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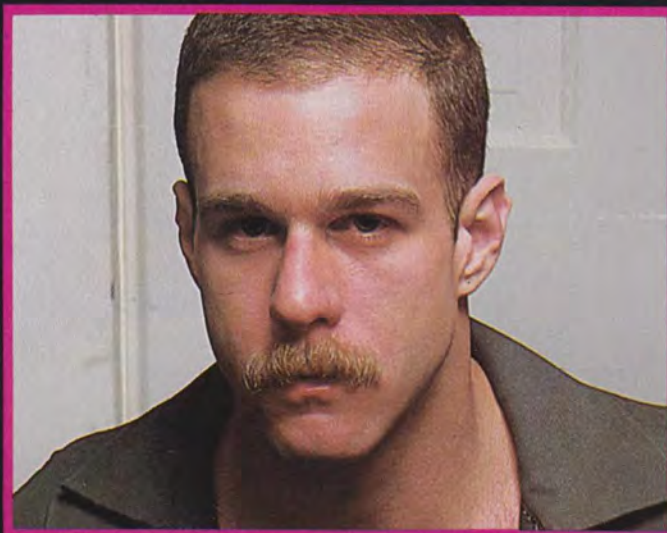
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HONCHO

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VOLUME 7 • NUMBER 5
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COVER: NAAKKVE

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CHARTER MEMBER





MADE TO BE SUCKED

By Simon • Photos by G-Man Productions

The work crew scattered for lunch exactly at noon. Some sought out the shade to open their lunch pails; others went down the road to a bar and grill for beer and cold cuts. I hopped into the pick-up truck that was always around the construction site and headed for a real hot rest-stop.

I was going on a man-hunt, and all my senses tingled in anticipation. Driving along with a cold beer nestled between my legs, I could almost feel a pair of warm lips wrapped around my dick. Then I imagined a juicy, hairy asshole to be rammed. As I reached for my beer, my hand brushed the hardening bulge in my jeans, and I gave it a few strokes for good luck in the hunt.

I wasn't always this eager for the chase and capture. In fact, I'm probably making up for lost time. Sure, I played around a little in high school. In fact, I had a regular jerk-off buddy

that I saw once or twice a week.

Nothing wrong with that, just having some good times. We both dated girls, and he was even engaged when he went off to college. I got married the Sunday after high school graduation, and it has worked out okay. We've been married five years now. Cindy's old man gave me a job with his construction company and it's going real well. Never had a real honeymoon, so we're taking a delayed one on our fifth anniversary.

That's probably why I'm horny as hell and headed for blessed release. Just nervous about the trip, spending all the money and leaving the kid with the grandparents for the first time. I'm really glad we're going and all but I tell you, it'd be just as much fun to goof off around here. But Cindy thinks it's some big deal, so I'll go along with it to make her happy. I suppose that's what marriage is really about, right?





Anyway, back to the rest-stop situation. I didn't always need it as much as I do now. Cindy and I got it on pretty regularly, before and after we got married. When she got pregnant it all changed. We still made love but it cooled down. We used to please each other in every imaginable position, in every room of the house, but after the kid came, she did it only to please me, and not without some coaxing, let me tell you. It never went back to the way it used to be.

I returned to my old habits while Cindy was waiting to have the kid. At first, I would wake up in the night with my rod busting through my shorts, and I'd get rid of my load in front of the bathroom mirror. That changed when I found out about the rest-stop.

I was out for a few beers with the rest of the crew one payday and wound up tighter than a snake. I didn't realize how tight until I got behind the wheel and headed home. I knew I shouldn't drive, so I pulled into the rest-stop to sober up. I lowered the driver's seat and tried to take a nap, but every time I closed my eyes the dizziness came back. I tried walking it off. I paced the length of the parking lot but still felt high. Walking in the cool air, I was aware of some activity in the semi-darkness, but it didn't register until I went in to the bushes to take a leak.

I pissed enough to fill an entire six-pack. By then, my eyes had gotten used to the dark and I could make out shadows leaning against the trees. Feeling vaguely uncomfortable, I headed back to the car. Parked next to me was a small van with a blond kid sitting behind the wheel. He nodded and smiled as I passed by. I nodded in return and didn't think much of it until I turned to open the door of my car. The kid had disappeared from the front seat and was opening the sliding door on the side of the van. I stood motionless as he leaned against the door frame, unzipped his fly, and began rubbing himself. Watching him, I became both scared and excited. It had been a long time since my jerk-off buddy, Hank, left for college and I hadn't thought about carrying on with another man since then. I didn't have to think too long, because my cock answered the question for me. I made sure it was good and hard as I slowly walked toward the van. The boy smiled and moved aside to let me in. As I passed him, his hand brushed against my rod and stayed there. With his free hand he shut the door and fell to his knees. As he pulled my pants down,

my dick sprang out from my shorts and right into his warm mouth. With his free hand, he worked my balls through the opening in the shorts, pulling and massaging them in rhythm with his mouth action. I leaned back, letting the urgent feeling run through my body until I couldn't hold back. I pulled his head down on my throbbing dick as my cum spurted down his throat. When my head cleared and the panting returned to normal breathing, the fear returned. I said a quick "thanks" and left.

I gave the incident very little thought until I passed the rest-stop on my way to work the following Monday. It surprised me that I didn't feel guilty at all. I enjoyed the attention, hadn't hurt anyone, and didn't have to go begging for it from Cindy when I knew she didn't want to.

For the rest of the week I caught myself checking out the stop for the van each time I passed it. On payday, I followed the same routine as the week before. Stopped for a few drinks with the guys, then headed for the stop. I was sure the van was going to be there, and I was a little disappointed not to see it. I pulled into the same space and waited. The van pulled in about ten minutes later and we repeated the scene. This continued for a few more weeks until, one night, the boy didn't show up.

I pissed enough to fill an entire six-pack. By then, my eyes had gotten used to the dark and I could make out shadows leaning against the trees. That's the night I learned what rest stops are really for.

I sat in the car waiting, deciding to leave, then changing my mind. There were a few people wandering about, slowing up and eyeing me as they passed my car. One guy with red, curly hair and a nice butt seemed interested but I must have waited too long. He moved on toward the bushes. After a minute's hesitation, I got out of the car and headed toward the spot where I saw him last. I wandered the paths until I came to a dense grove of trees. When I spotted the redhead, it seemed he had already connected with someone else. I leaned against a tree and watched as he slowly unzipped his partner's pants and pushed them

down, exposing hairy legs and a bulging jockstrap. He knelt before the man, ran his hands up and down the hairy body, then pressed his mouth against the jock. The cockhead forced its way out and the redhead took it in his mouth, sucking greedily. As he sucked, he unbuttoned the man's shirt, uncovering a hairy chest with firm pecs. His hands went to the man's nipples and began playing with them. The boy's mouth went everywhere, never stopping in its search for new pleasure.

I inched forward to get a better look. The man pulled the redhead away, but hesitated when he saw me. My dick was busting out of my pants, so I pulled it out and began stroking it as I moved closer. The redhead went back down on the thick meat as the man motioned me closer. I walked forward slowly until the man had my cock in his hand. He pulled me forward and placed my dick in the kneeling boy's mouth. The redhead mouthed my cock while he jerked the other guy off. The kid was really an expert cocksucker; he worked his mouth up and down my shaft until my whole body tensed up, ready for the final moment. When the moment arrived, the boy pulled away, and cum spurted out onto his tongue and into his moustache. The man held me by the waist, supporting me as I gushed manjuice. Before the spasms

stopped, the redhead wiped the cum from his face and rubbed it onto the other man's throbbing tool. Then he jerked the man's dick just inches from his face. The man held me tighter and tighter. I wanted to pull away, but his grip tightened. The man shot his load all over the boy's face. Then he buried his head in my shoulders and kissed my neck. I held him for a second and then pulled away, thinking, I'm getting in deeper than I want to.

It didn't stop me, however. Every Friday the routine continued. A few drinks, then over to the rest-stop for some quick action. The blond in the van showed up a few times, but when

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he wasn't there I didn't worry about it. There were plenty of eager fish in the sea.

Ever since the incident with that guy grabbing me, I stayed away from any real physical contact. Sure, when I was ready to come, I might run my hands through some kid's hair or pull him down on my cock, but it was always a hit-and-run situation. It was easy; I recognized some of the regulars, and all I had to do was pull my rod out and start to rub it. That would always get one of them to come over, finish getting it hard, and go down on it. I never wasted any time, just shot my load, said thanks, and headed back to the car. Just passing through, fellas, get it while it's hot because you may never have the chance again.

I don't think I missed a single payday during Cindy's pregnancy. She gave birth to a girl on a rainy Friday in October, and I took the day off to be with her. We were both real happy and her dad even gave me a raise, probably an inducement to have more kids. That evening, as I left her, I told her how good it would be to have her home and back to our regular sex life. She turned cold on me and told me it would be a while yet. She gave me a weak smile as I left and I felt that she was happy to have an excuse to keep away from me. I drove home feeling that a door had been slammed in my face. I sat in the parked car, staring at the dark, empty house and not wanting to go in. I backed the car out and headed for the highway.

When I got to the rest-stop, the rain had increased and the parking area was deserted. Not wanting to be alone, I continued on to the bar where the crew hung out and had a few beers, waiting for the rain to stop. It never did and the gloom outside got to me. I headed back towards home but a pick-up truck at the rest-stop caught my eye. I pulled in and parked a short distance away. Through the rain I could tell that the driver was young, with dark hair and a moustache. I wasn't in any mood for games, so I rolled down the window and nodded. He opened the door of the truck and got out. He ran the short distance to my car, opened the door and got in. We spent a few awkward moments checking each other out and talking about the weather. Time was passing and nothing was getting done. I decided to stop fencing and get down to business.

"I was hoping for a little action tonight," I said as I began rubbing my crotch. *Continued to page 22*

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Family members were gathering for the wedding, but the bridegroom had a bad case of the jitters. His fiancée's brother had caused them by offering his big fat dick to his future brother-in-law.

TILL DICK DO US PART

By Billy Wolfe • Illustration by Fred Bissonnes

"Maybe you are going to marry my sister, but you don't fool me."

Paul had been staring so intently into the fire that he hadn't heard his fiancée's brother walk into the room. The brother took a poker and stirred up sparks in the fireplace. His back was turned to Paul; Paul wondered why his mouth was suddenly dry as he fixed his eyes on the brother's smooth, naked back. The brother leaned the poker against the bricks, then turned and revealed a poker of his own: it was poking against his loose gray sweatpants. Paul swallowed hard. He forced his head up to look away from the brother's crotch and into his smiling face—a smile of victory and self-adoration.

Paul frowned—tried to glare, angrily. So much was at stake here. The house was full of family members who had begun to gather for the big wedding that would take place later that week. But for this moment, there were just the two of them, alone in the room. Just them and the fire—now beginning to swell into a rage, thanks to the brother's poking around.

The brother's hand came up (Paul watched it, closely) and stroked himself across his flat, slightly fuzzy stomach. The brother was lean and pale, with lots of golden brown hair growing in curly locks, pale blue eyes, and a broad, flat nose. Paul began to sit up, intending to leave the room, but the brother stepped forward at the same moment and almost knocked his cock into Paul's face. So Paul fell back again in his chair and the brother moved closer, spreading his legs and straddling Paul's face. The penis inched closer to Paul's nose. Finally the head of the cock, still concealed in the sweatpants, actually tapped Paul on his nose. Paul smelled the brother's sweat—the sweat of his groin. Paul's throat tightened, and he realized that his own cock was stiff in his pants. Here Comes The Bride. . .

"Matthew!" the bride-to-be was calling her brother as she came down the hall. Paul almost tipped over backwards to get away from Matthew, who wasn't bothering to move at all. Paul was on his feet to greet his fiancée when she entered the room.

"Oh, good," she said, "you're both here. Mom wants you two to move the table from the dining room out onto the patio."

Paul remained tongue-tied a moment as Ellen gazed at him dreamily. He knew what she was thinking. They had yet to make love. Oh, Ellen had been willing, even *pleading* for it once or twice, but Paul had remained the gentleman and had been determined not to take advantage of the woman he planned to make his wife. Ellen had thanked him the night before for his "remarkable strength," and now she sighed before him as her brother, Matt, skulked around Paul toward the doorway. Paul, noticing that Matthew's sweat smell had been replaced by Ellen's pungent lilac perfume, was confused because he found the perfume less desirable.

By evening more guests had arrived: Cousin Wally and his wife, along with another aunt. Ellen's mother told Paul, "I know you must feel uncomfortable with the crowd. Why don't you go upstairs and ask Matt to take you for a drive? It'll be good for your head."

Besides, Ellen's self-conscious when she talks about you in front of you. She wants to brag about you to all the relatives."

Paul uneasily ascended the stairs to Matt's room. After what had happened earlier that day he didn't want to be alone with Matthew again, but then if he was going to marry into this family, he'd better get this cleared up right now. He knocked on Matt's bedroom door; no answer. He opened it quietly, in case Matt was asleep, but the room was empty. Paul was drawn in by the smell of the young man—the same smell that emanated from Matt's groin. And it wasn't until Paul was inside the room that he became aware of a puzzling sound coming from the adjoining bathroom. It sounded like someone gagging.

Paul moved to the doorway of the bathroom and there, in the mirror on the bathroom wall, he saw the reflection of Matt and cousin Wally, welded together; Matt's cock was buried in Wally's mouth. Paul gasped slightly, then began to move away. But when he reached the bedroom door, he surprised himself by closing it and returning to the scene in the bathroom.

The two men couldn't see Paul, but

stared in awe at the magnificent cock—it was the size of two bananas—and Matt waved it in the cousin's face. Big grin, big cock. Then he turned around and demanded of Wally: "Now lick my asshole, cocksucker; I wanna feel the hole I shit out of getting licked. Yeah! Stick out that tongue and clean it up, or I'll take my cock somewhere else."

Against his will, almost, Paul continued to watch. His heart was beating so hard it hurt. Matt's ass jutted out, sticking in Wally's face. Wally slobbered in the crack of Matt's ass and Matt—the fucker!—was grinning, soaking up the worship. He bent forward to stick his ass deeper into his cousin's face; Wally gasped, sucked, slobbered, and Matt smiled. His eyes were half-shut, in pleasure; then he farted right into Wally's face. Paul felt cum begin to stir in his balls—he felt it ready to spurt up the length of his upright cock, which was hard in his pants. He pulled himself away from the mirror, left the bedroom, and had to balance himself on the banister as he descended the staircase half-way, unsure where he wanted to go.

"Where are the boys?" he heard someone ask.

Paul glared at Matt, who responded by letting his tongue roll over his bottom lip.

"Paul!" Ellen's mother exclaimed, and Paul slammed down his elbow on the tip of his spoon, which then flipped off the table. Some laughed. "You must tell us," she continued, "about your business. Paul has the most interesting business. He decorates gardens." Paul muttered something as he bent down to retrieve the spoon. As he did so, he involuntarily glanced under the table and saw Matt's cock, dangling out of his pants. Matt's fist was around it, and aiming his dick at Paul. Paul sat up with a jerk, shaking the table as he did so. Several guests looked at him.

After dinner Paul and Ellen took a long walk. Ellen was flattered to find Paul so nervous and eager. He suggested they go somewhere else until the wedding, to be alone. Ellen laughed, telling him that was impossible. Paul confessed that he was extremely—"Well, horny, El," and Ellen's eyes warmed with delight.

"Oh, Paul," she said, "I am too, but we've waited so long already. We just have to wait a little more."

"But what if we're—what if you're making a mistake... I mean," he said, flustered. "I mean, what if I'm not—I'm not—you know, like—in bed..."

Ellen pulled on Paul's arm and rested her head on his shoulder. "Oh, my silly goose," she said, "you'll be just perfect. I can tell. Don't be worried. I'm not."

"Paul, dear," Ellen's mother told him when they returned, "We had to put Wally and Grace in your room, so would you mind doubling up with Matt?"

Paul responded by squeezing Ellen's hand with such force that she yelped, then giggled. The mother didn't understand Ellen's reaction; then both women shared a knowing smile. Paul was so eager to sleep with his bride.

"Isn't he gorgeous, Mother?" Ellen asked. And both women gazed admiringly at Paul: his tall, six-foot frame, his dark brown hair coming down over his shy eyes, his clear skin, his sensitive features. His face reflected, at that moment, a lot of tension, almost anguish, and this made him appear even more attractive, the women thought. They sighed, and inside, Paul groaned.

After everyone had retired for the night, Paul went out for a second walk alone. He wanted to make sure Matt

Continued on page 40

"I'm a fuckin' slave to my own cock and so are about a hundred other guys," he said, ramming his monster dick down the bridegroom's throat.

he saw them perfectly. He felt feverish; he was perspiring. He couldn't take his eyes off the mirror—off Matt's face—that same infuriating smile of utter ease. The more Paul watched, the more apparent it became that Matt was merely obliging his cousin's hungry, almost desperate gulps. The cousin slapped Matt's naked ass cheeks and continued to gobble Matt's cock, while Matt stared down amused and detached.

"Nobody!" the cousin exclaimed, in a hush.

"Uh huh," Matt said, completely calm.

"Nobody's got a cock like you!"

And at that moment the cock revealed itself to Paul as Matt slid out. Matthew had the fattest, largest cock Paul had ever seen. Paul's vision began to blur and he felt dizzy. The cousin

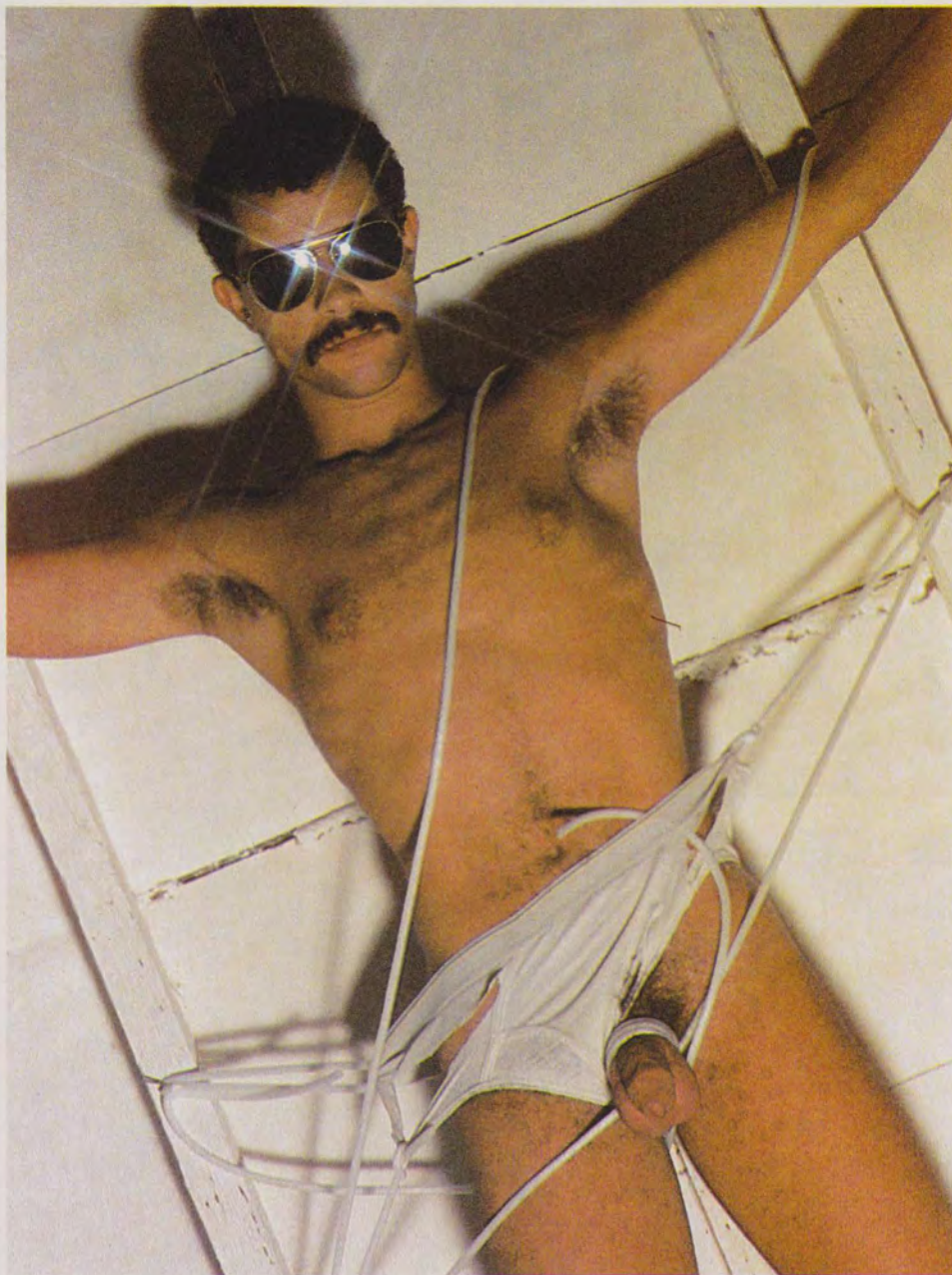
"Probably in Matt's room," the mother responded. "Like old times."

And Paul gripped the railing, hard, recognizing instantly the emotion which inexplicably consumed him: jealousy.

When Wally said at dinner that night, "Pass the potatoes, please," his wife responded, "Aunt Irene, you must give me your recipe before I leave this week. Wally always has such an incredible appetite when he's here! He doesn't touch my potatoes."

Paul was staring at Wally's mouth when he felt a pressure on his foot. The pressure intensified; he jerked, and there was Matt, sitting across from him, grinning. Paul looked around to ascertain if anyone else knew what was happening; again he felt Matt's foot crawling up his leg, and Matt's toes began kicking him in the nuts.

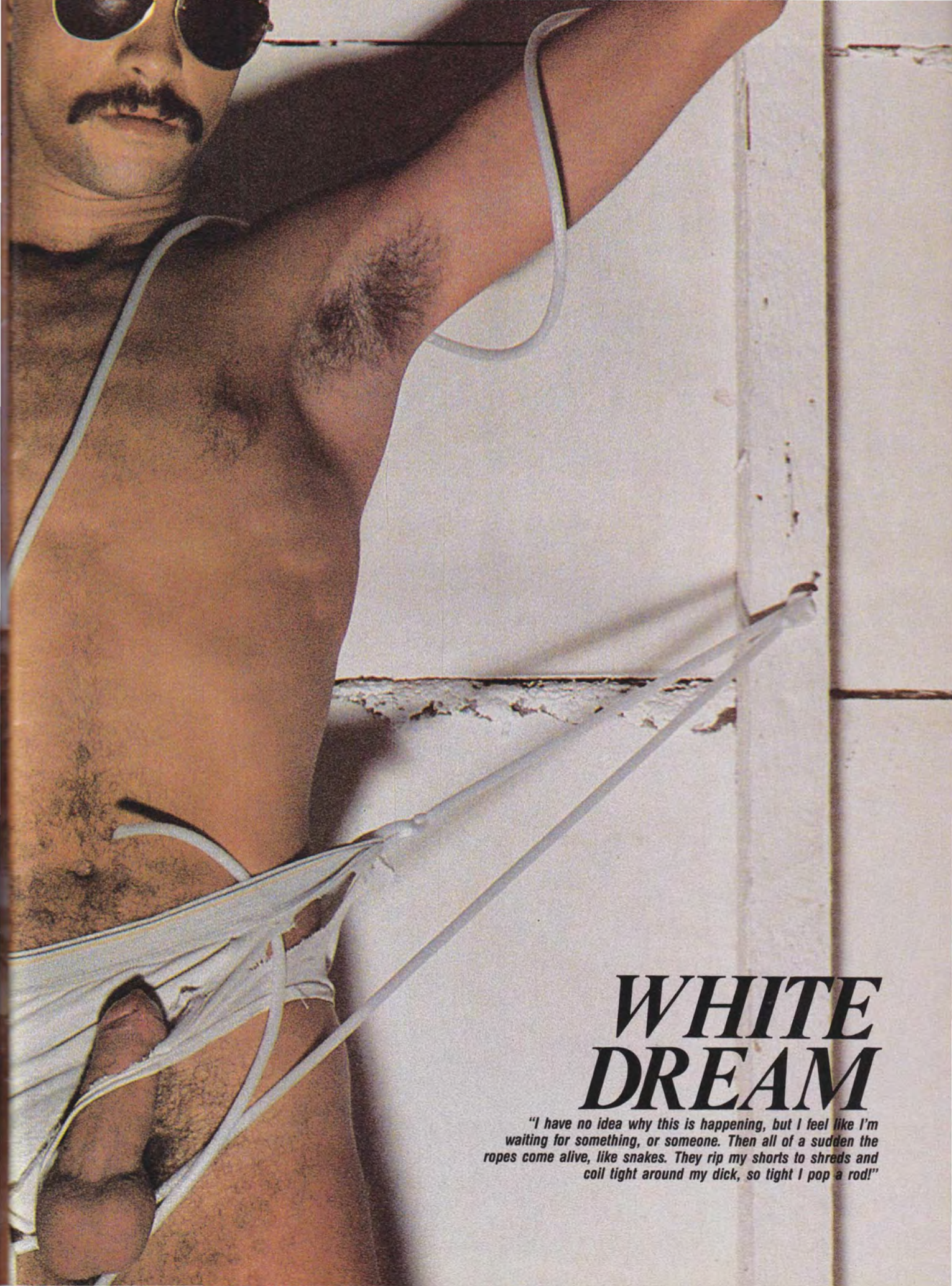
WHITE DREAM



"This weird dream I've been having every night is driving me nuts! Maybe if I tell you about it, you can help me figure it out. In the dream I'm in a totally white room, wearing nothing but sunglasses and jockey shorts. I'm tied up with white cords—even my dick and balls are tied up. And I'm waiting."

