

SOQUVELCH

Volume 32 - Issue 1



Growing into being silver fox can mean tossing away the mistakes of your youth. You deserve new things: new golf clubs, new hips and especially new, much younger wives. But of course, the ol' mistress might give you some legal troubles.

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That's where we come in. Yes, you heard that right!!! The Heuristic Squelch will fully litigate your divorce for the small price of JOINING US. Rejoice, for you shall be delivered salvation AND A MUCH MUCH YOUNGER WOMAN. LIKE QUESTIONABLY YOUNG!!!

***The heuristic squelch is not responsible for any injuries to persons or property due to excessive silliness and debauchery in the courtroom including, but not limited to: idk I'm not a legal professional we'll do some shenanigans though. And they'll be goofy. Some debauchery, you know?

Sugar Daddy
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**The Water-Based Non-Greasy
Stays Put With No Drips
Alpha/Omega
Pheromone Infused Yogurt
Scented Lube**

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WORDS FROM A TOP

Dear Reader,

Joseph is dead. Yup, the fan-favorite, adorkable president of the Heuristic Squelch, Joseph, is dead. And it was Alameda County that did it, really, not me. Though I did put the final nail in the coffin.

See, Joseph's main flaw was how kind and compassionate he was in this heartless world. I watched, from a distance, as he poured his soul into this magazine, and was a leader everyone loved. After graduation, he continued to be selfless and noble, and became a caseworker for Alameda County. Every day, I watched the light slowly die from his eyes as humanity's cruelty sank into his once-chipper shoulders. It was so alluring, watching the hope fade from his eyes, and I was no longer satisfied just watching from a distance. Call it perverted, call it sick, it doesn't matter. People who volunteer to write for a comedy magazine are people who enjoy lying for fun and calling it satire, but there's truth in everything. And there's truth in the way I followed Joseph home, tied him up, put him in the bathtub, and drowned him in a bukkake. Like, properly drowned. I passed out several times, but by the time I was done with him, Joseph looked like a donut submerged in a bathtub of glaze.

When a new Supreme rises, the old one fades away, and there's something so seductive about watching the innocence of status quo die. God knows what I'd do if I got my hands on Oski. Anyway, now I'm in charge. If you thought the Squelch was raunchy and boundary-pushing before, just you wait. This was always a safe-haven and an outlet for those with too much creativity, but in a world where creativity becomes a commodity, safety lies in the things almost too absurd to publish. There's that incessant capitalistic push to always make your work mean something, and the last-ditch hope that all those hours you put into editing stupid memes about feet will be hours well spent if it becomes three lines on your resume. I want this publication to be too embarrassing to put on a resume. I want it to mean nothing at all. I want it to be an immortalization of my time, my laughter, my creativity, not my name. Ironic, because my name is at the bottom of this page, but you deserve, just this once, to know exactly who's speaking to you.

I hope you're ready for the ride of your life (that's what she said), my debut work, the premiere of my reign, and the precise and everlasting moment right before it all goes south.

All hail your new president,

Ava Guardino

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OPINIONS:

Putting the Pride in Cal Pride *by Izzy T.*

Upon arriving at Berkeley, one must admire our university's numerous sights: the Campanile, Strawberry Creek, and hard cocks getting sucked and put in another man's anus. Such memories are memorialized in the hit film: Berkeley: Sophomore Year by indie production team Falcon Studios.

Though Berkeley: Sophomore Year may be regarded by some as "smut" or "straight-up porn", I view it as a piece of tasteful erotica. Take for example, the first segment, where nostalgia is mixed with what the French call "cinema de touïneque et papa" in a piece of kino that would make even Roger Ebert sit up from his cold, dead grave to squeal and clap his hands together. The scene begins with a young

man letting a Berkeley alumni into his house to do an alumni review. The director's vision really shines in the misè-en-scene of this scene, with the lustful gazes between characters that I will henceforth call the applicant and the alumni creating a tension so thick that you could fuck—I mean—cut through it. Another brilliant move by the director is when the applicant's older brother enters with his friend, who while clad in tank-tops and what the youth would call "booty shorts", lick a banana and stare in each other's eyes. What is great here is the cinematography, with the two barbarians engaging in these baseful desires being placed behind the applicant and

the alumni. This acts as a subtle commentary on the ingrates of society, who are certainly behind the wise college applicant and proud Cal alumni who proceeds to mercilessly buttfuck the younger, naive boy who yearns to be a part of our proud university. After all, who does not remember this crucial part of the application process with fondness: the part where we had to fuck an older man to get into Cal.

The 3rd scene is one that will make any Golden Bear smile with fondness at the accuracy that the director puts into this film. This scene shows the daily going-ons of

every Cal student: going to a protest and then brutally fucking one another in a dirty, wooden shed. I especially loved when one of the protesters came on the sign that blasted our ex-president Trump. I, too, do this every day, where I take out my schlong and cream all over my hate-shrine to that cheeto, and I yell "Take that, Drumpfl!" while I spurt over his paper-face.

