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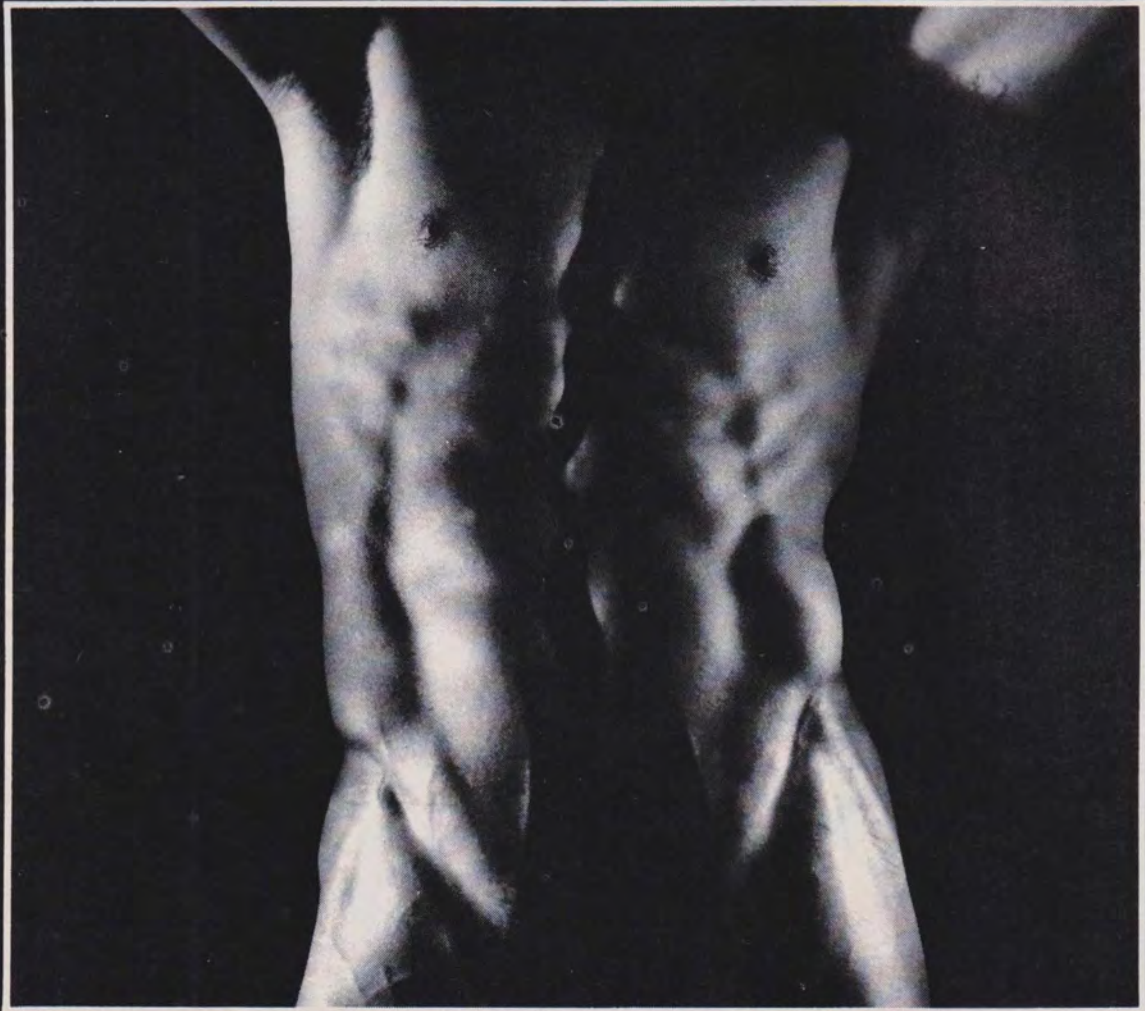


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THE MAGAZINE FOR THE MACHO MALE

VOLUME 8 • NUMBER 4  
JULY 1985



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## CONTENTS

- 5 FICTION: CELLMATE
- 11 FICTION: SEND IN THE MARINES
- 13 NUDES: ACTION MAN
- 22 FICTION: RAWHIDE
- 29 NUDES: COCK THERAPY
- 37 FICTION: AIRMALE SPECIAL DELIVERY
- 42 NUDES: HOW'S IT HANGING
- 50 FICTION: STREET BOY
- 52 NUDES: LICK THIS
- 61 NUDES: ARMED
- 68 FICTION: HARDWARE
- 77 NUDES: UP PERISCOPE
- 84 CLASSIFIEDS: MAN SEARCH
- 89 NUDES: ROUSTABOUT

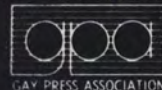
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CHARTER MEMBER











# CELLMATE

***"We won't see him for another hour," Hank said as the prison guard passed out of range. "By the way, kid, I saw you looking at my thick dick while I was taking a piss."***

*By Wilf Race • Photos by Naakkve*

It was going to be an entirely new experience for Terry Nesbitt and he was not sure just how he was going to handle it. Terry was accustomed to having at least one good sexual workout a day, and the prospect of going five days without a chance to suck and fuck was going to be a real hardship.

But it was something he was always curious about, and now, given the opportunity of experiencing it for himself, he decided to see what would happen. Besides, there was a principle involved.

Terry had always been a law-abiding citizen—a genuine asset to his com-







munity. But he had been found guilty of assaulting a cop during an otherwise peaceful gay demonstration. Terry was in the immediate vicinity when a minor melee broke out as a result of excessive police harassment. A couple of cops had gotten fat lips in the fracas, so they had decided to press charges against anyone who happened to be nearby.

In truth, Terry had tried to come between a cop and a demonstrator and he was arrested in the demonstrator's place. The police didn't give a damn who got charged, just as long as they could make it look as though the gays were a bunch of troublemakers. So a couple of cops had perjured themselves in court, and the judge sentenced Terry to five days in jail.

The whole incident had received a fair bit of attention in the local press, and the city's leading newspaper supported the gays. An editorial stated that the police had used unwarranted force, and that the few gays who had resorted to violence had done so in self-defense. A legal victory for the cops was seen as a powerful moral victory for the gay community. And for that cause, Terry Nesbitt was prepared to go to jail for five days.

His closest buddies had been very supportive. On the night before he was jailed, two of his best fuckmates visited for a night of heavy-duty sex. His friend Paul, whose cock reached ten inches when fully erect, fucked him full tilt in the ass. Terry worked orally on his other friend, Joel, eating his ass, cock, and balls. All three were very agile; each time they engaged in a threesome, they performed in different positions. Terry lost track of his own orgasms, and the amount of cum that Paul's enormous dick shot into his gut would have filled at least a pint bottle. Terry swallowed several huge loads of Joel's gism. It had been a great night, and the three friends agreed to get together again as soon as Terry got out.

Thus fortified, Terry set off to pay his debt to society. He had been instructed to report to the nearest police station, and two hours were spent on paperwork. Two burly rookies then took him to the city jail: a stark, cold, grimy stone building. When the car pulled into the loading dock, two guards materialized and escorted him through a small steel door and down a long, dingy corridor. He was photographed, finger-printed, and placed in a tiny holding cell.

Terry gripped the cold bars; they felt quite different from the hard, hot

shafts he was accustomed to grasping. A surly young punk eventually led him down to the receiving area where a woman, standing behind a low counter, ordered him to strip and place his belongings on the counter.

"Off with your duds, Mac, and put all your jewelry and the contents of your pockets into this bag," the amazon shouted. Terry hesitated momentarily. "You don't have anything I don't see a hundred times a day." She chuckled slightly, and Terry was relieved to see that she had a sense of humor. He stripped and put his things on the counter, as she barked out another order. "Now go through that door and come back here to see me when you're finished."

Terry stepped into a large shower room, much like the ones in the baths. But the three or four other guys in there were standing well apart from each other and seemingly concerned only with cleaning their bodies.

Terry steeled himself to the reality of the situation and selected a faucet that

stuff and had made a list for him to sign. Then she handed him a bundle which contained his prison clothes and bedding.

Terry's cell was smaller than he had expected; it was barely large enough to contain the two small cots, the single-unit sink, and the toilet. The guard told him that his cellmate was on yard duty, and wouldn't be returning until just before supper. Terry was grateful to have the afternoon alone to adjust. He put the sheets on his cot, ate the sandwich that was brought to him because he had missed lunch, and stretched out on his back.

He soon realized that he was the only man in the whole block of ten cells. All the other men must be on yard duty too, he thought. A tomb-like silence prevailed; not a single guard patrolled the corridor. His thoughts drifted to the hot action of the night before, and his cock began to swell inside his baggy trousers. He tried to turn his mind to other things, but his need was too pressing. The urgings in

---

***Terry watched as his cellmate slowly removed the sheet that covered his body. He saw the huge mound of Hank's furry ball sac and the dick that jutted up from the entangled thicket of black hair. There was something raw and primitive about this cock.***

---

was not too close to those already in use. He began soaping himself down, taking care not to let his hands linger too long around his dangling cock, and slowly turned to let the water flow over his entire body. He realized it was important not to appear paranoid, and he allowed his eyes to fall briefly on a couple of the other men. None of them seemed to be taking any notice of him. They were all fairly young, and looked like the kind of guys he regularly got his rocks off with. He could see that he was going to have to exercise a hell of a lot of restraint. The two guys whose cocks he had been able to glimpse were certainly well hung, but not even mildly aroused. This was a new phenomenon to Terry!

He finished his shower, toweled off, and returned to the counter outside. The woman had sorted through his

his groin would not be denied and, in a fit of half-terror, he ripped down his prison pants and loose underwear, took his throbbing dick in his fist, and frantically beat off. It was only seconds before his balls began to discharge. He carefully scooped the gobs of cum from his chest and stomach and licked his fingers clean. In his paranoia, he wondered whether the smell of semen would linger in the cell. He was certain that he wouldn't have another opportunity to relieve his powerful sex drive before he got out of jail.

That evening the cellblock resounded with noise and bedlam as Terry's fellow inmates, a wild and raucous lot, carried on conversations in shouts and rough language. Terry tended to stay very much on the periphery of things, an observer rather than a participant. A few of the men took an interest in



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"the new kid on the block," and made an effort to be friendly, but Terry felt that the safest course was to be responsive, yet reserved.

Terry's first big challenge came during shower time. All the guys stripped and began crowding toward the shower room. Terry fell in with the crowd, desperately hoping that he did not look conspicuous. The jets were positioned close together, and there was much jostling for position. Most of the men were relatively young, attractive, and well-muscled. Terry noticed one or two of them taking a long look at his body. He pretended not to see. A few bodies bumped against his, and he was grateful that his cock didn't respond. Normally, under such provocative conditions, his balls would be churning with hot cum and his rod would be rock hard!

Showers completed, the men were locked in their cells for the night. Terry's cellmate was a guy named Hank, who was swarthy, well-built, and thirtyish. He was in for car theft, and had six more months to go on his sentence. Hank was a sociable guy, a ready talker, and Terry was glad to have someone to converse with.

There was one thing about Hank that made Terry curious: he was the only one in the cellblock who had not taken a shower. Hank had gone straight into their cell and when Terry had come in—towel knotted around his waist—Hank was in bed with the sheet pulled up to his armpits.

The two men talked until the lights were dimmed for the night. Hank eventually drifted off, but Terry was still too unnerved by his new surroundings to sleep. The cellblock was as silent as it had been in the afternoon. Obviously, whispered conversations did not carry from cell to cell.

Still restless, Terry glanced across the narrow gap separating him from his cellmate. Hank shifted position frequently, and the single sheet covering him slid lower. More and more of his body was exposed. Terry watched in fascination. He could see a magnificent chest covered with a heavy growth of thick, black hair. The hard nipples stood out like beacons on the gently heaving torso. The spread of hair narrowed as it inched down the abdomen towards the navel, and then disappeared under the sheet. Terry fought to control his desire; he was glad he had jacked off earlier. He pulled his eyes away from Hank's body just as the guard appeared on the other side of the barred door, looked in, and moved on.

Terry struggled with his emotions. Hank's manly body was only an arm's length away, but entirely out of reach. Terry was not used to suppressing his sexual urges. He heard Hank shifting position again, and he dared to steal another glance. Hank had rolled onto his side, with his back to Terry, and his hand tightly gripped the sheet (which he had pulled up to his shoulders). But Terry could see Hank's other arm; his cellmate was obviously manipulating his crotch. Terry broke his stare, buried his face in his pillow, and finally fell asleep.

Terry had no idea how long it was before he awakened. With his eyes still tightly closed, he listened as a sound like a cascade of water filled the cell. He cautiously opened the eye that was closest to the splashing sound. Only a couple of feet from his head, an incredibly long, thick, uncut cock was spewing its last squirt of steamy piss into the toilet bowl. Every muscle in Terry's body froze and, a moment later, that enormous dick was yanked out of his range of vision.

Terry quickly adjusted to the routine of prison life. The bulk of the morning was spent mopping floors and scouring down the cells. In the afternoon the inmates worked outside. Then they were all herded into the large shower room on the main floor which Terry had used when he first came in. He smiled at the amazon as he passed by her counter, and she gave him a silly grin in return. Inside the shower, Terry noticed that Hank kept the front of his body out of view. Terry had a chance to catch a fleeting glimpse of his cellmate's tight, hairy buns, and he thought how good they would feel wrapped around his own dick.

After lock-up that night, Terry and Hank were talking in their cell. Hank mentioned that he was expecting a visit from his lawyer in a couple of days. In a friendly way, he asked Terry whether he had a lawyer. Terry said that he had only recently had a need for one. Hank said he would highly recommend Paul Biggs if Terry were ever in serious trouble. Terry said he would keep Biggs' name in mind, and made a mental note to have a word with him when he got out.

For a few minutes the two inmates were silent, each lost in his own thoughts. The night guard walked by at a leisurely pace, glanced in at the two prone figures, then passed out of sight. When his footsteps had faded, Hank broke the silence.

"We won't see him for another hour," he said. Another silence. Then

*Continued to page 20*



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# SEND IN THE MARINES

---

***Was I going to get to fuck this hot young Marine? I didn't think twice about it. I hurried to the bathroom, and on my return, I saw that he was preparing for the event.***

**By S. Morganson Hunter • Art by Clement**

Marines have always been my biggest turn-on. Those burly hunks in uniform given to history as the ultimate male. The butchest of the butch—they put the macho in machismo. I can't remember anyone who didn't share my fantasies of scoring with the "ultimate uniformed man."

I work for a company that has me on the go quite a bit. I travel to Washington, D.C., two weeks out of every month, and spend the rest of my time at home in Savannah, Georgia. After a recent stint in Washington, I returned home the first weekend of October.

I arrived Friday evening, having made plans weeks earlier to go to the Oktoberfest in town the following day. I've always made it a point to attend the festival, starting when I was stationed in Stuttgart, Germany. Yes, I had been a serviceman in uniform... but not a Marine. By the time I was twenty-two, I had "serviced" or been "serviced by" all the branches: Air Force, Navy, and my own Army. But still not the Marine Corps.

That was my goal when I spied this young guy, about twenty, standing by one of the beer wagons that Saturday afternoon.

Oh my God, I thought. A Marine!

The telltale haircut gave him away—closely cropped with whitewalled sides. He stood in line a few people ahead of me while I made every effort to keep him in my line of sight after he had bought a beer and wandered off toward a nearby food booth.

Somehow, I did keep up with him through the hordes of people. I eventually came up alongside him as he watched one of the performing bands.

I saw his ass flexing beneath his tight jeans—unfortunately not for my benefit—as he kept time with the "oompapa" of the music. His broad shoulders and firmly built legs gave me an erection.

Then I almost died.

He turned and looked at me with his piercing eyes, and I don't know why but I continued to stare at him, not missing a beat. My next move proved real graceful and I could have kicked myself in the ass because of it, but being caught off guard, and with both of us holding sausages covered with mustard and sauerkraut purchased from the last booth, I stammered out, "Mine's bigger than yours!"

I wanted to run, not walk, and find a closet to crawl into. What a line! I couldn't believe I had actually said it. I blushed and he just laughed a little.

For a moment I thought he let his eyes fall to my diminishing hard-on before turning his attention back to the band. That would have been great, but I figured it was just my over-active imagination.

I felt so humiliated and—dumb! My face was uncomfortably hot; I figured it might be a good time to take my cue and leave. But before I could move, he glanced back at me and smiled.

"You in the Army?"

My heart skipped a beat. I shook my head yes. Of course I'm not, but I thought it might add points in my favor. And I do still keep my hair very short and military.

"My brother's in the Army. Dad was too," he continued.

Paydirt!

The rest of the afternoon and evening were very enjoyable. I continued with my corny lines and he laughed at them all, but if he took note of their innuendos, Don's expression never revealed it. Yeah, his name was Don.

Around six o'clock he told me that he had to catch the bus back to base—Parris Island. Marineland! The largest Marine boot camp, and the only one on the East Coast. Well, I knew the last bus left in a half hour, and that he would have to be on it. I told



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him no way he could make it, and that I'd be pleased to drive him back. Hell, it was only about an hour's ride. He seemed a little surprised at first but I saw a smile spread over his lips. I was beginning to think my Marine knew what I was after.

Numerous beers and four hours later, we headed for my car. Don made a point of propping himself up on my shoulder and giving me a light squeeze as he joked about the day at the fest; we were both pretty wasted by now.

During the drive, the cat-and-mouse game wound down and he finally told me he had a thing for Army men. His boldness confirmed my previous thought. Yes, he knew what I was after.

I had no problem entering the base, but I told Don immediately about my apprehension of messing around in his dorm room. He had briefly made mention of his three roommates, saying that they had been paid at the beginning of the week, and would be gone all night. After all, it was Saturday night.

We got to his room, which contained two bunkbeds, a desk, and numerous *Penthouse* centerfolds covering the walls. Basically, the decor was simple and to the point. They were Marines, and they were men.

Before I knew it, Don took me in his arms and kissed me. I ran my tongue into his mouth and he returned the favor. I quickly concluded that Don had done this before in the dorms. He appeared quite confident.

My hard-on was tearing through my jockstrap, so Don promptly fell to his knees to render it free. In seconds, his mouth found my cock. I stood there in absolute ecstasy; I was getting blown by a Marine! Christmas had certainly arrived early this year. Within minutes I knew he would either have to stop, or take my load down his throat or all over his face.

As we undressed, I made sure he didn't remove his underwear—I wanted that pleasure for myself. We fell back into one of the lower bunks and maneuvered into a sixty-nine position. I let my tongue glide along his washboard stomach, then I lightly chewed on his rigid column of flesh, which was still housed in the cloth of his jockey shorts. His hips moved in a circular motion as he ground his crotch into my face. I slid my hand under his cotton briefs and squeezed his muscular ass; and in doing so, I let my fingers glide between his asscheeks. I could feel the wetness of his hairy ass as I rubbed his asshole. He loved it.

I couldn't hold back any longer. My cock leapt from his mouth, and cum flew across his cheek and landed on the pillow. He grabbed me, captured my dick again, and sucked the rest of my orgasm down in gulps. He continued to suck me although the head of my cock was so sensitive I could have screamed.

I finally allowed myself to unveil the beefy cock and found it a little smaller than mine but a helluva lot thicker. I massaged his balls with one hand, while keeping the other one firmly around his cock. I began teasing him with my tongue as I lapped at it, using long licks up and down. This was a damn good lollipop!

It took a bit of getting used to, but I soon managed to take his full length. He groaned as I did so, trying to twist out from underneath me as I plunged his cock deep in my throat. He face-fucked me for what seemed like hours. My eyes teared as I choked with his powerful thrusts, but it only excited me more.

"Fuck me, man!" I hissed. "I want a real man to fuck me!"

He was most obliging. He pulled my dick out of his mouth and lubed my asshole with his tongue. I rocked my hips as he tongue-fucked me.

At last, I climbed off him and took his position on the bed while he found some vaseline in a roommate's night table. He got between my legs, coated my ass and his cock, then sat back on his knees and stroked his monster meat. I reached out and took over the job for him, playing with the underside of his cock and balls.

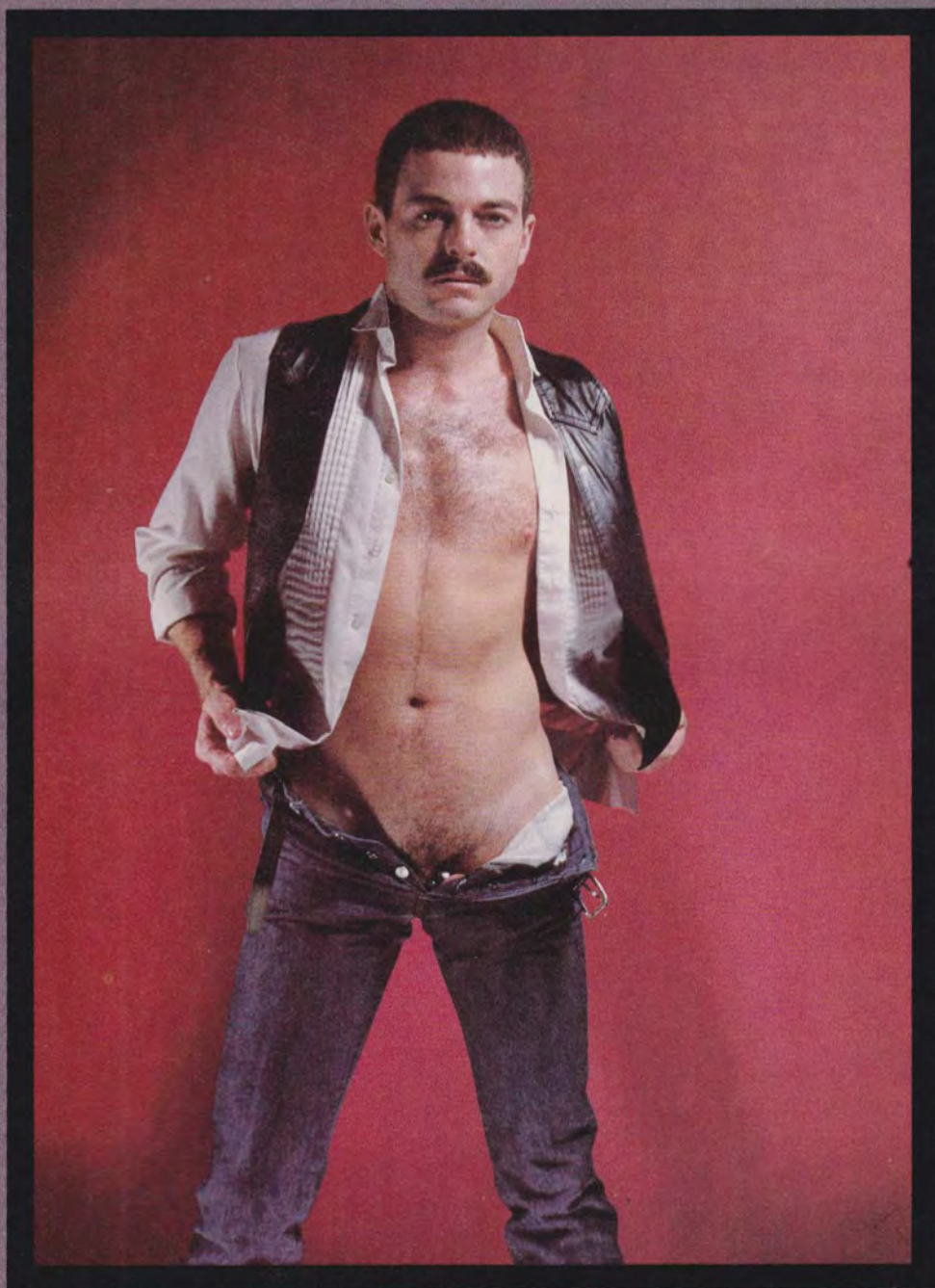
Sweat dripped down his chest and over the ripples of his stomach. I knew then that I had to have him right away, and I pulled him onto me. We kissed as he forced his rock-hard piece into me. To my surprise, it slid in easily. He held his hovering position until I had the whole beautiful fuck rod up my ass. I kissed him all the more, wrapping my arms around his strong back as he moved steadily. He pounded away at my ass in long, solid strokes, grunting with animalistic urgency as he increased his pace. I sucked against the soft skin of his neck and let my tongue play about the outside of his earlobe. That trick worked; he let out a howl, and I felt his cock-head double in size as it hit my prostate and almost made me come without touching my own cock.

He seemed to shoot forever, but at last he pulled out and fell beside me on the bed. He caressed my face and said, "You're fuckin' hot!"

