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DAYTIME DRAMA

## FICTION:

RING AROUND  
THE CO-K  
HORMONES  
COP BROTHERS  
D-CKS ON DECK  
SAILOR D-CK  
AT FULL MAST



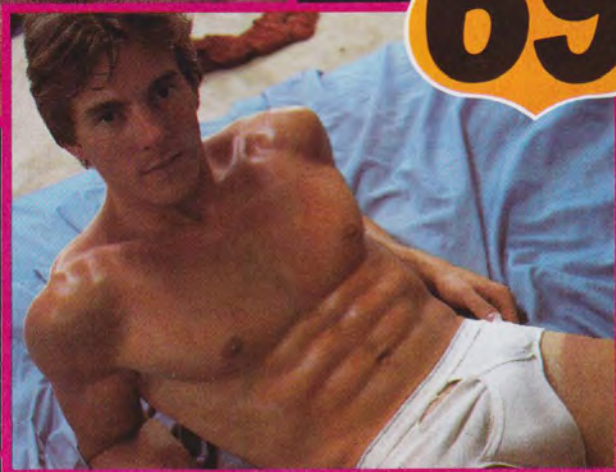


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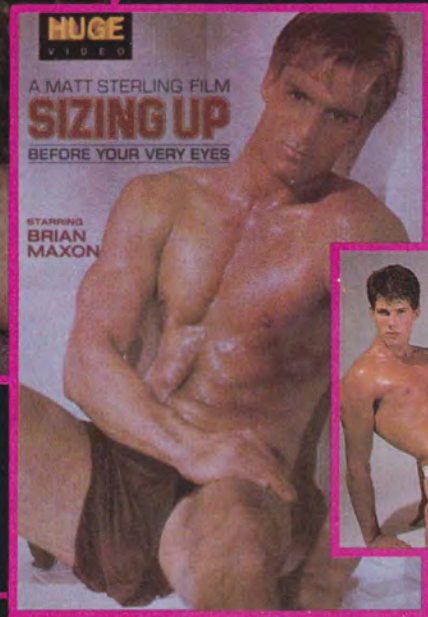
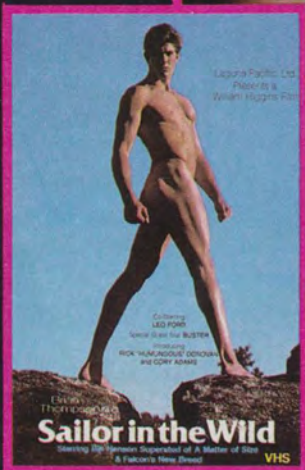
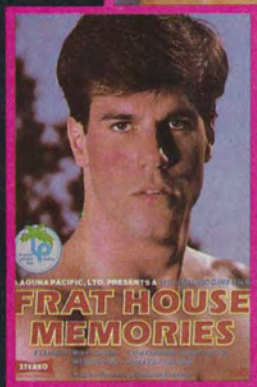
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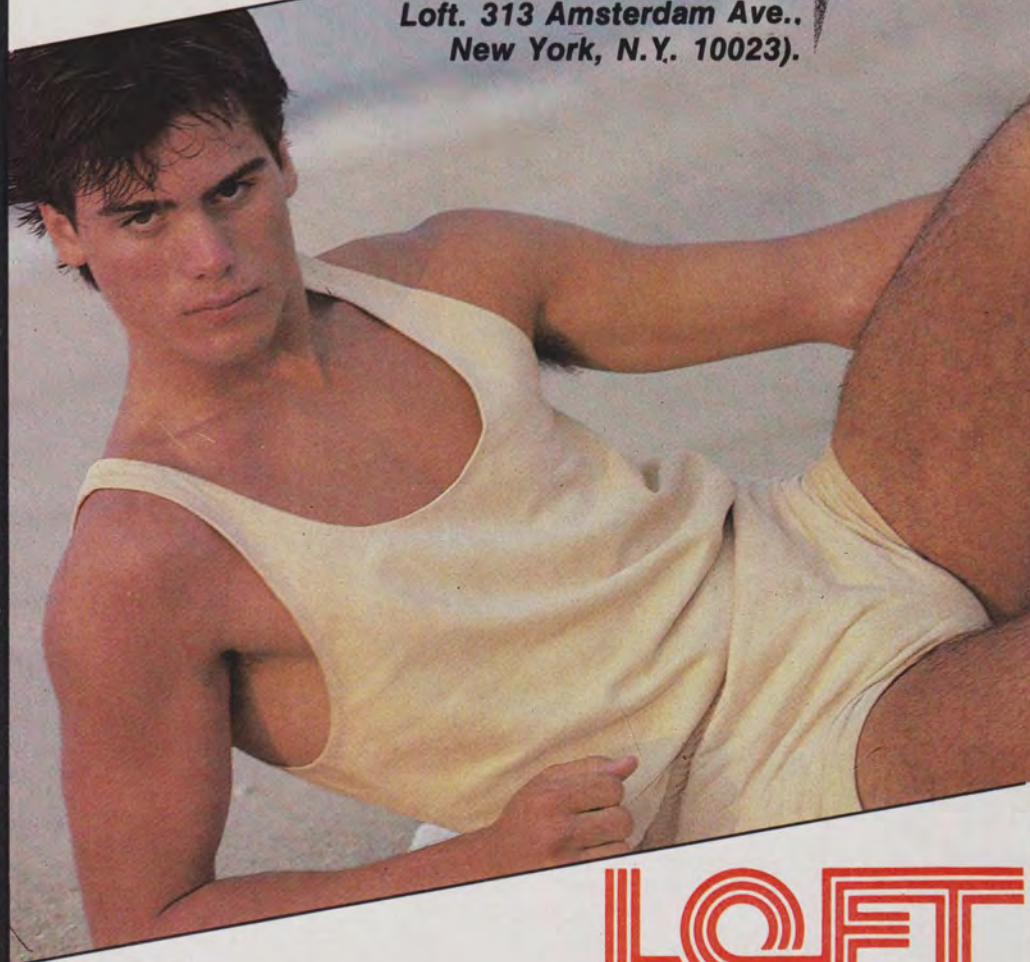
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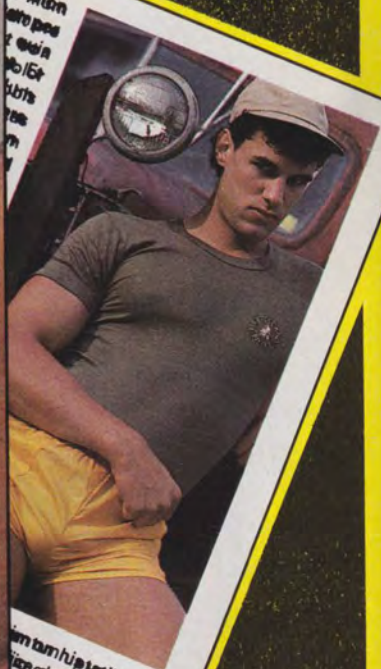
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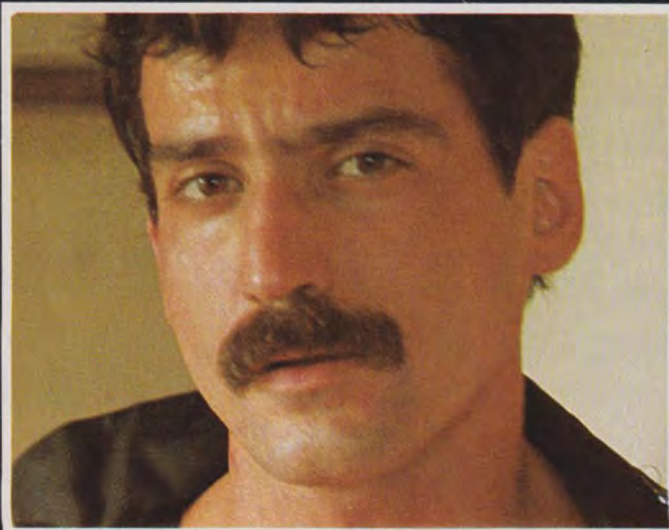
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# HONCHO

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE MACHO MALE

VOLUME 7 • NUMBER 12  
MARCH 1985



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*I loved looking at  
his runner's body—  
his slender,  
graceful, lean-  
muscled frame, the  
play of sinews as  
his limbs worked,  
his flaxen hair as it  
bounced to the  
rhythm of his  
stride.*

# HORMONES

By Andy Cross • Photos by Naakkve

I tore out of my building and down West End Avenue fueled by a surge of adrenalin. Something told me to save my energy for later—I'd be needing it for the run with Mats—but I couldn't help myself. Only five minutes earlier I'd been in my apartment studying for a biochemistry midterm on human hormones. Then the phone rang. I'd answered it absently, and gotten the shock of the month.

"Mats!"

"Hey there, Scooter! Listen, I'm in town overnight. Can we get together?"

He had been en route back to Sweden on a flight which stopped in New York. There had been some kind of problem with the plane, however, so the passengers, after having been taken off and rescheduled for a flight the following morning, were put up in hotels for the night. Mats had been able to get accommodations forty blocks downtown from me. It was a splendid afternoon in early spring, and he suggested we go for a run together. Minutes later I was dressed and out the door.

In fact, Mats was largely responsible for getting me interested in running in the first place. I've always loved runners—their easy grace, their lithe and glistening bodies. My preoccupation with them really blossomed,











though, when I was a senior in high school. That was the year Mats, my cousin from Sweden, came to America to stay with me and my family. We were eighteen then, he a few weeks older than me.

The two of us hit it off great. It was as if each of us had suddenly found a brother; I was an only child, and he had two sisters who were much older than he. We became pals, spending a lot of time together. I was more socially comfortable than he, who was on the shy side, and I helped him get adjusted and gave moral support during his homesick times. He, on the other hand, was quicker than me academically, and often gave me a hand when I got stuck with a particularly knotty assignment. We played together, too, like puppies. I was pretty skilled with a frisbee, an item Mats had actually never seen, but he was a fast learner, and he grew to love it. We'd take our games to the nearby green of the small Massachusetts town in which I lived. Each of us would try to outdo the other's outrageous displays of dexterity and showmanship, especially when there was an audience around; when one of us made an ass of himself by tripping over his own feet or nearly beaming an innocent passerby with an errant throw, it only made it all the more fun. If we weren't tossing the 'bee around, we were kicking a soccer ball, practicing the maneuvers that Mats taught me and that he pulled off so beautifully. In short, we shared a lot, and got along tremendously.

Mats was also a fleet middle-distance runner; 10K was his favorite event. Of course he readily made the track team. He ran with the others every day after school, but on weekends he did longer distances, or two middle-length runs in one day. Often I'd accompany him part of the way on my bike, pacing him. Sometimes we'd talk, sometimes not, but either way, I loved these workouts.

And I loved looking at his body—his slender, graceful, lean-muscled frame, the play of sinews as his limbs worked, his flaxen hair as it bounced behind him to the rhythm of his stride. Even so, I couldn't bring myself to admit that he excited me. One Saturday in the fall, however, something happened which made it hit home hard. I was hanging around his room that afternoon with nothing in particular on my mind, looking at some pictures on his desk, when I heard him coming back from his long run. On impulse, not really knowing what I was doing or what to expect, I hid in

his closet. Through a crack in the door which I made a little wider I could see most of his room.

Soon he came in and closed the door. He kicked off his running shoes, and to my growing excitement, pulled off his clothes. He was naked almost before I realized what was happening. Then he flopped down on the bed and stretched out full length, closing his eyes and recovering from his run. I was fascinated by his cock, that soft tube of tender-looking flesh lolling on his thigh. Set off against his white skin and the patch of blond fuzz on either side, it looked strangely powerful to me, quiescent as it was. The head, which was pointing at me, was broad and the tip protruded like a snout. His balls were invisible to me between his legs. He'd clasped his hands behind his head, and my hungry eyes also took in the pale blond down under his arms. Then he started to do something which caused my heart suddenly to pound, and riveted my eyes to the crack in the closet door.

His right hand wandered down to his belly, which he stroked. I saw his meat thicken and begin to grow. I could hardly believe my eyes, much less my luck—was I actually going to see him jerk off? Sure enough, his hand found his dick and began to move leisurely

to stay quiet. I didn't want to interrupt him, but I ached to feel that pole of flesh. My own joint was painfully stiff. I was on the verge of charging in when I saw him shift his grip, holding his meat again now and pumping on it faster. His left hand was now busy at his balls. Eyes still closed, he stretched his legs out, spreading his toes, abandoning himself to the rising tide of his pleasure. It seemed to surge through him, out to the very ends of his limbs. And as it increased he got more tense, and his movements became more urgent. He tightened his ass as his hand action sped up; he grunted, pushing his hips into the air as if he were fucking. Almost desperate now, he writhed and jerked, racing toward his climax. And he made it: he drew in a big breath as his ass lifted, and with a short, hard exclamation in Swedish, he came. His thick, gluey spunk shot out in rapid spurts, splattering onto his chest, then onto his stomach, with thinner liquid running over his thumb and down his wrist.

I was excited out of my wits. Mats let out his breath in a long sigh and relaxed, still gently pumping his cock. After a moment of rest he sat up, looked down at himself, picked up his sweaty European briefs and wiped himself off. After another moment he

---

***His dick, though still red from the pounding he had just given it, now hung soft and limber. He pulled on his shorts and went into the bathroom. As soon as I heard the shower I picked up his briefs and smelled them, tasting the slippery, sticky fluid.***

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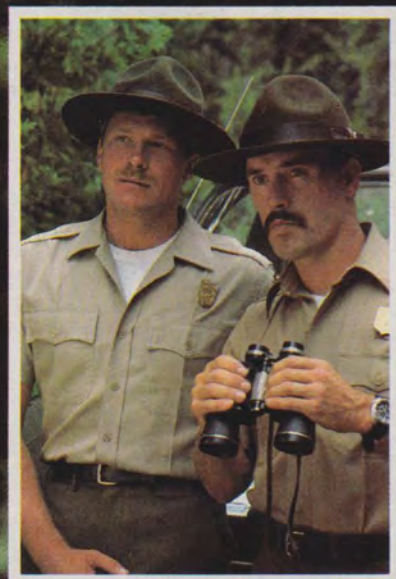
up and down the shaft. It stiffened, and he spread his legs apart, sighing and evidently enjoying himself immensely. He passed his left hand over his brown nipples, tweaking them, and made a languorous noise of pleasure deep in his throat. Meanwhile his meat was growing into a thick veiny column, pulsing along his belly. He savored the feel of his fresh hard-on for a few moments, then he changed the action, rubbing the wide head with his thumb, pinching the snout-like tip, his entire cock alarmingly red, and jerking like it had a life of its own.

He kept that up for a while, making a series of soft moans, his dick straining in its stiffness. It was all I could do

got up. His dick, though still red, now hung soft and limber, his balls swinging as he moved. Mats pulled on his shorts and went into the bathroom. As soon as I heard the shower I emerged from my hiding place, picked up his briefs and smelled them. Tasting the slippery, sticky fluid, I was surprised at its sweetness. And in no time at all I was in my room, pants around my ankles, firing my own load into an old T-shirt.

The next day when he got back from his run I was waiting for him again in his closet, praying for a repeat performance of the previous day's routine. Sure enough, Mats closed the door after he came in,





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kicked off his shoes, stripped, and fell onto his bed. But this time he was lying face down with his right hand underneath himself. He started to move it gently to and fro, but all I could see were small movements of his arm and his ass-muscles clenching and relaxing. Then he lifted his butt in the air, and there was his swollen meat clutched in his hand, being jerked back and forth, the head kissing the sheet.

The position looked mighty awkward, but judging by Mats' low moans he seemed not to mind at all. He even started murmuring quietly to himself in Swedish, encouraging himself in his pleasure. He began to rock his hips, gently at first, then harder and faster. All at once he stopped, and turning onto his side facing the closet, he worked his log against the sheet again, but concentrating now on a different part of his tender dickhead. His meat got a little softer, its itching head a little spongier, but it was still a flaming crimson. As his breathing increased, he moaned softly to himself, stroking his chest and pinching his tits while he manipulated his tool. Suddenly he gasped as a tremor shook him and his cock fairly jumped in his hand. Restraining himself with growing difficulty, he continued to tickle the sheet with it; it throbbed and convulsed, as if trying vainly to shoot its juice.

After a few exquisitely agonizing moments, Mats finally gave in. Turning over quickly onto his back, he milked himself feverishly with his right hand, his left playing with his nuts. As he arched his back, his eyes screwed shut, his rod pulsed in his grip, spewing his thick wad through the air onto himself. Pumping himself quietly afterwards, his lean body glistening, he lay in bed longer than he did yesterday and stared dreamily at the ceiling. He seemed reluctant to let go of his tool. Finally he stretched, cleaned himself off with his briefs, and headed for the shower. And just like the day before, I jerked off in my room, shooting my own cream into the nearest piece of dirty laundry.

Weekends were never the same for me. Whenever I could, I'd be waiting for Mats in his closet when he came back from his run. And voraciously I'd watch him jerk off, trying not even to blink, gripping my own cock. Immediately afterwards while he showered I would beat off in my room, my imagination ablaze with what I'd just seen, my lust fired by my cousin's healthy enjoyment of his own sexuality.

Mats had a whole range of tech-

Continued to page 73

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# COP BROTHERS

***Matt's injury during a stolen car chase took him off the police force for a while. But his nurse turned out to be the hottest teenager on the block; and he liked nothing better than taking care of cops.***

***By Bud O'Donnell • Art by Richard White***

Brick Andrews was rolling the empty garbage carrier into Matt Patterson's garage, when he heard a car pull into the driveway behind him. Looking over his shoulder, and seeing it was Matt's car, he gave a backward glance and continued pushing the cart into position in the corner. Just as he turned, a police car pulled behind his neighbor's car. That wasn't surprising since Matt Patterson was a cop, but Brick did a double take when he saw Matt's brother, Steve, climb out of the driver's side of the car and hurry back to the passenger side of the patrol car. It was then he saw Matt Patterson slowly climb out of the patrol car, wearing a bandage on his forehead and a sling on his left arm.

Brick dashed to the side of his injured neighbor. "My God, Mr. Patterson," he exclaimed. "What happened?" Steve turned to the redheaded teenager and explained that his brother had been involved in an accident during a stolen car chase. It was apparent from the way Matt moved that he hurt in places other than his head and arm.

Brick, Steve, and the police captain, who had driven Matt home, helped the injured man into the house and set him in an easy chair. Once seated, Matt began to grumble. "Will you two quit acting like a couple of old mother hens, for Christ's sake? If I need anything else, Brick here will give me a hand, won't you, son?"

"Oh . . . gosh yes, Mr. Patterson," the boy replied. He turned to look at the other two uniformed cops and added, "I'll fix him something to eat too, when he gets hungry."

Steve turned to look at the handsome teenager. He smiled. "I think what Matt would like right now is a good, hot cup of coffee. He's been growling for one since he got out of the hospital. Do you by chance know how to work that fuckin' coffee maker of his, Brick? I don't."

Brick nodded affirmatively and then Steve turned toward the captain and said, "Ain't much use in our sticking around here with ole Prince Charmin'." He took out a pen and pad of paper. "I'll leave the station number as well as my own with you, Brick, just in case grumpy here gets too much for you to handle." He gently squeezed Matt's right shoulder. "I'll stop back later tonight, anyway," Steve told his







© RAW 84



brother. Matt just nodded.

Steve and the captain followed Brick into the kitchen, where the boy put on the coffee. "Keep an eye on him, Brick," said Steve. "Matt'll be okay, but he's still pretty shaken up. His partner's hurt pretty bad, and still in the hospital, but we couldn't get that stubborn brother of mine to stay there overnight." When the coffee started running into the pot, Brick walked with the two other cops out to the police car, and after watching them pull away, he drove Matt's car into the garage.

When he got back into the house, Brick poured a big mug of hot coffee, put some of Matt's favorite cookies on a plate and brought them to the injured cop. The redhead could tell from the way Matt lifted the coffee mug that he was hurting. Brick wanted to put his arms around the injured man, whom he adored.

It had been nearly five years before, when Brick was just fourteen, that Matt had moved into the big corner house with his wife and kids: two sons and two daughters. Matt's oldest boy, Craig, was Brick's age, and the other son Billy, was just ten months younger. The three boys became almost inseparable companions, with all three playing on the school football team

slept naked. When Craig and Billy got a look at the thick slab of teenage cock dangling from Brick's bright red pubic hair, it didn't take long before Brick found himself receiving the first of many expert blowjobs. Even though Craig's cock was a thick seven inches, and Billy's just a millimeter smaller, Brick's eight inches dwarfed their tools. The boys were in the middle of their transition from adolescence to adulthood. Craig and Brick were already developing full crops of chest hair, and, like the rest of their bodies, their cocks continued to grow, also. The first time Brick had sex with the Patterson boys, Craig had barely deep-throated him before Brick shot his load and nearly strangled his surprised cocksucker. There was so much ropery, rich cum spewing from Brick's cock that the stuff was bubbling out of Craig's mouth. Talented cocksucker that he was, Craig continued to suck and lick on that prize dong until he'd managed to swallow every little wiggly sperm swimming in the load. Brick's cock remained bone-hard, and as Craig pulled away and Brick lay back on the bed, Billy took over. The younger boy shifted his body, so that his own throbbing cock was just inches from Brick's face. One good look at that hard dick

became permanently indented.

It was almost four months before he worked up the courage to get fucked, but once he had been filled by the two brothers' cocks, he couldn't get enough. This *menage à trois* continued until Brick and Craig were seniors in high school and Billy a junior. At an after-game party, the three boys ended up in a motel bedroom with one of the cheerleaders; she took all three of their cherries. Brick's big dick gave multiple orgasms, and soon he had a reputation around school as a fantastic fuck. The cheerleader, however, was Brick's first and last piece of female ass. It was cock he wanted. It was a different story with Craig and Billy. After that first girl-fuck, the two acted as though they had invented heterosexuality. Brick had the reputation as king stud on campus, but it was Craig and Billy who played the role to the hilt.

Brick became terribly frustrated because the only time the boys would have sex with him was when they came home from a date unfulfilled, their balls painfully swollen. They'd call Brick, who always came running. He would either drop to his knees or drop his pants and bend over. Craig and Billy would not reciprocate unless Brick raised a little hell. Then they might grudgingly suck his cock or let him fuck them in return. Brick didn't like the way he was being used, but he figured that one-sided sex was better than nothing.

Just a few days after Brick's and Craig's graduation from high school, Matt was seriously wounded during a drug raid shootout. During that crisis Brick learned that all was not peace and harmony between Matt and his wife, Julie. She had tried for years to get Matt out of policework because of the worry and fear his job caused her. His getting shot was the last straw. As soon as Matt was taken off the critical list, Julie packed up with the four kids, headed back to her home town in Wisconsin, and filed for divorce. That was the last Brick saw of his two former fuck buddies.

During Matt's convalescence Brick visited the hospital every day, and when the cop was released, Brick stayed at the house with him, fixing meals and doing the chores that Matt's sons had always done. When Brick started classes at the local university, Matt offered him the spare stall in the garage for his car and an extra set of house keys so that he could entertain friends or study in the big, five-bedroom house. Brick would

*Continued to page 21*

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## ***Not content to service one cop, Brick took on another one. It was even more kinky that the two cops were brothers. But Brick's mouth and his ass couldn't tell them apart; they might as well have been twins.***

---

together. Brick began to regard Matt as a substitute father. Brick's own dad was a good man, but for as long as the redhead could remember, his father had worked the afternoon shift, and with the exceptions of Sunday afternoons and vacations, Brick rarely saw him.

Brick already had two years of jack-off experience behind him by the time the Pattersons moved next door, but the first time he spent a night at Craig's and Billy's house, his sexual horizons were broadened fantastically. The Patterson boys were pretty heavy into cocksucking and assfucking by the time Brick met them, and it didn't take much persuasion to get the well-hung redhead to join in their fun and games. On that first night, the boys all

and Brick wanted his first taste of boy cock. After sucking his first cock and swallowing a mouthful of cum, he watched Craig's cock slide into Billy's tiny asshole. Craig had worked himself, spoon-fashion, behind his brother, while Brick and Billy slurped on each other's cocks.

