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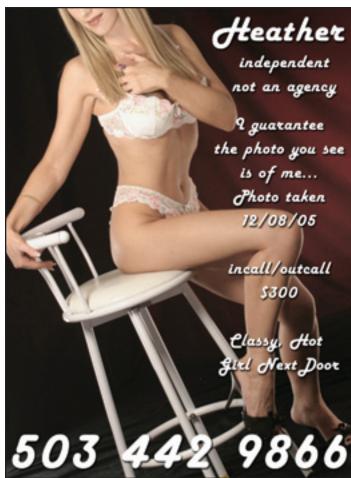
























































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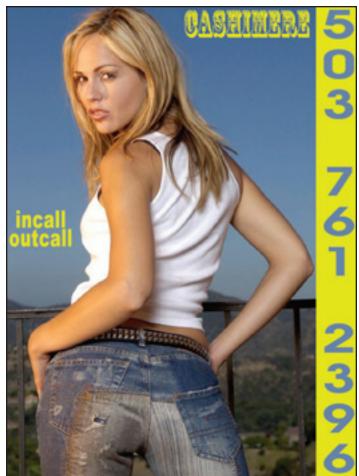






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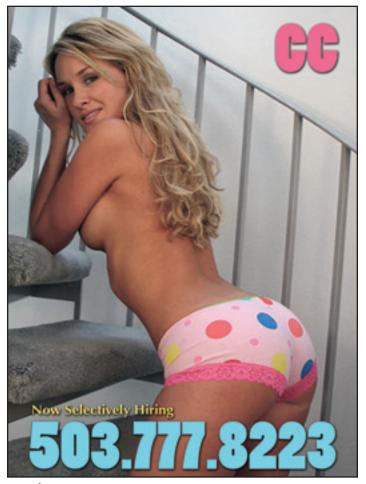




















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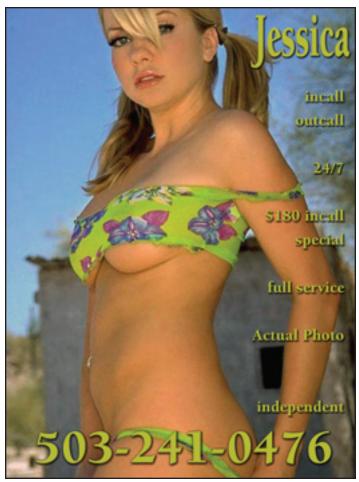


