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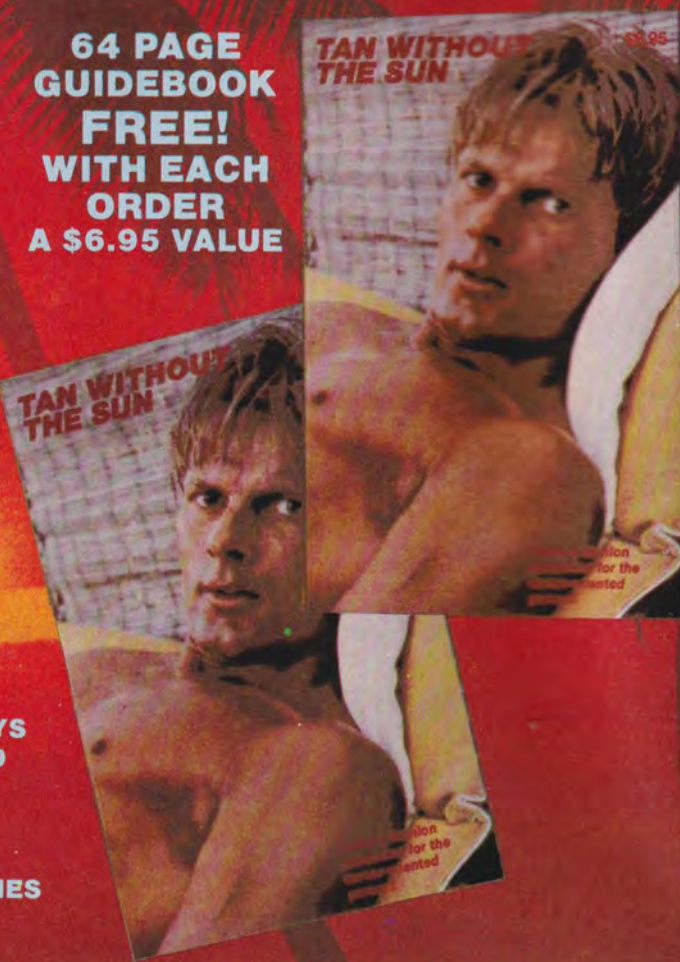
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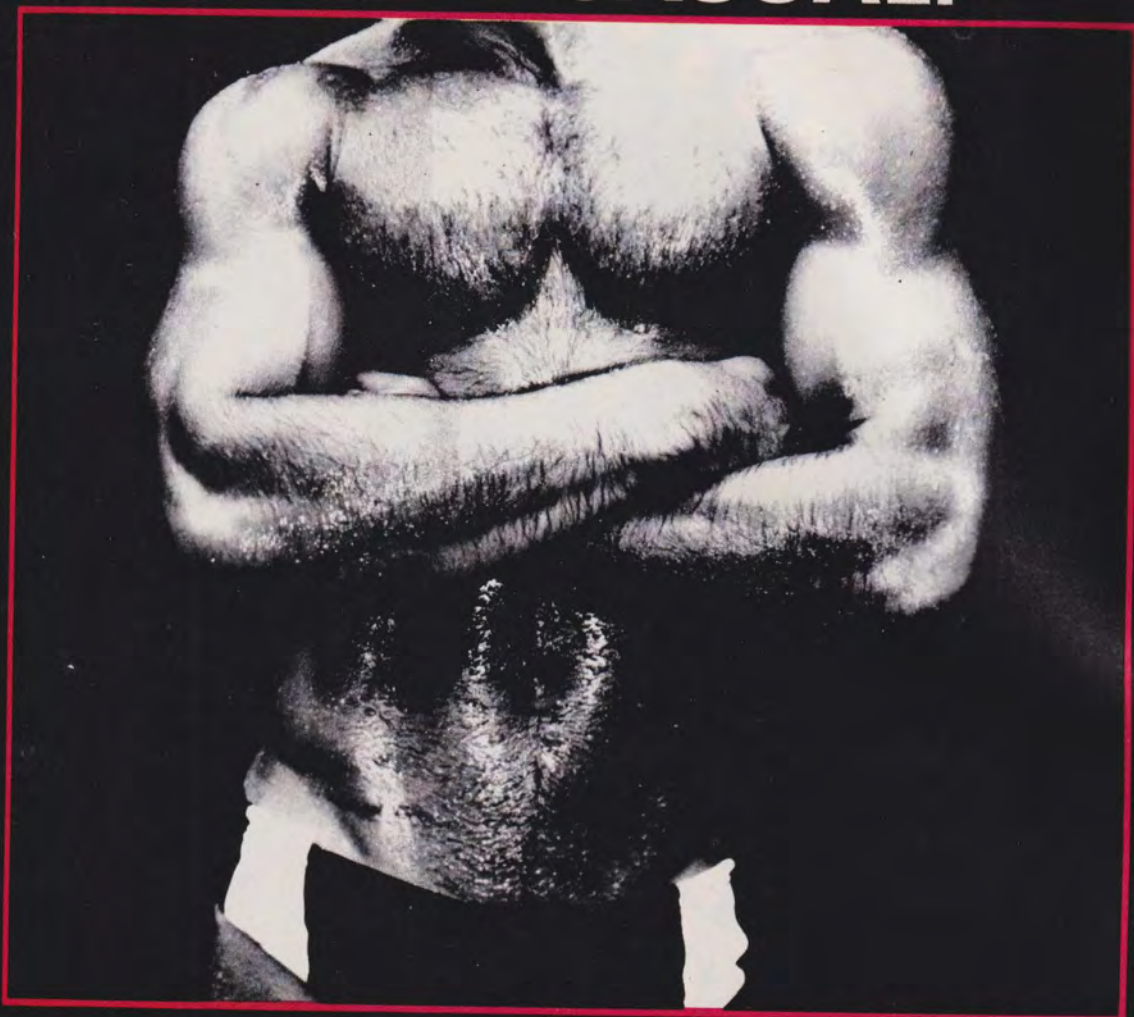


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THE MAGAZINE FOR THE MACHO MALE

VOLUME 8 • NUMBER 6
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STAFF

PUBLISHER / GEORGE MAVETY

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF / SAM STAGGS

EXECUTIVE ART DIRECTOR / TONY FEO

ASSOCIATE EDITORS / FREEMAN GUNTER, BILL BAUMER

ART ASSISTANTS / JAN HOUSTON, DAVID WORKS

TYPESETTING / IAN DANIELS

CIRCULATION DIRECTOR / FRED MANAS

ADVERTISING / MODERNISMO

(212) 691-7700

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CHARTER MEMBER



GAY PRESS ASSOCIATION

TEAM COLORS

By Mark Fox • Photos by Naakkve

***He looked me over
like I was a new car.
"Step over here and
take off your shirt,"
he commanded.
And when a hot
football hunk gives
an order, I always
want to obey.***


When I was a freshman in college I was desperate to make enough money to afford my own apartment. Dorm living was too crazy and macho, and though I'm not a wimp, I have never been "one of the boys." My brother was a senior at the same college, and he got me my job—a job that was more satisfying than anything I have done since. My brother didn't know that I was gay, but even if he had he couldn't have gotten me a better job.

At my college the football team is one step higher than God; as a reward for making the team each player was given his own private off-campus apartment. The team's apartment complex had a specially designed gym and pool. I was a houseboy for two players: Raitt, a hulking, sandy-haired hunk from Colorado; and Yale, a muscular black man from Michigan. Both of them were nice and quiet individually, but they were a rowdy pair together. Every other day I had to clean their rooms and accompany them wherever they went. I was treated a little better than a servant, though I noticed some of the other guys were treated more like slaves.

Raitt and Yale were inseparable. They







His massive thumbs hooked the band of his brief bit of swimsuit and yanked it off, releasing his huge cock. "Now, you just take that head in your hot little mouth, and I'll do the rest," he promised.

spent all their free time together, either at the gym or the Dungeon—the footballers' local dive. They were clean guys; I had no trouble picking up after them, but being in such close quarters with these two handsome, well-built men made for some awkward moments. It seemed like every time I went to clean their apartment they were both running around naked. Their cocks were huge, and usually half-erect—like ripe fruit ready to be tasted. They must have noticed my silent admiration, but they didn't hide their well-tooled masculinity from my prying eyes.

A lot of my time was spent by the pool; I'd bring the guys fresh beers and throw their empty cans in the trash. Raitt and Yale liked to sit by the side of the pool. They always wore tight Speedos which emphasized their meaty cocks. The other guys wore more modest outfits, but my two men weren't ashamed to strut their well-formed muscles and thick cocks. After a couple of beers, both of my charges would start making comments about the other guys. A couple of times, when drunk enough, Raitt or Yale would pull their teammates in the pool. My employers thought nothing about groping and teasing another guy's hot meat, or even pulling off a teammate's trunks to expose a hearty, untanned ass and a purple-capped dick.

"Hey!" Raitt would yell as one of the now naked guys pulled himself out of the pool. (Most of Raitt's "victims" sported growing erections.) "What three little words does Donnie hear every night from his girl?"

"What?" Yale would ask.

"Is it in?"

This kind of horseplay would go on for hours. All the team members would

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lounge by the pool; they would get drunk and horny, and start groping some of the houseboys. I could tell Raitt and Yale were getting off on the other guys. At about five the crowd would break up, and Yale, Raitt, and I would be left alone to laugh and swim one last lap before leaving. I remember one Friday when they were both so hot that they couldn't leave the pool. Their cocks strained against their tiny racing suits. Luckily, most of the other guys had gone out that night; we had the place to ourselves.

"Hey, Fox, bring us a beer!" Yale called as he and Raitt stepped, dripping wet, from the pool.

I brought them two beers and eyed them excitedly but cautiously. Yale and Raitt sat back on their plastic chaise longues, their legs splayed open and their baskets straining with anticipation. I was careful to play the blind servant. I wasn't sure if my assumptions about their being gay were true, and I didn't know if they were interested in me.

"Haven't we got a good houseboy, Raitt?" Yale asked, gently rubbing the water from his pitch-black nipple.

"The best," Raitt nodded.

"He's good looking, too. Got a beautiful body."

"Fox is the perfect name for him, all right."

"Yeah. Hey, bring that perfect body over here," Yale ordered.

Luckily, I was wearing long pants; I didn't want Yale to know that my cock was as stiff as an oak tree. The feel of his rough, strong hands touching my body got me hot as hell.

"You play football, Mark?" Raitt asked me as he pressed my biceps.

"Not like you guys," I stammered. "Just with friends."

"Aren't we your friends?" Yale asked.

"No, I mean back home," I babbled. Both of them nodded and smiled at each other.

Raitt was looking at me like I was a new car. "Step over here and take off your shirt," he told me.

I did what he said without hesitation. The two men pressed closer, and began probing my arms and chest. Then they ran their hands over my thighs.

"Nice thighs. Strong," Yale commented, his lips only inches from my pulsating erection.

They could tell I was enjoying their seduction. Raitt stood behind me, his thumbs hooked into the sides of my jeans. He bent down and slowly traced my backbone with his tongue. I almost collapsed under the fantastic sensation of his pink tongue on my hot back.

"You can tell a strong back when it

reacts like that," he mumbled, his lips close to my ear, his breath streaking across my throat in steaming waves.

Yale was still on his knees before me, his fingers gently toying with my belt buckle. "I wanna get a closer look at those hairy thighs of yours."

He stared me in the eyes as his hands deftly unhooked my belt and popped open the buttons of my 501s. My Levis slipped off, and both Yale and Raitt were on their knees admiring me. Raitt's hands stroked my thighs; I felt Yale's nose press into my white cotton Calvin Kleins—the scent of hot, ready males was so thick you could drink it. With Raitt behind me and Yale still in front, they eased down my briefs.

"How'd you like to see how we warm up before playing a game?" Raitt asked, his breath so close to my balls that they squirmed and jumped. All I could do was nod and moan.

Yale and Raitt led me into the large enclosed lounge beside the pool. They pushed me to my knees. My two studs stood in front of me like stallions: their thighs were as big as my head and their Speedos were so tight that I could count the hairs on their balls.

"The first warm-up we do helps loosen the all-important throat muscles," Raitt informed me. His massive thumbs hooked the band of his brief bit of swimsuit and yanked it off, releasing his huge cock. "Now, you just take that sweet red head in your hot little mouth, and I'll do the rest."

Needless to say I knew what to do, and how to do it. I teased his cock with a few tongue lashes on the slit before gulping the entire eight inches down my throat. My hands wrapped around Raitt's hard ass, and I pulled his body toward me until I felt his crisp blond pubic hairs caress my face. Raitt sighed and began fucking my face, pushing his cock slowly into my mouth. I traced the veins with my tongue, and bit at the purple tip. My hands massaged Raitt's tight ass, and my fingers explored his sweaty crevice until they found his hole. Raitt began ramming my face as I touched his asshole with my finger.

"Let me teach the boy something," Yale said.

"Take a look at this slab of dark meat, Fox, and tell me it isn't the most delicious thing you've ever seen," Raitt said as he yanked off Yale's Speedo.

"We're almost the same size," Yale said as his hand caressed Raitt's thick, wet tool. "But I'm a quarter of an inch longer."

Yale proved his point by pressing the underside of his stiff cock against



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SPAKE

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PHOTO: JOHN KRAUSE

Continued to page 85



RENT CONTROL

By Peter Principal • Art by Richard White

Craig Carrington had just turned eighteen when his parents were killed in a car accident. He was left alone, with nothing except the brick house where he had been raised. Craig's formerly quiet neighborhood was now the hub of the town's expanding industrial area; a huge factory that employed some 2,000 men was right across the street. Craig eventually had to push the shock and pain of the accident from his mind—he was too worried about earning enough money to keep the house.

The only feasible way to raise cash was to rent out rooms. Getting tenants shouldn't be too difficult, Craig thought, with all those guys working nearby. A few of the larger houses in the neighborhood already offered rooms to rent.

Craig tried to make the four extra bedrooms resemble what he thought a working man would want. He had never worked (he had been planning to return to college at the time of his parents' death), and he had led a somewhat sheltered life; Craig was the only child of an overly cautious mother, and his father was often away on business. He had no girlfriends, nor any friends of either sex. And now he was left to fend for himself.

As he put out the new "Rooms for Rent" sign in front of the house, Craig felt his heart pounding. The idea of

strange men in the house was both exciting and nerve-wracking. He actually broke out in a sweat when someone knocked on the door that evening. Jake Mason was looking for a room. His dark eyes widened as he surveyed the pretty blond boy at the door.

"Your folks in, kid? I need a room."

"I'm the one renting rooms," Craig answered. "This is my place now."

Jake grinned. "Sorry. Well, let's see what you've got."

Jake swung his worn suitcase over his shoulder and pushed his way past the uncertain youth. Craig noticed that his prospective tenant had parked a huge motorcycle outside the house. It was a mean looking machine, and the leather seat was well-worn. Craig closed the door and gave Jake the once over. This was one big guy! Jake must have been at least six-five. He was tanned, muscular, and hairy all over—arms, armpits, chest—nothing much was hidden by the worker's leather vest. He wore old, faded jeans which were molded tightly to his big, solid thighs. Craig's eyes darted upward. Jake's dark eyes, aware of the inspection, revealed nothing. He simply looked back at the younger man, checking him out.

Blond, curly hair, light blue eyes, smooth, pale skin; a nice build, slim but

not skinny. About five-nine, Jake estimated, one hundred fifty-odd pounds. Nothing showing in the crotch, but nice tits pressing against his thin summer shirt.

The telephone in the kitchen rang. Relieved to escape Jake's steady gaze, Craig excused himself. "Back in two seconds." Jake took the opportunity to inspect Craig's tight, protruding ass as the young guy hurried away. Definitely his best feature, Jake told himself. High and well-rounded, Craig's butt thrust out against his cotton rugby pants.

Soon the hopeful landlord returned, trying to appear self-assured. "Wrong number," he explained. "Do you want to go up and see the rooms?" Craig gestured toward the stairs and Jake, nodding silently, headed up. He climbed the stairs slowly, positive that he could feel the kid's eyes exploring his ass as Craig came up close behind him. At the top of the stairs Jake dropped his bag, and swiftly bent to retrieve it. The worker's thick, sensuous lips parted in a silent grin as he felt Craig's face smash into his thrust-out ass. Jake turned on the stairs, two steps above the red-faced youth, and pushed his already swelling crotch toward Craig's blushing face.

"Hey boy! You trying to bite my ass or what?"

Craig was stunned. Hypnotized by Jake's swelling cock, he could not meet the man's stern gaze. Jake's big dirty hand ruffled the blond head. The boy's glazed eyes told Jake all he needed to know.

"Hell kid, you can bite my ass all you want, but it's better without the jeans on." Jake yanked his zipper open and shoved his jeans down. His pulsing meat sprang free and slapped against Craig's face. Jake turned quickly, and showed off his big naked hairy ass.

"Okay chum, do your thing," Jake ordered as he grabbed the back of Craig's head and mashed the young guy's face against his hot ass.

Craig was in shock. His mind went blank as his face pressed against the warm, hairy flesh of Jake's ass. Inhaling the sweaty, masculine scent of Jake's butt, the young guy realized that this was his private fantasy. This big man. This hairy, round ass. Craig grasped the strong hips and shoved his face into Jake's welcoming cheeks. Jake was in charge, and he knew it. "Kiss it now, kid. Kiss it, chew it, lick it real good, and maybe I'll even let you stick that wet tongue up my ass." Craig was lost. Feverishly he began kissing, sucking, licking, and caressing the hairy thrusting

dribble of juice from the big dick slit. The older man forced his fingers into Craig's mouth. "Lick it. Taste it. My cum juice. Just for you."

Then he pulled the blond head closer to his eager rod. Craig watched wide-eyed. As the strong hand on his head applied pressure, Craig opened his mouth to accommodate Jake's horny manhood. The dick filled his mouth and pushed against the back of his throat. Craig gagged and felt a yank on his hair.

"Watch the goddamn teeth!" Jake growled. He pulled the boy's head off his cock. "Take in those balls," he demanded. "Suck them in now." Craig took the hairy balls into his mouth one at a time; the hot length of cockmeat pressed hard against his face. Craig became aware that he also had a hard-on—the biggest and hardest of his young life.

Without warning Jake yanked the blond up from the floor. "Now I'm gonna let you take all my clothes off," Jake said. "I'm gonna lie on your pretty bed here and let you give me a bath with your tongue. Wash me good, boy!"

When Craig didn't move, Jake slapped him. "The shirt, cocksucker, start with the shirt!" Trembling, tears in his eyes from the slap, Craig eased the dirty t-shirt up Jake's firm, hairy belly and over

older man jerked the elasticized rugby pants down and off in one quick tug. Gathering the waistband of Craig's white jockey shorts, Jake stripped them off, too. Craig's swollen cock sprang free, and slapped hard against his belly.

"Atta boy. You're real hot for your big, hairy daddy." Slowly Jake ran his hands up Craig's naked thighs and teased his aching balls and throbbing cock. The worker moved gently across Craig's flat stomach, up to the smooth chest and his fingers toyed with the blond's hard, protruding nipples. Suddenly Jake squeezed Craig's helpless nipples and yanked the boy to his feet. The shock of the pain jolted Craig—it was so unexpected after the slow, gentle touching.

"Bath time," Jake said. One big hand slipped down to cup Craig's ass. With his free hand balancing the boy, Jake strong-armed Craig and tossed him roughly onto the bed.

"Now," Jake said as he climbed on beside Craig, "clean me up. Get me ready. Then maybe, if you're real good, I'll give you a bath—my way!"

Feeling helpless, afraid not to obey, and wanting to flee, Craig wondered what would happen next. Jake yanked the blond's head, and Craig found himself nose-deep in Jake's hairy armpit. The heavy, masculine smell overpowered him. Groaning, Craig began licking and sucking the coarse hair, tasting the sweat. Jake sighed, stretched his arms above his head, and spread his thighs. The eager youth did his duty: he licked down Jake's arm, sucked the fingers one by one, moved across Jake's chest, and devoured his big, brown nipples. Craig's wet face slid down Jake's hairy belly and moved to the crotch. Licking, caressing the swollen cockhead, straining to swallow it, Craig eased down the big, hairy balls. Meaty, wide-spread thighs. Muscular calves. The sweaty feet. Sucking each toe.

Jake rolled over. When Craig saw the hairy ass cheeks spread wide he slid up between the naked thighs, and buried his face.

"My back, fuckface. Wash my back!" Craig moved on up, licking clean the broad, smooth back, cleaning the last of the day's sweat and dirt off his hairy master. Jake rolled back over. He made Craig straddle him; the kid's ass was in his face.

"Now, Jake said, "take my cock down your throat and suck it."

Craig was able to take the huge pole in his mouth and slowly slid his head down. Jake's cock pushed into his throat. Craig's lips were wrapped around the thick base, and he started moving his head up and down.

Craig noticed that his prospective tenant had parked a huge motorcycle outside his house. It was a mean looking machine, and the bike seemed ideally suited to this beefy-looking stud who wanted to rent a room.

ass. Jake bent further forward. Craig's face, wet from his own saliva, pressed tighter into the worker's cheeks. Jake squirmed his ass, and pushed back even harder into the wet face. Jake stood abruptly, yanked up his jeans, but let his cock hang out. "C'mon, Shithead, get up here," he yelled. The worker glanced in at the first open doorway and spied a nice double bed. "This'll do fine," he said as he entered the room.

"But this is my room," Craig blurted out. "It's not for rent."

Jake dropped his bag and turned; his huge cock swung wildly. "Don't you want me in your room?" he asked in a threatening tone. Jake grabbed Craig's shoulders, and began pushing him down slowly. Craig moaned as he was shoved to his knees. Jake's cock swayed in front of him. Craig stared as Jake wiped a

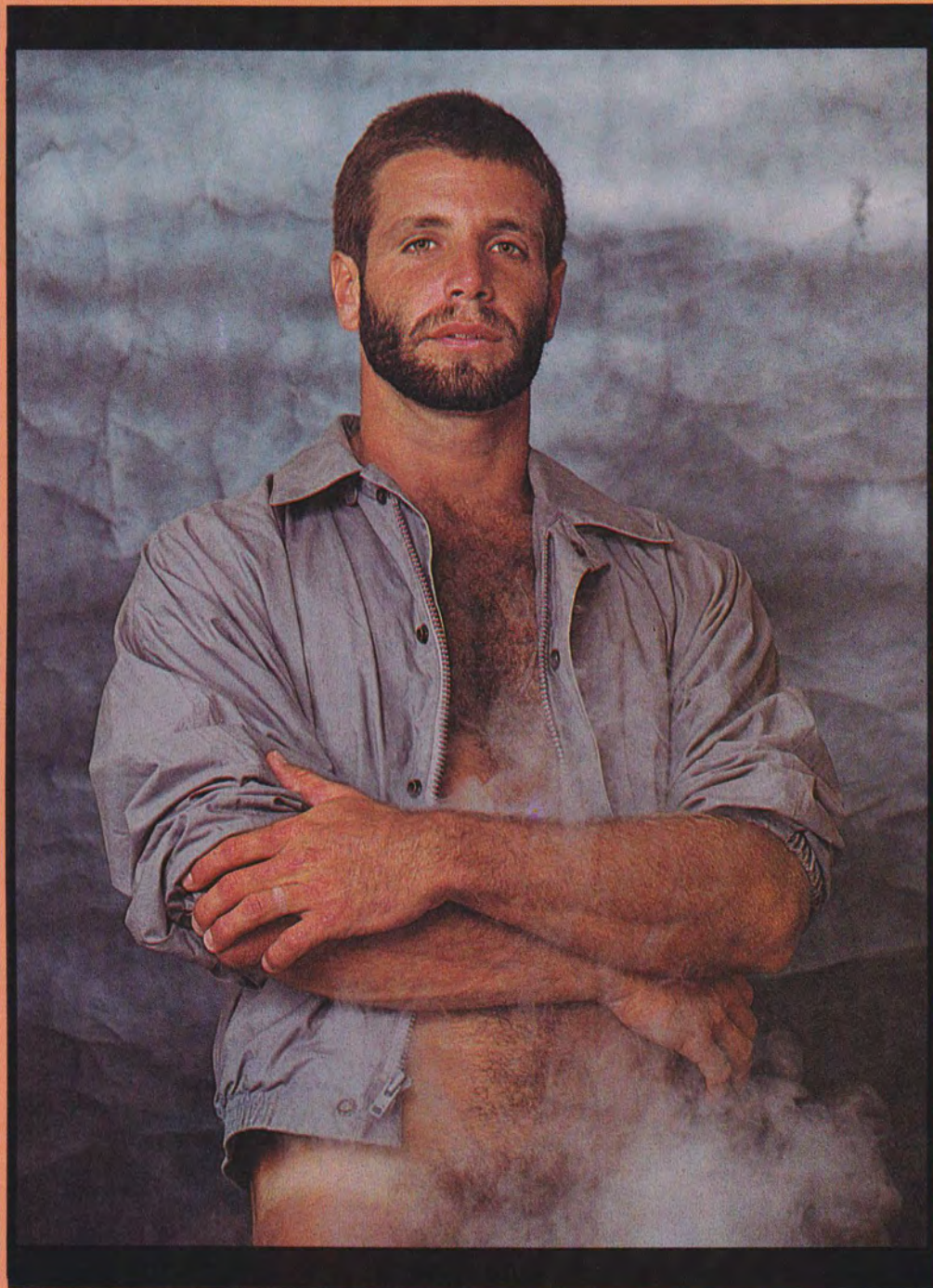
his brown, muscular chest. Jake raised his arms and bent forward so that Craig could pull off the sweat-stained shirt. Jake sat on the bed, and held up one big, dirty work boot. Hands shaking, Craig untied the boots and pulled them off. Next came Jake's sweaty wool socks and, finally, his dirty, old jeans. Jake sat comfortably, heavy thighs spread and cock stabbing fiercely upward.

