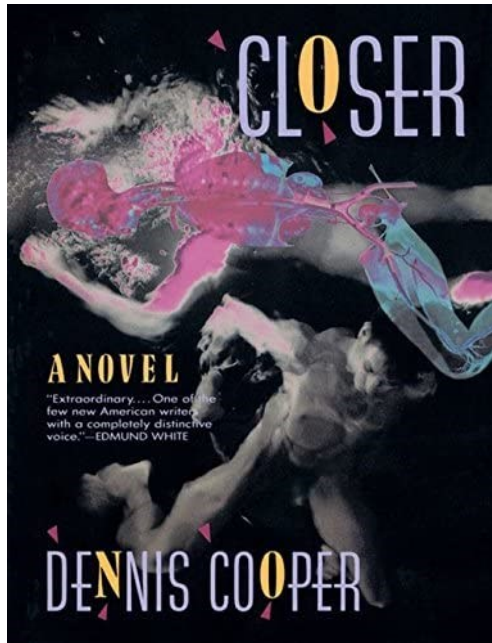


CLOSER



Adult

By Dennis Cooper

ISBN: 9780802132123

Book Summary:

Troubled homosexual teen boys share sexual experiences with one another.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains aberrant sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity; violence; suicidal ideation; and underage alcohol and drug use.



5 /5

Aberrant Content
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
4	<p>He'd only had sex a couple of times, once standing up in a toilet stall, the other time with a guy about fifty who'd done all the work while he held his ass open. With George as a prop, he tried out a bunch of positions he'd seen in a porno film. He made a lot of mistakes, like it took him forever to get his cock hard enough to slip inside George's ass, but if George noticed or cared, it didn't show.</p>
6	<p>He smoked a joint and was wondering what his work might actually say if, through some sort of miracle, its lips could move, when he stumbled on George vomiting in a rest room.</p> <p>...He threw the sketchpad aside. "George", He groaned, "let's get undressed."</p> <p>They lay on the bed and put their faces in each other's crotches. At one point John leaned back and made absolutely sure George was as cute as he'd thought a few minutes before, then he plunged in again.</p> <p>..."Huh?" That was Georgia's voice. John was about to say, "I didn't say anything," when come spurted it into his mouth. "Jesus, George," he choked, "couldn't you warn me or something? I was figuring something important out. Shit."</p>
7	<p>They headed for Dump, a poorly lit gay bar well known for its loose clientele.</p>
8	<p>After a few joints he said John could watch him jerk off.</p> <p>John had the punk and George lay side by side on the bed. He crawled over their bodies while they masturbated, examining each in great detail and making comparisons.</p> <p>...He rolled George onto his stomach then climbed on top, tried to get his cock hard, couldn't, thought he could stuff it up George with his fingers but that didn't work so he rolled George back over and fucked his mouth. The punk sat a few feet off, watching them with a vacant expression that could have meant anything.</p> <p>...When he finally managed to come his concentration was so bad he missed George and got sperm all over everything.</p>
9	<p>As soon as they scaled the wall, John and George fucked in some bushes. The punk watched for a while, then he kicked them until they quit.</p>
10	<p>He called the punk and George. The second they entered the room he ordered them to strip.</p> <p>The punk punched another hole, then another, then another, et cetera. John was deciding to leave when the punk paused, checked out the holes, which formed a crude five- or six- foot-square swastika, grinned for the first time that John could remember, and started hitting himself in the face and chest. ...Once in a while he'd quit hitting himself long enough to spin the dial a few times, squint, yell out some numbers, try and lock again, swear, and go back to hitting himself. John was mesmerized, the way he was when he did lots of weird combinations of drugs and felt like he could control other guys minds with his mind.</p> <p>The punk got his belt off, stripped naked, and threw himself onto a mattress that someone had left in one corner years back. "Hurt me," he yelled in a hoarse voice. "Fuck me up and I'll never forget you. I really fucking love violence. I want to tell all my friends what we did so they'll hate me or call me a fag or whatever, but fuck them. I'm not a poser like they are. I want to do everything so when I die they'll say I lived and tell bad jokes about me and who cares. I like getting crazy and you seem okay. Anyway, why not?"</p> <p>..."Okay," he said. He rolled up his sleeves and knelt over the punk's heaving back,</p>

