

DRUMMER DADDIES 3

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*In Search of
OLDER MEN*

THE DRUMMER DADDIES PHENOMENON GROWS WITH
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DRUMMER DADDIES

In Search of OLDER MEN

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In Search of OLDER MEN

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DRUMMER DADDIES 3

In Search of OLDER MEN

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IN SEARCH OF OLDER MEN

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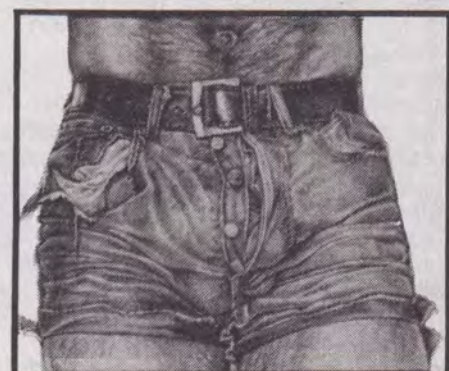
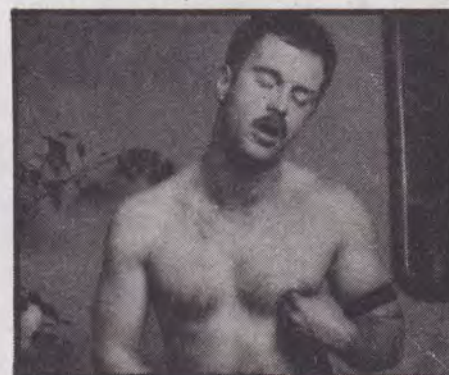
DRUM & HIS DAD by Bill Ward

Last time we showed how the most famous leatherman in two dimensions found his long-lost father. Their adventures continue...

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THE LAST WORD

It all ends on a lighter note—until the heavy stuff comes round again next time!



Cover photo: Robert Pruzan. Opposite page: Henry Dryovage.

IN SEARCH OF OLDER MEN



DRUMMER'S DADDIES

Presenting: More true-life case histories direct from Drummer Daddies and Sons—proof positive that fact is often more startling (and stimulating) than fiction. If you've got a Daddy/son story to tell, and you want to join the scores of readers who've shared their secrets in these pages, put it on paper and sent it to Drummer Daddies, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107. You'll get a rise when you see it in print—and so will a lot of others!

DADDY MASTER

I received *Drummer 75* and saw the letter, "Where Are the Daddies?"—I agree with you that it is up to the readers to keep the Daddy and Son series going.

So this very fortunate Daddy will tell you of his wonderful affair with his two sons, who are also his slaves and lovers to this day.

My wife walked out on me and the boys ten years ago. She couldn't never satisfy me sexually anyway, and now I don't think any of us regret her leaving, because of the great relationship we have. We are so close and love each other very much, even though it is a SM relationship.

I was always exceptionally hung in the meat department and was very proud of it—this was my wife's biggest problem, my big cock. I like showing it off in tight jeans, cut-offs and bikini swimwear and underwear. We had a swimming pool in our yard, so I could wear a bikini often, even around the house. So did the boys.

I was aware of my boys' interest in my crotch even when they were younger, but their interest grew after their mom left. I would have to admit that my interest in them also grew, especially in those small firm asses.

I would catch them watching me, especially my crotch. Once I realized how interested they were, I started to do things to make them more interested, and would tease them by getting a hard-on in those tight bikinis, allowing the head of my cock to work out of the swimsuit at the waist line.

After several months of this, I knew I had them both ready to do

whatever I wanted. But I had to make sure it wasn't just my imagination, so I continued to tease and torment them, which was certainly working in my favor. Then, one day, my teasing was too much—they left the pool area for their room. They didn't know I followed.

They left the door open a little, and I was able to see both of them on their beds, jacking off and talking about me and my enormous meat, and how they planned on getting a taste of it some day. It took every bit of strength I had to keep from attacking them, but I didn't. I went to my room and jacked myself off and fell asleep.

I thought I was in a dream or a fantasy. I felt this very warm moist feeling on my cock and balls, then each of my tits were being sucked. By this time, I had a roaring hard-on, and could feel two tongues stoking up and down either side of my big hard cock.

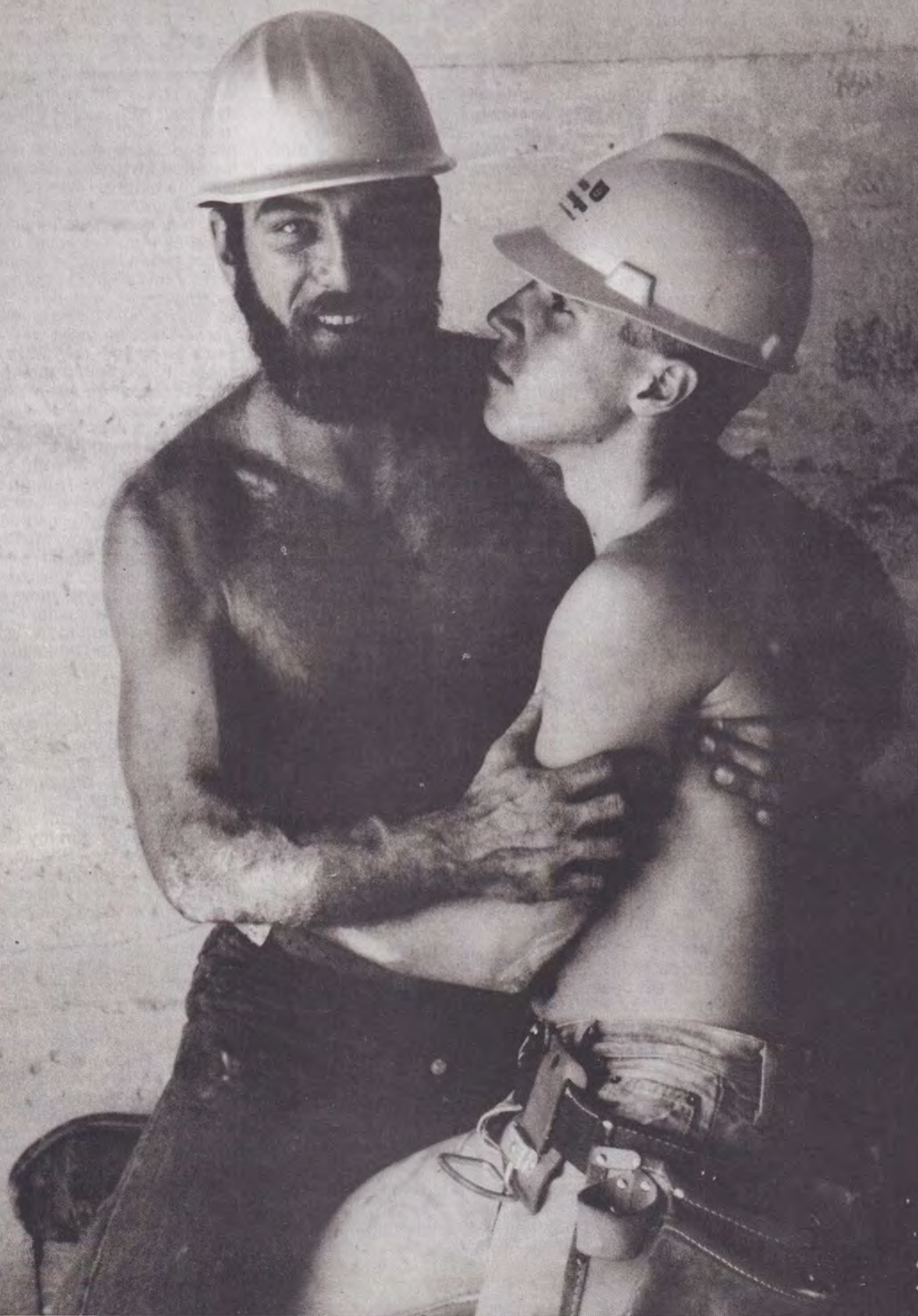
Again, I thought it was a dream—but the throbbing in my cock was real! I opened my eyes. There were my boys working my hard meat over with their mouths, both of them getting a taste of what they'd been drooling over for so long. It felt so great that I didn't do anything at first, I just laid there and enjoyed the attention they were giving me between the legs.

Then something snapped inside me, and I was suddenly very angry with them and with myself. Had I turned my boys into queer cocksuckers? I shoved them roughly away, shouting at them, calling them "queers" and "fag-gots" and "cocksucking perverts."

I grabbed my leather belt and worked over their asses and backs, popping the belt against their balls and cocks. They cringed on the floor, whimpering and begging me to stop, but they seemed to love the rough way I was treating them—their hard cocks proved that. Then I noticed how hard my own cock was after beating them, bigger and harder than I had ever seen it before. And there was something else I had never seen—the boys had slipped a cockring onto me while I'd been asleep. It made the meat swell even bigger and made the veins stand out all around the shaft.

They were staring at my cock too, and then they went for it, crawling up to me and trying to press their mouths against my cock and balls, kissing and licking. I slapped them away, but no matter how hard or how much I hit them, they wouldn't keep away from my meat. They were like two starved, cringing dogs who were going to have their mouths on my cock no matter what. They started calling me Daddy, then Master, and that just added to the great feeling in my cock—every time they said the word Master I could feel it throbbing. It was like my cock had a name of its own. My cock was their master, and they had to worship it.

I finally began to let them kiss and lick it, and then let them suck on it, one at a time, while the other boy moved around and kissed and licked my asshole. After a while, I threw them over the bed and spanked their asses until they were bright red, then I fucked them both, going back and forth between them. I pulled out



and walked to the other side of the bed so I could use their mouths again, then I got an idea. I made one of them turn around, so that there was a face and an ass at each side of the bed. That way I could fuck one of the boys' mouths, then pull out and fuck his brother's ass, and go back and forth between them, using all four holes to make my big cock feel good.

All the time I kept hitting them with the belt, and they kept begging for it while I called them slutboys and pussyboys. Finally I made them kneel on the bed with their hands behind their backs. For the first time I noticed that they were as fortunate as their Daddy in the meat department, and that they were both wearing cockrings that made their meat as swollen and red as their asses. While I was whipping their hard cocks with my belt and calling them names, they both came all over the bed. I made them lick up each other's cum off the sheets, and then finally came myself, shooting on their faces.

I was their Master from that night on, and they were my slaves. Like I said, I know I am fortunate to have two slaves who worship every inch of my body and every inch of my big cock. Those boys have certainly learned how to take care of their Daddy, and I hope it continues for many more years to come.

OM
Utica, MI

DADDY'S DOG

I never intended to share my story with anyone, but it is something that I've been commanded to do and I have no choice.

Up to 1½ years ago, I was a very happy son to a wonderful Daddy. He's a big, strong, handsome man who had taken me as his son about 4 years ago. He was very good to me and took care of all of my needs and wants. Throughout all that period of time, I was permitted a great deal of freedom. Though my Daddy was very strict and stern, I knew that he never disciplined me unless I had it coming. He was capable of the deepest love and, unlike many Daddies, it wasn't below his dignity to such my cock or to have me fuck him. I spent so many hours in his loving arms, our bodies entwined together, as he shared his love for me and kissed me passionately as he told me how much he loved me and was happy to have me as his son.

I did a very foolish thing. I don't know why I did it, but I did. One day I got the afternoon off from work and I met this guy and took him to our home. It had been a long time since I'd been with another man other than my Daddy. We were laying there naked together and making love on the bed that I shared with my Daddy when he walked in and found us. My Daddy was very angry and, after sending the other guy away, my Daddy whipped me and beat me something terrible. I tried to apologize and tell him that it was the first time ever and that it would never happen again, but it did no good. I think it even made him more angry. When he was finished with me, he called me all kinds of vile names and, because I could barely move, he carried me out to the garage and just dropped me in a corner and left me there.

I spent the next week or so there and tried to talk to my Daddy and beg him to talk to me and forgive me and love me. He would say nothing to me. Because I couldn't go to work, I lost my job also. I was really down and out.

One night after my Daddy was home for a while, he came out to me. He didn't ask me any questions. He just told me the way things were going to be if I wanted to stay. All of my clothes and belongings had been packed into boxes which he brought out into the garage. While I'd been staying out there, each morning and night he'd bring me out a large bowl of dry cereal for me to eat. That night he brought out a dog bowl filled with dry dogfood.

"You have your choice," he told me. "Take your stuff and leave, or get it all up in the garage attic and out of sight forever. Be prepared to spend the rest of your life as my dog. You lost the privilege of being my son. I'll be back in an hour or so. Either you'll be here or be gone. If you're here, that dogfood had better be eaten."

With that he pulled out his cock and pissed all over the dogfood. He'd never made me drink piss. Piss-drinking was for dogs as far as he was concerned and I was his son.

Needless to say, I became his dog. I could not leave him. In the next few months I learned how to go outside and do my duty as a dog. I found out that I was to be bathed only once a month. A dog collar was fastened around my

neck and even when he was gone to work, I was left in the garage with a chain fastened to my collar. He ceased speaking to me as a human being and told me from the beginning that I was no longer to speak or talk in his presence at any time.

Worst of all was the fact that I was no longer to enjoy my Daddy's bed. At times he did permit to sleep on the rug at the side of his bed. Gone also was any of the love that my Daddy had shared with me before. I was not permitted to fuck him. He did not suck me. Yes, he fucked me and made me suck him. Any relief that I might have was to be found alone and by myself in the garage—jacking off and licking up my cum so there would be no trace of it. I learned that the hard way as he came home one day and saw some of my cum on the garage floor and beat me for making such a mess.

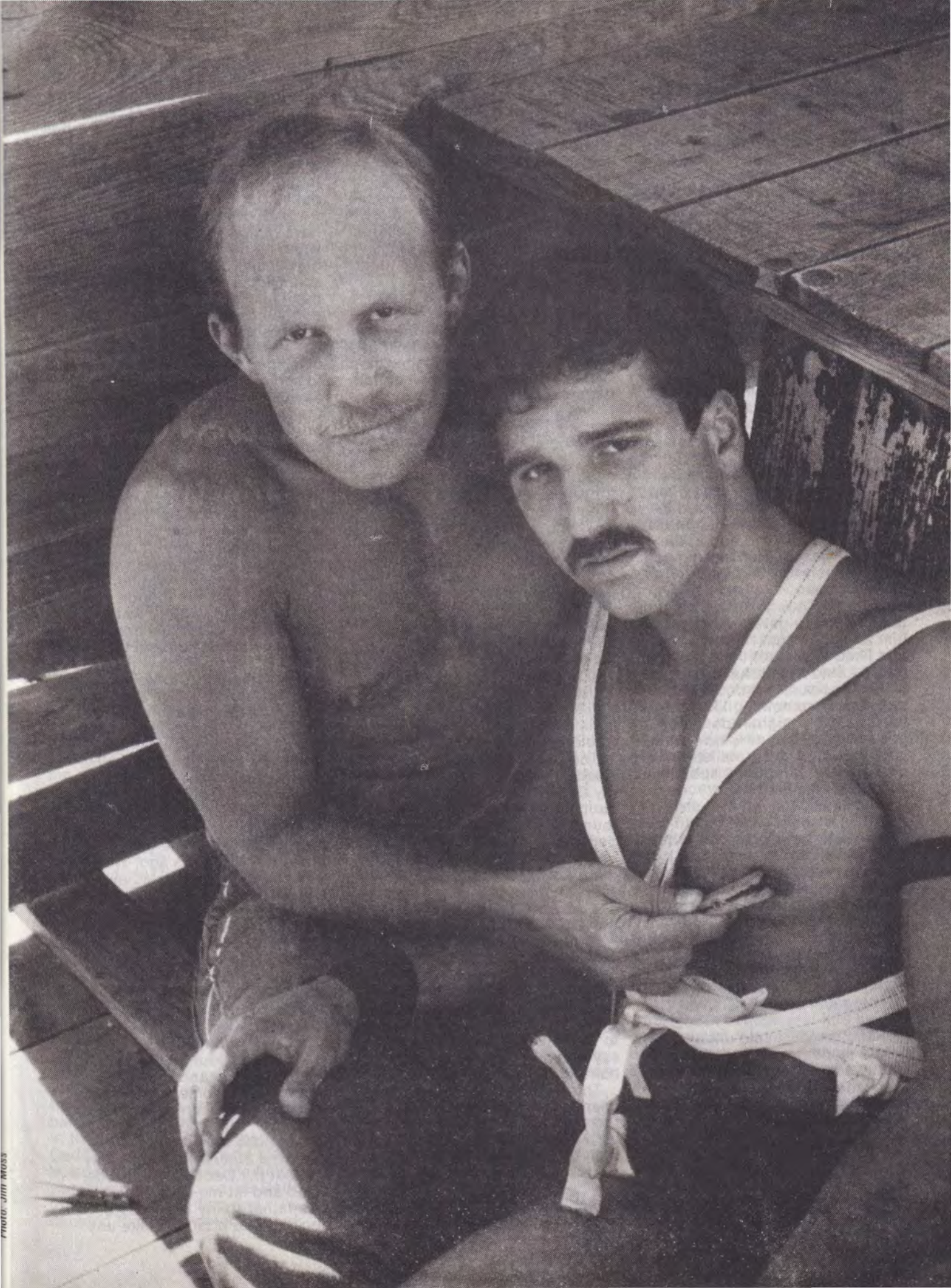
What hurt most of all was about a year ago when he took another son. Things are different between him and that son. Though my Daddy makes tender love to him and holds him entwined within his arms on the bed, my Daddy does not suck him or permit him to fuck him. Daddy's son can use my mouth or my ass anytime he wishes. Since he came, I no longer am permitted to receive my Daddy's cum. I'm still allowed to suck his cock at times, but never to completion. His cum belongs to his son.

Most nights now, I am permitted to sleep on the rug at the side of the bed and hear and see my Daddy and his son making love together and talking together. It hurts me a great deal, for I want so bad to be held in my Daddy's arms once again. Whether that will ever happen again is something that I do not know. I hurt so bad at times that I can hardly stand it.

I know my life is what I deserve for what I did, and I have no thoughts of ever leaving him. Maybe it will happen some day that he will forgive me and take me back to be his son. Until then, I remain his dog and am happy with whatever attention he chooses to give me.

I still think of him as my Daddy, but I am really his dog. My name is Lad. At least he considers me to be a good dog.

Lad
El Paso, TX



SLAVE MEETS SON

I eagerly look forward to the publication of *Drummer Daddies* 3 and, from the pictures of the sneak preview and the comments there in *Drummer* 73, know that it will be the best ever! The sneak preview photos really turned me on also because they showed the kind of Daddy/son relationship I have lived in over the past four years.

I'm a 50-year-old son who is very average for my age in terms of build, etc. Gone are the days of a really firm and tight build and gone are the days when I suppose I could attract other men by my looks. Let's face it, hair that is getting quite grey and balding isn't in demand by most. Though I'm hung quite average, the emphasis of today seems to be for those who are considerably above average.

You can imagine my surprise, then, some four years ago, when my Daddy simply announced to me one night that I was to be his son. He was 30 years old at the time and was a good-looking guy who I'd been together with on several occasions, always to my apartment. Though I'd always been happy to get together with him and knew that he was a top and liked to control the action, I guess I kind of felt that he went with me because he could find no one else or something like that for that particular night. I don't suppose he was then or is now what anyone would call a real stud, though he is hung a bit above average and quite thick.

I remember that night. I stared at him in disbelief and had all I could do to keep my mouth shut and not tell him to go to hell! It didn't seem to matter to him as he told me to quit my job, give up my apartment, move my things to his garage, and be ready to begin a new life. He owned a small hardware store and lived in an apartment or flat above it. He asked no questions. "One week from today!" is what he said! "Be there!"

"Fat chance!" I said under my breath as he left. I'd heard about Daddy/son relationships and, from what I'd heard, I wasn't interested. No man was going to whip my ass or control my total existence and, most definitely, no guy younger than me was going to do that! No! There was no way that I was going to show up at his place that next Friday night!

To make a long story short, I

quit my job that Friday night, but not to move to his place. I was clearing out—going to move to a larger city some distance away and hope to be able to find some better action there for a guy my age. I'd loaded the few things I had into my van (I lived in a furnished apartment) and was taking a shower to clean up before hitting the road when he came in. He'd told me to be at his place at 6 p.m. and it was about 8 p.m. at that point.

I'm not sure of all that happened at that point. We exchanged some words and I basically told him where to shove it. He's not that much bigger than I am, but before I knew what had happened, I was laying over his knees and he was giving me a spanking for what he called "your insolence." Hell! It was the first time I'd been spanked since I was about 12 or 13 years old and I'd forgotten what it was like. It hurt! It hurt like hell!

When he finished, he shoved me to the floor and my ass was really stinging. He grabbed up my clothes lying there and the towel there, threw them in the bag I'd kept for my dirty clothes when leaving, tucked it under his arm, and reached down to grab me by the ear and lead me naked and dripping wet out to my van. He shoved me inside and headed off to his place amidst my protestations that he couldn't do it and wouldn't get away with it.

The rest is history. I became my Daddy's son that night. I found my Daddy to be a very loving and caring man for his son, but I also found him to be a very strict and demanding Daddy who insists upon total obedience. It took me quite a while to adjust to it all. I spent the first few months bound and restrained whenever he was gone. Of course, I was always kept naked and that nakedness included the fact that my Daddy had shaved my otherwise hairy body. To this day it is up to my Daddy's feelings as to when I am permitted to have a hairy body or to be shaved. I guess it safe to say that most times I am kept hairless.

Things probably haven't changed all that much through the years now. The times that I wear clothes are very rare and then usually when we are on vacation and traveling or when my Daddy chooses to take me out someplace. I am no longer bound in any way except for those times

when my Daddy is disciplining me for my misbehavior or disobedience. I keep his place during the day and oftentimes in the evening my Daddy takes me downstairs to help him unpack things or to move things around in his shop. Even then I am kept naked.

My Daddy does not entertain or have guests in very often, but, when he does, I must remain his dutiful and obedient and naked son. He believes in the old adage that children should be seen and not heard when guests are present. His guests are free to make use of me in any way for their pleasure and satisfaction and I am to serve their wishes. Any hint of unwillingness to do so results in the fact that he punishes me in front of them and then I'm bound so that they can use me as they wish anyway and their use of me is usually far rougher and harder than it would have been otherwise. My punishment usually continues also after they leave, for Daddy will put me on a diet of dogfood for up to a week and he will refuse to let me service him in any way. I'm made to look upon his naked body and to watch him jack off and waste this precious cum by wiping it up and throwing it away.

I sometimes get to wondering what my life would be like had not my Daddy taken me as his son. It's hard to imagine. I still hate it when he spanks me or whips me, but I come to realize that he does the same out of love for me and because he wants me to be a good and obedient son.

I guess the worst thing that has ever happened to me took place about three months ago. When I was younger, I'd married and had a son. He was about 3 or 4 years old when we were divorced because I realized that I was gay and, though I'd seen him on a few occasions through the years, it was always hard. His mother had made no secret about my lifestyle and downgraded me because of it. How he ever found out where I was living or anything is something I never found out. He called out of the blue and told me that he wanted to come and see me and spend an evening visiting with me.

I suppose I shouldn't have expected otherwise, but I really felt that my Daddy would understand and let me spend that time as a father to my kid. No! He decided that it didn't make any

difference. My kid could come and visit with me, but I was to remain naked as always while he was there. My crying and begging and pleading resulted in several whippings.

I can't even begin to tell or write how it felt to stand there naked at the door, with a butt plug up my ass and a dog collar around my neck, and to greet a son I hadn't seen for several years. I was so embarrassed as he entered and we talked for a bit. My Daddy had left the room for a while, but that didn't make things any easier. When Daddy returned to the room, I about broke into tears as he said, "Hey, kid! If you want to make use of him, feel free to do so!" I couldn't believe that my Daddy could be so cruel!

I couldn't believe it, either, when my kid did just that. He was a handsome stud and really well built and hung. Make use of me he did for well into the night. He called me every name in the book and made me feel like the lowest form of life known. He let out a lot of anger and frustration on me that night, including the fact that he used a belt on my ass and pissed all over me and even in my mouth. He spoke harsh words of contempt for me.

When he left that night, I was hurt and angry and mad. I told my Daddy I wanted out. Of course, he did not permit that and went on to punish me worse than he had ever done to me before. When he was finished, he called me all kinds of names and told me that I was dumb and stupid.

"Don't you realize it, asshole," he said "that your son is also gay? He's angry because he wants his father. Maybe I should have told you that I've been in contact with him for quite a while now."

It was like a knife going through me. It's not that I was unhappy that he was gay. It's just that I didn't know and was so stupid to think that he was simply using me that night in punishment and retaliation for the divorce and not keeping contact with him. I did, however, thank my Daddy for what he had done.

What I didn't know until about two weeks ago is that my Daddy has offered my kid a partnership in the business. Seems that my Daddy is going to expand his business and wants some help. I was afraid at first because Daddy told me that he and my kid decided that they would kind of

get married—that they'd been seeing each other for almost two years now.

I was afraid that my Daddy would send me on my way. "Don't be foolish," he said. "You're my son. You're our son!" No, I don't know how it's all going to work out. It's going to be strange having my kid as one of my Daddies or whatever. I guess I can only hope that he'll be a better Daddy to me than I was to him.

My name is Ken and all you need to know is that I live in Iowa. Thanks for letting me share this with you.

Ken
Iowa

SEARCH FOR A SON

I've read stories of case histories in your magazine, and I'm not a writer, but I've enclosed a little part of my life that you can put into your next publication if you wish.

My Daddy never took me hunting, fishing, nor camping, none of that good stuff. He didn't go to ball games, in fact he hardly had nothing at all to do with me. He never told me about sex. I can remember only once did I ever hear him say "fuck" in front of me and none of the other words at all. He never hugged me, not so much as shook my hand. I had to learn what I know today by listening then trying to do it to myself.

Wanting a teenie-bopping SON is not child molesting! The SONS want it and need it to grow up the right way. Lord knows I wish I could have gotten some good training back then. I'm 40 now and I was married in 1964 and it lasted into 1965, long enough for a SON to be born. She was a virgin and went dick-crazy after that and left and took my SON. I ran out of patience and money trying to locate him without any luck, so today I'm still searching for that boyish type SON to fulfill that part of my life that is SO empty. 19 years is a long time to search for a SON, but Daddy's not giving up!

