

Lights On-Clothes Off

-Confessions of an Unabashed Exhibitionist-

Stu Schwartz
Copyright 2019

This is a work of fiction. Persons, names, businesses, schools, dates, places and events are fictitious—they are creations of the author's imagination. References to or mention of any persons (living or dead), businesses or institutions are not factual. Resemblance to any of the above is purely coincidental. When actual places, such as buildings, schools, clubs, theaters and resorts are included they are only settings for the story and references to those are fictional.

PROLOGUE

Greetings reader. I'm about to share much of my previously hidden personal life with you. My story is not embellished—it's as accurate as my memory has allowed. I've started from the very beginning so you can appreciate the development of my inner desires that have led me to being an unstoppable exhibitionist.

Warning. There's nudity ahead. The further you read the more you will see. The more you will understand. The more you will welcome and experience my full-frontal nakedness.

Get comfortable as I'm starting to undress. Turn the lights up, sit near the front and switch your phone to photo mode. And, if you wear glasses, clean them now. I will only enjoy sharing with you if you have a clear and perfect close-up view. Thanks for being in my audience. Enjoy the show. *Eddie G.*

CHAPTER ONE

I was a good baby. Mom and Dad told me that when I was a child they loved showing me off to family, friends and even strangers in stores and restaurants. They started putting me on a stage, in the center of their living room, when I was only eight days old.

According to stories I heard from my parents, and from some of my aunts and uncles, it was a cold November morning in the Poconos and, even though it was snowing, there was quite a crowd at my *bris*, the Jewish circumcision ceremony.

I'm guessing that everyone gathered in to closely watch as the *Mohel* from the local synagogue opened my clean white diaper and displayed my little uncut penis. Then, with all eyes on me, well really on my penis, he did his thing. I'm sure, just like at every *bris*, as soon as I was circumcised the *Mohel* chanted the required prayers and announced my being.

"May Mr. Edward Gerald Saul live a long, healthy and productive life. And may God protect and bring blessings to the entire Saul family." Then he chanted the blessing over wine. *Baruch atah, Adonai, Eloheinu, Melech haolam, borei p'ri hagafen.* With their glasses of Mogen David raised, everyone shouted "mazel tov."

Wow, I was only a few days old and family and friends were seeing me naked and they were cheering for me. My sister was excited for me. And my parents were proud. I probably cried but I'm sure I got over it quickly. I like that I was a good little Jewish boy who was naked for everyone to see and appreciate. It was my first time being on display and I don't recall a thing. I didn't start remembering the pleasures of exhibitionism and my related life experiences until I was four years old.

CHAPTER TWO

My birthday party was so much fun! My aunt, uncle and my two cousins from Gettysburg drove to our house for my party. Annie, our next-door neighbor, came over for the party—she brought lots of balloons. I loved the singing, blowing out the four candles, the ice cream, the big chocolate cake and the presents.

The night after my party I was allowed to stay up way too late to watch the *Milton Berle* show. When it was over my father switched off our black and white TV and said that since I was now a big boy they had something special for me to do.

Then Mom told me all about what they had planned. Since Dad was the president of the Mr. & Mrs. Social Club at the Jewish Community Center we were all going to be in the club's New Year's Eve variety show. There was going to be singing, dancing and it would be lots of fun. I saw some neat shows in the center's auditorium so I was excited about being on that giant stage. I thought it would be a great time and I'm sure my parents could tell that I was happy to be part of the show.

Then they dropped a major bombshell on me. I was going to be the New Year's Baby at the end of the show and I would have to wear a baby diaper! On stage. In front of everyone. I was not a baby! I protested and cried so much they relented and said I could wear my own white underwear instead of a diaper.

Well what could I do? I had already agreed to be in the show and I didn't want to disappoint my parents. (Jewish guilt rules me to this day.) Plus, it was probably not going to be a big deal as quite a few had seen me in my underwear when I was changing in the JCC locker room.

We walked to the center of the dark stage. Mom and Dad, dressed to look much older, were holding my hands. I stood there wearing my little white underwear and a sash with '1950' on it. I

wiped off my tears and tried to smile like Mom and Dad told me to. I could hear people singing in front of the curtain and then lots of applause.

Mom leaned over and whispered, "OK, we are next, here we go. Be brave and Edward, be sure to smile."

Mr. Marty, one of the men who worked at the JCC, walked over to that long thick rope and started to pull down on it. I knew that the huge dark curtain, that was hiding me from all the people sitting out there, was going to slowly open. Grand music, that I would hear at every new year's celebration for the rest of my life, blasted out of the speakers. To this day "*Auld Lang Syne*" stirs memories of an event that helped start it all.

I watched Mr. Marty for a moment then turned my head to follow the ruffled curtain slowly making its way up to the ceiling. All I could see were bright lights. Then I saw what seemed like thousands of people staring right at me. Fear and embarrassment took over. They were all cheering and applauding for the New Year's Baby....me....me just wearing tiny white underwear and being held by my parents' hands. We bowed while everyone clapped.

We were the finale of the annual holiday musical show and I was the star. They weren't cheering for my parents who were dressed as Father Time and Mother Nature. I was sure that they were applauding for me. Everyone was looking at my almost naked body and loving what they saw. A warm fuzzy feeling made me know that seeing me undressed was why everyone was standing and applauding. There were no tears from me. Mom looked down and saw that I was happy. She smiled and gave my hand an intense and loving squeeze.

I was too young to have imagined what it would be like to be on a stage with an auditorium filled with an eager and appreciative audience. How would I feel about standing front and center, in just my underwear, while bright lights highlighted my

body and while all of those eyes were zeroing in on me? But that evening, on that stage, I realized that all eyes were focusing on ME. My parents were standing there waving but all of the people were looking at ME. Only ME! I felt their eagerness, their excitement, their stares. I was sure they weren't looking at my parents or at anything else. When the clapping kept going I realized what they all wanted. Their silent wish was for me to take off my underwear so they could see ALL of me. But that didn't happen this early in my life.

This is how it all started. As the curtain was going up I was terrified and mortified. But the opening of that drape and the shining of the spotlights was my beginning as a true exhibitionist. My journey started on the stage of the JCC and has never stopped.

After the show my parents told me what a good job I had done and that they had a little present for me at home. I didn't tell them that I really liked being on stage with my clothes off. I'm guessing that they felt guilty about "forcing" me to be on display. I liked the toy log set they gave me. It became a favorite since it was my first pay for being undressed for an audience.

What happened that winter is vivid in my memory. I recall it all. The curtain, the lights, the music, the eyes, the applause and the excitement have played over and over in my head for the past seventy years. My stage debut raised the curtain to a lifelong erotic desire and moved me into a world that would forever and constantly demand a repeat and expansion of my first time in front of an audience.

CHAPTER THREE

My enjoyment of being viewed with my clothes off started on the Jewish Community Center stage. About three years later two of my relatives unknowingly moved things along and contributed to my never-ending pleasure of being naked for others to see and

enjoy.

Sadie and Jon (short for Jonathan) were older married cousins who lived about twenty minutes from us—on the lower side of town just past the old train station and some huge stores. They were distant relatives—I think second cousins on my father's side of the family. My parents didn't hold them in high regard. One day I heard Dad tell Mom that Jon was a lazy *schmo*. That was his word for bum.

Their apartment was quite shabby and at first I wasn't happy about visiting there and neither were my parents. We went there once in a while due to some type of family obligation that I didn't understand. But my attitude made a quick turnaround because of their secret that I uncovered.

My cousins didn't have any children. There were no toys or games in their place. When they went into the kitchen with my parents to talk and drink their coffee, and sometimes to have some whiskey, what they called *schnapps*, I was left to play alone in their messy living room. Their tiny black and white TV had nothing but blurred images and it wasn't the age when an iPad would come to my rescue. My coloring book was ok at first but then boredom and curiosity forced me to poke around to see if anything in the drab room was interesting.

There were lots of old papers and magazines on the bottom shelf of the coffee table in front of their couch. I needed something to do and I was nosy so I looked to see what was there. At the bottom of the pile I found some magazines called *Nudist Life*. The pages shocked me as they were filled with photos of naked people. I started flipping through them knowing that I shouldn't be looking at these. But the constant chatter and laughter I heard down the long hallway gave me the courage to go ahead. The magazines had photos of people of all ages and almost everyone was naked. Children were on some swings, a few adults were playing volleyball and a couple people were

swimming, near an old rowboat, in a lake. My eyes were glued to scenes I had never imagined before!

I'm sure that at the time I felt guilty and worried about peeking at those forbidden images. But I found them and quietly kept staring at all of those naked people. "Oh please stay in the kitchen for a while," I'm sure I must have whispered to myself.

When I turned to the next page my eyes froze on photos showing a long line up of older boys. They looked like high school or college age as they all had pubic hair. They were standing on a huge wooden outdoor stage—each one was holding a big card with a number on it. All of them appeared to be having a great time—hands raised, big smiles, just happy naked boys. In one photo, on the next page, the guys were all turned around showing their bottoms to the audience.

What made the photos so incredible for me was that I could see that all of the people, who were crowded in front of the stage, were applauding and cheering. I had no interest in the naked people who were enjoying the show. My focus was on the boys on the stage. I could tell, by looking at their smiles and expressions, that they loved being seen and admired. That crowd was viewing every hair, every curve, every penis and every butt of the guys on display. They were able to see every detail. Every single detail. Whew, I still get turned on thinking about that show and how thrilled and excited all of those naked boys must have been.

It probably was some kind of contest. I don't know the exact story but it made a major impression on me. I knew I wanted to be on a stage again. I knew I wanted to be naked on that stage. And I knew that I wanted the audience to have clothes on so that I would be the one, the only one, to be seen and admired.

There, I admit it. I was only a kid but I knew then! I wanted to be the naked guy being viewed by appreciative fully-dressed people.

I beamed when everyone came back to the living room and Sadie said, "You've been so good while waiting for us. What a good boy you are."

Mom and Dad looked so proud. I never told them that I found the nudist magazines and that I loved what I saw. And they never knew why I was happy every time they planned to visit my cousins.

CHAPTER FOUR

I'm not going to dwell much on my elementary school years as my naked energy was, to the best of my recollection, a bit sparse during this period of my life. However, I vividly recall playing doctor and nurse with several friends in neighbors' backyards and in some of their parents' garages. At Christmas and Hanukkah a couple of the kids in the neighborhood got nurse and doctor kits as presents. There were medical bags, nurse hats, stethoscopes, and blood pressure cuffs along with a couple of fake needles just waiting to be used. A few friends added things like a spoon, flashlight, tweezers and band-aids to be sure they had all the supplies they might need. The secret game of choice for about ten of us who lived in the North Belton Avenue neighborhood was, of course, to play doctor and nurse.

No surprise, I often volunteered to be the patient so that I would be the one who had to be examined. Even though others had to play the patient sometimes it didn't really dawn on me then that I was the only one who complained to the doctors and nurses of problems with my lower tummy or with my upper legs.

I don't think my friends ever recognized the pattern of my aches and pains. That may be because they were either excited by what was about to happen or they were relieved that they were not the current patient.

Since I wanted to be a good and cooperative patient I would

just lay down and let my friends examine me. The eager group would check my eyes, my ears, and my throat and they would all take turns using a stethoscope to listen to my heart.

Then, without fail, as we did this play-acting over and over, someone would say, “OK Eddie, we need to take off your shirt and your pants so we can examine you 'down there' and make sure you're ok.”

My body would stir when my friends helped me take off my shirt. And when their hands reached out to lower my zipper and pull down my pants I would force myself to slow down my breathing. I got even more excited when some flashlights were switched on. Those helped my friends examine me in detail.

The sound of my zipper being lowered and lighting focused on my body turned out, as I realized later, to be important to me in my life as an exhibitionist.

Clearly my friends were either curious or they enjoyed a bit of risk. I loved the touching that would follow when my brave friends would be unzipping my zipper and opening my pants. And then, the tingling sensation I'd get as they pulled down my underwear, so that everyone could do a thorough exam, was pure pleasure. My neighborhood gang got totally engrossed. This wasn't play—it was serious business for them. Everyone took turns looking at my penis and my balls and then feeling around for lumps, bumps and other unknown problems. I appreciated when they encouraged the few shy ones to join in. When the hesitant kids moved forward, to look and touch, my heart raced and I secretly beamed.

I was thankful that a few friends were bold enough to direct me to spread out and lift up my legs so they could see farther down and make sure I wasn't injured or had some kind of scary rash. I loved all of those eager eyes studying me and fingers touching me! I never protested. When the very concerned

medical staff told me to turn over so my butt could be examined and so they could give me a much-needed shot, I pretended that that wasn't needed. I even argued a bit just to be sure that my friends didn't think I wanted my butt examined. But, of course, as the obedient patient, I rolled over and got up on my knees with my legs spread apart so that the entire medical staff could thoroughly examine everything.

I was a good patient and never protested when eager hands spread out my cheeks so everything back there could be seen and thoroughly examined. Sometimes a couple of the doctors and nurses wanted to insert their finger into me. But I only let them touch the outside. There was no way that I'd let them do that! The backside exam was best for me when they used their flashlights. It was important that they all could have a very good view. I was a good patient and knew that I had to do as I was told as they were the doctors and nurses. And I was the friend who wanted to please all of those focused eyes and probing fingers.

I never told any of my friends how much I enjoyed our playtime. We had a pact—never tell anyone about our doctor and nurse games. It was our neighborhood secret. Of course, I never told anyone as I was such a good Jewish boy. And my parents were so proud of how nicely I played with the other well-behaved boys and girls in our neighborhood.

"What were you and your friends doing all this time?" my father asked when I got home.

"Oh, we were all racing on our bikes," I said. "And we played a few games of marbles and traded some baseball cards. It was great fun Dad."

Those games moved me from hiding the truth to outright lying.

CHAPTER FIVE

When I was about seven I began thinking up adventures that I loved and that provided me with many clandestine sexual thrills for quite a few years. Oh how I loved when my father took me to the YMCA. He went there for massages, to lift weights and to pound away at the big brown boxing bags.

Although our family had a membership at the Jewish Community Center, my father preferred the YMCA as they had much better workout areas, a bigger locker room and a grand swimming pool. How lucky I was! I believe he took me with him hoping I'd fall in love with some sports. I'm sure he had recognized that I wasn't like so many other boys my age who were into baseball, football and all of those manly things. My father clearly told me that he wanted me to be like Hank Greenberg, the famous Jewish baseball player who was one of his heroes.

I loved going to the Y. And really loved being naked in the locker room. This whole arena, filled with boys and men, was rather surreal and glorious. Dad and I always started by taking a warm, soapy shower. Unlike today there were no shower separations. Most guys took their time and seemed to have no concern about being seen by everyone. I always took a slow shower so that I could enjoy the steady flow of naked men and boys who would, without any worry or shame, hang their towels on the hooks so they could show me everything.

Dad would often let me hop on the table for a minute or two before his massage. I enjoyed laying there naked and getting a very quick massage before the therapist would say, "Sorry Edward but it's time for me to get to work on your pop."

I knew I would then have about an hour on my own so I would head to the locker room and tell my Dad, "I'm going to play or look for my friends." But I didn't play or look for my friends. I would just sit on a bench mesmerized by the masculinity I'd see. I liked watching the men and some of the boys, especially those

who had some armpit hair or pubic hair, as they walked to and from the showers.

And it was a special thrill when guys came into the locker room fully dressed. I'd drop a sneaker or towel so I could swivel on the bench and position myself so I'd have a good view as they undressed. When they took their shirt off I'd focus on any armpit hair. And then, when they reached for their belt and zipper, I'd take a deep breath and enter a kind of a trance. My eyes and beating heart loved the shows. I bet some of the men noticed I was watching but that didn't stop any of them.

I would also use my time in the locker room as an opportunity to show myself off. I'd toss a towel on a bench—of course it would be a bench by the busy doorway. My favorite position was one leg up with my knee bent. I pretended to be looking at one of my toes. That gave everyone a clear view of all of my private parts. I'd get a tingle and thrill when I'd see some of the boys and men looking at me. Well at certain parts of me.

The real excitement and pleasure was in the pool area—an indoor fantasy palace. There were women's days and men's days. On men's days, all the men and boys had to be naked—yes totally naked. The lifeguards wore their lanyards with their whistles and usually wore sandals but otherwise nothing else. The men who taught swimming classes didn't wear anything. Men and boys of all ages wore nothing. Everyone was naked.

Being nude was not an option. It was required due to some ancient regulation that banned bathing suits. Fortunately, no one seemed to ever question this absolutely marvelous rule.

According to my simple online research this had something to do with laundry soap washing off into the pool or the threads in old wool bathing suits causing problems with the pool's filters.

I vividly recall a few very special days when there were races and games in the pool for kids and teens. We'd all compete according to our age group and show off our swimming skills. We demonstrated different dives from the side of the pool and from the low diving board. We also played volleyball.

What made these days so exciting for me was that friends, family and all Y members were invited to watch us and cheer us on. They would file into the pool area and fill up the old wooden bleachers that had been pulled down from the wall. My parents, people I knew from around the Y, friends from school who also attended the Y, girls and boys, yep everyone. There was usually a decent size crowd, all fully dressed, watching us. The lifeguards and swim instructors wore bathing suits at these events. But all of us kids were fully naked showing off for the audience. And what made it even better was that some of my friends from school came. To see me.

I don't think that anyone ever realized the real reason why I invited my friends. I loved when they were there. Boys and girls. Their positive comments about my diving and swimming were thrilling as I knew that they really had enjoyed seeing me naked. They probably didn't care at all about what I did in the water.

I never refused the requests from our swim instructors to participate in these events. They could tell that I enjoyed the games and showing off my water skills. But I don't think they realized how super it made me feel as I frolicked naked in front of the spectators. And of course, when we had to line up to be introduced, well that was the best. When I'd hear, "And next is Edward Saul," I'd jump to the front, wave, smile, and search all of the eyes to see who was concentrating on my new pubes and my penis.

For those of you who think this is make believe, keep in mind that this was in the 1950's and 1960's. Huge thanks to the YMCA for my childhood and teen nudity in the pool and of course, later,

for the Village People. If you're thinking that all of this is fantasy just Google the topic of "swimming naked at the YMCA." You'll quickly see that nothing is made up here.

Another treasured activity that got me stirred up during open swim time was to sit on the side of the pool, pretending that I was just resting or relaxing, so that friends could swim over and chat while they were holding onto the side. I kept my knees apart as I wanted to be sure that my buddies would have an easy and total view. Some of my friends would hold onto the side of the pool right next to me. My favorite friends were the ones who would hold on right between my purposely-parted legs. Their eyes were right there. Inches away.

As I got older it was obvious to me and to my friends that my penis was larger and that my pubic hair was growing faster than most other guys who were around my age. My lengthy visits to the side of the pool, while I displayed my "resting poses," were obviously enjoyed by many. I loved my buddies' subtle and "innocent" remarks about my size, about my balls and about my pubic hair. My pleasure level went sky high when their eyes devoured me. I never let on that I noticed or cared about what they were doing. I just spread my legs a bit wider and propped up one leg on the pool deck to offer an even better show for my many secret admirers. My favorite moments were when I watched my friends' eyes devouring the view.

I continued to thoroughly enjoy the Y and all of its exhibitionistic opportunities for several years. During my early teens I volunteered to be an assistant swim instructor to help the younger boys. Fortunately, those of us who were assistants didn't have to wear bathing suits. That gave me a super thrill as during events, when friends and family were invited to watch, I loved strutting back and forth encouraging the swimmers and showing off my emerging maturity to the eager eyes in the bleachers.

Unfortunately the Y changed their policies about nudity in the pool area when I was about sixteen. Bathing suits were required. Privacy walls were erected between the showerheads. In the locker room men covered themselves with their towels. And the new red bathing suits for the lifeguards were a total bummer. Oh well. It really was hot and it satisfied my hidden urges and fantasies while it lasted.

Everyone in my family knew that the boys and men were naked at the Y's pool. It was totally expected and accepted. There was no shame and no concern. During special events, when I was competing, friends and family showed up. Dad liked that I was doing something athletic and both of my parents were happy that I enjoyed swimming and diving.

I never told them why I loved swimming. And I never revealed that my locker room and pool images entertained me when I was home in bed.

CHAPTER SIX

My parents took my sister and me to Lake Naomi, a huge fresh water lake in eastern Pennsylvania, to attend the annual picnic hosted by the Kenworth Furniture Company. That's where my father worked. The event turned out to be beyond belief one year.

It was the year of my Bar Mitzvah and when we arrived there was a big congratulations banner for me and wishes of *mazel tov*, along with a twenty-dollar bill, from Mr. Horowitz, the owner of the company. Other than the greetings from my Dad's boss I figured that it would be a fun day just like in prior years. I was wrong. It was very different. And very special.

The gigantic barbecue grills were sizzling with burgers and hot dogs. Those dogs were delicious. They were the kosher kind, just like the ones that I had when Mom and Dad took me to Coney

Island. They were real yummy when covered with mustard, onions and sauerkraut.

The grassy area, that led down to the lake, was overrun by kids running around playing. A couple of them just finished sixth grade with me. I took my shirt off and ran down to join in the games.

My parents knew just about everyone there—people from Dad's work and also from the Jewish Community Center. I recognized a couple kids my age from my Hebrew School classes and from the YMCA. It seemed as though I was introduced to a thousand people at the picnic. Oh how they loved bragging about me.

My parents always worried about the dangers of polio but, since it was a hot, sunny day and it was after the Fourth of July, they thought it would be safe so they gave my sister and me permission to get in the water. When the "required" thirty minutes after eating rule ended, I ran over to the dock and joined all the other kids who were already splashing, swimming and having a great time. We jumped in, climbed out, then yelled like Tarzan and jumped in again.

My sister and some older girls were sitting on the edge of the dock singing "*Love Me Tender*" and being all giddy about Elvis. I was one of the older boys and was having a great time. I saw that my parents kept watching me from the picnic table where they were drinking beer and hanging out with their friends. I knew they trusted me but, as usual, they were keeping an eye on me.

A man, someone I had seen a few times at the Y, was watching all of us as we ran around on the dock and got in and out of the chilly lake water. He was rather tall, had thinning dark hair with a touch of grey on the sides and was wearing a light green bathing suit and a white T-shirt. All of a sudden I realized that he was watching me. Our eyes met and I smiled back at him.

It was just a slight smile as I didn't know for sure who he was.

Later, when we were all out of the water, this handsome tall man came over and said hi. He told me his name was Father Charles and that he knew my father from the Y. He also told me that he had seen me in the pool at the Y a couple of times and that he was impressed by how fast a swimmer I was.

"I think you're a nice young man Edward." And then he asked, "Would you like to go for a boat ride?"

"Would I? Yes, that would be great!"

Well I ran to my parents and asked, ok begged, to be allowed to go for a boat ride with Father Charles. He was going to head out in the Kenworth's boat, a large shiny wood boat with an inboard motor. I just knew it would be a super time.

My father didn't hesitate. "Father Charles from the Y? Sure, go ahead but be careful. Behave yourself and listen to him." He laughed as he added, "And don't fall out of the boat."

My mother nodded her approval and added, "You have fun Edward. And put your shirt back on," she added, "so you don't get burned. And take your towel!"

They were allowing me to do something daring on my own. I guess they realized that I wasn't a kid anymore; Finally—I was a teenager!

I ran to tell Father Charles the good news. Off we went trotting toward the boathouse. We laughed as we pretended to race. When we got there, out of breath, we gave each other high-fives. He told me to call him Charlie as he started up the motor on the sleek and shiny wooden boat. I helped untie the boat and push us off from the ramp so we could slide out of the boathouse onto the smooth, huge lake.

What fun it was to be zooming across the lake, then to slow down as we went around different curves and then to speed up again. The breeze on my face felt so good. We took off our T-

shirts so we could feel the wind. I let out a couple hoots when we were speeding and bumping on some waves. Charlie laughed at my yells and I could tell that he was enjoying being with me. What a great guy he was to invite me, no one else—just me, to go boating with him.

After going around a huge bend we came to a quiet cove where there were no boathouses or docks. Highway 423, the road that circled the lake, was way off in the distance. There were no other boats around and no one was on the tree-lined shore. The water was shallow and clear. Charlie stopped the boat and killed the motor so we could enjoy the quiet cove and look for some minnows or pickerel in the water. What a great afternoon this was turning out to be. Happiness. Anticipation. Me, alone in a really neat motorboat, with a handsome shirtless man. Whew.

The water was cool. The sun was hot. Father Charles asked me if I wanted to go for a swim.

“Sure, that would be lots of fun,” was my choked out answer.

“Then let’s go in without our bathing suits since no one else is around. Just like you do at the Y.”

I didn’t say anything as I became filled with new expectations and quickly started to get hard. Charlie stood up, rather carefully so he wouldn’t rock the boat, and he took off his bathing suit. Right in front of me. Right there. My eyes were inches away from his crotch. I took a good look at his large penis and his big balls and wow, he had thick dark pubic hair. He stood there watching me look at him. I looked up at him and saw his approval.

I loved it when Charlie then told me that I was cute. He said he liked that I was one of the older boys at the picnic and that I looked really good in my bathing suit. He said that he liked the few hairs that were on my chest and the little bit of hair under my arms. I felt so mature!

"Hey, I've seen you without a bathing suit at the Y," Charlie said. "Mine's off. Why don't you go ahead and take yours off?" He lightly rubbed his fingers through his pubic hair while waiting for my answer.

The words slowly tumbled out of my mouth, "Well sure. I can. Sure. OK."

"I really want to see you naked Edward. Is that OK with you?"

My vigorous nodding and expression gave me away. I didn't have to say anything. I'm sure my eyes let him know that I wanted him to see me and touch me. He reached over for his towel and laid it out on the bench in the back of the boat.

"Go ahead Eddie," he said. His direction was calm and soft. "Just stretch out so I can take a look."

It was a sunny afternoon. The lake was still and my heart was stopped. I was shivering as I anticipated being closely and intimately checked out by an adult.

Father Charles, my father's friend, a respected priest, someone who goes to the Y, a tall handsome naked man, slowly touched me all over my chest and then he started to ease my bathing suit down. It was like being examined by the kids in my neighborhood but for the first time in my life I was being examined by a real man. An adult. A real mature, masculine naked man.

He lowered my suit and told me that he liked seeing me with an erection and that he could tell that I was enjoying what he was doing. He bent down and kissed my chest. Then my stomach. Then his mouth moved down and I was having the first blow job in my life. On a lake! In a boat! By an older man! I loved what he was doing and didn't want him to stop. He looked at me, he liked me, he saw me naked and he tasted me. He didn't stop until way after I came. There were no protests from me. None. None at all.

Charlie put his bathing suit back on and I did the same. I saw

him but didn't touch him. I loved the things he had done to me—that was all I wanted. We didn't talk much during the leisurely ride back to the picnic. When he cut off the motor and eased us into the boathouse, Charlie said it would be smart to keep what we just did between the two of us. I knew what he meant and let him know that was a good idea.

I gave him a huge thanks and a small hug before rushing over to tell my parents what a super time I had. “Wow, the boat ride was great. Thanks Mom and Dad for letting me go. We went zooming around the whole lake and then we stopped to search for minnows near the shore.”

My parents beamed when Father Charles joined us and told them what a fine son they had and that they should be very proud of me. Charlie thanked me, and I thanked him again as he gave me a quick and innocent hug before walking back toward the boathouse.

Unfortunately, whenever I saw him again at the Y, he gave me a quick wave and walked in the other direction. I realized that what we did would never happen again. Disappointment.

It's too bad that my parents, and everyone at the picnic, didn't know that I enjoyed the day way, way more than anyone else. Well I guess Father Charles had a rather outstanding time too.

At first I was petrified when I'd see my Dad talking to Father Charles at the Y. But after a while I became confident that he would never tell anyone. It was our secret. He was a good priest. And I remained the good little innocent Jewish boy who continued to make my parents proud.

CHAPTER SEVEN

My high school years were more exciting on the steadily rising exhibitionist scale. I knew this earlier but I was finally coming to

terms with being gay. Sadly, the only role models I had were Liberace and a very effeminate older second cousin. I didn't want to be like either one of them. I wanted to be a real man—a masculine man who could be naked for others but who wasn't recognized as being gay.

Thankfully, as I matured, that gay closet notion went away!

I wanted to look good so, in addition to swimming lots of laps, I added weight lifting to my Y visits. I had no desire to become some muscle guy and I accepted that I was not really athletic. But I wanted to have a body I'd be proud to show off. Little did I know how much that would benefit me in later years. It certainly paid off in my high school gym class.

Coach Leiman, our gym teacher, never smiled. "OK you sissies. Line up so we can get this class going!"

He shouted and yelled at us and it was quite clear that he favored the jocks. Those of us who were not on a school sports team were his second-class citizens. I had to suffer the Leiman agony almost every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, every semester, thanks to President Kennedy and some federal directives trying to ensure that all of us were going to be fit for military service in case of war with Russia and Cuba.

"Time to pick sides for dodge ball!" he shouted.

Two of the most athletic guys, members of one of Coach Leiman's favorite school teams, were selected, as usual, to be the leaders. They took turns choosing from the rest of us. We were all lined up, with our hands clasped behind our backs and our legs shoulder width apart—our required "at ease" military position. I was in good shape but I wasn't on a school team and I wasn't into competitive sports. Guess who was always among the last picked. Yes, yours truly.

Dodge ball was the least interesting thing about Mr. Leiman's gym class. Here's what floored and shocked me—his so-called inspections. The first time was hard to believe but I quickly

figured that this is how the coach got his jollies. Too bad these inspections weren't required in each class by the school board or some government agency. These were the only parts of gym class I liked—ok loved—and they didn't happen often enough.

"Mr. Nasty" was my title for someone I all of a sudden disliked but found fascinating in a very perverted and creepy kind of way. My guess in retrospect is that Coach Leiman got his sexual thrills doing his "inspections" but, if he did them too often and spent too much time checking us out, people would figure out what this teacher really was.

The Leiman inspection. In the first class of the year we were told to always come dressed in a clean white T-shirt, dark blue gym shorts (which we had to buy in the school office), a jockstrap and white socks and sneakers. While waving a jock in front of us he stressed the importance of wearing one to every class. This was our gym uniform and there were NO exceptions. All of us even had to get a form signed by one of our parents that outlined our gym class uniform requirements. Mr. Leiman reminded us of his rules during the first couple of classes in September. Then the totally unexpected shock!

It was the second week of the semester and we were standing "at ease" in straight lines. That was the routine for hearing the barked orders of the day.

"I'm going to be sure you men are all dressed properly for this class!" he shouted. "Your clothes need to be clean. And you better have a jockstrap on to protect those pretty balls of yours. Now drop your gym shorts!"

What? In front of everyone? We were ordered to drop our gym shorts to our knees while Mr. Nasty walked around to check us. Seriously?

The first time this happened three of my classmates were in trouble. One was wearing underwear and no jock. He got a rather

harsh in-the-ear scolding. But the other two were only wearing gym shorts. No underwear. No jock. Mr. Nasty, in his loud and obnoxious way, told the two to pull up their gym shorts and to go stand in the front of the class. Then he ordered them to drop their gym shorts down again. They had to face all of us, with their shorts down by their knees, while he lectured the whole class for about a minute about why we should be wearing a jockstrap.

I felt sorry for those trembling red-faced guys. It was clear from the look in their eyes that they hated their forced exposure. One of them had tears rolling down his cheeks. But of course, in my own mind, I was scolding myself for being properly dressed for gym class.

After the first inspection, I stopped wearing a jockstrap. I couldn't wait until I was caught. It happened about three weeks later. I stood in the back line while everyone had to prove that they were in the required uniform. I beamed inside when I realized I was the only bad boy that day.

"Mr. Saul, get your butt up front! Now!" he shouted.

I marched to the front of the class, with my head down and the best frown I could muster. I hoped that the lecture and scolding would take lots of time. My classmates thought that I was embarrassed and horrified but really, I loved standing front and center with my gym shorts down around my knees. No underwear. No jockstrap. And no one else up front to compete for those probing eyes.

I was thrilled watching about twenty-five sets of eyes checking me out while I stood there pretending to be mortified. No one knew the glee that took over my head. Or the slight rise I felt in my penis.

Mr. Nasty gruffly shouted to everyone, while I stood there sporting a terrified look. "You all need to look at Edward!" As he pointed to my penis he added in his big booming voice, "He's

pretty big down there and those pubes don't protect his privates. He should be wearing a jockstrap so he doesn't get hurt in this class. That's why they're required. You all better get it."

"You, young man," he continued as he stared at me, "you should know better. Stand there, just like you are, for the next five minutes so this sinks into your pretty little head."

Five minutes? I wished he had said all period but after the time was up he told me to pull up my shorts and join the game of dodge ball.

I quickly caught on to his approximate schedule and made sure that once in a while I'd "forget" my jockstrap. I was hoping upon hope that that day's gym class would be my lucky day. I didn't want to be the only one who forgot his jock—that would have given me away. But when I was caught again later in the first semester I was the only one who had to suffer the wrath of Mr. Nasty while standing front and center for all those eyes to devour. I guessed that the other guys in class were so shocked by the inspections that none of them ever forgot their jockstraps again.

Next semester, when it was almost all new guys in the class due to changing schedules, I figured out how to play the game and win. In my first semester in gym class Coach Nasty did his first inspection during the Wednesday of the second week of classes. I was hoping that he would keep the same schedule. He did. It pissed me off that a couple of others guys suffered the same fate but never again. After that class everyone remembered their complete gym uniforms for the rest of the semester.

I had a feeling that Mr. Nasty liked doing inspections so I decided to play a game and test out my theory. My plan was simple. I purposely didn't wear a jockstrap one day during the fifth week. I got dressed for class—T-shirt, sneakers and socks, gym shorts. On the way from the locker room to the gym, I stuck my

head into Mr. Nasty's office and apologized for not having my jockstrap.

"I'm sorry Coach but my jockstrap was hanging on the clothes line in the basement and I forgot it."

He gave me a rather curious look. Or was it an odd smile? I wasn't sure what his expression meant but when we were all lined up and standing waiting for the day's directions, his ranting began. He made everyone drop their gym shorts to be sure that we were all dressed correctly. I was right. I won the game and loved my punishment! I was the only one. And I enjoyed five minutes of forced happiness.

During my remaining semesters with Mr. Nasty, I kept on winning. He would only pull a surprise inspection right after my quick apology at his office door. I saw that the curious smile of his changed to a knowing grin. He knew. He was totally in on the game and was helping me fulfill my fantasy. I was able to plan and control my desire to be naked in front of the coach and all of my classmates. And Mr. Nasty was getting his jollies as well.

After my first semester in Coach Leiman's class he would still pull surprise inspections but only on days when I clued him in. My classmates didn't realize that my actions and desires saved them from being put on display.

If he found someone else without a jock he'd point at me and roar to the class, "Ok Mr. Saul, since you should know better, I'm going to use you as an example. Get up front and drop those shorts to your knees!"

I would be his lecture prop. And anyone else who had forgotten his jockstrap was relieved that he wasn't.

My teachers thought of me as a star student. I was the assistant editor of the school newspaper and was president of the Latin Club. I performed in the school orchestra (flute) and

marching band (cymbals) and was proud to be in charge of keeping all of our music sheets organized. My grades were excellent. Everyone saw me as a good well-rounded kid. With nothing to hide.

They were so wrong. I was a bad boy In gym class.

I stood there and treasured Coach Leiman's rants, his pointing, his comments and I absolutely loved watching all my classmates staring at me—just below my waist. When he told the class, "Take a good look at his privates—that's where it will hurt," I was soaring.

I would be embarrassed if I got hard in front of everybody so I had to bite my tongue or think of horrible things. Other than some stirring down there I was successful.

Too bad Mr. Nasty didn't raise the punishment to something like having me stand, with my gym shorts down to my knees, in the hallway for all of the hundreds of students in the building to see me during the change of classes. But oh well, I loved my "punishment" each time—the five minutes that I controlled semester after semester.

I wonder if I ruined things for others during those gym classes. Some probably wanted my spot. Oh well. Too bad. I owned the front of the room for almost three years.

Mr. Nasty also had another simple trick that was fun for me. We all had to shower after class and, as we were heading to the lockers to get dressed, we had to pause for a split second in his office doorway. Coach Nasty sat in his white plastic chair and inspected each one of us to make sure we had showered and that we were clean all over. It was disappointing that these inspections were so speedy but he had a lot of guys to check.

I really enjoyed the rare occasions, when he stopped my quick walk from the shower, with something like, "Wait a minute

Edward, stand right there while I take a good look to make sure you're clean.”

Instead of the fast walk-by inspection I would have to come a bit closer to him and spread my legs so he would be sure that I had showered, used soap and rinsed off properly. Once in a while he'd have me put each foot up on a nearby bench so he could check my feet and toes. I watched his eyes and he was not looking at my feet. Those thirty second inspections were so much better than those speedy walk-by quickies.

It was quite apparent to me that Coach Leiman, who was seen as a straight, masculine and athletic teacher, was a teacher who loved seeing his boys naked. I've always wondered if there were other kids in the classes who got the same thrills that I did due to this man's inspections. If so, I thank you, Mr. Leiman, on behalf of all of us no-jock guys.

I never heard of any kids complaining or reporting the craziness of the inspections. Maybe they did, or maybe their parents did, but nothing ever changed. He had to know that he was crossing the line but somehow he got away with it.

I was relieved whenever students in my gym classes ribbed me and told me what a stupid jerk I was for forgetting my jockstrap. I liked the teasing as it often included comments such as, "Nice dick Eddie," "I wish my hair down there was thick like yours," or "You got some big balls." These remarks assured me that when my gym shorts were down my classmates were looking at the right place. The only ones who knew that the inspection shows were planned were Coach Leiman—the choreographer, and me—the star. He would never say a word. Nor would I. I'd just keep looking forward to the next time when I was forgetful and was "caught".

CHAPTER EIGHT

When I banged and twirled the cymbals, while standing on the fifty-yard line at football games, I was the center of attention. *And the rocket's red glare—smash! The bombs bursting in air—smash!* I raised those cymbals high as those shiny disks whirled. I was thrilled as I believed that all the people in the stands were focused on me. OK, I loved that but I had much better times at our band parties.

Several of my friends were boys from the orchestra's clarinet and flute sections. A couple were drummers. I was president of the Latin Club so our "band group" also included a couple guys from there. We didn't hang out with the school athletes or highfalutin political leaders. Were we dorks? Some thought that but we figured that the cool and raunchy times we designed and carried out were way up there on the high school scale of remarkableness. We drank what we could sneak out of our houses but for some unknown reason and fortunately we were not into drugs. My buddies and I pretended to be bad asses. But we really were not bad. Well maybe we were.

My good buds and I were daring and naughty—we liked to challenge ourselves to push the limits. That worked to my advantage. Our private parties often included strip poker and "I Dare You" games. I was a bad boy. I cheated. Oh, what fond memories.

I'm sure that some of what I'm about to describe is part of most kids' adventures perhaps due to group dynamics, drinking and sexual experimentation. Party times, when they included my having to undress for the group, were mostly my doing. I protested and pretended to be embarrassed but these were opportunities I created for myself.

Yes, it's a pattern.

I was skilled at rigging some of the games so that I would lose (really that meant win). During our strip poker times, when we got tired of penny poker and when a couple drinks took hold, I

jumped in and secretly took control—the way I did with Coach Nasty. Thanks to me our play became more exciting, more thrilling and more arousing for my friends and, more importantly, for me.

In strip poker, when I was dealt a hand with two of a kind I complained. "Damn this hand sucks. I need some good cards."

I'd do the same if I had a straight. I'd then scratch the table to get replacement cards. No one knew that I was tossing good cards, cards that raised my chances of winning. I looked upset and I'm quite sure everyone thought I was.

I wonder if anyone ever figured out that I was the loser more than anyone else. Or perhaps they liked when I lost as my fake protesting of the consequences was mild and I always agreed to do what was required of the loser. I'm also sure that everyone else was so relieved when they didn't lose that they'd be happy that I was it!

In our "I dare you" games and strip poker I'd always help write out the consequence cards that had to be picked when someone couldn't or wouldn't do the dare or when someone lost at strip poker. The consequences were developed by the group on the spot and no one knew who wrote which ones and no one ever admitted what they had written.

I should be ashamed of this but I'd put a slight wrinkle or tear in the paper cards I threw onto the table—the ones that required the person to do something like drop his pants and his underwear and stand there exposed for thirty seconds. Hmmm, I wonder why I'd often get one of those cards that surprisingly and shockingly made me show off my cock and balls to the group.

Simply put, I didn't want to get one of the dorky consequences such as having to stand up and flap my arms like a bird while whistling or dropping to the floor and doing ten pushups. I wanted the good stuff. What I defined as good.

After many party times our consequences evolved into more risky and serious stuff. I'd innocently and nonchalantly add a bit of spice to the mix as we planned the games and the outcomes, by dropping hints.

"Hey, since we're all guys, maybe we should require the loser to stand in front of the group for three minutes and everyone can check him out and grope his cock if they want. But no yanking on his pubes!"

Laughter would start and then typically someone would then chime in. "Oh geez, I hope I don't lose but, OK let's do it."

This was always followed by more laughter and a chug of beer or of whatever we had brought to drink. Then the game would start. Everyone always lost a few items, sneakers (each counting as one), then the same with our socks, next were watches and rings, then the belts. Glasses never counted. I didn't wear glasses but, for obvious reasons, I wanted my friends who needed them to have them.

When several of us would get down to only our belts, jeans and underwear losses would become more serious. The group, especially those who were down to only two things, would begin challenging the consequences. No one would want to lose or so everyone thought.

The concerns mounted. "Are we really going to make the loser strip and let everyone grope him?"

"Well I'm feeling lucky that my next hands will be winners so my vote is yeah, let's do it!" was my response.

Others reluctantly but fortunately agreed. When my hands continued to suck and I got down to only my underwear I'd curse and bitch so that my desire to lose was not apparent. Guess who would then conveniently, and dishonestly, lose.

I think I was a good actor as my protests would be challenged. "Too bad Eddie, your card playing fuckin' sucks. Now stand up and lose em. It's time for us to have some fun."

My reluctance and protests were met with more demands. "You lost, now do it."

I did. With feigned hesitation. With a private inner smile. And with a growing dick. Eyes and fingers would begin their exploring. I'd even set the timer for five or six minutes. No one ever realized that I cheated with the time.

Over time, our boldness level soared as we added consequences such as, "we all get to watch the loser pee," "the loser has to bend over and show us his butt," "we get to stroke the loser's hard-on," "anyone who wants to can finger the loser's butt," and "the loser has to beat off all the way." We were bold. We were bad asses. I had the hidden role of coming up with ideas and designing our punishments. We all had super fun at our private sessions. And I really loved having an eager audience whenever I "lost".

In between our gatherings I'd lay in bed at night excited about my plans for the next party. The anticipation was almost as erotic as the actual losing that was inevitable. I was especially aroused when I imagined losing when some guys, who I figured might be gay, were going to be involved.

I could tell that the guys who I thought were gay really enjoyed the touching that the games allowed and encouraged. I couldn't wait until it was their turn to explore as their sensual and thorough touching, and the expressions on their faces while they explored my body, sent thrills through me. There were quite a few comments, from both the straight and assumed gay guys about the nice size and shape of my circumcised cock and of my mature-looking package. From checking things out in the gym locker room I knew I had nothing to be ashamed of and that I could proudly show off.

It was even more of a thrill when some of the game consequences included touching and exploring of my buns and

butt. So, being the good friend and sport that I was, I stood there naked and let everyone have their fun. Oh those wonderful probing fingers. And their eyes were even better. I was having erections in front of a group. Many thanks band club gang! Your fingering exercises paid off big time for me.

The participants in these clandestine parties kept their mouths shut. I'm sure that they would have been mortified if other friends knew or they would have been in grave trouble if their parents found out what was going on (and what was coming off). They didn't tell and I didn't tell.

My parents asked me about the parties. I told them all about the great records we played. I shared some of the gossip I heard and I raved about our penny poker games. Of course these were lies. When I assured them that we weren't drinking, they were relieved. I was such a good, honest son. My parents were so proud of me. They gave me a couple rolls of pennies each time I went to another band club card game party. OK, I admit that I felt lousy about lying and my Jewish guilt bothered me. But I kept right on doing what I shouldn't be doing.

CHAPTER NINE

None of the guys in my party group, or any of my other school friends, knew of the special relationship I had with Terry, a guy I connected with in gym class. I saw him staring at my dick one day while my shorts were down to my knees and my ears were being scolded. I didn't think much about that as other kids in the class did the same. I stared back at him and thought he was really hot. I really liked his curly red hair. Terry's eyes remained focused on my body for way too long. Then he looked up and we suddenly made eye contact. I watched his cheeks flush as his serious face changed to a tentative and sexy smile.

Terry's last name was Sanderson. Since mine also started

with "Sa" we were assigned to sit near each other in homeroom. We kidded around while killing time waiting for the bell to ring. I told him that I lived on North Belton Avenue, about one block from our school. He thought it was really neat that I could go home during our open lunch period each day. Most of the kids in our school couldn't do that. Since we only had forty-five minutes I usually stayed and ate whatever yukky food was available in the cafeteria.

When I mentioned to Terry that both my parents worked, and were never home at lunchtime, he suggested that we bring our food and go to my place one day. Well that one lunchtime turned into several times a week for almost three years.