When they finished, the three of them climbed into the shower to clean off. As they stood under the water, Craig guided Brick's big cock into the just-fucked ass of his brother, while he moved to Billy's front and gave him a spine-tingling blowjob. Brick lost count how many times he got his rocks off that night, but he fucked Billy and Craig twice before the night was over, and had sucked their cocks so many times that he was sure his cheeks had



# PICK-UP TRUCK



**Frank drove out to the country to gather some wood to feed his stove. But then he saw Paul and forgot all about the logs. There were better things to load in his pick-up truck.**

**SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY MALEXPRESS STUDIO**



# PICK-UP TRUCK

Frank stayed behind the wheel of his rig, not wanting to startle the young buck who had appeared in the woods out of nowhere. The only noise was the rustle of denim and the sound of heavy breathing.













# PICK-UP TRUCK

Paul wanted none of this long-distance eyeballing. If Frank wasn't going to get out of the truck, he'd just have to hop in the cab with him. "I'll show him what a pick-up truck is good for," he vowed.







**Turns out Frank didn't need any coaxing. All he needed was Paul's big, bound meat in his face. The guys did it in, on, and under the truck, and they made a hell of a lot of noise, too. Why not? In the forest, no one can hear you cream.**









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But you have to pay a high price to get a tan from the sun (or in a "tanning salon"): your skin will age faster, and you may increase your chances of getting skin cancer!

Now you can have a perfect tan without aging your skin or risking your health. Just do what millions of Europeans do. Use The Tanning Pill™. They take two 30 mg. tablets, twice a day, to produce an absolutely safe, deep, golden tan. They maintain their tans with two tablets daily.

## Fool Your Friends

Use The Tanning Pill for 14 days, and your friends will think you just came back from the French Riviera! The tan you get is golden bronze, the kind you see on top magazine models.

Since it comes from **inside** your body, your tan will be deep and even all over. No one will be able to tell you got your tan from The Tanning Pill. And if you can keep a secret, no one will ever know.

## If You're

### Too Light-Skinned to Tan

If you're the type who always "burns" instead of tanning, The Tanning Pill is probably the answer for you. Since it works by actually changing the color of your skin, the beautiful golden tan you get does **not** depend on your body's natural reaction to the sun.

So, if you've always gotten red instead of golden bronze, try The Tanning Pill . . . at our risk (see the guarantee, below).

## Better Than Safe . . .

### It's Actually Good For You!

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.

**But there's more.** Read what internationally known life extension specialists Durk Pearson and Sandy Shaw say about canthaxanthin in their book **Life Extension** (Warner Books, 1982):

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 . . . Not only does it give a "tan" without UV, the canthaxanthin even provides protection to the skin against UV damage! . . . 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" effect on his skin's resistance to sunburn when he used canthaxanthin . . . His skin is relatively light and sensitive to sunlight, espe-

cially his nose. He began using about 120 milligrams of canthaxanthin per day [equivalent to 4 tablets of The Tanning Pill] then went to the same dose every other day. He looks as if he has a beautiful golden-bronze sun tan and he says his resistance to sunburn is dramatically improved. Recently, when he forgot to use a sunblock on his nose, it received only a minor sunburn compared to what would be expected from earlier experiences (P. 743. More cases on pgs. 756 and 771.)

## No Risk Trial

We know you'll be amazed and pleased with the results of The Tanning Pill. So our guarantee is simple: Order a bottle today. **If you are ever dissatisfied for any reason at any time, return the bottle and we'll refund your money in full.** We'll even refund your postage for returning the bottle! You can't lose.

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## COP BROTHERS

Continued from page 12

have moved into the house in a minute if he thought he could do so without hurting his own parents. Brick was aware that he looked upon Matt Patterson as more than a father substitute. The burly cop had become Brick's fantasy lover.

As Brick now stood and watched the injured man drink his coffee, he felt a twinge of sexual excitement. Grimacing, Matt looked at Brick, and asked, "Would you mind getting me a glass of water, Brick? This fucking arm is hurting so damn bad that I'd better take one of these pills the doctor prescribed." Brick hurried into the kitchen. Matt was standing unsteadily when he returned with the water. When Matt finished taking the pill, he allowed Brick to assist him into the bedroom. The boy helped Matt ease himself onto the edge of the bed. Without asking, Brick knelt and removed the cop's shoes and socks. As he looked up, his mouth went dry because his eyes were in direct line to the huge mound which seemed almost to split the fly of Matt's uniform pants. The cop was trying to get the sling off the injured arm. "I'll get that for you, Mr. Patterson," Brick said. He reached up and unhooked the snap at the back of the sling. He then began unbuttoning Matt's uniform shirt, swallowing hard as more and more of the muscular, hairy chest came into view.

"Thanks, Brick," said Matt. "Sometimes I don't know what I'd do without you. It ain't always easy... well... without the family here now." Then Matt tried to smile. "But you know, you're a grown up man yourself now, so how about calling me Matt? Mr. Patterson makes me feel so ancient."

"Oh yeah... sure... Mister... I mean, Matt," Brick stammered as he gently eased the shirt over the broken arm and away from Matt's body. Brick's cock was rock hard.

"Would you mind fillin' up the tub for me, Brick? Make it kinda hot. The Doc says if I soak before I go to bed, I probably won't be so stiff and sore in the morning."

"Oh... you bet... ah... Matt," Brick answered. As soon as he got inside the adjoining bathroom, he reached inside his jeans and rearranged his straining, hard cock. It looked—and felt—like a piece of steel pipe. Brick was kneeling next to the tub, checking to make sure the water was not too

hot, when he heard Matt ask, "Can you help me out of this damned thing?"

Brick turned on his knees and almost choked. Except for the cast on his arm and the jock strap he was unsuccessfully trying to push down his legs, Matt was naked. "I don't suppose I should wear one of these all the time, but it's the only way I can control my dick when I throw a rod." Matt stopped, realizing he was talking to a neighbor boy and not his buddies on the police force. "... Ah... I mean, well, since Julie left, I get pretty hard up sometimes... ah... I mean... oh shit, a young stud like you ought to know what it's like getting hard-ons all the time, right, Brick?" Matt tried to chuckle through his embarrassment.

"Right... right, Matt," Brick stuttered, his face coloring to match his hair. With trembling hands, the teenager reached up, grabbed the waistband of the jockstrap and pulled. Still imprinted with the lines from the mesh pouch of the jock, Matt's cock curved downwards at least eight inches over a pair of the biggest nuts Brick had ever seen. Unlike his sons, Matt was uncircumcised. Brick stared in awe as the heavy cock began to shift away from Matt's huge nuts, unfurling after having been confined in the jock all day.

Brick began leaning towards the giant phallus as though drawn by a magnet. He was jolted back to his senses when he felt Matt's hand firmly grip his shoulder. He looked up in a near panic, only to discover that the cop was using his body as a support while he stepped out of the jock. Matt straightened his body and turned to walk to the tub. As he did so, the end of his cock rose up and brushed against Brick's nose. The sweaty odor from Matt's crotch affected Brick like an instant aphrodisiac. He felt himself on the verge of abandoning all self-control.

"Would you mind getting a couple of big towels from the linen closet in the hall, Brick?" Matt asked as he leaned against the back wall of the tub enclosure and carefully stepped into the water. When Brick stood up, he was so aroused that the pressure of his jeans against his throbbing cock was all it took to force his ejaculation. He rushed out of the bath and bedroom and into the hall, where he stood gasping as his cock filled his underwear with hot cum. He quickly yanked open his jeans and pulled them from his body. He pulled his underwear off, brought the shorts to his mouth and greedily sucked the thick jizz from the cotton

Continued to page 76

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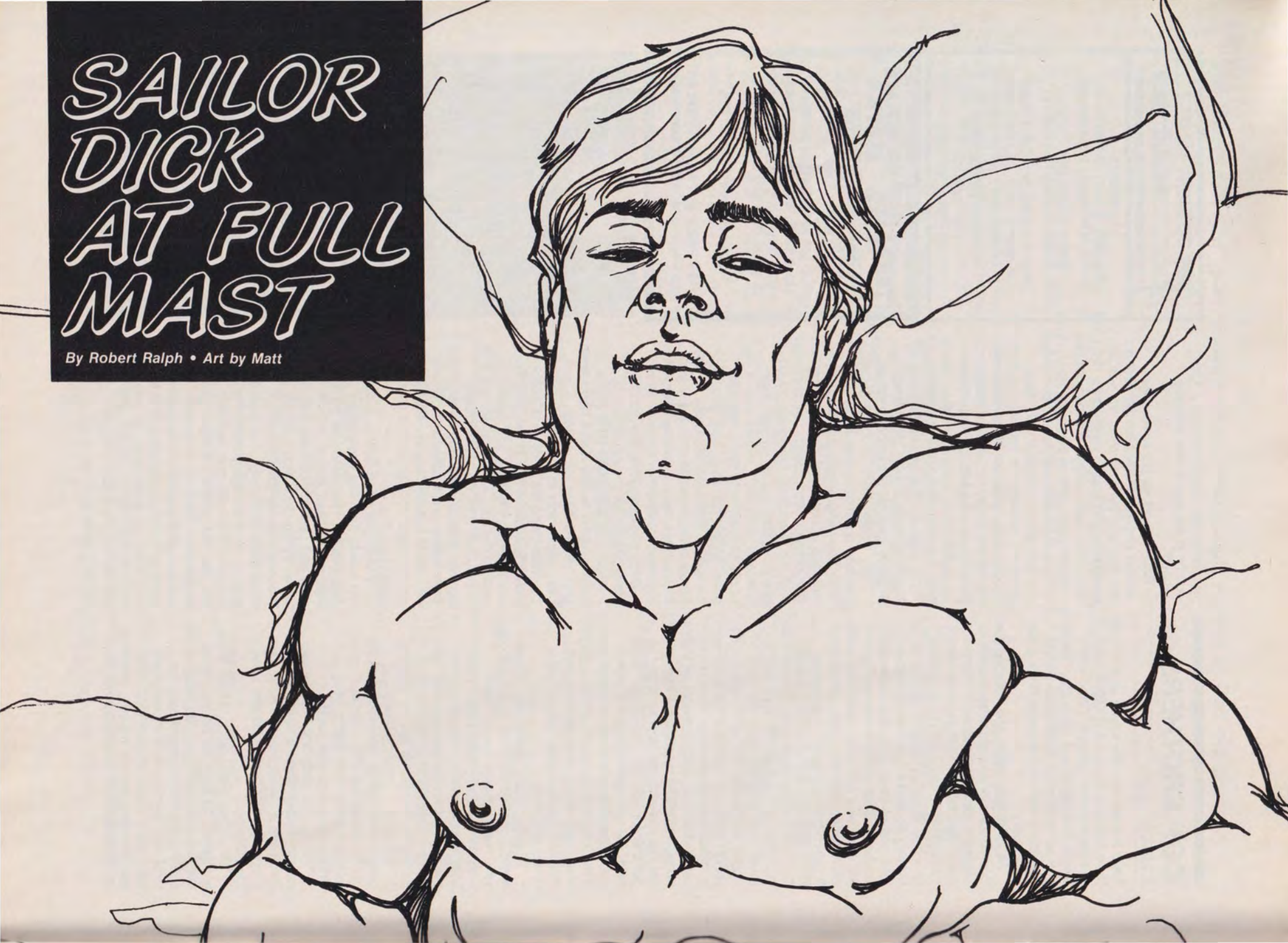
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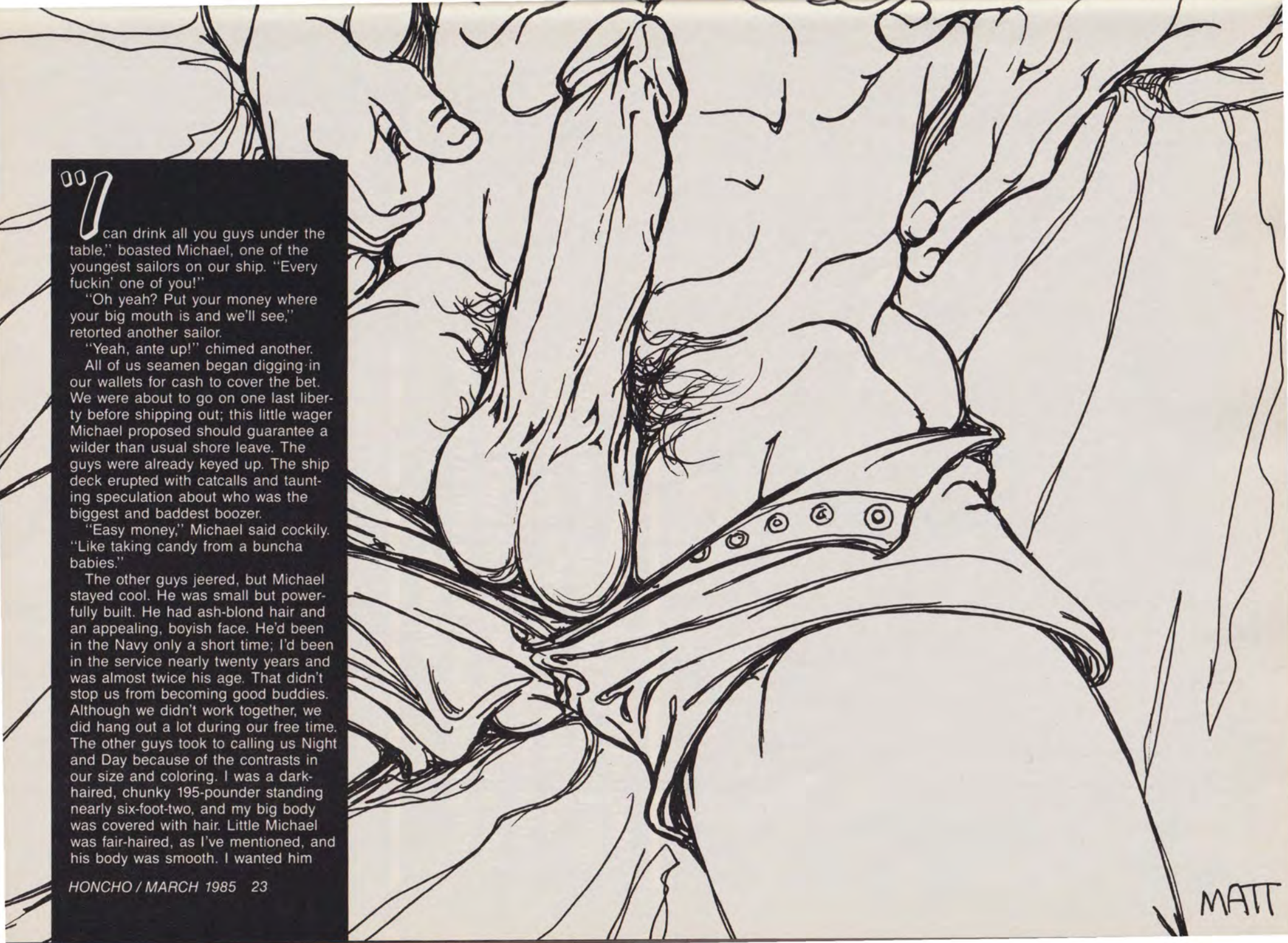


# SAILOR DICK AT FULL MAST

By Robert Ralph • Art by Matt







I can drink all you guys under the table," boasted Michael, one of the youngest sailors on our ship. "Every fuckin' one of you!"

"Oh yeah? Put your money where your big mouth is and we'll see," retorted another sailor.

"Yeah, ante up!" chimed another.

All of us seamen began digging in our wallets for cash to cover the bet. We were about to go on one last liberty before shipping out; this little wager Michael proposed should guarantee a wilder than usual shore leave. The guys were already keyed up. The ship deck erupted with catcalls and taunting speculation about who was the biggest and baddest boozier.

"Easy money," Michael said cockily. "Like taking candy from a buncha babies."

The other guys jeered, but Michael stayed cool. He was small but powerfully built. He had ash-blond hair and an appealing, boyish face. He'd been in the Navy only a short time; I'd been in the service nearly twenty years and was almost twice his age. That didn't stop us from becoming good buddies. Although we didn't work together, we did hang out a lot during our free time. The other guys took to calling us Night and Day because of the contrasts in our size and coloring. I was a dark-haired, chunky 195-pounder standing nearly six-foot-two, and my big body was covered with hair. Little Michael was fair-haired, as I've mentioned, and his body was smooth. I wanted him







badly, but I hadn't worked up the nerve to lay my cards on the table.

The morning of our leave I had gone to his bunk to rouse him. He was stretched out on his back dead to the world, naked except for his white boxer shorts. Some eight inches of hard dick poked through his fly; a mass of thick blond pubic hair nestled around its base. The circumcised dickhead resembled a fat, red mushroom. I don't like mushrooms much, but I knew I could get into eating this one. Instead, I did my best to ignore the gorgeous dick. When I woke him, he saw his exposed erection and quickly tucked it away. I enjoyed seeing him blush.

When we went ashore for our last liberty, our rowdy group descended on one of the waterfront dives that catered to Navy personnel. The place we picked was a sleazy gin mill full of smoke, sailors, and whores. Its only saving grace was the big front window. Standing or sitting near it we could watch the sun set over the ocean while we drank. The owner had lost count how many times brawls had forced him to replace the window, but he refused to have it boarded up. He said it lent his place a touch of class.

As the evening wore on, Michael proved himself to be true to his word. He kept pouring the booze down while our companions got sloppy drunk, making them easy prey for the hookers. Since pussy was the main reason most of the men had gone ashore, I couldn't feel sorry for them. Their condition simply gave the women a bargaining edge. Michael and I kept the drinking bout going, but sometime after his fourth or fifth shot of whiskey, he began to feel his booze. He started slurring his words, and he could barely stay on his barstool. I'd never seen him so drunk before. He was on the verge of slipping into total oblivion.

"Looks like you win, Larry ol' buddy," he mumbled, grabbing my arm and burying his face against my shoulder. That hot palm of his on my bicep got a rise out of my dick.

"We'll divvy up the money between us," I said, opening my legs to give my swelling meat some breathing room.

"No!" he said emphatically, knocking over his drink as he gestured. "You won it fair 'n square! S'yours, ol' buddy!"

"Say Mike, how about me finding us a room in one of the hotels up on the next block? If you lie down for a while you'll feel more like hitting the night spots later."

"Clean bed souns' like a helluva-

goodidea," he babbled.

It wasn't easy, but somehow I helped him walk the distance to the nearby hotel. As we navigated our way down the narrow hall to our cheap room, Michael suddenly started acting wild. He thrashed about, and even swung at me. I forcefully shoved him against the wall.

"Take it easy!" I ordered. "We're almost there. Get a grip!"

"Sorry buddy," he said, all shame-faced. "Mus' be the booze."

He flashed me his boyish smile and my dick sprang up like a battering ram. I had barely gotten him inside the room when he started acting crazy again. He tried to take a punch at me again, but I easily blocked his arm.

"You need some sleep!" I said sharply, trying to cool him down.

"No," he mumbled. "Tha's not what I need." He waved his arms. "I need, I need..."

"Some fuckin' shut-eye!"

I sat him down on the bed and removed his necktie, and then his shirt. His broad shoulders and muscular chest made my mouth water. He looked so helpless—and appealing—in his stupor. My dick throbbed hard against the inside of my thigh. If Michael had been sober, he'd have

effort. I took off his shoes and socks and then hesitated. It was so tempting—him sprawled there, half-naked and looking asleep. My dick was completely hard. Should I strip him naked? I debated the pros and cons with myself, but desire easily overcame all argument. I'd waited too long to stop now.

Slowly, I unbuttoned the snow-white trousers and removed them. I rested my hot hands on his muscular thighs, inflamed by the feel of that silky smooth skin. The sheerness of his boxer shorts revealed the twin mounds of his balls as well as his limp dick. The surrounding hair made a dark patch through the whiteness. I hesitated no longer and began to ease down his underwear. The trail of blond hair from his navel thickened as I exposed more of his abdomen, until it spread broadly into a thick forest. His dick and balls came free and I had him completely naked. It was more appealing than I thought. God, what a beautiful sight! I ran my hands up his thighs and across his stomach, still avoiding what I wanted to touch the most. I spread those heavy legs and tied each ankle with one of his socks to the footboard. With shaking hands, I stripped to my shorts and sat down to

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***My sailor buddy had drunk himself into a stupor, and it was a good thing he had; otherwise, he would have seen my dick throbbing against the inside of my thigh. I'm well-hung, and dress whites make a hard-on mighty obvious.***

---

seen it. I'm well-hung, and the dress whites make a hard-on mighty obvious.

"Come on, Larry!" he said, swiping at me from a sitting position. "Let's mix it up a few rounds!"

"Settle down, sailor!"

I grabbed his wrists and we fell back onto the bed. He kept cavorting and flailing at me with clenched fists. The scent of his young, hard body had me on fire. I held him as best I could, squirming though he was, and finally secured both his hands with his necktie and bound them tightly over his head to one of the spokes in the ancient iron headboard. He lay still, seeming to have passed out from the

smoke a cigarette, trying to compose myself. Michael's even breathing suggested he had begun to sleep it off. It seemed almost unbelievable, being alone with Michael and enjoying him to my heart's content, after I'd dreamed about it so long. As I watched him, my dick thumped in my pants, demanding attention.

I ground out my half-smoked cigarette and sat on the edge of the bed. Michael's body radiated heat. My temples pounded and sweat ran into my eyes. I leaned across his muscle-corded chest and spat onto one of his nipples. The bubbly fluid spread out and covered it. Gingerly, I took the tit





MATT



between two fingers. As I squeezed, the flesh grew hard and stood up nearly a quarter of an inch, a stiff little cylinder. I repeated my action with his other nipple. I bent down and licked around it, moving my tongue across his pecs and up his neck. The patch of golden hair under his arms attracted my attention and I lightly touched my tongue to it. He moved a little when I did that and I thought he might be waking up. I stopped, but he made no more sounds.

Like a punctured glue tube, his dick began to leak a sticky fluid, as my tongue continued on its course. I dribbled saliva into the deep recesses of his navel and worked my tongue into its depression. Michael's dick began to expand and bob up and down, disgorging more dick juice. His cock moved again, the sticky strand seeming to tie it to his stomach. My spit-wet fingers touched his abdomen and brushed against the delta of pubic hair. I buried my tongue in his navel and ran my hands under his hard calves. His dick was almost at full-mast. As I sucked his nuts, they instantly drew close to his body. I wasn't sure if the sounds he was making were snores or moans of pleasure. His dick kept growing until it was completely erect. A puddle of pre-cum glistened on his stomach while his dick continued to leak more of the sticky stuff.

I took his cockshaft in my hand and smeared it with his pre-cum. The big meat burned feverishly. Its reddened head had expanded, and the neatly-clipped flesh looked like it had been sculpted from stone. All the lines of the corona merged at the open piss-hole. If ever a cock begged to be sucked, this one did.

Like a gourmet about to savor a superb delicacy, I slowly slipped Michael's huge piece into my mouth. As my lips closed around it, his chest heaved with labored breaths. I took his dick out of my mouth and lightly ran my wet fingers over its pulsing hardness. His entire body tensed, straining at its bonds. I licked the dick from root to head, and Michael emitted a long, rumbling moan. When I flicked my tongue over the drooling head, he clenched his fists. The signs were unmistakable: he was on the verge of shooting his load. I stopped my mouthwork and held his steaming rod in my fist, blowing lightly on it to cool it off. Michael arched his back up from the bed as his cock pulsated in my hand. Too late to stop now! As he groaned, sticky juice poured from his dickhead

and washed over my fingers. Another groan, and he began to fire his load violently. The cum spurted everywhere, landing on his chest and running down his belly to his sides. I jacked him until the yogurt-colored jizz turned crystal-clear. Then I licked his body clean of the stuff. The mingled tastes of his cum and sweat was an instant aphrodisiac. I had to get out of my pants, quick.

The front of my undershorts was damp. I pulled them off and tossed them on the floor. Then I shed my shirt and t-shirt. Naked, I returned to Michael. After loosening the bonds around his ankles (I left his hands tied) I turned him over and shoved a pillow under his belly. The blond dunes of his asscheeks were perfectly positioned. I parted them until I got a good look at the red-eye of his asshole.

"Okay, little buddy," I whispered as I smeared a big gob of my spit on his hole. "I'm gonna have my way with you, at long last! You can give your soul to God 'cause tonight your ass is mine!"

I probed the inner corridor of his ass with my spit-lubed finger. His chute opened easily, as if welcoming me. Fucking Michael would be a piece of cake. I climbed up on top of him, took

hopped on the bed and mounted him again. I fucked with wide, circular strokes, stretching his tight ass. This time I would pace myself better. I savored every sensation, every delicious thrust. When I came it was less frantic than the first time, but much more satisfying. When I stopped shooting, I fell on him in an exhausted heap. After I pulled out I sniffed his fresh-fucked hole. I couldn't resist wiping it clean with my tongue.

