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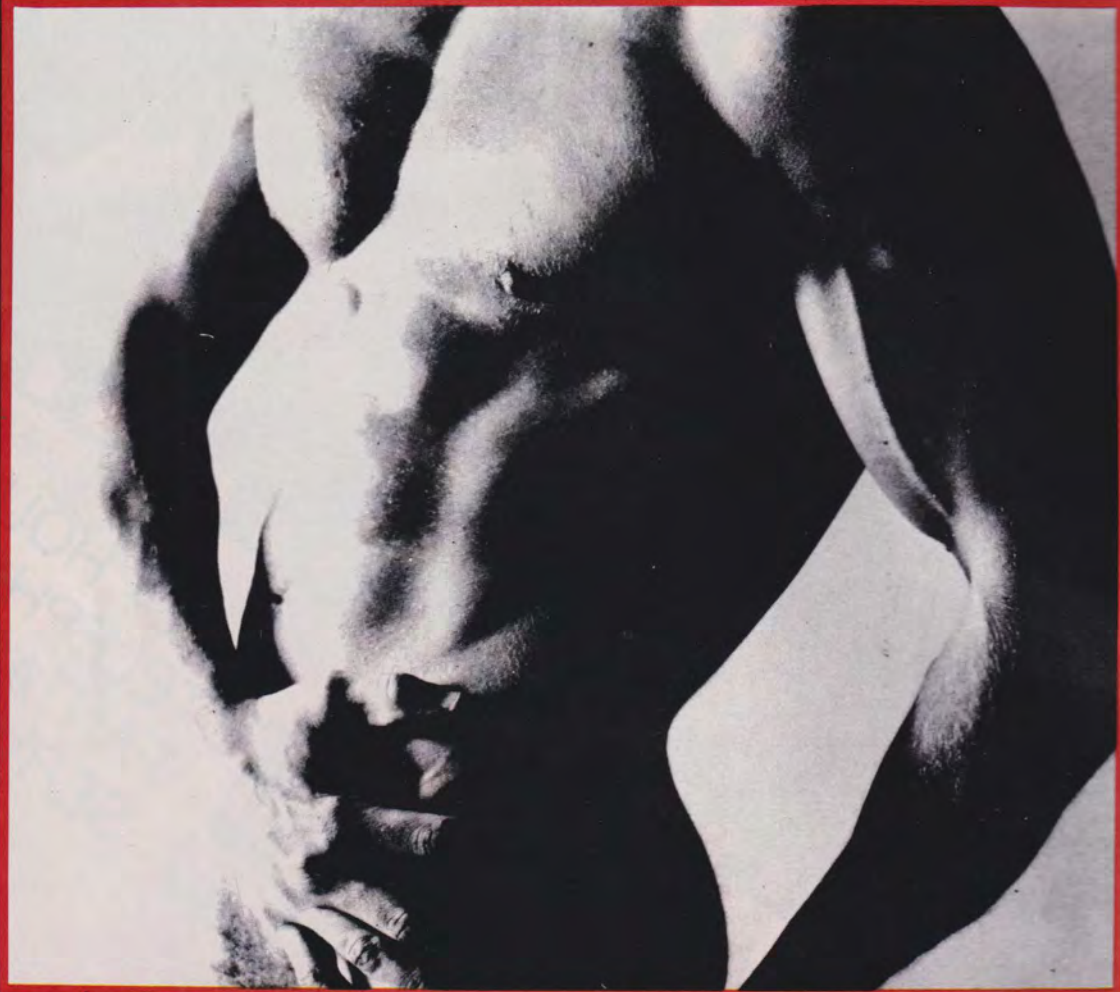


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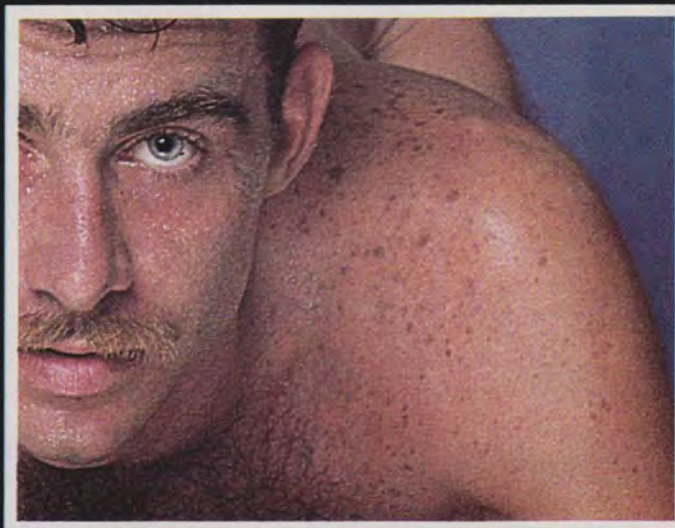
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CHARTER MEMBER







Tail Spin

BY JOE FUOCO

Later that afternoon we discovered a private dune, and its high, sharp grasses provided a blind. We stripped and spent the day fucking, sucking and licking. My cousin just couldn't get enough.

Looking back, it's hard to believe that once I had only a passing interest in my cousin Robert. Very hard to believe considering the chain of events that have since led to an obsession.

It's not that I never noticed Robert's obvious attributes: blue eyes, blond hair, a sly look, a fantastic physique, and the most promising crotch. But he had always been just cousin Robert. That is, until he plowed into the ocean with his motorcycle and I had the chance to see him in a different way.

Robert, always a devil on wheels, defied nature, the elements, and even fate. One summer night he decided to ride his Harley-Davidson on the beach. In a gesture of real ballsiness, he aimed his bike right for the sea. The force of the machine colliding with the crashing waves sent my cousin flying. He broke a leg in two places and was hospitalized within the hour. He lay there for days: bored, impatient, and increasingly horny. Robert was one of the horniest people who ever lived! What a great time for me to enter the picture.

When I saw him in the hospital he looked absolutely defeated. His left hand was under his head, and he propped himself up a bit when I entered the room. There were no other visitors and a curtain concealed Robert from the patient in the next bed.

***I spread his cheeks
wide and stuck my
finger up his ass.
Cousin Robert
gasped for more,
and I inserted
another finger into
his hole, spreading
it, feeling it expand.***

"Hey, pal!" That's his typical greeting. His right hand shot out and I took it. He shook it hard before releasing the grip. I also took notice of the mound where his crotch rested. The outline of his hips and thighs was clear; and I was tempted to touch, but held back.

"Dumb fuckin' thing to do," Robert said.

"Yes, it was," I said.

"Rode into the fuckin' ocean."

"Why?"

"For the feelin'! Had to have it."

He moved his left leg which, miraculously, wasn't injured. I could now see the full shape of his dick and the delicious roundness of his balls. I sat on the edge of the bed and my side touched Robert's thigh. Something electric ran through my body; I trembled.

"What's the matter?" Robert asked.

"Nothing," I said. "Uh—where's the Harley?"

"They're fixin' it. It'll be okay.

Everything's okay except my hard-ons." I was stunned. He said it so matter-of-factly.

"What hard-ons?" I asked.

"The ones I have all day long. It kills me when those lights go out. It gets rock hard, and here I am with nothin' to fuck."

He was rougher than I had ever imagined him to be. Strangely, it made him more appealing than ever.

"Look at this bandage," he said as he ripped the cover off him. His upper left leg and the area just below the knee were bandaged. I wasn't looking at his leg; my eyes drifted toward his groin. His dick was big, thick, and very red at the tip. His balls looked swollen (I later discovered they were always that size, just about a palm-full). The hospital gown was pulled above his navel; I saw little ringlets of golden pubic hair that practically hid his belly button. Robert had one of the most beautiful bodies I had ever seen. I could feel the heat coming from him, and it was burning into my



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body. I pressed myself closer to him, and gently touched his leg with my fingers. I pressed where the highest break had occurred.

"Hurt there?" I asked.

"No, that feels good. Keep rubbing."

I gently massaged his leg. I slowly moved my fingers down to the other break just below the knee. Robert squirmed a little.

"That's my hot spot," he laughed.

"Hot spot?"

"Yeah, the hottest. Just around the knee. I love to have my knee sucked. I can't wait to get out of here."

I playfully put my mouth over Robert's knee. I licked it, and moved my tongue rapidly. He nearly jumped out of the bed.

"Is that what you mean?" I asked, hoping he wouldn't guess I was serious about making it with him.

"Oh, Christ, if you only knew what that does to me," he said. His voice cried out for more, and he had that glistening look in his eyes; my 21-year-old cousin was practically begging for more, and I was going to give it to him.

I drew the curtain around his bed and dimmed the light to conceal our shadows. Robert spread his legs further apart and raised the hospital gown above his chest. He was definitely ready. I placed my mouth over his knee, and sucked his kneecap. His dick hardened and the head was throbbing. He reached down and caressed his balls. I gently removed his hand, substituted my own, and rolled his balls gently. I blew a steady stream of air over them and watched the hairs quiver. I put the tip of my tongue on one of the balls; Robert moaned so loudly that I instinctively covered his mouth with my hand. He laughed softly and promised to control himself.

Now I did what I had dreamed of doing (what I must have secretly yearned to do for years). I took Robert's balls into my mouth and sucked them until the little tight valleys of flesh softened and became warm and moist. I inhaled his skin and touched his swollen dick.

So this was the weapon, the great tool with which he had opened so many willing victims. I licked its tip, tasted it, the little shiny and sticky substance so sweet on my tongue. Then I placed my mouth over the dick and took it into my throat. I felt it touch the back of my gullet, and I allowed it to slide in and out. Robert was doing the fucking and enjoying it immensely! The hot juice gushed into me, and I felt my mouth swell with his cum. It had the scent of coconut, the taste of sweet chunks of fresh coconut. I drew the last drop out of him and his body tightened, all wired and tense, until

he collapsed with a final moan. He didn't care who heard him. I wiped his dick and pressed the sheet lightly to his balls. His face was flushed, damp to the touch, and he looked drained.

He was also a little too grateful. He gave the impression that he had just received the finest gift imaginable. I left without saying a word, with only the sweet, fresh taste and the strong scent of Robert as my companion.


I wondered if our session would be one of those isolated things never to be repeated. Would Robert ever acknowledge that anything had happened, or would he be overcome by shame and guilt?

All my fears and wonderings were cleared up the next day. Robert was waiting, the curtain already drawn three quarters of the way around his bed. He was propped up with the sheet raised to his belly. He had removed the hospital gown and his wonderful chest heaved with anticipation; he was ready. With a gentle tug, he took my hand and pressed it to the bulge of his crotch. He moved my hand back and forth until I felt the delightful hardness of his dick and the tightness of those great balls. He threw the sheet off with a dramatic flair; his cock stood on its own strength. It reared and seemed ready to challenge me. I accepted it grandly! Robert had timed the appearances of the nurses with their thermometers, little paper cups, and pills so we wouldn't be disturbed. He also eliminated all afternoon visits from anyone in the family. He virtually prepared the place for us.

When I returned the following day I noticed that the patient in the bed next to Robert was gone. I was assured the man did not die, but whatever was wrong had healed. On our third day together Robert obviously wanted something different. He was on his stomach (by some inventive manipulation he had managed to get on his belly without disturbing the broken leg). With his arms outstretched, he looked more vulnerable than ever. He asked me to stroke his back and then his buns; I spread his cheeks wide and stuck my finger up his ass. I felt his body jerk, heard his moans, and saw his butt rise. I pressed my lips to taste the sweet skin of Robert's buns, and I licked the saltiness of those great golden-white mounds. He gasped for more, and I inserted another finger into his hole, spreading it, feeling it expand. I opened him as wide as possible and gently tongued his anus, lightly licking the matted hairs. Robert nearly fell off the bed.

Victory! I had anticipated it. It bolstered my belief that most straights, once aroused, want the final, complete

Continued to page 21



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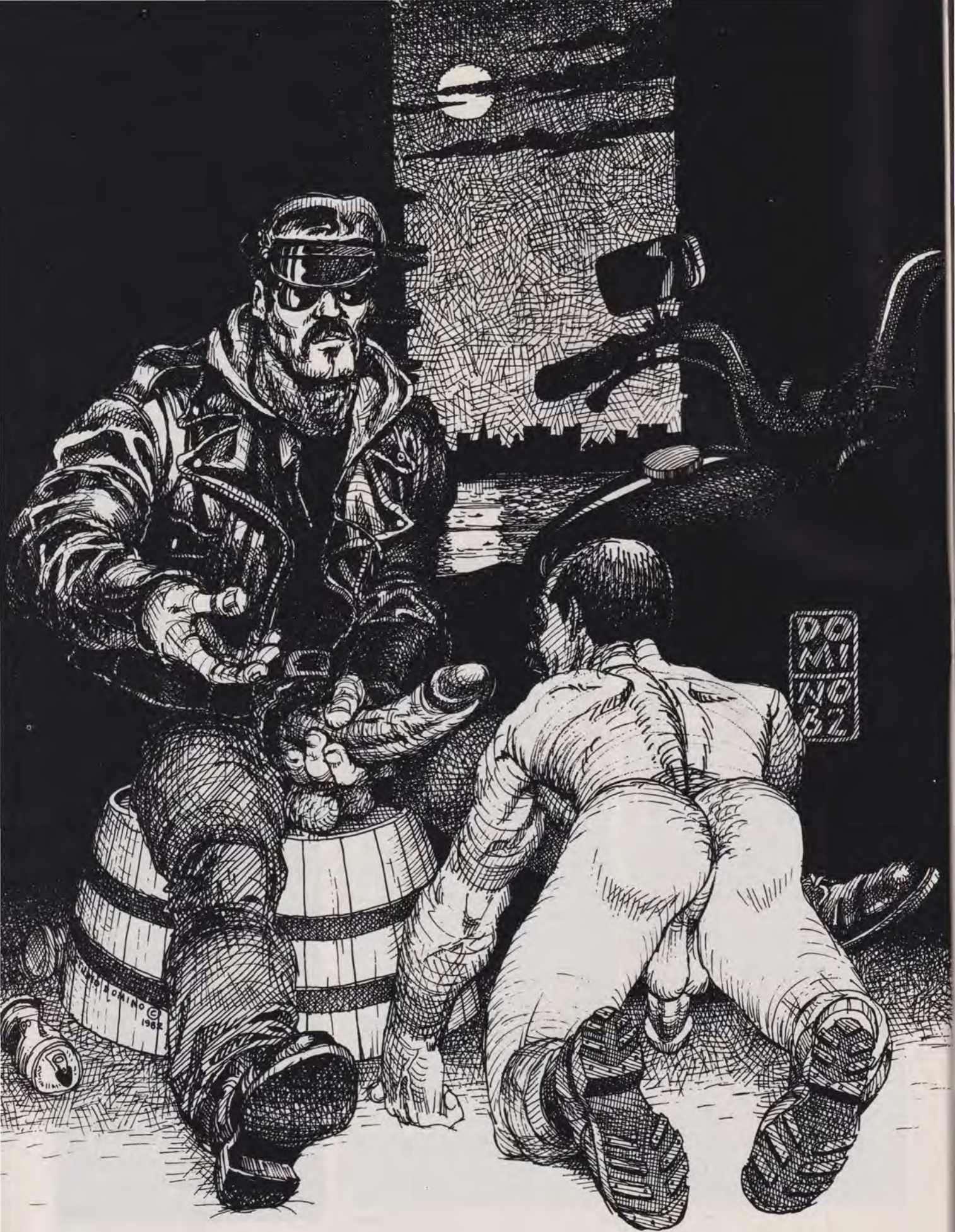
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**He knelt between the biker's hard,
muscular thighs, staring at the huge
dick the stud held between his hands.
The cocksucker took it into his mouth
and covered it with lust and spit.**

used by **MEN**

By Marshall Gordon • Art by Domino

Wandering the Vieux Carré and the docks of New Orleans was a favorite pastime of John's. Especially the docks. He frequently met independent males there who wouldn't stoop to hanging out in "respectable" gathering spots; they preferred prowling in wild places. John was drawn like a pile of metal shavings when he crossed the paths of these magnetic men. He was the victim of his fantasies, which sometimes materialized before him unexpectedly.

It was on one of his Friday night wharf-side excursions that John met Chaz. He saw the biker sitting astride his Harley, staring across the river as if mesmerized by activity on the far side. John could see only a few wavering lights, a ferry boat making its run—and this damned tough looking biker. Tough didn't deter John; he was hooked on Tough.

The sounds, smells, shadows and risks of the quays all combined to evoke a strong emotion in John, a stronger stimulation than booze or drugs could. On the docks he felt an invigorating adrenaline rush in anticipation of an encounter that could be either dangerous, sexually intoxicating, or both. The biker's strong silhouette was outlined by the dulled city lights and the dim glow of a lit cigarette. John knew that he would be a heavy, satisfying experience. The sense

of waterfront dangers and the solid smell of masculinity—leather, steel, and oil—intoxicated John to bold rashness. He became as single-purposed as a ram in rutting season. He would have his mating even if he had to fight for it.

John emerged from the shadows, flushed with excitement, wary. The stud turned his head slowly, barely acknowledged John, nodded slowly, then turned his gaze back toward the far shore. John knew that if the dude was interested it didn't matter how the conversation started. Almost any words would do as long as he didn't make an ass of himself. There's always something unexciting about a man who's willing to make an ass of himself.

"Are you out just for the fresh air or are you lookin' for a little action tonight?" Bold, but not pushy.

The man lowered his head as if succumbing to an inevitable event. He threw down his cigarette and placed his brightly polished boot on top of it. He pushed himself slowly from the cycle, causing the leather of his jacket and the seat to groan in unison. John felt his adrenaline pumping as the man turned to face him—a towering, muscular obelisk darkening the night sky.

"Ain't got nothin' against fresh air." John's muscles tensed to avoid a punch

or a lunge, but the man revealed a disarmingly genuine smile: virile, confident.

"Ain't got nothin' against a little action, if it suits my taste. Wadja have in mind?" The man stepped back, easing into a comfortable position side straddling his cycle. He placed his huge hand on top of the bulge in his jeans.

John's body trembled in response to the shock that the man's hand-to-crotch action set up in him; his desire increased with every movement the stud made. "How about a good blow job? Do you think that'll shift your gears?"

The stud smiled again. "My gears are already shifted, so why don't ya show me what you New Orleans boys can do. You'll hafta be tough to take on this one, but if ya wanna give it a try, go ahead and hop on it." The biker made no effort to unbuckle his belt; he just shoved his hips slightly forward and watched John salivate. "Go ahead man, it's yours if ya want it."

John wanted it. He dropped to his knees in front of the cycle, between the rock-hard thighs of the biker. He covered the bulge with his mouth, working the belt buckle slowly but eagerly. His imagination ran wild with images of the firm flesh he felt between the leather chaps. The huge cock was already trying to bust out of the stud's jeans.

John pulled the enormous, fleshy shaft out of its resting place; it was quickly becoming hard and slightly curved. He covered the tip of it with his mouth and let most of the cock slide down his throat. The stud moaned. "Fuck man, I can't believe you're takin' the whole thing. Suck on it real slow. Deep throat it, man." John did: he was an excellent cocksucker. He enjoyed watching this butch biker going into a frenzy.

The biker took John's head between his hands and began a pulsating hip movement, slightly forward, slightly back. John wanted to satisfy this man totally; he wanted the biker to remember it as the best sex he'd ever had. "Shit man, I'm gonna come if you keep this up. I need to slow down and make it last." John slowed the tempo of his cock-sucking and pulled back from the biker's crotch to look up at him: a pet waiting for his master's command.

"Take your clothes off and brace yourself against the wall. I'm gonna fuck yer ass." John stood up and removed his shirt and jeans. "Come back down here and give me a few more strokes with yer mouth. I want it good and slick when I go for yer ass, cocksucker." John knelt again between the biker's hard, mus-

upper part of his torso on John's back and bit hard into John's shoulder as his body shuddered with his climax.

John thought the scenario was over. He expected the release of tension to signal an exit through separate stage doors; but the man held out his hand. "The name's Charles Zebulon Wilke. Chaz, to my friends."

John was elated that this macho bruiser wanted to extend their encounter. John grasped the outstretched hand. "John Davis."

Chaz adjusted his vest, belt buckle, and jeans. "You're a good fuck, John, and an excellent cocksucker. I've got a few buddies who'd enjoy gettin' together with you. I'd enjoy it again, too." Chaz waited to see how the suggestion would affect John.

"Where are your buddies? Are you sure they'd be hopped up on the idea?" It was exactly the type of orgy John dreamed about.

"Yeah, I'm sure. They're hangin out on a stretch of road just off Highway 90 between here and Biloxi, about an hour's ride. We'll be here a few more days. I just came into the city to get away from the noise for awhile and maybe find a little action." That smile again. John melted into an even more pliable lump. "If you

be a standard to measure all other nights against.

Peering over Chaz's shoulder, John saw a Hell's Angel scene outlined by the glow of a large fire. John wondered how these men fueled their campfire. "Faggots, doused in gasoline, probably." He scanned Chaz's features for any hint of hostility, but the biker just seemed glad to be getting back to his friends.

Chaz pulled his cycle up to a group of four others and shut it down. John's eyes drank in the scene as he and Chaz dismounted. Four rough, muscular bikers stared back at him. He couldn't make out their faces, but he saw enough by the firelight to tell that it was going to be a night to remember. Light glinted off three tightly clutched beer cans and a bottle of whisky.

Chaz laid his right arm across John's shoulder and used the crook of his elbow to pull him closer. John felt the huge bicep bulge against the back of his neck; the heat of Chaz's body electrified him. His initial fear of these men began to ebb. "Hey, guys, this is John. He came along for a little fresh air and a whole lot of action."

The tension broke as easily as it had appeared. John was surrounded by five muscular, macho bikers, all of them patting his hair, shoulders and ass, offering him liquor and smoke, and pulling him closer to the fire as if that movement symbolized their desire for him to feel warm and comfortable.

