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EXHIBITIONIST

NUDES:
OUTBACK
LIGHT BOX
ARMY
SURPLUS
HOW MANY
INCHES?

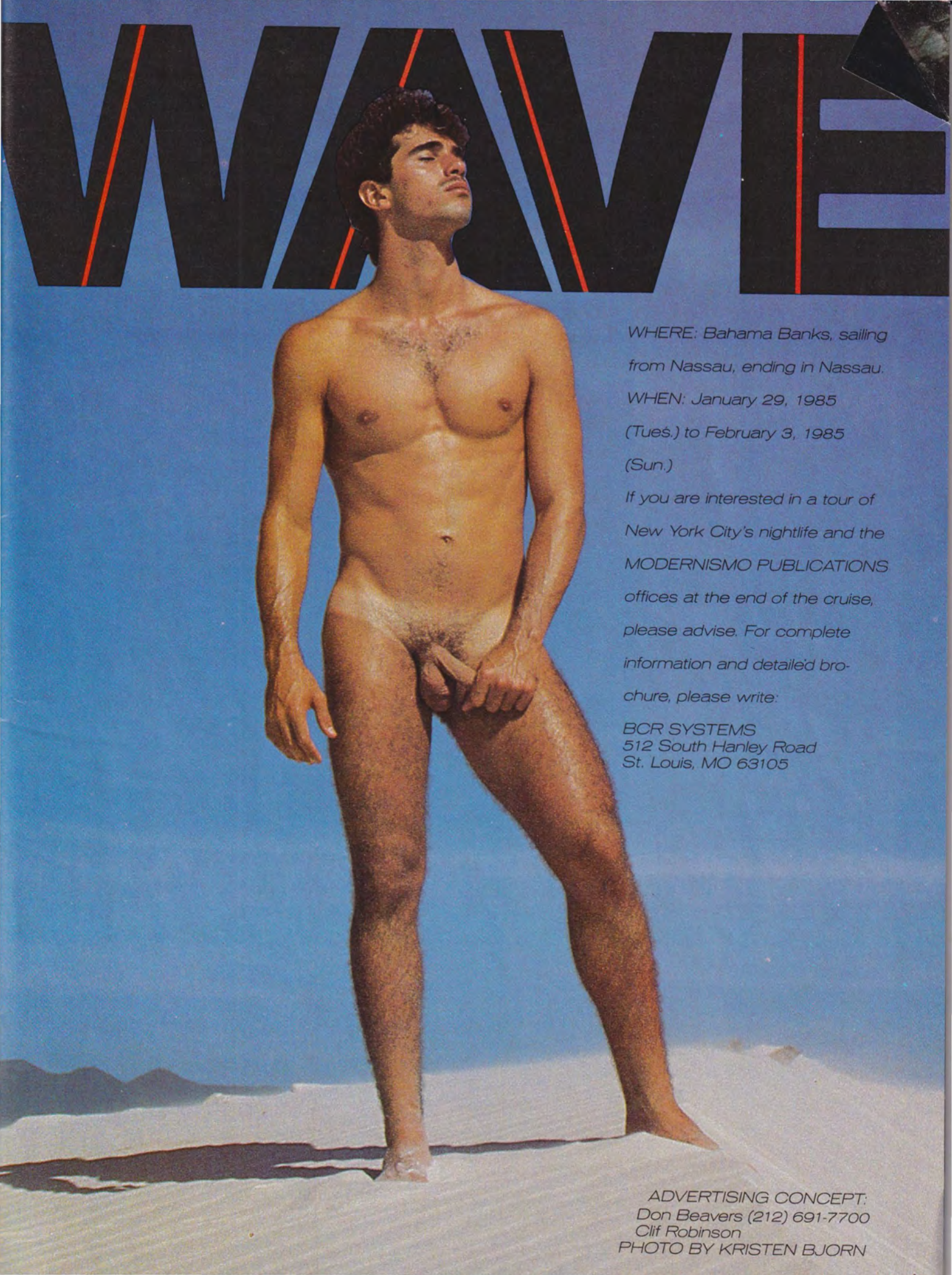


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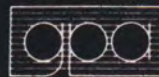
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CHARTER MEMBER



GAY PRESS ASSOCIATION

THE CRUEL ERECTION

By Billy Wolfe • Photos by Naakkve

Michael heard screaming in the deserted warehouse; that's why he went in. He had danced all night at a posh disco that changes at dawn into a pumpkin. Now, on his way home, he was strolling by the huge and ominous warehouse where, years ago, he had so often wandered in search of sexual adventures. A succession of brutal murders, and the urging of his more conservative friends, had made Michael stop frequenting such breeding grounds of disease and disaster. It was nostalgia for those carefree, careless times that had led Michael this early morning across the wide highway toward the warehouse. He certainly wasn't dressed for the occasion: a white suit, pink shirt, black tie. . . some shrieking queen had doused him in red wine at the bar, and so his legs were stained purple—the color of dried blood.

And now this screaming from inside

the warehouse. He knew what his friends would have told him: Run! Anonymous screams are to New York what a plague of locusts is to Nebraska: Nobody likes either, but they are tolerated as indigenous to the region. Unsure whether it was because of stupidity, adventure, or his sense of decency, Michael entered the warehouse; the screaming became clearer, louder, and more desperate.

He held his breath as he stealthily sought the source of the screams—which now mixed with shouts of, "Please! Help! STOP!" Scuffling sounds came from the floor above. Michael climbed the decrepit, warped staircase to peel through an opening that led to the upper level of the abandoned warehouse. It was damp and smelly—broken glass scattered over urine-saturated newspapers and piles of ashes. There—against the semblance of a wall—was the man who





was screaming; fighting, it seemed, for his life, and losing the battle.

The perpetrator was half-naked; he had on only worn and faded leather chaps, and tall black boots. He kept grabbing his victim's chest, then slamming him back against the wall. Neither of them saw Michael peering from the stairs.

"Please, please!" the victim cried. "I gave you my money—why won't you leave me alone?"

The leatherman, blond and lean, yanked his victim by the hair, then smothered the man's face in his dirty, sweaty armpit. As they wrestled and staggered into a corner, Michael quickly surveyed the empty room: the leatherman's discarded jacket was on the floor near the stairs. The money he had taken from the victim was folded over the jacket pocket. Michael's eyes returned to the scuffle. Against his will he was *aroused* by what he saw. The leatherman now held the victim in a merciless headlock while drilling him with gut punches. The victim sank to his knees; the brutal blond then took advantage of his prey by straddling his shoulders and banging his leather crotch against the man's face—knocking his head against the wall with each thrust of the pelvis.

"You're gonna get FUHHHHCKED!" the blond swore. "That's what you paid for and that's what you're gonna get, so eat it up!" Quickly, ferociously, the leatherman whipped out his hard dick and began beating the man's face with it. "Eat it, shit-face, before it stabs your guts!"

The victim reminded Michael of himself—sandy-haired, pale, delicate-boned—what other men might call "pretty." Now the pretty boy had no more strength to resist; realizing this, he began to cry. The tears were more than Michael could stand. He climbed the rest of the stairs, reached down, swiped the leatherman's jacket from the filthy floor, and said, "Let'm alone."

Victim and assailant were so immersed in their struggle that they gave Michael only a cursory glance—as though he were a fleeting mirage. When Michael saw the leatherman's face, he knew he had seen it somewhere before—but he couldn't place where. The leatherman looked drugged-out, bitter, tired. He'd been up all night, and his reactions were slowed. He seemed devoid of all human emotions except cruelty and lust. The victim gazed at Michael with vague, sad-hope—touching his nose, then looking at his hand—expecting to find blood. The leatherman did a

double-take when he realized that Michael was clutching his jacket.

"Who the fuck are you?" The blond loosened his grip on the other man. "And give me my fuckin' jacket. . . ."

Michael edged cautiously toward the stairs. "Let him go first."

The leatherman looked back to the dazed, slumped victim. "Run, you bastard!" Michael silently pleaded. The blond looked back to Michael. "I said give me my fuckin' jacket, you asshole!" He took sweeping steps toward Michael.

It was then that the victim seemed to finally "wake up;" life returned to his eyes, but instead of fleeing he began looking for his watch, his money. Michael screamed to the dazed young man, "Get the fuck out of here!"

Michael ran down the stairs first, the leatherman following him. He fled the warehouse and ran along the river until a sparse flow of early morning traffic cleared; then he ran across the highway. He could hear the long-legged leatherman cursing him under his breath, hissing, it sounded, right in his ear.

Michael ran toward the sanctuary of Christopher Street, his heart pounding painfully. He slowed when he saw two big men, also in leather, stepping out

the passenger window and called out something Michael couldn't hear. One of the two other leathermen asked Michael, "You need some assistance?"

The blond's pink chest heaved. His skin was marked with scratches, cuts, and a long, slithering blue snake tattoo crawling up his arm. His eyes began to shut, his fists clenched.

"I said, there!" the policewoman called out, louder, angrily, to Michael. "Is that man bothering you?"

"No!" Michael hollered, surprising everyone—himself most of all. The blond's eyes opened, startled. Michael handed him his leather jacket, saying, "Here's your jacket. Sorry."

The blond just held the jacket in his hands, his eyes fixed on Michael.

"Put it on," Michael urged him, in a whisper. "It's okay, officer," Michael said, waving to the police car. "Sorry to have bothered you. It's okay."

Slowly, the patrol car continued down Christopher Street and the two leathermen walked around the block. The blond dared to look down the street at the police car shrinking in the distance. Then he put on his jacket, shrugged his shoulders for better adjustment, and scowled at Michael. "Whad'ju do *that* for?" He sounded

Michael's face had been slapped pink. His eyes were crazed, weary, adoring. He wrapped his arms tightly around his master's back and whispered hoarsely, "I fuckin' love you."

of a 24-hour book store. The two men paused, looked at Michael and his pursuer. The blond regarded the two men for an instant, then reached out for his jacket, snapping his fingers. "Give it!"

"It's not your money!" Michael said, emboldened by the presence of the two other leathermen, who still stood nearby, interested in the altercation.

The blond's open palm swept out and cracked Michael hard across his cheek. "Give me my fuckin' jacket!" The sting on Michael's face burned like a violent kiss. Michael smiled faintly. A patrol car slowly rounded the corner and Michael followed it with his gaze. When the blond saw the police, he dropped his hands to his side and stared intently at Michael with hatred, fear and dread. The patrol car stopped. A black policewoman rolled down

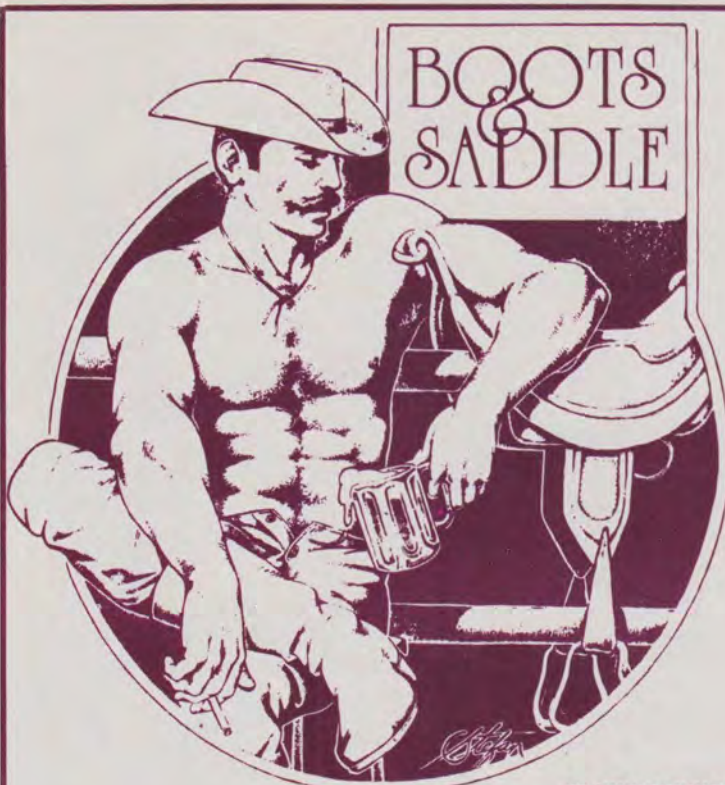
pissed.

"I don't know," Michael answered.

The blond glared, like a snake. Michael thought, spat on the sidewalk at Michael's feet, then turned around and shuffled off, with resignation, around the corner. Michael pursued him, caught up with him, and began walking beside him.

"Don't I know you from some place?" Michael asked him cheerfully. The blond kept walking in silence. "I recognize you from some place," Michael muttered. "Just can't figure out where."

"Ya ever been to *hell*?" the blond spat out, reaching into his pocket for the wad of stolen bills and counting them as he walked. "You did your fuckin' ass-pussy good deed for the day, now beat it before you get your-



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self fucked." He crossed in front of Michael and waited at the curb for the traffic to clear. Meanwhile, he reached into his other pocket for a cigarette, lit it, then crossed the highway back toward the row of abandoned warehouses. To Michael he looked like a rebel, a golden stag, wild and intractable, clicking across the asphalt highway. Michael followed him.

When the blond saw Michael tailing him, he spun around angrily and glared at Michael with evil snake-eyes. "What the fuck are you after, man? You beggin' for trouble or something?"

Michael's heartbeat competed with the sound of the traffic. He couldn't believe his own actions or words. "I just don't like to see innocent people taken advantage of. I don't know how that all started between you and that other guy, but he didn't want to be with you and you wouldn't let him go. I'm different." Michael's dick went hard, as he confessed: "I want to be with you."

The hard leatherman blew a cloud of smoke into Michael's face. His snake-eyes glanced at the highway; after the traffic moved on, he grabbed Michael by the lapels, whirled him around, and shoved him into the open doorway of the warehouse. Michael skidded on his hands and knees along the filthy floor. Before he could stand up, the leatherman's boot kicked him in the ass, hurling him forward. "Stupid asshole!" Quickly, Michael turned over, but the heel of the boot came down hard over his crotch—pinning him to the floor.

"And I was worried about wine stains," Michael thought. Three or four of his friends' faces flitted across his consciousness; Michael realized he had possibly just arranged his own funeral. The scowling blond lowered his face over Michael's and spat his lighted cigarette into Michael's face. It bounced off, leaving only a light sting.

The blond's snake-eyes closed to a slit, his jaw jutted, and his teeth gnashed as though he were approaching orgasm. It was this expression that reminded Michael where he had seen the face before: not in person, but on a friend's video recorder. The blond leatherman was an "actor" in the most lurid, depraved, exciting porn film Michael had ever seen. Even after his two friends had retired that night, to make love in their bedroom, Michael had stayed on to replay and replay the film, beating off, his eyes fixed on the vicious, arousing face of the man who now stood over him. He even remembered the actor's name: Jack Knife.

Continued to page 92

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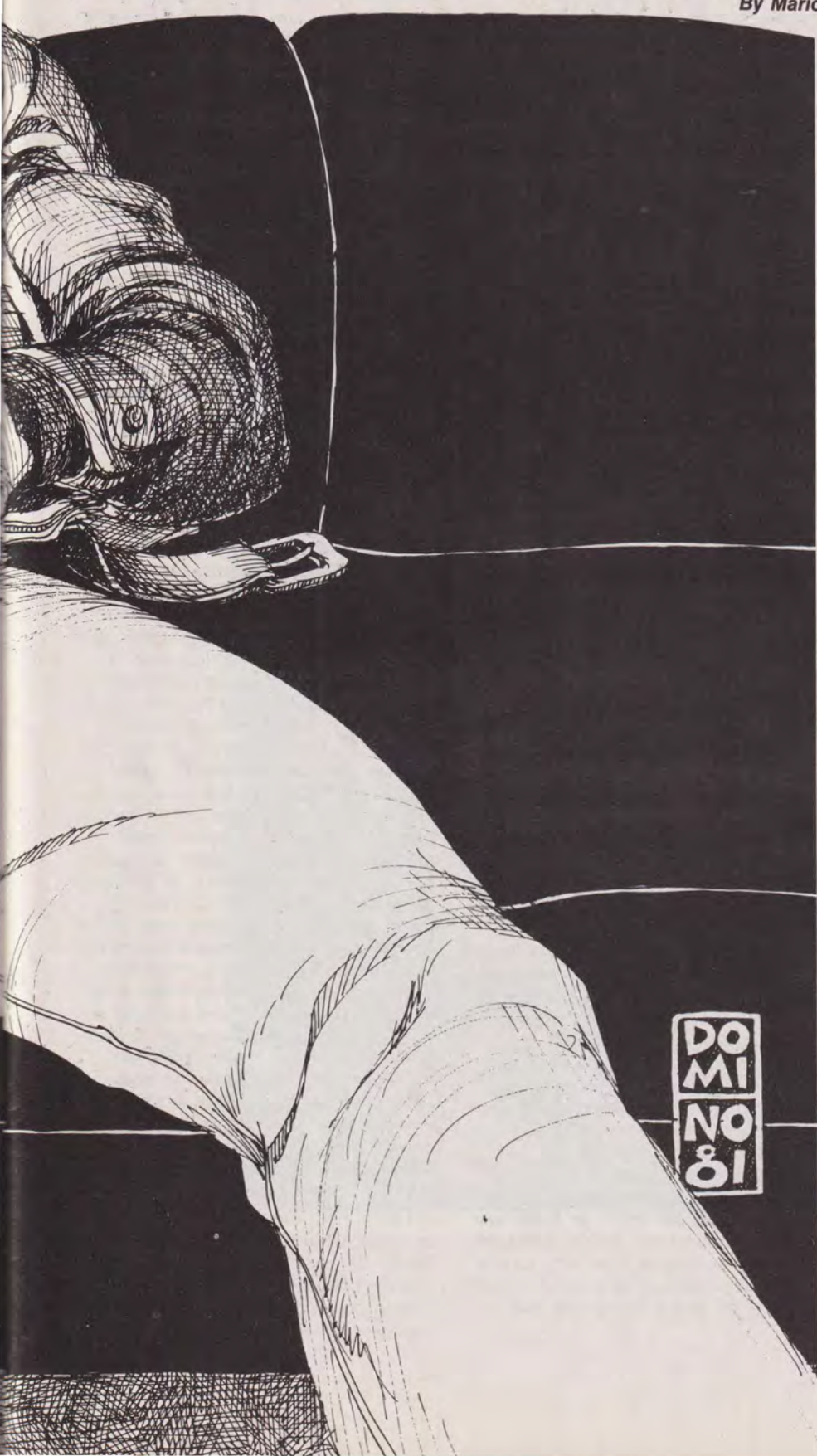
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THE EXHIBITIONIST

By Mario Mangiacazzo • Illustration by Domino



"Suck my fuckin' dick," Solly panted. His meat was a real throat-full, and when he shot his wad, it gushed out of the corners of my mouth.

It drives me crazy to think that right now, at this very second, countless cocks are plunging into the hungry mouths and asses of this city. Numberless wet-lipped mouths savoring dense loads of cum. Untold freshly-fucked anuses stretched wide and sopping with jizz that seeps out and soaks the hairy flesh at the back of the thighs. Yeah, just thinking about it makes me nuts. And not being able to do anything about it makes it even worse. It's early September, but summer shows no signs of abating. It's hotter and stickier than a hustler's asshole on a busy night. I sit by the open window of my twelfth-floor apartment, my little electric fan going. My busted leg is propped up on a hassock. I've got at least another week before the doctor cuts the motherfucking cast off. Can I last that long? I've got to. Hell, I've made it through six heavy-legged, incapacitated weeks already. And there's to be a reward at the end of this ordeal, or so my lawyer says. He "guarantees" a hefty settlement from the city for the fall I took at the subway entrance. I stepped on some trash at the top of the stairs, lost my balance, and went sailing down to the bottom of the landing. My doc said I was lucky to have only busted a leg. I could've ended up a quadriplegic, according to him.

So until I rejoin the ranks of the ambulatory, I stay home and read, eat (the people at the Chinese joint on the corner don't even ask my address any more when I call up for take-out), get

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high, and jerk off. I'm bored, anxious, and horny, so I end up pumping my putz four, five, sometimes six times a day. Most of the time I do it right in my armchair, as I sit staring out the window. I get myself worked up by wondering what goes on behind the windows of the adjacent apartment buildings. What lewd acts, what greasy couplings. Some of the windows have bulky, gray air-conditioners wedged inside them; these units, I assume, are going full-blast, cooling sex-steamed rooms. Some fuck-needy stud is banging away at his buddy's clinging asshole, and he enjoys the artificial breeze as it dries the sweat pools on his back and ass.

I smoke the joint of Panamanian Red I've just rolled, and as the shit takes over, I start stroking my hard dick. (The only thing I'm wearing is my cast.) While I play with myself, I focus my attention on one window in particular. A droplet of juice bubbles out of my dick. I wet my finger in it, then put my finger to my lips and lick. Tastes almost like nothing. Then I shift around in my chair—a slow, delicate operation—so I can get at my asshole. I pop my index finger up the old chute, wiggle it around a bit, then yank it out. I sniff it.

