoved in his face one of the many copies that had circulated. He starts a conversation with my father in that tone of familiarity that men seem to feel obliged to use among themselves, making it clear that he finds the whole thing a bit outrageous, out of place, and in extremely bad taste, and that it wouldn't take much for him to alert the school administration of his behavior bordering on indecency.

"The pomposity of this conversation made my father's dick hard as a rock, substantiating there was no exaggeration about the size of his dick as indicated by the piece of pink cardboard cut from a Latin textbook. This good family man turned red as a beet and, making sure they were alone, couldn't resist groping the member from which I was produced, just to be sure it was real. The piece of cardboard was quickly put aside in order to take advantage of the real thing, followed by a private moment between dads in one of the toilets."

That concluded the meeting, my father told me, adding "He sucked me for a long time and I finally fucked this man who had lost all sensual inhibitions—That's the power of an image, of a simple piece of cardboard!"

"I hope that story is in your book" Aldonze says, who in the meantime I have started to fuck doggie-style with so much

precaution that the big orange cat sleeping on the bed hasn't budged. The Elbow Grease lubricant he handed me is not compatible with latex: the rubber tears apart.

Hubert de Bordignac has enormous balls that hang down along his thighs almost as long as my dick. We met a few times in his apartment in the 16th arrondissement in Paris, but this time he wants to get out of Paris. It's summer, so we fly south to l'Espiguette near Aigues-Mortes where I haven't been for a long time.

Hubert has made a career of reckless driving. Whatever nobility remains in his blood is incapable of conforming to the rules of the road and all the yokels along our way pay the price. Red lights ignored, speeding down the left lane, total disregard for other drivers, priorities disrespected, his sovereignty and bad faith are priceless. He tells me that he's going to purchase a driver's license in Luxembourg or Monaco, I can't remember which, since he is soon going to lose his French license, having now lost every single point.

With the flip-flops on our feet that Hubert found in a shop in Grau-Du-Roi, we head down the famous nudist beach that is very strictly sectioned into separate areas according to one's tastes. The sadomasochists, the swingers, the gays, it's an opportunity for each one to display the signs of their particular sociosexual group.

Here too you see lots of piercing, tattoos, and shaved dicks and pussies. We walk quite a distance along the shore from jetty to jetty constructed of piles of rocks sectioning off little beaches like so many different chapters in Krafft-Ebing's

"Psychopathologia Sexualis". We continuously turn a page of this living collection, getting farther and farther away from the parking lot.

Hubert calls me "Jwa-Brainjay," a name that he's not the first to use, but which I find very amusing. I love the constant shifting from French to English, a creative, traditional game that has made the two languages richer without them ever getting mixed together. Hubert is very talkative. "My dear Vicomte Ferdinand-Léon du Bracquemard de la Jwa-Brainjay, kindly hold my beach pail and shovel while I piss..." handing me the picnic basket.

Heavier than after a diner with lots of wine, the comical anecdotes and funny anecdotal stories rain down on us nearly as strong as the burning rays of the sun on the landscape and on the naked, gilded bodies that appear in our line of vision. All in the priceless accent of the aristocratic gift of gab. "There's this story about a nun who....There once was a rabbit...." Even though Hubert manages to make all these stupid jokes sound witty, I've forgotten them all.

The gray sand, the slight undertow, the prickly, dry bunches of herbs, I can finally take advantage of this beautiful scene since we set up camp in a little less busy spot. I have an assignment: my job is to walk down to the sea and to come back with at least a partially erect cock flopping from one thigh to the other.

I do this for a good part of the afternoon and neither I nor the onlookers get tired of it. Hubert is sitting a little higher up, almost on the dune, enjoying the show.

We alternate with short dips together in the sea after which we stroll, naked, in the little tidal movement of the Mediterranean, his big balls and my internationally renowned cock swinging gently.

It nearly always ends up behind the dunes, under the shelter of a pine tree, where young asses from the south of France offer me their anus in homage—I shove into them my long, thick, slightly tanned dick, without ever getting tired of the sight of their asshole flesh going in and out, clinging to the thrusts of my massive cock.

No gigantic prize-winning pumpkin could attract as much attention. They elbow their way through the crowd to get a better view, make comments, express their amazement, and above all, they OGLE. I ejaculate into the curly blonde hair of a boy wearing a striped jersey, naked from the waist down, mixing my sperm with the sea salt on his body.

The little crowd holds back its applause; but as its members scatter, it's clear they've had a good time, moving on now to the next event, encouraged to move forward by what they've just seen: what other wild scene awaits them in the dunes? That's how life is...one surprise promises another to follow, or at least the hope of another. Often just hoping for it makes it happen.

In the airplane back to Paris, everyone is dozing after the exhilaration of a day in the sun. As if in a dream, when the plane lands it suddenly revs up its engines and takes off again; at the end of the aisle I see the door of the cockpit swinging back and forth with the movements of this phantom-like air-

plane that now gains in altitude. Where are the stewardesses? What are they doing? When we finally land and exit the plane, the ground crew tells us a story about our landing having been delayed by another plane itself delayed on the tarmac by an accident involving a bird. Weird.

Hubert is shocked when I go into the room of his absent son. For him, my universe and that of his paternal relations cannot mingle. Ah, fatherly innocence. I must say that he's divorced and that he calls his children all day long showering on them words of endearment that fall into the realm of nauseating sensitivity, like the guilt associated with a completely natural indifference that is totally obvious and which, if I were one of those kids, I would have accepted with great difficulty.

We say good-bye and I have the feeling it's permanent; I often have that impression. However, a few months ago, as I was walking down the boulevard I turned around upon hearing "Jwa-Brainjay, Jwa-Brainjay!" Hubert stopped his car in the middle of traffic, jumped out and crossed the rows of cars to embrace me passionately. He looks ill, he's lost weight, and his very affectionate approach, while policemen and motorists try to get his attention, really moves me in a way that takes me aback. Apparently he got his driver's license from Monaco.

The apartment is on the last floor behind a huge clock that faces Trafalgar Square. Erik is a former Danish cop who hit it big. He married a rich, very quiet and withdrawn man who seems sensitive and nice, according to Peter, who introduced me to them for a photo shoot.

It's a vast, comfortable duplex; we're waiting for hedgehog to take the pictures; he's a young Englishman to whom I have given the name hedgehog. A lot of guys remind me of that animal because of their rounded shape, short arms ending in paws with claws, a pointy nose, straight hair...I think they're cute, especially because they're also bashful. I love seeing them stand on their hind legs, but even more when they get on all fours. When it comes to licking my balls, I don't have to ask twice with this guy.

Peter walks around the waterbed, which is in constant motion; the asshole of the cute little hedgehog trembles as I slather lubricant on it. It's small and tight, but ready for action and eager to withstand the pain. I unhesitatingly penetrate him to the hilt and fuck him vigorously. In the end, what can be more satisfying for a man than to see a boy (or a girl, but let's not go there) who is under you and on whose face appear all the signs of the most unequivocal, intense pleasure, an ecstasy that manifests itself with changes in color and expression, a most revealing mirror?

No, nothing can be more flattering for one's self-esteem than being the cause of such intense emotion. It's at the point where the little nighttime rodent with his little paws in the air has anal contractions so intense that my cock is forced out of his ass, followed by his copious spray on his belly of sperm, which, once again, I am relieved to know will produce no offspring.

Peter has everything wrapped up and while he heads to the office to burn a CD, I go into the hallway with my stiff cock in my hand, looking for the closest available object upon which to lavish my ardor and since I'm there, in this getup, I enter another room where Erik, who operates a fetish site, is also making ready-to-click Internet photos with a man of leisure from the provinces dressed in latex from head to foot, wearing a dog collar and a gas or piss mask—I'm not sure which—and I jump into the scene and fuck the guy. It's a bit of a joke as I hadn't planned to appear on Erik's site. Later he and I go to the monthly Hard-On party at Vauxhall.

I have nothing to wear to the trash party, so Erik lends me a

khaki-colored military jumpsuit. I wear it during the whole evening, the top undone and the sleeves rolled tightly around my waist and when I'm on the dance floor my dick often flops about outside my pants.

The party is fabulous and as I chat with a young naked woman covered from head to toe with a tattoo depicting a leafy climbing, swirling vine, a glass of champagne in my hand, I feel below me in the shadow of my Ray-Ban Pilots a number of crawling, creeping, lascivious creatures sucking my cock and balls.

The clientele comprises every sort of individual, which I find refreshing. The secret to a successful party rests on the art of the mix, of the incongruous, totally unexpected encounter. A great party is like the dawn of a new day, an instantaneous Utopia, even, especially with, no tomorrow. On the stage, in the spotlight, a girl is showering the ecstatic crowd with white sequins of milk that she is blowing out her ass. In the toilets I encounter a festival of shiny creatures, swathed in tight latex, squirming around on the floor begging for a golden shower.

In another of these magnificent parties, more gay this time, on the stage there is a boy with both legs amputated above the knee, dressed in made-to-order rubber and carried out in his wheelchair, on whose stumps a young bearded guy, joyfully, mockingly impales himself amid torrents of lubricant and light. The place is packed with tall, slim, formal figures, female couples, masters and dogs on a leash (who's leading whom?), flesh is everywhere and indiscriminately on display, everyone exposing, most often flashing out of black leather or latex, that part of themselves which is thus at its best advantage,

butt, breast, belly, whatever.

Joybringer, recognized by everyone, offers to this petting zoo his cock, the heft of which all who pass by feel in their hand for a moment of fantasy and measurement. The mummies expose nothing or show that they expose nothing, living sarcophaguses of leather, motionless, beyond which nothing is visible. The subtlety of that pleasure escapes me. What is the brink from which one is held back or toward which one is propelled by boredom, satiation?

In that particular party there was a corner where one could polish or have polished one's footwear. This perfect micro-society for a night also provided an area where anyone with a burning desire to get whipped could line up facing the wall leaning forward on their hands and arching their back to enjoy a merciless, vigorously administered lashing with a long studded bullwhip by a dominatrix wrapped in strips of leather.

This very strict catalog of the rules and codes of depravation is illustrated with inoffensive candor, providing an image of a certain license—or licentiousness? It's all charming, pretty, and terribly chic. A dozen slings—those little gliders where on one's back with feet in the air one offers up an asshole—fill an entire large room, just as dark as the others, hung with high black drapes creating corridors on both sides where other activities can take place. The projection of a black and white film provides a redundant behavior model; the ritual feeds on its own exaggeration.

One or two guys with their feet in leather stirrups spreading their legs and offering their hole to those who pass by push

me away, fearing tearing, irreparable damage to their insides. Finding their fears blown out of proportion, I minimize them in order to have access to as many assholes as possible. I do what I can to improve my luck. Why? Probably because it rhymes with fuck.

I try in vain to make them believe, to reassure them, that I've never killed anyone; they don't believe me and suspect me of being a sly fox trying to lull his prey into acquiescence. Obligated to make do with some more strapping fellows in the parallel corridors behind the curtains, I get blown by a Scotsman who is very happy to go down on Joybringer. He's a big guy and the hair on his chest sparkles with drops of sweat like morning dew. Next to him is a big black guy who bets with his pals that he can take me down to the balls; I take that cue and grab the guy by his studded belt. Meanwhile, someone is licking me from my ass to my balls. I would not relinquish my spot for a kingdom.

What is my excuse for reaming the ass of dozens of guys from time to time, at sex parties in Berlin, London, Amsterdam, Paris, L.A. or New York? It keeps me in shape, the way one brings a stud to gallop about in newly plowed fields when he has stayed so long in the stable that his cum is spurting out his nostrils. But it doesn't happen every day.



Hardware week. Michel greets me wearing chaps and a chest harness, puts a cock ring on me attached by straps to nipple clips. His third-floor pad overlooks the tour Saint-Jacques, so lit up it seems like daytime. The restoration of the monument, done by an outrageously ambitious disciple of Viollet-Le-Duc trying to surpass the master, destroyed, by a sense of parody, every vestige of the original. Michel's vaguely medieval getup—the jailer of gay fantasy—transports me to ancient times, me in the role of the new architect bent on destruction, him in the role of the conservator, the savior of sacred antiquity.

Our session is a ritual the exact repetition of which, each time, brings us to a higher level of perfection, of going by magic into eternity, a never-ending crescendo. There are not just

thorns in an era that has not yet liberated itself from superstition and cults. Michel is on the sofa in front of a large screen showing some German porno film. From the corner of my eye, I get news of my acquaintances in the small world of the sex industry.

I glide toward him after having quickly undressed in silence in the adjacent room and, moving between the projector and the screen creating a shadow of angles and curves with my naked body, I offer my cock to him at the level of his mouth. I play a little game of drawing back several times, just as his lips come close; this game always makes me get hard. Finally I give in to the warm, moist orifice and Michel blows me softly, deeply and for a long time. He knows my cock and knows just the right pressure and rhythm that works for me. He sucks me with reverence and delight, almost mystical concentration. It makes me rock hard.

Black plastic sheets allow us to use all the lube we want without messing up the furniture and the rugs. We dispensed ages ago with the usual foreplay to sodomy on the sofa; we go straight into the office where the process of sex, a veritable candlelit Mass, will have its full effect in the flickering orange light. I aggressively massage Michel's prostate with my thumb (Michel almost always has himself fist-fucked before we see each other) but I quickly shove the whole length of my cock deep inside him.

He begins to moan like an animal. I gently tap with the head of my cock at the door of the second sphincter, the exit of the large intestine, an orbicular muscle that remains virgin in most people and a cherry that I break with great pleasure. (Don't

hesitate to contact me about that, only very long cocks are able to go that deep.) Depending on how excited or relaxed he is, I reach more or less quickly that final destination of happiness (in Brussels I played for hours with the tight second ring of a young boy who shed tears of joy over it) and once this position has been reached, I push my pelvis against his and my very short, stabbing in-and-out thrusts never relinquish an inch of this conquered ground.

I note my progress by the volume and range of Michel's moans, the modulation of which I control like an instrumentalist, which can last, does last until the exhaustion, the annihilation of the person being fucked.

More hardware...Jean-Alain (perhaps to spice up our classic tableau?) asks me to bring leather. Before leaving home, I toss into my shoulder bag a harness, jockstraps, fist cuffs. Actually, I don't understand why queers like all this cheap stuff, which is supposed to support the image of a rather theatrical virility, but since the field of my mental erogenous zone has widened, I am more and more open to everything.

Jean-Alain has an advertising agency in Shanghai, but he often comes back to Paris to occupy his newly renovated apartment on rue du Roi de Sicile right in the middle of Fagland. It's a duplex with traditional parquet de Versailles on the main floor and a large shapeless sofa for fucking: the bedroom and bathroom are upstairs. It's simple, rather luxurious and quite nice. "Been getting well-fucked lately?" I ask him. "Not really," he replies. I don't believe him, I know he just wants to incite me to give him a really good fuck. Did he have fun earlier this evening? He was at Élysée Montmartre, a dis-

cotheque...lots of people, not so hot. Was the powder good? He prefers not to discuss it. Is he by himself?

Yes, except for a little Russian upstairs who's beating his meat while watching the TV screen that lights up the room with images of bodies penetrating each other. I put the harness on Piotr; of the three of us, it's the young, very young blond who has the body to wear this outfit. I have my favorite jockstrap to wear, a band of leather with a hole for my cock and balls and a removable cup with snaps, an item that has seen way more than one erection, and the leather of which has taken the shape of my package. (I'll let you know when it goes up for auction.) The one I put on Jean-Alain is too big and slides to his feet; I hadn't realized his hips were so narrow. The Russian boy has an enormous, thick cock, very thick at the base, a root that must go back to the fiercest Siberian procreators.

For the moment Jean-Alain is alternately sucking that virile member, heir of so many pregnancies and births, and mine, which has just as many in its family tree, and then takes the head of both our dicks in his widely stretched mouth.

On the inevitable LCD (screen-free spaces have become rare: in 10 years we will have evolved even further into their world of simulation than into what is left of another reality) the porno mix of hideous hip-hop and salacious scenes; but it works, porn has to be disgusting or else its boring—a rule set in stone. Just like my dick that is sliding into J-A's narrow, little boy's butt while Piotr is slapping his back with his heavy cock.

The Russian is lazy, a bit of a pussy. He likes frottage, furtive

caresses excite him more than anything. We amuse ourselves by admiring each other's cocks while Jean-Alain, who got a drop of poppers in his eye, is scurrying about in a state of panic, going from the sink where he washes his eye under running water to his medicine cabinet from which he takes out all sorts of eye lotions. He can't find what he needs and totally flips out.

Piotr and I lounge about on the black terry cloth towels protecting the white sheets. From the edge of the wall of curtains comes a ray of daylight. I like stroking Piotr's beautiful, white ass while he strokes the head of his cock with two fingers, letting show on his upper lip the little pink, fleshy triangle of the tip of his tongue. His ugliness makes him very sexually attractive. He wants to put the harness on Jean-Alain; it is in fact better suited to a passive partner.

The harness looks unexpectedly good on him. Despite his narrow hips, he is bigger and beefier than he at first appears. We throw him on his back and lift his legs in the air. He moans while his ass submits to the thrusts of my cock. Piotr is sitting on his face forcing him to lick his balls.

The Russian cock is engorged with Russian blood, the Russian is slamming his Russian cock against Jean-Alain's shoulders as, to my great surprise (I'm used to fucking J-A for hours and to his having multiple anal orgasms) he begins to bellow as he empties his balls on the leather harness....While he pulls himself together, I joke about having to bring the harness to the dry cleaner, a dry cleaner for dog outfits who cleans and waterproofs little trench coats for basset hounds, collars, etc....

I think he finds my jokes weird (the Russian doesn't understand humor, or anything I say really); Jean-Alain has no strength left to laugh or cry, he seems overcome by a general fatigue such that he just wants to sit brain-dead in a corner waiting for things to be over. I leave him in the hands of the Russian who will provide the perfect company for him.

Pedro arrives two hours late in my room on the 41st-floor of the Helmsley. This young Latino is in a state of excitement that manifests itself by extreme, but controlled agitation; a million ideas seem to pop into his head but he's in total control of the situation, dealing with each thought, one at a time, at lightning speed. He's almost like a computer. Cocain, I imagine, but not just coke; in any case, it's good stuff, that's all that matters.

His animation and his amusement are contagious. I join his game and grab this hyperactive boy like a reactive, interactive, creative, very recreative toy. He adapts, anticipating even the slightest of my desires. He spread out in the room a phenomenal number of bottles, atomizers, cloths, lubricants—his small, supple, hot firm body flips from one side to the other

like a pancake that one flips over on a red-hot griddle.

He instinctively selects for each position and each anticipated episode a different product to sniff, inhale, leave open on the night stand. I have removed his tortoiseshell eyeglasses that make him look rather nerdy. He goes in the wink of an eye from a moment of unbridled pleasure to wondering which product to choose for the next specific moment of experience, like those people who are used to staying in control despite their drugged state and who are having a real blast. I really love fucking this sexual toy from every angle.

A golden late afternoon sun, like a king bestowing generous gifts, floods the room with an orange light that cascades onto the folds of the wrinkled sheets and Pablo's bronzed body, a spotlight projected between the giant columns of some of the countless towers of old New York, the ancient modern city. Once again I find in sex traces of the sometimes carefree state of childhood. An ideal childhood, detached from any sense of terror that one experiences when giving oneself completely to the simple joy of inexhaustible energy.

At the precise second when he decides, as, like a well-oiled machine that makes its piston rise and fall like clockwork without any thought of the inevitably limited life of its spring toward and beyond eternity, I press with regularity, obstinacy, all of my abdominal mass on the same key point, possessing that which gives itself completely, body and soul (almost), the voluptuous calculator of his highly charged mind concludes faster than the speed of light that this moment will be unsurpassable, and as quarts of immaculate, heavy cum spurt noisily onto his chest, his face, his arms and the sheet wrapped

around him amidst screams of delicious pain, the contractions of his ass nearly break my dick in two.

He falls quickly back to Earth, zealous programmer of his existence (in the end it's the control that he enjoys and I like that...it's intelligent), and suggests that I refill my bottles of lube at the filling station of his large can of it. "Say, thanks...I'd also like to fill up on gas at the pump and while we're at it, would you mind giving me an oil change and a three thousand-mile tuneup, and topping off the windshield washer fluid?"

I make fun of but thank this charming young man with whom spending more than an hour would likely drive me nuts. The sparrow flies away as quickly as he had landed. La Cagette calls and proposes going out to the East Club Sauna.

When I showed Philip my first film, "Objectophilia," in which I fuck one of the handles of a Schweppes case made to hold 24 little bottles of the famous tonic, Philip came to the conclusion that the French word for little crate, la cagette, suited him perfectly.

The nickname has stuck. I must say that when I don't know what to bang next, he is a great hole to stick my dick in, any time of day or night. He has become like a friend for me (I don't have any real ones), something between a pet and an indispensable item in my toiletry kit. He knows a lot about me and I know plenty about him.

Married and a loudmouth, born in Texas like my paternal grandmother Sarah Ransom (to whom everyone attributes

the size of my appendage—everything is bigger in Texas), La Cagette is a singular phenomenon of the beginning of the 21st century, previous versions could only have existed during really ancient times.

Not in the least gay, an inveterate womanizer, he nevertheless gets himself fucked to the hilt, loves having cum on his face (which brings him to orgasm every time)—damn, sometime I'll have to fuck him doggy-style with a cowboy hat on his head—born promoter of Joybringer, La Cagette goes before me as second banana (with the same enthusiasm as Johnnie) or like a carnival barker and boasts about me with commercial candor, the incredible irony of which I never cease to savor. An improbable, impossible couple, our appearance always makes a big impression.

The rules of the East Club Sauna are strict: proof of identity at the entrance, personal property in a locker, signature on an envelope containing the key and stamped with the time of arrival. Pure defense secret, bank or jail atmosphere with an unobstructed view, almost erotic. This place seems to date from the time of Billy the Kid and his street gang (who would grab New York pedestrians by the ankle as they walked over a manhole to rob them). Situated on three floors, its plain wooden cubicles separated by walls above which, if standing on the bed, one could watch the occupants of the next cubicle, its western-style floors, its staircase with plain metal banisters, it's an ensemble of ancestral corridors and mazes but well-maintained.

The rules of behavior are supposedly strict and walking about naked and fucking in full view is prohibited; but in fact, the

open or at least ajar doors of the cubicles allow one to see a panoply of desire, lascivious landscapes like so many stage sets and invitations to pleasure that one leafs through while glancing toward these berths where all these little scenarios take place. When the guard makes his rounds, everything becomes orderly for a moment, it's part of the game.

Often I enter one of the little scenes, stroke the buttocks of the reclining person; but when they don't let La Cagette, who is right behind me, come in, I leave. As long as the parade of monsters doesn't race to the help of the retreating soldiers, I don't like to offer my dick in this kind of public place other than just to show off, rather in an acquired, almost innate sense, which even at this moment encourages me to write these words of advertisement.

We hang out for a few minutes before settling into the cubicle of Philip La Cagette to improvise an instantaneous show for which we have the secret and that always works: La Cagette situates his beefy Texan sheriff's body on all fours on the white sheet of the bench, while I place myself at an angle allowing those who pass by to see every inch of what is happening, I push my hips against the Texan's big pink butt.

An Italian-looking guy, well-built and covered with curly, black hair, joins us—he's welcomed. I see the perspective of a second participant whom La Cagette will be able to suck and whom I imagine to be well-hung.

I grope around under the towel and realize, unfortunately, that Hercules has a really small dick—and groping a little further, I feel something resembling a plastic pacifier protruding

from his ass.

As I pull the thing out of the ass of this very virile man, who just moments ago we saw strutting down the hallway of this fuck dump, I partly extract a plastic dildo as big as my own dick, but quickly shove back in the way one discretely closes a drawer when the purpose of its contents is so obviously private. It's too bad for La Cagette but kind of a treat for me; I love these big, dark macho guys, ready to do battle at the drop of a hat, but with the pussy of a little girl that they hold open for me with eyes filled with tears of joy (the first moron issuing from that infamous race of followers of the Freudian sect will produce a library on a similar perversion without adding an ounce of pleasure).

I remove the thick, heavy plastic dildo with a rippled surface from the wop's ass, and replace it with my cock, which fills the exact same space. La Cagette, who can be quite versatile, gets himself sucked.

The man gives immediate signs of great satisfaction with the substitution of the artificial member by a real one of the same size; the hole having been well-prepared, I reintroduce the artificial cock along with the real one, and he whimpers, he moans, but with admirable restraint, (in order not to infract the establishment's rules on discretion) which says a lot about the range of sensations kept inside by the braggart who collapses onto Philip as he ejaculates, no longer able to control the fierce contractions of his sphincters on the two members, one of which receives a conscious homage that stretch his anus wide open.

I draw a mental image of the shot-down enemy plane on the surface of my streamlined fuselage, swollen to the max, ready to fly away toward new horizons and new conquests....The image of a dick with wings is perfect; in fact, I regularly travel on its back.

This time it's a well-built Chicano who offers up and stretches open a majestic ass, also sucking La Cagette who, filled with an age-old philosophical wisdom, again lets another person take advantage of the joy that he happily shares. From my statistical point of view, I come to the conclusion that the latinos are the only really good fucks here.

Nevertheless as we stroll about, we fool around with a shy, very sexy Caucasian (whites have now all become "Caucasians," without a moment's discussion of that issue); I run my hands all over his body, but he refuses to get fucked, making a mental note, however, of the address [joybringer.net](http://joybringer.net), just in case. (You do the same.)

Philip and I go in and out of the Internet room where we open pages of my web site and leave them on the computer screens. In the showers, guys take advantage of the opportunity to see in the flesh what they saw in the numerous, very explicit photos. It seems, according to the popstar who has told me at least a hundred times, the pictures don't provide an accurate idea of the actual size, even if you add a package of cigarettes, cellphone, or beer can... nothing beats seeing it for real to appreciate its proportions. (Keep that in mind.)

At the ever-present thought that I am no more than a dick-head, besides being the son of a fool, I who have always felt

threatened by a serious suspicion, because I have had former lives, of being brainy, an intellectual, an immense inner peace flows through me. I can jerk off, in totally serene stupidity, in perfect idiocy—except when I just don't feel like it, which is rare. I've always enjoyed conjuring up my favorite puppets, so docile, always available and always brave, arranged on the shelf of my imagination.

I gently pull their strings while fondling my balls, my dick, the head of my cock, which expand, all warm under my sheets or, throwing them off, the whole lower part of my body is warmed by the morning sun that filters through the window panes. If it's still early morning, I can be sure that my neighbor across the street—he's curious about me but his wife isn't—will inevitably be watching me, my stiffened legs spread wide, toes pointed, my dick standing upright like a mast, a stake, upon which he and so many others dream of impaling themselves (and in my fantasies, it's one after the other in large numbers).

Perhaps right at this moment I'm heating up my balls and they're ready to burst. And you, aren't you aching to open wide your ass for this beautiful stiff swollen prick, which couldn't ask for more? Quickly...call me.

Why don't you call? When I'm at loose ends like this and my cock is throbbing with desire to fill an asshole, and I'm dying to hear as soon as possible the sound of flesh moaning amorously under me, if I can't have you here to empty my balls, my mind wanders to all the different ways I could satisfy this burning need.

If, in order to satiate the needs of solitary men, there exist blow-up dolls that sometimes perfectly imitate the tender, ideal object of their affections, there are also live bodies that, inversely, imitate those dolls with an even more hallucinatory realism. That's exactly what I really love to fuck.