"Now," he ordered, "better get your own things off."

"No! I . . ."

Jake reached out, grabbed the front of Craig's shirt, and yanked hard. Craig gasped as he felt the shirt rip down his back and off his body. Jake shoved Craig and the blond crashed to the floor. Planting one big foot firmly on the boy's flat belly, Jake bent down to yank off Craig's sneakers and socks. Then the

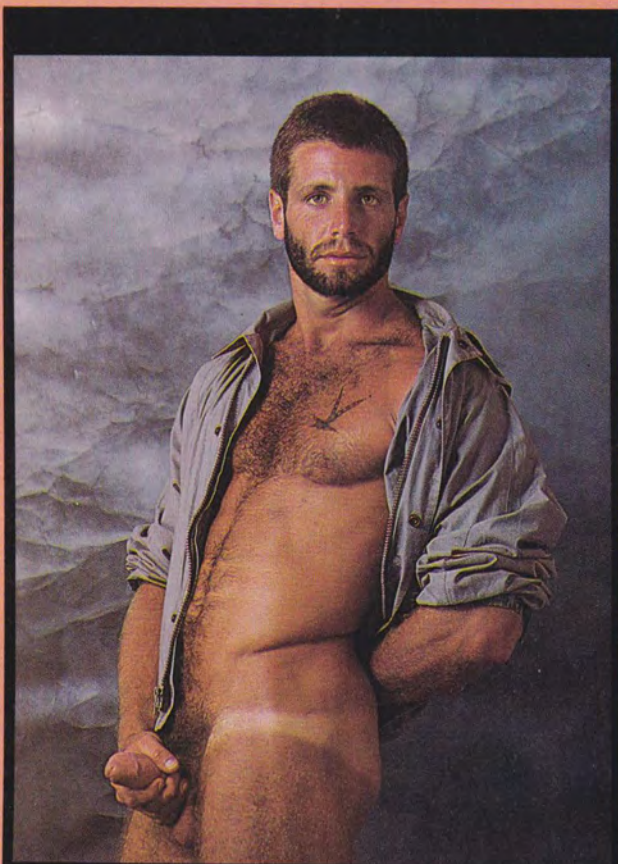
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**WHERE
THERE'S
SMOKE**

There's fire, but don't try to
extinguish this stud's flame.
He's sizzling with sexuality.

**SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY
KRISTEN BJORN**



WHERE THERE'S SMOKE

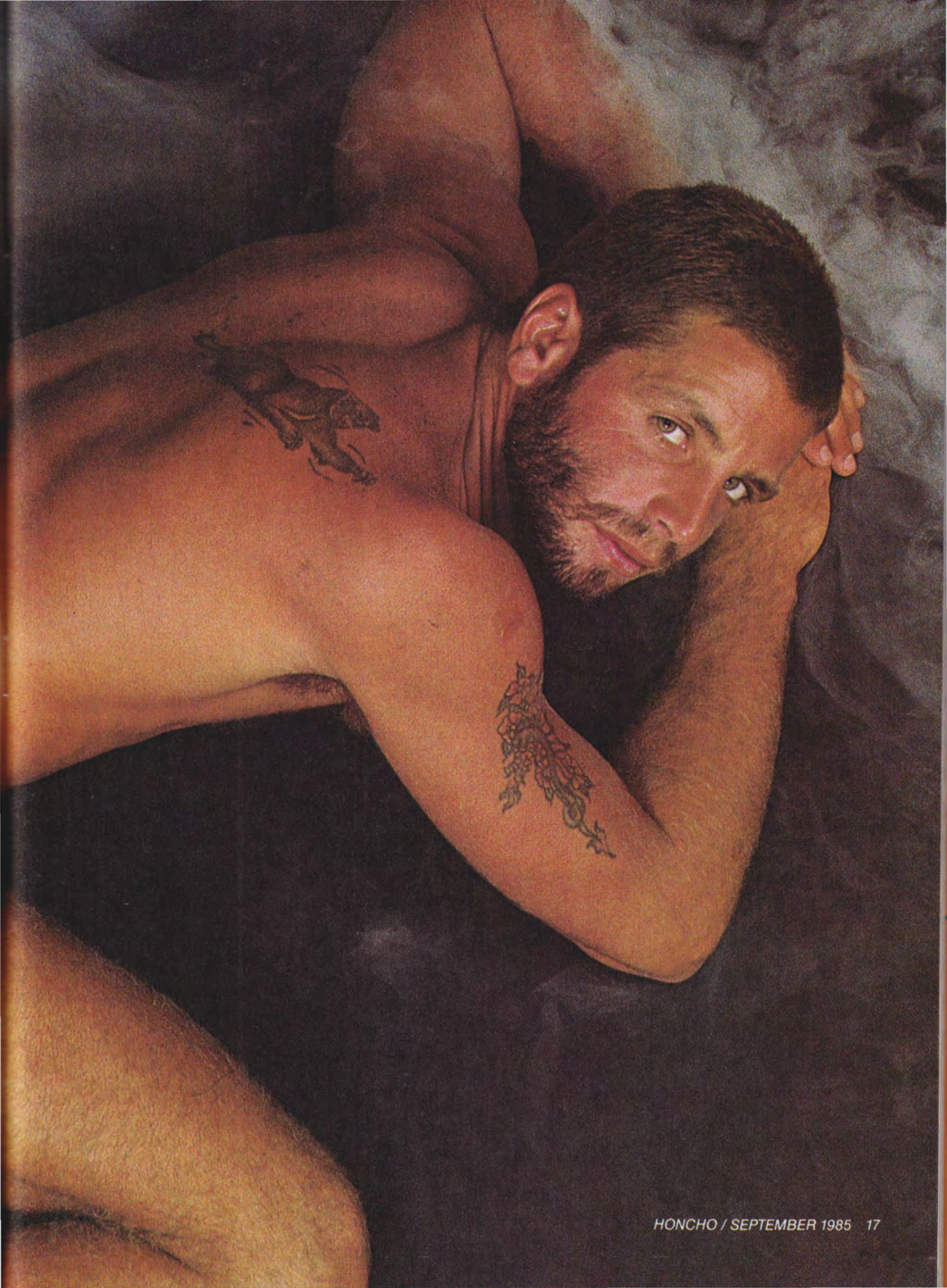
Hot to trot. Burning with desire. Flaming passion. Whatever you want to call it is fine with him. He calls it "body heat."





WHERE THERE'S SMOKE

Just looking at this humpy guy's muscular body can heat you up faster than the hot sun on a summer day. Can't you just feel the warmth between those furry ass cheeks?

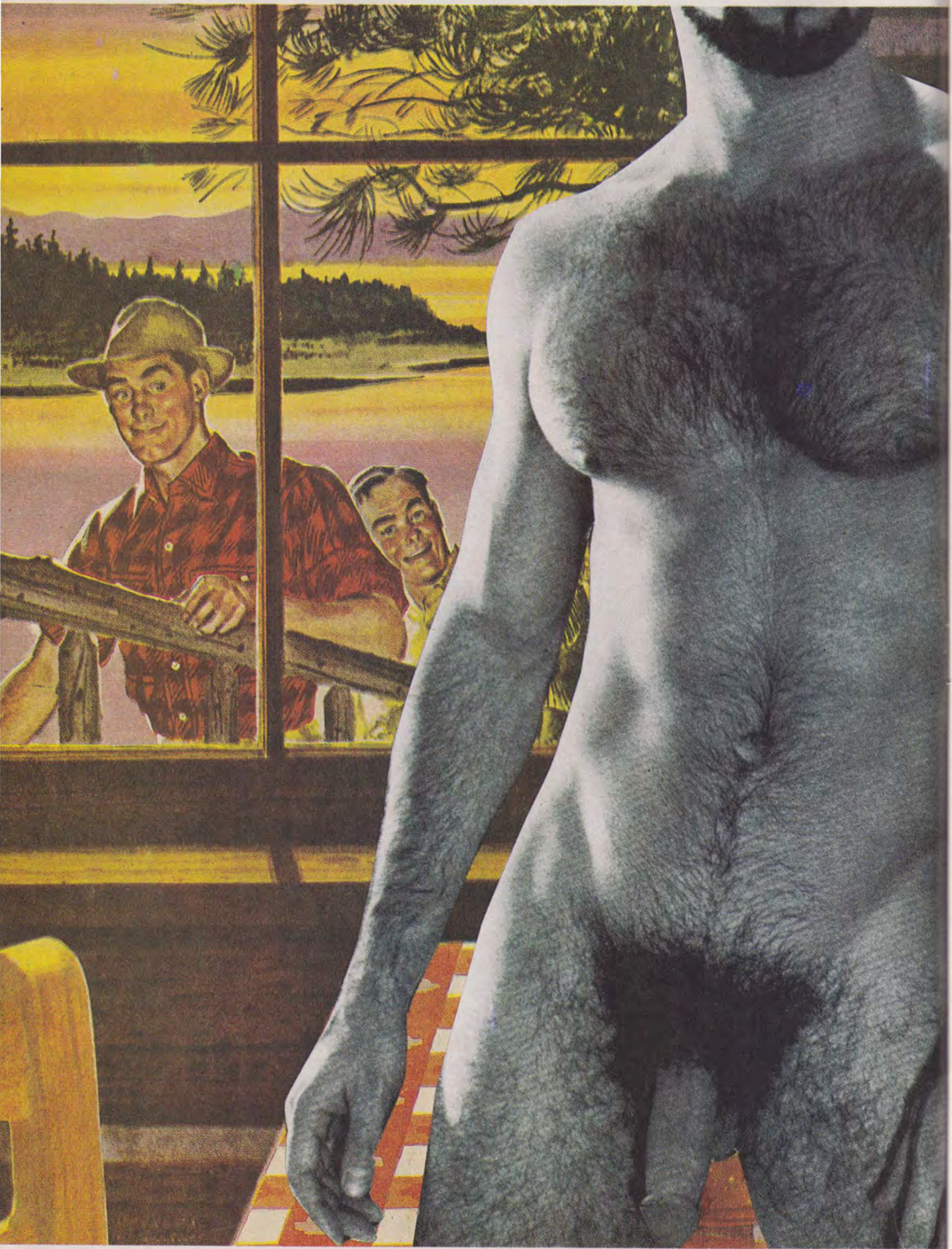




A close-up photograph of a person's hairy groin area. A finger is inserted into the opening. The skin is dark and hairy, with some lighter, possibly irritated or burned, areas around the opening. The background is dark and out of focus.

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE

Sure, you might get burned, but that's the chance you take when you play with fire. Don't bother to call the guys who drive those bright red trucks; they're not equipped to handle this kind of fire.



CRUISE CONTROL

BY ROBIN METCALFE

ART BY STEVE BLEVINS

Torn for a moment by the mounting desire to fuck him hard and fast, I obeyed a deeper command to show this magnificent man the full respect he deserved.

...and I'm goin' to the country, lie, da da da da die...I'm goin' to the country, sunshine smile on me.

An old Bruce Cockburn tune buzzed around my brain like a pesky fly; I hadn't been able to shoo it away since getting on board the train. There sure as hell wasn't any sunshine smiling on me that afternoon—I was hung-over, and my hair smelled like cigarette smoke. Outside the window, stirred up by the wheels of the railiner, the March snow blew in wisps against the glass.

As the train careened around a corner, a sharp pain shot through my forehead. Goddamn poppers. I'd had a couple of good hits the night before, in a vain attempt to revive some moribund disco tunes. I couldn't understand it; they had been great songs in 1978. Now I could barely coax my feet through the familiar dance steps. As we pulled into another Annapolis Valley town, a dark wall of shingles slid across the window. My face was reflected in the glass, backlit by the bright lights above the aisle. Demonic. The haggard circles under my eyes

didn't help matters. Time to hang up your dancing shoes for a while, kiddo. You're going to the country to take the rest cure.

Somewhere behind me the steel trap door thudded into place and the train lurched forward. A blast of cold air from the vestibule ushered in a shaggy clump of passengers shaking snow from their overcoats and looking around for places to sit. I slouched a little lower and pretended to be asleep, my arm flung protectively across the empty seat beside me. The aisle started filling up with people trying to get past the intruders, on their way to the snack counter or the can. A masculine hand drummed impatiently on the seat in front of me. Through half-open eyes I did a quick inventory: crotch—nicely padded; shirt—open over a smooth youthful chest; face—fair and clean shaven. Kind of young. Probably a student going home for mid-term break. An uneasy flicker brought his eyes into line with mine, then quickly away, then back again for an anxious half-second before they locked firmly in the forward position. His fingertips flexed and dug nervously into the upholstery.

My mind started to calculate possibilities. There was a co-ed washroom at either end of the car. The conductor and brakeman seemed to spend most of

their time up front, and there was a take-out attendant somewhere in the rear... Shit. Will you listen to yourself. You go down the Valley for a break from the meat market and before you even get there you're cruising again. It's like you're on automatic pilot. What was that switch my dad had on his '63 Buick? Let the car drive itself? Oh yeah—Cruise Control. How appropriate.

I sighed, and surprised myself at how deep and sad a sound it was. I surprised the young guy, too. He shot me a questioning glance before the log jam at the door broke up. The conductor hoisted a suitcase up onto an overhead rack and the abominable snowpeople shuffled forward. I caught a last glimpse of firm round buns in polo pants before the crowd carried them out of sight.

Grabbing my satchel from the seat beside me, I rummaged in it for the detective novel I had brought. The bag rattled with the usual junk: my toothbrush, a squashed tube of K-Y, and some condoms in the shiny plastic packages—the last a recent acquisition. "Be Prepared" is my motto; I would have made a great Girl Guide. Except for my toothbrush, I had meant to leave my mobile drugstore behind for the weekend. I planned to be a good boy. Now I'd have to lug the stuff around with me for the next few days.

A slightly different version of this story appears in the anthology Hot Living: Erotic Stories About Safer Sex, ed. John Preston. \$8.00 postpaid from Alyson Publications, PO Box 2783, Boston, MA 02208.

Continued to page 37

"SIR, YES, SIR!"

By Roger Alan • Art by Matt

***I pulled out quickly,
wrapped my lips around
his dick, and drank his sweet
cum. "Well, ain't this a pretty
sight." We both froze.
Sergeant Nichols had
caught us.***

It was the first rule of the Police Academy: NO SEX! Not between men and women, men and men, women and women. As our drill instructor told us, "You wait until you go home on weekends to screw or to get screwed!" That was Sergeant Randy Nichols. No nonsense. All muscle. Lived for being a cop. Probably never had a good fuck in his (estimated) thirty years, with a girl or a guy. I knew he was single. He went straight from a corporal in the marines to a sergeant at the academy.

The first six weeks here had been a bitch. Every morning, starting at six, we had a three-hour class in calisthenics and endurance training. We had twenty minutes to shower and change before reporting to our lectures on the department's procedures, rules, and regulations. The work was hard, but I knew I was doing something worthwhile. Ever since I was a kid I had wanted to be a cop. When my hometown force accepted me for the academy—I got the notice the day after my twenty-third birthday—I knew I would achieve my goal.

I had made my way through college on a gymnastics scholarship. Thank God I was still in good shape; I wondered how some of the others at the academy were making it through. I majored in criminal justice (with an eye towards law school), and minored in fucking other hot gymnasts, including my coach, up the ass.

Pete was my roommate at the academy. He was my age, goodlooking, well-built, and dark like most Italian men I knew. He'd been a runner in college and, like myself, planned to go to law school. Unfortunately he intended to get married right after graduation from the academy. I would have done anything to discourage him. He kept telling me he was having doubts, but he wouldn't tell me what they were. I had my suspicions, especially when I watched his dick swell in the communal showers as his eyes wandered from cock to cock.

But Pete and I got along pretty well. We ate together, studied together (Pete always wore only a pair of loose white boxer shorts when studying. The tufts of hair from his balls hung out of those boxers), worked out in the gym together, and I made a point of showering in the same stall with him. Always! Unfortunately Sergeant Nichols was always there to keep an eye on us. Heaven forbid that anyone should play "Drop the Soap!"

Each morning, everyone's room was subject to detailed inspection by Sergeant Nichols. Pete and I had been lucky; we hadn't gotten any demerits (each demerit meant doing twenty pushups). Nichols loved seeing us all do pushups. Sometimes I wondered if he



didn't go out of his way to find silly little things wrong, like dust atop a door jamb, lint balls under a cot, and crap like that.

But I guess Pete and I were overdue for some pushups. Apparently a practical joker (and there were quite a few at the academy) had sneaked into our room during the night and shut off our alarm clock. By the time Pete and I woke up, it was already seven-thirty.

"Shit! Nichols is gonna have our asses," Pete cried, jumping from his cot.

"Just get dressed. Maybe we can sneak into the gym without his noticing," I suggested.

"You're out of your fuckin' mind, Nick. That man notices shirt lint in a belly button from twenty yards! Our asses are grass," he sighed as he quickly combed his hair.

"Relax Pete. That old fu—" I didn't get the chance to finish.

and bushes are so dense I can't even see the academy buildings, you cocksucker. Relax."

Suddenly Pete grabbed at my jumpsuit and pressed his thumbs against my Adam's apple. He was using a defense tactic we had learned in one of our classes. I countered the move by placing my left leg behind one of his and pushing him backwards onto the cleared ground.

"What the fuck is the matter with you?" I yelled as I straddled his chest and pinned his arms down.

He didn't say anything, but just pushed me off his body. He stood up and turned his back to me. I got up and placed my hand on his shoulder. He pulled away, and turned around. There were tears in his eyes. "I'm leaving the academy, Nick."

I was shocked. "Leaving? Why?"

body against my pale skin.

"I'm not the only one," he said. He kissed me.

"No, you're not. And at least now I know why you've had doubts about marrying. You don't need to be afraid, Pete. Not with me around." My own words surprised me.

"I want you, Nick. I want you to take my ass. I've never had it done before, but since I met you I knew I wanted you to be the one to take me." He pulled my balls.

I reached for his cock; it was thick, warm, veiny, and pulsing with excitement. We kissed once more. I turned Pete around and positioned him for a fuck.

"This is going to hurt at first," I told him, "but just for a bit, my love, just for a bit."

I carefully massaged his butt hole with my finger. His sweating back tightened, but he didn't tell me to stop. I wanted to pound his ass in the worst way. I inserted my finger a little further, finger fucking his hole for a short while. I soon withdrew it and began pushing at his fuck hole with my cock head.

"Do it, baby. Ram it in there," he begged. "Fuck me hard, rough!"

"It's coming, my man. Just be patient."

"I want it all at once, dammit! Shove it up there, fucker!"

I took him at his word, and rammed my cock up to the hilt. My hanging balls smacked against Pete's ass. He moaned loudly. I watched him grab his beautiful, hard cock and pump it furiously with his right hand.

"Don't come right away," I cautioned.

Our fucking and jerking motions continued for several minutes. I could feel my sperm churning through my cock, reaching my cock head, and filling his virgin fuck hole. I reached for his balls, grabbed them roughly, pulled them forward, and tore a few of his pubic hairs out. Pete gave one last loud moan. I pulled out of his ass quickly, fell to the ground, and wrapped my burning lips around his heated cock. His cum shot into my mouth; it was thick and sweet, just what I had been wanting since I had come to the academy. Pete pulled his cock out of my mouth, kissed me once again and tasted some of his own cum.

"Well, ain't this a pretty sight!"

We froze. I pushed Pete off me, and jumped to my feet. Sergeant Nichols stood before us in his khaki uniform; he had a shit-ass smile on his face. I knew this was it for Pete and me. Now we'd both be kicked out of the academy!

"You two fags know the rules,"

Nichols said calmly. "But I'm not going

"Open your mouth, Mr. Bartoli." The sergeant shoved his hard cock into Pete's hungry mouth. "Wet it good. I've got a cadet on the floor waiting to get my big cock up his hot little asshole."

"Mr. Breydon. Mr. Bartoli," Nichols yelled, "you're correct. I will have your asses. You will both report to me in the gym tonight after your final class. In the meantime, you will both run fifteen miles before breakfast. Then report to your first class—without showering. I hope your classmates will be able to stand the stench you give off for the remainder of the day!" Nichols' steel-gray eyes flashed at us menacingly. He slammed the door behind him, without waiting for the usual "Sir, yes, Sir!"

Pete's brown eyes were wide with youthful fear. "What the fuck are we in for, Nick? He'll kill us if he has his way!"

"It's either that or we leave the academy now."

I peeled my underwear off and pulled on a torn jockstrap that I wore whenever I was in the gym or out on the track. Pete just wore those damn boxers. I threw on my jumpsuit. A short while later we were out on the track—it was actually a dirt trail that wound around the wooded perimeter of the academy grounds. After about six miles Pete needed a rest.

"I just know Nichols is watching us, waiting for us to fuck up some way," he gasped.

"Stop being so paranoid. These trees

"You know. Everyone must know. I'm surprised you wanted to room with me, knowing what you know about me."

"What I know about you..." What was he talking about?

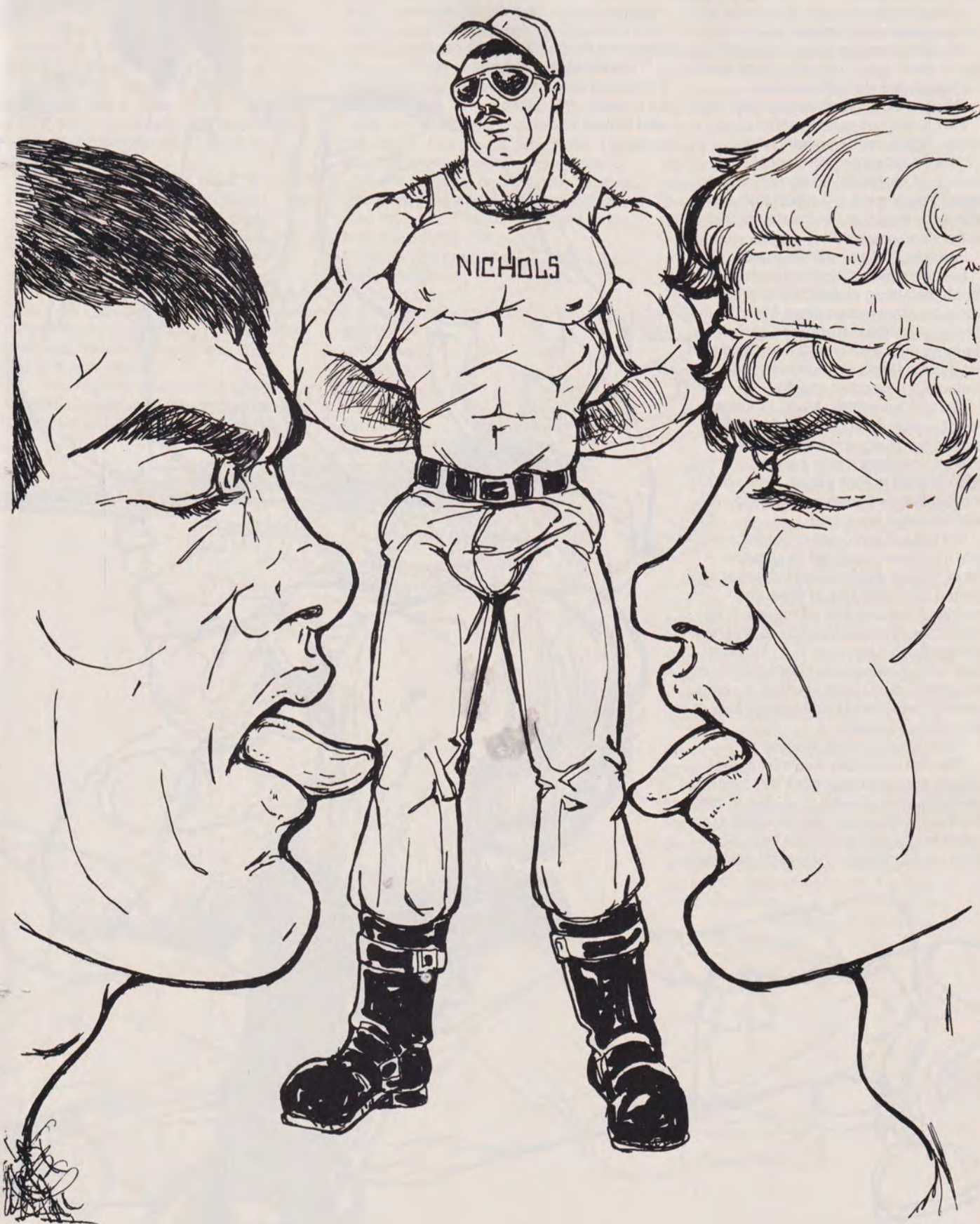
"You said it a few seconds ago, Nick. I'm a cocksucker. A fag. Gay!"