I'm doing all this for him. But does he even see me? I've watched his thick arms raise and lower his window. Sometimes he's in a white t-shirt, other times he's stripped to the waist. He's a big dude, that's for sure. Muscular arms, bull-like shoulders, fleshy but solid chest covered with hair. Shadows darken the planes of his face, so I can't really tell what he looks like. But I can make out a heavy, dark moustache and a square, prominent jaw. Sometimes he leans out the window, puffing on a cigarette and letting those big arms dangle; other times he's got his elbows propped on the sill, and he just stays there and stares. At what? Maybe he just wants to catch a little of what passes for fresh air in this town. Nah. Maybe he's bored. I see him all hours of the day, so I doubt that he has a steady job. Maybe he picks up his unemployment check every two weeks, hangs out with his buddies when he can, and spends the rest of his time staring out his window. Looking out at rows of ugly, dilapidated tenements, he wonders what secrets are hidden in this dreary vista. Maybe.

But can he see me? Our buildings face each other, but they're separated by a big, square lot filled with rubble and trash. Hideous as it is, I'm grateful for that lot. The building that used to

squat on the pockmarked chunk of land was torn down a few months ago. Sometimes when I'm really loaded I amuse myself by imagining that some omniscient city planner had the building demolished just so that me and mystery man across the way could check each other out. Or at least so I could observe him. Maybe it's totally a one-way affair. Maybe the sun strikes my window in such a way that all he sees is reflected glare. Could it be that he has never really seen me jerking off for him all those times? Even when I've concentrated so hard that my head hurt, imagining that I could shoot my cum across the ruined expanse that separates us, and it splatters on those brawny arms of his? (I imagine him looking up in astonishment, then holding his arms before him, bent at the elbow like a doctor who has just scrubbed up for an operation. My cum drips down his forearms. . .)

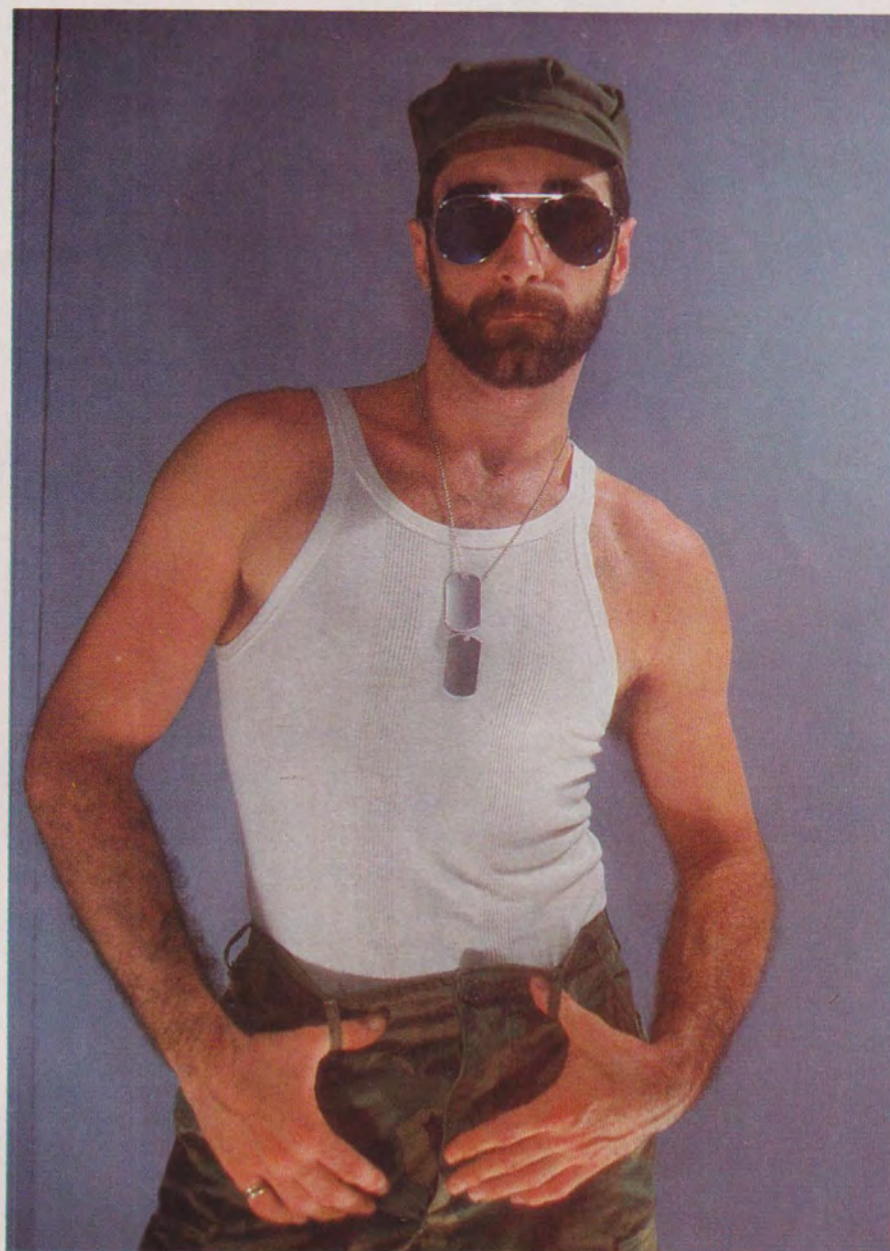
Right when I finish smoking that joint of Panamanian Red, he appears at the window, as if on cue. The window, already half-open, rises all the way. He's wearing one of his virgin-white t-shirts. He sticks his head out the window, turning his neck from side to side. "Looking for something, stud?" I call out. No reaction from him. I continue to beat my meat. With my free hand I toy with my asshole, squeezing the moist flesh around the opening and gently tugging at the tight ring of my sphincter. He looks up at the greasy sky, scratches his head, and then retreats inside his apartment. No! I jerk off harder, as if it might bring him back. "C'mon," I shout through the open window. My balls rise in their tightened sac; clear goo dribbles out my dickhead. "Oh, you bastard," I groan as I pump myself. I arch my back as my orgasm builds. My dick stands up straight, at a right angle to my window sill. I throw my head back, and give myself over to the fiercely pleasurable sensation of coming. Though I usually shut my eyes when I shoot, now I watch every burst of sperm as it erupts from my reddened dick and splashes down on my belly. When it's over, I slump back into my chair and gaze out the window. He's back. He's taken off the t-shirt, and he's playing with one of his nipples. The shadows still hide his face from me; his expression is unreadable.

* * * * *

I lie in bed, the tiny electric fan on my night table barely nudging the heavy air that clings to my naked skin. I haven't been able to sleep, despite having downed nearly a pint of vodka

Continued to page 22

ARMY SURPLUS



THIS DUDE BUYS ALL HIS CLOTHES AT AN ARMY SURPLUS STORE.

SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY MALEXPRESS STUDIO

ARMY SURPLUS



**SURPLUS MEANS EXCESS. WHAT EXCESS? IF YOU SEE ANY EXCESS,
YOU KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH IT.**





ARMY SURPLUS

SEE ANY EXCESS? EAT IT, MACK! YOU KNOW YOU WANT TO.



ARMY SURPLUS



**ARMY SURPLUS? THERE'S NOTHING EXTRA HERE. NOTHING YOU
CAN'T HANDLE.**



ALEX

by
CHUCK





THE EXHIBITIONIST

Continued from page 12

and having smoked a couple of joints. My busted leg is twitching, and driving me nuts. My doctor prescribed some muscle relaxers for me to take when the leg acts up, but I'm afraid to take them, what with all the booze I've drunk. As I lie twitching, I listen to the fuck-noise emanating from the apartment above me. I hear every squeak of the bed, and every cry and muttered curse from the fuckers. The woman's tinny squeals peak and wane, but oddly, her vocal crescendoes come when the bed is hardly squeaking at all. He must be eating her out, I figure, giving her first his dick and then his lapping tongue. I think of his head wedged between her thighs, sweat rolling down the back of his neck as he sucks an orgasm out of her clammy cunt. I get bone-hard. Who's doing her tonight, I wonder, as my hand eases up and down my dick. Paula—that's my upstairs neighbor's name—manages musicians. Her clients are an eclectic bunch: scrawny, longhaired

rockers in leather jackets, ersatz country-western cowboy types, hip young black dudes who want to be the next Michael Jackson. How do I know this? Simple. Lots of times I run into her on the steps or in the hall, and she's trailing one or more of her minstrels behind her. They head upstairs to her place, listen to some tunes, smoke some reefer. When the music stops, the bed starts creaking. Good ol' Paula. She knows just what she wants, and she grabs it. I just wish she'd share some of her trade with me. I whack off to the sound of her gasps and squeals. The bed starts to squeak again, in a funny, off beat kind of rhythm. Maybe she's got a reggae band up there with her. Paula lets out a real window-buster—"EEEEEEEE-EEE!!"—and I jerk my meat fast and hard. I'm picturing the stud (or studs) giving it to Paula, but at the last minute, right before I shoot, I switch channels. There's a muscular, dark man in a crisp white t-shirt standing by my bed, arms crossed over his chest. His face is shadowed and indistinct, but when I shoot a generous load, I think I detect a slight smile of approval.

"Hi, babes! Just thought I'd stop by

and check in on you."

"Hey, Solly. What's up?"

"Not too fuckin' much. What the fuck you been up to?"

"Oh, a little break dancing, some gymnastics. You know, the usual."

"Ha! You're a funny fuckin' guy, Freddie. Fuckin' great that you're keeping your spirits up. If I had a fuckin' log like that on my leg for six fuckin' weeks, I'd go outta my fuckin' mind."

"Uh-huh. Say, watcha got in the bag, Sol?"

"Oh, just some fuckin' groceries for ya."

Sol sets the bag down on my kitchen table. He scowls when he sees the ringed coffee cup stains all over the formica top.

"Fuckin' slob, Freddie. Look at this fuckin' mess. Jesus fuckin' Christ, you need a fuckin' housekeeper."

"And you, my dear Solomon, need some new vocabulary. Never mind the mess, what didya bring me?"

Solly shakes his big, shaggy head and begins to empty the paper bag.

"Some shit. I gotcha some fuckin' eggs, milk, loafa bread, some seltzer, coupla TV dinners."

"I loathe TV dinners."

"Hey, so fuckin' sue me. I figure, Freddie can't get around so fuckin' good, so he'll appreciate this shit since all he fuckin' has to do is shove it in the fuckin' oven."

"I appreciate, I appreciate. Thanks, Solly. You're a real mensch."

Solly grins his vast, gap-toothed grin. He looks like a happy bear. He and I met years ago when we both worked in the shipping department of a big furniture outlet in Queens. We left the place after a few months of backbusting shitwork, but we kept in touch. Solly's not the type of guy you want to spend all your time with. He's goodhearted and basically very sweet, but he can also be overbearing and oversolicitous. Sometimes he reminds me of my grandmother. But my grandmother didn't have heavy, low-hanging balls and an eight-inch dick. I have a thing for big, hairy guys, and Sol, with his burly frame, bushy black beard, and chest hair curling over his collar, set my juices flowing the minute I first laid eyes on him. One night back when we worked at the furniture warehouse he and I got it on behind some packing crates. I was so excited my hands shook as I unbuttoned his khaki work shirt. Sol wore a Star of David medallion, and for some reason, that got me even hotter. I loved the way the gold chain lay against his thick neck, as well as the sight of the gold star

Continued to page 28



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SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY PANTHEON

HOT ON 'THE 'TRAIL



"Howdy," grunted Jim. "Howdy yerself," said Jack. "How about gettin' outta those duds and gettin' down for some action?" Jim was tired from toting his heavy knapsack all morning, so he was more than happy to lay his burden down.





HOT ON THE T'RAIL

Jack didn't want any thorns or brambles to interfere with his and Jim's fun, so he spread out a nice, thick horse blanket. The fellas were going to find a quiet, secluded place for their rough-housing, but they were so fired-up they didn't even make it to the stable door.



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THE EXHIBITIONIST

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nestled in a thicket of chest hair. "Shalom," I whispered as I fingered the icon. "Suck my fuckin' dick," Solly panted. His meat was a real throat-full, and when he shot his wad, it gushed out of the corners of my mouth.

Since I'd been laid up with the busted leg, Solly had been stopping by to see how I was doing, usually about once a week. He generally came by after he got off work, and we'd shoot the shit, smoke or drink a little, and maybe get into some dickplay. Since I was something of a loner and didn't have many buddies, I appreciated these visits, no matter how much I might tease Solly. Suddenly I realize that it's late morning, nearly noon.

"Hey Sol, how come you're not at work?"

"Called in sick and took the fuckin' day off. Too fuckin' hot to work."

"Uh-huh. Hey Sol?"

"Hey what?"

"Do me a favor, huh buddy?"

"Sure."

"Take your clothes off."

Solly's thick eyebrows spring up to the middle of his forehead. He starts to laugh. His laughter rumbles up from his ample gut and comes snorting out his wide nostrils. He is still chuckling as he pulls his black t-shirt over his head and tosses it on the floor. Then he stands, unbuckles his belt, and undoes the catch of his baggy jeans. The pants fall to his ankles.

"Kick 'em off," I breathe.

Solly bends over and unbuckles his sandals. Then he shakes his big legs and the pants slip off and onto the floor. He stands there in his light blue jockeys with their piss and cum stains all over the front. He scratches his big, furry chest and tugs at his nuts.

"Off, Solly," I pant. "Get those jockeys off."

He smirks and sticks one hairy paw inside the waistband of his shorts. He lets the band snap against his belly several times, taunting me.

"You fucker," I seethe. "You shouldn't tease a cripple."

"Whatcha gonna fuckin' do about it?" he laughs.

I'm wearing only my pajama bottoms. I unsnap them and haul out my stiff dick. "I'm gonna beat you to death with this when I can move again." I menacingly wave my bone at him.

"Oh. In that fuckin' case, I guess I better fuckin' do whatya say." Sol pulls

his jockeys off and throws them at me. I press the funky underwear to my face and breathe in his smell.

"Bet you haven't changed these in a week, Sol. You pig."

"Yeah, and you fuckin' love it. Put 'em down, Freddie. I got somethin' better for you to fuckin' chow down on." He approaches my chair, his hard-on in hand. I'm in my usual spot, by the window with my bum leg propped on the hassock. Sol moves in close. I slide down in my chair so he can straddle my face.

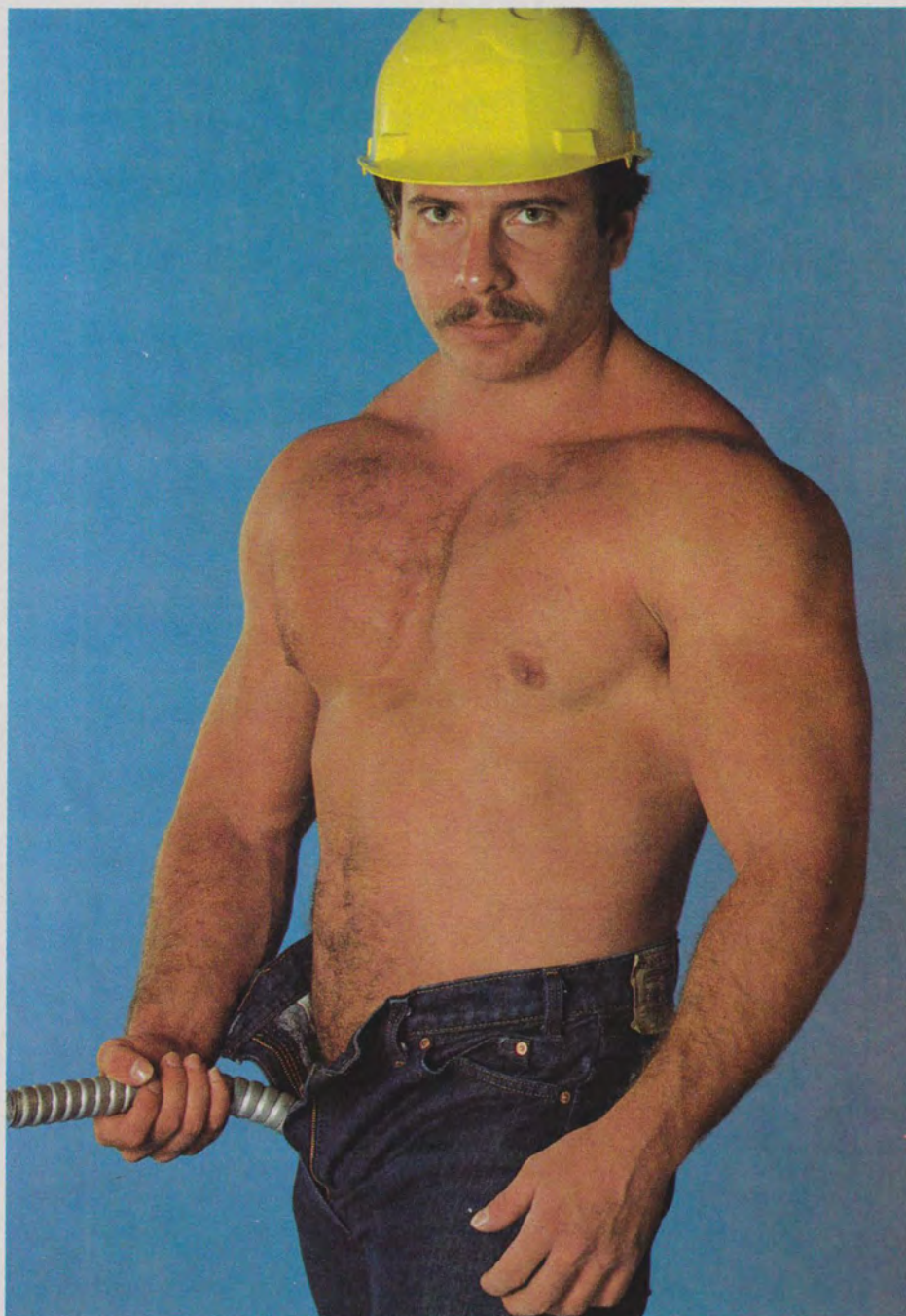
"Open wide," he commands. His dick is funky with sweat and piss. I lave it with my tongue, savoring every malodorous inch. I coil one hand around my dick and place the other one on Sol's fat, hairy ass. Sol is eager to come. I suck him for a few minutes, then he starts humping his hips in my face. I gulp down his pulsing rod, pulling it deep into my gullet. That does it! He lets out a cry and dumps his load in my throat. As I swallow, I jerk myself to a quick climax. My jizz splatters on Sol's thigh and lazily trickles down his chunky leg. Sol backs off, all wobbly in the knees, and plops down on the sofa. He closes his eyes. His heavy breathing slows, and then turns to snoring. The fucker is nodding out! Oh well, let him nap. I pull myself up in the chair and wipe my mouth with the back of my hand. Then I turn my head and idly gaze out the window. He's there. Gazing out his window, with his big bare arms resting in the sill. He's got no shirt on. And he's looking my way. No doubt about it. My heart starts to race. My dick, which only seconds ago spilt a big load, gets hard. We stare at each other. Then he raises his hand in a small, tentative gesture. Almost a wave.

