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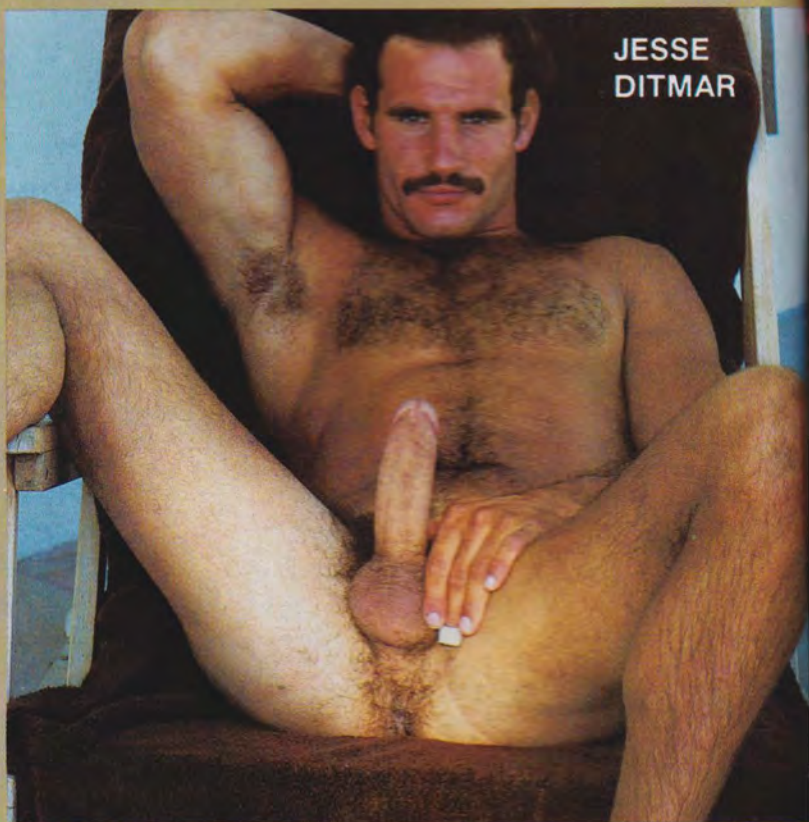
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# HONCHO

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE MACHO MALE

VOLUME 7 • NUMBER 8  
NOVEMBER 1984



COVER: SURGE STUDIO

## CONTENTS

- 5 FICTION: TOPMAN ON THE BOTTOM
- 11 FICTION: DOUBLEDICK
- 13 NUDES: CHAPPY
- 23 NUDES: MEAT LOAF
- 29 NUDES: STRAPPED
- 39 FICTION: MAY I BORROW YOUR HUSBAND?
- 41 NUDES: TAKE A LICKING!
- 51 FICTION: RIVER MEN
- 52 NUDES: PARTY HARDY
- 58 EROTIC COMICS: ALEX
- 61 NUDES: AVAILABLE
- 73 FICTION: STRIP SEARCH
- 77 NUDES: BIG BUSINESS
- 84 CLASSIFIEDS: MAN SEARCH

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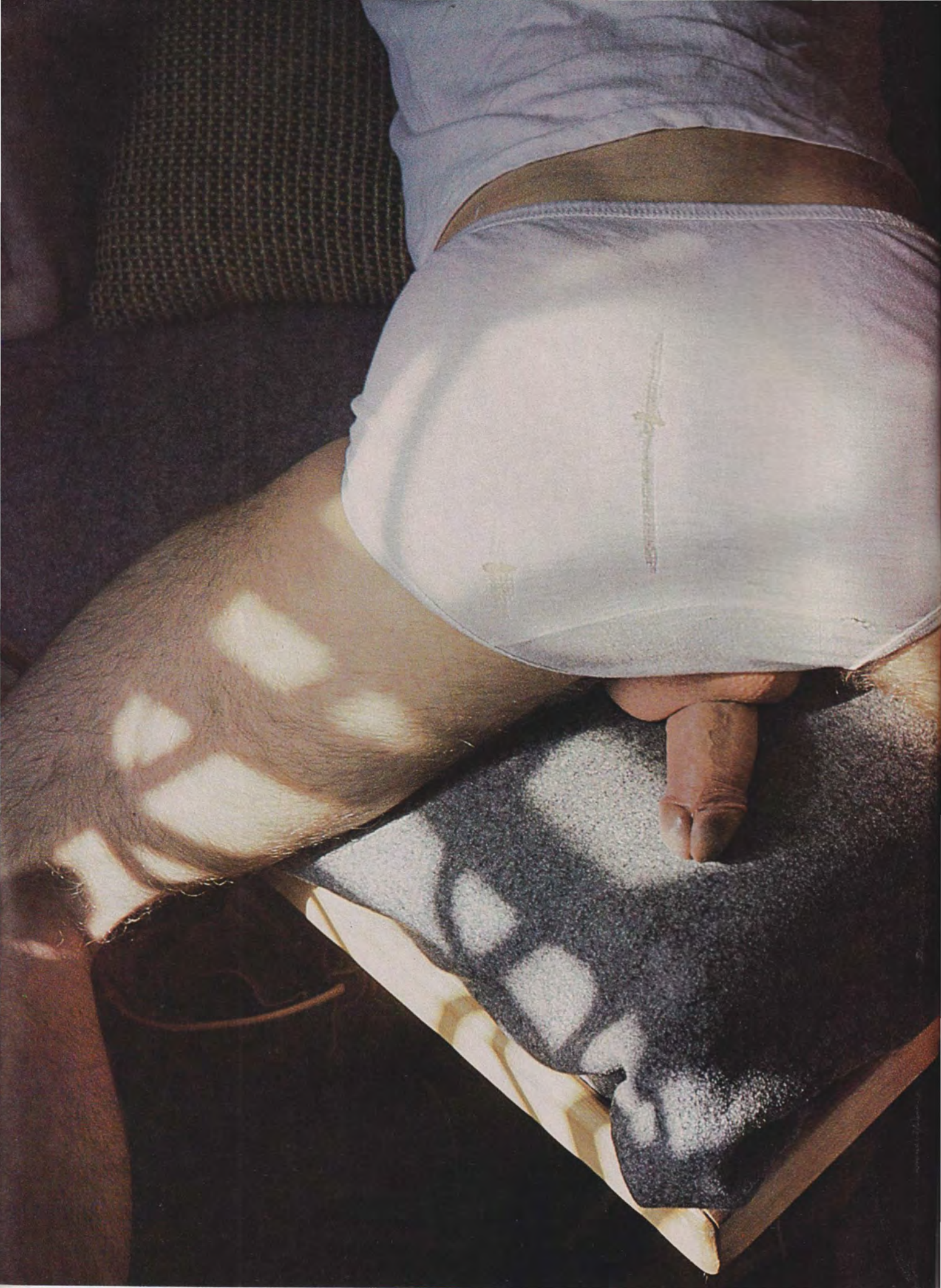
V.P. ADVERTISING / DON BEAVERS  
(212) 691-7700

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CHARTER MEMBER









# TOPMAN ON THE



*With each thrust he relaxed his asshole so that I could shove myself all the way in. I looked at his face, and realized that I had broken him — and he loved every inch of it!*

*by Dick Rodman • Photo by Cityboy*

I'm not a bottom. I'm not a top either. I'm versatile and I like fucking just about any way I can get it.

Steve, on the other hand, is a top. No, I take that back, he's a TOP. Always has been. Always would be—he thought. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

Steve and I have been lovers for four years. It started out as a kind of casual fuck-buddy thing; then, before either of us knew what was happening, we were living together. Hard to believe that the sex is still great.

But, Steve, as I've already told you, is a TOP. He swore that he just couldn't get fucked. Said he'd never tried and he knew he couldn't take it. For a long time that was okay with me; he's a real good fucker, with nine inches of hard meat. What more could a guy want up his ass? Besides, all I needed was to go to the tubs when I wanted to ram my rod up somebody's hole. It all worked out real good... for a while.

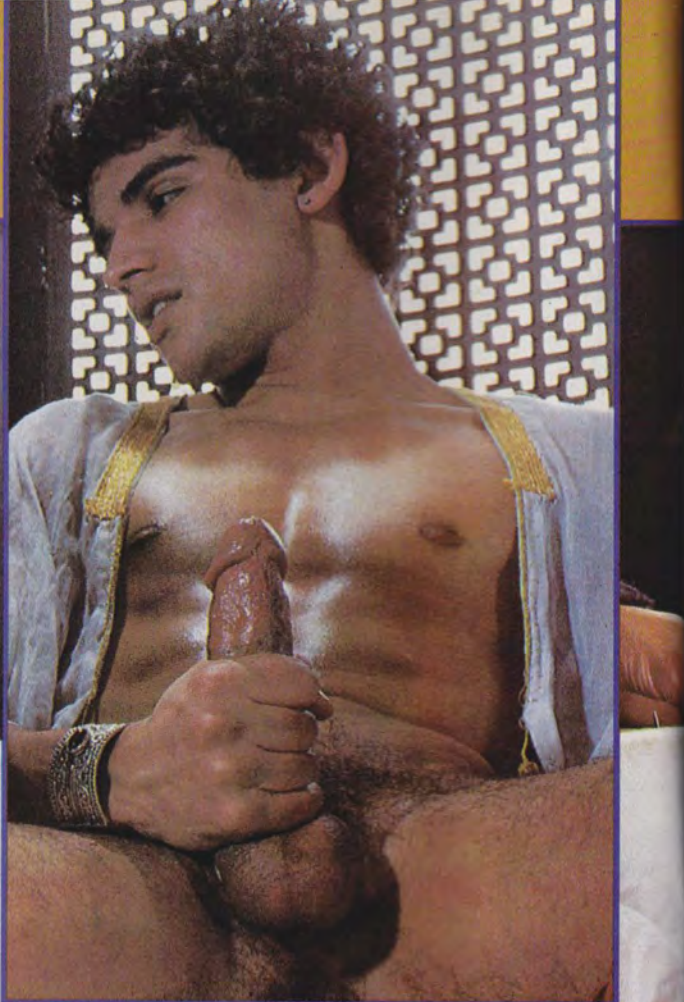
One night about a year ago I really wanted to fuck somebody. Correction: I really wanted to fuck Steve. It was frustrating to say the least because I knew there was no way in hell he'd let me. But why not try? So, as he came

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up for air after sucking me off for five minutes non-stop I whispered—kinda scared, I admit it—"Let me fuck you, Steve." I wasn't persuasive enough, and he just chuckled. "I'm serious, baby! I want my cock inside you." He pushed himself up on his elbow and just looked at me like I was out of my mind. Then he sighed and dropped back on his side, put his arm around me, and fell asleep.

The next day at work I couldn't keep my mind off what had happened, or hadn't happened, the night before. I work construction and the site was this rich guy's summer house about fifty miles north of the city. I kept thinking about shoving my dick up Steve's hot ass and I got real hard. Since I couldn't seem to get rid of my hard-on, I just disappeared into the woods behind the house for what was supposed to be a piss but was really a quick j.o.

I was leaning on this big oak tree working my meat with my right hand and pinching my tit with the other, thinking about having my dick up Steve's ass instead of in my fist when Jamie, the foreman, was suddenly standing in front of me. I was so hot I didn't even hear him come up.

"What's doin', big fella?"

I was real flustered and dropped my hands, leaving my cock sticking out toward Jamie. I thought he was straight and was gonna kill me.

"Looks like we got ourselves a big problem here," he said. "What ya think we should do to take care of it?"

There was a mean glint in his eyes.

"Hey, Jamie, sorry man. Like, I was just thinkin' about this twat I had last night and had to fix things up. You understand."

"Yeah, I understand, good buddy," His eyes hadn't left my throbbing pole, which was still red from the work I'd left off. It kept jerking up and down and wouldn't go soft.

"What ya say I help ya out a little?"

He took a step toward me, dropped to his knees, and swallowed my hard dick. He started working the bottom with his tongue, stroking it from top to bottom with lots of fast licks. Meanwhile he put his hand between my legs and pulled at my balls and worked his middle finger into my asshole. I looked down and saw his other hand working his huge man-tool real slow, pushing a little pre-cum out the top. I pushed his head away and pulled him up to standing, then dropped to my knees and worked my tongue between his foreskin and the head of his enormous cock.

As I sucked on his meat I felt his hand grab my forearm and slip up to my wrist, then pull it around to his steamy ass. Without stopping the mouth work, I shoved a couple of fingers into his welcoming hole. Suddenly he pushed me away and pulled me up. He turned around, his back toward me, bent over and braced himself against the big oak tree with his hard arms.

My dick drove into his hole like a greased pig and I started ramming his ass as hard as I could. I reached around and grabbed his tree-hard cock and started to beat him off as hard as I was fucking him. He groaned and pushed his ass into me as I worked his meat with my hand and his asshole with my dick.

I don't come real quick but all of a sudden I was ready to shoot all that man juice I'd saved up from the night before, right into his hot asshole. I tried to hold it back for another second but just then Jamie tensed like he was getting ready to take the full force of my shot. I started to shoot and then I heard a loud "Splat!" as Jamie's load slapped across the tree trunk. Another and then another shot broke over the trunk, in perfect time with my cum slapping into him.

ignored me and went to sleep. I guess you can't teach an old cock new tricks." I laughed half-heartedly.

"Never been fucked, huh?" Jamie looked interested. "I'll bet there's nothin' he'd like more, but his macho image just won't allow it. Ever think of rapin' him?"

"Rape? You kiddin'? He's three inches taller and 20 pounds heavier than me, and all muscle. How the fuck do ya rape somebody like that?" I was real interested and Jamie caught the gleam in my eye.

"Ya really want to know? Let me tell you a little story about the first time I ever got laid and maybe you'll get some ideas. I was real scared too until Bill, that's my lover, showed me what it was all about and I didn't have any say in the matter. None at all!"

I can be a fast learner and Jamie's lesson was real easy to work on. As a matter of fact, I started working on it that evening. But I needed some equipment to work it out the right way—and I wanted to be sure it really was the right way.

Finally, a week or so after my little lesson from Jamie, the night came to try it out. I knew this particular Tuesday night Steve would go to his gym because it was when his favorite fan-

---

***Our big wet tongues fought with each other to get into the other's throat first. He won; I told you, he's a top. But a few minutes later my dick rammed into his tight asshole. I had changed my top into a bottom.***

---

When we broke off work Jamie and I went for a couple of beers and a talk.

"Fast thinking, jerk. 'Thinking' about some hot twat you had last night. I bet it's more like some hot asshole you were gettin' all worked up about." Jamie grinned and grabbed the back of my neck.

"Yeah," I admitted. "Some tight asshole that's never been loosened up is more like it."

Jamie looked shocked. "You're one great fucker, babe. Next to my lover's foot-long meat I've never had such a good ramming and I've had plenty of dick in me!"

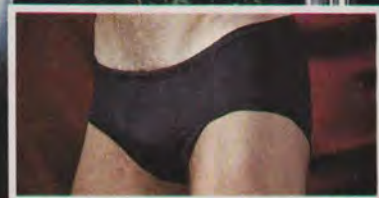
"Well, Steve's a top and there's no two ways about it. I tried to get him to let me fuck him last night and he just

tasy worked out, and he usually asked Steve to spot him. He's a straight guy, at least thinks he is, and likes Steve because he thinks he's het too. Anyway, Tuesday is one night I'm always pretty sure Steve will stay out until at least 9 or 10. On top of that, he always comes home all hot and horny from working out with his friend, so we always have great sex.

This night was no exception. Steve walked in the door and I could tell he was all worked up. I jumped up and got us each a beer from the kitchen. He held his beer in one hand and fingered my basket with the other while he talked about his workout buddy. I pretended to be interested but my heart was pounding so hard I was al-



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most afraid he'd hear it. I couldn't wait to get into action, but I was scared shitless. too.

As he played with the big bulge in my jeans I watched Steve's dick rise underneath the loose gym shorts he was wearing. I reached over and slowly started twisting his nipple and watched his dick jump out from underneath the hem of the shorts. Its head was shiny with pre-cum and it just got bigger and bigger. He laid his head back on the couch and moaned softly. I bent over and licked the salty juice off the head of his cock, then got up and went to the kitchen for a couple more beers. I wanted to collect my thoughts before going on with my plan.

When I got back to the living room, Steve had taken off his t-shirt and lay with his huge dick sticking out the bottom of his gym shorts like before. His eyes were closed and he had a grin spread across his face. It was so hot I almost abandoned my little scene and opted for some good old-fashioned him-in-me sex. Luckily, I remembered a couple of details of my plans for us, and so I sat down on the floor beside the couch and started licking his dick and pushing up his shorts with my nose and tongue. Soon I had covered his balls and cock with spit. I reached up and started working his slimy dick with my hand until he begged me to stop. I had him right where I wanted him.

“Let's go to the bedroom,” I growled.

Steve stood up, took the beer I held out, and started to walk toward the bedroom door. Then he stopped, turned around and looked at me kinda funny.

“What's the matter, babe?”

He just stared at me real quiet, then walked back over and grabbed me under the arm and pulled me up to him. “You're still the hottest, most beautiful man I've ever seen,” he whispered, then kissed me real soft and gentle. I started to have misgivings about my plan, but I ignored them and we walked into the bedroom with our arms around each other.

When we got there we sat down on the edge of the bed facing away from our wall of mirrors. We sat quietly for a couple of minutes, swigging our beers and touching each other.

Then Steve bent down and started to unbutton the fly of my jeans with his teeth. My dick had softened up pretty much, which he really likes. He grabbed the rim of my foreskin with his teeth and I gasped a little as he pulled my meat out into full view. He wriggled

*Continued to page 20*

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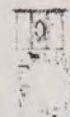
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***When I started to work on the oil rig, I had no way of knowing that Jake and Chip, the other roughnecks, intended to drill their derricks into me—  
at the same time!***

# **DOUBLEDICK**

By Robert Ralph • Art by Tom of Finland

I knew from the first day out on the oil rig that I was the worm—that is, the new, relatively inexperienced worker. Even though I was prepared, the jibes hit home and made me a little uncomfortable. The tool pusher Jake surveyed me with a skeptical glance.

"You can sure as shit tell he's a worm!" He threw back his head and laughed. Jake was approaching middle-age, somewhere between forty and forty-five, with thinning black hair that was shot with gray and cut short for easy maintenance. The creases in his sunburned, leathery skin furrowed as he laughed. There was no malice in his verbal hazing, and his salt-and-pepper moustache twitched as he talked. The man was still solid as a rock, his naked chest corded with muscles. His biceps rippled as he pointed a greasy hand in my direction.

"Yeah, you're the goddamned fucking worm, all right. Look at that brand spanking new hardhat, Chip. Clean as a whistle. Goddamned worm!"

Chip smiled and said, "It's mighty shiny, for sure. Probably still has the price tag stuck on it!"

They both roared with laughter. Chip was the other roughneck who, like me, was working his way through college. But he'd been around a while and had the advantage. In the field, experience

counts for a lot. This gave Chip an edge. His blond hair poked out from his greasy hardhat, which was so beat up and dirty that it was almost impossible to tell what color it had originally been. His broad, beefy chest was covered with a layer of sunbleached hair. Although it was as smeared with grease as Jake's was, rivers of sweat broke through the grimy barrier to expose his chestnut-brown skin. Both men wore tight, faded jeans which clung to their bodies showing off big boxes; I tried not to stare, but the temptation was too great.

My steel-toed work boots still smelled new, proclaiming my novice status as much as anything else. Their boots were scuffed, scarred, and bore the testimony of constant hard use. Streaks of grease on their faces looked like shiny war paint. Work warriors! That's what they are, I thought. Both exuded a wonderful musky aroma of sweat, grease, and masculinity which raised my blood pressure.

"Well, don't stand there gawking like a goddamned baby," Jake said. "Get your butt up here and prove you ain't fuckin' somebody's wife to get on the payroll!"

Chip slapped his thigh at this joke and catcalled as I climbed up to the drill floor where they were standing.

He reached up, snatched my hardhat off, and rubbed his dirty hands across its silver surface, leaving streaks of grease across it.

"That looks a little better," he said, plunking it back on my head. "Has a way to go to look really used, but that takes the glint off." He smiled and turned his back. It was laced with muscle, and his ass was clearly defined in his jeans. One pocket was torn off all the way to the center seam, exposing his untanned, naked ass-cheek. Since he wasn't wearing any underwear, the hairy crack of his ass showed a little as he moved. The guys had me turned on like crazy. I kept stealing quick glances at Chip's gorgeous ass, while blood pounded in my cock. This was my very first day on the job. How in the hell was I going to make it the rest of the time? I felt nervous and excited being so close to him, but I knew I had to attend to business. With the hard work that lay ahead, I had no time for messing around; but I couldn't help stealing looks at the two of them from time to time. Especially at Chip's beautiful ass, which was trying like an angry animal to get out of the cage of his torn jeans.

"Well, come on," said Chip. "Get with the program."



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"Sure," I said. "It's just that everything's so new," I lied, trying to give my dick time to soften.

"Yeah, it's easy for the worm to find things peculiar," Jake said. "Reminds me of a friend of mine who was back-packing all over Europe. Decided to give himself a treat and spend one night in one of them there fancy hotels."

"Set him back a bundle?" Chip asked.

"Sure did. But it was worth it. The room was real decked out. In the bathroom they even had one of them there . . . whatcha callits? A . . . doucher?"

"I think they're called a benet . . . or a bidet . . . something like that," Chip said.

"Well, shit, he didn't know what the damned thing was. All he knew was it was the perfect size for icin' down two six-packs of beer!"

"No kidding?" I asked.

"It's true. But hell. When he found out what those things was *really* used for, he wouldn't touch a drop of that beer. Didn't drink another can!"

"It sounds like a helluva waste of good beer," Chip said. "Well, goddamn it, worm, come on up here and start earning your money. We'll straighten you out on what you need to know!"

I followed Chip's guidance, and bent down to loosen the kelly, the part of the drill floor which turns the pipe, so that we could drop in another piece. My eyes were exactly level with Jake's crotch. As he turned slightly, I saw that a major portion of the inseam was ripped and the movement caused his balls to hang out. Big ones, in a fleshy sack, covered with a sprinkling of dark hair. As he turned, the large, uncut head of his big cock slipped across the opening for a split second. He had to see me staring with my mouth dropped open, but he made no comment. My dick throbbed and hurt as my tightly drawn pants leg constricted it. It's rough as hell getting a bone when it has practically no place to swell to! Jake looked at me and smiled a knowing smile. Still, he made no comment.

"Let's get this fucking joint in the ground," Chip said. "I need a smoke."

As the piece of pipe snaked into the hole, Jake said, "Yeah, mama, here comes a long, hard one to swab that big black cunt of yours." As he said "cunt," he stared at me. Nervous sweat dampened my armpits.

Jake reached inside his jeans through the rip and scratched his nuts, drawing my attention like a metal bar to a magnet. He tugged on his ball-

sack until it was free of the hole. The head of his cock swelled slightly as he pulled down on his nuts, the tip pushing through the mound of flesh about an inch. My eyes were glued to it. As suddenly as he'd revealed it, Jake jammed his family jewels back inside. I turned quickly back to the work at hand. He laughed low in his throat.

As soon as the pipe was secure, Jake and Chip withdrew to smoke. I excused myself, ostensibly to take a healthy one. I had to get by myself. They were deep in conversation and kept glancing towards me. The sight of those two hung hunks in ripped jeans flashing their equipment had done a real number on me. My poor body ached, it needed release so bad. My cock thumped violently down my pants leg. I rounded the corner of the rig and felt my nuts begging for release, my dick tingling with anticipation, urging me to jerk it off. I stripped off my shirt.

"Oh, shit," I thought, right on the brink of unloading before I could get it out. I loosened my belt. There was a stack of Igloo coolers full of drinks ready for our lunch. Unbuttoning my jeans and shoving them to my ankles, I fell on the nearest cooler and took my pulsing cock in ready fingers.

I leaned against the rig, yanking my dick frantically. The image of Chip's asscheeks and Jake's cock and balls hanging out raced in front of me. I jerked wildly, as my nuts rose to the magical crescendo.

"Yeah, baby, it's gonna be just a second!" I whispered, increasing my hand action. My cockhead spewed oily fluid, making it even more slippery. Every vein stood out, and my pisshole gaped open. The wonderful sensation started along the base and moved up the shaft.

