

SEXUALLY EXPLICIT EXCERPT

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PINSTRIPE PUSSYBOYS



Me and five guys in suits is how it used to be, and how it might be again with luck. There were a bunch of good spots, some better than others but all of them hot in their own way and I whiled away more happy hours in those men's rooms than I can remember.

It was difficult sometimes because I had funny hair and weird clothes, but I can only remember one time, at Suburban Station, when I got hassled and rousted.

This was especially a drag because I was having a great time jacking off a beautiful, shy young businessman at the urinals. It was just the two of us, and it took a while for him to loosen up enough to jerk me off and let me stroke his balls and cock. We were having a great time, wanking and fondling each other and smiting and looking into each others eyes when this scum cop strolls in. We stop and pull ourselves together but he knows what's going on and walks past us really slowly. We both zip up and my J.O. buddy walks out, shielded from harm by his magic pinstripes while I, hair of many colors, am a veritable cop-magnet.

I don't remember exactly what he said to me, but he had me kneeling on the floor, emptying my bike messenger bag in hopes of finding, I guess, one of those abducted children you see on milk cartons, or maybe a kilo of Golden Triangle heroin that he could take off my hands.

He did his well-trained best to humiliate and bully me, and it worked like a charm. I was terrified, shaken, furious, and best of all, totally disempowered. He told me that if he ever saw me on his beat again he would see to it that I did some time for something and he didn't think I'd last to long in prison.

I didn't go back there for months, and when I did I was scared, although nothing ever came of it. I guess if I was into uniforms I could eroticize the experience, write a story where he makes me suck his cock, or vice-versa, but the only uniforms that have any erotic

