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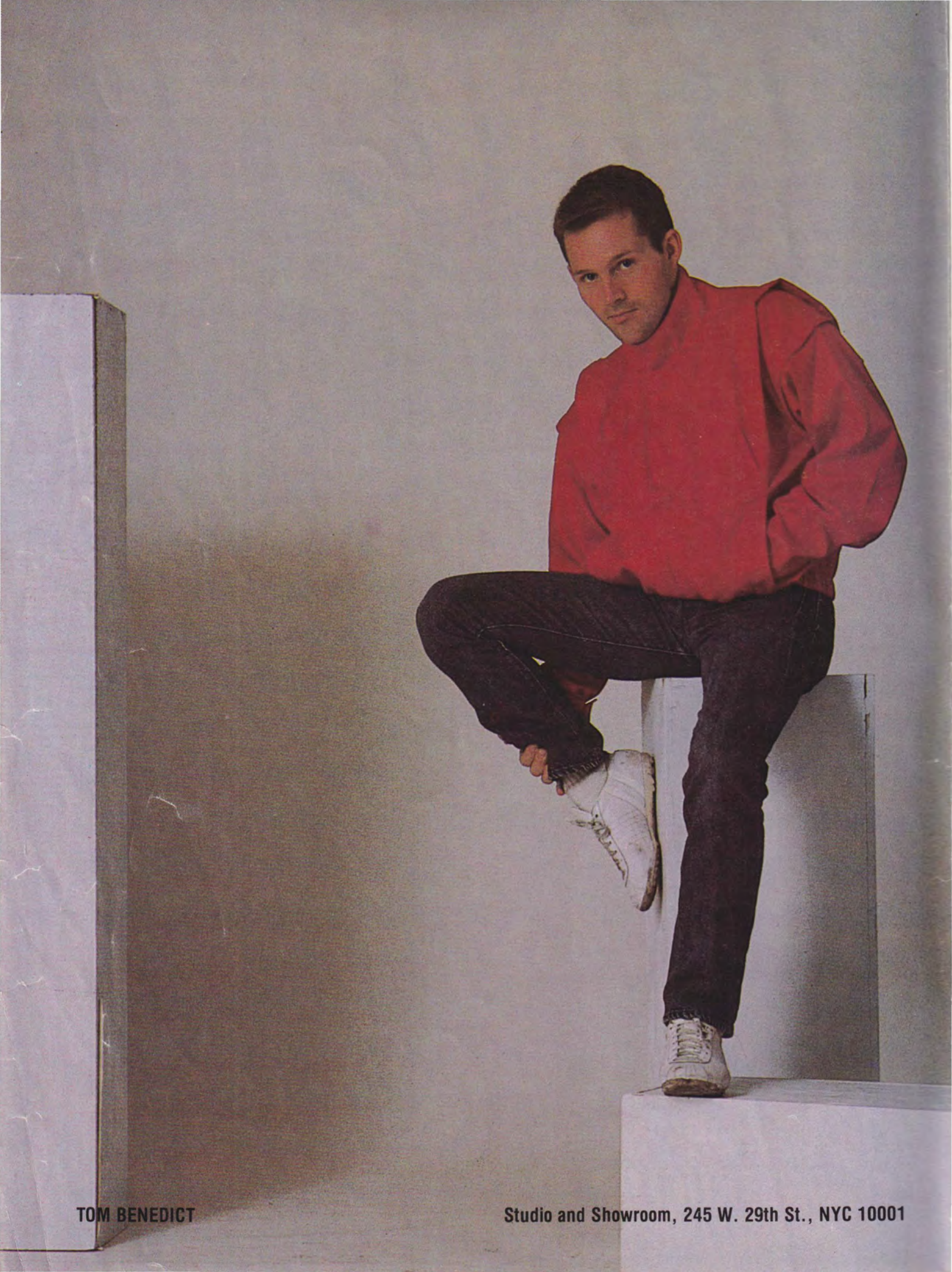
THE MAGAZINE FOR
THE MACHO MALE

FDC 58295
OCTOBER 1983
\$3.95

**TORRID
NUDES:**
STUDS
PACK MAN
RUB DOWN
HOT PROPERTY

**HARDLINE
FICTION:**
THE LOCK-UP
HARDLY WORKING
DRILL INSTRUCTOR
THE WRESTLING LESSON





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THE MAGAZINE FOR THE MACHO MALE

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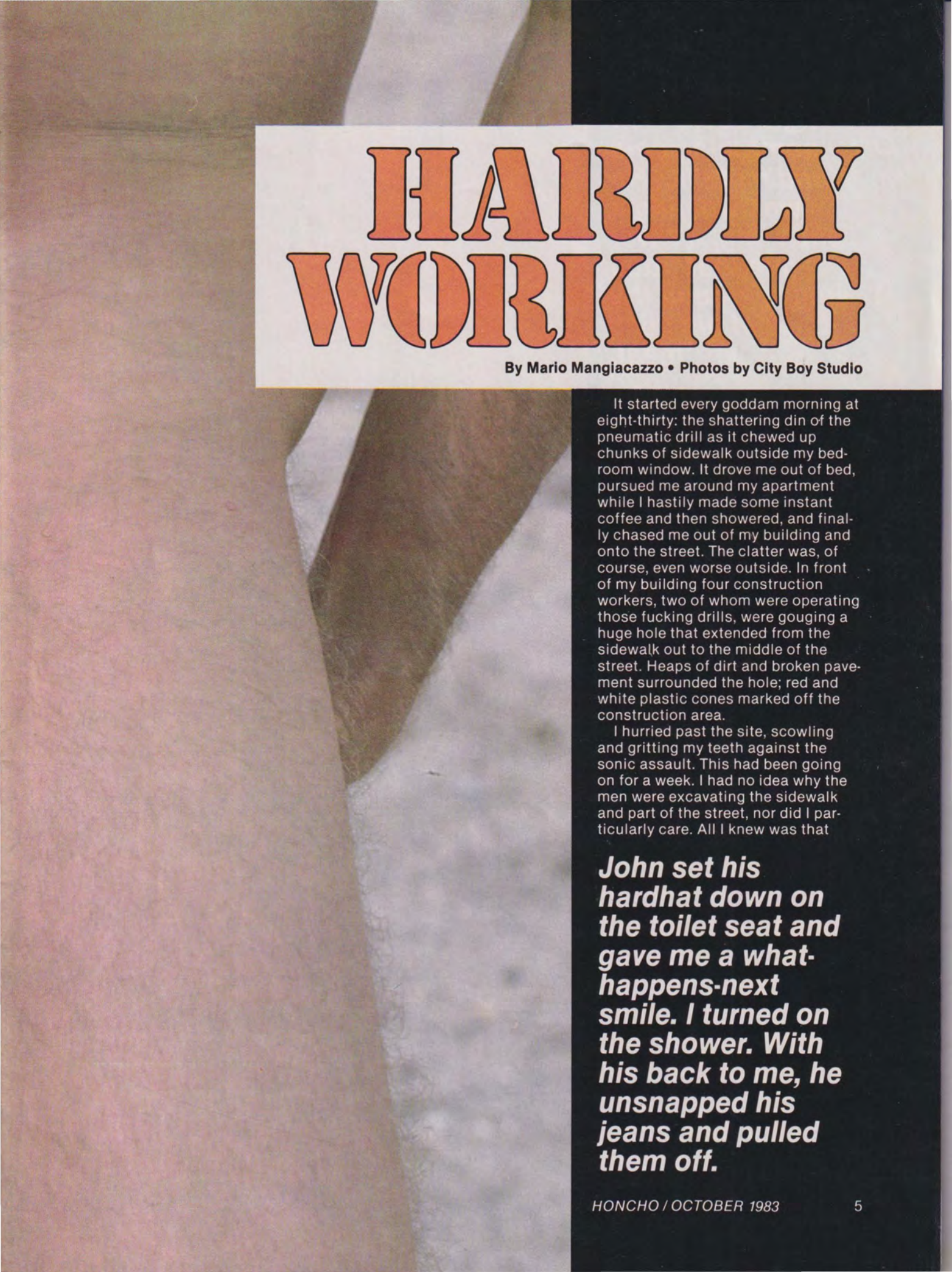
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CHARTER MEMBER







HARDLY WORKING

By Mario Mangiacazzo • Photos by City Boy Studio

It started every goddam morning at eight-thirty: the shattering din of the pneumatic drill as it chewed up chunks of sidewalk outside my bedroom window. It drove me out of bed, pursued me around my apartment while I hastily made some instant coffee and then showered, and finally chased me out of my building and onto the street. The clatter was, of course, even worse outside. In front of my building four construction workers, two of whom were operating those fucking drills, were gouging a huge hole that extended from the sidewalk out to the middle of the street. Heaps of dirt and broken pavement surrounded the hole; red and white plastic cones marked off the construction area.

I hurried past the site, scowling and gritting my teeth against the sonic assault. This had been going on for a week. I had no idea why the men were excavating the sidewalk and part of the street, nor did I particularly care. All I knew was that

***John set his
hardhat down on
the toilet seat and
gave me a what-
happens-next
smile. I turned on
the shower. With
his back to me, he
unsnapped his
jeans and pulled
them off.***

**As I reached for his
rigid cock, I felt
something cold
and metallic. He
was wearing a
cock ring, a silver
one that fitted
snugly around the
base of his thick
meat.**

every morning I could expect to be awakened by that inhuman, violent racket. In my more paranoid moments, I wondered whether it was all deliberately done to drive me bonkers. The work would most likely end as unexpectedly as it had begun, but who knew when that would be?

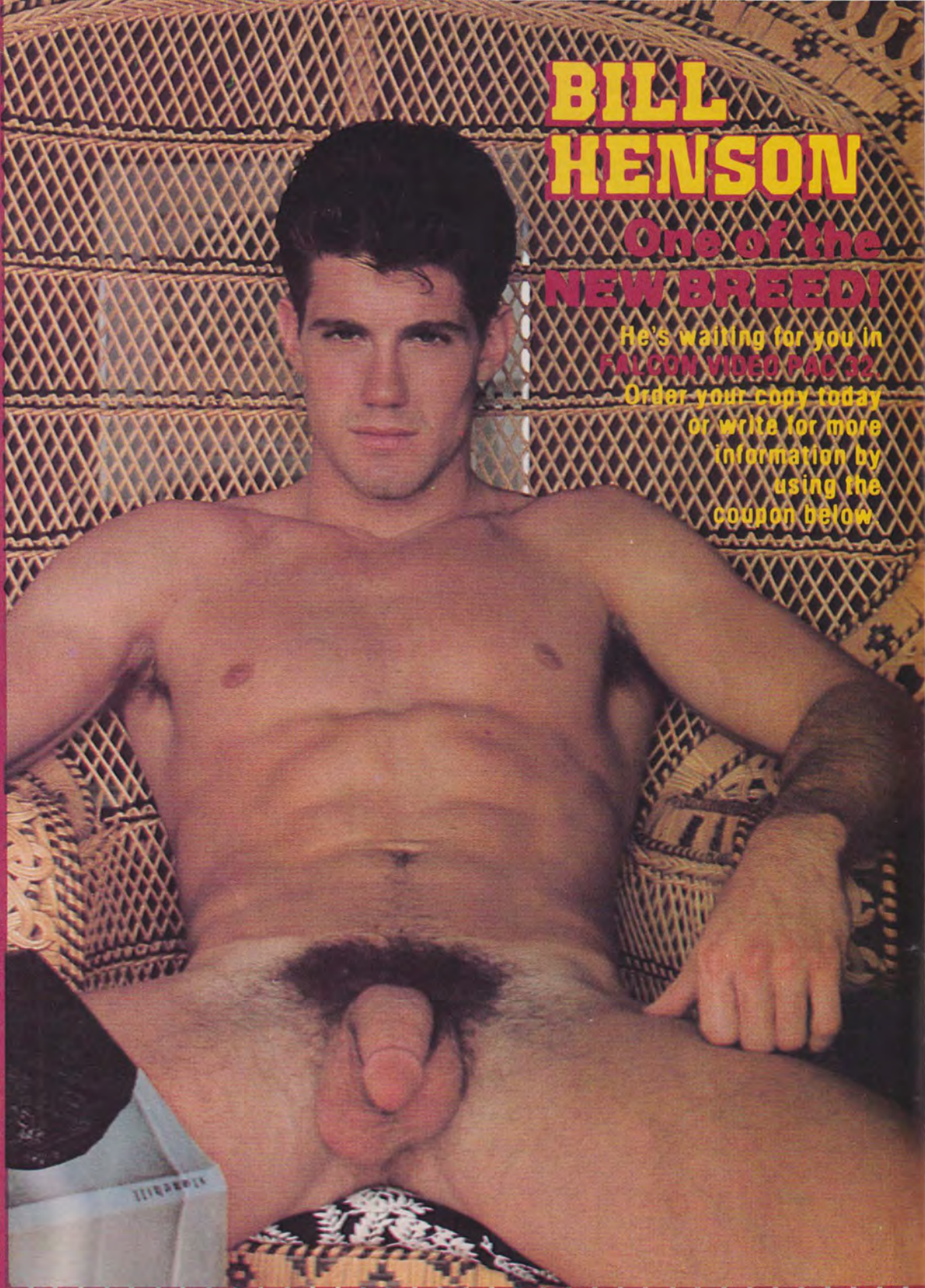
I crossed the street, looking back at the construction site while entertaining vicious fantasies of the workers buried in the hole up to their necks. These thoughts skipped right out of my head when I noticed that one of the workers wielding the drills was stripped to the waist. His broad back, which tapered down to a slim waist, was streaked with sweat and grime, and it vibrated as if he were doing some frenzied, shake-your-booty disco stomp. Not bad, I thought, not bad at all. I walked slower and craned my neck back so that I could study him some more. He obligingly (and I'm sure unintentionally) turned to the side, giving me a clear view of his naked torso. Oh shit, I muttered to myself. How come I never noticed this guy before? I had been so pissed-off about the noise that I had failed to see this hunk working right outside my door, every day.

He wasn't tall, probably no more than five-eight or nine. His torso was a gleaming, hairless expanse of well-defined muscle. Thick but not ungainly neck, big shoulders, juicy, tanned pecs topped with small brown nipples. A thin line of black hair bisected his belly and disappeared inside his dusty jeans, which hung down past his navel. As he gripped the crossbar of the drill, his entire torso tensed and rippled. His silver hardhat shaded most of his face, but I could make out a strong, cleft chin, an evenly trimmed black moustache and a broad-bridged, slightly bulbous





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nose. I figured him to be either Italian or Hispanic. By now I'd given up any pretense of walking to the subway. Instead I just stood on the sidewalk, staring at him from across the street. Maybe he could feel my eyeballs burning little laser-holes into his flesh, because he suddenly turned and looked in my direction. Our eyes made contact. He stared hard, his full-lipped mouth stretching into a suggestive, knowing smile. Flustered, I turned away and started walking. My face felt flushed and my briefcase handle stuck to my sweaty hand. My hard dick was poking straight down against the inside of my thigh. The head and part of the shaft had slipped through the leg of my boxer shorts, and the rubbing of my exposed meat against the fabric of my chinos was driving me crazy. I painfully turned the corner of Third Avenue and Sixty-Eighth Street, hoping no one would notice my distress. I glanced down at my crotch; to my chagrin I saw a wet, spreading stain about the size of a quarter.

I clutched my briefcase in front of me, trying to keep the evidence of my dripping dick out of view. People were streaming in and out of the subway entrance; I joined the quick-stepping flow and hurried down the steps into the station. Before I got on the train I'd have to relieve myself, so I headed toward the men's room hoping to find an empty stall where I could sit and beat off, or better yet, join the j-o crowd at the urinals. Either way I had to pop my rocks pronto or else suffer the entire twenty-minute ride downtown with an irrepressible, leaking rod in my pants. Damn that goddam hardhat, I silently cursed. But when I reached the men's room, there was a red, white and blue transit authority sign over the entrance announcing that all restrooms were temporarily closed while the station was undergoing complete renovation. The door was padlocked and chained. Add to the already long list of indignities of New York life this: no jack-off facilities for the horny commuter.

The subway ride was torment, just as I'd feared. All the seats on the train were taken and the car was packed with harried, sweating strap-hangers. To make matters worse, there were a number of very appealing men on the train, and because of the overcrowding I was pressed up close against one of them, a tall, dark-haired athlete in sweatpants. I tried to contort my pelvis so that my

distended crotch wouldn't be pressing into his ample ass, but he misinterpreted my exertions. He turned slightly, gave me a strange look, and then pushed his way through the crowd towards the rear of the car. Fuck him, I thought.

Once I arrived at work, I headed straight for the john. I slipped inside an unoccupied stall, undid my belt and pulled down my pants and shorts. My poor aggrieved dick sprang up and slapped against my belly. It was swollen and it had turned an inflamed crimson. The knobby head was wet with pre-cum. I plopped my bare ass on the toilet seat and with the image of the construction worker fixed in my mind's eye, I furiously pumped my reddened meat until the wide cock-slit spat out gobs of creamy cum. Totally spent, I slumped forward on the toilet, my head hanging between my shoulders. The cum oozed down my wilting dick and onto my fingers.

Even though I had gotten my rocks off, I spent the remainder of the morning in a distracted, sex-hungry state. I kept thinking about the hardhat laboring in front of my apartment building—the way his muscles rippled while he worked the power drill, the tracing of hair on his tight belly, the tantalizing smile he had given me. I realized that although I dreaded the nerve-racking noise that erupted outside my window every morning, that sound would now signify more to me than men at work. Its obnoxious cacaphony would herald the presence of the dark rugged stud who with a smile had insinuated himself into my fantasies.

Luckily it was the Friday before the long Memorial Day weekend, so the boss let us out after lunch. I could have hung out downtown, maybe gone cruising in a bar or on the streets, but instead I caught the subway home. I guess I don't need to explain my reasons or what I expected to find once I arrived in my neighborhood. My heart beat with an emphatic rhythm while I headed down Sixty-Eighth Street. And then I saw him, sitting with his three co-workers on a bench in the acre of poured concrete and scrubby bushes that passed for a park. The men were eating their lunches and my guy, who was still barechested, was chowing down on a long, overstuffed hero sandwich. Pieces of chopped lettuce and other bits of his hero kept falling into his lap; he just let the debris lay there while he determinedly chomped

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I MET BUCK WHEN HE CAME EAST WITH THE RODEO... HE TOLD ME ABOUT HIS DUDE RANCH AND SAID ANYTIME I WAS OUT THIS WAY...
...OH, SAM... THESE LAST THREE DAYS HAVE BEEN WONDERFUL...

FOR ME TOO, ALEX..

MEANWHILE... BACK AT THE RANCH

MR. FUDNICK, LETS DO THE INDIAN-COWBOY FANTASY AGAIN... AND YOU'LL BE A HORNY SHERIFF... AND I'LL BE CHIEF CORN-COB... YOU GET CAPTURED AND HOG-TIED... THEN... WHEN I PUT MY TOMAHAWK TO YOU, YOU SAY... MR. FUDNICK?

DON'T KEEP CALLING ME MR. FUDNICK AND DON'T YOU EVER... SLEEP?... REST?... AREN'T YOU EVER WITHOUT A HARD-ON?... I'M ON VACATION! I NEED TO RELAX...

ALEX, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D FEEL LIKE A WHOLE PERSON AGAIN... TOMMY WAS MY ENTIRE LIFE... WHEN THE BREAK-UP FINALLY HAPPENED, IT HIT ME... SO HARD... I THOUGHT I'D NEVER...

LET'S NOT THINK ABOUT THINGS LIKE THAT NOW... SAM, YOU SMELL SO GOOD... SO SEXY... SO RIGHT...

MEANWHILE...

MR. FUDNICK, YOU'RE THE MOST FUN I'VE HAD ALL SUMMER... YOU'RE A FABULOUS DUDE... YOU OUGHT TO MAKE SKIN-FLICKS... I BET YOU'D BE A BIG STAR... YOU'VE GOT EVERYTHING... LOOKS... A GREAT BODY... A BIG HOOTER... YOU KNOW WHAT I'D LIKE TO DO NOW...?

I HOPE TO HEAVEN YOU WANT TO TAKE A NAP!

TOMMY IS BASICALLY A GOOD KID, WILD... BUT LOVING... I DIDN'T KNOW HOW DEEPLY I WAS IN...UNTIL THE SITUATION GREW HOPELESS...FINALLY I COULDN'T TAKE ANY MORE OF HIS LIES...I TOLD HIM HE'D HAVE TO BE MOVED OUT BY THE TIME I GOT BACK... ...IT WAS OVER...IT WAS... FINISHED BETWEEN US...I'D HAD ENOUGH... AFTER 2½ YEARS ...THAT'S ENOUGH



SAM, I UNDERSTAND...

MEANWHILE...

HOT DAMN!...I'VE NEVER DONE THAT BEFORE... HOW IN THE "HADES" DID YOU DO THAT!! I MUST HAVE CUM SIX TIMES JUST THIS MORNING.. MR.FUDNICK, YOU'RE HOTTER THAN A RED PEPPER AND TWICE AS JUICY... AND SPIKY....AND.....AND..

AND I WANT TO BE YOUR BOYFRIEND. FOR EVER AND EVER...RIGHT UP UNTIL THE DAY I DIE.....

KID, ONE OF US AIN'T GOING TO LIVE THAT LONG...



WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS....

TOBY...WHY...?

HUH!



ALEX, COME TO SAN DIEGO PLEASE...TOMMY WILL BE COMPLETELY MOVED OUT... I HAVEN'T FELT THIS WAY FOR SOMEONE IN SUCH A LONG TIME...I WANT YOU TO STAY WITH ME...I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU, ALEX... DON'T ANSWER ME NOW... JUST PROMISE ME. YOU'LL AT LEAST COME TO SEE ME...YOU'LL COME TO SAN DIEGO...



I PROMISE, SAM... I PROMISE...

HARDLY WORKING

Continued from page 9

away. He had taken off his hardhat and put it down next to him on the bench; his hair was a wet tangle of dark brown curls.

I paused for a second and then headed into the park. I sat on a bench directly across from the one where my fantasy hunk and his buddies sat. I opened up my *New York Times* and pretended to read, but all the while I was peering over the top of the paper and watching the stud. He sat slightly hunched over, both arms bent as he devoured his hero. I marveled at the large veined biceps; I envied the drop of sweat that trickled down his breastbone to his hard little belly. His friends were also preoccupied with their lunches, but one guy, short and husky and wearing a stained white t-shirt, jabbered away while he ate.

"So I sez ta huh, I sez, 'Angie, why

doncha let me wear the fuckin' tickler when we do it tonight? It'll be great, it'll drive ya wild.' So ya know what she sez to me? She sez, 'Jerry, I don't wancha to wear that thing. It makes me laugh.' So I sez ta huh, 'What? It makes ya laugh? Shit, it's 'sposed ta make ya feel good, but not make ya laugh, fer Chrissakes!' And she sez to me, 'Jerry, I can't help it, but I swear ta God, when ya put that thing on it makes ya cock look like one a the Muppets!' Can ya beat that! One a the fuckin' Muppets!"

The other guys snickered, except for my man, who kept tearing away at his sandwich. The raconteur continued his story. "One a the fuckin' Muppets!" he repeated. "Here I am with this wild French tickler—ya know, the kind with the ribs and the little knob at the head, all set ta t'row a dynamite fuck into the ol' lady, an' she starts laughin'!"

"So whadja do, Jer?" one of the other guys put in, none too enthusiastically. "Go jerk off?"

"Fuck no!" Jerry snorted. "I put the fuckin' thing on anyway, climbed on board and put it ta huh. An' while I'm pumpin' huh, I sez, 'Okay, Miss Piggy, I'm gonna pork ya French-style! Fuckay-voo, baby! An' ya know what? After we came t'ree times—t'ree times, I'm tellin' ya—she wasn't laughin' no more, that's for damn sure!"

Jerry burst into high-pitched sniggers while his pals guffawed. My man, having paid no attention to the recitation, nibbled at the remnants of his hero. Jerry noticed his lack of interest.

"Hey, whasamatta, John? Doncha think that's a good story?" John. The guy's name was John. John looked up at Jerry. "Oh yeah, great fuckin' story, Jer. *Great* story." Needled by John's sarcasm, Jerry said, "Hey Johnny boy, what's witchoo? Every time I talk about gettin' laid ya get turned off. Whaddya, a *priest*, or somethin'?" Jerry snickered. "Or maybe," he began, addressing the other guys, "maybe he's queer." He turned to John. "That it, Johnny boy? That why you clam up when we start talkin' about pussy? You one a them gay guys, Johnny, mmm?"

I was dumbfounded. My heart continued to throb and my hands trembled while I clutched my newspaper. I watched John slowly sit up, calmly regard Jerry and then, softly but with a distinct edge to his voice, say, "Ya know, Jer, you're a real fuckin' ass-

hole. Who gives a shit who ya fucked, where ya did it an' how many times ya came. It's boring, Jer. *BORE-ing*. I'm fuckin' bored ta death with you an' your bullshit stories."

Jerry reddened, leaped to his feet and flung the tall plastic cup of Coke he'd been sipping into John's face. John sprang to his feet, both fists clenched. The two other guys immediately got up and imposed themselves between John and Jerry. The two men glared at each other, clenching their fists and puffing their chests. Then the two guys led Jerry away, taking him for a walk around the block until he cooled off. John sat down on the bench, Coca-Cola running down his face and onto his bare torso. He looked up, saw me looking at him, and gave me a reprise of the smile he had shot me earlier that day. "Jeezus," he sighed, indicating his wet self. "What a fuckin' mess!" I nodded sympathetically, a lump congealing in my throat.

"Looks like I'm gonna hafta work all aftanoon with this sticky shit all over me," he said.

"Well," I stammered, "if you'd like to clean up a little, I live right across the street, in that building you're working in front of."

He grinned and wiped his forehead with the back of his hand. "Yeah, I know," he said softly. "Sure man, I'd appreciate it." He grabbed his hardhat and came over to where I was sitting. "No problem," I said. No problem at all, except for the hard-on I was beginning to sprout. We crossed the street and entered the dark vestibule of my building. As I fumbled with my keys, Mrs. Soltes, the sour-faced old Hungarian busybody from 4-A, opened the door on her way out. I nodded a silent greeting, and as we stepped in past her, I could feel her eyeballing us, me in my business suit and carrying my briefcase, leading a half-naked and wet construction worker up the stairs to my apartment.

I struggled with the apartment keys, literally shivering with excitement. John wrapped one of his big hands around my forearm and squeezed. I managed to get the door open and as we entered, I nearly tripped over my big, fat, white pussy-cat, who snuggled her body against my feet while mewling excitedly. John reached down and patted her head. "Nice kitty," he said. The gentle, affectionate gesture surprised me, for some reason, and endeared him to me. I led John to the bathroom, show-

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ing him the shower and taking a couple of bathtowels off the shelf.

John set his hardhat down on the toilet seat and gave me a what-happens-next smile. I turned on the shower and fiddled with the taps until the water was comfortably warm. John stuck his hand under the showerhead and nodded agreeably. "Just the way I like it," he said. He propped his left foot up on the toilet seat, unlaced his work boot, removed it and a funky-smelling sweatsock and then did the same with the other foot. He neatly tucked the socks into the boots and then shoved the boots under the sink. His feet were somewhat small, with high arches and little fringes of brown hair on the toes. With his back to me, he unbuckled his belt, unsnapped his jeans and pulled them off. He turned and handed them to me; I hung the pants on the doorknob. John wore only his pale blue low-slung briefs. My gaze dropped to his crotch. His cock was hard and standing upright, the head and several inches of thick, veiny shaft having worked their way out of the briefs. John was uncut, and as his cock throbbed, the quarter-inch of foreskin clinging to the ridge of the head was completely retracted. The bare dickhead glistened with juice as it pulsed. I reached down and squeezed it; John winced and laid his curly head on my shoulder.