I guess I fucked Michael three or four more times that night, until I simply couldn't get another hard-on. My poor dick actually felt bruised, and my knees trembled. When I untied Michael's hands and feet and moved his body to his side of the bed, I discovered a big, gooey stain on the sheets. He had shot his load while I was fucking him. I touched the now-cool gob of jizz and put my wet finger in my mouth. Delicious. I reluctantly left him there and went into the bathroom to wash up. When I returned, I climbed into bed and quickly dozed off. Some hours later I was awakened by the sound of the shower. I shook my groggy head and glanced at my watch. It was four in the morning. Michael emerged from the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his slim waist. He was smiling happily.

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***"Okay, little buddy," I whispered as I smeared a big gob of my spit on his hole. "You can give your soul to God 'cause tonight your ass is mine!"***

---

my raging dick in hand and plugged it into his receptive pit. My entire body quivered when I entered him. His sphincter worked my meat as if it had a mind of its own, tightening around the shaft, and then relaxing. Soon—too soon—I felt that familiar tingling sensation at the base of my dick. "No!" I told myself. "Not yet!" I tried to fight back my orgasm, but it was too late. I held onto Michael's strong shoulders as my jism poured out in staccato bursts. It had taken me only a minute or two to unload. I'd wanted him that much. When I finished, I sadly climbed off him and found myself a cigarette.

Michael lay inert on the bed, still out cold. As I smoked, I stared at him, my free hand toying with my wilted rod. When I saw my load of cum trickle out of his splendid ass, my dick went bone-hard. I put out the cigarette,

"Okay, buddy," he said brightly. "Time to get dressed and hit the town." He seemed none the worse for the wear and tear. I was certain his ass must have hurt at least a little, but if so, he said not a word about it.

"Hey, c'mon," he urged while I lay in bed, exhausted. "I wanna take in some more of the local watering holes before we go back to the ship."

"But aren't you..."

"I feel fine! he exclaimed. "Never better! Guess I must've, ah, slept it off." A mischievous grin spread across his well-scrubbed face. I groaned, and hauled my ass out of bed.

We hit the streets, and several more bars. I'd handled the earlier drinking bout pretty well, but this one left me reeling. Michael kept throwing down the booze as if Prohibition were coming back tomorrow. It seemed like the more he drank, the more sober and





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together he became.

"Say man," I finally protested as we headed from one bar to another.  
"You're killing me! I gotta get some rest tonight!"

"Sure, sure," he laughed. "You old farts need your sleep."

"Little bastard," I said. He was crazily cavorting out of my reach as we made our way down a narrow, deserted street. "C'mon, let's get back to the hotel. I've had enough!" To my surprise—and gratitude—he agreed. But I was puzzled. Michael had put away twice as much liquor as he had earlier in the evening, yet here he was, still on his feet and in control. Strange.

"I'm curious about something," I said as we climbed the hotel stairs.

"And what's that?"

"When we got into town tonight, it didn't take much booze to do you in."

"Think so?" he chuckled.

"Well, that's what it looked like."

"Looks can be deceiving, pal."

He paused in the dimly-lit hallway and stared at me. Then he smiled warmly. He took off his tie and handed it to me. Standing on tiptoes, he wrapped his arms around my neck. The kiss he planted on my mouth was hot and wet.

"Holy shit," I whispered.

"I had to think of something," he confessed, "so we could get away from the others. Didn't want them to get suspicious."

We had barely gotten inside the room and locked the door before he stripped off his uniform and climbed all over me.

"Michael," I lamely protested. "I'm all fucked out!"

"So? There's a lot more we can do together. And besides, we got plenty of time before we have to get back to the ship."

"I need sleep, dammit!"

"You can sleep when we're on the ship!" He shoved me forward, and I toppled onto the bed. He, of course, got in with me.

"And another thing," he began, adopting a mock-stern tone. "It ain't only my ass that belongs to you, stud-meat!" His lips meshed with mine in a passionate kiss.

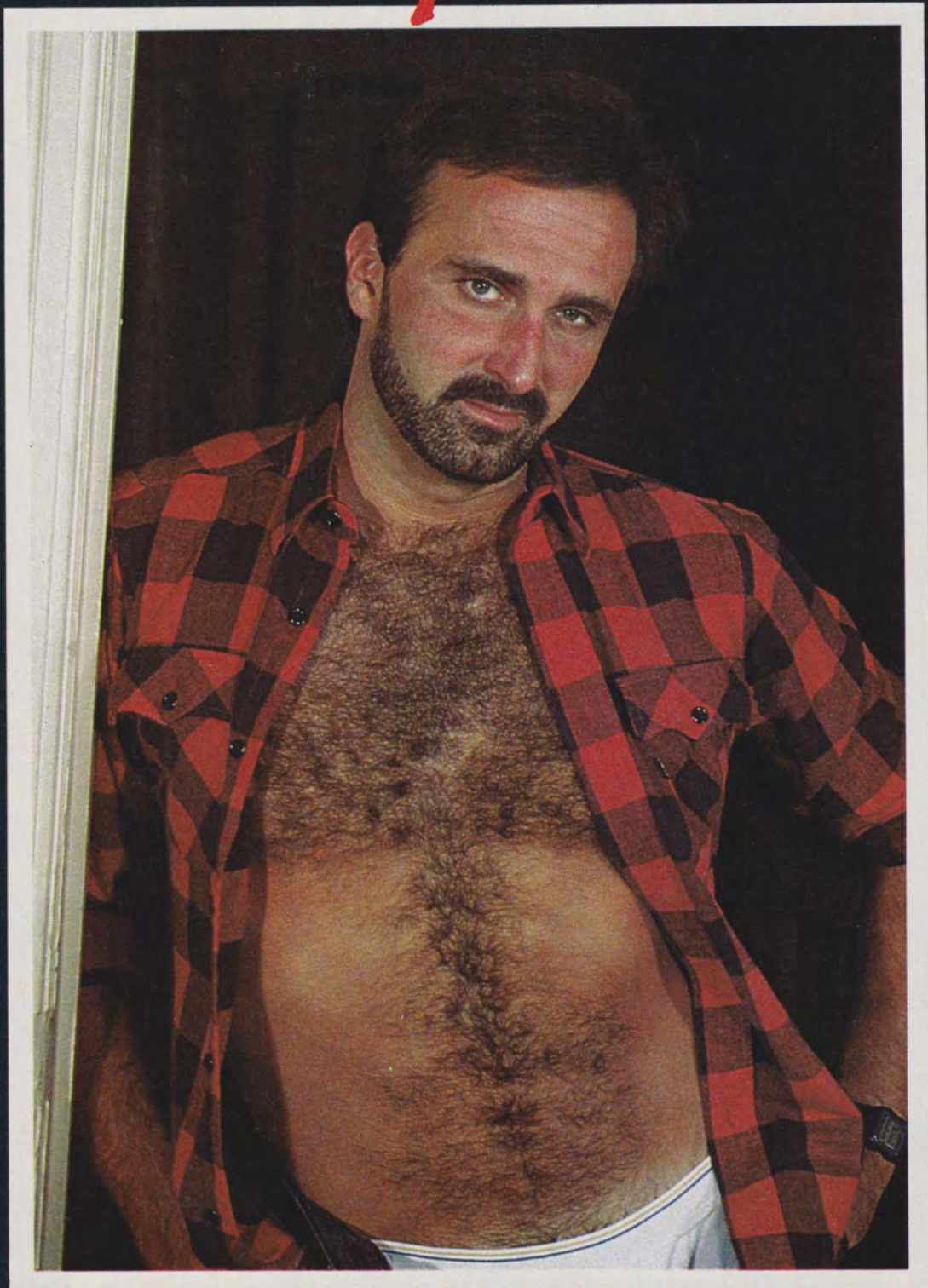
"Why, you damn little conniver!" I exclaimed as I groped his hardening dick.

"And what about your rest?" he teased.

As I unbuckled his belt and tore at the catch of his pants, I suddenly felt completely revived. ■



# *STAYING POWER*

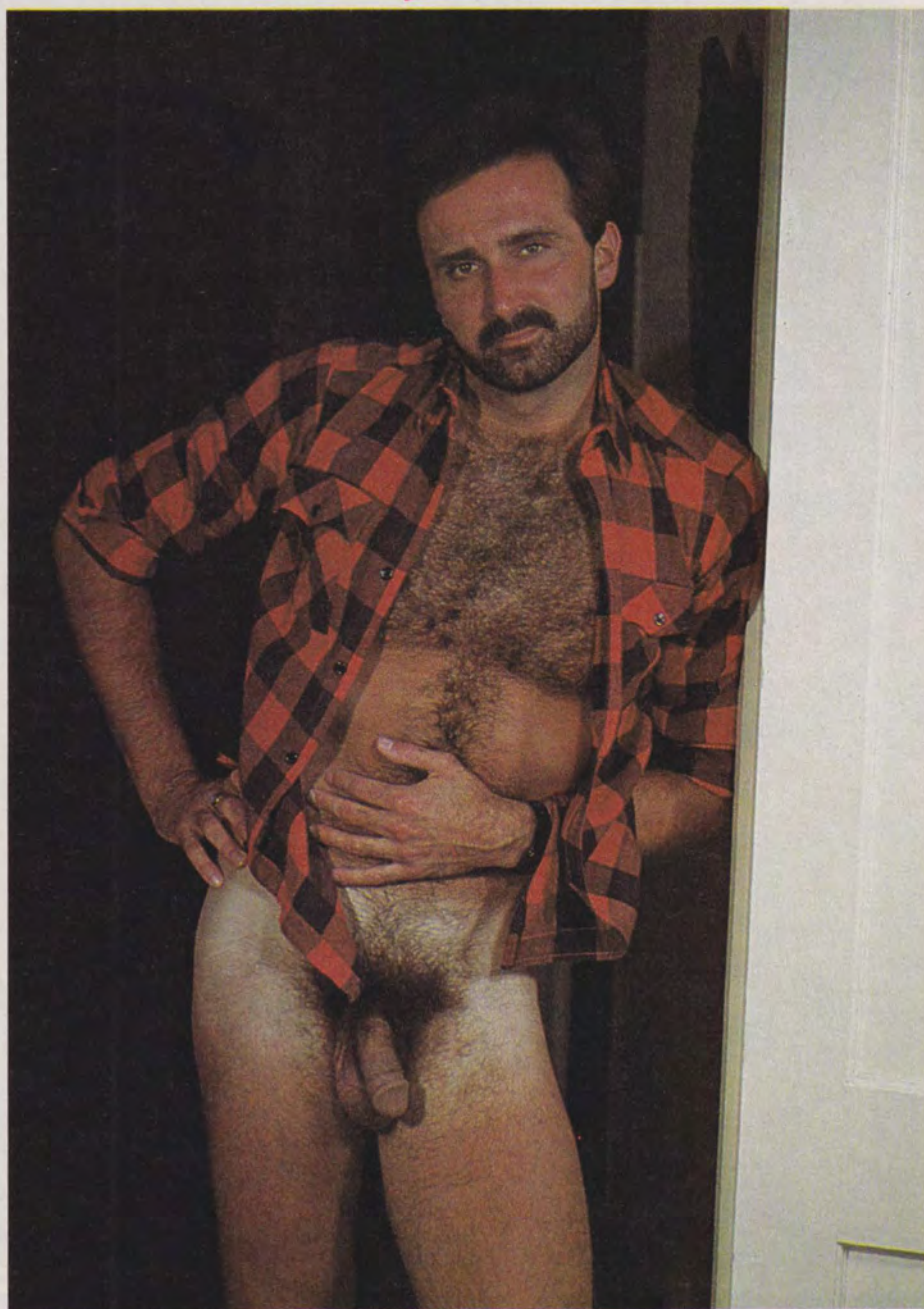


**THERE'S LOTS TO BE SAID IN PRAISE OF THE FRISKY YOUNG COLTS, BUT FOR SHEER STAYING POWER THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A MATURE STUD. TO PARAPHRASE AN OLD BLUES SONG, WHO DOESN'T LIKE A MAN WHAT TAKES HIS TIME?**

**SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROMEO**



# *STAYING POWER*



**STAN'S THE KIND OF GUY WHO LOVES TO TAKE THINGS AT A SLOW, EASY PACE. HE BELIEVES ALL GOOD THINGS ARE WORTH WAITING FOR. SO BY THE TIME HE DROPPED HIS PANTS, YOU WERE STANDING THERE WITH DRY MOUTH AND WET JOCKEYS.**









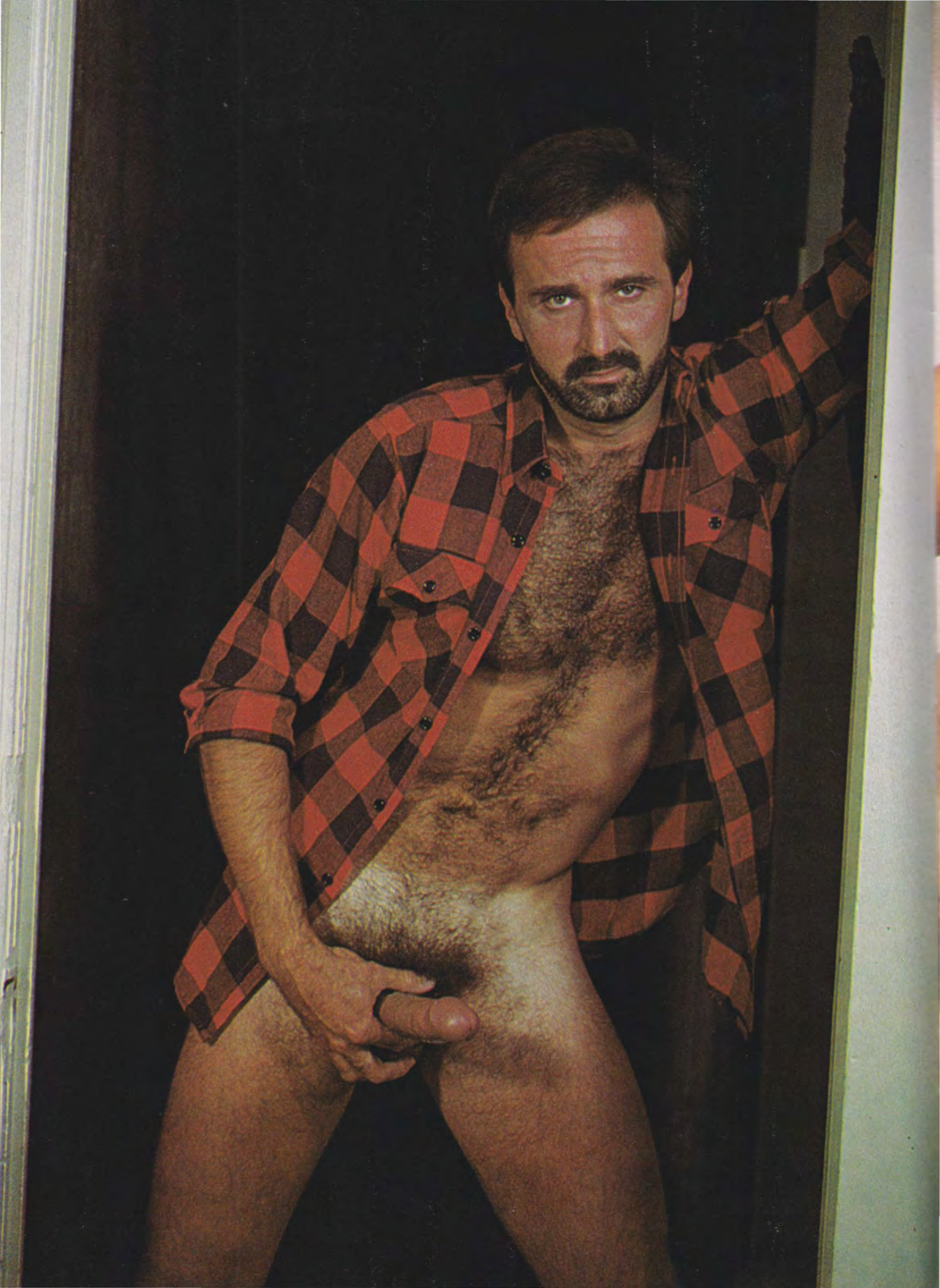


# *STAYING POWER*



**ONCE YOU GOT PAST THE HANDSOME FACE AND HAIRY CHEST, YOU FOUND A ROUND, MEATY ASS THAT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO RESIST. THEN YOU MOVED TO THE FORE AND GOT ACQUAINTED WITH HIS DICK.**







# STAYING POWER



**YOU ATE LIKE A PIG, HOLDING ON TO STAN'S SINEWY THIGHS WHILE YOU GOBBLED. A TAP ON THE HEAD TORE YOU AWAY FROM THE FEAST. "SLOW DOWN, BABY," HE GROWLED. "NO NEED TO GULP YOUR FOOD, 'CAUSE THERE'S ENOUGH MEAT TO LAST ALL NIGHT LONG."**









**"Shit, man, it's only been a few weeks since Joanie and I split up. I've just got to get some relief, and soon."**

**As Matt spoke, the bloated head of his thick meat inched out from beneath the leg of his white shorts.**

## **DICKS ON DECK**

**by Doug Thomas**

**Illustration by Richard Rosenfeld**

Breathing a sigh of relief at having successfully survived yet another Friday afternoon rush hour, J.T. climbed wearily from his small sports car and glanced around the condominium parking lot. Instantly he lusted after the sleek 21-foot sailboat trailered there, wishing it were his. He lusted even more after the sun-bronzed specimen adjusting the sloop's rigging and wished that he were his as well.

In the week since that tall, muscled blond had moved into the condo across the alley from him, J.T. had tried every way he could think of—without success—to casually bump into him. At last, here was the chance he'd been waiting for, hoping for.

He ran his fingers through his coarse brown hair and gulped down the lump in his throat. "Hi," J.T. called up to the barechested sailor on the foredeck, introducing himself. "Your ship's certainly a beauty." The real



beauty he found himself focusing on was the fleshy bulge scarcely concealed beneath the weekend skipper's sweat-transparent gym shorts.

"Matt's the name," the blond responded to the enthusiastic greeting, flashing a toothy grin. "Glad you like my little toy. Come on aboard." Matt walked aft and extended a hand to help J.T. struggle onto the trailer, over the gunwale and into the cockpit. Chuckling at J.T.'s awkwardness, he said, "It's a lot easier to get on in the water."

"It was worth the climb," J.T. assured him. "This is really something." The teak deck, the highly polished brass fittings, every tanned, rugged inch of Matt's body—nothing escaped J.T.'s attention or interest.

"I see you love sailing as much as I do," Matt said as he bent over to adjust a turnbuckle. "Do you have much experience?"

Faced with the sight of Matt's firm, rounded ass a mere arm's length away, J.T. found it difficult to concentrate on the conversation and struggled for an answer. "Nothing to boast about," he admitted. "It's been quite a few years, and never in a boat like this. Still, I do know that this model doesn't come equipped so luxuriously. You've really put in a lot of time and

J.T. loosened his tie and quickly unbuttoned his vest.

As his host produced the beer, J.T.'s eyes riveted on Matt's hand. Damn! How had he failed to notice that onerous gold band before. Married! J.T. felt his heart, and his dick, sink.

"Yeah," Matt continued, sitting down on the bunk opposite him, "my wife and I have had some mighty good times on this boat, but then I'm sure you know what I mean."

J.T. found Matt's comradely, two-straight-studs-on-the-town attitude wearing his nerves thin. "Well no, not really," he answered. "I'm not married."

Matt took a long pull on his beer and sized up J.T. "Smart man to keep your freedom. Still, you're a pretty good looking guy. I'll bet you've seen quite a bit of action in your time."

J.T. suddenly felt like a schoolboy, embarrassed by the turn of the conversation. Worse, he felt himself actually beginning to blush. The last thing he wanted to talk to this golden sea god about was fucking broads.

"Hey, man," Matt said, "don't get me wrong. Marriage is great, or at least it can be. Joanie and I've had a lot of good times, right here in this very cabin as a matter of fact. She's really a great crew. Talk about having

J.T., spread his legs and casually shoved his distended rod back into the confines of his shorts. "I just can't seem to control it lately. Shit, man, it's only been a few weeks since Joanie and I split up. I've just got to get some relief, and soon, but I'm not quite ready for the singles bar scene yet. Hey! Maybe you can fix me up with one of the chicks here at the complex."

Was there no end to this frustration? "Sure," J.T. mumbled. "I'll see what I can do."

"You know, J.T.," Matt said, "I'm really enjoying the hell out of this, but I've got to get back to work on that rigging. There's still a few more things to do before I can put her back in the water tomorrow. Say, if you're interested in coming along, we'll take her out for the day. I'd like the company, and I could sure use you to crew for me. What do you say?"

"Well, I won't make any promises about my sailing abilities anymore. Remember, it's been quite a while, but if you'll be patient with me, I'd love to go with you."

"Great! See you in the morning then."

As J.T. made his way through his front door he couldn't help but wonder where he'd gone wrong. At least if he couldn't have Matt, he could have a pleasant day sailing. Fix him up with a date? Not on your life! If Matt was all that horny, J.T. reasoned, maybe he wouldn't mind what hole he poked his big, hot dick into, and it might as well be one or both of his.

Anxious for what the morning might bring, J.T. spent a restless night. From his bedroom window he saw the now deserted sailboat, but in his mind he saw Matt and, snaking its way along Matt's downy thigh, that juicy mouthful of meat. Hanging there so plump and inviting, it begged to be sucked. J.T. reached for the tube on his bedside table, squeezed out a large glob into the palm of his hand, closed his eyes and thought about Matt. His warm, greasy fist felt good stroking his rigid cock. He pumped slowly down the long, pulsing column to let his fingers prod and twist his aching nuts. Then he tugged upward to knead his bloated, bulbous dickhead. His gentle moans ripened into sharp gasps from the friction of his tightly clenched fist. As he thrashed and bucked his hips he felt his cum begin to bubble deep within his balls. Then it gushed into and through his shaft, erupting high into the air and landing on his hairy chest. Relieved, he rolled onto his

---

**"Oh hell, you're just being modest," Matt said. "I'll bet yours is every bit as big as mine. Come on, get out of those clothes and let's see."**

---

work outfitting her."

Pleased by the compliment, and by J.T.'s discerning appreciation, Matt was suddenly more eager than ever to show off his craftsmanship. "You got time for the fifty cent tour?" he asked.

"I wouldn't miss it for the world," J.T. said while thinking to *hell with the boat*; what he wanted was a closer inspection of that yardarm between Matt's beefy thighs.

"How about a beer?" Matt asked him when they finished their tour below deck, ending up in the comfortably appointed cabin. "She'll sleep six, or so they tell me, but quite frankly," he added with a wink, "I prefer twosomes."

J.T. perked up; there was hope for this weekend after all. His dick agreed as, hidden beneath his three-piece suit, eight swollen inches began to throb. His composure deserting him,

a natural instinct for sailing. She's one of that rare breed who can see the wind. Unfortunately, we found out that's about all we have in common. I guess it takes more than a good sail and a good fuck to make a good marriage. So," he said, waving his wedding ring in J.T.'s face, "in a few more weeks this comes off, and I'll be a free man once again."

When Matt stood up, J.T.'s hopes were immediately revived. "Would you look at that," Matt said, handing his guest a second beer. J.T. didn't have to be told twice. Inching down Matt's inner thigh, the bloated head of thick, uncut cock protruded blatantly from beneath the leg of his white shorts. So near! J.T. licked his lips as he watched the blond's rubbery foreskin ease back to reveal a blunt, crimson tip.

"Damned thing's got a mind of its own," Matt said. He sat across from



stomach, luxuriating in the sensation of sticky cum oozing between the cool sheet and his hot belly. Still, thoughts of Matt robbed him of sleep.

At the first sign of daylight, J.T. could wait no longer. He showered off the crusty remnants of the night and dressed in jockstrap, his tightest cut-offs and tank top. Surveying himself in the full-length bathroom mirror, he was satisfied with the way the shirt showed off his firm pecs and let his dark curly chest hairs bunch over the top of the scooped neck. He dug his hand into his shorts and arranged his meat again to form a bulge that would capture Matt's attention. With a final glance in the mirror, J.T. grabbed a windbreaker and headed out to the parking lot.