Jay
Alabama

A SON'S TORMENT

I've been a reader of *Drummer* for a long time and really miss the Drummer Daddies section in recent issues. I miss it because it is so much a part of my life. My Daddy and I have been together for 5 years as Daddy/son, though

our relationship really began a little over 3 years before that.

Daddy and I were assigned together as first-year roommates in college. We were as opposite as could be. Daddy's tall, well-built, good-looking and a real man in every sense of the word. I'm short, skinny, probably could be described as somewhat cute if you call a 27-year-old who looks like a 14-year-old, cute. Daddy has huge balls and a very thick and cut cock that is probably a little longer than average. My cock is below average in size (as is the rest of me) and is uncut with a rather long overhanging foreskin.

Our relationship basically began towards the end of our first year as roommates. My Daddy was real popular and had a lot of friends. He went out often. I, on the other hand, was very much a loner and spent most of my time in our dorm room. I guess I was always in awe of my Daddy even back then. He was everything I was not.

For quite some time, whenever he went out for the evening, I would lock the door, get naked, dig out my small collection of magazines, and would jack-off on my bed as my mind was filled with all kinds of fantasies. That night I picked up his jockstrap which he'd thrown on his bed as he changed to leave and I was sniffing at it also. Up to that point I'd never had sex with anyone but my own hand.

I was surprised when my Daddy came home early and walked in the door, finding me that way. I remember turning real red from embarrassment. My biggest surprise, though, was that he did not become angry. He stood there smiling a moment before he stripped. That night I licked and sucked my first set of cock and balls and had my first taste of cum. In the weeks that followed, my virgin asshole was taken by him also.

We continued to room together throughout college and had a good sexual relationship together. Most of it was one-sided, for my Daddy never permitted me to fuck him. He did, on occasion, suck me off. We spent most of the time in our room naked and I loved to lick and suck him and worship his body. We slept in the same bed together and my Daddy loved to hold me in his arms and make love to me. I slept many a night

Continued on page 70



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THE
HUN
1984

BLUE COLLAR DADDY

An Interview by Hot Talk Tapes

The Place: *Frankie D's, a blue-collar bar in the Polish Hill section of Pittsburgh.*

The Time: *Thursday afternoon. The place is nearly empty.*

The Subject: *Big, muscular, around 40. Short, dark hair with graying temples. A powerful jaw with a cover of stubble. Six feet tall, weighs 215. Hot. Tough. Every move reinforces his masculine authority. The kind of guy who takes what he wants, and doesn't take shit from anybody.*

We get a couple of beers and retire to a quiet booth in the back. Muted light. A pool game, dirty jokes, laughter in the background. George Straight on the juke box. The Man just got off work. Black T-shirt soaked with sweat, dirty jeans, black engineer boots. He wipes his brow with a greasy red bandana, takes a swig of his brew...

Q. What do you do in the mill?

A. Basically I work down in what they call the burner pits. It's all underground, and it's moving really heavy fucking levers that send all the fucking fire upstairs to do all the heating and that kind of stuff.

Q. What do you usually wear when you're at work at the mill?

A. I wear these big rubber aprons that cover my clothes, my boots, my jeans. It gets pretty hot down there. You could have an accident with all those flames moving around you, so it's kind of good to have the rubber on, and of course, goggles, some kind of headgear, heavy gloves. You sweat a lot down there.

Q. Tell me about some of these guys that you work with down at the mill.

A. Tell you about them, like what? What do you mean?

Q. Are most of them guys like you? Your age?

A. Yeah, we're a pretty tight group, you know? I guess some uptight fuckers from New York would call us rednecks and that's what we are. We're fucking proud of it.

Q. Do you go out drinking together after work?

A. Yeah, we put on some good blasts together. We all chip in twenty-five or something and find us a sweet little thing and all take her together.

Q. What do you usually do in your spare time? Like on a Friday night, what would you do?

A. Well, you know, I've been seeing this chick for a while and usually I go over to her place and have a few laughs, have a few beers, and get her to take care of what I want her to take care of. That's a pretty good Friday night. Sometimes I get out and I might go someplace else, look for something else, who knows. I got a couple of buddies, we go out drinking a lot, tear up a few faces, and have a few good times.

Q. Let me ask you a couple of more personal questions, okay?

A. Yeah, sure.

Q. Can you take it?

A. Probably can.

Q. How big is your dick?

A. Hey, you're starting with The Question right away. Well, I got this big fat beer-can dick, you know? It's about six inches around when it's full out and hot,

gets to eight, eight and a half inches long.

Q. Cut or uncut?

A. It's got a nice foreskin on it.

Q. You try and keep it pretty clean?

A. Whether you try to or not, sometimes you see a nice piece of twat walking down the street, and it starts to goose out a little cheese and then it ain't clean no more. So what can you do, right?

Q. You like drugs? Any kind of drugs?

A. Sometimes. I'm a heavy beer drinker. I like to drink beer a lot. But I like some reefer now and again. And I'm not one not to pop a pill if I know what it is and it's handed to me by something hot on the other end.

Q. What kind of sex turns you on?

A. I like chicks a lot, but every now and then I get a hankering to find myself a piece of young little boy chicken and have myself a good time with it, you know?

Q. How old were you the first time you ever had sex?

A. The first time I ever had sex was my buddy and I went downtown in Des Moines and found ourselves a nice black whore, man, and plugged her together. We had a real good time with her. Guess I must have been about sixteen.

Q. Did you fuck her while your buddy was watching?

A. Yeah, we both fucked her. I was watching him do it and he was watching me do it. At one point we even had one of us up her cunt and one of us up her tail, looking straight at each other in the fucking eyes.

Q. Tell me a little bit about your father. You had two brothers, right?

A. My old man was a fucking drunk, you know? He got all fucked up fighting overseas and came back and collected off of Vet his whole fucking life, he just sat home drinking. My old lady was a fucking nurse. She was off most nights. He'd be sitting on that fucking couch in front of that television and have his brew in his hand, and he'd just get drunk and angry.

Q. Angry? Did your father ever spank you?

A. Spank me, man? My old man used to take off his fucking strap and beat me 'til my fucking butt

was red, man. And I mean purple red.

Q. Did he pull down your pants when he whipped you?

A. He'd make me stand up in front of him, have me turn around and slide my pants down and then assume the position, and hold on to my ankles and then he'd start smacking, man.

Q. What did he hit you with?

A. Usually his strap. He had a big old belt, it had a big fucking hot brass buckle on it, and sometimes he'd hold on to that buckle and smack us with the other end, and then there were those times when he'd get crazy enough and he'd be holding onto the leather and swinging that fucking brass right on our fucking hides, man.

Q. You and your brother?

A. Yeah.

Q. He'd whip all of you at the same time?

A. Yeah. If he got real angry he'd have us stand up in a line and take us, one, two, three, and then go back to the other, one, two, three. Then when it was all over he'd take himself a brew and just head outside. Fucking one night I happened to stay behind him, he was so fucking drunk. And there he is, fucking jacking off in the bushes. Got a big old hard-on just strapping me and my fucking kid brothers. You believe that, man?

Q. What was he wearing when he was jacking off in the bushes?

A. Just his fucking boxing shorts. He had his dick hanging out through the piss hole and there he was, stroking it up, spitting on it.

Q. Is that the only time you saw your father jack off?

A. Yeah, that's the only time, man, but it sure left a fucking impression in my head. My old man was a fucking queer, that's what he was, you know?

Q. So your father believed in a lot of authority?

A. Yeah, I guess he did. As I say, he'd get drunk and start smacking, telling us we were all fuck-ups, telling us we were just going to end up being fucking low-lifes. And then he'd start smacking us with that strap.

Q. Did it do you any good?

A. I guess, in truth, you know, seeing him get his big old hard-on and taking it out on young hide, guess I do kind of take after

him, 'cause now and again I get off on that myself.

Q. Oh, yeah?

A. Yeah. Like every now and again when I'm leaving my chick's house about three, four in the morning, I'll head down to one of those strips out on the edge of town, where all those little boys are hanging out, and maybe have a piece of reefer in my pocket, and the next thing you know, you got a little kid working for you.

Q. What kind of guys do you like for that kind of action?

A. The younger the better. Nice smooth fucking bodies, not a bit of fucking hair on them, maybe a little around the pecker but not much on the chest and not much on the buns. Get the little kid high and start smacking him around, and the next thing you know, he's got a big boner up his asshole.

There was this guy down at the mill, couldn't have been more than eighteen years old. New delivery guy. He's the guy that brings down all the orders from up on the hill and takes back everything processed before it gets to any of the men downstairs. I happened to be on a fucking break, I was stopped having a smoke, and so he's looking at me real hard, and I turn to my buddy when he went in the office and I said, who's the kid? And my buddy, I let him share a couple of happy times with me, if you know what I mean, and he said he didn't know him but it looked kind of good to him.

Q. What did the kid look like?

A. I guess he was about five six, 120 pounds, real nice tight muscular body, but not a man, you know? Probably hadn't even started shaving yet. Little peach fuzz over his lip. Pretty blond hair. Real pretty blond hair.

Anyway, I said to my buddy, you know, maybe it's the fucking sun, but shit, I could swear that kid was checking out my basket as he walked in that office. So he says, let's see what happens when he comes back out. And sure enough the door opens and he walks out. He could have gone straight ahead. Instead he walked over to the cigarette machine there where my buddy and I were leaning and I'm saying to myself, that kid's too young to be smoking. He's hardly got any peach fuzz over his lip, like I told you.

So I seen him slip out the coins and there he is, bending down for those cigarettes and knee-high with me, he's checking it out, I know he's checking it out. And I sort of look down at him and smile and I said, Quite a view, hey, kid? He just shook his head and I said, Got a piece of paper on you? So I gave him my phone number and I said, You give me a call on the weekend.

So the kid sure enough gives me a call, comes over, and I start talking to him. I said, you know, you're looking at my fucking basket, kid, and he sort of shook his head and I said, You know what happens to a kid when he looks at a man's basket? And he said he didn't know. I said, You take off your pants and I'll show you what happens to a kid who looks at a man's basket.

And those fucking pants came down and those pretty little buns, looking almost like a little girl's set of buns, not a fucking hair on them. I told him to bend over, he said what was I going to do to him? I said, Bend over.

He didn't say another word, he bent over. So I said, one more time I catch you checking out my basket. He didn't say anything, he just shook his head. That's when I fucking took my hand, took it far back and spanked him right on the fucking butt. He just looked at me and he asked me why I fucking did that to him. I told him I did it to him 'cause I wanted to do it to him. Also, 'cause he fucking needed it. I said, Didn't your old man ever do that to you? He shook his head, no. I said, That's probably why you're looking at a guy's basket, 'cause he didn't spank you hard enough. He didn't say anything. I said, What does your fucking old man do? Is he a hairdresser? He just shook his head. I said, What does your fucking old man do?

You know what his fucking old man did? He owns the fucking mill, man. He's my fucking boss!

Q. So did you fuck the kid?

A. Shit, I fucked him all night, smacked him around a lot, had him licking me all over. He's a good asslicker. Yeah, he was a real good asslicker.

Q. Was your ass dirty or clean when he was licking it?

A. It was probably a bit dirty if nothing else. Good old sweat

rolling down there, you know? Fucking like that and all that.

Q. He got into that, right?

A. Yeah, he got his tongue right up there.

Q. Did he lick out your pits too?

A. Yeah, he licked out my armpits. I had him sucking on my feet, drinking piss right out of my dick. He had a good old time, that kid.

Q. But you've also got a young guy that gives you regular service, don't you, the one you were talking about when we were setting up this interview? What about him?

A. Johnny's very special. It's like he really is my son.

Q. How old is he?

A. He'll be 20 in November.

Q. How did you meet him?

A. It's funny. I got to know him real well before I ever met him. A friend of mine met him and told him to call me. He was confused. He didn't have any direction in life.

His father kicked him out of the house when he was 17. He joined the Navy. They discharged him for drugs. Then he tried electrical engineering. He hated that. He kept getting mixed up in those strange religions—the ones that guarantee you peace of mind if you follow their rules.

Q. So first you just talked on the phone?

A. Yeah, he really poured out his fucking guts, man. All his fears. All his failures. Everything he was ashamed of. Everything he needed.

Q. What happened?

A. He was living down in Scranton. I told him to come up for a visit. He was real scared. He showed up about one in the morning. One look at each other and we both knew this was it. So he moved up here. He got a job driving a beer delivery truck and he's making good money.

Q. So you reformed him?


A. (Laughs) Not quite. You know what we did last Saturday night? We got a little high and drove around in my van slashing cars.

It was real hot, man. Both of us stoned, slashing tires, cutting camper screens, shit like that, all the time, jerking off and pissing on the car.

Q. That stuff on the tapes—that's pretty raunchy stuff. You really get into things like that?

A. (Laughs) I guess so. We sure weren't acting. □

LEATHER DADDIES and their BOYS



We all know where the Daddy Phenomenon started—in the pages of *Drummer* magazine, when a handful of published first-person

accounts brought in more stories from readers, then more, until there was an avalanche of true-life tales about Daddies and their boys. Though they

ranged from shocking to sentimental, from memories of real fathers and sons to encounters with new-found Daddies, all those stories had one thing in

Below: The line-up for the 1984 Leather Daddy contest in San Francisco. Winner Christian Heran stands second from left; second runner-up Joe Rescignano stands to his left (the Daddy with the wet spot). Photo by Mischa Kitain. Opposite page: 1983 Leather Daddy's Boy Jake Banks with his sponsoring Daddy. Photo by Robert Pruzan.



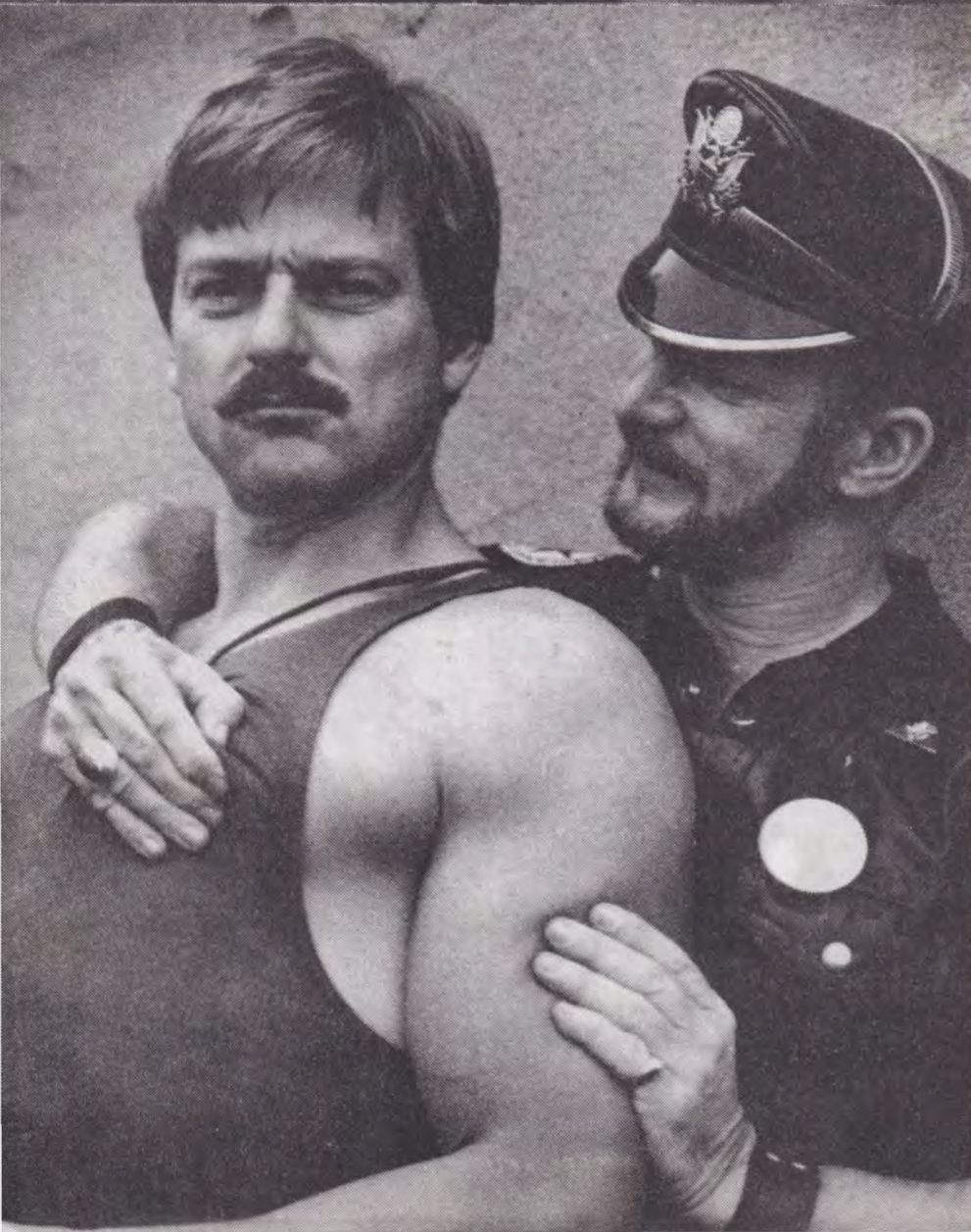




common—they exposed a desire for contact between older and younger men more widespread than anyone had realized before.

Finally that phenomenon grew too big to be contained even in the pages of *Drummer*—and so came the special magazine you're holding in your hands (or perhaps in your *hand*) right now. Other gay magazines have picked up on the fascination, if a bit late and in watered-down form (but you know the real thing when you see it).

And in real life, leave it to the men of San Francisco to live out that fantasy not just in private, but out in the open, sharing it with each other—and sometimes with the camera.



Counterclockwise from above left: John, Michael and Patrick, winners of the 1983 Daddy's contest. Photo by Rink. A Leather Daddy asks "Where's the Beef?" at the 1983 Leather Daddy's Boy contest—and his boy gets down on his knees to ask the same question. Photos by Robert Pruzan. Jake Banks wears his insignia with pride at the '83



It started in 1983—the first Leather Daddy contest, a benefit held at Chaps. The event was such a success that it inspired a Leather Daddy's Boy contest (another benefit) a few months later at the San Francisco Eagle.

That event brought out some not-yet but soon-to-be famous faces on the international leather scene. Among the contestants was Sonny Cline, then in his salad days; a year later, fully grown in leather, he'd be taking the title of Mr. Northern California Drummer and then the Mr. Drummer 1984 title itself. And the winner of the first Leather Daddy's Boy contest was Jake Banks, who would go on to Chicago a year later to take third place in the International Mr. Leather

Leather Daddy's Boy event, and shows the smile that took top place. Photo by Robert Pruzan. And last but not least: the Top Men at the 1984 Leather Daddy's contest—second runner-up Joe Rescignano, winner Christian Heran, and first runner-up David Hoffman raise their arms in victory. Photo by Mischa Kitain.





Above: From small saplings grow great redwoods. Young Sonny Cline made a mock-innocent debut at the 1983 Leather Daddy's Boy contest. No prizes there, but a year later, grown up in leather, he'd be walking away with the most coveted leather title of all, Mr. Drummer 1984. Photos by Robert Pruzan.

contest.

The Daddy Phenomenon continues, and it now looks like the Leather Daddy and Daddy's Boy contests will become annual events in San Francisco's leather community. Hosted by the same bars as last year, the Leather Daddy competition for 1984 has already netted \$3100 for the San Francisco AIDS Fund and found a new representative in winner Christian Heran, a

leatherman from Russian River territory; and excitement is growing as we go to press over the second annual Leather Daddy's Boy contest. If history repeats itself, these two competitions could be previews of the men (and boys on their way to becoming men) who'll be taking the more famous titles in years to come.

Meanwhile, Daddy and Daddy's Boy contests aren't a local phenomenon restricted to San

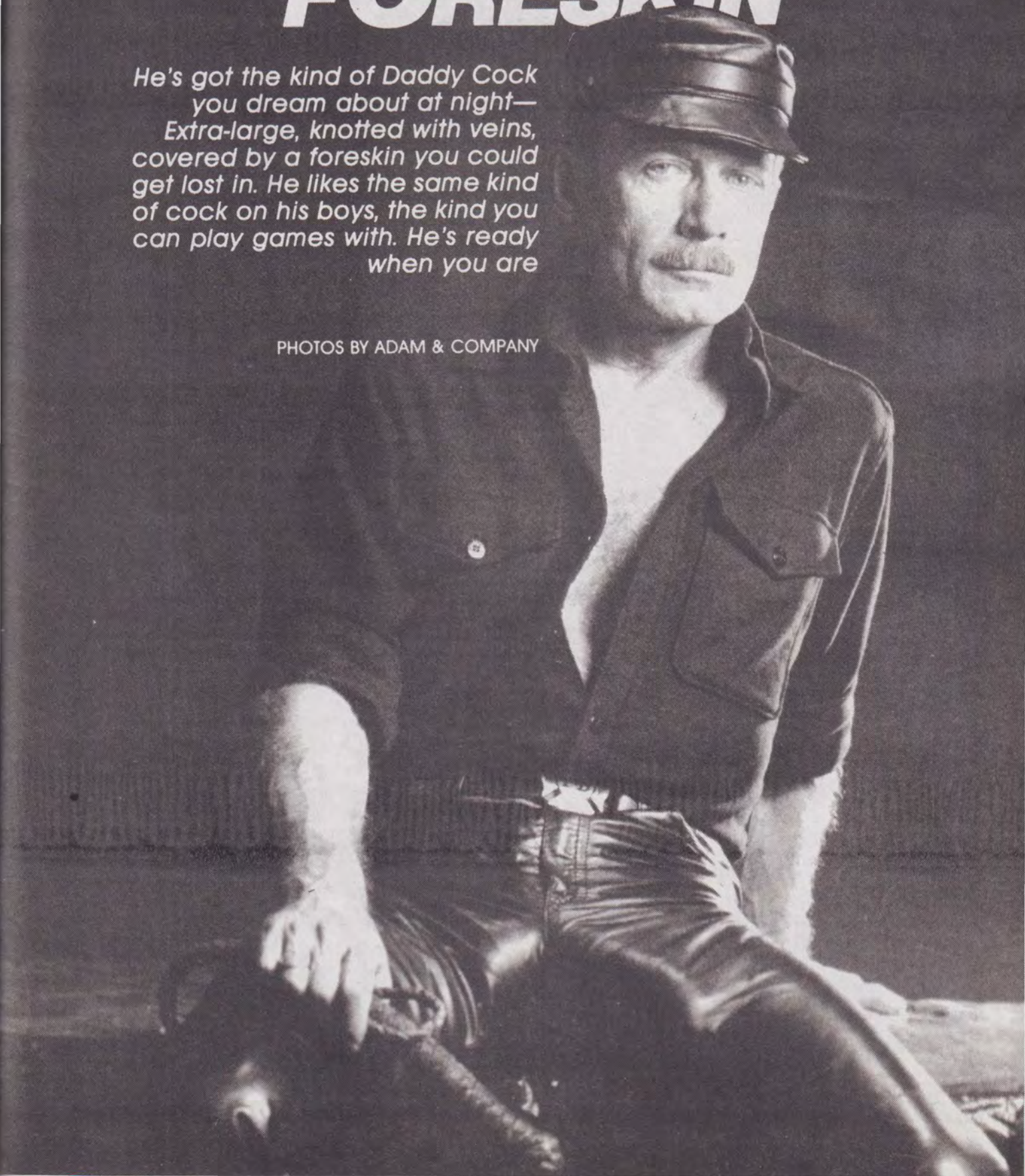
Francisco. They're being organized across the country, wherever leathersmen meet and like to join in friendly competition. Maybe there's one upcoming at your favorite leather bar—and if not, maybe you should organize one. It's a great way for a Daddy to find a boy, for a boy to find his Daddy, and for both to show their stuff in front of an audience that knows what it wants.

