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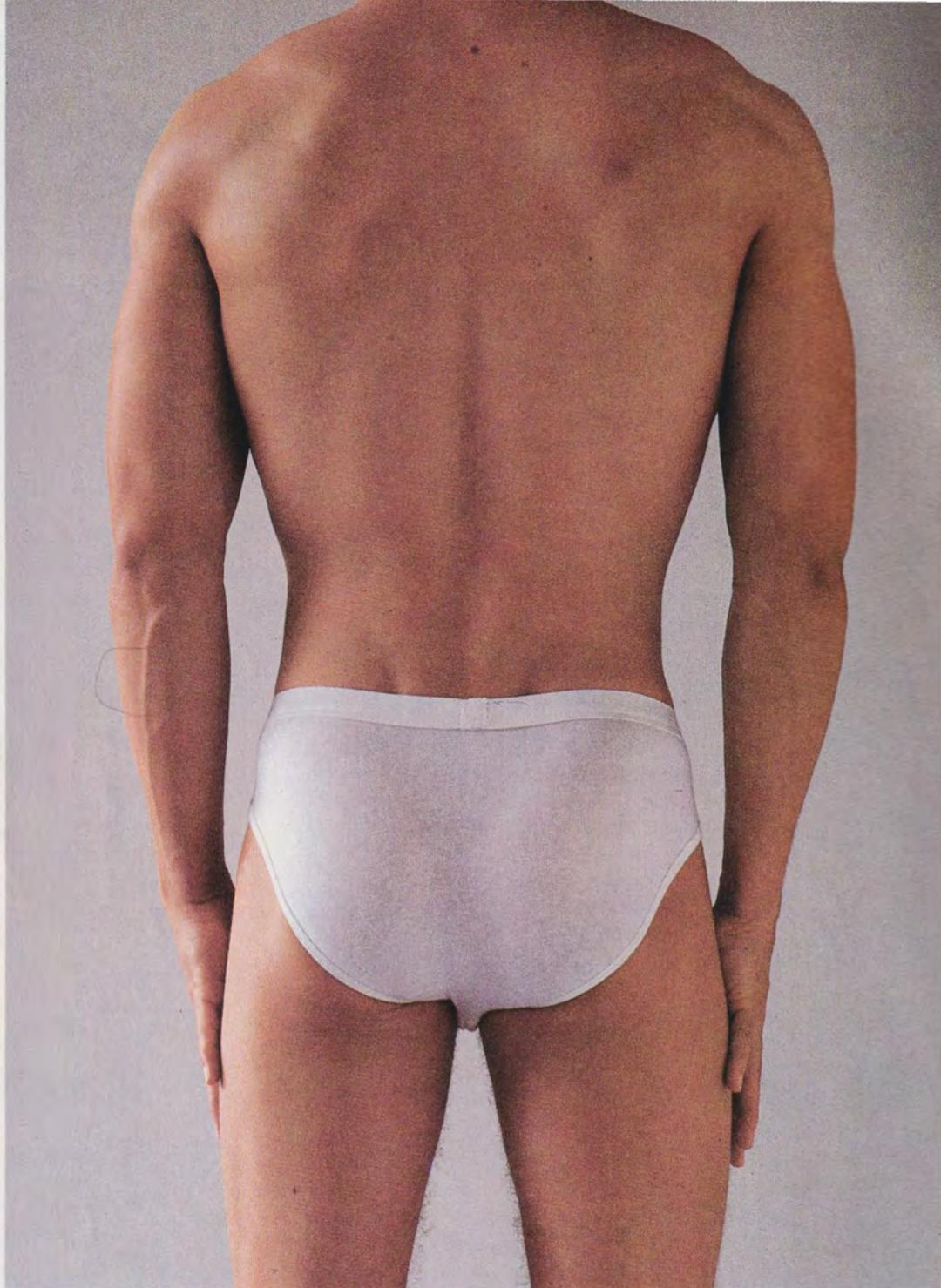
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**FOXHOLE
WE SHALL
OVERC-M
SHOW ME
NO MERCY
THE NIGHT
WATCHMAN**

JOCK- BUSTING NUDES:

**JACKIN'
THE BOX
OH, DADDY
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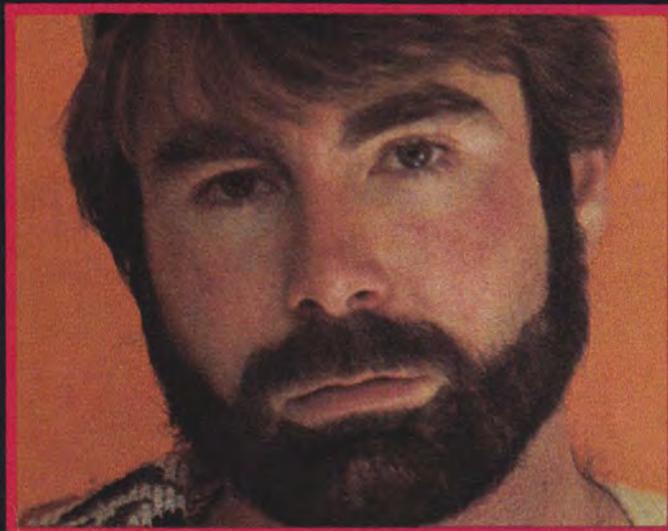
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VOLUME 7 • NUMBER 10
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COVER: MATTHEW E. NEWMAN

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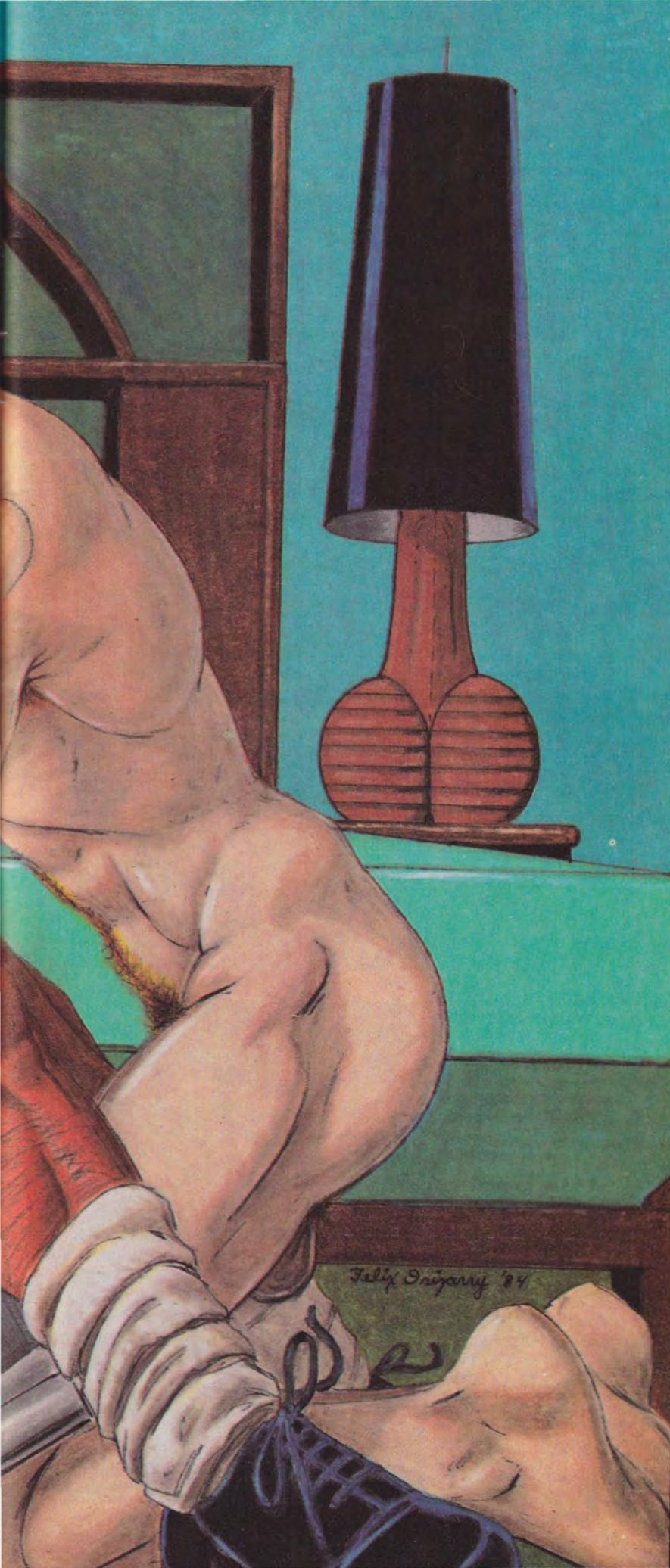
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CHARTER MEMBER







"What about sex after the accident?" I asked. "At first," he said, "I had no feeling below the waist. Gradually, the feeling came back except in my legs. My girl really tried, but I just didn't feel like a man anymore."

That's when I decided to suck his cock and make him feel more like a man than ever.

WE SHALL OVERCUM

By Ed Erikson • Art by Felix Irizarry

As I opened my apartment door, I heard the crash, then, "Shit!" It was my new neighbor, groceries spilled around his wheelchair, milk leaking from a broken quart carton. "Fucking sack."

He picked up an orange from the torn paper bag and threw it like a pro the full length of the hall. It shot past me and splattered against the wall.

"Jesus Christ, you might have killed me," I said as I stepped further into the hallway. But I smiled sympathetically.

He had his keys in his hand ready to go into his apartment. "Oh, God-damn, I'm sorry. I didn't see you."

"That's okay. I'm Craig." We shook hands. He unlocked his door.

"Folks call me Spud." He pushed the door open with the footrest on his wheelchair.

"Need some help?" I asked bending to pick up some more oranges.

"Could you take this sack before everything spills?"

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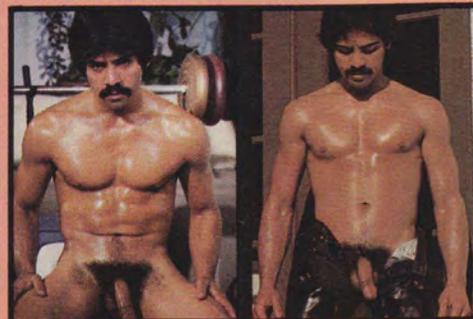
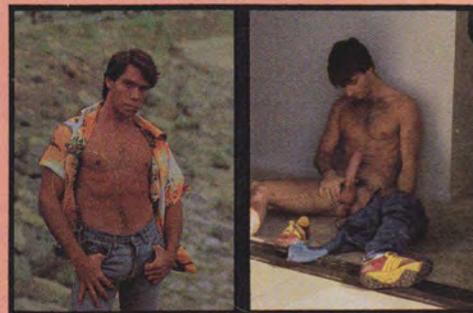
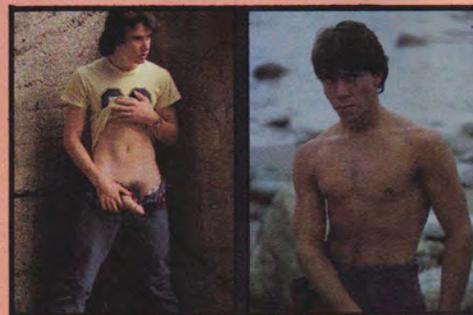
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I reached for the bag on his lap and gathered it up the best I could. But when I slid one hand underneath the bag, my fingers collided with a very full pouch between his legs. I was embarrassed; but when I picked up the groceries, I sneaked a look at the obvious bulge between his thin useless legs. I had a sudden memory of stories about peg-legged men with prodigious pricks. I guess it's the principle that if you lose one organ the others develop to compensate for the loss. Anyhow, the stories I had heard were about pirates whose cocks nearly matched their wooden legs in size and hardness.

His apartment was terrific, and so was he. He was about 30 with piercing blue eyes and a sensitive face made more masculine by a heavy black full beard. His hair was expensively cut and styled.

I offered to clean up the milk. "If I can give you a beer," he said.

His arms and shoulders were powerful. They strained the seams of the polo shirt he was wearing. His legs, in neat chino pants, were thin and shapeless. He put the beers on the small kitchen table and hoisted himself onto a straight chair. "Makes me feel a little more normal to get out of that fucking contraption," he said.

We drank and talked the afternoon away.

Over the next few weeks we met frequently. I had no other friends in the building and he had none in the city. He had moved here to take a very good job as a graphic artist. But mainly, he moved to get away from family and old friends who were embarrassed about the accident and injuries that had caused him to be in a wheelchair.

"I couldn't take the sympathy," he said. "Everybody was so fucking unnatural, especially the ones who'd treated me like shit before the accident."

He didn't complain often, but sometimes it got rough. "I pissed my pants today before I could get in position to take a leak in the office john. It's humiliating." Usually he was philosophical, and he was beginning to find some humor in incidents that had previously upset him.

By this time I was in love with him. I continued to fuck around with my other friends, but I longed to hold him in my arms, to lick and suck his hard pecs and nipples, and to get at his seemingly healthy fat cock. There was energy and power in his upper body that excited me, and a brain that was quick and nimble. I supposed he was

straight, but if he hadn't been crippled, I would have made a move on him weeks earlier. But it seemed like taking advantage of him, like beating him at ping pong which we sometimes played in the rec room.

One night we watched a movie together on his television. It had lots of tits and ass, but of course it didn't go very far. Spud brought out another beer when the movie ended. "You have to get the next one," he said as he lifted himself out of the wheelchair and onto the sofa. "Damn, I'm horny," he said as he sipped his beer.

I grinned. I wanted to pursue it but didn't really know how. Finally, I asked, "What about sex after the accident?" I was still avoiding the present.

"At first, no feeling below the waist. I even had to wear a diaper. I guess it was just shock. Gradually, the feeling came back except in my legs. My girl really tried, I'll have to give her credit. She tried to suck me off, but she didn't really like it. And there's not much romance left after it takes twenty minutes to undress and haul your ass into bed. It was more my problem than hers. I just didn't feel like a man anymore." He finished his beer and crushed the can in his fist. "Now I just whack off a lot. How about another beer?"

With fresh beers, he continued, "So how's your sex life?"

He seemed really interested. I played with my beer can. "It's active," I said. "Nothing permanent. I miss that."

"Tell me about it. What do you like to do?" He cupped his bulge with the palm of his hand and rubbed unconsciously. He was very horny.

"Well, I like to have my cock sucked. Maybe your girl didn't know how."

"She didn't know much, that's for sure. But there were other problems," he said. "You know my nickname—Spud. My brothers gave me that name because my cock's shaped like a potato."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean it's big, especially fat. It looks like a fucking potato."

"You're putting me on," I laughed.

"I'll be Goddamned if I am!" he said. He unzipped his pants and pulled his cock out. It was about five inches long, but very fat. It looked almost square. "Of course, it looks different hard. It's an Idaho baker when it's hard." He held it in the palm of his hand.

"Let me show you what to do with that," I said. I moved quickly, sitting

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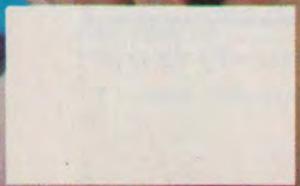
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between his legs and taking his cock in my hands. I kissed the head and ran the tip of my tongue over the slit.

He grabbed me under my arms and with brute force lifted me up. "What the fuck are you doing?" he asked. He lifted me further, dragging me up between his immobile legs across his crotch until our faces were level. "Just what the holy fuck are you doing?" he whispered.

I looked into his eyes. His voice was sad, but his eyes danced. "I'm going to show you we never need to be lonely again." We stared at each other. My dead weight got to be too much for him; his grip relaxed. I fell forward until our lips touched. He was unresponsive at first, but at last he opened his mouth to my own groping tongue. We kissed until we were breathless.

I slid down his chest to give attention again to that unique cock. It was growing slowly, expanding a little in length, but mostly in diameter. I licked the under side, feeling the large veins in his shaft bursting with eagerness. I sucked the enormous head into my mouth. Alone, it was a mouthful, but I tried to take more and more of the cock. It was clean and sweet and pulsing with anticipation.

I rubbed his nipples under the cotton knit of his dark blue shirt. Slowly, I was able to take his whole cock. "Goddamn, nobody's ever done that before. Suck on that fucker," he cried out. I couldn't finish him off because he couldn't fuck my face fast enough. I had to spit out that beautiful, freakish dick and finish him off by hand. Just when he was ready to come, I clamped my mouth back on his dick-head and sucked all his pent-up cum into my mouth.

When it was over, I rested my head on his dead thigh. He leaned his head on the back of the sofa. "I feel like I lost my cherry," he said. "Not that I mind. It was terrific, but nothing like that's ever happened to me before." He reached down and stroked my head. "I guess it has to you. You seem to have some experience."

I looked up and grinned. "I could get better with practice," I said.

By the next evening, he was having doubts. "You're not just feeling sorry for me?"

I answered, "Jesus Christ, envious maybe. Who could feel sorry for someone with a cock like the whole state of Idaho?" I tried to show him I meant it by sucking him off again.

"Is this what you do? I mean is this all you do? Oh, fuck, what I mean is, what do you get out of it?" he asked.

"I like a cock in my face. I guess that's the best. I like it up my ass. But I'm very versatile. I like to have my cock sucked, too."

He looked at me searchingly. "I don't know whether I could do that. I'll have to think about it."

I didn't see Spud for three days. I figured that was the end of things between us, that he was avoiding me. I was disappointed, but I figured I'd live.

I opened the door at the knock. "Can I come in?" he asked.

"Sure." He wheeled in. "Are you hungry? I was about to fix a hamburger," I invited.

"I don't have that kind of hunger," he said. I turned to look at him. "I want you." He looked as if he really might stand up and step toward me. But of course he couldn't. No amount of desire was going to make it happen. I had to meet him more than half-way. I knelt on one knee beside him and we embraced awkwardly.

"Show me," I said. I stood, moved in front of him, and held out my hand. "I'll lead the way."

In the bedroom, he wheeled beside the bed. "Put your arms around my neck," I directed. I leaned forward and when he had his arms in place I lifted him to a standing position. For a moment, I hugged him, then lowered him onto the bed. I lifted his legs and pivoted him to a comfortable position.

"I'm supposed to be the seducer," he frowned.

"You'll have your chance," I said as I peeled off my clothes.

He sat up and took off his shirt. Then he unbuckled his belt. "You can help with these." I slipped off his dock-siders and pulled on the legs of his pants. I knew he was embarrassed about his legs, but they weren't bad, thin and pale only. I commented on his semi-hard cock to take our attention away from his legs.

"Jesus, you're already hot. Come on, let me at that fucking potato."

"No, wait," he said. "I want to... do you. First."

"Are you sure?"

"Come here." I stretched out beside him on the bed. I put my hand on one of his overdeveloped pecs, leaned forward and kissed. I squeezed his erect nipples until he groaned. Our tongues explored deeply. There was nothing he needed to learn about kissing. When we broke apart, he said softly, "I don't know what to do exactly. You'll have to get us into the right position."

"You've done a 69 before?"

"Not with a cock in my mouth, but I know the position."

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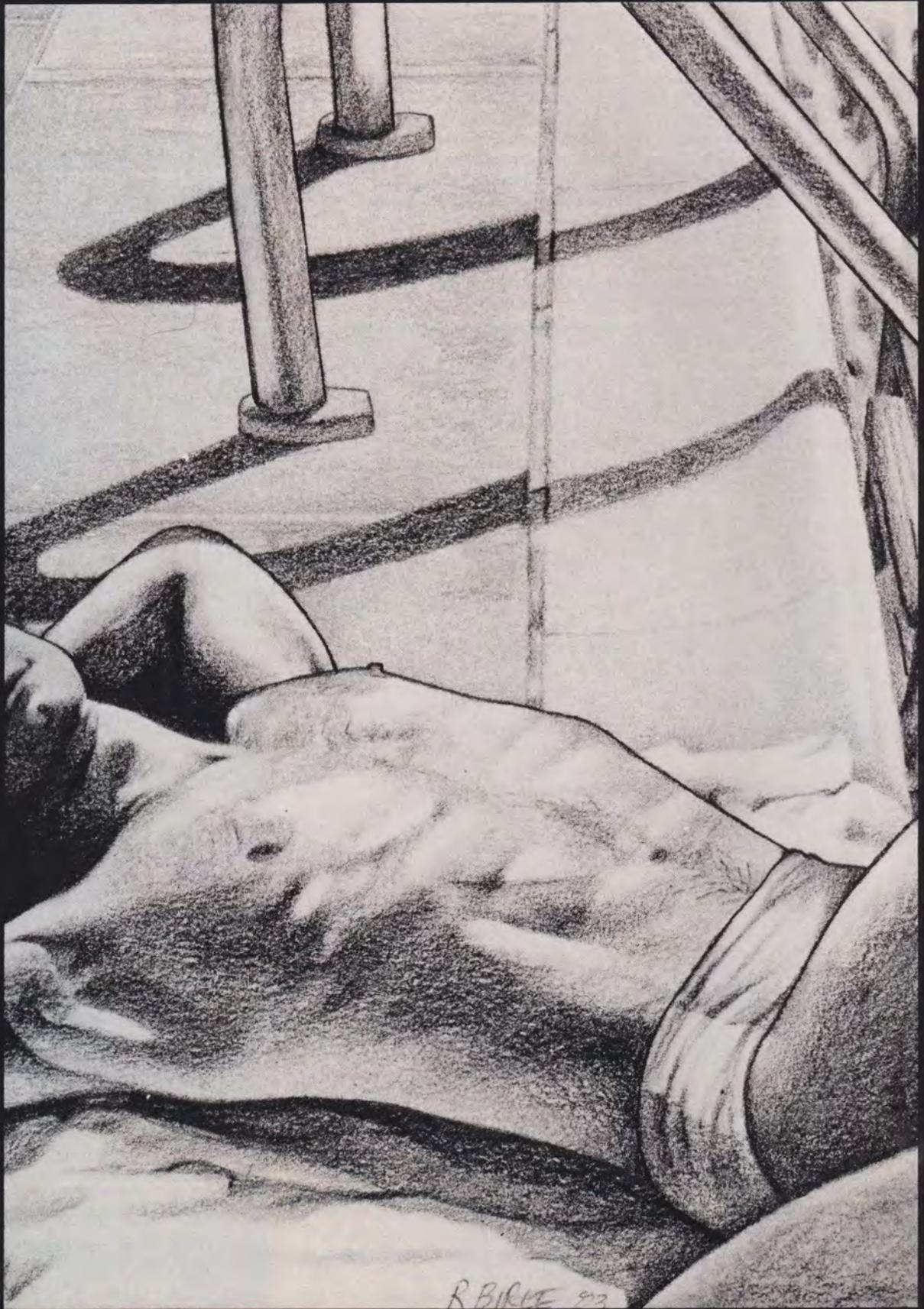
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We sat on the edge of the pool watching the green shadows dance across the walls. Ed lowered himself into the water and placed his body between my legs. He took my cock in his mouth and began to run his tongue around the head.

THE DEEP END

by Simon • Art by Robert James Birle

They say that if you dig deep enough, you can find anything. Small town life is like that. On the surface all is squeaky-clean, but when the shades go down at night all sorts of things happen.

I had been away from home ever since I started college. Sure, I visited from time to time, but once I found out about those big city boys, nothing could keep me down on the farm. Now I was stuck without an excuse. I had just graduated, my part-time job was over, and I had a summer to kill before I began teaching in the fall. On top of it all, I had no money to get away. In a weak moment I promised the folks I'd spend longer than a weekend with them and, as I pulled into Main Street (the only street), I instantly regretted it.

The only thing to keep me from going crazy was my little survey of the sex habits of the local men. I began my research the day after I arrived. I made a list of every public men's room in a ten-mile radius and began a tour. You'd be amazed at how graffiti-free small towns can be. Any kid caught with a can of spray paint in this town would be drawn and quartered on the spot. While my sensibilities approved of it, my dick was beginning to feel forgotten. In the men's room in the park,

I did unearth a scratched "Johnny D. sucks" and I spent the rest of the afternoon combing my memory in search of any Johnny D. that I might have known. It was at that point I realized that I was becoming much too serious in my quest.

I spent that evening in the town's only movie theater viewing a kung-fu flick that was at least three years old. During the "coming attractions" trailer I loitered in the bathroom to no avail. I did, however, detect a faint trace of dope being smoked, so I knew things couldn't be all that bad.

After the movie I drove ten miles out of town to the nearest rest-stop. I was surprised to see three cars parked there. Upon further investigation, there appeared to be one mixed couple, male and female that is, in each car, in various degrees of passion. I did spot a used rubber on the ground and was glad to see that someone here was getting fucked, even if it wasn't me.

After the third day of hunting, I gave up. I resigned myself to a summer of self-abuse and an occasional 50-mile trip to the nearest town big enough to have a gay bar.

The weekly paper, as is published-only-once-every-seven-days, carried a

feature on the local swim team. The item mentioned that Ed Townsend, new physical education instructor, was coaching the team and giving swimming and lifesaving lessons over the summer. Ed and I had been on the high school swimming team together and I remembered with particular pleasure watching him pull off his wet trunks, the hair matted against his ass, and head for the showers. I remember we once even jerked off together in the back of his old man's station wagon. I wondered if Ed was still up to his old tricks and what it would take to lure him into the back seat of my car, or into my back seat.

The article concluded by giving the hours the pool was open to town residents, and it did seem like a perfect day for a swim. I threw a few things into a bag and headed for school. The parking lot was full of cars and the two outdoor pools were full of screaming children with mothers in tow. The changing rooms were indoors, adjacent to the enclosed pool, which was only for the use of the team. I pulled on a pair of racing trunks which nicely outlined my crotch and ass, then headed towards the sounds of instruction coming from the indoor pool. I sat on the side, watching Ed put his boys

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through their paces. He still looked as good as ever and it didn't take long for me to conjure up the memory of him, with his pants down to his knees, pumping cream from his thickly veined cock onto the floor of the station wagon. My dick pressed against my bathing suit as I imagined wrapping my lips around his meat and tasting the peculiar chlorinated, sweaty ooze from between his bushy buns. My reverie was disturbed by a familiar voice in my ear.

"Hey, this place is closed to the public."

I got up, forgetting that the outline of my hardening cock was clearly visible. Ed's eyes lingered on it until I quickly covered it with my towel.

I awkwardly extended my hand. "Hey Ed, it's me, Joe Norris."

"By God, boy, it's been years," he said, pumping my hand. "What are you doing in this town?"

"Not a hell of a lot," I replied.

"I know what you mean. This town hasn't changed much." He shrugged. "Say, I'm training the girls' team tonight. Why don't you drop around and check out the young ladies, then we can go raise some hell afterwards."

"I'll skip the young ladies," I said with a sly grin, "but I'll meet you afterwards if you want to get together."

"Sounds good," he said as he smiled back at me. "Come here around nine. If I'm not by the pool I'll be changing. I'll leave the door open for you." He waved me off and went back to his coaching.

Let me tell you, time does not fly by when you're horny. The clock crept towards nine, taking its sweet time as I watched in anticipation. I parked near the entrance to the gym and waited until the girls began to leave. While I hadn't wanted to hit him over the head with a sledgehammer, my comment about not wanting to check out the girls had registered with him. I wasn't sure how he was going to respond to it but I made my availability quite clear. When I entered the gym, Ed was still cleaning up around the pool. He motioned me over.

