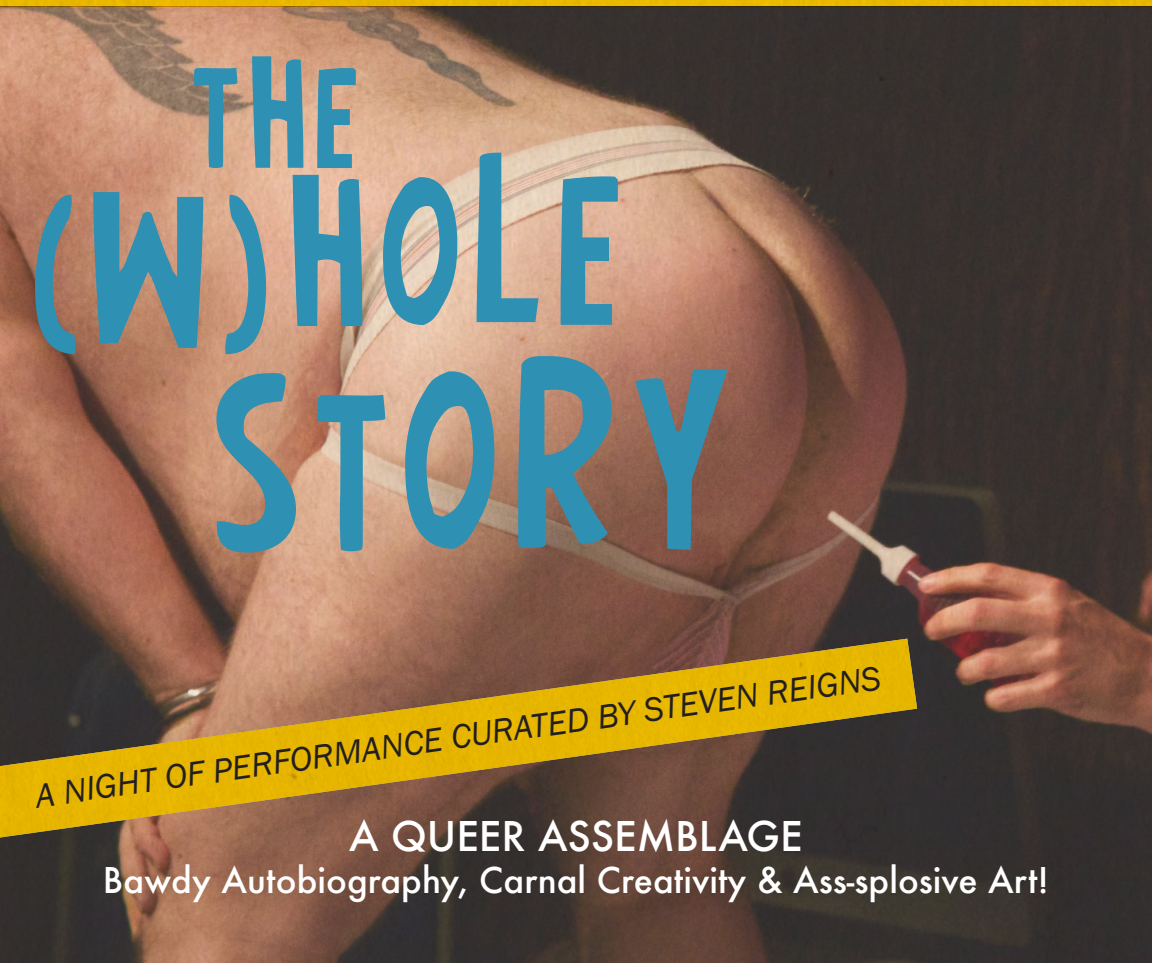


THREE  
BOOK  
SET

3-PACK JACK

BOOK #  
**1**



THE  
(W)HOLE  
STORY

A NIGHT OF PERFORMANCE CURATED BY STEVEN REIGNS

A QUEER ASSEMBLAGE  
Bawdy Autobiography, Carnal Creativity & Ass-splasive Art!



Martin  
Matamoros

It was eventually gonna happen, I guess I'm glad it was with him. He had just moved into our neighborhood, and I just couldn't stop staring at him. I thought he looked just like Prince Eric from *The Little Mermaid*, except 5 foot 4. He was 22, but I was only 17, so I was like, "He's old!" However, I was taller than him, and that somehow made it okay.