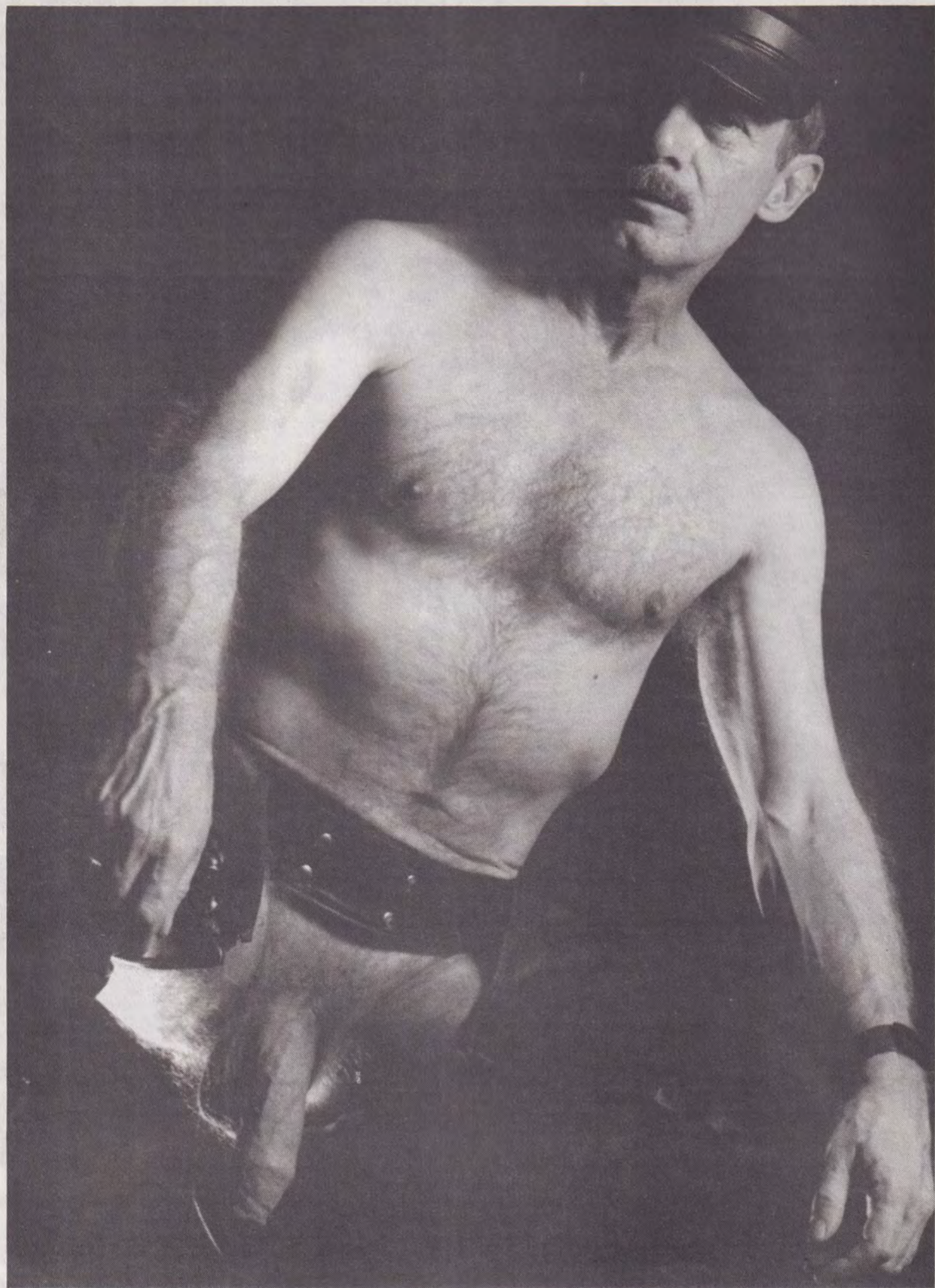
DADDY'S FORESKIN

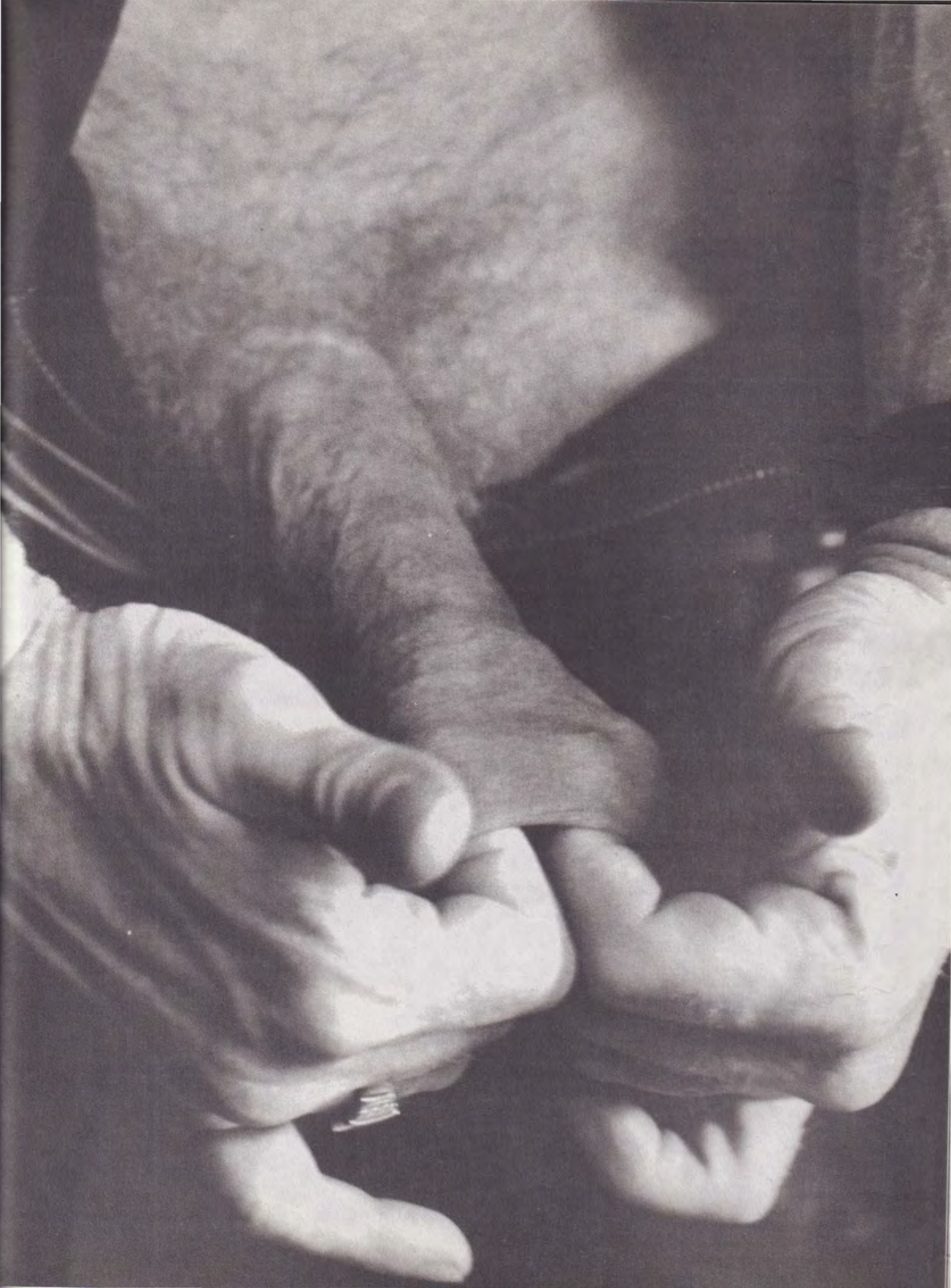
He's got the kind of Daddy Cock
you dream about at night—

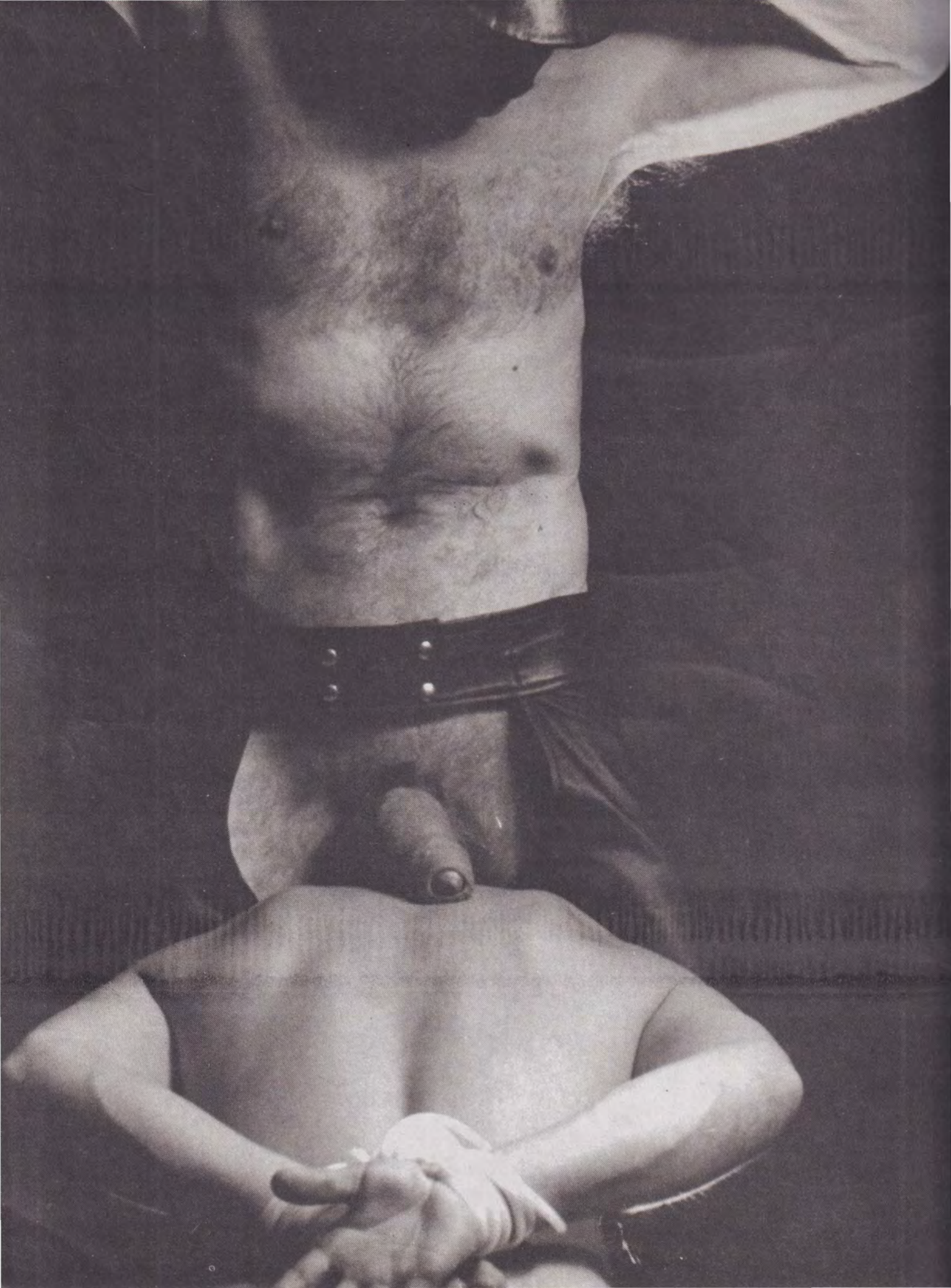
Extra-large, knotted with veins,
covered by a foreskin you could
get lost in. He likes the same kind
of cock on his boys, the kind you
can play games with. He's ready
when you are

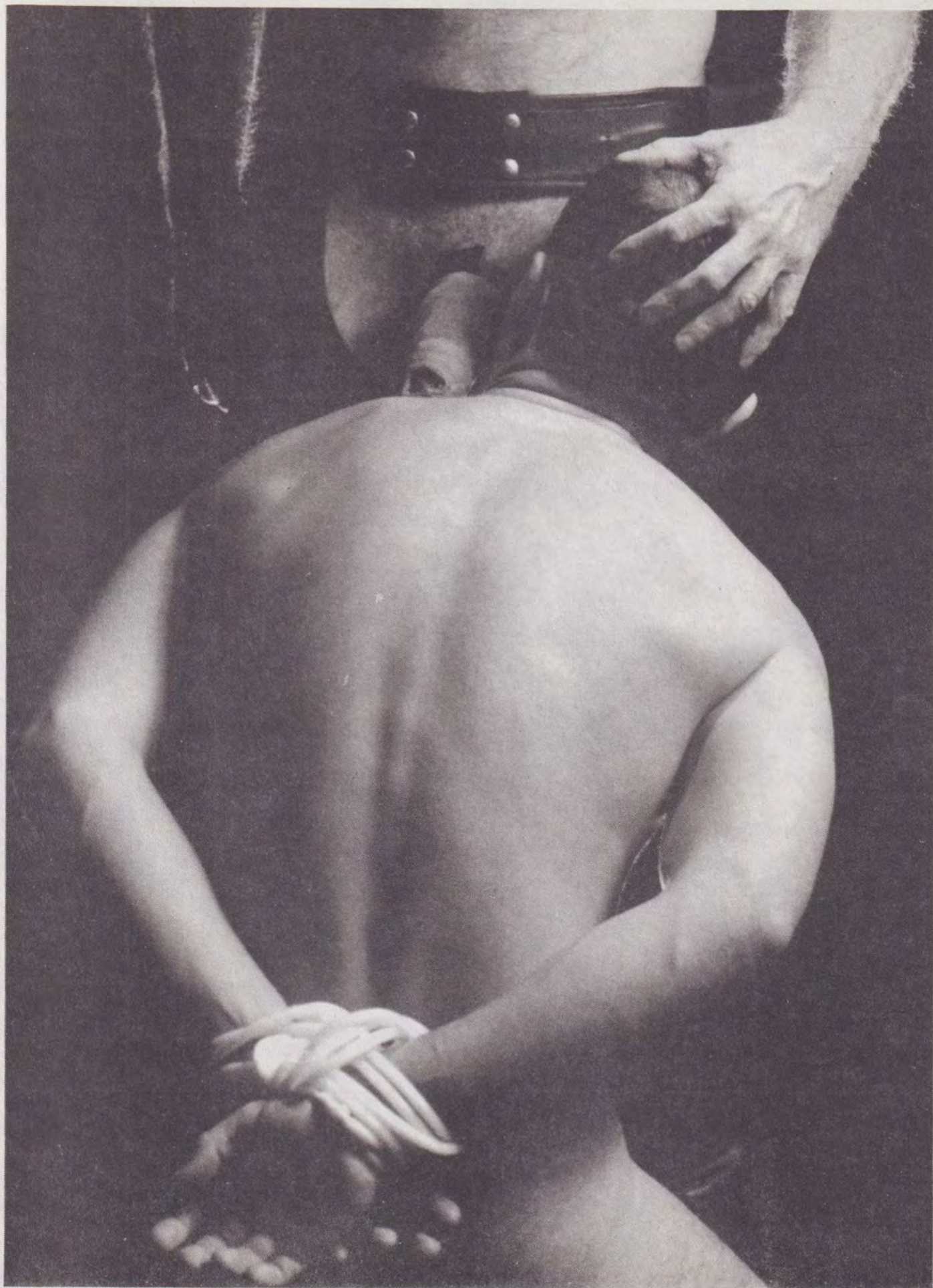
PHOTOS BY ADAM & COMPANY

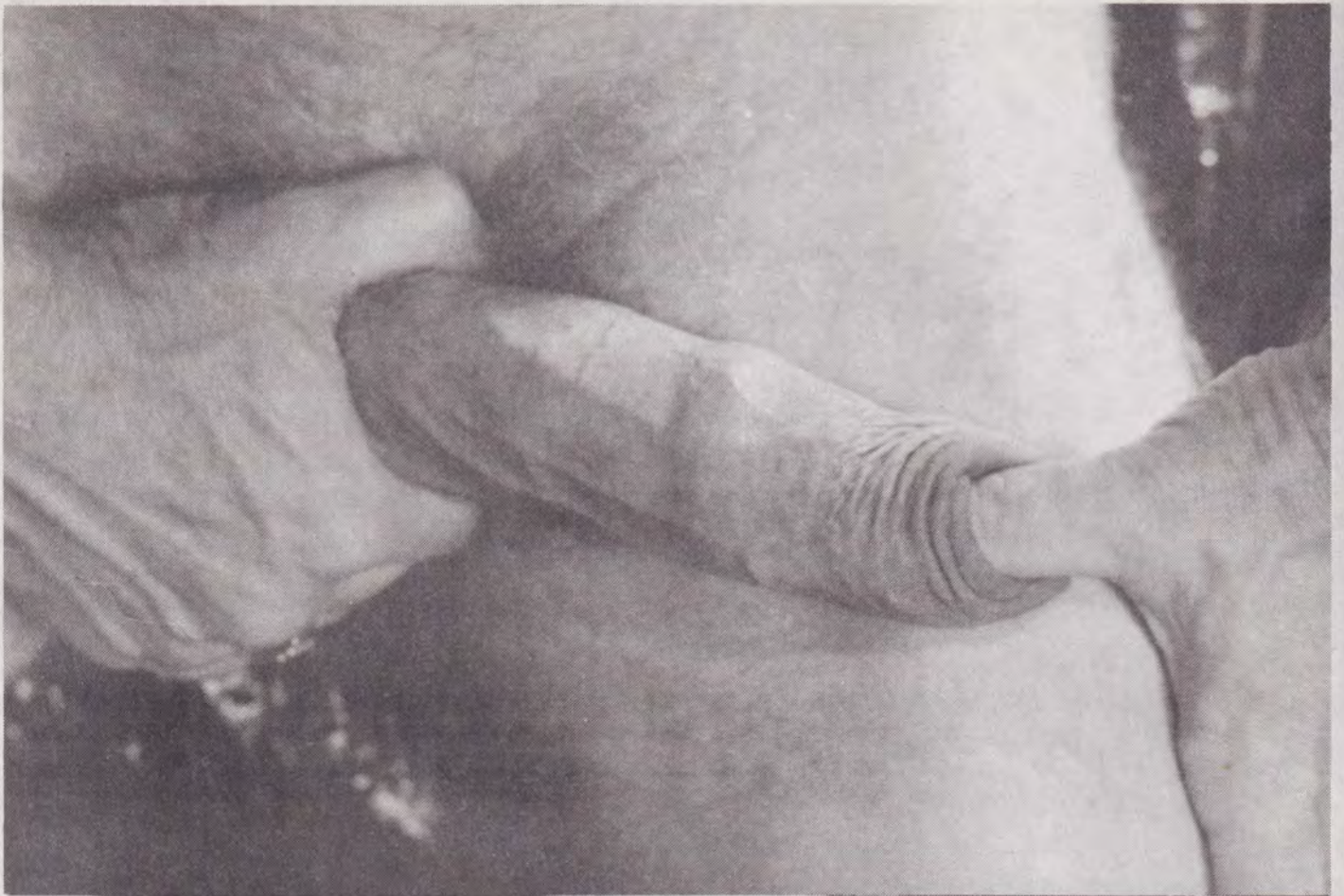


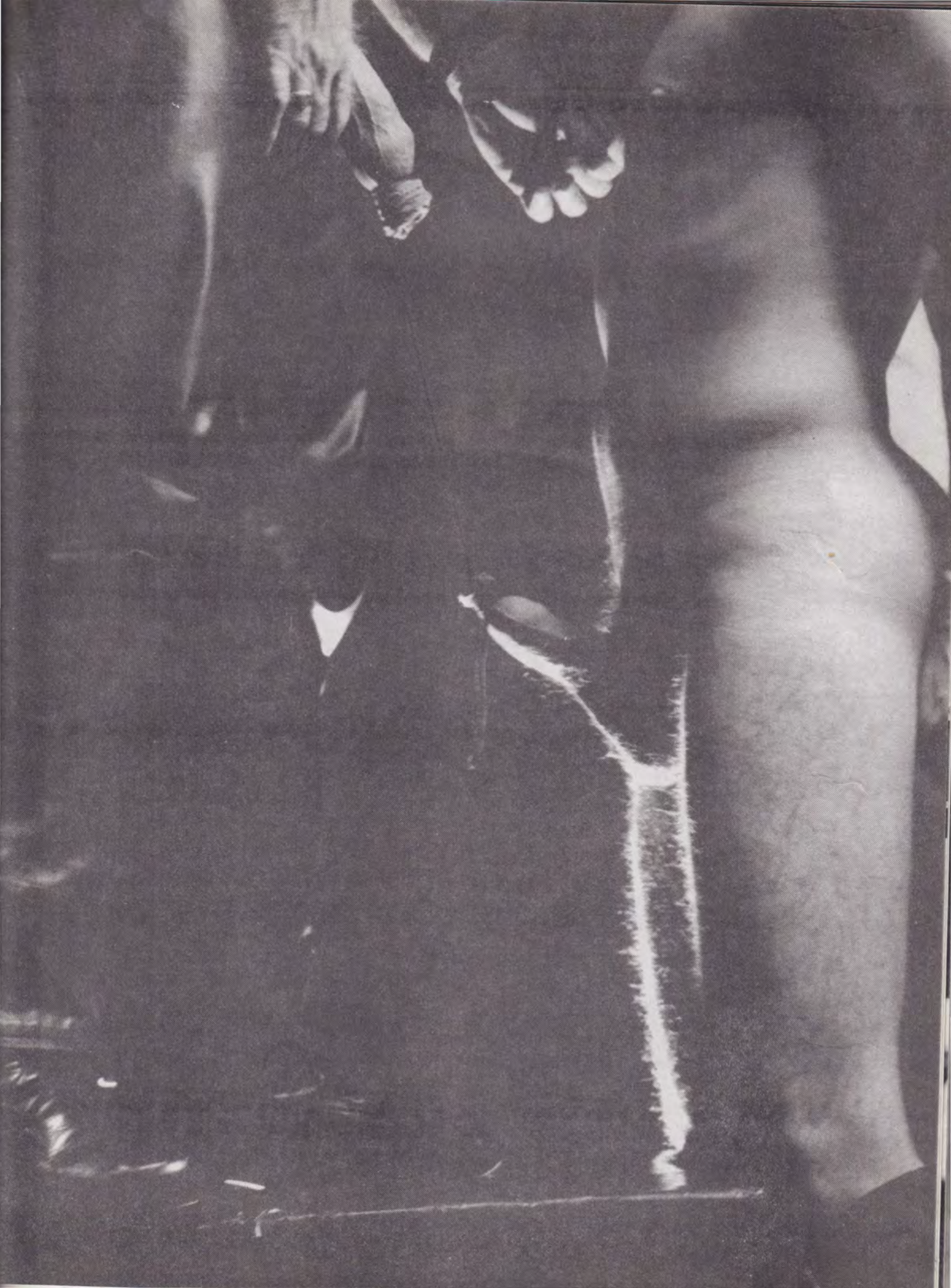


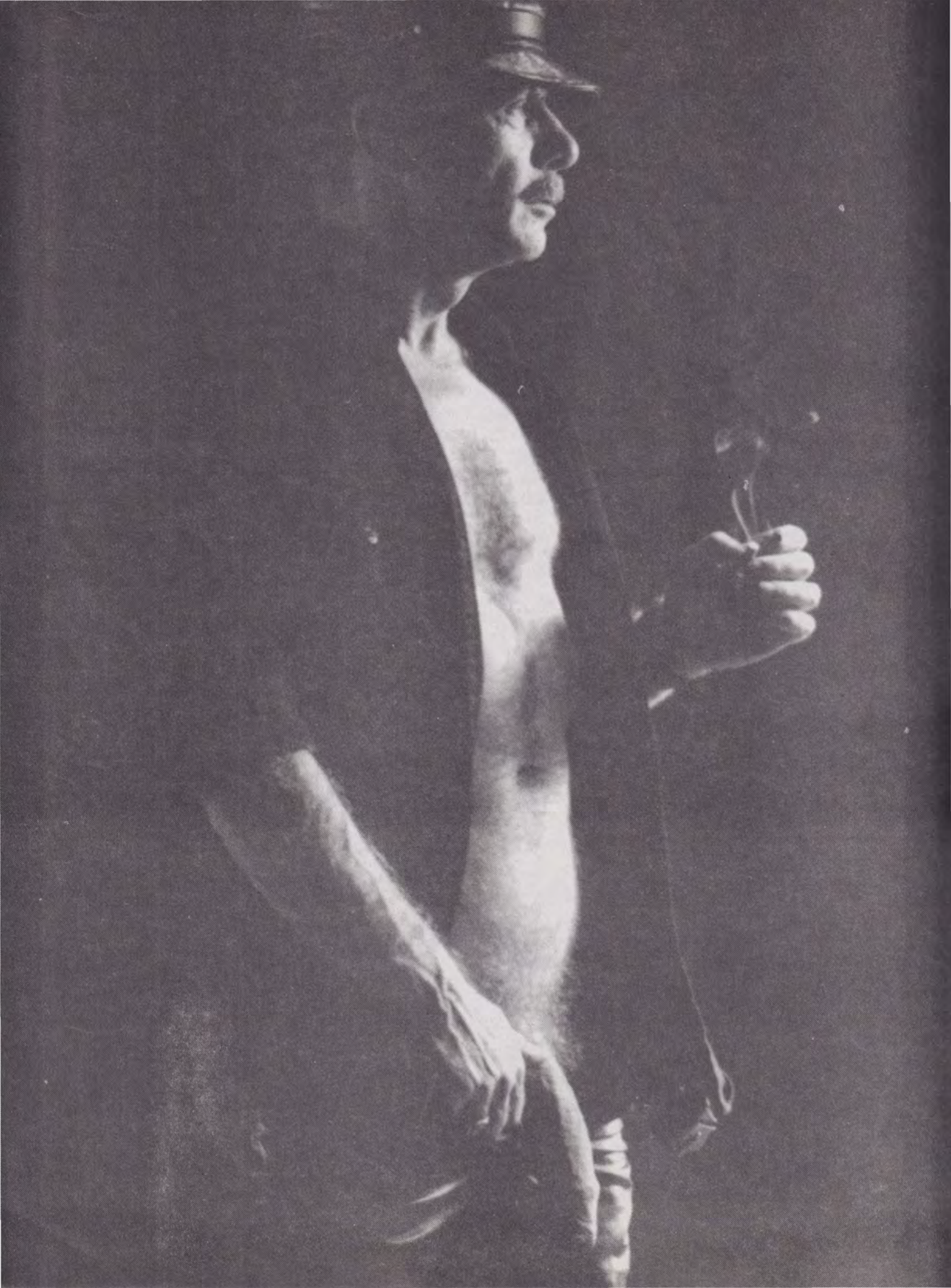


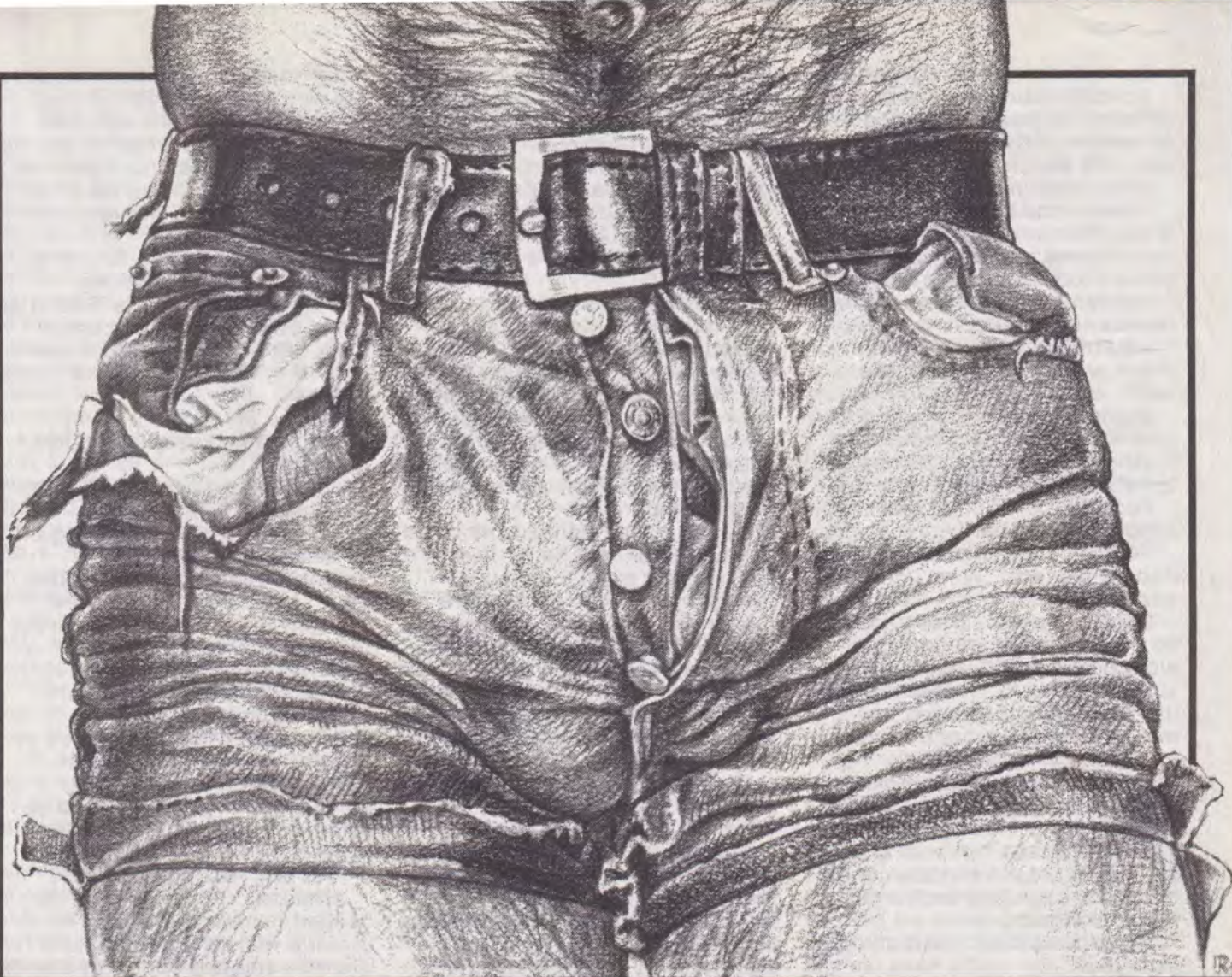












THE STRANGER AT MY DOOR

by ROY F. WOOD

Finding guys to make it with outside of big cities can be difficult at any time. When you're over forty, like I am, the problems increase. Advertising in sex mags won't work, unless you lie about your age—something I'm loath to do. Nor am I the type of guy who cares to drive a hundred miles to the nearest metropolis on the chance of finding a man capable of handling me.