Overall, this movie was one for the spank-bank and the Criterion Collection. I would give this 4.5/5 balls, needs more cum!

OPINIONS:

I patched up the Morrison glory hole. *by Gloria Pitt*

My world collapsed and my ears rang the moment I heard the phrase “patch the glory hole” fall from my supervisor’s lips; my feet felt like lead as she led me down the hall to the janitor’s closet, where she made me retrieve the spackle. The temperature of the room dropped with every step I took down the stairs to the bottom floor, closer and closer to the soon-former center of my ecstasy — I was Orpheus, and the hole was Eurydice. My attempts to drag my feet were futile: the weight of the bucket I held became more and more burdensome with each passing second. The bathroom door creaked as I gingerly pried it open, like Pandora the moment she opened the box — but at least Pandora had hope left. My heart sank to my stomach – no, it dropped all the way out of my own glory hole — as I kneeled down into the stall I can no longer, in good faith, set foot into. My conscience was heavy with guilt at the fact that I would be the very last person to ever observe Her in Her full, well, glory. Tears were streaming down my face as I mourned the loss of such an important safe space in the Holer community.

However, all times of mourning must come to an end. My heart hardened as I set about my duty; I picked up my wretched spatula and loaded it with the last spunk She would ever see. My blood, sweat, tears, and other fluids came in unison with the all-too-familiar-looking white paste that would inevitably stuff Her hole until She was eternally full.

I lingered for one last moment before fully acknowledging the damage I had done. My world had shifted. The treacherous task was complete. My night afterwards was a sullen blur, much like my tear-obfuscated vision. Morrison Glory Hole may be gone, but She will live for-

While the film breaks the glass ceiling for gay cowboys in cinema, there are some aspects that are left to be desired. As a California-Gay myself, I felt left out with the lack of assholes whistling in the wind as they rode their horses. I knew they had blown-out bussies, I just know it! So why didn’t they make it more obvious? Something as simple as a single drop of jizz leaking onto one of their leather chaps would be enough, but Hollywood just couldn’t handle it.

Media reactions at the time were very divisive. Popular Lesbian Rachel Maddow gave it ten gallon bucket hats full of cum out of ten. Meanwhile, Rush Limbaugh is quoted as saying “Those queers stole the horses I was gonna fuck! Lucky, if you see this baby, I miss you and you and your sweet horse piss, come back to me, please!!!!”

Broke-back Mountain is a backbreaking piece of cinema, unabashed in its portrayal of homosexuality in mainstream film. While we can look back fondly on this film and its positive portrayal of gay cowboys, a question emerges from a retrospective look: how did they fuck?

We know for a fact that these two cowboys are slamming hotdogs. Heath Ledger says it himself. However, Astroglide™ didn’t exist in 1963, so how did these rooting-tooting buttfuckers get into trouble? Film scholars have argued on this for the past decade. In fact, ten articles were made just about the possibility of what the two used for lube. Hypotheses include, but are not limited to, a can of beans, horse spit, muddy water, and/or horseshoe grease. In my personal opinion, a can of beans would be the most logical as the slipperiness and clean up is unmatched only to the lube that veterinarians use for horse births.

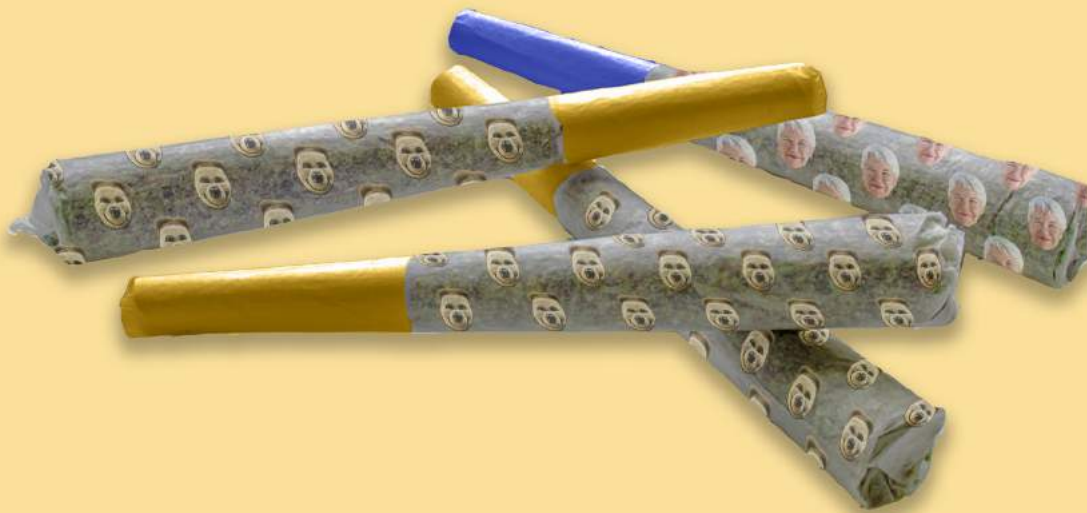
Brokenback Mountain: A Retrospective Review of Brokeback Mountain

by Pelvis Pissly

CAPS presents...

