

**Dear Dr. Strangelove's  
True Confessions...**

## **Seducing Butch: Tattooed Aryan Biker**

Dear Dr. Strangelove: I like seducing straight guys. Not that straight is better than gay, mind you, just less accessible, and so more of a challenge. To make a short story short, last Christmas I took my lover's mother to, where else, the Mall, and, of course, after feeling up every piece of merch in six stores, she had to go to the Powder Room, which, in Malls, is always hidden off somewhere behind the shops, like they're pretending no one in Malls ever pees.

You should have seen the trailer talent in the hall outside the room where the chorus line was waiting to powder. Ten deep. What is it with the capacity of women's toilets? Even Santa Claus had a shorter line. Every other girl and her two baggy-clothes friends had a baby stroller. My lover's mother joined the waiting crew. I checked my watch.

Every curse has a blessing. Leaning up against the hall wall like he belonged there was this 5-8, 160# chunk of biker in a black leather jacket with red stripes down the outside of his arms. He was no more than 24 with a blond moustache and a wispy beard. His jeans were clean, but you could see where even Tide couldn't wash out the grease. He'd rolled them up twice in cuffs exposing the kind of slouch-broken boots you'd like to put between two pieces of Wonderbread for lunch.

Was he waiting for his woman? Or was he just lurking outside the men's toilet? He looked the dooper kind of straight that you figure if the time is right, you can score. I cruised by him like a ship passing doo-be-doo-be-doo in the night. He kept his posture, hips, and basket thrust forward, like he was staring into mid-distance for ET to come home to blow him. Fine with me. I got a close shot of his dick in the tight bulge of his crotch. Fine, fine meat. Not bad potatoes either. Okay. So I went and whizzed. When I came out, his trailer nymph was standing next to him. Have you ever noticed how guys-who-are-so-hot-you-could-die always

have a case of terminal cellulite in tow eating a giant bag of potato chips? I guess in America lower-class fellas are never told how universally handsome they are when they're in bloom for the only six months of their lives they'll ever be in bloom. The thought never crosses their mind.

It crossed mine. So the dude walks off into the Mall with his babe in search of more fast food venues, and I wait for my mother-in-law to piddle and return. That night, when my lover, whom I really love, made love, my mind was full of the hot young biker I'd never see again.

But, wait! Three days later, driving my lover's mother in my red Ford F-100 pickup to catch the Airporter to SFO, who should I see, but the same guy walking along the shoulder of the road. I hit the gas, jumped the speedbumps at the hotel, threw out the mother-in-law's bag, and the mother-in-law, and told her, normally I'd wait till the Airporter bus left, but something had come up. Like lust. We kiss-kissed good-bye, and I peeled out of the lot and down the road hoping Lust was still walking in the same direction.

He was. I pulled over a 100 feet ahead of him and watched his approach in both my rearview and side mirror. He came right by my open window, and said, "How ya doin', bud?" There *is* a gay God. There is a *gay* God. There is a gay *God*. So, anyway, I laid this line on him how I was a video photographer and I'd like to shoot him, "And, of course, I'll pay you."

"When?" he said.

"How about now."

"Sounds good to me." He climbed in. Not one word was spoken about sex the whole way to my driveway, not even when we got into the house, not even when I turned on the video lights, not even when I got down behind the video camera. I figured even if I couldn't have him physically, I could jerk off to him electronically on my 40-inch screen where he'd be almost life-size, or better, in close-up.

So I started to ask him questions to shift his southern-drawl voice into full "you-all." Well, let me truly confess, guys like him love to talk about themselves. After twenty minutes of his studly bullshit about his downtime in the slammer, I asked him about the tattoos on his arms and did he have any on his chest and belly, and, "Why don't you just pull off your shirt so I can video them while you tell me how you got them." These guys are always vain about their tats. He stripped off the shirt revealing the jailhouse tattoos on his nice chest with one ornate script *FTW* (Fuck The World) on his right pec above the ship on his cute little beer belly. His big basket was still bulging in his jeans. That was the next objective.

"So what do you do?" he asked.

Here was my big chance. "I write for straight porn mags."

"Like Larry Flynt?"

"You want to see some?" I doubted he could read much. I just wanted him to look at the pictures of naughty ladies. So I got the mags, and with the camera running, we talked, and then he sort of stopped talking and kept turning pages. Zero hour. Do or die. Kneeling behind the running camera, I gritted my teeth and said, "Why don't you take down your pants." I figured if he said "No" on tape, I could get off on his straightboy attitude.

But, no shit, he stood up, and stripped down. No underwear. Just a clear view of his nice furry balls and his upstanding hardon. A good 7 or 8 inches. Still no mention of sex. I shot him, hardon, turning pages for about five minutes. Then I figured it was time to dare again to push the scene. "It's okay to jerkoff." Permission with excons is part of the program. His hand dropped immediately to his cock. His passion grew. He sprawled on the couch with one hand beating his meat and the other turning pages.

"It's okay to shoot when you want to," I said, hoping he'd take his time, but, no, he was ready, and in two minutes flat, he shot his load straight at my camera. A big load. Juiced all over his cock. He regained his composure.

"Can I wash up?" he said immediately, the way stray young husbands always do.

While he was in the bathroom, I put a straight porno film on the VCR to greet him on his return. He liked that.

"You're gonna make me go again," he said.

Exactly what I had in mind. I laid on the floor with the top of my head touching the base of the 40-inch screen. "Kneel across my chest," I said. He did. His cock and balls were at my chin. His muscular, tattooed torso rose above my face exactly the way I liked in the power-position I directed. "You just go ahead, watch video, and jerkoff while I look up at you and rub your chest and belly and balls."

"You want to cum too? That's cool." (I think he'd done this before.)

And so I did, rubbing him, smelling him, all the while he never looked at me, but kept his straight eyes glued straight on the straight screen, pumping his straight meat, until, finally, when I saw he was ready to cum again, I timed my own hand and dick to cum in the same blast.

Was it wrong, Dr. Strangelove, or was it just desserts, that I kind of liked turning him into a sex object while he was jerking off to women on screen?

I had him for one afternoon. I've got the videotape forever which proves that if you want something enough, and can figure how to work it, you'll make possible what at first seemed impossible.

Otherwise gay guys wouldn't be more clever than straight guys, and we wouldn't be covered with their cum.