It was either the second or third time at my house when we decided to take off our shirts since it was such a hot and humid day. I enjoyed watching Terry pull his wrestling team jersey over his head. Terry said he liked that I had some hair on my chest—he didn't have any. We laughed when I told him that I liked that he didn't have any hair other than his red armpit hair. I also told him that I liked how solid his muscles were. He blushed when I said that. But then he told me all about the exercises he did with the wrestling team, four days a week, after school.

We sat on the living room couch and joked about the time he saw me with my gym shorts down to my knees. After we did some major bashing of Mr. Leiman, Terry told me that it was neat that I had lots of pubic hair and that he guessed that I had the biggest dick in our class.

His next move, which I'm sure I somehow encouraged, was the big question. "Eddie, would you be cool letting me see your cock? Hope you don't think that's weird."

"Well heck, it's not weird," I said with no hesitation. "No problem Terry. Hey you already saw it in gym class so why not?"

I stood up in front of him and opened my belt and then started unzipping my khakis. Terry had no idea about how excited this made me.

He lowered his voice to a whisper. "You sure this is OK with you Eddie?"

"Yeah I guess so," I said while hoping he would not change his mind. "It's OK as long as you don't tell anyone about this."

I didn't have the guts to tell Terry that I was absolutely thrilled about undressing for him. I wanted him to see me and do more if he wanted to but I figured I'd undress and see what he'd want to do next. I was not afraid and I was not hesitant. I trusted my friend. And my heart was pounding. After I lowered my khakis I stood there for a moment as he checked out the bulge in my underwear. I boldly yanked those to my knees and stayed right in front of him—he was at perfect eye level.

"Can I touch you a little?" Terry asked softly.

I nodded and Terry began to slowly trace his fingers all around my balls and cock.

"Hey, looking good down here. And it's neat seeing you with a hard-on. Good you didn't pop one of those in gym class." As Terry said that his expression changed from hesitation to glee.

We giggled about that and then realized that we had to run back to school before the fifth period bell sounded.

By the fourth or fifth visit we were both dropping our pants and touching each other. I loved exploring Terry's hard body and he loved doing the same with mine. His favorite thing was unzipping me and lowering my pants—it seemed like it was a new discovery for him each time. Sometimes I would stand in front of him and other times I would lay down on the couch while he undressed me. He was an expert at slowly opening my pants and discovering my hard cock.

I was a very happy high school boy with a steady secret friend who loved to undress me and give me a blow job during

lunchtime at my house. Of course I reciprocated. Terry, a star member of the wrestling team, was my first real boyfriend! Our relationship was based on desire and perhaps approached love.

I was too young and immature for my head to go beyond friendship, fun and lust. But I enjoyed my first taste of love.

We often double dated, kissed our "girl friends" good night and then found a secret place to satisfy each other. The good times were continuing for me. I was still mostly in the closet but I was happy—especially when Terry reached for my zipper. And when I lowered his.

The girls we "dated" never knew. We both kissed well but that's all we did with the them. I regret that we used the girls to pass as straight. It was a shitty thing to do. Shame on us.

Our families encouraged our good friendship. Heck I even went to Terry's church with his family a few times and he came to our synagogue from time to time. Terry and I were golden boys in our families' eyes. And we were perfect for each other until the end of high school when we each left town for college. Our parents even got together a few times for drinks and scrabble games. It's a good thing that none of them had the tiles that would have spelled S E X.

CHAPTER TEN

Oh college. Look out world, here I come! I said my goodbyes to my parents, my neighbors, my friends and even, when I saw him at the Y, to Father Charlie. Off I went. And during my first semester, the day after my eighteenth birthday, I experienced a scary shooting followed by a tearful goodbye to President Kennedy.

I went to a small state college that had a well-respected teacher training program as well as quite a few other solid majors. It was a fairly easy drive via the Pennsylvania Turnpike and it cost

lots less than some of the state and private colleges that were within a decent driving distance from our home. These were my parents' hopes and I respected that. They also liked that there was a Hillel group on campus and one synagogue in town.

I admit that I never went to the local synagogue and I didn't participate in our college's Hillel social chapter for Jewish students. I knew it was quite important to my parents that I continue to embrace and practice the rituals and rules that were imbedded in me and were practiced by our family. However, and I never discussed this with my parents, within a year after my bar mitzvah I decided to abandon Judaism. This occurred after listening to several Sabbath morning sermons delivered by Rabbi Rabinowitz, the senior rabbi at our orthodox temple.

The rabbi's repeated message was very clear; I'll never forget his words. "Being gay is bad. It's something that would shame your family. Homosexuals are sick. Psychological help is needed."

I knew that the rabbi was talking about me and realized I just didn't want to belong to this religious group. And this group didn't want me. I was finished with the Torah. This was a sad moment for me as I always enjoyed the traditions. The Passover Seders. The expressions. The songs. But as a gay man I could no longer embrace these—at least not in my heart. If my family had belonged to a conservative or reform synagogue things may have been quite different.

When I was home with my parents, to maintain my status as the good Jewish son, I still went to the synagogue with them. During the services Dad and I waved to my mother and sister who had to sit in the upper balcony partially hidden by lace curtains. I couldn't understand or accept the second-class citizenry that was assigned to women. So, it was fairly easy for me to set aside my Judaism, to reserve it as part of my heritage and to maintain some of the rituals, but to deny it as part of my belief system. After

listening to our rabbi spewing his hate speech, that seemed to be directed at me, I knew that praying with leather prayer straps called tefillin wrapped around my arm, reciting the daily morning prayers and continuing to attend Friday night, Saturday morning and Saturday evening services each Sabbath were no longer meaningful to me.

To satisfy my parents, and since I did have some things in common with the members, I did become friends with several in my college's Hillel group. Actually, my best Jewish friends were those with whom I interacted in our political groups and, of course, with those who attended the Friday afternoon drop-in art sessions. (I'll explain that later.)

I regret that I never discussed my thoughts about Judaism with my parents. I should have explained my reasons for ending the practice of most of the rituals. I do believe, however, that they understood as Rabbi Rabinowitz repeatedly shared his hate-filled message with the entire congregation. Today we hear of politicians and religious leaders who preach against homosexuality and then are exposed for who they really are and what they have been hiding about themselves. I'm not suggesting anything but I do wonder about the Rabbi.

We parked in front of the huge brick three-story L-shaped dormitory. I loved the big signs welcoming the new freshmen. After hugs and more hugs and then many waves and dozens of thrown kisses, my parents drove off and I was on my own. Mom had cried and I pretended that I was upset and swore that I would call every Friday night. (Being a good Jewish boy I kept that promise!) Yay, I was on my own.

Tremont Hall, named after a retired college president, was one of the two all-male dorms. My assigned room was what I expected. White walls. Clean and lean. A desk, a couple shelves

and two closets. I chose one of the empty sides and started unpacking. Then my new roommate arrived.

Kevin was an athletic looking guy with short blond hair and a magnetic smile. He was attending school on a baseball scholarship. He bragged that he had been recruited and would be the starting catcher on the team. Kevin also talked about how he missed his high school girlfriend. We often hung out together and grabbed dinner at the cafeteria on nights when his practice didn't last too late. It was very natural for us to change clothes in front of each other and we actually enjoyed joking around when taking showers just down the hall from our room. I secretly enjoyed watching Kevin shower as he had a very solid baseball player's body.

One time, while rinsing off under the shower right next to me, Kevin did a rather obvious look over and commented that he could tell that I worked out. I stammered a quick, "thanks" and beamed brightly inside. My gym time was paying off and Kevin liked my body! Damn! Those few words, spoken by a hot guy, a member of the baseball team and a friend, motivated me to increase my time in the gym.

I loved to jump rope, something I had learned from Terry and a few of his wrestling team buddies. I often ran the indoor track while doing fancy crosses with my leather. Doubles and triples were easy for me and once in a while I attracted a tiny audience. Some of the school's athletes would come over and ask me, yes me, for pointers so that they could twirl a rope and get a good sweat on.

I was not at all into competitive sports so I turned down invitations to join some of the extra curricular team activities. But the weight room beckoned and I regularly worked on my biceps, triceps and pecs. Those were my favorites as I could watch their slow but steady development. Kevin's remarks really made me want to continue to look better and buff.

In late October, since Kevin and I had become good friends and because I figured he was cool with things (especially since he had complimented me once in the shower), I told him that I was gay. He bolted. Well actually he stopped talking to me and he would no longer go to the cafeteria with me. He abruptly moved out a week later giving me a two-person room all by myself. What luxury!

At first I was very upset but after some reflection I took this experience in stride and shrugged it off. My attitude was it's his loss and his ignorance. I still have this attitude when someone doesn't approve of me and what I do or what I've done.

I quickly became quite active in student government and, midway through my second semester, I was elected as president of the Men's Residence Group. I won by a significant margin since I was not at all shy visiting as many of the guys' rooms as possible, in both of the male dorms, asking for votes. Every evening, for about two weeks before the election, I prowled the hallways and knocked on doors, meeting everyone, explaining what I would argue for if elected and asking for support.

My platform was to strive to get rid of the rule that required men to wear sport jackets and ties during evening dinner in the cafeteria. My idea was as popular as the Beatles. I even kept a chart of which rooms I had visited—gee I was so organized. And I must admit, catching the guys hanging out in just their gym shorts or underwear in their dorm rooms was hot.

Phillip, the guy who ran against me, made lots of signs for the bulletin boards but he was too shy to approach people he didn't know. He and a couple of his friends stood outside both dorms holding some signs a couple of times but that's about all they did.

When I was elected I became the representative for about six hundred guys, at the college-wide Student Government

Association. The SGA agreed with my position and was able to convince the administration to ditch the dress-up rules. (Current students should thank me!) Blue jeans and shirts without collars were still banned. Changing the dress requirements was a big victory so I was appreciated and got many high-fives from most of the guys on campus.

I found a part-time job in the college's athletic department and did the grandstand announcing for most athletic events. I can still hear myself, "Good evening fans and welcome to tonight's basketball event. Ladies and gentlemen, please stand for the National Anthem."

I got to know many students across campus, both guys and girls, because of my political involvement. Our serious conversations surrounded the Vietnam conflict and the race riots in Los Angeles. I also met many people, mostly the athletes and those who were involved in our sports programs, because of my announcing job. By hanging out at the Shack, a local burger and shake joint that was very popular with the college crowd, I got to know even more of my fellow students. By the end of my freshman year, I had become well known and I enjoyed the many hellos and greetings as I made my way around campus.

Then, near the end of my freshman year, I came out. It was a bit scary but I decided that I was who I was and if others didn't like it, fuck em. I joined the new and tiny, eleven member gay group on campus and went to a couple of their meetings. And I got up the guts to sit at their table to hand out information during the orientation events for the following year's freshman class.

I was nervous at first as I thought that every person who was walking by the table was judging me. But I pushed myself to practice my, "I don't give a damn about what people think of me, attitude." So quickly Eddie the politician, Eddie the sports announcer and Eddie the nice friendly guy became Eddie the homosexual. The out homosexual. How wonderful it was that

things didn't change much when I stepped out of the closet. OK, once in a while I heard a whispered "fag" comment but I just ignored those. Almost all of my friends were cool with my being gay; it was somewhat in fashion! And I was very fortunate.

At the end of my freshman year I came out to my parents. I expected that they would have heart attacks when I told them, and I fretted about my upcoming announcement for weeks. During one of my rare weekend trips home I watched my mother as she covered her head with her silk scarf and recited the prayers while lighting the Sabbath candles. Then my father blessed the wine and the challah. I silently said my own prayer.

When we started on the chicken soup, I coughed and sputtered out that there was something I needed to say. Mom and Dad saw that I was nervous, they put down their spoons and said that I could tell them anything.

I hesitated and stammered a bit and then blurted out, "Well, you really should know, I'm, I'm gay."

I'll never forget the loving expression on my mother's face as she delivered her very surprising response. "Well, we've suspected that for years Edward. I'm happy you finally told us."

"We love you no matter what," my father added, "so don't go worrying about it."

They did add though that I shouldn't tell my grandma as she'd never understand or approve. I agreed. After dinner, I called my sister who was in DC in her college dorm and gave her the big news.

Her response was, "Hey little brother, I appreciate that you told me. I really love you. Anytime you want to talk about it give me a call." Whew! Joyous times.

I told my family that I was gay. I did not tell them about the other part of my sexual being. I was out of the gay closet at home

and at school but I wasn't out of the huge exhibitionist closet. That door slowly opened during the next two years.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

I give credit to my US History professor, Dr. Zebrowski. Her assigned readings about President Johnson and the Vietnam war required multiple trips to the library. That's where I found a copy of the *Village Voice*. It was just lying on a table waiting for my eyes and beckoning me to begin my more professional entry into the world of exhibitionism.

The heading of a small display ad in the current issue, right below an article on the loss of the very sexy Montgomery Clift, was simple—"Visit a Nudist Club". All I had to do was meet the bus at the corner of Thirteen and Market, right near Wanamaker's Department Store at 9 am on any Saturday. It took me fewer than five seconds to decide that I'd be on that bus the following weekend. I was going to see, live and in person, the images I used to enjoy so much at Sadie and Jon's house.

Was I excited? Yes. Was I nervous? Yes. Was I going to do this? Hell yes.

With my backpack stuffed with a towel, some suntan lotion, a hat and my sunglasses, I took an express bus into downtown Philly. It was a brief walk to the meeting point where about twenty people were waiting at the bus stop. It seemed like a rather average group of men and women, young and old, and everyone was in pairs or small groups. Not me, I was just me. When the bus arrived, I didn't hesitate at all. I found a seat near the back and off we went across the Ben Franklin Bridge and on to somewhere near Monroe Township, New Jersey. I couldn't wait to get there. A nudist club!

About thirty-five minutes later the driver eased the bus down a small dirt road. An old wooden sign reading "Sun Up Sun

Down" was hanging by several ropes from a tree. All I could see from the road were lots of trees, an old mailbox near a large gate and some grassy areas in the distance.

A pleasant older man, wearing only gym shorts, got on the bus to welcome us. His name was Dale and, as part of his pleasant greeting, he told us that he was on the club's executive board. Dale provided lots of information about the facilities and he explained the club's layout so that we could find the pool, the cafe, the tennis courts, the bathrooms and the showers. He asked us to avoid the area with the campers and tents. He then reminded us about the time when the bus would be leaving and, with a bow and wave of his arm and hand, invited us to explore and enjoy.

Before getting off the bus Dale asked how many of us had ever been to a nudist club or beach before. Only three or four people raised their hands. His comments helped those of us who were at all nervous. "Even though you're at a nudist club you don't need to get undressed. Just do that when you feel comfortable." He also explained that we should always have a towel with us to sit on. His words assured all of the novices, including me, that we could undress when we wanted to and that we should just relax and enjoy ourselves.

He got off the bus, took off his shorts, gave each of us a welcoming hug and collected our money. I made a dash to the pool area, spread out my towel and sat back to enjoy the sun. But I kept my clothes on. Good memories from viewing the nudist magazines at my cousins' house filled my head and I wondered if there was a stage for any contests that day. I also was curious to see if there were any people there my age. My main focus was, should I undress?

When I finally got up the guts to look around I realized that I was the only one with clothes on. I also saw that there were people of all ages and all sizes and that there were even some

children running around. It suddenly seemed as though everyone was staring at me. I know that they weren't but it certainly felt that way. So I quickly got out of my clothes and the perceived staring stopped. I was able to relax and begin to enjoy myself for the afternoon.

After sunning for a while I took a stroll around the club. The place was just like some state parks I had visited in the past. The only difference was that everyone was nude. Several people gave me nice greetings and I was relieved to see that there were some girls and guys who were about my age.

In less than an hour after arriving I was one thousand percent comfortable being in a nudist environment. It was so freeing and so relaxing. I realized that I was now a nudist!

I was watching a game of volleyball and a couple players invited me to join in. What fun. I loved running and jumping on the manicured grass and the free movement of my body as I lunged and jumped. Within minutes I forgot that everyone was naked—we were simply having a great time playing volleyball.

After a couple games I went over by the bathrooms to take a much needed shower. There were four shower heads attached to tall wooden posts and bars of soap were provided in small metal buckets. Two others, a man and a woman, were showering—all out in the open. I loved it and enjoyed soaping up without worrying about who was watching.

After I dried off I decided to head over to the cafe to see what they had on the lunch menu. That's when I met Francine. We were walking into the cafe at just about the same time. She was so nice as she welcomed me to the club. Our chat was pleasant and it was interesting to learn that she also lived in Philly and that she and her two children, Sandy who was about eight and Ralph who was about ten, enjoyed coming to the club on weekends when the weather was good. Francine really made me

feel right at home and she invited me to join her and her two children for lunch. It was great to have a very pleasant and friendly woman and her kids to sit with.

How cool it was that the two servers, Steven and Kylie, who were also college students, were working—of course with no clothes on. I don't know why I was surprised but I was. Actually, they weren't totally naked as they had hairnets on since, according to Francine, that was required by local health codes. How funny that the hair on their heads had to be covered but their other hairy areas were OK uncovered. They were also wearing sandals but that's it.

Both were very nice and gave me a big greeting. After our burgers and chips were served we briefly chatted about our college programs and shared phone numbers. I thought to myself how great it would be to hang out with these two sometime.

Watching Steven and Kylie carrying trays of food while naked, and serving their customers was, at first, somewhat strange. But it was clear to me that being naked was totally natural for the two of them—and for the rest of the people who were there eating lunch. Their confidence was so inspiring and reassuring.

After lunch Francine and I sat by the pool while Sandy and Ralph were splashing and tossing around a big striped beach ball. She told me that she was an art instructor at Montgomery County Community College which was just outside of Philadelphia. She also explained that she never had problems finding women to pose for her figure drawing classes but it was difficult to find males who were willing to pose completely nude.

I was not shocked when she asked me if I would pose for her classes as I had already perceived that the conversation might be heading in that direction. I was surprised by the hourly pay for models. It was much higher than what I was earning at my announcing gig. It actually was about three times what some of

my friends were making for flipping burgers and doing other typical college-type jobs.

I hesitated. Then I kind of blurted out my insecurities. "Francine, it's really nice of you to ask but don't you want models who have perfect bodies—like ones I've seen in clothing magazines and in the Sears catalogue?"

"Hey, not at all," she assured me. "Artists appreciate all sizes, shapes and ages. They want variety but the most important thing is for them to see that the model is totally comfortable. Oh, and the ability to stay still. So, you don't have the tall and lean build required for fashion modeling but you're handsome and you have a good defined body. So don't worry about a thing. Given how at ease you seem around here and how natural you appear to be running around this place naked my bet is that you'd be excellent."

Her words convinced me and I agreed to give it a try. I was going to be paid, and paid well, for something I imagined I would love to do. Really love to do.

I didn't find a stage and there were no contests at the Sun Up Sun Down Club but I still visited there as often as possible for good relaxing naked times. Stages and contests would have to wait.

On the bus back to Philadelphia I thought about the day. I reflected on how totally comfortable I had been. Seriously, after a while I had forgotten that I was naked. It was awesome hanging out with people of all ages and sizes who were also without clothes—they seemed to not even think about being naked. Everyone was friendly and no one was judging others. I was somewhat surprised that there was not an erotic or sexual buzz—it was just a huge bunch of people, adults and children, relaxing, playing and enjoying themselves. There were no hidden games, no passes being made, no erections, no inappropriate stares. (And much to my dismay there was no contest with all the men lined

up on a stage.) I labeled myself as a nudist and realized that I'd probably always enjoy being a nudist.

My visits to Sun Up Sun Down also helped me recognize that, although I enjoyed being naked with others, it was not a sexual thrill for me. I needed a fully-clothed audience seeing me naked to bring me to the sensual and sexual heights I associated with my exhibitionist self.

CHAPTER TWELVE

I was thrilled to get Francine's call. She asked if I would pose for her life drawing class. Of course, I said yes. She told me which bus would be the best to use to get to the campus and then how to find her classroom. She also gave me a few pointers that were very helpful. Bring a towel to sit on. Have a timer so that you know when it's time for a break. Only do easy poses at first—she suggested simple standing and sitting positions. Bring a robe or gym shorts to wear during the breaks. She also told me not to worry, just try to relax and stay still as best I could.

I must admit that I was shaking when I walked into Francine's classroom. It was a big open space with a high ceiling and with lots of windows but, since it was on the second floor, no one could see in. Drawings of naked women were hanging on the walls. I figured the students in the class did those. There were short benches arranged in a large semi-circle facing a stand that was near the side of the room. Each bench had a raised end with a small platform for propping up drawing pads. All of them, called horses, circled the wooden platform that was about four foot square and about two feet high. It was covered with a green pad that had been cut to the exact size of the stand. I realized that I'd be naked up there in a few minutes. Yikes! I was nervous as hell and I could feel the sweat beginning to soak my shirt.

I watched the students as they walked into the studio. None

of them seemed nervous at all. By 12:45 the room was just about full with someone at each horse. The art students, girls and guys, were all about my age. I did a quick count as I watched them unpacking their art supplies, from what looked like fishing tackle boxes, and setting up their drawing pads. I counted seventeen fully dressed college kids who were about to see me completely naked for the next three hours. About half of them were guys. I wondered if anyone could see me trembling or hear my thumping heart.

A few minutes after one Francine called the class to order and introduced me. "This is Eddie. It's his first time posing and I'm sure he will do a very fine job. It's great that we finally have the opportunity to study male anatomy."

Francine hadn't told me that I'd be the first male model of the semester. That made me realize that her students would really need to study my body. Thoroughly. My hands were cold and my sweating had become a steady flow. But I couldn't wait to be naked on that stand.

She told me to go ahead and get into my robe while she introduced the objectives for the day. I went over to a corner in the back of the room and started undressing. As I was taking off my clothes I could hear that Francine was telling everyone that they should concentrate on the difference in the structures of the male figure as opposed to the female figures they were used to drawing.

Francine gestured to me to get up on the posing stand. She then gave some directions to her students. "Let's all take our time today and get comfortable with the male body. Don't rush to start. Study Eddie carefully and try to recognize and identify the differences between the female and male forms."

"Alright Eddie, go ahead and take off your robe and get into a comfortable standing position," she gave me those directions with a reassuring nod. "And Eddie, let's try this. How about

putting your hands on your head. That will give everyone a good look at your torso."

She then told her students that she wanted everyone, before they started their first drawing, to do a slow walk around the platform so they could view me from all angles. Oh my! I loved watching everyone as they surveyed my body. When a couple of them paused directly in front of me I was able to see their eyes devouring me—from head to toe. I thought I was going to die.

After all of the students were back at their horses Francine nodded to me and told me to take a different standing pose. I looked around at all of the students, took a deep breath and then took another deep breath. I used my towel to wipe off some of the dripping sweat and set my timer for the assigned twenty minutes. I then steadied myself into an easy-to-hold pose with my legs spread out slightly and with my hands clasped behind my back. This was the "at ease" position that I practiced so often in my high school gym classes.

I was able to see everyone. All college age students. Girls and guys. All of them were dressed. All of them were looking at me. They were seeing all of me.

Before everyone began drawing Francine walked up to me and, using a long wooden pointer, she explained what they should be looking for. She asked everyone to concentrate on my neck, my chest, my legs, all of the different shapes, just about everything top to bottom. Francine had me do a slow three-sixty a couple of times so that everyone could see me from different angles. She didn't mention my penis but she did use her pointer as she told everyone to not worry about drawing all of the details there.

"We'll concentrate on specific anatomy next time Eddie's here," she explained. "In that class our focus will be on several body parts that can be quite difficult to capture."

Then she paused and asked the class to take their time to review what they were seeing and to begin to plan their first drawing. During the next few minutes, before they were all allowed to start to draw, everyone was supposed to be studying my entire body. I watched their eyes. Many of them were concentrating on my crotch. I saw them staring. I saw a few, both male and female, swallow my cock and balls with their eyes. I was in a room full of clothed people who were viewing me naked. They liked my dick and they were seeing every detail. They would be able to touch those details with their eyes for the full three-hour class. I had arrived!

I did six different poses—both standing and seated. I quickly discovered which positions I was able to hold easily and which ones were a painful challenge to be avoided.

Approximately an hour into the class I took several deep breaths, thought about what I was doing and realized that my fears had disappeared. Completely. The sweat that had been dripping from my underarms down my side and onto the platform changed from a steady flow to my normal level of wetness. I loved posing and I didn't want the class to end.

Several of the students thanked me as they were packing up their supplies. Two of them, Nathan, and a girl whose name I can't recall, were rather forward and I could tell that they were coming on to me. I didn't want to get involved with any of Francine's students so I politely took their notes with their phone numbers knowing I'd never call them. Well maybe I'd call Nathan since his movie-star smile and perfectly trimmed haircut got me going. But I was determined to not turn my art class work into sex stuff.

After class Francine said that I had done a splendid job. While scheduling me for the following week she emphasized that the focus of that session was going to be studying body details and that she would be having her students work right up close to

me. Francine asked if that would be OK. I let her know, with a very casual response so she wouldn't know that I was beyond thrilled about the assignment, that posing for next week's class would not be a problem at all.

Given Francine's warning, I figured I better make everything presentable. I was fine with my buff body but wanted to glow everywhere. So I got out the nail kit that my sister gave me for my last birthday and went to work trimming and cleaning my fingernails and toenails. I even used the wooden stick that was in the kit to push back the cuticles and I used the long metal file to make sure the ends of my nails were smooth and even. Then I got to work on my pubes. They were starting to creep down and cover the base of my penis. I used a small scissors that was in the nail kit and carefully, very carefully, trimmed away lots of my pubic hair. And then I tackled the long straggly hairs that had started to grow on my balls. I used a mirror to help me clip those one at a time. Carefully.

After a quick shower, to wash away the clipped slivers that were still hanging on, I took a good look at my work in the full-length mirror on the back of my dorm room door. My build was solid—not like a muscle builder and not like a scrawny guy. I was happy with how in-shape I looked. My fingers and toes were neat and clean looking. My dick looked as though it was bigger. It wasn't, but it seemed that way. By getting rid of some of the hair down there, my cock and balls could be seen more easily—nothing would be blocking the view. I knew Francine would approve and I was positive that her students would appreciate being able to better capture the details. I wasn't vain. I cared for my appearance. For her students. For my audience.

In addition to working out, taking care of my nails and trimming some of my body hair became part of my regular grooming habits. Others viewed my hands and feet all the time so

they always needed to look good. Others saw my genitals, as often as I could find opportunities to offer them for viewing, so they also always needed to look good. My nails and my cock and balls became my grooming priority.

A week later I walked into the art studio knowing that this class was going to be a challenge but also fun. The posing stand I used during the previous class was pushed off to a corner. There was a large tan bedsheet and quite a few brightly colored throw pillows spread out on the floor in the center of the room. The students were busy setting up their drawing pads on the horses and selecting their preferred pencils and erasers out of their art supply cases.

I got a few hellos from some of the students. It seemed like just another day in the studio but it wasn't "just another day" for me. The words "close" and "studying body details" that Francine announced during the previous class had repeated over and over in my head. I must admit that I masturbated several times during the week while fantasizing about today's session.

I easily discovered that it wasn't a typical day for Nathan either. He wandered over to the back corner of the room and, as I was unbuttoning my shirt, he gave me a big smile and greeting. "I'm really looking forward to today's class Eddie. Your posing last week was great. When I worked with our female models doing close up stuff it was OK. But I've been wanting to work on detail with the male body so this session should be really valuable." His smile and eyes were all telling. He was interested in more than just drawing.

"Well thanks," I said, wanting to somehow let him know I was thrilled to show off my naked body to him. I let my eyes and sly smile do that for me. "From what your instructor said it should be a very interesting class. I don't know what she's going to have me do but I guess I'm up for anything."

I perceived that Nathan was eager to get started. He hung out and chatted with me as I continued to undress. He watched as I removed my shirt and used a towel to wipe some sweat from under my arms. Then his eyes followed my fingers to my zipper. I knew that he was enjoying my strip as he continued to stare when I took off my underwear. Our eyes and smiles clearly transmitted our desires. My cock was rapidly stirring as I put my robe on.

I didn't want to start posing with a hard-on so I said, "Well I better get out there and be ready to start." I knew I'd have to avoid eye contact with Nathan for the next three hours.

I went and sat on a couple of the pillows while Francine made some announcements to the class about homework assignments and an exam that was going to happen in a couple weeks. Then she turned to me and told me what poses she wanted.

"Do simple and easy poses today Eddie. For the first one, lay face up and use some pillows to prop up your legs and arms."

It was clear that she wanted her students to have good views. Exactly my goal.

I tossed off my robe and got into the first pose. I rested both arms on the throw pillows so my hands dangled over them. I kept one palm up and one palm down to offer different views. I spread out my legs at about a forty-five degree angle and used two pillows under each one. I figured with my legs propped up and spread out my feet would be easy to study and my cock and balls would be on full display. I was "sure" they all wanted complete and thorough views and I was simply being a good art class model.

Then surprise! Francine turned to her students. "We're not going to use the horses today. Just like we did a few weeks ago with Sally, find a comfortable spot on the floor and get as close as you can to our model."

"Be sure that you have a good view of one of Eddie's body parts," she added. "You choose what you want to focus in on."

A few seemed momentarily hesitant leaving the safety of their horses but they all moved to the floor and got ready to draw. I watched them all slide up close to me. I could feel their body heat and hear their breathing.

"OK gang, let's get started," Francine said continuing with her directions. "Fill your paper with the area you're studying. And remember, today's focus is detail. Concentrate on one small area."

I laid back and settled into my first position. The pillows under my head were perfect as they allowed me to watch most of the students who were concentrating on my feet and my mid-section. Because of the angle of my legs I could clearly see the three students who were settled right between my legs. I followed their eyes as they moved from my genitals to their paper. Penis, paper. Penis, paper. Over and over. Damn. I imagined that they were studying every vein, every neatly trimmed hair, every curve, every inch. I enjoyed my thoughts. I loved this position. My cock would not stay still but somehow I kept it under control.

When the timer rang I got up, stretched for five minutes and then, as instructed, got right back into a similar pose stretched out on the floor. I wasn't able to see Nathan during the first pose. I figured that he was working behind me studying one of my hands. That was about to change.

As Francine adjusted the portable lights above me she started the exercise with instructions. "Ok, gang, you all need to rotate. Find a spot so you can observe and draw a different body part." Eddie assured me that he had showered today so don't be shy. Get in there so you can capture all the details."

I sat up and faked smelling my armpits with an accompanying "eww, whew." My charade got quite a few chuckles. All of a sudden I was, in my mind, a nude entertainer.

Identifying myself as a nude entertainer was a revelation. I was, for the first time, recognizing what my real desires were.

It was obvious that some of the art students were disappointed that they had to move and work on a different area. Nathan grabbed the choice position, directly in front of me, right between my spread-out legs. Two other students, one guy and one girl, got on each side of him so he moved even closer to allow them to get their detailed view. That brought him right above my cock. I watched him work. Eye contact, smile. Eye contact, smile. I tried biting my lip but that didn't work. Yep, I popped an erection. It was not a "semi", I was totally hard. I had figured that this might happen during the class and didn't know how I'd feel and how I'd react. I worried needlessly since it was without a doubt great. I loved that Nathan and all of the students were seeing me in my full glory.

This ring around the body exercise was repeated several times during those three hours. I was delighted. My cock stirred, it rotated between flaccid and engorged, but I was able to control myself and didn't get a full erection other than the two times when Nathan had the prime spot. When I did move and grow down there no one giggled. They all just kept studying and drawing what they were seeing. I was sure that even those students who were working on other body parts kept a close watch on my penis, especially when movement was detected. It was so obvious. How could they not watch the show? Oh wait, they were only interested in drawing, nothing else. *Sure.*

At the end of the class I put on my robe and chatted with Francine. I didn't even have to ask or raise my concern.

"You did a fine job today Eddie. By the way, in case you were worrying about it, it's natural for male models to get aroused during anatomy studies like what we did today. It doesn't typically happen in regular drawing classes but it often occurs when

students are working so close and on details. It was good that you just kept on posing. It's totally OK so don't ever feel embarrassed. Just don't worry about it."

She went on with a bit of a grin. "In fact, I was pleased with how "hard" you worked today; it was a good experience for my students." I felt relieved and thankful for her honesty and for her assuring words of support.

My total exposure in Francine's classes helped shape my confidence and increase my comfort level. I quickly realized that posing nude was great for me, something that I'd probably always yearned to do. I began to identify myself as a competent and comfortable model for visual artists as well as a very cool performance artist.

I was happy that Francine and a few other instructors booked me many times over the next couple of years. When their department secretary called to schedule me for another class I always figured out my schedule, or skipped one of my classes, so that I wouldn't miss an opportunity to be naked for the community college art students.

Every time I went back to work in that studio it was great seeing drawings of me on the walls. I loved watching the students' eyes while they focused on my body. Whenever I was scheduled for another detailed, close-up class I was in heaven. I especially enjoyed when Nathan was there and when other hot guys were in my audience. I quickly learned that chatting (or was it flirting) with selected art students during breaks, while I stood there in my robe, which "happened" to not be closed all the way, was welcomed. Girls flirted but most were not bold enough to slip their phone number to me. Some guys were bold enough.

No one back at my college knew about my new job. Was I dating someone off campus? That little rumor worked as a good excuse for my blocks of time away. My parents didn't know that I

had a second job but they were thrilled when I told them that my expenses were not as high as we all predicted so they could cut down on the spending money they had been giving me. They were so proud of me.

My secret life was rapidly developing beyond my fantasies. And I was making good money for being naked.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

About three or four weeks after my first time posing for Francine's class I decided to really be bold and just be who I was and who I wanted to be. I guess that speaking in front of people for my political activities, being seen and heard during sports events and my great times posing at the community college were all helping me know what I wanted in life. My experiences and successes also gave me more self-confidence and just plain guts. I was hoping enough guts for what I was planning.

I swung by the art department at my college. Yes, *my* college. The secretary, a tired looking older woman who was wearing a Sears catalogue type sweater, looked at me in an odd sort of way when I asked her if they needed any models for their art classes. It seemed as though she was embarrassed as she looked me over for a second or two before pointing out a guy who was sitting at a desk across the room.

"That's who you need to speak to. That's Gil. He schedules the models," was her simple response.

He was on the phone and I could hear that he was trying to schedule someone for a class. I had a few moments to enjoy the guy's good looks. His dark wavy hair against his smooth complexion set me off. And his perfect posture beamed out his sexiness. He was clearly a college student and I figured he must be one of the school's athletes or maybe he was just naturally hot.

“Are you one of the department’s models or an art student?” I blurted out when he hung up the phone.

“Oh no, my name is Gil and I’m a psych major.” He laughed a little as he added, “I can’t draw more than a stick figure. This desk job is just part-time for me. What's up? How can I help you?”

“Do you need anyone to pose for art classes?” I impressed myself by being bold and confident.

“Wow yeah,” he said. “We have quite a few women on our list but it’s almost impossible to find guys willing to pose. You’d have to pose nude though since these are life drawing and painting classes. Would that work for you?”

I was standing in front of his desk and I watched him look me over. I figured that was so he could describe me to the art faculty. It didn’t dawn on me that he might be checking me out for other reasons.

“That’s fine, I’ve been posing for life art classes over at Montgomery,” was my prompt answer.

That assured him that I was the right guy for the job. He told me the hourly pay and he went over the required paperwork for student employment. I signed the forms and Gil scheduled me for a class the following week. It was easy. I was thrilled. I was somewhat apprehensive since I’d be posing on my campus and realized that I’d probably know some of the art students.

Since there was only one other guy who posed for my college's art department I was scheduled for drawing classes and some painting classes an average of one and sometimes two times every week. I realized that something had to go and it was my sports announcing job. I did not have time to do both and it was clear that my priority entailed being naked.

When I posed for painting classes or Life Drawing One or Two all of the students were art majors who were serious about their art. But in the Introduction to Life Drawing class most of the students came from various majors across campus. Many enrolled

in the intro class as it was known to be different and fun. It was an easy A, a GPA booster, an elective that was ideal for anyone regardless of their artistic abilities. Plus, it was a big deal for college students to see naked bodies.

Two girls I knew from the Shack were in the first intro class I posed for at my college. One girl and one guy in the class were in a couple of my courses and two were friends—guys who were part of the college's gay group. It was strange to be standing naked in front of people I knew but I kept right on posing. Needless to say, word spread rather quickly that I was posing for art department classes and that I was naked when posing. A few of my friends developed a sudden interest in art. Intro to Life Drawing became an elective for several of them.

The students I knew couldn't wait to tell other friends. It was gossip supreme. The girls and guys from my political life, from the sports department and from the gay group I belonged to spread the word. It was great when I'd be asked about the class.

“Do you really pose naked?”

“Yes, that's what I do.”

“Do you mean like totally bare-assed naked? Like with nothing on?”

I'd respond with a chuckle and a teasing smile. “Well if you take the elective you'll know for sure. But seriously it's a good elective and when I'm posing I am completely nude. Nothing's left to the imagination. Plus, if you show up and do the assigned drawings, good or bad, you can get an easy A. You ought to enroll in the class.”

Then I'd add, “Oh, and if you don't need the credits, check out the Friday drop-in group.”

Their responses assured me that several of them would be sitting in the front row during the next semester intro class or in an upcoming Friday afternoon informal session. And they were.

The weekly Friday afternoon life drawing drop-in session, from three to five, was super fun. It was free and open to all college students regardless of major—not just art students. There was no required registration or sign up. Students were welcome to just show up. Since there was no instructor, whoever was posing just unlocked the door, turned on the lights, got undressed and posed. Sometimes those who were there suggested positions but, if not, the model just did his or her thing.

Friday afternoons were awesome as I never knew which of my friends would appear with a drawing pad in hand. The monthly model schedule was posted outside of the art studios, on flyers that were stapled on bulletin boards across campus and it was included in the "Things to Do" column in the college's weekly newspaper. Gil developed the announcements and always included the first name of the scheduled model. So, my friends had no difficulty knowing when I'd be on stage. It became the thing to do on the Fridays, when I was working, for them to go see me naked. Draw, or pretend to draw. Smile at me and try to get me aroused.

There were a few bold and brave souls among my friends who were blatant with their comments. "I'll be there next Friday and will be sitting right up front." "Next Friday I'm gonna bring some friends who want to see your balls." "I'll pretend to draw but all I'll be doing is staring at your dick hoping to see you get it up." "I heard your Friday shows are not to be missed. I'll be there."

Those types of comments were always followed by some good laughs and I tried to look embarrassed. But I was thankful that my friends, who wanted to check me out, would be there.

Friends in the audience. A couple feet away. Seeing me naked. What could be better?

I had a couple of real surprises when posing for the Friday drop-in group. One afternoon Gil showed up carrying a drawing pad! I immediately flushed and felt myself stirring knowing that I was about to get naked with this very attractive guy sitting right in front of me.

"Hi Gil, thought you weren't an artist?"

"I'm not but my bud here and I," as he nodded to the cute crew-cut guy who had walked in with him, "heard that this was a fun thing to do when you're posing. Plus, since I'm the one who schedules you for these, I figured I should have front row knowledge."

So Gil and his *friend*, who I soon learned was his boyfriend, became part of the Friday afternoon "Let's see Eddie naked group". I was delighted.

Gil told me that once in a while he got a request for models for fashion shows. He suggested that I'd be perfect and he asked if I'd be interested. I politely told him that I would pass on the idea. I offered the lame excuse that male fashion models need to be six feet tall and I was only five foot eight.

My real reason for declining was that fashion models wear clothes on the runway. How boring.

The Friday afternoon thing to do, for quite a few of my non-artist friends, was to come to the drop-in group to harass me, to have some fun and to try to embarrass me. I clearly recall some of the comments while I was posing.

"How about standing closer in your next pose so I can capture more detail." "Can't you keep that "thing" still?" "Gee, it's difficult to draw all your pubes." "Would you turn around and bend over a bit more?"

It was all in fun and my friends knew that I was happy when they attended whether they really were drawing, were pretending to draw or just wanted to enjoy staring at my cock. And I loved posing any way they wanted me to. Well, within reason.

Due to all of the attention and suggestive comments I often got semi-hard and once in a while fully erect during these very informal sessions. There was no instructor so I didn't bite my lip to try and keep things under control. No one there seemed to mind at all. When I'd get aroused I'd see approving winks and thumbs ups from my friends. Even some of the real art students who attended greeted my excitement with smiles and nods of approval. The Fridays when I was scheduled for the drop-in group were the best.

Instead of the eight or ten people who typically attended the Friday sessions there were usually about fifteen and sometimes as many as twenty when I posed. About half of them were not artists—well not real artists. The new people were my friends and other college students they invited. The ones who knew me well teased me in a fun way and told me that they enjoyed their new Friday afternoon game—pretending to be artists. After the sessions quite a few of us, including Gil and his boyfriend, would go out for the evening and celebrate my nudity while they showed off their best drawings. It was not at all surprising that most of the drawings that were passed around featured my butt or my genitals. They had lots of fun. I had even more fun.

The word was out on campus. Eddie poses nude! Fellow students knew. Most of my friends knew. I never mentioned it to any of my professors.

I discovered that posing fully exposed in front of a group of people, people who had their clothes on, many who were not artists and who were not at all hesitant about looking at me in detail, was not just a turn-on, it was heart-pounding incredible.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

I was thrilled to hear from Steven, the server I had met in the cafe at the Sun Up Sun Down Club. He called me one afternoon and after reminding me of who he was he invited me to a party at his place. I was standing at the phone in the dorm hall so couldn't say much other than to give him a big greeting and to tell him that I'd love to come. Steven told me that Kylie would be there along with quite a few of their friends, that everyone had to chip in a couple bucks for the beer and munchies and that there would be a costume contest so that I should think of something fun to wear—something that would show lots of skin.

He was quite clear about the costume. "Keep in mind that everyone who will be there is a nudist so be sure your costume shows off your stuff. And don't forget to bring a towel to sit on."

I understood what was needed and my creative juices immediately went into full gear. A costume for a nudist party? This should be fun.

I got all of the party information, thanked him for the invitation and told him that I'd be there. I also mentioned that I was posing for Francine's classes.

"Oh, I already knew that," he said. "Francine mentioned that last week when she was at the cafe. She also told me that you're an excellent model," he added, "and that it was easy to see that you were enjoying all the close-up work."

"Gee, now how would she know that?" I asked, laughing and playing along. I figured the word was out that I had no problem doing some growing while posing.

The party was in Steven's apartment in center city, about eight blocks south of some of the main Temple University buildings. I wasn't sure what to wear so I went with fairly conservative jeans and a pullover shirt with a collar. I hadn't perceived anything sexual when we met at the nudist club or when we talked on the phone. In spite of that I was slightly

worried that the party might be some kind of sex thing or an orgy. I knew that would not be for me and reminded myself that if things got raunchy I would just head out.

Steven's apartment building was a huge older three-story walkup. I climbed the stately wooden staircase that had gorgeous brass banisters and found 307. As I knocked I figured that I'd be walking into a place where everyone was naked. Steven opened the door and he was dressed. There were about a dozen of his friends there and they were all dressed. Kylie gave me a hug and big greeting and then she introduced me to everyone. She let them know where we had met and that I was posing for art classes around the city. There were students from La Salle, Penn, Temple, Trenton State, Drexel and St. Joseph's. Everyone seemed very friendly and I could tell immediately that it was going to be a good time.

The group included gays and straights and I was happy to see that it was not an all-white party. It was not one for beauties only—the different looks, colors and body sizes made me recognize that everyone was welcome in this group.

I don't remember everyone who was there but those who I really liked and became friendly with were Carolyn, a fashion design major; Eric, a painting student; Scotty, an occupational therapy student who was working on his master's degree; Richard, a language student and a pre-law major, Teresa. Others, whose names I remember, were James, Angelica, Vicky and Devon. Vicky identified herself as a "life major" since she was in college but she had no idea where she was headed or even why she was in school. Devon was a graduate student at St. Joseph's—he was doing a combined program in theater and music. I was surprised that someone from St. Joseph's was at the party since it was known to be a very conservative Catholic college. I figured he certainly needed to keep his nudist lifestyle a secret around his campus. I was totally impressed by how nice everyone was.

Scotty collected the money and pointed out where the coolers were. A couple tables had bowls of chips and, of course, since it was downtown Philly, there were some large chewy pretzels and a bowl of spicy mustard for dipping. There was lots of talk about where everyone went to school, what their majors were—all typical conversations for a college group. A couple people mentioned that their families were nudists but most indicated that being a nudist was just a natural part of their lives, a part they had discovered and developed since they were in college. It was clear though that most of the people at the party had met before. There were only a couple of us who were fairly new to the nudist scene.

About a half hour into the party Kylie got things going. "Ok, gang, attention everyone, now that we're all here I have a couple announcements."

She welcomed me, Carolyn and Teresa since we were new to the group. The three of us got some thumbs up and a tiny bit of applause. We also got cheers for our colleges. Then Kylie got to the costume contest.

"Here's how it's going to work. Write your name on one of these three-by-five cards and drop it into...uh oh, what can we use?" Someone promptly found a big glass bowl.

"Then we're going to draw one name at a time," she explained. "When your name is picked head into Steven's bedroom and get into your outfit, or lack of one, and then head out here. Parade around in front of everyone so we can all see who's creative and who's not."