* * * * *

Halfway through the second week of September the heatwave finally breaks. The temperature stays in the mid to high seventies; still warm, but a huge relief after weeks of relentless muggy heat. I get the cast cut off tomorrow. Oh, sweet mobility! I can hardly wait. Or as Solly would say, I fuckin' can hardly fuckin' wait. One thing tempers my happiness, though. It's him, the stud across the way. The shadowy character who sits and watches, like a distant, detached judge. I'm certain now that he's seen everything—my incessant meat-beating, my little tryst with Sol. What's really bugging me is not the fact that I've been observed—hell, I wanted him to see me. I'm freaked that I haven't seen *him* at all, not since the time with Sol, which was four days ago. Was he mildly curious

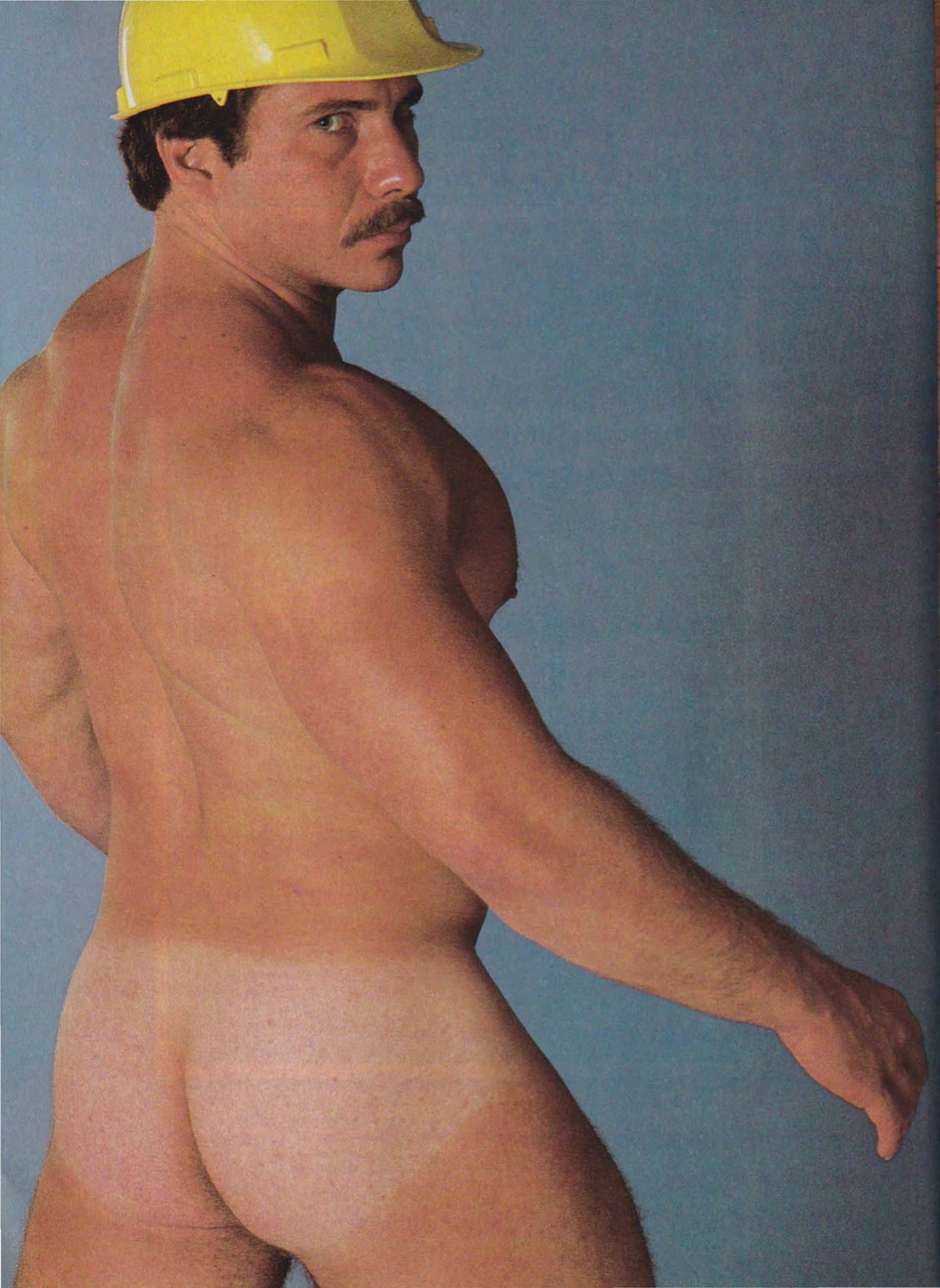
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HERE'S THE BEEF



TO THAT QUESTION CEASELESSLY ASKED BY A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE AND THE OLD LADY IN THE BURGER COMMERCIALS, WE REPLY: "HERE'S THE BEEF." WHO KNOWS, OR CARES, WHAT THE USDA MIGHT SAY. TO US, HE'S A PRIME CUT OF GRADE AAA EATING-STUFF.

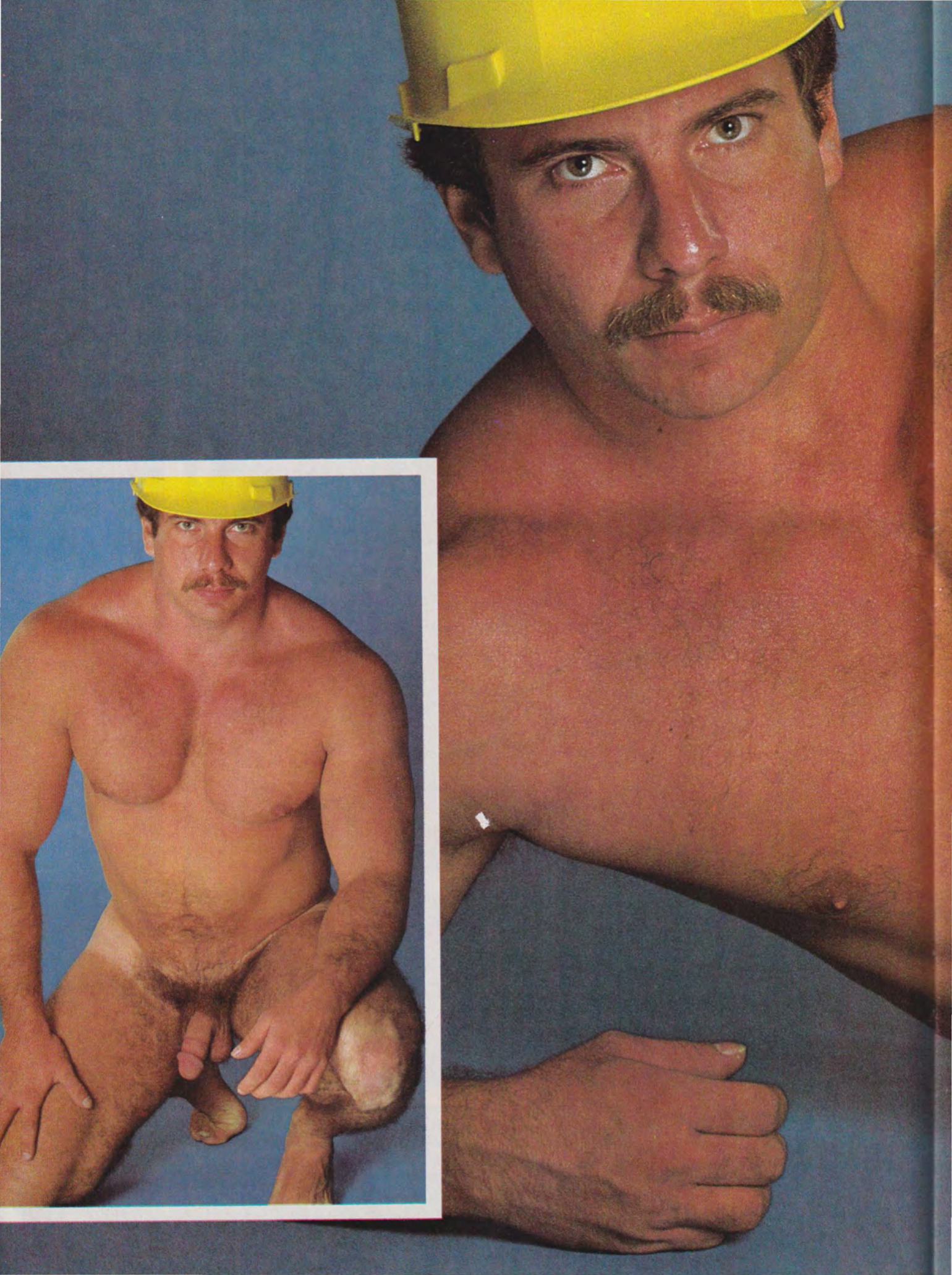
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HERE'S THE BEEF



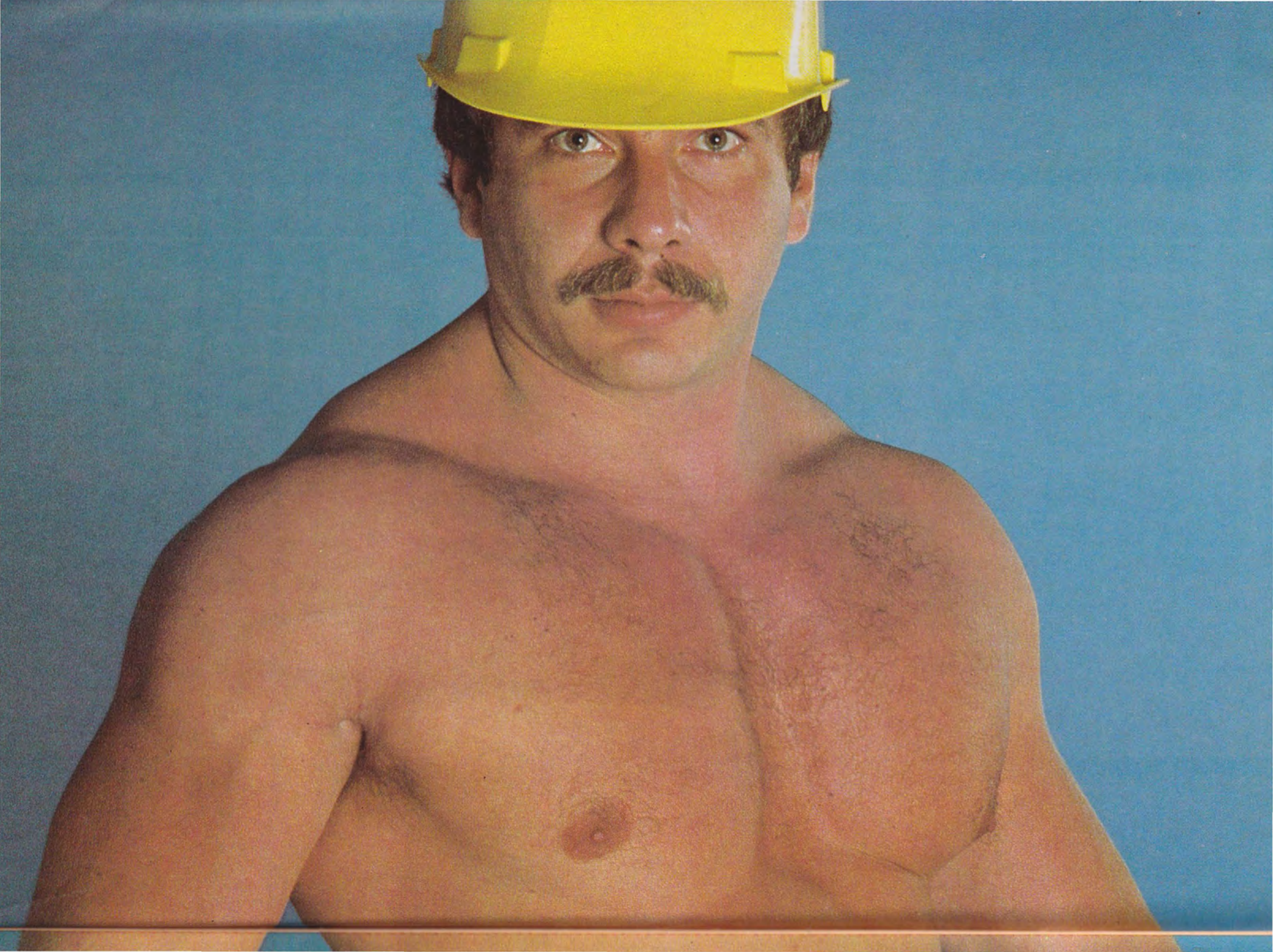
FOR THOSE WHO OBJECT TO HAVING A REAL LIVE MAN LIKENED TO A SIDE OF MEAT, REST ASSURED THAT THOUGH THIS STUD IS BEEFY, HE ISN'T BOVINE. THESE ARE THE EYES OF A MAN WHO IS PROUD OF WHAT HE'S GOT, AND WHO KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS.



HERE'S THE BEEF

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THE EXHIBITIONIST

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before that incident, and did the sight of me with a dick jammed in my face disgust him? Did he get some voyeuristic thrill out of my jerking off, but was the blowjob just too blatant, too sleazily obvious for him? If so, why did he wave at me, or almost wave? I could drive myself crazy wondering about all this shit. Best forget it. Tonight Sol's due to come over for a little party to celebrate my return to the world of the walking. Just the two of us. We'll put a good buzz on, and then we'll do piggy things to each other. I spend the day reading, getting high, and watching TV. I don't jerk off, believe it or not; I want to save it for tonight. But I do find myself gazing out that window every so often. All for naught.

I'm awakened by a pounding on my door. I open my eyes to darkness. The clock on my night table flashes nine o'clock in red digits. The pounding on my door continues. Solly. I raise my face up from the pillow. "Door's open," I croak. I let my head drop back onto the pillow. The door opens. Footsteps approach my bed. I imagine what Solly's expression must be as he sees me lying there on my belly, my plush, bare ass shining in the moonlight. I smother a giggle in my pillow. Solly likes what he sees. He doesn't say a thing, but he kneads my ass with his big hands. He spreads my cheeks. I start to purr when he presses a fingertip against the lips of my asshole. I gasp when the finger roughly pushes all the way into me.

"Hungry little hole, ain't it?"

I freeze. The voice isn't Solly's. I jerk my head back and look over my shoulder. It's him! I can see him clearly, despite the darkness of the room. He's wearing a light, waist-length leather jacket over a faded plaid shirt. A black knitted cap hugs his large skull. He smirks.

"Don't act so goddamn surprised," he growls in a nasty, metallic tone. "You been waitin' for this all summer long." He slowly fingerfucks my ass while he speaks. I try to raise myself, but he slaps the back of my head and pushes me down. He climbs up onto the bed and kneels between my spread legs. He presses one knee into the back of my good leg. The finger digs deeper into my ass, scraping my prostate. My dick, which is pressed painfully into the bed, starts to swell.

"Yeah," he intones. "I been watchin' you. I seen you jerkin' off all those

times. For my benefit, right?" (Another finger slides into my ass.) "At first I says to myself, this guy's a real wacko. I mean, what kinda guy sits in fronna da window all day playin' with himself? Then I realize, he's lookin' at me! Damn! It's not like he forgot to pull the shade or somethin'. He wants me to see what's happenin'. Then the other day I see you suckin' that guy's dick. Well, I says to myself, I'm gonna pay this motherfucker a visit!"

Suddenly the fingers pull out of my hole. I hear him unbuckle his belt and then unzip his pants. His knee is digging into my leg, and it's hurting. I tell him so. He laughs. "Ain't nothin' compared to what's comin'." He spits three times. I close my eyes when I feel a warm knob of wet flesh nudging my asshole.

"Please," I say. "There's some vase-line in the bathroom."

"And that's where it's gonna stay."

I cry out when he enters me. He laughs. He shoves it in all the way. Oh Jesus, it hurts. His hands grab on to my waist. He starts pumping; slow, deliberate strokes. "Ahhh," he sighs. The pain begins to subside after about ten strokes. My ass feels good with his rod lodged inside it. I hug my pillow and push my ass up to meet his thrusts. I close my eyes, and imagine that he's at his window, his arms folded on the sill, and he's watching himself fuck me. He likes what he sees. I love what I'm feeling. Then suddenly he pulls out and climbs off the bed.

"What's wrong?" I cry. I'm startled by the querulous tone of my voice.

"I ain't comfortable," he grunts. I look back over my shoulder. His pants are half-mast (his dick sticks out straight, perpendicular to his muscular thighs) but he's still wearing his jacket, shirt and hat. I reach over to the night table and turn on the small reading lamp. I watch him strip. His face, which I'm seeing clearly for the first time, bears an intent, preoccupied expression as he peels off his jacket and unbuttons his shirt. He's not handsome, but he's got a craggy, brutish sexiness. His heavy chin has a deep cleft. His lips are thin and mean-looking. Without the moustache, his mouth would be repellently cruel. The eyes are large, round, and black. He doesn't look at me while he strips. He throws the shabby jacket—vinyl, I realize, not leather—on the floor, along with his shirt. His torso is fleshy, but I can see the muscles ripple as he moves. I want to taste the small, puckered brown nipples. Stripped to the waist, he sits on the edge of the bed and removes his shoes, socks, and pants. He deposits them on the floor, on top of his shirt and jacket. Then,

almost as an afterthought, he rips the cap off his head. His short black hair is receding; there are beads of sweat on his exposed scalp. Naked, he climbs on the bed on all fours, like a bulky but agile predator. Then he changes his mind. He climbs off the bed again, and stands over me, his dick poking at my face.

"I want ya ta clean it off before I fuck ya some more." He grabs his meat and pushes it in my face. I smell myself all over it.

"No, man," I protest.

"No?" he says incredulously.

"Whaddya mean, 'no'?" He slaps me in the face with his dick. "Ya want the other leg broken?"

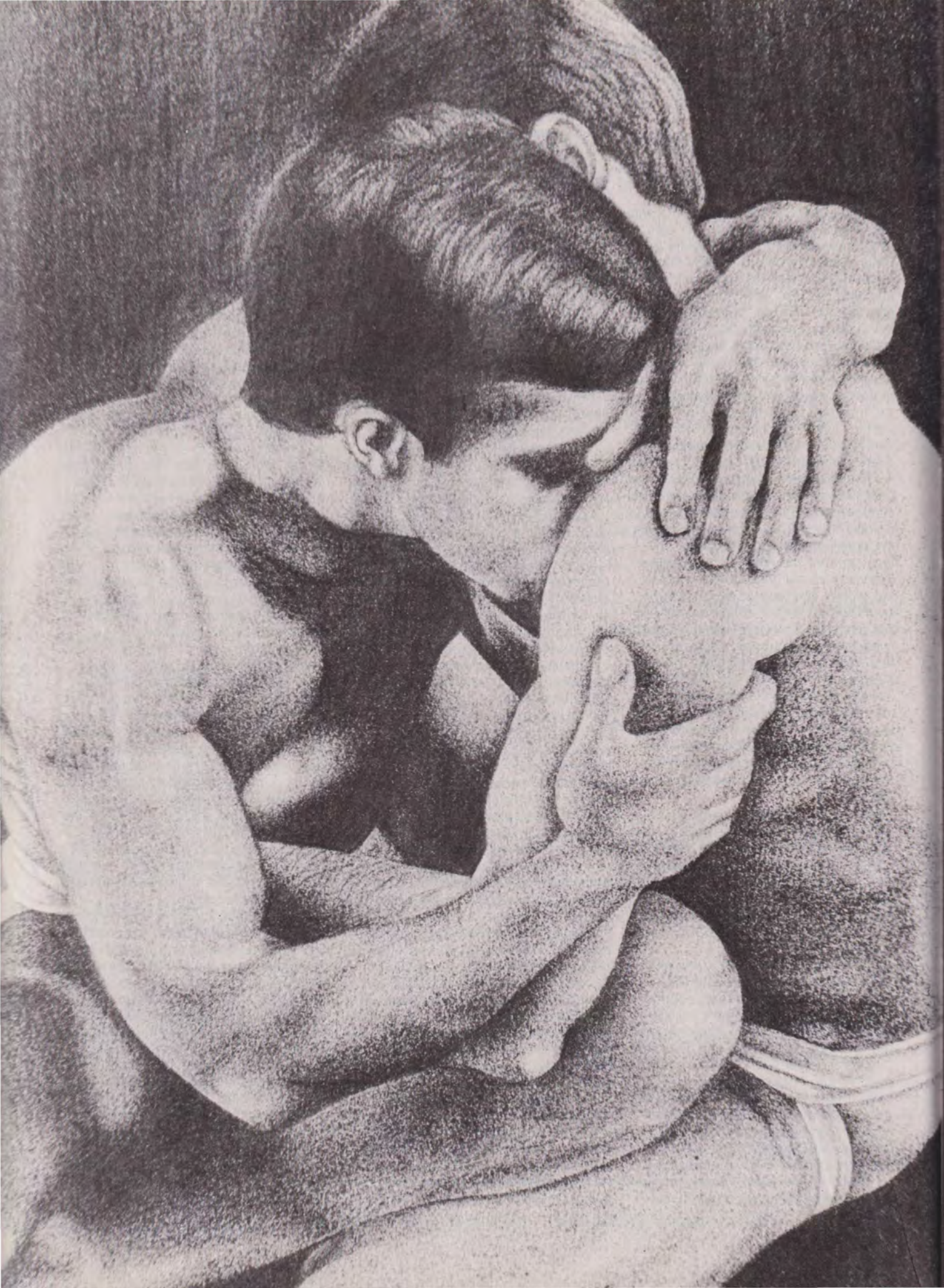
That does it. "Fuck you!" I scream. "Don't pull this shit with me—" Too late! He stops short my protest by jamming the dirty dick in my open mouth. "Doncha dare bite it," he warns. So I lick. What else can I do? Lucky for me, it turns him on so much he wants to get back in my ass, pronto. He pulls out of my mouth, hops onto the bed, and positions himself between my legs. He spreads my buttcheeks, falls forward on top of me, and stabs his spit-shiny dick in my asshole.

"You're gonna be shittin' my cum for a week when I get done with ya," he gasps. The violence of his thrusts pushes me forward on the bed; my forehead hits the headboard.

"I'm gonna come!" he brays. "Get ready, motherfucker, I got a load for ya!" His thrusts accelerate. Then he yells. Loud. I bet ol' Paula upstairs is getting a kick out of this. His dick swells inside me as his load gushes out. My poor meat, pressed hard against the mattress, is dribbling juice on the sheets. When he's finished, he pulls out roughly. He wipes his dick in the crack of my ass. He climbs off the bed. I turn, and watch him fumble around in his heap of clothes. He extricates a cigarette and lighter. He gets back on the bed, lights the cigarette and puffs contentedly.