If only science were just a little bit useful, it would long ago, instead of worrying about how to facilitate the food industry by developing things like independent chicken legs growing directly in their styrofoam containers, it would, as I was saying, have invented methods for growing asses, pussies, or mouths, to serve as a kind of sexual pet, dependent on sperm for nourishment, and which we could keep in a box to use as needed and put away afterward. While waiting for these essential improvements to daily life, I use everything resembling a piece of meat that I can stick my dick into and I don't give a damn what the other pieces of meat think.

Nature being well-designed, there are myriads of people who adore being treated like a hole for my cock, only too happy to have the rest of their bodies, which are of no interest, disdained or ignored.

Let's be neither dishonest nor unfair. If it's true that the more one thinks the less one feels, it's also true that the more one judges, the less one loves. I admit that it's very amusing and comfortable to fuck a whole person, a human thing. Because, if one thinks about it, what would an ass be without legs? Legs without feet? A mouth without a head? A head without a neck—but let's not get too far off track. Sooner or later, the head speaks and instead of murmuring "Fuck me," it might start having other totally inappropriate requirements, espe-

cially in a porno film, for example.

You've known me for a rather long time: it's not my style to delve into "intelligent sex." I like when it's raw and stupid, vulgar, never completely over and done with, ordinary and just right for jerking off, from one SMPTE timecode to another. Replaceable by any other DVD on the shelf. I detest all those pretentious fools who take advantage of simple, healthy things like sports or sex, spoiling the ingenuous joys of these practices with no hang-ups to put forward their boring opinions and analyses of so-called social, historic, or even psychological opinions and analyses, or of my balls: they serve a much more lofty purpose when they suck my cock.

Lacking the means to relieve myself otherwise—if only I had on my fifth-floor landing a neighbor's asshole always ready to be of service—I send a text message to one of my many inflatable dolls, Gilbert. It's rare that I need to contact someone, but when it's the case, it's often his butt that comes to mind. Go figure.

Gilbert is a minor chef in a restaurant on the Champs-Élysées and I always enjoy contacting this handsome, mature man from Toulouse. "Hi Gilbert, in the mood to get fucked?" When it comes to penetrating his tight hole, I can never find enough little love words for him: Fuck, pound, plough, tack ("tacker" is a term used by convicts in French prisons to refer to child rapists, and what could be more explicit than the image of a nail penetrating virgin territory with a pounding hammer?) The terms concerning animal reproduction: cover, serve, mount. I mostly prefer the classic terms: pound, plow, ass-fuck, take it in the ass. Stuff, fuck also work, especially fuck,

so common in ordinary language, out of context: I don't give a fuck, literally translated as I have nowhere to shove this dick to get it off, nothing to shove up my ass or in my pussy; leave me the fuck alone, rather abstruse, I end up deciding to send a text message: "Hi Gilbert, want to come over for a fuck?" which I change to: "Let's fuck." The phrase always makes me hard, and the "gling" of my telephone telling me the message has been sent makes my dick even harder.

Gilbert sends me a text message when he's downstairs at the entrance to my building. I wait for him upstairs behind the door with my cock in my hand. He comes in and says his usual "How's it going, monster cock?" but I hardly hear him; my eyes are focused on his posterior, his backside, which I'm already groping through the light fabric of his sport pants and under which, I know, is a beautiful, naked ass. "And how are you?" I vaguely ask, as if it could possibly interest me....What the fuck do I care? As long as his ass is burning hot, and it's ready to obey on demand, he could tell me he has lost his job, his family, his good humor, it would only fan the flames of my ardor to skewer him.

The only thing about him that I have my eye on and which really turns him on too is his beautifully shaped, tight butt, set atop firm, slender thighs, an ass that this man is going to offer me to use as I wish, to bend forward when I lean him over like a wooden puppet, moaning almost imperceptibly as I massage his anus with two lubricated fingers, a man about to abdicate all resistance and give me full permission to use the most intimate part of his body to empty my testicles in total comfort.

He quickly lets his light clothing drop to the floor and gets in position as he was trained to do, on all fours, his back to me, an enchanting perspective for me of any human being, this bestial, submissive posture. My ready-to-love, well-turned cock points like a torpedo toward North on his love compass. I know this boy is usually a top, which makes me even hotter.

How is it possible to ignore fantasies relating to raping a man in those parts that are the seat of his honor, a song everyone's heard before, the refrain of which sticks in the mind, whatever the lyrics, always sung with more and more fervor and harmony, an everlasting chorus. He also knows by heart the man who penetrates him and feels him going deeper and deeper into him, inch by inch, this bugger of a cook (bugger, an old-fashioned name for someone engaging in ass fucking).

I look at his nicked, scraped hands, all red from labor (how I love to cover and bend beneath me the pride of the proletarian and see the patent proof of his slave-like pleasure, over and over again, without ever tiring of it), in any case rough and strong hands, broken by constant use of metal and wooden instruments to cut and trim meat, fish (bodies of dead animals that they cut to get the choice pieces in the catalog of traditional cuts for the kitchen, hands that elude the cadaver and exalt victory over an animal whose cooked parts are considered delectable), vegetables and then brown, sauté, poach, grill.

But for now I am the one seasoning, stuffing his butt with baby onions Sodome-style, by fucking deep and fast. Still, his supreme knowledge of the enormous member that is splitting him apart gets the better of me and now he's massaging

with his ass the whole length of the boss's dick. "Fuck my cock..." I shout, seduced by the charm of his skillful proletarian caress; no matter how hard I try to hold back, the bastard makes me shoot my load—letting me know which of us is the active one. Dickhead prole.



By repeating the word "nigger" at least 15 times, I make Alfred shoot his load after having uncountable anal orgasms.

The session begins with a text message he sends from downstairs: "My ass is really wet, you're going to be able to fuck me without lubricant. Start jerking off." I love this sort of proposition and I instantly begin to caress my thighs through the thick terry cloth of my bathrobe, the belt of which (tied below the loops) is firmly fastened between my lower abdomen and my pelvis. The manly member just below the knot always reacts positively at the thought of a hot, throbbing anus.

Mere fractions of a second later, Alfred is on all fours on my bed, repeating one of the words I will have most often heard in my life: "Easy." As if anyone had ever had to be hospita-

lized because of me. On the contrary, I would have always prevented the worst by relieving minds and bodies from the mephitic stress so detrimental to good health. Yes, in my not so modest way, I will have contributed to public health.

Alfred always talks to me about dick while his ass is chomping down on mine; it's an ancient custom in France to talk about something as one is doing it: talk about food during a meal, talk about dogs among owners walking them, and very likely talk about murder as one is committing it. What about talking about death during one's final moments?

The hole that I am penetrating to the hilt—without paying much attention to the worry Alfred expresses about permanent damage being done—according to him, his butt has seen quite a parade of male members, many of which discharged into it. Indeed, all of the blacks. He doesn't feel the ejaculation immediately, not until the contractions that follow it and which his ass feels acutely.

During all that time he clenches my dick with incredible strength and with a set of muscles that, normally, if one thinks about it, is in other circumstances involved in ejecting excrement, sometimes not so willing to be excreted, and which justifies a certain abdominal power, the very power Alfred is gratifying me with at the moment with a smile on his lips, turned three-quarters toward me like the horse that sardonically looks at his rider after pulling some nasty trick on him. "Easy," it's my turn to say.

Concerning the ejaculation of niggers into his butt, I inform him that for a nigger, stuffing his big, black cock into a white

master's ass is the joy of the black man avenging his negritude by splitting the ass of the white master, who, since he is getting fucked, in that instance will not be reproducing his whore of a race whereas the nigger will find even more energy to inseminate females of all colors and reproduce niggers as far as the eye can see.

"And that's why the niggers have shot so much sperm into your big white whore pussy," I conclude, gratifying Alfred with my pedagogical niceness, and for free—privately, of course, as such comments could never be made publicly, a terrible and occult censorship obliterates the expression of this rather harmless sort of thing, amusing and inoffensive really, if one thinks about it calmly, even for a second.

Alfred's ass has been massaging and absorbing my dick to the point that it fits so perfectly in him it's hard to say where I end and he begins. Strange really, this symbiotic bond. His body, which is like an extension of my cock, has rolled up into a ball and an infinitely voluptuous sigh escapes from his lips.

A few minutes earlier, without paying any heed to the chronology of the facts, Alfred talked to me about proctologists. He needs to see one. Do I know a gay proctologist? I find the idea of a proctologist who only has a rapport with other proctologists of the same sex amusing, but no, I don't know any proctologists. And I find it even more amusing to see a proctologist who is heterosexual, a heterosexual proctologist, I mean. Of course he will have to tell him—one tells one's doctor everything—that he gets himself sodomized.

It's the technical term in this case. Alfred says he wouldn't

dare. The last time he went to see a proctologist was when he was 19 years old and he didn't dare tell him anything, even though at the time he was regularly getting vigorously fucked by anyone who had an urgent need to empty his balls: older brothers, uncles, neighbors, family friends, they all ended up sticking it in him, behind closed doors or in the middle of the night when everyone else in the house was asleep. He was such a pretty young, willing, timid, and sensitive young man then.

As for me, I say to him, as I continue to fuck the orifice the past experience of which he insists on sharing with me, I can only conclude that even a straight proctologist, given that we're talking about a really enticing anus, would not miss the opportunity to suggest to his client an extra examination of about ten minutes or so. After all, a man is a man and, from time to time, he needs to satisfy his instincts without paying much attention to the receptacle into which he pours his seed.

The instrument that the proctologist puts into the orifice of his client, Alfred, is not cold like metal; with his feet in the air and his legs spread wide apart by the stirrups, Alfred can barely imagine what kind of rectal exam he is undergoing, he can only analyze his sensations. The doctor explains that for this special exam he must continually put the instrument in and out during a short period of time.

"Everything okay? Not too uncomfortable?" the doctor asks kindly. But Alfred finds the sensation of the very hot, increasingly big and hard instrument to be a bit odd. "It's almost over, sir, just another moment of pa..." The practitioner bare-

ly finishes his sentence as a boiling substance seems to flow out of the palpitating instrument.

As far as the doctor is concerned, he's now relieved of the duty to bring a little gift home to his wife that evening, to beat around the bush with her, all that fuss of the male who must engage in the courting ritual before mounting the female. For Alfred, the day's experience left him with a pleasant memory. He'd swear he'd been fucked.

It's confirmed a bit later by the excretion of a thick, white liquid abundantly flowing from his intestine which still feels bruised by the examination; for a moment he thinks about taking one or two of the sedatives that the proctologist prescribed in the event of pain, but, in the end, he prefers to savor the pain as a memory. My story plunged Alfred into the dense fog of his sensual imagination; but nothing matches the word "nigger" to bring his sexual brain to exultation. The great classics never go out of style.



Photo session with Renaud Ferrand...a striptease in a cellar. Parisian cellars always inspire me with their bland, sad smell, their floor covered with the gray dust of saltpeter, the poorly joined planks of the blackened doors and the big locks the keys to which have been lost, replaced by chains and padlocks, the inscriptions, numbers stenciled or written in chalk, their mysterious or ordinary contents: carriages for babies resulting from sex in days gone by that for ages family members have been handing down to each other to store until they land in their final underground residence; suitcases filled with school notebooks having no value and just getting moldy because no one can bear to part with them; broken chairs whose seats have had such intimate contact with pussies, anuses and balls; packaging from household appliances and electronic equipment that have all gone way

beyond the warrantee limit and that can never be returned, the boxes now only useful if pierced with a hole for some guy to jerk off into while fantasizing about the moist thighs of the housewife who just turned on her food processor and who, disturbed in her morning routine by the meter reader, takes care of the tenacious erection of this man who gets up early in the morning to do his rounds without having the opportunity to mount his wife at dawn; fucking a drillbox while imagining the strong hands of the family man tightening his muscles with all his strength to drill the holes for the pegs that will accept the screws that will hold up the shelves for the last little child's toys, conceived barely a year ago, right there in the bed that's only a few feet away, the future mother having worked at length and with skill on the tired man—who had spent the day working hard and who got a blow job during his lunch break from a whore—to get him hard and who almost regretted being so insistent because of the violence that emanates from a man as he fucks harder and faster, getting all worked up because he can't seem to shoot his load and not realizing what the woman under him is suffering until he finally produces the jet of sperm that will make the toys, the shelves, the drill necessary, the box of which is behind that door with the faded toys, the child having tossed them so often in the air that his parents, despite losing their patience, resigned themselves to wait until it's over with, but it's the parents who are undone—all of this is behind that door on which I knock with the head of my cock, which I then shove down Renaud's throat to get myself ready for the photo shoot.

So much fucking has happened in cellars. An unanticipated encounter often winds up taking place there, on a folded cardboard box, between the red rat bait in its black plastic

box and the rusty bike. A beefy German guy met in the men's room at the Gare de l'Est who, after a furtive glance at my rock-hard cock at the urinal, decides to follow me to the ends of the Earth, who drives me in his old Mercedes to my neighborhood where I lead him down to the cellar already soiled with the sperm of many other men who, like him, were about to shoot their load while getting fucked doggie-style, and who says to me, mixing up German and French, "Elle est bonne ta bière" ("Your beer is great"...Bit is a brand of German beer; bite, pronounced like beat, in French means cock), so I serve him again, and on draft, as much as he wants. He gets back in his Mercedes as expressionless as ever and drives off at the same even speed that seems to define his personality.

At the end of a torrid photo session in Renaud's cellar, I removed the shiny British cop's overcoat, leather vest, and jockstrap, ending up naked except for my riding chaps (as true as everything else, check my site), there's no better place than a cellar as a last residence for the family spermatozoids. There they are, projected by the millions against the drab and powdery gray stone on the one hand, and on the other onto the extended tongue of Renaud who swallows as much as he can as his reward, my seed, where the animals conceived to reproduce my lineage will find a demise just as certain, devoured by digestive fluids. Is that a more enviable fate than to succumb to the dryness of the cellar walls? Even when projected accidentally into a womb, just one of them might have achieved the supreme objective of its function, there where man always dies without having understood and even less accomplished anything.

As far as I'm concerned, simple boy that I am, filling whenever I feel like it the orifices of flesh that come toward me, wet and dribbling, with the virile mass of flesh with which I am endowed for that purpose, totally accomplishes what seems to be my destiny. There is no better way to fulfill my mission than to give my dick, without thinking, not giving a damn about what I fuck, thinking only of the increasing pleasure that is communicated to something through the flesh that I pound with my prick (but nothing could make me more indifferent, indifference or suffering work equally well).

I suggest a photo session in the middle of a crowd of people to Renaud: I jump out of a car with my dick in the air, run during three or four seconds down the street while he (and another person) take shot after shot of the scene, the looks on the faces of the male and female passers-by staring wide-eyed at my bell-ringer flopping from one thigh to the other....Renaud doesn't seem too enthusiastic. Am I destined to just roam about in cellars?

I again visit the young Arab with the monkey fur coat, Chanel sunglasses, and jade green tortoise-shell necklace, this time at the Méridien Etoile. The hotel has renovated its public space in a 1970s style; ordinary but always pleasant, this timeless fashion, which suits the space and makes it appear larger. I go up to the sixth floor, or rather the elevator brings me there, sit a moment in a tea-green armchair to get myself into Joybringer mode and enjoy the muffled, subdued atmosphere of the hallway. The young Arab greets me this time naked except for an off-white raincoat, which I confirm by passing my hand under the coat, as if under a woman's skirt, between his thighs.

Still enormous, a cascade of folds of flesh, with legs like bolsters. I climb this hillock with its oh so soft and well-maintained grassland, his short, black, waved and gelled hair is shinier than plastic, his mouth very well-defined, large, charming eyes set off by long, girlish lashes; his features are beautiful and sensitive. I stuff the whole length of my cock right to the balls into that orifice lubricated by louloums while forcibly holding his arms on each side of his body making him incapable of fighting me off, not that he has the slightest notion or desire to do so. Now he's obliged to open his cavernous mouth even wider and to relax even more his jaw and throat—then I make my balls hang just below his lips, just within reach of his tongue, directing him to run its taut, wet tip on them.

We are bathed in the light of a panel that runs the entire height of the small room and on which a photograph screened in half tones represents a young woman apparently hailing a taxi at the Bir-Hakeim bridge; one perceives behind her the gracious Art Nouveau metal posts.

"Show me your butt," I bark at him, with the intention of immediately skewering this gigantic, farming contest young wild boar, in the fattened game animal category—he can only briefly hold himself up on one knee, having injured the other in the mountains. Nevertheless I make him stay in this uncomfortable posture for a few seconds, even if I have to abandon the idea of fucking him in this position, which always makes me get a good, stiff hard-on....

I lay him on his back, push his thighs together and, pouring lots of lube between them just below the invisible pubis co-

vered by folds of flesh, I slide my hand into this hot slit that simulates the comfort of a pussy, the "happy place" for adolescent orgasms—where young men can do each other that special favor, each in turn, by sliding their dicks between each other's thighs.

I experienced this many times with a student from the Ivory Coast in my first years of sexual activity—I still remember a painful sensation of heat between my thighs—and having to pretend I was reading an Ivory Coast newspaper behind which I was merely hiding my face when one of his friends showed up until he got rid of him (what about the white hands holding the newspaper?). I'm in the habit of pointing out to my partner, especially if his ass has lost all sensitivity because of having been plowed over and over, that a woman has two orifices and that his thighs pushed together provide a most pleasant place to stick my cock as well as another cherry to bust.

The physical shape of this young prince of the desserts offers the simulation of a vagina that is probably as good as the one he came out of. My vigorous comings and goings make the meat under me moan "Baby, baby, baby..." soon followed by voluptuous contractions; that's my cue to deliver a heavy load of cum, which, resolutely lacking anything to fertilize, must be content to soil the sheets in the folds of a trompe-l'œil womb.

Did he have a good day of shopping? He has just arrived, he was in Cannes during the film festival. To see films? No, just to spend some time in the sun—at the very moment when it's the most expensive. In fact, as we were frolicking, I lifted up a very tan breast under which I saw a triangle of white skin. He has-

n't bought my DVD yet—at any rate, he can't possibly bring it back to the Gulf. But he really loves the trailer that he saw on my web site. Wondering why I added a short excerpt from Snow White, he drew the conclusion that it's to produce an effect of incongruity between two such dissimilar elements.

"Good guess, but no," I reply. "It's because films for children are full of obscene forms and especially that one where the physiognomy of the dwarfs is so reminiscent of buttocks, breasts, cocks...." Ah, he hadn't considered it from that angle but now he gets it. Are we all going to wind up jacking off to cartoons for children? I suggest you give it a try...really.



"Hey, it's J-D, remember me?" Jean-Daniel...he's such a cutie, how could I forget him. How many times have I met with him in the cellar of his apartment building in the 7th arrondissement, also the location of a dance school? He's the king of the quickie, sometimes less than a minute. Behind a car in his parking garage, me slapping his face with my dick and calling him a cock-sucking bitch of a whore...such a male idea, so foreign to women.

Or else at his place, when he's coked to death at 4 AM, coming home from his nighttime business, gorging himself with poppers while on the giant screen young blond girls with flushed skin sit on hideously monstrous ink-black dicks, J-D making little moaning sounds of pleasure, sitting on the sofa that curves around the angles of a large, low coffee table; and

sometimes even in his room where he asks me to film him (I wonder if he still has in his possession unpublished scenes of Joybringer in action) as I make deeper and deeper in and out thrusts in the orifice that provides him so much pleasure and always under the watchful eye of the little blondes being pounded by the anthracite members that it would be almost impossible to get one's arms around.

"I've moved" he tells me. The new place, still in the city but much more to the north, looks like the realization of an apartment for which the previous one was just a scale-model. A vast dwelling that is almost entirely a single, uninterrupted space, conceived for parties, orgies. The same sofa going around on three sides of a square, but really huge this time, delimiting a series of low tables of different heights. An American-style kitchen and a bedroom set off only by a few spaced white bars.

As always, giant screens everywhere that shed their ugly light matter on everything, always the young girls tortured by the orang-outangs of the collective unconsciousness of Caucasians, which despite the lessons that we force them to learn and for that very reason, despite the painful implausibility of such a vision, only see blacks as brutish, big-balled beasts, the male fecundity by which every white pussy fantasizes being violently possessed.

Except for one screen that is broadcasting a TV program called "What is love?" where the scary giant mug of a mentally handicapped woman on which a tense smile is fixed, is swooning in her wheelchair, her hand all misshapen, her hideous, well-scrubbed face revealing, thanks to HD and the

frightening surgery-room light, every little detail of big pores and pimples while under me J-D, practically meowing in his bitch, whore, slut mode, is completely absorbed with sucking my cock. Now that's love.



I haven't crossed the threshold of Kensington Close Hotel in quite a while. It seems almost like he missed my presence, he being the scaffolding worker who greedily swallows my dick as if he doesn't want to leave the slightest morsel for anyone else; but he still won't let me plow his ass. Nevertheless he forces himself to do it and finally goes along with it again, as usual murmuring plaintively "Steady mate, steady mate" but the pleasure isn't there and gathering all his courage, he waits for it to be over, and to finally get permission to fall back on all fours and empty his balls while swallowing the big stick that intoxicates him.

Bernt also was sorely in need. He kneels ritualistically between my knees as if in adoration, overwhelmed by a long-awaited state of relaxation. I feel his body go limp, his shoulders

droop, his head fall heavily onto my crotch; he respectfully opens the folds of my bathrobe as if unfolding a velvet cloth within which lies a precious jewel, lightly places his lips on the venerated treasure now exposed to his downcast eyes, the cock coiled up in the cradle of my thighs. His repeated homage makes it grow, swell... the golden dragon curves its spine, the head naturally frees itself from between my legs to come nestle in Bernt's mouth. He sucks it like a suckling calf who has mistaken his father's phallus for his mother's teat.

The sensation strengthens the mass of the member that now becomes erect: neither Bernt's mouth nor his throat can contain it. I grasp him by the ears and then by the nape of the neck, forcing him to stay as long as possible with this stake plunged deep into his head until the well-known reflex occurs, which, with practice, one can quickly turn into a voluptuous contraction, forcing the blunt object out of one's gaping, blissful mouth, along with the long strands of thick phlegm that the object brings up from deep inside the throat, clearing the pipes.

Strange pet that I am, like those dogs that are allowed to lick pussy and ass, that I must be, how should I consider the face, the seat of dignity, the first thing one loses when one loses face, I who witness so much of the decline, the misuse of so many deliberately unaware, swooning heads, eyes welling up with tears and jaw distended, drooling, the lips drawn back, literally clinging onto my phallus?

Such intimacy with this mysterious human feature, this spectacle often just makes it more fascinating and often beautiful. It's a private way to a place into which one is flattered to be

allowed entry. In whose presence do people dare to raise the veil from their hidden face while evading all modesty? I am more than the priest, the surgeon, the dentist or the undertaker, although I am a participant in the nature of all of their functions.

Bernt can no longer stand up and collapses on me like a stalk of wheat beaten down by the storm of his senses. This boy whom I met a few years ago then looked very youthful; his temples turned gray in four or five years tells me he just appeared young back then. He straightens up and brings together our two cocks with both hands, which can barely contain them, jacking them off, delirious with awe at their combined thickness. But soon he leans forward on me, our lips join for the first time in a fusion that is simultaneously obscene and passionate; my cock is now against his butt and I beat his anus with it as a priest sprinkles the aspergillum on the faithful. I feel in him the old resistance coming undone; I can almost predict that he is going to—and when he is going to—surrender, that he is going to get fucked, in this room, by me, for the first time. He is literally dying for it.

Nevertheless I am surprised when he suddenly flips around to offer me his good little boy's ass. I instantly go for it, but trying not to hurt him, not to get him tensed up by entering him too roughly, which might tense him up for good. Accepting a presence inside oneself, tolerating that intrusion even though it so quickly becomes voluptuous and natural, the source of the only deep satisfaction that clears the sky of all frustration for every creature, is not always easy at first.

But he goes onward, determined to courageously reach the

goal of his desire, which he senses is imminent. He decides to get sodomized lying on his back so he can watch my face while he feels the whole thickness of the member that is going to spread open, inch by inch, his tight virgin ass and our tongues glue us one to the other. I'm almost inside him, (as he will text me some 20 minutes later) when he murmurs with his eyes shut behind glowing, scarlet lids, nearly swollen, as one says of a whale when it's going to open its blowhole: "I'm gonna come, it's gonna be a blow..."

And in fact, his buttocks contract violently on the little bit of my dick that's in him, engaged in the loosened anus ready to burst when a single spray of cum, incredibly long and thick, spurts high up on his chest and his face, where appears a look of unforgettable ecstasy, greater than that on the saintly face in any Italian Renaissance painting. Anyway, of what value is an artistic rendition when compared to the real thing?

While he gets dressed, I read a text message from the popstar who apparently wants to see me this evening. Do I even feel like it? I ask him to call me later. I'll see by the tone of his voice what might be in the offing.

Our last session this past Christmas really was more than I can take. As soon as I arrived, after crossing the courtyard with its holiday decoration of an artificial doe and her fawn, like the Christmas tree festooned with cut Swarovski crystal balls and stars near the piano, he denied standing me up after his earlier concert at the Stade de France. Then he announced that some poor kid from the suburbs was going to show up at any second; he told me I have to play the role of the host and open the door, during which time the popstar, as usual wear-

ing a hood, will get naked with his butt in the air waiting for the kid to fuck him. Mmmm. And in fact, a few seconds later, a little haggard black face appears on the screen of the intercom: "Is this number 3?"

I get behind the door and the popstar signals me to open the gate; having no prior experience with the series of buttons near the door, I press one at random; the inside of the house, until now almost completely dark, suddenly is blazing with light. The windows are curtainless and the kid standing outside can't help seeing the spectacle—and if any paparazzi are on duty, they're going to get some great material—of the famous singer naked, showing his ass to his audience. I quickly press another button, still at random, and everything goes dark again. The kid from north London has disappeared, as if he had seen a hundred thousand devils.

I start to joke with the the totally spaced-out popstar as if with a puppy: "So where is the little black bunny?" He runs to the window to try to see the guy who by now has run off forever. "Ah, he's behind the tree," I chant merrily.

And there's the popstar perched on an armchair in the light of the artificial fire in the chimney, which also illuminates the branches of holly mixed with garlands of red ribbon. Then the phone rings; in fact that evening the phone never stopped ringing. He probably went through the phone networks leaving his number everywhere with a message about a 14-inch dick. "He's on the phone, the little black bunny"—and the popstar runs into the reception room with the grand piano and the tree; he picks up the phone without saying a word, listening to one caller after another. I end up sending the puppy

toward the window, then in the opposite direction, and vice-versa until I get bored; I am fed up with his restrictive bestiality, after his bad faith about forgetting everything. He's going to wait a long time for me in his bedroom to which he has retired; I've already bolted.

Several months later as I'm heading down Marlow Street he calls me, at the very moment when I realize my stay in London will be too short for me to go see the effect of a particularly luxuriant spring in Hyde Park and I share with him my thought on the foliage. He responds by telling me how glorious the roses in Regent Park will be in two weeks in that very posh, chic and snobbish tone affected by the members of high society or by those pretending to be members. But neither one of us is and the conversation takes on the tone of let's talk about something else that I find annoying. I prefer to ask him directly where he's headed with this.

He proposes a classic but always good scenario, one that I always enjoy: I'll ring the bell, he'll open the little gate to the garden courtyard of his house in the hills of Hampstead. Then, after patting the heads of the two gentle old labs that greet me (each wearing as usual a red bandana around his neck instead of a collar), I'll have to climb, I already am, the three or four sets of steps up to the last floor, passing by, in the subdued light made even darker by the filter of my Ray-Ban Pilots, a number of rooms, little dens with beds equipped with a mattress and cushions so thick, so high, and so hard that they seem to have been immortalized in the marble ideal of a conscientious decorator totally lacking any imagination.