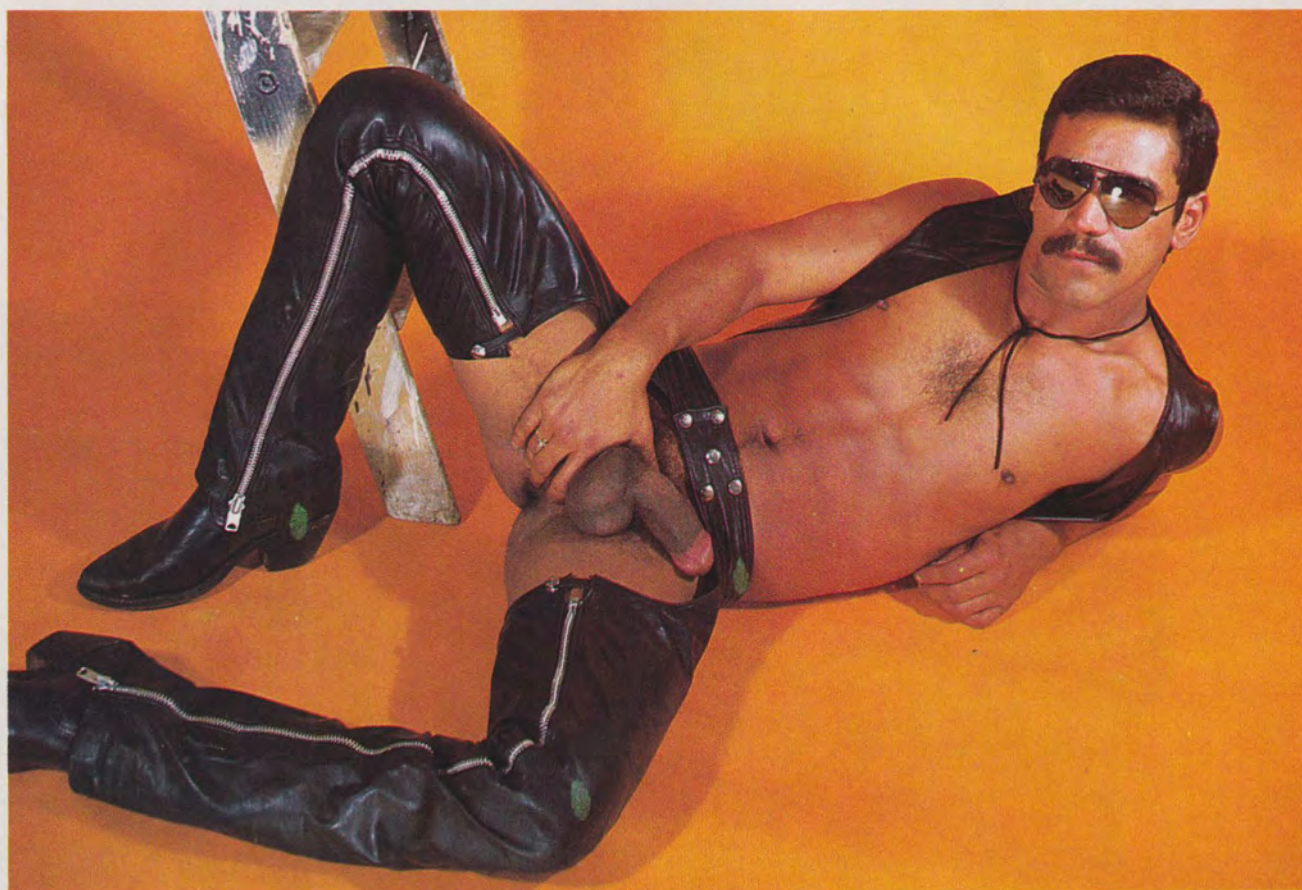
"Baby, here . . . it . . . COMES!" I whispered. My cockhead ballooned suddenly and spat out the first gob of cream. It shot in every direction, like a fire hydrant gush with the hose pulled loose. Hot cum sprayed all over my stomach and thighs, burning my skin like liquid hot steel.

At this instant, in my direct line of vision, the door to the mudlogger's little trailer opened. He stepped out, blinking like a groundhog looking for his shadow. Our mudlogger was an aging geologist, balding, with coke-bottle eyeglasses magnifying his eyes. I knew he was an uptight fundamentalist who wouldn't have said "shit" if he had a mouth full of it. There was no stopping my cum, which kept spurting

*Continued on page 22*



# CHAPPY



*He's young and hot; his nipples are tight and chewable, and his ready meat is handsomely served up and accentuated by his chaps. They leave very little to the imagination.*

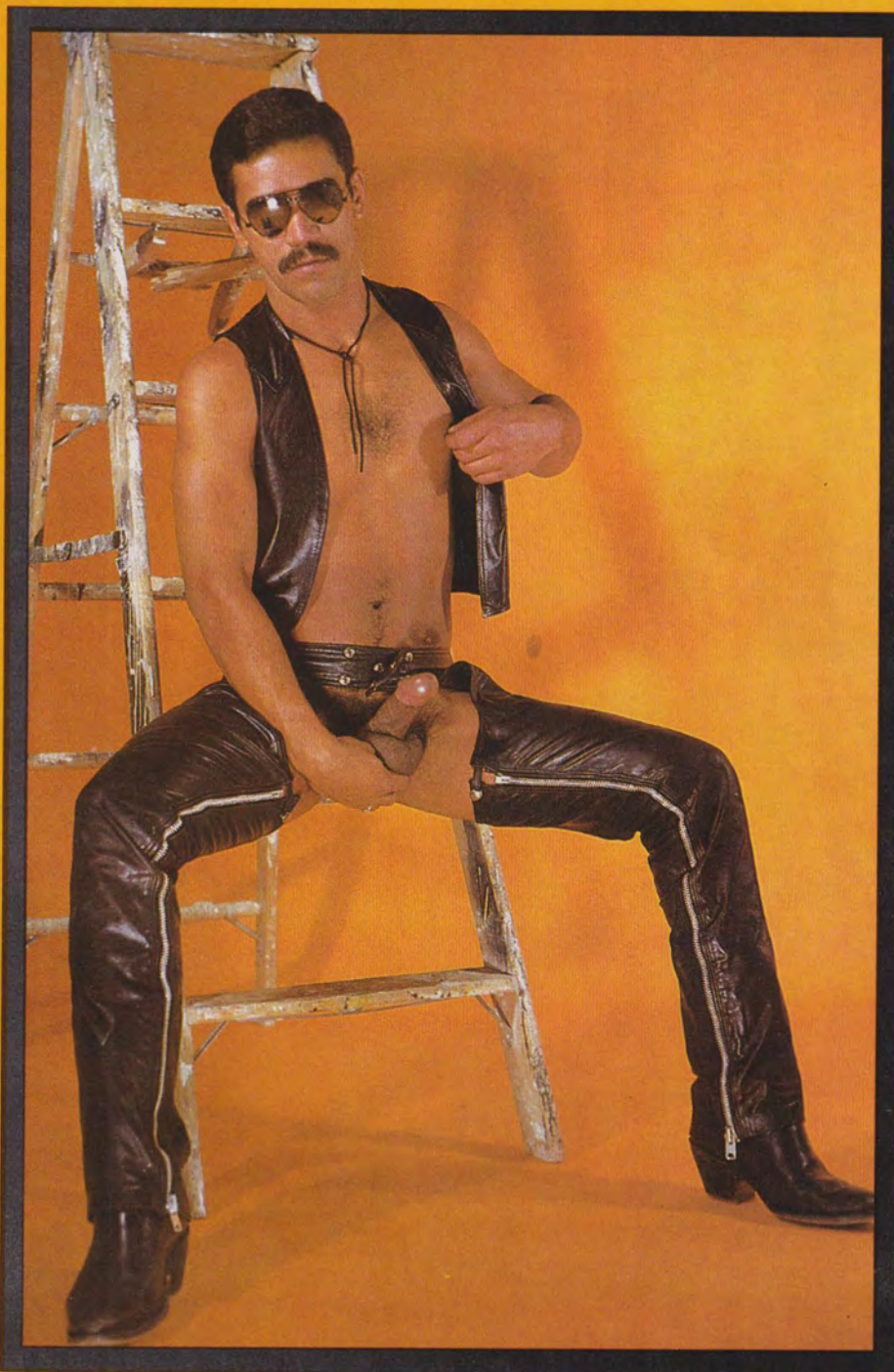
*Section photographed by Malexpress Studio*







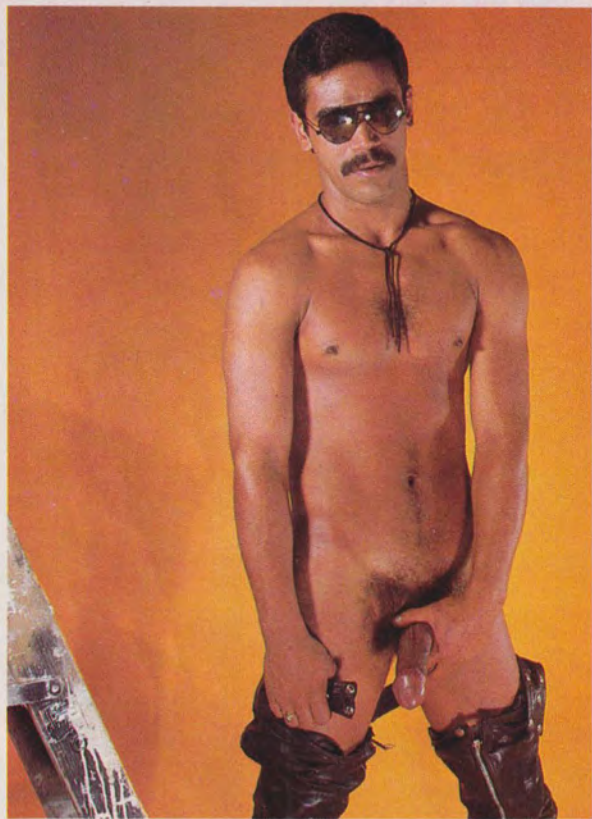
# CHAPPY



*Move in for a close look and you can see that his ass is tongue-tempting, his dick-head like a juicy tangerine. You want to see more? That's fine with him; he'll take off the chaps. He generates enough heat without them.*



# CHAPPY

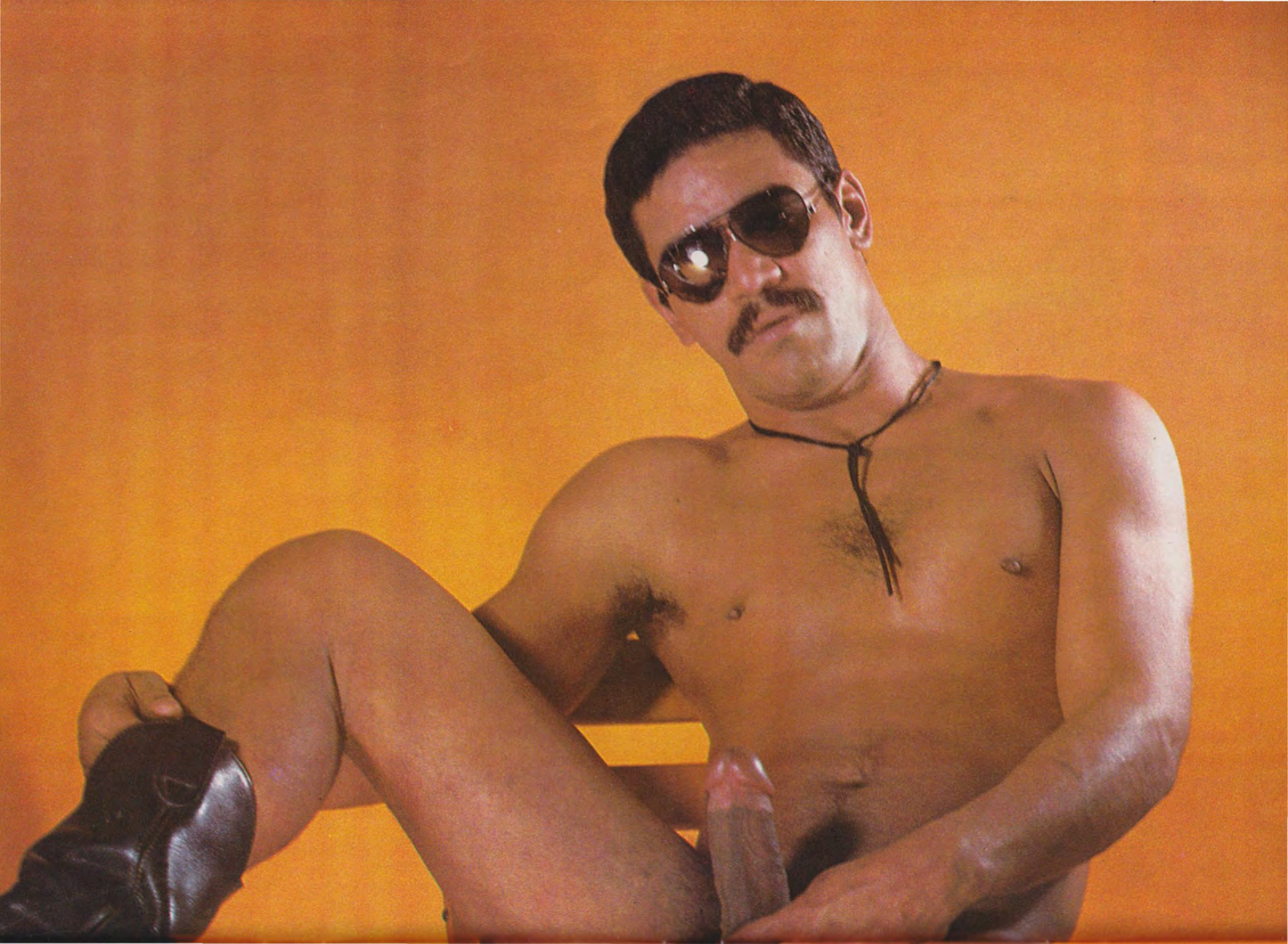


As you can plainly see, Chappy doesn't need any props at all.

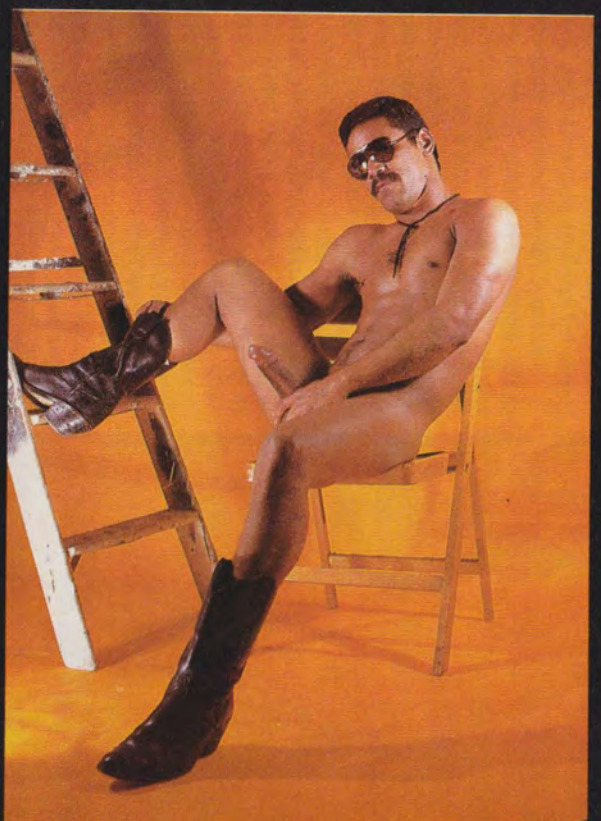
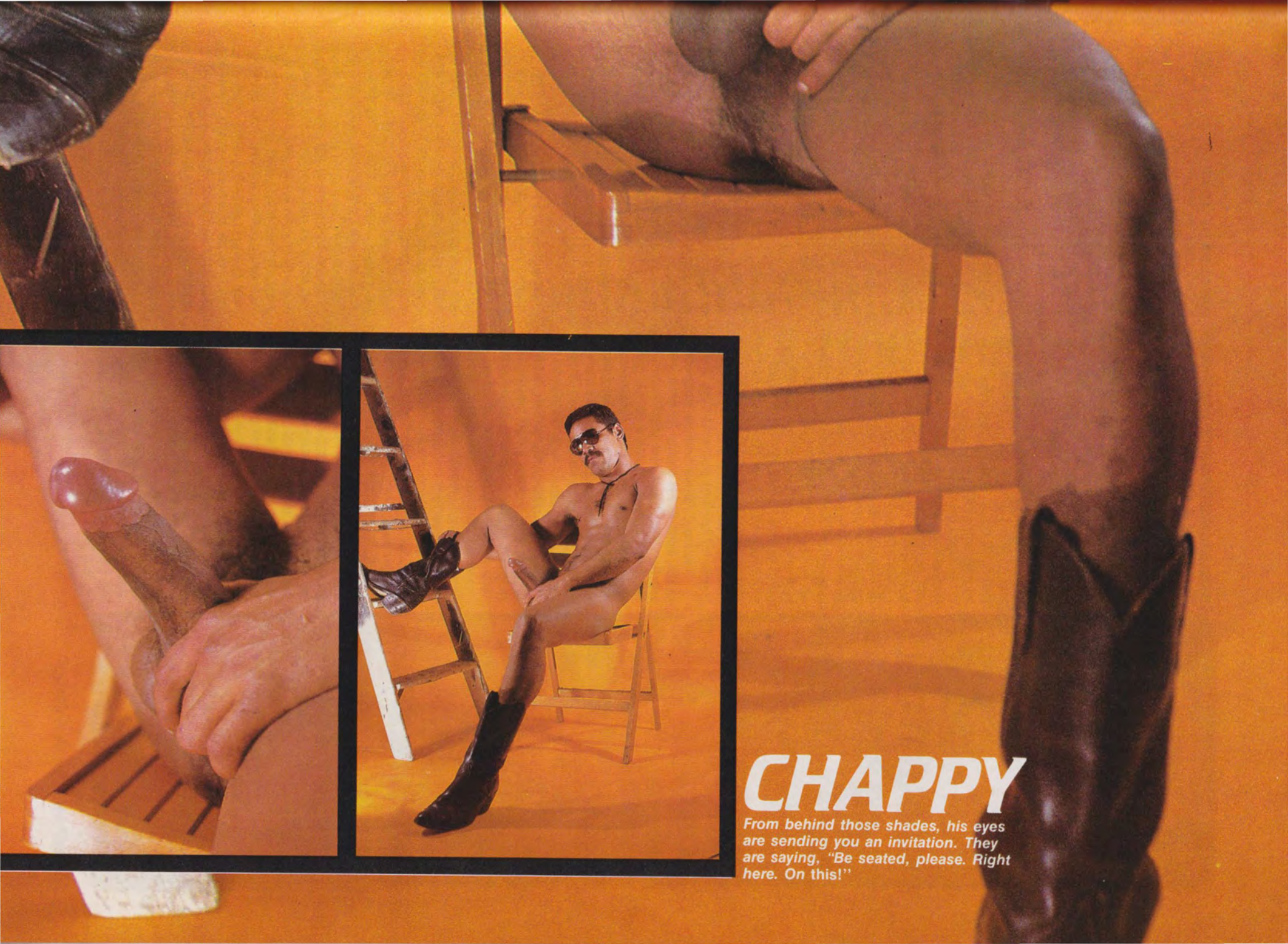












# CHAPPY

From behind those shades, his eyes are sending you an invitation. They are saying, "Be seated, please. Right here. On this!"





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## TOPMAN ON THE BOTTOM

*Continued from page 8*

his tongue in under the foreskin, stuck it in the hole gaping up at him, rubbed his nose at the base of the shaft, then started to nibble his way up my belly toward my tits, leaving a shiny, slimy trail of spit. I knew I had to get him off that track or I'd lose it. He's got this way with my tits!

I pushed his head away and held it between my hands. "I got a favor to ask ya, babe..." He looked real curious and nodded. "Let's use the bench tonight?" He laughed. Our hottest scenes have been with the weights or on the workout bench in front of the mirrors, and he always gets off on the whole scene. We finished our beer, then fell together on the bed and kissed for a long time. Then he pulled away and got up. I heard him move the bench into position. Perfect, the whole scene was falling into place just like Jamie and I had worked it out.

"Hey lazy," Steve said as he pulled at the cuffs of my jeans. As they fell from my feet I saw him standing in front of me; he had taken off his gym shorts. His dick, still only about seven inches long because it was soft, flopped in my face. I grabbed it in my mouth and worked it up to its full nine inches. Steve stood with his head thrown back, his back arched, bracing himself with his big, tough hands digging into my shoulders. "Yeah, baby, suck that meat," he groaned.

I stood up and pulled him to me. Our mouths slammed together. As they fell open, our big wet tongues fought with each other to get into the other's throat first. He won; I told you, he's a top. He was lunging down my throat, but he couldn't get deep enough. Meanwhile, I had all nine inches in both my hands and I was chafing his big cock, so he just got hotter and hotter. All the time we had been inching our way across the floor to the workout bench. I pushed him back and lay on top of him as my tongue drove into his mouth. We were both sweatin' up a storm and rubbing our bodies in the sticky puddles we'd made on the vinyl covering.

"Poppers," I shouted and jumped up to run to the kitchen. This was the crucial part of my little surprise; the whole success or failure of it depended on the next couple of minutes. I'd

tried to get him so worked up that he'd just lie back on the bench while he waited for me to return and sure enough, that's just how I found him. His feet were on the floor and his butt was near the edge of the bench, just where I wanted it. His head lay right at the top edge between the barbell supports and he even had his eyes closed. His enormous dick stretched up to his belly button.

I came back into the room as quietly as I could with the poppers... AND with two pairs of handcuffs I'd hidden in the kitchen for this moment! Jamie's lover Bill is a cop, and he'd supplied me with two pairs of regulation cuffs. As I clicked the first pair shut on Steve's wrist and the barbell support, he tried to sit up real fast but it was too late. And before he had a chance to say anything I had fastened the other pair to his left hand and to the other support.

His face had a look of hurt and fear. He didn't say a word, just looked at me. Then real slow and mean he growled, "You bastard!" I couldn't look at him or I would have had to call it quits right then. Suddenly he decided to fight back, even though there wasn't any way to really strike out except with his huge legs, but I was ready. I'd made little nooses with leather thongs. I caught his left foot with one and real quick bent him back and tied it to the left support just above the handcuff. The right was no problem after that, although he tried one last time to kick me.

Now the hard part come. If I was gonna fuck this man, my lover, against his will, then I couldn't let his predicament get to me. I stood over him and looked at his angry face, which was still speechless, and snarled, "Now baby, you're gonna get that virgin ass opened up and plugged fulla meat and you're gonna see just what a good fuckin' is all about. I'm gonna fill you up with all eight inches of my dick. And you ain't got no say in the matter. Understand?"

Steve looked up at me like a little kid about to get spanked. His eyes were filled with terror and something else; excitement? I spat into my hand and rubbed it up against his asshole real slow, slipping my index finger in the hole as much as I could. He was real tight and kept tightening up more and more. Then he screamed real loud, not in pain but in rage, and almost tipped the bench over.

"Hey babe, what the fuck're you doin'? You're not gettin' out by fallin' asleep this time and you're just gonna



keep the neighbors up if I don't fix that mouth of yours!" I straddled his face and stuffed my dick into his mouth, wondering if he'd try something dumb like biting it. No way. He started to suck me real hard.

"Oh no ya don't. You're not gonna make me cum before I fuck you... but nice try." I pulled out of his mouth and saw him grin a little just before I gagged him with a red bandanna.

Now came the part I was kinda worried about: relaxing Steve so that he really would enjoy his cherry-popping. The last thing I wanted to do was to hurt him; I didn't even want to teach him a lesson. What I wanted was to let him feel what it was like having a dick inside him; to show him how great it could be. Just once. If he didn't want it to happen again it wouldn't, but he had to feel it just once. I could tell he was real upset because his dick had shrunk down to about six inches; the only time I'd seen it that small was when we got surprised by some cops while we were fucking in the back seat of his old convertible. Even when I started sucking on it, it just lay still and didn't harden up at all. Should I call it quits or try just a little longer?

