

HONCHO

THE MAGAZINE FOR
THE MACHO MALE

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MARCH 1984
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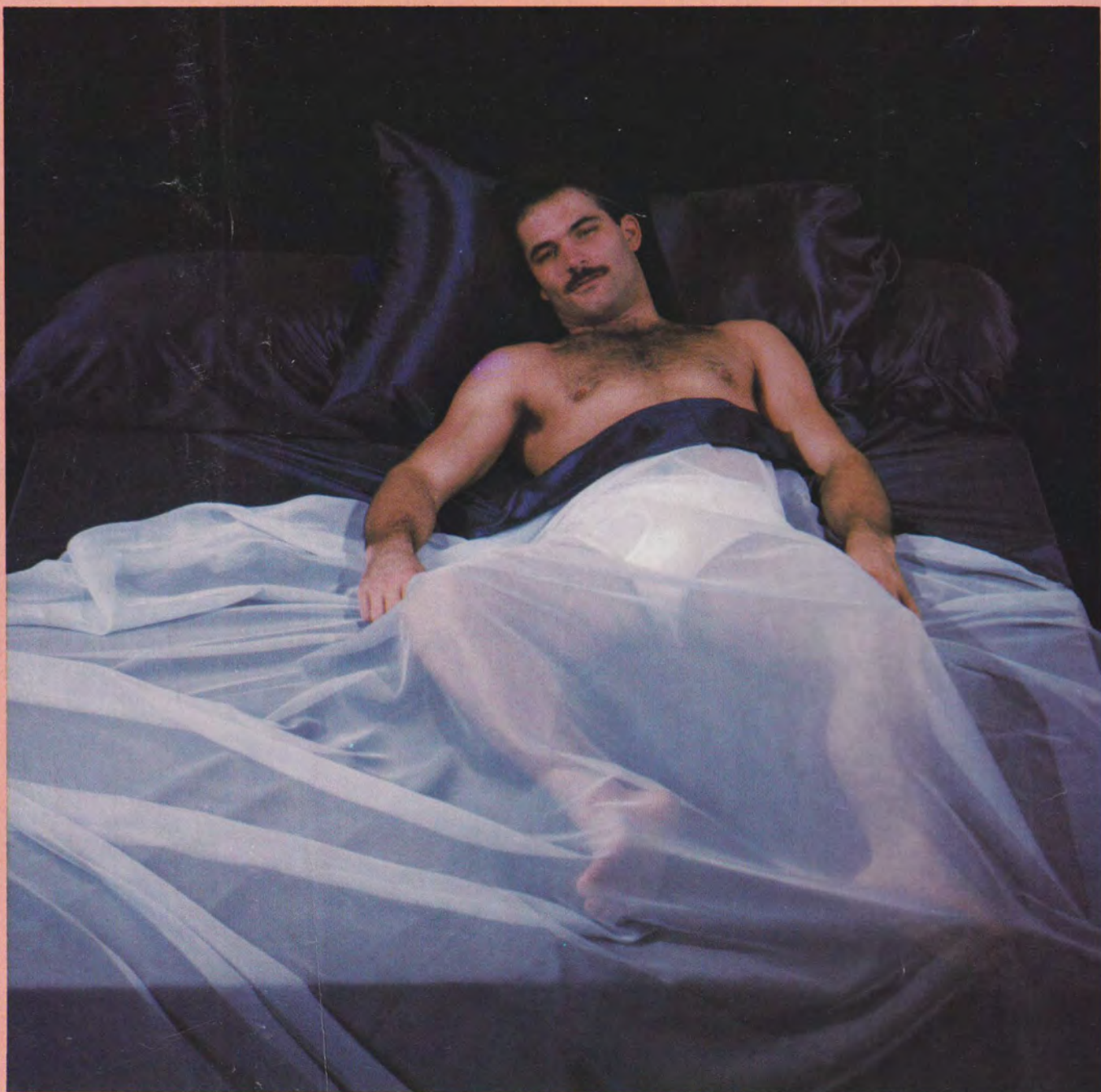
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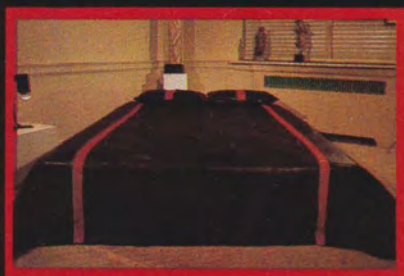
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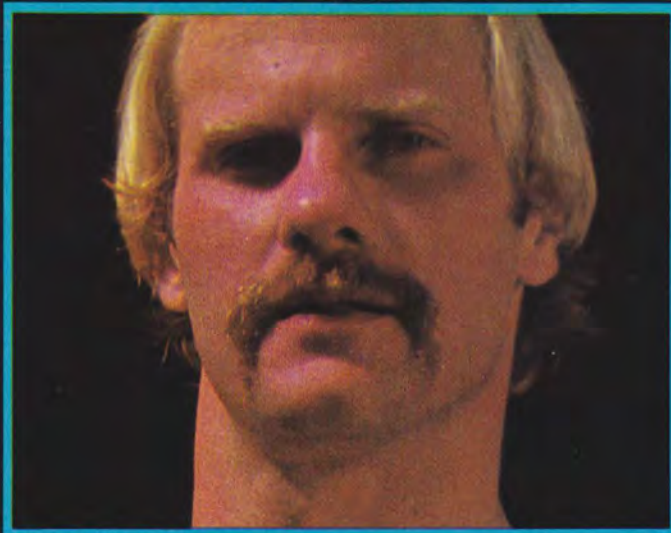
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HONCHO

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MARRIED MEAT

By Robert Ralph • Photography by Naakkve

"With that beard," he said, "your face sort of reminds me of a cunt." I answered, "As many dicks as it's had poked in it, it should!"

He rushed into the washeteria and quickly tossed his clothes into a dryer. Every muscle rippled with the action, from his broad shoulders to his thick thighs. The man was obviously a football or a hockey player; he had heavy knotted legs and a muscular waist to match his corded shoulders and arms. All he had on was a pair of ragged white shorts, the top button enticingly open. On the front leg, a huge hole exposed a lot of flesh and a flash of white underwear; in the rear another ragged hole left the entire cheek of his ass exposed, except for the patch of jockey shorts. His tangled brown hair looked like it had been worked over with an electric drill. His thick chest was layered with fine brown hair which covered the ridges of his stomach and disappeared into the waistband of his shorts. Hair continued down his legs — there were even tufts on the top of his bare feet.

He slammed the dryer door shut and popped in his money. The sex appeal he exuded made my lips pucker. He seemed somewhere near my age — mid-thirties — but it was hard to tell.

Usually, I never did my clothes at such a late hour, but my schedule had become unexpectedly hectic, and I had to catch a plane the next day for a sudden business trip. This was the





only time I could do my laundry. The place generally was a sea of people and squawling kids, but on that night he and I were the only ones. The weird yellow glow of the fluorescent lights danced off his hairy body. I nearly knocked over a box of soap powder as I stared at him.

He leaned against the dryer, watching it rotate. He propped one arm high over his head, exposing his underarm. With his free hands, he played with his chest hair, twisting little tufts between thumb and forefinger. If he noticed me staring, he gave no sign. He played with the hair down his abdomen and scratched his box through the hole in his shorts. It drove me right up the wall. He yawned and stretched, scratching his box once more for good measure, then retreated to his car. He got a magazine to read, returned, and sat down in a chair near me. When he caught me gawking, I quickly looked away. Later, when he checked to see if I was still giving him the once-over, he of course discovered that I was.

He laid his magazine aside and turned his trunk this way and that, showing off his lats. Then he stood up and moved in my direction, smiling.

"How's it going?" I asked, trying to sound casual.

"Let me tell you, they do! Along towards the end, it's the worst. She can't sleep. She's up and down all night. And she won't give me any. That's the worst! It's hell!" He rubbed his box. "Been nearly two months since I've had any. I'll be damned glad when that kid gets here! If I can hold out that long."

I locked eyes with him. "That's too bad," I said, sounding genuinely concerned. "I understand your predicament." I looked at his crotch. "I think I might be able to help you out... if you're not too bashful," I said brazenly.

"I'm not bashful," he said, twisting his torso slightly.

"I learned a few tricks overseas that might help you," I continued.

"Oh, yeah? Don't tell me about cold showers and all that shit. I've tried that. They only work for about twenty seconds. Then it gets hard and horny all over again."

"That *wasn't* what I had in mind."

He looked around to make sure the place was still deserted, then walked into the restroom. It was around the corner from the front. I could see him, but no one from the street could. He left the door open and stood in front of the john, directly in my line of vision. Slowly, he unbuttoned the shorts and reached inside, pulling out his

hair. I grasped the base of it and let my lips glide over the head, licking the hard, bright red tip of his fleshy rod.

He gasped and groaned. "Yeah, that's the way!" he sighed, and then he began to laugh.

"What's so funny?" I asked, grinning with him, tickling his shaft with my fingers. My tongue moved down the back side and worked on his balls.

"Well," he began. "Oh, God, that feels good!"

"Yeah?" I asked, wondering why he was chuckling.

"Don't be offended," he said. "Shit, you really know how to use your tongue!"

"Tell me!" and I caressed his large balls with my left hand until they got firm.

"Well, with that beard," he said, "your face sort of reminds me of a cunt!"

I laughed, too. "As many dicks as it's had poked in it, it should!"

I went down on him again and started royally sucking that prime piece of cockmeat. I made a smooth motion up and down and around, which had him up on tiptoes and panting.

"That's the way, man!" he whispered. "Work it over!"

I made three more good licks, really starting to get my suck rhythm.

"Suck it!" he said. "Yeah! Suck my dick." Up and down, up and down, I sucked. "Right on target!" he gasped. "God, you're good!" He threw his head back and closed his eyes.

I usually have some warning before it happens—a groan, a tensing of the body, the trick pulling my hair. But with him, there wasn't the slightest hint. Without any warning, he shot off in my mouth. Thick wads of his cum erupted in an unending flow. He hadn't been kidding about not getting off for a while. He filled my mouth and kept spewing; my tongue was like a raft caught in a flash flood of foaming hot cum. At last, his dick began to go limp. He pulled away, hiked up his shorts, and bolted from the room without a word.

Selfish bastard! I splashed some cold water on my face and returned to my work, smiling from ear to ear. Oh, well, I thought. He enjoyed it. I enjoyed it. That's thanks enough. What a delightful little interlude. And so unexpected. I'd have liked it to last longer, but one has to take what comes, so to speak.

I was folding the last of my laundry when his car pulled back up. Strange, I thought.

He hadn't been kidding about not getting off for a while. He filled my mouth and kept spewing; my tongue was like a raft caught in a flash flood of hot cum.

He smiled. "Pretty good. I can't complain." He groped himself.

"I'm used to the place being more crowded."

"I hardly ever come here," he said. "My wife usually takes care of it. She hasn't gotten home from her trip, so I'm stuck. I hate doing laundry."

The fact that he was married slowed me down, but it didn't deter me. "You been married long?"

"Long enough!" he laughed. "Don't get me wrong, it's fine. But sometimes..." He looked me right in the eye, silently telling me what I wanted to hear.

"Sometimes... what?"

"Well, she's pregnant, and women get mighty ornery when they're expecting. You know?"

"No, I don't."

dick. It was beautiful and uncut. He milked the head of it, eyeing me, and then took a leak. He had pushed his underwear down so that his large balls hung over the top of the wad of material.

"Should I or shouldn't I?" ran through my mind. I figured, "Why not?" and joined him, locking the door behind me. He finished, flushed the john, and stood hands on hips with his dick hanging out.

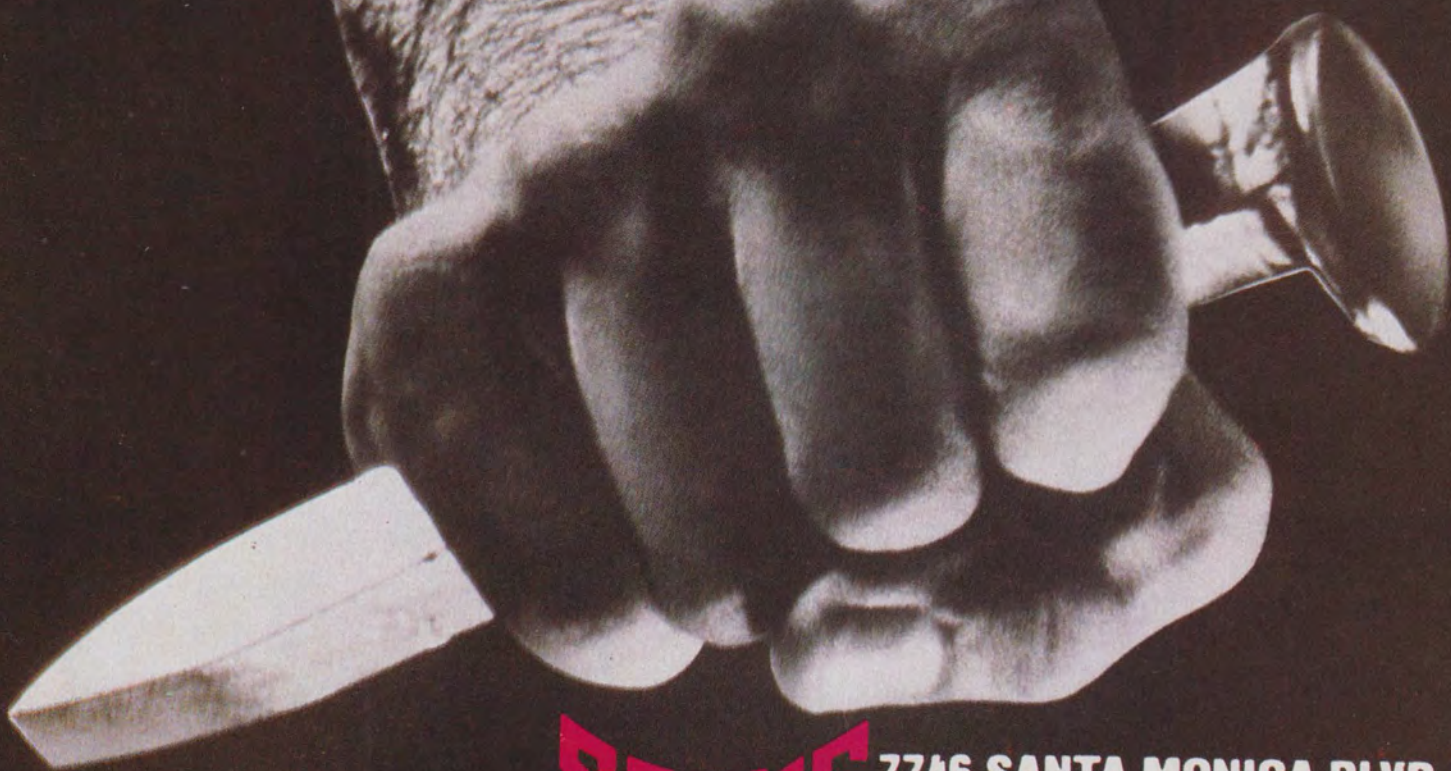
"We'll have to make this quick," I whispered, reaching for the waistband of his shorts.

"It won't take long!" His dick stiffened and began to swell.

I pulled his shorts and underwear to his knees, allowing his hardening dick to stand free. It was about eight inches long, and surrounded by thick brown



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He came right up to me, looking slightly embarrassed.

"Well, hello," I said. "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

"Hi," he replied.

Maybe he'd decided once was not enough. "How the hell are you?" I asked.

"I was... wondering..." he began.

"Yeah?"

"I was wondering... if you're any good at... giving back rubs?"

"A past master of the art," I said.

"I live real close. Maybe you could drop by before you go home... and give my back a few cracks... before—"

"You mean tonight?"

"Sure. My wife's bus is over an hour late."

"Okay. Why don't I follow you in my car?"

"I live real close by."

I threw my laundry haphazardly in the car. I believe in striking while the iron is hot, and his was definitely hot. We said very little as he unlocked the door and led me into his dark house. He was extremely nervous, and I didn't want to upset him. We walked down the hall to his bedroom, where he fell on the bed like a ton of bricks making the springs squeak. He didn't say a word, he just lay there like a big, muscular blow-up doll. Typical trade. Well, I wasn't asking for stimulating conversation. I grasped his strong shoulders and kneaded them, straddling his wide hips.

"This where it hurts?" I asked.

"Lower than that," he said.

I moved my hands to the center of his back and gave it several good nudges. The hair leading under his shorts scratched my fingers.

"Here?" I asked.

"Lower than *that*."

My hands moved to the waistband of his shorts. I let my fingers reach to the skin under them, to his ass mounds.

"Now you're getting to it," he said.

I pulled the shorts down enough to expose half the crack of his ass. The tuft of hair starting in the small of his back and running into the dark crevice got me going. Hair fanned out over the entire surface of his cheeks. God, it turned me on! My hands moved onto his firm mounds and then into the crack itself.

"Yeah, that's where it needs attention," he whispered. "A lot of attention!"

I pulled the shorts all the way off and squeezed his firm ass. It was as

hard as the rest of his body. My fingers rubbed between his legs and tickled his balls, which were just slightly accessible. I pushed his legs apart and teased the hairy asshole itself.

"That's where it really needs some serious rubbing," he said.

"Say, man," I said. "You want me to fuck you? Is that it?"

He looked over his shoulder and nodded yes.

"You got to tell me," I said, enjoying it. He obviously didn't want to admit it.

"That's what I want you to do," he said.

"Speak a little louder. Tell me what you want. I want to hear you say it!"

"I... I want you to... fuck me!" he said at last.

"All right!"

There was a tube of lubricant on the nightstand—probably left from the last time he fucked his wife. I greased him up and brought the head of my dick close, stroking without actually entering his body. My cockhead made contact with the tickly hair of his ass, and a blast of heat from it titillated me.

"Come on!" he begged.

"And do what?" I teased.

"Give it to me!"

I slipped a couple of inches in and met no resistance at all. Four inches went in as smooth as silk. I figured he'd be able to take all nine inches of my cock, but when I'd gotten a little over half of it in, he balked.

"I can't take any more," he whispered. "That's all I can handle."

"We'll see," I said, and stopped shoving. Instead, I rotated what was already inside around in his ass, gradually broadening my arc, stretching his muscle. He whimpered with pleasure.

"Relax it," I crooned in his ear, caressing the trembling walls of his ass with my rod. "Let your whole body relax."

As the rigid walls eased a little, I gave him another inch and he balked again. "That's it," he said. "No more!"

We kept this up until I was entirely in him, and he was inching up towards the headboard in a slow crawl, trying to free himself from the stake I was grinding in his ass. But he didn't really want to get away from it. He loved every stiff inch, and he never once quit murmuring with pleasure. He gasped and groaned like a kid with a new toy. We moved all over the bed, him crawling and me fucking. At last

my body began its final assault and I knew my peak was nearing. I quickened my fuck strokes and really socked it to him. I timed my thrusts with his gasps, and then my own moaning began as the tip of my dick tingled with the ultimate burst of excitement. My whole body quivered. His ass gripped my dick; he was trying to prolong my final attack.

"Don't come yet," he begged. It was too late.

"Oh, man," I cried, "hold on. Here it is!"

My first shot of cum rushed inside him like a runaway freight train, coursing hotly through his insides. His ass twitched and writhed, and he ground his own hard-on into the bedspread. I hunched again and again into the hairy hotness of his ass, and he chewed a pillow, but not stifling the groans of happiness pouring from him. I rocked up and down, all nine inches rammed inside of him, spewing.

Suddenly he let out a loud, protracted scream. His own hard-on plowed along the bedspread and shot a stream of cum at least two feet—a long, sticky thread as thick as paint. Little bursts of even thicker cum gurgled out the head like whipped cream. I reached up and stroked his hot shaft, my fingers sliding with his cum. I milked more out, until a small lake soaked into the spread. Gradually, our passion decreased, and we both started back down to earth, exhausted and exhilarated.

"Damn," he said. "I'm going to have to rush back to the washeteria and get this cleaned up before my wife comes home!"

I cleaned myself on the corner of the bedspread and reached for my clothes. "I'd be careful. At this hour of the night, you meet the damndest people out!"

He smiled. "I may start going there regularly, if you're going to be there," he said.

"I'll be there. And here's my office number," I said, giving him my business card.

"And... maybe," he said, slowly, "I can try it out on you."

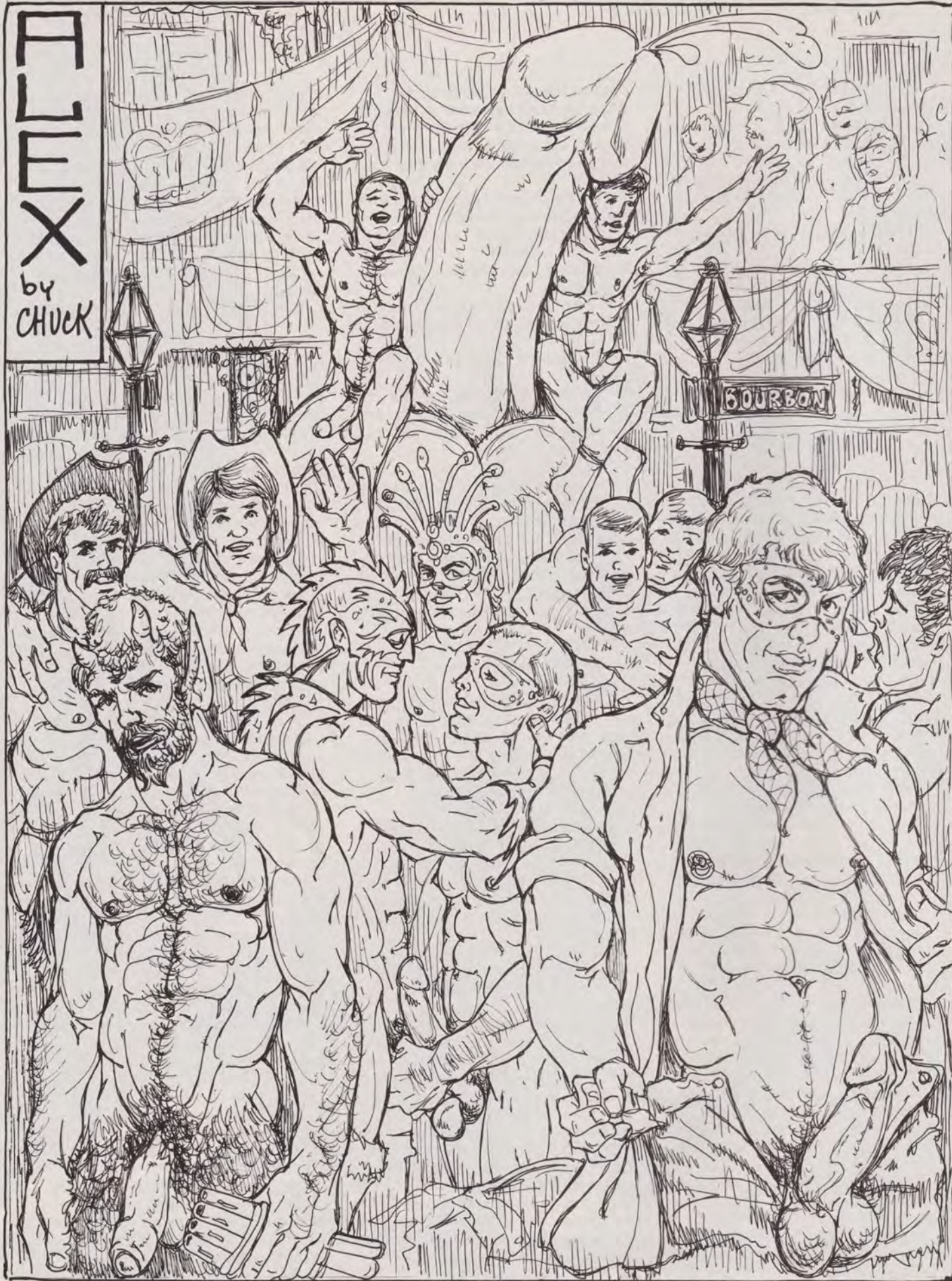
"You mean you want to try your hand at cocksucking?"

"I think I want to give it a try," he admitted quietly.