He is on the bed in the very last room upstairs, naked and on

all fours in that position with which I am so familiar. On the night table a crystal champagne bucket is one third full of lubricant, that powder lubricant which, once water has been added, makes long dribbling strands. There's also the crack pipe traditionally cobbled together with a bottle of water and a straw.

Fortunately there is strong ventilation to vent away the smoke above the door, but unfortunately it's ice cold. Ouff...the crack will prevent him from falling asleep because of the ghb and the antidepressants.

Without saying a word, I take off my clothes and begin fucking this Mediterranean ass, just the kind that I love to fuck. His butt seems to have been well broken in since the last time I was inside it; so much the better, his ass is as solid as a twisted root from the mountains of Cyprus and doesn't give way that easily. I mentally thank the big London dicks that planed down this rough Greek wood a little—but never quite enough. The woolen hood reminds me of our first meetings that always seemed suffused with a medieval atmosphere; at the time, at a friend's place that was being renovated and was without electricity, our coupling took place in the tomb-like light of a tall church candelabrum. I didn't know who he was then; he pretended to be a bathroom fixture installer, which was totally inconsistent with his carefully manicured hands.

I nail him to the bed and beat against his ass with my hips; he was dying just for that. I let him disengage and he sits on the edge of the mattress—I shove him back onto the bed, which he hits hard with the upper part of his body, straddle his face and force him to swallow my cock and lick my balls... he begs

me to let him free, that it's such a waste, that he wants to sniff poppers or do some more crack to fully enjoy the moment.

Taking advantage of the break, he launches into a lecture on the subject of "getting to know ghb." According to him, it's a substance that is naturally present in the blood and that cannot be detected otherwise because it ends up dissolving in the organism after a few hours; it's a substance the major abuse of which is only the consequence of its prohibition. He is preparing press releases on the absurdity and the danger of prohibition; the same goes for the prohibition of alcohol, which gave rise to the Mafia. I have a hard time following, so many common practices have been forbidden and to forbid those practices that go beyond a narrow catalog has always been a principle of the economy; whereupon he starts telling me I'm just being cynical, though not in an offensive way, of course. He's kidding himself, I tell him, if he thinks he can express any form of truth through the media: when he sings his love songs everyone listens as though it were the word of God, but if he now wants to preach to the masses with perfectly reasonable principles, it's only natural that no one will give a damn. If it were possible to express truth, which is ugly and sad, in that way, it would have happened long before now.

"You're angry with me about something" he says, "and we'll discuss it later." Yes, it's true that I became fed up with seeing him fall asleep under me while I was fucking him, wake up having forgotten that he had just gotten laid, not show up for appointments, fall into a comatose state at the wheel of his car while I'm waiting for him in my hotel and trying to figure out how to get him in without drawing the attention of the

doormen and the concierge. He blames it on his boyfriend with whom he has just broken up—a former jeans merchant now in the contemporary art field and who, wanting to become as famous as the popstar, would have been disappointed if the singer refused to show himself in public with him. His suicidal attitude could have ensued from that disappointing relationship.

I sense that after being called a cynic I'm going to hear I'm blasé. I'm beginning to be seriously annoyed with a world (and I am face-to-face with its most sincere representative) where anything that is not backed up by the most patent public success has no right to exist. But the law of the individual corresponds to that of the masses.

Oh fuck...contaminated by the popstar, am I not going to fall prey myself to the attacks of appalling pedantry, an even more pernicious, more deadly evil than cancer?

The popstar doesn't afford me that opportunity. The existence of just one ant in the world wearing Ray-Ban Pilots who doesn't join in applause with the general public compromises his happiness. Totally high on crack, naked in the middle of his room, with me as his only audience, I who have just put on a warm bathrobe to protect myself from the icy wind of the ventilation, he launches into a five-hour show. After two whole hours, he finally notices that he's still wearing his hood. He comes back from the bathroom where he had filled the tub with shit (judging by the smell that preceded him), bursting into the room like a jack-in-a-box, with a brazen and provocative look on his face of having just exposed his hidden identity, as if it were a shameful part of him. Frankly, I think his per-

formance was better with the hood.

All that unfurling of personal expression behind the mask of anonymity was beyond compare. The voice effects range from a low growl to a magnificent stentor; what technique. To my great surprise, I have to acknowledge that he is quite disinterested. That his only thought was to have fun and please others, with much candor and a lot of work. The money came on its own without him even realizing it. He accumulated one of the first personal fortunes in total naïvety—or am I the one who is being naïve? I really love just believing what I'm told; it's so much simpler.

His mother told him early on that he was ugly and he believed it. The thick tortoiseshell eyeglasses that he had to wear until his adolescence confirm it. Not so gay as a child, he vaguely remembers raping on a regular basis a little girl of the same age that he forced to suck his cock; his mother had to stop sending her son to this family because he would always come home covered with scratches. Later on he got contact lenses (and then finally got laser treatments) and became the darling of the ladies, always hot on his heels; he's convinced that they're making fun of him, which of course makes it all the more seductive.

As he bends over the night table, I plunge my hand into the translucent champagne bucket, remove a ladleful of lubricant and then shove the whole length of my rod into him just as he draws on his crack pipe. Right at that moment he starts recounting to me his first homosexual experience when he was just 15.

Realizing that the best place to see dick is at a public urinal, the very first time (one senses his lucky streak) he encounters a short guy with a huge cock who pushes him into one of the stalls and fucks him—when he recalls that moment he thinks of the pleasure of the older man getting to fuck an adolescent, already sensing the art of putting himself in the shoes of his audience.

Besides the strokes of my cock that I give him from time to time to shut him up, I feel like a basic psychoanalyst who listens unenthusiastically as his client bares his soul. I take advantage of another fuck break to go down into the kitchen to get a bottle of water. Behind the door I hear voices and moans, so I open the door cautiously and discover that it's just a TV channel that recently began broadcasting relatively soft porn, according to the popstar who has followed me downstairs.

One might say that at this rate, by progressively shining a spotlight on more and more salacious characters and all sorts of vices, the essential element being to slowly infuse habits, one can predict that in time, in its time, and just in time, a number of things we now consider horrible will come to seem normal. In a pile on the table next to the French doors opening to the garden overlooking all of London (which appears magically like a forest of trees as far as the eyes can see) is a kilo of fragrant black pot of the best quality.

We go back upstairs for a little extension of activity. In the staircase I learn that all of his wealth will be donated to charity upon his death. How dreadful. As if it were necessary to finance the swindlers who pretend to rid the world of its mi-

sery while getting rich themselves on the backs of the poor, or worse, to finance poverty in order to perpetuate it. I tell him it would make more sense to leave everything to the Queen of England.

"Hmm, to the royal family...." For a moment he comes out of his stupor and is caught off guard by my suggestion. "It wouldn't change a thing for them," I say. Then I appeal in vain to his imagination by suggesting he DO something with his tons of money. All he can come up with is to organize a party around the pool for his birthday....Damn popstar. "Take some more drugs" I tell him.

"Are you being sarcastic?" he wonders out loud as I get a certain satisfaction from gaining time until the next stream of words, innocent bragging, dramatic costume effects (figurative since he is naked), gesturing, the imminent return of which I apprehend. I dissuade any desire on his part to start up again by tearing open his anus, grabbing him by the back of that thick neck I know so well, where the hair forms a very sexy trapezoid.

Going back downstairs, I am outraged by the indecent number of photographs all over the kitchen walls representing little babies and newborn infants. Had he been bombarded, this complacent godfather, by an army of mothers determined to have rained down on their offspring the manna of British pop music, to the detriment of the royal family? Shameful, when I think of it. He vaguely promises that the most enormous of those pictures, a very close up and particularly disgusting view of the red face of one of those horrible brats, will be removed from the wall.

As my eyes wander to the fireplace that I don't seem to recognize, I learn that the previous French-style one has been replaced by a Georgian version to match the rest of the house. Hmm...I hadn't noticed that it had a particular style and that's what I liked about the whole place.

It's late and the popstar now begins to have almost no idea what he's doing. Takes bottles out of the refrigerator and then goes back to get them again, wobbles while nodding off, stuff like that. It's nearly time for me to do my vampire bit elsewhere.



The voice stumbles and bounces back onto Latin intonations; he offers to get me some champagne but I suspect from a certain soft thickness in the voice that he is already quite plastered. He explains with difficulty the location of a barge docked near the Bir-Hakeim bridge. When I arrive there, I recognize the bridge in the photo of the room at the Méridien hotel where I saw the fat young Arab. I go down the wrong side of this self-governing port of Paris, in practice, a luxurious floating residential area on the banks of the Seine; it's Saturday night, people on barges are drinking and laughing in the flickering light of candles—though it's the end of spring-time it's still a little chilly, especially because of the wind.

At the end of a maze of buildings that appear even more shadowy through the dark lenses of my Ray-Ban Pilots I find

Braque, thin but with a bit of a belly, chic in his little short-waisted, checkered jacket, very "beautiful people." One has to climb over several rails of barges always and forever moored there before climbing aboard Braque's little tub. Rather than resembling a barge, it looks more like the minuscule cabin of a tugboat luxuriously appointed and turned, he tells me, into an opulent-looking apartment in 1933. Toward the bow are an entryway, a kitchen, and a tiny bathroom; on each side of the brass bar and toward the stern is a small sitting room with two cabins, each equipped with a bed. The ceiling doesn't accommodate my height and I immediately suffer claustrophobia.

Before I sit down—the only solution—I drop my 100% polyester pants and joyously spread my thighs. Braque comes over and settles between them to suckle in the hollow of my inviting crotch, forgetting the glass of champagne that I poured for him on the bridge. When I opened the bottle, with a single "plop" the cork silently disappeared into the darkness of the river. As I stroke his head, my mind and eyes wander toward the amber tones of the delicate woodwork, precious essence of the islands, echos of wandering travels in the French colonies, sculpted leaves protruding from the broken edges of the mirror of the closet between the two cabins.

My dick swells up quickly in Braque's expert mouth. I slide my hand into his briefs and fondle a somewhat neglected but charmingly shaped ass—and a very open hole that won't make any fuss about being deeply penetrated. As I lean back dreamily thinking about this imminent conquest, I contemplate what effect daylight must have on the stained glass window in the ceiling.

Braque is lying flat on his belly on the new carpet with a wide nap comprising all the different shades of cherry red. With adorable affectation, he invites me to follow him behind the curtain of his cabin. Since 1933, so many fleshy clubs hastily taken out of a pair of button-front sailor's pants must have slapped against the ass of a female or a boy, or even that of a completely depraved older man like the one I'm penetrating from behind with one deep, fast stroke, even before his sniff of poppers reaches his brain.

Before 1933, when the modest vessel was owned by a barge-man who certainly got blown more than once, standing at the wheel, his cap perched over toward one ear and a cigarette dangling from one side of his lips above which a stiff mustache has already begun to turn gray after years on the water, lips that utter these fateful words, "Lick my balls, suck my cock," words that I now say, drunk with boatman's eroticism.

I must admit that I enjoy alternating fellatio and sodomy. I turn my fully consenting victim over again and fuck him some more—Braque is showing signs of fatigue and admits feeling totally reamed out by my foresail mast. "Where did you get the name Braque," I ask him. "It's a nickname I chose for myself," he tells me, "Everybody calls me Braque, even at work. It's from when I was a child; I used to play with my little cars in front of the painting by Georges Braque, the value of which I probably didn't realize. I was forever being told, 'Stop, be careful of the Braque, the Braque, the Braque,' so I decided to call myself that."

— And what happened to the Braque?

"No idea," Braque answers. Whereupon as we frequently do and frequently with no tomorrow (but what is tomorrow?) we make plans to travel, to see each other again (which does happen), spend some time together....I go back out into the world of wolves, the wind of the dark night, the luminous pencils of headlights and the motion picture with which I am never, ever bored, Paris moving past the window of my taxi. The city is more and more illuminated, but not yet so much as to ruin the effect that shadow bestows upon light.

Walking down a street one night in Shanghai, I who am so accustomed to the bright lights of Western cities, become suddenly filled with pleasure at discovering the street completely darkened, as is often the case in the Orient—delightfully overcome with the sensation of comfort, security, intimacy, the impression of being, for the passers-by that I meet, the potential aggressor, the beast in the shadows. The very healthy attitude I've taken, in films, of always identifying with the predator rather than the victim.

Expressing my idea that sex between men is more natural than between a man and a woman provoked this response from the popstar, a response I often get: "I'm not going to follow you down that road" to which I am indifferent, accustomed as I am to others not sharing my ideas. However, the highly erogenous nature of a man's prostate gland signifies that massaging this body part via the rectal cavity, with a cock, for example, is the surest way to trigger in him the height of orgasmic bliss.

And so why would nature allow the male to have greater bliss via this route than by the more legal surface, by the way, very inferior in this case, of the penis? All things considered, there remains but one explanation: the male who, leaving aside his ordinary function of sticking his erect member into the womb

of the female in order to spurt his impregnating fluid into it, turning his backside to another passing male to get fucked and have his prostate massaged, gets into the habit, which little by little, though rather quickly, leads him from his intended role in the reproduction of offspring to preferring, and here I say "very naturally," the very singular pleasure of getting his ass fucked for hours rather than having to wipe a baby's bum, pay alimony, and spend the weekend helping out friends.

It's obvious that two definitions of natural are in contradiction here. On the one hand, the paths of nature, not really such that we can perceive a sovereign, clearly understandable order, but in the name of which the most absurd practices are justified on a daily basis, and on the other hand, the simple natural path of satisfying one's deepest desire, even when that desire does not lead to sempiternal human reproduction...nor its problems, frustrations.

Edmundo regularly calls me very early in the evening, always with the same preoccupations: how soon, in what getup, what scenario? I almost always respond very tersely with the automatic message OK on my cellphone and leave to him all the pleasure of inventing and arranging the fantasies of which his imagination is always more than capable; one of the great marvels of refinement when it comes to sexual games is that they allow the individual to fully exercise his imagination, from which flows, along with his sperm, an abundance of finesse.

"You're coming the opposite way down the alley, you take out your cock to piss but don't put it back or attempt to hide it as I pass by you, you ask me for a match but you have no ciga-

rette, you make me kneel and lick your cock...." In general when we get to that point I massage his tonsils with my dick after having shamelessly shaken it in full view beneath the streetlamp, taking the risk that all of Courbevoie might see me, down to the littlest of its inhabitants not missing a moment of the show, hidden behind the ever-present polyester curtains in the middle-class window, through which one can see without being seen. I am precisely in the opposite position, exposed, seeing no one.

Fast, very fast, it usually does happen very, very fast. I grab Edmundo, push him into the dark corner of a leafy hedge, pull down his jogging pants, and fuck him right there in the street without giving him a moment to catch his breath, nor to think about the potential inconveniences of the situation. At that point Eduardo shoots his load almost without fail and without making much noise, so as not to disturb the neighbors or a possible stroller whose intrusion on our little scene and whose stiff and anxious step would only add a good dose of spice to the excitement of the moment.

As years have passed, the scenarios have multiplied, always with the same specific mark of the author and always with great enthusiasm for on-the-spot improvisations. More than ever the new show, in truth an old one but that is always renewed via our performance, can only make one wonder about the incomprehensible strangeness that led to public performances, so detrimental, when little private performances provide such fertile and real satisfaction.

We've visited all the surrounding areas, they've all served as the stage: a cellar where I shove Ricardo up against the worm-

eaten wood door, pinning him to it with my big thumbtack; a suburban garage, an old wooden two-floor building where I lay Ernesto on the seat of a motorcycle or the hood of the car of a family man who was in too much of a hurry to get home and knock up his wife to take time to clean his vehicle and to whom I do a big favor by dusting it off with that big faggot Enrico; a hallway, staircase of an apartment building where a chance meeting occurs, a furtive, hesitant contact between strangers, or else directly in his apartment, mentally transforming it into a straight porno cinema where one must pretend to slide between the narrow rows of seats, tolerate the contact of someone's arm while on the screen the inescapable bitch impales herself on one enormous hard dick after another while screaming "More!" until, in the middle of the theater and under the eyes of all the half-asleep bums and old Arab men, the employees who have come to hastily whack off before going home to their wives, I bend the queen over the stained, cum encrusted reclining seat, his butt in the air, and fuck him to the hilt, spreading wide his cheeks, which will bear the marks of my nails for several days to come while he bellows in unison with the little blonde bitches getting their cunts and asses plowed deep on the screen—and then suddenly the movie hall turns back into his pad, with the reassuring gurgle of aquariums, the silent motion of one of the cats (the other young orange cat never goes out) that comes to snuggle into the warmth of my clothes thrown in a heap on the floor in the heat of the action, leaving behind some of its fur.

But for this time, Edmundo, to whom I suggest that I can wear my brand new parody look, a navy blue pinstripe businessman's suit made of 100% polyester, launches into a rather

complex, more scripted fantasy. He'll be waiting for me wearing a bathing suit on the landing of his fifth-floor flat. I'll exit the elevator with my package hanging out of my fly but flaccid, I must act as though I've missed my train and I'm looking for a place to sleep—he will offer to put me up, of course. The rest of the scene is just as scrupulously planned right up to the classic ending. The new twist is that we engage in dialogue and I like that innovation. He wants to test my comedic talent. I urge him to retort. "Don't worry!" he shoots back in a text message, marvelously reassuring his partner in acting out a very delicate scene.

I love riding my bolide bike at 4 AM across Paris, a nearly deserted city at that hour, where only a nocturnal population hangs about that I would never want to frequent, but that I like to pass by in a flash. I see everything, take note of everything, much better than if I were in a car, changes in the city and its lights from Châtelet to Opéra, from Saint-Lazare to Villiers and then I disappear with a kick of my legs.

When the elevator stops, it's Raimundo's face that appears in the light of the slightly ajar door. "Good evening, Sir" I say blandly. "Good evening" he answers a bit distantly but nevertheless openly, very classy. We are really two characters who don't know ourselves or each other and who are meeting for the first time.

"Please excuse me" I begin, "but I'm in a very difficult situation; I just missed my train, the last one, and I don't have any idea where I might spend the night while waiting for the first train in the morning. Would you have any suggestions?" "Why yes," he answers in a very welcoming, hurried tone,

"You can sleep here at my place."

I thank him profusely for such princely kindness and generosity, and for his willingness to share his comforts; he returns the compliment in accordance with the banalities of proper etiquette, that he is more than happy to be of service, and so on. During this joyfully civil exchange we enter the apartment, both filled with the moral grandeur that we mutually expressed to each other.

On principle, and to add to our intensely pure and sublime disinterest, I express a certain hesitation: is he sure that I'm not disturbing him? Wouldn't it be more convenient for him to just give me the name of the nearest hotel? I wouldn't want to be a nuisance. He is adamant, assuring me that no inn in the area offers the indispensable amenities and that the cost would be both absurd and unnecessary, his chest again swelling with pride on the traditions of hospitality upheld without exception by the entire lineage of a great king with inviolable principles.

Nevertheless he has only one king-size bed. I recoil for a moment on hearing that announcement. My slight reticence seems to beg the question: Have we neither of us anything to fear from this situation—in terms of good mores? In the end I appear resolved to accept, driven by the circumstances and convinced I am dealing with a man of high scruples for whom I am not causing much of a problem on the one hand and whose irreproachable manners on the other hand will certainly protect me from any gesture in poor taste while I sleep.

I express my fatigue after a day of work and the irritations of

the train system, and we head to bed. Which side of the bed does he prefer? Finally everything is settled, we turn in, and he shuts off the lights. I keep my briefs on out of common decency. I had received earlier the following instructions: "Once in bed, when I touch you, don't react, just let me grope, jerk off, etc."

And so as my character begins to doze off (not me, though) an audacious hand stealthily slides into my underwear, gropes around, hefts, measures, handles, kneads, jerks, tugs on my balls until the desired effect of a considerable increase in volume occurs.

Absent other reactions on my part, my complacent host seems to tire of it and abandons the game. The next phase is, of course, written into the script and it's now my turn, aroused by this foreplay, to return the favor: I touch, caress, squeeze his nipples.

I excuse myself; normally at this hour I'm in bed with my wife—I must have been hallucinating...I thought it was her next to me. "Do you have any children?" whispers Fernando, who becomes crazily excited at the least touch of the tips of his tits. "Three," I lie. "I produced them one after the other with this huge cock that you have in your mouth by putting it into my wife's vagina and shooting my sperm into it," I explain with a false naïveté devoid of the least bit of scruples.

Bernardo starts to howl, he always comes off very fast, very violently; we burst out laughing and return to our normal personalities.



With what kind of vehicle did he have his serious accident? I can't remember, but I haven't seen him for quite some time and he doesn't really seem to have recuperated. At least now he can get a bit of a hard-on.

But when I ask if he shot his load, his face takes on a dreamy look, his eyes rolling upward toward an imaginary vapor, searching for a tenuous, subtle, floating sensation; he says he thinks so, but that since his accident, his sperm flows into his bladder.

I can't get beyond the impression that this guy is dead and that I'm right in the middle of a necrophilic experience. Except that this deceased person, even if he's like a sleep-walker, moves and speaks, which only makes it more bizarre.

He's constantly swallowing tranquilizers because his brain, like a scratched record, keeps playing back to him the pain at the time of the accident. Real torture. To counteract the depressing effect of the anti-epilepsy medication, he has to take uppers on top of everything else. The result eerily resembles a smile painted onto a skull. I am able to have conversations with and fuck the living dead, thanks to modern science.

He is truly happy in his new "life," having to overcome his handicap gives him a kind of objective he's never had before. He has moved to a village where he found more considerate, interested people with a sense of solidarity than in the city. People come by and leave him gifts, fruit, firewood.

I begin to miss the sadness in the immobile limbs of a real cadaver...fingers, legs, mandibles, claws, immobile...useless...counterbalanced by a marvelous graphic peace.

He wants me to come back and proceed to a rape scene. Raping a dead person, what a program. Not even be able to count on rigor mortis.

Death is becoming intrusive. I used to really love death, I would have willingly given it a try even, but since life itself has usurped the washed-out vision of it, I'm less sure.

Death is no longer as tranquil nor as noble. It has become as noisy and vulgar as everything else. Repugnant life (in fact, not life, but the economy, which is not a living thing, any more than mercury is a liquid) has pushed its crawling colonies into the very core of death's dominions, erstwhile terrifying and silent. Ah. I just remembered: he fell one hundred twenty feet

down a mountainside. He walks, breathes, speaks only within the dreams of a dead person. He has survived the way hair continues to grow on a dead body.

What to do with this Belgian who absolutely wants to find my dick unwashed after several days, stinking and covered in smegma? I can't imagine marinating in my own excretions to produce that desired effect. I bring back from the grocer's some small-curd cottage cheese, stick my dick in it, spread it all over the inside of my foreskin and wonder if by some miracle this can work.

I host a real beast of the woods barely contained in his denim outfit, hairy, bearded, bellowing, growling and who, with his mouth full of my cock generously frosted with the cottage cheese, eyes half shut, exhibits all the signs of pure, intense joy, a real sensation associated with the memory-taste of some early rape; his father, uncle, family friend stuffing his unwashed cock into his young mouth, astonished and curious, but delighted, the memory of which is recorded in detail.

The now adult animal growls, worries me almost, he seems to be just barely holding back from biting down hard into the flesh only by memory—the prison of rigorous training that carved into his genes the strictest prohibitions concerning sinking his canines into the bone of the master. Despite the apparently well-learned lesson, I'm glad I don't give the impression of being particularly open to the idea.

Nevertheless, the whole body of this primitive creature trembles on its paws, a wild beast at the height of excitement. I drag him by the nape of the neck into the bathroom where I

drench him in piss, hoping that in his agitated state he won't notice the container of cottage cheese I left on the edge of the sink.

But there is nothing to fear. The beast is indeed in an altered state, set loose on the wasteland of his most ruffled fantasies, with bared teeth and bristling whiskers, and I am greatly vexed that I myself do not have the right to be able to launch a hunt with hounds worthy of Count Zaroff on the heels of this barely human wild boar.

He needs all the commands that I shout out to prevent him from jumping at my throat and tearing me to shreds. I must add several brutal slaps with the whole length of my cock, something he is clearly not accustomed to, but accepts nevertheless, like a dominated animal, waiting patiently for the pain to be over and who just clenches his teeth and bears it, because it is the worshipped master who inflicts that pain. A pig or a dog could not have reacted better, so short is the distance that separates man from the four-legged monster.

Still, how crazy is our attachment to them; after he leaves, I wish he could have stayed longer by my side, in a cage with strong bars where I would feed him only my sperm to preserve all of his carnivorous instincts.

Oh, how I still love the curtain of a new stage that opens with the door onto the unknown of a new face. At La Jolla it's that of a young guy dressed in a tulle fairy costume, on his way back from a Halloween party—I still hadn't ever fucked any fairy tale characters with my magic wand. Red Riding Hood, Snow White, Tom Thumb, ogres and wicked stepmothers, dwarfs, dragons, anything can happen once the three taps are sounded for the next scene.

The top of the Trump Tower is shrouded in clouds, like just yesterday, as I was pulling out of Braque's ass, him disguised as Black Beard the Pirate for a Halloween party at Bir-Hakeim bridge, the top of the Eiffel Tower was, giving it that unfinished aspect one sees in photographs from the time of its construction.

The low clouds and the obliquely flowing streaks of rain hitting the huge plate-glass windows don't prevent me from contemplating with unending interest the neo-Gothic and Renaissance towers on a lower level, so old now that they have the same charm as the originals in Europe, issuing from the same utopian mindset. I fabricate in my dreams what's behind those façades, which are probably mostly trompe-l'œil, but I don't care.

As if suddenly coming out of my baroque reverie with his Italian look of nobility straight out of the 15th-century paintings of Paolo Uccello, Gianfranco enters, his eyes hidden behind a more recent style of Ray-Bans than the Pilots, his curly hair showing beneath a maroon wool cap. He has strong buttocks above very solid legs, a wide ass cleft, under which hangs the hefty weight of his cock and balls. Strong shoulders and torso, too. While he is getting fucked, he neighs and puffs like the horses that he mounts in jumping competitions, images of which he shows me on his cellphone. I would have liked to know his profession before I began fucking him.

He teaches of course, but travels frequently to buy and sell horses. A good one can cost more than four hundred thousand dollars. He admits that horses are very sensual animals; they love being compelled to do something and being handled by humans, so I suggest seeing him again and fitting him with a saddle, reins, bits, and then mounting him like a real mare.

He's not against the idea, amuses himself by telling me he knows a certain move (applying pressure with one hand on the shoulder and the other on the neck) that lets him put a

horse weighing more than a ton to the ground in the blink of an eye, adding, stupid that I am, I've been warned.

Another Italian-American comes after him. Luca is seventy-two years old, left his native Italy in his adolescence to make his fortune in the United States in industrial pastry, leaving his father who had him late in life (pater was born in 1864), and his twenty-three brothers and sisters. He removes his dentures, a real plus for a fellation. The rain continues to hit the motionless screen of the huge plate-glass window, on which are painted the marvelous palaces of antediluvian fairy tales.

In San Diego, the curtain opens on a minuscule black Chicano covered with awful tattoos and whose tiny, muscular butt I have the pleasure of spreading—I can hold him in the air with two fingers, use him like a toy into which I get myself off, holding him by the neck as if it were a handle. He compensates for the loss of his virility by standing me up the next day. Who's fucking whom?