I was stunned, not completely shocked, but stunned that he wanted to leave the academy because of that. I said, "There are a lot of gay cops, Pete."

"Sure, in San Francisco!" he countered.

I moved closer to him. I had to let him know the truth; I couldn't let him ruin his career. I placed both of my arms around him. He was a few inches shorter than me, and I looked into his beautiful brown eyes. Gently I placed my lips against his, and slowly penetrated his luscious mouth with my burning tongue. I could feel his body quiver slightly, but his tongue responded to mine and he returned my embrace. I licked away the tears that were drying on his face.

He moved back a bit, and slowly unzipped his jumpsuit. I mirrored his movements, countering each action with a smile. He removed his gym shoes, his jumpsuit, and his cute little boxer shorts. Pete came to me and pressed his sweaty



to throw you out of here. Uh-uh. I'm going to bust your asses. I'm going to make you two want to run away from your home sweet home, little boys."

For some strange reason my cock began to swell again; I tried to cover it with my hands, but Nichols noticed it.

"You will both stand at attention, fags."

We placed our hands behind our backs. Pete's cock was hard, too! Nichols stood directly in front of us. I could feel his breath on my face as he said, "You two will still report to the gym after your final class of the day. Is that understood, cadets?"

"Sir, yes, Sir," we said in unison.

Sergeant Nichols looked us over. His hands had been clasped behind his back, but they moved like a flash. Suddenly his right hand grabbed my low hanging nuts, and his left hand formed a fist around Pete's scrotum. Nichols pulled our nuts down roughly.

"What's the matter, boys? I thought your type liked things rough." He released his grasp and moved a few inches from Pete's face. I jerked as Nichols spat in Pete's face. Pete didn't move. Nichols then came close to me, and repeated his action.

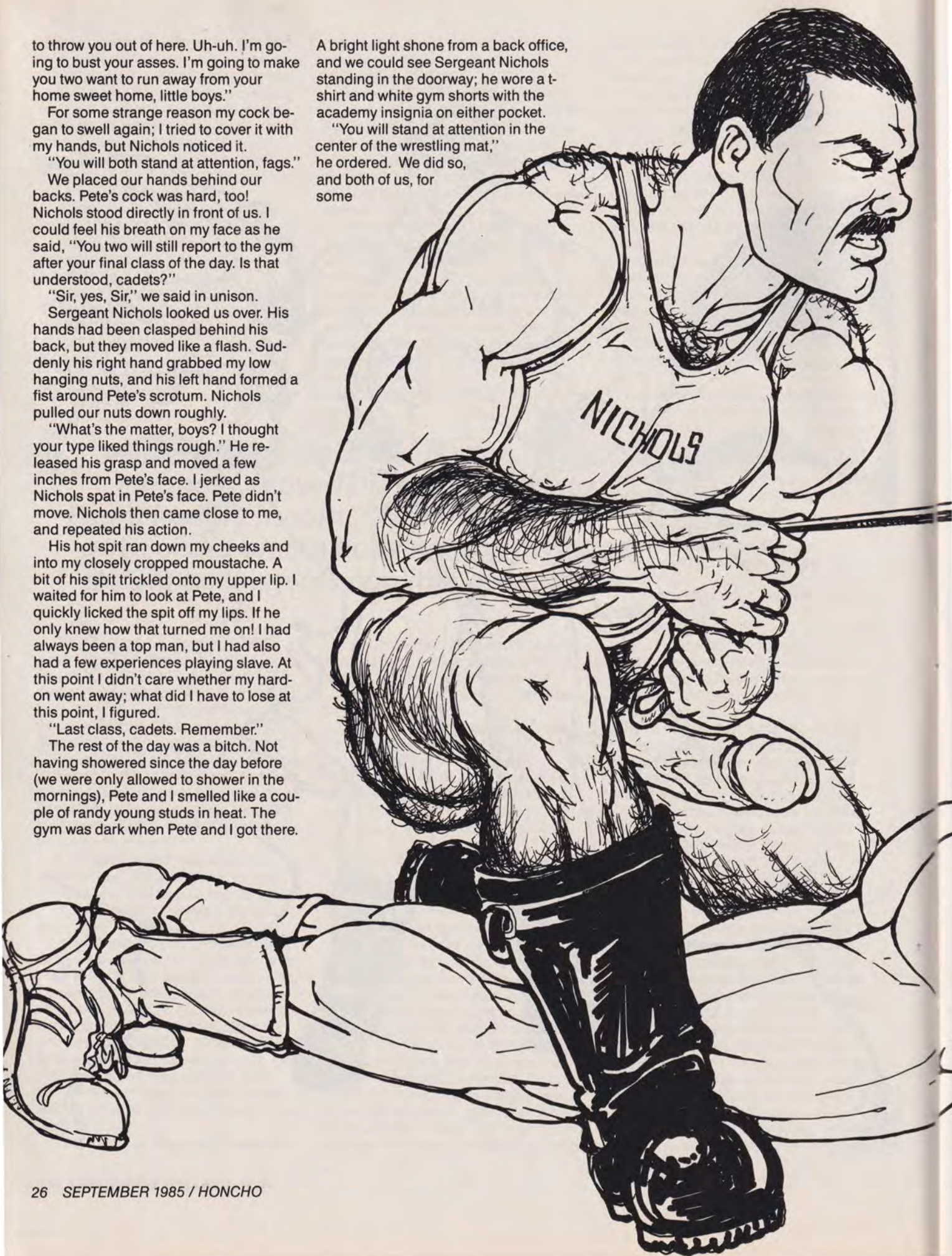
His hot spit ran down my cheeks and into my closely cropped moustache. A bit of his spit trickled onto my upper lip. I waited for him to look at Pete, and I quickly licked the spit off my lips. If he only knew how that turned me on! I had always been a top man, but I had also had a few experiences playing slave. At this point I didn't care whether my hard-on went away; what did I have to lose at this point, I figured.

"Last class, cadets. Remember."

The rest of the day was a bitch. Not having showered since the day before (we were only allowed to shower in the mornings), Pete and I smelled like a couple of randy young studs in heat. The gym was dark when Pete and I got there.

A bright light shone from a back office, and we could see Sergeant Nichols standing in the doorway; he wore a t-shirt and white gym shorts with the academy insignia on either pocket.

"You will stand at attention in the center of the wrestling mat," he ordered. We did so, and both of us, for some



unknown reason, were equally excited. The office light was turned off. A dim overhead light came on, spotlighting both of us. Nichols walked up to us. He looked at me and said, "Remove all your clothing except for your jockstrap." Then he told Pete, "Remove all your clothing except for your boxer shorts." Again, we obeyed his command. We stood before him practically naked. I felt my cock beginning to stir.

"You two are fucking, good for nothing faggot pigs!" He spat in our faces. "You smell like fucking horseshit, pigs." He grabbed each of our right nipples, and pulled ferociously. "You pigs like that, don't you?"

"Sir, yes, Sir!" we cried as he removed his t-shirt. Nichols had a great body. He must have been working out before we arrived, because his hairless chest shone with sweat.

"You fags will assume the upward position of push-ups." We dropped to the floor. He walked behind us. "Remain

face forward at all times. I understand that fags like you two like the smell of dirty, unwashed, cum-stained jockstraps—that you even enjoy licking them, washing off the piss smell with your tongues." My cock began to rage. "I'm what you fags call 'uncut'. I never wash my cockhead. Never! I just wipe it off every day in what has become a large collection of ex-cadets' jockstraps. I keep them all in one drawer in my dresser."

I felt a pressure on my back—Nichols was straddling me. He placed something over my head. The bastard was putting one of his dirty jocks over my face! The pouch hung before my nose, and part of it brushed my lips. The smell was disgusting, but soon I realized that the

odor of Sergeant Nichols' cheesy cock was a turn-on. His body sweat intertwined with dried piss; I could even smell dried cum! I was afraid to look over at Pete, but I assumed Sergeant Nichols did the same thing to him.

Seconds later Nichols was standing before us; he was stark naked. He must have taken his gym shorts off after putting a jock over Pete's face. He flopped his uncut meat in front of us. It was dark, darker than the Italian stud's who was next to me. I had never seen a cock like it before. It was a monster, thicker than any

I'd ever sucked on or even seen in a magazine. Sergeant Nichols continued to play with it, pulling the foreskin back and forth.

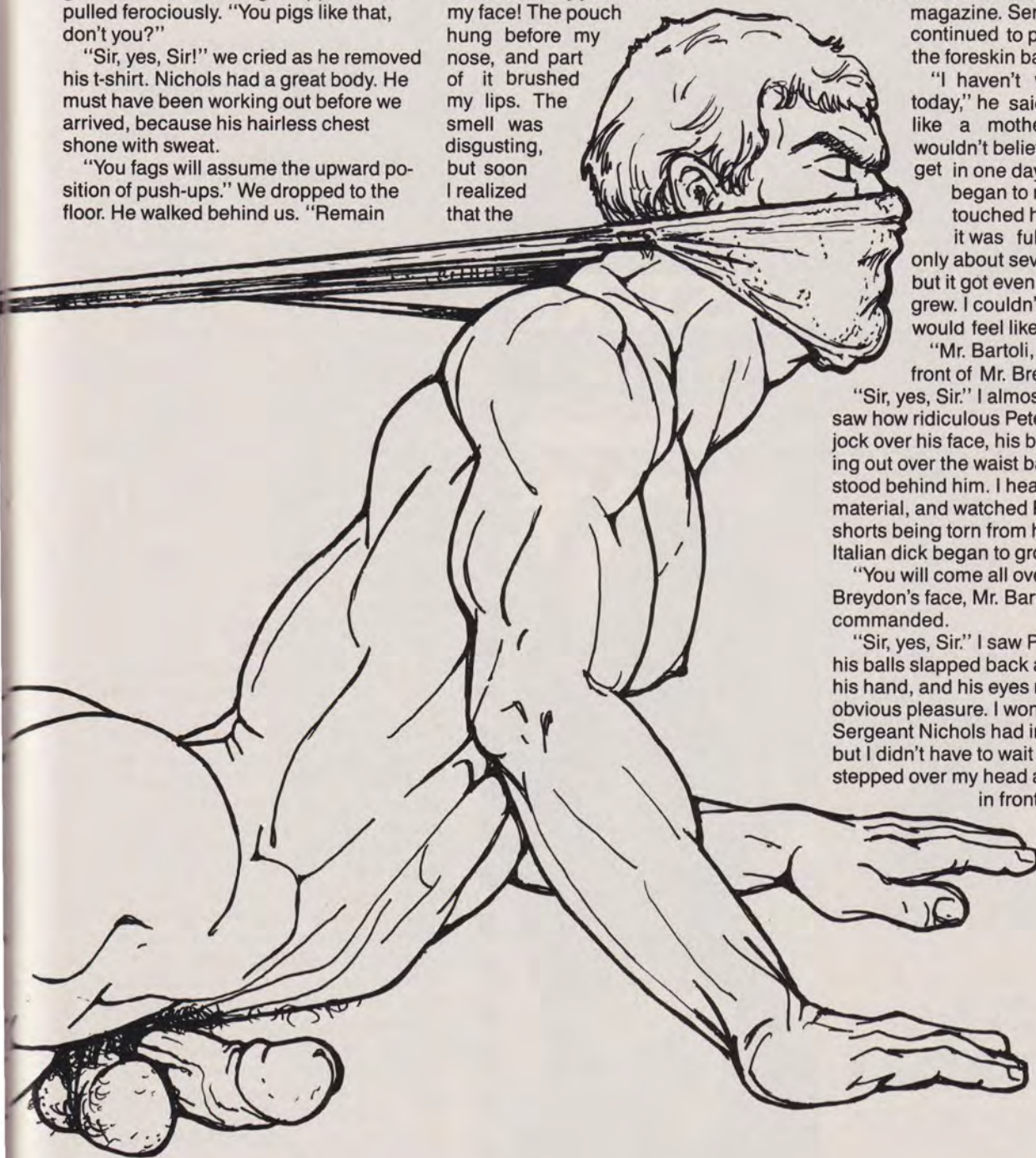
"I haven't wiped it off yet today," he said. "And I sweat like a mother fucker. You wouldn't believe how dirty it can get in one day." His cock began to rise; it almost touched his stomach once it was fully hard. It was only about seven inches long, but it got even thicker as it grew. I couldn't imagine what it would feel like up my ass.

"Mr. Bartoli, you will kneel in front of Mr. Breydon."

"Sir, yes, Sir." I almost laughed when I saw how ridiculous Pete looked with a jock over his face, his brown eyes peeking out over the waist band. Nichols stood behind him. I heard the ripping of material, and watched Pete's boxer shorts being torn from his body. His dark Italian dick began to grow.

"You will come all over the jock on Mr. Breydon's face, Mr. Bartoli," Nichols commanded.

"Sir, yes, Sir." I saw Pete grab his dick; his balls slapped back and forth against his hand, and his eyes rolled back with obvious pleasure. I wondered what Sergeant Nichols had in mind for me, but I didn't have to wait long. Nichols stepped over my head and put his cock in front of Pete's mouth.



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Sir, yes, Sir!"

Continued from page 27

"Open your mouth, Mr. Bartoli," Quickly, Sergeant Nichols shoved his hard cock into Pete's hungry mouth. "Wet it up good. I've got a boy on the floor waiting to get my big cock up his hot little fag hole."

I couldn't believe my ears. He was going to shove that monster meat up my ass! Nichols stepped back, and moved toward my asshole. "You're to stay in that position while I fuck you, Mr. Breydon."

"Sir, yes, Sir." I winced in anticipation. I felt spit dribble onto my ass crack and into my hole as he spread my cheeks. I hadn't been able to wash my ass since taking a shit the night before. "Just how I like it, fag. Nice and dirty."

Then it came. A pain so incredible I thought I would pass out. The thrusts began gently before picking up speed. I could also feel the tip of Pete's cock bang against my stubbled chin. I wondered if he was ready to shoot. I hadn't really noticed before, but Sergeant Nichols must have had low-hanging balls. I could feel them slapping into my nuts as the pain from his enormous cock subsided. I could actually relax my sphincter; slowly I began to enjoy the fucking sensation. I was surprised to feel Nichols moving his tongue down the center of my back as he banged into me faster. My insides felt like they would explode.

"I'm gonna come in you, faggot cop!" Nichols yelled. His deep voice filled the empty gym.

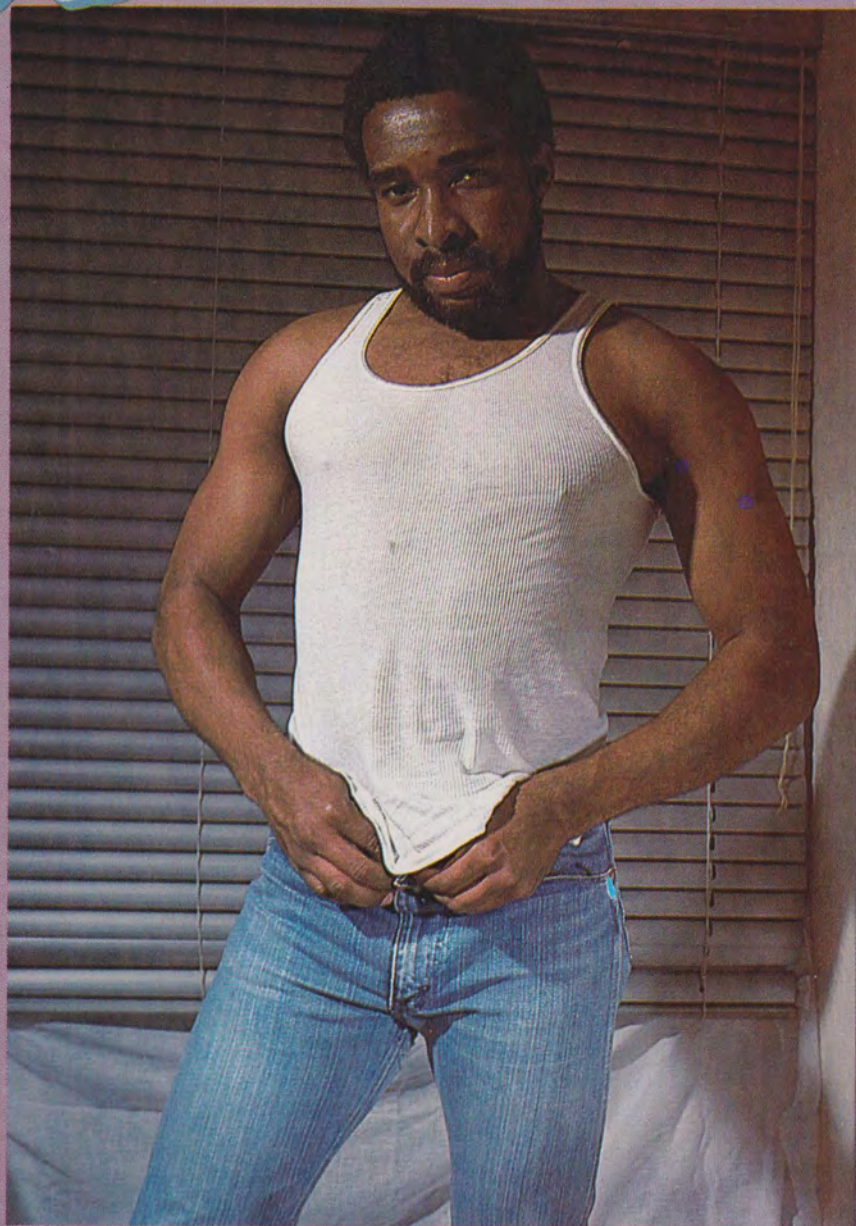
"Sir, yes, Sir!" I yelled back. He grabbed me around the waist with both of his muscled arms, and with one final thrust filled my ass with shot after shot of thick cum.

I felt Pete's cum spray my face. I felt myself being lifted to my feet and then pushed to my knees. The jock was torn off my head, and Sergeant Nichols shoved his dick into my mouth. It was terrible, but delicious at the same time. He ordered me to come on the jock which had been on my face.

I grabbed my dick, pumped it two or three times, and shot into the already filthy jock. I looked into Sergeant Nichols' face. He smiled at me and said "Now it's time for the two of you to fuck your sergeant." He pulled us both to him, held us tightly, and kissed us each on the lips. "And be prepared to report here every night for the rest of your stay at the academy."

"Sir, yes, Sir!" Pete and I answered enthusiastically. ■

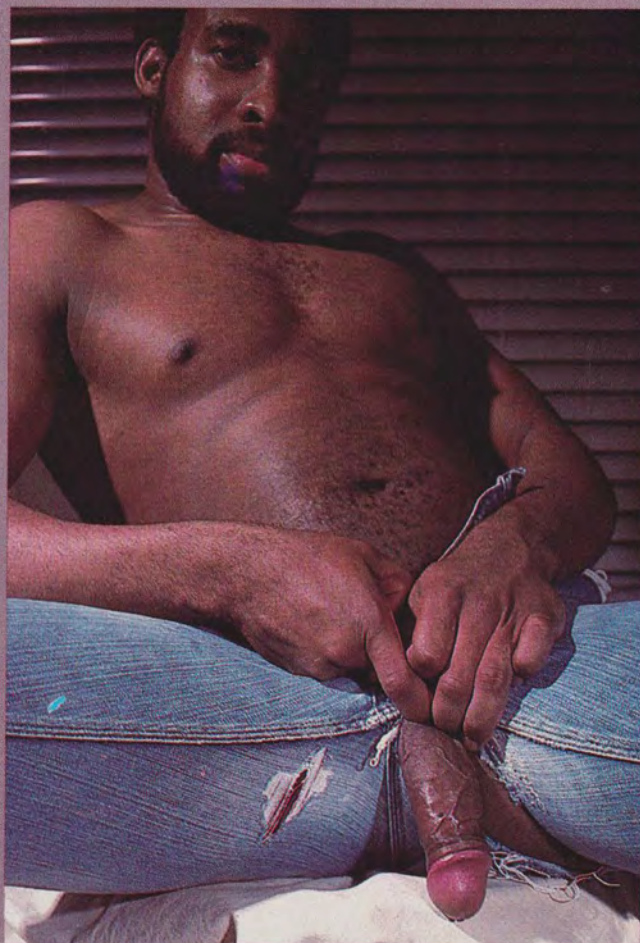
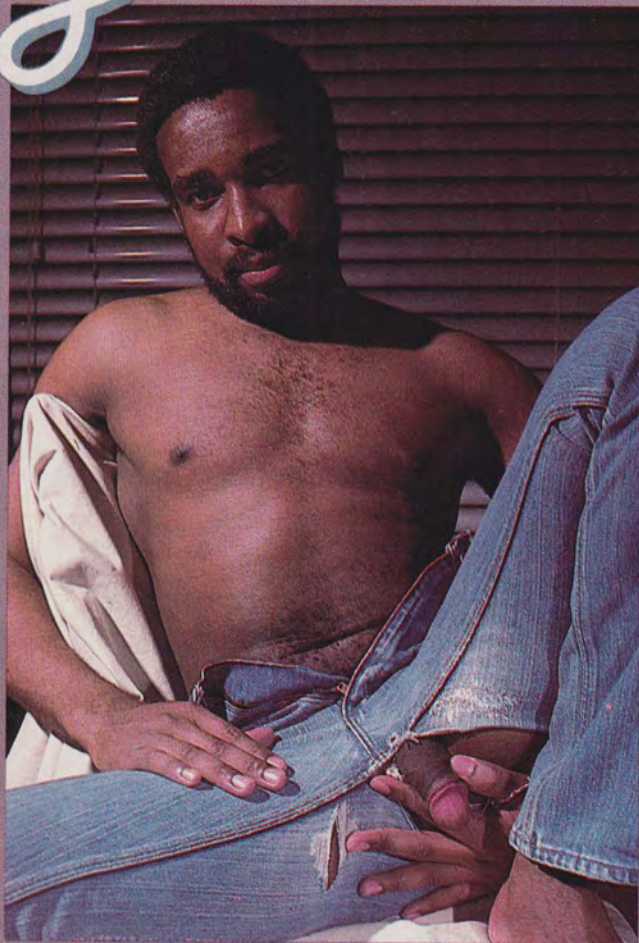
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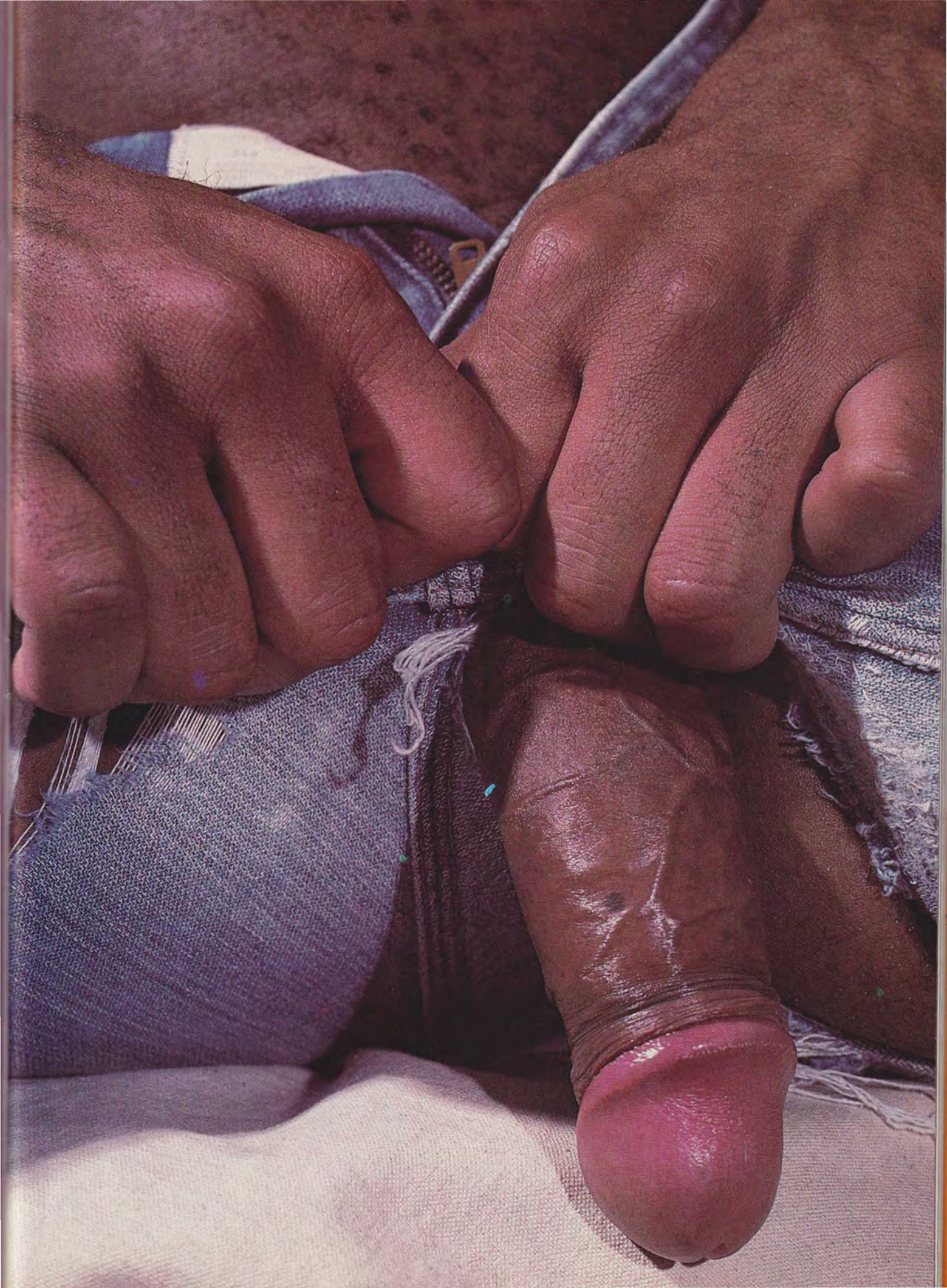
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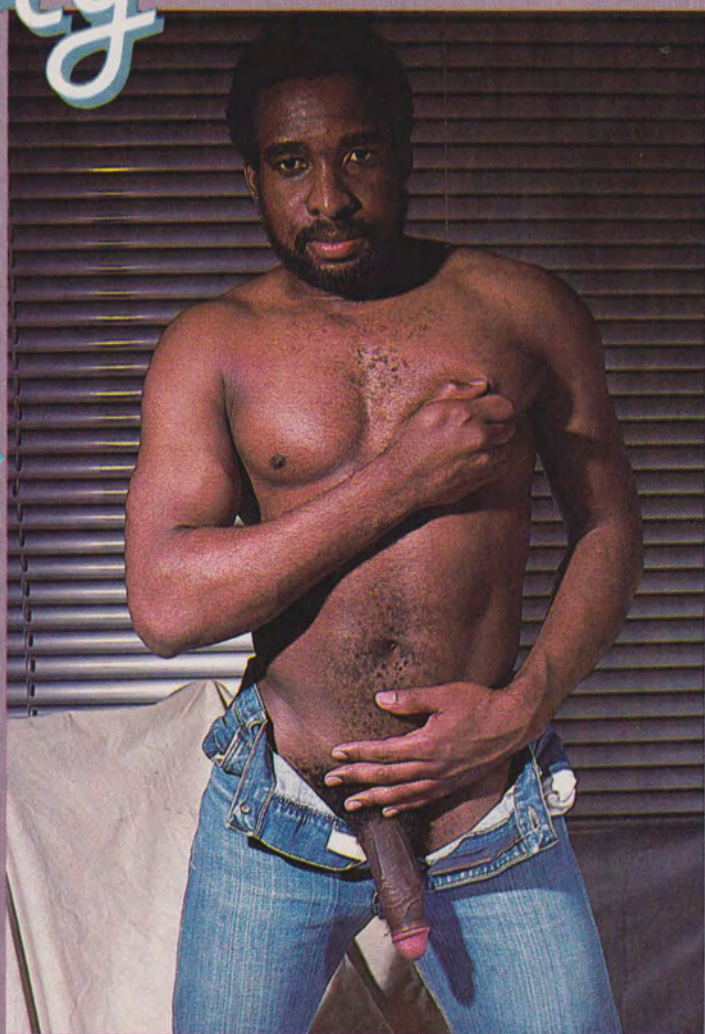