"Give me a call," I said. "I'm ready when you are!" I smiled to myself as I got into my car, thinking about the old saying, "Today's trade is tomorrow's competition!" ■

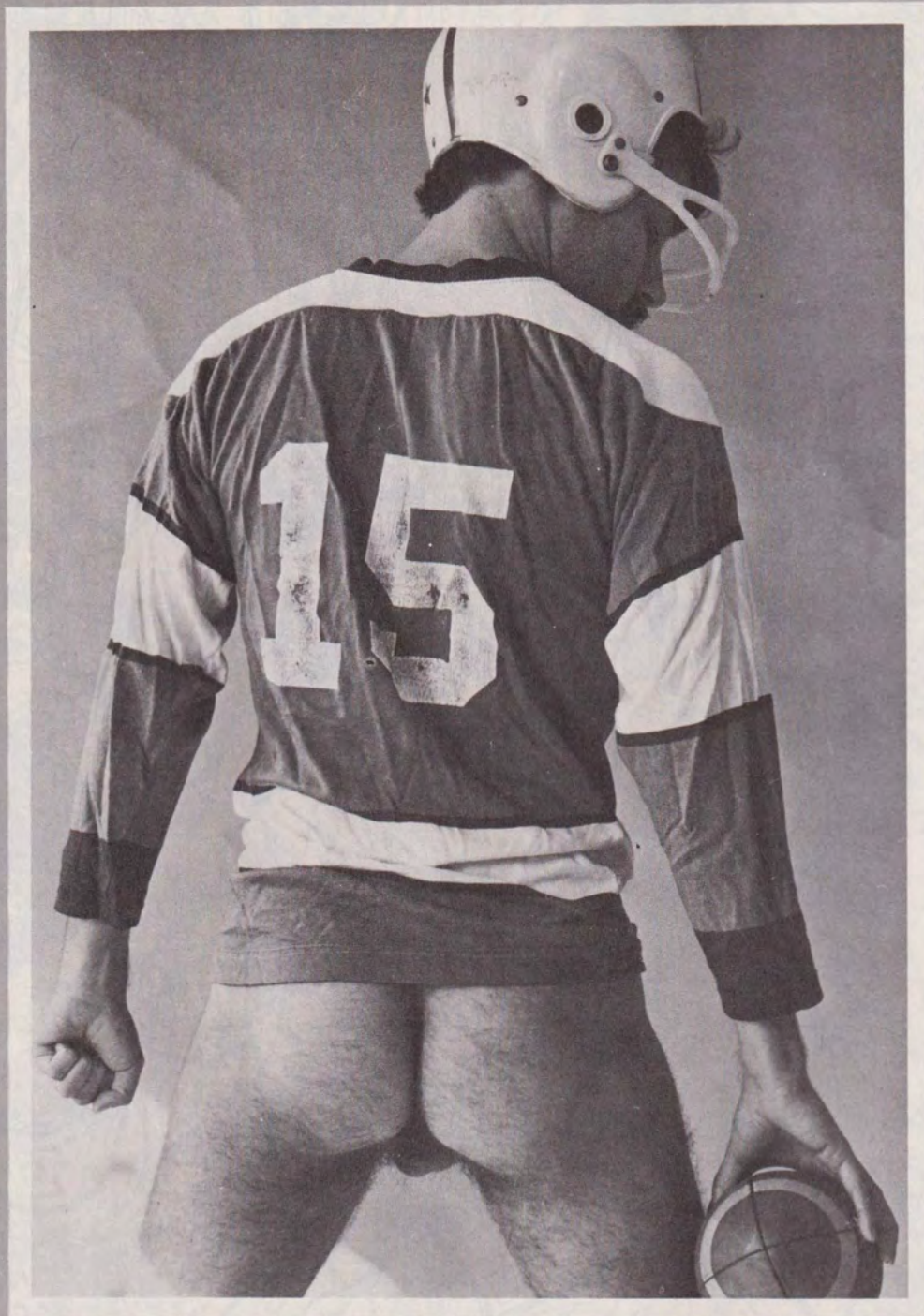
ALEX

by
CHUCK





TOUCH DOWN



LIKE ALL ATHLETES, THIS GUY HAS HIDDEN EQUIPMENT THAT IS JUST AS INTERESTING AS HIS HELMET AND SHOULDER PADDING. MAYBE EVEN MORE SO. AND GET A LOAD OF THAT CONDOM HE'S WEARING ON HIS DICK—HE MUST BE PLANNING TO FUCK SOME MUSCLE PUSSY AFTER THE BIG GAME. ARE YOU HIS DATE?

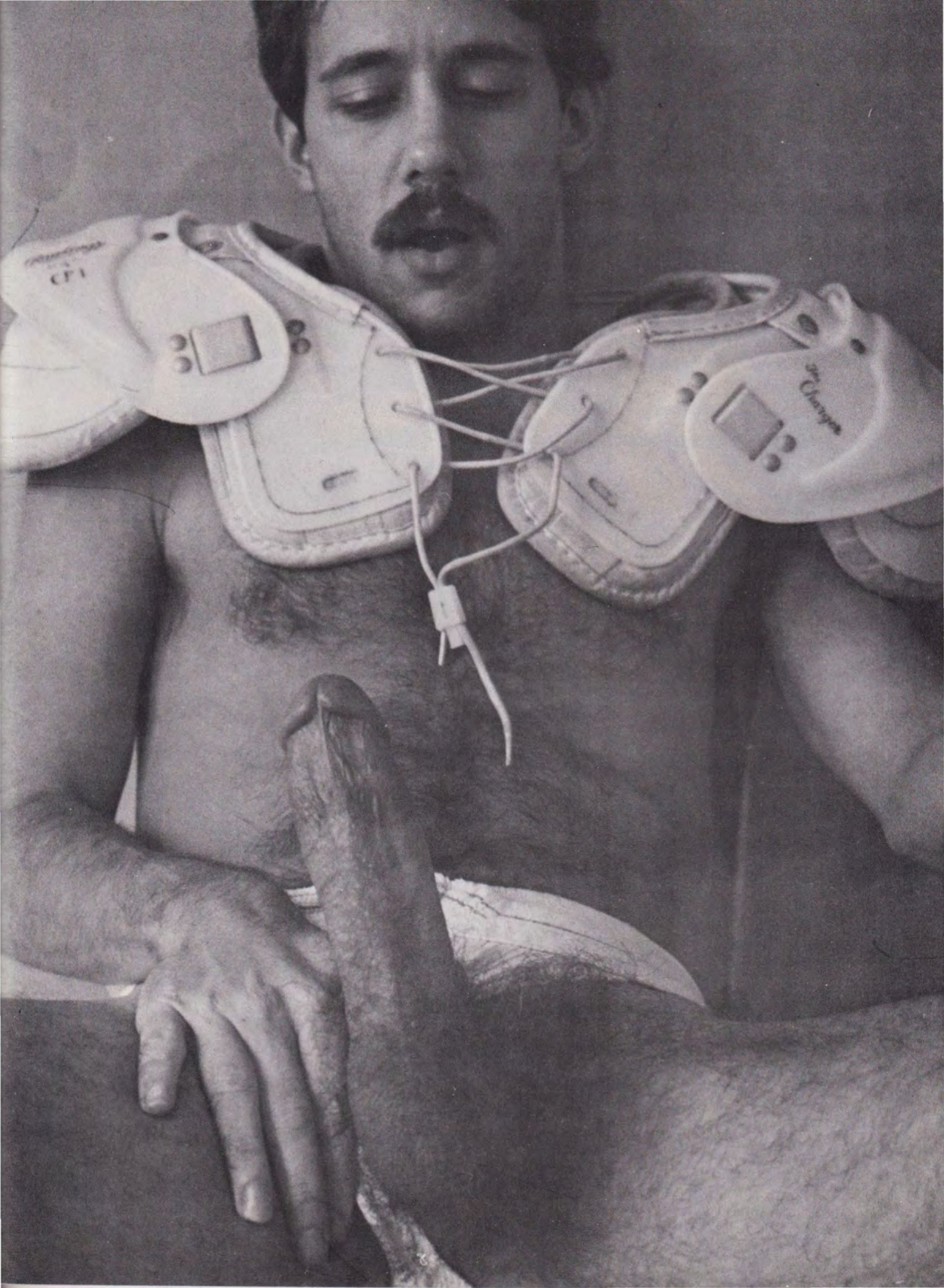


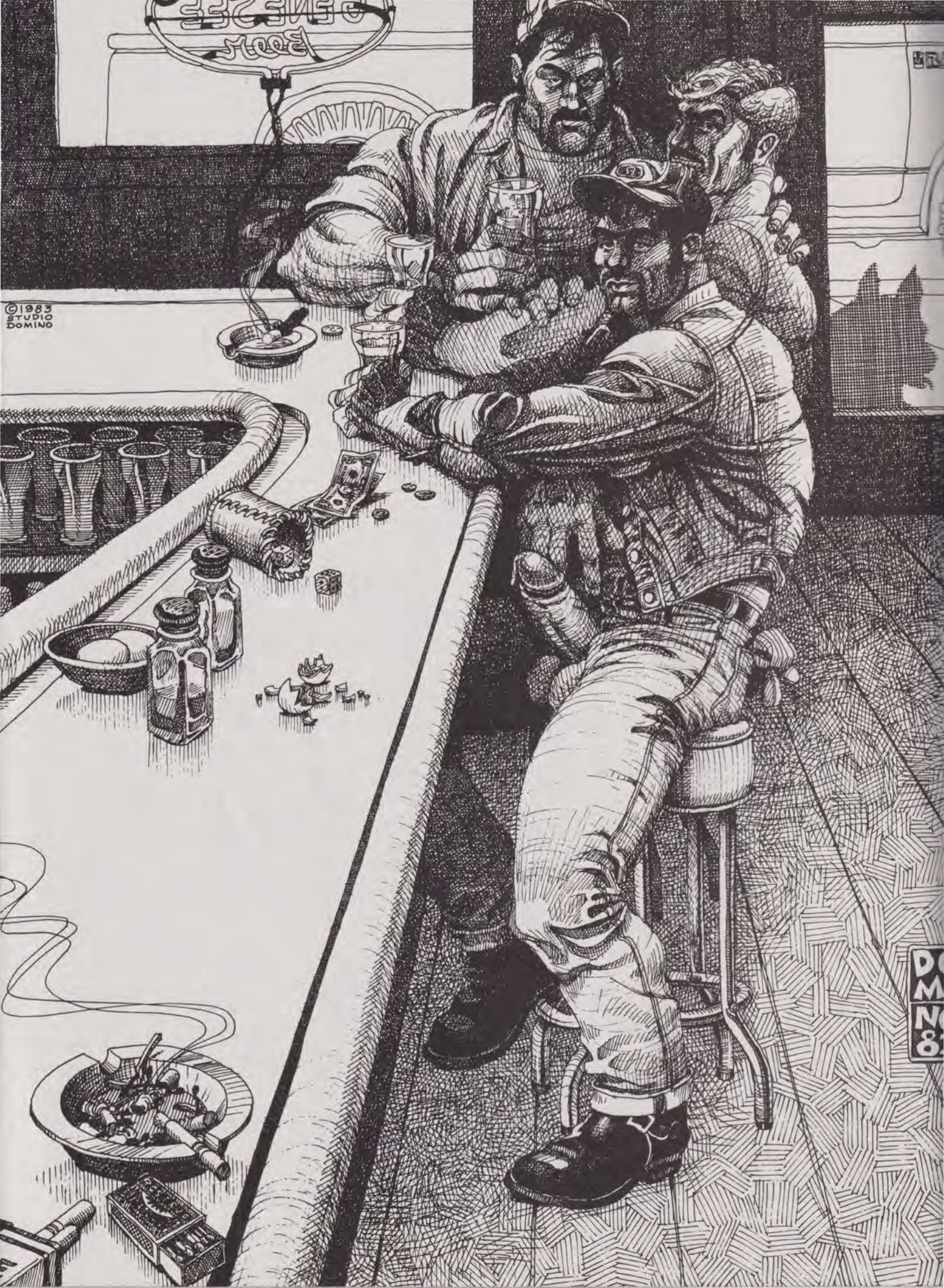


TOUCH DOWN

DOWN ON ALL FOURS, COCK-SUCKER. EAT THIS FUCKING PIECE OF MEAT. YEAH, THAT'S IT. GIVE THIS JOCK THE KIND OF HEAD HE'S BEEN NEEDING. HERE COMES A BLAST OF HOT CUM—YOU DID IT! TOUCHDOWN!







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Kevin got nervous after he had waited for five minutes. What if the truckdriver never showed up at all? What would that make Kevin—just a cocksucker without a cock to suck?

FUCK STOP

By Roland Graeme • Illustration by Domino

Kevin's sexual experience was limited: until recently he had been just another horny male, fantasizing constantly and constantly masturbating. The erotic tensions contained in his powerfully developed young body usually shot out into his hand. His sex life had begun conventionally enough with a girl, a tramp who hung out with the athletes at the local high school and who had gone to bed with almost all of them at one time or another (and in various combinations). Kevin had made a name for himself on the football team during his first year of high school, so that even if he'd been unattractive, the girls would have flung themselves at him.

His first slut threw herself at him, indeed, one night in the back of his pickup truck. He lost his cherry to her (hers had vanished long before) when he plunged his inexperienced dick in and out of her insatiable cunt until they both exploded in orgasm.

Several similar experiences, however, made it clear to Kevin that he really wasn't getting much out of heterosexual fucking. At least, it didn't seem so wonderful to him,

despite the fuss all his fellow jocks made about pussy. To Kevin, it was just a way to get his rocks off—nothing more. He sometimes thought he preferred a good handjob to a warm, hot cunt-hole.

Shortly after his sixteenth birthday, he and some friends had gone into town, gotten their signals crossed, and the upshot was that Kevin had been left behind without a cent in his pockets. It was late at night and all he could do was hit the streets and try to hitch a ride back to the suburbs.

After a long wait, Kevin was surprised to see a big rig slow down. He knew that truckers weren't supposed to pick up hitchhikers, technically. But this van stopped for him. Kevin gratefully climbed up to the cab and got in, settling on the cold leather seat beside the driver, who was a thick-set, muscular type about thirty-five. He had a strong jaw, tanned face, blue-gray eyes and brown hair. He wore jeans—every bit as faded and tight-fitting as Kevin's own—and a polo shirt, which wasn't exactly standard truckdriver's attire, but which showed off his heavy

chest and bulging biceps.

"Frank's the name," he volunteered.

"I'm Kevin."

"Kind of late for you to be out, isn't it?"

"I lost my ride home," Kevin explained where he lived.

"I can drop you off there without going too far out of my way," Frank said.

"Great."

They chatted for some time as the truck sped through the quiet, dark night. Then Frank said, "Look at what I bought myself today." He pulled a manila envelope out from under the seat and handed it to Kevin.

Kevin opened it automatically and pulled out the magazine he found inside. He had never seen anything quite like the unblushingly pornographic photographs the magazine contained. Each photo showed a man and a woman fucking in various positions. Then, several pages were devoted to a step-by-step photo essay showing the woman sucking the guy's long, hard, thick cock. The final pictures showed him shooting his load, with sperm

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blasting all over her face and dribbling down her panting, eager lips.

"Holy shit," Kevin muttered. "This is pretty hot stuff." He felt his meat beginning to harden inside his tight jeans as he examined the cocksucking sequence more closely. He easily imagined himself in the man's place, with those willing lips wrapped snugly around his dick.

"Have a drink," Frank offered, passing a bottle of bourbon to Kevin, who swallowed a big mouthful and passed it back. The driver eagerly closed his lips around the neck of the bottle and tipped it up. "That bitch looks like she knows how to give good head," he commented lewdly. "Hey—you ever had a blow-job?"

"Well—no," Kevin admitted. He didn't see any point in trying to impress Frank by lying about it. The various girls he had made it with would never suck him. As much as he begged them to, they wouldn't put what they usually referred to as *that dirty thing* into their mouths; just up their cunts.

"Yeah? That's hard to believe—a good-looking young kid like you. Some guys like a good suck-off better than pussy, you know. You feel somebody's smooth lips, nice and warm and wet, right down over your meat. Then you feel a tongue dig into the really sensitive spots, licking away, and oh man! And once a cock slips deep down a tight hot throat, once a cock gets sucked on like there was milk to suck out of it, then shit, kid, I'm telling you there just ain't nothing like it in the world! You want to see how it feels?"

Kevin knew he should get out of the truck. But he sat still and said nothing. Conflicting emotions welled up within him, and he quivered with excitement and nervousness at the prospect of letting Frank blow him. His dick pressed even harder against his jeans. He felt the truck make a turn; they were going off onto a dark side road. Then he felt a big, calloused hand push between his legs and cup itself nonchalantly around his meat. Frank began to exert a steady, confident pressure, gently kneading the hot meat imprisoned beneath the buttons of Kevin's fly.

"You like that, don't you?" Frank whispered heatedly, his breath rasping over the edges of his teeth. "I can tell you like it. Jesus, that's a big goddamned rod you've got inside those jeans. Spread your legs a little, let me get at it. That's right. I'm go-

ing to keep working your big hot dick, baby, and your balls, too, until you can't stand it any more. You're going to have to ram it down my throat. I won't hurt you, don't be nervous. In fact, Kevin, you're going to enjoy every cocksucking second of this."

The truck rolled to a stop in the shadow of a huge tree at the edge of a deserted field. Kevin remained motionless, wanting it and yet not wanting it, afraid but almost helpless with desire.

The hand so busy between his legs now climbed up to Kevin's belt buckle and began to loosen it. Kevin felt the hand undo the buttons of his jeans, one by one, spreading open his fly. He dared not look down. Then the fingers, alive and warm inside his pants, caressed and fondled his balls, then pulled out his cock.

Kevin looked down. His dick stood straight out from his jeans. Frank's big warm hand was wrapped around the lower part of it, squeezing the shaft with gentle firmness.

"You've got a really big one," Frank whispered. "There are damned few cocks like that around! You're not cut, either. . . not circumcised. . . mint condition, I like that. Shit, look at all the foreskin, and that big fat head peeping through. Fuck!"

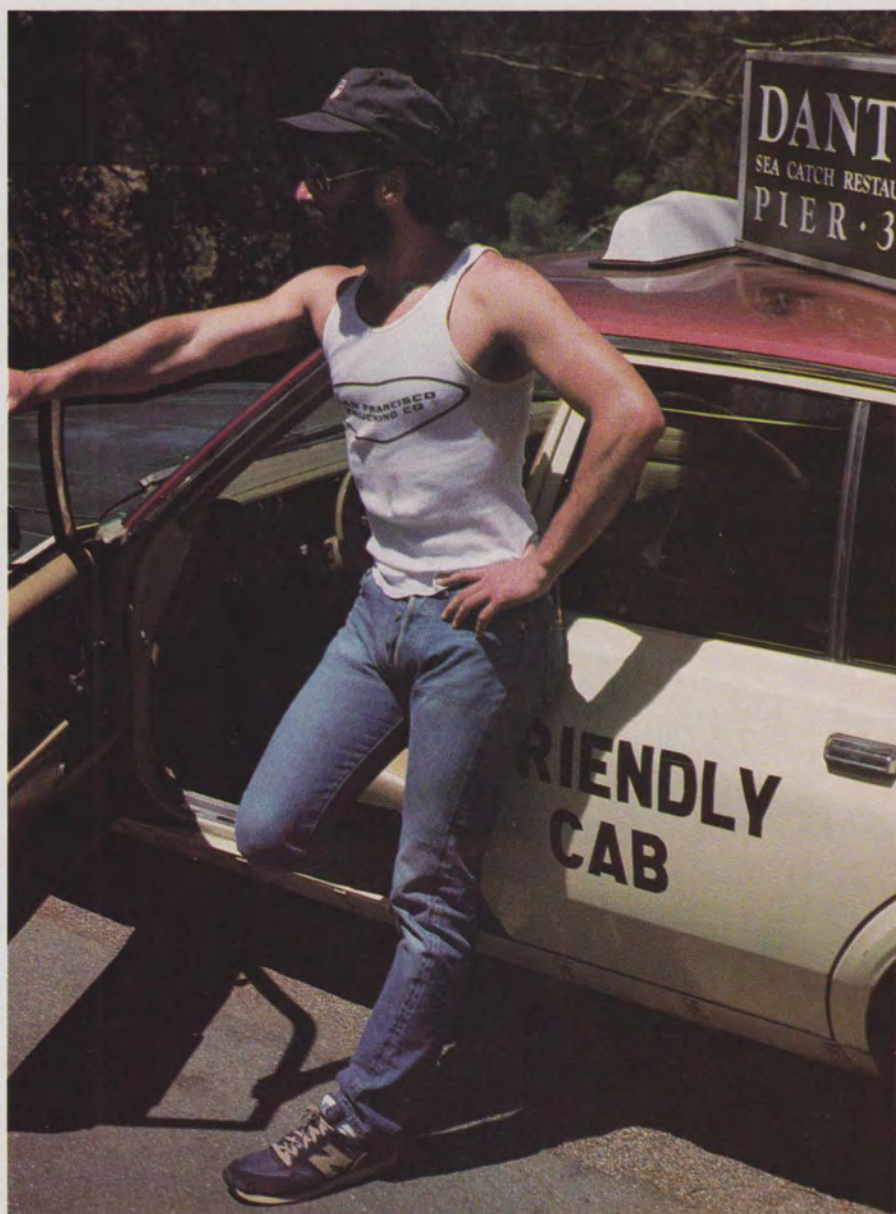
Frank lowered his head into Kevin's lap. Kevin felt his dick, the shaft of which was still tightly clasped in the trucker's hand, being captured by something warm and wet and slippery. He gasped as Frank's head began to move up and down. He had never dreamed anything could feel so good! And Frank went on and on, as though he would be perfectly delighted to suck on Kevin's cock all night. Hell, yes, Kevin thought, it did beat pussy—that hot, wet, tight, hard-moving mouth-flesh around his cock, like a whirlpool sucking in the body of a drowning man.

"Suck it, man. . . suck it!" Kevin finally dared to moan. "Suck it!"

His outburst seemed to inspire his cocksucker to even greater urgency. Within seconds, the pleasure became so intense it was unbearable. Kevin arched upward off the seat with all his strength, fucking his meat into Frank's mouth, ramming it brutally down the man's engorged throat. Frank only ate it harder and faster, more eagerly. Suddenly Kevin groaned, fought back a shout, and fired his first thick wad of cream into Frank's mouth.

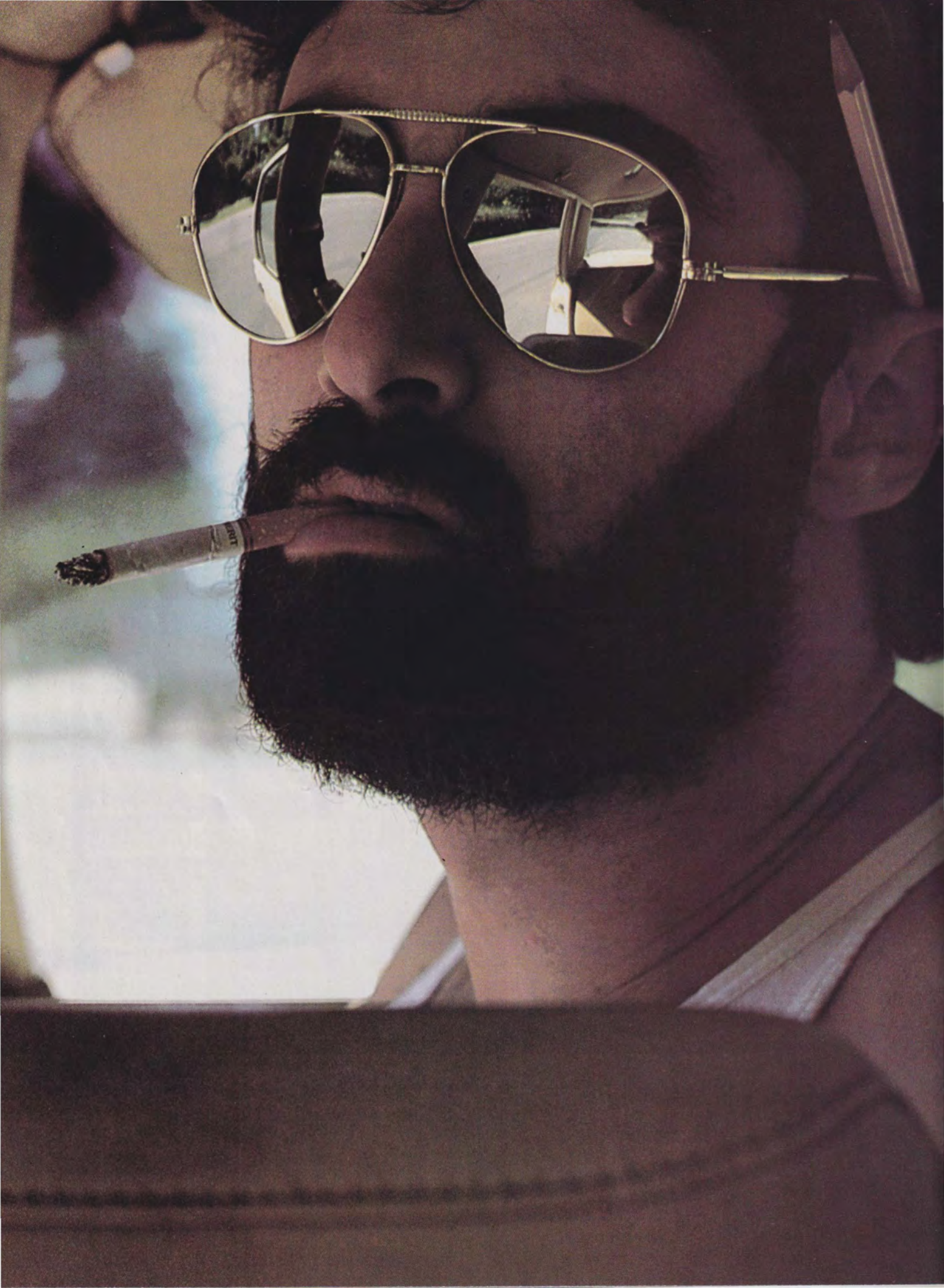
Continued to page 29

CABBIE



"I'VE BEEN A SAN FRANCISCO CABBIE FOR TWO YEARS NOW, AND I'M GONNA STICK WITH IT. I HATE BEING INDOORS ALL DAY, IN SOME GODDAM OFFICE OR STORE, AND DRIVING A CAB GIVES ME A LOT OF FREEDOM. ONLY PROBLEM IS, SOME DAYS I GET SO HORNY SEEING ALL THE HOT MEN IN THE STREETS I HAVE TO TAKE A J/O BREAK."

SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY MATTHEW E. NEWMAN



CABBIE



"I DRIVE OUT TO GOLDEN GATE PARK AND FIND A SECLUDED SPOT. I PARK THE CAB AND LIGHT UP A JOINT OF GOOD HERB. ONCE I'M FEELING NICE AND MELLOW FROM THE SMOKE I START FEELING MYSELF UP, THEN I RIP OPEN MY JEANS AND LET THE SUN WARM MY DICK AND ASS. AS IF THEY NEEDED ANY EXTRA HEAT!"

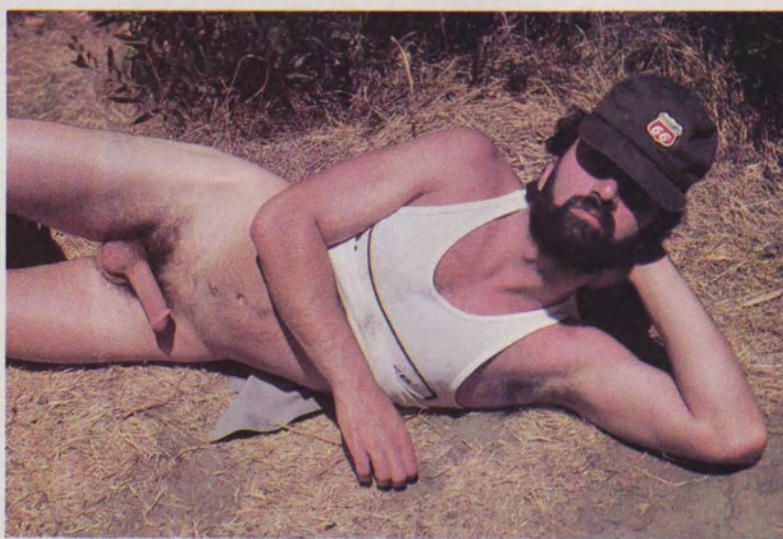


CABBIE



"ONE THING THAT REALLY GETS ME GOING IS TO SIT BEHIND THE WHEEL, SO I CAN SEE MYSELF IN THE REAR-VIEW MIRROR. THEN I ROLL MY T-SHIRT UP ABOVE MY TITS SO I CAN PLAY WITH THEM WHILE I JACK OFF. ANOTHER THING THAT TURNS ME ON IS THE FEEL OF THE VINYL UPHOLSTERY ON MY BARE ASS. BY NOW I'M SO HOT I'M ON THE VERGE OF POPPING MY ROCKS."

CABBIE



"EVEN THOUGH I COULD CUM RIGHT NOW, I HOLD OFF. WHAT'S THE HURRY, ANYWAY? I HOP OUT OF THE CAB AND STRETCH OUT ON THE GROUND. I BEAT MY MEAT SOME MORE, AND JUST AS I'M ABOUT TO SHOOT, I HEAR SOME NOISE IN THE BUSHES. THIS HANDSOME GUY IN A SUIT COMES OUT WIPING HIS MOUTH. WHEN HE SEES ME, HE DECIDES HE WANTS TO TAKE A RIDE ON MY BIG DICK, SO NATURALLY I OBLIGE. I EVEN TURN OFF THE METER."





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FUCK STOP

Continued from page 20

Turgid wads of sperm followed one another, bursting from Kevin's arching, trembling body. When it was all over, Kevin sank back against the leather seat, breathing hard. Frank curved his lips slowly up around Kevin's cockshaft, then pulled off it completely. He licked the tip of the depleted organ with his tongue before he finally sat up.

"Do... did you swallow that stuff?" Kevin asked him in amazement.

"Sure! Nothing harmful about it. Are you that new to this scene?" Kevin nodded.

"I remember the first time I got my joint done," Frank laughed. As Frank reminisced, Kevin relaxed and drank more whiskey when Frank offered it. Kevin felt ambivalent about taking part in a homosexual act, even as a passive recipient of oral attention. The booze, however, helped him to overcome his reticence. And so, strangely enough, so did the odor in the truck cab—the maleness of two aroused bodies, of crotch, jeans, sweat, cum, bourbon.

"Hold the bottle for me," Frank said. He opened his fly and took out his cock. It wasn't remarkably long, but it was big, and getting thicker as Frank worked it with his hand. As it grew completely hard, Frank held it up like a mast and said, "Now, this baby has been around some. I like to suck, you know, feel all that hot cum blasting into my mouth and down my throat. But I like to get mine sucked off, too. How about it, kid? Think you could handle it?"

"I—I've never done it," Kevin stared at the other guy's dick with an odd mixture of revulsion and lust.

"I'll tell you what—just put your hand around it. Just like it was a nice hot piece of pipe. There—yeah, that feels good! Now, give it a little squeeze. Shit, that's great. Come on, Kevin. You're looking at it. You're feeling it. It looks good, right? And it feels good? Well? Listen, I swear to you, it's clean. I'm not a dirty kind of guy. Come on. Go down on it, just a little."

Kevin looked down at the throbbing cock he was holding in his hand. He knew he shouldn't do it; he didn't want to become a cocksucker, but he was tempted. He wanted to try it. He bent down to Frank's lap and slowly let the truckdriver's meat

slip into his mouth. He felt that what he was doing was awful, criminal, immoral... but he knew, at the same time, that it was the right thing for him to be doing. Somehow, he was destined to have this dick in his mouth. The cock seemed to swell even larger once it was between Kevin's lips. It climbed deeper into his mouth, toward his throat. It tasted pungent. Kevin sat up again, gasping, shuddering.

"I can't do it. I'm afraid I'll puke."

"That's okay, kid. Will you beat me off?"

Kevin still had the moist prick in his hand. He began to move his hand up and down on the thick piece of meat, smearing his saliva over it. Feeling horny again himself, he began to beat his own rod with his other hand.

"Yeah! Oh, yeah," Frank sighed. "Harder, kid, harder. Yeah! Fuck! Flog that dick of mine! Beat that mother! Ahh shit, I'm coming, man!"

A white blob of cream leaped upward and fell onto Kevin's pumping hand, followed by the thick cum which poured forth from the tip of Frank's dick. Kevin beat his own meat more urgently, and in a few moments, he erupted a second load into his own hand. The heavy, funky odor of jism filled the truck cab. Kevin was almost sickened by it but he also felt strangely relieved and calm.

Soon they were rolling again. When Kevin got out of the truck a block from his house, Frank leaned over toward him and said, "Hey, Kevin. You know the Genesee Truck Stop, near where I picked you up?"

"Sure." Kevin and his buddies had eaten at the combined gas station and diner several times; it was a popular hangout.

"I'll be there next Friday in my car,

Continued to page 66

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FUCK BUDDIES

BY PHILLIP PEREIERE
PHOTO BY ARTHUR TRESS

I was unprepared for the change that had come over Marc. We had been fuck-buddies for years, but now he had become a brutal, dominant master. "Strip that shirt, asshole," he commanded. "Drop on your knees and take a slave's position."

Bustin' ass to work all your life and fight the Moral Majority establishment is a ball-buster! I've seen too many good guys drop over dead when they retired. My dad retired at sixty-five and dropped dead three months later. Uncle Joe let go at sixty after a lifetime of ball-bustin' farm work. Sure, they all piled up money, bonds, securities, and properties. And then left it all to me! But I didn't need it. There are too many cocks to be sucked, faces to be fucked, and closets to be opened for me to wait around 'til I'm too old to enjoy them. Right now at forty-five, I'm in my prime and financially independent. So, last week I got my adrenaline flowing and with balls-out guts, I walked into the office of the senior partner and blew his buttoned-down mind. I quit; resigned; abdicated; retired.

The only part I'll miss about working is Marcus Santori. We were both junior partners in the firm. We both kept a very low profile about our life style. Marc and I have been friends for a couple of years, and we have a damned good buddy-relationship by switching roles. Whenever we want to try out something new and different, we play bottom to each other for experimental sessions. We have served

our apprenticeships as bottoms and now we are damned good tops. We really don't have to fight off all the cock-hungry would-be slaves crowding us, but then again, when we do a night of leather cruising, we never go home alone.

When I told Marc I was quitting the firm and moving down to my dad's country home, I knew he envied me. But he was also happy for me at the same time. Marc was one of the firm's architects, so I persuaded him to design a dungeon for my new home: I promised that he could use it any time if he helped me build it. After all, it's not the kind of renovating that you hire an unknown contractor for. I ordered dungeon equipment: stocks, a slave cage, a work table, a couple of racks, special lighting units, and enough rough-cut wood and bricks to make the right atmosphere for some hard reality sessions.

Marc decided to take his vacation and come down to the country with me for a couple of weeks so that we could finish the work in half the time.

We got a late start leaving the city because I had to finish arrangements for the heavy movers, have my mail forwarded, and close up my apart-

ment. By the time we picked up Marc's clothes, his gear, and a couple of new toys he had just bought, it was after dark. We had a two-hour drive ahead of us, and by the time we had unloaded the station wagon and got settled it was after midnight. The trip down to the country was mostly in silence. We both wanted to get into a try-out session with his new equipment, but we were tired and so we agreed to sack out until the next day. I knew Marc was as lonesome as I was and now, since I was leaving the corporation, we wouldn't be seeing each other as often as usual. Even though both of us had as many tricks as we wanted, we both had the one thing in common: S & M relationships that both ended tragically. I had lost my master-lover four years ago due to massive coronary. Marc's slave-lover was killed by a mob of "queer-bashers," a victim of ultimate necrosadism. We both have been alone ever since. Each of us has been playing the field, picking up anyone who wanted to get into safe and sane eroticism.

Marc's boyish features and personality belie his forty-two years. He has no trouble picking up even the youngest of leather aficionados. When he's

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cruising the rough-trade, he never lies about his intentions, always keeping plenty of identification on the left. He's one of those guys who is living proof that "little is mighty." He weighs in at one hundred forty-five pounds, with a slim body that fits his five-foot-eight frame to perfection. His creamy olive skin, dark brown eyes, and thick curly black hair broadcast his Sicilian heritage.

Neither one of us had given any thought to becoming lovers; just sharing our S & M proclivities seemed enough. We were more fuck-buddies than anything else. We had both settled into our lives, and we were both afraid to take on any permanent arrangement for fear of getting hurt.

After we had unloaded everything and had a couple of drinks, I went to bed. I was exhausted from the tension of the last couple of weeks and I went to sleep immediately. I didn't hear Marc come to bed. When I woke up the next morning to the smell of bacon and eggs and the rich aroma of freshly brewed coffee, I knew Marc was up and at 'em. I lay in bed luxuriating in the cool touch of country air. I was glad to be beginning my retirement and happy to have a good fuck buddy to spend a couple of weeks with me.

The mouth watering smell of a country breakfast was driving me crazy, so I quickly slipped into old, worn levis, a t-shirt, and a pair of work boots. I ran into the kitchen and found Marc, ready for action. He was wearing full leather! His black chaps moulded his hips and legs like a second skin, exposing his thick meat nestled in a bed of jet black hair. His rod was at half-mast and the heavy bulbous piss-slit was oozing a rope of pre-cum. An open leather vest did little to hide the mat of black curly hair that surrounded his extended brown nipples. I knew I was in for it when I looked down at his feet. He was wearing a new pair of GI paratrooper boots, laced up with white leather-thong laces. A gleaming leather cycle cap topped his sardonic smile and tilted head. His greeting was a snarling demand: "Strip that shirt, asshole. Drop on your knees and take a slave's position."

He stood very quietly, his glittering eyes watching me steadily as I peeled the shirt and dropped to my knees without a question. I quivered with the thought that he was going to play a full session, not just try something new, so I positioned my hands behind my back and lowered my head. He

walked around behind me and roughly bound my wrists with a thick leather cord. Usually when we play the game, we have a pre-discussion and a few drinks, so I wasn't prepared for a surprise, especially first thing in the morning.

He displayed no hint of his usual sweet self. His voice snapped cruelly as he grabbed my hair, jerking my head up and back, and growling loudly, "You've had all the say between us so far, shithead, and now it's time for me to break you in my own way and bring you down to the level of a fuckin' worthless piece of slave-shit. Up 'til now, we've been playing games, reversing roles and experimenting. You've never had real action with me, and it's time you learned I don't fuck around when I want something. You've been acting the top macho man for so long you've forgotten what it's like to be a slave and serve a master without question."

Stepping around in front of me, he shoved my head down to his boots and ordered, "These are new boots, fuck-up, and I want them broken in. You'll be the first to suck and lick them and learn how to worship them because they're mine! Get your fuckin' tongue moving, asshole. I want these boots soaked with your spit until the new shine is off them."

My breath came quicker as I realized he meant business. He ground one boot onto the back of my neck, forcing my mouth to open and let the saliva flow onto the other boot. As I feverishly licked the thick smooth leather, I felt the first hot splash of his piss hitting the back of my head, splattering onto the tops of his boot and mixing with my spit to soak into the white laces and around the thick rubber soles. After I had licked them clean of piss, he ordered me to stand and brace at attention. He stepped back out of the puddle of piss and spoke: "You seemed to be in a hell of a hurry to get down here for some breakfast, shithead. So much of a hurry that you didn't go into the bathroom to relieve yourself. Is that right, asshole?"

Forgetting myself, I smiled and said, "I didn't expect to get into action so soon, Marc, but if that's the way you want it, I'll go along with you." As quickly as I had said it, he slapped me with two stinging blows across my mouth, spitting out a tirade of invective: "This is not a game now, scum. You're my slave now, and I'll use you any time and

any way I like. I'm going to break you, big man. Shit don't think, so what makes you think you have the right to make any decisions? You know the rules, cocksucker, and you know the punishment for disobedience. Do you understand what I'm saying to you, shithead?"

I didn't like what I was hearing, but there was little I could do about it. I knew Marc wouldn't give in, and I knew he was very serious. He had always resented his short stature, and I suspected he could be a mean son-of-a-bitch when he wanted to be. This was a different Marc from the one I knew, but then again, did I really know him? I knew I could trust him, but we had never discussed what our breaking points were. I knew he was into boots and heavy humiliation. Our relationship had been based more on physical than psychological eroticism. Using toys and restraints, and expanding limits had been our thing. Now use of mental dominance obviously was turning him on. His thick heavy rod was pulsating and oozing more pre-cum than I've ever seen from anyone.

"Get your fuckin' ass in groveling submission, fuckup!"

"Sir, yes Sir, I'm sorry I spoke out of turn, Sir." I answered in the military manner that I knew he wanted.

"Now you're catching on, scumbag. My orders are commands. I want them obeyed!" He kept on talking as he turned a kitchen chair around and straddled it, stretching his legs out and placing his booted feet on their heels. "You want your breakfast, asshole, you'll get your breakfast. I made it an hour ago for you, but you chose to lay in bed. You made me eat alone, so now I'm going to enjoy watching you eat yours from my boots, and when you're through, I want them licked clean and the piss on the floor sucked up!"

He took a platter from the table and dumped congealed fried eggs and potatoes, plus a bowl of cold oatmeal, onto each of his boots. He smashed the rest on the piss-soaked floor. "Get down and start eating like a fuckin' animal. And I want to hear you slurp it up, dog."

My pride turned to ashes, and as I hesitated he slashed me savagely across my cock and balls with a crop. I dropped quickly and attempted to eat the mess as he continued to slash the crop across my shoulders, urging me to eat faster and make animal noises. I don't know how long

Continued to page 65

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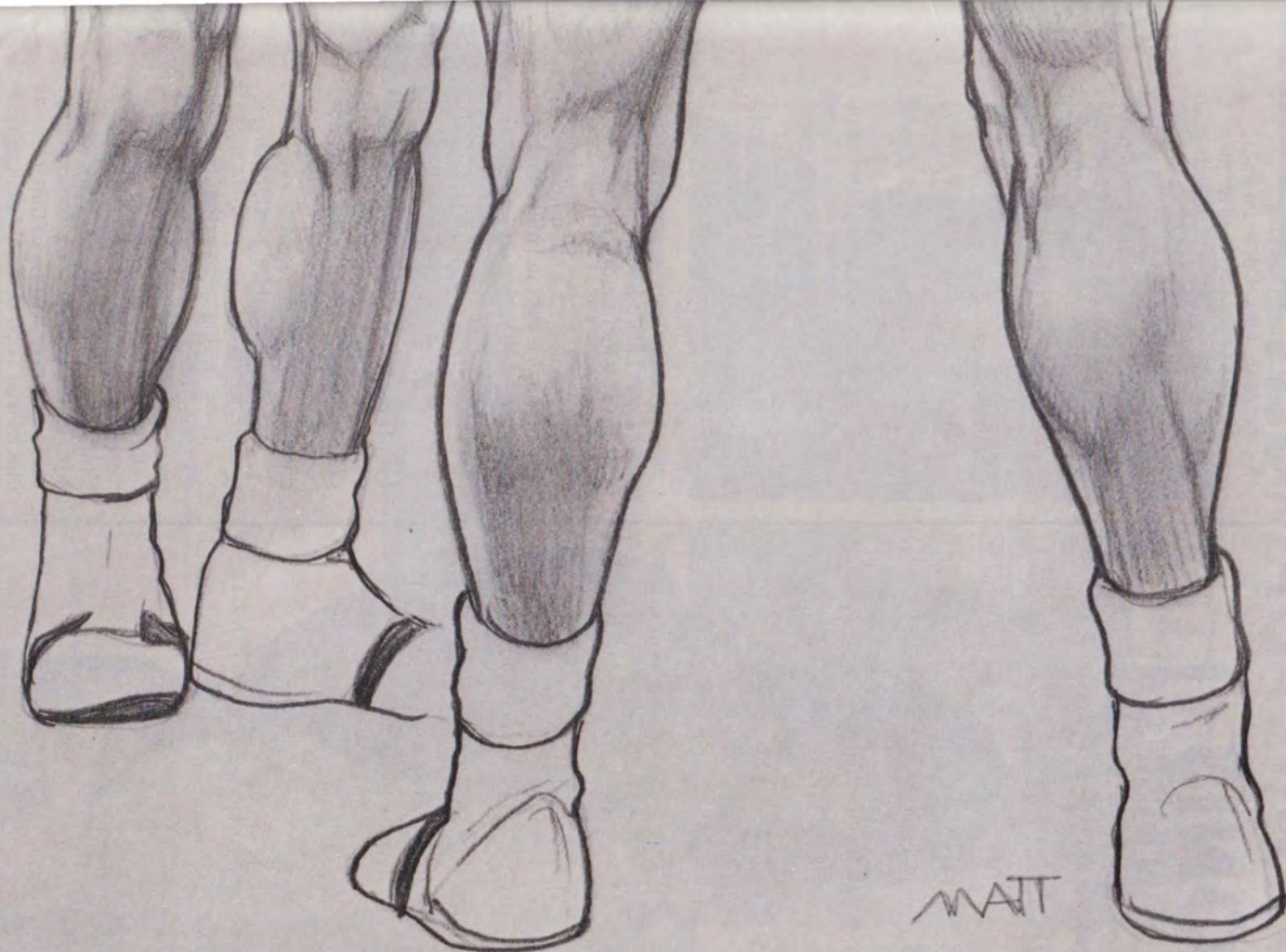
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DADDY'S BOY

By Robert Ralph • Illustration By Matt

I surveyed myself in the mirror once more and was happy with what I saw there. It bothered me a bit that I was so concerned with how I appeared to someone I'd never met, but that was the way I felt. My daily exercising paid off, and at forty-six, I still had it together. Jogging every morning and going to the gym

certainly paid off. The muscular image looking at me from the mirror was not one to be ashamed of.

It had been a spur-of-the-moment decision to see Alex. A favor to his father, who had been on the wrestling team with me back in college. How many years ago? It seemed like yesterday. I'd read about the boy in

the papers as he gained fame as a wrestler, but our paths had never crossed.

I was taken aback when I opened the door and saw him. Alex was in town to check out the state university, where he would probably enroll as a freshman in the fall. He had curly black hair and smouldering black

eyes, reflecting his Greek ancestry. When he smiled, my heart raced. This young man was exactly my type, and the grin brightening his entire face excited me. As we exchanged looks, the air was charged with electricity. We both felt the instant chemistry.

"Mr. Sinclair?" he asked, extending his hand. "I'm Alex Pappos. 35

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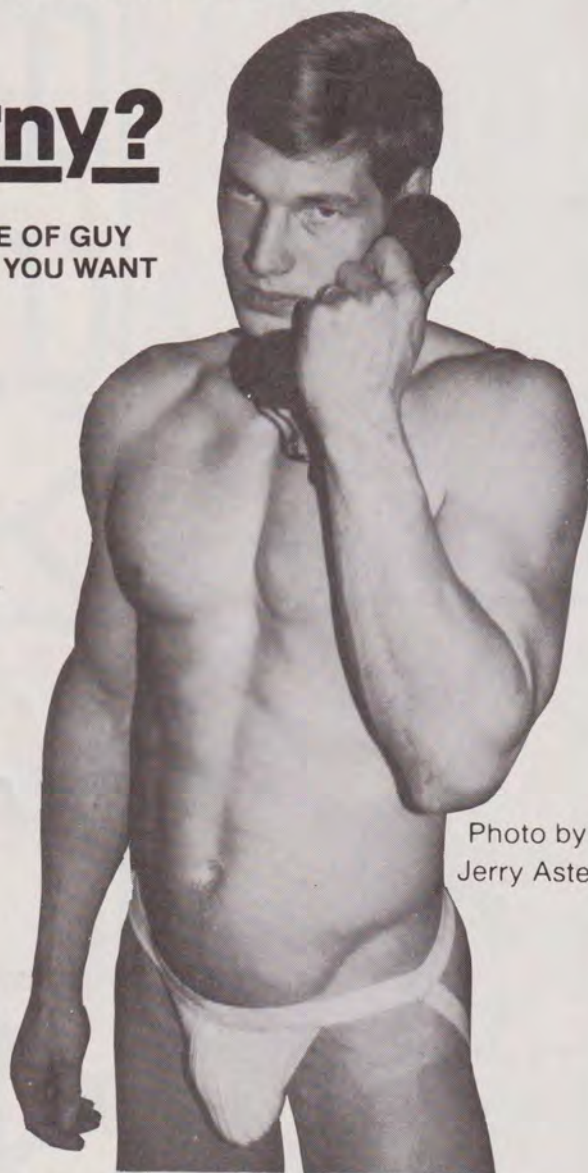


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My dad called you about me."

I was so turned on by his exquisite face and full, fleshy mouth that I could barely mumble, "Yeah...yeah, Alex. Come on in."

"It's super of you to give me a few pointers about the university's wrestling team. Dad says you were one of the best wrestlers there and could help me a lot with my problem areas. He said you were on your way to the Olympics when a car wreck smashed all that."

I glanced down at the white scars I still carried on one knee. "That was quite a few years ago."

"Gosh," the gorgeous kid continued, "you sure don't look anywhere near as old as my dad, even with that salt-and-pepper hair of yours!" Intense looks raced between us again. The back of my neck tingled; my palms itched. "Dad dyes his hair and it looks fake. You know what I mean? It really makes him look older. You look just the same as those pictures he took when you two wrestled together."

"I wish I still looked like that—"

"Don't kid yourself, Mr. Sinclair. You do! I really thought you'd look Dad's age."

"I take that as a compliment," I said, happy I'd kept in shape with my regular workouts.

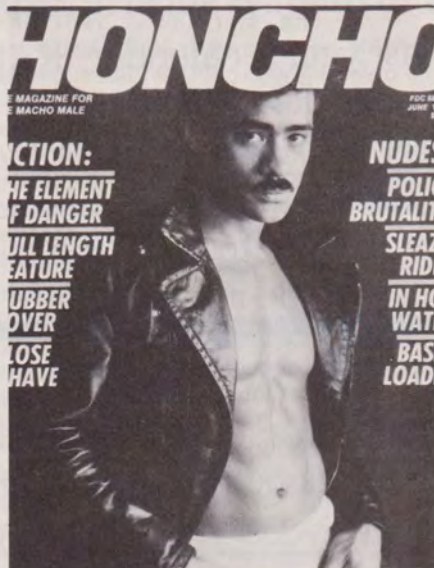
"That's the way I meant it!" he said, staring a hole through me with his piercing black eyes which were locked on me like radar. "Say, got some place I can put on my workout suit?" he asked, shaking his gym bag. We exchanged another heated glance.

"Right through here. There's a dressing area off my gym."

"Gosh, it must be great, having a gym at home!"

I was having second thoughts about working with Alex now that I'd met him. My blood pressure was rising, and when he emerged wearing his clingy black wrestling suit, it went sky high. My half-hard got completely stiff in my jockstrap. His workout suit was tattered and worn so thin in places that I could see his pink skin through it. It only accentuated his stocky, five-foot-six-inch body, which was well laced with corded young muscle. His pecs were perfectly outlined and one brown nipple stuck through a rip. The suit clung to his ripply stomach like a second skin, making an imprint where his navel was. The worn elastic pulled tight across his gigantic thighs, which sloped in knotted but graceful muscles to his large calves. But my

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gaze riveted on his huge box—both large balls were carefully outlined, and a sizeable dick flopped about five inches, limp.

"Shit, I forgot to bring my strap," Alex said, "but I figured it wouldn't make any difference today. Right?" He adjusted his dick so that it hung to the left and was even more obvious than it had been. It hung over the mound of his nuts and pointed out from his body. That piece of meat kept my attention, and I wondered if I could make it through the lesson. I clasped my hands to stop them from shaking.