Happily, the town I live in, while small, is also the site of our state university. Every year there's a turn-over in studs, and a fair number of them are intrigued by hot-looking "daddies." I don't like bragging, but I'm in great shape and usually snare my share of youngmen willing to broaden their "education."

My place had the added advantage of being a long way from the spot where most of my family lives. I've never been much on this nuclear family shit and once my nearest (if not dearest) discovered I was, in their term, "queer," we bid each other a mutually agreed upon farewell. My only contact with the family now is a note to my sister once in awhile. *She* thinks I'll leave everything I've accumulated to her and her husband when I croak. Her logic no doubt revolves around the fact she managed to produce a kid, my only nephew. If he takes after her or her husband, he won't be worth two cents!

So, fuck families is my attitude. I'm forty (but only by a few months), in great shape, and without a care in the world. At least I was until a while ago...

What happened was this.

I'm at home late one afternoon. It's summertime, hot as hell. I'm pumping iron, which I do religiously four-five days a week. The doorbell rings. Pisses me off. My friends know better'n to bother me during workouts. I almost didn't answer it, but what the hell?

Going to the door, I peer out and see this goddamned good-looking stud standing there in a tee-shirt and cut-offs.

Fuck it! The workout was almost over anyway.

"Yeah?" I asked, opening the door in his face. "What you want?"

None too polite. Doesn't pay to be polite if you want to be left alone—which I do, most times. Unless I'm horny. This stud, looking just a little too young for me—couldn't be more'n twenty—got my dick hard, fast.

He stared back at me, obviously startled.

"I'm...eh...looking for Jake Taylor," he says, not adding the rest of his unspoken statement, that I can't possibly be the guy he's looking for.

"You found him!" I said. "Who sent you?"

"Somebody have to send me?" he asked, grinning suddenly, like he knew something I didn't. "I heard you suck cock. Ain't that a good enough reason to stop by?" I laughed.

"Sure," I admitted, "I suck cock. I do a hell of a lot of things, but young studs like you have to demonstrate a little *respect* before we get that far!"

"And how does one demonstrate 'respect'?" he asked. Still a little uneasy. More than a little horny if the bulge in his pants meant anything.

"You want to find out," I challenged him, "come in. No reason letting the neighbors see everything. Having their worst fears justified would take a lot of excitement out of their lives."

I stepped aside. He hesitated a second. Started to say something, then thought better of it. He crossed the threshold and I closed the door. Turning, I grabbed his arm around the bicep and propelled him back to where I'd been lifting. He almost jerked away, but moved ahead of me, docile enough. Had one hell of an

arm on him...his whole body was put together. I wondered, just for a second, if maybe I'd been wise letting him in. I'm strong enough, I can handle most men—even those twenty years younger'n me. This guy, if he decided not to play along, might give me trouble.

What the hell! That's half the fun—isn't it?

We reached the weightroom and he pulled his arm away, turned and faced me.

"So what do I have to do to get you to suck my cock? I thought your kind was always willing—"

My hand slapped him hard, across the face. The action startled him, annoyed him, angered him.

"Shut up, kid. You ask me anything else, you better have 'Sir' on your tongue. If you thought you were coming here just to get a blow-job, think again. If you've talked to somebody who's been here before, they misled you. You want to get out, go now. If you want to stay, we play games my way! Now which do you want?"

"You think you're real tough, don't you? *Sir!*" He sneered the word.

Something about him was sure as hell different from most of the twinkies that turn up on my doorstep from time to time, thinking they were into "older men." Momentarily, I thought about backing off, kicking his ass out—could he be an undercover cop?—but his ass was too hot looking, his body too strong. Fuck it, he was a challenge!

He was talking again.

"What I heard was that you were a nance...running around sucking dicks all day long." His face lit up with a smile spreading all across it. The son-of-a-bitch looked almost familiar. I knew I'd never had him before...had I?

Fuck caution!

I went for him. He was one strong mother, but I had the advantage of surprise. It didn't take me long to get his arm behind his back and force him to his knees...then I reached over to where I keep a wide variety of belts, whips and paddles, selected a nice riding crop, about a foot and a half long, parked my behind on his back and used the whip none too gently, on his ass.

The action startled the hell out of him. I don't know what the fuck he was expecting, but it wasn't what he was getting. He yelled when the first licks hit him, then bucked like hell, trying to dis-

lodge me. Sooner than most people would have thought it, he twisted over onto his side and rolled me off. We wrestled around for a few minutes until I got him on his back, straddled his rock-hard stomach and brought him under control again.

He glared up at me. My cock was so hard, it was poking through my gym shorts. Sitting on him, I could feel his rod under me...still hard. I figured it was time to get him out of some of his togs.

I pulled my dick out of my shorts and jockstrap and offered it to him.

"Looks like you're going to do the sucking, fella," I said.

"I'll bite the goddamn thing off," he said.

"You wouldn't do that, would you?" I asked softly as I drew back my hand to slap him across the face again.

"I might," he countered.

Suddenly I leaped off him.

"Stand up!" I ordered.

He got to his feet and stood in front of me, seemingly tame.

"Maybe you would at that," I agreed with him. "Reckon I'd be safer fucking your ass, wouldn't I?"

"Yes Sir, you might indeed."

"Undress!" I ordered him. He obliged, removing his shirt to reveal a well-developed chest. Then he stepped out of his shorts, uncovering a stiff, rigid cock, that strained up from his thighs with an urgency he'd not indicated before...I would have liked to fall on it right then, but that would have screwed up the rest of the script...

I stepped in front of him.

"On your knees," I barked. Obediently, he obliged. I took my riding crop and gently whacked his back, bending over him, pulling his face towards my cock, using the whip with sharp, snappy strokes on his ass. His hungry mouth found my cock and before I could think about his earlier threat, he had it between his lips, pulling on my meat with an enthusiasm marked only by his noticeable inexperience.

Well, when you get to be my age, you come to realize that training takes time. All the same, I hadn't realized he was such a novice.

After suffering his inexperience as long as I could, I disengaged his mouth, cupped my hand underneath his chin and raised him to his feet and spun him in the direction of my bed. There I

shoved him onto his back, put my face in his crotch and worked on his shaft. He was larger than most I get, and his cock expanded even more once my mouth started working on it. With one hand I reached up and pinched his hard nipples and with the other explored the large sac holding his massive balls. I was just going to continue my leisurely examination of his body when his motion quickened and his cock plunged deep into my throat, filling my mouth with the hot, salty taste of his cum.

I get so damned tired of these kids and their premature ejaculations; but I went ahead and drained him. If he didn't get embarrassed now and demand to leave, he ought to at least be able to pump out another load in a few minutes.

"Reckon that was too fast for you, wasn't it?" he asked, more perceptive than I'd expected.

"Yes," I acknowledged, "if you're planning on leaving. No, if you stay for another shot."

He stretched his long, strong body and eyed me boldly. It was as if *he* were now in control of the situation.

"I *ought* to leave," he grunted, with the implication that he wasn't about to go anywhere. "Momma *told* me to get in touch with you, but what the hell. After all the presents you sent, I'd have been downright ungrateful—"

He stopped because I had jerked upright at his words.

Oh goddamn! I stared back at him, not ready to believe this!

"Who the fuck *are* you?" I asked, already aware of the answer.

"Your nephew, of course," he told me. "Hi, Uncle!"

Oh. *Of course!* Sis would have a fit! If she finds out. I sure as hell ain't gonna tell her!

I glared at my naked nephew.

"You're Jody, aren't you? Why the fuck did you decide to turn up here? And what is your mother going to say?"

"Sorry I stopped by?" he asked, ignoring my questions.

"I'd have like the chance to say no," I responded. Adding as an afterthought, "Not that I expect I'd have used the option. You're a hell of a man! How the fuck did your mother and that...eh, your father...come up with a stud like you?"

"Wasn't easy," Jody said. Then answered some of my earlier questions. "I got a football scholarship here at the University.

Mom warned me you were a dirty old man, and I wasn't to let you know I was in town." He laughed. "You sure as hell may be dirty, but you're no old man! You're real hot—Uncle!" Jody got serious. "Reckon I take after you more'n you'd think. They kept drilling me on what a queer you are, up here running after little boys...I got tired of hearing it. More I thought about it, more I wanted to try it with a guy...so I did. Guys my age. It wasn't what I expected. So...I guess I came up with this image of you, of an older dude. I mean...what the hell..."

He was embarrassed. So was I, come to that. If I'd known who he was, maybe I wouldn't have been so quick to invite him in. Now, with both of us naked, what difference did it make?

"Want me to leave?" he asked.

Actually, I didn't.

"Seems like we've got a lot to catch up on," I told him.

"Recently discovered relatives and all that...besides," I eyed his body with more hunger than I would have cared to admit, "you got a lot to learn."

"Yes Sir, that's what I thought. I'm ready for you to teach me."

He was ready, too. During the tail-end of our conversation, his cock had gotten hard again. I wasn't going to let a little thing like his being my sister's son stand in the way.

I licked his cock again, getting him ready for more action, then presented him with my meat. He took it, eager again, doing a bit better job than before. Deftly, I eased him over onto his stomach and moved my hands onto his firm, almost perfectly chiseled ass. I kept my crotch in his face and he worked on my cock. Reaching down, I spread his cheeks and began licking his buns, slowly moving my tongue down his crack until I reached his hole. His hot, musky odor excited me! I disengaged his mouth from my cock and climbed around in back of him, my tongue rimming his tight asshole. He arched his back, eager for my tongue to stimulate him.

Getting him hot and wet and ready made me strain to hold back.

I wanted him to enjoy it; no sense hurting him, scaring him off from other experiences. Finally, I couldn't restrain myself and juiced up my cock. Then, slowly, carefully, I shoved it into the fire of his ass.

He groaned but didn't complain.

No pleas for me to stop. His imagination, I expect, had been working overtime and he'd made up his mind as to what he wanted before he'd turned up on my doorstep, pretending to be a stranger. Once I had plunged deep into his hole, my cock filling his ass, I reached my arms around his chest, played with his nipples and moved my fingers down to his meat, slowly rubbing his prick, exciting it to the point where he began moving his ass around my cock, both of us excited to the point of explosion.

Suddenly he jerked himself to his knees, took his meat in his hands and started working on it while exhorting me...

"Fuck me, Uncle Jake, oh god-dammit, fuck me, you son-of-a-bitch!"

I obliged. His words unleashed something in me, whether resentment against my sister and her stuffy husband, my own disdain for the standards of "society" or whatever, I found myself reveling in our unorthodox situation.

I grabbed his shoulders and rammed my cock deep into his assflesh. He was new and tight and it must have hurt him like hell, but he didn't complain of pain, only urged me to greater efforts in pounding his ass. He spurted his second load just as I let go up his hole. We collapsed against each other, hot, sweaty, drained.

After a while, when our heartbeats calmed, we talked.

He wanted to know why I'd sent him gifts for the holidays and his birthday over the years. My answer to that was because he was male—if he'd been a split-tail, he wouldn't have gotten a damned thing.

"I'm gonna be in town for four years," he told me. "Reckon we'll be able to...get to know each other?"

His question came out shyly. I think the kid was scared I'd say no. As if there were a chance!

I told him we'd see a lot of each other.

"I'd like that," he admitted.

"You'd have been a hell of an Old Man! Lots better'n the one I got."

Refraining from telling him I wasn't into *that* sort of incest, I added, "Don't worry, there are daddies, and then there are *Daddies!*"

"Huh?" He looked at me, questions all over his face.

Don't worry sonny. You got a lot to learn. And I'm just the one to teach you... □

PAID UP IN THE WASH ACT

by Jack McCall

My dad and I were never close. We didn't get along with each other. He was seldom home and I preferred it that way. We definitely weren't friends.

That is, until he taught me to fuck face. His hot daddy, cocksucking face. Then things changed real fast. I've never heard of anyone else whose cocksucking father taught them to fuck. It's one of the few things I can thank my dad for.

Dad's job required him to travel almost all year and since we hardly ever saw each other I barely knew him. That was just fine with me, since what I knew of him I didn't like. When he was home he either ignored me or teased me, despite the fact that my mom was constantly trying to get us together.

It bothered her that we weren't close. I think she watched too many of those family situation comedies. Well, in our house, father definitely did not know best. Hell, I didn't think he knew much of anything at all.

I was driving my mom nuts hanging around the house the summer I was eighteen years old. My dad was then in his late thirties. I thought of him as real old, although I guess he actually wasn't. Mom finally successfully insisted that Dad take me with him on one of his business trips. She imagined we'd be thrown together and end up as friends.

She didn't know we'd end up fuck buddies. With her little boy fucking her old man.

I thought our time together was worse than a jail sentence and hated every minute of it. We were hardly speaking to each other by the end of our first week together. Dad stayed out late every night and I was old enough to know that he was hung over almost every morning. He probably hated our forced togetherness as much as I did.

I fell asleep just about every night in front of the TV set in our motel room. All the rooms seemed the same after the first few days. One night I woke up about three in the morning with the TV screen flickering images all around the room. I'd blinked awake when I heard dad slam the door as he came in. I just couldn't wake up enough to crawl out of bed to turn the TV set off and I knew that if I waited long enough he would stumble in from the bathroom and snap the set off before he fell into his bed. It had happened before.

I could never tell when Dad was drinking, but his hangovers the next morning were usually pretty obvious. He never drank at home so I was surprised when he went out almost every night and had too much to drink. I'd apparently dozed off and when I woke up again the TV set was still on. I checked Dad's bed and he wasn't

in it. Maybe I hadn't heard him come in.

I got up to turn the TV off when I noticed the light from the half-opened bathroom door. He had come in earlier. I didn't want to completely wake up or have to talk with him so I fell back in bed. Without the TV sounds I could hear Dad in the bathroom and he sounded drunk. I wondered if he was sick. But I didn't really care if he was, as long as I didn't have to pretend to care about what he'd been doing while he pretended to care about what I'd been doing all night.

God, I really wished I was home with my mom about then.

As I was about to drift off asleep again, I could hear Dad talking. He must have heard me. Shit, I really didn't want to be bothered. I couldn't understand what he was saying when I realized that it didn't exactly sound like my dad.

I got out of bed and carefully moved to the bathroom door. If I spied on my dad, then maybe I wouldn't have to talk to him. I looked into the brightly lit bathroom. What the hell was going on in there?

At first, all I could see was a big, black man standing in the middle of the bathroom. Obviously it was him I'd heard mumbling. I was about to panic when I finally saw my dad. He was sitting on the toilet in front of

the big man with his head shoved right into the grunting man's crotch.

I blinked and rubbed my eyes. Maybe I was dreaming. No, I definitely wasn't dreaming and now I was wide awake too. I couldn't believe it, but it was clear that the man's fat, black cock was pumping in and out of my dad's mouth. What? Son-of-a-bitch! My old man was sucking cock!

I didn't even blink as I stared wide-eyed at the huge dick fucking in and out of my dad's cocksucking mouth. Can you imagine what it's like seeing your father sucking cock? Shit, I'd never thought of my dad having any sex at all. Not even with my mom. And I sure as hell never thought of him being queer. The word cocksucker was just another swear word to me. I never really thought about someone actually sucking cock, except for maybe some obscure queer somewhere. And I didn't know any queers.

Well, now I did know a queer cocksucker. And it was my own dad. And there he was sucking down that big, black piece of meat. After I got over the initial shock of seeing a cock in my dad's obviously hungry mouth, I started to notice what was really going on in that bathroom only a few feet from my bed.

Dad was sitting on the john with his pants down around his shoes with one hand jacking away on his hard dick. His other hand was wrapped around the standing man's ass as he pulled his crotch in closer to his cocksucking face. Dad was sucking and slobbering away, moaning with every thrust into his spit-wet face. Maybe it had been my blubbering dad that I'd heard earlier.

The black man just stood there, face-fucking my father with both of his big hands behind my dad's head. "Suck it, man!" He was growling and rocking back and forth on his heels as he fed his rod into dad's face. "Cocksucker!" God, I just couldn't believe it. "Suck that big black dick, boy... suck it good."

It sure sounded like dad was sucking it good. "Take care of my prick... make it feel good." It was his deep, throaty voice that I'd heard before. God, they obviously weren't too worried that I was supposed to be sleeping only a few feet away from where they were sucking and fucking in the bathroom.

Well, I sure as fuck wasn't sleeping anymore. I didn't even

blink as I stared at the brightly lit scene only a few feet away from me. As dad sucked and the big man fucked I could feel my own cock start to push out against my jockey shorts. It didn't matter how shocked or confused I was.

Seeing your own father sucking black dick is a fucking turn-on! My stiff prick had inched its way out of the stretched-apart opening in my shorts, so all I had to do was ease my fingers down around my protruding cock and start stroking away.

Damn, I was horny! It was hard to remember that I'd been sleeping peacefully only minutes earlier. Hell, I might have stayed that way if they hadn't been making so damn much sex noise. I was grateful they were noisy or I'd have missed the horniest damn thing I'd yet seen in my life. Come to think of it, it's still the horniest damn thing I've ever seen in my life. Not that I haven't seen and done a fuck of a lot since then, but there's nothing to compare with being young and pretty innocent and stumbling in on your cocksucking, queer father.

My hard-on filled my hand as I jacked it up and down. Up and down. As dad sucked that thick prick into his mouth I stroked my hand up my already-sweaty shaft. And when he pulled back from that face-fucking crotch my jerk-off fingers pulled down my pulsing hardon. He was sucking and I was jacking. And we both seemed to be enjoying the hell out of what we were doing. Damn!

I must have been in a daze, because suddenly it seemed like the black man was almost shouting at my dad. Maybe he'd been getting louder all along, but I couldn't be sure. "Suck it, fucker!" My dick jumped in my hand when he called my dad that. Jesus! "Cocksucker!" My dick was going crazy. "Suck it."

Dad's eyes were closed as he sucked and jerked away on his hard-on and the man fucked and bounced his balls against dad's chin. I kept working on my own cock without missing a stroke. "I'm gonna blast in your queer, cocksucking mouth!"

I dropped my hand away from my prick as the big man held dad's head tight into his crotch. "Here it is, fucker!" His hips were humped forward and dad was bent over, unable to move. "Aagggghhh!" I'll never forget that loud, animal-like sound as the black man grunted and pumped his load into dad's mouth. If I

hadn't already been awake I sure would have been then.

"Uuggggghhhh!" I could see his ass twitching as his prick pumped out a load of cum down daddy's throat.

To my dad's credit, he wasn't choking on that fat rod which must have been buried half way down his guts. I could hear him gulping and swallowing, but he wasn't choking. Dad wasn't just a cocksucker. He was a damn good cocksucker. Even I could tell that.

Finally the man backed away from dad. I almost gasped out loud when I saw Dad's sweaty face. Tears had been running out of the corners of his eyes, his mouth was half open, with cum dripping down over his lower lip and then over his chin. His eyes were wide open and he was staring up at the man who was already zipping up his pants and stepping away. "Thanks, man." He was barely whispering, but I heard him say that real clear.

The man didn't say anything at all as he turned to leave the small room. I should have anticipated his exit, but my mind had obviously been on more exciting things. When he opened the door wider and started through to where I was standing in the shadows, he almost bumped into me. Actually, he almost bumped into my hard-on, which was still standing straight out in front of me.

I looked up at this huge, black man towering over me and he hesitated for a second. "Jesus Christ! What the fuck?" Then he pushed me aside and almost ran for the door. I didn't even turn to watch him go. I was still staring at my dad who was now staring back at me, his eyes blinking in the bright light.

With cum still running off his chin and his hand still busy pumping furiously on his dick, dad just kept looking at me. His expression didn't change at all, as if he didn't really believe he was seeing his son staring at him. It wasn't until the outside door slammed shut after the departing black man that dad finally shook his head and appeared to realize that he'd been caught.

This didn't stop the action with his hand on his hard-on though, because he just kept stroking away at his big cock. Finally he muttered, "What the hell you doin' there?" I didn't answer. Hell, I didn't even move. "Damn it!" I just kept looking back at him. Maybe we were both in shock. "God

damn you!"

It didn't occur to me then that I should have been more upset with him than he was with me. "You good-for-nothing fucker." Calling me a fucker sounded different than when the horny black man had called my hungry, cocksucking dad a fucker.

Then I watched Dad's glazed eyes shift down. He'd been staring directly at my face but it became very obvious that he was now staring at my hard-on. I should have felt foolish standing there with my spread-open shorts propping up my still-stiff cock while Dad was glaring at my crotch, but I didn't.

Actually I felt kinda funny. I was in shock. I was scared. And confused. And yes, damn it, I was still turned on.

"Damn you." Dad kept swearing at me. And he kept jerking off his dick too. "Get over here." As I slowly moved into the light and across the small room he never took his eyes off of my dick. I stopped with the head of my hard-on only inches from his face. "What the hell you doin' out there?" Now I was staring at my cock and his face and I could see his hand moving up and down on his rod.

"I don't need you spying on me." I opened my mouth to answer him back, but before I could get the words out he snarled at me. "You little prick, you should have stayed home." My prick wasn't so little and he knew it. "I didn't want you along." It seemed he was talking to himself and not to me. "You've spoiled everything, you fucker." My dick jumped up and I realized I'd been holding my breath and was about to choke. As I gasped some air into my lungs I knew what was going to happen next. And I was right.

Dad mumbled, "You fucker," and then eased his head forward and wrapped his lips around my hard-on. I gasped again, only this time I didn't need air in my lungs. He sucked my cock back across his tongue and I felt it ease into his tight throat. Christ! I'd never had my cock sucked before. I was too innocent to know if the spasms rushing all over my body were from getting my dick sucked or from having my own dad doing the sucking.

Except for my shaking legs, I didn't move. My hands were still hanging at my sides and I was staring down at my dad's cock-sucking head as he slurped it up

My body felt like it was going to fall apart and my head was going to explode and before I knew what was happening my dick did explode. I heard Daddy gulping...

and down my ready-to-burst cock. It was like a dream. A wet dream. Ony Dad's mouth sucking my prick and my balls slapping into his face were no dream.

My body felt like it was going to fall apart and my head was going to explode and before I knew what was happening my dick did explode. I heard Daddy gulping down my load at the same time I realized I was spilling my cum out of my cock. It sure beat cumming in my hand or my shorts or my handkerchief. My legs were shaking so bad that I sorta fell back and Dad must have thought I was stepping away from him because he started talking to me without letting my cock slip all the way out of his still sucking mouth.

"Don't you move." I stopped. "Don't you dare move." I could see my load hanging on his mouth, or was it still that black man's load? "You stay right there till I'm finished with you." He started licking and slobbering over the last drops of my hot load as he drained them out of my guts. And he kept jerking away at his own hard-on, which I now noticed had thick veins sticking out on it that looked as though they were ready to pop.

God, his hand was sure jacking away fast and furious.

Suddenly he eased off my dick and let it flop up and down between us. He wrenched his head up, looking at me with his eyes still glazed and his mouth half-opened with part of my cock-juice fresh on his wet lips. "Oh yeah!" He was shouting. "Yeah kid!" His free hand grabbed me

around my neck and yanked my face down near his.

"Arrrggghhhh!" As his cries echoed in the room he kissed me hard, pushing his cum-covered tongue back into my startled mouth. God damn!

That was the first time my dad had kissed me. It was sure a lot different than the half-hearted hugs he'd occasionally given me over the previous years.

Finally I pulled away, falling back into the cold tiled wall. We were both breathing heavy and loud, but there were no other sounds now. His dick was still stiff and hanging between us, cum oozing out and falling onto the puddle on the floor. Part of his load was dripping down my leg and I could feel how hot it was. His head was drooping down and one arm rested on his legs.

"Now get out of here." I could barely hear him.

"What?" That was the first word I'd uttered since I'd first discovered him.

"Go on, get out of here." He didn't sound mad, just sorta weird. "Go back to bed." I turned to leave, barely able to navigate on my uncertain legs. I didn't look back at him, but I heard him whispering again as I left the bathroom, "Jesus Christ... Jesus Christ."

I didn't want to look at him or confront him when he came to bed. I tossed and turned for a long time before I pretended to be asleep when Dad quietly crawled into his own bed next to mine. The following morning we avoided each other and he did not mention the night before. That was okay with me.

That night he stayed in the motel room. And got drunk. And eventually that night he taught me to fuck him. My dad liked to get fucked even more than he liked to suck. We continued to fuck around all the while I was in high school. And to a lesser degree while I was in college.