"I've got to do a little policing and take a shower, then we can go."

I followed him around, chatting casually as he cleaned up. When he headed for the locker room, I made sure I was right behind him. He grabbed a few beers from a small refrigerator and tossed me one. I popped it open, drank and watched him pull off his wet trunks, his hairy ass only a grab away. I restrained myself, waiting for the green light from him. He turned

to grab a towel and I caught sight of his fat cock just beginning to jut out from his hairy bush. He followed my eyes down to his dick.

"Watching all that flesh sure gets to me by the end of the day."

"I know exactly how you feel," I stammered, still watching Ed's rod as it began to push further out from the hair surrounding it.

"The best cure is a cold shower, they say," he winked, and walked towards the shower room.

"Is that an invitation?" I asked, as I started to pull off my boots.

He turned to me and my suspicions were confirmed. His cock had become rigid and he made no attempt to conceal it. With a broad grin, he locked the door to the pool and sauntered into the showers with his cock bobbing up and down.

My clothes were off in a flash. My own cock stood proud and tall as I entered the shower room. Ed was already soaped up as I got under the same spray of water. I pressed my body against his as I lathered up the soap on his neck and shoulders. My hands worked their way down his hairy arms and up to his chest. I massaged his firm pecs as I placed my dick between his hairy thighs. I pumped slowly between his legs, then reached around and grabbed his cock. Even with the soap covering it, I could feel the veins standing out. The massive head was slippery with pre-cum. I began to stroke the thick meat until Ed turned around to face me. Our cocks touched.

"Hey fella, I've waited a long time to get you in this position. Let's go slow and enjoy it. Okay?"

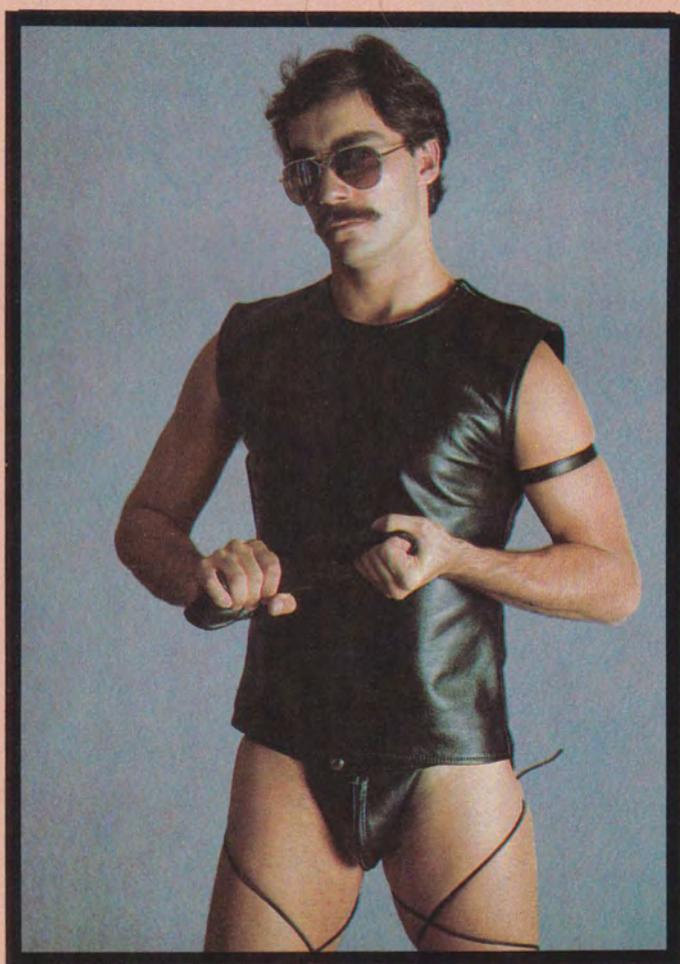
"Anything you say," I replied.

Ed rinsed off and headed back to the locker room. I followed, picked up a towel and began to dry him off, exploring every hairy, muscular inch of his body. When he was dry, he flicked on the underwater lights of the pool and slipped on his sweatpants.

"Why don't you go out to the pool and relax for a minute. I'll be right back." He led me to the edge of the water and headed in the direction of the parking lot. When he got back, I was nicely arranged on a pile of gym mats that I had dragged over to the pool. The only lights were the underwater ones, and they gave a greenish glow to the entire room. Shadows rippled across the walls and ceiling, giving the impression of a huge tent. The air was heavy with chlorine. My dick had softened, but only a little. When I saw Ed return, it began to

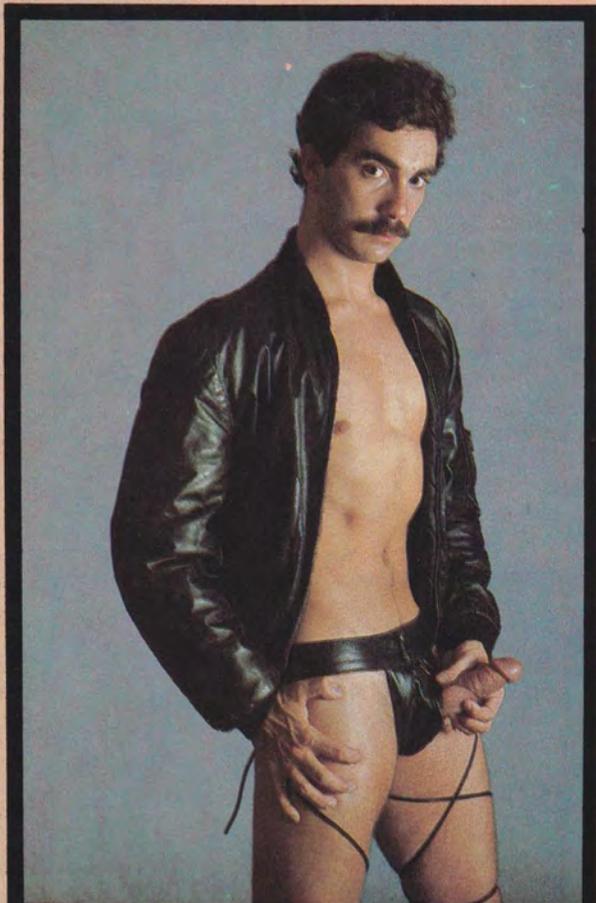
Continued on page 21

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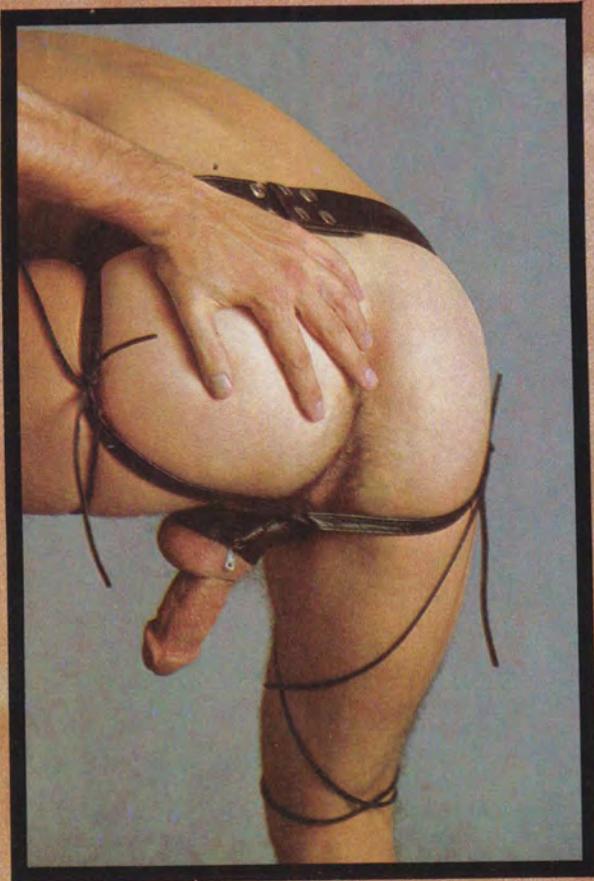
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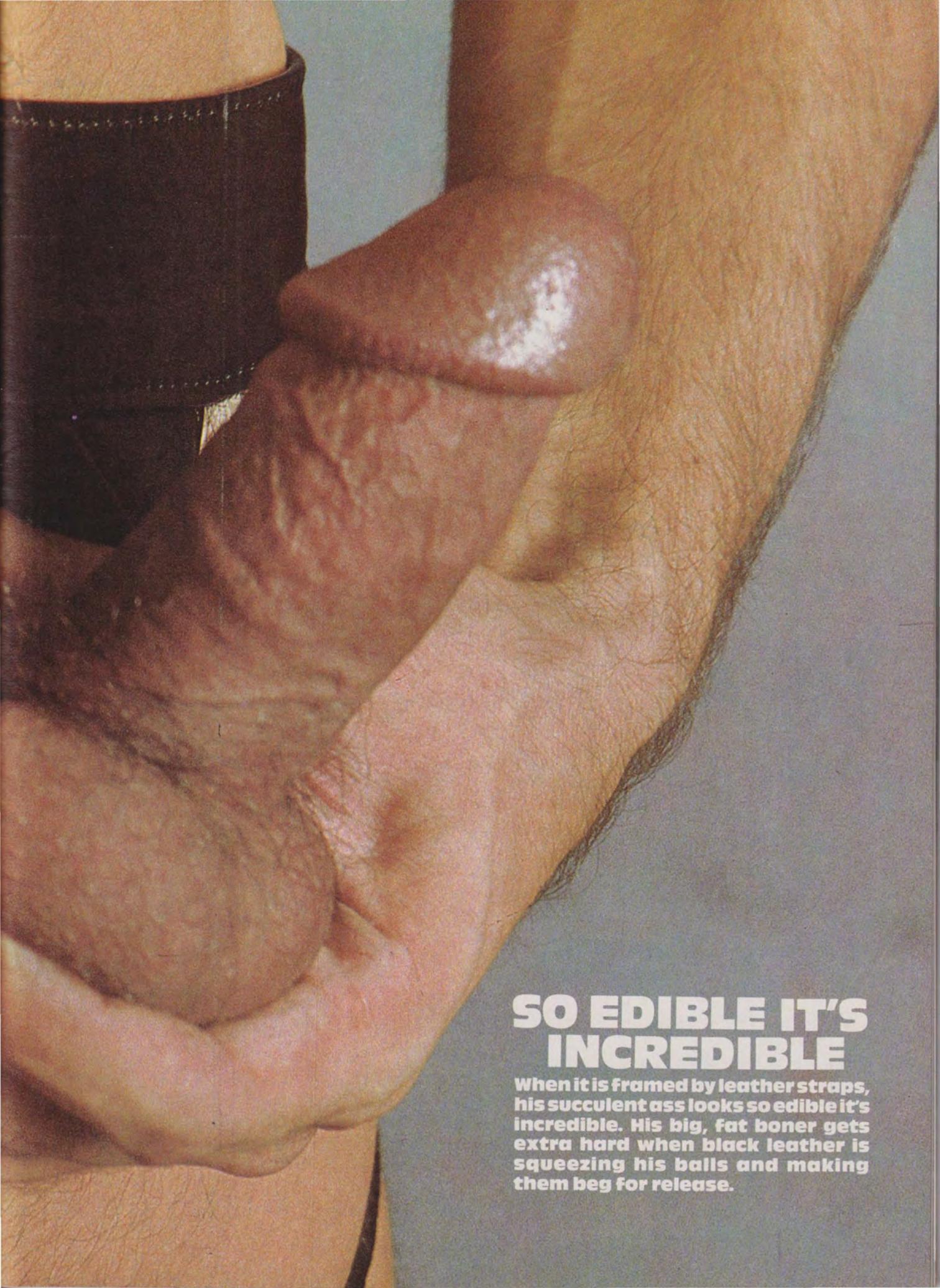


SO EDIBLE IT'S INCREDIBLE

Aside from the smell of leather, and the feel of it, one of leather's good points is the way he looks when he is coming out of it. Somehow, his dick looks even bigger and juicier when emerging from the fly of a leather jockstrap.

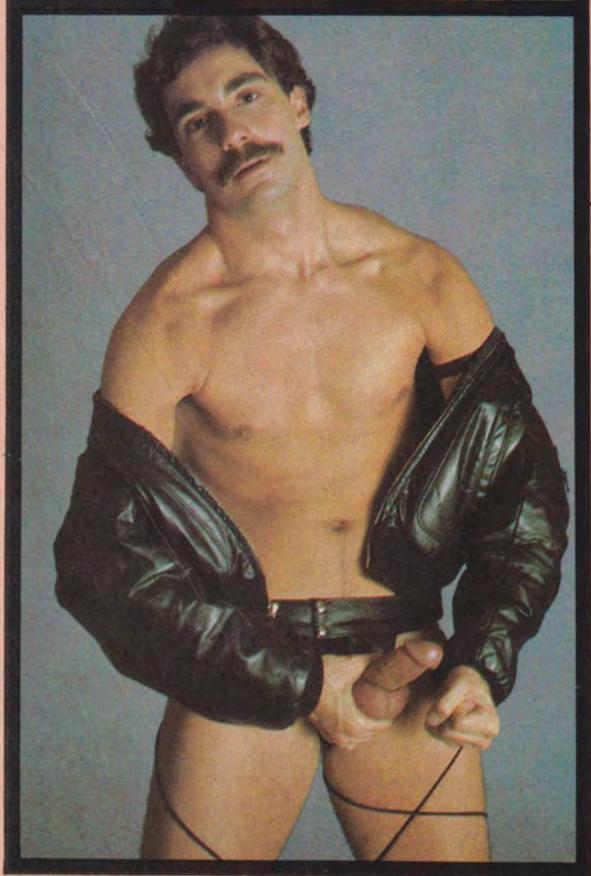
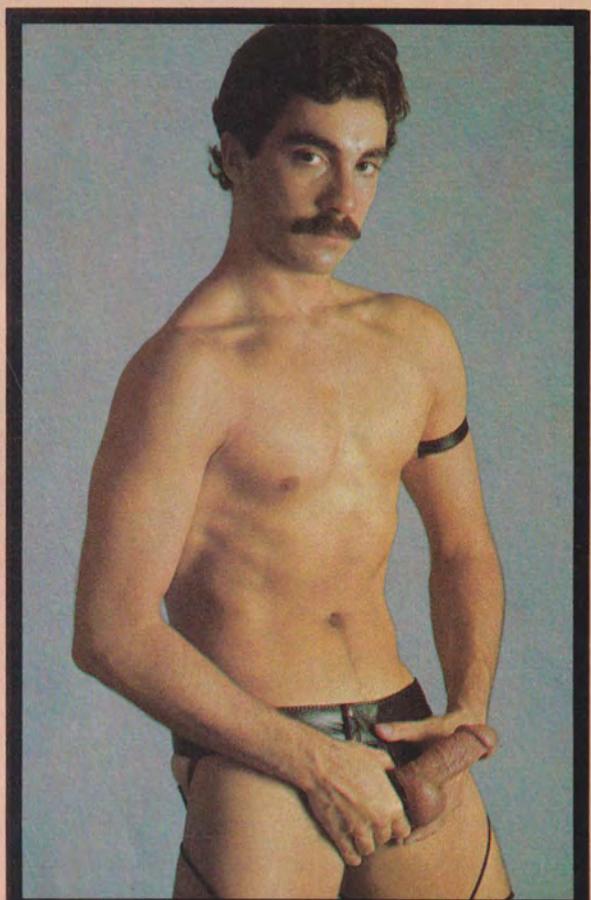






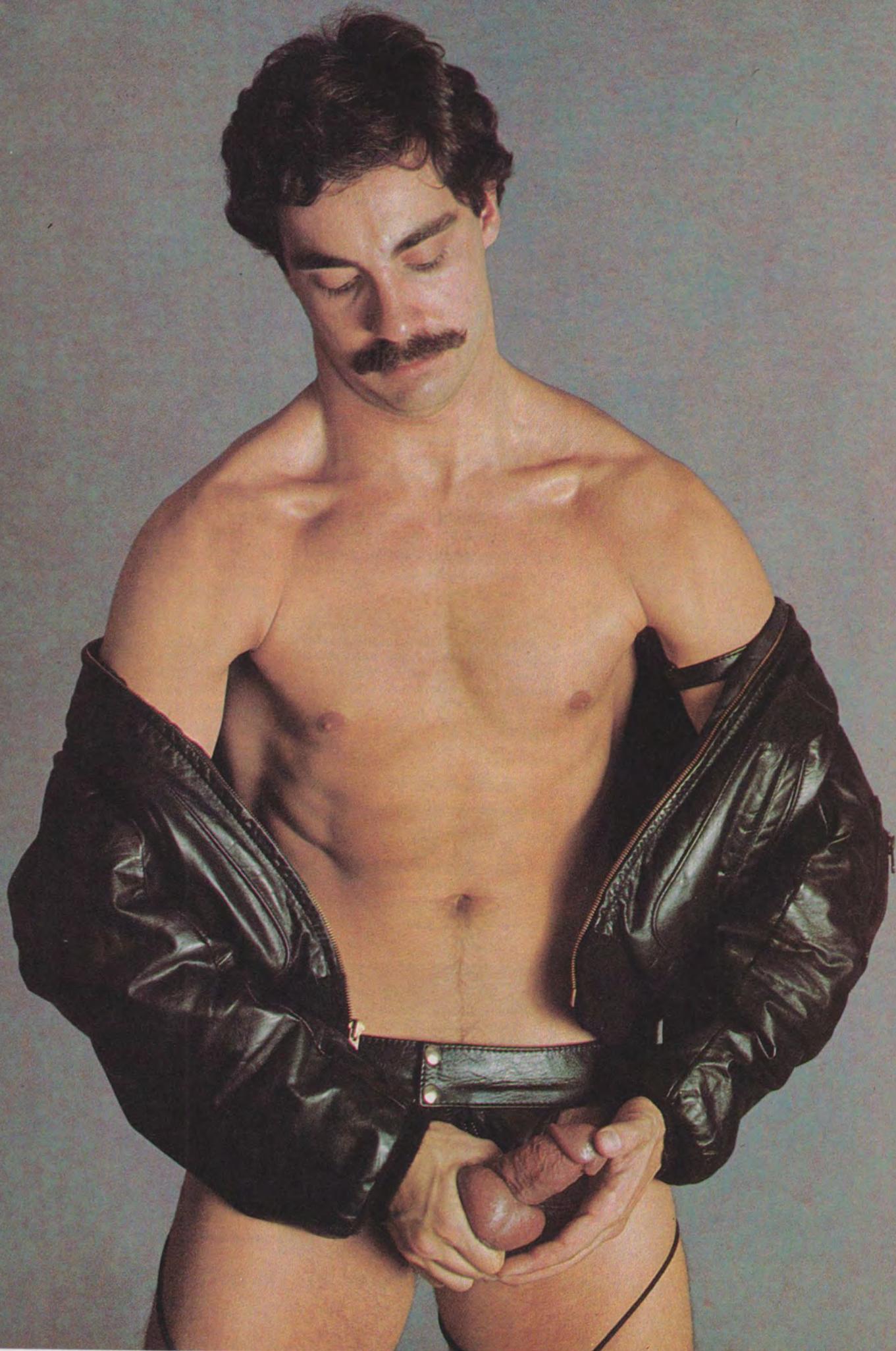
SO EDIBLE IT'S INCREDIBLE

When it is framed by leather straps, his succulent ass looks so edible it's incredible. His big, fat boner gets extra hard when black leather is squeezing his balls and making them beg for release.



SO EDIBLE IT'S INCREDIBLE

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The active ingredient in The Tanning Pill is canthaxanthin. This substance is used extensively in the foods you eat and is approved by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration as a food coloring. It is widely used by millions in Europe and Canada to get a beautiful tan without the sun, and is approved for that purpose by the European and Canadian equivalents of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration.

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What do you do if you want a suntan but don't want UV [Ultra-violet] damage to your skin? One solution we've found is to take canthaxanthin . . . Canthaxanthin, taken over a period of time, will yield a beautiful bronze color to the skin that looks like a suntan. This approach to a "sun" tan is much safer than the use of either the real sun or a UV-A tanning booth (Pgs. 97-98)

And more:

"Mr. Smith" says that there was a 'real dramatic'

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THE DEEP END

Continued from page 12

automatically swell again.

"Just thought we might have a reunion celebration," he said as he put down a couple of joints. He shucked off his pants and lay beside me. We finished both joints and another beer as we caught up on old times, our legs casually touching. We sat on the edge of the pool watching the green shadows dance across the walls. Ed lowered himself into the water and placed his body between my legs. He took my cock in his mouth and began to stroke it and run his tongue around the head.

"Do you remember the last time I saw this cock of yours?" he asked.

"How could I forget," I replied, thinking of the station wagon.

"I've been thinking about this cock for a long time," he said as he bent over and took the entire shaft in his mouth. He sucked greedily. After a moment he pulled me towards him into the water. He held me tight and ran his tongue across my hairy chest and over my nipples. He took one tit in his mouth and began to bite it gently. I reached under water and grabbed his heavy meat. I pushed him from me and went underwater to taste his cock. We were right next to one of the pool lights so I could see every detail of his dick. The thick blue veins, the folds of skin around the bulbous head, and the drop of precum that seemed to be floating to the surface of the water. I took a deep gulp of air and went all the way down on his rod. I buried my nose in the black pubic hair and stayed there until the urgency for air brought me to the surface. I pushed him backwards and he swam out to the deeper water. Then I dived after him and swam between his legs, playfully grabbing his cock as I went. I came up behind him and we lazily floated back to the side of the pool.

When we had dried off, Ed placed towels on the diving board and pulled me down on it. I lay on top of him, feeling as if we were suspended, floating above the waves. I lowered my face onto his chest and began to suck on his nipples. I moved down further, following the trail of curly hair to his navel, and ran my tongue all over his stomach as I pinched and pulled on his tits. The hard throbbing of his dick under me made me long to have it inside me. I straddled him on the board and began to lower myself onto his rod. With a little spit, I lubricated his

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shaft and slowly forced it inside me. Once the head had pushed through, the rest was easy. With one thrust Ed had his dick in my ass, up to the hilt. He began a rhythmic pumping as I played with his nipples, egging him on as much as I dared. I didn't want him to come yet; I didn't want it to be over so soon.

"Oh baby, plow it into me," I moaned.

"I've been wanting to fuck that ass for a long time," he said as his thrusts got harder.

"I want it, give it to me. I want it all inside me. I want to feel your juice spurt inside me."

"I can't hold back much longer."

"Give it all to me," I said as I

Continued to page 42

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FOXHOLE

By Robert Ralph • Art by Matt

"Okay, Sokowski, you and Pedersen can dig here," said the lieutenant, pointing to the place he wanted the next foxhole. "I want this platoon to be combat ready!"

He strutted off, leading the remaining men who were being deployed for the war games.

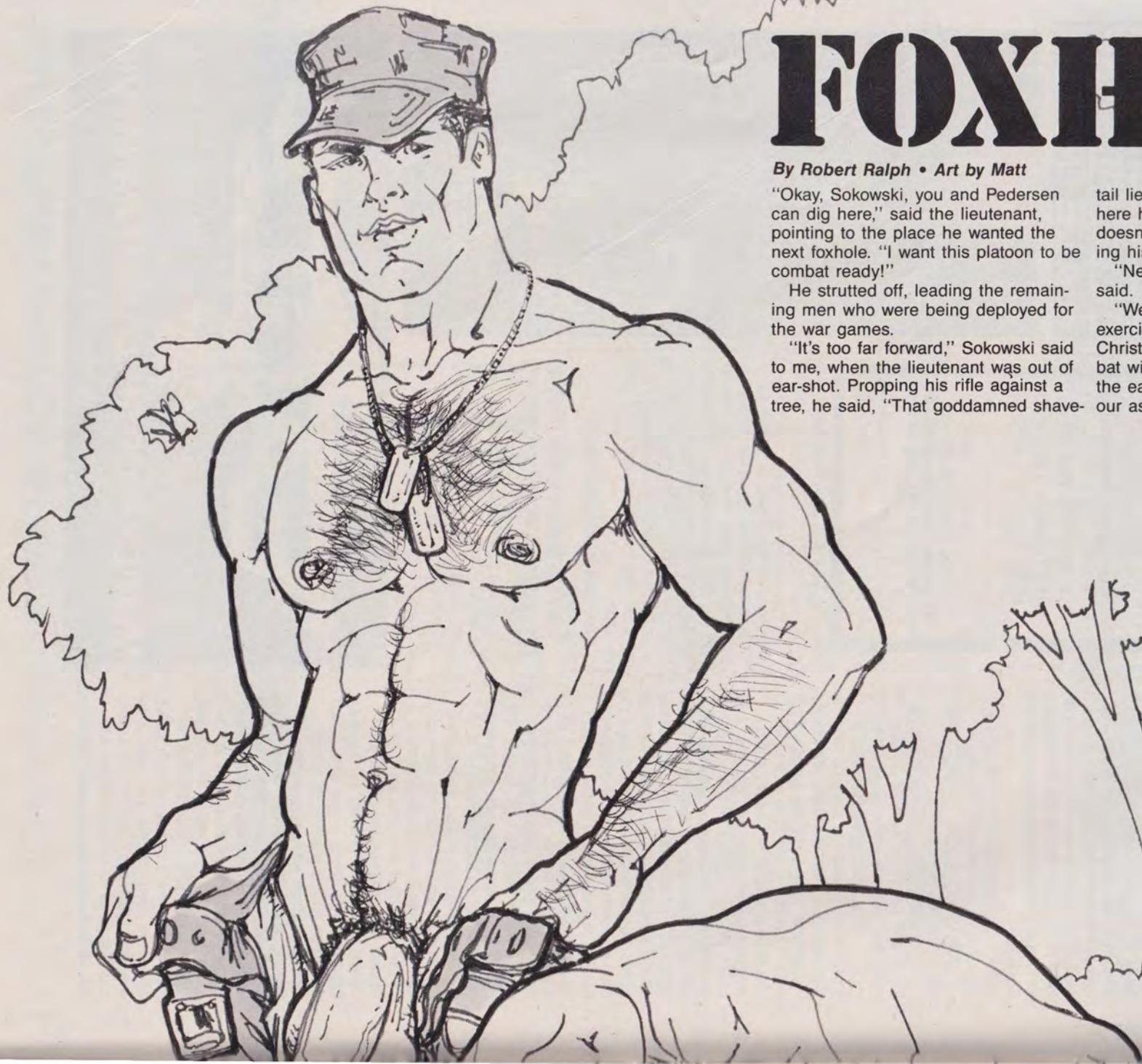
"It's too far forward," Sokowski said to me, when the lieutenant was out of ear-shot. Propping his rifle against a tree, he said, "That goddamned shave-

tail lieutenant is barely weaned. And here he is giving us orders. Just doesn't seem right!" He began removing his entrenching tool from its case.