What happens to the sense of honor, dignity, self-love in the man who renounces the classic canons of virility, that very thing that triggered such cataclysms and made flow even more ink than sperm, to become gay? Of course that man still has, more or less, a sort of deep psychosis, inherited from the mists of time and still alive in the mists of our time, but in terms of what's essential, the joy of living according to one's real sexual instinct is the source of bedazzlement beyond compare to the purely educonomic-social gratifications of official masculinity.

With the most subtle, the most depraved of men, the fact of

being reduced to the condition of a lascivious female consumed by the desire to be mounted down on the ground where she is writhing, offering up a vagina that gapes toward the sky with torrents of secretions that are far greater than the very mixed feelings one gets from the esteem, the respect one shows the real, proud, pompous male, hero and transmitter of his noble race, ready to sacrifice his life on the spot in order to remain faithful to his principles.

If ideas were ever connected in any way to the practical side of life, they are in any case a strongly erotic stimulus. How many times, in the cab of an eighteen-wheeler, have I gotten three times as hard because the driver, before getting between my legs to choke down everything he could of my thick meat, showed me the pages of an old, well-worn porno magazine where the big, sagging tits of an ignoble, misshapen whore while expressing his admiration from the depths of sincerity, saying, "Ah, that's really beautiful," giving sex between men, real men, all its vigor and character?

Is it not the same feeling of maleness that excites me when I feel myself so deep inside the ass of a father of three, giving him the wholesale and retail fuck of his life? Yes, manly honor, dignity, respect still have all their prerogatives when they are the privilege of the guy whose hole is being plowed. It doesn't matter whether he plays the role of the victim or the slave, in a game that doesn't go beyond sex, a whim, an idle pleasure—and which will sometimes be the only benefit of the corresponding social position, in fact the whole spice of the experience.

"I fuck ass" says my pal Max, who has a nice thick, hard dick

and hairy balls, "the guy in a sauna room, who moans 'What a dick... What a cock...,' until, exhausted and, noticing that the bugger hasn't lost his hard-on by even a fraction of an inch during the whole operation, I hoist him up and say to him: 'Well, are you capable of getting your revenge? Will you make me pay for what I made you endure? Are you a man? Where is your dignity, your sense of honor?'

"I see a glimmer of light in in the eye of this blond, well-built, square-jawed young man. 'Okay, fine' he says, or some other quip typical of a vulgar, ornery, obstinate laborer, something like 'No problem, right away'". Max continues: "He flips me over ass-backward and I feel his member, highly motivated by my proposition, the corolla of which I feel going in and out of my asshole, unaccustomed to this kind of assault and retaining all of its rubbery resistance. I soon regret my provocations. Almost. The chap takes me at my word and takes my taunts literally. Two strong hands spread my butt cheeks for a really deep penetration and his groin slaps so hard against me it makes my balls ache. 'Ah, you bastard, you really are getting revenge, you're fucking me good, dickhead. Stop, you're tearing my ass, I swear I'll never do it again!' And the guy fucks even harder, with all the strength of the young male that someone tried to humiliate in the oh-so-sensitive area of his masculinity.

"Did that scream come from my throat, am I the one squirting all this cum all of a sudden? I don't know anymore, nearly passing out with joy in the puddle formed in the fake leather of the bunk by the flow of my cum," Max concludes, still affected by the emotional shock that his narration ignites in his brain.

It goes without saying that this story put me somewhat on the defensive well before its conclusion and that while Max was finishing it, he was also grasping the wrought-iron head of the bed while I shoved to the hilt the whole length and thickness of my dick into him between those buttocks black with man fur that I grasped with both hands in order to plunge in and out of this hard ass even more vigorously. This seldom fucked hole where the young, moody blond stud, Max said, had recently been (or maybe he concocted that story just to get me excited?), soon starts to contract in spasms, now sticky with semen, at the conclusion of the fable. I admire Max's ability to tell as well as listen to a story, to give and take, in every sense of the word.

"The most important thing is to know where one's headed," advises Gunnar, the Danish psychiatrist for whom I am serving as sexual coach. We've met several times already and I'm satisfied with his progress. However, the classic case of the man who gets married at twenty-five, fucks his wife for ten years in order to have children, then spends the next twenty-five years with no sexual contact at all, leaves little hope of returning to a really active libido. Giving up sex is a wise idea, but coming back to it because one feels the passage of time is much more hazardous and risks staying purely theoretical. No matter, I'm ready for all challenges and all experiences.

He raises no objection when I drag him into a dark corner in Rome to force-feed him my meat. The smell of piss of so many Italian men is one more reason why my dick gets good

and stiff in his mouth—I pinch his tits hard to make sure he feels that his mind, like his body, must be completely dedicated to swallowing my cock and forgetting everything else.

It's a hot, very hot night and my dick isn't the only thing stinging in the room; myriads of mosquitos have gathered to feed on us. In the morning, I chase them away with a wet towel that is soon covered in blood. Our blood. Our flesh so close all night long and the lessons on how to suck me properly. And on the art of opening up his ass, too, which is going to take a long and difficult training period.

As a child, Gunnar dreamed that his best friend's cock was grafted onto him. One of his female patients, then a young adolescent, poisoned her parents, killing the mother, but the father survived. She is spending the rest of her life caring for him. In addition to his own analysis and his results, this shrink has accumulated the confidence of so many that it makes him worry constantly about his own future. He feels the need to describe and explain himself to himself, clarify himself, recreate himself from one moment to the other. He's no more than a perpetual, rambling unmade decision. A permanent nervous breakdown, controlled to the ultimate state of tension...far from perfect for loosening up sexually.

Gunnar and I spend several hours surfing on "Gaystuds" to find a second dick to keep my student's mouth occupied while I take care of his ass.

A few orgy offers and hundreds of close-ups of obscene crotches, photos of beach scenes, muscular convex or thin concave chests, overexposed cocks laid across computer key-

boards, blotted-out faces (but with interesting background detail); we decide on a guy in his thirties, a child of Rome, who exhibits a superb cock, a sexy face and a pleasant, furry body, cute as a puppy—very obviously more my type than Gunnar's, but he makes his decision based on the size of Antonio's dick.

We're in the hotel room waiting for Antonio who knocks, right on time, while Gunnar is in the bathroom. A young man in jeans wearing a T-shirt from the club Keller in Paris enters. I plunge my tongue deep into the sunny inlet of his mouth and we share a very long kiss.

When I kiss so deeply, time, thoughts, everything stops. On the way to Rome, I furtively observed my neighbor, wondering if, in the event of a crash, he would be able to tolerate a long, deep kiss from me as the plane careened into the sea, without the least anxiety for either of us, lost as we would be in each other's flesh, about to explode, to decompose, already mixed in the big mix, as we are embraced by the pieces of plane, the sea, and the other passengers.

I imagined that this middle-aged man, wearing a wedding ring, frowning, seated just a few inches from me would be rather astonished—and in no position to resist in any case, which resulted in me becoming rather indifferent to the sometimes violent turbulence.

When Gunnar came out of the bathroom our long, deep kiss had ended, my belt was undone, and my pants were down around my ankles.

Antonio sucks me with so much ardor for the task that my

cock gets hard as a rock. Gunnar shows no sign of wanting to join us, even seems hesitant, sits in front of the porno flick on my computer, enjoys a beer and a cigarette.

He watches us. Antonio's cock stays soft despite lots of masturbating and a cock ring around his balls. Tough luck for Gunnar, this guy is, oh, once again, totally passive...perfect for me. And I'm surprised that Antonio is so flexible. I take him from above, from below, spread his legs, alternately pummel his face with my cock and then my tongue, over and over, and I'm prepared to do it all night long. I am devilishly aroused by the pleasant sight of the hairy back of his neck, the little animal's ears, his narrow, hirsute butt, his beautifully defined body.

The soldier Antonio was injured on the rocks while diving into the sea; this is his first time out after months of hospital, which explains his fervor and his excitement.

He says, "Fuck me" and I ask him to repeat it in Italian, which he does.

Say it again, ragazzo.

Gunnar looks at us pensively with the interested eye of a professional. My student is learning one hell of a lesson on the art of taking care of my package. I fuck Antonio's ass, faster and faster. We're both tourists: I'm doing Italy, he's doing Joybringer.

He's a professor at Courneuve and lives in Barbès, north of Paris. Go figure why he travels halfway across town with his heavy suitcase to my tiny hotel on l'île Saint-Louis. The hotel is squeaky clean and comfortable. The room is a boutique. I can buy a scarf, some Gérard Depardieu wine, a throw-away camera, guides to the City of Paris, miniature Eiffel Towers, a little black plastic duck, CDs, drinks, even the bathrobe.

Several times during the night, I stretch out on the bed and fall asleep; each time when I wake up I'm dressed differently. The professor's heavy suitcase contains clothing and shoes, all my size, which he had asked about ahead of time. I hadn't understood what he meant by "play:" Joybringer is always game to play, even while sleeping.

The clothing is all brand new, from the seventies. The maroon Pierre Cardin half-stockings fall apart from age the moment he put them on me. The tight pants cannot hide my erection along my thigh beneath the shiny gray fabric.

"You're dressed like the proctor when I was in grammar school" says the fetishist professor who dresses and undresses me for a new episode of his fantasy life. Once again, a perversion seems to me like the most innocent thing in the world. Relaxed and confident, I fall back asleep wondering what my next getup will be. Pleasure is the world of the true family.

At the first light of dawn, I'm really excited by the lavender shirts and pimp shoes. The rector sits on my dick and I cannot take my eyes off this round, black, arched ass going up and down on it like a metronome, opening up more and more each time, below a back completely pockmarked with deep scars. His serious concentration on total penetration is admirable. If all the works in the world were accomplished with such conscientiousness, the universe would be perfect.

I've never been able to resist for very long an active and precise anal masturbation, and I inundate all these impeccable, outdated clothes with long spurts of cum at the very moment when my dick pops out of this professorial body. My own fantasy of getting revenge on those teachers whose dreary lessons I was subjected to during the best part of my childhood is finally fulfilled.

"...The reason I'm doing this is because we're having couple's issues... and I don't want it to fall apart." I'm not so sure his idea was so great in that regard. John called me twice giving

me long, complicated details concerning what he expects of me, but never came to a conclusion. Mythomaniacs abound and I am beginning to be less and less pleasant on the phone. Nothing leaves me more disinterested than his fantasies about his boyfriend's butt getting split apart by my enormous cock. I imagine he's content to jerk off while looking at my photos on the Internet.

— I think I understand what you want, John. All I need is a where and a when, if I can fit it into my schedule.

The first time he called it was a question of offering a gift to his boyfriend; it suddenly makes me feel more like an object than ever (I'm thinking about showing up with a big bow around my genitals, like gift wrapping) it doesn't make me feel in the least bitter—being an object makes everything really simple. But the second time he called it sounded like he wanted to set a trap: he tells me I'm supposed to go by and pick up an envelope pretending to be a courier.

— He's so horny he'll be immediately interested...just ask to use the bathroom and leave the door open, he'll certainly try to get a look at your cock. But act natural, he mustn't suspect anything. And not a word to anyone. I'll see him tonight and will ask him how his day went...he's so sincere, innocent, he'll probably tell me everything. Then I'll tell him what really happened, that it wasn't a coincidence but a little scheme I invented to make him happy. I'll call you later to find out how he acted.

I'm not crazy about this whole idea; it could just be a trap set up by a jealous boyfriend, but after all, what do I care? If you

have a male dog, I'm ready to fuck him and then reveal everything about the bitch side of his nature. This whole goofy thing makes me yawn.

— Ok John...call me back.

And he does indeed call back. It's noon, it's a beautiful, warm day and a sexy workman sitting in his pickup truck, very bored, can't possibly help noticing the long, thick piece of meat pressed against my thigh under my lightweight pants. For a split second, I think about inviting this guy to come up with me...but it might complicate the situation unnecessarily. Over the intercom I learn the boyfriend doesn't remember anything about an envelope. Although Soho is a well-to-do neighborhood, this particular apartment building is really nothing special: the boyfriend lives rather modestly.

However, there are packages and cardboard boxes everywhere, as if he were about to move...to better surroundings? Perhaps because he doesn't put out? As I walk up the five floors, economy seems yet again, here as elsewhere, unimaginatively, the only motivation for all things.

Speak of feelings and money shows its face—what could be more natural? Haven't we just about had it with all these false ideas about pure feelings? Where is the land of disinterested passion? Money can buy love, death; everything the earth produces has a price—everything. Fortunately. What you are is what you can afford, nothing more, nothing less.

Behind the bright forget-me-not blue of the slightly ajar door, I discover a thirty-year old with a rather ugly face but charm-

ing eyes and a pleasant, slim body. Obviously totally obsessed with his move and not with sucking my dick, he barely notices me. He has misplaced the envelope and looks everywhere for it.

I ask to use the bathroom, which is off the main room; it's obvious that I intentionally leave the door open. He doesn't even glance my way...he's frenetically searching through his papers for the damn envelope. Finally, he finds it and I come out of the bathroom with my fly open, facing the sofa where he is seated, my dick at eye level. He doesn't show the least sign of any erotic interest, he sees nothing. I begin to think that John has an angel for a lover rather than the sexually obsessed creature he described...my mission seems compromised. The young man walks me to the door where, in a moment of pure reflex, I pinch his right tit.

— Wanna fuck?

His blue eyes are round with astonishment.

— Now?

I take advantage of the moment to probe his throat with my tongue. He moans, relaxes, and lets me do as I wish with his face as my fingers reach into his asshole in the same movement, a well-tested strategy. He continues to let me do what I want to him, totally submissive. I rape him. I force my dick in his mouth, he tries to push it away but obeys and takes me as deep down his throat as he can.

I quickly pull down his pants, he falls to his knees and while I

pound his ass—the whiteness of which is blemished by two or three bright red pimples—I rip off his T-shirt. He cries and complains about the size of my dick, but I just fuck him even faster and deeper, with all my clothes on, as well as my backpack.

Now he fights to move one knee forward, then the other, rhythmically moving in the direction of the bedroom with me still deep inside his ass; the window's open and the neighbors must be thinking there's a strange animal moving about.

Forty minutes later the guy shows no sign of wanting to ejaculate.

— Shoot, you little faggot, hole for my dick, shoot your load.

"Are you straight?" he murmurs. "Of course, asshole." I lie to him, naturally, just when I'm in the process of getting involved in a not very kosher copulation as regards heterosexuality. "I really like tearing up the ass of a jerk like you from time to time. Enough chatting," I continue with a fake workman's accent, "I have a job to do."

He instantly explodes in quarts of cum and ecstasy. Damn, I'll never get tired of those moments, when the anus tightens up and the guy has his contractions. Not to mention that this reamed-out ass will never close up like before. I am a bastard, yes...a fucking bastard, hee, hee, hee.

As I go back downstairs, I'm all perspiring and dizzy...God, sex must be a drug, a strong, powerful drug. I feel so alive. What'll I do if I ever stop fucking? I'll be dead.

Life is nothing but action. Artists are the curse of this world. They only express what they've never lived and nothing happens to them. Fucking jerk offs. They display a terrifying world issuing from their sick, frightened imagination, and they never experience anything else. These powerless people impose their errors on the world...It shouldn't be allowed. One has to chose between doing things or talking about them. Sordid artists...only frustration, envy, the desire for vengeance have ever produced a work of art. Divine action, sacred!

The only news I've had from John is that his friend totally denied getting screwed. I neither contradicted, nor confirmed. He'll have to wait for my memoirs to be published, which won't be for tomorrow and won't absolutely guarantee truth, even if everything I write here is absolutely true, except for a few minor, unimportant details.



Though Brazil is always in fashion, it's Brazilian women who are on the decline, while the popularity of big-dicked Brazilian men is on the upswing. The immigrant worker no longer has a broken nose, grafted breasts, and siliconed hips, and no longer teeters about on stiletto heels to go to his job....Seeing my cock go by flopping its weight from right to left just after pulling out of a stretched wide ass, one of them makes a boastful gesture as, pointing to it, he says abruptly: "Brazil." For him, a big cock can only be synonymous with his beloved country.

Lucky Joybringer....In London, when his phone rings at 4 AM, it's to go visit two Brazilians who want to have some fun. I used to prefer the older one, but now it's the younger, whose hair falls down onto his eyebrows and whose body has turned all

rounded from spending so much time in the gym. He has a new tattoo between his shoulder blades, still a bit rough to the touch, that represents a kind of compass rose. He's straight out of a Tom Of Finland drawing, this boy with the bubble butt. His proportions, though, are perfect. The young guy only speaks a few words of English, the two constantly consult with each other at length; I have enough of an ear for Portuguese to know that it can't always be boiled down to "That's great!" which is the usual translation I get from the older one, "He's very happy" but after all, why not? I want to believe that they're angels and, like a good boy, I accept what I'm told.

It's the anniversary of their union and I've been invited to help them celebrate with strokes of my cock. The big TV broadcasting porn also serves as a towel rack for these two guys who are obsessed with hygiene and shower constantly. Or are they going into the bathroom to discretely do lines? Most likely. I like the image of the cathodic tube through the terry cloth towel and the diffused light in the little room.

Turned inside out by coke and poppers, at first they're in a frenzy but they gradually calm down; still, I find that these pros of sex don't really know its intricacies, even if they have perfectly mastered certain mechanical techniques of pleasure.

I go along with their fantasies, and they with mine; their attitude changes imperceptibly when each is alone with me while the other is "in the shower." They end up ejaculating in secret, in silence, a far cry from the overacted bellowing when they're just pretending.

As my luck would have it, Hyde Park is already open at 6 AM, I simply have to cross it to get to my place in De Vere Gardens. At first I proceed a bit cautiously in the darkness, as there is no lighting system and, at this hour, except for the orange glow from the city lights in the white mist of the low clouds through which the extra-terrestrial rays of a plane's headlights are just barely visible, at ground level everything is dark. My eyes get used to the shadowy dark and I advance more nimbly.

The leafless trees are like the legs of a spider, their amputated trunks like the drops of a blackish-brown wash blown onto the parchment of the sky. In the dark, my feet find the perfect path—they trust my legs that know this park like I know the back of my hand. All around me the dead winter leaves, hard, black, dry and stiff, blown about by a soft wind, scratch the pavement with a low growling sound, a metallic click like stiletto heels crunching into gravel, the surrounding woods cracking beneath the weight of a thousand indescribable presences. I stumble momentarily on a branch across my path.

I arrive at the pond, where the dark silhouettes of geese and ducks, somewhat brighter for the swans, converge silently toward me on the pinkish-beige inky mirror, or is it violet? Farther on, big piles of wet laundry, those meringue-like dung pats resembling poor imitations of snow in a film that opted for abstraction in order to lessen its budgetary issues, are just some more swans sleeping with their head under their wings. A public works truck arrives, disturbing everything on the road but respectfully stopping its progress before the majestic array of fowl, all kinds of ducks, all colors of geese, moore-

hens, what have you...new and different creatures arrive daily; lit by the truck's headlights, it's like an engraving in a book on ornithology coming to life, stretching and shaking its feathers lazily, backsides wiggling like that of a Brazilian on his wedding night. There is still, or already, or always, light in the windows of Kensington Palace.

This descendent of proud Samurai, whose discipline and code of honor are as rigid as my dick at the sight of a tight little Japanese butt, for now opens wide his greedy mouth, fringed all around with a short, stiff black beard, a facial decoration that reminds me once again—and not just me I imagine, hence the vulgarity, the specific obscenity of this type of beard—of a gaping pussy into which my dick sinks in the steam room at 24, a sauna in Tokyo, a veritable city within the city where one can sleep, bathe, fuck, eat, stay for days on end—a real fantasy.

A young Frenchman brings me there. He has rented a tiny room but one equipped with all the amenities: linens, bathrobes, and an array of toiletries ready for the least need of the occupant.

By the way, the principal accessory, not furnished by the place, but an essential one, my hard, swollen dick, finds its way with no problem into the narrow ass of the slim, good-looking, well-built young man. Having become a complete enthusiast of nonstop fucking, I work his ass for almost an hour until he finally asks me, politely, when I might be finished. He had shot his load 45 minutes earlier without my noticing and, out of polite deference, didn't dare interrupt me.

That evening, while attending the birthday party for an American on assignment in Japan, where the forty or fifty members of gay Tokyo have crowded together, I see again the young Frenchman, but I'm hiding under a hood so he doesn't recognize me and, like the popstar, I enjoy the advantages of anonymity in the middle of the commonplace elements of the party: sequins, balloons, feathers, and other frippery and amusing platitudes of the drag queens who go around on their giant platform shoes and climb up on the small stage for their successive numbers, during which time the DJ with a minimal, impassive, formal look plays the classic Detroit Techno mix, which will never go out of style.

But everything in its time; for the moment I'm at 24, (the place where every Japanese man goes one day or another to calm his nerves) my dick still drilling the pussy-mouth of a young man with his head thrown backward on the dripping tile floor of the steam room, himself dripping with sweat in the midst of swirls of steam, as much to give me a better angle for penetration as to keep an eye open, toward the fogged-up glass door, for a possible untimely arrival, but also to feel his rapture, his eyelids half shut, as he jerks off his little Japanese cock, stiff as a nail.

Actually, I like little cocks. They remind me of a really big clitoris; in truth, at the core of a catalog that gets bigger each day, my most persistent fantasy throughout the years, contrary to the basic straight guy who always dreams of a woman with a dick, is the image of the strong man at the docks, the beefy hulk, the braggart who suddenly drops his drawers and exposes the pink moist folds of a bushy vagina. His face is flushed of course, red with shame as he tries to explain his condition, which he normally tries desperately to hide, stuffing his briefs with rolled-up socks, sharing, even initiating the manly jokes of his coworkers about women who are such a good lay, all the while knowing, his total secret, that he is one too, longing to reveal himself in total intimacy. And I caress that eunuch, tease him, make excuses for him, telling him in a stammering voice that he is the man of my dreams...whereupon I plow his unexpected orifice.

The young Jap knows the art of getting me hard the way Katsushika Hokusai knew how to make a woodblock print. And if he hadn't suddenly gotten overexcited, his mouth foaming up and letting only muffled moans escape, his legs making jerky scissor-like movements, I most likely would have let loose my own cum the way he shot long spurts of jizz all over his chest and up to his face, and even on my dick, which also received abundant homage.

Resting in one of the numerous warm water pools at 24, I audaciously let my foot brush against that of a shy-looking middle-aged man who pushed me away on no uncertain terms, his expressionless face for an instant showing outrage and fury. Rather than feel shame or anger, I get excited. I just want to fuck all of these Japanese bitches down to the very last one.

Other clients at 24 bathe Japanese-style, sitting on little stools in front of mirrors and faucets, splashing water on themselves out of a basin. The DJ that I'll see later at the birthday party is in one of the stalls, but he doesn't see me because he has a towel over his eyes. He's suspended in a sling, with the things the establishment does not supply on his chubby little belly, a rubber and a tiny square transparent container with an apple green round cap containing lubricant that looks like it belongs to a little girl's tea set.

Maybe I can get the minuscule condom on...after all, it's elastic, but how am I going to get enough lube on it? I can't resist using one of those little instruments for pleasure, the condom made of lambskin (an alternative for fuckers allergic to latex) but a major problem to put on—it has absolutely no elasticity and doesn't really offer protection, I've heard.

This operation reminds me of a documentary on the making of sausages, which provides no erotic support for the moment at hand. I spread all the lube I can squeeze out of its container onto my cock, get between the short and pudgy, very white thighs, and start to push in deep, slowly but surely.

The expression on the lower part of the boy's face, the only part I can see, changes dramatically. His mouth opens wide and twists up, I sense he hadn't foreseen this very hot experience, way beyond his wildest dreams. Two westerners standing nearby, groping each other, seem to appreciate the change in the boy's countenance. Believing that the best method to shorten the initial pain of penetration is the same as pulling a tooth, I get it over asap by pushing my dick right to the bottom of his asiatic hole—regretting all the while that

given the language barrier, my usual insults—lemon face, yellow-skinned, slant-eyed asshole—to precipitate the mounting pleasure leading to orgasm, would fall on deaf ears.

But raising a corner of the towel that covers his eyes, a single glance at my stern face, eyes hidden behind my Ray-Ban Pilots with their black frames and hooked temples is more eloquent than all the racial slurs I could conjure up; seeing the West pierce his rising sun with the power of several Hiroshimas, the little ape explodes with cum from all his orifices, holding back the screams and moans that Japanese decency and the paper-thin walls must contain at any price.

Once again, I take out my mental jackknife and carve a new virtual notch on the cabin of my winged cock, then, after gulping down a cup of noodles in the room set up for that purpose, I go up to the last floor, the dormitory, where in the heavily filtered light, countless bodies mingle in the wildest of orgies.

A pile of flesh rolled up in kimonos—it's hard to tell where one person begins and ends—never fails to remind me of those pornographic Japanese prints with no perspective or background: floral or abstract designs on fabrics, seemingly crushed behind a pane of glass, and images of paper-colored flesh, its shapes defined by an almost invisible, spidery, but continuous line. This pile moves and moans very softly, an animated print.

Here the Western/Japanese wall comes down only to provide a reason for more arousal. A few minutes after a staggeringly passionate encounter, the young boy that I met in the cloak-

room doesn't even pretend not to recognize me...he really doesn't recognize me. Well, now I'm dreaming of an extended libidinous vacation at 24.

It never fails...while fucking, men do not pull in their stomach. All their strength is in their weight. The sex act is their pregnancy and the moment when they shoot their sperm is like giving birth. My balls are heavy with several days worth of sperm built up.

I always insist, though in a muffled voice, spitting out hateful, brutal invectives, that the man must immediately arch his back to allow the deepest penetration of my dick. With an indisputably authoritative hand, I rudely push down his upper body, which he tries to raise up with both hands; I want his shoulders on the floor, like those of a wrestler who accepts his defeat. Flesh, beings are light and submissive around me.

I don't have to lean on a trapezius muscle very long, waiting

for the will of the man standing on two feet to collapse, like a castle made of cards or sand, and for the guy to kneel in order to get his lips around my cock. His ears are always available as the perfect handles to get the right in-and-out cadence going for skull-fucking. Being a connoisseur of sensuality, I evaluate a man's face by gauging its capacity to open wide, massage; when someone is talking to me, I often can't think of anything else.

Don't men look at girls this way, considering their lipstick as a marker indicating an orifice to penetrate? Being lazy, I require that my victims rape themselves so that I don't have to. I love it when they cave in right away with no discussion, no fuss, like a tower exploded by dynamite.

Let the rape be perpetrated on the victim by himself, beforehand, and let me simply be the beneficiary, the author for whom the victim is the ghost writer, with the only thing for me to do is gather up the resigned abandon and the prestige of the thing, total submission served on a platter, or even on the ground, the floor, the sand in the dunes, a wool carpet that soon will make the skin of one's knees red and raw from friction.

With my dick, I push the carnal object to the wall where all his limbs get tangled together while I find a better support to perpetuate my insistent percussion. I love holding a man by the balls while I fuck his butt. He's completely mine and I am happy to see how belonging to someone other than himself brings him such ecstasy. Nature is well constructed and sex between men is one of the rare things that require no explanation.

Magic, for each movement of one person there is a corresponding movement of another. That's called perfect happiness.

From the cerebral to the sensual, I have the impression I'm really getting a comprehensive tour of myself, putting the world in a noose, a sandwich, caught between a valley and a high place, somewhere between being a complete moron who stuffs an ass with his eyes staring into space, nostrils inhaling and mouth foaming, prey to his sensations where he ends up drowning, and the more refined pervert who coldly takes full advantage of a situation. The only thing I don't participate in at all is the mediocrity of the middle ground; I will never just make do. Be jealous of me....

