

“[Watching Jason Pettus read] is like you’ve suddenly been thrown in a John Hughes film and there’s Duckie, standing right in front of you. Well, Duckie with a beer, a cigarette and a stiffy.”
--*NewCity*

the circle jerk club



a dirty story by jason pettus



Dirty Stories for Nasty Children

An imprint of GADPublishing Co. Chicago USA

Copyright 2000, Jason Pettus. All rights reserved. This document may not be duplicated by any means, including electronic transmission, without the written permission of the author.

To read more work by Jason Pettus, including a daily-updated journal, please visit his website at **ilikejason.com**.

02

You know what turns me on? I mean, really turns me on? It's incidental homoeroticism. No, of course you don't know what I'm talking about. Nobody knows what I'm talking about when I say 'incidental homoeroticism.' It's easier to just give an example. Here's one:

Boys in America...and perhaps the world, I don't know...often participate in a ritual during their teenage years called the "circle jerk." It's a really simple ritual - the boys in question stand in a circle, all facing inward, and they watch each other masturbate. Sometimes there's a contest to see who can have the first orgasm, and sometimes there isn't. Sometimes it's an impromptu thing - a circle of guys sneaking a look at porn on a Saturday afternoon, for example - and sometimes it's an event planned in advance, like in the back room of a big party. Almost no boys who go through this ritual would at first ever consider it a homoerotic act. It's simply a part of childhood, safe experiments in sexuality just to understand what's out there. You know, like catching a peek at your friends in the gym locker. Or that night at Boy Scout camp when you and Seth touched each other just to see what it would feel like to hold someone else's. That's not homoerotic, most of these boys would say. That's just growing up.

But really, when you think about it, circle jerks might just be the most overt homoerotic ritual in existence. I mean, there you are, bringing yourself to orgasm in front of a bunch of other men. A bunch of men who are all doing the same thing. And part of your sexual pleasure is in seeing these other guys pleasuring themselves. I mean it - that's simply part of it. You're standing there, watching all these other guys jerking off, looking in fascination at the differences in penis lengths and girths and scrotum tight-



nesses and jerking-off techniques. And in turn, you are receiving sexual pleasure from knowing that other men are receiving sexual pleasure from watching you. Come on, what sixteen-year-old boy doesn't like showing off? And the group of you, as small as two or three or as large as maybe a dozen, all end up orgasming together. You share a communal climatic moment, as intimate and as special as any orgasm shared with a woman. Orgasms don't discriminate, and they don't pay attention either - whoever's there, that's who they're going to bond with. For all intents and purposes, you have just gone through the entire process of intercourse with these guys, just without any of you actually touching.

And that, my friend, is incidental homoeroticism. And it turns me on so fuckin' bad that I have to jerk off sometimes just thinking about it.

I'll admit it - I'm not gay. There, I said it. I know, you're sitting there saying to yourself, "How does this guy get off telling that story and then saying he's not gay?" But it's a lot more complicated than that. I don't mind sharing sexual moments with a man, that's the thing. I can enjoy pleasuring myself with another man watching me, or getting pleased by someone else. I can even enjoy having an orgasm in the presence of another man. It's just that the idea of actual intercourse with a man doesn't really turn me on. I've never met a man I've wanted to date, either, or form a long-term romantic relationship with. There are a lot of different tiers of sexuality between "straight" and "gay," you know. You don't have to be just at one point or the other on that scale - there are tons of levels between the two where you can comfortably rest.

For me it boils down to one thing, really - I'm fascinated with dicks. It surprises me, in fact, that 99 percent of men on this planet are not incidentally queer like me for the same reason. I'm fascinated by the human penis -- I'm fascinated by others' and I'm fascinated by my own. I've been fascinated with penises, in fact, for as long as I can remember. The difference in length between a flaccid penis and an erect one holds no end of interest to me. The delicate shifting of its parts on a constant basis to keep the testicles in a consistent temperature zone. Foreskins versus circumcisions. The rainbow-like spectrum of colors the head goes through during sex. I'm obsessed with dick, I tells ya!

As long as I can remember, I've enjoyed watching myself jerk off. Is this a terrible, vain, egotistical thing to say? Of course it is! Why do you think I've posted this anonymously? But then again, it's not really a bad thing to say, not when you think about it. Why is it bad to admit that you understand your own sexuality and can appreciate it? Hey, it's sexy to watch a guy jerk off. Ladies, you're with me here, right? There'd I be in high school, locked in my parents' bathroom, a beat-up copy of Hustler from six years ago spread on the sink, standing in front of the mirror watching myself jerk off. My dick looked good in my hand. It looked big and weighty and sexy. I would soap up my hand and gently caress up and down it, start building up a rhythm, watching excess soap bubbles dribble off its tip. I'd watch my cock get harder as I got more excited, flipping the pages with wet fingertips, finding that ad with Ginger Lynn in that great pose, exactly on page 73, and...ahhhh. Clean up, clean up, clean up before anyone can ask you what's taking you so long in there.

