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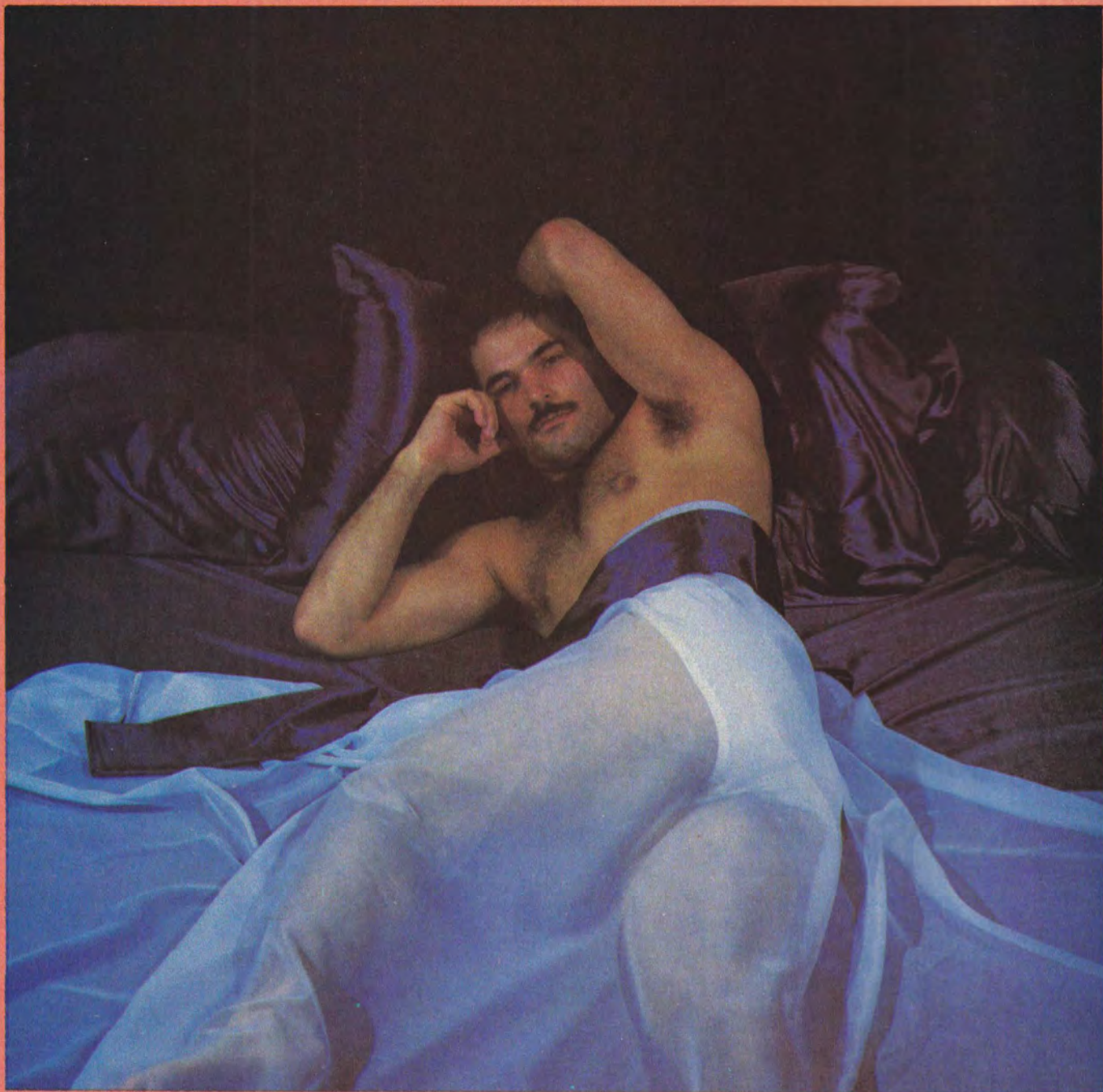
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# HONCHO

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE MACHO MALE

VOLUME 7 • NUMBER 6  
SEPTEMBER 1984



COVER: SURGE STUDIO

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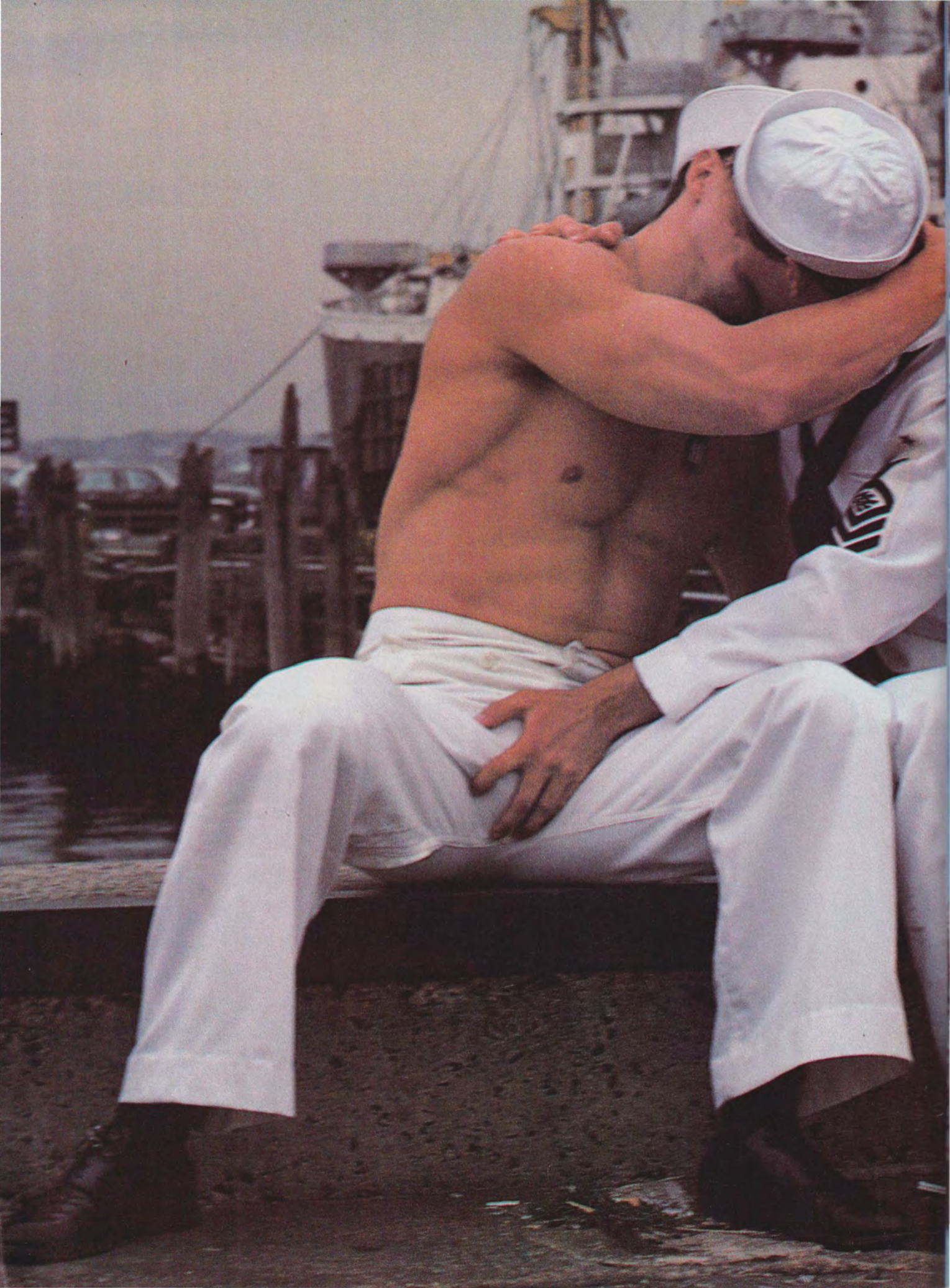
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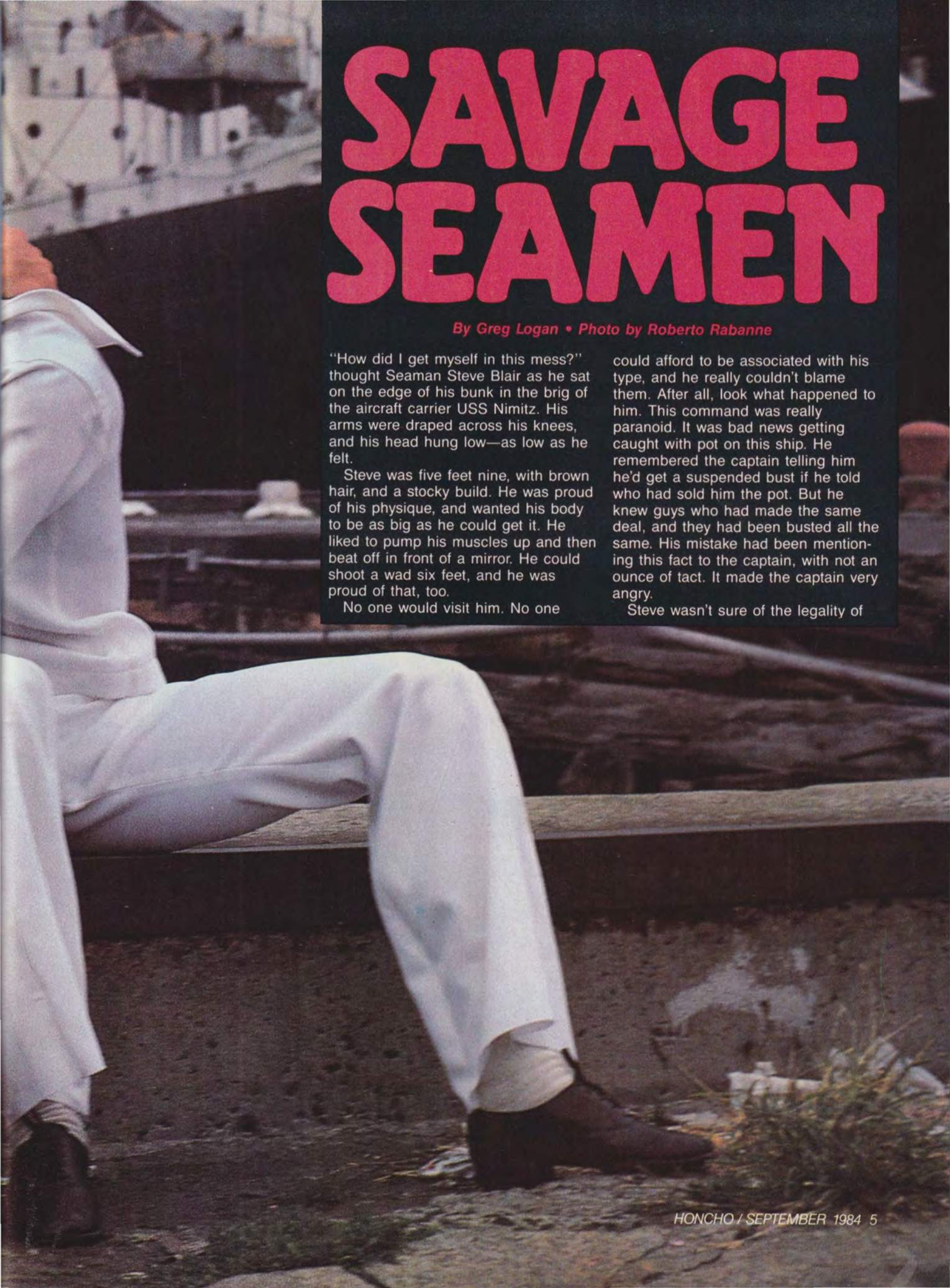


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# SAVAGE SEAMEN

By Greg Logan • Photo by Roberto Rabanne

"How did I get myself in this mess?" thought Seaman Steve Blair as he sat on the edge of his bunk in the brig of the aircraft carrier USS Nimitz. His arms were draped across his knees, and his head hung low—as low as he felt.

Steve was five feet nine, with brown hair, and a stocky build. He was proud of his physique, and wanted his body to be as big as he could get it. He liked to pump his muscles up and then beat off in front of a mirror. He could shoot a wad six feet, and he was proud of that, too.

No one would visit him. No one

could afford to be associated with his type, and he really couldn't blame them. After all, look what happened to him. This command was really paranoid. It was bad news getting caught with pot on this ship. He remembered the captain telling him he'd get a suspended bust if he told who had sold him the pot. But he knew guys who had made the same deal, and they had been busted all the same. His mistake had been mentioning this fact to the captain, with not an ounce of tact. It made the captain very angry.

Steve wasn't sure of the legality of







his present "nonjudicial" punishment, but it was only for a few days; then it would be over and he could start clawing his way back up to third class petty officer again. His only company was the single marine guard, and he was not allowed to speak. The guard changed every four hours. Most of them didn't bother him, though some would occasionally make him do silly calisthenics like jumping jacks or running in place. That was okay for his cardiovascular system, but it didn't do much for his muscles.

There was one mean marine who everyone called "Gunney." Steve supposed it was because he was a gunnery sergeant. He was about a head taller than Steve, had brown hair (what little he had), dark, serious eyes, and a body very much like Steve's. And he made Steve nervous.

On day watches Gunney would make him do much harder exercises, and push him till he dropped. Then he would taunt and provoke him afterwards. But it was the nights Steve feared most; when everyone was asleep. Steve looked up at the clock. It said 23:43. He should have hit the sack over an hour ago, but he just couldn't sleep. It was almost time to relieve the watch.

Just then the door opened and Steve heard voices. Their source wasn't directly visible from where he was sitting. In a few minutes the conversation stopped, and he heard the door again, and then silence. Suddenly feeling a presence, Steve looked up in the dim light. His heart jumped. It was Gunney.

"Lights out was an hour and fifteen minutes ago," the voice stated emotionlessly. "You must be waiting up for me. Aren't ya?"

Steve swallowed and asked, "Didn't you have watch earlier today?"

"I wanted to do a friend a favor. Now answer my question."

Steve remained mute, and slowly backed into the shadow on his bunk. He really didn't want to put up with this jerk tonight.

"Now squiddy, you know I can make it rough on you. I can report all sorts of things to the captain, whether you did them or not. And I can have 'witnesses'. I have lots of friends." Gunney walked to the light switch and flicked it on. Light flooded the cell. "Now answer my question."

Steve eased off the bunk and confronted the marine at the bars. "No. I wasn't waiting for you tonight," he said with as much sarcasm as he could muster. "Unless you want to suck my

dick, jarhead."

The marine stood there, a thin smile spreading slowly across his face. Oh, oh, thought Steve. I'm in trouble now.

"Jim. Come here," Gunney called to somebody Steve could not see.

Suddenly another marine appeared from around the corner. He was as big as a house.

"You heard what he called me?"

"Yeah, I heard. You were right about this one. He really wants it bad."

"Now listen to these instructions real careful," Gunney started. "'Cause if you don't, you are going to be in a lot of trouble, and probably a lot of pain. All you got to do is everything I tell you. No more, and no less. You make me feel good, and I'll leave you alone—and so will Jim here." Jim crossed his arms and smiled a big, toothy grin.

Steve's heart began to race, but all he could do was nod his head.

"I'm sorry, squid. I couldn't hear you. And I hope to hell you know the proper way to answer."

"Yes, sir. I heard you." Steve answered shakily.

Gunney scowled, "Close squid. That's 'sir, yes sir'—to everything! Got that?"

---

***"Stand at attention when you jack off!" the brute ordered. "I don't want to see you looking down, left, or right while you pull that pud. If you're going to do it, you're going to do it like a marine."***

---

"Sir, yes sir."

"Oh, very good. That's very good, isn't it, Jim?"

"Yeah, great. Now what?"

"Now you lock me inside with him. That way you can guard him while I have my fun."

Steve's eyes grew wide with fear as Gunney opened the brig door and let himself in. The giant with the toothy grin shut the door with a horrible finality. Steve looked up at the clock: it would be another three and a half hours before anyone would show to relieve the watch. It was going to be a long night.

"Okay, muscle man. Drop those drawers and let's see what you got," Gunney commanded.

Steve slowly obeyed the command as he eyed Gunney standing next to him. He didn't have a chance. With his belt undone, and the zipper down, he

pushed the dungarees to the deck.

"Skivies too, moron!"

Steve obeyed and the skivies fell to the deck. He turned red, and was glad that his shirttail hid his dick.

"I can't see the stud's dick. Take the shirt off, squiddy."

Steve turned redder as he removed the shirt and threw it on the bunk behind him.

"Ohhhh. Now ain't that cute. Just look at that pecker, Jim. Did you ever see anything so cute as that?" Gunney grinned at Jim, who was watching intently through the bars in the cell door. Steve wished that it would get just a little bit hard, but it only shrank. "I'll bet it's even cuter when it's hard, isn't it squid?"

Steve didn't know what to say. He felt like he was going into shock.

Gunney put his hands on his hips and cocked his head. "I didn't hear your answer, squid."

"Sir, yes sir," Steve replied haltingly.

Gunney looked at his friend. "He wants us to see it hard, Jim. I think we should let him jack off. It'll put him in the proper mood." Jim only grinned and nodded in reply. "Okay, squid. Let's see you beat that meat."

Steve looked down at his limp dick,

slowly took it in his right hand, and began to pull it to a hard. Despite his nervousness, in a couple of minutes it was rock hard and poking almost straight up. It reached seven inches when fully erect.

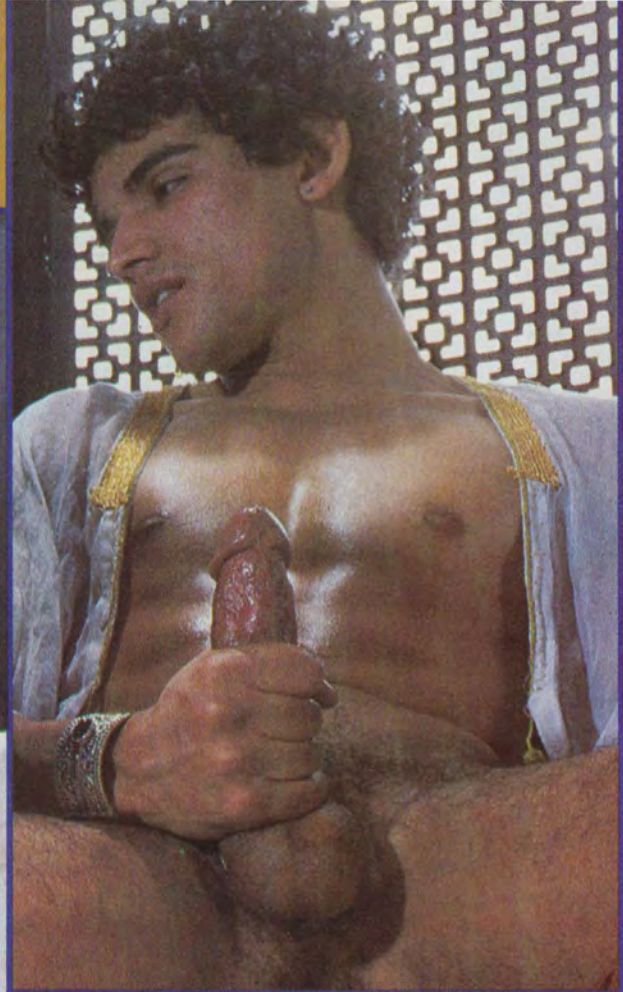
"Stand at attention when you jack off! I don't want to see you looking down, left, or right while you pull on that pud. If you're going to do it, you're going to do it like a marine!"

Steve immediately came to attention and looked into the eyes of the marine in front of him. It was an odd position for jacking off, as he couldn't bend at the waist in order to reach his dick easily. He continued to stroke his meat, his stomach and ass muscles fighting the urge to assume a more natural position. In a few minutes his whole body shook as the intense sexual feelings began conflicting with his posture.



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Several times Gunney scowled at him when he lost his stance, but Steve managed to bring himself in line. Finally, he began to drop his load. He had to fight to keep his back aligned and his eyes open as he shot his wad in a high arch that splattered against the uniform in front of him. The uniform that Gunney was wearing. The distance was about four feet. Jim's eyes widened when he saw the angry look of the other marine. Steve's hand and cock dripped cum onto the deck.