The more I fuck, the more my universe becomes erotic. So many things that I never thought of with my cock in my hand become the source of unexpected fantasies. A simple chair, especially one designed by David Rasmussen, with its sober curves made of pale, hard Danish wood, its awesome chasteness, can make torrents of the most impetuous sperm well up in me.

All of them, beings, the beach trees of the thousand-year-old Danish forest with their mouse-gray trunks as powerful as the feet of elephants, animals, dead or alive, mineral or plant kingdom and everything that cannot be classified can quickly inspire me to rub up against it, metaphorically or physically, to penetrate it while leaving my consciousness drift toward my dreams and into the vacuum where only impressions exist.

The most incongruous of male bodies, the most unlikely and

even the most opposite to the natural tendencies of my libido wind up making me happy and making me ejaculate; I have ended up being totally seduced by slim, beautiful young bodies with their delicate, feminine shape, so contrary to what normally turns me on.

However, I must admit that when I come back from those regions so foreign to my libido, drawing their attraction from their exoticism, the pleasure of being in a strange land and discovering previously unknown things, the return to familiar passions, is absolutely exhilarating.

Odor, body hair, heat, elasticity, the mature, virile man who offers himself with a sense of submission and happiness is impossible to simulate; its all pure gold for my senses.

Oddly built, Anders has an almost totally objectified body. He's tall like me, but with a huge, long and heavy torso, to which are attached short, skinny arms; he, too, looks like some sort of beast, a Tasmanian devil, but even more like a result of some biological experiment, destined to be in sync with the norms of my body shape and the angle of penetration of my cock.

First Anders sucks me, taking deep in his throat almost all my length, a very good thing. In accordance with a well-known technique, I hold his head for several seconds while grasping his big, fleshy, hairy, protruding ears to keep him a little longer on my shaft until the gag effect requires him, against his will, to de-throat. Force of habit allows keeping it in almost indefinitely. I've only met one other man, a black American, who was able to keep my cock deep in his throat like in his ass,

right down to my balls, endlessly.

Then, when I become a bit irritated with getting blown by Anders because, despite his precautions, his teeth get in the way, I use my two hands on him, this man who is nothing more than a torso crowned by a majestic head, in the following manner: I stick one finger after another into his anus with one hand, toying with the sphincter and the prostate, while I put my other hand almost entirely in his mouth, immobilizing his upper jaw with my thumb inserted behind his wisdom teeth, offering my palm to his tongue that can't help licking it, putting him in a half-asphyxiated state that produces a kind of mask sending his hot breath back against his face.

During the sex act, natural urges make a miracle happen: the simultaneously abstract and real possibility of a rapport between two beings. When one has experienced the concretization of all the desires one has been able to formulate, as is the case with the popstar, that certain men accept being filmed in the process of getting fucked, provided I am the one doing the fucking, their submission to my will is the source of intense jubilation for me. Was that the reason why the popstar suggested it to me himself, adding, as if I would believe him, that he would entrust me with the disc, because he might lose it? I've often thought, but never acted on it, of recording his amorous moans and groans (rather theatrical, he listens to himself come more than he actually comes) and remixing one or two of his hits; I've not done it out of sheer laziness.

I had another example of instinctive sex drive just yesterday; a tall black man with heavy, beautiful limbs and a shaved

head, sitting in front of me in a steam room in the presence of other men in front of whom he didn't dare unleash the fury of his appetite, his eyes riveted on what's between my legs just a yard or two away, watching it slowly swell and grow in length, his torso instinctively moving forward, his mouth salivating and opening spasmodically, his whole body contracting. Desire, when it takes on a dog-like appearance, like the animal dying to sink his teeth into the bone that is kept at a distance by a leash or a chain, is very difficult to imitate.

Anders, his ass well finger-fucked and his face immobilized by the bit, the head hold formed by my other hand, turning him into an animal controlled by a will not his own (thrilled, like everyone, when the sense of free will, so burdensome to particularly independent souls, is for a moment taken away), Anders wags his tail, growls with joy, turns the vastness of his hypertrophied body toward me so I may plow into it, "Easy, slow, langsam, gently," I know the expression in several languages and I love that tensing up before the deep and often mute pain that the person getting fucked in the ass must endure in the first few moments, a pain as necessary as that of the female giving birth and which precedes other moments, sometimes hours of bliss; it's a moment that makes me swell with pride.

Anders quickly gets used to the weight and the power of the enormous foreign body that is plowing through his guts like the pump and piston of an invincible machine—the smugness and imbecility of the male being a significant ingredient for harmony in sexual relations, I imagine the most cobbled together servile flattery as being the expression of absolute truth and always accept it like cash.

When I'm told that I am the best lover, with the biggest and best cock in Europe, I'm somewhat offended and add angry hard strokes of my dick against some anal frenum: I'm the best and the biggest in the world. It goes without saying that my balls are very heavy and very big, and filled with thick, inexhaustible, immaculate sperm; that everything that crawls beneath me without holding my attention for very long is no more than a hole for my dick, who would doubt it?

Not I, that's for sure. Someone forgetting to fondle my balls between his legs while I'm fucking him in the missionary position could risk putting me in a bad mood. What is this world where one must constantly call things to order? Did the poor devil do it on purpose so that I would scold him? I'm afraid so. Now he's going to pay for it.

I'm at present in the very depths of this colossal carcass of Danish meat whose bleached-out skeleton on the beach in Aarhus would certainly bring to mind that of a giant whale. He's no longer feeling pain, but emits low growls like a well-trained tiger that one scratches between the ears and which, having dismissed all his sense of pride, abandons himself, with gratitude for the pleasure he gets.

A wide smile lights up the big mug of this Scandinavian lout (behind which is an adorable and refined man) whose itch is being scratched. Neither at the baccarat table nor at black-jacks can one have the luck to experience such a sequence: Anders arches his ass to the max and I jam myself in him to the hilt. From there, little movements of my pelvis, without moving a fraction of an inch out of Anders' ass now spread wide open, produce indescribable sensations on both sides.

It's impossible to stop. This phase can continue for several minutes; releasing the pressure for one instant, I withdraw completely only to powerfully shove the length of my shaft all the way back into him. The man whose dick is in such a situation, can ejaculate at any moment, then fall asleep and wake up alone in the perpetual twilight glow of the Danish summer night.

A wedding ring on a finger—authentic or not—never fails to be an exciting accessory. Whether somewhere a wife and kids are waiting for the dad who has abdicated dignity and honor (despite the fact that those notions are obsolete, it goes without saying) to get his asshole ripped apart like any homo bot-tom always has a certain charm.

Munch (pronounced like the Norwegian painter, "Moonk") just might be a married man, his behavior betrays the neo-phyte with rather undeveloped sexuality along with a brainy temperament.

He sometimes seems to lose all restraint and, consequently, his temper, head thrown back and eyes shut, as if drowning, dragged away by the tumultuous flow of an impetuous tor-

rent within the very core of his sensations; I'm all the more astonished then to see how he perfectly controls these outbursts.

He grants me the key to this magnificent sensibility, so radiant, oh so admirable (to the point of being very enviable) when he discloses his profession. This experienced and noble sentiment is that of an orchestra conductor with an international career and who takes a vacation with me at his side to be the instrument at the end of my conductor's baton.

This wonderful soloist didn't emit a single sound during our concerto for mandrel and orchestra. And he sheds, at the very last line of the score, oceans of sperm right after announcing its arrival, a time-lag no greater than that between the raising of the conductor's arm and the sound produced by the orchestra.

All these gigantic, tattooed Danish bodybuilders in the street are like a university professor's dissertation on the painful and not very ecstatic theme of the identity of the slave. The more a man seems to lack character, the more he has to compensate for it by markings that must at the same time label him or grant him distinctive characteristics—all the while choosing them in the limited catalog of discrimination that is ordinary, by necessity, since it is not by the markings he bears on his skin that a man can "be" something or someone...quite the opposite.

The prisoner, the sailor, the adventurer, the goth when it comes to tattoos and piercing, the pecs, the shoulders when it comes to the standardization of the body. One always re-

cognizes the classic taxonomy of the slave exposing the symbols of the caste imposed on him by the master and which allows the latter to recognize, much more than by the face or behavior, the notion of the submissive creature that belongs to him, among a host of servants, all of whom basically look the same to him.

I admit having a certain weakness for this "personalized" human type. Much more a sexual object than a partner, destined to hygiene, interchangeable, grabbing hold of an in-the-flesh mannequin to stick a good, hard dick between the narrow ass cheeks and into a tight little ass and making it hurt without tolerating that the slave express the least little complaint, feeling the mass of his thick, strong muscles reduced to total submission to the master and deriving from it intense voluptuous pleasure and, at the same time, having something to read and examine among the wild boasting of symbols of uncontrollable power and raw ferociousness, religious fanaticism, all sorts of images of extremism, only thwarting an impossible desire for independence, like megalomaniac decals coming from the packaging of gigantic pink, rubbery chewing gum in the flesh of broad shoulders, during which time polishing my dick in the anus of the braggart seems to me like masturbating with objects or even a kind of totally assumed zoophilia.

If the law, forever preoccupied with putting the brakes on the most ingenuous intentions, didn't forbid it, I would probably take pleasure in gathering the most beautiful examples of skin from the morgues and tombs where they are irremediably lost, and have shirts and three-piece suits made to order with them. But this is not the place to make jokes.

I would like to be able to use vast surfaces of virgin skin (can something like that be bought or rented?) to have transcribed onto them the pages of my favorite authors; instead of choosing slaves to bend over in front of me, some animal or another to screw, I would select rather some major work and the corresponding volumes would come one after the other on my bed the way one sometimes turns the pages of a book with indifference.

As if to underscore de-individualization, the materialization of the individual abandoned to the final degradation that can happen to a man, tattoos are slowly encroaching on the face—the traditional site of a person's identity—whereas the representation of the face is more and more reduced to a circle, two dots for the eyes and a line for the mouth having been for a long time now superfluous.

After all, I'm preparing for my final mask; from Ray-Ban Pilots, I'm going to move on to a full hood. I will no longer have to conceal myself every time I'm within range of one of those damn Sunday afternoon photographers who are everywhere and who say to you so innocently, "It's not you I'm taking a picture of..." the ultimate insult of being considered a non-existent detail in the cliché-ridden snapshots of all these morons. Perhaps I should be grateful to them for letting me be in their photographic memories? Fuck the universe.

The day that I did a facial ejaculation on the famous popstar's mug I reminded him of the millions of men who have shot their load on the pages of magazines in which his face appeared, not to mention the billions of women that have rubbed his picture on their private parts—he finds that last

detail revulsive because these females who really are responsible for his success are particularly repugnant in his eyes.

Another popstar, not mine, dies. From the presumed infamy of his ways, his reputation has now become lily-white and he's been raised to pure divinity status. My popstar, who has so much identified with his public and who is pulled out of oblivion only when he does something stupid and the London tabloids want to once again drag him through the mud, must dream deep in his subconscious of climbing a Mt. Olympus where he would bask in eternal glory, despite the terror of having to die first and not be present at his final triumph. Well, no one can have absolutely everything he wants.

Having just barely gotten his driver's license back after two years, he crashes his new Ferrari, but survives. He's always loved playing the intruder scenario with me, leaving his door open whenever I pay a call, but also risking the danger of a real intruder. He'll probably wind up killing himself soon, he won't be able to resist for very long the deep desire to reach an ideal of perfection, he's worked too long and too hard at creating this image of himself for it not to overcome him, not to completely possess him.

Did idols in antiquity experience the same torments, a terrible birth where they had to sacrifice their human dimension to become those absurd giants? The more divinity manifests itself, the more the body suffers from the awareness of its revolting mediocrity, its hideous mortality, its weakness, its vulnerability, which grow in accordance with the increasing expansion of the stature of the god—that's the danger of representation when it becomes infatuated with the notion of

being larger than life: the weight of the image ends up crushing the original.

Will the world ever really free itself from idolatry? In the meantime it doesn't matter, I prefer to be on this side rather than be lost in the crowd of the adoring public.

Giorgio is almost naked when I get to his place. I let my rather loose-fitting shorts slide down over my hips. He is seated on one of those modern low, square, black leather armchairs, with Chesterfield-style buttons and a steel frame. A recent edition, I imagine. I station myself in front of him and he licks everything that is visible of my dick, my hairy pubis and the base. The rest is still inside my pants leg, hard, hot and heavy.

I've noticed that the more I fuck, the thicker and heavier my dick gets; it sometimes seems like all the blood in my body flows into it; I become light as a feather, just barely attached to this enormous, weighty cock. What the hell, I'm not writing this book in the company of a psychoanalyst. My life would quickly resemble a toddler's set of building blocks.

But my mind empties out, one neuron at a time, one thought at a time, with the joy of being replaced by my animal brain, which is rapidly submerged by its sensations and its fantasies.

I love looking at and stroking the slim, muscular body of the remarkably well-hung young Italian who prostrates himself at my feet, frenetically licking the length of my shaft, which little by little releases itself from my shorts that finally fall around my ankles, having finished playing their part in the scene. The heat of this early July in the 10th arrondissement in Paris, with its smells of narghilé and its loud Arabic voices quickens the man's willing abandon, so natural for him and which lead him straight to intense pleasure.

Giorgio and I throw off all reticence and all of our clothes. I grasp, as usual, his two ears, handles, allowing me to penetrate deep into his throat. He insisted that I wear a cock ring; I don't really like them very much, they make me feel cut off from the sensations of my cock; nevertheless I like making people happy, so I picked up in the street a rubber disk that is very tight; I have no idea what its original purpose was, a cylinder joint or something, now it's a tourniquet that makes the veins in my dick really visible, retaining every drop of blood that flows into it.

Giorgio is going to regret making my dick swell so much. Meanwhile he continues to lick everything in my crotch—how does he produce all that saliva? I probe his anus with two authoritative fingers to massage his prostate. My man from Milan moans. Now I am seated in the black armchair and Giorgio squats between my thighs like a child imagining a whole universe in his daddy's lap.

With the palm of my hand, I make sure his skull goes as deep as possible, impaling itself on my cock pointing straight toward the ceiling. Up to this point my butt was on the edge of the chair, so I suddenly sit way back. Now the length of my cock is stretched out on the black leather. With his slobbering tongue sticking out like that of a dog, he feverishly licks my throbbing shaft—his lollipop—which seems to have a life of its own. I lift Giorgio up, turn him around, and put him in place, spread wide open his legs and push all the mass of my turgescient organ into that incandescent crotch.

Was I able to sink myself into the Italian's narrow anus? After a few comings and goings, I suddenly become aware of a fabulous tingling sensation: Giorgio has put his hand behind his back and is rubbing the head of my cock. I am sliding in the cleft of his butt between his asshole and the smooth leather wet with his saliva. The marvelous sensation seems to be shared; Giorgio's eyes have rolled upward with pleasure. I take advantage of the moment to slide my tongue into his wide-open mouth and push it deep into his throat.

I can't stand it anymore, I'm beside myself at being outside of him, so lifting him up, I spread tons of lube in his ass and force open the private entry of all animal bodies—no foreplay, no asking for permission, all the while holding the beast's head in place with my hand inside his mouth, a hold that is probably as pleasurable as the bit for the horse that at least has his bridle to gnaw on, a sensation so soothing and which provides such relief from having to be in charge of oneself, to be taken in hand, dominated. Based on this yearning in man, one measures the fate of his race, where he comes from and where he is going.

An exhibit at the Maisons-Alfort veterinary school's museum on this subject attracts my attention. A new theory has come to light and several bits of evidence have been brought forth to substantiate it.

The theory claims that man is the origin of all the other species and that multiple ancillary branches, over the course of immeasurable mists of time evolved to produce birds, fish, mammals, insects. Certain among us eventually learned to fly, swim, crawl. A matter of inclination, of taste. And several studies of virtual evolution predict that present-day man will be replaced by some other animal. Which one? One might be inclined to consider all these animals in a different light, particularly if one eats them.

The hypothesis, which seems just as absurd to me as any other, gives me a pretext for visiting the museum's collection. As soon as I board *Voguéo*, the little ferryboat that travels a short but abyssal distance (water produces such boundaries in just a few meters) between the François Mitterrand National Library located very near my home in Paris and the little suburban city of Maisons-Alfort, I immediately get a hard on at the thought of all the decomposed and mummified flesh, plaster, wax or wood representations of bodies with the skin drawn back, that placidly await my arrival.

The dock is deserted at this hour and the young Mauritian attendant wearing a life jacket over his uniform can't help noticing my swollen dick, which I display brazenly by spreading my thighs; there is an obscene bump in my white shorts.

In the time it takes to go two stops and with the silhouette of

the pilot creating a sort of shadowgraph, the young attendant has come sit next to me. He gropes my crotch and unzips my fly from which my cock naturally springs and within seconds it's deep inside his very hot and inviting throat. With one hand he pulls aside his black tie to prevent soiling it, while with the other he jerks the base of my rock-hard dick.

Outside the window, strange and disparate objects flow past along the banks of the river: the Vélib' barge, the Saint Raphaël cocktail factory, the Carrefour superstore at Ivry as well as the majestic giant ruins of the Chinagora pagoda, with its abandoned shopping center, derelict hotel, and deserted restaurants proudly sited at the confluence of the Marne and the Seine rivers.

There is nothing more agreeable than taking in the sites while getting a blow job on a boat, a bus or train; I've had that experience several times, even on a plane. There is no better way to pass the time, given how boring public transportation and tourism can be if there isn't a bit of lechery involved, whether it be some activity or, if not possible, by reading or by imagining, stripped naked, the many changing bodies that surround us, fucking them or making them submit to all sorts of fantasies with the ease and constant renewal made possible by the potentiality of these manipulations and the speed of the vehicles that take us from one place to another in a flowing movement wherein everything constantly undergoes a metamorphosis across space, not to mention the other travelers sometimes preoccupied with the same thoughts, also immobilized for hours; there's nothing like traveling and the inevitable idleness or letting one's mind drift to all sorts of salacious ideas about one's contemporaries. Of course, treat-

ing one's genitals to a real mouth during that time just makes it even better.

But Terminus, the last Roman god still today honored by a cult whose strange ritual consists in deserting on the spot the means of transportation in which one is at the moment when the name of that deity of barriers and limits is pronounced, quickly ends the transport of a different sort rising up in me. The young Mauritian with the velvet mouth enumerates from memory, salivating in advance, the schedule of return trips toward Austerlitz station that he will be on, trying to make me promise to be on one of his trips. I promise this angel of fellation everything he asks.

I'm happy to discover that the museum isn't crowded with people. The conservator himself welcomes me, a handsome older man, alert and lively, engaging; he apologizes ahead of time for the lack of air conditioning, which would only really be necessary two or three weeks a year. I have to accept the audio-guide included with the admission ticket, with which, upon entering the numbers indicated next to the relics, one obtains a very well composed commentary delivered by a strong, assertive male voice.

That voice, obtained by entering a number at random, relates the story of shoeing horses in connection with a certain Napoleonic battle, and immediately resuscitates my erection launched by the ferryboat attendant, an erection which never completely went limp, and the expression on the flushed face and the direction of the blue-eyed gaze of the conservator, with a barely visible smile on his large, sensual lips and a gentle tilt of his nice French guy's head, a lover of life and of hav-

ing a good time, did not go unnoticed.

He murmurs just for my ears "Six hundred sixty-six" as he walks down the hallway; I immediately tap in the number and hear the message: "My office is at the end of this hallway, I await you there just like the female of the silver-feathered petrel, its ass spread open by the ivory tooth of a walrus, in the ecstasy of being opened up by a male equal to her status."

The call of nature has never resonated in vain in my ears. Before starting my visit, I take care to satisfy the zoophilic passions of the supreme guardian of this place, disguised as a seabird for the occasion with impeccable taste. While he chirps, squawks his satisfaction at being impaled on the vast 17th-century tapestry-covered sofa in his office, I admire his costume with its stupefying detail of spread out, artificial wings, its precise imitation of the black eye and the shiny beak in which wriggles a fake mechanical sardine.

"Good grief, I've never fucked a seagull before." I say enthusiastically, contrary to my normal reticence. "A silver-feathered petrel" the conservator retorts, cut to the quick. In my judgment, it's appropriate to change showcases before getting too familiar with the little bird, and I go down the aisles, hoping that all of these jars of formaldehyde, these bones, these molds of intestines and slices of meat would bring an end to the irritations of my libido; it doesn't work.

The delicate nervous system of the horse, the two-headed calf, the skulls of every era and of every species just make my cock even harder. Closing time is getting near and my dick is harder than ever. There's nothing a man with a boner

won't consider doing.

Having left the building and thanks to the darkness of the evening, I hide from sight in a thicket and there, crouching like a member of the Vietcong in the jungle waiting to spring forward at the propitious moment to execute an attack, I wait for the closing of the galleries, the departure one by one of the employees, all of them ignorant of the danger lying in wait just a few steps away. Penetrating into dark, deserted places at night is child's play: one only has to slide a credit card into the lock.

The beaks, the glass eyes glaring out from a cat or rodent head, the immense skulls of elephants or rhinoceros at the front of their carcasses mounted on steel wires, everything stays silent, serene as, one piece at a time, I remove my clothing. The two hind legs of the four-legged hen don't tremble, nor does its crest, as I open the glass ornithology case and smash with my dick the multiple examples of fossilized eggs, including a double hen's egg—in reality two eggs strangely connected by a string. No mother sheds a single tear as I extract, to fuck them in the ass, two Siamese wolf cubs from their container filled with an amber-colored liquid. There is no reason for either of them to be jealous of the other.

A strange odor, a combination of old flesh and varnish, and all sorts of chemical compositions and preservatives fills my nostrils, which dilate with voluptuous pleasure. Now I understand better the comment of the head conservator whose head is swimming in all of this and who delighted me just a while ago with his wedding procession of the gilded bird-seagull, I think—concerning the lack of air conditioning; the exceptional

weather is a bit too hot for these collections, which are decomposing right under my nose. For my delirious libido, this is nothing other than the scent a female gives off to attract the male.

The perspective of even more destruction makes my hard-on throb with excitement. I savagely penetrate the mold of the monstrously, hideously dilated intestine of an ox, the walls of which crumble the moment I force my way into it. It collapses to the floor in a shower of particles. I thrash about, smashing the framed plaster models of visceral organs, of butcher's cuts of meat offering chops, hocks, shanks and other subtle cuts segregating different parts of a body—here for pedagogic-alimentary purposes.

So many monsters unleash my libido, probably because I detest competition. Baby goats with five legs, two heads between multiple limbs, which I rub with my cock before they explode in a cloud of dust and chaos, the most incredible bones where the limbs are just barely distinguishable from the chest cage—leaving one to believe that surrealism was invented by Mother Nature—also useful to me as accessories to stick my rod into, before the bones falling one by one to the ground in a heap-like game of mikado. I laugh, thinking about the attempts to reconstitute what follows my depravity, which may create incredible monsters; that which destroys wants to create.

The most fragile things, spidery skeletons of microscopic bats or tiny fetuses that disintegrate in half a second....Using the stool behind the case, I manage (breaking its tail) to work away at a skinned horse made of papier-mâché, a stuffed

lama and an ostrich, but after a more abrupt movement on my part, the buffalo collapses carrying along with its fall an entire row of assorted bony structures. For a second I stand still, listening, wondering what alarm system or emergency measure is going to be set off by the xylophonic racket of bones that I just caused; but no one is present to be concerned with all this old debris.

For an instant, I am seized by the coolness that revives my cold-bloodedness and my determination as I go into the only refrigerated room where the jewels of the museum, its most spectacular, most famous pieces are kept, the bodies skinned by Jean-Baptiste Fragonard, patient preparations for which all the muscles, nerves, tendons, blood vessels are scrupulously detached from the bones from which they seem draped like ingeniously, mysteriously cut diaphanous clothing. The first one to greet me, staring wide-eyed, its mouth twisted and a donkey's jaw in its hand makes me feel queasy; I give it a wallop in the face which sends its head flying across the room where, like a bowling ball hitting pins, it knocks over a row of countless strange, tiny flasks, shattering them to pieces along with the contents they contained: dragonfly lungs, snail livers, and other nervous systems of centipedes.

With my fist, I reduce the rest of the composition to a few shards of varnished dried beef—a bit too smoked for a bit too long. "That's it for you, you old carcass" I stupidly shout, inebriated by the alcohol smell permeating the room and my brain clouded by the spunk literally coming out of my eyes. This is no time to let myself be overtaken and to end up in some anatomical preparation myself, my cock made permanently rigid by plasticization, an object that would astonish

the Sunday housewife visitors and their litters.

Or my severed dick in formaldehyde, as big as the one on display in the library of the Medical Legal Institute, a willing ablation, displayed next to the skeleton of a blackened hand glued to the neck of a carafe, a relic from the fire at the Bazar de la Charité where a large number of aristocrats tried vainly to force their way out with their swordsticks.

The high, narrow glass showcase housing a naturalized python next to its long and sinuous spine fills my dick with jealousy. How does this stuffed reptile dare to be longer than my dick? And why don't I have a bone structure like its to be able to undulate my member and go up into the intestines right up to the throat? I strike, I pulverize.

I then hop onto the skinned horse and it collapses, but I save in my arms the horseman carried off into an infernal, eternal race and my sperm goes through the empty stomach cavity to spurt out through the nostrils of the man or woman to whom I give the final, eternal rest of a tomb. Someone must revamp this audio-guide.



When I am ninety-two years old, I will finally accept the invitation to participate in a television program (the only thing one can do with TV, if one isn't too disgusted by it) and I will appear with my lanky silhouette, unavoidably emaciated (like my victims at Maisons-Alfort); I will have done nothing to counteract my ravaged aspect covered in rags. Quite the contrary, I will have covered my face with talcum powder to make it more ghastly, the dark circles around my eyes enlarged like tumors and showing out from behind my Ray-Ban Pilots with their black frames and hooked temples; my body and limbs wrapped in thin strips of knotted black leather, an enormous pink and red fake cock made of plastic jutting out from where my by then deceased member would be (they would have to pay me a ton of money to exhibit the condition of the real one), from a fake unzipped fly and a slew of other refinements

too numerous to mention (a non-contractual look) so that the charm of my appearance would not be spoiled by its widely anticipated description, if it were necessary.

I would emerge saying the famous words: "Hey there, holes for my cock," in that unmistakable American accent that is an element of my reputation in Europe, an expression that will always make people smile a little, even if at that particular moment it is so trite that more than one daddy and mommy will be saying it to their child as a term of endearment. Don't we already often hear a rather brusque young girl, in order to express her total refusal to do something, say to some authority figure "Stop busting my balls!"

The world is very quickly (with a capital Q) becoming less erotic and for the species to continue to grow and multiply, characters such as Joybringer must take on the task of recharging its batteries as much as possible. "It doesn't matter which holes one plows, as long as they are inundated with sperm." I answer in response to a trick question posed by one of the TV interviewers. "The result can only be more births, in the end. Never would Joybringer have become such a celebrity had he not played such a significant role in reviving basic instincts of procreation, which I'm ashamed to admit, in fact, given that I am not at all in favor of procreation."

"Behind the phallocratic icon," the annoying interrogator continues, "lecherous grand inquisitor, (and at that moment I might have chosen to appear with a red face, devil's horns stuck onto my forehead and a black swastika covering my face on which all the makeup would be smudged) There might be...there might exist..."