Then I remembered Jamie telling me that no matter what happened I had to keep going. That he lost his hard-on when Bill fucked him and if I turned back now I'd never get another chance. So I started to rub Steve's asshole with grease and did the same to my dick, but I was fast losing heart. Then I remembered the poppers and reached for them with my dry hand. I uncapped the bottle and held it under Steve's left nostril. He glared at me and wouldn't inhale... at first. Then, after some of the fumes had started to get in his breath he took a real big snort and rolled his head so I could put the bottle under his other nostril.

I started working my finger into his asshole as the poppers began to take effect. Then it happened: I watched his soft dick jerk up, a little at first, then more and more until it was huge once again. While I worked another finger gently into his greasy ass, I bent over and started sucking his huge tool. He started to writhe as much as his bonds would let him and I could feel that he was really getting off. I had all but my thumb up his hole!

I pushed his ass a little farther up in the air and then, before he knew what hit him, I rammed all eight inches of my uncut meat into his ass. His eyes got real big; surprise? pain? turned on? It didn't matter. He felt so good—I hadn't realized how much I wanted to

fuck this guy!

Then my real surprise hit. I felt his ass work my cock as I drove it in again. He was working with me like a pro! With each thrust he'd relax his asshole so that I could shove myself all the way in, then as I slowly pulled back he massaged my dick with his ass muscles. I looked up at his mostly-shut eyes and realized that I had broken him—and he loved every inch of it! As I plunged in once more I reached up and pulled off the gag, then trailed my greasy fingers down over his chest and belly till I grabbed his dick and started to jack it off.

"Don't touch me," he growled. "If you don't let go I'm gonna come all over this fuckin' room!" The grin told me everything I needed to know about how he was liking his new experience. It also told me that the time had come to give it all I had, so I started slamming my meat into his ass as hard and fast as I could. He started working with my furious rhythm so that I was riding him just like a bronco, with my balls slapping his butt.

"Shove that dick up my fuckin' ass, baby!" he screamed as fountain after fountain of cum shot over his chest and face and across the mirrors above his head. What he couldn't see—but could feel—was the gallon or more of my cum that filled him up. As his cum splattered across his face and the mirror, mine lubricated his insides. His look of happy amazement was worth the whole night.

While he lay relaxed I slowly pulled out of him, untied his feet and unlocked the handcuffs. Then I took him in my arms and lay down on top of him. Finally I whispered: "You okay?" He just smiled without opening his eyes. Then he kissed me real tender and long.

"Steve, there never has to be a next time but if there is, it'll be because you want it. No handcuffs, thongs, gags, or surprises, okay?"

His eyes flew open, he looked a little embarrassed and said "Why not? I mean they were kinda... fun... hot..." We both started laughing as we felt our cocks harden up in the sticky cum sandwich our bodies made. ■

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## DOUBLE DICK

Continued from page 12

from my happy dick. I tugged and pulled, extracting the complete range of sensation from it, splattering the last of my load onto my shoulder. The mudlogger be damned.

He took in the sight of my ejaculation in one glance. His mouth dropped open and his hand went to his throat like it pained him. He emitted a prolonged rattling croak, and his neck flushed bright red. I pulled my balls and squeezed out another hefty gob. Dipping my fingers in the mess, I kept rubbing the head of my softening dick, having had one of the best jackoffs I'd ever felt. He continued gasping like he was having a heart attack, rooted to the little step.

He yanked off his glasses and put them back on, reassuring himself he'd seen what he thought he had. Then, as quickly as he'd appeared, he retreated inside and slammed the door. I chuckled, wondering what must be running through his mind. What the hell? I didn't see the mudlogger again during the rest of that work tour. It was

like he'd disappeared from the face of the earth.

I took out my handkerchief, wet it in the icy water in the cooler, and cleaned myself up. My knees were still shaky, but I felt great.

When I returned to the drill floor, Chip and Jake were already there. Chip's back was to me, and the hole in the seat of his pants appeared larger, revealing his entire asscrack. He was watching me over his shoulder. Jake faced me, legs spread apart, balls hanging out. I looked back and forth, my mouth drying up.

Jake began stroking his manmeat until it got fully up, a gigantic dicktool, hard, thick, and long, bobbing in the hot West Texas sun and shining with sweat. He touched it lovingly, like a man holding a valuable object. Tension filled the air. It was impossible for me to be nonchalant. My mouth was almost too dry to form words. But my face told all.

"You know, Jake, I think the worm wants something from us, and wants it bad!" Chip said, letting one hand rub sensuously down his bare ass and reach into the dark, hairy crack.

"My sentiments 'zactly. I've been workin' this mother-fuckin' rig ten days

without *any* and my old dick's hankerin' for some action!"

I was so excited and taken aback that I sat down on the drill floor, my head spinning. They stood facing each other and pulled me to my feet. "Hey, guys—I—" I started to protest. Jake pinioned my arms and Chip unlaced my boots. "This isn't funny," I said, as Chip reached for my belt buckle.

"What's takin' so long?" Jake asked. "I need to pump some ass real bad!" His big hard-on stuck out the hole in his inseam and shoved against me.

"It's a funny kind of buckle. I'm not sure how it works." Chip fiddled around tugging and pulling but finally got it loose. In one swift move he pulled down my jeans. His hot, dirty hands closed on my box, groping roughly. They played over my stiff nipples and down my stomach. Jake's manmeat battered against my ass, trying to get in.

"Look, guys—" I said, struggling.

Chip pulled my underwear to my ankles and yanked my dick for good measure. My full hard-on pointed straight out.

"Son-of-a-bitch's got a bone on!" Jake remarked. "Just look at that stiff pecker! He wants it all right. Just like I told you!" Chip freed my legs from the jeans and underwear, leaving me stark naked.

"I told you he wanted it real bad!"

Chip wiped a gob of grease on my asshole. He jammed a finger inside the opening to make sure where his target was; it burned as he rotated in and out.

"Come on, guys, this has gone far enough!" Two fingers pulled at my asshole, forcing the flesh further apart.

They both laughed. "We got it all over you physically, worm," Jake said. I could feel his insistent erection pushing hard against the cheeks of my ass. "You ain't no match for the two of us. We're gonna get what we want!"

Chip pressed his dick against me while Jake pushed against my butt. Chip lifted me completely off the drill floor. Instinctively, I locked my legs around his waist, thinking that might stop him.

"Now, guys—" I protested.

They continued laughing and didn't say a word. Both were getting into the spirit of what they were doing.

Chip took hold of his dick and jammed it against Jake's, holding the two cocks tightly at the base and making one huge double-dick that was thicker than my forearm. Chip smeared more grease around my asshole to

Continued to page 28

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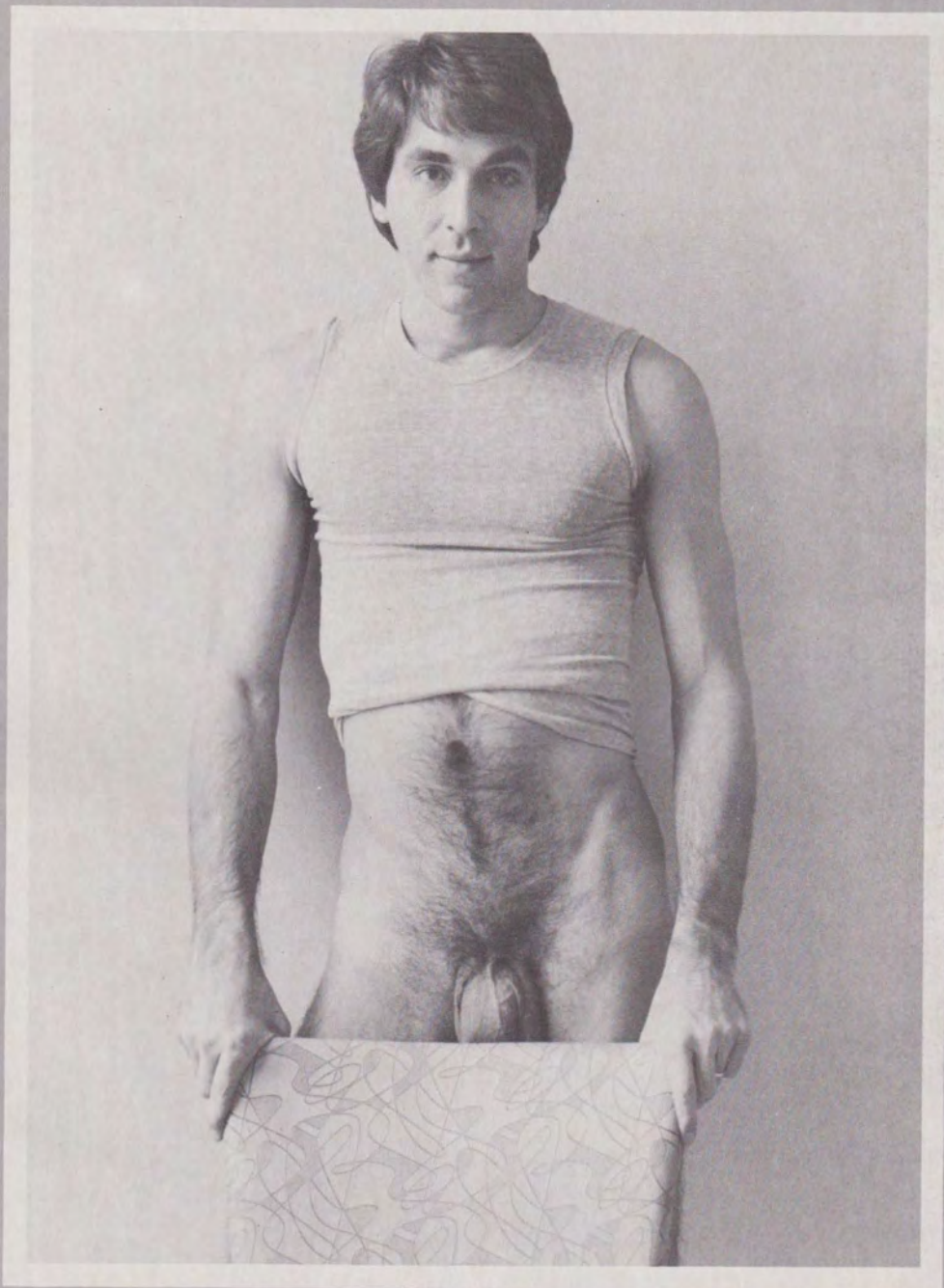


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# MEAT LOAF



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YOU A MEAL; HE'S GOT SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU.

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# MEAT LOAF

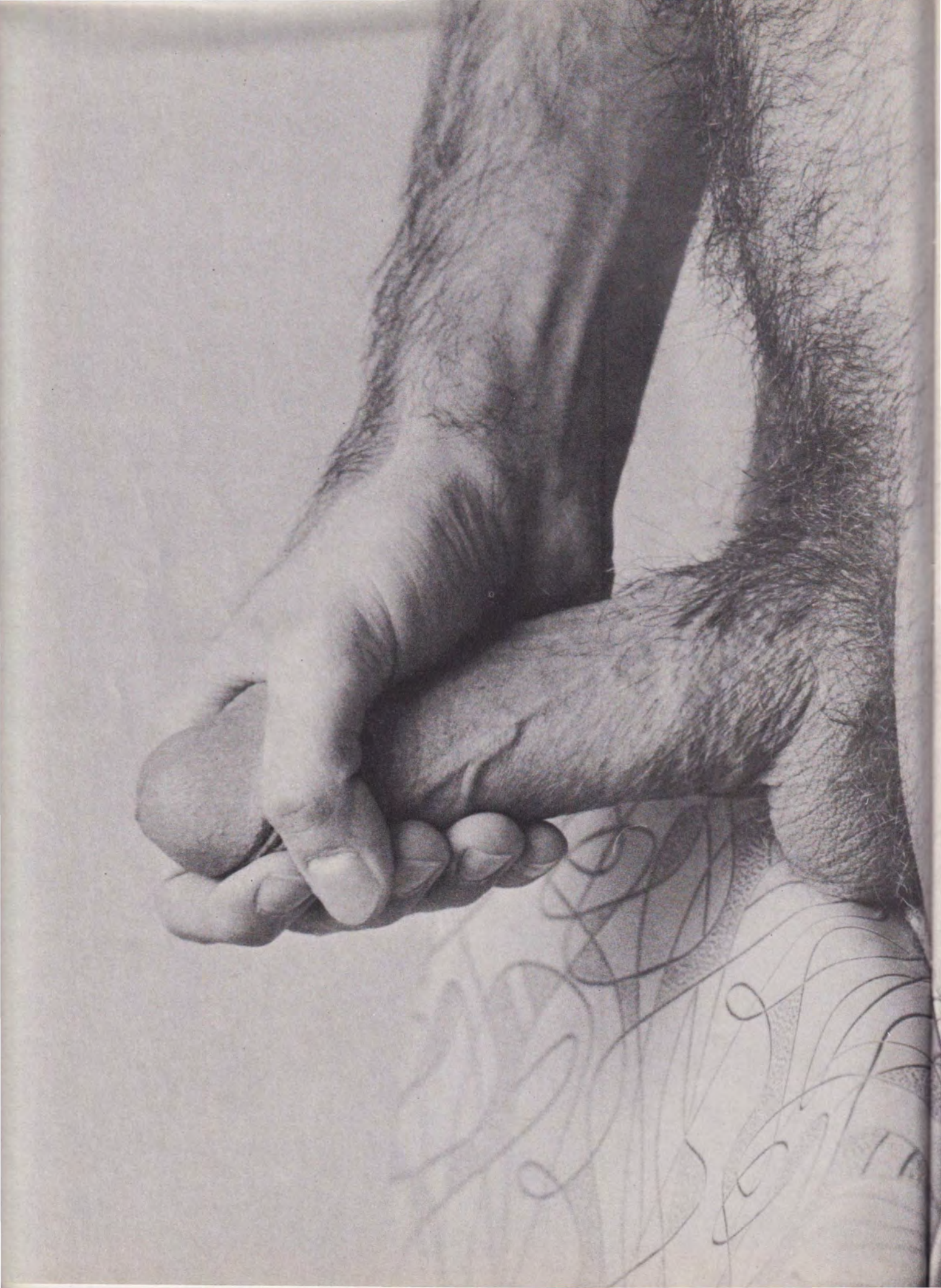


AND THERE IT IS! HE'S RATHER PROUD OF IT. MOVE IN CLOSE AND GET A GOOD LOOK. IT'S A FINE, THICK PIECE OF MEAT AND HE NEVER LETS IT LOAF.









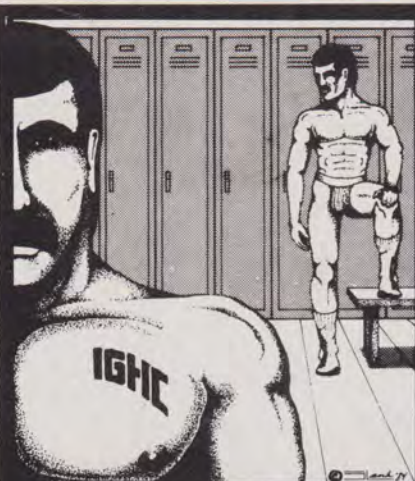


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make sure it was well-lubed, and I felt as if all ten of his fingers were in my opening at once. Rough bastard!

"What do you think you're doing? Take it easy! Your joke's gone far enough!" I shouted.

"Has it?" Chip asked. "I think we're about to give you some special oil-field instructions. A real treat, worm! We're gonna put our pipes into your big, black hole. By the time we're finished, you're gonna be fucked out!"

"So are we!" Jake laughed.

"All fucked out," Chip repeated.

"Rigged out!" Jake said. "Or reamed out. One or the other!" They both laughed. I wasn't amused at this point.

"Look, Chip—Jake—"

It was no use. The combination of their sweat and the grease had lubed us all to the point that I felt myself sliding down between the two of them, like a wiener between two hotdog buns. Their menacing combined dickshaft lunged toward my butt, honing in on its target.

"This has gone as far as I—I can't take anything that big!" I cried.

"Yeah, you can," Chip said. "We've got a helluva lot of experience putting big hard pipes in holes!"

Then I felt that double dickhead smash across my butthole, the lubrication letting it slide easily past my sphincter. I winced at the fiery contact. Pain darted up my rectum as it resisted the intrusion. My body slid ever so slowly down onto that immense fleshy pole, impaling itself centimeter by centimeter, and there was nothing I could do to stop it. I screamed out loud as my pain turned to the highest level of pleasure that I'd ever encountered. Chip exerted a gentle pressure on my shoulders, forcing me lower onto their dickmeat. In one simultaneous upward thrust, they shoved far inside, as far as nature would allow, and my eyes began to get foggy. Perspiration burned my eyes.

"Oh! Good God!" I cried out.

"I knew he'd like it," Chip gasped.

Each of them trembled from head to toe with the excitement of fucking me while mutually stimulating each other, with the most sensitive parts of their dicks rubbing together. I had never before had two dicks up my ass at once. I squirmed like a stuck pig, my cries of ecstasy rising above everything else. God, I was enjoying it! The rig began to spin. My skin prickled and my ass throbbed. Joy! Happiness! My head reeled!

My dick bobbed frantically up and down. Chip and Jake stroked in unison, fucking my ass, each lost in his individual fantasies. I gripped Chip's thick neck for leverage as my nuts hugged close, hurting from the accumulation of cum anxious to be free. Chip wiggled his hips from side to

side, forcing his chest hair harder against my dickshaft.

My dick trembled uncontrollably, hopping up and down faster and faster. My fingers tightened their grip on Chip's skin and I yelled in frenzied pleasure as creamy spurts of cum shot onto his chest. A snow-white river burst from the end of my cock again and again, and hung on top of his chest like Elmer's glue. My dick seemed to have an endless supply as they touched my special place, forcing more cream to gush and dribble.

Jake and Chip screamed wildly, lunging their dicks harder, driven crazy by my orgasm.

"Man, I'm on the verge," Jake gasped.

"Me, too!" Chip responded through gritted teeth.

All four hands gripped me solidly as they tensed for their final burst of pleasure. Jake's head went back and a strangled moan rushed out. Chip gasped and closed his eyes. Both went rigid about the same time, as their combined loads raced up my rectum in a flood of cum, a steamy hot river erupting into my gut. I flashed on the old day of the oilfields when rigs were allowed to blow in free, the black gold rushing up the derricks and spewing everywhere into the bright sunlight. Their derrick dicks kept gushing up my ass, flooding inside me until I passed out from the intensity of it.

The first thing I heard afterwards was Chip saying, "I think he's coming around."

My eyes began to clear and I realized we were lying on the drill floor, their softening dicks still up my ass, poking slightly.

"Whew!" Jake said. "I've never done anything like that before!"

"Neither have I" Chip said.

"Well, guys, that makes it unanimous," I added weakly.

"We gotta get back to work," Chip said, rising to his feet.

"Yeah," Jake said. "We got plenty of time for more of this... later!"

As I started to retrieve my clothes, I realized I was smeared with grease, grime, and sweat as they were. All the shiny newness was gone!

Jake and Chip eyed me in my altered state. "We can't call him worm any more," Chip said.

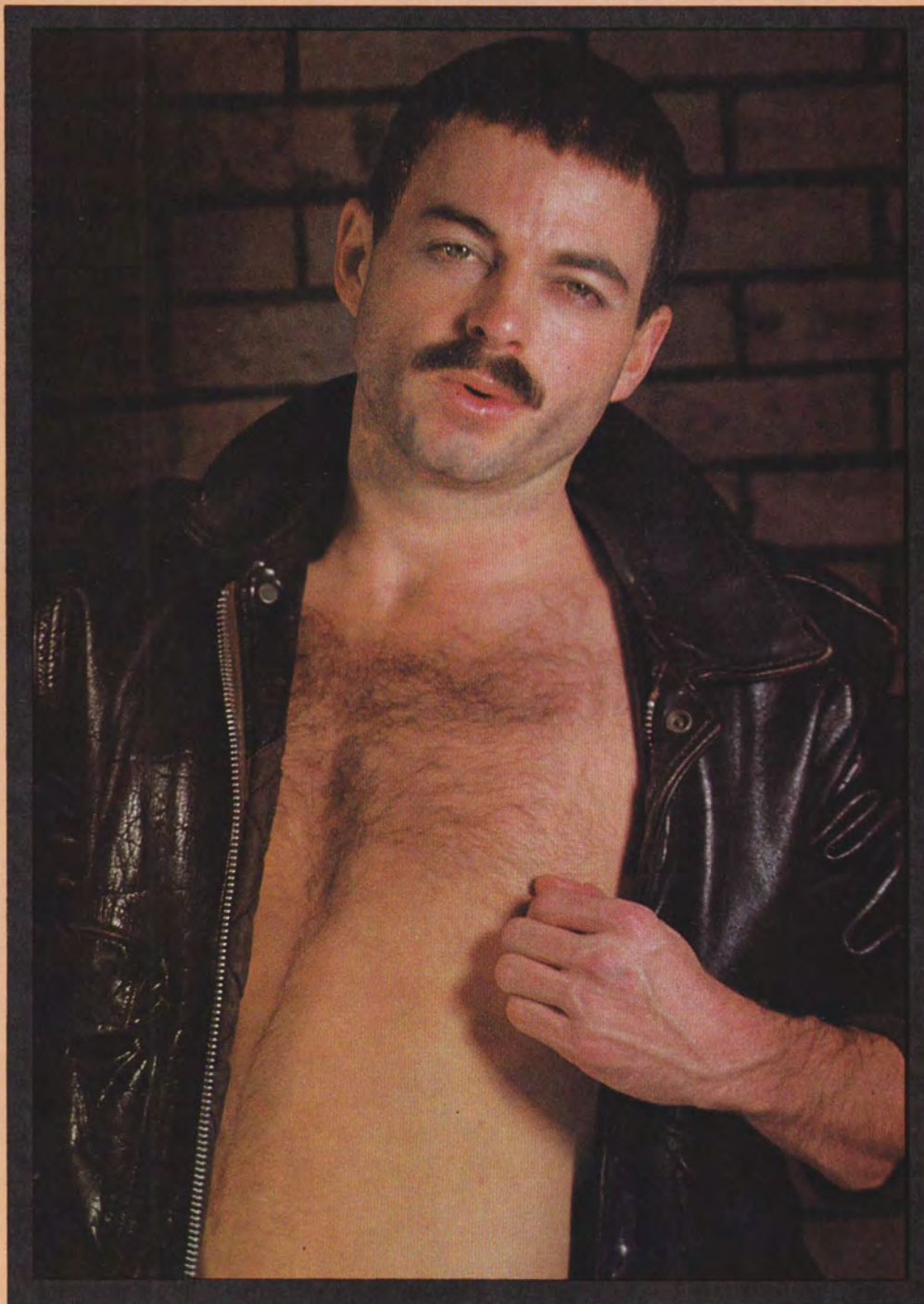
"We pretty well fucked the sparkle out of him," Jake said.

"Sure looks like it," Chip rumbled my hair.

