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Also by Jon Leon:

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Jon Leon

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"Rocks and Bottles," "Flipped Bangs & Pentothal," "Saqqara," "Photoset," and "Pressure Glacé" first appeared in *Ghost Play*. Thanks to the editor Allyssa Wolf.

Sons and Gods

Tamara brushes a strand of hair from her cheek as she lashes out again at Ricky. He's got a sweater tied around his head, is naked, and is locked in the hallway where I'm whipping his tanned body. Dentist utensils slalom tracer cuts in his abdomen. For the life, for the enlightenment of patience. I get down on all fours and jack off, Rudi gets down under me, Tamara bruises my thigh. Jake switches on the blow dryer and aims. I go shivers with the ice cube in Rudi's mouth and Jake's dryer behind. Jake then jerks me up off the floor, grabs my hair, and pushes my face into Ricky's sweater mask. Tamara prods me with an iron. "Destroy everything you touch." The blips go *travaillez, jouez, communiquez. Tout controler du bout des doigts.* Walls stark white save for tiny brown droplets drying in a Mediterranean like lamp. We walk around on the beach for a minute. I dunk Ricky until he's nearly drowned then let him up and drag him on shore. Favor trade. Rita comes by for hors d'oeuvres. Tamara hums in her ear. She jolts her by the ankles. Her to bump a chin on the bed rail. Buckets of La Paz and a mouthful of analgesic pulse.

Rocks and Bottles

Burning again, cars overturned and scorched. The flat inside: Dez, Julie, Ricardi. Coming toward the trio in leather bootcut jumpsuit – Travis. Travis takes his miniature 'ville slugger and whops Ricardi. Ricardi jets him. The white owl goes merry the quartet. Seville in the parkway. Julie: Have a nice ride. A condo in Bristol Heights. Sticks and stones. Julie is wearing barely nothing. Dez: hook 'em bucko. She lies down while Travis and Ricardi get strapped. The Onkyo blares Heavy Nova. One leg in, two. Three cocks go round in a seated ferris. Like a hunger. Julie dives. Three bangs in a face-hole. I'm twisted underneath. Standing back to the wall on my head, my shooter directed at my chin. Three licks – gone. I take a pinky to the powder. Ricardi bolts from the closet, a handful of rubber cement between his nostrils. The slugger latex'd.

Klemmer

Eight meters jute around Nadia. I poke my head in from the lobby. The hall's carpeted square. "Hoist me Todd." I grope haute shibari. Tina roams the king suite tossing matches to wispy bodies. I go up and run my fingertips the laurel *uke*. Slice open a couple of tin cans and make her an armlet. She then asks for a legging. I give her a sack of marbles and say "what?" She wants Christine to designer a costume from our pillowcases. I fling the sheets back. There's Roger and Vicky. Not sure what it is they're doing. Looks kinbaku. Forget the costume. Tina rips out of what's left and fixes herself a box knot. I grab a kleenex and fix what's left of my nose. Then I lick the kerchief. Downstairs Nadia dangles from a plant hook fastened to the ceiling. I send Roger down to survey the scene. He says she can't see for the blood in her eyes. Just then Vicky laughs hysterically, spoon droplets glowing her bottom lip, then she buries her face in some legs. A minute later I'm playing teller to three cocks and my snuff in three synchronized palettes. Our imported rocking horses retain a slow gallop. Vicky straddles one, throws her head back hard and roars "Armature!, ciao Roger!, ciao Christine!, Cheers to the IWW!" We cock our heads back in solidarity. I feel something warm and turn around to see Adonis piss ski the hump in my buttocks. Andante con moto.

Flipped Bangs & Pentothal

Mostly blondes in a room of the Derby Motel. Unwrap society dick. Come over here distance. Revlon lips licking tush. Pull it out, caress seven inch. On heater meth-fuck. Crystals on the black telephone rotate. Pushing a syringe in a vein and with one arm thumbing anal Rita took control and blitzed me. Placing her right leg above the headboard and her left leg bent at the knee, Dino shoved one real live ramjob. One strapped to cork Rita double. Booze me. Line up the committee secretaries and stand up the committeemen. Cuff their wrists to their ankles. Miniblinds glitter in hot silk. Case the dv. Pop in the voyeur vid. Volume up. Talons out. Three mouths indistinguishable on Larry's timber. Ring concierge. "Serial" licking the porter with Neapolitan in the cup of his back and Joey just under his hump. Two dildos and a nose ring. My flesh is on fire so I traipse to the ice bin. Meet up with Linda and bring her back to Tammy. In a cleaning ladies high she uprooted and furled. Later, chained to the air conditioner I'm heaving ripe.

