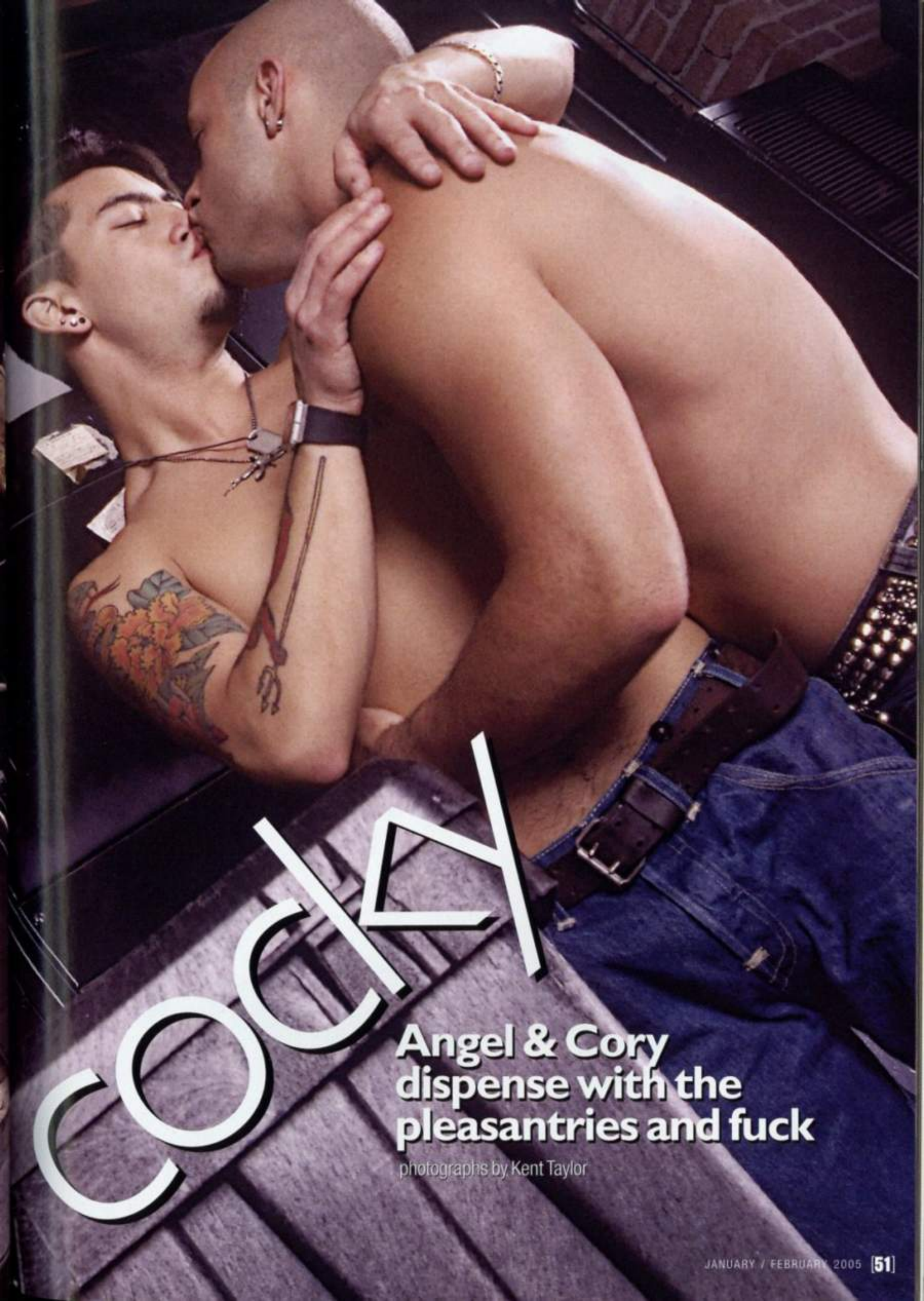
There was this guy I kept seeing at the club. He looked tough as shit; he was all, like, don't-fuck-with-me attitude and cocky glances. His head was shaved, he had a few earrings and from what I could tell, a couple tattoos as well. I knew I was gonna get into his pants, it was just a question of when. "There's no time for fucking like fucking right now," the bartender said as he handed me another beer. Fucking bartenders—they think they know everything. Course, this guy was fucking right. The cocky bastard. Gave good advice though. "Hey," I finally said to the dude I'd been cruising as he stared me down like we were gonna draw pistols—which, come to think of it, we were. "Hey yourself," he grunted back. "Enough with the fucking foreplay," I spat. "We're doing this right here. Right now." He smirked a god-damn cock-stiffening smirk and said, "Waiting on you, pal." Nice.



cock

Angel & Cory dispense with the pleasantries and fuck

photographs by Kent Taylor

"About time you made a move," he grunted as I stuck my tongue in his ear. "I was beginning to think I was gonna have to give you a manual."