"Let's get those shorts off," I whispered in his ear. John took his head off my shoulder, moved back a few inches and grabbed the fabric of his briefs at his hips. Down they came, freeing his juicy hard-on. John picked the briefs up from the floor and handed them to me. I crumpled his underwear under my nose, took a good, long whiff and then laid the briefs on top of his jeans. I went to grab his rigid pole and gasped when my hand touched something cold and metallic. He was wearing a cock ring, a silver one that fitted snugly around the base of his thick meat above his big, pendulous ballsack.

"Surprised, huh?" John said, grinning. "Friend of mine, this straight guy, turned me on to these things. He said they were great for fuckin', so I picked up one in the Village. I really dig the way it feels."

"Looks real hot on you," I murmured. John smiled broadly. "Hey," he blurted. "Let's get you outta those clothes." He began undoing my tie, which he slipped off and hung on the towel rack. Then my jacket came off.

Continued to page 68

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By Bud O'Donnell • Illustration by Dixon Scott

BULLETIN

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“Now suck, you horse’s ass, and if you use your teeth, you’ll walk out of here with your balls in your hip pocket,” O’Connor threatened.

The marine base was unusually quiet for a weekend. The last batch of young marines had finished boot training and moved out. The next group of recruits was not due until Monday, and so barracks building 309 was deserted except for two men. (Just before the departure of the recruits, however, there had been a lot of open cruising, and Private Peters, a young M.P., had barely

scrambled up off his knees in time to escape discovery when Sergeant Bull walked into the barracks. The private had been on his knees not to scrub the barracks floor, but to suck on the fat juicy dick of Bob Elliot, a hunky marine who caused even the straightest men to think about cock, for a few seconds at least.) But now the only remaining marines were Sergeant Giovanni Vesprini, the 30-year-

old drill instructor, and Casey O’Connor, a 19-year-old marine private who had just completed eight weeks of training under Vesprini. The sergeant had also been O’Connor’s D.I. during the young marine’s boot training. For sixteen weeks, O’Connor had repressed the sexual lust he felt for this sergeant since the very first day in boot camp. But now a sixth sense told O’Connor that his sexual fanta-

sies about Vesprini would be fulfilled that afternoon. The sergeant had never indicated any interest in the younger marine, but when he invited O’Connor to come to his room for a beer, Casey was sure that something besides sharing a drink was going to take place. The sexual tension was electrifying. Vesprini, chug-a-lugging the last few swallows of his beer, was the first to speak.

"Okay kid, you've passed all the tests, taken everything I could throw at you in the field, and got your appointment as a camp D.I. There's just one more thing we gotta do before you officially become a full-fledged marine."

"What's that, Sergeant?"

"We're gonna fuck!" Vesprini announced and then watched the face of the younger marine for his reaction. The sergeant did not miss the slight widening of the eyes, nor the slight movement of the lips into a smile on the private's face. Vesprini breathed an unheard sigh when there was no indication of objection by the other marine. He continued, "First you're going to fuck my ass to make sure you know how, and then I'm going to plow yours to let you know that I do know how. Now get out of those fucking fatigues." The sergeant was already stripping off his shirt.

erally over his chest, arms, legs and ass. One startling difference between the men was the coloring of their eyes: Vesprini's were deep shiny brown, while O'Connor's were sparkling emerald green. Both pairs of eyes were now glazed with sexual lust.

Casey's cock swelled as he thrilled to the kneading his ass was getting from Vesprini's rough, calloused hands. Vesprini rubbed his hands around O'Connor's body and then began playing with the hair-covered nipples. Casey flexed his asscheeks, causing them to tighten on the cock that was slowly sliding forward and back between his legs. He leaned back and rubbed his body against Vesprini's hairy chest.

"Anxious to get that old dick up your ass, huh kid?"

"Yeah," Casey sighed. "But I'm just as anxious to plow mine up your

trying to clear his brain. "Now what the fuck was that all about?" he yelled at Vesprini.

"You dumb asshole mick!" Vesprini shouted back. "You shovin' your cock up my ass or me shovin' mine up yours is one thing, but there ain't no way I'm gonna put up with no huggy, kissy, cocksuckin' queer shit! Understand?"

Casey hauled himself to his feet. He could hardly believe his ears. He glared at Vesprini and snarled. "Oh, I understand all right, you fuckin' closet case."

"Fuckin' what?" Vesprini screamed.

"You heard me, you hypocritical asshole. You've been aching to get into the sack with me as much as I have with you, and now you think you're going to pull this 'I'm straight, but' shit on me. No way, you mixed up wop!"

The sergeant gritted his teeth and charged. In size and weight, the men were equals for physical battle. Vesprini had the edge of experience, but what the sergeant did not know was that O'Connor had been trained in judo and karate during his military school years.

Casey watched the sergeant rush towards him. At the last moment, he sidestepped Vesprini's charge. Then he grabbed the man's arm, spun him around, and flipped him over his shoulder. The sergeant landed with such force that it shook the whole building. Stunned, Vesprini lay gasping for breath. This was an unexpected setback, and the past sixteen weeks came flashing into his mind.

The first time Vesprini had seen O'Connor was from this very room. Vesprini, freshly showered and naked, had stood behind the partially drawn blinds in his room and watched as O'Connor and the other new recruits climbed off a transport truck. Vesprini's cock stiffened as soon as he saw O'Connor, and he immediately pegged the unknown recruit as his victim. A "victim" was a new boot, in whom a drill instructor hoped to find the potential for additional training as a future base drill instructor. Vesprini didn't usually jump to such quick decisions, but there was something about this boy that set him aside from the rest.

Since the marines were losing D.I.'s faster than they could replace them, "victims" were needed badly. Many D.I.'s were reaching retirement age, but a good number were simply not opting to re-enlist. Of the few

"We're gonna fuck," the drill instructor announced to the young private. "First you're gonna fuck my ass to make sure you know how, then I'm gonna plow yours to let you feel my nine inches. Now take off those fuckin' fatigues."

"Yes sir, Sergeant!" O'Connor said with restrained excitement. He didn't want to make his lust for Vesprini too apparent, at least not at that precise moment.

The two men stripped quickly and stood staring at each other. Again it was Vesprini who made the first move. With his big uncircumcised cock growing with every heartbeat, he walked around O'Connor like a gladiator checking out an opponent. He stepped up behind the younger man and grabbed O'Connor's firm, muscular asscheeks. The sergeant pulled Casey's naked body back against his own; O'Connor could not repress a lusty groan as he felt Vesprini's huge cock slide between his legs and push against the back of his balls.

Although they came from different ethnic backgrounds, Vesprini and O'Connor could have passed for brothers. O'Connor was a curly-headed "black" Irishman. Like Vesprini, he had a tanned, muscular body with black hair sprinkled lib-

hairy ass, Sarge."

"All in due time, boy!" Vesprini replied as he worked Casey's nipples until they were as hard as steel spikes. The room was filled with the smell of their musky male bodies.

Fearing a premature ejaculation, Casey moved out of Vesprini's grip and turned to face the man. He reached out and began squeezing the sergeant's tits. Vesprini closed his eyes, but his mouth gaped open and he groaned in exquisite pleasure. He moved his body closer to O'Connor's until the two dicks were dueling with each other. Once again, Vesprini's hands moved around to O'Connor's asscheeks.

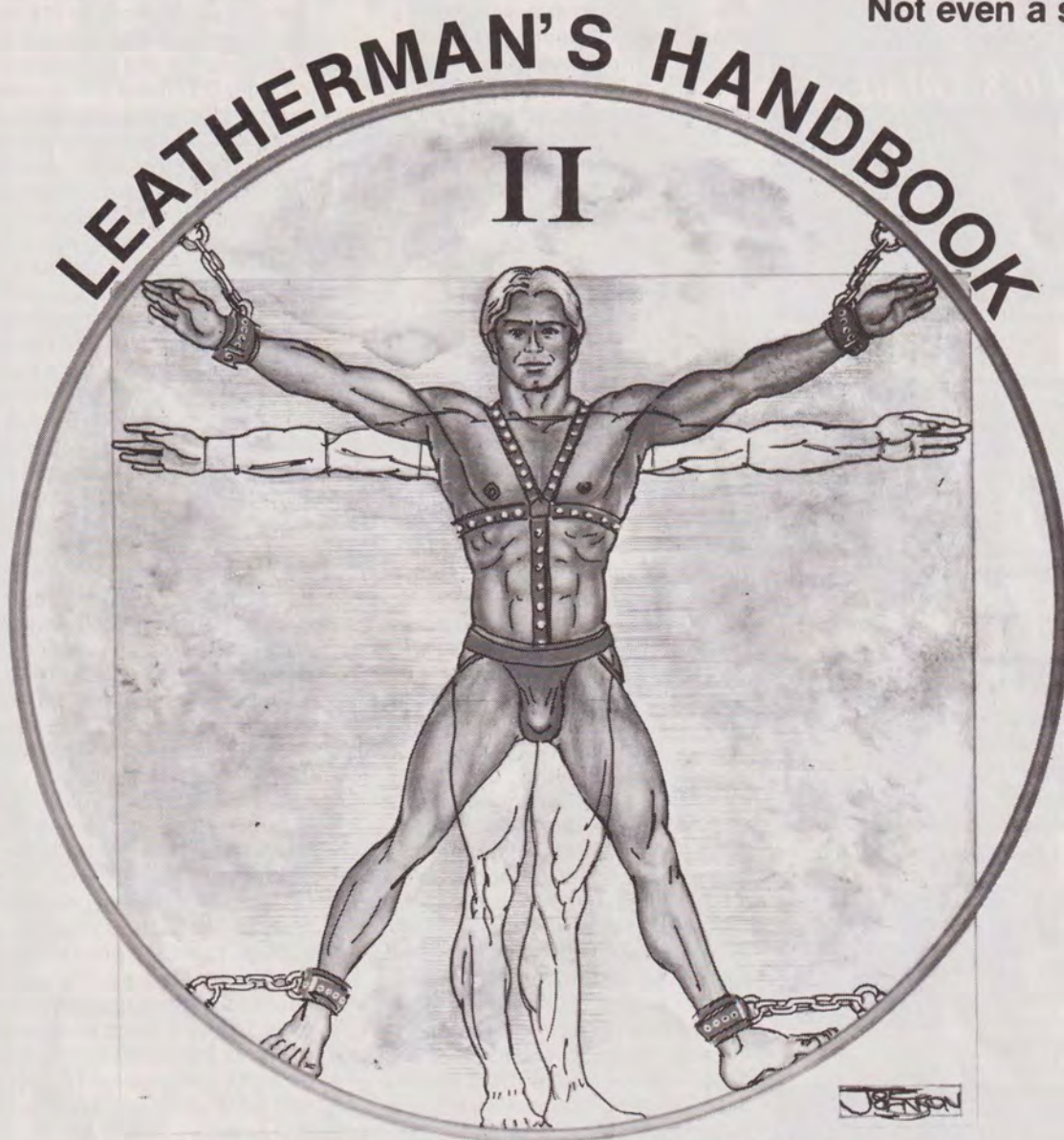
O'Connor leaned his head forward and grazed the sergeant's lips with his own. Vesprini's eyes flew open; without warning, he pushed O'Connor away and then backhanded the younger marine with such force that O'Connor was sent sprawling to the floor.

Such unexpected roughness stunned Casey. He shook his head,

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who did, some were requesting transfer to a different duty station. The life of a drill instructor was not an easy one. It took dedication, guts, and a little insanity to stay with such a thankless task year after year.

Few marines ever gave a second thought to the life-saving training they got from a good D.I.; they were too taken up in self-sympathy during the rigors of boot camp. At the end of eight weeks, however, those marines were trained to go out and take on the world. But the D.I. had to start all over with a new batch of boots, and another eight weeks was added to the past eight, which in turn would be added to the next eight weeks. There was no break in sight, except the occasional weekend pass and annual leave, if they were lucky enough to be spared the time to take it. Rarely did you find a married D.I. And it was even rarer for those who did marry to stay married for long. A good number of D.I.'s broke the monotony by taking a weekend pass with a fuck buddy: they would share a whore, a "queer," or each other, and sometimes all three. When he saw O'Connor, Vesprini hoped not only that the new recruit would have the makings of a good drill instructor, but also that he might spend his free time as Vesprini's fuck buddy. But now, gasping for breath on the floor, Vesprini was having second thoughts.

As for O'Connor, he had finished boot and drill instructor training with flying colors, in spite of the fact that Vesprini threw everything in the book at him. During those sixteen weeks, if there was a shit detail to be assigned, O'Connor could count on getting it. Two factors accounted for O'Connor's success: his deep-rooted, fierce Irish determination, and his equally fierce sexual attraction to his rugged instructor. Casey had neither expected nor particularly wanted the assignment as drill instructor trainee. He took it only because Vesprini was to be his trainer. Although careful and discreet, O'Connor's sexual attractions were exclusively to men. He reasoned that the longer he was able to spend with the man of his fantasies, the better his chances were of making those fantasies come true. But now as he looked down upon the prostrate body of the sergeant, he began to wonder if it had been worth it. Yet worth it or not, O'Connor was just pissed off enough with the sergeant's attitude that he wanted to show the bastard he had a trick or two up his own sleeve.

Lying very still until he caught his breath, Vesprini suddenly sprang to his feet. With fists clenched, he charged O'Connor again. Casey faked a quick move to his left, then at the last second he jumped to his right to avoid the sergeant's bull-like charge. O'Connor did not see the foot locker. He hit the edge of it, thus allowing the sergeant to strike him forcefully in the side. Casey reeled backwards; Vesprini was upon him immediately. He grabbed O'Connor from behind, locking him in a rib-crushing bear hug. Casey could feel the sergeant's not-quite-soft cock mashing against his asscheeks.

Bracing himself with his left leg, Casey wrapped his right leg around the sergeant's ankles. Shoving with his left leg, Casey thrust his body backwards, tripping Vesprini. Both men fell. Vesprini landed flat on his back on the floor. O'Connor fell flat on his back on top of Vesprini.

The fall broke the sergeant's grip, and in a lightning fast move O'Connor jumped up, spun around, and dropped himself astraddle the sergeant's chest. He pinned Vesprini's arms with his knees.

Reaching back, O'Connor grabbed the sergeant's balls and squeezed. At the same time he grabbed Vesprini's neck and pressed his fingers into the nerve center there. Vesprini bellowed in anguish. His pain-wracked body shuddered, then stiffened in fear. He felt himself losing consciousness. O'Connor eased the pressure on the man's neck, although keeping it tight enough to let Vesprini know who was in charge of things. The sergeant could only stare up with pleading eyes. Casey looked down and smirked. He shifted his body slightly forward, just enough to flop his long, soft cock across the man's mouth and nose.

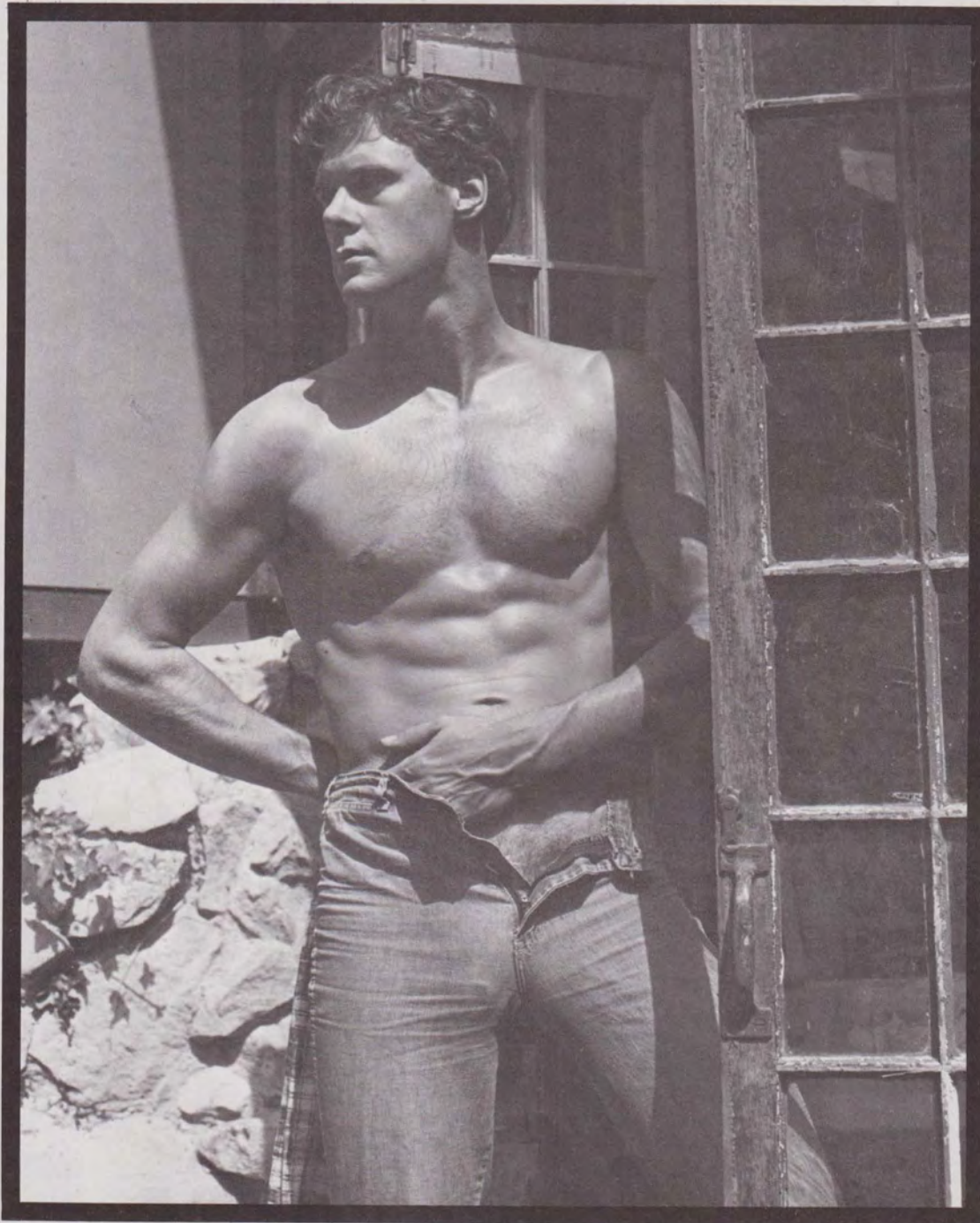
"Now, big man," Casey snarled. "We're going to have a little man-to-man talk. You want to fuck my ass, and I want to fuck yours. Right?"

The stupefied sergeant, looking crosseyed at Casey's cock resting on his face, could only jerk his head slightly in affirmation.

"Good! I'm glad we understand each other. But there's just a little bit more that I expect from any MAN before I let him jam a stiff prick up my asshole. First of all, I'm going to have a chance to suck on that big fat Italian cock of yours, Vesprini, and you're going to have a chance to do the same thing with mine. Although considering the circumstances, it

Continued to page 50

PACK MAN



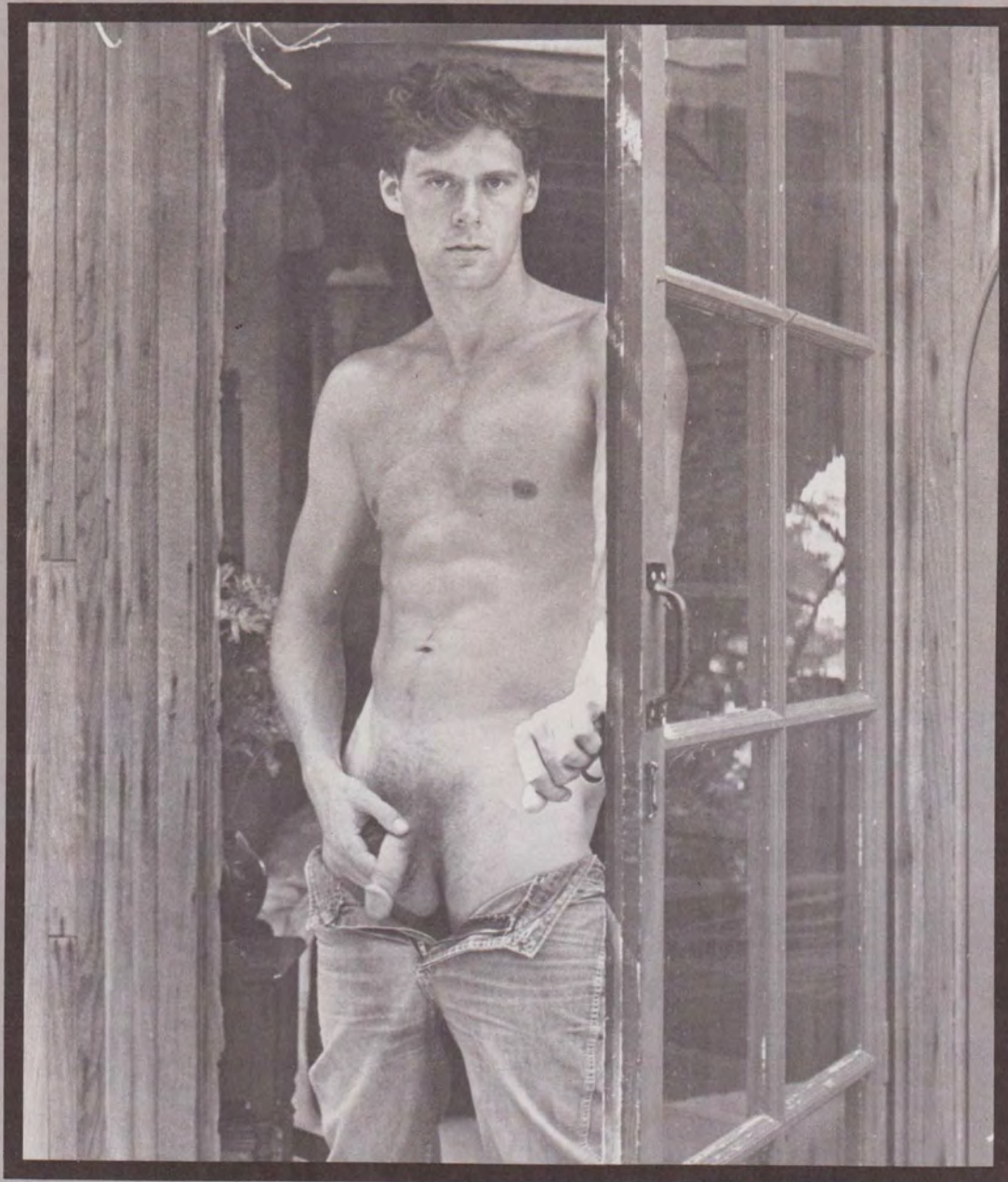
THIS PACK MAN IS QUITE DIFFERENT FROM THE SIMILARLY-NAMED VIDEO GAME. FOR ONE THING, ONLY TWO CAN PLAY WITH THIS PACKIE. FOR ANOTHER, THE THING HE'S PACKING IN THOSE SUPER-TIGHT JEANS IS NO KIDDIE GAME—IT'S FOR MEN ONLY: FOR MEN LIKE YOU.

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PACK MAN



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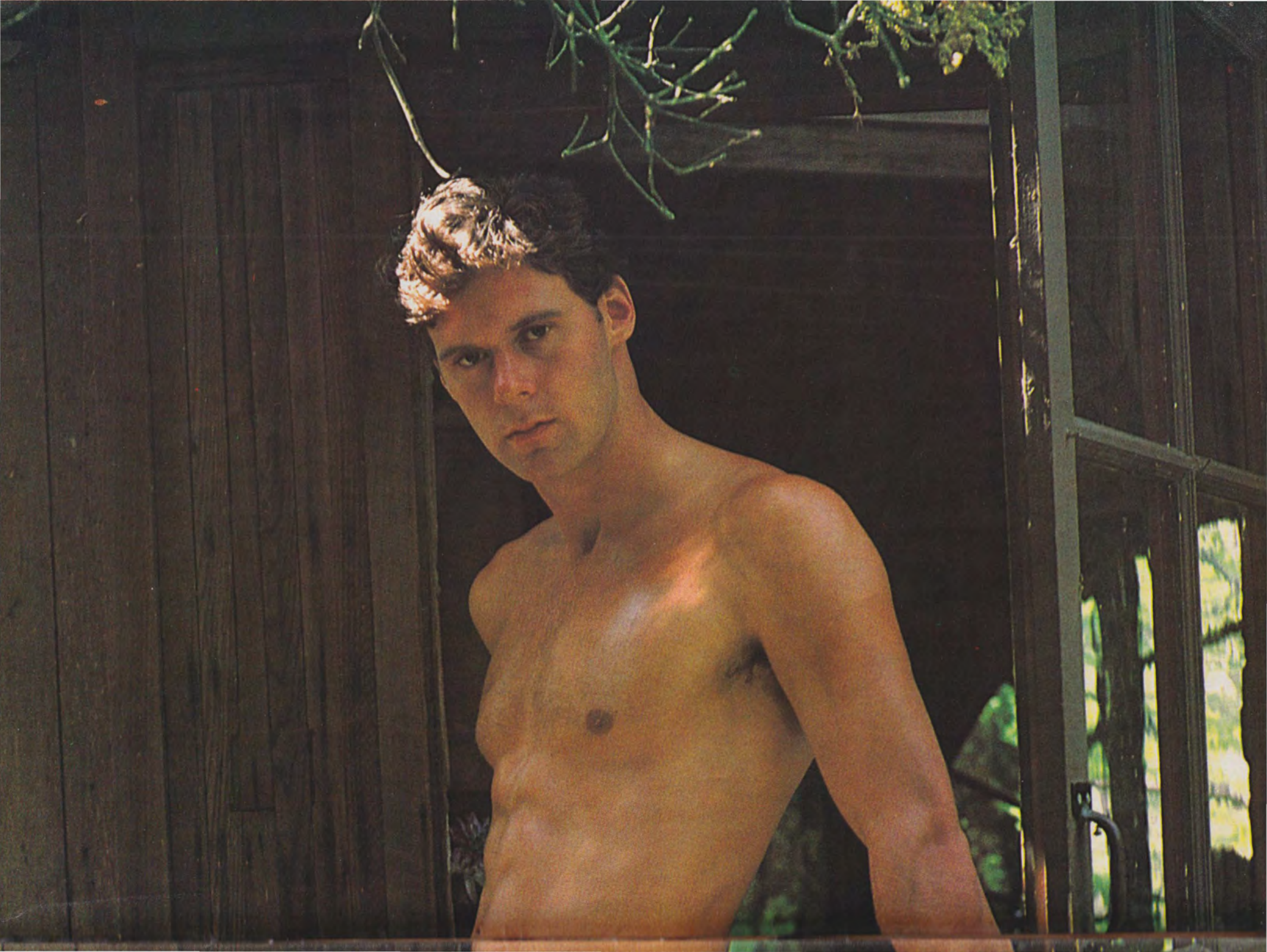
PACK MAN



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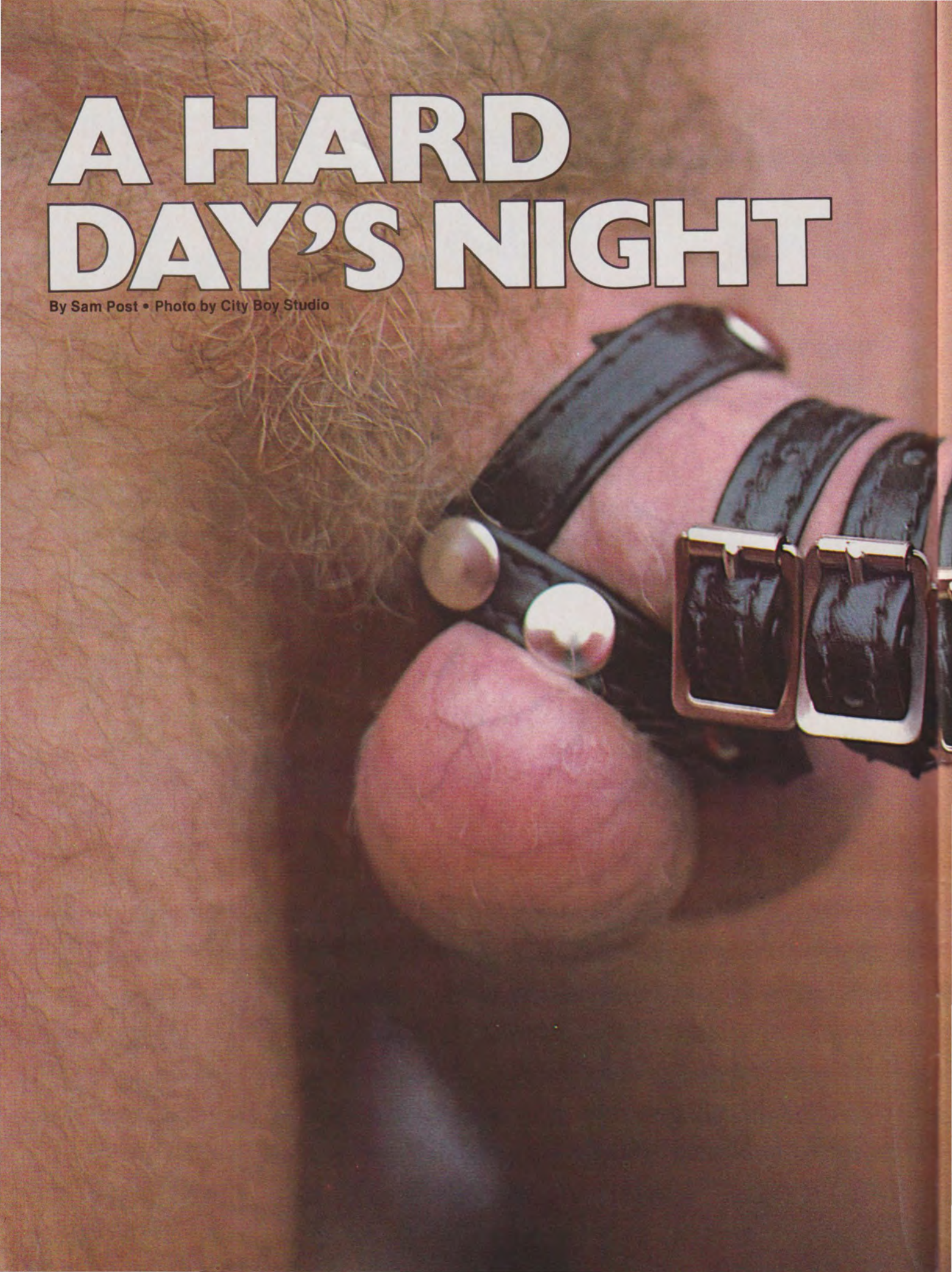


A photograph showing the lower half of a person. The person's legs are bare, with a hairy pubic area visible. They are wearing blue denim jeans that are pulled down to the ankles. The person's hands are visible, with one hand gripping a metal door handle. The background consists of dark, vertical wooden planks and a metal door frame. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and shadows.