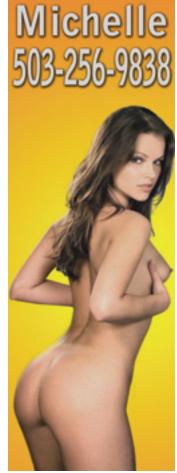




















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## Shaved Pussy Tight Ass



















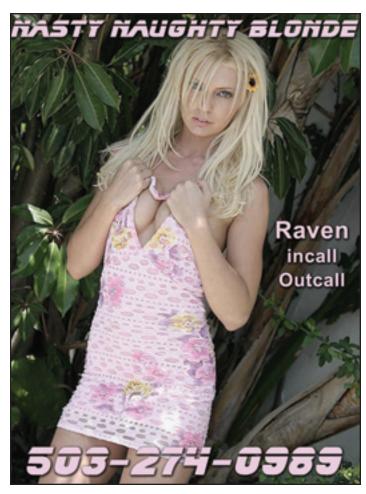






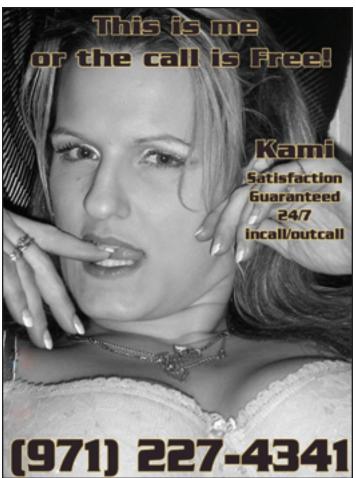


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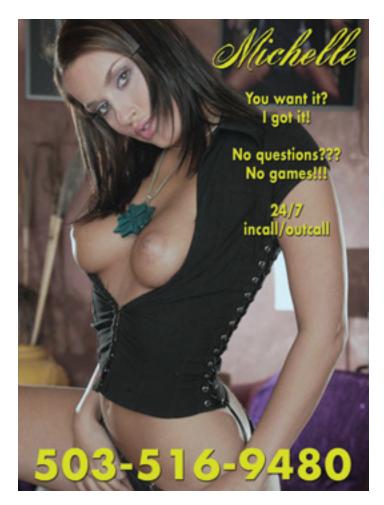


















With Sassy it's whatever cums first ... You or the hour!

-Salem-









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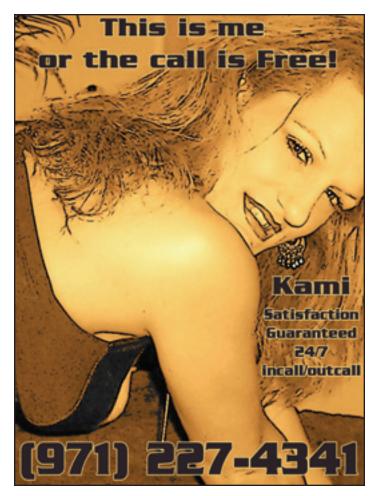






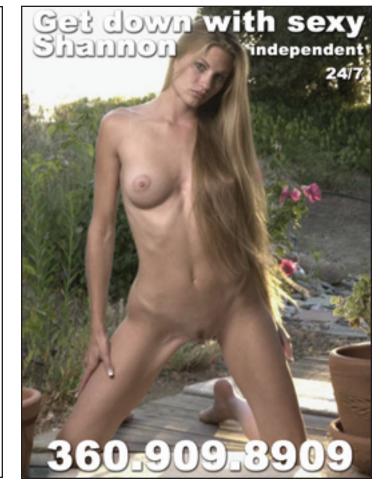




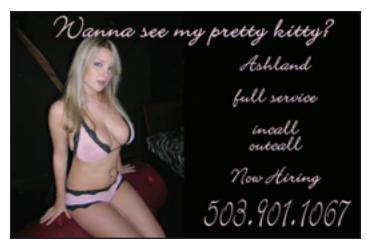








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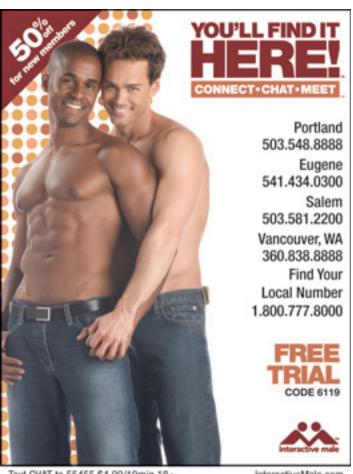












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# had to ditch my day job as a department-store portrait photographer. I was developing a reputation as a male slut—if you can imagine that—and my reputation was taking an unhealthy dive. It was unhealthy in the sense that it wasn't doing any good to have the HR department doing weekly meetings on how to get rid of my ass.

Not being one to pass up the opportunity for adventure, I sought out a job as a clown with a local entertainment firm that sends out performers to fairs, parties and job functions. I picked up a book at the local library on making balloon animals and managed to impress the firm enough to take me on as a clown. Since I didn't have a suit, they gave me one and some makeup, but only on the grounds that my earnings would be garnished until the suit and makeup were paid for.

I knew about all of the stories. Clowns get more pussy than any other guy working in any other profession. I don't care if you're the head pimp of Pimpville, Florida, you're not getting nearly as much pussy as a 60-something-year-old-fart with a big red foam nose and a pair of Size 30 shoes.