"Good morning, skipper," he called out to Matt, who was already hitching the boat trailer to his truck.

Bent over to hook up the brake lights, Matt was shirtless, wearing only tattered cut-offs and, as J.T. could plainly see through a small tear in the faded denim, nothing underneath.

"Good," Matt called back. "I see you've got the right attitude. Proper respect for your skipper is the most important thing you can know about sailing." Goodnaturedly he added, "Just remember that once on the boat, my word is law. You do everything I say without question or hesitation. Agreed?"

Was it only wishful thinking on J.T.'s part, or had Matt really added a slightly wicked emphasis to that *everything*?

At the lake, it took both men's sweat and muscle to raise the mast and fit the forestay and shrouds, but within an hour they launched the boat, motored out beyond the jetty and hoisted sail. J.T. was pleased that his past sailing knowledge and experience came back to him so readily. When Matt sang out "lee-oh!" he stepped lively from port to starboard and moved to sheet in the jib for the change of tack. At his skipper's command to "gybe-oh!" J.T. found himself slamming the boom across the leeward with ease. They worked well together. J.T., increasingly confident in Matt's prowess as a helmsman, soon found he could almost anticipate Matt's directions, and Matt more than once complimented J.T. on his quick thinking and skillful execution. Putting the boat through her paces was strenuous but exhilarating work, and it kept J.T.'s mind occupied. After a few hours Matt suggested a breather and a break for lunch. They anchored the boat in a small cove Matt discovered and

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lowered the sails. "Nothing fancy," Matt apologized after going below and returning with their lunch, "just sandwiches and beer, but there's plenty of both. We can kick back and relax for awhile, maybe even go for a swim before we take the boat back in later this afternoon. I think I've had enough sailing for one day. How about you?"

J.T. was overjoyed at the prospect of a lazy afternoon with Matt in a private, secluded cove. He wondered just how much beer Matt had brought and hoped it would be enough to get him horny.

"Let's take this stuff up to the foredeck," Matt suggested. "This cockpit's a little cramped. Up on deck we can stretch out and catch a few rays while we're at it."

"Sounds fine to me," J.T. answered, barely able to contain his excitement as he skinned off his shirt.

After his third sandwich and as many beers Matt sprawled back lazily on the deck, intoxicatingly close to J.T., and spread his legs wide. "You know, J.T., I guess I'm really pretty lucky—even considering the divorce and all. I mean, today has been great. It's the best day I've had in quite a while. Imagine, I just moved into the condo and already I've found me a really terrific new sailing buddy. We'll have to make this a regular thing."

"I'm glad you feel that way, Matt, but I'm the one who should be thanking you," J.T. said, hoping he'd have even more to thank his new friend for before the day was over.

"Damn! Just look at that," Matt said, nodding down toward his crotch. Once again, his thickening fuck-tool was sticking out a good three inches below the leg of the ragged cut-offs. "There's something about beer and sun that makes me just horny as hell," he sighed. Matt grabbed his bloated dick-head and pulled the foreskin back and forth a few times to expose the fat, purple knob. "You remember when we were kids?" he asked nonchalantly. "At least I guess it was probably the same for you. Anyway, when you couldn't find a nice warm pussy to fuck, you'd get together with your best buddy and jerk-off. I mean, there's nothing queer about that or anything. Right, buddy?"

Matt shifted his piercing stare to meet J.T.'s widening eyes as though waiting for an answer, but before J.T. could respond, Matt stood up. "Man, that beer is really getting to me," he announced. "I've just got to piss." He unzipped his fly, stepped over J.T. and aimed his dick over the leeward side of the boat.

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Slavering at the sight of Matt's high-arching golden gusher, J.T. knew it was time to make his move. "Hell, man," he ventured, "I'll bet you could put out a five-alarm blaze with that fuckin' firehose."

"You think so?" Matt asked, both pleased and amused by the attention. He shook off the last few glistening drops and turned to face J.T. "You know, buddy, it's the damndest thing. This here fellow is one of the things Joanie and I used to fight about. She always said it was too big. Can you imagine that? What do you think?" Matt arrogantly hefted his meat in his palm for J.T.'s inspection.

"I think it's the biggest damn dick I've ever seen," J.T. said as he stood up, "and I certainly can't imagine anyone complaining about that."

"Oh hell, you're just being modest," Matt said. "I'll bet yours is every bit as big as mine. You remember that game we all played as kids? You know, who's got the biggest? Come on, get out of those clothes and let's see."

J.T. didn't waste a second getting out of his shorts and jockstrap, while Matt dropped his own cut-offs and moved closer to his new friend. Facing him, Matt grasped both hardening rods together in his big fist. He squeezed and stroked and compared. "Well, I guess you're right," he said. "It looks like I am bigger, but damn it, not by much. That means I win the game, doesn't it? Tell me, buddy, what do you think the winner ought to get for his

Matt's heavy, furry balls against his chin.

"Oh, buddy, damn, that feels good! Nobody has ever been able to take all of me like that before. What did I ever do without you? Oh yeah! Suck it, man. Suck that big dick!"

J.T. needed no prompting as he eased Matt deeper into his throat. Lightly clenching the vein-ridged flesh with his teeth, he pulled the skin back up over the pulsing tip. He sucked hard at the pre-cum oozing from the pouting piss slit, dug his tongue under the foreskin to swirl repeatedly around the inflamed corona, and abruptly gulped the convulsing cock back down to the root.

"Oh hell, that's not just beginner's luck. You do that too good," Matt said. He grabbed J.T. roughly by the back of the head and pulled his dick away. "I can't hold back much longer, and you make it feel so good I want it to last. Do my balls, man. Do my balls!"

Matt's heavy-laden nuts were already tightening in their pouch, ready to explode. J.T. struggled to capture them both, but he could do little more than open-mouthedly bounce them against the base of Matt's dick, which now twitched and slapped J.T. in the face.

J.T. reached up his hands to Matt's smooth, golden chest, found the budding tits and, pinching them hard, rolled them between his thumbs and fingers.

"Stop!" Matt cried out. "I want to

nique, but he backed his ass against Matt's face anyway to feel that swirling, drooling tongue. "Now?" Matt asked breathlessly.

"I'm as ready as I'll ever be, stud. Damn, I want to feel your big dick up my ass, even if it splits me open. Now, Matt! Fuck me!"

Matt grabbed J.T. around the waist and poised his seething poker. "Hang on, buddy, I'm going to fuck you like you've never been fucked before," he promised. Matt rammed his entire eight inches forward until his balls slammed against J.T.'s ass. The sudden, brutal thrust made J.T. cry out. "I'm sorry, buddy, I didn't mean to hurt you," Matt said with genuine concern as he started to pull out. J.T. flung his arms behind him, grabbing Matt by the hips, and arched back against Matt's hard body. "No! Don't take it out, I love it. Ram it in. Fuck me!"

That was all the encouragement Matt needed to drive his big meat back into J.T.'s tight, wet cavern. He was too hot and too near to blasting his nuts for a slow, easy fuck. He bucked and lunged wildly, pulling out almost completely, then slamming it back home. "Hang on, buddy, that sweet ass of yours is just too fuckin' much for me. I'm going to come! I can't hold it back!" With one final deep thrust Matt erupted, shooting a geyser of cum into J.T.'s clutching manhole. J.T. clamped his ass around Matt's spurting cock to milk every precious drop. Together they collapsed to the deck.

Lying with his full, exhausted weight against J.T.'s back, Matt continued pumping lazily into the tight ass that had just drained him dry. He kissed J.T. on the neck. "Oh, man, I never knew what I've been missing all these years. You're so fuckin' good. I don't know quite how to ask you this, but do you think there's any way I could take you like that? I've just got to know how it feels, and I really want to try it with you."

With his still raging cock crushed hard against the sun-warmed deck, J.T. was more than willing to oblige. He rolled the big, blond stud onto his back and shouldered Matt's legs high into the air. He rubbed his sweat-slick rod against Matt's virgin asshole and slowly slipped it in.

"Oh damn, buddy, it is wild!" Matt gasped. "Keep fucking me like this, and you've got yourself half interest in my boat."

"All I want," J.T. answered, plowing Matt's ass with deep, gentle strokes, "is full interest in you... skipper." ■

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***Matt's heavy-laden nuts were already tightening in their pouch, ready to explode. His partner struggled to capture them both, but his mouth wasn't big enough.***

---

prize?"

Wordlessly, J.T. dropped to his knees, pushed back Matt's elastic foreskin as far as it would go to completely expose the throat-clogging purple head and the gaping piss slit. He quickly licked up and down to smear his saliva on all sides of Matt's jerking pole, stretched wide his mouth and swallowed the horsecock down to the base. He nuzzled against the lush blond hairs to breathe in Matt's heady virile aroma of salt, sweat and sex juice. He jounced the full weight of

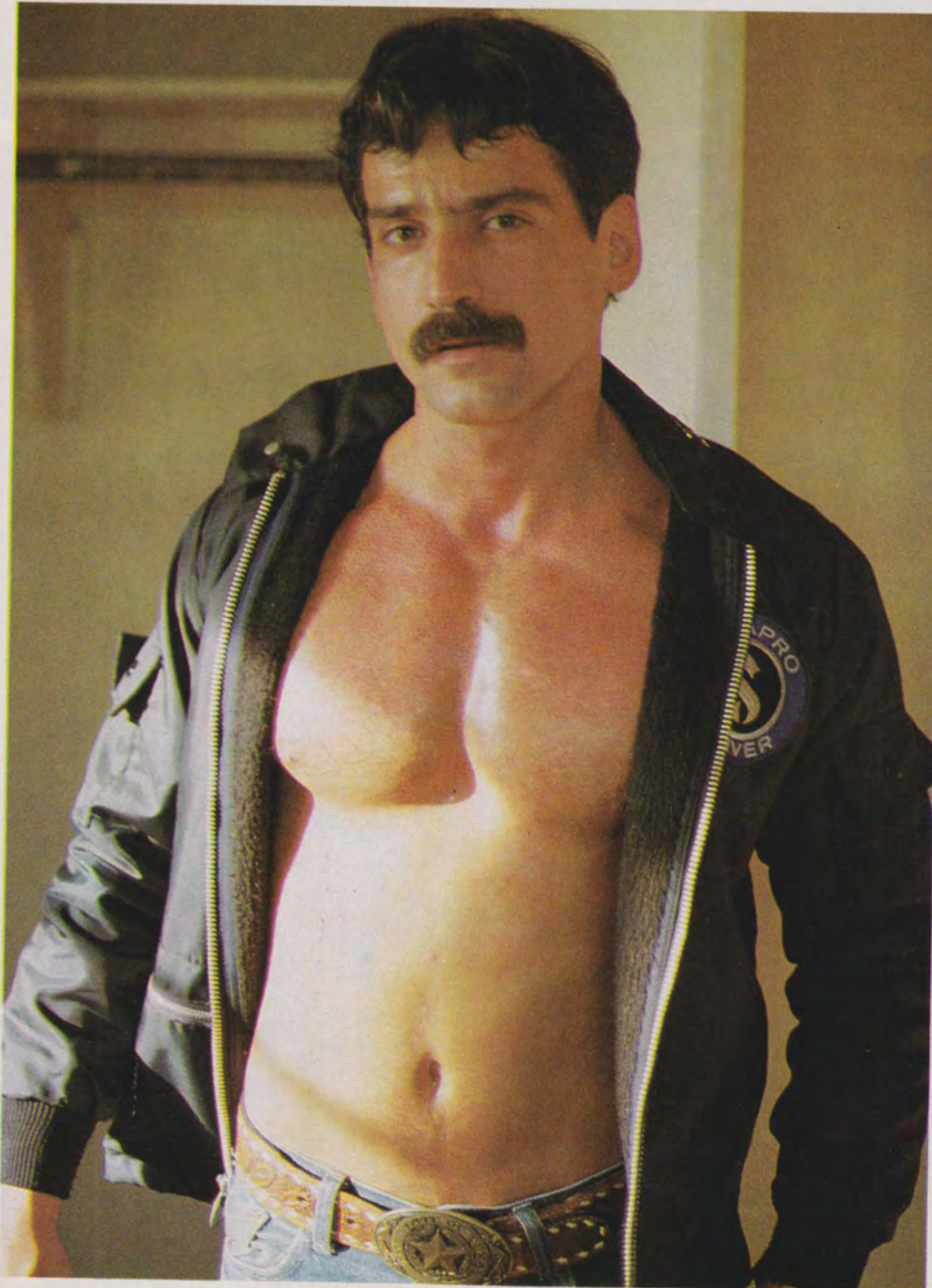
fuck you. I've got to feel that tight ass of yours squeezing my dick!"

J.T. stood up slowly. He wanted it, but he was hesitant. "There's no way I can take that monster up my ass without something to lube it up a bit first," he told Matt.

"Bend over!" Matt rasped. He grabbed J.T.'s ass cheeks and bent forward from his waist. Matt licked and slobbered at the hair-fringed asshole, then before he could lose his nerve he shoved his tongue in as deeply as he could. J.T. winced at the clumsy tech-



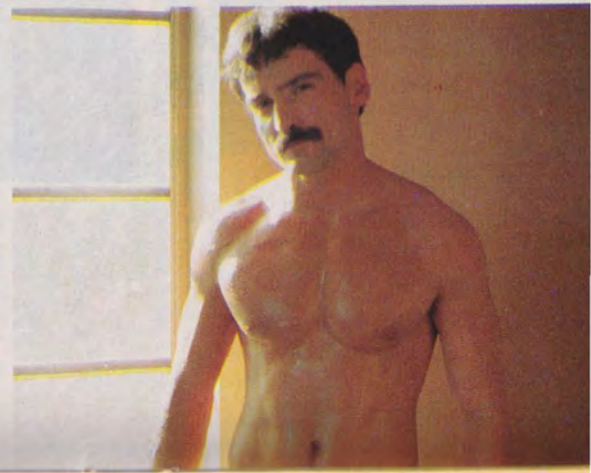
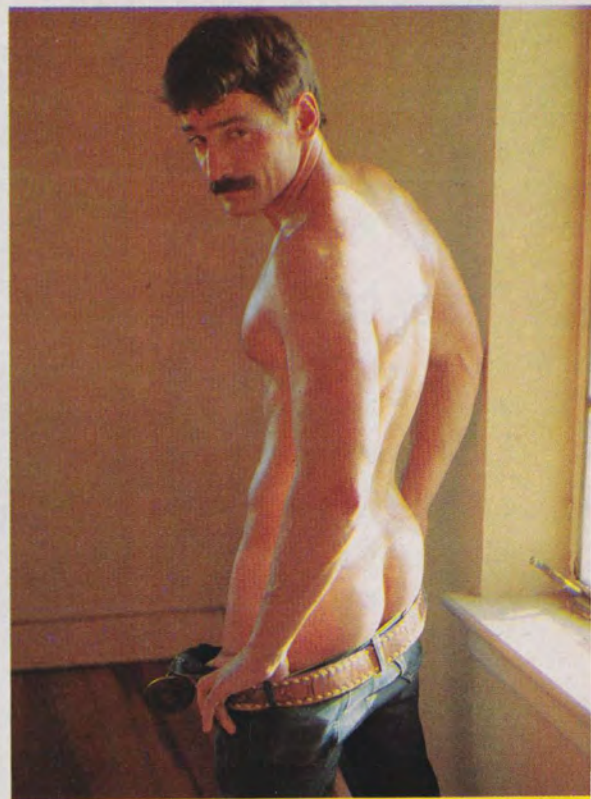
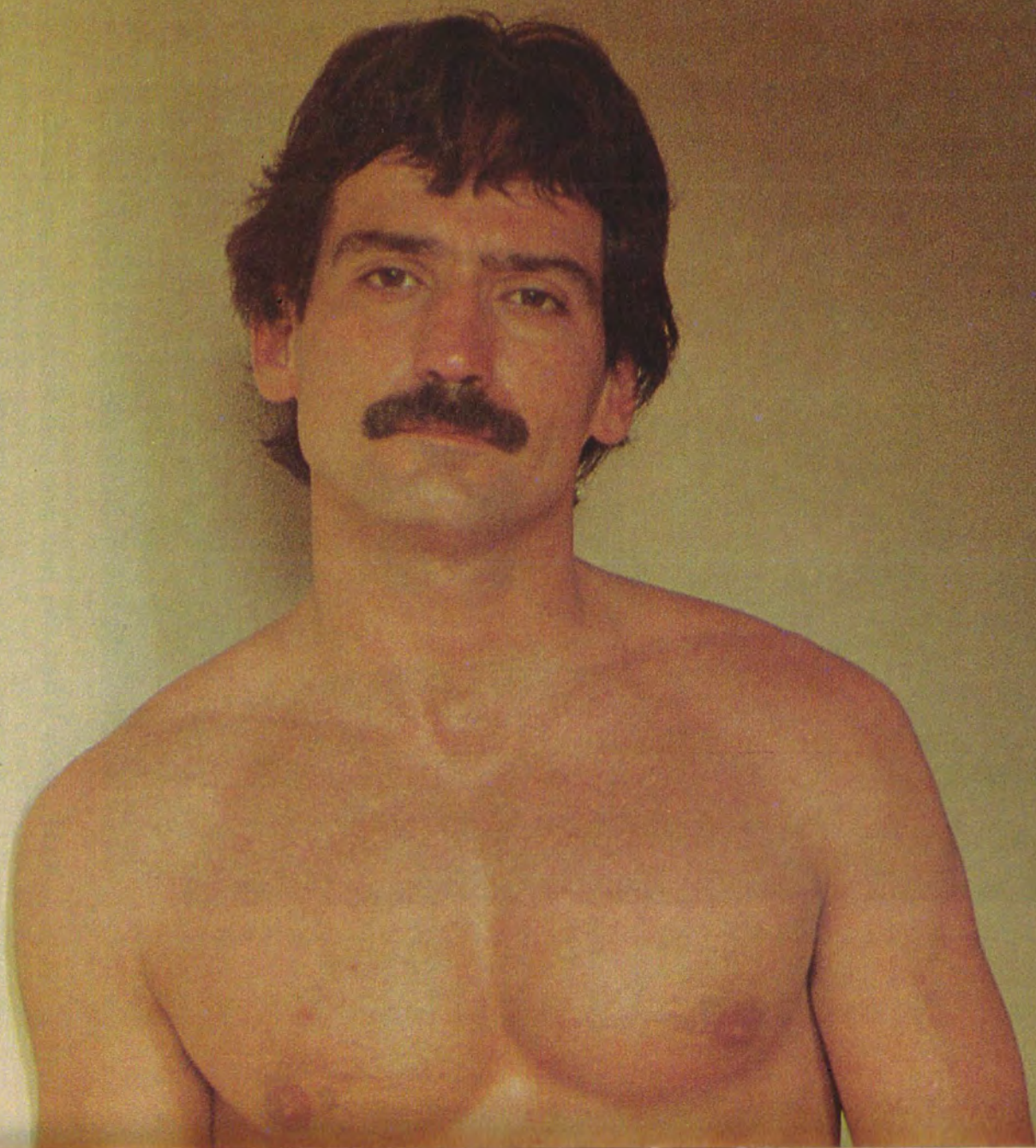
# ***HEY, BUDDY!***