HONCHO
Photography by Falcon

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT

By Sam Post • Photo by City Boy Studio



Joe pushed David's dick down, aiming it toward his knees and causing pain. He nodded to Jack, who took the other black cock straps and tied them all around the younger man's throbbing meat.



The guy who picked him up, the tall blond with gray eyes and a Stetson, called himself Jack. He said he was in California from Cheyenne, which to David sounded like a bunch of bull. But the cowboy was handsome, muscular, hot, and David needed it badly. So, when he asked David if he was in the mood to get fucked, David said: "What else would I be doing in the Silverado on a rainy night if not looking for somebody to fill up the gap?"

Jack grinned; his narrow eyes squinted. "Got a cabin up the river a ways," he said. "My buddy Joe's got a warm fire ready. How about yourself?"

David looked into Jack's eyes and said he had a warm fire ready too, but it wasn't in any cabin.

Jack laughed at that, saying, "Well, how about coming up and get-

ting your hot coals poked by a couple of ranch hands?"

David smiled and asked if he was kidding.

Jack slowly shook his head. "Ain't kiddin' you, son," he said matter-of-factly. "My buddy Joe asked me to bring home some take-out. Course, if you ain't in the mood to get yourself plowed, there's bound to be others in here willin' to oblige."

David gulped his beer. "Let's go."

The fact that Jack had an old Chevy pick-up with Wyoming plates convinced David to sit close and grope Jack's inner thigh.

"You checking me out or just copping a feel?" Jack asked, lying back and spreading his legs wide.

"Huh?" David asked.

"You wanna see the merchandise before you buy?" Jack asked sarcastically.

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What David felt made him whistle. "I'm convinced," he said, his fingers walking on Jack's rough denim.

"Hope you're in the mood for an all-nighter," Jack said a little way down the road. He lit a cigarette, letting it hang from his lips.

The house was a brown shingled cabin hanging precariously on a steep slope of redwoods. Even though it was dark and raining, David was sure you could see the Russian River from the place. An orange light glowed warmly in one window. Huge wet ferns crowded the flagstone walk to the front door and the air smelled of fresh earth. The area was sparsely populated, and the only sound was the heavy, steady dripping of the rain.

At the door Jack stopped and looked at David's profile. He nudged the young man on the chin with a clenched fist and said, "Boy, you're a cute one. Joe really likes 'em blond and thin." He opened the door, motioning for David to step inside.

"Hey, Joe, it's me," Jack called out. He turned to David. "Sit down, relax. You want a joint or something?"

"No, no," David said, laughing. "Tell me, do cowboys smoke dope?"

Jack stared at him from the entrance to the kitchen. "There you go on that cowboy kick again. Thought I told you we were ranch hands."

"Big difference, huh?" David asked.

"You're really asking for it, aren't you boy?" Jack asked, shaking rain from his Stetson. He hung it up on the wall. "Hey, Joe!" he yelled suddenly. "You in the bathroom?"

The flush of a toilet sounded, then the hall door opened. Out stepped a giant of a man, taller than Jack, and this one was dark-haired with a thick black moustache. He was gorgeous.

"Howdy," he said when he saw David.

Jack introduced his partner as Joe. "So where'dya meet this one?" he asked Jack, indicating David, who sat on the sofa.

"Silverado," Jack answered.

"Told him we were looking to fuck us some ass."

Joe's hand dropped to the packed crotch of his Levis. "Oh, is that what you want, huh?"

"Actually," said David, "I..."

"Told him we needed to plow ass all night," Jack said to his buddy.

"He's a real cute one," Joe said. His bulge was getting fatter. "Bet-chya'd like a mouthful of this, huh?" He held a thick hand full of denim in

his fingers, squeezing it.

David looked and his mouth went dry. "Well... actually—"

"Take it out," Jack told Joe. "Go on, can't you see the boy wants it? He was grabbing for mine in the truck coming up here. The boy's hungry for cock." Then Jack turned to David. "Ain't you, son?"

The room was awfully quiet, except for the crackling of the fire. David, eyes glued on Joe's bulging crotch, said, "I..."

Jack gave David a gentle, coaxing push on the shoulder. "Go on," Jack whispered to him. "Help the man take his dick out of his pants. Go on. Probably needs all the help he can get."

David suddenly felt very erotic. Who were these guys, and were they serious? What the hell was going on?

"Hey son," Joe said, popping open the riveted buttons of his fly one by one. "This what you want?"

David watched transfixed as the big muscular man reached his thick fingers into his opened jeans, reached in deep, cupped his hand, and pulled out his fat cock.

"Hung like an old mule, ain't he?" Jack asked David alluringly.

Jack sat back in the overstuffed armchair, the flickering orange light of the fireplace glowing behind him. He kicked his heavy western boots out into the middle of the floor, spreading his legs wide, thrusting his narrow hips outward. His dick, not quite hard, hung in the palm of his hand. He looked like a butcher offering a prime cut of meat. The skin of his prick was darkly shaded, and the girth was enormous.

"Go on," Jack teased from the side. "Take it in that sweet mouth of yours."

David felt his own dick coming to life in his tight jeans. This cowboy Joe had quite a rod hanging out of his pants. David dropped to his knees.

"Good boy," said Jack, beginning to unbutton his blue flannel shirt. "Take care of my buddy Joe."

David crawled up between Joe's spread legs. Joe released his dick from his hand and let it hang, thick and heavy. David opened his mouth, extended his tongue, and leaned forward to taste the fat knob.

"Oh, yeah," Joe moaned.

David sucked the pliable rubbery dick into his lips. Savoring the bland taste, smelling the muskiness of Joe's dark hairy crotch, David felt the dick extend in his mouth like an ac-

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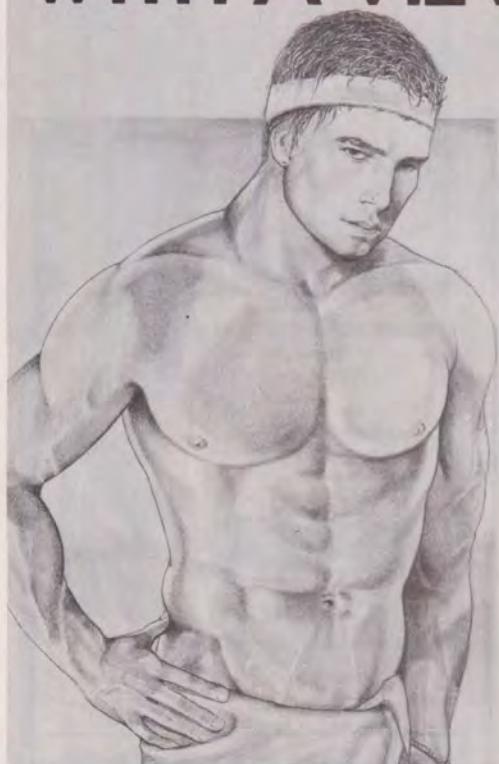


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cordion. It grew in quick little pulses, until it filled his mouth up. He swirled his tongue around the cockhead, and sucked deeply.

Jack, meanwhile, was removing his clothes. His body was thinner than Joe's, but it was as tight as coiled wire, suntanned and smooth, with soft brown hair running in a trail from his chest to his navel. His cock, half-hard when he dropped his jeans, was long and fat and slightly, erotically, bent to one side. His balls hung low in a hairless sack. "You keep working on that dick, son, and I'll plow your ass from behind," Jack said as he undressed. Then he sat down on the sofa and took a jar of lubricant from the end table. Scooping some into his hand, he coated his cock as he watched David's head wriggle and bob between Joe's legs.

Joe's cock had tripled its size. It was now over eight inches long, with a base so thick David couldn't close his hand around it. It tasted delicious, meaty and warm. David could get only two thirds of the thick shaft into his mouth, but he sucked and licked in steady, predictable strokes. Joe watched impassively as his big cock slid in and out of the young blond's stretched lips. Then he began to unbutton his shirt. "Let's take off our clothes," he said, and pulled David's vacuum mouth off his dick with a hollow pop.

David sat back on his haunches, breathing heavily. "Jesus, what a cock," he said, watching as Joe stood up to undress, his fat cock swinging an arc in the air.

Joe and David removed their clothes. When he was finally naked, Joe resumed his sitting position in the overstuffed chair, his cock standing rigid between his legs. David dropped to his knees again, and gobbled hungrily at the massive cock.

"Oh, yeah," Joe said, feeling his cock enveloped in warm wet suction. He turned to Jack: "This boy knows how to suck cock."

Jack stood in the center of the room behind David, his body catching the firelight glow. He held up his glistening hard-on firmly in his fist, flexing the loose foreskin up and down over the fleshy knob. "I'm gonna puncture his asshole," he said, lowering to his knees behind David's firm buttocks. "I'm gonna fuck me some ass."

David raised his rear to Jack as the older man stuck a grease-coated finger into the pink star of his fuck-hole.



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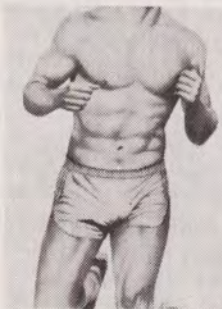
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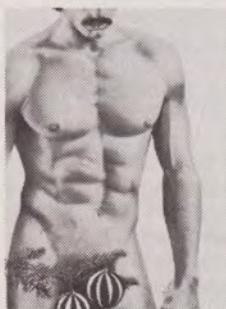
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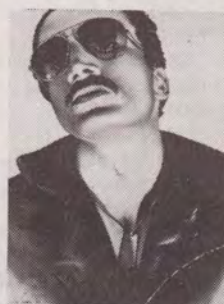
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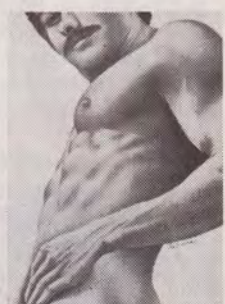
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Jack's long finger entered easily, and he said, "Oh, yeah, tight and juicy." David, his mouth full of Joe's cock, groaned deeply and wiggled his ass-cheeks onto Jack's probing hand. Jack coated the puckered opening with grease, removed his finger, reached around and under, and took David's cock in his hand. David moaned again, feeling his cock massaged with grease. Jack took his own bent dick with his other hand, arched his back, aimed the fat mushroom head toward the pink opening, and pushed.

David pulled his mouth off Joe's big tool and cried out, feeling his asshole muscle stretch to accommodate Jack's fuckpole.

Jack paused a moment, letting David catch his breath, and feeling the tight hole snugly suck his cockhead. Then Jack lowered his belly and chest to David's smooth back, holding the young man's narrow waist with his arm and the boy's cock in his fist. He pushed deeper.

David, to distract his attention from the pain, sucked Joe's cock back into his mouth. He nibbled the broad head, ran his tongue up and down the shaft, and swallowed as much of the burning rod as he could stuff into his hungry lips.

"That's it, son," Joe whispered throatily. "Suck that dick."

David slurped hungrily as he felt his asshole fill up with Jack's cock. Jack pushed his cock halfway up the warm cavern, rotating his cock around the boy's asshole, opening him up. Then he pushed deeper, telling David to relax. In a short quick thrust, his cock plowed in to the hilt. "Yeah," Jack moaned, feeling the entire length of his ramrod coated with warmth. "Tight and juicy, the way I like 'em." He continued to pump David's cock in his greasy hand, causing David to whimper from the pleasure and pain. Jack looked up as he fucked the boy's rear, watching the kid's head bob between Joe's legs. "Shit, what a fuck," he said to Joe. "You gotta try this boy's asshole after I pump it full of cum."

Joe watched his buddy fuck ass. "I'll hose down his tonsils and then we'll change places," he said to Jack. "This one gives a mean suck job. You got us a winner this time, Jack."

Joe's hips moved to the sucking vacuum of David's mouth. He watched as the youth swallowed more and more of his throbbing cock. "Pretty soon now, and I'll pop off my

load," he said.

"Yeah," Jack moaned, "Ah, yeah," and he rammed his cock furiously into David's butt. Suddenly Jack's muscular body tensed up, the vein in his temple pounding. "I feel it coming," he said, his voice edged with tension. He fucked and fucked, his eyes closed, his back arched. "Ah, shit, take me!" And Jack pounded cock into David's hole even harder than before.

A stream of jism shot like a geyser into David's guts. Jack cried out, feeling his cum burst through his hot dick. Another explosion, and another, and still Jack twitched. He grunted with each spasm, his body jerking. "What a fuck," he groaned. Just as the quaking thrusts subsided, Joe began to moan.

"Oh yeah, suck me off," Joe said, "Here comes a mouthful."

David felt Jack's copious ejaculation deep in his ass as he vigorously sucked Joe's cock.

"Suck that cream," Joe said, bucking his hips as David tried to mouth only his cockhead. "I'm gonna blast off the back of your head!"

David felt the warm squirt hit the back of his throat, and he coughed, then closed his mouth back over the spongy knob. Again and again Joe shot his load, filling David's mouth with warm cum. David swallowed in gulps; Joe kept feeding it to him as his massive body shuddered in waves. At last Joe was spent, his slimy wet cock halfway buried in David's exhausted mouth, the boy's eyes watering.

"Let's switch places," Joe said, pulling his hefty meat from David's mouth.

David gasped for breath. "Wow," was all he could manage, relieved and exhausted. "You guys are too much."

"We ain't even started with you yet, boy," Jack said, getting to his feet. "Between the two of us, we can give you a dozen more loads before sunrise."

"My balls are still full," Joe said, holding his cock in his hand. "I want to try your ass."

Jack looked down at David's cock, which was stiff and almost purple. A dribble of cum threaded out to the floor. "Looks like the boy's got a load to shoot off himself," he said to Joe.

Joe said, "Let's give his cock a face sandwich after we give him round number two."

"Fine by me," said Jack, and he and Joe changed positions, Jack tak-

ing the chair and Joe getting on his knees behind David. Jack took the boy's jaw in his hand. "You all right, son?" he asked.

David, still dazed, forced a smile. "I feel like my ass and face have been through a taffy pull," he said.

David resumed his position, ass up to Joe, his face toward Jack, who sat in the chair toweling off his bent cock. Joe got into position on his knees, holding his cock by its root and aiming the blunt head toward David's asshole. In one sweeping thrust, he pushed his big dick between the cheeks of his ass. David flinched. Joe buried his ramrod to the hilt.

"Just the way I like it," he said to Jack, "warm and squishy; God, is he tight." He began to thrust steadily, pumping his cock in and out of David's ass with sucking noises.

Jack's hands went to the back of David's blond head, pulling his face toward the veiny, uncut dick. "Suck on this for a while," he told David. "Give me some of that mouth action, boy."

David worked his tongue and lips along the chewy foreskin that hugged Jack's cock, while his hands rubbed and pulled the man's low-slung balls. He licked the big dick up and down, coating it with saliva, feel-

ing his asshole assaulted by Joe's pumping action.

Joe pumped aggressively, splitting the boy's ass with his meaty crowbar, slapping his cheeks with repeated cracks of his hand. Then he reached under David's body, groping the young man's chest until he found the boy's nipples. He pinched and twisted them, causing David to moan. He kissed David's neck, biting the skin, running his tongue along the muscled meat of David's shoulders.

"How's that blowjob?" asked Joe, fucking away.

"The kid's a born cocksucker," Jack answered. "Look at him swallow that meat." He paused, watching David's mouth slide up and down his shaft. "Maybe we should hold onto this one for a few days, huh, Joe?"

Joe grunted, plunging his fat cock deep into David's asshole again and again. "We could tie him to the bed, fuck him all day long."

Jack laughed, too. "Like that kid back in Laramie, remember him?"

"Shit yeah," answered Joe, his forehead beading with sweat. "That kid couldn't get enough cock for days."

They went on like this for a long

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time, with David obediently sucking Jack off while Joe plowed him from behind. Now and then Jack made David work on his ball sack so that he couldn't come too soon. Joe left red and blue suck marks on David's shoulders and neck; David moaned and groaned from the delightful abuse. On and on they went, until Joe was ready to shoot.

"Here comes another load," Joe said, breathing into David's neck. He bucked his hips, feeling the tingling electrical discharge run down the course of his long cock.

David felt the burning warmth as Joe filled his ass with cum, grunting animal-like with each powerful thrust.

"No fair," said Jack, "we were supposed to come together."

David's body went rigid as Joe emptied his load. He sucked Jack's cock deep down his throat, feeling the heat probe his tonsils. Joe finished, and fell back, his big cock plopping out of David's ass, dripping cum. "Jesus, what a fuck," he sighed. "His asshole just sucks the cum out of you."

Jack pulled his dick from David's

Joe, kneeling beside him, said, "Look at his cock, it's turning purple."

Jack added, "We better take care of him before his balls turn blue."

They took their places on either side of David's prone body. They ran their big hands up and down his chest, belly and legs, while David lay there too fatigued to move. The ache in his cock was painful. Jack reached a finger down to David's dick. When he pulled it away, a long clear thread of lubricating cum stretched like elastic.

Joe whistled. "Cock sandwich?" he asked Jack.

"Cock sandwich," Jack agreed.

But first, they decided to add an extra ingredient and to give David an unexpected thrill at the same time. Jack unexpectedly took hold of David's arms, pinning them behind him so that David, stretched out on the floor, was virtually helpless. Joe, taking the hint, reached into the small drawer of a coffee table and took out something black. David caught a glimpse of it, but in his exhaustion and now his anxiety, he felt confused. What were they going to do to

his bursting balls, Jack and Joe un-snapped the black leather bands from the shaft. They released his balls, and the blood rushed toward his dickhead with dizzying speed. Once again, Joe said to Jack: "Cock sandwich." The two ranch hands lowered their faces to either side of David's stiff cock, closing his shaft between their lips. They licked and sucked, running their mouths up and down the sides of the fat rod, coating it with slimy spit. Jack and Joe stared into each other's eyes, David's cock caught in the vise of their mouths. They continued their up and down motions, synchronizing their heads to a rhythmic beat. They stretched their lips around the circumference of the meaty pole until their lips met, surrounding the boy's cock in slippery suction. When they reached the engorged head, they took turns giving it a quick suck, first Joe, then Jack, while each continued to stroke the length of the dick.

David writhed in pleasure. He was able to stand only a few minutes of this cocksucking; he cried out as the cum jetted from his tortured dick.

A long white unbroken spurt of cum flew out from the tip of his pulsing cock, fired like a comet beyond David's head, and splatted against the floor.

The cowboys pumped his shaft, both mouths locked into place on either side. Another spasm shook David's body, and another spray of cum shot out, showering his chest with beads of white. The cowboy mouths eagerly licked and sucked the erupting cum. Finally the dick was empty, and all three collapsed on the floor in a heap of arms and legs.

David took a deep breath, listening to the two men as they lay on the rug beside him. Finally he asked, "Are you guys really cowboys?"

There was a pause, then a chuckle. "You tell him," said Jack.

"No, you started it," said Joe.

Jack looked up at David's face over the expanse of his chest and belly. "I lied," he said, a smile on his lips. "Sometimes I exaggerate." Then he hesitated.

Joe said, "We teach high school—back in Cheyenne."

David burst out laughing. "You motherfuckers," he said, grinning widely.

"Hey," said Jack, sitting up on an elbow, "at least we're from Wyoming!"

The two men pounced on the boy, vigorously tickling his sides. ■

**Joe's cock had tripled in size.
It was now over eight inches long, with
a base so thick David couldn't close his
hand around it. It tasted delicious,
meaty and warm.**

mouth, holding the boy's face inches from the uncut knob. He stroked his thick shaft with his fingers; his breathing became shallow. "I'm gonna hose down your face," he said, jacking off his cock.

David, on his knees, opened his mouth and stared at Jack's piss-hole. He watched as Jack flexed his foreskin up and down. Jack groaned, "Here it comes," and a ribbon of hot seed squirted out, slashing across David's eager face. Jack moaned and pushed David's mouth back over his spewing dickhead, saying, "Suck me off, yeah, drink it up."

"Look at him eat that cum," Joe said.

David fell back against the warm throw-rug on the floor, belly up, gasping for breath. "Aw shit," he sighed, "you guys are unreal," and his hand went to his jaw and neck, which ached with exhaustion.

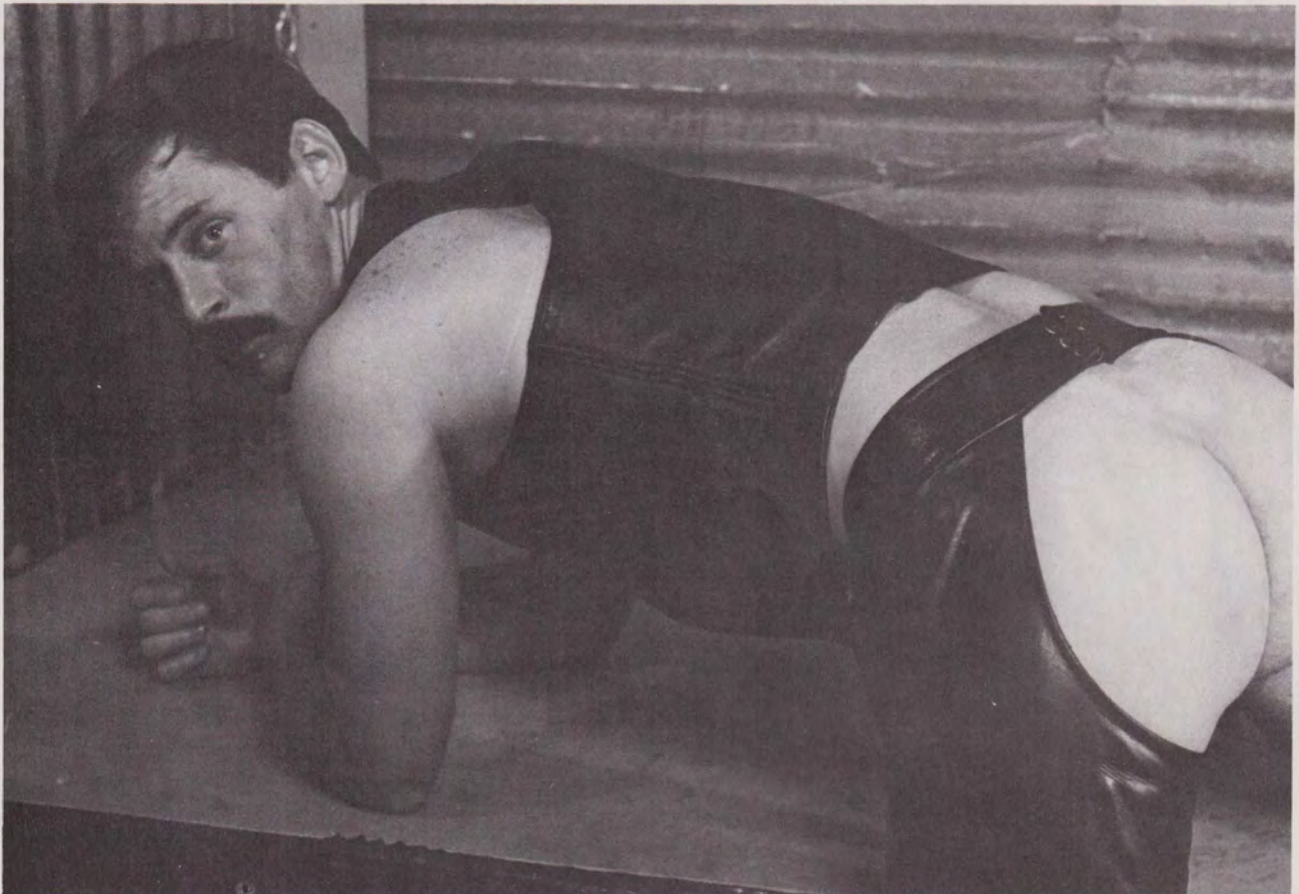
him? What was that thing in Joe's hand?

Without saying a word, Joe came over and knelt beside David. He grabbed David's balls and snapped a piece of leather on them: a shiny cock strap pressed into the kid's aching balls, taxing them beyond the point of pleasure. Then Joe pushed David's dick down, aiming it toward his knees and causing pain. He nodded to Jack, who took the other black cock straps (Joe had brought five out of the drawer) and tied them around the younger man's throbbing cock.