The smallest member of the group took a stance in front of John and firmly grasped his neck. He was about 5'9", with rough, angular features and an agonizingly beautiful muscle definition proudly displayed through a leather vest. A soft patch of hair trailed from his navel and burrowed its way into the crotch of his jeans, disappearing into a dark, rigid, muscular lair that John longed to lay his head on. He wanted to inhale the strong scent of sex-splattered manflesh. This biker reminded John of a high school wrestler he had once known and lusted after.

"Hey, Sparkle, give the guy a break; he hasn't even had time to smoke his first cigarette." The voice came from the far side of the campfire. John couldn't see across the glare to tell which of Sparkle's friends was ribbing him. John thought Sparkle was a perfect name for this splendid, compact piece of dynamite in front of him.

Sparkle kept his hand on John's neck, but turned his body and face to yell across the fire at the mystery voice.

"Hey, Magnus, why don't you blow yer brains out and give us all some peace." He turned back to John: "I just wanted

John slowed the tempo of his cocksucking and pulled back from the biker's crotch to look up at him: a pet waiting for his master's command.

cular thighs, staring at the huge piece of flesh the stud held between his hands. Again, he took it into his mouth and covered it with lust and spit. The biker gave him a dozen slow, deep thrusts before pulling John's head back and motioning toward the wall with his head.

John braced himself, knowing that the fuck he was about to get would be heavy and violent. The air left his body in agony with the first hard jab the biker gave him. John moaned aloud at the pain and pleasure of it; his whole body ached with lust as he felt this man's incredibly hairy, muscled arms holding on to him while the huge cock racked his asshole.

"Man, I can't hold back any longer. I gotta come." John braced himself for the onslaught. It came quick and hard. The biker forced himself into John's ass as far as he could get, panting with the effort and the pleasure. He laid the whole

wanna stop by yer place to get a few duds, I'll give you a ride."

An hour later John found himself snug against Chaz's broad back, his hands gripping those strong thighs and firm waist, learning what it felt like to be "on the road" with a biker. John loved the smell of salty air along coastal highways. As he rode, he imagined handsome men wandering the beaches, looking for others like themselves to frolic in the sand on these sultry southern nights.

Chaz slowed his Harley to a fast crawl and turned onto a dirt road that was almost impossible to see in the dark. John's adrenaline pumper started again. He wondered what kind of scene he was being led into. "Man, I'm gonna get myself into bad trouble one of these days," he chided himself silently; but he wasn't having regrets. He was excited. If any one of these dudes was one-tenth as good looking as Chaz, this night would

Continued to page 28



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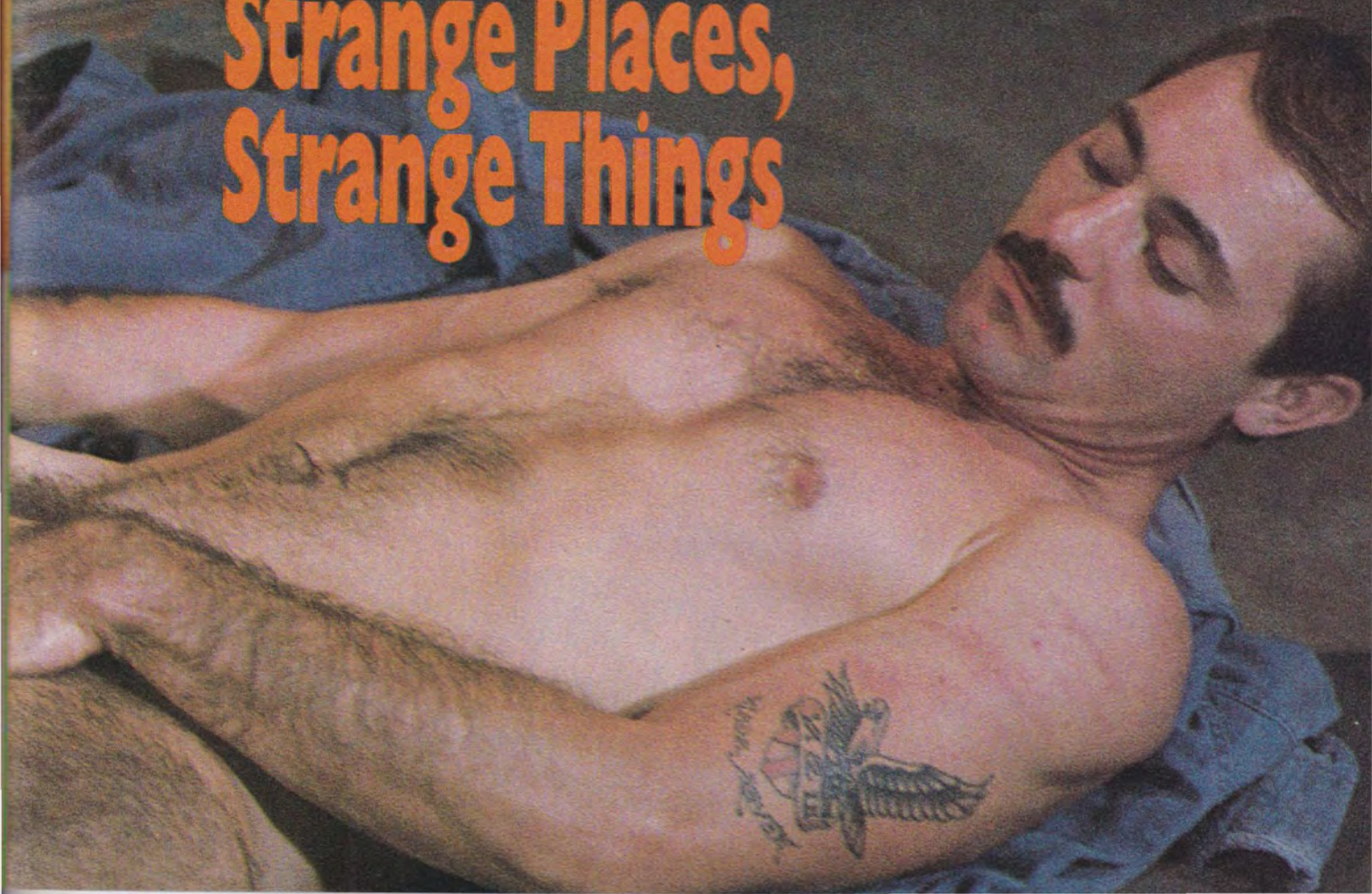
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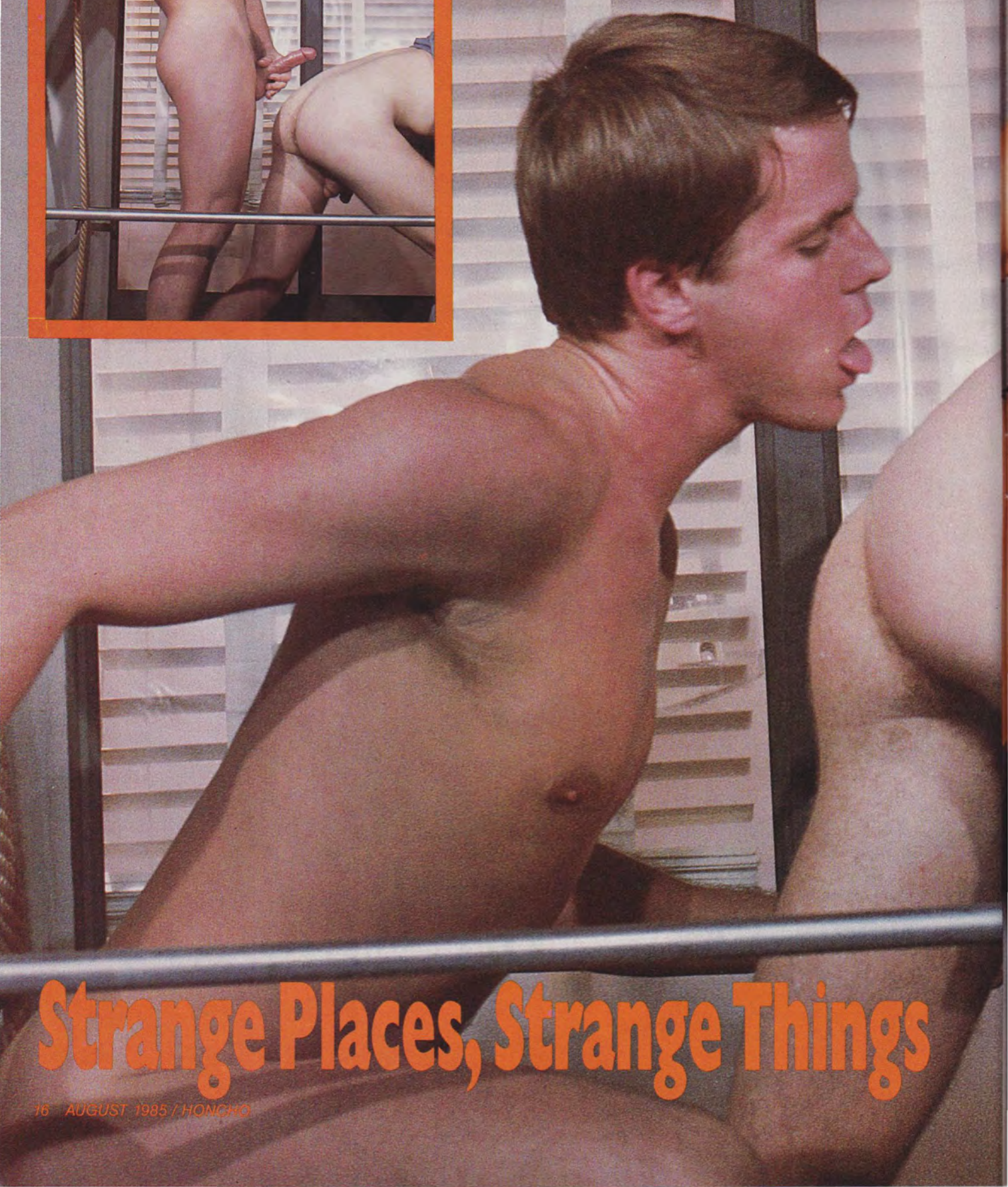




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Strange Places, Strange Things





Strange Places, Strange Things

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TAIL SPIN

Continued from page 9

penetration; my cousin was no exception. His buns remained high and they moved with a will of their own. It had been a long time since I had fucked a virgin; I was going to enjoy this. Robert's hole was hot and tight; it seemed to grab at my dick, wrap itself around it, pull my cock in without letting go, and hold just tight enough so that it couldn't slip out. Robert seemed made for fucking, built for it. His buns were all muscle.

"I want to feel it shoot in me. I never felt like this before," Robert screamed.

When I shot I gave him the full thrust of my dick, reaching the deepest part of him. He gasped, moaned, then whimpered deliciously.

I stroked his neck, kissed his ear and inhaled the wheat scent of his golden hair. He seemed relieved, and so wonderfully rested. He had shot a load of sperm on the bed, and his belly was coated with cum.

He loved the fuck I had just thrown him. All the time he had spent indiscriminately fucking the world was a cover; he really wanted the world to fuck him. Well I wasn't the world, but it was a fuck; one to be repeated, on a daily basis. Robert and I had the luxury of this hospital room privacy for several more days. We enjoyed each other, and invented new games like "the doctor's examination."

Robert had secured a thermometer—still in its little container of alcohol. He wanted me to pretend to take his temperature. What he really wanted was an object in his ass, something different, something other than fingers and a dick. So we played doctor!

I pretended he had a high temperature, and the only thing that would bring it down was a good fuck (I applied the remedy). We pretended the solution to nameless, ambiguous illnesses was a long, hot suck which led to a miraculous orgasm relieving all illness and discomfort.

For five days my cousin and I played our games in the little room. The one thing Robert wanted to do seemed impossible. He wanted to fuck me, but he couldn't manipulate his body. I provided the solution. The two of us stripped, and I placed myself between his legs. I raised my buns and sat on his red-tipped erection. Slowly I eased down, feeling his dick part my asscheeks. I had never felt so filled, so swollen. I rode Robert until he exploded. I bent over him, letting the tip of my tongue touch his. The fire and wildness of that moment blocked out everything, even the scream of the nurse who had suddenly entered the

room and thrown back the curtain; Robert was released from the hospital the next day.

A throng of anxious young women escorted him home, and they did everything Robert asked. It was over, I thought. Those wonderful afternoons in the hospital room would be only memories. Robert was home and that meant an endless procession of cunt. I was inwardly furious, but outwardly smiling. I remember the pain of standing in Robert's bedroom, leaning inconspicuously against the wall, and recalling those afternoons. Would it ever happen again? I watched the girls, their eyes darting hungrily over my cousin's body. No, I would never have him again.

Just when I expected to be placed in a private, quiet pocket of my cousin's memory, he called. We got together. I asked no questions. Robert, still hobbling, managed to get himself on his motorcycle. He insisted that I ride with him. It had been years, but I took a chance. I was not about to let this go.

"What do I hold onto?" I asked.

"My dick," he said. "You just hold on to that cock for dear life!"

So I grabbed his meat and we enjoyed the warmth of an early afternoon ride. We rode to the beach, the scene of Robert's accident. We drove on the hard packed sand and felt the spray of ocean.

Later that afternoon we discovered a private dune, and its high, sharp grasses provided a blind. We stripped and spent the day fucking, sucking and licking each other. Robert truly craved me. Everything else had been a pose, a pretense, made necessary by the role-playing that he felt was expected. Now he didn't care. He had felt the wonderful, sweeping pleasures of dick up his ass and wanted more.

We rode off bare ass, holding each other and laughing. We rode into the ocean as well, but were careful not to be reckless. We rode as lovers, as cousins who had experienced the greatest blood-thrill possible.

"Incest is best," he shouted at the top of his lungs, and the beach and the breakers seemed to echo the cliché.

"Kissin' cousins," I said.

It was the greatest summer possible. We made love in the dunes, wrapped ourselves in seaweed, licked the salt from each other's bodies and, at least once each week, we tested our bravery by riding into the ocean.

Nothing much has changed. Robert and I have been making it for many years, but the memory of that summer is something special. The sight and scent of that golden young man; his proud ass raised, demanding that I enter it; my dick throbbing and exploding deep into his hot body; the tongues meeting and the

saliva mixing—all remind me that Robert and I were more than just "kissing cousins."

Fucking considerably more! ■



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ASSAULT BY NIGHT

*This guy looked as if he ran, wrestled,
and played football; he had a fresh look
of strong, animal vitality.*

By Joe Jefferson • Art by Matt

The car pulled over in the heavy shadows across the road from us. We knew it would. When the rollers heckle you twice without getting any satisfaction, they usually come back.

Our part of the park was deserted. The other guys, wary of the rednecks, had taken off. Only Frank and I had stayed.

Frank stepped just out into the roadway; he stood with legs apart and his hands in his hip pockets. His jaw was taut, and the muscles of his arms and shoulders seemed to stiffen.

The car doors opened. The two of them, dressed only in cut-offs and sneakers, stepped out. Their sassy grins and intense eyes showed that they had either fucking or fighting on their minds (and I didn't think they wanted the former).

They swaggered across the asphalt and stopped a few feet in front of us. Their legs, like Frank's, were spread apart. Their hips were loose, and their arms were cocked back at the shoulders. I couldn't help but stare. Their young, athletic bodies were—by my standards—typical of straight guys: broad, defined pecs, strong slender bellies, and tight round butts.

"We're lookin' for us some faggots," said the taller of the two.

Frank surprised me by cutting through all of the conventional bullshit. "So," he

answered, "what do you want? Fucking or sucking? A four-way maybe?"

The taller one growled back. "Aw, ain't you cute, though. Naw, you two can have that shit. All we want is some fairy blood, right Dave?" He glanced sideways at his companion while he raised his forearms and clenched his fists. "Fairy blood. And we're gonna get it."

He went for Frank. There was a brief blur of arms and bodies, and a burst of sound. I turned for a moment to watch Dave, but he didn't move. When I turned back I saw Frank, who had stood his ground like a wall, moving in on the bigmouth. I had sparred with Frank once; I knew how his battle would turn out. I waited for my own.

The guy named Dave just stood there, obviously undecided about what to do. I figured he'd go for me, either to make sure one of them whipped a faggot, or to save face when the two of them compared battle scars.

He charged at me. In a desperate move of self-defense I shot out a fist, and caught him flush on the nose. I lunged at him, flailing at his head and body with both hands. We ended up tangled in a clinch, and I was conscious of his warm, smooth skin against my own. It was an erotic sensation.

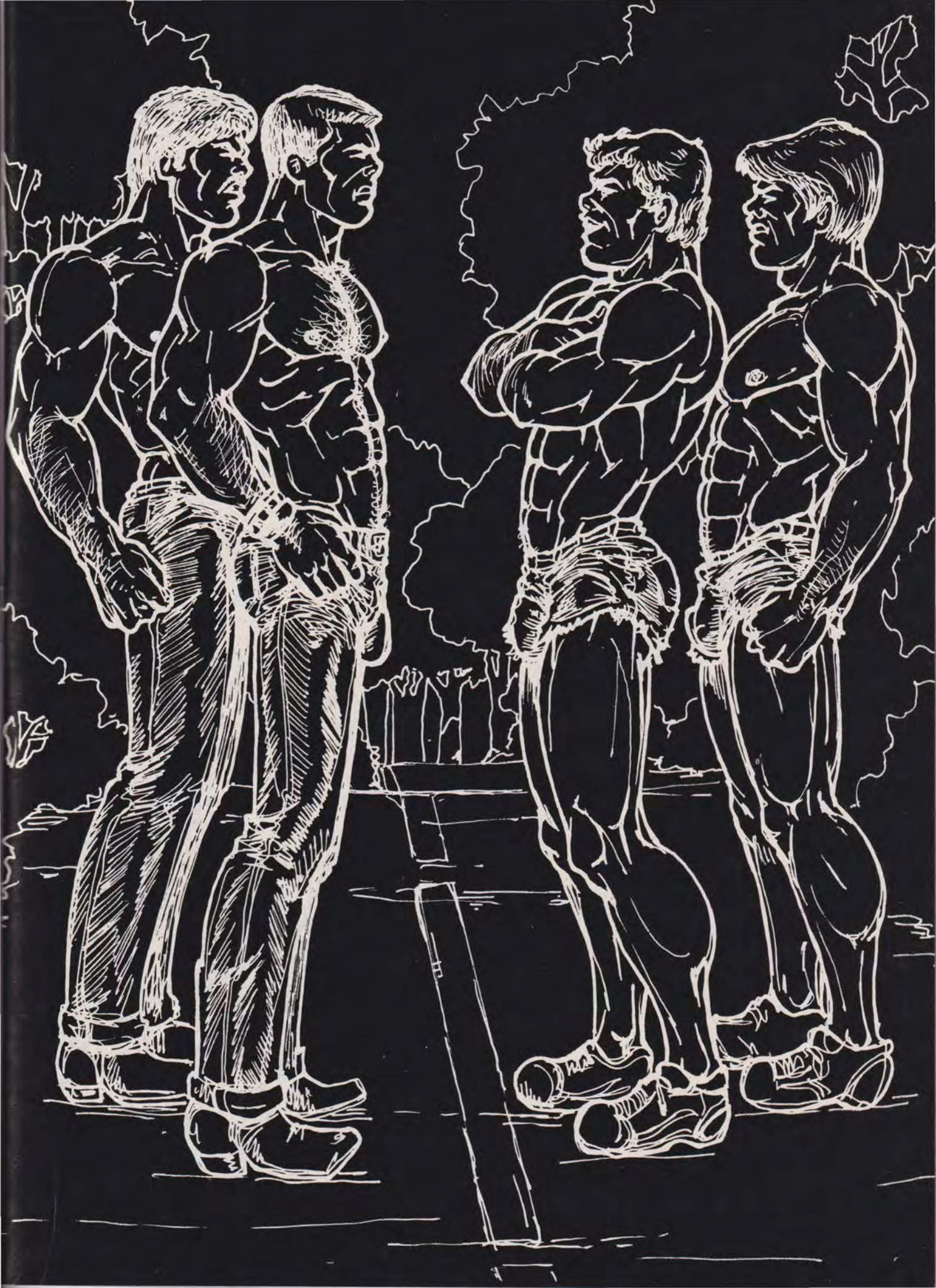
He broke away from me. Seeing his friend crumpled on the ground, he headed for their car. As he reached the door I

grabbed him from behind and spun him away from the car. Realizing that I was blocking his way to the car, he turned at an angle and ran for the darkness of the park. I scrambled after him.

There was enough dim light from the surrounding city for me to keep him in sight. The dark tan of his bare skin had a faint sheen that I could see through the bushes and trees. As I followed him, both of us shirtless, I felt a primitive thrill. He was mine; I knew it. I was his physical master, and when I caught him he would be my quarry, my trophy.

I realized the exhilaration of naked aggression. I had always thought of myself as fairly butch, and enjoyed those times when I got to have my way with other men. But this was different. There was no game here. We were not playing roles. This was real life conflict—Mother Nature's own S&M—and I didn't have to pretend. He was mine to conquer when I caught him. He had seen to that. He had started it. He had started the little wargame. Tonight, we were ruled by the law of the jungle.

I lost sight of him, but then heard his footfalls behind a stand of cedars to my left. He was obviously heading for the midtown freeway, which passed behind the park, leaving his buddy and the car behind. I was not impressed by his lack of loyalty but I was impressed by his body.