I mean, this has never changed my absolute lust for women and het-



erosexual sex. If anything, this fascination has just fueled it - for if there's one thing I love more than the sight of my own dick, it's the sight of it and a vagina working together in perfect harmony. Now, I know for a fact that this is a widespread enjoyment, because almost every single ex-lover of mine has shared the same fascination. God, if I think about all the times an ex-girlfriend has told me to prop up the full-length mirror in my bedroom so that we can watch ourselves fuck. Really, who doesn't like watching themselves make love to their dedicated romantic partner? The sight of your lover's glistening wet snatch, happily accepting your turgid cock, the two of them in such perfect alignment that they're almost breathing together. Who doesn't like to see that?

Truth be told, I enjoy watching women jerk off almost as much as I do men. The entire emotional process of watching someone bring themselves to orgasm is the main cause for pleasure in the situation. But man, there is just something hypnotic about the rhythm men set for themselves while masturbating. Do you know what I mean? All that movement, all that energy expended in order to come. If they're not bucking their hips, they're flinging their arm in a frenzy, or humping a pillow or a sock. There's just this frenetic sense of urgency with men when they masturbate, like the world's going to end if they don't have this orgasm. It's a sight to behold, I'm telling you.

I've always known this stuff turns me on - I don't know, at a certain age I just sort of admitted it to myself. I've never seen anything wrong with the idea of being turned on by guys jerking off. Maybe, I guess, I just developed a deeper sense of sexuality about myself at a younger age than others. I don't know. I just knew what I liked, right? So, I would watch for these things in the porn tapes I got - moments of incidental homoeroticism. It is unbelievable how much gay sexual tension there is in the straightest, most mainstream porn tapes. They're loaded with scenes after scenes of guys fucking a woman at the same time, or standing inches from each other while jerking off, or putting their arms around each other while getting pleased. The world of straight porn is laced with gay subtext, much like street acid is laced with strychnine. You just gotta know what you're looking for.

Take double penetration, for example. Are you familiar with this term? This is when one man fucks a woman in her vagina and another man fucks her in her anus at the same exact moment. It's this really complicated, hard-to-reach sexual position that sometimes pops up on mainstream tapes but is most often confined to their own specialty rack at the video-store. Double penetrations fascinate me - the scenes are so over-the-top homoerotic that you might as well paint a big sign on the box saying, "We're here, we're queer, and we're not going away." In most cases the guys actually end up physically touching each other during a double penetration - they almost have to, the three of them are packed in there so tightly. The guys' legs will intertwine with each other, or they'll both be holding on to the woman's torso for support and end up almost holding hands with each other while they fuck. The guys' faces are literally within a few inches of each other during a double penetration - it's really surprised me that I've never seen a guy just lose it during one of these scenes, reach down and kiss the other guy in question. It seems to me to be a perfectly natural



reaction in that situation.

So. I just happen to live in a city large enough to have its own weekly alternative arts paper. And what's the one thing these arts papers all have in common? Besides "Life in Hell," I mean. Right, the Personals section in the back – young urban adventurers desperately seeking intimate company in fifty words or less. And I'll admit, I read the Personals. Why not? I'm a single, red-blooded American male, just like anyone else. Why shouldn't I be finding a little love in my life as well?

Now, it's pretty rare that I actually contact someone through a personal ad – my interaction with that section of the paper is usually limited to a long lunch on Thursdays, reading through it with a chuckle, wondering idly what the person behind a particular ad might be like and what would happen if I went out on a date with them. And maybe once a year an ad will stick in my head and not go away, at which point I'll call the person and actually will go out with them. And sometimes it works out and sometimes it doesn't – really, that's the chance you take in going out with a complete stranger because of a personal ad.

My secret guilty Personals pleasure, however, is in reading the "None of the Above" section – those ads where people are specifically seeking sexual partners or unusual sexual scenarios. These ads intrigue the hell out of me – here, a married guy advertising for a mistress, there, a straight couple shopping for a woman to join them in a threeway. The "None of the Above" section of the Personals lays the full prism of human sexuality right there on the table for everyone to see. The people who run these ads let their full kinks and desires be nakedly shown, right there in public – both because the people in question are anonymous and because they are so desperate to find someone to fulfill their particular sexual fantasy that they don't have time to mince words.

Now, if I'm not responding very often to regular personal ads, you better believe that I almost never respond to "None of the Above" ads. It's the nature of the beast, really – 99 percent of these ads are always looking for women or gay men. It's just way too easy to find a single straight guy willing to have weird sex – there's no need to advertise for one. So imagine my surprise last year when I stumbled across a "None of the Above" ad specifically tailored, it seemed, to me:

"Males wanted to watch XXX movies with 26 y.o. SWM professional. No contact, no sex, just mutual masturbation in a safe environment. Any age, any race, any orientation. Discretion requested and assured."

Hmm. Well. This was certainly interesting. In all the years I had been jerking off to thoughts of my incidental homoeroticism fetish – old memories of stolen moments during childhood – it had never really occurred to me to actively seek the situation out as an adult. But, I mean, I can't really be the only male in existence with this obsession, right? There was the ad to prove it, after all. So, I called the number. Why not? Everything in this world is worth trying at least once, I believe, just to see what it's like. And two days later, I found myself in front of an expensive lowrise apartment building over in the yuppie section of my city, ringing the buzzer for unit 2A.