"That was far out," he says, patting my ass. "I shoulda come over sooner." His whole tone and attitude changes; the hard-edged bullshit disappears. He gets up, goes to the bathroom to piss, and takes a casual look around my tiny apartment. He fiddles with some shit on my desk, and then comes back to bed with a black felt-tip marker in his hand. He actually giggles as he draws crude, dirty pictures on my cast with the marker. He's still in a good humor ten minutes later when Solly shows up and sees the two of us sitting stark naked on the bed.

"Hey," he cheerfully calls out to my stunned buddy. "Haven't I seen you somewheres before?" ■



When my step-brother came to visit, I offered him the couch or sharing the double bed with me. His face got serious as he stared at the bed. "We'll share the bed, like when we were kids," he said, and started to undress.

BROTHERFUCKER

By Morris Haxton • Art by Weston Lansdale

I was surprised when Jeff telephoned. He was in town on business and wanted to see me. It had been five years since we'd visited each other. Jeff is my step-brother and I've been in love with him since the day my mother and I moved in with him and his father. I was twelve years old at the time; he was seventeen. He and I shared a bedroom on the second floor of our little house. It was the only room on the second floor, and it had a slanted ceiling. I always felt safe in that room, especially when Jeff was there. Looking back, I think he knew how I felt about him and I also think he liked it.

Since I was a shy kid, it was hard at first for me to get used to some of Jeff's habits—like walking around naked or in nothing but a jock strap. He said being naked made him feel good and let his skin breathe. He was athletic and had what I thought was a sexy body. I used to sneak looks at him when I thought he wouldn't notice me. Unlike me, he never seemed shy or embarrassed.

I admired Jeff. And there was a lot to admire: his physical ability, his bright, boyish good looks, his easy, open sexuality, his quiet sense of self-

confidence, and his beautiful body. He had dark blond hair, and even at seventeen he had a thick mat across his chest and a thin line of hair growing down his stomach. He had a luxurious growth of hair in his crotch and a surprisingly thick cock with a big head shaped like a blunt bullet.

Sometimes, when he was studying or lying on the bed reading, he played with himself. He didn't seem to realize it until his cock was hard and sticking straight out from his crotch. His dick was long and thick and straight.

I always wanted to touch it, so one night when he was asleep, lying on his back with his legs spread, I rested my hand lightly on his crotch. The hair was thick and soft. Jeff moaned in his sleep, but he didn't move. I gently curled my fingers around the limp piece of meat and felt it pulse in my hand. It had a life of its own, energetic and warm even while he was asleep. It hardened as I held it; feeling the muscle grow and stiffen excited me. I moved my hand up and down the length of it, very slowly and gently. He sighed and moaned again. When it was fully hard I let go and it stuck straight up, proud and challenging. I wanted to

kiss it, but I was afraid he might wake up.

Jeff was my first sexual experience. He talked to me about sex and once said it was okay for boys to play with each other, but that grown men didn't have sex together. I never questioned what he said, but I grew up feeling guilty and ashamed because I wanted sex with men and I knew Jeff would be disappointed in me if he ever found out how I felt.

One night he came home from a basketball game in an unusual mood. He stripped off his clothes right away and flopped on the bed, holding his swelling cock. He didn't say anything, but every once in a while he moaned or sighed, and when I looked at him he grinned and wiggled his meat at me. Finally, when it was stiff and sticking straight up, he asked if I wanted to touch it, hold it for him?

"I don't know..." I replied, wanting to very much, but worried what he might think of me if I was too eager.

"It's okay," he said. "It won't break. Remember what I told you? It's okay for boys to touch each other."

I sat on the bed beside him and put my hand around the hard shaft. I

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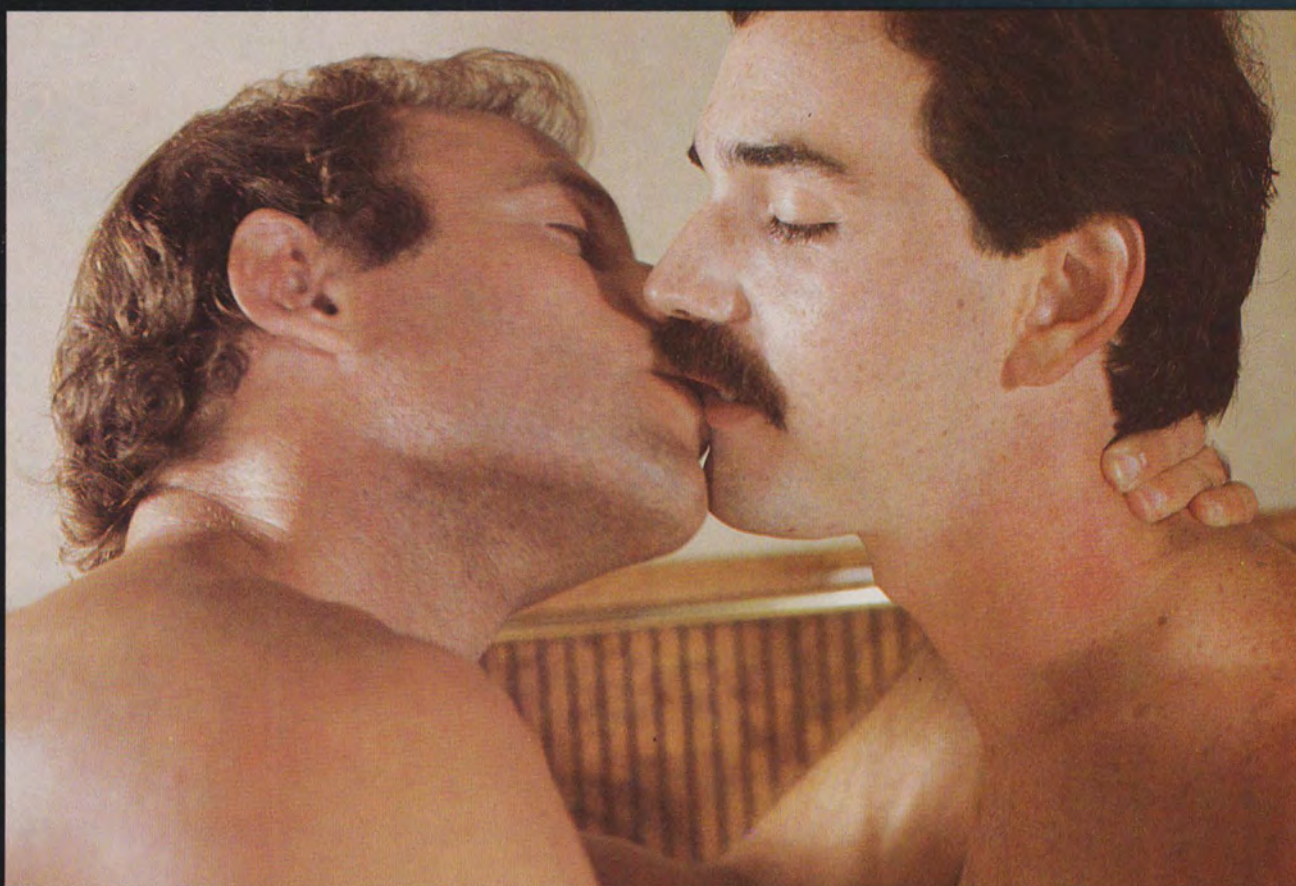
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"That would be fine, but that's not what I had in mind." He flopped back

Continued to page 76

2 HEADS ARE BETTER THAN 1



TWO HEADS ARE ALWAYS BETTER THAN ONE, AND WHEN THE TWO HEADS BELONG TO ERIC RYAN (THE BLOND) AND DANIEL HOLT (THE BRUNET), THEN ALL SYSTEMS ARE GO FOR THE HOTTEST TIME YOU'VE EVER WITNESSED.

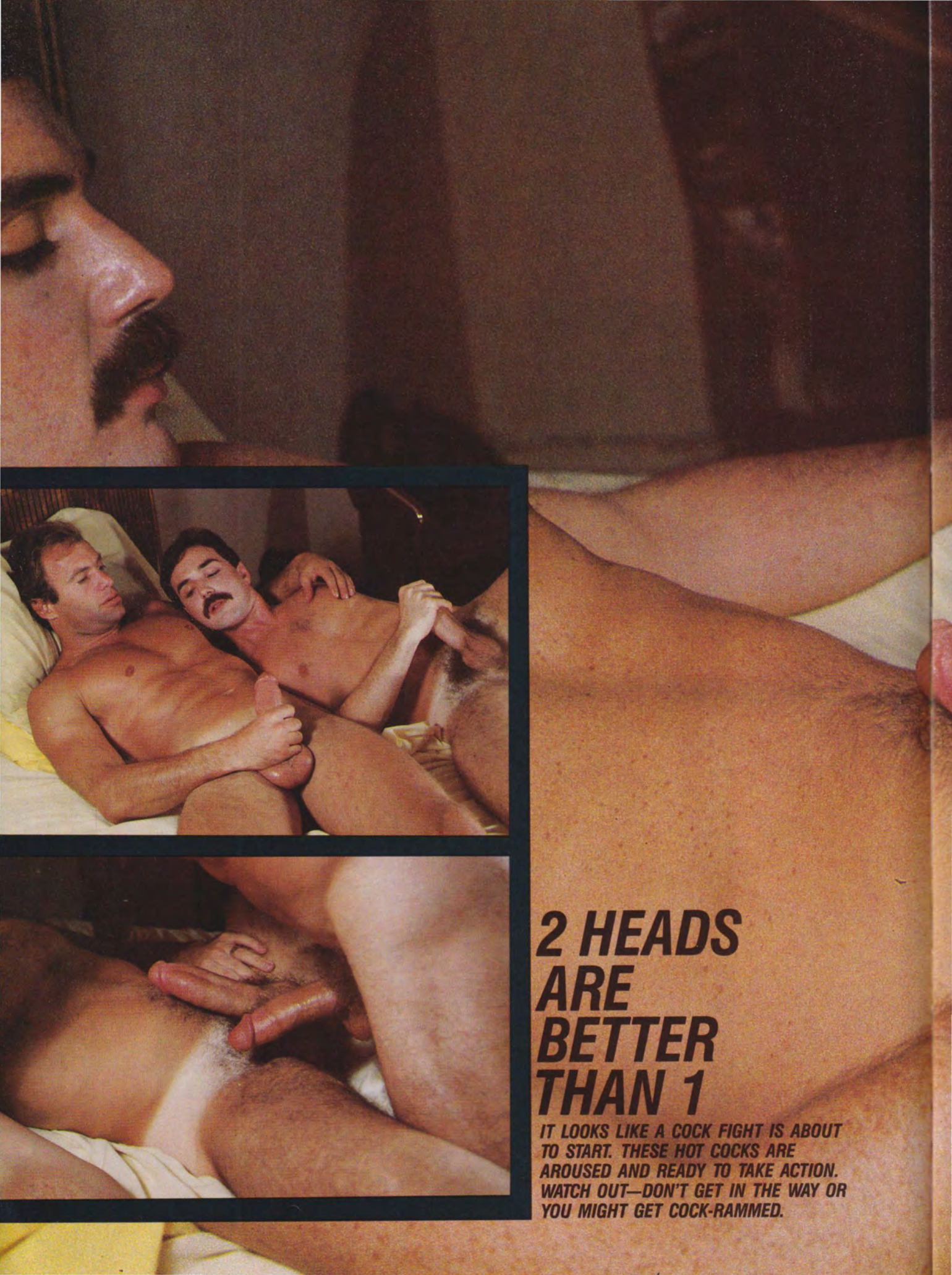
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2 HEADS ARE BETTER THAN 1



**THEY LIKE BEING WATCHED, AND THERE'S NOTHING YOU'D RATHER SEE
THAN THESE TWO STUDS GETTING IT ON. TWO HEADS GETTING AND
GIVING HEAD—AND WHAT THEY'VE GOT TO GIVE IS ALMOST SHOCKING!
BETWEEN THEM, THEY'RE PACKING ABOUT 19 INCHES.**



2 HEADS ARE BETTER THAN 1

IT LOOKS LIKE A COCK FIGHT IS ABOUT TO START. THESE HOT COCKS ARE AROUSED AND READY TO TAKE ACTION. WATCH OUT—DON'T GET IN THE WAY OR YOU MIGHT GET COCK-RAMMED.







2 HEADS ARE BETTER THAN 1

THE BATTLE CONTINUES; HOT ANGRY DICK AGAINST
HOT ANGRY DICK. THEY'RE HEAD TO HEAD, AND IT
LOOKS LIKE A BATTLE TO THE FINISH. WHO'S THAT
ON TOP? HARD TO TELL; THERE'S RYAN ON TOP, AND
HE KAYOS HOLT; THEN WHAM! POW! SOCKO! HE'S
DOWN; THEN HE'S UP, AND THEY'RE BOTH UP. IT'S
THE BATTLE OF THE BIG DICKS,
AND IT'S ONLY BEGINNING. THESE TWO HEADS WON'T
STOP ALL NIGHT.







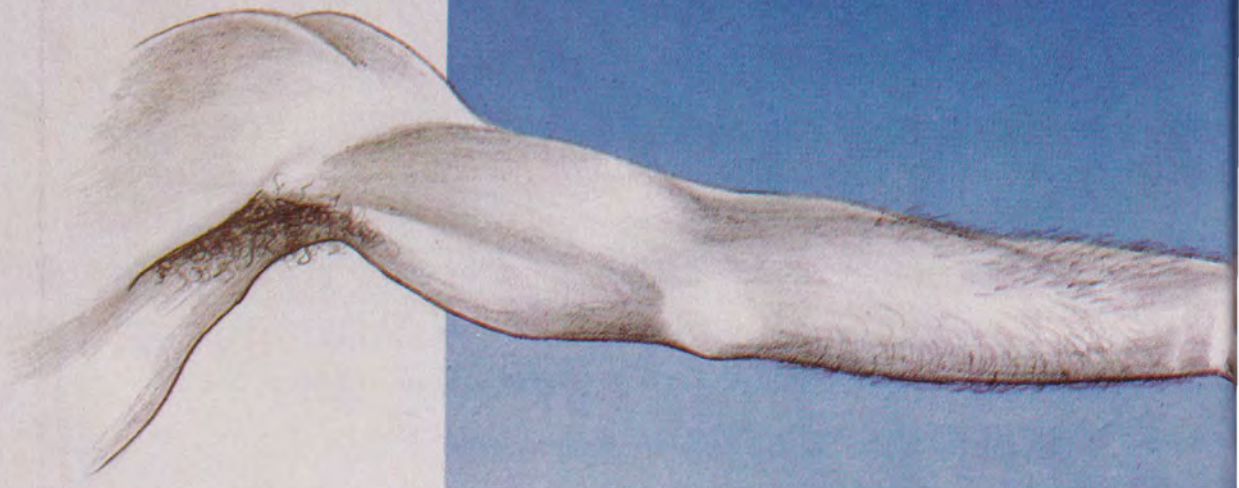
STAR FUCKERS

By Freeman Gunter • Art by Petro

Warner Ringling walked quickly up Fifth Avenue. As he turned west toward Central Park South, he caught an inadvertent glimpse of himself in the window of Bergdorf-Goodman. Although he had trained himself long ago not to be vain, he couldn't help muttering to himself, "Not bad for forty-seven." Warner was only dimly aware of admiring glances from several pairs of eyes other than his own. Was it because, at six feet, three inches, he was a fine figure of a man, or was it because he had been a famous movie star for twenty-five years?

He wondered this only out of idle curiosity, with a small section of his mind; because despite the adulation that comes with the job, Warner Ringling was a sensible man with his feet on the ground. He had to be to evince such staying power in a here-today-gone-tomorrow world like the movie business.

The two men sprang at the sleepy actor, and yanked down his jeans. In a second, he stood naked in front of the flickering light of the silent T.V. set.



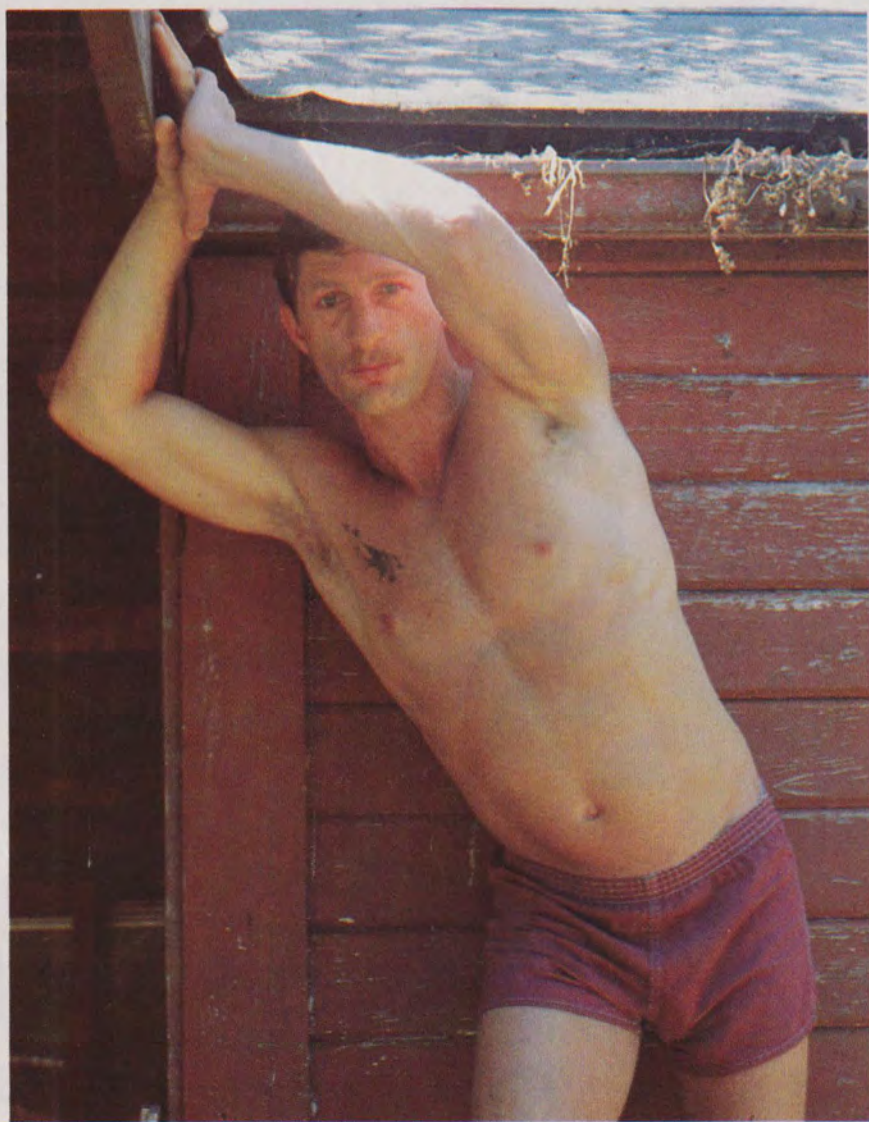
As he passed a newsstand, a color photo of his sister, Daisy O'Neil, grinned up at him from the cover of *Life* magazine. Daisy had just won an Academy Award and was now in New York starring in a Broadway show. "Not bad for fifty-two, Sis," he said out loud to her image as he turned the corner and headed toward his hotel,

the ultra-posh Clarenton-Deluxe. As he drew near the entrance, he noticed a mob of young girls, all with cameras, gathered under the canopy. Stopping at the desk to pick up his messages, he asked the concierge what the fuss was about. "It's some kind of fan club, Mr. Ringling," the man replied. "John Rick Sexton just checked in."