I was already working my first gig as a clown at a Bar Mitzvah. I don't see how a parent can expect their kid to be a man when they're still treating their son like a seven-year-old by hiring a clown, but I didn't care—the kid's mom was incredibly

MILFy and I was getting a paycheck at the end of the day. I felt a little sympathetic for him, so I did him a favor and made a hat shaped like a labia. Let him party like an adult.

It became perfectly clear to me that the mother had a fetish for clowns and was using the party as an excuse to have an affair with a clown. As the party began to wind down, the kid's mother came over to me. She looked like a young Raquel Welch with an

obnoxiously sized boob job. Her tits were her husband's status symbol. She complimented me on her son's party hat and asked if I have any jokes or magic tricks I could show her.

Magic tricks were something I wasn't good at and I did my best to cut through the introductory bullshit and let her know that my intentions were the same as hers. In my clown pants and shoes, I managed to shuffle her into the garage and into the first car parked near the door.

BENTLEY, I noticed as we shimmied our way into the backseat. My makeup was getting smeared on the woman's oversized tits and on the upholstery. I pulled up her skirt to reveal a pantiless, bald pussy. She pulled out a small vial of coke from the inside of the pointed tip of her high-heel shoe and took a couple snorts before offering some to me. I dumped the whole thing on her crotch and snorted it all up in one swoop. I must have made quite an impression with that maneuver as she sat up and looked at me like as if she'd just witnessed a true magic act. "What?" I asked and threw her down and began to kick off my oversized pants.

I had only just gotten in when I noticed something wrong. As soon as I pulled out to make another thrust, I suddenly became limp and felt my face go flush. I was feeling a tad dizzy as well and looked down. I'd lost my erection and looked up at the Raquel

## THE PORNOGRAPHER

## by Anonymous (names changed to protect the innocent and guilty)

Welch I just tried to bang and asked her what I just snorted.

"Horse tranquilizer?!" I asked.

"I didn't expect you would snort the whole thing!"

The world began to feel heavy. The remaining pieces of my clown suit began to weigh me down and I felt the urge to desperately get out of it. I was down to my underwear and a clown tie, dragging my body out of the Bentley. The mother, in a buzzed state, began laughing at me and helped me up off the floor. I couldn't maintain my balance and wobbled all over the car, smearing more of my clown makeup all over the tinted windows of the high-class luxury car. I looked down below the car to spot a pair of kids wearing night-vision goggles, spying on us. I wasn't bothered by them but more amused than anything and gave them a wink as the mother stood me up and tried desperately to revive my flaccid cock by giving me a very toothy, sloppy blow job, but it just wasn't working and I really needed to get away from this sit-

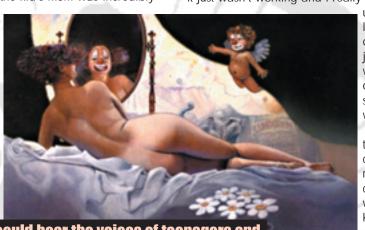
uation. She begged me not to leave and to sleep off the tranquilizers in the car, but having just had my horrifying experience with a dominatrix dropping me off naked in the middle of a high school, I couldn't trust this woman and headed for the door.

I could hear the voices of teenagers and kids in the room connected to the garage and realized that I was a half-naked clown, high on horse tranquilizer. I would surely lose my job if the kids saw me. Before I could formulate a plan, the mother pulled

me back into the Bentley and started the car. I was sprawled out in the backseat as she drove out of the driveway and down the street. The constant movement was making me sick, and the only thing I could do to keep from throwing up was

open the sun roof and let myself out for fresh air. The security guard working at the front gate of the neighborhood stared at me in bewilderment as I rocked back and forth in motion with the gears changing as the car decelerated and accelerated during the turns it made before stopping at the gate. "Are you all right, man?" the guard asked. The mother pleaded with the guard to let us out, but he was too distracted with trying to understand my useless babbling, which I imagine sounded like a slow-motion recording of Rocky Balboa singing "Staying Alive." I found a balloon in my underwear, quickly inflated it and half-assedly made it into an animal before vomiting into it a little, tying it off and throwing it at the guard. Finally, the mother had opened the gate herself and drove us out.