The placer of the ad was named *Rick. (For obvious reasons, all names in this story have been changed.) Rick is a low-level corporate lawyer for



an insurance company – just another nameless, faceless late-twenties yuppie you see in line at Starbucks every day. Rick is straight but classifies himself as "bi-curious," which as we all now know is not really the right term for it. In my experience I've found that the vast majority of men who bring up the term "bi-curious" are in fact incidentally queer just like me – obsessed with dick, but not necessarily seeking intercourse or a relationship with a man. Hey, so much the better, I guess.

Rick's a fairly attractive guy, as far as that stuff goes – blonde, about six feet tall, short goatee tastefully trimmed for his job, a body sufficiently buff from regular workouts at the gym. He buzzed me up that night and took me through his midsize post-frat-guy condo: giant entertainment center, collection of innocuous mainstream movies on DVD, the works. He put on some VH1 music, went in the kitchen and fetched me a domestic beer, then sat down on the couch a couple of feet away from me.

"Have you ever done this before?" he asked.

"No, not as an adult. How about you?"

"A couple of times now. I wouldn't call myself a pro or anything, though."

I was nervous and excited at the same time, being there. You know that feeling? Like, you're hanging around someone, and you know that something sexual is going to be happening just a little later in the evening, and you're getting so worked up in your head over it that you can barely sit still. God, that hardly ever happens to me anymore. I think Rick was feeling the same way – we ended up sitting on that couch, making small talk for nearly a half-hour. Finally, though, Rick put down his beer, sort of half-looked me in the eye and said, "Are you ready?" I nodded and he walked into the other room.

When he returned he had a shoebox full of black, featureless videotapes, cheap dot-matrix labels plastered across their fronts. He handed the box to me and said, "Why don't you pick something for us to watch?" The box was a veritable Hickory-Farms sampler of porn – one straight video, one gay, one bi, one lesbian, one group, and one anal. I grabbed the bi one and said with some anxiety, "Um, why don't we...uh, watch this one?"

My nervousness started overshadowing my excitement as Rick set up the VCR. This wasn't good – I didn't want to be anxiety-prone through the whole process. Why did I pick the bi tape? Maybe he was thinking that I wanted to fuck him now, which I definitely did not want to do – I simply wanted to watch the guy play with himself, and I wanted him to watch me do the same. The tape started up and Rick resumed his seat on the couch. We formed an odd geometry in the room – the two of us on the sofa, about four feet apart, the TV across the room exactly bisecting the space between our bodies, the VCR's remote laying parallel to our legs, exactly halfway between us on the couch. He seemed to have placed it there on purpose, as if to subconsciously say that it was all right for me to pick it up and forward through the video if I wanted.

And then, without warning, the moment of truth – before I had even noticed, Rick had his pants undone and his johnson was sticking straight out. And...wow. No, I don't mean, "Wow, he had a two-foot penis," but just...wow, I had never really seen another man's cock so closely before now. It was really surreal, I'm telling you – I felt like a fifteen-year-old girl



suddenly a few inches away from the cock of her new acne-prone, horny-as-hell fifteen-year-old boyfriend.

Rick's cock was pretty nice, I have to admit. Of course, in the subsequent year I've been doing this I have yet to see a cock that wasn't nice-looking. His cock was shorter than mine but thicker in girth - the same exact dimensions as these polish sausages they sell at this hotdog stand down the street from my place. I know, an odd image to pop into one's head, but very much true. His testicles were still warm from being bunched up in his pants all day; they sagged between his legs, his scrotum a deep crimson. He was circumcised, and the head of his cock was veritably shining across the room at me, purplish in color and already wet from that clear liquid that starts dribbling out of us males right from the beginning of the sexual process.

I realized with a little dismay that I had been watching Rick for a good ten or twenty seconds now with my pants still completely fastened. Oops. I undid my chinos and pulled out my own cock. Rick pushed his pants down near his knees, so I did the same. And the two of us proceeded to watch this porn tape and whack off.

Watching Rick masturbate was exactly - exactly - as arousing as I thought it was going to be. There's this little secret about men that women have known since the beginning of time but that men themselves don't often realize - every guy out there masturbates in a slightly different way than every other guy. Rick, for example, jerked off the same general way as me - a straight up-and-down motion with his closed fist. But it was his rhythm that veered quite a bit from mine - his upstrokes were quick and violent, his downstrokes smooth and long, as if he were literally trying to massage that come right out of his balls like a clogged garden hose. My jerkoff technique is the opposite of Rick's - strong, forceful downstrokes with barely a minimum of contact on the upswing.

It was exciting - what can I tell you? It was exciting, first of all, just to be in the apartment of someone you didn't know, watching porn with them. It was exciting to watch Rick lose himself in the moment, closing his eyes in what was obviously a feeling of sexual bliss, leaning back and really enjoying his own body. It was exciting to play with myself in front of him, knowing that he was watching me go through the same process, pleased with the fact that I was pleasing myself.