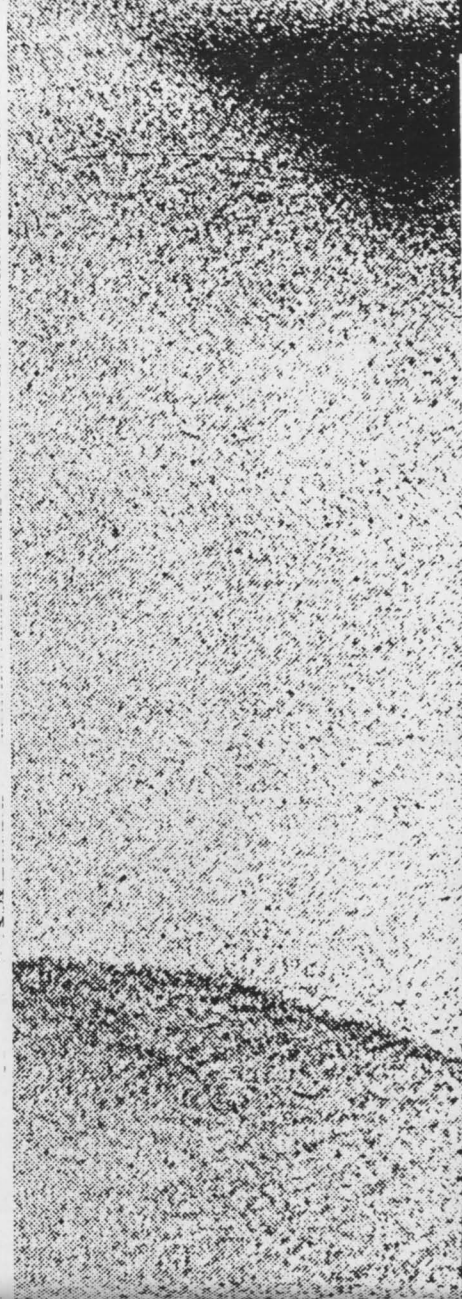
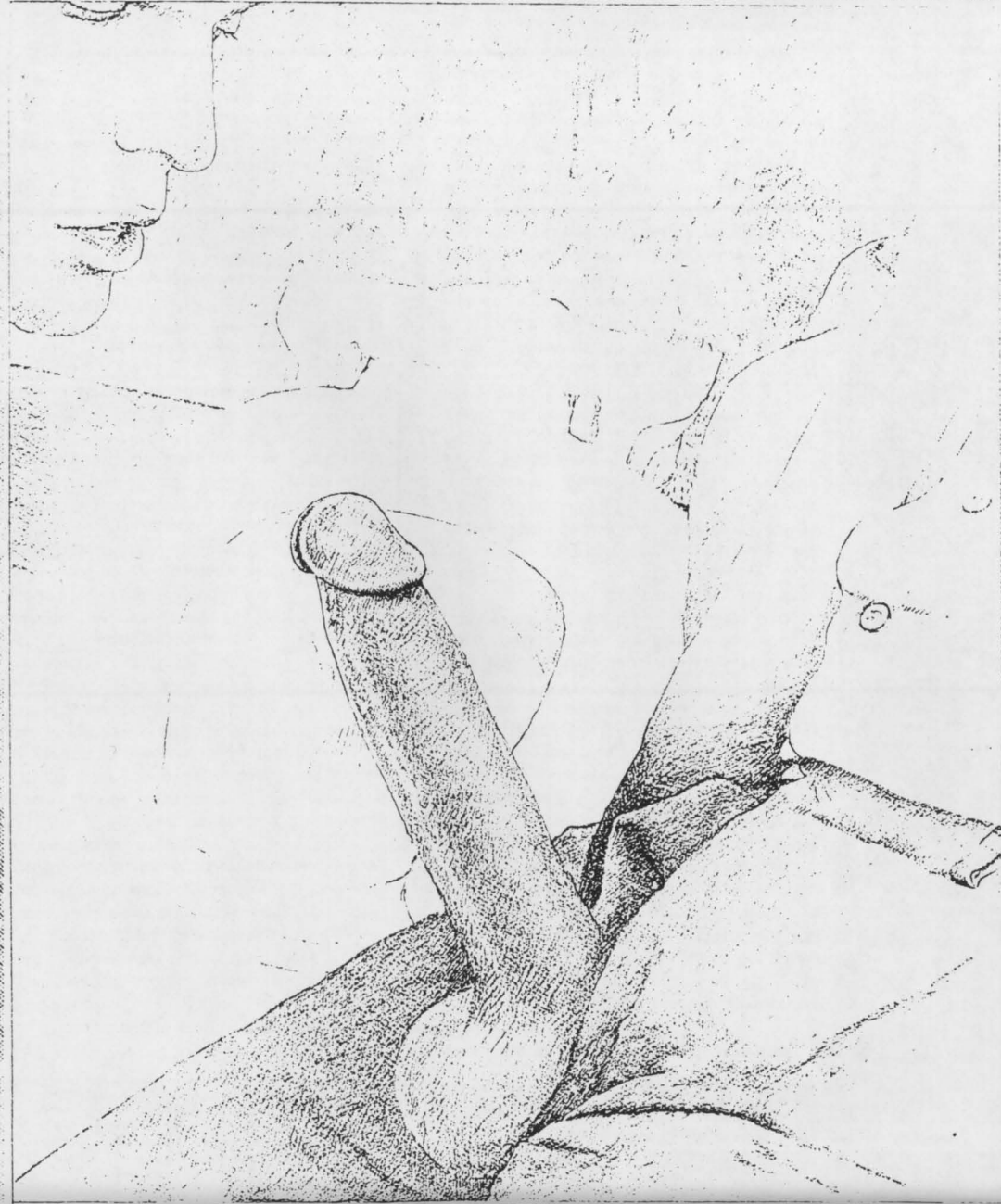
charge for me are business suits, which is one reason I love men's-room sex.

He's not bad looking, down on his knees on the tile floor, the hundred little stabs of his mustache on my ball-sac as his tongue strains to taste the sweaty stretch of skin between my balls and asshole. He looked nice standing up, too, but I like him best like this, flogging his uncut meat and looking into my eyes as his tongue washes over my balls in the dimly-lit, subdued opulence of the Bellevue-Stratford men's-room.