Page	Content
	<p>fanning the B.O. away from his nose. He took a deep breath, then sank his teeth into the curve of one shoulder. "Leave a mark", the punk whispered. "Leave marks wherever you want. Make it memorable or whatever". This time John bit very hard. The skin still wouldn't break. "Try the back of my neck."</p> <p>When John withdrew he saw some holes in the shape of an Xmas tree ornament. "That's it," he said. "I've got an idea. Get ready." The punk balled his fist. John bobbed his way down the back leaving bites in a regular pattern, four across, every few inches. Reaching the ass-slope he paused, massaged his sore jaw.</p>
11	<p>"I'll make his ass a gift." He pushed the punk's legs apart and adjusted them like an old TV antenna until the ass was roughly the shape of a box.</p>
12	<p>John wandered back to the room. It was empty. On the wall next to the mattress he found a fresh swatch of graffiti. Bill was here more or less. A trail of blood led from there to the door. John followed it down the hall. At its end he could just see the punk's silhouette shivering in the light coming through a smashed window. John accidentally stepped on a creaky board The silhouette tensed, turned, broke a chunk of glass off what was left of the pane and held it out to John like broken glass was a gift.</p> <p>"Kill me," the silhouette rasped. "I can't feel anything. I mean you're okay. Shit, I don't know. . . . I guess I've wanted somebody to kill me for over a year or whatever so don't fucking worry. Do what you want to me. I don't care. Really. When I'm dead you can fuck me as much as you want. I've tried to kill myself lots of times. I just can't. Anyway, nobody knows I'm here. You won't get caught—"</p>
14	<p>David always had the unnerving effect that George usually did during sex, or that punk had had when John was biting him up.</p> <p>...He couldn't decide if he wanted to draw David, fuck him, beat him up or fall in love with him.</p>
16	<p>He ran a damp washcloth under both arms, across his cock, between the cheeks of his ass.</p> <p>..."I don't have any real friends and I can't do my homework at all anymore. Sometimes I wish I was dead. Nothing makes sense like my mother has cancer and I don't know what's going to happen to me when she dies. It's nice to see you but I'm so alone all the time..."</p>
17	<p>Later they fucked or, rather, John fucked George and kept his eye on the last and definitive portrait, which, luckily, he'd framed and hung in clear sight of the bed. He put George in their usual twists and occupied himself trying to phrase the announcement he knew it was time to make.</p> <p>...He spent the holidays drinking himself sick in nightclubs.</p>
18	<p>He'd do things like one night he asked John to name every rock singer he'd like to draw and/or fuck.</p> <p>..."When this is all over," Jules announced, "let's have a three-way with some jerk."</p>
25	<p>Okay, I have time for one last, positively last number. It's about sex, so you younger ones cover your ears, and it stars an A & R man from a big record company. One day he's walking downtown when he comes on a naive young boy who is thinking out loud to himself. The man does a double take. The boy thinks,</p>

Page	Content
	<p>"He's nice to have noticed me." They drive to the man's place. After a couple of beers, he asks the boy to remove his clothes. Then he pores over the body. He doesn't want to disturb it, reinvent it or try to wear it himself. He wants to know where that innocent voice could have come from.</p> <p>...The photographer puts down his camera, walks up to me, takes a hand mirror out of his pocket and makes up two lines of cocaine, which I snort, then smile into his lens again, my eyes ecstatic and glittery, like they're reflecting a million children's. A few more shots, another snort, then I sit at a table directly across from the editor of a best-selling teen magazine and sign some eight-by-ten photos of me that will appear in the next issue.</p>
26	<p>I lure children into adulthood by mouthing inanities like, "I love you," when what I actually mean is, "You'll die someday." I'm totally evil. I want them to die. I want...I don't mean any of this.</p> <p>...I've finished belting out one of my hits. From out of the shadowy sea of excitable kids climbs an older man. I think he's planning to rush up and hug me, but he draws a knife from his pocket. Before I can step back he's slashed at my face. Blood splatters onto his shirt. He carves, and uses his fingers to pull back the loose skin, until my whole skull is exposed to the air, and flesh hangs in waves around my neck like a Shakespearean collar.</p>
29	<p>"Listen," he yawns once I stop for a breath, "do you want to have sex or not?"</p> <p>..."Yeah, let's fuck," I say.</p> <p>...I have my palm around his cock and balls and it strikes me that, whether he thinks so or not, it looks like someone cut a hole in his body and this is what gushed out. He's fondling mine with a real penetrating expression.</p> <p>...He actually seems to be learning a thing or two, whereas I only see stuff his groin reminds me of: rotten fruit, a deflated balloon, ring of keys, stalactite...</p> <p>...I'm standing in front of a mirror one hand on my genitals.</p>
33	<p>Their lead singer, like me, was aware that his fans were in love with whatever he did. But, unlike me, his fans were horny adults. When they looked at his body they actually wanted to fuck it.</p>
37	<p>Once upon a time I was a little boy. I rode my bike constantly.</p> <p>...I stopped in a mall. This man came up to me. He was an A & R man for a big record company. He told me I was amazing. I said okay and we went back to his house. He tried to fuck me. I bled all over the place. Then he showed me the door and said, "Thanks for being so well designed, kid."</p>
40	<p>George let out some info. Rich parents , Disneyland, grass, acid, only child, gay. They shared a joint.</p>
41	<p>Back in his room, he had to waste a whole joint getting over it. Part of him knew she would die and leave others alone. But he wanted to kill himself when he realized that.</p> <p>...Sex was distracting, even if who he'd be having it with was a bore.</p> <p>...Chuck lit a joint.</p>
42	<p>George felt a hand swim around in the front of his underpants. He liked the feeling of being plugged up. Sloppy tongue down his throat, fingernail in his piss-slit, two fingers up his ass. Chuck shook a little and came on his stomach. "Lick it</p>