Continued to page 69

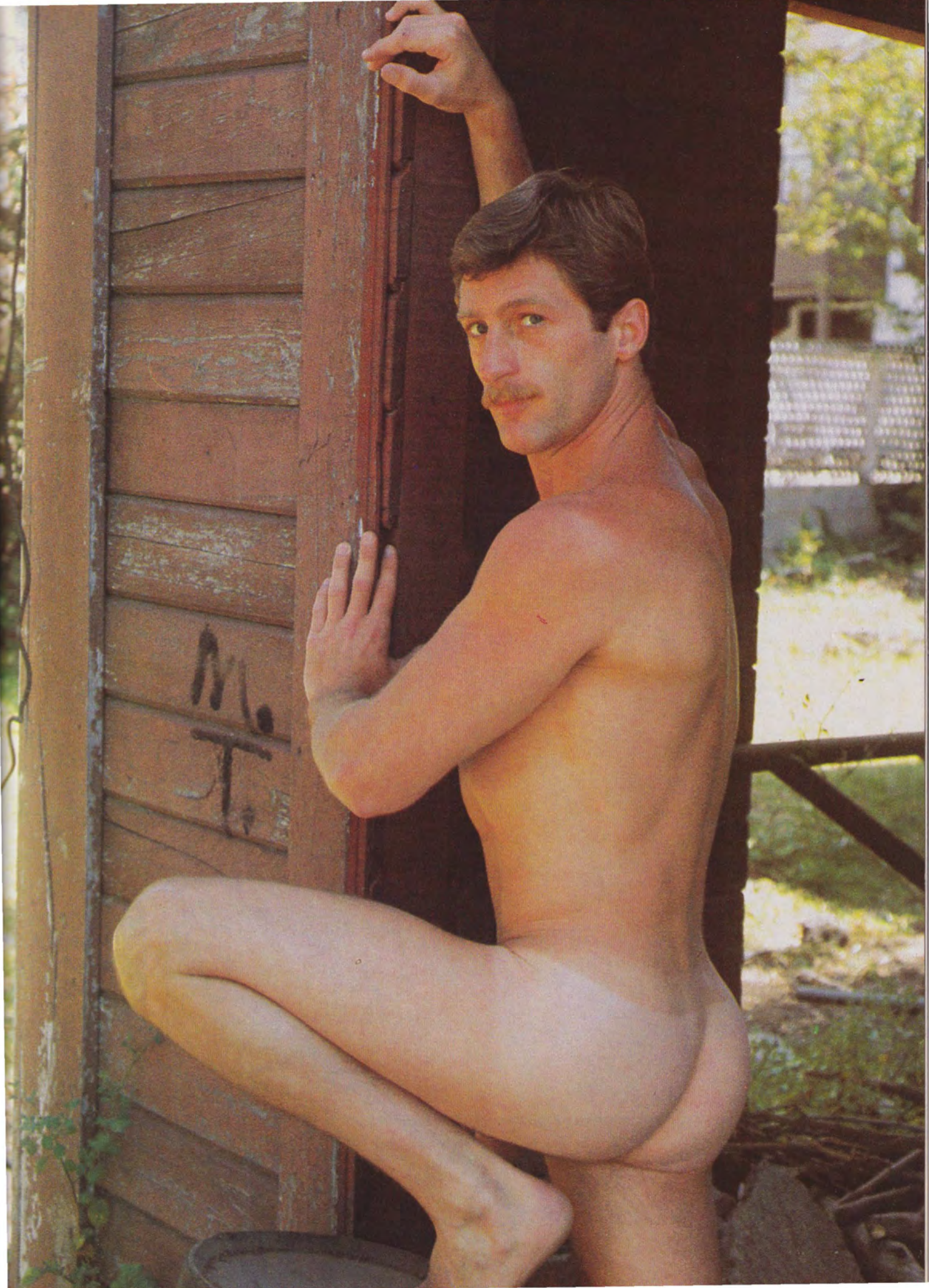


OUT BACK



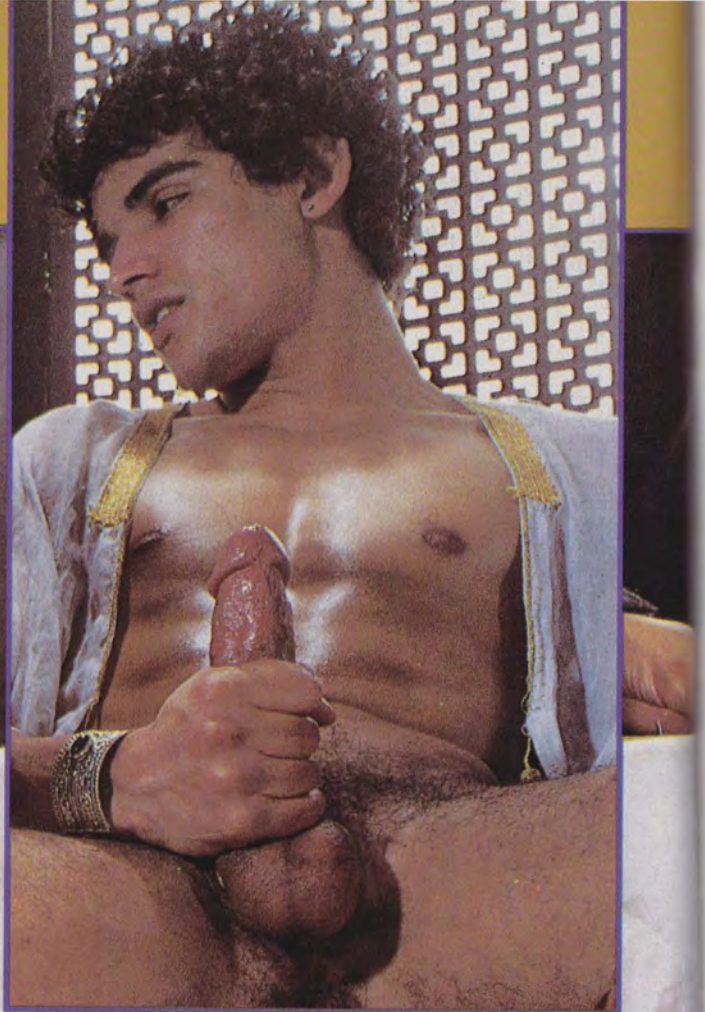
There's a shed out back behind the property where this lanky dude likes to play. He peels off his damp running shorts and lets the summer breeze play across his smooth, steamy flesh.

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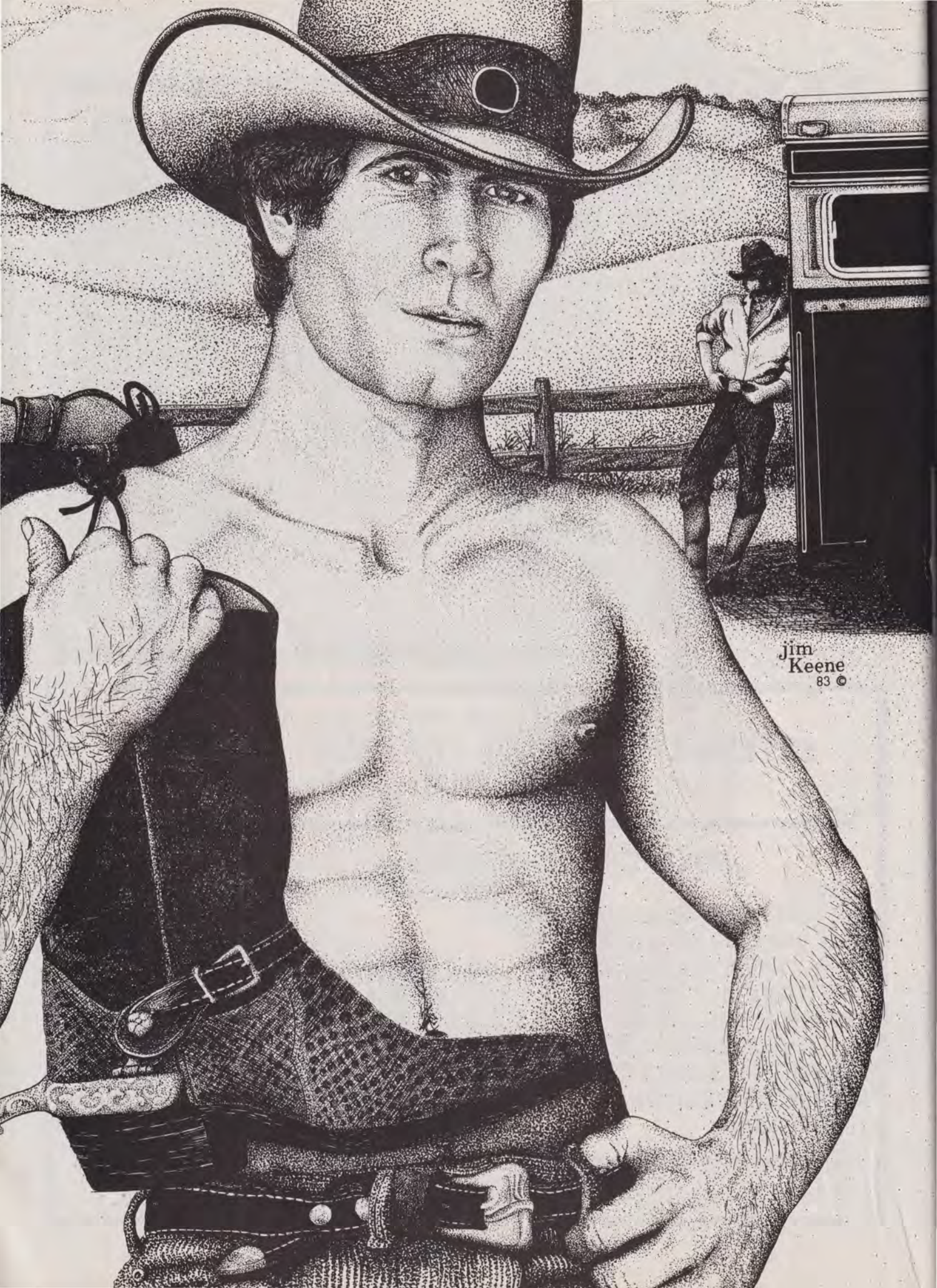
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Jim
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He pushed me down into the pile of hay and dropped on top of me, locking his lips onto mine. I felt the bulge in his jeans against my leg; my own bulge strained to break free.

COWPOKED

By Max Exander • Illustration by Jim Keene

I grew up in Yosemite National Park, in California, where my father was a forest ranger and my mother worked for the National Park system. We had a little house there, and I went to school some miles away. Every couple of months we'd take a drive down into the valley and over to San Francisco to visit my grandparents, who lived in a tall, grim Victorian in the Western Addition.

Those two realities—Yosemite and San Francisco—had something to do, I'm sure, with my present life and orientation. I still live in Yosemite part of the year—when I stay with my folks. The rest of the year I live in San Francisco, where I run my own business.

Every summer I take off for the high Sierra again, usually staying at my folks' place in Yosemite for a month before striking out into the backcountry for a month or two on the trail, away from civilization.

That's what I did this summer. It was the tenth time I've done so since moving to San Francisco at the age of eighteen. I spent the first month at my folks' house, relaxing, hiking, and rock climbing. But this year, for the first

time, I found something different.

I was out for a long hike around the valley floor in Yosemite on a hot June afternoon. A cool breeze was beginning to stir through the pines, softening the heat. I could hear the steady rumble of the falls, and the rushing stream of the Merced River as I plodded along. Pretty soon I found myself at the stables, watching the cowboys throw out hay for the horses and mules.

When I was little, I used to come and stand just like that at the stables, my little boy's hands grasping the wooden rails of one of the stable fences, my little boy eyes drinking in the sight of the tough, brawny young men in worn, tight jeans, boots, and cowboy hats. They were always spitting tobacco juice, and I remember how I used to imitate them, spitting on the ground until my mother would catch me and tell me in no uncertain terms to cut that out.

Now, twenty years later, I was standing there again staring at the cowboys, who were still the same youthful sort of men. But now we were all near the same age. I guess the park employs

young cowboys from Wyoming and Montana, so there's a constant influx of young men, year after year.

One cowboy really caught my eye. Short and stocky, with arms about as thick as my legs, he had a dark, bristly moustache. As he threw the hay out with a pitchfork, I watched his thick biceps bulge up into a big round knot, then lengthen as his arm extended to pitch the hay. He was packed in tight in his western wear. Every move pushed his thick butt against the seat of his jeans, and I could see his thick chest muscles straining his tight plaid shirt. His pocket outlined the round can of chewing tobacco, and I could see a belt with his name stitched on the back: Jack. Well, I thought to myself, you couldn't get more simple, western, or masculine than "Jack."

I kept on looking, watching the dark sweat stains under his arms get bigger. There was also a triangular patch of sweat on the back of his shirt, disappearing into his jeans. I wondered what it would be like to lift his shirt tail and lower his jeans, searching for the telltale mustiness of his sweat and hard work. My short

revery on this subject made my own jeans start bulging, as my dick lengthened and fattened.

Needless to say, he noticed me noticing him. He had stopped for a moment to wipe his forehead with his bandana—dark blue, if it matters—and he glanced over at me. My right leg was planted on the lower rail of the fence, my arms were crossed and supporting me as I leaned against the top rung of the wooden stable fence. He nodded and smiled, then spat. I nodded and smiled, kind of nonchalant—I didn't want him to get ornery if I had him sized up wrong.

But of course I wasn't wrong. He kept looking back as he worked at the hay. He'd stop and glance over at me, then resume his work. It wasn't very long—maybe two or three minutes—until he finally drove the pitchfork into the ground and swaggered over my way.

My heart pumped hard as the muscled cowboy walked my way, but I just stood there leaning against the fence, cool and easy. He came up to me and spat again, then fixed me with a long, cool stare.

"Howdy," he finally said. "Out for a walk?"

"Yep," I answered. "I live here, just

"Of course," I answered, knowing again exactly what he meant. "That's why I live there."

He nodded and grinned, looking back at me and extending his hand. "Jack," we both said at once, as he introduced himself. "I read your belt," I explained. He nodded again, still grinning.

"Damn hot out here," the cowboy said, running his hand across his sweaty forehead. I could see the big sweat stains under his arms, and when he lifted them, I could smell the sweet raunch of his armpits.

"Sure is," I agreed, feeling the bulge in my pants get even bigger.

"How 'bout getting some shade?" he said, looking across at one of the stable houses.

I nearly froze up at the immediacy of his invitation. I had thought I might have to work at seducing this cowboy, but here he was, coming on as big as day. "You bet," I answered, and together we started to walk along the length of the fence—he on one side, I on the other—until we reached the gate. He opened it and let me into the stable, and we started to walk across the hay and dirt towards the barn.

Just as we neared the barn door, he reached up and slapped me on the

hay and dropped on top of me, locking his lips onto mine and thrusting his tongue into my hungry mouth. Our tongues played, the tips met and duelled, our lips brushed. He ran his tongue over my lips, then bit my lower one, finally nibbling and sucking on the tip of my tongue. I felt the bulge in his jeans against my leg; the bulge in my own jeans strained to break free.

I buried my face in his armpit, in the damp shirt, sniffing and enjoying the strong, honest odor. I moved my hands across his chest and began to unbutton his shirt. Finally I got it off and saw his nude torso—thick, tan, covered with hair and sweat. I plunged into his armpit again, lapped at the raunchy hair, soaked it with my spit as I licked his salty sweat.

He fumbled with his belt buckle, unbuttoned his jeans, and took them off along with his boots while I continued to lick his armpits. He pulled my face back to his and kissed me again, tasting his own sweat on my lips and tongue. When I reached down between us to feel his erection, I gasped at the enormity of what I felt. It was the way I imagined it: long and tremendously thick. It was the thickness that was shocking; the monstrous thing must have been as thick as a coke bottle, and his balls, which hung down heavy in a long sac, were about the size of apricots. I grabbed them and squeezed, and he responded with a moan of lust. I reached up to his erect nipples and tugged on them as well. He moaned his pleasure again.

He stripped me, pulling my clothes off rapidly. When he saw my cock thrust proudly up and my big balls hanging between my legs, he let out a low whistle. "Fucking monster," he said, staring down at my dick and wrapping his fist around it. "Fucking tool," he said, pumping my huge cock in his fist.

Before I knew what was happening, he shifted position and straddled my torso, bringing his ass over my face. I stayed on my back and he knelt forward, sliding my hard dick into his mouth and lowering his sweaty, musty asshole onto my mouth. I eagerly ate his ass out, licking at the sweat, probing the tight hole with my hot tongue.

His mouth slipped up and down on my hard pole; I was amazed at his facility. This hunky cowboy had my whole fucking dick down his throat, and he was milking it with his mouth and tongue. His asshole on my mouth was growing loose and slippery; I began to feel as though I'd like to fuck this hot cowboy number.

Continued to page 96

The hunky cowboy had my whole fucking dick down his throat, and he was milking it with his mouth and tongue. That's when I decided to fuck this hot western number.

out for the afternoon."

"Live here?" he said, raising his eyebrows and spitting once again.

"Sure; I grew up here. During the winter I live in San Francisco, but come summer, I'm back to stay with the folks before heading up into the high country for some backpacking."

He nodded, then looked away. His eye was fixed on a mare prancing around on the other side of the stables. He kept watching the horse, then said: "San Francisco, huh?"

"San Francisco," I affirmed, knowing exactly what he meant.

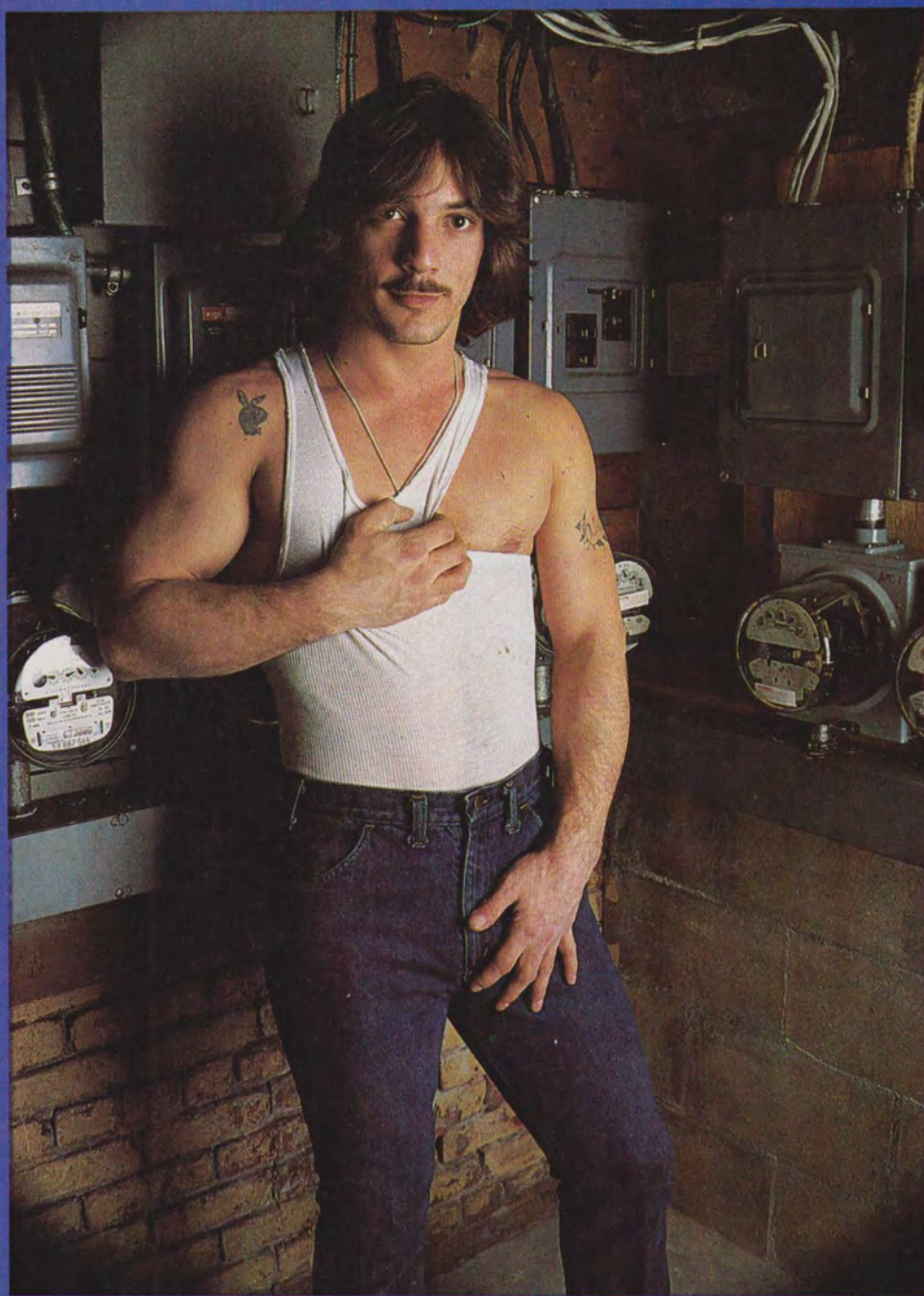
"Nice town," he said. "But I ain't much into big cities." He spat again, still gazing intently at the mare. "But I get down there now and again for weekends, ya know. . ." He let this remark out soft, as if implying more than he said.

back, a strange, fraternal gesture that confused me for a moment. But then he kept his hand there on my back and used it to propel me through the door, into the warm, dusty interior. The light was murky—it filtered dimly through cracks in the wood, and the place smelled of hay and manure, dust and horseflesh. It was an aphrodisiac, that smell. His hand remained planted on my back, propelling me further into the dim interior of the barn. He pushed me into one of the horse stalls filled with hay.

I could hardly believe the scene was really happening. It was too much like a fantasy, but then, why not? I was at home in Yosemite, with a young hot cowboy, and we had slipped into a barn for a fuck. What could be more simple?