Gunney looked down at the runny mess on the front of his trousers, then back into the eyes of the offender. "Jim, do you see what this squid did? He defiled the marine uniform. You're in big trouble, squid. First of all, I didn't tell you to come; and secondly, I didn't tell you to stop jacking off. You disobeyed my orders, and I told you you'd be sorry if you disobeyed my orders. Now get down here and clean this mess off!"

The hunky sailor looked first at his tormentor, then at the guard outside his cell, then back to his tormentor. "Sir, I respectfully decline, sir."

Without emotion, Gunney made a programmed series of moves and twisted Steve's arms behind his back, bringing him to his knees.

"You don't learn too fast, do ya squid? Now clean this mess up—with your tongue!"

Steve felt a surge of pressure on his arms as Gunney forced his face into his crotch. He slowly began to lick the sperm off the front of Gunney's pants. Steve had never tasted cum before; not even his own, and he was surprised that it didn't taste all that bad. When the marines had been satisfied with the job, he was pulled away and released, but he remained on his knees.

"Looks like he did a pretty good job, Gunney. Think he deserves a little of the real thing?" Jim asked.

"I think he deserves a lot of the real thing, but I got to take a leak so bad I'm about to bust."

"Piss on the shitter," Jim grunted.

"You thirsty, squid?"

"Sir, no sir," Steve replied with a new terror in his voice.

"I told you squid, there's only one thing you say to me. Now let's hear you say it."

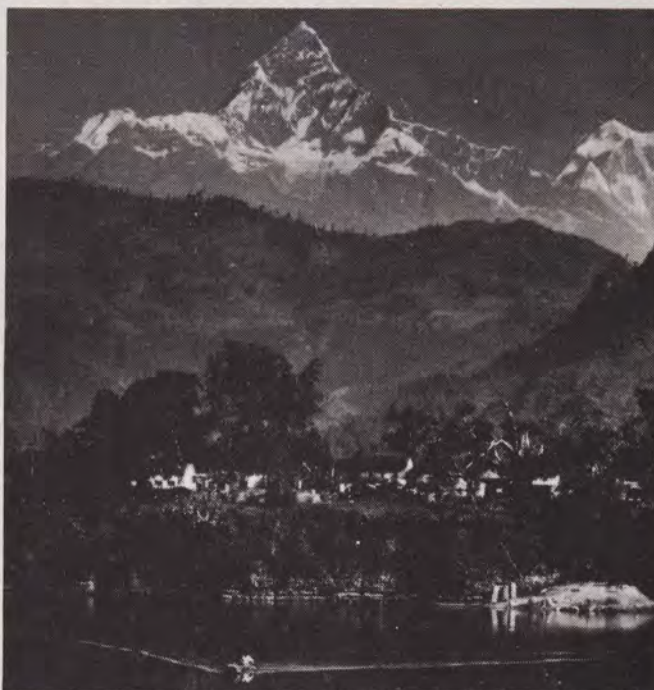
Steve remained mute, but Gunney pulled up his arm while pressing down on the pressure point of his neck and shoulder blades. The sailor winced and tried to pull away as tears came to his eyes. Finally he relented with a

*Continued to page 36*

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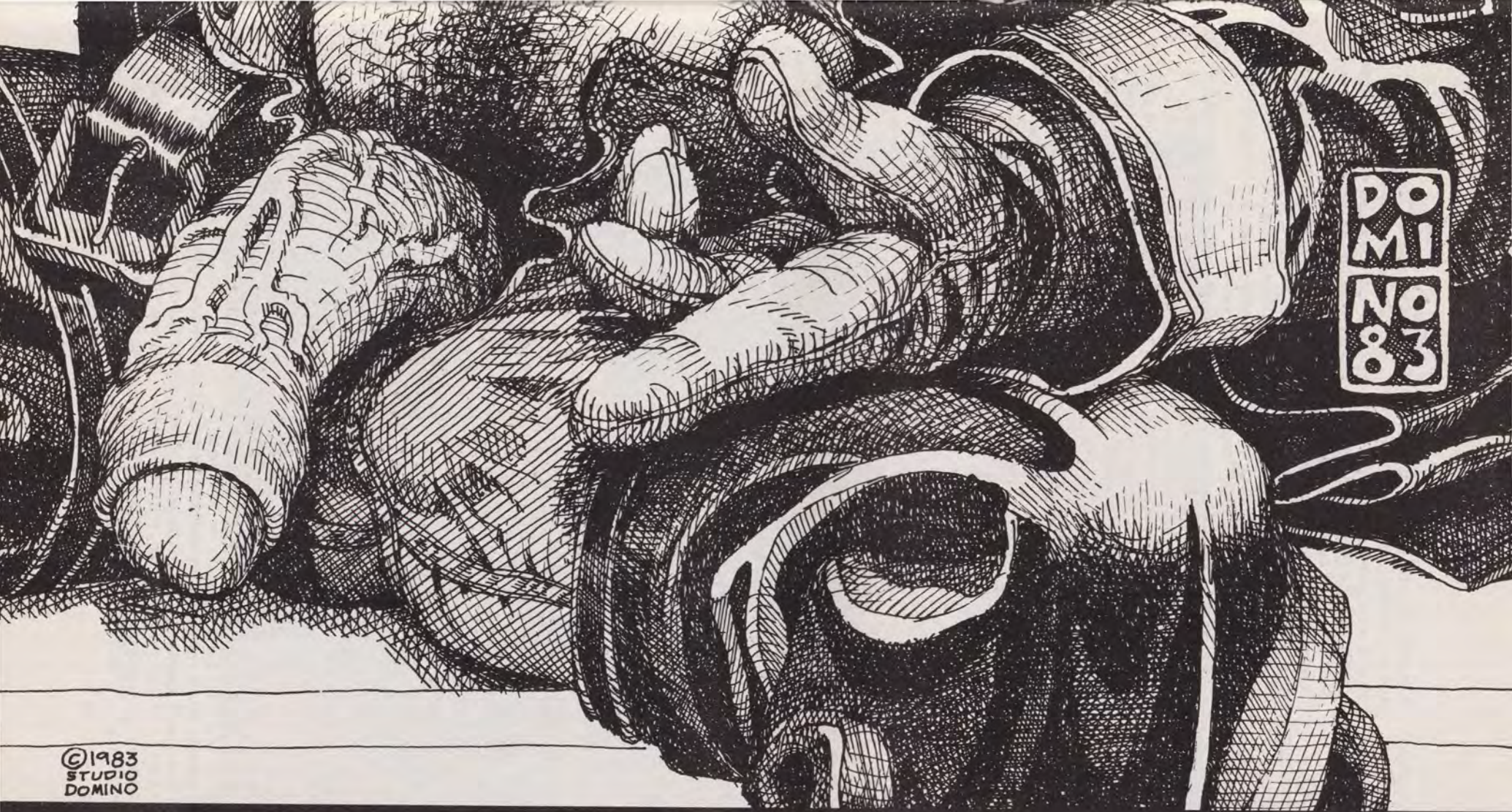


# FIRE HOSE

By Mario Mangiacazzo • Illustration by Domino







**He still had his boots on, as well as his fireman's coat, which exposed a too-small t-shirt that rode up on his belly. "Shit," he drawled, "I'm so fuckin' beat I can hardly get out of my gear." "Want some help?" I offered.**

Willie sighed deeply, wiped one huge hand across his soot-streaked forehead, and took a sip from his can of Colt 45. "Damn," he exclaimed, looking straight at me. "That fire was a real motherfucker, no?"

"You said it," I replied, as I bent over and began tugging off my wet, filthy boots. "I really hate it when kids are involved."

"Especially when it's their parents'

fault," he muttered.

Willie and I and our fire company had just returned from the South Bronx, where we'd put out an electrical fire in a six-story apartment building. Some chump had left an electric blanket on and had gone out to do Christ knows what, leaving his three kids home unattended. The wife, who was at work when the blaze broke out, hurried home when some neighbors



called to tell her what was happening. When the husband finally showed up at the scene, a six-pack under his arm, she flew at him with small, clenched fists, cursing and screaming. Luckily we got the kids out in time—they'd suffered some smoke inhalation, but they weren't seriously harmed. And since it was late morning, there weren't too many other folks in the building. But electrical fires can be a bitch to extinguish, especially when they spread quickly through an old firetrap of a building. The tenement was extensively damaged; most of the tenants would have to be re-located.

"You did good, Jim," Willie told me between sips on his beer. "Your first week on the job, and you're already a good fireman. Bet you was one of those kids who wanted to do this ever since you saw your first red fire engine."

I laughed and nodded. It was true, or rather, partly true. I'd been intrigued by firefighters ever since I was 10 or 11 years old, but it wasn't the sight of a firetruck that hooked me. It was the men themselves, or perhaps I should say, the mystique I associated with them. It thrilled my childish imagination to think of these big, heroic guys selflessly risking their lives to save

bedroom slippers. I dashed downstairs and ran out the front door before my parents were even fully awake. When I reached the end of the block and stood before the blazing house, the firemen were already spraying mighty jets of water on the flames, while others scaled ladders to rescue those trapped on the upper floors. I walked close to the burning building, close enough to feel the heat from the flames. Suddenly two big, strong hands seized me by the shoulders.

"Whoa, little guy, where you think you're going?" The hands hoisted me up, and I found myself looking into the sweat-streaked face of one of the firemen. My recollection of what happened next is a little fuzzy; what stands out in my memory is the light-headed, pleasantly dizzy feeling I had as the big brute of a fireman held me by the shoulders. No, actually that isn't all I remember. The most disconcerting thing was the boner I popped in my pajamas as his gloved hands pressed into my bony little shoulders. I don't know how long it went on, his holding me, me with a prepubescent hard-on; the next thing I recall is the arrival of my parents, who hustled me home and back to bed.

Now here I was, 14 years later, a

department was, he figured, an ideal opportunity. Good pay and benefits, danger and adventure, and, "a chance to do somethin' for people," as Willie put it. Willie had proved his heroism numerous times during his ten years in the department; a photograph of him receiving a plaque from the mayor of New York hung over his bed in the firehouse.

To put it bluntly, my first glimpse of Willie triggered the same reaction I'd experienced as a kid when that big nameless firefighter had laid his protective hands on me. Only this time I knew what that throbbing in my pants meant! I'd had some qualms about becoming a fireman. I knew I was probably asking for trouble by taking a job in such a tempting environment. And I was well aware of the paranoia many firemen felt about "fags." A few years ago, when hearings were being held on the proposed gay rights bill, a captain of the fire department earnestly testified, "If you pass this law, we'll have perverts in the firehouses, and jeez, ya know what'll happen? They'll hafta take showers with us, and they won't be able ta control themselves, bein' around real men." So here I was, stationed in an inner city firehouse that saw a lot of action, surrounded by lots of these "real men." But most of them were a boring lot—out-of-shape, married lard-asses who wouldn't do a thing for most self-respecting homos, or for even deeply closeted ones, like me. You could say that given the human scenery, I was "safe"—little chance I'd throw a rod in the showers. But then there was Willie, and he made the whole situation more complicated. There were a few guys I could get turned on to, if I worked at it, but there was no way I could immunize myself against him. Two days on the job, and I was in love, goddammit, in love with his easy, unaffected manliness. In love with his rugged, overripe, six-foot-plus body. Crazy about his handsome, angular, classically Latin face, with its broad, lined brow, warm brown eyes, and jutting lower lip. His lush black moustache, and rakish goatee. Damn, I even loved his big beer gut. What made my torment worse was Willie's interest in me. As "the new kid in the firehouse," I warranted Willie's fraternal concern and support, or so he thought. We shared coffee and donuts on my first day, and he offered to help me get oriented to the firehouse routine. Since everyone else regarded me with either indifference or a thinly concealed hostility, I welcomed Willie's

*Continued to page 22*

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## ***My macho fireman showed me that he could do more than lie back and take a blow-job. His pouty lips found their way to my meat on countless occasions, and he even let me part his big, furry buttcheeks and plunge into his asshole.***

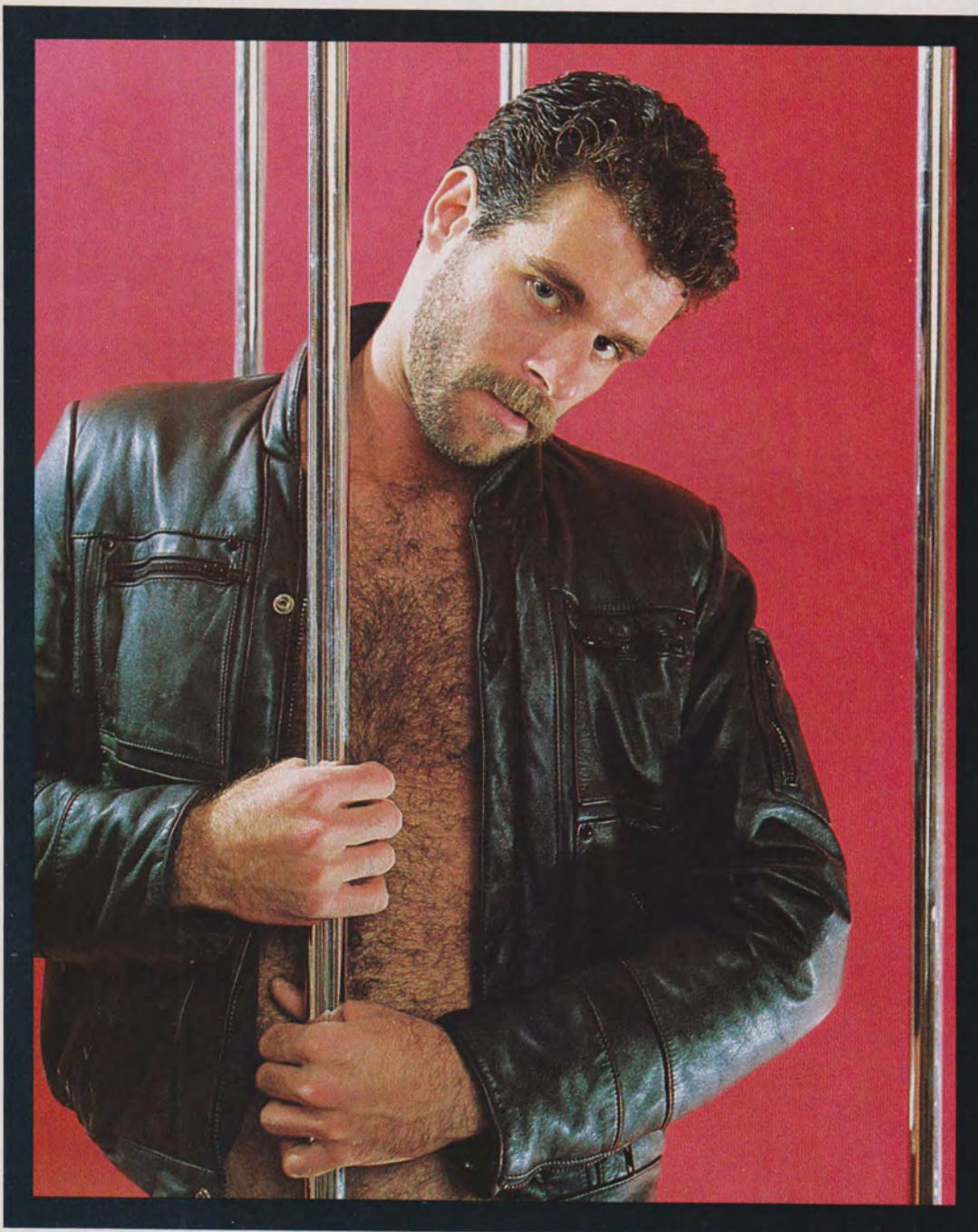
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other people. Their existence seemed so exciting, so adventurous. They had to be ready at a moment's notice to drop whatever else they happened to be doing, pull on their firefighting gear, and pile onto the gleaming, block-long trucks, racing off to some burning building. I'll never forget the first time I witnessed a bunch of firemen tackle a big fire. A three-story house in my neighborhood had erupted at about three o'clock in the morning—a boiler explosion, I later learned—and soon the block my family and I lived on was full of commotion—neighbors streaming into the street, cop sirens wailing, and the louder screech of the firetrucks. I hopped out of bed, grabbed my bathrobe, and slid my feet into my

lanky six-foot firefighter myself, living part-time in a firehouse with a bunch of other guys, none of whom excited me as much as Willie Quinones, the guy I was now sitting and bullshitting with. Willie was a rugged, 36-year-old Puerto Rican who'd done a lot of stuff before joining the fire department. He'd been a professional boxer when he was in his late teens and early twenties, but gave it up when he realized that he wasn't really championship material. He tried the Marines for a few years, but couldn't hack all the gung-ho bullshit. He wanted to do something physical, something that would work that big, brawny body of his, but he didn't want what he called "a mindless, dead-end gig." The fire



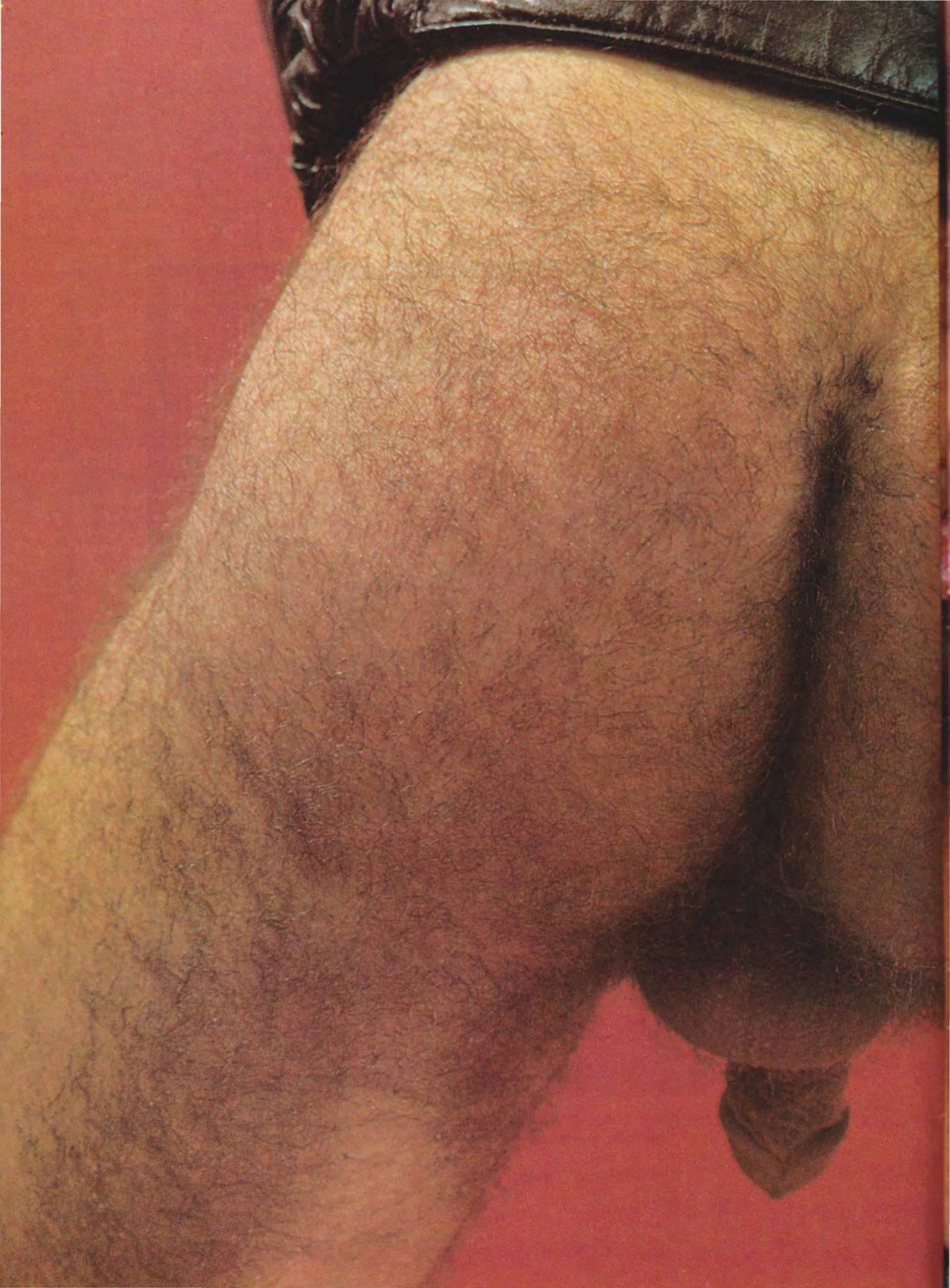
# PIED PIPER



*He's got sex appeal and a hot body that's fuzzy from head to toe. No wonder the men follow him around like the Pied Piper.*