By this time, David had begun to like the intense squeezing on his cock and balls, although the pain was unaccustomed and he wasn't sure how long he could endure it without crying out, begging his fuckers for mercy.

After four or five minutes of manipulating David's swollen cock and

STUDS

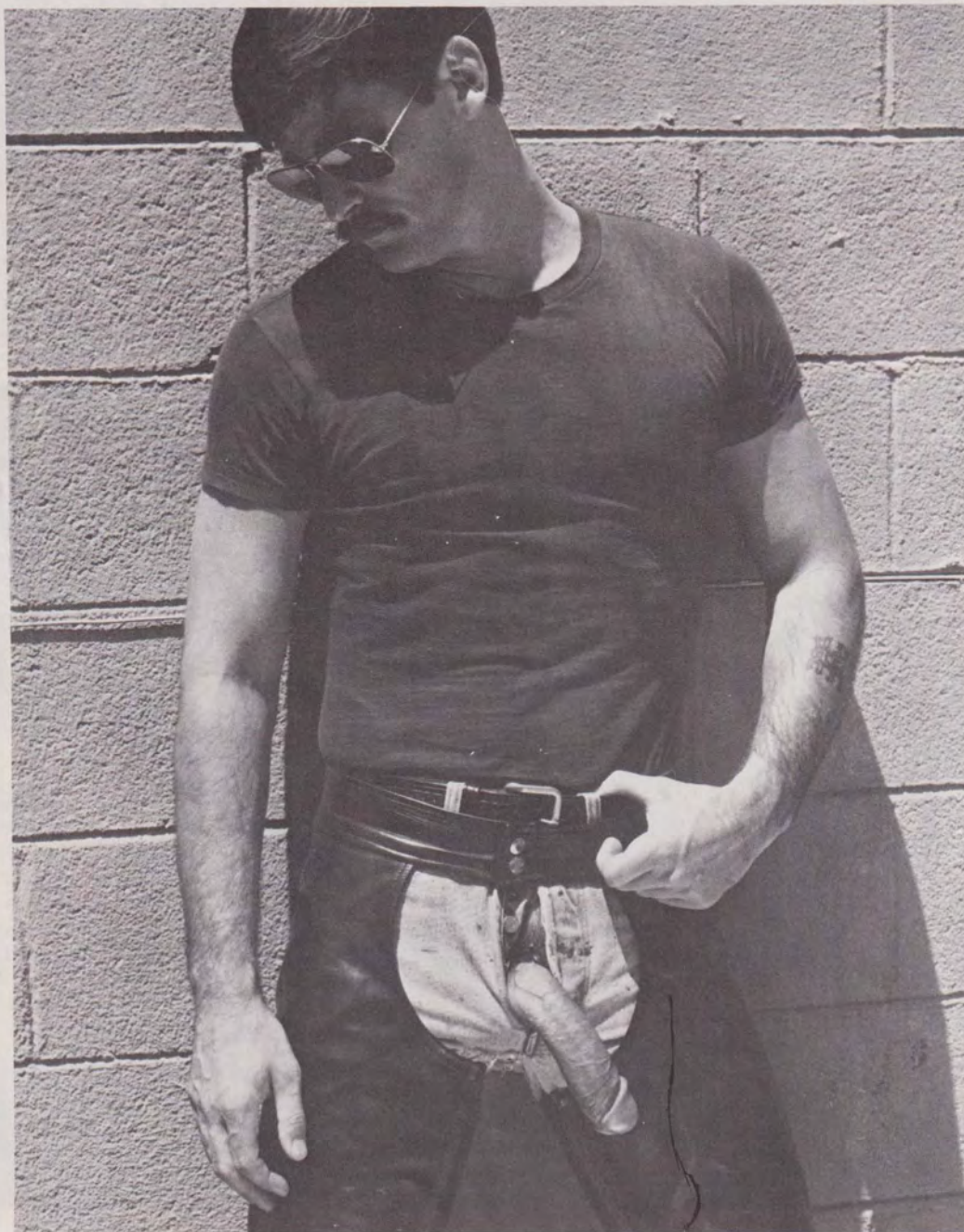


WHAT QUALITY MAKES A MAN A STUD? IS IT A BIG DICK? THAT'S CERTAINLY ONE OF THE MAIN CRITERIA. IS IT A MUSCULAR BUILD? YES, BUT NOT ALL MUSCLEMEN ARE STUDS. IT'S A COMBINATION OF SEVERAL MASCULINE QUALITIES ALL WORKING TOGETHER THAT MAKES A MAN AN UNMISTAKEABLE STUD.

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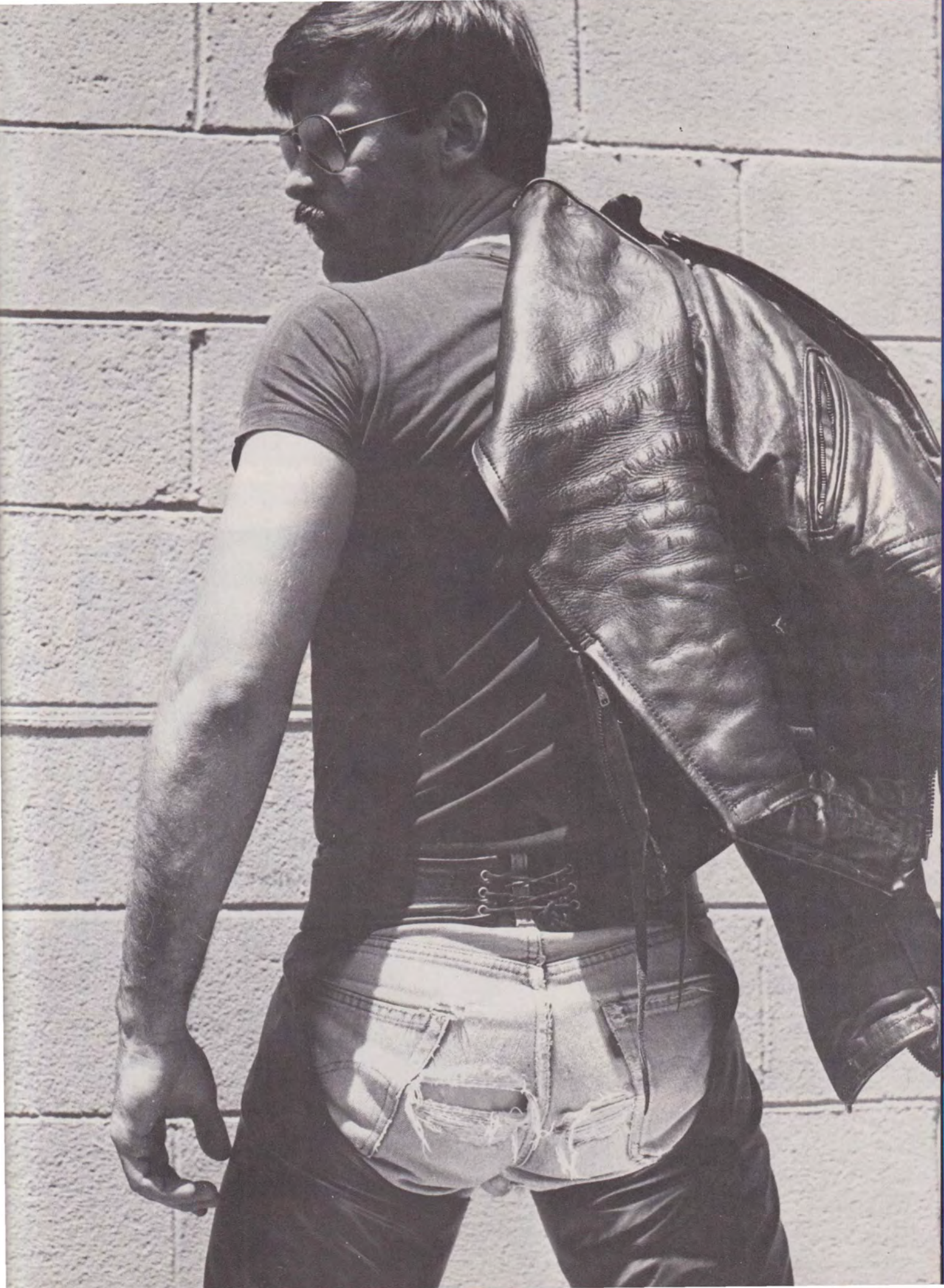
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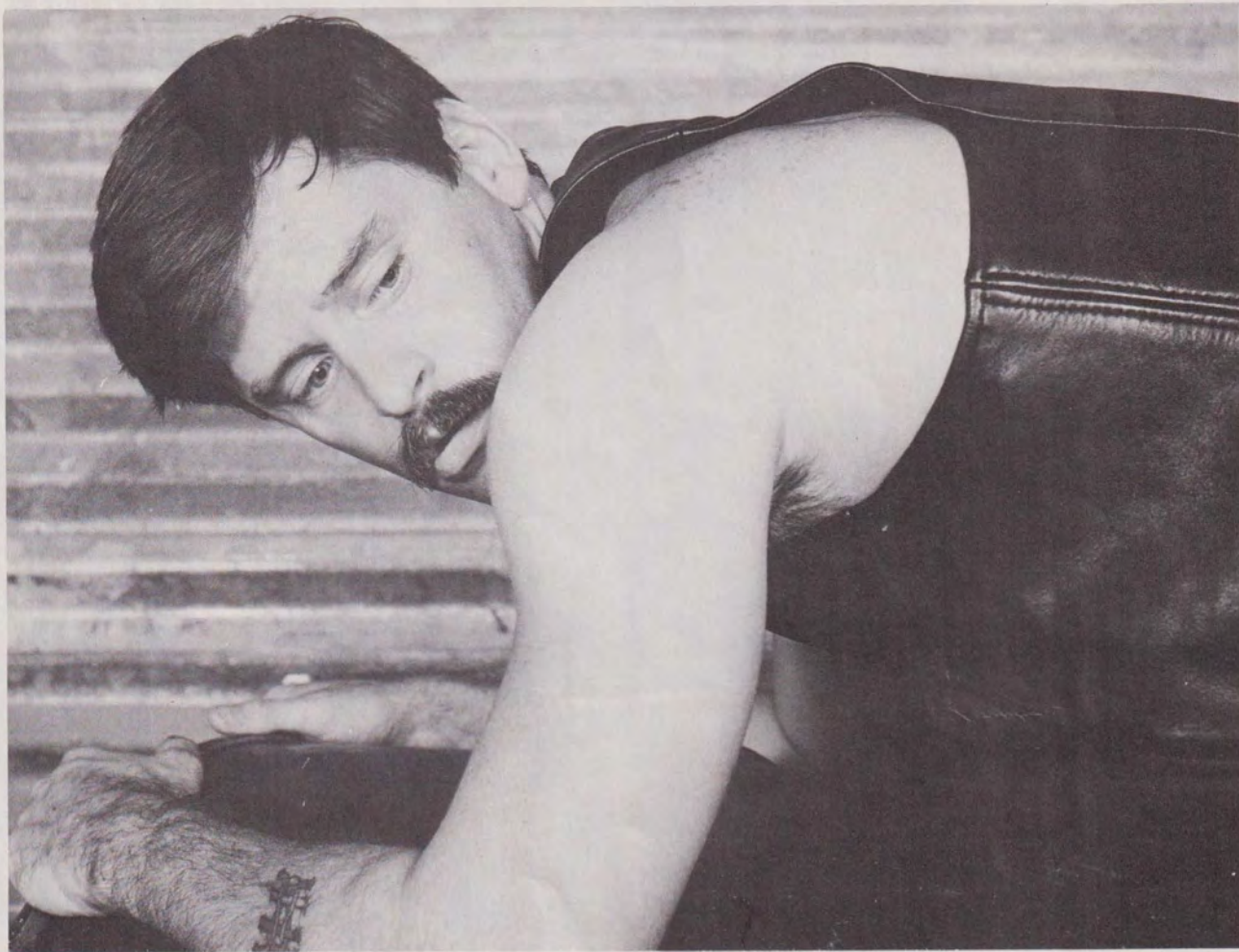


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STUDS



BUT NOTICE IT'S NOT ONE STUD ONLY. IT'S SEVERAL. SOME STUDS HAVE HOT ASSES, JUST WAITING TO BE FUCKED. OTHERS HAVE BIG THICK JUICY COCKS, READY TO PLUNGE INTO OTHER STUDS.

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STUDS

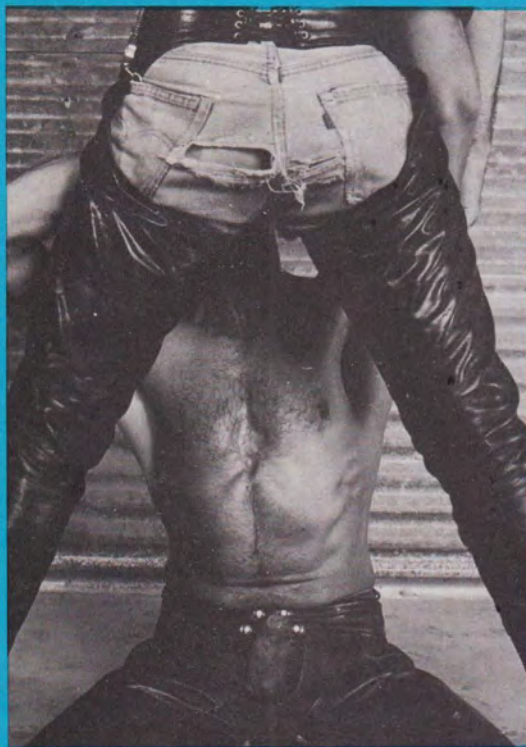


THESE STUDS HAVE A DEFINITE PREFERENCE FOR LEATHER. LEATHERMEN STUDS—THAT'S ALWAYS A HOT TURN-ON. LEATHER FROM HEAD TO FOOT, LEATHER JACKET, LEATHER CHAPS, LEATHER COCK RING. PLUS A TORN, FADED PAIR OF JEANS.

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STUDS



IS THERE ANYTHING HOTTER THAN ONE STUD
SUCKING ANOTHER ONE? OR FUCKING HIS
STUD BUDDY? THIS MOVIE IS ALL ABOUT STUD
SUCKING AND STUD FUCKING.

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STUDS

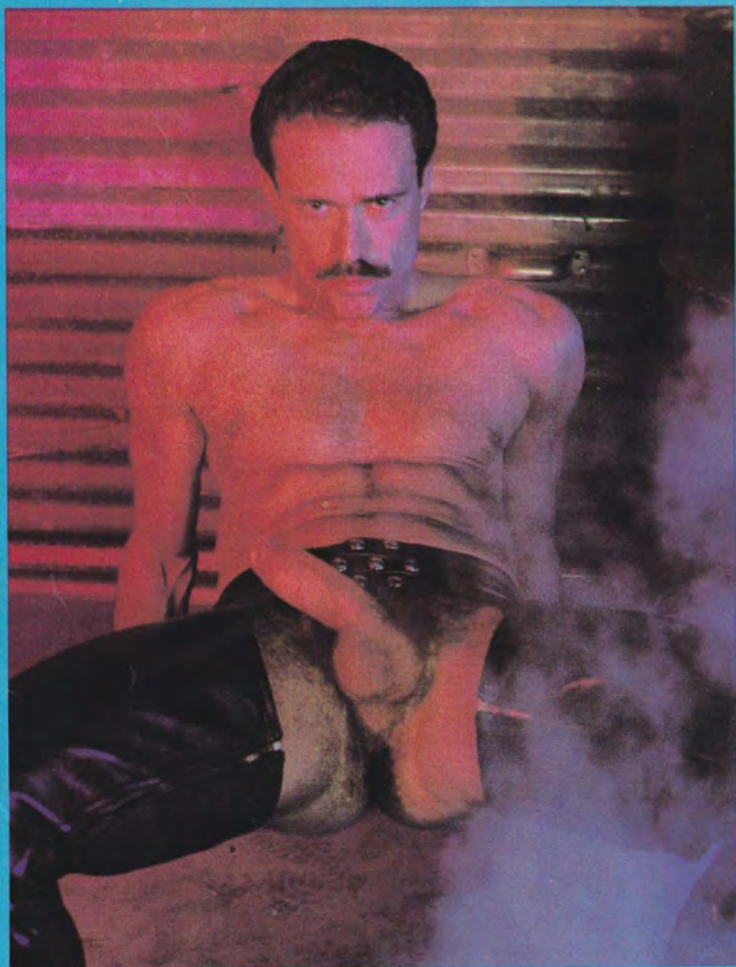


BY NOW, YOU ARE REAL CURIOUS TO KNOW WHO THESE STUDS ARE. YOU'LL FIND OUT. KEEP LOOKING AT THE INTENSE BLUE AND RED LIGHTS THAT TURN THIS STUD WAREHOUSE INTO A BLAZING SEX HOLE. YOU'RE SO HOT YOU'RE READY TO POP.

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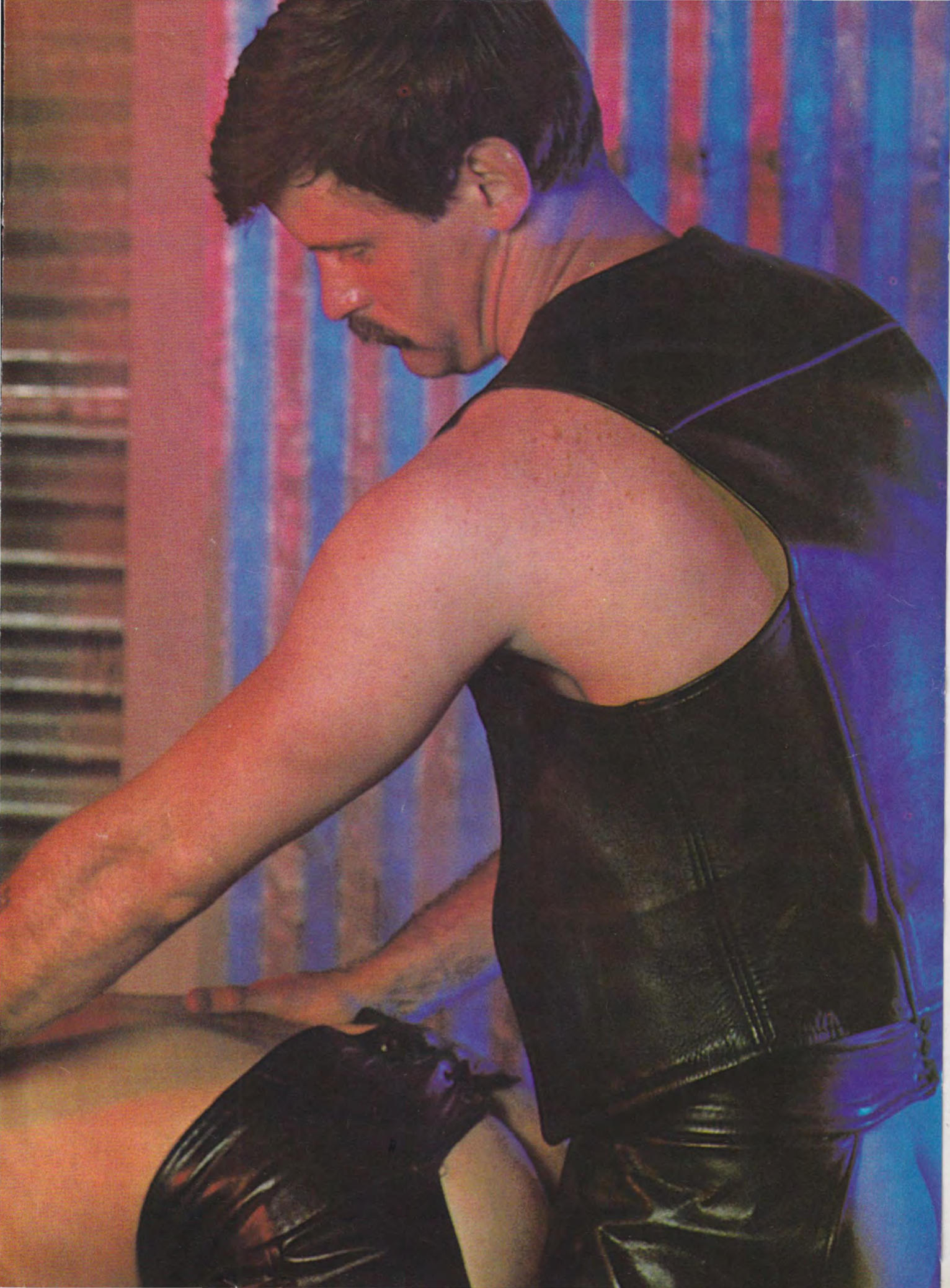


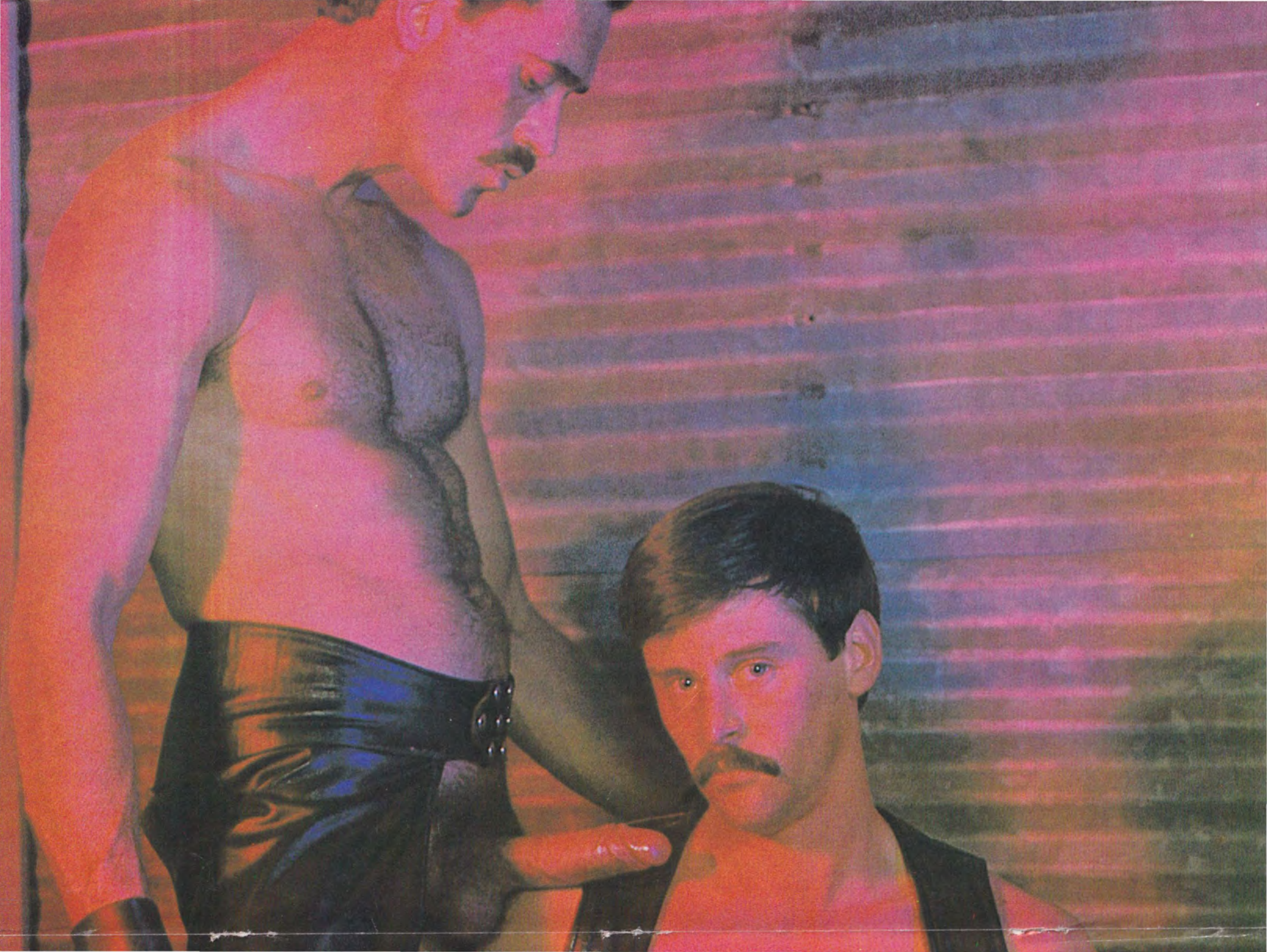
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DRILL INSTRUCTOR

Continued from page 18

looks like you're going to have first turn." O'Connor's cock stiffened and inched its way forward over the bridge of Vesprini's nose.

Hearing O'Connor's last statement, Vesprini's eyes bugged and he shook his head violently in protest. Casey increased the pressure on the man's balls. Vesprini squinched his eyes shut and opened his mouth to groan in pain. O'Connor moved his body back just enough so that the head of his cock dropped across Vesprini's open lips. The sergeant jerked his head to one side and closed his mouth.

"Oh God, please stop. Don't do this!" Vesprini pleaded as he felt himself blacking out.

"Then open up that fucking mouth and start sucking my cock, you hypocrite!" Using his thumb, Casey pried Vesprini's nose upwards, forcing the man's mouth to open. He rammed his cock deep into Vesprini's mouth.

"Aaaaaaaggh," was the only noise coming from Vesprini as he tried to turn his head and dislodge the cock from his mouth. Vesprini's cock-filled face distorted in pain and panic, but he held his head still. Casey leaned forward and stuffed more of his huge cock into the man's gullet.

"Now suck, you horse's ass, and if you use your teeth, you'll walk out of here with your balls in your hip pocket," O'Connor threatened.

Vesprini closed his lips around Casey's cock and started to suck. To assist him, O'Connor took Vesprini by the hair and began jerking his head back and forth, sending his cock deeper into the sergeant's mouth and throat. Vesprini gagged, but Casey paid it no heed and continued to jam his hard dick into the sergeant's face.

As he fucked the sergeant's mouth, Casey shifted his left hand to get a better grip on the man's sweaty, slippery balls. In doing so, O'Connor's wrist bumped into the sergeant's cock, which lay stiff and hard along his belly. Casey grabbed the cock and squeezed hard. "Why you hypocritical, motherfucking, masochistic cocksucker. You're actually getting off on this, aren't you? You bastard!"

While Casey squeezed the sergeant's enormous dick, and then

played with the hairy balls below, he realized that his right hand was resting on Vesprini's shoulder and that the man was sucking O'Connor's cock without assistance. Casey had not expected to win over the sergeant so quickly.

Vesprini was so wrapped up in his virgin cocksucking efforts that he wasn't even aware when Casey, without removing his cock from the sergeant's mouth, lifted his weight from the man's chest and maneuvered his body so that he was turned in the opposite direction. Lowering himself into a push-up position, O'Connor began fucking Vesprini's face with longer and harder strokes.

Casey varied his speed as he pounded his cock in and out of the willing mouth. On the downstroke, Casey's enormous balls completely covered the sergeant's eyes and forehead.

Casey glared at Vesprini's throbbing dick as it drooled pre-cum, filling the sergeant's navel. Lowering his head, Casey lapped the man's juice with his tongue, then scooped the end of Vesprini's cock into his mouth. He had waited sixteen weeks for this moment, never realizing it would actually come. He swallowed Vesprini's enormous dick until his nose rested between the man's hair-covered balls. Casey then demonstrated to his D.I. just what cocksucking was all about. He sucked, lapped, and chewed until Vesprini writhed on the floor in uncontrolled sexual pleasure. When Casey felt Vesprini about to shoot his load, he pulled his mouth free of the awesome cock and attacked the balls. The sergeant's body jerked uncontrollably; he nearly strangled on the massive piece of meat lodged in his throat. He could only gurgle his pleasure.