Continued to page 40



# ACTION MAN

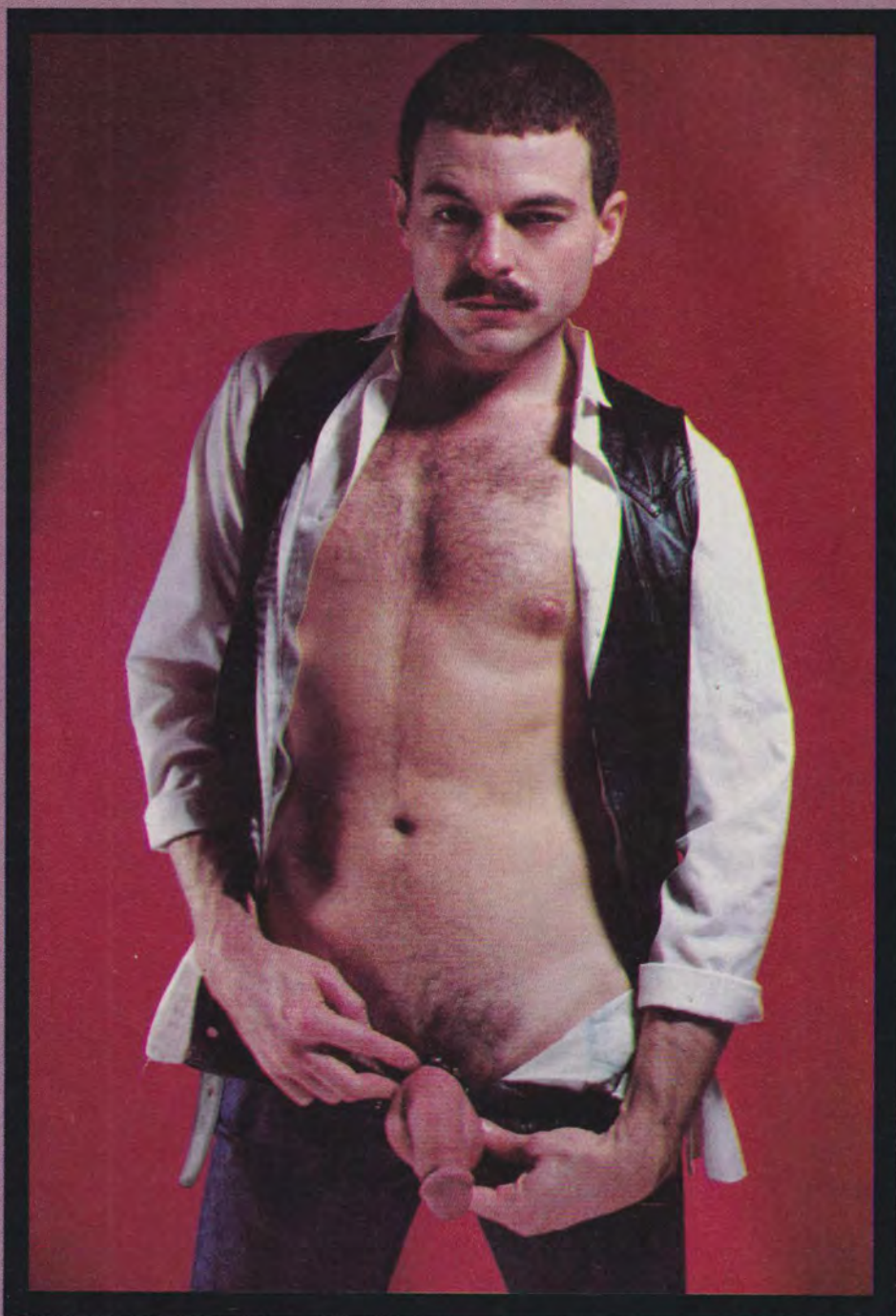


**Don't bother this guy with head games, tender words, or promises of eternal devotion. He knows what you're after, so just give it to him.**

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# ACTION MAN

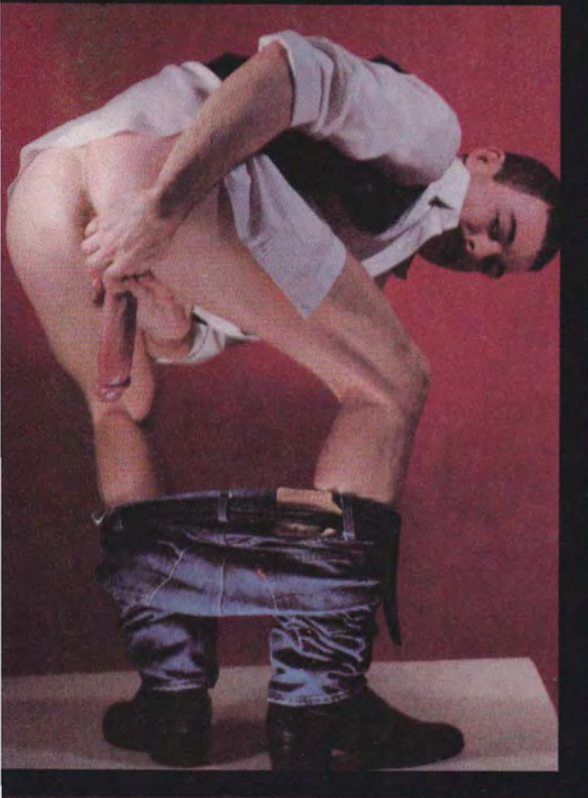


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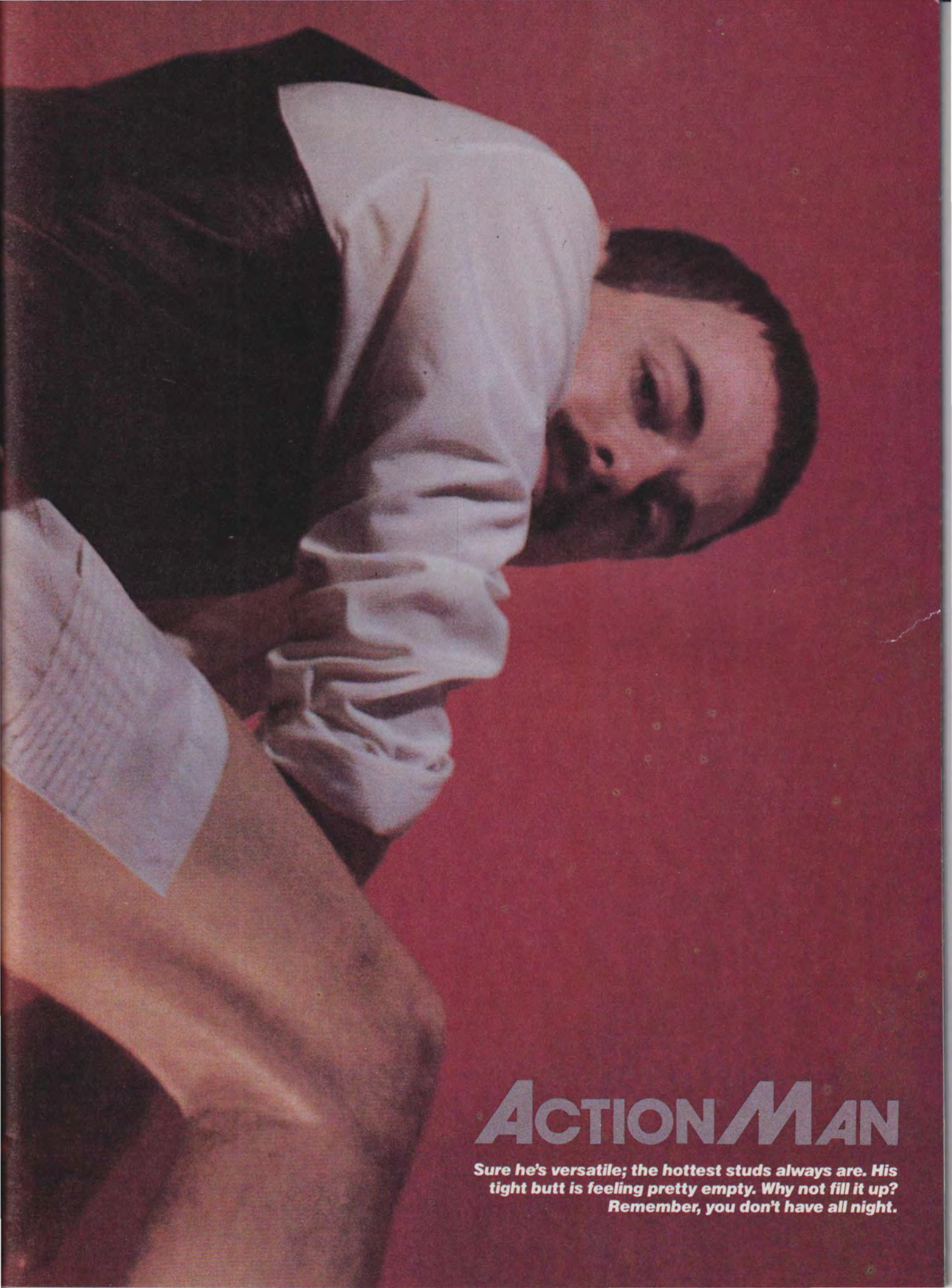








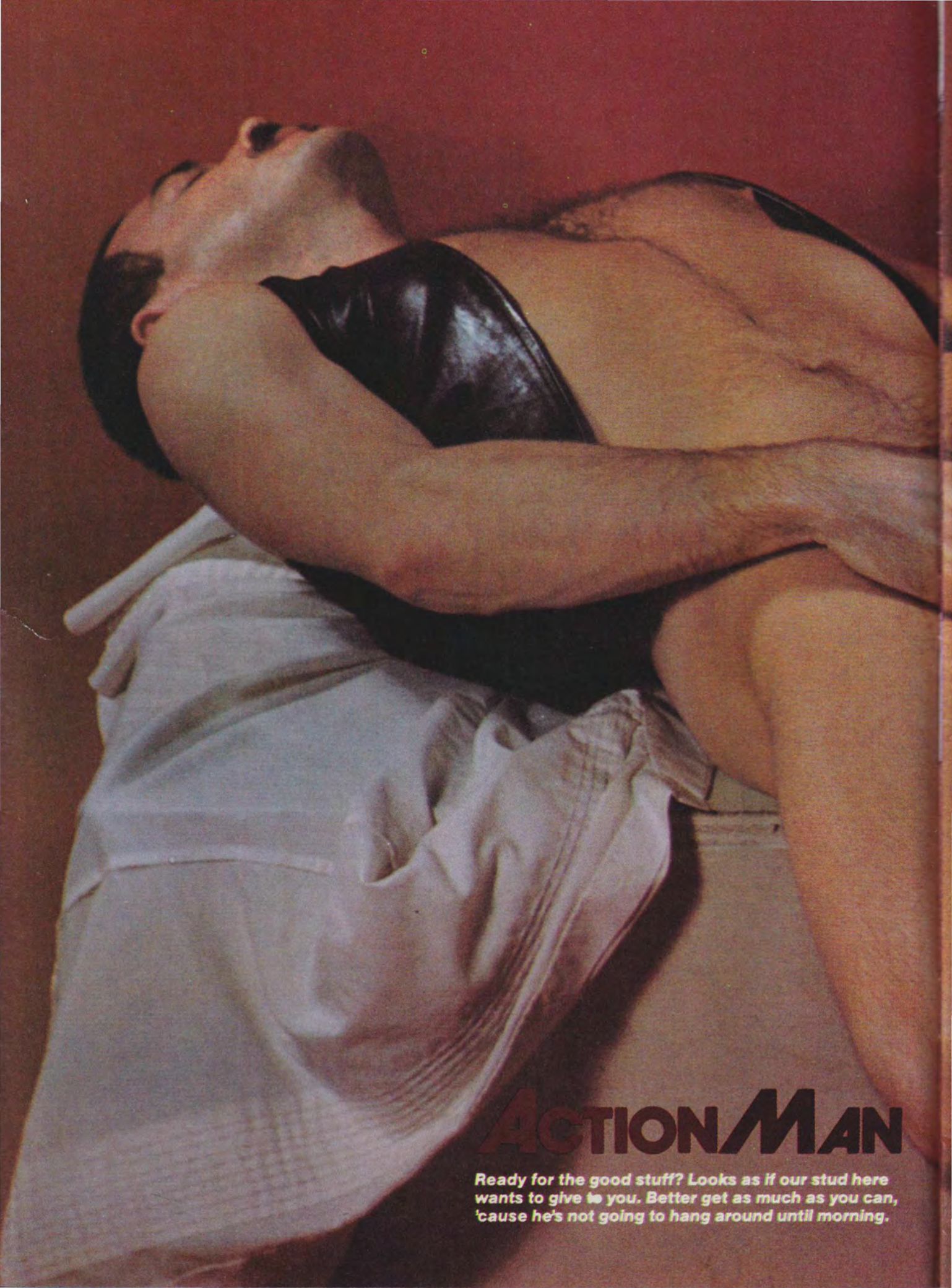




# ACTION MAN

**Sure he's versatile; the hottest studs always are. His tight butt is feeling pretty empty. Why not fill it up? Remember, you don't have all night.**

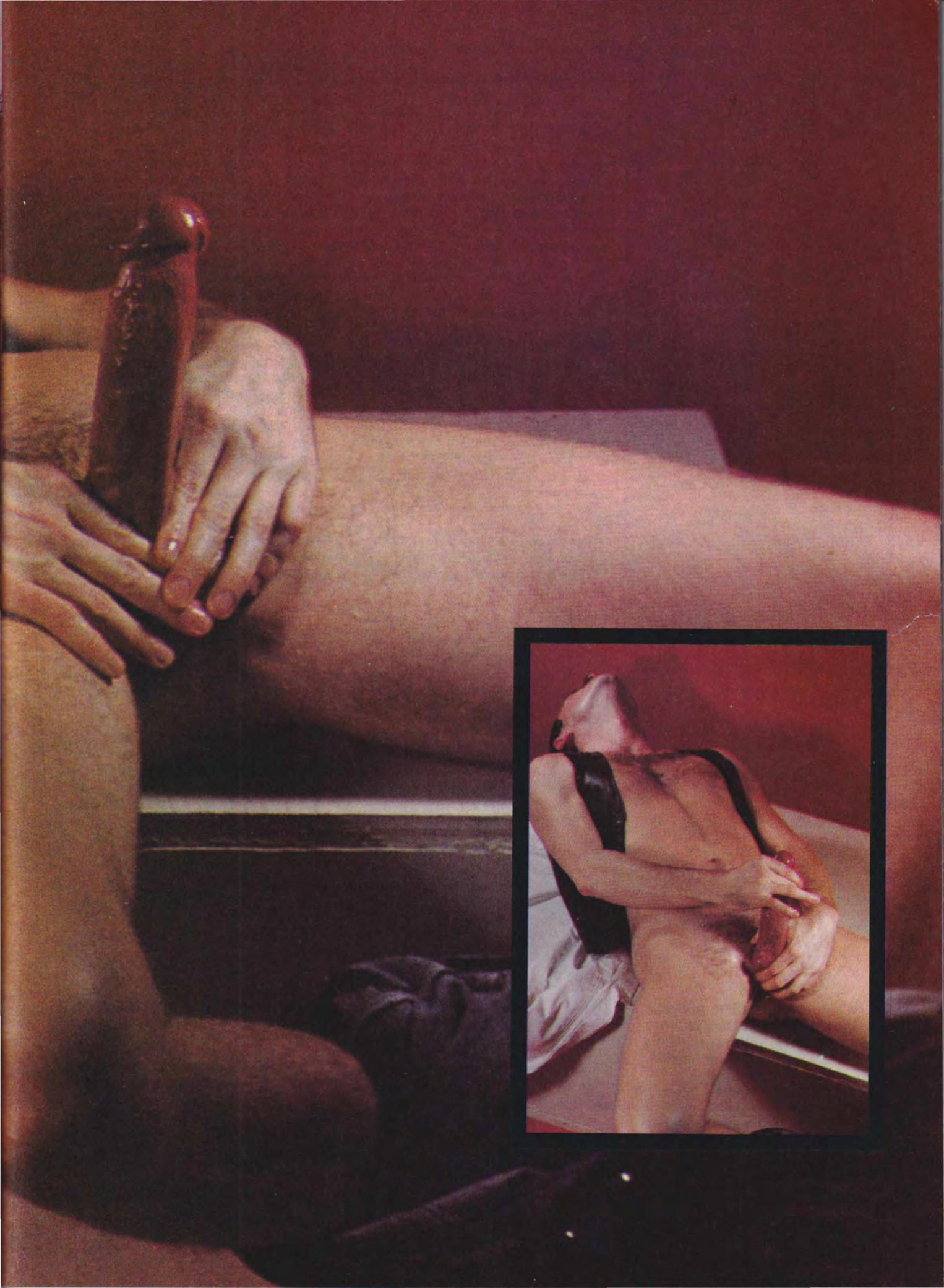




# ACTION MAN

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## CELLMATE

Continued from page 9

Hank spoke again in a low, confidential tone. "By the way, kid"—why does he call me "kid," Terry wondered; there's no more than two or three years between us—"By the way, kid, I saw you looking at my dick while I was taking a piss."

Terry was terrified; his secret was out! Tomorrow he would either be beaten up by the other inmates for being a "fucking faggot," or he would be brutally gang-raped in the shower and left bleeding in the drain. But then he remembered the new information he had about Hank—about the name of his lawyer—and he got his mind back into balance. This was hardly the time to panic, he told himself. Once more he heard Hank's voice. "Don't be upset, kid. I just had to test you out. Know what I mean?"

Terry thought he did. "And what was the result of your test?"

"I think you and me have a lot in common, kid. What do ya think?"

"Could be, I suppose." Terry wanted to sound noncommittal.

"C'mon, man, you know what I mean." Terry noticed the switch from "kid" to "man," and thought it was significant. "I was watching your sweet little ass in the shower this afternoon," Hank continued. "I want to split your buns with my long dick. I want to fuck the ass off you."

If this wasn't a complete breaking down of the barriers, Terry didn't know what was. He glanced across the narrow space that separated them—no more than two and a half feet—and saw that his cellmate had smoothed down the thin sheet tightly over his abdomen, making his cock stand out. The magnificent piece of meat lay against his belly and stretched up, tantalizingly, beyond his navel. Hank pushed his hand down into his crotch and lifted his soaring rod straight into the air.

Terry's cock ignited into a fiery brand. Hank took full command of the situation. In a low, even voice he said, "The guard won't be back this way for another forty-five minutes, so kick your sheet off."

Terry did as he was instructed. He took his eight-inch dick into his fist and started to pump it.

"Not so fast, not so fast! Just take it nice an' easy, and listen carefully to what I say." Hank's voice was calm and commanding.

Terry watched as the other man slowly removed the covering from his own body. Terry now saw the huge mound of Hank's furry ball sac and the straining phallus that jutted up from the tangled thicket of black hair. There was something raw and primitive about this cock. And the coloration of it was highly unusual. It was much darker than the rest of Hank, although the dickhead was a moist pink. Hank was now peeling the foreskin back with his fingers, exposing the full ripeness of the glans.

"Slick a couple of fingers with cockjuice and work them up into your fuckhole. Just pretend it's my big, thick dick goin' in ya!"

It was virtually a command; Terry was eager to obey.

Hank had soaked the palm of his hand with spit and was stroking his huge rod in a frenzied passion. "Oh, man, that feels so good," he murmured. "I can feel the wet walls of your hot fucktube grabbin' at my dick and pullin' it in deeper and deeper."

Instinctively, Terry pushed his fingers further into his own asshole, spreading them apart to simulate the girth of his partner's cock. It felt exquisite. He closed his eyes and sighed with pleasure.

"I'm gonna give you a nice, slow fuck, workin' my dick in and out of your graspin' hole until you're screamin' at me to dump my full load in your gut." Hank was stroking his shaft more slowly now.

"That's it... nice and easy does it... in an' out... that's a great fuck, right, man? I bet ya haven't had that much cock up your ass all at once for a long time, man." Hank's eyes were closed, and his hand continued to run rhythmically up and down the shaft of his giant dick.

"Hey, man, I got my big chunk o' meat so far inside your ass, you're gonna taste it when I shoot off. Hell, I can feel that ass gettin' hotter an' hotter as I ram my meat. What d'ya think, man?... How does it feel havin' all that cock diggin' in ya?"

Terry couldn't hear Hank's words. All he could feel was that magnificent ass fucker possessing him totally. His flailing cock was shooting gism on his belly and chest. He was almost unaware of his own eruption. Terry was obsessed with that foot-long cock that was, systematically and relentlessly, fucking him.

"Oh, my God, I can't hold it back any longer." Hank's words, though still soft, had taken on a guttural tone. "Your goddam ass is just too much..."



just too much, man. I can feel all the juices boilin' in my big balls, gettin' ready to blast your fuckin' ass with the biggest load of cum ya ever took in. Oh, Christ, it's gonna blow!"

Terry felt the horrid rush of thick sperm in his gut; the sensation sent shivers up and down his spine. He opened his eyes just in time to see thick streams of creamy fluid shooting out of Hank's cockhead.

As soon as the two men were partially recovered from the passion that had so utterly consumed them, they began to clean their bodies. When they had finished, they turned and smiled gratefully into each others' eyes. When next the guard passed their cell, he looked in to see his two charges sleeping soundly. He couldn't see the looks of contentment on their faces.

As a result of the public outcry against the injustice of his sentence, Terry Nesbitt was released from jail at the end of his third day. Hank was genuinely sorry to see him go and promised to look him up in the future.

When Terry got home, he telephoned his friends Paul and Joel. The three friends toasted Terry's return to freedom with a few drinks and then got down to more serious activity. Terry

led his two already naked buddies into his bedroom and threw himself down on his king-size bed. Joel squatted over Terry's face and spread his asscheeks. As Terry soaked the asscrack with his tongue, he felt Paul grab his ankles and lift his legs high into the air. Terry broke his mouth away from Joel's anus for a moment, and saw Paul aiming his heavy dick at Terry's fuckhole. The sight of it sparked his memory.

"By the way, I forgot to mention that my cellmate was a guy by the name of Hank. Said he was a client of yours and recommended that I contact you if I ever needed a good lawyer! Incidentally, the guy's hung like a goddam horse. He's even got you beat!"

"Yeah, I know," Paul said. "That's why he's my client!" He shoved his cock deep into Terry's body while the latter went back to eating Joel's ass. ■

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# RAWHIDE

CROSSING THE GREAT PLAINS WAS  
FRAUGHT WITH DANGER, BUT WITH  
A PIONEER LIKE BART IN OUR  
PARTY, THE RISKS ALL SEEMED  
WORTH TAKING

The wagon train was a week out of St. Louis when I fully realized we had left civilization behind. The novelty soon wore off and the slow, daily plodding became routine. It was hot, dusty, and difficult going.

We developed a system of repacking when the stops were called; it made the drudgery easier. I had turned eighteen the month before we left to go west, and was eager for the challenge of a new life.

The uncertainty that faced us every day was complicated by unknown urges I constantly experienced. These desires fitted none of my family mores and were damned by our minister in fiery words. The feelings wouldn't go away and I had nobody, absolutely nobody, to share them with. I lived with these urges bottled inside me. Hard work helped subliminate my feelings, and added muscle to my thin frame.

My father was always asking when I was going to get married and start a family; that was the furthest thing from my mind. I just wasn't interested in girls. The urges I had were vividly real and kept me wrestling with my conscience. It all came into focus during a farewell visit from my uncle before the family left St. Louis.

My mother's brother was only a year older than I and we spent a lot of time

together. He even shared my bed. He always made a big to-do when undressing. I was entranced watching him unbutton his longjohns and peel them down. I pulled the blanket over me to hide my throbbing cock. He stripped completely naked and paraded around enough for me to see everything. His dick rose and fell several times. He smiled as he doused the lamp, climbed in bed, and snuggled beside me. His strong hand pulled me close. He stroked my chest through my thin nightshirt. My cock grew hard as the excitement mounted.

He began easing my nightshirt up until it was above my waist, exposing my naked stomach and freeing my stiff seven inches. His sweaty hand was hot on my bare stomach, and it slid lower until it came to rest in my hairy bush. My cock was throbbing as he caressed it. I felt his rod pressing stiffly against my ass. I waited, wondering what would happen next.

His hand closed around my thudding cock; my entire body was on fire, wanting more. I was tingling and sweating from head to toe. I dug my feet into the covers as he rapidly opened and closed his fingers. Suddenly, every nerve in my body exploded and I came in his hand. Cum spurted in sticky wads. I thought I

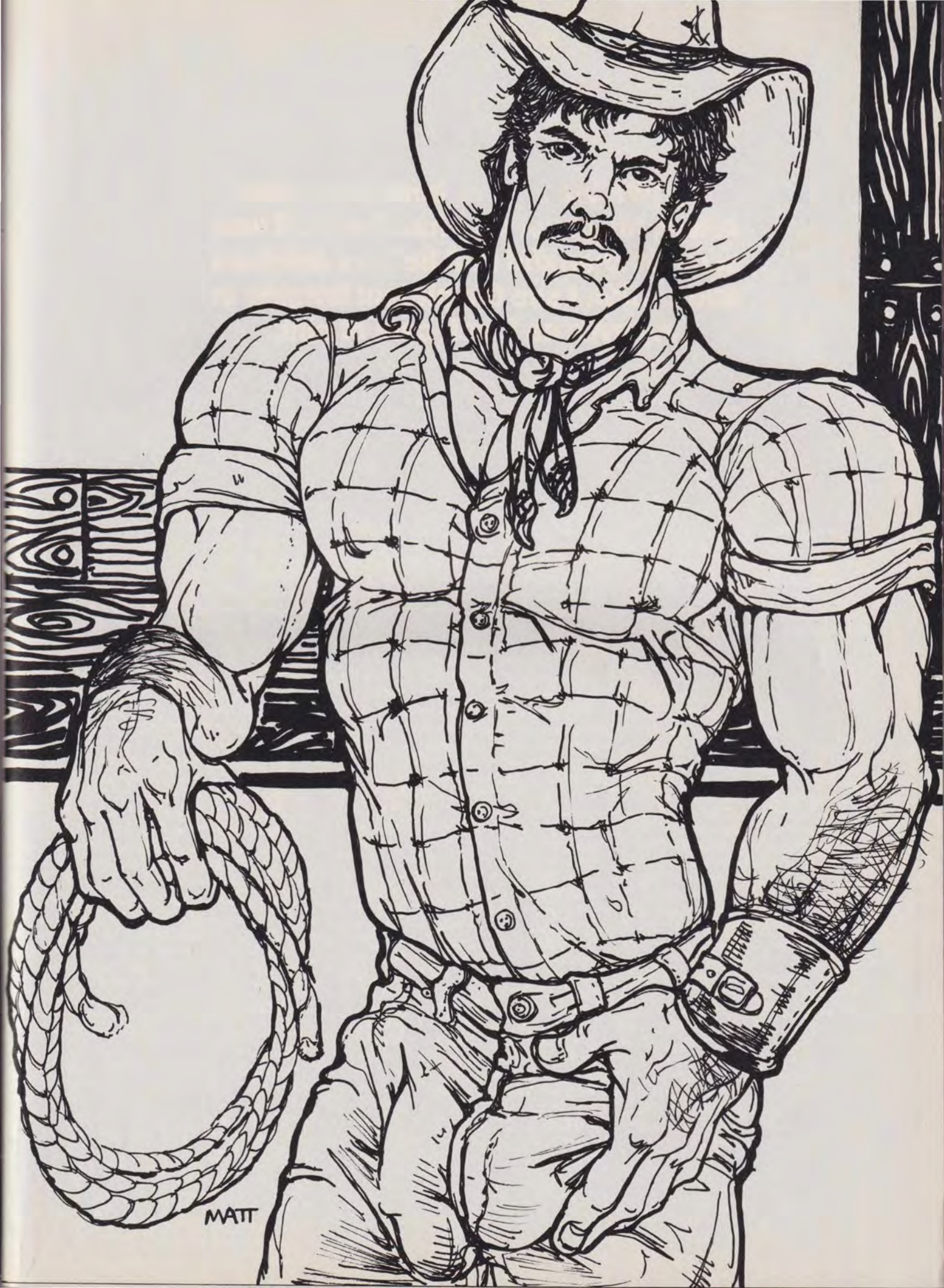
heard a chuckle, but wasn't sure. Before I knew what was happening he spread my legs and wiped cum around my puckered asshole. He straddled me like a horse and slipped his poker into my cum-smeared stall. It hurt and felt fabulous. A flood of emotions was unleashed that changed my life. I gnawed the pillow to keep from screaming and waking the household. I didn't want him to stop.