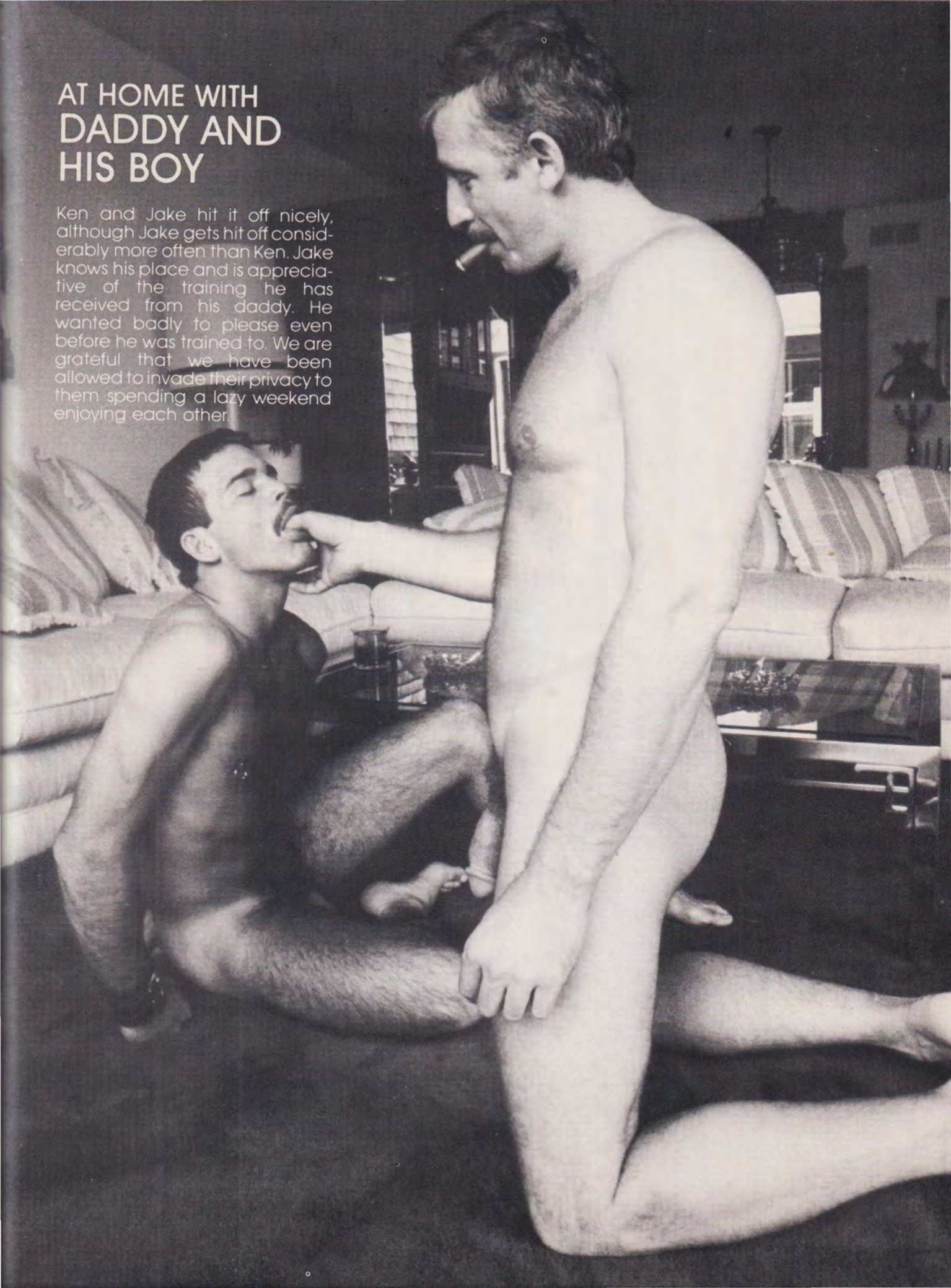
Obviously we became friendly. But we never really became good friends.

I now work for the same company that my dad works for. We don't work closely together, but we do attend two or three conventions together each year. And we always share a hotel room. And we always fuck together. Dad still likes my cock, whether he's sucking on it or getting fucked with it.

He just doesn't get it as often as he used to. □

AT HOME WITH DADDY AND HIS BOY

Ken and Jake hit it off nicely, although Jake gets hit off considerably more often than Ken. Jake knows his place and is appreciative of the training he has received from his daddy. He wanted badly to please even before he was trained to. We are grateful that we have been allowed to invade their privacy to them spending a lazy weekend enjoying each other.

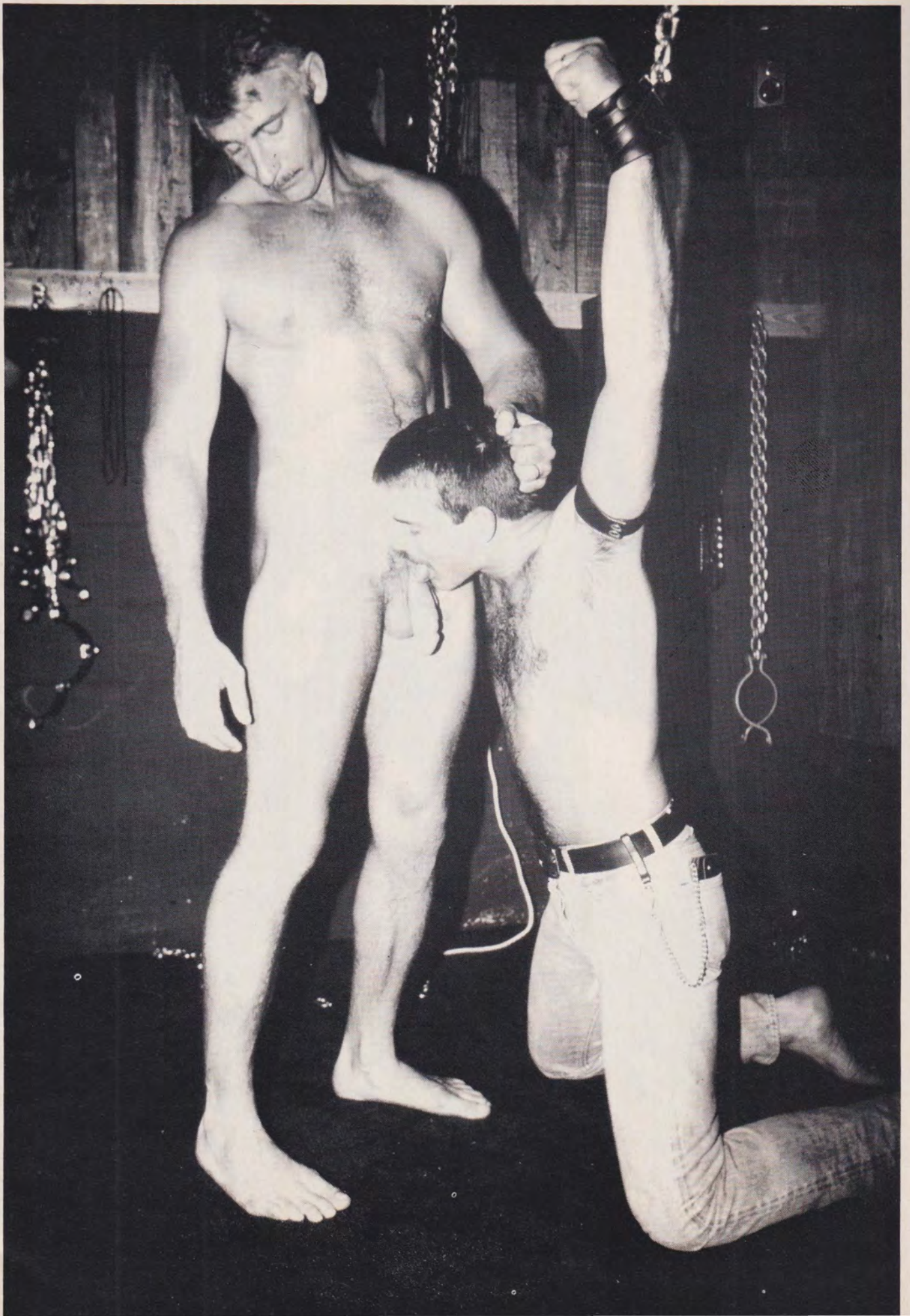




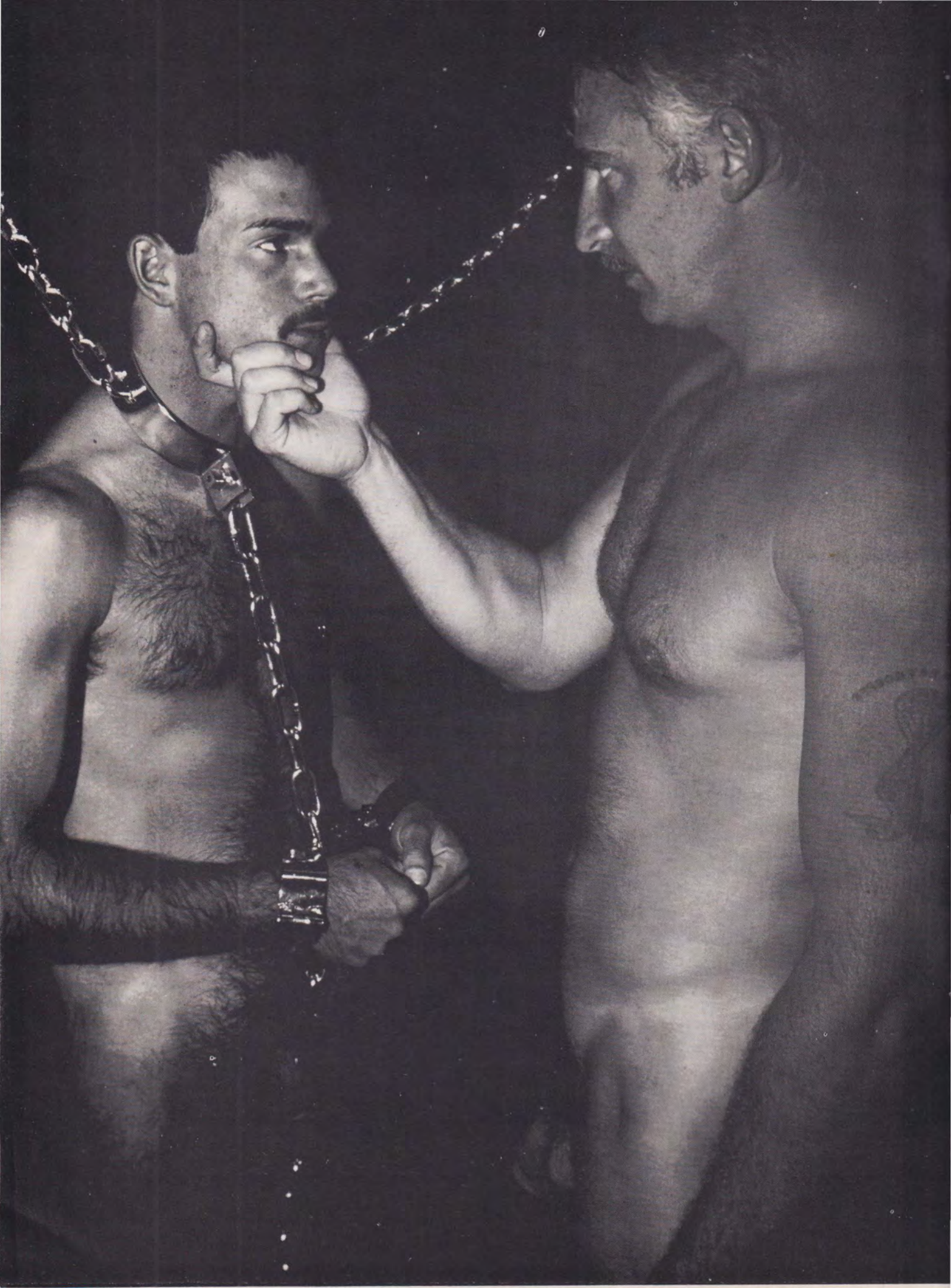


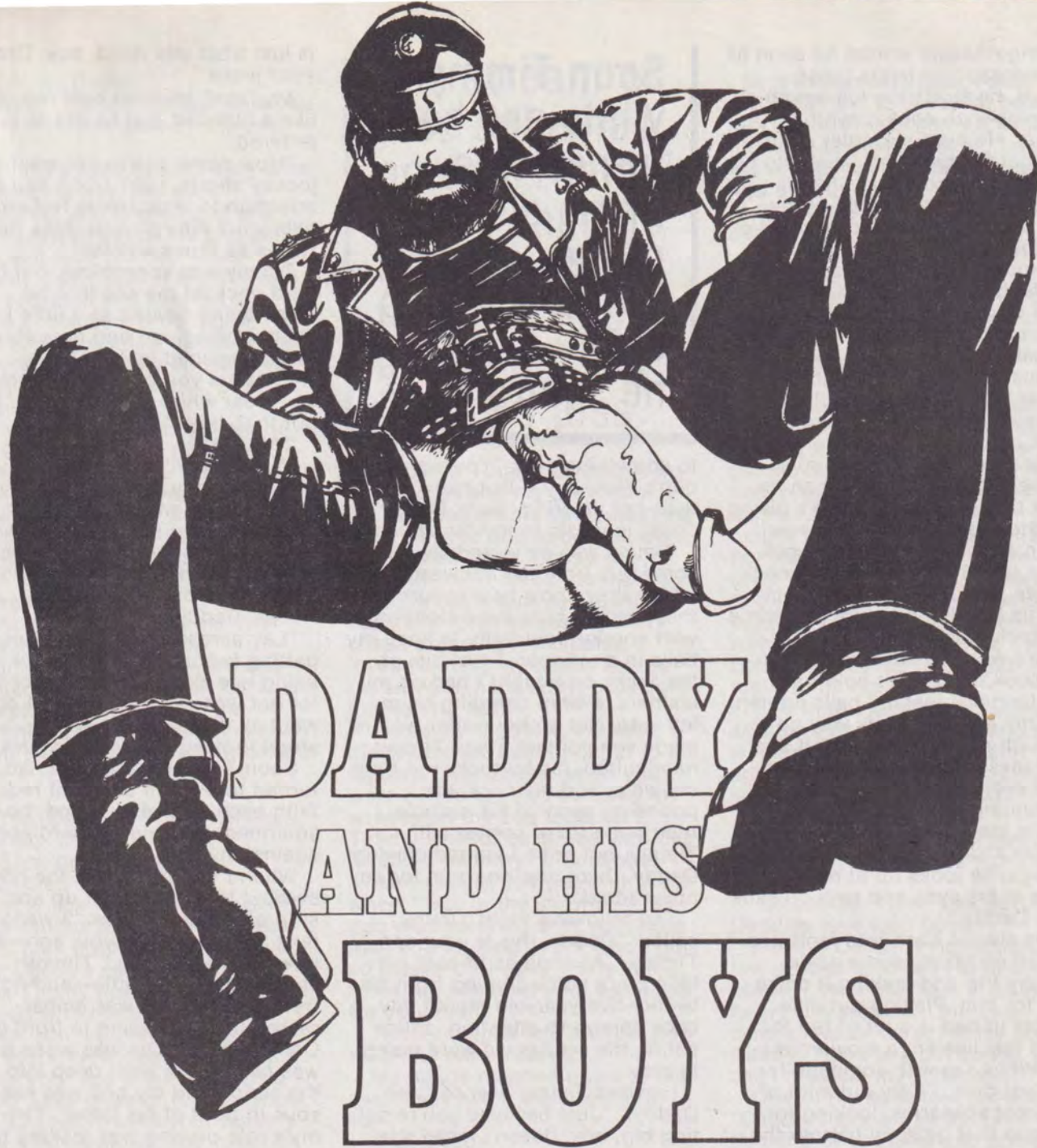












BY CARL ANDERSON

I lay back and watch the blond head working on my cock, bobbing up and down on my hard meat. To encourage my cocksucker, I hiss, "Suck it. Suck my cock good." The good-looking face starts picking up speed, my hard-on disappearing between the thick lips and then emerging covered with fresh, glistening saliva.

"Oh yeah, boy," I grunt hoarsely, "suck on your Daddy's cock. Make your Daddy feel real good."

Bingo! Magic words! As soon as the cocksucker hears those words, he stuffs the full length of my nine-inch cock down his throat. He even struggles to try and get my big hairy balls into his already full mouth. His hands reach out to grab ahold of my ass, as if he's trying to push all of me into his mouth.

I know what he wants. I've hit his fantasy on the head. "Suck your Daddy's big cock, son," I command, my voice clear, demanding. He pushes his nose against my wiry black pubic hair; I hear him gurgle as his throat muscles massage the head of my cock.

My "son" has my hard cock further down his throat than he even thought possible. He's giving me the best suck job he's ever given anybody, loving my cock more than he's ever loved a cock before, and it's due to one fact: I'm his Daddy now—not just some hot trick, but Daddy!

He's working so feverishly on my cock that I can't hold back any longer. I feel my balls tighten, and my jism works its way up through my throbbing shaft and explodes in his mouth. He swallows every drop of my come, continuing to suck me until I'm soft in his mouth. When he lets my cock slip out from between his lips, he looks up at me with tears in his eyes and says, "Thank you, Daddy."

I've always been into fantasies. I get off on taking some guy's fantasy trip and making it come true for him. Playing out little scripts in bed is a lot of fun for me; I feel like I'm a movie director. When I'm with someone for the first time, I'll try out a lot of different scenarios, looking for the one that gets my partner the most excited.

I've played the football coach seducing the quarterback, the D.I. commanding the recruit, the guard raping the "queer" prisoner, making him into a punk, a fuck-boy. Fuck being "politically correct." Fantasies aren't "politically correct." That's what makes them hot—and what makes them fantasies.

There's no question about which fantasy is the most popular—at least with my boys: Daddy. Not everyone is into the Daddy trip. Sometimes I'll say, "Suck Daddy's cock," and my trick won't respond at all. (A couple of guys have even freaked out, couldn't deal with the fantasy at all.) In those cases, I'll move on

Soon Timmy's
white ass had
turned to a
warm shade
of red.
With each slap
of my hand,
he squirmed...

to something else: "You want this cop's dick, boy?" But more often than not, hearing "Suck Daddy's cock" is music to my "son's" ears.

Timmy was an incredibly handsome guy from the Midwest, where they know how to turn out these blond, blue-eyed cloneboys with enough regularity to keep my balls in an uproar. I met him at the Spike on a night I had on my leathers, a whip dangling on my left side. Not an hour after we first made eye contact, I had Timmy handcuffed, his buttocks red from my whip, and my cock was pounding away at his asshole. I tried out a lot of scenes with Timmy, but once I started playing Daddy, there was no room for any other script.

The following night Timmy called: "Daddy, this is your son, Timmy." As soon as I heard his little boy's voice coming from his twenty-five-year-old mouth, my cock sprang to attention, anticipating the scenes we were going to play.

I invited Timmy over to "visit Daddy." "Just because you're getting big, boy, doesn't mean you don't come to see your father. Be here tonight at ten."

Timmy arrived eleven minutes late. I pretended to be super-pissed. "Don't you think I got better things to do that wait for you, boy?"

Timmy looked stunned. The nonsense tone in my voice hit him like a slap across the face. But I noticed his growing bulge and knew he was getting off on this game. Timmy mumbled something about the subway being late, but I cut him short. "Just because you haven't seen me in a while don't mean you don't have to show me respect, boy. Don't think you're too big to go over your father's knees for a good spanking. I think a good spanking

is just what you need, boy. Drop your jeans."

My "son" blushed beet red, just like a little kid, but he did as I ordered.

"How come you're not wearing jockey shorts, son? Don't you pay attention to what Uncle Robert tells you? Why do you think he writes all those articles?"

Timmy was speechless, but his hard cock let me see that he loved being treated as a little kid, caught being bad and now about to be punished by his Daddy. "Next time you come over here you wear white jockey shorts. You got that, boy?"

"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, Daddy."

I sat down and motioned Timmy over to me. "I hate to have to hit you, son, but I gotta teach you to behave, you understand that, don't you, boy?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Lay across my lap, son. You're getting twenty-five strokes for being late and another twenty-five for not wearing underwear. I don't want all those queers on the street looking at my boy's cock."

Soon Timmy's white ass had turned to a warm shade of red. With each slap of my hand, he squirmed, pushing his hard cock against my own.

When I had given him the fifty swats, I told him to get up and strip off all his clothes. "I wanna take a good look at you, son—see how you're growing." Timmy started shaking a little—and not from the cold. He was embarrassed to be stripping in front of Daddy, just like he was when he was twelve. We went deep into the script, and my boy was nervous in front of his father. Timmy's role-playing was making my cock rock-hard.

I grabbed hold of his stiff cock. "You get this way a lot, son?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"You jerk off a lot, boy?"

Timmy looked down sheepishly and said, "Yes, Daddy."

"You play with other boys' cocks, Timmy?"

"Oh no, Daddy, I never..."

"Don't lie to me, boy."

"A few times, Daddy. But they made me do it, I didn't want to. I..."

"Stop whining, boy. All you kids play with each other. Don't you think Daddy knows what's going on? I was your age once, son."

"Yes, Daddy."

"You ever play with a real man's cock, Timmy?"

"Oh no, Daddy."

"Well, I think it's about time you learned to take care of a man's cock."

Timmy's eyes opened very wide on hearing this. His cock throbbed, and tiny dots of pre-cum spewed out of his piss slit. I was still fully clothed, while Timmy was naked. I led him into the bedroom and I sat on the edge of the bed, ordering him to open my pants. His hands reached out, but I slapped them away. "Use your mouth, boy. Show respect."

Timmy knelt down in front of me and unbuttoned my 501s using only his lips and teeth. It took a while, but I was getting off on every second of it. I had him get my cock out of my pants.

"Take a good look at my cock, boy. You like it?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Kiss it, then. Show me you love your Daddy's cock."

Timmy's trembling lips made contact with my swollen cock. His lips parted as if to suck the cockhead, but I pushed him away. "You got to learn to follow orders, boy, if you want to suck my cock."

"Yes, Daddy. I'll do anything you say, Daddy."

"Stick out your tongue," I instructed Timmy.

"Now lick my cock, son. Slide your tongue all over your Daddy's dick. Lick it up and down. Love your Daddy's cock good, boy."

As Timmy licked my hard-on, I played with his soft blond hair.

"Nice, son, you're doing a nice job there. Now open your mouth. Wrap your lips around Daddy's cock. Take more of it, son. Show me you really want your father's dick. Oh, come on, boy, you can get more than that in your mouth. Show Daddy what you can do. Take care of Daddy's cock."

My hands grabbed Timmy's ears and I pushed him all the way down on my cock. I could feel his throat muscles clasp around my cock. With mounting rapidity, I pushed him back and force on my cock, barely giving him a chance to catch his breath. Timmy's face was red, tears were falling from his eyes, snot crept out of his nostrils. He was taking his Daddy's cock all the way though, and that was all he wanted.

But I didn't want to come yet. I pulled my cock out of his mouth. He sighed in disappointment, but knew better than to question me.

The stream of piss splashed across Timmy's happy face as he opened his mouth, desperate to get his Daddy's piss.

I ordered Timmy to remove my work boots and my grey wool socks. Each article of my clothing was removed and folded ritualistically. Then I had Timmy get in bed with me. I loved the feeling of his little boy's tongue brushing back and forth across my hairy chest, arousing my nipples. I loved running my hands across his smooth, hard body, especially his waiting ass.

As we lay together, I created a history for us, adding depth to the fantasy. "Remember when you were a little kid and we used to wrestle on the bed together?" Timmy smiled, delighted with this invented memory. "Remember when I caught you peeking at me when I was in the shower? There you were, playing with your little dick and looking at me, and I got so pissed-off I gave you a hell of a licking, blistered your ass good for you, didn't I?"

Timmy's sighs told me just how much he remembered.

My hands reached down to his ass. "Ever had a dick up there, son?"

"No, Daddy."

"Good boy. You saved your ass for Daddy, didn't you?"

"Yes, Daddy. Oh please, fuck me, Daddy, fuck your boy's ass!"

My cock pushed into his ass. As if the fantasy had come true, Timmy's much fucked ass felt as tight as a virgin's. I wrapped my arms around him. My hairy legs were hooked around his smooth ones. My hips were moving up and down, faster and faster. Timmy kept moaning for his Daddy, and the scene overwhelmed me. I shot my load up his tight hole, feeling my come flooding Timmy's hot bowels. "Take it, son. Take all of your Daddy's come up your ass. Good boy, you're taking it like a man. My boy has become a man."

A few moments later, I was standing next to the toilet bowl, looking down at Timmy kneeling naked at my side, looking up at me with eager little boy's eyes. It was difficult for me to start to piss at first, but eventually the flow began.

"You love your Daddy, Timmy."

"Oh yes, yes."

"You wanna drink Daddy's piss to show him how much you love him?"

"Yes, Daddy. I love you, Daddy."

The stream of piss splashed across Timmy's happy face as he opened his mouth, desperate to get his Daddy's piss. I toyed with him, pissing on his chest, soaking his hair, before zeroing in on his mouth. He drank my piss thirstily, not wanting to waste a single drop. The sight of him, so eager to please me, was an overwhelming turn-on, more than I could withstand. I pushed him to the cold, piss-soaked floor, and fucked him right there.

This time I lasted much longer, and gave my "son" a fucking he wouldn't soon forget. When I again creamed in his ass, Timmy screamed out, "Thank you, Daddy, thank you!"

Still locked together, Timmy said to me, "Daddy, do you love me?"