This sort of intense thing started happening - namely, within ten minutes of starting to masturbate I was ready to pop already. But I couldn't imagine having my orgasm at that point, so I had to start regulating myself, an intense process if there ever was one. Guys, I know you definitely understand where I'm coming from here - you find yourself suddenly ten seconds away from coming, but you don't want to come so quickly, so you start keeping very careful track of how much stimulus your penis is receiving. Yet you're ten seconds away from coming, so you don't want to completely stop the stimulus altogether - duh. You've hit this level of ecstasy, this state of pleasure that goes way beyond the physical and invades you mentally and emotionally as well. Hell, one could say that it's almost spiritual when you hit that stride - suddenly everything becomes right in the world, and you are feeling completely at one with both your own body and the person who happens to be sharing the experience with



you. Your body has kicked into full automatic response - your skin is warm and flushed, your breathing is rapid, your pores have loosened up, your eyes are even dilated in moments of sexual ecstasy, did you know that? Your body is in full pleasure mode, and the process of extending that time-frame can be a fairly intense one indeed.

Rick was obviously in the same condition by this point - he kept letting go of his cock for ten- to fifteen-second intervals, watching me and watching the porn, and then would go back to a furious jerking off for another ten or fifteen seconds. His cock was covered in pre-come by now, shiny and majestic in the light from the smearing of the sticky liquid all over. We both sort of turned to half-look at each other.

"I think I'm going to come," he said, his breath coming out shallow.

"So am I," I said. I mean, I had thought I was going to come for the last thirty minutes now, you know? But he was right - I wasn't going to be able to hold it much longer.

"Can I come on you?" he said, looking at me through glazed eyes. "I want to come on you."

"Sure," I said, feeling my heart leap up yet even another notch. "Can I come on you?"

"Sure, sure."

I mean, why not? You know how you get after maintaining a level of sexual bliss for an extended amount of time. You just get crazy - your sexuality becomes such an integral part of your entire being at that moment that you are like an open vessel. If Rick had asked to fuck me in the ass at that moment, I would've let him. If he had suddenly stood up, shoved that cock into my mouth as far as it would go, grabbed my ears and started fucking my face as hard as he could, I would've simply closed my eyes and waited for that semen to start streaming down my throat.

I mean, none of that actually happened - you temper your sexual bliss in those situations with the natural nervousness about someone else that you normally feel at all other times. We did come on each other, though. Rick suddenly scooted in a couple of feet and turned on his side, so I did too. Our bodies were now about a foot away from each other, our cocks straight out and almost touching at their tips. I doubt it's really true, but I swear at the time I could almost feel the heat radiating off his body. I felt that familiar bubbling sensation coming up from my loins, that feeling like someone had just blown up a tiny little dam inside my body and that there was now a flood of water rapidly rushing towards my urethra. Ah, that bubbling feeling - how I've grown to love it.

And maybe just half a second before I started to come, Rick did as well - a sudden loud groan, deathgrip on his cock, a curious hot and wet sensation on my hand, as if someone had just spit on it. But by then I had no real time to think of all this - I was too busy coming myself, that penultimate moment of action and emotion that we humans are hard-wired to strive for in order to propagate our species. My body locked up (as always), my vision became this blurry, star-filled haze (as always), and as my precious semen rocketed out of my fuck cannon, I was suddenly all things in the universe - I was God, I was a cockroach, I was a rich matriarch living in a penthouse overlooking Central Park, I was a homeless man rubbing his hands over a trash fire on a December morning. As always. The feeling only lasts a few seconds, as you well know - when I came to, I noticed with



much satisfaction how I had sprayed all over Rick's crotch, his hand and dick and balls and thighs completely streaked with random little rivulets of pearly-white liquid. Then I looked down and noticed with even more satisfaction that Rick had done the same thing to me - there was my cock, still rock-hard, in the same messy, gooey state I always have after an orgasm, but this time the gooey messiness coming from a completely different man altogether.

Two weeks later, I put my own ad in the paper.

"Men wanted to form local group, exploring mutual masturbation in safe environment. Regular events from two to a crowd, depending on people's schedules. No sex! Straight men preferred, but all welcome. You enjoyed jerking off with the guys when you were younger - why not enjoy it now?"

The first day the ad ran, I received fourteen voicemails. By the end of the week, the number was up to 26. The Circle Jerk Club had been born.

I just stopped and read through what I've written so far and feel I must make a clarification at this point. I don't mean to imply that women are somehow inferior because of their lack of a cock. Quite the contrary - women's bodies, in my opinion, are these profoundly mysterious constructions, full of curves and bumps and holes unlike anything I've ever seen on my own frame. Just like many women wonder with fascination what it would be like to have a penis for the day, I too wonder the same thing about vaginas - I can only imagine what kind of deep satisfaction one must get from being able to put three fingers up inside your body anytime you want. There are entire stories to be written about the beauty and wonder of the female form, and in fact I've written some of those stories in the past.