He jabbed twice and I felt his cock getting larger. He moaned and exploded boiling cum inside me. My first sexual experience answered most of my questions. We never said a word about it, but it was a wonderful memory. And a revelation. I wished to heaven he were going with us.

Our wagon train was two weeks into the wilderness when the stranger joined us—a lone wagon driven by a single man. He stood a little over six feet tall and had the broadest shoulders I'd ever seen—huge biceps strained at his plaid flannel shirt. A thick black moustache and curly black hair set off his black eyes. A wide-brimmed hat sat far back on his head, and faded blue jeans revealed the thick muscles of his thigh. The bulge in his crotch showed that he was all man.

He was one of the few survivors of a







**Despite the wound from the Indian arrow, his chest was handsome. I was secretly thankful that he was delirious and couldn't see the blatant longing in my eyes as I took care of him.**

previous train hit by a strange fever which killed off almost everyone, including his wife and child. He stayed pretty much to himself and got the reputation of being a loner; I figured he was still adjusting to his loss. I made several overtures of friendship, but our conversations never really got going. He'd answer me, stop talking, and gaze into the campfire. I couldn't get my mind off him, especially when his eyes would plead with me not to leave when I'd return to our wagon. If only he'd asked me to stay.

Quiet as he was, he was always willing to lend his strong back to help get a wagon up a hill or across a river. He'd brush off the thanks with an embarrassed wave of his hand and withdraw into his shell of silence. I would join him in the evenings after supper. He didn't encourage it, but he didn't discourage it either. I chattered about everything I could think of with the exception of one topic: how much I'd come to care about him. My father reproached me one evening.

"Son, why don't you leave Mr. Smith be?"

"He needs a friend, Dad."

"Don't you reckon he'd make it clear if he wanted your friendship? You oughten to be forcin' it on that poor man. He's been through enough as it is."

"If he tells me to leave him alone, then I will," I said, knowing instinctively he wouldn't. My visits were welcome even though he hadn't opened up, but he would.

Several weeks passed and my nightly visits to Bart's wagon—we were on a first-name basis by now—continued. Gradually, he talked more. He was a very lonely man in desperate need of love; I wanted to give it to him. I searched for a way to tell him, but drew blanks. I thought he'd never understand and I couldn't chance jeopardizing the friendship we had developed. But when he fixed his gaze on me, I shivered all over.

We reached a river crossing and stopped to bathe. It had been a long time since we'd been really clean. Bart went in the same group I did. Several men stood guard as the rest of us plunged into the cold water. Being pretty bashful, I wore my longjohns. Bart withdrew to a little stand of trees. I followed, the gurgling water allowing me to sneak up on him undetected. He stood naked near some bushes. His dick was completely hard and sticking straight out. His wet hands moved a thick bar of soap across his muscles. I shivered with excitement. He stroked the soap on his slick cock and threw his head back in ecstasy. Suddenly, his eyes closed, his mouth gaped open in a silent scream, and cum spurted in a long, white line. My nuts hurt and my dick pulsed. He milked his dick until it stopped shooting. I beat a hasty retreat, the vision of him standing in the rushes loping his mule burning in my mind. When I touched myself, my dick exploded.

The first signs of hostile Indians on the horizon sent a shockwave of fear throughout the wagon train. We

prepared for an attack: wagons circled, furniture barricading the gaps, and livestock in the center. It was my first experience using a rifle for more than hunting small game. I'd never aimed at a man before with the idea of killing him. In my enthusiasm, I acted foolishly and exposed myself more than I should have.

"Get down, Matthew!" Bart yelled. I kept shooting, eager to get my marks. "Get down!" he cried, rising from his safe position to pull me back by the scruff of my neck.

The whizz of an arrow broke the air and pierced his shoulder. The impact knocked Bart on his back; blood soaked his shirt. The arrow had reversed barbs that would have to be cut out.

All he said to the doctor was, "Well, get on with it! Get the son-of-a-bitch out as fast as you can!"

Not a sound escaped him while it was removed, although his face contorted with pain and he almost bit through the branch shoved between his teeth. I was guilt-ridden. If I hadn't acted so stupidly, he wouldn't have been wounded.

When the extraction was over the doctor said, "Someone'll have to look after him for awhile. He won't be able to drive in his condition."

My father agreed I should do it. Bart had lapsed into a delirious fever. I sponged him regularly with a cool rag. Despite that terrible gash, his fantastic chest and torso excited me beyond belief. I was secretly thankful that he was delirious









and couldn't see the blatant longing in my eyes as I took care of him. We'd undressed him except for the bottom half of his longjohns.

Later that night, when the camp had bedded down, his fever got worse. I stayed at his side, the lamp turned low,

calming him as best I could.

"Must tell Matthew," he mumbled. I thought at first he might be coming around.

"Tell me what?" I asked quietly.

"Must tell Matthew. . . must find a way. . . to let the boy know. . ." He toss-

ed from side to side. I held him until he quieted some.

"Must tell Matthew," he repeated, so softly that I had to lean close to his face to hear. "Must let him know. . . how much I care. . . how much I've grown to love him."





**After he joined our wagon train, he got the reputation of being a loner. Before long, however, I had him back in the saddle—riding me!**

was soaking wet from perspiration. It took a great deal of effort to get them off, but I finally managed it. His entire body was revealed and I could gaze on it all night if I wished. It was even more wonderful than I'd remembered from the stream. I sponged off every inch and his groin responded to my cool touch. His long cock snaked across his stomach and his balls lay across one thigh. My fingers kept touching that beautiful piece of meat; I couldn't help myself. I knew I was taking advantage of the situation, but I went ahead anyway. His dick came to life under my continued prodding. I stroked and squeezed, feeling up and down the length, tickling the head with my tongue. It strained against my touch, rising and falling, shiny and damp. My dick pressed hard against my leg. I couldn't bring myself to stop playing with him. I was transfixed, having him in my power like that.

I felt the head growing large. More juice leaked out, covering the tip and making it glossy in the lamplight. It increased in size under my squeezing until I thought it would burst. It spasmed all at once and unloaded—a heavy burst of cum coated his stomach and long, white wads shot as high as his chest. I kept teasing until his powerful tool had emptied all over him. My cock was squirming in my jeans but I wasn't able to free it fast enough. A wonderful feeling invaded my body; I couldn't fight it any longer and I shot off in my pants. I loved Bart and I knew he felt the same way about me.

His fever broke the next day and he recovered quickly. I drove his wagon until he was well enough to take over without any danger.

The weather had turned quite hot and both of us had trouble sleeping. The next day I would return to my family's wagon, so I decided to level with Bart about my feelings.

Most of the train had bedded down

My heart beat faster. I sponged off his chest with a shaking hand. He moved and whispered, "Matthew. . . Matthew. . . where are you?"

"I'm right here," I assured him. "I'm here. Sh-h-h! Rest, now."

"Matthew. . . he must know. . . how

much I've come to care for him. . . tell him. . . somehow not as a father, not as an uncle. . . more than a friend."

"More than a friend, Bart?"

His words became meaningless sounds. I longed to see the rest of that fabulous body once more. His union suit





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and we lay side by side on top of his bedroll. I reached out and caressed his face with my palm. It was all that we needed; it was the catalyst. He kissed my hands and licked between my fingers. We began touching, fondling and exploring all those places that were forbidden to us before. We were feeling each other's body, squeezing each other's balls, and stroking our dicks. The longer we touched, the hotter we got, and I could tell from Bart's labored breathing that it was time.

"Have you got any oil, or something like that?" I whispered.

"I don't know. Maybe in the trunk."

"See what you have."

The wagon squeaked a little as he moved around. "The only thing I could find was this." He held out a small jar of bacon grease.

"I guess it'll have to do," I said, not realizing how well it would work.

I took a handful and smeared my ass good. I wanted Bart to know what making love was all about. But I figured I'd have to guide him every step of the way.

"Okay, now straddle me. Sit on my chest," I whispered.

"Like this?"

"Yeah, but don't let all your weight down. Rest on your knees."

He did as I directed. I could see his long, stiff dick ready to fuck me for all he was worth.

"That's good. Now let your body go where I guide it."

His body responded easily. I guided the head of his gorgeous cock. I pulled my legs up and relaxed enough to let it slip inside smoothly. Bart threw his head back. His mouth flew open and he exclaimed in a whisper, "Matt-th-ew-w-w!"

"Sh-h-h!" I cautioned. "We don't want to wake everybody."

"I can't help it! This is great! You're as hot as a prairie fire!"

"Go ahead and push all the way in."

Awkwardly, he did as he was told until our bodies were locked perfectly. It had been a long time since he'd had any action and he fucked the shit out of me. He began to whimper as he started to come. Without any prompting, he grabbed my swollen dick and wrenched it violently as he shot off. I felt the gush tickling inside me. I came with him, shooting my load all over us both. We were sweaty and hot, but we stayed locked together for a long time. Neither of us wanted to move.

"You think you could . . . ride with me from now on?" Bart asked quietly.

"You know it!"

"But Matthew. Your family. What will they think?"

"I'll figure something to tell them. I don't ever want to let you go!" ■

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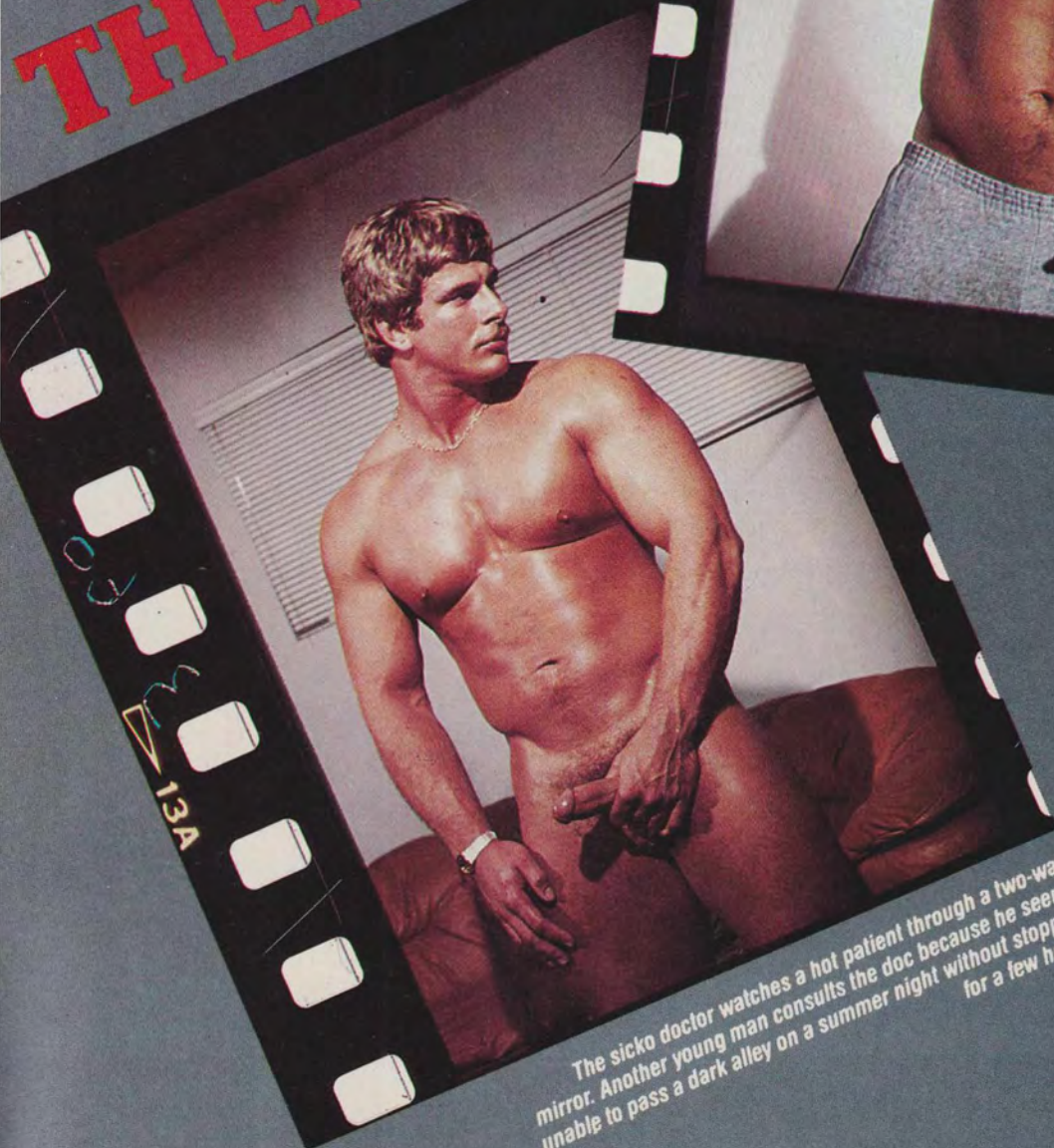
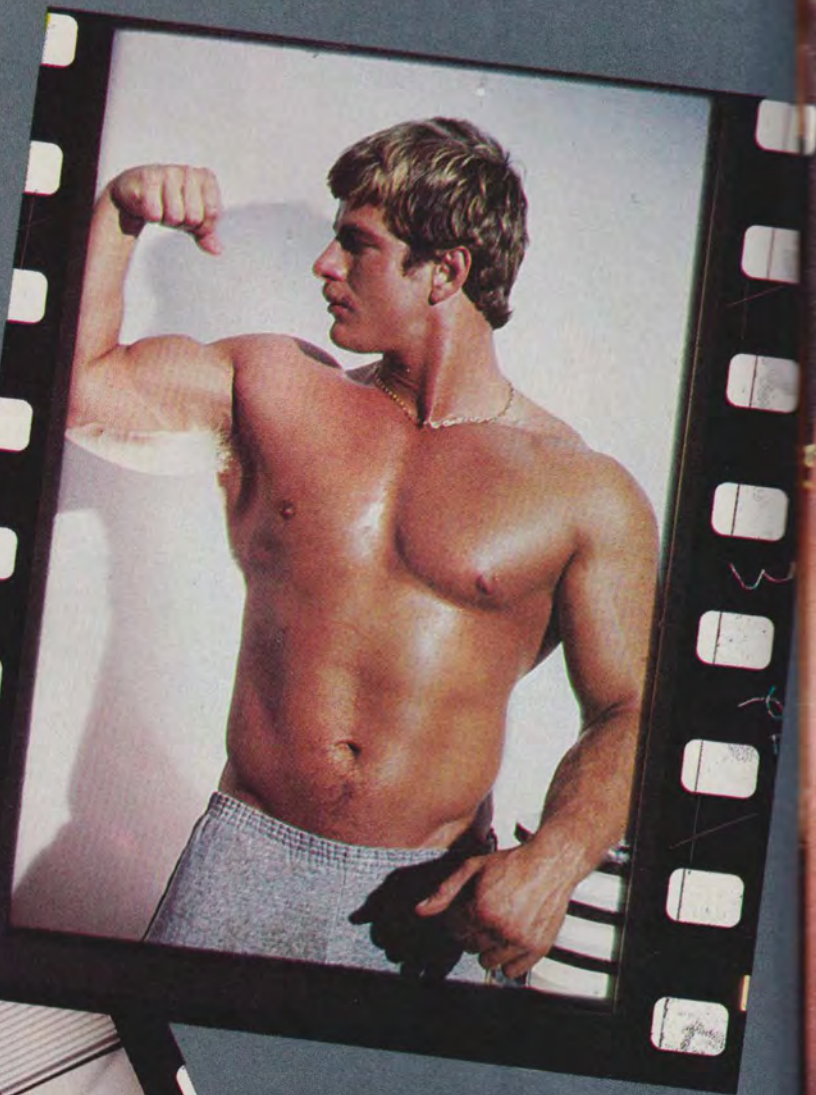
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# COCK THERAPY

## COCK THERAPY



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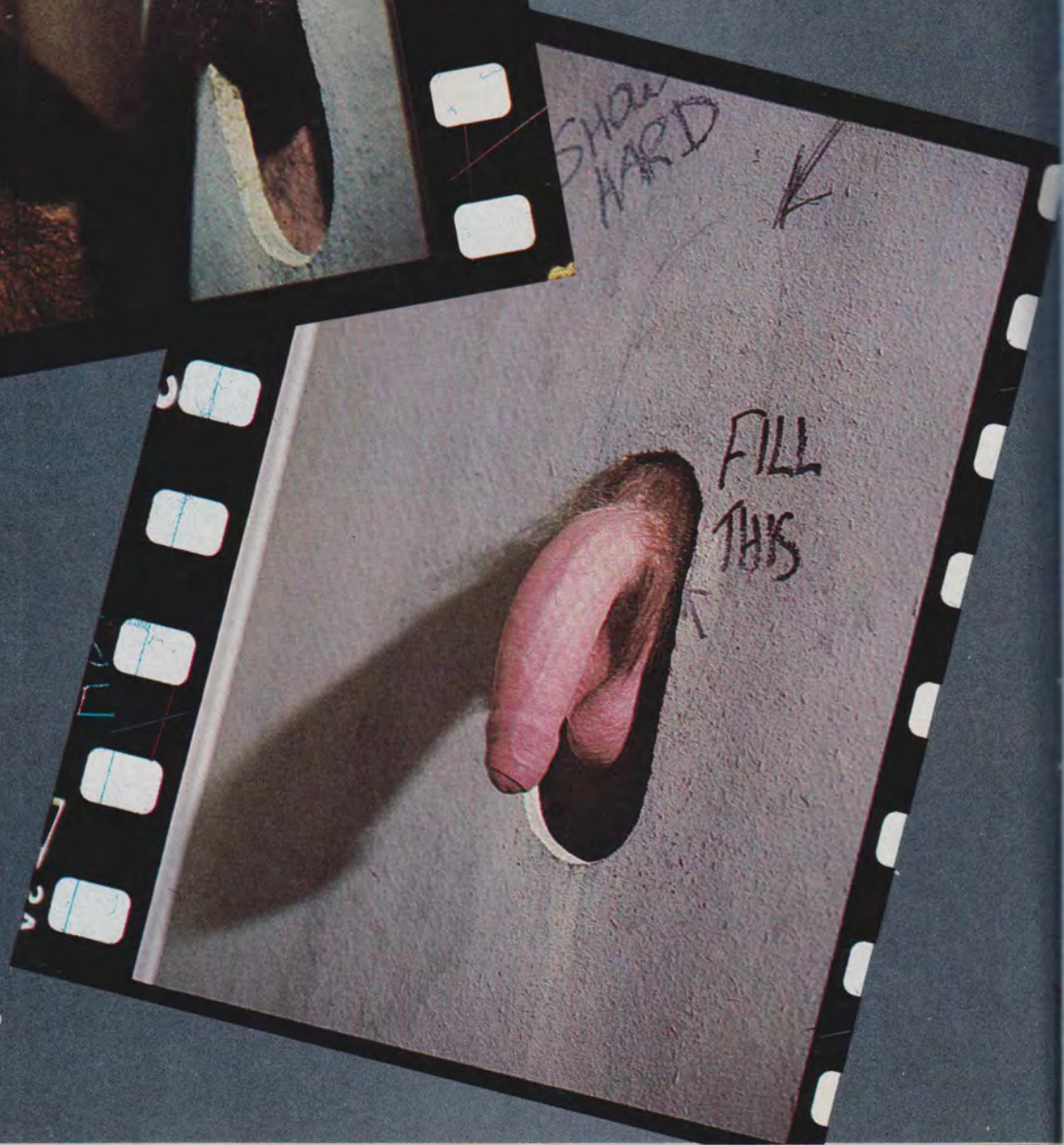






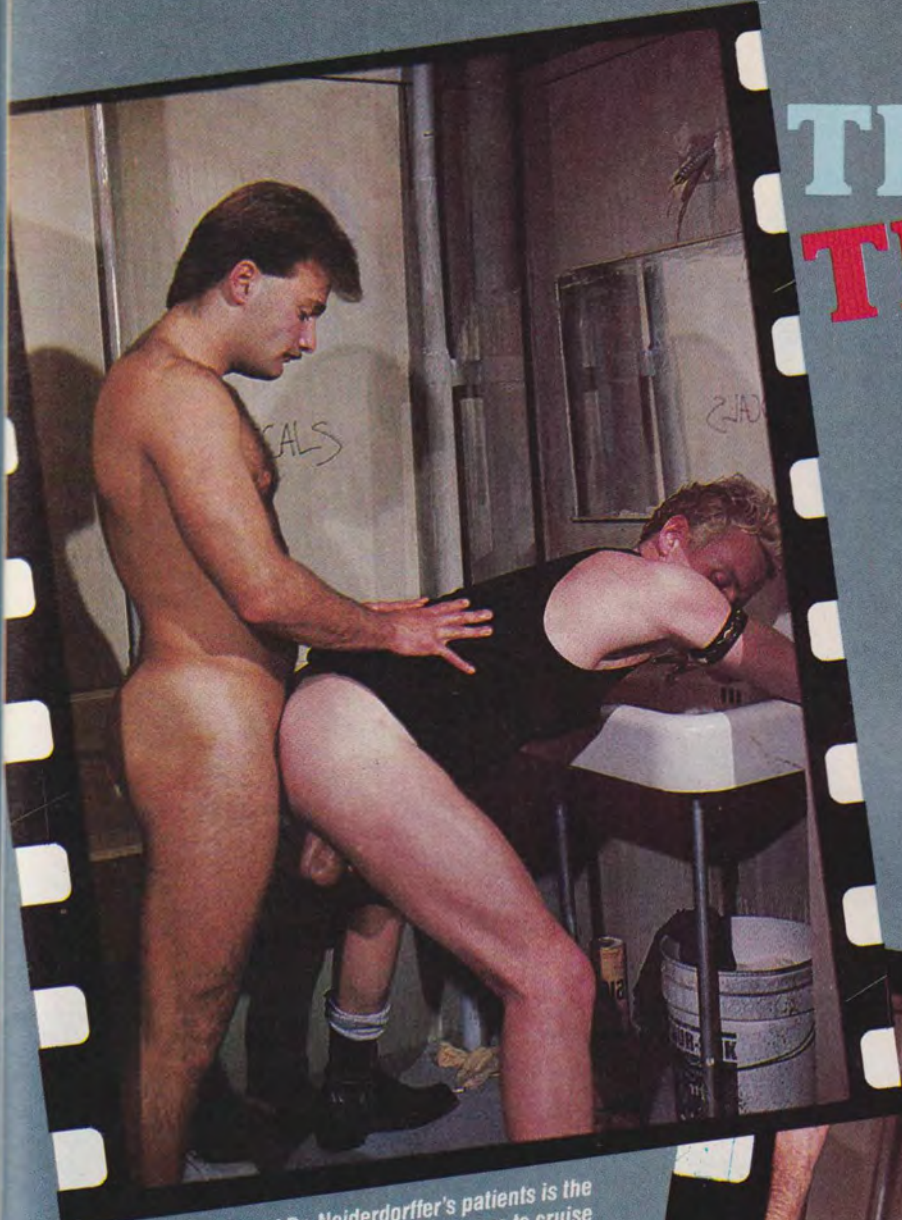
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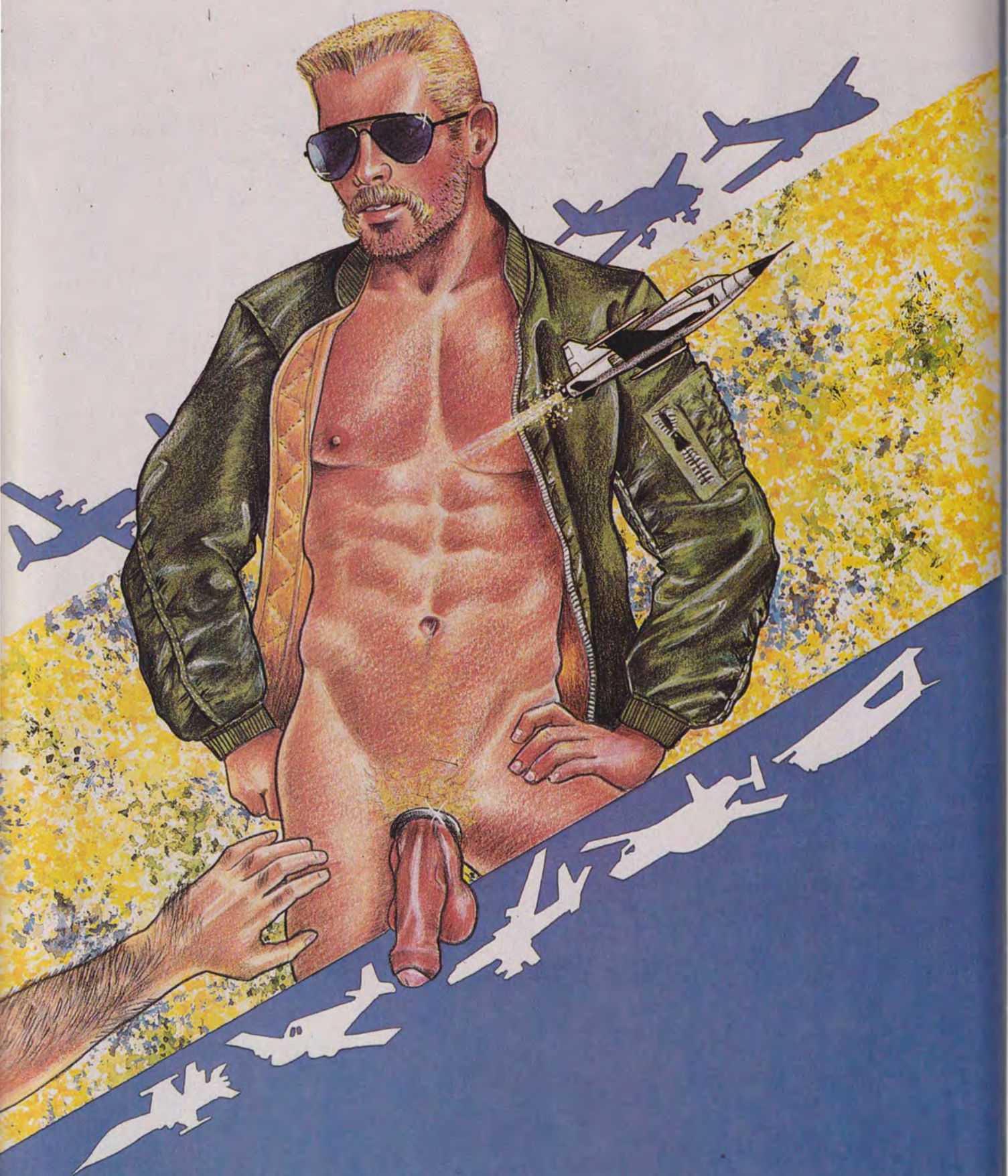
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**With this  
hot naked man on  
top of me, I was spinning  
higher and faster than the  
flight we had taken in the afternoon.**

Stan Christopher was my flying teacher. All my life, I'd wanted to learn to fly a plane and now it seemed my dream was coming true. When I met Stan, my dream became more exciting than ever. At first I didn't think of Stan in a sexual way; I was excited by the things he was teaching me about flying and I just enjoyed being around him. He was 28, two years older than I, and single. His father owned a small private airport where Stan ran the flying school and charter service. His good looks were striking and it was fun to pal around with him. I suspected that he had two or three girls on the string; as the lessons continued, I became more and more curious about that "string" of his.