**Yeah, you! What the hell are you looking at, anyway?**

**Section photographed by Graven Image**





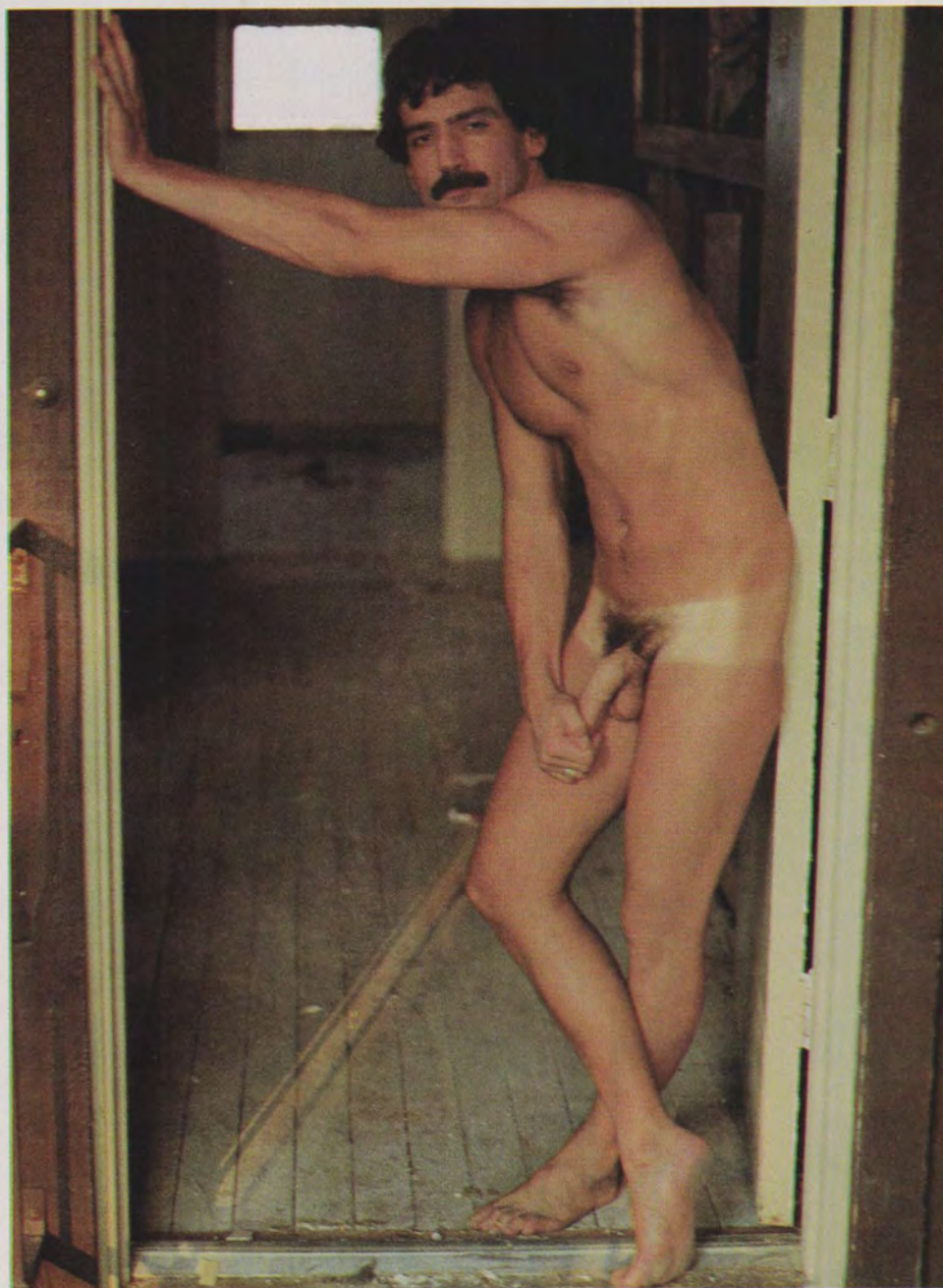




**That's okay, buddy.  
No sweat. Go ahead and  
look. Get a good one  
while you're at it.**

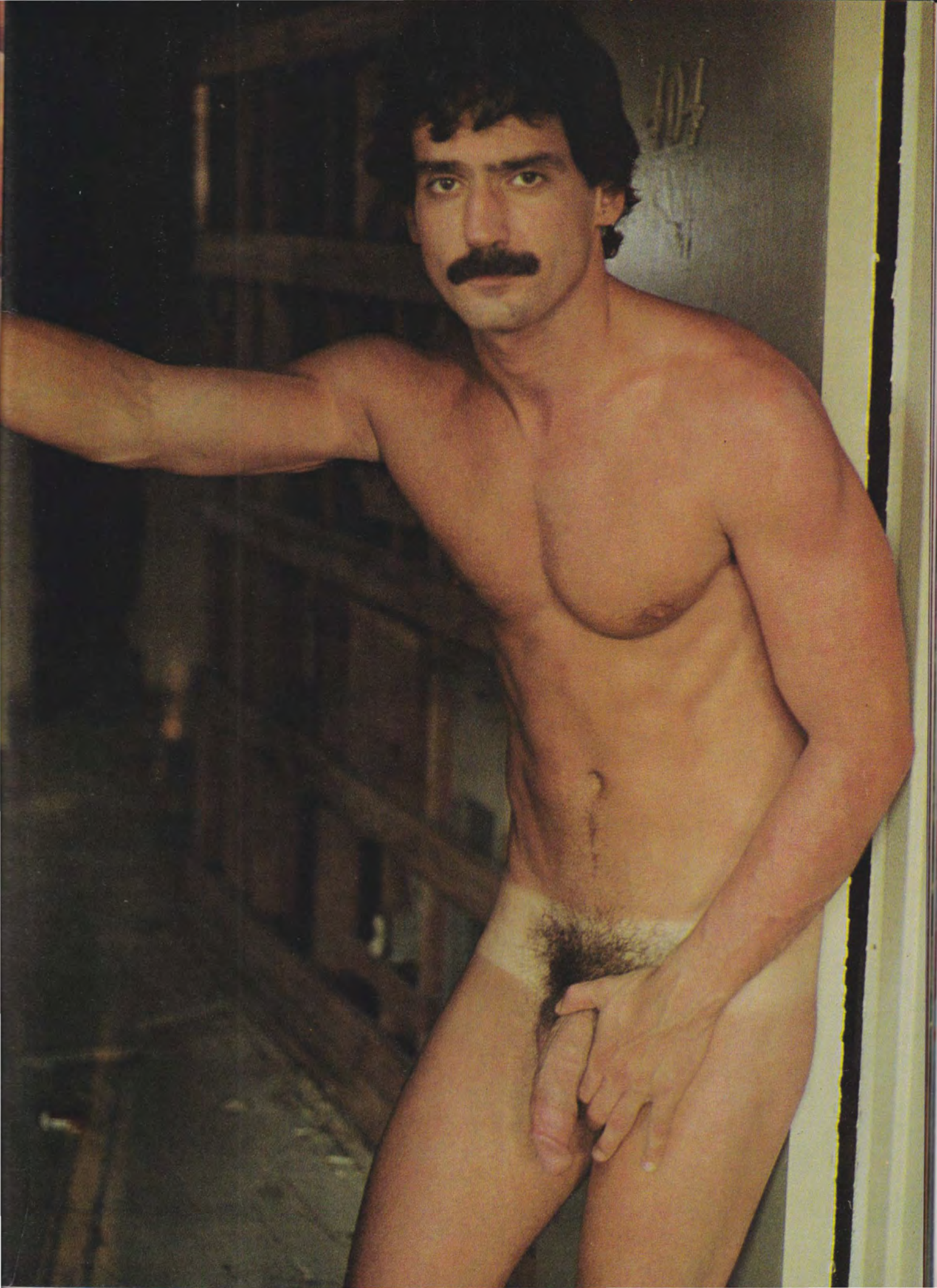


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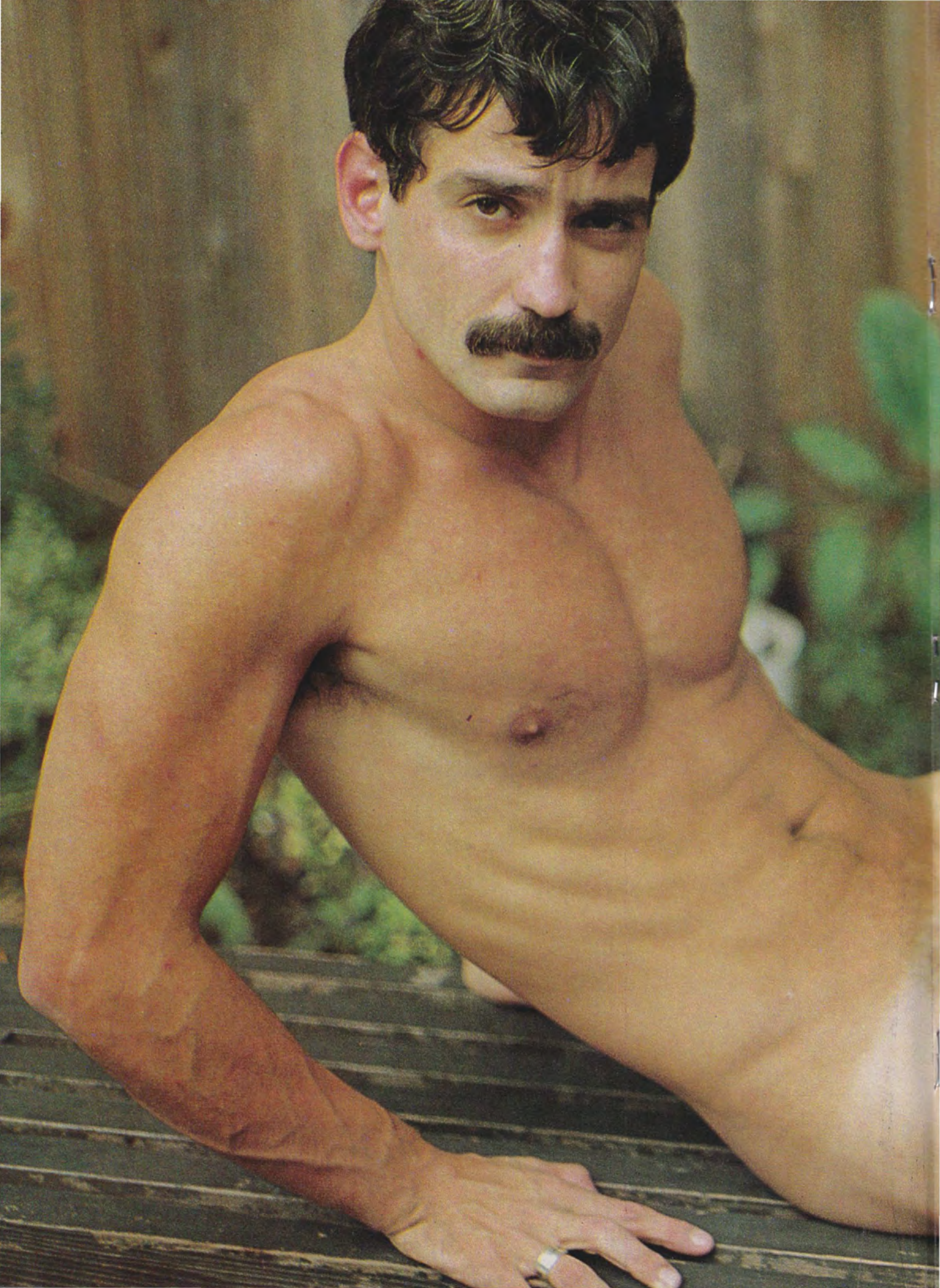


**Guys like you follow me all the time. They come in here just like you did. I don't mind. Sometimes I really get off on having horny guys looking at my big dick.**



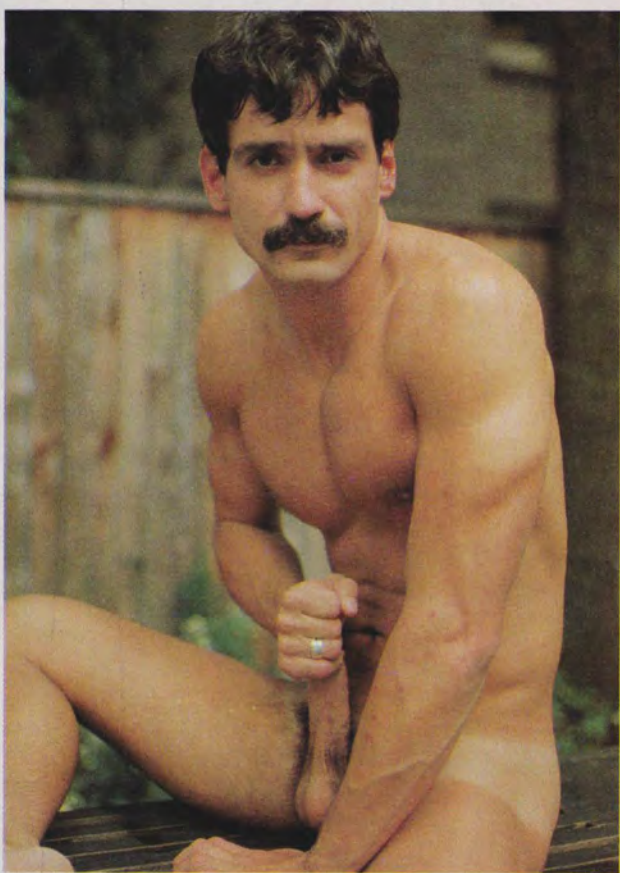
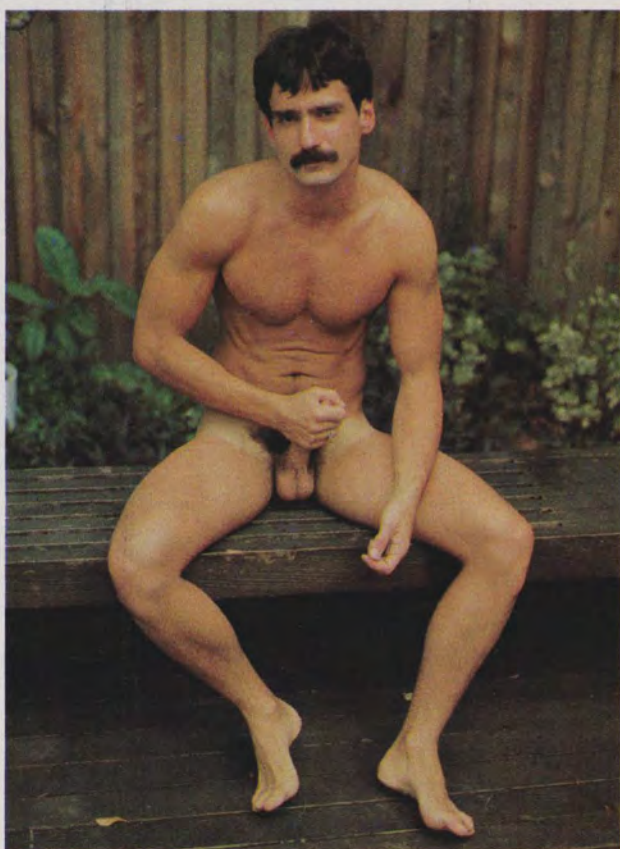








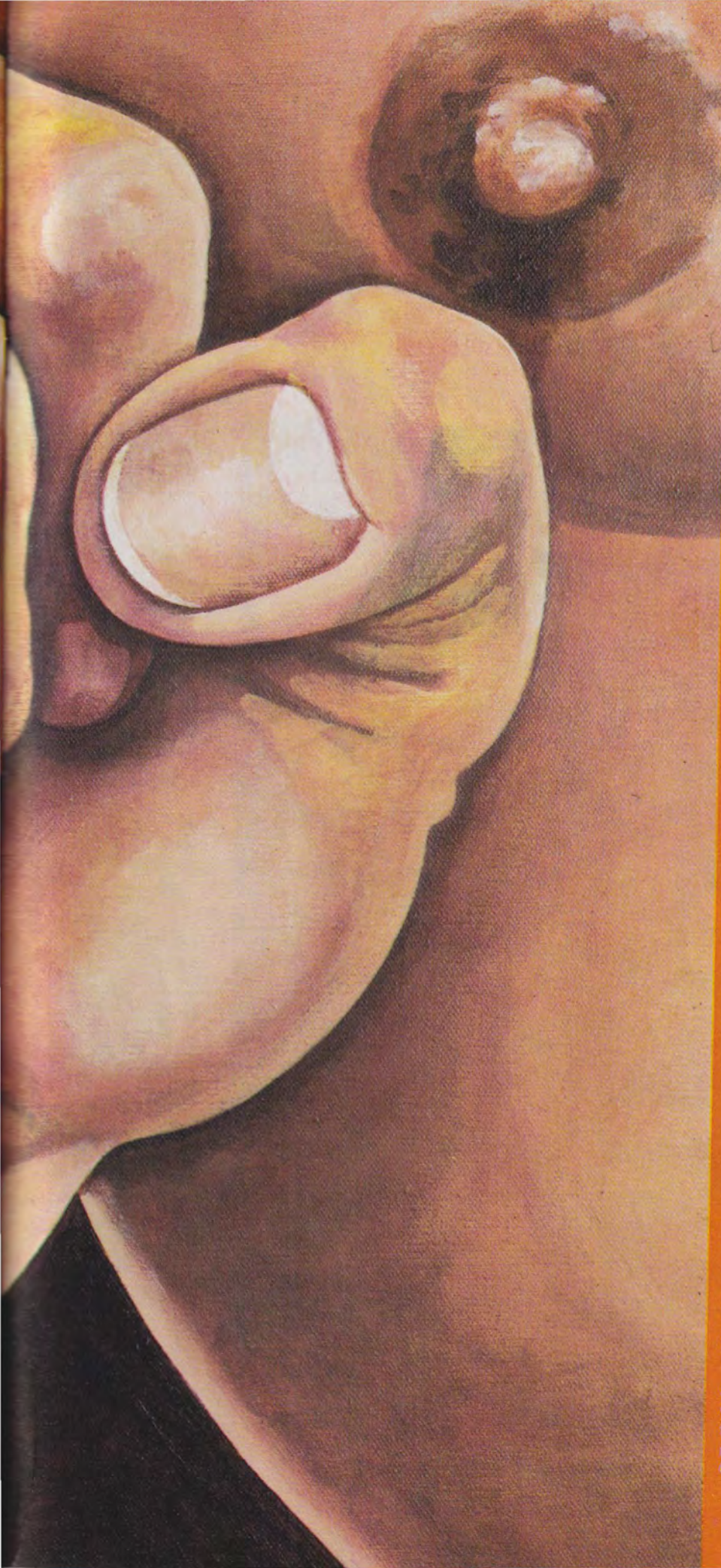
**Come on out back with me. I like you.  
I'll even let you do more than just look  
at my dick. Want a taste?**











*In the shower at the YMCA, he happened to glance at an olive-skinned man lathering his black pubic bush. When the man saw him looking, he parted the hair and revealed a gold ring at the base of his thick cock.*

# **RING AROUND THE COCK**

*By Wilf Race • Art by Ray Schultz*

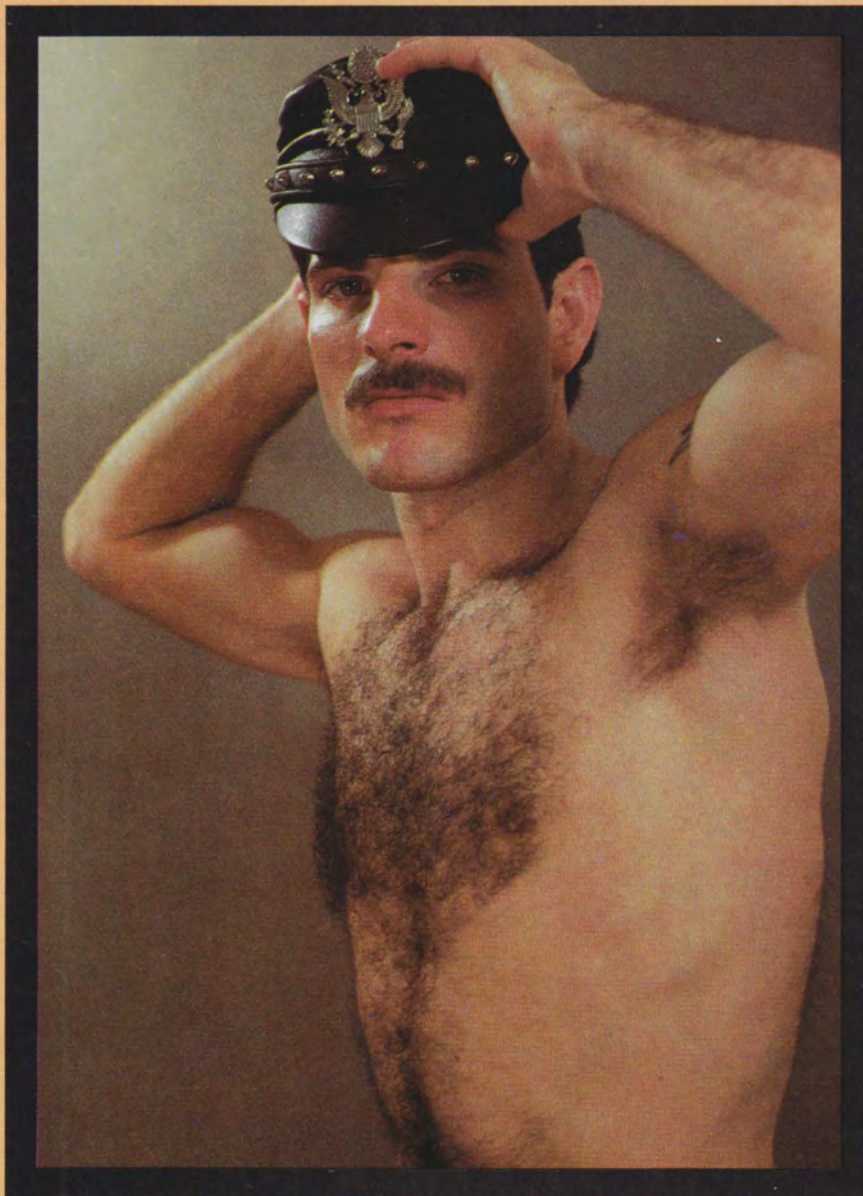
Derek Hallman had just completed his first year in the Fine Arts program at Landsdowne College, and in two weeks he would be starting his summer job. It had been a grueling year, and he had decided to go to New York City for a well-earned vacation.

Derek was the kind of guy who drew admiring glances from straight men as well as gay. He was a shade over six feet, broad shouldered, and well muscled without being bulky. He was

*Continued to page 57*



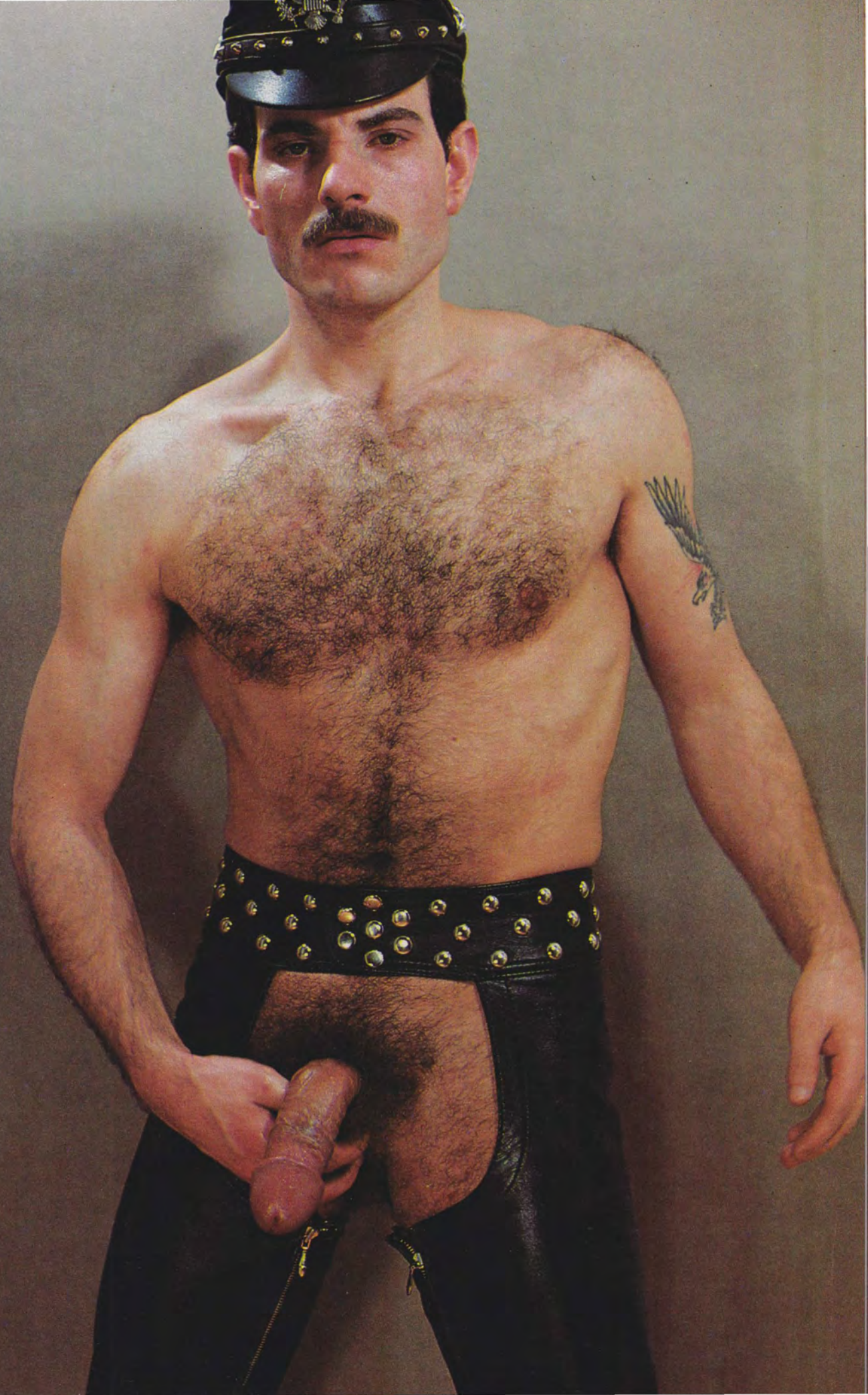
# **SWELLHEAD**



**THEY CALL HIM SWELLHEAD, AND THERE'S NO MYSTERY ABOUT THE NICKNAME. THAT BIG PROW HE'S GOT IS A REAL ATTENTION-GRABBER, NOT TO MENTION HOLE-STRETCHER.**

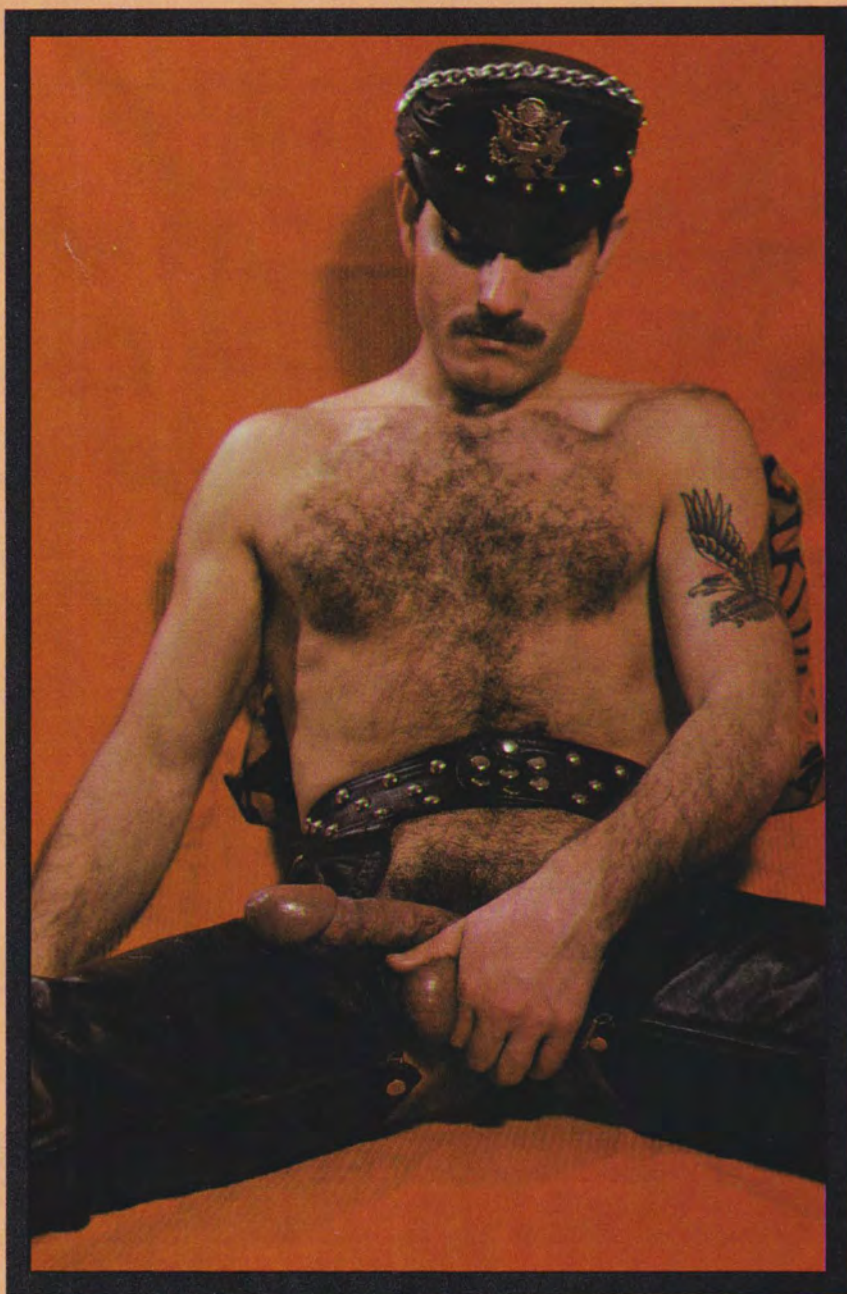
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# SWELLHEAD



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## RING AROUND THE COCK

Continued from page 51

fair haired, with a wavy shock that fell over his forehead to meet his eye-brows. In high school he had played several sports, and although he was a good athlete, the activity in the locker room excited him more than anything that happened on the playing field.