As I turned my attention to the work before us, I wondered if I could make it through the summer. I knew I could handle the workload; that was no problem. It was these two horny bastards I wasn't so sure about keeping happy. But I had every intention of trying! ■



# STRAPPED



*Jack thought I'd be a pushover when he asked if he could borrow some money. He figured all he'd have to do was flash his pecs at me and I'd empty the safe. "I'm really strapped for cash," he said, tweaking a nipple. That gave me an idea.*

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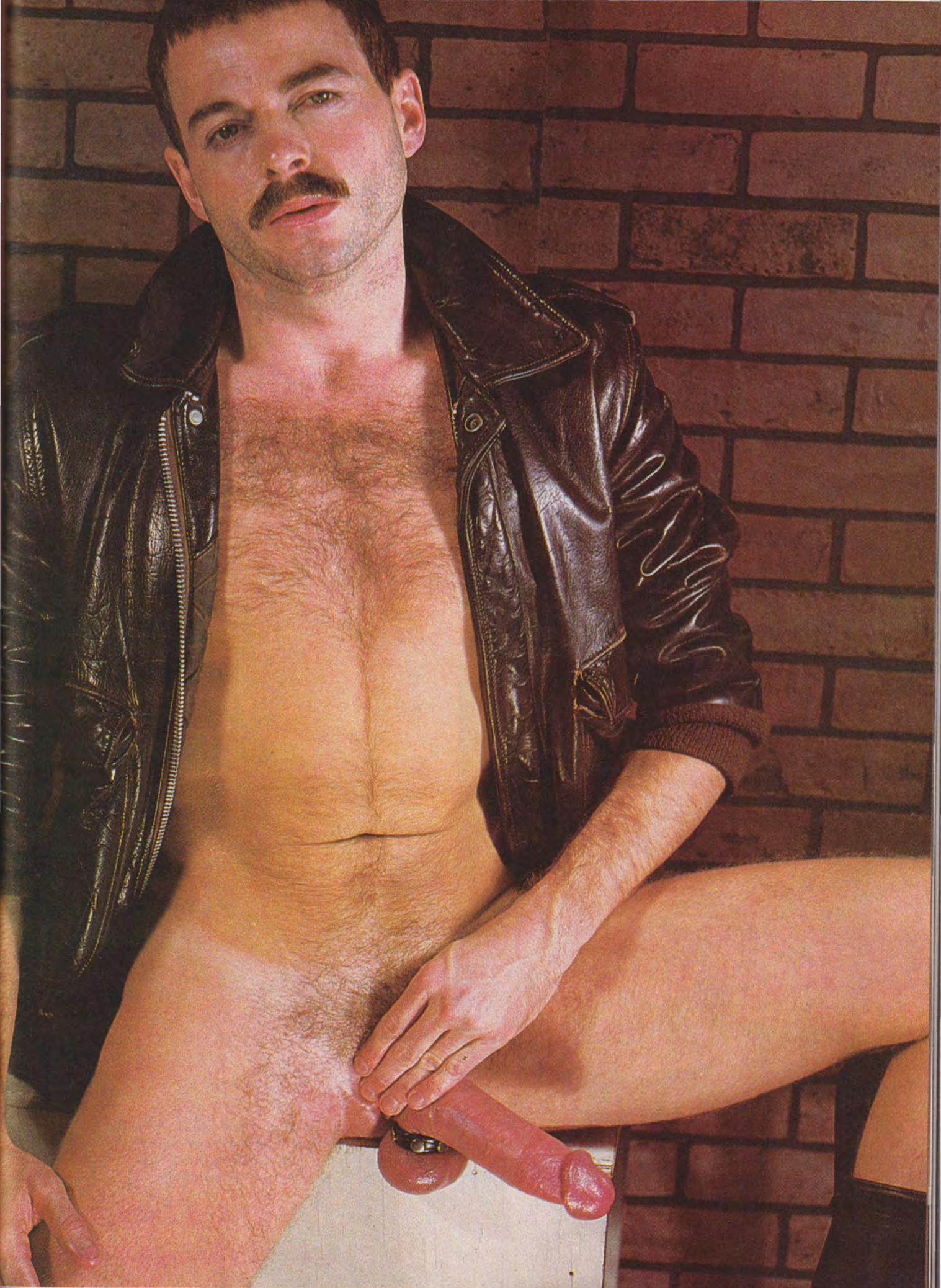


# STRAPPED



*I told Jack I'd consider his request for a loan, but I'd consider it harder if he took his pants off. He smirked, unzipped, and peeled off his jeans. "Get it hard," I ordered. Once it was, I moved in quick with my studded leather cockstrap.*









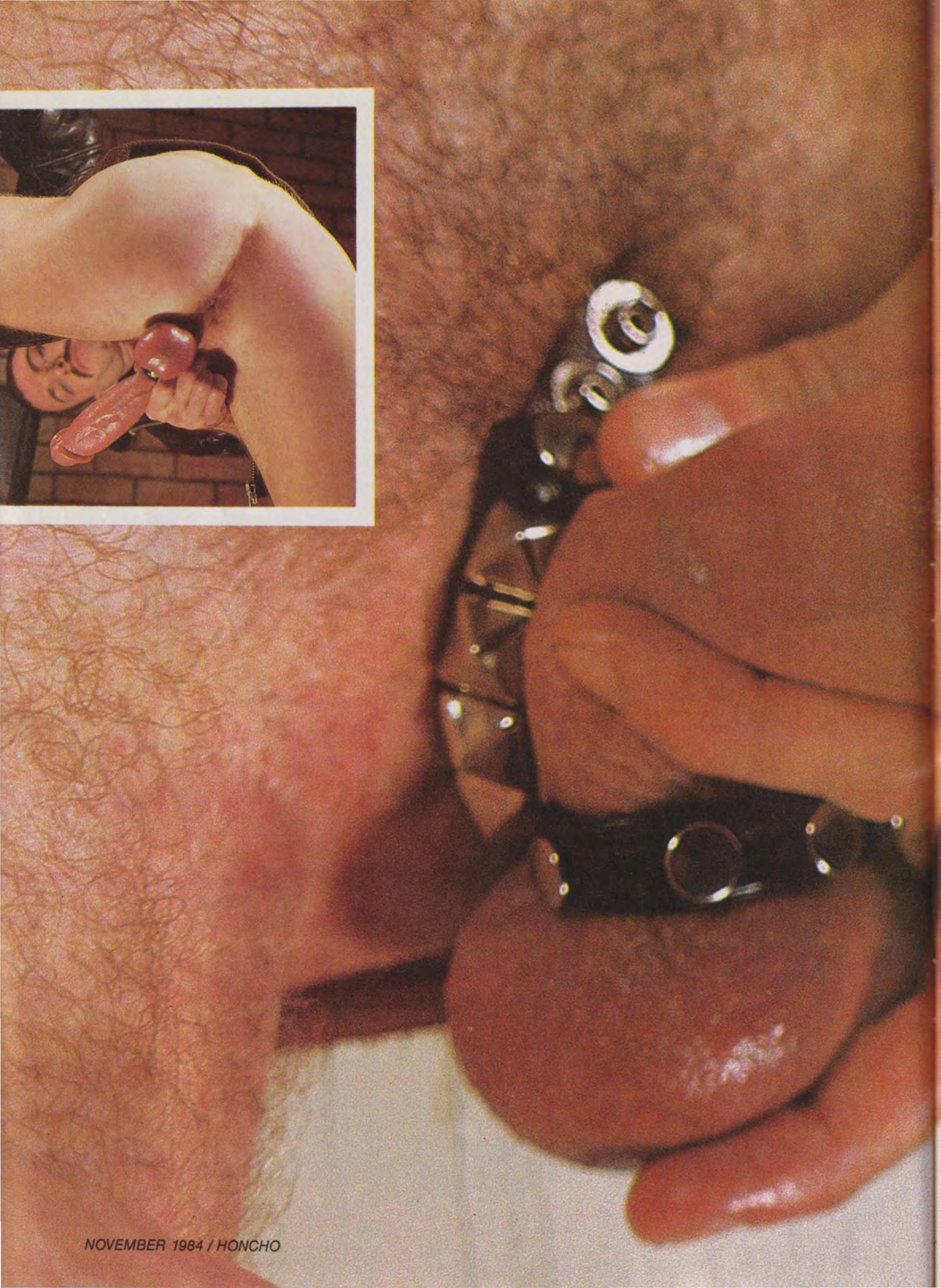
# STRAPPED

The strap did its work just fine. His bound dick swelled up rock-hard, and his nutsack looked about ready to explode. Once I had him like that, it was easy getting him to open up his puckerhole.













# STRAPPED

"Okay, Jack," I said as I spread his smooth, beefy buns. "So you say you're strapped for cash, huh? Well, now you're strapped for fucking. Cock and ball strapped." He just grunted and went to work for his money. Believe me, he earned every cent of it.









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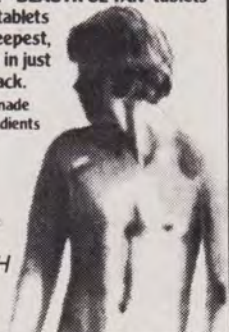
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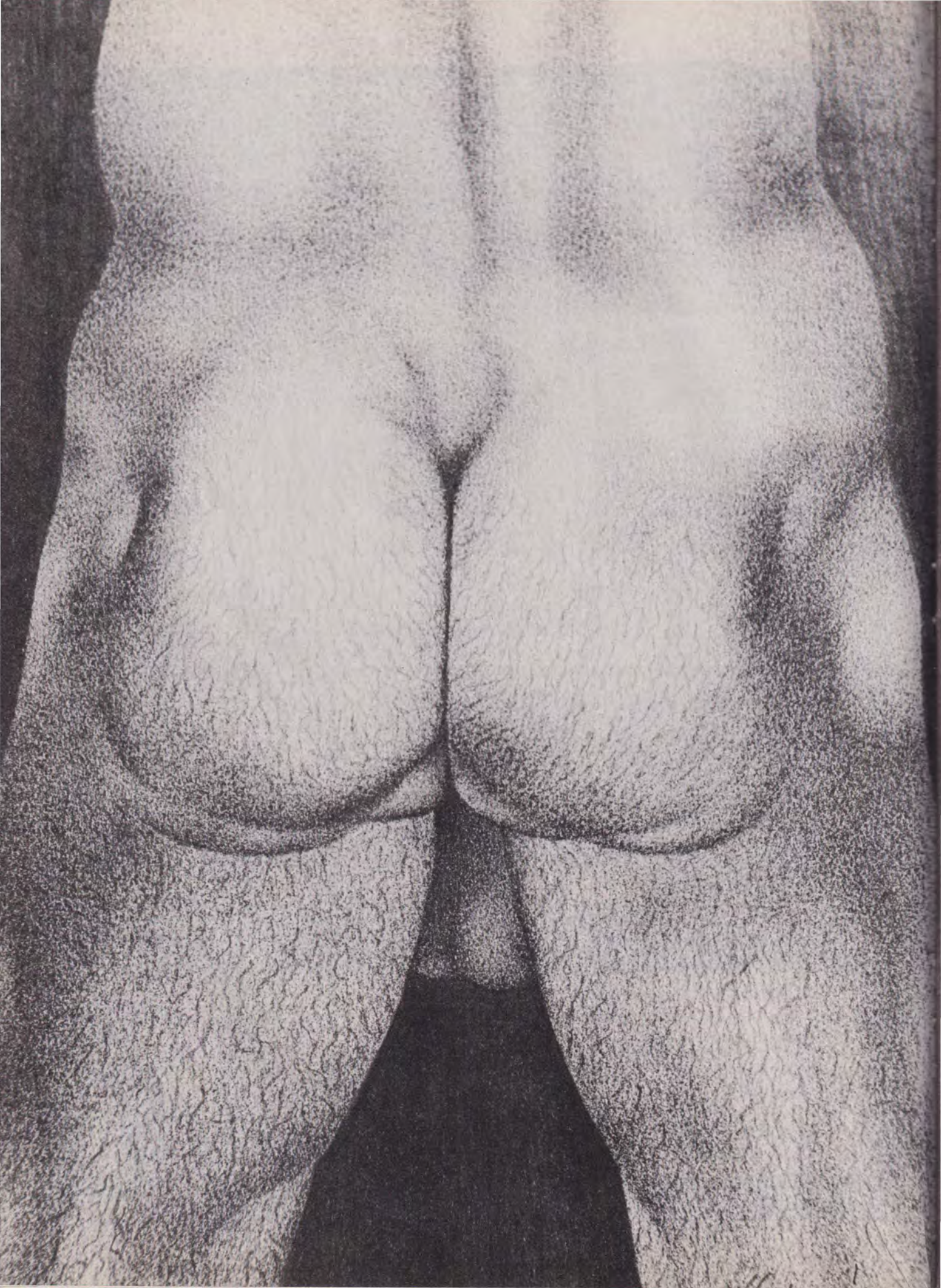
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I wanted to fuck him. He had a splendid, full-cheeked but muscular ass I longed to invade. An eminently fuckable ass that was going unused, and for no good reason.

# MAY I BORROW YOUR HUSBAND?

By Mario Mangiacazzo • Art by Weston F. Lansdale

Ray and I had been buddies since we were freshmen at a small, liberal arts college in northern New England, but we didn't make it until five years after graduation—and five years into his marriage. How I endured all that frustrated lust so many years is, I guess, a tribute to my powers of sublimation. When we met in early 1969, I was a green, eighteen-year-old kid, and he was a 22-year-old man of experience. Only four months before he started school he'd been slogging through the jungles of Vietnam, an Army lieutenant who'd seen too many of his men end up in body bags. He didn't like to talk much about the war, unless it was to rail against the Army brass or boast about his sexual antics with Vietnamese hookers and Army nurses. I could tell that despite his tough-ass and cynical demeanor he was still shaken by the emotional after-effects of war.

So we took a liking to each other, becoming drinking and carousing buddies. Typical young-male shit. My feelings about the friendship were complicated by my attraction to Ray. And dormitory life sure as hell fed my sexual anxiety. There were plenty of epi-

phanies. The first time I saw him bare-ass he was drying off from his shower; I walked in on him just as he was peeling back his foreskin and carefully toweling his dickhead. Then I took in his burly, six-foot-plus, hairy body. There was an awkward moment while I fought for words. Another time I had to wake him because he was in danger of sleeping through an exam. I burst into his room, leaned over his bed, and shook one of his bare shoulders. His eyes popped open and when he saw the clock, he sprang out of bed. Stark naked, and with a piss hard-on. Oh, there were many times when I found myself weak-kneed and dry-mouthed in his presence, and I knew the remedy for those complaints: having my legs stretched high in the air while he fucked me, and having my mouth filled with his copious cum.

But I was a coward, and did nothing about it. Ray and I started to drift apart after he began dating a local woman during our junior year; two years later they got married and moved to Boston. My hometown. I fucked around for a year or so after graduation, traveling across the coun-



try, and spending a few months in a Colorado commune run by followers of an internationally-known French philosopher. (The commune fell apart after the savant denounced it.) When I'd gotten the wanderlust out of my system, I returned to Boston. And got re-involved with Ray. It was different, of course, him being married. One thing, though, hadn't changed: I was still hot for him. Now, I hate to sound like some vindictive homewrecker, but I couldn't stand Ray's wife, Betty. It really galled me that she got a steady diet of his dick while all I had were my fantasies and an active hand. (I was still too cowardly to go out to a bar and actually meet gay men.) Betty must have known that I was hot for her husband, but what she probably didn't know was that I regarded the conquest of Ray as a hopeless cause. Our friendship was re-established within a few weeks of my return home; in fact, we became tighter than we'd ever been in college. I even became convinced that Ray preferred my company to Betty's. At least he and I never fought and cursed each other out. (I sometimes got caught in the middle of their quarrels, a nasty and embarrassing experience.) We continued like this for several years, me and Ray hanging

me. "C'mon over and we'll get all fucked up."

Ray passed out on the sofa sometime after he'd finished his second six-pack and smoked some half-dozen joints. Ray's a big boy with out-sized appetites, and it takes a lot to knock him out. As he lay snoring, I studied him. After nearly nine years, I still found him maddeningly desirable. His high, sharp cheekbones and small, Asiatic eyes were evidence of his Indian blood. The Scottish-Irish in him showed up in his rugged build, reddish-brown hair and beard, and abundant body pelt. He was wearing an old, gray college t-shirt and white levis; the shirt had risen up to expose his belly. Certain that he was sound asleep, I reached out and touched his furry gut. It was warm and slightly damp. He didn't stir. Emboldened, I moved my hand lower, down to his big box. My open palm lay lightly on top of his bulge. I gently increased the pressure. He sighed and shifted his hips, scaring the shit out of me. I waited a moment before I put my hand on his crotch. No movement from him. I lightly rubbed, and guess what—he started getting hard. I kept it up until I could feel a full hard-on blossoming in his jeans. Rub, rub, rub. His meat pulsed

jeans and jockeys down past his hips, he muttered, "Hey, man, I dunno about this..." But did he make a serious move to stop me? Ha! When I had his pants and shorts bunched around his knees, I took his stiff dick in hand and jacked it. What a great piece of meat: long, thick, and veiny, with a big-domed dickhead. The fore-skin had gathered in folds behind the dickhead, and I rubbed it against the shaft as I jerked him off. Warm pre-cum dribbled onto my curled fingers. Ray kept his eyes shut, but I knew he was having a good time. His dick didn't lie. With my free hand, I pushed his t-shirt up above his chest. The thick brown fur covering his pecs was damp with sweat. I reached into the moist fur and pulled one of his nipples. It immediately hardened. I kept up this routine of hand-jobbing and tit-tweaking until he whispered, "Suck it, man."

"Yeah? You want me to suck your dick?"

"Yeah. C'mon, Ed, do it for me."

Gladly, you big hump. I bent over his crotch, opened wide, and mouthed his wet dickhead. A new taste sensation! (My experience with guys had been limited to some adolescent circle-jerks and a clumsy blow-job from a classmate at my high school.) Ray's entire body twitched when my mouth engulfed his meat. Trying to remember everything I'd read in books and magazines about giving head, I sucked him slowly and methodically. He had other ideas. He started pumping his hips after a few minutes of my careful sucking, his big dick ramming the back of my throat. "Relax and open wide," I told myself, and to my surprise, Ray's dick became comfortably lodged in my throat. Imagine that—on my first time out I give head supreme! Ray moaned and continued thrusting his hips.

"Oh man," he gasped, "Take my pants off. I need to move my legs."

I did as he said, tossing the levis and jockey shorts on the floor. All he wore now was a t-shirt and white socks. I peeled them off, too. I gazed down on his body, and suddenly felt a surge of dizziness. The man I'd lusted after so many years was lying naked beneath me, his dick hard and frothing, eager to erupt in my mouth. I'd long ago given up on the notion that something like this might actually happen some day. Or had I? Maybe Ray had picked up on my feelings for him long ago, and was just waiting for me to make my move. If so, he had super-human patience!

Before I resumed sucking Ray's dick, I bent over and licked his body. I

*Continued on page 69*

## **Betty worked different hours than Ray, so when she was gone I'd sometimes pop over to their place to have her husband. Other times he'd come to my apartment for a blow job.**

out together whenever we could, Betty resenting it but not saying anything—at least not in my presence.

Four summers ago Betty decided to take a few days off from work to visit her ailing mother in Pennsylvania. She wanted Ray to go with her, but he refused. He told Betty he simply couldn't get the time off from his job, but he told me the real reason. Betty's mother was a "mean old bitch, and I wouldn't mind if she kicked off." He had no desire to spend time in Betty's jerkwater hometown, watching her fuss over the fading termagant. Ray and Betty fought like hell over this issue; the verbal brawl continued even during the ride to the airport. When Ray returned after seeing Betty off, he rang me up. "I got a case of beer and an ounce of dynamite Colombian," he gleefully told

in his pants, and to my amazement, I saw a stain slowly materialize on his fly. His dick was leaking! I began to shake with excitement. If I kept this up, I could probably make him come.

Then he woke up. "Whaaa?" he mumbled, turning his groggy head in my direction. "Whaa' ya doin', man?"

I got bold. "Playin' with your dick," I replied. "Whaddya think I'm doin'?"

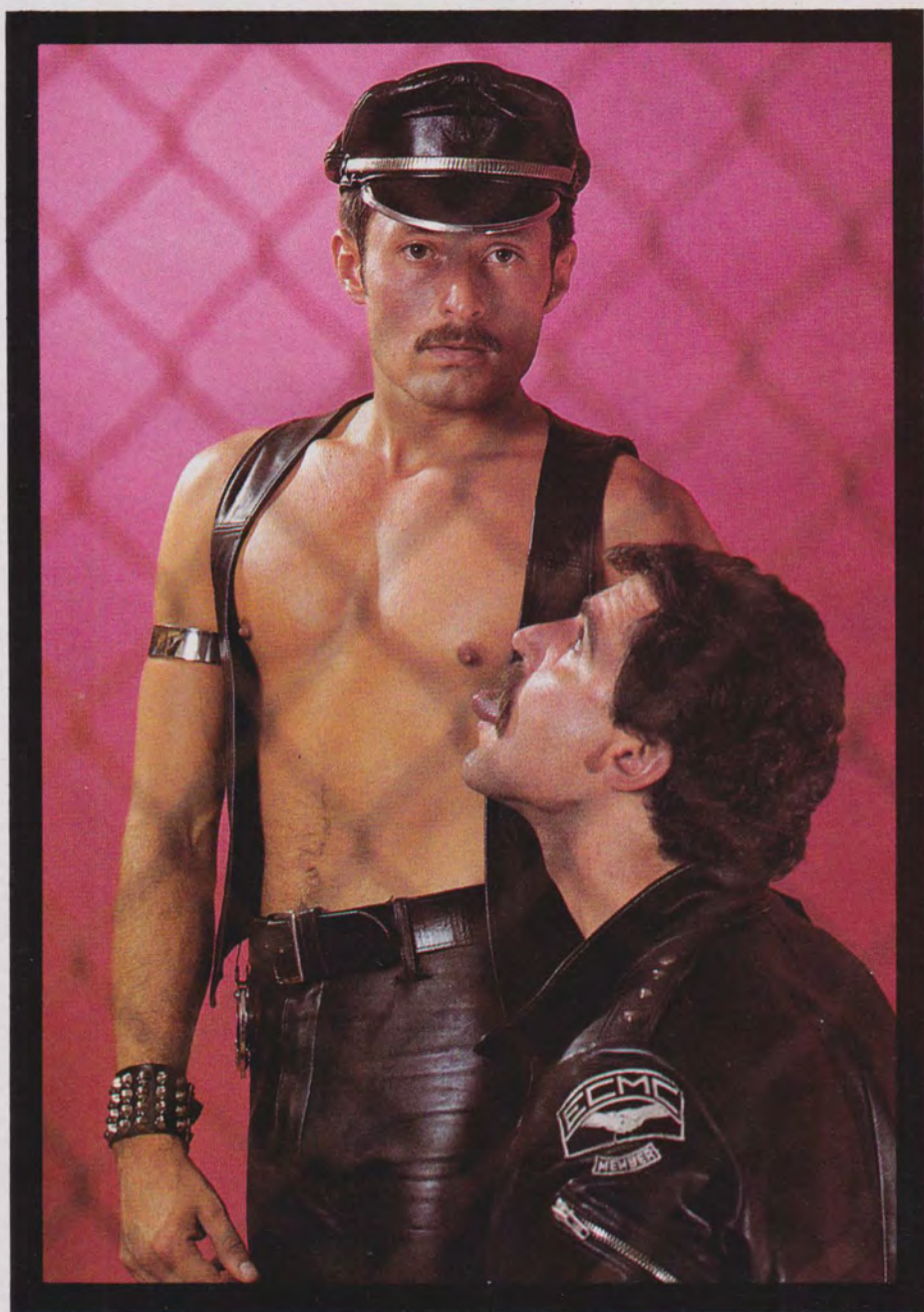
"Oh, wow," he mumbled. "Wha' for?"

"To make you come."