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GRAB ONTO, AS WELL.



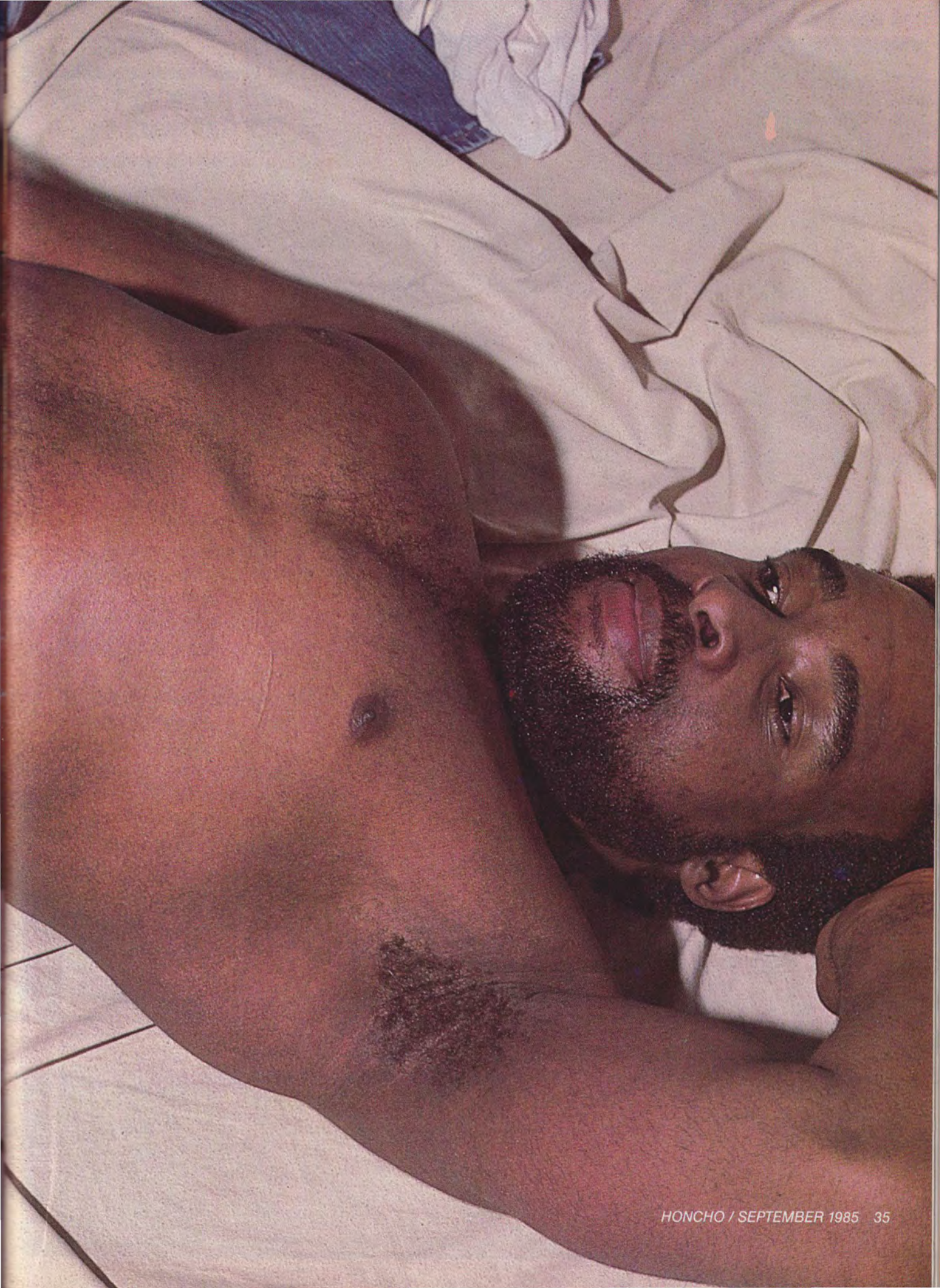




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RENT CONTROL

Continued from page 12

Jake studied the smooth white butt just above his face. He licked up a finger with saliva, and pushed it into Craig's tight asshole. The blond cried out, but his protests were muffled by the cock that filled his mouth. Slowly, as the boy relaxed, Jake moved the finger in and out of Craig's ass. Jake wet a second finger, and pushed both into Craig's butt. Craig pressed hard against the invading fingers, and his ass squirmed as he sucked wildly on the big cock. Jake felt himself losing control. He was going to come! He raised his thick thighs, wrapped them around Craig's bobbing head, and forced the blond down on his swollen cock. Jake shot cum deep into Craig's throat. He felt the kid struggling to raise his head, choking, but Jake held him firm, shooting his load.

Finally Jake pulled his fingers from the boy's ass and released Craig's head; the blond collapsed beside him. Jake was pleased to see that Craig's cock was still hard despite the rough treatment.

They lay there several moments; Jake felt his strength slowly return. Craig was dazed, unbelieving, eyes shut tight, face pressed into a hairy thigh. His wet hole burned, yet he wanted more; his throat felt raw from the fierce pounding it had taken.

Jake soon recovered. He felt another urge. With little effort he dragged Craig up a bit, and shifted the blond until he was flat on his back in the middle of the bed. Then Jake climbed on. Hard, dark eyes stared into soft, blue ones. "Time for your bath now," he whispered softly. Jake felt the pressure build, and piss spewed out of his cock, spraying the boy's face and hair. Choking, sputtering, eyes closed, Craig felt the hot stream splash his chest and belly.

"Roll over," Jake ordered roughly. "You're not done yet." Craig rolled onto his belly. Grasping the blond's round white ass cheeks, Jake forced him up onto his knees, and pulled Craig's ass high in the air. Aiming his rapidly stiffening cock between those firm globes, Jake waited until the flow started again. His rough hands gripped the tender cheeks and spread them apart; Jake aimed the stream of piss straight onto the tight hole. Piss flowed into Craig; the yellow stream gushed into his gut.

Craig struggled wildly as the liquid inflamed him. His frenzied movements only served to excite Jake further, and the worker forced the rest of his cock into the hot, wriggling ass. Jake plunged his dick

into Craig's butt. Pulling out. Ramming in. Hard, long, deep strokes. Plunging, thrusting, driving hard.

Craig was with him now. Urging him on. "Fuck me, fuck me, do it, shove it in!"

Sweat dripped from Jake's heaving chest as his hips pounded against those squirming white cheeks. He came again; cum exploded in Craig's ass. Jake wiped his arms tightly around the young blond, and his cock spewed jolt after jolt of cream. Then Craig came, spilling his cum onto the bed. Shaking, still joined, they collapsed together.

After resting awhile, Craig suggested a cup of coffee. Jake agree. "Sounds good. You make it and bring it up here. And while you're at it, take that sign off the door, too." Craig started to protest, but Jake held up a hand in warning. "You can put it back up in a few days," he said, "when I'm ready to start sharing you." ■

CRUISE CONTROL

Continued from page 21

At Kentville a three-hundred-pound woman carrying a see-through plastic shopping bag docked herself in the seat beside me, blocking my view of the aisle. Outside, night was rapidly blotting out the landscape. I shrivelled into the corner of the seat and peered at my novel. My eyelids had begun to droop when the brakeman announced that we were arriving in Middleton.

Stepping from the railiner into the slush, I caught sight of Pete and Larry waving to me from inside their rusty old pickup. "God, you look a sight!" said Larry, giving me a brotherly kiss. I settled in between them, the gear shift poking up between my knees. "Yeah," I replied, "when I woke up this morning I felt like someone had stubbed me out in an ash-tray." We climbed the dark flank of the North Mountain to the refuge of their farm.

Saturday morning I slept late, dragging myself down to the kitchen for a late breakfast around eleven. Larry was just pulling fresh bran muffins from the oven. I curled up in the rocker with a mug of tea and slathered one muffin after another with butter and honey. Content to sit, rocking and munching and sipping, I watched the gray rain dissolve the snow in the garden while Larry chucked more wood in the stove.

After lunch the rain let up and Larry suggested a drive into town. Passing over the hump of the North Mountain and down the steep incline of the other side, we saw farmland spread out like a

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neat checked cloth across the broad basin of the Valley. Soon we were on the outskirts of Middleton. "I thought we might check out Frenchy's," Larry explained. The white barn of a building where we stopped had the name spelled across the front in colored letters like tumbled nursery blocks.

Inside, the bins were piled high with used clothing, shipped by the ton from the States up here to Canada and sold for next to nothing: a quarter for a shirt, a dollar for a coat. Mostly junk, of course, but sometimes you found wonderful things. Shopping at Frenchy's was one of Pete and Larry's favorite pastimes. During my last visit, Pete had found a pair of genuine boxer's shorts: silk, with a button-fly. He and Larry must have had fun with those.

To my inexperienced eye, the bins did not look promising. They were mostly filled with polyester slacks and ugly acrylic shirts. Pete found a teensy little t-shirt he was sure he could squeeze into, and Larry was critically eyeing a Hawaiian number, trying to decide if it was tacky enough to merit consideration. Both headed for the changing stalls at the same time.

I wandered about the store, poking here and there in a desultory fashion, picking things up but not really looking. Around me farmers and housewives were absorbed in a brisk search for something useful. I felt out of place and a little awkward.

A stamping sound near the door drew my attention to a man kicking slush from his boots. His creased brown leather bomber jacket might have seen action in World War Two. I wondered if he had found it here. His dark hair was soft and wavy, just a bit too long to be clonish, although his moustache was regulation issue. There was a gentle look about him as he smiled a greeting to the cashier. Although he could have affected that menacing look which is so fashionable, he had apparently opted to let his good humor show through. Something about him put me in mind of a librarian. Mild-mannered, as they say. But handsome. He hadn't seen me yet. I orbited around the nearest bin, lifting pieces of cloth and pretending to look at them. With a shock I realized that this section was all women's blouses. Beating a hasty retreat to the men's sweaters, I lost sight of the man who had aroused my interest.

Not wanting to be obvious in my efforts to locate him, I gave half my attention to the pile of clothes before me. Buried partway down was a dark blue sweater of some promise. The collar was larger than a crew, yet not quite a turtle-neck. A sailor's sweater? Living in a port

city has made me a fisher of men. Belgian, Argentine, or American, when the navy's in town I'm on the street ogling. Holding the sweater to my chest, I was pleased to note that it retained the contours of the last body it had clothed. Surprisingly I sniffed it. A trace of the scent, as well. A bit small, perhaps, but worth a try.

Just then the man appeared, a few feet away, his back to me, leaning over a pile of shirts. I had time for a leisurely appraisal of his ass, which was small, round and snug—just the way I like. He was a bit shorter than I am, which is only five nine. His jacket was slung over his shoulder, his shirt-sleeves rolled back to reveal sinewy, surprisingly hairy arms. Although his shirt hung loosely in back, his movements indicated a compact muscular body in good trim. I like small masculine men. I wanted to tumble him into the nearest bin and fuck his hot little ass.

The hunklet (as I had dubbed him) circled slowly around the table and came to a halt facing me. A triangle of white cotton flashed inside the open collar of his shirt, dark wisps of hair spilling over the neckband. At that moment he glanced up and saw me watching him. And smiled. A shyer version of the grin he had bestowed on the cashier. The warm flush that rose to my face was echoed in my groin.

A joyous shriek in the background made us both turn. Pete was pulling a pink sequined handbag from one of the bins and conducting a mock battle with Larry over who had spotted it first. The farmwomen in our vicinity, unperturbed, went on with their digging. Obviously they were used to Pete and Larry. The hunklet, however, after reassuring himself that I wasn't leaving, trotted over to where my friends were standing. They tore themselves away from the handbag and exchanged greetings. Scanning over the heads of the others, Larry spotted me and waved me over.

"Grant," said Larry to the hunklet, "this is our friend Doug. He's down from Halifax for the weekend." Grant offered me a warm handshake and an unedited version of his smile. "Grant teaches elementary school here in Middleton." I felt awkward, being introduced to the man I had just been cruising. Then I remembered the garment in my hand. "I found a sweater," I announced, holding it up so that everyone could see.

Larry frowned. "Do you think it's big enough?"

"Sure it is," said Pete. Grant took the sweater from my hand and examined it with interest. "Look," he said, "it's navy issue. See the tag?" A yellowed scrap of



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cloth declared this to be a Sweater, Seaman's. A contract number followed and the size: Small. He handed it back. "Why don't you try it on?" I nodded and stumbled toward the changing room.

The sleeves were much too short. But the main body fitted my torso like a glove, emphasizing my chest and upper arms. The navy collar made my neck look thick and butch. I pushed the shrunken sleeves up out of the way, and the effect was complete.

"Well, what do you think?"

"Great!" said Pete.

"Yeah, it's okay," admitted Larry.

Grant looked me over with a sly leer. "I approve." I flashed him what I hoped was a devilish smile.

The next time I returned from the stall, clutching my prize in my hand, Grant was gone. "He had some papers to mark," explained Larry, "but he invited us over for supper later."

"Of course," added Pete, "we don't have to go if you don't want to." A hasty protest died on my lips when I saw his teasing smirk.

Yellow clouds hung low over the Bay of Fundy when we pulled into the farmyard. Larry turned on the gas stove in the little sauna he and Pete had built the previous summer on the back of the kitchen. While the heat was building up I

had another cup of tea and leafed through an old issue of *The Body Politic*. Then I hung my clothes on the back of a chair and tiptoed across the cold linoleum to the tiny cedar-lined chamber.

The air was hot and prickly dry in the sauna as I set my bare ass on the wooden ledge beside my friends. Larry dashed a first scoop of water on the grill, and the room thickened with steam. A slick of sweat coated my skin, staining the dry cedar slats with the imprint of my buttocks. The hot air seared the lining of my nostrils each time I pulled it into my lungs. After a second scoop had steamed away, first Pete, then Larry escaped to the cool relief of the porch. Only when the heat had become unbearable did I join my friends outside.

Larry stood like a pink crane at the edge of the lawn, peeing into the weeds. Pete was emptying a bucket of cold water from the rain barrel over his head. It flowed in a glistening torrent down the flattened hairs of his chest and belly and arched from the end of his brown cock. Then he did the same for me. I yelped as the cold shock hit my skin. My body's accumulated heat rolled off into the winter air in clouds of steam.

We repeated the sequence, sitting in the close dark cave of the sauna, washing old poisons away in a river of sweat,

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then tempering our bodies in the cold wind. The third and last time we ventured outside, we stood at the corner of the house facing the raw gusts from the sea. The New Brunswick shore was a faint gray smudge on the horizon.

Finally Larry switched off the heat and we lathered up and rinsed off in the tubs of warm water he had provided. I stepped back into the kitchen like a conqueror—my body renewed, my skin clean and taut, my muscles singing. Pete and Larry slipped upstairs for a quick tumble in bed while I had a slow, luxurious shave and began to adorn myself for the upcoming visit.

I decided to wear the sweater I had bought that afternoon, even though the coarse wool itched against my skin. The prickling sensation had a warming effect not to be discounted on a Nova Scotia winter evening, and the tight stretch across my chest showed off my better-than-average pecs. My nipples, I am pleased to say, have a rude habit of sticking straight up through whatever material I happen to have on, and the irritation of the rough wool was enough to drive them into a frenzy. In this agitated condition I arrived in the front hall of Grant's small neat house in town.

The winter chill in the air was more than dispelled by the warmth of our

host's welcome. Grant wore a red shirt of the most indecently soft flannel. Unbuttoned almost to his belt, it hung casually open to reveal a virginal undershirt of fine ribbed cotton clinging to the sinuous muscles of his stomach. Shiny black hairs curled over the collar. I forced my attention back to what Grant was saying about the house—his grandmother's—which he had rescued from an advanced state of dilapidation and restored to Edwardian propriety.

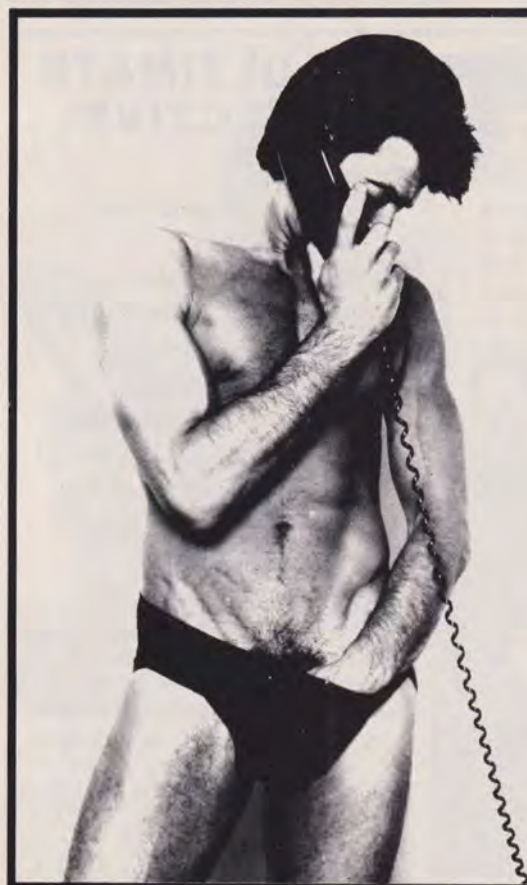
A firm grip above the elbow steered me through the downstairs rooms. Grant spoke animatedly, with large gestures, of his childhood memories of the house, the sorry state to which it later came, and his own meticulous efforts to strip away offensive panelboard and to match damaged mouldings. The results were impressive. So too was the eager glow that highlighted Grant's handsome features. I was considering how pleasant it would be to kiss his full dark lips, when I was distracted by the advent of supper.

Larry had warned me that Grant was a vegetarian. How could such a red-blooded man eat no meat? Taking my seat at the oak table, I resigned myself to one of those dreary meals of sodden whole grains that numb the palate in the name of health. It was a pleasant surprise, then, to taste the sweet delicate

soup Grant had made from home-grown tomatoes put away the previous fall. The fresh-baked whole wheat bread was a far cry from the dense brown bricks they sell for two bucks at my local health food store. A lustrous Bordeaux made everything slide down nicely. Each time I looked up to compliment Grant on his handiwork, I found his dark brown eyes shining at me across the table. Halfway through the meal a warm stockinged foot caressed my ankle. Shifting my leg to press its length against his, I felt a knot hardening in my groin, and I saw Grant make a discreet adjustment under cover of the tablecloth.

After the meal we took our coffees into the front room. Pete and Larry claimed the sofa. I sat on the floor by the woodstove, where I could examine Grant's collection of antique schoolbooks. Leafing through a 1904 speller from Prince Edward Island, I felt his warm breath against the back of my neck. While he and Pete traded local gossip, I leaned into the cove formed by his legs, draping my arms over his knees. Grant's fingers played lightly in my hair. Soon I felt myself getting another hard-on.

After an hour of lazy conversation, my friends decided it was time to go home. While Pete was in the hall pulling on his boots and Larry was using the can,



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Grant came up behind me and closed his arms around my waist. "Staying, I hope?" I reached behind and ran my hands down his slim flanks. "Wild horses couldn't tear me away."

As soon as Pete and Larry were on their way, Grant pulled me toward him and parted my lips with a demanding tongue. His mouth tasted of wine and coffee. I wrapped my hands around the firm twin mounds of his ass while his fingers caressed the small of my back. Pressed hard together, our stiff cocks made a sweet pain in my crotch.

Feeling the long hardness in his jeans, I loosened his belt, peeled back his fly, and slipped a hand inside his cotton shorts. My palm pressed against the ridge of his cock and my fingers closed around two nuts rolling in their sac of skin. Still fondling my ass, he freed my cock from the tangled cloth of my jeans and wrapped his fingers around it. While our mouths mated, our cocks smeared sticky juice across each other's bellies.