One day, he invited me into his car and asked me if I liked kissing girls. I said, "Um yeah... okay, NO! I don't really like to do that." Then he said he wanted to show me something. And he leaned over and kissed me so softly on the lips, with his lips. And then, he put his tongue in my mouth. WOW!

He asked me if I wanted to go to his house but before I got a chance to answer he kissed me again! I tensed up. He whispered, "Relax, be free, let your tongue frolic."

I told my mom I was spending the night at Lizette's. Then, we got in his car, yes, he has a car! And then he put his hand on my knee. I flinched. I was a little scared to go to his house. But honestly, I couldn't wait! His apartment was THE BOMB! He had it really tricked out, you know! It was the early '90s and he had a lot of compact discs. He played Wilson Phillips' new song "Hold On" and I totally pre-cummed. He had air conditioning, big fluffy pillows, mood lighting, it was

just really, really impressive. I decided right then and there, that one day, I too would become a male flight attendant.

He made a vodka tonic for himself and then asked me, "What are you drinkin', cutie?" I said, "Um, the same as you, I guess." Then he said, "I don't think your mom would like that." I got sensi and blurted, "Um, she probably wouldn't like me Frenching a dude either!" The nice man gave me my drink. The nice man then disappeared into the closet, and came back wearing nothing but a shiny gold thong that I suspected came from International Male. I tried not laughing, but he looked so silly.

He also looked kinda-really-totally-hot! I was shocked! The only other gay person I knew was my Uncle Pepe, and he looked like Bea Arthur with a mustache. I whispered, "Um, you look good." He whispered, "No, you do." I laughed and said, "NO WAY! I'm just wearin' these boring Fruit of Looms." So we disappeared into the closet and he changed me into the exact same International Male thong, except in silver. I couldn't stop giggling. We looked like Chippendale dancers, but the K-mart version.

I suddenly felt a buzz! He laid me down on his bed and the simple act of our bodies touching made me so fucking hard. Then he whispered, "Mmm, Martin, sweet Martin, can I touch your mangina?" I kinda freaked out! "My, my what? My what!" He went on, "You know: your man-cunt, your boy-pussy, your guy-gash, your male-slot, your manhole, your boy-beaver, your mangina." At that point I was totally creeped out. I was thinking, "This guy's totally gonna Jeffery Dahmer my ass! Oh god, I hope I go good with Ranch!" And yet, I looked right at him and said, "Yes, touch my mangina."

Things I always thought were nasty and wrong were done to my mangina that night. He made me play with myself in front of him. And he taught me all the different ways to give myself pleasure. He was very thorough. The nice man was about to fuck me. I said, "Um... you're gonna use protection, right?" He smiled and said, "It's just us tonight Markus." "Martin! My name is Martin!"

It hurt, it hurt REAL GOOD! Scary and taboo turned into wonderful and liberating! And in the morning I knew I was 100 percent homosexual because I wanted to marry this man. We had breakfast, and then I never saw him again.

Still, I'm glad it was him. He was like a really good song you catch on the radio, that you never hear again, but never forget. The nice man elevated my anus from pathetic butt hole to a kind of heaven.