*Section photographed by Surge Studio*







# PIED PIPER

*Wouldn't you follow this furry butt down the street just to get inside and see what makes him tick?*











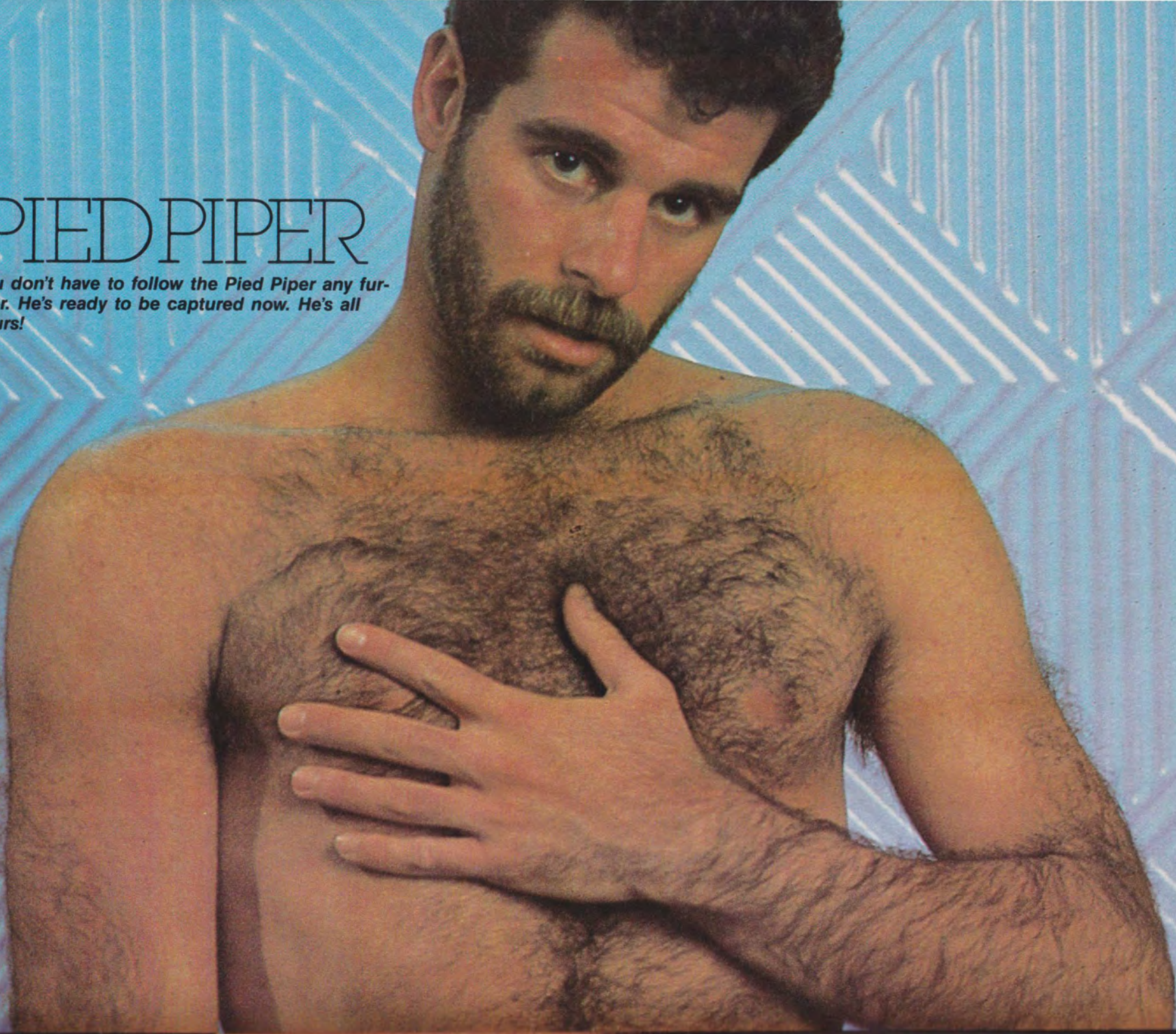
# PIED PIPER

*The front's not bad either: a meat whistle that makes some mighty sweet skin music.*



# PIED PIPER

*You don't have to follow the Pied Piper any further. He's ready to be captured now. He's all yours!*









# ALEX

by  
CHUCK

YEAH I MET THIS HOLLYWOOD  
ORTHOPEDIST...THE WHIPLASH KING  
OF L.A...IN MORE WAYS THAN  
ONE...IF YOU GET MY MEANING...  
I'M GLAD YOU'RE VACATIONING  
HERE, AL...THE OLYMPICS HAVE  
THINGS JUMPING...THE PLACE  
IS STUFFED WITH BODIES...  
YOU'LL BE SHARING "EVERYTHING"...  
GET MY MEANING, CHICKIE!...

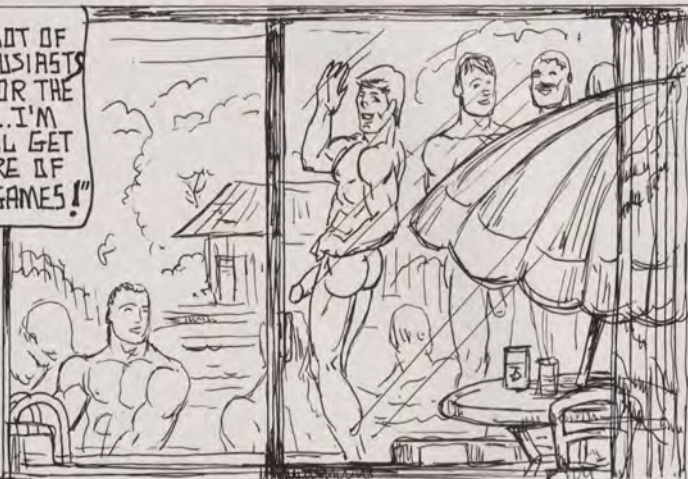
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GET IT!



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AND BUTCH IS  
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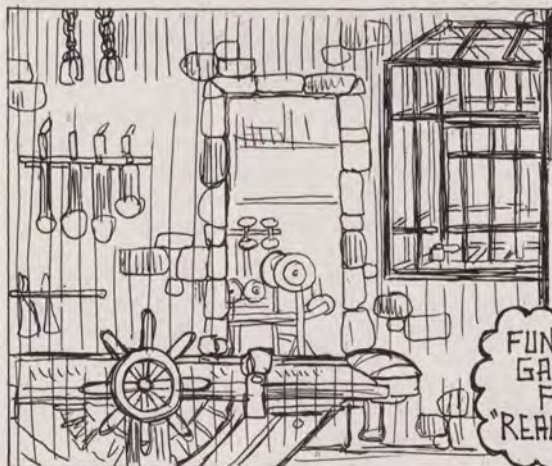
IN HERE WE HAVE GLORIA AND BUDDY... GLORIA'S OUR LOCAL CELEBRITY... SHE DOES DRAG AT THE "BLUE BANANA"... BUDDY'S HER BROAD-JUMPER... WE'LL CATCH GLO'S ACT NEXT WEEKEND... DIVINE!!



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## FIRE HOSE

Continued from page 12

attention. I mentioned to him that I felt intimidated by the attitude of the other men.

"Hey, Jim, I hear what you're sayin.' I went through somethin' like that myself when I came on ten years ago. I was the first 'Rican in this place, can you dig it? Man, all those micks and wops didn't exactly welcome me with open arms."

"So how did you get them to accept you?"

"Simple, Jim. I just showed 'em what I could do. When they saw I was a real hot shit, and not some fuckin' maricon, I was in like flynn."

My heart sank when he said "maricon." I probably shouldn't have taken it too seriously—almost all straight guys make remarks like that, and often it doesn't really mean anything. But considering what I was feeling for Willie, his casual insult stung me more than it should have. In those days, I spent a lot of time worrying that my face gave away everything I thought or felt—I have large, expressive eyes, and my friends used to say I was "easy to read." So naturally I feared that a too-intent gaze, or even a furtive peek at some stud's bulging crotch or big buns would expose my "secret." But if Willie's "maricon" unsettled me, my reaction didn't show. He just kept chattering away. So my first week on the job was pretty uneventful—a couple of false alarms pulled by bored and malicious kids, one small fire set in an abandoned building by stoned-out junkies. Then came Friday and the major fire in the South Bronx tenement, and I got my first real taste of firefighting. I guess I handled myself well, because a number of the guys who'd cold-shouldered me patted me on the back when we got back to the firehouse. Willie was especially pleased at my performance, and because he thought of himself as my mentor, he felt some personal satisfaction, too.

Willie drained the last drops of his beer and slowly crumpled the empty can between his thick fingers. He still had his boots on, as well as his open coat, which exposed a too-small t-shirt that rode up on his belly. "Shit," he drawled, "I'm so fuckin' beat I can hardly get out of my gear."

"Want some help?" I offered.

"Sure."

I got up from the bench and stood in front of Willie. He weakly raised one

leg, and I grabbed his boot by the heel. He pushed at the top of the boot, which reached up to his thigh, while I tugged at the heel. It came off without too much trouble. We did the same with the other boot. A funky odor shot up my nose, making me wince. Willie laughed.

"Yeah, they stink, don't they?" he said, indicating his big feet in their rumpled gray sweatsocks. "Whenever I work up a sweat, them dogs stink to high heaven. Guess I oughta take a shower."

"Gonna stay in that coat all day?" I asked.

"Nah." He slid his wet overcoat off his shoulders and set it aside on the bench. Then he stretched his long, muscular brown arms. Tufts of armpit hair peeked out of the sleeves of his t-shirt. His nipples pressed against the worn white cloth. Willie yawned, and scratched his exposed gut. Then he glanced around the firehouse garage.

"Looks like everybody decided to split for a while, huh?" he observed. When we returned to the firehouse after taking care of the South Bronx blaze, a lot of the guys decided to go home or get breakfast. A few guys sacked out in the upstairs dorm. The men who'd left would be gone for a few hours until they had to be back for the next shift.

"Yeah," I said. "It's real quiet now."

"Shit, yes. I don't know what to do with myself," he yawned. "Maybe I oughta jerk off." He made a frigging motion with his left hand, and laughed.

"Don't let me stop you," I said. I surprised myself by saying that, but Willie was totally cool. In fact, he had a bigger surprise for me. He scratched his balls through his navy blue chinos and cocked an eyebrow at me. "Stop me?" he said softly. "You can't stop me, man. But you can help, if you want."

I stared stupidly at Willie, so astonished I didn't know what to say. He leaned forward, fixing me with his direct, soulful gaze. He glanced around to make sure we weren't being observed. Then he rested one hand on my knee while continuing to knead his crotch with the other one.

"You hear me, Jim?" he whispered, his warm voice taking on a sexy burr.

"Yeah," I dully replied, shifting nervously on the bench.

"C'mon man, gimme some help here. Don't act like you don't wanna know what I'm sayin'."

"I hear you, Willie."

"Then gimme some kinda sign, man!" he said, exasperated. That did

Continued to page 28



# ***PLEASE, SIR***



*He's just the way you want him. Correction: just the way you told him to be. He hasn't put on any clothes all day, and he kept himself well-lubed. So that when you make your entrance, everything will be just right.*

*Section photographed by Surge Studio*

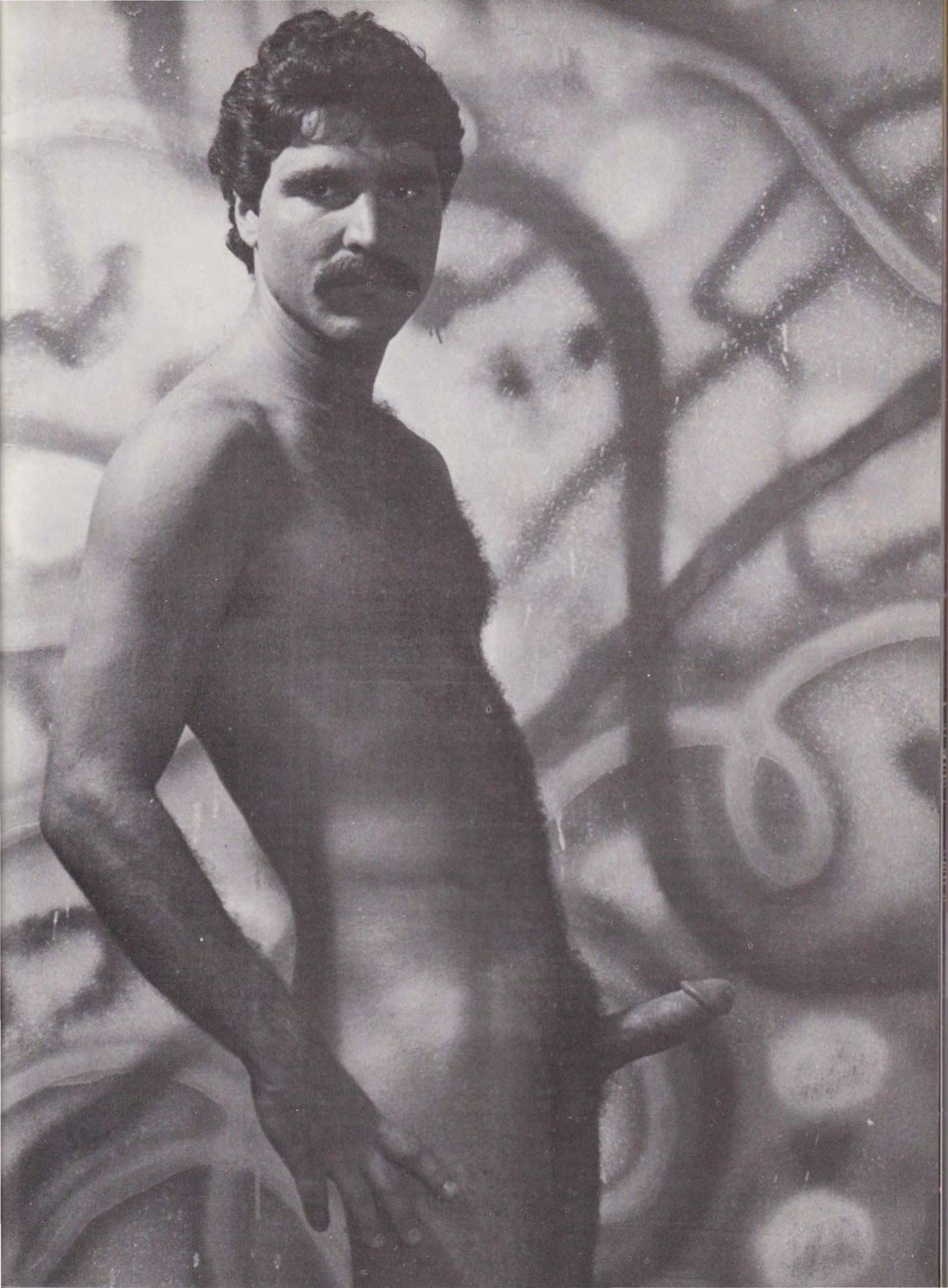


# ***PLEASE, SIR***



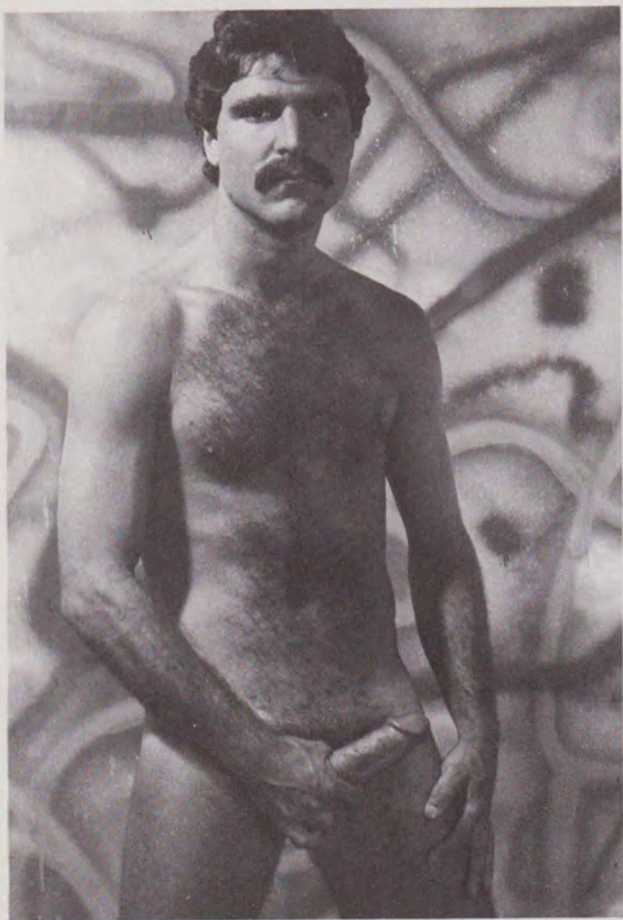
*You order him to roll over, and of course he complies. When you do a digital probe on his open manhole, it drives him wild. His psyche is awash with turbulent emotion: just the right mood for you to work with.*







# ***PLEASE, SIR***



He stares at you with desperate eyes while he clutches his irrepressible rod. "Please sir," he pleads. "I have to come. Please let me come." You tell him to shut up and wait. The game is just beginning.







## FIRE HOSE

Continued from page 22

it. It dawned on me that this was not an easy thing for big, macho Willie to do, and I was being a dumb pricktease for not helping him out. Who was I kidding, anyway? I'd been giving him signals all this past week, I just wasn't being honest with myself about it. And did I really think his intense interest in me was strictly brotherly?

I reached over and squeezed Willie's basket. His dick thumped under my grip. I squeezed harder, and Willie shut his eyes and moaned. I continued to grope his big box, pressing my fingers into the swollen shaft of his dick. "Jim," he whispered, "we gotta do something about this. You're gettin' me awful hot."

"Where?" I demanded hoarsely, my fingers still working his basket.

"Over there," he replied, nodding in the direction of the firetruck.

"You're kidding!" I snorted.

"Behind the truck," he insisted. "It's cool man, there's nobody around." He got up and headed toward the truck, cutting short my protests. I hesitated only a second; an imploring, backwards glance from Willie was all I needed to get my ass off the bench. The big truck filled nearly the entire length of the garage; there was only a couple of feet of space separating the tail end of the truck from the rear wall. Willie sat on the edge of the truck, his thick legs spread wide, the lump in his pants throbbing. I stood there stupidly, as if waiting for instructions. Willie

gave me a fierce look, crinkling his furrowed brow. Then he unbuckled his wide belt and undid the catch on his pants. He lowered his zipper, exposing a dense crop of black bush. (No underwear.) When his zipper was completely down, he reached inside his pants and hauled out his luscious brown tool. It dangled heavy and ripe, the surface of the shaft covered with a bulging vein that forked off into two smaller blue cords. Each of these smaller veins branched off into yet smaller, horseshoe-shaped tributaries. The entire effect was that of a piece of monster meat decorated with twin tridents. The cockhead peeked halfway out of the foreskin and touched the metal of the tailgate. Willie peeled the skin all the way back, revealing the head in all its knobby, glistening beauty. Then he wrapped his fist around the veiny shaft and began to jerk off. His dick rose in stages to full erection; I was awed to see the already dark skin grow darker as the meat swelled. When fully hard, Willie's dick was astonishing: it stood up straight, at least eight or nine inches long, and as thick as my wrist. The rim of the cockhead had to be a half-inch thick. Even Willie seemed amazed by his dick; he stared at it while he caressed the turgid flesh.