Page	Content
	<p>off." George did. ... " ...Smoked grass this evening and it ruined my thinking..." ... "I allowed this guy Chuck to have sex with me. I did it because it was something to do, not because I admire him. I was something he wanted to buy but couldn't really afford. I know that's stupid. He doesn't even know me or want to..."</p>
43	<p>"I'd like to get away, meet some people, stop smoking grass all the time, get closer to my feelings..." ... "Let's smoke a joint."</p>
44	<p>He knew she liked him, even if they hadn't fucked in months. ...George nodded, lighting another joint. ...George said, pulling a joint from his pencil case. Mr. McGough pushed the lighter in. While they smoked, Mr. McGough talked a lot about New York ("heavenly"), rock bands he liked ("ones with rough edges"), grass he had smoked in New Guinea once ("brilliant"), how TV rots people's minds to the beauty of language.</p>
45	<p>"...Sometimes I think drugs are better than anything else, but I'd like to stop them. Sure. Forget it."</p>
46	<p>"...He took drugs and all that. The way he acted when he smoked a joint was a joke, but it wasn't too bad when he started to think death was great. The best part was when he took acid and thought he was dead..." ... "Well, I'm on a drug run, so see you, man."</p>
47	<p>What a whacked-out idea,...George liked how acid could blow up the flimsiest topic.</p>
48	<p>George took a sip of his screwdriver. ... "You are mine tonight." George slowly opened his eyes. "Would you like to know how?" George shrugged. "Just do it," he yawned. "No, I need you to know. I watched you bend over an hour ago and your Levi's were tight to your ass. I saw the crack. It is so wide and deep."</p>
49	<p>George almost laughed. He took a drink instead. Think how the glass is your crack." George giggled. "Think that you are in the desert. This alcohol is the last you will have for a year." George stuck out his tongue. "Good. Put it into the drink." "Great sense of humor," George thought. "You notice those ice in the drink ? That is your shit. Take one into your mouth." " Jesus," George muttered, sliding the smallest cube through his lips. "Hold it there. I want your mouth very cold." George glanced up. Sure enough, the guy had actually said that. "Yes, good. now lie on the rug." George set his glass down and sprawled on his back. "Relax. Open your mouth. Loose your fists." George heard the floor creak. A shadow fell over his face. One of Philippe's hands encircled his wrist, raised that arm, let it drop. Hands started roaming all over his clothes, First they followed the shape of his skeleton. inching along. like it was covered with braille or something. Now they took hold of his crotch, separated his cock from his balls. then the balls from each other. "Drôle de ménage!" Philippe said. "That's a compliment," George guessed. Just then a cock clogged his throat. Skin</p>