Stepping reluctantly away, Grant finished unbuttoning his shirt and stepped out of his pants while I kicked mine into the corner. The rough wool of my sweater brushed against the tip of my upright cock. Grant's shirttail coyly skirted a pale, almost hairless ass. I ran a tentative finger up the cool crevice. Turning toward me, he pressed his butt into my palm. I hooked a thumb under the hem of his undershirt and slowly peeled it back from his chest until it was bunched above the exposed nipples. Grant wrapped his arms around me and pulled me down onto the rug.

I persisted with my exploration, running my tongue along the hard length of his dick. It bobbed with tension as I lapped the underside just below the tip. My lips mumbled in the soft brown fur of his belly, nibbling up a dark line of hair to his small hard nipples. Rolling them gently between my teeth, I bit down with measured force. As his back arched off the floor, I slipped an arm beneath him and cupped that lovely ass.

Yielding control, he let me roll him over and probe the contours of his ass, spreading himself like a manly feast before me. I pushed his shirt up to his shoulders, ran a hand back down the broad muscles of his back, then began to grease his butt with the K-Y from my satchel. Poking in through the tight hole, first with my index finger, then with my thumb, I pressed down and forward toward the prostate. A hot, hard little button made contact with my thumb; Grant moaned and stirred in answer. Torn for a moment by the mounting desire to push on without delay, I obeyed a deeper command to show this magnificent man

the full respect he deserved. Reaching behind me, I felt in my satchel until my fingers closed around a slippery plastic pouch.

His head half turned, Grant watched with cat-like intent as I tore the corner of the package with my teeth. A wicked grin spread across his face. "Great!" he whispered, and wriggled his ass lewdly. His bright attention invested the procedure with a sense of ceremony. I squeezed flat the little nipple at the end of the condom, placed the rubber cap over the red tip of my cock, and slowly unrolled it down the full length. My cock was rearing now with frustrated longing. The plastic tube gripped it like a tight asshole, a taste of pleasures to come. The light shimmered on the slick surface, emphasizing every vein and ripple. Grant reached around and grabbed me hard for a moment. A small horny growl escaped from deep in his throat.

Positioning myself squarely before his waiting ass, I pressed down on the springy length of my cock until the tip mated with the pursed opening of his asshole. There was some resistance as I prodded, then the head eased in. A tight ring of muscle clamped around it, stinging my cock when I pushed forward. I paused. With a deep sigh of satisfaction, Grant's muscles relaxed another notch. His ass ate my cock down to the base. The whole length of my dick now curved inside him. Reaching under him, my hand closed around his own stiffening cock. A slimy drop oozed from the tip. I caught it between my fingers, spread it over his cockhead and down the hard shaft. I could feel a hot pressure building along the keel of his dick as it ground into my palm. All the while I kept working his ass, pulling slowly back and plunging deep into his bowels. The slight dulling of sensation caused by the rubber prolonged that frantic pleasure, as my frustrated cock strained to unload. Finally, when I thought I could stand no more, my cum broke free, surging in hot spurts up the raw length of my cock.

A series of shudders in his hips, followed by a warm gush over my fingers, told me that Grant was coming just after me, four, five, six long shots across the carpet. We lay together, panting in a tangled pile while Grant slowly licked his own hot cum off my fingers. With admirable presence of mind, I remembered to secure the ring encircling the base of my cock and pull out while my hardness remained.

Turning half around, Grant roughed up my hair and grabbed me for a kiss, rubbing his hands over the coarse wool of my sweater. "Sexy sailor!" he grinned. "I got into this real dirty slut trip when you

pulled on that rubber. Sleaze City! I loved it!"

We took the time to clean up Grant's cum before it dried on the carpet. Then we took a shower and retired to his antique maple bed to talk for a couple of hours, curled in each other's arms with the quilt pulled up around us. We made love again, more gently this time, rubbing together in the warm space between our bellies until the cum blossomed from our cocks and dripped onto the cotton sheets, necessitating another clean-up before we finally snuggled in for the night.

After a decadent Sunday breakfast of pancakes and maple syrup, and another tussle on the sofa, Grant drove me back to the farm around one. He joined Larry and me for a walk down to the Fundy shore. Then he had to get home to finish marking papers, and I had to get ready to catch my train.

A couple of days later I received a card in the mail. Inside he had written Thinking Of You in large rough letters with what appeared to be mucilage sprinkled with glitter. A closer inspection revealed the distinct smell of dried cum. I propped it up beside my bed. Love, Grant. ■

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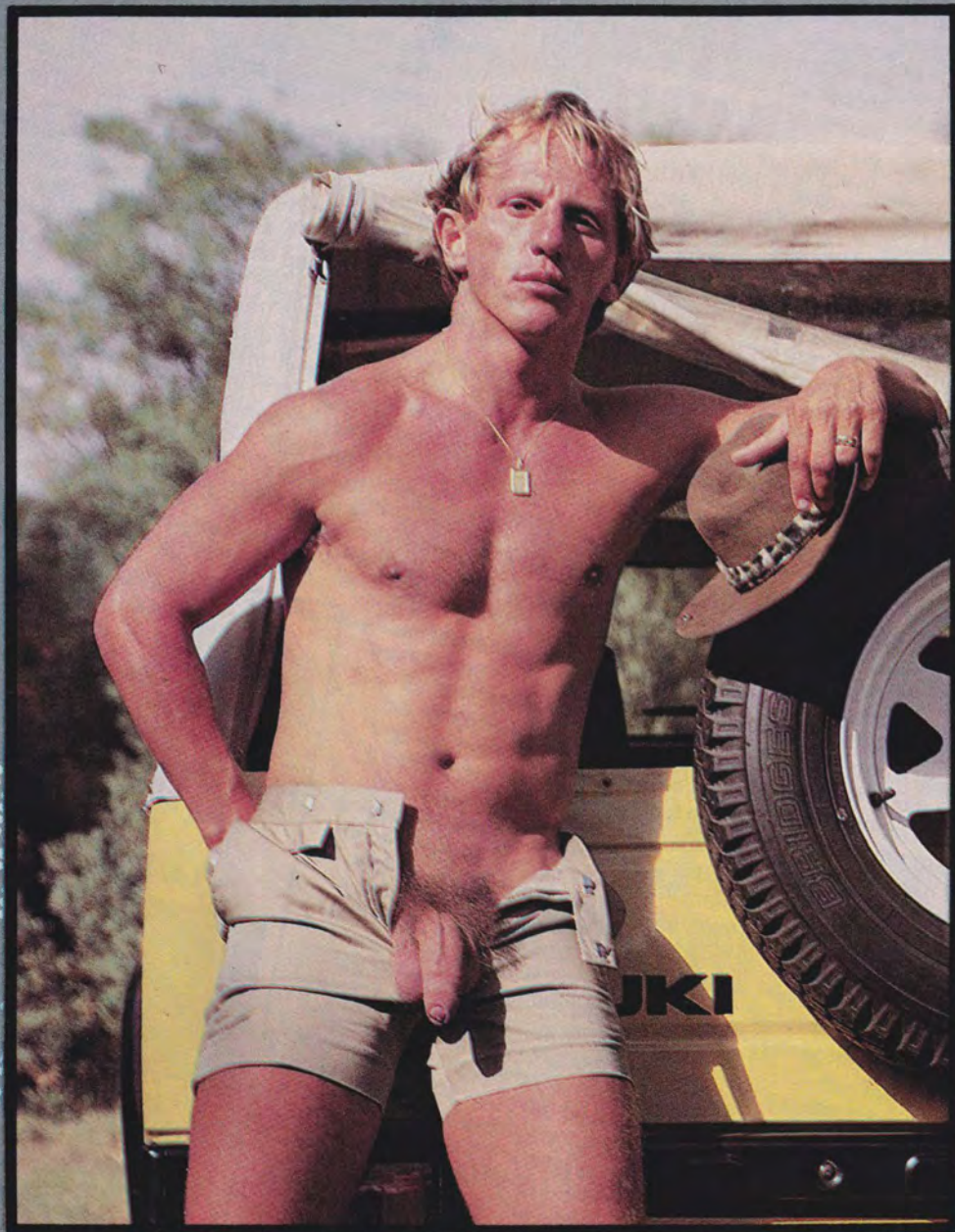
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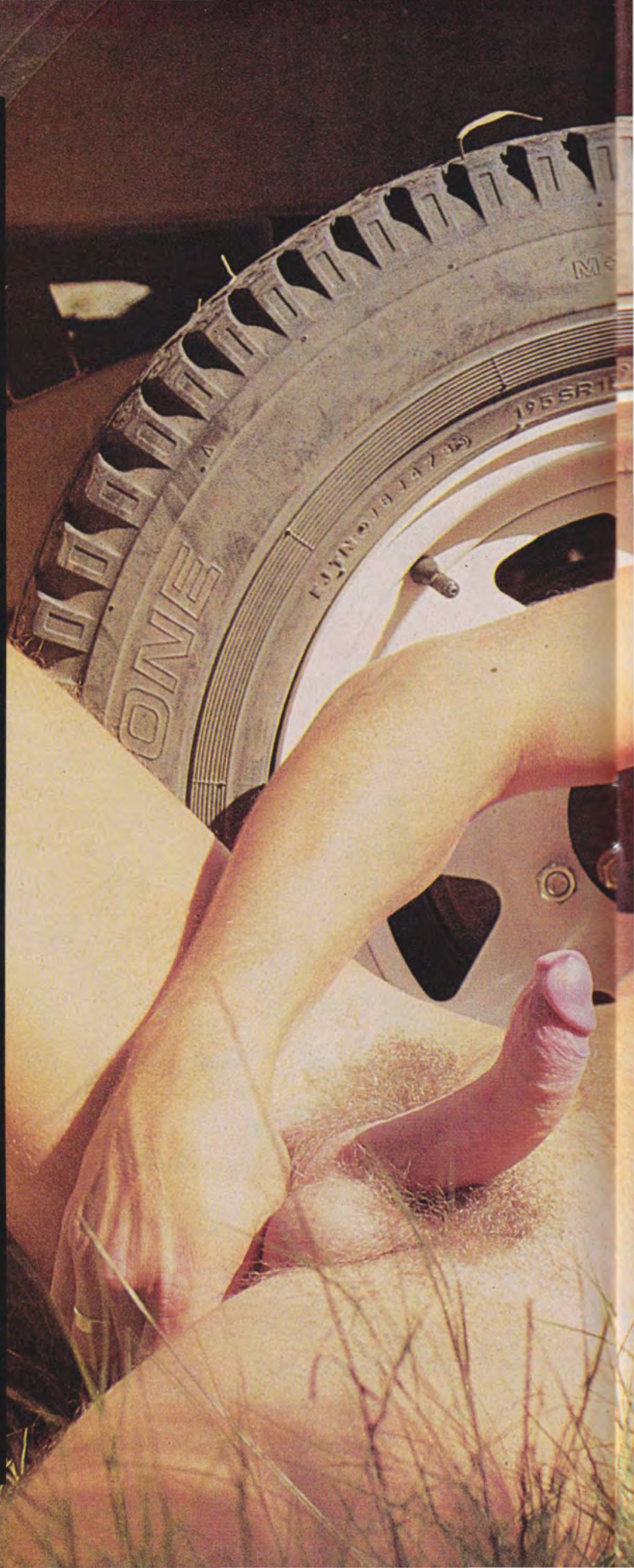
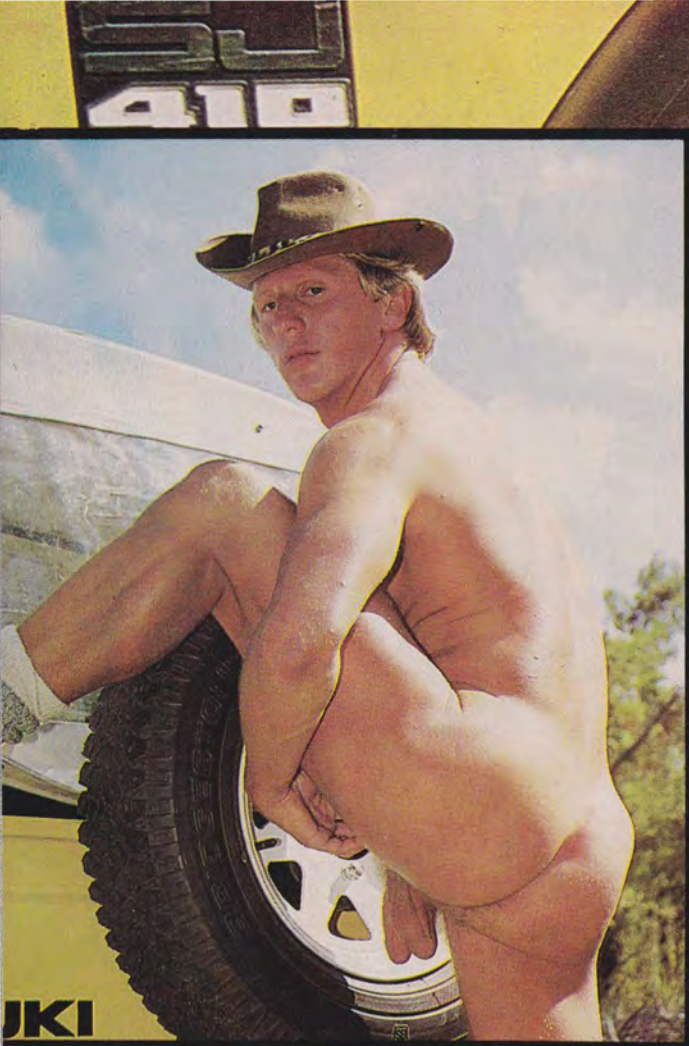


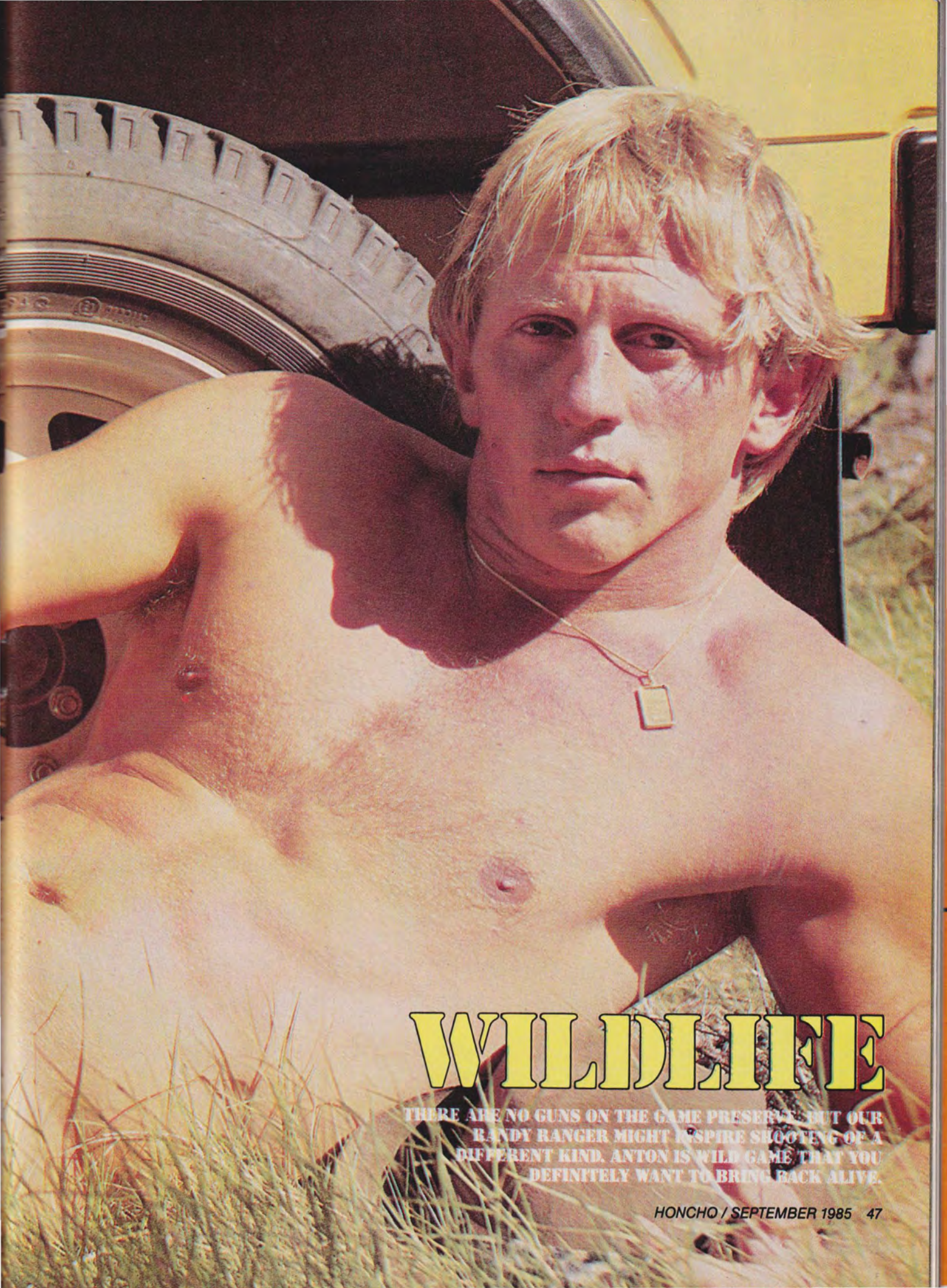
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NIGHT

By Joseph Patton
Art by Marco Solombria

"Please, sir. I can't take it. Do anything you want to me, but I can't take your big cock up my ass."

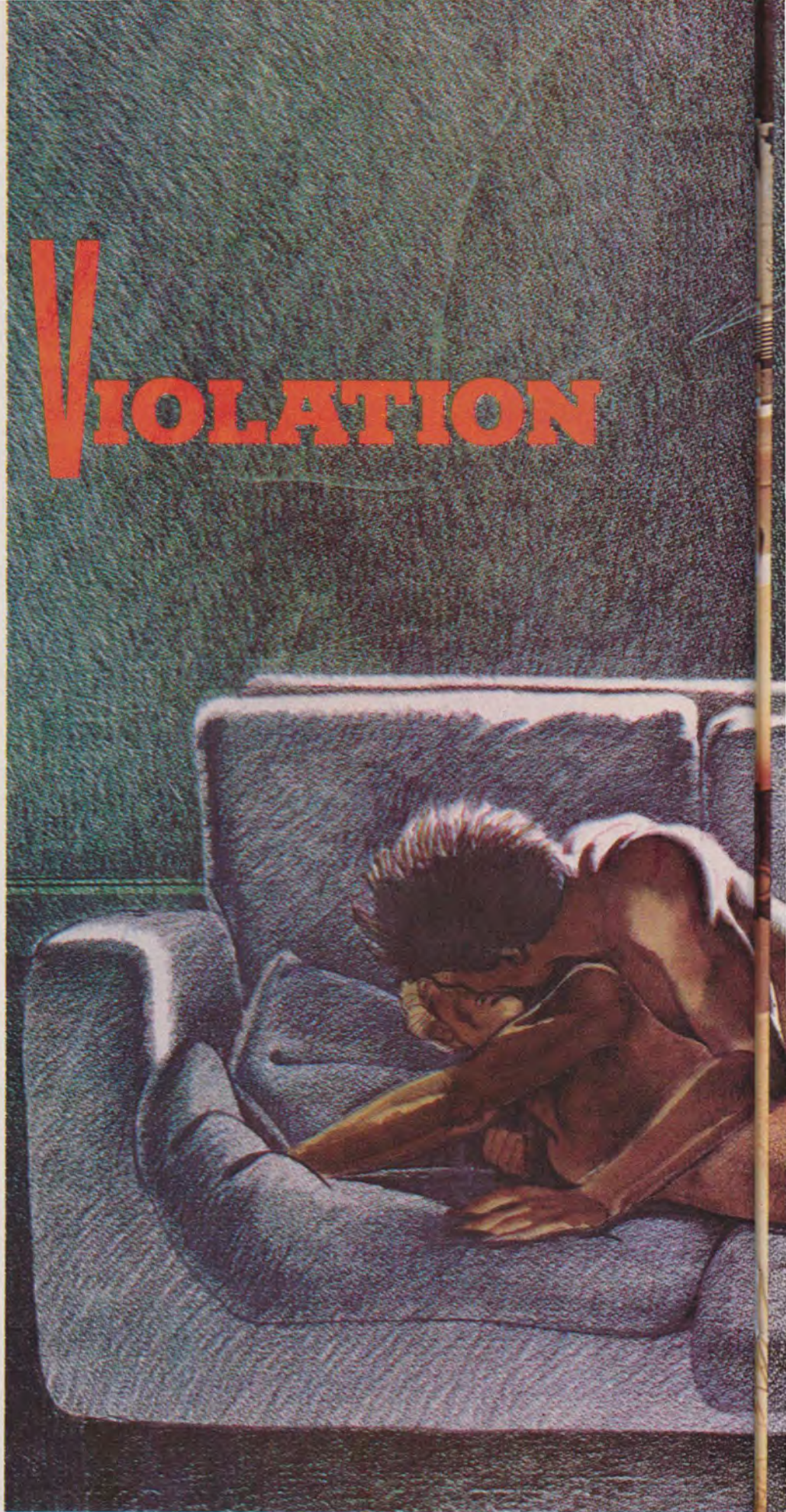
"You can and you will. Lie down on the sofa and stick that ass high in the air."

When I heard the scraping noise, I thought I was still dreaming; I had had a couple of beers before stretching out on the sofa, and I didn't trust my senses completely. It was a Tuesday—now Wednesday, since my watch told me it was after midnight. The room was dark. Outside it was raining in sheets; I cocked my ears and listened closely. Again I heard a scrape coming from downstairs, as if the back door were being kicked open.

Adrenaline pumped through my body. I sprang to my feet and started down the stairs. I heard the noise of drawers being opened; when I reached the hallway, a shaft of light was pouring from the master bedroom where I usually slept. The door was standing wide open and in the mirror opposite me I saw the reflection of the thief. He looked eighteen or nineteen, no more than twenty. His curly blond hair was tousled and wet. His tits poked through a t-shirt and tight blue

Continued to page 57

VIOLATION





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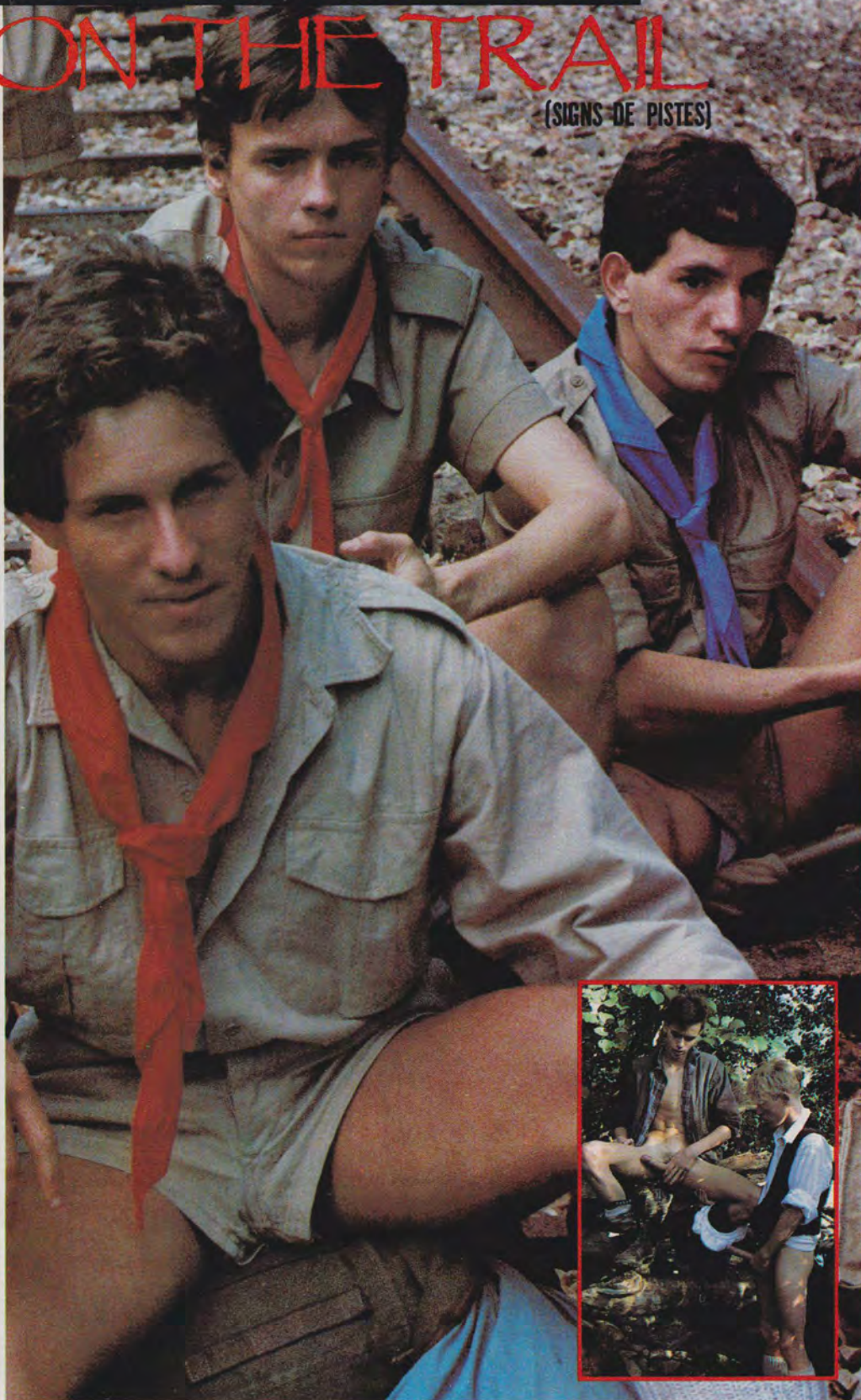
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NIGHT VIOLATION

Continued from page 50

jeans clung to his muscular calves.