THREE  
BOOK  
SET

# 3-PACK JACK

BOOK #  
**2**



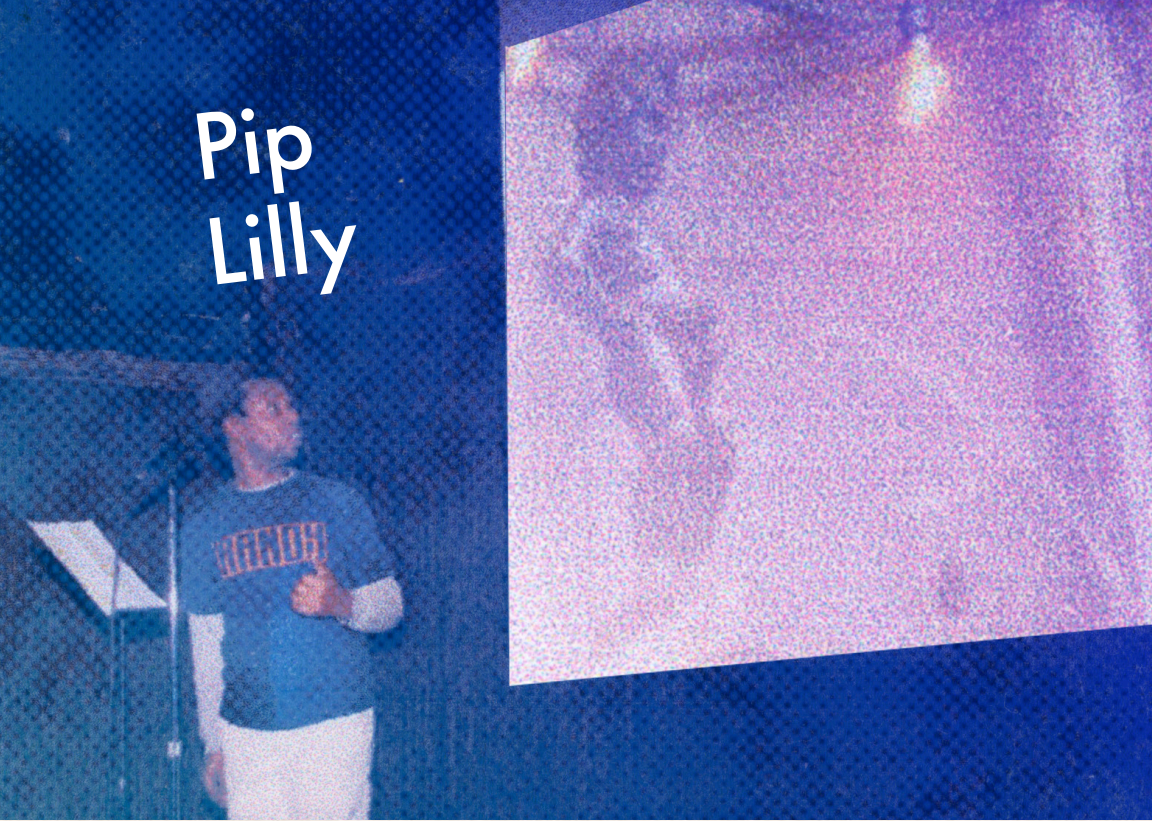
# CUM AS YOU ARE

A NIGHT OF PERFORMANCE CURATED BY STEVEN REIGNS

A QUEER ASSEMBLAGE

Raucy Revelations, Indelicate Retellings & Ejaculatory Excursions!

# Pip Lilly



## Roman Holiday

Hey Fuzzy White People. How you all doing? Thanks for having an aggressively spiced Black man up here tonight. I want to tell you this story.

When Steven first told me about this I was not that down for it to be quite honest. I don't like talking publicly about cum. Cumming. It's a private thing.

I remember the first time I came actually. I was thirteen years old. I was with my friend Bobby. Bobby was my best friend. Bobby is straight but he told me that he

found a way to make white stuff come out of his ding dong. And I thought, "I want to do that." So, Bobby and I pulled it; and pulled it; and pulled it. We pulled it; and pulled it; and pulled it. Until, finally, I got that well-deserved little bit of dribbly something to come out of my own ding dong. And I've been chasing the dream ever since. But that was a private moment between me and my childhood best friend.

Publicly, cum was always an embarrassment. I remember when I was twenty years old. My Dad lived in Long Beach. I was visiting him for the summer. I had five younger siblings. Four brothers and a little sister so there was no place for me to jack off. Ever. No place. One day, when everyone was busy outside I went upstairs to a bedroom. I locked the door, so I thought. I did my "business" then I hear somebody coming up the stairs. I got myself together. I cleaned up the best I could but there was still a couple of drops left in that ugly shag carpet. My brother gave me shit for eight days straight. I was embarrassed. Publicly, I don't want to deal with all that.

My Mama would not approve of this conversation. I'm a good black church kid from the Midwest. We don't talk about these kinds of things, definitely not in public. I'm pretty good with cum in private. I've seen a lot. I've given a lot. My private cum life and my public life are practically in different cities.

1998. I lived in London. I was performing in the classic musical *Showboat*. It was directed by Hal Prince and choreographed by Susan Stroman. Yes, kids, I was very fancy. I was the shit. My picture was on the marquee. Look at how cute I was. That is what doing eight shows a week will do to you. And being in your twenties. My body was tight. TIGHT. Bounce quarters off my ass tight. My contract was for a six-month run but the show only ran five. I decided since I was already on the continent and I had a visa that I would travel around Europe for a month. I didn't travel alone. I travelled with my best buddy at that time, Danny Fontana. Danny had lost his job earlier that year and was flush with extra money and a desire to see uncut European cock. He decided to join me. This is Danny. He's a nelly Blanche.

We travelled all around. We went to Amsterdam. I love Amsterdam because I love weed. Oh yeah, weed is so good. I love to be high. LOVE IT. In fact, I'm high right now. So, I got high in Amsterdam then we moved on to Belgium. Belgium was nice. Lots of fountains of little boys holding their wee-wees.