Everything started out fine; I mean, as fine as it could with me so preoccupied with his physical attributes. The boy knew his wrestling, and quickly proved that he was a prime contender for more than amateur bouts. We worked out the better part of an hour, until we were both hot and sweaty. His perspiration welded his thin suit even closer to his body, so that he was little better than naked. It fitted so snugly I could even tell he was circumcised. The close contact with his hard body, made even more desirable by his musky odor, got me really excited. My jock strap kept my condition hidden, however.

Alex had smooth skin that was tanned evenly. He had a small patch of curly black hair under his arms, but that was it. Streams of sweat trickled down and dampened his underarms. It was a rich, heady smell that made me a little dizzy. God, I was hot!

We were struggling on the mat. I nearly had him down for one last fall when he arched his back, thrusting upward until his box was almost in my face. A wave of pungent aroma rushed up my nose, the same as from under his arms, but stronger and more powerful. He squirmed to break my grip. To get more leverage, I slipped my right hand into a crotch hold, and his balls brushed my palm. I couldn't restrain the urge to give them a healthy squeeze. They burned into my hand. I rubbed back and forth, stretching the workout suit sensually across them. The worn elastic tore, and a puff of black pubic hair forced itself out. Alex kept his back arched and I pressed harder against his ball sack. The elastic, ragged from countless washings, broke and one ball popped out. It was larger than a Grade AAA chicken egg, and covered with curly hair. He struggled more, seemingly unaware of his predicament, and the other one

popped free. Then his cock began to stiffen as I exerted force against its base, feeling its heat through the thin material. I closed my eager fingers around the thick shaft, pulling down slightly, watching the wide head swell. The only sound was an occasional grunt as he made an effort to free himself. I pulled down, forcing his cock to stand about two inches away from his body, then slid my hand back up to its pulsing head. I stroked several times up and down the burning shaft before his body went entirely rigid.

Alex let go with a guttural, "Un-n-n!" as I squeezed his distended cock-head, yanking the sheer material tight across the most sensitive area behind the top. His growling got louder. He pushed, jamming his steaming dick against my hand. We stayed like that for a second: me stroking down, him pushing up. A big damp spot appeared as he spurted a large quantity of pre-cum. Suddenly, he shook all over like he was having a chill.

He yelled, "Un-n-n!" once more, and a wad of cum saturated his crotch and splattered into my palm.

He cried, "UN-n-n-n!" and spewed burst after burst of cum all over himself. He pumped wad after wad, shooting everywhere, his gigantic nuts unloading a flood of sticky cream. The tip of my own cock tingled. I gritted my teeth, clenched Alex's spurting cockhead, and unloaded in my jock strap. My cum ran piping hot, then sticky-cold. I kept tickling his cockhead until his cum looked like a white glove on me. Alex collapsed on the mat, one muscular arm flung over his face. A low, unintelligible groan escaped from his lips as I fingered the fabric stuck to his softening cock. Finally, I wiped my hands on the mat and sat up, weak and happy.

"Whew-wee!" Alex whistled, struggling to his feet. "You sure know how to give one helluva lesson!" As he stood up, another dribble of cum leaked out of his dick and trickled down his front.

"Alex, I—"

"Jesus!" he said, glancing at the clock. "Look at the time. I've really got to be going!" He rushed to the dressing room, pulled on his trousers and came out, his gym bag trailing the rest of his things. I felt a strong grip on my shoulder.

"Say, Mr. Sinclair, see you on Friday, same time, just like we planned!" He flashed that intense

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stare which cut right through me.

"I guess so," I mumbled.

"Great!" he said, giving my shoulder another squeeze. "Terrific workout!" he said, and slammed the door behind him.

I got up slowly and went to shower. It's uncomfortable walking with a jockstrap full of dried cum, and it pinched a little. In the dressing area as I stripped, I noticed something flung in the corner. "Damned little bastard!" I thought, as I picked up a tattered jock strap. He'd left it off deliberately! Friday was only two days away, and I could hardly wait. This time I'd really show him. He'd done a number on me. Next session would be my turn.

Alex arrived as he'd said on Friday. I had every intention of keeping him at arm's length, emotionally. But he had a mischievous grin on his face. Our mutual attraction couldn't be disguised.

"Where's your gym bag?" I asked.

"Didn't need it," he said, grinning a devilish grin.

"Where's your workout suit?"

"Won't need it, either."

"But—"

"Mr. Sinclair, there's something I've been wanting to try, ever since I started wrestling. And I think you're the man to do it with. You know, kind of a fantasy trip."

"What's that?"

"I want to wrestle the way my Greek ancestors did." He started unbuttoning his shirt, revealing that smooth, well-muscled chest of his. "Like the statues we see in museums."

"Alex, I'm not sure we—"

He unbuckled his trousers and took them off. "Come on, Mr. Sinclair. Be a sport!" He'd shucked his underwear, giving me a complete view of his naked body. He tugged his dick a couple of times. "Come on, man, hustle out of those clothes and show me the real thing!"

I went to the cabinet and got a bottle of baby oil. "They greased up, you know," I said, barely able to form the words. He snatched the bottle from me and began coating his chest. He looked wet under the thin coat of oil. Somewhat reluctantly, I undressed. I didn't know if I could handle this.

Alex began rubbing oil across my chest. "Gorgeous pecs," he said, letting his hand spread the oil down my washboard stomach. My cock

twitched and extended a little as his hand brushed my pubic hair. He handed me the bottle.

"Rub some on my back." He bent forward and grabbed his knees, throwing his rounded melon-shaped buns towards me. My dick came completely to life at that sight. My hands slipped along his back, then hesitated before going lower.

"Go on," he whispered, "rub some all over. Okay?" He looked around and gave me that impish grin of his.

My hands moved down his hips and into the crack of his ass. He pushed further out, spreading the opening slightly. It was ringed with curly black hair. I let my fingers play around the ridge and found it fiery hot. I slapped him on the butt and said, "Let's get started."

The oil made us slippery and we floundered around the mat with hands and legs sliding. Alex had a roaring hard-on almost the minute we hit the floor. He got on his hands and knees and lowered his face to the mat. That beautiful ass was high in the air.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

He laughed. "Showing you my best position!" He wiggled from side to side.

I grabbed him around his slippery waist and brought my trembling erection next to him. I said softly, "You little fucker!" He laughed. I raked my dick up and down the crack of his ass, teasing, titillating, delaying penetration. I was so anxious I almost had a premature ejaculation.

"Hey, Daddy," Alex said softly, "put it in! Stop messing around and fuck me." His opening was smack against my dickhead. He backed onto me, sliding his ass on my dick like a wiener on a coathanger, slowly, enjoying every sensation. The further in I got, the louder he groaned. "Stick it all the way in!" he whispered. "Shove those nine inches where it counts, Daddy! Fuck me with that dick. Stretch my ass!"

My hands groped his sweaty pubic hair. One hand squeezed his nuts, the other pulled his rigid cock. My hands worked as furiously as my dick, the oil lubing us until we writhed in pleasure.

"Daddy, Daddy, Daddy," he moaned, twitching up and down on my throbbing cock. "Shove that hot stick deeper. Shoot in me till you swab my tonsils with that daddy-load of yours. Fuck me! God, fuck me!"

I jabbed around and around, his talk exciting me as much as his fabulous ass. Suddenly, he pushed all the way against my stomach, gripped my dick so tight with his sphincter that I thought he'd cut it off, and let out a blood-curdling scream. His dick erupted a firehose spurt of scalding cum, splashing into my hands and dripping down my wrists, as he unloaded. He thrust his dick wildly into my oily fingers, fucking the daylights out of my palms, covering my hands with gobs of sticky juice. We slowly inched forward, one small step for each burst of cum, traveling almost to the edge of the mat, crawling and cumming. My dick scraped against the walls of his butt, twitched uncontrollably, and blasted its load into his guts. Gradually, we fell to the mat, exhausted. The oil caused beads of sweat to ball up like little clear sequins on our bodies.

Without a word, Alex's oily arm went around me. Our mouths meshed in a sensuous, demanding kiss. It lasted and lasted, until I could barely breathe. I ran my hands along his oily body, the closeness causing us both to regain our hard-ons.

"You about ready to sock it to me again?" Alex whispered.

"In a minute. Give me a chance to catch my breath."

Alex leaped to his feet and pulled on his trousers. "Okay," he said happily, "but only a minute. While you're doing that, I'll bring in my bags."

"You'll do what?"

"Get my things out of the car. Dad thought it was swell of you to offer to put me up the first semester."

"But I didn't offer to—" I stammered.

Alex knelt down beside me and planted a big, wet kiss on me, running his hands through my damp hair. "No, but you're going to, aren't you?"

"Alex—"

"Aren't you?"

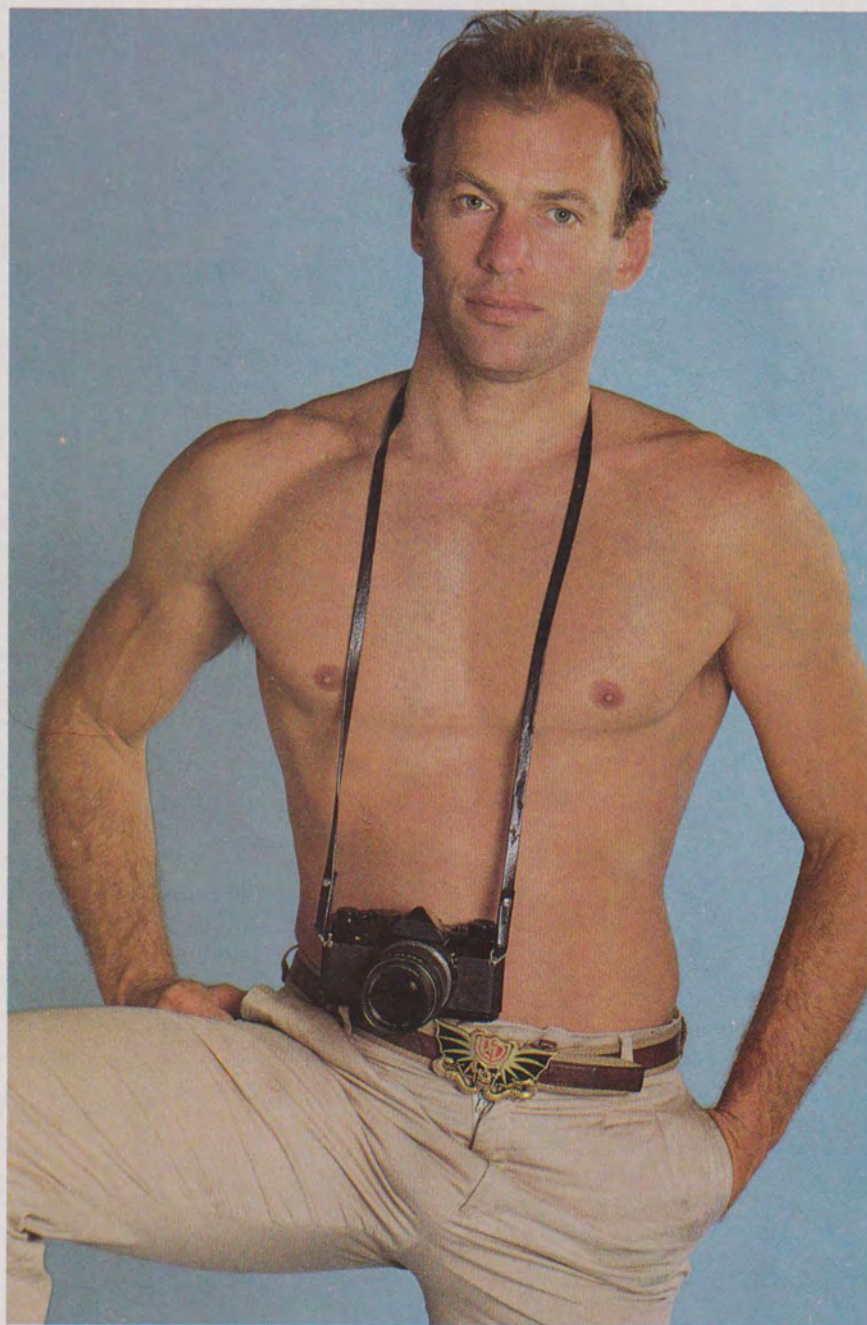
I looked at him long and hard. He returned the look with his intense, overpowering gaze that would melt an iceberg.

"Do you have much to bring in, or do you need some help?" I finally asked.

"Stay right where you are!" he said. "I'll be back in a jiffy for the rest of my lesson!"

As I waited for him to return, I kept wondering, "How long is a semester these days, anyway?" ■

ENLARGEMENT



PEOPLE HAVE BEEN TAKING ERIC RYAN'S PICTURE FOR YEARS NOW; HIS RUGGED AND SURLY APPEAL HAS FILLED COUNTLESS MAGAZINES AND A FAIR NUMBER OF BLUE MOVIES. BUT AFTER BEING IN FRONT OF THE CAMERA FOR SO LONG, HE'S DECIDED IT'S TIME FOR A CHANGE. THE CAMERA'S MAN WANTS TO BE A CAMERA MAN.

SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY MALEXPRESS STUDIOS



ENLARGEMENT

ERIC WAS ALL SET TO AIM AND SHOOT, BUT THEN SOMEONE TURNED HIS LENS ON HIM, AND HE COULDN'T RESIST. THE CAMERA CAME OFF HIS NECK AND HIS PANTS CAME DOWN TO HIS ANKLES. THE SOUND OF THE SNAPPING SHUTTER CAUSED AN IMMEDIATE PHYSICAL REACTION. "MAKING ENLARGEMENTS," HE CALLED IT.



ENLARGEMENT

ERIC HAS SET ASIDE HIS OWN CAMERA WHILE THE LENS FOCUSES ON HIM. BUT HE'S STILL EAGER TO DEMONSTRATE HIS KNOWLEDGE OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S TRADE. "THIS IS MY TRIPOD," HE SAYS AS HE GRIPS HIS POLE. "WATCH ME MAKE IT STAND."





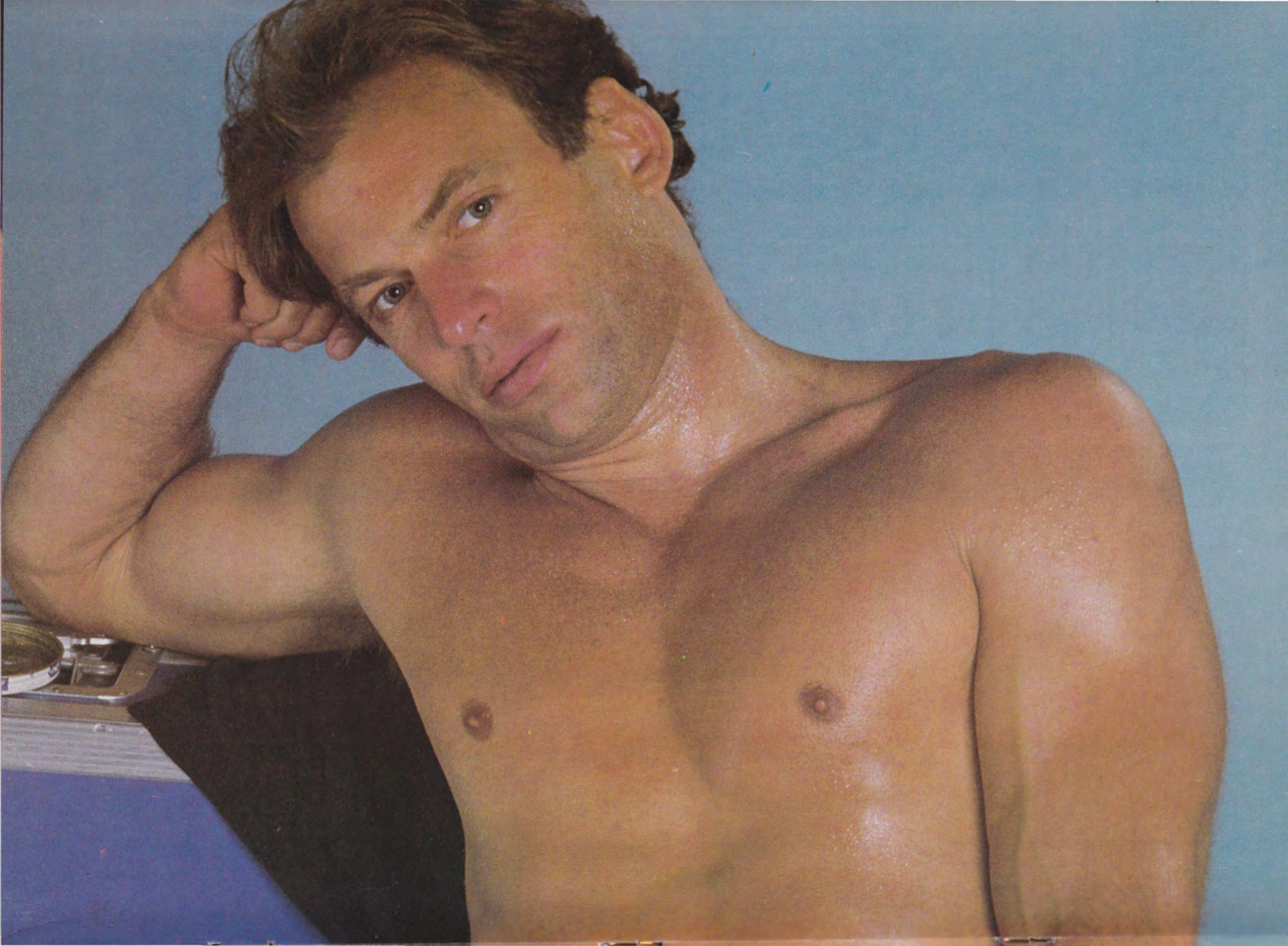




ENLARGEMENT

WITH A FIRM GRIP ON HIS STURDY PIECE OF EQUIPMENT, ERIC DIRECTS OUR ATTENTION TO OTHER PARTS OF HIS MACHINERY. "I GOT A NICE APERTURE," HE REPORTS. "ALL CLEAN AND WELL PREPARED FOR. AND IT OPENS WIDE, IF YOU KNOW HOW TO WORK IT." THIS IS ONE STUD WHO IS UNDOUBTEDLY CAMERA-READY.







FISHING POLE

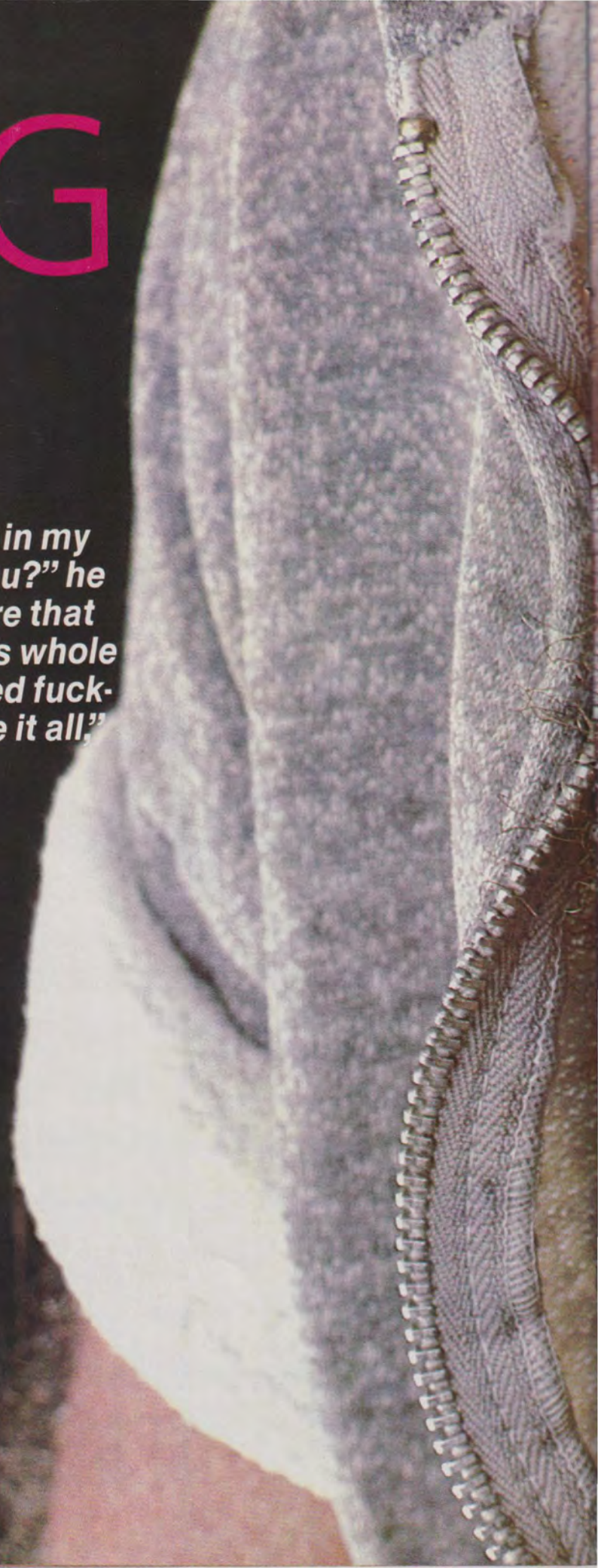
By C. W. Cochran • Photo by Naakkve

I took the fat head of his cock in my mouth. "So you like that, do you?" he said. "Well, there's more where that came from." Then he shoved his whole dick down my throat and started fucking my face. "Take it, dog, take it all," he yelled.

My lover and I had just split up after five years together. Rumors had been circulating among my friends about Bob's infidelities, and then one day my close friend Tony told me that Bob had been seen in a bar, having more than a drink and friendly conversation with a new face in town. I didn't want to believe it—until the night I walked into The Whipping Post and saw it for myself. What really pissed me off was that the other person was nellie—the closest thing I had ever seen to a woman without having tits and a pussy. Needless to say, I was so furious that when Bob came home the next morning he found all of his belongings on the front porch and new locks on the doors. As far as I was concerned, I could live without ever seeing his face again.