He pushed me down into the pile of

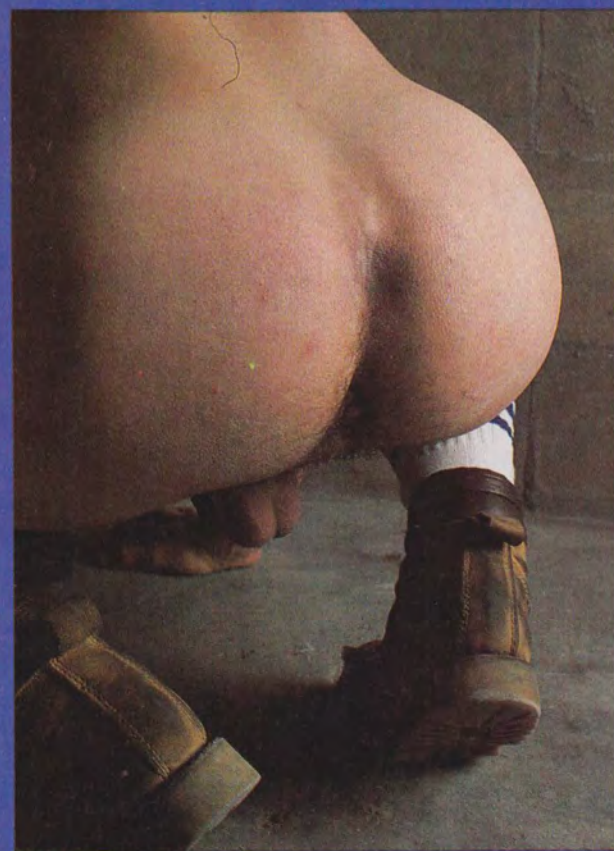
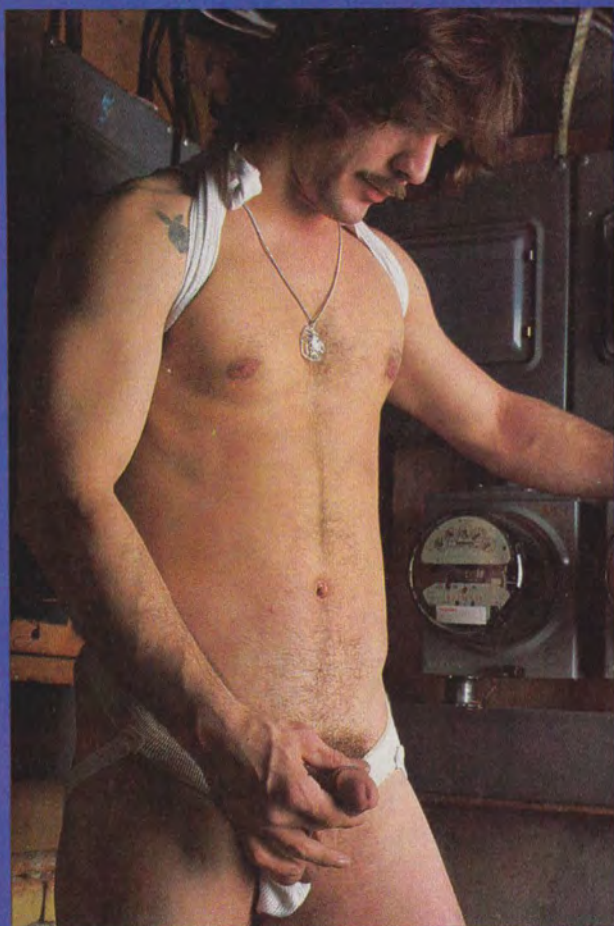
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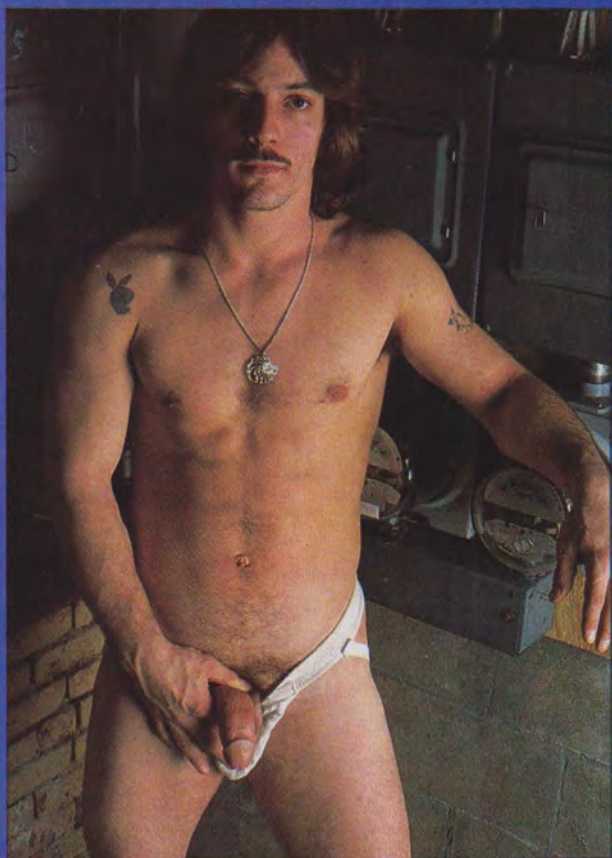
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STAR FUCKERS

Continued from page 20

That evening, Michael San Vicente sat with his agent in the dimly lit dining room of the Clarenton-Deluxe. They were discussing a new screenplay. Although San Vicente was nearly thirty-five, his blond good looks and slender build made him look years younger. Ever since his great success in *The Light Fighter Pilot*, Michael had been offered a series of young war-hero movie roles. He had been in New York all week discussing the latest of these offers. As they talked, the handsome actor suddenly became aware that the conversational hubbub in the room had ceased. All eyes were turned toward the front desk.

Daniel, the restaurant manager, looked up from his reservation book and almost lost his cool, calm, professional demeanor. There in front of the desk stood the most divinely handsome man he had ever seen. He was about twenty-five, over six feet tall, and his expensive suit seemed to contain the body of Adonis. There was no doubt about the face: its planes and angles were chiseled perfection. A pair of emerald-green eyes flashed both fire and ice; "sensual" would be inadequate to describe the mouth that was framed by a short, new-looking beard. It was all Daniel could do not to leap across the reservations desk and bite into that mouth as if it were a ripe peach. Daniel was used to seeing good-looking men. After all, both Warner Ringling and that gorgeous Michael San Vicente had been staying at the hotel all week. But this man put to shame any dreamboat Daniel had ever encountered. His mouth went so dry that he could hardly ask, "May I help you?"

"Yes," replied the young man, smiling graciously as a god would. "I believe I have a reservation. I'm John Rick Sexton."

"Of course," Daniel said, once again in full command. As the conversation resumed at a somewhat more feverish level than before, Daniel realized why he had not recognized Sexton immediately: the beard, probably grown for a movie role. Like half the nation, Daniel had been glued to his television for three nights in a row earlier in the season to watch Sexton burning up the twenty-one inch screen in a miniseries with Joan Collins. The network reported that the ratings had broken all

records. Daniel could easily see why; in person, John Rick Sexton was unbelievably hot-looking. He carried himself with an authority, unforced but overwhelming, that captured the imagination of every man, woman, and child who saw him. It was not for nothing that the forks fell to the plates when he walked into the dining room of the Clarenton-Deluxe. When Daniel went back to the kitchen, word of Sexton's presence had already reached the far corners. "Did you ever see anything like him?" a breathless headwaiter asked Daniel. "Did you check out that basket? Imagine it! Those three movie star hunks all staying here at the same time. Wouldn't that be a threesome? I can't get over it."

Daniel couldn't get over it, either. John Rick Sexton was so beautiful, so sexy, that even the worldly wise Daniel couldn't bring himself to be blasé. Yes, he had checked out the basket. He checked out more than that; he found out Sexton's room number and, after work late that night, he stood outside the door for a few moments just to listen. He heard the sound of the shower. It had given him an instant hard-on just to imagine the water running down the lush contours of John Rick Sexton's incredible body. If he

having company. So he invited Sexton up for a drink. It was as simple as that.

"This is mighty neighborly of you, Mr. Ringling," said John Rick Sexton as his host turned the key.

"Warner. Please," urged Ringling, his famous gray eyes crinkling in a smile that was even more appealing in person than on the screen. "Scotch?"

"Fine," said John Rick Sexton. As he handed Sexton the tinkling glass, Ringling's eyes again crinkled in that squinty smile that made him look so much like his famous sister. Ringling led the way to a large, comfortable couch where they sat in silence for a while, sipping scotch and gazing out over Central Park far below. They began to talk about the subject they had in common: the movie business. John Rick had words of admiration for Warner's extraordinary track record in Hollywood and for his debut as a director with the well-received exposé of communism, *The Red Blues*. Warner Ringling, warming to the conversation, revealed to John Rick Sexton that he had just signed a contract that afternoon to direct another film, a war movie which was to star Michael San Vicente.

"Say, that's really great," said John

Warner Ringling, John Rick Sexton, and Michael San Vicente—three of Hollywood's hottest hunks all in the same hotel room late one night, a little horny, a little stoned. That's the night they found out what men can do for each other.

could have seen what was happening behind that closed door, he'd have had more than a hard-on. He probably would have had a heart attack. Inside that room at the Clarenton-Deluxe, Hollywood history was being made that very night.

It began with a chance meeting: As John Rick Sexton was leaving the dining room, he ran into Warner Ringling in the lobby. The younger man recognized the older star at once and introduced himself. Ringling had finished his business for the evening and was looking forward to having a relaxing drink up in his suite before turning in. Since he had left his lady, Tanya Ellis, back in California, he suddenly felt like

Rick with genuine enthusiasm. "This calls for a celebration, Warner. Tell you what: I've got some great sinsemilla in my room. It's just down the hall. Let me go roll us a couple of joints."

"Wait," said Warner Ringling. "I'll come with you. Just let me grab this jug of scotch."

Twenty minutes later, the two actors were deep into their second drink and their second joint. Away from the familiar surroundings of his own suite, Warner had relaxed completely. As the two men sprawled on John Rick's enormous bed, idly watching the brightly colored flickerings of the TV set, the conversation continued. "Y'know, Rick," he said, "I've gotta hand it to

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you. You've really arrived with a bang. This time last year you were unknown and now, look at you! Your own mini-series with phenomenal ratings. And how about that fan club mob down-stairs this afternoon! I could hardly get into the building."

"Yeah, I know," Sexton replied, modestly lowering his glorious emerald eyes. "It's kind of embarrassing, actually. Those fans, I mean. Do you ever get used to that kind of attention, Warner? I was a lifeguard, going to acting school and playing extra bits, before. Then I got that TV thing and now I am recognized everywhere I go. It's what I always wanted, I guess, but I'm not sure, now, how to handle it. When those fans yell like that, I don't know how to respond. I don't know what they want from me."

"I can tell you what they want," Warner answered, his voice taking on a decidedly mischievous tone that matched the twinkle in his gray eyes. "I could put my finger right on what they want from you."

"It's a strange kind of power," John Rick said, missing the innuendo entirely. "It's weird, knowing that you could have any of those girls. Or guys, too, for that matter."

"Guys?" Warner said, raising an eyebrow.

"Sure, guys," Jon Rick answered. "I mean, I'm not queer or anything. But I can't help wondering why guys throw themselves at me, too."

"You'll get used to it," Warner assured him. "They don't know you're not gay. They don't even care. You just look good to 'em. And don't forget: they do buy tickets!"

"But, in spite of the constant attention," Sexton complained, "it's really lonesome. I mean, you can't take all those people up on their offers. I really couldn't fool around, even if I wanted to, because everybody is always watching every move I make."

"Nobody is watching you now."

"What do you mean?"

"Just this: We're alone together in the middle of the night in this very private room," Warner said. "You can do anything you want."

"I don't get it," John Rick said, a cloud of confusion passing in front of his emerald eyes.

"Sure you do, Rick," Warner insinuated. "Don't you think I have the same problems? People are curious about us. Why can't we be curious, too? Aren't you curious about me? I'm curious about you. You are one of the most beautiful guys I've ever seen. I don't have to be a homo to notice a thing like that. Just human. Human

response is the most natural thing in the world. If you're gonna be an actor, you've got to understand human response. All kinds."

"Do you want to make it with me, Mr. Ringling?"

"Warner."

"Warner. Do you?"

"Since you brought it up, sure,"

Ringling said with an enormous and truly irresistible smile. "Why not? Come here."

John Rick Sexton's head was spinning and not just from the grass and scotch. Warner Ringling was one of his idols. As the star's familiar face, so boyish and yet so mature, came closer, he felt a rush of excitement that surprised him profoundly. Oh, my God, John Rick thought, here I go! Out loud he said, "There's always a first time for everything."

"Here's to your first time, pal."

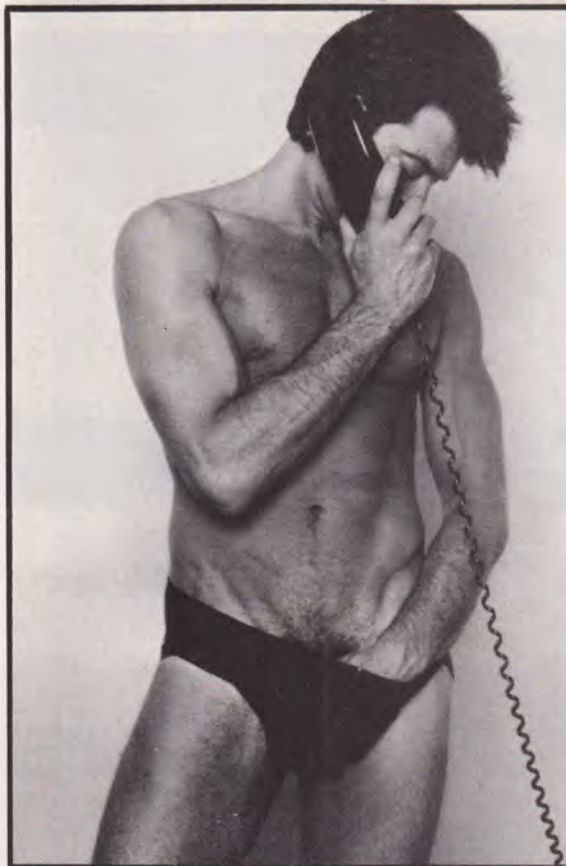
Warner Ringling said, raising his glass in a toasting gesture. Then he put down the glass and reached for John Rick Sexton. Without another word, they fell into each other's arms and rolled over and over on the bed. Warner tasted John Rick's magnificent mouth, gently biting his ripe lower lip and then plunging his tongue inside. John Rick could feel the hardness of Warner's cock pressing insistently

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against his stomach. Then, to his slight surprise, he realized that his own cock was just as hard and begging to be released from the jock strap he was wearing under his pants.

"Just a minute," John Rick said. "Let me get out of these." In record time, he peeled off his pants, his socks, his shirt.

Warner stood by the bed, undressing more slowly. His twinkling eyes took in the sight that lay below him, writhing in a jockstrap. John Rick Sexton's body was even handsomer than his face. In the flickering light, his jock contrasted with the tan of his smooth skin. Warner knelt over him, kissed him again, then plunged his face down over the muscular chest to the hard, flat stomach. He buried his face in the luxurious contour of John Rick's armpit and chewed away at the marvelous junction of pec, bicep and lat. John Rick moaned with delight. Then Warner went down to John Rick's waist, hooked his thumbs under the jockstrap, and pulled. Eight and a half in-

ches of rock-hard dick instantly sprang up and hit John Rick's stomach with a loud smack. Warner was on it in a minute, licking it, spitting on it, and taking it into his mouth. "Oh, God, man," John Rick gasped, "chew it, man! Eat my fuckin' dick!"

"And you eat mine," Warner said hoarsely, swinging his body around on the bed so that his stiff boner was in John Rick's face. "Go on, man, eat me. You know you want to."

He wanted to, all right. John Rick couldn't believe how much he wanted Warner Ringling's dick in his mouth. Or how good it felt when he put it there. He started to exclaim but all that came out was, "Aggukaak."

"Hey, down there!" Warner called, "anybody ever tell you not to talk with your mouth full? Shut up and suck." With that, the pair returned to their steamy sixty-nine. As his cum began to rise, Warner thought, I've got my face between the most beautiful man-thighs in the world! As his load began to gush, he pulled off of John Rick's fat dick just long enough to shout, "Here it comes!"

John Rick didn't know what hit him; he had swallowed Warner's gizz before he even thought about it. It went down nice and easy. Having shot, Warner knelt over John Rick's crotch and concentrated on sucking some dick him-

self. He hadn't done this since his long-ago navy days. And never with a man this magnificent. He grabbed John Rick's fat cock at the base and made the skin all tight and shiny. He worked it in his fist as he looked up at the belly, chest, arms, shoulders, and face of the handsomest man in the world. Then he went back down on that dick until his own famous face was buried in John Rick's black bush. The dick was buried deep in Warner's throat when it throbbed, expanded even more, and erupted. Warner collapsed on John Rick's broad young chest. As the two lay entwined in a fraternal embrace, each had flashes of childhood, of being held in daddy's strong arms.

"Man, that was great," John Rick Sexton said at last. "I didn't know two men could have so much fun in bed together." He looked up into Warner Ringling's gray eyes. They were crinkling again with mischief and merriment.

"I'll bet *three* men could have even more fun," Warner said. "Let's call Michael San Vicente."

"What!" said John Rick Sexton, looking into Warner's eyes to see if he was serious. He was. He was already reaching for the phone. "Warner, are you sure that's a good idea? I mean, San Vicente is real square. I see him



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at the gym, sometimes. He strikes me as real uptight."

"We'll just have to loosen him up, then," Ringling said with a laugh. "If he's gonna work in a film for me, he's gotta be able to improvise. He's gotta be open to new experiences. We'll open him up. Roll us another joint of that good grass while I ring him up."

Fifteen minutes later, Michael San Vicente stood before Warner Ringling and John Rick Sexton. San Vicente, dressed in a pair of jeans and a white t-shirt, was still rubbing the sleep from his eyes. Warner explained that he and his buddy John Rick had been discussing the new war movie and had come up with some ideas they wanted to try out on him. He offered Michael a joint, which the sleepy actor reluctantly accepted. He seemed reluctant in general, reluctant to be awakened and summoned, and reluctant to accept the tall drink of scotch that John Rick held out to him. But he acquiesced.

As they smoked and drank, Warner spoke in vague terms about the manly affection that comes out of the extreme pressures of war. He and John Rick lounged on the bed wearing only their trousers; San Vicente sat stiffly in a chair.

"What I have in mind," Warner explained, "is a little impromptu acting exercise. I want to test your re-

sponses." He turned to John Rick and said, "You know, it's kinda warm in here, don't you think?" Then to Michael San Vicente he said, "John Rick and I just had a shower to cool off. Why don't you go take one to wake up and then we'll begin."

Michael San Vicente was one puzzled stud as he took his drink into the bathroom to shower. He was even more puzzled when he came out of the steamy bathroom buttoning up his jeans: Warner and John Rick had stripped off their trousers. Warner was lying on the bed nude and John Rick had his jockstrap on. "You might as well peel those jeans off, Michael," Warner announced, with a lewd wink at John Rick.

A look of sheer terror crossed San Vicente's face. For a moment, he seemed about to bolt from the room. "Hey fellas, what's this all about?" he whined.

"Like I said, this is an exercise to test your responses to a certain kind of wartime stress," Warner said. "Come on, J.R., let's get him comfortable!" With that, the two men sprang at San Vicente and yanked down his jeans. In a second, he stood there nude in the flickering light of the silent TV set. His lean, blond physique was hard and sinewy without an extra ounce of meat. Even his loins and bel-

ly were tight, with traces of bluish veins running across the hard muscled surfaces just below the skin. His dick, in spite of the shower, was shriveled up as if he had just come out of an icy lake. Warner's cock was hanging heavy, swinging and brushing against his thighs as he moved. Michael glanced down at Warner's lengthening, swinging slab and then at the fat and formidable bulge in John Rick's jock. "I'm getting out of here!" Michael San Vicente cried.

"Not without these," John Rick exclaimed, brandishing Michael's blue jeans in his muscular fist.

"And not if you want to play my baby screen marine!" Warner Ringling added gruffly, barely able to conceal his amusement.

"Hey, come on, guys!" San Vicente cried. "What's up?"

"Stand right there, soldier!" Warner commanded in a voice convincing enough to make Michael San Vicente freeze in his naked tracks. "Like I said, we're gonna test your responses. Now you just stand there and watch this," Warner ordered. He turned to John Rick and gently urged, "Now show me what you've learned. Come to daddy and make him feel like a happy man." John Rick knelt in front of Warner and looked up along his beefy body and into the twinkling gray eyes. He opened



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his mouth and slowly took Warner's big, blunt dick into it. His emerald eyes closed languidly as he let his pal's half-hard penis loll into his open mouth. Like a dog with a bone, he shook his handsome head from side to side, letting Warner's cock bounce around inside his mouth as it quickly reached its full length and stiffness. Warner threw his head back and released a long, contented sigh from the bottom of his guts. His dick stood straight out and John Rick's face of a thousand dreams was rapturously wrapped around it. Warner reached down and ran his hands through John Rick's jet black hair. "Atta boy," he murmured. "Oh, babe. Yeah!"