What happened next was a scene that's been played innumerable times by countless guys like us. Two drunken buddies—one drunker than the other—and a classic case of "Gee, I don't know what came over me." Ray offered feeble resistance to my attack; as I undid his belt and pulled his



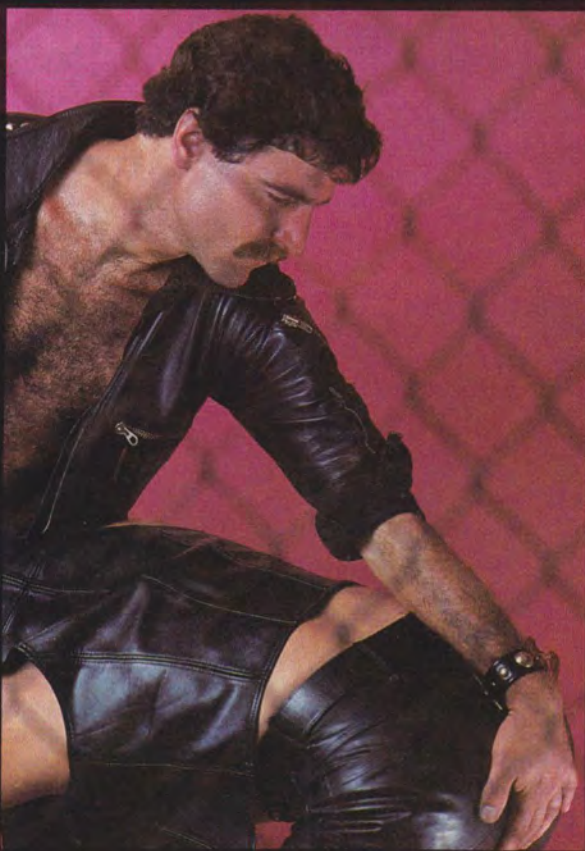
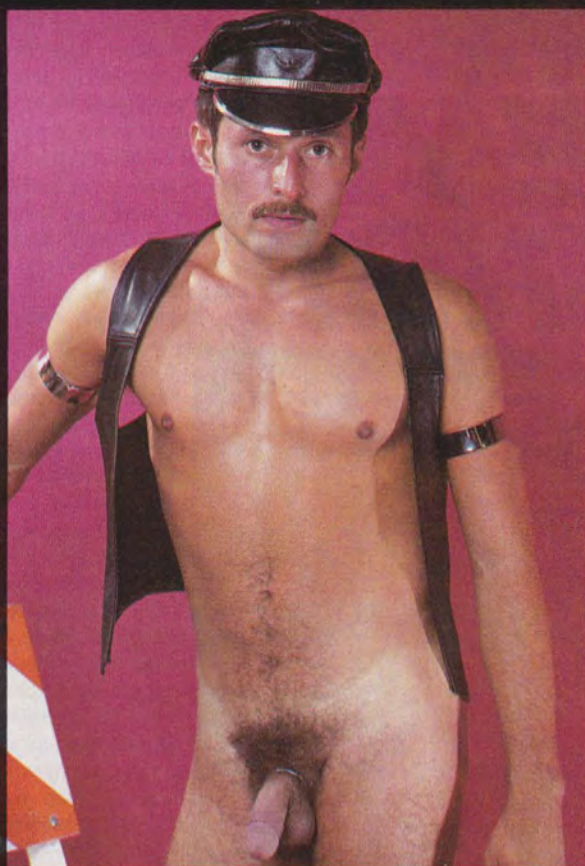
# **TAKE A LICKING!**



**WHEN JASON MILLER (IN LEATHER CAP) GETS A LICKING  
FROM DAMON DOUGLAS, HE HAS NOTHING TO FEAR.**

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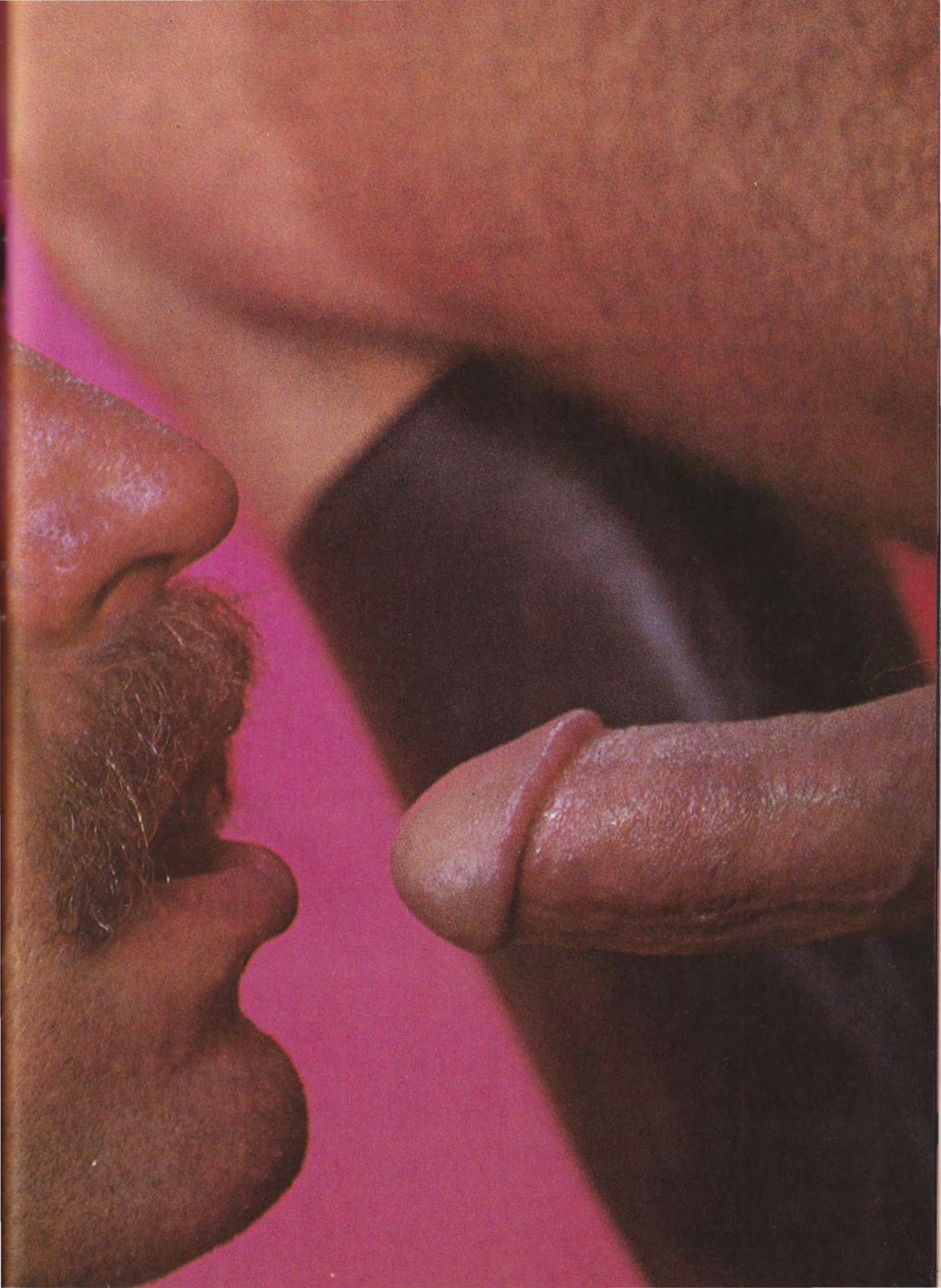




# TAKE A LICKING!

ALTHOUGH THESE BOYS ARE PLENTY TOUGH,  
THEY DON'T DO THEIR LICKING WITH WHIPS.  
THEY USE TONGUES, INSTEAD.







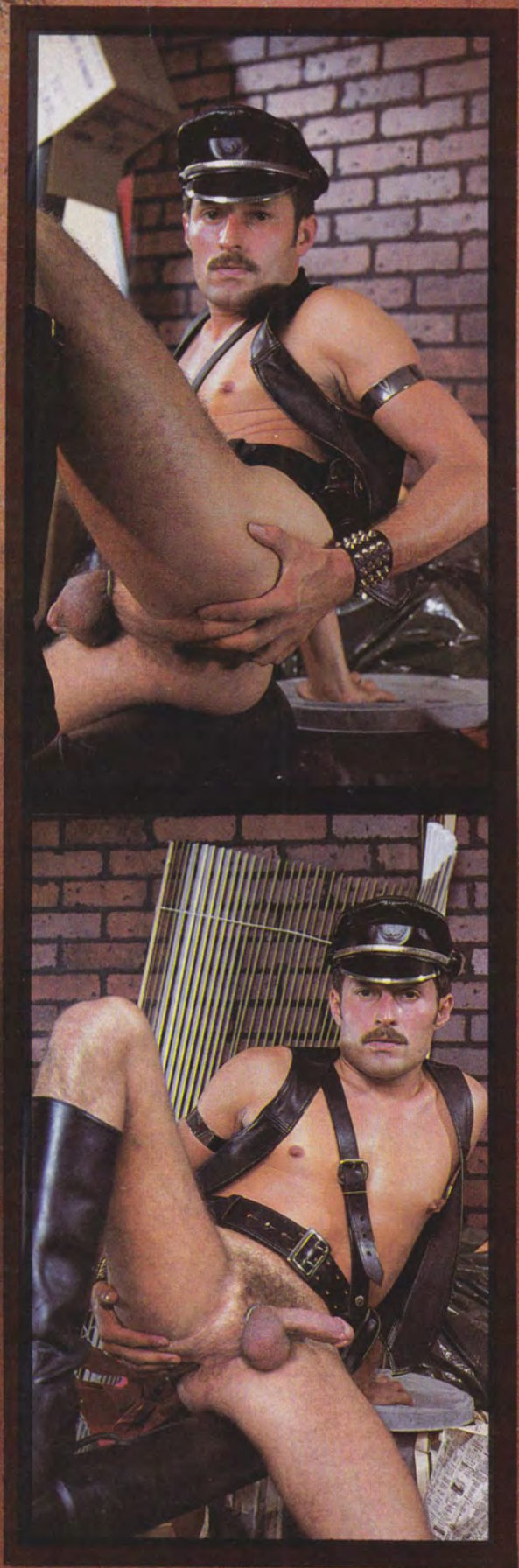


**AND MOUTHS, THROATS, ASSES, HANDS AND FEET.  
ANYTHING, IN FACT, THAT CAN GIVE PLEASURE IS PUT TO GOOD USE BY THESE  
HOT, HORNY FUCK BUDDIES.**









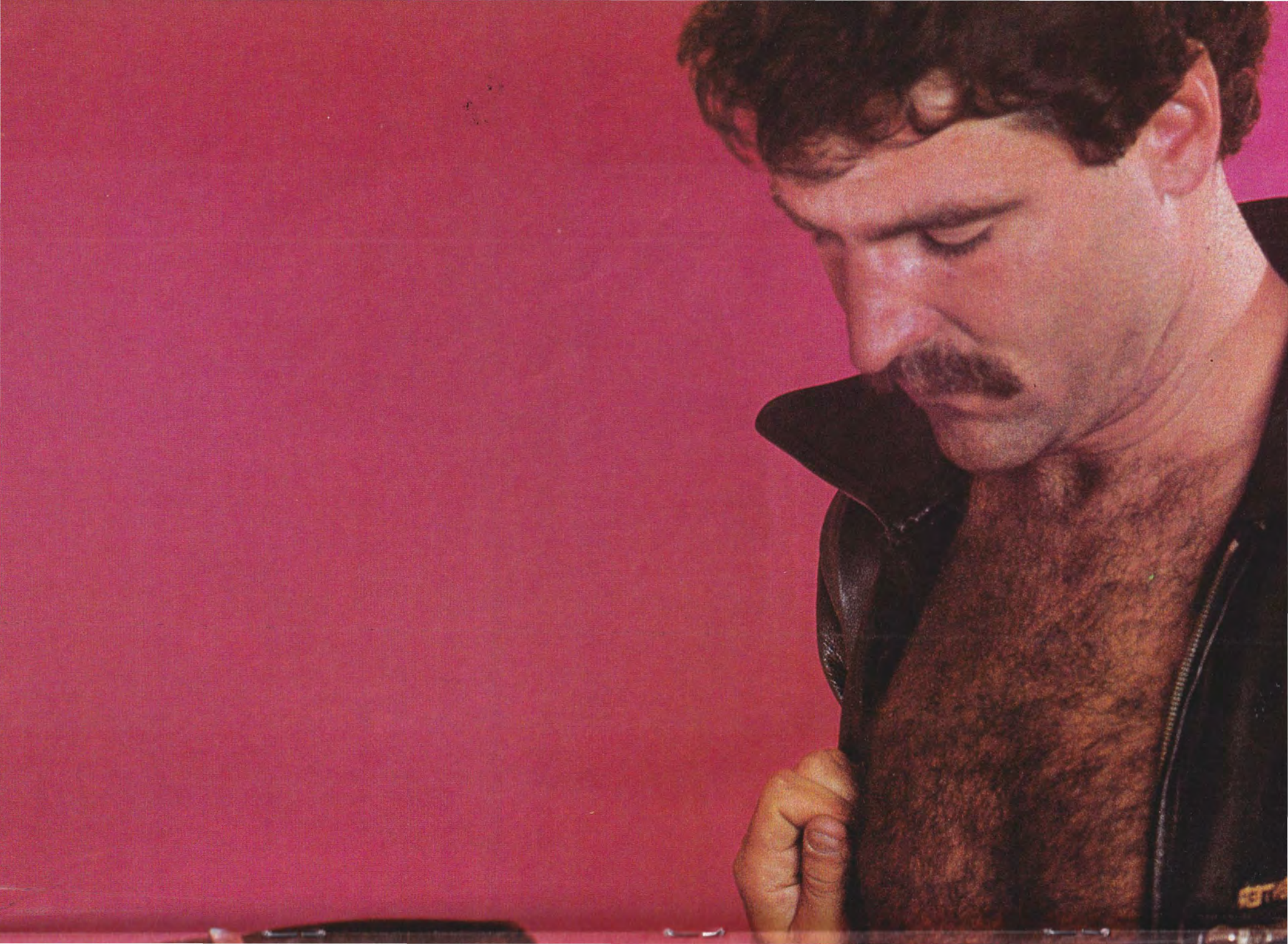


# **TAKE A LICKING!**

**THEY'VE GOT SO MUCH GOING FOR  
THEM, YOU PROBABLY WOULDN'T  
KNOW WHERE TO START IF YOU  
SUDDENLY FOUND YOURSELF IN THE  
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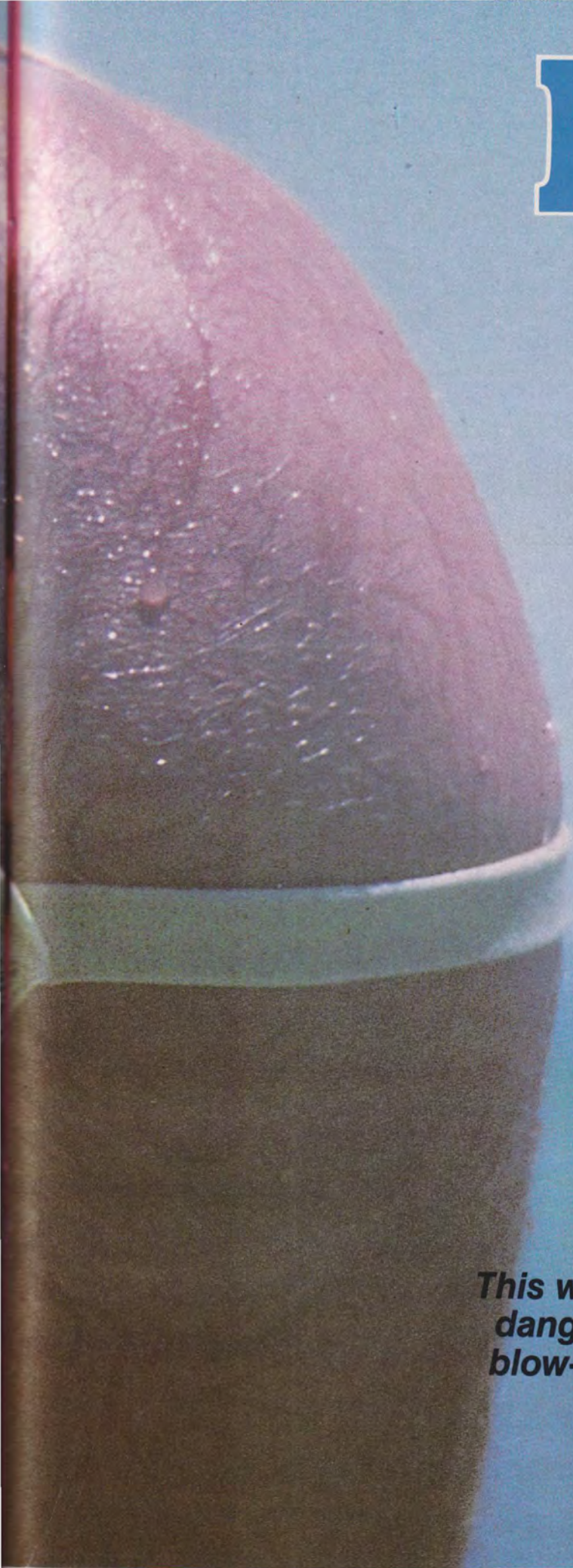












# RIVER MEN

By Joseph Patton • Photo by Stadtpark HH Designs

Matthew Simpson blended well into the law offices of Laidlaw, Lehman and Peck, on High Street in Charlottesville, Virginia. But during lunch one day with dark-haired, green-eyed Tony Amato, a summer intern, Matt confided, "If the only thing I did was work, I'd go crazy."

Tony's eyes lit up. "What do you do, then?" he asked.

"I go kayaking every chance I get. It's great."

"Kayaking is risky business, isn't it?"

"Of course, it's risky," Matt answered, "but it's not like playing Russian roulette. You stay calm. You control your emotions when they're telling you to be scared. If you freak out, you take a bath."

Tony figured Matt was a risk-taker, a thrill-seeker, a daredevil who required novel experiences to get his blood and his adrenals pumping. He even wondered if Matt's brain responded to stimulation in a unique fashion. But something inside Tony, something unresolved, was responding to Matt.

"Going kayaking this weekend?"

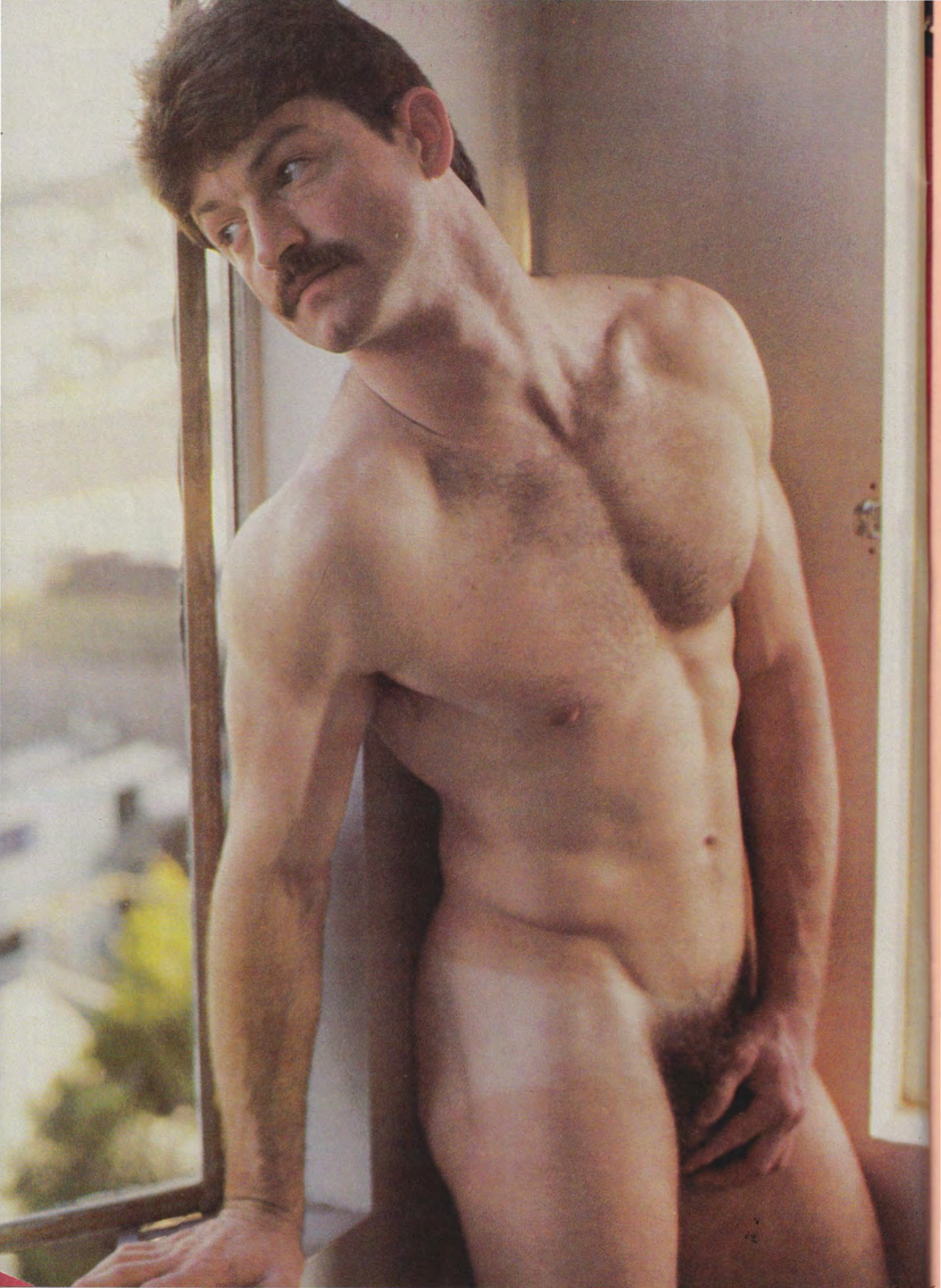
Tony asked.

Matt nodded. He didn't know a lot about Tony. He knew that Tony was recently divorced, a quick learner at the law office, and that he, Matt, had wanted to make it with him since Tony had walked into Laidlaw, Lehman and Peck. Tony had a bold sensuous stride, like a big cat, and Matt couldn't help but notice his thick thighs and firm buttocks. Matt wondered whether

*Continued to page 57*

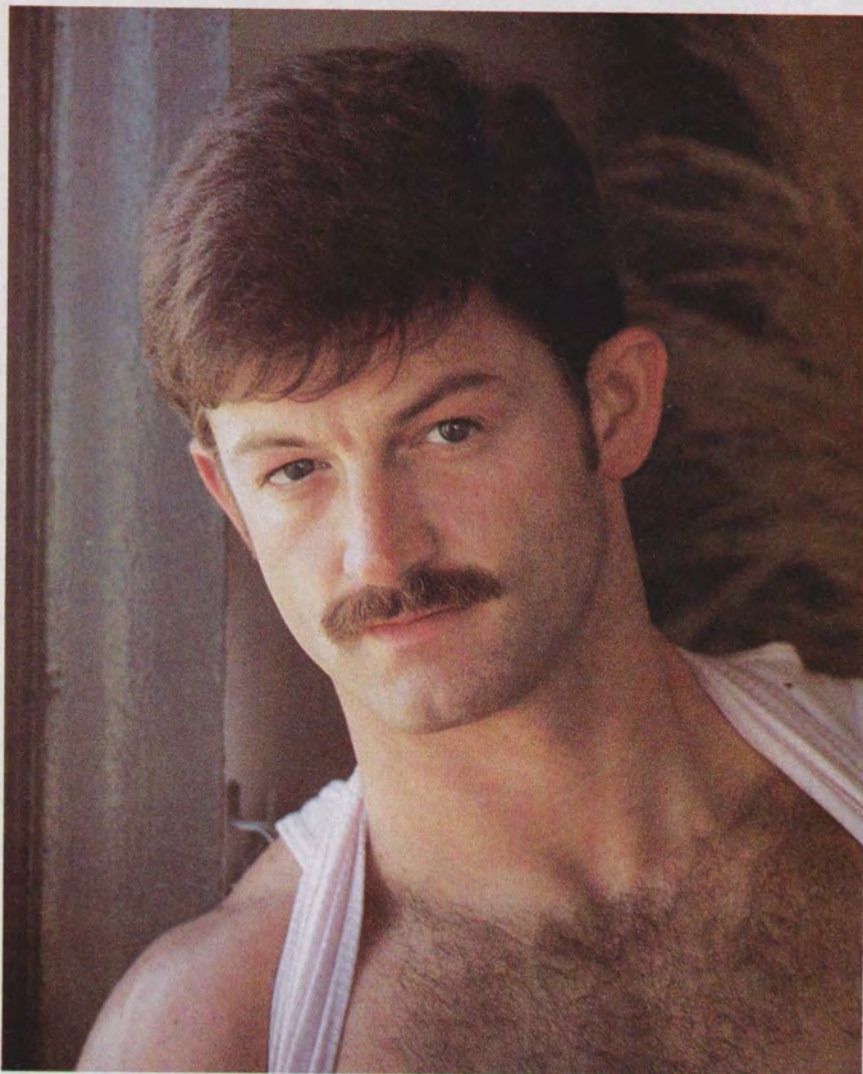
***This was Tony's first kayak trip on the dangerous river, as well as his first blow-job. But he quickly learned to suck cock like a pro.***







# *PARTY HARDY*

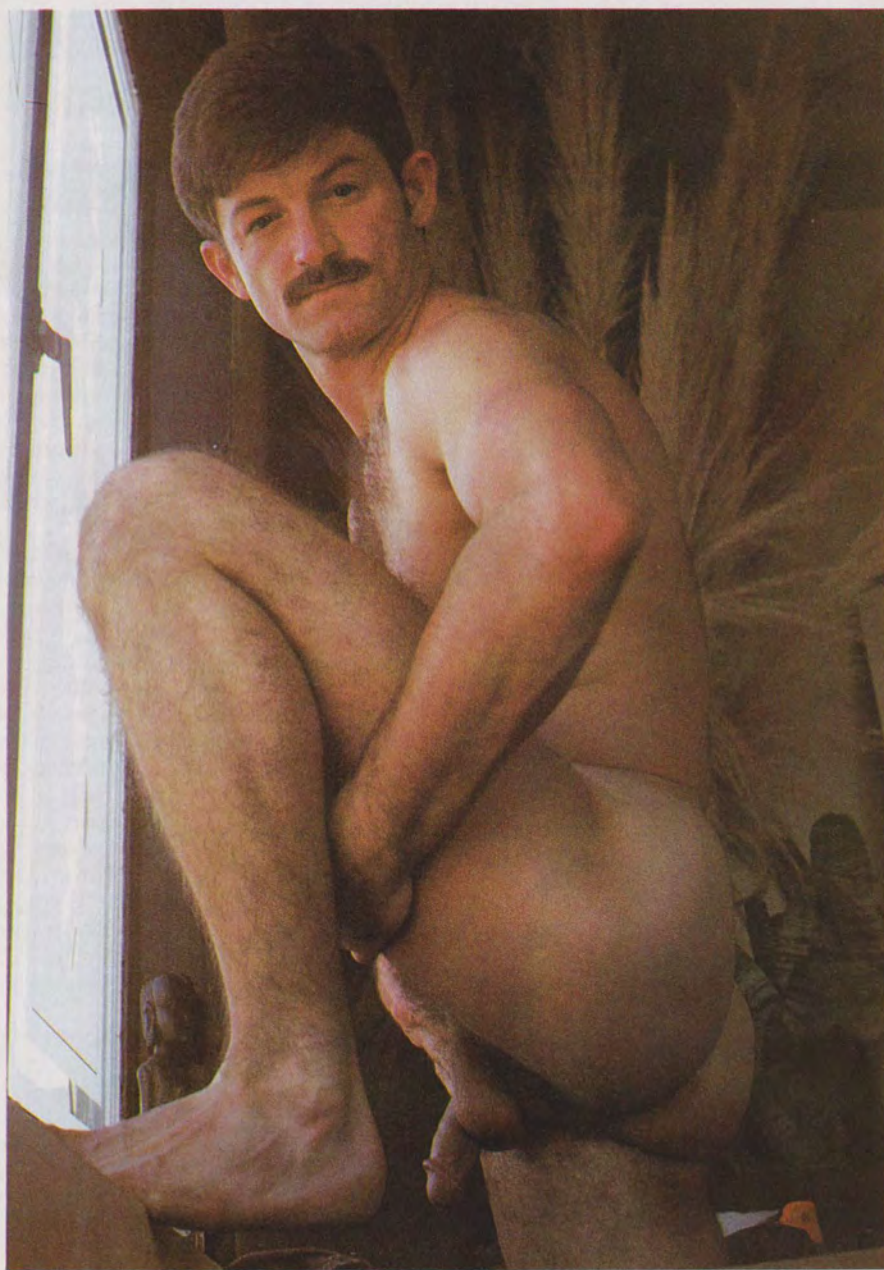


*He gazes out the window, waiting for company to arrive. He's been planning this day for some time now, and he even stayed home from work. What's the occasion? One thing's for sure: it ain't no tupperware party.*

**SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY MAGNUM STUDIOS/DEVLIN LANG**



# *PARTY HARDY*



*There are no fancy decorations and no band to play for dancing.  
But there are two luscious cakes ready to be eaten, not to mention a  
party favor that you can wrap your lips around.  
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## RIVER MEN

*Continued from page 51*

Tony was straight. But if he'd learned anything on his kayaking trips, it was that you can't hide your true identity from other people. And you can't hide it from yourself, either.