"Nevertheless, he's in charge," I said.

"Well, I'm thankful this is only an exercise and not the real thing. Jesus Christ, I wouldn't want to go into combat with a kid who's still wet behind the ears trying to lead us. We'd all get our asses shot off! Combat ready, in-

HONCHO / JANUARY 1985 22







deed!" he said contemptuously.

Sokowski removed his fatigue jacket and hung it on a nearby tree limb. His broad chest and beefy arms rippled as he stripped off his t-shirt, leaving his jangly dogtags the only covering on his hair-matted chest. It wasn't the first glimpse I'd had of that muscular torso. Sokowski and I had been inducted at the same time. Going through the processing center, I'd had the opportunity to see his hunky, hairy body entirely naked, his big dick and balls swinging in full view. Being of Polish extraction, he jokingly referred to his oversized dick as his Polish sausage. It was ethnic and accurate. His nuts were perfectly oval and clearly defined in their loose sack of flesh. His thick cock was covered with blue veins that snaked up to the collar of flesh bunching around the broad head. He hadn't walked through the processing center—he had strutted, proud of his physique and his equipment.

Every feature of Sokowski's was oversized. He was almost too muscular; almost too beefy. His coal black hair, matted by the weight of his metal helmet, only added to his appeal.

"I'll dig awhile, and then you can take a turn at it," Sokowski said. "What do you say to that?"

"Fine. Let me know when you're ready for me to spell you."

His entrenching tool bit into the red clay. Clang! Thud! It was hard digging, and in a very short time he had worked up a healthy sweat. The odor of his perspiration wafted on the breeze, affecting me like a drug. It made me slightly dizzy. I really got off on it!

"This soil is hard as hell," Sokowski said, slinging another spade full.

Sweat made rivulets down his steaming sides, and the waist of his trousers began to soak through. He'd made a substantial beginning on our foxhole when he stood up and wiped his forehead. His torso was damp and shiny, and it heaved from his work-labored breathing.

"Okay, kid, you give it a few swipes."

He always called me kid, even though he knew my name was Tom. I had to admit that was better than "Red", which was a nickname I'd fought all my life. My strawberry blond hair with tinges of copper had earned me my nickname. I hated being called Red, but in the army, nicknames inevitably stick. So, to everyone but Sokowski, I was Red.

I removed my shirt to avoid overheating. "You ought to leave on your t-shirt," Sokowski said. "With that fair

skin of yours, you'll burn pretty fast."

"I'll take my chances," I said, stripping to the waist. "This late afternoon sun isn't so bad. It'll be dark before long." Ours was to be a night exercise.

We continued swapping turns until we had dug the required depth. Both of us were pretty winded by the time it was over. Then we got back into uniform and waited to pass inspection. This would be an all night affair, as I figured we wouldn't get much sleep. After eating our chow of cold C-rations, we settled down to wait for the business at hand.

The freshly dug soil made a rich, gutsy aroma of its own. With the two of us in it, that foxhole began to get pretty ripe. I was enjoying it. I couldn't answer for Sokowski. Being so close to him made my heart pound. He was only inches away, breathing sex appeal. His masculinity permeated every inch of our foxhole and completely surrounded me. My dick suddenly trembled with sensation, stiffening as I watched him. My nuts felt prickly all over, and my hard-on stretched against the confines of my jockey shorts.

"Damn, I'm burning up," he said as we began to lose light completely.

"The humidity's killing me."

"We're supposed to stay in uniform,"

now, had a salty sweetness to it. He smelled all man. My dick throbbed in my pants; how would I be able to get through the night?

"Damn," muttered Sokowski. "I got to take a leak."

He scrambled out of the foxhole, his pale skin shining in the thin glimmer of moonlight. He stood a short distance away in a well-lit patch of bushes, and the moon momentarily acted as a spotlight. He faced me and slowly undid his belt. One by one the buttons popped open and he eased down his fatigues until they fell to his knees. Next, the underwear, starkly white, dropped, leaving him all but naked. I grabbed a handful of my own hard dick and squeezed. I wanted to jerk off watching him—I wanted it so bad I could hardly stand it.

Sokowski began pulling on his dick, stretching it out from his body and lifting his balls. He milked his big rod until the large head stuck through the uncircumcised flesh. When it was about half up, he thrust his hips forward, hands on his sides, and released the long, golden stream. I could hear it hitting the underbrush. It seemed to continue forever. When it finally stopped, he stroked himself until every drop was gone, shaking his dick vio-

Sokowski removed his fatigue jacket and hung it on a nearby tree limb. His broad chest and beefy arms rippled as he stripped off his t-shirt, leaving his jangly dogtags the only covering on his hair-matted chest.

I reminded him as he unbuttoned his shirt. "We were only allowed to take them off while we dug."

"So, let them gig me, or whatever. I need to cool down. Anyway, soldiers in combat don't worry about being in uniform all the time. Didn't you ever see any war movies?"

He laid his shirt neatly on the edge of the foxhole. His t-shirt followed. There it was—that fabulous, sweaty chest with its big nipples, and so near. So near! My heart beat like crazy. I felt a dampness in my crotch as my dick spat out a drop of pre-cum.

Night soon engulfed us. Our night vision quickly adjusted and I could see Sokowski clearly. Better yet, I could smell him. His perspiration, dried by

lently. It was completely erect when he pulled his fatigues up. My cock was stiff as a board and ready to go as he dropped back in beside me.

"Nothing like a good piss to make you feel good, eh, buddy?" he said, clapping my shoulder affectionately.

"I can think of one or two things better," I said.

He chuckled. "Yeah, a piece of ass wouldn't be bad!" He tugged his crotch. "Shit! I went and got a bone on!" He kept fiddling with it. "Wouldn't be so bad... except it's almost impossible to get it down, unless I get a little—"

"Fat chance of that out here."

"Or unless I... jack off!"

"Come on, Sokowski. Get your mind



out of your pants! You won't be able to do that. You've got to concentrate on what we're here for."

"Would it bother you if I sort of got off by hand?" he asked, loosening his belt.

"God damn it, man, get a grip!" I could hear his buttons as they opened and the rustle of material as he dropped his fatigues. My hands were shaking. I was the one who needed to get a grip.

"It won't take long," he said. "But whenever I get hard, it's about the only way I can get it soft again!"

His underwear was luminescent in the moon-darkness. He turned his back and dropped his drawers, revealing that muscular, hairy ass. All the muscles in his back contorted as he began caressing himself. His ass-cheeks clinched.

"Oh-h-h!" he whispered in ecstasy. "This feels fabulous!"

"Come on!" I urged. "The maneuvers will start any time. Put it back in your pants and forget about it!"

He spun around facing me, his tent-pole pulsating. He yanked it once and let it swing free. "Join me, Tom. Drop your pants and let's jack off together." He ran his hand along his erect dick-shaft for emphasis. It was too much temptation. We were alone in the semi-darkness, surrounded by desire and man-scent.

"I've got a better idea," I said, constraining myself no longer. I dropped to my knees, grasped his burning cock-base, and pulled the skin back tightly.

His even, white teeth shone as he smiled, comprehending what I was up to. "Eat it, kid," Sokowski whispered. "Give me some head. I can't remember the last time I got knobbed!"

His sabre dick began to glide smoothly down my throat. Inch by wonderful inch.

"Oh, God, kid!" he gasped. I paused about half way down that massive dickmeat and relaxed my throat to take the rest of it. "Tom!" he said. "Nobody's ever been able to handle all my cock before!" He began frantically shoving that huge tool into my face. His ballsack slapped against my chin. Suddenly, he grasped my hair and his body tensed.

A low gurgle of choking began deep in his throat. The skin on the under side of his cock grew totally taut. My tongue ran around and around, while wet hands stroked the shaft.

"Kid, Oh, Tom! Oh shit! I'm ready to—!"

My wet fingers worked with my sucking. Sokowski started shaking from

head to toe as I swallowed his meat to the base, his grip on my hair tightened.

At that instant, I heard the crunch of boots in the underbrush, and the snapping of a dry twig. Reacting instinctively, I came off his dick at the crucial moment.

"Tom!" cried Sokowski, trying to hold my head in place.

He erupted, shooting me full in the face. A fire-extinguisher flow spewed onto my neck and all over the front of my fatigue jacket. From the corner of my eye I saw moonlight glinting on gold bars and the figure of the lieutenant looming over us. Sokowski's dick was still shooting, and his cum ran down my chin.

"What the hell's going on?" demanded the lieutenant. It was superfluous, under the circumstances. "Jesus Christ! Both of you: out of that foxhole, on the double! That's an order!"

We did as he commanded. Sokowski fumbled with his clothes as the lieutenant screamed, "Atten-HUT!"

Sokowski and I snapped to, his unsecured uniform falling to his ankles. His still-stiff cock continued to dribble cum, and my knees shook as the lieutenant glared.

Sokowski and I looked at each other, and then at the lieutenant, in disbelief. "Sir?" I asked questioningly.

"On the double, soldiers!"

Neither of us wanted to face a court-martial, so we complied. A moment later we stood there naked as the day we were born, except for our boots, dogtags, and fatigue caps.

The lieutenant stood in front of us, the bulge in his crotch growing. He grabbed each of our dicks and began tugging. "Get 'em up—and fast!" he commanded. "I want to see them at attention!"

He was really working mine over, sliding his hand up and down the rigid shaft. He spat on it to make his hand move faster. My nuts drew up and I clenched my fists.

"Sir," I protested.

"Shut up, soldier, and stand at attention."

A tingling began at the base of my dick. He felt it and slowed his hand action. He eased down the shaft, teasing, sliding his stimulating palm around my piss-hole. Sokowski was fully up, watching.

"But, sir, you're about to—"

"I said shut up, soldier!"

He wrenched the blood-gorged head four good turns and I passed the

Sokowski was fucking the officer, and the officer was fucking me. The big beefy soldier blew his rocks only seconds before I felt the scalding lieutenant-load rushing through my guts.

"Look at you!" he growled. "Both out of uniform!"

I wanted to laugh in nervous relief. Of all the comments I had expected, that was the most unlikely.

"Sir, I can—"

"Quiet, Pedersen. I'll do the talking!"

"Yes, sir!"

"If you men want me to ignore this incident, you'll do exactly as I tell you. Understand?"

"Yes, sir!" we chimed in unison. What the hell was he up to?

"Otherwise, I'll have both your asses up on charges! And I'll make them stick. Now, since you're already half out of uniform, strip the rest of the way."

magical point. I breathed hard and heavy. Hot saliva dripped onto my steaming rod as he kept manipulating it.

"Sir, you're about to—Sir!"

He quit squeezing and closed his hand around the super-primed head, gently milking. When he grabbed my nuts with his other hand, I exploded. Burning cum poured out, shooting through his fist. He pulled furiously with sticky fingers. My dick kept unloading in gummy spurts. Finally, it was over.

"Back into that foxhole," he directed me. Draping me over the edge, so that my ass was easy to get at, he loosened his pants and hopped in right behind me. Without any warning, his

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dickehead plunged up my butt. I clawed at the red clay for traction.

"Christ, sir!" I pleaded.

"Cool it, Red. You know you love feeling my officer's dick inside you!"

I wiggled from side to side, giving him the answer he wanted: opening and closing my ass muscles, throwing him some hot action.

"Yeah," I whispered, "fuck it, lieutenant. Fuck the shit out of me!"

His strong hands gripped my waist. He stopped pumping and I looked over my shoulder to see why.

"Okay, Sokowski. Get in here and do me the same favor!"

"Sir?"

"On the double, Sokowski. We don't have all night before this exercise begins."

That beefy hunk squeezed in behind the lieutenant and pushed us forward as he began shoving his huge sausage into the lieutenant's ass.

"Yeah, soldier," whispered the lieutenant. "Give it all to me."

"You asked for it, sir, and you're gonna get it all!"

In the confined area we had a super three-way fuck going. It was so totally hot and exhilarating that it didn't last long. Sokowski began sucking air and lunging, lifting the lieutenant on tiptoe, which caused my ass to catch hell. We rocked together, all three of us feeling the crescendo about to hit.

"God, I'm ready to blow!" Sokowski cried. "I can't keep it back any longer!"

"Shoot me that load!" groaned the lieutenant, reaming me from left to right, his hands grabbing my cock as he shoved.

Sokowski blew his rocks only seconds before I felt the scalding lieutenant-load rushing through my guts. We lay, still joined, panting for breath. Sokowski was chuckling.

In the distance we heard the signal indicating that the night war games were starting. Quickly, the lieutenant scrambled out of the hole, straightening his uniform.

"Okay, men," he commanded in his crisp military tone. "Back to your posts. We want every position to be combat ready. A good soldier is always ready for any... contingencies. And you men certainly have what it takes!"

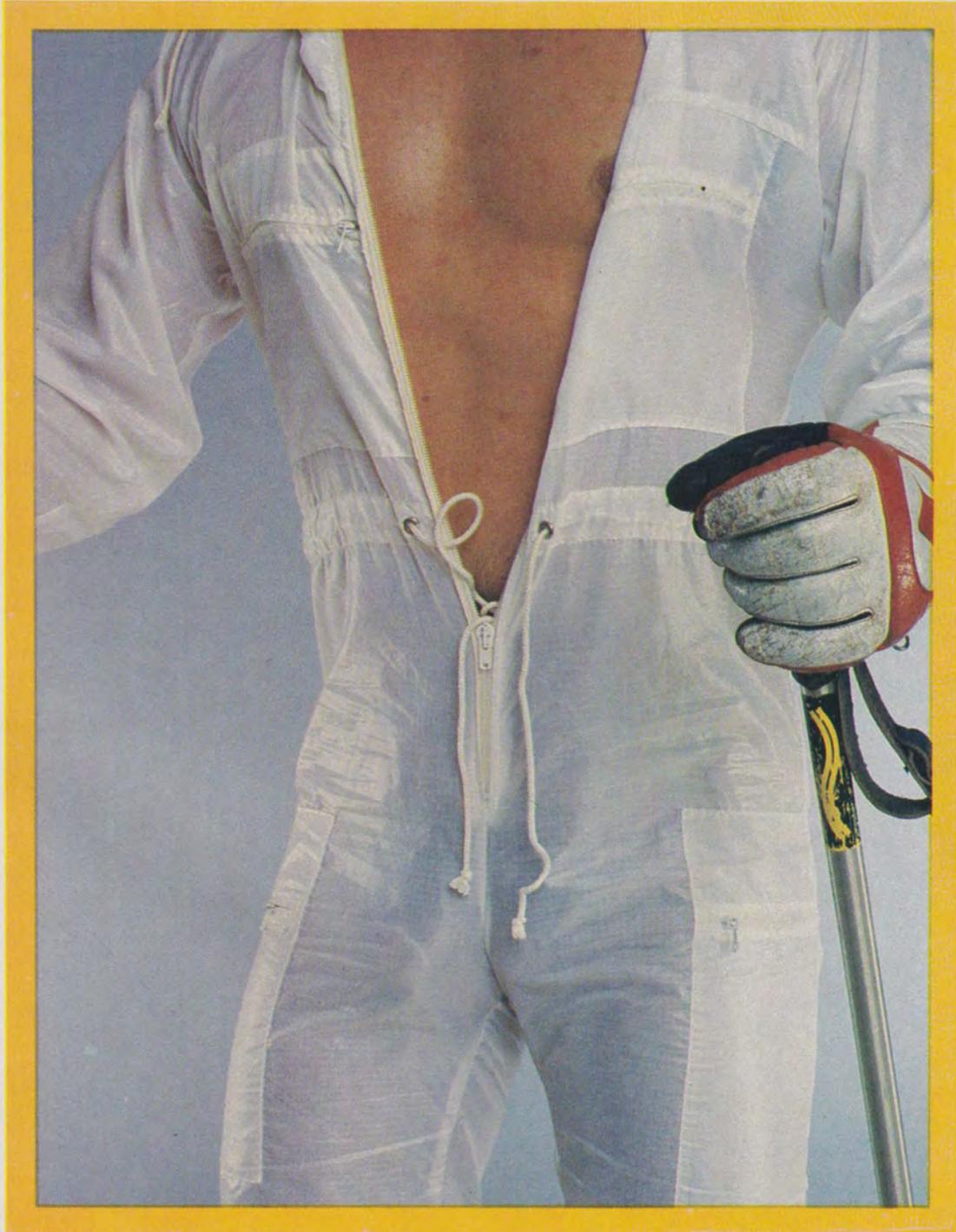
Sokowski and I stared at each other as the lieutenant disappeared into the night.

"Well, what the hell do you make of that?" Sokowski asked.

"I don't know," I replied, "but I can hardly wait for the next lesson!"

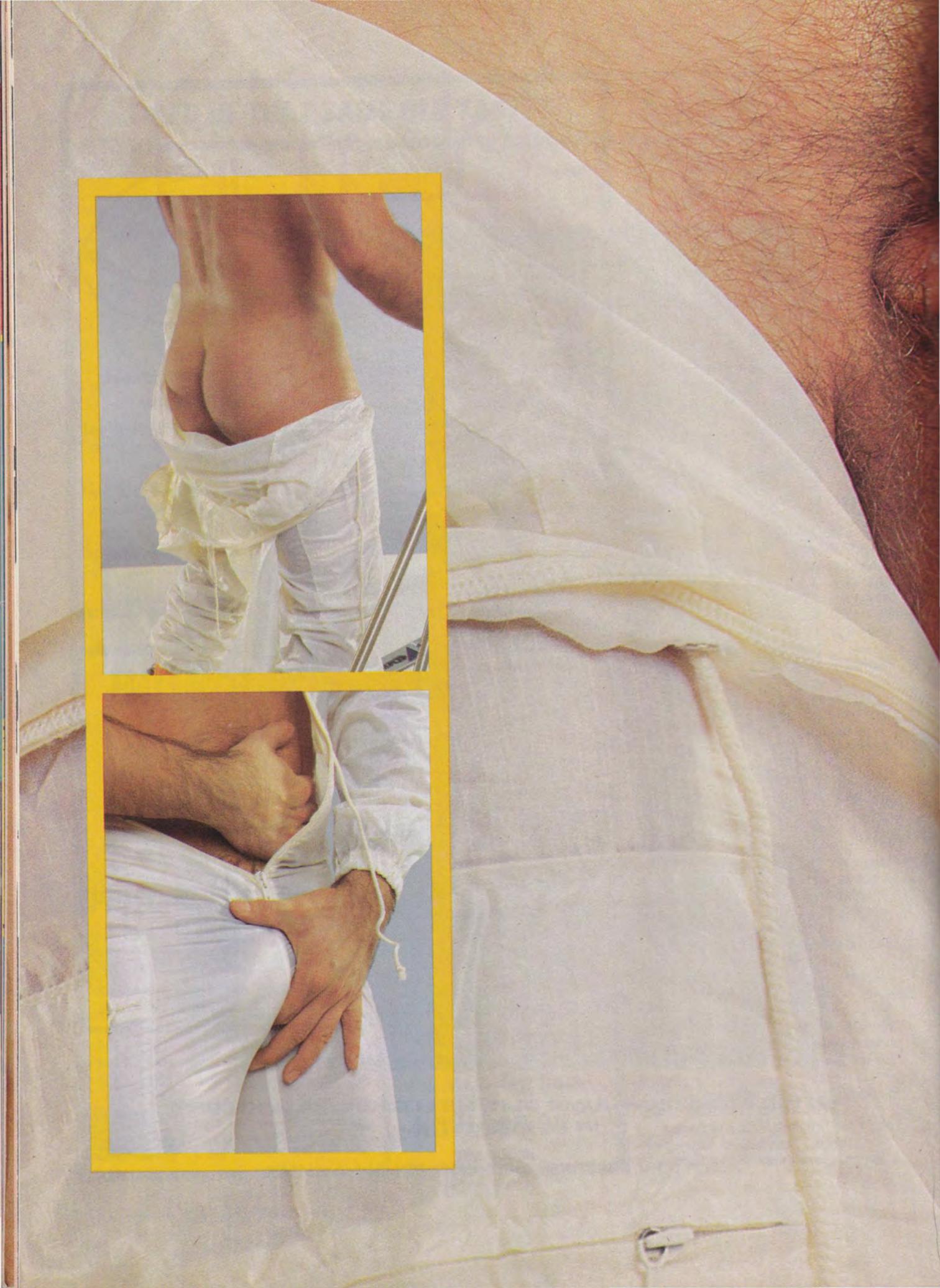
From far away came the popping of gunfire. ■

SKI INSTRUCTOR



**IN HIS HIGH-TECH JUMP SUIT, HE LOOKS LIKE A KNIGHT
IN WHITE SATIN.**

SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY NAAKVE





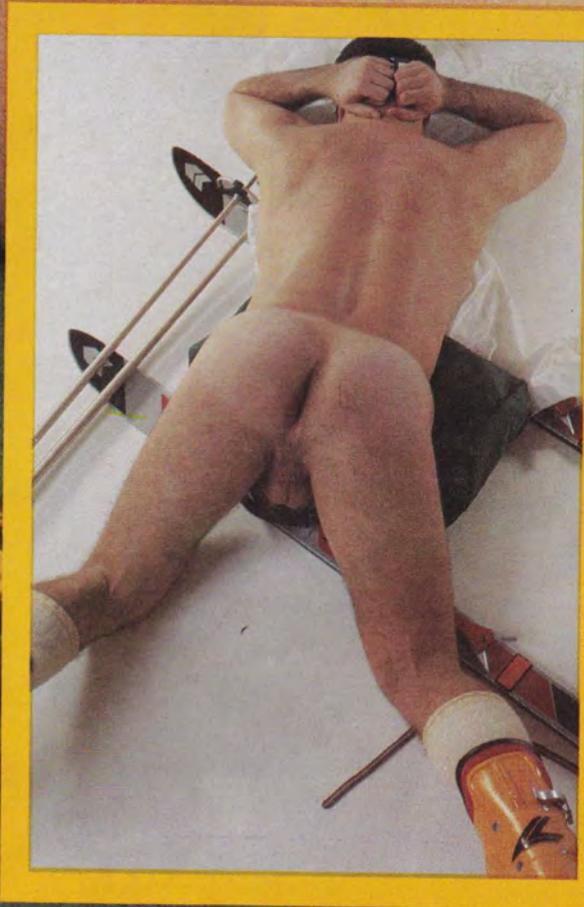
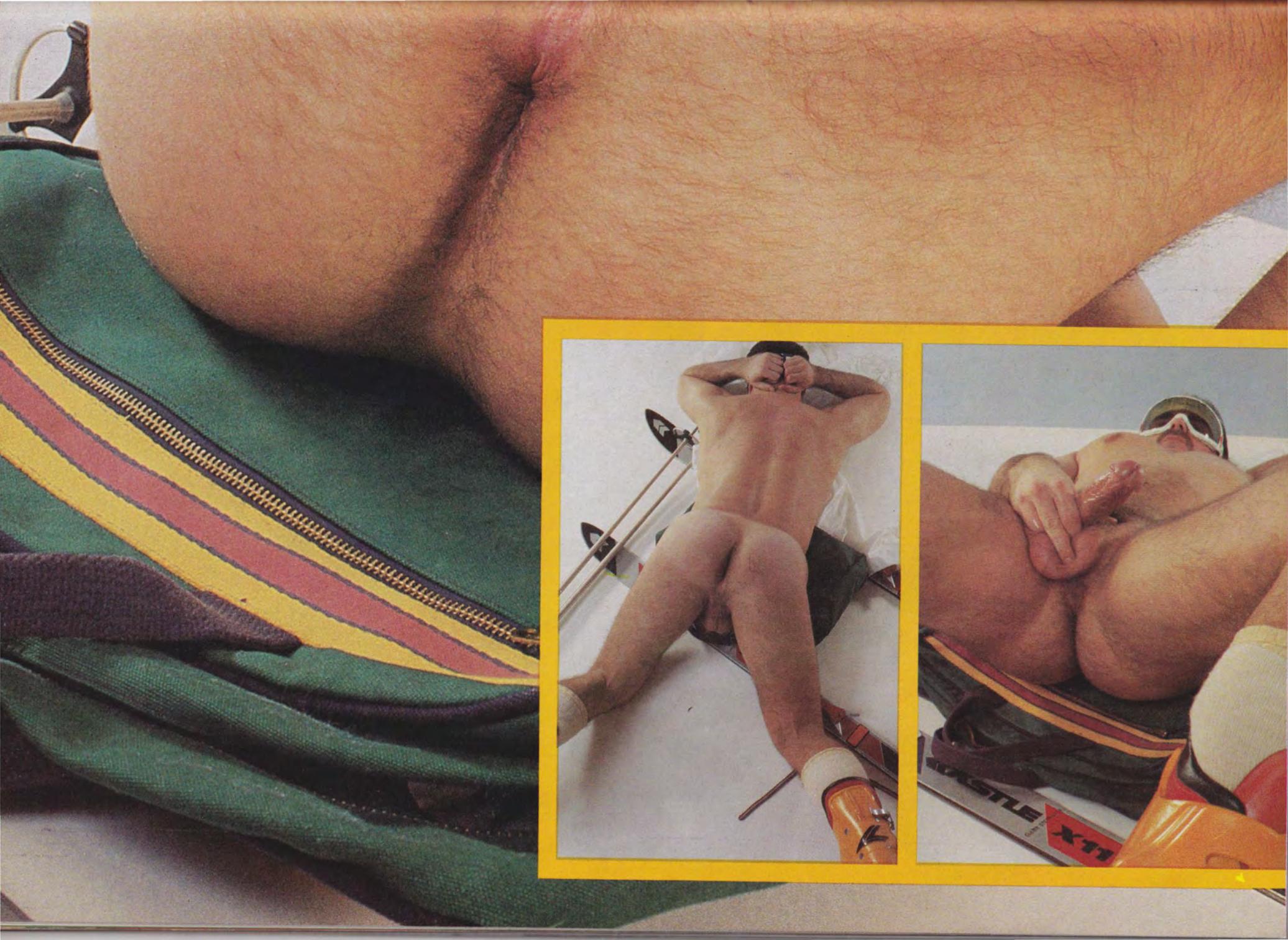
**SKI
INSTRUCTOR**