Section photographed by James Williams



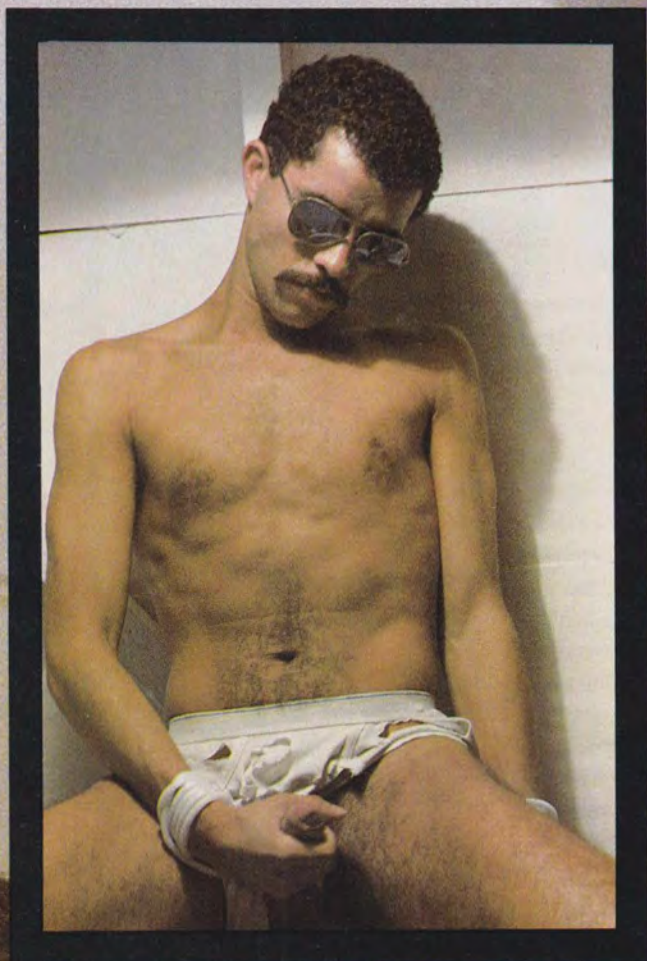


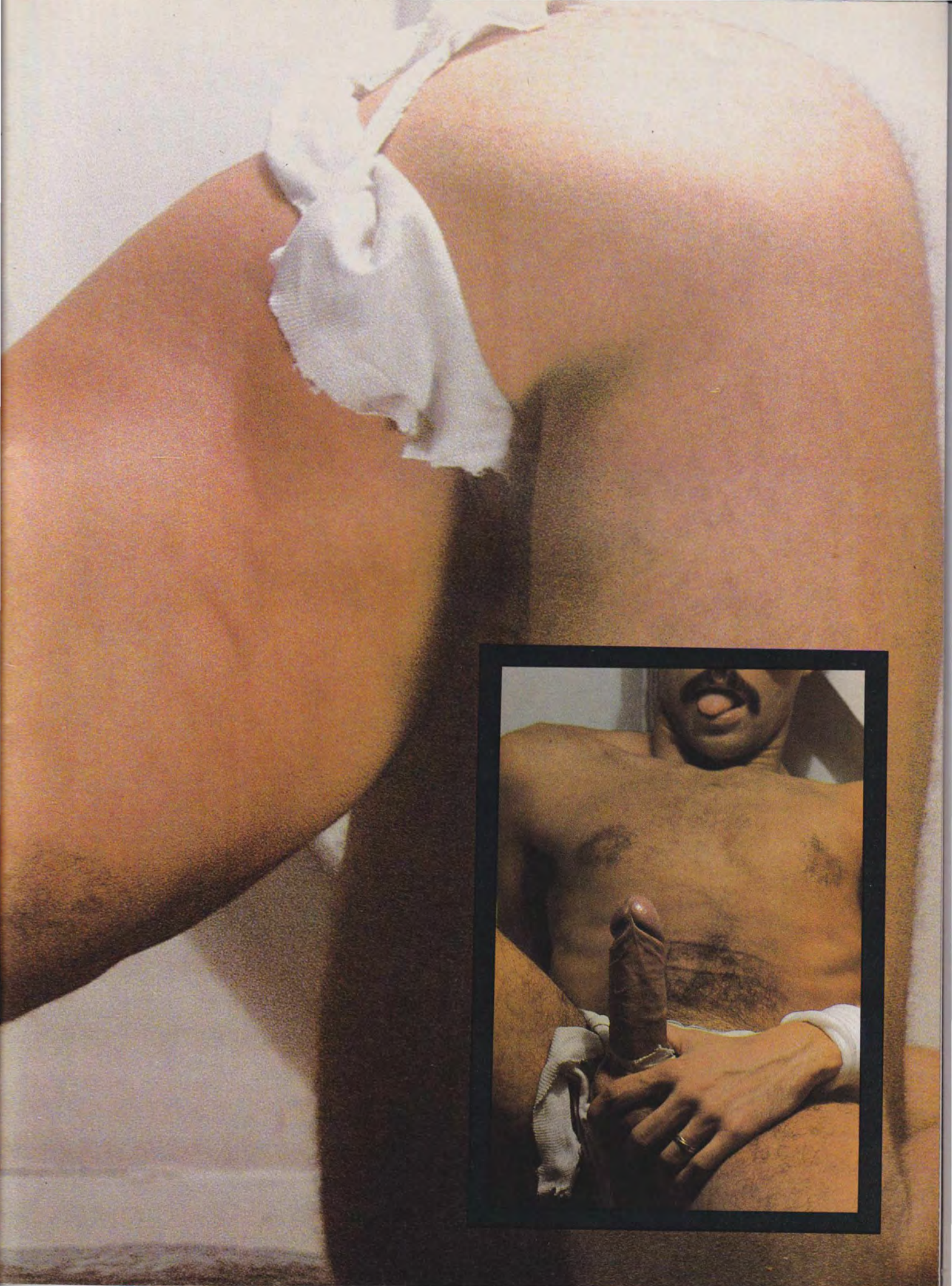
WHITE DREAM

"I have no idea why this is happening, but I feel like I'm waiting for something, or someone. Then all of a sudden the ropes come alive, like snakes. They rip my shorts to shreds and coil tight around my dick, so tight I pop a rod!"

WHITE DREAM

"So I hang there like that for God knows how long, my jockeys slowly shredding and my dick getting harder as the rope pulls tighter. Then the ropes just fall away, and I'm free! Free, but totally confused. And I've got this hard-on that just won't quit."







WHITE DREAM



"Now, dig this. Invisible hands grab me and flip me over on my belly. Then they hoist my ass way up in the air. The hands spread my asscheeks, and my hole opens right up. I'm straight, y'see, and this part freaks me out the most. And right then I always wake up, just as this invisible—thing—starts pushing into my ass. Whaddya think it all means?"





JUST A LITTLE
OLYMPIC
FLAG-WAVING!
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FOR ALL THE
BEAUTIFUL
BODIES
IN THE WORLD!
YEAH!!

by
CHUCK

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MADE TO BE SUCKED

Continued from page 9

He put his hand over mine and pressed down. "I think you came to the right place. I hope you're not in a hurry."

"I've got some time," I responded.

"Good, follow me back on the highway. I've got a place a mile up the road," he shouted as he got out of the car and headed back to his truck.

I started the car and pulled behind him as he headed north. I was torn between following him or heading home. The thought of his hand on my dick made me follow him. In a few minutes we arrived at a garden supply place and some greenhouses. I followed him up the stairs over the shop and into a small apartment. As I took off my jacket, he picked up a joint from the table, lit it, handed it to me, and headed for the kitchen. He came back with a couple of beers and gave me one.

"I think we should get out of these wet clothes," he said as he pulled off his boots. By the time we had stripped down to our shorts, we had finished both the beer and the joint. My mood began to change; my defensive pos-

ture relaxed, I actually enjoyed watching his tight, trim body walk away toward the kitchen and then back to me with another beer and another joint. We sat on the floor, our legs touching, and passed the joint back and forth. I was very aware of his body next to mine. It was lean and well-muscled, and I waited for him to advance. He said something to me and I nodded my head in agreement. He turned on music and he led me to the bathroom, which was filling with steam. When he took off his shorts, I saw his long uncut cock. Then he pulled my shorts down over my hardening shaft. He leaned over to kiss it, and I grabbed the back of his head.

"Not yet," he said as he led me to the shower. We stepped in, buffeted by hot water coming from all directions. It took me by surprise and I just stood there. The water and steam vapor felt wonderful; my tensions drained away. The guy's hands kneaded my neck and shoulders as he soaped me. He worked his hands expertly down my back, onto my buttocks, and between my legs. He grabbed my balls from behind and lathered them up. My dick stiffened as he worked the soap around its base. He put an arm around my waist and directed me into the stream of hot water. As the soap washed away, I felt his body press against my back. Then his head pressed against mine and his cock sought the crack of my ass. My defense mechanism went into motion and I turned to face him. Our cocks rubbed against each other and he grabbed both of them in one hand, gently rubbing. My eyes closed as his lips found mine and pressed gently. I gave in to the need for closeness and warmth and held him around the waist. My attention at first centered on my rock-hard shaft, but gradually moved to an awareness of my entire body and then to the feel of his body. I moved my hands down to his ass and began exploring the hairy crack. I began to think of Hank, and how good his thick cock felt in my hand when I jerked him off. I reached for this man's rod. I held it in my hand, feeling its hardness and its length, and ran my finger over the slippery cockhead.

"Take your time. Let's make it last," he whispered as he shut the water off. There was no stopping me. I wanted him badly. My body was filled with excitement I hadn't felt for a hell of a long time. All I had been doing lately was getting my rocks off, but my needs went far beyond that. I wanted the closeness and the satisfaction of giving, not just taking.

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"Yes," I stammered as I reached for a towel, "let's make it last."

I went over his entire body with the towel, rubbing gently. His reddish-brown hair covered most of his body. When it dried it was soft and silky to the touch. When I knelt down to dry his legs, his cock rubbed against my shoulder. It had lost its stiffness and the skin was starting to cover the head. As I dried his hairy legs I stared at it, watching the piss-slit drip a bead of glistening pre-cum. His hand ran through my hair and with gentle insistence, directed my lips toward his cock. I watched as the skin pulled back to expose the moist head. I kissed the shaft, moving my lips closer to the head. I took the head in my mouth, tasting the saltiness. My lips moved back and forth, each time letting a little more of the shaft enter my mouth. My own cock sprang to life; I began to massage it as I knelt on the tile floor. The pressure of his hand on my head lessened and I stood to face him. At last he took the towel from my hand and motioned me to follow him into the bedroom.

I stood in front of the full-length mirror as he finished drying me off. He knelt in front of me, drying my feet, and I saw the reflection of his hairy crack. I bent over him and ran my hand down the cheeks of his ass, probing his hole with my finger. He pulled me down beside him and sucked my cock as I massaged his hole. Then he took my shaft deeper and deeper with each stroke. I turned him around so that he was on all fours, facing the mirror. I nudged my spit-covered cock against the hairy hole, spat in my hand, and ran it along his ass until I probed the opening. I worked the spit inside him and followed it with the head of my dick. He tensed, then relaxed. Returning my thrusts, he forced my entire shaft up the hot hole and held it there. Slowly, I began to pump my meat into him, pulling almost all the way out and then slamming it home. I could see my body in the mirror: my stomach muscles rippled as I tensed up. I held him around the waist as my thrusts took on force. I pulled all the way out again, then buried it to the hilt.

The boy gasped and moaned. "Don't shoot it yet, make it last."

I pumped harder and harder. There was no turning back. The force of my thrusts pushed him down on the carpet. I could now see my dick pushing in and out as I looked in the mirror. I couldn't hold back. I didn't want to hold back. My body was out of control. I shouted, "I'm going to fuck your

ass until I shoot. My dick is going to tear you wide open."

He screamed, "Give it to me, don't hold back."

"You're going to take all that juice, you cocksucker."

"I want it inside me. I want to feel you shoot." He tightened his ass muscles as the first gush of cum shot into him.

"Here it comes, baby, hold on tight!" With each thrust my body shuddered and gave up more of my sperm, filling his insides. I threw myself on top of him, breathing heavily. After a moment, my cock still inside him, I sat up, pulling him with me. Still facing the mirror I grabbed his hard, dripping cock and began to pump it. He forced his body against mine and we both watched in the mirror as my hand worked up and down the long shaft. The pumping increased; his whole body began to tremble. As he shot a thick stream of white cum against the mirror, I held him tightly and gently bit the back of his neck. He slumped forward and I rolled off of him, exhausted and lost in time and space.

I awoke in a panic. I tumbled out of bed, head pounding, the sunlight shocking me awake. I headed for the medicine cabinet and swallowed two aspirins, resisting the temptation to take the whole bottle. As I started the shower, the phone rang. It was Cindy.

"Where are you? I'm checked out and everything. You were supposed to be here an hour ago."

"I'm sorry, honey, the crew took me out to celebrate last night and, well, you know how it is."

"Well, how late are you going to be this time?" she asked petulantly.

"I just got out of the shower," I lied. "I'll see you in fifteen minutes."

The phone went dead without even a good-bye. I hung up and stepped into the shower. The hot water tingled as I washed quickly. I shut the water off and stood there dripping, trying to clear my head. I got out of the tub and opened the door to clear away the steam. As my hand reached the knob I looked at the mirror on the back of the door. The steamed-up mirror revealed only my blurry outline. I remembered only vaguely how I left him and got home.

"Boy, I must have been ripped last night," I said to myself.

I hopped into the car and headed for the hospital. Onto the access road, down the highway, only slowing down to search for familiar faces leaning against their cars in the rest-stop. ■

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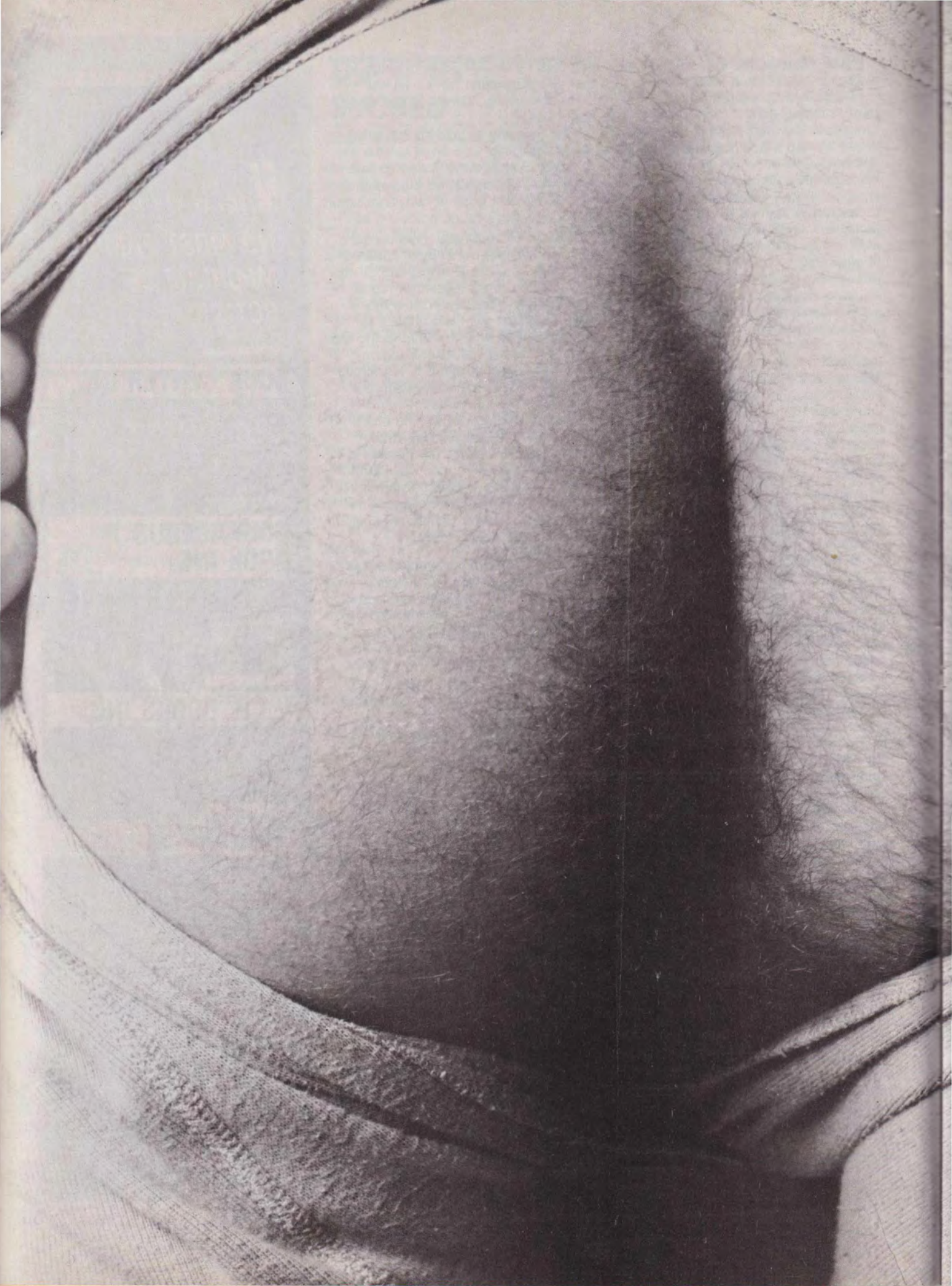
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*The scream of lust
had barely cleared
my throat when I
heard the thunder-
ing roar. The cabin
began to shake;
the sound of
splintering wood
pierced my ears.
Was the mountain
collapsing on us,
or were we caught
in a*

SEX

AWALANCHÉ

By Bud O'Donnell • Photos by Naakkve

After last year's rotten ski season, it was a fantasy come true to be sitting in the lounge of the ski lodge and watching that beautiful white powder snow continue to fall. It looked like big downy goose feathers. It had covered the majestic Canadian mountain in front of the lodge with enough inches to satisfy even the most demanding snow queen.

I had been on the slopes since early morning. It was fantastic, although a struggle, to blaze new tracks through 14 inches of virgin powder. Although I'm not one to complain about too many inches of anything, I do have more problems handling 14 inches than some guys do. I prefer between six and eight, whether it's soft powder snow or a hard potent dick.

I'm only five feet, seven inches tall, and my inseam is just 28 inches from crotch to cuff. So when I hit that 14 inches of fresh snow, I didn't see my knees, much less my skis, during the whole time I was on the mountain. But I really love the sport, and skiing gives me a natural high.



The only sport I like more than snow skiing is hang gliding. And my version of hang gliding is to wrap my hands around the hard muscles of a hunky stud's ass and let his hang glide down my throat or up my ass. And the nice thing about my two favorite "sports" is that I've never had difficulty finding hang gliding partners at the same place I practice my slalom.

After six hours on the slopes without a break, I decided to head for the lodge for some coffee. It wasn't until I was actually sitting that I realized how tired my legs were, and how cold my hands had become. In the restaurant, I sat warming my fingers by using a simulated jack-off stroke, up and down the hard shaft of my coffee mug.

"More coffee, sir?" the pretty little waitress asked, and I flirted with her shamelessly. Just because I'm a cock-sucker doesn't mean I can't appreciate the beauty found in women, too. My heterosexual distraction was short lived, however, when I turned and looked back out of the lodge window.

About 30 yards away I saw three hunky ski patrol members carefully gliding a stretcher sled over to the emergency building. Although goggles and hoods pretty well hid their faces from me, the portion of their anatomies in which I was most interested was on blatant display. Instead of wearing the padded, down-filled, designer ski togs so much in vogue now, the patrol members were clad in beige racing-type stretch ski pants, which moulded their muscular asses and legs like a second skin. Their upper bodies were covered in dark brown parkas, with the words *Ski Patrol* emblazoned in flame orange letters across their backs. As the three bent over their sled to loosen the bindings and blankets from the body lying there, I was unconsciously mooned by a trio of the most succulent asses I've seen in some time. Drool began to run from the corners of my mouth.

I watched intently as the three hunks unstrapped the sled and peeled the blankets back from what I assumed was an injured skier. An instant later, my emotions not only perked up, but my cock as well, when a fourth ski patrol member climbed off the stretcher and stood up, obviously uninjured. He was the only one of the four who faced me, and when I saw his basket in those stretch pants, I wanted a chance to hang glide with him in the worst way. A fat, cylindrical bulge stretched at least a quarter of the way to his knee. Either the man was hung like a fucking stallion, or he had a

tube sock rolled lengthwise and stuffed into his crotch.

The man was much taller than his patrol teammates, and from the way he seemed to take charge he apparently was the leader. His face was covered with big goggles and partially shielded by the parka hood. He was a hunk, and I was mesmerized. After the other three turned in my direction, it was obvious that he was leader in the basket department, too. He gave them a few more instructions which I couldn't hear, followed by a comradely slap on the ass. He then began to skate-ski in the direction of the lodge. The other three hauled the stretcher to the emergency building and hung it on the outside wall.

I watched as he unbooted his skis, leaned them on the racks, and then, with a modified goose step, walked towards the stairs. I heard him clump up the steps in those moulded ski boots. When he reached the deck, he was standing not more than seven feet in front of my window. It was mouth-wateringly clear that his basket was made up of real cock and balls.

He flipped the hood back and pulled the goggles from his face; for me, it was lust at first sight. Nothing short of

There stood "the man," much taller than he had appeared outside. He had to be at least six feet three or four. And when you're only five feet seven, that's tall. When you're only five feet seven and you're sitting down, that's gigantic. I noticed the name Michael embroidered on the left breast of his parka. "Ah...no...no. Please sit down, Mike, and rest whatever you like," I replied.

"Thank you. You know me already?" Michael asked.

"No, but I noticed your name on your parka." I pressed my palm against his chest with my fingers touching the name. His body beneath was like moulded steel.

"Ya! But of course. And your name is?" Michael asked.

"Oh, Tim...Tim Sawyer. Not to be confused with Tom...who white-washes fences" I said and noticed Michael looking at me blankly. "I'm sorry, Mike, it was a poor attempt at humor."

Smiling again, Michael said, "I saw you on the slopes very early this morning. You ski deep powder very good, you know that?"

"Well, thank you, Mike, but I don't compare with the way you handle

Mike was one of the most beautiful skiers I had ever watched. He had mated his athletic prowess to a balletic grace; and the bulge at his crotch told me he must be a hung stallion.

the word "gorgeous" describes him. His hair was the color of fresh honey, and his face was framed in a well trimmed beard and moustache. He looked directly at me through the window, smiled and nodded slightly. As he turned and headed towards the door to the lodge, I reached into the front of my ski pants and pulled my hard cock up against my belly. It was like a bar of hot steel. When I pulled my hand out of my pants, my fingers were wet with pre-seminal juices. As I tried to decide whether to lick my fingers or wipe them on my pants, I felt a hand grip on my shoulder and heard a deep Scandinavian-accented voice ask: "Would you mind if I sat and rested my body?"

I turned and looked up, up, up.

yourself on skis."

"Thanks for the flattery, Tim, but when you are born in Sweden as I was, you learn to ski before you give up sucking your momma's tit." Michael set his coffee mug on the table and pulled the parka over his head, thrusting his huge basket a mere few inches from my nose. It was all I could do to keep from jamming my mouth against his cock, which stood out in bold relief as he stretched his body. As he turned and bent down to hang the parka on the back of the chair, I found myself grabbing onto the sides of my own seat to keep from mashing my face in the middle of his beautifully muscled ass.

When he sat down, I thought I had died and gone to heaven. He splayed

his legs over the side of the chair seat, pushed his ass forward, and relaxed. That movement thrust his basket within inches of my trembling knees. I wondered if he were totally unaware of the erotic display his body made, or whether he'd picked up on my vibes and was teasing me. I was so involved with mental fantasies as I stared at his crotch that I missed what he asked me.

"...or just for the weekend,"

Michael was saying.

"I'm sorry, I didn't hear you," I said as I raised my gaze from his crotch and saw him staring at me. Was he questioning, or scowling?

"I asked if you are here for vacation or just the weekend."

"Oh, for the full week, Mike."

"Good, then we can spend some time skiing and getting acquainted maybe better, ya?"

"Ja wohl!" I stupidly replied.

"Oh, you speak German?" Mike asked and I was embarrassed. I told him no. He explained that he worked with the patrol on weekends, and gave a few lessons to advanced skiers during the week, but most of the time was his own. I wondered how he could survive on part-time employment, in view of the cost of skiing and ski equip-

I was thoroughly confused as we were lifted back towards the top of the mountain. On the way up, Mike explained that he had a cabin on the back side of the mountain. That side was not skiable because of the cliff-like walls, which created avalanche conditions. He told me the cabin was located out of the snow slide range, and there was no danger. He advised me to stay very close to him as we slipped from the lifts and skied right into fresh untrailed snow. Several signs forbidding skiers beyond a certain point were big and clear. Michael, of course, ignored them.

It was eerie, following behind the man, as we skied under several shelves of overhanging snow on the cliffs above our heads. Those overhangs must have weighed tons. Rounding another bend, we came to a flat area where the slope above was gradual. I saw, nestled in a group of trees, a fairly large, well maintained cabin. Misty smoke rose from the chimney. I understood now what Mike had meant when he said it was out of the avalanche area. Trees, probably hundreds of years old, filled the slope behind the cabin. There was no space for large, dangerous masses of snow to accumulate.

When his tongue pierced my rectal pucker, I decided that, if I couldn't take his total cock in my mouth, I would take it up the back way.

ment. Then he mentioned to me that his parents owned the resort. That was my first trip to this particular ski lodge, but it was definitely on my encore list. Michael looked at his watch and asked, "Would you like to make a few more runs, and then I'll take you to my place and fix you a nice dinner, ya?"

"Yes, sir!"

We skied for two more hours. Since the trails were packed down by that time, I no longer had to use my poles. Mike was one of the most beautiful skiers I'd ever watched. He had mated his athletic prowess to a balletic grace, and as I mimicked his moves I found myself skiing better. I wasn't exactly a Baryshnikov on skis, but I wasn't Dumbo the Elephant either. Finishing one of the longer runs, Mike headed back to the lift. As we stood in the very short line at the lifts, he said, "Now I'll make you that meal I promised."