I fell to my knees in front of him. I tugged at his pants and pulled them down past his ass, freeing his heavy, cocoa-colored ball sack. I peeled the pants down past his knees, and keys, change, and a comb fell out of the pockets and onto the floor. Fuck it. I caressed Willie's muscular thighs, curling the sparse hair between my fingertips. There was a reddish, jagged scar on his right leg above the knee; I kissed it, reverently. To slowly, lovingly explore every inch of that hard, dark body: that's what I would have liked to do, but I would have to save that for another time. Willie was beating himself off, and he was oozing more sap than a Vermont maple in springtime. I wanted that stuff, and I stuck out my tongue to get some. Willie's eyes widened; he pushed his big dick down and into my eager mouth. I had to open wide to accommodate the behemoth, but I did so effortlessly. My teeth lightly grazed the shaft, and Willie gasped. More of that clear dick-juice seeped into my mouth. I then made a tight ring with my lips, sheathing my teeth, and started sucking.

"That's it, Jim," Willie whispered. "You do it so nice, chico. Ay, *que rico*, baby!"

The praise fueled my cocksucking; I

coiled my tongue around the shaft, dragging it up and down the gnarled length of Willie's tool. I nibbled on the folds of foreskin, I tongued the wide, drooling piss-slit. Who knows how long I worked him over? The only time was dick-time, Willie Quinones dick-time. I'd eat him as long as it took him to come, and if he wanted to hold back for hours, that was cool with me. As I blew him, my hands roamed all over his perspiring body. I pinched his small, hard tits, I squeezed his big belly. My nails dug into his bare legs, leaving thin white trails on his dark skin. I tugged on his fat balls, and wiggled two fingers between his legs to rub his damp asshole. He loved every bit of it. I was about to give his dick a rest and suck on his balls for a while when he began to give out short, spasmodic gasps.

"Oh! Jim! Oh! Shit, baby! It's gonna do it, man! Gonna shoot!"

I wanted to see the eruption. I kept sucking until I felt the first blast of his cum splash against the roof of my mouth. Then I pulled off his dick. Holding it at its base between two fingers, I felt the jets of sperm course up the shaft; I saw them shoot out, thick and pearly, and splatter against the wall of the garage. Since I didn't want all of it to end up on the firehouse wall, I swooped back down and got me a mouthful of the rich sauce. I took deep gulps as Willie's salty gism flowed into me. When I had drained him, I let his dick slip from my lips. The trident-like veins kept throbbing, even as he went soft. Willie moaned, and slumped against the inside wall of the truck. He cupped his nuts in his hands. "Oh, my achin' *cojones*," he sighed, but he was grinning happily.

"Look," I said, pointing to the wall.

"Oh shit!" he exclaimed. His cum lazily dripped down the wall, forming small puddles on the concrete floor.

That was the first time Willie and I got it on, but it wasn't the last. He had an apartment, and when we were off-duty, we made good use of his sofa bed. My macho fireman showed me that he could do much more than lie back and take it. Those pouty lips found their way to my meat on countless occasions, and he even let me part his big, furry buttocks to sink my dick into the warm gorge of his asshole. ("You're the first one I let do that, chico," he solemnly told me on our debut fuck.) Yes, I'd always wanted to be a fireman, but how could I have ever known that the hose I'd someday handle would be attached to a guy like Willie? ■

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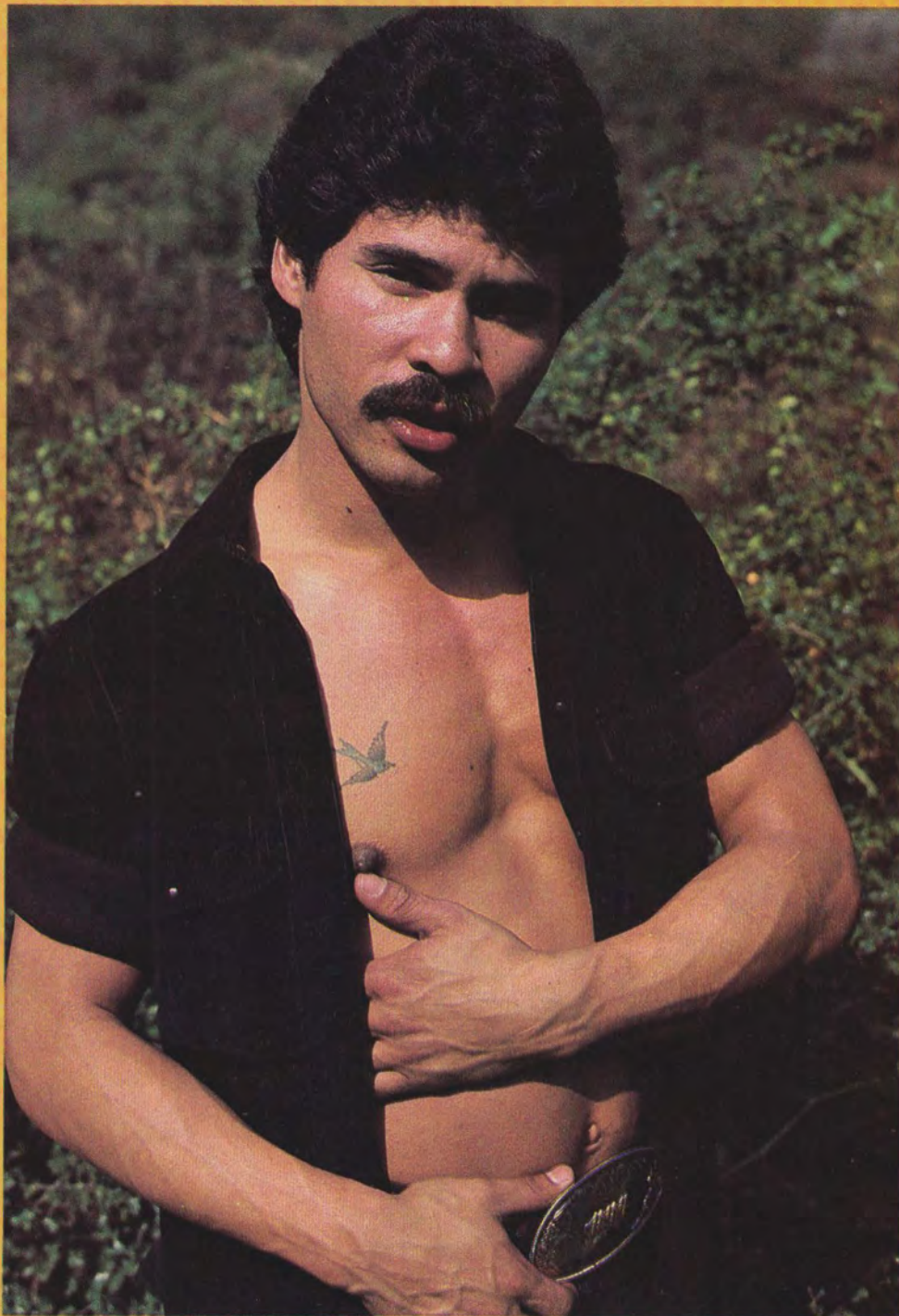
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# *C'mere a minute*



*"Pssst. Yeah, you buddy, I'm talkin' to you. C'mere a minute, I got something to show you. No, not here, let's go into the woods. C'mon, it's cool. You got nothing to worry about. I just wanna show you something."*

*Section photographed by Holt Studio*

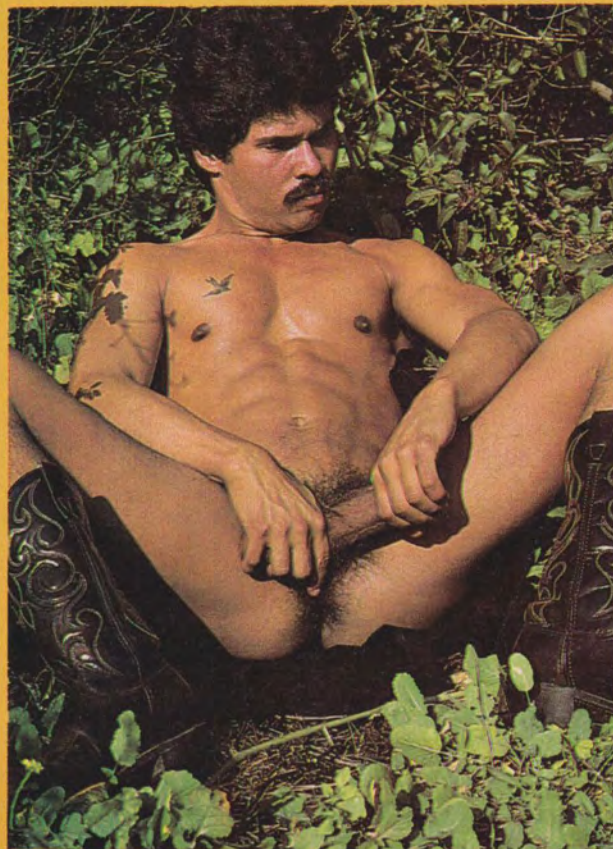




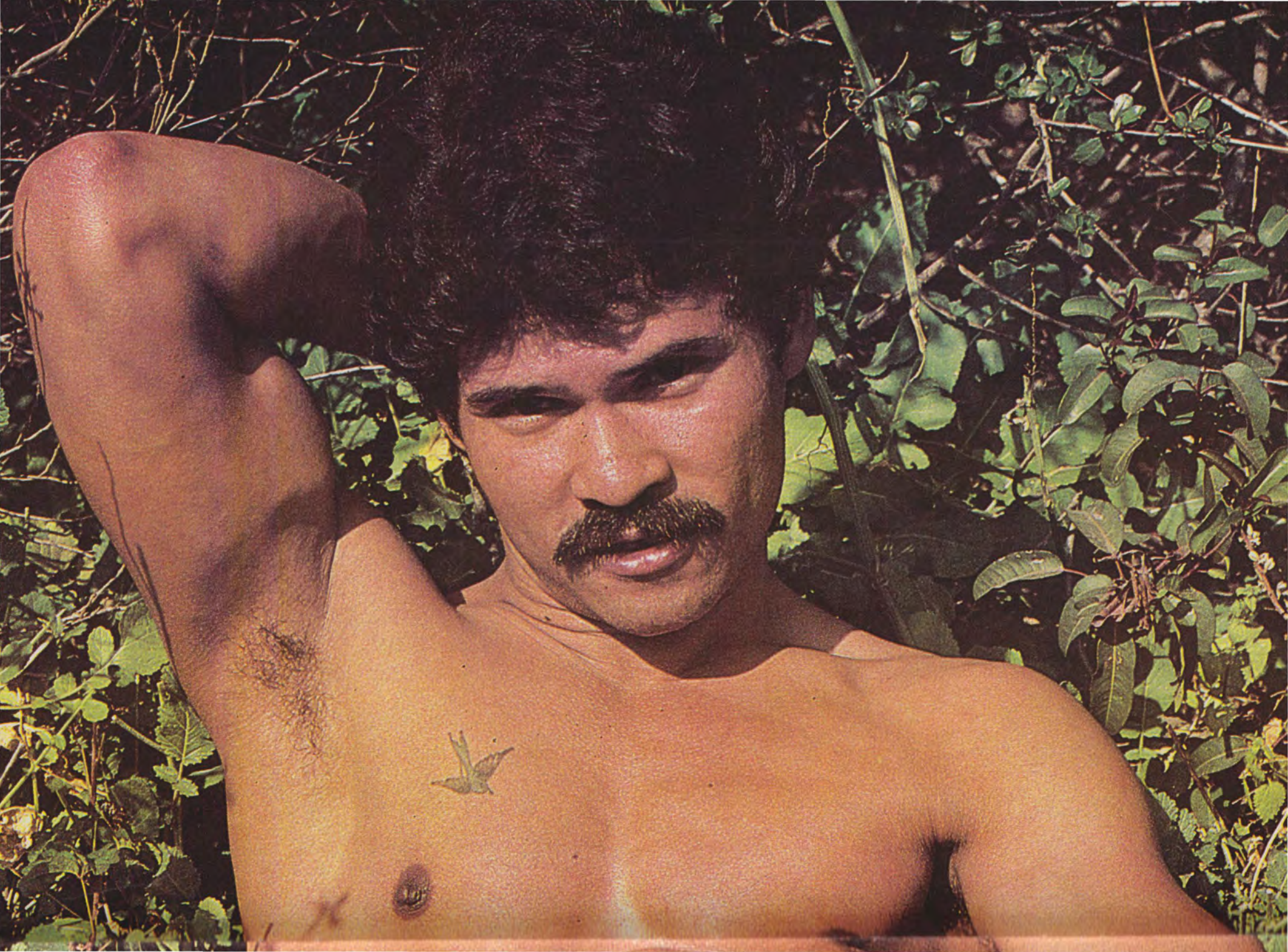


# *C'mere a minute*

*"Now that I got you here, why don't you get a little closer? I won't bite. Not unless you want me to. That's better. I like having you near me. That way you can get a close-up while you watch it grow. Pretty big, huh? Now if you come even closer, I'll bend over and show you something else you'll like."*



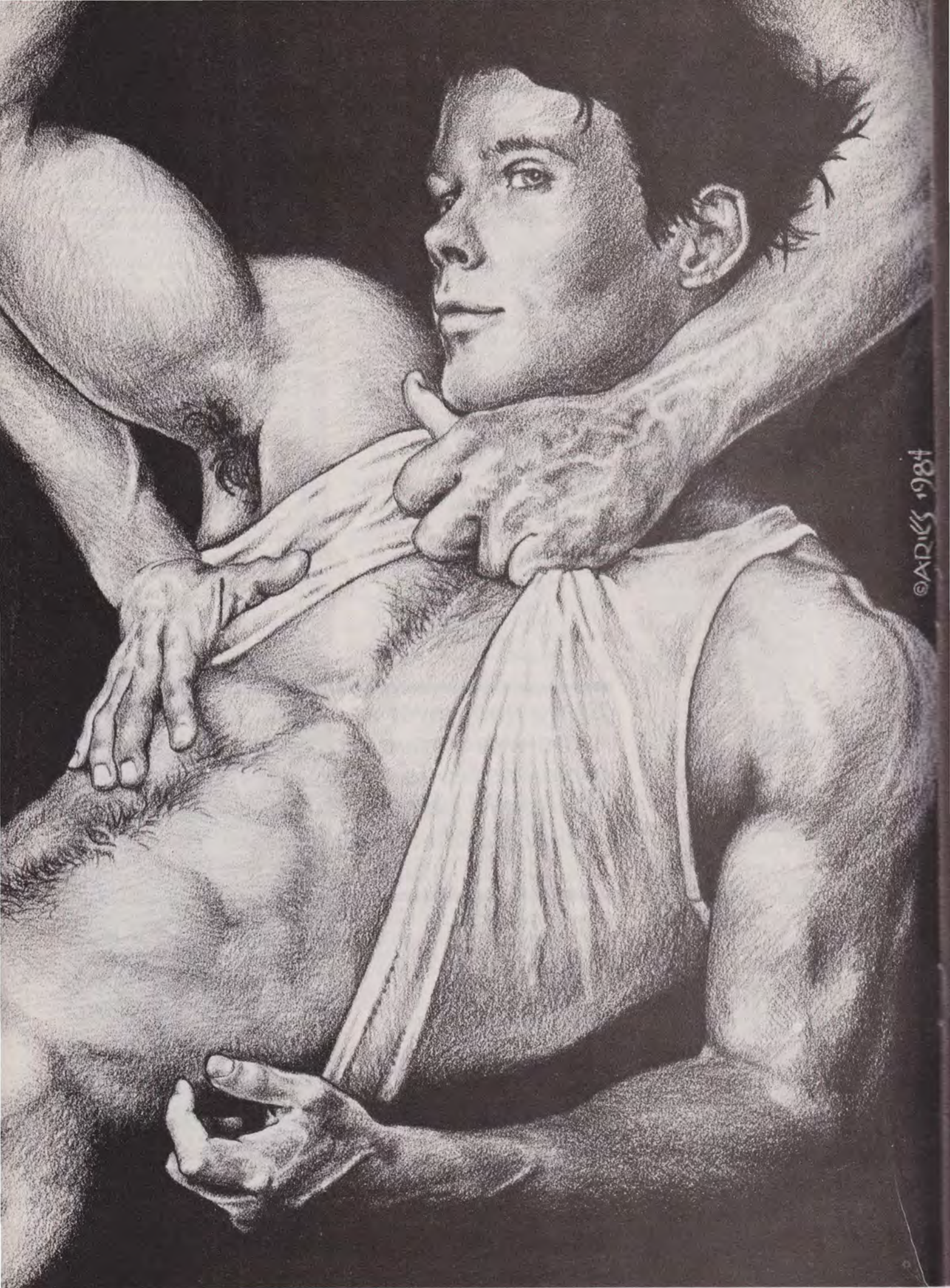












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*As my dick hardened, it stretched to its full eight inches. It pulled the jockstrap away from my crotch, letting tufts of dark hair poke out the sides.*

---

# HOT RUBDOWN

---

by Robert Ralph • Illustration by Harry Long

I had had the hots for the new track coach ever since he'd arrived at our junior college. As I neared my nineteenth birthday, I looked on Mr. Thompson as an older man, although he was barely twenty-five. This was his first coaching assignment. His blond, boyish looks had an immediate appeal for all the women on the faculty, and more than one female student got a crush on him. Needless to say, he had entered my fantasies more than once. Coach (no one ever called him Coach Thompson or Mr. Thompson) had grown a bushy blond moustache in an attempt to look more mature, but his baby-faced features didn't change very much. I dreamed about his bright blue eyes, and whenever I saw him on campus, wearing his tight crispy white gym uniform, my tongue puffed up in the roof of my mouth. His form-fitting t-shirts accentuated his broad shoulders, which tapered to a narrow waist. His huge biceps—nineteen inches at least—were the biggest turn-

on of all. God! He was sexy as hell and I wanted him.

In order to get closer to Coach, I went out for track. It seemed the best way. Besides, I had some talent for it, plus a lot of enthusiasm. I was big on enthusiasm! Every time he spent extra time with me, working on the finer points of style, I got so excited I could hardly stand it. Coach had a casual way of swinging one of his thick muscled arms affectionately around my shoulders to emphasize a point. It always had the same effect: immediately I felt my dick getting stiff in my jockstrap. Those little squeezes on the nape of my neck stirred my passions more than anything else I had ever felt. I wanted him to touch me all over, to let his strong hands work on my body. I'd lie awake at night thinking of a thousand different ways to get him into a compromising situation, but all my schemes came to nothing. We were never alone. There were always other guys around, in the gym, on the

field, in the locker room—everywhere. And after class he always disappeared. It was frustrating. The more I was stymied, the more determined I became to lure him into bed.

Coach never seemed to spend any more time with me than with any of the others; and his interest stayed on a strictly professional level.

