DADDY, WHAT’S A GLORY HOLE?

 I rode my bike to the Adult Book Store on Route 35. There were a few cars in the parking lot and I chained my bike to the dumpster in the back. I had on my hoodie, a baseball cap and shades. I pulled the hoodie up, pulled down the cap, pushed the door open and a heard a cowbell clank. It was hanging from the door. I lowered my voice and bought tokens at the front desk from a grizzled chain smoking old broad with a long gray ponytail and whiskers on her chin. She looked like a walrus and was glued to the little TV watching HSN. I was seventeen years old.

 I walked past the neat racks of wrapped skin magazines and DVDs to a gloomy, narrow corridor painted a spiritless brown, lined with peep show booths. A handful of men pretended to study a long glass case on one wall where DVD covers indicated which booths showed which films. They all looked up as I passed and the look in their eyes indicated that if I tripped I’d wind up as pile of bones in 2xist briefs. There was the sound the cowbell at the front door and everybody looked up. Fresh meat. A beefy man wearing gray sweats and a gray hoodie strode into the hallway. He was tall, with wavy brown hair and the soft face of someone who was pampered. Probably married. He looked like a cop. Was that a gun in his sweats or was he just happy to be here? Whatever it was, its silhouette seemed to grow as he stood against the wall.

 The bolt on one of the glory hole booths jiggled, the red light above the booth clicked off and the shadows turned to the sounds. A scrawny, fortyish Hispanic man stepped out of the adjoining booth and went to the bathroom. The shadows moved as one, in slow motion, toward the free booths. The big cop muscled his way into one of them and I, younger, faster, leaner, beat the other guys into the adjoining booth. Its sticky floor was covered with rumpled up tissues and condom wrappers. This was my first glory hole experience and I was just going on instinct. I wasn’t even sure what I wanted, to suck, get sucked or…something else.

 “Drop tokens! Drop tokens!” the old walrus yelled down the hall. I did, pulled down my jeans and jock strap and squatted, relieved to see the cop's gray sweat pants through the glory hole. I watched him pull his sweats down his meaty furry thighs, down to his knees. His cock was hard, fat and stubby; it pulsed with anticipation--his tight balls were shaved and glistening. The cop turned from the screen and slid his cock and balls through the glory hole. I took the tight, smooth balls in my mouth and the cock pulsed against the bridge of my nose. The cop's cock and balls made two perfect mouthfuls my eyes crossed and rolled back in his head as I gobbled up the cop's silky offering.

 I smelled Irish Spring in his crackling pubic hair and imagined him stuffed into his blue uniform, slapping a night stick across his big palm. I imagined him pumping his pretty, dark haired wife on a Sunday morning, then patting his two sons on the head at the breakfast table. I wanted to take the cop back to my room, sneak him past my mom while she watched TV. I would pin him on my rumpled bed, turn him over and hoist his big ass in the air. I would shove my big boy cock into his steaming virgin hole and make him squeak with pain and pleasure. Then I would shoot my boy jizz deep inside him until I filled him up.

 I heard him grunt on the other side of the wall and I snapped out of my dream. His cock was just the right size for sucking and sweet pre jizz was leaking out its pretty head. This was a baby-making piece of meat and I wanted to make sure I did a good job and got all of its protein and nutrients. I released the cock from my mouth and let it stand there pulsing, wanting more of me. It was a beauty, with just the right network of veins to keep it hard and delicious. I let it wait there for a bit and heard the cop moan on the other side of the wall. I heard him whisper, “Please.” Maybe someday he’d arrest me for jaywalking or sodomy but right now I fucking owned him.

 I licked the head from underneath and watched it swell, a pearl of jizz emerging from its tip. Oh yeah. I licked off this man frosting, then licked the length of his cock and did a lap around his balls. He moaned. Nice. I took the whole of his meat back into my mouth. Time to get my reward. I felt the cop's juices grumble and regroup at the base of his cock and held him in place, using my tongue to massage his shaft. I heard him yelp (everybody heard him, including the old walrus up front). I braced myself and relaxed my throat as his steaming load piston-pumped into my mouth. I swallowed it hungrily, swallowed the cop's life and history and licked the tip of his cock for more. I understood now: cock always tastes better through a glory hole, without any distractions. A glory hole is like the fast food of love for hungry men on the run, a delicious hot meal offered in one thrust without having to defrost and unwrap the man behind it.