Page	Content
	<p>and pubic hair smothered his face. It made him think of the pirate mask he used to wear every Halloween. He concentrated on that fun idea, and did his best not to think of Philippe, who was patting him down like a cop.</p> <p>The cop yanked his pants off. A hand scooped his balls up. A fingertip poked them around in their sack. They rolled badly, like footballs. George wondered how that looked. He'd never paid much attention to how he was built, thinking that was for others to like or dislike.</p> <p>The acid chip hadn't worn off after all. George tried to imagine the things on his body. He saw a sparse-looking skinny kid. He played with its crotch like he was a cat and it a rubber mouse. When that got boring he rolled the kid over. Flop.</p> <p>The fantasy's sharp lines began to blur. He knew he was stroking his own ass, but he couldn't define its appearance.</p>
50	<p>George didn't mind being fucked. That was business as usual. But the aroma of shit was disgusting. As soon as Philippe got his rocks off, George ran to the bathroom and puked for at least a half hour. "I never want to have sex again," he moaned.</p>
54	<p>I wanted to fuck him. That was my goal, but I couldn't decide how to phrase it. ...I couldn't even imagine us fucking without a lump in my throat.</p>
55	<p>Once he calmed down I suggested a plan. I'd follow him to Philippe's. I'd hide outside and observe their sex.</p>
56	<p>I thought. "Religious," but what happened next made me think of a porn film I'd fidgeted through.</p> <p>In the film a blond lay on her stomach. A fat man pried open her ass, stuck out his tongue and spread her privates with spit from the pale pubic bush to the small of her back, repainting the same exact spots until they caught the light. appeared monstrous one second, toylike the next.</p> <p>Philippe's tongue had a similar sweep. It climbed the rubble of George's balls. swabbed the crack and returned to base over and over. At first that looked too mechanical, then I was struck by the figures' grace. In comparison my fantasies were a scrawl. I nearly blushed at the thought of subjecting this boy to them.</p> <p>George got a spanking. Philippe's arm seemed to move in slow motion. but I heard the slaps. even through plate glass. After a dozen he eased off, smiled down at his handprints and mouthed a few words. The asshole swelled, trembled, then very slowly produced a turd. It rose an inch in the air, toppled into his waiting palm.</p> <p>I thought I could make it. but halfway down the street I splayed my hands on the nearest tree and threw up.</p>
58	<p>He punched off the radio, then plucked his joint from my lips.</p>
59	<p>I shook my head when Alex held out the joint.</p> <p>...Hot jet streams pounded my head, splashed my shoulders and upper chest, streaked down my ribs, made my pubic hair droop, spilled off the tip of my cock, exploded around my feet.</p> <p>...I was so vowed by my own choreography I might have whipped out my cock if a lump in my throat hadn't woken me up.</p>

Page	Content
60	<p>Being overly stoned was the perfect excuse. ...I even asked for a hit off the joint.</p>
61	<p>My favorite porn stars were slim, pale teenagers with shoulder length hair. preferably black. Take the boy sandwiched between two musclemen in the magazine Alex had shoved at me. He had thin skin, shapely legs, a dated haircut and oversized eyes. Best of all. he had one of those asses that open unusually wide.</p> <p>"Check out this page. " Alex said. The star had shoved his ass right in the camera lens. What I'd thought pert at a distance was spooky close up. "No matter how many times I see one of these, " Alex leered, "it's still a shock. I mean. as hard as I try I can't look at this thing and recall the boy's face, even though I just told you how hot he is."</p> <p>True enough. I also couldn't remember its owner. It seemed to have a hypnotic effect. I thought of aliens in sci-fi films who, catching humans' eyes. could wipe our memories clear. This boy's backside wasn't too far removed in appearance from one of those cheaply made monster masks. "Weird. Alex. You're right, as always."</p> <p>"Let's jerk off." he whispered. We did that sometimes, each holding one edge of a magazine, handling our cocks with the other. I didn't enjoy it as much as my friend. but I did feel a certain thrill knowing how badly he wanted to turn on his side and have sex with me. "Let's share a joint first," I stalled. While he fixed us a fat one I skipped through the small world in front Of me</p> <p>Page eight: the two musclemen kiss, the boy kneeling in front of them, both cocks between his teeth. Page twenty-two: come dribbling down the boy's chin. Page three: the men sixty-nine. Page eighteen: two cocks inside the boy's ass. his face grimacing. I was admiring the layout when Alex entered my line of sight.</p> <p>"Does he remind you of George?" he said. "I ask because I can see the resemblance but I think this kid's really hot whereas I'm not attracted to George at all. Here." I took the joint.</p>
63	<p>Alex unzipped his jeans, which made the usual sputtering noise.</p> <p>...Alex was like that, I couldn't imagine him mouthing the obvious: "I want to fuck with you. Cliff. " or however he might have rephrased that. I realized it Was up to me and. looking down at my hard-on. I thought, "Why not see what it means to be hot tor a night?" I closed my eyes and unfastened the front of my towel. The porn star's ass clattered onto the floor and flipped shut.</p> <p>The result was too clumsy for my taste. We re-created a few poses we'd seen in magazines and spent far more time giggling than moaning each other's names. I thought of it as a sort of misplacement. kept George in mind and went right through the motions. I even gave my friend's ass a few superficially passionate strokes to make him think I hadn't tried to forget him.</p> <p>We came and sat a few feet apart. "Well," Alex said between breaths, "don't you think we've confirmed our big theory that porn is a blueprint for sex? I mean, we look at a photograph and get aroused, yet we still have our wits. But just now I became so distracted by what you were doing to me. I totally lost my perspective."</p>