"If only I could get him alone," I thought. "I know—I just know—I can do it!" He'd never really done anything to make me so sure. It was one of those gut level feelings that I was right. But it wasn't entirely unfounded, this intuition of mine. No. Actually, it was more than that. Whenever he worked with me, I saw the special gleam in his eyes, followed by a meaningful stare which spoke more than a million words. He was interested! I wanted to make sure and not read more into his looks than was really there. But the looks increased in intensity, telling me that Coach was giving me the go-ahead, though not one word



# LOGGERS



**"Sure," Roger agrees. "I'll help you raise it if you help me raise mine." The guys laugh. Then they get down to serious business. Shirts come off. Belts are unbuckled and jeans slip down past knees. The earthy smells of the forest mingle with the funky aroma of fresh meat.**





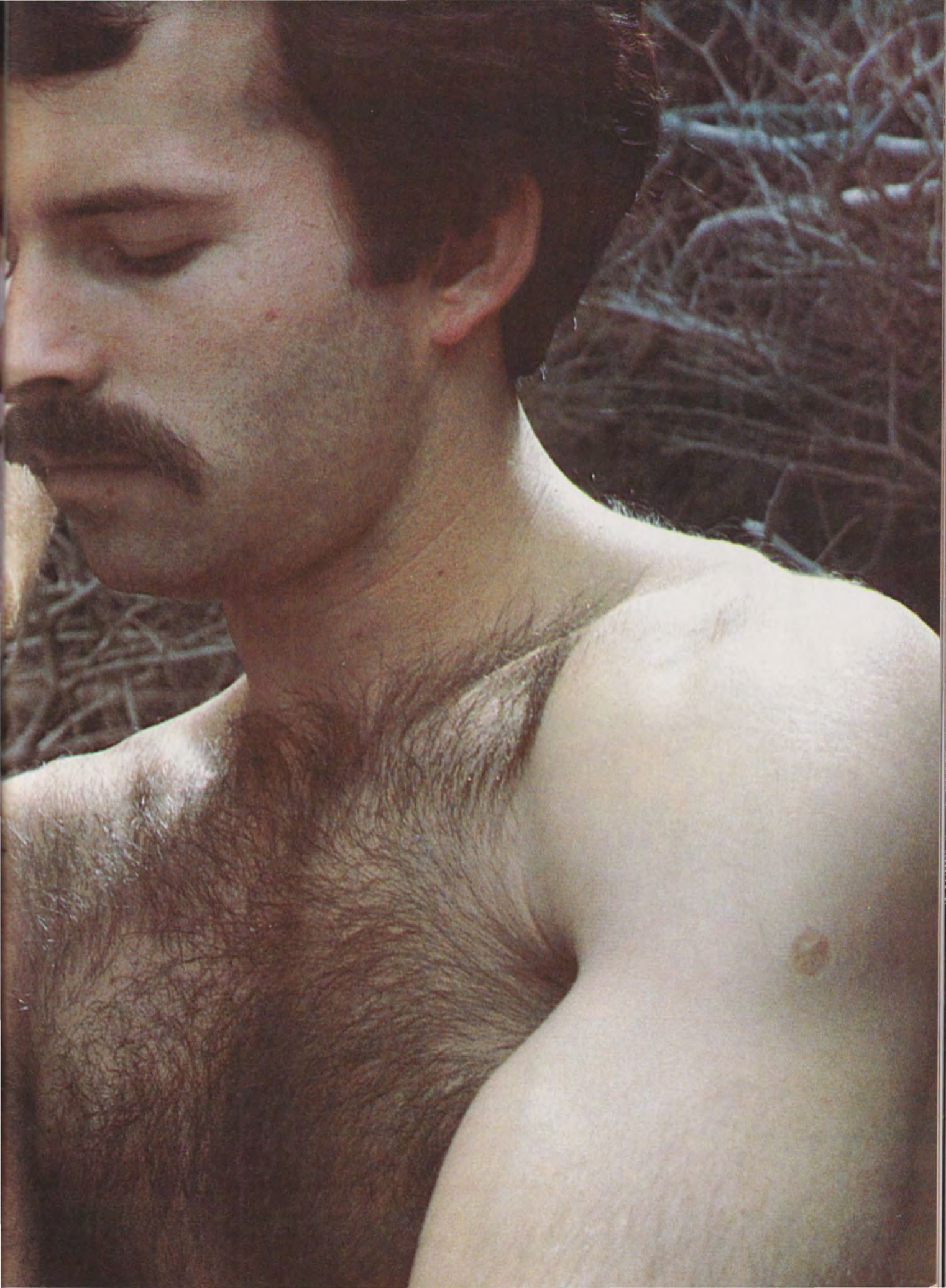


# LOGGERS



Something about being bare-assed in the woods triggers their animal instincts. With pants down and shirts off, they feel like hairy, naked creatures for whom inhibitions are irrelevant. The only thing that matters to Roger is the thick, swelling piece Marty offers him.











# LOGGERS



*"Take it, man," Marty pleads, gently pushing Roger's head down. "I need it real bad." Roger licks his lips and goes to work. He's raised Marty's log, and now he's gonna fell it. And when he's done, he'll turn Marty around and show him some logjamming.*











***His motorcycle was a black and chrome monster, polished to a hard-edged brilliance. The rider—a hard rider, it turned out—was a Hell's Angel with a dick that sent me to heaven.***

# HARD RIDER

by Robert Ralph • Photo by Surge

I was standing at the bus stop waiting for the ride to my new job when he drove up on the biggest motorcycle I'd ever seen. It was a shiny black and chrome monster, polished to a hard-edged brilliance. The rider was a beefy hunk wearing a pair of faded jeans tucked into heavy, scuffed boots, and a black leather t-shirt. His chest looked very muscular—it was plain he'd worked out for a long time. He was all man! Large biceps rippled as he revved the engine, waiting for the red light to change. His tattoo of a full eagle covering one shoulder moved as if it had a life of its own. Fierce black eyes and tufts of black hair poked out from his white crash helmet. I threw him a cruise that should have knocked him off his seat—blatant, unashamed, obvious. There was no way he could miss the look I gave him. He reached between his legs and adjusted his huge box, apparently ignoring my interest. The light turned green. He raced the engine and laid rubber, as he tore down the street.

I could smell my nervous sweat. Why the hell was I cruising at that

hour of the morning? It was my first day on a summer job—one that would help me save enough money for my tuition. I had no business even thinking about picking up a trick. Still, when opportunity knocks... Well, it didn't exactly knock; I sort of chased it. I glanced at my watch again, wondering what was keeping the bus.

In the distance, I heard the roar of a motorcycle. The sleek, black machine was heading towards me again. It rolled to a halt, and the hunk revved the engine, giving me only the barest hint of a glance. I took a hesitant step towards him. He had a hard-lined face that had been handsome when he was younger, but had grown formidable with maturity and experience. I figured he must be in his mid to late thirties.

"Need a ride?" he grumbled.

I straddled that machine so fast it made my head swim, saying, "Sure do!" Fools rush in.

He shot up the street. Instinctively, my hands went around his narrow waist to keep my balance. I was surprised at how hard his body was. He pushed my hands low on his stomach

*Continued on page 57*

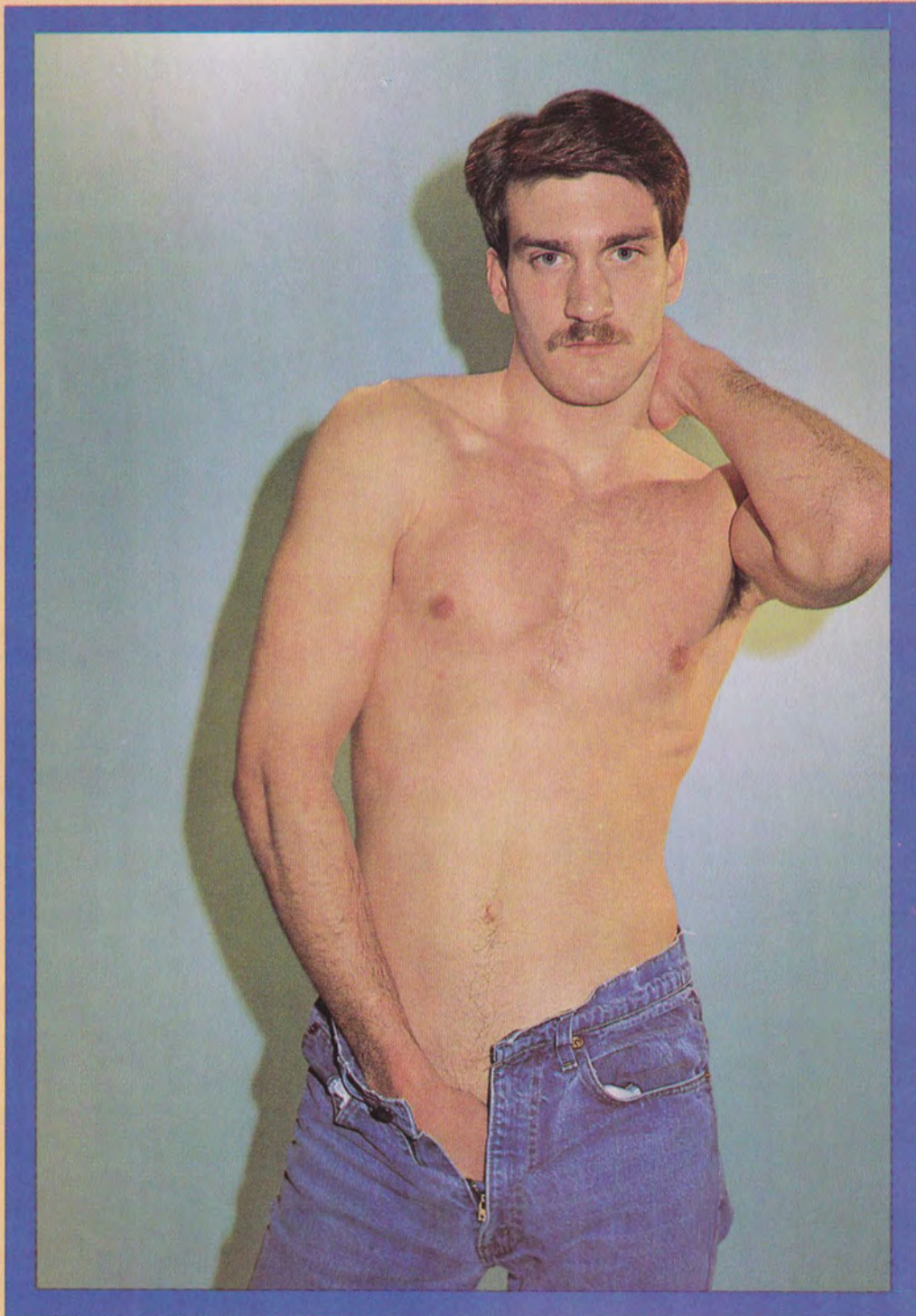








# COLLEGIATE



*This lad is certain to rise to the head of his class because he's got everything it takes to succeed. He has only to drop his jeans to make his qualifications more than apparent.*

*Section photographed by Bob Young*











# COLLEGIATE

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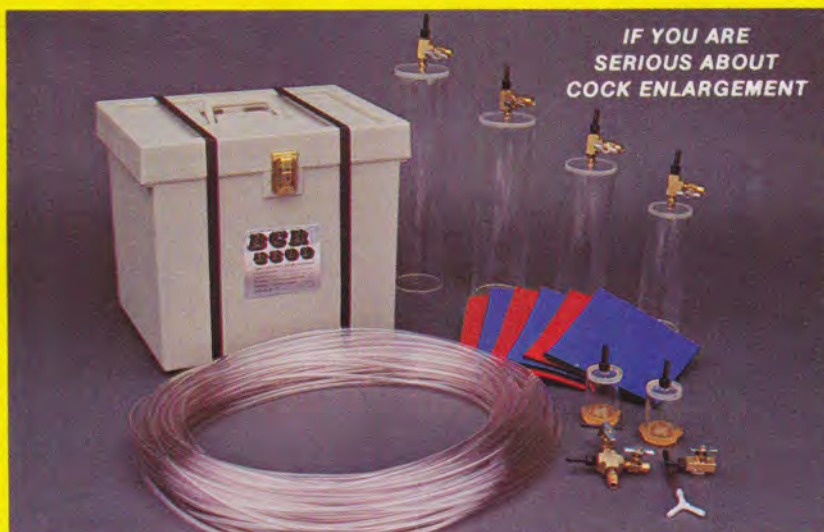
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# HARD RIDER

Continued from page 50

until my eager fingers made contact with the top of his bulging box. He laughed. What I felt was as hard as his torso!

"You got a place?" he asked, shouting over the sound of the engine.

"Turn left at the next corner," I directed. What was I doing? Shit, I knew damned well what I was doing! I knew my parents had already left for work, and the house would be deserted. My body shook with anticipation.

The cycle had scarcely rolled into our driveway when I hopped off and opened the garage door. He sped inside and I slammed the door shut. The sound of the cycle reverberated in the confined space, momentarily deafening me. Finally he shut off the ignition and stood beside the cycle.

Without a word, he unfastened the top button of his jeans and went through each one until the fly was open and black pubic hair crept over the top. He shoved the flaps down enough for me to see the swelling base of his cock. Then he took hold of it and snaked it free. What a humdinger—about eight inches long, uncut, and equally thick the entire length of the shaft.

"What are you standin' there starin' at?" he said. "Get your butt over here!" He shook his thick meat in my direction. I was hypnotized, rooted to the cement. "What the hell are you doin'?" he asked. "Tryin' to homestead a spot or somethin'?"

I crossed to him and dropped to my knees. He smelled naturally clean—no deodorant or cologne, just good, male scent. Slowly, I let that spear ease into my throat. I have quite a facility with big dicks, so I plunged deeper and deeper until I had the whole thing down. He swore under his breath, enjoying the going-over he was getting.

"Christ!" he whistled. "Nobody's ever been able to do that before!"

I slid all the way off it, tickled the big head, then captured it all in my mouth once again, showing off shamelessly. I decided to do my whole number and stick the tip of my tongue out to tickle his balls while his cock was still in my mouth. He went wild! He pulled his dick free and stepped back. "Take it easy, man!" he shouted.

"Isn't that what you wanted?"

"Hell yes, but I'm not ready to come yet! I want to plant this sausage where the sun never shines. This here's for openers. It's not the main event!"

Now he was talking my language, and I loosened my belt. He stationed himself right beside me and roughly shoved my trousers and underwear down to my knees. He kneaded my asscheeks with his work-calloused hands.

"Bend over!" he said, pushing me so that my stomach lay across the seat of his motorcycle. The heat from the recently revved engine swirled around me. With his harsh fingers, he spread my legs as much as he could, but they were still held by my trousers around my ankles. He looked around, searching the well-stocked garage for something to grease me up. Before I could protest, he dipped his hand into the bucket where my dad had drained the oil from our car when he changed it. A strong, acrid odor rushed up my nose as he wiped the chocolate brown stuff on my ass. He jammed his finger roughly inside me about an inch.

"Hey, man," I said defiantly, "I'm pretty sensitive there."

"I'm gonna take it any way I like, fucker," he said sharply, grabbing my neck and holding me still. "And you're gonna love it!"

His cockhead, making contact, rumbled up my sphincter as fast as his cycle had entered the garage. The odor of gasoline, mingled with the smell of motor oil, made me dizzy. He lunged and shoved that big piece of meat, stretching my poor ass to its limit. My entire body reacted with pleasure. I tried to move a little to give him more pleasure, but his firm grip held me in exactly the position he wanted. This fuck would be his way and no other! He grunted and moaned as he tore me a new one, as the expression goes. Suddenly he pushed harder than ever, trying to force himself another centimeter in, when he was already as far as he could possibly get. His fingers pinched the nape of my neck tighter.

"Holy shit!" he cried. "Ohmygod! Ohmygod!" he yelled, running the words together. His cum shot into me like a NASA rocket blasting the skies. Blistering, seething, forceful. Burst after burst, lunge after lunge. Finally I could feel no more shooting, but his dick was still hard. Hard as ever! He'd unloaded but he hadn't gone soft.

We remained positioned like that for what seemed an eternity. My muscles were beginning to get stiff, and they ached. He whispered in my ear, "Say, man, I gotta piss. I gotta piss in the worst way."

"Yeah. Sure. Okay," I said. "If you'll let me up, we can go in the house



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and—"

He laughed. "I don't want to get up. Not yet. I don't wanna go anywhere. I want to take a leak... right where I am!"

His meaning was painfully clear. I'd never done anything like that. Ever! Of course, there's a first time for everything, but still, I had my doubts.

"Well," I said reluctantly, "I'm not sure if I... really, it's not my bag."

"Don't really make a damn, 'cause I'm..." He laughed low in his throat. I knew he was letting it go and there was nothing I could do to stop him. He was stronger than I was. He pissed in my ass with a vengeance, the rush of liquid splashing into me so strong that I felt it in my chest. Hot, gurgling, urine enema. "God damn," I thought. "What the hell have I gotten myself into?" It kept surging through my gut, a warm flood as powerful as if a piss dam had burst.

When he pulled out and stood up, his dick was as firm as it had been at the beginning. It pointed at me, defying reason.

"Okay," he commanded, "get undressed. Get naked."

"I—I—really need to be getting to work and I—"

He grabbed my jaw forcefully and repeated, "Do as I say. Be quick about it!"

I wriggled out of my clothes, a wave of fear and excitement tingling down my spine. "What are you planning to do with that?" I asked, as he pulled lengths of rope from a large spool.

"I'm goin' to hogtie you."

"I don't think I—"

"Why don't you cool the protestin'? It's gettin' on my nerves. Kinda like a whiny wife. You know? I said I'm gonna hogtie you and goddamn it, that's what I'm gonna do!" His take-charge manner overcame my doubts. I became like putty, relaxing my will to his. He bent me across the cycle seat, so that it was in the small of my back. Tying me spreadeagled so that my arms and legs were outstretched, he secured the ropes to the exposed 2 x 4's along the wall.

"Goddamn, those are the biggest balls I ever saw," he said. "Look like a pair of tangerines hanging in a paper sack!"

"They're a nuisance," I said. His liquid was churning in my ass and I felt the strongest urge to shit.

"Well, they won't be a nuisance to me."

He ran his calloused palm across my stomach and over my tits. The nip-

ples stood out. He grasped and pinched them. As he did, my dick sprang up slightly. He gave them another pinch and it moved again, extending and reddening. I gritted my teeth, fighting against a hard-on, but it was useless. My dick swelled, the blue veins stood out, contrasting with the redness of the shaft. He never let up, pinching harder and harder until my dick stood halfway up, with little trickles moistening the head.

He spat on his fingers and kept manipulating, running them around my

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navel. My dick stood at a sixty degree angle. By this time, it was seven inches long, and growing. He never let up until the sensation swelled my dick to its full length. It stood at a right angle to my body, throbbing. The shaft, by now, was nearly two inches thick. He ran his hand over my ass and squeezed.

"Damn! You've got a tool to match those balls! You must shoot a quart when you come." I didn't say a word.

He took some leather thongs from his pocket. Looping one under my balls, he tied it across the top of my dick, pulling my nuts as well as my cock up and out. They began to turn blue. He ran another under my dick and tied it securely around the base, pinching the flesh. This forced more blood up the shaft, and my dickhead bulged even bigger! It rose, glazed and shiny.

He tied it at intervals along my dickshaft. These constrictions made the veins stand out, and my dick began to hurt. It was bound above and below, with the most sensitive mass of flesh on the underside forcing blood against the skin. My dick began turning a deep purple.

"I'm going to see you shoot a quart!"

was, but it proved to be a metal rod with a perfectly smooth end. He touched it to my self-lubed opening and teased. It was so slippery from all the stuff that had run out that it slipped inside about half an inch. My body tensed at this intrusion. A burning sensation rushed up my urethra.

"Goddamn, that burns!" I screamed. "It burns like hell!"

"I'll bet it does!" he laughed. Grabbing the base of my dick, he forced more fluid out. My body worked against itself, allowing the little rod to slip further and further in. My dick hurt, inflamed by the action. He began gliding the rod up and down, tickling on the inside and squeezing my dick on the outside. I thrashed wildly, almost throwing the cycle over.

"What the hell are you doing?" I cried. He moved the rod faster.

"Oh-h-h! Damn! that's the most unusual thing... the most wonderful thing I ever felt!"

He kept it up, but very slowly. My body simmered. He spat on his fingertips and touched the mass of skin just below my dickhead, which he'd carefully avoided. I lurched frantically as pleasure rushed through me. I gritted my teeth and shut my eyes. He was extracting wild sensuality from what

"Shootitshootitshootit!" he whispered, moving his tongue around my trembling dickhead. Then he pulled out the metal rod. My entire dick quivered; his tongue pressed harder.