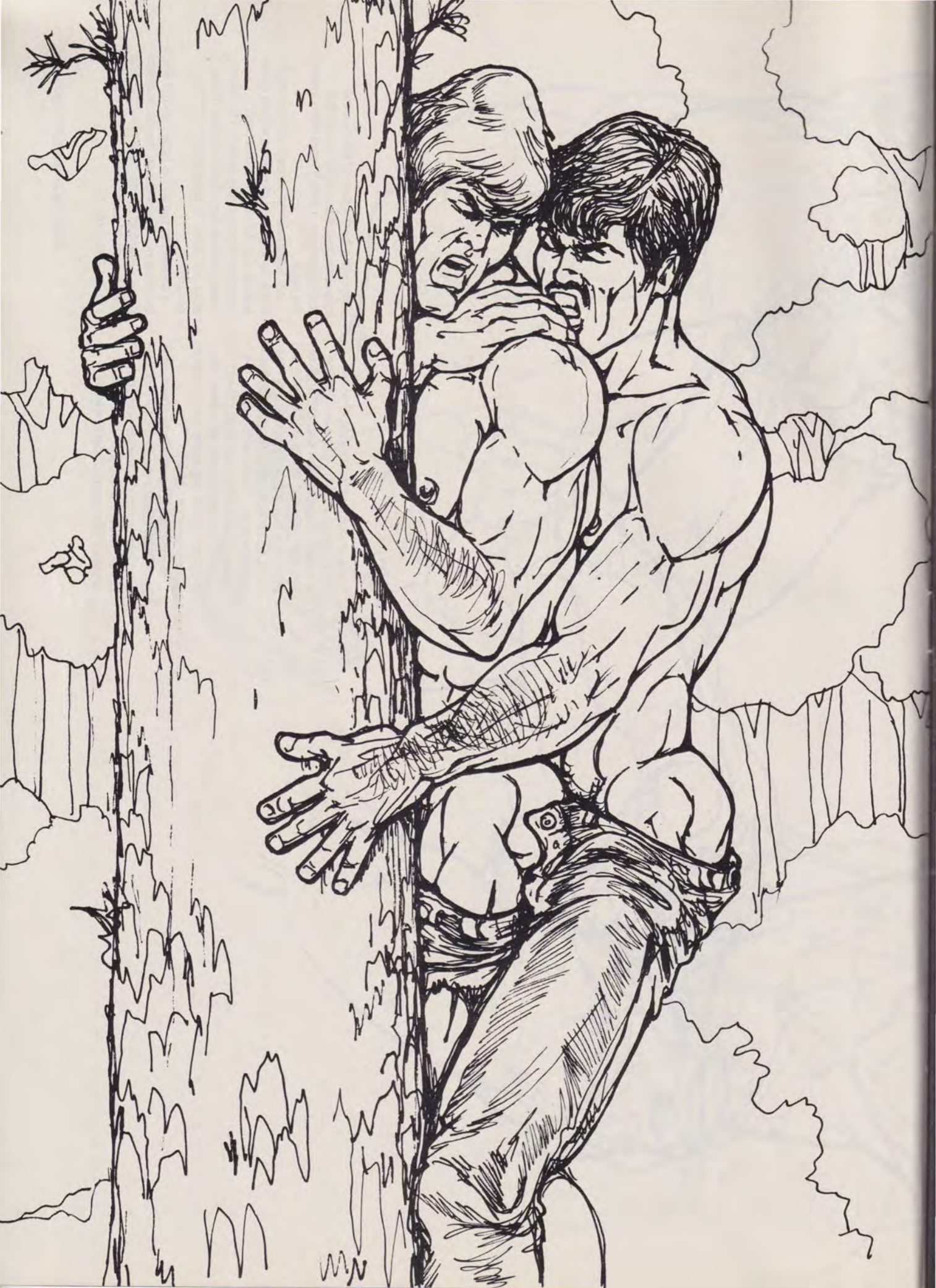
His shoulders were wide, and his denim shorts fitted tightly on his hips and butt. He was lean and strong. I've had sex with well-built guys before, but this Dave turned me on more than most of them. He was so natural. Bodybuilders look good, but there's usually the look of the bodybuilder about them. This guy looked as if he ran, wrestled, and played football; he had a fresh look of strong, animal vitality.

Suddenly he spotted me again, and darted off toward the freeway. I took off after him, running double time, pushing my legs and my lungs. There was another fifty yards of darkness left

before the park opened into a wide meadow that was bright under the highway lights. I didn't want him to reach the light.

We were twenty yards from the edge of the trees, and I closed to within three feet of him. Diving low and hard, I grabbed his legs and pulled. He came down hard on his chest. I heard the air whoosh from his lungs as he hit the ground.

I wanted to get at his face. I didn't want to break my knuckles on the back of his head; I wanted to see blood on his nose and mouth. He was still out of breath, so I rolled him over.



This redneck bastard who hated faggots enough to pound them on sight was flat on his back with a faggot on top of him and a crotch in his face. And he was getting a hard-on from it!

There was already a smear of red under his nose from the punch I had landed before. He was struggling to throw me off, so I mashed his nose a couple of more times. As he pushed against me I lifted my leg and smashed my knee into his belly. For the first time he made a groan which let me know I'd finally hurt him. I raised my knee up and then plunged downward again.

I grinned at him. "This ain't the way it's supposed to end for a roller, is it?"

He kept staring up at me. I moved my body forward; my knees were on his arms and my crotch hung over his face. I saw him studying it with his eyes.

"Yeah. That's what it is, Dave ol' boy. You know what I oughta do?"

His eyes widened in fear.

"I oughta stick it in your mouth. Deep in your mouth. Make your tongue roll around on it, make your lips suck on it like a big lollipop until I finally come in your throat."

"Yeah? And I'd bite the son-of-a-bitch off," he spat back at me.

"No, I don't think you would." I reached back with my right hand, extended the fingers stiffly, and slapped them against his balls. He jerked his legs.

I drew my hand back from his groin, but something caught my attention. I reached back again and felt his crotch; he had a hard-on. This redneck bastard who hated faggots enough to pound them on sight, this All-American boy who was flat on his back with a faggot on top of him and a crotch in his face, had a hard-on! I traced his cock through the denim, and petted it caressingly. He was silent. I felt the outline of his cock again, and then grasped it through the cloth.

"You got a big one there, champ."

A lunge shook his entire body, but he failed to throw me off.

"Oh, so the guy likes it. He likes having a half-naked man on top of him, threatening to stick a dick in his mouth." I couldn't help grinning down at him. "Maybe you'd like a big kiss, too, tongue against tongue."

"Yeah, and how would you like a mouthful of spit, sucker?"

I grinned broadly at his glaring eyes.

"Remember, the last time I used my palm. The next time I go for your nuts I'll use a fist, Davey." I hesitated for a moment, trying to decide whether to do anything to my aroused playmate. It didn't take me long to make up my mind.

"Now, when I move, fella, don't get any bright ideas about hurting me or getting loose. Remember where your balls are!" Before he knew what had happened I turned, and brought my face to his crotch. I slowly opened his zipper.

His entire body was tense as I reached in and pulled his hard cock and large balls out of his pants. His dick was rigid; it pierced the hot, dark air in front of my face.

"Ah, yeah, man, you got a nice one," I said as I started licking and sucking his cock.

The tension in his body eased, and he started shaking. I was alert for any attempt of his to break free, but he didn't try anything. I kept going at his cock with my tongue and lips; I could feel every ridge and vein against my tongue. He surprised me as much as he must have humiliated himself by shooting in about two minutes. I lifted my mouth off the dick before the juice had finished flowing. I caught some of the cum in my hand, and smeared it on his belly. He was very quiet.

I crawled back around so that we were face to face again. "You liked that. You can't deny it."

"I couldn't help it. It's just a mouth on a penis. It happens like that."

"You came, and it was a man's mouth on your dick." I eased off his body and rose so that he could get up. Since he had just come I wasn't worried about him trying to run away. He looked up at me with a sneer on his face.

"So I came. Big deal. A mouth's a mouth. It would happen to anybody. But you're the one who put my cock in your mouth. You're the faggot. My mouth didn't touch any part of you. I'm still clean, queer."

He got to his feet, gave me one more withering look, turned and started to walk away.

I thought I had been angry before, but now I was furious. I leaped at him, spun him around, and started pumping my fists into his belly and ribs. His knees buckled and he sagged, grunting, toward the ground. Instead of letting him fall, I whirled him around and smashed his face against a tree.

I held his shoulders and kicked his feet apart. In one fast motion I jerked his cut-offs down around his knees, and shoved my spit-coated cock into the crack of his butt.

It was a tight, dry entrance, but the more it hurt him the better I liked it.

"Hang on, sucker, 'cause you're getting fucked," I growled as I shoved my cock in deeper.

The guttural sound he made started deep inside his belly and died out in his throat. I was pumping hard now; my cock was a weapon. But as I plunged in, my feet started slipping backwards. I couldn't keep my balance in that position.

I pulled him away from the tree, my dick still deep inside him, and grabbed him around the chest. Turning our bodies at a right angle from the tree, I pushed his shoulders until he bent over. Unable to move his legs because of the shorts tangled around his knees, he fell forward and landed on his belly.

I pounced on top of him, and rammed my cock back inside his ass. He was pinned to the ground, out of breath; his ass was mine. I gave it to him hard and fast. After each plunge I lifted my cock almost out of his ass, then drove it in deeper with the next thrust.

I suddenly became aware of the figure standing in the darkness beside us. It was Frank. He looked both surprised and proud. I relaxed and let the juices flow.

Frank watched over me in the aftermath of my orgasm. When my cock finally softened, I pulled out of the guy's butt, crawled to my feet and pulled my shorts back up. Dave was slow in getting to his feet. He never looked at us, but simply pulled up his cut-offs, zipped them up, and walked away.

I haven't mentioned that night to anyone, nor has Frank, but it is always at the back of our minds. I keep an eye out for Dave in the park, but I haven't seen him. I figure that getting fucked did one of two things to Dave: either it showed him what he really had wanted for a long time, or it made him even more vehement in his homophobia. Maybe he's still trying to act on his real instincts, trying to decide whether he will be a faggot or a fag-basher. But I keep looking for some sign every time I go to the park at night. ■

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USED BY MEN

Continued from page 12

to say . . .

"I got a piece for ya, Sparkle." Again, the mystery voice interrupted Sparkle's welcoming speech. "A big, juicy piece if ya think ya can handle it."

"I just wanted to say, before that asshole interrupted me," Sparkle said, yelling those last words to the night sky as if begging nature and the universe to punish his tormentor, "that if Chaz thinks you're okay, then you gotta be one helluva dude. I'm glad ya came out to see us, John." Sparkle winked and gave John two love slaps on the cheek. "I'm lookin' forward to it. Have some of this, it'll brighten your spirits." Sparkle handed John a bottle of Jack Daniels.

The night progressed. John merged with these men and became a part of their group, if only for a while. He felt as if he were being primed to star in a porno movie that would eclipse all fuck films but there were no cameras, no film crew, no bright lights—just him, Chaz, and four hunky, horny bikers. He drank, smoked, fondled, and joked with these five men for hours and never became anxious about starting the sex play. There was an unspoken, cryptic understanding that Chaz was the leader, the main instigator.

John lounged against Chaz, enfolded between his arm and torso; he was pleasantly drunk, pleasantly excited about what was yet to come. Chaz drew John closer to him and engulfed his mouth and tongue in a deep kiss. John could feel the giant's body tense; he knew the time had come for serious action. The joking around the campfire metamorphosed into a heavy silence. Chaz's breath was hot on John's ear, igniting an urge for abuse that smoldered beneath John's casual exterior. Chaz presented a demand in the form of a question: "Are you ready to be manhandled by five bikers?"

"They don't seem to be too interested in me at the moment." John was happy having Chaz next to him, but the idea of being gang-banged by this band of five made him burn and tingle with anticipation.

"They'll get around to it . . . real soon." Chaz stood up and took off his black t-shirt. Then he reached out with both hands and pulled John's head forward until it rested squarely in the middle of his crotch. "Can you feel my hard cock, cocksucker?" John felt the semi-rigid dick swelling under the jeans; he lapped at it with his tongue. Chaz pressed John's mouth down even harder onto the

rising outline of his dick and began slowly pumping his hips. The other four bikers got up and gathered around. They formed a circle, holding onto one another's naked torsos, riveted by Chaz's huge, muscular body and the kneeling figure of John.

"Damn, you have a hot one tonight, Chaz." Magnus spoke in an almost awed tone. He slowly unbuttoned his jeans and began stroking his meat, breathing harshly and deeply as if in a trance. "Damn, ohhh damn . . . man, I'd love to feel that hot mouth on my cock." Magnus groaned out those words with a guttural intensity John had never heard before. The sound of it was like an opiate that dulled his mind to anything but sex. He was primed, ready to do anything that would please Chaz and these men. He wanted to turn and pull Magnus's aching cock deep inside his throat just to be a part of the man, to be an answer to the need epitomized by the man's deep, sexual grunts; but he knew that Chaz was the master here; to turn away from him would break the magic that encircled the group. John was so hot he was afraid to touch himself for fear he would come instantly; he knew his body would burst at the slightest caress. He clung to the image in front of him and breathed in the heavy smell of musk, spit and dust. He was entranced.

Magnus continued to breathe out his guttural sex calls while pumping his cock into a rigid, slippery rod that ached for attention. Chaz reached out and pulled Magnus close to him, pushing John's head onto Magnus's swollen dick. Chaz and Magnus began a heavy, lusty tonguing as Magnus shoved his hard cock into John's throat, pulling John's face onto his firm stomach. John loved that stomach; with each pumping action he saw the stomach muscles working beneath the skin. He felt the dark hair growing damper with the intensity of sweat and spit.

Sparkle lowered himself to his knees and pushed his face against John's in an effort to get as close as possible to the face-fucking action. John could feel the desire in Sparkle's heavy breathing; he could see the sweat standing out on Sparkle's brow in huge beads. Sparkle began to lick at the balls dangling heavily below Magnus's cock; he gathered them into his mouth, held them, then released them. He continued to ply his tongue over Magnus's balls and inner thighs, gradually working his way up so that he was licking Magnus's cock where it was not covered by John's mouth. Sparkle transferred Magnus's cock into his own mouth. He wanted to be on the receiving end of that magnificent shaft.

Continued to page 57

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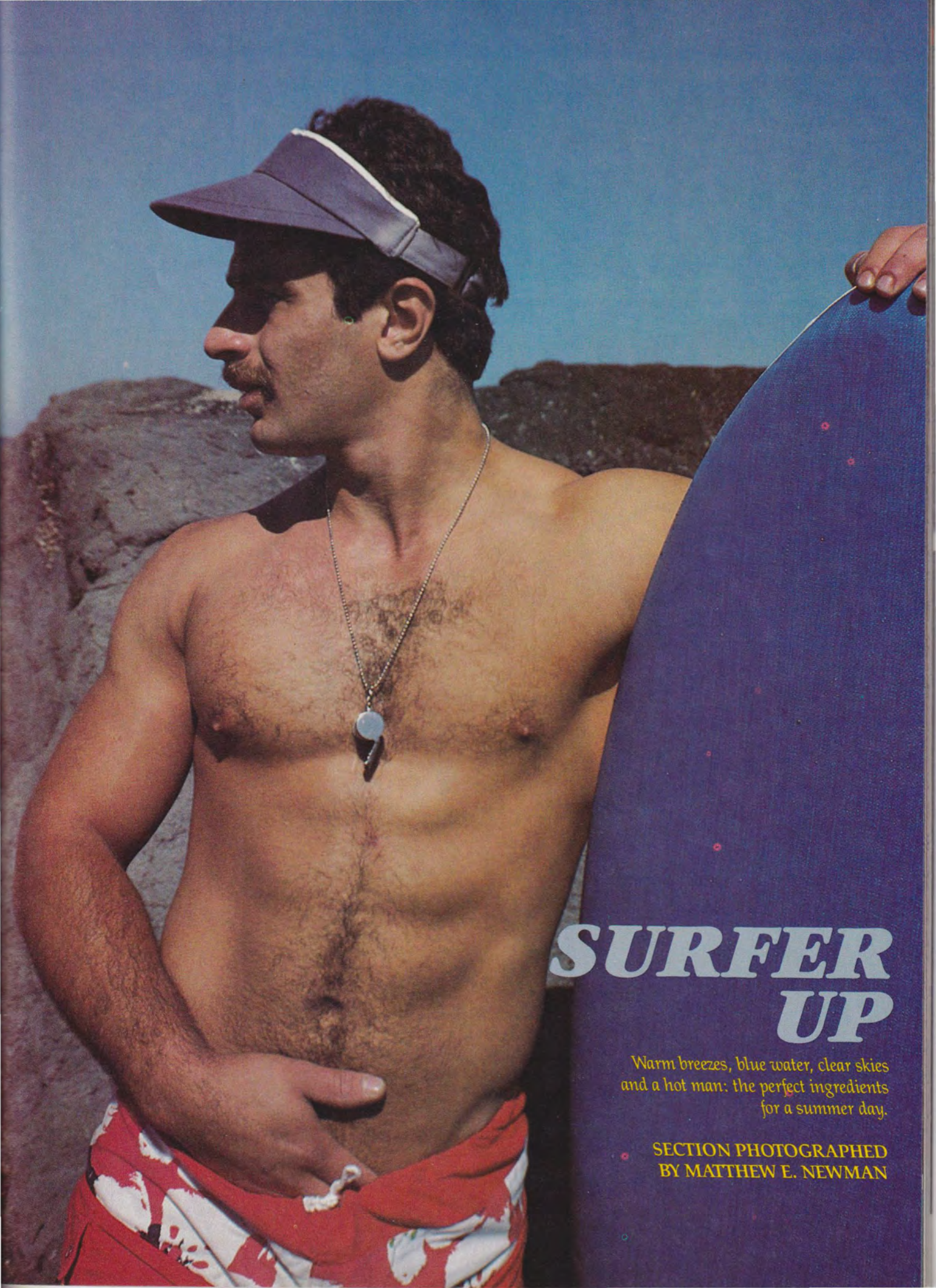
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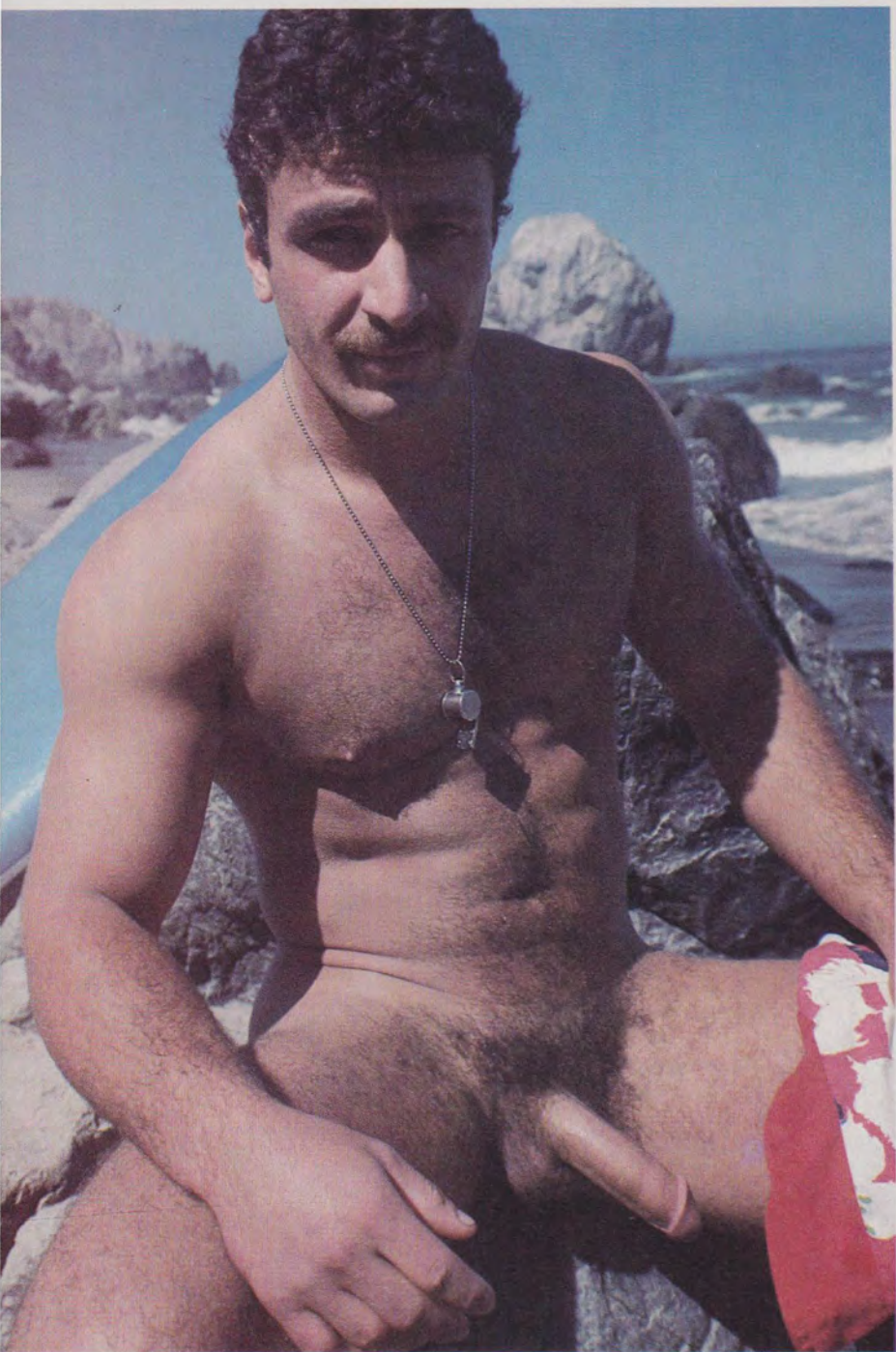