A few days later Matt picked Tony up early in the morning and they took a three-hour drive to a small town where they ate platefuls of scrambled eggs and biscuits smothered in sausage gravy. After the meal, Matt pointed out the river of white foamy froth charging down a wide boulder-strewn bed. "There it is," he said, turning toward Tony.

The river slammed along the highway in a steep stretch of rapids that made Tony's stomach pound like his heart. For the first time he wondered if he'd had a couple of screws loose when he agreed to try shooting the rapids. "I don't think—" he began, his voice catching in his throat.

"Think, hell," Matt interrupted. "You don't have to think, just paddle. Besides," he added, "the safest place around here is on the river. If you wander around, the forest can swallow you up in no time. The snakes make hiking more dangerous than kayaking."

Matt parked the car near the headwaters. The two men got out, unfastened the kayak from the rack, and hauled it over their heads down to the riverbank. The river stretched out like an invitation. It wasn't very rough where Matt and Tony pushed off, but before long they could feel the current sweeping them into the high-cliff gorge.

"Watch that rock!" Matt yelled.

The kayak's bow plowed into the whitecaps, bouncing up and down with a sucking sound. Shifting their paddles from left to right, and to left again, Matt and Tony commanded the boat down a sweep of whitewater falling fast over a rocky bed. Foaming and frothing like clouds boiling along the horizon, the river ran through shallows, churned around boulders, and spilled over steep ledges. Steering from the stern, Matt executed a 90-degree turn, the rapids falling behind them.

Tony turned around, and Matt, grinning broadly, gave him the "thumbs-up" sign. Breathing a sigh of relief, Tony grinned back.

By the time they pitched camp, daylight was fading fast. Punctuating the murmur of the water was the croaking of bullfrogs. Matt and Tony sat around

their campfire on a strip of sand, stretching tired muscles and popping cold beers. Despite their fatigue, or maybe because of it, they felt in harmony with the river. And with each other.

"You handle that paddle pretty well—for a beginner," Matt teased.

"You're swelling my head," Tony said. He was feeling free, loose, and untrammelled. "You know that's not good for me."

Matt was beginning to feel the effects of the beers he'd drunk. What the hell? he figured. He glanced at Tony's blue-jeaned crotch and asked, smiling slightly: "How swollen is it?"

Tony just looked at Matt without answering. All at once Matt got to his feet and started to walk away. He felt Tony's hand grab his leg.

"Don't go," Tony murmured, motioning Matt back. Matt's breath caught when he saw the stark need in Tony's face. Matt went over to Tony and caressed his jaw. A deep low moan came from far back in Tony's throat; his lips opened to receive Matt's wet kiss full on the mouth.

Matt heard the crunch of a zipper as Tony struggled to unzip his jeans. Seconds later, Tony's jeans were down around his ankles, and Matt's eyes

meat flop out of his mouth, Matt stood up a little shakily and hauled out his own piece of meat, as long as Tony's but leaner than Tony's thick throbber.

Slowly at first, then more aggressively, Tony's tongue licked the swelling head of Matt's dick. Soon Tony was rolling the cockhead around in his mouth, working his lips up and down the flat shaft, and flicking his tongue across Matt's low-hanging balls.

"You handle that dick pretty well too," Matt said, sucking in his breath.

Tony looked up. His eyes gave off a green flame that shot straight into Matt's eyes, his senses, his whole body. Matt slammed his dick into Tony's warm wet mouth again. Tony sucked like a man starved for a cock. Matt rubbed the round firm canteloupes of Tony's tight butt. Tony understood what he meant.

He lay back on an army blanket near the campfire, and Matt raised his legs in the air. Then Matt brought his hand to his mouth, spat, and spread saliva on the head of his cock and around Tony's hole. Slowly, Matt stuck one finger inside. Then two. Three. Four.

Tony nodded. Matt pressed his cock to Tony's asshole. Shutting his eyes, Tony moaned in anticipation and

---

***Tony sucked like a man starved for cock. Matt rubbed the round firm canteloupes of Tony's tight butt, and Tony understood what he meant.***

---

widened. Throbbing and thickening, Tony's proud long cock glowed a translucent red in the orange firelight. Arching his neck like a cat, Tony sprawled on his side as Matt came face to face with the furry nest of pubic hair and the beautiful fat cock, swollen and standing straight out in front of Tony. Matt brought his lips up to it. With a mighty lunge of his powerful pelvis, Tony shoved his rod in Matt's mouth. It slid into his throat without difficulty or hesitation.

It was exactly what Matt wanted. He wanted Tony to ram his cock deep and hard into his mouth. God, he wanted it. Tony slowed a little, then slammed it in again and again, shoving Matt down, down, and down making him take it to the depths of his throat.

Tony's groans grew louder and his body shuddered. It was time to try something different. Letting Tony's

breathed out as if to open himself completely. Matt threw it in. Tony cried out. The heat of that ass hugging his dick, the incredible look in Tony's eyes—it was enough to make any man come. In no time Matt felt the rising sperm in his dick, and he slammed it hilt-deep inside Tony again and again. Tony bumped his ass against the dick as he yanked at his own hot meat. Matt moaned, and his cock gushed, pumping out spurt after spurt of cum, creaming the younger man's insides with hot man-cream. And Tony was whimpering and coming too—a flash of white shot through the air and splattered his stomach. Another flash, then another, until it seemed that Tony would never stop spilling his cum on the forest floor.

Matt stayed where he was. His cock, still hard, sloshed around in his own semen until he felt Tony's strong ass

*Continued on page 60*



# LEX

by  
CHUCK



HI, AL...  
WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING,  
HOT-CAKES?

READING...



I JUST GOT A NEW  
VIDEO...AL PARKER...  
MR.10" TAKES 30"...  
WHAT A CAST...KIP  
NOLL...JON KING...  
ERIC RYAN...AND...  
TOBY...BEAT  
THAT WITH A  
STICK!!



MAYBE TOMORROW  
NIGHT!



HOW ABOUT SOME  
SUPPER?...DUSTY'S  
BACK AT THE  
NAKED CHEF...  
YOU REMEMBER  
DUSTY...?HIS  
TUBE-STEAK  
SPECIAL!



A.K...WHAT  
DO YOU WANNA  
EAT...OR WHO?  
NO CHICKEN ON  
THE MENU...JUST  
MEAT AND  
POTATOES!



WHO  
COULD  
FORGET  
DUSTY!  
BUT I'VE  
ALREADY  
EATEN...



WE COULD MOSEY OVER TO  
THE SPORTING CHANCE...  
COCKTAILS ARE 75¢  
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IS CHOCOLATE SYRUP  
WRESTLING...MAIN  
EVENT FEATURES...  
BRUND LOMBO  
-VS-  
TOUGH TITS  
LARSON!



NO CHOCOLATE  
DESSERTS...  
PLEASE, I'M  
DIETING!







I SAW MIGUEL TODAY...  
HE'S BARTENDING AT  
HOT HOUSE...HE ASKED  
ABOUT YOU...SAID HE'D  
LOVE TO SEE YOU...  
AGAIN... ♪ ♪

NOT, TONIGHT  
JOSE-PHINE! ♪



WELL, YOU CERTAINLY KNOW HOW  
TO THRILL A CROWD WITH YOUR  
STUNNING SOCIAL LIFE, ALEX!  
GOODBYE!!... GIVE MY REGARDS  
TO THE FOUR SISTERS AND  
MR. THUMB!!!

CRUDE, FUDNICK...  
CRUDE!



THE SAILOR LEANED  
AGAINST THE PARK  
RAIL...IT WAS  
ENORMOUS...I  
HAD TO HAVE  
IT DOWN MY  
THROAT...OR  
I DIE...HE  
BEGAN TO  
STROKE IT

HIS THIGHS WERE STRONG...  
MADE OF MARBLE...I BEGAN  
TO SUFFOCATE...

FUDNICK WILL  
NEVER UNDERSTAND  
THE QUIET JOYS  
OF A GOOD BOOK...

THICK  
UNCUT  
MEAT...  
HIS  
MEAT!

THE GARAGE MECHANIC  
STOOD OVER ME...  
...IT WAS DIRTY...  
RECENTLY USED  
SMELLY

I BEGAN TO GAG...THEN TO  
CHOKE...HIS HUGE FUCK-  
POLE...STARTED TO FILL  
WITH BOILING CUM...MY  
SKULL SLAMMED INTO THE

LIKE A JACK HAMMER...HE FUCKS MY FACE...

IT WAS A HARD MEAN FUCK...MEANT TO DESTROY...



## RIVER MEN

*Continued from page 57*

walls closing around him again. Then he pulled out without warning. But not for long. Matt maneuvered Tony onto his knees and eased in from behind. In no time he established a rhythm that was right for both of them. For Tony, there was nothing but the sounds of the river and the rhythm of their movements, and then there was only movement. Matt fucked Tony harder and harder, faster and faster. Tony sensed it was about to happen. Matt's body tensed. Then he pulled out his uncontrollable cock and shot a wad that splashed up the small of Tony's back.

Next Tony was on his feet and whipping his big dick right in Matt's face. With his strong fist he flung the fucker in Matt's mouth. Then, quivering all over, Tony shot his sperm out the head of his dick and into Matt's choking throat.

Matt and Tony flopped onto the blanket. Matt pulled Tony into his arms, finding Tony's beautiful body smooth and warm all over. They lay that way until they fell asleep.

The next morning, as they pushed off, the river was smooth as glass, with hardly a ripple. Matt didn't mind. It gave him a chance to admire Tony from behind. Tony's thick hair shone blue-black in the sunlight. His wide shoulders strained against the cotton of his t-shirt. His biceps flickered like lightning with every steady stroke of his arms.

Looking down at their reflections in the water, Tony was glad he'd had the nerve to come along. This was a dream come true, shooting the rapids with Matt and shooting off with him too. Tony hadn't been fucked very much, but it felt good when Matt did it. Matt's mouth felt good too, like a hot pussy begging for his dick, maybe even better. Tony felt like he was on to something good.

All the time the gorge was getting deeper and the cliff walls around them steeper. The water grew still. It hardly seemed to make a sound. "Don't let the river fool you," Matt said. "There's one helluva rapid yet to come."

Sure enough, it wasn't long before the water began moving faster. Minutes later, Tony heard a booming that seemed to come from the very bowels of the earth.

"From here on," Matt said, raising his voice above the water's roar, "it's all downhill."

The kayak sped forward, surging ahead on sheer power. Around a bend, the river narrowed to the size of a stream and the booming grew louder and louder. Ahead, boiling spume shot between two huge boulders that looked like gigantic rock-hard cocks lying on their sides. A moment later, white water spraying their faces, Matt and Tony were barreling through the chute. Suddenly the kayak lifted out of the water before dropping down a rock ledge four or five feet high. For a long moment Tony felt like he was floating on air. The bow slammed into the pool below. Sputtering, Tony took a drowning. Then the kayak kicked forward with an audible "whoosh" into an uninterrupted stretch of easy paddling. Tony caught his breath. Matt did too.

The river began widening and before long the highway came into view, signaling that the trip was almost over. Above, on the riverbank, was a cinder-block building, and painted in faded black letters on its side was the command: "EAT."

"Hungry?" Matt asked, swinging the kayak onto a spit of sand and stepping out.

"I could eat a horse," said Tony. "D'you s'pose it's open?"

"I'll find out." Matt climbed up the bank and walked around the corner of the building. The place was abandoned. A sign on the door of the restaurant read: "GONE FISHING."

Matt was just turning the corner of the building when he spied Tony climbing the bank. Matt stopped in his tracks. Tony was coming toward him. Matt welded his eyes into Tony's. "Your lunch is right here," Matt said as he pulled down the front of his jeans just enough to let out his hard cock.

Peeling off the t-shirt that clung to his tight chest, Tony sank to his knees between the "V" of Matt's spread legs. With mouth watering, Tony ran his hands along the insides of Matt's thighs and across his low-hanging balls. Matt took his cock in his fist and waved it in front of Tony's face. He brushed it across Tony's lips, forcing them apart. Matt watched his eight-and-a-half inches vanish between Tony's lips without a trace.

With one hand wrapped around Matt's bulging balls and the other around his own stiff shooter, Tony sucked and slurped, opening his mouth wide to take Matt's pulsing cock and closing his throat tight around it. Matt loved the sensation of having his cock sucked by someone who really put himself into it, and Tony surely did. Tony was learning fast how to give a

hot blow-job while simultaneously getting fucked in the mouth.

Matt threw his dick in roughly, cramming Tony's throat full of his meat. When Tony glanced up, gluing his green eyes to Matt's, Matt plunged more rapidly, sinking his dick deeper in Tony's throat with every thrust, bull-ramming him until Tony's eyes watered. Matt kept shoving it in further and further, feeling the cum churning in his balls, and aching for release. Groaning, he slammed it in again and again. Tony's throat took the entire length, and a spurt of semen spouted from the head of Matt's hose. Tony swallowed it, and the next spurt, and the next.

When he had shot the last of his load, Matt dropped to his knees and Tony rose up before him like a young god. Cum drooled between Tony's lips and dribbled down his chin. Wrapping one hand around his meat, Tony aimed his own jackhammering dick at Matt. Pumping it harder and faster with his rolled-up fist, Tony signalled when he was ready and Matt received Tony's sweet load full on his face. Just at the moment when Matt thought Tony had milked his fat gusher dry, splat! Another thick creamy wad whirled out of the head of Tony's dick and landed on Matt's upper lip. Matt flicked his tongue and swallowed it like a frog devouring a fly.

Spent, they lay on the grass and looked down at the river. They didn't say anything, but they didn't need to. Tony lit a soggy cigarette and the breeze blew smoke back into his face. He looked at Matt from beneath his boyish brows; his cat's eyes sparkled in the sun. Matt didn't understand why the sight of Tony's glinting green eyes had so powerful an effect on him, on his entire body, and especially on his dick, but it always did. Tony's sausage had gone soft, but now it was snaking down his thick hairy thigh. And Matt's own cock was reacting to the sight of Tony's mushroom head.

"I got an idea," Matt said, leaping up. "Let's hitch a ride back to the car. Then let's check into that motel at the edge of town and really go at it. The sky's the limit." Tony threw Matt a glance. "Hell," Matt went on, "there won't be any limits."

"I must have lost five pounds paddling that kayak," Tony said, as they hitched a ride back to the headwaters in the bed of a pick-up truck. "It's the most physical thing I've ever done."

Matt reached into the pockets of his jacket and brought out a couple of beers. He popped them open with a

*Continued on page 69*



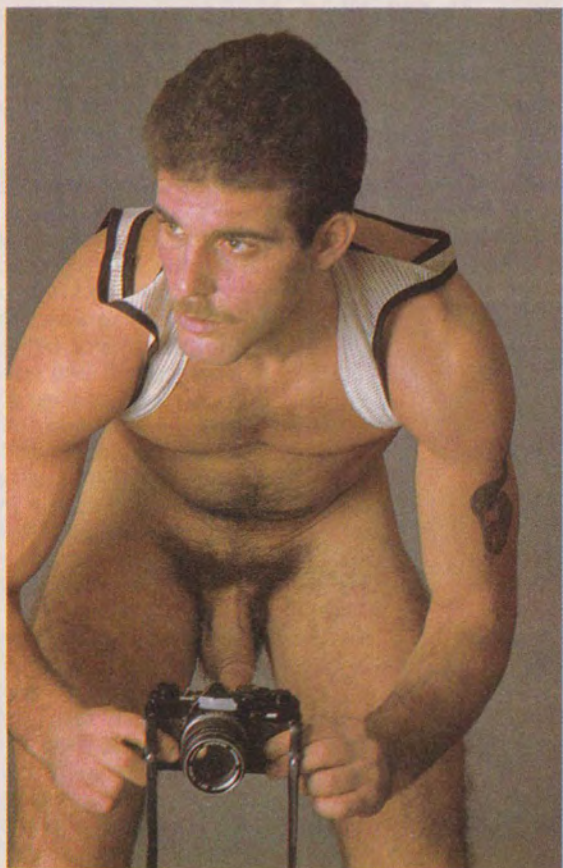
# AVAILABLE



*That guy you saw hanging out by the playing field after the game: you never guessed he'd be available, right? And you sure were surprised by how easy it was. The promise of a beer and a good time was all it took to get him away from his buddies.*

**SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY MALEXPRESS STUDIO**





# AVAILABLE

*The beer and a joint of sinsemilla worked fast to lower his resistance. (There wasn't much of that anyway.) Once his defenses came down, so did his jeans. You moved quickly into the space between those spread thighs.*







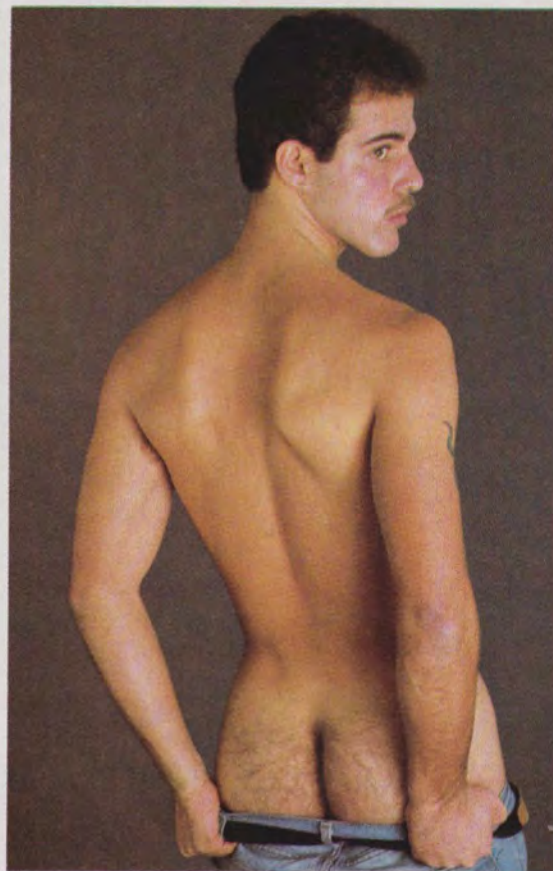




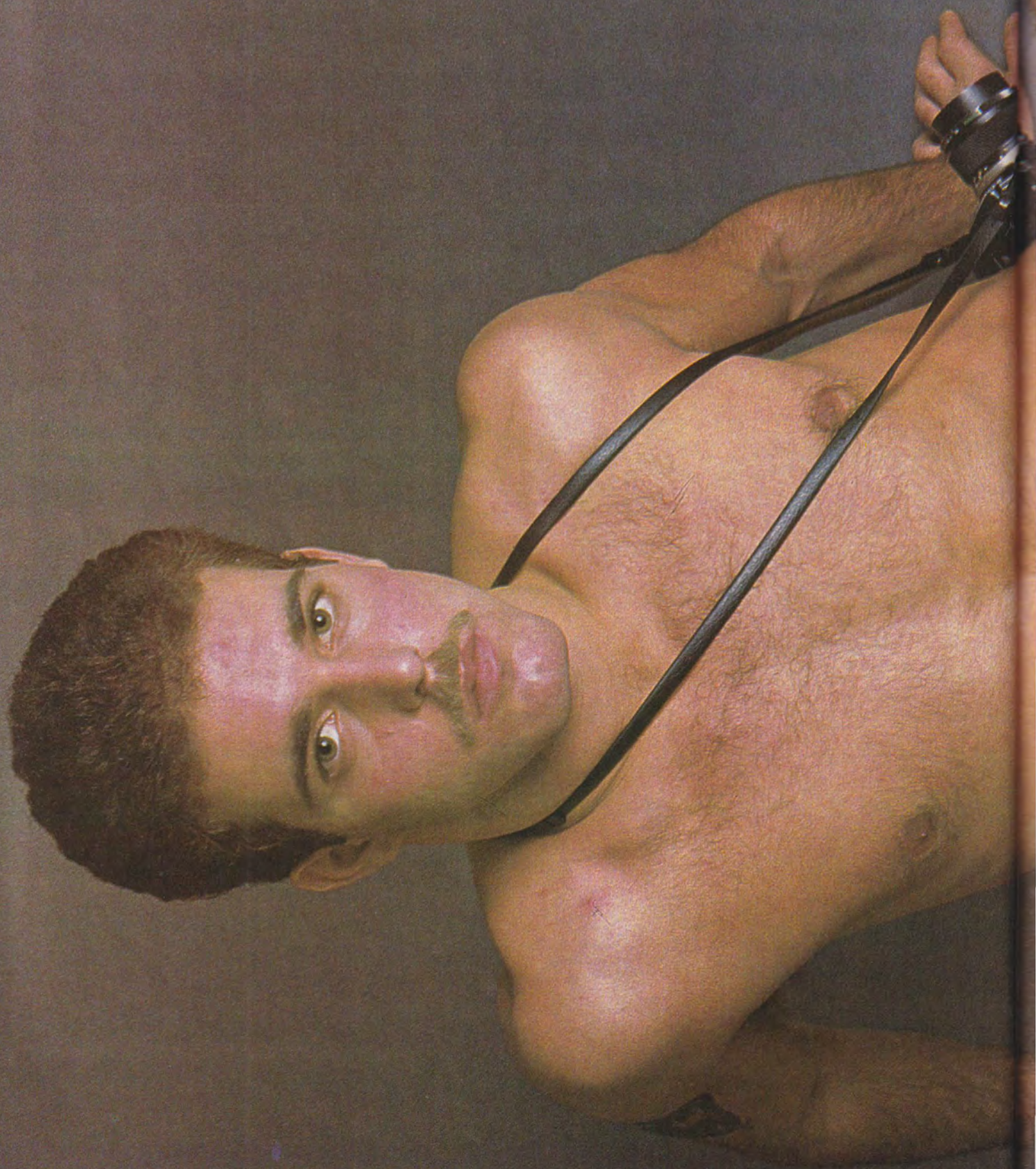


# AVAILABLE

*He worked up a heavy sweat during the game, and every part of him smelled ripe, musky. That didn't bother you any. You just got down there and filled your nostrils with him. And your mouth.*











# AVAILABLE

He loved everything you did to him with your fingers, your tongue, your throat. Loved it so much he shot three times. The only thing he didn't like was your camera. It made him nervous, so he held onto it the whole time. What a shame. Now no one will believe your story.