I woke up several hours later in a motel across town. It took several more hours before I managed to shake off the drugs. With no clothes, I waited until it was late at night before leaving the hotel room dressed in a makeshift robe made of shower towels. The bus ride home was met with endless people staring at me and laughing at my predicament.



"I could hear the voices of teenagers and kids in the room connected to the garage and realized that I was a half-naked clown, high on horse tranquilizer."

#### or as long as I could remember, I had wanted to lose my virginity. I had yearned to cast aside my innocence since I'd been born. It would have been no skin off my ass, as they say.

Losing one's virginity is Mother Nature's Bar Mitzvah—the day you truly become a man. It is when God reaches down and unlocks the gates to the Garden of Eden, allowing you walk around inside and hit on chicks. It is when your flower bulb opens its petals and disgorges its pollen into the moist tropical air. You clasp your lady's soft, milky hand and run naked under the Tahitian sun. Pineapples and coconuts fall all around your heads as you rut like wild boars. Multicolored parrots sing a sweet song as they sail swiftly through the summery sky.

It is the new rising of the sun. The first blossom of springtime. The urge to create. The muddying of clear blue water, perhaps, yet it is also the white-water-rapids rush of positive change and spiritual rebirth. You become a little less innocent, yet in

some weird way, a little bit taller and thus closer to God. It's a lot like the life-altering ascension from Webelo to full-blown Boy Scout.

It would have been nice if poppin' my cherry had been a positive, life-affirming experience like that, but it wasn't.

Fuck, I would have been glad if it had been *traumatic*. If it couldn't have been pure and beautiful, I would at least have liked for it to have been chean and ugly. I wouldn't have minded

cheap and ugly. I wouldn't have minded if it murdered my innocence and severely damaged my chances of ever getting into heaven. It might have been sorta cool if it left me crumpled in a ball at the bottom of a hot shower, crying for mercy and never, ever feeling clean again. I think it would have been sexy if it plunged me deep into drugs, violence, devil worship, and the occasional bout of prank-calling. I'd have nothing to complain about if the vagina was a black portal sucking me straight down into a life of dissolute debauchery, spitting me out the other end like a piece of street trash blown away by the dirty, dirty wind.

I wanted it to be *special*—either really good or very bad—rather than what it turned out to be, which was quick and ordinary.

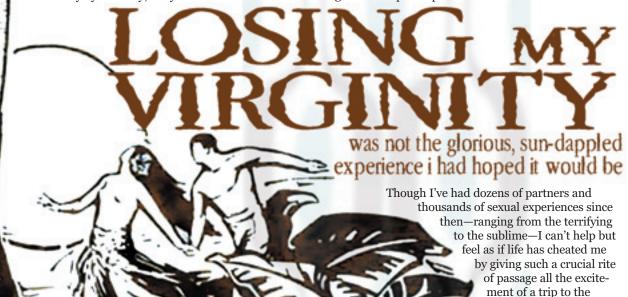
It wasn't until I lost my virginity that I realized you don't really cross over an invisible bridge and become something new—only an *ex*-virgin. The English language has no true antonym for the word 'virgin.' Some would suggest 'whore' or 'slut,' but such terms don't really apply to everyone who is no longer a virgin. The website thesaurus.com lists "defiled, sullied, [and] abused" as antonyms for 'virgin,' yet such harsh epithets seem like a blanket indictment of anyone who's ever had sex. Other searches yielded words such as "unchaste," "unpure," and—my favorite—"seasoned." I like the ring of that. It's as if you have some sort of spice on you for the rest of your life.

But alas, my experiences were not nearly so spicy. They had all the flavor of Saltine crackers with all the salt removed.