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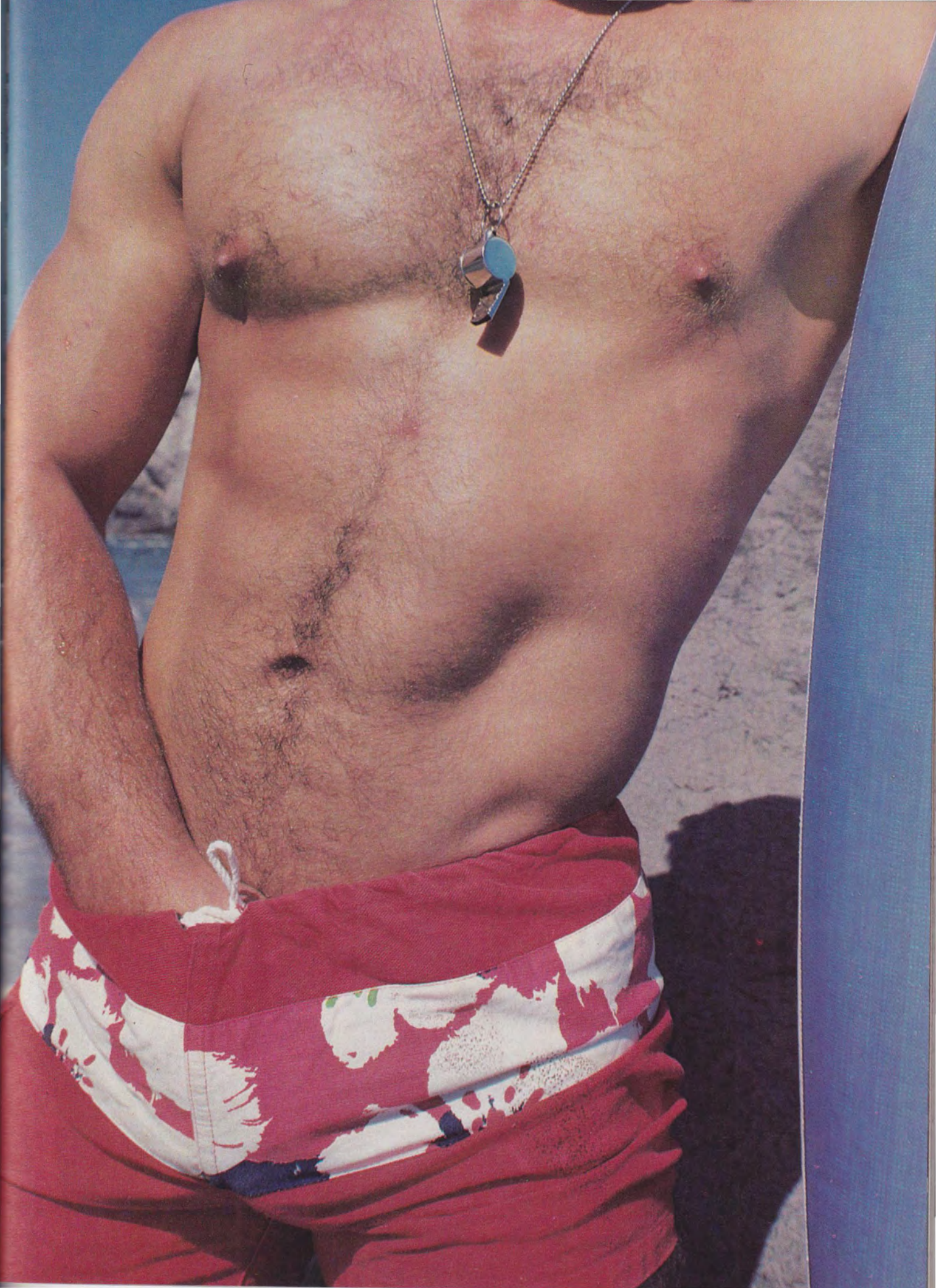
Warm breezes, blue water, clear skies
and a hot man: the perfect ingredients
for a summer day.

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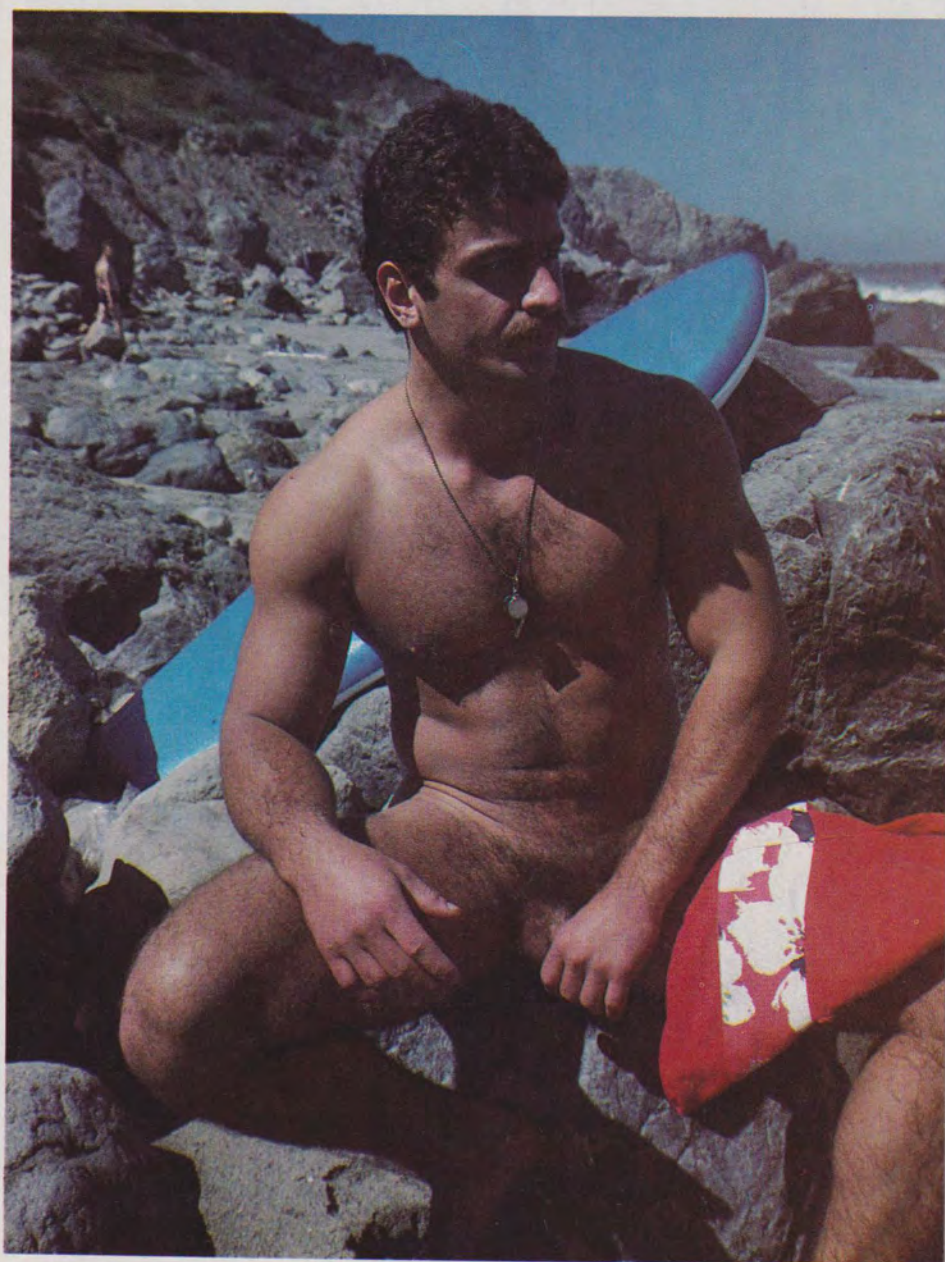


He knows how to hang ten, but he'd much rather let you hang on his ten. Doesn't look like you'll need a surfboard, either.





SURFER UP

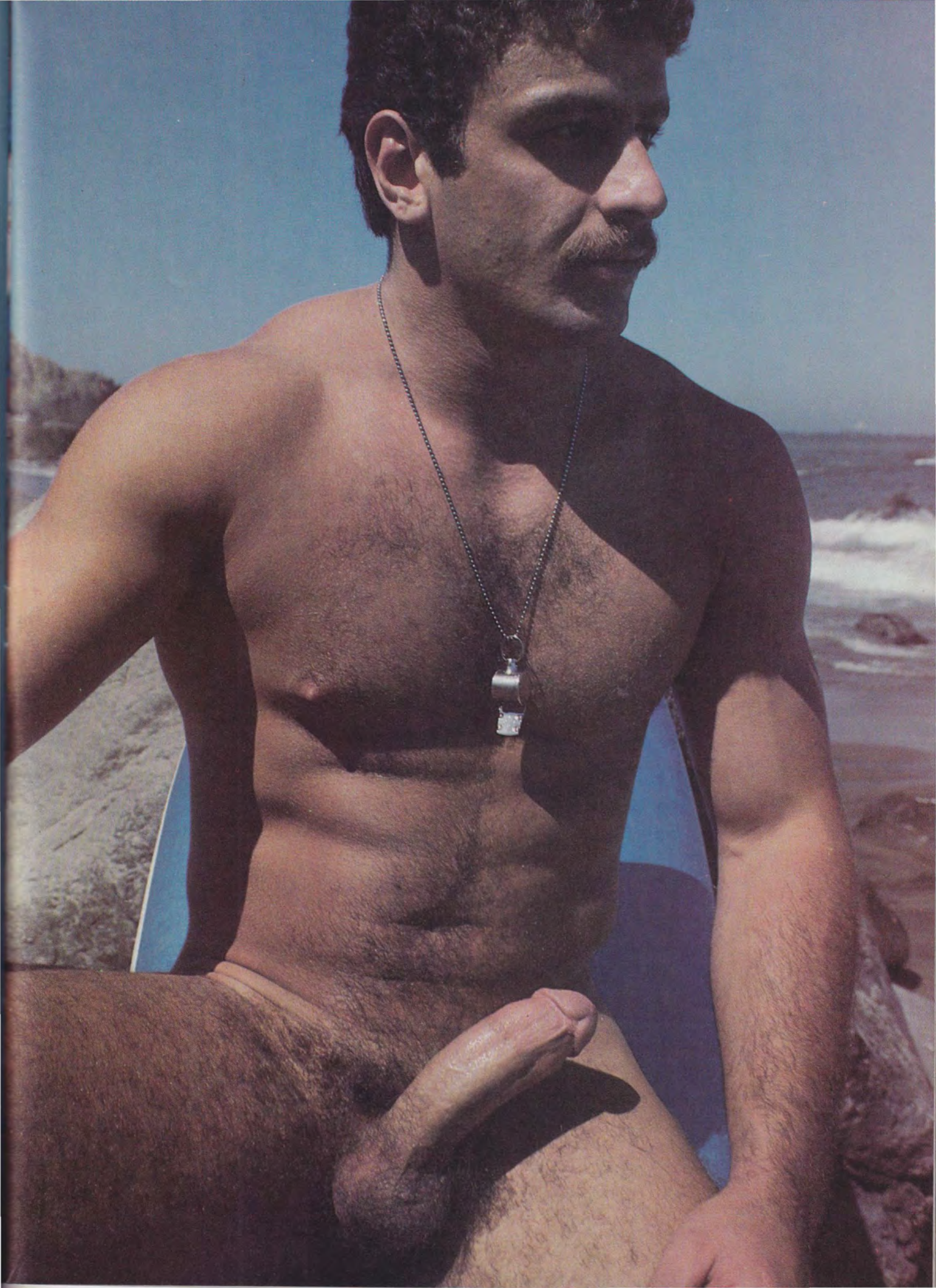


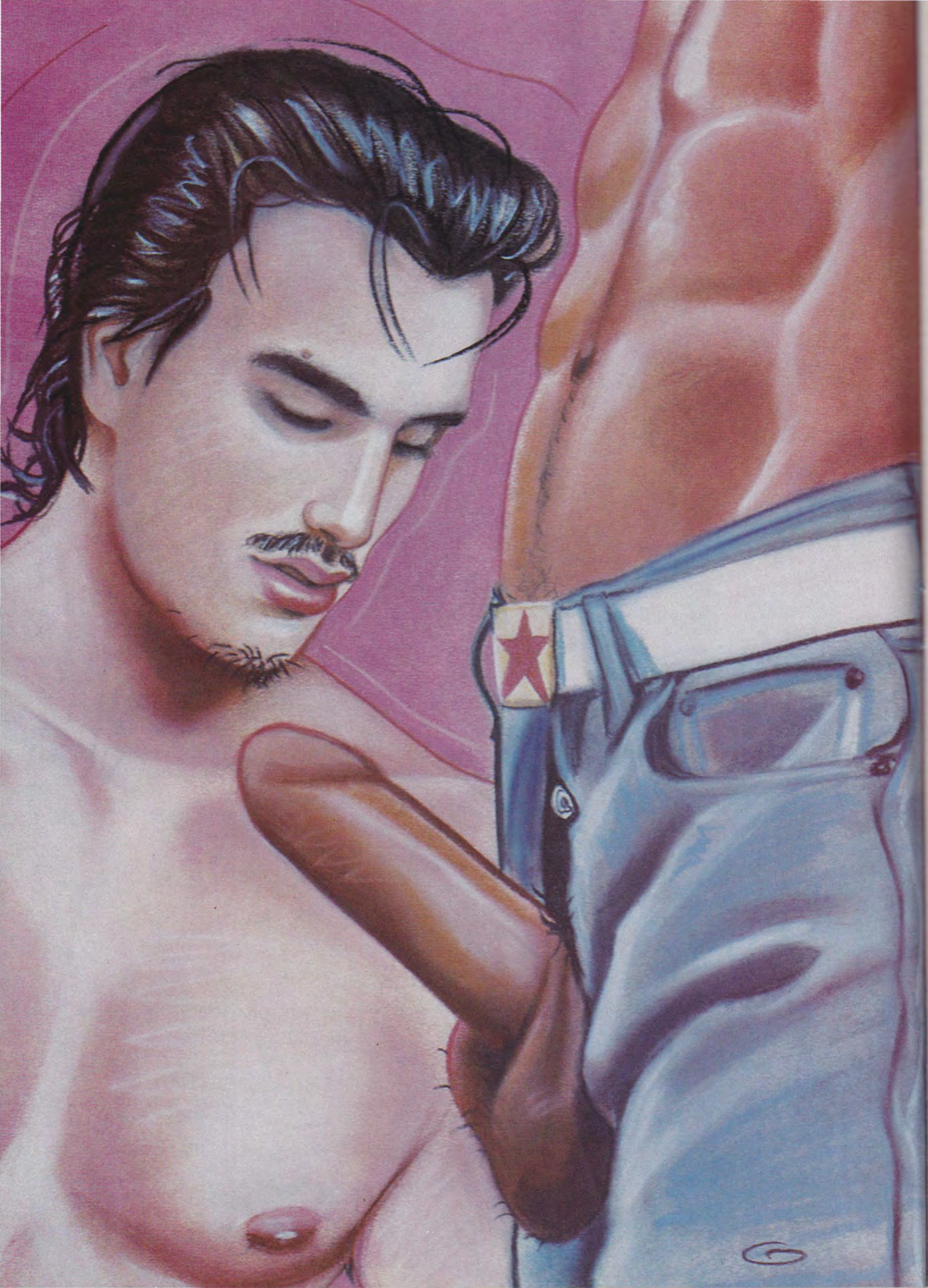
How about a little body surfing?
Don't go rushing into the ocean;
you can do a lot of riding without
getting too wet.

SURFER UP



May as well forget about catching any waves today. Why bother when you can catch something like this hunk. Who cares about the surf being up; wouldn't you rather have this surfer "up?"





AVOID SEX, IT SLOWS YOU DOWN

He looked me right in the eyes and,
with his gaze, pulled my eyes down to his
meat. I reached across to jerk him off,
but his arm blocked my hand.
Cum exploded out of his dick.

By David Allen • Art by Greg

It's just a job, but I do it well and my boss knows it. No matter what it is—a pan pizza with everything on it, a gold cockring, a contract that should have been signed yesterday, or a box of “erotic” chocolates—if it's got to be delivered fast the boss calls me.

I work for the “Time Is Of The Essence” messenger service, and I spend 90 percent of my 9-to-5 day zip-ping around the city on my beat up, battered 10-speed bike. You might have heard that motorcyclists have knobby balls; well, so do bikers. Knobby balls, cocks as tough as timber, and butts firm as rocks. Messengers don't have the comfort of those sheepskin seats the way other 10-speeders do; one sight of that kind of luxury feature and your bike would be ripped right out from under your legs.

Besides, I like the molesting my dick and nuts get from the rough road. I have always thought that wheels whirling over blacktop and cement was a powerful aphrodisiac. It doesn't matter if I'm in a car, a bus, or on my bike—ten minutes on the road and my cock is oozing juice. With every jounce, jar, and jolt my dick grows big and hard. As I pedal across town, my cock rubs against my thigh and pumps the juice up to my dickhead.

Of course, I always get looks when biking around the city; I make sure of that. The ass of my jeans has a big tear that's just a hair's breadth from the crack of my butt. When I hunch over the handlebars my obviously bare ass spreads enticingly. I can't tell you how many times I've been fucked in a line of traffic: cops sucking hard on their silver whistles; truckers jacking-off in their funky smell-

Continued to page 41

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AVOID SEX, IT SLOWS YOU DOWN

Continued from page 37

ing underwear; junior executives playing with themselves under cover of the very best leather briefcases—I can feel them all fucking me with their eyes. They'd like to nip my butt hole with sharp teeth, and probe my ass with long, full tongues. Sometimes, if I like what I see, I move up the line of cars to my target. I bend over the handle bars a bit further, and make sure to shift my butt so that the black-haired crack of my ass lines up with the tear in my jeans.

Don't get me wrong; none of this ever delays me from making my delivery. My company's motto is "Avoid Collisions. They Slow You Down." My own motto is "Avoid Sex. It Slows You Down." Nothing would ever get delivered if I took advantage of all the sex that's available. I have been grabbed and goped by any number of doormen—one even managed to slip a wet finger through the tear in my jeans and up my hole while I was waiting for an elevator—but when I'm on my bike I don't fool around.

Strange as it seems, all that stored-up

cum acts like a booster rocket. My feet and legs pump the old bicycle faster when I've got a load of bottled-up jizz. I swear it penetrates my blood and sweat so that I taste cock and cum (and probably smell like it) all the time. The bike seat between my legs feels like some dude's face eating out my asshole.

But my boss told me I would have to leave my bike behind today. He wanted me to take a train ride to the suburbs and deliver an envelope to some rich guy. When I tried to get more information about the job—like why he didn't just mail the envelope—he handed me my package and a train schedule. Then, staring at my crotch, he warned me not to stop anywhere else. He made it clear that time was still of the essence even if I wasn't dodging traffic.

To get the train to the suburbs I had to go through City Central Terminal. That may not sound like a major problem to you, but for me this meant the temptation of the terminal's men's room. I have missed an unforgivable number of trains, dinner parties, adventurous nights, and fabulous fucks because I couldn't resist the lure of the men's room.

Before I left the dispatch office on my mission, I pissed as much as I could; now I'd have no excuse to go down those

marble steps to the "lounge." With my eyes cast down at the sidewalk like some kind of saint trying to avoid the temptations of the flesh, I set off for the subway that would take me to the terminal.

I quickly realized that this downcast eyes thing might have worked for the saints of old, but it wasn't going to save

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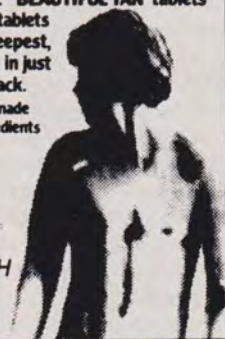
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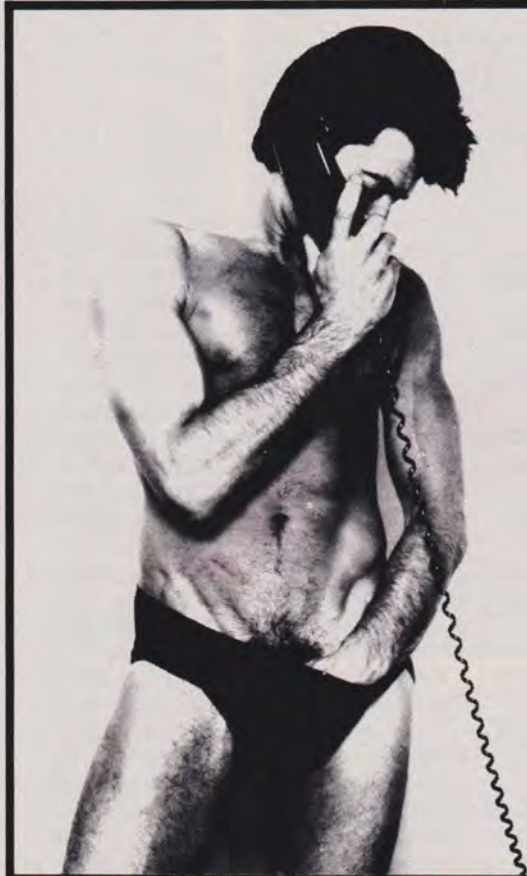
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me. I get turned on by anything that even faintly hints of men: a knee sticking out of torn jeans, a battered pair of running shoes, athletic socks slouching around a guy's ankles, or, believe it or not, guys who wear penny loafers and no socks. Guess what I kept running into this morning: knees, socks, sneakers, and loafers; my tool was ready to split.

Though I kept my eyes lowered, I still saw quite an assortment of crotches: long, thick dicks; the sweet swan neck of cocks arched on one side of zippers and the bulge of balls on the other side; cockheads silhouetted against cotton pants; and, of course, those eight-inch pieces of live meat whipping around in the folds of sweat pants.

All I did was walk and stare, walk and stare, while soothing my meat with a kind hand in my pocket. I didn't even look up to cross the street. I just followed the feet of the crowd.

When I got on the subway I buried my face in the newspaper, but the first page I turned to had one of those Calvin Klein underwear ads—a full page of Mr. Brute

some dude sitting with his pants down around his ankles stroking his hard dick. The strange thing is that these guys never seem to notice if anyone is watching or not, and they don't seem to care.