When we got into the cabin, it was "storybook" picturesque. Mike added logs to the smoldering fireplace, and then stripped out of his clothes except for his thermal underwear bottoms. He suggested I do the same to get more "comfortable." I had a roaring hard-on just looking at that beautiful, hairy chested man. I was glad he went to the kitchen corner of the cabin while I pulled off my clothes; the place was soon filled with delectable odors of food. I think we had steaks, but my eyes were so busy feasting on his massive chest, which was in my direct line of vision across the table, that I didn't know what I was stuffing into my mouth. But I knew what I *wanted* stuffed there. My cock throbbed under my underwear, but I didn't care. If he wanted to throw me out in the snow, so be it. I stood next to him at the sink and helped him wash and dry the dishes. Occasionally an arm or leg

would brush against me. He seemed unconscious of the touches, but it was like Fourth of July fireworks each time his body bumped into mine.

We lay on the soft fur rug in front of the fireplace with mugs of hot coffee. I would look at Mike, then he'd look at me. He put his cup up on the stone hearth, rolled onto his side, and faced me. My eyes shot to his crotch and I nearly came. His cock was as hard as my own, and thrust up against his belly with the head creeping out of the waistband of his underwear. He looked at me and said, "Tim, I would very much like to fuck you. Does my saying that offend you?"

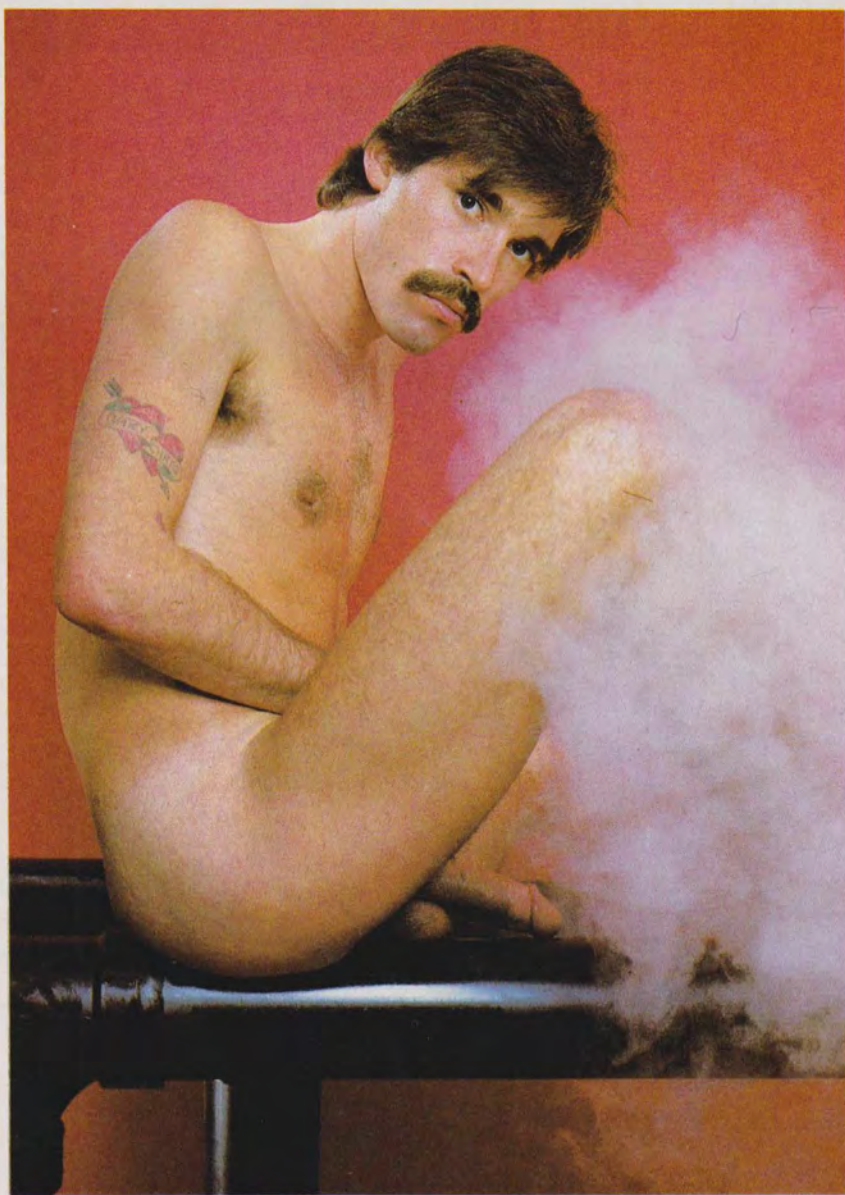
My face had to register the surprise, but I took a quick gulp of air and said, "With lube or just spit?" Now Mike looked surprised, so I reached out and ran my hands over his hairy chest. In an instant, we were a bundle of groping hands, clutching arms, dueling cocks, and sucking mouths. Just when or how we relieved one another of the underwear bottoms, I don't know, but I do remember feeling his hot, wet mouth descend on my cock while I lay, almost hypnotized, fondling, licking, and in total rapture over that huge tower of Swedish cock. My mouth stretched itself to the limit as I tried to get his fist-sized dickhead between my lips. I didn't care if the thing split my face open from ear to ear. I sucked and lapped, moaned and groaned around part of that enormous weapon, while Mike took mine to the balls.

We sucked each other for some time; then he moved from cock to balls, and from balls to my asshole. When his tongue pierced my rectal pucker, I decided that, if I couldn't take his total cock in the front end, I'd take it up the back way. My mouth moved from his cock to his balls, back to his cock, to his belly, to his cock again, to his armpits, and then back to his irresistible cock. I couldn't get enough of this magnificent stud. I wanted to be an octopus with a million tentacles in order to pay proper tribute to him. I pushed my mouth over the head of his dick and sucked hard. Soon he pulled his mouth from my asshole and growled, "Tim... I'm going to CUMMMMM." And did he ever! He filled my mouth and throat with thick, ropery sperm; still the stuff continued to spurt out of his big cock. Cum oozed out of my mouth, down the shaft of his dick, and all over his big hairy nuts.

His cock remained rock hard. He was sucking me again, then once more he started rimming my asshole.

Continued to page 76

STEAM HEAT



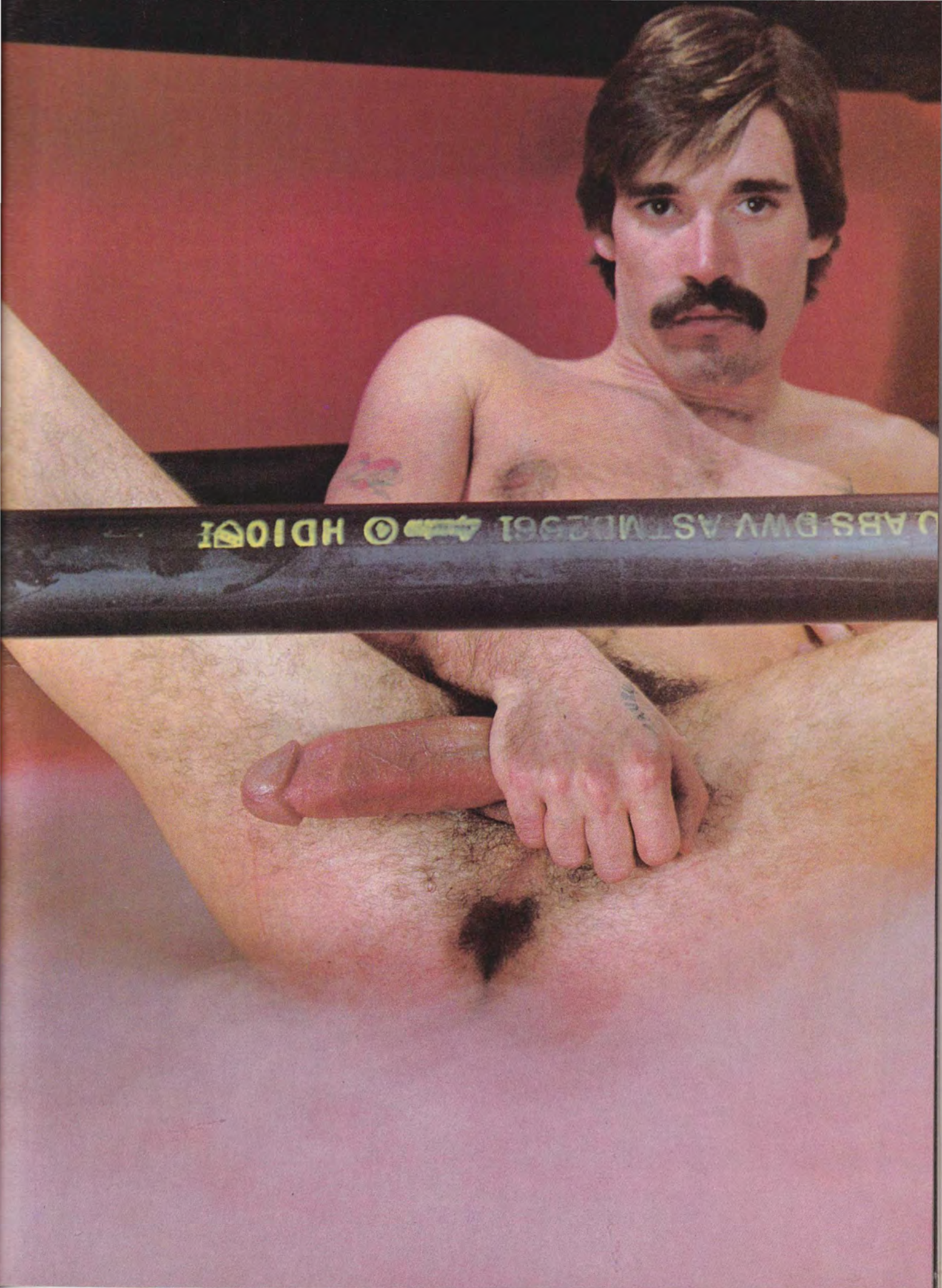
WHEN HE'S NOT IN STUDY HALL, YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND HIM:
IN THE BASEMENT. HE LIKES TO PLAY WITH THE PIPES.

SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY SURGE STUDIO

STEAM HEAT



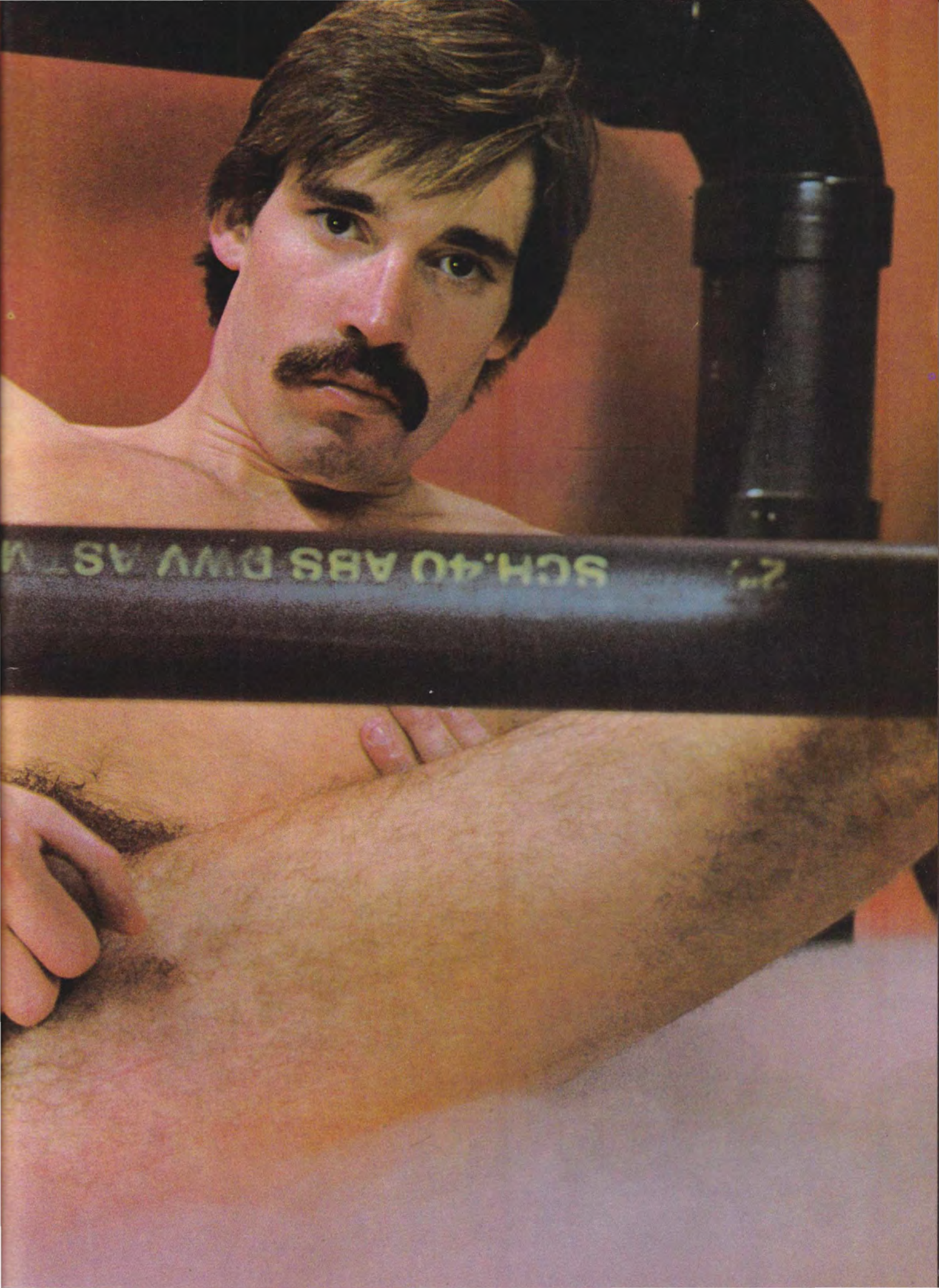
WHEN THE PIPES GET HOT, THEY FEEL GOOD ON HIS NAKED SKIN. SOMETIMES, THEY WORK UP A LOAD OF STEAM AND LET IT GO. THAT FEELS EVEN BETTER. AND IT GIVES HIM IDEAS ABOUT WORKING UP A LOAD OF HIS OWN. ONLY WHEN HE LETS A LOAD FLY, YOU CAN TELL IT'S NOT JUST STEAM.



STEAM HEAT

HE GETS DOWN IN THE BASEMENT RIDING THOSE HOT PIPES AND THERE'S NO STOPPING HIM UNTIL HE'S GOOD AND READY TO QUIT. HE'S GOT A BONER OF HIS OWN GOING THERE THAT RIVALS ANY PIPE FOR HEAT AND HARDNESS.



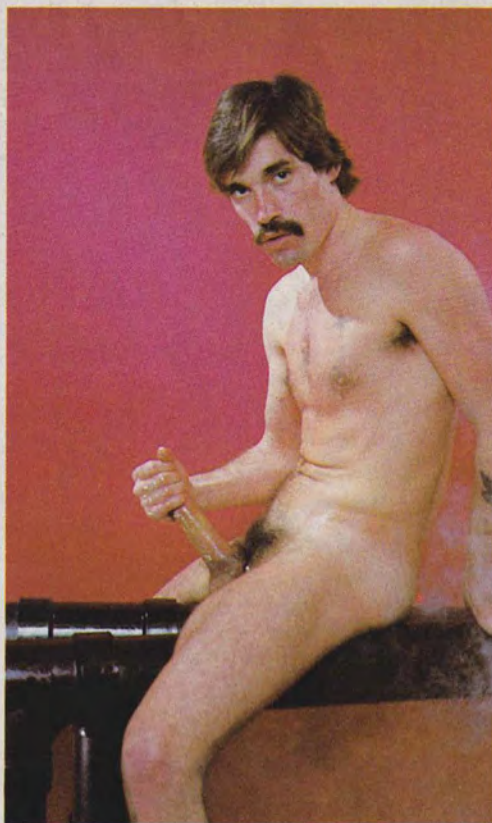
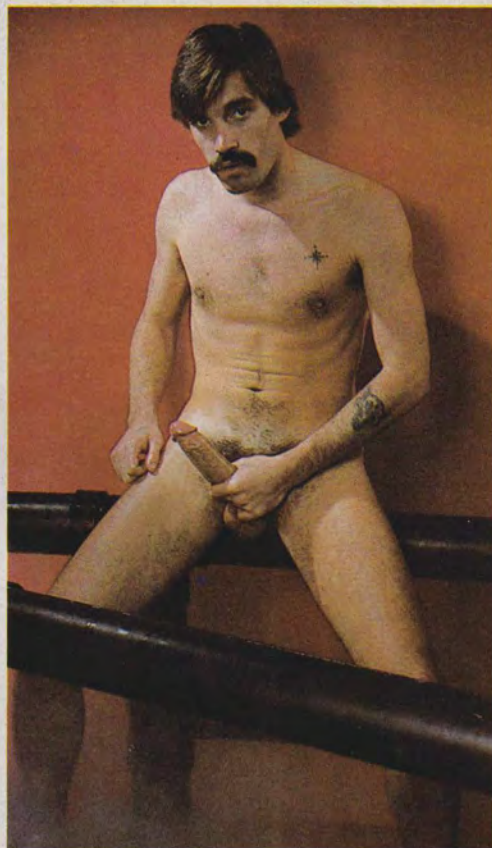


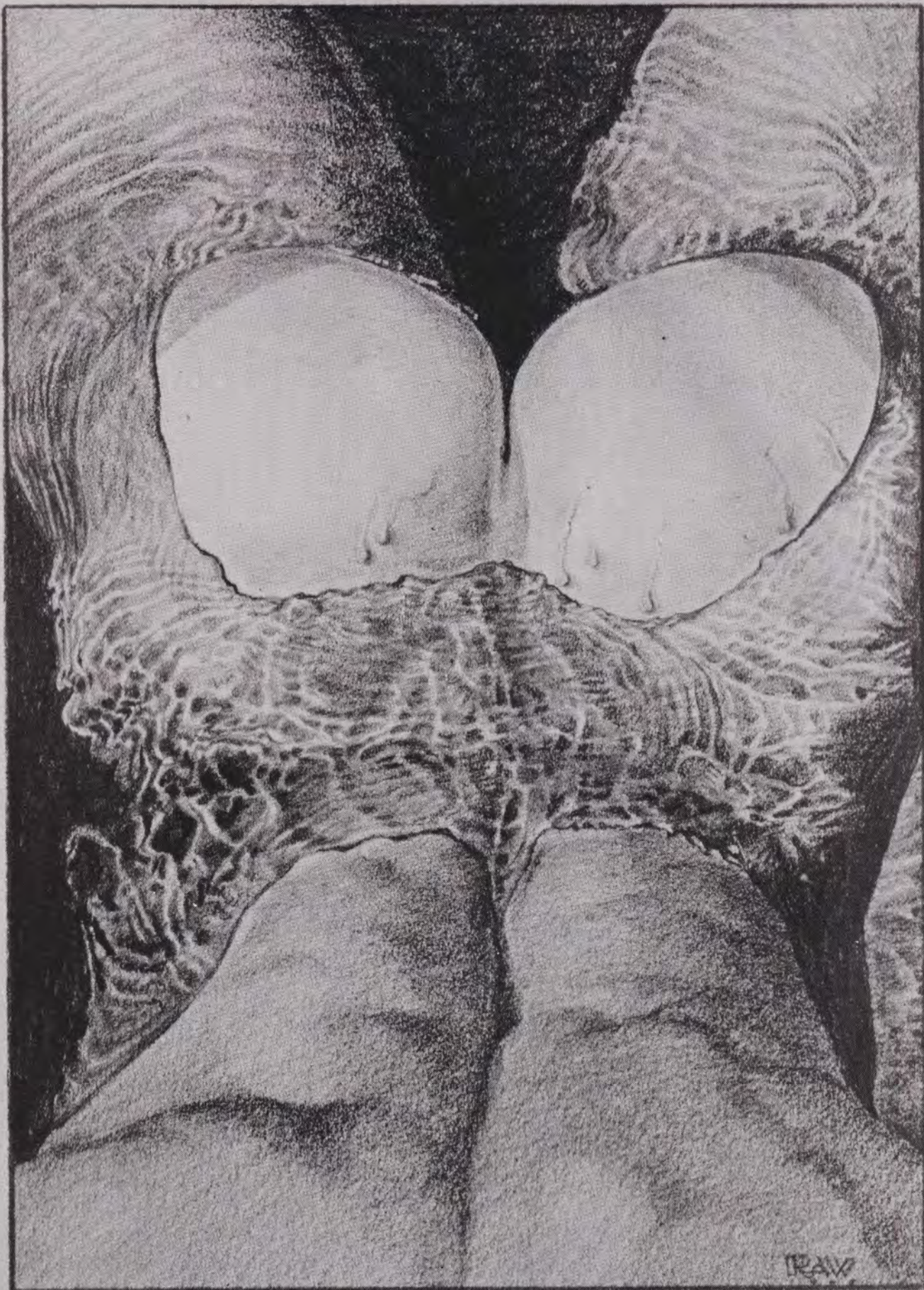




STEAM HEAT

WANNA PLAY WITH THIS? SURE YOU DO.
WELL, NOW THAT YOU KNOW WHERE HE CAN BE
FOUND, WHY DON'T YOU SLIP DOWNSTAIRS TO
THE BASEMENT AND HELP HIM WORK UP A
LITTLE STEAM, THAT'S A MIGHTY BIG PIPE FOR
HIM TO HANDLE ALL BY HIMSELF.





RAW

Joe Dallas, hunk-extraordinaire, wasn't a star for no reason. He had a god-like cock, large, low-hanging balls, and a tightly curved ass. And he was an expert at using all his equipment!

SUPER-STUD JOE DALLAS IN

MUSCLES ON MAUI

By Greg Nero • Illustrations by Richard White

Chris stretched luxuriously, like a cat on a sun-drenched windowsill, and glanced at the clock. One o'clock in the afternoon and he was still in bed. How decadent. This is exactly what Sundays are for, he thought, and smiled to himself. After a hard Saturday night of dancing and partying and visiting friends it seemed so natural to sleep in, dawdle over a light breakfast, and lounge around in bed reading the *New York Times*.

But breakfast was hours ago, there was little of interest in the paper, and

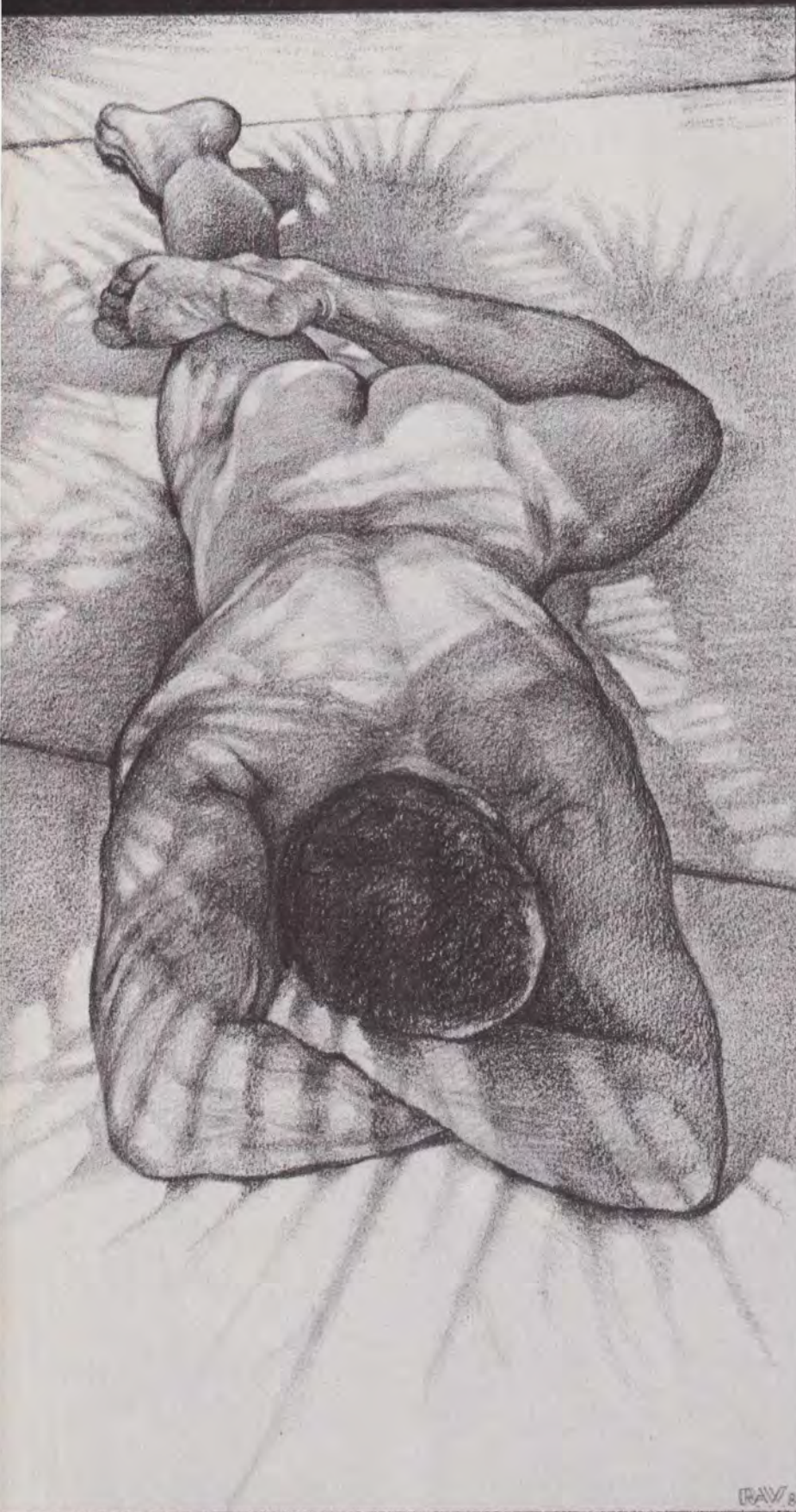
now he was bored. Well, perhaps not bored but definitely ready for a change of pace. Maybe even a little excitement. Hell, the way his cock kept bothering him he was going to need a lot of excitement. That's when the idea came to him.