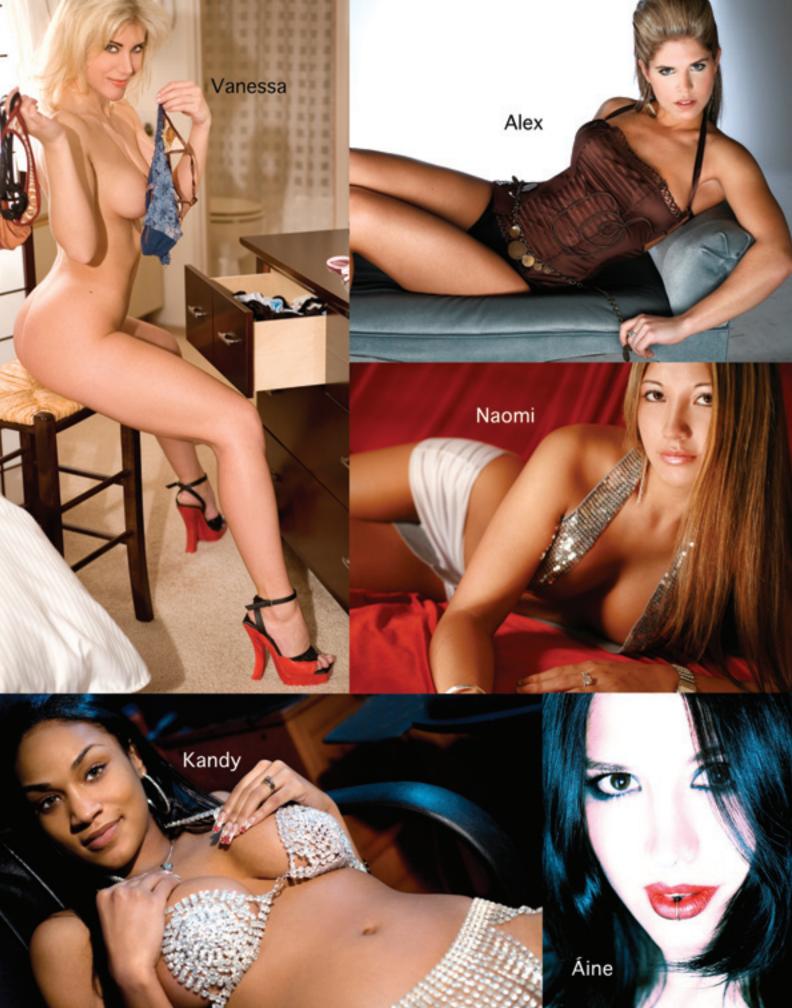
I'm honestly not sure when I technically lost my virginity. I guess it all hinges on how you define a 'virgin.' If it means any act of vaginal penetration, even if your balls are tiny grape nuts that haven't dropped yet, then I was twelve. If it means post-pube full-bore ejaculation mode—known in street lingo as "P.-P. F-B. E. M."—then I was eighteen.

At the age of a dozen years on a warm Easter Sunday, me and a male partner-in-delinquence trotted the neighborhood slut—also twelve—down near some sewer pipes in the woods behind our tract houses. This girl was a drug addict and race-mixer long before such things were considered as cool as they are now. I was mesmerized by the snotlike secretions glistening between her legs and the downy tufts of black hair right above the glistening slit. I stuck my little pink pre-pube bone-bone inside her and just lied there motionless for about a minute before confusedly dismounting. I had no pubes, no cum, no orgasm, and no grasp of concepts such as thrusting.

It would be six more years of agonizing teenaged celibacy—and ten thousand jerkoff sessions—before I'd get the chance to poke another vagina. I had just graduated from high school and was enjoying Senior Week down at the Jersey shore. Sunburned and drunk, I bedded a girl who was blonde, rosy-cheeked, and rather plump. What was her name? Kathy? Katey? Peggy? Porky? Something with a 'y' at the end, I'm sure of it. I lasted all of twelve seconds. I quickly got dressed, my cock still slimy and smelly as it rested inside my tightey-whiteys, and rushed down to the boardwalk to indulge in the superior pleasure of carnival rides.



DMV. Thanks, life you can *really* be an asshole sometimes.







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