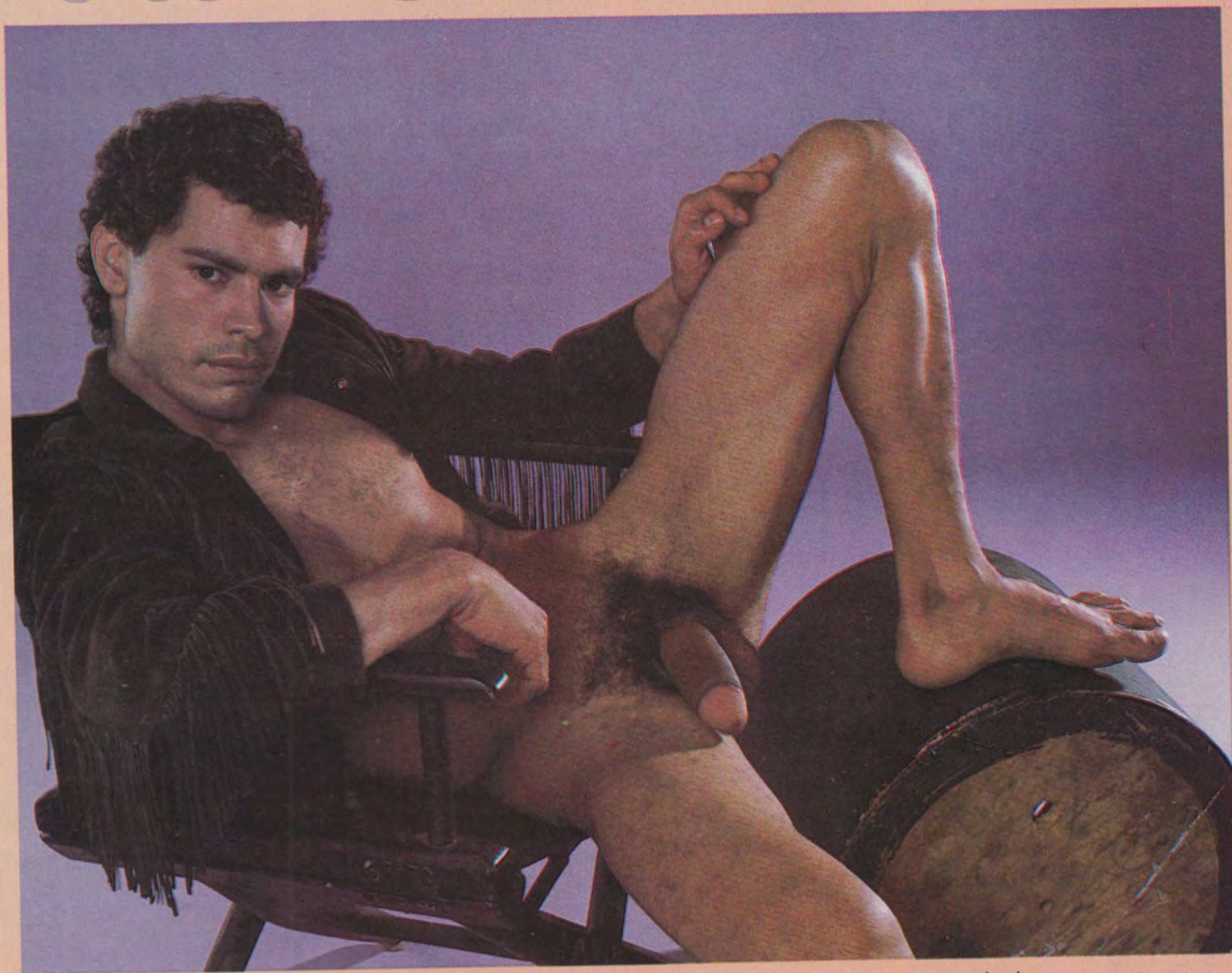
It took me a long time to get over my feelings of being used, but my friends and my work kept me busy. I survived the long, depressing winter, and when I felt the first twinges of spring, I decided to take a weekend camping trip. And this one would be different from the ones I had planned with my ex—I was going to do it solo. I don't know if it was to prove my in-

Continued on page 57



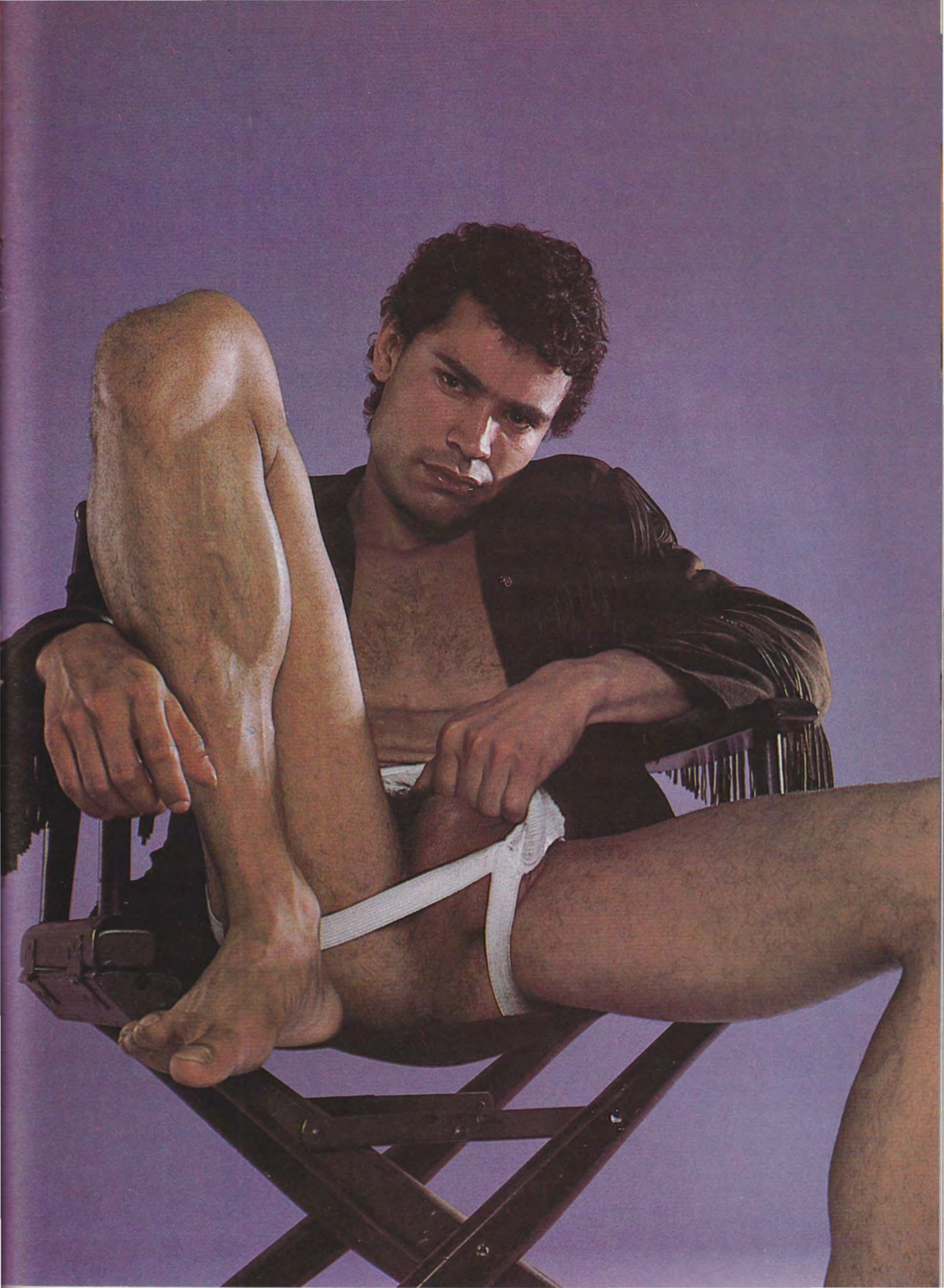


FRINGE BENEFITS

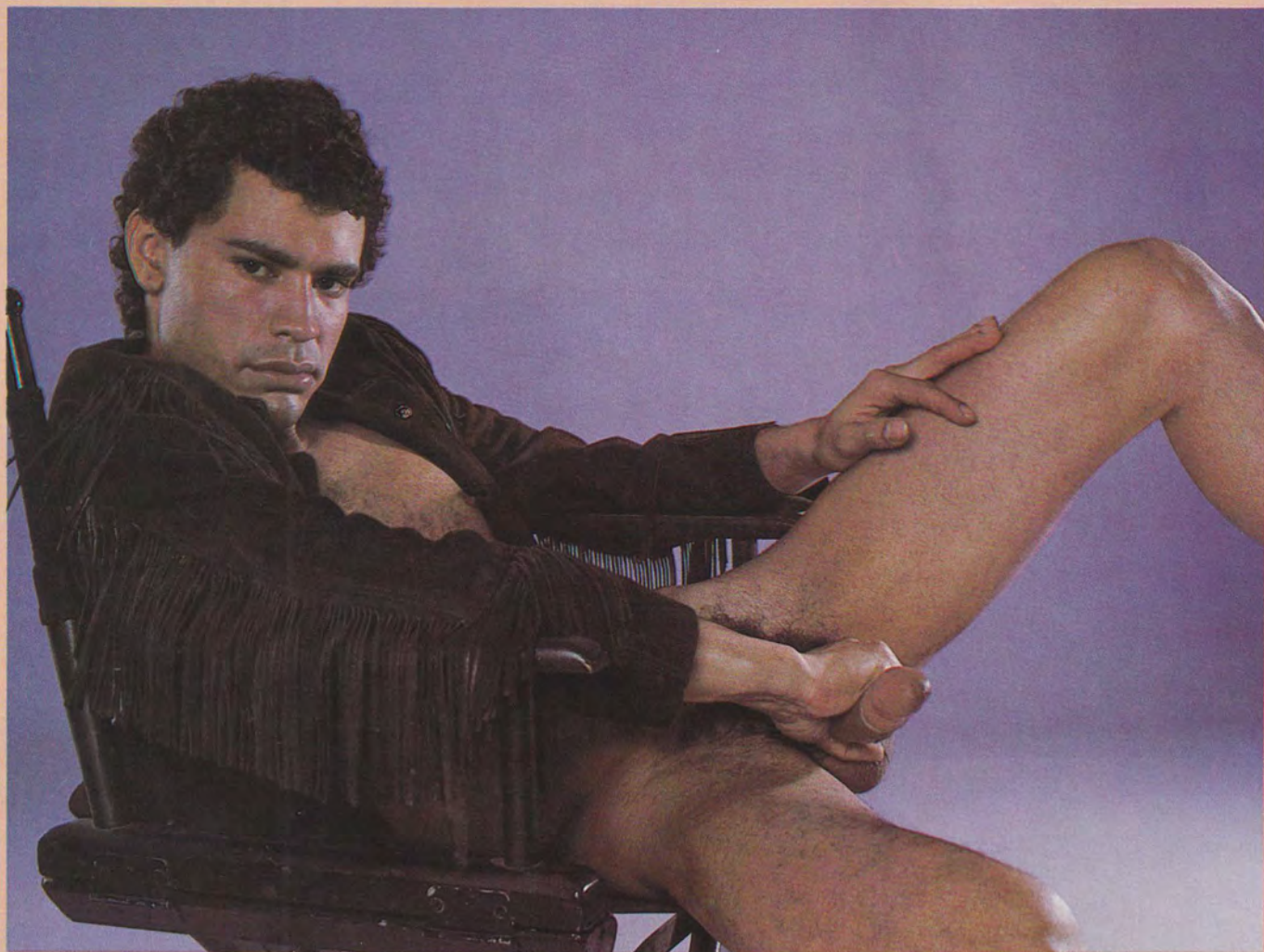


Buckskin next to bare skin can be a sensual delight, as this sultry young macho has discovered. Animal hide brings out the animal in him, so when he gets turned on from wearing his jacket with the long fringes, some lucky stud's bound to get the benefits.

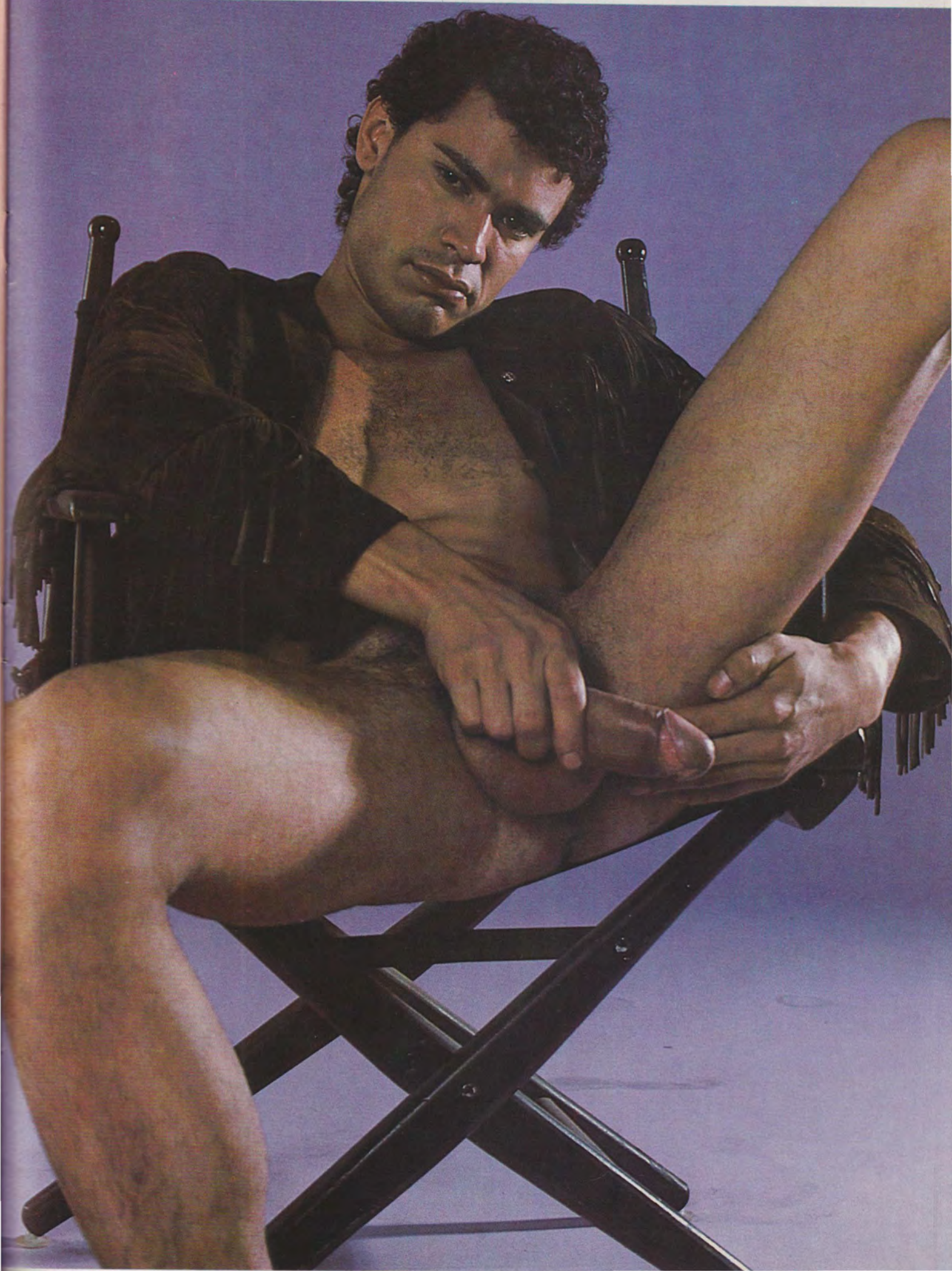
Section Photographed by Usher



FRINGE BENEFITS



That juicy piece he's wielding is like a hot fudge sundae: brown, luscious, and capped with something red and sweet. And the guy who gobbles it will get a special reward. He'll be wrapped in strong, buckskinned arms, the long fringes striking his bare flesh like dozens of miniature whips.



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Steve

FISHING POLE

Continued from page 50

dependence to myself, to my friends, or what, but I thought it would be an exciting new experience.

When my weekend finally arrived, I got off work early, loaded my equipment into my car, and headed north to the big state park on the lake. I had been there once on a Sunday when my friend Jim had taken me for a cruise on his new motorcycle. The thing I liked most about the place was that it was scenic, quiet, and restful. Also, not many tourists would be there this early in the year. The two-hour drive went by so quickly that I almost missed the entrance to the park.

The woods were pungent with the smell of pine and the earliest wildflowers. The perfume intoxicated me as I drove onward to the lake, and when I reached the water I could hardly believe my eyes: There was only one vehicle—a parked truck—at my destination, the Point. This is a wooded peninsula that juts out into the lake. I decided that it really was going to be a perfect weekend away from it all.

I parked my car next to the truck, got my tent and backpack out of the trunk, and headed to the woods. Off the trail, I found a clearing for my camp and began setting up my tent. Within thirty minutes, it looked like a home away from home, so I grabbed my empty backpack and went off to gather some firewood. I soon came across the other camp, which, like mine, was off the beaten track. As I passed it, I noticed that it was deserted, and I wondered where my fellow camper was. It didn't take me too long to find out.

The man was stretched out under a tree at the water's edge, with his shirt off and a fishing pole propped between his legs. His face was partially hidden beneath a baseball cap, which shaded his eyes from the late afternoon sun. From under the cap flowed thick, collar-length, salt and pepper hair, and he sported a neatly trimmed beard. His arms and chest, even in their relaxed state, were big and hard and lightly covered with curly black hair, which trailed down in a line from his chest and disappeared into the top of his faded jeans. That's when I noticed the huge bulge between his beefy thighs, and I thought to myself: lucky fishing pole; what

would I give to have a taste of this fine looking man!

"How's it going?" I said, bending down to pick up a few more pieces of wood. "Catch anything today?"

"Naw, nothing yet, just laying back and catching some rays," he said, hardly moving as he spoke. "You camping this weekend?"

"Sure am, and doing it solo for the first time."

"Good luck, it can be great. Been doing it for years. Gives me a break from the wife and kids."

Wife and kids. Just my luck, a hot man like this, alone in the woods, and he's straight.

"Well, got to round up some more firewood before it gets dark," I said and started to leave.

"Check you later, man."

I took one last look at him, then turned and headed back the other way. It had been a long time since my last hot sex, and the few minutes I had spent looking at that man made me horny as hell. I began gathering all the wood I could find, hoping to get my mind off him. As soon as my pack was full and I had what I could carry in my arms, I headed back to my tent, then dug a shallow pit and built a fire. Grabbing a beer from the cooler, I sat back and waited for the flames to die down enough so I could cook my supper. The smell of steak sizzling in the frying pan was so good I could hardly control my hunger until it was done. When my steak had finished cooking, it didn't take me long to gobble it down.

When my meal was over, I took the pan to the water's edge to wash it. Up the shoreline, I could see my sexy fisherman still seated beneath the tree, silhouetted by the setting sun. As I squatted there at the water's edge, I saw a fish jump and I knew he had a catch. He scrambled to his feet, pulling the pole again and again as he reeled it in. I was so fascinated watching his body that I almost lost my grip on the handle of the frying pan. When he got the fish within range, he reached down and grabbed it. It was a beauty, and as he turned to head back to his camp, he saw me. He held up his catch proudly; I could almost make out a grin that went from ear to ear.

I headed back to camp with my frying pan, and when I got there I decided to get drunk (since I probably couldn't have any of that hunky man). I took another beer from the cooler and also a bottle of Black Jack that I had brought with me. The first swig burned all the way down my throat,

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"You do that pretty damn good, queer boy," he said, pulling his dick from my mouth. "Let's see what else you're good at."

but I chased it with the cold beer, and soon I was feeling no pain. I was, however, still horny as hell.

About an hour later it was good and dark, and I was on my third beer. I had to go take a piss, and as I was shaking the last drops off my dick, I heard a yell, followed by a splash of water. Oh my God, I thought, he fell in the lake. I stuck my dick back in my pants, and without taking time to zip them, I ran towards his camp, half stumbling through the bushes as I raced along.

Close to the water's edge, I stopped dead in my tracks at what I saw. The man was waist deep in the cold water of the lake, with the light from his campfire causing the droplets of water on him to sparkle like diamonds. I stepped behind a bush, afraid that if he saw me he might get angry and chase me off. Obviously, his splashing in the water had covered my noisy approach; and since I probably couldn't get any of him, I was at least going to feast my eyes on this hunk for as long as I could.

As the man lay back in the water, his hips lifted up into the light, exposing his fat cock and balls. My mouth fell open, then my own cock began swelling within the tight con-

finer of my jeans. I reached down and rubbed it, but all that did was make it harder, so I thought what the hell and pulled it out through my still-open zipper. It felt good in my hand (even though I could think of a better place for it) and it throbbed as I ogled the other camper swimming in the lake.

The coldness of the water must have got to him, for he climbed from the lake and headed back up to his camp. He grabbed a towel that he had hung from one of the tent poles and began drying off, then sat down by his campfire to warm himself. He was magnificently built, and the light from the fire playing over his body highlighted all of his good features. As I looked on, he ran his hand over his chest, stopping to play with his nipple, then slowly let his hand trail down his stomach. Wow, I thought, he's going to jack-off!

He took his big, half-hard cock in his hand and began stroking it. My own began to tingle in my hand, nearly driving me insane. His meat swelled to huge proportions in his fist. As he began moving it up and down, his big balls jiggled in their tight nut-sack. I began to move my hand quicker, then moved my legs apart for better balance—and my foot came down on a dry twig, causing a loud crunch.

"Who the hell's there?" the camper said, springing to his feet, hard-on waving in the night air. I moved my foot, trying to slip away before he caught me, but the twig crunched again, revealing my hiding place. He headed right for me and pulled me from the bushes, almost throwing me out into the light of the campfire. I rolled over onto my back to face him, my hard cock sticking out of my fly.

"So, you been spying on me? Looks like you've been enjoying it too," he said, nudging my dick with his foot. "I think you need to be taught a lesson about intruding on someone's privacy!"

"I . . . I heard you yell and the splash . . ."

Before I could finish, he lifted my head, shoving my face into his crotch. I opened my mouth, stuck my tongue out, and began to run it over his furry balls and down the length of his hugh cock. It was fantastic—never had I smelled and tasted anything so good. Then I took the fat head of his tool into my mouth.

"So, you like that, do you? Well, there's a lot more where that came

from!" he said, shoving the entire dick down my throat. Then he began fucking my face. "Take it, dog, take it all!"

I opened my eyes to look up at him. He was even better looking at close range, but he frightened me, staring down at me with a fierce look on his face and watching his dick slide in and out of my drooling mouth. I closed my eyes and began to meet each thrust. He began to move faster. I opened my eyes again, only to see that a smile had replaced his angry look. Then he threw back his head, let out a moan, and filled my mouth with the sweetest load of cum I had ever tasted.

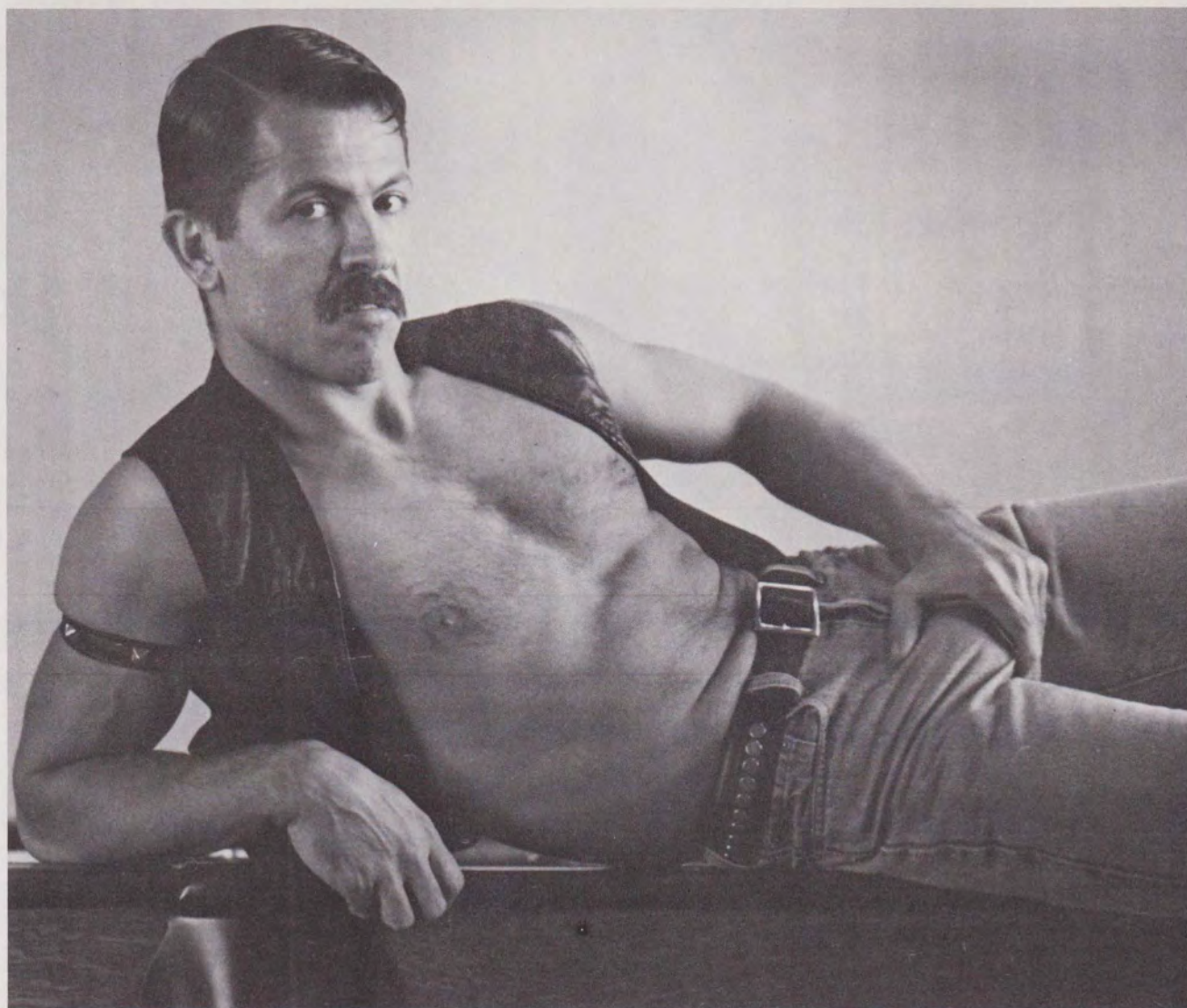
"You do that pretty good, queer boy, pretty damn good," he said, pulling his dick from my mouth. My jaws ached from the abuse they had just received. "Let's see what else you're good at."

After he said that, I couldn't get my pants off fast enough. I pulled my shirt open, exposing my chest to him, and lay back on the ground so that I could watch his body move as he fucked me. He spat in his hand and smeared the saliva on my asshole, then spat again and lubricated his cock. I felt him push against me, forcing his way into my ass. Then it was as if I let go of all the tension in my body, and the entire length of his hardness slid into me. I gasped for air, and he covered my open mouth with his, forcing his hot tongue to meet mine. Slowly he began moving his throbbing dick in and out of me. This was one hell of a man, and he really knew how to use what he had hanging between his muscular legs.

I wrapped my legs around his waist and hung on for dear life. He held himself over me, propped on his well-developed arms while his heaving chest thrust out in front of my face. Muscles tightened in his body, and his pace quickened. I knew he was about to come again, so I clamped the muscles in my asshole tight around his dick and he went crazy, thrusting faster and faster. Then his whole body stiffened, and I felt his hot seed shoot into my gut again and again. When he was through, he rolled off me, but refused to release his grip.