Throwing off the sheets, Chris got up and padded over to the video cassette recorder. He knew exactly what he wanted to see: *Muscles on Maui*, starring porn super-stud Joe Dallas. It worked every time.

The moment Dallas appeared on the

screen and flashed that dazzling white smile of his, Chris's cock rose to its full erect length and his balls began to tingle. Amazing—the sight of the man never failed to arouse him. Even after a year and a half. It was like flipping a switch; one look and click—he was hot to trot.

Joe Dallas was Chris's Number One Fantasy Man. He was tall, dark, and handsome and bore a striking resemblance to a certain television private investigator, right down to the bushy eyebrows, dimples and mischievous



brown eyes. And, as if possessing a coverman's face wasn't enough, Dallas had a hard, densely-packed muscular body to go with it, clear evidence of long hours spent in the gym pumping iron. He had the size, shape and muscle definition to make a Mr. America contender envious.

His equipment was god-like. Soft, his cock was bigger than most cocks are hard. Hard, it was a whopping nine fat inches. Large, low-hanging balls and a tightly curved ass completed the picture. Joe Dallas, hunk extraordinaire, wasn't a star for no reason.

Chris used the remote to fast-forward to his favorite part, where Dallas gets it on with a humpy, dark-skinned Hawaiian. The Hawaiian, who must have stood at least 6' 5" tall and was built like a pro linebacker, swims ashore right where Dallas is stretched out naked on a towel. The Hawaiian takes one look at the size of Dallas's limp cock and peels off his trunks to reveal his own dangling monster. He stands there, dripping wet, the sun glinting off his bronzed muscles. Slowly, he hand-pumps his horse-sized meat to its full, awesome proportions, all the while waiting for Dallas to make his move.

But Dallas is cool, real cool, and very sure of himself. Real easy-like he gets to his feet. Calmly, coolly, he squirts a big gob of tanning oil onto his hand and starts stroking his cock and balls. His cock rises in response, big and heavy, to full erection. The Hawaiian keeps pounding his rod but now he's staring at Joe Dallas's oil-slick dick like a hungry dog, and licking his lips like a thirsty man in need of a drink.

Dallas applies more oil, and works it over his washboard abs and massive pecs with his right hand while his left keeps up the pressure on his meat. What a show! The Hawaiian starts shaking like a leaf, he wants Dallas so badly. He just can't take his eyes off the monster oil-slicked cock in front of him. Finally, unable to take the pressure any longer, he oils his butt, bends over, and backs himself onto Dallas's hot, steamy fuckpole.

In no time Dallas has the guy face down on the wet sand. His fat nine inches slide in and out of the Hawaiian's tight, dark-skinned ass like a greased piston, each time stretching the asshole to its limit. He rams his fat dick right to the base of his shaft, and mashes his cum-laden bull-balls against the muscled asscheeks.

The pounding goes on until, unable to contain himself any longer, Dallas pulls out of the over-worked ass and explodes in a mighty, shuddering orgasm. In mind-blowing slow motion, gobs of thick, syrupy cream blast out of Dallas's fiery red cock, arc through the air, and splatter all over the Hawaiian's broad, writhing back. Cum flies all over the place, gallons of the stuff, enough to choke a horse.

"What a man!" sighed Chris.

Stretched out on the other half of the double bed, Joe Dallas peered over the top of his newspaper at the screen, took off his reading glasses, and asked: "Who? Him or me?"

"Well..." Chris deliberately let his voice trail off.

In a flash, Dallas flung the paper aside and rolled on top of Chris, pinning him to the bed. He took most of his weight on his elbows, but still a lot of his body pressed against Chris. Broad, carved pectorals thrust against Chris's smaller but still sharply defined chest. Tree-trunk thighs sank onto sinewy jogger's legs. A hot, meaty groin mashed against another equally hot, equally meaty groin. "I asked: him or me?"

In no time, Chris's breathing came in short, sharp pants, sweat beaded on his forehead, and his already eager cock ragged against the pressure. Any minute he was going to explode in a million pieces. He tried to move.

Dallas ground his hips. "Oh, no you don't," he growled, "you ain't going nowhere until you tell me." But the glint in his eyes gave him away.

Chris let out a groan when the first pre-cum oozed from the head of his aching cock. Now he knew he was going to explode. "Get off me you big, fucking ape."

"You got the big and the ape parts right. Now let's work on the fucking." Dallas hunkered down and planted his lips firmly on Chris's mouth. Passions flared, juices raced, and pent-up lust and desire exploded in animal-like frenzy.

Careening out of control, Chris slid his hands down Joe's broad, muscular back to his firm, melon-shaped ass. He grabbed it, slapped it, and started kneading it like a lump of fast-rising dough until, under his strong fingers, he felt Dallas rhythmically clenching and unclenching his inviting asscheeks in obvious pleasure. His ass was begging to be fucked. What an ass, thought Chris, what a beautiful ass. All it needed now was a good hard cock. But just when he thought he was go-

ing to get his wish, Dallas mercilessly pulled free of their embrace.

"Are you going to tell me?"

"No."

"I'll make you tell me."

"Oh, yeah? What are you gonna do?"

"I know just the thing. Works every time." Dallas slid down and in one smooth movement swallowed Chris's hard eight and a half inches right to the balls.

"Oh-h-h-h, gee-e-e-e-z. Ahhhh, that's it. Suck it. Suck that cock, super-star. Show me what a super-stud can do with a big, fat piece of meat!"

The super-stud could do a lot. His tongue was pure magic, his lips smooth as silk. His mouth and throat were absolute masters at building tension. The pressure in Chris's groin rose steadily, like the surging tide, until he didn't think he could hold out any longer. He had to pull away. "Too soon," he murmured, "too soon."

Instantly they were on their knees, rearing against each other like rampant lions, cock slapping cock. They locked in a sizzling, passionate kiss. Chris brought his hands up and pressed them into Dallas's hard pecs, molding them, kneading them, knowing that Dallas really got off on having his chest worked over. His pecs were

good!"

Chris worked them, all right. He worked them until Dallas didn't know if he was coming or going. One minute he was tearing his hair out, the next pressing Chris's head tighter against his chest.

"Damn, you're good!" Dallas fell back on the bed, grabbed his big nine inches at the base and shook it at Chris. "Now this. Let's see what you can do with this!"

Chris grasped the monster, licked his lips, then slowly, reverently, placed his mouth over the bulbous, silky-smooth head. It was too much, it was all too much! A bomb went off in his head making him attack the pulsing dick like a greedy boy on a giant lollipop. His tongue raced over the shaft, tracing every vein, every capillary. It slid over and around the head, down the underside like a roller-coaster, then crested over the top. For a change, because they looked so damned inviting, he popped the heavy bull-balls in his mouth one at a time and gave them each a good tongue bath, sucking and slobbering over them for all he was worth. It was as though all his years of cocksucking and ball-licking had been practice for just this moment, for just this man!

As much as he loved munching on

The Hawaiian hunk swims ashore right where Dallas is stretched out naked on a towel. The swimmer takes one look at the size of Dallas's limp cock and peels off his trunks to reveal his own dangling monster.

huge, massive, unyielding: more like flexible steel than human flesh. There was no way Chris could exert any kind of control over them. They rippled and writhed at their owner's will, and Chris surrendered himself to their size and strength.

In contrast to his pecs, though, Dallas's nipples were small and easy to manage. Very easy to manage. Chris had no trouble rolling them, squeezing and pinching them. When he bent down and started nibbling with his teeth, he thought Dallas was going fucking crazy!

"Oh yeah! YEAH! Chew 'em. Chew them tits! Work those fucking tits over

those juicy balls, Chris couldn't resist the magnetic pull of Dallas's imposing shaft. He had a burning desire to chow down on the popcan-thick meat. Oh, man, he just couldn't get enough of that meat!

"Fuck, yes!" moaned Dallas. "Ah, fuck, I'm coming! I'm going to come already. I can't—Oh fuck, I'm—AHHHH!"

Dallas's cock swelled with a sudden rush of blood, which bloated it still bigger. There was a violent spasm, a terrible contraction and then—BAM!—the first wad of hot, creamy gism exploded from his pisshole into Chris's waiting mouth! BAM!—another wad of thick

manseed followed the first. Then another. "AHHHH! AHHH-H-H-H-H-H!"

Completely spent, Dallas collapsed happily on the bed. He was panting hard, covered in sweat. He looked unusually vulnerable. Not like a world-famous super-stud at all. Chris almost hated to disturb him.

But Chris's own fires were raging now and there was no stopping. He slid between the stud's muscled legs, bent them back out of the way, and exposed the puckered ass-rossette. Using a handful of lube to slick his eager cock and Joe's inviting opening, he placed the head of his throbbing eight-and-a-half inches at the aperture, then pushed. He ground his hips; more cock disappeared up the tight hole. The pressure was nearly unbearable. Another push, and still more cock disappeared.

"Oh, yeah! Fuck me, Chris. Fuck me with your big, stud dick. You're big, just like me, so fucking big! I want you in me. Come on, fuck me, stud. Fuck me!"

Chris could hold back no longer. With his hot cock as a battering ram, he began his rampage assault on Dallas's hot, tight asshole. He was going crazy, thrusting and pounding for all he was worth. One minute fast and furious, the next nice and slow and easy; one minute using short, sharp strokes, the next long, deep thrusts.

From the way he was thrashing, twisting back and forth, and squeezing Chris's cock with his ass, it was obvious that Dallas was having a good time, too. One hell of a good time! Oh, fuck, the guy was hard again, too, and while Chris pounded his ass Dallas hand-pumped his meat. Pumped it like there was no tomorrow. The man was fucking amazing!

"Oh, fuck," moaned Chris, "I'm going to come. I can't hold out any—"

"Shoot! Blow your wad! Let me feel some hot cum. Shoot, man, shoot!"

"UHH! UHHHH! UHHHHHH!"

"That's it! Fuck me! Fuck me and cream me!"

"AHHHHHHHHH!" An explosion went off in Chris's nuts; his body shuddered in a powerful contraction. Another contraction and—Whomp!—the first gism-bolt rocketed up his fuckpole and blasted deep into Dallas. Then another. And another. Still another! Wave after wave of violent, body-wracking contractions hit Chris again and again, as if a giant hand had him in its grasp and was trying to shake the daylight out of him.

Exhausted, Chris collapsed like a

rag doll atop Dallas's heaving, cum-spattered chest. The super-stud had had another orgasm, and just as generous as the first, by the looks of it. Where the hell did he get it all, Chris wondered. He lapped some of it up and relaxed to enjoy the moment. Everything was perfect. Everything.

"Well?"

"Well, what?"

"Was it him or me?"

"Oh." Chris met his lover's eyes and smiled suggestively. "I guess you'll have to try for best two out of three." ■

TILL DICK DO US PART

Continued from page 12

would be asleep when he entered the bedroom. Also, he needed time to analyze what was happening to him.

He didn't know why Matt had acted as he had, but—it was true—during most of Paul's teen years, he had had sex mainly with other men. But that, he always told himself, was just because they were more available than girls. And it was true he had been aware of suppressing homosexual feelings, after college, but he had gone through all of that. He had even had a long sexual relationship with a woman before he'd met Ellen. Of course, that relationship had ended because the sex had become dull, even difficult, and . . . Matt's cock; Paul hadn't stopped thinking about it since he'd seen it in the mirror. It was so incredibly thick, and even though he was taller than Matt, Paul had a fantasy of being minuscule and entangled in the tawny curls of Matt's crotch hair. He felt—emotionally—that Matt's cock was bigger than he was. Suddenly he found himself racing to get back to the house, and when he arrived he took every other stair with a leap until he reached Matt's door.

The bedroom was dark and quiet. Paul moved quietly to the empty bed alongside Matt's. He undressed slowly, quietly, staring at Matt in the dark, but unable to see him. He carefully got under the covers and turned away from Matt's bed. He was beginning to feel drowsy when the sound of Matt's covers being flung off the bed woke him up. Then he heard Matt's labored breathing. He turned to see Matt—still in bed, naked on his back—jacking off his enormous cock.

"Yeah!" Matt said, from the dark.

"Look at it!"

"What?" Paul said, stunned.

Matt was groaning and his free hand rested under his head. Then he reached down and began jerking off with both hands. Paul sat up, curious. He couldn't believe someone as lean as Matt actually had a cock that warranted the use of both hands to beat off. Matt turned his head and sneered at Paul.

"Do you have to do that?" Paul asked Matt.

"Yeah, I do," Matt said. "Unless you got a better idea."

"Wait until I'm asleep," Paul said. "Or until you're alone."

Matt laughed. "You know, Brother, I would, but y'see this tube steak of mine? It never lets up. I'm a fuckin' slave to my own cock and so are about a hundred other guys."

"Then go find one of your hundred slaves and leave me alone, goddamit!" Paul said with such force that Matt paused in his self-stroking and said, "Whoa!"

Paul had flung himself onto his stomach and forced his face into the pillow, but he heard Matt get out of bed. He half expected Matt to approach him. After several minutes, Paul looked up. Matt's bed was empty, and Matt was nowhere to be seen. Paul sat up, disappointed. Had Matt taken his advice and gone to seek one of his hundred cockslaves? Paul got out of bed. Then he saw Matt in the dark, sitting in a rocking chair that faced the window. Seeing Matt there, Paul was immediately aware that he wanted Matt—wanted to be near him—and was glad that he hadn't left the room. Paul went over and stood beside Matt, who was gazing romantically at the moon. Matt's cock had fallen to half-mast, and he had draped it across the seat of his chair. He shifted his gaze to Paul.

"I won't bother ya anymore, man. You can go to sleep. I'm just gonna sit here a while." Matt's hand went up to his own golden furry nipple, then fell to his thigh. "Go on, man. Go to sleep. I'm a fuckin' animal. Always been this way. Can't help it."

Paul tried to make conversation. "Maybe it's the full moon."

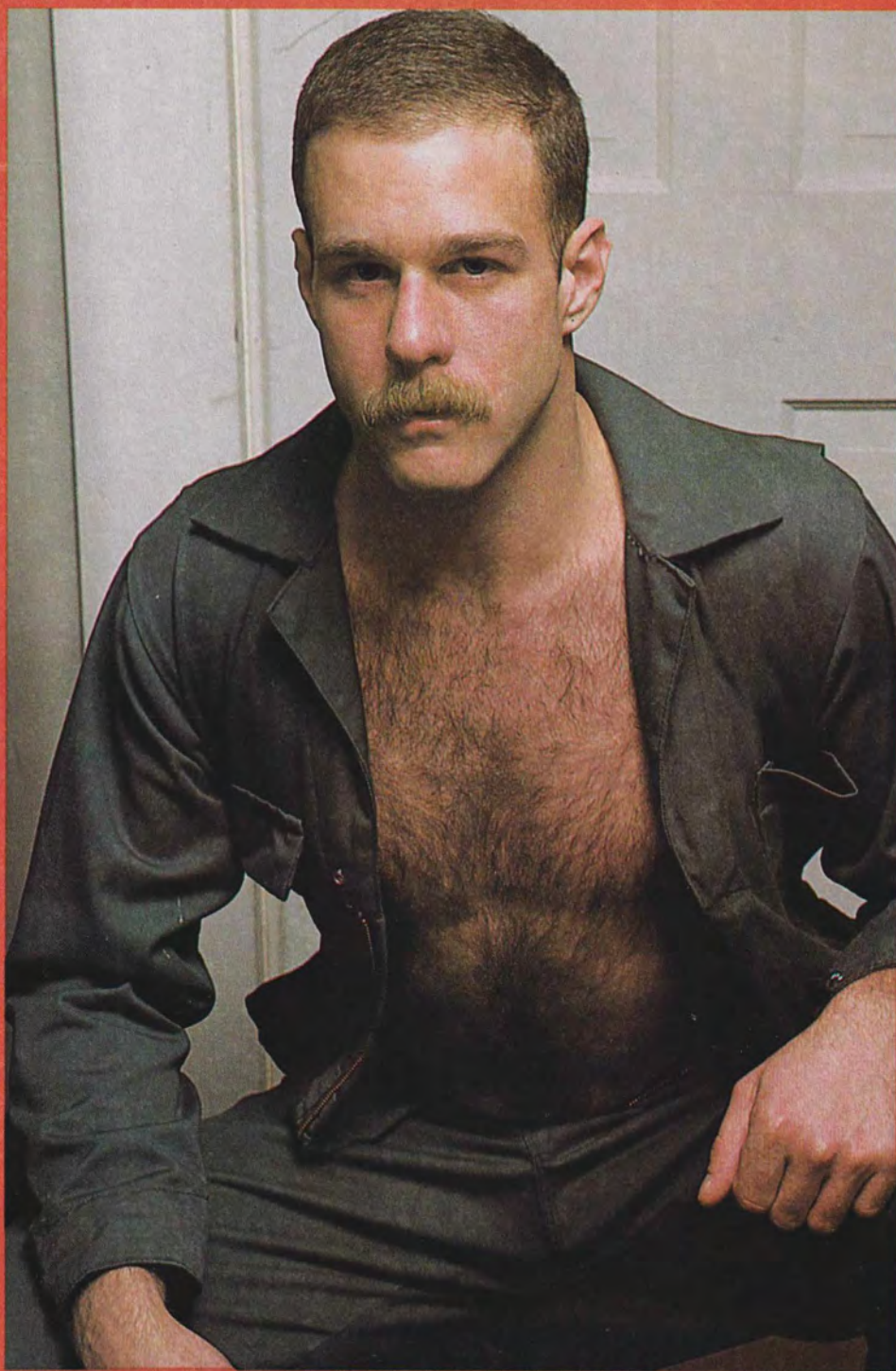
Matt laughed. "Right. When the moon's full I turn into a fuckin' werewolf and fuck hairy men's assholes. Know of any around?"

Paul dipped to his knees and let his face fall into Matt's crotch.

"Oh, yeah!!" said his brother-in-law-to-be. "Oh fuck, yeah. Keep it there. All the time." What surprised Paul

Continued to page 69

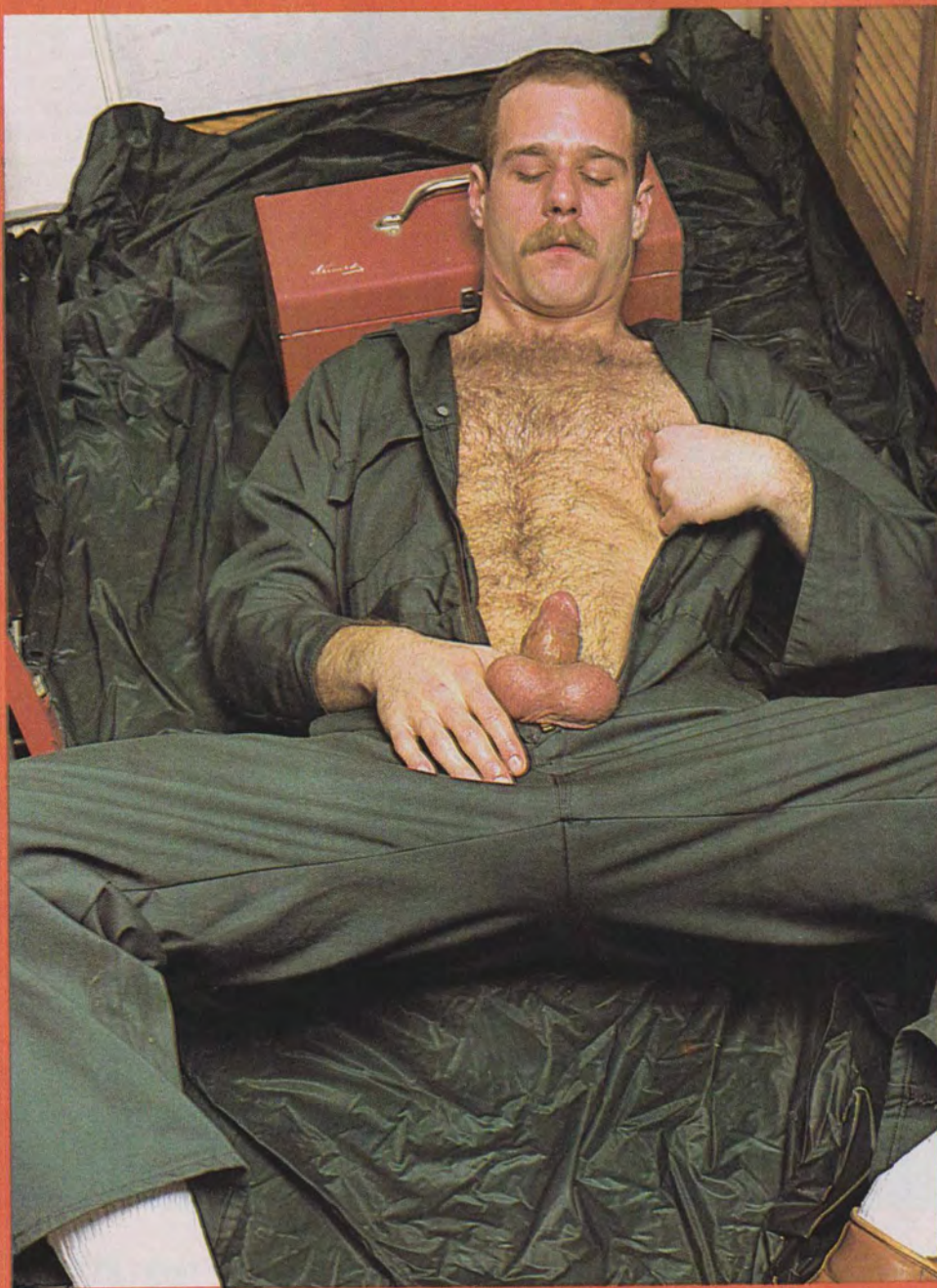
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SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY NAAKKVE

MR. GOODWRENCH



"FIRST THING TO DO BEFORE YOU GET STARTED," HE SAYS, "IS MAKE SURE YOUR EQUIPMENT IS IN GOOD WORKING ORDER. THE JOB'S ONLY AS GOOD AS THE TOOLS."

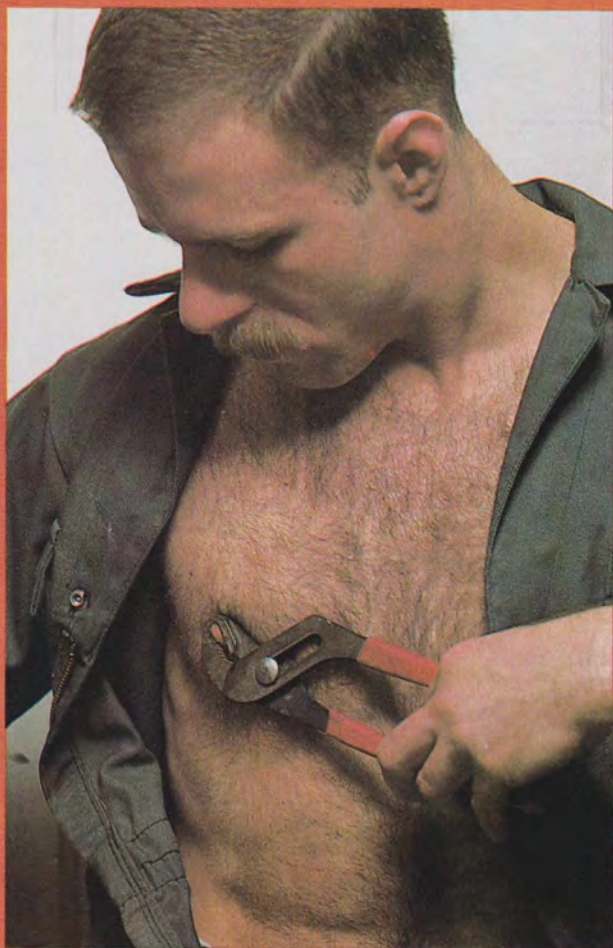




MR. GOODWRENCH

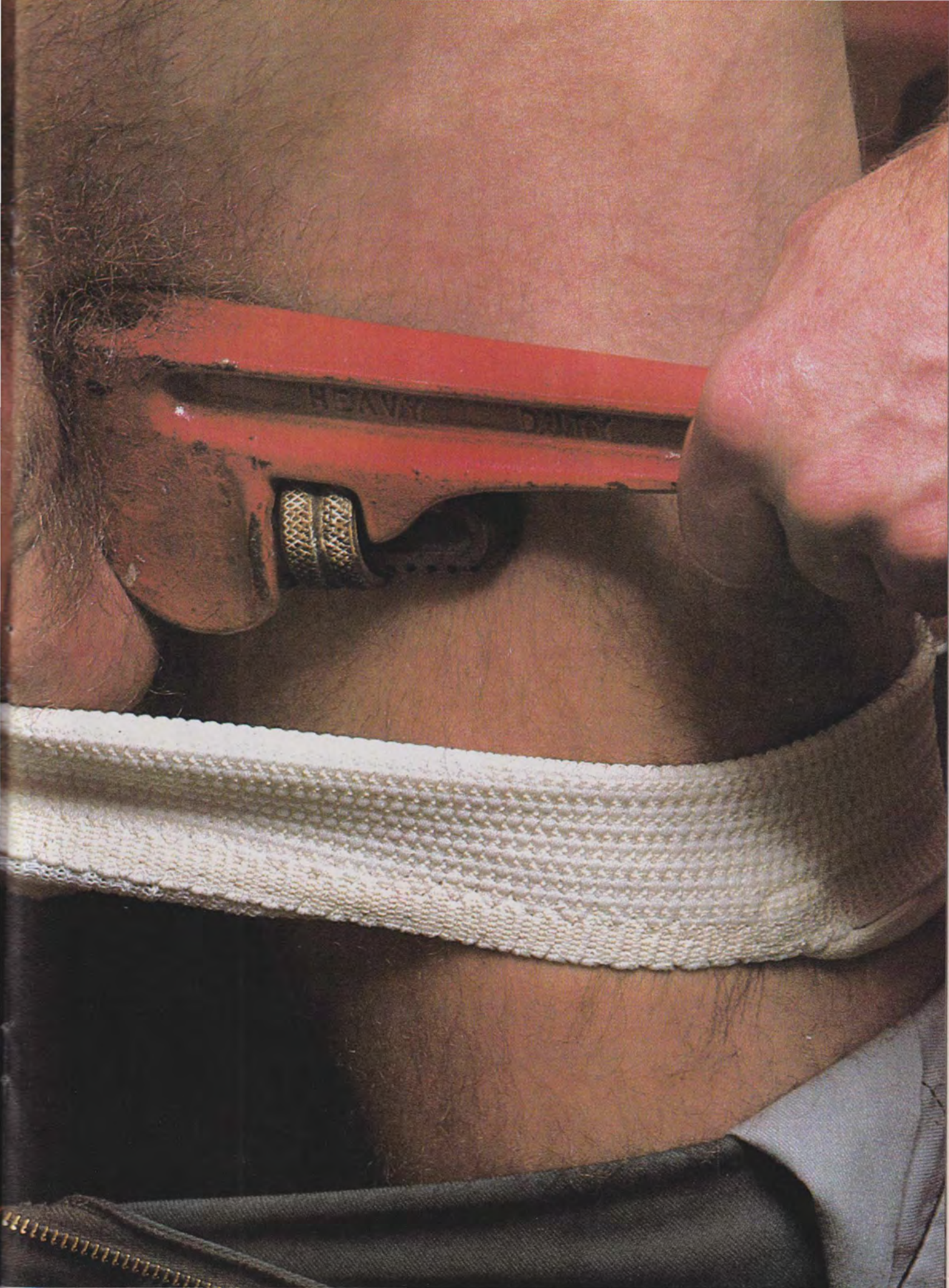
"NOW THIS IS A LITTLE UNORTHODOX, BUT SOMETIMES I'M MORE COMFORTABLE IF I SLIP OUT OF THESE COVERALLS. GREASE? SO WHAT IF I GET SOME ON ME? IT'S PART OF THE JOB, AND LOTS OF TIMES IT MAKES IT EASIER TO WORK WITH CERTAIN MOVING PARTS."