His short, blond hair complimented his clean-cut appearance and his eyes were the bluest blue. He was trim and well-built: broad shouldered with a tapering torso, a trim waist and long muscular legs. As I learned to master the controls of the plane, I couldn't help but notice that the bulge in his crotch looked very promising.

He was all business in the air but on the ground we quickly developed a friendship that included lots of social activity and joking around. Once or twice, we even discussed sex but only

in a general, off-hand way. Our discussions were never very specific, even as far as gender was concerned.

I'll never forget my first flight with Stan. After we had landed, my heart was still in my throat from the sheer excitement. As we sat in the plane, Stan reached over to me and put his hand on my legs, well above my knee.

"Mark," he told me earnestly, "I'm sure you're going to pick this up fast. Anyone as excited as you are about doing something will do well." He squeezed gently near my thigh and said, "Now relax. Okay?"

"Okay, Stan," I said, "I'll try. But I've looked forward to this for so long. . . but you're right. If I relax I'll do much better, I know."

The weeks passed and it came time for the first flight in which I would fly the plane and Stan would just ride. He was very reassuring. "You've done everything this course has required," he told me. "You've done it as well as anyone I've ever given lessons to. You'll handle this flight, too. I should tell you," he continued after a long pause, "I've enjoyed giving you lessons much more than anyone I've ever taught before."

"Thanks," I said, surprised, "I really appreciate that. I've completed the

pre-flight check. Am I ready?"

"I think you're ready," he answered. "Take her away, pilot."

And I did. The flight went great and the thrill was so intense I actually started to get a hard-on before we landed. I couldn't tell if Stan noticed or not; I was concentrating on the stick in my hands that controlled the airplane.

We landed and were out of the plane, standing next to it before Stan said anything. "As expected," he told me, "you passed with flying colors. Keep progressing like this and you'll have your private license before you know it. This is really important to you, isn't it?"

"You know it is!" I answered. "It's the most rewarding and exciting thing I've ever done. I really appreciate your help and support. I mean that."

"My pleasure," he said. Then he added with a strange intensity, "But remember, there are some other very rewarding things in life. Don't narrow your viewpoint just because you've accomplished one thing. Explore, man. Explore."

He was standing close and looking hard into my eyes as he spoke. I winked in a friendly way and said, "I'll keep that in mind, teach. What's next?"



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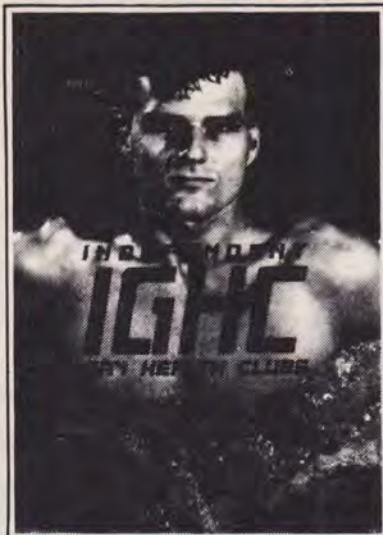


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"Celebration, that's what," he answered with a grin, breaking the mood. "Your next lesson will be Tuesday, but since this is Saturday, why don't I bring some beer and come by your place this evening? I want to help you celebrate, if that's okay."

"Sounds great," I said. "I'll put some steaks on the grill and see you about seven."

As he turned to leave, his smile seemed even brighter than usual.

I was just getting out of the shower when Stan arrived at my house. "I'll start the steaks in a minute," I called as I let him in. My eyes wandered the full length of his body. He wore a loose shirt with no sleeves, which was open down the front; his exposed chest and arms riveted my attention. A pair of light, baggy cotton pants were fitted to his crotch and ass so tightly that there was no chance he had anything on underneath. His animal beauty seemed to come from every pore of his body. His sensuous grace was smooth and natural and I felt my cock stir under my bath towel.

"I'll put the beer in your 'fridge," he suggested. "I thought we could just hang out here for the evening, if that's all right with you. Maybe have a private celebration."

"Sounds good, Stan," I replied. "I'll put something on and be right back. But he had left the kitchen and was right behind me, as I entered my bedroom. I dropped the towel from my waist and walked to the closet. I could feel his eyes following me, burning into my body.

"Mark, you have a very good-looking build. You been working out behind my back?" he asked in a teasing tone. His comment about my body rang in my ears. I felt a tingle in my gut.

I took a pair of pants, very much like those Stan had on, and pulled them up my bare legs and over my butt. As I tucked my cock and balls in and started to button and tie the drawstring, I turned toward him and said, "Thanks. You've got a great body, too." I grabbed a favorite shirt and pulled it on, but left it open like his as we headed back to the kitchen.

After a few beers and the steaks, we relaxed on the patio deep in conversation. "Mark," he asked in a low, rumbling voice, "that flight this afternoon got you pretty excited, didn't it?"

"I'll say!" I replied. "It was really a thrill. I swear, at one point I got so worked up my cock started to get hard."

"Yes, I noticed," he said with a trace of a smirk. I was surprised and secret-

ly pleased but held my steady gaze. Stan seemed to be about to say more. "I don't know if it had to do with our friendship, or what, Mark, but I did notice that and when I did, my cock started getting hard, too."

We faced each other, sitting in separate chairs that were only a couple of feet apart. As he spoke, his hand moved lazily to his crotch and rested there. My cock stirred with a mighty tug but I wasn't sure quite what to say. "That's... good," I stammered, "Right? Excuse me just a second, I need to take a piss. Be right back." As I stood up, the enlarged outline of my swelling meat showed clearly through my pants. Stan gazed at that spot. I noticed, but I kept walking.

As I passed my bedroom door after the piss, I heard his voice calling softly from within. "Mark, in here." I stopped at the door and saw that he was sitting on my weight bench on the far side of the room. He had removed his shirt.

"Hey, you want to work off the steaks and beer with the weights?" I knew very well what I wanted and I thought I had a pretty good idea what Stan wanted also. At least I hoped so. But I still needed to keep the casual approach.

"I wouldn't mind working off the steaks and beer, but I was thinking of a different kind of exercise."

"I'm open to suggestion," he replied. His hand rested again on the now growing mound between his legs.

He came close to me and reached to remove my shirt. I stood still, watching his movements and his eyes. He pulled the shirt off me and dropped it. I continued to stand perfectly still. Without another word, he moved his hands to my shoulders and pulled me to him. His arms encircled my back and worked down from there. Our lips met, tentatively at first, as my arms came around his muscular torso. Then we kissed. We parted without releasing our arms from around one another. Our eyes were locked together in complete communication. Words would have been difficult at that moment.

Fortunately, they were unnecessary. I eased my tongue across my lips and brought them back to his. This time we shared lips, tongues, and passion. My hands moved inside the back of the waistband of his pants and rested on his bare ass flesh; his hands moved to mine.

We went to the bed. I loosened the drawstring of his pants and he did the same for mine. We lay in each other's arms on the bed for delicious



moments, still silent.

Finally, Stan spoke: "Mark, it took me a long time to get used to the fact that I was sexually attracted to men. Very few of my friends know it. But the first time I met you, Mark," he said, pausing to collect his thoughts before continuing, "I don't know. . . It just seemed the better we got to know each other, the more I knew I wanted you. All the way."

"Stan," I gasped, "I'm so glad. I'm not sure my feelings were exactly the same all along, but they are now. I want you to have me, sexually. And I want you, too."

We moved into a long embrace. Then we slid each other's pants down to expose throbbing rods of manmeat and hot juicy balls, longing for release. He raised himself enough to remove his pants and mine. He tossed them aside, then moved close to me again. He lay on top of my body between my spread thighs with our hard cocks side by side, pressed hotly between us.

He took my lower lip and sucked it into his mouth. Then he moved to my neck and my ear. With this hot naked man on top of me, my head was spinning higher than the flight this afternoon. He caressed every spot of my flesh with his fingers, lips, and tongue

as he moved from my chest to my thighs. He parted my balls with the tip of his tongue and worked his way from the base to the warm, juicy mushroom of my swollen dick, which he took in his mouth.

As my hands came to rest in his blond hair, I said, "Stan, oh babe. My rocks are hot, man. Take me." He responded, taking my hard cock completely down his throat. I increased the pressure with my hands on his head and fucked his mouth to a ball-busting climax. I'd had my share of sex with men, but never anything this satisfying. He sucked and licked until every drop was inside him.

As he moved up to lie next to me, we kissed and he said, "Mark, take me, now. Be my man and take me."

I turned and kissed his lips, then my mouth went to his chest. His broad, hard pectoral muscles gave in to my mouth and became succulent and delicious. I moved down his naked body and when my tongue came back from his long legs to his balls, I placed one hand under each of his knees and raised them high. My tongue explored behind his balls and found his most sensitive spot. As I tongued his ass, he thrashed and moaned in total sexual ecstasy. I came back to his cock

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and took him completely, as he exploded his load.

I raised onto my knees and looked him in the eye as I spat saliva and cum in my hand. As I coated my hard dick, his legs went high in the air and his hand gripped my rod to guide it into his ass.

I fucked him long and steady as he moaned his contentment into my ear. "Fuck me, stud," he gasped, "let your dick take me higher!" His ass-muscles were tight and brought me to a long and wild climax. My jizz filled his ass. I leaned forward to his lips and after we kissed, I stayed inside and on top of him.

"Stan," I whispered into his ear, "be my man like this always. Always."

"Mark, I love you," he answered. "I want you in every way." I moved to his side and we locked ourselves together with our naked legs and arms. Breaking into a wide grin, he said, "But no fucking in the plane!"

I acted serious and pretended disappointment. Then I eagerly asked, "How about sucking, teach? Can I suck you in the plane?"

He saw my smile as I finished speaking but he didn't answer. He just pulled us together and thrust his hips forward so that our cocks were pressed tightly between us and our balls caressed their new found mates. ■

## SEND IN THE MARINES

*Continued from page 12*

"Me? Let's talk facts—you're gorgeous!" I replied.

"Wanna get cleaned up?" he asked me, jumping up to get a towel.

"Sure, I guess I should get going anyway."

"No, I want you to fuck me next."

His words hit me like an ax. Was I going to get to fuck this hot young Marine? I didn't think twice about it. I hurried to the bathroom, and on my return I saw that Don was preparing his asshole for the event. He had two fingers in himself as he pumped away at his hard dick.

I had taken a piss and my erection was gone, so I scooped out some of the vaseline and moved beside Don on the bed as I began jerking myself off. I took his cock in my hand, placed my cock on his, and began to jerk us both off. He lay in bliss as I moved over him to prepare for my fantasy.

Our balls slapped together as I edged my hand down between his asscheeks. He had had two fingers in himself earlier, yet he was as tight as a closed fist when I moved into him.

"Yeah... fuck this Marine's ass! Do it, yeah!" He shivered with anticipation as I pushed my swollen cock-head into him. I saw a slight grimace on his face, but it didn't stop me from sliding the whole thing into him; he was a man and I knew he could take it.

Then my fantasy began falling apart: I had enjoyed a few good strokes in his tight ass when, with a click, the door opened and Don's three roommates staggered in, drunk off their asses. Don jumped, and with a muscle reflex I had never felt before, pushed my rod out with a "schlump!" Because of their inebriated condition, the trio didn't notice us until the door was again closed and locked.

I could do nothing but sit there, looking dumb. Even pulling up the covers wouldn't have helped: there is only one way to explain two naked men, in one bunk, and both with erections. I don't think it would have been possible to talk our way out of the situation.

Don was as embarrassed as I; he even tried to slip through the crack where the bunk bed met the wall. That only drew attention to us rather than away from us.

"What do we have here?! Look, guys," one of them slurred.

"Jesus!" another one said.

"Hey, Burke got him a faggot," the last one exclaimed.

The tallest of the group looked about twenty-eight. One was short, about five-six, and the third, close to six feet. Their haircuts, the works—they all had that basic Marine look. Their builds were basically the same, but I could see immediately that their cocks were not.

"You want to take us on, buddy?" the short one said, unzipping his pants as he moved toward the bed with a grin.

"Yeah, we want to fuck a faggot!"

The third guy appeared to have a thing for the word "faggot."

My first impulse, of course, had been to get out of there, but I was also intrigued. Plus the fact that three Marines undressing before me overcame any fear I might have had.

"Sure," I said finally.

Don remained silent. He moved out of his bunk and pulled out a blanket from his wall locker. He put it on the floor and I lay down on it. Now I was surrounded by four Marines. If I wasn't

in fantasy land now, I never would be.

"Joe, you and Greg hold his legs up so I can fuck him," the tall one commanded.

"Sure, Tom, no problem, man. I can't believe we're gonna fuck a faggot!"

Don handed over the vaseline jar. Tom, the tall one, got into position as Joe and Greg pushed my legs back so that my ass was in the air. Tom stood over me and plowed his big, glistening dick into my ass.

"Suck me, honey, use that mouth to suck my big dick."

Don slapped my face with his cock before stuffing my mouth full of it. He tasted of vaseline, but I've tasted worse, so I consented.

As he moved in and out of my ass, Tom pulled on my cock. He would pull out of my ass until just his cock-head remained in, then push back in all the way. After a few minutes of this, the short guy, who had the smallest cock of the four, rose, smeared his hard meat with lubricant, and stepped over to face his Marine buddy.

"Let's both fuck him, man. The faggot want two cocks up that ass of his."

There wasn't much I could say with Don in my mouth, but I had never been double-fucked before. The idea scared me a little. I didn't want to be ripped open if they got rough, and I also didn't have any poppers, which might have made the act easier. I was still feeling all the beer I had drunk during the day, so I didn't protest. As the Marine slid his rod into my ass alongside Tom's, the sensation sent chills throughout my body. I came in seconds after giving my cock a couple of jerks.

Grunts and howls from the Marines filled the room, and I felt the back of my throat splashed with cum as Don groaned in orgasm. He pulled out of my mouth and was quickly replaced with the last Marine's cock. He had merely been observing everyone else as he whacked on his meat; now he saw his chance to join in the orgy.

"No, Joe, come on, man, you fuck him too! Let's all get into his ass! It feels great!"

Three cocks up my ass? I was sobering up pretty fast by now, and I realized these three guys were determined to do it.

"Hey man," I said, "I don't think I can do that, okay?" I was losing my interest; I was also getting worried. "I'm going to have to get going anyway."

"No, faggot, you're gonna do as we say. You ain't going nowhere!"

*Continued to page 76*



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**SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED  
BY LEN PROSKO**







# HOW'S IT HANGING?



When Justin went out to the mountains near Calgary, it was a warm day and the sun got hotter and hotter. Pretty soon he had to strip. How would you like to be the sun looking down on such a hunk of man?





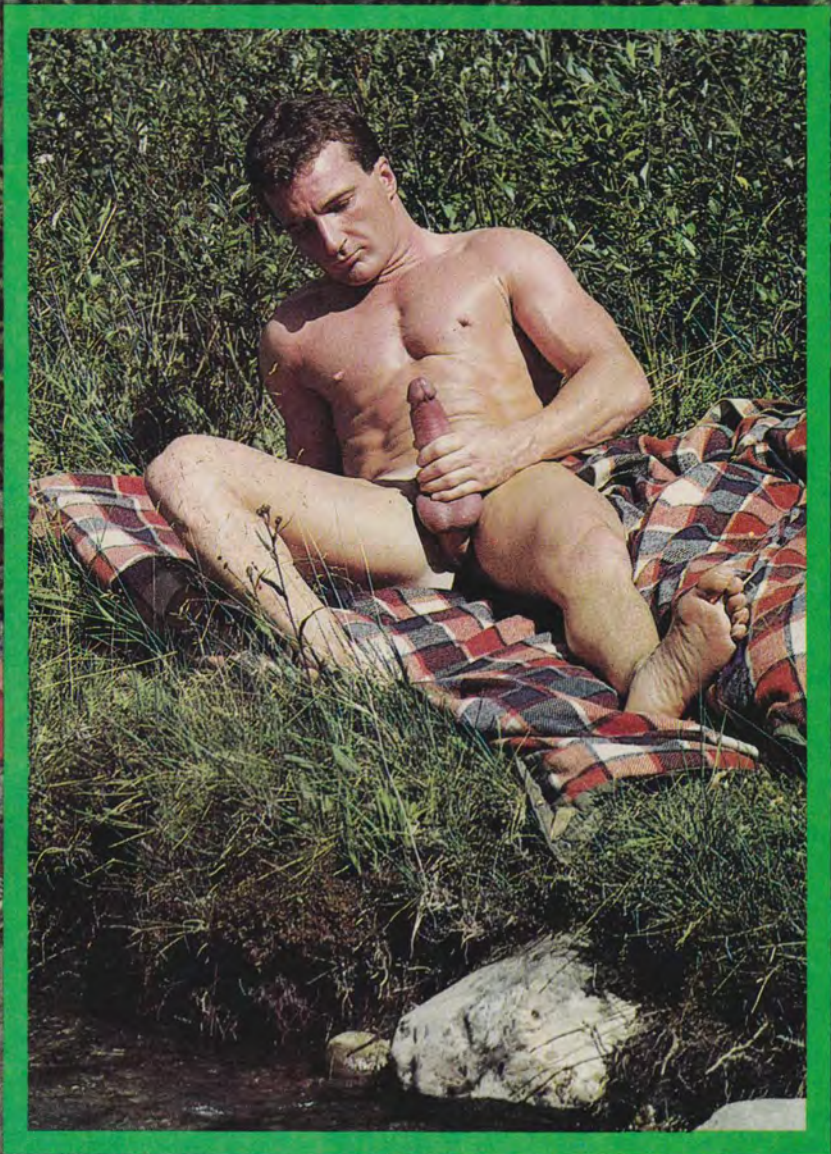




# HOW'S IT HANGING?

Any grizzly bear that might be tempted to attack Justin as he naps in the prairie grass had better think twice: that's quite a weapon the man is packing. You, on the other hand, might find it just the weapon you've been wanting for a long, long time.













# HOW'S IT HANGING?

To return to the original question: How's it hanging? The answer seems to be, It's hanging straight out, long and stiff. And that's the best way for anything to hang.



# Street Boy

BY FRANK BROOKS  
PHOTO BY CITYBOY

*I peel down Tim's shorts.  
No underwear. Naked now,  
he displays his young dick,  
slit gaping like a pretty eye with  
a single tear poised at its tip.*

56 JULY 1985 / HONCHO

San Francisco, 1974. Of the three young men peddling their bodies under the gold of the early-evening sun, figures posed classically against the window-glass of a Polk Street restaurant, I choose the long-haired blond in the middle—sunny blond as in my dreams. Boy with the cocky smile, boy with lonely eyes. Toes of one foot curl lovingly round the edge of his robin's-egg blue skateboard, toes of the other hug the sidewalk. Except for frayed cutoffs, he's naked. I gulp a shot of evening air and approach.

"Howdy!" The word wobbles from my lips.

"Hi, man." The kid looks past me, blue eyes aloof.

People inside the restaurant gaze out, witness the kid market his flesh, and watch me try to buy it. His competition looks me over, sizes me up. I'm dumb, forgot every word of my well-rehearsed speech. I, six feet of bone and brawn, son of tough country,

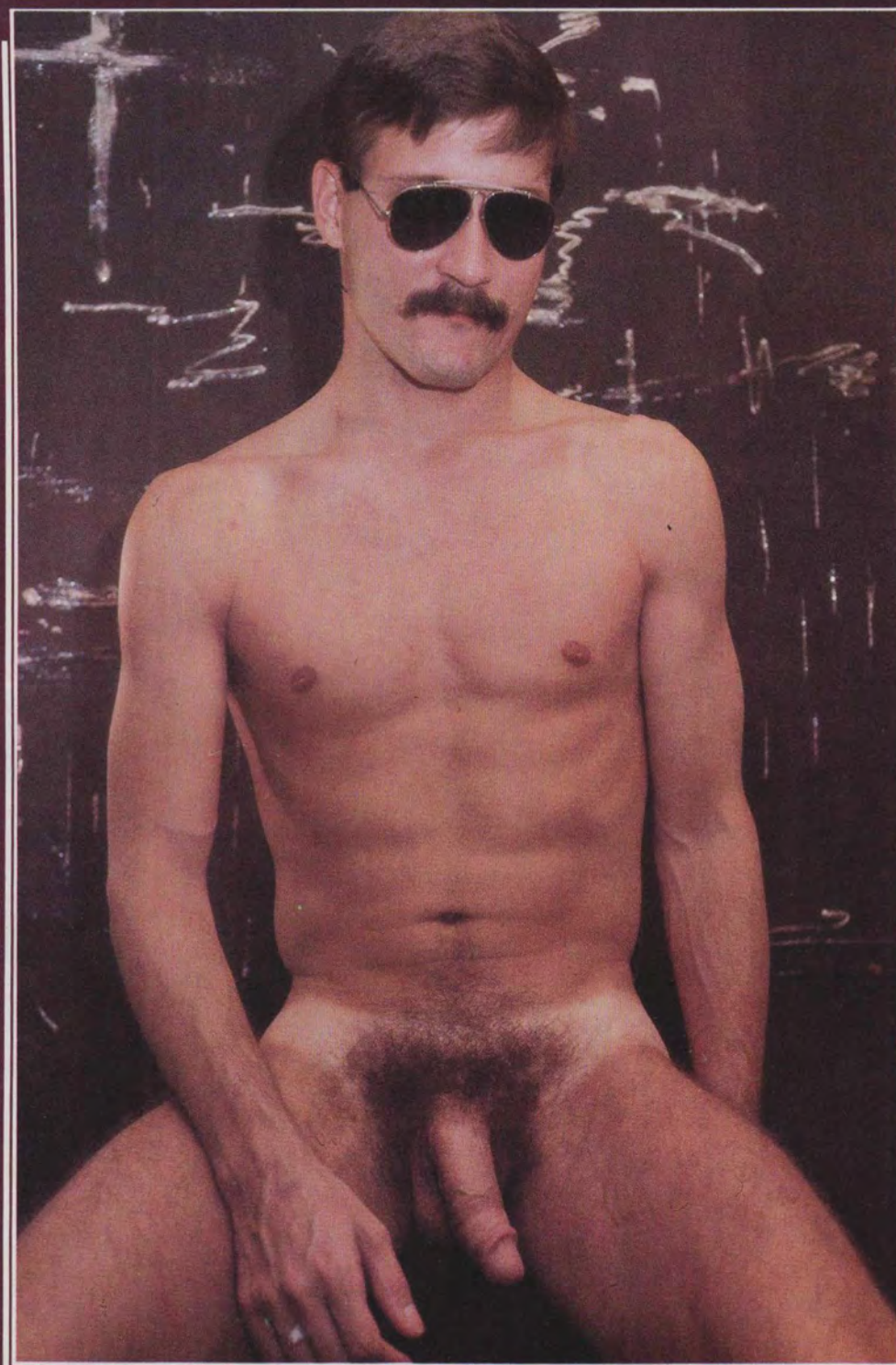
*Continued to page 57*







# LICK THIS



*When those fried chicken ads talk about "finger-lickin' good," I just have to laugh. 'Cause it's not fingers that I'm thinking about lickin'. I've got something much better for you to lick.*

*Come over here and take a look at it.*

**SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOB YOUNG**







# LICK THIS

*That's it. Now come even closer. A lot of guys I know would give a lot to be this close to my lickin' stick. I'm gonna let you have a little taste for free. So come on over here. Lick this!*













# STREET BOY

Continued from page 50

high mountains, quiver like a fawn cornered by wolves. San Francisco street boys half my size, half my age, hold me at bay. I'm in their territory now, their wilderness. I crawl for them.

