





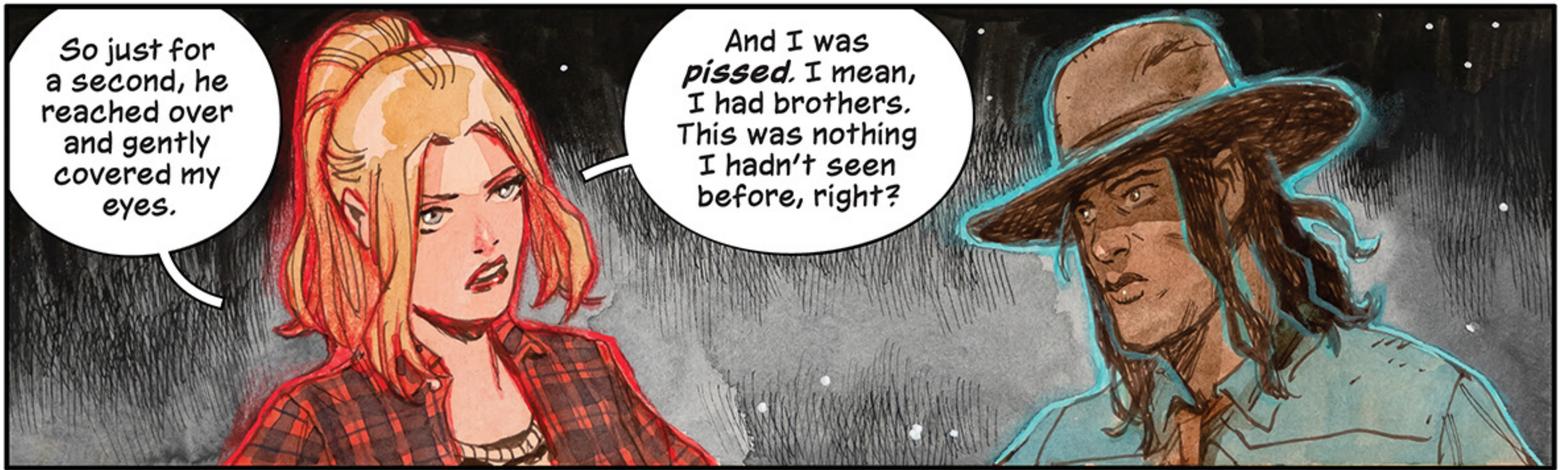
I can still remember the smell of his hand.



...

My father's.

I guess he didn't mind Arnold's bare ass, but dad forgot that there's a brief, shadowy moment where you can kind of make out what looks like a floppy Austrian cock.



So just for a second, he reached over and gently covered my eyes.

And I was *pissed*. I mean, I had brothers. This was nothing I hadn't seen before, right?



Then he took his hand away.



