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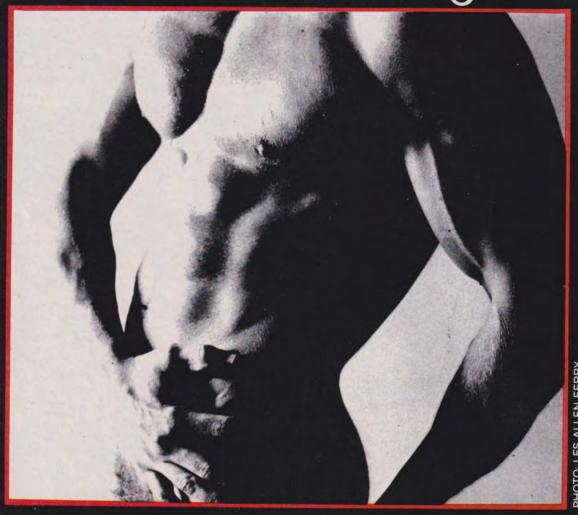


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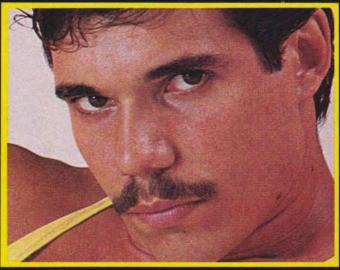
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THE MAGAZINE FOR THE MACHO MALE

VOLUME 8 • NUMBER 8 NOVEMBER 1985



COVER BY: KRISTEN BJORN

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF / SAM STAGGS EXECUTIVE ART DIRECTOR / TONY FEO ASSOCIATE EDITORS / FREEMAN GUNTER, BILL BAUMER ART ASSISTANTS / JAN HOUSTON, DAVID WORKS CIRCULATION DIRECTOR / FRED MANAS