My skateboarder flicks his head, tosses hair out of his eyes, and smooths the back of his straight mop with one hand. Sparse armpit hairs bristle. I catch his young, male scent. My nostrils flare.

"Wanna walk?"

"Sure, man." He rides his board.

The street is a waking carnival. A motley crowd saunters along the sidewalks: gay, straight, cowboy, fairy, hardhat, hippie, beachboy, panhandler, leatherman. More hustlers crawl out to line the storefronts. Glumfaced cops cruise by in black-and-white squads, four to a car, knights in a chess game. My boy rides high. Spine stretched straight, long-necked, he's tall as I am.

He smiles. Sunlight gilds his head. "My name's Tim," he says. "Just turned eighteen."

I think of mellowing wheatfields that roll endlessly toward a sky the deep blue of Crater Lake. A cloud-white stallion glides by on silver hooves.

"I'm Jeff," I say. "You don't look it."

He chuckles, lunges away, does a spin, and slaloms back. His hair fans out, long legs flex, shorts hug his loins like cellophane. "Where we going?"

"My hotel?"

"If you got the bread."

"How much?"

"Thirty-five. You get one load."

"What if you stay the night?"

He looks me over. "One-fifty."

I can't help laughing. "Okay," I say, and swat his skinny ass.

The desk clerk peers up over his newspaper, gives us the once-over with raised eyebrows, clears his throat, and plunges back into his news. I should give a damn, his face says. Envy? Disgust? Disinterest? Who knows.

Up in my room—home this past week—complete with creaky bed, frazzled window shades, bare lightbulb dangling from a cracked ceiling, I peel down Tim's shorts. No underwear. Naked now, he displays his vertical young dick, piss-slit gaping like a pretty eye, a single tear poised at its tip. I catch the sticky tear with my tongue and think of spring water in sunshine.

He sighs. "Suck me, man."

I kiss his belly, so lean that the stria-

tions of his abdominal ridges mesh and dance with his slightest movement. I lick out his navel, nuzzle his pubic hair and his ripe nuts.

His cock flexes. "Suck me, man!"

His rod is a smooth seven inches. I kiss it. I squeeze his grapefruit-size buttocks, made for my hands. I slide my fingers up and down the cleft, tickle the anus. Moist and warm, it nips at my finger.

He wraps his fingers around my head, guiding it. "Come on, man, suck it!"

I close my eyes, inhale his scent, swallow his dick.

Shaft arteries flutter against my upper lip. The knob sears my throat. I churn my tongue. Our dicks throb in unison.

"Yeah man, suck it!"

Cum bubbles against my tonsils. Tim dances on his toes. Cum slides into my stomach. I come against his shins. We groan together.

When it's over, I kiss his feet. My cum is trickling over his instep tendons.

In the john down the hall, I fill a white-enamel pitcher with tapwater. I piss at the urinal. Nearby, a bearded guy my age is rubbing his uncut dick over the face of a moaning kid on his knees. The kid begs to suck it. As I leave the john, the kid is going at it like a starving calf. The bearded guy grunts with his climax before the door swings shut behind me.

Tim leans back on his elbows with his ass at the edge of the mattress. One grubby foot is on the floor and the other one in a washbasin. His dick curls over plump brown nuts. I soap his sole, between his toes and scrub his foot free of street grime. He squirms and the hairs on his leg stand up. I take my time.

"Feel good?"

"When you're not tickling me."

I rake his sole and he giggles. I dry his one foot then plunge the other into the basin. His toes wiggle. I massage it in the soapy water. He relaxes and watches me.

"Man, you're built! You a weightlifter or something?"

"A logger," I say. "Been cutting timber since high school. Fifteen years or so. Oregon, Washington, Montana."

"No shit!" His eyes are wide, impressed. "I'm from Santa Barbara," he says, wrinkling his nose. He has a few freckles. "A dead place. Nothing to do there but get high, surf some, and fuck a little pussy."

"Fuck pussy?" I say, and frown intentionally.

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He frowns back. "Hey, just because I go with guys for money don't mean nothing. I'm straight, man. Don't get me wrong, huh!"

"If you say so."

"I'm just doing a job, making a living."

"Getting your dick sucked?"

"Fuck man, you know a better way?"

I shrug. If I were in his place, maybe I'd be asking the same question.

I rinse his foot. Water drips from his toes, now clean and pink. I suck each toe. His dick throbs up and slaps down against his belly.

"You like that, huh?"

"Sure, man." His tone is cooler now. He flushes and looks at the window shade.

I move up and lick his sweat-scented nuts. I kiss the underside of his dick-head. A few nibbles at the pleasure-strand and he's squirming with his dick glued to my lips.

"Aw shit, man, blow me!"

I ignore the request. Instead, I jack-knife his legs, press his knees to his shoulders, kiss his perineum and anus. Boyish scent. I think of pitch on fir cones, pine-forest loam, needles dripping with rainwater. I rim his pucker.

I stretch him out long on the mattress, spread-eagle him, nuzzle his armpits, and suck his nipples. With the tip of my tongue I trace the edges of his square pectorals and the clean segments of his abdominal muscles. I lift his cock and lick out his navel. He sighs. He doesn't move as I stretch out on top of him.

Our cocks are trapped between our abdomens. My tongue slips gently between his clamped lips. His mouth opens. Our tongues touch. We share the same breath, and I taste his saliva.

"I love you," I whisper, sure that I mean it. I kiss his nose. He says nothing, does nothing. I climb up over him and straddle his neck.

My dick throbs in his face. My nuts are draped over his mouth. His tongue sneaks out to taste my balls. I slide back, so that he can lick my cock.

His eyes are closed. His tongue laps with long strokes. He opens his mouth wide and I shove my dick into it. He sucks like a calf.

"You've done this before," I say, but he ignores me.

The sound of his breathing, of his sucking, fills the silence. I force my cock all the way in, and he takes it, his lips stretched thin, his freckled nose nuzzling my pubic hair. His throat manipulates my cock and I pull out be-

fore I come.

He swallows and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. He's loose and passive as I flip him over. I spread his legs and buttocks and he doesn't resist. I kiss his ass, then nibble up his spine and settle down on him. My thick fingers knead the supple muscles of his upper back. I lift his hair and lick his neck. He shivers, all goosebumps. His body sinks deeper into the mattress.

"I'm gonna fuck you," I say.

Silence. Deep breathing. Not a word.

I grease my cock with its own natural lube and spit. I rub spit into his pucker and slide a finger up him. He squirms, breathing faster. As I polish his prostate he moans into the sheets, wiggling his ass.

"Relax," I say, guiding my slippery cock between his buttocks. His anus, wonderfully hot, twitches against my dickhead. As I sink into him, he arches up, and gasps.

"Shit man! Oh shit!"

I pinch his nipples, rub his belly muscles, get hold of his cock and begin to work on it. He sinks back into the mattress, panting and moaning softly. I settle down on him, pull my hand out from under him. Our fingers entwine: his long and slender, mine thick and muscular. He turns his head to the side and I lick out his ear. His cheek is flushed like a ripe peach.

"You're mine," I say, and I begin to move inside him.

"Jesus, man!" he gasps, and his fingers tighten.

"Relax." I keep moving.

My cock slides in and out with longer and longer strokes. His rectum contracts rhythmically. As I hump against his ass he humps into the mattress. Soon I'm riding him hard, my teeth sunk in the back of his neck like a tomcat's.

"Fuck!" he says. "Fuck!" His fingers, still entwined with mine, tighten painfully. He chews the bed sheet.

My belly smacks his ass. My cock slices in deep. The bedsprings creak and the metal headposts knock against the wall. The entire hotel can hear us. No way I can hold it. I explode up his ass.

He goes crazy. His asshole grips my cock. His prostate pumps like a bellows. "Christ, I'm coming!" he whispers, as he ejaculates into the sheets.

Tears roll down his cheek. I kiss them off and he laughs. I turn him over, lick off his belly and the sheets.

His head rests on my shoulder and he nuzzles my chest hair. His fingers





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trail up and down my belly. I pet him and kiss his forehead.

"I never did that before," he says after a while.

"How was it?"

"All right," he says. "Never thought it would feel that way." He pulls away from me, sits against the headboard with a pillow propped behind him and picks at a scab on his knee.

"Where do you live?"

"Oregon," I say. "In the mountains, close to my work. I've got a cabin."

"When you going back?"

"Tomorrow."

"You live alone?"

"Yes, unfortunately." I sit up next to him, drape my arm around his neck and squeeze his shoulder. "How'd you like to come back with me?"

He glances at me. "What would I do there, man?"

"Swim, hike, tan your ass, whatever you want. I'd take care of you."

"Not for free," he says. "You'd get what you want."

And you'd get what you want too, I think, but I don't say it. "You wouldn't have to work the streets anymore. You can't really be happy out there, selling your ass day after day," I tell him.

"I get my kicks," he says. "And I'm free. Who's really happy, anyway? I never met anybody who's really happy. Are you happy, man?"

"I am with you," I say.

He pulls away before I can kiss him. He slides down, lying out flat and beating his quickly swelling dick.

"Blow me or something, huh. Get your money's worth. Let's cut the heavy rap."

"Will you go back with me?"

"I'll think about it, okay?" He waves his rigid cock at me. "Come on, man, I'm horny."

I drag him by his ankles to the center of the mattress. I jack-knife his legs and nearly stand him on his shoulders. His asshole glistens and I kiss it. As I bridge myself over him and slide my dick inside him he jerks off, staring at the ceiling with glazed whispers.

"Yeah!" he whispers as I fuck him. He's no longer thinking, just feeling. His asshole tightens, and I slow down.

He beats his cock to the lazy rhythm of my fucking. As my cock pulses inside him his own cock throbs in his fist. His entire body is flushed. He sticks a foot in my face and I suck his toes. Suddenly, he lets go of his cock and grabs my hips.

"Stop!" he says.

His balls are swollen and perfectly defined in their sac. His dick pulses

against his abdomen, lubricant bubbling out of it.

I freeze, praying he won't come. I want this coupling to last all night—forever.

His contractions subside and we both sigh. Now we can go on. I wait several seconds, though, before resuming my movements. When I begin fucking again, he strokes my lower

*"Hey, just because  
I go with guys for money  
don't mean nothing."*

*"I'm straight, man."*

*"Don't get me wrong,  
huh!"*

back with both his hands. He doesn't touch his cock.

We fuck for an hour, more than an hour, flowing from one position to another, trying out new postures, going back to familiar ones. I bend him any way I want. His cock remains perfectly hard. The fucking has so dazed him that he revels in pure anal sensation, squirming as my cock slides in and

out of his ass. He comes without touching his dick.

He's on his back, knees pinned to his shoulders, cock pulsing against his belly, and shooting white streams across his chest. I lap up some of the sweet fluid as I drive to my own climax. He laughs as I spurt into him. Soon we're both asleep.

I wake first. As I slide my dick up his ass he awakes with a moan.

"Feels good, man."

The tone of his voice nearly brings me off. I wrap my hand around his hard cock, and nuzzle the back of his neck under the fringes of his hair.

He wiggles his ass. "Fuck it!"

My hand slides. My cock slides. This night will go on forever.

Back in the mountains a month now—the Cascades, beautiful volcanic mountains shaped like cones. Fir trees jut heavenward. Wind and rain sneak up in minutes, followed by sun. Wildflowers coexist with snow. Silence so perfect that the footfalls of chipmunks fifty yards off sound like drumtaps. My chainsaw rips the silence.

Here in this world of stone and infinite sky, of bearshit and primitive earth, San Francisco is an illusion; streetboys are only fantasy. But he did exist. I have this photograph of him taken on the street before he left me that morning.

In this photograph his smile is warm, not cocky, though his eyes are lonely. "I'll write," he said, tucking a scrap of paper into his hip pocket. "I won't forget. Maybe I'll visit. I love mountains."

"I'll be waiting," I said and kissed him for the world to see.

He rode away—back stretched straight, hair shiny in the morning sun. His scent lingered on the air and I stood there until it was gone.

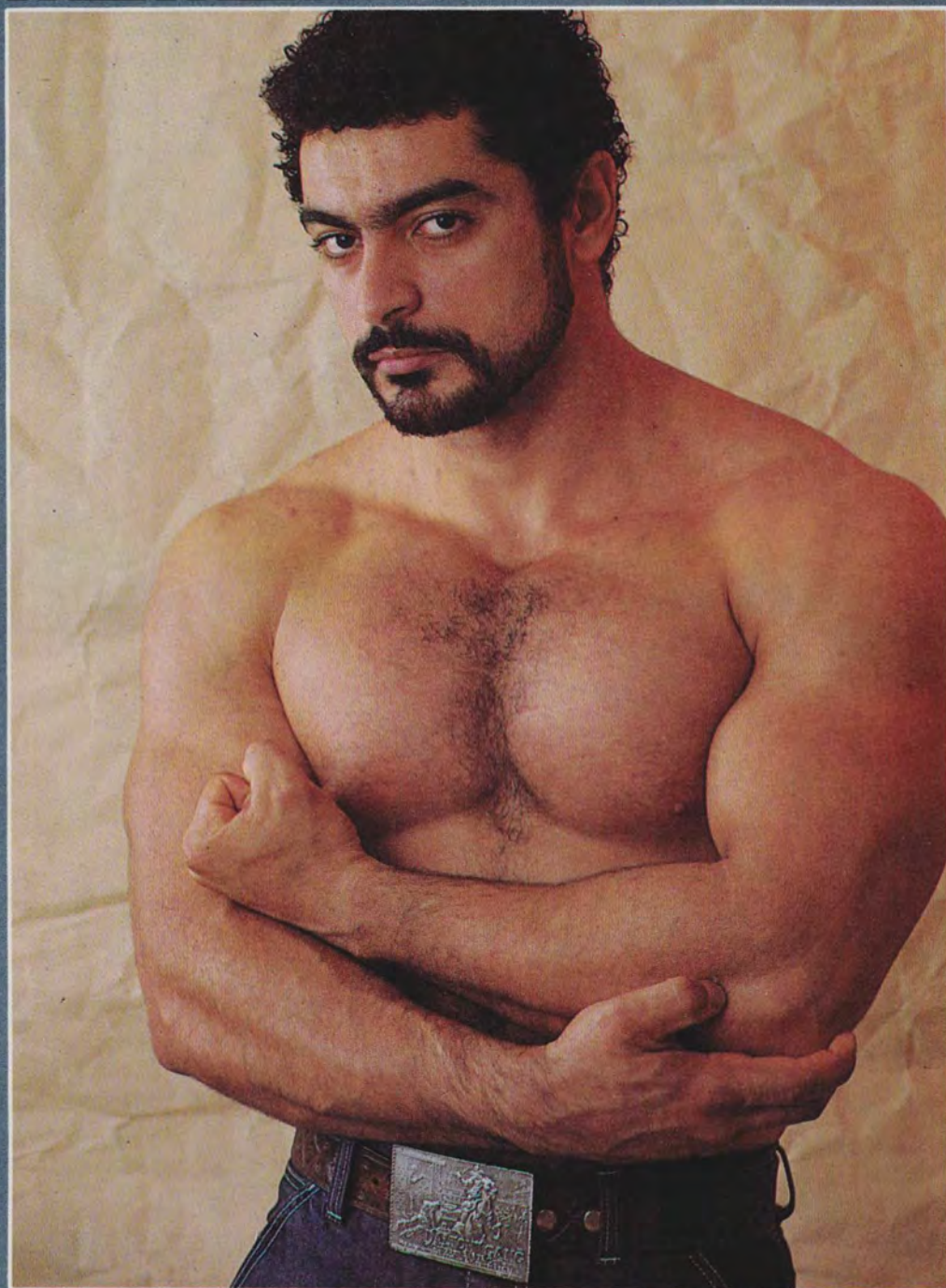
These nights I dream about him. Despite the distance, I make daily trips to town to check for mail. These days I daydream a lot. I imagine plunging his bare feet into the icy stream I sit beside, thinking about him.

In this stream, streetboy would become mountainboy, his feet ever after fragrant with clean scents: pine pitch, mosses, wildflower pollen. On these glinting stream boulders he would relax and tan his loins; the mountain wind would perfume his hair.

He's worth waiting for, so I wait, though my world up here has lost something. He'll show up yet. I'm sure of it. Some day I'll come home from my logging, and he'll wave at me from his perch on a boulder in the stream. ■



# ARMED



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# ARMED



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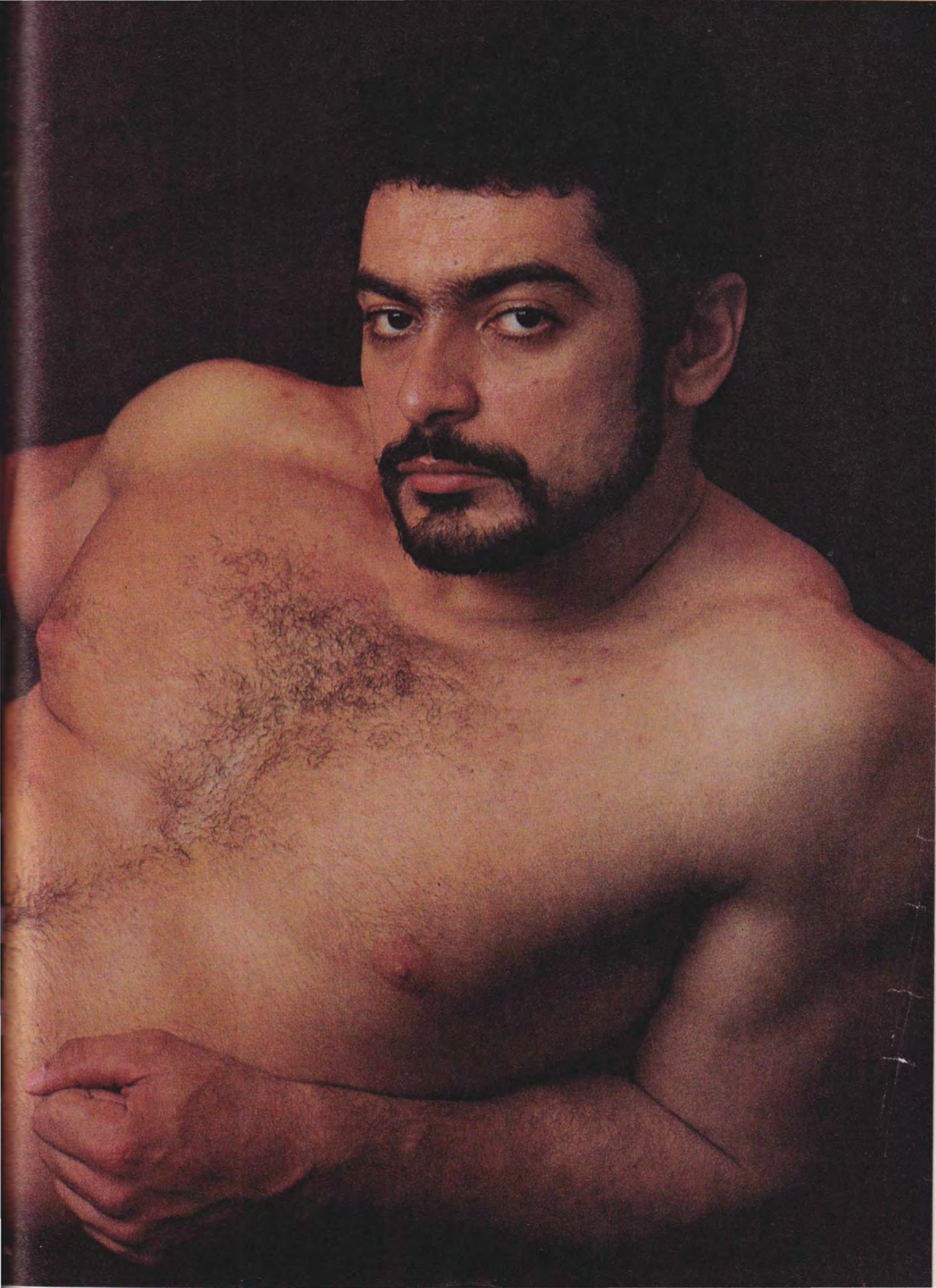




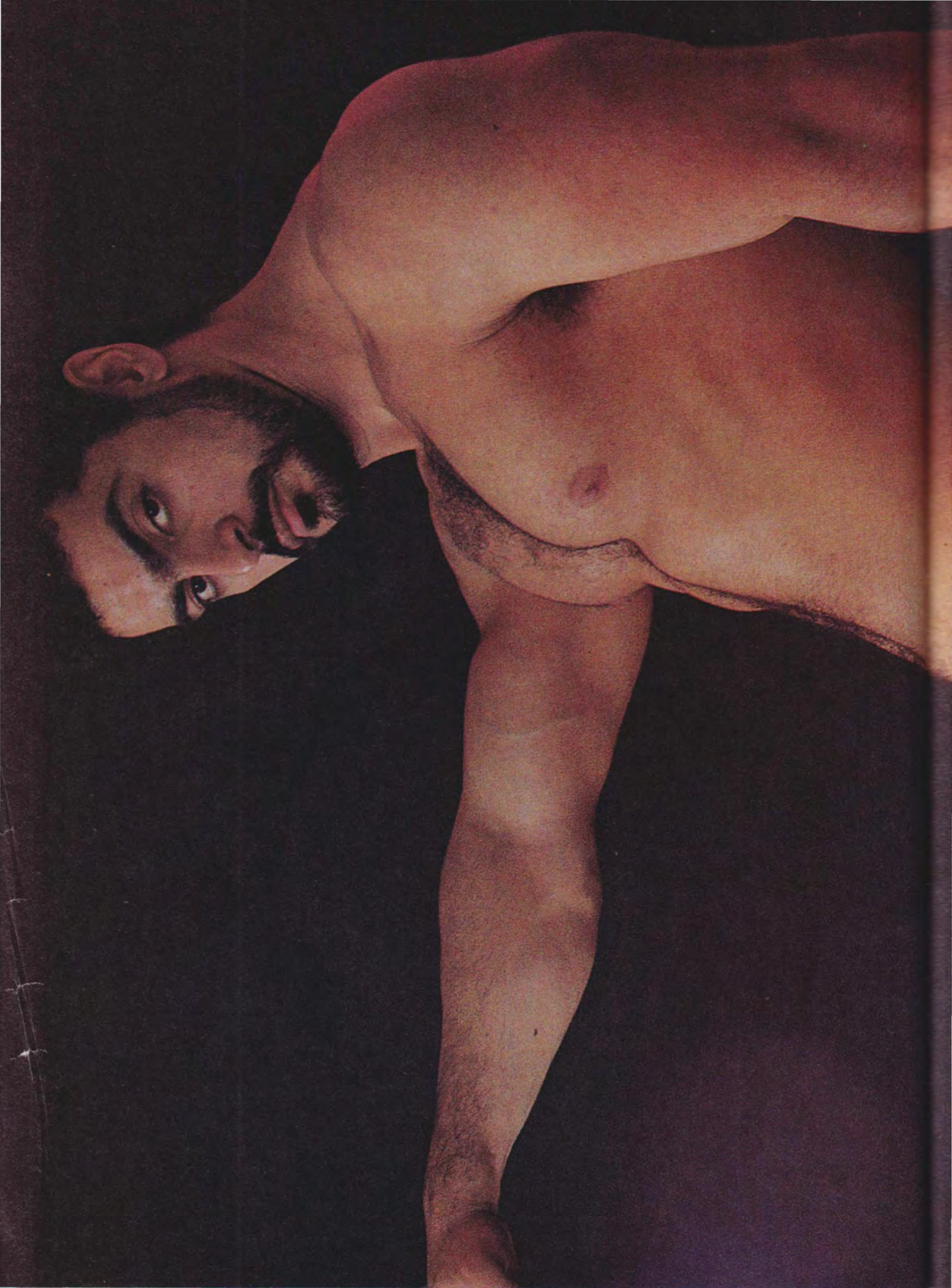
# ARMED

Wouldn't you like to be around when the arms race begins? Long arms or short arms, this is definitely the place to be. Those arms, all of them, can handle any emergency.











# ARMED

Skin it back, check it out! The arms race is on and there is every indication that it will soon escalate.





**WHEN HARD, HE MADE US STAND FACE  
TO FACE, COCK TO COCK SO HE COULD  
MEASURE THEM SIDE BY SIDE. CAN'T  
SAY WHICH I LIKE BETTER, HE SAID.  
SUCKED US OFF. WE SPRAYED HIM WITH  
ENOUGH SPERM TO START A BANK.**

---

# **HARDWARE**

**BY ED ERIKSON • ART BY DOMINO**

---

## **Thursday**

New carpenter on the job today. Jesus, what a body. He's been outdoors all summer. Long and chunky, with powerful arms and shoulders. Dark, glossy hair shines in the sun. I'll bet his crotch is brown. Sweat-covered body the color of polished wood. Arms stretched up over his head, he looks like a sculpture. Back and stomach muscles rippling as he hammers in the big spikes. Christ, how I'd like him to hammer me with his spike.

## **Friday**

His name's Hud; Hudson his mother's maiden name. I've never seen anyone fill a pair of cut-offs like he does. Everybody wears as little as possible during this fucking hot weather, and there are some pretty impressive buns, but Hud looks more naked than anyone else. Others notice too. Guys sneaking looks at him while he works. Doesn't seem to be aware of the effect he has on

people, doesn't pose. Wears a wedding ring. Shit.