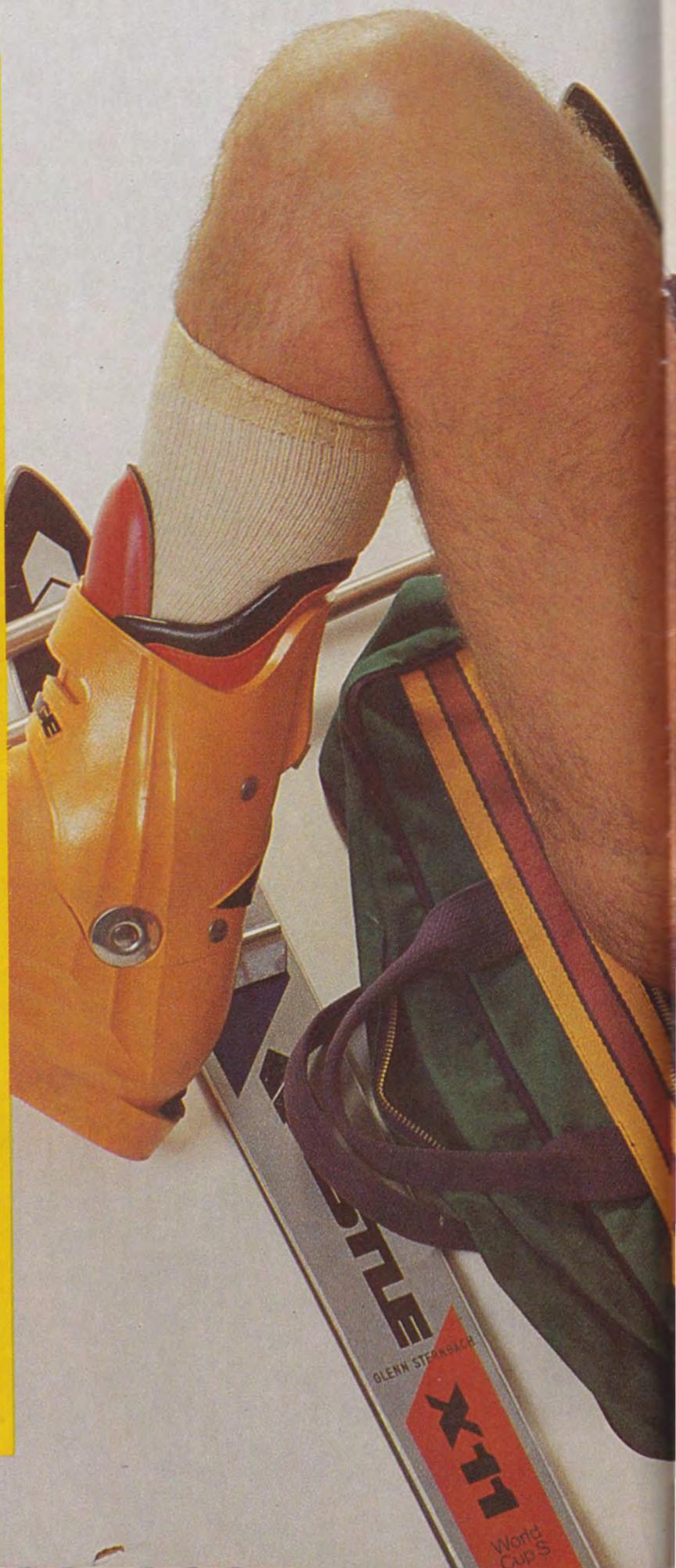
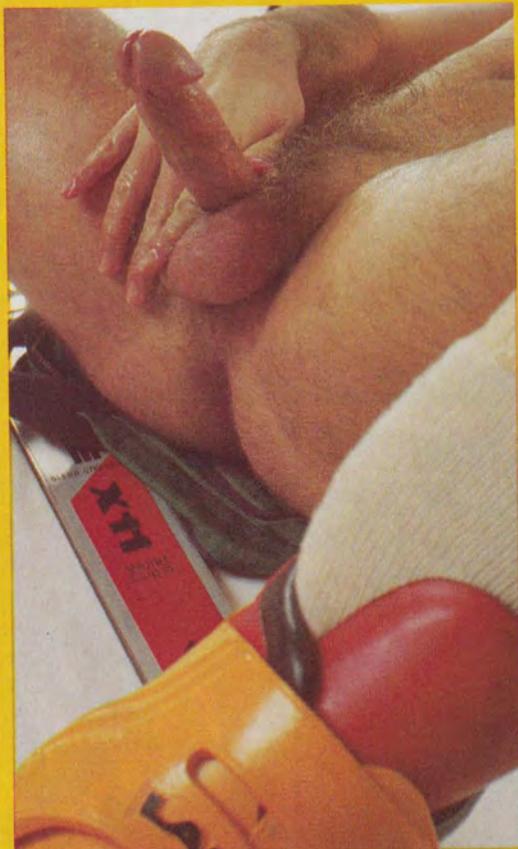
**COMING OUT OF THAT SKI SUIT,
HE IS A WET DREAM COME
TRUE.**



SKI INSTRUCTOR

**THIS IS ONE INSTRUCTOR WHO
DOESN'T SEEM IN MUCH OF A HURRY
TO GET TO THE SLOPES. BUT HE'S GOT
SOME HIGHLY RIDEABLE RIDGES AND
CURVES OF HIS OWN.**





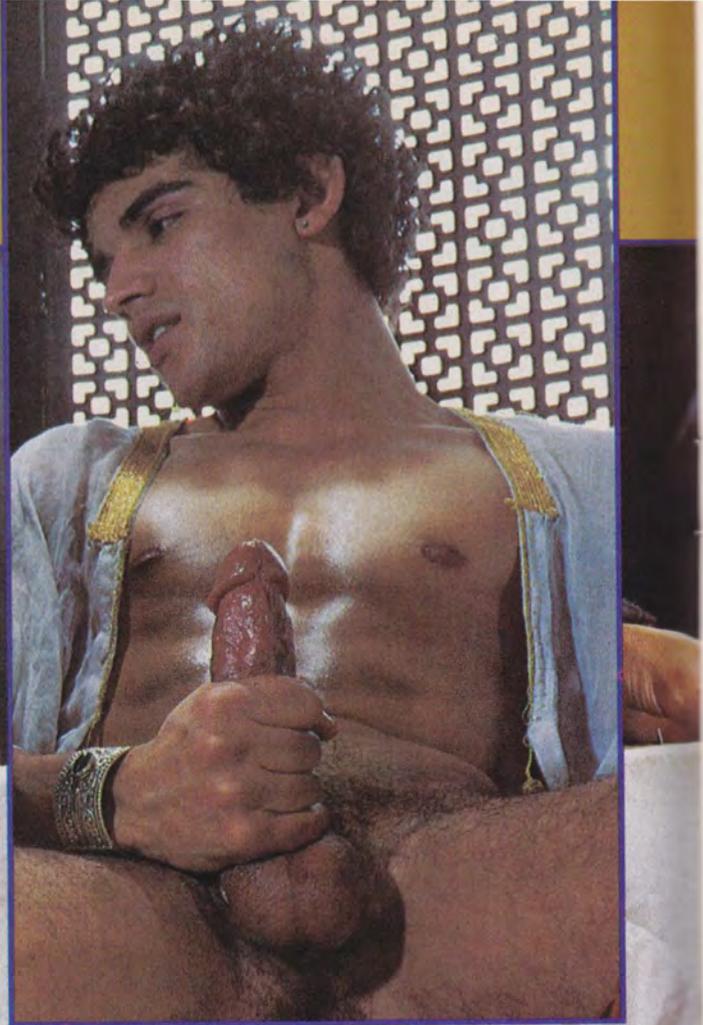


SKI INSTRUCTOR

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SKIING FROM THIS GUY, BUT
BEFORE HE'S THROUGH WITH YOU,
YOU'RE SURE GONNA KNOW THE
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WE SHALL OVERCUM

Continued from page 9

"We could do each other, then."

"No, I want to concentrate on you. I want you to talk me through it."

"You mean like a disaster movie where the skipper is dead and the simple sailor takes over to save the whole fleet?"

"Yeah, and I'm the disaster."

"Oh, shit!" I was really mad. "Stop feeling so Goddamned sorry for yourself. You've got everything. That's probably why your girl couldn't stick it out. This feeling sorry is a bigger turn-off than your shriveled legs, for Christ's sake."

He lay beside me trembling with emotion. I didn't know whether it was with anger or whether he was still feeling sorry for himself. "I was the one who couldn't stick it out, remember? But you're probably right." He reached for my hand. "I'm still looking for a reason to go on. My family and friends should have been enough, but they weren't. There was too much guilt all around. It crippled me in other ways."

I gripped his hand in mine. "I'm sorry," I said.

"It's okay. Let's be honest with each other. I'll try to be honest with myself. Tell me what to do."

"Okay. I'll face you then." I straddled his massive chest and sat down on those rock hard pecs, my knees in his arm pits. I thrust my pelvis forward until my soft cock touched his chin. He reached for it. I pushed another pillow under his head so that he was in a better position. He gently played with my cock and balls.

"They're beautiful, aren't they? I never looked at a cock this closely before. It looks good enough to eat." He touched the cockhead with his tongue and in his hand my dick began to grow. My balls stirred in the palm of his hand. He licked the entire surface and then sucked my cock into his mouth. He looked up at me.

I grinned at him and mumbled,

"Yes. That's just right."

My dick slipped in and out of his mouth as he sucked. He fondled my balls and pulled on the sack as he gulped my meat. He took his face out of my crotch and said, "It takes your breath away." But he went right back on it.

My dick was so hard that this position was beginning to bend it too much. I leaned forward and put my hands on the headboard, letting my cock stay in his mouth, but in a more comfortable position. "It's as hard as it's going to get," I said.

"Let me look at it," he said, taking his mouth away again. He held it up and stroked it slowly. "Goddamn, look at the life in that beauty. It's actually throbbing. I can see your pulse in the blood vessels. The head's changed color."

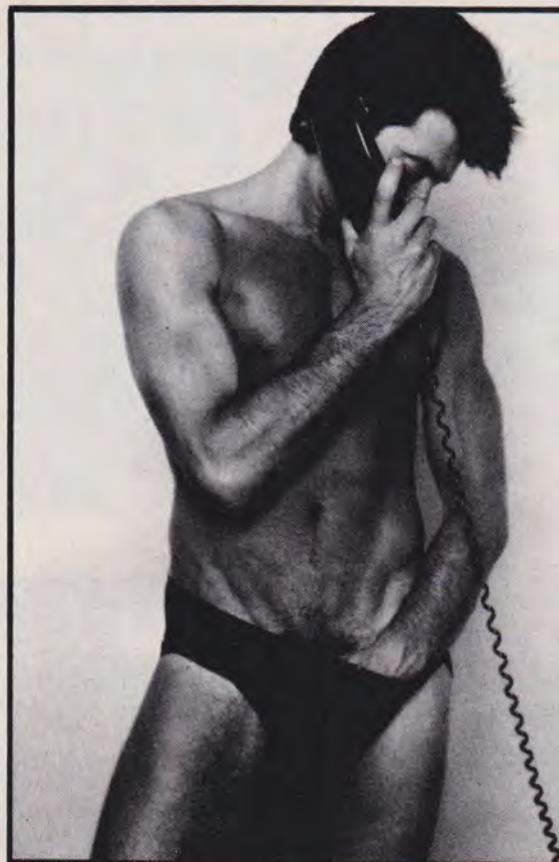
A few drops of pre-cum oozed out of the slit of my cock. I could feel the warmth of it as it moved up the shaft. "Taste it," I said. He stuck out his tongue and touched the tip to the clear, thick fluid. He licked across the head and my pre-cum stretched into a long thread before it broke.

"Sweet," he said. "Is it like cum?"

"More or less. But you're going to have to work to get that. Put your hand on my cock like you're jacking off. Eat as much as you can but don't choke."

He got the rhythm just right. Beads of sweat appeared on his forehead as he chewed on my cock. I couldn't tell whether it gave him any pleasure or

Continued to page 40



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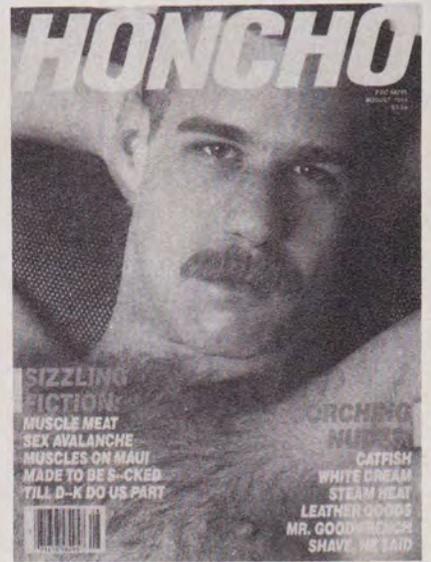
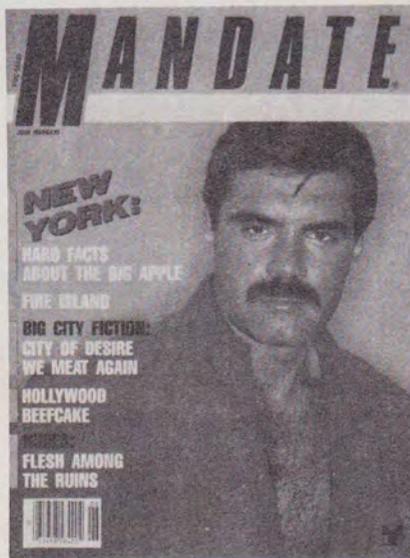
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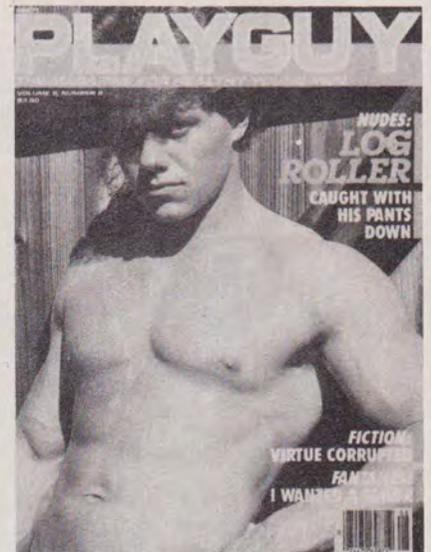
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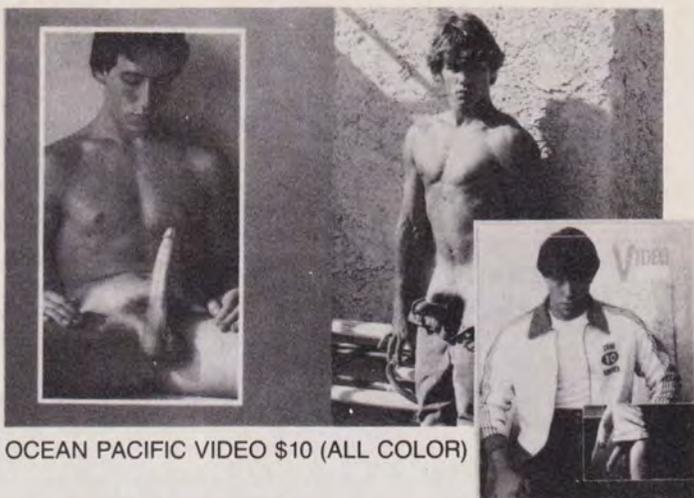
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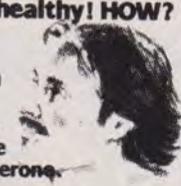
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not. I leaned forward on my hands, giving me a better angle to fuck his face. I began to rock back and forth on my knees. I would have liked to keep on for hours, but I was afraid he would become uncomfortable. I let myself go. "I'm coming," I warned him. A few more strokes, and I did.

He took the first load and swallowed it. The second spurt caught him unprepared. He took his mouth away but he kept pumping with his hand until I'd shot everything. He continued to stroke my dick until I pushed his hand away.

I slid back down and our mouths met. With my mouth, I let him know it was good, but he asked anyway.

"Of course, couldn't you tell?" I asked.

"Not really. I was trying to keep from drowning." He laughed. I nuzzled his neck.

"You didn't do that just because you feel sorry for me, did you?" I teased.

He laughed again. "I deserve that, I guess." He hugged me tight. When he released me, I slid off him and lay beside him, propped on one elbow, looking into his eyes. He continued, "I talked myself into doing it because I was grateful. But when I touched your cock, I knew that wasn't really the reason. I just wanted you. I wanted to feel your sex with as much of my body as I could. I wanted to feel your cock and balls and ass and lips with my hands and mouth and arms and tits and everything that has any feeling left."

"Was it what you thought it would be?"

"I think I could do it better next time. And now I've got this big problem between my legs."

I reached for his cock. It was rock hard. "Christ, you really do. Well, there are several things we could do about that."

I went to the kitchen and found some corn oil. I poured a palm full and spread it over his cock. "There's nothing like the feel of a cock—in your mouth, or ass, or hands." I stroked and twisted and bent his greased pole. "It's as hard as an oak log, but the skin is soft. I can feel your pulse in this big artery." I traced the blood vessel with my fingernail.

I oiled my ass liberally. "I've had plenty of cocks up my ass, but none like this. It might take a quart of oil. You bring new meaning to cornholing."

I squatted over him facing his feet. "Some guys like to watch their cocks going in."

"I'll have to see it to believe it," he

said.

I reached for his dick and guided it toward my ready hole. When his enormous cockhead touched it, it felt like sitting on a saddle. I almost gave up hope of ever getting it in. But I had to. I knew if we couldn't make love in this way he would see it as another kind of deformity. He'd give up trying to establish any kind of relationship.

I relaxed as much as I could and sat down. With sheer willpower and brute strength, I pushed down on that magnificent stump. My asshole stretched with pain as his cockhead passed beyond the sphincter. My ass muscles gripped his cock with relief.

"Oh, Christ," we cried simultaneously, I with relief, he with pleasure.

"Slowly," I said breathlessly. I eased down more. I knew the worst part was over as the more flexible shaft accommodated itself to my chute which stretched to make way for that unbelievable potato. I began to move slowly up and down.

"What's it feel like?"

"It's like having the most fantastic shit of your life, over and over." I kept doing squats, impaled on his love stick.

"It's the best fuck I ever had," he said.

"That's because I'm doing all the work," I said. "Just hang on, here we really go." I sped up as much as I could. My legs were beginning to cramp; I couldn't keep going much longer.

"Oh, yeah!" he cried. "Sit on it. I'm coming."

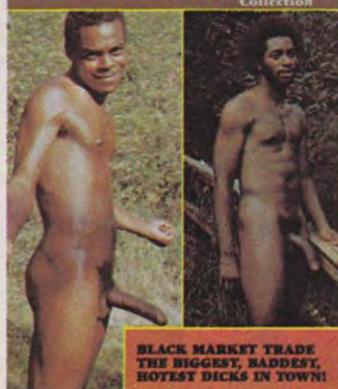
I kept going, I don't know how.

"That's it. Oh, shit. Again. Again. Goddamn. That's enough," he finally sighed.

I raised up slowly, releasing his fat plug from my stretched and inflamed ass. I turned and sat cross-legged beside him on the bed. He was grinning, but tears were rolling from the corners of his eyes. "Oh, my God, it's never been like that. It's like coming from my whole body." He stroked his arms and rubbed his chest and stomach. "My whole body feels like one gigantic cock that's had the best fuck of its life."

I wiped the tears from his face with the back of my hand. "I can't guarantee it'll always be like that, but isn't it worth trying?"

"One of the things I learned in business is that you build on your successes. God knows I haven't had many lately. I'd like to give this one a try." ■

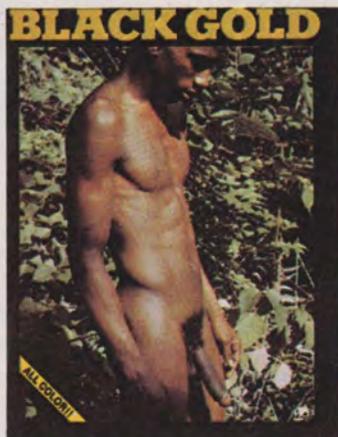


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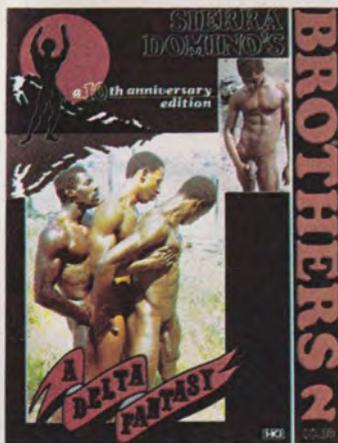


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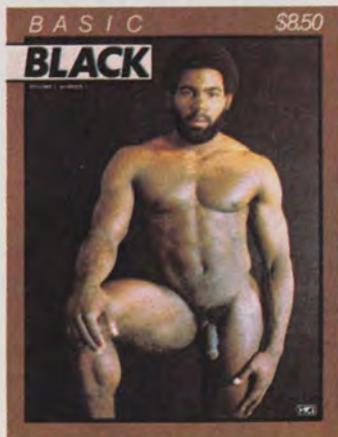
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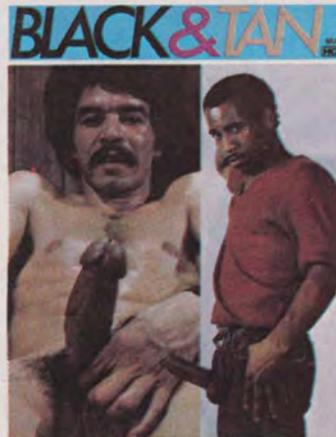
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THE DEEP END

Continued from page 21

Ed rinsed off and headed back to the locker room. I followed, picked up a towel and began to dry him off, exploring every hairy, muscular inch of his body.

tightened my ass muscles around his throbbing dick.

"Here it comes!" he screamed as his man-juice filled my insides.

His cock was still pulsing inside me, sending spurts of cream into my guts, when he grabbed my cock harder and began to jerk me off. His thumb rubbed the head of my dick as his fist moved up and down it. I could feel my balls tightening up and I began to ride his dick until a thick load of white cream suddenly covered his chest. I collapsed on top of him as our breathing came hot and heavy. As I ran my tongue along his chest, he licked up my cum. He put his hands around my head and pulled my coated lips towards his. His tongue searched out the juice and he licked it off. We lay in that position, at the end of the pool, until our breathing became regular again.

Exhausted and happy, I slipped from him and stood at the edge of the pool. With a crazy laugh he lunged after me and pushed me into the water. He was sitting on the edge of the diving board when I surfaced, and I pulled him in by his feet. We swam and laughed our way to the shallow end of the pool where the mats were. As I reached the top rung of the ladder, I felt Ed's hand on my ass. He held me there as he spread my cheeks and began to suck on my hole. He put one finger of each hand into the hole to spread it wide. His tongue forced its way inside me and worked hungrily on my butt, licking, probing, sucking. Breathless, he pulled away and pushed me onto the ledge and then onto the mat. He lay down next to me and I could see that his meat was coming to full attention. I grabbed for it but he pulled me on top of him.

"Straddle my face," he ordered. "I want to eat your ass out. I want to taste my cream from your hole."

Just to hear him talking this way made my cock hard instantly. As I moved into position over his waiting tongue, I could feel him opening my hole as he had done before. I relaxed my muscles and let his tongue probe my insides. My juices mingled with his spit as he opened me wider and wider. His free hand grabbed his fat dick. He began to stroke it and brought it to full hardness, then guided my mouth to it. As I swallowed the shaft, both his hands began to explore my hot, open hole, spreading it open just inches from his face.

"That ass of yours is begging for some action," he said as he slid from under me and pushed me, face down, onto the mat.

"Just open me up and get lost inside me," I begged.

When he came back, he lowered himself on top of me. His rod forced my ass apart and he spread my legs, doing push-ups over my body. His cock pulled out each time, then came down on target. I could feel his hot breath on my back and water dripping from his hair. He abruptly knelt between my legs, pushing them apart until it began to hurt.

"Oh, baby, give it to me good," I moaned.

"I knew this was what you wanted," he said as he probed deeper and deeper.

I began to moan and thrash my body on the mat to keep from coming. I pushed his hand from my dick, hoping to hold off a little longer. His eyes closed in ecstasy, his mouth let out little gasps and moans that reverberated off the walls. The intensity increased and the room filled with his voice.

"Take it all, fucker. Take that dick to the hilt. I'm going to shoot that load in you. . . I'm going to shoot. . . take it. . . take that man's cum. . . here. . . it. . . comes!"

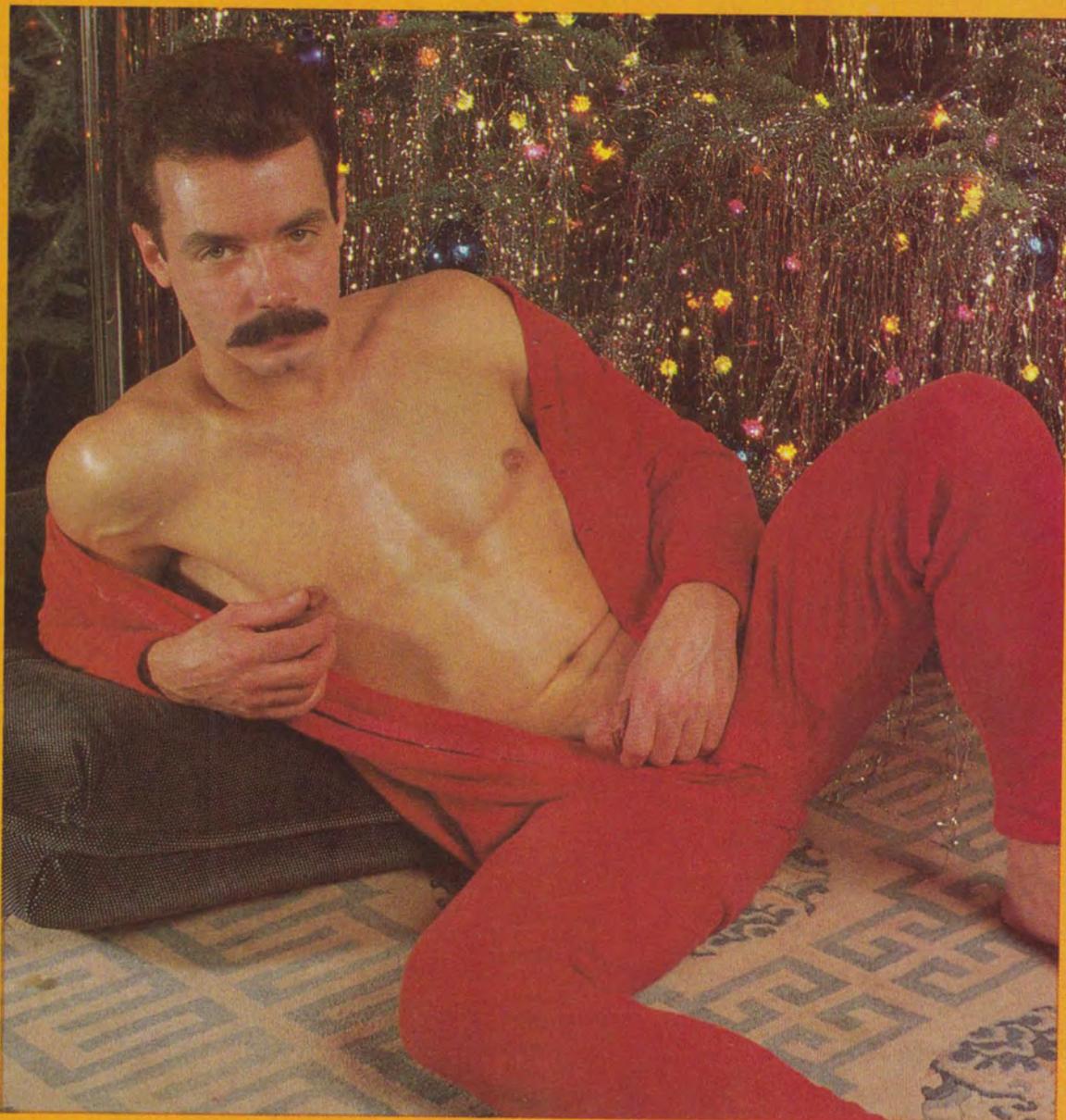
The sounds, and the feelings inside me, became one as the warm, white liquid poured into my guts. My whole body felt white hot as he filled me with his manhood.