The urinals are always busy and there are usually one or two men standing behind an occupied one. Their heads block out a large, red-lettered sign that commands "No Loitering." No one, however, is in a hurry; most men come and stay. It's as if the porcelain is magnetized and, once you are in its grip, you can't easily get away. Guys come for an hour or two to stare at the men next to them who, more than likely, are big, hard and ready.

Some men stand close to the urinals and turn themselves ever so slightly to the guy next to them, like it's some kind of private showing. Then there are the guys who stand a foot away so that everyone, even the guys waiting for a free spot, can see their cocks. I really admire those exhibitionists; they are so proud, bold, and sure of themselves.

Luckily there was a free urinal

slender fingers up and down his dick and pulled on his foreskin. My cock was now as hard as the tile floor, and my hand matched the steady milking motion of this guy's. I reached across to jerk him off, but his arm blocked my hand. He smiled at me and shot off gobs of white hot juice into the gaping porcelain mouth. He didn't even move his hand; the cum just exploded out of his dick.

My own tool was on fire, my balls ached, and my asshole twitched. When I turned to check out the guy on my other side, I heard the envelope in my pocket ripple, but I wasn't worried about my job right now. My cock and balls wanted relief, and I wasn't going anywhere until I was satisfied.

The guy on my left may not have been my type, but the hunk on my right was just what I was looking for: muscles bulging out of a tight t-shirt, lots of hair peeking out of the shirt collar, and incredibly tight buns. We turned and faced each other; his cock was as thick as a railroad tie and topped by a pulsing, pink head. He reached over, grabbed my

I always get looks when biking around the city; I make sure of that. My jeans have a big tear that's just a hair's breadth from the crack of my butt. When I hunch over the handlebars my bare ass spreads invitingly.

Force stretched out on a rumpled bed suggesting all kinds of possibilities. I guess it was better than my usual subway encounter; some gorgeous body-builder wearing a tight t-shirt, even tighter jeans, standing in front of me rubbing his crotch.

Arriving at the terminal, I went to the main lobby, bought my ticket, checked the schedule, grabbed a hot pretzel, and settled down to wait the twenty minutes until my train was scheduled to leave. After a few minutes of crossing and uncrossing my legs, I felt a pain I couldn't ignore. I may be able to hold back my cum, but when my bladder begs for relief I have to act quickly. I headed for the men's room.

There are only a few stalls and, somewhere along the line, somebody got the great idea of taking the doors off. All the glory holes were sealed off. Now the stalls are only used by the kidney shy and the terminal bums who sleep there for hours. Occasionally, there will be

because I really did have to piss. I put the envelope in my back pocket, unzipped my jeans, and pulled out my cock. A yellow stream coated the wall in front of me. I decided that, since I had been so good this morning, it wouldn't hurt just to look around. After all, my tool needed an airing just like anybody else's.

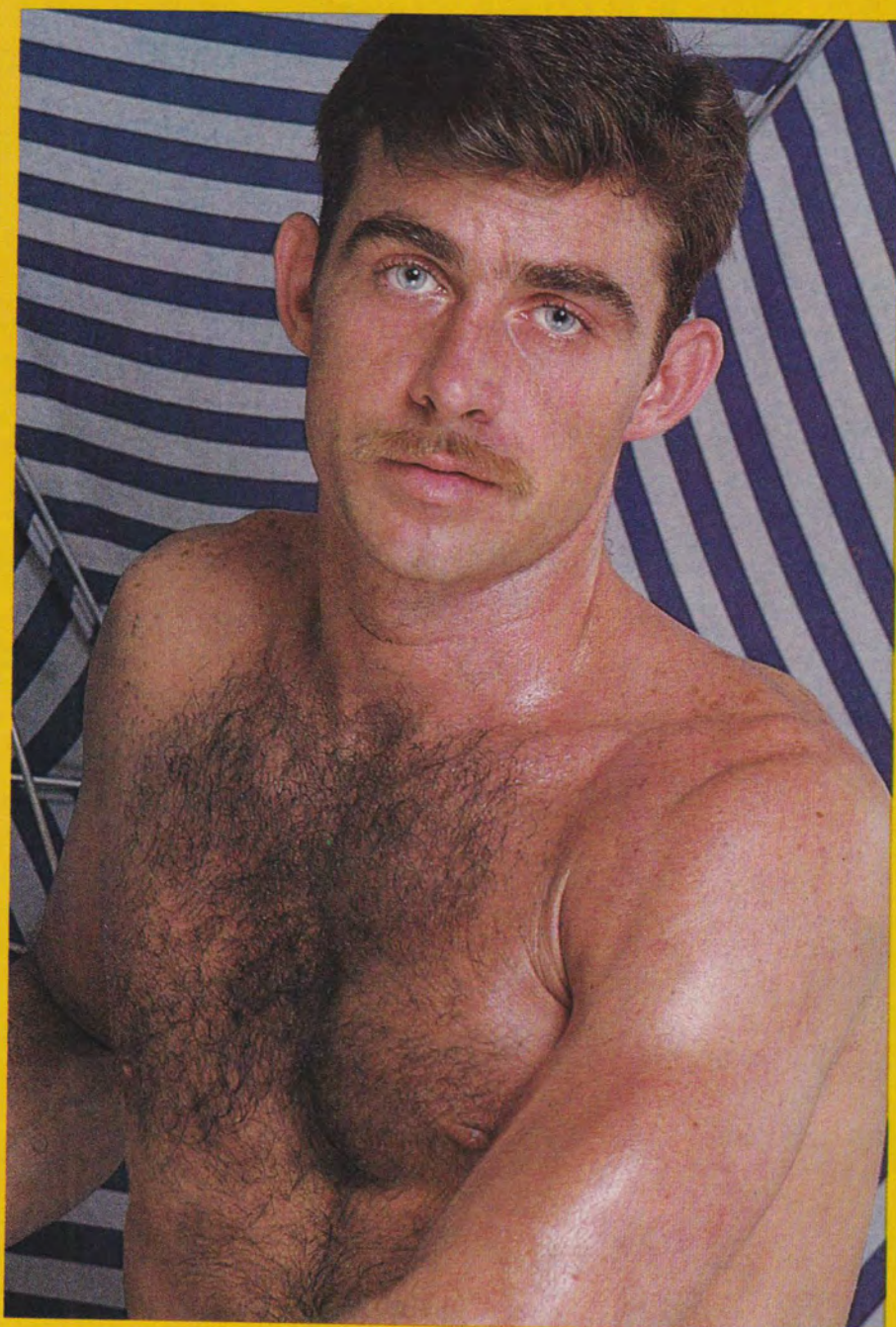
To my left was a stately middle-aged man who looked as though he had just stepped off the set of *Masterpiece Theater*. He was done up in a dark blue, tailored suit, white shirt, and a red and black silk tie. He was tall, bone thin, and certainly not someone I'd check out on the street. But that's what I love about this place—any male who walks in is fair game. My neighbor had his dick and his lightly fuzzed sac hanging out of his pants. (His scrotum reminded me of the suede satchel I used for my marbles when I was a kid.)

He looked me right in the eyes and, with his gaze, pulled my eyes down to his meat. Then he slowly rubbed his

cock, and started jerking it hard. My hips made fuck motions, pushing my dick through his rough palms. He stroked faster, and I grabbed the sides of the urinal as though it was the receptive mouth of a lover who wanted my cum. This treatment was driving me crazy and I was close to my long-awaited orgasm. My nuts pulled up tight and my dick shot out streams of cum. I caught a handful of cream, and was just about to spread it on my friend's dick when I heard the all-aboard call for my train. I was torn, but I remembered that angry look of my boss and figured I better get moving.

I rushed upstairs, my hand still full of cum, but managed to make the train. I sat back in the cushioned seat, adjusted my balls and planned the rest of my day. If the gentleman I was bringing the envelope to wasn't interested in my obvious talents, then I'd make another trip to the men's room. After all, I was the best messenger my boss had and I deserved a little special treatment. ■

MID-SUMMER MADNESS



THAT MAN ON THE BEACH—DO YOU SEE THE WAY HE'S LOOKING AT
YOU?

SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY MALEXPRESS STUDIO

MID-SUMMER MADNESS

FROM THE LOOK IN HIS EYES, I'D SAY HE'S QUITE MAD.









MID-SUMMER MADNESS

HE'S GIVING A NEW MEANING TO THE TERM
"BEACH BALL," AND HE'S ALSO MAKING THAT DECK
CHAIR INTO A *DICK* CHAIR!

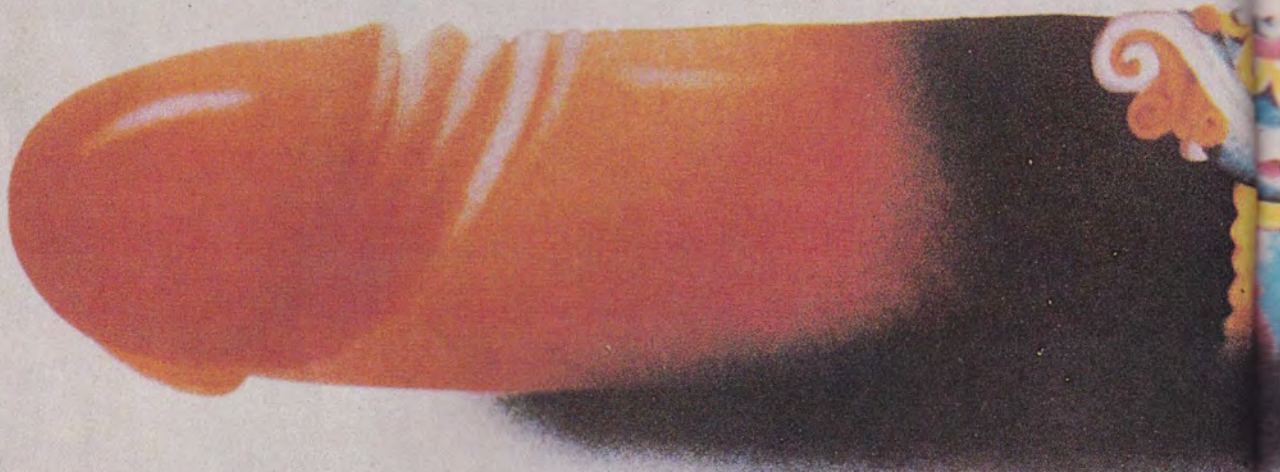
A close-up, chest-up portrait of a man with dark hair, a mustache, and chest hair. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. He is shirtless. The background is a plain, light-colored wall. In the bottom right corner, there is a striped pattern, possibly from a beach umbrella or towel.

MID-SUMMER MADNESS

OH, HE'S MAD ALL RIGHT: MAD WITH DESIRE! AND
IT'S ALL FOR YOU.



CORREOS

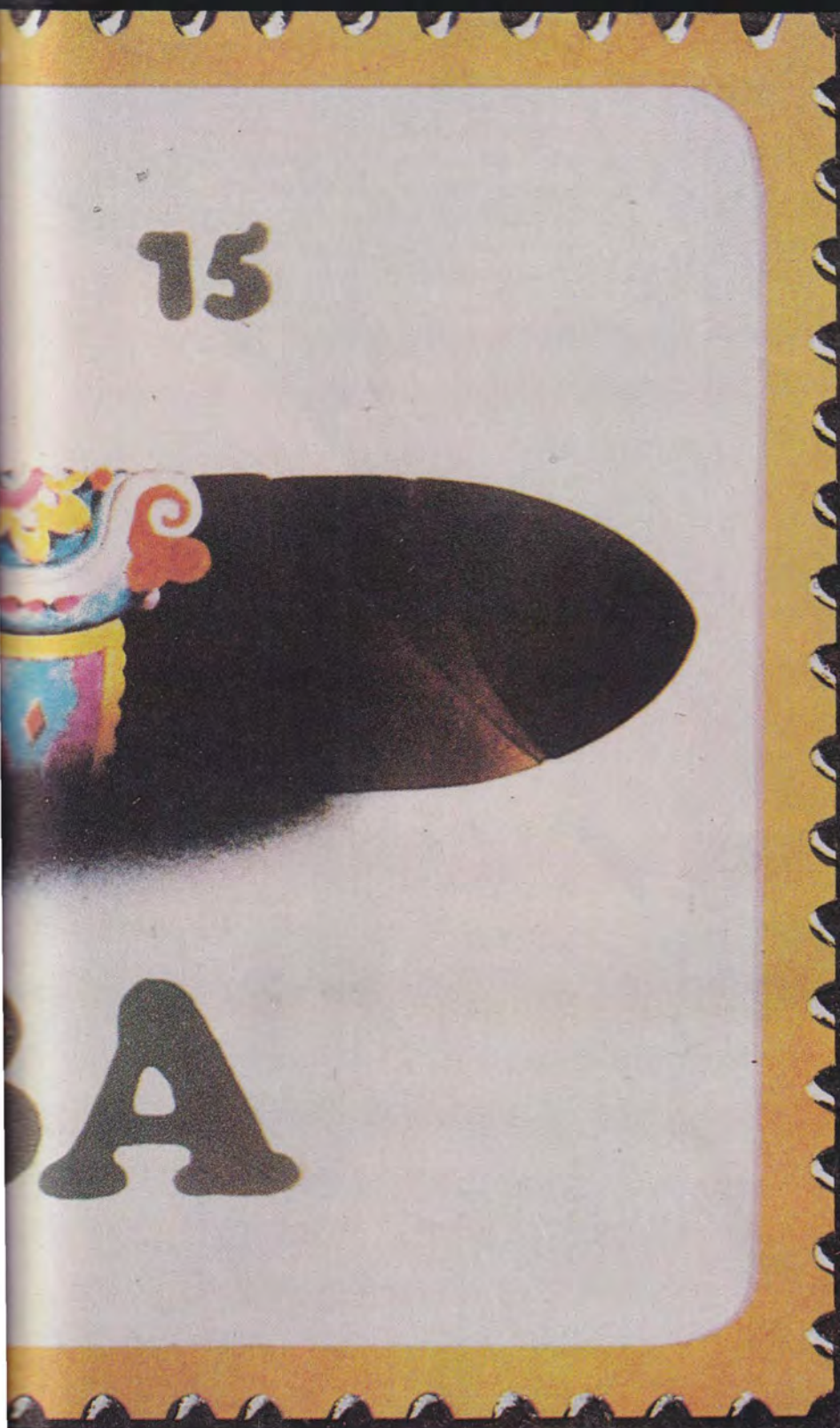


CUB

CUBAN CARNE

BY DAVID LIAM

ART BY ADRIAN LOOS



The door was slightly ajar and I could see Javier plowing Guillermo's ass. The shorter man was holding his friend's legs high in the air and pushing his cock deep into Guillermo's butt.

The television set was blaring background noise. I was in the shower trying to beat the heat that's Miami in August. Our office's air conditioning system had died two days earlier, and the hours I spent reviewing blue prints for our city's rapidly changing skyline had been torturous.

My apartment was a welcome change; climate control made this sweltering city seem like a good place to be—at least if you stayed inside. Soon the sweat and dirt from four hours in my steaming offices were washed away—the boss had a heart and let us leave early. I stepped out of the shower, refreshed and relaxed, wrapped a towel around my waist and plopped in front of the tube.

One of the blow-dried boys from the local news station was down at the dock; the Cuban boatlift was in its fourth week. Night after night we watched these men, women and children pour off large boats, fishing vessels or homemade dinghies headed for what, they had to hope, was a better way of life. I almost spilled my drink on the floor when I saw my friend Jeff with the reporter. They were already talking when I hit the volume button on my remote control.

"... planning to do," the reporter said.

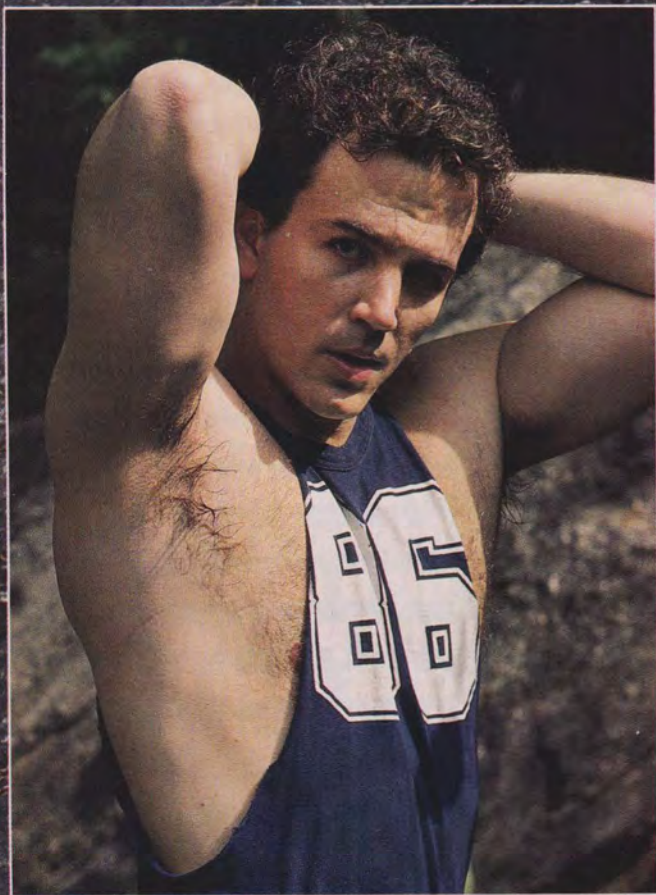
"Well Chip, we are well aware that Castro expelled lots of gay men and women as part of the boat lift," Jeff said. "Unlike many other refugees, these men and women have no official sponsors in

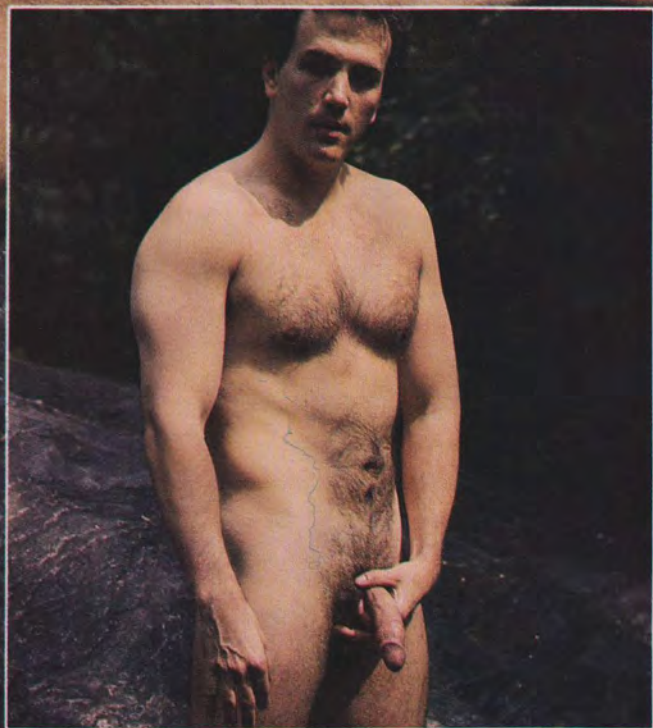
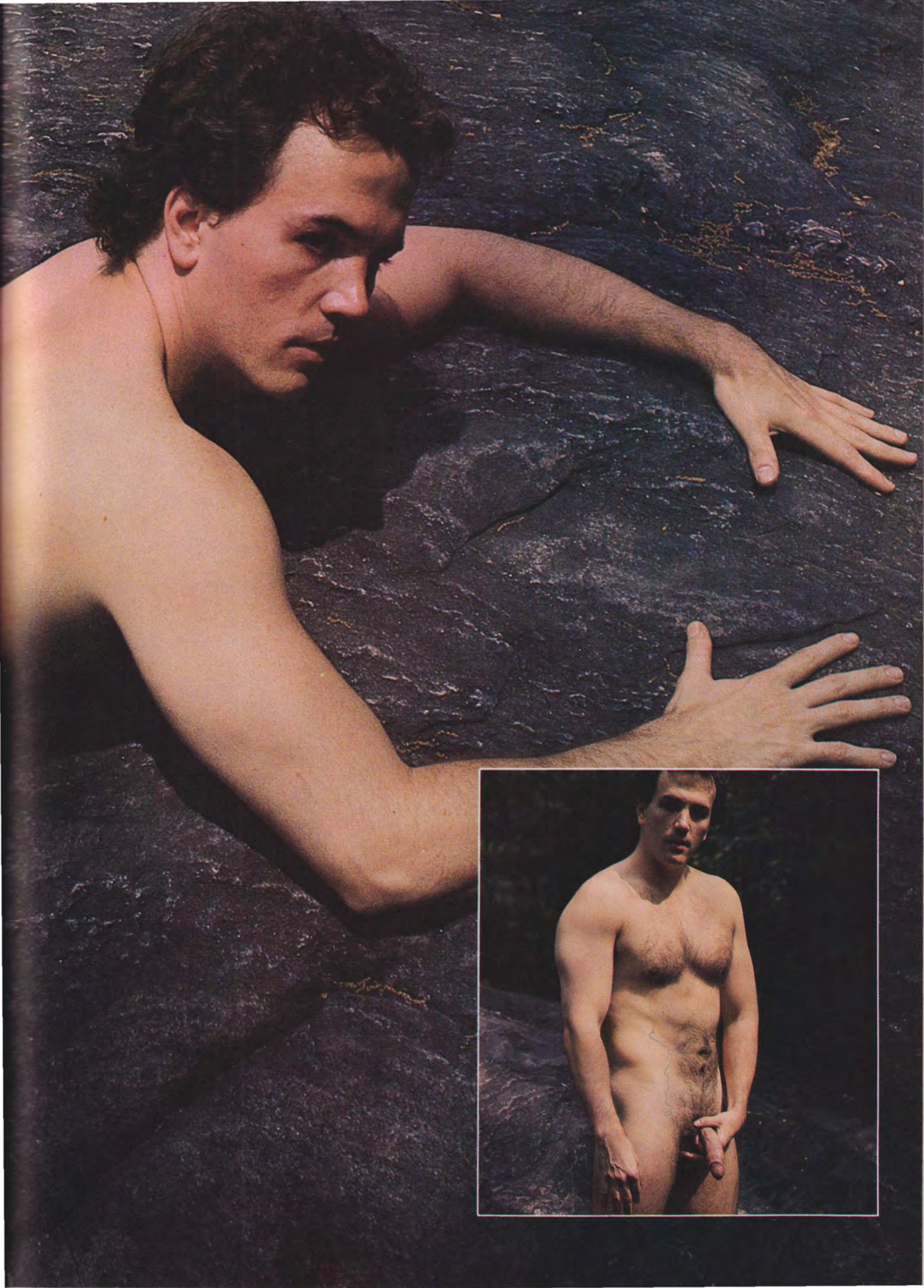
Continued to page 57

Central Park in the Dark

SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAUL SJOBERG

It was still dark when our photographer took Joe Reynolds to the Rambles in Central Park for a photo shoot. At five o'clock in the morning on a hot summer day, that part of the park is as active as Penn Station, and that morning was no exception. But the hot, horny cruisers all stopped when they saw Joe—wouldn't you?