Michael San Vicente watched this spectacle with clenched fists. When he looked down and saw that his own blue-veined cock was beginning to bounce to attention, he was more than startled; he was scared shitless. But he didn't close his eyes, he didn't run away. John Rick looked up from Warner's spit-slick dick at Michael's now erect boner. To Michael's further horror, John Rick licked his lips obscenely and reached out for the uncut, blue-veined sextool. "Look, Warner! His responses are right on target," John Rick remarked.

"Yeah, so they are," Warner replied. "You guys!" San Vicente exclaimed. "Why are you doing that? This is disgusting!"

John Rick continued to slurp enthusiastically on Warner's dick. Warner reached down to John Rick's crotch and grabbed a handful of dick, ballbag, and jockstrap. "What's disgusting about this?" he said. "It's the most natural thing in the world. Try it."

Michael San Vicente sniffed, "It's... it's... unmanly!"

"I think it's about the most manly thing two men can do," Warner retorted. "Don't you think cooperation between men is manly? Don't you think it's manly for a man to help another man out? What do you think war is about? Or team sports? What could be more manly than taking your buddy's dick up your ass? That's one thing no chick can do for you. Do you want to spend the rest of your life as the poor man's Paul Newman? Don't be such a tight ass."

"You guys are crazy," Michael cried shrilly. His voice cracked and his bobbing boner further undermined the image of dignity he was trying to convey. "I'd never do that. I'd never take a guy's dick up my ass!"

"Oh yes you would," Warner said

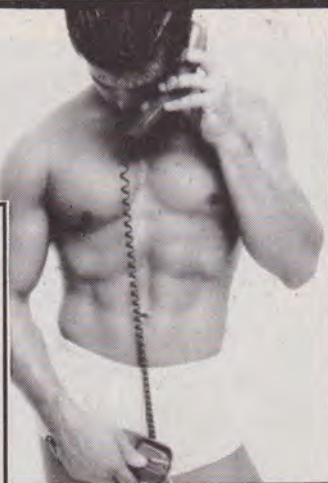
calmly. "You're gonna take a dick up your ass right now. Grab him, J.R.!" The two men tackled the reluctant stud and threw him back on the bed. Warner pinned his arms and John Rick sat on his legs. Michael's dick was still hard and throbbing fit to burst. The lush foreskin had slipped back to reveal a wet, pink dickhead. John Rick reached for his straining jock pouch and flipped his dick out. "I wanna do the honors," he said, his eyes meeting Warner's over the clenched, corded body of the trapped blond. He raised San Vicente's ankles and Warner grabbed them firmly. Then John Rick let fly with a big blob of spit which he spread over his hard, fat cock. He poised it briefly in front of San Vicente's clenched asshole, and rammed it in. The buggered blond let out a blood-curdling scream which quickly turned into a strangled groan.

John Rick had never fucked a man before. He was amazed at how naturally it came to him. He reached over, grabbed Michael's hard dick, and worked the foreskin up over the head and then back down, revealing that pink dickhead. He had never held an uncircumcised cock in his hand; he was fascinated by the feel of Michael's sliding skin. Warner's erection towered

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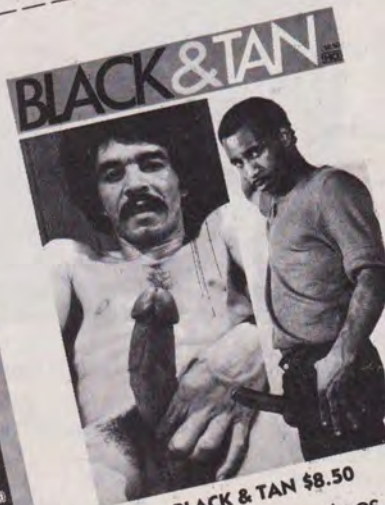
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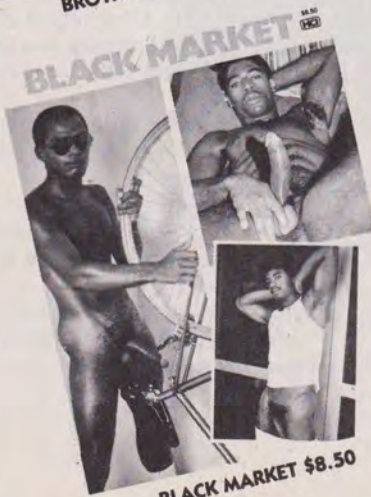
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over San Vicente's face, and his balls dangled loose in the blond's eyes while John Rick continued to plow Michael's white marble buns. He gazed languidly at his fat dick sliding in and out of San Vicente's ass. All the while, he continued to pump Michael's cock in his big fist. San Vicente had stopped struggling and seemed to be, if not enjoying his rape, resigned to it. Presently, a thick rope of gizz spurted from his cock, announcing that the experience had not been entirely unpleasant for him. John Rick pulled his still-hard cock out and Warner released Michael's arms. "There, now," Warner said at last, "that wasn't so bad, was it?"

"You guys think you're funny," Michael said with all the contempt he could muster as his own cum lay drying on his belly.

"Oh, come on, Mike," John Rick said, "you liked that more than you admit."

"Just consider it an initiation," Warner added. "I wanted to see if you could improvise. And how well you take direction."

Michael San Vicente hopped off the bed and began pulling on his jeans and t-shirt. "If you jokers are through with me for the night, I'm going back to sleep," he said as he slammed out of the room.

John Rick Sexton and Warner Ringling looked at each other and burst out laughing. They hugged each other and laughed until tears ran down their cheeks. Finally, Warner's face became mock serious. He looked into John Rick's deep, green eyes and said, "Well, J.R., I was wrong about one thing."

"What's that, Warner?"

"When I said three men could have more fun in bed than two men, I was mistaken."

"I like a man who admits his mistakes," John Rick said with a grin.

"I like you, J.R.," Warner said.

"You're a good sport. You're also a good fuck. Come here, good buddy," he said, raising his beefy legs and putting them on John Rick's broad, broad shoulders. "From the looks of that rod you're sporting, I'd say we've got some unfinished business." ■

BROTHER-FUCKERS

Continued from page 40

"Did you like that?" he asked, stroking my stomach.

"Yes. I want to do that for you, Jeff."

"You will, buddy. You will."

I learned a lot from Jeff in the next couple of years. Finally he finished high school and went away to college. When he came home on vacation, we never talked about what we'd done as kids. I was hurt, at first, but I realized it probably had never meant as much to him as it had to me. When he was at home we still slept in the same big bed, but we never touched. We always managed to sleep as far apart as possible.

By the time I was in college, Jeff had married and moved to another state. The telephone call this evening was the first contact we'd had since then. I wondered how much change we would see in each other.

The intercom buzzed and interrupted my memories. I pushed the talk button.

"Yes?"

"It's me, Jeff!" The deep voice was familiar to me.

"Come in," I said excitedly and pushed the button that unlocked the front door downstairs. I paced back and forth behind my apartment door until I heard the elevator stop on my floor. I yanked open the door and stepped into the hall.

"Jeff!" I yelled. The man stepped off the elevator and turned toward me. It was Jeff, a more mature, more handsome, more virile looking Jeff than I remembered. He hurried toward me, his easy, bright smile lighting up his face.

"How the hell are you, boy?" he asked, wrapping his strong arms around me.

"I'm fine, Jeff. How are you? Come inside."

As I fixed drinks, he took off his suit coat, loosened his tie, and sat down on the couch. I couldn't take my eyes off him. All the feelings of love and admiration and passion rushed back to me as I looked at him. He seemed to fill up the room with his physical presence. I felt we were back in our slanted-roof room and I was safe once again. I was pleased to see that his boyish good looks had developed into strikingly handsome maturity. His shoulders were more fleshed out now and his powerful legs still looked athletic under the expensive fabric of his smooth fitting trousers.

"You really look great," he smiled up at me.

"And you," I replied.

"My skinny step-brother has turned into a good looking man. I always knew you were going to be the best

looking one."

"Bullshit," I replied, blushing.

"And you can still blush... fantastic!"

We talked until three in the morning, remembering and catching up on each other's life. Jeff's marriage had ended. He was evasive about the specifics so I didn't press him. Finally I suggested he stay the night. I offered him the couch or sharing the bed with me. His face got serious as he stared at the double bed.

"We'll share the bed, like when we were kids," he said. He stepped into the bedroom and began to undress. His body was in excellent shape and I looked unguardedly at the meaty hunk of cock that dangled invitingly out of the mass of hair in his crotch. The strong, passionate feeling I knew as a kid rushed through me.

"You still like to be naked?" I asked and pulled off my own shirt.

"I guess I'm a nudist, or maybe just an exhibitionist." He stretched out on the bed with his arms folded behind his head as he used to do when we were kids. He spread his legs so that his big, potent balls hung down and the luscious fullness of his cock arched over them.

"You've got a nice body," he said quietly. "I used to wonder if you'd ever put on any weight."

"I know," I agreed. I lay down beside him, propped on one arm so that I could face him. My gaze slid down over his muscled, hairy body, then back to his pleasant face. God, how I loved him! "I used to be embarrassed to get undressed in front of you. You always looked so good and I was so skinny."

"Not anymore," he replied sincerely. He closed his eyes as if telling me he was ready to sleep. I watched him for a few more minutes, my eyes feasting on his powerful, masculine beauty. I wondered whether I would be able to sleep tonight with him so close to me. I felt like a kid again, wanting to touch him but afraid because then he would know for certain that I was gay. We were men now and I wanted his friendship and respect. I comforted myself with that idea as I turned away from him and settled myself on my side of the bed.

I woke up about an hour later when I felt the bed move. Jeff was sitting up, smoking a cigarette.

"Jeff? You okay?"

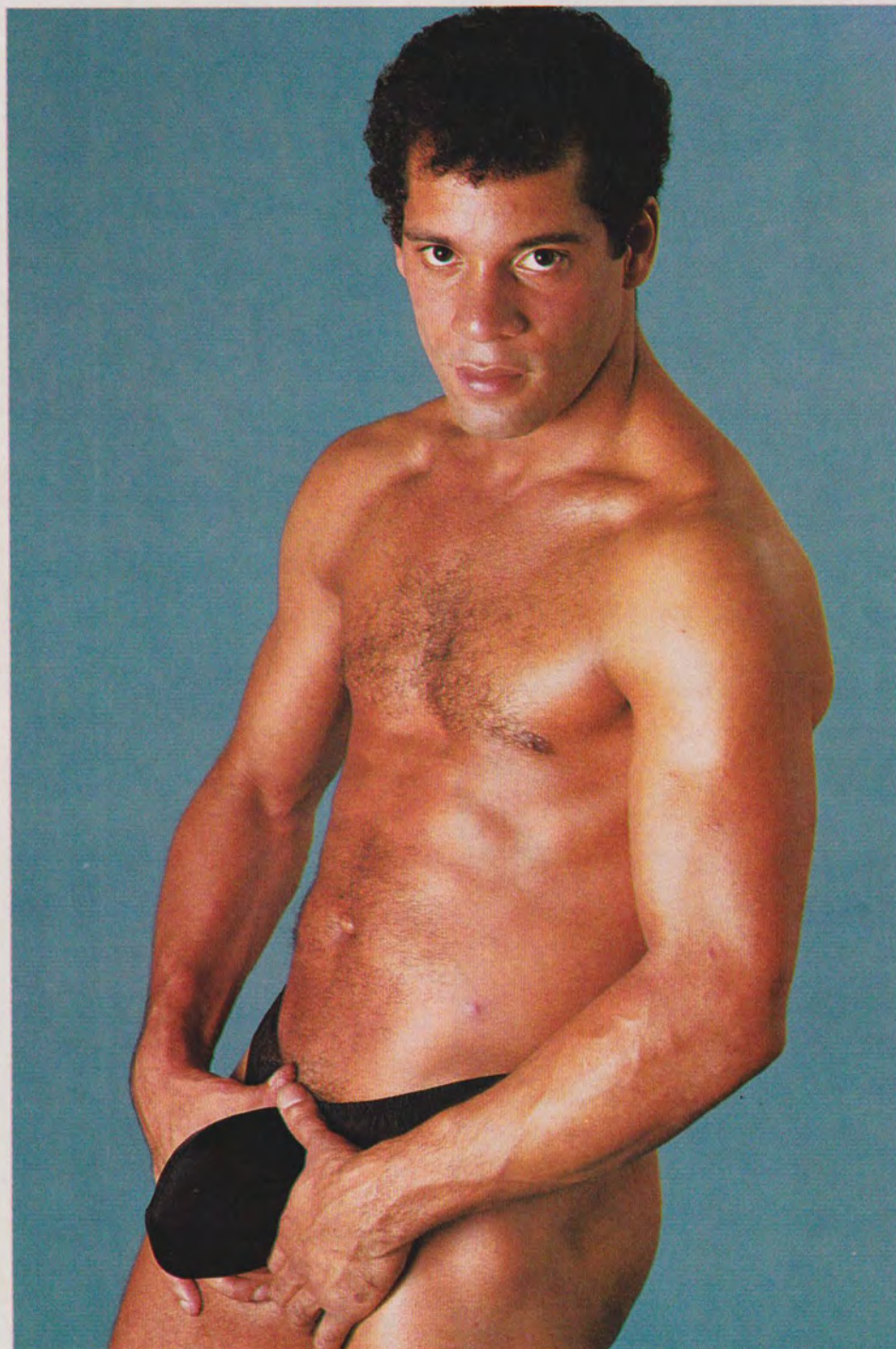
"Yeah... no." His voice sounded strange to me in the dimness of the room. I sat up.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"I shouldn't have come here. I don't

Continued on page 91

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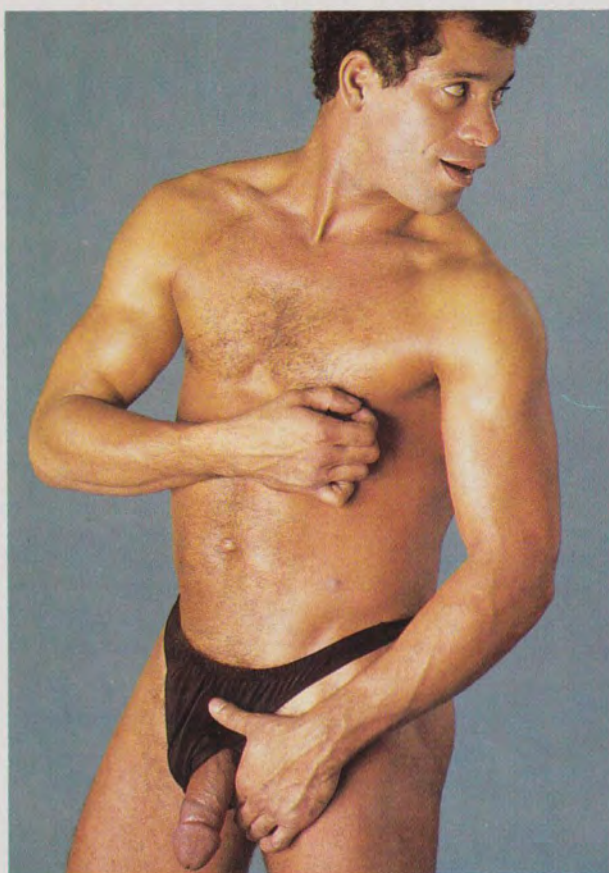
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ARIZONA

PHOENIX

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

GWM, 30'S, TALL, SLIM

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

CALIFORNIA

GWM, 30, 6', 170 LBS.

Brown hair/eyes, discreet, submissive, seeks honest love any race from 30, not into gay scene. Answer with photo. C.D., 326 Evergreen Ave., Daly City, CA 94014.

VERY HOT DADDIES BOY

WM, 22, 5' 6", 120 smooth well-defined body looking for hot daddy 35-45 with a strong hand for discipline. Write with photo, phone to Boy, 540 Clipper St. #2, San Francisco, CA 94114.

ROPES

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

PRIDE OF SERVICE

Black man requested. Focus on attitude and gear (leather) with positive presentation. Satisfaction guaranteed by W/M 44, 5' 9", 160#. Mr. Michael 213/384-4949; Box 291-031; LA, CA 90029.

BODYBUILDER

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

CHUBBY

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

'84 OLYMPICS ACCOMODATIONS

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

GOOD-LOOKING SOUTHERN CALIF. ATHLETE

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

SKI THE ROCKIES

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

HOT, SUBMISSIVE, MARRIED

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

SLAVES!

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

Latino 20 GDLKNG

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

WANTED: HOT STUD INTO GENITAL PAIN

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

HOT MARRIED MAN

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

SLAVE WANTED

North Hollywood—Los Angeles. Master, 52, 5'10", 152 lbs., br/br. in fair shape for my age. Dig slaves 18-28 only. No beards or Mustaches. Smooth bodies. Have nice assortment of leather & S&M gear. Slave must dig bondage. Verbal abuse, mutual heavy tit work—my tits especially. Must dig raunchy games, but will respect slaves' limits, and any unacceptable sex play. No fats or phonies, however. I am Greek passive, also dig eating hot ass & piss both ways. If the ad fits call Tony at (213) 985-7001, or write with Phone & Pix to: Tony M., Box 1023, Hollywood, CA 90028.

VERY HOT DADDY

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

HANDSOME ALL-AMERICAN W/M

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

ORIENTALS & LATINS!

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

SLAVE WANTED BY HOT SADISTIC TOP

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

VERY ATTRACTIVE W/M

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

PROUD SEXY MAN

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

MALIBU MEN WANT YOU

Travelling to Malibu? Be our house guest on the beach. We are 26 and 27 blond blue eyes and goodlooking. We enjoy 3, 4 and 5 ways. Send candid photo for immediate reply. Also state age, dimensions (everywhere) and desired travel time to Malibu. No fats, fems, S/M or oldies. Write Gabriel and Justin, PO Box 2167, Malibu, CA 90265. No reply without full candid photo and personal description. Foreign languages spoken.

FROLICING FOR FITNESS

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

MIAMI

Masculine, handsome, muscular, 29, bottom. Looking for hot top, especially Latino, with Attitude, to worship. Photo, phone, preferred. P.O. Box 330425, Miami, FL 33233-0425.

GREEN EYED 5' 6" 135 LB 26 YRS

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

MILKING MACHINE!

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

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

DISCREET MAN—6' 3" 170

WM, 40, lives on Lake, Ind, Ill, border seeking other males in area for sex, active and passive. Possible live-in for right guy. Will answer all letters with my telephone number. Write PO Box 151, Blandford, IN 47831.

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

LOOKING FOR FRIENDS

18-40. I'm 25, 6'0, 180#, P.O. Box 64, Harvey, LA 70059. Photo please.

MUSCLE MAN

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

HORNY CAJUN SEX MANIAC

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

MAINE

AROOSTOOK COUNTY HUNK

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

MARYLAND

COUNTRY BOY

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

MASSACHUSETTS

HOT HUNG JOCK

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

C&B TORTURE/

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

MICHIGAN

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.

MINNESOTA

MINNESOTA GUYS

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

ROCHESTER MASTER

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

TALENTED SLAVE

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

NEBRASKA

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.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

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.

NEW JERSEY

PEN PALS AND FRIENDS WANTED

by young Black male, 6'1", 200 lbs. My interests are weight lifting, books and movies. Race unimportant but have a liking for Spanish people. Photo, returned if requested. No SM or Ferns. 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.

NEVADA

WANTED: PEN-PALFRIEND

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.

NEW MEXICO

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.

NEW YORK

ATHLETIC BLOND, 22

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

HOT & HANDSOME W/M, 25

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

GWM, 22

Seeks well built white male in Brooklyn or Queens area for a possible 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/foto to Rob, P.O. Box 2980, Rockefeller Center Station, NYC, NY 10185.

UPSTATE HUNK

GWM 28, 5'10", 162, well-built, blue-collar worker; interested in 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

I TAKE ABUSE

(25-32) Send photo. NE Ohio area. PO Box 1184, Cay Fls, Ohio 44223.

WANTED!

A good man, 25-40, who is ready to maintain a man-to-man relationship. Weekend sex marathons are my fantasy. Call Joe at (216) 529-0283. Cleveland, OH 44107.

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-P.O. Box 272, Wilmington, Vermont 05363.

VIRGINIA

ONE-TO-ONE

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

WASHINGTON

GWM BODYBUILDER

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

INTERNATIONAL

GERMANY

Blond, sensuous stud 27/6'/130 looking for exciting, amusing correspondence and lustful meetings. Box 1726, 4620 Castrop-Rauxel, W. Germany.

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.

NATIONAL, UNCENSORED ADLISTS.

All scenes. Nude infopixpak, \$3.00: Ad-Men, 59 W. 10, NYC 10011.

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.

DADDIES!

New Daddy-son audio cassettes from Hot Talk tapes! Live action scenes include kid's first time, wrestling with Dad, raunch, and more. Send \$1.00 for broc to Stallion Sound Prod., PO Box 436, Canal St. Station, Dept. HC, New York, NY 10013.