"Wow. You're funny too," I said. "What a surprise. I pulled down his pants and got a hold of his balls. I knew people could see us. Hell, guys were probably jerking off as they watched. I didn't care. I was in the moment, and the moment was all about sucking on his fat dick.

"Nice Prince Albert," he said. I just nodded. Whatever. He grabbed my semi-stiff dick and said, "Never sucked a cock that had one." I snorted, "Now's your chance, buddy."

We took turns sucking each other's dicks. Not that I need to do it in a bed or anything, but it was kinda fucking uncomfortable where we were. Which probably just made it even hotter. "Pull on my balls," he groaned. I did. "Not so fucking hard. Fuck!" he yelped. I laughed. "Shut up," I said with a big ol' smile on my face. He grinned back. "I know what I'm doing," I said. "Prove it," he retorted, still with the shit-eating grin on his face. He really was a cocky bastard. I went back to work on his prick and shoved the whole thing in my mouth.

There's something seriously fucking hot about getting rimmed. It makes your whole body feel alive, tingly, like it's on fire. It makes me shiver too. Sometimes I even get dizzy. And this guy, this guy ate my ass like it was a four-fucking-course meal. No kidding. And the whole time he's just sorta humming to himself. It turned me on like crazy. I was definitely gonna let him fuck me now.

"Spread your cheeks," he growled, all macho and shit. Of course, I did. I would've barked like a dog, had he asked. I didn't care; I got over feeling stupid about sex a long time ago. If a guy wants to fuck me, and I'm into him, I'm gonna let him fuck me. No games. No drama. Who needs it? Just give me some hot, man-on-man fuck-action with a dude who knows how to lay some pipe.

When he pulled outta my ass and said, "My turn," I couldn't fuckin' believe it. He just didn't look like a bottom. I mean, not that you can tell or anything. But this guy...right on. "Damn skippy," I said with a smile, getting behind him and working a finger up his ass to get him ready. "Go slow," he whispered, and I did. He was so tight it was like trying to fuck a garden hose. And the whole time he's moaning and groaning like a mental patient who's missed a dose of his medication. I jerked him off until he came all over his leg, then I shot my load up his butt. I let it slide out real slow, so he could savor the feeling. "See ya here next weekend?" he asked. "You bet your ass," I said. "And don't forget to bring your stupid cocky attitude." He just grinned, pulled up his pants and walked away. *Nice.*

[2]

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[2] (ISSN 1523-3979) is published bimonthly by Specialty Publications LLC, 7080 Hollywood Blvd., Suite 1010, Los Angeles, CA 90028. Periodicals postage paid at Los Angeles, CA, and at additional mailing offices. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to [2], P.O. Box 511, Mount Morris, IL 61054. Subscription rates: one year (6 issues) $44.00; two years (12 issues) $79.00. Yearly subscription rates outside United States: $54.00, payable in U.S. funds. For single copies of previous issues, call Specialty Publications at (800) 338-3701. Send orders to [2], Specialty Publications, P.O. Box 4356, Los Angeles, CA 90078. Payment accepted via credit card or check payable in U.S. funds only. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, and photographs if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited manuscripts, drawings, or photographs. All rights in letters, manuscripts, drawings, or photographs sent to [2] will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and are subject to [2]'s right to edit and comment editorially. All models were at least 18 years of age. All photographs are posed for by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photographs nor the editorial matter nor quotations accompanying such photographs are to be construed as indicative of that persons sexual orientation, conduct, personality, or actual quotations. The publisher is exempt from the record keeping requirements and document statements mandated by U.S. Code § 2257(a) through (c) and the pertinent regulations, 28 C.F.R., Chapter 75, Part 75, since all such material falls within the exempted material set forth at Subpart 1, 75.2(a)(1-3) or § 75.1(c) of the pertinent regulations. Nothing appearing in [2] may be reprinted, either in whole or in part, without written permission. [2] assumes no responsibility for the advertisements or any representations made therein or the quality and deliverability of the products themselves. [2] assumes no responsibility to determine whether the persons whose photographs or statements appear in such advertisements have, in fact, endorsed such products or consented to the use of their name or photographs or to statements attributed to them. [2] is a registered trademark of Specialty Publications LLC. ©2005 by Specialty Publications LLC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. **PRINTED IN CANADA**

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