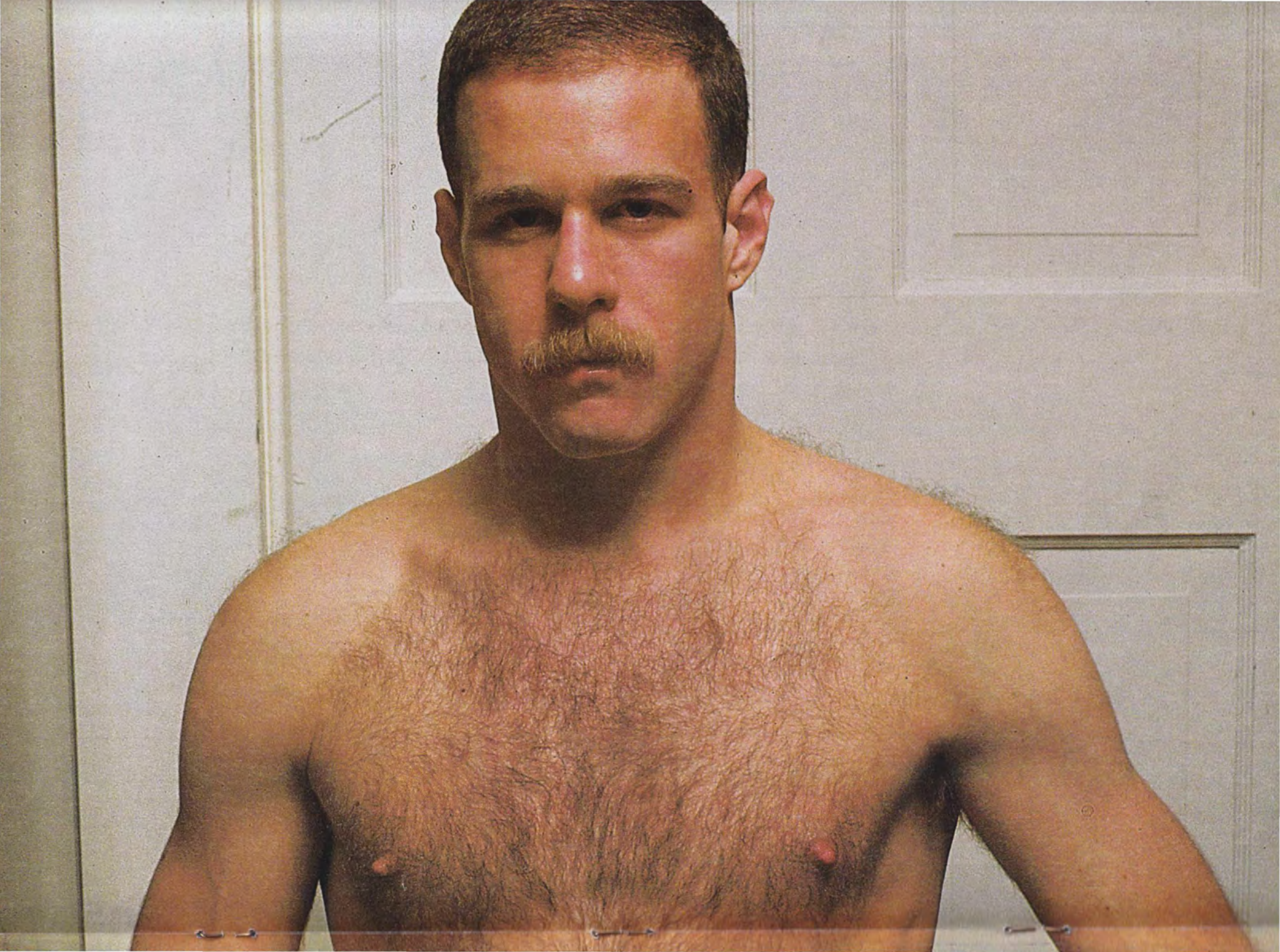




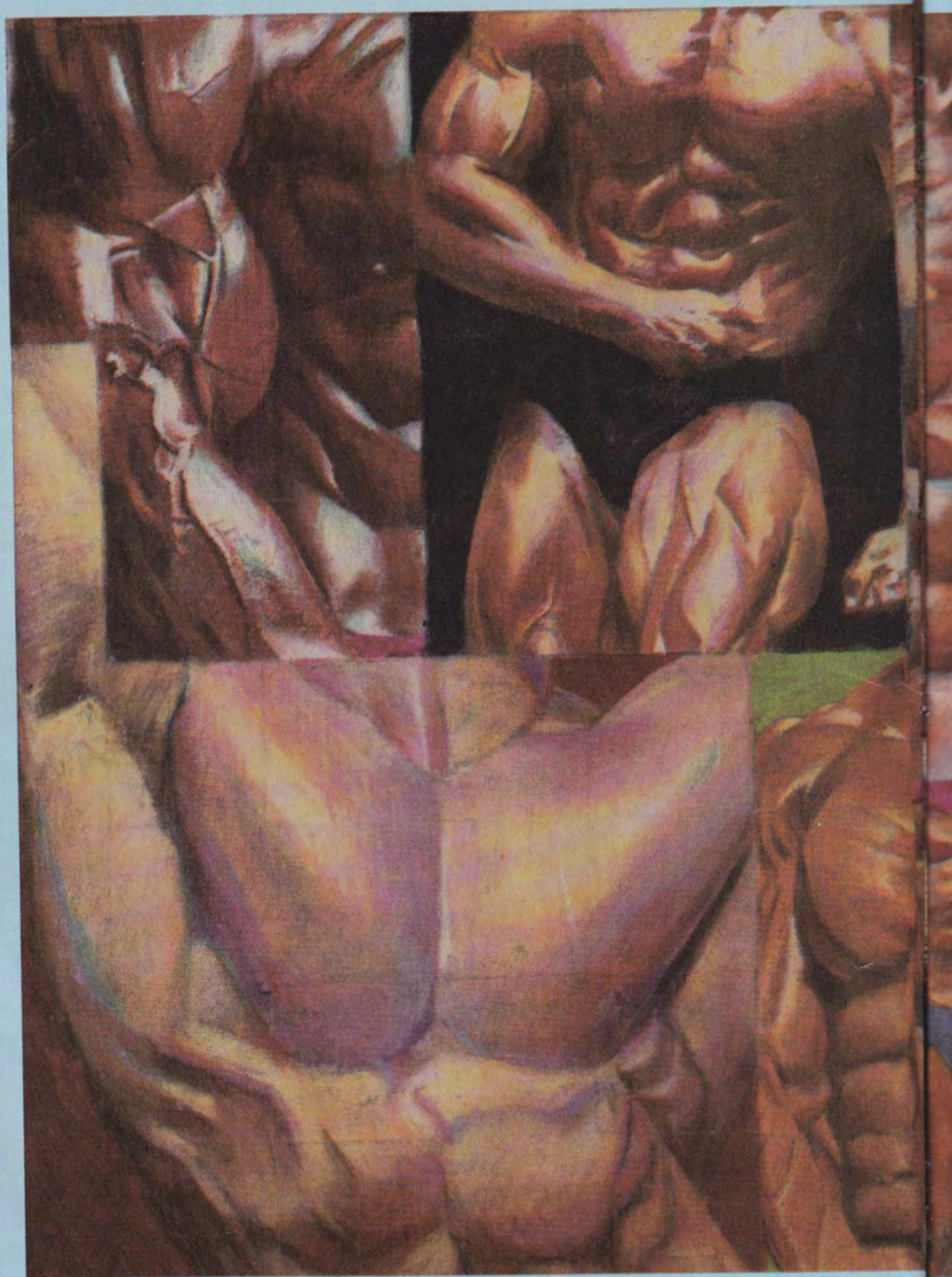
MR. GOODWRENCH

"AS I WAS SAYING, IT'S VERY IMPORTANT TO KNOW HOW TO USE YOUR TOOLS. A PAIR OF PLIERS COMES IN HANDY FOR TWISTING BOLTS, AND THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE FOR A GOOD WRENCH WHEN YOU NEED TO TURN A NUT. NOW, HOWABOUT JOINING ME FOR A TEST DRIVE?"











MUSCLE MEAT

by Roland Graeme

Illustration by Steven Rosen

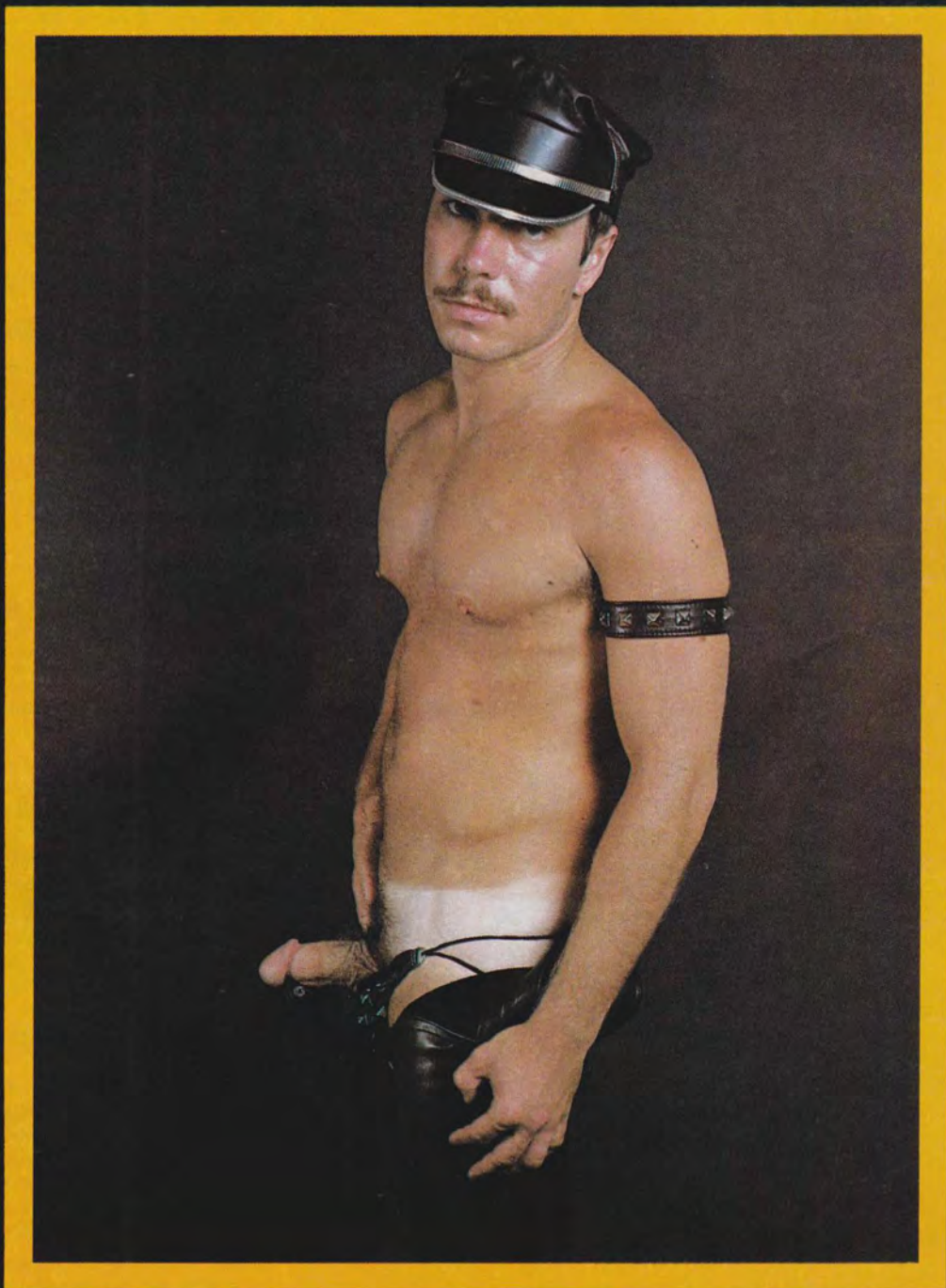
He pumped my head up and down as he drove his hot cock in and out of my mouth, fucking my face, dicking my throat as it had never been dicked before!

By the time I entered my second physique contest, I had decided I was going to win, and nothing could shake my confidence. As it turned out, I didn't win first place: I came in second in my class, which was no disgrace, and I felt good about my showing. I lost to a guy four or five years older than I, and I felt certain I could make him look sick by the time I reached his age, if I continued to improve as I had been doing. The best part of the evening was being presented my trophy by one of my idols, Gino Lamberti, a recent Mr. Olympia who'd been invited to guest-pose and to be one of the judges.

It was the first time I'd actually met a star bodybuilder, and I was as excited as any muscle groupie in the audience. Naturally, I admired all the big bodybuilding names: I had a desire to be like them, to be famous, to be featured in the physique magazines. But I didn't know how to approach Gino; I was afraid to talk to him. I desperately wanted to say only the right things; I longed for his attention, his approval of my body, his compliments—which I got, because he was nice enough to congratulate me back-

Continued to page 57

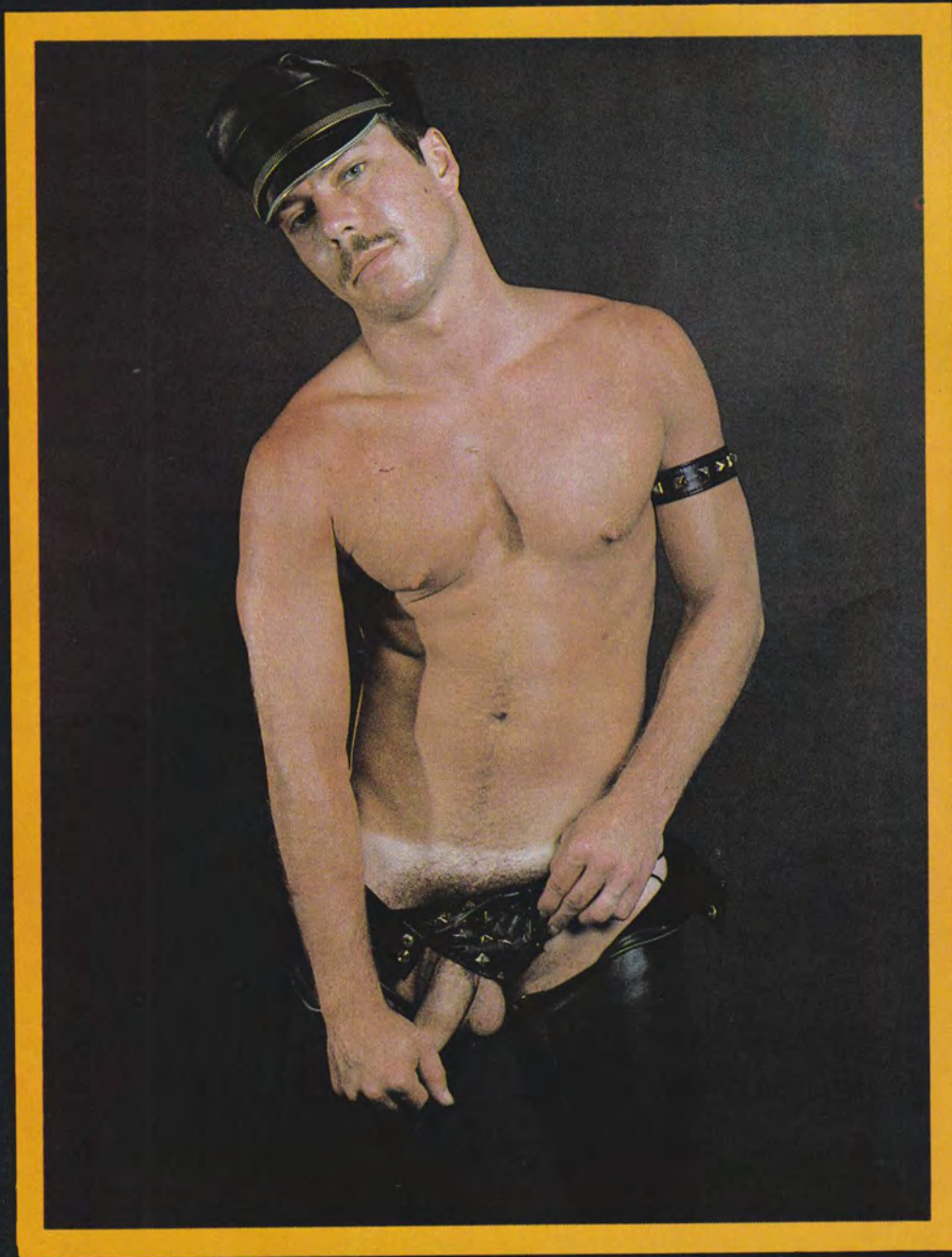
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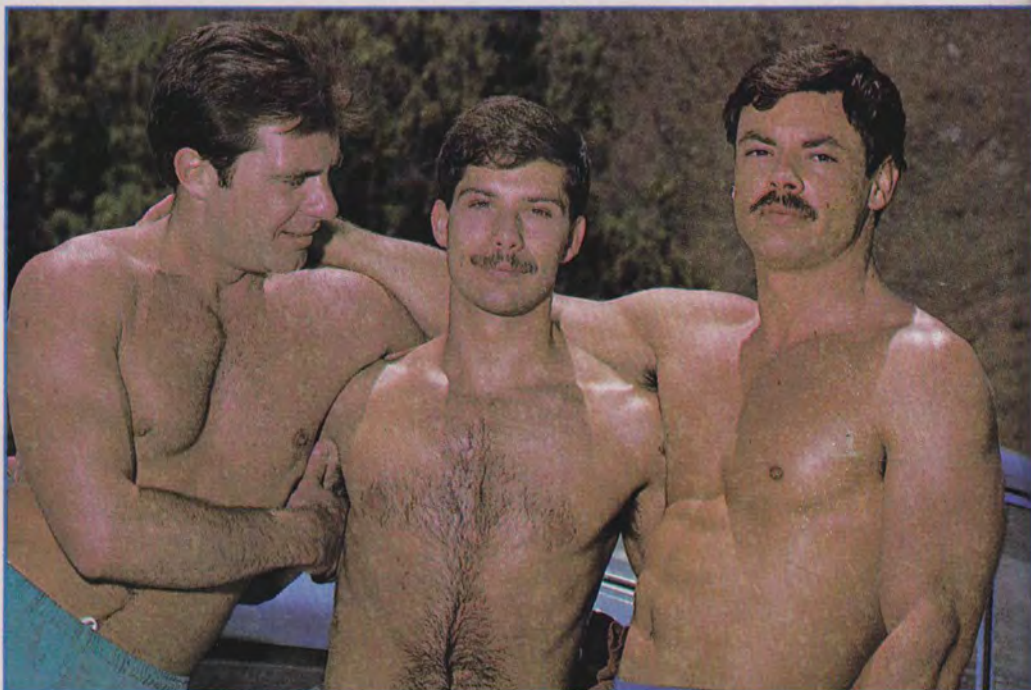
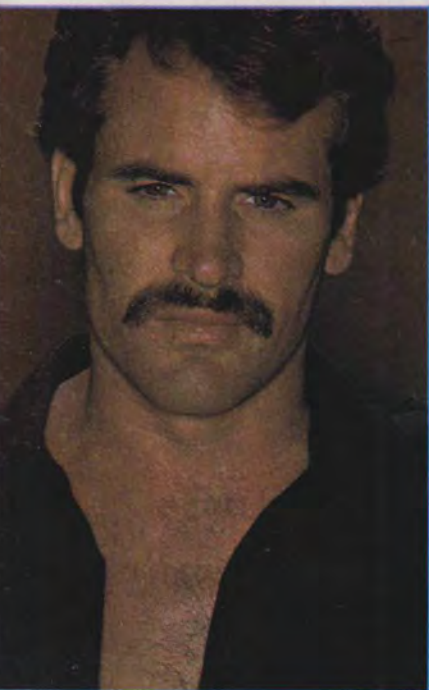
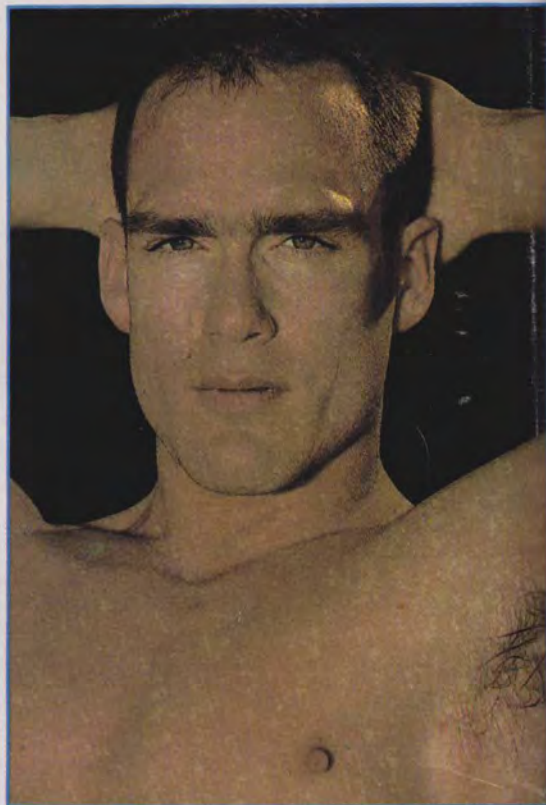
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MUSCLE MEAT

Continued from page 51

stage after the contest. Once my tongue loosened, I stuck to him like glue and bombarded him with questions about his training program. As we talked, we showered together in a locker room filled with other naked and half-dressed bodybuilders, but I had eyes only for Gino. He had the most extraordinary physique I had ever seen. His photos didn't do him justice!

Gino lived and trained in California, and he had a golden California look. He was a huge man, but so well-proportioned that his physique looked sleek, symmetrical, agile—an athlete's body, primed for action (in bed or out). His enormous shoulders and his huge chest, with its twin mounds of solid pectoral muscles narrowed to a small waist and trim hips, made him the envy of most other bodybuilders. Even his hands and his feet looked as though they were packed with corded muscle. Gino was dark, with long thick black hair and a walrus moustache. He was deeply tanned all over except for a brief pale strip around his crotch and ass where he'd worn an indecently skimpy bathing suit; and, as most bodybuilders do on a regular basis, he had shaved all of his body hair except for the dark bushy curls around his cock and balls.

His genitals were in proportion to the rest of him. I couldn't tear my eyes away from them; after all, they were the only part of Gino's body that didn't get photographed for the magazines! His balls dangled low in their black-furred pouch; and the long thick hose of his uncircumcised cock stood out from his groin. It stiffened even more under my intent gaze; it looked more like eleven or twelve inches than the nine or ten it probably was; any guy's dick looks larger when it's attached to a shaved torso and hairless thighs.

Gino wasn't offended by my blatant interest in his dick. He only smiled as he lathered soap all over himself and stepped under the shower head beside mine. Even in relaxation, his physique looked titanic. He towered over me, making me feel like David confronting Goliath. "Being up on stage—even just for guest-posing—always gets me excited," he said. "It always gives me a fucking hard-on! It must have something to do with the competitive spirit—it's as though, subconsciously, I want everybody out there in the audience to see that my dick's as well-

developed as the rest of me! It'll probably happen to you, too, kid... getting a hard-on during a contest... because you're like me: you're hungry for it, too, you want to win, to be the best. I can tell. I can see it in you. Frankly, if it'd been up to me, you'd have won first place. When I was your age I didn't look nearly as good as you did tonight."

I blushed—all over—at the compliment. "Thanks, Gino," I said.

"You eaten yet tonight?" he asked, abruptly changing the subject. I admitted that I'd been too nervous to eat anything before the contest. "Me, either," Gino laughed. "Why don't I treat you to dinner? We can talk some more."