There were giggles and laughter. Everyone was having a good time as they dropped their names into the bowl and teased each other about how good or bad their costumes would be. Several of us quickly rearranged some of the chairs to create a stage area for the contestants. We wanted to be sure that everyone had a good view.

"After we've seen everyone's costume," Kylie added, "you'll need to get another card and write down your top three choices so we can pick our winner."

This was sounding like it was going to be a fun time. I must admit that I was looking forward to seeing a couple of the guys without their clothes and I felt some excitement, in my head and down there, as I anticipated parading around in my costume in front of everyone. I also had visions of the contest I saw years ago in the magazines at Sadie and Jon's home.

"OK folks. Are you ready?" Kylie called out to get things going.

I prayed that I would not be first. Fortunately Teresa was. She hopped up to some "Go Teresa!" cheers and rushed into the bedroom. We all continued our banter. Less than two minutes later she emerged from the bedroom. Teresa's outfit was really neat as all she was wearing were about ten colorful scarfs that she had tied around her arms and legs. She walked around the "runway" that we created and then stood in front of the group, in the area that Kylie had labeled as our stage, and then she took some bows and applause.

Vicky was next and her outfit was stunning. She had beautiful white lace material wrapped tightly around her. The delicate fabric hugged her while exposing her otherwise naked body. More applause and cheers when she bowed from the front of the room.

The next card pulled was Eric's. He was one of the guys at the party who I thought was really cute and who I figured was probably gay. His slicked back deep brown hair and creamy smooth complexion was a turn-on for me. I watched as he carried his bag into Steven's bedroom and hoped there weren't many clothes in it.

He came out wearing a white ruffled formal shirt, a black cummerbund and a small black bowtie. He also had on well-

shined black shoes and over-the-calf black socks. Nothing else. The costume was simple and a hit with everyone. Damn he was a hottie. There was no doubt that he was going to get one of my three votes. And my phone number.

Steven was next. I liked his outfit. He wore a white baseball cap, what appeared to be a real lifeguard T-shirt, dark sunglasses and he had a whistle on a lanyard around his neck. It was odd to me that I found him sexier here, in this outfit and at this party, than I did when I met him in the nudist club's cafe. I was thinking that a little clothing on a guy was often sexier than when he was completely nude. Plus the lifeguard image was an automatic turn-on for me.

Then there was James in his construction hat, tool belt and work shoes. He looked as though he belonged on a construction site. His work belt didn't cover any areas I wanted to see. James was a hot muscular guy with a fantastic smile and laugh. I guessed that he competed in body building contests since he was totally defined. He was working on his master's degree and it was evident that he was also majoring in his body.

A girl from La Salle, Angelica, was a big hit when she came out wearing shiny black stilettos, a stylish white box hat and a silky body-hugging black dress. As she paraded around she asked several of us to undo a button on the back of her dress and then, when they were all open, she slowly slipped out of it, letting it slink to the floor. She did another parade wearing just her heels and her hat. She got the best applause and shouts and a quite a few whistles.

The card selection continued. I was ninth. With my heart beating double time, I rushed into the bedroom and donned my outfit. I stepped out to light applause. Thanks to the Goodwill Store, I had on a beat-up hat, dirty sneakers, an old buttoned up trench coat and what looked like a pair of worn-out pants under

it. I paraded around the room and then moved to the front of the group, to the stage area.

When I unbuttoned my coat, everyone saw that I wasn't wearing pants. I just had the pants legs that I had cut off from some ratty old jeans, tightened around my thighs with several rounds of strong masking tape. Nothing covered me from the neck down to my thighs. I was the "seedy flasher" for the party. Lots of laughter and applause.

The game continued. Two other guys had standout costumes, or I guess I should say, lack of costumes. When Scotty's name was called he didn't go into the bedroom to change. He just walked to our designated stage area and began to undress. He had bright arrows, in various colors, painted on his chest and thighs. They all pointed to his groin. Then when he turned around we saw that he had more colorful arrows on his back and on his legs. Those, of course, pointed to his buns.

Richard's costume was somewhat similar to Teresa's. He came out of the bedroom adorned in white ribbons—they were a stunning contrast to his deep black skin. I'm guessing that he had around fifteen to twenty of them tied around his legs and arms. He had one wide white ribbon, tied in a bow, around his neck and he had a similar one neatly circling his slightly engorged cock. That ribbon looked like the fluffy type of bow you'd put on a gift package.

We all laughed along with Richard when Kylie blurted out, "Looks like that's a nice "hard" present for someone. Somebody needs to unwrap that toy!"

I loved that Richard didn't seem to mind that he was sporting a rapidly growing penis. He stood there smiling and enjoying the attention while a couple people untied the bow.

The creative costumes that everyone showed off were entertaining and we were all having a super time. Frankly I was amazed at how much fun the party was.

Kylie collected all of our ballots and I was shocked when she announced that I was one of the finalists. It probably was because I was new to the group but maybe it was that my costume was quite original.

"The three of you need to go line up so we can decide on the winner," she called out as she moved the contest along.

We walked to the center of the room and faced the group of judges.

James, the construction worker in our little show, was one of the three. His hardhat, work shoes and tool belt, and smudges of dirt on his face and chest, gave him my ranking of the most masculine guy at the party. He stepped to the stage and got a loud round of applause. He got a huge laugh from everyone when he reached into one of the tool belt pockets and took out a tape measure and used it to measure his dick. It really was funny.

Angelica was stunning in the finale. Her small white hat, high black spikes and the silky black dress, which she casually clutched in one hand, created an extremely sexy outfit. If I were straight, I would have asked that girl out on a date. She got whistles and lots of cheers as she slowly worked the stage showing off for all of us.

I stood in the finalist lineup and enjoyed the eyes and the applause as I slowly unbuttoned my dingy trench coat. I stood there facing the group holding the coat wide open as I wanted every person to have a good look. I liked the attention and the amusing comments.

Kylie told the three of us to stand there while she consulted with everyone for help deciding on the winner. She started her arm-above-head applause meter with James. Angelica and I just stood there waiting for Kylie's arm. I watched and enjoyed the eyes that were on me.

I saw that Eric was sitting cross-legged on a leather chair, with his generous cock and balls on full display, watching the

contest. He had removed his shoes and socks and the cummerbund and was sitting on a dark green towel. He looked sexy as hell in his dress shirt and tie and I was happy that I could see what had been partially covered by that shirt during the contest. I noticed that he was staring at me and I watched his eyes thoroughly checking out my body. My "gaydar" was wildly beeping in my head.

As Kylie continued with the hand above the head routine, seeking shouts and cheers for her applause meter, I enjoyed Eric's attention and watched his eyes focus on my crotch. Everyone watched as my cock steadily stiffened. I stood there proudly with my coat wide open and showing off. I could see that he was turned on. So was I.

When Kylie held her hand over my head Steven shouted out, "Hey Eddie, it looks like you're coming up in the world. We can see that you're really enjoying yourself."

That got lots of laughs and I got a good amount of applause. Everyone was enjoying the show. I thanked Steven and continued to stand there, not embarrassed at all, until Kylie announced that, according to her applause meter, Angelica was the winner. The three of us got lots of applause and several high-fives.

All costumes came off, well except for Richard's, and it became a very typical evening of sitting around, hanging out, talking, laughing, gossiping, teasing and flirting. We used our towels when we sat on one of the chairs or couches—otherwise there was nothing different about being at a nudist party. A few of the gang teased me about my being aroused but I laughed it off. So did they. It was not a problem at all with this group.

I had a great time chatting with everyone. Just like at other college parties we talked about our classes, our professors, our school teams and our future plans. The only subject that was different from other parties was that we talked about today's

contest and about different nudist beaches and clubs we had been to.

I liked the opportunity to casually check out the guys, but the only one who really interested me was Eric. I moved across the room so I could sit next to him. We chatted about his painting classes at Morgan School of Art and about my posing for various art classes. It was clear that Eric was the nicest guy in addition to having a body adorned with some light brown hair and pecs and biceps that stood out.

"Would you pose for me sometime for a painting project Eddie?" he asked. I was elated, and immediately started stirring down there at the thought of it.

"For sure, I'd love to," was my easy answer. Due to our hectic schedules with school and our jobs that didn't happen until months later.

There were several more nudist college parties during the next year. I met quite a few other college-age students who were fun and fine and, like me, enjoyed being naked. I relished the friendships, the openness and having a secret that we all shared.

I was happy to reaffirm in my mind that just because people are naked does not mean they are going to have sex. The parties with my nudist friends, which were great fun and non-sexual, confirmed that being naked with other naked people was not sexual nor was it sexually fulfilling. I continued to crave an audience that was dressed and attending to my nudity. Nudism was really enjoyable but it was not sexually charged. Exhibitionism with a dressed audience—that was my turn-on.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Ted was the other guy who posed at my college. We didn't see each other often but one afternoon, when he was arriving to pose for a painting class and I was heading into a drawing class, he

stopped me and asked me if I was looking for other part-time work. I wasn't sure what he meant by other work but I said sure.

He explained that once in a while he would go over to Camden and dance in a club for all women. "The place is called the Loose & Lucky Lounge," he said, "and it's an easy drive to get there. You don't dance naked, you just wear a jockstrap or a speedo or some tight underwear, something that shows off what you got."

I listened as he told me that one guy at a time gets up on the stage and strips. "You just dance around on the stage for two songs. Then you get off the stage and dance up close to all the women. They usually reach out and touch you, mostly just your butt and chest."

"That's when you smile," he added, "and let them grope your wanger a little, and stand there while they stuff dollar bills into the front of your jock. The club doesn't pay you—it's all about the tips. And they're usually very good." I didn't hesitate. I told Ted that I'd love to do that sometime.

I needed a break from my hectic life so I was happy about our plans to dance on Saturday night at the Loose & Lucky Lounge. Ted briefed me on all the specifics of what to do and what not to do. He explained that if someone offered to buy me a drink I should accept it or they'd think that I didn't like their looks. He made sure that I understood the system.

"The women who buy you drinks are the ones who will tip you over and over, every time you're on stage," Ted said. That evening I saw that he was right on the money with this advice.

The drive to the club took about thirty-five minutes. It was a huge warehouse-looking building with bright lights and loads of parking. One large sign in front of the place was flashing, "Ladies Only Tonight." There were quite a few women in line showing their ID's to a guy in a rent-a-cop uniform. Inside it was a mob scene. There must have been more than two hundred women—it

looked like their ages ranged from twenty to eighty. They were all sitting around large round wood-top tables and just about everyone had a cocktail or beer. There were pretzels, chips and popcorn in bowls on every table.

The guys who were waiters were shirtless and chiseled. They were on the move as it looked like everyone was constantly waving to them so they could get another drink. The music was blaring and the chatter was non-stop. I would not be the first guy on stage so I stood off to the side to get a grasp of what I'd need to do.

This older guy, wearing a dark blue dress shirt with a wide white tie, walked over and gave us a big greeting. Ted introduced me to Vincente, the club's manager. He was loud but he seemed like a nice guy. He told me where I'd be in the lineup.

"Just smile kid," Vincente said. "You're young and good lookin so I'm sure the ladies will love you."

Ted also reassured me which helped calm my nerves as I took in the crowd, the music and the excitement.

About fifteen minutes later "*Going to the Chapel of Love*" ended and Vincente jumped up on the stage, took the mic and blared out a big welcome to the crowd. "The show that you've been waiting for is about to begin!" he shouted with excitement.

The applause and shouting were thunderous. Then he introduced each of the dancers. There were eleven of us scheduled for that evening. When he announced "Eddie from Philly" I waved and smiled from the side of the room. I got some mild applause and a few shouts—a couple women even whistled. I couldn't wait to get on that stage.

Vincente led the cheers and kept the excitement building in the place by again introducing each dancer when it was his turn on stage. I watched Ted and seven other dancers. During their first song, each of them did a slow strip ending up in just their tight underwear or jockstrap. Ted got lots of cheers and hoots

when he finally dropped his jeans and did a slow turn on the stage. It was clear that the women loved his very tight bright-red speedo that clearly highlighted his bulge and his butt.

After two or three numbers each guy dropped down the few steps to the main floor and began slow dancing through the audience. It seemed as though there was no time limit to their wandering—they just kept moving, hugging, high-fiving and dancing while dollar bills were being shoved in their direction.

“And now ladies and gentlemen,” Vincente announced, “oh wait scratch the gentlemen, we bring you, for the first time on the Loose & Lucky stage, Eddie. Remember this is his first time so be kind but get to know him well—in fact very, very well. If you want to see him right next to you just wave that green stuff! Now here’s Eddie!”

My eagerness and nerves almost made a fool of me as I tripped going up the couple steps. Some of the women giggled as I stumbled. I quickly turned and waved to everyone. Then “*Last Kiss*” came on and I started swaying to the music. I kept smiling and tried to make eye contact with everyone, exactly what Ted coached me to do. I slow danced for about two minutes and then started unbuttoning my shirt.

When the women saw my chest, which was looking buffed out due to my regular gym routine, I heard someone yell. “Oh my God, he's a real man. Hair!” It dawned on me that I was the only dancer with a hairy chest. They liked that. Yes!

I turned around a few times and then, hoping that everyone in the room could see me, I slowly opened my belt and slid my zipper down. I made sure that all of those eager eyes could see the beginning of my jockstrap but not everything. Then I turned around and lowered my jeans even more so all of my butt was exposed. Cheers and hoots! They were enjoying my strip and I took several deep breaths and told myself that this was beyond

fun. I was able to kick my jeans off without tripping. More cheers and more applause.

I had made a very good choice. I was wearing a rather tight white jockstrap, one that I had bought a while back in an adult store on Rittenhouse Square in downtown Philly. It was not the typical knitted type fabric that would have hidden everything. The pouch was made of a soft somewhat elastic cotton that showed the outline of my cock and balls. I made sure that, at the top of the jock, lots of my pubes were visible. There was not much hidden by my somewhat slutty piece of cotton. That was my exact plan.

I made my way down into the audience during my third song. Women were whistling and waving at me with dollar bills above their heads. I moved around and loved what I was hearing.

“Over this way hot stuff!” “Hey, you are a cutie!” “Our table is next!” “Oh my god, you’re about the same age as my son!”

A couple women in the crowd bought me a drinks and said I was the sexiest dancer they had ever seen. They stuffed bill after bill in my jock. I took most of the bills out of the pouch and held them. I needed more room for tips!

I knew they were not supposed to touch my cock. Ted and Vincente had told me that it was not allowed. But finger after finger and hand after hand "accidentally" made their way down the front of my jock while they were giving me their tips. I’m sure I was fondled, and by the more aggressive and liquored up women grabbed, at least fifty times that night.

I did a second set about an hour or so later. More cheering, more groping and more tips. Around 1:30 the final dancer on the schedule ended his routine and Vincente announced, “Last call!” As Ted and I were heading to the door Vincente gave us big thanks and told me I was a hit. Wow! I was even more delighted when I counted my tips on the way back to campus. A little over one hundred dollars, more than I ever imagined I’d make in one

evening doing what I loved doing! Ted and I worked the Loose & Lucky stage several times during the next two years. Too bad they only had their all-male shows once a month.

Stripping at Loose & Lucky was a turning point for me. Posing for art classes seemed to be quite tame and reputable. (Well perhaps somewhat questionable on Friday afternoons.) Being nude for artists was an ancient and respectable activity. But stripping and being groped while making money was another step. Ted kept his mouth shut. And I told no one. No friends. No family. It was my secret.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

One night, when I was doing my thing at Loose & Lucky, a couple of the other dancers mentioned that they were making better money at clubs in New York. I listened intently as they told me about the gay clubs that hired dancers. The guys said the places in The Village were always looking for more guys, straight or gay, and that the tips were usually great. They told me that the dancers had to be totally naked. They didn't tell me what else was in store.

They also mentioned two bars in DC that were their favorites—the Lone Star and the Chesapeake House. They gave me addresses and directions to both. I wrote down the name of a small and inexpensive hotel, well a rooming house, where a couple of the guys had stayed in the past. It was midway between the two bars and just a couple blocks from a Metro stop. I also made sure to remember what outfits they suggested for dancing at these two places. So, what did I do? I headed to DC on the following weekend to check things out for myself.

Going to DC by train from the 30th Street Station was easy. After about a twenty-five minute wait my commuter train pulled into the station and I easily found the car number that was on my

ticket. It wasn't jam packed like I imagined it would be, I guess because it was a Saturday. I sat in a window seat and tried to watch the scenery. But I was preoccupied. Dancing fully naked? In a gay bar? Would it be scuzzy? Would it be dangerous? I was about to find out.

I got into the station about 2 pm and headed right to the rooming house on Eleventh Street, two blocks from the L' Enfant Plaza Metro station. I got a small and very cheap room from a rather boring woman who was running the place. She was happy that I booked two nights. The place was fairly clean and my room was back from the road so it was quiet. There was only a sink in the room—the bathroom and showers were a few steps down the hall. I left my bag, containing my deodorant, toothbrush, a couple pairs of jeans, two nice shirts, a few of my favorite jockstraps, a couple pairs of my white Hanes briefs and tall white socks, on the bed and hit the street to find the Lone Star.

It was about a six-block walk. The bar was in an older building that appeared to have once been some type of store. The large glass windows were covered with dark drapes so you could see that there were lights on inside but you couldn't see much more. I saw a small sign just to the left of the door, "Male Dancers starting at 7".

I boldly walked in and was shocked. There was a topless woman dancing around a pole on a small stage near the bar. About seven or eight older men were sitting at small tables drinking and watching this woman show off her breasts as she did a few whirls. A couple of the guys took a quick look at me and then turned right back to the dancer.

I went over to the bartender, a middle-aged guy who was dressed like he didn't give a damn. He needed a shave and his jeans and Hawaiian shirt made me think that no one there could care about what he looked like. They just wanted to see the boobs.

"What'll you have?" he yelled over the music. "Hey wait, if you're over eighteen."

"Not here for a drink, thanks. I'm here about dancing."

"Well kiddo, we're a straight place during the day. The boys start dancing later so if you're serious come back at seven. I'm guessing Buddy, the manager, will try you out and see if you're any good."

"Thanks and please tell him that Eddie was here and that I'll be back!" I replied.

I headed back to the rooming house, took a long hot shower and then tried to relax. I was guessing that I'd be on the Lone Star stage that night. Anyway I was hoping that I would be. So I donned my bright white Hanes, tight jeans and a nice long sleeve dress shirt. Then I made my way over those few blocks. Hyped up. A bit nervous. OK, lots nervous.

I got there right before 7 pm. Nothing looked different from the outside. I saw a couple of middle-aged guys walk in and I followed them. As my eyes adjusted to the light I saw that there were about a dozen men sitting at the small tables. They all had drinks and every chair was turned toward the stage. A cute young guy, who was wearing a black vest, faded bell-bottoms and a white and blue sailor's hat, was walking around with a small tray taking drink orders. I figured he was one of the dancers but as the evening went on I realized he was only the waiter. Too bad as I would have enjoyed watching him dance and strip.

I made my way over to the bartender. He was an older guy who was the only other person who seemed to be working in the place.

"Yeah?" he said to me without eye contact or a smile.

"I'd like to talk to Buddy about dancing."

"Hey, I'm Buddy," he said with the start of a smile as he shook my hand. "I heard you were here earlier. It's Eddie, right? I can use someone tonight"

"Well let's get serious. Have you ever stripped before?" he then asked.

"Oh yeah, many times in a club in Camden." Thank you Loose & Lucky for providing me with this quick answer!

"Ok, just step back a little so I can see you. Yep, you'll be my second dancer as the fuckin' asshole who's supposed to be here hasn't shown up. He's a fucked up kid. You need to know, there's no pay, you just keep your tips. Hey wait, are you over eighteen?"

"Yep, do you want to see my ID?" I asked.

"Nah, you seem honest. Ok, you'll be up second. Just rotate about every thirty minutes with the other guy. And no drinking. If any customers buy you drinks take a small sip and then just leave them in the back on the ledge."

He pointed to a guy standing in the back of the place and told me that that was Billy, the other dancer.

I walked over and said hello to Billy and told him I'd be up after him. He looked at me and said, "Oh, OK." That was it. Not the friendliest guy. He was about twenty-five, his hair was way down past his shoulders and he had a tall lean, really skinny body. He looked wrung out. I noticed that his fingernails were filled with dark gunk. What a difference from my clean-cut military style haircut and my pumped-up upper body. And, of course my nails sparkled. All Billy was wearing was a pair of gym shorts, a sleeveless T that looked like it needed washing and white socks.

Billy wasn't the hottest guy I had ever seen but when he got up on the stage everyone in the place had their eyes in his direction. The only time that I saw people look away was to check out new arrivals.

"You go Billy!" someone hollered out as he started swaying without attention to the beat of the music. There were a few whistles and shouts, "Take it off!" Billy danced around the pole, did a couple of swings on it, and worked the whole stage so he

could be seen by everyone. It was clear that he wasn't wearing anything under those shorts. There was some applause when he quickly tossed his shirt and shorts to the side of the stage. It was not a slow sensuous striptease like we did at the Loose & Lucky Lounge. He just yanked them off.

Billy didn't smile and he didn't make eye contact with the audience. He looked bored. He just continued dancing naked, well with his socks on. He didn't seem to be at all engaged with the audience, his cock was flacid but his dance moves were pretty good. I figured the men weren't tipping since Billy seemed to be in some kind of way-off dream state. I wondered if he hated dancing or maybe he was on some kind of drug? I figured that he wouldn't make any tips. But then I learned the tipping system.

After about ten minutes Billy got off the stage and slowly wiggled his way around the room. There were now maybe twenty-five or thirty men there. As Billy walked close to them several rubbed on Billy's chest and then fondled his cock for a couple of seconds while stuffing a bill in one of his socks. This was the system and it was very similar to how we worked tips at the Loose & Lucky Lounge.

Billy's walk around was not very exciting and several of the guys in the room seemed bored. When he finished working the crowd he simply picked up his shorts and shirt from where he had tossed them near the edge of the stage and walked to the back of the room. No bow. No applause. He just walked off.

It was almost 8 pm when Buddy motioned me over to the bar. "Hey Eddie. If you want to make some good money you gotta get a fuckin' chub. Too bad Billy can't. Can you get it up?"

"I'm sure I can," I replied with a laugh. "Hey, I'm already halfway there."

"Well then get on up there," he said as he motioned toward the stage, "and show them your stuff. Make them like you. You'll

make more and I'll sell lots more booze."

I was not tentative. I was not shy. I was thrilled to be on that stage. It was my first time dancing for an all-male, and what I guessed to be, an all-gay audience. I had planned my outfit carefully so that in addition to my socks I had on a long sleeve button-down shirt, fairly tight blue jeans and my favorite tight white Hanes. I got up on the stage and started with slow erotic moving. Every guy in the place, the ones sitting at the tables and the few who were standing by the bar, were watching me as I slowly unbuttoned my shirt. I could feel my cock stirring. My eyes contacted every pair of eyes in the place and my sly seductive smile let them know that I loved showing off.

"Hey, what's your name hot stuff?" someone yelled out.

"Eddie,!" I shouted out, "and I want to get to know all of you!"

There was applause with a few hoots and hollers. I continued undressing. When the audience saw my hairy chest and the rest of my bare upper body there were some fine comments thrown my way. No one seemed to mind that I was ignoring the pole. My attention was on every man who was watching me and on what they were calling out.

The comments continued. "Looking good Eddie." "Nice, nice!" "Hey Buddy, you got us a damn good one!"

Then, as I had practiced many times in the mirror at home, I swallowed and took in a deep breath. Then I deliberately and slowly, very slowly, went for my belt and then lowered my zipper. Every eye was able to see the outline of my now erect cock through my partially exposed underwear. The atmosphere across the room seemed to heighten. The shouts became subdued. All the men in the place were totally concentrating on what they were seeing. My jeans came off slowly and easily and then, as I continued working the entire stage, I fondled myself with one hand as my other hand lowered and slowly removed my Hanes.

As I moved around the stage I alternated between stroking myself and then raising my hands above my head so that everyone could have a total view of my biceps, my chest and the hair in my armpits. My eyes met every man in the bar as I worked my way across the stage. I looked at the clock and saw that I only had about fifteen minutes left in my set so after two more songs I hopped off the stage and began making my way around the room.

“Over here Eddie!” “Daddy has some green for you kid!” “Oh my, oh my, look at this sexy kid!” “Check out that mighty fine ass!”

I was totally turned on by the attention. I loved that man after man reached out and felt my cock, fondled my balls, rubbed my arms and chest, and cradled my buns. The dollar bills flowed into my hands and got stuffed into my socks. A couple guys leaned forward as though they were going to go down on me but I said with a smile, “Uh. uh. uh, but thanks,” and I moved slightly away. When Buddy tapped his wrist, to remind me of the time, I didn’t want to stop. But I knew I’d be on stage a couple more times that night. And besides, I needed a rest.

Being on stage that night was just about the most fun I had ever had in my life. Posing for art classes was great. And stripping in Camden was lots of fun. But this? It was fantastic. I loved dancing for an all-male, all-gay audience. I loved how they wanted to watch me. I loved that they were allowed to touch me. The money was excellent and the eyes and hands on me were incredible.

The audience changed quite a bit during the evening. After each of my sets several guys gave me big thanks and some high-fives and told me they were heading down a few blocks to the Chesapeake House.

“Are you one of the entertainers there?” one man asked.

“No but thanks. I’ll check it out,” I told him.

"Do it," he said with his thumb up. "It's lots more fun there, way more fun, and we all like you! See Gerardo, he's the manager and a great guy."

Around midnight, when Billy started his next set, I took a brisk walk down Pennsylvania Avenue to find the Chesapeake House. It was a dark building right on the corner at Ninth Street. There was a dim light above the sign on the door. "Chesapeake" was in small letters below the light. I could hear the blaring music and couldn't wait to check out the place. The guy at the door took a quick look at my ID and waved me in.

The club was busy with about fifty customers, maybe more. There were a couple groups of college-aged guys in their jeans and T-shirts, some very nicely dressed mid-aged guys in rather sharp outfits and several older men who looked like they were dressed for upstanding office jobs. Many were downing their drinks at small tables that were against the wall opposite a very long handsome wood bar. All of the bar stools were filled and many of the men were standing by the bar. Everyone seemed to be loud, happy and perhaps somewhat tipsy.

I guessed that some of the customers, especially the older, well-dressed ones, were prominent lawyers, politicians and government officials. Over time the rumor mill confirmed that my guess was correct as the names of some of the customers were shared by the bartenders and other dancers. I should have kept a list of the famous voyeurs who came to the club. Too bad that I failed to do that!

I do remember a few well-known public officials but I've decided that it would be inappropriate to share those names publicly.

The music was blaring and there were four guys around my age dancing on the bar—two were naked and the other two were almost there. Each one wore tall white socks—their tip jars.

The bar ran along the entire right side of the place. Bottles of every kind of alcohol imaginable were on shelves behind the bar. Full-wall mirrors that were above the booze-filled shelves provided the dancers with a good view of themselves and offered superb views of the dancers to patrons who were in other areas of the room. There were spotlights angled down so that the dancers' bodies were brightly lit. The four boys were right above the customers' drinks. At eye level. Within easy reach.

All of the dancers in the Chesapeake were different. One guy looked like he was a serious body builder, a couple looked really young, maybe high school age. They had smooth hairless bodies. There were two black guys with real tight bodies and one guy who was body-builder bulky—he had quite a few tattoos.

I quickly realized why some of the men I had met at the Lone Star preferred the Chesapeake. When a dancer on the bar top was tipped he would lean over and give the customer a small hug or a light kiss on the cheek. Then he would lower himself down so that the customer could just reach out and take his time fondling the dancer's cock and balls while getting an extremely close-up view. Even though quite a few guys crowded in to watch only the one who stuffed a bill in a sock did any touching. There were no freebies allowed.

I couldn't see the back area of the place. It looked pretty dark back there but that didn't deter a few guys who were walking that way. So I eased through the crowd to see what was going on. There were two small platforms, one on the left side of the room and one farther back near the exit door. There was a dancer on each and several men were huddled closely around to watch them. There were no bar stools and no place to sit so the men were able to get much closer and completely circle the dancers. There were dim spotlights directly above both of the stages. When I walked closer my eyes adjusted to the low lighting

and I was able to see that the dancers were sporting erections.

The routine was totally different from the front of the place. The guy on the side stage was getting a blow job from a customer. That was also happening on the platform by the exit. I guessed it depended on how big the tips were.

Some dancers would allow a patron, a complete stranger, to suck on them! With everyone crowding up close to watch! And it looked like the dancers were enjoying it! I was shocked and wondered if I could do that. Or if I would do that?

After checking the place out, I asked a bartender if Gerardo was around. He pointed to him. Gerardo was wearing a white shirt with a black tie and tight black slacks. He was near the end of the bar adjusting the house music while he kept up a conversation with a couple of the regulars. Gerardo noticed that I was trying to get his attention. He waved me over.

I walked over and told him that I was interested in dancing sometime.

"Hmmm, step back here with me," he said. "Let me look you over."

He motioned to one of the bartenders and told him to take care of the music. He led me to a room in the back. The sign on the door read "private."

"Let me see all of you," Gerardo said as he pointed from my chest down to my crotch. "Then I'll decide if you can be a stripper here."

No reluctance on my part. I unbuttoned my shirt and dropped my jeans and underwear to my knees. I was still sweaty from dancing my last set at the Lone Star but he didn't seem to mind. He looked me over and then ran his hands over my body—all over. While holding onto my cock he asked me how old I was. I had to show him my driver's license to prove that I was legal.

"Ok, you're hired," he said quickly. I welcomed those words. "We're about the same as the other clubs in town—you

work for tips. You never, I mean never ever leave the club with a customer. If I find out that you've done that you'll never come back."

"When you're scheduled to strip here," he continued, "you have to work your full shift and don't be late. And definitely no drinking, I need you sober. Oh, and if a customer wants to touch your ass or go down on you let him, but only if you want to. You don't have to work the back room—that's totally up to you but it's a good way to make lots more cash. And don't worry, we do our payoffs so there won't be any cops hassling anyone."

Gerardo told me that they had special shows on Sundays, from two to six, for something called a tea dance. I had no idea what a tea dance was but I agreed to be there to work the next afternoon.

I rushed back to the Lone Star to sway my stuff. By my last dance of the night I was exhausted. I headed back to the rooming house with my green-stuffed gym bag. As soon as my door was locked I dumped the load of bills onto the bed. I counted the money and was astounded and elated. My problem then was safeguarding my cash. The next morning I asked to use one of the safe deposit boxes that I had spied in the wall behind the desk when checking in. That made me feel much better.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

I showed up at the Chesapeake House at around 1:30 pm. One of the staff members was checking ID's at the long line just outside the front door. I told the bouncer that I was one of the dancers.

"Well another cute stripper," he said as he bowed slightly and waved me right in. As I turned toward the door he gave my butt a little squeeze. I didn't protest.

There was already a crowd inside—maybe forty or fifty guys. It was a much younger group than the night before. No one had

told me that the tea dance attracted mostly college-age and young professional men. I thought to myself that it was good I was down in DC because I could never do this in Philly near my campus where I knew so many guys my age.

Gerardo quickly went over the plan for the afternoon. He told me to dance for twenty minutes then take a break for about ten. I was to do this until 6 pm. The other dancers and I were to rotate along the long bar and then dance on each of the smaller bars in the back room.

"Hey, I'm guessing that you're wanting to do your thing in the back room?" Gerardo asked. He assumed that I'd want to work in the back room. He read me correctly.

Two of the dancers were ones I had seen the night before. The others were new to me but everyone seemed fairly friendly and I got several decent greetings. One of the guys showed me where our small lockers were and let me know where to toss my clothes when I was stripping.

A few dancers started right at 2 pm. One stayed dressed for a while—he was just teasing the guys near him as he touched himself and started to take off his T-shirt. In less than five minutes one guy was already dancing in just his jockstrap. Another dancer, at the far end of the bar, had a small group of guys huddled around him, as they watched and cheered on one of their friends who was fondling his cock. He already had quite a few singles sticking out of his socks.

I watched as the crowd grew. There continued to be a steady stream of new customers coming into the bar. The place was jammed with about a hundred guys and the energy in the place was infectious. Most of the customers were standing since all of the bar stools and small tables were taken. I stood near the back of the place and took it all in. It was so different from an art class that one could call the art class kindergarten exhibitionism and the strip bar a mature type—and even so different from the

Loose & Lucky. It certainly had more of a sexual feeling and vibe than what I had felt at the Lone Star.

I thought what a different adventure this was going to be and I knew I wanted to and was ready for it. I couldn't wait for my time on the bar. There were so many hot college guys and young professional sexy looking men. And all of them were about to see me naked. And fondle me if they want to. Bingo!

About twenty minutes later some of the dancers switched locations on the bar and two others I had not met or seen before joined in. The one who showed me where the lockers were motioned to me that there was an opening, one of the lighted spots, in the middle of the long bar. That helped me get started. I hopped right on up.

I quickly learned a very important lesson—one that served me well for all of my future shows there and at other venues. I would never appeal to everyone but I'd always appeal to some.

I realized this when I observed several customers who were close to me near the center of the bar. They watched me start my routine. When I began unbuttoning my shirt they looked disappointed, mumbled something about the hair on my chest, and walked away to check out another dancer. But then, the magic happened. Some other guys, from different places around the bar, spied me and moved quickly over to get a good close-up look.

"Hey you new stripper!" one of the patrons shouted up to me. "What's your name? You're lookin luscious stud!"

"Eddie. Thanks." I gave him and his friends my sexiest smile and pointed to my crotch. "I hope you guys like what you're about to see."

A group of six or seven guys, all about my age, had gathered in front of me. A couple looked awfully young but I put my faith in the club's ID check. I finished unbuttoning my shirt and dropped it on the ledge behind the bar.

“Mmmm, nice. A dancer with some fuzz on his chest,” one guy said. He and his friends nodded in agreement, took some sips of their drinks and kept their eyes glued on me.

I lowered myself down a bit and a few of the guys ran their fingers around my chest. A couple guys pinched my nipples. One guy reached up and explored my sweaty armpits. Damn all that attention made my erection grow, I could feel it at the base of my cock as it surged.

“Hey Eddie, show us some more!” was called out by one of the guys in the crowd in front of me. One of his friends who was wearing a U of Penn T-shirt raised his beer and shouted, “Let’s drink to that!”

They all chugged their drinks. The bartender then served a round of Jagermeister shots they had ordered. A couple of other guys, who had just arrived, pushed into the little group to see what their friends had found. I saw them pulling some bills out of their wallets.

“Let’s see your stuff!” was yelled.

I smiled at them and pointed to each one of them. “For you guys? I’d be happy to.”

I did my favorite very slow belt and zipper routine and then took off my jeans. They joined my shirt on the ledge.

Several hands reached out to grope my erection through my briefs. They started a small group chant, “More Eddie! More!”

I smiled and slowed down my moves so I could slip my underwear off. The fondling, tipping and amusing but sexy comments from the customers kept me going for the next ten minutes—minutes that were filled with lots of groping and quite a few dollar bills. Then it was time for me to have a break and for the dancers to rotate.

As I was getting off the bar a couple of the guys who had just tipped me asked if I'd be stripping on one of the back stages.

"Yeah," I said, trying to sound inviting. "I'm scheduled for the stage, the one on the left side, after my break, I think in about thirty minutes."

Quite a few of them looked at each other and the chorus I heard was, "We will be there!" they said in a chorus.

"Hope you can find me," I said. "It's dark back there."

"Oh we'll find you, no worries about that," one of the guys said as they walked away.

During breaks we were encouraged to mingle with the customers in the front section of the bar. We had to have gym shorts or underwear on while we strolled around. Aside from some sneaky groping almost everyone was fairly respectful. The positive comments and flirting were real ego boosters. There were quite a few discrete pats on my butt but not more as the house "rule" was that touching was only allowed when the dancers were performing.

I did however get asked, often by older guys, but once in a while by guys my age or even younger, if I had plans after the bar closed. I knew what that meant. About half of the strippers at the Chesapeake were hustlers and were available for discreet after-hours extra "work". The other half were like me—college-age guys who loved performing naked while making some extra money. We were not interested in anything else. But when I was approached for a "date" I quickly learned to play the game by giving the guy sincere sounding thanks and letting him know that I was very sorry but I already had plans. That way the customer would think that I really liked him and he would tip me even more while I was dancing.

I met many incredible and intelligent guys during my cruising around the bar. The college boys looked squeaky clean and the few older men were dressed to impress. I was amazed by how many college guys and young professionals flocked to the Sunday

tea dances. It was great to know the customers, to have real conversations with them and to recognize that almost all of them were pleasant, well-educated guys with bright futures ahead. Many of them were students at George Washington, American and Howard. I also chatted with several guys who went to school at Catholic U and Gallaudet. It was no surprise that many were studying law or government or had majors that would help move them toward excellent careers. The Chesapeake college crowd was upward bound.

Well most of them were upward bound, fun and polite. Occasionally there were some weird-acting older guys—bizarre men who would look like they were either way too drunk or who would just stand there and stare without showing any emotion. I also saw quite a few who were total repeats. My guess was that they were voyeurism addicts.

I had about ten minutes until it was time for me to do my thing in the back room. I wiped the sweat off and downed a big glass of cold water. I hung out near the front of the bar where it was cooler and mingled with a few of the customers. I was impressed by most of them as it seemed they were there for a good time, nothing else. They were regular guys, well regular gay guys, at the tea dance just wanting to have some Sunday afternoon fun.

I had a good discussion with some guys from Gallaudet, the nation's main college for deaf students. My long-ago American Sign Language classes paid off even though I had a limited vocabulary and was slow—really slow. But words I didn't know I finger spelled and the group of deaf guys told me that they loved that I knew how to sign. A couple of them clearly signed to me that they really liked watching me when I stripped. One of them told me that he liked my "guns." I wasn't sure if I read the sign properly or what it meant. So in my halting ASL I asked, "guns?"

He laughed and reached up to run his hands around my biceps. I understood when he explained in slow sign that those were my guns. And that he thought they were perfect.

From where I was standing I could see that a couple guys from the group that earlier had fun with me on the main bar top were making their way to the back of the place. They were waving across the bar to a few of their friends to join them. And a couple of them pointed at me—one even blew a kiss to me and gestured that I should follow their group. I was sure that they were going to be waiting for me in the back room.

When the next rotation began it was my turn on the side stage in the back room. Some of the same guys who were just out front tipping me, and a couple I had just chatted with, surrounded the platform. About three or four others had joined them. My eyes quickly adjusted to the low light. I squeezed my way through the circle of guys so I could hop up onto the small stage. I tossed my shirt and jeans onto a chair against the wall. They all crowded in. Their eyes were perfectly level with my cock and balls—what they wanted. And what I definitely wanted.

As my socks became filled with dollar bills I took off my Hanes and tossed them onto the chair. Fingers reached out and began exploring. I slowly rotated and offered a few bent over back views. As I turned each man in the circle had a perfect view of my ass, cock, balls and my nicely trimmed crop of pubes. I loved the attention, the fondling of my cock and butt and the flow of singles.

Then one of the guys who had been in the group out front waved a five dollar bill, (which was a lot of money in the early seventies) in the air. He was a really hot blond with a crewcut, about my age, and he was dealing his card. I knew what he wanted. Would I? Could I? Should I?

He put his drink on a shelf that was hanging on a nearby

wall. He slipped that bill into one of my socks as he looked up, right into my eyes, and smiled. As I smiled back I saw him wet his lips with the tip of his tongue. I understood what I needed to do. From the expressions on the crowded-in faces, there was no doubt that everyone anticipated what was about to happen and that they were eager to watch.

I continued gyrating for maybe thirty seconds with my cock right at his eye level. Then I did it. I lowered myself and offered my body to him. Even though the music was loud it seemed that it was silent around me. No one was talking. They were waiting. They were watching. He moved forward, gently cupped my balls with his hand and slowly eased my erection into his mouth. It felt good. Damn good. But my real thrill was that I could see the eyes of all of his friends and of several other guys who had pushed up close. They were engrossed. Their eyes were filled with my balls being fondled and my cock being sucked.

I had graduated from being a stripper to being an exotic dancer with an erection who loved doing more than just being plain old-fashioned naked for an audience. I was in heaven!

The next three hours flew by. The attention I got was non-stop the next times I was on one of the two back platforms. Six other guys, two who were probably in their forty's or fifty's and four who were about my age, made me rich as they fondled me and enjoyed me with their fingers and mouths. During my last twenty-minute segment in the back room three of the deaf guys got to know me very well. I loved it when they pointed to my cock and signed the words "tasty stripper" to me.

When 6 pm rolled around I was very happy, my ego was beyond stoked and I was totally exhausted and rich beyond my expectation. I knew I would be back at the Chesapeake as often as possible.

I loved being able to tell my parents to stop sending me money. “They upped my pay a little in the sports department. And I've been able to cut down on expenses. Buying used books really saves me a lot.”

I also told them that one of my new college buddies lived in DC and that I had gone with him to visit his family. They were surprised and sounded a bit worried. I assured them that his family was very nice, that we went sightseeing around the different monuments and that the train to and from DC was a breeze. I guess they realized that I was growing up and seeing the world. A couple weeks later they didn't bat an eyelash when I told them that another friend had invited me to come with him to see his family in New York City.

My family didn't know a thing about my new life. They knew I loved school, that I had really good grades, and that soon I would be a college graduate. They were so proud when they bragged about me to their friends. My family didn't know a thing about my private life and none of my friends knew anything more than that I posed for art classes.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

I went to all of my classes and earned excellent grades. I kept on working for art classes as often as time permitted and I posed for the Friday drop-in group at least once a month. I think my friends would have been pissed off if I had stopped giving them their Friday afternoon shows. It was the thing to do in my circle of friends.

I looked forward to my DC trips. They were the best. I was a happy and suddenly wealthy (by college student standards) college student who loved life—his new and expanding secret life.

On one of my trips to DC, just before starting my set on a Saturday night at the Chesapeake, Gerardo called me over. He

told me that a good friend of his, Dr. Belmont, really liked my dancing and wanted to talk to me. Gerardo pointed out the man. He was a nicely dressed older guy. His white hair and moustache gleamed and made me think that he was in his seventy's or eighty's. I had noticed him watching me dance several times at the Lone Star and here but he had never said anything to me. He often walked over and stuffed a bill into one of my socks but other than that he didn't touch me. Dr. Belmont and I slipped into the private back office to talk.

"Well Eddie, you're probably wondering what this is all about," he said. "I've seen you dance many times and I like what I've seen. You're a good-looking young man with perfect equipment. And it looks like you're out there enjoying yourself. That's what makes you so good—your positive attitude. And your cute smile. Because of your outgoing personality you don't have to be the most buff or the most built. And it's good to have a dancer who is classy and not a hustler."

"Thanks Dr. Belmont, I've seen you watching me dance a couple times," I said. "Big thanks for the compliments."

He then told me that his first name was Frank and asked me to call him that. "Have you stripped at any other places?" he asked.

I told him about the women's club in Camden and also mentioned that I had posed for lots of art classes.

"Well Eddie," he said as he rubbed his chin, "I'm sure there are some other places out there that would love to have you on their stage. I'm good friends with the managers of a few clubs and if you're interested I could help you make some connections. You can have even more fun while making some very good money."

"Quite honestly Frank, I do like the money but really I'd do it for free," I blurted out. When I said that he didn't seem at all surprised.

"I understand...I totally understand," Frank replied as he continued to rub his chin. His expression told me that he was deep in thought.

"One of my friends manages two places in New York City," Frank said. "Another guy I know owns a bar that books strippers here in the southeast section of the city. He also owns a place near his bar called The Follies. And I don't know any of the people there but there's a gay place in Trenton you may want to check out. Oh and two places in Philly where I think you would be a hit."

"Again, thanks Frank, this all sounds exciting," I quickly replied.

"It will be fun to watch you dance tomorrow afternoon with a full tummy," Frank said. I realized that he knew my schedule. And I was delighted when he invited me to join him for brunch the next day.

I had seen some listings of other gay clubs that featured dancers in the *Damron Guide*, the small pocket-sized book that was the only resource that I knew of that listed club names and their addresses across the United States and even in some foreign countries. The guide also included information such as their hours and whether they had entertainment such as drag shows or strippers. There were also a few bars and show places that advertised in the Village Voice. I had been thinking of checking out a few of these places and I immediately figured that it would be much easier for me if I knew the name of an owner or manager first. I realized that Frank was going to be a big help to my expanding and exciting stripper career.

We met at Annie's Steak House near the park just off Dupont Circle. It was clear that the restaurant catered to the gay crowd as the booths were filled with men of all ages. Frank kind of dodged my question about his age. He said he had been a

dentist and that he retired when he hit sixty. He added that he was addicted to watching guys undress on stage. That act was more of a turn-on than just watching someone dance naked. He also admitted that, before he became a dentist, while he was in college and dental school, he often worked as a nude server at private gay parties.

I was fascinated when he told me some of his old stories. Apparently, there were very few gay bars when he was younger. The few places were difficult to find, people worried about being seen going into them and there was constant fear of police raids. But there was a thriving underground gay scene that Frank loved. Many men had private parties. They would spread the word by phone and by simple word-of-mouth.

Some of the gatherings were, as Frank put it, in mansions—homes that were owned by extremely wealthy people. Big crowds used to show up at those. Men without lots of money would also host. The big difference was that the alcohol and food were overflowing and there was hired help when rich men were the hosts. At the regular parties, guests would bring beer or wine and some food. Everyone chipped in to help put the food out and a few would stay after the party to help the host clean up the mess.