Five Free Joints!!!

Come to the MLK building and pick up your five complimentary wellness joints! The person at the desk will assign you type and THC % at first glance, so don't give off any bitch vibes.



This should hold you off until your next therapy appointment (in 7 weeks).

*Part of the CAPS expansion program. Every joint thereafter is \$15 flex dollars and photographic proof you've painted over a Bob Avakian spray paint portrait on campus.



The first time Nancy Reagan performed an act of fellatio, she wasn't thinking about what fortune could become of her if she exploited her skill; she simply wanted to suck dick.

“That’s the whole trick,” she said, when interviewed about her blowjob tips. “You have to want more than just to give him pleasure. Tap into that feral need to have to cram as much into your mouth as possible, like both dick and balls at once. It’s inside all of us. But only inside your mouth. Any other hole is a violation of God’s will, and I’m a devout Christian woman.”

“I am the throat goat.”

Nancy knew she was destined for this since she was a young girl. She reminisced with us about a time prior to her passion for oral sex, where she was insecure about her wide mouth, and yet had an unrelenting craving in her esophagus. Laughing, she said, “I certainly don’t feel that

way anymore. God has bestowed upon me the perfect path between the outside world and my tight throat. I followed His guidance and dutifully developed my skill. And look at me now!” When she first met Ronald, she was entranced with his handsome leathery skin and his thin, coiffed brown hair (or whatever the appeal of white men is). She knew he would be a great man, but he was just a man, and she was a sexy vixen sent from the Lord himself. It didn’t take much to get Ron hooked on her orifices, and soon she found herself to be First Lady of the United States of America, where she tirelessly worked her jaw to bring America improvements such as widening the wage gap between upper and lower classes, criminalizing marijuana to imprison people of color, and government cheese.

The rest, they say, is history. Evidently, blowjobs were her divine calling, as her success speaks for herself. And because Nancy Reagan is so kind, she’s eager to impart her wisdom to the girls of the future. Here at Berkeley, we strongly believe in giving underrepresented students an upper hand, including women and gay men in higher education, so

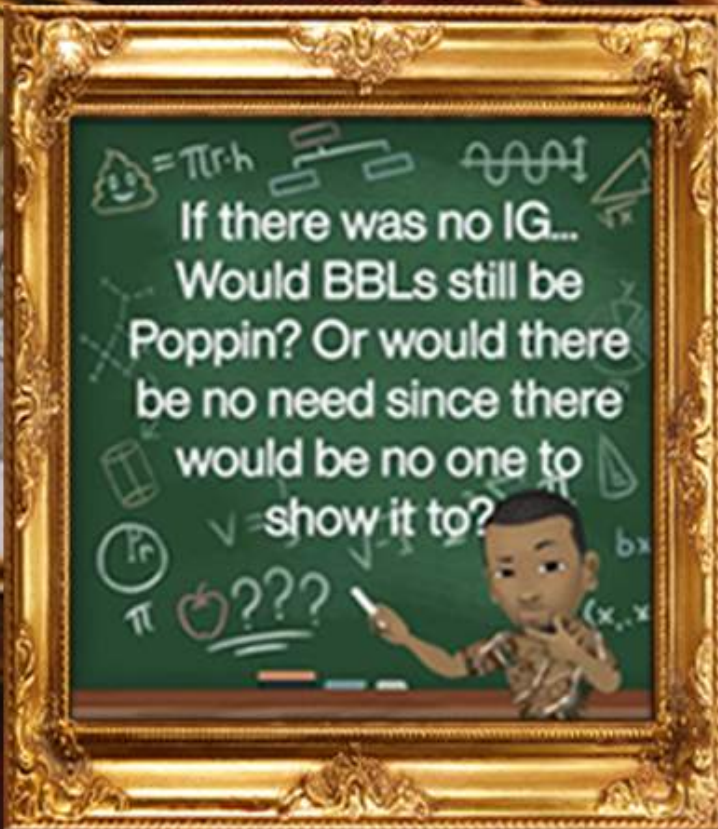
for decades we’ve offered the THROATUS DeCal. Undergraduate women’s studies scholars have preserved her insight and carefully massaged it to properly penetrate young students’ minds.

“Most of my dreams end with someone’s balls in my mouth.”