Winter Bikini

To open their eyes and to turn them from darkness to light. Sweaty mouth goes whorl on Tim. He plants him, erects him, and penetrates him. Tim gets to sucking the pelican cock at his forehead. Surprise. Invaginating hustlers pose as Greeks on the twin bed. Dry ice steams in the trunk. I whistle for a condom though I won't use it. Coruscating terms. No shelter. We crack a Heineken and watch the bats out the bedside window. Deepen yourself.

Photoset

Cocoa bourbon breasts, rusty barbed wire. Tangled in rusted barbed wire at Hotel Europa on Capital. Slick rustling. Jamie walking with two canes and a ripcord. A shanty face caked in pie and Josie is laying open the plastic. "How would you pamper me Harlow?" Ideally, I call the Goat on my T-mobile and meet three Muslims parked in a twitched sedan. "A branchy switch from the dirt yard, two pearl strings, and a hacksaw." Jamie ate the wad. I ripped the trans-pine bag from the seams and ran my teeth along the edges. From behind a purple curtain Inga replied, "O schema." And I clawed at her slip. She undressed and took one, two, three, four vamoose cocks. One in the rear, one in the stitch, one in *bon appetite*, one wrapped in flesh pink nail job. She was on top. Jamie had the plaid sofa turned over into the shag rug. It looked like Iraq but it was only some GI's with their necks cubed. Three guys and an electronic rodeo. Pow! And the Technics deck go like French rap.

Carte Noir

Jake is sitting like a frog bobbing between Vichy's and Dez' stump. Er, Dicks. Signor bursts from the sauna sweating bricks. I take a belt and whip him like he's one of those bearded pricks who hang around Go! Reimpose the simplex. Afraid I'm turning soft I allow the bande to hook me like a pinwheel and throw darts. I'm so scared I cum in my shorts. Just like that I see a hard-on flash by me. I quickly dwarf it. So into this hallucination I don't notice the ruby displaced in my snorkel. O God. Turn it up. And as if Shirley MacLaine I'm dead bullet. I pay the Signor and send 'em back to the corner. Twenty minutes and puff later he's back with a piff. What a night. We catalogue the willing, find another pvc jumper. O if the brunettes could deceive our advocating. Pour the Remy. Carbon dioxide the blood.

Saqqara

I look around gay-eyed at the quartered ponies. Sheila is like an amethyst treat. I go and grab her by the ankles. Visit me. Before I can moan I've got a palm on my triangle. Hector spills about a gram of phencyclidine on the vanity. Sheila pops and it's too much for a paper, need a pipe. Ricky's back, my skin's burning. Four guys glued to my sofa. One two-knee'd, one go here one there. One with fingers in one ass while Rick penetrates "two-knees." I never saw so much. Laco\$te place third on my ipod. Sheila's back we're like Malibu fucking. Her face is turned cheek to wall and her eyes are seven shades whiter with the real thing. Janice and Faye gang up on Ricky. He can't see with the corrugated metal blindfold. We bring in a couple of robes for the high-schoolers. The dog is screaming. I go outside and roll around in the snow my heart is beating track-style. Couture feast, fierce. Revell go about in a purply click with a Guadalupana vibe. She like one by one by bone. Someone honks from outside. We're like thirty floors up and I think it's Jix with another bag plus Peroni. It's not, it's Jeremiah with a fly rod and Revell. A single Chesterfield left in the pack.

Louise Frevert

After two we speed away in my Fairlane. We download a couple of anal flicks and select full-screen. I set up laptop and dj. Jenny does a cut/copy job with the Marquis. Pastes fotos on her singed tits. William purloins a glue stick and goes to town on Lindsay. Shit, Lindsay, whom we've jail broke from a little pinkneck mobile south of here. I think we were public school mates. No mind, I whisper in William's ear, "Ram that steeplechase." We set her freckled up like a swivel and install Reed adjacent. I'm behind the wardrobe screaming for my hide. Rita's in the car tied to the door handle wearing a spelunker's visor. New meaning to the phrase "C'mon bend over giraffes and fuck." Like the conductor exclaimed asleep in operatic slumber roofed. Tympani rolls. Piss stench. Jenny jousts her foot into the dampening air. *Merci*, like a little tray for me to place my cum shards.

Pressure Glacé

Briefs staggered off. V Secret pulled down. Tanks going up. He broke out the sailor's knot so I punched him. "Again, bully." I got Ricardi to take him up on it. She nasty slit zip like boom. I'm no slag. All seven of us in a kernel and camarones strewn around the carpet. The flesh in me is like seventy kilometers thick and these nipples are machetes. A chair falls against the wall, the van outside is painted like an Alp. Let's go to bed (again), waterfell. We do it with me: a drum stick at my apple and puppet strings at two ends. First on is Rudy. Wait, "Hector, hike up the danse." Him and her with Penn tubes lubed belted around the waist. Julia waves down Jeremiah from the window ledge where she's sprawled out in a gold bracelet. Relieved from the greedy nobs I stretch out with a glass of punch, then slam it on the ground and fuck like pigeons in the gleaming shards. With the canvas wrist strap bolted to the hardwood. Equalizer field.