When the spasms subsided and the color and sounds returned to normal, I pulled Ed down beside me and rested my head on his stomach. I must have nodded off because I awoke to catch him in mid-sentence:

". . . and if you're here the week after that, I'll have to introduce you to these two guys who come down here for weekends. They have a cabin just outside of town and usually bring some real hot numbers along with them. They're into some pretty heavy stuff, so I hope you can handle it. If you really liked getting fucked as much as it seems, there's this new shop teacher with the biggest uncut cock I've ever seen this side of a stable. He's married but he loves a good, hot, all-night session once in a while. I'd just love to watch him plow you. And there's this farm boy, Jimmy, who's just crazy for my pecker. He can't get enough. He's been after me to get some group action going. Maybe I could do something in your honor. You know, sort of a Welcome-Home-Joey party.

Rolling over, thoroughly dazed, I calculated how many days there were left of my vacation and what my chances were of making it back to the safety of the quiet city in one piece. ■

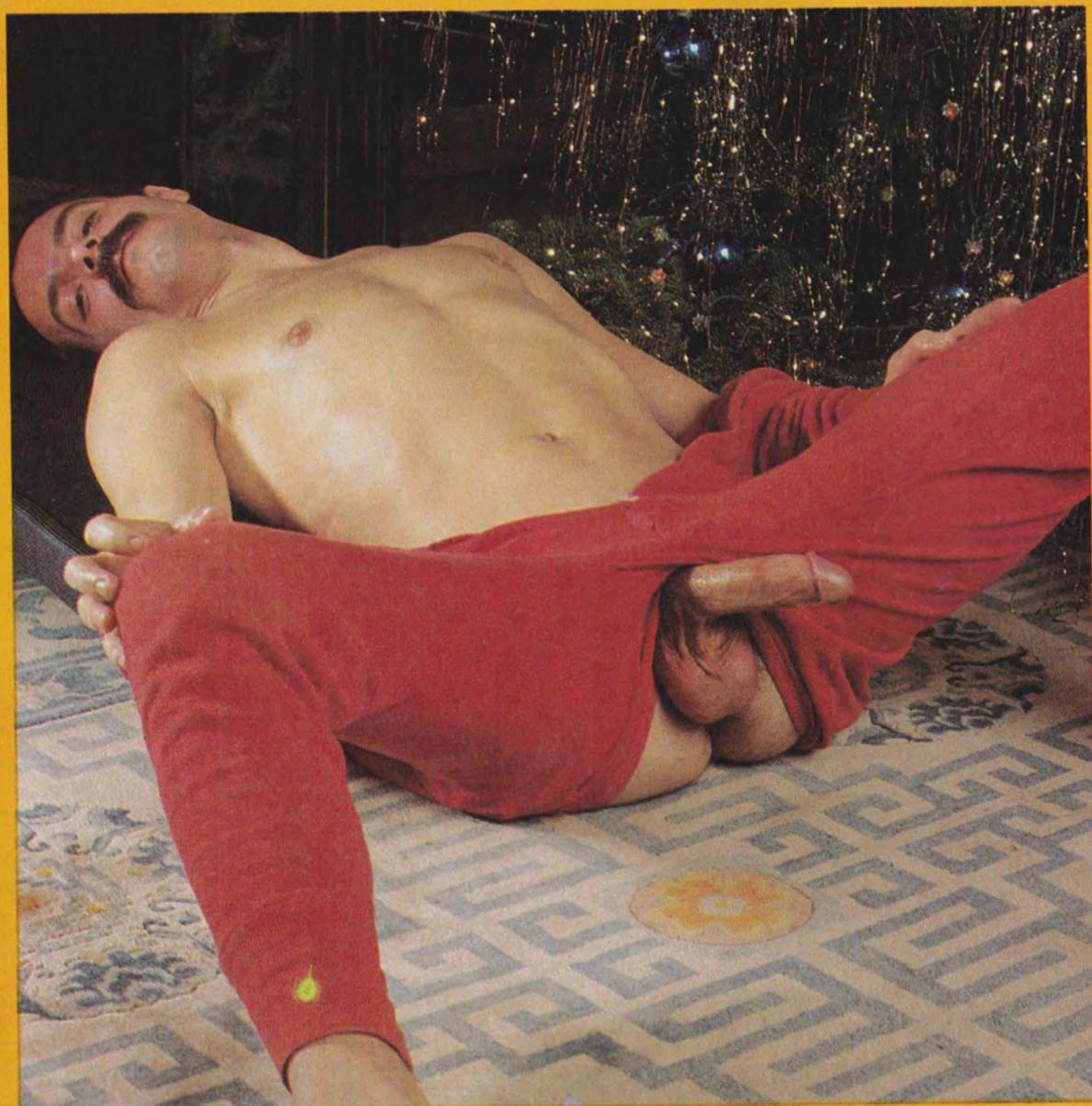
GIFT WRAPPED



Ho, Ho, Ho! You must have been a good little bad boy! 'Cause look what Santa Claus has left under your tree.

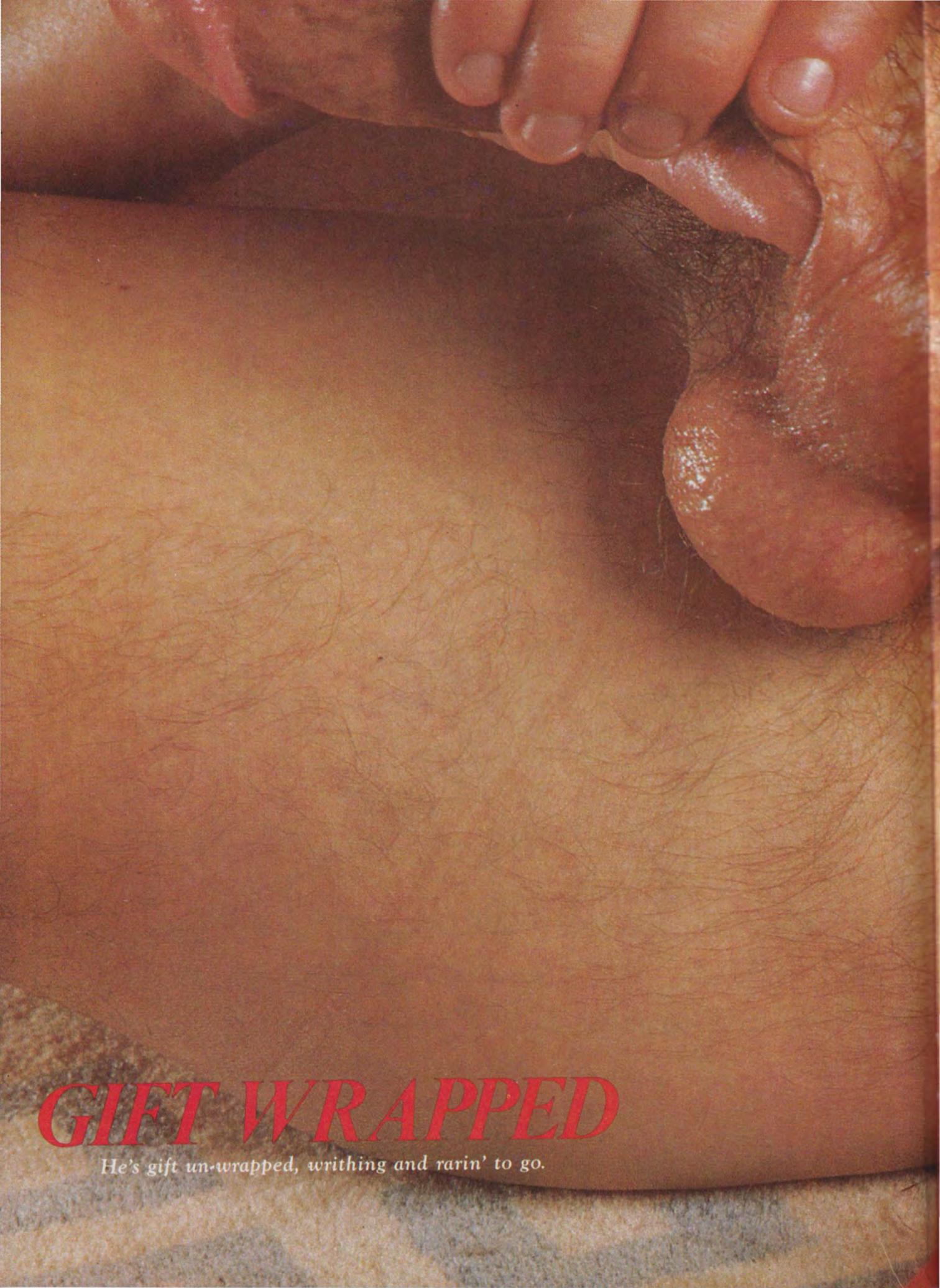
Section photographed by Naakkve

GIFT WRAPPED



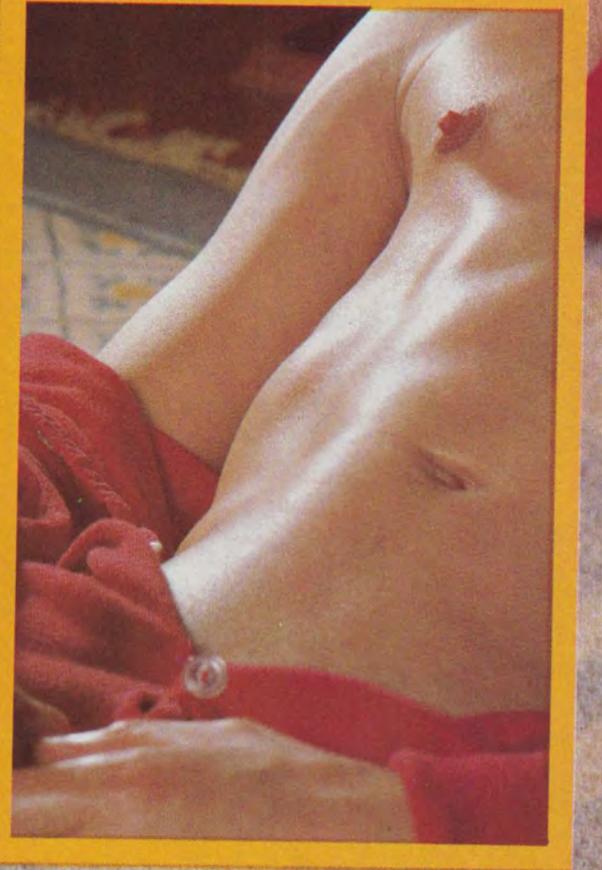
It's not an electric train but it sure as hell could turn out to be an erector set!

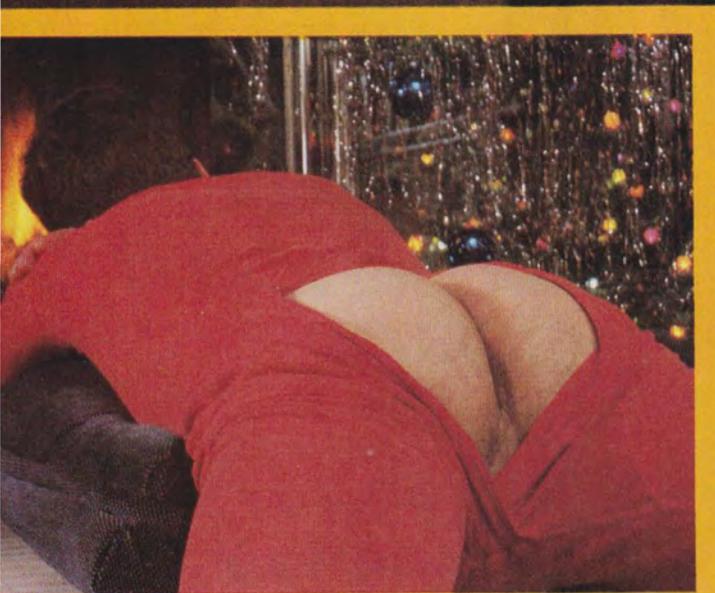
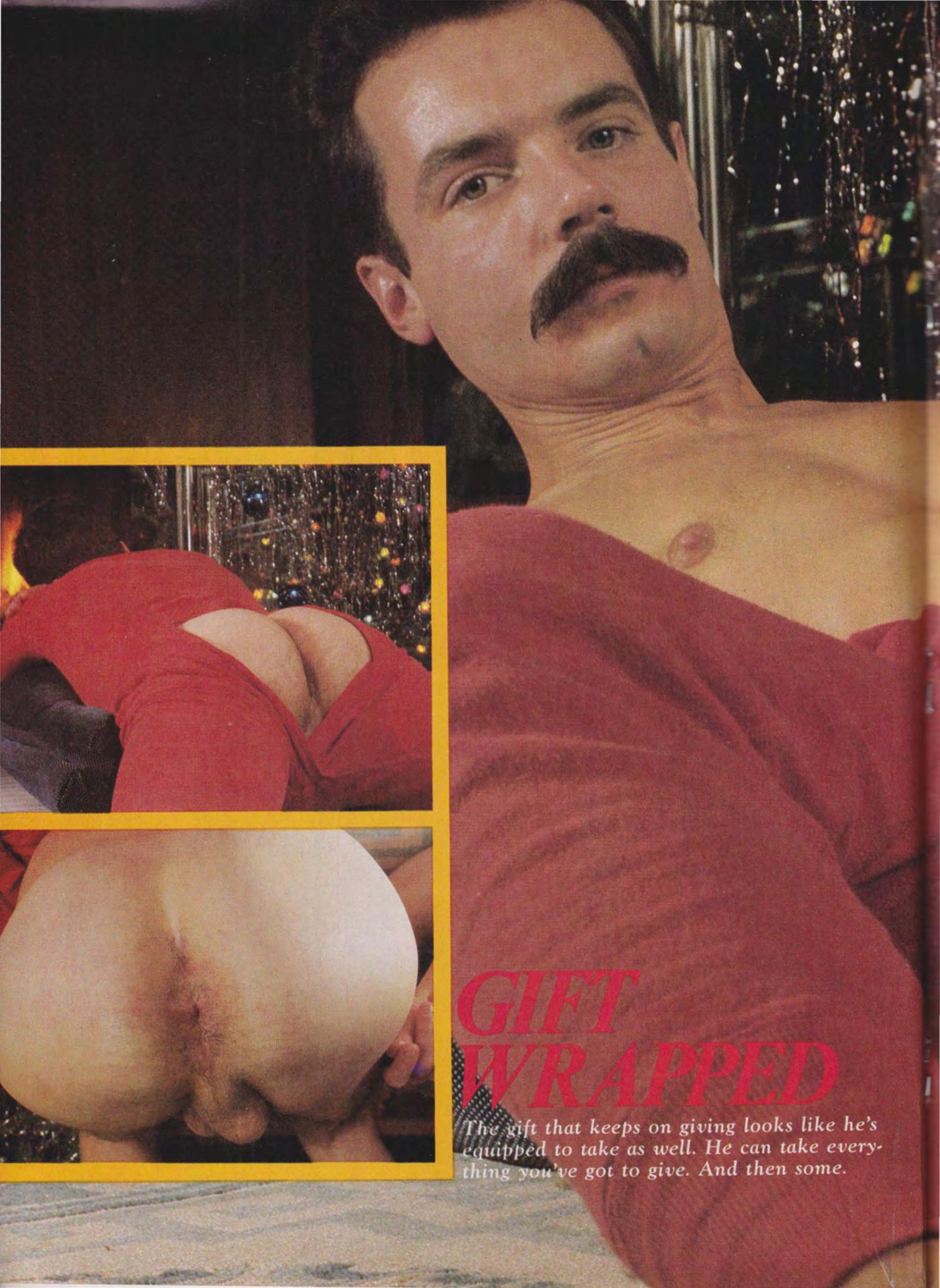




GIFT WRAPPED

He's gift un-wrapped, writhing and rarin' to go.

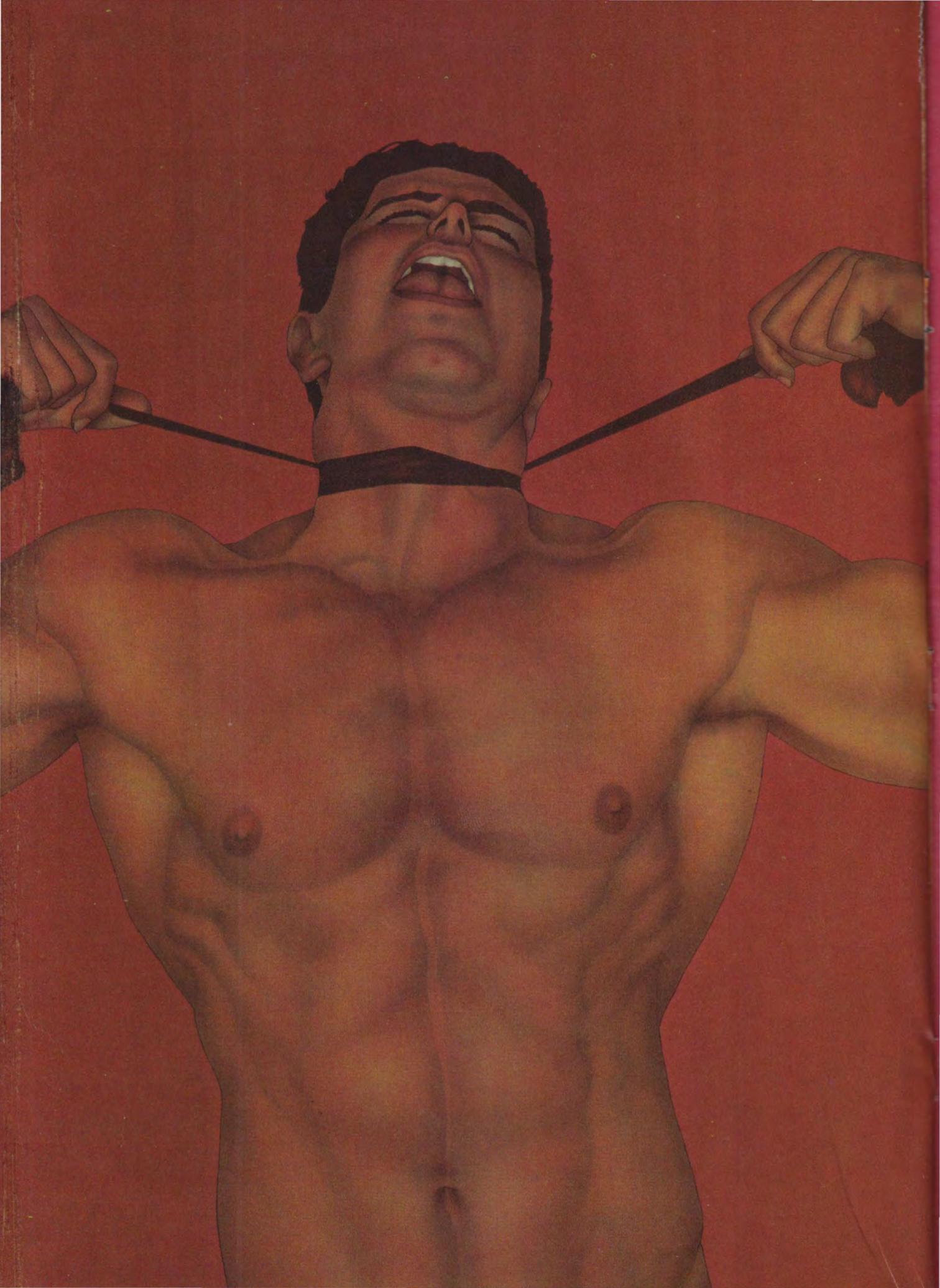




GIFT WRAPPED

The gift that keeps on giving looks like he's equipped to take as well. He can take everything you've got to give. And then some.





***He was aware of his own nakedness,
of the stifling heat of the room. Then it
was suddenly there — the closeness
around his throat. The silky rough
feeling of something tightening
around his windpipe.***

SHOW ME NO MERCY

by Peter Alfano • Art by Michael-Jay

He was an ominous figure. A hulk. Muscular. Bearded. Long dark hair falling into his eyes. Black boots. Black leather pants and vest covering nothing more than a thickly matted chest of hair. Leaning against the back wall of the bar, silent, not talking to anyone. Drinking beer after beer.

There were others of his type in the bar. Most in leather, most with the same "Don't-fuck-with-me" look in their eyes. This was the image they wanted to put across. They were tough. They were rugged. They were real men.

Ken breathed in the scent of the leather. It excited him and made his hard-on seem even hotter and nearer to bursting. He loved leather. He liked to feel its slick texture next to his bare chest. He liked to run his hands along its smoothness until he found a bulging crotch aching for release. He liked to lick leather with his tongue, biting at the hard muscles underneath. Unbuttoning the pants with his teeth, watching as his saliva dripped down the leathered leg to the black boots.

He was on his knees now, doing just that. He didn't look at the figure above him. The hulk. Instead, he concentrated on getting those pants open

with his teeth as he bit at what had to be a nine-inch dick in front of him. His hands were wrapped tightly around the muscular thighs as he pressed his face into the crotch. Ken could feel the heat emanating from the hard-on there. As if it were on fire.

Finally, with his determination—and talented mouth—Ken was able to free the prize cock from its confines and ram it down his eager throat. This is what he had been waiting for: to be filled with some man's hot dick. He slid his mouth along the thick shaft, licking it, sucking at it, attempting to swallow it whole. Ken was only aware of the hulking figure above him pushing the cock deeper and deeper down his throat, using Ken's mouth as nothing more than a receptacle, a place to push in and out of in order to come. Ken didn't care. Use me, he thought.

So he sucked away, losing himself in it, feeling only the rod in his mouth, swallowing its heat. Ken was glad he was here. This bar was the place for him. He couldn't help but think back to what had just happened to him over the past few months. All those dreams. Those bad dreams.

.....
He knew he was dreaming. He had to be. It was too real to be real. He would wake up soon. He had to. Or would he? Was this to be the last time?

It was the same as before, just like the other dreams. He was alone in a black room. No lights, No sound. Just the thumping of his own heart as it started to race with fear. Fear of the unknown around him. He reached through the darkness, feeling nothing, trying to find a door, a window, any kind of exit from this endless darkness. He was aware of his own nakedness, of the stifling heat of the room as it pressed in on him.

Then it was suddenly there. The closeness around his throat. The silky rough feeling of something tightening around his windpipe. When he put his hands to his neck and tried to pull free, he felt a stocking there, pulling tighter. It was choking him and he couldn't loosen it. It was as if someone behind him were strangling him with a black stocking. But when he felt around there was no one—just his own hands.

The air got heavier, his breathing became labored. He could feel the wind in him being cut off. This was it.

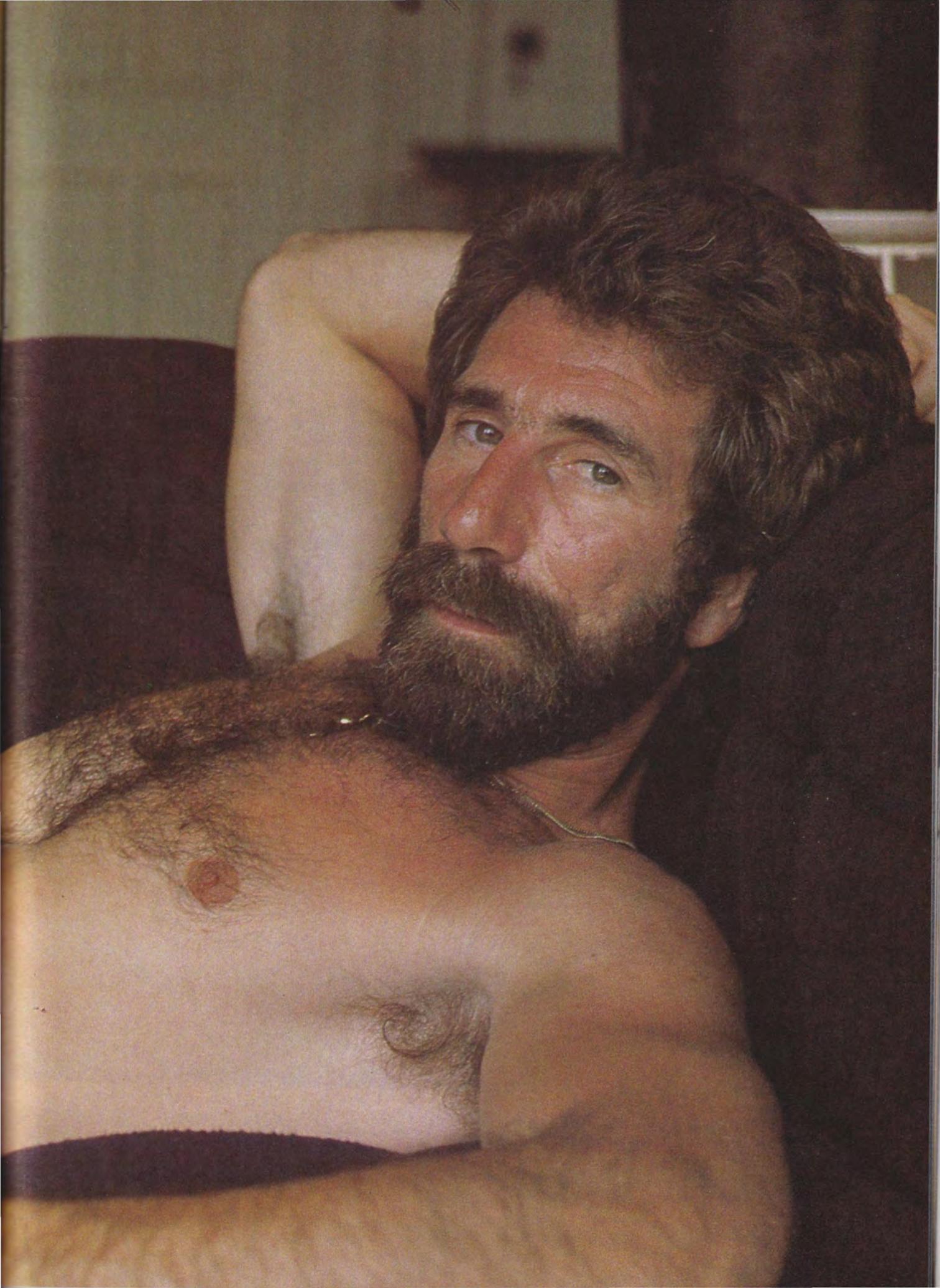
Continued to page 57

OH, DADDY



"They say experience is the best teacher, but an experienced man is even better. And damn, you sure taught me a lot. Can I come back for some more instruction, Daddy? Tonight? Tomorrow? The day after?"