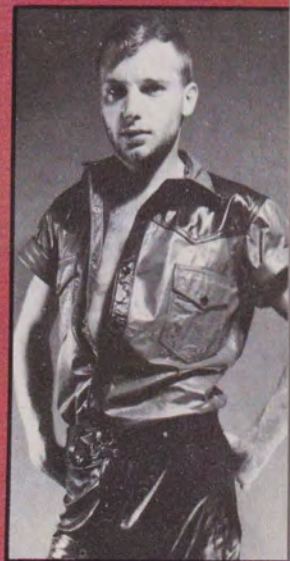
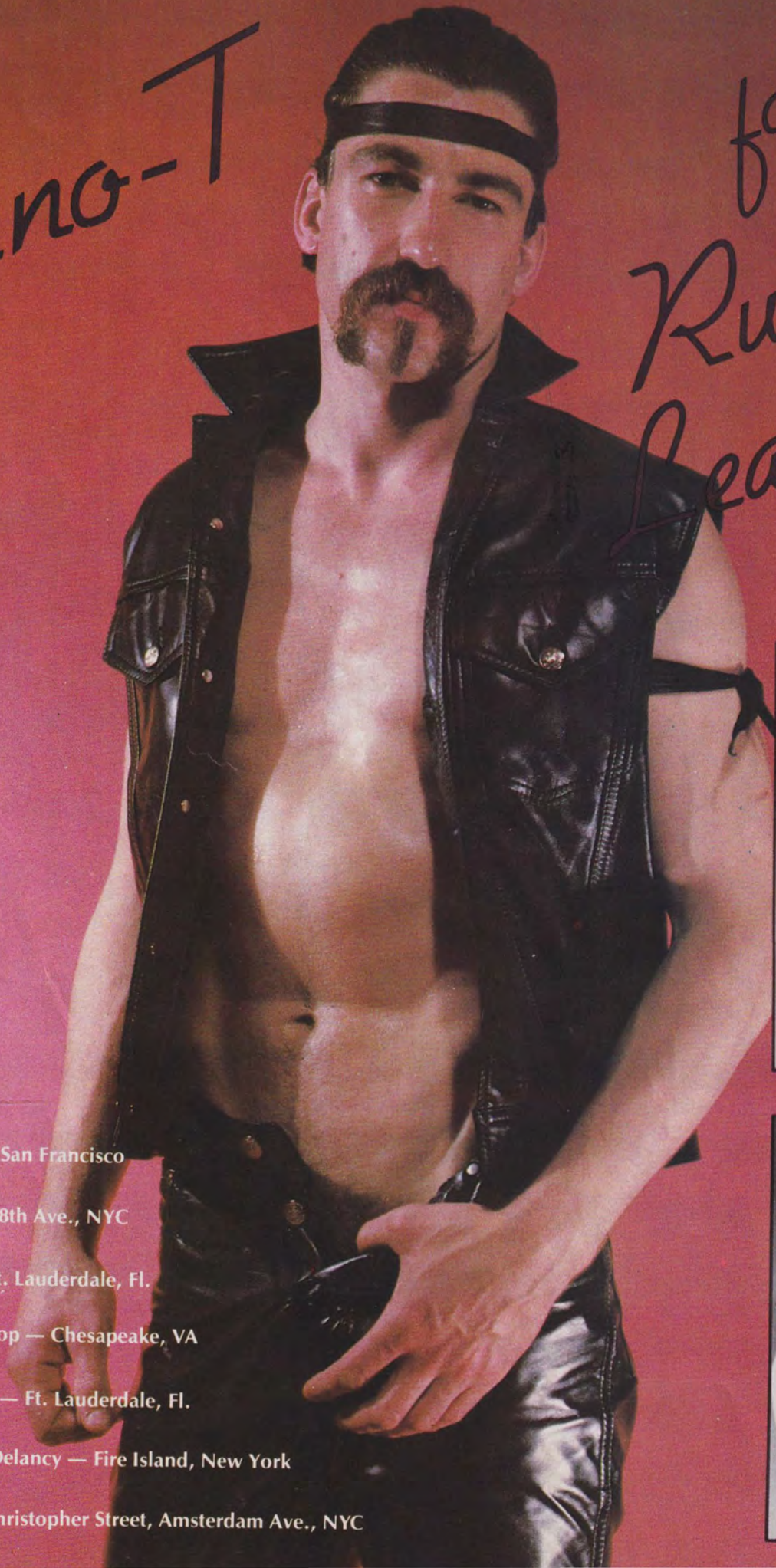
Then without warning, Casey pulled his cock out of the sergeant's mouth, spun his body around, and lifted Vesprini's legs over his shoulders. With one hand he spread the man's hairy asscheeks; with the other, he took hold of his own cock and aimed it at the puckered target. With one push he buried his cock, from head to balls, in Vesprini's hungry ass. Vesprini took it without a whimper.

Leaning forward, O'Connor folded Vesprini's body nearly double. In that position, the sergeant's cock nearly touched his own lips. While Casey pounded his dick in and out of Vesprini's asshole, he grabbed the

Continued on page 57

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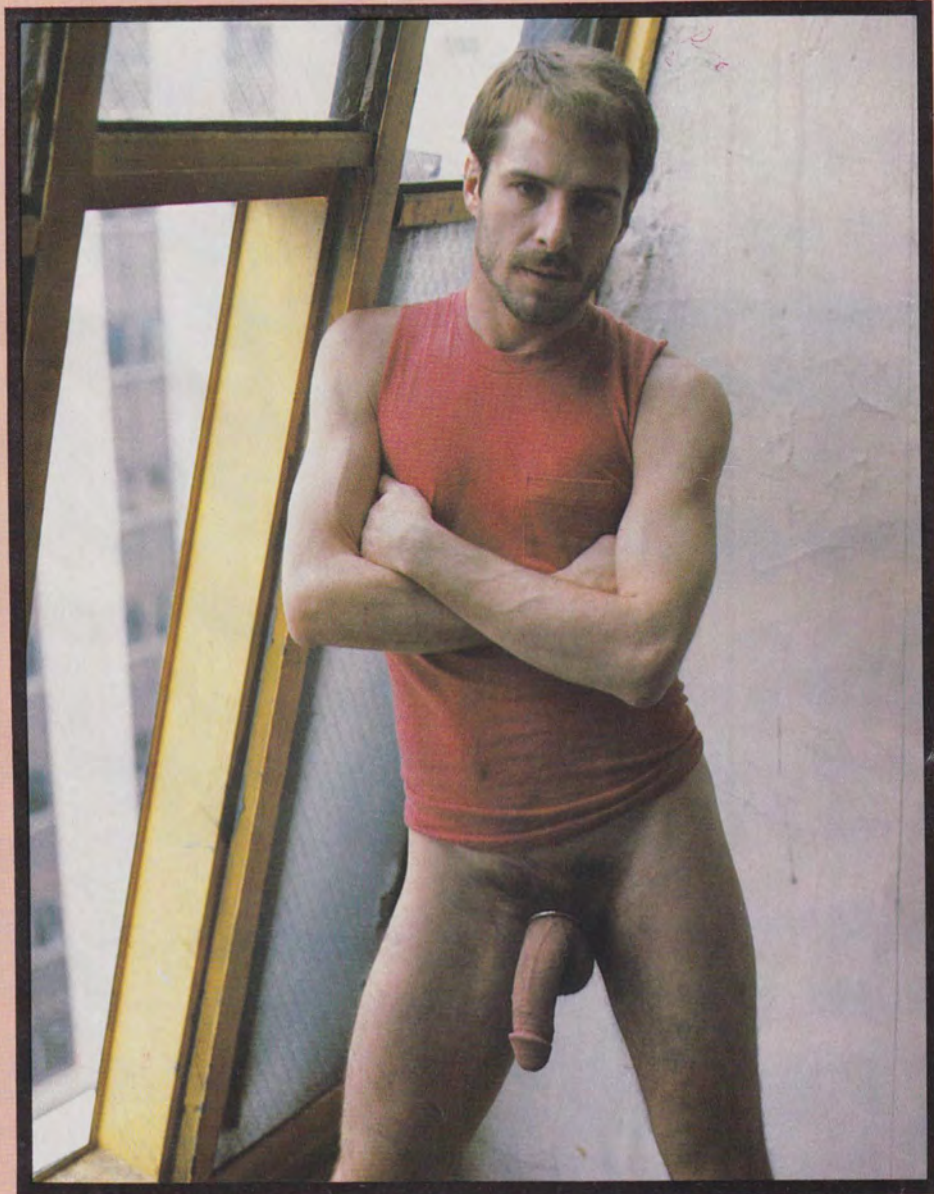
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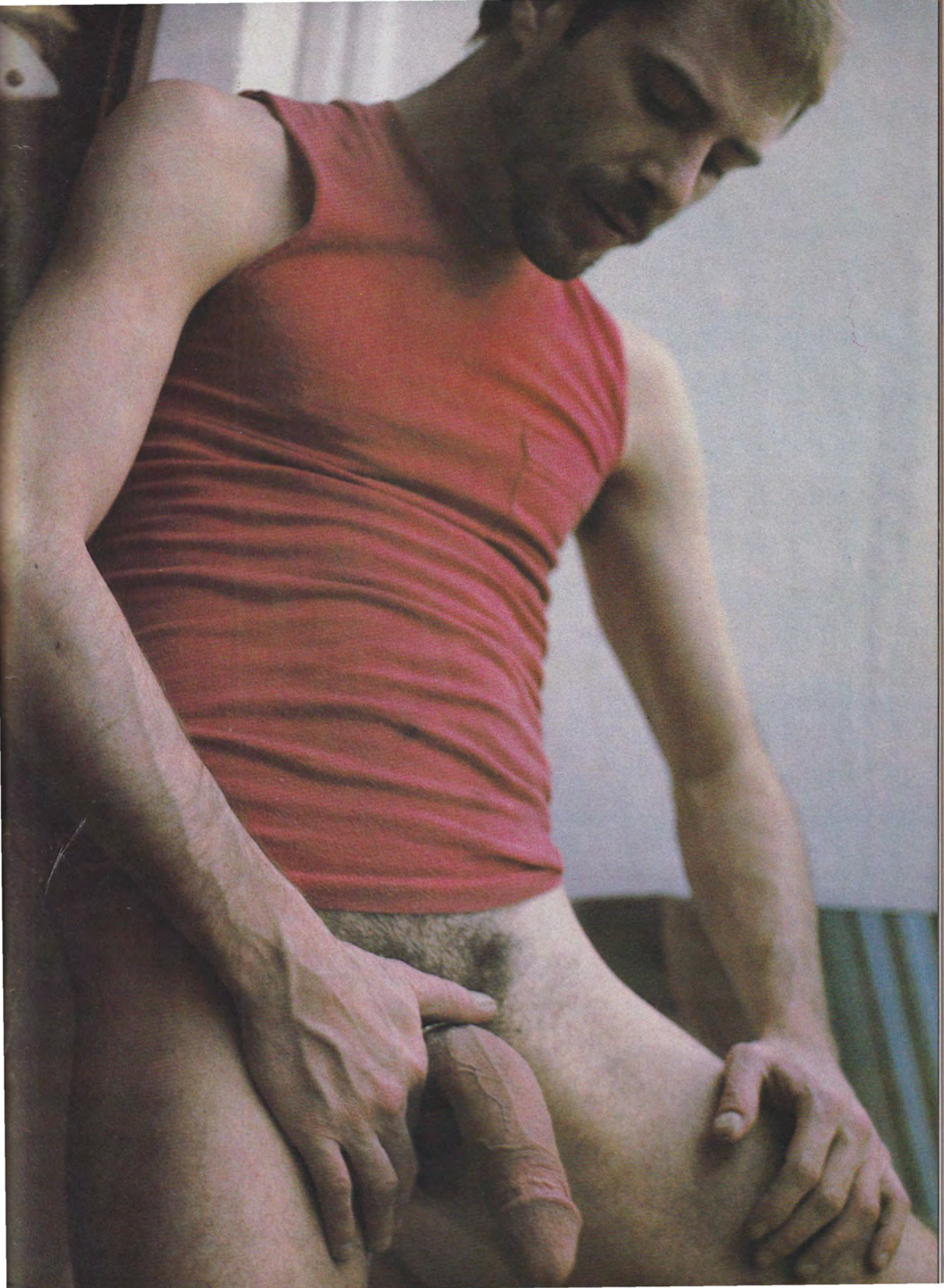
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DRILL INSTRUCTOR

Continued from page 50

sergeant's cock in one hand and reached around the back of the man's neck with the other. Then he leaned harder against the sergeant's body and pulled the man's head upwards, sending the sergeant's cock straight into his own mouth. He was so turned on by having his own cock stuffed into his mouth, while another was shoved up his ass, that the sergeant reached back, grabbed Casey by the asscheeks, and pulled, sending the last millimeter of O'Connor's cock into his ass and forcing a good four inches of his own dick into his mouth.

On the verge of shooting, Casey unceremoniously yanked his cock from Vesprini's ass and stood, letting the man's body unfold and crash back to the floor. A startled Vesprini stared as Casey squatted over his chest and jacked his big cock directly over the man's face. It took only a couple of strokes before the piss slit flared open and the first deluge of cum hit Vesprini in the face. Casey quickly pushed his cock down so that it was aimed directly into the sergeant's open mouth. Spurt after spurt of thick creamy cum shot out of Casey's dick and slithered down the man's throat.

While Vesprini closed his mouth around Casey's cock to suck the last remnants of manjuice from it, O'Connor hacked a glob of spit into his hand and rubbed it onto his own ass. He worked a finger inside. Spitting again into his hand, Casey reached back and rubbed the slick stuff onto Vesprini's fat cock. Then, duck-waddling backwards, Casey held the sergeant's cock upright, positioned it against his asshole, and began to sit down on it.

After sixteen weeks without a cock up his ass, Casey suffered greatly from the initial pain of penetration by a thick cock like Vesprini's. Casey's whole body shuddered as he forced his ass down over that enormous fuck weapon. He was determined to have that cock up his ass if it killed him, and at that moment, he thought it might.

O'Connor gritted his teeth and lowered himself more. After enduring more pain than he thought possible, Casey felt the second sphincter open

and allow the apple-sized cock head to push through. Almost immediately the pain lessened, and after a couple of deep breaths Casey was able to lower his body onto the cock until he could feel Vesprini's pubic bush crushed against his ass.

The effort was so pleasurable to Vesprini that a couple of up-and-down strokes by Casey pushed him beyond the point of no return. With a guttural groan and swift upthrust of his body, he flooded O'Connor's bowels with his pent-up load.

Flexing his ass muscles, Casey milked the final drops from Vesprini's dick. Then he slowly lifted himself free of the gut-filling shaft. He lay flat on top of the man's heaving, sweaty body.

When he was breathing normally again, Casey took the sergeant's arms, pinned them above his head, leaned forward, and planted a rough, passionate kiss on Vesprini's mouth. Vesprini's first reaction was to pull away; Casey felt the man's initial resistance. The sergeant had never been kissed by a man before, but when he felt Casey's insistent tongue probing between his closed lips, he realized that, until just a few minutes before, he had never sucked a cock either. Yet he was now sure it wasn't the last cock he'd have in his mouth. He grunted at his own absurdity, opened his mouth, and let Casey have his way. In his own inexperienced fashion, Vesprini was soon kissing Casey back.

Vesprini knew that O'Connor was right: he had been a fucking hypocrite. For years he had buried his desire for total man-to-man sex, settling for an occasional male ass to fuck because he ignorantly believed that to do more than fuck or get fucked by a man would destroy his masculinity. He was not sure, even now, if he could aggressively seek a cock to suck, or make the first move towards a man with whom he wanted to make love. Only time would give him that answer.

As though he had been reading Vesprini's thoughts, Casey raised his mouth from the man's lips. With the sergeant's arms still pinned above his head, O'Connor looked straight down at Vesprini and said very seriously, "Now, you rough-talking, big beautiful sonofabitch, I hope it has sunk into that thick skull of yours that before anyone is going to fuck my ass goodbye, he'd better be MAN enough to kiss my mouth hello." ■



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THE WRESTLING LESSON

By James R. Hood • Illustration by Richard White

**The coach peeled off his sweat shirt
and removed his pants, standing naked
except for his jock strap and footwear.
“Now,” he said, “it will be
man against man.”**

Martin Godoy was twenty-eight years old, unmarried (but engaged to be), and an instructor in chemistry at Mountain Lakes College. It was his first year as a faculty member. Mountain Lakes, a small co-educational liberal arts institution with a student body numbering under five-hundred, was located in a wild, ruggedly beautiful setting high in the Siskiyou Mountains of Northern California. The students attending Mountain Lakes were, by and large, a hearty, wholesome bunch. Although many seemed unduly fond of sports and extracurricular activities, they were, by and large, a shade brighter than the students enrolled at similar schools.

To Martin Godoy, the youngest male member of the faculty, had fallen the task of coaching the wrestling team, which was composed of a dozen or so beefy, muscle-bound young men who puffed and panted with the greatest enthusiasm as they flung one another about upon the mats of the gymnasium. But to Godoy's surprise a few demonstrated real aptitude for the sport.

Particularly outstanding among all members of the wrestling team was the captain, David Llewellyn, a senior and a candidate for graduation in June. Of the same brawny stature as the coach—who measured exactly six feet in height—Llewellyn was even more muscular. As a man with a professional interest in such matters, Martin Godoy could not help but admire the young athlete's extra-

ordinarily developed body. He marvelled at the student's powerful neck, Herculean chest and shoulders, mighty arms, heavily-thewed thighs, and sturdy legs. He was even so strikingly handsome that he reminded the coach of a Greek statue—an athlete of long ago whose perfect features are as beautiful today as they were to the ancient Athenians. Because of his swarthinness strangers often mistakenly took him to be of Latin extraction rather than of Welsh ancestry. His closest friends jokingly referred to him as “Wop” Llewellyn, a nickname which he accepted and bore with good humor.

* * * * *

It was a raw, cold Sunday afternoon in mid-January. A biting-cold wind blew off the mountains from the north, and there was a growing promise of snow before nightfall.

Coach Godoy, wearing gray sweat-shirt, gray pants, heavy cotton athletic socks and a pair of worn Adidas runners sat waiting in his small office in the gym. He was awaiting the arrival of David Llewellyn at three o'clock. The team captain had been selected to represent the Mountain Lakes wrestling team at the league finals, to be held in Sacramento the following week. Godoy had decided to work out with Llewellyn for an hour or two in an effort to help him perfect his performance for the forthcoming event. Glancing at

the wall clock, Godoy discovered that it was approaching a quarter to three, but he knew from past experience that David Llewellyn was scrupulously punctual about appointments and could be expected to appear on time. The big gas space-heater in the gym worked full blast and was slowly raising the temperature. Even the icy-cold office was beginning to warm up a little. That was fine, he thought, but he wished he had more time at his disposal.

The truth of the matter was that Martin Godoy was feeling especially horny that afternoon. He would have enjoyed a prolonged private jack-off session in the shower room. He usually spent Sundays at his fiancée's apartment in Eureka, the county seat. She was an English teacher in the Siskiyou County Public School System. As he sat sprawled in his large swivel chair, Godoy imagined himself and Gloria naked together on the bed in her cozy apartment. (They usually spent Sunday afternoons fucking and fondling.)

He pictured himself preparing to mount Gloria from behind, dog-fashion, while holding a hot, firm boob in the palm of each large brown hand. The head of his cock was poised and ready, just waiting until she squirmed her cute ass into position so that he could slip it between the smooth, hair-rimmed lips of her tight little cunt. The short, curly black hair on his hard belly tingled as he imagined himself fitting his muscular torso against the satin-smooth sur-

face of Gloria's gleaming white back. As his imagination heated up, he could almost feel the pleasure as his fully-erect, rock-hard dick penetrated balls-deep into Gloria's twat, just as her firm white ass began moving rhythmically to and fro against his hairy thighs.

"Oh shit! Llewellyn," Martin Godoy moaned in an anguished voice as he slipped one hand into his sweat-pants to free his throbbing cock from the confining jock strap, "hurry up and get your black-haired ass over here! Maybe, with a little luck, we can finish this fuckin' practice session early enough for me to drive down and spend the evening pumpin' the cream into Gloria." His cock, which lay firm and hard against his belly, extended almost up to his navel.

Jeez! he thought, what a load of hot love juice simmering in my big balls, all packed up and waiting for delivery to Gloria! Nearly enough, he suspected, to sweep her womb out of place with his very first load. As his heated imagination continued to run rampant, he thought he might even persuade Gloria to give him a blow-job later, after he'd shot off in her cunt the first time or two. Gloria, so

"Sure thing, Coach," came the reply. "It won't take more than a few minutes for me to get into my shorts."

"Great! And one more thing, Llewellyn..."

"What's that, Coach?"

"Lock that goddamned front door while you're there. From the inside. We don't want any of that fuckin' cold wind blowing it open and freezing our balls off."

"Okay Coach," came the cheerful reply. "Anything else?"

"No, that's all," Godoy shouted back. "Now, for Christ sake, hurry up!"

A short time later the magnificently muscled David Llewellyn, barefoot and wearing only a pair of snug-fitting wrestler's shorts, stood at the office door. Godoy glanced quickly at "Wop" Llewellyn. The swarthy flesh beneath the curly black hair on his thighs was covered with goose pimples from the cold. "Well," Godoy said, "the gym's probably warmer now. Sure you don't want to slip on a sweat-shirt, Llewellyn?"

"No," David answered, "I want to work out as light as possible. I have a feeling you're going to try out some

strap ached for relief. He was suffering from a case of lover's nuts.

For the first hour or so the training practice proceeded smoothly. Godoy tried every form of opening strategy-attack he'd ever seen or heard of. Llewellyn, quick as a panther and strong as a young bear, managed to break free of, or to elude, Godoy's most artful stratagems.

"Gee!" Godoy said at last, as they took a break and he stood wiping the perspiration from his dark face, "either you're in extra-good form today, or else I'm getting old. Maybe," he added, "I'd better do like you and get rid of these extra

clothes." Quickly he peeled off the perspiration-soaked sweat-shirt and removed his pants, standing naked except for his jock strap and footwear. "Guess maybe I'll even take off my shoes and socks," he said. "That way, we'll be on exactly equal footing." He dropped quickly to the surface of the mat to remove the shoes and the heavy athletic socks.

As Llewellyn surveyed Godoy's muscular body with appreciation and respect, he slipped wordlessly out of his brief wrestler's shorts, standing boldly upon the mat like a young Greek god, clad in nothing but his well-filled jock strap. "Now," he said in a low voice, "it's gonna be nothing less than man against man."

Godoy applied an affectionate slap to Llewellyn's hard, hairy bare ass and said: "That's right, 'Wop'. It'll be man against man." His black eyes examined the statuesque example of virile young manhood which stood before him.

As the pair resumed their grappling, and hurled each other against the mat with mighty thuds, Godoy sensed a subtle change in Llewellyn's offense. His opponent appeared to be exercising extreme caution; he touched and held between body-breaks as though fearful that his close clinches were about to become erotic.

It was not until they took a double-fall on the mat, with their powerful bodies locked together and their hairy muscular legs intertwined, that Martin Godoy was convinced of David Llewellyn's altered approach. "Wop's" radically changed tactics meant that they were no longer striving antagonists pitted against each other in strenuous combat. Rather, they lay stretched out upon the mat, facing one another, neither of them attempting to break away. Godoy's strong dark face, covered with a two-

The younger man's large hands descended to remove their jock straps. Freed from all encumbrances, the two hard cocks caressed each other in shivering excitement.

far, had been too prim and proper to give in to his impassioned entreaties for a suck job. Well, anyway, he consoled himself, she had a fantastic cunt.

Just as Godoy felt that he might shoot off involuntarily in his sweat-pants, he heard the heavy front door of the gym open and close with a mighty bang. A blast of cold wind swept through the hall in frigid fury. "That you, Llewellyn?" he called out. He glanced at the wall clock. It was exactly three o'clock.

"Yeah Coach," came the reply. "Not late, am I?"

"No, you're right on time, Llewellyn," Godoy answered, "but please hurry up and get into your gear. I've got an important faculty meeting to attend later this afternoon."

pretty mean tactics, so I want to be ready for just about anything that comes up."

"Okay," Godoy said with a laugh, "but remember, I'm gonna try and toss just about everything in the book at you this afternoon. That ought to start warming you up in a helluva hurry. You ready for it?" he asked jovially.

"Sure, Coach," Llewellyn answered confidently. "I'm ready for almost anything you've got to toss in my direction."

They proceeded into the gym, where the wrestling mats lay waiting on the hardwood floor. By sheer will power, Martin Godoy had succeeded in reducing the size of his hard-on but the pair of big hairy balls snuggled inside his sweaty jock

day growth of wiry whiskers, brushed against Llewellyn's mouth. Almost before the coach was aware of it he felt David Llewellyn's warm sensuous lips pressed firmly against his own. Breaking contact and staring directly into Martin Godoy's eyes, Llewellyn asked: "Would you like me to kiss you?" His voice was husky and low. Godoy did not answer but closed his eyelids and waited.

The reply was not long withheld. As softly as a butterfly alighting on a rose petal, Godoy's mouth came to rest upon the younger man's full, red lips. Then, yielding to the insistent probing of Llewellyn's forceful tongue, Godoy's lips parted to allow full entrance. As they lay together locked in embrace, Godoy could not recall any experience in his life that had brought him such exquisite pleasure. He felt as though they were melting into each other.

Llewellyn's large hands descended to remove their lock straps. Freed from all encumbrances their hard, hot cocks caressed in sexual excitement.

Suddenly Llewellyn asked: "Would you like me to suck your cock, Mr. Godoy?" He was utterly surprised to hear "Wop" address him so formally in the midst of so much intimacy.

"Have you ever sucked a cock before?" Martin asked as his hands clutched Llewellyn's firm hairy ass.

"No," Llewellyn replied. "This will be my first time at it. I saw a whore do it once to a guy with a build like yours, in a dirty movie."

Martin gently freed his body from "Wop's" close embrace and lay flat on his back on the mat. Lovingly, and with great care, "Wop" tongued and sucked Godoy's swollen scrotum before placing the slick, rigid cock between his warm lips. Without a second's hesitation, his mouth opened to receive the full, rigid length of Godoy's cock.

Martin Godoy was so aroused that he was unable to endure more than a few minutes of sucking. "Christ, 'Wop'," he moaned in delicious anguish, "I can't hold off any longer!" Llewellyn's lips closed tightly around Godoy's cock as his mouth filled with spurt after spurt of creamy hot jism. When at last "Wop" removed his mouth, Godoy's big dick fell limply from his lips, like a melted popsicle. Llewellyn swallowed the full load of Godoy's cum. Then they lay side by side, caressing. David Llewellyn's large, fully-extended cock pointed ceilingward at rigid

attention.

Turning toward his partner, "Wop" Llewellyn asked: "Would you like to suck my cock now?"