Frank often served as a waiter at some of the parties—the parties thrown by the rich guys. He told me that he would walk around and pour wine or serve hors d'oeuvres. Typically, he would wear nicely pressed black dress pants and a white dress shirt and a bowtie. Late in the party, as people drank more and the host decided it was time, he and the other waiters would take off their clothes and continue to serve.

"Damn Frank, did these turned into orgies?" I asked.

"Well for some guys they did," he explained clearly, "but never out in the open. A couple of the hosts would set up a bedroom as a "play room" and guys who wanted to would go into

those somewhat private places to fool around—well, I'm sure you get it. To do it."

"That wasn't my scene," he added. "I didn't want to engage in all that shit. But, I must admit Eddie, I loved going into the play room to watch. I was a voyeur from an early age."

"Did you get off by being a naked waiter Frank?"

"Well yes, but only in a fun way. It was not high on my list but I certainly enjoyed the attention. My favorite was watching the guys get off in the playrooms. Gee, Eddie, I was an attention whore. But I was much more into watching—which shouldn't surprise you." I smiled and nodded. I got the picture.

Frank's home was in Fairfax County, only about a twenty minute drive away, so he came into DC often. He also told me that he liked to go to New York as the places there were major fun for him and it was really easy to get there by train. Frank let me know that he was a single guy and that no one where he used to work and no one in his family knew anything about his "hobby" of going to strip bars to watch the guys dance. He explained that some people in his family suspected that he was gay but that he had never told anyone what his obsession was. He whispered across the table to me as he called himself a "former exhibitionist turned voyeur."

"It's nice to have a friend who's an exhibitionist," Frank added with a smile.

That was the first time in my life, other than some quick jokes from my college friends, that the label made total sense to me. Frank was a voyeur. I was an exhibitionist. We both were addicted to what I did on stage. As I sat there I realized how similar our lives were. It was great to have a friend who really understood me.

"Frank, I'm graduating from college in a couple weeks." I told him realizing I should be honest about my plans. "And I've taken a teaching job near Philadelphia starting in August."

"No worries Eddie, that would actually make things easier since getting down here and to New York, to places where I have some pretty good connections, would be much easier from downtown Philly. If it's easy for you to get into the city then you'll have no problem hopping on the train or a bus. And there's a place not too far over in New Jersey. And in the Rittenhouse Square area of Philly. Want to hear about those?"

"Well yeah, I'd like to. But I'd never do my thing in Philly. I know too many people there and I'd fall over dead if someone I knew walked in and saw me." We both had a good laugh over that.

"By the way Eddie, would you mind a little suggestion from your new self-appointed agent?"

"Sure please, I'd be happy to get some help Mr. Agent."

"I hate to say this but I don't think Edward Saul is a proper name for the places that hire strippers. You need a catchy stage name. Plus, your last name might not sit well with some club owners if they don't like Jews."

Decades ago my family changed our last name from Salinski to Saul. I hated to join the family's history and deny my being Jewish but I realized that what Frank was saying made sense.

"Well my full name is Edward Gerald Saul," I said. "What do you suggest?"

"Hmmm...Edward...Gerald... Well one of my favorite actors, a handsome stud of a man, is also an Edward—Edward G. Robinson. Here's an idea. How about going with just Eddie G and drop the Saul?"

We both thought for a second or two and agreed. So, with a little toast with our coffee cups, my stage name, that I used from that day on, was Eddie G. I had a new friend. I had a stage name.

I had an agent. I had more places to check out for dancing. I was thrilled beyond thrilled.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

My parents arrived at the dorm at about 3 pm. Their drive on the Pennsylvania Turnpike was uneventful and, as usual, my father complained that the tolls had gone up again. I could tell that they were extremely proud that I was about to be a college graduate—the first one in our extended family. They had bragged to everyone in the family and to all of their friends. They made sure to let me know that in their minds I was the most successful of all of my cousins and of all of my friends.

When I took my rented cap and gown out of the box and tried it on for them they were beaming. They each fussed about how I looked and assured me that they had brought a couple extra boxes of film for their new Brownie camera.

Our college hosted a special dinner in the cafeteria for those of us who were graduating and for our families. Quite a few of my friends were there so I got to meet their families and they met my parents. Fortunately, my friends knew to keep their mouths shut. They all were aware that I hadn't told my parents about the posing I was doing for art classes. There were no slips. I lost sleep about this but it turned out to not be an issue. Whew.

The ceremony the next day, held on the football field, was super. A major banking executive was the featured speaker and he provided us with multiple pointers about our financial futures. When the ceremony ended, everyone threw their caps up into the air and then we gathered with our families and friends for photo after photo.

That's when I got a major surprise. Mom and Dad told me that, because of the great job I had done in school, they saved up and bought a car for me, a 1962 Plymouth Valiant. They

purchased it from my aunt and uncle who gave them a very good deal and were letting them pay it off month by month. They knew that a car would make my life much easier when I started my "first" job in Philadelphia. I couldn't wait to drive back home with them the next evening to check out my new car. It was a slant six with the stick on the column. I loved it!

I was packing up stuff in my room later that afternoon when one of the guys in the dorm yelled out that there was a call for me. I ran down the hall and grabbed the phone. It was Frank.

"Hey there Eddie G, I just talked to a friend of mine in New York and he wants you to come and dance at his place." I had him hold on while I ran back to my room for a pencil and paper.

Frank gave me most of the details, the address of the Gaiety Theater where I'd be dancing, the days and times they wanted me there and what bus would be best to take from Philly. He also suggested a fairly inexpensive rooming house in Greenwich Village. I wrote down all the information I needed for my next big adventure.

Wow! I was going to be on stage in Times Square, New York City! Frank also told me about another place where he was sure I'd like to perform. It was the Vintage Dance Palace, an Off-Broadway theater in the East Village that was near the rooming house. I told him I'd check it out when I was in New York. Frank congratulated me on my graduation and wished me luck with my new career.

"Keep on dropping those pants Eddie G," he added. "You love it and I think you're the best. Don't give up something you enjoy so much." I appreciated his advice. And I followed his advice.

It was great to have a friend who understood me and who affirmed what I was doing. We kept in touch and he continued to

encourage me for many years. I loved his friendship, suggestions, enthusiasm and support.

Dr. Belmont passed away several years ago. Frank, if you're reading this from above, all I can say is, "thank you, thank you."

CHAPTER TWENTY

It was a small apartment on Heather Road in Upper Darby Township, a rather quiet traditional community immediately west of Philadelphia. The place was about three blocks from the 69th Street Terminal where I could catch the bus that had a stop almost in front of the elementary school where I'd be teaching. I rented the place with Marjorie Jenkins. She was tall, thin and full of enthusiasm for life. I met her a few weeks earlier at the school district's new teacher orientation. After graduating from Rutgers University, she spent two years in the Peace Corps before accepting a teaching position. She would be teaching math and science in a high school about ten blocks from our apartment. We both shared our anxieties and excitement about our new careers and we easily became friends. It was nice to have a person to chat with and to share expenses with.

I started teaching in the fall of 1967. I wasn't sure at first but within the first three months I realized that I loved being a teacher! My fourth grade students were a delight. I enjoyed the challenges of finding creative ways to teach them basic skills that would help them with their lives. Most of the students' parents were quite involved in their children's lives and I developed very meaningful rapport with most of them.

Fortunately, I had a super supportive principal, Mr. Penders. He didn't know much about teaching elementary students since most of his experience was at the junior high level. But he visited my room often and gave me many much-needed pointers about classroom management and how to control student behavior. His

tips and suggestions helped me start a successful teaching career.

Marjorie and I had some serious discussions about our careers. When she asked why I went into teaching I told her about my experiences as a camp counselor during summers at the Jewish Community Center. She loved some of the stories about the kids who were in my camp groups.

I could tell by her interest and comments that Marjorie was mature and professional. So one evening while we were sipping some herbal tea after working on the next day's lesson plans I shared more of my life with her. Telling her that I was gay turned out to not be a big deal as one of her favorite older cousins, an attorney in Asbury Park, New Jersey, was a homosexual. She didn't seem at all fazed by my tales of dancing and posing since her best friend at Rutgers had worked her way through school as a stripper in some high-class club.

"If I had been a student at your college," she said with a laugh, "all of my friends and I would have been cheering you on during your Friday afternoon shows."

It was clear to me that, by being open about my homosexuality and exhibitionism with a friend, that bond had an excellent chance of becoming even stronger. I had no shame. I was proud of the secret side of me. Well only with certain people.

Some may think that my openness and Marjorie's positive attitude and respect for my life may have led to "more". It didn't. We maintained a solid friendship for the two years while we shared an apartment and that bond, mostly via email and Zoom chats, still continues.

I told Marjorie that I interviewed for a part-time job posing for evening art classes at Morgan School of Art. She knew that I needed the extra money for our household budget and she didn't seem at all shocked that I was going to bare all again. We agreed that working at MSA was a fairly safe "hobby".

We often discussed how important it was for me to stay in

both closets. Marjorie and I feared and actually expected that I'd be fired if the school district found out that I was gay or if they discovered that I had performed naked in clubs.

I worried every time the intercom rang in my classroom and the school secretary asked me to stop by the office. Did they find out? I worried whenever I'd go into center city to one of the Spruce Street gay bars. Would someone from the school district see me there? I worried every time I posed at Morgan. Would someone there recognize me and know I was a teacher?

It turned out that these worries were for nothing. I taught for five years. Mr. Penders and my colleagues hated when I left. And of course, my parents continued to be thrilled and delighted with my emerging and successful career. What a good young Jewish never-do-anything-wrong boy with an honorable profession I was!

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

My new part-time job, posing for evening and weekend classes at Morgan, was a winner for me. Posing at my undergrad college and at the community college were quite positive and often very stimulating. But working at MSA was much better. It introduced me to a new level of understanding and appreciation of the role of the model in the art world. And the exhibitionistic thrills it offered were dynamite.

I didn't know a soul at MSA but at this point in my life I had absolutely no problem calling them to inquire if they needed models for their life art programs. The secretary who answered the phone asked me a few brief questions and then suggested that I come in, fill out an application and meet with the woman who hired the models.

It was quite easy to get hired. As I expected they had difficulty finding males to pose. When I was being interviewed the

focus of the questions was on my experience, my reliability and my willingness to pose nude for various art modalities including drawing, painting, sculpture and photography. I provided her with a typed list of schools where I had worked and a list of figurative artists who had agreed to serve as references. The woman who interviewed me hired me on the spot.

For reasons that I've never totally understood, many women are willing to stand naked in front of a room full of artists—most men are hesitant to do the same. I've always wondered about this. Is it because so many women have been nude subjects in famous paintings? Do women enjoy being on display and men don't? Are men ashamed of their bodies? Or perhaps men are afraid of getting an erection while posing? The benefit of all this has been that there's always a big welcome mat out for me at art schools.

Posing for a real art school, as opposed to college art classes, was considerably different. All of the Morgan students were serious about their art. Their hairstyles were creative and many dressed in "way out" or colorful hippie garb—the way I imagined artists should dress. Once in a while I would see students who were clean cut and more conservatively dressed (like me) but here just about all students fit the mold of my image of an artist.

The wing that housed life drawing, sculpture and painting, the programs that used nude models, housed several studios that looked like and smelled like the real thing—what one would expect in an art school. Studio after studio were chaotic displays with semi-organized messiness filled with great oil paint smells. The hallways and studio walls were covered with various drawings and paintings, all done by students. Several glass cases held clay figurative sculptures. Plus, there were two small locker rooms, each with a shower for us—the models. This was a first for me.

Something else that was noticeably different from where I posed before, was that students, instructors, the clerical staff and,

guests accompanied by a student or faculty member, visited the studios to observe the creation of art and to see the models at work. Students from other art classes would often come and observe and would even sit in the back of the studio and do some sketching. Even though they were not enrolled in a particular class they were welcome to drop in and take advantage of having a model to capture. I often heard faculty members reminding their students to take every possible opportunity to practice their life drawing skills. The signs that I frequently saw when I posed for college art classes, "Nude model. Do not enter," were never posted at MSA. They essentially had an open-door, come right-in policy.

During breaks, whether we relaxed in the studio or left to go to the locker room or to use the bathroom, we were not required to get dressed or even cover ourselves with a robe and typically we didn't. Almost all of the models followed these traditions and did so in complete comfort. That included me. (I did carry a towel though as I simply never wanted to sit on a chair or even lay on a cloth provided by the school without something that I knew was clean under my butt.)

It was not unusual for me or for other models who were also on a break to hang out in the hallway by the water fountain. Students often came over and chatted us up. Nude. Dressed. Boobs. A penis. No one gave a damn.

It was humorous to watch some of the non-artist visitors. I loved it when potential students, those who were considering enrolling in the undergraduate drawing and painting program, and their parents would be taken on a tour of the studios. The hopeful future students, typically seniors in high school, seemed totally relaxed and not at all uncomfortable when they'd see me on the stand. It was different with their parents. What? There's someone posing with no clothes on? My child was going to see men and women completely naked? The embarrassed

expressions on the parents' faces were amusing and sometimes hilarious. For some odd reason, I found it both entertaining and satisfying to watch those reactions.

Yes parents, nudity exists in an art school and your child will be seeing men and women with no clothes on. Relax. Get a grip on reality. It's all OK. It's just art.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Being touched by the instructor or by the students was a first for me. The medical illustration course, sometimes referred to as advanced anatomy, was described with "emphasis on hands and feet" in the Morgan catalog, The word was out that the real subject matter included hands, feet *and* genitals. Everyone knew that was to keep art students' parents from freaking out over the real mission of the course.

When I met the instructor, Mrs. Hoffman, a big woman with a bellowing voice, she explained that her classes focused on detailed art anatomy. I soon discovered that this was a course beyond all others.

"It would be very helpful for my students to be able to study your curves, depths, lines and skin textures while they are drawing," she explained. "I will be expecting them to use their sense of touch as well as their eyes to capture details while you are posing."

"And don't worry about getting aroused in my class Eddie," she added. "That's pretty common with the men who pose for this course."

"Thanks for reassuring me," I said. "I'm sure I'll be fine with this," I told her as I thought back to the bars where touching me was par for the course.

I smiled to myself and thought that she had no idea how less of a challenge this was going to be compared to my being on top

of the bar at the Chesapeake House.

What was called "tactile learning" was always done with respect and with the model's approval. I loved these classes. Unfortunately this teaching method has all but disappeared due to today's excellent computerized images and because of the more conservative climate in present day art schools. What a shame.

Near the end of my first semester at MSA I posed for one of Mrs. Hoffman's senior-level medical illustration classes where tactile learning was encouraged. Well, in reality, required. The class was small and yes, the students touched everywhere. They mostly zeroed in on hands, feet, face and yep, my favorite area to display, between my legs.

I beamed as I heard her directions.

"OK my dear artists, for today's first exercise I want you to select one of Eddie's body parts. Pick an area that you haven't worked on in a while. Start with a thorough inspection of your subject matter—do that from every angle and use both your eyes and your finger tips. Oh, and no poking around in his mouth, in his ears or nose or, well you know that other place where a finger could accidentally slip inside. Those are all off limits."

That brought some laughter from the seven students and a deep breath from me.

"After studying your subject matter for maybe three or four minutes," she continued, "you'll have about a half hour to develop your drawing. As you know, while you're working you're encouraged to touch. Explore those curves. Follow the lines. Trace the veins. Explore what you can't see. That will help you capture every detail."

"Ready Eddie?" she asked.

"I'm ready," I said simply. I was *totally* ready.

I laid my towel on a chair and got myself into a comfortable seated pose. I spread my legs slightly apart as I expected, and was

sure, that my genitals would be important subject matter. Deja vu, just like Francine's classes. Plus, by offering a ninety-degree angle, I was providing a green light to anyone who was hesitant.

The students moved in to begin their drawings. One girl in the class went right for my testicles. Good for her for not being shy! She sat on the floor directly in front of me and propped her drawing pad up on one of the chair's legs. Her eyes studied my scrotum and, of course, my penis. Then, without any hesitation, her fingers joined the study. The touching was appropriate. It was legitimate. It was intimate and I stirred some but quickly relaxed and recognized that I was comfortable with Mrs. Hoffman's teaching technique. The student was serious and it certainly appeared that her tactile exploring was helpful as her drawing was awesome and looking quite realistic.

During the second exercise for the class I turned slightly in my chair and propped one leg up on the seat. I was immediately reminded of the stance I often took when sitting on the side of the Y's pool hoping that my friends would swim up and have a close-up look. Two students sat directly in front of me. One girl studied and explored my right foot and toes that were propped onto the seat. The other student, an African-American guy with a cute moustache and braces, followed the lead of the student from the first half hour and he went right for my dick. For the first minute or so of his examination he concentrated and didn't make any eye contact. When he looked up at me, and our eyes met, my gaydar started buzzing. He awkwardly gave me thanks.

"Gee Eddie this is very helpful," he said while he lightly held onto my penis. "I'm a little nervous but you seem to be so relaxed about this."

"Hey," I replied with a smile. "It's no problem for me at all. I'm happy to help so go right ahead."

He did and continued to explore as my cock moved from flaccid to fully erect. His eyes and fingers were non-stop for the

remaining time. His method was smooth. While drawing, his fingers from one hand intimately traced exactly what his other hand was capturing with his pencil. He didn't say anything when one of his fingers spent extra time rubbing the small amount of pre-cum that he discovered. His expression and eyes told me that he was definitely enjoying today's class. And my penis.

When Mrs. Hoffman called time I was impressed with the quality of his drawing and was hoping he'd be in other advanced classes. I really liked his sensual touching and I must say, his braces made him look adorable. I asked him his name.

"Jayden," he replied with a sexy smile.

The third exercise, which took the rest of the session, was unique. Mrs. Hoffman's instructions were simple.

"For the remaining time we are going to emphasize visual and tactile memory. Eddie how about taking a simple standing position, one that will be easy to hold."

I assumed a balanced standing pose with my legs slightly apart and with my hands clasped behind my back.

"OK everyone, get in close," she said to her students. "Now turn your easels around so that when you're drawing you can't see the model. Start by studying an area that you've found challenging. Use your eyes and fingers. Then turn away and continue your drawing. I don't want anyone looking at our model while you're drawing. As often as you need to turn back to study or explore."

This look and touch, turn away and draw, look and touch, turn away and draw sequence lasted for three twenty-minute segments. There was quite a lot of activity as the students worked. No one was hesitant as the details of the subject matter was explored, memorized and then drawn. I walked around during my two breaks and saw that the drawings that were being developed were looking great and I got several comments from

the students letting me know that the visual memory exercise was very helpful.

Right after the class Jayden walked over to me in the hallway while I was leaning over the water fountain. He gave me a rather innocent pat on my bare butt.

"I hope you didn't mind how thorough I was today?" he said almost as an apology.

"Not at all," I assured him. As you could tell, I was enjoying what you were doing. And it looked as though you got some good sketches done."

"Well thanks Eddie. Hey, by the way, I'm wondering if you'll be posing for any of the photo classes."

"Is that your major?" I asked.

"Well yes, kind of. I'm doing a double major—drawing and photography. I'd really love to have an opportunity to take some photos of you. Why don't you sign up to pose for one of the photo workshops? The coordinator, a guy named Franklin, is a hoot."

"And," he whispered, "no doubt about it, he's gay."

I assured him that I'd check with the secretary to see if she needed anyone. I gave Jayden a big smile and turned to head back into the locker room. I could feel his eyes watching me as I walked away with my towel slung over my shoulder. Another gay art student. Never a surprise. Always a delight.

Those art students got to know me extremely well during the four-hour workshop. No one was shy, and that includes me. The seated and at-ease positions I took were rather easy so I didn't need any effort to stay still. Only one part of me moved. Up. Down. Up. Down. No one complained.

During my first semester at MSA I didn't run into Eric, the very handsome painting student I met at Steven's nudist party. But during the first week of the second semester I spied him as I

was walking down the hall toward the locker room to get ready to pose.

"Hey Eddie!" Eric called out. "Great to see you. It's been ages. I figured I'd run into you one of these days."

We gave each other a quick hug and chatted briefly about my teaching and about his classes.

"What are you taking this semester?" I asked.

I took in a deep breath and even chuckled a little when his list of courses included the advanced medical illustration course, the one I was posing for that afternoon.

"Well guess who's posing for your class today—yours truly," I said as I pointed to my chest.

"Well damn, this is going to be a good afternoon," he said with a wide grin. "Last week we had some woman to draw, I think her name was Amy—she was huge with lots of rolls. She was visually interesting but, when Hoffman directed us to incorporate touching of the model, I wasn't much into it. But I did it and I have to admit, it really helped my drawing."

"I'm sure I'll be way into it today," he then added with a sly and sexy smile. "And I better warn you. I'll definitely be thorough."

His smile and enthusiasm let me know that I was about to enjoy my assignment that afternoon.

"You know there are only five students registered the class," he added, "so no one will be in my way. I really wanted to get to know you better at Steven's party but didn't. That would have been awkward. But today? Well I'll be required to. Big thanks to Hoffman."

"Hey just behave yourself," I said with a slight laugh. "But seriously, don't behave too much."

"There are four guys, three of them fairies," Eric said, "and only one girl in the class. I'm sure you'll be a happy camper."

"My bod, all of it, awaits you and your cohorts in crime." We both laughed at that.

I headed to the locker room to undress and to wipe off the sweat oozing from my pits. Eric headed to the studio.

After Mrs. Hoffman introduced me she told the group that they each needed to do three drawings.

"For each drawing pick either one of Eddie's hands, a foot, or his privates. Like last week I strongly encourage you to use the opportunity to include tactile exploration in your study. That certainly will help you clearly know your subject matter. Like Amy from last week, Eddie is a seasoned model and he is totally comfortable with this."

The eager five turned their attention to me. I met their eyes and nodded my agreement. I dropped the towel that was around my mid section and stretched out on the floor so the students could begin. Without direction or hesitation they joined me on the floor and moved in for the kill.

During my first pose, while I was stretched out on my back with one leg bent, one guy studied my balls and perineum. He did a minor amount of touching while drawing. I got partially aroused a couple times but it seemed to be no big deal to him or to the others. Gaydar, zero. After a break, the one woman in the class and one other student zeroed in on my penis for the second study. While they worked, drawing and touching, they had a very interesting discussion regarding my glans, the veins along the shaft and what my penis would look like if it were not circumcised. They also focused on my pubic hair and concluded that drawing the hair, and making it look real, was difficult and tedious.

I figured that Eric was going to own my crotch for the third round of drawings.

After the break, I was directed to do a standing pose for the remainder of the time.

"Well I've done a hand and the toes so I guess I better get to know Eddie's goodies," Eric remarked to the other students.

"Go for it Eric," I heard one guy whisper with a snigger.

I smiled to myself as I anticipated his exploring. Eric. Finally.

I took an at-ease standing position and no surprise, Eric stationed himself right in front of me. He brought over a small wooden stool and placed it so he was sitting at a good height, eye to cock. He was just slightly to my side that, I realized, gave him an even more thorough view. My anticipation got the best of me as the blood was rushing in way before he even started.

I watched as his fine-pointed drawing pencil filled the large off-white paper that was clipped to his drawing board. What excellent drawing skills. I relaxed during the ten minutes it took him to develop an entire outline of my penis and balls. It looked like a finished drawing to me. I realized things were about to get pretty interesting when Eric grinned and looked me right in the eye.

"I've got my rough drawing done Eddie. I'm going to get down to the details now. Don't worry, my fingers are warm."

A somewhat weak "OK" was all I could muster as I felt myself going from part way to totally engorged.

For the rest of the time Eric's eyes and fingers were non-stop and thorough. I watched as he massaged and explored my scrotum and balls with one hand and enhanced the drawing of that area with his other hand. He took his time, lots of time. His fingers slipped behind my balls several times and reached my anus. I knew he was not drawing that area but I didn't protest. As he touched my butt he looked up to me with an approval-seeking smile. My return raised eyebrow and nod let him know that I approved. He then moved on to the pubic arch, immediately above my penis, and did the same. After he took out another

fine-point pencil from his supply box he began to work on the details of my penis.

Mrs.. Hoffman walked over to give him some pointers. I was stunned when she reached out and lifted my penis and, as she traced her finger from the glans to the base, she offered some pointers.

"While you're focusing on the model's manhood make sure you capture the veins that are right along the side, right here, along the entire shaft." she said to Eric. " You may want to exaggerate them slightly, and add in some shading, as that will make your drawing much more realistic. It needs to be like a photograph."

"You'll also need to add some shadowing right here," she instructed as she ran a couple fingers under the ridge of my glans. "Go ahead, try that, you'll see...well...you'll feel, what I mean."

Was I happy that she was touching me? Sure, it was not a problem at all. Did I love that she was instructing Eric to be even more thorough and intimate with his study and his touch. Yes, absolutely. No question about it.

Eric's fingers traced the veins and then slowly moved under and around the glans. I was fully erect which didn't seem to faze Mrs. Hoffman. And Eric wasn't concerned. He moved right ahead with his exploring and drawing.

During the couple breaks in the last hour I was able to relax a little. But as soon as we started again, and I watched Eric's eyes and fingers exploring my every detail, I became fully erect again. Eric was the hottest guy at Steven's party, a guy who I thought deserved a rating of ten. And damn, here I was standing in front of him, allowing him and inviting him to explore my cock and balls. And I was treasuring every second.

Touch, draw. Touch, draw. Or, was it fondle, draw—fondle, draw? Near the end of the session it was clear that Eric knew

every hair, every curve, every vein and every texture of my penis and balls. He ended up with an absolutely fabulous drawing. I ended up with great satisfaction and with a serious case of blue balls.

Mrs. Hoffman, who was now my all-time favorite art instructor, had her students show and discuss their drawings at the end of the session. She directed me to stand next to each of the drawings, as the students were presenting their work, so that everyone could compare my hand to the drawn hand, my foot to the drawn foot and my genitals to the drawn genitals.

These were advanced art students as the sketches were realistic and captured just about every tiny detail. I was pleased when she indicated that the drawings would be on display for the next couple of weeks in the hallway outside of the studio. My erection, and a glistening drop of pre-cum that Eric captured perfectly in one of his drawings, would be available for everyone to see. I really was happy when Eric added "Eddie" right above where he signed his name.

Eric was aiding my exhibitionism by including my name. I wanted people to see me naked. But if they were not able to see me in-person then having my name attached provided me with a hard-to-explain secondary level of satisfaction.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

A couple of weeks later I was in the art school office to check on my upcoming assignments. I was somewhat apprehensive when the secretary, who scheduled models for Morgan's classes, asked me if I'd like to pose for an upcoming photography class. Posing for photos was a new thing for me.

"Are these fashion classes?" I asked. "Would I be posing nude?"

"Let's see." She flipped through her calendar. "Yep, for the workshop opening I have you'd need to pose nude. Knowing what I've heard about your posing and by viewing the drawings of you that are posted in the hallway, I figure you'd be OK with that," she added with a rather devious smile.

I remembered that Jayden had suggested that I try posing for a photo workshop so I told her that I'd be available. She gave me a date and time and told me that the coordinator would be an instructor named Franklin. I thanked her and thought of Jayden with hopes that he would be in the class.

It turned out that the photo session I signed up for was not really a formal class. It was a workshop that was open to all of MSA's photography students, and to any of the drawing, painting and sculpture students who wanted to get photos they could use for reference or for their future art projects.

Franklin, a candidate for the Master's of Fine Arts in Photography, was the coordinator of the workshop. When we shook hands and introduced ourselves to each other my gaydar kicked into high gear. Franklin was tall, about forty years old, and his sandy blond hair and moustache were stunning additions to his chiseled face. I appreciated his slender frame, his tight-fitting jeans and I enjoyed his rather swishy manner. Oh my, another hot gay artist. He gave me a big welcome and told me that he loved a couple of the drawings that Eric had done.

"I figure you don't want me to be aroused like that for your workshop?" I immediately asked.

"Oh correct. There's no touching here so I figure you can keep things under control. And all of your other features make you a perfect specimen for the camera."

"Well, thanks, I'm sure I'll be fine but if needed I'll bite my lip to keep things down."

"Seriously, don't worry about it.," Franklin added. "If you do sport a woody that will give everyone more to shoot." I thought Franklin's response was a good way to handle it.

We both laughed. I liked his relaxed attitude and his rather effeminate style.

He then gave me a tour of the very well-lit, large studio. One of the walls was covered with a heavy black drape. He told me I'd be posing on the small platform in front of the drape. Franklin also explained how the dark background helped with lighting of the figure. There were various types of lights around the room—a couple were large spotlights similar to ones at places where I had danced. The overhead lights were small spotlights. The windows in the studio were covered with dark gray drapes that allowed very little light from outside.

Franklin indicated that when they were ready to start he will arrange the spotlights and direct the shoot. Then he explained his plans for the workshop.

"I'm expecting maybe seven or eight photo majors and who knows how many other art students," he said. "I'm never sure what the turnout will be for these things. But we haven't had a male model in quite a while so I'm guessing we'll have a decent crowd."

"Knowing our students we definitely have a few groupies who like to shoot a penis," he added with a quick laugh.

"Hey, that doesn't surprise me," I said. "Mine is always available."

"I want you to start fully dressed Eddie," he said as he explained his plans for the workshop. "Well no shoes and socks to start but otherwise have with everything else on. You pick your positions. Give us good variety, front, back and lots of stretches and twists. I'll probably give you some suggestions for your poses. I'll call out "change," when I want you to switch to your next pose. When I'm ready for you to take something off I'll let you know."

This will give everyone a sequence to shoot. You slowly undressing. Sound OK Eddie?"

"Yep," I said with no hesitation. "Sounds like it will be a fun afternoon."

Of course, that was OK with me. In fact, I loved the idea of starting fully clothed and was hoping that the studio would soon be full. As usual I craved an audience. And I absolutely loved the idea of good lighting on me while I was undressing for the group.

Happy days! By starting time there were about a dozen students setting up their tripods and adjusting their cameras. I recognized half of them from different art classes. When I saw Eric entering the studio, with his tripod and camera bag over his shoulder, I was delighted. Then Jayden, the cute guy with braces, walked in. He gave me a big wave and smile. Eric. Jayden. Several others who I recognized. Six more camera-toting students then arrived—all new faces. I knew this was going to be a mind-boggling session.

"OK everyone, let's get started," Franklin announced. "We're scheduled for three hours so I'm going to kill the overheads and set up the spots."

"Eddie, go ahead and get up on the platform," Franklin continued. "Stand by the front edge so I can get the lighting set up." Due to the added lights the studio suddenly went from comfortable to hot.

I hopped onto my stage for the afternoon and stood there while Franklin adjusted the floor level lights and switched on a few overhead spots. I was quickly bathed in bright light and was ready for my audience.

"OK ladies and gents," he announced to the group, "It's time to get going. He's all yours."

I assumed a standing position with my arms over my head and with a good torso twist. The cameras began to click away.

Three minutes later Franklin called out, "Change." I turned around and propped one leg up onto a chair that I had grabbed. Several of the students abandoned their tripods so they could move around and capture their images from various angles.

"Eddie, go ahead and open your shirt please," Franklin called out from the back of the studio as I was about to get into my third pose.

I watched Franklin adjusting a couple of the lights and at that moment I recognized, without a doubt, that good lighting on me while I was undressing was incredible.

I unbuttoned and struck a position with my hands reaching for the ceiling. That displayed much of my chest and stomach and highlighted my sweat-soaked shirt. While holding this pose I began to discover the clicking sounds of the cameras. I knew that every click I heard was the creation of an image of me.

A few minutes later the clicks slowed.

"Change," Franklin called out. "And Eddie, go ahead and take off your belt and lower your jeans. But not too far."

I dropped my belt, opened my zipper and eased my jeans down so my underwear was visible. The shooting continued. Many clicks. Clicks that suddenly formed a "turn-on" hum in my ears.

I chuckled to myself as it dawned on me that the clicks of the camera were triggers of arousal. To this day, when I'm naked in front of a camera, the sound is almost as erotic to me as watching the eyes studying my body.

A couple of the photo students called over to Franklin and asked if he would allow additional time for each position.

"Oh you all want more time now that his clothes are coming off. You're a bunch of perverts," he said as he laughed. "OK, I'll slow things down so you can get your shots. And we can run over if needed since no one else is scheduled in here after us."

"Change. Go ahead and lose the jeans now Eddie." It seemed like thousands of clicks as the students moved around to take their photos of me in just my open shirt and my Hanes. I did two standing poses dressed this way. It didn't surprise me when quite a few moved up closer and appeared to be focusing on my bulging package. I was used to this with artists and I was enjoying the clicking sounds as they thundered in my head.

"I see that a few of you are using your macro lens," Franklin said the group. "That's the best way to capture intimate details. I'll have Eddie hold the next few positions longer so you can all get your close-up shots. I'll also join in."

I noticed that Eric was attaching his macro as he moved closer. And Franklin was readying his camera as well.

"Eddie, for the next pose go ahead and take off your shirt and lower your briefs, but don't take them completely off. I think the white contrast with your dark pubic hair will make a good image. Also put one hand on your head. That'll give everyone a good view of your armpit hair and your lats. I think the light-dark contrast and an opportunity to capture some of your definition will be good."

I nodded my understanding to him as I waited for his direction.

"Change."

I tossed my shirt to the side and eased my Hanes down so that my pubic hair was fully exposed. I rested my left hand on my head to show off my dark armpit hair and began a front-facing standing position. I could see every eye and every camera. I struggled to keep from getting a full erection and succeeded. Well partially. The cameras were sizzling with clicks as just about everyone in the room moved in to capture close-up images. Franklin left me in that pose for quite a few minutes before he directed me to remove my underwear.

What was supposed to be the last half hour of the session

turned into over an hour. Franklin had me naked. I loved watching the room full of eager photographers devouring my genitals with their cameras. He requested several positions with me facing the black drape and others facing my audience. I chuckled to myself when I heard Eric asking Franklin to have me show more of my backside.

"Eddie, why don't you do a few bent over poses," Franklin said obliging Eric's request. "We haven't had good views of your butt yet."

"I'll adjust a couple of the lights for these positions gang," he called out to the group. "And to capture this area you may want to plop down on the floor and try shooting from underneath."

Of course I wanted to please everyone—me included. So I leaned forward and spread out my legs to expose my butt, my entire ass and the back of my balls. In one pose I propped one leg up on a chair. I wanted to be sure that the students could capture everything. I couldn't see anyone but I sensed and could hear that this position was clicked countless times. The other back-side poses were both bent over and simple standing ones showing off my solid buns. And the rest of the area back there.

I continued striking various poses, for about three to five minutes each. I savored the enthusiasm of the photographers, their movement to get the best angles, their boldness of stepping in for close-ups, the clicks of their cameras, the good lighting on me along with the undivided attention I was getting.

As we neared the end of the workshop it was apparent what Franklin wanted to focus on for his shots. He adjusted a couple spots so that my genitals were perfectly lit. Most of the students followed his lead and used the last fifteen minutes as their opportunity to focus on their first cock and balls of the semester. I was delighted to offer my engorgement and my low hanging balls to the group.

I was on cloud nine when I watched Eric's camera scope out every detail of my body. I totally enjoyed Jayden's camera clicks. He was really into taking close ups with his macro lens. When their cameras were focusing on the head of my cock I slowly took in some big breaths. That was my attempt to hold back the pre-cum that was oozing from me. I failed. It dripped. But oh well, what the heck.

When the workshop time was up, Franklin gave me big thanks and everyone applauded and thanked me. I was tired from the three, well what turned out to be about four hours, but I felt satisfied.

My level of pleasure was quite similar to the physical and mental satisfaction that I felt after having sex with someone. Posing for a group of photographers was way, way up there. It was marvelous. I promised myself to look for more opportunities that would put me in front of bright lights and a roomful of cameras. Especially where there were a few hot looking male photographers in attendance.

As I headed down the hallway toward the locker room Eric was waiting for me. We chatted about the sexual and sadistic scenes in "Deliverance" before he moved on to his special interest.

"Loved your posing today Eddie. Hey, I asked you this once before. Would you be willing to pose for an oil painting I want to do? I have a room set up in my apartment as my studio."

He knew I would say yes. We set a date and time. I was happy. Very happy.

During the next couple of months, I posed four times for Eric. His finished painting was incredible, not due to me but due to his over-the-top talent. On my fifth visit to his apartment he didn't paint. We got to know each other. Thoroughly.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

I took so many chances when I was young. I risked being found out when I peeked at the nudist magazines. I hoped that no adults would ever find out about my neighborhood childhood medical adventures. The risks continued as I got older. My boat ride with Father Charles. Assuming that my parents wouldn't come home unexpectedly when Terry and I were "having lunch". Strip poker with my school friends. Risks. Risks I was willing to take. I had to take.

Taking risks while in college was also part of my makeup. I was somewhat bold by posing, especially when I posed at my school and when I showed it all to my friends in the Friday afternoon drop-in sessions. Stripping in Camden. Then doing lots more erotic stuff in New York and DC. Those places were far from Philadelphia. I didn't recognize anyone in the different audiences. I figured that would never happen. My risky business continued.

While I was in college I theorized that all was OK. What could happen? The same thing when I became a teacher. So what if people found out that I was posing for art classes? That's been done since the beginning of mankind so in my head I legitimized my nudity. Who would see the drawings? Who would see the photos? I continued to believe that no harm would come my way. I was posing for artists, not for teachers or people I knew.

I was never found out. I never got in trouble. No one in the school district and no one in my family suspected anything about my secret desires. Thank goodness!

With the help of Mrs. Hoffman and Franklin, however, I stepped out of that secure zone during my third year out of college. More risks and in Philadelphia—pretty close to where I lived.

Mrs. Hoffman told me that she and one of her colleagues were curating and coordinating a life art display at the

Philadelphia Museum of Art. She explained that all of the work in the gallery would be featuring nudes—drawings, paintings and sculptures. The committee wanted two art models to be the performance art component during the show's grand opening weekend. Mrs. Hoffman explained that if I agreed to work during their open house, a female model and I would be part of the display. We would need to work on Friday evening, Saturday afternoon and evening and on Sunday afternoon. She added that they were expecting about two hundred people for each of the evening sessions and possibly two to three hundred during the two afternoons.

Mrs. Hoffman assured me that only adults would be allowed into the section of the museum where I would be working due to the nature of the show. Her description of the performance art they planned was simple.

"All you'll need to do is walk among the guests," she explained. "Don't speak to anyone. Just stop every so often for about a minute or two and hold a typical art class pose. If anyone talks to you just smile but stay silent. Then walk some more and do a pose in another area of the gallery. There'll be a couple of platforms you can use or just stop wherever you want."

That seemed rather easy. And just perfect for me.

"Do this for about ten minutes, then go back in the office and take a short break, maybe five or ten minutes. Then do it again. You'll need to coordinate with the other model so there's always one of you out on the floor."

"Well sir, should I sign you up?" she asked after a brief pause.

"I assume you'll want me naked for this?" I asked with a raised eyebrow and a slightly tilted head. I knew what answer I wanted to hear.

"Oh my goodness, yes," she said and then laughed. "I figured you knew that. I realize it'll be quite different from posing

for art classes but I assure you the crowd at the gala will be mature and professional."

"And," she added as she playfully pointed at me, "I know you like an audience."

It took me less than a half second to recognize what a fantastic exhibitionist opportunity this was. I didn't stop and think about the local crowd this would draw.

"I'd love to do it," I said without thinking twice.

She said she would give my information to the museum's business manager and that I'd receive a letter of agreement in the mail that would confirm the assignment and verify my payment..

Franklin's request was quite different. His friend Calvin, who owned Downtown Art, a framing shop and art gallery, was going to hold an open house to display his and Franklin's photos. I knew of the place as it was on Spruce Street just off Rittenhouse Square, in the heart of the city's gay district.

"Here's the deal Eddie," Franklin said.

My nod told him that I was interested in learning more. I'm sure that didn't surprise him.

"The exhibit will feature the male form and will mostly be nudes. In fact, there will be several photos of you on display, when you were sporting a hard-on, from the last photo workshop you posed for."

"Can you label the photos with my first name?" I chimed in with my request.

"Sure that's easy. I'm guessing that'll be a turn-on for you?" he suggested.

"Oh yeah, I guess so," I said. And then I laughed. "Yep you've got the picture. I want people to know whose body they are looking at."

"We hope that you'll agree to be part of the show as our muse. In other words as the live entertainment. We're going to

do this two weekends in a row. Friday and Saturday from seven to ten."

"Who do you think will be attending?" I asked.

"Calvin and I will be inviting friends, students, other photographers, artists—everyone who we think will be interested. We'll encourage them to bring their friends. We'll also post flyers in the gay bars on Spruce Street and around the Square. My guess is that just about everyone who comes to the open house will be gay. Anyway, that's how it was last year."

"We'll have a small platform along the side wall of the studio," he continued. "That's where I'll want you to do some sexy poses like you've done for my workshops."

I instantly decided that I was in.

"But I'd like you to only wear jeans. No shirt. No underwear. To make it more fun drop your jeans once in a while to show off your goods. Do that whenever it feels right. And take your jeans all the way off when you want. You be the judge of that. Do some short one or two minute poses for maybe fifteen minutes and then take a break. Then pose again. So far sound good?"

"Sounds fantastic," I replied with no hesitation. "Are you guys going to be taking photos? Or am I just going to be on display?"

"Oh, good question," Franklin replied. "We'll have some decent lighting on you. Calvin, a couple friends of his and I will be taking photos. And we'll let everyone else know that they can bring their cameras if they want. I'm guessing that won't be a problem with you?"

My delighted chuckles answered the question. I loved the addictive feature of clicking cameras all trained on my body.

Franklin then showed me the draft of the flyer they planned to use. It had three torso images—one was my body from my pecs down to the beginning of my treasure trail. It was great to

see that at least some of me was included. Along the bottom, under all of the who, what, where and when stuff, was the info that got me pumped. "A hot nude model will be posing. Your camera is welcome." In bold print below that it said, "18 or older only."

Franklin had a serious look as he explained that they were working with a very low budget and couldn't pay me. I'm sure he saw that I was thinking this over.

"Here's what I propose," Franklin said. "How about if we split fifty/fifty on any of my photos of you that are sold? And we'll put a tip jar on your stand. Would that work for you?"

"About how many do you think will attend?" I asked.

"Well we did this a year ago for two nights and about forty or maybe fifty guys were there each time," he said. "The place was jammed and we didn't even tell people that taking photos was allowed. When all the "girls" find out that they can bring their cameras this year I'm sure that will push our attendance way up. So, I'm guessing at least sixty, hopefully up to seventy-five butch fairies each time."

I liked those numbers and knew I'd love posing. "OK you got me," I said. "What are the dates?"

I checked my Day-Timer and thought to myself how exciting this would be. A throng of gay men who were not artists or photo students crowded into the gallery while I'm posing? We'd be doing this four times and they would all be told they could take photos?

Even if I had something else planned my decision was inevitable. "I'm in," I said as I made notes in my calendar.

The performance art gig at the art museum gala was fantastic. As guests arrived they were greeted by Mrs. Hoffman, by another woman who was the other curator of the event, and by a few museum volunteers.

Just as the doors were being opened to the gallery, before I started working, I overheard one of the volunteers cautioning people with her announcement, "Just so you know, there are nudes ahead."

There were no replies other than some thanks and nods. I assume that was due to the guests expecting to see many nudes in the show—but nudes as the subject of the art work, not live and in their faces. Those poor unsuspecting folks!

The line at the door was quite long. This was not a college crowd. Just about everyone was in the age range of forty to eighty, probably most above fifty, and they were all dressed to the nines. Men in suits. Women in elegant dresses. Champagne and wine were being served by a few art student volunteers who I recognized from Morgan. Two tables, formally decorated with elegant candles and overflowing flowers, were filled with platters of small pastries and various finger foods.

Emily, the other model, who also worked at Morgan, and I met in the back office and waited for about fifteen minutes before starting. Neither one of us was nervous even though we agreed that this performance art, and the audience we were about to pose for, were totally new to us. We laughed as we were undressing and agreed that there was a likelihood of several of the older people collapsing in shock. Fortunately, that didn't happen.

We used "Rock, Paper, Scissors" to determine who would step out of the office first. Luck was on my side as I got the honor of getting things started. I admit that I was nervous but Emily opened the door for me and gave me a friendly shove toward the crowd. I boldly began my slow meandering through the packed gallery. I could see the surprise in many eyes as people stepped aside to allow me to walk through the crowd. I paraded among the suits and gowns for several minutes and then started my first pose. I could sense some quiet uneasiness but no one screamed,

no one laughed, no one fled and no one reached out to touch. They just looked, admired, whispered comments to each other and sipped their drinks.

At the end of my first walk, Emily and I laughed about how surprised many of the people were when they saw me strutting my stuff among them. No one knew in advance that there'd be live naked people included in the show's opening gala. Then with a flip of her long hair Emily started her walk. It was good that we were performing one at a time so we weren't in competition for eyes. It was great working with another exhibitionist.

Most people handled our nakedness without a problem—they either looked for a second and turned away or stood there and admired the live display of art. Several of the guests raised their glasses to me and offered positive comments such as, "Thanks," and "Well done." There were no lewd or negative remarks.