But this isn't a story about vaginas - this is a story about penises. And let me just say, at the risk of sounding misogynistic, that the penis is the most amazing invention in the history of the planet. Penises are regal. They're majestic. There is no greater satisfaction a male gets in his entire life than from the sight of his own dick. When you're standing there, your six feet of torso and limbs forming a straight vertical line and your erect cock jutting out from you in a curved perpendicular path, you feel like the king of the fuckin' world.

My female friends, even to this day, get drunk sometimes and ask me things about penises that they've always thought were rumors. It sounds appalling when I answer them honestly:

"Do guys really write their name in the snow?"

"Sure."

"Have you ever written your name in the snow?"

"Hey, I've written my name in the snow both in block letters and cursive."

"Do guys really aim their cumshots when they have orgasms?"

"Many times, yeah."

"Why? You're coming already. Where do you care where it goes?"

"I don't know. It's just something that occurs to you at the moment of climax."

"Where do you aim?"

"Depends on where you are at the time."



"Have you ever purposely aimed your come at a woman's mouth?"

"Um...yeah."

"Have you ever missed a woman's mouth and gotten it all over her face instead?"

"Where are we going with this conversation?"

"Did you miss on purpose? You did, didn't you! You pervo!"

"Hey, let's get another beer."

"Are guys actually obsessed with sucking their own dicks?"

"Well, not everyone."

"Do all guys really try to suck their own dicks at some point in their lives, like those two guys talk about in 'Clerks?'"

"I don't know. It's not something a lot of guys talk to each other about."

"Have you ever tried it?"

"Um..."

"Come on, tell us!"

"Will you be disgusted if I say yes?"

"No!"

"Well...yes."

"Ewwwww! That's disgusting!"

I personally see nothing wrong with worshipping a part of the human anatomy. When I'm with a woman I worship her vagina - I slather it with attention, treat it with the reverence of the holy object that it is. I perform really great oral sex - I know this for a fact because I heard an ex-girlfriend talking about it at a party once when she didn't realize I was there. I mean, really, if you're not performing great oral sex you should either learn how to or not give blowjobs at all, man or woman. There's nothing more frustrating than half-assed fellatio or cunnilingus. The secret, like I've said, is to adore that sexual organ when you're around it, to treat it like the centerpiece of a new one-person religion. I set up candles around a woman's pussy when I'm with her. I slaughter oxen and offer it up as a sacrifice to the snatch god. I throw myself into that hole with all the fervor of the newly zealous, and I don't come out until the woman in question is screaming and crying, simultaneously begging me to stop and begging me to never stop again for the rest of my life. And hey, if my lover wants to worship my cock with the same religious zeal, I'm certainly not going to stop her. My cock deserves to be worshipped - it's my cock, after all.

The Circle Jerk Club held seven meetings in a row those first seven nights after running the ad. They were attended each night by the President (me) and one new candidate, ready to begin the initiation ceremony. It was kind of a funky week - that's a long time in a row to have new sexual partners, even if you're not sleeping with them. I kept a small journal of the experience; here, it would probably be easier just to run it verbatim below.

DAY 1. Adam, a burly gay guy who's done this plenty of times. Wild, man - Adam made a whole show of it. He picked a gay tape (of course), took his clothes completely off. What the hell, I did too. Adam has to be on all fours to get off. There he was, naked and spread-eagled on my living room floor, ass high up in the air, moaning and jerking like the world's about to



end. I couldn't get into it that far - I sat on the couch and mostly watched the proceedings. What a way to start this week.

DAY 2. Bobby, a cute, young punk-rocker. Picked an amateur tape cause it had a picture of a goth couple on the front. Bobby was a trip - nervous and giggly, but very sincere. After jerking off for a bit in a traditional manner, admitted that he can only come by humping something. Comedic sequence ensues - finally we find a towel that he rolls up and inserts himself into. Very sexy, once he could finally admit to what got him off. Good orgasm, very satisfying.

DAY 3. Carl, a weird experience that I'm still processing. Early thirties, quiet, tall, pale. Has a black backpack with him. All right. He picks a group sex tape. Right before we start, he quietly announces that he cannot achieve orgasm without inserting dildos up his ass. He's brought them; would it offend me if he used them? Well...hmm...I guess not. Try anything once, right? So he gets out this little Avon kit of sex aids - lube, vibrators, anal dildos, it's all coming out. Says I can use them as well if I want. So we're starting, and I'm jerking off, but it's hard to get to orgasm cause Carl's machines keep making all this noise and distracting me. So...um...I thought if you can beat 'em, join 'em. Yeah, I put a dildo up my ass. Yeah, it felt really good. A little more than I meant to share with another guy. Still thinking about what it means.

DAY 4. Dan and Edward - a great night! The two are a gay couple, yuppie as the night is long. Very pleasant, brought wine and food over. They have their own private sex life, but saw the ad in the paper and thought it'd be exciting to add the straight boy to the mix one evening. Very professional, asked a lot of questions upfront to clear the air - "Do you mind if we touch each other in the middle?" "No, not at all." "How about touching you?" "Hmm...no, I don't think I'm ready for that." "Okay. Do you mind if we give each other blowjobs?" "I guess not." "How about if we have sex?" "Well...let's see how the mood strikes you later." The first time I've ever watched a couple pleasure themselves in front of me - utterly fascinating. Getting a glimpse of intimacy that others don't normally view is addictive and a turn-on. Dan and Edward did end up fucking - it blew my mind to be sitting there watching guys fuck about a foot away from me. Very polite, fun experience - I'll have to have them back again.