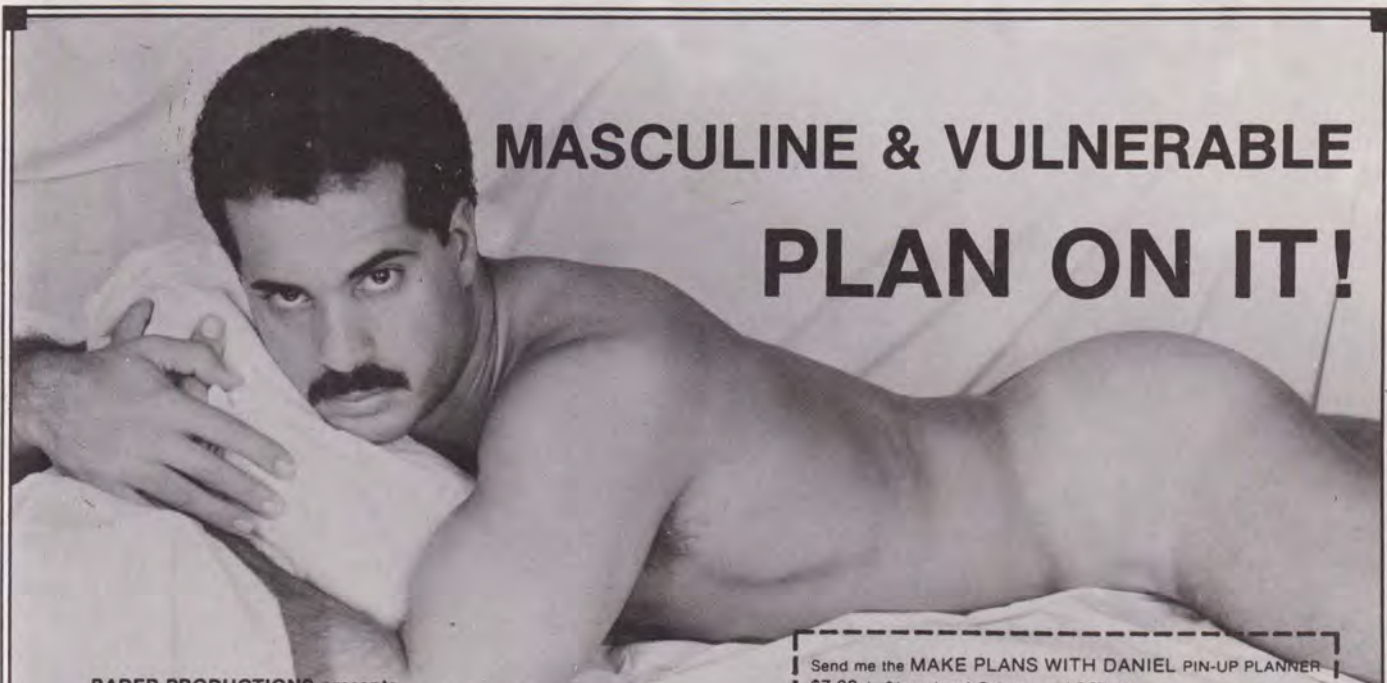
Godoy seized him tightly, drew Llewellyn's mouth to his, and kissed him passionately.

Using Llewellyn's technique as a guideline, Martin applied all he had recently experienced, along with several imaginative refinements of his own for "Wop's" special benefit. He soon brought Llewellyn to a tempestuous, gushing orgasm.

Godoy and Llewellyn sucked dick several more times that afternoon. When, at last, they had not a drop of passion left between them, they arose reluctantly from their places on the well-pounded mat.

Showered and dressed, they stood behind the locked gym door, holding each other in a tight embrace. After a final kiss they were ready to leave the building. "You're a great lover, David. I'll always remember this afternoon. It has been one of the happiest of my life," Martin Godoy said as he reached for the door knob.

"Thank you, Mr. Godoy," David Llewellyn answered. "I'll never forget it either. You're a damned good wrestler!" ■



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THE LOCK-UP

By Robert N. Boyd • Photography by Naakkve

Craig Lewis, twenty-three years old, lay atop his bunk in the darkened cell, wearing nothing but his short, blue terry cloth bathrobe. The 7:30 PM count had just cleared and he was waiting for Mel, who regularly came to Craig's cell on Tuesday nights.

Mel was one of the many young studs who constantly sought Craig's favors. Craig was the most attractive sissy in the joint; slender, attractive, boyishly sexy, and very, very popular

twelve-inch window. He got up and opened the door. "Hi, come on in." "Were you expecting someone?" Mel teased. "It's dark in here." He pulled the door closed behind him and slipped his arms around Craig's slender body. As was his custom, Mel was wearing nothing but a t-shirt, prison blue jeans, and shower thongs—enough to look like he was dressed, but little enough to take off without too much trouble. He was a thirty-year-old body-builder whose

After two and a half years in prison, the young inmate's attitude was: If I get caught fucking, what are they gonna do? Throw me in jail? Down he went on the big muscular guy's dick.

among the hundreds of supposedly "straight" guys (like Mel) who had decided not to let their terms of confinement restrict their natural sex drives.

Getting caught in a sex act with another inmate, however, was definitely against the rules and was cause for immediate lock-up in Punitive Segregation, or "the hole," as the cons called it. After two and a half years in prison, Craig's attitude was: If I get caught, what are they gonna do? Throw me in jail? He had been gay for as long as he could remember; he certainly wasn't going to let one tiny little prison rule inhibit his sex life, not when he was surrounded by gorgeous studs twenty-four hours a day!

He heard the soft rap on the cell door and saw Mel's strong, handsome face framed in the nine-by-

physique looked as though it were made of cast bronze, but which was also delicately soft to the touch. His eyes were the color of ice, but they burned with a lively, humorous glow.

Craig pulled away from Mel's bear-hug embrace. "Let me cover the window," he said, grabbing the piece of cardboard specially cut to fit the nine-by-twelve inch opening. After setting it in place, he turned to face the muscular weight-lifter. Mel was taking off his t-shirt and simultaneously kicking off his thongs. Before he could remove his jeans, Craig's hands were fondling his hairy chest.

Mel tugged on Craig's bathrobe sash, spread the robe, and wrapped his arms around the youthful waist, allowing his hands to glide down and cup the small, firm buns.

The feel of Mel's powerful arms and hands sent shivers of excitement

racing through Craig's body. His cock began to throb and to press against Mel's jeans. He kissed Mel on the neck, wanting to kiss him on the lips but knowing better than to try. With Mel, sex was a one-way street.

Mel pulled away and quickly removed his jeans. His cock burst free from its confinement with a majestic pride, and Craig sank to his knees. He began by darting his tongue over the throbbing, expectant piece of swollen flesh while his hands clasped Mel's large, muscular buns. It was not a huge cock, but neither was it small; it was slightly more than average length, and definitely thicker than most. He let his tongue tease the anxious cock, making it moist and ready but not yet going down on it.

"Lie down," Craig whispered. Mel complied and stretched his tall, muscular body out on the narrow bunk, spreading his legs to allow Craig to crawl between them.

Carelessly dropping his robe, Craig eased his smooth, nearly hairless body onto the bunk between Mel's hairy, beefy legs. As he lowered his head toward the pulsating cock, he felt Mel's hands glide gently onto his

the pleasure of having his cock sucked by a hot mouth, and the simultaneous pinching of his tits. It had worked. Now even Mel had to admit that he liked it when Craig played with his tits.

Mel thrust his pelvis upward, driving his rock-hard cock into Craig's eager mouth. He pounded with a frantic obsession; his fingers dug deeply into Craig's soft shoulders. For a while Craig allowed Mel to pump away at his mouth. He let his left hand glide away from the erect nipple and gently slide down the length of Mel's tightly muscled body. Then the hand moved further down the lower abdomen, and came to rest fondling Mel's soft, downy nadsack. Then he gripped the thrusting cock under the balls, like a cockring, and forced Mel to stop fucking his face. The body-builder relaxed and allowed Craig's hot mouth and tongue to do the job they were made to do.

With long, slow movements, Craig's mouth moved up and down the length of Mel's thick cock. It lingered on the head; Craig ran his tongue over the sensitive flesh and probed into the slit, which drove Mel wild. Craig's crafty hand loosened its grip and surreptitious fingers made

mouth. Craig seized that moment to insert his finger. Mel moaned softly; his strong fingers gripped Craig's shoulders.

A jangle of keys startled both men: they froze. The keys sounded awfully close! Craig's heart, already beating rapidly in heat and passion, leaped at the sound of the keys and began to race furiously.

Sure enough, a key was being inserted into the lock.

"Oh, shit!" Craig cried, pulling his finger out of Mel's ass and jumping off the bunk. He searched frantically for his robe.

"Oh, shit!" Mel echoed, leaping from the bed.

Suddenly the cell was bathed in light; the door opened wide and two officers came into the cell. "Busted!" Officer Mayer gleefully exclaimed. "Busted bigger than shit! Both of 'em naked as jaybirds and both of 'em got hard-ons!"

Officer Lowe glared at his partner. Sick bastard, he said to himself. Aloud, he said: "Okay, you two. You're invited to a come-as-you-are party. Nothin' but bluejeans. Get dressed."

Craig and Mel were allowed to put on jeans, but nothing else. They were escorted to the Watch Commander's office. A report was made and both men were given write-ups.

"Since you were caught in the act," the Commander said tonelessly, "you go to the hole, pending action by the Disciplinary Committee." He yawned and waved them away.

Officer Mayer escorted the two of them to the Punitive Segregation Unit, where he delivered them to the Unit Officer, Mr. Moore. "Coupla fags for ya," Mayer snarled.

Moore accepted the copies of the write-ups and told Mayer he could leave. When the escorting officer had left, Moore looked up at the two men standing before his desk. "Which one of you is the sissy?"

"I am," Craig quickly answered.

Moore looked like a linebacker, except better-looking. "Okay. Sit over there," he said to Craig, pointing a finger to a chair located at the left of his ancient wooden desk. "I'll take your jock to a cell. Stay put and don't give me no headaches and I might let you have a blanket."

Craig was shivering from the cold and from the embarrassment of getting caught. He obeyed instructions and sat quietly while Moore locked Mel in a cell.

When Moore returned, he sat down

The big beefy inmate writhed at the treatment his cock received from Craig's skillful mouth. Then the jangle of keys startled both men: two officers burst into the cell. The cons were caught with hard cocks and weak excuses.

shoulders. Craig ran his hands along Mel's thighs, up to his hips, along the flat expansive abdomen, and up to those well-developed and well-defined pectorals covered by a mat of curly black hair. He timed his actions so that his thumbs and fingers lightly pinched the already erect nipples just as his mouth wrapped around the head of Mel's gorgeous dick. Over the months, Craig had learned how to stimulate Mel's erogenous zones. At first Mel seemed to have no sensitivity in his tits, despite Craig's numerous attempts to excite them. Finally Craig had stumbled on the idea of creating a mental association for Mel between

their way to Mel's ass.

During the early days of their relationship, Mel had been defensive about fingers getting too close to his ass. He was a MAN, *all* man, and *men* didn't take anything in the ass. It was a typical prison concept of the macho man. It had taken Craig a long time to get Mel past that old-fashioned concept of masculinity. When he finally lost his inhibitions, Mel had to admit that anal stimulation was, indeed, highly pleasurable. Now he had progressed to the point of letting Craig insert his index finger to the hilt.

Mel writhed at the treatment his cock received from Craig's skillful



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at his desk. He looked at the slender, boyishly handsome young man in silence for a minute, then said, "You like suckin' dicks, huh?"

Craig glared at him but said nothing.

"Shit, boy! Look at you! You're freezin'. Do you want to spend the night naked? Or do you want to cooperate and have a nice warm blanket to sleep under?"

"I'm gay," Craig replied petulantly. "And I'm proud. But what I like to do in bed is none of your business."

"Hold on, now, boy. This is a prison, not a boys' camp. I can make it easy for you, or I can make it hard. Rule book says I can put trouble-makers into strip-cells. You a trouble-maker?"

"No, sir," Craig whispered.

"You like suckin' dicks? Or do you like to take it in the ass? Or do you like it both ways?"

Craig knew that Moore wasn't bluffing; if he didn't play the man's game, he would sleep naked and freeze his balls off—he knew the strip-cells were specially equipped with air-conditioning to make them even colder. "I go both ways," he answered softly.

"Hey, kid, loosen up!" Moore's tone was solicitous, kind. "You like men, don't you? I'm a man, right? I'm not bad lookin', am I?"

Craig had to admit that the man was, in fact, quite handsome, in a rugged sort of way.

"I'll see to it you get a t-shirt and two blankets. You'll be snug as a bug in a rug, kid. What say?"

Craig slowly nodded his head.

"Come with me, then." Moore led him off in a different direction. Mel had gone to the corridor on the left; Moore took Craig to the right. When they came to the last cell, Moore keyed it open and motioned for Craig to go in. "This is a special cell, kid. Ain't just a mattress on the floor; it's got a real bed in it. Take off your jeans and get comfortable."

Craig removed his jeans and sat on the edge of the bed. He watched the officer take off his uniform, everything but his socks. Beneath his khakis, he seemed fat and stocky; undressed, he wasn't all that bad to look at. His gut was a bit flabby, but his chest, arms, and legs were in good condition, and his body was as smooth as a baby's ass. Craig judged him to be in his late twenties; he had been to bed with worse than this, he thought. He tried to psych himself up to enjoy what was coming.

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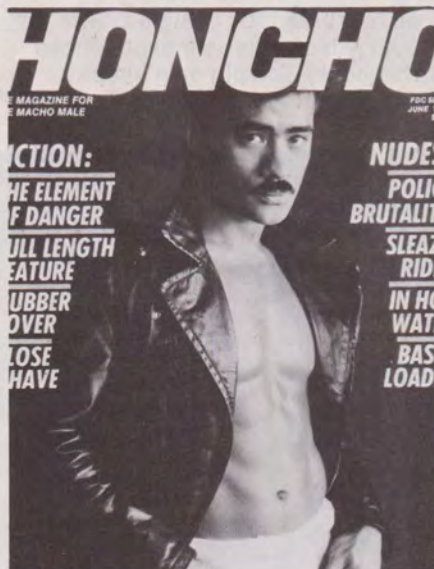


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MANDATE • HONCHO • PLAYGUY

"What do you want me to do?"
Craig asked.

Moore's cock was already semi-erect from expectation. He was stroking it into full rigidity. "Lay down on your stomach and spread them skinny legs of yours, boy. You ain't never been fucked till you been fucked by me," he boasted.

Craig did as he was told, determined to get it over with as soon as possible. He spat on his hand and ran it across his ass, just in case the guard failed to lubricate him. Then he felt the tremendous weight of the massive guard on his back; he felt the inept prodding of Moore's cock, trying to find the hole. Craig lifted his pelvis and pulled his cheeks apart to provide an easier target. When the head of Moore's cock nudged against the knot of muscles around his ass, Craig relaxed and let it glide in.

At first, Moore's cock thrust in roughly. Craig realized that the man had probably fucked very few assholes in his life—if any at all—and that the boast had been idle. Moore didn't know what he was doing! Craig gritted his teeth and made up his mind to suffer through the punishing pounding to the best of his ability.

Despite Moore's ineptitude, however, Craig began to enjoy the man's warm body caressing his own, while the swollen dick moved in and out. As he got into the swing of it, Moore slowed down and made his strokes longer, less jabbing. Craig discovered he was getting a hard-on; he began to enjoy the thought of this prison guard fucking him. His body began to move in rhythm with Moore's gradually increasing speed. Then he noticed that Moore was passionately massaging his shoulders, neck and arms.

Just as Craig was getting to the point where he was no longer resentful, where he was being swept up in the tide of physical lust, he felt Moore's hands tighten around his shoulders. Then the deep-thrusting cock erupted in orgasm. Moore's body trembled on top of him, writhed and jerked in sexual fulfillment. The powerful guard collapsed on top of Craig's frail body, almost suffocating him. It had taken less than five minutes; Craig was now fully aroused.

Without warning, Moore withdrew, causing Craig to wince in unexpected pain. The guard got to his feet. "Turn over and sit up," he commanded.

Craig rolled over and swung his legs over the edge of the bunk. To his amazement, Moore dropped to his knees in front of him. Pushing Craig's knees wide with his hands, he lowered his head to Craig's crotch. Moore took Craig's dick in his mouth (which was as inexperienced as his cock). The big man's teeth scraped against the skin of Craig's cock as it plunged deeper into the moist, wet interior of Moore's mouth. But there was very little sensation, no pressure, no suction. The big man was doing nothing to stimulate the youth; so Craig began to work the muscles of his groin in time with the up-and-down motion of Moore's mouth. Craig closed his eyes and ran his hand over his own smooth, slightly-muscle chest, playing with his own nipples. In this way, he managed to work himself toward a climax, the orgasm which he had been so rudely deprived of earlier.

When he came, his body jack-knifed forward with uncontrollable jerking; then he leaned back on the bunk as his cock shot the pent-up sperm into Moore's mouth. Surprisingly, Moore took it all; he even swallowed it. Craig figured this wasn't Moore's first blow job!

As his cock grew limp, he felt Moore's mouth pull away. He opened his eyes and saw the guard get to his feet. As if nothing had happened, Moore began to get dressed. "The Disciplinary Committee won't meet till Friday morning; so you got three nights in here. That was real good, kid. I'll be back tomorrow night. And the night after... Oh, by the way, I lied about the t-shirt; but this bed does have two blankets on it. Sleep tight."

With that, he was gone and the cell door was locked behind him.

Craig lay back on the bunk, staring at the ceiling. Unreal, he thought. It's against the rules to have sex, but even the guards do it! "Fuck the rules," he said aloud. "What can they do? Throw me in jail?" ■

HARDLY WORKING

Continued from page 13

He undid the buttons of my shirt, reached inside and began to stroke my chest, ruffing up the hair with his fingers. He rolled my nipples between his fingers, getting them hard and pointy. He slipped my shirt off

and hung it from a peg on the door. He leaned back and inspected my torso. "Nice, real nice," he said. "Ya got a real nice build, uh, uh..."

"Rick," I laughed. "Name's Rick." "I'm John."

"I know, I know!" I laughed again. "C'mon, stud, strip me down!"

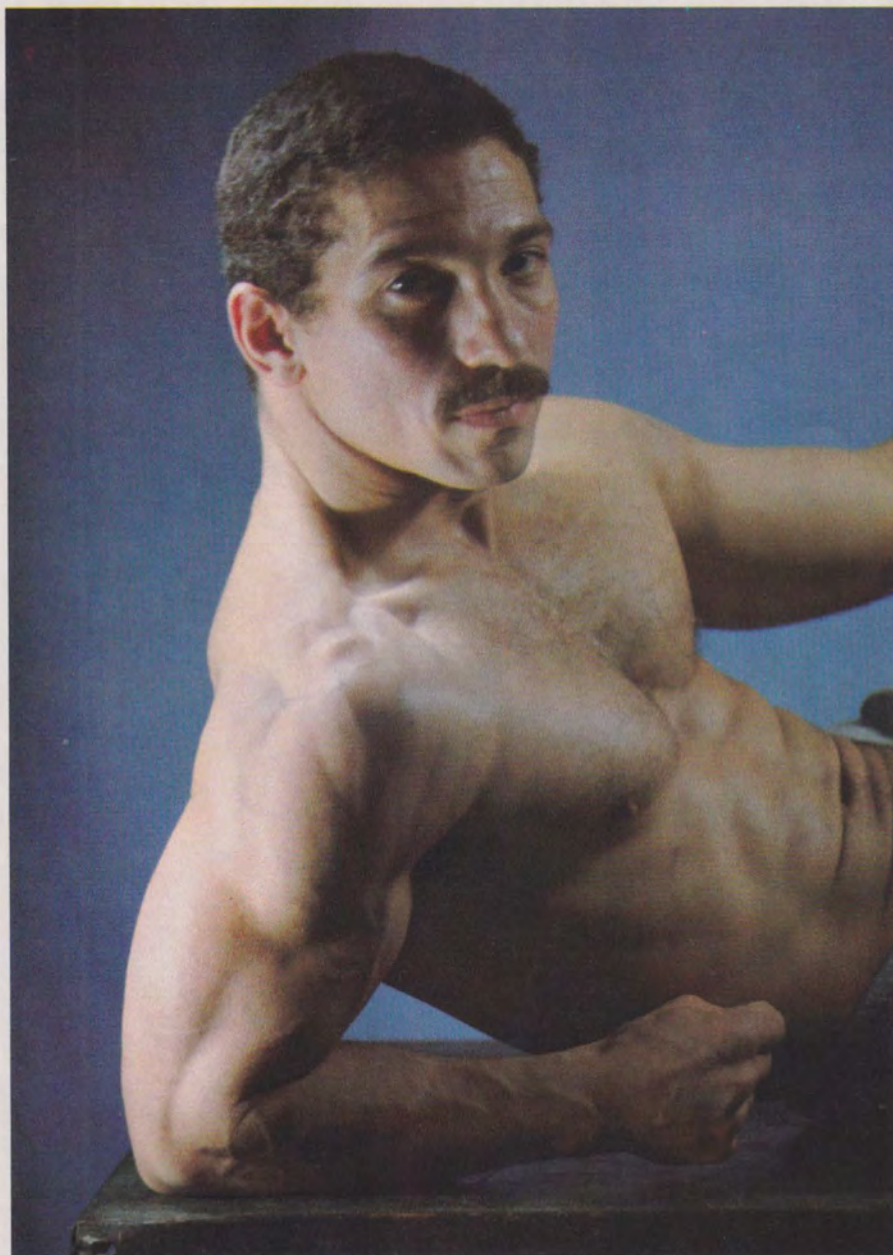
John opened my belt, unsnapped my pants and pulled them down my thighs. "Ya got good legs, Ricky," he observed. He slipped the pants off my feet and hung them with my shirt. Then he roughly yanked off my shorts and grabbed my hard-on, squeezing it so hard that I winced and cried out. He covered my mouth with his, driving his fat tongue practically down to my tonsils. After a minute or two of aggressive, jaw-stretching tongue kisses, he led me into the shower. As we stood under the water, he worked me over with his mouth, chewing on my lip, nibbling at my neck and then working his way down to my nipples. He ate them up for a while until I nearly screamed; my dick was aching and drooling streams of juice.

Then he did something that surprised the hell out of me, although after the cock-ring I didn't think anything could be a surprise. He nuzzled my hairy crotch a bit, sniffing around my balls and flicking his tongue over my tight sack. Then he gobbled up my hard-on and sucked like a pro, working his talented tongue over the surface of the shaft and then coiling it around my meat like a boa constrictor. I buried my fingers in his hair and gently fucked his mouth while he ate my cock. Just as I felt myself on the verge of coming, he let my dick slip out of his mouth. He stood up, kissed me and then turned his back to me. He grabbed his asscheeks and spread them wide, giving me a splendid view of his clean, pink puckerhole. Looking over his shoulder at me, he pleaded, "Fuck me, Ricky. C'mon man, stick it in me. I wanna see what it feels like."

"You got it baby," I gasped. I stepped outside the shower stall and grabbed the plastic bottle of skin cream off the sink countertop. I coated my hard-on with the white goo and joined John in the shower. He stood with his legs spread, the palms of his hands pressed against the wet tile of the shower wall. He stuck his high, rounded and hairless butt out at me. I cupped his cheeks in my hands, spread them and pressed up against him. His hole was wet and

Continued on page 77

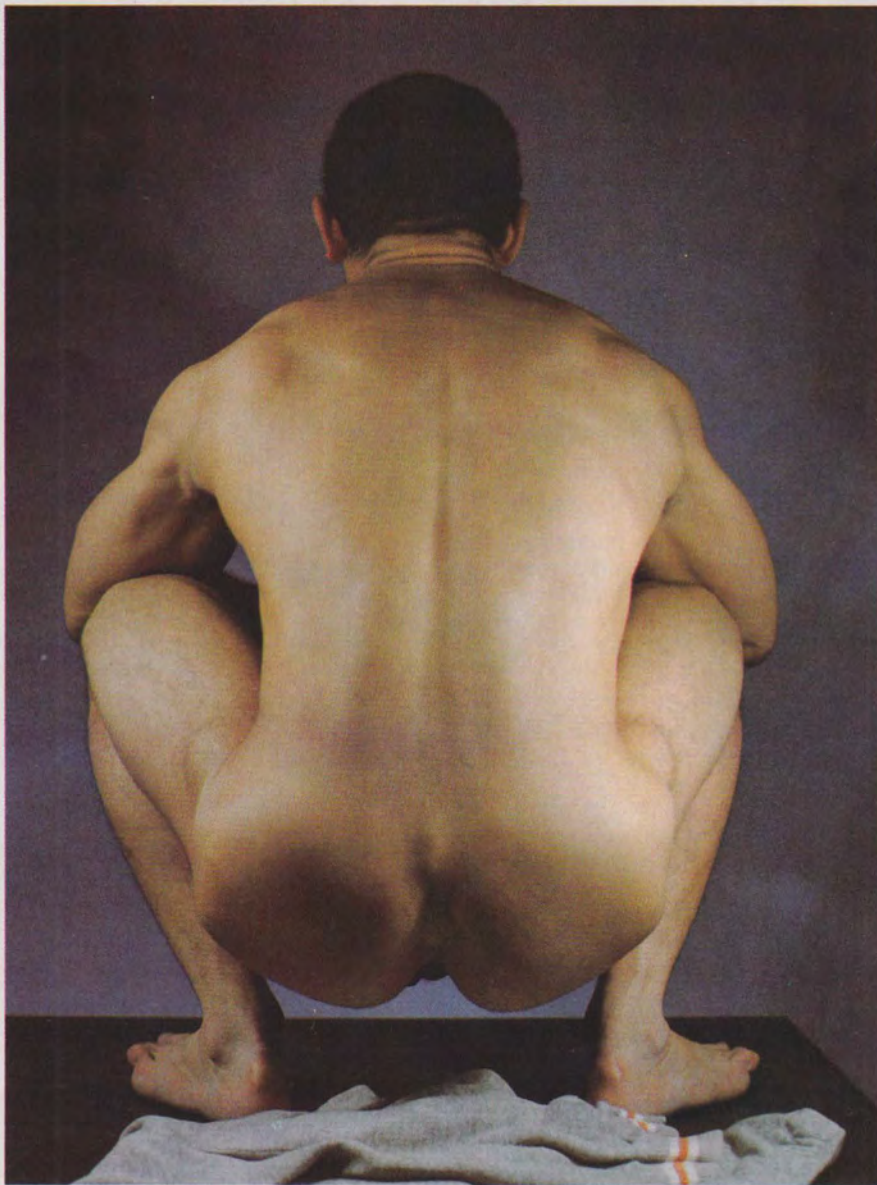
RUB DOWN



Of all the young fighters I've trained in my career, Luis was one of the best, a superb athlete with great reflexes and timing, not to mention a great physique. I take good care of my fighters, so when Luis complained of sore and cramped muscles, I insisted that he let me check him out.

Photography by Romeo

RUB DOWN



"First thing you gotta do," I said to him, "is take off those sweatpants." He shrugged, slipped them off and sat back impassively. I examined him fore and aft, my hands moving carefully over his hard musculature. His skin was hot, practically tingling. When my fingers brushed his hard nipple, he moaned. "That where the problem is?" I inquired.