The most amusing guests were those who wanted to have a good look but were afraid that others would recognize that. The few men who activated my gaydar appeared to handle my nudity with ease. They took their time and looked me over rather thoroughly but with respect. Several women stood in small groups and chatted quietly among themselves about my body but never mentioned my genitals. But believe me, I saw them looking down there.

The ones that made me silently laugh the most were the men whose eyes were totally focused on my groin. Their staring was discreet so they wouldn't tip off their wives (or maybe the women at their sides were dates or friends—I wasn't sure) who were with them. I could sense their lust and, by a check of their eyes, I knew what they wanted. They stared. I obliged by getting onto a stand near them and doing a full frontal pose meant for them. They knew.

On Saturday morning, over coffee and toasted bagels slathered with Philadelphia cream cheese and sliced olives, I filled Marjorie in about my gig. She was intrigued by the thought of so many non-artists being presented with more than just two-dimensional nudes on the walls. She was totally engrossed when I told her about the reactions of several of the unsuspecting guests.

Marjorie was clear—she wanted to come to check out my "show". I was sure that Mrs. Hoffman would give me comp tickets for her and a friend—if she wanted to invite someone.

Marjorie, and Gabriela, one of her yoga class friends, made plans to attend the gala on Sunday afternoon. This was going to be the first time I'd see Marjorie dressed up. And this would be the first time she would see me undressed.

When I was about to begin my second walk on Sunday, I spied Marjorie and her friend sipping their champagne. Without a worry in the world I strutted in their direction. Marjorie's expression of delight was great to see. I just knew she and Gabriela would enjoy the show. I walked over to a platform near where they were standing. After a brief secret smile and wave, I stepped up and struck a pose. Of course I spread out my legs and put my hands behind my back. I wanted them to see it all.

They both giggled, probably from nervousness, but they quickly recovered and assumed the serious stance of interested art lovers. They stood right in front of me and whispered to each other about their impressions of my body.

Marjorie knew that I wasn't supposed to talk to the guests so they didn't attempt to engage me in conversation.

"See, I told you there'd be some incredible art on display," Marjorie whispered to her friend.

"You're right, it is impressive and there's so much to see," Gabriela replied. And I've never seen a circumcised one before," she added with a whisper as her eyes bore down on my penis and testicles.

Their giggles returned. Marjorie and I winked at each other when I got off the stand and resumed my walk among the crowd. Then they were off to get more champagne.

My two lovely ladies wandered around to enjoy the display and made sure to check out a few of my poses. A while later, when I was holding a standing pose near the center of the gallery, I almost burst out laughing when I recognized their slightly inebriated and hushed voices behind me. Their conversation was about my calves and buns. Hearing them go on and on about my shapes and curves was a riot.

I realized their bravery had increased when they walked around the platform and continued their veiled discussion (but loud enough so I could hear them) and included some pointing. These two girls were all about the details of my genitals.

"Maybe I should trim some of his pubic hair," Marjorie softly said. "but not the stuff that's traveling up to his belly button."

"Hey, I'm a detail type person so I'll be delighted to be your assistant," Gabriela said. "I'd especially want to work on those little hairs on his balls." she added not wanting to be left out of the fun.

They both chuckled. I knew they were doing that just to tease me. They were having fun. Me too.

That evening, over some delicious brie and crackers and a chilled bottle of white wine, Marjorie and I celebrated my afternoon display. It really was great to have a straight female roommate who was so relaxed and accepting of my exhibitionism. She and Gabriela were now my favorite *fag hags*.

"You like being naked," Marjorie said being direct and clear. "So be naked around the apartment whenever you want." On warm days I took her up on that permission. But we kept things at that level only.

I thought I recognized a few people who attended the museum gala. I knew one—the owner of the dry cleaning shop in my neighborhood. When she saw me she gave me a big smile and remarked, "Well good to see you young man. Next time you come in I'll be happy to give you a discount."

I was seen by someone I knew but I didn't collapse or flee. No one else came up to me and indicated that they knew me. At the end of the weekend I breathed a sigh of relief. I had been naked in front of a few hundred people. As far as I could tell, only one person recognized me and it didn't bother me at all.

I took another chance and was successful.

The next time I was at Morgan I gave Mrs. Hoffman big thanks for hiring me for the museum's show.

"I knew you'd love doing it, she said. "You're so natural with your clothes off. I wish all of our models were like you. Maybe you should teach classes on how to be a nude model." We both laughed at that idea.

The four nights at Downtown Art were an absolute blast. I mingled with some of the guys as they arrived and waited for the go ahead. When there was a good crowd, which was at about 8:30 each night, Calvin got things going.

"Hey everybody," Calvin called out. "Eddie, the guy who posed for some of those incredible hot pictures you've been gaping at on the wall, is going to show us his stuff."

"He'll be up there," he said as he pointed to the small raised platform, "with a few breaks, until around ten or ten-thirty so you've got lots of time to check him out and take all the photos you want."

I loved the attention and how quiet it became as I got up on the platform and tossed my shirt to the side. I offered several positions and quite a few cameras were clicking away.

“Hey there girls!” Calvin shouted out, “do you want to see more?”

The chorus of yeses and the nod from Calvin was all I needed. Everyone became totally focused as I unzipped. All eyes in the room enjoyed watching the denim slide down to my knees. I stood there fully exposed and felt the breathing of the guests resume. The pros started things off by taking photos. Then many others, a few hesitant at first, moved in for close up inspection and began snapping away.

I knew quite a few guys who came to the photo show and I was recognized repeatedly by some. Several were art students—guys who I didn't realize were gay. Two others were art students who I was positive were gay—not from their appearance but from remembering their exploring techniques from an art anatomy class. A couple were guys I had hooked up with in the past. Several I recognized from the Spruce Street bars. And two were neighbors—they lived just down the block from Marjorie and me. They recognized me and introduced themselves—what a way to meet.

It was fun to get greetings from the guys I recognized. I was finally getting over being seen by people who knew me. Most of them, and most of the men who I didn't know, gave me lots of nice comments. Quite a few flirted with me and several of them jotted their phone numbers into the gallery's matchbooks and gave them to me. Some of the guests stayed for the entire time but most wandered in for a while, looked at the display of photos and then spent time pretending they were serious photographers.

What a super audience. It was a variety of fully dressed gay men who were there to see the photos on the walls. Ha. Sure. I could tell by their expressions, staring, pointing and comments that their real reason for coming to the show was to check out the nude model that was mentioned in the flyers. That was the sell. I

was the sell.

After every break it was great doing my strip again — especially for the late arrivals. Show the front. Show the back. Flirt with the audience. When they requested to see my armpits I lifted my arms. I was surprised by the number of those requests. When they asked for the biceps I pumped up my arms. I obliged their requests to view my butt over and over. I loved that many in the gallery were not shy with their eyes, with their cameras and with their bold but polite demands.

The clicks of the cameras and the many hungry eyes studying my every detail kept me aroused during most of the four sessions. My cock was up and down, but never totally flacid, depending on the attention it was getting. Eye contacts. Clicks. Smiles. Comments. Requests. Those were the factors that made me work hard for the crowds.

It was obvious that when I had an erection I got more attention. And when I had more attention I was even more engorged. It was a circle of exhibitionism that worked well for me. And for all for all of the voyeurs who watched me react to their attention.

Franklin sold several photos and, as promised, he split the take with me. It was not a lot of money but in those days every penny helped. If he hadn't sold anything though I would have been fine. In fact, the attention I got during the shows at Calvin's gallery was way beyond any monetary reward.

This event displayed my high level of narcissism. But I didn't care as I was intoxicated by the attention. I didn't tell Franklin but if he had ever asked me to work at a show again I would have insisted on posing gratis. Ha, maybe I would have paid him!

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

Marjorie didn't ask any questions when I told her that I'd be visiting a guy I knew from college for the weekend. Actually I was going to a new place for me—one that Frank Belmont had suggested.

I called the theater a few days before and the guy who answered told me to come on. I was happy when he said, "We can use some new sweat and blood on our stage."

Marjorie asked if it was a "thing" or if it was just a friend. I smiled and let her think what she wanted to think. With a pair of jeans, a few T-shirts and of course, with my collection of skimpy underwear and jockstraps stuffed into a large gym bag, I was on my way to a new adventure.

I took the commuter train, which was about a fifteen minute ride, to center city from the 69th Street Terminal to the 30th Street train station. From there I walked over to the main bus station on Filbert Street. The bus I needed was the Continental Trailways Express as it only made one stop on the way to Port Authority in New York City.

The woman, who had some kind of badge pinned to her collar, sold me a ticket and told me where to go to get the next bus. The driver was already checking tickets and was directing people to get on when I got there. That bus was about to deliver me to a very new and strange world.

I found a lone seat near the back and tried to relax. About twenty minutes later we were heading down Broad Street toward the New Jersey Turnpike on the way to New York—to The Big Apple! I was eager to get there but a bit scared as this was going big time. The scenery was not captivating at all. It was mostly lots of large commercial buildings along the highway. I didn't pay much attention to the few sights since all I could think about was that I was about to begin a new adventure—an adventure in the city that the Village Voice always painted as the most exciting city in the world.

When we emerged from the Holland Tunnel I had a personal thrill. I was going to be performing at a theater in THE CITY. Wow! The Port Authority Bus Terminal was huge, crowded and rather confusing. It was filled with way too many people and many of them looked like they were beggars or just homeless. I snaked my way through the building and found the stairs down to the subway. I must admit that it was a bit overwhelming. I had to ask a totally disinterested subway employee, who was sitting in a booth behind some ornate metal bars, how to get to the Christopher Street station.

"Just take the number one going downtown. That'll get you there," she barked out. I flew down the steps, found the correct line and zoomed through those dark tunnels to THE Village.

When I walked up the long staircase all I could see were many older but decent looking stores and lots of small apartment buildings. The subway exit that I used was only two blocks from the rooming house that Frank had suggested so that turned out to be rather easy. After checking in and finding my room on the third floor, I headed down the hall for a shower so I'd be ready for the evening show. I wanted to be nice and clean for the audience.

I was supposed to be onstage three times, at 7:30, 9 and 10:30. So I took the subway to the 6th Street stop as I knew that was right near Times Square and close to the Gaiety Theater.

The Times Square area was incredible. There didn't seem to be much friendliness. No greetings. No smiles. The huge buildings all had lights advertising just about everything you could think of. There were movie theaters, places with signs advertising naked women performing inside, lots of bars, way too many souvenir shops and restaurants with huge signs advertising their cheap prices and just about anything else you could think of. I saw a few places where you could walk in and for a quarter see porn movies. After touring the busy streets in amazement, I checked my notes and headed down Broadway to West 46th Street—I didn't want to

be late for the show. Heck, I was about to be on a New York City stage!

I figured it would be a pretty nice gay theater and imagined that I'd see "Eddie G" on the marquee. I walked by an array of storefronts looking for the building with number 201. When I saw the place I immediately knew that it was not some glamorous venue. There was a small dark and dirty awning above the door. In fairly small letters were the stenciled words, "Gaiety Theater". There was no sign telling patrons who would be performing. I was disappointed but at least I knew I was at the right place in the middle of the somewhat chaotic and confusing Times Square.

I climbed the long staircase. It was obvious that I was not about to enter the dazzling and exciting theater that I had hoped for and imagined. Me on Broadway? Hah! I stepped over some cigarette butts and scraps of paper on the small landing at the top of the stairs. A middle-age woman was sitting in the ticket booth that was guarded by a window and some metal bars.

"It's three bucks and the show with the stripper boys don't start til about eight," she said with a monotone delivery.

She didn't even look at me or offer any kind of smile. I quickly told her that I was there to see the manager about dancing. She pointed to the door and told me to go inside and to stand along the wall by the back row of seats.

"Jerry'll be back in a few. I'll tell him you'll be standing there," she called out as I entered the theater.

That gave me some time to look the place over. It was not really a theater like I had imagined. It was a dark, dingy, dirty old movie theater with a stale musty, cigarette smoke-filled smell. As my eyes adjusted I saw that there were about fifteen men—most of them were seated by themselves in the rows of movie theater style chairs. I saw a couple guys standing off to the side near an opening that looked like it led off to the bathrooms. I had seen some porn in the past but what filled the screen was really

explicit. Nothing was left to the imagination.

A man carrying a small flashlight and wearing a faded gray shirt and black pants walked over.

"You Eddie?" he asked.

"Yes sir I am."

"Good that you're here. Frank told me all about you. Follow me," he said as he pointed to an aisle along the side of the rows of seats.

As Jerry and I walked down the aisle toward the back of the theater I could see that a couple men in the audience were nodding off, a few looked like they were concentrating on the movies, others were just sitting there looking totally bored.

The dressing room was the only place that had decent lighting. There were a couple mirrors—one that you could sit right near and the other one was full-length with a good light over it. There were two guys sitting on the benches in the fairly large sparsely furnished room. One looked like he was maybe twenty-five and the other guy was quite a bit older, maybe thirty-five or so. Both guys were wearing jeans and tight-fitting T-shirts. They looked up at us and gave me a fairly weak, "Hey." There were some lockers with keys dangling from the doors. Jerry said I could use any locker and to be sure to lock it and keep the key with me.

"Randy, Antwan, this here is Eddie, he goes by Eddie G," Jerry said. "These guys dance here often so they'll show you around. Eddie'll be third up each time. And guys, don't go jacking-off during the first show. Save it for the late ones when there are more bodies in the joint."

That last statement was a surprise. I didn't know that I'd need to cum on stage but I had done it before so it was not a problem at all. I always liked when I could shoot for an audience. In fact, I knew that would be my favorite part of my performance.

I sat on the bench and listened as Randy and Antwan explained how the shows worked. They said I'd go last in each set and that I should just watch them.

"Do yer strip in the first five," Antwan explained. "Then just dance or do some cool moves for about five more. Jerry'll flash his light so ya know there's only two songs before you're done."

"The house rule," Randy added, "is to cum right near the end. You gotta to do that twice each time you're here, but don't do it in the first set. Jerry wants you to wait until the place is packed."

"Doin it on stage Eddie is no big deal," Antwan said. "Just pretend that you're home alone in your room. Make sure that you're standing in the spotlight though cause Jerry gets pissed off if yer dick ain't in the light. Ya gotta be sure that all the fags in the place get a good look when you shoot."

"All those seedy men out there will love you—they like younger dancers the best," Randy added.

It was nice to have the two guys helping me out.

When the word fag was used I realized that both guys were probably straight. But they were not at all uptight about performing for a gay crowd. They were "gay for pay". I did my best to overlook the attitude as the show had to go on.

A few minutes later the film ended and we could see through the dressing room doorway that the stage lights had been turned on. There were no announcements. The music started and Antwan walked out to center stage and started a sensuous dance. He slowly stripped. I was amazed that other than on his head there wasn't one hair on his body. He didn't seem to even look out into the audience. I could see that the men who seemed to be totally disinterested earlier were now sitting up and watching every move that Antwan made. There was no doubt about it—the draw at the Gaiety was the live show.

Randy's strip was pretty much the same. His long black hair and big biceps actually looked pretty good. His sexy and trance-like moves were quite fine. At the end of their set each guy got a small smattering of applause. Then I got up and did my thing. It wasn't much fun but I stripped and tried to look as though I was enjoying showing my body to those men—those men out there who I didn't know, who I couldn't interact with, who seemed to be only mildly interested.

After I was finished the stage lights were turned off and another porn film exploded on the screen. I put my jeans, a T-shirt and sneakers on and walked around to check out the place out. I noticed that quite a few men had arrived and I estimated that there were now at least thirty-five or forty guys in the theater.

There was a long hallway back by the bathrooms and several of the men from the audience were just standing against the wall trying to look totally bored. But their eyes were checking out everyone—it was blatant. I saw that a couple of guys moved closer to each other and started to whisper something. A minute later they headed back into a very dark area and took seats next to each other. It was clear that that they were going to hook up with each other.

After the break, Antwan started things off just like the first show. As soon as he was naked he started stroking himself. After two songs he moved right in front of the bright spotlight that Jerry was working. I took a quick look at the audience and it seemed as though every eye in the place was fixed on Antwan's cock. They didn't want to miss anything. The boredom of the place suddenly ended. The audience was eager to watch the jackoff show.

When Antwan came there was some good applause. He went to the side of the stage and grabbed an old towel that was laying there and went back out and wiped up the stage floor. Antwan then waved to the audience, did a small bow, and he got

some more applause. Randy was next. His applause was louder when he came. I think it was because he looked as though he was really enjoying himself and because you could hear him grunting during those last few seconds. I realized that sound effects helped.

It was my turn. I loved stripping. And beating off for a crowd. When I started to take off my shirt several men, who had been sitting way in the back, moved to the front row, right in the center. A few of the men must have seen them and figured it was ok to move or wise to move. The first three rows were filled by the time I got to my jeans.

I loved the attention and my penis easily rose to the occasion. My Hanes were off next and I did a slow dance around the stage. I could see the stares and feel the craving and anticipation coming from the audience. I kept dancing and playing with myself waiting for the flashing light. It didn't come for three more songs and then I saw it. My last song. I was enjoying stroking myself and made sure that I was standing directly in front of the spotlight, just a couple feet from the edge of the stage, when I came. I got some pretty loud applause and they clapped again when I came back out with a rag to clean up the stage. To show my appreciation I waved to everyone and then turned around and bent way over while I slowly wiped up my cum. More applause.

During the break, before the last show of the night, the other guys told me I had done a great job. And Jerry came back to the dressing room and gave me a thumbs up. The tiny bit of nervousness that I had about the place was gone. I couldn't wait to get back on that stage and to do whatever I could to please my audience.

The third show of the evening was just about the same. There were some of the same men in the audience from the

earlier shows. About fifteen new men had arrived so the seats were pretty full for the final performance.

The front rows were packed and there was just enough light so I could see the audience. Their eyes and concentration were a turn-on. I wanted to be naked for as long as possible so all my clothes were off by the end of the first song.

I was a hit. But I didn't enjoy dancing at the Gaiety. I didn't at all relate to the guys who danced there. The place was dark, sleazy and filled with guys who seemed to be sneaking around in a dark cave. Most of the place, including the bathrooms and the stage floor, was dirty. Also, I didn't like the frequent requests and offers of cash for quick sex at a seat or in the hallway near the bathrooms. I know that some of the strippers made extra money that way but being paid for sex, and having sex with someone in a place like the Gaiety, just wasn't my thing. However, I danced at the Gaiety fairly often during the next few years. The money was decent and having a stage with an appreciative audience was what I craved.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

Kyle, one of the strippers I met at the Gaiety, suggested that I go and dance with him at the Anvil. He assured me that the tips would be pretty good and that it was a fun and safe place to do my thing. The Anvil was a gay club in what was called the meat-packing district, down by the docks in Lower Manhattan. He said he would arrange for the two of us to work there so I was pumped to be trying out a new place. He got us booked there two weeks later for Friday and Saturday nights.

We met in Washington Square Park in the Village, near the place that I usually stayed, and we headed to the Anvil. The large two-story building looked like an old abandoned warehouse. It fit in perfectly with the surrounding rundown area. After looking at

the men who were streaming inside I guessed that the bouncer, who was decked out in cowboy-style chaps and a leather vest, would not let anyone in who didn't fit the mold of the place. Heck, he probably would not have let me in if Kyle hadn't told him I was one of the strippers that night.

"He's a young and cute one. This'll be different," the bouncer said to Kyle as he waved us in.

I was apprehensive. I offered a forced smile and Kyle's pat on my shoulder reassured me. I took a deep breath as we entered the over-crowded place.

The Anvil had a totally different crowd than any gay places I had been in before. The place was filled with men who were dressed in blue jeans and black leather. Many of them were bare chested with just a leather vest or harness. Several men were wearing leather caps and what looked to me like motorcycle type outfits. It seemed as though almost everyone had either a mustache or beard. This was not a tourist crowd like at the Gaiety—these were locals and they were hard-core.

I checked out the rough looking performers already doing their thing on the bar. All of them were pretty tough looking. A couple looked like they needed a bath. The jeans that one guy still had on looked dirty and had some rips in them. Another dancer had small rings in his nipples and was heavily covered by tattoos. I was intrigued by another dancer who had fairly large metal rings hanging from his balls. It was clear that the tough guy look was preferred. I doubted that any of these dancers would have been hired at the places where I had worked.

By 10 pm, when we were about to start our first thirty-minute set, the place was overflowing with all masculine leather macho men. (Many of them really weren't macho at all but they certainly were trying to look that way.) You could just about not move since the place was so packed. I didn't see anyone under the age of thirty and I didn't see one flowered shirt. Well I did see

a couple guys who had to take off their dress shirts and ties and check those at the door. They must have been tourists who had no idea.

After Kyle and I stashed our things in some tiny lockers underneath the bar he showed me around. When we began our tour he offered me some kind of pill that he said would help me relax. I turned down the offer.

The huge oval bar, where we were going to be dancing, filled the center of the massive place. We went down a pretty dark staircase which brought us to a huge, dimly lit room. I saw a few small clumps of men hanging out. Some were just standing around and some were touching and fondling guys near them. I hadn't anticipated it but I quickly realized that this was a "back room" in a gay bar—a place where guys could hook up right there, with strangers, and have sex. I had heard about these places but had never been in one.

Even before I started I knew this was not the kind of place where I wanted to dance. But, I was booked for two nights so I got up on the bar just after 10 pm. The routine was pretty simple. Dance while dressed for ten minutes. Then move counter clockwise on the bar to the next lighted spot and strip while dancing.. For the final ten I was expected to dance naked, which was my favorite. When I got a decent tip the expectation was to lower yourself down so the guy could grope me. But unlike the Chesapeake, there was nothing beyond that. I was glad it was touching only since no one there appealed to me and I really didn't feel safe in this overflow crowd.

It became clear that just about everyone was there to hook up or find someone to follow into the back room. There was only minimal interest in those of us who were naked on the bar. Several comments and clear lack of interest in me from the masculine crowd assured me that I was out of place. I was too clean cut. I was too young. The Anvil and I didn't click. But I'm

happy that I graced the same stage where the Village People got their start. I honored my commitment for the next night. Kyle understood when I told him that I wasn't interested in working the Anvil after that.

I bumped into Kyle once in a while at the Gaiety during the next couple of years. One time though, when I hadn't seen Kyle for a while, I asked about him. A couple of the dancers heard that he had some drug problems and they thought he had moved to Canada, to either Toronto or Montreal, to dance in some clubs there. I wasn't surprised about the drugs.

I'm not suggesting that I was any better than any of the other dancers. We all shared one of two different needs. There were those who were looking for drug money or for men who would pay them for sex. Quite a few of these guys were down on their luck and were trying to make it in life by stripping. The group of performers who I related to were just like me—college guys and young professionals who stripped for the fun, for the love of it, who craved being naked for an audience. The money helped but it was not our main reason for being there.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

Frank had told me about the shows put on at The Vintage Dance Palace on East Fourteenth in Greenwich Village. It was not far from one of the small hotels where I often stayed. I walked over there early evening one Saturday before my shift at the Gaiety. As I got close I could see the theater's name and below it a large lighted sign, "Boys! Boys! Boys!". There were posters behind glass to the left of the door announcing who would be dancing that weekend. Wow, they were promoting their performers!

The place was locked but I could hear some music so I knocked. Gustavo, a gorgeous dark-skinned stud, opened the

door and invited me in. I told him that I was interested in dancing there and that Dr. Belmont had told me to come and talk with Mr. Greenbaum. He raised his eyebrows and gave me an exaggerated inspection, from my head to feet, and broke into a sexy kind of grin. He followed that with a big welcome as he motioned me to head up the stairs. Gustavo told me that he was the lead dancer and choreographer for the shows. He gave me the grand tour of the place before taking me to the back office to meet the owner.

It was a real theater, well small but real. The place looked pretty classy—not plush or snobby. It was a pleasant, clean and professional looking space. Leather padded chairs were arranged in a semi-circle facing the stage. The chairs were only three rows deep in the center and two deep on the sides. The second and third rows in the center and the second rows on the sides were on risers. It was clear that the arrangement ensured that everyone had a perfect close-up view of the show.

Gustavo explained that they were a private club so everyone who was in the audience had to be a member. He also said that the men in the audience have to pay an outrageously expensive membership fee to join.

He then explained that the actual admission price was based on the seat they reserved. I later read the small sign on the entry desk that showed it was fifteen dollars for a one-year membership. In addition to that a ticket was required for each show. Tickets were ten dollars for a seat on the side—it was fifteen dollars for the center section. The patrons who wanted the front row center, which was less than two feet from the edge of the stage, paid twenty-five for those seats. Expensive!

Gustavo explained that they were not allowed to sell anything alcoholic. But they did provide unlimited soda, wine and beer at no cost.

"Most of the customers," he explained, "who we call members or patrons, are married men who don't admit that

they're gay. Well some guys do and some say they are bi. They all come here for the shows and for some erotic times. And to see and get to explore young naked hotties."

We both nodded and laughed. I realized that this would be a very different audience than what I was used to.

I saw that six guys, around my age, were sweeping, wiping down the furniture and straightening out the chairs near the stage. A few of them, who Gustavo told me were the performers for that evening, had their shirts off as they worked around the place. I was impressed by their toned bodies—all of them were in excellent shape.

These guys were different from the performers in some of the clubs where I had worked. There were no big body builders with bulging muscles. No one had any tattoos. Each body was nicely defined. They all had short haircuts and all of them were clean-shaven. Although two of the dancers had shirts on I realized that if I got hired I'd probably be the only dancer with some hair on his chest. As I looked over the guys it seemed like they had hired a college swim team to perform.

It was clear that I was in no way the hottest guy there but I was thankful for my regular workouts and my in-shape looks. I didn't have to be the hottest. I didn't have to be the most muscular. I didn't have to be the cutest. My chats with Frank Belmont and my bar-top dancing convinced me that, if I performed well and interacted with the audience with ease, that would make me hot in my own way. So other than the hair on my chest I believed that I fit right in.

The theater's manager, Mr. Greenbaum, seemed happy to meet me as he gave me a quick look over. When he was copying down some information off my driver's license he questioned me in his heavy Jewish accent.

"Saul? So you a *Landsman*, a Jew?" he asked.

"Well, you'd be the first yid working here," he remarked with a big smile when I nodded yes.

I was at a loss for an appropriate response so I said nothing. He then asked me what my stage name was.

"Eddie G."

"Sounds good, we'll use that," he said as he nodded to Gustavo.

Mr. Greenbaum chatted with me for a minute or two and explained a little bit about what would be expected if he hired me. He stressed that his clientele were mostly very successful businessmen. He warned me to not get nosy about who they were and to never ask a patron what his last name was. He added that if I was hired Gustavo would fill me in on all the details. Then he told me that no matter how good I was he would only have me back one weekend per month. He explained that by changing performers often his regulars would keep coming back. His schedule suited me perfectly.

"So, would you like to audition now?" he asked.

"Now? Well sure. Yes, please, sure I'd love to."

"Ok, hop on up there," Mr. Greenbaum said as he motioned toward the stage. "One of the guys will set you up with a few songs. When you're ready show us your best dance moves."

I nodded to let him know that I was set to go.

"You need to strip during the second song," he said, "and then stroke yourself and get off during the third or fourth song."

I looked him in the eyes, took a deep breath and had no second thoughts. I absolutely wanted the job.

Mr. Greenbaum, the dancers who were setting up for the evening show and the woman who worked the door, took seats in the front row—directly in front of me. I did a slow sensuous dance to the first song. I livened it up with a playful striptease during the second record. The third number allowed me to time it perfectly. I held my release and then "shared" when Tab Hunter

got to the line, "We Share with Deep Emotion". I got some light applause from the group and a thumbs up from Gustavo and from a couple of the dancers.

Mr. Greenbaum, who I learned later was referred to as "The Baum" by the dancers, came over to talk privately to me. I was using a towel to wipe the cum off my hand. As I stood there naked he remarked that I had done a great job. He added that his wife Becky, the woman who was in the front row with the others, totally approved of me. He wanted me to be one of his regular dancers. I was elated.

He went over the pay with me. It was the highest amount of all the clubs where I had ever performed. He also let me know that there was a tip jar that was shared among all of the dancers. He looked through his pocket calendar and booked me for an upcoming weekend. He said that his wife would go over some other dates and get me on the regular schedule.

He laughed and shook his head as he was walking away. "I can't wait to tell some of my close friends, and heck maybe even the rabbi, that one of my stripper boys is a Jew."

I thought he was about to invite me to go to the synagogue with him some Saturday. But fortunately he didn't.

Too bad I couldn't stay and watch the show, or even join in. But I had a gig at the Gaiety so I rushed to the subway station and headed that way.

My parents were happy about the part-time job I found developing lesson plans and activities for in-service workshops for future teachers. They were impressed that I had to go to New York and to Washington some weekends to work with the other members of the team and that all of my travel expenses were paid. The fabricated job was the only way I could think of to explain my frequent trips out-of-town. When we talked on the phone I told them about the sights I was seeing in both New York and DC. That was not a lie. They liked that I now had a full-time

teaching position and a part-time job in a related field. I used to withhold information. Now I was plain outright lying.

Five weeks later I went to New York for my premiere in Boys! Boys! Boys! I was excited and in high spirits as I really liked the theater and I was totally turned on by the great opportunity to perform for a good size crowd. It was Off-Broadway but it was, in my mind, a legit theater—well it was many rungs above what I was used to.

I took in a big breath and smiled when I saw, "Featuring our Newest Cast Member Eddie G, Direct from Philly" in the lighted case next to the door. I made my way up the long staircase. My heart wasn't racing due to the climb.

Gustavo was inside with seven other guys, all with typical college boy looks. I didn't recognize any of them from when I was there for my audition. It was clear that Gustavo was the lead dancer as he was directing everyone on setting up some furniture on the stage and adjusting the lighting.

To warm up our troupe Gustavo had us sit in a circle to introduce ourselves. We were asked to give a brief overview of our lives. One guy was a model for a company that manufactured men's clothing. He said he had been in quite a few fashion shows in New York and in two shows in Italy. One of the dancers was taking acting classes and had high hopes for a future on stage or in movies. He also had a part-time job as a waiter at a fancy mid-town Chinese restaurant. One guy was a first-year language instructor at a high school out on Long Island. Two of the guys were college students—one was a sophomore at Hofstra majoring in music and dance. The other guy was majoring in business at Rutgers. The last guy to introduce himself was a deckhand on the Staten Island Ferry. What a cool group.

And just like the performers I saw last time I was here, each one looked like a clean-cut, in-shape, college kid or young professional. I was the newbie. But looks wise I fit right in.

After the introductions Gustavo told the guys to get some chairs into a circle. Then he turned to me.

"Well Eddie G," he said, "we have a ritual here. When you're a virgin on our stage the rest of us need to get to know you and to help you get over any first-time stage fright. To welcome our Philly boy to the crew you need to stand up. Just walk up to each guy and let him reach out and feel what's in your jeans."

"It's time to get to know you Eddie G," one of the guys called out. A couple of the dancers clapped and one gave a fun whistle.

I made my way around the circle and all but two guys reached out and groped me rather thoroughly. The two who didn't just gave me a light tap on my crotch. I learned later that they were straight and were working here just for the high pay. The walk around was a fun way to break the ice and get to know the other performers.

"OK guys," Gustavo said with a more serious tone, "the door opens in a little over an hour so let's get our butts to work."

Everyone got started on the setup. I pitched right in to help. They were expecting a full house so we were all hustling. I was assigned to go through the seating area and wipe down all of the chairs. I also had to go out into the lobby area and clean off the bar top and wipe down the few leather chairs and several small towel-covered platforms.

Gustavo then asked Kelly, the guy who was the teacher, to join us.

"Eddie," Gustavo said, "Kelly here will give you the run down and let you know what you'll be doing tonight. He's one of our excellent repeaters so I'm sure he'll help you a lot. OK guys?"

We both nodded our agreement. I was more than ready to find out what my roles would be in the show.

"Great to have you join our little cast," Kelly offered as Gustavo walked away. "We have a good group this weekend and you look like you'll be a fine addition stud."

We had a nice chat while he was putting some drink cans into a large cooler, pouring in some ice from a big black plastic bag and then arranging some napkins and cups on the top of the bar. He was only wearing his jeans and his sneakers.

Kelly was a tall guy with really smooth light skin and red hair that was just a bit longer than a crewcut. His popping-out pecs and lats were just what I liked in a guy. And his arms? Mmmmm. He had rather fine biceps and some soft looking light red armpit hair. Yum! I thought that Kelly was very hot and figured it would be fun to watch him do his thing on stage. I rarely got turned on by any of the dancers I worked with. But there were exceptions. Kelly was one. I immediately wished I could do more than watch. It didn't dawn on me that my desire might be fulfilled.

Kelly told me that he was in his second year of teaching out on Long Island and that he had worked at the Vintage five weekends so far.

"Are you a top or a bottom?" he asked.

"Well I'm really not either. I just like being on stage," I replied. I wasn't expecting that question so I stammered a bit.

"The reason I'm asking you Eddie is to see if you'd like to be my partner for the sex scene."

I didn't realize there was anything more than stripping and doing jackoff shows at this place. There was. There was lots more.

Kelly realized that no one had briefed me on everything so he went over the plan for the night.

"Gustavo will start the show by introducing each of us. Just hop up on the stage and give out a big wave. After the applause hop off and take a slow walk through the entire audience. Shake

hands and greet everyone. Some guys will pat your butt or grope your junk but keep your buttons buttoned and your zipper up. When you've met everyone just head backstage."

"Then," Kelly continued, "it will be time for the skits and games part of the show. The first one will be two or three of the guys, I'm not sure who Gustavo assigned for tonight. But they'll be coming out on stage, with some tropical music playing. They'll be having a discussion about heading out to the beach. Typically for this scene the guys talk about the beach and the sun and stuff like that. Then they get their bathing suits out of their gym bags, undress and get into their suits. Then they walk off the stage heading to the beach. That's about it. It's a good way to start showing some skin to the audience. What do you think?"

"Sounds like a super way to get things going," I said with a couple nods. "What's the second skit?"

"Well, that will involve you for the shows this weekend." I listened carefully as Kelly explained the second skit and my heart began to race when he told me my role.

"This skit is always done when there's a new guy, so you're it. Gustavo will probably have some very soft music playing and three or four of the guys will be seated at a table in the middle of the stage. You stay stage right, out of sight, and listen to their conversation. They'll be wearing frat shirts and will be talking about you, the new pledge. When they yell, 'Hey pledge, get your sorry ass in here,' that's your cue. Head out and stand just to the side of the table. Don't block the view of the guys."

"Sounds pretty easy so far Kelly. I assume I'm about to be hazed?" I said.

"Oh yes. That's exactly what's next. They'll tell you to get up on the small platform that's next to the table and demand that you strip. Protest loudly, however you want to do that, but give in. Really argue when you get down to your underwear. But then do it."

"This is sounding like fun. I'll keep it serious and act scared," I assured him.

"Yes, for sure," Kelly said. "They'll direct it from there. Usually the guys will take turns groping you and a couple may give you a short blow job. Last month the pledge was ordered to turn around and bend over and the "brothers" each took a turn checking out his ass. But don't worry, they will have a can of shortening handy."

"All of this sound OK to you?" Kelly asked with a questioning look. "You don't have to do the butt thing if you don't want to."

He assured me that the guys would chat with me before our skit so they knew what worked for me.

"Hey Kelly, no worries, I said. "I'm new here but I've done stuff like this for audiences before. It's all cool. Well, but when it comes to my ass, fingers only."

He nodded. He understood my limits.

"For the third skit we're doing Gustavo's favorite—musical chairs. I figure you know how that works?"

I chuckled and nodded yes.

"There will be five or six of us sitting in a row facing the audience," Kelly explained. "When the music comes on just walk in a circle around the chairs. Gustavo will remove a chair from the line."

"Just keep walking around the chairs," Kelly continued. "Do some prancing and grab one when the music stops."

"No sweat. Sounds great to me," I said thinking that this skit would be fun.

"Whoever doesn't have a chair," Kelly continued, "then goes to the center of the stage and opens up or takes off his shirt and drops his jeans. Don't show everything. Just show off your upper body and your basket. This continues until the last guy. That's about it."

"After the musical chairs thing we each take a turn and strip

during a couple songs. Keep your jock or underwear on. Simple so far, huh Eddie?"

"Yeah, no problem," I assured him. Kelly's eyes scanned down the front of me.

"Hey, what do you have under those tight Levi's?" Kelly asked as his eyes scanned down the front of me. "I couldn't tell when you were doing the circle walk. A jock? Underwear?"

I unzipped and gave him a quick look at my cotton covered bulge. Kelly's smile told me that he liked what he saw and what he felt with a quick teasing grope.

"After that we all come back in the same order," Kelly added. "Drop your shorts, dance naked for one song, then make your way around the audience and let the men touch you all they want. OK so far Eddie?"

I nodded a quick yes.

"Just keep walking around Eddie and don't stay with one man too long. You need to cozy up to everyone in the audience. Let everyone get a good look and, if they want to, a good feel."

"Here's what happens when it's intermission time," Kelly continued. "Gustavo will raise the lights in the lobby and he'll be giving out drinks to all of the customers. Don't get dressed. Head out there and get up on one of the platforms. They all have spotlights over them. And don't use the one in front of the bar—that's reserved for our lead."

Kelly then gave me more information on how the intermission will work.

"Gustavo will announce that the house rule is that all of the audience members need to keep their clothes on and stay zipped up. He usually ends his brief speech with something like, 'Gentlemen, your drinks await in the lobby and so do our hot naked boys. There's a big glass jar on the bar so drop some bills in to show your appreciation for our performers. It's intermission time so go forth and enjoy yourself!'"

Both of us laughed.

"Here's the deal Eddie," Kelly continued. "Just pick one of the platforms. I'm sure some of the men will check you out and fondle the goods. If any of the guys want to suck on you, let them. If you don't The Baum won't have you back."

Kelly assessed my expression and knew that I had agreed.

"There's a small wood table next to each platform," Kelly said. "The Baum puts towels and a can of shortening on the tables during the first act. It's not required but if you like men fingering your ass, and from what you told me before you probably do, just leave the can on the table. If not just stash it out of sight. Let them have their fun Eddie. All the men who come to our shows seem to be professional and pretty nice. They pay big bucks to get in and they tip very well. And this is the best paying gig for us in the city."

"There's no question about it," he continued. "The more the audience likes you the more you'll be booked here. And I hope that's often."

Then Kelly explained how the second act would work.

"After the lobby thing head on back behind the stage and get ready for our sex scene. I think you're hot so I asked Gustavo and he put us on the schedule together for the second act. You and I get to do it on stage."

"Seriously? For real?" I asked with one eyebrow raised and a sly smile."

"Yep, some guys fuck on stage and some just do lots of oral stuff. We can do whatever we want as long as the audience can see us come."

I was game. It was another step—actually a first for me and I was ready to do it. We talked about what we'd do and we agreed to kiss a couple times, slowly undress each other, touch each other a lot and then take turns giving each other blow jobs. We also agreed on the best positions that would give everyone in

the audience a good view. Then, when Gustavo waved, letting us know that our time was about up, we'd both face the audience, make sure we're directly in front of the stage lights, and do some slow stroking until we each came.

I was relieved that Kelly wasn't into fucking. That just wasn't my scene.

Audience members began arriving a little before 7 pm. The other performers and I gave them big greetings and showed them to their assigned seats. Each of us wore a name tag that was clipped onto our shirts. We walked around and visited with the men and offered them drinks from the bar. It was fun saying hello to everyone and helping them feel welcomed and relaxed.

I had the opportunity to chat with quite a few of the audience members. The men I met were polite, clean, well dressed and most of them appeared to be having a wonderful time. A few seemed somewhat awkward and shy. I figured that they were first timers and were either nervous about the show or afraid that they would be seen by someone they knew. There were a few men who I thought were very handsome but I played my part and gave everyone equal attention.

By just a little after eight the place was filled. It was show time. There was a nice round of applause when I was introduced. My walk through the audience assured me that this was a quality and well-to-do group of men. This was not a jeans and T-shirt type of crowd. The comments and tentative touching were a great way to break the ice and warm up the customers. Almost all of the men had wedding bands on. That surprised me.

I really felt sorry for these men because I knew that they were denying who they really were. And they were probably not leading a happy home life since they were hiding in a big dark closet.

Right after two guys did their bathing suit skit Gustavo directed me to wait off the side of the stage and three of the dancers went to their positions at the table, center stage. They really looked good in their fraternity T-shirts and the setting took on a rather realistic image. Gustavo brought the lights up brighter as the three "brothers" started their conversation. It was all about having another damn pledge to interview. When my presence was demanded, I timidly entered and stood by the table with my head down. I was into the role. Then I stepped onto the raised platform as directed.

The audience was rather quiet, obviously engrossed in the interactions between me and the brothers.

"Strip mother fucker!" the leader of the group commanded me.

As directed I just stood there with a horrified look on my face.

"I said strip boy!" he shouted, his command even louder. While uttering feigned protests I reluctantly took off my clothes, all but my briefs. I argued and pouted when I was directed to lose those.

After several shouts from the three guys one brother got real serious. "Do it if you want to be in our fraternity. If you don't drop those damn shorts just get the fuck out of here!"

I dropped them as directed.

There was total silence as each of the fraternity brothers, playing their hazing roles quite realistically, walked up to me. One simply ran his fingers over my entire body with special attention to my chest hair and armpits which, at his direction, were displayed with my hands locked above my head. The next hazer then directed me to spread out my legs. He dropped to his knees and took me in his mouth. His sucking lasted for a couple minutes. We pre-arranged that a slight squeeze on his shoulder meant to

stop so he wouldn't drain me. I needed to save that for later in the show.

Then the third brother sharply ordered me to turn around and bend over.

"Do it and don't you complain or you'll be out on your ass!" he shouted at me.

I turned around, spread out my legs and bent over. The changing shadows in front of me let me know that a spotlight was being moved to light up my butt.

One of the guys spread my cheeks open. Then I felt the lubricated finger of another one of the guys slowly enter.

The audience remained silent. His finger continued to slide in and out while the three of them debated whether I should be admitted into the fraternity. When he pulled out, after about two minutes of debate, he surveyed the audience.

"What do you think gentlemen?" he said as he looked over all of the patrons. "Should we admit this guy into the Boys' brotherhood?"

The members shouted a clear affirmative vote. The four of us then went to the front center of the stage and took our bows. The hazing scene was a hit and we got a large amount of applause and a couple of hoots and whistles.

The musical chairs skit was light and fun for the audience—it seemed to lighten the mood from serious to play time. When it was my turn to do a total strip I got lots of applause even though the audience had already seen me naked during the hazing skit. Then, when I walked around through the audience, their touching and whispers of admiration were sensual and a turn-on. I was having a great time and it appeared that almost all of the men in the audience loved the show.

When Gustavo flashed the lights to signal that it was time for intermission the other performers and I headed out to the

lobby. While listening to the announcements I decided to go for the gold. So I hopped up on one of the small platforms and moved the can of lubricant to the front of the adjacent table. It was slow for the first five minutes as the members were getting their drinks and making their rounds, checking out each of us. I was fondled by quite a few men and then one of them got things heated up by playing with my balls and sucking on my dick. I loved that several of the audience members moved in to get a good look. I wasn't surprised since the whole theater scene centered on voyeurism.

A couple minutes later a man, who had taken off his suit jacket but still had his tie on, reached down and lubed up one of his fingers. Several of the guests moved next to him so they could watch. I smiled at him and quickly turned around and bent over to give him what he wanted. His hands explored my buns for a moment and then he rested his left hand on my thigh. I saw his wedding band and wondered if his wife knew where he was and what he was doing.

"Do you like what I'm doing young man?" he asked as he shoved the greased-up pointer finger of his right hand into me.

"Yes Sir, very much Sir," I quietly and breathlessly replied.

"You're being a good boy Eddie," he whispered as he drove his finger in further. "I'm going to take my time and enjoy your hot little body. Now turn around and look at me boy," he commanded after a couple minutes. I complied. He reached under me and rammed his finger back into my ass. Then he gently eased my cock into his mouth. I watched him going down on me while he kept plunging his finger in and out. A couple of the other members stroked my body while they watched me being explored and tasted. Those were several minutes of bliss for me.

About seven or eight men explored my butt during what became more than an hour-long intermission. At least ten of the club's members tasted my cock. I watched the other dancers and

they all had about the same attention and number of visitors to their stands. The atmosphere was a ten plus on the exhibitionism scale. Most of the members were relaxed and respectful but it was quite clear that the men were there to enjoy the boys. And they did. Non-stop.

About thirty minutes into the intermission, after most of the patrons had consumed a drink or two, Gustavo put several bottles of wine and a bucket filled with chilled cans of beer and soda on the counter so that everyone could help themselves. He then stripped and got onto his platform—the one with the best lighting. He was quite popular for the last portion of the intermission. I think that was for two reasons. He was the only performer who had not been seen naked yet. Also, he had smooth light brown skin and a flawless swimmer's build. And his large uncut cock was impressive. I was happy that Gustavo included himself in the show, well at least in the intermission part. It was clear that the audience members were happy as well.