But I wasn't looking at this kid with anything erotic in mind—yet. For a time I watched him nervously stuffing his pockets. There was nothing except watches and jewelry, not enough to interest a professional burglar. I could tell at a glance that he was a rank amateur. Anger welled up inside me. Suddenly I burst into the bedroom like a bomb.

"What the fuck you doin'?" I shouted.

The kid whirled around; he looked like a cornered animal. Fear shone in his eyes and his jaw dropped open in stunned disbelief. He was so astonished that he just stood there motionless, as if I'd caught him jerking off. Quickly I reached into an open drawer and pulled out a piece of clothesline usually reserved for tying my weekend slave's wrists to the rails of the brass bed during long, hard, fuck sessions.

"Hands behind your back," I commanded.

The kid still stood there, his mouth hanging open.

"Do it!" I ejaculated.

"Yes, sir."

"That's more like it," I said, tying his wrists together and making sure the knot was tight. I stepped around in front of him and looked him over from head to toe. Standing erect, eyes downcast, he assumed the natural position of a slave. The kid's body was hot—trim, lithe, yet strong. His shoulders were wide and his waist was unbelievably narrow.

"I know what you are," I muttered.

"The question is *who* are you?"

"Rick Calhoun, sir," he replied.

Reaching behind his waist, I pulled his wallet from his back pocket and thumbed through it. I found a driver's license: the name and face matched.

"Who knows you're here?"

"No one—sir."

"You're alone?" I wanted to make sure I was dealing with just one person.

"Yes, sir."

"You're a shitass thief," I said. "Why this house?"

"I didn't think anyone was home. The lights were out and there was no car." That was true enough. I had gone to bed early, and I had dropped the car off after work for engine repairs at a neighborhood garage. "It's my first time, sir," he went on, almost apologetically. "Are you gonna call the cops?"

"Would you like me to call the cops?" I teased.

"No sir," he replied quickly.

"Absolutely no one knows you're here?"

"No sir," he said softly.

"What?" I snapped.

"No sir," he repeated, louder.

"Speak up, boy, when you address me."

"Yes, sir."

"I think we can handle this situation between the two of us. Don't you, boy?"

"Yes, sir." Then, with the flicker of a grin: "I'm sure we can, sir."

"First I'll recover the stolen goods." I took a step toward him and thrust my hands into the pockets of his jeans. As I pulled out several gold chains and watches, I couldn't help but feel his half-hard cock resting along his thigh. I returned the chains and watches to the dresser drawer and took out a leather collar, which I secured tightly around his neck.

"You're my prisoner now," I said, coming around in front of him again. "You have no rights, no privileges."

"Yes sir," he said breathlessly. All it took was one glance at the kid's tits becoming hard under his t-shirt and the bulge running along his left leg to tell that he was getting off on this entire scene.

"I think we can come up with a fitting

hooked a chain to the slave collar, letting it hang down his smooth muscular chest. I brought out a metal cockring and slipped it over the kid's impressive dick, pushing each of his low hanging nuts through. Finally I connected the collar and the cockring with a snap ring. His cock thumped up against his short muscular torso; a thick purplish vein protruded on the underside of the erect shaft. Taking a leash from the drawer and fastening it to the collar, I guided him out of the bedroom, down the hallway, and out into the night.

Rain was pounding the ground and thunder boomed overhead. "Get down on your knees, cocksucker," I ordered, holding the leash with one hand and hauling out my dick with the other. He knelt in the grass as the long thick stream of piss began splashing down his backside. As lightning lit up the sky he glanced over his shoulder just in time to receive some hot, sudsy piss full in the face and right in his open mouth.

As I shook the last drops from my cock, I held the leash tightly but it wasn't necessary: The kid's world was spinning like a top. I stood there for a few minutes while rain poured down on him, drenching his backside. Finally I gave a tug on the leash and the kid obediently rose to

Taking a whiff under his armpits as though I were inhaling amyl, I began throwing hot cockfucks up his ass.

punishment for your invasion of my space," I said suggestively.

I stepped forward and grabbed the kid's t-shirt with both hands, and began ripping it down his chest. His muscles contracted and expanded and his breathing deepened. The upper part of his body was completely hairless, except for a tuft of blond hair under each armpit. He made no attempt to struggle, even when I raised my fingers to his dark brown nipples and pulled and pinched, twisted and tweaked them till they were big as cherries. He was loving every fucking minute of it!

I was beginning to feel my bladder awash with the beers I had downed earlier in the evening and suddenly I knew the perfect way to show this kid what a worthless piece of shit I thought he was.

"Kick off your sneakers," I said. He did as he was told.

Then I unzipped his jeans and pulled them down and off, one leg at a time. I

his feet, following me inside without uttering a syllable. When we got back to the bedroom my huge, hard dick was still dangling out of the fly of my jeans. The kid couldn't take his eyes off it.

"Somethin' catch your attention, boy?"

"Yes, sir. Your cock, sir."

Smiling I took a red handkerchief and pulled it around his eyes. I hadn't come since Monday morning when Jerry, my weekend slave, sucked me off smooth and slow till I spilled my semen into his begging mouth and throat. More than anything, I wanted to feel a warm wet mouth and a hot tongue licking all over the big round head and up and down the hard firm shaft of my dick.

"Down on your knees, cocksucker."

Again he instantly obeyed.

"Lick it all over," I said. Tentative at first, then bolder, the kid stuck out his tongue and tasted my dick all the way from head to base. My nuts were still tucked inside the zipper; I pushed my

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jeans down a bit. The kid buried his face in my crotch, sniffing the body heat and licking in a frenzy. His own cock waved out at me, thumping like a heart.

I grasped his head and lowered it onto my cock. First the thick bulbous dickhead slipped into his mouth, followed slowly by all seven-and-a-half inches of slippery cockmeat.

"Suck cock," I said sternly. "And if I feel your fuckin' teeth, you'll be whipped." I pulled my leather belt out of my jeans and cracked it through the air to let him know I was serious. With a thrust I felt my cock deep in the warm cushion of his throat. I pumped into the kid's mouth, pulling all the way out to let him get his breath and then sliding in again, digging deeper and deeper until his nose was buried in the dark crotch hair. I pressed his head even closer, shoving into him until he let out a long, low moan, half in pleasure, half in pain.

Finally I released him and let him come up for air. In a flash he was lowering his head down again on my dick. I grabbed his head and said, "You'd love to suck on it some more, wouldn't you?" He nodded.

"You like it? You like gettin' your face fucked?"

Again he nodded. "I ate the whole thing, sir," he said proudly. A crash of thunder filled the air outside. I reached between his legs and slid my hand along the patch of skin leading from his nuts to his asshole. His cock slowly began to thicken, growing bigger and harder, while I slid a finger inside him. I felt his sphincter clamp down on it, and then suck it in further. His breathing got wild

as I slid another finger inside. His ass was really responding. I darted through the "V" between his wide spread legs and checked out his hole. It had grown from the size of a dime to the size of a quarter.

I withdrew my fingers, took my dick in one hand, spat in the other and rubbed it all over. But the moment my cock pressed against the kid's asshole, it shut tight.

"Please, sir. I can't. Do anything you want to me, but I can't take your cock up my ass!"

"You can and you will," I said confidently. "Lie down on the sofa on your stomach, and stick that fucking ass high in the air."

"Yes, sir," he breathed, his voice trembling with fear.

I grabbed his ripped t-shirt off the floor and stuffed it into his mouth. Then I swung the leather belt down hard, flailing away at the kid's milky white ass till it was red-hot. In no time at all his groans of pain became moans of pleasure, and I knew he had crossed the threshold where agony becomes delight.

"Get up and bend over. Spread those cheeks!"

Chastised, he did as he was told, and the tangerine-sized head of my cock found his hole. "Now feel your master's cock slide into you while your ass still stings." I leaned forward, the head slipped in, and the kid started sliding his hips toward me, inviting further intrusion. I pushed inside, deeper and deeper, until he groaned. I started pumping fast and strong, holding his sides tightly, riding him like a cowboy taming the meanest bronc in the wild west. The momentum increased. I felt my whole body centered in my cock, as if it had a mind, a will of its own. It explored further and further inside the inner walls of the kid's ass. I felt the overwhelming heat inside his hole and the incredible suctioning power of his ass muscles driving me toward a furious climax. My body tensed. I drew in a deep breath. Taking a whiff under his armpits as if I were inhaling amyl, I began throwing hot cockfucks up his ass. On and on I drove until I knew I couldn't hold back any longer. I started shooting my load and the kid began to moan as I squirted cum inside his tight, twitching fuckhole.

I withdrew my cock, which was still huge and thick. Moving around in front of the kid, I saw his cock, now limp, hanging between his legs; his slightly rounded belly was drenched in swirls of cum. He was still trying to catch his breath.

I grabbed the torn t-shirt from his mouth. "Who gave you permission to come, slave?" I barked.

He got his breath. "No one, sir. I . . . I just couldn't help it."

"But you'll learn, won't you, slave?"

"Yes, sir."

"Eat it," I said, rubbing my hand over his lower belly and holding his own cum to his lips to taste. Again and again he sucked the cum off my finger until his belly glistened.

"I need to take a leak, sir."

"Hold, it."

"I can't, sir. Please, sir."

Helplessly his cock began rising until it was hard as a rock.

"Please, sir," he begged again, his voice urgent.

I took a rubber hose from the drawer and attached one end of it to his swollen cockhead and stuck the other end into his half-open mouth.

"Now piss," I said. "You heard me. Piss!"

A stream of burning piss began to hiss through the hose. I could see the slave collar bite into his neck as the kid's throat muscles opened wider and wider and he swallowed a gulp. I moved forward and took off the blindfold so that he could see for himself exactly what he was doing. His brows lifted and his eyes popped; still he swallowed until the final drops of hot piss slid down his throat. When he was finished, I unhooked the chain and removed the collar from his neck. I untied his wrists. The kid opened and closed his hands several times, stretching his fingers and letting the blood circulate.

"You forgot the cockring," he said, quickly adding "sir."

"No, I didn't. Keep it. And keep it on!"

"Thank you, sir."

"Rick," I said, looking at him with sharpened eyes. "I'm putting you on a week's probation. You'll report back to me Tuesday at ten o'clock sharp."

"Yes, sir!" His lips became full and turned up at the corners. His eyes shone with incredible excitement. There was no doubt he would be back next Tuesday. And the Tuesday after that. He knew as well as I did that he had got exactly what he deserved, and something else, besides.

Silently Rick stepped into his jeans and put on his sneakers, a little slowly, as if he didn't want to go. He headed for the door. Then he stopped and turned around. "Till Tuesday," he said with a glint in his eye.

I went up to him, put a hand on his shoulder and guided him to the back door. It had stopped raining. Dawn was slowly breaking. As I watched Rick walk shirtless across the lawn I had only one thought: maybe he had enjoyed the punishment too much! ■

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DEAR HONCHO:

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

FROM THE FACE DOWN

Dear HONCHO:

I was very pleased with your May 1985 issue. In early 1981 I picked up my first issue at a local newsstand. But this is the one that made me decide to subscribe. I would like to say you have the best fiction around; you always get me off! And I was very impressed with the layout "Good Buddies." Please continue this type of spread in future issues. In the May 1985 Dear HONCHO, the letter headed "Not the Only One" had a comment which I strongly agree with—about including photos of men making love. I would also like to see more explicit photos showing dicks in mouths and asses, and cum shots.

As for the nudes, the only suggestion I can make about them is: let's see some more good looking faces! Like "Down and Dirty," a super fox all around. A perfect layout of a perfect man, that's what I would like to see more of in future issues. "Salty" was good, with a great cock. "Camouflage" was good—great body and cock, but the face wasn't a turn-on. "Mouthful" has a great cock, especially on page 106! It should have been titled "Mouthwatering!"

K.P.
Teaneck, NJ

INFIBULATION

Dear HONCHO:

How about a detailed article, with close-up photographs, on the subject of infibulation. It ought to include some how-to information, such as proper care and maintenance. I was pierced through the foreskin by my black master while I was in the Marines and I wore his ring and initial for nearly three years. When we parted company I removed it and the hole has since closed up, but I've been turned on to the whole subject of infibulation ever since. An article would spread the word and maybe help avoid some of the problems which result as a result of improper piercing. Also, how about something on black leather-masters. My first fuck was by my black master at Parris Island during boot camp, and as you can see by this letter I've never gotten over it.

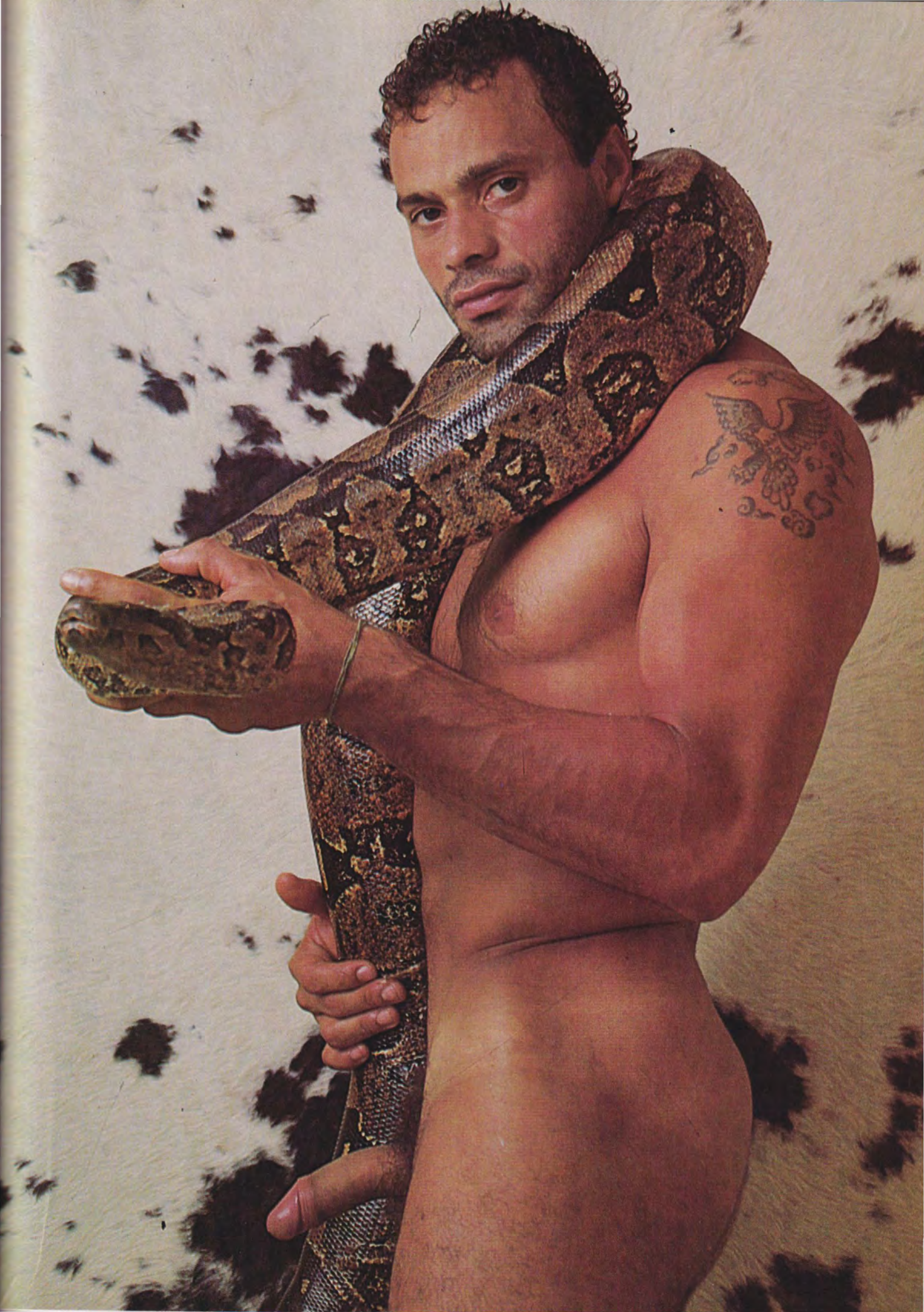
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Alexandria, VA

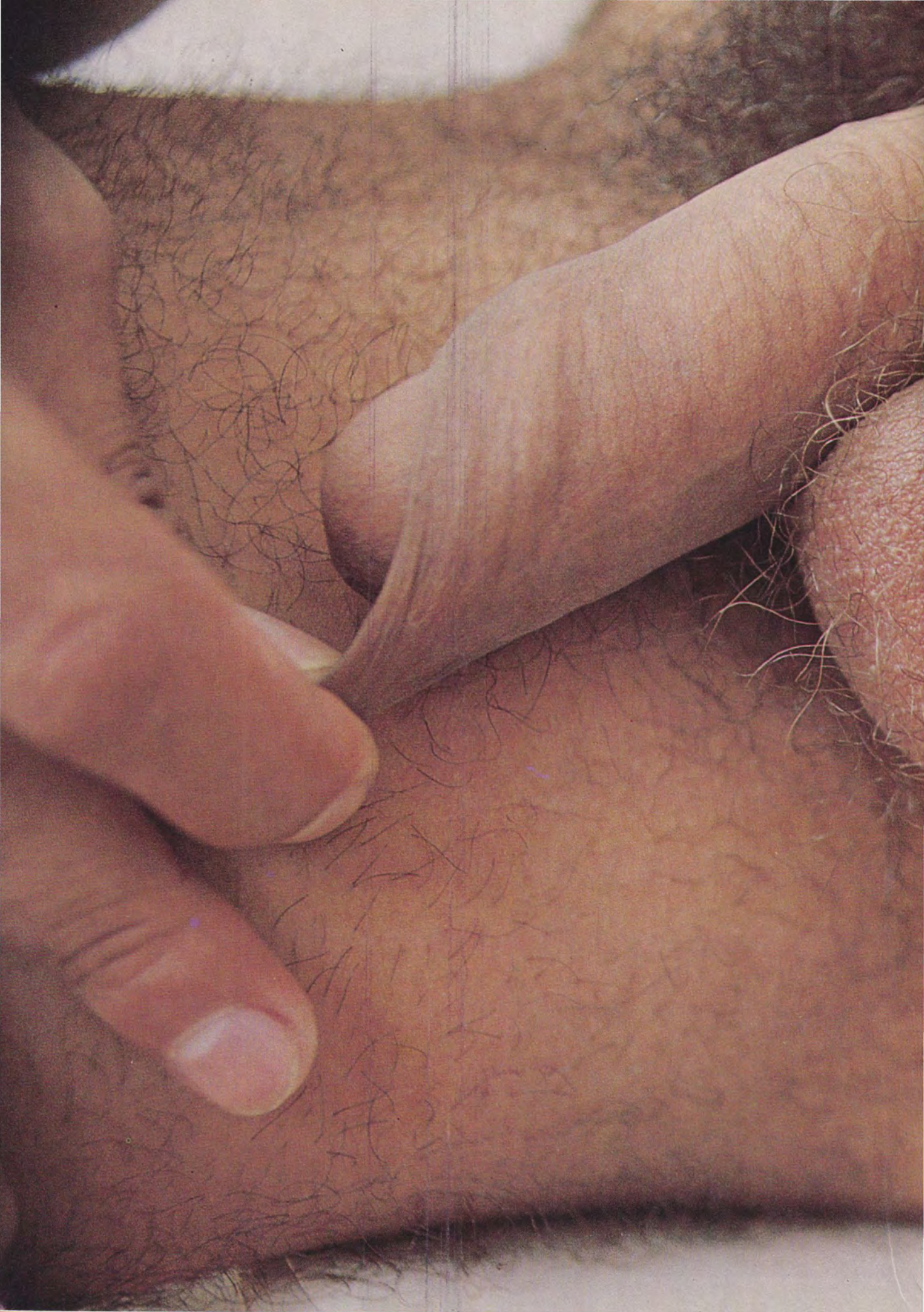
RATTLE AND HISS


Dear HONCHO:

I'm not a lover of snakes, but when I saw the cover of your June issue, and the spread inside called "Devil Dick," I almost rattled and hissed! What a hot man—and his dick is almost as big as the snake he's holding. He has everything I like: big arms and shoulders, a beefy butt, big uncut dick, a tattoo, and four days of stubble on his face. I wouldn't mind encountering that big slimy snake just to get at his big slimy snake. More, more!

V.M.
Spokane, WA







NEED A JOB?

Dear HONCHO:

A lot of people say "I've never written a letter to an Editor before." I believe them. I can't say that. I have, but it takes something for me to do it. The layout "Tubesteak" in the April issue is that special. You are to be commended for having this model, and Falcon Studios is to be praised for the photography. The guy is, of course, to be complimented on his rugged, yet not menacing, good looks, natural manner, and BIG UNCUT DICK. It's a masterpiece, and I've seen a lot, hung on almost every type guy—cops, hardhats, cowboys, military, truckers, etc. That sounds like bragging; I don't intend it to be. I own a ranch, and if the guy ever needs a job (2 kinds) he's got them!

C.T.J.
Americus, GA

SHORT BEARDS AND BIG DICKS

Dear HONCHO:

I think your model in the piece called "Staying Power" (March 1985) is tops. I'm crazy about men with short beards and big dicks, and he meets both specifications just right! And I'll bet his staying power is phenomenal. I hope you will show another picture of him—he looks the way a real man should.

G.H.
Wilmington, NC

DEAR HONCHO:

JERKED OFF 20 TIMES

Dear HONCHO:

For four years now, I've been getting off reading your cock-stiffening fiction and gawking at your super studshots. But in the February issue, you really outdid yourselves. The young hunk in Allen Reed's "Meathead," the one who's into raunchy talk—I can really identify with him. I must have read that story (jerking myself off all the while) twenty times by now! As a matter of fact, I had to buy another issue so that I could read the story and look at your great guys at the same time. The man in "Talk Me Into It" really gets me going. What I wouldn't give to munch on his hairy balls through that jockstrap, to lick along the line of hair that leads to his belly-button, to slurp his gorgeous manmeat!

By the way, I just read the letters in your April issue. The guy who wrote that you were getting too raunchy must be some kind of wimp. The guy who sent in his fantasy about Lorenzo De Palma seems more on the right track. I, too, have spent many hours fantasizing over him. In my fantasy, I slide my tongue up his great-looking hole (which you were kind enough to show), and rim him until he begs me for my cock.

Anyway, if you want to keep me coming, keep the raunch coming.

E.K.
Cambridge, MA

HAIRY FOREIGNERS

Dear HONCHO:

I've always enjoyed HONCHO; however, the March 1985 issue is by far the most exciting I've seen. How nice to finally have a top-notch magazine devoted to the sensuality of the mature, *hirsute* gentleman. Two articles deserve special mention. The first, "Cop Brothers," and its accompanying art work are first class. The second, "Ring Around the Cock," was fabulous as well. How I would have enjoyed a photo display of that story's hairy Arab named Ochmar. Please continue to feature hairy and mature men. How about more hirsute foreigners like Ochmar? Hairy foreigners—Arabs, Indians, Africans—are a wonderful change of diet.