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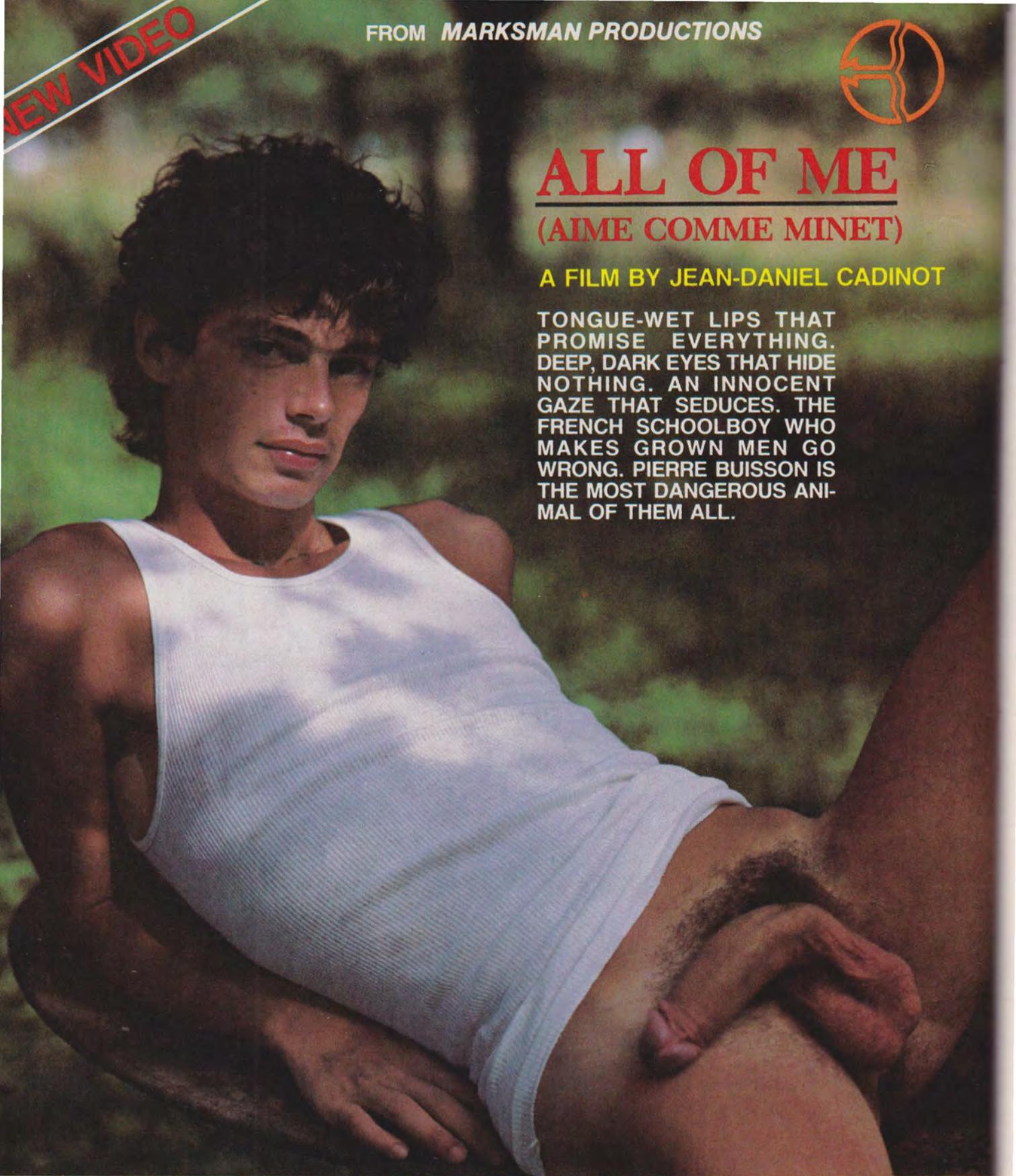


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SHOW ME NO MERCY

Continued from page 51

He was sure this was the end. . .

. . . Ken woke with a start. He bolted upright in bed, panting as the sweat dripped down his face. It had happened again. That dream again. It must have been the third time this week. He couldn't figure it out.

He reached across the sleeping body next to him to get a cigarette, which he lit and puffed as he tried to calm down. This wasn't like him. He was not normally this tense and nervous. Ken prided himself on being so together. He was physically, emotionally, and financially successful. Ken knew he could take care of himself if he ever got into some trouble on the steamy New York City streets. But this dream. . . this was something else. He didn't know what to make of it.

He looked down at his sleeping companion as he smoked his cigarette. Just another source of tension and nervousness. The relationship had been going fine until recently, but now Ken couldn't lie to himself any more. And he realized he couldn't lie to Mary Jane either. As much as he loved her in his own way, he knew where his real interest was. He knew what he really wanted.

So it wasn't a tremendous surprise to Mary Jane when she came home one day and found him gone. She had anticipated something like this for some time—although she never suspected the real reason for Ken's leaving.

But Ken knew he was finally free. Free of that stifling relationship and free of those dreams. They told him he was being choked until he got out of the relationship. When he did get out, the dreams stopped. No more black stockings and no more choking.

Ken's attention suddenly returned to the cock in his mouth. The hulk above him, now getting close to coming, grabbed Ken's head and rammed his dick even further down Ken's sore but willing throat. Ken had to struggle for air as the hulking mass above him pushed and pumped past the tonsils, not letting go of Ken's head. He shoved his dick halfway down Ken's throat and shot his steamy load. Ken gagged, choked, and fought for breath, but he couldn't get free. The hulk kept shooting and Ken felt the cum sliding down into his guts.

After the hulk had finished coming, he started to pump all over again. Ken had only a moment to gulp some air between mouth-fucks. The hulk was rough and that was how Ken wanted it tonight.

The man ran his hands roughly through Ken's hair and over his face. He grabbed his cock from Ken's mouth and hit it against Ken's sweaty cheeks, rubbing the dick into the dampness there. Ken threw his head back and let himself be beaten with the thick meat.

Suddenly the leathery figure picked Ken up by his arms and threw him against the brick wall behind them. Ken sniffed the air and smelled stale sweat, pungent body odors, and the ever present smell of drying cum. He heard grunts and groans around him but could barely make out the entwined bodies through the dim light. He felt the hulk's hands on him, tearing at his shirt, pulling it open to expose his muscular chest. The hulk pawed at Ken's broad torso, twisted his tits until Ken thought he would scream. But no. That's what the hulk wanted. He wanted to see Ken in pain. He would

show him his pain, but not here, Ken decided. Let him work for it.

And the hulk continued to work for it. As one hand twisted Ken's tits, the other hand went to his own back pocket and took out. . . Ken gasped. Was it a black stocking? No, only a rope. The hulk was able to twist it expertly around Ken's wrists, binding them tightly together. Ken was now at the hulk's command. Ken wanted it that way.

The man raised Ken's bound hands and set them on a conveniently located hook on the wall. With his arms tied above his head, Ken felt the hulk's breath on his face as the man stood only inches away. Ken smelled the beer-drenched breath, made out the man's blood-shot eyes and a two day's growth of beard on the hulk's cheek.

Without a word, the hulk tore open Ken's jeans, popping the buttons on his 501s. The rough, calloused hands moved along Ken's chest and further down to his cock. Ken became aware of a pressing along his back—not the wall but a hand, which was fingering

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Details, Page 2

VOL 1 NO. 1

NEW YORK CITY

PLAYGUY IS GROWING 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 Kaiserslautern, 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 added: "One night, while we were 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 drawings of an unsettled aircraft designer but it is in fact a top secret example of next-generation and innovative thinking within the Soviet Union's military research programme. Dubbed the Caplan Sea Monster by Western defence analysts after the island sea where a prototype is having trials, this half-plane, half-rocket craft 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 McLeavy, 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."

Robin Morgan

"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 not worth much anymore."

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.

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,



Brave face

WAS a burglar deterred, I keep a terrifying rubber mask of Frankenstein by the bed.

My theory is that if ever I heard anything downstairs at night, I'd put the mask on and, hopefully, scare the living daylights out of them.

P. T. Barnum and General Tom Thumb, the midget, who weighed 15 pounds and was 25 inches tall, made millions for Barnum.



"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-scholar 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, "if not the world," he adds. He's always on the prowl for new printer 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" uses the stamps for doodling, stationery, and wrapping paper. A big seller right now is a stamp that lectures 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 there's his catalogue, which is 'peopled' with more than two thousand of Casey's favorite images. From Cupid-beddoed alphabet stamps to a series of mischievous browns.

"I know I should pane 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**

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. Snaks, Inc., president, said he was surprised the thieves didn't



his ass while another hand pulled his cock. He had never been so hot before. It was too much for Ken to stand so he started to moan, to express his lust by making noises.

"Fuck me, man," he said finally, unable to keep quiet any longer.

The hulk suddenly stopped jerking Ken off and grabbed his mouth, looking threateningly into Ken's eyes. They burned through to the core.

"I don't want to hear you, fucker," the hulk spat as he reached into his leather jacket pocket and took something out. Ken looked. It was a scarf or something that looked like one. The hulk stretched it out to its full length and in the semi-darkness of the room Ken's breath caught in his throat. It was black—a black stocking!

Ken struggled to break free, tried to escape from the rope that was holding him captive. He suddenly didn't like this game anymore when he saw the black stocking of his dreams coming toward him. The hulk held both ends taut as he brought it to Ken's face. But Ken couldn't break free. He shut his eyes, expecting the worst; expecting his dreams to come true.

The man saw the fear in Ken's face and laughed. He was glad he scared the little punk in front of him. He slowly wound the stocking tight and placed it in Ken's mouth as a gag.

"I told you I didn't want to hear you," he hissed.

Ken opened his eyes fearfully and saw his captor's eyes staring at him. The hulk went back to playing with Ken's cock, pulling at it, jerking it off as his other hand played with Ken's sweating ass. Ken felt a finger, then two, being inserted; suddenly he felt that he should get out. He didn't like this place and he wanted to leave. But it was too late. So Ken tried to relax and give in to the finger-fucking the hulk was giving him. Soon Ken himself was ready to come. His body was drenched in sweat, twisting in pain. All

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The hulk above him, now getting close to coming, grabbed Ken's head and rammed his dick even further down Ken's sore but willing throat. Ken had to struggle for air as the hulking male pushed and pumped past the tonsils, not letting go of Ken's head.

the while he was aware of the black stocking in his mouth which was now soaked with saliva and sweat. He wanted to cry out but he knew he couldn't.

The hulk's own sweat dripped on Ken as he pumped his fingers into Ken's ass, enjoying the panicked look on Ken's face. The man pulled harder now, and Ken shot his load all over the hulk's hand. His cum kept shooting; Ken knew he would never be able to come like this again. This was the best.

With a sudden quickness, the hulk pulled his fingers out of Ken's ass and brought his cum-soaked hand to Ken's mouth. The hand grabbed the stocking and twisted its fingers around it. Soon Ken was sucking his own load off the hulk's hands through the stocking. He kept eating his cum, tasting it and the stocking and the hand all at once.

When he was done, the hulk untied Ken. Ken just stood there, aching arms and aching ass, his shirt and jeans torn open and a cum-filled stocking hanging half-eaten out of his mouth. The hulk, looking him over, started jerking off. Ken was exhausted and wanted to service the man but he couldn't. He had had enough. When Ken started to pull his clothes together, the man grabbed him.

"Where do you think you're going?"

Ken hesitated. Maybe he had really overstepped his boundaries this time. Maybe he should leave the leather scene alone. "I gotta go."

"The only place you're going is with me. Come on." The hulk grabbed Ken and dragged him out of the backroom and through the bar out front. The people in the bar only glanced nonchalantly as Ken was pulled through half-dressed. He managed to get himself a little more together by the time the hulk got him out on the street.

"Where we going?" Ken asked.

But the hulk didn't answer. He just kept dragging Ken down the street. Ken saw that there was nothing to do but to go along —so he went peacefully.

They reached an old apartment building and the hulk took Ken inside and up a few flights of stairs. Once inside an apartment, Ken saw a lair of torture. There was a sling in the middle of the room, whips and chains thrown across a leather mattress, black walls, and a tub off to one side.

The hulk threw him into the room as he locked the door behind them. Ken landed near a pile of rope and chains.

He looked at them, then he looked fearfully at the hulk. He didn't know what to expect. The hulk walked over to Ken and stripped him in three quick turns. Ken was naked now, and still hurting from the attack at the bar. The man took some of the rope and started to tie Ken up. His hands were bound behind him and his feet were tied together. The hulk brought a leather mask over to Ken and put it over his head. The mouth opening barely gave Ken air to breathe. His vision was almost blotted out by the small eye openings in the mask. He was on the leather mattress now, watching the hulk strip off his clothes.

Ken didn't know what to do. He sensed the danger; he knew he was in trouble as he started to recall his recurring dream. He looked around for some kind of chance to escape but his eyes caught something on the floor beside the mattress. It was a black stocking! Another one! What was going on? What was going to happen? Was his dream going to come true? Had he misinterpreted it all along? Was it not a warning about his relationship with Mary Jane, but about this guy instead?

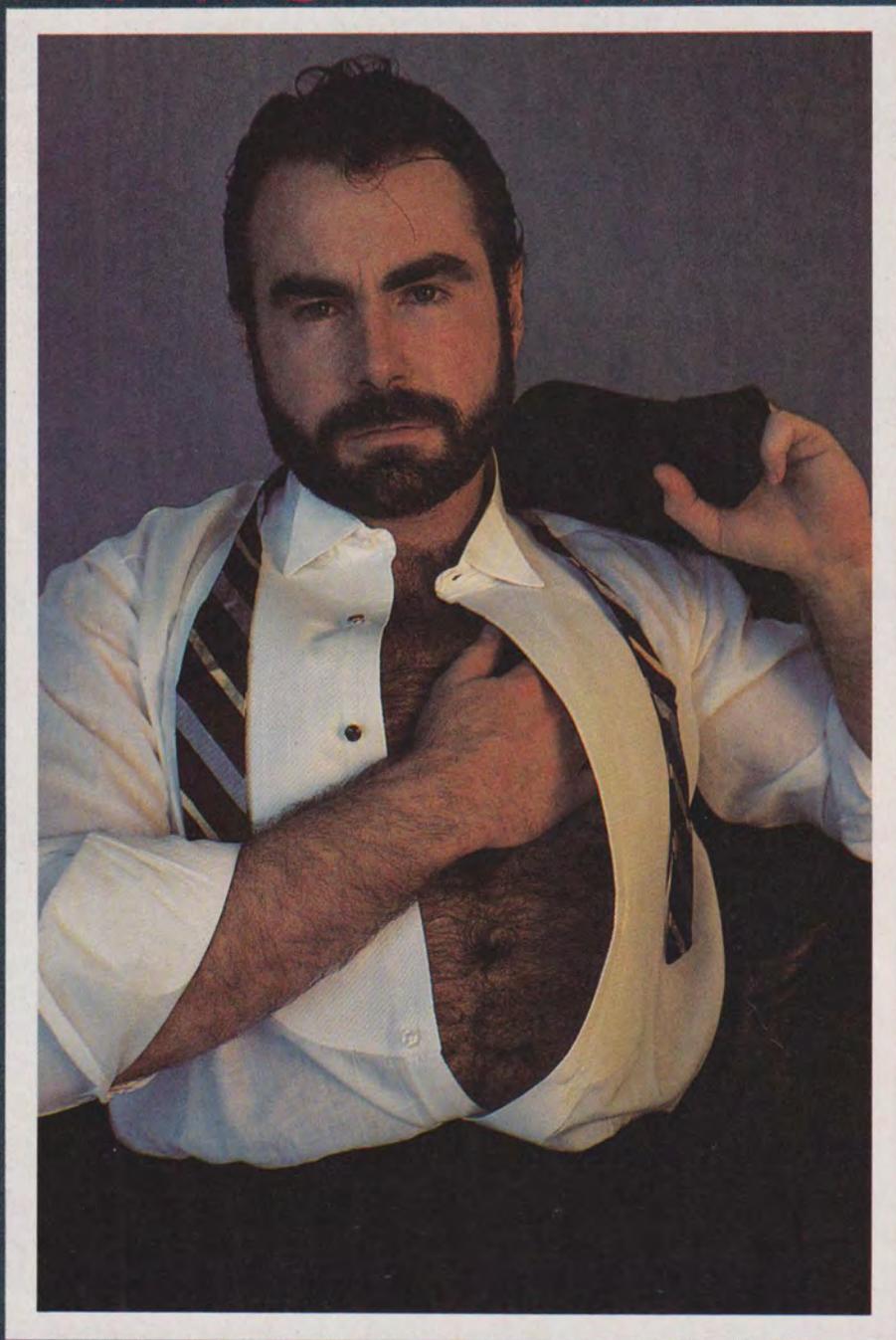
Before Ken could think about it further, the hulk picked up the black stocking and started to play with it. He stroked it on his cock, along his legs, over his chest. He started to jerk off into it.

Ken liked what he saw. He liked the sight of the hulk jerking off, one hand holding his cock and the other holding the stocking, rubbing it around his chest and over his ass. Ken started to get hard. The hulk jerked off faster. Ken watched the muscles ripple, watched the sweat form and drip down the hulk's chest, watched the cock grow larger until it was clear that the leather stud was getting ready to come. Ken wanted to catch the load in his mouth, but the hulk shot his load into the black stocking, soaking it through.

After he finished coming, the hulk looked down at Ken's hard cock. The hulk reached down with the black stocking and wrapped its wetness around Ken's dick.

"Your turn, man," ordered the hulk as he started to jerk Ken off into the stocking, using his own cum as a slimy lubricant. Ken gave in to the treatment he was getting. As the hulk jerked him off, he knew he had been wrong about his dream. As his dick got harder and harder, Ken realized what the dream was all about. ■

NATURAL MAN

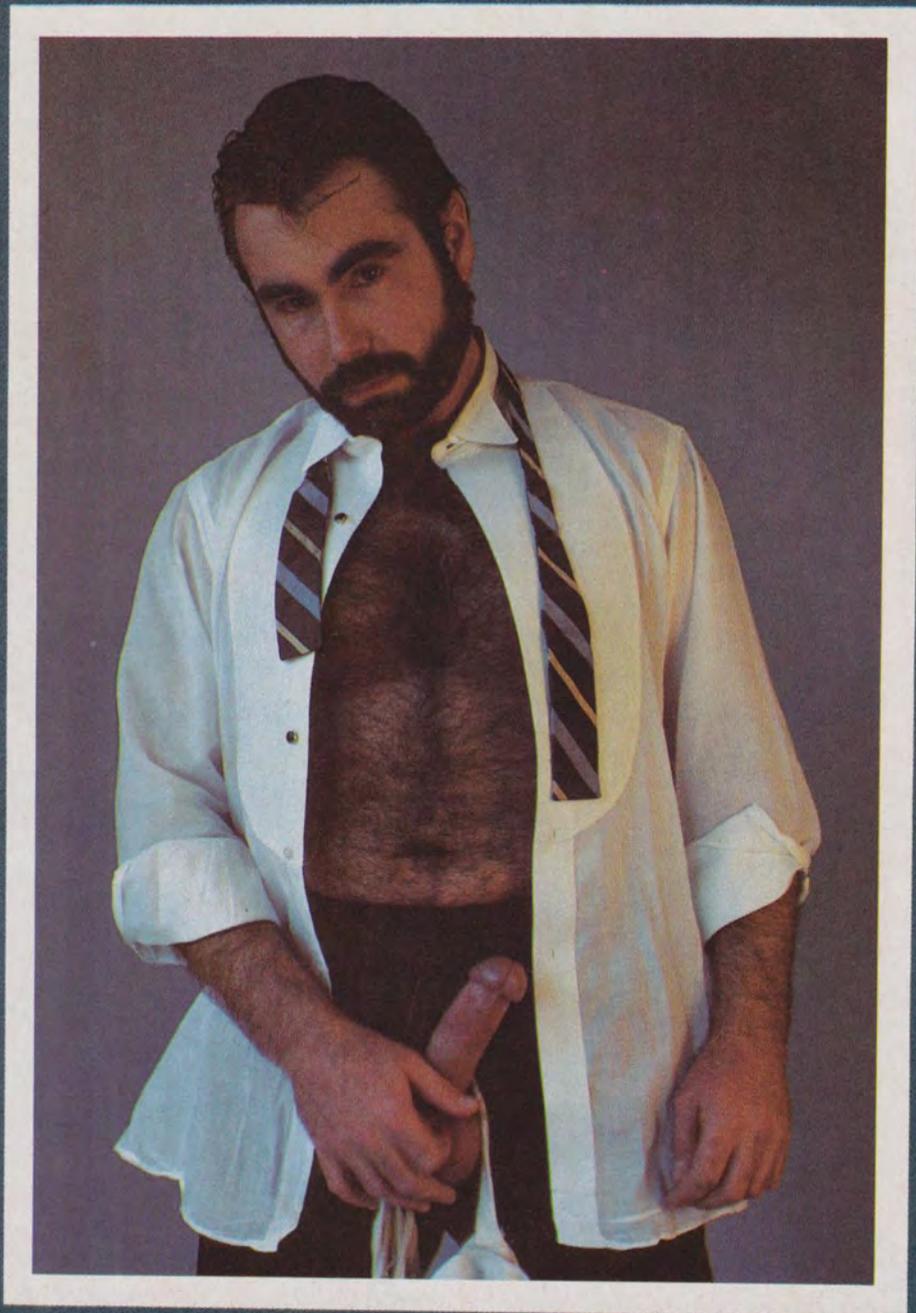


The last time you saw this hairy hunk, he was way up in the mountains, alone against the elements ("Fur Trapper," HONCHO, February 1984). He's come back to civilization, but he hasn't lost a bit of his animal appeal.

SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY MATTHEW E. NEWMAN



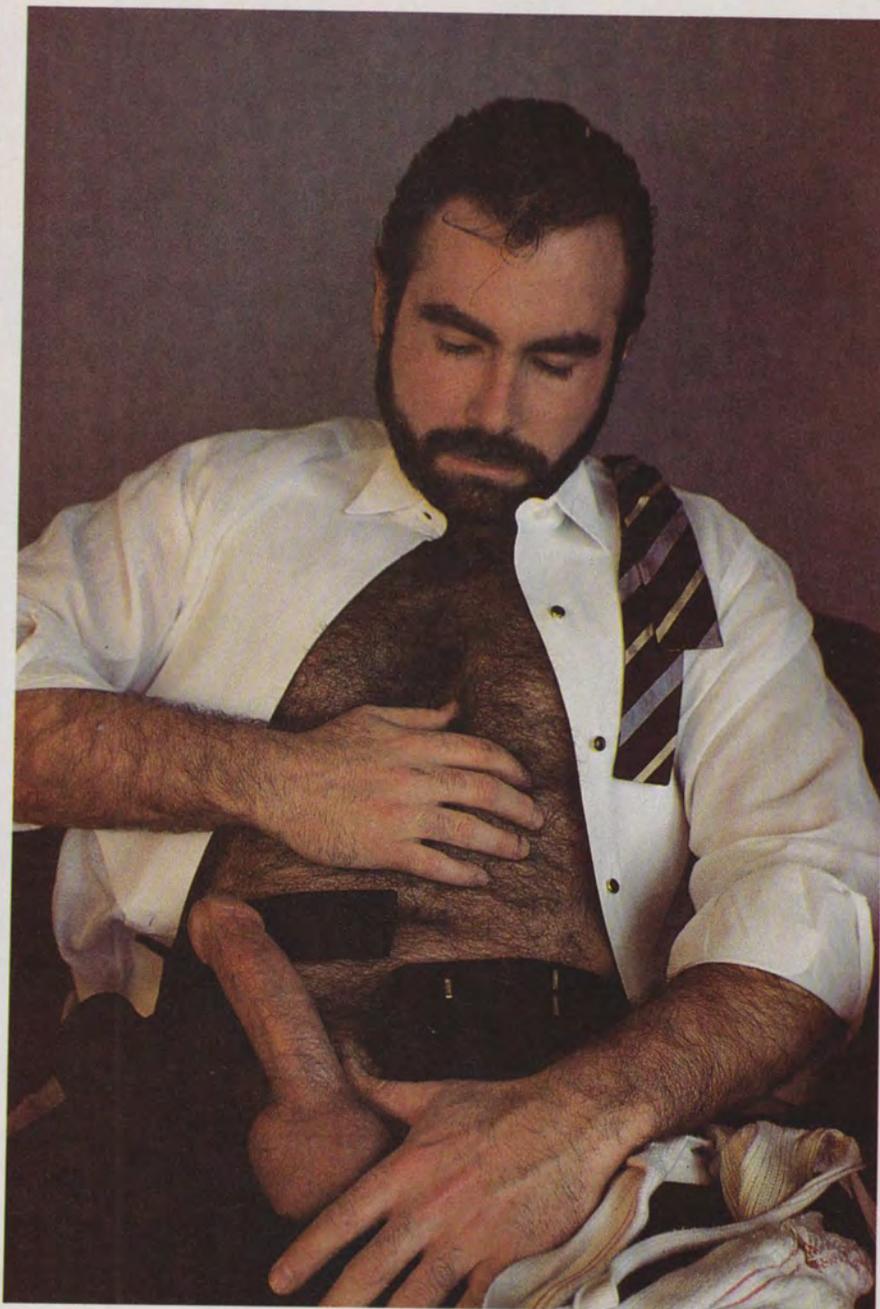
NATURAL MAN



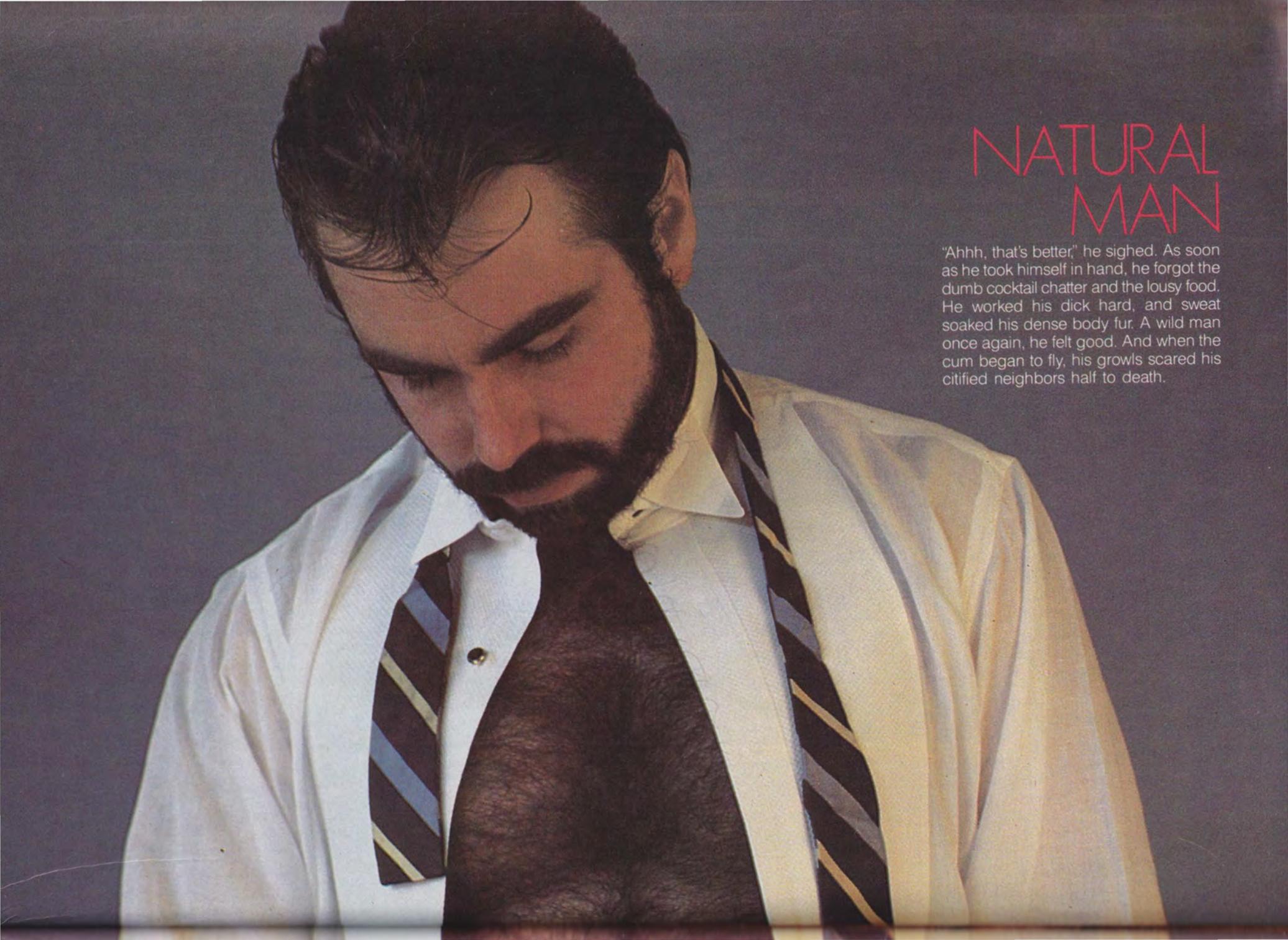
His first night back in the city he had to go to a fancy party. He showered up, trimmed his beard, and slipped into his formal duds. For a natural guy like him, every minute at the high-tone affair was torture.