Foamy Mouth

Lipping white telephone variant. Wool suit off. Strip belt orange. Michelle iron rings Vichy. And we stole the wallet off a dead man. In the Guangdong Province where I've got a cabaret's pimp license Vichy's got a gaggle of smirking dames with their backsides soar vying. Am only one punk. 1982 – Green River. A redress at the curve. Michelle is wrapped in canvas on the studio floor, I call up the bullies and she scouts their desist. She black eyeliner and opulent pearlizer. Wince, drips, over the scabs. Thorn brush. I beseech thee for my figurative model whom I have begotten in my bonds. Forth the cherry winds, forth the daughters. We split thighs, sketch our whiffle sludge moog. On swansong.

Doxa Rema

I shot Tasha in the face. CNN cabled miasma. She laughing like a wasp and choking doubled over, the last drop inhaled. Dan crumples on the couch limp. A rare moment of indecision. Sheila on the decks. "Home." "Jesus Tiffany can you not stop to even take a shower." Jeremiah had his face in his crotch. Tiffany slipped a mask over his head and took no longer than usual to screw. Much easier now with a whole room full of male and female help. Read my lip. Teen ams asleep on a quiet pillow. National security dips. Dan and Jeremiah continue with a steady clip. "Get your knees in his chest dike." We had some shreddy manila rope going snake over the flesh. Mosque me cuddly. Christy is sitting on Marcel and Dan is behind her. Smells musty floral under the bedlam. I collapse the beak. Marcel shoves a bag of cotton balls in Tiffany's mouth and splashes a plate of paté over her breasts. I go around in rubber cursing for the hell of it all. No sex war no border jumping schleck gets through here without the drip brothel stirruped. And then the fire sirens while we're ecstasy fucking.

Debra Lafave

Can this screen play only Stinger placid. Jersey asks Chantal, may your breast do anything white net. Snaps the elastic in her knicker clips. O blonde, O Dionyso. They had a ball in NOLA. Brought interfacial strippers to bend the pole while the cats go unclipped along drippy legs. Forget this, I take my nunchucks and fling 'em around Mickey's neck, pull back, and yell for Christine to sit on his face. She sits, plop!, on his nose while Yerkovich unjoints his malaise. Mickey flips his tongue in circles to the delight of Christine. I watch her stomach gyrate as she heaves. Nothing but framed palm trees on the pastel walls. I spin backwards into a blizzard of erythroxyton. His dick is out yelling for a mouth. So two or three of us traipse over and agitate a meteoric blast. Mickey's cum is warm as it jets our skin. I french kiss Chantal's checkerboard abdomen. We blow the popsicle stand.

Quid Pro Quo

The telephone rings like chainsaws underwater. Janice sprawled upon the divan in negligee and I in my slippers. Have you the time. Bear anal. Like chainsaws under water. Heater meth-fuck. No way, whip me queen. A bitch to pour your wine. I'm on my torso, lash me. Academy calls, machine picks up. I am here humping the three we quelled from Vista. I cut up straws with Janice. Hotter heater meth. The straws are distributed among the bimbos. Duct taping my mouth and eyes, the neighbor arrives, squats wet-lipped on my shimmy. We do it till she yelps. Janice interests me, if for nothing but her pimped ass I'm sweating all over. She assists me with the meth before taping my nose again. I electrical tape the bimbo and Rob has his wrists chained to the spinning fan. Luckily nobody forgot the Rush cassettes. My eyes go fluorescent behind me. I share a poke with Rob and have Janice lick him while the underwire barbs. Later I walk up to Checkers for more straws.

Platinum Tooth / Ice Grill

Grimy Tropicana forefronts tail end. But the beds are big. We slosh a case Budweiser in the ice tub and Toni danse the rail. Ricardi sweeps his leg and falls in the nude. Toni lubes his rump and they hump, he creams his lobe. I call the super and have them bring up twenty more towels cause we've soaked the stack. Christine's white-T goes fan up. The wall painting rococo. I put a chrome ring to chrome ring, the landline tones. It's Clarice. "Ready steady." Commercials tabloid beat the flashes tsunami. "I'm on it." Since we got everybody new purple jerseys heaped on the bureau. Situationist setback. "Are you wearing a wire." We order a double room and both mats quaking. Viewfinder. Seven on the right, seven left, three under lamp light, and the clock digits a m. Skin hype. Dez twisted so his face is nigh two yards from his orified body. I think hustle. A man in pants that will come off.