"That did it!" I screamed. "Oh, yeah! You got it! Here it comes!" My ass clenched and my tool shivered. It unleashed cum with a violent fury. The first gob gushed over his shoulder. His mouth plastered the underside of my cock and he caught the second burst full in the face. He went down on me, sucking the head as hard as he could and drinking the remaining wads as they flooded into his mouth. I yelled again and again. It was even more wonderful than I had anticipated. Than I had imagined possible. Some of my firmness began to subside. Some color was returning as he came off it.

"God almighty!" I muttered.

"You sure as hell dropped a load!" He was wiping the last cum from his cock, which was still stiff. He'd shot off when I did. He brought his helmeted face close to mine.

"Kiss it!" he commanded. "Kiss my helmet." Its cold metal mashed against my hot mouth. He eased his motorcycle from under me, leaving me spread-eagled with my ass barely touching the cement floor. He opened the door and rolled the cycle out.

"Hey," I yelled. "Where the hell do you think you're going? Untie me!"

He grinned devilishly and I knew instantly he had no intention of doing anything of the kind. The son-of-a-bitch was going to leave me like that! He smiled wickedly as he closed the garage door.

"Come back here," I shouted, "and let me up!"

The only answer I got was him revving the engine. The sound filtered through the garage door, then the noise gradually diminished as he drove away. I tugged at the ropes but he'd done a damn good job. I was stuck until my folks got home. Shut! Of all the mother-fucking luck. Suddenly, a cramp shot through my intestines, begging for release, telling me that I'd held it as long as I could. I fought the urge but I knew it was a losing battle. I blasted every cussword I could think of as my bowels relaxed and relieved the pressure all over the garage floor, the noxious odor mixing with the other smells.

I'm not sure if she believed I was the victim of a fraternity prank or not; but I'll never forget the look on my mother's face when she unlocked the garage door that afternoon. ■

---

***His cum shot into me like a NASA rocket blasting the skies. Blistering, seething, forceful. Finally I could feel no more shooting, but his dick was still hard. He had unloaded but he hadn't gone soft.***

---

"I... I don't know... if I can."

"I'll find out."

He grabbed my bound dick, yanking the cords. The liquid it forced out of the asshole he rubbed around the head. My cock jerked under his rough touch. He continued stroking up and down, pushing the swollen skin between the cords, and carefully avoiding the most sensitive area. As he caressed, lubrication oozed. The more it leaked, the more he rubbed, until it glistened from continual stimulation.

"Great!" he said, grasping my balls and pulling down hard, forcing the asshole wide open. He tickled it with the tip of his fingers and more fluid ran out. He withdrew something from his boot. At first I couldn't see what it

had been pain. "Christ!" I screamed.

"I can't hold it! It's too much!" My nuts drew as close to my body as they could, tied as they were, responding to all his aggravation.

"You're ready to shoot, aren't you?"

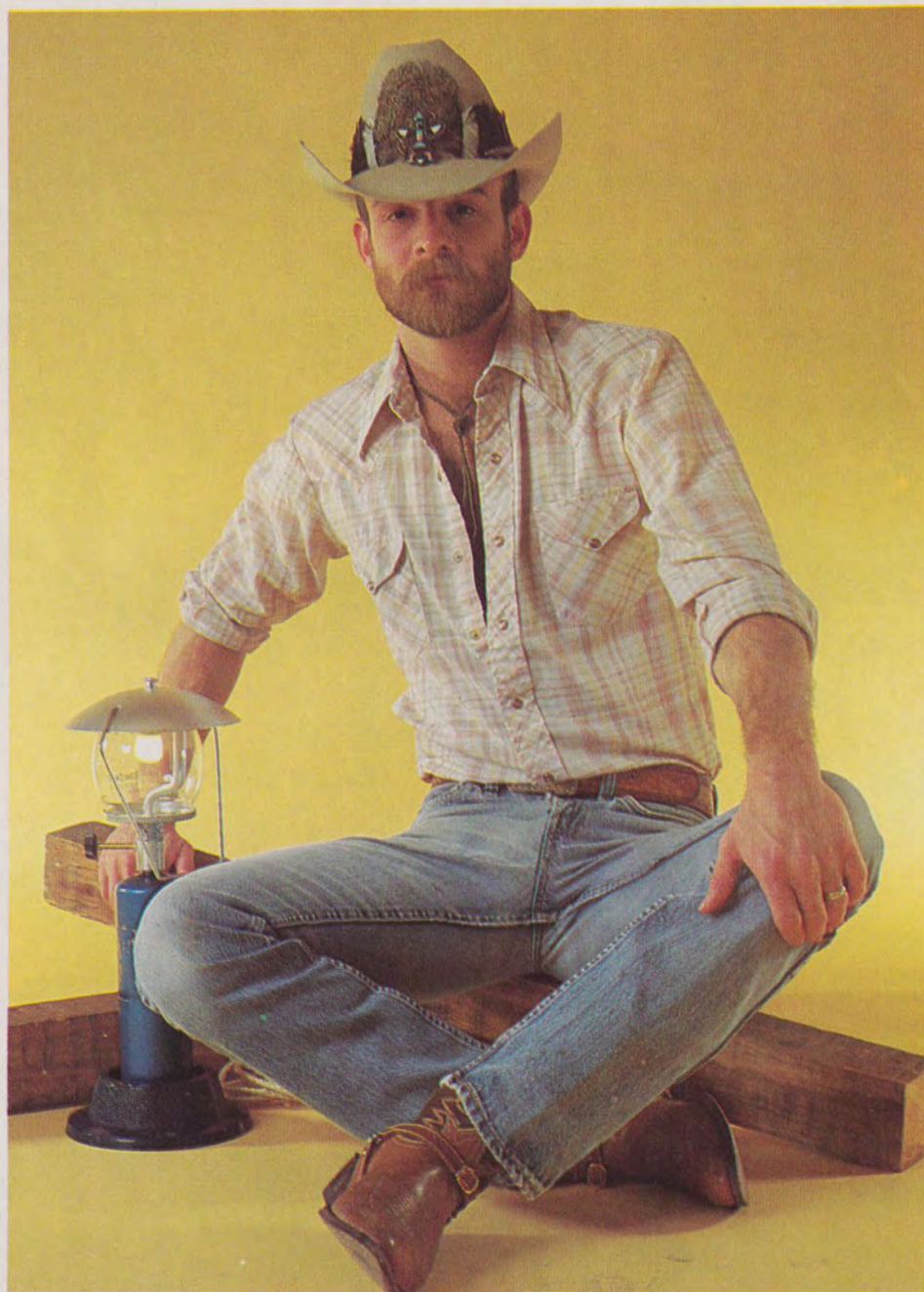
I nodded yes. Every vein on my dickshaft was distended, and the skin of the glans trembled. He worked the rod faster. My tortured dick was nearly black as it strained against the leather cords, aching to be free, and close to exploding.

Unable to resist any longer, he dropped to his knees and stuck his hot tongue under my feverish dickhead, jacking the rod while he licked.

"Oh-h-h, God! Stop. I'm going to—please!"



# DADDY LOAD



*Though he's equipped with a Coleman lamp and is dressed in Western duds, our prospector isn't out to mine gold ore. He's after something just as valuable, but a lot less rare.*

*Section photographed by Naakkve*



# DADDY LOAD



*Now that he's shucked those jeans, you can see all his gold: warm, thick, and furry. A guy could get lost in such a pelt. But if you do, there's a way out. Just look for the tall, unmistakable landmark.*









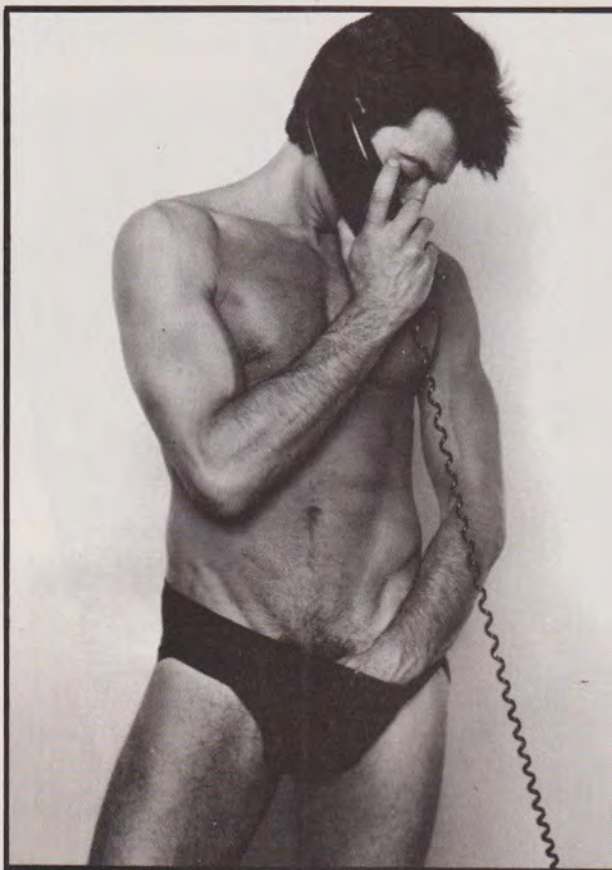
## DADDY LOAD

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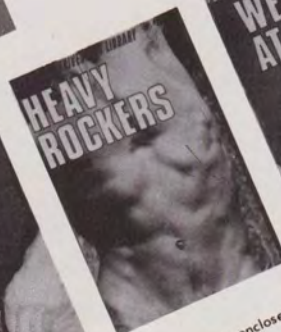
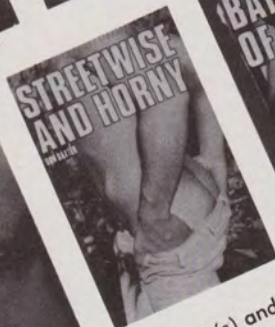
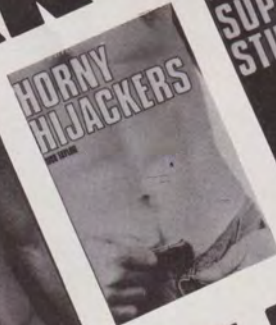
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## SAVAGE SEAMEN

Continued from page 37

length up the ass as he long-dicked him unmercifully.

Jim was close to dropping his load as he watched his marine buddy pound Steve's ass. He was so turned on he grabbed the sailor by the sides of his head and forced him down onto the full length of his hard dick and held him there. Steve tried to pull away since he couldn't breathe and he was gagging uncontrollably, but the powerful hands held him immobile on the shaft as tears fell from his eyes. The veins were popping out of Jim's arms as he forced his big-headed rod against the back of the sailor's throat. He knew it would never go all the way in, but he liked the feeling of the head being forced hard into the wet tunnel.

Jim watched the squid choke on his meat, and the convulsions of Steve's throat brought him off. He held him down tight as he shot his wad down the boy's throat. Thrusting his hips forward with his head held back, Jim let out a loud grunt. He pumped five jets into him; with each one he let out a grunt and pushed down harder each time. Finally he was drained, and he pulled the stiff meat from the ravaged mouth.

Steve coughed and gobbled air like a drowning man. Jim pumped the last of his sperm from his shaft with his fist and offered it to the heaving sailor. Acting automatically, the squid licked the remains from the reddened sticky knob.

With his bloated cock still hanging from the fly of his pants, Jim moved to where Gunney was fucking. Gunney had dropped his pants to the deck and his sack now swung free in the air. Jim squatted down to look at Gunney's nuts as if he were examining a stud horse. The balls were pulled up tight. That and the expression on Gunney's face told Jim that he was going to come soon.

Jim thought he would do his friend a favor, so he reached up and began to rub the underside of the marine's balls. Gunney looked down and nodded his thanks. Instantly, he tensed, rammed his marine meat into the ass of the sailor, and held it there as he shot his load. Halfway through the climax, he pulled back and slammed home again, the last of the thick fluid pumping into Steve's guts.

When the last jet of cum had

erupted, Gunney pulled his rod from the hole. He quickly reached down and unfastened the belt that had been holding Steve's legs against the cell bars.

"Okay, squiddy. You're almost done. Turn around and put a spit shine on my meat. I can't stick a shitty dick back into my trousers."

Dazed, Steve slowly obeyed the command. He faced the marine, opened his mouth, and took the bloated cock inside it. Steve licked, sucked, and tongued his way around Gunney's cock. Gunney inspected it three times before he decided it was done right.

"Okay, the shaft looks good. Now get that mess running down my balls."

Steve began licking the man's ball sack. Suddenly he tensed and pulled away from the man's crotch: Steve's cock shot jets of white fluid into the air, onto his stomach and chest and he hadn't even touched it!

When Steve had finished shooting, Gunney said, "Now that's real nice, but you ain't finished with me yet. Get back on those balls."

Steve returned to licking nuts while Jim looked on. When Gunney was satisfied, he turned around and presented his asshole to the sailor. "Make him lick my asshole, Jim. And make sure he knows that I never, but never, wipe my ass. Marines don't wipe their ass, do they, Jim?"

"That's right," Jim replied as he pushed the sailor's face into the ass of his marine buddy. "Lick my buddy's asshole good, sweet cheeks."

Steve didn't think about it. He was tired. He just licked the marine's hole until the marine was satisfied.

Finally, Gunney moved away. He and Jim dressed and stuffed their cocks back into their trousers. Gunney threw a couple of rags to the sailor.

"Clean that mess up. And if you say anything to anybody, you *will not live* to regret it. Keep things quiet and we won't bother you no more. We get

plenty of other guys coming in through here."

"Is that so?" boomed an authoritative voice from behind the bulkhead where the watch desk was located.

Three heads turned at breakneck speed toward the sound. Eyes widened with terror and hearts stopped as Captain "Mad Dog" Madden stepped around the corner.

Steve was the first to speak: "Sir, they made me do it! They threatened me and the big one stood guard over me, and..."

"I know, I know," the captain interrupted. "I saw most of it from back there."

Jim and Gunney looked at each other, but neither had any idea what to do or say.

"But sir, if you saw them, why didn't you stop them... sir?"

The captain ignored the question and said, "Isn't it customary for enlisted men to come to attention when the captain enters a space?"

All three men suddenly jumped to attention. "That's better. Now to start with, I want that man released. Immediately. I think he's been punished enough."

The captain addressed Steve: "Report back to your supervisor at quarters in the morning. I will make sure he is informed of your release. And if you want your honorable discharge, I suggest you keep this to yourself. My suggestion is understood, is it not?"

"Yes, sir!" Steve agreed.

"As for you men..." He grasped his zipper, pulled it down, and out flopped the biggest cock either of them had ever seen. "You service this as long as we're on this ship together and, well... Just remember what you said to that sailor. It goes double for you both. Got that?"

"Sir, yes sir," both men intoned simultaneously.

"Good. Now, who's first?" ■

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# HOT RUBDOWN

Continued from page 40

friends'. In fact, they were the biggest of anybody's on the track team. Coach rubbed more oil on his hands and moved them closer to paydirt. My dick, framed by the dense bush of curly dark hair, rose and fell slightly with each labored breath I drew. One of Coach's fingers slipped under my balls, lifting them, and coating them with oil. His hand cupped them and gave a slight squeeze. With two fingers he grasped the thick base of my cock, pulling down, drawing the skin tight all along it. The pink head bobbed back and forth, releasing a sticky gob of liquid, which hung on the edge of my pisshole a second before dribbling onto my stomach. My dick trembled with excitement.

"I can't believe it," I thought. "He's going to jack me off!"

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Coach dropped a small amount of oil right on the head of my dick, caressing the flesh below it on the back of the shaft, where all my sensations merged together in one veiny mass. He pulled down again, all the way to the base and back up to the head. Twice. It only took two good ones! The base of my cock tingled as cum started up the dickshaft, all the veins pulsating. I knew I was near the peak of satisfaction.

I shut my eyes and whispered, "Oh... I'm going to—I'm—Coach!"

He grasped the base of my dick harder and began jerking feverishly up and down. At the same time, with his other hand, he stroked the head, sending me beyond ecstasy.

"Oh-h-h—" I gasped, gripping the edge of the table. "Coach, I'm... I'm coming!" The pent-up load rushed out and shot off in three quick spurts, one of which flew completely over my shoulder. Cum kept spewing onto my stomach like creamy water from a firehose, all over his hands.

"Yeah, Ricky," he whispered, "shoot me the cum—shoot it, kid, every last fucking drop you've got!" He milked it, squeezing several more sticky bursts out. "Jesus," Coach said softly, "I never saw a kid shoot so much in my life!"

"You haven't seen one this excited in a long time," I said. Holding my semi-limp dick in his hand, he dropped his face to my stomach and licked it with his tongue. Then he moved up my stomach, swallowing every last drop I had shot. I dropped my hand off the edge of the table and felt his hard dick through his trousers. I managed to undo the belt and open his zipper. The trousers made a rustling sound as they hit the floor. He mashed his red-hot dick into my hand. What luck! Its crown was broad, red, and ready for action.

"You like that, don't you?" Coach asked.

"Damned right!"

"You've wanted it a long time, haven't you?"

"I sure as shit have!"

"Well, relax, 'cause you're going to get all of it. All nine inches!"

I was ready for whatever he had in mind. He turned me over and jammed a pillow under my stomach, pushing my butt high. He greased me up with more oil. Then I felt it, that hard, blood-gorged dickhead pushing against me. As he stuck it in about an inch, a shot of pain surged through me.

"Hey, Coach!" I don't know if I can take it. It's too big... stop!"

"You can take it, Ricky. Trust me!"

I wanted to, but it only hurt.

"Relax, kid," he whispered in my ear. "Let those muscles relax."

I did, as best I could, and he continued easing that tool into my resisting hole. Gradually I let my whole body go limp; it was the right thing to do. Coach's cock slid in until I felt his pubic hair scratching my butt.

"Just as I thought," Coach said softly, "your ass is made for fucking! I knew it the first time I saw you soap-ing up in the showers!"

He moved me a little to the left and then to the right, showing me what he wanted me to do. Pain gave way to bliss. He was an excellent teacher, and I quickly picked up the movement. I wanted to please. How I wanted to please that man! I got a wiggle going that had him panting in no time. I felt his kisses hot on my neck.

"Fuck me, Coach!" I said. "Fuck the living daylight out of me!"

"I can't hold it, kid. Your ass is too hot—too goddamned hot! Hang onto that bench—yeah, here it comes!" He slammed his dick in and out until I thought he was going to poke through me. He shuddered, and wads of steamy cream rushed inside me, warming my whole body. Coach thrust as deep as he could, forcing jet after burning jet into me. He kept murmuring, "Ricky-Ricky-Ricky!" and moaning. I got so excited that I shot another load all over myself. As our passion subsided, I felt his tool softening and pulling out. All I could do was lie there on the massage table in a daze of complete ecstasy. I scarcely realized what he was doing when he towed me off.

A slap on my backside brought me back to reality. "Say, kid... Ricky... you better get on down to the showers and clean up. I don't want the guys to think I'm keeping you too long."

"Sure, sure. Whatever you say."

"Whatever I say?"

"You got it. And whenever you say!"

Coach walked up, put his arms around me, and kissed me on the mouth. I nearly passed out.

"I think it's best if we keep this our secret," he said, stroking my face tenderly. "And Ricky—I think I'm going to need your help out on the field. As my assistant. A lot of help."

"Right on!" I said. It meant plenty of time after class with him. Trips out of town. Alone. The two of us. I could hardly wait! ■



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And more:

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***"Better hurry or you'll be lapping it up off the floor," he said, and the piss-stream started to shoot out from his limp cock. I knelt to receive his salty liquid.***

# BIG SHOT

by Billy Wolfe • Illustration by Fred Gormley

I had seen him before—we worked at the same company, but I was a mere laborer unloading boxes in the warehouse, while he was a big shot in the personnel office. I'd never given him a thought—he was a good deal older than me, with gray thinning hair and a silver moustache. He was a pale, unsmiling man without one square inch of tan, and while his body was no flab farm, he wasn't an Arnold Schwarzenegger, either. But I had a surprise coming from him.