One famous mentee is the illustrious Monica Lewinski, who was a zealous Throat Goater. Her success in sucking dick was so great that she landed herself under Bill Clinton’s desk and as a lasting household name. She even became the ultimate scapegoat for all issues with liberals at the time! What a woman. At Cal, we wish all folks with a craving for cock to have the skills to achieve their dreams. Join THROATUS and become a shlong superstar! Due to the campus-wide room shortage, meetings are held every Thursday at 7pm in the underground tunnels. To enter, pull up the grate by VLSB and climb down into the tunnel system.

THROATUS

ALPHA MALE SPOTLIGHT: A. SMOOVY



**His richly curated Instagram account,
@asmoovy, showcases real and
carnal masculinity.**

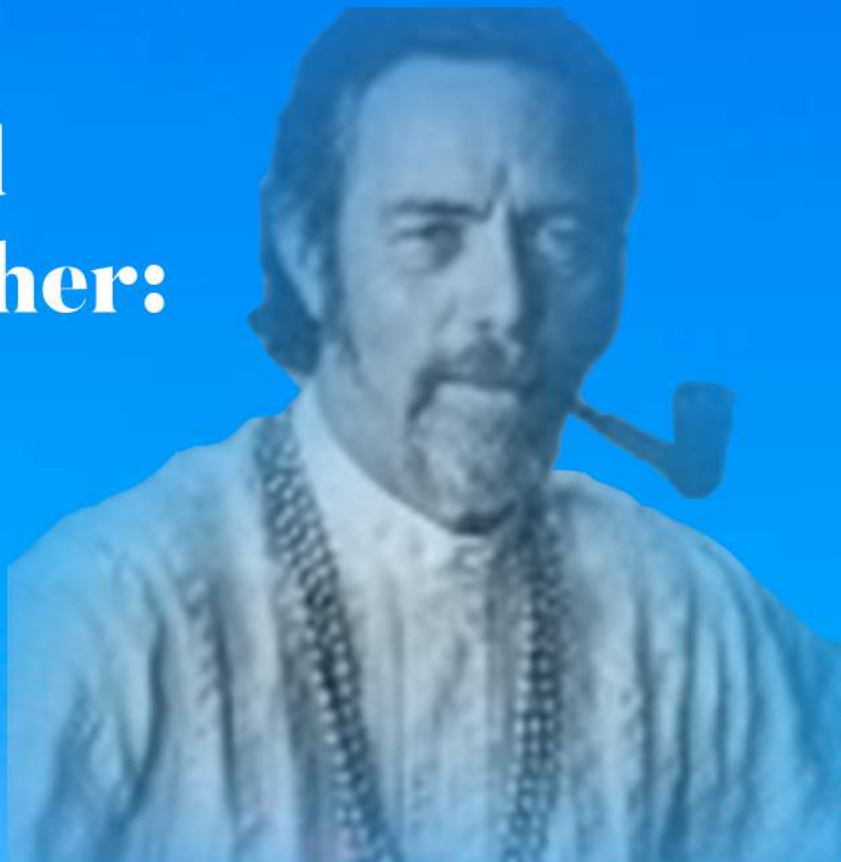
**Callin me Zaddy aint
gone make me pay no
Zent no Zills or buy
shit for dem Zids 🤔🤔**

On Zod 🤔🤔🤔

when he put his thumb in my ass i be
feeling like a bowling ball 🤔

by Britain's
Best-Endowed
Spiritual Teacher:

Alan
Watts



*“And as your mind
enters a state of
post-nut clarity, feel
yourself slip into a
sensual mediative
trance.”*

- Alan Watts

GUIDED

*“You may notice a
sudden burst of
burning serenity
from the front edge
of your shaft.”*

- Alan Watts

MASTURBATION

YOUR SEXY SUCCUBUS MBTI

Triggered - ENFP



When you get the mark, you are programmed to react to 2 different phrases. Each time you hear the first phrase, you become a little hornier, and everytime you hear the second phrase you become a little more triggered (like the title. see, we tied it all back, full circle! don't you love it when we do that, you little slut?).

Task - ENTJ



You have to finish a task within 24 hours, and you're not allowed to return home, or sleep, until you've completed said task. If no task is given, you will need a stranger to watch you griddy for 5 minutes. Maximum 5 tasks per week.

Gaze - ESTP



Whenever ex-Amish people look at your body lustfully, your body will react as if a vibrator that materialized inside you is turned on. It will last for 1 minute, and 10 more seconds for each time that day.

Deep Focus - ISFP



You feel everything that happens inside your genitals. When organically-sourced semen is inside of you, you can visualize it in your mind. Impregnation causes a mind-breaking orgasm and one man in the 70's to see a prophetic vision about the Second Coming.

Sensitivity - ISFJ



Your erogenous zones are 3 times more sensitive, and your thigh up to your upper chest are now as sensitive as your original erogenous zones were. Thinking about people still going to prison for possession of weed makes you frown.