Hasp Tourist

We kiss hard and our teeth bang up. Veronica's biting my lip with her wolf fangs. I think a lashing will get her off. Oh, there she blows. Female spittle from a cunt. Judy goes under with her face agape. Dez comes by for Joey. He lays him out like a toolset and gamefaces. Joey struggles but Dez has his calves in a splicer while he turns him over the sink. Judging by the moon in proximity to the sun it must be seven. Veronica and Dez and Joey and Judy and me watch the rain buzz the picture window while we're hazard pattern. Like a ten ton jackhammer. Like a flock of bird flaps from a hundred trees at once. I shovel some coke into my partner's belly-button and have Dez cum in it before Judy gobbles it up. Then I turn Dez over her lap and Veronica gags me with a bandana. It's Banlieu under our skin and our bodies are searing. Three buckets of ice cold water are brought up from the poolhouse. The maid wrings us out just as we're piledriving on the leather. I get a stud belt, crank the Grieg, and go wicked.

Moskow Diskow

Seminal contract. *Oui, beaucoup* coolie. Julie and Dice call around eleven. They are horny no doubt, and want to score some gang. I say Christine, "Your whelps are healing maverick." No no I'm not ravaged. So we go hazing. The bodies pile out the EI. Paul takes a frill sock off Julie and salivates her heels. She stretches her knees to her shoulder and Paul maneuvers. Not before I can pounce on his back, blindfold him, strap a u-lock to his neck and ankle. I'll give you minimum wage if you film this tackle. And Dolby squirts. Running a hand up through the vacuous canal and a ring pop over smumpt – call bustier fresh node, slice that. I take a rose bouquet uncut and massage Christine with the stems around my hand's back. Dez hammers me, wraps my head in thick sheets, and soils my harem. I'm huffing deep sea like, struggling like, where the daisy dukes aught. We Leningrad penthousing.

The Prince is Dead

Mercury bath anyone. Plead Jihad. William eyes the taser in my pocket. "Go Maui," I say with a Bolsheviki grin. There are appointments pinned to the tackboard on yellow slips of ruled. I take a handful of gel and put five through my part. Rita clams up just as we're entering the restaurant. "No no, the restrooms are huge, you'll see." I don't tip the man. Attendant pause, hover. He blocks the door and we crowd into the stall. Right out the gate I shock William. Then Rita laughs like Bertha. *Ecouchez*. Shoot my change rolls all over the floor under the stall. I can't pick it up because William is flailing over top my lap while Rita unravels the fishing wire. It's dark and the walls are painted red like the hoops on Rita's torso. Some lights grapple through from the foyer. No competing with the strobe menace in our suckly faces.

Hacienda

Episode 1. Trousers coming off. Christy took out the coke. Jenny put the coke in here. Coke in her mouth. William ate a piece of the coke and then sniffed some. Jon whoofed up the last of the coke. Shelter in the Jordan. Brassiere coming off. Thong off. Heels off. Foot. Perry put a penis in his mouth and two fingers part his backtrap. Shelter in the Jordan. A great white Cadillac cruising up the street. Suburban hook. Black Wings rolled around in the coke on the glass table. Soundtrack: white caps. Do you want to blow this joint he said. Sure baby, anything you want you got it. Alpha-Studs pairing off. X pulled her hair while she was tied up. I'm tied up, deity. Cut her loose – and then she beat me. I asked Crook to come in here and lie down on the sofa with his nose in the leather and his ankles roped. Aubades. Black pumps pumping. She punched my nose red. Christy took my neck in her grip. Before I came she stuck a thank you bag over my face. I took her out of there because what did she have to live for anyway. Her wrists twined to her ankles. A face emaciated by crack. What did he have but fifteen dollar mouthjobs behind the dumpster behind The Eagle. Sheep are more attractive. We had the pitbulls guard the terrace. We had mirrors bigger than your eyes looking at all that coke. I slipped some coke in my ass and Tanya was high on it. Electric Blue. I put on sun shades and went bucking. Jill got her tits creamed. Perry ate it up. Behind our house under a tarp in the back is the tractor. We brought in tractors and hammering. Jill and Perry and William were all mixed up. I could see half the holes and most of them full or gushing. I turned on the big flat screen and hooked on to that heavy metal. She in a vice. My head swarmy. I walked up to the juice store for a Sprite to go with my coke. Jon had his cock out like Pisa and Melissa was looking hooked. Jenny shoved

a tennis ball in my mouth and beat my buttocks with a racquet. Boy did I blow my load. All over Peter's face. Somebody put Genesis in the tape deck. William had his cock in Christy's ass who was on her back gripping her ankles and I was behind William who had his legs spread. And then, out of nowhere, a tunnel of ejaculation. I retired to the futon for more coke. Then to the strip lounge for yet another round of coke. Black Wings was in the john with Jon.