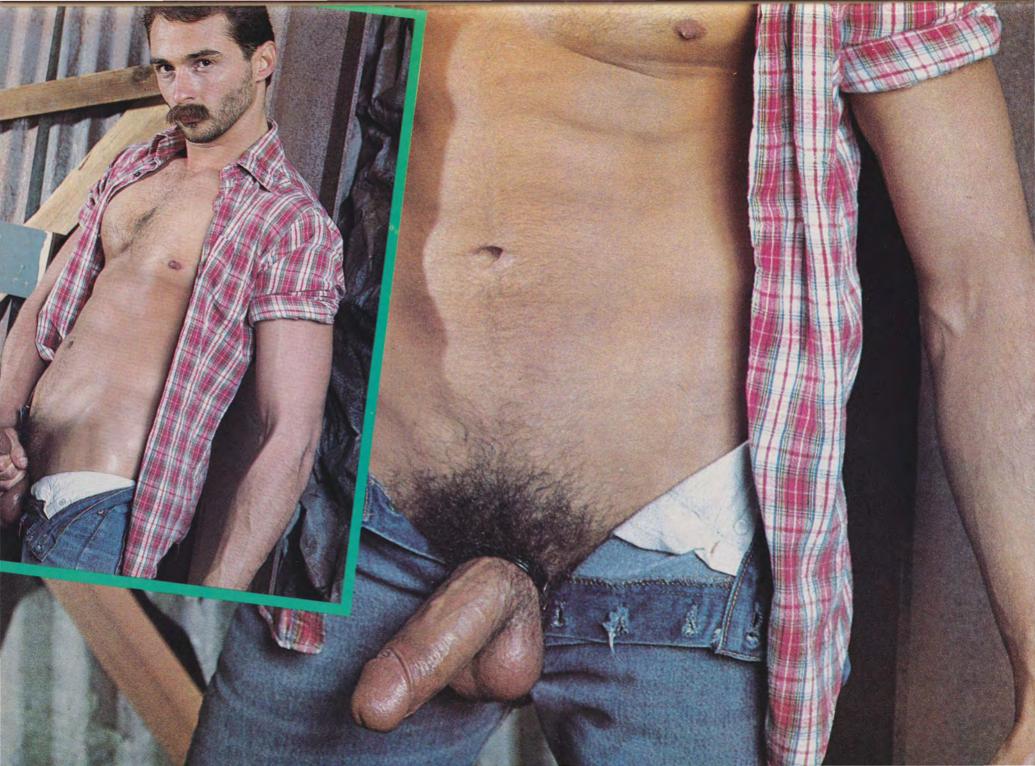
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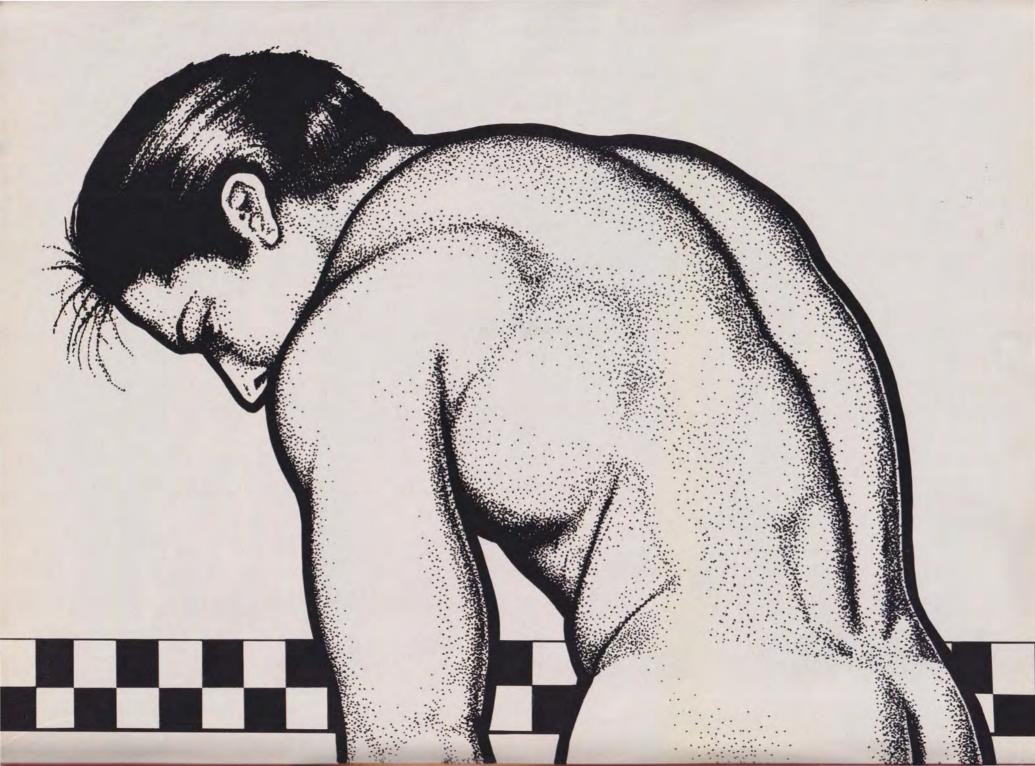






"This is what you want. It takes something special to make me give it to you. Show me your hidden talents. Not baa; go ahead and touch it. If you're real good I'll let you do more than touch it."





Jeff asked Ray, "Do you all stand in a circle with your pants down and jerk off? I've heard that rumor."

The Courtship of Studs

BY DR. GAYLORD LOVETT

ART BY ALEXANDER

"You jerk-off!" Doug yelled at me. "This country road is the long way."

"Hot rod!" I bellowed back. "The thruway is dull. This is a nicer way and Jeff hasn't seen it before."

Jeff, my new young friend, was riding with us to a mountain climb, and he was embarrassed. Nobody enjoys listening to two guys bickering except sometimes the two guys. I explained to Jeff, "Doug and I argue like old lovers, but we're just friends. He left me a year ago."