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USED BY MEN

Continued from page 28

Magnus moaned with pleasure at the transfer and began pumping Sparkle's mouth as eagerly and as deeply as he had John's.

"Take off yer clothes," Chaz demanded. John did as he was told. "Now get on yer knees and stick yer ass out." John turned around and stooped to a kneeling position, shifting his weight forward onto his arms and hands. Chaz began working over John's ass, slapping the cheeks and working his finger into John's asshole, preparing it for the second onslaught of his huge dick. John felt the head of Chaz's dick press against him. He felt the shock of its brutal thrust and he flinched in passionate agony as the huge cock rammed him and worked its way deeper with each thrust. Chaz grabbed John's waist and pulled his body back to meet the vicious pounding of his cock.

"Give me that ass, John. Do you feel that hard dick up there? Damn, that feels good." Chaz fucked hard and fast.

"Oh, suck it man, suck my cock." John could hear Magnus coaxing this kneeling cocksucker into an even more frenzied adoration of his hard, demanding meat. John felt Chaz adjust his fuck rhythm to match Magnus's swaying hips. The combination was driving John into a delirium of lust; he longed to be sucking on Magnus's cock at the same time Chaz was ramming him with his huge, meaty shaft.

The two remaining bikers stepped up to John's face as if in answer to his need. They were both ruggedly good looking and they held tightly to one another as they brought their cocks up to meet John's hungry mouth. John devoured them greedily. He sucked one cock, then transferred to the other as the men indicated. Sometimes he held both dicks in his mouth at once, feeling the two heads force themselves half-way in and then withdraw in unison. One man began jacking himself off while the other shoved his dick deep into John's throat and held it there. The biker's thrusts increased in time to Chaz's probing cock; they were both working up to a frantic climax. John grabbed his own dick and began jacking off, knowing that both Chaz and the man he was sucking would come soon. Chaz's forceful fucking motions rocked him solidly onto the biker's waiting dick.

"Yeah, take it all, man. Take it!" Chaz moaned, violently shoving the length of his cock into John's ass and spurting a

load of warm cum that John could feel pumping out of the hard dick. The biker moaned and pulled John's face onto his cock just as John felt his own climax erupt. John and the biker shot at the same time. Chaz kept his cock shoved up John's ass while the biker jacked off on John's shoulder. Magnus pumped his load deep into Sparkle's throat.

They had all exhausted themselves in a closely timed effort that John wasn't aware of until it was over.

John stayed with Chaz and the four bikers until early Sunday morning. He quickly became familiar with the subtle tricks they used to communicate to one another, both in play and in sex. He began to believe that he belonged with this lusty band.

"I gotta take ya back, buddy. We'll be splittin' this place today." Chaz rested his hand on John's hair. John sensed a longing that could only be satisfied by physical contact.

"I wish I could go with you guys. With you, Chaz."

"Hell, you can go anywhere you want John, but I don't think you really belong with us."

John knew Chaz was right. The excitement would quickly take on a staleness and fester if he tried to live a life style he knew little about. Deep down, he knew that it wasn't the bikers' life he desired. It was the bikers.

"We'll be back this way from time to time and yer the first guy I'll check up on." Chaz helped John roll what little gear he had into a small bundle. Then he took John back to the city.

John continued to haunt the waterfront alleys and dives; but every encounter was measured by a new standard: Chaz, and the four stud bikers. ■

CUBAN CARNE

Continued from page 51

this country."

"Is that why the Gay Action League is here?" asked the man from Channel 17.

"Yes. We want these people to know that we are here to reach out. We will sponsor them, find them jobs, get them housing and start them off on the right foot."

"Thank you, Jeff. This is Chip White-stone, Channel 17 Action News."

No matter how cynical, disgusted or fed up I would get dealing with corporate and political types on my job, Jeff's sincerity about people could always turn me soft. I grabbed the telephone, punched in the number for the Gay Action League, and talked to Jeff.

"Hey buddy, caught your act on televi-

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sion. You still whining about the poor, oppressed people?" I kidded my friend.

"Well, if it isn't the hot-shot architect," he zinged back. "Ripoff any unsuspecting people today?"

"No, it was too hot in my office to hang around," I answered. "Seriously, I was calling to see if I could help out with the Cubans."

"Need some cheap, non-union labor?" he joked.

"Come on. I really mean it."

"Funny you should ask, Mark. I've just been to immigration and there are some guys they're willing to let go if I have a place for them."

"Wait a minute, buddy. I'm not running a hotel, I'm offering—"

He cut me off. "To throw a couple bucks my way to ease your conscience? Get off it, Mark."

"Okay, okay. I give. What do I have to do?"

"Just give two guys a place to stay for a couple of days until we can get them something a little more permanent."

"Only a couple of days?"

"Yeah. No more than a week."

"Bring them over then."

"You're aces, my friend. See you in a couple of hours."

What was I doing? Why was I going to open my house to a couple of strangers?

It was because of Jeff. He was my first lover and he really knows how to lay on the guilt trip. I always thought he was a nun masquerading as a gay man.

I got my ass in gear and pulled on some clothes. Where were these guys going to sleep? I could put one in the guest room and the other could sleep on the couch. Why the hell was I getting my bowels in an uproar? They were only going to be here for a few days.

About three hours after our conversation Jeff was on my doorstep. "My friend," he said as he gave me a warm hug. "Thank you in advance."

He turned to the door and called out, "Come in, guys. Here's your home for the next few days. Better than immigration, right?"

My two house guests entered and I was immediately drawn to them. One man was about 5 feet 10 inches tall, with olive skin and a big, bushy moustache. His companion was shorter, about 5 feet 6 inches, light-skinned and clean shaven.

Jeff did the introductions. "Mark, this is Guillermo." The taller man reached out. "And this is Javier." Another handshake. They smiled politely and seemed to be giving me the once over. Why should they be trusting? Here they were in a strange country, a stranger's home,

and facing futures that were, at best, uncertain. They might also have been checking out my looks. I'm sure there aren't too many 6-foot-3 redheads running around in Cuba.

"¡Hola amigos! Mi casa es su casa," I said in my best Spanish 101.

"Ah, gracias. ¿Habla español?"

Guillermo asked.

"Lo siento. Hablo un poco solamente."

"That's all right," Javier chimed in.

"We both speak English. But it was very nice of you to make us feel welcome."

How about that, I thought, nobody's ever accused me of being a diplomat before. "Please, make yourselves at home."

I made a simple dinner of spaghetti and meatballs, but my guests raved as if it were takeout from Maxim's. The four of us spent almost three hours at the table, and managed to polish off a couple of bottles of wine with dinner. I learned that both my new friends were jailed because they were gay; men merely suspected of being homosexuals are frequently arrested in Cuba, they said. Guillermo and Javier had spent three years in prison, and a lot of that time was used protecting each other from the other inmates.

"I was raped four times the first week I was in jail," Javier said rather coolly. I

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was shocked by his matter-of-fact attitude. "Had it not been for Guillermo, I would have killed myself," Javier said.

Guillermo blushed when his friend mentioned him. "Oh, he just exaggerates. He helped me as much as I helped him," he said, brushing off the comment with the wave of a hand.

It was almost midnight when Jeff took his leave. "You'll be just great with them. Thanks so much," he said as he kissed me goodnight. "If there are any problems just call. But you seem capable of handling this."

"Sure, but it's your ass if my stereo is gone in the morning," I kidded him.

I was facing a delicate problem now. I had set up separate sleeping arrangements for these guys, but maybe it wasn't necessary. After all, they had spent all that time together and seemed to look at each other the way lovers do. I decided to be vague and let them make their own decisions.

"Well guys, I'm going to bed. You can use the guest room or the sofa. Just make yourselves comfortable."

A quick glance was exchanged. Javier started pulling the cushions off the sofa and Guillermo headed towards the other room. Just friends, I guessed.

The wine, the dinner and the warm feeling I had for these two men had left me totally relaxed. I stripped off my clothes and got into bed. Sleep came easily.

My fitful rest was disturbed a few hours later; my wine-bloated bladder demanded relief. I quietly slipped down the hall past the guest room and into the john. On my way back I decided to check how Javier was doing on my not-so-comfortable couch. The sofa had never been used. Moving back to my bedroom, I paused by the guestroom and heard the two men whispering.

I didn't want to spy, but my curiosity got the best of me. The door was slightly ajar and I could see Guillermo's ass being plowed by Javier. The shorter man was holding his friend's legs high in the air and pushing his cock into Guillermo's butt. His jabs were rapid, and Guillermo kept coughing out moans.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh Javier," he hissed.

His former cellmate was really putting it to him. If I can't be in on the action, there's nothing I like more than a good show; these two didn't disappoint. Javier pushed into his friend's ass, but he didn't withdraw. Instead, he began to rotate his hips, making his cock dance inside his friend's ass. I could see Guillermo rolling his head from side to side with pleasure. He was jerking on what looked to be an impressive cock.

Javier never said a word. He stopped

his hip movement and held his cock in Guillermo's ass. The shorter man leaned over and whispered something in his friend's ear. Shit, maybe they heard me. As fast and as quietly as I could, I sneaked back to my room, closed the door, and jumped under the covers. As my heartbeat slowed I heard a noise. The door was slightly open and one of the men looked in. I pretended to be sound asleep. A few minutes passed—they seemed like hours—and I heard the door close again. The fear of discovery had withered the hard-on I had got watching these two Latinos. But as my mind kept flashing back to what I had just seen, my cock was inflating. I threw the covers off, turned on my back, slicked up my hand with some lube and started jerking my dick like crazy.

Images raced through my head: Javier's taut, muscled butt, Guillermo's jerking motions, two hot bodies freely enjoying mansex. I moved my right hand faster and grabbed my balls with the left. My body was on fire and I shot cum in high arcs; it coated my chest and stomach. I couldn't believe the intensity of the orgasm. Jerking off was not one of my favorite pastimes, but what I had seen made me incredibly hot. I wiped the leftover cream on the bedsheet and was asleep in no time.

The alarm clock rang out at 7:30 a.m., rousing me from one of the most calming sleeps I ever had. I pulled on a robe and planned to start the coffee before I checked on my guests. Much to my surprise, they were already awake and busy in the kitchen.

"I see I've got a couple of early birds here," I teased them.

"We're still used to getting up very early," Javier explained. "In prison they had us awake before the sun came up."

"And since you were nice enough to make us dinner," Guillermo added, "we thought it would be nice for us to make breakfast. Is that okay?"

"You bet. Tell you what. I'm going to shower and get dressed. Then we can eat."

"We'll have everything ready in about 30 minutes," Javier said.

These guys were okay; I felt a little guilty about my nocturnal spying mission. I tossed my robe on the clothes hamper, turned the water on as hot as I could stand it, and stepped under the soothing flow. I soaped my body thoroughly, and paused to give my cock, balls and nipples some extra attention. Better not go too far. I grabbed a towel and ran it over the unruly red mop on the top of my head. I moved down to my hairless chest and finished up by drying the red bush that covered my groin.

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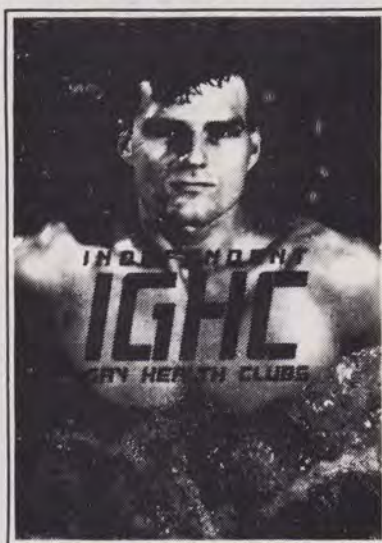


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"Mark, we know you saw what we were doing last night. Javier and I hoped you would join us," Guillermo said as he pumped his stiff dick.

Questioning whether the idiots who ran the office building where I work had gotten the air conditioner fixed, I decided to wear lightweight clothes. My pin-cord three-piecer seemed the best choice. Now fully dressed, I headed toward the kitchen to see what my new friends had prepared.

"Okay guys, what's the . . ." was all I could manage. There weren't any eggs, no toast, no pancakes. No food. I was being offered two heaping servings of Cuban sausage. Javier and Guillermo were poised on my kitchen table and neither of them was wearing a stitch of clothing. Their stiff dicks bobbed against the formica table top and their nipples were stiff as boards.

"Come and get it. Is that how you say it?" Javier asked.

"That's how we say it," I muttered.

"But where do I start?"

Both men jumped from the table and approached me. Neither spoke as they pulled the clothes off my body; they had me completely naked in a few seconds.

Javier took my hand and led me to the breakfast table. He pushed me backwards and I landed face up, staring at these two beautiful men. Guillermo had a construction worker's look; well defin-

ed body, incredibly large arms, and legs that might have been chisled from marble. He took his stiff dick in his hand and pumped it several times.

"Mark, we know you saw what we were doing last night. Javier and I had hoped you would join us." He stoked his dick all the time he was talking.

"Well, uh, I didn't think it would be right," I stammered.

"As you can see, we're not shy people," Javier added. They were the last words out of his mouth; my cock was the first thing in his mouth. Leaning over the table, I could see the muscles in his back ripple. His mouth had a vise-like grip on my meat, I couldn't believe what was happening.

Guillermo slowly approached, walked past his friend, and stood with his cock aimed at my face. My tongue went right for the tip and I licked the head until it was glistening. Guillermo climbed up on the table, straddled my chest, and fed me the rest of his meat. Sure beats coffee and a buttered roll for breakfast!

Javier pulled his mouth off my rod and tongued his way down to my asshole. He spread my legs apart and dove into the crack. My moans were stifled by the large piece of meat poking into my mouth. His tongue was working its way up my ass; I knew what was coming next.

As Javier continued his tongue bath, Guillermo reached for the underside of my thighs and pulled my legs into the air. Javier grabbed some soft margarine from the refrigerator and slicked up his cock with the yellow lubricant. I shuddered as his dickhead pierced me. It wasn't the size of his thick meat that got me, but the cold spread now coating my insides was a shock. Fortunately, it wasn't cold for long. His fucking warmed the margarine and my ass responded.

"Oh Guillermo, this ass is fantastic," Javier called out. "It's so slick, my cock is just gliding in and out."

Guillermo pulled off my dick for a moment to encourage his raging friend. "Do it, *mi amigo*, fuck Mark, show him how much we care."

The dick in my mouth was dripping a steady stream of juice; it seemed to be getting wider and hotter. I reached up and grabbed Guillermo's balls; they were already tight in their sac. I wasn't sure how much longer he could last.

"Oh my balls. Yes, play with my balls," Guillermo screamed.

He abandoned my cock for the time being and let me continue to work his meat. My head was moving so fast I started to feel my neck stiffen, but I wasn't about to give up now. With an

urge previously unknown, I thrust up and met each one of his dick's probes into my waiting mouth. His nuts were quivering and his crotch gave off an incredible heat.

"Now, here it comes. Take it now," Guillermo screamed as he flooded my mouth with waves of hot cum. His whole body was shaking and his cock just kept shooting more and more cum. The flow became too much and I started to gag. Seeing my problem he eased up a bit, and allowed some of the cream to trickle down the sides of my face.

Barely able to recover from the first assault, I now had to prepare for a second. Javier was fucking me with abandon. Guillermo turned to encourage his friend.

"Fill his ass, Javier," Guillermo said as he grabbed hold of his friends' nipples. Twisting the little brown tips put Javier into overdrive. His bush was pushed all the way up against my hole; he couldn't get in any deeper. Just like last night, he switched motions from in and out to a hip-grinding rotation which drove me crazy.

"Oh God, that feels so good. Move your hips, Javier, Oh yeah, that's great."

"I'm going to come. ¡Dios! Here it comes!" A powerful blast traveled up my hole and coated my prostate. Another shot, three, four, five. God, when would he stop. I could feel the cum leaking out of my asshole and coating his crotch.

Guillermo, who had some time to recover, moved over me and put his ass on a collision course with my dick. Already slick from the sucking, Guillermo just lined up and filled his ass with my cock. He bounced up and down on my meat, causing my whole body to tingle.

He looked down at my twisted face and spoke. "Give it to me, Mark. Fill me up. I want to feel you shoot inside me." His rough hands found my nipples and squeezed them. That did it. My dick erupted inside the tight hole and my body convulsed with pleasure.

"Yes. That's the way, Mark," Guillermo said.

The sheer force of the orgasm was coursing through my body and I continued to pound the table until . . .

CRASH!

Guillermo was sprawled out on top of me, and Javier had toppled to the floor. I guess they meant it when they said tables were for glasses and not for asses.

We all started to laugh at ourselves. "Mark, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to. . ." Guillermo started.

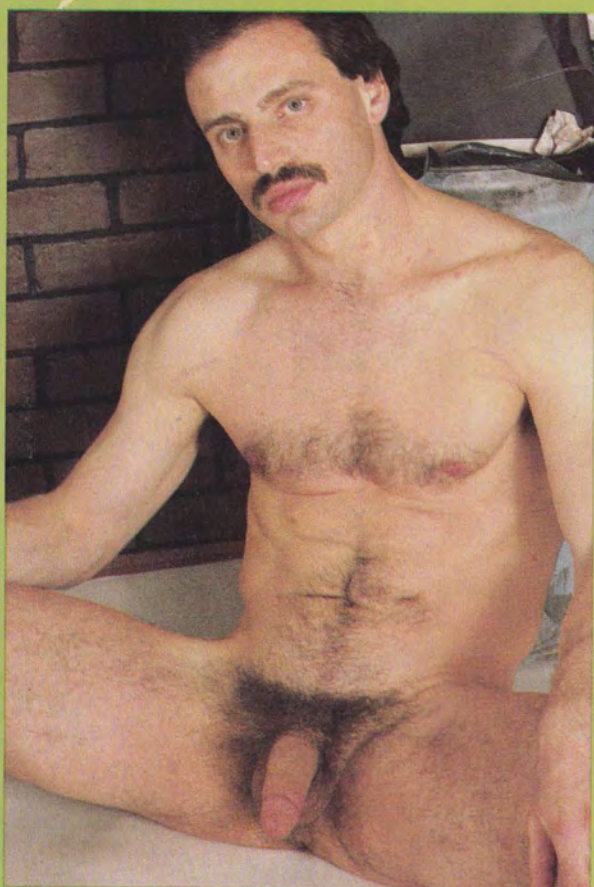
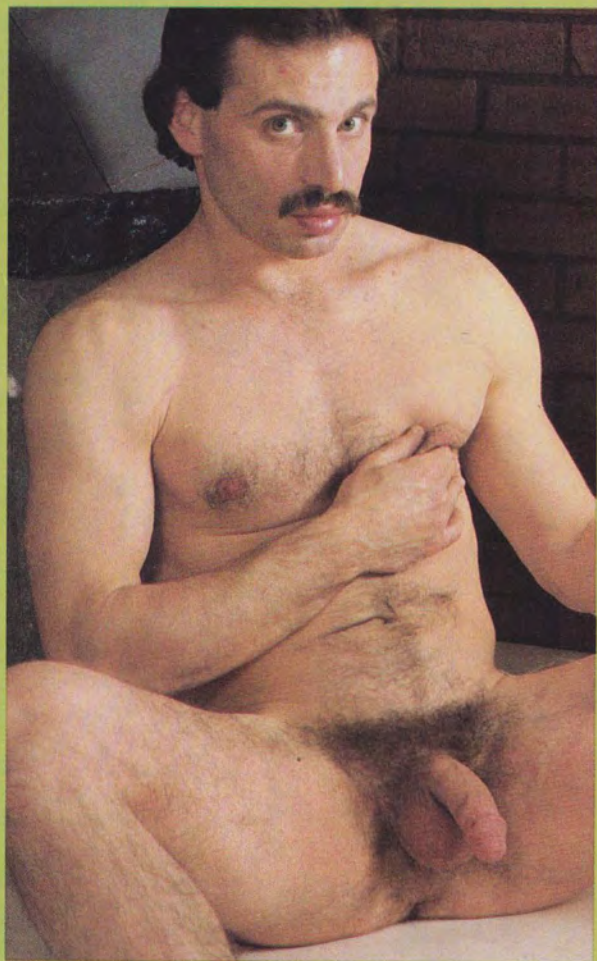
"Don't worry about it," I said. "But next time let's have breakfast in bed!" ■

