

**Venice Beach: The surfer
was the son of a cop.**

BEACH BLANKET SURF-BOY BLUES

To say Todd was hung like a Seahorse, I'd also have to confess this summer I've indulged a taste for sweet blond meat. A man oughta set his sights on the *quality* he wants and let *quantity* go hang; mainly because quantity ain't never hung quite the way quality dangles and swings halfway down a boy's tanned blond thighs. *Speedo swimtrunks*. I say those two words along with *Venice Beach, California*. Put 'em together for a perfect vacation. Shoot! I must sound like a fucking travel brochure! But now with autumn here, I can grease up my palm, drive my dick, project my color slides on the screen, and beat off to all the things I did last summer.

Todd pulled in next to me at the beach. I was kicked back in my VW Rabbit convertible. He was alone in a VW van, surfboard on top.

"You a cop?" he asked.

(Fact is, I'm a deputy sheriff.) "Shit no," I lied. "You think I look like a cop?"

Todd flashed me his wide grin: perfect white teeth. "You look like a cop," he said.

"So?" I said, "why you askin'?"

He ran both his hands through his medium-clipped surfer hair: the dark tan on his blond skin contrasted with his ocean-bleached curls. "My pop's a cop," he said. He pulled a white sweatband down around his hair.

"So you don't like cops?" I asked.

"Wrong!" he said; "my old man's hot shit."

I was thinkin' this kid ought to work for the FBI. "You mean," I said, "you like older guys."

He looked at me with his baby-blues: sort of the way Jan-Michael Vincent's eyes can stare you down while you're at home in bed jerking off to a videotape of *Baby Blue Marine*.

"Older guys," he laughed, "younger guys. Any guys with their shit together, man. I'm so tired of these New Wave weirdos, you can't believe."

"Try me," I said. "The only new wave I'm interested in is the kind that will get your sweet ass nice and salty and wet."

He smiled; he was totally open and frank and, I found out later, unspoiled. "What do you think about 'hanging 10,' he said, groping his crotch as innocently as Adam must have groped his own meat that long-ago first morning in Paradise.

"I can dig it."

And dig it I did.

"You ever been in one of these surfer vans?" He hardly waited for an answer. "Why don't you climb on in and we'll smoke a jay. I think I might like oiling you up as much as you might—"

"—do the honors on you?" (There is maybe only one sin in life: when a hunky, blond, hard-muscled young man asks you to oil him up where his tan line stops, and you refuse to do it. Me? I'm no sinner; I'm a sprinter.) I climbed real cool out of my Rabbit, and stood up my full height, rising up past Todd's golden thighs, his full Speedo basket, his tight belly covered with the first down of hairy young manhood, up past his wide swimmer's pecs crowned with bite-sized rosy nipples, up and almost nosing my way through his sweet-smelling armpits as he raised his strong arms behind his head to tuck his hair tight in the headband, up past his strong chin and white teeth, up past his smile and the blond down of very young moustache on his upper lip, up past his sea-blue eyes staring brightly into my own.

"My pleasure," he said. He put his strong hand at the neck of my ragged cotton teeshirt and, eye-to-eye, tore it slowly down across my chest to my belly, letting his hand finally rest in the waistband of my Levi's. The kid had balls. More importantly, he had style. I wondered how he came by his openness so frankly. Must be his old man, I figured: cops, and cops' kids, usually get exactly what they want. Something about if

you want to take charge with manly authority in America, you don't ask *can* I, you just assume it, and the world falls down on its knees.

Inside his van was perfect: privacy on wheels with a sea breeze and an ocean view. Halfway through the joint, his hand was in my basket, tugging my meat out for a good suck: young blond lips kissing the head, the tease of those hungry teeth, the hot tongue, the wet mouth, the deep throat!

I had to pull the young fucker off. "Easy, baby, easy. Daddy ain't goin' nowhere." My cock had a throb that made *Bolero* seem like a waltz. I rolled him over on his back, tossing his curly head back into the pillows. I nuzzled down in his Speedos. "I want it, baby. I want it bad. I want it so good." He lifted his hips. I inched his Speedos down his butt, feeling his cheeks up good, smelling the delicious sweet smell of ocean-fresh boy-crotch. His hard cock flopped up and out of the maroon Speedos: classic California cock, blond-bush base shoving a heavy-veined ten inches up to the mushroom head crown, big drop of pre-lube juice pearling out of his hot piss-slit!