Okay. From there we went to Paris. Danny got laid all the fucking time in Paris which is why I include this picture of him in this little tiny bathtub. He hates this picture so this is revenge, Bitch.

Milan, Italy was our next stop. Milan was alright. It was expensive and neither Danny nor I will ever be mistaken for male models. We were broke and average looking. This means no one wanted to fuck us. So, we went to beautiful Venice. Venice was gorgeous. We saw some cute boys.

Finally, it was onto the big city, Rome. We arrived in Rome at night. We had been travelling for days. And at this point, I hadn't gotten laid. I was feeling horny. I was looking for these Italian men that were going to rock my world. We were scoped by a waiter who told us that we should go to this gay bar that wasn't far from where we were.

We headed to the Roman gay bar. This bar was fucking dead. Nothing was going on inside this bar. We don't see anybody come in. We don't see anybody go out. It's just fucked up. It was standard fare as far as bars go. Nothing special really and it was practically empty the whole time we were there. We had a couple of drinks and decided the evening was a bust. We decide to leave but I have to pee first. I got to the toilet in the back and all of a sudden this fine ass Italian man comes out of the other room. I'm thinking, "What's up with that?" So, I went into this room and it was completely dark. A backroom. You couldn't see a thing but you could hear everything. There was all kinds of moaning; and groaning; oh; and groping. Yes! I'm finally going to see some action was what I was thinking when the lights came on.

Ok. We're travelling. You have to roll with it. The next day, we saw Rome. Nearly all of it. We saw The Coliseum. We saw beautiful Trevi Fountain. We saw the Crazy Queen Pub. We saw that fucked up Mouth of Truth thing from the movie *Roman Holiday*. That thing was weird. We saw that. We travelled by taxi, bus, and foot. We were everywhere. We saw everything. At one point, mid-afternoonish, Danny looked at me with pity. Danny looked at me and said, "Um, Bitch, I think you got something on your pants." I looked down at my pants and sure enough I had something on my pants. I had spooge on the jeans I had been wearing all day. The spooge was dry but for comedic purposes let's just pretend it was fresh. Someone had cum on my jeans and it wasn't me.

Now, I don't like the public cum thing. That's embarrassing to me. Cum is a private moment. But you know what? I just manned up at that moment. I found a laundromat. I took off all my clothes except my underwear. I put them in the machine and washed them. I sat in my underwear through the cycles of both washer and dryer. No worries. No shame. Ah well, when in Motherfucking Rome, Bitches.

THREE  
BOOK  
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3-PACK JACK

BOOK #  
3



COCK  
TALES

A NIGHT OF PERFORMANCE CURATED BY STEVEN REIGNS

A QUEER ASSEMBLAGE  
Deviant Discourse, Salacious Storytelling & Boylesque!



# Ian MacKinnon

Ian MacKinnon's Gay Penis Musical Manifesto to Save the World!  
(Performed to the tune of "Venus" by Ed Marshall and Peter DeAngelis)

Singing:  
"Hey Penis, Oh Penis"

Dear Penis:

If I could have told you then what I know now.

I would have said, "Men are gonna love you. They are gonna say stuff to you like, 'You are so beautiful,' 'I want you to come inside me,' 'Gag me again bro.' You know, stuff like that."

I would have said, “Don’t feel embarrassed about your bright red pubes because around 2006 ginger is gonna become a fetish and guys are gonna love that red bush. And instead of kids calling you Ronald Mcdonald head and making you feel like shit, they are gonna wanna get naked with you.

“Penis, one day you are gonna meet a guy with the biggest dick you have ever seen and you will be in your early 20’s and he will fuck you and you will realize you are NOT a size queen and that he ended up being a rude coke-head jerk and that the soul attached to the dick makes all the difference.”

I’d tell my penis, “Just you wait, someday you are gonna be able to order any pair of slutty underwear you want from the International Male Catalogue and things you can’t even dream of in your closeted little mind will happen to you. Like cock rings, and double penetration, and getting covered in shit.”

“Penis, gift from above that you are, surely the things you ask will one day come to pass.”

Oh, key change!

“And one day you will find out that jerking off is spiritual if you do it right. You will see that you are a symbol of the archetypical dick of the universe and that you are the doorway to the new gay spirit revolution which will one day destroy homophobia and destroy sexism and racism and war and the cash-nexus and replace it all with gay love.

“Penis, make my dreams come true! Hey Penis, Penis”

The End.