"Not bad, queer boy," he said as he looked at my body, then ran his rough hand over my chest. "You give good head, and you're a mean fuck, too. I think I'll use you all night." And I've never been put to better use, before or since. ■

CUE STICK

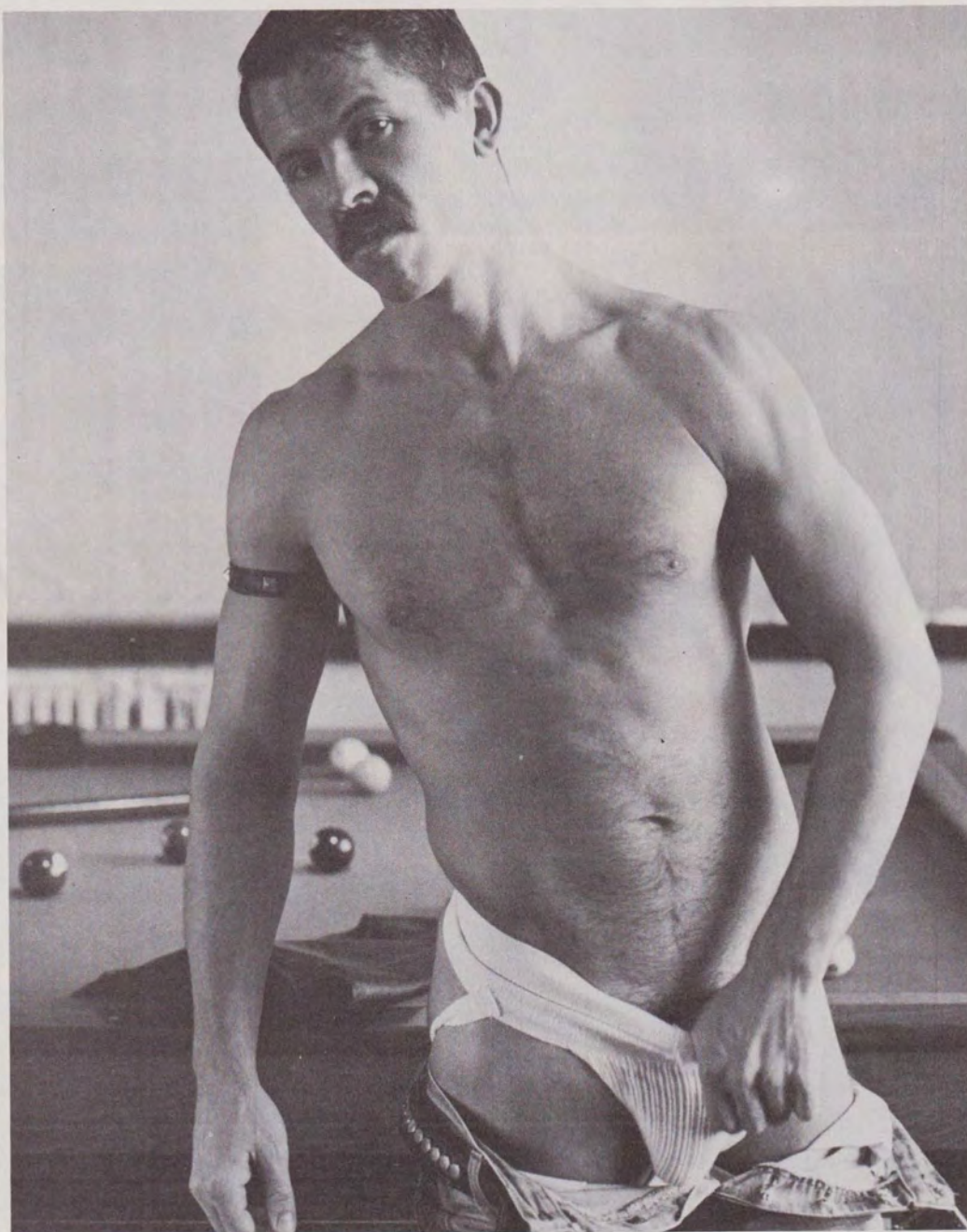


I was in the Ramrod one night, late, see, and this crazy dude gets real high, and whadda ya think he does? He climbs up on the fuckin' pool table, man, and he fuckin' won't get off of it.

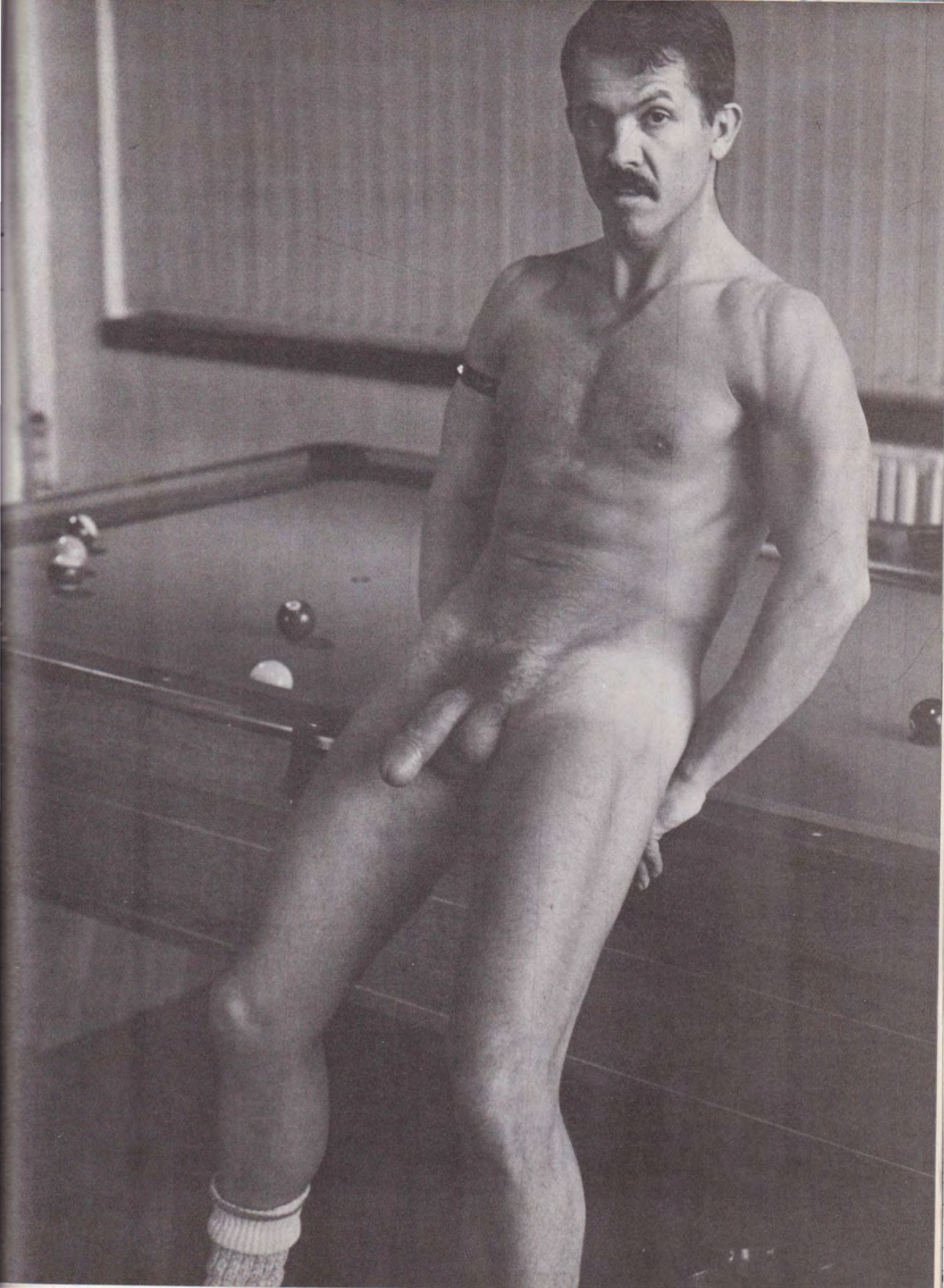
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CUE STICK



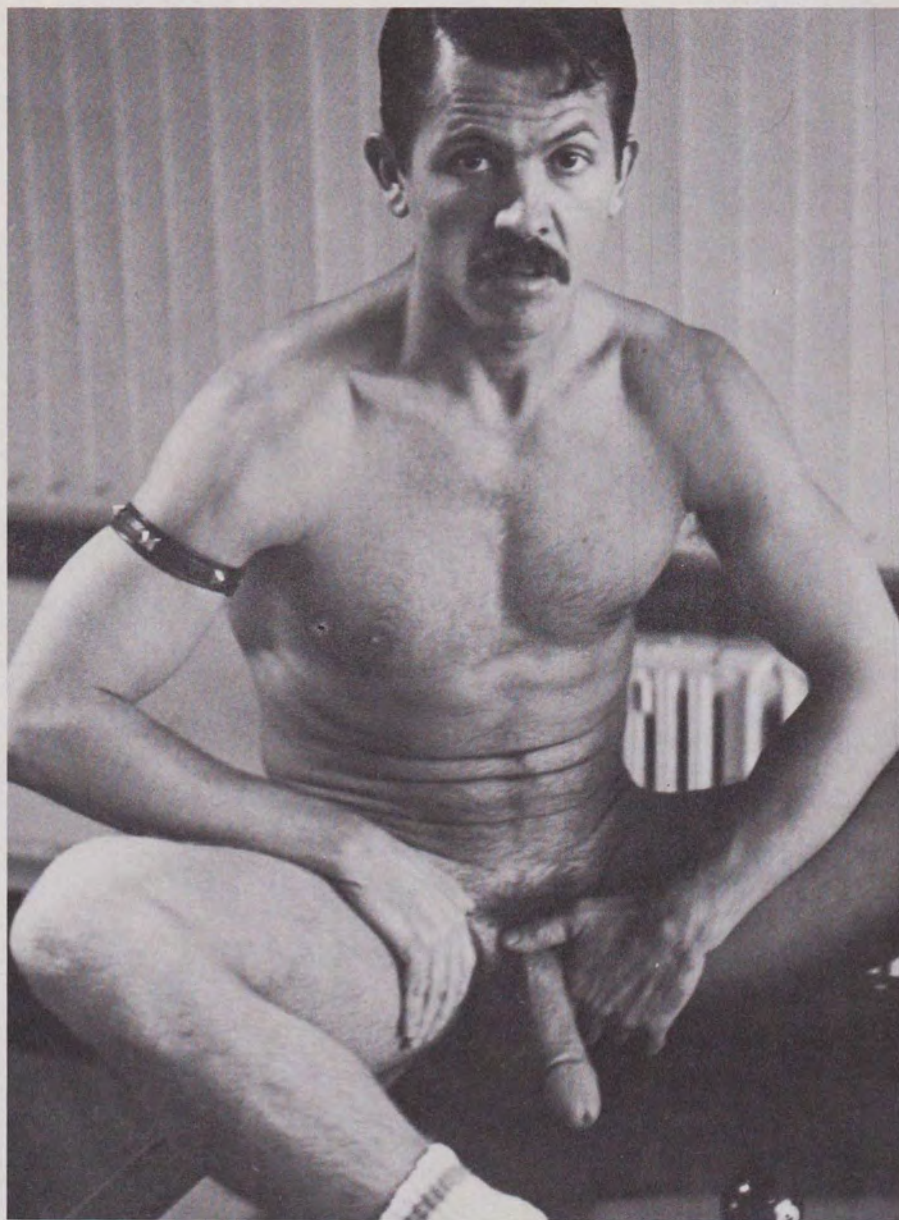
Okay, so me and my buddy Frank decide we'll show this prick a thing or two. So Frankie says to him, "Take off the pants. You wise ass, I'm gonna fuck you till you won't be *able* to get off the goddam pool table." This guy, see, he's real obedient. Takes off his pants, takes off his jock, and stands there with a fucking hard-on. That's when Frankie starts gettin' excited—real hot, ya know what I mean? So the next thing I know, there's Frankie fuckin' this crazy cocksucker, and then Frankie finishes and I start. And I don't stop till I've had a good piece of ass.

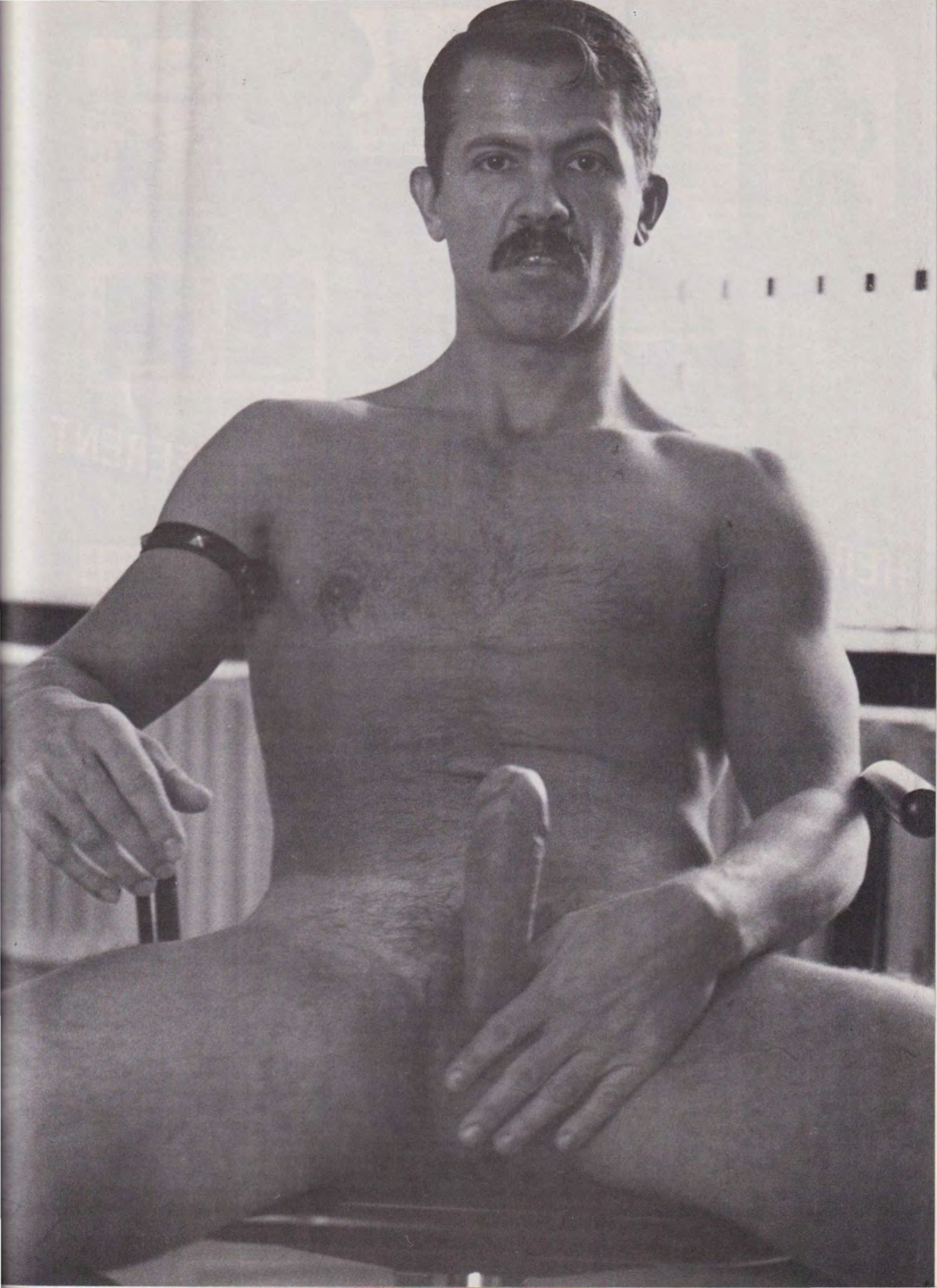




CUE STICK

Okay, so the guy still won't get off. So Frankie and me, we get six other hot guys, and we work the motherfucker over. But he loves it—he fuckin' loves it! So then one guy takes a cue stick and he—well, I'm not gonna say what he does with it, but you can guess, if you got any brains, man. Yeah, and that goes on all night along! This dude was behind the eight ball, all right. Or what he was behind, no jokin', was eight *pairs* of balls. We tried everything on the guy, and he couldn't get enough. So me and Frankie, we're gonna hit the bar again this weekend—who knows? If there ain't no ass to gang fuck, we can always play pool.







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FUCK BUDDIES

Continued from page 33

it took me to consume the food, but Marc was obviously turned on by my groveling debasement. His cock was ramrod straight. He continued to abuse and abase me to humiliating limits. I had never before been subject to animal groveling. I will admit it began turning me on, and by the time I had cleaned the floor and his boots, my dick was straining in my tight jeans. He grabbed my hair and pulled me erect, ordering me to remain on my knees, at braced attention.

As he left the kitchen, I could hear his boots clacking on the cellar steps. I knew he was getting his new toy to try out on me. I experienced a different sensation of slave bondage as I remained on my knees waiting to be further abused and humiliated. I was being reduced to the condition of total humiliation by the remains of the food smeared on my face, mixed with wet piss dripping from my hair. My jeans were soaked; they emitted the acid odor of Marc's piss, making me feel like a sack of shit.

Marc was getting his point across

by an action we had often discussed, and something that had never been a turn-on for me: the piss hard-on, coupled with a hell of a surging load of boiling cum, was painfully filling my dick and nuts. It felt like I was oozing both piss and cum at the same time. I looked down to see the wet stain of piss begin to spread and soak my jeans. The embarrassment of pissing in my pants was blowing my mind. My reprimand to myself for the lack of self-discipline made hot tears spill from my eyes, breaking my ego.

It didn't take Marc long to return from the basement. He was carrying a small box, which he set down in front of me. Whatever was in the box was turning him on to an extent that kept his turgid meat throbbing and bouncing. He spewed strings of pre-cum onto his chaps and onto the white leather laces of his boots.

Not being able to control myself, I fell forward and began lapping the sticky streaks of cream from his boots, snaking my tongue deep into the criss-cross of the leather laces.

My state of groveling submission had me turned on to the point where I wasn't prepared for the sudden sadistic attack of Marc's steel studded belt as he screamed at me, "You fuckin'

animal! You've pissed in your pants without my permission, you fuckin' scum!" The first blow followed by countless searing, cutting lashes brought me to my knees screaming, "Sir, I'm sorry Sir, please Sir."

I felt a sinking blackness overcome my senses. It was so thick that I could almost gather it in my hands. I had no fear, knowing I could trust Marc, but I began shaking and crying from the pain of the whipping. Marc's attitude and his satanic action continued as he grabbed my hair, jerking my head up and pulling me erect on my knees. My mouth gaped open to release the sounds of pain, but was filled with a gob of spit which hit with stinging heat. His free hand came up to clamp my jaws in a bruising vice-tight grip as he bellowed, "Take my cock down your fuckin' throat, big man. Your fuckin' mouth's a garbage pit, fit only for your master's piss, spit and cum. Take it, scumbag!"

With his fingers he viciously pried my jaws open and rammed his slimy dick into my mouth. I was stuffed and gagged with his hot cum which kept spewing, jet after jet, like a hot milk enema. With both hands he kept a tight hold on my head, pumping his cock with a pounding force. His release brought a rumbling, scream-

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ing roar from deep down in his guts. The sound vibrated and split the air with shattering screams of lust. Pulling away with an uncontrollable shaking, he dropped to his knees in exhaustion.

Eventually, my head began to clear and I heard a low rumbling laughter building from Marc as he gently pulled me into a loving embrace. For the first time since I've known him, his lips touched mine with a sensuous burning kiss that sent a message of love to my brain. His tongue filled my mouth, preventing the sounds of my own passion from exploding as I let go my sex juices with gushing force. I spasmed over and over again with the exhilarating joy of release, finally joining Marc's laughter as he whispered, "Johnny, you're one hell of a fuck-buddy, but you're a better slave. What do you say, lover? Can we stay together?"

Before I could answer, he opened the special box and took out a hand-tooled black leather, silver-studded slave collar with a matching cockring, confessing: "I've always loved you, Johnny. Will you love me in the way I need your love?"

With too much emotion to say more, I whispered, "Yes, master, I love you." ■

FUCK STOP

Continued from page 29

a red Corvette. Meet me in the parking lot, say around ten o'clock, and I'll show you where there's some real action—the places and the people who know what it's all about. We'll have ourselves a ball."

"I don't know, man. Maybe."

"I'll be waiting."

Throughout the following week Kevin thought about it. His mood alternated between desire and disgust, between fear and fascination. When Friday night rolled around, he got a ride into town, as he had known all along he would, and waited where Frank had told him. Now, of course, his main concern was that Frank might not show up after all.

Frank was about ten minutes late. Kevin got nervous after five minutes had passed; what if Frank never showed up at all? What would Kevin be—just a cocksucker without a cock to suck? He didn't like this feeling at all.

He needed to piss. He decided to go into the Genesee Truck Stop and

take a leak. If Frank drove up while he was inside pissing, tough shit. That would teach him to be on time.

Kevin walked into the low-ceilinged beer joint. Smoke and loud country music hit him in the face. He had never felt uncomfortable in such a macho place as this before, but now he hesitated for a split second before proceeding to the men's room. Out of the corner of his eye he saw three men: they were the only ones at the bar, and Kevin could have sworn that one of the guys had his dick pulled out of his pants while the other two ogled it, just ready to bend into his lap and suck cock.

One of the men was big and burly; the second one was blond, almost, but not quite, clean cut: Without the stubble on his face, and the grimy shirt he had on, Kevin could imagine him as a young professional man from the city. The third man wore a denim jacket, and had a demented expression on his slightly soiled face. He looked as though he had just come out of a fight, or perhaps... he looked the way Kevin had felt the night after he had sucked Frank's dick.

For an instant, Kevin wanted to bolt for the door and get out of the place as fast as his athletic legs would carry him. But then he got a grip on himself; looking toward the men again, he realized that they were simply three buddies drinking beer and eating boiled eggs. Relaxing to celebrate the weekend. But then, oddly enough, Kevin was disappointed. He wished that the guy's dick really had been out of his jeans, and his balls hanging down until they brushed against the bar stool. Kevin wanted dick, and he wanted it bad.

He went into the men's room, smelling for the first time, really, the scent of a great accumulation of piss. Too much to flush completely. Part of it—the aroma, little droplets on the floor—lingered in the tiny room, and Kevin associated the odor with what he had now begun to crave: manmeat.

As soon as he had finished pissing, he zipped up and walked rapidly back out to the parking lot of the Genesee Truck Stop.

A red Corvette was parked a few yards from the entrance. That night, and for many nights afterwards, Kevin learned the enjoyable art of cocksucking.

Frank, naturally, wanted Kevin all to himself that night. They drove to

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Frank's apartment, undressed, and got into bed together. Kevin felt increasingly at ease despite his raging hard-on and his complete lack of knowledge about homosexual lovemaking. He let Frank kiss him, on the mouth, using his tongue; gradually he worked up enough courage to kiss Frank back. Their eager kisses and strokings got both men rock hard, and they began turning and twisting on the bed, pressing their naked bodies together in mounting urgency.

Frank knew that this was Kevin's first time in bed with another guy, and he tried to be as gentle as he could, as gentle as his furious passion for the boy would allow. But Kevin surprised him by his sudden willingness to take the lead in their sexual activity.

"I'm going to suck your cock this time," Kevin announced. "I'm going to take your hard cock in my mouth and suck it. Then I'm going to swallow your fucking load."

Verbalizing his intentions somehow helped him to get over his fear of choking on Frank's hard dick.

So, with caution but also with determination, Kevin took Frank's cock, hard and thick as it was, inside his mouth, and began to lap gently at its large circumcised head. He worked his tongue around the lower edges to that supersensitive point just below the pisshole. Frank began to groan, quiver, and pant for breath; Kevin knew he must be doing something right despite his inexperience. He began to experiment with the cock. He moved his tongue away because he didn't want the other man to come just yet, and then he suddenly licked the erect shaft instead of sucking it. He tongued it from the apple-sized head down to the hairy root.

Frank's big body stiffened, and his hand dug deep into Kevin's shoulder. So Kevin tightened his lips around the dickhead again and sucked harder. It's enormous! I'll never get all of it inside my mouth, let alone down my throat! he thought excitedly, sweating in a fever of mounting lust as he sucked. But I like it! I love it!

Frank squirmed and gasped. Feeling that the climactic moment was near, Kevin sucked him with even greater intensity, thinking: Come, you big-dicked son-of-a-bitch! Come! Come! Shoot it! Let me taste it, man, let me have your jism—!

Hot liquid shot against the roof of Kevin's mouth, and the excited boy tasted what he had never tasted before in his life—another man's

sperm, hot, thick, salty, and undeniably male. Kevin took it all. Finally he lay back with Frank and rested, the taste of semen still burning his lips and tongue and throat.

"That felt great!" he blurted out, covering Frank's face and chest with kisses.

Before long, Frank freed himself from the boy's embrace and slid down toward his midsection. "I want to blow you, too, kid. God, I want to suck your big cock again so bad!" Frank took Kevin's mansized boycock into his mouth and went to work. Kevin's whole body took on the hot, sensual glow that only his dick felt when he masturbated. But now, with the hot-mouthed truckdriver sucking his dick so eagerly, so hungrily, came the rush of almost painful sensation which Kevin always felt just before ejaculating. Now it was ten times stronger than he had ever felt it before. Suddenly he reached down and with one powerful arm jerked Frank's head away. He seized his throbbing cock with his other hand.

"What's the matter, kid? Did I hurt you?"

"No, it felt almost too good. I want it to last longer."