I wrapped my lips around his corona. He arched his hips up; his head rolled back and down; his chest rose and expanded; veins appeared in his long muscular arms; two very special veins rose from his blond pubic hair and ran, one each side, up from his cock past his tight navel. I began my slow chaw down the long hot shaft of his dick, toying, teasing, as hungry for the length and load of his young manhood as he was for the deep dark tunnel of my throat. I ate my way down his rod, slowly stroking up and down, taking him in deeper each time, opening my throat to his length and thickness, tonguing him, finding the rhythm that pleased him, causing him to moan, making him writhe so that his sweet buns tensed in the palms of my hands.

I was sucking off this blond surfer boy. No hassles. Pumping up and down on his ripe Southern California cock. Ready, willing, able to eat his big juicy load. I could have laid in heaven between his merman thighs till the tide came in: sucking on the biggest piece of young meat that ever fell so easy into a grown man's hungry mouth. If the guys back home could see me now, I thought: a beautiful Venice afternoon, me

swinging on a piece of laid-back West Coast genuine, young surfer dick.

I should never have gotten so fucking pleased with myself.

Suddenly Todd's hands were on the back of my head, driving my face down hard and deep on his throbbing cock. Maybe the dope hit. Maybe it was his aggressive genes: he was a hot young man who had been fucked into existence by his daddy the cop. Maybe he just liked slamdunking his ram-hard dick down a guy's throat. His strength was amazing. I struggled for air around the ramrod action of his hips pumping up into my face.

"Take it, man" he said. "Eat it. You like it, fucker. Eat my big prick. Chow down on it." Holding my head in his crotch, impaling my throat on the sword of his shaft, he flipped me around, slammed me down on my back, straddled my chest, shoved his cock deep into my mouth, and arched his strong young body back. With one hand he stripped off his headband. His blond hair grew loose and wild as a lion's mane. He ran his well-oiled hands up and down the length of his hard-muscled torso. He roared, a young animal beast, passionately lunging deep into one of his first manimal kills, driving, pounding, choking me, beating his hard chest, sweat glistening through the oil, dripping into my eyes, blinding me, suffocating me.

Looking up at him, up at this glorious young hunk of sea beast working out his newfound passion in me, I was in beach blanket heaven.

He fell forward across my face. His knees, hard from his surfboard, dug into my sweaty armpits. His tight dripping belly tensed over my eyes. His hands gripped together tight behind my head. He fucked his full circumference and length deep down my throat. Whiplashing my head. Smashing my face into the hard vee of his crotch. Saliva and lube running down my chin. Tears from his stinging sweat in my eyes.

I had started out sucking off a laid-back young surfer, who suddenly graduated from getting sucked off to full-fledged, intense active fucking of a man's face! Something had happened here. I was no longer sucking him. He was facefucking me!

My throat ached. I was wrapped in the arms and legs I had seen so often along the beach working out on a surfboard. All that strength! All that energy!

He was the ocean.

I was the shore.

He pounded into me with all the force of a strong rip-tide tearing at the sand.

His hands pulled me in tighter. I could feel the thick veins twined around his enormous dick swelling in size. The head of his cock jammed the back of my throat. His sweet violent innocent passion coiled up somewhere in the center of his head, traveled like lightning down his strong spine, tightened his slender buttocks, and rammed in one final huge thrust through his balls, down his dick, exploding out of his bulbous head. Great gobs of sea-sweet cum flooded my throat, filled my mouth, spilled out over my lips, as he lunged again and again into my face.

Then he fell forward, burying me under his body; but only for a moment, for only one glorious moment that I wish could have frozen us together in time forever. Slowly he raised up over me, leaving his still-hard dick in my mouth. I looked up at the glorious vision of him, straddling me, tasting his cum in my mouth, feasting on the vision of his juicy, sweaty body towering over me.

And then, ever the gentleman, this young man wiped some of his cum off my checks and then spit into the palm of his cum-filled hand, and then reached behind his back, found my hard cock, and with three strokes topped off my load. My flying cum hit his back, and playful again, like the watersport he was, he shouted, "You shot me in the back, you dirty fucker!" Laughing, he slowly inched his big, proud cock up and out of my mouth and fell in a rolling hug on top of me. "One good load," he whispered into my ear, "I guess deserves another."

I never saw him again. He said he never does stuff like that much. But I guess when he does, maybe nobody does it better. At any rate, now I have a deep and abiding respect for those bumper stickers that say: "If this van's rockin', don't bother knockin'!"

