

Interview with a Phone Fucker...

TELEFUCK

Upfront you might say I run the switchboard at the Hotel California. I've got phone-jacks Ma Bell ain't never thought of. Fone-Fuck's my business. Telephone sex is my game. I'm a hustler fallen in love with long distance. AT&T's Long Lines ain't got nothin' on the long lines I lay on fuckers like you. I may seem like a new-wave high-tech hustler, but sure as dicks shoot, my heart's in the streets and my mouth's in the gutter.

You dial my number, buddy, and you don't get no answering machines or nelly-faggot queens who think they're that Lily Tomlin telephone operator Ernestine. My hot line's strictly hot jerk-off-sex, day and night, 24-hour s-e-x-u-a-l service. You get me personally, fucker, and I'll put the master-charge in your credit card. I'll give you an earful, mean and nasty, dominant and dirty, or real sweet talk. Any way you want it. My daddy taught me "the customer's always right." 'Course, my old man sold suction Hoovers. I sell suck-tion of a different kind!

My handle's Ham. As in radio operator. Not as in, don't you say it, *actor*. That's what you're fuckin' payin' for when you call Hollywood, asshole! As in Hamlet. Get it? I ain't stupid, otherwise I'd be payin' you for jerkoff phone sex. In fact, I'll give one free phone-fuck to the first caller who tells me how Hamlet's old lady offed his old man. Give up, shit-for-brains. She poured poison in his ear. "The ear's the thing," Shakes-baby said, "to catch the conscience of the king." Some-thin' like that. I know all this because this English professor teleclient I got in the Midwest told me so yesterday. He's one

of those reverse-type callers who does more talkin' than he wants me to do. Shoot! He pays me for listenin' to stuff I don't give a diddly-squat for knowin'. Then it's my turn. I tell him juicy beat-off stuff that makes both of our dicks big and hard and crazy to shoot.

I'm a world-class jerkoff artist. I can cum maybe five, six times a day! I ain't no phoney on the phone. I wasn't no phoney when I worked the streets. I can't help gettin' off when I'm gettin' another guy off. Must be I'm some kind of exhibitionist. I sure do like to crook that receiver between my ear and my shoulder while I talk dirty and beat my big juicy meat.

You seen those TV commercials tellin' you your phone's a business instrument? Ain't that just the goddamn half-truth! My real business instrument is a good eight inches plus an inch of juicy foreskin. I also got some fine tattoos; but until we all get videophones, I can't show 'em off, so I just talk about 'em. I mean, if a guy likes that sort of thing: big snakes circlin' around my fullback thighs right up to the head of my big killer snake of a prick.

There's this honest-to-god one guy. He has a standin' appointment to call me every Wednesday 8 PM sharp. Says he's a college coach. Everybody that calls me is a coach or a cop or a truck driver or some tough-guy fantasy they've got about what they'd really be like if their lovers or their wives wasn't always watching prime-time T and V in the next room. I been around the block. I know ordinary johns think you'll give 'em a better fuck if they come on as special or unusual. Mostly, when a guy tells me he's a cop, I figure he's wantin' me to talk him a cop fantasy.

Anyway, this "coach" tells me he's got the hots for these wholesome, young college boys snappin' each other's bare butts in his locker room; but he can't touch 'em, him being in the coach position. And he tells me, the tougher the freshman jockers are the better he likes 'em. So I give him a blow-by-blow description.

You know: *a coach's ideal afternoon, all that sweet, sweaty, young meat. Horsin' around after practice, slowly strip-pin' off their gear. Them short nylon-mesh shirts draped off the shoulder pads halfway down the chest, showin' all them flat*

young bellies and tight waists. The sound of cleats on the floor. Tight white nylon football pants riding up into the juicy cracks of those young butts. Just bendin' 'em over one by one eatin' out those little rosebud buttholes. Just kneelin' down, callin' a special huddle, usin' both hands to palm those sweet young cheeks, pullin' them apart, sniffin' that special smell of college-hole ripenin' into man-hole. Reachin', tongue-reachin' up through the soft down of hair wet and matted up around athletic, tight jock-butt. Coachin' them players into spreadin' and pushin' out on their sweet, sweet puckers. Then reachin' under, between their muscular hard thighs, feelin' their dicks juttin' out and drippin'. Grabbin' a handful of young balls: sweet little chicken MacNuggets!

Shoot! I never do the same scene twice. Stuff keeps poppin' into my head. Nasty words. Dirty thoughts. Anytime. Any subject. Raunch. Fisting. Blowjobs. Uncut meat. Smegma. Sweaty armpits. Muscle adoration. Heavy-duty bondage trips. Dirty assholes. Yeah. Lotsa requests for dirty scenes. Guys call me for safe dirty sex scenes; they tell me they're afraid to go out and do what they used to do, but they still gotta have it, down and dirty, so if they can't do it for a while till life gets safe again, they can get it off vocally, and have as much fun as they've always had, cuz I can get into it as deep and dark and dirty as any man dares to want it, and they don't have to worry about nothin' after. If a man's clever, he's always got ways to get his special nut off.

Checkin' out what you might call "my competition" (only I think I ain't got no competition) in all them sissy fag rags, I know phone sex is Big Business these days. My cutting edge is I'm real, mean and nasty, or nice and easy. So you give Fone-Fuck a call, and let your fingers to the strokin', cuz I got hot lines that'd drive good old Alexander Graham crackers!

Gimme a jingle at PEnisylvania 6-5000; stick that receiver up against your ear and I'll fuck your head with any hardy party line you fuckin' well got the hots and the cash for.