NATURAL MAN



So once he got home, he popped open those studded shirt buttons and undid his expensive slacks. Having been a proper gentleman all evening, it was time to give his aching nuts some breathing space, and his stiff dick some room to shoot.



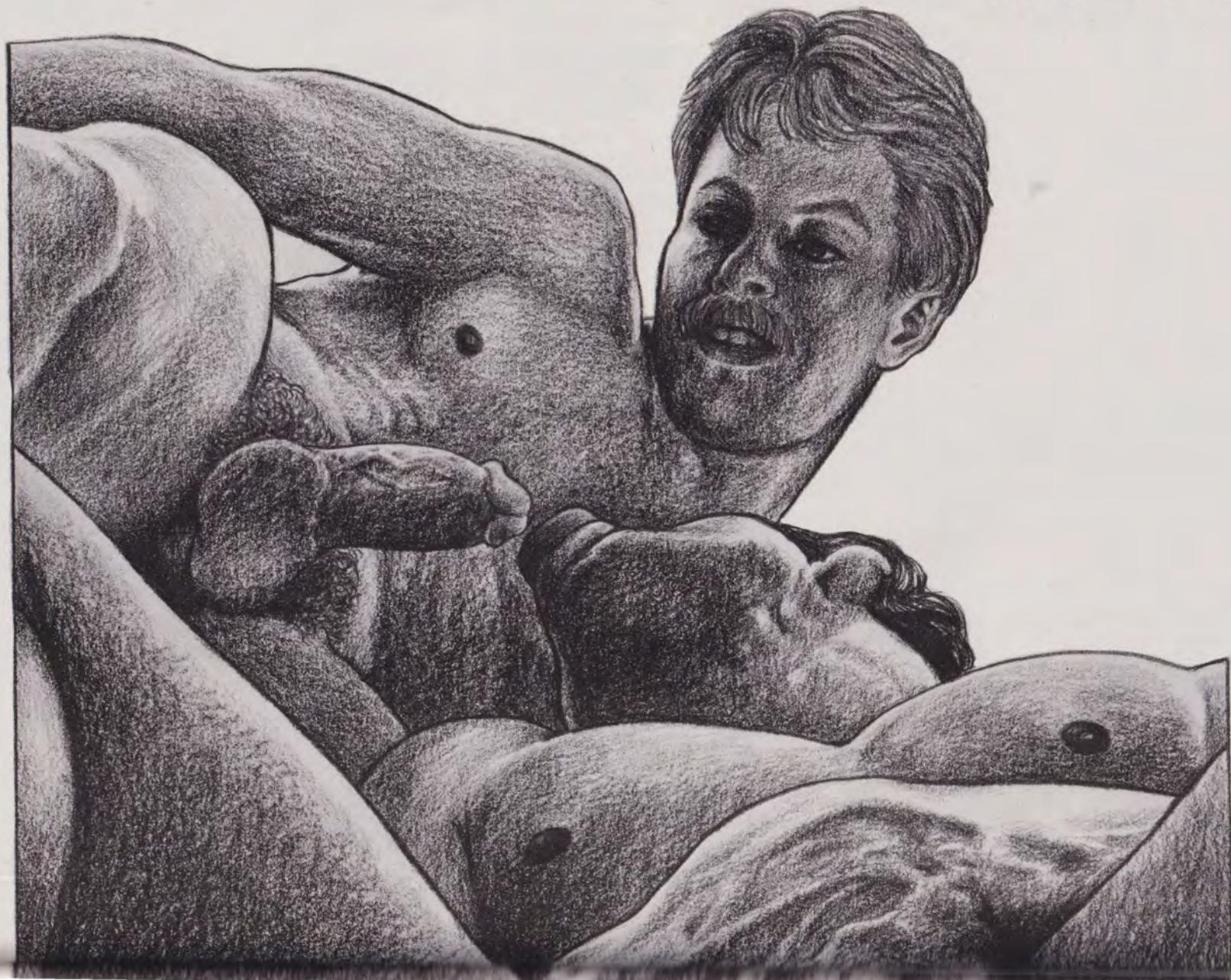
NATURAL MAN

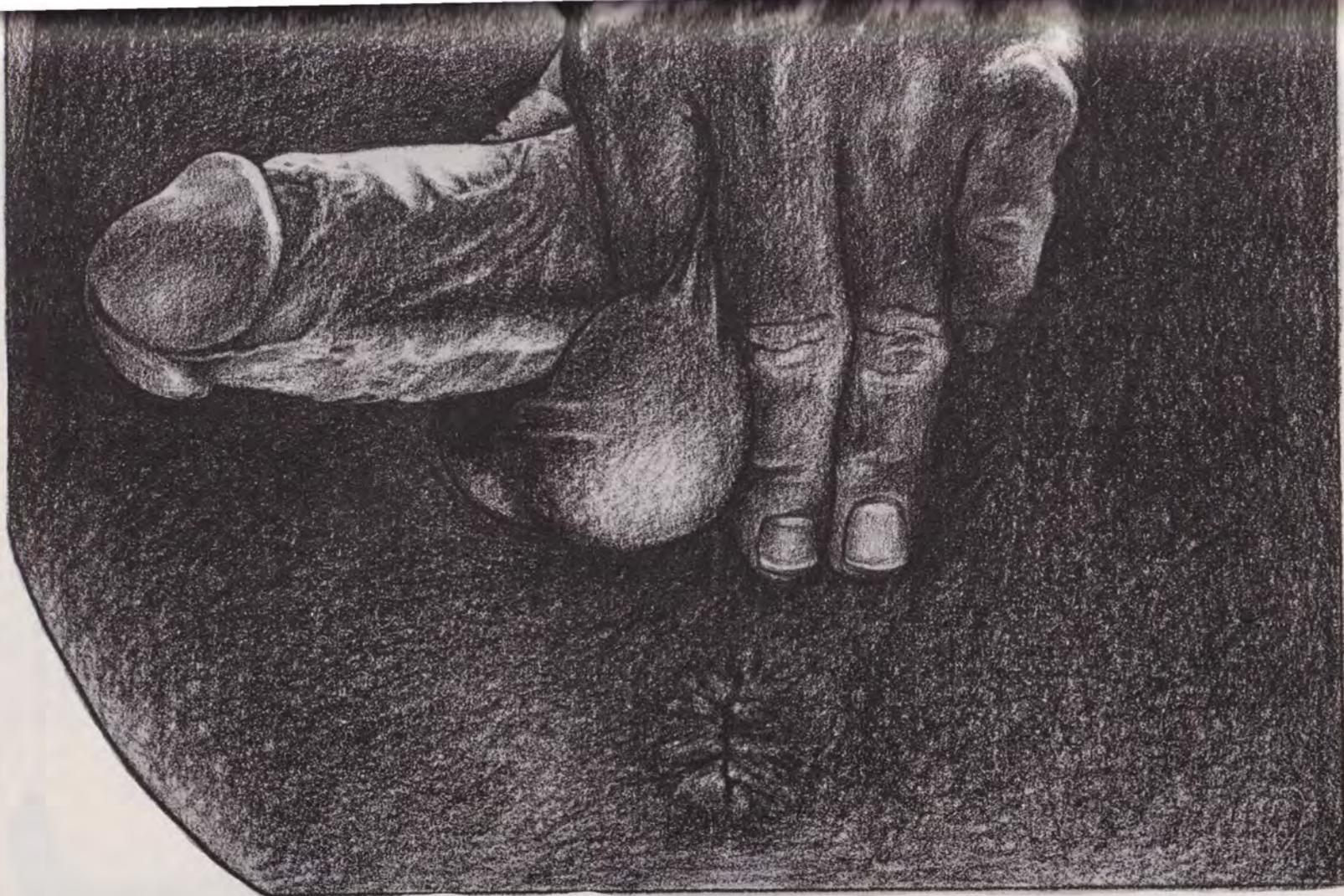
"Ahhh, that's better," he sighed. As soon as he took himself in hand, he forgot the dumb cocktail chatter and the lousy food. He worked his dick hard, and sweat soaked his dense body fur. A wild man once again, he felt good. And when the cum began to fly, his growls scared his civilized neighbors half to death.



THE NIGHT WATCHMAN

By Jay Harper • Art by Harry Long





A

s Doug turned his car into the small parking lot of the U-KEEP-THE-KEY Warehouse, he felt flushed with excitement. This interview was as close to a job as Doug had gotten since he had moved to town three weeks earlier. He couldn't tell from the ad what the job was exactly, but he would consider almost anything at this point.

As he entered the small but comfor-

table office, Doug thought it odd that the door was unlocked and the office seemingly unattended. Assuming someone would be there soon, he sat down and began flipping through a magazine. In a few moments, he heard a faint noise like running water coming from around a corner in the back.

Curious, Doug went to check it out.

Rounding the corner, Doug looked into

the rest room where a man was standing at the john. The man did not see Doug, but Doug saw plenty! The man wore old Levis which were undone and pushed below his hips. His t-shirt was too small and rode high, revealing the roundest, firmest buns Doug had ever seen. A coating of soft brown hair covered the mounds and became thicker at the crack. The man's trim,

tight waist formed the base of a broad back upon which two muscular shoulders rested. The man's hair was thick and slightly tousled, as if he had just gotten out of bed. Though Doug could not see his eyes, his profile looked strong and even. Firm pectorals stretched the fabric of his t-shirt so that his hard nipples stood out clearly. Where the shirt stopped at the navel,

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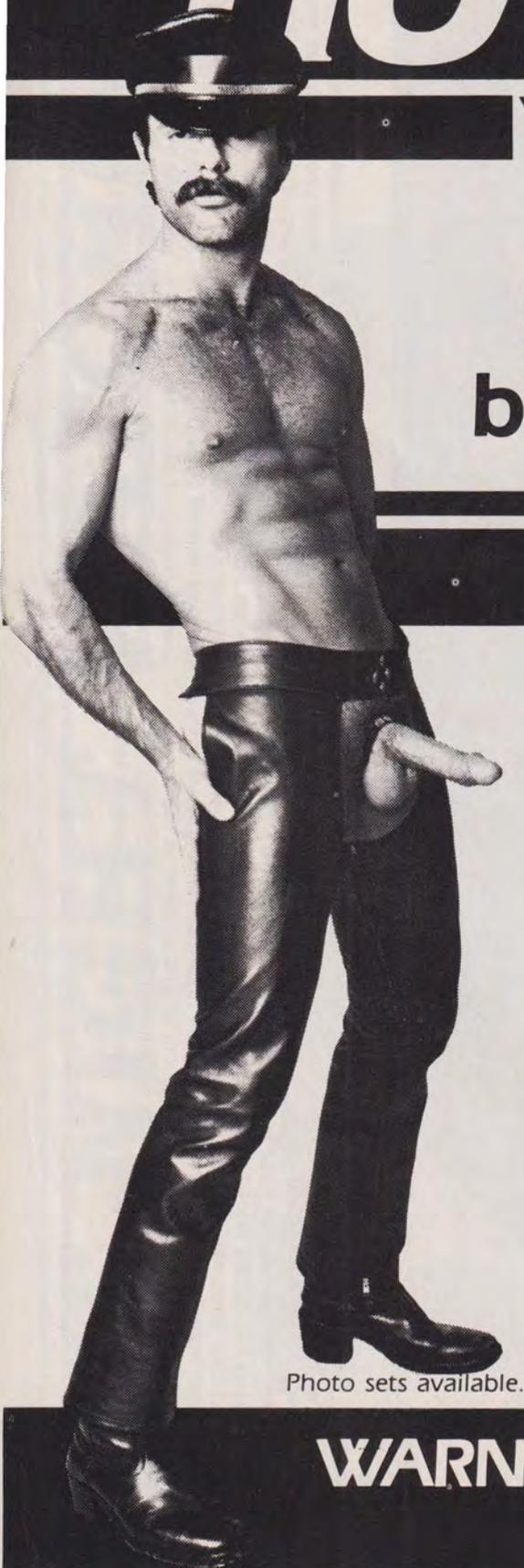


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a thick sprout of brown bush began and grew into jungle at the groin. In his right hand, the man held his pissing dick and lightly massaged it as he aimed for the water below. It was not fully hard, but it appeared to be at first, pointing straight out from the groin, tube-like, with a cap that was round and full. Doug had been standing there only a moment when the man glanced up at him and smiled. "Oh, hi. I didn't hear you come in."

Doug's face flushed with embarrassment, and he stammered a quick apology and wheeled around to return to his chair. He heard the man's voice say something behind him. "I'll be out in just a minute, make yourself comfortable."

Geezer turned back to finish pissing. He pulled his dickskin all the way back to the base and squeezed, forcing out a few more drops. He repeated this massage, and felt the blood running through the thick veins along his shaft. His fingers retraced the route, causing the familiar swelling to begin. The skin along his cut cock stretched tighter as he milked his meat. What a time for the kid to show up, just when he was about to pull a good hand job.

Geezer chuckled to himself at how embarrassed the kid had been. The kid was good-looking enough, if not drop-dead gorgeous. He was about twenty or twenty-one, Geezer guessed, with dark blond hair and skin that would show a nice tan after a little sun. Geezer tried to imagine the kid out of his clothes; he probably had smooth, creamy skin, a round little butt, and very suckable tits with hard nipples. Geezer imagined him standing there, stripped and still, and Geezer running his hands all over that smooth body, cupping those cool, round cheeks with his hot hands, pulling them apart to see a pink and willing asshole. Then he'd bend the kid over and take a deep taste of that beautiful butt until the kid couldn't stand it anymore. At that point he'd turn the kid around and slurp up that young cock and drain it of cum.

With his hand around his hard-on, Geezer could resist no more. He began stroking in regular rhythm, his balls rolling around in his left hand. He reached over to the top of the toilet where he kept the lotion (for just such occasions as this) and covered his cock with the cool lubricant. At the touch of the lotion, Geezer's hand increased the stroking. He wanted to see the kid naked, or better yet, just find some way to pull the kid's pants

down, turn him around, bend him over, eat some good ass, and fuck him good and hard.

Five more strokes and Geezer began to feel weak. His knees shook. He imagined the kid standing in front of him, working on his own young meat. The kid moaned, tensed, and shot his warm cum, spurt after spurt, onto Geezer's chest and crotch. Geezer could wait no longer. His cum blasted out of his cock in a single, thick stream of hot man-juice.

When he caught his breath, he wiped up the mess, pulled up his jeans and stuffed his still-swollen cock inside. In the outer office, Geezer found Doug nervously flipping through a magazine.

"Hi, I'm Geezer Malone, and you must be Doug McIntyre," Geezer said with his hand outstretched.

Doug took Geezer's hand and shook firmly, feeling overpowered as Geezer's larger hand surrounded his own. It generated a strange heat that Doug could feel all the way to his crotch.

"Geezer?" Doug asked to be sure he had heard correctly.

"Yeah, it's a name I picked up in the Navy. I was the oldest guy in basic at

had just put on a pot before you came in."

"Thanks, I'd like some," Doug replied gratefully. "I'm not really awake yet."

As Geezer walked over to the coffee-maker, Doug watched his ass-cheeks shift inside his tight jeans. Doug noticed a small rip in the worn material under the left rear pocket, just enough to show some of the crease between cheek and leg. Even though Doug had seen Geezer's entire rear only moments before, this view was enough to make Doug's dick swell. He was glad he was wearing underwear, which he usually didn't, to help hide his bulge.

With his back still to Doug, Geezer said, "Here's the job in a nutshell. I own this company and up until now I've been pretty much content to work the graveyard shift just to have some peace and quiet and let the office manager run the place during the day. But he's moving to San Francisco with his, uh, roommate. I thought this would be a good time to take over more of the day-to-day work myself and see what can be done to build up business instead of just letting it ride along. I need someone to work eleven to

He began stroking his cock in regular rhythm, his balls rolling around in his left hand. He reached over to the top of the toilet where he kept the lotion (for just such occasions as this) and covered his dick with the cool lubricant.

the time, so they called me the 'Old Geezer,' and it stuck."

"You don't look so old to me," Doug said.

"Well, when you're in the Navy and twenty-five and everyone else around you is eighteen or nineteen, you begin to feel pretty old."

"I hope I'm not late," Doug volunteered. "The traffic was real heavy for this early."

"Actually, you're a little early. I haven't had time to change out of my work clothes yet. I'm kind of a mess."

"You look fine to me," Doug said, and blushed again when he realized how his statement sounded.

"Say, would you like some coffee? I

seven, a sort of night watchman, security guard, posting clerk combination. It's five nights a week; I already have a regular security guard for the weekends. What do you think?"

"Sounds good so far. What's the salary?"

"Three hundred and fifty a week to start," and Geezer added with a grin, "plus benefits."

Doug was amazed. He knew wages were higher in the city, but this was unexpected. His astonished look and hesitation were not lost on Geezer.

"I know it seems like a lot for this job," Geezer explained, "but you have to remember that you would have the run of the place and have full respon-

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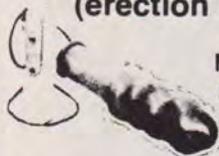
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sibility. If anything goes wrong, you would have to handle it."

By this time, Geezer was setting the coffee down on the table by Doug. As he stood in front of Doug, with his bulge at Doug's eye level, Geezer asked, "Can you handle it?"

Doug gulped hard. He felt hot and dizzy; without thinking, he gazed at Geezer's basket, then up into Geezer's warm, dark blue eyes. "I'd like to very much," he said.

Normally, Geezer would have checked references on any new employee, but there was an innocence about Doug that told Geezer he had no need to be concerned. He had had pretty good luck with employees over the last couple of years and, luckily, not much turnover. And though it had not been intentional, he had managed to hire a couple of men who turned out to want a good time as much as Geezer did. Now it looked like it might be the same with Doug. But he would have to be careful and not rush it.

The next few weeks passed quietly for Doug. The job was relatively easy and he had enough office experience

to learn that part quickly; he was usually finished with his paperwork half-way through his shift. At that time, he usually went on his rounds of the warehouse, checking locks, turning out lights, sometimes letting in the occasional customer who had to spirit away his belongings in the middle of the night.

One slow night after he had made the rounds, Doug found himself day-dreaming about Geezer, fantasizing about the time he had seen him taking a piss. If only he hadn't been such an idiot, being so embarrassed about walking in on Geezer. If only he had stood there a little longer, just enough to keep eye contact, just long enough to see what Geezer would do. If only he had been bolder, he would have stood there and started talking to Geezer while he was pissing. He would have leaned casually against the door with his hands cupped modestly over his crotch, hiding his growing erection. He could have watched as Geezer squeezed out that last drop of piss; perhaps Geezer would have massaged his prong an extra time or

two to bring it to life. As Geezer pulled his jeans up over his globular buns, Doug would have walked over and pulled his semi-hardness from his pants and said something original, like "Mind if I join you?"; to which Geezer would have replied, with equal originality, "Not at all."

The ringing of the phone brought

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Doug back to reality. When he opened his eyes, he found his hand gripping his throbbing, red, pre-cum smeared cock. Doug reached for the phone and answered. The voice on the other end said, "Hey Doug, how's it going? What's up?" It was Geezer, and Doug wanted to tell him what was up, all right.

"Not much," Doug answered too quickly. "I finished my rounds and I'm just sitting around."

"Whackin' on the ol' meat, I guess," Geezer ventured matter-of-factly.

"Uh, well, actually. . ."

"Don't worry about it. I used to do it all the time on that shift. Helps you make it through the night, if you know what I mean. Anyway, I've been out drinking most of the night and I'm about half lit. What I mean is, I'm really too drunk to drive and I've got no more cash for a cab. Think you could lock up for a few minutes and come after me? I'm at the Tarzan's Nest bar—you know where it is?"

"Yes, I've seen it," Doug replied dutifully.

"Well, I'll be at the bar, toward the back with some other guys who are drunker than me, if you can believe that. I can't drive them, they can't drive me. Can you help me out,

buddy?"

"Sure, Geezer, whatever you want." Doug meant that, and he would do his best to use this opportunity to prove it. He didn't want to blow this chance like he did the last time. He would be able to see Geezer away from work, take him home, maybe make him some coffee, sober him up. And Geezer would be very grateful, in some way, Doug was sure.

Doug was still massaging his cock to the sound of Geezer's voice.

"Listen, buddy, I'll return the favor sometime," Geezer offered. "It'll be whatever *you* want." Doug dropped the phone.

"Hey, you all right?" came the voice from the receiver on the floor.

"I'm fine," Doug said, retrieving the phone, "but exactly how drunk are you?"

"I don't know anything *exactly* at the moment, but I'm still standing, and I can hold the phone in one hand and a beer in the other. How drunk is that?"

"Geezer. . ." Doug trembled, not wanting to say what he knew he was about to.

"Yeah?"

"I'm . . . still whackin' on the ol' meat."

"I figured," came Geezer's reply, as

he grinned and returned to his friends at the bar.

Doug could hardly keep his mind on his driving. He nearly ran red lights, then sat through green ones. How could he face Geezer after what he had just said? He hoped Geezer actually was too drunk to remember, but it wasn't likely. He would just have to act as if it had never happened and hope Geezer would do the same.

Tarzan's Nest was a real shocker to Doug. He entered a long hallway covered with dense thicket, lighted only by a faint green glow. At the end of the hallway, the room opened up into a warehouse-sized place, full of bamboo poles, fake palm trees, hanging vines, and surrounded on three sides by a mezzanine supported, it seemed, only by vines. High in the air was a man swinging from a rope, naked except for a leopard-skin mask, rubbing his long cock up and down a rough rope as he swung. The place was filled with nearly-naked men. Even the waiters and bartenders wore only loincloths with a front flap. On the dance floor, hundreds of men vibrated as a mass. None of them wore shirts, and most had on just jeans. Some wore jockstraps and a few wore nothing at all except boots. At the bar, a waiter



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was being fucked deliriously by a tall man in only cowboy boots and a red kerchief around his neck. A few spaces down, three men in a row had their jeans pulled down and were getting their dicks sucked as they carried on a casual conversation.

At the end of the bar, just as he had said, was Geezer, shirtless and covered in sweat, drunkenly trying to pull up his jeans and help the man in front of him to his feet. Geezer's cock was swollen and wet, still dripping some of the cum that had just been sucked from it.

"There's my ol' buddy Doug,"

Geezer brayed across the room.

Doug wanted to turn and leave; not just leave, *run*. Nothing in his young life had prepared him for this. He felt like the original country bumpkin. Next to this place, his fantasies were like children's stories. But he couldn't leave now—Geezer was here. Doug walked slowly over to Geezer and his friends.

"Guys, this is Doug. He works for me and takes care of me," Geezer slurred as he patted Doug on the chest. "But don't get the wrong idea—as far as I know, he's still a virgin," Geezer confided in his friends. But as he turned to Doug to share the laugh, he could see that Doug was not amused. "Gee, buddy, I'm sorry. I went and opened my big mouth. I shouldn'ta said that."

"I dunno," Doug said, trying his best to brush it off. "Let's go while you can still sort of walk."

Doug started to lead the way through the crowd, then felt Geezer's big, warm arm around his shoulders. Doug grabbed Geezer around his bare waist to support him, feeling for the first time that flesh he found so fascinating, and led him to the car, where Geezer promptly passed out.

"Geezer, we're here—wake up,"

Doug called. Geezer awoke enough for Doug to get him, with some difficulty, into the house and onto the sofa.

"Geezer, do you want some coffee?"

"No, I want you . . . to come over here."

Doug walked over to the sofa and stood in front of Geezer. "I mean come here, sit down." As Doug sat, Geezer continued. "Thanks again for coming to get me. I'm still sort of drunk, but I wanted to thank you now in case I pass out again. You know, there aren't many people who would do that for a boss. They would just say 'fuck you' and forget it." Geezer grabbed Doug's arm. "Do you know what I mean?"

"I think so," Doug replied, not really

understanding at all.

"What I mean is, you wouldn't do this if you didn't like me, right? And I like you, too." Geezer grabbed Doug's other arm and gazed straight into his eyes. "I really mean that—I like you a lot, and I'm not just saying that because I'm drunk."

"I believe you," Doug whispered.

And with that, Geezer pulled Doug to him and kissed him long and hard, probing Doug's mouth with his tongue and feeling Doug's equally intense response. Their lips parted briefly and rejoined, soft and hot, as they slid to the floor in an embracing heap. Within moments, both men had discarded their clothes and were making their way to the bedroom.

Geezer was the first on the bed, pulling Doug to him. After another deep, passionate kiss, the sight of Doug's pounding erection stirred Geezer's insides. His drunken state dismissed his inhibitions.

"Doug, please do something for me." Doug nodded. "I want you inside me, in my mind, in my heart, and right now, in my ass. Can you handle it?"