There was a hot tea-room across the street from the warehouse, on the second floor of a branch library. It could get pretty wild there during lunch, and one afternoon I had gotten carried away slurping on a big dick. I suddenly became aware that someone was watching us. I looked up, the dick still down my throat, to be confronted by the chilling, icy, disapproving glare of the big shot from personnel. The guy I was sucking quickly slithered out of my mouth, out of the stall, and out of the rest room, but I was still on my knees. I was fumbling for my pants when the big shot stunned me by walking into the stall, closing the door, and glaring at me the way a guy's old man might when he's about to unbuckle his belt to administer a whipping.

... He was unbuckling his belt! Just a minute—that other guy had surprised me with a whiff of popper while I was sucking him, so I was still high. It was as if I was back in a dream, back in high school, and the big shot had

become, in my mind, the vice-principal. Because he moved in over me as if he had every authority to punish me, because he worked in the personnel office, I bought it—I stayed, cowering at his feet, ashamed and scared.

The first thing he did was to lift the toe of his conservative black assistant manager's shoe and start poking it into my nuts—little soft kicks, as if checking out my response... kick, kick. Then he rested the whole shoe on my naked knee, reminding me that my knee was naked, and that I'd been caught with my pants down in a public men's room. Better him than a cop, I thought, as I heard the belt slide free from his belt loops. I raised my head only to get it spat on and slapped back down. Then he took a painful grip on my hair, spun me around, and shoved my face into the toilet bowl. He knocked the back of my head hard, pressing my nose deeper, all the way into the toilet. He changed hands, sticking my face down now with his left hand so that he could strap my back with his right. He had an awkward time doing this and had to let go of my head to belt me better, but I didn't raise up. I kept my eyes closed, and my face in the toilet. He strapped me hard, stopping occasionally to kick me hard in the ass. I didn't hear anything, but someone had come into the john and I was being yanked up by my nuts, from behind. The manager whispered hoarsely in my ear, "After work—in the parking lot!" then yanked hard on my nuts before bursting out of

the stall and out of the rest room. I was wet, naked, humiliated, and in pain—and my cock was so hard it ached!

Back at work the guys were stripped to their waists, unloading another truck, telling filthy jokes, accusing each other of being pussy-whipped. I worked in silence. Once the assistant manager came out from the front office into the warehouse—he did this a couple of times a day—and whereas before I hardly noticed him, now I couldn't take my eyes off him. According to the grapevine he had just gotten divorced, but I didn't know why, nor did I care. Watching him, I realized he was the only one there who didn't walk defensively—as if he were either intimidated or trying to intimidate someone else. He seemed at ease. He had a mean and hurt face—shielding unreleased fury. His mouth was tight, his eyes grim. I watched his black shoes as he walked back to the main office, and I shrugged in disbelief—there goes my after-work date.

Most of the cars had left the parking lot by 5:15. I'd been there since 5:01 but he hadn't appeared yet. Finally he walked out with a woman, another employee. They said goodbye, she walked to her car, and he walked to his, calling out to me casually, "Need a lift?" She got into her station wagon and pulled out, and I walked up to him. I was about five feet away from him when he said (just the two of us in the lot now), "What's the matter, you fucking ass queer cocksucker, didn't you hear me? Want a lift?"







I stopped, stunned and frightened. My look of fear apparently turned him on, because he gave me a quick jab in my gut; then, looking quickly at the building to make sure we were alone, he kicked his shiny black shoe squarely in my nuts. As I half-fell forward, he punched me in the gut twice and slapped me across the face, then said, "Get in, come on."

Stupid, I thought to myself, as I moved submissively to his car and got inside. He had punched the wind out of me, but I was voluntarily going with him. If I'd ever wondered whether or not I was a masochist, I wondered no more.

Mesmerized by his force, his intensity, I was aware that he was the most exciting thing that had happened to me in a long time. I admired his deftness, his confidence, and the way he just took over. I had no choice in the matter; he was my master.

"We're going to make one stop for five minutes," he told me dryly when we were on the highway. "Then we're going home. Do you have anybody waiting for you tonight?"

"No," I said.

"Good," he said. "Then you're free till Monday." It was only Thursday afternoon.

"N-no," I said, weakly "I work

tomorrow."

He gave me a cold, expressionless gaze. "I think we can arrange sick leave for you." He changed lanes, swiftly. "I'm taking tomorrow off. So are you, OK?"

"Yes, Sir," I said.

"Yeah," he said, with disgust, "I've had my eye on you a long time, you queer little cocksucker. You didn't know that, did you, huh?" And he was spitting in my face before I could look at him. "You fuckin' make me sick, get on the floor." His right hand slammed out against my chest. "Get on the floor, fag, I don't want you on my fuckin' seat, get on the floor." I quickly curled up on the floor, cowering beneath the dashboard. He cleared his throat, readjusted his stiffening cock in his pants, and continued driving as if everything were now in its proper place. When we came to traffic stops he placed his left foot on the brake and put his right shoe sole in my face. Very lightly, with the toe of his shiny black shoe, he kicked me in the face—the nose, the jaw—as softly as he was whistling.

"Better get up on the seat now," he told me as we pulled into a parking place. "I'm going to make a delivery, then I'll be right out. Stay here." He put his hand on the door to leave,

then stopped. "Wait a minute." He was looking in the rear view mirror. "You better get down again," and I was down before he finished saying, "I have to fart." He did, pulling my head by my hair closer to his crotch. "Smell it. Smell it?"

"Yes, Sir."

"That's what you are. Don't open the window." He got out, and most of the smell went with him. This guy was one mean, evil, not even handsome fuck-head. I loved it. No one had unnerved me like this for some time. Sometimes I get so tired of my own "evolved togetherness," so I was reveling in not being on top of it all—not being on top, period. All this could be psychologically damaging for someone with no sense of self, but for me it was a vacation from my self-satisfaction.

The debasement was shockingly invigorating. I missed him when he was gone. I began thinking about work, about what this might mean to my job if I did—or didn't—obey him. I wondered if he was an outright closet maniac. I tried to remember what my obligations were for the weekend. Then he came out of a side door and I stopped thinking instantly—I went blank. I couldn't think about what was happening if I was to survive. That was the wonderful part—I didn't have

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to think; in fact, I wasn't allowed to.

His mood had changed when he got back in the car. He was distant, absorbed in thought—as if I weren't even there. Even when he approached his house and he opened the garage door by remote control, it was as though he were arriving home from work alone.

We entered his kitchen from the garage. He asked, his back turned to me, if I was thirsty. I was. "C'mere," he said, leafing through his mail in the kitchen. He sneered at me, whipped out his cock, and said, "Go ahead." I hesitated. "Better hurry or you'll be lapping it up off the floor," he said, and the stream started to shoot out from his average-sized limp cock. I knelt to receive his salty heat-stream. His crotch had a pungent odor. He continued to look at his mail while pissing in my mouth. I swallowed gulp after gulp. His crotch hair was black. He opened his shirt. His skin was soft and white, with white hair on his chest, and dark hair running down to his navel. He reached for a plastic cup on the sink and pulled out his cock from my mouth, pissed into the cup, then handed it to me. "I'm having scotch; get it for me."

He sat in the living room beside a huge rubber plant, reading his mail. I sat on the floor at his feet. He sipped scotch, I sipped his piss. After a few minutes he looked at me, stood, and lifted his foot. He was still wearing his shiny black shoes. He pressed his foot against my crotch and started grinding the sole into my nuts.

He stood, his shoe still pressed against my nuts, and looked down at me with disgust. He spat. It went on my shirt. He kept spitting big drops of slime, which landed on my nose and lips. All the while his heel ground my crotch. He stepped off me, grabbed me by the crotch, and lifted me up. "Get up, asshole." He took his hand and roughly smeared his spit all over my face. I wasn't able to keep my eyes open, he was smearing my face so gruffly. Then he started slapping my face back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. I had to move away, quickly, but he was right on top of me. More face-slapping, gut-punching, until my back hit a wall. He came close, his face peering into mine as though he'd never seen anything so mesmerizingly disgusting in his life. He started kneeling me in the nuts again, harder, and I doubled over. He shoved my head back against the wall with one hand and started slapping it with the other, spitting in my face all the while. When his mouth got dry he stopped, pulled

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away from me, and started looking for his scotch. My face was stinging. He found his scotch, took a long sip while looking at me, swallowed it, and said, "I just want you to think about where you are, what I'm doing, and how you're just standing there like some fucking fruit, letting me do it."

He set down his glass, then came back towards me. He turned around, his back to me, pulled down his work pants and his boxer shorts. "Get down and put your face in my ass."

Obediently, I got to my knees and put my nose to the crack of his ass. It was a small, soft, white ass.

"I want you to take a good whiff of that. That's going to be your view of the world for a while. Get used to it." I was relieved not to be hit for a while, so I breathed in thankfully. His ass had a strong odor, and I was seduced by it. Small brown and gray hairs led into the crack. I felt relaxed beneath him, and he seemed to be relaxing with me in that position. He sipped his scotch while I held my nose between his cheeks. If the two of us were walking down the street, I'd be the one to turn heads. Somehow, having my tight, lean body in submission and my face in this older man's ass was a thoroughly humbling experience.

He finally turned around and told me to stand. When I did, he yanked open my shirt, popping off all the buttons, then tore it off my back. He yanked my pants and briefs to my ankles and told me to do the rest myself. As I did so he went to the kitchen and returned with a cold steel dog chain which he hooked around my neck. He looked me over. I was in good condition from the warehouse work. My stomach was flat, my pecs firm and hairy. His tits sorts of sagged, with an unattractive flurry of silver and brown hair between them. His look of disgust was making me hard. Used to getting what I want, I had grown bored by it all. But now I wasn't bored anymore.

He told me he had some work for me to do. He put his clothes back on and led me to a small utility room that was full of boxes of junk. He told me how he wanted the room cleared out, where I should put everything. It was going to be a two-hour job and he had some bookkeeping work he had to do.

I began working. Every fifteen minutes or so, he'd call me out from the room to come and bend down and sniff his ass for a while. Once he sat down so hard on my face that I thought my nose was broken. He wouldn't ease up. My neck was twisted, straining. But by the time I was back in the utility room working, I missed his ass, and looked forward to

my next "break."

Towards the end of my work he cooked some spaghetti and put my helping in a plastic bowl. He set it on the floor for me by the trash can. I ate there, on all fours, while he ate at his glass table, talking to me.

"I can't even stand the sight of you on all fours," he said, then belched loudly. "You're probably thinking I'm going to let you suck my cock or something, aren't you?"

"I'm--" spaghetti was dribbling down my chin, "--hoping, Sir."

"Well, forget it," he said, standing and coming over to me. He poured the rest of his glass of scotch on my back. "You're the queer. I just beat 'em up. What do you think of that, you queer pussy?" His shirt was off. He'd changed into dark blue Levis and a pair of black work boots. He was quiet for a moment, then said, "Crawl from here into that room you cleaned up. Wait for me there."

I waited a long time, worrying now. For me this had all been a fantasy, but I was realizing now that he probably wasn't fantasizing at all. This was his reality. He wasn't a gay leatherman giving me a tour of a mutually agreed upon, tightly structured fantasy; instead, he was living out all of his homophobia, with me as his victim.

Part of me separated from myself in that dark utility room. My liberated "gay and proud" sense of self knew I had sunk low, abandoned a cause. . . he was coming down the hall and he entered the room. I was on my knees, my face lowered.

For a while he stood there in the dark not saying anything. Then he surprised me with, "You're so fucking worthless, I don't think I even want you in my house anymore." I was silent, didn't move. "Why don't you get your fuckin' queer clothes and get the fuck out of here."

Still on all fours, I looked up at him—simultaneously disappointed and relieved. I couldn't make out his expression clearly in the dark. His open palm cracked across my face.

"What's the matter, didn't you hear me? Beat it." I started to stand, uncertainly. "Pretty-faced little queer thinks he can suck whatever he wants. Well, I think you're too fuckin' queer to smell my ass. What do you think?"

I swallowed hard. "I think you're right, Sir."

"But you wanna smell my ass all night long, don't you?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Because you've gotten a whiff of where you belong, haven't you?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Tough shit."

My face was burning shamefully red.

I swallowed again, began to leave the room, but his voice stopped me.

"I'm giving you a choice. Get your clothes and get out of here and neither of us will ever acknowledge the other again—or go put your clothes in the trash and wait for me on your knees by the trash can. But I'm warning you right now, if you do that you're going to eat what you're worth and we've only just started proving what you are. I'll give you three minutes to decide, starting now. Beat it."

I hurried to my pile of torn clothing that waited in a lump in his living room. My heart was beating fast, my breaths were short, my palms sweating. I picked up my clothes and—held onto them, dazed and undecided.

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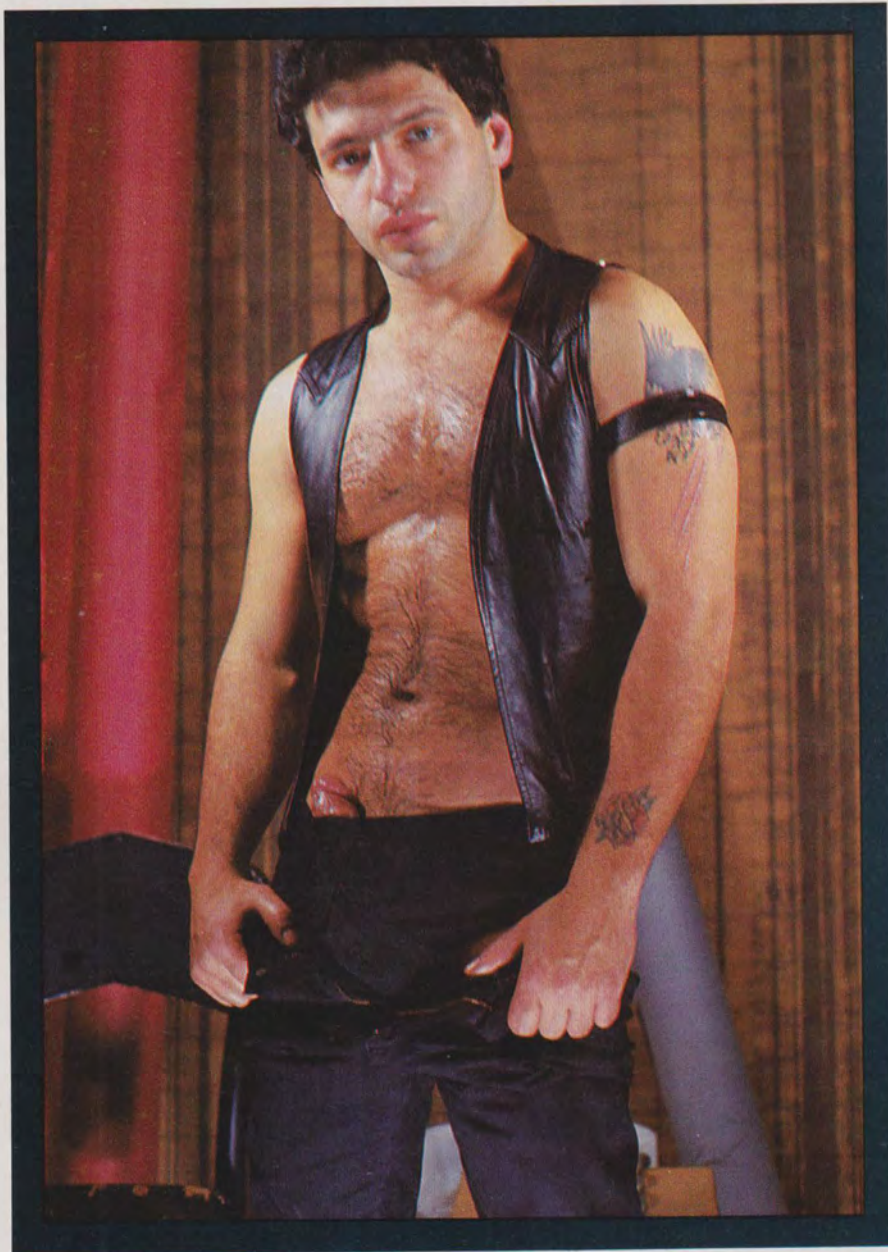
After we'd been living together for some time, we talked about how and why we had gotten together the way we did. He was still hurting from a broken marriage, and disturbed by the realization—agonizing for him—that he wanted sex with men. He treated me the only way he could in order to feel good about himself. And he enjoyed the power. Has continued to enjoy the power. The intensity of our sadomasochism has waned somewhat, but frequently he brings home a major surprise—like an actual garbage collector he's invited to share me for a holiday weekend. The dog dish has my name on it now, and his name is on the leather cockring he likes to keep around my balls.

But I'll never forget the rush that one decisive moment when he came out of the utility room, three minutes later, and saw me waiting for him on all fours, my clothes permanently dumped in his trash can. His face lit up the dark kitchen. He offered me his knuckles to start licking gratefully. He didn't want me touching his cock that night, it might mean he was queer.

We've long since spent many hours making out, mouth to mouth—he likes to slug me in the belly while we kiss—but that night the only thing he let me kiss was his ass, and he came by rubbing his cock against my chest while pushing his ass back and forth against my face. I didn't see much that weekend—just my assistant manager's ass bouncing against my face—and sometimes his face turning around to look down on me. When he did so, his moustache glistened in the dark, somehow reminding me of that old song about every cloud having a silver lining. As it turned out, I got to enjoy both the cloud and its lining. And I haven't stopped yet. ■



# ***THE BIG SQUEEZE***



*Yeah! I see what you're lookin' at, buddy. The head of my dick!*

*Section photographed by Malexpress Studio*



# ***THE BIG SQUEEZE***



*Go on and look at it. Get a real fuckin' good look at my dick while I squeeze it for you and get it real good and hard.*













# THE BIG SQUEEZE

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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.

### 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, 139 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.

## EX-MARINE

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

## 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.



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## MICHIGAN

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### MARRIED GDLKG WM

31, 175, 6' muscular versatile professional seeks same or gay for discreet mutually exclusive same-time-next-week fun and friendship buddy. PO Box 3131, Grand Rapids, MI 49501.

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## MINNESOTA

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### MINNESOTA GUYS

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

### ROCHESTER MASTER

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

### TALENTED SLAVE

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

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## NEBRASKA

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### ALL AREAS

GWM, 23, 5' 5", Black/Blue, smooth nice build, seeks similar guys under 30 for good times. Write all—Tim, Box 202, Columbus, NE 68601.

### 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.

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## NEW HAMPSHIRE

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### SIMPLE SEX

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

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## NEW JERSEY

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### GWM—VERY DISCREET

Gives good head to straights or appearing 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 requirements strongly preferred. All replies answered with photo and similar letter. 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.

### HOT HUNGRY BOTTOM

Seeks VERSATILE, HUNG Topmen. I'm GWM, very goodlooking, 24, 6', 155 lbs., lt. brown/hazel. Photo/phone and needs. . . P.O. Box 5310, Plainfield, NJ 07060.

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## NEVADA

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### WANTED: PEN-PAL/FRIEND

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

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## NEW MEXICO

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### NEW MEXICO

Moving Southeast New Mexico September. 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.

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## NEW YORK

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### 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 relationship. 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 between 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 introduction into rubber/latex scene. Only serious rubber loving topmen need reply with letter/photo 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 corresponding 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

## **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-PO. 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, Stn. F, Toronto, ON M4Y 2L4.

## GWM 36

Looking for a lifesize Teddy Bear. Not into bars too much. Letters with photos will get replies. Write soon. Occupant, 7-1404-5th St., SW, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2R 0Y8.

## 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.

### HOT PHONE J/O CALLS

Send SASE to Phone Pals Club, Box 11097, San Diego, CA 92111-0010. Mention HONCHO and age.

### CUM STAINED,

Piss streaked, sweaty, smelly jock \$9 used cum filled rubber \$5 Erotic "Cop" J/O cassette \$5 Hot personalized J/O letter with gift \$9 Free color picture with each order. FAST-DISCREET. SIR, PO Box 14425, San Francisco, CA 94114.