The show resumed when everyone was back in their seats. There were two sex scenes before ours. One was a three-way that was totally hot. Three of the guys walked onto the stage and stood in a line facing the audience. They stayed very still for what seemed like at least two minutes. The soft background music was the only sound. Then Gustavo, who was off to the side, snapped his fingers. When the three guys heard the snap they started to slowly remove their shirts. Their exaggerated slow motion was entertaining and extremely sensual. Gustavo snapped his fingers again and the three of them froze in position. No shirts were totally off yet. Another snap. Shirts came off and belt buckles were opened. Snap. All stopped. It took about ten minutes until the final snap. Now all three were standing there in just their jockstraps. It was neat watching—it was almost like a synchronized swim team.

Gustavo did another snap and the dancer in the middle put his hands on his head and stood there while the other two guys licked his chest and nipples and took turns sucking his dick. Snap again. That signaled that it was time for him to jack-off. The two boys who did the licking and sucking led the applause when he came. Additional snaps got the same sequence repeated with the other two. Licking, sucking, jack-off, applause. Licking, sucking, jack-off, applause.

Two of the guys performed the second scene which was a mystical slow dance. They came out on stage already naked and erect. Their dance was sensual and included lots of touching. Their twists, twirls and movements displayed their contemporary dance skills.

Then one of them, one of the straight guys in our group, fucked the other one. They took a few different positions so that everyone in the audience would get a good view. They uttered grunts and the sounds of their bodies slapping together seemed to mesmerize the patrons. To end their skit they both stood center stage and masturbated. They were praised with extremely loud applause.

Our sex scene was dynamite. We took our time removing each other's clothes and had a blast entertaining the audience. The Baum, most of the dancers and all of the patrons watched every move we made on that stage. I got things going when I began licking Kelly's chest and his pits. He spent lots of time fondling me. When we dropped to our knees and took turns sucking each other all I could hear in the place was the soft background music and the heavy breathing from some in the audience. They were engrossed in what they were seeing and the sounds we were making with our slapping mouths. We stage whispered, "Oh yes!" and other utterances during our routine which added to the fire.

When we were stroking ourselves I enjoyed watching every eye in the place focus on the tips of our cocks. We agreed to take our time and to hold back as long as possible. Kelly came first. I erupted seconds later. It seemed as though every person in the place had been holding their breath. Then they clapped very loudly. We were a hit!

I loved the way we ended our performances. All of us lined up, naked of course, near the exit and we gave each man a good handshake and kudos for coming to the show. Almost all of the men added more money to the overflowing tip jar. Most of the patrons took advantage of this time as a final opportunity to grope our cocks and feel our bodies as they were leaving.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

Kelly was not just hot, he was a very nice guy. It was neat that he was also a new teacher. What a coincidence! He had graduated from Hofstra College two years ago and he taught French and Spanish in a private school out on Long Island. His hobby was competing in long-distance marathons and, when he was in college, he was a diver on his school's swim team. No wonder I found him to be a knockout! We laughed when he told me he loved to go to Coney Island for their famous Nathan's dogs covered in mustard, relish and sauerkraut—that was also a favorite of mine.

It was a breeze doing the sex scenes with him. It seemed so natural and I must admit that he made me a bit weak when he deep kissed me. We were not faking it. (I still get stirred up recalling the good times we had on that stage.) We both confessed that we liked each other and that we loved having sex in front of an audience. Wow, someone just like me! After that first night on stage we agreed to schedule ourselves together, as much as possible at the Vintage.

We made sure to have some private times. Instead of taking the late afternoon train in from Long Island, on the nights we were performing together, Kelly would come in earlier so we could hang out in the City. He and I became good friends. We shared a room so he would not have to take a late train home after the shows. That gave us lots of opportunities to practice for upcoming shows plus we enjoyed cuddling while sleeping.

Some nights after work we'd take the subway down to the Continental Baths just to check out the scene. And we loved walking around with our towels draped over our shoulders so we could show off our naked bodies. The manager always waived our entrance fees since we were in the Vintage Theater cast.

Twice, when we were hanging out there, the manager came over the loudspeaker. "Gentlemen, we have two superb performers for you pool side. Take a break and come on down. Enjoy some excellent entertainment."

Men would stream in from all directions to relax and enjoy the music. The performers were Bette Midler and Barry Manilow! Yes, Bette and Barry—I am not kidding. I wrapped my towel around my waist and sat in a folding chair that was no more than fifteen feet away from them. What a show. They were incredible. I wish I had known then that they were going to go on to become super stars. I would have asked for their autographs.

About four years ago I saw Bette Midler perform at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas. After the thunderous applause for her first number she yelled out her well-known greeting. "Hello everybody! Let's see who's out there. Where are my Jews?" I raised my hand and cheered. Then she shouted, "Where are my gays?" I waved again and cheered. Too bad she didn't ask, "Who saw one of my shows at the Continental Baths?" I would have jumped up with both hands in the air and cheered again.

The feedback regarding our work at the Vintage was fantastic. The Baum commented that our sex scenes were

passionate, sexy, smooth and among the best they had in over a year. The following month I was proud to see the new poster by the entrance, "Featuring Eddie G and Kelly in their *sizzling* love act".

It was neat that the two of us became featured performers—we both loved the attention. And we liked the boost in pay. After Boys! Boys! Boys! closed we remained part of the cast for two years for other similar productions—"Daddy's Boys" and "Hot Boys on Stage".

Both were similar to the original "Boys" show; the opening introduction of our cast, the intermission activities and the sex scenes in the second act remained just about the same.

Two of the skits in the first act of the two new shows were rewritten by Gustavo and I was impressed with his creativity. He hired an actor, Gregg Langford, who I guessed was about fifty, for "Daddy's Boys". Gregg had striking facial features, glowing white teeth and an abundant amount of mixed gray and black hair on his well-developed chest. His pubic hair was also a mixture of tones. At first it was odd to have an older man on stage with us but the other guys and I had fun working with him. I was glad when I was assigned to the new scenes.

In one of the skits Gregg caught two of us smoking. At first, he just scolded us but then he ordered us to strip and do pushups, sit ups and jumping jacks as our punishment. We had to protest and beg "Daddy" to not make us take our clothes off. But then he took off his belt and threatened to smack us. Gustavo told us to not smile and to act upset as we stripped and grudgingly did our exercises. The audience loved our protests and our naked workout. When I was in this skit I had flashbacks to good old Coach Leiman. Yikes, that was a scary thought.

In the other scene Gregg read a Village Voice ad that was advertising a naked house cleaning service. I liked this skit as I got

to be naked on stage with Gregg. The scene was simple. From off stage I knocked on the door and when Gregg let me in he showed me around his living room.

He went and sat in his big easy chair and with his gruff voice said, "OK kid get to work. There's the broom. And get naked, that's what I'm paying you for."

"Yes Sir. Right away Sir," I replied.

I walked over to a chair that was on the other end of the stage and took off my clothes and started sweeping. I had to keep my back to Gregg and to the audience. While watching me sweep Gregg stood up and undressed. I wasn't supposed to know that he was taking off his clothes.

"That's enough kid. You can stop sweeping," he said. "Now turn yourself around. I want to check out the rest of you."

I turned and faced him and had to look surprised. Gregg was hard and playing with himself as he waved me to come closer. He sat down as I walked over to him. When I was standing right in front of him he reached out and groped me. That was the part of the skit that Gustavo told us to take our time with. He wanted Gregg to fondle my cock and balls for a couple minutes. Gregg then slowly leaned forward and got his mouth closer and closer. After sucking on me for a couple minutes he then stood up faced the audience and pretended he was in some kind of trance while he stroked himself off. One of the dancers who was backstage would lower the lights as soon as Gregg came to end the scene. This always got lots of applause.

The opening scenes, intermission and the second act also stayed the same for "Hot Boys on Stage". In that show there were two new skits in the first act. One was a call for models for an underwear fashion show. Gustavo played the director's role and would have three of us come into his office and sit in chairs facing his desk.

"Good that you boys are here to apply for the fashion show next week," he said to the three of us. "I need to see how you look in just underwear. So go ahead and take off your clothes and slowly walk around my office."

We were supposed to be a bit hesitant about undressing.

"OK, come on," he said while sounding annoyed. "If you're shy in front of me then you won't be hired. Hell, if I hire you you'll be walking around in underwear in front of more than a hundred people."

Each of us would hesitate and then get down to our underwear.

"OK just walk around so I can check you out," were his next directions.

We strolled around the stage to show ourselves to the audience as if they were the interviewer. Gustavo would then tell us to stop and line up in front of him.

"I need to see how your butts fill out that underwear boys," he said.

We had to turn around and lean over. Gustavo ran his hands over each of our butts and when he got to the last guy the lights were dimmed to end the scene. This was a good skit that usually got decent applause.

The second skit was more fun for us and was more of a turn-on for the audience. For this one, four or five of us, depending on how many were in the cast for that performance, would do a free form modern dance. The stage lights were kept pretty dim and the smoke machine helped to create a mystical scene. This act was one of my favorites as we'd start lined up along the back of the stage wearing only T-shirts and gym shorts. No underwear and no jocks. When the music started we simply moved to the music.

Our directions from Gustavo for this were cool. "Just drift around the stage, be loose, let your bodies relax and pretend no

one is watching you." We were then supposed to slowly undress each other while still doing our best modern dance moves.

"Be sure that you use the entire stage," Gustavo directed. "Stretch. Spin. Reach for the sky. Move those bodies and show them off to everyone out there. When you take off another guy's shirt or shorts take your time. Slow is the key. Be sensual. Feel his body as you undress him."

Every time we did this scene the undressing was different but that made it more fun for us and it seemed to make it more real for the audience. They were very quiet as they watched someone's T-shirt being removed. They remained silent as gym shorts were removed. Once we were all naked we continued our free form dancing and reached out to touch and caress one another. When the lights dimmed to end the scene we all moved to the center of the stage and pressed in close to each other. I think this skit got the best first act applause of all the ones I was in for the three different 'Boys' productions.

It was depressing when we were told that the building was being sold and that the theater would be closing. I reviewed my calendar and analyzed my data. I was on the Vintage Dance Palace stage forty-one weekends over a three-year period. Our audience size ranged between sixty and eighty men. So, using seventy as the average per show and two shows per weekend, I estimate that I showed it all in front of almost six thousand men. It was a fantastic run—fun, safe, sexual and totally perfect for an exhibitionist.

After the Vintage closed Kelly and I kept in touch and got together every once in a while. We then drifted apart. (I recently found him on Facebook and we're enjoying our chats about old times. He and his husband are retired and living the good life in Boston with many visits to Provincetown.)

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

Dr. Belmont once mentioned to me that there was a bathhouse in Trenton that booked dancers. I checked the always helpful *Damron Guide* and found the place—it was part of the Club Bath chain. According to the guidebook they had strippers on Tuesday nights. I could not find a phone number since the guidebook only had their address. I had never been to a bathhouse other than the Continental Baths in New York. I was curious and wanted to check it out.

One a Tuesday, when I had nothing else planned, I decided to head over to Trenton. I left before the main rush hour so the drive over the Delaware River via the Ben Franklin Bridge was not too bad. I got there just before five. There were six men in line waiting to get in. Each one was showing his ID to the two employees who were checking people in. The fee, according to the sign on the wall, was two-fifty if you wanted a locker and five dollars if you wanted a room.

When I got up to the window I told one of the guys that I wanted to know if they were still using dancers and if they needed anyone tonight.

"We sure are," he said, "but we already have a couple guys for tonight. You're kinda cute so I'm pretty sure we could use one more. I'll buzz you in so you can chat with Phil. He's the manager tonight."

While waiting I saw that the place was nowhere near as nice as the Continental. The large room I was in had a couple worn out couches, two tall floor lamps with dirty looking lampshades and a bucket that was filled with sand and discarded cigarette butts. The place had a low rent feel and look—even the music was dreary. There was a small parade of all kinds of men, mostly older, just drifting in and out of the room. I saw that one good-looking man, with a very sexy close-cut beard, had his towel draped over his shoulder. All the other men had their towels

securely fastened around their waists covering up their private parts.

I was able to see out into the entry area and the line to get in had grown. After one of the guys behind the window handed a locker key and towel to someone, who was just entering the place, I remarked that I was surprised at how busy the place was especially since it was a Tuesday.

"Hey, Tuesdays are our college boy shows." always our busiest night. The customers rush here right after work. Other week nights it's dead in here."

Phil finally showed up. I guessed that he was about sixty or maybe older due to his messy gray hair and dreary old-looking face. His stomach surged over his belt and his clothing looked like it was right off the Goodwill rack. He didn't offer an apology for making me wait so long.

"We had a problem with a drain." he explained. "It was in one of the shower rooms so I needed to get that done. What a mess."

After we introduced ourselves to each other I told him that I danced at several clubs and that I was wondering what the deal was here.

"Well Eddie, on Tuesdays we have college boys entertain the customers," he said without any enthusiasm. "I got me four other guys already tonight but I guess I could use another. The pay is fifteen bucks and you have free admission." That wasn't lots of money but I figured that I was already there so I had nothing to lose.

Without hesitation, almost like it was par for the course, Phil told me that he'd need to check me out to see if I was qualified. That was typical in some places. He motioned for me to follow him into his tiny and messy office.

"Ok young un," he said as he pointed to me. "Take off your shirt. And drop those pants."

While touching me all over he leaned down toward my groin. I knew he wanted to suck on me which was never part of an audition before. For some reason unknown to me I didn't stop him. I should have. But I stood there while he gave me a blow job.

It was part of the interview. It was required for me to get the gig. I had driven all the way there and wanted to go through with the show. There was an audience waiting for me. All of my self-rationalization kept me from protesting. I should have.

It was never a bother for me to get naked for an interview. But allowing someone to suck on me as part of an interview? I was mad at myself. Very mad.

"OK, you look good and yep, you taste mighty good. Wait a minute and I'll find a college T you can wear." Phil rooted around his office and found one up on a shelf. I had to identify as a college kid so my costume was a borrowed Penn State tight, sleeveless, turn-on type shirt.

The work there was easy but certainly not exciting. They had two shows, one at six and one at around seven-thirty or eight—depending on the crowd. The room for the shows was a large break room that had a few vending machines with snacks and sodas. It also held a couple small round tables and chairs and two tired looking overstuffed couches. Phil told me that this room was the only well-lighted area in the entire place. Next to one of the walls was a large and sturdy round wooden platform—it looked as though it had been some kind of spool for cables or wires. That was the stage. The room smelled of disinfectant probably because a mop and big bucket of cleaning solution was stashed in the back corner.

Right before six-thirty Phil used the PA system to let everyone know that the first show was about to begin.

"Gentlemen, our cute college boys are ready to show you what they got," he announced. "There are five of em tonight so

you're in for a damn good treat. The show starts in five so if you want to see our young studs head to the break room now."

He switched on the florescent ceiling lights and used a long pole to reach up to adjust a couple spotlights so they were directed at the platform.

The room was quickly flooded with about twenty-five towel-clad men. I didn't realize there were that many in the place. Quite a few were pretty old and several of them were way overweight. But there were a few who looked like they were in really good shape. There were three or four who, I guessed, were in their late twenty's up to maybe forty. But no one my age.

Gray and bald heads circled the spool. It was a polite shoving match to get into the front of the pack. There were no other announcements—not even introductions of any of us. We hadn't even been told in what order we were to go. I watched as three of the guys each got up and did a slow strip out of their frat T's and jeans. Then they danced for about five minutes and finished with a jackoff.

I went next. I took my time and, as usual, did my slow zipper routine and got rid of my jeans. I fondled my erection through my briefs for a while and then slid those down my legs. I danced wearing just the Penn State shirt for one song. During the next two songs I pulled off the T-shirt and then stopped dancing. I tried to make eye contact with every man while I fondled myself. That changed to stroking. My heavier breathing and stiffening body let everyone know that I was close. Every eye intently watched when I shot my load. Other than the music there wasn't a sound. They all just watched in silence. There was no touching. There was no applause.

After the last guy did his thing the towel clad men just walked away. They were hurrying off to make a connection. Or to hope for one. That was it.

During the break I took a slow walk around the maze of dimly-lit long hallways. Some of the men were walking around with their towels securely knotted around their waist. A few just draped their towels over their shoulder showing everything. There were open doors to rooms that guests had rented and pathways to large, poorly-lighted rooms where I saw several men going down on each other. It was clear that there was lots of cruising and sex going on. I watched a few guys make eye contact and gesture to each other before they disappeared into either a private room or into one of the dark rooms to watch or join into a free-play orgy. None of this was for me. I loved performing but was not turned on by anonymous sex. It was interesting though and it did arouse the minor amount of voyeurism in me.

One of the other boys had to leave so four of us repeated the entire show. The crowd was about the same size with quite a few new men in the audience and several who had been there earlier. Everything else was the same. I found it to be totally boring and sad.

It was an OK place but the money did not make it worth driving over the Ben Franklin again. Plus, I hated the creepy manager. The Continental Baths in New York was a huge fun place with good entertainment. The Club Baths in Trenton was dull, dreary and depressing. I liked the eyes on me but that was it. I didn't give Phil my contact information and I never went back.

CHAPTER THIRTY

Whenever I had time I called my contacts and got booked in DC. I danced once in a while at the Lone Star and I got a few gigs at the Follies Theater on L Street, a place much like the Gaiety in New York. The Chesapeake House, the place that scheduled me often, continued to be one of my favorites.

I am forever thankful and so fortunate that I was not working at the Follies Theater on the night of their horrible fire. Seven men who were trapped on the second floor lost their lives.

I headed over to the Fraternity House bar near Dupont Circle during one of my DC trips since a couple of my dancer friends told me that it was a great place to work and make some good money. They warned me, though, that it was tough to get hired there. I was up for the challenge.

They steered me right. It was mid-afternoon on a Saturday. The first thing I saw as I walked up to the door was a big sign adorned with a couple phallic symbols. In bold letters— "Join us for our world famous strip show every Friday and Saturday. Show times 9, 10:30 and 12. \$2.00 cover". Wow, promoting their shows. This was my kind of place.

When I walked in I could tell that this was totally upscale. It was clean, had good lighting and a couple of the guys working there gave me some pleasant hellos. The vibe seemed welcoming and friendly. There was a large dance space off to the right and there were lots of overhead lights on swivels and a big disco ball in the center of the ceiling. The four or five customers who were standing off to the side, enjoying their cocktails, were quietly talking. Otherwise the place was empty.

A hot guy about my age, who was carrying a small silver tray, walked over and offered to get me a drink. I recognized him; he was a regular customer at the Chesapeake House and he knew every inch of my body. His widening expression let me know that he just realized that he knew me.

"Well *hellooo* there—good to have you in our part of the city. I'm not used to seeing you with your clothes on," he added with a laugh.

I gave him a smile and a brief hug and asked him what was upstairs.

"Well the second-floor bar is open. I'm sure you'd prefer the third floor but it's not open until tonight. Hey, let me buy you a drink."

I politely declined the drink, told him that I looked forward to seeing him again at the Chesapeake, and headed up one of the two handsome staircases. I noticed the beauty of the wooden railings, the bright off-white walls, the dramatic lighting and the many historic DC photos that adorned the climb. What a spiffy place.

There were five or six guys sitting around the second-floor bar. I walked to the end and asked the bartender who I should talk to about dancing.

"Oh, they are always looking for guys to dance," the bartender replied. "Some of them are flakes and don't show up when they are supposed to. You want me to get the manager?"

"I must say," he added with a huge smile, "it would be fun to watch you show off."

"Thanks," I said. "and yeah, if you can get him I'd appreciate it."

About five minutes later one of the managers, Chris, walked over and introduced himself. His long blond hair and tight-fitting dress shirt got my attention.

"You want to dance here?" Chris asked. "First let me show you around and tell you how we work it."

I followed him up to the dark third floor. He opened a closet door and switched on all the lights. I sucked in a breath as I immediately pictured the enormous place filled with customers, all seated around the numerous cocktail tables or standing by the many belly bars, as they watched me dance.

I listened carefully as Chris told me the routine. He asked me about some of my dancing and stripping background. I told

him that I worked pretty often at the Lone Star and the Chesapeake.

"Well I'm pretty sure we can use you here," he said. "Why don't we give you a go now?"

"That would be great, thanks," I replied. I liked Chris and the feel of the place so I was happy to have the opportunity to audition.

"I'm ready," I told him with confidence in my voice.

"Why don't you hop on up there," he said as he pointed to the stage, "and get your clothes off. Then we can talk business."

While I was walking across the room filled with about thirty empty cocktail tables and at least a dozen belly bars, I heard Chris yell down the steps.

"Hey, I'm checking out a new dancer!" Chris called out. "Head up here and let me know what you guys think."

The men who were on the second-floor made their way up the stairs. Chris welcomed the small group.

"Thanks guys," he said to the small group. "Feel free to slide some chairs right up to the edge of the stage. Give this guy, his name is Eddie G, a good look over and then I'll need your vote."

I had already taken off my shoes and socks and was undoing my shirt buttons as they settled into their chairs. They were so close I knew they could count the hairs on my body. After the last button, I opened my shirt. This brought a few smiles and nods of approval. I knew how to get them to really like me...tease them.

I slowly walked in front of the group, took way too long to finish removing my shirt, and then did my well-rehearsed belt and zipper routine. I could tell that I had grabbed their attention.

Every eye was devouring me as I removed my jeans. I turned on my smile and looked right at each of them while I fondled myself and slowly dropped my Hanes. That's the part of my routine that always got me aroused. I ended by running my hands over my body and doing a three-sixty so the "judges" could check

out everything—front and back. Then I stood in an "at ease" position facing everyone with my partial erection dangling just above their upturned faces. I reveled in the comments: "butch but cute", "cut and perfectly shaped", "like the chest hair", "masculine and adorable." I listened to these comments as I waited for Chris's decision.

"Now Eddie, is it okay for the judges to be sure you feel as good as you look?" Chris asked while he looked over the expressions and nods and at the unanimous thumbs up.

I loved that question and gave my approval with an inviting wave of my hand. The fondling, while I maintained my at ease-stance, was fun and sensual.

"OK, Eddie," Chris said, "there's no question about it, the job is yours." He booked me for a couple shows on upcoming weekends. According to Chris's description of the job I was confident that dancing at the Frat House would be rather simple and fun. The routine was easy.

Chris gave me an overview of the club's expectations.

"When you are up," he said, "you need to strip during your first two or three songs. Make 'em love you with your dancing."

"What's the house rule about dancing with a hard-on?" I asked.

"Do it Eddie, show off. But no stroking. If you're hard that's great but it just has to happen on its own. This is not like some of the places you've worked. Well so I've heard," he added with a guilty grin.

"When you finish each set you need to make your way around and greet everyone," Chris continued. "Show off your nice smile, thank everyone for being there and be sure to offer them a close-up inspection. That's everyone's chance to see you better Eddie and, if they want, to reach out and explore. Try to get

to all of the tables and don't neglect the guys at the belly bars in the back."

"When you walk around just be friendly and chat with the customers." he added. "Some of them will be shy and others will be bold and reach right out."

My expression let Chris know that all of this would be fine with me.

"With your looks Eddie, and your perfect cock, you'll make a killing out in the audience. The tips here are always very good. Really good."

I'm sure he saw that I got an even better smile when he told me that the customers here were quite generous.

Offering your body, when you do your walk around, is our house policy. We want our customers to believe that you love having them see you and touch you."

What a fantastic policy! I thought.

"Some'll go for your chest," he added, "and some will want to check out your arms and your pits. Oh and lots of em will want you to turn around so they can rub their hands over your mighty fine buns. But, seeing your equipment, I predict that most of em will be going for that fine cut cock of yours."

"You'd think that none of our customers ever saw a guy's dick before" he added with a laugh. "Take your time, there's no rush, and visit every table. And as I said before, be sure to include the men at the belly bars and any of the guys standing in the back by the bar. Then take a break until you're up again."

Chris scheduled me to work in two weeks. This all sounded like a dream job. I couldn't wait.

I left school the second the last bell rang, rushed home to get my small suitcase and then trotted over to the light rail station. The commuter train, Amtrak and then the Metro were all on time so I made it without a problem. A lot of people were also

getting off at the Dupont Circle Metro stop. I headed up the very long escalator, the longest one I had ever seen, and walked two blocks to the small hotel on Corcoran Street where I had a room booked for two nights. After a shower and a short power nap, I arranged the different outfits that I needed for the two nights at the Frat House and for the one gig I'd be doing at the Chesapeake on Sunday afternoon.

It was an easy walk down Seventeenth to P Street. The sidewalks were filled with good-looking men. It was clear that this was *the* gay neighborhood in our nation's capital. It was busier, brighter and way more festive than the areas near the other places where I had been working. I walked down the short alleyway off P Street just after 8 pm. There was a long line outside. Three pretty big guys wearing security vests were checking IDs.

The sign that I had seen when I first came here was now lit. And what had been added at the bottom thrilled me. "Our sexy dancers this week are Mateo, Dion, and Eddie G." When I saw my name on the board I clenched my fist and mumbled an emphatic "yes!"

The bar was filling with a good mix of young, old, white, Asian and Black guys. I liked that The Frat House attracted a good variety of men. Many of the guys in line were wearing sharp penny loafers and stylish sweaters, a few were wearing nice leather or suede jackets and some had on some colorful fancy scarves. I noticed several who stood out due to their close military cuts. I liked that I could get a good look at the crowd; it was always fun to have an idea of who I'd be getting naked for. All the handsome, well-dressed men made it clear that this was my kind of market place. I naturally started picking out my favorites.

I walked up to one of the guys who was checking ID's and told him I was one of their dancers that night. He checked for my name on his clipboard and motioned me right in.

The music was blaring and the spinning lights were glaring but no one was dancing. About twenty guys were standing around talking and drinking. I made my way upstairs and saw that the second-floor bar was doing a decent business. It was fairly quiet when I got up to the third floor. Only four of the tables were occupied and there were a few guys leaning on one of the belly bars just chatting and laughing. One of the waiters was seating a group of guys at a front row cocktail table. Two other waiters were rearranging tablecloths and candles on two tables near the back that were being pushed together for a large group of men who were waiting to be seated. I watched as a line began to develop at the doorway. The show room was quickly filling up.

Chris saw me and waved me over. He gave me a big greeting and introduced me to the two other guys who would be dancing—Dion and Mateo. I guessed that both of them were about my age or just a little older. Dion was a shorter guy, about five-six, and it was clear that he had a solid muscular build. The contrast between his black skin and his white dress shirt was striking. Mateo was also a hot guy. His name and light brown skin suggested to me that he was Puerto Rican. He and I were both about the same build and I noticed a nice bulge in his khakis. I usually didn't get into watching other guys strip unless they were hot like these two or if they were really into the art of stripping. I was looking forward to watching both of them.

The four of us chatted briefly and it was clear that Dion and Mateo knew the routine well as they had danced here quite a few times. We all agreed that since it was my first time here I should go third. That was helpful to me so that I would be sure to know the routine. And I wanted to watch them.

What a crowd! By nine-fifteen all but three of the cocktail tables were taken and most of the belly bars had guys surrounding them. I did a quick count and estimated that there were at least a hundred men there and more were arriving. It was

quite clear that the third-floor strip show was a popular draw. In addition to the rather preppy younger crowd I had seen outside there were quite a few finely dressed older gentlemen in the audience. I noticed that there was a group of college-age guys using sign language, guys who I recognized from the Chesapeake, at one of the tables near the back. It looked like a fun crowd and I was ready to get my dance on.

Chris walked over and told the three of us that he was going to start. He said, "Go get em boys. And have yourself a good time up there."

When he dimmed the main lights the candles on the tables suddenly added a romantic glow to the space. He then turned on the ceiling-mounted spotlights and nodded to the back of the room to let the DJ know that it was time for the show. I stayed off to the side so I could watch Dion and Mateo.

Both were impressive erotic dancers. Their moves were sensual as each slowly undressed. They gave the audience, which now filled most of the room, a taste of old burlesque along with a perfect view of their worked-out naked bodies. Their stripping skills were classier and more professional than most guys I'd danced with at other clubs. I always tried to entertain, do a sensual strip, tease the audience and engage everyone with my body and my eyes. These two guys did that perfectly. When Dion finished, he walked around the room and started his visiting while gathering lots of tips. Then Mateo did his thing. What a sensual dancer and what a hot body! I got excited watching him and wished I were sitting out in that audience so I could get an even better look. But reality hit, I was up next.

I was waiting for the go-ahead signal from Chris when I noticed a waiter showing a group of five guys to an empty third row table. Oh my god! I recognized two of them! My heart skipped a beat or two. I realized that the two of them were

teachers I knew. One was Steve Graham, a really nice guy who was a science and math instructor in my school district. The other one I recognized was a very sexy and handsome guy who looked very much like Kevin, my baseball player college roommate. He was a middle school teacher I met briefly at a teacher in-service meeting. I remembered that his first name, which had been in big letters on his nametag, was Bryan. What a shock that people I knew were in the audience. Two people who knew me from work. They were about to know about my very secret life.

I hesitated. Chris gave me a curious look. I really needed to get up on that stage. Panic filled me as I considered if I should flee. But after a few deep breaths my legs carried me up the two steps and I started my moves. I watched as the two guys I knew settled into their chairs and placed their drink orders. Then they turned toward the stage. Their expressions changed as they looked at me. After a second or two, Steve smiled and it looked as though his lips formed the word, "yes" as he clapped with enthusiasm. He turned and whispered something to Bryan who then got the biggest grin on his face and gave me a thumbs-up. That settled me down. I took a deep breath and quickly decided that I would not let myself worry about this. There was nothing I could do. Plus I had a huge eager audience waiting.

It turned out this was one of my best shows ever. I was already excited from watching Mateo. I guess that the extra adrenaline pump, which I got when I recognized Steve and Bryan, gave me an excellent boost. I danced for the whole audience and made eye contact with Steve and Bryan several times. They were really into my show so I quickly calmed down and did my well-rehearsed slow and sexy routine. The applause and hoots were super as I slowly peeled off my clothes. Once I was naked I danced for two or three minutes and then stood there naked, bathed in the spotlights, giving everyone a final smile and a gracious bow. As Chris was announcing that we would all be back

up on stage in about thirty minutes I headed down to mingle with everyone, including Steve, Bryan and their three friends.

My walk out in the audience was super fun. The comments were positive and lots of hands explored my body. I was fondled by many, my buns got plenty of soothing caresses and everyone was able to get their close-up view, close enough to count my pubes and see the veins that were popping in my erection. My collection of dollar bills and even several fives was non-stop. I purposely saved the special third row table until last.

Steve stood up and gave me a big hug when I made my way to their table. "Eddie, now I know why you go out of town so often. I had no idea!" Then he introduced me to Bryan who gave me a small hug, a firm handshake and a big smile.

"Damn Eddie," Bryan said. "If I had known you danced here I would have headed down to DC a long time ago. You know when I met you at the teacher workshop I really thought you were a nice guy,"

"I was hoping to run into you again," I said boldly. "But I never thought it would be here with me standing stark naked right in front of you."

We all shared a good laugh.

"OK, you guys," I whispered to the group. "Now know what I do on the side. Please, let's keep this as our little secret. I don't want anyone at work to know."

"No worries, we will be hush hush," Steve said clearly. The others nodded in agreement.

I was then introduced to their three friends—all from Philly. One, a tall handsome guy with some streaks of gray, owned a landscape business. Another member of the group was an accountant with some big firm—he was a rather big bellied guy. The third was a Philadelphia fireman. No question about it, he was totally fit for his job. He immediately let us all know that he

recognized me from when I posed for an art gallery show on Spruce Street.

"Hey Eddie, I have some sexy photos of you at home that I took at Calvin's shop. Is it okay with you if I show them to these guys sometime?" he asked.

"Oh yikes! I'm naked in those!" My faked hesitation and hands covering my face got some good laughs.

"Sure go right ahead," I added with a smile. "But hey, don't you dare show them around your fire station. Well wait, if you've got the balls to do that, go right ahead." We all got a good laugh from that.

I didn't catch their names but the firefighter said that he was jealous that guys at all of the other tables got to touch me. I smiled, tilted my head down a bit and waved my hands along the side of my body granting him permission to go right ahead. He did. Steve just watched but their two friends and then Bryan enjoyed their time fondling and exploring. I stood in front of Bryan the longest since I loved his gentle and erotic touch.

"How nice, you have a little drop of pre-cum," Bryan said while he was exploring my cock.

"That's your fault Bryan," was my simple and honest reply.

We both smiled. Steve said that his group was going to stay for the second show and then head out. I left for a break until the music and lights indicated that it was show time again.

The second show was very much the same. More than half of the crowd was new and the room was full again. It was standing room only for the latecomers. Steve, Bryan and their friends had moved to a table in the front row center and they were enjoying another round of drinks. Their smiles and interest, especially Bryan's intense eyeing of me, increased my pleasure as I danced and teased the audience with my slow sensual strip routine. And with my erection. After the applause, I headed into the audience to make my rounds. When I got to that front row

table the greetings and fondling were the same as during my first set except that Steve's fingers joined in to explore. I was thrilled that he was relaxed and enjoying the show...and my cock.

"Are you guys staying for the third show?" I asked.

"No it's really been a long day," Steve said. "We're gonna go have a drink at one of the bars on seventeenth and then crash in our rooms at the Omni."

Bryan then asked if I'd like to join all of them for brunch at Annie's Steakhouse the next day.

"Thanks," I said, with regret because it sounded like fun.

"But I'm going to sleep in and rest up most of the day."

"You're booked here again tomorrow night?" Steve asked with an astounded look. "I bet you'll be exhausted on Monday."

"Yep, I have tomorrow night here," I said. "And then," I added without thinking, "I'm working at a tea dance Sunday afternoon."

Bryan's eyebrows raised up. "Hey, I think I saw something about that in the *Damron Guide*. Is that at a place called the Chesapeake?"

I nodded and mumbled a weak, "Yes."

"A buddy of mine told me some fun things about that place," Bryan said immediately with a smug smile. "Hey," he said addressing his small group, "we're not in a rush to head back to Philly on Sunday. So let's check the place out before we leave."

"And think of this," he said with a sly smile as he reached out and cupped my balls, "we'd all have more time to see our Philly boy in action."

I could tell from their expressions that the decision was made—they would be at the tea dance. As they gave me big smiles and hugs they thanked me for a fun time and headed to the doorway. I waved and headed to the back to rest up before the next set. My thoughts were focused on the different show my

friends were about to encounter on Sunday. I was sure that Bryan would not be at all shy—exactly what I wanted.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

Even though the other guys and I had just started performing, the Tea Dance was already in full swing. The place was jammed with college-aged boys along with a few older men. I was in the center position on the main bar, just finishing my first routine, when I saw the Philly group arrive. I slipped on my gym shorts and T-shirt, got off the bar top, and surfed my way through the crowd to greet them. After lots of hello hugs, Bryan asked when I'd be up again. I let them all know that it would be about ten minutes and that I'd be at the far end of the bar.

"After we get drinks we'll head down that way," Bryan assured all of us. Everyone agreed.

I was over my Friday night shock of knowing people in the audience. It was fun having some friends here today. But I was a bit nervous about my sets in the back room. I figured they might be too shy to join me there. But deep down I wanted them to head to the back area and explore away.

During the next set on the main bar, I made sure to connect with everyone who was watching me, not just the guys I knew. I did that with my eyes and my smile. My strip was met with plenty of singles and my Philly buds got their hands on me a few times.

Bryan motioned me to bend down so he could ask me something. He pointed to the back room and shouted over the blaring music. "I just walked back there and it looks like it's way more fun. Will you be dancing in the back? I'm just hoping."

I knew why he was asking and I shouted back, "Yep, I'm on the main bar again, for another twenty or so. Then after a break I'll be on the small platform, the one all the way in the back, by the exit door."

He turned to Steve and the other guys. "Hey, save your money. You'll need every bill when Eddie does his stuff in the back."

I raised my eyebrows and smiled. I knew what his plan was. Yes!

Steve, looking concerned and pointing to the back area, yelled up to me. "Hey seriously Eddie, will you be OK if we're all back there? Since you know us?"

I took a deep breath. "Oh yeah, get your butts back there," I said in my best firm voice. "No flaking out." My reply got several thumbs up and raised eyebrows.

After the next set, I took a much-needed break. Since I never drank while working, I discreetly discarded a couple cocktails and a beer that customers had bought me. Then I emptied my socks and put the bills in the locker that was assigned to me for the afternoon. I grabbed a couple of the small towels that the bar provided for the back-room dancers. I was sure I'd need those for drying off after any five-dollar guests.

It was time to rotate and to get ready for my Philly boys. As I made my way toward the back of the place a few guys gave me high-fives and some reached out for a quick grope. I knew it was going to be a seriously fun twenty-five minutes. When I got to the back room I saw that Bryan, Steve and their friends had already positioned themselves immediately next to my assigned stage, right under the red exit sign. There were about five or six other guys also hanging out there and several more were working their way back to see my show.

The key to getting more tips on the backroom platforms was to get naked quickly. These were not the spots, like in the front part of the bar, for a slow and sensuous strip. My T-shirt and shorts were off in seconds. As I danced in the center of the circle that had crowded around, quite a few ones were stuffed into my

socks. Bryan and several guys I didn't know eagerly fondled my hard-as-steel cock. Then I slowed down my moves and began touching myself. This acted as a signal for the group. I figured, from the expressions on some of the guys, that someone would want more. Who would be first to be bold? I was not surprised.

Bryan pulled a five from his wallet and waved it in the air. I knew what he wanted. I didn't hesitate. I wanted it too.

I lowered myself down and with every eye fixed on my cock he leaned forward and took me into his mouth. It was incredible. His mouth was hot. I let him continue longer than usual. As he smiled a big thanks to me I toweled myself off and began more sensuous moves. That only lasted for maybe a minute before Steve's firefighter friend showed me his five. He was next. His mouth skipped my engorged cock—he wanted my balls. This continued until Steve's other two friends, a couple of deaf guys I had seen at the Frat House and one other guy who I didn't know took their turns. Steve handed me a few bills but didn't enjoy my body the way the others did.

When my time was almost up I motioned to Bryan and pointed to my erection. He took me in his mouth and expertly used his tongue for the last minute or so of my set. Suddenly the twenty-five minutes were up. I hated to end it but it was time to rotate.

When I got off the platform Bryan gave me a big hug, with his hands firmly on my butt. I hugged back and liked the hard body that was pressed up against me.

"I wish I would have had more time," he whispered, "and let me tell you, I loved servicing you."

I thought about the pass he had just made. He was adorable, solid, single, and he's was from Philadelphia. My decision took two seconds to make.

"Wait right there," I told him.

I went and got some paper and a pencil and walked right back to Bryan and handed him my phone number. I hoped he would call me. About a week later I got a very nice phone call.

Working at the Chesapeake and at the Fraternity House were among my finest experiences. Performing was erotic and fulfilling beyond belief for me. I was over my long-time worry of being known by someone in the audience. It was clear in my mind that I'd always want to repeat similar adventures in addition to someday having a serious boyfriend—someone as fine as Bryan.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

I just finished posing for a painting class at Morgan when I saw the notice on the bulletin board. *Male needed. Part-time. Assisting with lectures and demonstrations. Nudity required. Excellent pay. Contact Dr. Dobson, Assessment Lab, Anderson School of Medicine.* It also had a phone number.

Nudity required? I was intrigued and instantly knew that I had to check this out. I copied down the phone number and called the next morning.

I calmly asked the woman who answered for Dr. Dobson and she transferred me to his secretary. But I think my voice was shaking since I was excited about this unique opportunity. Nudity? In a medical facility? The pay is good? A new way for me to be on view?

I told her why I was calling and after a short hold she connected me to Dr. Dobson. He sounded like a confident professional person so I quickly relaxed. I told him that I saw the notice on the bulletin board at Morgan School of Art and was interested in learning more about the position. He asked my age and also mentioned that I would have to be naked while working. I assured him that I would be OK being naked. (He had no idea how OK I was with my clothes off.) We agreed on a day and time

for me to come in for an interview.

It was easy to find the school complex since it was just a couple blocks from Spruce Street—not far from the gay section in center city Philadelphia. I had to ask a university officer, who was inside a small security hut on the corner, for directions to the Assessment Center. It was on the third floor of a huge old brick building that was one block from the main hospital building. The weathered but handsome wood sign in the front of the building had the carved words: *School of Medicine*.

The receptionist, Raeina, took my name and told me she would page Dr. Dobson. About ten minutes later a fairly young and rather handsome guy, wearing a white lab coat, came out to the waiting room. Raeina pointed to me.

"Hi, I'm Theodore Rosen. Are you Edward Saul?" he asked.

I looked him over and his sparkling eyes, striking smile, thick light brown hair and the stethoscope that was around his neck immediately made me very happy to meet him.

"Yes, good to meet you. I'm Edward, " I said. "You work with Dr. Dobson?" I asked.

Theodore explained that he was a third-year medical student and that he was one of the Assessment Lab teaching assistants. We chatted briefly about my teaching and about my posing at Morgan. Then he guided me down the hall to meet Dr. Dobson.

So many books! The walls were filled with framed diplomas and with all kinds of anatomy diagrams. Dr. Dobson, a tall white-haired grandfather type, gave me a friendly greeting and offered me a chair. He told Theodore to be sure the exam room was set up and that we'd be there in a short while. I wasn't sure but I figured that would be part of my interview. I instantly liked that.

Dr. Dobson explained that being a medical model was fairly simple. I would be "the patient" that he and his two TA's would use when they were lecturing on the topic of the male exam. He

went on to explain that the exam would include the correct procedures for examining the genitals for such things as rashes and lesions and any discharges from the penis. It would also entail examining the testicles, checking for testicular cancer and other abnormalities, checking through the scrotum for hernias and palpating the prostate to be sure that it was healthy. He assured me that the actual exam would not be painful or uncomfortable. It seemed that his big question though was whether I would be OK being examined on a stage in front of the entire second year class—sixty-three students.

"That won't be a problem for me at all," I assured him. My answer was easy and delivered with no hesitation. I had to try to keep the excitement for this opportunity to be naked under control. This was going to be like "playing doctor" when I was a child.

He told me the hourly pay and I almost choked it was so high. It was much more money than I had ever earned before. I assured him again that I would really like the job.

"Well, if it's OK with you Edward let's go over the exam now," Dr. Dobson said. "And if all goes well we will get you scheduled for this semester's classes. I'm hoping it works out and, if it does, the position will be yours."

Dr. Dobson then led me into a nearby exam room. Theodore was there waiting for us. He introduced me to Leo Wynn, the other TA I'd be working with. Leo was a very young-looking Asian guy. He looked like he could be on the cover of a fashion magazine as he had beautiful smooth skin, pitch-black hair and a very sexy smile. I wondered if Dr. Dobson hired his TA's based on good looks! I realized later that he didn't. I was just lucky.

Dr. Dobson started the important part of the job interview, the actual exam. "Edward, go ahead and drop all your clothes on the chair. We'll get started in just a minute."

As I undressed he reminded his TA's of their classes on this. "I know you both had this in your first year and I'm sure you've examined many patients since then. I just want to be sure we're all on the same page and teach this by the book. So, I'm going to review everything in detail."

"By the way Edward," he said. "If you're cold and want to leave your shirt on for all this you can. But I prefer for you to be totally naked to help our students become comfortable with a patient's nudity." I silently vowed to myself that I'd never be cold for their exams and classes.

I reflected on the sterile environment. The white sheet covering the table was crisp and clean, the room was well lit and all the items on the shelves were organized and labeled. It was also clear that my little audience was totally professional. All three seemed quite uninterested in what they were seeing as I undressed. I was sure that they all had seen scores of patients naked and that the nudity was a non-issue for them.

I stood by the exam table as they donned their paper-thin latex gloves. Dr. Dobson then sat on a low stool directly in front of me. He told me that he was going to begin the exam and he placed the fingertips of both of his hands right onto my pubic hair. He then explained each step to his two TA's.

"As you know, first you spread apart the pubic hair so you can see if there are any skin problems under the hair." He demonstrated the proper technique and then both of his TA's took turns on the low stool and did the same.

"Remind your students to check the hair closely if the patient has indicated that he has any itching or if they see any blood spots," he continued with his directions.

"Now it's critter check time," he said and laughed. "It's a good idea to keep a magnifying glass handy, just in case." After a

slight pause he added, "Don't worry Edward, nothing spotted." I relaxed with his assurance and smile.

"Next," he said, "show your second years how to inspect the penis, paying attention to the glans, to see if there are any rashes or lesions. If the patient is not circumcised have him withdraw his foreskin so the entire shaft is visible."

He took hold of the tip of my penis so he could pick it up and see everything. Then he gently spread open the meatus.

"Be sure to tell your students to check the meatus for any discharge." Then both TA's examined my penis. And my meatus.

While visually inspecting my penis Leo asked, "If I remember correctly, we also need to show them how to palpate the entire shaft?"

"Oh yes, be sure to include that in your classes," Dr. Dobson replied. "They need to do this slowly and carefully to confirm that there are no growths in the penis, especially along the urethra."

Then Leo started at the base of my penis and used his thumb, pointer and middle fingers, to palpate the entire shaft. He looked up at me while holding my penis. I caught an unexpected slight smile when our eyes met while his fingers were doing their thing. Theodore then took his turn.

"The next step, examining the testicles, is very important," Dr. Dobson said. "And gentlemen, when you are teaching this, you both need to stress that this should be done slowly."

He then demonstrated how to examine the testicles.

"Tell everyone that each testicle should be smooth and silky feeling—like a hard-boiled egg out of its shell," he explained.

Leo and Theodore then took their turns with my testicles.