Photography by Romeo

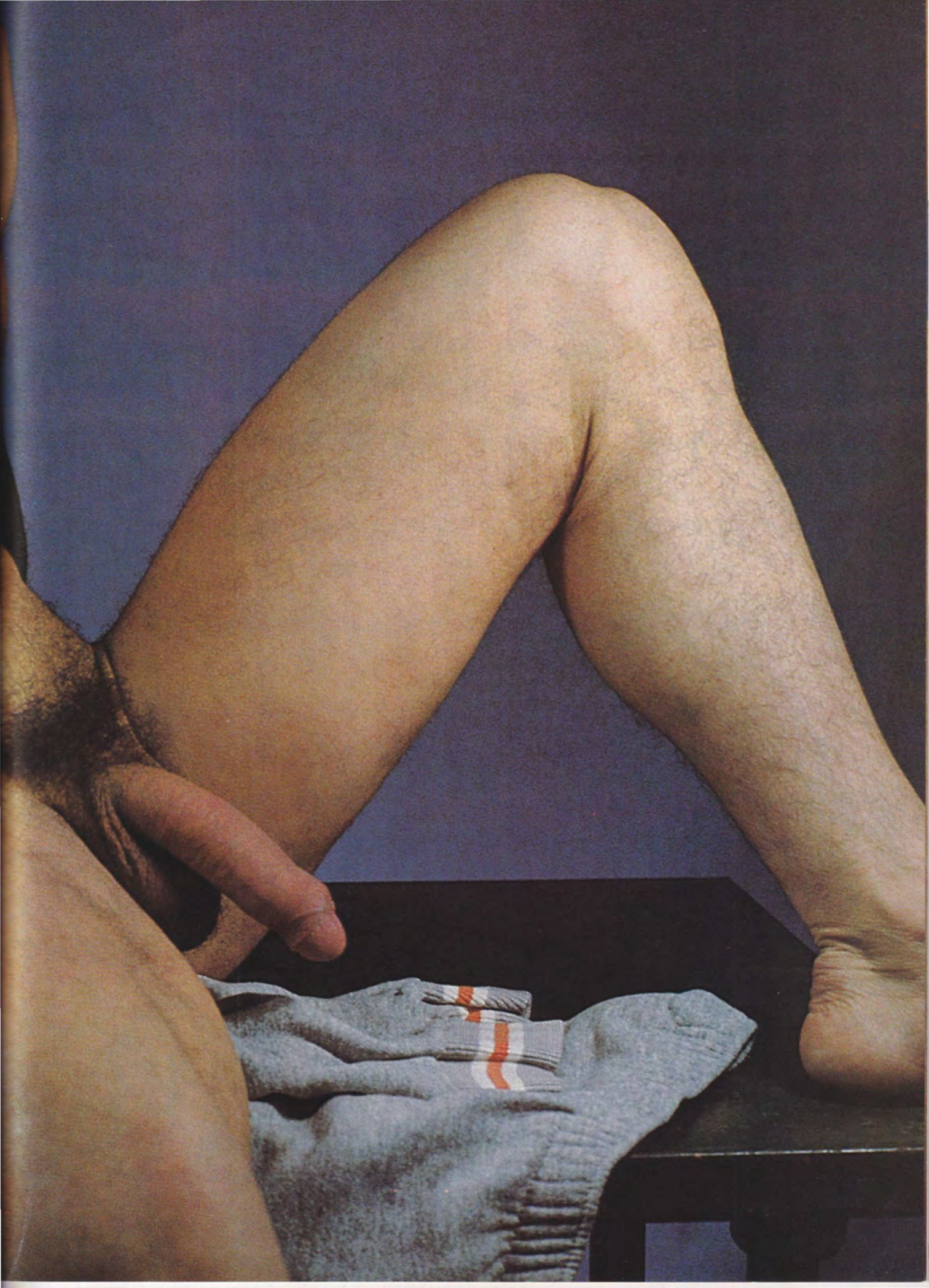




RUB DOWN

Luis' face was still impassive except for his brown eyes, which registered everything he felt as my hands roved over his body. I squeezed his armor-plated pecs, traced the ripples in his abdomen and then gently massaged his groin. He liked that, he spread his legs further and gave in to the sensations I was stirring in him.

Photography by Romeo



RUB DOWN



"We seem to have found what's bothering you," I told Luis in a husky whisper. "Seems like this one muscle has cramped from lack of exercise." I told Luis to exercise his muscle by himself for a while, and when he'd gotten it pumped up, I took over. Luis loved it; he said afterwards that he felt much better. Like I say, I take care of my fighters.

Photography by Romeo



From the Artist

Delmas Howe



#101 Hercules Dressing for Arena



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#104 Mark as Apollo



#105 Three Graces



#106 Jim as Hermes



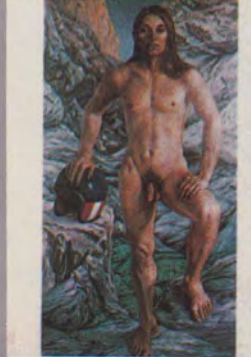
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HARDLY WORKING

Continued from page 68

yielding and I pushed my way in with one steady thrust. He moaned loudly and his knees buckled slightly. I wrapped my arms around his midsection and began to fuck.

I pulled John away from the wall so that we were both standing in the middle of the shower stall, and as I rammed my cock in and out of his delicious, clinging asshole, I worked his dick with my fist. "Oh shit, it feels so fuckin' wild!" he gasped. I suddenly got very verbal. "Oh man," I sighed, "what an ass! Jesus, John, you're a great fuck! When I saw you outside this morning, you got me so hot, and I was walking around all goddamn day with a hard-on, thinking about..."

"Oh shit, I'm gonna cum!" he cried. I shut my mouth and concentrated on fucking my way to a spectacular climax in his slick ass. I continued jerking him off while I rode him, and in a couple of minutes we were both hollering with release. I kept pumping him until the last drop of jism had emptied into his ass; he shot off in my hand, his warm fuck-sauce soaking my fingers. We clung together until my dick went limp and slipped out of his gooshy asshole. Then he turned to face me. We hugged and kissed while the warm water beat down on us.

We towed off and then padded around naked in the living room. John wanted a cigarette, but I don't smoke. He considered going down to the corner newsstand to buy a pack, but he changed his mind. He said he was enjoying being naked with me too much to get dressed just yet. I sat on the couch and towed my hair while he gazed out the window, tugging on his meat and cradling his big balls in the palm of his hand. Suddenly he began to laugh.

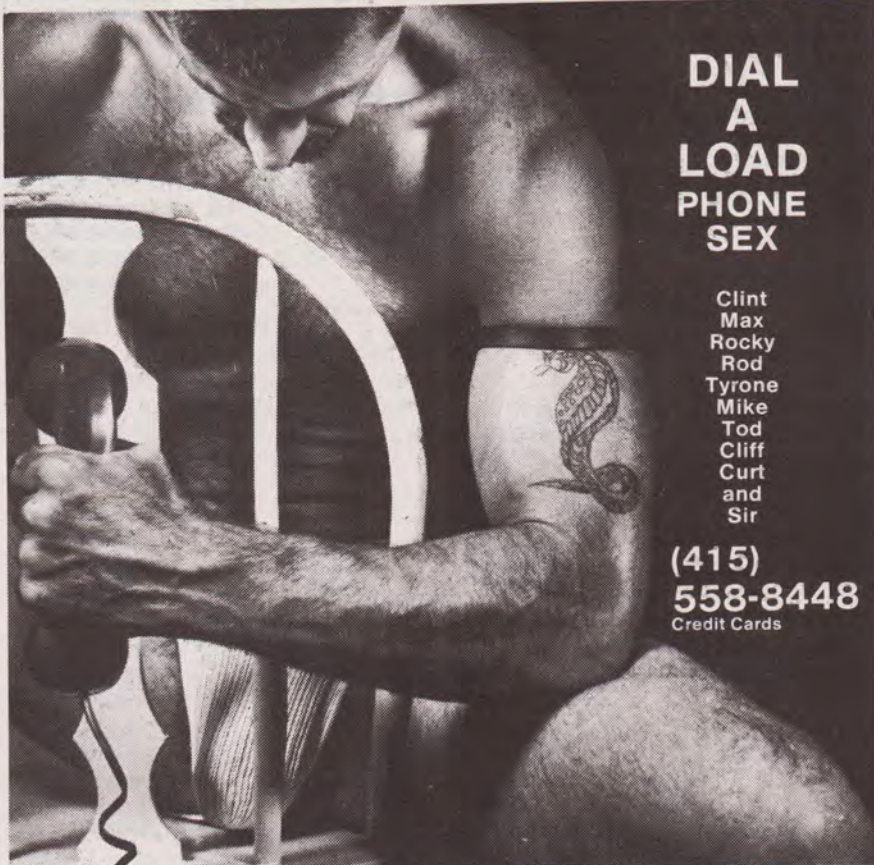
"What's up?" I asked.

"C'mere," he replied. I got up and stood next to him by the window. "Look," he said, pointing toward the park. "Those fuckin' assholes," he chuckled. "They're wonderin' what the fuck happened to me." I looked out the window in the direction he was pointing. I saw his three co-workers, including the obnoxious Jerry, bumbling around near the entrance to the park. They seemed confused and indecisive about what to do.

"Should you be getting back to work?" I asked John.

"Fuck 'em," he said. "You an' me got some more work to take care of." I felt his finger slip between my asscheeks and poke against my hole. A sudden burst of giddiness seized me. "Drill me, stud," I crooned. "Drill my ass like you do that hole in the ground, and you can wake me up any morning."

A baffled look darkened his face for a moment, but it vanished when I grabbed his hand and led him to the bedroom. ■

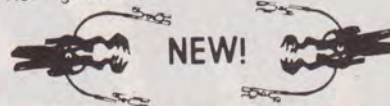


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GWM, 6'6", 30's, 170 lbs., Wants to meet gays in area for friends, fun & sex. Photo please. Write: George, Box 5702, Phoenix, AZ 85010

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BM face sitter seeks r/f slaves. W. Jones, 1139 Market St., Rm. 144, San Francisco, CA 94103.

BI S.F. J/O STUD

Hot handsome hung young dude, 29, 6', 165, short dark blonde hair, moustache, long thick handtool, heavy slung sack. Photo a must: 2269 Market, #333, San Francisco, CA 94114.

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Hot, horny, well put-together Libran, 34, 5'8", 135 lbs., 8" cut, has a lot of rope and a lot of time to explore bondage trips with equally intense, like-minded MEN. Tune in to some real trips with a goodlooking bottom/top. Photo brings a photo. Occupant, 795 Buena Vista West, #4, San Francisco, CA 94117.

CHUBBY

W/M, blind/blue, 34, 5'7", 180 lbs. likes to get high, get up on my knees and get it up the ass; big dicks, dildoes, small hands, enemas. Open it up and use it. Answer with photo only. Write #165, P.O.B. 15068, S.F., CA 94115.

ASSHOLE BUDDIES

W/M, 24, 5'11", 160 lbs., hot butt into F/F, dildoes, enemas, spreaders, ass-eating, long sessions, wants men in to mutual creative & uninhibited ass play. Let's open 'em up and make 'em talk. Photo appreciated. 55 Sutter St., #662, San Francisco, CA 94104.

S.F. AREA UNCUTS

Brown hair/eyes, bearded, UNCUT, nicely proportioned, WM, 32, 5'10", 170, looking for UNCUT MEN. Hairy w/beer gut! Into heavy cock with big hairy legs spread wide, with uncut

thick cock, hanging balls, hairy ass for servicing. Answer with photo for HOT reply. P.O. Box 14098, SF, CA 94114.

VERSATILE GWM,

6'1", 155# BR/BR goodlooking. Needs guidance. Professional, likes gay life. Will relocate for right man. Photo and letter to John Robinson, 1480 Dolores St., San Francisco, CA 94110.

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And hunky built men: Contact this little dude for total worship sessions. Serious only! Photo/letter to: Dick, P.O. Box 3391, San Diego, CA 92103. Club organizing.

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Y/W/M seeks slaves to worship and serve Him as part of a newly formed "Church" that understands your place. Be prepared to perform as the slave you are and an offering may be taken of those who prove themselves. Send photo, and detailed application letter to: The First Lord of The High Court c/o Box 59146, Norwalk, CA 90650.

I AM 25, ATTRACTIVE

and quiet. I am caramel brown with a cute smile and eyes. Enjoy meeting a Honcho. Write A. Sanders, 1036 Magnolia Ave., Gardena, CA 90247.

WANTED: HOT STUD INTO GENITAL PAIN

Excellent opportunity for attractive, well-built guy into having his balls worked over. Room, board, frequent vacation travel, other benefits. I'm 27, stable, friendly. Write 2265 Westwood Blvd., Suite B-168, L.A., CA 90064. Photo a must.

HOT MARRIED MAN

38, 6', 175 Masculine. Seeks other married men, 32-42, French passive, masculine, hung for discreet daytime action. Bronski, 8033 Sunset Blvd., #831, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

SLAVE WANTED

North Hollywood—Los Angeles. Master, 52, 5'10", 152 lbs., br/br. in fair shape for my age. Dig slaves 18-28 only. No beards or Mustaches. Smooth bodies. Have nice assortment of leather & S&M gear. Slave must dig bondage. Verbal abuse, mutual heavy tit work—my tits especially. Must dig raunchy games, but will respect slaves' limits, and any unacceptable sex play. No fats or phonies, however. I am Greek passive, also dig eating hot ass &

piss both ways. If the ad fits call Tony at (213) 985-7001, or write with Phone & Pix to: Tony M., Box 1023, Hollywood, CA 90028.

VERY HOT DADDY

Dominant Daddy, 38, 5'9", 160, very muscular, goodlooking, seeks Daddy's boy under 28, smooth and slim, in need of discipline and adventure. Write with photo, phone no. to: Daddy, P.O. Box 2512, Beverly Hills, CA 90213.

SOUTH BAY SLAVE

WM, 25, 6'0", slim, novice, blonde, smooth, needs to be collared by special Master. Torture, tits, C&B, bondage and ? Reply Sir: P.O. Box 7000-81, Rolling Hills, CA 90274.

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Y/W/M located in Orange County looking for hot & creative times with good looking Orientals and Latins (please no fems). Let's explore each other and maybe try some creative things. Write GST c/o Box 59146, Norwalk, CA 90650.

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If you're ready for the real thing, send letter and picture to Box 5692, Glendale, CA 91201-5692. I'll try you out.

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Burbank Slave Danny will submit to bondage, whipping, piercing, armpits and tits, shaving, photography for parties, groups or the Master. Phone (213) 846-9486. Danny Payne, 241 East Alameda Ave., Burbank, CA 91502.

PROUD SEXY MAN

34, 5'8", 140 lbs., good body, needs to be totally dominated, bound and used by 1 or 2 very well-built masculine studs or by master who has slave and desires more. Photo, letter to Zack Carter, Box 1152, 6311 Yucca, Hollywood, CA 90028.

MALIBU MEN WANT YOU

Travelling to Malibu? Be our house guest on the beach. We are 26 and 27 blond blue eyes and goodlooking. We enjoy 3, 4 and 5 ways. Send candid photo for immediate reply. Also state age, dimensions (everywhere) and desired travel time to Malibu. No fats, fems, S/M or oldies. Write Gabriel and Justin, PO Box 2167, Malibu, CA 80265. No reply without full candid photo and personal description. Foreign languages spoken.

TOP BOTTOM OR TRADEOFF

27, 6'1", slim, bearded, masculine. Into leather, sweat, wax, calibrated trips; imagination. Box 24C73, L.A., CA 90024.

COLORADO

HEAVY S

32, 195, 6'2", hairy, travels frequently, sadistically sane, wants heavy M (trainees considered) into B&D, C&B/T, TT, Whipping, Enemas, Obedience, etc. Be ready for strict discipline if application accepted. Box 174, Henderson, CO 80640

HOT HUNK

Sexy, gdlkg, hung stud seeks same 18-35. Denver, N. Colo. area. P.O. Box 1371, Longmont, CO 80501

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

BEEFY BODYBUILDERS

New to DC Area. Handsome, very muscular, 28, top/bottom, big legs, tits, hung. Looking to expand limits to FF. Write Shannon, Box 229, 3421 M St. NW, Washington, DC 20007. Photo answered first.

FLORIDA

STALLION VS. STALLION

Ft. Lauderdale. Wrestle, cock-fight, spank, ver., Leather, Piss, just fine. You/us. Me the Fuck, goodlooking, 28, 162 lbs. 5'10½", 7½" cock, BB wants ridin' the hole of another proud beatin' Stallion. Espanol, arrogant young dudes at Box 11624, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33308. Bang Balls and I'll show you what a girl you are.

FERNADINA BEACH

Just moved here. GWM 23 6' 160 lbs. Straight acting. Dark skin, Blk hair, very hairy. Need to meet friends under 25. Muscles a plus. No fems. Photo gets mine. C.N. Lee, Amelia South, 3350 South Fletcher Ave., Fernadina Beach, FL 32034. (904) 261-0328.

MIAMI—TWO S/M MEN

With a variety of interests and the imaginations to explore them, seek meetings with other men for mutual exploration and expansion. We have a well equipped game room and welcome those who seek an atmosphere of mutual trust, respect and sincerity. PO Box 651038, Miami, FL 33165-1038.

BODYBUILDER, BIKER

35, interested in sex with any Drummer readers. Wet and dirty, dirty talk and fantasies, clothes. Top/mutual. Am versatile and appreciate same, but no FF. Travel widely. Photo, phone preferred. P.O. Box 10274, Tallahassee, FL 32302.

PLANNING TO VISIT KEY WEST?

This hot GWM 27 smooth, well hung loves long oral sessions especially rears (yours). Prefer hairy, husky, older men or just to exchange horny letters. Write RDA, Box 4001, Key West, FL 33041.

FT. LAUDERDALE

Masculine, stable, good-looking top with firm but gentle style seeks subjects for "training." Reasonable limits respected. Applicant will include photo and phoine in letter of application. Jake, Box 130051, 2260 NW 68th Ave., Sunrise, FL 33313.

ORLANDO AREA

couple would like to meet discreet singles and couples. No fems or drugs. Photos answered first. Give ages & interests. Occupant, PO Box 1812, Maitland, FL 32751-1812.

GEORGIA

AIDS CELIBATE

Looking for steady until epidemic is over in Atlanta. Open to novelty. Call me 633-2308.

NEED GOOD FUCK

Horny WM, 31, 155 lbs., 5'11", blue eyes, brown hair needs good fuck. Light S&M, dildoes, enemas, jocks, aroma, three-ways. Versatile french/greek, rimming, FF, tit & ass play. Seeks like-minded. Photo appreciated. H. Roberts, 98 Peachtree Place, Warner Robins, GA 31093.

HAWAII

Warm, discreet, oriental, 30, wishes 18-35 WM friendships anywhere. I am 5'7", 134 lbs. I work out at a health spa. Write: Box 4191, Honolulu, HI.

IDAHO

LONELY IDAHO FARMER

Love correspondence with guys any age into tight levis. Send photo to: Bill, Box 893, Idaho Falls, ID 83402.

ILLINOIS

SPRINGFIELD

Affectionate WM, 46, 5'11", 155 lbs., seeks white or black guys for love and friendship. P.O. Box 1234, Springfield, IL 62705.

MY HORSE

is hung like me! Dominant but affectionate, French a/p, j/o, 6 ft./180 lbs., white, middle-aged, greying reddish-brown beard. Send photo with reply. Boxholder, P.O. Box 87444, Chicago, IL 60680.

CORRESPONDENT J/O

GWM, 28, looking for J/O buddies or correspondents and phone J/O. Send hot letter and photo; Sure! Occupant, 326 "B" East Park Ave., Libertyville, IL 60048.

HEAVY? INTO HEAVIES?

23, 6'4", 290, will try anything. Sucking, fucking, enemas, rimming, spanking, piss, dildos, armpits, jocks and socks. Richard Lewis, 408 Oak St., Apt. 1, Danville, IL 61832.

BLACK MASTER WANTED

W/M, 33, seeks black master into heavy B/D, W/S, oral service and fucking a hot white ass. Also like to hear from others into black domination. Box 6348, Chicago, IL 60680.

CHICAGO

S, 5'9", muscle leather master seeks masculine slaves who need B/D, S&M, W/S and tit work. Heavy leather scene. Slave must know how to serve. Limits respected. Big body-builder slaves preferred. Call Master (312) 642-2769.

IOWA

SEEKS MACHO TYPE

GWM photographer, 45, 5'5", 120 lbs., very sincere, wants permanent relationship with men over 35. Will answer all. J.P., P.O. Box 4711, Des Moines, IA 50306.

GWM, 21, 6', 195,

interested in having good times! Drake student, in Des Moines over summer. P.O. Box 2470, Des Moines, IA 50311.

INTO ANYTHING

32 6'1" 175 lbs. IA-Minn-Wisc-Illinois-Missouri—into anything but scat. 8" cut. Box 8334, Des Moines, IA 50306.

LOVER WANTED

Lonely GWM, 30, 5'8", 145 lbs., hard working and out to get everything in life. Wants lover that will relocate on-ly. Serious letters only. Send letter and photo to G. Potter, 137 E. 29th St., Des Moines, IA 50317.

KANSAS

DUO LOOKING FOR MASTER

29, Topeka Area. Looking for master to train slaves for service. Prefer 20-40, hung. Willing to expand limits for right leatherman who knows limitations. We await replies at Box 4797, Topeka, KS 66604.

JUST BEGINNING

I am 20, 5'7", 175 lbs. and Spanish. Would like someone between 18-30 to show me the ropes. Jason Collinge, 3408 N. Market #4, Wichita, KS 67204.

KENTUCKY

WESTERN KY AREA

White bisexual, masculine, aggressive, like outdoors, age 50, 5'8", 175 lbs., 6" uncut, brown hair, blue eyes, ruddy, Libra. Only want to hear from those who can send photos in first letter. Farmers, loggers, truckers, etc. Prefer hairy white rugged guys, smooth OK. Must be stocky. Photo exchange. Let's get acquainted. Owen Krabson, Box 240, Rt. 4, Hwy 231, Utica, KY 42365.

FRIENDSHIP NEEDED

Early 50's, new to scene, looking for totally masculine kid brother, son or junior partner type for correspondence, meetings and possible lasting relationship. Travel wide area at times. Interests: hunting, fishing, camping, BB & sincere discreet friends. Race and age unimportant. Facts and photo are essential. Dave, P.O. Box 365, Murry, KY 42071.

WANTS LOVER NEAR LOUISVILLE

GWM, very masculine, 25, 6', 190 lbs. Wants a guy for emotional support and love. Like sports and outdoor activity. Must be 25-45 and live within 175 miles from Louisville area. Occupant, P.O. Box 4633, Louisville, KY 40204.

DREAM LOVER CUM TO ME

If you're 20-40, bi or GWM, attractive and firm, uncut and hair a plus. I'm

seeking a lasting relationship. I'm 26, 5'8, attractive, BR/BR, 150 lbs., 30" waist, 7" cock, smooth developed pecs. Write/photo: Occupant, P.O. Box 804, Louisville, KY 40201.

LOUISIANA

HORNY, HORSEHUNG STUD

wants hairy studs of all races who are into heavy masturbation and jock straps. Travel for perfect cock. Z. Carrington, PO Box 8824, New Orleans, LA 70182.

PANTS-WETTING DADDY'S BOY

Looking for a Daddy. P.O. Box 19654, New Orleans, LA 70179.

MAINE

MAINE COAST

"Big Guy" GWM, college student—UMO, 21, 6', husky, hairy, brown, blue. Seeks a friend 19-33 for correspondence and possible relationship. All answered. R.D.J., P.O. Box 328, Seal Harbor, ME 04675.

MARYLAND

COUNTRY BOY

GWM, 33, wishes friendship anywhere, 140 lbs., 5'11". Will answer all. Photo gets mine. P.O. Box 29, Reisterstown, MD 21136.

MASSACHUSETTS

HOT HUNG JOCK

GWM, 33, 5'11", 170 lbs., brown hair/eyes/trimmed moustache who is hot, hung, into jockstraps. Seeks hungry, horny jocks for sex. Send a detailed description of yourself and sexual needs. All limits respected. Include any fantasies you wish to come true. Discretion assured. Blonds preferred, but all hot welcome. PO Box 312, New Town Branch, Boston, MA 02258.

WHITE, 31, LOOKING FOR A FRIEND/LOVER

Write and tell me about yourself and interests. Send photo and phone number to B.C., PO Box 83, Southfield, MA 01259.

MICHIGAN

LOOKING FOR PERMANENT FRIEND

GWM, 36, 5'10", 203 lbs., looking for the right person to build life with. Enjoy sports, quiet times. Seek those with similar interests between 18-38. Photo appreciated. Jerry Keller, Box 177, Escanaba, MI 49829.

TONSIL TICKLERS

Call talented bottom (313) 398-8141. Enjoys Greek three ways passive.

MINNESOTA

MINNESOTA GUYS

Are you hot? If you're a slender bi or GWM, 18-30, who enjoys getting a good head job and stimulating massage, I can do it! I can prolong your pleasure too. Send letter about yourself and phone # to: P.O. Box 6269, Mpls, MN 55406.

ROCHESTER MASTER

WM, 5'10", 170, 8". Master with well-equipped dungeon seeks obedient slaves. Willing to train submissive novices into S&M, B&D, WS and more. Write Robert, 1030 Adams Road, South Rochester, MN 48063.

TALENTED SLAVE

I enjoy being a guy's slave. I'm talented and versatile, can blow your mind. You should be 30-35, nice body. Box 30163, St. Paul, 55175.

MONTANA

B/M, 26, 5'8, 140 lbs

Intelligent, love to explore, hung, submit by writing, or photo appreciated. 5404 Harrison, K.C., MO. 64110.

NEW JERSEY

PEN PALS AND FRIENDS WANTED

by young Black male, 6'1", 200 lbs. My interests are weight lifting, books and movies. Race unimportant but have a liking for Spanish people. Photo, returned if requested. No SM or Fems. Daimon, PO Box 3150, East Orange, NJ 07017.

WANTED: HOT STUD INTO FIST-FUCKING

by hot masculine hunk, 30, 5'10", 150 lbs., 8½" uncut. Pic & phone. PO Box 2436, Plainfield, NJ 07060. NYC, NJ, PA only.

EXTRAORDINARILY BEAUTIFUL

WM, 29, 5'7", 145, craves leather sex. Complete leather uniform, photo, and letter stating needs and requirements strongly preferred. All replies answered with photo and similar letter. No fucking or heavy S&M. Reply Box 125, Ridgefield, NJ 07657.

MANEATER

seeks trim, hairy, cut, 18-40. I'm 32, slim, goodlooking, expert mouth and camera. Photo including chest: Parallax, Box 597, Belleville, NJ 07109.

NEW MEXICO

NEW MEXICO

Moving Southeast New Mexico September. Box 41, Weir, Texas 78674. Young. Athletic.

28, WHITE, BI, BIKER.

Needs hung Black, verbal long lasting man who loves to fuck ass and get lip service. No basket cases. Photo, phone mandatory. Box 13894, Albuquerque, NM 87192.

RELOCATABLE SUBMISSIVE

Bi, W/M, 6'2", 200#, 35 straight appearing, oral slave to cock/balls. Lip serves any age, public/private. Into all but R/F, animals or pain. Love TV/TS, deep throat. Impotent OK. Cock/ball photo, list of demands please. Boxholder, P.O. Box 522, Texico, NM 88135.

NEW YORK

FINGER LAKES REGION

Clean, discreet—seeks married men only—age not important—write Box 272 Montour Falls, New York 14865.

DONKEY DONG

Slave, 24 needs dog training from extra huge hung master. Big Dog a plus. Photo, etc., gets mine. #49, 132 W. 24 St. NYC 10011.

B/M 40 5'6 140

Like to meet males all races 18-30 to take out, be good to, and obey. John PO Box 604 Scarsdale, NY 10583.

BLACK MALE

31, 5'11", 175 lbs. good body and nice ass, and cock 8", seeks nice looking bearded dark Italian age 30 to 40 who enjoys ass fucking and eating and lives alone. (No fems.) Reply, Johnny, 798 Hendrix St., Bklyn, NY 11207.

HUGE ENDOWMENT?