I jumped at the chance. Even though he'd never been in the city before, Gino knew where to find the best Italian restaurant in town, a place I'd never been to before and where—with the pressure of the contest behind us—we both pigged out shamelessly. Between mouthfuls, Gino continued to answer my questions and give me advice.

When Gino invited me to his hotel room after dinner, I thought he was just being kind to a novice. We'd been drinking during dinner to celebrate my victory, and if I wasn't exactly drunk when we got to the hotel, I was definitely getting there. It seemed perfectly logical when Gino suggested that we both strip down naked so that we could work on posing together. There was a huge mirror on the wall opposite the bed, so I sprawled on the mattress nude and watched Gino pose in front of me.

I urged him on, calling out the names of the various poses and watching as Gino hit them: "Double biceps;" "Traps;" "Lats;" "Chest pose;" "Most muscular." I'm sure that Gino was getting off on exhibiting himself in front of me like that; I'm sure he could feel my eyes devouring his naked body, worshipping it. My cock began to harden; Gino's cock began to harden. He tensed his muscles one more time, his cock pulsating, now fully erect.

That's when I slid off the bed, onto the floor, and crawled quickly toward Gino's feet. Between his legs, I ran my hands slowly up from his ankles to his crotch, then higher, over his belly, up to his pecs, to his nipples. He sucked in his stomach. His dick bobbed close to my face, throbbing with lustful pressure only inches from my slaver-ing mouth.

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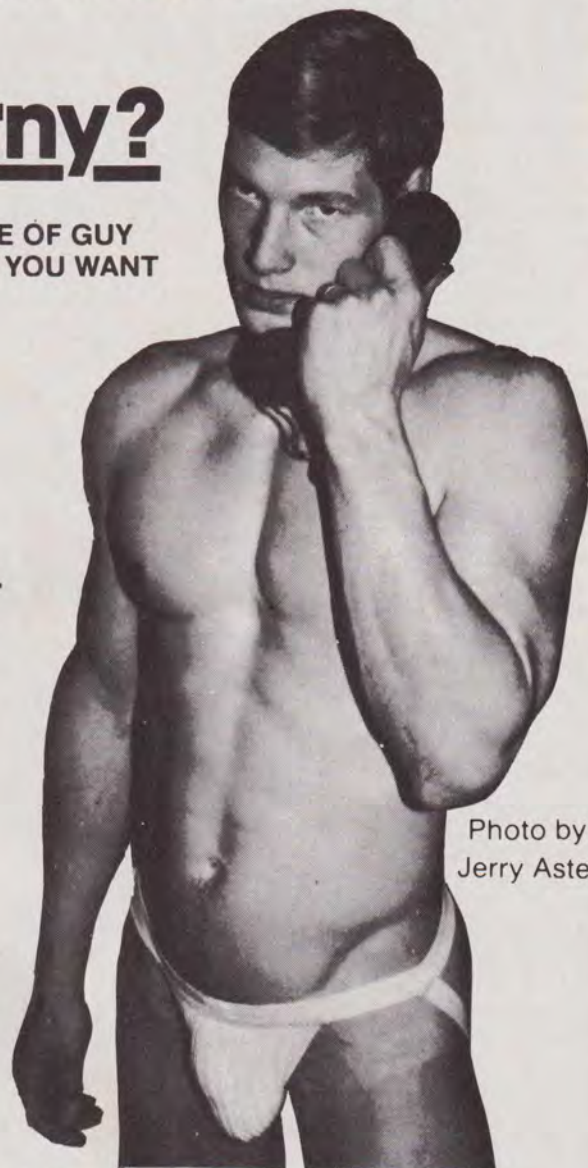


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"Sit on the bed," I muttered, my voice hoarse with lust. "Let me worship that fucking body of yours, man!"

Gino only laughed as he did what I asked. I angled in next to the edge of the mattress, with his spread legs warm against my sides. As I looked down at his cock, sweat started to trickle down my forehead and chest. His meat lay flat against his belly: big, solid, thick, rising straight up from the hairy dangling balls between his thighs. My fingers shook as I touched his dick, which jumped, stood straight up from his belly for a moment, then fell back heavily as I caught it in my palm.

I bent my head and kissed the warm smooth tip of Gino's cock. The shaft tried to jump again, but I now had my fingers wrapped tightly around it. I slipped my tongue out of my mouth and ran it lightly over his cockhead, wetting it, until it glistened in the dim light by the bed. I moved my mouth lower, tickling my tongue slowly down the heavy length of his manmeat. I let my fingers slip from it and buried my face in the thick growth of hair above his dick. Then I ran my tongue through the dark bush, and nuzzled lower, into the hot space between his thigh and his balls. He jumped when my tongue touched him there. He tried to push my head away, but I wouldn't let him; I ran my tongue back and forth in the tight groove of flesh, then quickly dropped it lower and began to lick his balls.

They were enormous. The sac of skin around them was covered with silky black hair. I sucked his nuts between my lips and into my mouth, first one, then the other, then both of them at once. My mouth was stuffed full of his testicles. I pressed my lips under the base of Gino's fuck tool, and his two big nuts dropped deeper into my mouth. I washed them gently with my saliva, moving them from cheek to cheek with my tongue. Then I removed my lips and moved them lower, onto his right thigh. My tongue licked its way inch by inch down that incredibly solid muscle toward his knee, stroking wetly back and forth across his skin.

I held his leg up and kissed it all the way down, right to his foot, which I took in both hands and licked. All the way to the toes went my tongue, then over the sole. He kicked and squirmed, moaning as I tickled him, but I didn't stop. I brought my lips to his toes, opened them, and sucked down hard. Gino squealed and jerked his foot up and down while I sucked first his big toe, then the smaller ones; but

I knew he liked it, because when I dropped that foot and picked up the left one, he stuck it right in my mouth!

I worked my way slowly, lovingly back up to his crotch, doing everything to his left leg that I'd done to the right. By the time I reached his balls again, his cock was standing straight up. It seemed twice as thick and powerful and horny as it had before. The head, swollen to the size of a lemon, pulsed and twitched and flushed a deep red; it needed to be sucked and satisfied!

But still I didn't suck him! There was more of that hot stud body that my tongue hungered to lick and taste.

"Put your legs up, fucker!" I said hoarsely. "Get 'em over my shoulders and lift your ass off the bed!"

He didn't hesitate: No doubt assuming that I wanted to fuck him, Gino lifted his powerful legs and put them around my neck. I bent my head and nuzzled my face in his crotch, touched his balls, then licked lower, toward his ass. It was rough-textured, coated with hair, a thick ridge of muscle that my tongue skated across as I bent my head lower and lower, to his hole. I had to push him up, make him bend almost double, but he was agile enough to do so comfortably and hold himself in that position.

"Rim it, baby!" he gasped. "Oh, my God! Suck my ass!"

I'd heard about rimming, but had never had the nerve to stick my tongue up another guy's ass. Now I was eager to! I licked my tongue feverishly all around his puckered asshole, wetting it until my spit dribbled down his buttocks and onto the bed. Then, pulling the cheeks as far apart as I could, I shoved my face into his ass crack. My mouth kissed his hole; my tongue dug in and I felt the cheeks quiver as I pushed my tongue-tip harder. His hole began to open up for me. The sphincter relaxed and my tongue sank into his ass!

"Oh, Jesus!" Gino cried as his big body shook against mine. "Suck it! Suck it! Fuck my goddamn asshole with your tongue! What a feeling! Oh, Christ, what a feeling! Ahhhhhh!"

I tongue-fucked his ass until I was afraid he would shoot off if I did it any more. Then I dropped his legs back to the floor and swooped down on his cock. It was hot, hard, and more than ready to be sucked.

His whole body was tense, expectant of the intense pleasure my mouth was going to give him. I didn't have to lift his cock toward my mouth; it was so eager it rose by itself. It slapped against my lips as I teased it, tickling

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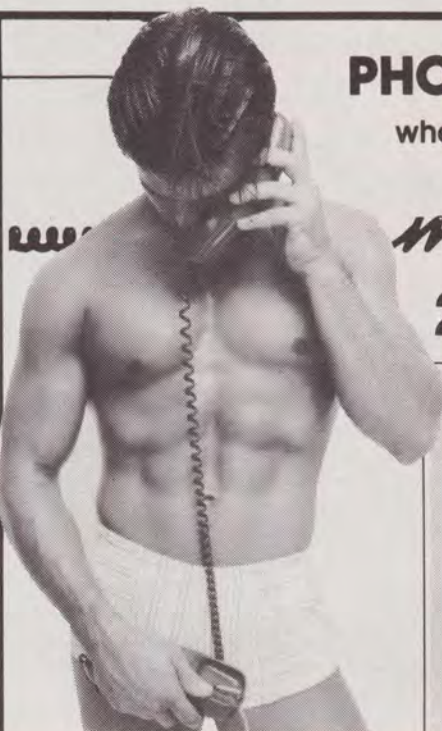
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the head and making it jump.

"Suck it!" Gino groaned. "I'm gonna shoot all over your face if you don't stick the goddamn thing in your mouth now! Now!"

I ran my tongue up his dick from base to tip, parted my lips, and sucked down on it. Down and down, until I felt it wedged in my throat—and still at least three inches of it yet remained outside my hungry, devouring mouth!

"Suck it!" he cried. His hands caught my head on both sides and thrust me lower, forcing me to take every inch of his dick! It was so big, so thick, that I couldn't move my tongue to lick it. All I could do was let him pump my head up and down as he drove his hot cock steadily, with faster and faster lunges, in and out of my mouth, fucking my face, dicking my throat as it had never been dicked before!

"Ohhhh, God!" he moaned suddenly. "I'm so close! I'm so fucking close I can't stand it! I'm gonna shoot!"

My hands tightened on his thighs. My eyes were wide open, staring lustfully at his torso and face. I watched the blurry motion as his thick patch

my throat. His body tensed, then froze for what seemed an eternity during which I couldn't breathe because his swollen meat plugged my throat. Then, mercifully, just as I began to choke on cock, he gasped and I felt it throb between my lips as he started to gush. His hot fuck juice, thick and sweet and frothy, like freshly whipped cream, poured from his dick and blasted down my throat. It backed up, filling my mouth to overflowing. I felt it dribbling down my lips and chin and running down my throat in thick, warm gobs. His cock jerked fitfully, emptying its load into my guts. I tried to swallow it all as fast as he gave it to me.

A moment later, Gino let go of me and fell back heavily on the bed. He laughed hoarsely and pulled my mouth off his cock. Then he threw his legs over my shoulders again. I assumed he wanted me to rim him once more, and, panting and breathless as I was, I was willing to suck his ass with my semen-smeared lips. But then he grunted, "Fuck me! You didn't come yet, did you? Good! Shove your cock up my ass and fuck the shit out of me baby!"

His body tensed, then froze for what seemed an eternity during which I couldn't breathe because his swollen meat plugged my throat. Then, just as I feared I would choke to death on his cock, he began to gush.

of black pubic hair came at me each time my mouth went down on his cock. I felt the tension, the hot throbbing in the shaft, the pressure of his legs squeezing tighter and tighter around my sides. Their brawny strength was almost crushing my ribs!

"Suck it!" he choked. "I'm almost there! You're gonna get it! A whole mouthful, cocksucker! You're gonna swallow it!"

His cock pushed faster and faster into my mouth. My throat was wide open for him, and I took him deep down with each brutal lunge. I put my hand to his balls and felt them swollen with sperm; they jiggled wildly back and forth with the pounding, driving, riveting motion of his cockshaft.

"I'm coming! I'm gonna shoot!" he yelled. Then, with a sudden violent jerk, he threw himself up from the bed and wrapped both arms around my head, pulling my face all the way into his crotch and his dick straight down

I'd never been screwed myself, nor had I fucked anybody else. But instinct told me what to do. I pressed my dick forward, between his buttocks, guided by blind lust. Gino took it—without lubrication, without effort. His ass sucked my cock deep inside while his legs gripped my back to hold me inside him. I settled down on top of him and began to fuck. I couldn't believe this was really happening, that I was naked in bed with Gino Lamberti, screwing him, kissing him. I went berserk, hammered my dick in and out of his ass with brutal abandon. He seemed to love the rough treatment; he writhed, embraced me in his powerful arms, locked his mouth against mine, and rammed his tongue in and out of my mouth in rhythm with my dick, which was plowing his butt. He was very warm inside. And tight, but increasingly slippery from sweat and the jism that my dick was dribbling into him. My cock went in and out

of him with just enough friction to drive us both insane. Deeper and deeper he took me, until the whole length of my prickshaft was up his bitch stud's ass!

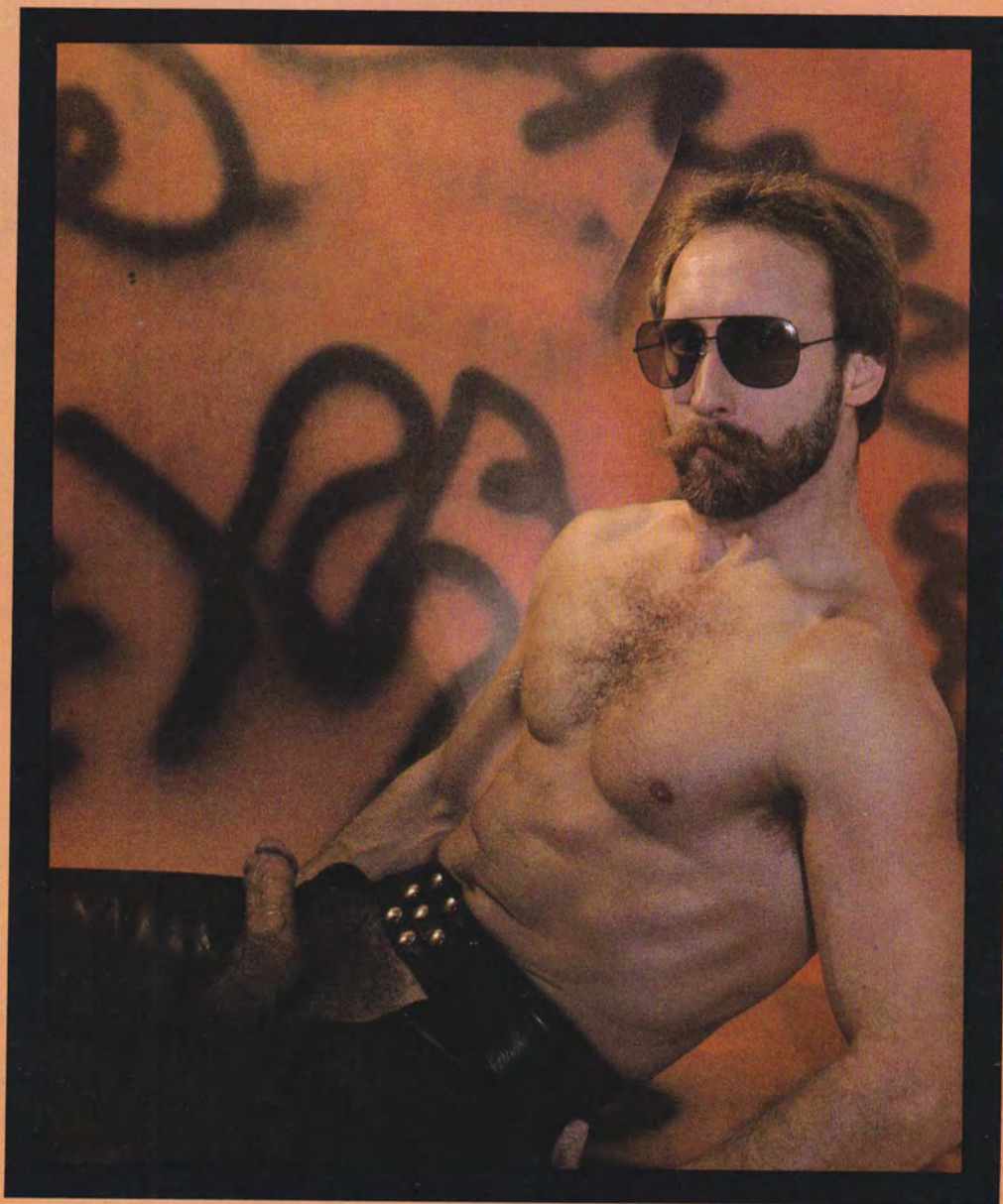
I'm sure I was a little clumsy, but Gino didn't seem to mind. As for myself, I was ecstatic at my first fuck! It was good. *Good?* What am I talking about? It was *sensational!* How can I describe the ecstasy of fucking another bodybuilder, feeling a real stud's ass around my cock? The weight and solidity of his hard body quivering beneath mine? The sound of his groans as he takes my cock up his ass again and again?

I wanted to fuck him for hours, but I couldn't last more than a few minutes that first time—it was too exciting; my dick just couldn't take it! I could feel the cum building up inside me; all of a sudden it rose from deep down in my balls, and blasted through my cock and into his ass! Hot, thick spurts flew everywhere. Both of us twisted and choked and held onto each other's sweat-slippery bodies as we came and came together; finally there was no more left and I could feel my sperm sliding inside Gino's ass, around my cock, oozing out onto the bed because I'd shot so much into him that his ass couldn't hold it all—and Gino's cum too, which he'd blasted between our bellies and chests, dripping sluggishly down our exhausted torsos. He grabbed me by the back of my head and crushed his mouth against mine in a deep, tonguing kiss until I thought I'd pass out. My dick still throbbed inside his butt.

I spent the night with Gino and we fucked again, slept together, then fucked even more in the morning when we woke up in each other's arms. I couldn't get enough of his cock and ass! Hell, we were so hot for each other that after breakfast we went back to his hotel room and fucked and sucked still more. If check-out time hadn't been one o'clock in the afternoon, and if Gino hadn't had to catch a plane to California a little later, we'd probably have gone on balling each other for days.

I would have been happy if we'd only had that one night together, but Gino and I stayed in touch. He followed my progress and was always ready to give me training advice. It wasn't until after I moved to California myself and got established as a serious professional bodybuilder that we had an opportunity to trick again. Which was probably just as well, considering that having sex with Gino was about the only thing I'd have been willing to neglect my workouts for! ■

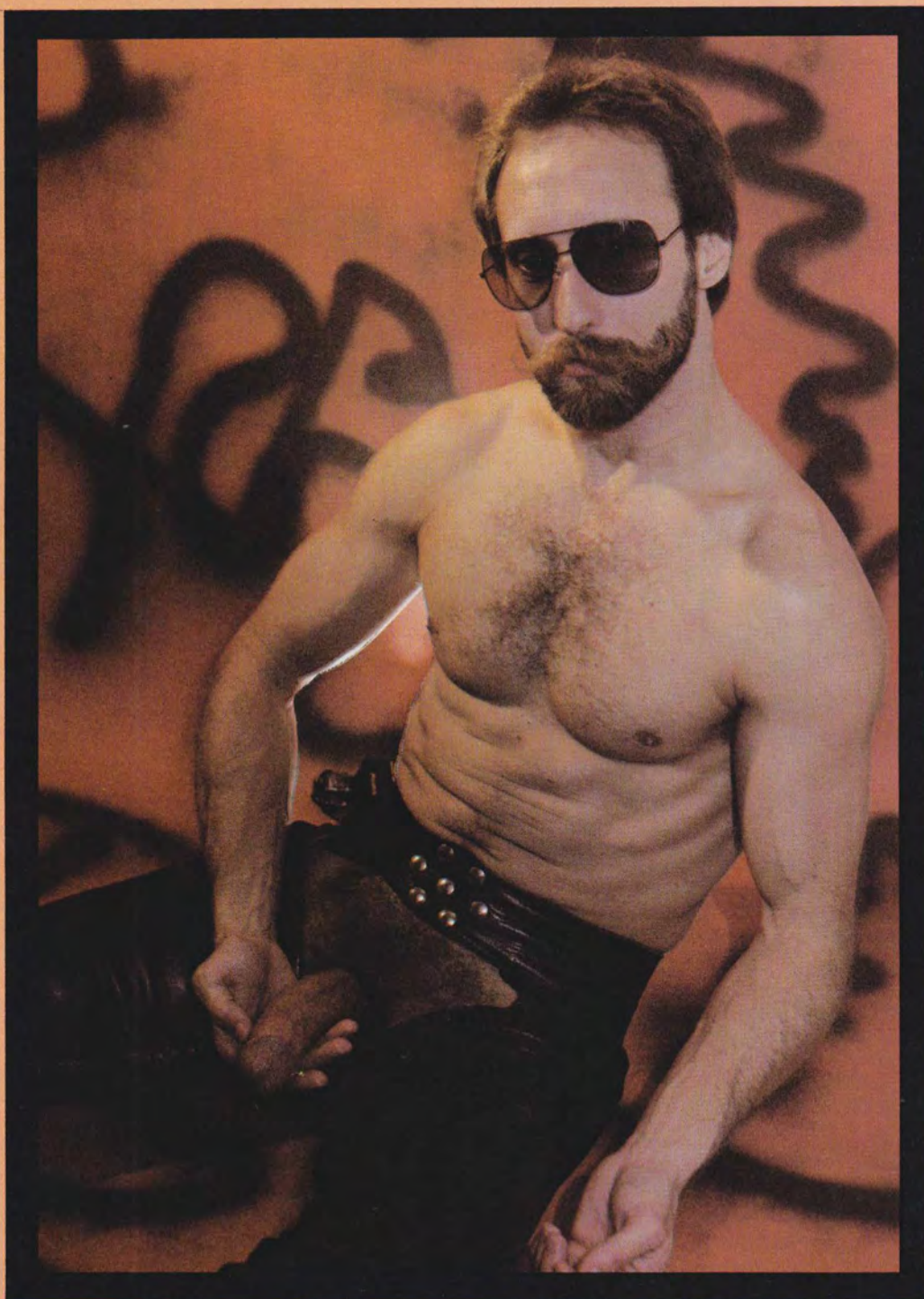
CATFISH



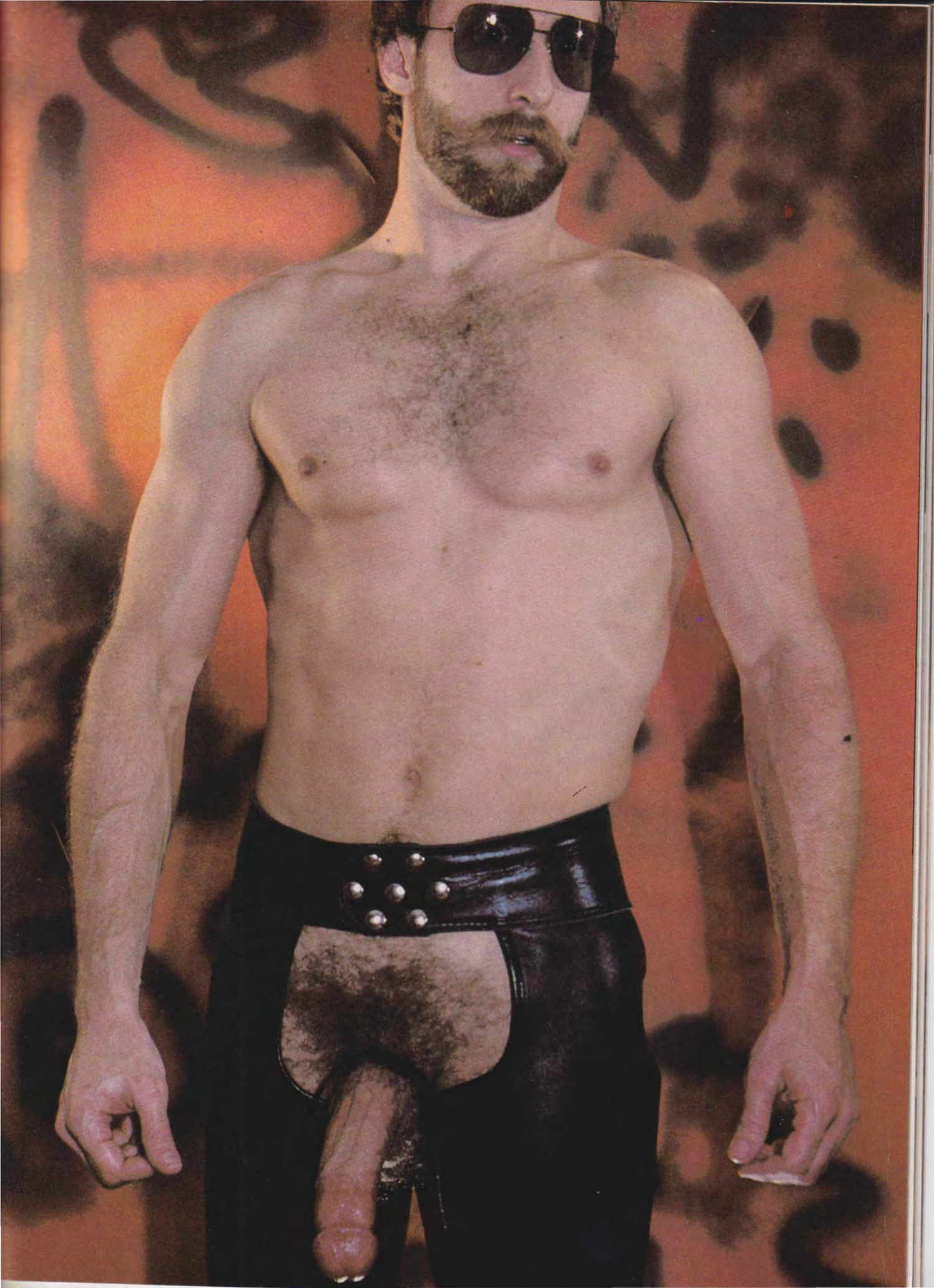
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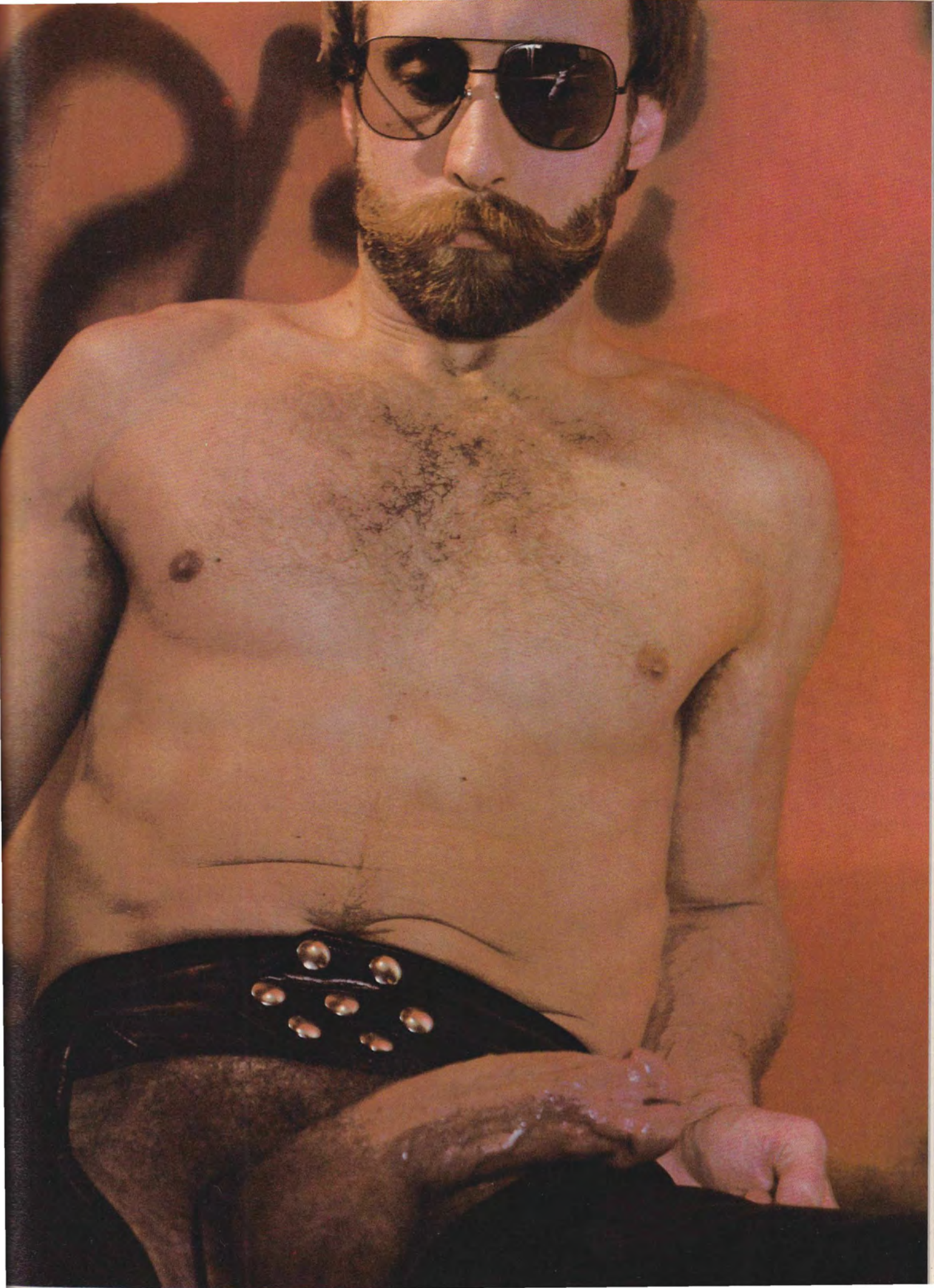
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TILL DICK DO US PART

Continued from page 40

most was how comfortable he felt with his face in Matt's lap, even when Matt started to slap his swelling dick against Paul's face. "You got such a pretty face," Matt was saying, giving it several swats with the fat hose. "I won't mark it up." He laughed, then rocked back in the chair. Paul inhaled Matt's scent, and Matt spread his thighs a little further apart. Then he flopped his big nuts over Paul's face. "That's it—smell 'em real good." He lifted his ass off the chair and smeared it briefly across Paul's face.