## **Tuesday**

We talked during lunch. Sixteen stories up now. There's a breeze even if it's 102 in the sun. We shared our sandwiches and a two-foot bit of shade from a concrete form he'd just put up. He drinks fucking red pop. A nice patch of sweat around his balls. His hefty cock neatly outlined in his cut-offs, which are so thin you can see his white briefs through the seat when he bends over. He's just moved here.

## **Wednesday**

No briefs today. Same cut-offs, but bare flesh under the stretched material. We had a coffee break together and talked sports. He plays softball, and wondered if there was a company team. Cock and balls made a big bundle squeezed up into his crotch when he sat. My hard-on was making a pretty good

bundle too, but he didn't notice. Told Tom Darby we had another short-stop. Tom asked him to come to practice tomorrow.

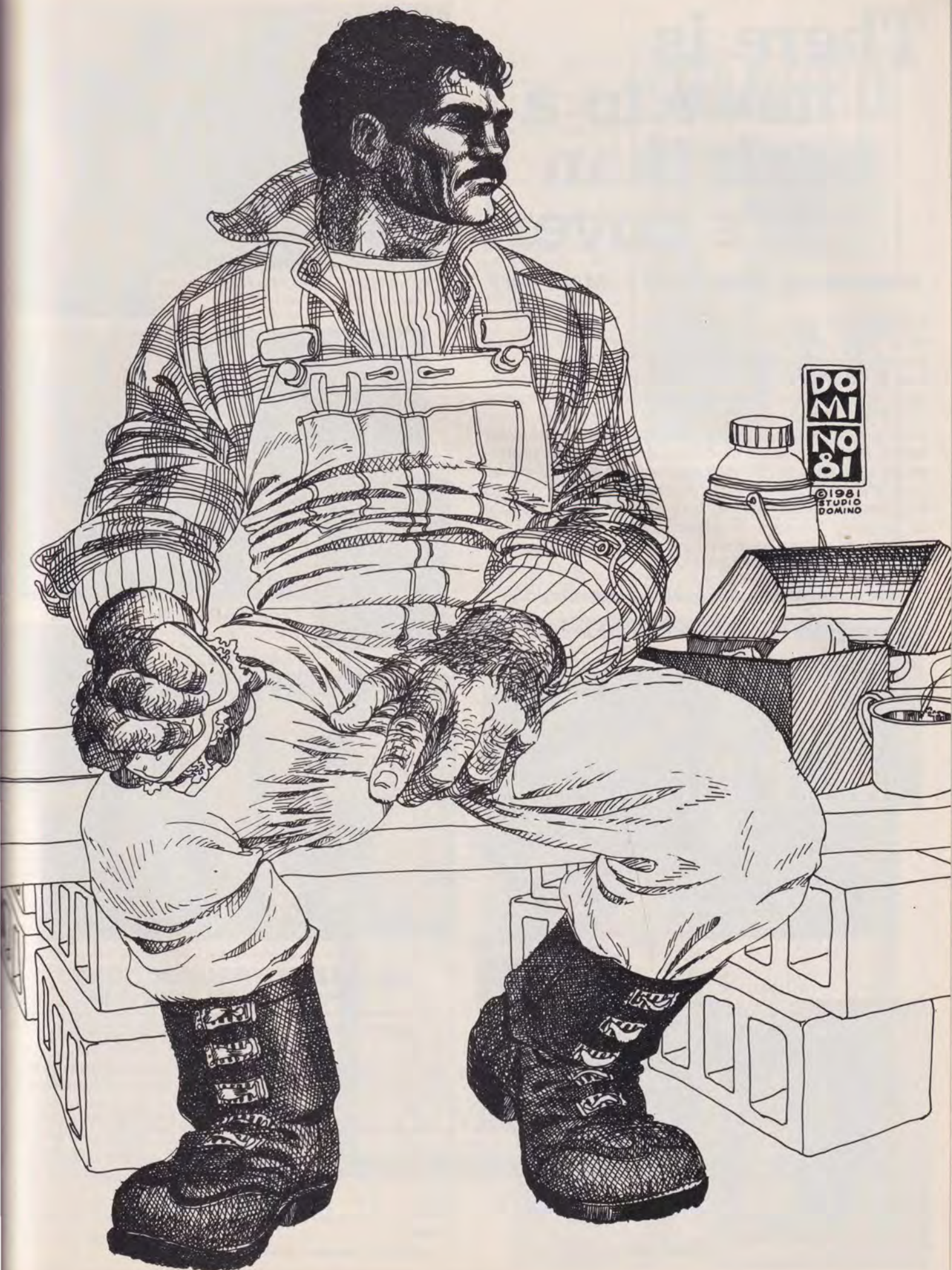
## **Thursday**

He wore bib overalls and nothing else. Sexiest garment in the world. I could see behind the loose-fitting front to his hairy crotch. It's deep brown, too! He came home with me to borrow a spare softball uniform. Good player. Tom wants him to play on the weekend. We all showered at the clubhouse. All eyes were on Hud, the newest cock in town. Jesus, what a beauty. Couldn't take my eyes off it. Thank God the water was as cold as ice or I'd have had the biggest hard-on in Pittsburgh. Went out for a beer. No mention of the wife.

## **Saturday**

After the game, we skipped the clubhouse showers and came here. Tanked up for a half-hour, then I offered a warm shower. He said sure, and took his beer





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into the shower with him.

In a few minutes he came back into the room naked, holding his sweaty clothes in a bundle. Asked if he could throw them in the washer. I told him I'd put mine in too. Followed me to the washer in the kitchen. I stripped and put everything in the washer. Got detergent from under the sink, bent over, pointing my ass at him. Took longer than necessary, reaching far in the back. His cock arching out when I turned around. I'll shower, I said. He said he'd have another beer. Cold ones are on the bottom shelf, I said. Now his ass pointed at me. Hair outlining his pink man-cunt. Full balls stretching his sack low between his legs. Bud's in the back, I said. Balls and cock swinging as he reached for his beer. That'd frost your nuts, he said.

Showered, wondering what to do about my hard-on. Cold water made it go away. Still in the kitchen waiting for his clothes to dry. We sat at the kitchen table, three-quarter-inch glass top, our knees almost touching as we faced one another across the table, cocks dangling over the edges of our chair.

Kinda like watching a fuck film he said, I mean looking at you through glass. Kind of a turn-on.

Squeezed my asshole and my cock bobbed up, getting hard as I forced it to attention. Pointed up at him. Jesus Christ, he said and stared. Willed myself harder and harder. Raised my butt from the chair and pressed my hard cock against the underside of the table, flattening my cockhead against the cold glass.

His hand on the tabletop rubbed over my cockhead. Rubbed my cock back and forth under the palm of his hand.

Get under the table, I said. I sat on top. Cheeks spread, asshole kissing the glass. He sat underneath. Looked between my legs at me. Inched forward. Nose touching glass under my balls and fuck hole.

I rolled over. Hard cock flattened under my belly pressed like a trussed turkey. Head over edge of table watching him. He licked the underside of the table the length of my cock. I sat up, knees raised, feet on table, legs spread, and jerked off. He watched. Lips parted. Face near the glass. Cum splashed on the tabletop. Eager mouth, tongue pressed against the pool of cum. Washer spun to a halt.

Filled the drier. Thirty minutes, I said. Pushed me onto the table. Face down, arms and chest on table, feet on the floor. Ass open and ready. At his cock height. Entered. One painful thrust. Felt like the table leg. Solid oak and square. He pumped. Pain at first. Then tingling

spasms in my gut and love tube. Faster and faster. Slipping out. Missing my hole. Plunging again. Balls slapping against my balls against the hard table edge. A flood, soothing burning tender tissue. Until he withdrew.

#### Sunday

Alone. Rain. Shit!

#### Monday

Taking a break, flat on his back, arms folded to pillow his head. Stomach hollow. Big balls and cock a high mound at the fork of his legs. Tom Darby by to talk. And look. Is it hard, he thinks, or can it really be that big. I look at him looking at Hud.

#### Tuesday

Hasn't mentioned our table topping. Recently divorced.

#### Wednesday

Hud half hard all day. Cock squirming down his pants leg whenever I looked. Sitting on a cement block at lunch, his prick-head inched out of his cut-offs. Old habits die hard, he said. Wednesday was always a night for fucking, he said. What the shit do I care! Ball practice after work. In the shower, is still half

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hard. Hanging to his fucking knees. Like a donkey.

Jesus Christ, Tom Darby said, you oughta be selling that. Whata you wanta fart around with carpentering. You could make a fortune with your dick, he said.

Tom's little nubbin sticking straight out. The others guys in the shower turned away. Didn't want to be compared with Hud.

Little prick Darby said in locker room, listen, you wanta have a beer and a pizza? Knows I hate pizza. The shrimp dick. Hud says, why not. No thanks, I said. Fucking TV dinner. Fucking broccoli!

### Thursday

Funny little asshole, he said. Wants to fiddle with my dick but won't say so, he said. Who, I said. Darby. He's not the only one, I said. Besides me, I said, half the guys on the job want to fiddle or be fiddled. No kidding, he said. Not another fucking word all day. Where's he been, for Chrissakes.

### Friday

Saw him checking it out. Corner of his eye. Bend over to pick up his hammer. Then check to see who was eyeing his ass. Nonchalantly scratching his balls while he talked to somebody to see if their eyes dropped to his crotch. Lunch time sat with a circle of guys to see who couldn't take their eyes off of his fat dick lying against his leg. Balls like grapefruit. Fuck. He's going to start peddling it. Asshole second baseman stepped on my hand when I slid into base. Came straight home from practice.

### Saturday

How's your hand, he asked. I can't bat, I said. Can you still jack off, he asked. I can use the other hand, I said.

Sat on the bench until Dave Saunders sprained his ankle and I went in. Even with my glove my hand hurt like hell. Only one ball to left field anyway.

Want to stop at my place for a beer, I asked. Can Tom come along, he asked, we were going out. OK, I said. Shit, I thought.

Hud offered Tom my shower. Nervy. Already showered at the clubhouse, he said. Hud winked at me. Meaning?

Put away a case of beer watching fucking sports. Bigtime stuff. Demolition derby, body surfing. Rhythmic gymnastics from Botswana. Darby smashed out of his mind.

Jesus it's hot in here, Hud said. Air conditioner's broken, I said. Hud stripped to his jockstrap. Get comfortable, men, he said. What the fuck, I thought and stripped to my jockstrap.



Hud walked to the TV and fiddled with the fine tuning. Ass hanging out six feet in front of Tom's nose. Hud dropped one of the knobs on the floor. Jesus. Could see all the way up his asshole to his appendix! He turned around. Come on, Darby, get comfortable. Darby peeled off his sweat pants. Little nubbin pushing out his red jockstrap. Big full nuts, but I've seen drawer knobs that stuck out further than his cock. He sat down to hide hard-on. Didn't take much.

Hud walked back and forth. Bulging pouch at Tom's eye-level. Bare ass the same. Hud said, I'm interested in what you said the other day about selling it. Tom began to sweat. I was just jokin', he said. You know. I mean you gotta pretty big piece of meat on you. Hud stood a few inches from Tom. Jockstrap stretched taut with his piece of meat.

It's not so special is it, Hud asked. Not much bigger than his. Grabbed my jockstrap and pulled it down to my knees. Mine's big. His is beautiful. My balls covered with long black hair. His with brown fuzz.

I don't know, said Tom. I thought yours was bigger. Hud pulled his pouch aside and let his cock and balls hang out. About six inches from Tom's face. Mouth working but no sound. Hud pulled me next to him. Both of us inches from Tom. Measure them, Hud said. How, Tom said. With your mouth, Hud said.

Tom Darby, who I've known for three years as an absolute straight arrow, put Hud's cock all the way in his mouth. Then mine. Oh, shit, you guys, he said. They're just about the same. Soft, he said. Little fucker grinned. Put mine back in his mouth and started jerking Hud off. Then Hud's in his mouth. Mine in his hand. When hard, he made us stand face to face, cock to cock so he could measure them side by side. The same, by God.

Can't say which I like better, he said. Facing him. Sucked us off. Alternating mouths and hands. Until we sprayed him with enough sperm to start a bank.

Wouldn't take off his jockstrap. Could tell there wasn't much in it. Wanted us to fuck him in the ass. Hud hard first. Horny bastard. I licked Darby's ass and Hud's cock slurping wet. Watched Hud ease in slowly. I got hard instantly. Took turns. Ten strokes each. Tom kneeling on the couch. Moaning. With pleasure, it seemed.

I came first. Damn it. Inside. Before I could stop. Hud continued for several minutes. Tom louder and louder. Hud withdrew and squirted cum across Tom's broad cheeks. Asshole gaping and grasping for still more cock. His own cum dripping from his red jockstrap onto

my couch. The prick.

## Sunday

Woke up with foul mouth, beer farts, and sore cock. Made Hud and Darby go home.

## Monday

Darby sheepish. Scared we'll tell? Hud seemed to be talking up a couple of other guys. Turning into a fucking social circle.

They interested, I asked. No sale, he said. Only want freebies. Jesus, he really is going to peddle it!

## Tuesday

Told him guys that look like these guys don't have to buy cocks and ass. Could sell their own. Just want to exchange. Often. And with variety.

Took him to Slattery's Bar to show him the kind of guys buying. Then took him to Elm and 10th Street to see the guys in cars shopping for a quick job on a dark street. Thoroughly depressed him. Brought him home and chewed on his beautiful cock until he was content.

## Wednesday

Darby threw a punch at Kent Barrows in the locker room. A little jealous when Kent seemed to be coming on to Hud? Practice a disaster anyhow. Hud lingered in the shower. Soaping his cock unnecessarily long. Letting the water pour over his magnificent body. Others lingered too. His torso at the end of summer the color of antique oak. Buns lighter but covered with that soft fuzz. Cock and balls color of rich cream, cockhead a deeper eggshell brown. Legs, to sock tops, deep brown. Pubic hair circled in ringlets like ancient Greek statues. Water streamed from his cock. Cock expanding and contracting. Balls squirming in their loose sack.

Darby claimed Kent hit him with a pitch on purpose. Kent said, I ain't that fuckin' good. It was obvious that Kent might want to throw a little something at Hud.

## Thursday

Allowed myself to be picked up at Slattery's. Fucked over without pleasure. Am I hooked on Hud? For what? He's never offered to suck my cock. He's never let me in his ass. Let him fuck his fist.

## Friday

Showers were off at the clubhouse. Sabotaged by Darby. Claims not. Went our separate ways.

## Saturday

Look guys, Tom said, I think I oughta

*Continued to page 76*

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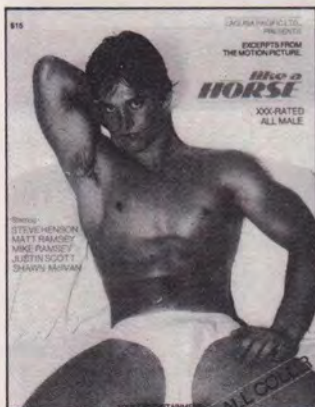




MARKSMAN PRODUCTIONS

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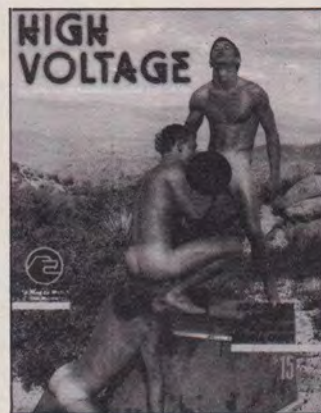
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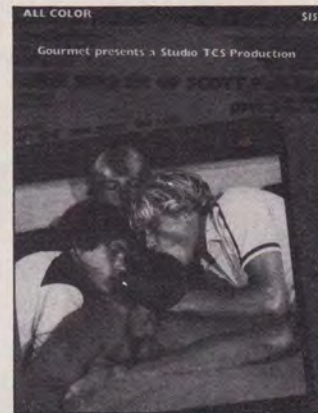
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# HARDWARE

Continued from page 73

explain. How about a beer after the game. You just want to get into our jockstraps, Hud said. Hey, come on, don't fuck around here, Tom said.

My place again. They brought beer. Took a six-pack for Tom to talk.

I wanta be friends, he said. Best fucking thing that ever happened to me. I'm thirty-two fucking years old and I've got this little bitty cock that nobody wants to look at let alone sit on. But I've never done those other things before. I just thought sex was sticking your dick in somebody's hole. I didn't know what it could be like. Shit, he said. I don't know what I mean. Can I suck your cocks once in awhile? Get fucked now and then?

Looked pathetic. Hud said, how about now. All on the floor. Pulled Tom's clothes off. Grabbed his cock. He protested. Sucked it into my mouth. Hud grinned. Hard cock no bigger than a bite of banana. Kind of interesting. Hard as a rock. Mouthed and tongued him until he started to moan.

Your turn, I said to Hud. Held Tom's dick in hand waving it at Hud. Hud sheepish. Crawled between Tom's legs. Took cock in his hand. Hesitated. Your first, I asked. He nodded. Tom said, you too?

He went down on Tom. Took it in one bite. Gripped with his lips and pulled that cock as long as it was ever going to get. Started pumping on it like a kid with a new toy. Inexperienced but eager.

Tom not bad looking. Square built. No waist. Not fat. Dark brown hair outlining his tits and belly button. Huge nuts in a very loose pouch. Hud stretched that sack and played with the nuts. I'm comin', Tom said. Hud nodded. Cock in mouth. Hands on Tom's tits.

Christ, Tom was still hard. Hud sat back with self-satisfied look. I straddled Tom and took over. Still hard as a rock. Worked on his cock. Played with those fabulous balls. Two large eggs rolling around in his rubbery pouch. Stretched and pulled and twisted. A life of their own.

Raised his knees and licked under his balls to his asshole. Sucked a nut into my mouth and pulled his sack taut. Rolled his cock head between my fingers. Cock back in my mouth. Working him over with all my skills.

OK, OK, OK, he said. Came down my throat in a great gush. Sweet and thick. Slightly garlicky.

Hud fingering his own dick. Tom fingering his. Jesus, don't you ever quit, I asked. I can go on for hours, Tom said.

Talked Hud into letting Tom fuck him in the ass. Better take a small one first time I said. Only fair, Tom said.

On his knees. Tom behind. Well-greased. Well-fingered. Tom entered and began fucking. Short and fast thrusts. Hud began to enjoy it. I rolled underneath. Hud's cock in my mouth. Too soon. Tom came.

Is that all, Hud said. Moved behind him. One thrust up his cum-filled chute. Jesus Christ, he said. Lifted him off the floor with slow hard ramming. Tom moved in front. His cock in Hud's mouth. Fucking from both ends. Both came.

Hud lying exhausted. Your cocks met in my belly, he said. He touched the spot.

## Sunday

Tom and Hud spent the day on my bed. Sucking and fucking. They never quit. Tried to get me to join in several times. Fucking converts. Think they invented it, for Chrissake.

## Monday

Tom's little prick so sore he can't piss. Hud walked like he still had a cock up his ass. Talked about moving in together. Decided we like our independence. Tom disappointed.

## Tuesday

Hud showing it off again during lunch.

## Wednesday

Overheard Tom apologizing to Kent Barrows. He asked him out for a beer. ■

# SEND IN THE MARINES

Continued from page 40

When I heard that, I figured it was time to do something. Here were three drunk Marines getting off on a real "faggot." Now what if they got their rocks off and then had a change in attitude? Such as, "Look what I've done! And it's because of this faggot that I did it!" Oh no, there was no way I was going to be around when the guilt trips hit.

"Sure thing man, but can I at least have a quick bathroom break?" I asked.

"Yeah man, sure." The two guys fucking me moved away, as did the guy I was sucking. Soon I was in the bathroom, where I planned my strategy of escape. Then I heard a knock at the outside door.

"Hey guys, we got. . . . What are you guys doin'?" the unfamiliar voice

questioned. I moved closer to the bathroom door to listen.

"Man, we got a faggot in the bathroom and he's letting us all fuck him at once!!!"

"No shit?"

"It's great, man. Come on in."

"Let me go get Sandy. He'll want some of this, too."

"Great, hurry up!"

Oh my God! If I didn't get out of this situation soon, I'd be fucked by the whole unit and that would consist of—how many messed-up Marines? I had to make a break for it.

I came out of the bathroom as quietly as possible. Don was lying on his bed with the other guys sitting around the floor. My clothes hung over the back of the desk chair; thinking only of my survival, I slipped on my topsiders, grabbed my shirt and pants, and took off out the door and down the empty corridor.

Have you ever tried throwing on your pants while running? I have to admit I had only seen it in the movies, and that's exactly where it should stay. It did prove a challenge, and whether or not they tried to follow—which I doubt—I never looked back. I just kept running.

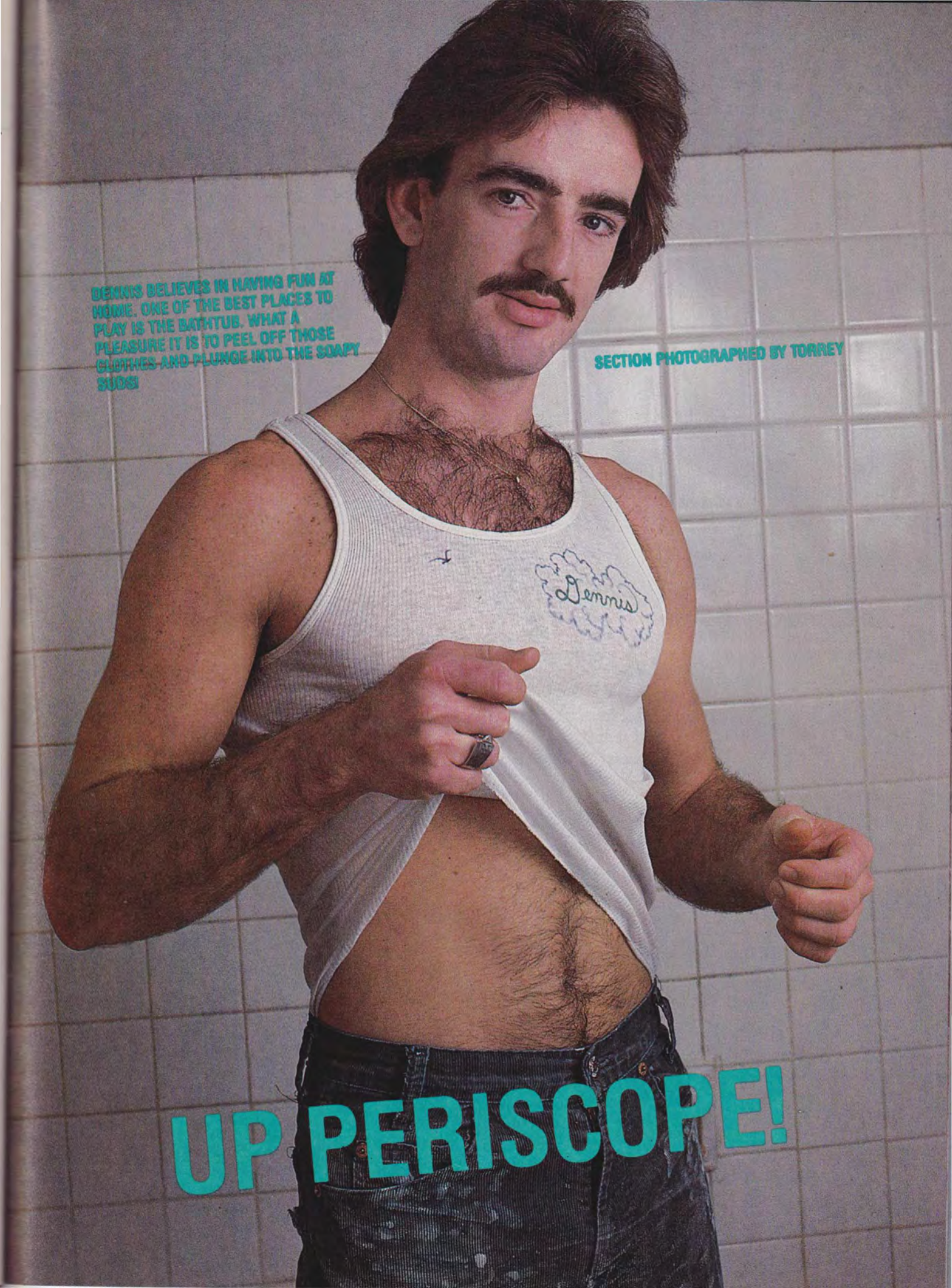
On my exit from the base, the guard signaled me to halt and I came close to running him down. He barreled out of my way when he realized I wasn't stopping for anyone. Smart guy. I'm not too worried about if he got my license number, either, since my company allows me an endless supply of rental cars. I got a new one two days later, anyway.

It wasn't until I got home that I remembered I had left my forty-five dollar jacket, and it pissed me off to have to buy another one.

I've told some friends about my adventure and the more I thought about it, the madder I got. They called me a faggot! I shouldn't have let them scare me like I did. What could they have done that I couldn't have twisted to my own advantage? How could they have explained me to their commanding officer if there was any trouble? And then, of course, there was Don. Don and I were having a really nice time together until these three assholes showed up. He was one super Marine.

I am far from an evil person. But I don't like having someone take advantage of me, either. You know, I'm going back to Savannah this Friday after I've completed my weekly workload. And on Saturday, I'm going to Parris Island to get my jacket. ■



A full-page photograph of a man with long, dark, wavy hair and a mustache. He is wearing a white ribbed tank top and dark jeans. He is posing in a room with white square tiles on the wall. He is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. His right hand is raised, pulling at the bottom of his tank top, revealing his hairy midriff. He is wearing a ring on his right ring finger. The text "DENNIS BELIEVES IN HAVING FUN AT HOME. ONE OF THE BEST PLACES TO PLAY IS THE BATHTUB. WHAT A PLEASURE IT IS TO PEEL OFF THOSE CLOTHES AND PLUNGE INTO THE SOAPY SUDS!" is printed in a teal, sans-serif font in the upper left corner. The text "SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY TORREY" is printed in a teal, sans-serif font in the upper right corner. The text "UP PERISCOPE!" is printed in a large, teal, sans-serif font at the bottom of the page.