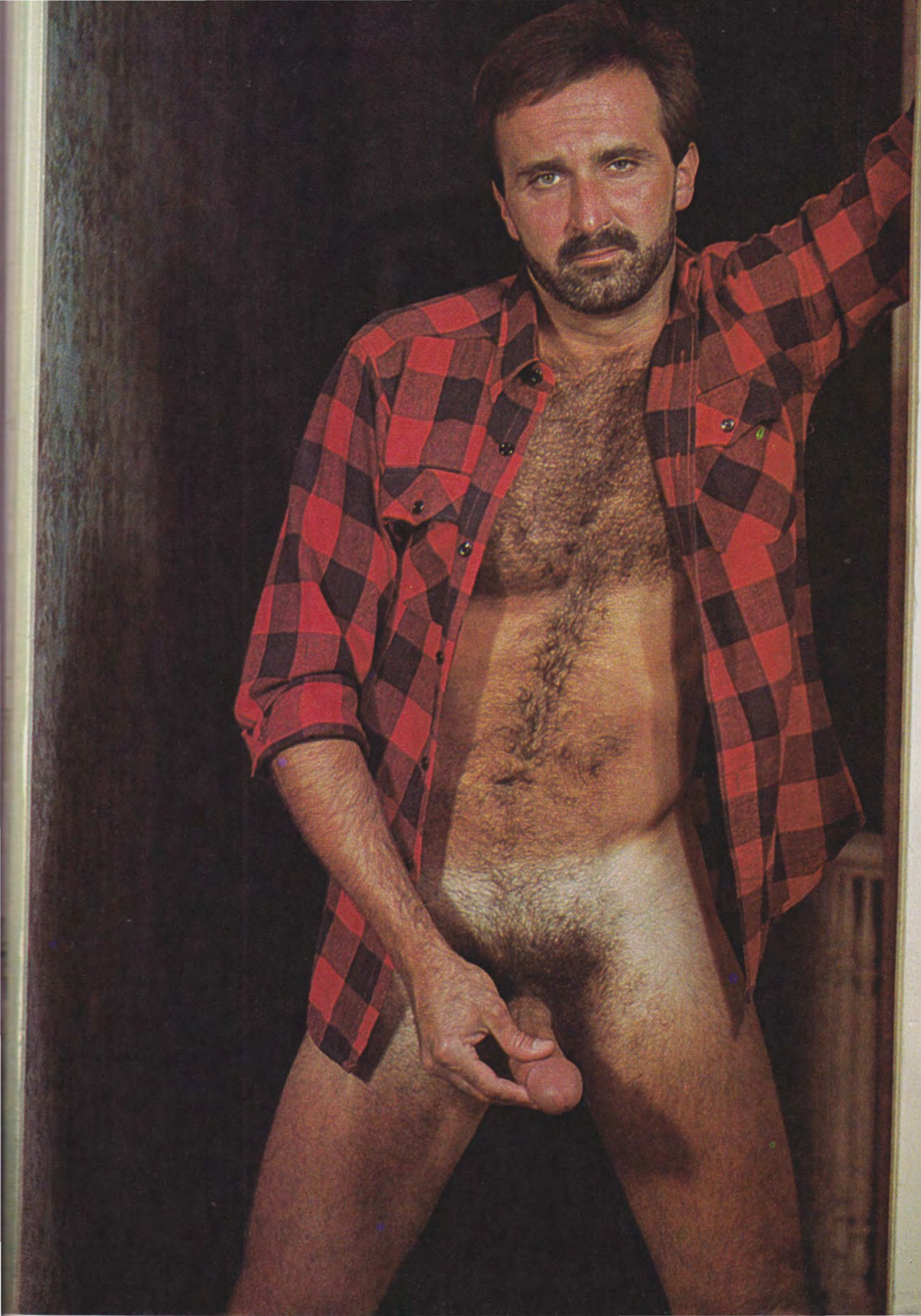
R.F.
Chicago, IL

GROWING OLDER

Dear HONCHO:

Your May 1985 issue was the hottest HONCHO ever. Mainly, your models looked mature. "Salty" and "Down and Dirty" were incredible turn-ons. There are a lot of us out here who like mature men, not surfer boys. Please do more photo spreads of over-40 males. They exude sex appeal.

A.G.
Wyckoff, NJ





YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL

Dear HONCHO:

I recently discovered your magazine, and so far I've been very impressed. No other magazine has your share of great looking men issue for issue. Are these guys for real or what? I'm writing to say you've outdone yourselves this time. The May 1985 issue is so good I can't put it down. The layout called "Mouthful" provided the man of my dreams in living—if not breathing—color. (Those eyes! That meat!) As I said, I can't put that issue down. I have to hold it up (especially pages 110 & 111) with one tired hand. I definitely owe you one.

P.M.
Pawtucket, RI

DEAR HONCHO:

HAIRY LATINS

Dear HONCHO:

Your Latin model Sergio, photographed by Kristen Bjorn (April 1985) is wonderful. The pictures of him are terrific! I also liked the stories, especially "Big Hands, Inc." But please, in future show more and more Latin men with hairy bodies.

E.R.
Miami, FL

MADE MY BALLS BOUNCE

Dear HONCHO:

My first issue of HONCHO made my balls bounce sufficiently to decide to send a gift subscription to a friend. Five of six rock-hard men in your April 1985 issue were truly delightful. Just keep up the good work, and I might add that the addition of a few hairy asshole shots would further enhance the turn-on quality of your wonderful manly collection!

Your men are neither the glamour puss type nor the school boy type, which I believe are overrated in other magazines. Yours are one hundred percent men; husky, horny, healthy, and hot! HONCHO is even more exciting than many hard-core magazines. My compliments to your photographers.

A.S.
Teaneck, NJ

MORE LEATHER

Dear HONCHO:

What can I say about your February and March issues but—SUPER! Those two leathermen in "What You Want" and "Swellhead" made me go wild. You simply have to give an encore of those studs. More, please; more leathermen!

R.B.F.
Stockholm, Sweden

CUT IT

Dear HONCHO:

I'm a loyal reader of HONCHO and I think you have the hottest male mag going; gorgeous models and superb photography. But about your orgy of foreskin exhibitionism in your April 1985 issue: some of us who are uncircumcised really crave the sight of an "all clear," clean-cut cap and fully exposed, silky smooth cock shaft. Foreskin definitely has its advantages, but there are still plenty of devotees of circumcised cocks.

So please don't forget about us. Maybe the "Grass is always greener," but I want to see some cut cock attached to your beautiful HONCHO bods.

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ARIZONA

DADDY'S BOY/SLAVE.

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

CALIFORNIA

WANTED GAY HANDICAPPED FRIENDS

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

HIGH, HOT SOAPY

Bareassed over my knee. Two quarts minimum. Hurt? Tough shit. Lose some? Paddle your ass! GWM, 40, hairy, bearded, short, stocky. Occupant, PO Box 8468, San Diego, CA 92102. (619) 233-5070 any time; be on your knees with hose ready. If you get box, release clamp at beep, tell me about it.

VERY ATTRACTIVE W/M

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

FORMER EXECUTIVE

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

SILICON VALLEY BOY

GWM, 19, brown/brown, straight looking, hairy chest, stomach, ass. I want you for friendship, sex. New and eager to learn. Reply w/photo. Hablo español (50% Mexicano). I want to hear from you. Alan, PO Box 710282, San Jose, CA 95171.

COCK SLAVERY

Attractive GWM, 32, 6'2", 150 lbs, dark hair, beard wants imaginative partners into extended oral workouts. Obedience, deep throat work, force-feeding, cock worship. Mutual preferred but will train. Also: fucking (condoms), bondage, titwork. Must be hairy, bearded, sensitive, fit and hung 7" plus as I am. Foto and fantasies to Tom, 240 Sanchez, SF, CA 94114.

COLORADO

VERY SEXY SEEKS SAME

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

NEEDS GOOD FUCK

Horny GWM 6', 170, 28, Green/br. beard seeks dominant daddy. Daddy must be 30-55—big, thick cock very important. Nude photo and letter gets mine. Mike, 1337 Corona #2, Denver, CO 80218.

CONNECTICUT

FRIENDS/PEN PALS

Good looking/straight acting Bi/WM, 23, 5'6", 160 lbs., brown/green seeks same for hot times. No weirdos or drugs. Photo and address. Allen, PO Box 133, Trumbull, CT 06611.

FLORIDA

GWM 32-175-6'

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

SARASOTA

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

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

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

WHITE STUD

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

FT. LAUDERDALE AREA

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

GWM, 31, 6', 157 LBS.

Brown/blue, bearded, seeks masculine, sensitive guy for friendship/long-term relationship. NO smoking/drugs. Send photo. PO Box 2726, Pinellas Park, Florida 34290-2726.

GEORGIA

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

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

GWM, 31, OVERWT.

No experience, needs master to teach obedience. Master should be 50+, strict, firm, demanding, obsessive, and a true disciplinarian. Send detailed letter and pix to: Ricky J., PO Box 1032, Holly Springs, GA 30142.

I AM SPANISH, 23,

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

ILLINOIS

YOUNG RELATIONSHIP

Young 52, GWM, 6'2", 185, sincere and understanding. Enjoy films, travel, homelife, cuddling. Seeks 18-35 swimmer/gymnast body. No fats, feds, drugs, S&M, blacks. Letter & photo to John Richards, PO Box 911, Midlothian, IL 60445.

INDIANA

YOUNG ASS MASTER

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

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

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

HUNG & HORNY

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

KANSAS

VERY ATTRACTIVE, MASCULINE

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

LOUISIANA

ALTERNATIVE

For a change in style or color—Men's Human Hair full wigs—uncut 6 to 8 inch lengths—Beards etc. Send SASE to A.Y.L.I. Office, PO Box 740339, New Orleans, LA 70174.

W/M ATHLETIC, GOOD LOOKING

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

PEN PALS

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

MASSACHUSETTS

LONELY WHITE MALE

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

MICHIGAN

GWM, 38, 5'10", 155#

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

NEBRASKA

GWM, 25, BODYBUILDER, TOP

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

GWM, 20, 6', 175

Wants to meet men 18-35, in area, for fun and possible relationship. Photo a plus. No fats, fems, blacks. Scottie, PO Box 6783, Omaha, NB 68106.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

NEW TO NEW HAMPSHIRE

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

NEW JERSEY

GWM 5'9", 165

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

FRIENDS/PEN PALS

Goodlooking Bi/WMM, 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.

GWM-37-5'7"-137 LBS.

Beard - brown hair/blue eyes - gym defined - trim - versatile - educated professional - wants to meet guys in area for friends, companionship, play - no smokers, drugs, fats or fems - Write: Paul, PO Box 1077, Vernon, NJ 07462.

HOT, YOUNG & SERIOUS

GWM, 25, cute, black hair, dk brown eyes, nice slim body, tired of cruising bars and one night stands. Looking for macho, straight looking, hot muscular guy between 18-35 for true relationship leading toward serious commitment. Photo will get mine. PO Box 3201, Guttenberg, NJ 07093.

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W/M 5'5", 130 lbs., extremely good looking, dark, sensual skin with cute ass just waiting for you. If you are white, good looking, have a gorgeous body, and are 18-24 yrs. old, show me how great sex with another guy is. Nude photo and phone a must: Box 353, Elmont NY 11003.

EX ONEONTA FARMER

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

HOT BLACK MALE

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

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

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satile. You are short, blond, uncut, hairy
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Hirsch, 241 6th Avenue, NYC 10014.

NORTH CAROLINA

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Goodlooking Bi/Wm, 23, 5'1", 165 lbs,
seeks friends and/or pen pals. No fats,
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N.—PO Box 4122, Glen Raven, NC 27215.

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St.), Hazleton, PA 18201.

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

GWM, 42, 511, 195 LBS.

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

GWM 24, 5'7", 135 LBS.

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

37, CHINESE, BLACK HAIR,

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

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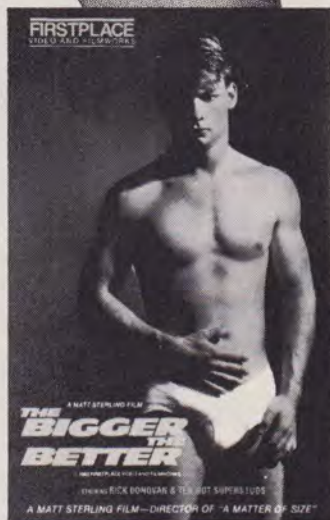
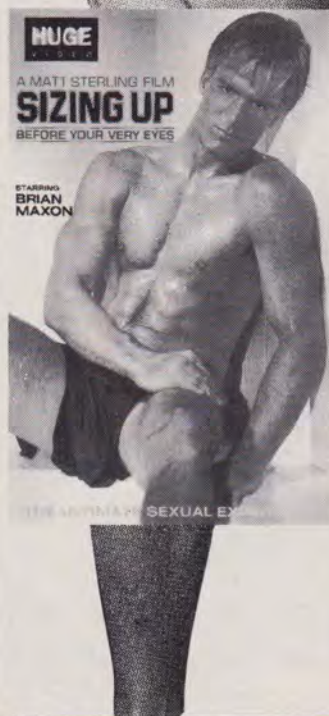
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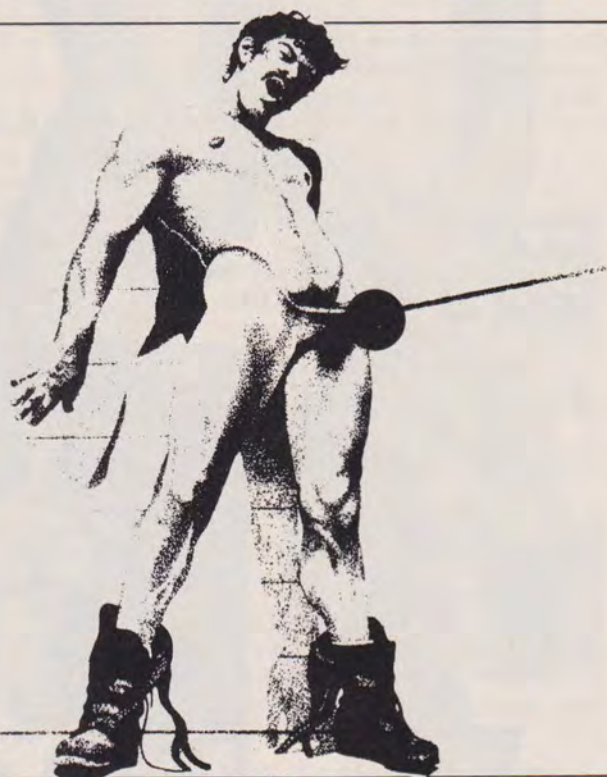
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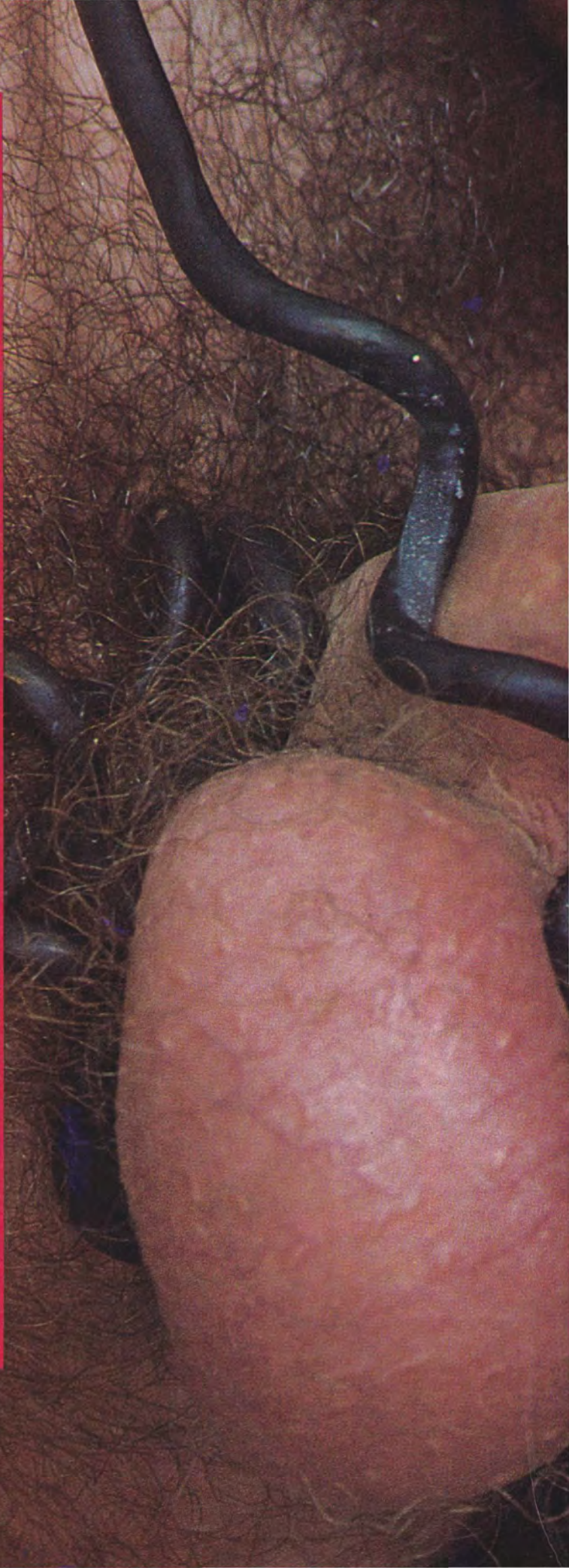
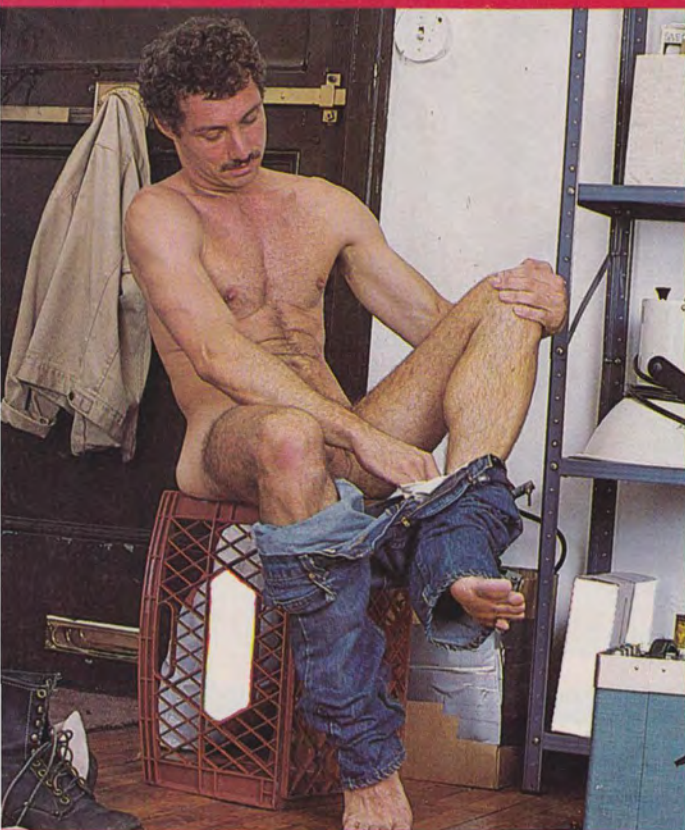
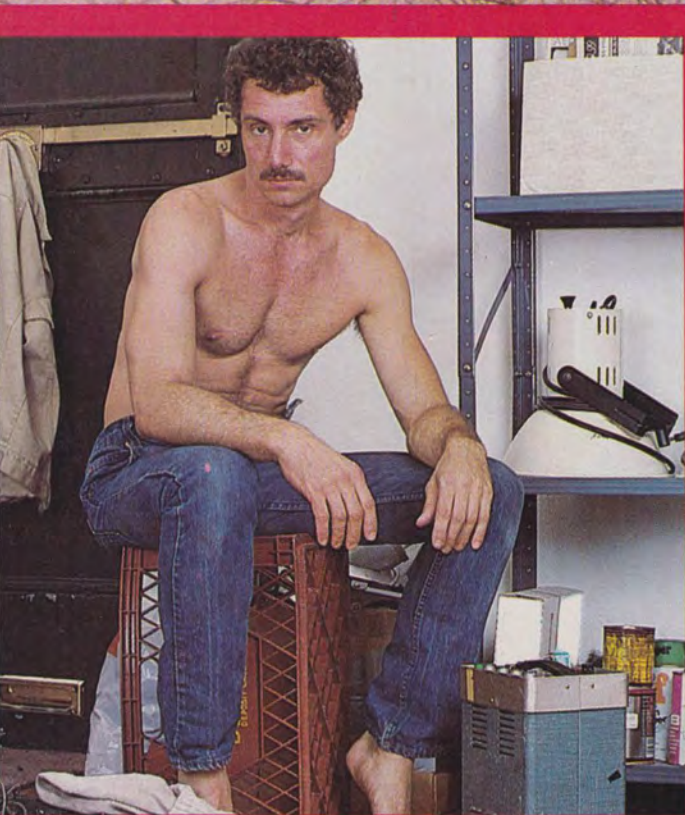
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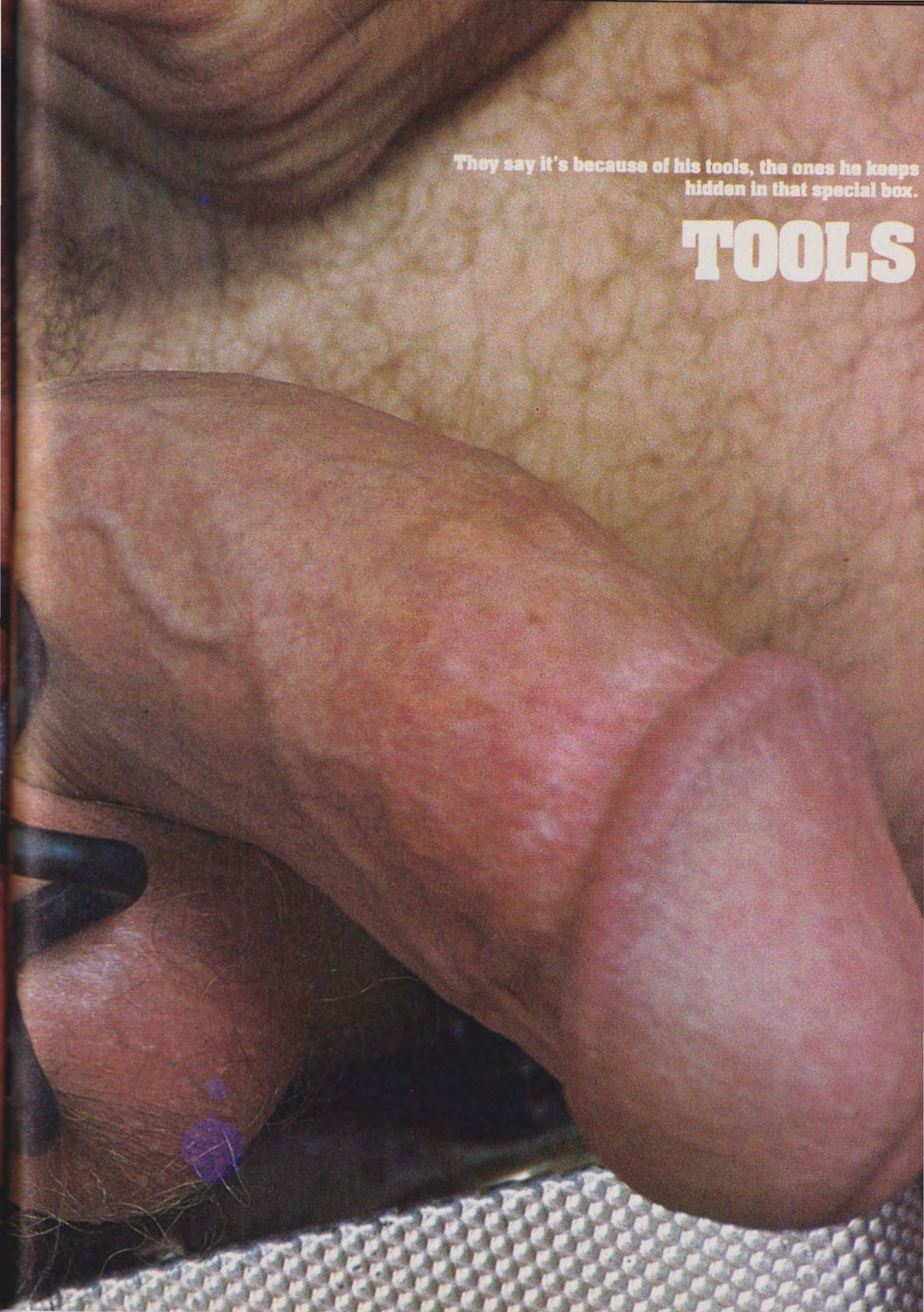


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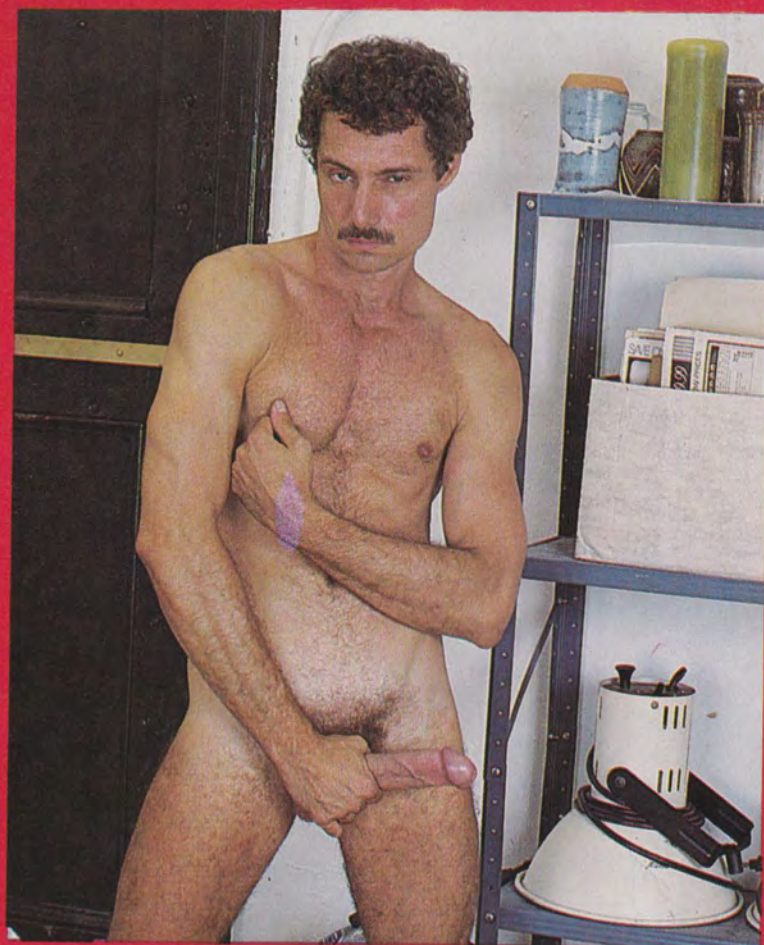
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TEAM COLORS

Continued from page 9

Raith's. They grasped each other tightly and kissed. Their hips moved together, and their cocks jostled each other. I slipped beneath them and ran my tongue over their hairy balls. When I finally got them to separate, I grasped their throbbing cocks in my hand; I took both dicks at the same time and swallowed as much meat as I could. Yale and Raith were lapping at each other's tits. I moved from white cock to dark cock, sucking their balls as well. I could feel both men bucking, ready to come—when they suddenly pulled away.