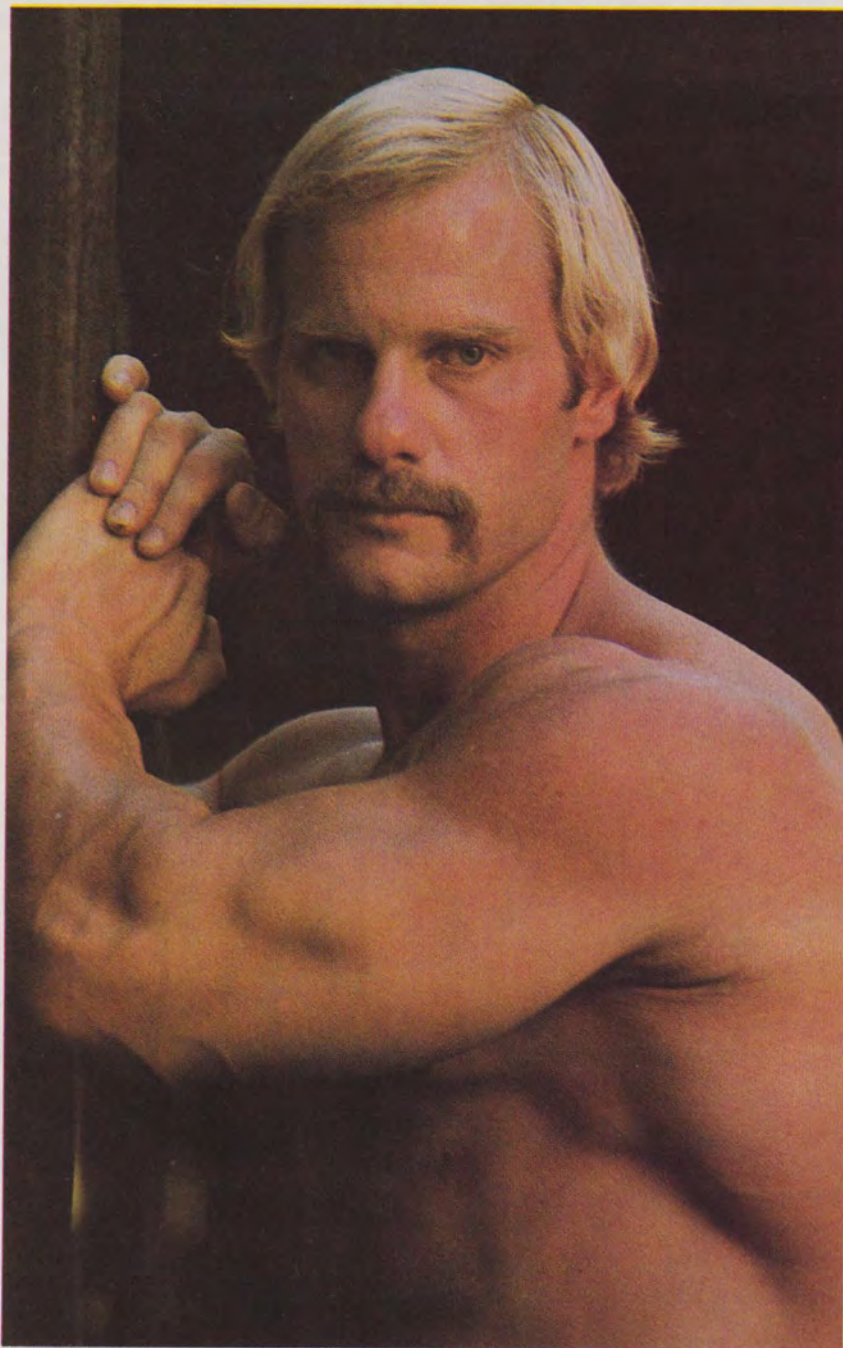
"I know how to keep a guy from coming until I damned well want him to."

Laughing, Frank bent down and unwrapped Kevin's hand from his cock. Kevin felt his hot meat recaptured by the trucker's wet mouth. This time, Frank sucked him slowly and lovingly, repeatedly coaxing Kevin to the verge of orgasm. Then he backed off until the urgency in his loins subsided again. He kept it up until the husky, naked athlete was thrashing about wildly on the bed, almost hysterical with his need to unload.

"No more, man! No more! Do it! Let me come! Jesus! Please make me come! Please make me come! Please suck me off!" Kevin babbled.

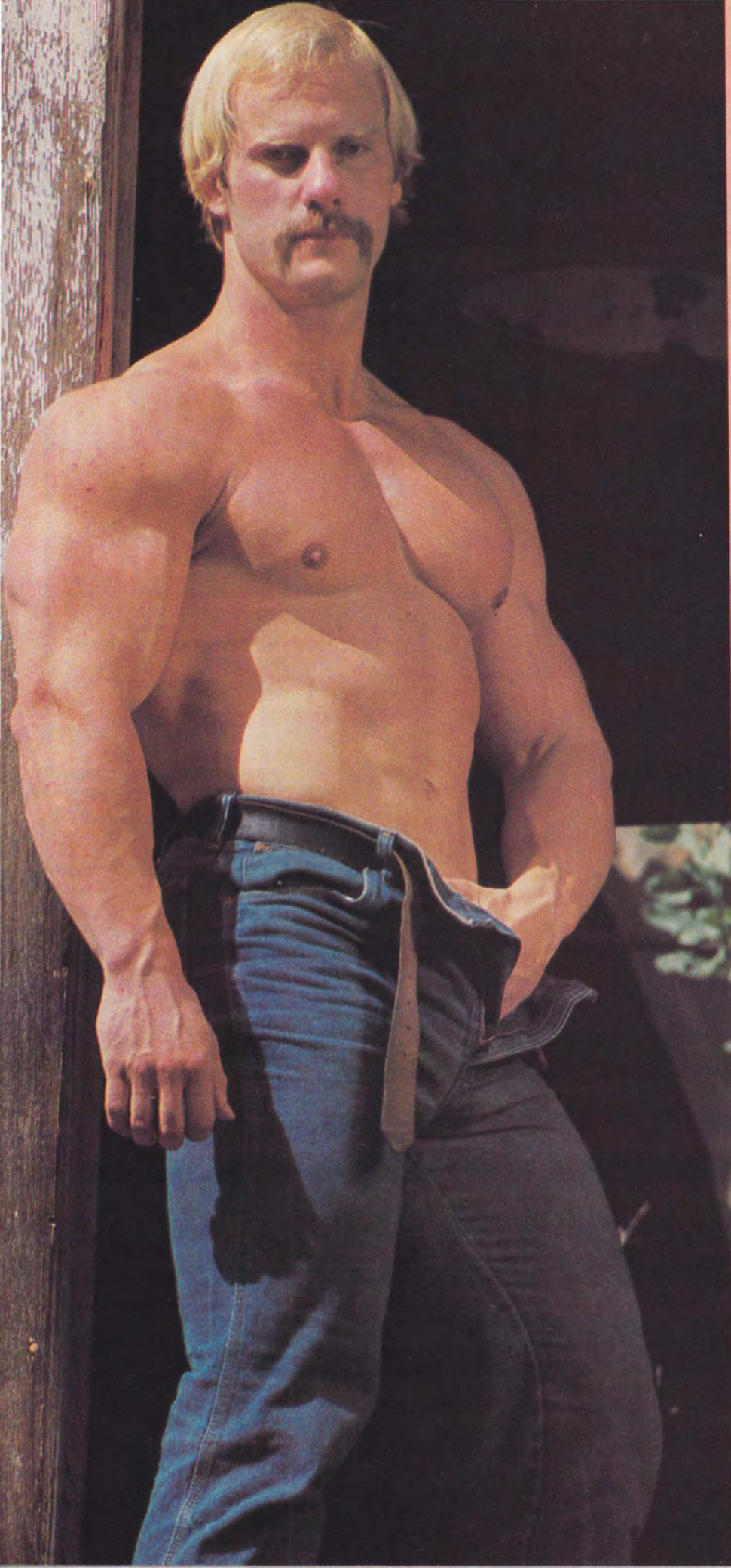
Grunting, Frank increased his suction. In a few moments of frenzied activity, groaning and writhing, Kevin shot his full wad into Frank's throat, almost choking the older man with the abundance of his sperm, its sheer quantity and thickness and youthful maleness. As he climaxed deliriously in the truckdriver's sucking mouth, Kevin knew that this wasn't going to be his last visit to Frank's apartment... or his last trip to the truck stop where men hung out to connect with each other for this kind of satisfying, exciting sex. He realized, now, that he would never go after pussy again. ■

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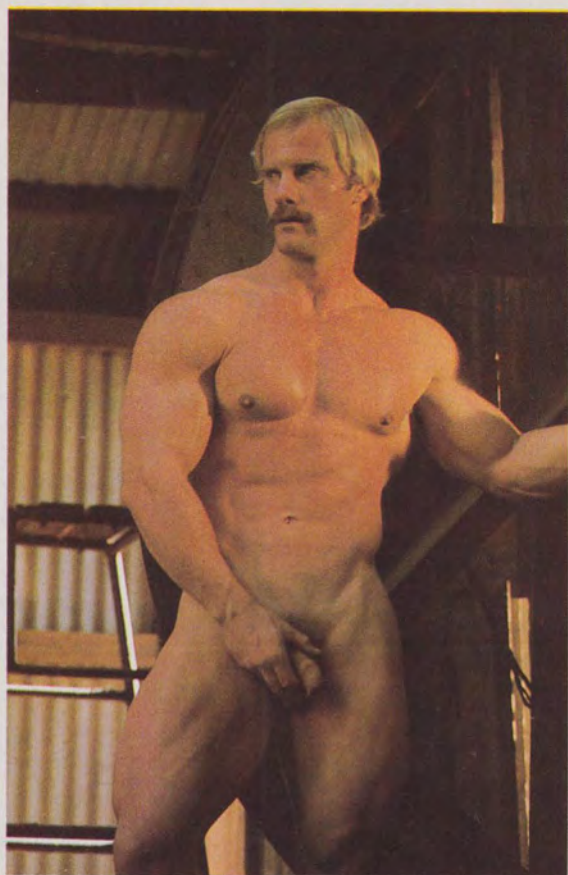
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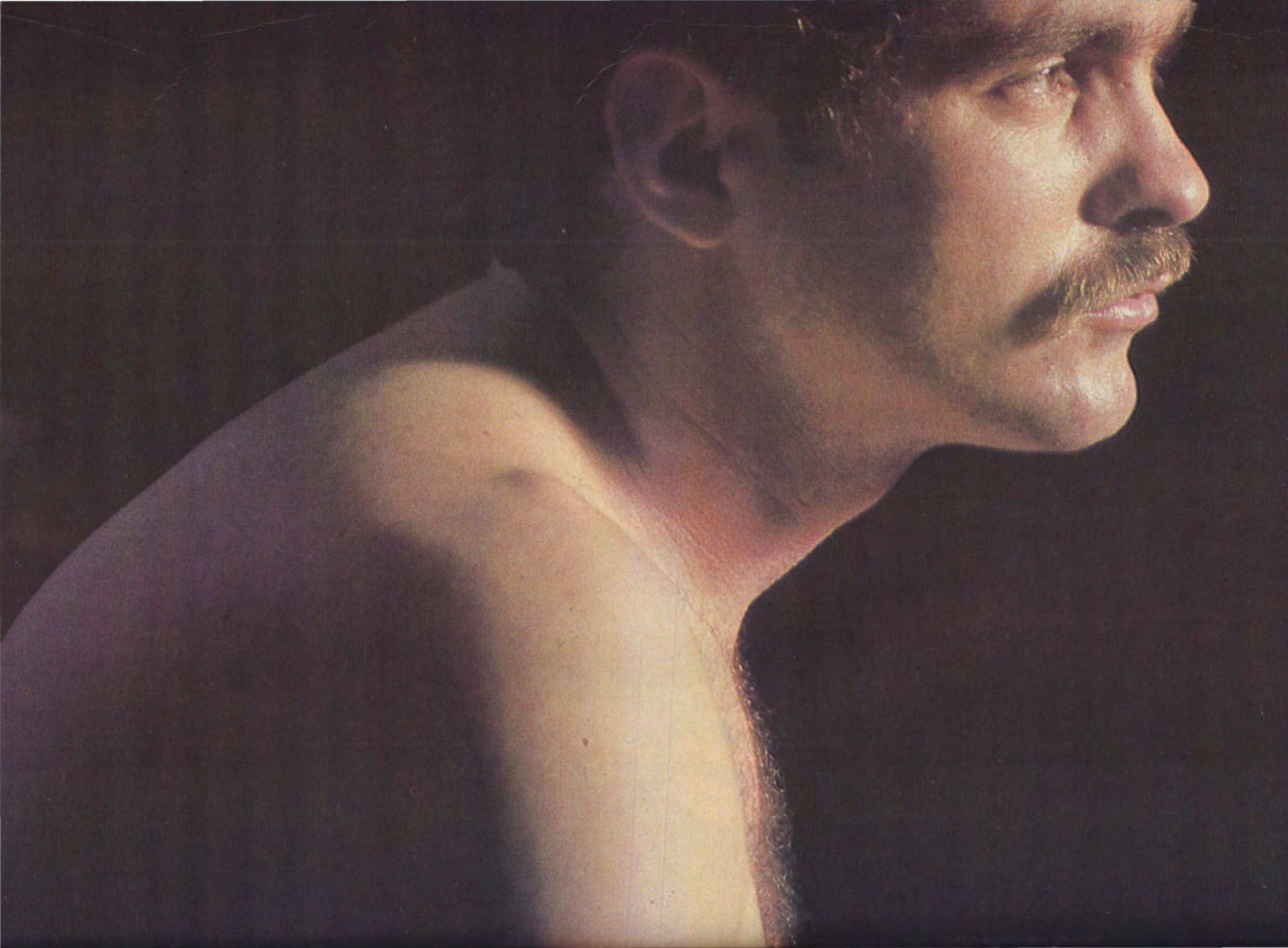




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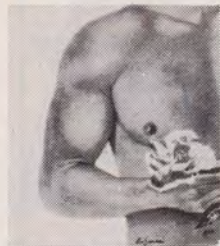
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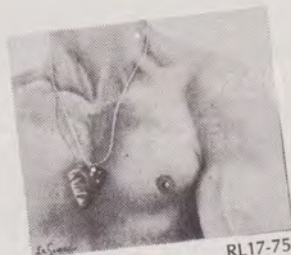
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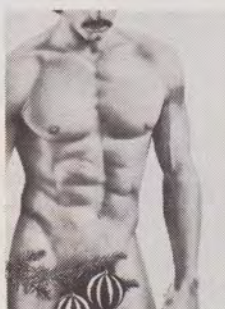
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Wants stallions to break, train and ride. 33, 6'1", 170. Colts accepted. No geldings or mules. I wear spurs! Jake, Box 1582, Clovis, CA 93612.

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 into mutual creative & uninhibited ass play. Let's open 'em up and make 'em talk. Photo appreciated. 55 Sutter St., #662, San Francisco, CA 94104.

GOOD-LOOKING SOUTHERN CALIF. ATHLETE

GWM 21, 6'2", 170 lbs. Smooth, well defined body. Moving to Huntington Beach on 2/21/84. Need someone(s) to show me around. All letters answered. All situations, relationships, propositions and opportunities considered. No fats or fems. S.Z. Lane, 2500 W. 6th, #507, Lawrence, KS 66044. All mail forwarded.

SKI THE ROCKIES

Handsome, muscular skier, thirties, seeks exceptionally handsome, muscular stud for rockies ski trips. Send photo, letter, sex preferences to Box 108, 2215-R Market Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.

HOT, SUBMISSIVE, MARRIED

WM, 34, 5'9", 153, good looking will exquisitely pleasure heavy hung, well built "Bossman." Exclusive discreet liaison to avoid disease. P.O.B. 1278, Solana Beach, CA 92075.

SLAVES!

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.

Latino 20 GDLKNG

Seeks guys 18-20 in L.A. L.B. area for good times and poss. relationship. All answered with photo. M.R., PO Box 1164, Southgate, CA 90280.

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.

ORIENTALS & LATINIS!

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.

SLAVE WANTED BY HOT SADISTIC TOP

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

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 90265. No reply without full candid photo and personal description. Foreign languages spoken.

FROLICING FOR FITNESS

Cute, very attractive man into fitness seeks GQ candidates with defined physique for caressing and giving glorious head. 30, 5'10", 150 lbs., azure eyes, walnut hair, nice thighs! Send photos for reply to Robert Fox, 36 E. Victoria, #190 SB Calif. 93101

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.

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

CONNECTICUT

VRY HANDS. SEEK SAME

Top Quality sks same. 6' 170# 42 hry ch, 30w, musc.-defined-trim. Want only vry hnds.-musc hunks-model quality, wh or blk. Photo a must. Occupant, Box 397 New Haven, CT 06502.

CONNECTI-CUTE

GWM, 5'11", 27, 180 lbs., seeks virile connoisseurs of vanilla sex. Likes! Classical music, poetry, modern art, teddy bears. Turnoffs! drugs, S&M, pain. (203) 562-7741. 848 State St. New Haven, CT 06511.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

GWM LOVES TO GET SUCKED IN D.C.

GWM, 27, 6 ft., 170, sandy hair, loves to get sucked and fucked. Love men in jockstraps. Steve, 202-543-2290.

WHITE SON SEEKS BLACK DADDY

Blond, 26, goodlooking. Needs to be disciplined, shaved and spanked. Visiting daddys welcomed. Box 50279, Washington, DC 20004-0279.

FLORIDA

FERNADINA BEACH

Straight acting, GWM, 24, 6' 1", 165 lbs. Dark skin, blk hair and very hairy. Wish to meet GWM's under 27. Muscles a plus. No fems. No phone JO's. Photo gets mine. CN Lee, Amelia South, 3350 South Fletcher Ave., Fernadina Beach, FL 32034. (904) 261-0328.

TAN LINES/JOCK STRAPS

GWM, 31, 6', 150 lbs, brown/blue, attractive bearded professional, hung, into work, fun, nautilus, seeks well-built thick-hung man for good times and possible relationship. P.O. Box 14342, Clearwater, FL 34279-4342.

STALLION VS. STALLION

Ft. Lauderdale. Wrestle, cock-fight, spank, ver., Leather, Piss, just fine. You/us. Me the Fuck, goodlooking, 28, 162 lbs. 5'10 1/2", 7 1/2" 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.

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.

MILKING MACHINE!

Attr, GWM, 28, 138 lbs, seeks masc gay or bi WM, under 30, for discreet oral workout. Reciprocation only if desired. Have beach apt for short visits. No fats, fems, weirds. Send info about self with photo (no response otherwise) to Ashley, Box 16487, Tampa, FL 33687.

GEORGIA

AIDS CELIBATES

Don't be lonely, call Atlanta (404) 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.

JO-COCKRINGS

Atlanta GWM, 6', 165, 8" cut, 40's into long JO sessions and photography. Wants to meet others with like interest. Your hot photo gets mine. P.O. Box 941002, Atlanta, GA 30341.

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

WM LOVES TO SUCK COCK.

The bigger the better. 145 N. Weston, Elgin, IL 60120.

PEORIA AREA 28 GWM

Looking for straight acting guy 21 to 35 for friendship not just sex! Photo and phone appreciated, P.O. Box 5565 Peoria, IL 61601.

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.

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.

MY HORSE

is hung like me! Dominant but affectionate, French alp, 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.

INDIANA

YOUNG MAN, 5'8" 150 LBS., 20'S

Looking for cosmopolitan gents 30-50, in Chicago area. P.O. Box 1352, Cedar Lake, IN 46303.

HOT BODY SUCK!

Good looking, hairy, thirsty, ass hungry wm, 37, 6'1", 155, worships very muscular, hung, sweaty greek active, french passive, body builders, jocks, studs. Hot photo and letter bring quick service. P.O. Box 1063, Muncie, IN 47305-1063.

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.

GWM, 21, 5'8",

Brown hair, brown eyes, no S/M. Seeks friends 19-30 from anywhere in state. Also would like to hear from boy lovers anywhere. Write to: Scott McBride, P.O. Box 369, Haven, KS 67543.

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.

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.

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.

LOUISIANA

MUSCLE MAN

Big muscular studs wanted by New Orleans area bodybuilder to be weight training buddies and partners in hot, heavy duty sex workouts. Mark, P.O. Box 38, Lockport, LA 70374.

PANTS-WETTING DADDY'S BOY

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

MAINE

AROOSTOOK COUNTY HUNK

Young, attractive Scorpio needs sex. Photo-letter-phone. Will travel. All answered. R.M., Box 214, Eagle Lake, ME 04739.

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.

FOR THE BEST B.J. OF THE BERKSHIRES

Call 413-442-5278.

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.

LOOKING FOR FRIEND

Medium height, build, 39. Married fine. P.O. Box 91, Muskegon, MI 49443.

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.

NEBRASKA

DADDY LOOKING FOR SON

18-30 into J/O and loves to get his cock and balls sucked. Albert, P.O. Box 332 Lyman, NE 69352 or call (308) 787-1223 after 5:00 P.M.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

WANTED: TOP MEN, ANY MEN.

B/D, C&B/T TT, Whipping, FF, enemas, obedience. Let me make your fantasies materialize. JG, P.O. Box 1373 Claremont, NH 03743.

NEW JERSEY

WANTED: HOT STUD INTO FIST-FUCKING

by hot masculine hunk, 30, 5'10", 150 lbs., 8 1/2" uncut. Pic & phone. PO Box 2436, Plainfield, NJ 07060. NYC, NJ, PA only.

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.

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

ATHLETIC BLOND, 22

Looking for pen pal and photo swap. Letter and nude photo gets mine. Eric, Box 33, Roslyn, NY 11576.

HOT & HANDSOME W/M, 25

Mustache, seeks w/m 18-30 w/smooth, hairless, protruding buns. You won't regret answering. Photo/phone for reply write: Occupant, P.O. Box 3472, New York, N.Y. 10185.

FRISKY SLAVE

needs taming in Buffalo. Limits expandable. Anything goes—public, S/M, J/O, B/D, Leather. 35, 160. (716) 832-0568, 11:00 PM-1:00 AM.

WESTCHESTER GWM

Seeks masculine, straight-acting discreet friend, (Muscle A +), 18-45, anywhere, for correspondence/meeting/sharing letter/photo: Box 3492, NYC 10185.

W/M, 27, BROWN HAIR/EYES

with trim beard and moustache. I'm curious—want to serve hot dude. Will worship well built guy—show me the way. (212) 251-6089. No J/O calls.

LOOKING FOR PERMANENT FRIEND

NYC. Very attractive bottom GWM 24, 6', 150 lbs, looking for the right person to build life with. Enjoy sports, movies, quiet times. Seek attractive top man with similar interests between 25-35. Photo appreciated. Write Mark Haas, 256 Hoyt, Brooklyn, NY 11217.

SWEATY HORNY JOCKS

Do you fantasize your big feet (size 11 +) serviced by a hot W/M, 28, 6'1", 175, who is attract masc and sinc? Call (212) 675-7352, 8-11PM for real locker room action, or write P.O. Box 304 Village Station, New York, NY 10014.

ALL RUBBER WEARING TOPMEN

W/M 33 6' 145 bottom seeks introduction into rubber/latex scene. Only serious rubber loving topmen need reply with letter/foto to Rob, P.O. Box 2980, Rockefeller Center Station, NYC, NY 10185.

ROCHESTER AREA

Goodlooking, well built, married man, early thirties, desires relationship with same. Good looking, trim, married guys without communicable diseases preferred. No kinks or weirdos. Photo appreciated. P.O. Box 24932, Rochester, NY 14624.

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

GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR "MARRIED WM"

with an everlasting hunger for cock" to correspond with same for possible relationship. Black hair, trim build, cut, 30-50's, 7-10". Must be very hairy and live within 60 miles west of Cleveland. Prefer Italian or Hispanic, shy but aggressive. Am 6' 155# middle-aged, clean, safe, smooth, cut, hot and horny hair and cock lover. All limits will be respected. Mutual honesty exchanged. Don't delay. Countless sex play. Write M.V. Harey, P.O. Box 612, Lorain, Ohio 44052. Box void 9/84.

ASHLAND/NORWALK AREA

GWM, 30, seeking warm, sincere GWM 18-30 for friendship/relationship. No smoking or drugs. Letter/photo. D.S., P.O. Box 191, N. Fairfield, OH 44855.

22 GWM

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

OKLAHOMA

MUSCULAR MEN WANTED

GWM, 21, 6', 169 lbs., 8" cock. Considered cute. Seeks honest, good-looking bodybuilders, jocks, studs and athletic men. You must have well defined chest. No S/M or B/D. Send letter, photo showing face/chest, if possible nude. John C., P.O. Box 19572, Oklahoma City, OK 73144.

PENNSYLVANIA

JACK-OFFS TO 35.

Write: Occupant, P.O. Box 315, Sharon, PA 16146. No fats.

SOUTHWEST PA

Horny, handsome young college student, GWM, 19, 6'1", 160 lbs, wants other young horny guys for prolonged fucking, sucking, J/O and sensual massage. Photo gets mine. P.O. Box 80, Richeyville, PA 15358.

SON SEEKS CIGAR SMOKING DOMINATING DADDY

Who is over 35 and uncut. Son is 24. 5'11" 145 lbs. and handsome. Steve B. 1581 Hewson St. Phila PA 19125.

WM, 130 LB., 27,

Desires friends, lovers, playmates for dining, travel, good times. R.D.5, Box 219C, Tyrone, PA 16686.

SOUTH CAROLINA

HOT SOUTH STUD INTO GP GR FR ETC

Gd/kg 31 GWM 6'0" 225 Husky brown hair, eyes, hung big 10 1/2 and thick. Ready for sucking and fucking. Hot horny for 17-40. JR Nelson, 311 Thompson St, Camden, SC 29020. Hurry, I'm hungry!!

TENNESSEE

ANIMAL SLAVE

25/160 muscled. 9" thick. Experience managing 5 stallions, 3 danes. Give me a farm. I'll serve. Discrete, loyal. D. Johnson, Beech Creek Road, Brentwood, TN 37027. Sincerest cash donation earns \$150,000 Yuan Dynasty jade horse. All donations rewarded.

MAN IN 40'S

desires young man 25 to 40. Love & home provided; some travel and home life. Into french, w.s., light s & m. Photo necessary. R.G.B. 1115 N. Royal; Jackson, Tennessee 38301; 901-427-8469.