DENNIS BELIEVES IN HAVING FUN AT HOME. ONE OF THE BEST PLACES TO PLAY IS THE BATHTUB. WHAT A PLEASURE IT IS TO PEEL OFF THOSE CLOTHES AND PLUNGE INTO THE SOAPY SUDS!

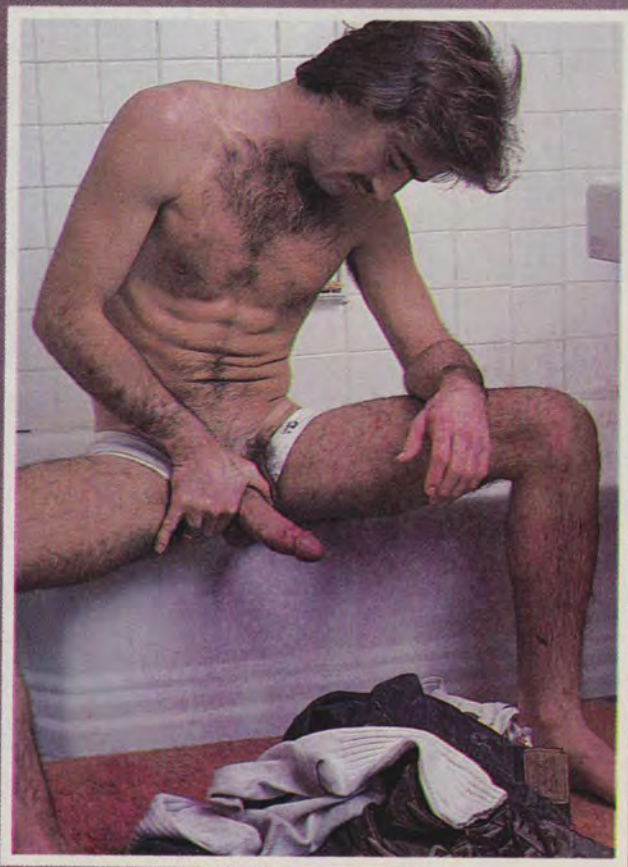
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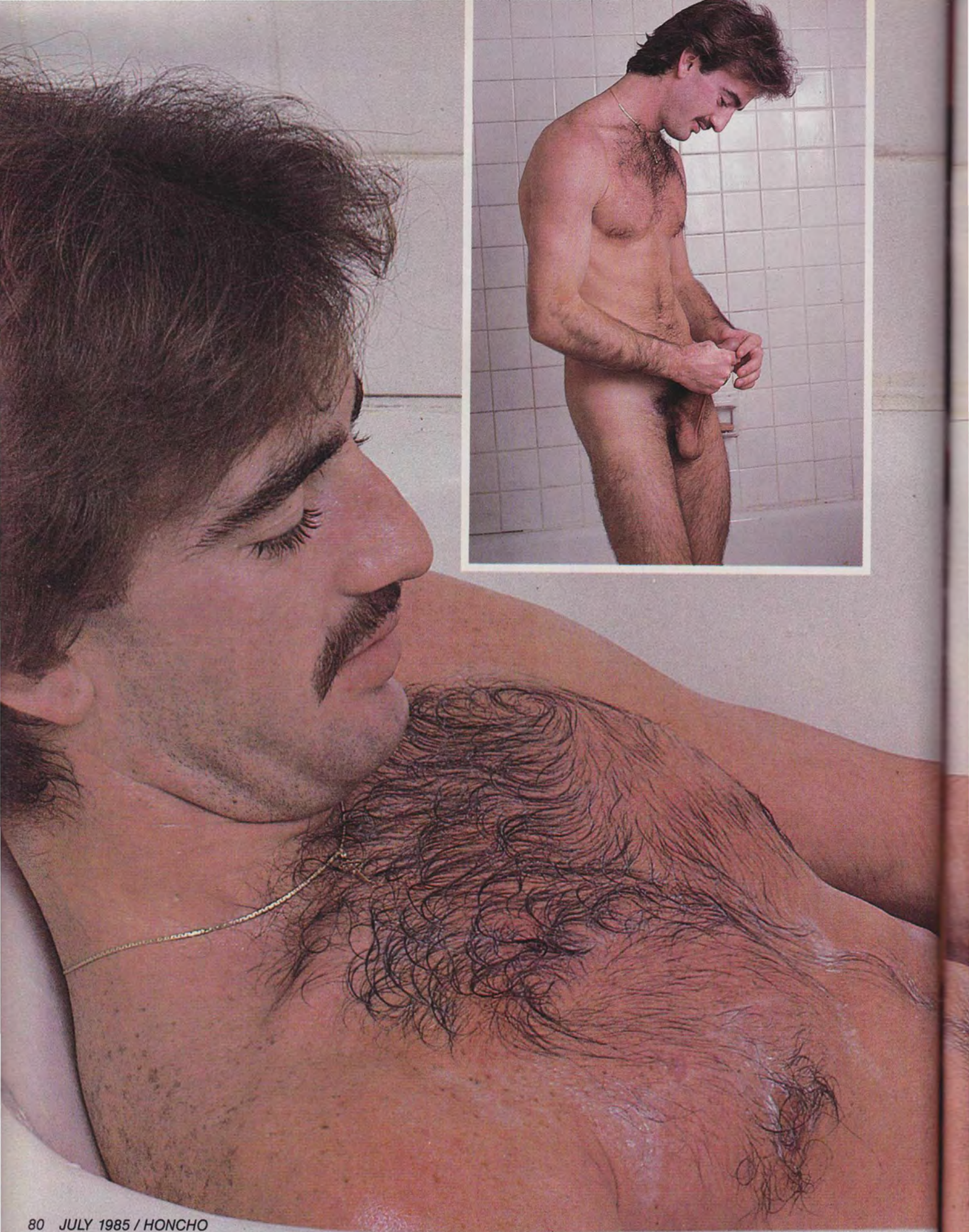




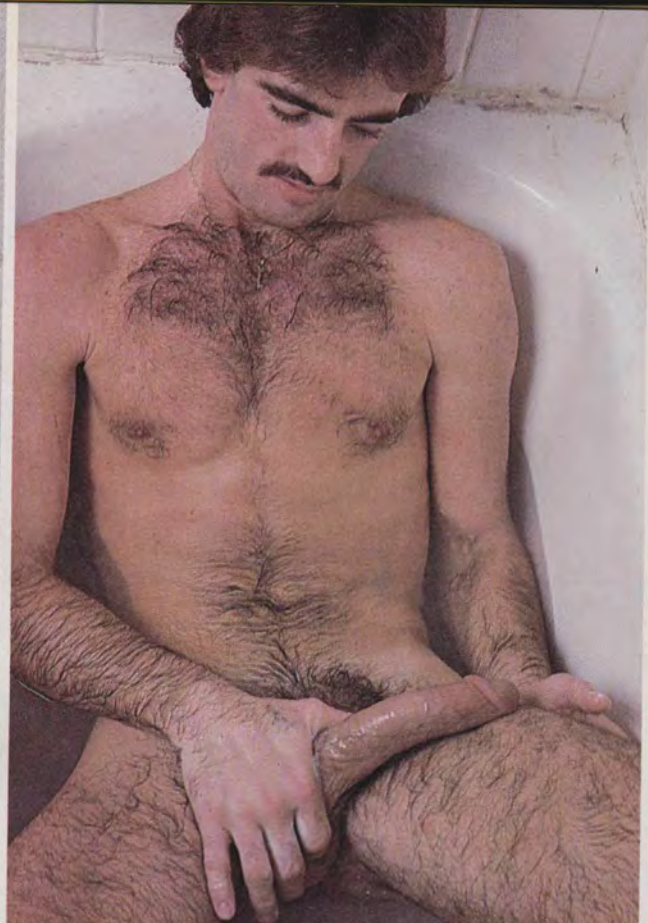


SOME PEOPLE LIKE TO TAKE TOYS INTO THE TUB TO AMUSE THEMSELVES WHILE THEY GET CLEAN. OTHERS LIKE RUBBER DUCKS OR LITTLE PLASTIC SHIPS. DENNIS DOESN'T NEED PROPS; HE PREFERS A NOT-SO-SMALL TOY THAT'S ALL HIS OWN: HIS BATHTUB SUBMARINE. BEFORE HE TAKES THE PLUNGE, HE GIVES IT SOME ENCOURAGEMENT. PRETTY SOON, HIS BIG U-BOAT IS READY TO BE SOAPED UP AND SUBMERGED.

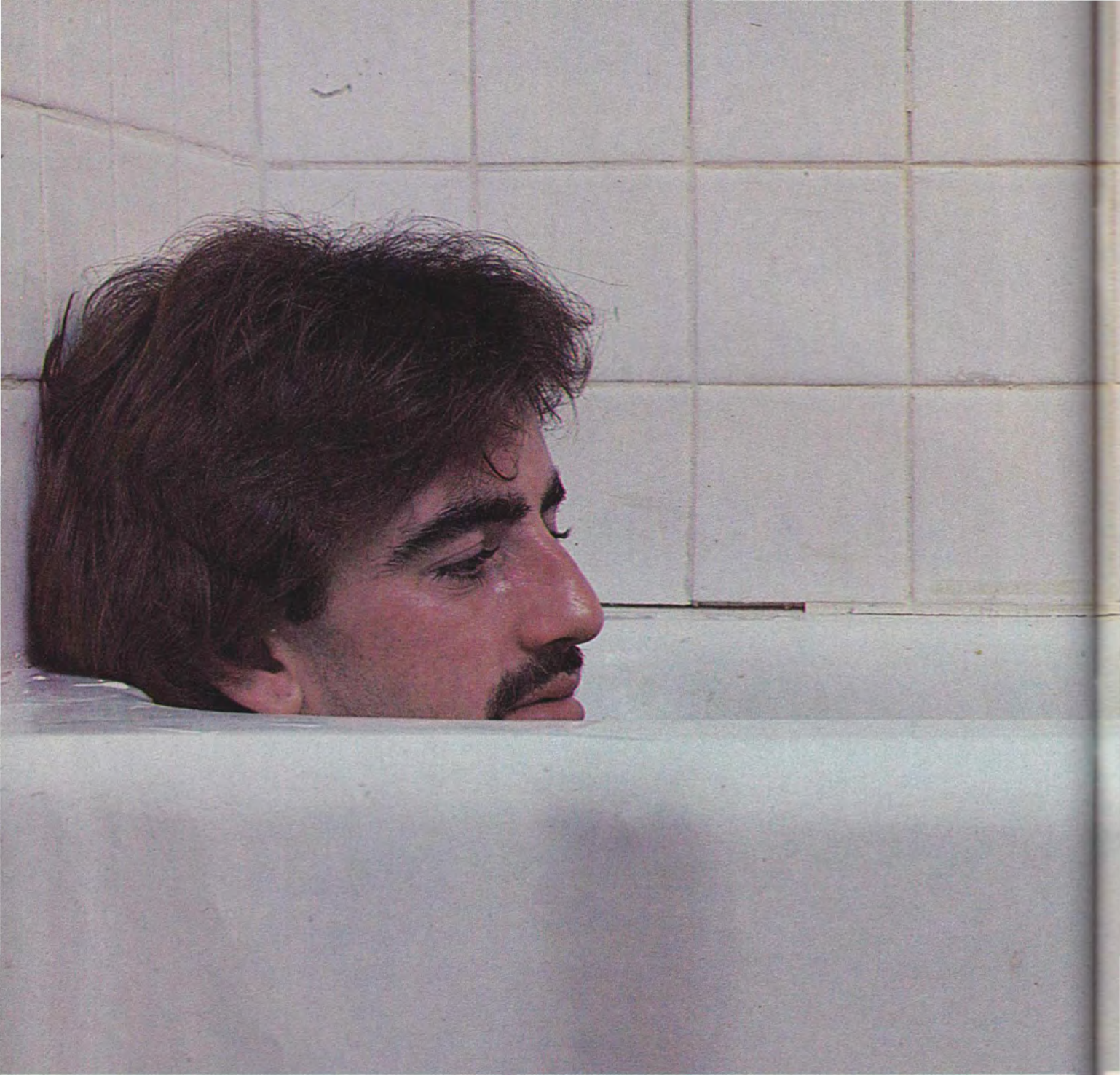




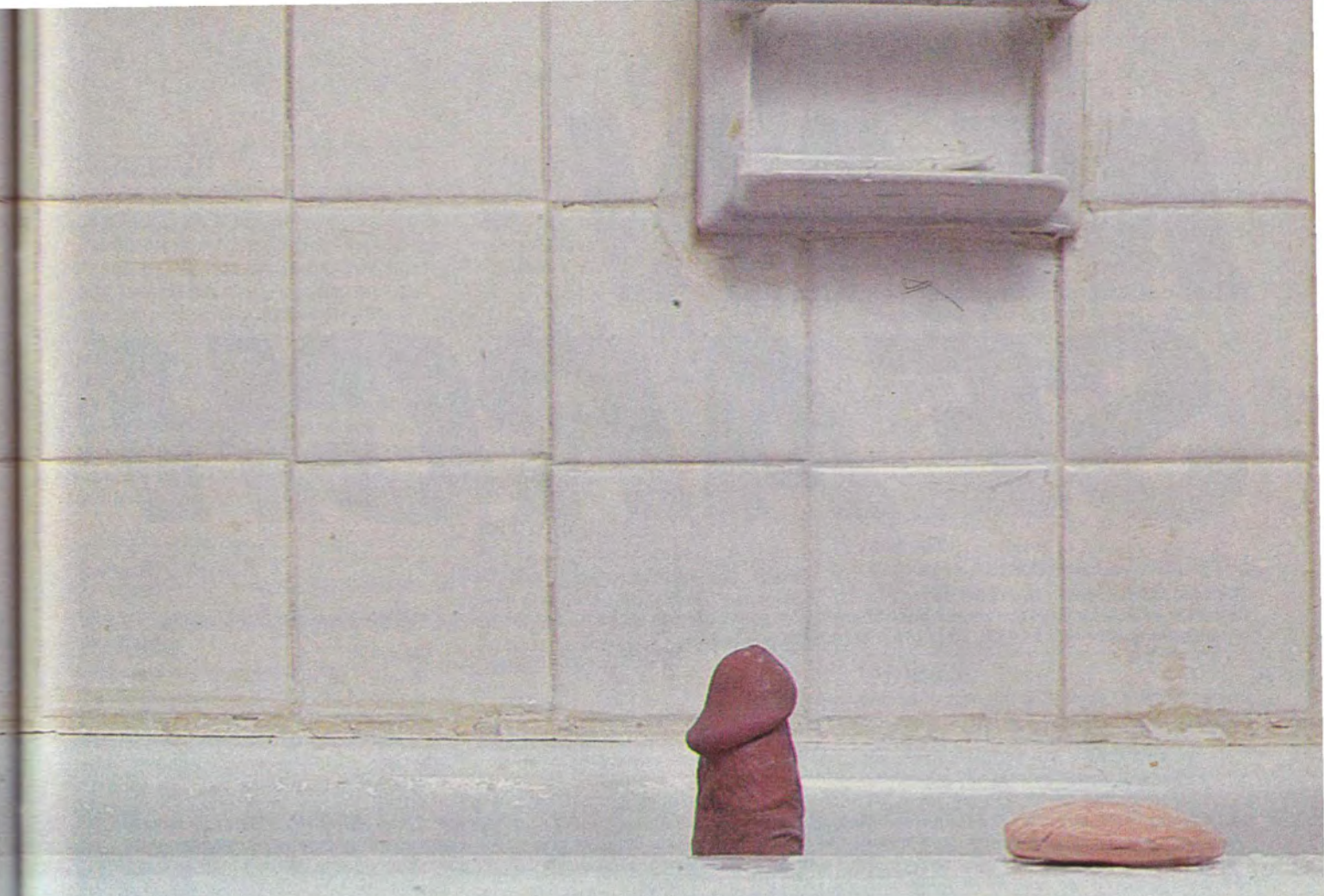












**UP PERISCOPE!**





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12/1/85	3/1/86
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Enclose full payment for your ad when you submit it. Make check or money order payable to HONCHO.

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## ARIZONA

### DADDY'S BOY/SLAVE.

Sought for monogamous relationship by 6', 165 lbs, 38, mature, stable, industrious, masculine, straight acting and appearing, supportive, extremely affectionate and cuddly who seeks the same. You: like deep throat, body worship, light B&D, are intelligent, good looking, 18-28, athletic, muscular, and extremely smooth hairless skinned guy. Must be able to relocate. No drugs, cigarettes and drink occasionally. Robert, 5823 North Invergordon Road, Scottsdale, AZ 85253.

## CALIFORNIA

### WANTED GAY HANDICAPPED FRIENDS

in Valley Area from Redding to Bakersfield and as far east as Reno. Either temp. or perm. handicapped or people that have been handicapped. Am early mid-age. Like good music, politics, reading. Sex isn't everything, but friendship is.

### VERY SWEATY ONLY

Attractive masculine prof WM bottom-man 55, 170, 5-11 will suck, lick, satisfy very sweaty-smelly raunchy hardbod uncuts any way. 1259 El Camino Real #173, Menlo Park, CA 94025; (415) 327-2279. P.S. I'm also planning long summer '85 trip looking for areas where raunchy uncuts can be found. Any ideas? Want to cum along?

### VERY ATTRACTIVE W/M

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

### FORMER EXECUTIVE

Military B.G.M.C., D.S.C., ex-P.O.W. Now prisoner of my own country. Self defense A.D.W. Six months to go. Forced coprophagy as P.O.W. Previously servicing young military as asseater and toilet. Also aggressive fellatio & J.O. service to all in Battalion. Into pass. W/S & light S&M. I am youngish, 45 years young, slim & trim. Neat & clean. Never disease. 5'10", 150 lbs. Blue & brown. Military school & war college graduate. No family, no mail, career gone. 8½ years prison. Please write. Richard Joe Kidd, Box 689-B72191, Soledad, CA 93960.

## COLORADO

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

### VERY SEXY SEEKS SAME

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

## CONNECTICUT

### VRY HANDS. SEEK SAME

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

## FLORIDA

### FT. LAUDERDALE AREA

Want a hot man 5'10" 28 years old 132 lbs Blonde Hair Blue eyes Very hairy chest. And I have 8" cock. I like to suck & fuck. I want a hot man between the ages of 28-30 years old. Also I want to have a possible relationship with him. Please Send Photo. Frank J. Klempa, 108 SW 19th Ave., Apt. #108, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33302.

### WHITE STUD

6' 170 lbs. Blond hair brown eyes 9½ thick uncut seeks same or larger to service my hot ass and cock. Needs constant attention. Call Skip 813-251-6168.

### GWM 32-175-6'

would like relationship with same 18-35 no fats. Wayne, PO 1040, Eagle Lake, FL 33839.

### SARASOTA

I am 20, 5'7", WGM. Wish to meet others in area, fun and relationship in mind. NO S/M, B/D. Photo a plus. Pen Pals welcome. I await your letters. John W., PO Box 15822, Sarasota, FL 33579.

### W/M, 30, BLOND, GREEN EYES, 6'1", 150,

Muscular swimmer, seeks muscular, masculine or athletic men. Light bondage and massage. Send photo. Brooks, PO Box 4177, Lantana, FL 33462.

## GEORGIA

### HANDSOME W/M, 30, 6'1", 185 LBS.,

Brown hair and eyes, hairy body. I enjoy working out, cuddling and corresponding with attractive, masculine guys 18-40. Tell me what's on your mind! Your photo gets mine. Box 624, Riverdale, GA 30274.

### I AM SPANISH, 23,

5' 7", 140 lbs., brown eyes, black hair, like to meet that someone special, blonde and prefer from California but not necessary, 18-30 for relationship and willing to move to another state if happiness is around please write Erick, 700 South Jolly, Apt. 4, Clarkston, GA 30021. Love to hear from you.

## HAWAII

### BI-GAY VISITORS TO OAHU HI,

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

## ILLINOIS

### THAT SPECIAL SOMEONE

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

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

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

### CHICAGO 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



## 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, Butler-ville, IN 47223.

### HUNG & HORNY

Goodlooking GWM 34, 180 lbs., 6'2", blk/brn, moustache. seeks GWM 21-35 for correspondence and intimate encounters. Discretion assured. Write PO Box 4547, Elkhart, IN 46515.

## IOWA

### HANDSOME, HUNKY

Size slave wants man on power trip with big dick. 900 W. Benton, 301C, Iowa City, IA 52240.

## KANSAS

### VERY ATTRACTIVE, MASCULINE

GWM, Professional, 34, 6'1", 165 lbs., blond/blue, trim, hung, versatile. Seeks attractive, sincere, stable GWM 28-45 for 1-1 lasting relationship. NO fats, feds, drugs. All sincere letters answered. Write with photo/phone to Boxholder, PO Box 6644, Leawood, KS 66206.

## LOUISIANA

### W/M ATHLETIC, GOOD LOOKING

Straight appearing, 25 yrs. 5'10", 170#. Want athletic, masculine man, no fats, feds, drags. Send photo, Phillip, PO Box 91681, Lafayette, LA 70502.

### PEN PALS

Goodlooking, intelligent, hairy GWM, 21, 5'8", 150 lbs. Photos exchanged. All answered. Box 2626-SLU, Hammond, LA 70402-2626.

## MASSACHUSETTS

### 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.

## MICHIGAN

### GWM, 38, 5'10", 155#

brn/blue, good body, wants to meet same, under 40, likes all, including light/medium B&D. PO Box 2714, Grand Rapids, MI 49501.

## NEBRASKA

### GWM, 25, BODYBUILDER, TOP

Into playing doctor, daddy or policeman. Box 80733, Lincoln, NE 68501.

### 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.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE

### NEW TO NEW HAMPSHIRE

GWM, 23, 5'10, 145 lbs., Blond/blue, moving to N.H. (S.E.; July) seeking new friends between 18-30, trim and fit. Photo a must. No feds/blks. G.G. Galm, 98-211 Palimomi, Suite 615, Aiea, Hawaii 96701-4306.

## NEW JERSEY

### GWM 5'9", 165

Brn/brn friendly versatile Fr/act-pass seeks masc gay-bi's for good times. Bob, PO Box 1245, Union, NJ 07083.

### FRIENDS/PEN PALS

Goodlooking Bi/W/M, 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.

## NEVADA

### MOVING TO LAS VEGAS

—June. GWM 34 5'11" 160 lbs Attractive. Nice body, ass, cock. Seek individual(s) as roommate (\$). Your thoughts, photo, phone—gets mine. Bill, PO Box 3525, Grand Rapids, MI 49501.

## TALENTED HAIR STYLIST-W/M

Union County NJ Area. Call for appointments. Serving your hair needs. (201) 354-0137.

## NEW MEXICO

### WANTED: MASCULINE, HANDSOME GUY,

18-35 for friendship, action, and possible relationship. I am 26, 6'1", 160 lb. Write: Occupant, POB 1691, Española, NM 87532.

### 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.

## NEW YORK

### EX ONEONTA FARMER

W/M 6'4" 250 lbs. Full beard, hairy, 30 years old, interests include farming, logging, enjoy fishing and hunting, have rubber boot fetish, looking for someone with similar interest in and around the Oneonta NY area. Have moved away but frequent often. Mark, PO Box 175, Manchester Ctr., VT 05255.

### HOT BLACK MALE

29, attractive, sincere, athletic. Likes dancing, music seeks fun, friendship, possible relationship. Box 6746, Syracuse, NY 13217.

### 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.

### HANDSOME GWM

26, 5' 9", 160 lbs. good build, educated professional looking for upstate GWM for fun and romance. Reply w/letter/ photo to Box 1514, Rochester, NY 14603.

### SWEATY HORNY JOCKS

Do you fantasize your big feet (size 11+) serviced by a hot WM, 29, 6'1", 185, who is very attractive, masculine and sincere? Then call (212) 675-7352 btwn 8-11 pm for real locker room action.



## **BIG HOT JOCKS WANTED**

by tall horny guy, 27, 6' 4", 190 lbs. (212) 874-0296.

## **BODYBUILDER/JOCK.**

Ex-model, 33, 5'10", 155 lbs., 45C, 16A, Hung Thick. Seeks older, submissive, generous sponsor—any area. Photos available. Box 585, Palisades, NY 10964.

## **NORTH CAROLINA**

### **PIEDMONT AREA**

Goodlooking Bi/WM, 23, 5'1", 165 lbs, seeks friends and/or pen pals. No fats, fems or blacks. Photo a plus. Write Doug. N.—PO Box 4122, Glen Raven, NC 27215.

### **GWM, 30, NICE BODY**

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

## **OHIO**

### **WM—6'2"—180, UNCUT**

6" x 1 1/2" 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**

### **PHOTO SWAP**

Trade closeup clear photos of my hard-on for same of yours, cut only. Or will happily photograph yours, if you can get by. Chris Lieberroth, 810 West St., Stillwater, OK 74074.

## **PENNSYLVANIA**

### **YNG, BLOND SLAVE**

Seeks Yng Levi/top (18-30), gdlkng, smooth bod & well hung. Me: 6'4", 128 lbs., thick 8 1/2" 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.

### **WHITE 36, 180**

seeks friends, playmates for good times. All with photo in first letter answered first. No fats or fems. 1280 Fox Run, Mt. Penn, PA 19606.

### **BOY WANTS MASCULINE DADDY TOPMAN**

Cleanness and handsome 24 yr. old son wants straight acting, stocky, older daddies who are Greek active, uncut and hairy a plus. Please write to Sonny, PO Box 15285, Philadelphia, PA 19125.