 The cock slipped from my mouth, back through the glory hole. I watched dreamily as the cop wiped himself with a handkerchief, pulled up his sweat pants and left the booth. I stood up and realized that I had squirted hands-free while sucking on the cop’s beautiful piece. Luckily, I missed my own pulled down pants and jock strap and my spent boy jizz dripped slowly down the base of the wall. When I stepped out of the booth, the cop was gone in the echo of the cowbell.

 Wait. Was he a cop or just a hot guy with a nice piece whose cream tasted good in my mouth? Doesn’t matter. Now that I had gulped down a load and squirted my own, I wondered if the booths were manufactured with and without the glory hole option, and which one cost more. Were the glory holes the work of some enterprising queen with a drill, or a hungry one with big teeth? It wasn’t a good idea to ask the old walrus. She probably didn’t know. Whatever, I found a hot new indoor playground and I knew I would be back. When I left, I heard the cowbell clang behind me.

 Who the fuck am I? I am Carlos Quinn.

 My father took off when I was a baby. I don’t know much about him except that he was Irish-American and had blue eyes, just like l do. My mom, Luz, was much happier without him. She was born in Cartagena Colombia and is a pretty woman, so pretty that she made a good living as a topless dancer when I was a kid. She was as good a mom as she could be and I was a latch key kid. We lived in Perth Amboy, New Jersey, a funky, feisty town on the Raritan Bay in a little two story house across the street from the train station.

 When I was a kid Mom had a steady guy, Stanley, who was a plumber and older and fell in love with her when he walked into Bourbon Street, the strip club, and saw Luz working the pole. He was also married to a woman he hated and he treated Mom like a queen. They were together for 10 years and helped us out financially until Stanley dropped dead on a while installing a new bathtub on a big job. There was nobody serious for a long time and Mom stopped dancing and started tending bar at the club.

 I was free as a bird and I was a gay bird. I messed around with two buddies on my street, Mitchell and Jacobi. We were scrawny kids with bubble butts and big dicks. We hung out in Mitchell’s basement, puffed weed and fucked around, sucking and fucking for hours. Then we’d go up to the kitchen, whip up some Duncan Hines brownies, chow them down and head back to the basement for some more screwing with chocolate-flavored kisses.

I hung around the gay bar, Jazz Date, where older guys flirted with me and snuck me drinks. Sometimes I would let them suck my cock for a little coinage. Jazz Date had entertainment and I loved to watch drag queens enter the club in the afternoon as pale men and emerge in the evening as gorgeous birds of paradise. My favorite was Tequila Mockingbird, a tall Puerto Rican beauty who was, by day, a sweet, hot man was named Javier. I didn’t understand her drag name so I asked Tequila what it meant. We were in her tiny dressing room next to ladies room. She was putting on her face.

 “From the book,” she said.

 “What book?”

 “To Kill A Mockingbird.”

 “Never heard of it,” I said. “The last book I read was Horton Hears A Who.”

 Tequila stopped painting her full red lips, rolled her cocoa brown eyes and grabbed my hands.

 “Baby, you need to read. You’re a smart boy and there’s a whole world out there for you, if you read. Listen to your big sis. Otherwise you’ll spend your life in little rooms next to the toilet—just like this one.”

 The next day she brought me a shiny new Penguin Paperback copy of To Kill A Mockingbird. I was hooked and she brought me more books after that: Catcher in the Rye, The Call of the Wild, and Huckleberry Finn. Opening up those great books and getting lost in them was the beginning of great adventure, then I would go Arthur Kill Bay and stare out at the great world beyond. I could see Staten Island and I imagined if I could get it to move its fats ass, I might see the Manhattan skyline. I wanted to be a writer someday.

 Even though I loved to read, I wasn’t interested in school and most days I skipped class and bopped around town. I liked to watch the brawny guys from the town’s Public Works department at work as they flushed a sewer line, took down a tree or repaved a street. There was a big guy who seemed to be in charge, a handsome man with blond hair and blue eyes that you could see sparkle from a distance. He looked like he was about forty. Was he old enough to be my father? I would love a daddy like that.