Doug shot back, "Your temper tantrums drove me out." Het that pass. He had moved out of my house after falling in love with a gymnast who had a "perfect" body and a "huge cock." After years of loving, caring, and setting Doug up as head of a gymnasium chain, I was





deeply hurt when he left me. The gymnast soon ditched him, and Doug and I continued to live apart and yet see each other—without intimacy. We enjoyed similar activities, like the mountain climb today, jogging, gardening—and mild verbal abuse. I felt that Doug had broken our loving bond so finally that it could not be repaired. However, I missed the one-to-one relationship that was always the key to my lectures and articles on safe gay sex. Such a relationship was also my own goal in life.

However, the prospect of seeking a new partner was forbidding because of

However, the prospect of seeking a new partner was forbidding because of the AIDS crisis. I felt uncomfortable at the popular J/O club because the members recognized me from my television appearances, where I talked about my work for AIDS and promoted safe sex practices for gays. Some also knew me by my pseudonym as head of the mail order company, Dr. Gaylord Lovett's Sex Aids (masturbation pouches, rectal syringes, lubricants, condoms, etc.).

At the hospital where I was staff urologist and at major medical symposia on AIDS, I was a respected consultant. But I could help the plight of the victims of this disease so little that I often went home at night and cried. Meanwhile, the neighbors also recognized my face from television, and some of them began to turn their back to me as I jogged by. A husband on my block passed along the venom that I was a "no-good fucking fag doctor" and he wanted me to stop speaking to his wife, who for years had been friendly when we ran into each other.

All these problems caused me sleep-less nights. "Doctor, heal thyself" kept running though my mind. Then last week when I met Jeff, I knew I had found someone who could remedy my loneliness. He was an intelligent teacher with wholesome looks—blond hair, full cupid's bow mouth, perfect nose, and skin as fair as a young Swede's in winter. Could this tall young man of 27 go for a man of 42 who was not so tall?

"Watch out for that car, fatass!" Doug railed at me.

"My ass has a good shape, musclebound," I retorted.

Although somewhat beefy, my body is solid and muscular from daily exercise. Doug, a tall specimen in prime shape, has always been admired and envied in his gym. I had decided that if Jeff took a serious interest in me, I would gladly shed ten pounds by dieting and following a weight training program. In my present misery, I ate too much and drank a little more than I should.

On the mountain climb I had plenty of opportunity to gaze at Jeff's supple

body—so rhythmic in its movements, so youthfully masculine. I had to see him again soon. I thought of a plan. I had already invited Doug and his new friend Ray for dinner at my place the next night. I asked Jeff to join the party. He accepted, and I made sure he would arrive an hour before the others.

I banked some big logs high in the living room fireplace and started a crackling, aromatic fire, counting on a romantic setting to make a favorable impression on Jeff. My slacks were loose-fitting so that I could conceal any bold reaction I might get if I could start some foreplay, which I was determined to try. Already I felt horny.

When Jeff arrived, I gave him a bear hug in the foyer. He returned it somewhat tentatively. "You look sexy as sweet sin," I blurted out when we had settled on the couch in front of the fire. I thought he looked annoyed; he lit a cigarette and perused my bookshelves. I had made a blunder.

"Do you read Chaucer in the original?" he inquired formally.

"No, I can't fool a lit professor. I need help."

He ignored my hint. "I know just the book for you," he continued in his soothing voice. As he bent down to a lower shelf, his tight white pants hugged his seductive ass just the way I wanted to.