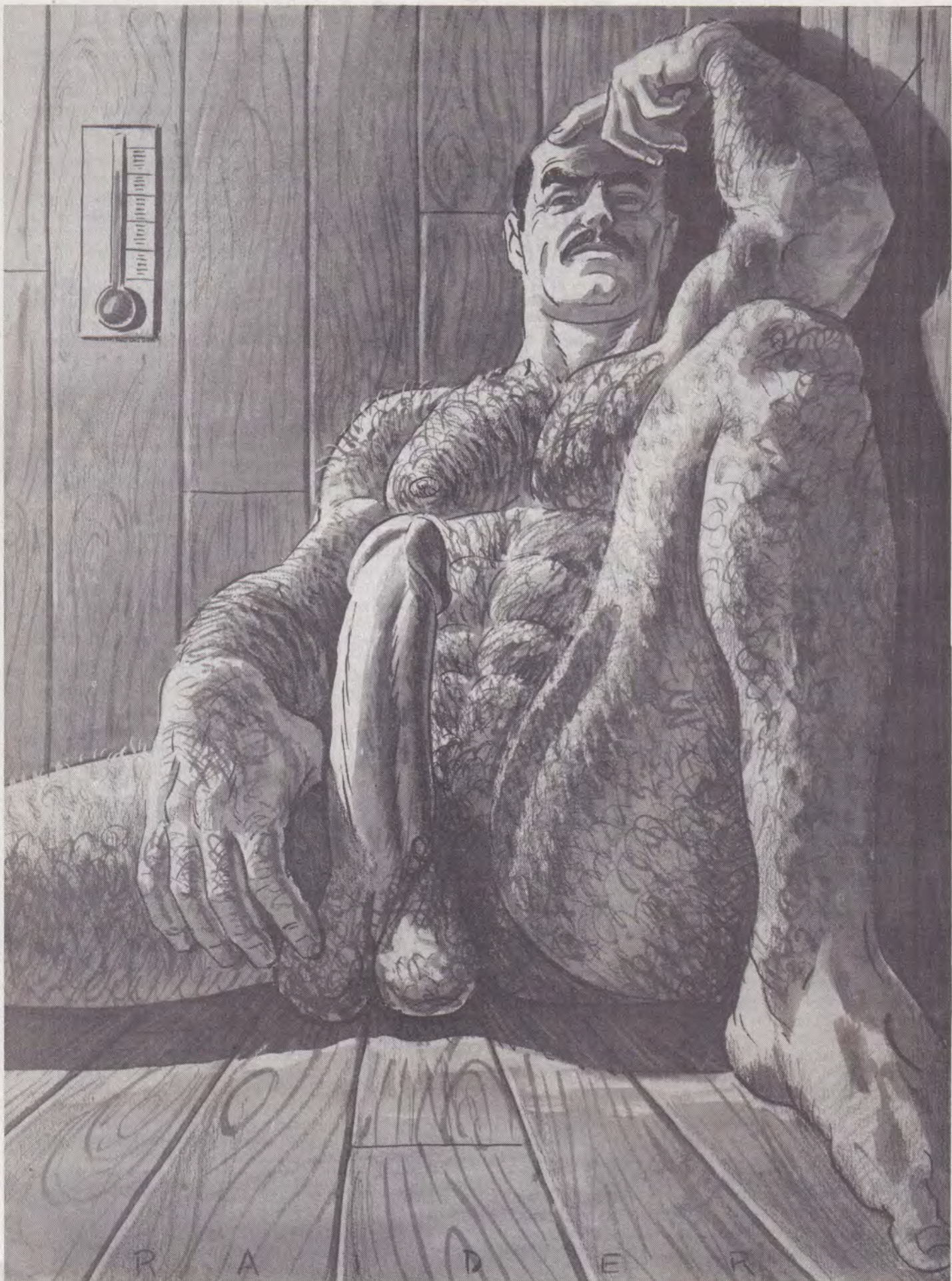
"Of course, I love you, son. All Daddies love their boys."

Playing Daddy is not without a few problems. When I'm in such a scene, I can't maintain a really heavy SM attitude. I'm not a slave's Master here; I'm my son's Daddy. There is a difference. I can't mistreat my "children."

One of my sons told me once, "Daddy, I jerk off all the time thinking of you. Are you going to spank me?" Well, in a typical SM scene, I would have beaten his ass for that, but instead I said that I wasn't going to hit him because I wanted him to enjoy my cock.

Some Daddy trips can get a bit out of hand. Guys take the scene out of the bedroom, and really expect me to take on the role of a parent. But I'm not into playing Daddy in real life; it's a great fantasy and it probably satisfies some psychological needs, but I don't want to *live* the fantasy with anyone.

Being Daddy is a big responsibility in a way, so lately I've been playing out a similar script, but one that allows for more equality: playing brothers. I'll tell about that one some time. □



PROPERTY RIGHTS

by MICHAEL AGREVE

My Daddy has a big cock. The kind of cock that makes your mouth water and your asshole start throbbing, just looking at it—long, meaty and thick.

But that's not all he's got. My Daddy has something even more important than a fat club of meat between his legs: Imagination. And imagination has always counted for more in my book than inches... Not that I have a choice in the matter. No Pussyboy does. It's just that if I'm going to talk about the Man I might as well spell it out like it is. I know that you all think that Daddies should be big bruisers with dicks hanging down to the floor. You've all seen the type: well-muscled hunks with pecs that enslave a guy without a single command having been spoken. Well, my Daddy's not like that. He's a big guy all right. But the big comes in the form of a beer gut that hangs over his leather belt like the foam that caps a mug of ale. And he ain't no Pretty Boy, either. He saves that role for me, his Sucks-lave. He's got one of those faces that the magazines would call rugged. I call his looks mean. There's not a drop of sweetness about his face. And his disposition isn't all that much better.

You see, I'm his Property. And you don't go around petting what you own, or putting it where you

think it would be most comfortable. You put it where you want it. And if you want it tied up and stuck in the corner for a few days, that's your prerogative. You see, Daddy's got Property Rights. And if you want to play with Daddy's Toy, you better ask his permission first. Just like I asked his permission to tell you all about Him.

Now, I don't want you to get the impression that Daddy's a sour-pussed slob who takes out all his frustrations on his Pussyboy. Far from it. The man's real hot. I've seen the way guys slobber when he packs his paunch into his leather gear. With those Vibram-soled boots of his hugging his size-twelve shitkickers, and his leather cap slung low over his bushy brows, the Man is something to see all right. No Boot-licker could resist the urge to suck piss and cum out of his leathered toes, or wrap their tongues around his bushy beard and moustache. But if I were you, I wouldn't even try it. Not unless you're prepared to worship Him the way he deserves to be worshipped. You see, once you've made the commitment, Daddy's going to make sure that you follow it through all the way. So, unless you're prepared to suck stale cock juice out of his stinking jock, or lick the sweat out of his

rank pits, you better get your fucking hand off of his leather jacket. You wouldn't be the first guy to get more than he bargained for.

I should know. Daddy's brought plenty of Little Brothers home for us to play with. Not one of them has made it to the Adoption stage. You see, Daddy's got a real heavy bag of tricks packed up his sleeve. You may think you've got an easy make on the Old Man, but I tell you, he knows all the tricks a Smart-Ass Slave can pull on a Master. And if he catches you using any of those tricks, you better be prepared to pack your ass in ice for the rest of the week. I've got plenty of marks to prove it. My ass is a roadmap of wrong turns taken. So unless you want to wind up with a butt that looks like it's been through the Third World War, you better learn to follow orders and follow them to the tee. Daddy's real strict, all right. But then, that's exactly what a Daddy should be.

So, you might be wondering why I'm telling all this to you. Well, mostly it's to get you hot. My Daddy likes the idea of all of you out there playing with your dicks while I tell you all about him. So, if your dick's not standing at attention already, you better get it up there before I tell Daddy that you're being disobe-

dient. You see, Daddy's trained me to snitch on my Little Brothers if they don't do what he wants them to do. And he won't just punish you. No Sir, he'll punish his Pussyboy for not being a good Slave Sitter. So, unless you want to see me get my ass pounded you better take your cock out and start stroking it real slow while I tell you more about the Man.

Did I mention before that he likes to smoke big smelly cigars and blow the smoke in my face? Well, he does. I guess that I must have swallowed more cigar smoke in the last few years than the poeple who make them. And that ain't all I've had to swallow. Daddy likes to have me bring him a beer before dinner. By the time he's through with dessert he's had two or three more. And when he's had that many, he gets real tanked-up. Too tanked-up to get out of his chair to take a pee. So he calls his Little Boy over to help out. Yep, you guessed it. He makes me open up my mouth real wide and swallow every drop of recycled beer that's in his gut. And he makes me thank Him for allowing me to be his Toilet. That's the way it's always been and I guess that that's the way its going to always be. I get used a whole lot.

Of course, I wasn't always such a good Pussyboy. You should have seen me when I first met Daddy. I was a real mess. Not physically, mind you. I've always had a hot body. Even when I was snorting coke and popping pills I always kept myself in good shape. And I was real hot-looking too. I still am. Only now I don't get to see myself too much. Daddy says that looking in a mirror makes a Pussyboy vain. And if there's one thing that Daddy doesn't want, its a Little Boy who thinks that he's God's Gift. So, if I want to see myself at all, I've got to ask permission, or wait until he makes me suck him off in front of a mirror. But even then, I really don't see myself reflected there at all. All I see is a Pighole swallowing up a big fat prick like it was the best lollypop in the world...

...But come to think of it, it is. But that's besides the point ...What is the point is that I'm a lot better Suckslave than I was five years ago, when Daddy picked me up at the Hustler's Bar I used to spend half my life in. When I first saw him I thought that he was a real easy mark. He sure turned the tables on me. But

how the hell was I to know that the man in the three-piece grey suit was a tiger in accountant's clothing? I should have known that something was up when he flicked his finger at me like I was some kind of Dog you could get to obey you. But even then I did obey his command. Call it instinct. Every animal's got it. And I'm no exception.

Of course, I didn't obey Him like I would obey Him today. No way. If I ever sauntered over to Him today like I did that night in the bar I'd be eating on the floor for a week. Now, when he snaps his fingers I come running. I salivate like the Dog that he's turned me into. I've paid for what I put Him through that first night. And I've paid good. I know now that he wasn't just another middle-aged man who grooved on chicken. I've learned the hard way that chicken hawks can have real sharp claws. But I was dumb then. Dumb enough to think that I'd get a swift fuck and a ten spot for my troubles. I got a swift fuck, all right. But between the ears, not up my Pighole, like I expected.

I don't know if you want to hear about everything that took place that first night. Maybe you've got something better to do, like cutting your toenails, or picking lint out of your belly button. That's okay with me. You can go do whatever you want to do. But if you're going to pick my brain for all the raunchy details of my enslavement to my Daddy you better get a can of grease for that stiffer of yours and get some poppers to set the mood right. If you're into tit-clamps, put them on. And if you're like me, you'll get that butt-plug that's been sitting up on your shelf, just waiting for a chance to stuff your Pighole. Shove it all the way in, just like I'm doing with mine. And don't start whimpering, or I'll tell Daddy on you. Now, make sure those tits of yours are clamped real tight.

Take a real good whiff of poppers. You'll need them. You'll also need plenty of grease on that dick of yours. Daddy likes long, slow sessions. So, if your prick's going to last the night, you better get it good and greased. That goes for your asshole too. Daddy doesn't like Little Boys who shit in their pants or pull dirty dildos out of their asses. So, if you're not clean, go get cleaned out. Daddy's trained me to do ass inspections. And if I find any shit up

there, we'll both have to pay for it.

So, now that you're good and ready, let's get down to business.

Like I said, I thought that Daddy was going to be an easy mark. Nothing about Him gave me the least hint of what was to come. Who knows, maybe if I knew what the future held in store I would never have followed him out of the bar in the first place. Now that I think about it, I realized that his looks turned me on from the get-go. Even in my half-drugged state I could tell that there was more to my being in that bar than met the eye. Maybe one of the reasons why I decided to pawn my ass was because I knew that most of the takers would be well up there in age. I had never turned on to guys my own age. And guys younger than my then 23 years were strictly hands off. So, when I started to walk meekly behind the man who was to become my Master, I knew that I would have no trouble getting my stiffer up to its full eight inches. It was up the minute he called me over. And it's been up ever since. But that's another story.

Like I said, I walked behind the man, as if instinct was telling me that that was the way to do it. I didn't do it to get a better look at him from behind. The obviously expensive suit he was wearing hid his butt. No, that wasn't it. And it wasn't because I was too stoned to know what I was doing. I revived pretty quickly once we hit the cold night air. So, you could say that I knew that I wasn't just following the guy because I needed the money. No, sir. I knew then what I liked. And I sure as hell liked what I saw.

But you could say that in many other ways I walked into the whole scene with blinders on. I was a real wet-nosed kid in those days. I hardly talked to him once we got into the car. I didn't know what to say. Even when we finally got to his house, I hardly noticed what a swell place it was. Sure, I could smell money all around the guy. Every hustler can. I just wasn't one of those guys who let things impress him. And I sure as hell wasn't one of those assholes who walked away with a pocket full of souvenirs.

I was playing it real cool, hoping that he wouldn't catch on that I was turning on to him like I never turned on to any trick before. But even though I was one of the few honest hustlers around, I realize now that Daddy

What happened next set the tone for all our future scenes. He turned me over and threw my full weight onto the leather couch...

was taking a real chance on me. Not that he's the guy who can't protect himself if he has to. No sir, Daddy's got a body full of rock-hard muscles. They're just starting to get a little soft from not being used too often. The most exercise he gets these days is slapping me around. I'm amazed he didn't use those muscles on my face while we were in the car. I answered all his questions with a grunt, and even when we got inside his house I still kept my tongue in my mouth, like I was expecting to have it cut off at any moment. But I still managed to case the joint as we walked through room after room of antique furniture. Maybe that's why Daddy told me to sit down and cool out for awhile. Of course, I was used to cooling my heels while a trick got his act together. But I was real surprised when Daddy told me to stay put and not move a muscle.

Now you may have guessed that I was a pretty wise-assed punk in those days. So, when the Man told me to sit like I was back in grade school, I said to myself, "fuck you, Mister. I'll do what I fucking want to." If I ever said that today, or looked like I was even thinking it, I'd get a face full of knuckles. But back then I thought that I was real Hot Stuff. So, when he left to do whatever he had to do, I reached in my pocket to get out the pack of cigarettes I had bought with my last dollar bill. I didn't think anything of it when I heard him running into the room where I was sitting. I figured that the house had caught fire or something unimportant like that. You should have seen the Old Man move. I didn't think a guy his age could get up that much energy. I was going to tell him to get me a beer while he was up, but before I could say squat he had knocked the cigarette out of my hand and

grabbed me by the collar. He pushed my face up to his and stared me right in the eye. Then his beefy hand came tearing across my face.

Man, I was scared shitless. But I was too cocky to let on that I was just about ready to start blubbering like some idiot kid. Besides, I knew about plenty of guys who got their heads handed to them by some guy who wasn't wrapped too tight. And this guy showed every sign of being a first-class crazy. I don't remember exactly what I said at the time, but I think it was something like "What'd you do that for? You gone bananas, or something?" Yeah, I was real cocky in those days. Too cocky to know that my ass was the next place to be tanned. I do remember the guy looking straight at me and asking, "Didn't I tell you to sit still?" From that point on it was like a movie you're suddenly the unexpected star of.

"I wanted a cigarette. Ain't a guy allowed to have a cigarette?"

The next thing I know, the guy's giving me one of those squinty-eyed looks that always spell trouble.

"I didn't ask you what you wanted. I asked you whether or not I told you to sit still."

At that point I was ready to walk back to the city if I had to. I returned his gaze with one of my Jimmy Dean looks.

"Look, man, I don't have to put up with you or anything you tell me to do. I ain't gonna be no punching bag for no boozed-up slob."

What happened next set the tone for all our future scenes. He turned me over and threw my full weight onto the leather couch. His right hand held my face against the smelly skins. His other hand came crashing down on my hard butt. Even with the torn, faded jeans on, I could feel the blow as it reverberated on my ass.

I tried to scream out, but he dug his fingers into my mouth. Then, like a rabid dog, I bit the hand that was later to feed me everything and anything I deserve. I bit deeply into the flesh, not caring if I took skin or bone with me. I knew that I would probably pay for it later, but I didn't give a shit. Nobody had ever slapped me like that. Not even my real father, who could match my Daddy for meanness.

But Daddy didn't retaliate. Not then, and not since. He knew that I was nothing more than a half-wild animal that desperately needed taming. And he knew that you don't tame a wild animal by just beating it to death. You make it trust you. Then, slowly and painfully, you make it depend on you more and more. And that's just what he did. Daddy removed his hand from the vise-like grip of my teeth. Then he turned me over gently as he wound his handkerchief around his hand.

I was crying then. Not just baby tears, but deep sobs that made my nose run. The slaps on my face and ass had released years of pent-up emotions. I saw myself as a child, being shuttled from one relative's house to another without being told why. I saw my Uncle Edgar making me service his cheesy dick while he held me down with a leather strap. I saw myself cruising the tired faces at the bar, waiting for someone to give me the sign that I was going to be His for the night. And I saw myself as an Old Man, still pushing my ass into too tight jeans, and still scanning the faces for someone who would take me home.

Daddy must have seen it all, too. He scooped me up in his arms and held onto me like I was a rag doll. Then he rocked me, all the while saying how sorry he was for making me hurt. It was the first and last time he ever said

that he was sorry for something. But it was all I needed to make me melt in his arms. I looked up into his lined face and saw the Father that I had always wished for. Not the brute who used to kick me in the rump whenever he pleased, but a Father who would love me no matter what I did. I don't know what made me say it, but I looked up into those deep-set eyes of his and said, "I know I'm a bad boy, Daddy. I know I deserve to be beaten for everything I've done. But please, please love me too, Daddy. I'll let you do anything to me as long as you'll love me too."

Before I could say another word, he had unwound his handkerchief from his ravaged hand. He wiped away my tears. Then he wiped my nose, just like my mother used to do before she died. I could see the teeth marks on his hand as he held it up to my face. I can still see those marks today. The faint scars are a testament to the bond of pain that still holds us together. No matter how mad he gets at me, and no matter how much he punishes me for things that I didn't even do, I still see the scar and remember how he held me that first night. I also remember the way he carried me into the bedroom and deposited me on the soft bed. He stripped off all my clothing, just as my mother used to do when I fell asleep before we got home from a drive in the country. I lay there, too numb to enjoy the feel of his calloused hands as they explored every inch of my body.

When I had regained enough control to be able to speak without sounding like some blubbering kid, I asked him if he wanted me to leave. He told me that I could stay. But if I stayed I'd have to obey every order and thank him for every favor that he granted me. He said that he wanted me to clean myself up, and that meant cleaning my ass out too. He would change into something more comfortable, and when I got out of the bathroom he would expect me to act like nothing had even taken place so far. And then he bent over and kissed my forehead. What was I to do? My outburst had released all the pent-up childhood fears and anger that I was harboring. I could go home with a sackful of self-pity, or I could try to work them out with the help of the strange man who beat me one second and held me in his arms the other. Of course, I chose the

latter. And I've never once regretted it.

Now, you may say, all this psychological bullshit is fine, but I didn't start reading this to get my head shrunk or find out why some young hustler was willing to submit to the will of a mean Old Man like my Daddy. You want the kind of stuff that gets a load out, right? Well, I never was one to let a guy get away with a case of blueballs. Like I said, making guys happy is my role in life, and giving relief, whether it's in person or through a good hot story, is something that I'm trained to do. So, grab your dick and ram that plug all the way up. I'm about to unload my first scene on you. And I hope that your head and ass are ready for it.

When I got into the bathroom I realized why I was being told to take a shower. The mirror (the last one I would ever look at myself in) said it all. My long blond hair hung over my head in greasy strings. My feet had built up a week's worth of toe jam. My upper lip sported blonde peach fuzz that never grew into the moustache I had always hoped to sport. When I pulled back the long overhang of skin that kept my cockhead out of sight, I almost choked on the stench that rose up. Lucky for me that I was almost completely hairless. If I had a thick mat of fur, like my Daddy, it would probably have been knotted and crawling with who knows what. As it was, I started scratching out of instinct.

I was a real sight. I wondered why the guy had ever bothered with me in the first place. Sure, I was a good looking kid, but I wasn't much better off than half the guys who sleep on streets and line up to get a free meal. For the first time in my life I realized that I wasn't the smart ass stud that I thought I was. I deserved to have some sense slapped into me. The guy waiting outside, who I thought was a real chump, was the one with the aces stacked in his favor. He had a fancy car and a real nice house. All I had was a thick layer of dirt that even one hour in the shower wouldn't wash off.

Fortunately, I have the kind of Daddy who can be patient when it suits Him. He waited as long as it took me to get myself together. That included taking two enemas and shaving my upper lip so that it would rival any baby's ass. I had to keep asking where things were, but he didn't seem to mind

my shouting out to Him every other second. Instinct told me that I should address him as "Sir," and thank him every time he responded to one of my pesty questions. Like I said, it took me almost an hour to get myself ready. But I can tell you now, I spent every second of that hour with my dick rock-hard. And it wasn't just because I was a snot-nosed kid with a permanent erection. No, Sir. I was still hard just from thinking about what was going to happen next.

So, I tried to be as quick as I could. When I was finally sure that I could pass muster, I gave myself a final check in the mirror and opened up the bathroom door. The cold hit me instantly. I had heated up the bathroom to the point where it resembled a steambath more than something out of *House Beautiful*. But that was nothing compared to the kind of heat I felt when I looked at the man I would later call Daddy.

He had changed into something more comfortable, all right. Comfortable for Him, that is. I never saw a man who looked so natural in leather. And I haven't seen many who could turn me on as much. I don't know what it is about an older guy in leather, but it never fails to send my head spinning. Fortunately, Daddy's got a large circle of friends close to his own age. I get passed around a lot. So, I'm never lacking for suckable material. But like the song says, "Nobody does it better..." I knew it then and I still know it. But what I didn't know was how completely I would be dominated by the hunk of a man who stood waiting while his Little Boy made himself presentable.

"You sure as hell took your time."

I didn't know what to say. He had been so patient waiting. I started having doubts again. Then I realized that what we were playing was some kind of elaborate game. It wasn't a matter of some cracked Old Bugger dumping on some Poor Innocent Kid. The rules of the game had been set long before either one of us had clicked. It was the kind of game real fathers played out with their sons. Only they never realized how close it came to the kinds of games you saved for a romp in the bedroom. All that was needed was for a word or two to be changed. That, and the kind of lust that makes kings and commoners want to get down on their knees in front of a high-heeled

No butts, boy. Get it through your head, I'm offering you a roof over your head and a chance to belong to somebody...

boot. My own Dad had played it with me, only I didn't know it then. Who knows, maybe he dropped a load after beating my ass black and blue. It wouldn't have surprised me. And it wouldn't have made me hate him less. But with the man who stood in front of me, there was no hatred. There was only a strong desire to see the scene through to its natural conclusion. Even if it meant that I would have the scars to show for my effort. I let him hold the reins. And I let him write the script the way he wanted it.

"I'm sorry Daddy. I was very dirty."

For a second I thought that he knew that something had gone through my mind. Something more than just a simple thought.

"You're still too dirty. You don't wash off your kind of pig dirt with one shower. You wash it off from the inside out. Now get that stinking ass of yours over here. I want to see how good a job you did."

I walked over to Him slowly. I tell you, I was scared shitless. I just prayed that my ass was shitless too.

"You think that ass of yours is clean enough for me to put my hand inside?"

Now I was really scared. The game was getting too serious for my tastes. I had heard all about fistfucking. And I had heard about guys who had had their insides ripped out as a result. Daddy must have sensed how scared I was.

"You think I'm going to hurt you, Son?"

It was the first time anyone had ever called me Son. Not even my real father had ever acknowledged me as his own.

"I don't know, Daddy."

I put my hand to my still smarting cheek. That little gesture said it all.

"You deserved that, you know."

I hung my head. I knew that he was right.

"Yes, Sir."

"You've got to expect to be punished for something you do wrong."

"I know, Sir."

"And you've got to expect some rough treatment until you learn how to be a good boy."

"Yes, Sir."

"I won't always kiss it and make it better after you've gotten what you deserve. I expect you to get an order right the first time. If you don't you'll be punished. And you can't expect me to feel sorry for what I'm doing. Any good father would do the same."

"I know, but..."

"No butts, boy. Get it through your head, I'm offering you a roof over your head and a chance to belong to somebody. You're not just going to get that handed to you on a silver platter. You're going to have to work for it. And you're going to have to do it on my terms. Now, either you get the hell out of here right now or you show me your ass like a good little boy."

I must have stood there a full five minutes. My head was clear enough for me to make a decision without it coming through a haze of drugs. I was smart enough to know what was expected of me. I was also smart enough to know that I wanted more than anything to belong to the leather-clad man who was standing in front of me. I looked him over from head to toe. No, he wasn't a white knight carrying a big spear in one hand and the Holy Grail in the other, but one look at the studded codpiece between his legs told me that there was a big spear housed there. And the way my face and ass burned told me that there would be more of that in store for me before I could come close to pleasing the Man.

But still, the craggy face and

steel-blue eyes made me more excited than any big-dicked body-builder could. I wanted to rest my head on his belly. And more than that, I wanted to worship his body. So, after thinking long and hard, I looked right into his eyes and slowly walked over to where he was standing. Then I bent over and spread my cheeks wide. This time, the hand that came across my bare butt was loving. Don't ask me how I could sense the difference. I just could. It hurt all right. But it hurt real good. Just like the finger that prodded my shithole felt real good too. It worked its way in until the muscles learned to love the way it explored my insides. When he finally took his finger out, it was clean. I breathed a sigh, then stood up. He hadn't fisted me at all. But if he had, I would have kept my mouth shut and gotten off on the fact that I was giving him the kind of pleasure I could never give my real dad.

Now, I know that I promised you some hot action. But first, I wanted you to know how I felt about the Man right from the start. And I wanted you to know I had something to say about the way the relationship went. Even after five years, I haven't wanted it to change one bit. No, I still haven't passed the Little Boy stage and I guess I never will. Every time I think I've finally grown up, Daddy discovers something that I did or didn't do. And I can say to you right now, I'm going to make sure that he keeps on finding things to punish me for. You can call me a fucked-up masochist if you like. And you can say that I'm living in a fool's paradise. But tell me, if you could find a man like my Daddy, wouldn't you trade in all your hang-ups just for a chance to become his Pussyboy, like I did?