Page	Content
65	<p>"Here," he said, "is where I keep my acid. Want some?"</p> <p>I shook my head. "Well, then..." He grabbed what I guessed was his diary and a small silver key about the size of a teardrop. "...Mind if I finish this?"</p> <p>...Every few months to this day, I'd creep down, stretch myself out on the cold cement floor and jerk off.</p>
69	<p>Alex, 17, is slouched in an old movie theater chatting with friends. Lights dim. He peeks at Cliff's crotch. As Explosives begins—damaged print—he feels torn between what he's observing—four wrestling hippies—and a sweet daydream—Cliff fucking him violently on a twin bed. The scenes get mixed up in his mind, like images in those light shows that stoned hippies used to project over rock concerts back in the late sixties. Alex pretends he's on acid. After a minute or two, the sex slowly dissolves in his eyesight.</p>
70	<p>Alex's cock is still hard from his fantasy.</p> <p>...Alex imagines his friends lug him into an alley, undress the corpse, then themselves, and gang-bang him.</p> <p>...Alex fights a desire to be fucked on the floor, then attempts to rejoin the film.</p>
72	<p>Alex rolls onto his back and bends his knees, encircling them with one arm until the crack in his ass widens and lifts a foot off the bed. The rest is up to whoever. He didn't catch the guy's name. In fact he's wondering if his decision to go home with blondie was logical. He'd had a few drinks on the guy's tab. The bar was peculiarly empty. He'd been amazed by the sound of The Jesus and Mary Chain, a covert pop group, mixed in with the flightier disco. Something transported him here. ripped his shirt trying to take it off. He watches the face he'd been grinning at all evening eat Out his crack as though it were a scene in a porn tape he's renting.</p> <p>If that were the case he could judge his sex partner more clearly. As is, he's too distracted by personal traits and sketchy fragments of history. They came out over drinks and remain an issue now, when everything but good looks should be pointless.</p>
73	<p>He picks up one of the blond guy's porn novels. which they'd been perusing to get in the mood. It's called Chicken Lickin'. The cover art is an incompetent sketch of a boy on his hands and knees, bracketed by two distorted men. One has his hand in the shape of a gun and is pointing it at the boy's ass-crack. The Other man aims his cock at the boy's mouth, which grins or grimaces. The men are absurdities: arms too long, cocks like cannons, hands withered. The chicken's malformed as well, buttocks overinflated. his eyes reminiscent of bullet holes.</p> <p>Alex opens the book and reads a passage at random. "Toby's ass was public property. Whitey looked hard down its steaming tube. 'He may be young,' Whitey hissed, 'but he's got a real hellhole.' Pedro stroked his colossal dong. 'Hot mouth too, Whitey added. 'Hot stuff at both ends.' A line of spittle ran down his chin. 'And good enough to be eaten, say.' he winked. shoving his face between Toby's soft ass-mounds. 'Eat me, Toby cried huskily. 'Clean it, you fucker,' As Toby spoke his pit slowly relaxed. Whitey gulped down its dark, hidden fruit."</p> <p>...his pit slowly relaxed. Whitey gulped down its dark, hidden fruit."</p> <p>"I would pick that page." Alex tenses a bit at the memory of Cliff's boyfriend George in the same situation. In fact, at three steps removed—first enacted by</p>