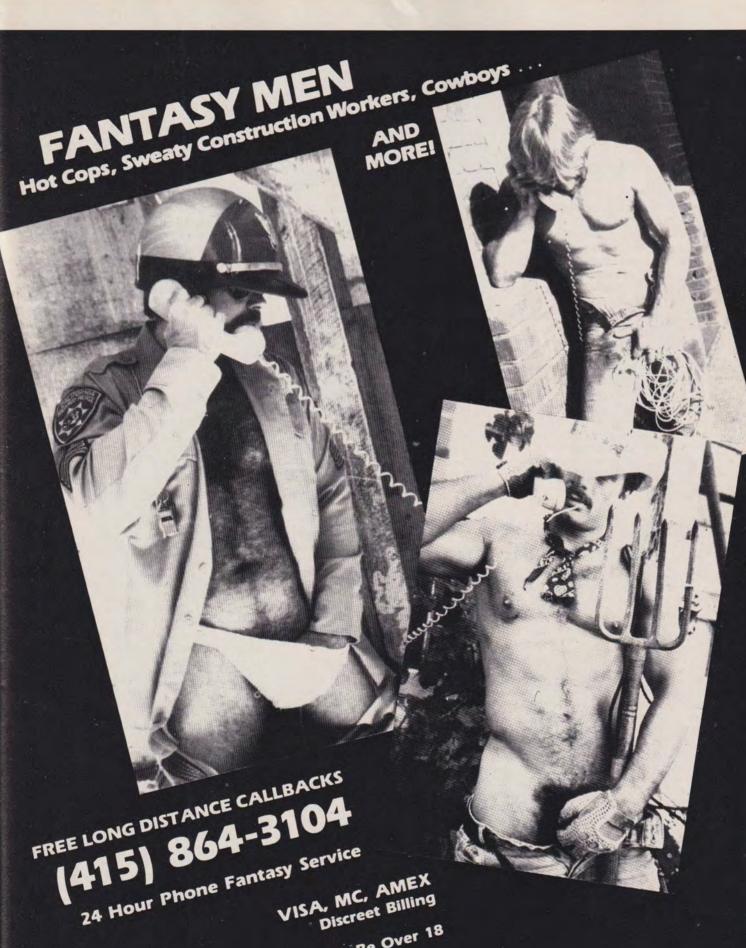
"Jeff," I encouraged, "come sit down here with me." He came wih Chaucer in one hand and his cigarette in the other. I slid close and squeezed his knee. He talked on about a Middle English handbook, but he didn't move away. So I slipped one arm around his shoulders and told him I could grow fond of him. He tossed the spent cigarette butt into the fireplace without speaking.

I took the book gently away from him, pulled him close, and was about to kiss his inviting mouth. My cock strained against my jockstrap, but Jeff had a different reaction; he drew away coldly. "I admire you," he stated deliberately, "and I'm flattered by an eminent doctor paying me compliments. But I have to think a long time before entering any relationship. I am very careful."

I was humiliated and rambled on vaguely: "Take your time...what I lack in youth I make up for in experience...I have not had sex in more than a year..." He suffered all this in more silence. If he would only communicate! Maybe my cooking would draw him out; many people praised it.

Just then, Doug drove up with Ray. Ray bounced in happily; his darting, deep-set eyes targeted Jeff at once. He and Jeff were about the same age, and





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Jeff suddenly began to pay more attention to Ray than he had ever given me.

Ray's appealing face reminded me of the pug-nosed boy next door that everyone knew at some point in his youth, and that most wanted to mess around with. Ray's faults were egotism and a harsh voice.

Doug soon asked, "What will everyone have to drink? I'll be bartender." Ray downed his cocktail hastily and then an amazing event caught our eyes: He got an upright erection that would not be put down. Ray shifted uncomfortably. If Doug wanted action, here was his . chance, I thought to myself.

"Jeff," I ordered brusquely, "bring your drink to the kitchen and stay with me while I finish dinner."

As I passed back and forth pretending to set a dining room table that was already set, I peered at Doug and Ray through a crack in the door. I still took a friendly interest in Doug, and I smiled when I saw his large hand moving down Ray's trim chest and abdomen. When Doug reached the hardness he was after, Ray complained loudly in his raspy voice, "That was a cheap shot!" Doug got up and stalked in to the kitchen.