### **BI-SEXUAL MALE**

Wants relationship with male 30 to 55. Must be sincere and very discreet. Am new to this scene and need affection and honesty. Photo and phone brings first reply. Reply to Boxholder, PO Box 1333, Kingston, PA 18704.

### **TRIM HOT & HORNY BI-W-MALE**

Willing to please males and females ? to 35 I am 29-135 lbs-5'8" have 8" love tool. Hot mouth and ass that needs your love tool all you males. J.R. Hazleton Apts., Apt. 1508 (701 W. 24 St.), Hazleton, PA 18201.

## **SOUTH CAROLINA**

### **WILLING WHELP WANTS WORTHY WHIP-WIELDER**

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

## **TEXAS**

### **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.

### **LOOKING FOR WELL ENDOWED GR/A**

Who knows what he wants and takes it. I'm 24 and very horny. Will take as much as you have. Please send letter and photo to Ron, PO Box 896, Alief, TX 77411. (Houston Area).

### **FOR EXPERTS ONLY**

GWM, 6', 165, Bi/Bu, hairy, with hot receptive ass. Hunting for a masculine, adventurous, well hung (long & thick) top for mutual satisfaction. Not a submissive, but a participant. Thick

moustache/beard a plus. Party favors welcome. No fats, fems, blacks. Bored by blue prints. Reply: PO Box 35992, Dallas, TX 75235.

## **WISCONSIN**

### **NAKED IN MADISON**

Slim, bearded, hairy, 32. Seeks 18-40 for hot man to man action. Many interests. Always horny. Nude photo swap with guys nationwide. Box 2171, Madison, WI 53701.

### **WANNA RASSLE?**

Interested in hot matches, upper Midwest. Any style, briefs or nude, to submission. Box 8234, Madison, WI 53708.

## **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.

### **WM 50 GREAT SHAPE/LOOKS**

offers black dude room for vacation, companionship. Any action if mutual. No drugs. Box 2871 St. Thomas, VI 00801.

### **PENPALS**

WM, 27, GQ looks, 6'1", 160 lbs, Gr/p. Wishes exiting, lustful correspondence from muscular, hung, Blacks, Prisoners, Welcome. Photo gets mine. Take a chance on paradise! Write James, PO Box 75091, Hon. HI 96836.

### **NEW IN CALGARY**

GWM mid 30's loves sucking, mutual J/O, water sports. I like hard hats, uniforms, athletes, etc. No race or age hangups. Gay or bi call 229-3668.

### **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.



## BRASILIAN BROWNY

Tall, 1.83 m, 70 kg, black hair, green brown eyes and a lawyer. I would like very much to make friends with males, virile, hot and big brawny daddies, hard and ready to be served. Please write in English, Spanish or Portuguese: Gabriel Soares, Caixa Postal 2269—CEP 30.000—Belo Horizonte MG, Brasil.

## GWM, 42, 511, 195 LBS.

Cut, nonsmoker plans a bus tour trip in the fall of '85. Seeks one or two of your between 30 to 45. I not into drugs, S/M, BD, kinky or rough stuff. Just good sex fun. 6" or more please. Bernard MacPherson, 432 Jarvis St., Apt. 603, Toronto, ONT. Canada M4Y 2H3.

## GWM 24, 5'7", 135 LBS.

Seeks strong topman for emotional support and love. Like sports and outdoor activity. 21-30, must live near Victoria, Vancouver and Northwest Washington State or Reno. No S/M. Send photo. Occupant, 761 Genevieve Rd., Victoria, BC V8X 3R4, Canada.

## 37, CHINESE, BLACK HAIR,

Brown eyes, 7" cut, slim and smooth. Want to write and meet sincere guys 30-50 with hairy chest. Loves cooking, photography, gardening, horse-riding and travel. PO Box 764, Cebu City 6401, Philippines.

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

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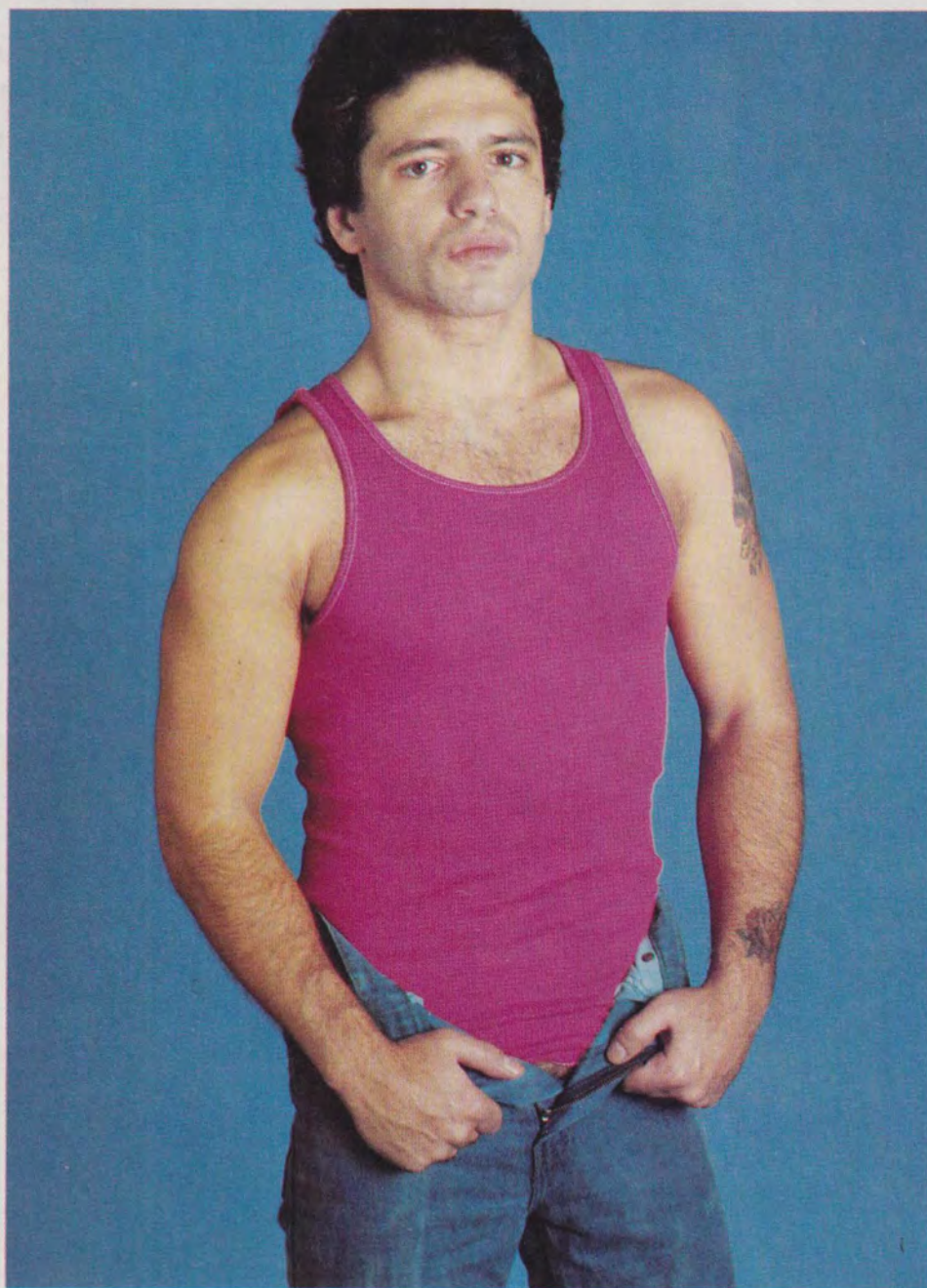
For those who want total discretion and personal service, THE GEMINI LIST IS #1. Especially good for bi, married, traveling men, and Honcho Type contacts. 5 Free memberships given each month. Maybe you qualify for one? Special discount to truckers, hardhats, military, lawmen, fireman and similar trades. Free information. No obligation. SASE to: The Gemini List, PO Box 1782, Americus, GA 31709. Phone verification: (912) 924-4038, Weekdays 8-5.

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# **ROUSTABOUT**

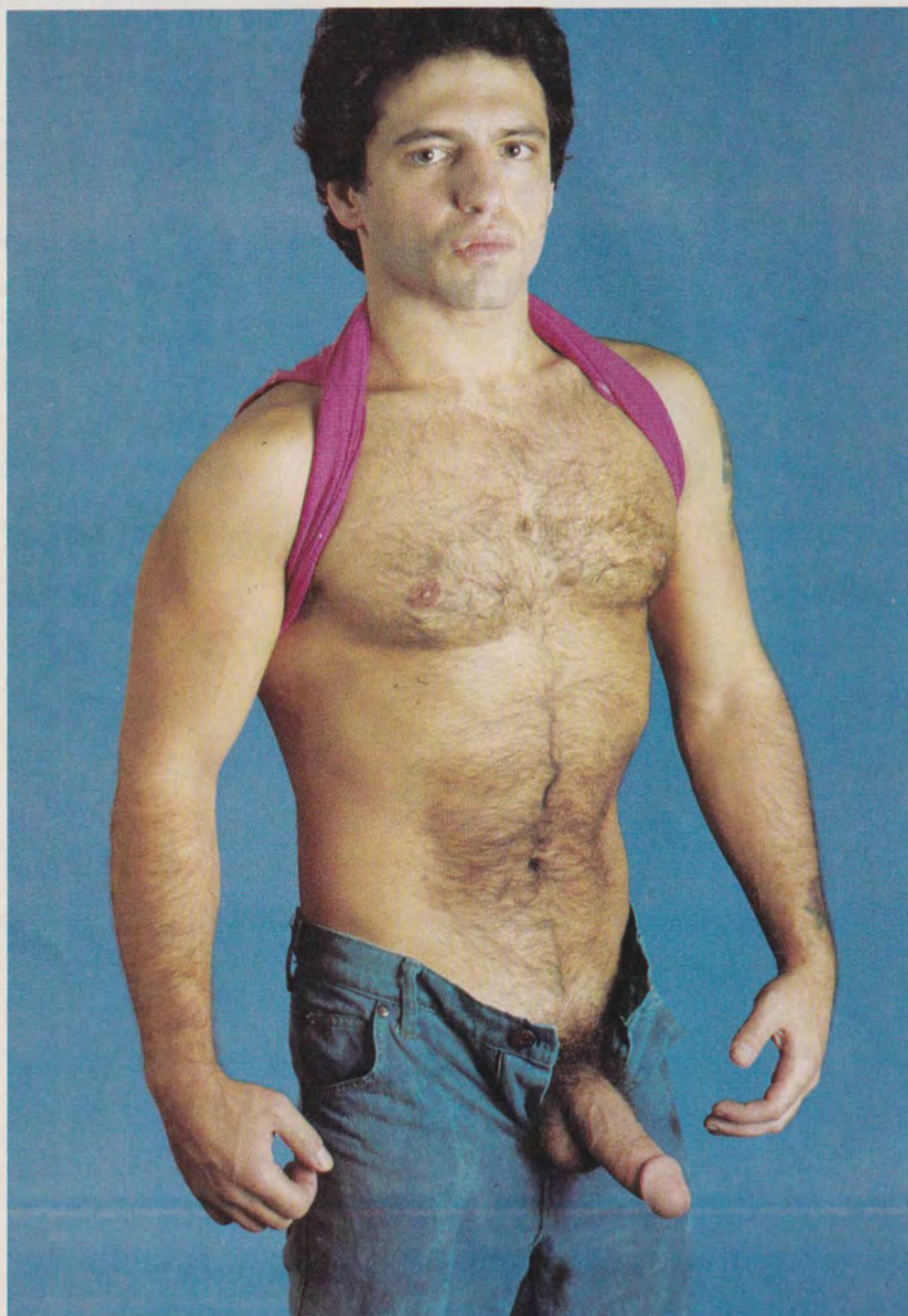


**HE'S STRONG AND STURDY AND COCKY AS HELL. WHY NOT? HE'S A ROUSTABOUT.**

**SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY MALEXPRESS STUDIO**



# ROUSTABOUT

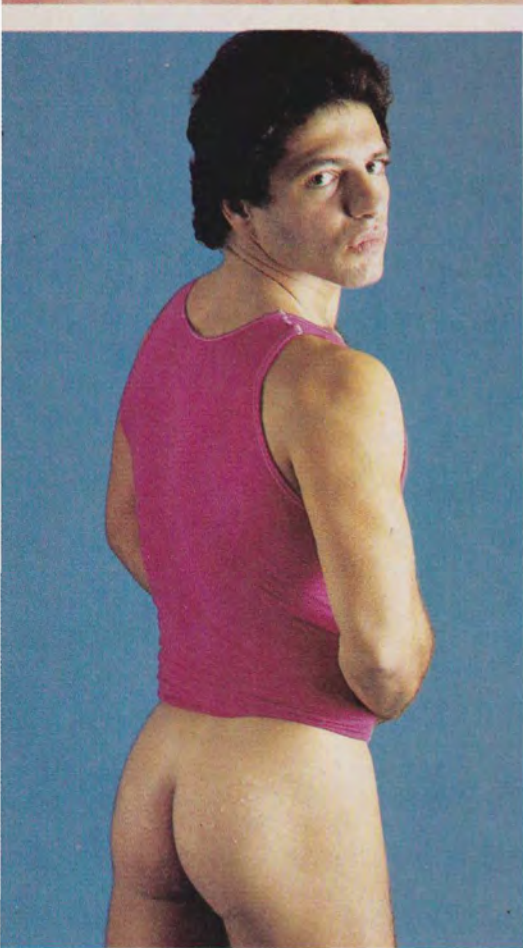
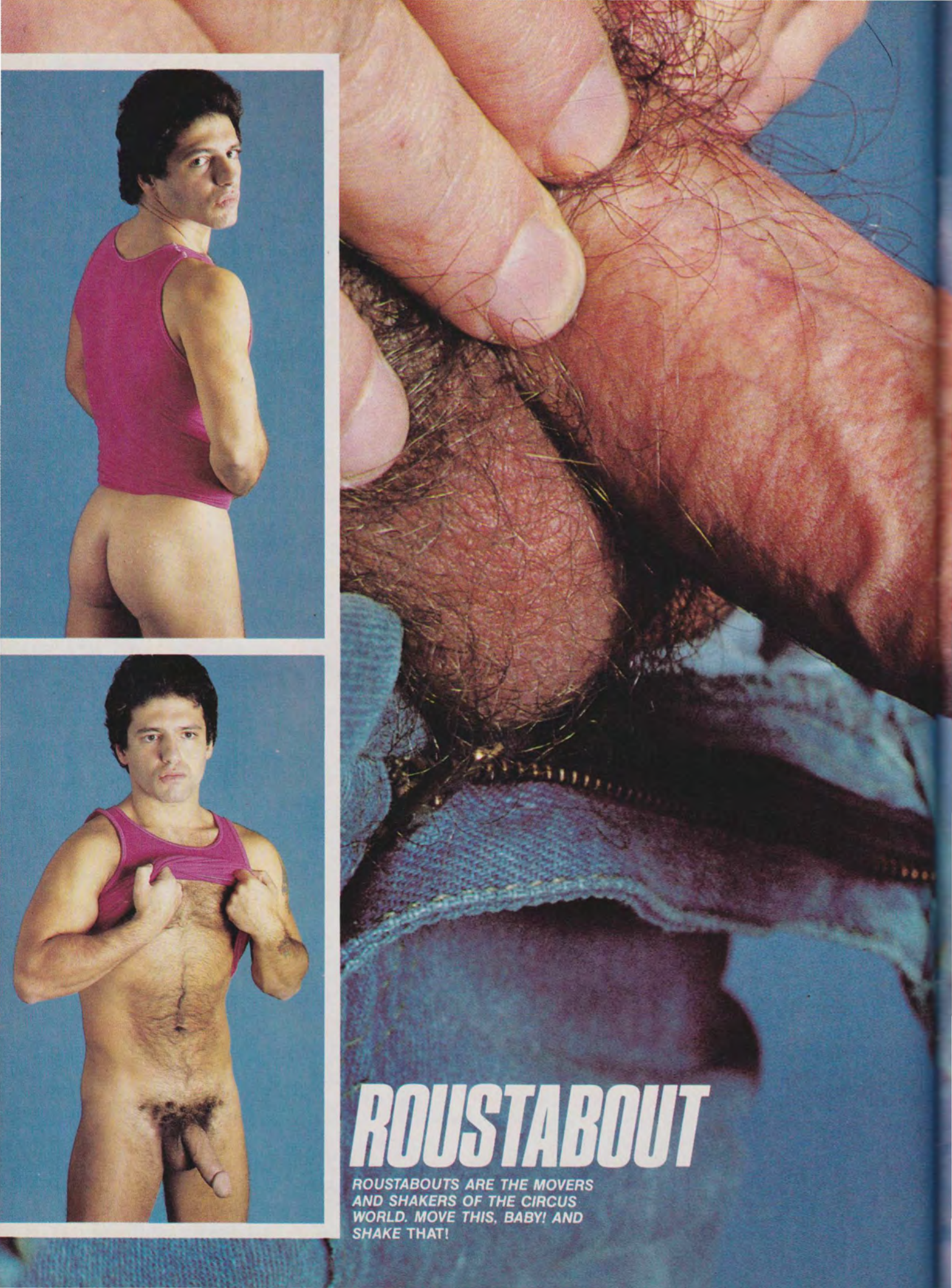


THE MUSCLES COME FROM HARD WORK. ALL THAT LIFTING AND TUGGING.  
THE ATTITUDE CAME FROM THE GLANCES OF STRANGERS. FROM BEING  
ADMIRER. LIKE THE WAY YOU'RE LOOKING AT HIM NOW.





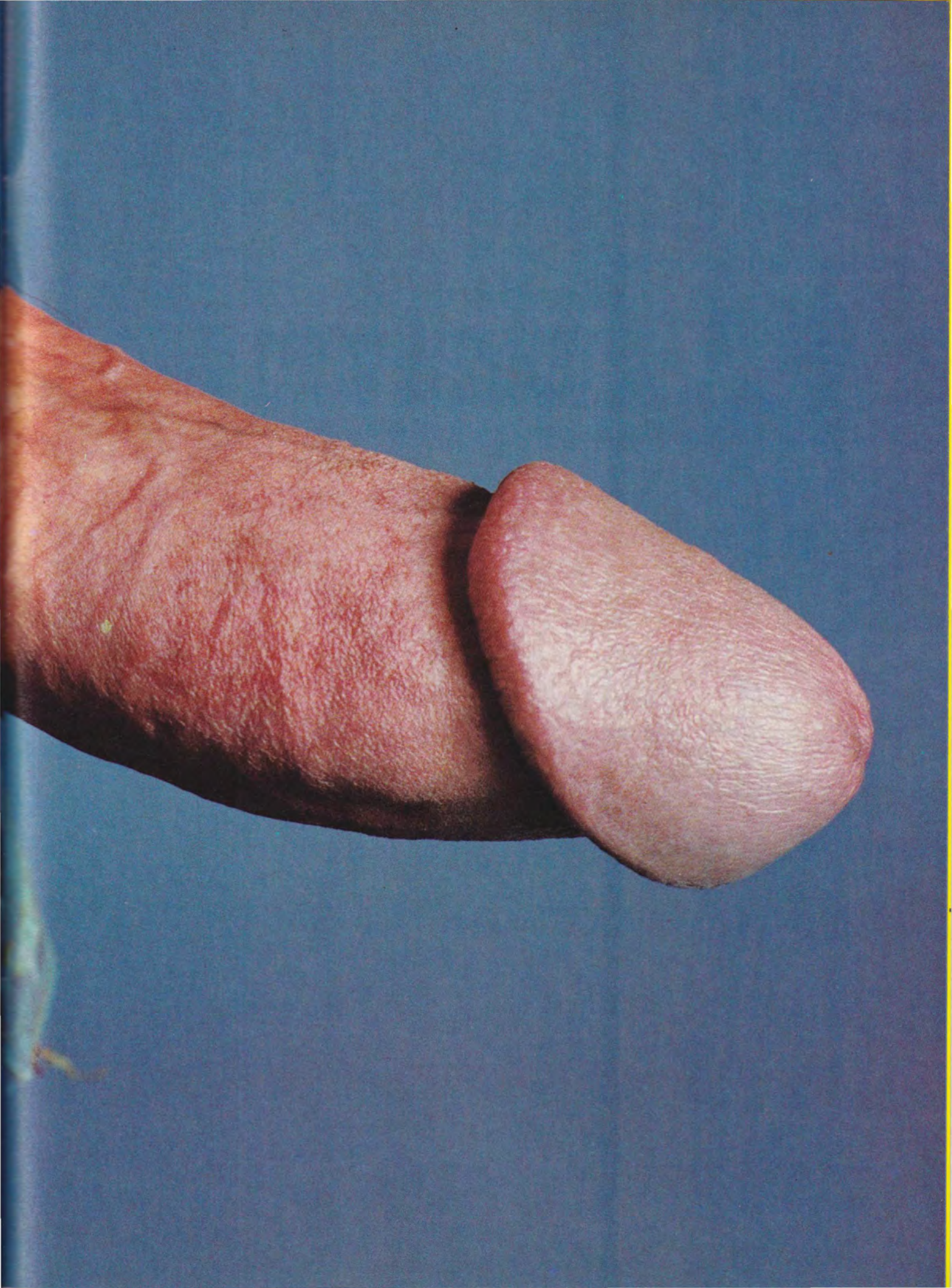




# ROUSTABOUT

ROUSTABOUTS ARE THE MOVERS  
AND SHAKERS OF THE CIRCUS  
WORLD. MOVE THIS, BABY! AND  
SHAKE THAT!





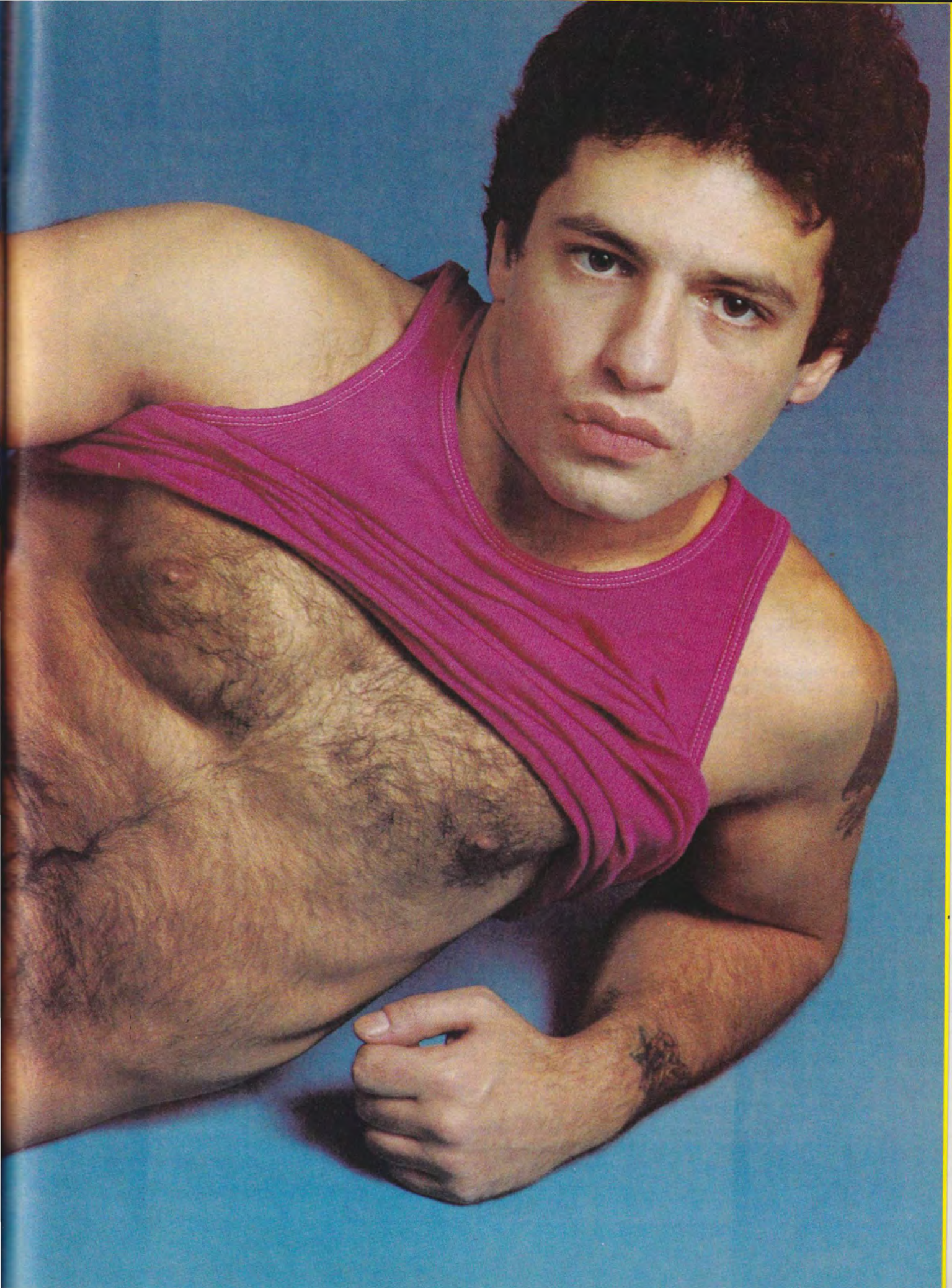


# ROUSTABOUT

YEAH! NOW YOU'RE GETTING THE IDEA.  
HE'S READY TO PLAY. DO YOU THINK YOU  
CAN HANDLE IT? YOU WON'T HAVE ANY  
REGRETS UNTIL THE DAY THE CIRCUS  
LEAVES TOWN.









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NEW



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