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## RIVER MEN

Continued from page 60

fizzing noise, and foam splashed over him and Tony like the foam on the river and the cum from their bodies.

Tony swallowed a mouthful and asked: "Going kayaking next weekend?"

"You bet," Matt answered.

"How about a partner?" Tony asked.

"Sounds great," Matt said, nodding enthusiastically. "In the meantime. . ." His voice trailed off. His eyes roamed down the t-shirt plastered to Tony's sculpted chest. The big mound in the crotch of Tony's dark wet jeans was plain enough.

"How far is that motel?" Tony asked impatiently. Looking right at Matt, his eyes shot green fire. "I'm ready to suck cock and fuck." ■

## MAY I BORROW YOUR HUSBAND?

Continued from page 40

laved his nipples and lightly chewed them. I dragged my tongue from his chest down to his hard belly, and past there to his inner thighs. I took a deep

whiff of his scrotum. The taut, crinkly skin smelled like fresh-picked mushrooms. When I'd filled my nostrils with his scent, I licked his ball bag. Enjoying the ballwash, Ray spread his legs further. I whipped my tongue down his nuts and tickled his perineum with it. Then I touched my tongue-tip to the center of his asshole. He immediately tensed and pressed his legs together like a frightened virgin.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"Whaddya wanna do that for?" he whispered. "Nothin' but sweat and dirt down there. Do my dick, man."

Okay, big guy, whatever you want. I returned to his fat, juicy fencepost of a dick and resumed sucking. The hips began pumping again. Ray gripped the bedsheets, let out a guttural "Uuuuuuu!" and came in my mouth. I gulped down all his seed, surprised at my own hunger for it.

After that night, Ray and I went from pals to regular fuck-buddies. During those few days his wife was away, I blew him about a dozen times. After she returned, we continued to get it on whenever we could. Betty worked different hours than Ray, so when she was gone I'd sometimes pop over to their place to have her husband. Other times he came to my apartment. Our

sex was a process of breaking down barriers. At first it consisted entirely of me blowing Ray. Then, after a few weeks, he got around to giving me handjobs. One night, while we were rolling around in my bed, he surprised the hell of out of me by instigating a wild sixty-nine. The synergy was fantastic: the sensations we each revelled in spurred us on to more ardent cock-sucking. When I popped, Ray slurped down my load as eagerly as I did his.

The final barrier was fucking. It wasn't easy for me to admit it to myself, but what I wanted most was Ray's tool up my ass. And one night, as we tussled in the bed he shared with Betty, I asked him for it. He stopped stroking my dick and looked me straight in the eye.

"You sure?" he asked.

"Definitely."

"It'll hurt."

"I know. I'll get over it."

"Okay." He reached over to the night table, pulled open its bottom drawer, and took out a big tube of Vaseline. Kneeling on the bed, he slapped gobs of the stuff on his hard-on. Then he coated his index finger.

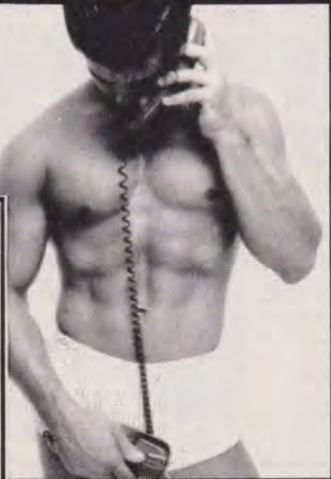
"How should we do this?" I asked, my voice small and tentative.

"Lie on your back, like that. It'll go

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in easier."

"Yeah? How do you know?"

"Betty likes me to give it to her up the ass."

"Is that right?" I said, a bit shocked that insipid little Betty actually dug butt fucking. "Okay, Ray, you lead, I'll follow."

"Sure," he laughed. "Now, I'm gonna loosen you up a little." He pressed his greased finger against my asshole and then pushed it in. It felt wonderful, but since I often enjoyed sticking a finger up my butt while I jacked off, I wasn't surprised. I wiggled my ass down on Ray's finger, taking it to the knuckle.

"You got a hot hole, Eddie," he said. "A clean one, too," he observed as he withdrew his finger.

"Fill it up, Ray," I urged. "Fill it up with your big dick."

"All right!"

Ray hoisted my legs in the air and moved in between them, his dick aimed at my hole. "Wait a sec," he said. He let go of my legs and let them drape over his shoulders. He took his dick in hand and guided it into my asshole, which opened up easily for him.

He was right about one thing: it did hurt. Every inch of it. Seeing my pained grimace, he said, "I'm gonna let it stay there until you get used to it. I bet it burns, huh?"

"Yeah, sure does," I winced.

"Just relax. It'll go away in a few minutes."

He was right, of course. Once I'd adjusted to having his formidable pole inside me, we started fucking in earnest, and brother, there was no more pain. Ray rammed me deep, then pulled out almost entirely before plunging right back in. That really made me crazy! I started throwing my hips at him like the slut I wanted to be. He loved it. "That's right, Eddie," Ray encouraged. "Show me how much you love havin' me fuck your ass." After nearly a half-hour of this wild rutting, Ray said he was about to come, and that I should jerk myself off. As I pulled on my meat, my poor little prostate felt ready to explode. When I came, it was the best shoot I'd ever had. The jizz flew everywhere—on my belly, across the sheets, on Ray's heaving chest. Seeing me blast off pushed him over the edge; with a final roll and thrust of his hips, he blew his load in my ass.

Yes, the final barrier was fucking. But both of us needed to cross that divide. I wanted to fuck Ray. I've talked about his strong, sexy body, but I haven't said anything about his ass. A splendid, full-cheeked but muscular

ass I longed to invade. An eminently fuckable ass that was going unused, and for no good reason. I wanted in, but when I told Ray so, he wasn't exactly wild about the idea. His reasons were all bullshit. He "couldn't get into it." He was "too tight down there." I wasn't buying any of it. "Oh," I began, "big stud Ray digs fucking his wife and his buddy, but he's not man enough to take it himself, eh?"

Ray laughed. "What the hell is that supposed to mean?"

"It means you got a hang-up, fella. What're you uptight about? Afraid that if you dig it you'll really be a faggot? Is that it, Ray?"

"I'm not a faggot," he protested.

"No," I furiously exclaimed as I climbed out of bed and began pulling on my clothes. "And what we do ain't queer, right? I mean, we're just a coupla pals having a good time, right? Right, Ray?"

"That's right," he replied, a defensive edge in his voice.

"You're fucked up!" I blurted as I buckled my belt and stepped into my shoes. He shrugged his bare shoulders. "If you say so, man," he muttered in a don't-give-a-shit tone. That pissed me off even more. Once I was fully dressed, I headed out the bedroom and down the stairs. I paused for a moment before opening the door. My hands shook and my heart pounded as if I'd just run a marathon. I waited.

"Ed?" he called from the bedroom, in a voice so mild I could barely hear him.

"Yeah?" I called back.

"Don't leave, man."

"Why not?"

"C'mon back up, please."

I hesitated a little longer, just to keep him guessing. Then I bounded up the stairs and headed back to the bedroom. When I got there, Ray was lying on his belly, his big, chunky hams raised up from the mattress.

Straight boys are funny sometimes. ■

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Details, Page 2

VOL. 1 NO. 1

NEW YORK CITY

# PLAYGUY GROWS UP! EXPANDS MALE COVERAGE



The male magazine industry is reeling from today's announcement that PLAYGUY is growing up and expanding its male coverage. Though other magazines have reacted calmly to the news, sources say panic has erupted among the competition. "We're scared to death," said one malemag chief who asked not to be identified. "If PLAYGUY goes through with this, they're gonna eat us alive!" Starting in January, the "magazine for healthy young men" will offer more of everything. "More pages! More color! More features, stories, facts and fantasies," said a PLAYGUY spokesman. And men? "You bet!" said the spokesman. "More hot guys than ever, and all of 'em naked!"

## WIFE-STEALING HORSE

By GEORGE EDWARDS

A HUSBAND gave his wife an ultimatum: "Either your horse goes, or I will."

The woman replied: "I'll never part with Fritz." Then she went out for a gallop.

And when she returned, her husband, Franz, had left for good.

Franz told a divorce court in Kaiserlautern, West Germany, that he gave the horse to his wife Liselotte for their first wedding anniversary.

"It was a sad mistake," he said. "She became mad

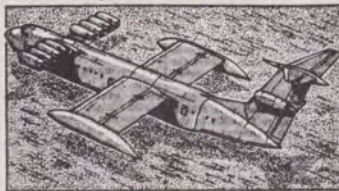
about the animal. Often she stayed all day at the stable and sometimes spent the night with Fritz."

Liselotte no longer cooked proper meals and became too tired for sex.

Franz died on a dark night, while he was making love, she suddenly cried "I forgot to give Fritz his vitamin pills!"

Franz got his divorce because of her "unreasonable behaviour."

## The shape of wars to come



THIS cumbersome craft may resemble the pencilled ravings of an unsettled aircraft designer but it is in fact a top secret example of unorthodox and innovative thinking within the Soviet Union's military research programme. Dubbed the Caspian Sea Monster by Western defence analysts after the island sea where a prototype is having trials, this half-plane, half-submarine, offers an unconventional solution to a military problem: the rapid deployment of vast numbers of men and their equipment over long distances to inaccessible places.

It is basically a sea-going craft with the size, speed and versatility of a jumbo jet which has only recently attracted Nato attention and could cause chaos in western Europe in the event of a conventional war.

It can carry up to 900 men over long distances at up to 600 miles an hour, travelling below radar defences at less than 40ft above the waves. It can land at incredibly low speeds of less than 30 mph on a beach, road or field.

Trials of smaller, two-man models in the Soviet Union began in 1965 but this huge derivative has only recently been identified in the west. Details appear in the recently published 1983 edition of Jane's Surface Skimmers, one of many authoritative military manuals from the publishing company.

The book's editor, Roy McLeary, says the Soviet navy intends "wide deployment" of this craft. "They will be invaluable in amphibious operations. Large numbers of troops could be carried to selected landing zones with little regard to sea conditions, tidal currents, obstacles and minefields."

The first newspaper photograph - New York Daily Graphic, 4 March 1880

## HEIST

Burglars stole 10,000 lbs. of beef worth \$9,000, from the warehouse of a Kansas City based chain of hamburger stands, Ted Llewellyn, Smacks, Inc., president, said he was surprised the thieves didn't bother taking anything else.

## Pioneer heads for the unknown

AFTER 11 years in space, the American spacecraft Pioneer 10 will certainly become the first man-made object to leave the solar system. But when it will actually do so is far from certain and provides a nice opportunity for astronomical hair-splitting.

Last Tuesday Pioneer was as far from the sun as the so-called "outermost" planet, Pluto - a possible definition of leaving the solar system. But there is a catch: Pluto's orbit is highly eccentric and some of it passes closer to the sun than the orbit of Neptune. Indeed,

this will be the case for the next 17 years. And Pioneer will not cross Neptune's orbit until June 13.

But will it even then be out of the solar system? It will certainly not be clear of the heliosphere, the region of space affected by the million-mile-an-hour "wind" of electrified particles streaming out from the sun. The heliosphere extends to distances several times greater than Pioneer's present position, 2.8 billion miles from the sun. Farther still - at distances thousands of times as great - there is a cloud of comets which orbit the sun.

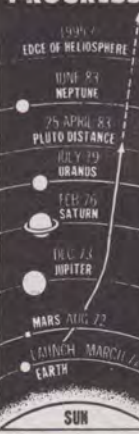
If leaving the solar system means getting beyond these comets, then we will certainly not know when it happens because the NASA controllers are unlikely to be able to keep in touch with Pioneer at distances greater than about five billion miles.

With luck, contact will be maintained until the spacecraft reaches the edge of the heliosphere and new surprises, to add to those from Pioneer's first 11 years, may well emerge. Pioneer 10 and other deep space probes have already shown the heliosphere is far bigger than was once thought. With its associated magnetic fields, it forms a tear-shaped bubble with a tail. The shape produced is by the movement of the solar system through the tenuous interstellar gas. Ahead, in the direction in which the solar system is moving, the heliosphere probably extends for less than five billion miles. The tail, down which Pioneer 10 is travelling, could be twice as long. The whole heliosphere is in the process of contracting with the 11-year sunspot cycle.

One possible, though unlikely, bonus from Pioneer 10 would be clues to the presence of a dark companion star to the sun. This is one of the possible explanations for oddities in the orbits of Neptune and Uranus.

Bryan Silcock

## PIONEER'S PROGRESS



The 11-year trek across the solar system

WHAT do you get if you cross a mink with a kangaroo? A far cost with big pockets.

## "DOLLAR" VIEWS



Two men recently burglarized the office of an American firm in Belgium, and purposely left \$10,000 in the safe. They did take 120,000 Belgian francs, however, worth less than \$3,000. The burglars, according to police, said they left the U.S. currency behind because they "heard over the radio that dollars are now worth much more."

Italy's black marketeers, on the other hand, have confidence in the U.S. dollar. They're buying up dollars and smuggling them out of Italy because they have more faith in the dollar than in the Italian lire.



"Sixty percent of my customers are educated females between eighteen and thirty," says John Casey, a one-of-a-kind Irishman who is forever trying to get his shop organized. The tiny place, called J.C. Casey Design Rubber Stamps, is a hatter's skelter cache for Casey's obsession: images. "I collect them," he says. "I've always collected something. That's why they used to call me 'Squirrel'."

Casey boasts the largest collection and selection of rubber stamps in America. "I'll not the world," he adds. He's always on the prowl for new printer's cuts (etched metal images mounted on wood) from which to make new stamps. He also translates old illustrations into stamps. "I love the Victorian-era style. The Alice in Wonderland series, which uses Sir John Tenniel's original illustrations, is my favorite," he says.

Casey's public "use the stamps for doodling, stationery, and wrapping paper. A big seller right now is a stamp that features the New York City skyline. Casey explains that there is a "mail art underground"—a bunch of "goofy" folks who correspond via rubber-stamp art.

The rubber stamps, crafted from wood and rubber, sell for \$1.50 to \$6 each. Casey also does custom work. All he needs is a "black-and-white drawing to work from. And then there's his catalogue, which is 'peopled' with more than two thousand of Casey's favorite images, from Cupid-bedecked alphabet stamps to a series of mischievous brownies.

"I should pare things down, only stock the big sellers. But I can't. I'm addicted. It's a curse!"

J.C. Casey Design Rubber Stamps, 55 Seventh Avenue South, New York, NY 10014 (212) 243-0357, Tuesday-Sunday, 12-8.

JANUARY 1983

Review

## FISHSKIN

Swedish fishermen have begun curing pig skins as an alternative to crocodile and lizard skins in fashion. Specialists there claim the skins are strong, flexible, and attractive. Possible uses are in shoes, purses, belts—and bikinis.

## Brave face

As a burglar deterrent, I keep a terrifying rubber mask of Frankenstein by the bed. My theory is that if ever I heard anything downstairs I'd put the face on and, hopefully, scare the living daylight out of any intruder.





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DOMINO



***"What's the matter?" the big macho cop said. "Did you think I was kidding when I said I'd think about letting you suck my dick afterwards? I can keep going for hours."***

# STRIP SEARCH

By Matthew Smith • Illustration by Domino

I was already down to my underwear. How much farther could I go, for Chrissake. Then he ordered me to strip naked.

"You're making a big mistake," I said, pleading with the cop. "This isn't necessary. I told you already I'm not hiding anything."

"I'll be the judge of that, mister," he growled. He came over and slipped his fingers into the waistband of my shorts. Then he viciously jerked them down to my knees. "I said off with them. Now move it when I tell you!"

The whole situation was one great big fuck-up. I knew it, but the cop wasn't in any mood for reasoning. I was passing through his rotten town on my way up to San Francisco when he hauled me in and read me my rights. No explanation, no chance to defend myself (whatever the charges); he just hauled me in and told me to strip.

Now I found myself standing stark naked in front of the guy. I tried being coy, covering myself with my hands, while he gave me a spine-chilling stare. I wasn't all that eager to expose myself completely—not with a cock ring wrapped around the base of my dick.

"Bashful?" he asked, sneering at my false modesty. "What's the matter? You ashamed of the size?"

Very cute. But not too original.

Ah, what the hell, I thought. I dropped my hands to my sides. At least I could show him what a real cock looked like. I said, "I told you before, I'm not hiding anything."

Next I tried standing there defiantly. I watched his face when he first saw that bright shiny cock ring. I wanted to come off casual; at least, that was my intention. But already I could feel my cock beginning to stir.

I couldn't help it. The look on his face when he wasn't busy sneering was really quite appealing. It gave him a softer look, one which went well with his dark hazel eyes. His jaw had lost some of its tension and his lips seemed fuller now that they, too, were relaxed. I had a strong desire to cover those lips with my own.

I stole a glance at his crotch; immediately his voice boomed once again.

"What the fuck is this!" he shouted, causing me to jump with surprise. My cock bounced in the process. It was only then, when it swung back and forth, that I realized I had a raging hard-on.

"Huh? I asked you a question," he said a little less forcefully.

At first I thought he was referring to the state of my cock, which even now was beginning to glisten on the end. It might have been easier if my dick had simply hung there unmoving. But it didn't. The damn thing was bobbing fitfully, as if it actually had a mind of its own.

"Huh!" he repeated, reaching under my balls and tugging at the edge of the cockring.

I didn't answer him; at least, not in the way I think he expected me to. I opened my mouth and groaned. My

body shook and my nuts nearly popped then and there. A thick wad of clear, sticky pre-cum seeped from my cockhead and slid down to land on his wrist.

"What? You bastard!" he shouted. He drew back and slapped me. Not on the face. His open palm caught me on the side of my cock and sent it swinging back and forth.

This time it was a mixture of painful yelp and deep guttural moan that came out. A fresh stream of pre-cum followed my cock in a wide graceful arc, and eventually hung down in a long, stringy line. I was so close to coming that my body was shaking like crazy. I stood there gasping, while he reached out and grabbed me by the cock.

"What's the ring for, hot shot?" he asked, pulling my dick to the side. "You a faggot? I heard you guys were into them sort of things."

Almost absent-mindedly, he began stroking his hand along my shaft. He moved slowly, squeezing as he stroked, and causing me to shudder even harder. That first string of pre-cum had long since broken off, but even now more of it was beginning to ooze.

"Huh, hot shot?" he asked. The sneer was back again. "You a faggot? Is that what you are?"

If he didn't stop pumping I was going to answer him by spraying the front of his uniform with cum. I said, "Yeah," then more defiantly, "I'm gay."

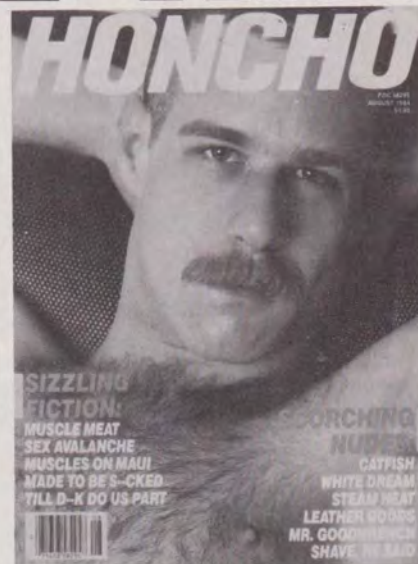
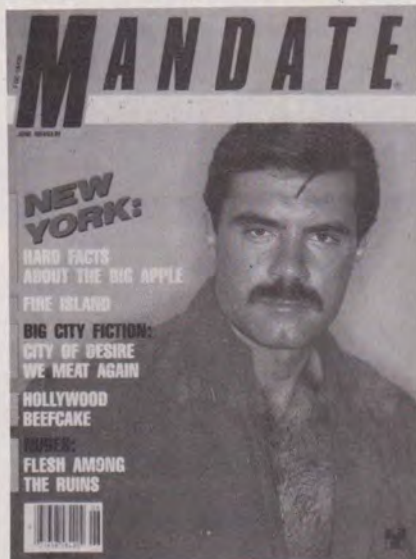
He gave a little smile of satisfaction and rubbed his thumb across the head

*Continued on page 76*



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of my cock, smearing the cream that had gathered there. It damn near buckled my knees. I tried reaching out to steady myself, but he simply squeezed harder on my dick.

"Keep your hands to yourself," he sneered, steadying me by putting a hand to my chest. The bastard was really enjoying himself.

The hand on my dick began to work faster. It moved along my shaft, while he pulled and tugged and twisted. The cockring didn't help things any, either; every time the cop drew me forward the pressure shot through my groin. I panted and groaned like a mad man, thrusting my hips and squeezing the muscles of my ass. No dignity, no attempt to resist what he was trying to do—I let myself go completely. Actually, I didn't have much choice in the matter. I was virtually his prisoner.

Just when my cock started to swell toward release, the bastard took a step to the side. One more squeeze of his hand, and a couple of quick pumps, and I suddenly erupted with a bang. Cum sprayed everywhere—into the air, onto the floor, and some even dripped onto his hand.

I stood there while he wiped off his hand on my chest. He stepped back and placed his hands on his hips and smiled. It was obvious he thought he had just humiliated me. He hadn't, of course. But I wasn't going to tell him that. I don't think it would have set too well if I'd thanked him for giving me a hand job.

"Over there," he said, indicating a long folding table. The man was as cool as a cucumber. It was as if nothing had happened at all. "Place your hands on it and spread your legs."

"What?" I said, still catching my breath. "Wait a minute. I . . ."

"Shut up and do it. We're gonna find out if you're hiding it in your ass."

"What?" I tried again. I was shaking more out of fright now. "Hiding what? For Chrissake, tell me."

"We'll find out," he said. He reached out and grabbed me by the ass. "Now move it, or I'll tear your fucking cheek off."

That was obviously all the answer I was going to get. But as a threat it was certainly effective. I did exactly as he told me, then waited . . . for what, I didn't know.

I felt apprehensive standing there like that. The guy could be about to do anything, for all I knew. I was helpless. And he was making me wait forever. It was only when I heard the shuffling behind me that I dared to

peek beneath my arm.

"Oh, my God," I yelled. I jumped up and turned round to face him. His pants were down around his knees.

"What are you doing?" I demanded, staring at his thick, meaty cock. The damn thing was growing right before my eyes.

He gave me a tight, wicked smile and hefted his cock in his hand.

"We're gonna find out what's up there," he said. "I'm just getting ready to do a little drilling."

The sight of that cock thrilled and frightened me at the same time. I would gladly have taken it if I had known he would be gentle. I would even have taken in it the mouth. And, quite frankly, I'd have loved every minute of it. But up the ass, by a man who didn't seem the least bit friendly; I had visions of lying there torn and bleeding.

"Don't hurt me," I said, somewhat ashamed of myself. "Wouldn't you rather I sucked you off, instead?" (It was worth a try.)

"First things first," he said. He pushed me around and bent me over till my chest touched the table. "First we've gotta find out what you're hiding up there. But I'll keep that in mind for later."

I was relieved when I heard the sound of his spit being applied to his cock. At least the entrance might be a little bit easier. Even so, I couldn't help jerking when he reached out and smeared some saliva on my ass. The touch of his fingers sent shock waves reverberating through my body. I felt myself shudder. Then I moaned as a finger worked inside my asshole.