DAY 5. Forrest, a middle-aged hippie. Not much to tell about this one - the guy seemed like he needed company more than anything else. We had a long conversation beforehand, pleasant but workmanlike jerkoff session, more conversation and a couple more beers afterwards. The world of adult personals is not all cake and pralines, I guess.

DAY 6. George, a guy more like me than anyone else yet. Youngish, sloppy in that indie-rock way. Had never done anything like this before, but saw the ad and thought what the hell. All right! He was nice, excitable and cynical - a guy I'd probably just be friends with anyway. A normal jerkoff session except for the fact that he wanted us to be sitting really close - he



said he had been fantasizing about feeling the other guy's movements right next to him. Hey, sounded okay with me. He was right - it was really thrilling to feel George's elbow moving at a different rhythm than mine against my ribcage. A good night, but I'm a little exhausted. I don't know how many more days in a row I can do this.

DAY 7. Henry, another quiet, lonely gay guy. An okay session but, god, it took the life out of me tonight. An hour conversation before, an hour jerkoff session, and another hour to get him out - this after promising myself I'd make an early evening of it and get to bed at a decent hour. This isn't fair to the other guys coming in, I know. I've got to work out a solution to this - there are new messages piling up every day.

And as you can tell, the workload started getting a little too heavy for me. So, I started taking guys' phone numbers and seeing if I could refer them to other guys who had called. Almost everyone was agreeable to this - after all, they didn't know anything about me either when they first called, so what's another random guy? And the Circle Jerk Club, an ironic little joke I had made up one day when referring to my personal ad, became an honest-to-God club after all. These guys started networking, and regular events started getting organized, and a "newsletter" of sorts was developed and quietly passed around, letting people know of the latest members and their latest members. Bad joke, I know.

My jerkoff life has been scaled back a little - I've been doing this a year now, mind you, and after just a month or so you find it difficult to keep up a regular pace. Circle jerks are a fun thing, mind you, but just about everything in life is more enjoyable in moderation. I probably participate in one every two weeks or so now, and dedicate the rest of my time to helping keep the organization itself together. If I can somehow take a small part in the helping of others to achieve better, longer, more intense orgasms...well, that's an honor I'm happy to accept.

Out of the year I've been involved with the club now, there have been two experiences that have really stuck out in my mind, two sessions that I guess you could say were the "best" of them all, even though "best" is a really subjective term when it comes to sex. One time, I guess about six months into the club, a couple of guys decided that they wanted to hold a big giant all-members session - a local convention, if you will. Great idea! So they did - the two of them opened up their home out on the western edge of town, got everything organized, got the word out, and somehow managed to get together around 40 of these guys who had recently been having all these experiences with each other but never in groups more than two or three.

The setup of the party was pretty ingenious - the guys had cordoned off the entire first floor of their home into three roughly equal sections. Over in one corner was the gay section, with appropriate porn playing in the background. If you walked into that section of the room, you were explicitly telling the rest of the party that it was okay for them to approach you with a sexual advance. Another section of the first floor was the handjob section - apparently a fairly large subset of the club had gotten into the habit recently of jerking each other off instead of themselves,



although most men admitted that this was the limit of contact they wanted with another guy. The third rough triangular section of the space was reserved for men who simply wanted to watch the whole thing and get themselves off.

The beauty of the party was that you could stay in one section and safely watch the proceedings in the other two, in case you were primarily a voyeur like me who didn't want to actively participate. But then (again like me) if you were getting yourself all worked up and you decided that you wanted to try something new -- if you said to yourself, "Hmm, okay, I'll go see what it's like to have another guy jerk me off" -- then all you had to do was stand up and move to the other section of the room. Boom - two seconds after you had sat on the couch, some guy was already there, a warm, completely oiled-up hand over your dick, giving you a messy ol' handjob, droplets of lube flinging everywhere.

Guys would have their orgasms, get up, wash off, sometimes go right back into the action, sometimes take turns in the gay section being the bottom, sometimes just zip their pants back up and shoot the shit with others who had also finished. As the evening progressed, more and more men ended up standing around the kitchen, drinking beers and laughing and talking, hanging out in the back hallway getting high...just normal party-like stuff. Strangely enough, everyone ended up getting horny again around midnight, and the whole process started all over - although, admittedly, this time with the guys more liquored up and a suspiciously higher number of participants in the gay section. After that round of orgasms, though, everyone seemed sort of spent for the evening and started quickly disappearing into the night again. A really amazing evening, really - not just empowering and sexy and fun, but also the first party with no women that I've ever enjoyed.