"Now we're gonna teach you how to play center," Raith panted. Both he and Yale were now bathed in sweat.

"Down into set position!" Raith bellowed.

Set position: legs set shoulder width apart, one arm in front, the other arm cradled against your stomach, and your ass sticking out unprotected.

"Nice," Yale cooed. "You've got a nice ass. Good and firm and just the right height," he told me as he rubbed his slick cock against my eager asscrack.

"A good center's gotta have a nice ass, right Raith?"

But Raith's mouth was too full to answer; he was sucking Yale's stiff dark meat, wetting it with spit. Raith pushed Yale away and buried his face deep in my sweating ass, probing my yearning hole.

"Now Raith and I are gonna show you how to be a good center. We're gonna show you just the right way to carry the ball."

Raith held my cheeks open as Yale slowly pressed his thick dick into my tight hole. I hadn't had anyone in me for a while, and the initial pressure, coupled with Yale's size, was almost unbearable.

"It's okay, Mark," Raith whispered soothingly as he watched Yale's cock slowly disappear into my ass. "Yale really knows how to fuck ass. He's slow and smooth and makes you warm up real fast inside. Yeah, I can feel it," he said, his hands stroking my burning cock, "I can tell you're getting warmer inside."

I nodded as I felt Yale's cock stroking my insides, his balls pressing against mine. Raith stood in front of me and pushed his cock against my lips. I was living a wild fantasy come true. During every football game I have ever watched, I've imagined the quarterback stepping

up and ramming the center's ass as the opposite team plugged his mouth with their cocks. It was hard to believe that these two hunks were really fucking me. I had dreamed of drinking their sticky cum as it shot out of their cocks, licking it as it spattered across my face, and sucking their hot nipples as they plowed my begging asshole.

"I'm coming, man! I'm gonna come up his ass! Come with me, man! Yeah, blow that cum all over his face, make him lick you clean!" Yale cried out.

Raith moaned and huffed as he pulled his cock out of my mouth and shot his hot cum all over my face and back. I licked the salty juice off my face and off the shiny head of his cock; I felt Yale's tongue on my back licking the milky cum off me.

"That's so good, man! I could eat your cum all day," Yale said. Then he began pounding my ass, ripping my cheeks apart with his motion. Yale let out a loud moan from deep within his chest as he unloaded wads of cum into my asshole. My own cum spattered across my chest and onto Raith's thigh. Yale finished flooding my ass, but kept up his fucking, moving his cock smoothly in and out. I licked my seed from Raith's hairy thigh as he eased under me to clean my chest

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and suck the cum that dribbled from my asshole.

Raitt and Yale, to show their thanks, sucked my cock. Each sexy guy took turns licking my cock and balls. I couldn't take it anymore—my dick erupted, and the cum coated my two footballers. They greedily licked it off each other.

We showered, returned to their apartment, and carried on some more; we spent the whole weekend fucking, sucking, and coming. They explained that they were long-time lovers, but they hadn't been sure about my sexual preference—but they were sure now! They graduated that year and went off together; the last I heard, they were still in love and teaching friends how to be good ball players! ■

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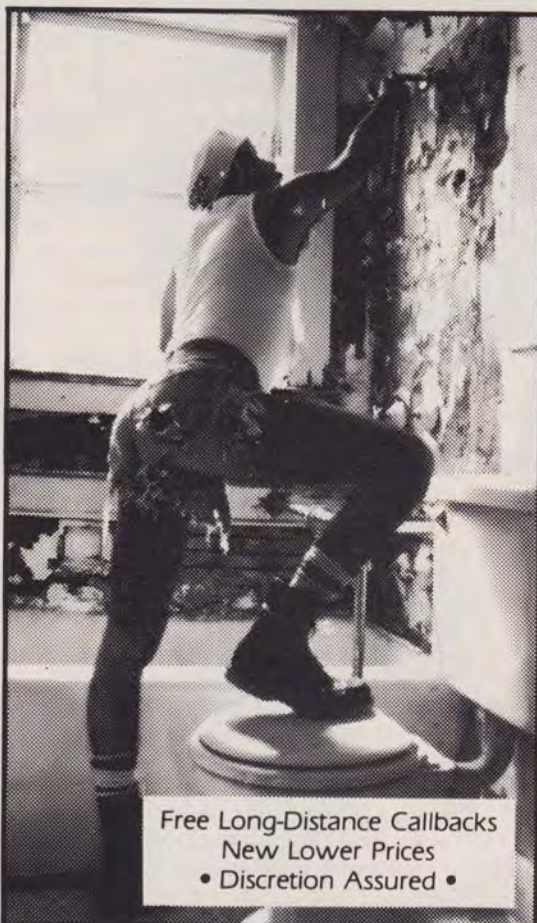
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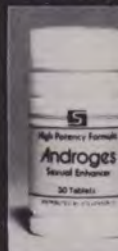
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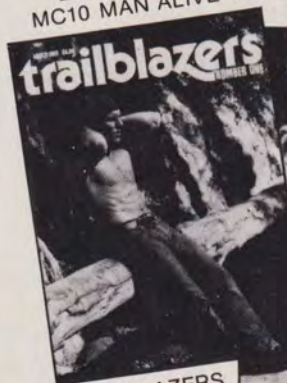
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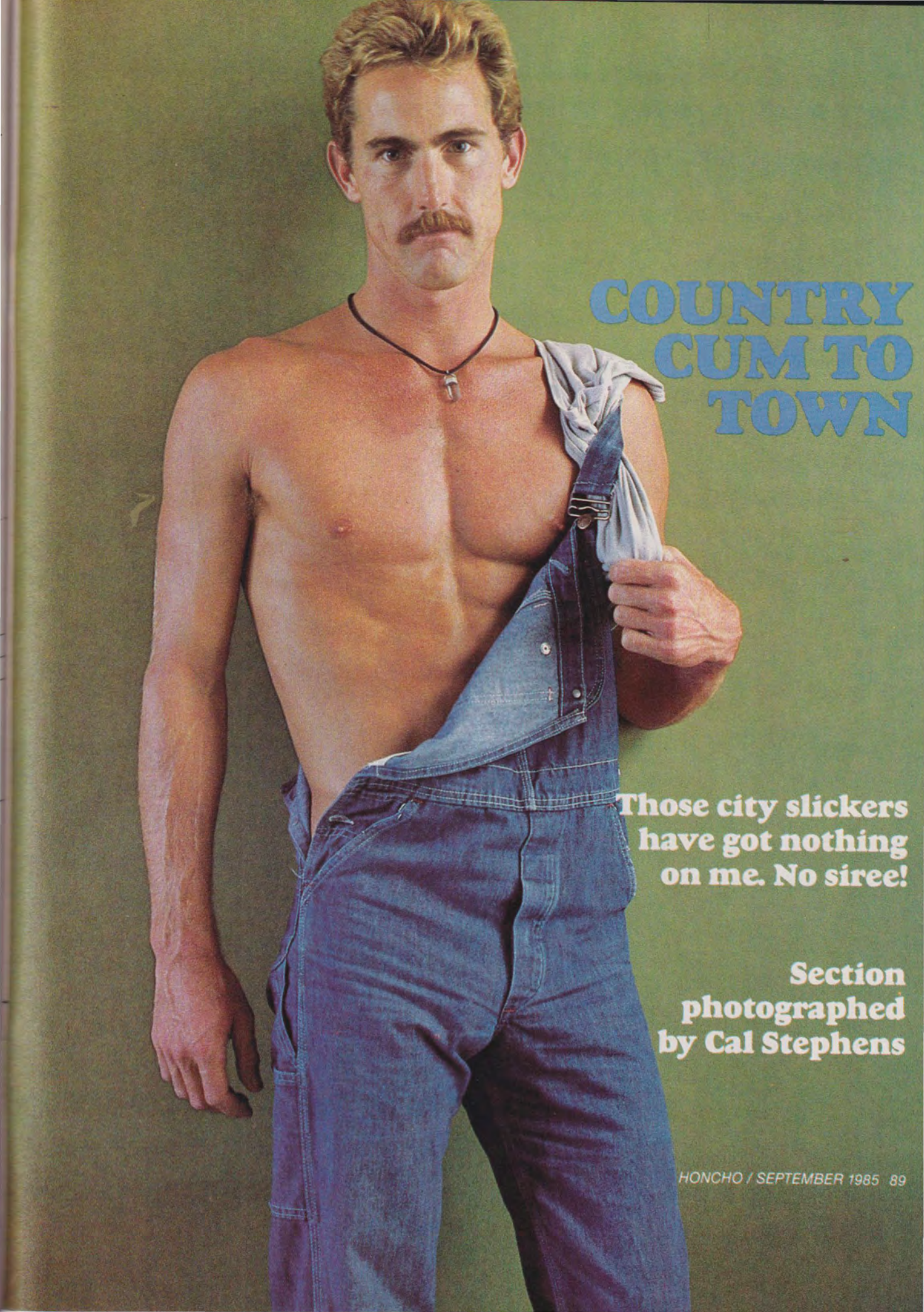
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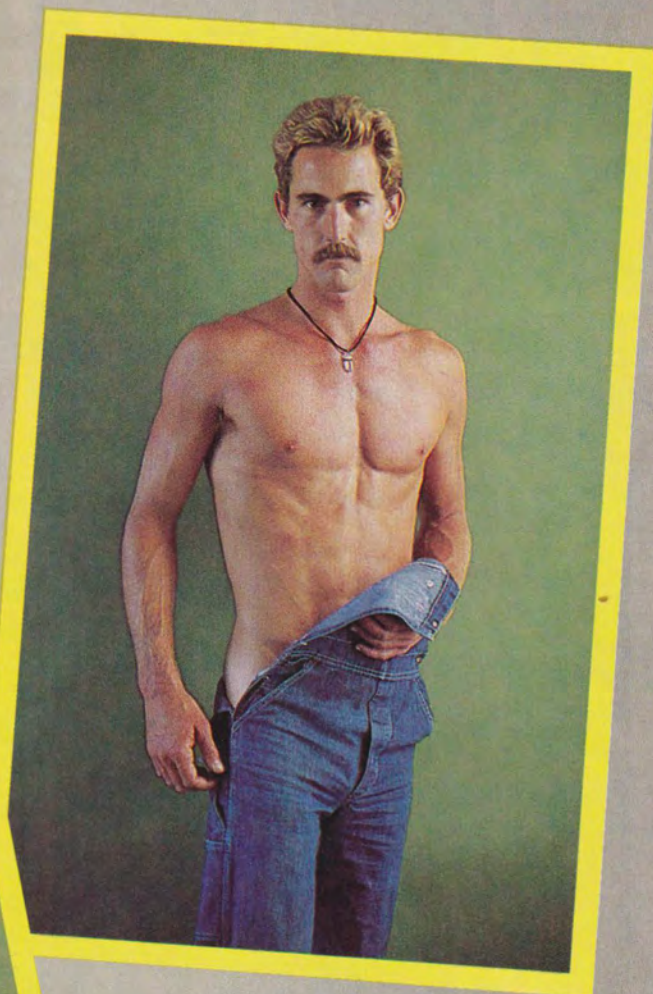
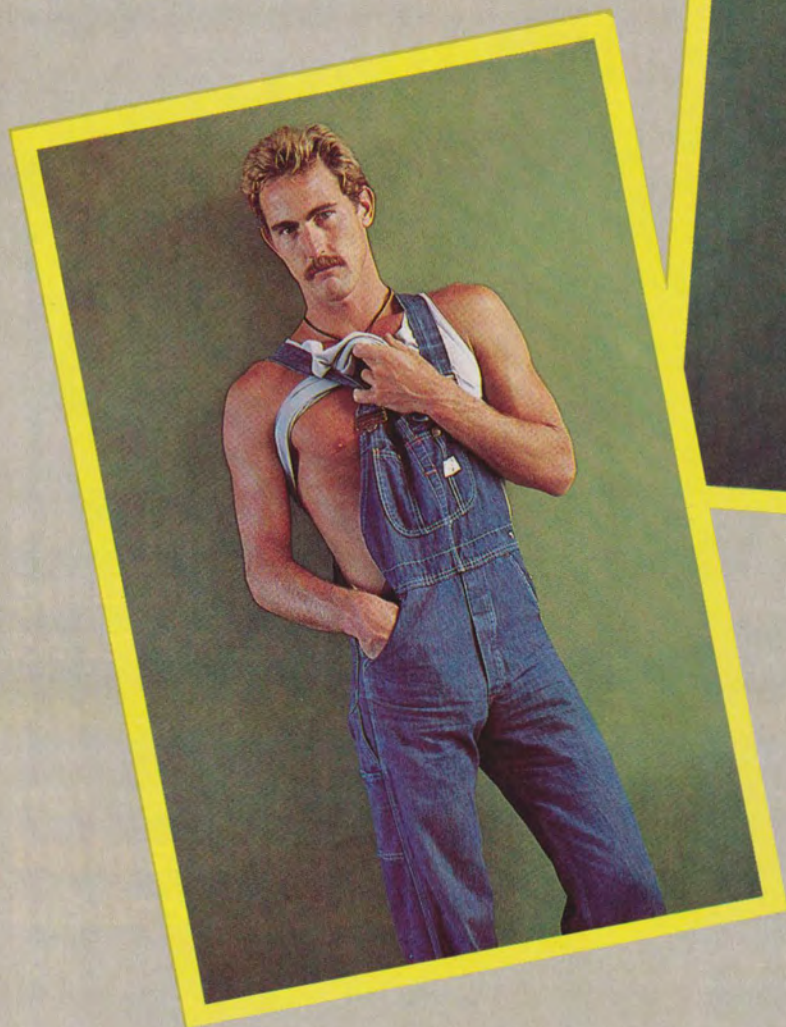


COUNTRY CUM TO TOWN

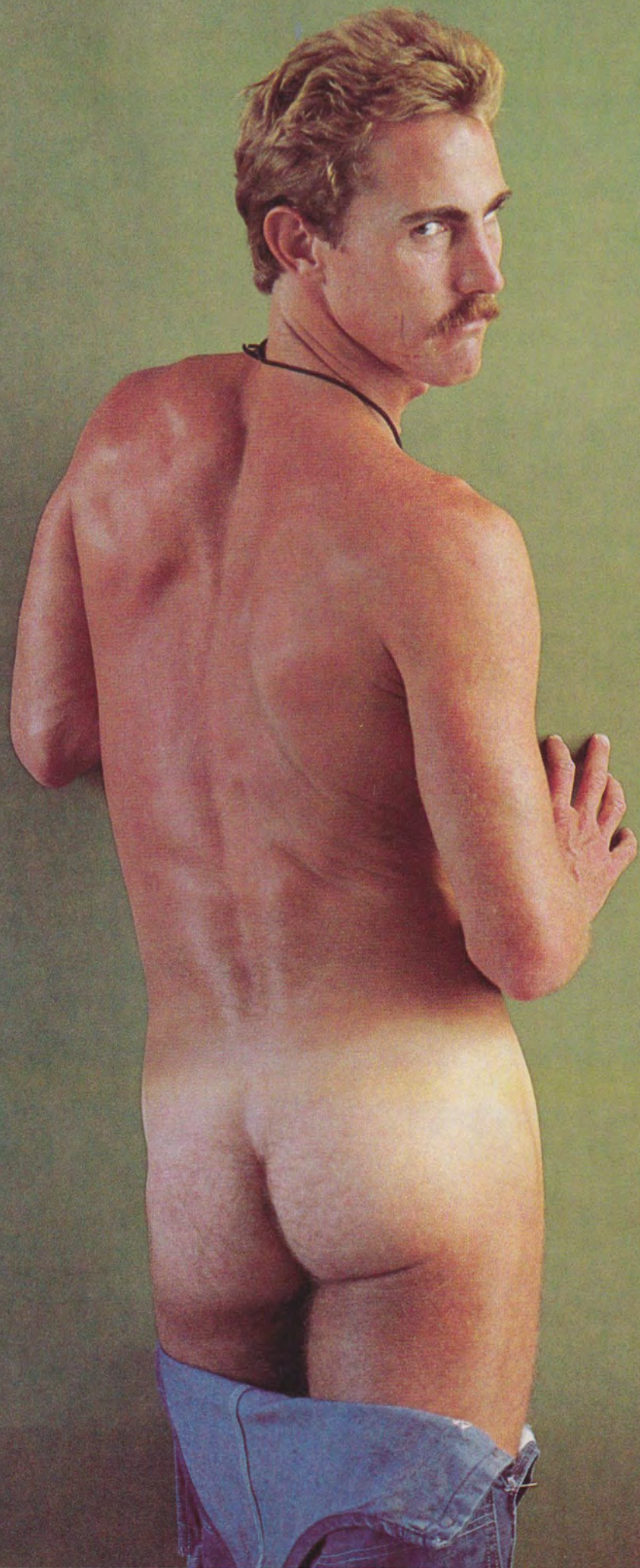
**Those city slickers
have got nothing
on me. No siree!**

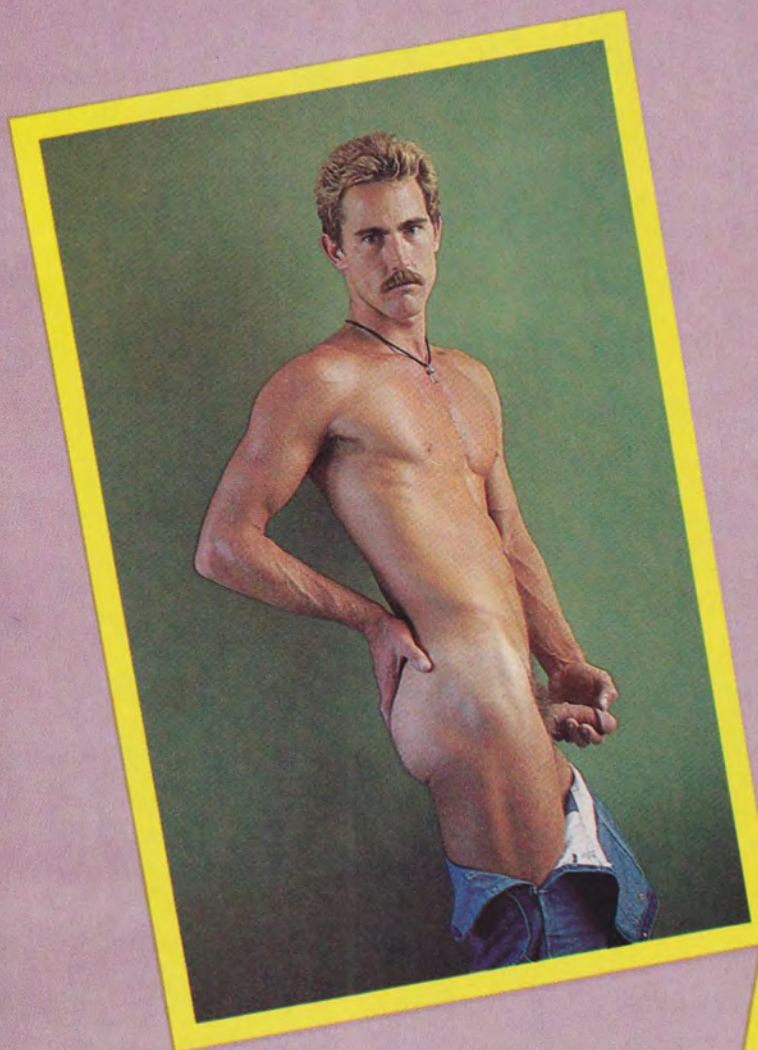
**Section
photographed
by Cal Stephens**

COUNTRY CUM TO TOWN



They think they're pretty smart, but when it comes to making them sit up and take notice, I've got my ways. Country ways.





COUNTRY CUM TO TOWN

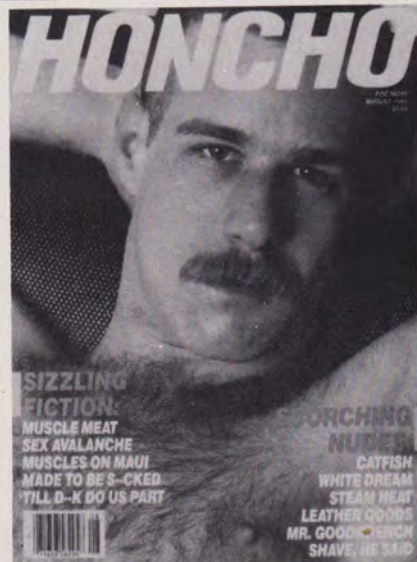
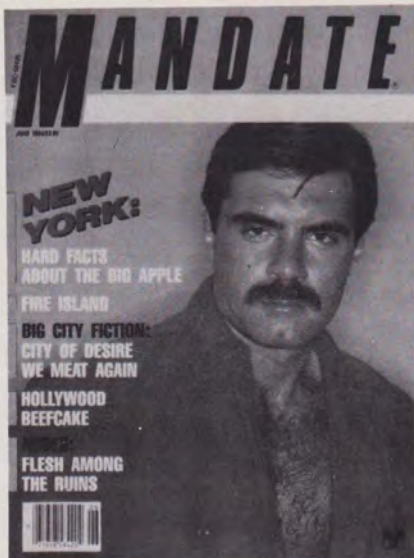


It seems that city boys are always wonderin' what us country boys wear under our bib overalls. I'm a man of few words. So when you asked me just now, I thought I'd just pull 'em down and let you see for yourself. Satisfied?



HAVE A THREE-WAY

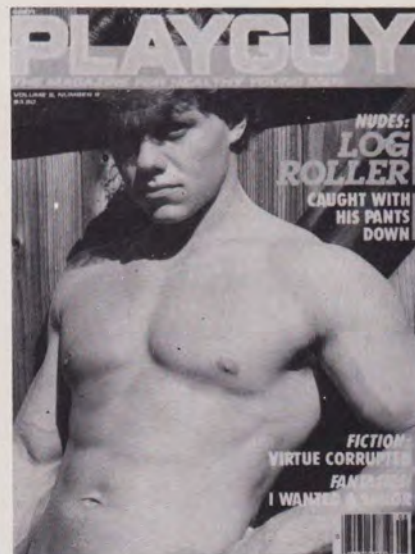
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