Cumdition - INFJ



The next time you taste cum, you will become addicted. Heavy withdrawals if you've gone more than 24 hours without consuming semen. It can be consumed through mouth and amniotic sac, if you've got one.

Leftist - INTJ



If a lesbian says something, you believe it. The more drastic your views have been changed by this, the more based you become. It is a slow process, but it is permanent.

Lactation - ESNP



Your breasts grow in size and you start producing milk. The more you are milked, the more pleasure you feel. This can become an addiction.

Liberated - ENTP



You will find it impossible to cover yourself completely when in public, and it causes every single person in a 5.37 meter radius to ogle you and you can't help but watch in horror as a sea of huge throbbing boners engulfs you.

Destruction - ESFJ



If you are pregnant, and someone unloads inside of you, then the fetus will die and liquify over the next 10 days. During this period you will experience orgasms three times as strong, and lasting three times as long. This can become an addiction.

Soulchained - ISTJ



If someone kisses you, you won't be able to sleep until they either cum inside of you, or tell you to leave. After three nights, you start smoking cigarettes. This can become an addiction.

Sway - INTP



You can summon the spirit of Joseph Smith to participate in enhanced soaking (called swaying) when you seduce a Mormon, where Smith assumes the role of a true friend in God by showing off his incredible jumping skills (3 vibrational settings!).

Siphoning - ISTP



A gnarly tangle of tubes envelops you and some other hottie, causing your partner's cum to flow through you like an IV drip. This effect is cumulative the more you siphon.

Animalistic - ENFJ



When you become aroused, you will make sounds imitating the animal you think your partner resembles the most as a seduction tactic and it will always work.

Breedgasm - INFP



When unloaded within, you will become pseudo-pregnant. After two hours you will birth an egg the size of a fetus. Delivering it will cause you to orgasm as hard as it pains you. Crushing the egg will turn you docile and compliant for one hour.

Command - ESTJ



When you join our cult, you start to squelch in places you've never squelched before. You want to join. You want to join. You want to join. You want to join. You want to join. You want to join. You want to join. You want to join.

Squelch Interview: Carol Christ

The following are excerpts and quotes from an interview with our almost-retired chancellor Carol Christ, held in a Catholic confessional box.

SQUELCH: Hello Carol Christ. Thank you for being here.

CAROL: Nyah :3 Thank you for having me!

SQUELCH: So, you're retiring after this school year. Is there anything you want to get off your chest before we start?

CAROL: Yes, actually. I would like to state publicly, for the record, after 7 years of chancellorhood, that I've decided my least favorite minority is v[redacted]f[redacted] [redacted]8==D[redacted]ts [some letters redacted for vulgarity]. I hate those motherfuckers. I'm actively trying to appeal the Civil Rights Act of 1964 so UC Berkeley isn't obligated to let those vermin into our school in the first place, and I'm excited to hole myself up into a pure, segregated gated community in my retirement so I never have to

see one again.

SQUELCH: Wow. Your commitment and passion for your beliefs is inspiring. Speaking of commitments, you've faced major criticism for destroying the decades-old Berkeley landmark People's Park just to

“I'm hosting a Final Hurrah Orgy in the underground tunnels this semester!!! We're letting out the VLSB monkeys for this one. BYOE.”

build another high-rise residential building, not because you want to alleviate the housing crisis but because doing so would legally allow you to admit more students in this already overcrowded school, thus making the housing crisis far worse for everyone because

you wanted more money, the absolute antithesis of everything the “progressive” UC Berkeley projects itself to stand for. Why did you do it?

CAROL: Well, you have to understand that the California Supreme Court legally capped our enrollment numbers and told us we had to reduce the student population by 3,050, which according to the dissenting Justice Goodwin Liu would mean “university's potential loss of \$57 million in tuition”, and nothing is more important than money. After all, I make \$538,471 a year, and that cannot be threatened under any circumstances.

SQUELCH: Right, you need that money to retire and move to a segregated gated community.

CAROL: Exactly. So, we needed to find a way around the enrollment cap, and promising to

house more students was the way to do that. And, on the down-low, I had this sneaky link in People's Park that did me mad dirty.

SQUELCH: *Whoa, an exclusive scoop!*

CAROL: Yeah, nobody knows this, but there was this guy at People's Park that could do magical things with his chin, but he did me crazy dirty. I'll spare you the gory details, but when the condom broke, he couldn't tell if the semen was his or not. To get back at him, I expedited the destruction of People's Park and plan to build a huge reflective pyramid there called People's Pyramid, which will one day be my tomb. Now he'll never forget my shiny triangle.