He laughed, then sat back down. But Paul was hooked now, and couldn't get close enough to Matt's groin. Standing up again, Matt guided Paul's head down to the floor. He sat down, squarely over Paul's face, saying, "Give me a little kiss. . . c'mon, Brother, kiss it." Hearing that, Paul scampered out from under Matt's ass and got to his feet. He started for the door, realized he was naked, went to the bed, then back to a chair for his clothes. He expected Matt to grab him, or at least call him back, but Matt remained by the window, amused by Paul's frustration. Paul looked at him.

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Matt's cock was rising again in the pale moonlight. Paul returned to his side and looked down.

"Hey, don't worry," Matt said, lifting Paul's chin. "It's our little secret. Okay?" He took Paul by the hand and had Paul lie on his back across the narrow width of his single bed.

"Lick it all around," he instructed, "so it'll slide down your throat more easily, huh?" He pressed down on Paul's elbows, then, after banging the swollen tip of his dick against Paul's eyes and nose, he plunged it slowly but deeply down Paul's throat. Paul began to tense, but Matt pressed down harder, pinning him to the mattress. Paul flung his legs into the air. "Later!" Matt said, amused. "Right now I wanna fuck your pretty bridegroom face."

Paul was groaning now, from both pleasure and discomfort. Matt kept his enormous rod buried deep in Paul's throat. Then he started stuffing the soft skin of his nuts up Paul's nostrils. Paul gulped appreciatively.

Quickly Matt slid out of Paul's face and motioned for him to roll over onto his stomach. Paul did as he was directed, and found himself biting the pillow as Matt hovered on top of his

back, trying to stuff his cockhead into Paul's tight ass. He forced the head in with a thrust, and Paul yelped. Tears came to his eyes.

"Nice!" Matt said. "I like the way the hair in your ass feels against my cock."

"I can't! I can't!" Paul shouted into the pillow.

"Weird," said Matt. "I like hurtin' you!" And he wriggled more of his cock up Paul's butt. Paul lifted both himself and Matt off the mattress. They remained connected.

"What're you doin'?" Matt asked. "You wanna go show Ellen, or something?"

"I can't—oh please, please get out of me!"

"Okay," Matt said, "Lie back down." Paul did. "I'm gonna pull out of you real slow, okay, so it won't hurt." Paul nodded tearfully into the pillow. Slowly, as promised, Matt slid his stiff dick out of Paul's ass, then he got up and returned to his bed.

Paul was crying softly into his pillow, then he breathed deeply and regained his composure. He couldn't believe what had just happened. But he had a strange feeling—a sensation of healing, accompanied by an inner itch—

that he wanted *more*, and badly. He looked at Matt. Both Matt's elbows were bent, and his hands were cupped under his head on the pillow. Paul stood and walked over to Matt's bed. Matt didn't look at him.

"Please!" Paul said simply. Matt didn't respond except to turn his head. "Please fuck me some more," Paul pleaded.

Matt stared at Paul a while. Finally he said, "Why don't you lick it off, first. Show me how bad you really need it." Instantly, Paul was slobbering over it, just as he'd seen Wally do earlier that day. Matt lifted Paul by his arms and directed him to sit up and lower his ass over the fat cock. Paul found this position more comfortable, and he lowered himself half an inch at a time until his ass was impaled on the fuck stick.

Matt bobbed Paul up and down on his dick. Paul's head reeled back, and Matt increased the speed. Paul groaned, ground his ass down on Matt's cock, then grabbed his own dick and immediately shot in the air. Matt drew Paul into a tight bear-hug and fucked him fast and furiously. Matt's cock had swollen to its capacity, Paul was gasping, Matt was hissing. For the first time, Matt was not composed. Their eyes met and they shared a look of terror. Matt looked as if he was ready to cry out. Then he did. As he shot up Paul's ass, he groaned "Ohhh! Fuck! Yeah!"

After a moment, he fell onto his back with his cock still up Paul's ass. He lay there several moments until he felt restored. He and Paul were still connected.

Paul was speechless, wracked by guilt and shame. What did this mean? Would he have to call off the wedding? Would he tell Ellen? Was this the end of his life? And how could Matt just lie there, so casually?

Matt winked at him, then said: "C'mere!" With one hand around Paul's neck, Matt drew him close, face to face, and kissed him, wetly, on the mouth. He looked at Paul and said, "Welcome to the family." ■



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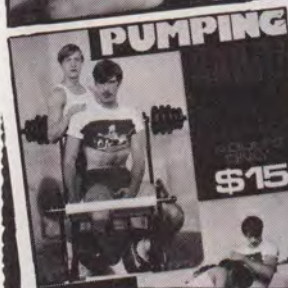
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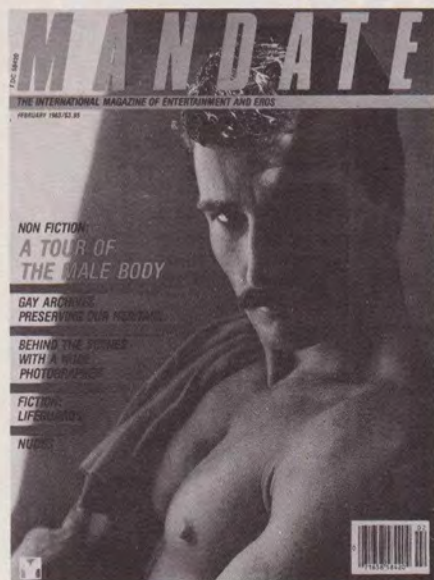
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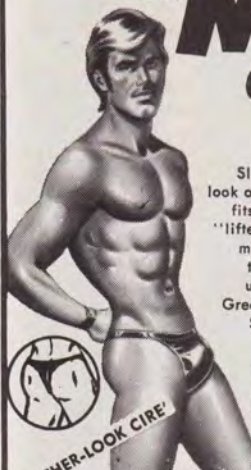
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SEX AVALANCHE

Continued from page 28

It couldn't have been more than five minutes after his gigantic ejaculatory explosion that I found my legs pushed over my head, splayed open in a wide V, and his spit-and-cum-slick cock pushing against my asshole. I made a concentrated effort to relax as I felt his huge cockhead ramming against my little ass pucker. I knew I was in for the fuck of my life, but the first couple of shoves just sent my body sliding along the top of the rug. I reached back and pulled my asscheeks apart, wanting that cock inside me no matter what the consequences. He took one of my nipples between his thumb and forefinger. He leaned forward, rammed his tongue into my mouth, pinched the nipple hard, and thrust his hips forward at the same instant. The pain in my tit distracted me from my ass, and suddenly Mike slid through my bottom gate with his ski-sized cock. My ass went into a state of shock as I felt inch

He fucked me wheelbarrow style. Then he had me sit on his dick, facing him. Next he fucked me on my belly. Finally he sat on a bench, and with me facing away from him, he pulled me back and forth onto his huge cock. I needed to come so badly that when I felt the first jet of sperm flying from the end of my dick, and his own cock ballooned to enormous dimensions, I screamed at the top of my lungs.

The scream had barely cleared my throat when I heard the thundering roar. The cabin began to shake and the sounds of splintering wood surrounded me. Without further warning, the cabin walls seemed to disintegrate around us, and I felt myself being yanked from Mike's grip. I screamed, "Mike! Oh my God! Mike!" I heard the muffled cry. "Timmmm." My body then smashed into something hard, and stopped. I was buried, and dangerously close to complete panic.

"Easy, Tim," I told myself. "You're still alive, so stay cool." I lay there trying to figure out where the gravity pull was the greatest to determine whether I was face down, face up, or sideways. It was weird. I decided I was face up, but unable to move. I tried to slow my frantic breathing in order to conserve whatever air I had packed in around me.

I reached back and pulled my asscheeks apart, wanting that cock inside me no matter what the consequences. I knew I was in for the fuck of my life.

after foot after yard of thick, hard cock schuss into my guts. I couldn't remember from biology just how many miles of intestines we have inside us, but every centimeter of mine was filled to the brim with Michael's gigantic pole. But I didn't feel an ounce of pain, only a well stuffed feeling in my ass.

When his pelvis finally came to rest against the bottom of my balls, Mike thrust his head back, puffed out his massive chest, then *really* started fucking. And he knew how to fuck! I have no idea how long he pistoned his schlong into my hungry ass, but I know he had me in positions that I didn't know existed until then. He picked me up and walked around the cabin with me bobbing on his cock.

I thought I heard someone call. I tried to yell back, but the sound was muffled. I heard the call again and was frantic with frustration. "Mmmmmffggghhh," I managed to groan. Suddenly my face was uncovered. I gasped for breath. I opened my eyes, but my vision was blurred by the brightness of three suns against a bright green sky.

"Mike?" I called out.

"Who's Mike?" a voice asked.

I turned my head in the direction of the voice. I blinked several times and finally focused on my brother Paul, who was towering over me. Totally disoriented, I moved my eyes rapidly back and forth. "Where am I?" I stammered.

"Flat on your ass on the floor, star-

ing at your bedroom ceiling. And you'd better get that ass in gear if you expect me to get you to the airport in time to catch that Canadian charter ski flight you're booked on. You've only got a couple of hours to get to the airport," my brother explained.

"Ski flight?" I asked as I looked around. "What in the hell happened anyway, Paul?" I asked, still very confused.

"Well, it looks like a fuckin' avalanche hit this bedroom, but I guess that 'great buy' you got on that antique bedframe wasn't so great. The side board splintered and your bed collapsed. But you get hustlin' kid, and I'll straighten up the mess here."

I scrambled to my feet and dashed to the bathroom. As I stood over the toilet and pissed, I felt something crawling down my belly. I looked and saw a big glob of cum slithering towards my pubic bush.

While I rushed to get things together, I picked up the *National Geographic* I'd been reading the night before. The cover article was on avalanches. I hadn't finished the article, but after that dream, I decided I'd delay reading the rest of it until summertime.

With the tremendous help of Paul, I managed to make the flight. I landed in Montreal in less than two hours, then had another two hours by bus before I reached the resort. I was too tired to ski when I got there, so I sacked out early and awoke to 14 inches of fresh powder snow on the ground. I was one of the first skiers to hit the trails and break in fresh tracks, but after six hours of deep snow skiing, I needed a break. It was my first time at this resort, but it had a familiarity about it. Most ski resorts, however, do tend to look alike. As I sat in the ski lodge and watched three ski patrol members bring a stretcher down the mountain, I felt a little tense. It was difficult to bury the memory of that dream, two nights before. As I watched the fourth member of the ski patrol climb from the stretcher, it was like watching a movie rerun. Sweat began to pour from my armpits. A waitress interrupted my confused thoughts by asking, "More coffee, sir?"

When I handed her my coffee mug I said, "Miss! See that fellow out there with the ski patrol—the very tall one?" The girl nodded. I asked, "By chance, would you happen to know who he is?"

"Of course! He's the son of the owners of this resort. His name is Michael." ■

SHAVE, HE SAID



Mirror, mirror, on his balls, who's the hairiest dude of all? This fella's got plenty of fur on his hunky body, but it looks like he and his pelt will soon be parted.

Section photographed by Naakkve

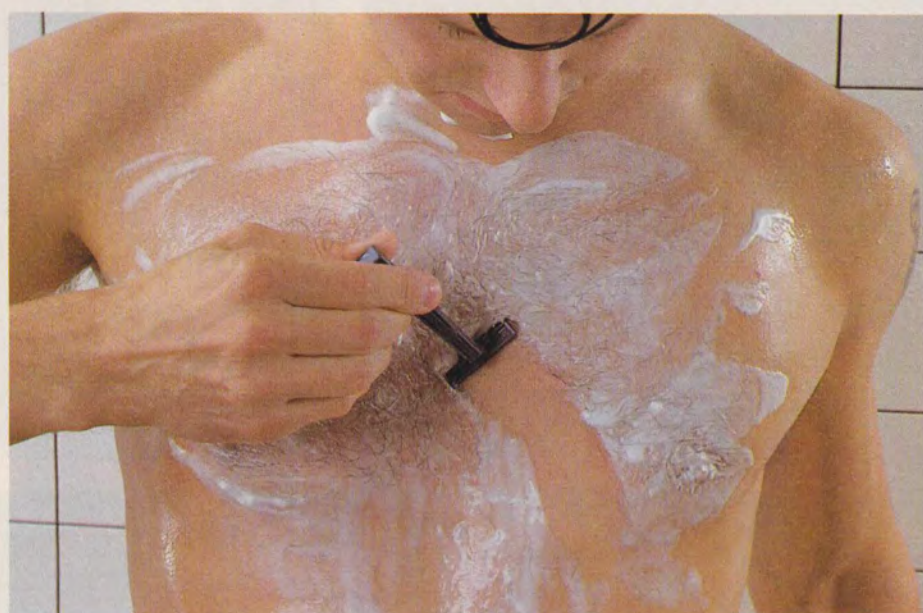
SHAVE, HE SAID

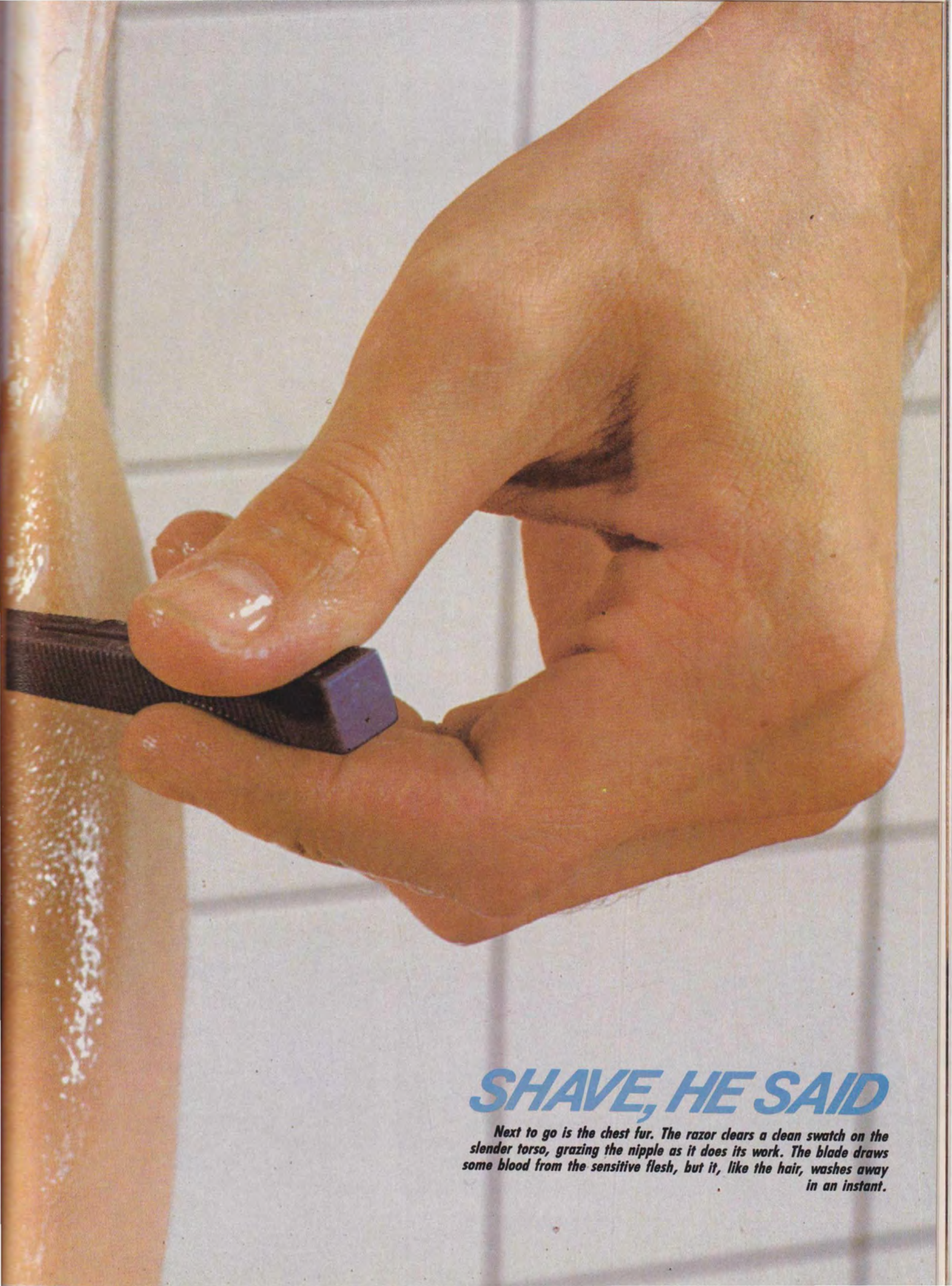


He hesitates for a moment before taking scissors to his bush. Thinning it out is one thing, but shaving it off entirely? The hesitation is short-lived, though; he'll do exactly as he was told. A flick of his tongue reminds him of what's been lost.



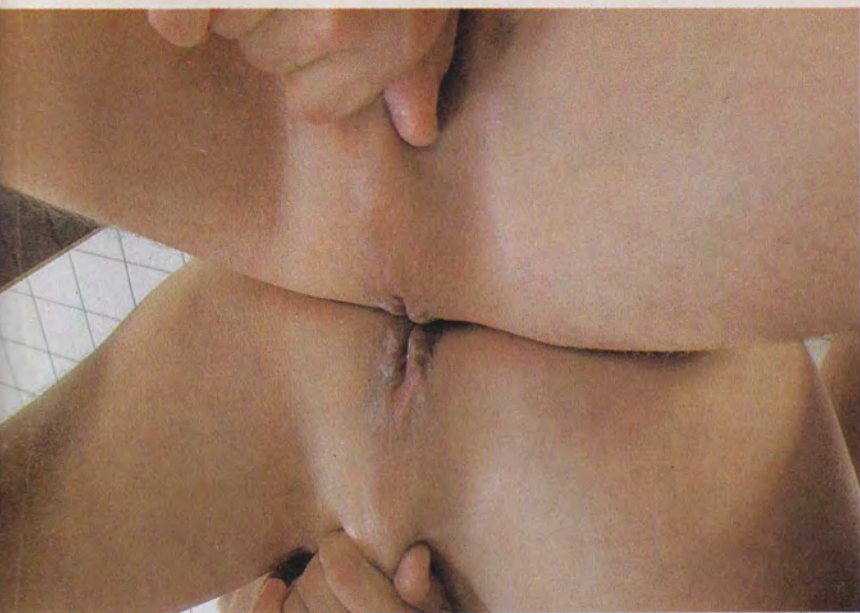






SHAVE, HE SAID

Next to go is the chest fur. The razor clears a clean swatch on the slender torso, grazing the nipple as it does its work. The blade draws some blood from the sensitive flesh, but it, like the hair, washes away in an instant.



SHAVE, HE SAID

Now here's the hardest part. He gently draws the razor over his furred buttcheeks, scraping away the whorls of brown hair. Then down to the ballsack, which rises and tightens in alarm. When he's done he'll be as smooth as a baby. He'd better be. If not, he'll get his master's belt. And leather really hurts when it hits freshly shaved flesh.



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ARIZONA

PHOENIX

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

GWM, 30'S, TALL, SLIM

wants to hear from other leather lovers. No S&M or pain, just hot times in black leather. George, Box 5702, Phoenix, AZ 85010, Photo swap.

CALIFORNIA

FACE SITTER

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

CALIFORNIA DAD WANTED

By WM son, 29, moving to West Coast. Need someone to share life with, guide in getting rid of insecurities, in business world, gym coach, but most important, a friend. Box 1291, West New York, NJ 08093.

ROPES

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

BODYBUILDER

Businessman wants to sponsor Bodybuilder. Photo reply to Boris H., 1214 Polk-A, SF, CA 94109.

BI S.F. J/O STUD

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

SAN DIEGO

Lean W/M, 38, attractive professional, new to leathersex seeks wild CBT, TT, heavy j/o and fantasy exploration with hot lean leatherman who desires mutual trust, respect, sincerely and top/bottom parity. Occupant, P.O. Box 87104, San Diego, CA 92138.

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.

'84 OLYMPICS ACCOMODATIONS

Bodybuilder offers private room with own entrance, secluded Hollywood Hills home, to masculine hunk. For details, write with photo & phone: Boxholder, P.O. Box 8361, North Hollywood, CA 91608.

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.

HANDSOME ALL-AMERICAN W/M

26, 5'8", 135 lbs., brown hair/blue eyes, educated professional enjoys swimming and body building seeks well-built masculine, professional, non-smoking topman for relationship. Call Tom (213) 650-5112.

ORIENTALS & LATINS!

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.

VERY ATTRACTIVE W/M

seeks Nazi, police & military fantasies. I'm 25 clean-cut jew slave for muscular training master. Phone # and photo (returned) to: LR, P.O. Box 69A04, West Hollywood, California 90069. I'll answer all replies with my photo, too!

PROUD SEXY MAN

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

MALIBU MEN WANT YOU

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

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, 136 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

MIAMI BOY

GWM 24, 5'10", 170 lb looking for young guys to age 25 for fun and possible relationship. Photo a plus. Write Gregg, PO Box 163706, Miami, FL 33116-3706.

EX-MARINE

60, slim, fit, potent, seeks friendships, not sex merely. March, 225 Orlando, Belleair, FL 33516.

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.

FT. LAUDERDALE AREA

6'0", 160 lbs., bi-Italian w/7" wants to meet other married bi-guys for discreet action. 25-45 blonde muscular preferred. Your photo gets mine. Dino, P.O. Box 2035, Boca Raton, FLA 33432

GREEN EYED 5' 6" 135 LB 26 YRS

Spanish/Dutch gay seeking sincere, honest gay. Am returning to society soon and need that special someone to love/be loved am sincere-honest-loyal! Yensen, #051772, PO Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

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

HOT ASS

Needs fucking & fisting. Great balls—top me—goodlooking. Rick, PO Box 720153, Atlanta, GA 30328.

NEED GOOD FUCK

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

HAWAII

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

IDAHO

LONELY IDAHO FARMER

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

ILLINOIS

WM LOVES TO SUCK COCK.

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

LEATHER JACK-OFF?

I sure do! Try it, you'll love it. Hot letter and photo gets mine. KLS, Suite 111-1700, 8280 Janes, Woodridge, IL 60517.

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.