TEXAS

WEST TEXAS AREA

W/M, 33, 5'10", 150, lt. brown hair, beard. Wants to meet gay or bisexual men for friends, fun and sex. Call Steve, 915-447-6101.

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.

WEST VIRGINIA

GWM, 26, 5'8", MUSCULAR

Seeks mature, muscular GWM, 25-35, to meet and develop serious relationship. Will relocate. No fats, fems, free-loaders, drugs, heavy S/M. Reply to: 425 Clifton Ave., C'burg, WV 26302 or call 304-623-9438.

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.

MONTREAL

French-Canadian, 30, 6'180, blond, hairy, sportive, wants a friend, sincere, hairy and attractive (Greek, Italian or Arab). C.P. 278 STN Bourassa, A/S Productions Confidence, Montreal P. Quebec Canada

COMMERCIAL

WARNING

Do not read this ad if you are sexually fulfilled. For those who are not, send \$5.00 (plus \$2.00 for postage and handling) and we guarantee help to tickle your fancy! (Cash or M.O.) P.O. Box 456, Westmount, Quebec H3Z 2T6, Canada.

A COMPLETE MASSAGE

By Argentine masseur. 6', 165 lbs., Mas., (212) 831-3580. IN/OUT. CALL FERNANDO.

MAN ALIVE!

America's hottest new personal ad publication! First 30-word (photo ok!) Ad free. Send \$1.00 (refundable) for info: M.A. 11684 Ventura #104H, Studio City, CA 91604. (State over 21).

BANDANAS IN 47 COLORS

Hanky code, Rockshot and TNT cards, Ram and Hardware, write for details: Kitchen Plus, 208 N. 3rd, Manhattan, Kansas 66502.

COMING TO L.A. FOR THE '84 OLYMPICS?

We can make it affordable. Write for information. Gledhill Tours, 2112 Lyric Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90027.

MAKE NEW FRIENDS

through Skipper's Mates, a contact club for men. Discreet—inexpensive—unique. Details plus sample copy of club bulletin—\$1. Skipper's Mates, PO Box 264, Bellbrook, OH 45305. State over 21.

MAN TO MAN PHONE ACTION

HOT MEN INTO YOUR FANTASY, LIKE... BRUCE: Sexy young surfer, hot & ready. MICK: Horny ex-GI bottom. JIM: Muscle stud all man top or bottom. MAX: Leather master into verbal abuse. PLUS OTHER HOT MEN ALWAYS AVAILABLE. Dial (213) NOW-TALK — Dial (213) 669-8255. Major credit cards or money orders OK!

ESCORT/MODEL

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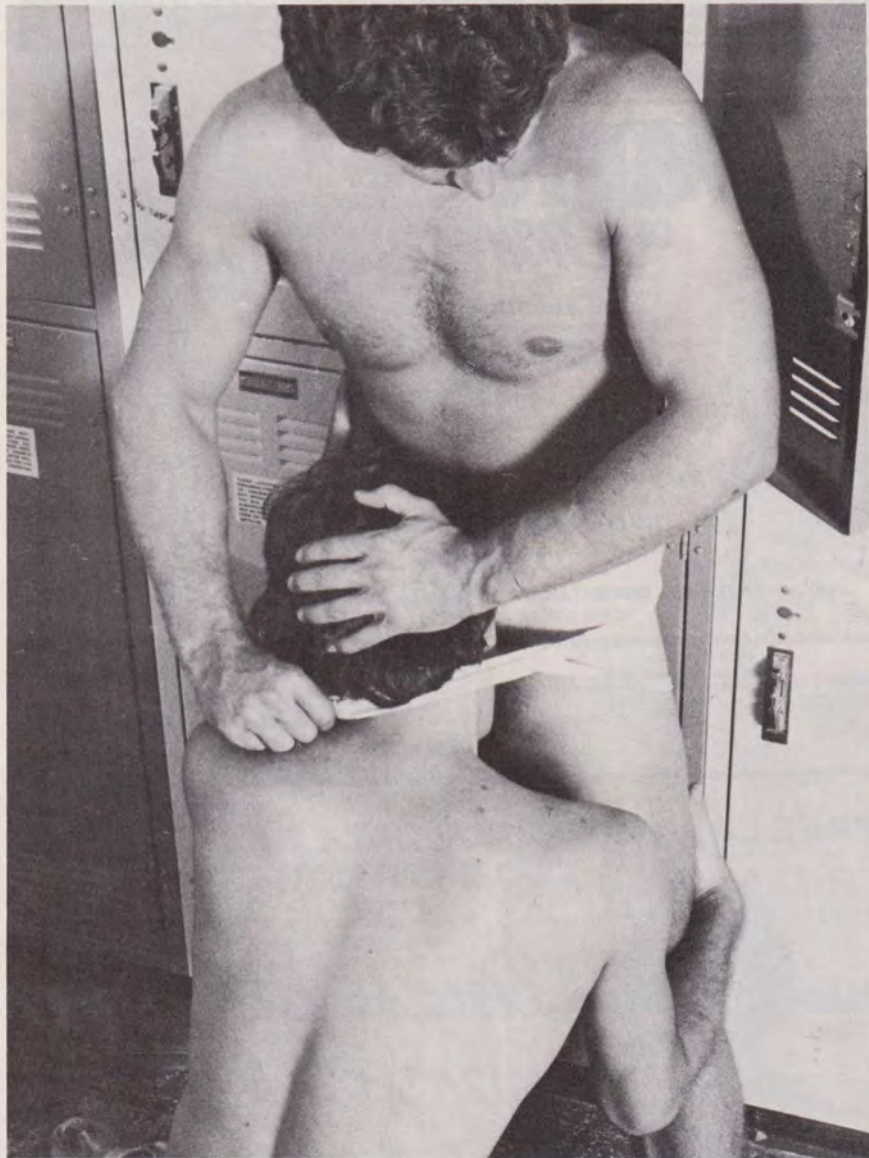
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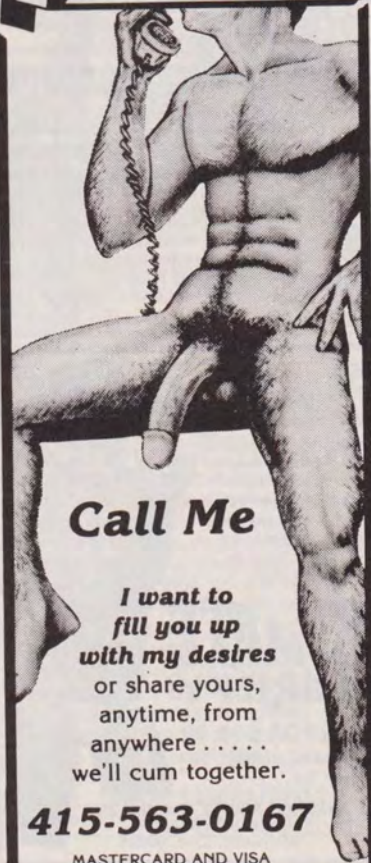
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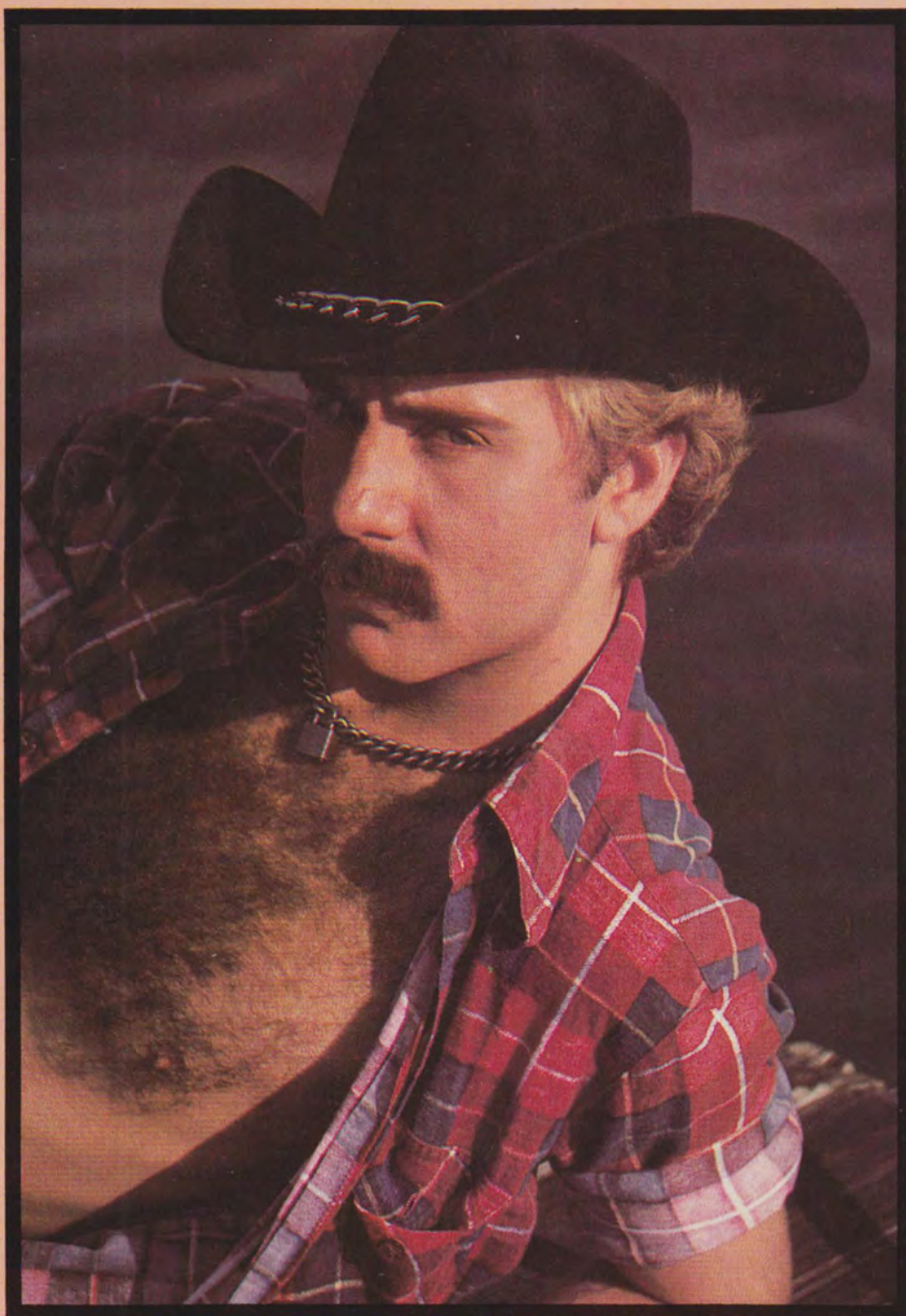
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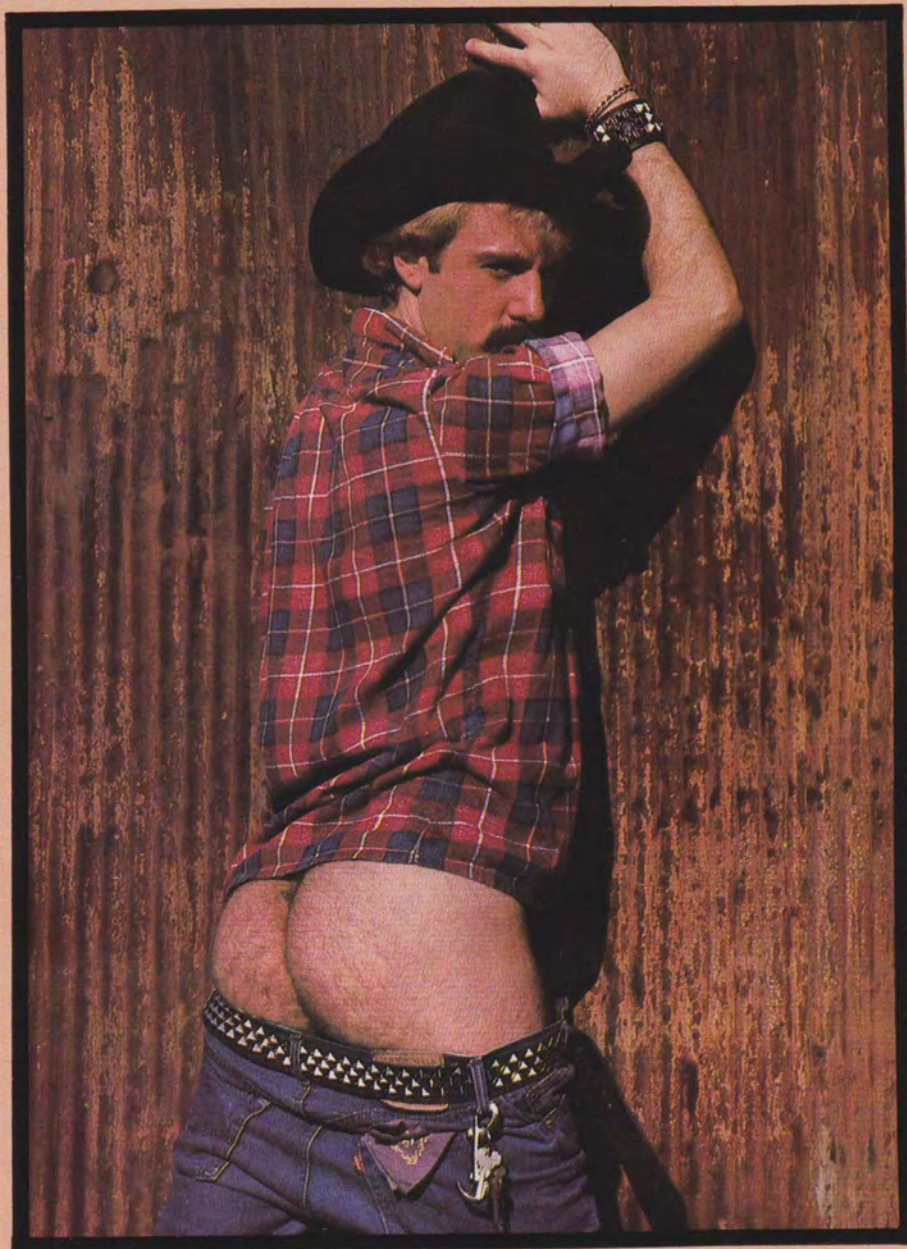
COUNTRY CUM TO TOWN



When this country boy comes to the big city, he doesn't visit the Empire State Building or any of the other famous tourist sights. Oh, no. He's seen all that before.

Photography by 9-D Studio

COUNTRY CUM TO TOWN

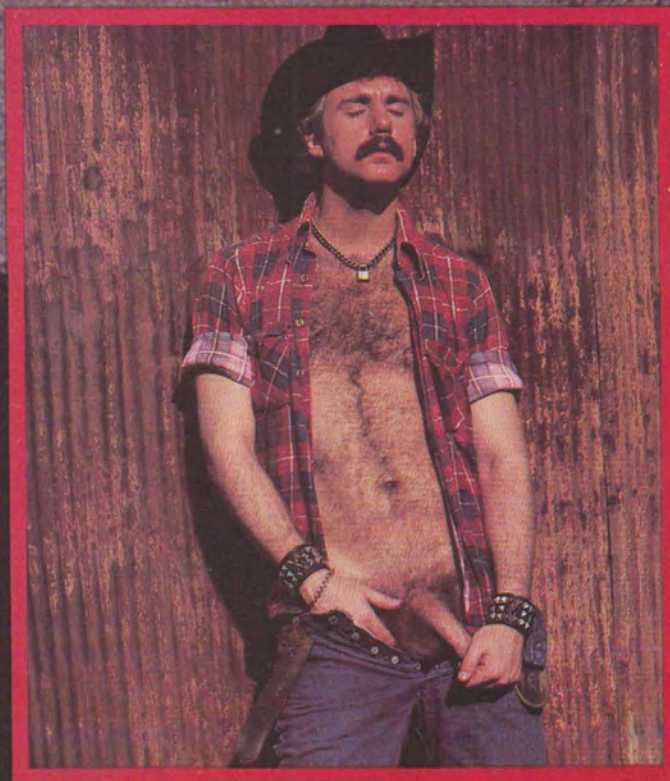


When this country boy comes to town, he heads right for the waterfront. He goes to the docks to explore and to be explored. He is looking for things he can't find down on the farm. Things like fellow studs. And they're looking for him, too.

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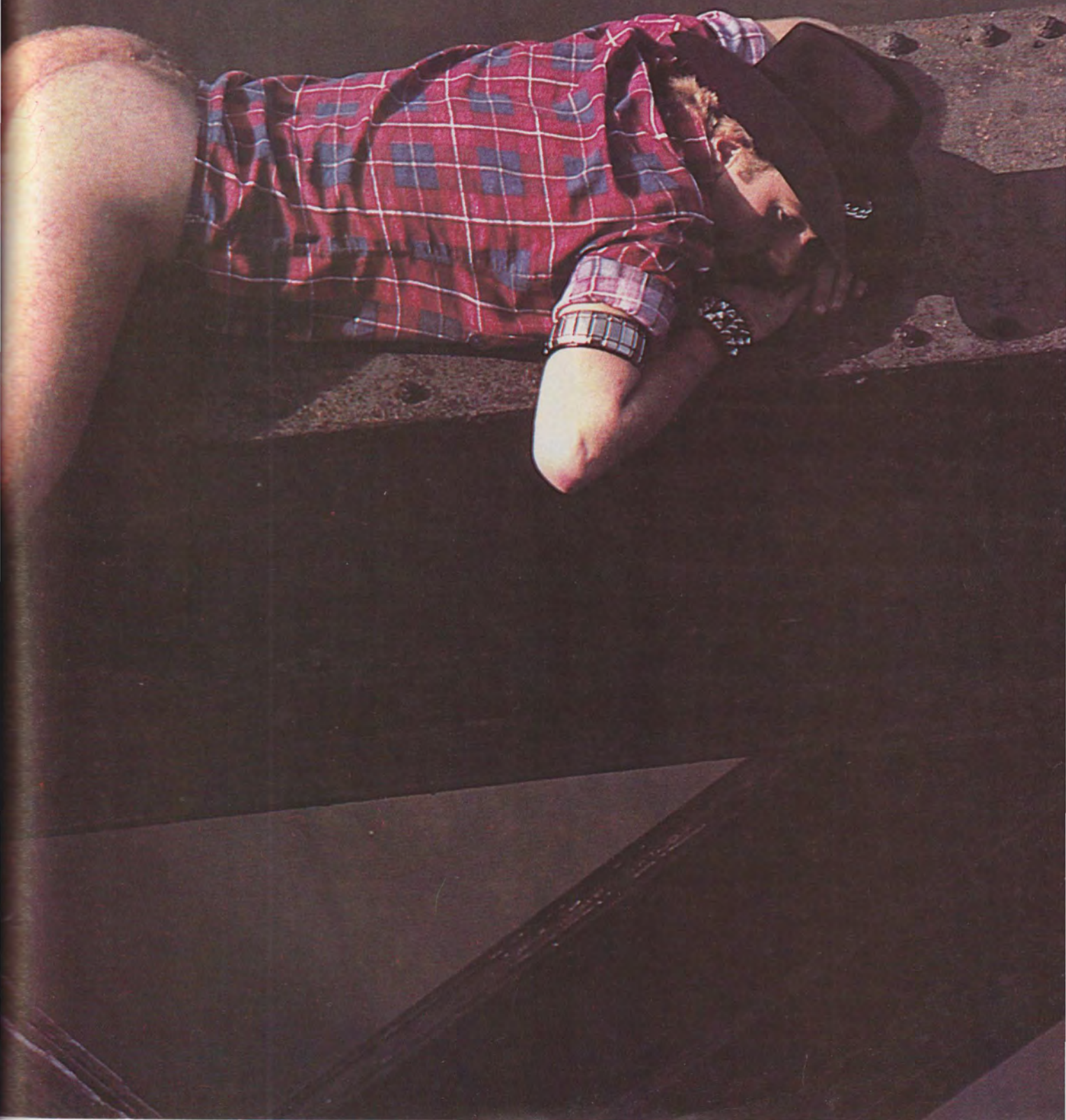


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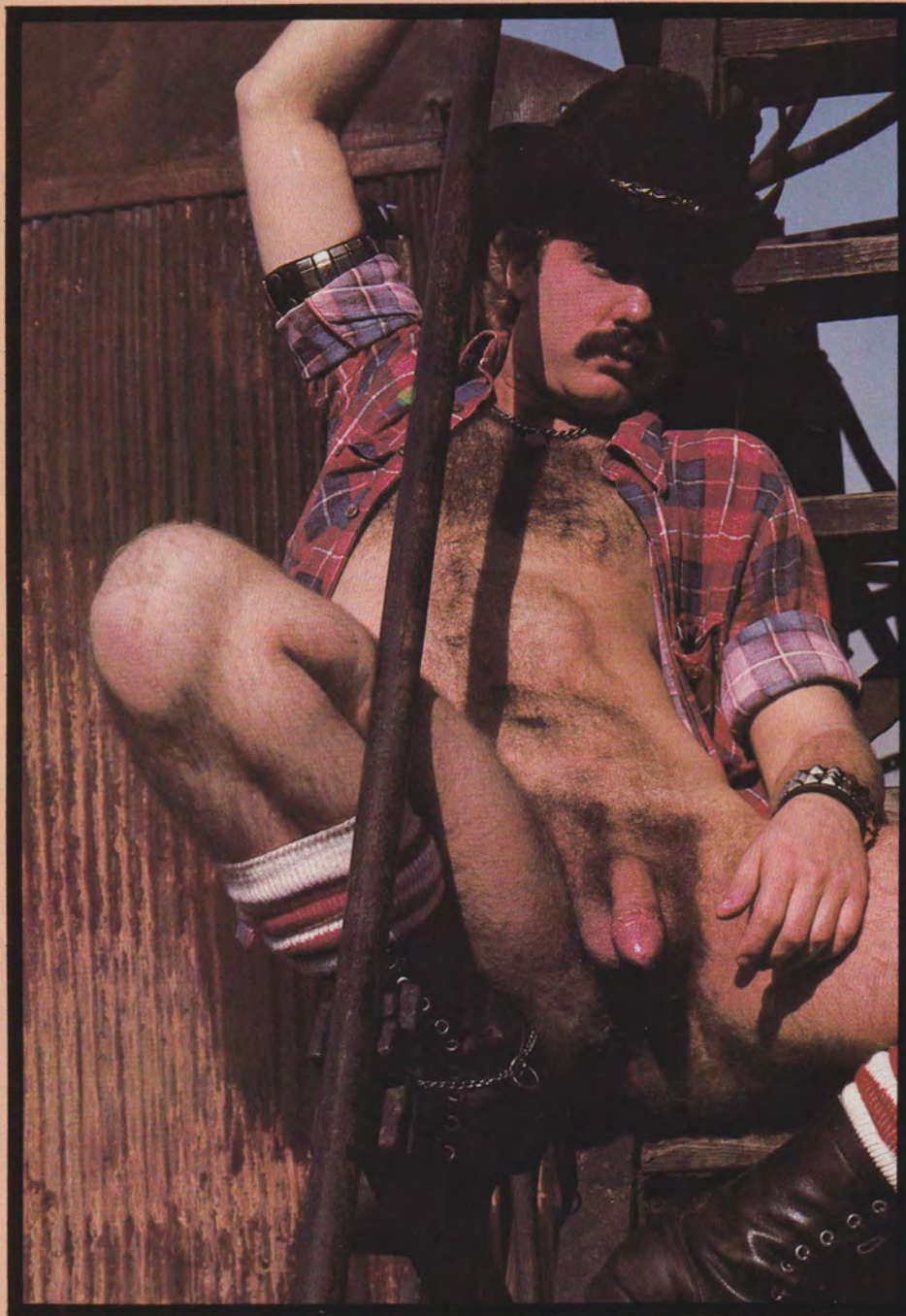


Where else but at the docks can a guy tan his butt and maybe even get it plowed? At least, he can stretch out and enjoy a little peace and quiet while waiting for some action.

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COUNTRY CUM TO TOWN



This country boy, armed with his own charms and a few big city toys, is sure to get himself into some hot trouble real soon. What kind of trouble? Man trouble, that's what. The kind he always looks for when country comes (and cums) to town.

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#101 Hercules Dressing for Arena



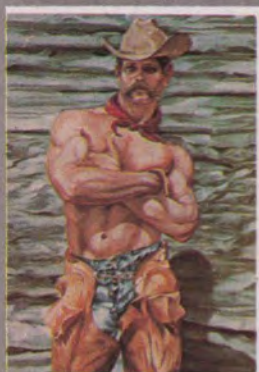
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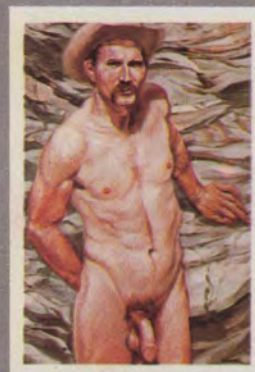
#110 Atlas



#104 Mark as Apollo



#105 Three Graces



#106 Jim as Hermes



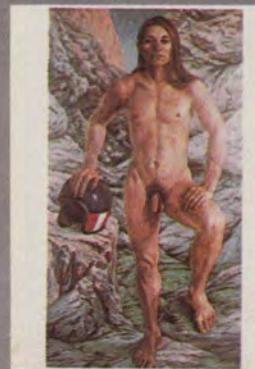
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