Dirty blond, gd-lkng, 25, 5'8", 145, interested in handsome, athletic, hugely hung German, British and Latin topmen who are aggressive, verbal and can keep their monster meat

rock hard for hours. If it looks like a FIREHOSE, and you're proud of it, we should meet. Your pic, measurements, and phone get mine. Box 49, 132 W. 24th St., NYC 10011.

ALL-AMERICAN BODYBUILDER

30, 5'10", 155#, 15½"a, 43½"c. Sandy hair, green eyes, smooth body. Seeks generous, submissive slaves—any area. Suck my thick cut dick, worship my muscles. Photos available. Mike Delaney, Box 585, Palisades, NY 10964.

HOT BEARDED WELL-HUNG

WM biker in late 30's, 5'10", 150 lbs of well-muscled, lean body. Seeks dominant creative tit and ass-fucking L/L topman for thorough workout/workover. Over 35, beard/moustach and masculine only. Reply with photo PO Box 281, Cooper Station, NY, NY 10276.

ROUGH HOUSE & RAUNCH

Buddy wanted for hot, wet, rugged contact in and out of sweaty Jocks. Especially UNCUTS. Send Photo: PO Box 1328, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10017.

HOT, VERY MASCULINE

trim, muscular, uncut, 32, wants really hot masculine well build Greek active buddy. Photo to: PO Box 1434, N.Y., N.Y. 10150.

J/O ARTIST

NYC GWM 30's 6'2" 165 blue eyes 9" cut proud & cocky. Filled with creative uninhibited erotic energy. Bold use of everything I've got. Willing to share all of it. Handy with the camera. 50/50 voyeur-exhibitionist or 100% of either. Get hold of yourself. Give the urge a real workout. Photo & thoughts gets a fistful. You dudes know who you are! Boxholder, PO Box 55, N.Y., N.Y. 10021.

CAVERNOUS SHAVED PIG HOLE

available on hot bearded horny w/m, scorpion, 36, 5'7", 130. Into mutual raunch scenes including F/F, W/S, L/L, Tits, Balls, Jocks, Boots, Toys, Shaving with hot experienced MEN. Photo/Phone Box 1440, Madison Square Station, NYC 10159.

NORTH CAROLINA

JACKSONVILLE

GWM, 45, I have brown hair, brown

eyes, 175 lbs., 5'11", 6" dick and have a short beard. Want someone to make love to while watching porn films in my home. Call (919) 346-4082 before midnight.

OHIO

I AM LOOKING FOR SOMEONE

to satisfy my lover. He is 6'1" and 160 lbs. and is willing to try anything. I set the limits and am present. You must be aggressive. Lover is blond, muscular. No fats or fems. Write PO Box 33303, Cleveland, Ohio 44133.

22 GWM

looking for friends, lovers. Renn (216) 674-1610.

OKLAHOMA

LEATHERMASTER

35/140 needs young slim slave. Limits expanded. Rod (918) 665-1885. No phone J/O. PO Box 54760, Tulsa, OK 74155.

OREGON

SEPTEMBER SONG

GWM, 55, active, independent, going to retire and van around the continent to see what's happenin'. Seeks compadre to share the adventure, expense and each other. Write Hart Enfeld, 2320 SW Schaeffer, West Linn, OR 97058.

PENNSYLVANIA

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER—PHILA.

WM, 40, 5'9", 145 lbs., 7" cut. Wants other men into photography and home video taping. Non shy, uninhibited only! Willing to swap pics, tapes with others also. Your nude photo gets mine. No collectors please, just honest exhibitionists/voyeurs. Occupant, PO Box 13131, Phila, PA 19101.

SUBMISSIVE WM

Philadelphia, 5'1", 170, 35, wants dominant white rugged macho men. I will provide cock and ball service, rimming, underarm pits, etc. I need lite roughing up, threats, verbal abuse and total domination. No torture please. I respectfully beg you to send me your detailed demands. Box 17125, Philadelphia, PA 19105.

SOUTH CAROLINA

LEATHER-SEX

GWM, 26, 5'10", 180 lbs. Love leather, sex, boots, chaps and gloves. I-95 travelers stop and call Dan (803) 774-6537 when passing South of the Border.

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GWM WANTS TO MEET GUYS

(18-35). Trim & muscular in appearance. I'm 30, 5'9", 150, moustache. Enjoy bodybuilding, running & music. Send photo & letter to: R.F., Box 482, Knoxville, TN 37901.

TEXAS

BB/WRESTLER

seeks clean likeminded men 18-35 for discreet full contact workouts etc., with 6', 185#, WM, 29. Your place. Metroplex. Don Lee, Tandy Center Atrium #203, Ft. Worth, TX 76102.

BRECKENRIDGE AREA

Leo, 6', 45, 163, Brown/hazel moustache, independent straight-appearing. Looking for experienced, creative, tops 20-45 experimenting with light B&D, WS, tit play, Fr., Gr., rimming, jocks and fantasy. Fakes, drugs, heavy pain and scat are turn-offs. Semi-nude photo with letter answered first. Write Ken, PO Box 201, Olden, TX 76466.

DALLAS

White, 31, reasonably good looking seeks same for friend/lover. Write, describe yourself and interests. Box 45279, Dallas, TX 75245.

LONELY FT. WORTH COWBOY

GWM, 32, 5'7", 140 lbs. brown/blue. Prefer 18-24. Penpals welcome. No

fats, fems or Blacks. Send PASE, photo to: Skip Williams, Pox 10272, Ft. Worth, TX 76114.

2 LOOKING FOR 1

Young 18 to 30, uncut a must. Not into S.M. or drugs. Photo please. No fats, blk or mex. Game room & spa for fun and games. G.L.C., PO Box 821241, Dallas, TX 75382.

WISCONSON

HAIRY, HORNY, BEARDED GWM

30, seeks hot men 20-40 for bareass fun. Bi studs, couples welcome. Into nudity, foto swap. PO Box 1085, Madison, WI 53701.

INTERNATIONAL

GWM, 5'6", 138 LBS

Black hair & moustache, brown eyes, nice looking, sensible, honest. Wish to meet and correspond with: sincere 20-30, attractive, comprehensive, emotive, for sharing affection and companionship. Sincere letters with photos answered. Pen pals welcome from all over. French or English. OCCUPANT, P.O. Box 154, Gatineau, Quebec, Canada J8T 4Z3.

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DEAR HONCHO:

HONCHO likes to hear from you! We read every letter, and we print as many as possible in the magazine. Unfortunately, we cannot answer letters personally, but when you tell us what you like, it helps us to plan issues with you in mind. Send all mail to: Editor, HONCHO, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013.

POLITICALLY CORRECT

Dear HONCHO:

Although I've been reading your magazine since it first appeared, this is my first letter to you. I'm prompted to write by two things I especially enjoyed in the August issue: the cover man, "Outlaw," and the story "Rebel Warrior." That "outlaw" Steve Collins is one of the most striking guys you've ever featured. I love his hard, rippling body and the bold, self-assured way he displays that huge, juicy uncut cock of his. I noticed you've been doing more uncut spreads lately, and I for one welcome the trend. Something about "Outlaw"'s meat gets me all worked up, and I guess it's the way that partly-retracted foreskin clings to the head. Or maybe it's the thickness of that shaft—really something to wrap your lips around! Or maybe it's the way the meat glistens with juice, as if he'd been beating it before the photo session (or maybe the photographer licked it for a while before setting up the camera and lights). All I can say is, Surge Studios is producing some of the best erotica these days, and "Outlaw" is my favorite to date.

Now about "Rebel Warrior." It was a great idea to combine the topicality of revolution in Central America with hot gay sex, and not far-fetched at all, since anyone who's been to that part of the world can tell you, despite the macho facade of a lot of Latin men, many of them are bi-sexual or gay and enjoy a rousing man-to-man encounter. By making the Latins in question Salvadoran freedom fighters, your story was "politically correct" as well as hot! Let's have more on this theme, say a story about Palestinian guerillas who sex it up with each other. You know what they say about Arab men...

S.H.
Detroit, MI

MIND AND GROIN

Dear HONCHO:

Let me congratulate you for publishing Frank O'Rourke's article, "Prisons: The Nature of the Beast" in your August issue. This is one of the strongest pieces I've read on the subject of gays in prison, and it proves once again that although HONCHO aims for the groin, it also can stimulate our intellects. I found the article alternately gripping, shocking and encouraging.

O'Rourke's recounting of the details of prison life should shake up those thoughtless people who think that prison is one big sexual playground. I was shocked to read about the violence the author had to resort to in order to protect his dignity, but as he succinctly put it, a gay man's fate in prison depends on how he handles these sorts of situations. I also appreciated learning about the gay side of the "Birdman of Alcatraz" story, especially since the man's homosexuality wasn't mentioned in the Burt Lancaster film. O'Rourke is a vivid, powerful writer and I hope HONCHO will publish more of his work. Though much of his prison story was sordid, even horrifying, when I finished reading it I wanted to congratulate him for having survived and triumphed over the shit that was constantly being thrown at him. Once again, congratulations to HONCHO for an excellent article.

R.M.
Newark, NJ

OLD SHEP

Dear HONCHO:

I'm sure the law won't allow you to show fornication between man and beast, but I want to tell you a true

story on the subject. A man I know used to have a big German shepherd. The dog would do anything his young master commanded, so when the guy really got horny and there was no one to suck his dick, he would rub some Alpo on his cock and the dog would give him a blow job. Well, this continued for several years, until the guy was about 25 years old. One night, he greased up his cock with dog food, and called the German shepherd over to service him. For whatever reason, the dog was in a bad mood, indeed, he was very disturbed, and didn't want to do his master. But the young man insisted. The dog went berserk, bit off his master's cock, and the man had to have a plastic surgeon reconstruct a penis and attach it to his groin. Needless to say, it didn't function as well as the first one, but he managed to get along one way or another.

But you know, some people never

learn. In a year or two, he got horny again one night and, since he lived out in the country, there was no one nearby to suck him off (and the sheep were miles away in the pasture). So he tried to teach his old dog new tricks. But the dog didn't like cock. Maybe he wanted his own doggie dick taken care of, who knows. Can you guess what happened? He bit the new dick off! Well, another operation, a new plastic cock, and I think the dog was given away, or maybe shot. The young man, no longer all that young, is a living illustration of what it means to be sick as a dog. He regrets his foolishness, but it's too, too late. He can barely piss through his new member, let alone do any serious fucking with it. The moral of this story seems to be: stick with your own kind, and don't go to the dogs.

J.H.

Flea Hop, AL

QUICK ON THE DRAW

Dear HONCHO:

We love your cartoon character Alex! Chuck, the artist, is really far out, and he knows how to make us hot over every sequence. We like the way he draws cock, balls, torsos, etc. And we also get a laugh from his work—not to mention hard-ons!

Three Hot Men
Oakland, CA

YOUR CHEATIN' HARD

Dear HONCHO:

Thanks for a great magazine, which is getting better with every issue. In addition to your hot fiction

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and the hot photos, I especially enjoy the drawings that you use to illustrate the stories. In the April issue, you had an illustration by Domino, with a story called "Grapplin'." It was about wrestlers, and they are my big turn-on. After jerking off to Mario Mangiacazzo's story, I beat my meat several times just looking at the drawing of that big hot wrestler. I fantasize about smelling wrestlers' shorts and shoes after their bouts; I go for older guys; and most wrestlers are mature. They are real men, not boys trying to act like men.

I once went out with a wrestler for a few months, and although he was a real bastard, he felt good when he was in my arms. He was 41, he had big bulging biceps, a macho chest, and a moustache. I liked sniffing his armpits, because he seldom used deodorant. He smelled sweaty, but it was fresh, clean sweat, not the kind that knocks you over with stale fumes.

The only problem was that he liked to fuck in the morning, and I liked to do it at night. So sometimes after he went to sleep, I would sneak out of his apartment and go looking for dick. I always found it, too. The next morning when we woke up, my wrestler was hot and horny, and usually I was hot and horny again too, despite my prowling around. My cheatin' hard, you might call it. This went on for a long time, and I never got caught. Finally we stopped seeing each other, because one night when I went out in search of hot cock, I found one that was hotter, bigger, and better in every way than the one on my wrestler. This new man liked fucking at night, and that's when I'm in heat. So I guess my sleepy wrestler is still going to bed early, but I'm not there in the morning now to take care of him.

B.T.
Paterson, NJ

KNOCK-OUT

Dear HONCHO:

I bought the July issue of HONCHO, and on page 46 ("Means of Support") the picture of the black guy taken by Joe Toland knocks me out. I notice a scarcity of black guys in magazines, so when I see any type of picture of a black guy I keep it.

D.A.
Chicago, IL

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Tape J

FULL LEATHER

Dear HONCHO:

As far as I'm concerned, HONCHO is the hottest man-magazine on the market. But let's have more pictures of men in full leather!

I love hot, hairy, bearded men in tight leather, so please show more photos of hot leather hunks. I can't get enough of them. And where did you find Lee Ryder (September issue)? God, what a man! Please show him in leather with his rock-hard cock. I would welcome a leather section in each issue. Keep up the good work.

R.E.
Stockholm, Sweden

DICK THROBBING

Dear HONCHO:

I could hardly believe it—an Asian model on the cover of June HONCHO! Well, it seems that you have either been absorbed by a Japanese enterprise, or, more probably, you have reached the conclusion that gay America's taste varies beyond that of the run-of-the-mill clone. Congratulations! This spread ("Too Big for His Own Britches") was a hot, dick throbbing delight!

Along with your all-American dick juicers, let's see some more sexy Asian and Latin models.

G.W.
Oakland, CA

TOP OF THE WORLD

Dear HONCHO:

As I live in a small town in Germany, it's difficult for me to get your fantastic magazines. Therefore, I have subscriptions to both HONCHO and MANDATE.

Let me say, and that is not an exaggeration, that in comparison with gay magazines in Germany, your publications really are top of the world. The wild, gorgeous photos, the art, and the aesthetic quality of the layouts are unbeaten!

Thank you so much, and keep on going strong!

G.S.
Moenchengladbach,
West Germany

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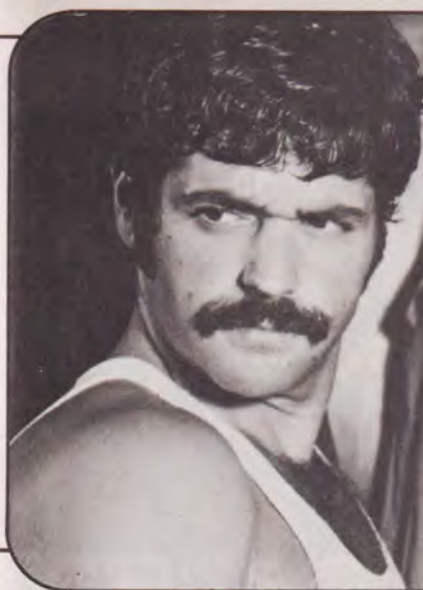
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HOT GLORY HOLE (originally BRENTWOOD's 224 & 225)

On the beach there is a men's room
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as they came in and turned on one after
the other, a continuous flow of heavy,
nonstop action. If you like your sex hot,
hard and heavy and like your men down
and dirty, then HOT GLORY HOLE is
your kind of scene.

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EBONY LOVE (originally BRENTWOOD's

238 & 239) Rod, a black repairman, is met
by Jim. Jim sees the massive bulge in Rod's
levis and his eyes reveal his hunger to
taste it. Rod pulls out his huge hard prick
and soon Jim's mouth is filled with that
enormous black meat. Rod takes hold
of his enormous tool and plunges it
deep into Jim's tight white hole. Jim
shoots a huge load as he submits all
the way to Rod's stiff wet cock. Rod
cums all over Jim's face and mouth; the
nonstop action continues with Jim
rimming Rod's ass while Rod sucks his
own cock until he shoots again,
covering his own face with cum.

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DMG NO. 41 LOCKER ROOM 3
Thor, a new boy at the gym,
watches partners Pete and
Steve finish their workout. His
growing shaft aching for a fuck,
Thor follows them to the locker
room to make out. As he buries
his tool between the cheeks of
Steve's ass, Pete tongues the
rest of Steve's body to a
magnificent climax.



DMG NO. 42 HOT TUB BOYS
Two blonde beauties, Thor and
Freddie set the pace for this sex
capade in the hot tub. When
dark-haired Tony, the towel
boy, joins them, the action
speeds up. It's a game of
musical chairs, in and out of the
tub, rimming, sucking, fucking.
A wild 3-way to everyone's
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DMG NO. 43 TRIPLE WORK-OUT
When instructor Eric strips
down to show David and Jamie
the proper way to use gym
equipment, he becomes more
interested in their equipment.
The boys, also eager to play
games, mount Eric in
outrageous positions on the
exercise machine, blowing and
screwing each other until the
love juices flow.



DMG NO. 44 3 FOR THE MAT
Three young bodies on a gym
mat building their muscles.
Watching each other exercise,
the mood soon changes from
work to play. A frenzy of
sensuous lips around stiff dicks
and lunging cocks up pink
assholes dazzle your eyes as
Tim is caught between David
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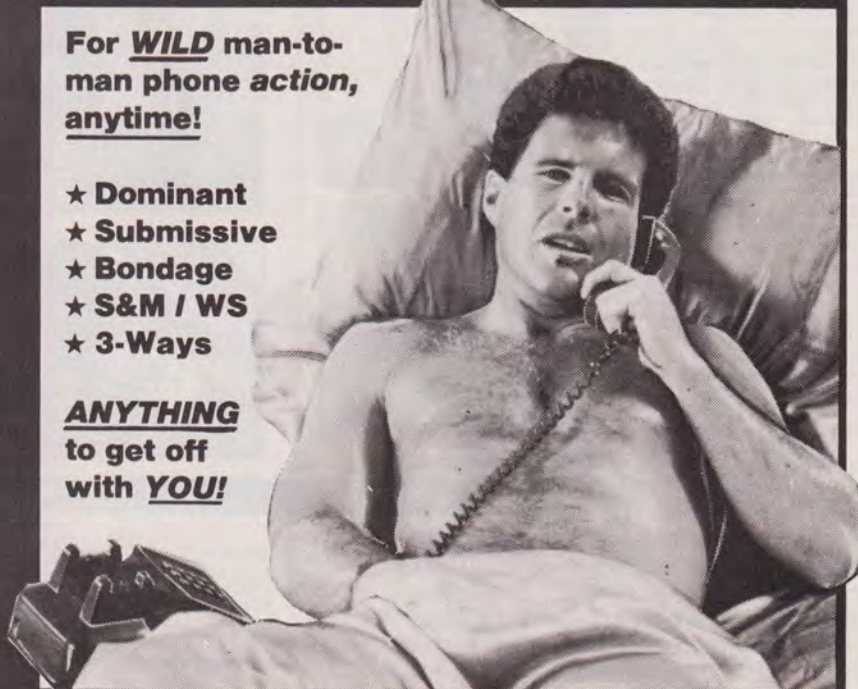
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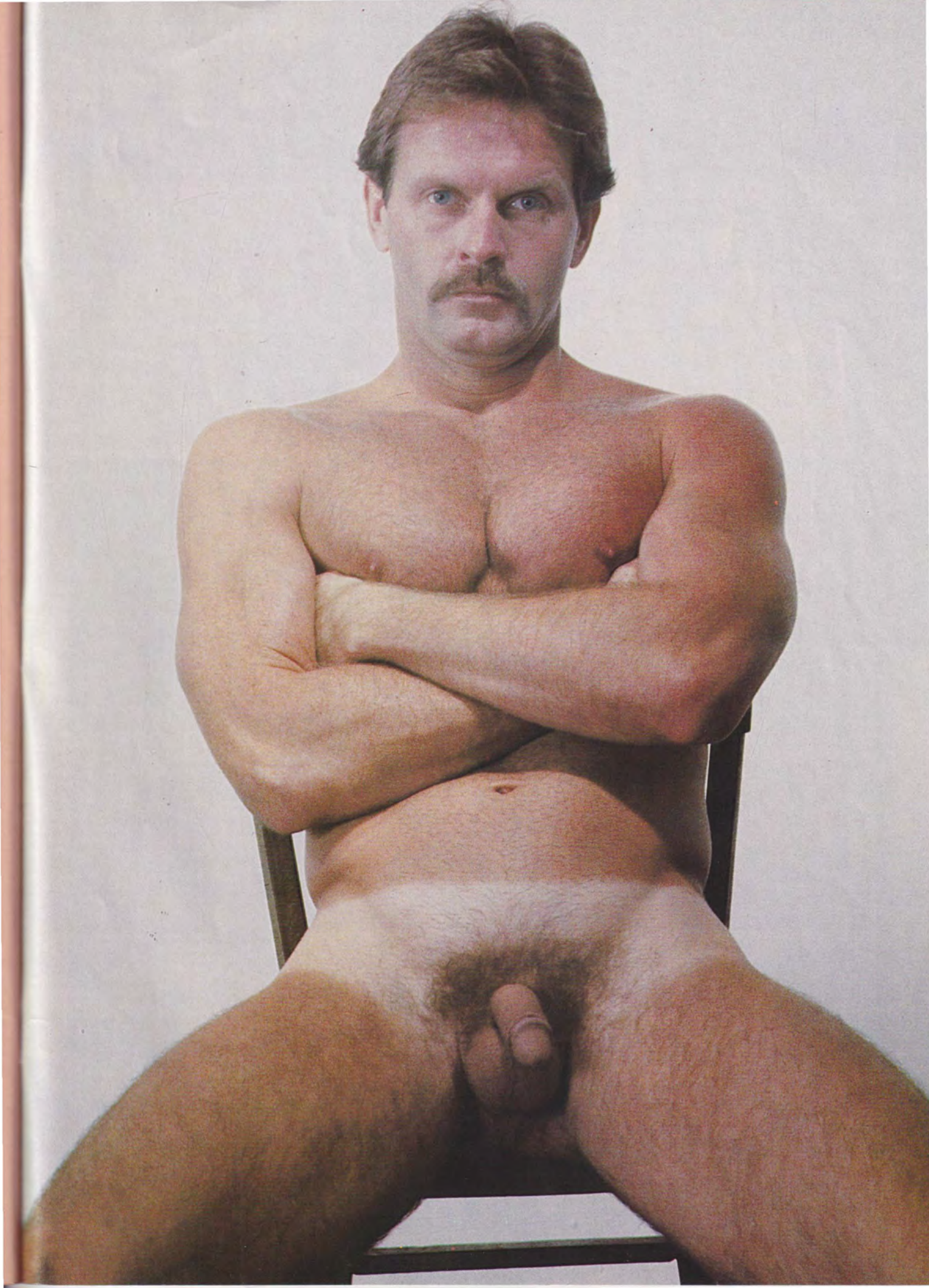


STARE WARS



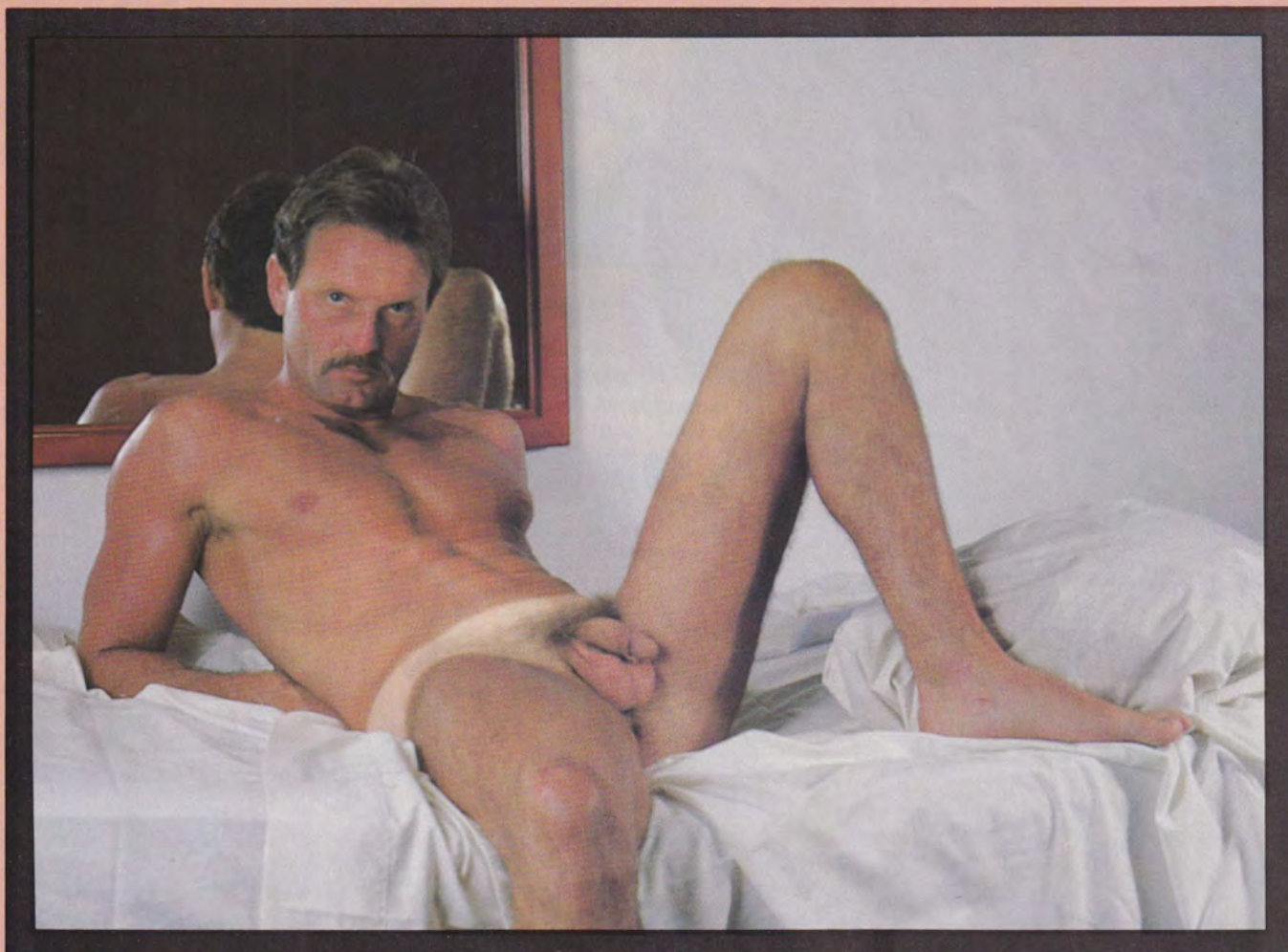
FROM THE MOMENT YOU ENTERED THE ROOM, HE PINNED YOU TO THE WALL WITH HIS PENETRATING STARE. IT'S MORE THAN CRUISING; IT'S AN ABSOLUTE FIXATION. THOSE ICY BLUE EYES SAY ONE THING AND ONE THING ONLY: COME OVER HERE.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES McCASLIN





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HONCHO / OCTOBER 1983

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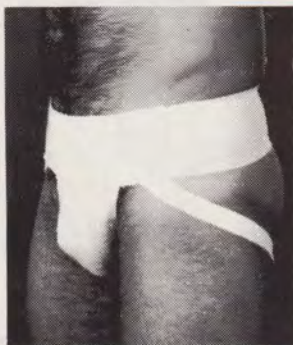
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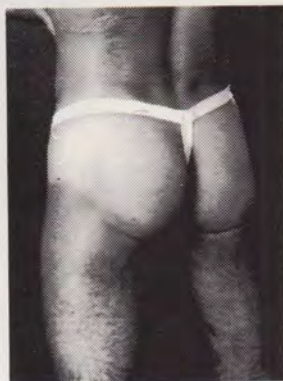


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