### 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.

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

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(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

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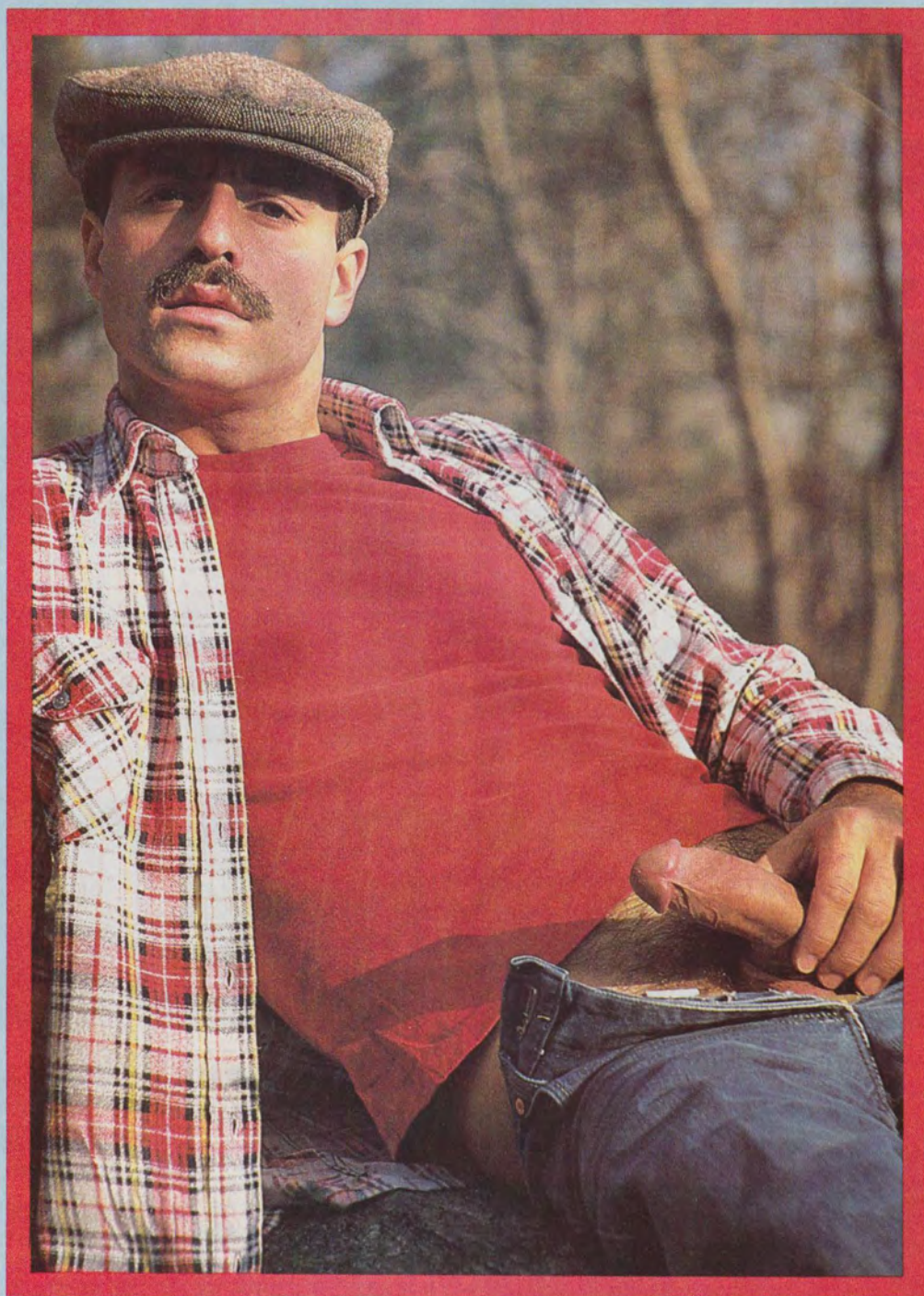
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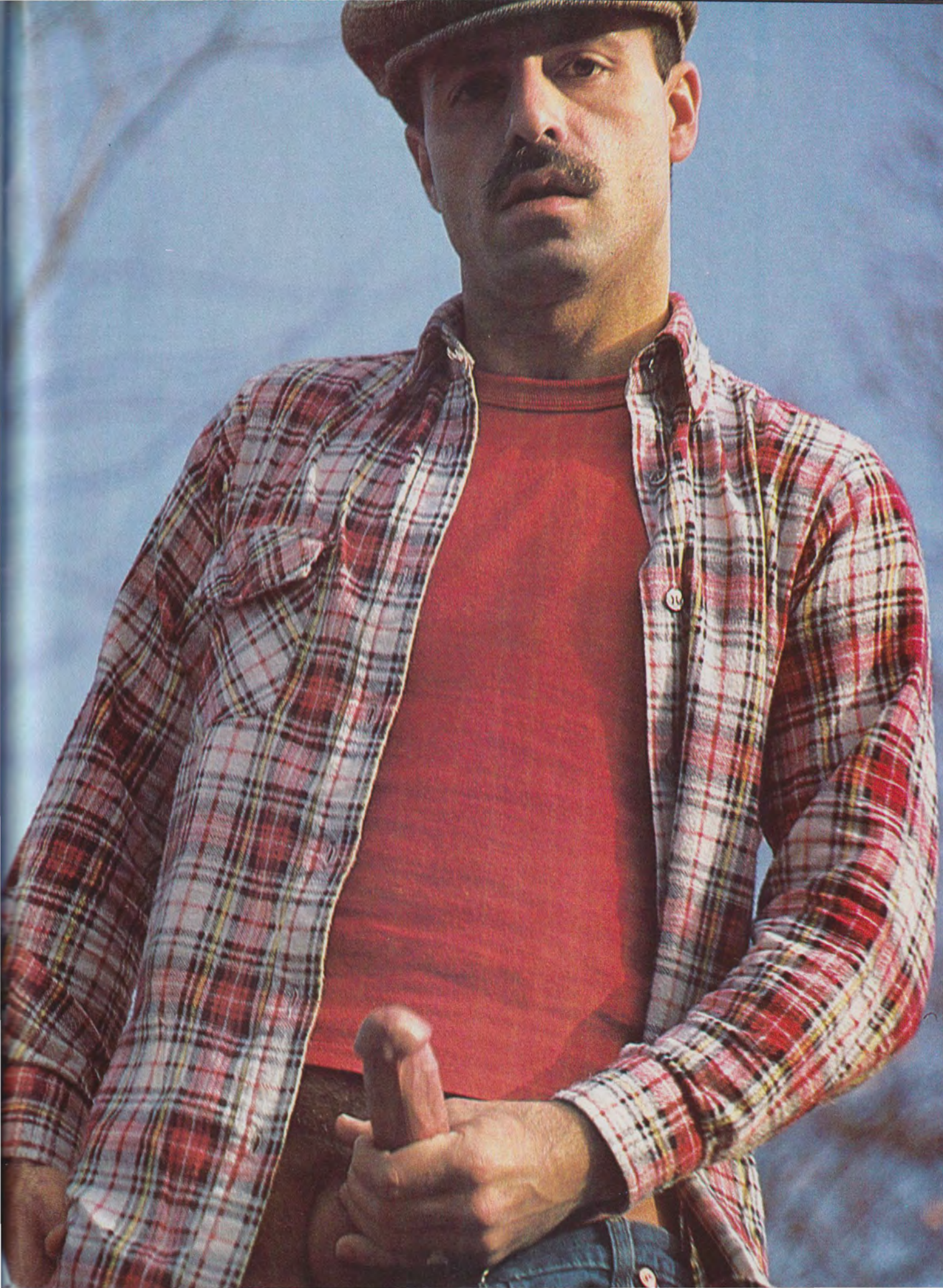
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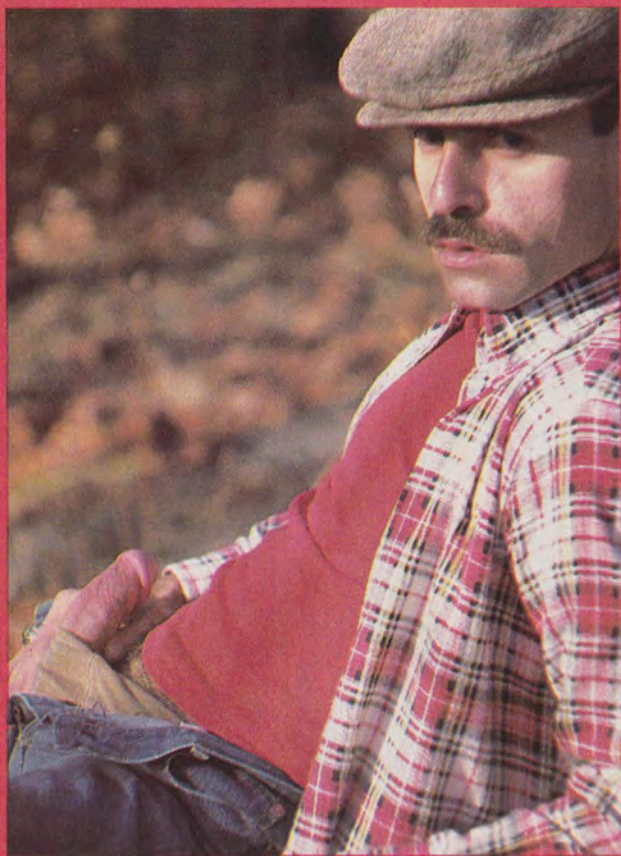
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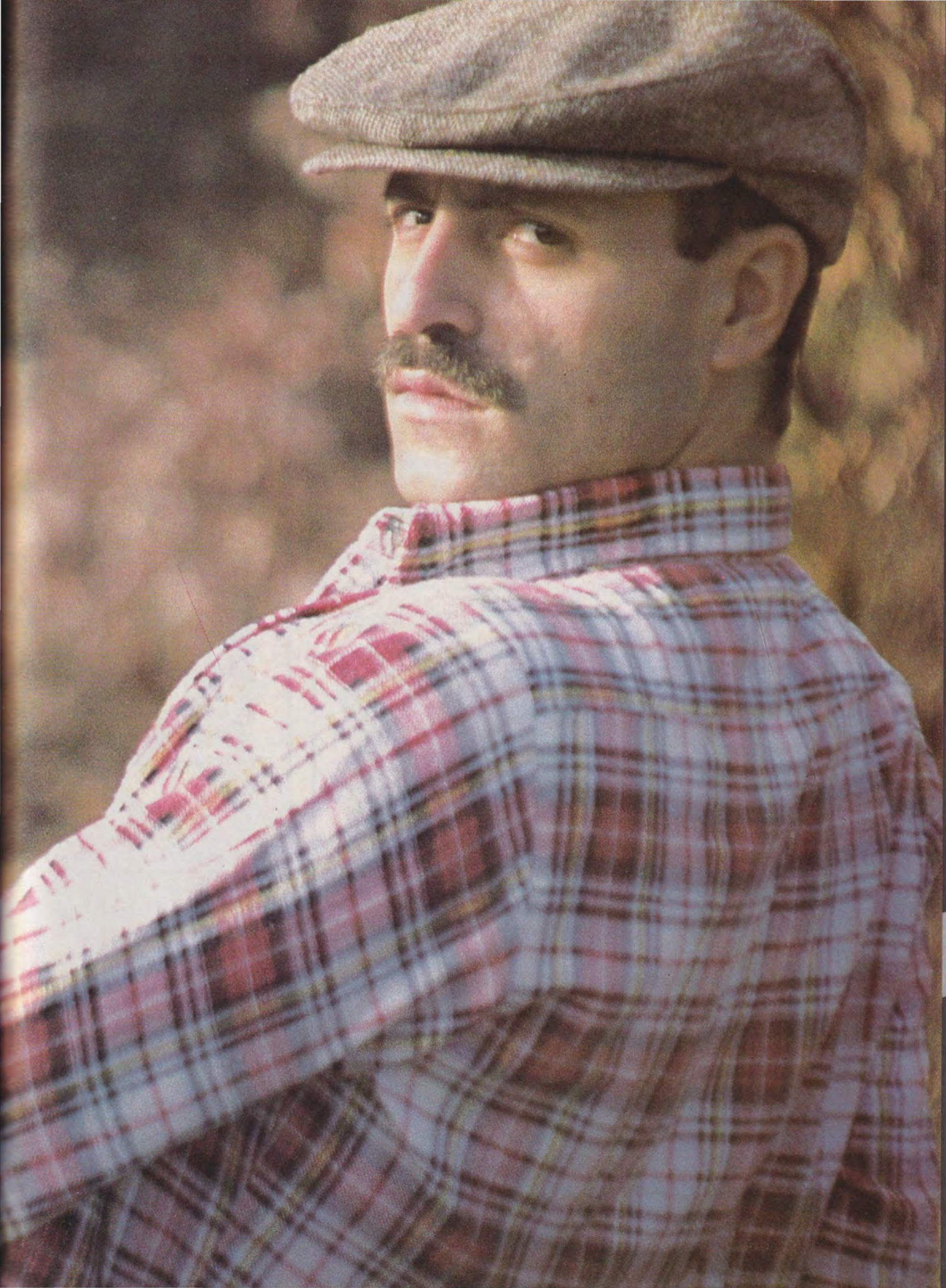
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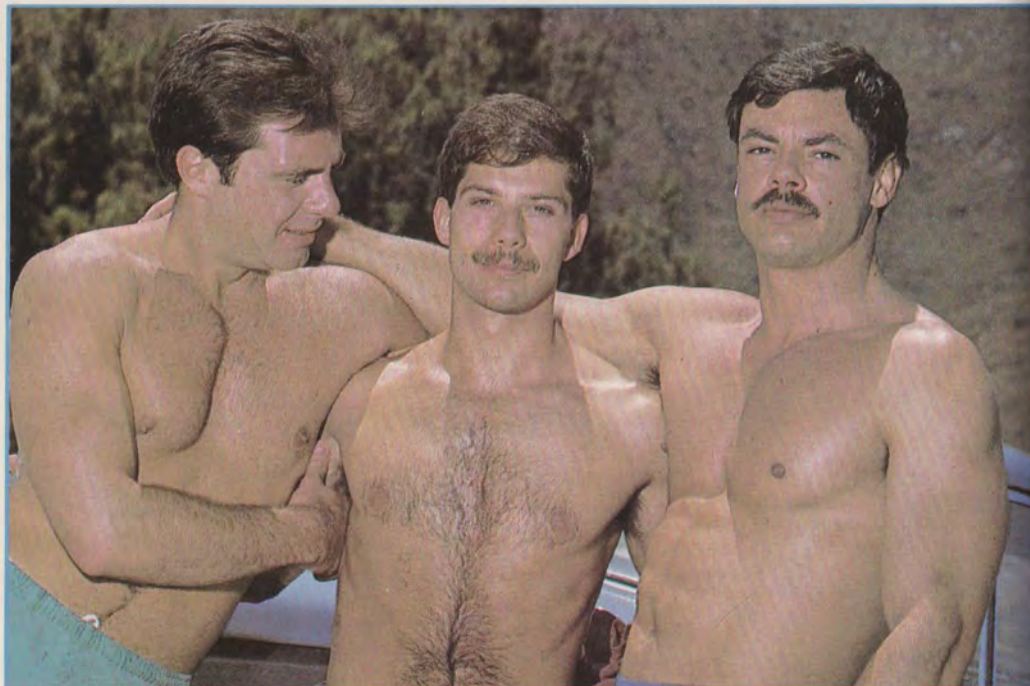
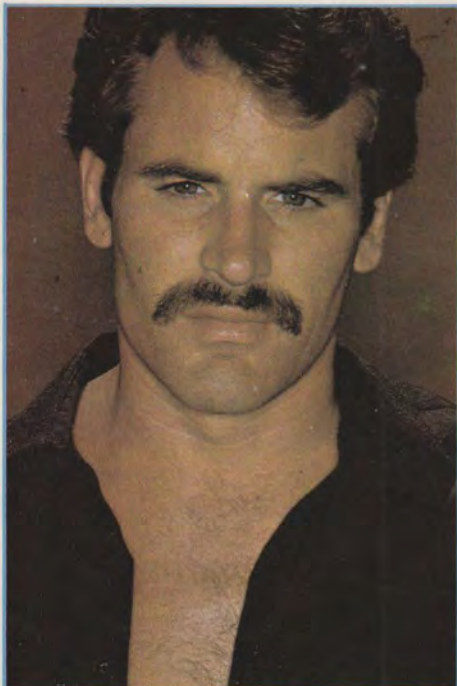
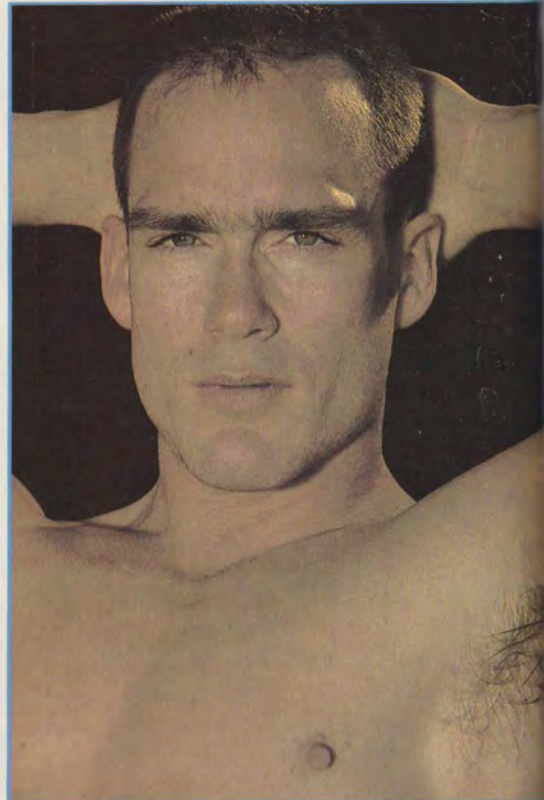
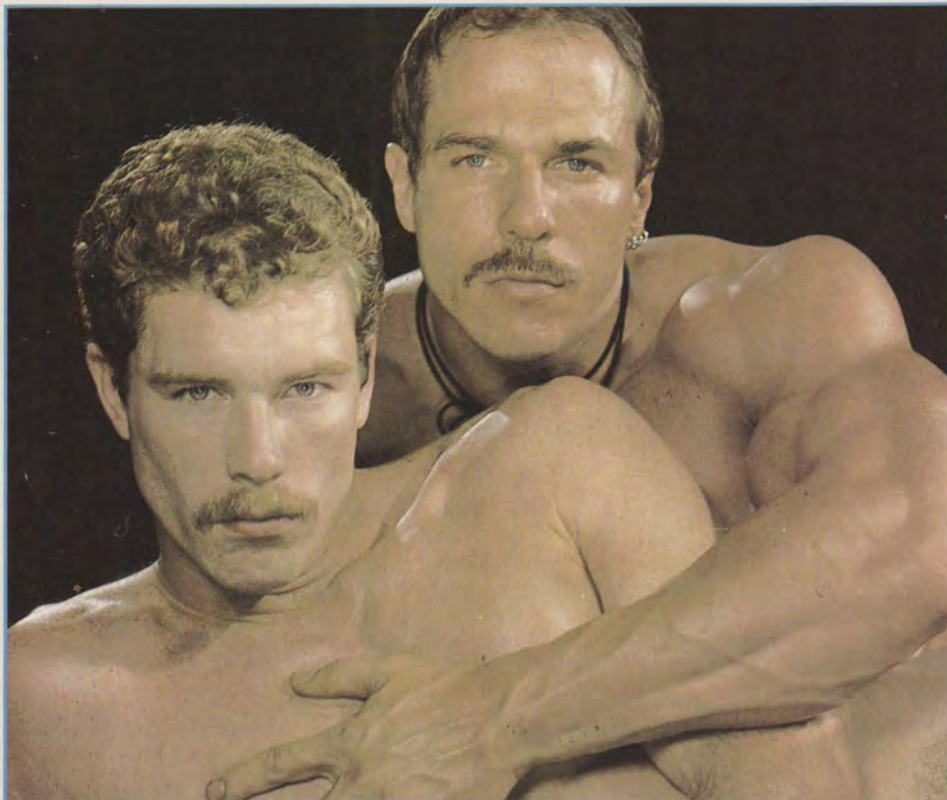
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