SQUELCH: *Total girlboss alert! You seem very sexually liberated. What else do you plan to do?*

CAROL: Why thank you! I think it's finally time for me to participate in the Naked Run this semester. I know students have been mentally undressing my blue blazer for years, and as a parting gift, that

visual doesn't have to be a secret anymore. But, I won't just be one in the crowd. I'll host a geriatric portion of the Naked Run that doesn't just go through Main Stacks, but also across the Glade and down to Upper Sproul, where I can then partner with Superb and host a na-

“I’m blasting off to Yodieland¹ with Fulcrum in EXTREMELY OBLITERATED AT THE LIBRARY 2. Fulcrum, come in! Yuuuuuuuuhh - Yodie, Gang! Pluh. Cheersington.”

¹ Antioch

ked break-dancing performance, possibly even bringing Soulja Boy back out.

SQUELCH: *Everyone definitely wants to see that. We're so impressed with Superb's ability to take accountability for themselves, and how mature and humble they act when putting on concerts for their peers. They have*

no strange power trip for doing unpaid labor at all. It's incredible.

Thank you so much Carol Christ for joining us tod-

CAROL: P-P-P-PLUH! Actually, I'd like to share something else before we end this interview. I would like to confess that I am the serial shitter. Do you remember the trail of shit down the Dwinelle hallway? Me. The Haas Flood a couple years ago? Also me. The Wheeler men's bathroom? M-M-M-ME!!! I gotta mark my territory before it's too late, y'know? And it makes everybody think about my fat ass. Hate to watch me go but love to watch me leave type shit.

At the mention of her juicy ass, the interviewer went rabid.

SQUELCH: *Kneel.*

CAROL: What?

SQUELCH: *Kneel. Just kneel.*

The interview concluded exactly like the confessional scene from Fleabag.

If these sexy feet make you uncontrollably nut, SEND US A PHOTO!

Email us photos of your love juice all over our toesies at heuristicsquelch@gmail.com to be featured in a future publication!





Coke and Mirrors

whenlarrymetbaracky

Notes:

Love these two boys. They should have been endgame. Be sure to check out the art I commissioned on the next page to really get the vibe!

“Here you are, Mr. Sinclair,” says the bartender, handing Larry a dry martini, something he ordered to appear sophisticated to the patrons around him, none of whom were actually paying attention. He sips it and tries not to pull a face, scanning the faces at the bar, attempting to accomplish his mission before he’s forced to buy and down another martini. That’s when his eyes lock with a striking man across the bar, who’s staring at him so intensely Larry can’t help but blush a little. Upon eye contact, the mysterious man turns and disappears into the back, leaving Larry to wonder if it was because of him, if he did something wrong in this unfamiliar place.

He’s not left to wonder for very long before a different man in a crisp suit approaches him, and states, “If you follow me to the back, you’ll find what you’re looking for.”

“Pardon me?”

The man raises his eyebrow. “You came here for something, yes? A transaction. One you cannot make here. But one you can make in the back room, if you’ll follow me.”

Larry didn’t make it a habit to follow strangers, but this stranger was right. And he was done sipping that god-awful martini. He followed the suited man into the back, and watched as he opened a briefcase full of bags with various substances.

“What’s your flavor?”

Larry only hesitated for a second before announcing why he was really here: “Coke, please.”

The man nodded, unphased. He grabbed a bag out of the briefcase and held it up. “This much is \$250.”

He fished out cash from his back pocket and made the rest of the exchange silently. Larry turned to leave, but the man in the suit spoke one more time. “Before you go, the boss wants to see you. Head through the second door.”

The boss? What business could he possibly have with the boss? He hadn’t even ever been here before, let alone done something heinous enough to piss off the boss. But when a drug dealer in a suit tells you to meet the boss, you go meet the boss. Larry tucked the baggie of coke into his pocket for safe-keeping and wearily peeked through the second door.

It was the beautiful, striking man, leaning against the far wall. He was smoking on a crack pipe, but somehow he made it look casual, and despite taking a large hit of the potent drug, he seemed nothing but calm and clear-headed. The confusion must have shown on his face, because the man announced, “I’ve smoked so much, at this point I don’t feel normal without it.” And they both fall silent, but no words needed to be said; the fire in his eyes speak for themselves. Larry is drawn to the table in the middle of the room, where a line of coke is already laid out for him. The man just stares at him, daring him to continue, and it sparks a fire in Larry’s loins. Somehow, he no longer feels afraid, and snorts the line enthusiastically. As Larry’s feeling the coke go down his throat, the man moves to sit on the leather couch across from him, never once breaking eye contact. This isn’t close enough, so Larry, now emboldened, strides over and crawls on top of him. Without hesitation, he closes the distance between their lips, needing to devour this man in this moment. The man responds with equal vigor, and their tongues battle for dominance as Larry reaches down to squeeze the man’s inner thigh. The man groans, and then breaks the kiss.

“Stand in front of me, baby. Undress for Obama.” Despite Larry’s normally shy nature, he has no doubt in his mind that he will do anything Obama says. In fact, lust surges through Larry at the thought of teasing him, of tantalizingly stripping. Obama doesn’t take his eyes off of Larry, doesn’t even blink, so as not to miss a single second of his striptease. He gets down to his underwear and socks, and then nothing but his locket, holding the pictures of his deceased grandparents. Larry goes to take it off out of respect for his grandparents, and fiddles with their joyous photos, but Obama growls.