"Stress that they need to be very thorough with this," Dr. Dobson continued, "since a cancerous growth can be quite tiny—about the size of a pencil point."

He then had both TA's repeat this to be sure that the entire surface of each testicle was thoroughly checked. They called this examining but it certainly felt like fondling to me!

Leo looked up at me as he was rolling my balls between his fingers. "Does this feel OK to you Edward? I don't want to hurt you."

I resisted telling him how good it felt with just a short answer. "Yep, it's fine." He gave me his approving smile again.

"Now let's review the proper way to check for hernias," Dr. Dobson said. "Show everyone how to insert their finger through the scrotum, like this, and they'll see that their finger will land on the opening of the inguinal canal. Then have them tell the patient to turn his head to the side and cough. Keep in mind that some schools and clinics have the patient bear down as if he's having a bowel movement instead of the turning and coughing. Both methods work the same way. If they do feel a bulge when he coughs tell them this may be a hernia and that they'll need to do a referral."

Each TA then checked me for hernias. I continued to sense that Leo was enjoying this much more than he should be.

"How are you doing so far Edward?" I appreciated that Dr. Dobson stopped things to ensure that I was comfortable.

"All fine so far, thanks." I'm sure he didn't realize how much I was enjoying this.

The palpation of the areas of my upper thighs, immediately adjacent to my scrotum, was the next step. After a couple brief comments Dr. Dobson and his two assistants slowly palpated this area to ensure that there were no swollen lymph nodes. They were thorough as they rather firmly examined this area from way below my balls to just above my pubic hair area.

"OK, you're doing great Edward. Now let's move on to the last part. We're going to check your buttocks and anus now. Each of us will be inserting a finger to examine your prostate."

I nodded my agreement. I knew what was next.

"Have your second years tell the patient to turn around," he explained to his TA's, "and have the patient lean over on his elbows and put his legs shoulder width apart. And let's avoid the term, 'bend over' as that has a sexual connotation."

I assumed the position with my elbows on the exam table and my legs spread apart.

"Remind your students that this is their opportunity to visually examine the perineum, the back of the patient's scrotum, and all of the buttocks," he said.

Dr. Dobson then demonstrated and explained the best way to check the buttocks. "When examining this area be sure they do a visual check of the anus," he said as his fingers lightly probed the opening of my anus. "Have them gently spread the anus open like this so they can examine the area and check for hemorrhoids, fissures and skin tags."

I couldn't see them but I could feel Theodore and Leo taking their turns spreading open my buttocks and gently manipulating my anus with their fingertips. I knew their eyes were devouring me. How glorious. Too bad they couldn't see my expression of bliss.

"Let's go over the last step gentlemen. Get a good glob of lubricant on your finger and apply some like this," he said as he put some lubricant from a tube onto his finger.

As Dr. Dobson spread the lubricant on my anus he continued his explanation. "Tell your students to apply a little on the left, then on the right, then they should slide their finger down over the opening, like this, until it pops right in."

He then inserted his finger—all the way in. He stayed inside me while talking to his TA's. "Have your students do a slow twist clockwise and then counter clockwise so they can examine the entire anal canal," he explained.

"Remind everyone that the prostate should feel much like the tip of a nose," he explained as he continued "and that they need to examine both lobes and the median sulcus. Be sure to tell them that if they find anything that is hard or calcified, or if the prostate is mushy, there may be a problem and a referral is warranted."

He then palpated my prostate. I immediately got an erection. I was slightly embarrassed but didn't say anything since I was facing away from the group. He stayed inside me while the three of them chatted about the pros and cons of doing this part of the exam with the patient leaning over or lying on his side on an exam table.

He didn't need to keep his finger in me more than about twenty seconds to complete the exam but he remained there for the duration of their conversation. In retrospect I believe he did that to be sure that I had no problem being anally probed.

When Dr. Dobson removed his finger, he demonstrated the proper way to take off the gloves. "Use the clean one to remove the dirty one," he instructed.

"OK gentlemen, both of you go ahead," Dr. Dobson said to his TA's. "Take your time and be sure to palpate both lobes. And do your twist to examine the full anal canal."

I remained in my leaned over position and felt every touch in detail. Theodore had large fingers so his insertion and palpation was more of a turn-on than Dr. Dobson's exam. He easily found my prostate and took his time examining it. Then Leo took his turn. When his finger was all the way in he still was not at my prostate.

Dr. Dobson coached him. "Push, push all the way in. That's it. Even farther."

Leo let the others know that he had located the prostate and was examining it. "Yep, found both lobes and the sulcus."

"Good, when anyone has difficulty with this just remind them to push farther in," Dr. Dobson explained. "The gland will then be right under the pad of their finger. And tell everyone to pay attention to the entire canal. They need to be checking for hemorrhoids or any abnormalities with the full length of their finger."

"OK Edward, that's about it," he said to me.

I stood up and had to turn to face the three of them. There was no question that I was aroused. As they removed their gloves Dr. Dobson casually addressed that issue. "Edward, don't ever worry if you get an erection while being examined. It happens often when the penis is being palpated and when the prostate is being examined."

I felt better and stood there while he wrapped up the session. "You did fine Edward. I want to know for sure if doing this over and over for all of our medical students will work for you. It would be a big help to them."

"I'd definitely like the job," I said with emphasis, "and I think it would be great to help with the teaching. I'll feel as though I'm helping science."

"Well it's yours then Edward." The three of them then shook my hand and welcomed me to the team.

Leo gave me a rather sexy smile and a sly nod of his head as he offered me some tissues for cleaning off the lubricant.

Reaching back and wiping my butt in front of them was the only thing in the entire session that was weird to me. I felt very uncomfortable but I recognized that was no big deal to them. But I needed to get used to doing that while people were watching.

Dr. Dobson got down to the business of getting me officially hired. "You'll need to fill out some paperwork before you leave. Theodore, please get Edward on the schedule. And be sure to figure out some times for you and Leo for private practice sessions."

He looked at both TA's and said, "Schedule whatever time you need. Plus, that will be a big pay bonus for our new medical model." I loved the idea of extra money.

Dr. Dobson continued, "I want you to be totally prepared and confident when you begin your teaching. Be sure to review and practice your procedures for when a patient is prostrate, on a gurney or in a hospital bed. Take your time when you're working with Edward. I want you to know his body thoroughly so that your demonstrations are flawless."

Private practice sessions? I didn't expect that. I figured they would be a bore. I was wrong. Who would have guessed?

I later learned that I had been their only applicant. So, it wasn't my looks or comfort level—it was my availability and my willingness to be naked. Again, the typical male's shyness worked to my advantage.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

A week later I was back for the practice sessions. Theodore greeted me and told me to head into the exam room and get undressed. He came in a few minutes later and went through the entire exam with me. He practiced what he was going to say when he was teaching and how he was going to demonstrate everything to his classes. He gently examined my genitals, while I stood in front of him and again while I was lying on the exam table.

Theodore then visually examined my buttocks and my anus. "Good, no hemorrhoids or skin tags," he remarked. Next he used some lubricant and inserted his finger to examine my prostate. He did this twice, while I was leaning over onto the exam table and then while I was laying on my side, with my top leg bent. I got aroused when he palpated my prostate but he didn't seem to notice. Well he probably did but he didn't say anything.

He then re-examined my testicles and did another hernia check. When he finished he told me to take a break. "I'll find Leo and let him know you're ready. So just stretch out and relax. Oh, and there's a box of tissues on the shelf. And if you need a bathroom break it's right outside, the second door on the right, but be sure to put your khakis and shirt on to get there. Thanks for a fine job Edward. Good to have you on the team."

The practice session with Theodore was comfortable and professional. I liked the guy and looked forward to assisting with his teaching. I had a gut feeling that things might be different with Leo.

When I got back from the bathroom Leo was already in the exam room. He looked hot with his white lab coat on and with a stethoscope dangling around his neck. He gave me a warm smile and a rather slight handshake as he greeted me.

"Edward, good to see you again. I'm really grateful that you're helping us out. Plus, I hope you don't mind my saying this, you're a good-looking guy so that helps." I smiled and thanked him.

My suspicions were right. Only a gay guy would have said that.

"Theodore told me that you pose for art classes. I assume you're naked for that?" he said.

I gave him a brief rundown. "Oh yes, totally. I pose for life drawing, sculpture and painting classes. Also for some photo workshops. When I sit for portrait classes I stay dressed. Those are a bore. But you may have already figured out that I really prefer to work naked."

Leo nodded and said, "No wonder this all seems pretty nonchalant for you. Hey, maybe I should take up drawing." That comment had us both sharing teasing smiles.

"Well Edward, our fine medical model, we better get started," Leo continued.

He walked over and turned the thumb bolt to lock the door. That was a surprise but it confirmed my suspicions that this was probably going to be a rather interesting practice session.

I knew what to do. I only had on my khakis and my shirt so those were off quickly. I stood next to the exam table and waited and wondered. My anticipation of what might happen next made my heart thump faster.

Leo gave me directions. "First I need to study your penis and testicles thoroughly so I can point out things to my students and guide their hands and fingers. So just stand there with your legs apart while I inspect everything."

Leo sat on a stool right in front of me and took his time exploring my penis—every inch, every vein, the glans, the meatus. He then took his time with my testicles. One. Then the other one. Then both again. Then he examined my now erect penis. Again.

I was not surprised that this got me aroused. In fact it was clear from the start that Leo's practice session was going to be a hit with me. He didn't say anything about my erection. He then asked me to lie on the exam table. He did a thorough study of my genitals again. His eyes and fingers took their time and didn't miss a thing.

When he was palpating my penis he remarked, "I see you have some pre-cum. Don't ever get embarrassed about that."

He dabbed the pre-cum off with a tissue. "Go ahead and turn over Edward. There's lots more for me to check out."

Leo took his time and examined my buttocks, the perineum and the back of my scrotum.

He then carefully manipulated my anus. "Many of the second-years have probably never seen the opening of an anus in detail," he explained, "so I'll have them take their time and be thorough."

My head was turned to the side so I was able to watch him as he reached over to squeeze some lubricant onto his finger. I noticed a significant bulge in his pants.

His exam of my prostate was gentle. He had to push farther in than Theodore did since his pointer finger was not as long. It felt good. Very good. He was inside me for longer than Theodore had been. Actually, much longer. I didn't protest.

Then he removed his finger. "OK, let's have you stand and lean over the end of the table Edward. You doing OK so far?" he asked.

I tried to remain professional. "Oh yes, no problem at all." But maybe I went too far by adding, "Take your time. I'm actually enjoying your exam." My smile confirmed that he had permission to take the session wherever he wanted.

"I figured that Edward and I appreciate your positive attitude," Leo said.

I stayed in my bent over position as Leo did another anal canal and prostate exam. He stayed inside and examined me more thoroughly and for longer than his instructor and his colleague did. Actually far more than both of them combined. Leo had both of them beat.

I thought he was finished but he went on. "Well Edward, you're scheduled for another hour with me so is it OK if I repeat everything?"

I was being paid a hefty sum for the time and was really enjoying his sensual techniques. I was also curious about what Leo was going to do for the remaining hour.

"Sure, whatever you want is fine with me. I'm in no rush." I admit that I was leading him on.

Leo had me lay face up on the exam table and without an explanation he started examining me again. He added new areas as his eyes and fingers began concentrating on my chest, my

armpits and my biceps. Then he ran his hands down and lightly massaged my thighs. I didn't say a word about his exploring. I just lay there with a raging hard-on and enjoyed his sensuous touching.

When Leo went back to one of his favored areas he said, "I like that your balls are so loose." With a chuckle he added, "Oops, I mean testicles. And look at that. More pre-cum. I think you're enjoying this way too much."

"I am but I'm not complaining," I whispered.

"Are you OK if I take off my gloves Edward? I'd like to see how everything feels without them."

"Sure, that's OK with me," I said quickly but hoped not too eagerly. I knew he shouldn't do that since it was a clinical setting.

Leo examined me again—thoroughly. It felt much better without the gloves. His fingers gently massaged my balls and then they went back to explore my entire shaft in detail. He seemed to be paying lots more attention to the head of my cock—the glans and the meatus. He then reached under my balls and explored the area between my balls and my butt.

"This is your perineum, it's an interesting area. I like the texture of the skin there," he remarked. I didn't say anything. I just moved my legs farther apart and bent my legs to give him all the access he wanted.

"This is great for me Edward. OK, let's get you turned back over." I rolled over and stretched out with my legs apart.

Leo assured me of the value of ditching his gloves. "I'll be able to examine the anal canal and your prostate in more detail without the gloves. Thanks for letting me do this."

He took his time exploring my entire backside—from my shoulders to my hamstrings. Then he returned to my buns and anus. His lubed finger explored around my anus for what seemed like minutes.

"You ready for the next part?" he asked even though he knew what my answer would be.

"Sure, yeah," I replied in a low voice.

Leo's spread open my cheeks and slipped his finger all the way in. Deep. I could feel his finger moving up and down the length of my anal canal. Right to the opening and then all the way in. Several times.

"You seem quite healthy. No hemorrhoids. And you're pretty tight Edward," Leo said quietly.

Then his finger found my prostate. He was in no hurry to end this part of his exploration. I lay there and enjoyed every palpation.

"You doing OK?"

"Oh yes Leo. It actually feels better without the gloves."

"For me too. I can really explore your prostate better and the median sulcus is more pronounced this way. You OK if I spend more time in here?" he asked.

There was no question in my mind. I was enjoying this. It was clear that Leo was. The door was locked. "Sure, take as much time as you want," I said.

Several minutes later Leo broke the spell. "All right Edward. I don't want to wear out your backside, so how about flipping over for me."

I turned over and Leo immediately started to explore my balls and my penis again. Again! He took his time and I could tell that he was enjoying himself. I was too. I was not shocked when he started to slowly stroke me.

He whispered, "Is this OK?"

I nodded. He put some lube in his hand and continued. His strokes were smooth and delicate.

My breathing got more rapid. "If you keep doing that," I quietly said, "I won't be able to hold back."

He didn't stop.

Other than my heavy breathing it was silent while Leo used some paper towels to wipe the cum off my stomach and chest. He then went over to the sink and washed his hands.

"I enjoyed that." he said while he was drying his hands. "I think you did as well?"

"I did Leo, yeah lots." I got off the exam table and with Leo watching I used some tissues and wiped the lube off my anus. Then I walked over to the sink and washed my hands.

He thanked me with a handshake that changed into a hug including a sensuous grab of my naked butt. I assured him that I was delighted by the session with my return hug that included his entire back and buns and a little cheek-to-cheek action.

Two weeks later I was on the stage in the center's lecture hall. The red cloth-covered seats were arranged so that everyone would have an unimpeded view of the well-lit stage. There were two overhead lights that emphasized the exam table that we would be using. I was happy to see that everyone would have a good view.

While the audience was getting settled I undressed down to my underwear and sat on the exam table. Dr. Dobson, Theodore and Leo were seated on metal stacking chairs near me. Almost all of the seats were filled with the second-year students all dressed in their white exam coats. Their stethoscopes were either dangling over their shoulders or were hanging out of their jackets' large front pockets. I was surprised that only four of them were women and that only two men were African-American.

Dr. Dobson began the lecture by introducing me and telling everyone that I would be the patient when they were in their small groups.

While he was explaining the schedule and what to do if there were scheduling conflicts, I began my scan of all the

students—all of those white coats who would be getting to know me rather well. Of course I spotted several favorites (Damn, some of those young doctors-to-be were stunning.) but I looked forward to having everyone examine me during the semester. After a few minutes of his explanation he nodded to me. I stood up, took off my underwear, and watched every eye in the auditorium study my body. As Dr. Dobson narrated, Theodore and Leo took turns demonstrating all of the exam techniques. Front side and back side. It was professional. It was sterile. It was medical. I didn't get aroused.

Before I started to get dressed and with more than sixty people watching me I used some tissues to wipe the lubricant off my butt. That finally cured me of my embarrassment and wiping myself in front of an audience never felt weird to me again. It was part of the show.

In the small group sessions held throughout the four semesters I worked there, about seven or eight students examined me under the guidance of one of the two TA's. My penis behaved and mostly remained flaccid during all of the practice sessions. Well I must admit that there were times when one of the stunning future doctors was practicing on me that I did get aroused. But that didn't bother me and it never seemed to bother any of the students. Although Theodore was quite handsome I never got excited while he worked on me. Even when working with Leo, in his group study sessions, I somehow controlled myself.

I did, however, get aroused every time Leo and I met at his apartment after the small group classes. The bulge I spied during my first training session was, I'll add, very fine. Leo showed me how splendid an Asian guy could be. However, near the end of my second year working as a medical model, my all-time favorite TA told me that had met a special guy. I knew what that meant.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

Grade school teaching was enjoyable for me. Posing at Morgan, dancing at the clubs and working at the medical school brought in extra money and kept my exhibitionistic urges satisfied. I had many friends and I hung out pretty often with Bryan and Steve and their friends and a few neighbors I met during the photo-shoot at Calvin's gallery. I never heard rumors about my dancing and Steve and Bryan both told me several times that they hadn't told anyone about my part-time work. Bryan and I were identified by the group as "boyfriends" and we enjoyed that status.

My parents told me several times that they hoped I would meet a nice guy—someone I could love and be loved by. How wonderful to have had parents with that attitude. It was funny though that my father once said that he wanted me to find a doctor or a lawyer and preferably a man who was Jewish.

My parents visited me once in a while and knew a few of my friends. When I introduced them to Bryan they all hit it off. My mother secretly asked and I told her that he was just a friend. Her smile and the look in her eyes told me that she thought that we were more than that. I don't know if she told my father.

They were so proud when I was selected as the "1970 Teacher of the Year" at my school. My parents also loved that I completed my master's degree, in guidance and counseling, in a two-year part-time evening program. I'm sure they bragged all the time that their twenty-five year old son had a masters degree. But that's what Jewish parents do. I was their success story.

They knew about my gay life. They knew quite a few of my friends. They knew of my professional accomplishments. They knew nothing else. They had nothing to be ashamed of. For their mental health and well-being, and for their status in our extended family, it had to stay that way.

I explained to my parents that I wanted to have a greater impact in my field and that I had applied for admission into several PhD programs. My master's advisor helped me review various universities and I applied to three that had excellent reputations in school leadership and counseling. I was accepted into a highly ranked and respected program and was offered excellent financial support via one of their federal grants. I decided to start a new chapter in my life. Mom and Dad were very pleased and were extremely proud. I remember my mother muttering, "My son the doctor."

I informed my principal. He was sorry that I would not be back in the fall. I discussed my decision with Bryan and we shed a few tears about my leaving. We realized that, although we really enjoyed being with each and our boyfriend status, neither of us was ready for a long-term, life-long commitment. I said my goodbyes to Steve and to all of my other friends. The going away parties were somewhat tearful but fun. I stopped accepting assignments after July at the art school and at the clubs in New York and DC. It was a quiet exit from the stages I knew I would miss so much. I let Dr. Dobson know that I enjoyed working for them but that I was leaving Philadelphia. They were quite disappointed. I struggled with my decision to move but realized that a higher graduate degree would be excellent for my career. I hoped that I was mentally prepared for living in the conservative Midwest.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

It was sweltering and humid in St. Louis. Even though I stopped on the road two nights I was exhausted from the drive and was very thankful that my Valiant made it without any problems. While I was on campus a few months back for my admission interview (Flights and hotel paid for by the federal grant that was my

graduate program ticket.) I checked out some apartment buildings that were fairly close to campus. Once my admission was certain I called one of the complexes that looked good and rented a furnished one bedroom apartment. I brought the lease they mailed to me and my cancelled check so when I arrived getting into my new place was easy.

It took a while for the air conditioner to cool the place down. That helped tremendously as I schlepped all of my clothes, books, my typewriter and the rest of my stuff up the steps. I spent the next couple of days unpacking, shopping for food and making my place look decent. What a difference from Philly, New York and Washington. I didn't know anyone except for the few professors I met during my admission interview. I admit that I had second thoughts about the move and huge life changes but I was determined to succeed and strive for a better life via a high-level graduate degree.

On Monday I met with two faculty members and got my first semester course schedule figured out. As I was completing the registration forms I decided to stick with Edward. That helped me see myself in my new role as a serious academic. For some strange reason I thought that Edward sounded more mature and would sit well with the professors. Maybe it didn't make a difference but it felt right to me.

My first semester classes were going to be Research in Education, Statistics I, History of American Education, and School Law. I knew I was going to be way too busy to think about heading downtown for some nightlife or to even consider checking out the university's art department to inquire about posing. According to the *Damron Guide* there were only four gay bars in the city. That didn't surprise me. None of them had that all-important symbol indicating that they had strippers. I expected that my life would be all studies. It needed to be.

The campus had a lovely lake and I was impressed by the huge old ivy-covered buildings. I explored Truxton Field House and found that they had a pool and excellent gym facilities—all free for students. So, I made sure to include regular workouts in my busy schedule. I had a fleeting thought of spending some extra time displaying myself in the locker rooms but it turned out that I rarely found time to do that.

I settled into the routine of going to classes, spending a huge number of hours at the library, meeting in study groups with other doctoral students and making sure that I'd be successful in this major adventure and challenge. I wanted to become a professor someday and, of course, I wanted to make my parents proud and give my mother permission to honestly say, "My son the doctor."

No art classes. No clubs with dancers. No nudist clubs. No boyfriend. I didn't even search for a gay group on campus. I settled into a very demanding academic routine. I knew why I was there and what I wanted to accomplish so I was content and happy in the role of full-time graduate student. All of my time and effort was poured into my new life and goals. I looked forward to the next three rather quiet years in the Midwest.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

There were a few scary thunderstorms during my third week in town. People at school assured me that this was quite typical for the Midwest. One early evening, just after getting in from school, the weather turned especially bad—frighteningly bad. The sky was black, there was pounding rain, hail was striking my apartment windows and thunder boomed and lightning flashed over and over.

I felt fairly safe and was eating the big salad I had made when I heard the siren. It was a very loud wailing that I didn't

recognize. There were some loud voices in the hallway so I stuck my head out and asked a couple neighbors what the siren was.

"It's a tornado warning. We're heading to the basement. You better come!" they shouted to me.

I jumped into some gym shorts and threw on a T-shirt. Then grabbed my keys, locked the door, and hustled down the three flights of stairs.

Quite a few people were down there sitting against the walls. No one was panicked so I just found a spot and sat down to wait it out. Some of my neighbors were carrying jugs of water, a couple brought some food, two people had transistor radios. I brought nothing. This was a good way to meet some of my neighbors and to learn about the local weather.

A woman who looked to be maybe about forty, wearing bell bottoms, sandals and a funky looking pink T-shirt, smiled at me, and then she sat next to me on the floor.

"Well I haven't seen you before," she said, "Are you new in the building?"

"Yes, hi, I moved in recently, I'm up in 3B."

"Oh, then you're the one I hear once in a while. I'm Clair in 2B, right below you."

"Oh geez, hope I'm not making too much noise. I don't want to bother you. And oh, I'm Edward." I then apologized for the onion breath I had from the salad I was just eating.

"Yep, I smell the onion," she blurted out. "But no worries, it's OK—but only when the siren blows." We both laughed.

Clair filled me in on what to do and what supplies to bring to the basement when there was a tornado warning. She was helpful and fun. When the wailing ended all of us headed back to our apartments. Clair invited me to stop by sometime and I extended the same to her.

There was a knock on my door a couple nights later. I was working on an assignment at my kitchen table. I yelled, "Just a minute," and I ran to the shelf in my closet to grab some gym shorts. It was Clair. It was good to have a visitor, my first one.

"Gee, sorry you had to wait," I said. "I needed to find some shorts to put on."

"Hey Edward, you really didn't need to," she said with a fun laugh. "But good for me that you didn't grab a shirt."

I'm sure I blushed a little but I really appreciated the compliment. I did not go and find a shirt.

I was happy to have a break from my assignment so I opened a bottle of white wine and we sat on my sofa and started to chat and get to know each other. We talked nonstop. The stories of her early days, growing up in a rural area outside of Wichita, were fascinating. She then told me of her move to Chicago to get her bachelor's degree in business at the University of Chicago.

Clair got somewhat down when she told me about her failed marriage but she let me know that she was on the mend. She had been a bartender in a downtown restaurant for a few years but a year ago she was hired as one of the assistant account managers at the Veteran's Memorial Hospital. Her only woes were her student loans and her aging car. In spite of her money worries she was a fun, positive and upbeat person.

She asked all about me and I told her about my growing up in Pennsylvania and I filled her in on my college degrees and my love of teaching. We chatted about our families and even got into a discussion of our life goals. I wasn't sure if Clair was just a really nice person, someone who I'd like as a friend, or if she was kind of coming on to me.

I decided that she needed to know.

"Well I was thinking that might be the case," Clair remarked. With a laugh she added, "The good-looking ones are usually gay."

And believe me that's not a big deal to me. A few of my friends and I used to go to some gay clubs in Chicago. No worries, I'm no prude."

Our conversation was easy and relaxed. While I was pouring what was left in the bottle Clair asked me what I did for fun. I laughed and told her, "nothing" as I didn't have time due to all of my classes.

"Well what did you do for fun when you lived back east?" she asked.

I felt that we were bonding and that I could trust her so I talked about posing for art classes and I bragged about some of my bar top dancing without going into detail . She seemed amused and asked me if I danced naked. I confessed and told her that posing and dancing were super naked hobbies for me. I let her know that I was not embarrassed or ashamed of being nude in front of an audience.

"Well you look quite good with your shirt off," she said. "I'd love to see the rest of you sometime."

That was a surprise to me. But I really respected and appreciated her boldness.

"OK, I might consent to your wish sometime," I said with a slight laugh. "Maybe next time you're here. But now I better get back to my work. I have a research paper due this week and I really need to get a decent draft finished tonight."

We gave each other friendly hugs as she was leaving. I really thought that Clair was adventurous and daring. I was happy to know someone friendly and outgoing in our building. Clair was my tornado siren buddy. That role was about to expand.

A few days later, when I was just getting home from a study group, I saw Clair pulling up to her assigned parking spot. We gave each other big greetings and she asked what I was up to. I told her that my place was a big mess and I was doing some laundry

and needed to wash dishes that were stacked up for the last two days. She asked if I'd like company while I was doing all that and I told her that would be great. About fifteen minutes later she was at my door with a bottle of chilled wine in her hand.

"What Edward, you have clothes on?" she said with a smile.

"Well as you know I just got home," I said simply, "and I'm not always naked." We had a good laugh as I opened my coffee table drawer to get a corkscrew.

After enjoying the wine and chatting for a while, I mentioned that I really needed to get going on cleaning the place up. Clair offered to help.

"Well I don't want you to do anything, but thanks," I said clearly. "Why don't you just hang out and supervise while I tackle the mess?"

"Perfect, I'll supervise. Now get yourself into gear."

I walked over to the basket filled with stuff from the dryer and started folding. Clair plopped down on the couch and watched. A couple times I held up a pair of my underwear or a jockstrap and struck a sexy pose for her. I liked teasing her and it was fun watching her eyes undress me.

Since we were getting along so well I asked Clair to drop "Edward" and go with "Eddie". It was time to get informal and stoke the developing friendship.

Next I started on the dishes.

"So Mr. Eddie," Clair said after watching a little longer, "I was wondering if you label yourself a nudist. The stuff you told me about the other day has me thinking that."

That stopped my dishwashing. As I was propped against the kitchen cabinets, I explained to her that I didn't define myself as a nudist but that I preferred to be naked when I could be.

"It's just comfortable for me Clair, I explained. "When I was a kid I was always naked when swimming at the Y. And I've gone

to a nudist club in New Jersey many times. So yeah, I guess you'd call me a nudist."

She was intrigued and asked more about it, so I told her about the Sun Up Sun Down Club and gave her more intimate details about posing for art classes. She loved the stories about the Friday drop-in group and my friends' reactions. She was especially interested in Francine's classes and the different kinds of poses I did for her students. She seemed fascinated by the performance art gig at the Museum of Art and by the anatomy posing I did for Mrs. Hoffman.

"So I'm guessing you're an exhibitionist Eddie?" Clair said suddenly after apparently having an "ah-hah" moment.

"Guilty—yep I guess I am," I said with a slight bow.

Clair loved hearing about the art classes, how they worked, what I did, and what my poses were like. She asked for details and I shared without hesitation or omissions. I could tell that she was intrigued, and perhaps was somewhat aroused, hearing about the detailed body part posing I did for drawing and photography classes.

"Damn Eddie, I wish I had been sitting on the floor in those classes," she said giving herself away. "And I wouldn't have been working on your hands or feet!"

We chuckled and toasted my nude past with a sip of wine. I was enjoying my new friendship with Clair and felt as though I could trust her. It was fun revealing this part of me.

Given our conversation and Clair's uplifted eyebrows and devious expression, I was not surprised with her suggestion a moment later.

"Hey Eddie," she said with a serious tone, "last time I was here you hung out in just gym shorts. And you said you'd consider getting naked for me sometime. Why don't you do that now? I'd have a much better time supervising your cleaning if you had nothing on."

I feigned a nervous chuckle, "Are you sure?" I said with a feigned nervous chuckle teasing her a little. "I'll do it if you really want me to."

"Keep in mind that I'm straight," Clair added, "and I love men's bodies. Well most men's bodies." With a slight laugh she added, "Even younger guys like you."

Her eyes and smile let me know that she was sincere when she added, "Seriously, I'd really love it if you got naked. But only, really only, if you'd be comfortable Eddie."

"Oh, I'm sure I would be. Being naked is not a problem at all. In fact, I'd probably be more comfortable that way."

I left my little kitchen and walked out to the middle of the living room. With a slight gesture I invited Clair to have a seat on the couch. With a steady gaze into her eyes I took off my sneakers and socks, then my shirt, then my jeans.

I stopped at that point with my thumbs beneath the waistband of my underwear. "Are you sure?" I quietly asked her. I inched the waistband down a little and pointed to the outline of my penis that was clearly evident. "More?" I teased her with my eyes and added, "Do you really want to see what's in here?"

"Hell yes," Clair assured me with no hesitation. "I want to see it all. Now get those damn things off," she said with a firm voice and stern expression.

I yanked my briefs off, tossed them on top of the rest of my clothes and just stood there facing my new friend. I watched her eyes slowly taking me in. All of me. I could tell by the way she drank in the view that she liked what she saw.

"You're a hot guy Mr. Edward, I mean Eddie," she said. "And I like what I see," she added as she pointed to my slightly aroused penis. "Now get your ass back in the kitchen and get to work."

We laughed as I went back to the sink to face the rest of the dishes. Clair pulled up a chair and watched and stared and commented about what she was seeing and enjoying. I was

delighted by how comfortable she was. I took my time with the dishes and relished her attention.

We became best friends. Whenever our calendars meshed we would catch a movie or go out for drinks and dinner at one of the places in a nearby neighborhood. We ran into some of her work friends a few times—it was great to meet other people, people who were not in my university program. Clair was a good cook so I enjoyed when I was invited down to 2B. The first time I went to her apartment to eat she asked me to be naked. Off came my clothes. After that I was naked, the only one who was naked, whenever we hung out in either apartment.

It was both a habit and obligation for me to call my parents every week and let them know how I was doing. I told them about my good progress in three of my classes and also told them that I was struggling with Stat I. I had never been good with math so they were not surprised. I think they were relieved when I told them that I was going to a statistics study group and that one of the guys in the class was tutoring me. I predicted that I'd get three A's and maybe either a C or B in Stat. From their reactions, I was sure that they were elated about my being asked to teach some sessions of an undergraduate course. I also told them about my new friendship with Clair. I imagine that my father had a fleeting moment of hope that I was turning straight but I quashed that when I said that she knew that I'm gay and that she was cool with that. I didn't tell them more. My parents were elated with my progress and let me know that they were telling all of our relatives and some of their friends how well I was doing in my doctoral program.

After dinner in her apartment one evening, while Clair was reminiscing about her former marriage, she moved the conversation up a notch.

"So, Eddie, how often to you masturbate?"

What did Clair just ask me? I was caught off guard by that question. But I had no problem answering.

"Well hmmm, let me count. Five or sometimes even six times a day."

We both had a good laugh over that—it was clear that I was just playing.

Then I gave her my honest answer. "Well really, not that often. Usually just once, and on good days, I push it up to two or three."

"Can I watch you sometime?" she asked with a sly grin.

Damn, that really surprised me but, after a split second of thought, I said, "Sure, for you, anything. Well not anything. Remember I'm gay."

Five minutes later I was stretched out on her bed. With Clair sitting right next to me and watching my every move, I began to slowly stroke myself.

"Is it OK for me to touch you while you do that Eddie?" she asked in a soft tone.

I was used to doing this for men. And I was used to men touching me. Having a woman involved? But why not? I figured it would be nice to have an audience even though it would be an audience of one. And a woman.

"Be my guest," I said assuring her that I'd be fine with her request.

It turned out that I had an admirer, an audience, a fully-dressed female friend who absolutely loved to fondle me and watch me masturbate. It became our routine and I was happy to have interested eyes on me once again. Many times, when I needed a relaxing break from my school assignments, I'd call and invite her up for what we laughingly called "show time". It wasn't the audience I craved. But Clair was an audience. She enjoyed my shows and I loved performing for her.

One late afternoon, after a hard workout at the gym, I was heading up the stairs when I ran into Clair as she was taking out her garbage. She gave me a big hello and asked if I'd like company for a while.

"Sure, I'm totally gross and sweaty and I need a shower but come on up," I replied.

I figured she'd suggest "show time" which would be perfect for me. Ten minutes later she was at my door carrying a black leather bag. I recognized the logo.

"A polaroid?" I said with my eyebrows raised.

"I was thinking it would be fun to take some photos, if that's OK with you Eddie. Heck, you said you've posed for photo classes."

"Would they be for just you?" I asked as I thought this over. "Or are you planning to show them to anyone?"

"Only if it's OK with you. I've told a couple friends about you and you've met a few of them but I've never mentioned our private stuff."

"Well Clair, feel free to tell them whatever you want about me. I'm cool with what we're doing and frankly it will be a turn-on if I know you'll be describing me in detail."

"Oh with your permission I'm going to be giving details in inches," she said with a laugh.

"If you take some pics and show them to your friends that's not a problem at all," I said giving her the permission she wanted. "Just don't go posting them on our lobby bulletin board." We both had a good laugh over that.

"So, do you want to see if that thing works?" I said with my most innocent expression.

Clair pointed to the bathroom. "Yep, let's do it," she said as she gave me a small shove toward the bathroom.

*A camera. And it wasn't for a photography workshop.
Another step out of the exhibitionist closet.*

For the first photo I stood there with all my workout stuff on. The print turned out pretty clear so we moved on. After taking off my sneakers and socks I faced her and peeled off my shirt. Clair suggested that I raise my arms for a good chest and arms photo. That was the second click. We were impressed by the image that slowly printed out of her camera. I got down to just my jockstrap for the next shot. Then I was naked. Clair took two more photos, one my full body and one just a close up of my genitals.

"Go ahead and shower Eddie," Clair said. "If this thing doesn't fog up from the steam I may be able to get a couple good soapy photos."

Clair kept wiping off the lens and she got two good shower photos. Her favorite one was when my erection was covered in suds. I did not let her take photos after my shower when I was stretched out on the sofa jacking-off. She understood.

It didn't take long for the photos to make their rounds at the hospital. I knew Clair would be sharing them with friends but I had no idea what was coming next.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

Clair stopped by a few days later. She appreciated that I was already naked when I opened the door. (I did open the door a crack first to see who it was.) After some quick hellos and hugs she blurted out that she had shown the photos to her "lunch bunch," a group of her close friends—about ten singles who usually ate together at the hospital and went out fairly often after work.

"They all think you're cute and sexy. They want to see you in person. And of course," she added with a laugh, "they want to see every inch of you."

I immediately had visions of a group of people coming to one of our apartments and having me strip and jack-off for them. I was intrigued.

"Wow, interesting. Tell me about these friends," I said as my curiosity rose.

"The group is mostly women but also a few guys. I know that two of the guys in the group are gay and I'm pretty sure that two others are. A couple in the group are graduate students who are doing required practicums. Those are the young ones—the rest are about my age. Really, they're all very nice, and all of them want to see you naked, in person, and none of them are gossips."

Clair reminded me that I had met a few of them a couple of times when we were out for dinner.

"So tell me more," I said, raising my eyebrows in interest.

"We had so much fun talking about this. Here's what we were thinking," Clair said with excitement in her voice.

I listened and became turned on as Clair explained the group's idea.

"We want to have a small party. Just our close friends who we know and trust. We'd want you to pose for us and we'd all try to do some drawing. OK so far?"

"Well yeah Clair, that sounds good so far."

"We'd have some contests, she said, "like for the best drawing of your dick. Or your buns. Things like that."

I guess my expression let Clair know I was thinking about it. I carefully raised the issue of the conservative nature of people who live in the Midwest. Clair agreed but assured me that her *St. Louisans* were not part of that majority. Her friends were more liberal, more fun and extremely cool.

"OK, I'm in," I blurted out after less than a second of thought

"Is it OK if some of them bring their cameras?" she asked.

"Sure that's OK with me Clair but, unless they have Polaroids, where will they get the photos developed?"

"Hey, Eddie, that's their problem." We laughed and agreed.

"This will be so much fun and from what your penis is doing," she said as she pointed to my crotch, "I can tell you're totally turned on by the idea. You do like to show that thing off. I can't wait to tell everyone tomorrow. Thanks Eddie, I think this will be a hoot!"

"Wait, one more thing. If someone wants to touch you as part of one of the games would that be all right with you?" Clair asked, upping the ante.

"Sure," I said. "I wouldn't have a problem with that. It'll probably make it more fun. Just tell the ladies to trim back their long nails."

We both laughed and shook hands agreeing that this party was going to be major fun. Clair kept me informed while she and her friends started making plans. She told me a little about the games they created to get me naked and then about the drawing contests they'd have. It all sounded creative, sexy and fun.

Clair could see that this conversation was a turn-on for me.

"And now sexy boy," she said, "how about some 'show time' from my favorite doc student?"

"But of course," I replied as I stretched out on the couch. While Clair's eyes and fingers explored, I did my thing. The idea of such a close and intimate group of onlookers for my exhibitionist pleasure had me primed and ready for my masturbation show. Clair was delighted and even applauded when I shot my load way up to my chin.

The group picked a date and decided to have the party at Mary Frazee's home since she lived in a good-sized house just outside of town. The invitation list included five other women and four guys. Clair and her friend Tommy were creating some card games to get me naked and then they were going to have some drawing contests. Two of the people who were going to be there

were in charge of getting some cheap drawing pads and a few gag-type prizes. Mary and Clair were taking care of the food. To ensure that no one would be offended Clair and Mary filled everyone in on what to expect. Clair assured me that no one seemed hesitant. Everyone responded with excitement and anticipation.

I was intrigued. And I couldn't wait.

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

The party was two weeks later on a Saturday evening. To get ready I took a long hot shower, trimmed down my pubes and cleaned and filed my nails. I dressed in my favorite jeans, a nice button-down shirt and of course I donned a pair of my favorite white and tight underwear. I thought of wearing a jockstrap instead of my Hanes but figured it would be better to keep it more conservative. It turned out that with this group either would have worked just fine.

When I arrived most of Clair's friends were already there. She poured me a glass of some fancy cocktail, the "drink of the day" that most everyone was sipping. It was a mix of Campari and bourbon which was quite strong. I immediately warned myself to keep it to just one. Clair took me around and introduced me to Mary and to the rest of her friends. There were some nervous giggles and the comments I got, as Clair helped to break the ice, were witty and humorous.

"Gee Eddie, I saw some photos of you and couldn't wait for tonight." "I'm nervous as hell but hey, I only live once." "My boyfriend doesn't know I'm here and I'm not telling him." "I thought Clair said this was going to be a Tupperware party." "I can't believe this is happening in this part of the country."

It was clear that all of Clair's friends were ready for some adult fun. We all hung out and casually chatted until the last

person arrived. It was apparent that Clair had gathered a mature, almost-anything-goes, group. From just the quick introductions my gaydar told me that she was right—some of the guys were gay. That got me excited in my mind and, of course, inside my Hanes.

"OK everyone," Clair said to get things going, "it's time to get this party into high gear. Head into the living room, oh but fill up your drinks first!"

Some of the dining room and kitchen chairs that had been brought into the living room were arranged into a somewhat jagged circle. Everyone got comfortable as Clair and Mary explained the rules.

Mary gestured that I was to stand in the middle of the circle. I took my position and without any directions I slowly did a full turn along with some suggestive gestures. My self-caressing moves that included rubbing my chest, my buns and my crotch helped notch up their anticipation. I could tell that some of them were eager to get started. A couple looked nervous as hell.

There were seven women and four guys waiting. I knew I'd have to do this for everyone—not just for the men in the room. I was ready to entertain. Actually I couldn't wait to get naked for all of these enthusiastic virgin eyes. And for the few cameras that I spied.

Clair and Mary got things started by telling everyone what they would be doing first. She called it, "Getting to know our star." I'm sure Clair designed this introduction after hearing my stories from the Boys! show in New York. I was to crisscross the room and greet everyone. When I'd stop right in front of someone I was supposed to do a little bow and say, "Good to meet you."

Clair slowly looked around the room. Then she explained that when I stopped in front of someone that person should tell me their name and say, "Good to know you Eddie, especially this part of you." Then the person would have thirty seconds to reach

out and touch, fondle or grope anywhere on my body. There were laughs and funny comments when these game rules were announced.

"OK kiddos, here we go," Mary said with a loud clap of her hands.

Everyone raised their glasses and shouted out a toast for Clair, Mary and for the few who helped plan the party. That was the starting bell for me.

The group got rather quiet when I started a slow stroll inside the circle of friends. Who would be first? I moved toward one then backed off, then to another and backed off again. I continued the tease. I decided to pick Clair thinking that she would show everyone how bold they could be. I was right. When she finished, "...especially this part of you," she ran her hands up and down my chest and then went right for the goods. I stood there as she reached out and fondled the bulge in my jeans. About thirty seconds later Mary yelled out, "Time!" and I backed away.

The quiet in the room was punctuated with hoots, applause and several fun comments. "Way to go Clair!" one of the women yelled out. "I want to be next!" was shouted by one of the guys. More laughter from the giddy crowd. I gave Clair a bow and walked across the room to visit Debbie, a woman I didn't know. After her, "..especially this part of you," she quickly got into it by having me turn around so she could get to know my buns. She kept the momentum up as she received shouts of encouragement as her fingers moved. Someone yelled out, "Enjoy those melons Deb!"

I figured I needed to go spend some time with one of the males in the room pretty soon since I didn't want to save the guys for last. I picked one who gave off a sensual vibe, accompanied by an adorable smile, when we shook hands earlier. I walked right in front of him, "Good to meet you," I said with a graceful smile. His

face took on a red glow as he stumbled through the expected response and told me his name was Robert. He froze for a second or two until one of his friends shouted, "Go for it Robbie!" His answer was perfect. "Hey this won't be a surprise. You all know what I like."

He boldly went right for my crotch. He started with light fondling and then he started to open my belt. There were shouts of, "Uh, uh, uh, that's not allowed!" from Clair and Mary. He was a good sport as everyone laughed and teased him. He abandoned my belt and returned to run his fingers over the outline of my bulge until Mary called time.

"Getting to know Eddie" continued until everyone had a turn. Several people snapped some photos. Only three, two women and one man, played it safe and confined their exploring to my legs or arms. I guessed and hoped that they would loosen up as the party progressed. They certainly did. Perhaps it was simply because all of what their friends were doing was perceived as erotic but safe and private fun. Maybe it was the pitchers of their cocktail concoction. By the third game of the evening participation was one hundred percent.

The game that Clair and Mary created for the second round was simple. A deck of cards was shuffled and then got passed around the circle. Each person took the top card and was told to not look at it. When everyone had a card they turned it over. The highest card, with aces being high, was the winner. If there was a tie they had to draw again.

I had to go and stand right in front of the winner and then that person and I each drew a card from the deck. If my card was higher I just returned to the center of the room and we started over. If my card was lower higher card holder came out to the center of the room to remove one piece of my clothing. The winner was given permission to explore whatever was just exposed.

I picked the item to be removed and of course did the tease. My plan was logical. One sneaker at a time, one sock at a time, my watch, next the belt, and then my shirt, jeans and underwear. My feet got caressed. And even my wrist was explored, with lots of group laughter, when my watch was removed.

As each piece was removed there were cheers and shouts. Everyone was having a great time. Me too.

About thirty minutes into the game I still had three items on. Fern, a young attractive woman, drew the high card. I realized, as she unbuttoned my shirt, that she was a pediatric nurse when she exclaimed, "This is so much better than working with the little ones. I'm liking twenty-five much better than five months!" Fern received applause and loud hoots for her boldness as she ran her hands over my chest and sensuously ran her fingers around my hardening nipples. Then, with a dramatic flair, she slowly licked her fingers.

"OK folks, it's apparent that some of you need to calm down, well not really—but it's time for a refill," Clair said as she pointed to pitchers in the kitchen.

A few minutes later, with drinks in hand, the group settled back into their circle. Tommy got the next high card, a Jack of Diamonds. I walked right over to face him. We drew and he won, a Five of Diamonds against my Two of Hearts.

Tommy didn't hesitate a bit as he followed me right out to the center of the room, looked at everyone and asked, "Do you want me to do this?"