Page	Content
	<p>strangers behind glass, then filtered out through his friend's vague account, then overlaid with wretched prose—the scene that embarrassed him during Cliff's story seems much more intriguing, a fiction dissolved of allusion.</p> <p>...his pit slowly relaxed. Whitey gulped down its dark, hidden fruit."</p> <p>"I would pick that page." Alex tenses a bit at the memory of Cliff's boyfriend George in the same situation. In fact, at three steps removed—first enacted by strangers behind glass, then filtered out through his friend's vague account, then overlaid with wretched prose—the scene that embarrassed him during Cliff's story seems much more intriguing, a fiction dissolved of allusion. Alex 's eyes. which have narrowed in irony, flit to the drama between his legs. As an experiment. he tries to master the tone of the novel, in order to silently ornament his experience</p> <p>"The blond stud pushed harder with his darting tongue— that's ridiculous— curling the rough muscle into a pointed tool that pushed my sphincter—ugh— forcing it, uh . . . to relax as my tight ass-mouth opened—that's awful—accepting the stud 's wet caresses with a proud...lunge, I guess. It was, uh, marked by a cry of relief from my . . . parched lips . . let's see, a whimpered sigh of surrender as my whole body relaxed, gladly taking this anal-intrusion-shit-hungrily ready for more. ready to...to...take this blond hunk in any...shit..." Alex stops for a second. "I have to do better than that. Okay..."</p> <p>"The blond wormed his tongue up my shit-chute. That's better. 'I've struck gold,' he said in a . . . muffled voice . uh, swallowing thick . . . wads of ass-tinged saliva. Good. 'You're hot. really hot,' he continued, addressing my...gleaming hills. Mmm. He stroked his hard-on so roughly he could have been...signing his name on a contract. That's funny. My pink asshole widened with each probing . . . lunge of his lick muscle, until the hole was humongous and...and...rubbery. God. 'Say ah.' I moaned. God. He did. Then I loaded his mouth with my rancid brown...unh..."</p>
76	<p>"George made men's mouths water. 'And I know why.' the boy muttered. He snuggled low in the couch, grabbed his legs and raised them high in the air, so his pants grew real tight to his ass. It stuck out like the prow of a pirate ship. Drool dribbled over Cliff's chin. 'I just knew it.' George thought. 'I'm gonna give him a taste.' He bent his knees, which ripped the seat of his pants open. Cliff was there in a flash. He completed the job. shoved his face through the frayed cloth. 'Here it comes, babe,' George grunted. 'Unh!"</p> <p>...Alex is hustling down the hall, notebook spread out like a map across his arms, reading his porn, when he notices George Miles a few yards ahead.</p>
77	<p>"Cliff plays your lover and "- Alex debates for a moment—"he eats your, uh, shit." ...He starts again with the addition of several provocative details, the thrust of which- payment in drugs- evokes the needed response.</p> <p>..."You said a film? Sure, when, what drugs?"</p> <p>...There's Cliff's handsome face chewing something up. Alex imagines its mouth smeared with shit, and his cock hardens.</p>
78	<p>He talks about fucking George in some blasé, edgy terms that he could be describing the plot of a porn magazine.</p> <p>..."When we finish the shooting tonight, let's fuck," he says.</p>