My second "favorite" experience was just recently, in fact. It's the one and only time it's happened to me in my year with the club, and I have to imagine that the chances of it happening again anytime soon are equally rare. Namely, I had a couple approach me. A straight couple. Yeah, right, a man and a woman. We'll call them Sean and Jennifer. Sean and Jennifer are one of those great couples in their thirties, living an urban lifestyle and defining their relationship completely on their own terms. They both have interesting day jobs, they both have artistic careers in the evenings and weekends. They both had kind of wild pasts before meeting each other, and they've both been known to have the occasional wild evening even since hooking up.

Sean and Jennifer had found out about the club through a mutual friend of ours, someone who was already a member. The friend had been saying what a cool club it was, and how everyone in it was really laid-back and relaxed and adult about the whole thing, and how the guy who had started it (ah-hah) was this cool-ass guy who was just like them, and how the friend was sure that the couple would really dig this guy (ah-hah!). This apparently had set off a chain reaction within their relationship, which started with a week's worth of quiet discussions in their bed each night, followed by an examination of their sexual fantasies, a quick diagnostic of their relationship to make sure it could survive such an event, and finally a request for my phone number. Which is how I found myself in a coffee-



house one night, asking a rather attractive young woman:

"You want me to what?"

"We want you to masturbate with my boyfriend here, and I'll be on the other side of the room watching."

Hallelujah! It was the pinnacle of the Circle Jerk Club - an incidental homoerotic experience with some good ol' heterosexual subtext thrown in to boot. I had always wondered if a couple was ever going to call the ad or not - I imagine there are a lot of twosomes out there who would enjoy participating in such a thing, but our advertisement was pretty male-oriented. And glory be, they were a hot couple as well. What were the chances of this? Sean was a slender, athletic type, close-cropped blonde hair and a certain slouchiness that betrayed his slacker stature. Jennifer was an actress and part-time temp secretary, also thin, also athletic, with a bob of brown hair that shook like Mary Tyler Moore when she flung her head. Outstanding.

So yeah, you better believe I set up that session as soon as possible. There was a funny start to the evening - almost from the beginning, all three of us could sense that Jennifer was to be in charge of the whole thing. We never discussed it, never had any kind of Soviet-like power struggle. We were simply sitting there at one point, Sean and I on the couch, our beers sweating heavily on the table in front of us, Jennifer in an IKEA canvas chair on the other side. We were baked, man - holy God, we were so baked we barely knew our own names. And Jennifer suddenly leaned back, clapped her hands, and said, "Okay, boys. Let's see some cocks."

Sean immediately had his pants unzipped and his pecker out. I did the same. The two of us sat there, not touching ourselves.

"Are you going to let us watch porn?" Sean said teasingly.

Jennifer replied in a smarmy parody, "No, I'm not going to let you watch porn."

"Well, honey," he said with fake tranquility, "I'm going to need something to jerk off to. Why don't you take your clothes off over there?"

A look of genuine surprise passed over Jennifer's face. "Oh! Oh. Well." She paused. "Oh, I don't know about that."

"Oh, come on. You're about to ask a complete stranger to get naked in front of you and pleasure himself to orgasm. The least you could do is return in kind."

Jennifer glared at Sean, one eyebrow raised. "Are you sure about this?" she asked.

Sean glared back. "Well, I don't know," he replied. "The question is - are YOU sure about this?"

Now, keep in mind that I had my yap shut during this entire exchange. I wasn't about to interrupt the conversation at this point - I could tell that I was witnessing a sophisticated bargaining process between Sean and Jennifer at the subliminal level. It was pretty obvious that the two of them were skirting around an issue that had previously only been mentioned in the sanctity of their bed late at night, seeing how far they could now push each other into actually doing something that had heretofore been simply an idle fantasy. This was like watching a goddamn Middle East peace talk - and believe me, my diplomatic skills were not up to date.



Jennifer turned to me, a serious look on her face. "What do you think?" she asked.

Tread lightly, my dear boy. "Well," I said, pausing for a sip of beer, "Jennifer, seriously, you're a really attractive woman. I don't mean to step on any toes here." I glanced quickly at Sean.

"No, go ahead," he replied, a certain twinkle in his eye. He could see where I was going with this.

"And if you decided to pleasure yourself at the same time as us, that would definitely help me be on my way to an amazing orgasm."

"Besides," Sean rang in. "It'd be such a shame for the two of us to be allowed to have such great orgasms and you not have the chance."

"Fuck off!" Jennifer said, laughing uproariously and throwing a pillow at him. "You just wanna see me play with myself! Admit it!"

"Guilty as charged," he said, throwing his hands in the air.

"Well, see, that wasn't so hard." And with that Jennifer was on her feet, the chain-belt of her pants already clanging around her ankles, revealing a pantyless crotch. Then the indie-label t-shirt was off - no bra either. Bang - in three seconds we had gone from Completely Clothed Girl to Completely Naked Girl. Detante really is a marvelous thing to achieve.