"Next question" I say coldly to the troublemaker who now asks why there are so few female partners and even so few people in general in my entourage, and them only very sketchily defined. "I don't see why I would have put up with the emergence at my side of rival personalities" I say. "without ever having feared or had apprehensions about it, my nature has never been in favor of it."

But let's not get ahead of ourselves. I'm only just now in the process of writing the work that will firmly establish my notoriety (and I'm no more than an old man in the middle of childhood) as much for its vigor as for its darkness. My cock is quite pink and stiff, fleshy, meaty, and my balls hang just so, the simple result of their weight and size, which just continue to increase as, dear reader, you mentally feel their weight in your hands with a nascent desire that grows proportionately.

Are you not like that handsome Chinese boy whom I made ejaculate without even touching him, just by looking at him? Isn't the most erogenous erectile surface that of the countless, and as impenetrable as the ways of the Lord, convolutions of the brain?

His eyes gazing deeply into my own as he shook himself like a plum tree by the branch in the crotch of his legs until he reached his explosive ejaculation, receiving the imposition of my will, drinking like an avid throat the river of my domination of him, it's all as flattering as it is exciting, like your eyes that I feel forced to decipher, letter after letter, a text, the complete sensual pleasure of which consists in being obliged to relentlessly read one line after the other.

Yes, even if several pages of this book are stuck together by your sperm after you've read them, I will still have had the honor and the privilege of having made you ejaculate, even if the book is now ruined and might as well be tossed in the trash—the consumables that are industrial duplicates only serve to prove the divinity of their prototype.

"Look at that one," a guy mutters under his breath as he passes by me wearing the big vampire coat that Ruocco of London made for me for my second film, "Sense-Fiction." "He thinks his shit smells like roses." Hey, hole for my dick, I would have preferred having more self-confidence; instead I'm just an arrogant bastard. My self-image has to deal with it and does so rather well.

I plant the heel of my shoe against the wall in order to spread my thighs wide open for the camera. Barry, an American photographer, has published two books: a rather charming one with images of hookers in the seventies and eighties, the other, a terrifying collection of photos that made a certain minor Parisian intelligentsia tremble with horror and indignation because of a crime of *lèse-majesté* against the stars of high society, images shot from a completely off-guard, natural and unflattering perspective, scary images of red-faced actors in the street and in street clothes, wearing pathetic makeup on their swollen, puffed-up faces.

I'm not so sure the artist knew what he was doing; it wouldn't be the first time that I've surprised art in the act of using an artist without his knowing it. It's amazing though how those famous faces shown in such an unfavorable light seem, in the realm of the stars, to be able to make their sublime and eter-

nal image glow even more. Take for example Marilyn Monroe, all of whose most atrocious photos, in particular the post-mortem photo of her shot in the morgue, only come out of boxes in the attic to underscore, to emphasize in relief and in a golden light, the perfect icon. Is it the contrast between the public and the private image of our idols or the awareness of the "work" that makes the splendid jewel that they are sparkle even more? Should I destroy my worst pictures, my worst video flops, or will they one day serve to boost Joybringer's image even higher?

Take action or just sit and think...? One has to make a choice. Barry has me pose against the background of my anise green pre-revolution living room; he wants to include the photos in one of the many magazines like Honcho or Playguy of the publishing group where he works. Classic postures on glazed paper to inspire a spurt of cum that sticks the pages together, before the magazine ends up tattered, faded, black with dirt and tossed with the rest of the litter on the other side of the highway guard rails.

Barry "doubles" his sequence of traditional photos with an ancient video camera that he holds in his other hand, going through all sorts of juggling antics like a stingy person not wanting to lose any element of the image, gleaning from it the last crumb, thus developing an equilibrium that suits him. He worked in a sex-shop at a time when a number of zoophile, pedophile documents were suddenly prohibited; he salvaged all of that.

I suspect he has a fabulous collection buried among his amazing accumulation of stuff in Pennsylvania's Amish country, in

one of four houses whose roofs are falling in and whose walls are crumbling; all of this accumulated stuff will most surely just end up rotting away. There is an art of conservation that destroys more completely than the ultimate extravagance; saving amounts to losing.

Barry clicks and clicks and clicks. It looks like he hasn't changed his sweater in decades. He has a huge blistery lump on his index finger, in the spot where it pushes the button. Real artists often don't know what they're doing, but they practically kill themselves doing it, without ever changing their sweater. It doesn't make them any nicer, nor more deserving or absurd; they are taken over by something like a terrible disease and the only thing that releases them from it is death.

Nothing excites me more than fucking in an industrial wasteland in the cold. The guy shows up half frozen carrying a plastic bag containing the miserable piece of software he had promised to give me; he works in a computer or an advertising company, I can't remember which.

The temperature has fallen well below zero and we walk in the freezing cold along the canal. There is no risk of anyone bothering us. The guy's teeth are literally chattering while in his hand is the white plastic bag with the box containing the real software.

Hispanic or Mediterranean type, a bit beefy and hairy but with white skin, in general the sort that has a nice fleshy butt. Once we find an isolated spot, still quite open to view, however, it

takes a while to get him to expose his beautiful butt cheeks now covered with goose bumps and all he can think about is getting this whole thing over with so he can get back to someplace warm. I, on the other hand, enjoy this situation; I take my prick out of my velour pants and order him to warm this thing up for me with his hot mouth and to make it fast. He's a lousy cock sucker, but I like the contact of his hot, wet mouth on my swollen dick in the freezing air. Two very different but delicious sensations.

I fuck him standing up in the road, big puffs of steamy breath coming out of our lungs. He must really be wondering what the hell he's doing here taking a huge cock up his ass in the middle of nowhere with this guy who is pressing against him with all his weight. Perhaps a painful situation at the moment it occurs, but that he'll often remember later, dick in hand, letting it become a recurring fantasy.

Another freezing-cold situation that gets me hot, a photo shoot with Brocart. Brocart has a rather monster-like build, just the way I like them. A big head with big meaty handles—sorry—ears, a thick-lipped, beefy, hairy beast. We've had a lot of sessions together. He collects pictures of naked men and his walls are plastered with them. This January 1st, it is cold, very cold. We're at the Bois de Vincennes to take photos of Joybringer.

I learn quite incidentally later on that New Year's day is the day of the year when there are the most people taking walks. Indeed, despite the cold, there are lots of people in the bois; dads with their daughters, families, all that. And in spite of the dry condition of the forest (as always, dead branches provide

a superb decor) in which we establish the setting for the photo shoot, there are occasionally people passing by a short distance away who can see us behind the lace curtain of the skeletal trees and bushes.

I do a strip-tease in front of the constant clicking of Brocart's traditional camera, leaving on only my boots and Ray-Ban Pilots, galvanized into action at being naked in the freezing air, posing with my cock in my hand, slapping it against the thin gray trunk of a birch tree as Brocart frames me among the ferns as in a jungle photograph. Within reach is my big Russian army coat to cover myself in the event a little family might appear on the scene.

Instead, a very young Yugoslav boy comes out of nowhere, red-faced but swanlike in his green-gray military-type parka that camouflages him so well we hardly see him moving timidly in our direction against the background of the woods, attracted by the sight of that woodland dick exhibiting itself in full view and toward which he moves without any hesitation.

Brocart continues to shoot this improvised hunting scene. The position of the kid wearing the hood is favorable for me to lower his trousers and expose a very pretty little butt, to which the pictures will attest; that ass appears before me in the flower of its pale adolescent fragility, trembling because of the cold, and I plunge deep into him without hesitating as the little one clenches his teeth with a sense of proper behavior so as not to show any of the pain that he endures during the experience; a page of wildness is written among the fallen leaves. I prop him against a tree during the whole episode and as soon as I've finished, off he goes just as he had arrived

on the scene in his gray-green outfit blending into the winter landscape. I cannot help admiring his scrupulous, perfect behavior.

The cold that envelops me makes me feel sexy, I can feel nothing except a stimulating hardness, a constricting caress, an even, burning breath—like that of a person with whom I'm fucking. Cold reputedly promotes sperm production and sometimes out of pure vice I plunge my genitals into ice water or slip into my briefs a plastic bag of ice cubes, right under my balls—it's marvelous.

Nothing gets my dick harder than when I get out of my warm bed in winter, open the windows wide and feel on my chest, my belly, my face, and my throbbing dick the electrifying and simultaneously freezing impact of the air from outdoors hitting me like a tender and intense kiss from wintry weather.

Perversion, probably easily associated with the rape fantasy of a frigid woman or of a cadaver coming out of the refrigerated morgue, which must be listed somewhere. Under the word freezerophilia, refrigerophilia or cryophilia? Bah, it doesn't get me hot, it leaves me cold.

Since there is always a need for more children, there is always a need for more love and therefore more and more hatred, disparity, paradox, in order for the male and the female to fuck each other with the vigor needed for reproduction. There is no peace without war and no life without death. At least that's how old principles work and they still prevail, but their hegemony is always relegated to the realm of fiction. And given that humans are mainly manipulated by their fantasies, it works.

All animals, no matter how dissimilar, know how to live together in harmony. If at the moment of the sexual act their fantasies bring to them images of magnificent hatred, of a frenzied desire to annihilate the other, the joke, the bad joke is played out. Thus man becomes a kind of nightmare without consequence, which one can call up at will, with the help of a simple DVD, for example. Life in the cage can play itself out in all tranquility. Far be it from me to want to change any part of it at all.

Except that I have indeed chosen a side, that of fiction; I belong entirely to the world of words and images and I dare to claim that I am more consistent than free beings who are erratic, in fact, and who very lightly project themselves into an hypnotic fog, which I call reality.

Sekens Murdock, whom I met before his death a couple of times in the offices of my publisher, Lassitude, had a strange theory about what is real. He claimed that the world is ruled by wands, little living creatures that form letters and all signs and symbols, and that after a long period of occult, modest direction toward reality, tyranny infiltrated among them, that they wish to be recognized as the real masters of mankind and to be revered as such. Is this a perfect metaphor for what I was just talking about or for something horribly exact? I've never been able to figure it out.

So, despite all that, I am left with the impression that things exist fully when they are at the theoretical, planned, ideal stage. Communism, for example, predicted, imagined, sought by so many generations with all their hopes, became a catastrophe in just a few decades by trying to apply itself to

a collective organization. In short, in terms of concrete reality, nothing has as much value as fiction.

You will understand why, I, Joybringer, will always be careful to remain a fantasy, nourished and enriched by your imagination. I especially like suddenly appearing before you, in your half-asleep state when you arch your hips, push your buttocks in the air and spread them wide open, and then finding the soft, hairy, warm moistness of a contracting anus aching to feel the enormously hard, hot dick that stays hard, thanks to repeated rubbing over and over against the puckering hole, like a finger playing with a rubber band moistened with spit.

You fell asleep again in the warmth of your bed and in your wet dream. The wind blows into your room a shadow of soot, a black cloud that condenses itself at the top of the flowing, airy muslin into two dark spots that, little by little, take the shape of a pair of Ray-Ban Pilots and, lower down, of a long, thick dick, phosphorescent, ethereal, floating as between two waters, a slow-moving, carnivorous, terrible and gigantic fish from the depths.

Could it be that you forgot to shut off the gas and did you experience hallucinations before being asphyxiated? No, nothing as dramatic nor painful as that. Just a little shiver from a delicious, tantalizing terror.

Slipping under the comforter without waking you up is child's play. I snuggle up to your back, push all my weight against you and hold you in my warmth. You only make a little sound as I enter you, like that of a sleeping child who is very gently moved. I do it so slowly and carefully that you hardly feel it at first.

Yet, I slide deeper and deeper into you until my waist is very exactly fit against, as if bolted, to the small of your back. Then I just have to push in a little more with short, consistent jabbing movements to get to the very depth of you.

While working my hips with intensity, I sink my teeth into your trapezius muscles, and with both hands I immobilize your arms—in your dream, as it is only sleep that inhibits your least little movement. You moan in time with my movements but I'm very careful not to awaken you.

You finally react to this treatment with a little cry: I'm so sorry to have made you leave the orbit of your dream. I fade away with it and you feel on your body the hot, sticky sperm that you might not have let loose with such ardor had you been fully conscious. But what are those pleasures that are only enjoyed in dreams? I am already in another bedroom, in lots of other bedrooms and the joy of making someone else ejaculate prevents me from ejaculating myself.

As for that Englishman from Mitte in Berlin, I tell him before each of our sessions to empty his balls before I arrive and that I want to see proof of it in a saucer on his night table. It's because on the one hand, I like it when my partner concentrates only on my pleasure, so if he has already shot a load, I am assured that he will do so. Also, I like to lube a guy's ass with his own sperm. Besides, educating a consummately passive male is teaching him the happiness he can achieve from a prolonged, gradual, ever more insistent and deep penetration.

I can provide these lessons because of what I have learned

from those of my partners who are able to have an anal orgasm twenty times, a hundred times, until the moment when the pleasure turns to pain and they have to stop, to their great disappointment, because they just can't take any more of my dick—except when the idea of continuing excites them even more.

Brieuc de Questembremer welcomes me with a certain distance. But my eyes are not in my pocket and I can tell the difference between shyness and haughty aloofness.

In such cases I literally go into autopilot; a secret virtue releases itself in me and the iciness never lasts more than 10 minutes. I talk a lot, joke, kiss, wind up admitting in a comic tone the false problem of a beginning erection; then as if I just can't stand it anymore, I blurt out that I am in fact, a bit of an exhibitionist. My zipper opens in a flash and the piece of meat, the erection of which has already been fully announced, is now fully exposed. There's no turning back.

The apartment is small but holds a cache of antique objects that attests to a very high level of taste. In passing, I ask Brieuc

what he does for a living. His sincere directness charmed me right away. He responds that generally people figure it out immediately. I don't know about other people, but this person failed to guess. I notice in the center of the room the empty wooden frame of a beautiful 18th-century slipper chair; I quickly conclude and then guess that he's an antiques dealer. Briec is very articulate and speaks in a nicely deferential manner, without ostentation nor obsequiousness and even less servility. He has gift, precious in my eyes, of being able to combine simplicity, consideration, and natural politeness. The sort of audience I truly adore.

In fact, he works in high-end fashion. I begin a striptease by draping my clothing over the skeleton of the 18th-century chair and finish by placing my Prada running shoes in the middle under where the seat would be. "There," I say, "we only need to polyurethane the fabric to have a finished chair." But seeing the rather stunned look on his face, I add: "Perhaps you're not in favor of mixing antique and modern?"

With one stride across the room toward the empire sofa upholstered in colored bands of faded silk fabric where he is sitting, I climb onto him, straddle his head and, before he can say a word, I shove my turgescient cock in his mouth.... "Do you know how to give head?" I ask. "Never had any complaints," he retorts, before quickly swallowing again as deep as he can the whole length and thickness of my shaft. I hold fast the white skin of his small wrists against the dark mahogany of the arm rests as I begin a slow but steady back and forth movement of my hips.

Briec is completely heated up; it must be the effect of the

branding iron just removed from my brazier and pressed onto the hard, cold Breton stone. I feel in him a volcanic impulse about to explode; He leads me into his bedroom as I affect extreme modesty.

— What, on our first date, you invite me to share your bed? I'm beginning to doubt that you're an innocent little girl.

Of course Briec is not an innocent little girl, far from it. As soon as we hit the soft mattress, I only need to murmur a slight sound of approval for him to turn over and raise his ass in the air, offering me a wide, very white, round and firm butt. I can't help exclaiming that I would like to see that luxurious rump covered in a frilly concoction of ruffles and ribbons, set against legs covered with opaque, forget-me-not colored stockings with pale yellow garter belts and terminating with verberna satin pumps, the perfect and indispensable complement to such a lovely outfit. He finds my idea a bit too much like evening tea, missing only a touch of camomile, and besides he's never had any desire to dress up like a woman, only like a prelate.

"Ah," I say to him, "do you think that beneath their ecclesiastical silk moiré robes those damn hypocrites are not wearing ladies' lingerie?" Briec doesn't want to hear about it; that's a whole other story.

Even without that whole fantasy scenario, his beautiful butt begs me to do it justice. I slap the head of my dick twice as hard against it and I test the resistance of his anus with my expert finger: the orifice is wide, open, well-worked, fucking it will be like gathering roses. In one fuck-stroke instant I reach

the deepest part of him. Brieuc, with a heavy dose of poppers, his face turning blue, literally swoons with rapture with his shoulders and face deep into the cushions. I conjugate for him in every tense the verb ass fuck: ass fucking, ass fucked, will ass fuck, but especially in the present. The more I fuck, the bigger and harder I get. From that point on I've only ever used the same approach and it always works: plunge, plunge, and plunge deeper, harder, and faster into the hole. This enormous butt seems to want to participate in the dialogue; it palpitates, convulses, undulates, alternately tightens and loosens.

It's the kind of moment that I love and where I claim, often out loud, that the partners are really together; of course perhaps like two masters walking their dogs and who might suddenly have to deal with an unexpected copulation of the two animals, but not exactly. This junction produces a simple, natural effect. It's not that mythical thing called communication; it's rather a kind of normal agreeing, a natural union with no particular exchange. In any event, a perfect conjunction of movements, a delicious physical fusion, a sensual perfection, a rarity in everyday life, itself something marvelously indifferent for the self. Even if from this feeling of satisfaction a rather dull mediocrity ensues, it's a perfect ink blotter for frustration.

The beautiful butt responds to the hard strokes of my ram (also my zodiac sign) by slamming up against it; who knows what terrible and secret rupture might result from this little game: Brieuc begs for a pause. I agree a bit reluctantly: I like striking while the iron is hot. During our break, I learn a lot about the world of high fashion—inasmuch as I really understand any of it.

It apparently consists in cruising around in New York, Palm Beach, Miami and Dubai in replicas of the Trianon and gargantuan versions of the private mansions in the Marais section of Paris, designed inside and out with great care (and great taste, it seems) by French architects, to drape precious, richly-colored and multicolored fabrics, ingeniously adjusted over the structure of what is no longer referred to as a corset, but as a waist cincher—without ever, ever dreaming of touching the breast of a Muslim woman.

I really like Brieuc a lot, he knows how to talk about and tell stories about what he does with witty eloquence, with passion even—which doesn't prevent him from listening to others with interest. The hours go by with alternating sex and conversation, the real art of living, in sensual pleasure and elation, and we part company promising to get together again very soon. When will that be? I've often seen situations that were so uniquely pleasant and satisfying that one hesitates wanting to repeat them for fear of spoiling the memory of the initial encounter.

But I have other fish to fry, other pussies to whip. A very young Brazilian lad, who has more than once lost his innocence despite having the ass and the silhouette of a child, wants me to immediately tear apart his hole. I need to teach the little brat a thing or two and make him understand that when it comes to sex, as in many other areas, when one tries to skip over certain stages, one just ends up in a void.

It's better to keep with the simple side of sexual activity, the charms of which are concealed in its animalistic, mindless and repetitive nature, and all its energy following the pattern of

the heterosexual couple. Going beyond that, wanting at any cost to become more aroused, wearing oneself out trying to find new reasons and ways to become excited—is a guarantee of falling onto the double-edged sword of despair and frustration.

I very nicely explain all of this to my little guy as I plow into his boy pussy using, as usual, the nape of his neck as a handle allowing me to use his slender body as a masturbation device; I accelerate, slow down, suddenly and swiftly plow all the way into him without warning after having stayed on the edge of his hole for some time; the kid ends up grasping the effect of my lessons, feeling the physical, sensual awakening at the very core of his libido tortured by too much cerebral abuse.

"Joybringer, you're the best" he exclaims with such irrefutable timing and accuracy that one can only praise in a person his age, and with such a well-developed sense of phraseology. He doesn't hesitate in the least to chant, in rhythm with my fucking his ass, like an army of fans in a sports arena. Is he going to start waving banners, streamers with my picture on them? It feels odd to be right in the middle of a video clip boasting about the qualities of a product, which in this case would be me. Is merchandise anything other than God's merchandising? That's what it's like to be lost inside fiction.

The half-stray neighborhood Rin Tin Tin walks about with a sign around his neck with four words on it (in red) one line above the other. The sign wobbles in rhythm with the nonchalant pace of the big, black, skinny animal, that skinniness that is so disgusting in dogs. From the terrace of my café at the corner of the Seine and the elevated railway line, I cannot distinguish what the words are, wondering at the same time when people will finally take advantage of all that potential advertising space on their pets.

My imagination gallops ahead at a livelier pace than that of the doggie and tells me the sign bouncing about below his snout reads "Beware Of The Dog". So I watch the animal cross the street back and forth with more dexterity than a human; after all, the principles of pedestrian traffic in the city,

whether or not one can read the little red and green men, are a matter of reflexes that animals can easily acquire.

I leave the café and again cross paths with the German shepherd; now I can read the words on the panel hanging from his collar like the cask on the neck of a Saint Bernard: it reads "Have A Good Vacation." That's a lot funnier; it seems like the joke of some tramp who is begging in the streets with his dog and takes advantage of his pet to poke fun at the people who work. "Beware Of The Dog" after all.

"Dogarama," with, in a starring role, another rather emaciated dog, a bit mangy as well, in the principal male role partnered with Linda Lovelace, is of such mediocre quality that the image is almost abstract. It was digitally copied from a VHS tape rented for twenty years in a row by a sex shop. Ms. Lovelace gets fucked by the furry beast. On the other screen of my computer is an orgy where another equally scary bitch licks, sucks, impales herself on a dick, with cum drooling out of her pussy only to be transferred by her fingers to her tongue and then totally gobbled up as the whore stares into the camera with an eye like that of a dead fish on a bed of ice. It's instructive, mesmerizing to compare the two images, but who knows why.

Cabbie has come back from London to visit me again. Toma, his cock as hard as a rock, sits next to him on my inflatable ivory-colored Chesterfield sofa with his legs spread wide apart. Cabbie, wearing his candy pink Lacaste T-shirt, puffs on his 127th joint of the weekend, his eyes glossed over and his forehead beaded with sweat. He has decided not to wear the black sunglasses he wore the night before to match the man

with the Ray-Ban Pilots. But he has not given up bugging everybody—for the moment, Toma—with his recurring fantasy of wanting us to have our friends, brothers, cousins, fathers or sons come over to serve as witnesses—strictly heterosexual witnesses—to his final depravation, that of a big, fat bitch on all fours sucking cock and getting fucked in the butt bareback.

At first I found it tiring to tell one whopper of a story after another about my brother or my cousin, but since handing over the task to other victims, I've been able to distance myself and I find it somewhat amusing to watch them lose their composure and not know how to respond or what to suggest, as for the tenth time Cabbie reiterates the same absurd request, trying to place a square peg in his own little round hole, to be the object of astonishment and scandal, to be looked upon with shock by a real male blushing and feeling his sense of modesty violated by having to watch such a spectacle: Cabbie on all fours on my rug, his bare ass wearing the microscopic strap of a G-string, that feminine garment comprising a minuscule triangle of black fabric held by a black elastic strap and that strippers still wear when they appear to be naked on the stage in scarlet light, Cabbie, as I was saying, getting fucked to the hilt by Toma's enormous cock, every fiber of his pussy already torn apart by every male in heat I've been able to find the last two days, not to mention myself. That's what Cabbie wants, a troop of innocent fathers to watch with their mouth agape in astonishment and blanching at the sight of such abominable obscenity.

Gonze was the first fucker-cum-spectator on the rug, the French customs officer with the big, strong dick that got Cabbie all hot and bothered by pretend telephone conversa-

tions with his fictional wife who is always impatient for her husband to come home, accusing him of going out on a fucking spree as Gonze tries to defend himself arguing that he is still at the office finishing up some work—in fact, it's a touching repetition of an actual scene that led to his separation from his wife more than a year ago.

But Cabbie doesn't get it and doesn't want to get it; he does another line of coke, floating with a childlike, almost poetic naiveté on the pink cloud of his fantasy. My living room—with its two inflatable seats, its light-colored Ziegler rug, on the wall "Offerings" by Lapôtre, a very rare edition of the famous tryptic photo representing a royal pig wearing a crown, with piercing and jewels, a rabbit's foot and a calf's hoof, adorned with pearl bracelets—becomes the theater of an avant-garde self-spectacle with me as the director of reconnoitering, where all of the most ancient modernity of performance art rediscovers the atavistic principles of instincts. After me, the fictional apartment characters are going to abound, I don't doubt it for an instant, it's obvious that the desires are too strong.

Before things go off into a performance where the spectator, from an observation post where he is as if drawn away from life in order to contemplate its reconstitution, one can imagine that people have lived, already, right in the middle of the stage of their own life, with neither poor acting nor any directing; a world of dreams, ideals, from before the infamy of theater.

And rather than into the past, it's outside of time and space that Cabbie draws us on the shattered but still powerful wings of his psychotic obsession. One has to believe that the misfor-

tune of daily life is such that the most pathetic, most miserable and sick escape outside of the quotidian is the priceless luxury of a crazy emancipation, an exercise of free will, an enchantment; I share more and more happily his zany, hare-brained notions.

Cabbie, fucked again and again, fondles with sensitive fingertips the dicks that are not ravaging his little whore's pussy nor making him gag from deep penetration in his throat. When we let Cabbie breathe for a second, he begs us to bring on more men. A very young, slender firefighter that Gonze pretends is his cousin and who never gets a hard-on (intensely charming, nevertheless), does a very good job of spreading open, massaging, praising the big, white butt of the female getting fucked. I teach him how to insert his thumb into the anus to massage the prostate—everything amazes him. Cabbie submits to everything with ecstasy: he's like a child beside himself with joy during his birthday party, having a hard time deciding which bow to undo first to open one of his countless gifts.

Already well-supplied with customs officers and firemen, we are joined by a state security policeman in full uniform. We cheerfully joke about Cabbie's audacity in using coke and grass right under the nose of the police force, and that he must be punished for this infraction. Of course, when men get together, they can't help joking about queers. I begin the ass-whipping session and Cabbie's buttocks quickly turn scarlet; the sound of my slapping awakens the predator in all of these excited men whose virility is flattered and who obviously give vent to their natural guardian force instincts, fortunately without stretching the point, which provides a relaxed but very

male ambiance. Cabbie who's treated as a rather unimportant presence, could weep with joy at being so honored.

The state cop who vowed he would not undress gradually does so anyway, while in the middle of this circle of men I vigorously fuck the ass of the happy child who is in seventh heaven.

Once the lawman is naked, one can see that beneath the state cop uniform is a man like any other, and one can also see why he didn't really hesitate to take off his clothes. He's in terrific shape with a tanned, tight body; when he smiles, beautiful, natural teeth appear where the canines show their perfect little triangles, adding a little, wild household pet note to the scene. Gonze asks him if he's been working a lot lately (the conversation always becomes a bit work-related among public sector employees), the state cop says no, as nobody is breaking the law these days, everyone's on the straight and narrow.

For the moment they have time for naughty tricks, the buggers. Degeneration, decadence, deliquescence of delinquency, I tell myself. The only ones missing are a soldier and a prison guard. Gonze knows a jailer, not the seductive type, but more sinister-looking (Cabbie gets wet with excitement), on vacation for the moment, unfortunately. Gonze gets really hot and raises his enormous, very stiff cock upon seeing me administer nonstop strokes of my dick deep inside Cabbie's cunt right down to the second sphincter and, now with a dick twice as hard as before at the thought of dragging him behind bars, slides between him and me, sticking his dick inside Cabbie for a double penetration; Cabbie staggers

under the blow but takes it all.