TOUGH GUYS!

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HELP!

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BROTHER-FUCKERS

Continued from page 76

know what I expected to accomplish, but I wanted to see you."

"I'm glad you did come," I said, trying to reassure him. "You're my brother. I love you."

"Do you? Maybe you shouldn't."

"But why?"

He threw the sheet aside and sat up, resting his back against the headboard. In the moonlight that came through the open window I saw that his magnificent cock was partially aroused. I looked into his face. His eyes seemed to shine, capturing the dim light and reflecting it.

"I never stopped thinking about you," he finally said. "I fought off the realization of what I was as long as I could. It was wrong of me to come here. I thought it might help, but it won't. It'll only make things worse." He paused. We sat without moving.

"It was me, kid. I was the gay one and I've felt guilt all of these years that maybe I was the one who brought you out, I was the one who got you twisted around in some way before you were ready. I'll understand if you ask me to leave."

I turned to him and took his handsome head in my hands and looked into his eyes. It was painful to see my proud Jeff look so defeated.

"You didn't make me gay," I said. "You couldn't have made me anything I wasn't already. My only worry during all that time was that you'd hate me if you knew I was gay. I would do anything to earn your respect and love. I only pretended to be reluctant to play with you so you wouldn't hate me."

With that, I pulled him to me and held him in my arms. He leaned against my chest and I felt his warm breath on my skin. His arm went around me and we lay together for a moment.

"I knew I was gay," he finally said, "when we were kids. I tried to fight it. I didn't want to be gay. I even got married to prove to myself that I wasn't. It didn't work. I finally had to tell my wife. She was hurt and confused at first, but she finally understood. Admitting to her, and to myself, that I was a homosexual was the hardest thing I've ever had to do in my life. But I'm glad I did it."

He tightened his hold on me and for the first time in our lives I felt like the

stronger one. I felt that he really needed me, perhaps for the first time in his life. I was happy with that thought.

"Forgive me," he said.

"There's nothing to forgive," I replied. "But there is lots of catching up to do."

He looked up at me. Then he sat up and grinned the way I remembered from our childhood. He crawled between my legs and pressed his open mouth over one of my nipples. His tongue licked back and forth, hardening it until it stood out firm. Then he nipped it with his teeth and moved lower, down over my ribs and across my stomach, with his tongue licking my quivering flesh, sending pleasant sensations through me.

He finally licked around the base of my hard cock, lifting it with his fingers so that his tongue could reach the hairy sack of my balls. I closed my eyes and surrendered to the physical pleasure his lovemaking gave me. His tongue worked its way up the full length of my cock, then whipped around the rim. I felt his warm, wet mouth encircle the head and move slowly, teasingly down the shaft until my dickhead touched his throat. His tongue worked back and forth under my hot meat as he withdrew, teasingly drawing his lips out over the head until only the tip of his tongue licked back and forth across my piss-slit.

He lowered his head again and began plunging down on my engorged cock until his face was buried in my crotch hair and my meat was sliding through the opening of his throat. Then he pulled back so that only the head was in his mouth and his tongue was free to lash back and forth across the sensitive top. I grabbed the sheet as my body tensed, my hot cum boiling up, my body trembling for release.

Jeff moaned and sucked harder, as if siphoning my cum out of me. He pivoted his head back and forth, increasing the suction as I shot a second load. I felt him swallow as he plunged down on me again and then withdrew. He held my still unsatisfied meat against his face and licked it as another ribbon of cum shot out and splashed on his cheek.

I sank back as he tenderly licked my cock until it was clean. Then he leaned down over me and pressed his wet, open mouth against mine; I tasted my salty cum as our tongues twisted together. We clung to each other in a mutual celebration of brotherly love.

After a few moments I got out of bed and fixed another drink for us. He followed me into the living room and as we sipped whiskey his hand moved lovingly over the cheeks of my ass and

his finger tentatively explored the crack.

"I want you to fuck me, Jeff," I said. His hand tightened on one of the cheeks of my ass.

"Sit in that chair," he said, pointing to the old-fashioned rocker near the balcony door.

I sat down and he knelt between my legs. Lifting them onto his broad shoulders, he pulled my hips forward until my ass rested on the edge of the seat. He held my legs higher as he leaned down and tongued my ass, opening the puckered muscle, getting it ready for his thick cock. When he had me breathing hard and moaning, he straightened, held the blunt head of his cock against my hole, and eased into me.

He was strong but gentle as he pushed in. He spread me wide, inserted his thick meat into my ass, and filled me up with himself.

"You're bigger than I remember," I sighed.

"Feel good?"

"Wonderful," I replied.

I raised my arms and grabbed the back of the chair as he slowly rocked back and forth. Each time he rocked the chair forward, he slipped deeper into me. Finally he was all the way in, his groin pressed hard against my ass and his big balls bouncing against me.

Slowly he began to increase his pumping action in and out of my ass. I could feel him all the way up to my guts. The friction of his thick meat moving in and out burned, but the pleasure of his hot dick working in and out of me was sensational!

The chair rocked faster and faster. His head was thrown back and his mouth was open. A deep, animal-like sound came out of his throat and sweat rolled down the side of his face.

"Fuck me, Jeff. I've waited so long."

He pulled the chair forward so that his entire cock was buried in me as he shot his load. He made several short, quick jabs and grunted loudly. Slowly he pulled back and then plunged into me again, grunting.

"Don't pull out," I said. "Stay in until you're soft."

He lay against me and his hard breathing slowly calmed. He wrapped his powerful arms around me; I put my hands on his back and gently rubbed the tense muscles.

"I'm glad you're my brother," he said quietly, his warm breath against my chest.

"I'm glad you're my lover... at last," I replied, and his strong arms tightened around me in welcome response. ■

THE CRUEL ERECTION

Continued from page 8

Knife's eyes opened—bloodshot and plotting. "So, here I thought you were a hero helpin' out that other fruit, but that wasn't it at all, was it?" He slapped Michael's face, hard. "Was it?"

"No, Sir!" Michael said, his chest heaving, his balls aching under the blond's brutal boot.

Jack Knife gritted his teeth and squatted on Michael's chest. He grabbed the knot of Michael's tie and started yanking, banging Michael's head on the ground. Then he yanked it up and glared into Michael's eyes. "You were just jealous!" he said, his eyes widening with realization. "You were just jealous of that fuckin' queer, you wanted it to be you! Didn't you? DIDN'T YOU?"

"Yes!" Michael screamed.

Knife jumped up, yanked Michael roughly up from the floor, and marched him toward the darker end of the warehouse. "One fucking idiot," he muttered as they walked. Michael had to agree, though silently—he was one fucking idiot.

When they reached the end of the warehouse they could hear the filthy waves of the Hudson breaking against the decaying wall. They would find his body at sea, Michael thought sadly, yet with detachment. His friends would sniffle and twitter—they'd always told him not to go looking for trouble; it was really no surprise. And all of them would be dancing at the Saint two days later. "For Michael!" They'd raise their glasses and clink—to his spirit.

Michael's head was pressed against the wall while the vicious man's eyes studied the pretty face of his new victim—soft gray eyes, flawless complexion, sweet, kissable lips.

"So," Knife said slowly, mulling it over, "you like to be with mean guys, huh?" Softly, he rolled his knuckles over Michael's pretty face. "That it?"

"Yes, sir," Michael said hoarsely, and Knife's knuckles banged softly against Michael's full lips.

"Like to be roughed up, huh?" Michael cringed as the blond slapped his face.

"Yes, sir."

"Like to be fuckin' raped and worked over real good, huh?" The man's clenched fist punched Michael in the face. "Turn around!" He spun Michael around and pushed him face first into the wall. Knife's hands vanked hard on

Michael's suit pants, tearing them as they fell to his ankles. Then his jockeys were torn off. Michael was forced to bend down, head toward the floor. Knife began punching Michael's asshole with his fist. With his free hand, he roughly spread Michael's butt cheeks, spat three times in Michael's ass crack, then resumed slugging the exposed asshole, demanding with each punch, "What is this?"

"I—" Michael gasped.

"This a queer hole?" He knuckled Michael's asshole. "Tell me what it is!"

"A queer hole!" Michael cried, while privately thinking, I always wanted to know what this would be like, now I'm finding out. The crueller aspects of sex had always fascinated him. Now, in danger of being hurt, he appreciated this close acquaintance with raw experience. Shoved down on all fours, he felt Knife's dick fucking his ass.

Michael screamed. There had been no preliminary fingering, no grease—just the savage thrust of that merciless cock, and now Knife was galloping him, riding him hard, like a horse.

"Queer hole feels goooooood!" Knife said, slapping Michael's ass and back, and yanking on his hair while he rode him. He forced Michael's face down to the damp filthy ground. "Queer hole loves it!" Knife said, suddenly jerking out of Michael as gruffly as he had plunged in. "Lick it off!" He spun Michael's head around and jammed his dick into his open mouth. "Taste queer hole, faggot! Come on!" He fucked and slapped Michael's face. He cupped the back of Michael's head and began choking him on cock. "Maybe I'll drag you out of here just like this, take you home, lock you up, fuckin' beat the shit out of you every fuckin' night—you like that?"

Michael swallowed the dick—and the suggestion—whole. He inhaled with desperation the scent of the man's urine and cum and sweat, then wrapped his hands lovingly around the man's naked, pumping ass.

"He fuckin' digs it!" Knife hollered, sliding out of Michael's mouth and looking down on him aghast. Just then three other men walked into the warehouse, laughing loudly. The disco had finally closed and these new arrivals were touring the darker side of Manhattan's morning sleaze.

Knife yanked Michael's nipples, using them to pull his victim to his feet. He wrapped his arm tightly around Michael's neck and threatened him with, "You fuckin' keep your fag face shut or I'll strangle you right here, y'hear me?"

Michael's face had been slapped



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pink. His eyes were crazed, weary, adoring. He wrapped his arms tightly around Knife's back and whispered hoarsely, "I won't say anything. I fuckin' love you!" Knife's expression was one of doubt and disgust. "I've always loved you," Michael continued hurriedly, "ever since I saw you in the movies."

Jack Knife shut Michael's mouth with a kiss—a mean and possessive kiss—using his hard brutal mouth as another weapon against Michael's soft, willing lips. Michael's hands crawled up the leatherman's back until his fingers ran through the blond hair.

For a moment Knife stopped the brutality—he continued to kiss Michael, with surprising passion and desperation. Jack Knife had long ago seen the end of his "movie career." He was drugged out, exhausted, and no one wanted him anymore. He'd spent his paltry fortune on cocaine and had rudely awakened to a burnt-out body and the ashes of a tawdry "career." Now he stalked the streets by night and hibernated in a roach-ridden basement all day. So, as he kissed Michael now, he was kissing himself—the reflection Michael had seen years earlier on the screen. He sought Michael's tongue, hoping to suck back the masculine glamour he had once had.

Michael's eyes were wet. Knife pulled back from him, let his head fall against the wall, and stared at Michael with the hint of a smile. "You're one crazy, stupid-ass idiot; you know that?" Michael looked at Knife; the victim was in ecstasy. Knife's gruff hands slid up Michael's soft, smooth back. "I think I finally met someone crazier than me," Jack said.

"Crazier about you," Michael corrected. His pants were still rumpled at his ankles. Jack raised his knee and knocked it into Michael's nuts.

"That so?" he asked.

"That's so... sir," Michael said, enduring the pain with a gulp.

"Hurting you?" Knife asked.

"Yes, sir," said Michael. Now his nipples were being wrenched.

"Good. Like it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fine." He drew Michael to him and wrapped his arms around him, cradling him in an embrace. "Sssshh..."

The laughing men were approaching, but maintaining a respectful, curious distance. Michael felt Knife's hand come down to cover his naked ass.

"We got company," Knife said dryly, "and I'm hungry."

"I live alone," Michael said. "And I

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can cook."

Knife stared into Michael's eyes. He cuffed Michael's chin with his knuckles. "You really are one crazy sonofabitch, aren't you?" Michael's eyes reeled again in silent response. "Pick up your little white pants, angel," said Knife, "your slip's showin'!"

* * * * *

Michael found himself tied to his own breakfast chair, with Knife fucking his face. "Mmmmm..." Knife's eyes took in the apartment. "I like your place. Like your neighborhood. Like your throat. And your throat likes my dick, I can tell." Jack slid his sword out of Michael's throat and shook the spit off it into Michael's face, then walked at complete leisure around Michael's modest but clean apartment, exploring before Michael's helpless eyes.

"Please don't yank those drawers out," Michael said casually from the chair. "I collect some miniature porcelain pieces that would have no value to you. Just ask me and I'll tell you where anything is you want." Jack ignored this, and continued to burglarize Michael, pocketing whatever caught his interest. From time to time he came over to Michael and, after waving an about-to-be-stolen item in front of him, fucked his face. He even put Michael's digital watch around his cock and fucked Michael's face for 3 minutes, 13.22 seconds. Then he yanked his cock out and began beating off wildly, just beyond Michael's reach. Michael's eyes were fixed on the blond's hard dick: the veins throbbing, Jack's agonized expression. Then the cum exploded all over Michael's yearning face. He slurped the cum that dribbled down his face, then, as more cum shot over his nose, he sucked it all in, too. Jack wiped his wet cock over Michael's hair and chest, then wiped his hands on the dish towel.

Michael spoke hoarsely. "I won't wash my face for a week."

"Think you'll be free in a week?" Jack asked, tossing the towel in the sink. "Where do you keep your money?"

Michael told him. As Jack went for it, Michael called out, "But Jack, there's not much there. I can get you a lot more."

"Where is more?" Jack asked, counting sixty dollars in bills.

"At the bank. I have a savings account. Look at my bank book."

Jack returned to Michael and slapped him across the face several times with the bank book. "So, what are you (slap, slap, slap) suggesting, man?"

Michael's thoughts raced feverishly. "I just want you with me. I'll give you all you want, whatever you want,

whenever you want it. I'll do anything you say, every day."

Jack grinned nonchalantly, as he untied Michael from the chair. "I'll give you credit for one thing—you're fuckin' fearless... or senseless. I could have killed you half a dozen times already." He looked down at Michael, then clamped Michael's nose between two coarse fingers and shook Michael's head. "You can keep your savings," Jack said. "And keep your romantic little fantasies, too."

"Look!" Michael said, jumping from the chair and going to a kitchen drawer. He took out two keys and handed them to Jack. "These are duplicates to the apartment. Please take them. I've never wanted anything as much as for you to move in with me. Use them whenever you want. I'll be good for you, honest." Michael stood before Jack, breathing heavily, his hopeful eyes moist and pleading. Jack casually pocketed the key, went to the door, opened it, turned around, and said, with a parting wink: "It's been fun."

"Jack!" Michael cried out.

Jack glared. "Listen, asshole. For starters, my name isn't Jack. For seconds, you may believe your 'in love' crap but it doesn't mean bull turds to me. And third—if I was going to shack up with a queer it'd be for a lot more money and a lot bigger dick." He slammed the door behind him.

Two nights later "Jack" sat brooding in his basement tenement. The rent was due Monday. His fist was clenched, gripping something in his pocket. He extracted what he was holding and stared at Michael's apartment keys.

Michael, in the meantime, was wrestling with his pillows, kicking his feet against the mattress, alternately crying and sighing, flipping over on to his back, beating off, remembering the white cum as it flew out of Jack's oversized dick. He turned back onto his stomach and tried to fantasize himself to sleep. Then he heard keys entering the front door locks. He jerked his head off the pillow, listening. The door opened. Jack staggered noisily into the bedroom, belching, cursing, kicking off his boots. Michael didn't look at him; he kept his face in the pillow.

In one aggressive yank, Jack Knife ripped sheet and covers from the bed. Michael heard pants unzipping; he felt the mattress sink and tremble. A hard

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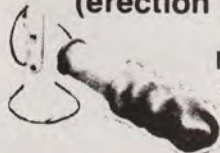
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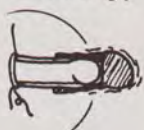
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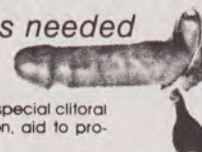
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dick slapped against his ass, but he didn't look back. The cockhead started bumping insensitively against Michael's hairy asshole. It found the entry and forced its way painfully inside. Michael bit the pillow as Jack's fuck strokes became increasingly violent. Slapping Michael hard with each pounding, he hissed, "My ass! My fuckin' ass!" Michael moaned in pain. His ass tightened, involuntarily rejecting the bigger man's cruel erection. Jack fell down over Michael's smooth back and whispered in his ear, "Nothing gets me harder than hurtin' you, man." And yet, Jack had never before said anything as softly or as confidentially to Michael. Then Jack started kissing the back of Michael's neck again and again. His mouth hovered over Michael's ear and he repeated, "Nothing, man. Nothing gets me harder than hurting you."

So Michael gave his ass, his body, his soul, to the stranger raping him in the dark. Jack turned him this way

and that, flipped him over and hoisted his legs over his head, fucked his ass with a knife-like gouging. "Oh, yeah—fuckin' ass... oh, yeah!" He tormented Michael's nipples, then stuck as much of his hand as he could into Michael's mouth. As Jack continued to fuck him, angrily, forcefully, Michael's eyes adjusted to the darkness and he saw more clearly the man who possessed him. There was the same lustful scowl he had seen in the movie! Michael twisted his neck and he saw the black bag Jack had brought with him, lying on the floor. He was moving in. Moving all the way in—"Yeah, fuck!"—ramming Michael as hard as he could, cursing him: "You fuckin' pussy queer!" Suddenly he shot in Michael's butt, then fell over him with a wicked laugh.

In the hazy blue light of dawn Michael stared at the sleeping body beside him. Jack appeared in a state of collapse. He had been living wild and hard, but Michael longed to ease the way for him. He slid down a bit, buried his face in Jack's exposed armpit, and wrapped his arm around the lithe torso. They slept in that position for hours.

Jack awakened to being kissed, again and again, all over his body. "Whoa... whoa!" He sat up, trying to remember where he was. He hadn't awakened in a safe place for a long time. Seeing Michael and remembering where he was made Jack fall back, at ease. He let Michael kiss him, but restricted the kisses to below his waist. He smoked a cigarette while getting his feet licked and his asshole sucked. "Enough," he finally said, kicking Michael away. "I'm not always gonna be this nice to you," he said, "fuckin' you like the dog you are and then letting you kiss me like this. Some nights you're gonna sleep on the floor and some nights I'm not gonna be here at all, and some nights you're gonna find yourself fuckin' tied up while I watch strangers abuse you."

"Thank you, sir," Michael said from the foot of the bed.

Jack lifted his foot and kicked Michael out of bed. Then he sat up and leered at Michael on the floor. "Why don't you show me how good you are at cooking breakfast." He rubbed out the butt of his cigarette, then rolled over onto his stomach. "I wanna get another half-hour's sleep. I like my coffee black and strong."

Michael stood up and quietly moved from the bedroom to the kitchen. His asshole burned from the rape of the night before. He stared, fascinated, at a mysterious bruise beneath his rib

cage. He didn't care to have marks or bruises, and he hoped eventually that Jack's brutality might lessen. Or then again, maybe not, he thought as his cock hardened while he listened to Jack snoring. ■

COWPOKED

Continued from page 60

And so I raised myself and slapped his ass. It was hard—two perfectly round little mounds of thick muscle, with an inviting crack and hot hole between. I pushed him down, shoved his shoulders into the hay, and raised his hips to crotch level as I got on my knees. He loved it, started to beg for it.

And I gave it to him. In the dark barn, with the sweaty muscled cowboy bent forward in front of me, his muscled ass stuck up in the air towards my dick, I took a deep breath—smelling the hay and manure—and stuck my cock against his hole. He begged for it, so I shoved it in, his loose wet hole facilitating my smooth entry.

As soon as my huge dick was embedded in his butt, I started to fuck him with fast long motions, ramming it in and out hard. His hips thrust back to meet my insistent plunges, and the sight of it all—the hot cowboy in front of me, my big dick ramming in and out of his ass—brought me to the point of orgasm in a few minutes.

I pulled out my bloated dick, now shiny with assjuice and cum, and rolled him over on his back. His monster dick stood imperiously out from his flat belly, and my fist closed around it, pumping. With my other hand I grabbed his balls and started to tug on them mercilessly. I shoved my slick dick into his mouth and told him to clean it off while I stroked his dick. Within a minute or two he was breathing heavy, his mouth slurping at my cock, his huge sextool ready to explode in my fist, his swollen balls twisted and pained in my other iron-fist.

He screamed out when his dick erupted in huge spurts, but my dick stuffed in his mouth gagged the sound. Wave after wave of hot cum squirted up over his belly, down over my hand, until at last he was spent.

We lay back in the hay, panting, trying to recover our normal breathing. "Got myself a partner for the summer," I said idly.

"Sure do," he agreed. Outside, the mare neighed and galloped around the stables. ■

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