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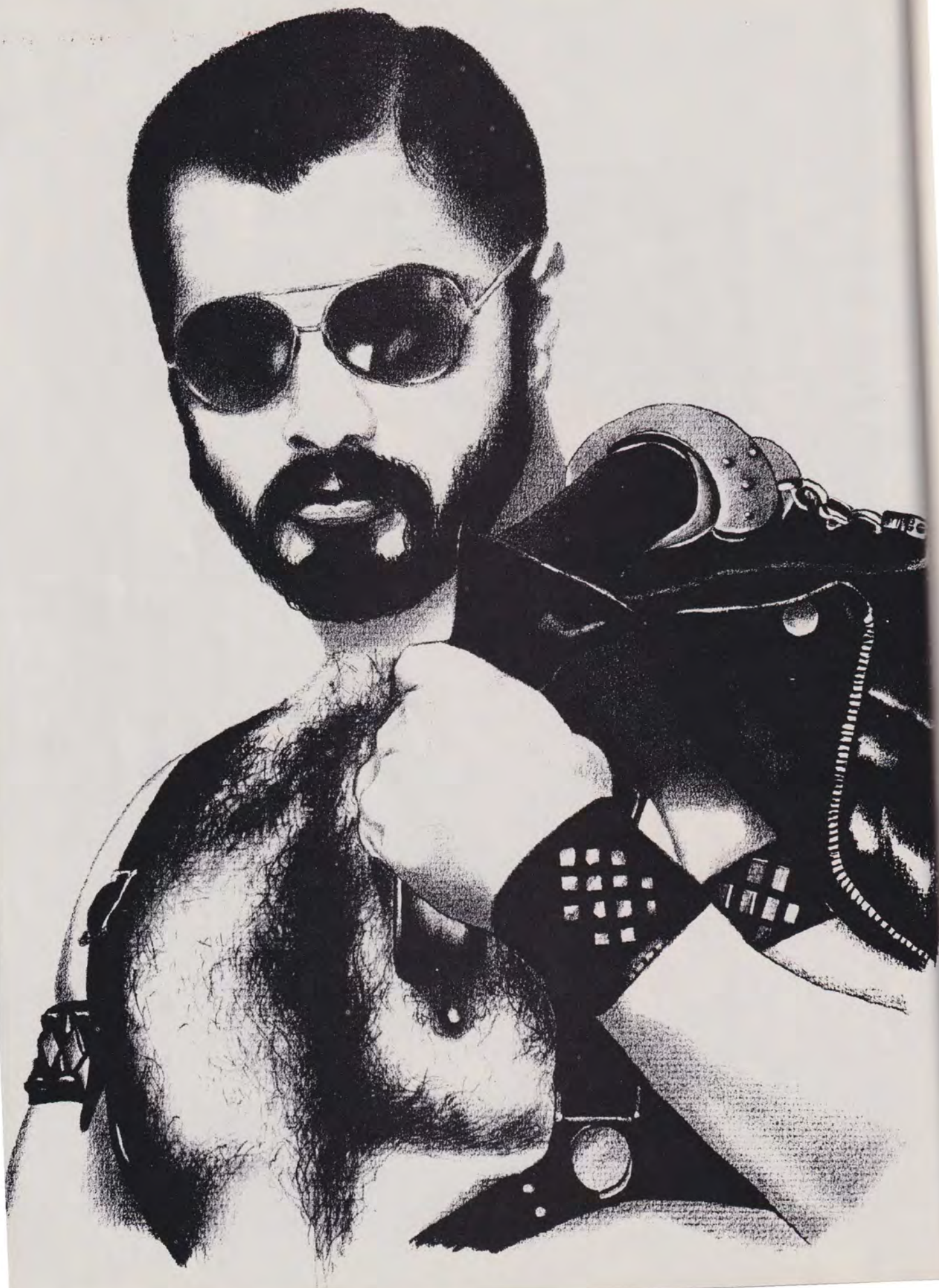
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PREPARED AS HE BRINGS YOUR DEEPEST DESIRES TO LIFE.



HITCHED! HITCHED! HITCHED! HITCHED!

By Christopher • Art by Craig

"You son-of-a-bitch!" Chuck yelled at the bumper of the retreating car. "Of all the God-forsaken places to be dropped off. I'll never make it to the concert. That lousy bastard. Just 'cause I wouldn't give him a blowjob he tells me to get out." Chuck looked around and saw nothing but desert and sagebrush. "I'd best get moving, or it's going to be next week before I get to Houston."

It was one of those hot, dusty Texas days, and Chuck was stuck walking on a deserted road. "Jesus, it's too fuckin' hot," he complained. "Somebody's got to come by soon." Off in the distance Chuck heard a noise that steadily grew louder. "All fuckin' right," he yelled. "Now stop for Chucky, please. Don't make me waste these tickets." He turned around, thrust out his hips, and stuck out his thumb. The sound turned into a roar, and Chuck saw a group of about six bikers tearing down the road. Through the dusty haze he could see that they were a goodlooking group of studs, and the dude in the lead was the best looking one of all. The bikers were dressed in leather from head to toe. The next thing Chuck saw was their backs as they zoomed past him. "Shit," he yelled, "I'm never gonna make it to the concert." He

Continued to page 71



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HITCHED

Continued from page 69

started walking again. Chuck eventually came to a bridge which crossed a dry gulch; he started to walk across when he heard a deep voice growl from behind him.

"Don't go too far, pretty boy. I've got plans for you."

Chuck spun around and found himself face to face with the leader of the pack. The biker wore black, dusty chaps which hugged his powerful legs and outlined a huge basket. A matching leather vest framed the motorcyclist's barrel chest, which was covered with thick, black hair. Mirrored sunglasses were perched on the biker's rugged, suntanned face, and a thick moustache covered his mouth.

"Plans?" Chuck asked.

As he nervously spat out the word, Chuck heard some movement behind him. He turned and saw two men charging forward; they shoved Chuck to the ground.

Chuck took a quick look around the barn. He must have been too involved in his cocksucking to hear any noise, but now he saw that there were five bikers all waiting to take their shot at his lean body.

"Move one muscle, pretty boy," one of the men whispered, "and you're dead."

Chuck froze. The men hauled him to his feet and hustled him over to the leader. Chuck was only wearing tight cut-offs, so the leader got a good look at the hitchhiker's well-tanned body.

"Turn him around," the leader said. The two men spun their captive around. Chuck couldn't see the leader, but he heard a small grunt of approval. "Put him on my bike and let's go."

Chuck started to protest, but his captors only tightened their grip; the prisoner decided to keep quiet. The men dragged Chuck under the bridge and shoved him onto a bike. "Cuff him," Chuck heard one of the men say. His arms were wrenched around, and he felt the cold metal bite into his wrists; his arms were manacled around the leader's waist.

"Hey Rex. We're ready to roll," one of

the other men said.

"Okay, let's get going, Tom," the leader yelled. "And you," he said to Chuck, "don't try anything stupid." The menacing tone of the leader's voice scared Chuck. Rex started up his hog and took off with his prisoner in tow.

As the bikers sped down the road, Rex grabbed Chuck's bound hands and pushed them down to his crotch. "Get a good feel of my dick, pretty boy. I want you to know exactly what's going to be getting into you." Chuck couldn't do anything but obey orders; he started to grope Rex's dick. The cock in Chuck's hand was as hard as a cement pole.

The groping continued as the bikers pulled off the main highway and headed for a dirt-covered side road. "What the hell have I gotten myself into?" Chuck wondered. The bikers turned onto another deserted strip of land, and Chuck could see their ultimate destination in the distance. The men and their captive were headed for an old, rundown barn just ahead. The group pulled up to the weather-worn structure. Rex's two henchmen jumped off their bikes and

pulled the barn doors open. They drove the choppers into this makeshift garage and parked in some cattle stalls. One of the men came over and uncuffed Chuck from Rex's waist. The prisoner tried to run, but he was brought down by the man Rex called Tom.

"I thought you'd try a dumbshit stunt like that. Now you're going to have to pay for it. Hey Rex, what should I do with pretty boy?" Tom asked.

"Just cuff him again, and put him over there," Rex said, pointing to a pile of hay in the middle of the floor. Chuck, his hands secured again, was thrown to the floor. Rex inspected his captive like a butcher checking out a piece of meat. "Strip him," Rex barked.

Tom pulled out a knife and started cutting Chuck's shorts. The steely blade scraped along Chuck's skin. Rex stood over Chuck, and a sinister grin spread across the master's face. The leader

Continued to page 74

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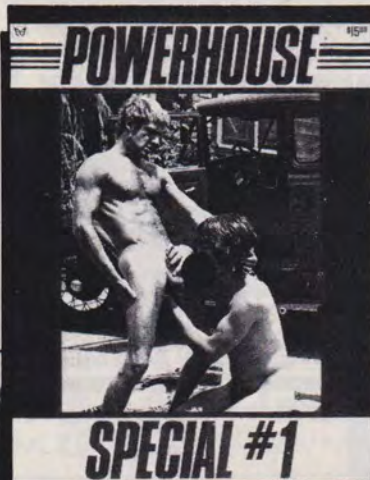
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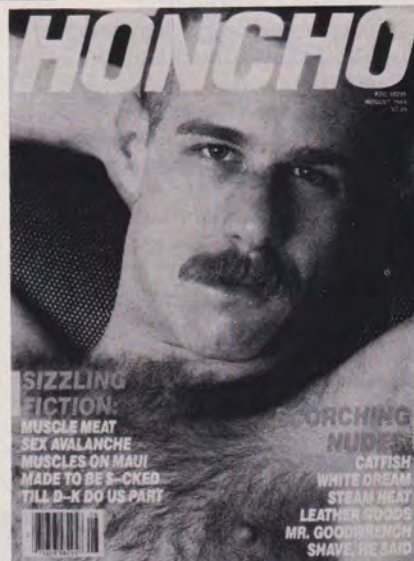
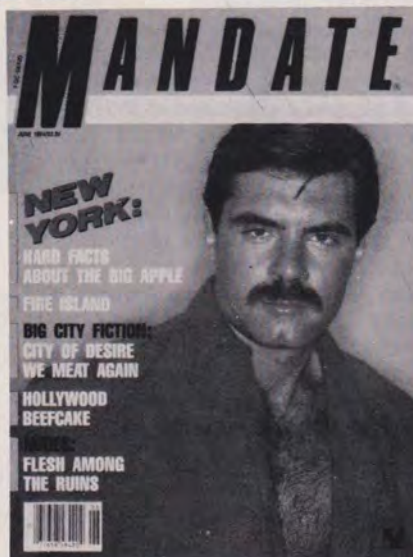
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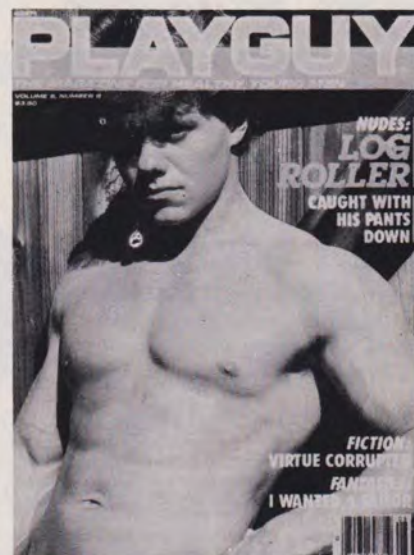
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HITCHED

Continued from page 71

stroked his dick through his Levis and looked down at the shivering body below him. Rex liked it when his captives were scared, and this good-looking blond below him was terrified.

"Get up here, I've got something for you," Rex teased. Chuck was too frightened to move.

"Rex gave you an order, shithead," Tom yelled. He and the other biker grabbed Chuck and hauled him to his knees. Rex closed in and soon Chuck's mouth was level with the leader's crotch. "Open your mouth," Tom screamed. Chuck's face was mashed into Rex's crotch; the hitchhiker was desperately trying to get the buttons open using only his teeth.

Rex smiled as he watched Chuck struggle; the leader signaled to Tom and the other man to get naked. Both of his buddies had great bodies, and Rex liked sharing hitchhikers with them. Chuck finally reached the last button on Rex's jeans; the prisoner licked and sucked at the hairs around the base of the leader's cock. Rex freed his cock from its blue-jean prison. Chuck's eyes widened when he saw what was about to be

shoved down his throat. Rex's dick was about seven inches when soft, and the head was covered by a thick foreskin. Rex moved forward and grabbed Chuck by the hair.

"Suck it up, pretty boy. It's all for you, and you better do a good job," Rex sneered. The captive's mouth was forced open and the large dick was shoved down his throat.

Chuck started sucking for all he was worth. Rex took a deep breath, sighed, and let loose with a heavy stream of piss. Chuck gagged and choked as the hot, bitter liquid flooded his mouth.

"Don't you spill a drop, you little fucker, or you'll find out what pain really is," Rex threatened.

The leader pulled Chuck closer and winked at the other two bikers. Chuck suddenly felt streams of liquid splashing his body. The other two men were giving the hitchhiker a golden shower; he wanted to scream, but he knew he was helpless. Though having some difficulty breathing, Chuck continued to gulp down the yellow liquid flooding his mouth. The stream shooting from Rex's dick finally eased to a trickle and then stopped.

"Very good, pretty boy. For drinking all my piss down you get a reward," Rex said. "You get to suck something else out of my cock."

Rex waved his growing dick in front of Chuck's face. The prisoner didn't open his mouth fast enough, so Tom grabbed one of his nipples and squeezed hard. Chuck tried to scream, but Rex filled the hitchhiker's mouth with his expanding meat. Chuck choked as Rex mercilessly fucked his throat.

"Aw yeah, lick that dick," Rex cried out.

While the leader's dick filled his throat, Chuck began to feel other sensations. Tom was grabbing and pinching his nipples; the other man was slapping his ass. All this stimulation made Chuck hot, and he felt his dick getting hard.

"Hey Rex, he likes it," Tom said.

"Then give the little shit some more," Rex snarled.

Tom pulled away from Chuck's tits momentarily; the hitchhiker suddenly felt something cold and hard grab his nipples. Chuck gasped as the tit clamps bit into his flesh. Once the pain subsided, Chuck started sucking harder on Rex's cock. The leader was close to coming, but he wasn't ready to shoot yet. He pulled his dick out of Chuck's mouth and pushed the captive down to the floor. Rex moved forward until his balls hung over Chuck's mouth.

"Clean 'em good, fucker," he growled, "and I might do something nice for you." Chuck craned his neck and started

blood & guts

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**The men dragged
Chuck under the
bridge,
and shoved him
onto a motorcycle.**

**"Cuff him,"
Chuck heard one
of the men say.**

sucking on the hairy sac. He coated the two orbs with his saliva and tried to take them both in his mouth. Chuck continued his tongue bath, but was jolted by a new sensation. He became aware of a warm wetness moving its way up and down his straining dick. He paused for a moment to savor the blow job; Rex didn't like the interruption. The leader turned and saw one of his bikers going down on the young hitchhiker. Rex leaned back and slapped the man's face.

"After I get done, and only then, is he yours," Rex yelled. He looked down at Chuck and said, "As for you, pretty boy, there's trouble coming. But since you're such a good ball licker I'll let you have another chance. Now, do you want to get fucked wet or dry?"

Chuck knew his ass would be torn apart if Rex fucked him dry. In an act of self-preservation Chuck leaned forward and started sucking on Rex's cock. The hitchhiker moistened the big dick with spit. Chuck was puzzled; he was actually beginning to enjoy what was happening. He put more effort into his cock-sucking, but he still couldn't figure out why he wanted to please this man who was humiliating him.

Rex, deciding that this kid had made his dick nice and slippery, pulled out of Chuck's mouth. Finally given a minute to catch his breath, Chuck took a quick look around the barn. He must have been too involved in his cocksucking to hear any noise, but he now saw that there were five bikers all waiting to take their shot at his lean body.

"Roll him over," Rex commanded. "I want to get a good look at his ass before I fuck it."

Chuck was roughly flipped over, and a pair of calloused hands began to knead his butt. A finger slipped into his hairless asshole.

"Nice ass," Tom said. "Bet you get fucked a lot, pretty boy."

"N-N-No," Chuck stammered. Rex's hand slapped Chuck's face.

"When you speak to any of us you use the word *sir*," Rex yelled as he whacked Chuck's ass.

"Yes, SIR!" Chuck screamed, but Rex kept slapping his butt. Rex's strong hands pounded Chuck's fleshy cheeks.

"Looking better and better, Rex. Swear to God no one, but no one, can get an ass as red as you can," Tom said.

Tom's encouragement was all Rex needed. He plunged his finger into the waiting asshole below him. Chuck moaned. "Please go easy," the captive

begged.

Rex just laughed and lunged forward until all nine inches of his cock were buried in Chuck's hole. The sudden intrusion was too much. Chuck screamed out and began thrashing around.

"Plug his mouth," Rex barked at Tom.

Tom jumped forward and shoved his dick down Chuck's throat. Chuck stopped moving around and began to suck on Tom's cock. Tom's meat wasn't as big as Rex's, but it was a mouthful. Rex continued to assault the hitchhiker's ass, and Tom slid his cock in and out of Chuck's mouth. The two dicks plugging away at Chuck's body drove him crazy with desire. The hitchhiker wished he had more holes, so that the rest of the bikers could work him over at the same time.

Rex started slapping Chuck's ass again. The leader increased his fuck motion, and let out a loud grunt with each push forward. Tom was also getting close; he grabbed Chuck by the ears, held his head still, and savagely face-fucked the helpless kid. The dick in Chuck's ass expanded, then suddenly burst with a flood of cum. As the hot cream poured into his hungry ass Chuck heard Tom scream. The biker filled his mouth with a thick load. Taking just a minute to catch their breath, both Tom and Rex roughly pulled out of Chuck.

"Nice tight ass," Rex said. "Who wants it next?"

The other bikers swarmed all over Chuck. They all took turns plugging his ass and fucking his mouth. Chuck was delirious. The young hitchhiker took every load the bikers could pump into him. When they all finished with their captive, Rex flipped Chuck on his back.

"What's your name, pretty boy?" Rex asked.

"Chuck."

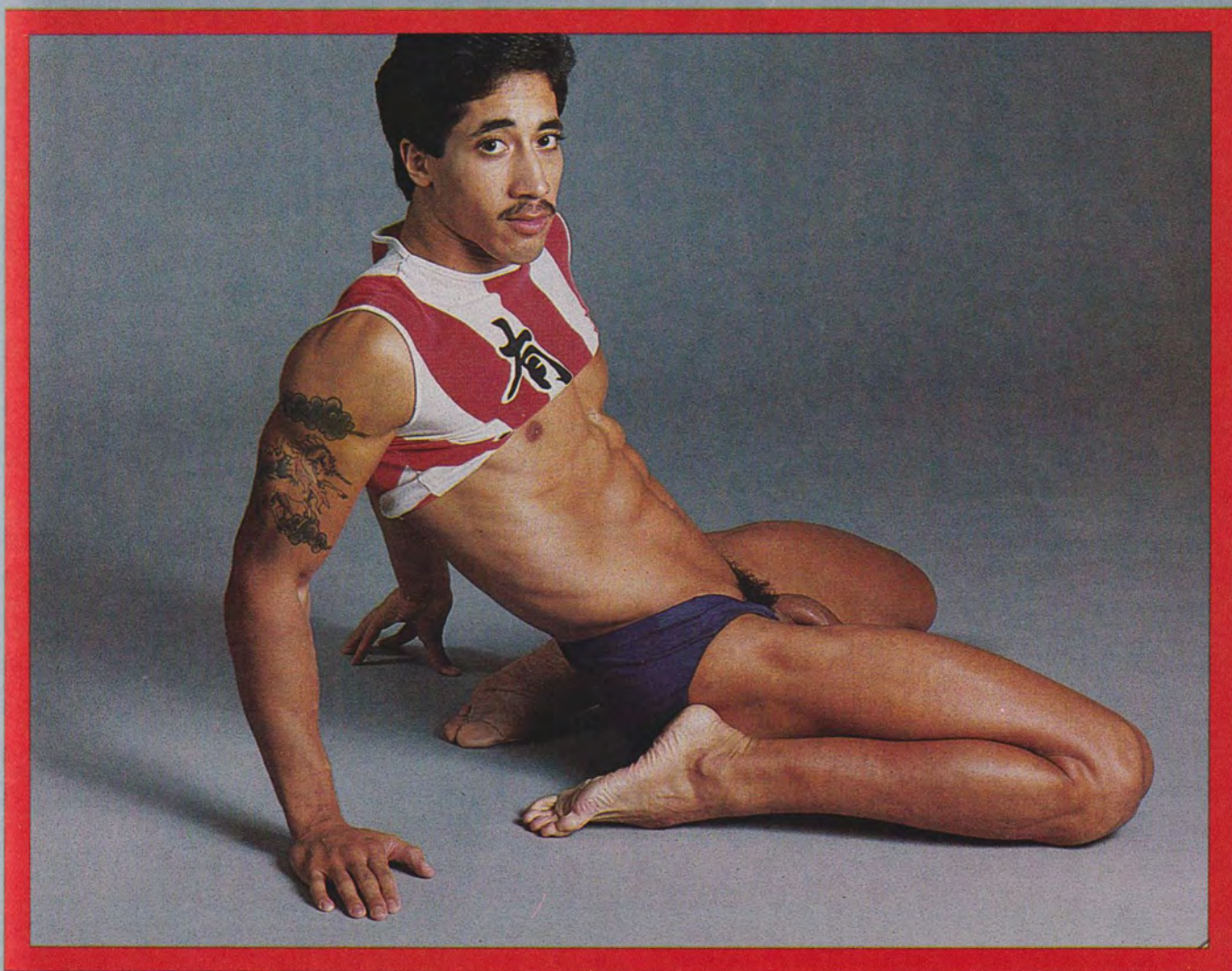
"Well, Chuck, we like you, and we've decided to keep you," Rex said. "Get used to this because we have lots of miles to go and all the time in the world to get where we're going." The leader unlocked the handcuffs and told Chuck, "You've got one minute to come."

Chuck grabbed his cock and frantically pumped as Rex counted down the time. With just ten seconds to go Chuck's dick exploded, and he coated his body with the load.

"Very good, Chuck. Now you get a reward. Open your mouth and suck on this dick," Rex ordered.