Gonze, a real character who has also snorted a few lines, gets into the game, suggests inviting Olympic champions with medals, asks if we might know a sexy, depraved dog for a former minister (I almost suggest the tramp's dog with his "Have A Good Vacation" sign, but I think he's too blasé for the task...too bad.), comments on the behavior of famous French show business people and during that time, in addition to the huge erections, mouths of bitches who fold back their lips staring provocatively straight into the camera, and haunches up in the air on both my computer screens, which oddly seem to be communicating with each other, I again pretend I'm calling the brother, which I do not have, to ask him how his equally nonexistent wife and kids are doing and describe to him what I'm engaged in at the moment, which is vigorously double fucking with one of my pals an incredible slut that I'm letting all the men of Paris screw.

"Will your brother fuck me without a rubber?" Cabbie moans in a toneless, totally fucked-up voice, growing weak from the effects of a permanent orgasm. "No," I answer, "he'll be appalled enough just by the thought of touching you."

Cabbie feigns disobedience in order to be scolded. His whole body resembles that of a heavy mammal, a sort of confined and clumsy ox, but strong (he can lift himself up when he wants at the same time lifting on his hips the guy fucking him), while his head, strangely connected to his body, like the head of an insect, seems to want to detach itself and join a magical world that calls to him, beyond the stars.

Now we're discussing the idea of throwing Cabbie into the trunk of a car and taking him to a firehouse where all the firefighters will have at his body one after the other. One can recognize there the famous gang-bangs that were very much in vogue before the crack-down on them....It must be said that at the moment the alarm sounds, the firemen leaving the crib have only enough time to stuff their cock back in their pants and the victim must stay there locked inside waiting for them to come back, putting the big secret at risk of being discovered.

A strong pissar, Gonze drags Cabbie to the bathroom, which in my Paris apartment has a step up, and pisses a torrential stream right under Cabbie's nose. Not able to resist, he samples it with his tongue. That's the only time he does it during the whole weekend. He has particular tastes and evolves very slowly. Specifically, he's like a musician who on a single theme produces countless variations, a living illustration of a world where the boundary between psychoses and creation doesn't exist, art reduced to the state of a mental dysfunction, adorning itself with all the apotheosis of masterpieces. But isn't there a decisive leap beyond art? One that will only have had value, like it or not, in the days of prelates and kings. We live in a totally different era.

Besides, it's with a conscience, an artisan's sense of self-worth that each man, when he has slapped his dick against his abdomen upon seeing Cabbie's butt in the air, kneels at this temple of turpitude, snaps the black elastic strap of his stripper's lingerie like an archer or a harpist pulls on a string, then pulls it away from the operation site in the middle of his butt in order to plow into that torrid orifice; the term is not far-

fetched, since Cabbie is hot as hell and we all joke about the risk of getting burned by the friction from the hard in-and-out strokes of our hot, virile cocks. Hot-dog, hot bitch, pig in a blanket, all the fuck jokes spew out with the same speed and interchangeability as our stiff dicks moving in and out of the tireless pussy getting stuffed, so lost in his dreams that nothing and no one can reach him and for whom we are simply a group of actors playing a role, the meaning of which totally escapes us.



Stéphane is less drunk than usual; he says he's not yet completely fried. I place a copy of my DVD on the giant stainless steel counter. He slides his hand between my thighs and gently fondles my family jewels. I, in turn, have put my whole hand down the seat of his pants and probe his anus like a holder of a medical degree, a PhD in Assfuckery. I diagnose a hole that has not yet been stretched this evening, perhaps not even for several days. A few hours later, following the events that I am about to relate, this orifice will be nothing more than a gaping, mangled, stretched-out pussy, but still just as hungry as ever for giant dick.

But this is not a science-fiction novel. For now, I've removed my clothes one by one, unhurried, gazing about the vast kitchen studio around me. Opulent-looking, tranquil, stark; a

crescendo, timeless, eternally modern.

As Stéphane pours me a glass of water, I penetrate him standing up, without lubricant, but cautiously so as not to break the rubber. As I am taller than he is, to get inside him I only have to bend my knees a bit and then straighten them to get my thick rod deep inside him. Moan and rise up on the tips of his toes as he might, the laws of mechanics go against him and he has no choice but to submit.

I press down on his shoulders to force him to bend at the waist and raise his hips, immediately making every inch inside his ass available for the strokes of my cock. Right under his nose is the DVD case of "Joybringer, The Man With The Golden Dick." He takes in the image on the cover and the vignettes on the back while the live performer plows his guts. His jeans have slipped down his narrow hips to the ground and with a gymnast's grace he kicks them off. Glued to each other like a four-legged beast we climb the open staircase to the bedroom.

He hasn't given himself to me like this in a long time. I move in and out of him like a well-lubricated piston and with each stroke I go in him even deeper. I see myself on the huge LCD screen fucking the handle of the famous Schweppes crate, while the voice-over enumerates the polymorphous aspects of objectophilia. Stéphane gets an eyeful, earful, assful; thanks to my screen double, I take him in every hole, because I'm sure he can also smell my scent, the fragrance of my testicles about to burst with cum, the odor in his bedroom of the breeder in heat leaning with all his weight on his back, brutally gripping his very small love handles, the flesh of which must

feel the cruel pain of my nails digging into it, while with both thumbs I spread his ass cheeks to fully expose the puckered pink hole.

When the DVD automatically goes to "Sense-Fiction," a sex education course on the proper use of fantasy and the principle of the incubus, illustrated by the vampire metaphor, a lesson in which I am joined on the stage by a very serious student of the Joybringer school (for depraved students only), always in the first row, the Eurasian King Fu, I am already plowing with my hard dick beyond Stéphane's second anus and I congratulate him for being so up front about giving his behind.

I allow him a respite after his third request when he really seems to need it. He can't take getting fucked anymore, so he starts sucking. He licks my balls just the way I taught him. The soundtrack of the film resounds with one strict order after another; I know perfectly well he's going to jerk off again and again, fuck himself with one dildo after another once he's alone, back in Dubai where he runs his marketing company. I can't escape the idea that these recordings, these automatic Joybringers are a way of robbing something from the original, at the same time creating a colossal mythical presence out of the bronze used for statues and the physique that goes with it, which reduces their model to the misery of their physiological condition, minuscule and fragile by comparison.

But that sentiment is also Joybringer, and his monument must also adapt itself, so I am not crushed beneath it. Do you follow my train of thought? Perhaps it would be better for you to keep a safe distance, just to be sure.

While toying with my balls, Stéphane toys with the idea of being filmed while getting fucked. We discuss the organization and budget for putting it on film—it's somewhat virtual. We pass the smoke break time in conversation mode, let's say, without totally leaving the subject of sex. We discuss making a private copy that he'll keep in his safe.

The cigarette is snuffed out after just barely being lit. I did not want the conquered ground to raise its drawbridge, so I started again to make my opinionated mark on the besieged fortress. Isn't that how things work in life, and do we not occupy space for as long as we hold it and by pushing its limits, the natural movement of which is to contract, become smaller, for as long as our strength allows us to sustain concavity?

The life of a being, or a maybeing, is all contained in a kind of round, orbicular muscle; when the relentless distention of it decreases, it tightens up and finally expels you and the water closes up as if nothing had happened. However, for as long as Stéphane lives, it will be hard for him to erase completely the mark that I carve in the most intimate part of him and which other men or objects will again bring to life.

With constant hard pressing from my groin, he ends up flat against the mattress giving me the perfect angle for deepest penetration. I move into high gear and feel him having an uncontrollable ass orgasm. He trembles, mumbles barely audible expressions of gratitude, he's completely outside of himself. To break the rhythm, I force him to lift his hips as I continue to stretch open his ass, grabbing his ankles to create the Chinese wheelbarrow effect, a position Stéphane particularly favors. That's probably how my boy lost his virginity with the

journalist from a daily sports newspaper when he was 15 and, after making a series of phone calls at random, prodigy that he was, he stumbled upon a male in need of a hole to fuck and who got to bust the cherry of this young adultophile bitch.

On the screen, in a close-up accompanied by a harpsichord piece by Rameau, King Fu is licking and sucking with delight as if my cock were an ice cream cone. Another break finds us speaking about Stéphane's fortieth birthday. He wants a party during which he'll get fucked by forty different men. Where to hold it? In Moscow, the cast would be easy to assemble, but it might not end well. He says asking security guards to come and maintain order would probably be impossibly complicated. In Paris, the basic element, forty big, thick, willing cocks might be hard to find.

London might be a perfect location for a gang-bang of such proportions. One could lease an apartment and invite what the city overflows with: big-dicked, big-balled hot studs, high on drugs and alcohol, aching to empty their balls with loud grunts and yells, and willing to do just about anything. Just talking about it gets us both excited and what we've been doing together since the evening began makes us want even more.

We get on the Internet and start looking for someone to spice up our program. Two Brazilians that seem pleasant but a little phony and whose pictures were inaccurate didn't do anything for Stéphane's butt and are quickly dismissed. A young, hirsute Arab seems to have a much bigger cock and, as luck would have it, lives only fifteen minutes away. Once he is

sprawled out with us on the candy pink sofa, a vast fuck arena in the shape of a kidney bean with a central back that is perfect for straddling in front of the DVD menu loop, I explain to the guy in a tone of false confidentiality that Stéphane is an incredibly sluttish whore but not a very good cock sucker and that he needs to get some practice, if he wouldn't mind.

The young stud didn't need to be asked twice. He springs to his feet, standing on short but powerful legs, displays his trendy black and white t-shirt with some design or other, quickly unzips the fly of his military camouflage pants and exhibits a piece of meat as thick as a child's forearm, unfortunately circumcised (the operation that removes flesh from the male member), onto which Steph impales his face with the characteristically perfect fit of manufactured parts designed to fit together very exactly. "Hope his teeth aren't bothering you." I say to the North African stallion. If so, he mustn't hesitate to punish the cock sucker even before thinking about complaining. In the meantime, I am careful not to leave Stéphane's ass unoccupied; the female abhors empty space.

We go up to his bedroom and there the dark Kabyle mountain goat gores the white whore. I tell the horse-hung Algerian not to spare the French faggot's pussy: "Tear that little white ass to pieces," I conclude tersely.

For a moment I almost regret having said all that when I see what enthusiasm I've raised; I fear Stéphane's days may be counted. Ahmed covers him with all his beefy, black, hairy and vigorous body and hammers his ass with incredible force, and I begin to worry whether Stéphane can survive without being mutilated for life; but that would constitute doing injustice to

the needs and the resistance of this real bitch in heat who, even though his ass is enduring pain, clenches his teeth and refuses to admit defeat. It's a question of pride in battle.

Another fucker, black this time, joins us and at first I'm skeptical. The tall, well-built boy seems rather affected, even effeminate; will we be able to count on him for a display of aggressive manhood? It turns out that his mannerisms are more a result of vanity on the part of this mix of Nigerian Fulani on his father's side and Berber genes from his mother. Otherwise, he gets it up and shoves it in.

I command the assault of the two Africans against the European continent drifting unfettered in depravity, the ship taking on water everywhere with holes that must be plugged. The black-skinned man gets his rather thin but very long cock sucked without having to be asked. His body shape and flexibility allow double penetration with no difficulty (the only way to keep Steph's body from squirming in all directions) with the Arab and with the Caucasian, me. The tall boy with the big, hooked nose gets on his back, Steph impales himself on him and I, on top of all of this, insert myself more comfortably than I've ever experienced before (except with that supple acrobat, strong like a liana, Toma), this position always being more or less awkward, for one thing, and also a hard one for the guy on the bottom to maintain an erection, never feeling very much in control of the situation.

The stuffed meat between us, filled to overflowing, belts out his bestial contentment. The scene ends in a classic manner, Steph on his back with me fucking him while the two Africans generously spray their cum all over his face. "Show me your

Bambi look," I say to Steph. "And tell me again: Everything you want."

"Everything you want," Stéphane gurgles, in seventh heaven among clouds of sperm, looking at me with the eyes of Bambi who just got hit by a trailer truck crossing the highway.

Hmm... I've gone over and over in my head how I would relate my interview (intercourse?) with Theo that I'm almost surprised, when I open my notebook where I write all this, not to find it. Here's how I would have liked it to be, more or less:

Theo knocks hard on my door because I have placed a note there requiring it; in fact my Paris apartment is long and narrow and sounds seem to get lost within it. So here he is in front of me, as tall as I am, as always in his lawyer's business suit. We exchange pleasantries, leaning on our elbows at the 5th-floor window (anyone who's ever been there will confirm this) looking out over the imposing stretch of sky above the former Freyssinet warehouse and the railway tracks connected to the Gare d'Austerlitz behind us that are today beneath the Grande Bibliothèque and will soon be totally covered by

new construction on l'avenue de France.

But Theo hasn't come here to contemplate the landscape. When I ask him how Pepito is doing, the Brazilian that he just married, he answers with a miserable look on his face that he's finally learned a bit of German but that he doesn't understand why he, Theo, gets so quickly bored with boys (here he congratulates himself that he and I haven't gotten married, thus avoiding that same boredom), I turn him so that his back is against me, stroke his chest, and twist his nipples a bit while gently kissing his neck. It's like the strategy of a new husband concerning his virgin wife whose hymen he is finally going to break after long months of waiting, the ceremonies before God and state now over and done with.

Theo is incredibly reactive, he gets hard in a matter of seconds. His life is only about sex. Even more than sex, it's about dick. Over the years, beginning with a classic homosexuality, cruising and easy satisfaction from anonymous meetings in the parks at night, he is now a specialist in "phallus giganticus" and it's the only mushroom head that kindles his flame—and in this case, with no limits.

I turn him over facing me and stick my tongue as deep in his mouth as possible; Theo loves this treatment, because the game amuses him, and he loves the fact that it's just a prelude for another penetration. I don't ever kiss amorously, but I am more than happy to lick and penetrate with my tongue the mouth that is going to swallow my cock.

Lingual location searches, salivary survey and lubrication, I obtain the most shy, the most reticent of mouths, those that

give everything except the promise of their attachment (like that of the popstar, anti-chamber of a throat whose vocal cords have launched more than one hugely famous hymn to love), by revealing this particularity of my French kissing.

Behind us, at that little window, is the enormous blue sky, swept by a few summer clouds. I give the tall silhouette the signal to get on his knees to venerate what in his eyes is the only object of all earthly seduction: the virile member of man, swollen with blood by erection, jutting out below his nose, which he can caress, heft, lick, fondle. And not just any dick, but the one that no other dick can make him forget, in his judgement—which is that of an expert, a collector, a size queen—the crown jewel among king-size cocks, in a class of its own not only because of its size, size being a characteristic of any disproportionate organ, a horror show elephantiasis to put in the Guinness book, but a shaft that is both big and perfectly proportioned, straight and even, he never tires of telling me as he admires it—far from the deformities of cocks that are crooked, too thin or too thick for the size of the head, with unattractive balls—in short the most beautiful cock he’s ever known, a wonder of the world like no other, which he cannot stop feasting his eyes on, sight being the first sense providing him enchantment, then the hands, then the mouth.

He wolfs down my cock, fondles it some more, the bugger knows his man and makes me hard like iron, flicking his tongue on the skin of my testicles, forming a tube with both his hands not just as a device for measuring but also to make my cock slide from his pinky finger past the nine other fingers of this tunnel of love to his mouth, where my cock travels like a train in round trip mode, and I encourage him profusely.

Laconic observations on his attitude, like that of a humble prostitute devotedly performing the cruel obligations of her profession, but to which she has become so accustomed by force of habit that now she loves what she does; or else like the wife in heat, wanting so much to get pregnant at the time she is most fertile that she stoops to doing something she finds repugnant, supposedly; giving her husband a blow job. In fact it gets her wildly hot, though she won't admit it, perhaps not even to herself, for fear of being compared to the other female described above, which of course, she really is like.

Theo sucks with avid lips my fingers while I grasp the part by which one holds all men, as everyone knows. This expert devil of a homosexual feels the cum starting to rise, a geyser of seminal liquid that he swallows down, the throbbing of the prick, the heavy breathing, he grasps my dick at the base to take advantage of the best spurt of sperm on his taste buds and in his throat and swallows all of his dose of fresh protein, from a strictly vegetarian source, as I bellow my relief.

Then follows the best moment of a summer afternoon, his heart, peaceful, silent and very sweet. Theo is half stretched out on the Ziegler rug and, despite his age and complete lack of exercise, or perhaps because of that, I am once again struck by his graceful proportions, his elegantly long members, especially his slim, well-formed legs and the delicacy of his very white skin dotted by several beauty marks. He becomes bashful and hides behind the big armrest of the inflatable ivory Chesterfield sofa, giving me a look like that of an impish boy who must have been lusted after frequently without really ever having been seduced. It's always the real

man that the little adultophiles want, much guiltier of forbidden seductions than the older ones, given the fact that they don't yet know what they want, which makes them want it even more.

The eternal child leans back against the armrest and I stroke his hair during a moment that drifts beyond time. During this instant of eternity, of perfect joy, he fondles the conspicuous bulge in the front of my Andrew Christian briefs.



Henry comes to my place on the very day the dishwashing machine has sprung a leak and I had to call the plumber, a young man with a beautiful bubble butt and broad, strong shoulders, the sort of plumber one dreams about in gay fairy tales—a lot more tempting than Henry, who at my prompting goes discretely into my bedroom while the worker does his thing in the kitchen.

Henry has to go back out for whatever reason and I stand for a moment in my lightweight summer bathrobe and my Ray-Ban Pilots with the artisan who is on his stomach looking under the machine, his legs folded under him, making his ass stick up in the air, his white boxer shorts with a print resembling that of the wallpaper of a child's bedroom showing above the waistband of his blue denim work pants. It's so fan-

tastical that if I were at all paranoid, I would conclude that a secret agent had infiltrated my life to glean from my trade secrets.

But I have nothing to hide and for this particular show, the very source of my power causes my bathrobe to bulge at crotch-level. The guy gets up and, despite my false modesty, which in this instance cannot supersede my tendency to exhibitionism, that of a male rearranging his three-piece package, pretending to hide his real intentions—the guy on the job can't help being completely aware of what's happening.

The leak behind the machine turns out to be the result of a professional mistake on his part. During an earlier visit, since I'm obliged to reveal all the details of my home life, he had incorrectly installed the pipe for the drain behind the dishwasher.

No matter how much I let him express his embarrassment, saying he's sorry and that he'll stand by his work, while in the meantime I listen to his excuses with the coldness of the marble mantelpiece behind me, nevertheless letting my bathrobe open, as if by chance, in order for this worker to understand with whom he's dealing and with whom he has committed a terrible mistake.

But when Henry returns, my feelings turn to his needs. I close the bedroom door behind us, remove his pants and impale him to the hilt standing up, despite his amorous complaints, in a fruitless effort to inspire in me a desire to spare him.

The mother of this fifty-year old man who uses Guinot beau-

ty creams religiously runs a shop for nonfood products. To be clear, in Belgium that signifies an unimaginable craze for pretty little floral objects, the quintessence of which is the shepherd couple in painted porcelain or the little satin box with a bouquet of forget-me-nots or lily-of-the-valley painted on its cover; the hodgepodge inspired by precious 18th-century objects from Vienna, London or Paris, of an amazingly dreadful quality, literally filling up the space around the bourgeois king of a very tight web of gilded net and little baskets of flowers (what we Americans call tchotchkes) surrounding everything way beyond the normal limit. A kind of hideous, antithetical version of a vacuum.

I never actually saw the mother's shop, but I was more than satisfied with imagining it after I first saw the small Moulinsart house in the suburbs of Brussels, which is likely a pale, awkward and modest reflection of an ascetic shyness, to which the supreme mistress has condescended to contribute with a few pieces from her collection, for the sole purpose of enlarging and maintaining the empire of her will on her disciple—enough to get a sense of the original treasure trove from which these meager trinkets came, covering nevertheless every spot where the eye has the quickly regretted foolishness to gaze and from which it has such horrible difficulty to bounce back, struck at the very core of its dignity.

Henry is a judge in the Brussels courthouse...a fascinating, monstrous, gigantic building, the Titanic doors of which seem at every moment ready to allow a warrior from the Ancient East measuring twenty-five or thirty feet tall to pass through, an incredible neo-Babylonian wedding cake crushing everything beneath the mass of its Asian elephants and caryatids.

It has always had a powerful effect on me.

That building is the concretization of an astounding memory of a child, amazed by a transient carnival, I imagine. It's an edifying edifice probably edified for the edification of the crowds for whom it must invariably represent in stone the ancestral, venerable character of law and thereby, its absolute irrefutability, setting off in me a D. W. Griffithian historicist reverie, (he and his decorators must certainly have been aware of this fantastic monument when they created the scenery for "Intolerance") and I imagine that inside, as all objects with false doors and openings in trompe-l'œil inspire in me, there is a series of throne and treasure rooms where as in a Delacroix painting princes get their hard barbarian dicks sucked on the rough skin that the leopard provides (not by choice), while the mountains of gold, rubies, emeralds, sapphires on the handles of precious scimitars serve no other purpose than to shimmer in the shadow of an intimate light.

The man of law whom I ask if, by chance, he could let me visit at night or during the weekend the inviolable and incredibly ostentatious sanctuary built in the name of supreme justice, becomes evasive and thoughtful at my request, letting reign the absolute implausibility of such an idea, naturally. It's understood that all of this is about shrouding hidden secrets; in short, it's the impenetrable, sacred vault of civil society, of Western Civilization.

Facing collapsed roofs from which acid rain runs off and curtains of climbing plants hang, I no longer can see the Brussels courthouse other than as the neo-orientalist ruin in a Hubert Robert painting of enormous proportions, colossuses, pachy-

derms and crocodiles, serpents strangling columns with their dislocated circles and where half-naked dark-skinned barbarians are wildly copulating.

One of them, with the ferocious look of a wild beast stalking his prey, his face marked by the half-charred frame of a pair of Ray-Ban Pilots, with a shaved skull and an enormous, strong dick hanging between his slim, muscular thighs below the synthetic bearskin loincloth (is it the skin or the bear that's synthetic? It's hard to tell in these troubled times) that covers his groin, more or less, as is customary in such circumstances. He lifts himself up between two marble stones formerly parts of the huge head of a sphinx.

Crouched on an archeological eyebrow fragment, the hunter, with his eagle eye, lies in wait above the geological fault, beneath him a man drinking water from a swamp sustaining fragile vegetation in this mountain of fallen rocks, opening the passage, widely, brazenly, with his movement, to his ass.

The man with the golden dick rushes toward his prey from the highest firmament and penetrates the man's ass with a single deep stroke, right to the balls that slap against his rump like the double bronze striker of an amazing, totally incredible bell. The bitch turns his face in a three-quarter position: Henry.

"Oh, it feels so good...no one else can fuck me the way you do"...he moans, all hot from the Ecstasy and cocaine that, having passed judgement on so many dealers, he wound up incapable of resisting the curiosity to try. The scene is some-

what more simple, it's no longer a matter of a post-apocalyptic chaos but of a very girly bed with metal posts in his Moulinsart bedroom. He still gets himself so vigorously fucked that it could annihilate all of civilization.

I arrive a bit late at the London on 54th Street; an astonishing array of narrow, pitiful little market stalls brings a rather repugnant touch of "humanity" to this ice-pure, steel landscape, spreading its lower-middle-class misery onto the best, though reticent efforts that modernity has produced, and hindering the progress of my Yellow Cab, the blind agent of a moment in my destiny.

I immediately find The London Hotel amusing, with its porters disguised as UK boys, wearing white shirts and gray pants, ties and vests, and little hats in the same color tone to pull off the sixties look; they strut about arrogantly, totally sure of the effect they have on the public.

Behind the main desk is a fantasy map of Hyde Park, an illus-

tration seemingly dredged up from a magazine from the fifties. The elevators are hung with gray suede. In the small suite, with its semi-circular sofa in front of a fake marble, real plastic low table, the fat rural American who welcomes me wearing a black T-shirt makes me think of a raccoon, a bear, of every animal with a hunched back, his head planted between big shoulders, his big tail between his legs, with pubic hair as stiff as the bristles of a toothbrush. Of course, there is no big dorsal appendage; I fill the space when I put my own appendage onto the lower back of this big, about-to-get stuffed teddy bear: the illusion is complete.

His first sodomy probably happened between two cars in a parking garage with him being mounted like a female by a drunk-as-a-skunk college or work buddy emptying his balls into this tight anus, the first hot hole available and the next best thing after the hot, tight pussy of his dreams, which, of course, is not available, and who later on, once he is sober, will deny ever having done such a thing. He'll even nastily send packing the broken-hearted pudgy young boy whose love life is now oriented in a very particular direction.

The big raccoon retains from that vivid experience a physical and mental imprint that inspires in him an eternal desire to relive it and always, hopefully, better. And what could be better, just as for any addict, than to increase the size of the dosage?

And so here he is, on both knees getting his face fucked, with saliva flowing profusely down his chin onto his fat cheeks, splashing my balls with happiness, his thick, animalistic chops drawn back to show their pink interior, and getting slapped in

the face each time he has the audacity to make me suffer the intolerable pain of his rodent-like teeth on my dick.

His parking-lot experience has obviously not happened again through the years; I have a really hard time opening up his ass. He moans, grumbles, cries out while his tiny little hole, divinely torn between the desire to be ripped apart and the pain he will have to endure in the process, struggles to make way for my cock, which I drive slowly but relentlessly into him. Every inch of terrain is pitilessly considered conquered ground not to be given up again for any reason.

No complaint, supplication, request for me to give up a fraction of an inch will be considered, except if it's only briefly, the time it takes, with the now smooth-running impassiveness of the professional pig slaughterer, to turn the beast onto his back, exposing his fat, hairy little thighs and his chubby belly to fuck him to the hilt as he squeals with pleasure.

Although I'm in a luxury hotel two steps from Fifth Avenue, I feel like I'm fumbling in the wood shavings of a hamster's cage, in some hallucinatory pet shop....I consciously assume my zoophilic nature to the fullest, totally fulfilled, unhesitatingly, and even, I dare say, with the ability to laugh at myself. As long as no animal has been forced to submit to torture without its consent, what is there to say? Putting a worm on a fishing hook, however, should be forbidden.

But the first throes of love are soon behind us and the gray-ing rodent spread out on the mattress, panting, hardly gives any sign of life as I hammer his butt with a slapping sound in rhythm with the drippy Metasoul music of the Ipod set into

the stereo base made available by the hotel, like my cock set into the satiated organism of my victim's buttocks, slowly returning to a normal human state.

I am writing all of this while the five young women at the bar on the deck of the Water Club anchored probably forever on the banks of the East River are cruising me with their unconscious female instinct, each racking up points against her rivals. I carefully look at them one after the other, equally, my objective being to make the most of this charming ballet for as long as possible, noticing that the establishment has each of them wear a Lacaste T-shirt in one of the colors matching those of the yacht-club refreshment stand.

One of the blondes, the sauciest and the most aggressive of the two, offers to mix some raspberry juice with my ginger ale. What a tart she is. I accept. I sip all that sugar in ice while I contemplate Roosevelt Island under the Queens Bridge, from where I am, in the balmy air of August, the building and the lawn extending to the water, creating a magical effect of an Empire or Victorian palatial paradise. Apparently it's one of the most sinister places in old New York City, a nasty worker's suburb served by a dilapidated cable-car system that often leaves people stranded. One should probably always have the wisdom to observe things from a distance.

An appalling Tahitian-style wedding buffet, with enormous women wearing crowns of flowers and white dresses made of acrylic with turquoise island flower designs accentuating their love handles with great detail, along with matching men and little girls, pushes me toward the rear deck from which I enjoy watching the incessant comings and goings of helicopters; a

waiter has opened up a sunbrella for me.