The bus trip from Toronto had been comfortable but uneventful, and he was now getting settled in the room at the YMCA which he had booked for six nights. He hung up some of the clothes he had brought with him. It was the end of May and the weather was mild, so he had brought only casual, lightweight clothing. He stripped off the sweaty things that he had been traveling in, and looked down fondly at his cock. It was going to see a lot of action over the next several days, he promised himself.

A few minutes later, Derek left his room, a large towel securely fastened around his waist to conceal his partially erect cock, and strolled to the shower room. There was just one other man there, and after hanging up his towel, Derek went to one of the jets two or three away from the one the other man was using. He wanted to be close enough to check him out, but distant enough to be discreet. The man was standing with his back to Derek, allowing the latter to stare unabashedly. Derek was impressed with what he saw. The skin was dark olive, and the buns were round and firm like basketballs.

The other man squatted slightly for a moment, spreading his legs apart to give Derek a good, but brief, view of his hairy balls. As the man turned, his big, hard pecs stood out from his chest. Thick black hair coated his chest and shoulders and climbed up his neck to form a sharp line where he stopped shaving.

Derek was soaping himself, taking extra care with his crotch and armpits, aware that the other man was observing him pointedly. Abandoning all discretion, Derek let his cock rise straight up as he looked directly at the brawny man's crotch. The growth of black hair was so dense that it hid nearly all of his cock except the fat head. Derek was so turned on by the lush beauty of that wild jungle that he could scarcely keep himself from diving into it.

What happened next took him completely aback. The olive-skinned man, using both hands, reached down to his bush and pressed the hair away from his cock so that Derek could see the shaft. Halfway to the base of the thick, flaccid tool was a gold ring about a quarter of an inch wide. When he was sure that Derek had seen it, he let the hair spring back into place, once more hiding its treasure. Then he gave Derek a broad, inviting smile, turned, and strode from the shower room.

Derek hurriedly rinsed off and went in pursuit. The room adjacent to the showers was L-shaped, with the toilet stalls in the far wing. Derek went around the corner, still stark naked, and walked the full length of the stalls. Every door was ajar, and there was no one in any of them. In the bitterness of his disappointment, his frustration almost turned to anger. He had desperately wanted to jam his cock up between those huge, furry melons and fuck the ass off that hairy bear. It was intolerable that he should disappear after displaying himself so flagrantly.

Back in his room, Derek soon recovered his good spirits, and began to prepare for his night of drinking and cruising in the Village. He pulled on a pair of tight-fitting, pale blue slacks,

the man had taken such pains to ensure that Derek saw the gold ring on his cockshaft. It was to be his means of identification! In a few hours, Derek would actually have access to that magnificent body. The thought instantly aroused him. He slumped onto the bed and stripped off his clothes. He closed his eyes and thought about those huge balls that Ochmar had displayed through the heavy curtain of hair between his legs. He felt the pressure building in his scrotum, and he took his stiff rod in his fist and pumped it vigorously, shooting a surging blast of cum into the air. And then he collapsed into needed sleep.

He awoke about six hours later, completely refreshed. He brushed away the flakes of dried cum from his chest and belly and headed for the bathroom. He shaved at one of the sinks and then stepped under a warm shower. The water felt silky running over his body. He washed away any lingering deposits under his long foreskin and cleaned out his asshole. When he finished, he rubbed himself down and returned to his room, not giving a damn that his half-erect cock was standing out in front of him like a divining rod. He dressed carefully and set off on his adventure.

---

***He spread the meaty thighs and pushed his hand into the mass of hair. He found the gorgeous balls, two firm, solid globes, then reached back into the cavernous ass crack.***

---

carefully placing his long cock, fore-skin retracted, in the left leg against his thigh where it would be displayed to best advantage. He also put on a white cotton shirt that he left partially unbuttoned, revealing a hint of his smooth, muscular chest.

It was almost eleven the next morning when Derek returned to his room and found an envelope waiting for him. Inside was a small white card which read: "I should be most pleased to entertain you this evening in my suite at the Ostria Hotel at 7:00 sharp. I look forward to seeing you again." The note was signed, "Ochmar (the gold ring)."

Derek immediately realized that Ochmar could only be the elusive man he had encountered in the showers yesterday afternoon. Now he knew why

As Derek entered the Ostria, he was startled by the opulence of the small lobby. But he was captivated by the handsome reception clerk.

"Good evening, Mr. Hallman," the clerk said in deep, rolling tones. "We've been expecting you and hope that you will be pleased with our hospitality." The young man could not be a day older than Derek. He had thick black hair, and despite his youth and clean-shaven face, he still showed a dark shadow of beard. His single eyebrow extended across the bridge of his nose, and the sea-blue eyes offered a promising look. His open-necked, short-sleeved shirt revealed fine silky hair on his chest and arms. When he stepped from behind the desk, Derek's gaze became fixed upon his crotch.



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The young man escorted Derek by private elevator to the third story. As they ascended, Derek again checked out the clerk's crotch, and he could not resist placing his hand over the expansive mound. The gesture won him an approving grin.

Derek stepped into a room lavishly furnished in gold and green velvet and richly inlaid woods. From the opposite side, Ochmar stepped forward to greet him. His powerful, masculine body was clad only in a light robe which was entirely open at the front.

"You must forgive me for rushing away yesterday, but I'm sure you will appreciate the sensitive nature of my position. As my country's representative at the United Nations, I must exercise caution. But now we are at liberty to enjoy ourselves."

Ochmar was no more than thirty years old, and just an inch or two shorter than Derek. From every perspective, he was thoroughly male. Ochmar suddenly slipped his robe off his shoulders and draped it over the back of a chair. Derek was raging with lust for the man standing naked before him, and he began eagerly to tear off his own clothes. Naked, he lunged at Ochmar, fastening his mouth to the Arab's and sucking frantically on his tongue. His hands explored Ochmar's body, caressing his muscular back and buttocks. He broke off the kiss, and took his tongue on an exploration of Ochmar's body. He licked at the brine in the shaggy armpits, and nibbled at nipples that were as hard as steel pellets.

Derek lowered himself to his knees and stared into the pubic forest that had so aroused him the day before. He spread the meaty thighs and pushed his hand into the mass of hair. He found the gorgeous balls, two firm, solid globes, and then reached back into the cavernous ass crack. He located the hole and began to finger-

fuck it, first with one, then with two, and finally with three fingers. How good that hot, wet asshole was going to feel wrapped around his cock! He heard Ochmar moan and he felt the tension rising in the man's body.

All Derek could think of was getting the magnificent balls into his mouth. Ochmar's engorged dick was jutting out from its thicket of hair, and a long strand of pre-cum was dangling from the tip. Derek licked it away with his hungry tongue, and then buried his face fully in the black forest. Ochmar's cock no longer bore its gold ring, and it looked much thicker than it had when Derek had first seen it. He had to spread his lips wide to cram it all in. He could feel the rising tempo of Ochmar's excitement in his lips, and he knew that climax was near.

Ochmar's thighs bent forward as his upper body tilted backward. Derek grabbed Ochmar's balls—they had almost disappeared in their sac—and braced himself for the impending explosion. Seconds later he felt the first blast of cum splash against the back of his throat. It came with incredible force, and it was all that Derek could do to keep his sucking mouth in place.

"Suck it all out of me," Ochmar implored in a coarse, rasping voice. "Oh please, suck it all out of me."

Ochmar's gism was warm and thick; it congealed into sticky balls as Derek rolled it around with his tongue, mixing it with his saliva. He swallowed repeatedly, and when the flow finally ceased, Ochmar fell to the floor and sprawled on his back. Sweat was running down his sides as he pulled Derek down on top of him. Derek let Ochmar rest for a moment before taking care of his own urgent need. His cock was so bloated that it stood rigid against his abdomen. He positioned himself over his partner's body so that his ass cheeks were resting on Ochmar's woolly chest, and his pubic area was just a few inches from the Arab's face. Derek was so wild with lust that within seconds his balls pumped waves of cum up through his swollen shaft and out of the cockhead in a steady flow. Every muscle in his gut became taut from the intensity of the eruption. Derek's head snapped back, and a low, strangled cry broke loose from somewhere deep in his throat. Globes of gism splattered on Ochmar's face and neck, while the final bursts of Derek's passion gushed out of his enlarged cocks and ran down to soak his balls. A shudder wracked his body, and he rolled onto the floor beside Ochmar.

Two youths who all the while had been hovering in the background now appeared at the sides of the two reclining figures on the floor. They set down bronze basins containing a lemon-scented liquid and soft cloths. With efficient yet sensual movements, they cleansed away all traces of the lovemaking, leaving the two men refreshed and tingling. Ochmar then led his guest to a small, round dining table upon which had been laid out several hot, spicy dishes. Several bottles of wine lay in ice-filled silver buckets to one side. Two place settings had been arranged, and a single red candle burned as a centerpiece. Derek sampled all of the dishes, and found each one of them very much to his liking. When they had completed four courses of the meal and drunk copious amounts of wine, coffee was served from a large silver urn.

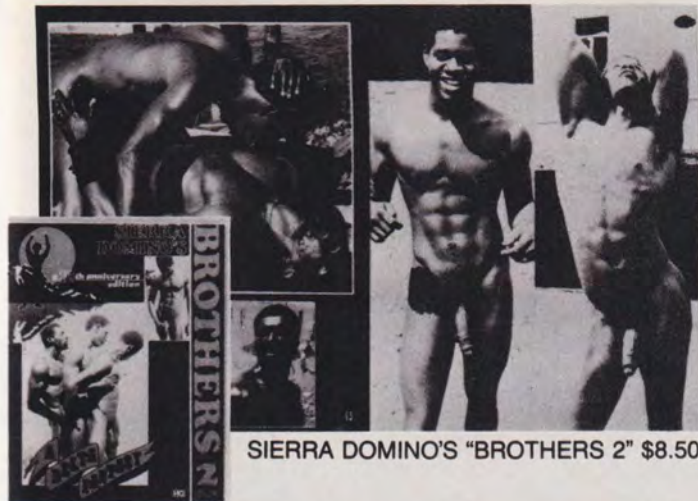
"I think you might find it pleasant to spend the rest of the evening in the adjacent room," said Ochmar when they finished their coffee. As Derek stood up from the table, the older man reached down and took Derek's hardening cock into his grasp and fondled it for a moment. "I think we'll be able to take care of that quite well," he smiled, and then led the way into the next room.

It was not a particularly large room, and much of it was taken up by an enormous four-poster bed. And taking up part of the bed as he reclined on satin sheets was the gorgeous young man with the bulging trousers who had escorted Derek to Ochmar's suite. Gazing at the enormous cock, Derek wondered how its owner had ever managed to get it into his pants at all.

"I believe you have already met Stephane," Ochmar said in his most urbane manner. Derek, however, was too mesmerized by the imposing naked body before him to pay attention to what Ochmar said. He stared at the amazing organ that extended inches above the man's navel, partially concealing the ridge of black hair that linked his pubic bush with his chest hair. Derek couldn't remember having ever seen a better-endowed man. He peered into Stephane's dark face and nearly recoiled from the fervid passion he saw in the man's eyes.

Derek took the few short steps to the bed; Stephane rose to meet him. Their bodies came together at once, and they toppled onto the bed, clutching each other desperately. In a minute Derek found himself pinned to the bed, his legs spread-eagled. Stephane was poised above him.





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"I'm going to fill your hot ass with my cock and fuck you for an eternity," he rasped.

Derek trembled as he watched Stephane heft his heavy equipment in his hand. "Please go easy!" he gasped. It turned out the plea was unnecessary; Stephane was an accomplished sodomist. He greased his immense shaft with the juices leaking from his and Derek's cocks, then he adeptly pried open Derek's anus with his thumbs. He positioned himself between Derek's raised legs and began his entry. When he had worked half of his cock into the tight hole, Stephane paused briefly to give Derek a chance to adjust to the mammoth intruder. Derek signalled his readiness to take in the rest of it by gently flexing his

**His cock was the  
only one in the trio  
that was still  
standing fully  
erect, and there  
was only one way it  
was going to be  
satisfied.**

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sphincter around the pulsing phallus and murmuring: "Give it all to me. Now!"

At Derek's command the shaft sank its length into the receptive anus. Derek cried out as Stephane began his rhythmic pumping. Stephane withdrew his manmeat until only the giant head remained inside Derek's ass, and then with a sudden forward thrust he slammed it in to the hilt, his own pubic bush disappearing completely between the firm, round buns. Each aggressive thrust made Derek gasp. Suddenly Ochmar climbed in bed and straddled Derek's face with his moist crotch. Derek drank in the robust aroma of the dark man's tangled thicket, and when he opened his mouth wide, Ochmar's ballsack dropped into it, almost cutting off his breath. He closed his eyes and floated in a euphoric sea as Stephane's fiery meat continued to ravish his ass. Derek could no longer feel Stephane's hefty balls slapping against his own, and that could only mean that they had been drawn up into firing position. He wished that he could look into Stephane's eyes, but his own face was buried in black ass hair.

He did, however, hear his fucker's guttural scream, and he braced himself for the shockwave. The force and duration of Stephane's ejaculation were incredible; all of his youthful strength seemed to be concentrated in the enormous outpouring of cum. Ochmar moved off Derek's face, allowing the latter to see Stephane strain and grimace as he forced the last few gushes of gism from his leathery ball pouch. It was several minutes before he withdrew his softening dick from Derek's ass, and when he did, it slapped wetly against his thighs and hung more than halfway to his knees. Derek was amazed that so much cock had been inside him. His asshole was still puckered from the tremendous fucking it had just received, and now Ochmar moved to cover it with his mouth. He lapped eagerly into the gaping orifice, savoring the generous deposits of cum that Stephane had left there.

The two slender youths reappeared with trays bearing glasses of champagne, which they placed beside the bed. The three men replenished themselves with the effervescent drinks and rested their bodies. For Derek, though, there was still one item of unfinished business on the agenda. His was the only cock in the trio that was still standing fully erect, and there was only one way it was going to be satisfied. Ochmar positioned himself on his knees and elbows in the middle of the

bed, the hard mounds of his ass protruding upwards. Kneeling, Derek readied himself to mount Ochmar from behind. Stephane lay with his head placed at Ochmar's groin so that he could suck him off while Derek fucked him.

Derek placed the palms of his hands against the meaty cheeks, and pressed hard. His fingers virtually disappeared under the abundant growth of ass hair. His thumbs spread the crack wider. He groped more deeply and found the wet manhole; it was hot to his touch, and it made his swollen cock surge impatiently. He slicked his fingers on his oozing cockslit, and massaged the slimy juice into the dark hole. He crouched and pushed his tongue into the opening. He slowly and deliberately ate the hole, soaking the entire anal area with his saliva. The buns were quivering now, eager and expectant. He could still feel the searing heat from Stephane's big tool in his own ass as he began to push himself deep into Ochmar's body. The older man stiffened for a moment, and then relaxed to accept Derek's thrust.

Derek fucked Ochmar's ass relentlessly, oblivious to everything but his own overpowering need. His balls ached painfully, needing to spew out their contents, but Derek had extraordinary self-control, and he managed to hold back his orgasm. He shoved his throbbing prick right up to its root, and paused to look down at the wet union of cock and asshole. His golden pubic hair was entangled in the jet-black fur on Ochmar's ass. The sight thrilled him, and he knew that he could not delay his orgasm any longer. Suddenly a violent heave convulsed Ochmar's body; he had shot off into Stephane's sucking mouth. Derek's orgasm came in one rushing torrent, as though a flood gate had been opened. When it finally ceased, Derek's ballsack hung limply, like an empty wine skin.

A half hour later, Derek and Ochmar emerged from the ornate elevator onto the ground floor. They strolled through the lobby and out to a limousine waiting in front of the building. Ochmar gave the driver a Long Island address, and the long black car sped off. Derek leaned back into the soft upholstery and glanced at the digital clock mounted on the back of the driver's seat. The time was three minutes past midnight.

It was Derek Hallman's twentieth birthday. And several hours later, when he told Ochmar, he received an unexpected gift: a shiny gold ring. ■



# ROCK 'N ROLL



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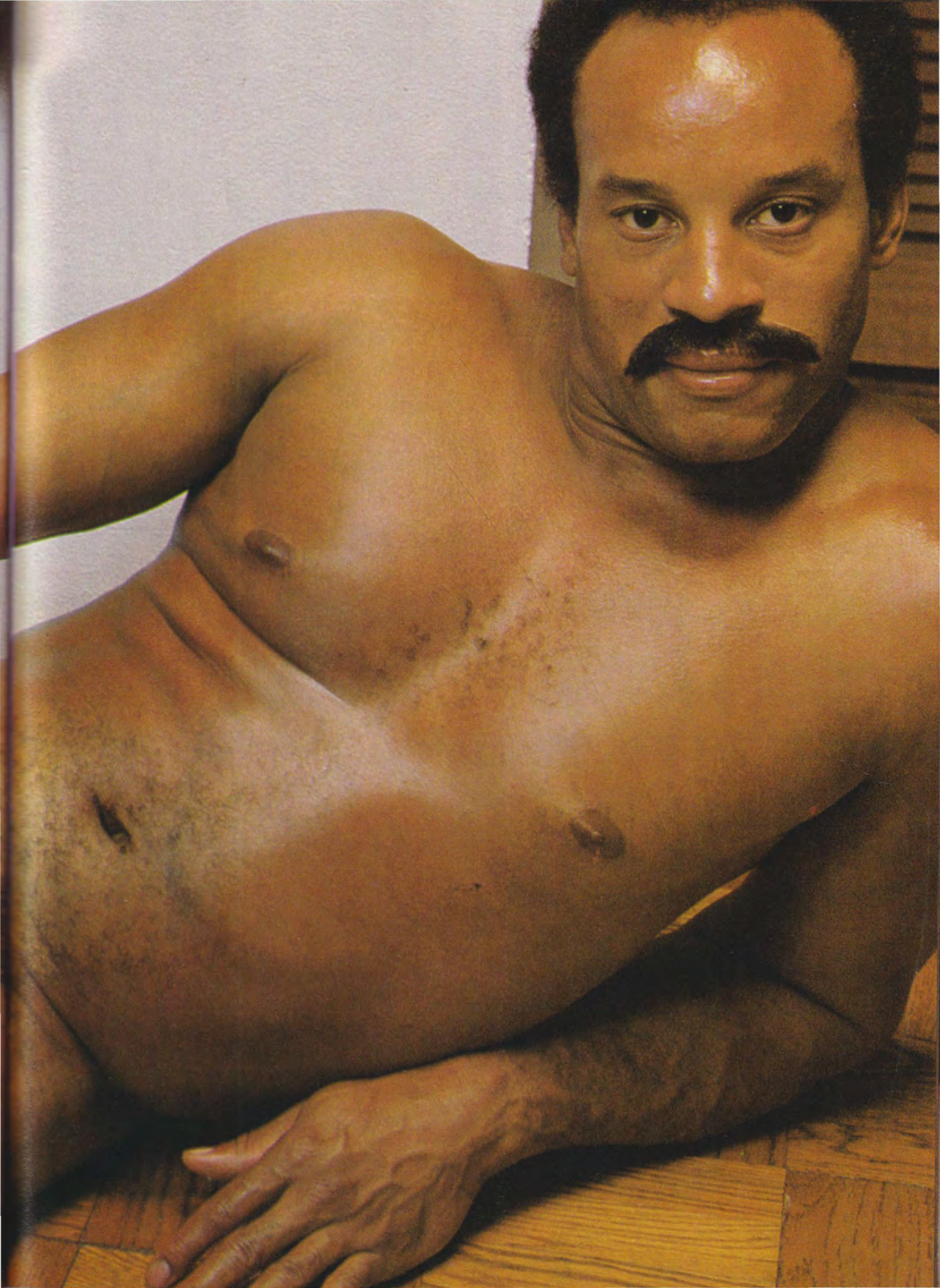


# ROCK 'N ROLL

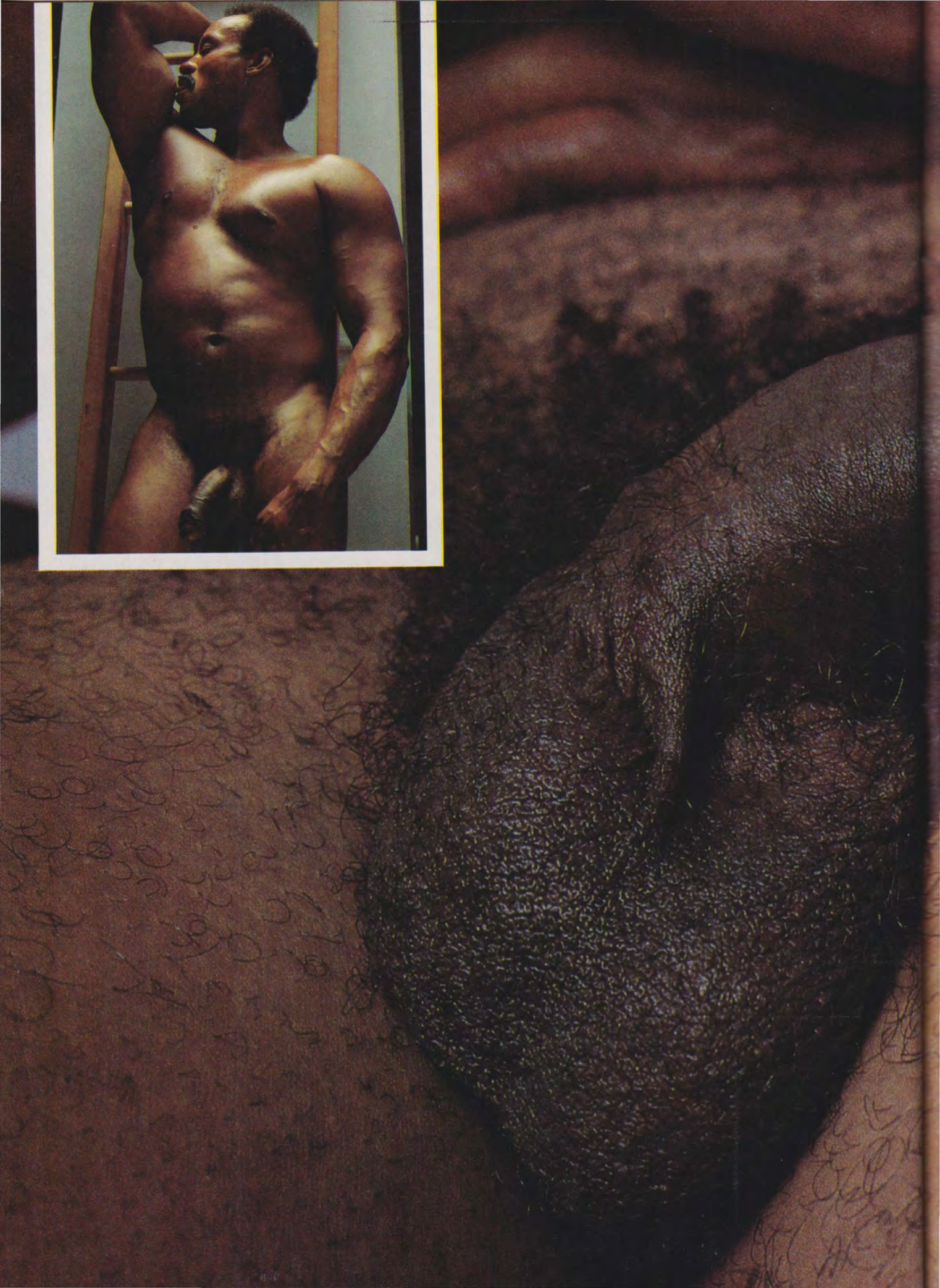
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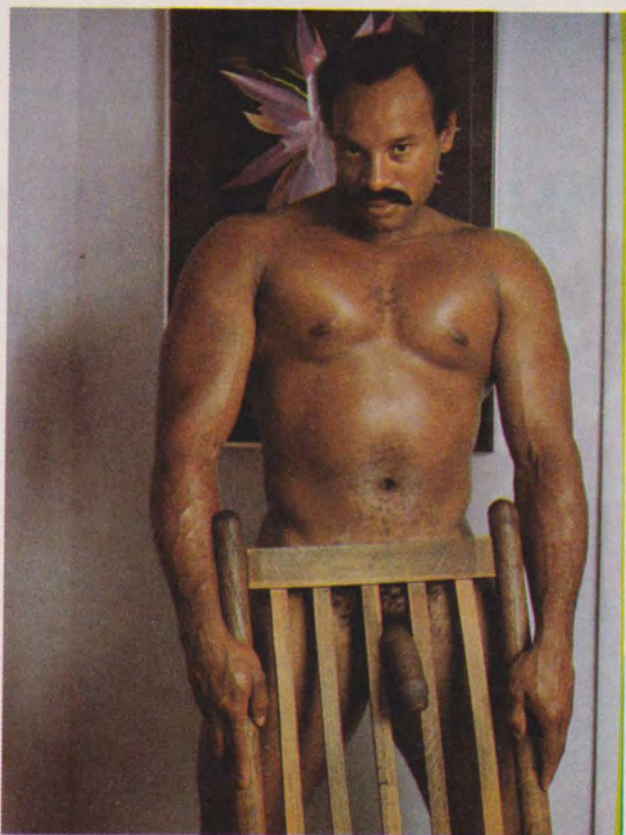