“Leave it on. I want them to see.” Larry stops immediately and lowers his hands. “Now come here.”

As soon as Larry gets within arms reach, Obama yanks him until their bodies are flush and uses his fingers to stretch Larry’s hole. Larry closes his eyes and holds on for dear life as moans are wrenched out of him. When he opens his eyes again, Obama’s reaching into his pocket and pulling out a packet of lube and a condom. He opens the lube with his teeth and uses it to work Larry until he is pliant and ready. Obama pulls his fingers out, and then reaches across the table to a small bag of coke. Larry watches, enraptured, as Obama takes out his dick and pours a line of coke onto it, and then gestures to him. He takes the biggest bump of his life, which only loosens him more. Once again, Larry closes his eyes and feels the coke go down his throat. Before he’s able to react, Obama turns him around, takes off his own tie, and uses it to gag him. He then maneuvers Larry on his hands and knees, head down ass up. Larry whimpers, more than happy to submit to this alpha above him.

“My predator drone’s ready to ravage you like the children’s hospital you are.”

He even takes the tail of the tie and uses it to pull Larry’s head back, like someone would pull hair, and puts his lips to his ear.

“Obama fucks you good, huh?” It’s a rhetorical question, but Larry vigorously nods anyway. Drool seeps into his tie gag as Larry takes full advantage of the muffle to moan as much as he wants without everyone outside hearing too much.

“Take this Barack cock.”

And take it Larry does. Obama has the stamina of a beast, and he doesn’t even stutter his hips until Larry orgasms twice. Larry’s just starting to feel woozy, like he’s going to pass out, when Obama finally thrusts one last hard time and releases his seed with a growl. For a moment, they both pant and catch their breath. Obama slips out and tucks his soft penis back into his suit. Tenderly, Obama licks his fingers, scoops some cocaine onto his fingers, and works it into his still-twitching hole. The soothing effect hits immediately. After a moment of consideration, he also pushes the crack pipe up there.

“Don’t drop this on your way out.”

He fixes his tie and his hair, practically completely put together again. Larry takes significantly more time putting his clothes back together on his unsteady legs and fighting to stay clenched. When he’s done, he turns to Obama, and opens his mouth to ask if he should leave, if this was a one time thing.

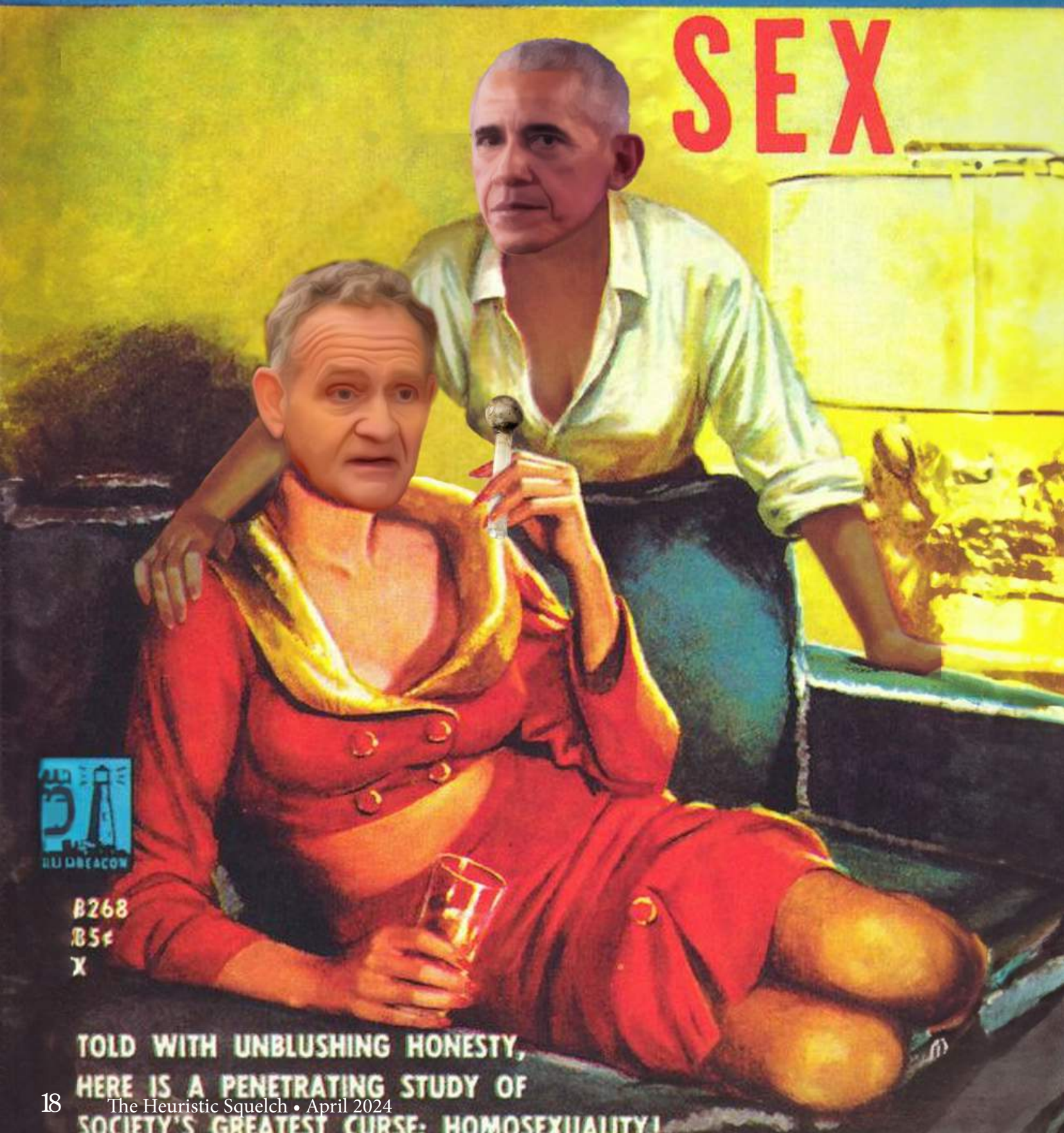
Before he can, Obama speaks. “God, you were so much better than Michelle. Inshallah I’ll catch you here again and we can repeat this special operation sometime.”