While I'm thinking it over, let me give you a sample of what its

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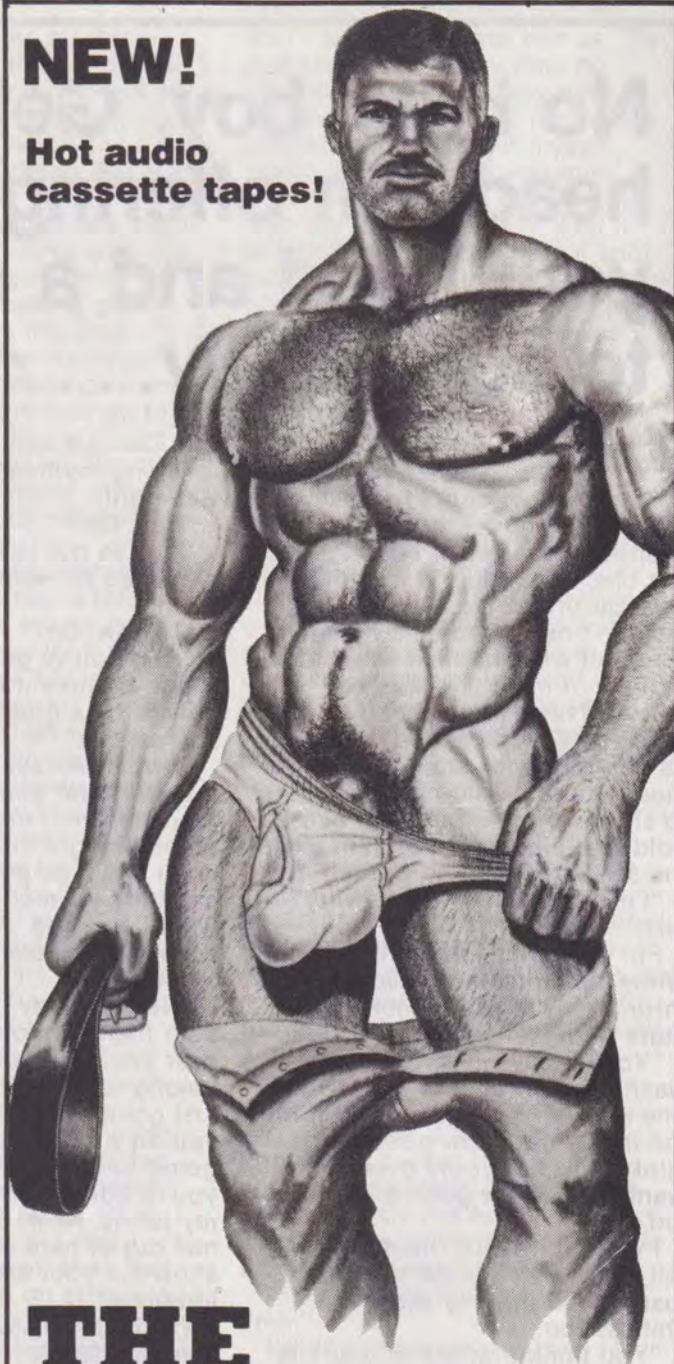
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New York, New York 10013

The minute he had finished shaving me he led me downstairs to the playroom he had set up in the basement...

like to be a Pussyboy. First of all, my Daddy made sure that I looked like a real Little Boy. Yup, you guessed it. He shaved my crotch right down to the bare skin. Then he let his razor loose on my armpits. When he had gotten those looking like they had never heard about puberty, he gave me a real close haircut. He told me that I looked like a twelve-year-old. And I believe him. You see, I've got a baby-face to begin with, and with my pubes shaven, I must have looked like something that just came out of the choir. Of course, my dick didn't exactly look like a kid's. Not unless the kid's got elephantitis. Daddy said that I looked like a smart-assed brat who had just strapped on a rubber dick and balls. But whatever I looked like, I know that it sure turned Daddy on.

The minute he had finished shaving me he led me downstairs to the playroom he had set up in the brick faced basement. I didn't know it then, but I was going to end up spending plenty of hours in that dimly lit dungeon. There were moments when I wondered if I was ever going to make it out of there alive. But, of course, you know that I did. And you probably also know that I came out with a lot different attitude than I went in with. Getting shaven was only a prelude to what was going to wind up as years of training until I could get to the point where I could please any Master, no matter what his scene.

Now, I know that there are lots of guys out there who are looking for a Daddy just like the one I've got. Maybe you like Him younger than yourself. Or maybe you want him with muscles that you could spend days licking without tasting all there was to taste. I even know some guys who want Daddy's with missing arms or legs. Or with enough hair to make a Persian

rug out of. We've all got different ideas about what a Daddy should be. I've been told there are even some guys who want to turn their Daddies into slaves. But we don't talk about those little boys. At least not in my Daddy's house. We talk about the kind of Suckslave who can get a piss-soaked jock shoved in his mouth while his Daddy shoves his fist deeper and deeper into his waiting Pighole. We talk about the kind of Little Boy who polishes his Daddy's boots, then gives them a well-deserved spitshine with his slave tongue.

And lately, we've been talking about finding me a Little Brother who can satisfy Daddy's need for Babydick now that I'm getting older. I've always wanted a Brother, and Daddy says that if I'm real patient, he'll find a good one for me. Of course, Daddy will expect me to do some of the training for Him. He says that he just doesn't have the patience to break in another Little Boy. And he trusts me enough to be able to do whatever it takes to make sure that anyone applying for the job knows what he's getting into.


Just like me, you'll be taken down to Daddy's playroom and tied up. Then, Daddy will take your tits and stretch them till they get to the point where there'll be enough nipple to pierce. He did mine years ago, then, just for good measure, stuck a ring in my foreskin so he could pull me around by it. Then, he had a friend of his come over and tattoo my butt. In case you're wondering, it says: *My ass belongs to Daddy*.

And that ain't all. He kept my ass filled with larger and larger butt-plugs until I got to the point where I could take any fist that he allowed to plug my Pighole. I get thrown into a lot of slings. And you will be too. You'll have to dress Daddy up in leather, then

beg for him to treat you like the Suckslave you are. You'll eat his ass and beg for him to blow a fart in your mouth. You'll swallow gallons of his piss, then be made to drink your own out of a plastic baby bottle. He'll put you in diapers and beat your ass black and blue if you wet in them. He'll humiliate you in public and make you eat dog food if he's in the mood to treat you like a pet. You'll cry yourself to sleep, wondering how you could stoop so low as to be a Houseslave to an aging Taskmaster who belches in your face and sends you out to suck one of his cronies off.

But then, just when you're starting to really feel neglected and abused, he'll tell you to join him in bed. Then he'll pull you close to his furry body and whisper that he's never loved anyone or anything more than his Pussyboy. You'll think you're living on a roller coaster or a merry-go-round where you'll get punished if you don't catch the cock-ring.

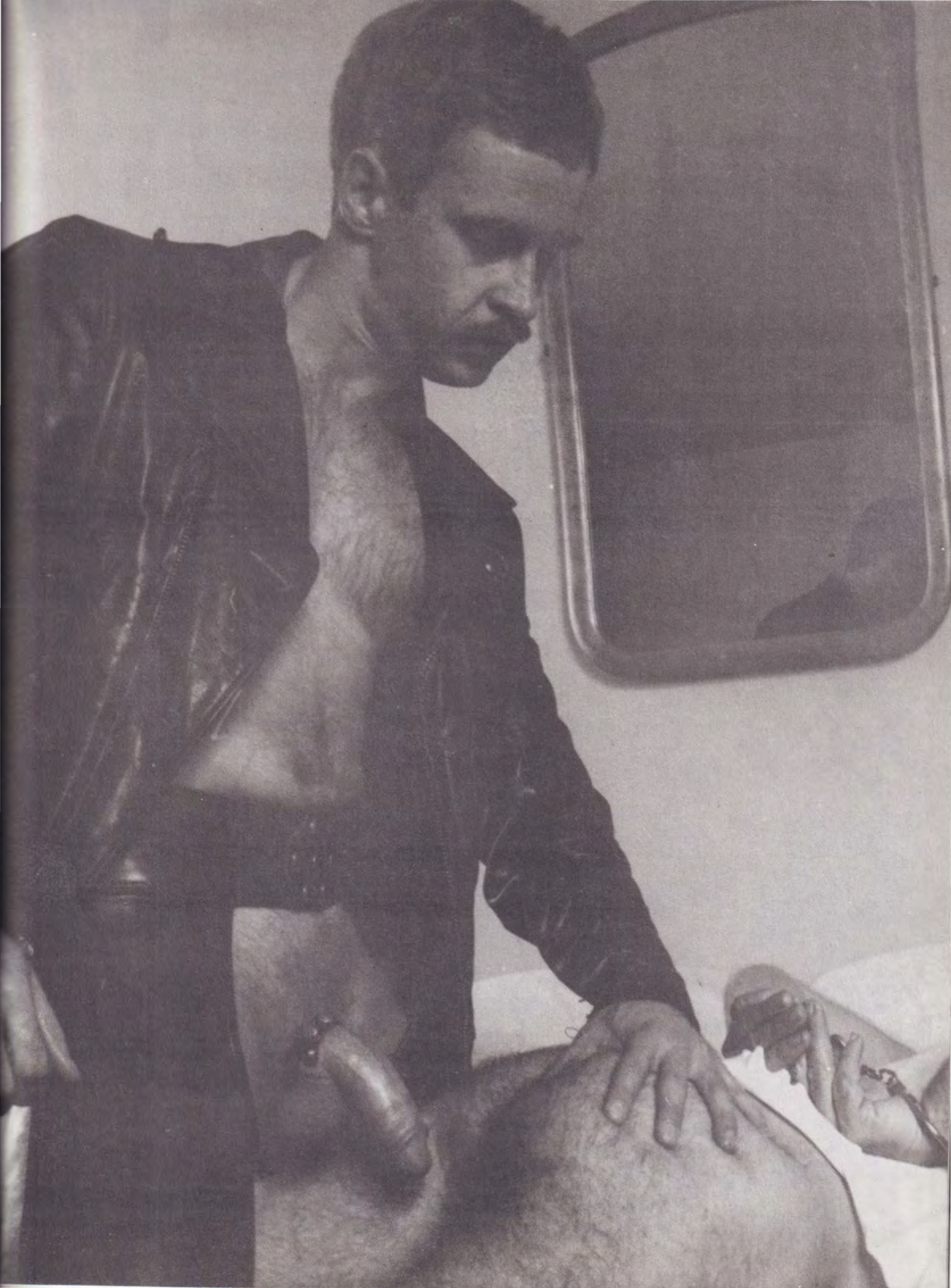
But I tell you one thing. You won't ever have to stay up half the night, jacking off while you read about some guy whose found paradise with a big-dicked, quirky Old Bastard who makes his slave write stories about what a catch he is. You'll have your own Daddy to tie you up and blow cigar smoke in your face while you sit at a typewriter, telling the whole world what a good Master you've got. So, if you're real smart, you'll finish wiping up that load of gism you shot all over the page and head out to the nearest bar to search for your own Daddy. And if you happen to find one that tells you he's got a Little Boy at home who's real hot to help break in a Little Brother, I'd strongly suggest that you go with the Man. Cause Big Brother's got a real heavy load to give some lucky guy who's willing to share his mean, hot Daddy. □



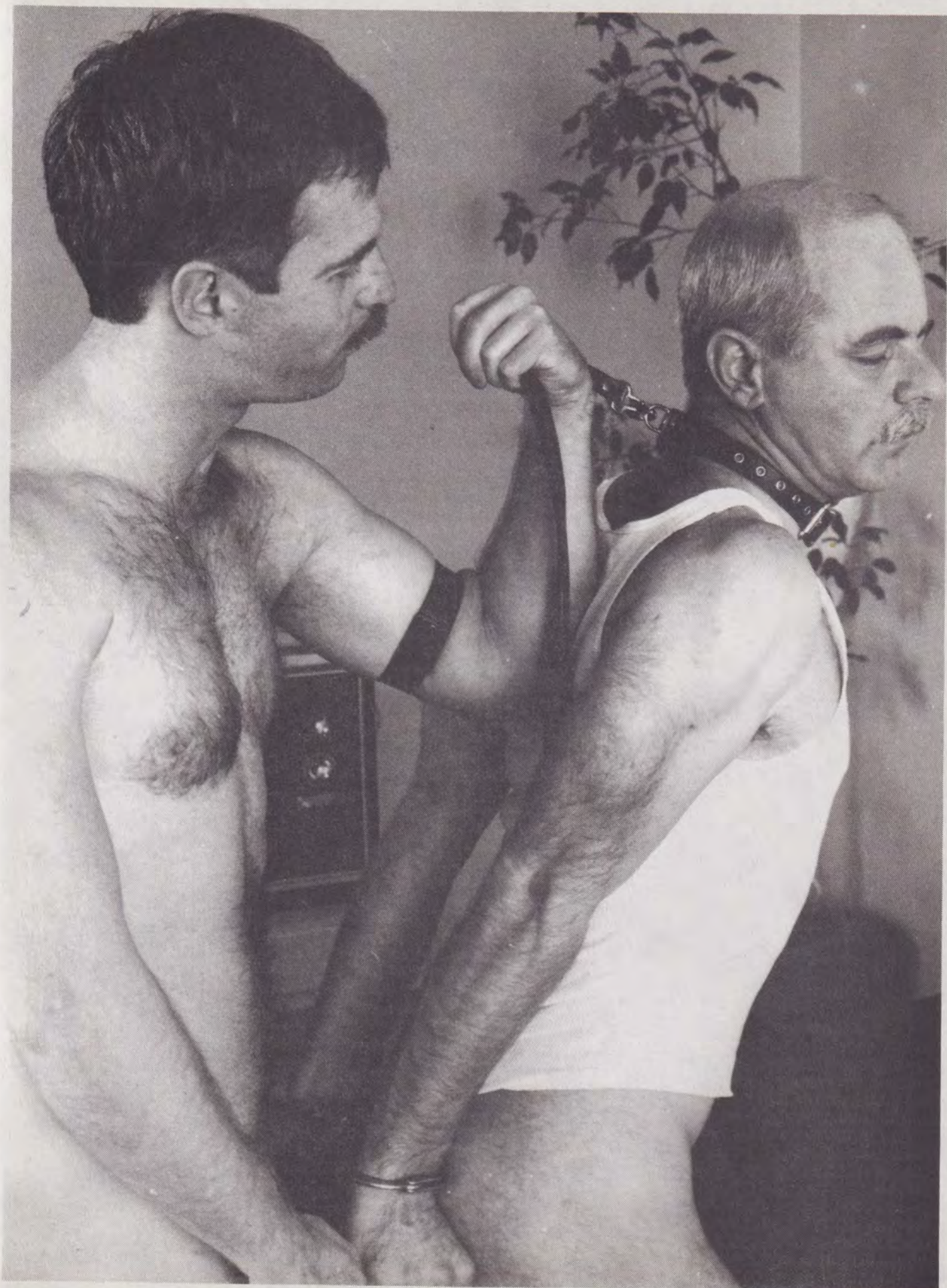
BAD BOY

Well, it had to happen sooner or later—photographic evidence of what can happen when a Daddy's boy turns bad. The expose that follows came to *Drummer Daddies* via director Steve Soderby and Oz Video, the same people who produced "Daddy Does a Video"—where the roles were reversed.

So what happened? Maybe this Daddy's boy just decided to wear the pants for a while. Maybe this Daddy didn't train his boy well enough—let this be a warning to every Daddy who's ever felt an urge to be lenient and let up on the discipline! Or maybe they just like it this way...

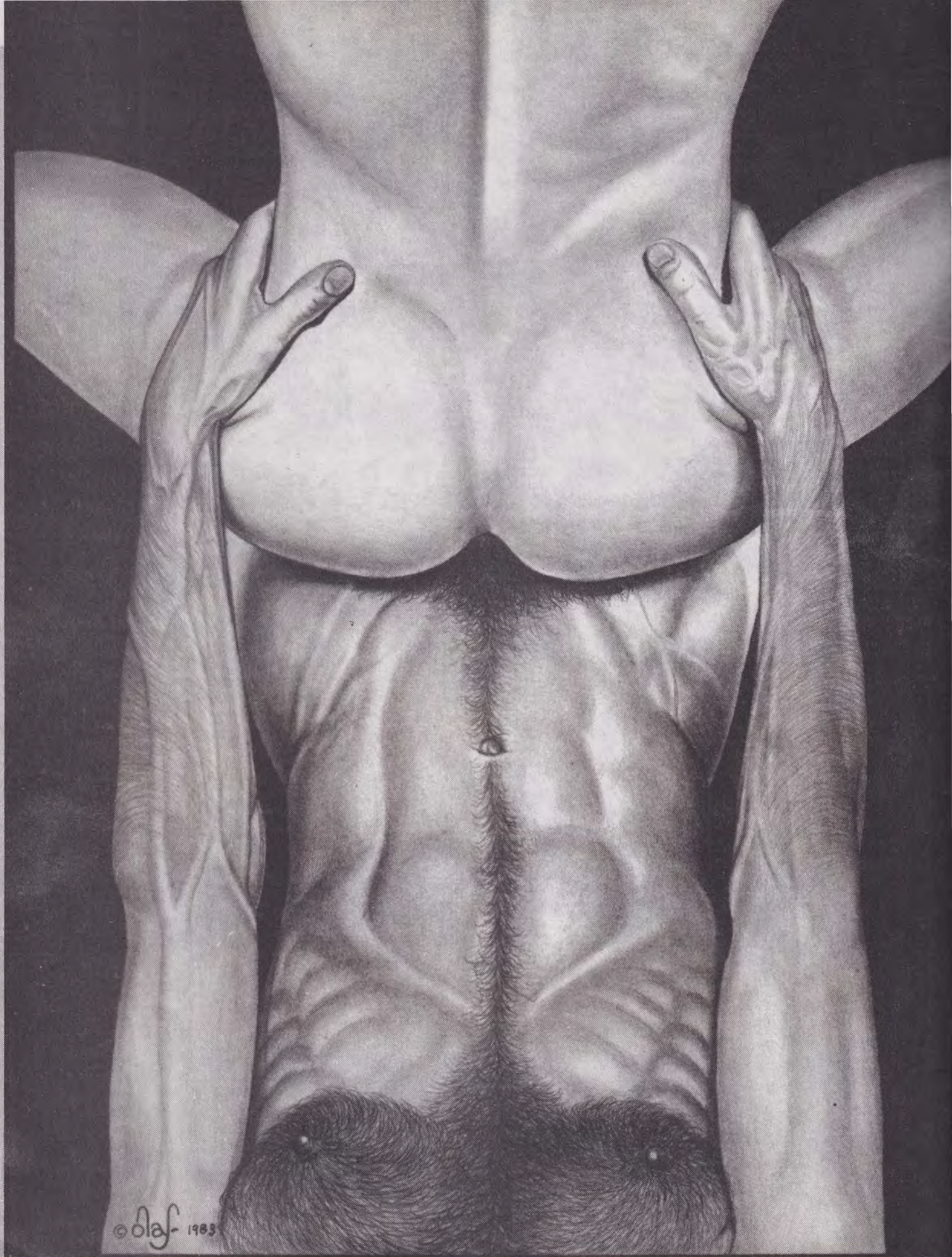












© olaf 1983

Weekend With daddy

by Simon

There was silence in the car as we drove from the grey canyons of the city to the green valleys that lay to the north. Jed was quiet and lost in thought, eager thoughts about the week-end that was ahead. I punctuated the silence with an occasional comment on the landscape, the natural prerogative of a dad showing his son where he grew up.

I had met Jed only a few weeks ago, outside the entrance to my apartment building. I had spotted him that morning, while I was waiting at the corner for my bus and, when I caught sight of him later, I imagined him waiting all day for me to come home. He smiled as I passed him and when I turned at the building's entrance he was right beside me. We spent most of the early evening in bed and many evenings after that. He was young and still lived at home so we never had the opportunity to spend a whole night together. This was to be our first time.

From the start he responded to my every suggestion, my every whim. I'm a professor at the local college, so instruction comes naturally to me and he was a more than willing pupil. He was bright and obedient and in a very short time I began to look forward to seeing him waiting at the bus stop for me to arrive home. He went from casual pick-up to student to adopted son in a matter of weeks. The father/son relationship was exciting and new to both of us. I had fantasized on the bodies of

the freshmen I taught and always pictured myself being serviced by these young studs. Jed's role as son was just as easily explained. He spoke angrily about how his real father had taunted him about being a "sissy" when he was drunk and how he had tried to beat some sense into him. He told me of the time that he had been caught jerking off and his father took him over his knees and whipped him. His father had become excited and, to humiliate the boy further, had made Jed jerk him off until he came. With these facts at hand, it's no wonder we became each other's surrogate family.

Which brings me up to this weekend.

I had casually mentioned that I owned some land near my home town and that there was a small cabin on it. We built a fantasy around it as I promised that Daddy would take Jed on a camping trip if he were good. Jed responded enthusiastically to the suggestion and began planning our trip. We agreed that the entire time would be spent as "father and son." The trip began in silence but Jed set the agreement into motion as we approached the first rest-stop.

"Can't we stop, Daddy?" He asked. "I have to go to the bathroom."

"Can't you wait until we get there, son?"

"No, Daddy," was the answer I got.

We stopped the car and headed for the well-trampled shrubbery. We stood side by side pissing as he motioned towards my cock.

"I like to watch you piss, Daddy."

"I bet you'd like to play with it a little, wouldn't you?" I said as my dick began to quiver.

"Yes, Daddy," Jed said, as he gently touched it and put his wet fingers into his mouth.

"Why don't you shake the last drops out of it for me, like a good little boy."

He needed no further invitation. He held it lightly as the last drops of yellow liquid ran through his fingers. He milked it until the last drop oozed out and then bent over and ran his tongue around the wet slit. I pulled my thickening rod away from his grasp and tucked the bulge back into my jeans.

"You're going to have to work real hard for that, son," I said as I buttoned up and headed back to the car.

We drove for another hour, only stopping for provisions, and headed for the dense greenery. The cabin was at the end of a winding dirt road, barely visible through the trees. The house itself was a small overnight shelter for hunters more than anything else. I had fixed it up a little but it still didn't have indoor plumbing or electricity. Heat and elementary cooking were done on a small coal stove. There was a small porch open to the sun and

just one large room with the stove in the center and a sleeping loft over the back half of the room.

Jed and I unpacked our meager belongings in a matter of minutes. Hot, dusty and tired from the trip, I threw my boy a towel and a bar of soap and had him follow me down to the stream that bisected the property. In the heat of the late afternoon sun, we stripped off our clothes and waded into the shallow current. I quickly submerged myself into the chilly water, soaped up and rinsed off as Jed watched me, shivering.

"Get in here and get yourself good and clean for daddy."

"But Daddy, the water's cold."

"Just do as I tell you. The quicker you do it, the quicker you get out."

"Yes, sir," he mumbled as he quickly splashed himself with soap and water and headed for the warm rock that I was sitting on.

He pulled his dripping body up onto the rock and reached for the towel. I pushed it out of his reach and made him lie down on the smooth stone. His firm body was almost hairless except for the dark bush around his pecker that barely climbed as high as his navel. Silently I soaped up his crotch and pulled the razor from my shaving kit.

"I don't think it's right for a boy your age to have all this hair on him now, don't you think?" I asked as the blade scraped the hair from his stomach.

With a few long steady strokes, the hair vanished from his cock as it began to harden in my hand. I spread his legs and soaped up his balls. I squeezed them tight to make the sac taut and began to get them nice and smooth. I slowly worked my way to the underside of his balls and then on to the slight trail of hair that led up the crack of his ass. I turned him over and soaped up the hole, gently pushing my moist finger into the fuzzy opening. Baby-boy let out a low moan and grabbed the cheeks of his ass in his hands and spread them for me. The puckered hole was totally exposed and mine. I slowly probed inside him as my free hand ran the razor lovingly over the hole. His ass rose to meet both the blade and my thrusting finger. Slowly I got it smooth and relaxed as a baby's bottom.

We walked, still naked, up the hill to the cabin, in the last rays of the sun. A cool breeze came up and I put on my heavy shirt, jock

and boots. I ordered Jed to stay naked and get the fire going if he was cold. While he cleaned up the place and made it nice and cozy, I relaxed with a beer on the porch. I must have dozed off because the next thing I know is the sky is a deep red and there's the smell of food cooking on the stove.

After a hearty meal, we went back out to the porch. He sat at my feet, his hands wrapped around my hairy legs, gathering warmth from my body. We sipped our beers and listened to the night sounds as the darkness crept around us. I stood up, pulling him up with me.

"Daddy's got to take a leak. Do you want to go with him to the shithouse?"

"You don't have to walk anywhere, Daddy, give it to me here," he said as he stepped off the porch onto the dry pine needles. His face was level with the piss-stained jock and he looked pleadingly into my dark eyes.

"Please, Daddy," he coaxed.

How could you say no to a request like that? I grabbed him firmly around the neck and guided his tongue to the waiting bulge in the old, yellowed jock. His tongue felt warm and wet as it caressed the pouch and forced itself beneath the fabric. His hands crept up my legs to my hairy buttocks and then to the elastic waistband. He tugged gently while his teeth pulled down on the pouch. In a second, my thick, heavily veined rod pushed free of the fabric and slapped my little boy across his smooth face. I pulled inches away from his eager mouth and slowly let a few drops trickle out. His tongue darted out and scooped up the liquid, drop by drop. As the stream of piss became steady, Jed took the head of my cock into his warm mouth and ran his tongue along the slit. The salty piss ran from the sides of his mouth onto his hairless chest as he tried to gulp it down. As he swallowed, he ran his hands across his wet chest and rubbed my piss over his body. I pulled my cock from his mouth and aimed it at his shaved belly. He let it run down to his crotch, where he massaged it into his long, uncut cock. His prick jumped to attention as he began to jack it off.

"You just keep your hands off that!" I commanded. "What did I tell you about playing with yourself?"

He quickly swallowed the piss he was rolling around his tongue

and gulped, "I can only do it after I have pleased you, Daddy."

"That's right, sonny boy, and you'd better just keep it that way," I said as I drained the last few drops onto my boots. I pushed his face down onto the leather and felt his tongue clean them off. When he was finished, he stood smiling and proud, waiting for my next order.

"Now go inside, get those lanterns lit before it gets dark and bring me another beer."