## ROCK 'N ROLL

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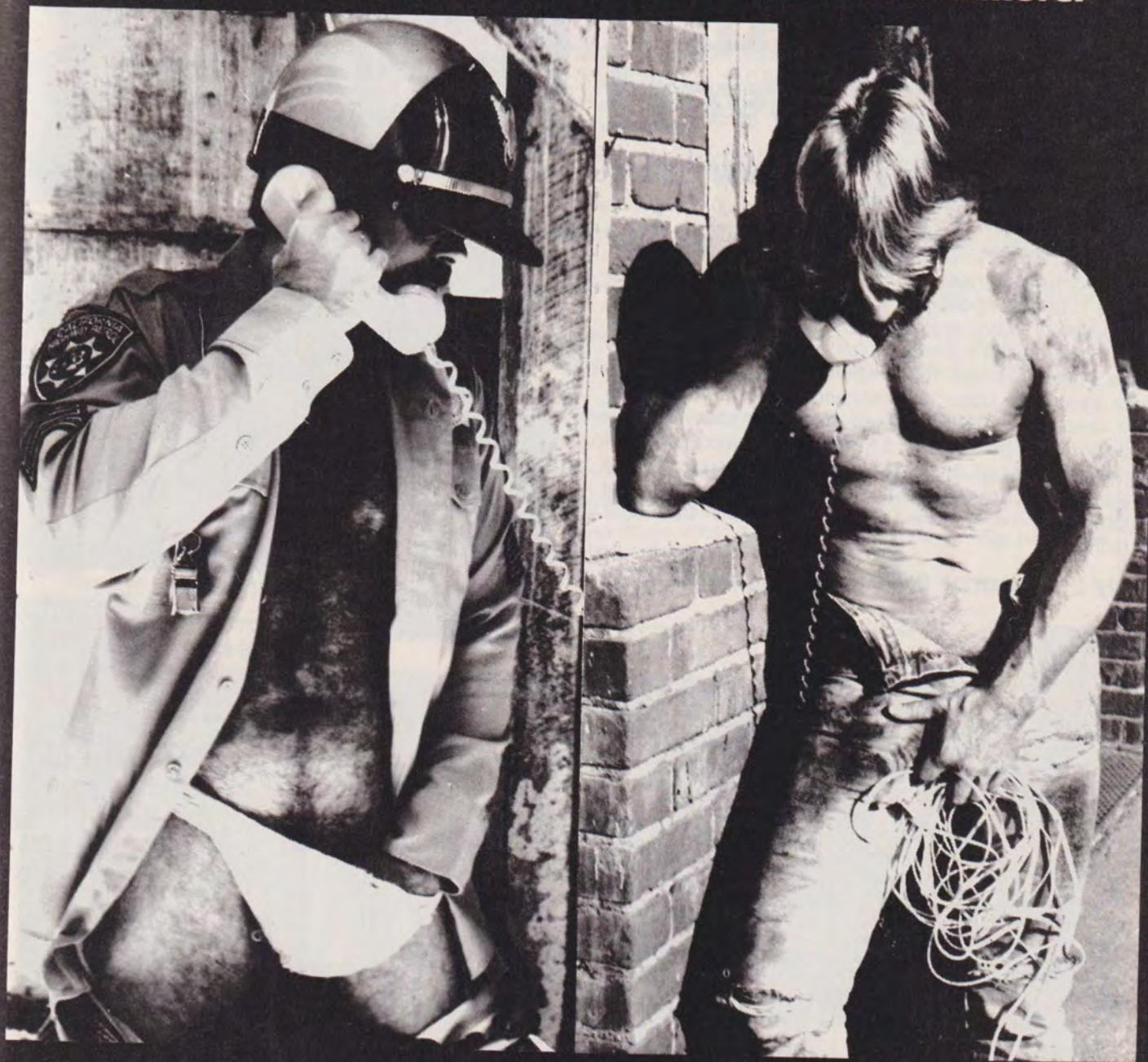
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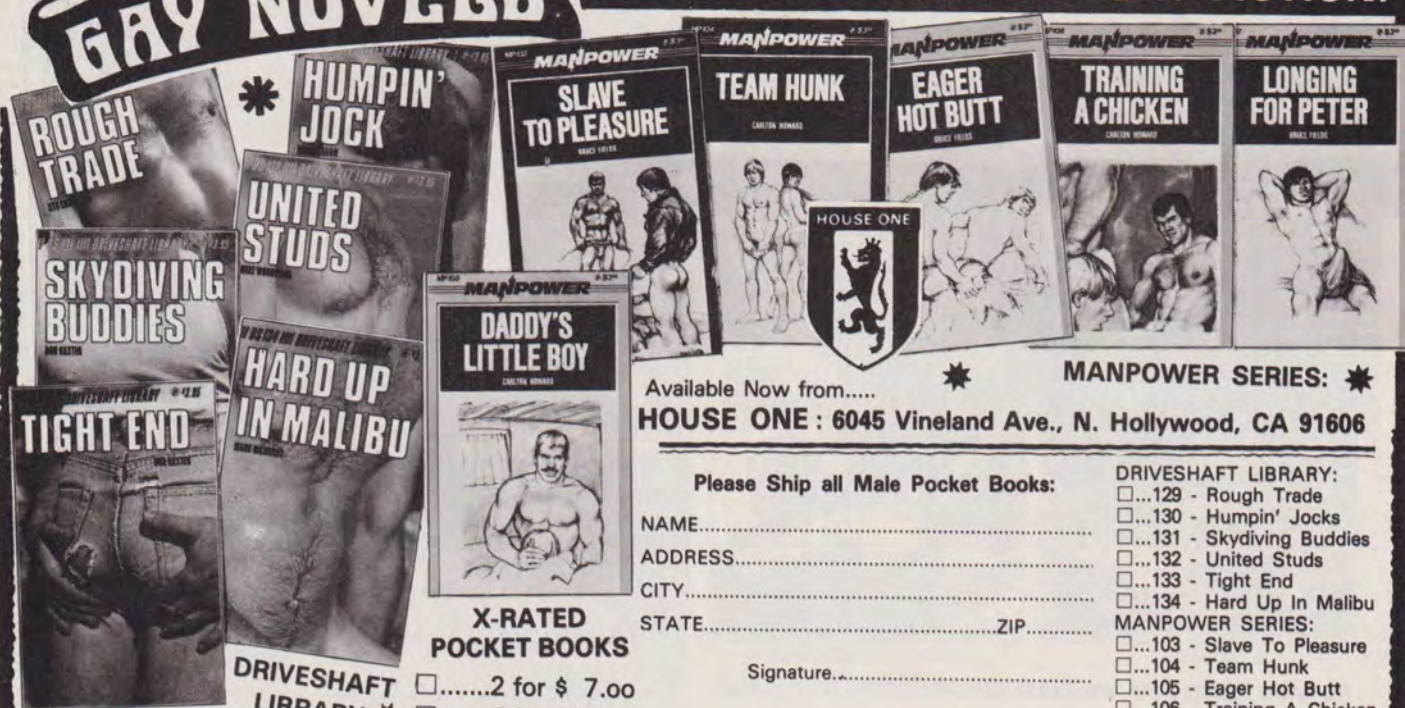
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## HORMONES

Continued from page 9

niques and positions. Both his hands were always active—one somewhere on his dick, the other somewhere else on his body, stroking, twisting, pressing. Sometimes before he came he'd work a finger into his asshole. This seemed to make his climaxes especially intense, to judge by how much cum he produced at such times, and how far the first spurts shot. I memorized his techniques and practiced them on myself. I now saw how unimaginative I'd been, having done little more than your basic flog-the-sausage routine since I first started beating off five years before. From studying Mats I learned a lot about my own body.

Of course, all this added a whole new dimension to my image of Mats. Even in other situations, when I was watching him on his best behavior at a formal dinner, or burning down the home stretch in a race, my eyes would sometimes fix on the bulge between his thighs, and I would think of his thick tool with its broad and protruding head, now limp and soft, confined in underwear. Then I'd remember how

hard and demanding and stiff I'd seen it, and how Mats would quiver and groan with delight and desperate need, and that moment of unbearable tension just as he was about to shoot. I yearned to move my hand up and down his rigid shaft: to feel it stiffen, alive, and hear him moan his satisfaction. But I was too scared of what might happen to ever let on, and he never found out.

I was disconsolate when he left the following June. He gave me as a present a complete running outfit, shoes and all. And the warmest letter in which he thanked me for being his bro', and instructions for me to keep him posted. In my letters I never told him about what I'd seen, but I thought about him all the time, especially during my frequent jerk-off sessions. As much time and energy as I put into these sessions, though, I still found plenty of both to use his present, becoming something of a serious runner myself.

But now, on this sunny spring afternoon, I was running like a madman, tearing through midtown, not having seen Mats since he left that June four years ago. I screeched to a halt at the entrance to his hotel, but he wasn't in sight. As I started into the lobby, I felt

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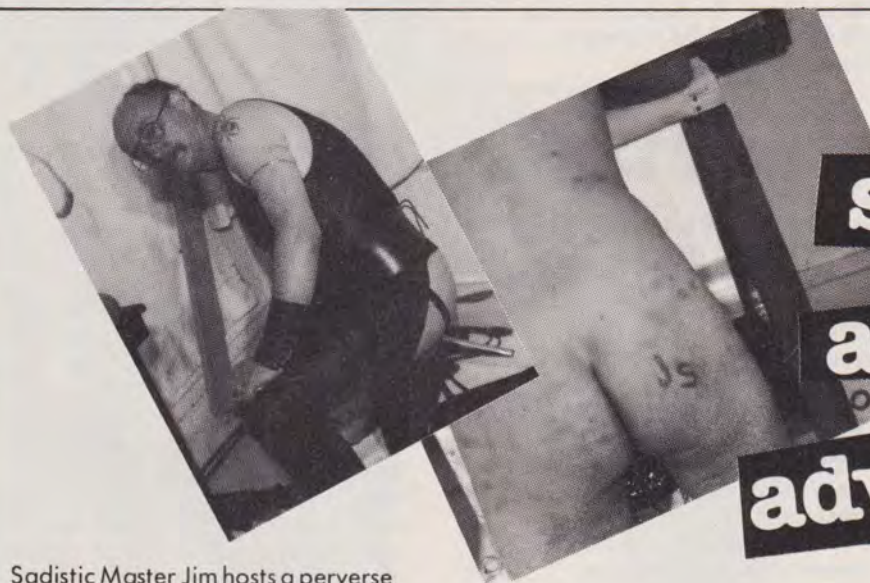
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a hand on my shoulder, and I wheeled around to behold my cousin's grinning face.

"Hey, Scoot!"

"Mats!"

We embraced, each vigorously slapping the other's back, then he offered me a small carton of orange juice.

"Went down to the store to juice up before the run," he said. I took a swallow, and checked him out. He looked tremendous—still lanky, a little taller, but he'd grown into his frame beautifully, his upper body having filled out a little. His hair was brilliant blond in the sunlight. I realized that he was also checking me out, and I remembered that I'd changed a bit myself since we'd last been together.

"Where to?" he asked.

"This way."

As we loped along we exchanged news of our recent and not-so-recent doings. To my delight I could keep up with him okay. After about an hour, during which we chattered non-stop, we finished up at my place. I'd shower and change, walk Mats back to his hotel where he'd freshen up, and then we'd go out for dinner. Once inside my apartment, I showed him around the place quickly, ending up in the bedroom. While I shed my clothes, he stretched out on the bed, and gazed at the ceiling. He closed his eyes.

"You know," he murmured, "running makes me horny."

"Yeah, I know," I said, pulling my shirt over my head. Immediately I realized my slip—too late. Mats was looking at me with genuine surprise. "You do?"

What the fuck, I thought, why not make a clean breast of it; after all, it was four years ago. Stripped down to my shorts, I sat on the bed. "Remember when you were living with us, what you used to do after you came back from running?"

His face showed bewilderment. "Well—shower, I guess." Mats got vaguely uncomfortable, as if he didn't want to believe what he was about to hear.

"No, before you showered. You'd whack off." I looked down. "I used to hide in the closet and watch you."

Mats' jaw dropped, and then he blushed very deeply. "Shit, Scooter!" he exclaimed.

"I didn't tell anyone, Mats. I loved watching you—you were great. I learned a hell of a lot from it, you know." I paused, searching for the right words. "I wished I could do it with you, but I was scared you'd be really mad. But I was more scared that I'd never be able to watch you again."

Mats stared at me, mouth agape, as it sank in. Just as I began to fear that I'd really blown it, he started to laugh heartily, Swedish oaths tumbling out. "You nosy devil," he chuckled, getting himself under control. "You're right. I would have been mad."

I cupped his balls outside his shorts and said, "But now I know just how to take care of you. And God knows, I've dreamed about doing it for years." I found his tool through the nylon and fingered it. "What do you say, Mats, you did a lot for me. I owe you."

Mats shook his head with disbelief as a slow grin spread across his face. "Shit, Scooter," he said again, but in a changed tone of voice. While he took off his shirt, I pulled his shoes off, and promptly got rid of his shorts, exposing that changeable, fleshy, vulnerable part of him which I'd yearned for years to possess, thick and hardening in anticipation, with its wide head and that little bulb at the tip which was so sensitive. But although I remembered it as large, I was completely surprised by what I now saw growing in front of my eyes. What he showed now was unquestionably a man's equipment, no longer a boy's—his pubic hair had grown in lush, and his balls hung heavily below his swelling meat.

I began to lick his sweaty stomach, swirling my tongue around, poking it in his navel. Mats shuddered, and his stiffening cock brushed my shoulder. Stroking it lightly, I worked on him the way I'd watched him do so many times: rubbing the shaft gently up and down, concentrating a light friction on the rim of the head, tickling the slit at the end of the snout, teasing that sensitive place just underneath the slit. Mats stretched and purred, the husky sound of an aroused male. I played with him for a while, making him now iron-hard, now soft, but still keeping him swollen and responsive. I worked on different spots the way I recalled he did time and again; only now it was me who was making him quiver and moan with increasing urgency. But my patience was running out. I waited long enough to get him flaccid; bending over him, then, unable to resist that beautiful piece of meat any longer, I slowly swallowed it, tickling his wrinkled scrotum and delicately tugging on its fine sparse hairs. Quieting the gag reflex, I gradually opened the back of my throat, taking in as much of him as I could. Mats sighed, swelling in my warm mouth as if his whole being were rushing into his growing meat. For a few moments I let him enjoy the pleasure that was making his cock expand. Then I slipped my hand





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behind his balls, applying a firm, undulating pressure to his swollen root. Then I let up, and felt it fill as more blood rushed in. Then I applied pressure again, and again I let up. After a little of this game, Mats was gently thrusting, instinct beginning to take over. Now with one hand I twisted his tightening balls; putting the fingers of the other hand in my mouth to wet them as I sucked him, I teased the spot just underneath the tip of his cock with them. When I had Mats gasping and writhing, I brought my dripping middle finger to his asshole, working it in slowly with a gently circular motion. But Mats had begun to tense like an archer's bow and his meat got super-hard, so I engulfed it and drove my finger into him as far as I could. Mats groaned, shuddered hard, and came. His cock bounded in my mouth, sending his hot cream surging against the back of my throat. I waited until the spurts slowed, my mouth filling with his cum before I swallowed. His juice was delicious; it actually reminded me of honey. I kept on gently frigging him with my hand as he recovered, to keep him stiff. With the other I freed my bulging rod from my shorts. It felt like a truncheon between my legs and I squeezed it, trying to ease the unrelenting pressure. Mats opened his eyes; they were languid and fulfilled. I kept him hard, occasionally wetting his cock with cummy spit, and it began to tell on him; his eyes started to get hungry again. "Mats," I said, "fuck me, huh?"

He flashed another grin. Soon I was bent over on the bed, Mats nestled behind me, his hard cock captive in my ass, his balls securely in my grasp. His hands played over my chest and stomach, avoiding my painfully rigid cock, prolonging my agonized excitement. We started out easy, giving me a chance to come down a little and him time to build to my level. We found an unhurried rhythm, enjoying the exquisite warmth of hard cock in tight passage. But with friction the warmth became heat, and soon the two of us were working together in an accelerating struggle. His hands wandered over me, and finding my dick, he jerked it in time with his intensifying thrusts. Mats' piston felt enormous, and it spread fire through my bowels as we heaved against each other. All that mattered now was release. I felt Mats' hot breath on my shoulder, then his teeth. I came first, spurting into Mats' hand and onto the sheets. Dimly, through our violent climax, I heard him whimper as he

thrust furiously in the final throes of his orgasm. As he shot he gripped my cock hard and squeezed it like a vise.

Afterward as we lay on the bed, Mats sleeping beside me, my eye fell on the biochemistry book. I'd abandoned it on the floor, leaving it open to the pages I'd been studying that afternoon—the chapter on hormones. How much more rewarding, I sleepily reflected, to learn about these things first-hand. But then again, I'd always loved it when Mats helped me with my homework. ■

## COP BROTHERS

*Continued from page 21*

material. He squeezed the last drops from his cock and licked his fingers. Wiping his crotch with the shorts, he moved into the half-bath off the hall and dropped his underwear in the wastebasket. He pulled his jeans back on and tried to force his still hard cock down his right leg.

When he walked back into the master bedroom with the towels, Matt was lying in the tub, lazily rubbing his body from chest to crotch with his good arm. He looked over at Brick and raised his broken arm as much as he could. "I'm having a helluva time trying to keep this fucking cast dry," he complained. "Got any suggestions?"

Brick nodded, and once again left the room. He returned with a white plastic bag used to line the kitchen wastebasket, and some twine. He carefully pulled the bag up over the cast, wrapped the excess around and tied the twine just tight enough to keep the bag in place. "Man, you're a genius," Matt said. He leaned back and let a portion of the covered arm drop into the tub. The head of Matt's dick was bobbing above the surface of the water like an ocean buoy.

After a long soak, Matt reached the drain knob with his foot and flipped it. "Would you get the water going again, Brick? I'm gonna try to shower before I turn in."

Brick turned on the spigots and adjusted the temperature. He flipped on the shower head and water poured down between Matt's legs. Matt tried to stand, but couldn't. Brick reached under the man's good arm and brought him to his feet. By the time Matt was standing by himself, Brick's shirt and jeans were soaked.

Matt looked at the dripping boy. "It looks like I'm gonna need more help than I thought, Brick, so you might as well strip those clothes off. No sense

you getting them any wetter than they are now." Matt noticed the red flush on Brick's cheeks. "Don't be bashful, son," he said. "Ain't nobody here but us two, and I don't think you're gonna shock me any." Slipping off his sneakers and socks, Brick removed the wet t-shirt and jeans. When he turned back to the tub, Matt was facing the spray and lathering the front of his body with his right hand. Brick felt his cock begin to swell again as he looked at Matt's broad back.

Without turning, Matt reached his hand behind him. "Come on kid," he called to Brick. "Get your ass in here and scrub my back."

Brick reached out to take the soap as he stepped into the tub behind Matt. The boy's cock pointed straight at the cop's hairy asscrack. He lathered Matt's shoulders and back. Skipping the ass, he moved down to Matt's legs. As Brick knelt in the tub, he feared he was going to shoot off again. Each time he moved his hands along the inside of Matt's furry thighs, his fingers brushed against the man's huge nuts. "Gimme that soap, boy," Matt said. "You missed a part." When Brick pushed the bar of soap into the cop's hand, Matt lathered the crack of his rear until his entire ass was covered with soap suds. He then stepped forward under the spray, rinsing his front. When the cop turned to rinse his back, Brick could not repress a gasp. Matt's cock was fully erect; its nine pulsing inches pointed directly at Brick's gaping mouth.

Any willpower that Brick had went swirling down the drain with the bath water. He reached out, grabbed Matt's hard cock, and took the head and several inches of shaft into his mouth.

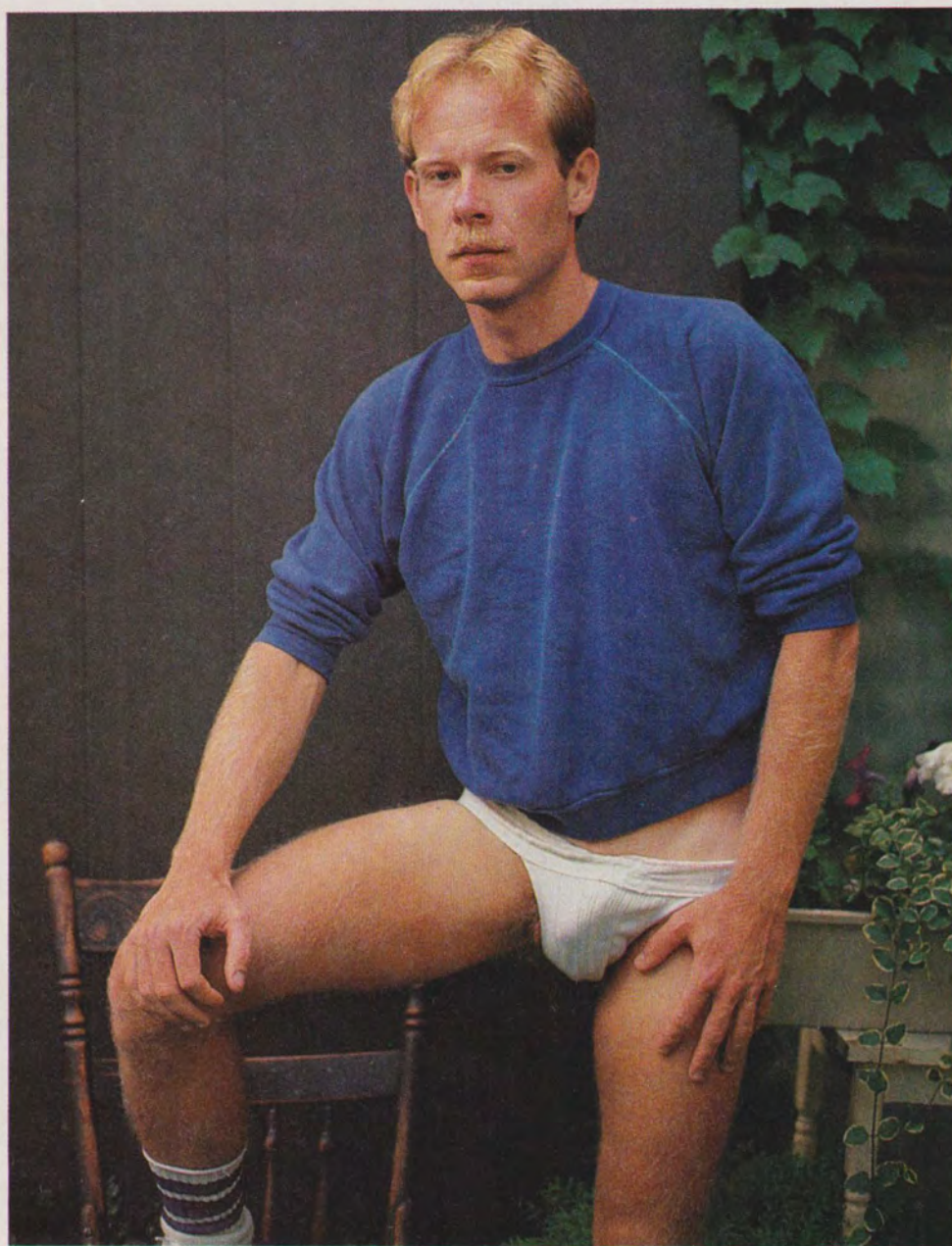
"Whaddya doin'?" Matt cried. "Oh Jesus, Brick...no, you shouldn't...Oh God!" Matt stammered as he fell back against the wall behind him. He grabbed Brick by the side of the head and tried to push his mouth away. But Brick pushed his mouth farther down on the huge cock, forcing the bulbous head past the stricture of his throat. "Oh...oh...please, Brick, it ain't right...you don't know what you're doin'," Matt protested. "Oh, Brick, it's been so long...but...but...Oh Jesus, it feels so fucking good! Oh, kid, yeah...do it! Eat that cock, you hot mouthed little stud. Take it!" Matt grabbed Brick's hair and pulled the youth's face tight against his groin as he thrust his hips.