 One crisp spring morning I watched the crew tear up a sidewalk to lay in some new pipe. The sexy blond guy worked the jackhammer. He lifted the sputtering metal monster like it was a puppy, slammed it into the ground and made it his bitch sending concrete in all directions. He took off his shirt as he worked and my mouth went dry as I watched the jiggle of his big pecs and the ripple of his massive biceps. His chest was a covered in golden fur that glistened in the sun. He gritted his teeth and they sparkled just like his eyes. I must have been staring too hard because when he stopped and grabbed a rag to wipe the sweat off his face, he looked straight at me, winked and said, “You okay over there, Sparky?”

 Dumbstruck, I just nodded. For a change, I had nothing to say. I walked away but man, I wanted to get my hands on him. Maybe someday, some happy day.

 After that I’d be bopping around town and hear a truck horn honk. It was my blond stud. I looked up and he waved, “How you doing, Sparky?” Every time it happened my heart bounced.

 Since school meant nothing to me, I dropped out the first chance I got. Mamasita hated the idea but since we needed the money she would be OK with it if I got a job. She’d been in good spirits lately. I guessed that she had a new boyfriend and she didn’t want me to meet him yet until she felt a little more secure. And she didn’t want him near me, fucking it up with my smart mouth and shitty attitude. I didn’t mind as long as he treated her right and had some cash.

 What kind of job could I get? Moms knew somebody, one of her steady customers at the bar and he said they might take on a teenager on a summer job program at the town. I went to City Hall and filled out an application. The next day I got a call and was told to report to the Public Works yard on Fayette Street. I was nervous. I never had a job before. It was summer so I went in my summer uniform, tank top, shorts and flip flops. I was told to report to the foreman, a guy named Harry Castle. When I walked through the yard I thought I heard somebody whistle. I got to the grubby little office off the break room. The sign on the door read Harry Castle, Supervisor. When I walked in the guy behind the desk was my blond stud dream man, the jackhammer wrangling, golden fur, blue eyed monster.

“Sparky!” he said. “What the fuck are you doing here?” He had a big smile on his face.

“I came for a job. I got a call yesterday.”

“What the fuck are you dressed for, Sparky? This is a tough job, not Beach Blanket Bingo!”

“Oh. I’m sorry. I didn’t know. Should I go home and get changed?”

“Nah,” Harry said. “This is just the interview. If you get hired, I’ll tell you what to wear.”

“Okay.”

“Damn, you’re a stick. Do me a favor, Sparky. Turn around for me,” Harry said.

I did a quick 360.

“Nah, nah, nah,” he said with a smile. “Take your time and give me the scenic view.” His blue eyes sparkled and my cock twitched.

“Oh yeah. High and tight. Very nice,” Harry said and let out a slow whistle.

I leaned forward, you know to read the bulletin board with all today’s work assignments on it in green magic marker. “1. Sewer back up on Compton Avenue,” Hmm. I jiggled my cheeks for Harry.

“Good boy. You’re obedient. I like that.”

No I’m not. But I said. “Okay, boss.” I leaned forward a little more, you know, to read the next item on the bulletin board: “2. Dead Maple Tree down on Paderewski Avenue.”

Harry sighed. “Oh yeah. Those are some tasty cakes. Just like your mama’s.”

I spun around and lunged at the desk. If I had a knife I would have stabbed him.

He jumped up, shocked, and grabbed my bony arms in his burly ones.

“I’m sorry, Sparky. Really. That was fucked up. Wrong thing to say. Please forgive me.” I looked into his eyes, which were all warm and melty. He really *was* sorry. But you don’t talk about my Mama. So she used to be a stripper. She’s a good lady. He leaned in and gave me a big, warm hug and I was pressed against his solid furry body. Yeah, I was pissed, I guess. But…I had a boner. Did he notice?

Yes. He pushed me away gently.

“Sorry, Sparky. I really fucked this up. I wanted to make a good impression on you,” he said and gave me a dazzling, abashed smile.

Huh? “You want to impress *me?* Why? I’m the one applying for the job.”

“You don’t know? Your mom didn’t tell you.” Now he looked worried.

“Tell me what?” I was lost.

“Damn,” he said. He took a deep breath. “Well, I love your mother and I want to marry her.”

“What the fuck!”

“Yeah, Carlos. I’m gonna be your Daddy.”

What the fuck! Oh Daddy! Oh boy!

END OF PART ONE