Behind me, two girls arrive and order champagne; they are studious, totally absorbed by their text messaging and emailing. The sky suddenly darkens and a violent wind comes up; the helicopters send spray onto the strollers on the banks. The well-anchored sunbrella threatens to fly against the two girls, but I catch it in time, while one of the girls who nearly got hit by it continues to send her text messages, oblivious to what almost just happened. It all takes on the unreal aspect of a dream; our little, low coffee tables, coffee cups and saucers, champagne flutes, little spoons, coasters...the girls caught up in a hurricane where they do not even uncross their legs while continuing to chat away about this and that... caught up, in the middle of nowhere, in our unshakable reality, made of concrete, in any case.



Stamford, Connecticut, is a well-to-do town, but only partly, according to this slender, mocha-skinned man, with a nice-looking, rather sad face and a small Douglas Fairbanks-type mustache. His slender silhouette is hunched over from his work writing a comic strip published in more than 270 magazines. He has millions of readers around the world and he's preparing a book that he's going to sell on his own on the Internet...yet another. He lives in a little wooden house painted in a light color among many others of the same modest style, in the pseudo-idyllic green countryside, one of those places that around the world look like little individual rest homes.

Bryan used to live in Manhattan where because of his good-hearted nature, people often exploited him. He moved from

the city to this wealthy suburb where the solitude is driving him a little bit crazy. His house is a shambles, stuff everywhere, in particular a pile of plush toys hanging, sitting, lying on decrepit old furniture, while a TV broadcasts incredibly outmoded and ridiculous old, black and white comedy. A woman is mimicking the contorted mannerisms of elegant high society while her maid, speaking with a French accent, patiently puts up with her antics with a stiff look on her face; meanwhile Bryan kneels to give me head.

I precede him up the staircase to the bedroom where on another TV screen the same papier-mâché bourgeoisie is laughing hysterically on the phone as she wriggles around to find the best camera angle in a very flat light.

Bryan's bed is missing some of its gilded spokes, but there are enough left for me to grab on and maintain my position in his ass while he calls me his white stud and begs me to treat him like the black slave sucking his white master, getting fucked by him, finally understanding what purpose he serves in the world.

He tells me that the term "monster cock" on my web page should be followed by three exclamation marks. I kiss him, fuck him, take him in every way possible while he flows gently to the depths of relaxation until he finally has to admit that he can't take any more of my pummeling his ass. His beautiful long weary hands, his gentle, expressive, intelligent face, his spontaneity wrestling with his languishing melancholic nature are completely charming. Perhaps he'll sublet an apartment in Manhattan when I come back again. Many dream about it and should just offer themselves the momentary luxury of

planning their pleasure, more certain than its actualization.

The next hole for my cock is a pleasure seeker, one can see it right away by his intensely sensual look. In his forties and still very cheerful, with thick, coarse, salt and pepper hair. On him it looks like a very fashionable dye job. He finds me amusing. He likes to joke around. He loves being fucked standing up, leaning against the window sill overlooking 42nd Street from the 35th floor; he is intoxicated by the bird's eye view out the plate-glass window of the miniature yellow kiddy cars lined up between the upended cardboard boxes, pierced with holes through which glints the light that they conceal.

As I stroke his chest to find his nipples, I feel the coarseness of shaved body hair. This aging teenager is a bit chubby, but that's okay with me. Whether I climb onto him to deep fuck his throat or whether I mercilessly fuck his ass, his head disappearing under the pillows, he gets giddy all by himself, forcing himself to have a good time, becomes frenetic, wiggles his butt uncontrollably, asks for more lube, wants me to fuck him harder and faster, then slower, then faster. He needs scenarios, postures. He's a real consumer, trained to enjoy his five seconds of happiness, always in the mirror, the painting of the moment, he's the king of tableaus, the champion of the camera's flash and of amazement; it doesn't bother me in the least.

After all, what else can one hope for, he seems to be trying to prove. So why don't I remove my sunglasses? Because they are not removable: I sleep with them on, I shower with them on. Besides, would one ever ask Mickey Mouse to remove his ears? There's no question about it, Joybringer is for him. I'm

having fun too, watching for whatever can get him going, so shrewdly, and with demoniacal professional acuity to the very core of sensation—he has to get fucked up to get fucked deep and he knows what he’s doing. His eyes become wide as saucers while, on his back, with his legs in the air, his ass takes on the open appearance of the tea or coffee cup that goes with it. Once I’m in him to the hilt, I push my weight against him to mark my spot, then I pull out slowly and then begin to plow into him hard and fast like a pile driver.

His moans get louder and louder by degrees, ending in a shrill scream at the moment when his chest becomes covered with jets of his own sperm. I take advantage of this moment, which I really love, not to pull out right away...each second that a passive partner keeps me inside him after he comes instills in him just a bit more of the art of being nothing other than a hole for my dick.

John Saul has a child’s face with a five o’clock shadow, curly chestnut hair cropped at the neck, with a bit of baby fat still; he’s twenty-six years old. He’s like a warm, trembling little bird in my fist. If I close my fingers, I’m afraid I might suffocate him and he won’t be able to defend himself. I put my hand down his shorts...it’s so hot in this beginning of August that he’s wearing almost nothing and my expert finger goes straight to his anus, the parameters of which I evaluate in less than a second. It’s automatic with me and it tells me right away with whom I’m dealing.

No man can resist this examination, this sensation that projects him into a cosmic intimacy with me. I remove his cap and his black tortoiseshell glasses. I have only to press lightly on

his shoulder for him to get on his knees and take my cock in his throat with an almost student-like attitude. He's perfect for my current fantasy: Mr. and Mrs. Joybringer have two children, a son and a daughter. In the family portrait, all four are wearing Ray-Ban Pilots, including the family's German shepherd. The father and mother are the perfect couple: they are all so united that they decide to keep the children at home. The father quickly initiates his son to the pleasure of sucking his dad's cock right there where he was conceived and has him swallow the substance with which he was created, and every night Joybringer tenderly fucks his son before moving on to his daughter (whom he will impregnate to enlarge his family from within) before the mom comes in to hug her two children who are satiated from being fucked by their father and who now give in to wonderfully carefree dreams.

Before losing their innocence to him, the two kids had masturbated frequently together as they watched their father, with his legs spread open so that his two children, whom he sees hiding in the hallway, cannot help seeing his enormous balls and his thick cock, extremely thick at the base, going in and out of their mother's wet pussy.

John Saul, my baby, who fantasizes about carrying my child, he says, and whom I savor with my distended cock ready to tear apart every inch of his tender hole, knows about life only "Matrix" and "Bareback Mountain". He is originally from Phoenix, Arizona, (those guys are real) with South American and Danish parents. It's as hot there as a branding iron, hot like the burning winds across the pampas, like the sweltering summer wind in the ancestral metal and glass towers of Manhattan, like the burning feeling of frozen lake water when

coming out of a sauna.

On my laptop screen plays the cinema masterpiece of Léontine Sagan, "Mädchen in Uniform". I'm sure that John Saul will identify with Manuela, the high school student who is totally in love with her very pretty teacher. I love his charming outline completely focused on his joy at being pinned to my bed like a butterfly on a cork.

I spread open John Saul's butt cheeks with my hands for deeper penetration. An ass is always so mysterious; just when you think you're in as deep as possible you often can get even deeper; one has to make the man giving of himself push his butt backward, arch his back, and present his hips at the best angle for the deepest penetration. With this combination of techniques, one can reach rich treasures of new sensations. John Saul offers no resistance, thinks only of my pleasure as a means to his own and we swim in an ocean of sensuality far from any shore. I shoot torrents of sperm into his ass, muffling my cries by putting my mouth onto his.

This little bugger who has not stopped sliding four of his fingers deep into his throat and then sporadically touching my balls, contracts his ass in rhythm with my orgasm as I ecstatically empty my balls into him, after long spasms that continue with each tightening of his ass on my cock...I finally pull out of him and empty the contents of the rubber onto his tongue with which he conscientiously cleans the head of my cock, spraying liters and liters of his own young cum on his belly and chest. Yes my little one, mommy and I will keep you at home and you'll see, you'll always have everything you need.

My cock, like all drugs, can never really be forgotten. The hole that was opened up by its ramrod strokes only closes up again slowly, and never completely. For you who have prostrated yourself, what's the use of talking. Save your saliva to lubricate the burning hole that you offer me while grunting, while modulating your moans of ecstasy like a dog whose back is being scratched or a cat whose closed eyelids one caresses and who dozes off.

Spread your butt cheeks wider; open your knees as widely as you can and arch your back to get that ass as high as possible. You don't want to miss a single deep stroke of my cock, right? Come gently to meet the dick that is already causing unbearably exciting friction inside your anal pocket, already massaging your prostate.

Forget about your own cock. You're nothing more than a gaping vagina, yearning to be filled and wet with your own fuck juice. C'mon, give me your ass, faster, slower, like that. Fuck me, fuck my cock with your wet pussy, pay homage to me, the man, the male. Bitches that take it to the hilt without whimpering or begging me to stop are few and far between; especially when I reach beyond the second sphincter where the head of my dick hits bottom and just gives little in and out jabs without the two bodies ever disconnecting...the sensation is indescribable.

Such a moment should last forever: two beings, otherwise indifferent to each other, our bodies experiencing an accord, a symbiosis, like the two halves of Greek philosophy finally reunited. A cosmic, unforgettable release binds us, fuses us together...it's the moment when I must struggle with myself not to release the burning spurts of sperm that overflow from my testicles and with which I would fertilize you, plant my seed in your ovum by fracturing it with enough force to produce sextuplets, had I not had the presence of mind to put on a condom before fucking you, you worthless, fucking bitch.

Of course, the perspective of the progeny that I would have been at my leisure to deflower as I wished and make of them downright sluts of both sexes, like their mother, makes my dick hard and my jizz start to boil. But the most beautiful fruit is still that which is sterile and I prefer to keep you nulliparous, you lousy whore, a creature whose only fate is to provide pleasure to every anonymous male in the universe wanting a whore to suck his cock and to fuck whenever he needs to, and that's all, and then toss you to the next guy who wants to shove his rod into you.

You'll find out what it's like to be the groupie of a stage idol, waiting for him at the stage door exit and winding up serving, if of course you're lucky enough to be chosen from among the thousand other groupies, as the cum dump for all the roadies in the show who won't even put out their joint nor remove their AC-DC tee-shirt and who will just plow your hole standing up amid the piles of disassembled working scenery in the semi-trailer, and you'll feel the lashing of their long hair against your back as their fat bellies lean against your backbone and their nasty little needle pricks jab into your butt (ah, it's the little ones that hurt) making it bleed.

And maybe, just maybe, tonight will be your lucky night and the star of the show, Joybringer, will pick you up out of the gutter and finish you off while your vacant eyes fill with tears of gratitude. But don't get too carried away by your dream, life isn't always the way it's depicted in novels and Hollywood magazines, little darling. Besides, it's more likely that Joybringer will not content himself with sloppy seconds, the leftovers of his redneck pals. Quite the contrary, if chance smiles on your fate, he'll be the first to rip apart your pussy and then throw what's left of your hole to the troops—seems more probable, don't you think? One way or the other, you won't even be able to count your fingers after being treated in a way that will leave you crippled for life, you stupid whore.

I am a bastard. I met Robert in the basement of a Paris fuckodrome. Three times that ball of muscles, sensing that I wanted to fuck him, undid his belt buckle that resounded with a loud "cloc" as it fell to the floor with his pants.

"You bastard" he moans. "You bastard, you're taking advan-

tage...." I reply, "You're nothing but a damn bitch." Robert replies "Not at all, I'm just helping out."

Since then we see each other off and on, and my message is always something like "Hey, Robert. Say, pal, could you help me out? My wife is having her period and I've got a real itch to scratch...." His response is always, "Okay again this time, but don't overdo it. The last time you really hurt me. Go slowly and don't be a bastard, 'cause otherwise the next time you can just find yourself a cheap whore."

And I am a bastard. I fuck him with no regard for his kindness and his sense of mutual help and brotherly love. I do take full advantage of him and I don't give a fuck if I hurt his poor little ass. I even love hearing him moan and whisper "bastard," and besides it's a lot less expensive than hiring a whore.

At what age did I become aware of being particularly well-endowed? Of course, one night, as a naked adolescent with a hard-on like a donkey on a summer's eve, my mother enters my room and, even when I make believe that I'm sleeping, she doesn't go out right away, but stays, at least that is my impression, at the threshold, in the dim light of the landing, projecting her maternal shadow, that for an instant seems like an eternity in my state of confusion.

I am so often asked this crucial question, which brings into focus the deep mystery of an adolescent's loss of innocence and impassions the libido of every potential deflowerer/rapist of a young boy totally unaware of having, at the very beginning of his puberty, a cock of exceptional proportions.

Naturally, one of my first boyfriends totally refused to let me fuck him; he gave me the phone number of a friend he knew would comply. I vaguely remember a rather pitiful room with a sofa bed whose springs squeaked, a fat guy whom I probably fucked fairly well. Later on, there was a man whom I met quite by chance, with two Dobermans, accustomed to their master's habits, a bit jealous nevertheless. By then I was already an enthusiastic fucker.

The reputation that I quickly acquired of having one of the biggest cocks in town doesn't interest me. I have other ambitions and I'm naive enough not to make the cause and effect connection. And not for a long time to come. I have other roads to follow that don't yet concern Joybringer, but which he will eventually depend on. Our destiny sometimes is a tortuous road to follow that only later reveals the imperious necessity of its twists and turns.

Nevertheless, I ended up throwing in the face of the world this superiority, which until now I had disdained, this so realistic superstition, so shared from one end of the universe to the other, that man is defined by the size of his cock. And from this deeply entrenched corner in the face of simplicity, with this extra-large crowbar, I force open the access to the palace that the workings of my mind had, until now, made inaccessible. I fuck the entire planet, the entire human race and beyond...all the animal and plant worlds as well, a real incarnation of the Priapus of antiquity, still revered to this day.

The birth of that divinity was excruciating and I vividly remember every moment of it. For nights on end, under my sheets, my cock would become hard and painful, and in an attempt

to relieve that pain, I played with it without really knowing what I was doing, completely ignoring, it seems incredible now, what was really happening. What relieved me the best, though it brought up a fever in me, was beating this disquieting thickness—was I sick?—by making it flex between my index finger and my thumb; my foreskin, which was not drawn back, especially caused me discomfort.

In playing this game, my instinct would bring me to a paroxysm of speed. I ended up feeling a kind of vertigo, a terrible heat coming up from my belly to the tip of my cock and to my confusion and great surprise, a huge quantity of a very thick, white substance would spurt out from the end of my penis. I would say to myself "this terrible pain is strange, maybe it's really pleasure?" I had no choice but to grit my teeth...I was sharing a room with my older sister.

Nevertheless, my most striking memory from my early years is a sense of not being conscious of existing. Everything that concerned me never seemed to happen, a strong feeling of the unreal, which has never really left me, makes me experience existence like a kind of foggy dream. I live in my dreams, in books, films. I am already a fictional character, the cutout silhouette in heavy black cardboard, which I will never cease to be.

Passing time merely confirms for me, along with the best scholars and philosophers, the best guarantees, the validity of this feeling that my presence is impalpable, hidden, phantom-like. Except that I've move forward like everyone else; for practical reasons, I've coagulated a more or less credible presence, even as far as being able to make others believe,

with a fair amount of energy, in its strength, almost in its substance.

Nevertheless I remain a creature "from the other side", for the simple reason that fictional characters, being clearly determined and distinctly placed in a context, are much more defined, real, and lasting than the frail, unstable, confusing mists that the world would like me to believe, and would like you to believe, comprise reality.

Yes, hole for my cock, I, a living creature, by passing through the world of fantasies, have become the eternal, solid, powerful Joybringer, and the entire world no longer has any other choice but to topple over into a mere fraction of its own image. Economy has paralyzed the whole planet with such constant, enormous doses of disbelief that its inhabitants have been catapulted into a world of dreams. Only storybook characters know how to triumph over all of that and move about in the world as they see fit; the rest are only insubstantial observers—they are the damned, cursed slaves condemned for life to serve their comic strip heroes.

Considering how long we have been hearing the bleating voices of the prophets of make-believe, the bards of hallucinatory worlds, where everything is peaceful, charming and inconsequential, rather than reality having been amended, the whole human race constantly moves into the realm of the unreal—that's the only real progress.

Here, on my throne, upholstered with the skin of so many buttocks (Lucifer can just play second fiddle) holding in my hand the golden scepter with the handle embedded between the

buttocks of the arm rests right to the balls of this big cock, in the room whose walls are plastered with dripping wet vaginas and anuses that contract and gape open in unison, I reign eternally behind the impenetrable, gilded mask of my Ray-Ban Pilots in which are reflected the incessant bolts of lightning that flash across the vaulted ceiling.

An assembly of holes for my cock, all kneeling with their backs to me, butts in the air, present their assholes, holding their cheeks as wide open as possible with both hands. Stern-faced guards, imitating the look of the master, pass among the rows and punish with violent lashes of their cat-o'-nine-tails those who do not maintain their position and who relax their efforts. With a barely perceptible gesture, I designate and call forward one of my adorers. And, can you believe it? It's the asshole right next to you that I command to come to me. You follow with your eyes the lucky one, filled with jealousy and frustration, knowing that you were a mere hair's breadth from being chosen. You see the man firmly held by the henchmen who impale him despite his screams on my rock-hard cock perpetually aiming toward the ceiling and you would so much love to be allowed to jerk off, or at least finger fuck yourself as you watch this spectacle that is killing you with envy and desire, but the guards are watching and you don't dare disobey. You continue to watch through the V of your crotch as my dick mercilessly plows the hole of the chosen one. Will you be next, dear reader? Keep hoping for it, and whatever you do, don't stop beating off.



The specific excitation that my imagination must sometimes deal with, trained since childhood to provide me with escape mechanisms, sometimes inspires me to abandon in my fantasy the narration of my very real tribulations in order to enter the scene as a character from a novel who has fantastic, thrilling police-related experiences.

*The elevator doors shut me in and I am left with the strange sensation of being alone. Being in the company only of myself makes me uncomfortable.*

*Someone else should have been concerned to find himself alone with me, a little earlier in the afternoon.*

*That little guy that I had fucked, shooting him in the back of*

*the neck with my revolver just as he was shooting his load certainly caused my own orgasm with his strong almost violent anal contractions, along with a lot of bafflement.*

*Who ordered this murderous scene?*

*In general I rarely question my missions nor their purpose. I take the money and abstain from any thought. That's what every dick head on the planet should do, if he wants a problem-free existence.*

*But this time I have a confused, persistent memory. Oh, not at all regret, I've never really had that experience.*

*Rather something like a persistent incoherency, a missing machine part that blocks my mind on an episode that in fact has no meaning.*

*Hell, who could possibly have wanted to have a man killed while granting him this final satisfaction? Most of the time, those who pay professional killers have a vengeance to perpetrate and prefer that their victim savor it, or not.*

*Perhaps someone really close to him, a member of his family, only wanting to acquire his wealth, but not really evil? Frankly, though, murder is not the royal path to inheritance, given that it attracts the attention of the police. In such a case, one tries at least to create the scenario of a phony accident.*

*(Thereupon Joybringer launches into a torrid interrogation where, from a tortured pussy to an ass blown to smithereens by the dynamite of his cock, with briefcases full of money that*

empty their contents across the highway, he understands too late the Machiavellian trap into which he has fallen, dick first. Will he survive such spite and be able to enjoy new experiences?)

Arch-banality of process or inadequacy with my character, the adventures of sexual private dick Joe Bringer and his pink member always ready to be unsheathed stays in place. I send out feelers for a narrative scenario destined to transcribe a fantastical version of my existence.

*Credits.*

*LONDON, ANGEL, OUTSIDE DAY*

*JOYBRINGER behind his Ray-Ban Pilots, black suit, white shirt and narrow leather tie, walks slowly down the street.*

*The music begins. Sounds like the music of the credits...*

*JOYBRINGER: (VOICE-OVER) One often claims that it's absurd, crazy, to kill someone just to steal his mp3 reader or some other miserable object; but in the end, what value can validate the elimination of a human being? Two mp3 players? A boxful of players, a truck full of players, a factory full of players? This last possibility would certainly justify destroying a pair of lives, or more—a conversion chart should be created—and soon.*

*He passes in front of a newsstand, glances at the tabloids, a poster has these words: NO MORE SENSELESS MURDERS.*

*JOYBRINGER: (VOICE-OVER) Senseless murders.... But what is a murder that does make sense? Don't bother looking for the answer. The truth is that any murder lacks significance or value, like my life or yours....*

*He aims a gun toward the camera.*

*JOYBRINGER: (VOICE-OVER) Especially yours.*

*He lowers his eyes and we see his face up close for the first time.*

*JOYBRINGER: (VOICE-OVER, SIGHING) If only film characters could kill you other than in the usual slow manner, with you spending the precious minutes of your life watching me living mine.*

*This time JOYBRINGER has his back to the audience and turns toward them.*

*JOYBRINGER: So what? Why does my film start off with such revolting, scandalous ideas? Because films are first of all made to express the ideas of their authors and because there is no such thing as a reasonable idea. An idea is either scandalous or it's merely a platitude. Therefore, there is no second choice.*

*The weapon in JOYBRINGER's hand is henceforth his cellphone on which he takes a call and the music stops. it was a very, very long ringtone that kept repeating during the whole list of film credits.*

*JOYBRINGER: Joybringer here, may I help you... references?*

Yes. we have a few references. We fuck George Michael, we fuck Madonna, Britney Spears...we fuck the cream of assholes on the planet. ....Yes I can do outcalls, where are you—oh c'mon, you mean. ....No, I decide where and when I blow my load. Sorry. ....No problem, have a good...

#### INSIDE A ROOM DAYTIME

JOYBRINGER plows an ass with no foreplay. The victim is a young guy with blond, spiked hair, covered with tattoos and piercing, who pants and moans his difficulty taking such a huge dick.

JOYBRINGER: ...day!

JOYBRINGER: (VOICE-OVER) While spending time in London I've acquired some bad habits. First of all, I'm often rather brutal. Vigorous fucking is what is expected of me most of the time. Some friends with very personal motives must have made me become more reasonable with that. Not to always shove it all the way in frenetically, because once the fragile anal mucous is irritated, it just becomes painful and there is no choice but to stop. So, I've trained myself to apply more gentle methods, to start by massaging the anus slowly and, well, I'm surprised by the response that I get from that adorable place known as an asshole for my cock. Raping and tearing an ass apart is the most common request, but often it's just words. A man's pussy wants love, tenderness, a slow, progressive movement forward. After some subtle foreplay, one can proceed to deep fucking, to ripping the ass apart at the speed of a cart drawn by ten thousand devils. No matter what happens, I never remove my Ray- Ban Pilots.

*Closeups of the face going in and out of the frame (shot from below, at the rhythm of the fuck)*

#### BATHROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

*JOYBRINGER in the shower coming out of the steam wearing his shades.*

#### BEDROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

*Face on the bed pillow, reflexions of neon lights on the lenses of the Ray-Ban Pilots, the telephone rings, lights up, the facial features are only seen in the light of the telephone.*

*GERALD BLISS: (VOICE-OVER) Hello, boss, you are stretched out on your bed, relaxing like a king, you'll fill my head with poppers and you'll torture my nipples; I'll empty every drop from your balls, you always have a big load for me, Sir, I've not yet had dinner....*

#### STREET OUTSIDE NIGHT

*Gerald goes toward the taxi, the only thing lit up in the area, except for the dull lights of Canada Waters. JOYBRINGER on the back seat of the taxi sits sacerdotally like a stone statue behind his Ray-Ban Pilots.*

*In the rearview mirror, the driver seems worried, without knowing why. Gerald approaches and looks through the window, like a child looking through the window of some attraction, Christmas display or into a restaurant, that pane of glass separating two irreconcilable worlds, one of dreams, the*

*other reality. His eyes are wide open with intense, serious attention. Vivid pleasure.*

*JOYBRINGER (VOICE-OVER): Childhood is the time of black and white, of sorrow and joy, of good and bad, and of when nothing exists between them....Everyone dreams of those powerful emotions and struggles to feel them again, whatever the cost—what other purpose could money serve, if not that?*

*Gerald pays for the taxi, JOYBRINGER exits from it and the little abode of light pulls away, leaving behind a scene of complete darkness.*

#### *INTERIOR NIGHT*

*From that darkness, the screen of my laptop lights up from the left and the following sentence appears letter for letter at the sound of typing:*

All of these inventions truly don't seem to hold a single grain of the salt of my real life adventures; the really original things, even though sometimes veiled by a shadow of the ordinary, cannot be fabricated.



The young Polish doctor with the heavy, fair-skinned body is waiting for me in front of the entrance to the saltwater pool inside the main building of the casino in Biarritz.

Sidelong glances, his limbs heavy with desire. We lock ourselves behind the white formica door of a shower stall. From the burning hot water flowing between our bodies quickly springs torrid intimacy. Both our cocks are rock hard. The naked man curves his thick back and his pale skin turns lobster red in the boiling steam, while I stand up straight and tighten my butt cheeks, my dick aiming toward the ceiling.

He opens his mouth wide, right at the level of my cock, while his arms and legs lower themselves onto the white tile

floor...he seems to be melting in the hot water that is rushing down on us.

The heat becomes suffocating as he focuses all his strength on swallowing my cock down to my balls, fondling the weight of my balls with one hand and jerking off with the other.

Our scarlet, irradiant dripping bodies are like suns shooting their rays into one another as our mouths devour each other. With one simple pinch of a nipple I order the vast chest that obeys me at once to partially straighten up; I stick Zbiegniew's face against the shiny ceramic wall and point the head of my dick between his butt cheeks, the orifice of which is clearly too narrow to take me in; each attack tears a few more fibers in the resistance of his ass flesh and I begin to wonder if this Polish practitioner has thought about the anatomical function in play here, the strength of the tissue, arteries, muscles and ligaments, if he is doing ahead of time the autopsy of this sexual encounter in this place not unlike a white-tiled hospital ward.

Between the repetitious strokes of a pile-driving machine (like the boring nature of sex when it is just talked about), he gets back on his knees to cover with his spit the whole length of my cock, on which at the base there is a dark red line from his teeth; his jaw couldn't open any wider. He doesn't wait long to again show me his asshole.

Something gives, opens up and I am suddenly, in the thick mist of the steam and the wild beating of our hearts, at the very depths of the place where my juice spurts out with a fury that makes my legs tremble as I fall onto him with all my

weight, feeling his simultaneous coital contractions. Our two bodies are superimposed, piled onto each other in a heaviness like slabs of meat or wet laundry, our knees, bending under the weight of such an effusion, come loose, dislocate, disjoin beneath the still smoking, foaming spray of the powerful shower.

The doctor collapses, falls to pieces and, sitting in the corner of the stall, his blond hair plastered to his head and face, he cleans my cock, empties my urethra of its sperm and receives the piss that flows out of me into the water from the shower head and on to the rivers and faraway oceans that will forever hold the secret imprint of our watery embrace.

Weakened by the heat, no longer able to bear the dizziness and the explosive sensations, I go down to the pool where my boiled lobster-like countenance, along with the phenomenal volume of the still turgescient, thick anaconda that my Speedo can barely contain, create quite a stir. I plunge all of it and myself into the refreshing saltwater pool, sinking below gallons and gallons of ocean to the bottom, my eyes firmly shut against the recent memory of two bodies so much in the throes of desire, colliding into each other and blending their fluids, a frenzy of self-destruction, closures; then slowly emptying his lungs and rising to the top, touching the surface with only his lips, is a new man.

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