Page	Content
79	<p>"I'll try to improvise now, and write the real porn stuff later."</p> <p>... "He eyed George's ass. He started wiping one hand back and forth on his big, veiny cock. 'Listen, baby,' he said. 'Keep your mouth shut.' He planted one foot on each buttock and pushed the crack open, licking his lips at the hairless pink slit. 'You could mount that thing on a ring,' he joked.</p> <p>"He knelt down, reached behind him and found a small flashlight. He parted the ass-crack and aimed a bright beam at the red cavern. 'You're pointless,' he growled, looking over its glossy walls. 'I need a snoutful.' He did a nosedive and smelled something rancid but rich, like the trace of perfume in a king's tomb. He flattened his face on the butt, sucked and chewed at the hole, but his treasure was stuck in its vault. He introduced a few fingers. They twisted the tube in an interesting way, but not wildly enough.</p> <p>"'Fine. have it your way,' he said. 'Don't give me what I want, but you'll be sorry, kid.' He started slapping the ass with ferocity. He laughed out loud as the pert globes turned purple and twitched into ugly shapes. 'This'll teach you to mess with me,' he thought. The skimpy body was tossing around like a beached fish. The sight made his prick leak. 'I've landed the boy of the century,' he thought. 'No shit. Man, those sunken eyes, that runny nose, those chapped lips.' He gave his hand a rest.</p> <p>'You get my point?' he said firmly. 'I want the goods, George. A lovely thing like you shouldn't have some ugly junk up your ass. I'll take it off your hands. Get me?' The stud poised his face by the glowering mounds. A prize emerged, ripe and hot from its bowel oven. He caught the brown morsel between his teeth. Whipping his fierce, swordlike prong into a frenzy, he gulped the abhorrent meal down in one bite. 'Just like Mom used to make,' he sneered.</p> <p>"As a reward for the youngster's behavior, Philippe gave the ass a quick tongue bath. 'Good as new,' he surmised with a wink. 'Now let's complete the job.' He fit the huge, sopping head of his love muscle to George's pucker and worked the entire seven inches inside. 'Oh, you're the loosest one ever,' he groaned. Arching his hips, cock touched bottom. When he withdrew, it was covered with crumbs. 'Fuck, fuck. fuck,' Philippe chanted,' increasing his tempo. 'You're gross!' And it wasn't too long before gobs of come plummeted into the wimp with a noisy splash. Cut."</p>
81	<p>"Even as porn, there's so little to work with. For all the mystique of the shit, Philippe's sex has a regimentation, as if it's been too well thought out, or performed once too often. At this point, it's all the telling..."</p>
82	<p>He takes a big hit off his joint and hands it over to Cliff.</p>
84	<p>"Well, the porn narration, how...?"</p> <p>..."...I checked it against some porn and they appeared to match."</p> <p>...He thinks of that film Coming Home where Jon Voight played a paralyzed Vietnam vet who had sex with Jane Fonda. He's sure both their faces sweaty and creased, same as porn stars'.</p> <p>..."...The night we fucked I had this weird feeling I was alone and not alone at the same time."</p>
85	<p>"Lube's in the drawer."</p> <p>...Alex wonders if he should pretend it's a rape and is beginning to try when Cliff</p>

Page	Content
	sighs, "I just can't get it hard." Alex considers this, then reaches over and takes a porn magazine off a small stack on his night table, hurling it onto his back. He hears the pages turn. They feel like wings. "Hey, great. I'm in." Alex can't tell the difference.
88	George lifted his Mickey Mouse cap, grabbed a tab of the acid he'd stashed there., and slipped it under his tongue.
89	<p>He lay facedown on the living room rug. Philippe's friend said some nice things about him. One of the two guys caressed his ass, then used some fingers to open his hole so wide George felt cold air rush in. "Maybe," Tom said, to which, Philippe answered "Good."</p> <p>How had Philippe put it? "Your asshole looks like a child's pout..." George couldn't remember the rest. "Shit, baby." That was Philippe's voice, so George pushed a couple of turds out. "What does he normally eat?" Tom asked.</p> <p>...Two fingers slid up his ass. Since he'd met Philippe, George had learned how to count them. Two more joined in. He hadn't taken that many before. "Not bad," he thought. Someone felt for his lips, pried them open and four fingers slid down his throat. "He's got a big mouth," Tom whispered. "I love that."</p> <p>George gagged a few times.</p> <p>...When that ran out he noticed most of Tom's hand was inside his hole. The other was fiddling around in his throat like it had dropped something.</p> <p>Someone was spanking him. Picturing how his ass looked usually helped him relax. He knew the thing was bright red, but he couldn't imagine an arm sticking out of it.</p> <p>...Come splattered over his ass, back and legs. The hands withdrew.</p> <p>..."Do you have any idea how soft you are inside?" Tom asked. George felt incredibly stoned. He managed to say, "I guess." Philippe laughed. "You must have been fisted before." That was Tom again.</p>
91	<p>"...I shouldn't have let him have sex with me..."</p> <p>..."If I didn't have sex with Philippe I'd go nuts."</p> <p>..."...If I don't sleep with people they hate me..."</p>
92	<p>At school he hit the head, took some acid. He was hallucinating all morning.</p> <p>...Paul pointed out a drug dealer who sold "the best grass in the universe."</p>
93	"I hear your Cliff's latest fuck."
94	On his way to the bus, he took the rest of his acid.
97	"I'm not ready to sleep. I have one hit of acid left. I've decided to take it and go visit Tom, Philippe's friend..."
98	<p>George sat on a couch, sipping gin from a tumbler.</p> <p>...George was sufficiently high, but the way Tom was watching the flames made him jumpy.</p> <p>...George didn't know what that meant, but he was too stoned to fight.</p> <p>...Tom dragged him onto the rug, did the vacuuming bit on his ass. George tried to shit, but he just hadn't eaten enough.</p>
106	He downed a vodka, his ninth or tenth.
108	They'd met at the ringleader's house every couple of weeks. Each participant wanted to kill someone cute during sex.