Looking deep into Geezer's eyes, past the mask of drunkenness, through the maze of confusion and doubt, into the warmth of this moment, Doug saw, for the first time, more than a boss, or a fantasy figure, or a friend. He saw himself reflected in Geezer's eyes, and knew that, for the moment at least, he belonged to Geezer and Geezer to him.

Silently, Doug leaned back and lifted Geezer's legs onto his shoulders. Doug's hands surrounded Geezer's cock, lifting it from his rippled stomach until it pointed toward Doug's open mouth. As Doug leaned over, his lips slowly enveloped the huge head. An inch at a time, Geezer's dick slid into Doug's mouth, as Doug's tongue licked and caressed the bulging ridge. When Doug had finally taken Geezer to the root, he placed his own cock-head against Geezer's waiting hole. As slowly as he had gone down, Doug now came up Geezer's cock, blowing his warm breath around the shaft. At the same time, his cock entered Geezer, and he could feel Geezer taking him in, inviting the hard, hot, dry dick to come in and stay awhile. Doug felt his balls nestle against Geezer's flesh as the tip of his cock touched home. Geezer squeezed the base of Doug's cock and Doug knew there was only one answer to Geezer's question.

"I'd like to . . . very, very much." ■

**The young night
watchman's cock
penetrated his
boss. The older
man's tight,
muscular ass
invited the hard,
hot dick to come in
and stay awhile.**

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Section photographed by Matthew E. Newman

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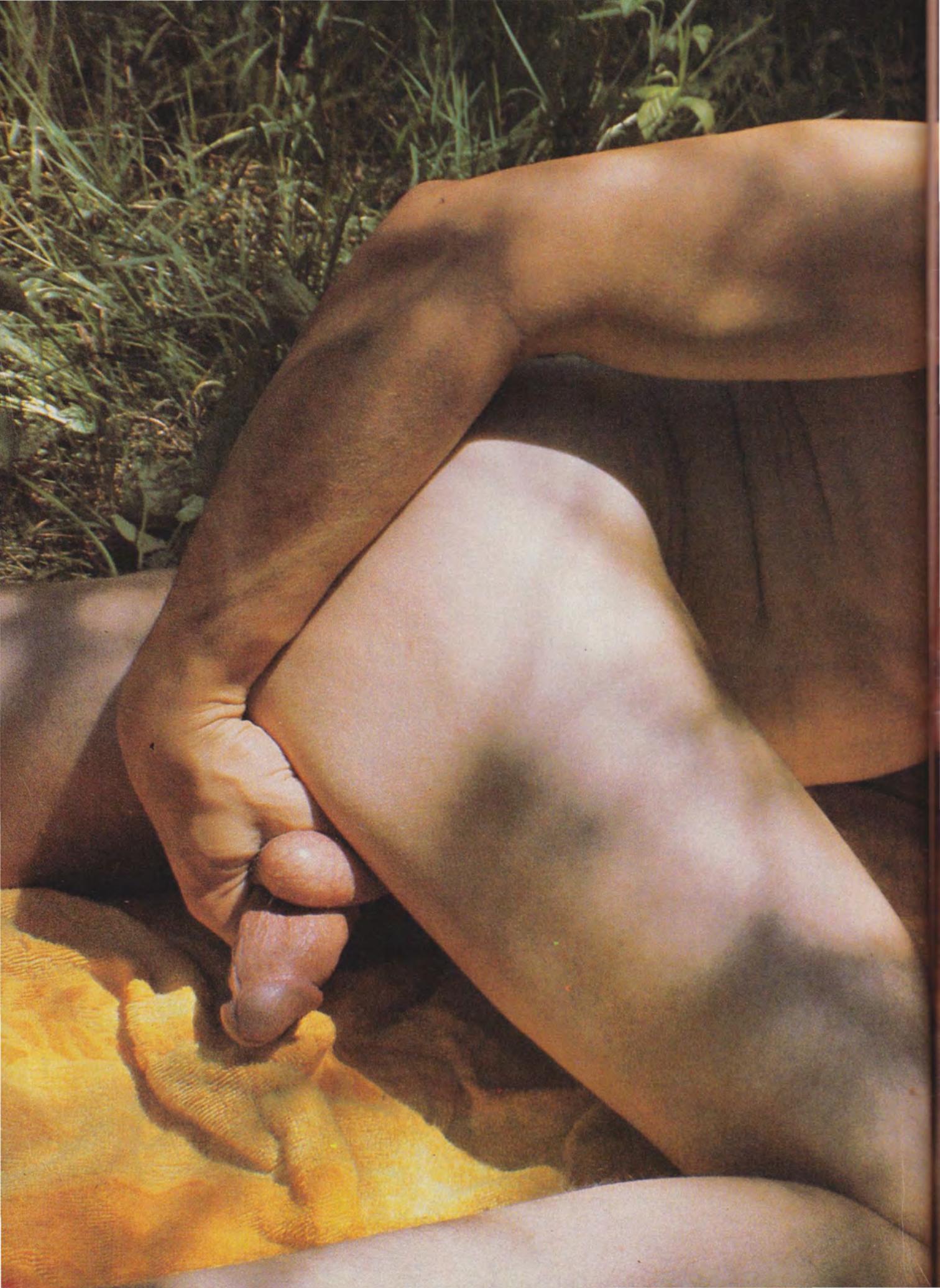


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HOT MARRIED MAN

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

SLAVE WANTED

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

VERY HOT DADDY

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

SOUTH BAY SLAVE

WM, 25, 6'0", slim, novice, blonde, smooth, needs to be collared by special Master. Torture, tits, C&B, bondage and ? Reply Sir: P.O. Box 7000-81, Rolling Hills, CA 90274.

ORIENTALS & LATINIS!

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

SLAVE WANTED BY HOT SADISTIC TOP

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

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

WM, 36, INTO C-B TORTURE, being fucked by D's, D's & D's. Box 175, Evans, CO 80620.

VERY SEXY SEEKS SAME

Sexy, intelligent, gdlkg stud seeks same 18-35. Photo gets mine. Box 167, Greeley, CO 80631.

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.

HORNY GWM, 23,

wants Greek and French with other guys my age in D.C. and other Eastern cities. I'm hot, healthy. No fats. Send nude photo for my response. LJD, POB 4824, Washington, DC 20008.

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.

SINCERE YOUNG WHITE MALE

would like to hear from anyone. Release soon. Send S.A.S.E. Please will answer all. Kenneth Gardner-092244, P.O. Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

GEORGIA

HOT ASS

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

NEED GOOD FUCK

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

HAWAII

BI-GAY VISITORS TO OAHU HI,

Bi black stud, Fr A/P, G/A wants to meat you for action. Write Boxholder, POB 85, Pearl City, HI 96782.

IDAHO

LONELY IDAHO FARMER

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

ILLINOIS

THAT SPECIAL SOMEONE

About yourself: Handsome, body conscientious, twenty to early thirty, white male. Virile, intelligent and exciting! Hair; preferably dark, on head, face and body. Someone looking for a partner to develop and grow with in many ways; physically, emotionally and sensually. About myself: 21, hairy, white college student. 6', 190 lbs. Outgoing and energetic individual. Serious letters only. Photo a must! Include return address. Boxholder, P.O. Box 2324, Bridgeview, Illinois 60455.

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.

CHICAGO HUNK

Looking for hard, heavy, muscle action. Good build and photo required. Box S-344, 323 S. Franklin Bldg., Chicago, IL 60606.

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

YOUNG ATTRACTIVE GWM

28, looking for lasting relationship with male between 18-35. Photo appreciated. No fats or fems, P.O. Box 6261, Peoria, IL 61601.

INDIANA

YOUNG ASS MASTER

Wants hot ass slaves. Photo and letter of submission required. Box 6862, Valparaiso, IN 46383.

ELKHART AREA

Studs around Elkhart area married or single 35-45 who can fill a gap with this hot 31 yr. old. Good-looking 5'8", 148 lb. Brn/Bl 7½" real hard cocked guy. Write Witman, PO Box 651, Wakarusa, IN 46573.

W/M, 27, 5' 10", 155,

blond, blue, married, seeks discreet muscular hunks to worship. I want to please you. Occupant, Box 35, Butlerville, IN 47223.

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.

INTO ANYTHING

32 6'1" 175 lbs. IA-Minn-Wisc-Illinois-Missouri—into anything but scat. 8" cut. Box 8334, Des Moines, IA 50306.

KANSAS

DUO LOOKING FOR MASTER

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

JUST BEGINNING

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

KENTUCKY

WESTERN KY AREA

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

FRIENDSHIP NEEDED

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

DREAM LOVER CUM TO ME

If you're 20-40, bi or GWM, attractive and firm, uncut and hair a plus. I'm seeking a lasting relationship. I'm 26, 5'8, attractive, BR/BR, 150 lbs., 30" waist, 7" cock, smooth developed pecs. Write/photo: Occupant, P.O. Box 804, Louisville, KY 40201.

WANTS LOVER NEAR LOUISVILLE

GWM, very masculine, 25, 6', 190 lbs. Wants a guy for emotional support and love. Like sports and outdoor activity. Must be 25-45 and live within 175 miles from Louisville area. Occupant, P.O. Box 4633, Louisville, KY 40204.

LOUISIANA

LOOKING FOR FRIENDS

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

MUSCLE MAN

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

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

IN COPENHAGEN

I wore a short-sleeved shirt (U.S. Army). Toi, brun, étudiant à Grenoble, from Boston? Please, send me yr. photo. Write to Claude Bigoin, P.R. 56100 Lorient, France (Poste restante).

LONELY WHITE MALE

GWM 39, 5'7" 135 lbs. Wants to be dominated. Into B/D, piss, shaving, spanking, scat, light S/M. Send descriptive letter plus photo to Allan Gillis, PO Box 261, Malden, MA 02148.

HOLYOKE, MASS.

Gay 37-white 5-8 160 lb. looking for men with big thick cock, black or white: spank me hard and fist fuck me good: face fuck me, cum all over my face. Love big thick dildoes, all welcome, no drugs, no money. Write: Ernie, Box 1204, Holyoke, MA 01040.

MICHIGAN

HOT-HUNG-HAIRY

GWM, 35, 153 lbs, built, seeks fun loving friend to 30, for skiing, and long champagne evenings, take a chance, P.O. Box 125, Mt. Pleasant, MI 48858.

NEEDS GOOD FUCK

Horny W.M., 33, 6', 170 lbs, blonde, blue, 6"; needs to be fucked by extra long or thick cocks. Into jocks, aroma, rimming, tit & ass play. New to Mich. from L.A. Nude photo & letter to P.O. Box 1228, Midland, MI 48640.

MINNESOTA

MINNESOTA GUYS

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

ROCHESTER MASTER

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

TALENTED SLAVE

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

NEBRASKA

ALL AREAS

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

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.

NEW JERSEY

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.

W/M 20

Into cock sucking; I'll blow your mind! Photos get first choice. Write to: 633 Franklin Ave., Suite 210, Nutley, NJ 07110.

MARRIED MAN

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

HOT HUNGRY BOTTOM

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

NEVADA

WANTED: PEN-PALFRIEND

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

NEW MEXICO

NEW MEXICO

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

RELOCATABLE SUBMISSIVE

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

NEW YORK

ATHLETIC BLOND, 22

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

MYSTIC SEAPORT

I met you at Mystic Seaport Conn. Aug. 20, 1984. You're from Virginia but staying near Stamford Conn. Send photo discretion assured. P.M., P.O. Box 783, Sidney, NY 13838-0783.

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.

CENTRAL NY

Looking for GWM, 22-30 for lasting relationship. If you are goodlooking, dark hair w/moustache and willing to relocate, sincere, quiet & honest, write DIESEL, P.O. Box 150, Little Falls, NY 13365. Best letter w/photo answered.

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.

WANT GR/P GWM LIFEMATE!

Insatiable Greek Act. GWM, 52, 5'8", 150 lbs., 32" waist, 7" cut, needs burly, hot solely Greek passive GWM monogamous lifemate, age 40-60, over 6'3" tall, 240+ lbs. Must come to bed with

dirty rear for prolonged, raunchy anal sex nightly! No W/S, no pain, drugs, smoke. No blacks. Only serious Greek passive GWM's will be answered! Write: Don, P.O. Box 556, Cleveland, OH 44107.

OKLAHOMA

MUSCULAR MEN WANTED

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

LEATHERMASTER

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

OREGON

YOUNG GAYS PLEASE RESPOND

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

PENNSYLVANIA

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

BiWM

Seeks muscle and GWM for fun and sex. Write: PO Box 61189, Columbia, SC 29260.

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.

WISCONSIN

HAIRY, HORNY, GWM,

32, seeks hot men 18-40 for uninhibited sex, nudity, foto swap. PO Box 1085, Madison, WI 53701.

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.

SEASON'S GREETINGS

I want to wish the Greek Active studs a Merry Xmas and Happy New Year. And men thanks for being Greek Active. Bernard MacPherson, 432 Jarvis St., Apt. 603, Toronto, Ont. M4Y 2H3, CANADA.

WM SEEKING DISCREET,

sincere, honest, lasting friendship to enjoy country life. No fems, drugs, S&M, send phone, photo, Lance c/o Box 945, Carstairs, Alberta, Canada, T0M 0N0.

DAD NEEDS SON FOR VENTURES

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

COMMERCIAL

STUD SERVICE AVAILABLE

(813) 823-5629.

A COMPLETE MASSAGE

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

NATIONAL, UNCENSORED ADLISTS.

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

ULTIMATE MUSCLE SHIRT

Show yourself off "to the max." Send \$9.95 to "Vincent," Box 1512, Albany, OR 97321 (Specify S-M-L and blue, black, red).

NEW TAPES

The "Piss" Tape \$10; "All My Slaves" \$10; "Dirty Jokes" \$10; "Master's Orders" \$10; Personalized tapes on any subject, \$35. SIR, PO 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.

"COLLEGE JOCK"

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

NY PHONE MEN!

Bill, Frank & Jake are real men studs. Free callbacks, free photos, MC/Visa, (212) 807-9044.

SUMMIT LODGE RESORT

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

MARK SANDERS

(415) 444-3204

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

ANAL TOYS OUR SPECIALTY!

Wide selection, low prices, extra fast service. Send \$1 for hot illustrated anal toy catalog. Unicorn Sales Co., Box 10024-H, Chicago, IL 60610.

WINE BEER LIQUORS RECIPES

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

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—

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DEAR HONCHO:

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

LORENZO DE PALMA

Dear HONCHO:

Your December 1984 issue has a spread that made me happy to be a gay man: that big muscle hunk Lorenzo De Palma. You called the feature "Bigger Than Life"; I would call it "Better Than Life." He's the best model you have ever shown, and I just wanted to let you know how much I love him. I have neglected all my other jerk-off favorites since I discovered Lorenzo.

H.B.
Washington, DC

NIPPLE NUT

Dear HONCHO:

I like reading your magazine because of all the hairy studs you feature. I enjoyed the spread on Richard Locke (May 1984). How about some more daddy types? I would really like to see a hot humpy redhead with an all red hairy body. How about a pictorial on pectorals, big nipples, little nipples, puffy & erect nipples.

R.R.
Buffalo, NY

Photo by Usher

EVERY DAY'S A CUM-DAY

Dear HONCHO:

No more life without HONCHO! Since I discovered you, my daily sex-pleasure has increased enormously, and I want to thank you for it. Reading and dreaming and re-reading every issue, I look at all those hot men and ache for them. I'm not hidden in a closet anymore! Every day is a special cum-day as soon as I open up the latest issue of HONCHO and feel the stretching hot energy between my jeans and my left thigh. I have been reading HONCHO for nearly three years. Sometimes I am sad because I have to wait so long for another issue. I wish you published this wonderful magazine weekly.

O.B.
Hamburg, West Germany

CHECK MY EQUIPMENT

Dear HONCHO:

Congratulations. Your August 1984 issue of HONCHO was fantastic! I especially liked the piece of fiction "Sex Avalanche" by Bud O'Donnell with the hairy Swedish skier. After reading "Sex Avalanche" I produced my own white avalanche. Other sensational pieces of fiction were "Till Dick

Do Us Part," "Muscle Meat," and "Muscles on Maui." Excellent!!

I saved the best for last. I'm talking about the cover guy "Mr. Goodwrench." This guy is the most gorgeous hairy stud I have ever seen. I would love to run my fingers through all that hair on his chest. The center-fold of this hunk is great! It shows all that gorgeous hairy chest and those erect nipples and a super looking dick. I would give just about anything to have this hirsute stud. He could check my machine every day of the week. Let's see some more of this guy and other hairy men like him.

B.L.
Midland, MI

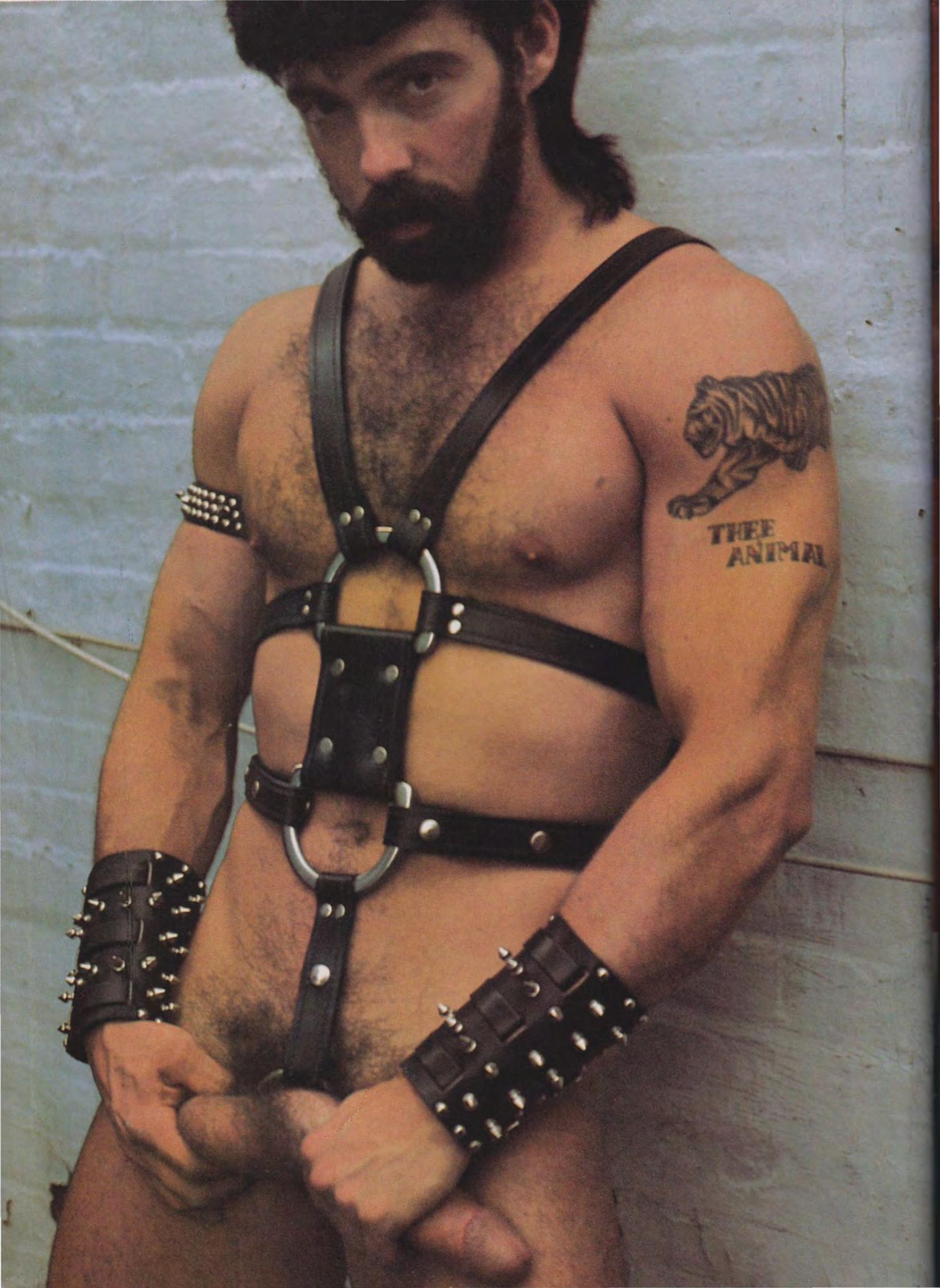
WET DREAMS ARE MADE OF THIS

Dear HONCHO:

Ever since I bought the September 1984 issue of HONCHO I have been fantasizing about the "Pied Piper." He's the stuff wet dreams are made of.

I'd like to thank you for the increased number of layouts of hairy men. I go crazy over men with hair on their backs. Could we have some good clear photos of hairy backs? Please?

Up until the spring of this year, I



would buy 6 different magazines every month. I've stopped buying all the rest because only two of them meet my needs. They are MANDATE and HONCHO. These two magazines have the best quality of photographs, the best fiction, and the best articles.

R.B.
St. Paul, MN

ANIMAL LOVER

Dear HONCHO:

I know that I'll always find a wide variety of goodlooking studs when I buy HONCHO. This diversity is, in fact, the main thing that keeps me buying your magazine. But you really outdid yourself with that guy called "Thee Animal" who appeared in your December 1984 issue. Let me tell you, he's not the kind of man you run into often. I loved the tattoos, the leather harness, the beard, the surly attitude, the monster meat. I usually wait until I've perused the entire magazine before jerking off, but when I discovered "Thee Animal" I couldn't hold off. I whipped it out and pumped myself to a big, messy orgasm while I imagined your bad-ass stud standing over me, legs spread wide. Thanks for a very different, and super-hot layout.

R.M.
Orlando, FL

WHITE DREAM AND CATFISH

Dear HONCHO:

I want you to know how much I like your model in the layout "White Dream" (August 1984). He is really a hot looking guy, and I would like to see more men like him in HONCHO. I also found "Catfish" in the same issue quite a turn-on. He has one of the sexiest beards on any man I have ever seen.

J.P.
Ringgold, VA

SEXUAL MEN

Dear HONCHO:

I'm writing to express my appreciation of two recent stories in HONCHO: *Cabin Fever* in the June issue, and *Cock Mates* in the July issue.

In both of these stories, two men become sexual because they want to be, not because someone is playing macho and forces the other. In both stories there is a sense of romance and a sense that sensuality is broader than what happens between our legs. In one there is sex outdoors and on leaves, in the other on fresh sheets. In the more recent story, there is even a

Photo by G-Man Productions

description of the pleasure of kissing.

These stories show that men can be sensitive, sensual, and sexual with each other. Thank you for these portrayals of sexual men.

D.W.
Portland, OR

CLOTHES HORSE

Dear HONCHO:

This is to congratulate you on your pictures and text for the following features in the September 1984 issue of HONCHO: "C'Mere a Minute," "Daddy Load," and "On the Rocks." These features and models are the best!

I like macho guys like these models. I also find clothing—jeans, shirts, boots—even business suits and shiny shoes on models—terrific. Just so long as they don't hide a guy's cock.

P.P.
New York, NY

ARF, ARF

Dear HONCHO:

You obviously won't feature this letter in your magazine because you are a business and it wouldn't be good for business to print a critical letter. However, I found your August issue extremely disappointing. There was not one redeeming feature in the entire issue. The men were dogs, and maybe because of this your photographers had them posed in positions that try to divert attention from the ugly models. Instead they just turned out to be gross. Would that "White Dreams" guy turn anyone on? I doubt it sincerely. "Mr. Goodwrench" and "Leather Goods" both looked like something straight out of The Village People.

They're both a heterosexual's image of what a gay man is supposed to look like. As for "Shave, He Said," it just succeeded in making me feel like retching. Contrary to what this issue seems to be saying, "disgusting" and "sexy" do not go hand in hand. In fact, they are exact opposites. There must be a shortage of models these days. Or did they go on strike? What else could account for printing photos of that grody "Catfish" guy? He looks like a convicted rapist. I'm only writing such a negative letter because you have previously come out with good copies. Maybe this was a bad month. I'm giving you the benefit of the doubt. However, a few more issues of this caliber and there won't be any doubt left. One piece of advice would be to

forget showing men who necessarily "look" gay and just show men who are good-looking. Also maybe you should find photographers who know where to look. Whatever the case may be, I wrote this letter because I know you *do* want to please the customer (like in any business) and trying to give the customer what he wants can only improve sales.

W.W.
Toronto, Canada

HOTTER THAN EVER

Dear HONCHO:

I started buying your magazine when it first came out years ago, but I drifted away over the years, turning to *Drummer* and other publications for my "male entertainment." I recently re-discovered HONCHO, and I was pleasantly surprised by what I found. The pictorials are hotter and raunchier than ever, and the quality of reproduction beats all your competition. The fiction has also gotten much better, transcending the "and-then-he-stuck-his-big-one-in-me" school of erotic writing. Your stories often have credible situations and characters, rather than contrived settings and people who are little more than their genitals. I especially like the stories by Roland Graeme and Mario Mangiacazzo. During these times, with all the anxiety about disease, we need all the good fantasy material we can get, and HONCHO is doing a great job of supplying it.

T.R.
Hoboken, NJ

THREE STAR FANTASY

Dear HONCHO:

I've been a reader for a long time and I think your magazine is the hottest, hardest man-magazine on the market. But you really got me going with a story in your October issue, "Starfuckers."

The three actors in the story were so real to me that I felt like I could touch them. Don't I wish? If Warner Ringling, John Rick Sexton and Michael San Vicente are who I think they are... wow! The thought of those three hunks getting it on drives me wild each time I think of it. What a fantasy!

Thanks again, HONCHO for many hours of pleasure.

Sincerely,
J.R.
Austin, TX

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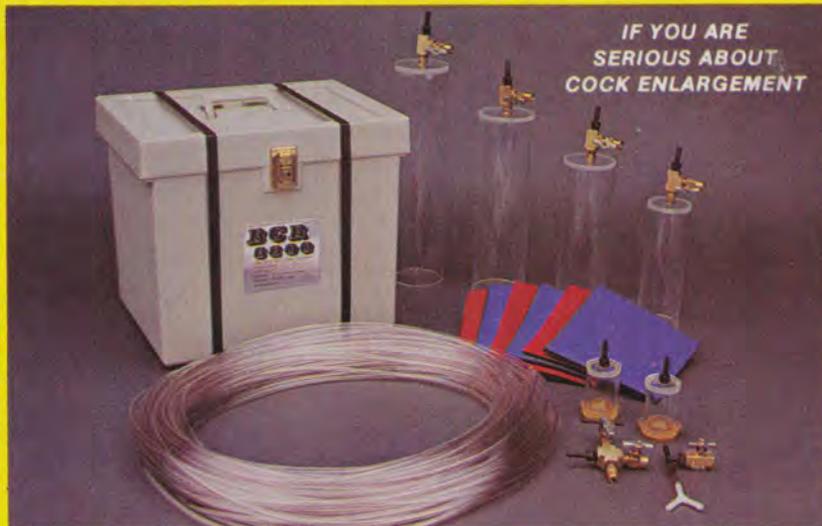
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