And that was that, really - Sean and I had our clothes off in a few seconds as well, and soon we were all in our respective positions, jerking off. It was a pretty amazing thing to have a woman sitting across from me, pleasuring herself. I mean, for all the guys I've now done this with, hardly any of us make eye contact during the whole thing or even really acknowledge each other until after it's over. It's just the way guys deal with the situation, I guess. Jennifer, on the other hand, was all into the eye contact. She would lock those globes onto mine and, I swear to God, vibe off some kind of lust mojo on me - it was like she had me hypnotized. I couldn't believe I was sitting there, completely naked in front of this hot fuckin' couple, making googly-eyes at a masturbating girl right in front of her masturbating boyfriend.

"Okay," Jennifer spoke up in a husky voice. "Now jerk each other off."

"What?" we both said.

"You heard me. Jerk each other off."

Sean and I turned and looked at each other. I don't know, it was just a little stunning to hear it out loud. We were both in a sort of deer-caught-in-the-headlights daze from the overwhelming effects of Jennifer.

"Oh, for God's sake," she said, standing up. "I've got to do everything around here..."

She walked over to Sean and knelt in front of him, gently taking his hand and turning it palm-up. Without warning she spit a big ol' glob of saliva in his hand, starting rubbing it around his palm, effortlessly guided it over to my member and helped him wrap his fingers around it. She reached up suddenly and french-kissed him - I mean, a real old-fashioned makeout session. His hand started reacting around my cock in automation, a steady pull and push that immediately started stirring something in me. Before too long, Jennifer had leaned back with a smile on her face, Sean still with his eyes closed and beating a pretty steady rhythm against my drum now.

Jennifer looked over at me. I looked back at her in awe. God, I hope I



have a relationship like that one day. Then, silently, she scooted over so that she was now kneeling in front of me. Uh-oh. She took my hand, turned it palm-up, gently caressed it, never breaking eye contact with me the whole time, never saying a word the whole time. She spit elegantly into my hand and rubbed the saliva around, lubricating my palm. She guided it over to her boyfriend's cock, helped me wrap my hand around it and get a firm grip. And God help me, she leaned in and planted a tongue right in the middle of my tonsils. Holy shit, Jennifer's a good kisser. And before I even knew what I was doing, my hand was moving in a rhythm of its own, as if it had its own instinctual sex drive separate from my brain. And considering it was the hand I had been jerking off with since the age of fourteen, you better believe it had its own instinctual sex drive separate from my brain.

Jennifer violently scooted the sofa table away, knocking empty beer bottles over and leaving a patch of carpet on which she laid her naked body. She spread her legs wide, rubbing her feet up and down against our calves, stimulating her clit fast and hard with her open palm. "All right, boys," she said authoritatively. "Make each other come. You can do it. I wanna see the two of you come in each other's hands." Well, how can you ignore a mandate like this? Sometimes you have no choice but to listen to the voters who put you into office. So Sean and I proceeded to really lay into the handjob, big time. This was Oscar-winning performances of handjobs, my friend. Every trick in the book was brought out. Decades of experience were utilized, finally this time on a worthy other. It was fucking hot -- I cannot begin to tell you how fucking hot it was.

So hot, in fact, that when Sean suddenly leaned over and placed his lips around my dick, it didn't even faze me. Yeah, that hot. "Oh look, Sean's decided to give me a blowjob. Well, that seems okay. And look, Jennifer's gotten up and now she's kneeling in front of him, giving him a blowjob. Oh my -- now Jennifer's giving me a blowjob and I'm bent over, giving one to Sean. Right on." A cock sure tastes a lot different than I was expecting it to. Spongy. Really spongy.

We ended up maintaining this pace for hours - Sean was fucking Jennifer at one point, and I was watching the two of them, jerking off; then I was fucking Jennifer and Sean was kissing her and she was jerking him off; then Sean and I were 69ing and Jennifer was laying on top of us, taking turns kissing us and sharing in the blowjob duties. And Sean and I ended up having two orgasms apiece -- once in each other's mouths and once on Jennifer's face at the same time. We literally lost track of how many times Jennifer came - twenty, maybe? All of her orgasms eventually turned into one big non-ending one. Really, from the bottom of my heart, a life-changing experience.

So, just another night when you're a member of the Circle Jerk Club, I guess. Other members have stories just as interesting to tell, and you'll find them scattered throughout this website. Peruse our membership list, look at some photos, read what members have to say and what they're looking for. Then if you want, send a secure email if you'd like to get together with a member, for whatever it is that you want to do. Thanks for stopping by the official online presence of the Circle Jerk Club. We're glad you're here.



Jason Pettus

is the author of three novels and, to date, over 35 self-published books of short work. His performance credits include National Public Radio, the Chicago Museum of Contemporary Art and the National Poetry Slam, where he placed second in 1997. He has been written about in such diverse publications as the *Chicago Tribune*, *Arbyte* and *Hustler* magazines, and his experimental writing garnered him a grant from the Illinois Arts Council in 1999. Mr. Pettus lives in Chicago and is completely ashamed of himself for writing this story.

Dirty Stories for Nasty Children

is an imprint of GAD Publishing Company, dedicated to the publishing of politically-incorrect erotica. We encourage you to read the entire series, but be forewarned: These are not your mother's dirty stories. To download other stories in the series, as well as other books in the GAD catalog, please visit ilikejason.com/ebooks.

END