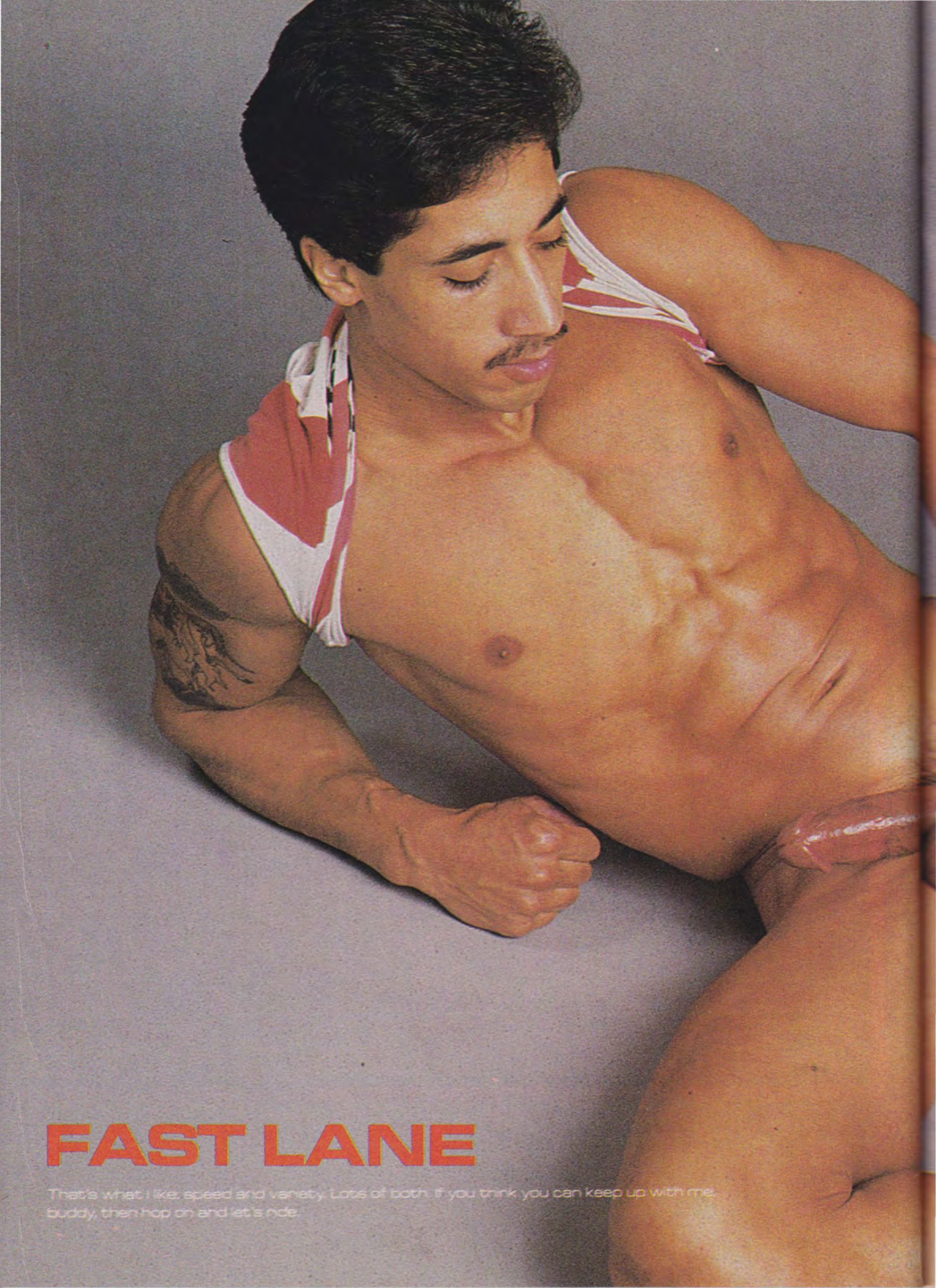
Chuck knew he'd be with these men for a long time. ■

FAST LANE



I like my life—and my loving—in the fast lane. Some guys say I move at the speed of light.

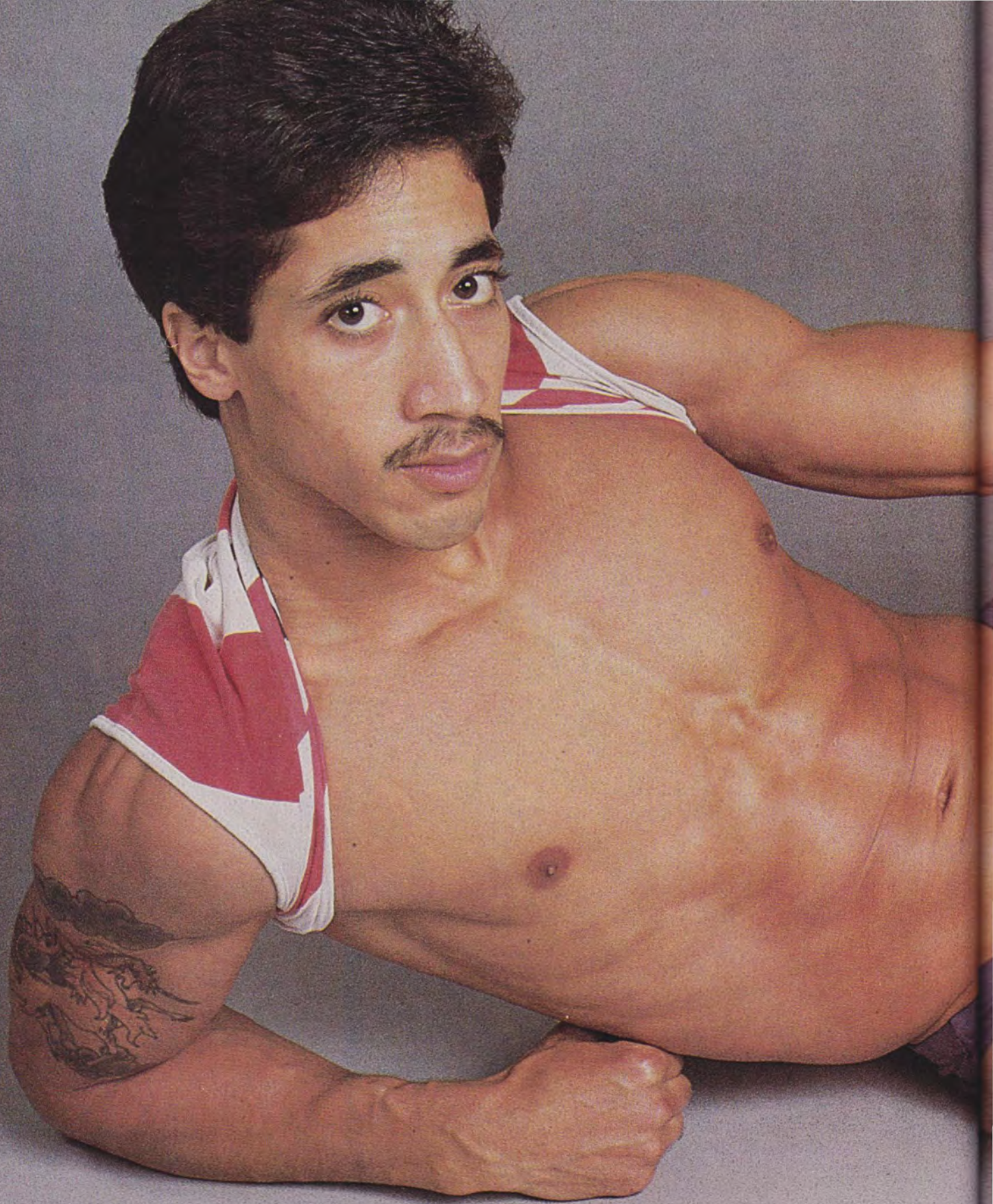
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FAST LANE

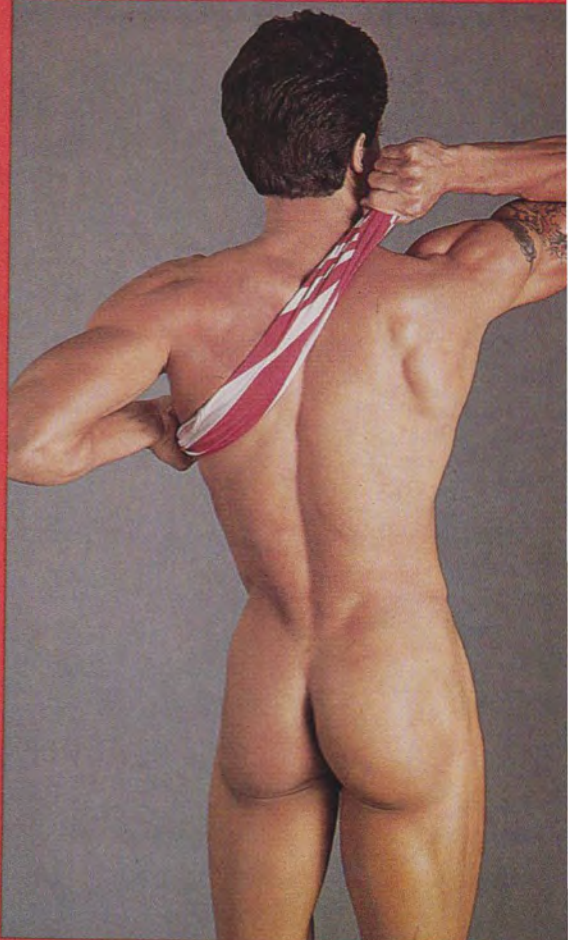
That's what I like: speed and variety. Lots of both. If you think you can keep up with me, buddy, then hop on and let's ride.

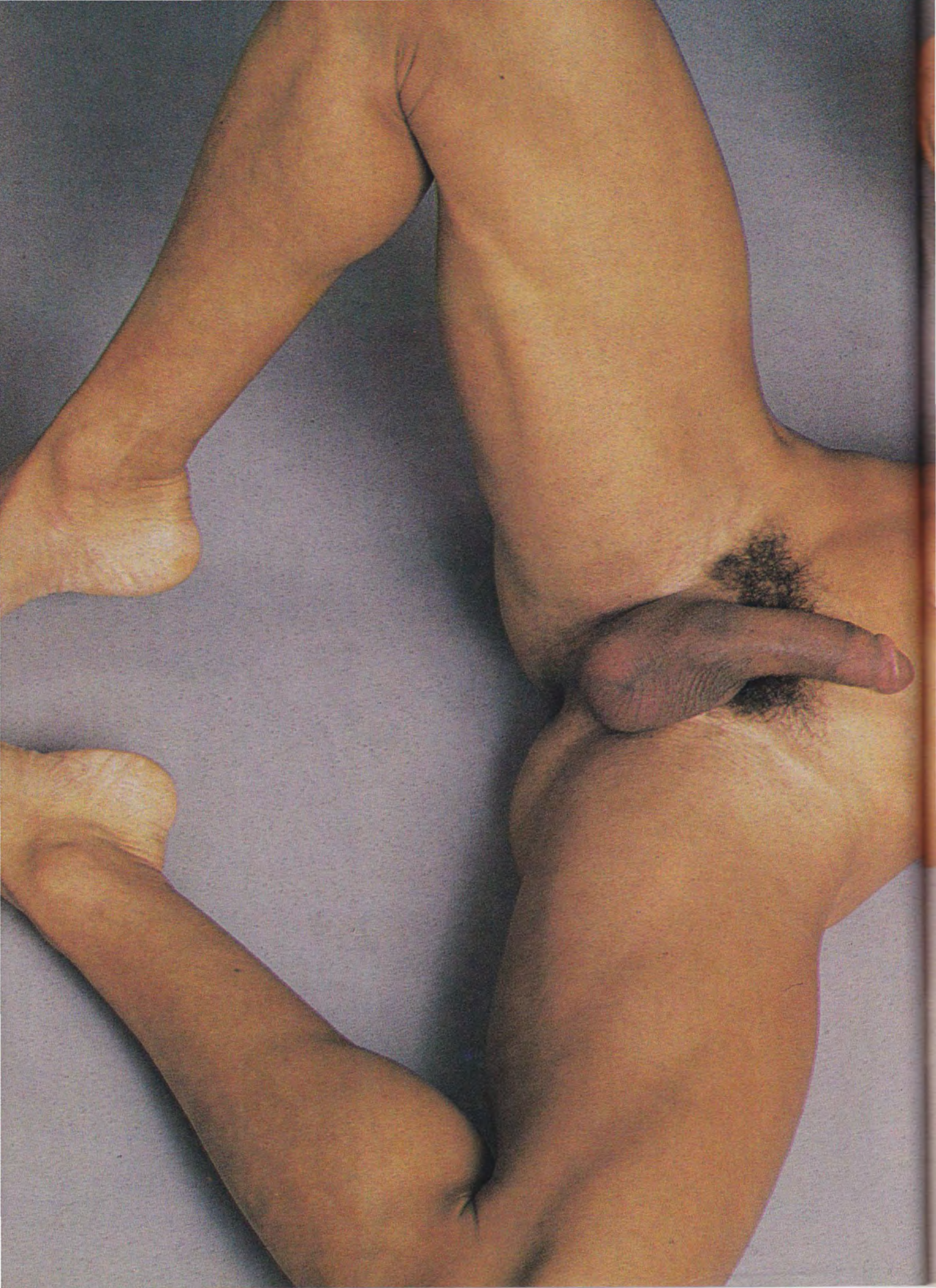


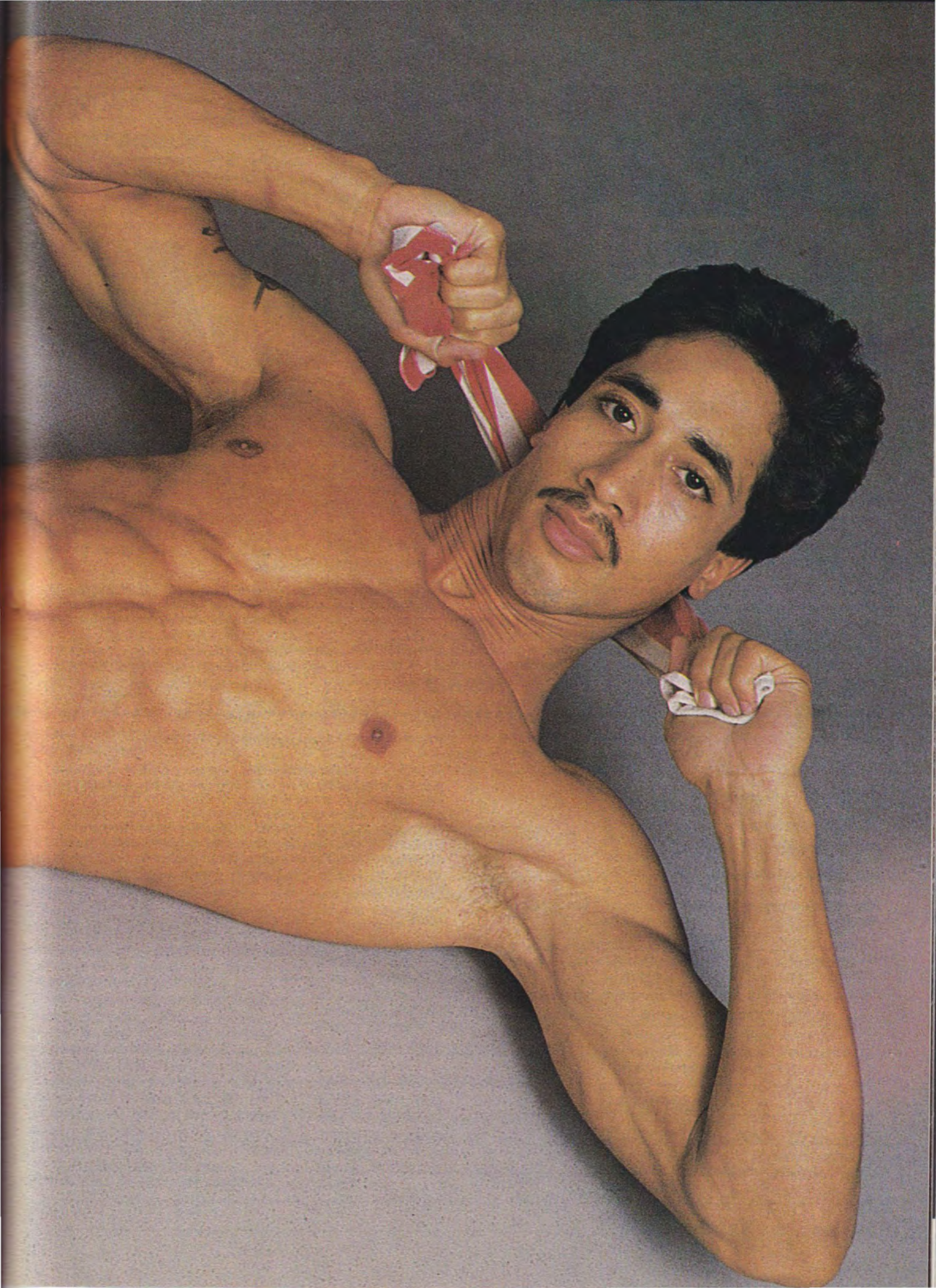


FAST LANE

I'm warning you, though—I'm a big handful of rompin', stompin' hell. But, like I told you, if you think you can stay on, you're welcome to come along for the ride. Hold on tight!







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GWM 32-175-6'

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

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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.

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GWM 5'9", 165

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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.

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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.

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Looking for lover, I get enuff tricks w/o an ad. Me 5'4", 125, 36C, 28W, 8 thick cut, brn/brn hairy chest moustache. Into film, photog, travel, cruising. Successful, versatile. You are short, blond, uncut, hairy legs. I'm almost 40 but due to a wild and misspent youth I easily pass for 27. Steve Hirsch, 241 6th Avenue, NYC 10014.

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Goodlooking Bi/WMM, 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.

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

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

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Dom GBM 59 155 lbs Seeking long term relationship with submissive male 18-27 yrs. South Central PA area. No fats fems or tvs. Occupant, PO Box 166, Lebanon, PA 17402.

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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.

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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.

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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).

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GWM, 6', 165, Bl/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.

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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.

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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 Nymegen, NETHERLANDS.

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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.

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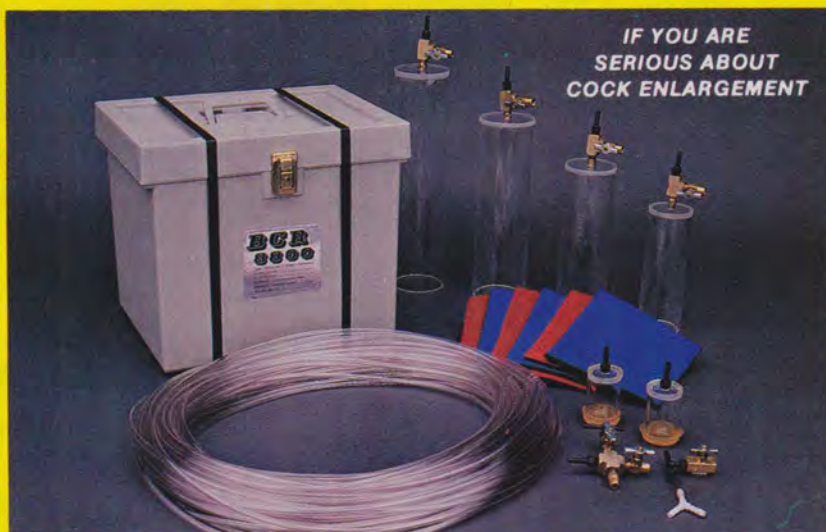
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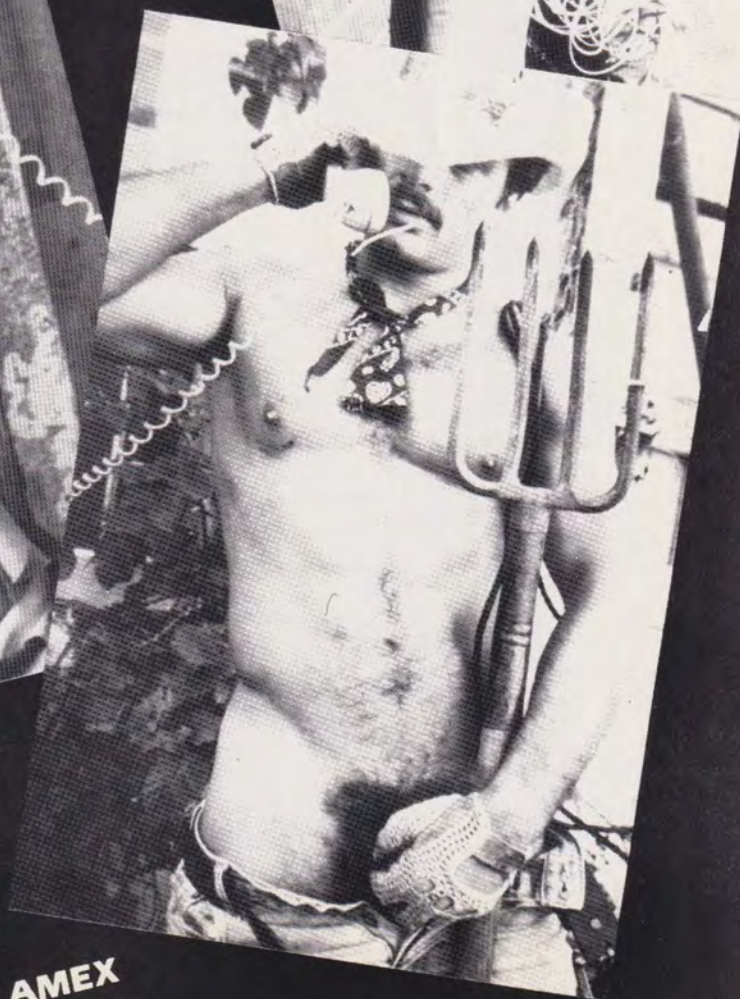
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