CHICAGO LEATHERMASTER

GWM 30, 6'2" 190 lbs. Muscular stud seeks trainees under 25 for obedience training (spanking/whipping). Master wears tight faded Levi 501s and full leather (cycle jacket, chaps, vest, wrist gloves & boots w/spurs). Trainee's must be attractive, have good body, no experience in S&M, wear Levis/leather. No fats, fems, blacks, dopeheads. Send photo & phone w/letter. Chris, P.O. Box 148080, Chicago ILL. 60614

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.

ELKHART AREA

Studs around Elkhart area married or single 35-45 who can fill a gap with this hot 31 yr old. Good-looking 5'8", 148 lb. Brn/Bl 7 1/2" real hard cocked guy. Write Witman, 24791 CR40 Goshen, IN 46526—Discretion expected and returned

IOWA

PENPALS

WM, 28, assistant coach needs hot correspondence from masters of all ages. My muscles are totally submissive. Please, sir, write me. Roger N., 409 Greer, Cherokee, IA 51012.

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.

KANSAS

DUO LOOKING FOR MASTER

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

JUST BEGINNING

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

KENTUCKY

WESTERN KY AREA

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

FRIENDSHIP NEEDED

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

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.

HORNY CAJUN SEX MANIAC

Desires daytime action. New Orleans area. (504) 949-0908.

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.

C&B TORTURE/

Live-in slave GWM 18-26. Call (617) 256-2968 (1495 at R3) L.J. Box 124, North Chelmsford, MA 01863. Leave phone numbers for call back.

MICHIGAN

GR/LANSING Bi/W/M 6', 175 lbs
good looking, muscular craves serving
straight acting big dominate hung
bodybuilder type. Must be discreet.
Under 40. Detailed letter gets mine. P.O.
Box 3131, Grand Rapids, MI 49501.

WM WANTS TO SERVICE STUDS
in West Mi. (616) 363-0723. Ask for Ed.

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 mas-
sage, I can do it! I can prolong your
pleasure too. Send letter about your-
self 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

SIMPLE SEX

5' 11", 140, Blk/Br, 23, seeks con-
siderate, straight-acting 18-25; wash-
board stomach, not hairy, cut, nice
eyes. Nothing anal. Ken S., 125 Bow
St., Portsmouth, NH 03801.

NEW JERSEY

GWM—VERY DISCREET

Gives good head to straights or ap-
pearing so. Love masculine men. Age
no barrier—hot photos and letters
welcome. John De Voe, 372 Anderson
Ave., Apt. 3-C, Cliffside Park, NJ 07010.

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 require-
ments strongly preferred. All replies
answered with photo and similar let-
ter. No fucking or heavy S&M. Reply
Box 125, Ridgefield, NJ 07657.

MARRIED MAN

WM, 5' 6", 24's, 120 lbs, 7". Seeks
discreet daytime action. Indispensable
photo, phone. Mike, P.O. Box 296,
Elizabeth, NJ 07208.

NEVADA

WANTED: PEN-PAL/FRIEND

23 year old in prison would like to cor-
respond with a mature man. Age
doesn't matter, just sincerity. Richard
Deeds, PO Box 607, Carson City, NV
89701.

NEW MEXICO

NEW MEXICO

Moving Southeast New Mexico Sep-
tember. Box 41, Weir, Texas 78674.
Young. Athletic.

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.

GWM, 22

Seeks well built white male in Brooklyn
or Queens area for a possible relation-
ship. Must be straight acting, discreet
and between the ages of 23 to 30. No
fats, S&M, and kinks. Write letter with
photo and phone # to: PO Box 587,
Midwood Station, Brooklyn, NY 11230.

WESTCHESTER GWM

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

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 be-
tween 25-35. Photo appreciated. Write
Mark Haas, 256 Hoyt, Brooklyn, NY
11217.

MAN ON THE GO

Looking for masculine tenderness, 6'
1", 19, 165 lb, washboard stomach,
weightlifter. If looking for a good time
call Mike, handsome and ready with a
good bone structure. (518) 993-4321.
CALL SOON.

ALL RUBBER WEARING TOPMEN

W/M 33 6' 145 bottom seeks introduc-
tion 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.

UPSTATE HUNK

GWM 28, 5'10", 162, well-built, blue-
collar worker; interested in corre-
sponding and meeting with sensual,
erotic men for passionate romance.
P.O. Box 393, East Syracuse, NY
13057.

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.

SYRACUSE BODYBUILDER

39 5' 10", 150 lbs., attractive, trim, smooth, defined, hung, versatile desires contacts throughout entire upstate area. P.O. Box 123, E. Syracuse, NY 13057.

LOVER OR ROOMMATE

Black male, 40 5' 6", 140, warm, sincere clean and straight appearing. Seeks lover to take care of or just plain roommate (single/couple) 18-30 any race to share upper middle class apartment. P.O. Box 604, Scarsdale, NY 10583-0604.

"LIKE EM YOUNG"

NY-NJ-Conn Exec seeks WM 18-? for friendship or whatever develops. Need big brother or daddy figure, I'm the one for you. No blks, fats-fems or dugs or boozers. Am sincere and honest expect same. Photo and serious letter. M. Jeffers, P.O. Box 711, White Plains, NY 10602.

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

GWM, 49,

wishes black, age 35 to 50 tall & slim, Cleveland, Ohio area. Call evenings 1-216-694-4278.

HOT, HORNY JOCKS

24, jock looking for jocks 18-30 for some hot times together. Your wishes are my commands. West side of Cleveland. Photo, desires wanted. Box 14891, Cleveland, OH 44114.

WHITE MALE,

160, 6', hairy, desires straight appearing males for action. Jeff Laramy, 948 Brittain Road, Akron, OH 44305.

SEEKING GWM Gr/ LIFEMATE!

ALWAYS HOT Gr/A GWM, 51, 5'8" 150 lbs., 6" cut cock, 32" waist, need VERY HOT GWM Gr/P MONOGAMOUS LIFEMATE, ages 45-60, over 6' tall, over 225 lbs., non-smoker, no drugs, no pain. Write frankly: Don, P.O. Box 556, Cleveland, Ohio 44107.

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.

LEATHERMASTER

35/140 needs young slim slave. Limits expanded. Rod (918) 665-1885. P.O. Box 54760, Tulsa, OK 74155.

OREGON

YOUNG GAYS PLEASE RESPOND

Two GWM 21 & 25 wanting corresp. with young gays anywhere. No fems, SM or fems—discretion used—sincere—send photo and letter to: Ron & Vince, Box 1512, Albany, OR 97321.

PENNSYLVANIA

LONELY SUBURBANITE

GWM loves correspondence. Guys any age into photos of golf. Occupant, 110 N. Euclid Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15202.

WELL HUNG MALE

Mid-30s, looking for any male equally endowed. Anything goes! Send letter and photo to: D. Clifford, P.O. Box 340, Hazleton, PA 18201. Please hurry! I'm very horny.

SOUTH CAROLINA

22, 5'8", 130

Brown eyes. Prefer 18-35. Penpals welcome. Enjoy fantasy letters. No fats, fems, or blacks. Send letter/photo to: Box 116, Central, SC 29630

TENNESSEE

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

ELECTRONIC TRAINEE

18-26 will provide housing and allowance for training time. PO Box 9281, College Station, Texas 77840. Photo please. Bill Brooks (409) 696-2583.

LOOKING FOR HOT SEX!

West Texas Area. 32, 5'10", 150 lbs., beard. Am easygoing and enjoy meeting new friends. Enjoy rear end action. Am willing to do anything once! Overnights welcome. Must be discreet. No fats or fems. Let me show you a fun time. Steve, 915-447-6101.

VERMONT

RENAISSANCE Bi/W/M

6', 150#, 40's. Arts-sports-P.O. Box 272, Wilmington, Vermont 05363.

VIRGINIA

ONE-TO-ONE

GWM, 31 5' 8", 185 lbs. Warm, gentle, sensitive. Will give what you let me take. Discretion a must. Photo gets mine and maybe more. P.O. Box 9172, Chesapeake, VA 23321.

WASHINGTON

GWM BODYBUILDER

26. Wants to correspond with hot horny males. Will travel for big thick cock. Dig getting fucked. Also will try blacks. No scat. S.M. Photos of huge meat answered first! Fuck me boys. P.O. Box 1313, Walla Walla, WA 98223.

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

TOURING EUROPE?

Free lodging with potent stud, 60. Laumer, Trollebergsvägen 93A2, Lund, Sweden.

INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH SEX

Hot/horny 29-yr-old seeks intense action. Blue collars hard hats, uniformed are welcome, straight, gay, or bi. Rough but no S/M. Photo and phone to: Box 12, Str. F, Toronto, ON M4Y 2L4.

ENGLISH 30 SLIM

Moustached romantic, genuine, seeks partner for new life together anywhere. David, 45 Paradise Place, Norwich, England

DAD NEEDS SON FOR VENTURES

and visitors for beach parties. Occupant, 1889 Hollywood Crescent, Victoria, B.C., Canada V8S-1J2

COMMERCIAL

STUD SERVICE AVAILABLE

(813) 823-5629.

A COMPLETE MASSAGE

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

L.A. SUMMER '84

We have gay men waiting to be your host. Never again be a stranger in L.A. Write for details. Gledhill Tours, 2112 Lyric Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90027.

HAUSBOY AVAILABLE

I'm 30, have black hair, brown eyes, 5'8, 145, handsome clean-cut no drugs. Mad about driving a R.R. I am looking for the right Gentleman. Write to me. E. Neubauer, POHLG. 29, 1120 Vienna, Austria.

MUSCLE VIDEO!

Bodybuilders ripple sensational muscularity! Catalog \$1.00. WRITE: Muscle Video, Video Action, 237 Ogden Ave., Jersey City, NJ 07307. One time offer! Don't delay! Act today!

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.

STEELER JOCK

My lover is a Pittsburgh Steeler and has played in two Super Bowls. I will send you one of his cum-stained jocks for \$12, a rubber filled with his cum for \$12, or you can drink his piss for \$6. Or, get all 3 hot items for \$27.50. Send check or m/o to: M.S. Davies, P.O. Box 7474, Pittsburgh, PA 15213.

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!

"COLLEGE JOCK"

New York's hottest model/escort 23 yrs. 6' 2" smooth chest, 9" thick. Discreet & friendly. Robert (212) 473-7157.

TOM OF FINLAND

Special collection of his drawings and books. Send for brochure. P.O. Box 436 Canal St. Sta., New York, NY 10013, Dept. HC.

SUMMIT LODGE RESORT

Clothing optional, rooms, camping, brochure (S.A.S.E.), 26500H Wildcat Rd., Rockbridge, OH 43149.

MARK SANDERS

(415) 444-3204

Verbal Fantasies my Specialty HOT'n RAUNCHY or slow 'n easy. West Coast model-masseur-escort formerly of NYC 27, 5'5, 135 lbs., handsome, hairy, intelligent, sincere, discreet, warm, & sensual. Travels anywhere. 5 x 7" glossy photos available: 1/\$3, 2/\$5, 4/\$10, 6/\$15. Also selling mail order books, magazines, films, novelties, home video cassettes, etc. Catalogue—\$1.25 + SASE. Also ask about phone J/O! Mark Sanders, Box 121, 484 Lake Park Ave., Oakland, CA 94610

ANAL TOYS OUR SPECIALTY!

Catalog \$1. State over 21. Unicorn, Box 10024-H, Chicago, IL 60610.

WINE BEER LIQUORS RECIPES

Make your own and save. Send \$3.00 cash CK. MO. to Westex Press, 501 Del Mar S2, Corpus Christi, TX 78404.

EUROPEAN DELIGHT!

Exciting photo sets featuring the nude YOUTHS of Denmark, Sweden, Holland, Germany, England, Norway and more. Send \$2 for NEW catalogs. Brandenburg Studio, Dept.-P, 82 Wall Street, NYC 10005.

ORGANIZATIONS

PISS SOMEONE OFF!!!

Rainmakers: 3rd year of the ultimate water sports club for men into golden showers. Info. \$1: Box 623 - RMH, New York, NY 10013.

LIKE TO FUCK? (OR GET FUCKED?)

American-Greek Alliances: 4th year of the club which gets Greek actives into Greek passives!! Info. \$1: Box 623 - AGH, New York, NY 10013.

REAR FRENCHMEN OF AMERICA

5th Year of the club for healthy men into giving/receiving rear French. Info. \$1: Box 623 - RFH, New York, NY 10013.

CLOTHESMAN: 4TH YEAR!

The all-clothing club for men turned on by jockey shorts, jockstraps, business suits, socks and other kinds of clothing. Info \$1: Box 623-CH, New York, NY 10013.

THE HIRSUTE CLUB

invites HAIRY men and men who love them to join the erotic fun! We publish interesting newsletter/hot photos, frank listings/hunky men. Information: \$2 to PO 11514, SF, CA 94101.

AMERICAN-GREEK ALLIANCES

Third sensational year of club which gets greek actives into greek passives! Special discount for men who are solely greek active. Name, age, \$1 to: P.O. Box 623-AGP, Canal St. Station, New York, N.Y. 10013.

INTO BOOTS

shoes, leather, levi's and/or other clothing and want to meet others? Over 800 members. Send stamp to Foot Fraternity, POB 786, San Francisco, CA 94101.

BLOW SOMEONE'S SOCKS OFF!!!

Footman: 5th sensational year of the world's longest running boot, shoe, socks, sneakers and bare feet club! Info. \$1: Box 623 - FMH, New York, NY 10013.

PUT SOMEONE'S FOOT IN YOUR MOUTH!!

Footman: the boot, shoe, socks, sneakers and bare feet club! Name, age, \$1 to: Box 623-FMH, New York, NY 10013.

BEST & MOST DISCREET LIST

You would never meet most on list any other way. For those who need most discretion. Updated mo. Good for bi's, marrieds, travels & straights. Free Inf. & Appl. SASE to: Gemini List, P.O. Box 1782, Americus, Ga. 31709. Tel: (912) 924-4038, Wkdays, 8-5.



LETTERS

NEVER STOP

Dear HONCHO:

Who was the extraordinary stud on your April 1984 cover (and inside)? You called the layout "f-stop," but I would prefer to call it "Never Stop." Does he have a name? It makes him even more erotic if I can call him by his name. I had been disappointed with some of your recent models until I saw this hunk in your magazine, but now I intend to buy every issue.

R.M.
Detroit, MI

UP ALL NIGHT

Dear HONCHO:

At last you've made me do it; write to a publication regarding its contents, that is. I've been buying HONCHO since 1978, and I think that some of the hottest men in the universe have appeared in your pages. It goes without saying that I have also liked the stories. Until recently, my all-time favorite was Joe Porcelli, but after getting the April issue and seeing that magnificent cover man, I have a new favorite. I won't rest easy until I find out who he is. I couldn't sleep that night after I first saw him (the layout was called "f-stop"); every time I closed my eyes, I saw the intensity of his eyes, and that hot body as well. He had me up, and I mean up, all night! To describe my fantasies about him would make a sensational novel. I would appreciate it very much if you could tell me Who? How? and Where? to ask for more on him. He is one of God's finest works of art.

S.K.
Utica, NY

His name is Derek Bond, and here is yet another hot photo of him. You are one of about 300 men who wrote to tell us what they think of him. He is sensational, isn't he? To see more of him, look at the July 1984 issue of MAN-DATE. Editor.

Photo by Romeo



DEAR HONCHO:

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

CHUBBY CHEEKS

Dear HONCHO:

If the response of my cock is a reliable indicator, the quality of HONCHO keeps going up! No other men's magazine presents such a variety of hot guys, and so well photographed, too. It's difficult for me to single out any particular issue, but June 1984 was one hot month. My favorite spread was "What a Dump!" The surroundings were shabby, but the curly-headed stud inhabiting them was first-class. Loved those big nips, slim hips, and sweet dick. You might think this weird, but you know what else I loved about him? His cheeks. And I don't mean the ones he sits on. I love guys with chubby cheeks—they remind me of sexy squirrels. You know what squirrels love to stuff in their cheeks! How about indulging me in my odd fetish and feature more fat-faced hunks?

G.D.
Bridgeport, CT

Photo by M.E.N. Enterprises

BUN PERSON

Dear HONCHO:

First of all, I am a natural born female who loves the sight of a man's body. I have a friend who purchases HONCHO and from time to time I pick it up and read your stories—they're fantastic! I also look at your photos, and in the January 1984 issue you have a nude pictorial entitled "Auto Erotic." I think this man is absolutely, wonderfully gorgeous. He is well endowed and he has the most incredible buns I have ever seen (I'm a bun person). These pictures are enough to make me want to GET NAKED! I would like to know more about him, like his most erotic fantasy, his name, and his sexual preference.

Lady Cee
Springfield, MA

His name is Paul Irish, but we're not telling another thing about him. If all you hot women start stealing HONCHO's meat, where will that leave us for models? Unless you want to send your husbands and boyfriends to New York for some real hot man-love. One thing's for sure: we can give them one thing that no woman can! Editor.

GOOSE BUMPS

Dear HONCHO:

Your March 1984 issue is the best one I have ever seen. It was loaded with some of the hottest studs around. Eric Ryan, for example, is gorgeous; I really dig his hot body and his slick firm pecks. And he has one of the sexiest cocks I've ever looked at. The thought of sucking his fuckpole gives me goose bumps. And in that issue, you have not only Eric but Kurt Graham as well, with his uncut cock and fantastic body. I have always disliked uncut cocks, but looking at this big blond's dick has changed my mind. Then, to top it all off, you ended the issue with "Country Cum to Town." I love everything about him! I really get turned on by sandy blonds with dark moustaches, and he fits the description to a tee. And the forest across his massive chest, plus his big cock, make him even more irresistible for yours truly. My hot cock needs some of his kind of loving.

C.P.
Anaheim, CA

HANGING OUT

Dear HONCHO:

I just got the April issue, and when I saw the washroom man with his cock hanging out ("Executive Washroom"), it sure made me hot. Keep showing big cocks—the bigger the better. The more dick you show, the more I like it.

L.B.
Sarasota, FL

NARCISSUS

Dear HONCHO:

Please show some pictures of hard, hot hunks jerking off their big dicks in front of mirrors. Each month I buy the new issue of HONCHO, rush home, take off all my clothes, get out my poppers and start jerking off in front of a huge mirror that hangs in my living room. I keep it up for hours. The only improvement I can imagine is to have a photo of a hunk jerking off in front of a mirror, just the way I do. That would turn me on so much—in fact, I'm getting a hard-on just thinking about it. I haven't missed an issue of HONCHO since you started showing hard-on shots.

M.R.
Lexington, KY

LOAD AFTER LOAD

Dear HONCHO:

Thank you for putting out yet another terrific issue. January 1984 was the best in a long time, and what a good way to start the new year. For openers, I have to congratulate Don Hanover for that incredible cover photo. It was really hot! I spotted it from all the way across the bookstore. The writer Matthew Smith outdid himself with his story "Cock Soccer." It was so descriptive that I could actually picture myself in that locker room with those two humpy studs. And the layout called "Auto Erotic" was, like the rest of the issue, excellent; a real turn-on. That guy stretched over the car engine made me hot, hot, hot; the photographer Romeo is certainly to be commended for his photography. Finally, I want to mention what I consider the best spread in the issue, "Meat the Marines." That stud in the uniform made me shoot load after load. I hope to see more of him in HONCHO in the future.

M.M.
St. Clair Shores, MI

BUSH AND BALLS

Dear HONCHO:

Your April 1984 edition was just as hot as usual. Being a new reader of your magazine, I find it the most dick-hardening reading on the market today. I want to express my pleasure with the layout called "Executive Washroom." That young exec is everything I want in a man. He is absolutely beautiful from his head to his calves. He's not too hairy, but he has the most fantastic bush and balls I've ever seen. Please show him without sunglasses sometime in the future.

G.B.
Birmingham, AL

MISSED IT

Dear HONCHO:

Even though I am a couple of months late in renewing my subscription, I wanted to enclose a note to let you know how pleased I am with your excellent magazine. I'm sorry I didn't renew sooner—I'm afraid I missed something wonderful. The April 1984 issue was especially hot, and I particularly enjoyed the story by Robert Ralph called "Construction Site." HONCHO is the hottest!

M.B.
Edison, NJ

FURRY BEAR

Dear HONCHO:

I can't thank you enough for the layout entitled "Fur Trapper" in the February 1984 issue. I am so accustomed to seeing mostly smooth-skinned, post-pubescent youths in the gay magazines, that finding a hirsute man is like finding a diamond in my Cracker Jacks box! But this furry bear transcends even my fantasies; he is the quintessential hairy hunk. Please, show more of him, and next time with fewer shadows than in your layout. Surely I'm not the only one of your readers who loves body hair.

J.B.
Detroit, MI

No, indeed you are not. We received bags of letters about this model, and every one of them was a rave. We hear what you're saying, and we will feature as many hairy hunks as we can in future issues. Editor.

IMPRESSIVE FUR

Dear HONCHO:

Your February 1984 issue has the most impressive model of the year: "Fur Trapper." This man is not only handsome in every detail, he is outstanding in every way. I wish there could have been more to read about him, and more to look at, but I was turned on by what you printed. I am writing to ask if you can furnish me another look at this hot, hairy HONCHO stud.

G.D.
Lincoln, NE

HAIR TODAY, HAIR TOMORROW

Dear HONCHO:

Being a lover of the hairy male, I want to applaud you for showing "Fur Trapper" in your February issue. When I saw that fur-wrapped stud, my crotch bulged. I would love to see more of him, and as far as I'm concerned he defines the phrase "hairy man." Hair makes me salivate!

T.B.
Billings, MT

HAIRBALLS

Dear HONCHO:

You have printed a first: a layout of a really hairy hunk. I am referring to "Fur Trapper" in your February issue. I am wild about the curling mass of thick hair that begins on his powerful thighs and ends in the rug on his big mean ass! I would love to put my head between those legs and sniff his strong manly scent, then bury my nose in his hairy asshole for a few hours. Believe me, I would be on my knees morning, noon, and night begging to suck his cock, lick his balls, and smell his butt. Then I would lick it and get all that hair in my mouth. I might even get hair balls in my stomach, like a cat! Since HONCHO is always the first to do new and daring things, why don't you give us "smoothies" who love hairy men a real treat: Show us some rear view hair shots—hairy shoulders, backs, and asses. This Fur Trapper must have shoulders and back completely covered in hair.

C.R.
Cleveland, OH

Photo by Matthew E. Newman



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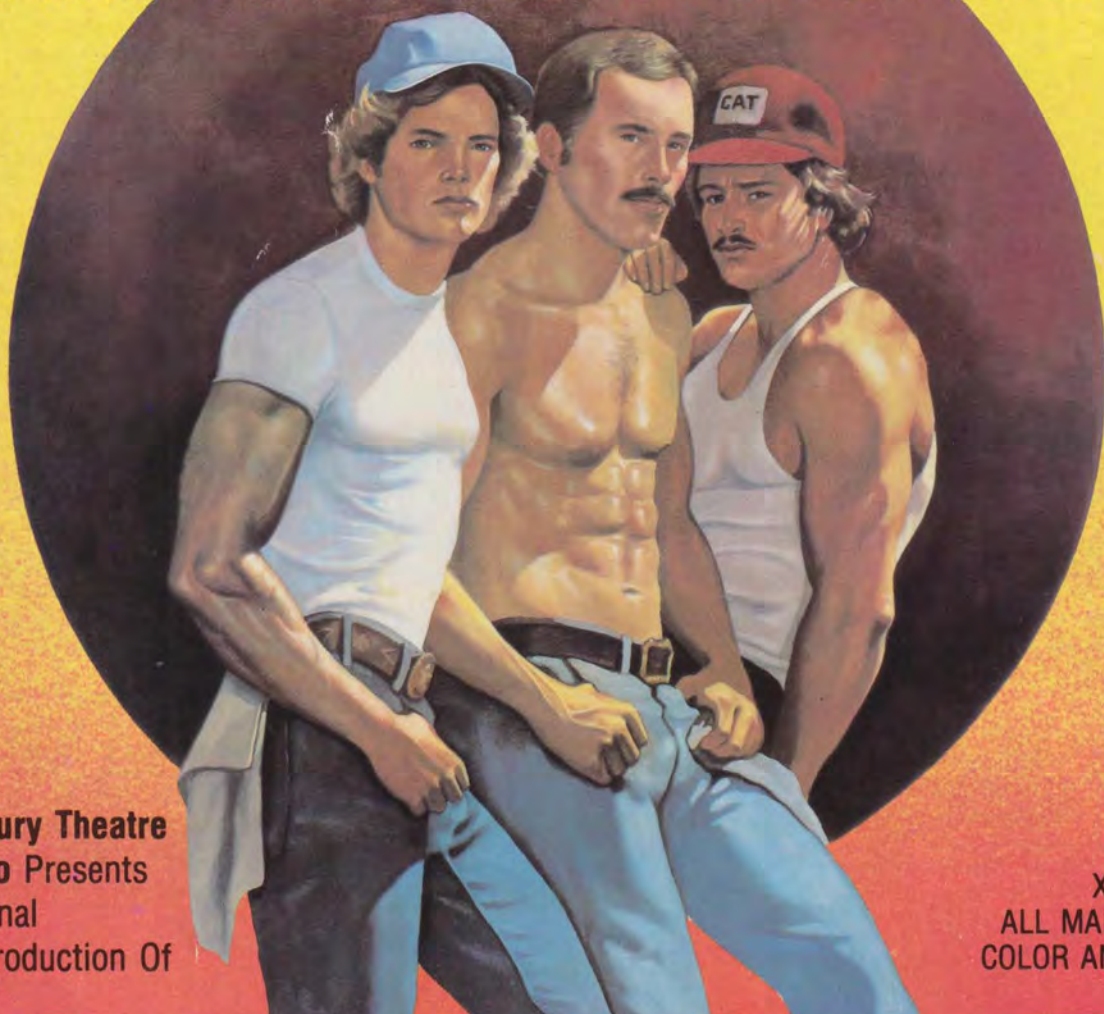
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