There was no way to stop myself reacting; I wiggled my ass in response.

"You like that, don't you?" he said, jamming another finger in beside the first one. He gave them a twist, forcing them in deeper. That caused me to moan all the more. My cock—which, miraculously, remained hard through all this—was being crushed between my belly and the table.

"Well," he said, pulling out and slapping me on the ass. "Nothing so far. I guess I'm gonna have to drill after all."

To tell you the truth, I had felt a real sense of loss as he withdrew his fingers. In spite of my earlier fear that he might be too rough, my ass was on fire with desire for his dick. I wanted him to fuck me now. I needed him to fuck me. I would even have begged him to fuck me.

Fortunately, I didn't have to. He leaned over, placed one of his hands on the small of my back, and forced

*Continued to page 92*



# BIG BUSINESS

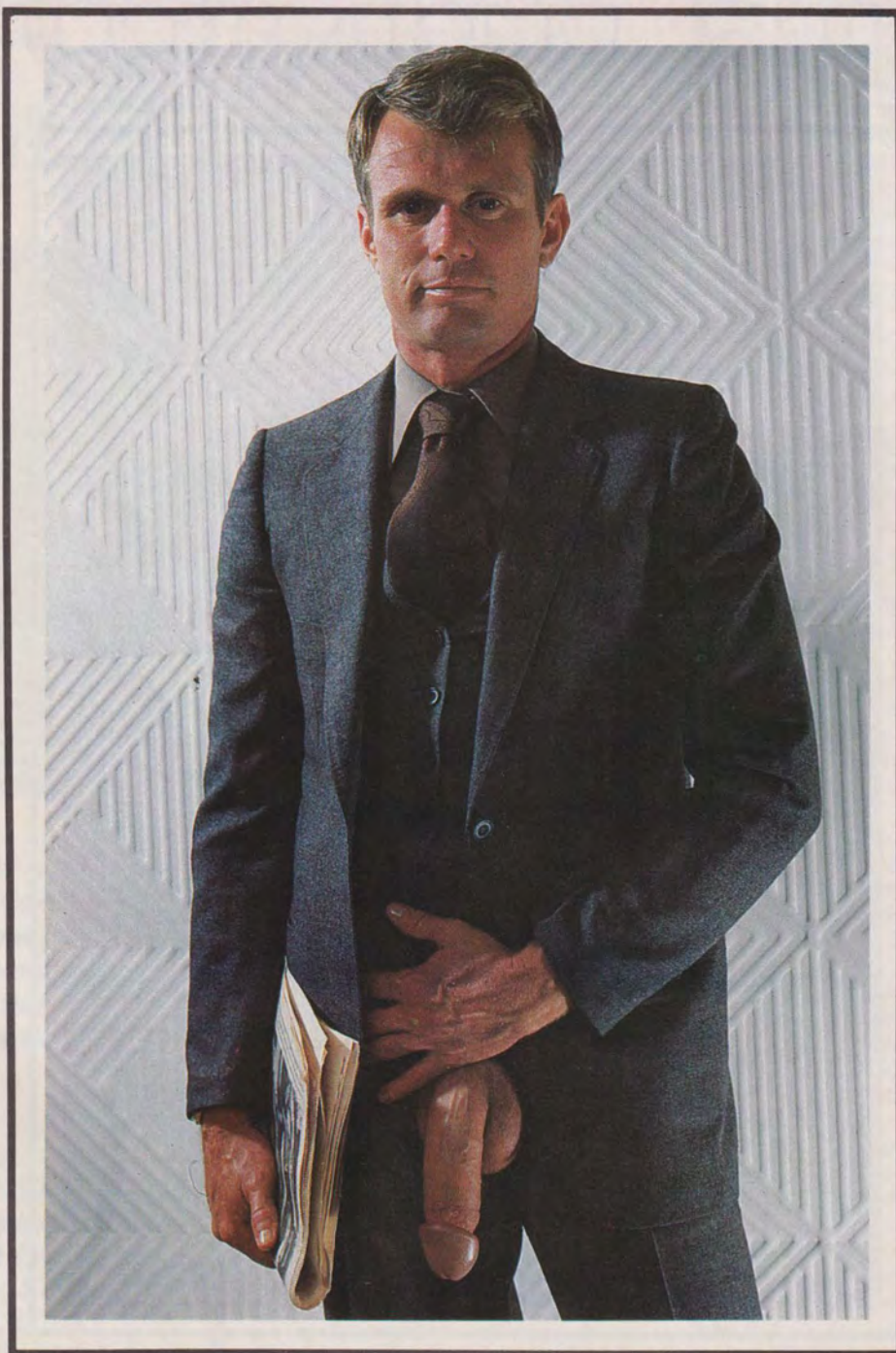


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# BIG BUSINESS



Before you let David handle your affairs, you'll surely want to check out his... qualifications. With Mr. Connors on hand, you need never be bored at a board meeting.







# BIG BUSINESS



When David Connors takes things firmly in hand, your assets will get the best of care. David can be seen along with Glenn Steers, Brad Mason, Giorgio Canali, Mike McDonald and Jason Hill in the new Surge film *One in a Billion*. The film is available on VCR for \$79.95 plus \$2.50 postage and handling. A magazine version is also available for \$10.00 plus \$1.50 postage. For information on these and other Surge presentations, send \$5.00 to Surge Studio, Box 624, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254.

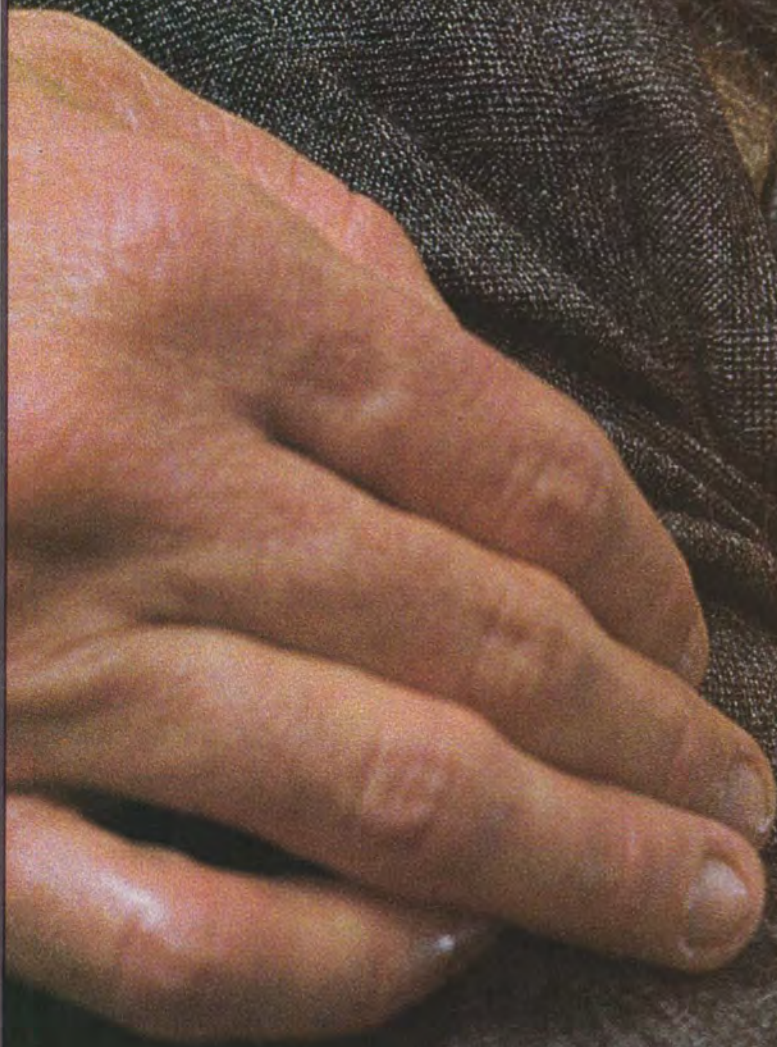






# BIG BUSINESS

If you promise not to muss his creases, David might stop by your place after work to drop a load before heading back home to the wife and kiddies. It's all in a day's work when your business is as big as David Connors'









# MAN SEARCH

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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 80265. No reply without full candid photo and personal description. Foreign languages spoken.

## **FROLICING FOR FITNESS**

Cute, very attractive man into fitness seeks GQ candidates with defined physique for caressing and giving glorious head. 30, 5'10", 150 lbs., azure eyes, walnut hair, nice thighs! Send photos for reply to Robert Fox, 136 E. Victoria, #190 SB Calif. 93101

## **VERY HOT DADDY**

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

## **COLORADO**

### **HEAVY S**

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

### **HOT HUNK**

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

## **CONNECTICUT**

### **VRY HANDS. SEEK SAME**

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

### **CONNECTI-CUTE**

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

## **DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA**

### **GWM LOVES TO GET SUCKED IN D.C.**

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

### **WHITE SON SEEKS BLACK DADDY**

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

## **FLORIDA**

### **MIAMI BOY**

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

### **FERNADINA BEACH**

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

### **TALL EXTREMELY GOOD LOOKING**

Carmel black guy would like to meet masculine sincere guys of any race especially Spanish. P.O. Box 1702, Tampa, FL 33601.

### **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

### **GWM, 28**

Burns for friends under 40, all races desired! Brian, P.O. Box 15846, Panama City, FL 32405.

### **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.

### **YOUNG WHITE MALE INMATE**

would like to hear from someone honest and sincere. Release soon. Send S.A.S.E. please. Will answer all. John O'Callaghan, P.O. Box 747-078200, Starke, FL 32091.

## **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. Seems 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.

### **JOSHUA. 22. 5/8 130 lbs.**

9½ cut eggballs. Bottom. Dirty talk is what I want to hear. Like daddy type. Nothing under 6 in. If you've got it all, I want it all!!! Joshua O'Sullivan, 8411 Andrea Ln, Woodridge, IL 60517.



## 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

Good looking 31 yr old guy 5'8" 150 lbs blue-brown moustache. Hot times—HOT ASS. Discretion a must. Witman, 24791 CR 40, Goshen, IN 46526.

### 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 peccs. 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.



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## MICHIGAN

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### MARRIED GDLKG WM

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

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## MINNESOTA

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### MINNESOTA GUYS

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

### ROCHESTER MASTER

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

### TALENTED SLAVE

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

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## NEBRASKA

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### ALL AREAS

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

### ATTRACTIVE WHITE MALE.

Seeking relationship with Top cowboy Person. Love uncut, but not a must. I'm 27, 6'2", 175 lbs blond blue, Hung & Hairy. Willing to relocate. Rt 2, Box 96, Wisner, NE 68791.

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## NEW HAMPSHIRE

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### SIMPLE SEX

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

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## NEW JERSEY

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### GWM—VERY DISCREET

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

### PEN PALS AND FRIENDS WANTED

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

### EXTRAORDINARILY BEAUTIFUL

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

### MARRIED MAN

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

### HOT HUNGRY BOTTOM

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

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## NEVADA

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### WANTED: PEN-PAL FRIEND

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

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## NEW MEXICO

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### NEW MEXICO

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

### RELOCATABLE SUBMISSIVE

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

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## NEW YORK

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### ATHLETIC BLOND, 22

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

### HOT & HANDSOME W/M, 25

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

### GWM, 22

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

### WESTCHESTER GWM

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

### LOOKING FOR PERMANENT FRIEND

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

### MAN ON THE GO

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

### ALL RUBBER WEARING TOPMEN

W/M 33 6' 145 bottom seeks introduction into rubber/latex scene. Only serious rubber loving topmen need reply with letter/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.

## **GWM, 27**

wants to exchange hot jock photos, jockstraps, nylon underwear, etc. PO Box 140, 4712 Ave. N, Brooklyn, NY 11234.

## **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.

## **SEEK GWM Gr/P LIFEMATE!**

ALWAYS HOT Gr/A GWM, 52, 5'8", 150 lbs., 6" cut cock, 32" waist. Responsible, quiet, gentle, loving, caring, needs

VERY HOT Gr/P GWM MONOGAMOUS LIFEMATE, ages 45-60, over 6' tall, 220-300 lbs., non-smoker, mature, loyal, MUST WANT GOOD ANAL SEX NIGHTLY! NO PAIN! Looks unimportant. Write frankly to: Don, P.O. Box 556, Cleveland, OH 44107. All answered.

## **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**

### **HOT BI MALE**

Willing to serve trim males. I love taking it in my mouth and ass. Hazleton Apt's, 701 W. 24 St., Apt. 1508, Hazleton, PA 18201. 454-5755 after 5 pm.

### **LONELY SUBURBANITE**

GWM loves correspondence. Guys any age into photos or 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.

### **ALL-AMERICAN BOY/MAN FACE;**

semi-rough, safe in bed. 6'5, 195, ex-football co-captain. Self-assured, maverick executive, involved causist; respects privacy/discretion. Most complimented features: smile, brown-gray hair, life. Turn-ons: cleft chins, athletic/leadership success, lovers, 30+, GQ faces. Box 303, Dallas, TX 75221.

## **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**

### **DUTCH GAY-BOY (27)**

with moustache, wants to have contact with good-looking boys and men until 35 years old for friendship, sex and correspondence from U.S. and everywhere. I know English, German and Dutch. I only answer letters with a photo of you. Write Franz: Slotemaker de Bruinweg 54-B, 6533 CJ Nijmegen, NETHERLANDS.

### **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, Str. 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

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

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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.

## HOT J/O TAPE

\$5, Master's orders tape \$10, personalized J/O letter \$10, smelly, piss & cum stained abused jock \$10. Hard core photo set color \$20, B&W \$20. Fast and discreet! SIR, P.O. Box 14425, S.F., 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!

Eight new Hot Talk tapes! Bikers, cops, straight guys, daddies, military. Hot action scenes recorded live on hi-quality audio cassettes. Send \$1.00 for broc: Stallion Sound Prod., PO Box 436 Canal St. Sta., Dept. HC, New York, NY 10013.

## HELP!

Horny college freshman needs special funding to pay for school. I'm 6'1", blond, muscular, with a long, thick piece of meat, and I want to hear from YOU! Twenty dollar donation gets my picture, hot j/o letter, and one of my own jock-straps. Any special requests? Write: Robert, P.O. Box 18620, Atlanta, GA 30326.

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## ORGANIZATIONS

## WRESTLE! FOR FUN/SEX/SM.

Nationwide club listings. Infopixpak, \$3.00: NYWC, 59 W. 10, NYC 10011.

## PISS SOMEONE OFF!!!

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

## LIKE TO FUCK? (OR GET FUCKED?)

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

## REAR FRENCHMEN OF AMERICA

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

## CLOTHESMAN: 4TH YEAR!

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

## THE HIRSUTE CLUB

Listings, photos of HAIRY men and admirers. Friendly, hunky guys to meat! Information: \$2 to PO11514, SF, CA 94101. Male fur worship!

## AMERICAN-GREEK ALLIANCES

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

## INTO BOOTS

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

## BLOW SOMEONE'S SOCKS OFF!!!

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

## PUT SOMEONE'S FOOT IN YOUR MOUTH!!

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

## ATTENTION

Looking to start gay club meeting house. Must raise money. Project I Maine will be non-profit organization. Send donations and for info to: E. Tracy, PO Box 1257, Bidd, ME 04005.



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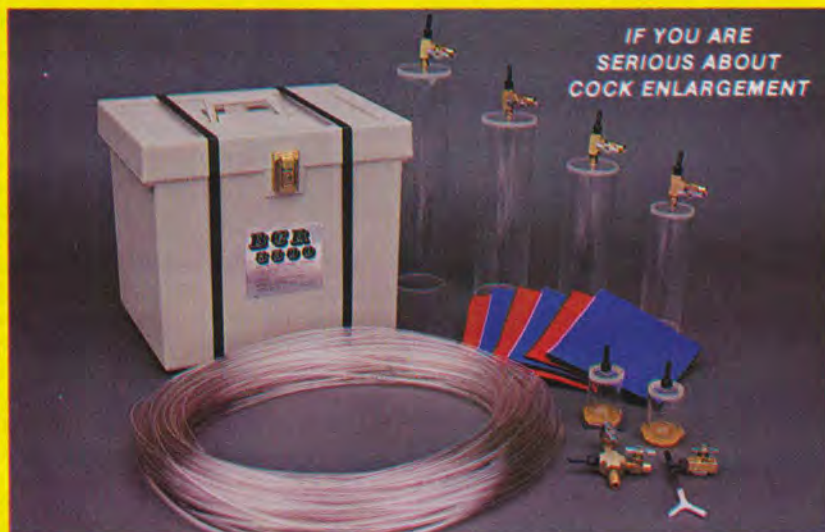
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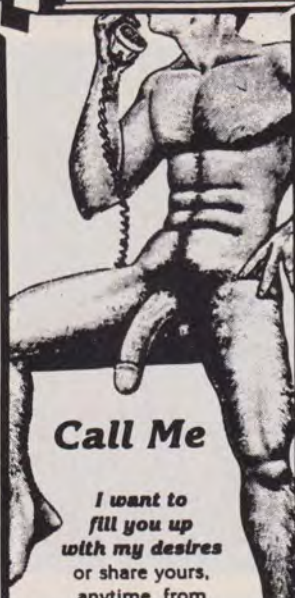
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## STRIP SEARCH

*Continued from page 76*

his cock right into my tight hole.

"Oh God," I groaned excitedly, as his dick stretched into the depths of my bowels. I could feel every gorgeous inch of it, searing my ass while it worked its way toward my belly. His dick throbbed and pulsed with life. Now, I've always been partial to being fucked by a really big cock, and let me tell you, I was anything but disappointed.

He began slowly, bringing his dick out until only the head remained inside my ass, then filling me with cock once again. He did this a couple of times, each time more slowly than the last. I began to worry that he might stop, that he might pull out completely, and leave me unsatisfied and unfucked.

I opened my mouth, convinced that, indeed, he wanted me to beg, but I ended up groaning instead. With one massive thrust of his powerful frame, he began to fuck my ass in earnest. No passion, no soft words of endearment, he just pounded away in a frenzy.

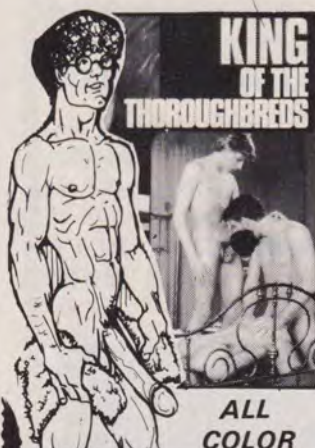
I wasn't just lying there like a cold

piece of meat. I couldn't move, but that didn't mean that I only lay there. I could use my ass muscles. I may have been trapped there with his hands on my back, but I could still squeeze his cock with my ass.

And that was exactly what I did. With my own cock sliding back and forth on the table—ready to explode again in minutes—I milked his throbbing dick with my ass. My ass. . . my entire body was one mass of seething nerves, and they all seemed centered in my hot ass. It was as though I was being fucked everywhere—in front, in back, in my mouth; in fact, I felt ready to burst.

I reached out and grabbed the edge of the table just as my body erupted. I shuddered and moaned while the warm sticky cream hit my belly. It spread all across it, even reaching my chest. Then, because I was still sliding back and forth, it spread to my balls as well. I gave out a long, lust-filled groan of passion and squeezed the cop's dick again with my ass muscles.

The poor cop seemed to go all to pieces then. His cock jumped and quivered the length of its thick meaty shaft. He, too, groaned and shuddered. Then, pulling on my hips while he drove at my ass, he filled me with



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cum.

"Oh, Christ," he said as he slipped his dripping cock from my ass. I didn't say anything; this time I think I did look like a cold piece of meat, although, it wouldn't have surprised me if steam had been rising from my body.

He gave me a little slap on the ass, then placed one of his hands on my back. "You can get up now. If you're able to, that is."

I was able to—though just barely. I slid off the table, shivering as the cold air hit the cum on my chest. I turned around to face him again. I still didn't know what he was hoping to find (if that was, indeed, why he had waylaid me), but I certainly was impressed with his methods.

"Not bad," he said, watching me while I stared at his cock. "You're really one hot piece of ass."

I had thought his cock was big before he started to fuck me, but it seemed to have grown even longer.

He gave a little chuckle at the look of astonishment on my face.

"What's the matter? Did you think I was kidding when I said I'd think about letting you suck me off afterwards? I can keep going for hours."

While he was talking, I eased myself down on my knees. Ordinarily, I would have been a damn sight quicker, but then, I had just been fucked quite hard. I reached out and wrapped my fingers around the base of his cock. Then I drew the bulbous head to my mouth.

"Oh, yeah," my cop moaned, when I licked the end of his rod. He shuddered and thrust his hips forward.

But it was my turn to be in control. Now I was going to be the one who did the abusing. He may have been one hell of a fucker (something I wouldn't dispute), but that cock was mine now, and I was damn well going to show him my own skills.

I began by licking all along the shaft. Then I moved down to the base, using just the tip of my tongue. As I drew it up the ridge underneath, I could feel his dick pulsing with excitement. I circled the head, then drew just the top of his cock into my mouth. I sucked just enough to get a taste of what was to come. The poor bastard moaned and tried to push his dick past my lips. I drew back and lashed my tongue across the pink lips of his piss slit. Then I let go of his shaft and cupped his balls.

"Oh, Christ!" the cop gasped, as I tugged hard on his big balls.

His dick bounced excitedly, while pre-cum spread over the head. I pulled harder (perhaps slightly out of malice.

I can't really be sure). Then I quickly slipped his cock into my mouth.

I was done teasing him. All I wanted now was to eat his cum. I let go of his balls and went back to his cock. My other hand reached for his ass.

I threw everything I had into sucking that cop. I was determined to show him that I, too, was good at what I did. And I must say that from the way he was moaning and groaning I must have proved just what an expert I am. It was fantastic. In spite of having just filled my ass with cum, he was dripping cream almost constantly.

I can't really say just how long this went on; I wasn't exactly counting the seconds. I do know that my jaw started to hurt after a while, but that might have been because his dick was so thick. I'm not complaining, mind you. I had never been so excited about sucking a cock in my life. I would gladly have sucked it till my jaw fell off, and even then, I would probably have kept on trying to give him a blow job.

But back to the real meat of my story. With a long, drawn-out groan (I'm not sure if it was his or mine) he rammed his cock down my throat and it exploded. For a moment I almost panicked; I hadn't had time to take a breath before it happened. But then his fingers suddenly loosened their

grip on my hair, and I managed to pull back in time.

Stream after stream of hot cop-cum splattered the back of my throat. It was spurting almost as fast as I could swallow it. Almost, that is; there was no way I was going to lose even a drop of it. It might be some time before I ever got a chance like this again; it's not everyday, after all, that you get fucked by a cop, and then suck him off in his station.

And, thank God, I didn't lose a drop. I managed to suck his cock so dry that it actually went limp in my mouth. He may have been able to come twice, but I made sure it would be some time before he'd be able to do it again.

It was a smile of contentment (and pride) that I wore when I again stood on my feet.

The cop gave me a smile, then reached down to pull up his pants. "Go put your clothes on. I don't think we'll be doing much more of that for a while."

"For a while?" I asked, frowning. I suddenly remembered the reason I was here. "What do you mean, for a while? Why did you arrest me and bring me here anyway?"

"It's just a figure of speech," he laughed. "Besides, it was worth it, wasn't it?"

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"They're clean," the new cop said. He dumped my bags just inside the door. "I guess we got the wrong guy. How'd you do? Find anything on him?"

"Find any what?" I snapped. "What are you guys talking about?"

"Don't worry," my cop laughed. I was still stark naked. I must have looked pretty silly standing there with my hands on my hips, and trying to appear indignant.

"We had a report of someone with a car like yours bringing some dope up our way. There's no problem, though. You're clean as a whistle inside and out. I didn't think you were the guy, anyway."

I stood there speechless, furious that he'd even considered strip searching me in the first place.

"So, that's it," the cop at the door said. He turned back the way he had come. "If he's the wrong man, I guess we blew it."

"Depends on who does the blowing," my cop whispered, turning to wink at me. "I think we got the right man after all. Don't you?"

The force of his smile was such that I couldn't help smiling back.

"What the hell," I said. "Maybe I'll stick around for a while. Who knows, you might want to search me again."

"That's a promise," he said and started over to help me gather my clothes together. "Only this time we'll do it back at my place." ■



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