"Oh Baby, suck that cock," he crooned. "Gobble that big pecker down. Drain my fuckin' nuts. Oh yeah!

*Continued on page 91*



# THE SHOW-OFF



*His mild-mannered exterior makes him look like the boy next door. But don't be fooled. He's a show-off.*

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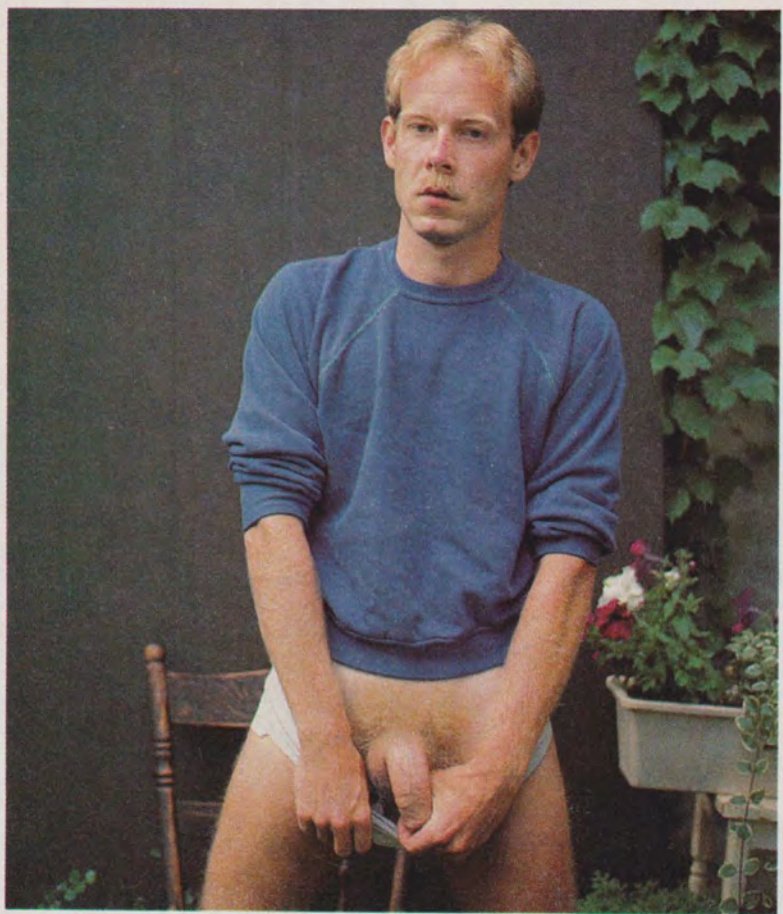
## THE SHOW-OFF

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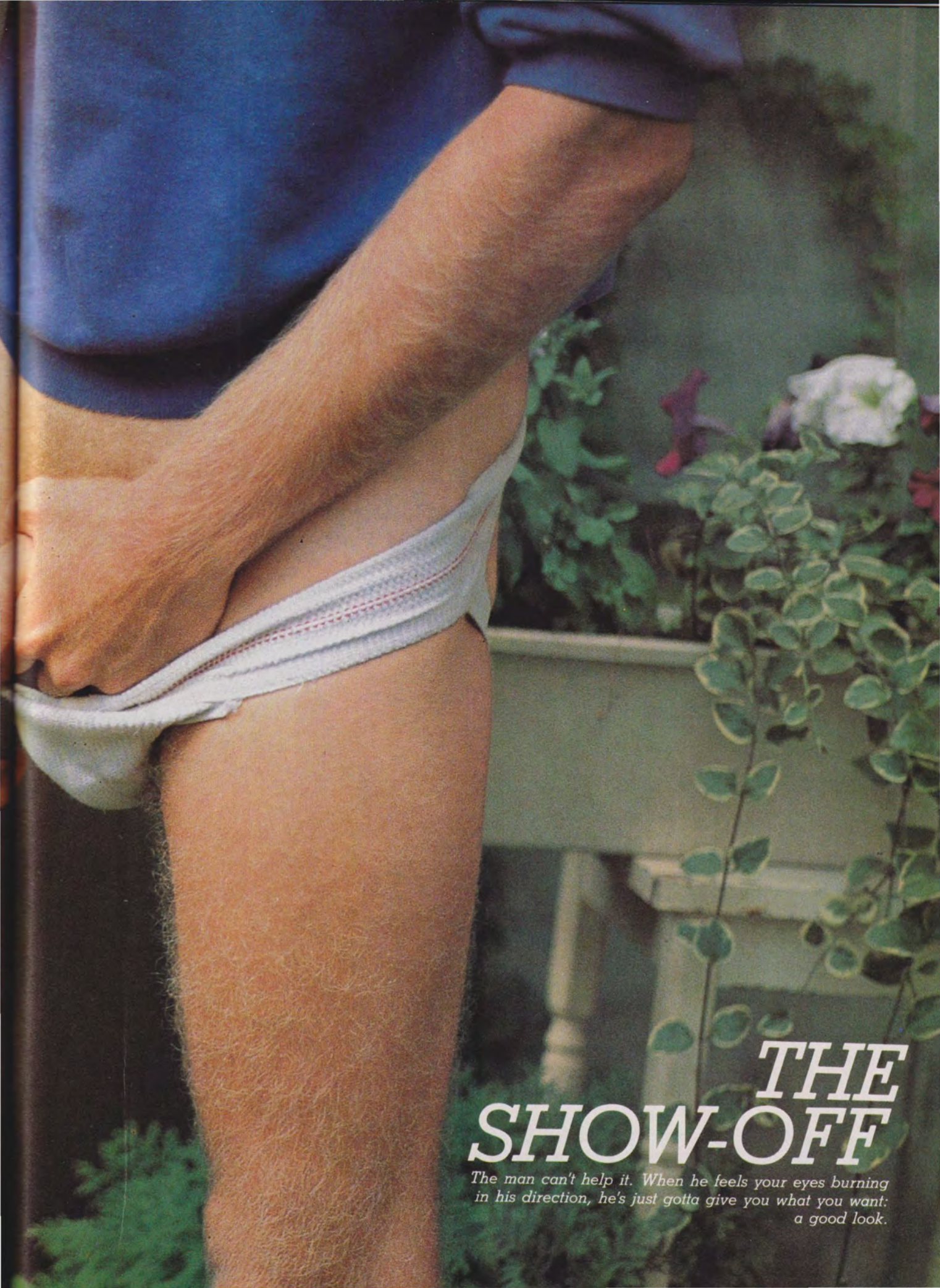








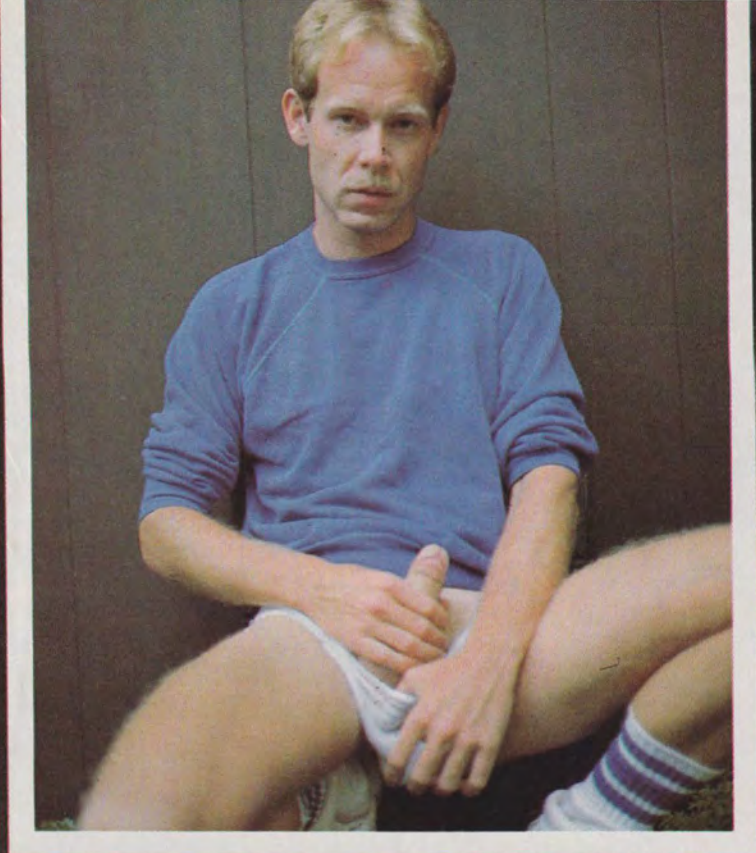




# THE SHOW-OFF

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# THE SHOW-OFF

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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 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



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## INDIANA

### YOUNG ASS MASTER

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

### 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.

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## LOUISIANA

### LOOKING FOR FRIENDS

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

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## MASSACHUSETTS

### SKIING

GWM 18-29 who likes ski weekends and total submission, C&B, TT, FF, electricity, enemas call (617) 256-2968.

### 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.

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## 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.

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## HANDSOME, ATHLETIC GWM

Wants to meet gays in area for friends, good times, and sex. Write: Mark, PO Box 315, St. Clair Shores, MI 48080.

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## 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.

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## NEBRASKA

### GOODLOOKING W/M, 34, 6', 175

Wants non-smoking masculine horny Greek Active for hot sessions and other tail scenes. Should be hairy—beard/moustache great. PO Box 34292, Omaha, NE 68134.

### FRIENDSHIP WANTED

Seeking guys in Hastings area 18 to 35 for good times or just friendship. PO Box 791, Hastings, NE 68901-0791.

### HOT HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT

GWM jock seeks older friends for sex and companionship. Send letter and photo to: Ron, 430 Glenhaven, Lincoln, NE 68505.

### NEED DICK!

GWM, 25, 5'8", 150 lbs., 7". Hunger for hot, hard-on clad men. Write with hot photo—Doyle Anderson, Box 4, Hartington, NE 68739.

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## NEW JERSEY

### 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.

### FRIENDS/PEN PALS

Goodlooking Bi/WM, 27, 5'11", 160 lbs., brown/blue, straight looking in good shape seeks same for hot times. No weirdos or drugs. Phone and photo, all answered. John Foley, 662 Broadway, Bayonne, NJ 07002.

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## NEW MEXICO

### GWM 37, 5'11",

Blk. hair & beard, hairy, 180 lbs., masculine, love the feel, smell, sight of leather. No S&M, rough stuff, fags. Occupant, 4020 San Mateo NE, Suite 114, Albuquerque, NM 87110.

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## NEW YORK

### 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.

### 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.

### HOUSEBOY SLAVE SON

Under 25 boy next door type wanted by sane business professional—No phonies/hustlers. Send application and photo. Jerry, 55 N. Bway, Apt. 1-24, White Plains, NY 10601.

### GWM, 27

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

### HISPANIC OR ARAB MASTER WANTED

GWM 30s goodlooking, seeks a master/top who wants to give discipline by enemas, belts, W/S. You: either Hispanic or Arab, dominant, have desire to be a disciplinarian, serious person. Novice master welcomed. Will answer letters from anywhere. Write: PO Box 431, RH, NY 11418.

### BEGINNER

GWM 22, 5'8, 155, 8". Looking for correspondence, Pen Pal and photo swap. Letters and hot nude photo gets all of mine. John, 4 W. Maple Ave., Suffern, NY 10901.

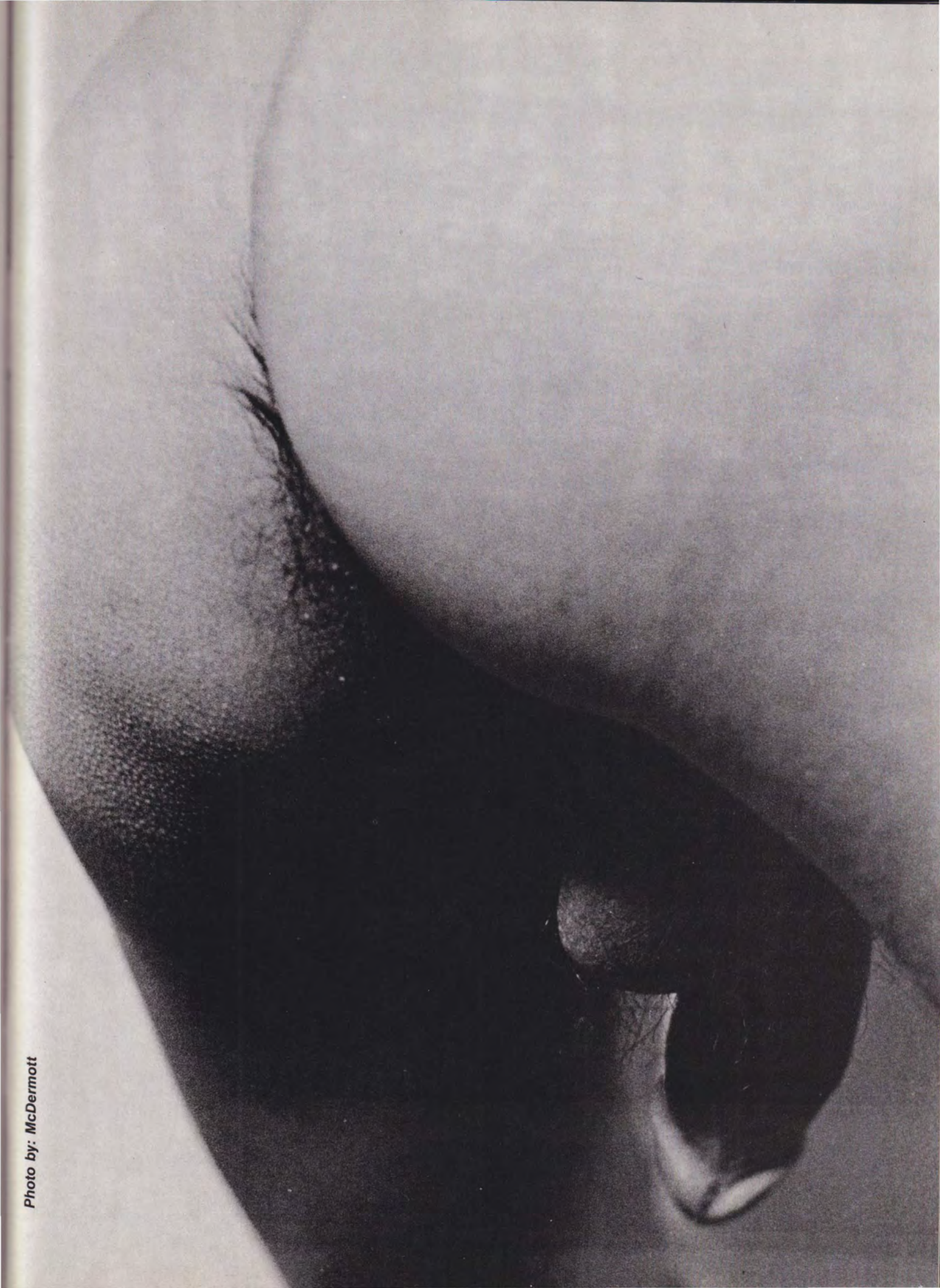
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## NORTH CAROLINA

### GWM, 30, NICE BODY

Seeks same around Raleigh Area. Age no problem, good body a must! No feds, blacks, or fats! Photo & letter to PO Box 162, Youngsville, NC 27596.







## OHIO

### CLEVELAND

Chubby, GWM, 30, seeks good times, friendship (possible lasting relationship). Enjoy theater, movies, sports, candlelight dinners, good sex. Call Rick at (216) 261-9600 Cleveland.

### WM—6'2"—180, UNCUT

6" x 1½" Masculine—Attractive, seeks same GM or Bi (Marrieds) Ages students to mature guys (sexy) for prolonged cock play, etc. with yours and mine. Personal & sexy data & photos gets reply. PO Box 20052, Columbus, OH 43220.

## OKLAHOMA

### 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

### YNG, BLOND SLAVE

Seeks Yng Levi/top (18-30), gdlkng, smooth bod & well hung. Me: 6'4", 128 lbs., thick 8½" cut, hot, tight ass. Seek blonds, long hairs, cowboys, military types and jocks. Dig B/D, W/S, CBT/T, fucking, sucking, fisting, rimming, feet, dildoes, verbal abuse, humiliation, toys, showing, oiltrips, smoke, amyl/ethyl, "fun drugs," 3-ways. Send photo/phone to Bryan, 181 S. 17th St., Pgh, PA 15203, or call (412) 683-7384 wknds. Sincere only.

### 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.

### 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

### WILLING WHELP WANTS WORTHY WHIP-WIELDER

Esoteric GWM, 28, 5'9, 145, Gr/P. PO Box 16654, Greenville, SC 29606.

## TEXAS

### ATTN: MEN OF HOUSTON HELP!!!

Uncut, young! Need someone to satisfy me! no S&M. Write and send photo for prompt reply to PO Box 5295, Humble, TX 77325-5295.

### COUNTRY DISCIPLINE

Masculine, BiWM, 6', 160 lbs., 37Y, healthy, hung, and virile satisfies 21-34 trim, firm boys requiring no-nonsense training. GF, 2615 Waugh Dr. #221, Houston, Texas 77006.

### 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.

## WISCONSIN

### HAIRY, HORNY, GWM,

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

## INTERNATIONAL

### NEW IN VANCOUVER

Would love to suck you. Also enjoys mutual J/O and water sports. GWM mid 30's. Bi's welcome also. Call 681-6000.

### 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.



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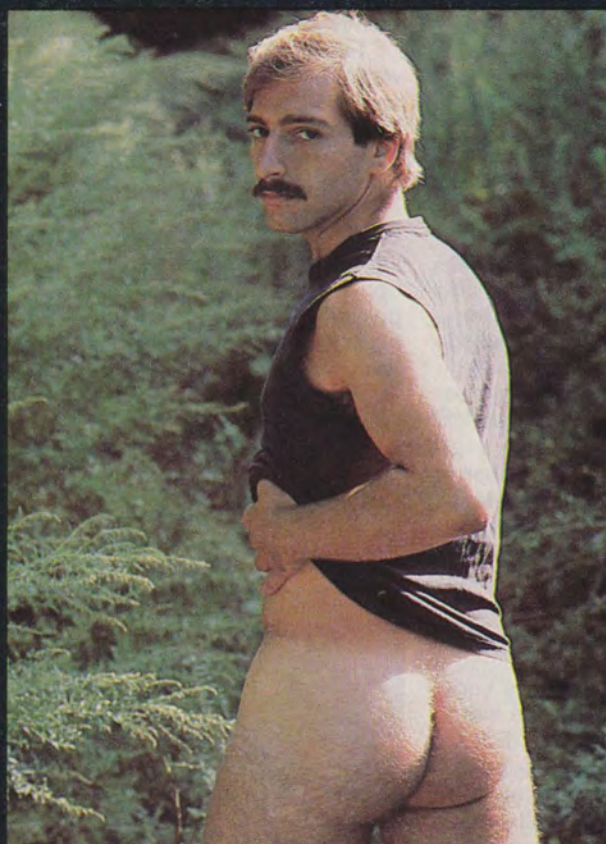
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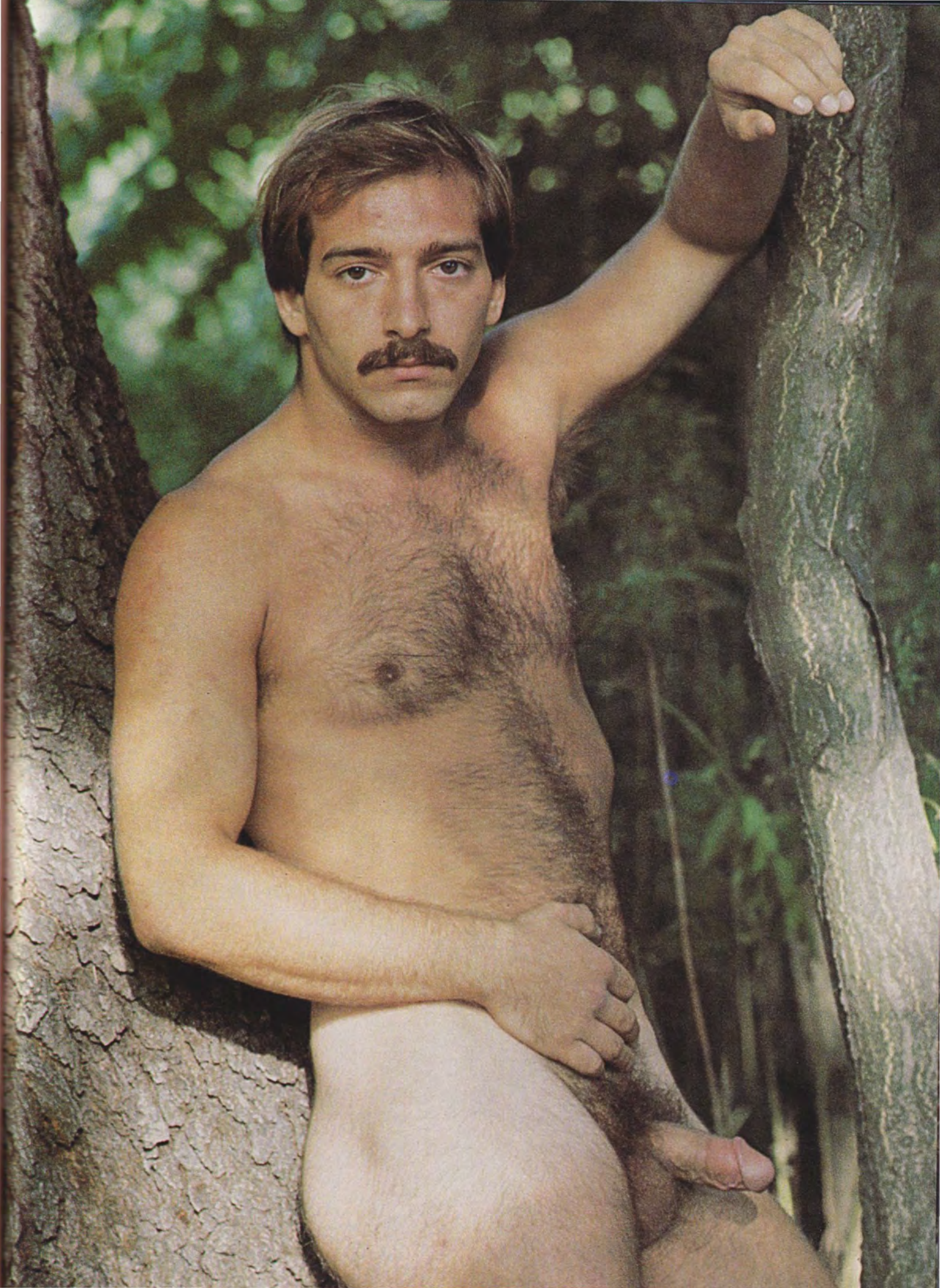


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