Page	Content
	<p>...One night a member asked if he could bring someone in to do a film presentation. The vote was unanimous. The man had a backlog of deaths in the can, as he phrased it. He set up equipment and laid out some background. "The boy you're about to see hitchhiked..."</p> <p>He'd picked up the hitchhiker, coerced him home, got him drunk, numbed his body with Novocain, led him into a basement, started the film rolling, mutilated his ass, asked if he'd like to say any last words, to which the boy said, "Please don't." Then he's killed him.</p> <p>The only sound in the room was the clicking projector. Sometimes the clicks and stabs matched for a few seconds. That made the whole thing seem fake. Then the boy made a very bland face. "Is he dead?" someone asked. "No," the man answered. "Not yet. Watch."</p> <p>...Philippe could remember hands scooping out bloody intestines. At what seemed a haphazard point, everyone in the room heard a brief, curt announcement. "Now," it said. Philippe knew that word, but he hadn't realized what it meant at first.</p> <p>The film ended. It flapped like a bat. People redid their pants.</p>
114	<p>He has a dazzling ass, though I'm bored with it. I can't remember the night we met. It was two years ago when we were sixteen, I guess. I was drunk.</p> <p>...He still does, but nowadays when we fuck I can guess what he's thinking.</p>
115	<p>If I didn't know my reflection, I'd fuck me to death.</p>
116	<p>He lays out four lines of his private cocaine on theapedeck.</p>
117	<p>Even then, when I started to finger-fuck George, which is my favorite sex act, I might as well have been trying to plug a leak.</p>
118	<p>We fooled around with our crotches and assholes like they were knobs on a stereo amp.</p>
119	<p>We were looking through one of my mom's fashion magazines. I'd paused too long on this picture: a woman in a topless bikini, her back to the camera.</p>
123	<p>When I see his face I think, "Why not have sex right this second, while what's-his-name's ass is still fresh?" I kiss him brusquely. He tastes like hamburger. I steer us onto the bed. Clothes are flying around. He lies on his back. I fold his legs until his knees touch his shoulders. I pin them there with my shoulders. There are almost identical spots on each ass-cheek where his skin's as smooth as a normal boy's. I press my hands down there, stick my cock up his ass, then look into his eyes. They seem scared of the ceiling for some reason. I can't believe my luck. He's very loose, but I find if I press very hard he tightens up, and there's enough inner friction to get me off.</p>
125	<p>"Hey," yells the artist. He glides over. "My little friend thinks you're cute. I mean he thinks George is cute, but he likes George's men. Look, I'll explain it some other time. Point is, you interested? Sex, I mean. Now, him."</p> <p>I'm torn. "Sure," I say, "but I don't even know the guy's name."</p> <p>...Instead I strip him while he shifts his weight from on leg to the other.</p> <p>Our choices are standing or taking turns on the toilet. I hog the latter. He revolves jerkily, feeding me parts of his front and back. He's very clean and kind of tasteless, like plastic. I try the old finger approach, really scrounge inside his ass.</p>

Page	Content
	...I pry the cap off a Vaseline jar, coat one fingertip, wipe it inside his ass, screw him onto my cock. He bounces up and down. I kiss his shoulders and shoot.
127	George is so stoned he can't fix his eyes on me.
130	We just had sex which was very expected and pleasant. ...We decide to have sex again. As we do, I take occasional snorts from Keith's cocaine supply.
131	"Look what Keith gave us," I smirk, producing the coke. We do some, which makes him look different. He lies on the bed and unbuttons his shirt. Great nipples.

Profanity	Count
Ass	64
Cock	24
Fag/Faggot	3
Fuck	56
Piss	8
Shit	38