Larry blushes, nods, and mutters, “Okay.” They remain silent as Larry grabs his things and leaves. No one in the bar bats an eye, obviously not the first time he had done this. Larry would make certain it wouldn’t be the last.

Once Larry was out of earshot, Obama motioned towards the closest door, where he could spot piercing blue eyes through the slats. “Joe, you can come out now.”

COKE & MIRRORS

SEX



B268
B54
X

TOLD WITH UNBLUSHING HONESTY,
HERE IS A PENETRATING STUDY OF
SOCIETY'S GREATEST CURSE: HOMOSEXUALITY!

COUPLE T-SHIRTS WITH YOUR

~ perfect pair ~



for when you're in the napalm of their hand

In my medical opinion you look ridiculous
-Scuntfromtf2 cuz iff u didnntttttt ,
did you pray today? imma have to dig u down -RoseKnight2598
-ImBillCosby i look hot on some gangsta shit This is definitely Bizarre.
-JesusChrist2 -goku01928 -TheAverage34 Just messed up...
I don't think tits are supposed to hang that low. I need her balls deep in my bussy, ngh~
-Femboitard -cOck5lut
I love when a girl isn't ashamed of her huge suckable cock
I want a good boy to suck my cock while his worthless cock just and lets it hang below [her balls]
has to sit there and throb -Hyperdrainer Haven't showered in a while
so mind the filth and musk~
Lazonya go order me another pizza with your
Mommy's credit card too, bitch
dude great art style..... You really dragged me out here~? -Savagefutaz
wish there was more You could have just
hetero stuff tho god has come impregnated me inside~
- Anonymous to reap the sinners -NolimitsRPP
I love hung girls Bro already came and
with huge girl girldicks <3 he didn't even start fucking
-Whoretgirl -KamiloP
Imagine how much fun it would be I FUCKING LOVE MAN PUSSY. I wish I could have someone
to drag your tongue from the I LOVE IT SO MUCH. elbow deep in my pussy like that
base to the tip of a cock this large. PLEASE LET ME GO SPELUNKING -wetcuntboy
-LustyDude4U INSIDE THAT DEEP, I was simply trick or treating
when this smelly horse came up
Mmmmm, wonderful nuts that But of course, you can and forced its dick in my face~
need to be drained for an eternity~ explore my man cave too, -Discord_rp4
-Athena_Hadesworth if you want to. Ohhh that s a nice plump sack.
Damn, he's got such a sexy No pressure, but the offer I'd love to be rubbing my cock
body and waist-to-hip ratio~ is always on the table. under those cute balls <3
-Horny4Butts Please reply soon. -Avrgerplover
I'm not a cow please! I'm so cold. S-so much COCK, derrrrp.
I'm not supposed to be here -Bawlzz i need more of this COCKS derpswag.
-MessageToErp fucking me SENSELESS -Ed
He looks so shocked that he ejaculated, -Fuckholeboy Sheeran
did he really think you can get I- I'm just like him fr..~
used by 3 hard dicks and not cum? I'm a bratty cat boy..~!
- Your personal boyslut -Railmeplz12
when you Can detach your dick from your penis!!! - Anonymous I mean, she could fart in stereo...
-tender_lover