I can see a bunch of different angles from which to approach this perversion of mine. There's the statistical approach: 67.3% of my sexual experiences have been with men in business suits (M.L.B.S.). Not "men who wear business suit" but men in, or just partially out of, business suits while enjoying the subtle pleasures of semi-public sex with other men.

I really don't have any idea how many M.L.B.S. I've had erotic experiences with; I'm sure it's more than a couple of hundred, but that's as exact as I can get. Most of these were purely visual fucks. We watch each other jerk off, look each other up and down, sometimes smile and make eye contact. Some cock-sucking, frottage, finger-fucking, kissing, licking, nipple-sucking, mild bondage with silk ties and etc., but mostly visual sex.

Another thing is the social/political aspect. You've got all of these men coming in to jerk off, mostly from work, so that unlike at a bath-house or J.O. club, where they'd be naked, they're wearing whatever uniform their job requires; from expensive suits to custodian or mechanic's coveralls. It is enchanting, a lovely thing to see and to participate in, this erotic anarchy that rides roughshod over conventional social barriers. So in spite of the obvious signage of clothing I've been forced, in this way, to acknowledge the humanity of men in business suits, and to feel kinship with this amorphous group that I ordinarily would be inclined to dismiss as the scum of the earth.



There was a cavernous third floor men's-room with open windows that brought the sounds of the street in and presumably made the three of us visible to people in the building across the street. They both had mustaches, and we stood facing the urinals, me in the middle as we jerked each other off. Men's-room sex is why I stopped wearing t-shirts; with a shirt that unbuttons down the front you can be almost naked, or acceptably clothed instantly. They're both licking and biting and sucking my nipples and jerking me off and it's driving me crazy. These guys, whatever their real personalities and positions in life might be, are, for me, representatives; symbols of what it is to be real, respectable, grown-up, powerful actual men, and I am stroking and squeezing their hard cocks and thrilling to the warmth of their tongues and the gentle sting of facial hair on my chest. This intimacy is such a flagrant violation of the sanctity of their uniforms and it gets me so fucking hot that I cum fast, all over their patent-leather shoes.

I don't think it's a revolutionary act or anything like that; we do it because it's fun. I don't know if it has any effect on the M.L.B.S.- I'm sure it's different for each man. For me it's a strange mix of exciting transgression and a scratch for the nagging social itch that tells me that I'm not as real and important as the "normal" men who are standing in this male social space kissing, stroking, sucking cock and showing me, just a little bit, that they are capable of being something other than the terrifying soldiers of greed that their strange uniforms announce them to be. And so it goes, around and around...

I swear there must have been nine of us, at least two naked but for their shoes, and the pants around their ankles. The hollow, five o'clock shadow cheeks of a youngish businessman on his knees, eyes closed. Taking that fat uncut cock down to the root so his nose grinds in the thick sweaty hair as he gags and pulls back in a trance. It sends a jolt to the head of my cock to see the man who he's

sucking lean forward and tenderly kiss the open mouth of a man who remains fully clothed except for the fly unzipped, the straining dick he strokes.

Our cocks are like prairie-dogs, straining, erect, poking out through holes and standing to sniff the wind until, spooked by a sound they disappear so fast you can't be sure you saw them. Nonchalant, still hard we wait for this irrelevant hetero to zip his fly and leave us to our own devices.

The portable orgy unfolds: stall doors open, eyes meet, the men at the urinals turn. Hands stroke and knead as naked men leak from holes in wool and silk, office work forgotten. What could be more erotic than this man's bearded face, relaxing, a smile, his eyes holding mine for a moment then drawing my gaze to the man, the co-conspirator, who is licking and sucking the bearded man's cock.

I shiver and moan, the tongue on my balls pushing me too far, the man who kneels before me holding my eyes, his tongue slapping my inner thighs straining for a taste of my asshole. My face is hot, I'm dizzy he's lifting me off the floor with his tongue and his eyes and the thick hot cum that drips from the chin of the young businessman is too much for me to hold inside. The tightness and exaltation finds release, pouring out on the tie of my kneeling cocksucker, but he doesn't seem to mind. Maybe he carries a spare.