The answers were all the same, "Yes," "Hell yeah," "Do it, Tommy!" He got right to work and opened the button on my jeans, unzipped me and eased my jeans down so I could step out of each leg. This got me turned on so my partial erection was visible for all of the eyes that were glued to my basket. Tommy didn't hesitate for a moment. His hands went to work on my cock. After about a minute of his fondling he held my shoulders

and slowly twirled me around so everyone could see the outline of my erection and the bulge of my balls being restrained by the thin cotton. I got even more aroused when I heard a few camera clicks.

The comments tossed out were all fun. "Hold that for a minute Eddie, I'm trying to get this damn thing to focus." "Face this way." "I think he's Jewish." "You were right Clair, he is a big boy!"

I liked the comments, I liked the eyes, I liked the cameras. And I loved the total attention.

Everyone got quiet and the room seemed a bit tense as we moved on to the last pick of cards. After the deck was shuffled it made its rounds and when all cards were revealed Valerie, one of the older women at the party, raised her hand in the air and showed off her Ace. The winner. Then she and I each picked a card. Valerie had the Six of Clubs. I had the Three of Diamonds. There was applause and cheering for Valerie.

I could not have asked for a better accomplice. She walked to the center and played the game perfectly.

"OK gang," she said with a huge smile on her face, "you all better treat me to drinks sometime since I'm about to give you a show. Eddie is probably twenty years younger than I am so I'm going to be slow and gentle with this young stud."

"You go Val!" someone called out. She lightly ran her fingers across my body, front and back, as she turned me slowly around so everyone could watch. I know this was not planned but she instinctively teased the group by deliberately lowering my briefs ever so gradually. Half an inch. Then another. She was being egged on by her friends as she moved beyond my pubic hair and finally showed them everything. There was applause and there were many "that a girl" and "way to go" comments thanking

Valerie for a job well done. With Valerie's urging I did a very slow full turn.

A few cameras clicked. "Where in the hell can I get these developed?" one of the women asked, suddenly realizing that film development might be a challenge. Everyone laughed as they knew that developing their photos at the local drug store, now that all of me was exposed, was not an option. After a few bows I hurried off their stage to get ready for round three.

I knotted a towel around my waist and joined several of the guests for a snack and drink break. I was amazed at how comfortable everyone was. I could tell, from their giggles and enthusiasm, that everyone thought that this party was a hit. A couple people thanked me and let me know that they were really looking forward to the next activity.

"Attention, attention. It's time for the drawing contest," Mary called out. "Sorry," Mary added, "but no cameras for this." There were a couple of boos but it was clear that they were just in fun.

Within two minutes eleven pairs of eager eyes gathered in the small circle. Drawing pads and pencils were passed around as Mary explained what was going to happen next.

"Eddie is going to do three poses for us, just like he has done for art classes. Each one will be about ten minutes. After each one we'll have a vote to see who gets the grand prize. Well they're not really grand. They're fun and they were cheap."

"The winner might have the best, or worst, or sexiest, or craziest drawing," Mary continued. "That will be up to all of you."

"In the first drawing," Mary explained, "try to draw Eddie's face. Your second drawing should be his upper body, like his chest and arms. And, hey, you know what'll be next. Your last drawing needs to be a detailed drawing of what Valerie just showed us."

"Wait, wait," Clair called out. "One more thing that I know you'll all love. To improve your drawing skills you're allowed to, no, no, let me change that, you're encouraged to walk right over to our young lad and touch whatever you're drawing. Maybe that will help your drawing but if not, who cares?"

There were some giggles and excitement in the air as I put a chair in the middle of the floor and began a simple seated pose. I kept my towel on so they would not be distracted. The circle morphed into a semi-circle which gave everyone better views. The drawing began and no one moved until one brave person walked over and ran his fingers around my eyes and nose.

"Way to be brave, Nick," Clair called out. "Good that you started things off."

Nick was the go signal. Four others took advantage of the green light for touching my head and face. "Help, my finger is stuck," got a good laugh when Shaunna said that while exploring one of my ears. Before she turned to go back to her chair she cheated by slowly rubbing her hands down my chest and sliding some fingers into one of my armpits.

"Way to go Shaunna!" one of her friends shouted.

"I just needed to know our cute model better. And be warned, he's got some sexy sweat under those arms."

"You are the best, Shaunna," one of her giggling partners in crime yelled.

I continued to be impressed with how relaxed everyone seemed to be. Even though Clair had assured me that her friends were all cool, I admit that I wasn't expecting this level of comfort.

After Mary called time I went into the kitchen to stretch while everyone shared their drawings. It was fun watching them. They enjoyed showing off their work. There were a couple in the group who actually were decent artists.

For my second position, I spread a towel on the floor and took a face up reclining position. I stretched one arm out behind me so that one side highlighted my pecs and the other side emphasized my lats. That gave everyone a good view of the game's assignment—my upper body.

"Ok gang, let's see who can win the second prize," Mary said. "It's all about the chest and biceps. Oh, and the nipples. Oh, and that slim and cute trail of hair going you know where. So ready, set, go. Draw away."

About half of the group came right up during the ten minutes and ran their fingers around what they were trying to draw. Comments were funny and helped entertain everyone. "That's a nice little nipple you got." "Yuck Eddie, Shaunna was right, there's sweat dripping down your sides." "This guy has some lats, doesn't he?" "Something tells me this boy does a few bench presses." "Mary, do you have a shaver I can borrow?" It was all fun. And it continued to amaze me that the evening was going so well.

During the next break I overheard some of the chatter in the kitchen. There was no doubt that the group was looking forward to the final drawing challenge. A few of the women were whispering and laughing. I heard one of the younger women admit to someone that she had never seen a circumcised guy before. Another was a comment made by Valerie lamenting that I was gay.

The four guys were huddled off to the side and I overheard one of them say, while the others were nodding in agreement, "My fingers are gonna do some serious walking and not through the yellow pages. I know these ladies will love watching me go for it."

Pete, one of the four, said, "Yep, that's my plan too."

I walked over, gave them a sly smile and asked the little group if they were having fun. They assured me they were having a blast. I knew they were but figured that would be a good way to get to know them better. Their responses assured me that I was a hit and that they loved the party.

This was the first time I could really talk with the four of them so we did introductions.

"OK fess up," I said. "I'm thinking that this is Clair's gay posse. Am I right?"

"Well you are," Nick answered for the group. "We thought Clair told you but yep, you're right."

"And I've known about you," Tommy added, "since Clair told me how her new friend likes to run around naked. And with her watching."

That comment got us relaxed and laughing. Robbie and Nick were about Clair's age. Robbie was a practical nurse who worked in the emergency room. Nick did something with oxygen or breathing therapy. Robbie was a handsome guy with a super smile. Nick was tall and slim and also seemed like a very nice guy. Tommy and Pete were both business students who were spending the year at the hospital completing required internships. They were rotating among several of the accounting and business offices. Since they were both juniors I guessed that they were about twenty-two or twenty-three. As I looked these four over it was clear that they spent lots of time making sure they looked good. Their hair, their clothes, their posture, their builds—all painted pictures of hip gay guys.

Clair had let them know that I was a PhD student. I got several questions about my studies and about the research I was doing. It was good to chat about serious things with these guys.

"I can't wait for what's next," Pete said bringing the conversation back to the party theme. "You're so fuckin' bold, it takes way serious guts and big balls to do what you're doing."

"Thanks Pete," I said, "but really it's just lots of fun for me and I appreciate that the four of you are here." I lowered my voice and added, "You guys make it *lots* more fun for me so don't hold back during the next round."

Pete then whispered that he wished I would do a jackoff for the group.

"Well not for this group," I quietly said. "If it was all gay guys then sure, I would."

Pete said if that party ever happened he would be there. The other three immediately agreed. They also commented that they were not happy that this next game would not be a photo op. I assured them there would be a chance to take photos at the end of the party. The little gay group was having a blast and I was very happy they were at the party.

"OK, OK," Clair called out a couple minutes later. "Break time is over. You know what we're gonna concentrate on now. Why don't you move some chairs around, or sit on the floor if you want, so you can clearly see the *notable* subject matter."

I took a standing position in the center of the floor and quite a few people shuffled around so their view would be right on target.

Clair had suggested privately that I do two different fifteen minute poses for this last part. The first would be standing in one of her favorites positions—a military "at ease" pose with my feet spread apart and with my hands clasped above my head. She suggested that my second pose should also be standing with one leg propped up on a chair so that my cock and balls were hanging and totally visible—from the front and from the back. I agreed without hesitation and was ready.

"OK, everyone, there's a slight change of plans for our next artistic challenge," Clair said. "Instead of one pose, Eddie will do two more poses, each one for about fifteen minutes. These two drawings should focus on what Valerie so nicely showed us

earlier. Get closer if you want and keep in mind that touching is allowed and encouraged."

"Right Eddie?" she asked with a faked serious tone.

I grabbed my chest, pretended that I was shocked and pointed to my crotch. "What? Did you say that touching down there is OK?" Everyone knew I was kidding. "Hey, you're all fantastic and fun so, go ahead, be my guest!"

"All right Eddie, you're the man!" someone called out.

The expressions and eyes told me that they were eager to get started. It got quiet when I tossed my towel on the back of a chair and got into my "at ease" position. Several people moved their chairs so they could get a better view and a couple on the floor moved closer.

It took a couple minutes before the first bold and brave soul took the plunge. Shaunna left her chair and took two steps to get really close to me.

"Eddie's ear was fine." she said proudly, "And let me tell you, I liked his chest, but..." she added as she was bending over and reaching out, "I'm sure this will be much more exciting."

There were quite a few giggles as every eye watched her fingers slide under my balls and then slowly move up to fondle my cock. My erection welcomed her hands. Her exploration lasted less than a minute, but that got the ball rolling. A couple of the women needed encouragement but it eventually ended up that everyone did the trip to the center. I enjoyed the four guys the best but really, all of it was a big turn-on for me.

They all stayed busy drawing and it was clear from the bantering that it was a super time for everyone. Each time someone came up and did some fondling most of the pencils would stop so they could watch what their daring and courageous friend was doing. After about fifteen minutes Mary asked if more time was needed and there was a chorus of yes's. This pose lasted for at least five more minutes.

When the time was up, everyone showed off their drawings and laughed and howled while a winner was declared. After their cheering died down Clair nodded to me so I walked out to set myself up for the next position. Facing the group, I put my right leg up on a chair, crossed my arms across my chest and got set into my pose.

I was totally exposed in this last pose of the evening. My hard-on was hanging down—easy to see and feel. And with my one leg up on a chair the back of my balls and all of my ass was visible.

Mary increased the excitement by letting everyone know that she intended to win. "I need to know the details down here," she said using it as justification for running her fingers through my pubes and then delicately tracing the veins in my cock. She took her time.

Robbie was next. "Hey you all stopped me from opening Eddie's belt before," he said with a laugh. "But there's no stopping me now!" As he inspected and felt my cock he added, "I think Eddie is enjoying this."

He then moved around to my backside and plopped down onto the floor. He slowly ran his fingers around my buns and explored my balls from behind. By watching all of the expressions and eyes I could see that most paused their drawing so they could enjoy the show. I was totally aroused by the attention. And Clair and her friends were having a blast.

Others took their turns without being embarrassed or hesitant. At one point the four guys came up together and, with hoots of approval from the women of the party, their fingers quickly explored most of me.

"You gay boys sure know how to do it, don't you?" one of the women remarked. I could sense that the guys loved how their friends were cheering them on.

Then Tommy turned to the group, while holding my erection, and exclaimed, "You all need to make sure you add Eddie's pre-cum to your drawings!"

Quite a few moved closer to check that out. This position lasted about twenty-five minutes. No one seemed to be in a rush to stop.

When Mary called time, I grabbed my towel and dabbed off the drop or two that Tommy had pointed out. Their attention to this made me realize that seeing my pre-cum was an exciting part of the show for this group.

I faced my audience and gave them a bow. The applause was great and there were many positive comments. I invited anyone who wanted to take photos to go right ahead. I stood against one of the walls and posed for those who figured that they could get their photos developed and for a couple who had brought their Polaroids. Two of the guys got some good full-body and some close-up dick photos. I figured they would have some way to get those developed.

The show had to end, so I walked across the room and slipped into my clothes as the short awards ceremony began. Both Mary and Clair gave me huge hugs and thanks while everyone applauded again and thanked me for a super evening. A couple people asked if I'd be willing to do a party for other friends. I gave my phone number to a few in case (and hoping) they were serious.

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

I was exhausted from the party that Clair and Mary hosted. While relaxing in my apartment that night and relieving my blue-ball stress, I reflected on how fortunate I was to have Clair as a friend and how much I enjoyed performing at the party. Her friends were great. I really missed the New York and DC shows and I

wished there were more opportunities to do parties like this. I realized that would not be probable in Missouri.

On Sunday I called my parents and gave them a progress report on my classes. They were relieved when I told them that I was catching on to the stat stuff. When I told them that I'd be presenting a paper at a conference with my faculty advisor I could feel their pride across the wires. On Monday, when I was asked about my weekend by a couple of faculty members, I told them that I spent most of my time on school stuff but that I went to one party which was fun. My parents had no idea. My professors had no idea. The secret part of my life remained intact and continued to be what I craved and enjoyed the most.

I drove into the central city area a few times to go to one of the gay bars. The only thing I got out of my drives was a speeding ticket. (The only one I've ever had!) I wasn't looking for a hookup at the bars and drag shows were their only entertainment. As I knew from the *Damron Guide* listings, none of the places offered strip shows. The music was good but the places didn't get a crowd until after eleven. That was way too late for me. If I were working bar top or on their stage I would have stayed as late as the club wanted.

About two and sometimes three times a week I'd do a private show for Clair. Once in a while she asked if I'd stop by her place when she had some friends over. I knew several of them but a few times all of them were new to me. Most of her friends were women but I was delighted when some of her male friends were there.

When she had guests over, we had a simple pre-planned routine. "Somehow" the conversation always included my art posing and what I did at the party that she and Mary hosted. Those who had been at the party would recall the experience with glee. Those who were not there almost always indicated that they

were sorry to have missed it. It was clear to everyone that I was an exhibitionist.

Even when there were straight men there, which happened once in a while, Clair would ask if everyone wanted to see me naked. It was not surprising that the straight guys never protested. I'm sure they were warned in advance. When it was all girls and gay men she would skip this questioning.

Then sometime during the evening Clair would, without warning, snap her fingers. That was my signal to stop what I was doing and take off one item of clothing. Then the conversation and nibbling would resume. Then a little, later snap again—sometimes when a friend of hers would ask for the snap and sometimes just when it was unexpected. Another item. Until I ended up naked.

It was lots of fun being the "naked guy" at her little gatherings. Sometimes I'd just hang out naked. At other times Clair would ask me to hold a position so she and her friends could explore my body. Depending on who was there, Clair would ask me to do a jackoff show. I preferred it when Tommy and his buddies were there or when Clair invited other gay guys, but I never turned down her requests. Even the straight guys would applaud.

Clair, Mary, Tommy, Pete, Robbie, Nick and I became good friends. Pizza, wine, movies, cooking in one of our places and running for our lives when the tornado sirens wailed were our routine. We became a fun-filled little family and I was kind of their naked play toy.

CHAPTER FORTY

I didn't have much else going on until Tommy gave me a call. He asked me if he could give my phone number to a guy he knew who wanted to talk to me about a party he was planning. No

surprise here. I told him it would be fine.

Tommy's friend from Springfield, Albert Harkness, called me the next afternoon. He told me that he heard what I did at Clair and Mary's party.

"Damn, I wish I had been there," he said and we both laughed.

"Yep, a bummer," I said right back. "Sorry you missed it."

That was Albert's last laugh of the conversation as he became quite business-like and rather directive. He changed from talking with me to lecturing me. I didn't care for his demeanor but I listened.

Albert said that from Tommy's description, and from the photos he saw, he knew that I was a hot guy. He told me that he was having a party and that there would be about thirty men there.

"In Springfield?" I interrupted, "I didn't think there were that many gay guys in Springfield."

"Oh come on Eddie," he said his voice dripping sarcasm, "you're from the East so you have no idea. There's a big underground in our tiny town so the gay scene, even though there's only one scuzzy gay bar here, is what people like me make it. Plus friends from St. Louis, Peoria and Decatur will be at the party. And Tommy and some of his friends. There'll be a good crowd."

Then Albert told me that he wanted to hire me to be the naked waiter for his party. I listened as he explained that he thought it would be fun for his friends to see my butt and my "Johnson" while tray passing hors d'oeuvres. (That was the first time I ever heard anyone refer to a penis as a Johnson!) He told me that he'd pay for my gas and would also pay me twenty-five dollars. He added that his friends would definitely be very generous with their tips. We chatted briefly about photos and

agreed that guys running around with cameras would be a distraction so he made the decision, no photography.

I was available on the night he picked for his party so I got his address, confirmed the time and assured him that I'd be there.

My thoughts often drifted to the upcoming party. It was well worth the three-week wait. And apparently he didn't trust me as he called me twice to reconfirm that I'd be there.

It took me about an hour and fifteen minutes to drive to his house. My cock was stirring the whole time thinking about what was planned. A new challenge, people I didn't know, another stage and something that got me naked for an audience was a good combination. I didn't get good vibes from the host over the phone due to his directive style. But I figured I could handle his attitude.

His house was in an older, upscale neighborhood immediately west of the city. Albert gave me a rather meek and somewhat feminine handshake when I arrived. He looked like a bear as he was way overweight and some dark hair stuck out at the top of his white dress shirt. His voice did not match his masculine looks. I was somewhat concerned about his attitude over the phone. But I figured that this was going to be a safe and fun evening. Anyway I thought so.

What a fabulous home! Well really a mansion. I was astonished by how huge and stately his place was. This is how rich people live! Albert's living room was larger than my entire apartment. There were beautifully colored oriental rugs covering the shiny hardwood floors and the impressive oil paintings that adorned the walls were individually lighted. I thought that paintings like these were only in museums.

The help-yourself bar was set up in a smaller space, just off the dining room, that Albert referred to as the study. The two tall windows were covered by dark green draperies that matched the pillows that were on the two high-backed wood chairs.

Albert told me that I didn't have to worry about the bar since two of his friends would be taking care of that.

My duties, according to Albert would be simple. "Pick up trays in the kitchen, trays that have been prepared by my caterer, and walk them around the house. Just serve my guests. Of course you need to be naked."

I assured him that would not be a problem at all.

"I know that several friends are going to touch you while you're serving," he added. "I'm sure they will make their way to your butt or grab your junk."

He didn't ask me if that was OK. I didn't like the host but I did like my role.

"There will be some other expectations Eddie." I listened as he told me that he had some friends who he knew would love to get to know my butt. I guess I looked confused so he told me what he expected me to do.

"Just walk around with some lubricant in a bowl and some paper towels on your tray," Albert said. "I'll let you know when I want you to do this."

He told me that he had mentioned to a few of his friends that if they dipped a finger into the lube I'd turn around, bend over, and invite them explore my ass.

"I didn't mention this on the phone," Albert said, "but don't worry Eddie, since I've added this task, that quite a few of my friends are looking forward to, I'm going to double your pay. And oh, Tommy told me that you'd stroke yourself off for the group. I'll let you know when I'm ready for you do that."

His directives were not questions. It was clear that this wealthy older man knew what he wanted and what I was to do. I figured that a finger or two exploring my butt would be fine. And I knew that I'd absolutely enjoy reliving my east coast jackoff shows.

I suggested that it might be fun if I started with some clothes on and took things off as the evening went on.

"Nope Eddie," he said bluntly. "This is my party and I want to see my friends' expressions when they walk in and see that you're bare-ass naked." I didn't reply.

I wandered down the hallway and found one of the four bathrooms in the house. It was massive with an adjoining sitting area. I had never seen such high-class digs. I stuffed all of my clothes in a cabinet under the sink, checked my nails and hair and then headed to the kitchen. There were about ten trays on the counters and in the refrigerator. I spied one holding a small bowl of lube and a roll of paper towels. It was tucked away at the far end of the counter.

Then Albert walked into the kitchen. "My oh my, yep. Tommy was correct. Look at you, you're a jewel. Turn around for daddy. Mmmm, nice wanger kid. The photos I've seen were not lying."

As he reached down to fondle me he added, "My party is going to be the hit of the year!" He then leaned toward me to try and kiss me. I quickly turned away. My move and glare let him know that kissing was not part of the deal. He was such an asshole! But the show must go on.

Guests started arriving a little after eight. I kept a professional look on my face as people reacted and looked me over. After most people arrived I slowly made my way among the guests and offered the hors d'oeuvres. The fancy cocktail napkins had Albert's initials printed on them.

There was a good mix of older and younger guys, from about twenty or so up to maybe even eighty. A few guys had ties and jackets on but the majority wore nice slacks and classy sweaters or shirts. When the boys from Clair and Mary's party arrived, they gave me big greetings and some nice pats on my butt. I thanked

Tommy for getting me hooked up for the party. He confessed that he did it for himself so he could see more of me. We laughed.

By about 9 pm I did a very quick count in my head. There were about forty men, about half big bears, spread out in the dining room, in the huge living room and in the adjoining den. It was non-stop drinking and nibbling. Everyone was very pleasant and a few guys had reached out and grabbed my buns while I was walking by but that was it. There were about five or six bills in the glass on my tray. It took Albert to move things along.

As I was holding a tray out for a small group of his guests he walked over and said, "So how do you like my cute young waiter?" Albert's smile got bigger and he took a slight bow as they all chimed in and told him what a delight I was.

"Feel free to get to know this stud while he's working, Albert said to urge them on. "This is how you do it."

He handed his drink to one of the guests and ran both of his hands up and down my chest. He then cupped my balls with one hand and stroked my cock with his other. Then he leaned over and sucked me into his mouth for a minute or so.

"So gentlemen," he said after he wiped his saliva off his mouth, "this kid's equipment is ripe for fondling and tasting. Eddie is our play thing for the evening so have at him all you want. And be sure to put lots of green in that glass."

That got things started. The men in the small group reached out and had a good time with my body while I stood there for a minute or two with my tray. More bills. I continued to make my way around to offer the food, and my body, to all of the guests. The permission to explore quickly caught on. There were a few shy ones who didn't do a thing, some who just felt my arms or chest, but about half of Albert's guests did lots of fondling of my buns and dick. Several got a good mouthful while enjoying my cock. As the evening went on and as drinks were refilled the participation escalated. Lots more body exploring. Lots more

sucking. The drinks and my body (hopefully more my body than the alcohol) had the party hopping.

One older guy with a big gut and with his pants being held up with suspenders told me to let the man next to him hold the food tray. Then without saying a word or even a smile he pointed to my arms. He flipped both of his hands upward a couple of times; I knew what he wanted. He was obnoxious but I complied and clenched my hands on top of my head. He spent a good minute playing with the hair in my armpits before he swooped in with his mouth and alternated between both pits. I didn't like him but I enjoyed the licking my armpits were getting. I heard a few of his friends cheer him on, "Way to go Alex!" When his tongue was finished he used a napkin to dry his mouth and dropped a ten onto my tray. A ten! I proudly continued to walk around with an erection while serving this sex-hungry and generous crowd. So far this party was hot.

Two guys, clearly the youngest guests, walked over to me and whispered that they had never been to a party with a naked waiter before.

"I've never touched a naked guy before with people watching," one of them said shyly. "But I really want to touch you, and do more, well we both do," he said in a very low voice.

"Please do guys, that's why I'm here," I said to both of them. I reached out and took one hand from each boy and guided them right to my chest and then slid them down to my crotch.

"We're both freshmen at Missouri State," one said while he explored my rigid penis. "I can't wait to tell all our friends about this party." They spent about two minutes with my balls and cock before thanking me and quietly moving away. They didn't tip me but I was totally fine with that. It was good to give these younger boys a new experience.

At about ten Albert motioned me to come into the kitchen.

"OK Eddie, time for you to offer more than food. They can all come in here and help themselves if they want. It's time for the special tray." With a somewhat contorted face and a nod he handed it to me.

"Now don't go disappointing my friends," he said with a serious tone, "just give them your ass. And every time someone works your butt be sure to let them know you appreciated their finger with a sincere sounding 'Thank you for doing that Sir.' And make sure that everyone can hear you."

"Start with your buddies," Albert said. "Tommy and those guys. You don't need to say a thing. They are in on the plan and told me they'd be happy to be first." They'll meet you by the bar.

I picked up the lube laden tray and thought back to the times I did this during intermission at the Vintage Dance Palace in New York. This would be different but I was game.

I saw Tommy and Robbie in the study so I made my way in their direction. Nick and Pete were joining them. Robbie looked right at me, nodded and smiled and gestured for me to come their way. When I got to their little group I gave them a hello and held the tray in front of me.

Pete looked at the tray and then, looking deep into my eyes said, "Ever since Clair's party I've been waiting for this Eddie. Albert told me what I can do, so it's time for me to have some fun.

He had a charming smile on his face as he dropped to his knees and began giving me a blowjob. He spent a bit of time tasting my cock before he stood up and dropped his pointer finger into the glistening gel. Robbie, Nick, and Tommy watched as I turned around and reached for my knees.

When Tommy loudly said, "You go Pete," I heard a man, who was nearby fixing a drink, say, "Oh I'm happy I'm in here with you naughty, naughty boys."

I felt Pete's left hand massage my butt and then spread me

open. I bent over more to assist him. A second or two later his finger entered me and pushed hard, all the way in.

He stayed inside for about a minute and said to the few guys who had gathered in to watch this new activity, "Yep, feels good and tight. I think I've found a spot in there that he likes."

I uttered several soft groans as Pete massaged my prostate. When he removed his finger, he took one of the towels from the tray and thanked me.

"Oh, you don't need to thank me. I thank you, Sir," I said. He placed a couple bills onto my tray.

"Hey I'm next," Tommy said as he looked me in the eyes.

"Go right ahead Sir," I replied with a smile. After he finished sucking on me I offered the lube to him and he enjoyed my ass. He got my line of thanks.

Then Nick. Then Robbie. I liked that my four buddies got to know me so much better. Their smiles and thanks assured me that they appreciated the opportunity.

Only a couple other guests, who were pouring drinks in the study, saw what the foursome had done. I began walking around the living room, the room filled with all of the other guests, and wondered if I should drop hints about what was allowed.

Then Albert, my self-described rude master for the evening, motioned me over. He was sitting in a posh maroon colored leather chair halfway across the room.

"Hey Eddie, get your cute-ass bod over here," he commanded in his loud demanding voice. "I want all my friends to see your pretty asshole."

He reached for the lamp on the table next to his chair and pulled the chain so the three-way bulb was on the brightest setting. I gave him a smug smile, walked over to him, put my tray on the table, turned around, bent way over and immediately felt his fingers spread me open.

"Hey you all, take a look at this boy," he yelled out to his guests who had gathered around.

Several leaned over to inspect my butt. He waved to his youngest guests, the two college boys who explored me earlier, and directed them to get in close. They obeyed and sat on the floor next to him. They had the best view in the room.

"Now this is what I need," Albert boasted as he dipped his finger into the bowl.

He slowly and deliberately entered. He took his time as he commented to his guests, who had crowded around to watch.

"Hey guys, don't be shy, he called out. "Plunge on in if you want. It feels really good. He's being paid well so he's ours for the night."

Albert's finger remained in me for what seemed like five minutes as he chatted with his friends and encouraged them to enjoy my body. I couldn't see but I knew that everyone was watching Albert's finger slide in and out, over and over. When he finished probing he took a towel from the tray and, while he was wiping off his finger, I recited my line. Since he was the host I exaggerated it and made sure that all of his guests could hear me.

"Albert, thank you very much for exploring my ass. Again thank you for doing that, Sir."

"He's all yours gentlemen," he then announced to his guests.

The men knew what was allowed. The invitation was clear. They could touch. They could suck. They could probe my ass. I was theirs for the evening.

I continued walking among the guests and was not surprised, actually I was glad, when I was beckoned over by several. During the next hour or so, I enjoyed the penetrating pleasure of maybe eight or nine other fingers.

A couple guys apologized with comments such as, "Hope I'm not hurting you," or "Is this ok for you?" But their concerns didn't stop them. Some thanked me and a couple of the men told me

they loved being able to get to know me so thoroughly. Most of those who took advantage of the lube and my butt didn't say much to me. They simply did the act and tipped me well. I thanked each in my best theater voice with my "Thank you, Sir" line.

I was somewhat surprised when the two college freshmen waved me over to a corner in the back of the room. I thought that they would be too shy to switch from just touching like they did earlier.

"We don't want to do this in the middle of the room," one said with a shaky voice. "It's amazing that you're so fucking bold doing this, and in front of a big group," the other boy said.

I gave them a big smile and assured them that I was enjoying the exploring. They took turns filling their mouths with my erection. I could tell that each one was loving having this total freedom with my body. When they stood up I held out the tray. I wasn't sure if they would continue until they each dipped for some of the lube. I assumed my position. They sat on the floor behind me and each one took advantage of the opportunity I was offering them. They were not at all timid or embarrassed when a many of the guests sauntered over and watched. It became their own private show. And they were in no hurry to stop.

Albert joined the little crowd and finally broke things up.

"Hey you two, let's give Eddie a break," he said. When they got up off the floor they got some light applause. I laughed when they each took a tiny bow as they were wiping the lube off their fingers. What a surprise.

"Go ahead Eddie," Albert said quietly, "and get into a little something and just hang out for a while. You need to be well rested and ready for your jackoff show." There was not one word of praise from Albert or thanks for what I was doing. And not a smile.

I was annoyed. I certainly didn't like the host. So, I went into the bathroom, where my clothes were stashed, and, just to punish Albert in my own little way, I ignored the pile of folded paper guest towels. I used the very expensive looking monogrammed hand towels that were part of his not-to-be-used display, to clean up. My sweaty pits, my slippery butt, and my much-fondled crotch enjoyed being rinsed and dried with the never-used-before matching towels. After I peed I used one of the small towels to dab off a few drops. Then I grabbed one of the large bath towels, wet it with some hot water and used it to wipe myself down. I tossed all of them on the floor next to the toilet. This was not my typical style but I felt better.

I donned a fresh pair of Hanes and went back to the living room. There were no commands from the host so I mingled for about half an hour. Most guys were friendly and positive comments flowed about what I had been doing. And it was apparent that many liked my underwear-only image.

I welcomed the opportunity to get to know some of Albert's guests. I met a couple doctors, three teachers, a prison guard, an accountant and several business owners. A range of professionals were at this party but they all had one thing in common—they liked having a young naked guy as their waiter and, as their host put it, as their play thing for the evening. I got many thanks as I walked around and chatted. Even my four buddies and the two college boys expressed their gratitude.

Albert pointed to his watch. I was certain that this would be my favorite part of the evening. He told me to spread a beach-size towel out in the middle of the living room floor and to put the tray, holding the small bowl of lube, right next to it. I made my way out to the center of the room—the main stage, and stretched out face up with my arms reaching out behind my head.

No one knew what was planned but they all began to pay

attention as Albert brought over a gooseneck desk lamp, that was on a long extension cord, and aimed the light right at the bulge. My protruding package was in the spotlight.

"Hey everyone," he then announced, "Eddie boy here is going to do a special show for us. Get your fat asses over here."

Every man there circled around and all eyes took me in. A few of the guests and the two college boys plopped down onto the floor right next to me. I knew they would have an excellent view. I began fondling myself. I was not in a rush to take off my underwear. After a minute or so I eased them off and continued with my erotic touching.

"Hey gentlemen, and you two college kids, this is your last chance to get a taste of our boy," he said to the group.

Pete politely moved over to me and began sucking on my cock. One of the college boys took the plunge and took over when Pete stopped. His friend reached out to enjoy my chest and armpits with his soft fingertips. Another man got right between my legs and licked my balls. After one other guest came over for a final taste and no other takers moved forward the room became quiet and still.

It was time for my final act. I reached over for some lubricant and began to slowly stroke myself. The crowd was patient. I took my time and let my arching body and heavy breathing, both part of my performance, tell the audience that I was getting close. I stretched this out for four or five minutes. The room remained silent. No one moved. I couldn't hold back any longer. Several moans joined mine as I climaxed. Quiet. Then applause, lots of applause for the show's finale. But not one word from the host.

When I was dressed Albert met me by the door. He handed me my pay and a shopping bag full of my tip money. He sipped his drink and didn't say a thing. I said, "Thank you, Sir," as I walked out the door.

As I drove home I thought about what I had just done. I couldn't stand the host as he treated me like a servant and had little or no respect for me. In spite of that, I realized that this level of intimate exhibitionism was incredible and that I really enjoyed the rather intensive and forward guests. I hoped for more parties in the future. With much nicer hosts. And I hoped that some maid didn't take care of the towels before Albert saw them. That was meant as my "No thank you, Sir" message.

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

Word spread. I worked at about ten parties during my remaining time in St. Louis. Several were in the city, two were in Decatur and one was in Columbia. Most of the parties were fairly tame when I only served as the naked waiter. A few, of course, included the more erotic touching and my climax. Fortunately all of the hosts were much nicer than the uppity asshole Albert.

For one high-society event in a suburban area of St. Louis, I was asked to wear a tuxedo. Bradford Garner, the host of the party, told me that his guests would include about thirty friends. All of them were older successful professional men and two of them were executives in his import business. He said he'd be wearing a tuxedo and that he'd rent one for me. I was going to have three simple duties: greeting arrivals, serving drinks that would be prepared by a professional bartender, and removing my tux bit by bit. I wouldn't have to do anything with the food since the caterer would be taking care of that. He told me where to go to get fitted for my tux and that he would handle the rest.

When I got to Bradford's way upscale apartment he gave me a big greeting and directed me to a spare bedroom so I could get into my tux. I looked at myself in the full length mirror before walking back to the living room—I looked fabulous. Bradford helped adjust my tie. His eyes and smile told me that he was

pleased. After a quick twirl and inspection, he said I was perfect. I put my white gloves on and waited near the stunning dark wood door that included two incredible leaded glass inserts.

The bartender was sharply dressed and the caterer and his two servers were in professional waiter attire. When the first two guests arrived it was immediately clear why I was to be in a tuxedo. They were wearing either tuxedos or jackets and ties.

Bradford joined me at the door to also greet his guests. As he welcomed his friends he casually introduced me as his butler Edward. Within an hour the spacious apartment was filled with suits. While I was carrying a tray of drinks that guests had ordered at the bar Bradford gave me a nod so I started to undress. At first nobody noticed but when people realized that I no longer had shoes and socks on and that my bowtie was gone the whispering started.

"What's the butler doing?" "Is Edward undressing?" "Do you think the butler will take off more?" "Oh, there goes his shirt." "He's a hot one." "Check him out." "My, Brad knows how to train his butler." "I wonder if he's into older men." "This party isn't as stuffy as I figured it would be." "I bet he's the same age as my son." "Here's hoping he loses the rest." The comments were entertaining for me.

Bradford interrupted the party when I was down to only my underwear. "Gentlemen, gentlemen, I hope you're enjoying yourselves. Don't we have great caterers?" Light applause. "And isn't our handsome bartender excellent?" Light applause. "And what do you think of my sexy butler?" Medium applause. "Well gentlemen, when I snap my fingers Edward will no longer be our butler, he'll be our *bare butler* and that's spelled *b-a-r-e*." Snap. I slid off my underwear to loud applause and resumed my duties. The title, bare butler, stuck throughout the party and sounded great to me.

The Columbia party was mostly University of Missouri students, all of them were younger than me. They were a drinking, wild, and rowdy bunch! But like at Albert's party most of them were pretty shy about touching me in front of their friends. After more drinks though many of the hands found my cock. I made sure to pause with my tray to give those guys as much access as they wanted.

I suggested doing a jackoff for the group and the host shook his head, "Damn, you're a vain one. Nah, but thanks for the offer." Maybe at twenty-six I was too old for the group. Or maybe he was afraid of what his friends would think. Who knew? I still enjoyed being their naked waiter but it would have been much more satisfying for me if the host had been brazen.

Other than the college group each of the hosts I worked for asked me to repeat what they had seen at earlier parties or what their friends had told them about my shows. Knowing what they wanted in advance and already having met some of the guests at previous parties made things even more enjoyable for me. I couldn't wait to be back on stage at each event. I craved having all of those eyes and fingers on me, and often in me, at each party.

There was only one party that I'd call "wild and strange." Marcus, one of the guys who I met at the party in Decatur, called and asked me to help out at a barn bash he was going to host at his farm. He offered me an insane amount of pay and told me the party's theme would be "sweat and wet". I wasn't sure what that meant and I didn't ask. Marcus assured me that the tips would be great.

"The pay is a good chunk of change, and tips," I said. "What do you want me to do?"

"Well I'll want you to be on a small platform that will be in the center of the barn," he said. "Wear jeans and a cowboy shirt.

Oh and a cowboy hat. Just hang out up there. You'll know a few of my friends and I'm sure they'll chat you up."

"When just about everyone is there," he said, "which will probably be around seven or so, I'll let you know. Just take off your clothes and stay on the platform. I'll have some bright lights aimed at the platform so people will be able to see you. It will be hot in the barn so show off your sweat. Quite a few of my friends find that hot."

"Will there be music?" I asked. "Do you want me to dance?"

"Yeah, there'll be music," Marcus said. "You can move to it if you want or just relax and talk with my friends. Maybe do some smooth moves once in a while or maybe hold poses like you've done in art classes if you want. But here's the thing. I'll want you to drink lots of beer or water and whenever you need to piss wave to the DJ so he can lower the music. Then ring the bell that will be hanging there. Ring it two times and wait a minute or two so everyone who wants to watch has time to gather round. Then pee in the bucket that will also be there. Now you know what I meant by sweat *and wet*."

I remained quiet.

"Uh oh," Marcus said after a short pause. "Is this OK with you? I hope you're not pee shy, Eddie?"

"Well, uh no," I said assuring him about that. "It's just I've never peed in public or at a party before. But hey, no problem. I'm in. I'm sure I can do that."

"This is a party I host every spring," Marcus added. "Last year more than sixty guys showed up. I figure you'll have a good size audience."

"I'm sure you know that that works for me," I said. "The more the merrier."

"I knew you'd like a big crowd Eddie."

"Do you want me to beat off during the party?" I asked. I was hoping he would say yes.

"Yep, was just going to talk to you about that. I'd like you to do that two or three times if you can."

"Well three will work," I said interrupting him. "But that's probably my limit."

"Ring the bell five times a couple minutes before you jack-off though. Everyone will know what five clangs mean. I'm sure they won't want to miss the show."

Marcus's phone call got me aroused. Peeing in front of an audience was something new for me. The anticipation was in itself a big turn-on for me and I couldn't wait.

I had several views of the Mississippi River as I drove into the countryside. The wood-frame house at the end of the dirt-packed driveway was tiny compared to the gigantic barn. I was ready for an unusual experience.

Quite a few men were milling about when I arrived. There were kegs of beer set up and a couple guys were busy, just outside of the huge barn door, grilling burgers. There were flames dancing from two outdoor fire pits that were ringed with huge logs that served as seating.

There were bales of hay all around the inside of the warehouse-size barn—those were the indoor seats for the evening. Marcus had quite a few lanterns hanging from the hayloft that ringed the inside of the immense structure. As I looked at all of the manly men I could tell that it was going to be a super fun party. I had quite an audience, maybe seventy or eighty men. They were all ages and sizes. Many had their shirts off since it was a sweltering evening. Damn, I saw some chiseled bodies and some rather big bellies. All good.

After a quick greeting from the host I climbed onto my platform. Most of Marcus's friends were pretty friendly and many of them came over and chatted me up. I just hung out for a short time. When I got a wave from Marcus I casually got undressed. I

got lots more attention after I got naked and after they all had a few beers. I could tell that most of them were happy to have someone performing.

A few of Marcus's guests who knew me from previous parties got things started by reaching up and groping me—front and back. Many, more than half of the guys at the party, took advantage of that opportunity during the evening. Fondling became one of the favorite activities at the party—it was almost non-stop. I loved it when small groups of friends ambled over to get a close view, to fondle my cock and balls or my butt and to talk with me while they were exploring. And it was really great that the tip bucket was filling quickly.

Each time I rang the bell twice I got a group of about thirty guys who moved in close to watch. The platform was high enough so that everyone could see and the lighting was perfect. I didn't realize before this party that so many gay men were turned on watching someone pee. I was learning.

The three times during the party, when I rang the bell five times, more than half of Marcus's friends crowded in for a good view of my release. It was clear that a jackoff was more popular than a pee show. But both worked for me. By the end of the party one bucket was very wet and one bucket was overflowing with green bills. It was a great way to celebrate my twenty-seventh birthday.

I wished there were more big parties. I appreciated that Tommy and his friends, and a few other guys I met at Albert's party, invited me over for small get-togethers once in a while. I was often asked in advance if I'd do a show. Sometimes it just happened during a party. If the topic didn't come up I was not at all shy or bashful. I just made my willingness to entertain known to the host. Requests were typically for me to just be naked and let whoever was there fondle away. Sometimes they wanted me to cum for the group or offer my butt for exploring. I always

made it very clear that I didn't get it on with anyone at a party or social event—they all had to stay dressed. Once in a while I'd have to stop and remind guys that it was a show only. If they wanted to do more they'd have to wait until I was gone. I truly loved when I was asked to perform but never agreed to get involved in any type of group activity or orgy.

My show times for Clair, and often for Clair and several friends, continued during my remaining time in grad school. I preferred when Clair included others, male or female, but when it was just for her I was still grateful.

FORTY-TWO

During my last year in St. Louis I attended a series of workshops designed to help graduate students reflect on what was important in their lives. The underlying goal was to ensure that we were prepared for our careers after the completion of our studies. The presentations and discussions caused me to seriously reflect on my personal life. I privately reminisced about the shows I did in the clubs and theaters back east. I reviewed all of the different experiences I had in art classes. I reflected on the parties I had been doing for the past couple of years. I thought about my show times for Clair and her friends. I even looked back on the childhood medical games and my high school strip poker fun. Then I compared all of these, separately and collectively, to my interactions with the guys I had dated back on the East Coast and here in the Midwest. I had gone out with a couple jerks but mostly I had very positive and fulfilling times. There was no question about it—I enjoyed the sex with the guys I dated.

My personal contemplations became serious as a result of the workshops as it began to dawn on me that when I was in bed with a guy the best part of the sex was when he was voyeuristic, when he wanted to visually explore my body or when he wanted

to watch me undress and strut myself for him. However my mind examined what puzzled me, what seemed unusual, what I recognized about myself.

It's difficult for me to share this and I'm positive that it's tough for many to understand. But I'll attempt to explain some of my personal thoughts about my "lights on—clothes off" desires.

Through the past twenty-nine years I've repeatedly recognized and acknowledged that my exhibitionistic acts were as physically satisfying to me as when I had sex, even what I considered to be incredible sex, and even with the hottest and sexiest guys and sexually talented guys I had ever been with. And of course my showing off satisfied me and provided me with a high level of pleasure.

But, and I need to state this clearly, when I was in bed cuddling and making love with a wonderful man I found *both* physical *and* emotional pleasure and satisfaction. Being naked for an audience was super but my inner emotional satisfaction was barely there. I finally knew what I wanted for the rest of my life. I needed to find the right guy for a fulfilling and loving relationship.

As a child I knew that I liked to be on display. That followed me through my teen years and even as a young man. But now I knew and understood the real me. I recognized and admitted that exhibitionism was an incredible high for me. But, I wanted a man to love and be loved by. And I wanted a stage, I wanted both.

My parents flew, for the first time in their lives, so that they could attend my graduation ceremony. They were excited, they loved seeing the campus and they enjoyed every minute. The camera they just bought ensured that they would have lots of cap and gown photos to share when they got home. They were beyond thrilled with I informed them that I had accepted a faculty position at a college on the East Coast. Both of my parents beamed during the entire graduation weekend. My mother said

over and over, "I can't wait to tell everyone about my son, the doctor." I encouraged her that if she had to brag she should say, "My son the professor." She was proud. My father was proud. I had accomplished so much.

Mom and Dad insisted on taking me and some of my friends out for dinner to celebrate. They enjoyed meeting Clair, Mary, Tommy, Pete, Nick and Robbie. Each one of them had an intimate knowledge of every inch of my body. I trusted my friends and didn't worry at all about the conversation.

After dinner my parents hugged me and thanked me for being such a good son, a son they were very proud of. Mom cried as she said I had brought great *nachas* (their expression for proud pleasure) and joy to our family. My father told me that when they got home he was going to ask the rabbi to announce my graduation and my new job in temple.

My parents loved my achievements. They loved that I had a PhD. They loved that I was about to become a college professor. They loved my friends. They loved me. They believed that they knew everything about me. They didn't.

As I headed toward the East Coast I acknowledged that my astounding and fabulous past was my past. My adventures had mostly been quite exciting, a bit shocking to myself and others, and sometimes a cause for worry. But overall my experiences had been pleasurable, stimulating and lots of fun. I had absolutely no regrets. None.

It was late 1974 and I now had new critically important life goals. To be a successful professor and to earn respect and achieve coveted tenure I needed to change my priorities, commit to a more conservative lifestyle and totally apply myself to my new career. My past needed to be shoved way into the closet. It had been an exciting and absolutely fun run. But no question about it—my clothes had to stay on.

Anyway, that's what I promised myself as I drove east.

-end-

