

Humping straight daddies...

Nooner Sex

Downtown. Noon hour. Bookstore. Backroom. Video booths. In walks the Basic Suburban Daddy: good-looking, early thirties, six-one, robust, husky, not fat from his wife's cooking, looking—in his dark blue, suburban-mall, Macy's business suit—like he probably played a little ball in college. His left hand—good thick fingers sporting a wedding ring—strokes his thick moustache. He's been married long enough for the gold band to be a quarter-size too tight. He walks like a young ex-linebacker: heft to hang on to.

He's the size Daddies are supposed to be.

He has the Look Daddies are supposed to have.

NOONER HUNTER

He's a handsome young father whose wife—his noon- hour hunt says—no longer burns so bright as his new desires for mansex. But he's a good man: a grown-up, responsible Daddy who's no doubt a good husband and father. He has an all-American authority of integrity in his young paternal face. He has, suggestively, the together face of a cop in a business suit: the kind of ambiguous Look so straight you figure he's either plainclothes vice or he's new and experimenting. You read his moves, his innocent, almost nervous cruise, the way he dodges, with expert natural instinct, from a hungry queen and a hungrier troll, and you figure him for the kind of midmanagement corporate achiever whose success affords him the comfortable split-level life.

When you fuck with him, it's not like balling with gay guys

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HOW TO LEGALLY QUOTE FROM THIS BOOK

(no matter how masculine) who live gay lifestyles. This straight Daddy wouldn't know *lifestyle* from *shit*. A man like this Daddy just has his *life*. None of this means that Genuine Straight is any better than Genuine Homosexual, just that to gay men used to gay men's sex styles, Straight Daddies are refreshingly different. And even though some of his suburban life may be less than his young-groom ideas planned it to be before inflation, for him the wife and kids and orthodontia are far from some clichéd claustrophobic nightmare illustrated by some weird Sears catalog. When you fuck with him you put your arms around the firm, hard bulk of all that was ever Daddygood and Daddyhot in the Basic American Dream.

BUSINESS-SUIT DADDYFUCK

You follow him into a video booth. Just enough light to enjoy his handsome, groomed face and his Very-Married Look. He's horny. A bit nervous. His suit feels good against your suit. His body solid through the layers of suit jacket and vest and dress shirt and teeshirt. He wraps his husky arms around you, like he's finally doing the right thing for the right reasons, and pulls you to him. Tie to tie. Double manhug with this daddy. Fucking Papa Bear hug.

His dick feels hard against yours through his suit pants and jockey shorts. He lowers his face to yours. Brushes your face with his thick moustache. He almost kisses as his moustache meshes into yours. His movements are light, are very heterosexual stand-up fuck moves, so used is he to other-gender bodies.

You feel that delicate difference when a man used to stud-fucking women changes over to men.

It takes him a while before his head learns that the man-to-man body-moves are different, franker, heavier, more direct, more reciprocal, more mirrored.

FEELING DADDY UP (& VICE VERSA)

He's exciting because he's different. A straightfucker. You play to his nervous excitement. Stand-up fuck-dancing. Swaying to

the ancient music of men. You let him lead so not to frighten his confidence. His dick is hard against yours. He's strong. A big hugger. Chest to chest. Slow-pumping his hips backed with athletic butt. Big muscular thighs alternating with your thighs. Squeezing down on your legs. His hand reaches down to feel you up with an innocence no man has felt you with since you first started coming out. You feel him back through his suit and shorts. His dick through his clothes is mysterious, hard, and his balls are tight.

Neither of you even tries to pull the other one's equipment out.

The excitement, the difference to be investigated here with this Straight Daddy is how hot he is while he's so scared. He has to do what he's doing. He has to feel and hug and bury his warm face in your neck. You, maybe, have some crazy karmic duty to gently aid him. So you hold him, hard and horny, because he is a Straight Daddy doing all the stuff Straight Daddies have to do in these hard American times with no real understanding from their wives and kids and friends.

And deep down you're glad you're the kind of man you are who can hold on to a man like this and let him feel some comfort and fun and solace physically tendered to him the way he needs male support: physical stroking, loving from the only other kind of person who really understands that Daddies need Daddies too.

So dick to dick, holding on to each other in the comforting half-light, you can't help but cuming in your own pants when you feel him with a deep quiet moan clinch into you, hip-pumping your dicks together, creaming his shorts, getting his thick load off, fully clothed, dicks totally untouched, but full-felt body contact through all the wool of his suit and the cotton of his jockeys.

BACKROOMS: NECESSITY FOR MEN ON THE CUSP OF MANSEX

It's a rare kind of mansex found usually only during those noon hours when a Straight Daddy has some short time no wife or family or boss can ask him to account for in places like bookstores ambiguous enough to seem macho-straight with their bookcracks and video booths filled with T&A, the while, he's

hoping, sometimes against hope, to find masculine men who can handle helping out a man initiating himself into the hot beauties of mansex. So you go out into the noonday sun, with the scent of him on your face, and you smile, even though your own shorts are wet and sticky, and you figure there's maybe really only one sin in life: when one of the Straight Young Daddies of America invites you into his intimacy, and you do not come.



Chris Duffy, Mr. America—Video: *Sunset Bull*
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