"Yes, sir," he answered eagerly. He disappeared into the cabin, his long cock jutting forward, dripping. I wanted him right up there for the rest of the night, wanting to do anything I asked. A soft glow appeared from inside as the lanterns were lit. A moment later he appeared in the doorway, cock at half-mast, my beer in his hand. The chill finally got to us and we headed for the indoors. We lay on some old blankets in front of the glowing stove, my head propped up on some pillows with Jed's body nestled between my legs. His cock was still half hard as it arched over his shaved belly. My hairless little boy, with his tight body and firm buns, began to run his fingers over my hairy stomach and down to my crotch. He gently pulled my rod out from the elastic and took tentative swipes at it with his tongue. As it grew larger, he took the head into his mouth and curled up around it, sucking it gently.

"I guess it's time for baby's bottle, isn't it?"

"Feed me, Daddy," he moaned in between slurps.

By now my cock had pushed its way over the elastic and Jed was kneading my hairy ball-sac with his hands, driving me slowly crazy. His own cock had grown to its full length, the sticky head protruding from the foreskin and stretching it taught. He was dry-humping my leg and beads of pre-cum stuck to the hairs. We had both been anticipating this night for a long time and we were primed for action. My body tingled with every move of my little boy's mouth. His body told me that he was open for anything that might please me.

"You got Daddy's leg all wet, punk, get down there and lick it off!" I hollered.

"Yes, sir. I'm sorry, Daddy," he stuttered as he moved his tongue down my leg to the wet spot. He made long strokes with his tongue, cleaning it all off. With my other foot, I pushed his face

downward until it was right on top of my boot.

"Clean these off too, kid," I said as I pushed both feet under his nose.

He went to work, first on one and then the other. His hands ran up and down my legs as his tongue licked the leather.

"My feet and socks are good and smelly. I think you'd better give them a nice tongue bath also."

He slowly reached for my laces, never taking his mouth from the toe of my boot. He undid them slowly, pulling my sweaty feet from them gently. He sat up on his knees and took one foot into his hands and brought it up to his mouth. He licked the bottoms of my sweatsocks and then took them off and repeated the same actions against my bare feet. His tongue darted between my toes and then up to my hairy ankles. By now, we were both dripping onto the bare floor, our dicks reddening with lust. I pulled him up by the back of the neck and directed him to the ladder leading to the loft.

"I think it's bedtime, sonny-boy. Get up that ladder."

He obeyed instantly. I had to reach up and stop him or he would have disappeared over the top in a flash. He was about two steps off the ground with his ass level with my chest. I grabbed both ankles and stopped him dead in his tracks. Quickly I tied his legs to the ladder, spreading them as far apart as possible. I ran a long section of rope around his waist, pinning him flat against the rungs. I tied each of his hands to the top rung, my thick cock brushing against his backside as I did so. With him in this position I could get to every part of his body. His cock jutted out from between the rungs and I tied it down to one of them, wrapping the heavy rope around it several times. I stepped back and surveyed my handiwork. Out of fear or discomfort, Jed began squirming to loosen the ropes. With each movement, the rope around his cock dug tighter. I pulled a rope down from one of the beams and sent it crashing across his ass.

"No, Daddy, don't hurt me, please don't hurt me," he cried.

"Are you going to be a good boy for me?" I bellowed.

"Yes, Daddy, I'll do anything for you, just don't hurt me."

His body was trembling as he strained to turn around to watch what I was doing. Jed's butt glowed warm and tender in the

light from the lamps. I put my arm around his waist and held him tightly, rubbing my hairy chest against his firm ass. I reached for his cock and found that it was still erect and moist. It was still tied tightly and the action of his body was like a rough hand pulling on the rod. Wiping the slimy juice from the head, I stepped up on the ladder behind him to feed the pre-cum to the waiting lips. My thick, reddened cock rose between his hairless legs and brushed against the tight base of his balls. I took my fingers from his mouth and began to massage the juice and spit into the crack of his ass. His ass jutted out to meet my hand. I forced one finger up the hole and then another. He moaned in ecstasy, pushing the muscles open further for me. The third finger went up and I began to massage the rectal canal with them. His own cock throbbed and the clear pre-cum dripped onto the floor. My thrusts became a steady rhythm, slow and hard, and he moved his muscles in time with my fingers. The rhythm increased as he began to beg for more.

"Fuck me, Daddy, put your big prick up your little boy's ass!"

"Are you going to take it all, son?" I asked.

"Yes, Daddy, I can take it all! I want to feel it inside me!"

"Are you going to open that hairless boy-ass to take all of Daddy's fat cock?" I hollered as I withdrew my fingers and pressed my body against his.

"Please, Daddy! Give it to me, pump your juice up my ass and make me shoot my load!"

I stepped up on the ladder behind him as my wet dick probed the shaved crack. I rubbed my rod against the hole until he pushed down and caught the head of my cock with his ass muscles. With one deep breath and a low moan he pushed down until it had sunk in to the base.

"That feels so good, Daddy, never take it out."

"Take my dick, baby-boy, take it until it explodes!" I shouted as I began to thrust long and hard.

The pounding built up to a fast crescendo, with his moans turning into a low growl. I could feel his muscles wrapping around my hard tool as I managed to pull it all the way out and then send it home with one long push. His panting increased and I could feel his body tighten up. I reached around him to feel his long thin tool being roughly massaged by

the length of rope around it. He was jerking himself off with each thrust of his tight body against the rung of the ladder.

I grabbed onto the ladder just above his head for support and swung into action. I knew it was only going to be a matter of seconds before both of us were going to pop and he had his orders to wait for me to come before he even thought about shooting. I forced my hairy, sweaty body against his to keep him from thrusting his cock against the rope and slowly pumped my dick into the hot, moist hole. I began slowly until the need to shoot my juice was too intense. The rhythm increased and again, his ass reached out to grab my prick in his vise-like hold. I pumped and pounded him until both of us were out of breath. With all my energy I thrust into him when I could hold back no more.

"Take my dick, baby, take it all. I'm going to rip that baby's ass apart until I shoot that load... Give me that ass boy, push it to me, Daddy's going to come up that little boy's ass... take it all... take it all!" I screamed into his ear.

"Shoot it in me, Daddy—I can feel your hot cock throbbing inside me—I want it all, Sir, give it all to me!"

I could feel his muscles contracting as his own load splattered onto the wooden floor, forcing the last drops of juice out of my dick. I held onto his heaving body until the spasms quieted. When the room stopped spinning, I slowly untied his raw hands and legs. His cock had softened enough to pull free of the come-stained rope and I took it into my mouth and gently held it there as we lay on blankets in the glow of the dying embers of the stove. We slept that way until the sky came alive with light and the birds began their chirping.

I pulled myself free of the blankets and walked outside into the blue-green early morning light and listened to the world wake up. I silently wondered about the feeling of peace and tranquility that permeated the landscape as well as my mind and came to the conclusion that it must come with the territory. I sensed movement behind me but was afraid to destroy the moment. Wordlessly a hand crept into mine and I looked into a pair of very sleep boy's eyes and knew that the picture was now complete. □

HI, DRUM. IT'S PA. LISTEN. I GOTTA MASS OF REPLIES TO OUR DRUMBEAT AD. GET YOUR ASSHOLE OVER TO MY PLACE AND WE'LL GO THROUGH THEM...

...I'M JUST GOING OFF DUTY...SEE YOU IN ABOUT HALF HOUR!

DRUMBEAT

DRUM Jr. & Sr.

HOT MAN-TO-MAN TO CO

ALABAMA

ANYTHING & EVERYTHING
BIRMINGHAM. Two versatile guys, 30s. Good bodies, would like to share their fully equipped playroom with their buddies. We are into anything and everything. Leather, B&D, S&M, Toys, Enemas, Water Sports, SHAVING, Caths, etc. etc. We are interested in action, not talk. We are sincere, and we respect your limits, and we expect the same. Age no barrier. Call or write D... Box 2000, Birmingham, AL 35201. Phone (205) 512-1234.

MUSCULAR young man wants short term farm work or similar job by stern man. Neglect of duty punishable by severe re. o. strapping. 13x 12.

HOT LEATHER

Gloved, cigar-smoking Leather Master, 6', 145 lbs., w/m 34, 7' cut, 30s. Brothers in Leather. Mature, experienced, limits respected, discipline, earned respect.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

HUNKY

SAN FRANCISCO AREA. W. together, pierced and tattooed, new to area, 38, 6'3", brown/blue, mustache, cut, heavy experience looking for Leather Master any race. Uncut meat & real plus C.B. W/S, whips, ass work and just for openers. The damn near sure his of...

COOL 35c A WORD!

SAN FRANCISCO S.M. 41, 6'1", 175 lbs., white 8' cut looking for some heavy scenes. Can endure much in either role and wants no-nonsense partner who knows what he is doing. If you're a man, work me over. S.M. B&D new ideas. Call... San Francisco, CA 94102.

HARDASS UNRULY CANNINE MUTT WANTED

with thick, uncut cockmeat, hot-boiling low-hanging cum-filled nuts by Black, honcho lustin' to collar leash, break down as bootdog toilet slave animal. New 2 Duff! Cock-hungry, piss-thirsty maverick nunk. Submit to C.B. torture, crotch shaving, humiliation. White bootdog needs wants to be hogged by its slave animal nuts. Hard needs write Photo prompt reply. B.x 1. I am the one who turned your cock and balls into a toy. Write with photo to Box 19065 Oak-

WICH HAND

Two boys, troopers, with full discretion, lack of ropes and Bay Area—willing to travel, states, stake-out, rcs. If you photo to

looking man, 5'9", 170 lbs., 27-40, for (FF) abusive water skiing. Could photo pre-

written returned (sealed)

FATHER FANTASIES... THICK UN-S&M ACTION SCENE THREE





DRUM

DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT JOE? BIG GUY. MEAN AS SHIT. TATTOOED. HUNG LIKE A HORSE, THICK AND UNCUT... A REAL SWEATY DRUMMER DADDY!



Y'KNOW HOW IT IS SOME NIGHTS! YOU GO OUT NOT EXPECTING ANYTHING AND END UP WITH MUCH MORE THAN YOU CAN GET YOUR TEETH AROUND!



BRYAN DERBYSHIRE WHO WRITES ON THE LEATHER SCENE IN LONDON FOR DRUMMER RANG ME...

DO ME A FAVOUR, DRUM. WILL YOU CHECK OUT A CLUB CALLED 'UNCLES' FOR ME?



THAT COULD EITHER MEAN BRYAN WAS TOO BUSY SCREWING TO BE BOTHERED - OR HE KNEW NOTHING ABOUT THE CLUB AND WOULD RATHER IT WAS I WHO SPENT A VERY BORING EVENING... SO I WENT...

WHEN I FINALLY GOT INSIDE, TELLING THE DOORMAN I WAS THERE ON BEHALF OF DRUMMER, I FOUND IT TO BE QUITE A GOOD CLUB. I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO TELLING BRYAN WHAT HE MISSED WHEN...



IT IS REQUESTS LIKE THAT WHICH ALWAYS GET MY ATTENTION... -AND WHEN I SAW WHO MADE THE DEMAND I WAS MORE THAN INTERESTED... I HAD GOTTEN MYSELF AN UNCLE...

WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, HE TURNED AND LEFT THE BAR... I FOLLOWED.



I DIDN'T GET BACK HOME FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS... I FOUND PA WATCHING TELEVISION

HI, SON. HAD A GOOD TIME?

HI, PA!

HAD A FANTASTIC TIME... FOUND A CLUB CALLED 'UNCLE'S'... GOT ME AN UNCLE FOR MYSELF... JOE. A TERRIFIC GUY

HE DIDN'T SAY MUCH... MUST BE A HEAVY LORRY DRIVER OR A CONSTRUCTION WORKER... A BIG GUY... KNEW WHAT HE WAS AT...

...AND I'VE GOT SEVERAL BRUISES TO PROVE IT. HE...

JOSEPH KRASNOHORSKA, SOLOIST. ROYAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA CONDUCTED BY HUGO CHARPENTIER... BEETHOVEN'S PIANO CONCERTO NO. 5

JOSEPH KRASNOHORSKA! JOE? IT'S HIM!

OK... 60 APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE... I'VE JUST SPENT A FEW DAYS HAVING THE SHIT BEATEN OUT OF ME... BY A CONCERT PIANIST!

I THINK I'LL KEEP QUIET ABOUT THIS... BUT HE SURE IS ONE WILD KIND OF 'UNCLE'!

IN SEARCH OF OLDER MEN



Continued from page 11

with his cock up my ass and his arms wrapped about me, holding me tightly to his naked body.

Graduation time came and it was hard to think of parting and going our separate ways. My Daddy got a good job offer early and I was having difficulties even getting a decent interview once they saw my size. It was the day of our graduation that Daddy said he had a surprise for me after we got back to the room. I had no idea of what it could be and really didn't even want to come back to the room, knowing that we'd probably have one more session of love-making before parting. Daddy had his things all packed and loaded in his car. I had my things packed (what little I had) and, not having a car, would call a taxi to take me to the airport to fly home. My folks didn't have the money to come up for graduation and his folks were traveling in Europe.

We returned to the room and I got there first. I was very upset because all my things were gone. I figured someone broke in and stole them. When my Daddy entered, he found me standing there and crying in total frustration. He took me in his arms and asked me what I was crying about. I sobbed out about not wanting to break our relationship up and about my stolen things. As far as I was concerned, graduation day was the saddest day of my life.

That's when Daddy picked me up and laid me on the bed. He stripped off my clothes quickly. It was strange, but I didn't see him carry a little bag in with him. He said nothing to me as he took out some cream and a razor and shaved what little body hair I had off of me. I did not protest in any way, thinking that was his surprise and that he was doing it to cause me to remember him.

When he finished shaving me, he laid down beside me fully clothed yet and began to hold me tightly and stroke my naked body. I reached to touch his cock, but he pulled my hand away. As he held me tightly, I felt him place

something about my neck. I wasn't sure what was happening and I looked up into his face trembling and shaking all over. He smiled as he said, "Don't worry! Daddy won't hurt his little boy!"

I stammered out, "What do you mean?" He then explained it to me. The collar was the symbol that I was now his slave/son. I said nothing as he told me that he wanted to be my Daddy/Master, but that he wanted me to want the new relationship. He also told me that he was going down to his car shortly to leave for his new job (he was to start in a couple of weeks and he'd gone down a month before to get a place to live). He told me that he'd wait 15 minutes in his car. I was to come down before that time. If I didn't have the collar on, he'd take my belongings out of his car and leave. If the collar was still on, I was to get in and we'd be off to a new life together.

I knew from some books and magazines what kind of life he was offering me. It scared me a great deal for, as much as I loved him, I was a real baby when it came to any kind of pain or abuse. It meant having to walk through and out of the dorm with a lot of people around and with that collar about my neck easily seen by anyone and everyone, though many of them might not know what it meant. I don't think it took me longer than 5 minutes before I was dressed and running to my Daddy's car.

The first months as my Daddy's slave/son were very difficult for me. Our home was out a way from the city and was very private and secluded. Though I'd been used to being naked in the dorm room, it was quite another thing to think that there would be only rare occasions when I would ever wear clothing again. Though my Daddy remained very loving, he also became a very strict disciplinarian. I had never been spanked before in my life, let alone had a paddle or belt come crashing down on my ass or elsewhere.

The ground rules were firmly established from the beginning. I was to obey his every command or be punished. I was to do all

work within the house to his satisfaction. If I cooked good meals and he liked them, I would eat at the table with him. If he didn't like what I cooked or how it was cooked, I was to eat dry dogfood from a bowl on the floor. I was to have nothing to drink at any time other than my Daddy's piss or my own. I was to be the possession and property of my Daddy totally and completely for the rest of my life.

I think I should tell you that my Daddy had never had sex with a guy before he first had it with me. It seems that he felt that was what he really wanted all along, but my first experience was also his first experience. Though it might sound strange to some, during those college years together after we experienced the joy of gay sex, neither one of us ever had sex with anyone else. It was and is only between us.

Friday nights, however, have become very special in our lives. I both hate and detest them and I love them. You see, my Daddy found out early in our beginning relationship that my cockhead is super-sensitive when the foreskin is pulled back. To even pull it back to wash my cockhead is difficult and almost painful. Whenever my cockhead is exposed, it becomes so sensitive that even a movement of air causes me to feel it sharply.

Every Friday night my Daddy comes home from work and ties me up. Sometimes it's spread-eagled on the bed and sometimes it's suspended from the ceiling and floor. He puts a blindfold on me and pulls my foreskin back. I usually am beginning to cry already. For the next few hours my Daddy will lightly touch and rub my exposed cockhead and will lick at it at times also. Within moments he reduces me to a mass of shivering and trembling flesh. I no longer beg and plead with him to stop, for I have learned long ago that the same will bring me a severe whipping for not accepting what my Daddy wishes to do. During that time, however, I often pass out from the torment, and I come to always with him continuing the same.



Throughout that time, though, I cum and cum again and very uncontrollably. It's worse for a time after each cumming, but he continues his torments. He continues the same until I have had several dry orgasms and there is no more cum left in me. When he releases me, I collapse to the floor and he leaves me alone in the room. He permits me a few moments to finally break down and cry and even to scream out from all that has just happened to me. After a while, he will come in to me and will be naked. He never showers on Friday mornings so he is sweaty and dirty from two days accumulation of sweat and dirt. He says nothing as he lays down on the floor next to me. I simply move to give him a bath with my mouth and tongue, knowing that he's going to tossle my head and tell me how much he loves his son. I always end up licking up some of the tears that fall from my eyes onto his body as I know I don't have to say anything, for my Daddy knows that I love him so much.

As I said, it's been almost 5 years now and Daddy and I couldn't be happier together. When Daddy has guests over (quite rarely) for business purposes, I am locked naked in a small room in the basement. There is no one around there that even knows that I exist. Whenever Daddy does decide to take me out to eat or for shopping, we travel to another city that is larger. In fact, the last time I had clothes on my naked body was two years ago when he took me to the funeral of my folks who were killed in a car accident. As an only child, I inherited what little they had. Daddy keeps that and what he contributes monthly in a special fund in my name. I have no need of money or anything but my Daddy.

I am writing this letter with my Daddy's knowledge and he is sitting across the room doing some work he brought home from the office. After he reads this, he's either going to make some real tender love to me or he is going to punish me. I know my Daddy pretty well and I'd bet it's going to be the former.

Ronnie
Iowa

P.S. Daddy told me it was a beautiful letter I wrote. He felt he had to show his love for me. Tonight, he told me, he is going to let me fuck him just so I will

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know what it is like to fuck. No, he's already told me that it will never happen again. I'm not sure that I want it to happen tonight, but Daddy has said it will and it will. I liked the way that he said it, though. "To further bind us together for always!" Yes, Daddy. For always!

FAMILY FORESKIN

When I was about 12 years old, I walked in on my Dad while he was jacking off—quite the reverse of what all the other guys tell me, that their Dad caught them and raised hell with them.

My Dad, with his large cock and long foreskin, kept pounding away (said it was too late to stop) until streams of thick white cum shot all over the bathroom. He explained it all to me, and told me he would show me how to come. (It also explained why the bed we both slept in shook a lot every night, and when he'd squeeze me I'd wake up with a lot of wet sticky stuff all over my belly.) Later, he showed me how to put my cut cock under his foreskin and we could come together. What a sensation!

My 18-year-old cousin would visit us about once a week and he and my Dad would spend an hour in the bathroom together. Once, my cousin was leaving on a camping trip with another good-looking hunk, and asked my Dad if I could go along with them. We had a great time in the mountains, and every night my cousin's friend (who had a short thick cock with a foreskin so large you could fuck him that way) would let my cousin come under his foreskin. Then he would come in it, and when they were both through they would make me go down and lick it all out. If I did a good job, he would let me come under his foreskin too.

Let me tell you, that was a great summer, but I was just as happy to return home to my Dad and start it all over again with him. My great Daddy is dead now, and my cousin is an officer in the army, which leaves me looking for a buddy with a big foreskin in this sea of cut cocks.

Bo
Cleveland, OH

SHAVED SON

I'm writing under command of my Daddy and, because of age involved, will send this letter through a friend in another state. I just don't want anyone to get in

trouble and I must obey my Daddy.

I'll make the story as short as I can. After going to college and working in a responsible position for a couple of years, I decided that my real love was still on the farm. The hard part about making such a decision was that I'd been active as a top for a few years (started while in college), but that problem wasn't insurmountable. When I could, I travelled back to the city for a weekend and at other times had bottoms come to the farm for a weekend.

Shortly after I moved to the farm, I built a playroom in the basement. Not only was it pretty well equipped, but that's where I kept anything and everything that might hint towards my lifestyle. I just didn't want to take any chances in an area where my lifestyle would not be acceptable.

Last summer I hired Jim (not his real name) to help with the work on the farm. He was a goodlooking 18-year-old, still in high school, who had a good build and was a real worker. We got along well together and, because of his age, I determined a "hands-off" policy with him, though I have to admit that it was hard to do at times. Usually he worked with me 7 days a week, but that summer I had bottoms in for weekends a few times and would give him those weekends off, making up some excuse about taking it easy or something.

As far as I knew, everything was going fine. A bottom would come and there was total privacy, not only in the house, but being able to take him out to the barn for a different kind of scene which would really turn him on. Five or six hours spent in the barn working on a bottom brought a lot of excitement into my life. Though I missed the regularity of meeting with bottoms more often, I cherished those occasional weekends.

If I remember rightly, I think it was after the second such weekend that I noticed that some of my copies of *Drummer* and other magazines were not as I thought I'd left them. In addition, several copies seemed to be missing or I'd left them someplace else. That was so unlike me, but I took the latter as the possibility and started looking for them. The only other possibility was that the bottom had taken them. Though it bothered me, I didn't get too upset with it and went on with my life.

It was the end of July of last summer that I had another bottom in for the weekend. I gave Jim the weekend off, as before, especially since this bottom wanted most of the activity for the weekend to take place out in the barn. When he left that weekend, I was really dismayed, for almost half of my magazines were missing along with some of my leather gear. My only thought was to get up to the city and reclaim my stuff from that bastard bottom and make him pay for stealing it.

That Monday, Jim began talking about moving on the farm with me for the rest of the summer. He'd talked about it before, but this time he was really being insistent about it all. I simply told him that it wasn't possible and left it go at that. The following morning he called to say that he'd be a little late and would come out to the barn as soon as he got there. I went out to begin the chores.

I got ticked off because he didn't show up in the barn. As soon as I finished what was necessary to be done, I headed back to the house and was surprised to see his car sitting there. That really pissed me off, especially since he was always such a good worker. I walked into the house in anger, but froze as I walked into the living room.

There stood Jim outfitted in my missing leather gear and with the missing copies of my magazines opened to various photos depicting the scene. Before I could say a word, he said, "I told you I was moving in, son! That's the way it is now."

I remember trying to offer all kinds of explanations to him about what he had found and, more importantly, I let him know in no uncertain terms that I was a top or Master only. I didn't tell him, but it had been a long time since I'd been fucked and I suppose I became a top because I liked to fuck, but didn't like getting fucked. All I wanted was for him to realize that things just couldn't work out. Being a bit bigger than him, I even toyed with the idea of asserting my power at that point.

His next words froze me solid in my tracks. "Hell, man," he said. "It'd sure be a shame if I had to tell the police about you fucking around with me. After all, I'm just a kid, you know!"

It didn't take but a second for me to figure out what he meant. He then told me how he'd come

back those other weekends to help me out anyway and had found the room and the magazines and had even watched me in action out in the barn. He put the choice to me very simply. Either I became his slave/son or he'd go to the police.

He'd obviously learned a lot from those books and my new life began. That first month was pure hell for me with him staying on the farm with me. I had a lot to learn as well as him. In addition to learning to get fucked anytime he wanted to fuck me with his 9" of thick cock, I drank piss for the first time in my life and hated his bitter morning piss. Worst of anything was his use of whips and belts on my naked body, for he had to learn to use them rightly and I spent the first while literally marked and welted all over so that there were days that I could barely move. At other times he placed me in tight bondage for such extended periods of time that there were times I felt that I would lose the use of my arms and legs.

When school started that fall, he returned to live at his home, but spent the entire weekend at my place and took over his role as my Daddy and Master. Occasionally he would come out during the week to fuck me or get sucked off and we'd have the opportunity to talk and discuss things and, since the situation appeared to be permanent, I sought to further instruct him in his use of me as his son/slave. I could hardly imagine my doing the latter, but I did. Hell, it was my body at stake!

This summer he's 19 and he moved in at the beginning of the summer. Then came your *Drummer 75* on shaving. Somehow that set something off in him. Before I knew what was happening, he told me that he'd talked with his folks and told them that I wanted full-time help on the farm year round and that it was a good opportunity for him to get a start in farming. I think they were just as happy to have him gone anyway, for he made me go to them and talk with them about such a job opportunity and tell them what a good worker their son was and how I intended to let him slowly buy into the farm as a partner.

Later that night, for the first time, my entire body was shaved except for my head. It was a very emotional time for me since I'd

never been shaved and since I was quite hairy. At the same time, I think it finally established the relationship of Daddy and son. Though I'm 35 and he's 19, that night he became in my eyes, for the first time I dared to admit it as being fact, my Daddy.

We continue to farm together and, while I make the decisions concerning the operation of the farm and the like, in every other way he is my Daddy. Out in public, we're just two farmers getting supplies or whatever. No one knows or suspects that I'm never in public without the reminder that I am a slave/son. It's not only my shaved body underneath my clothes, but there's always something else to remind me like a butt plug in my ass or my balls tied off tightly or clamps on my tits or some such thing.

Most times while we're doing the farm work, I'm permitted to be dressed. Still, there are those times when he makes me do some of the chores totally naked. I hate walking in the barn in my bare feet. Always, at any time of the day or night, I am to be available to be fucked or to suck his cock. I do know that when he commands me naked in the barn, then at least I'll get to cum and it's the only time I'm permitted to cum. Should I cum at any other time, I am punished severely for it and I know that I must learn that self-control.

Sure, I know my story is wierd, but that's just the way it happened and the way it is. I've often thought of how different things would have been if I'd not have hired him that first summer and had gone with my plans to eventually get a bottom down from the city to live with me as my slave/son and teach him to help out on the farm. I guess I have to honestly say that everything, though, has worked out for the best.

Jim will turn 20 soon, and he's already told me what he wants for a birthday present. Seems like we're going to take a trip to one of the big cities on either coast and my tits and my foreskin are going to be pierced. He's going to have his left tit pierced also, but will wait till after he graduates from high school. He doesn't know it yet, but I intend to make him my full partner when he's 21. I think we were destined to be together for always.

Kent
Somewhere in the Midwest

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