By now I had had enough of Jeff's smoking, so I said to him, "Would you

but he was too far away for us to understand. Soon he was groping Jeff's crotch, and Jeff was not resisting. They did not kiss. Immediately, Jeff was also aroused. Then Ray dropped his pants and briefs around his ankles. At that point, Doug sighed longingly at the shirt-tailed satyr with an upright, curved penis.

Ray boldly undid Jeff's white trousers and shorts and shoved them below his sturdy calves. Jeff's lithe body reflected the firelight like an erotic painting. I sighed with longing and regret.

Seeing the courtship of studs we had coveted aroused Doug and me. We unzipped our pants and started solitary masturbation. But since I have never preferred solitaire when another person's hand is available, I quickly reached over and brought Doug's hand to my excited cock. He willingly stroked me; I reciprocated by massaging his horizontal shaft just the way he used to like it. Soon our fingers were making soft smacking noises with the sticky pre-cum that our cocks were exuding.

Downstairs Ray was rapidly jerking off both himself and Jeff. They were gazing hungrily at each other's cocks when suddenly—BANG!—a big fireplace explosion shot a large flaming ember

ples. So you stroke the other guy and he does it to you. Handy is dandy, you know. The anti-fluid patrol watches constantly to see that we don't exchange a drop of any kind of fluid. Your guy shoots his hot load into a wad of tissues. Then you do too, and both of you wash the cum from your hands with liquid antiseptic soap. Boy, it's great to hold onto a stiff new dick whenever you want it."

I said, "It's a practical approach and gives you all a safe release. I recommend this wholeheartedly in my articles and in my sex manual."

"Then," asked Jeff impolitely, "why don't you join the club?"

"After my extensive experience and medical background," I confessed, "I'd find dry sex at the club versus the soaking-wet sex in monogamy like a dry-dock compared to a lusty ocean voyage. I would miss the total, abandoned involvement. Yet not all people are lucky enough to have a life partner. Just look at me."

After we finished a round of cordials, Doug offered to stay and help me clean up. Jeff said he would give Ray a lift home.

I had no guilt at peering around the drapery as they climbed into the car. They snuggled close, without kissing, and fondled for minutes before they buckled up and drove off. So Jeff was cautious with Dr. Lovett but willing with Handy Dandy.

"Jeff," I explained to Doug, "rejected me because he was afraid of kissing and fluid contact."

"Of course," Doug agreed impatiently, "but you must *forget* him! He smokes disgustingly and would be too passive in bed for you."

I agreed and advised him, "Ray is too short for you and his voice is terribly grating. But I loved watching both of them in the buff." He nodded.

After finishing in the kitchen, I sobered up instantly when Doug gripped my arm and announced: "I want a serious talk. It's about us. I made a huge mistake leaving you. Please try to forgive me. I want to make it up. I liked touching your cock as an appetizer. If you want slushywet sex I'm your man tonight, right now!"

I needed relief so urgently that I accepted without question. I sounded very stern in my reply to get him ready for hot action. "I will have to discipline you, you ____." I called him one of those filthy terms (too raw to print) that we used lovingly on each other in the old days. When I saw that he was going to enjoy this erotic abuse again I pushed further: "Take off your clothes,

In this position his exposed opening puckered out into a provocative "O" ready for Dr. Lovett's rectal syringe.

like to go in there with Ray? Doug and I have a lot more preparation to do here." When I was alone with Doug, I asked quietly, "What's eating Ray?"

"Well, he warned me that he digs guys under 25." Doug was 35. "But his body was so neat I wanted to see if I could succeed."

"Well, at least he's got a hard-on," I said. "Exactly why remains a bit of a mystery."

"No, listen. I spiked his drink with an aphrodisiac that a medical researcher gave me—that chemical that makes mice fuck until they drop."

I burst out laughing. "You stole that powder. Clinically speaking, Ray will need some relief fast. Let's watch." We tiptoed to the dark landing on the staircase going up from the kitchen. A fern-filled porthole gave us a secret view of the living room.

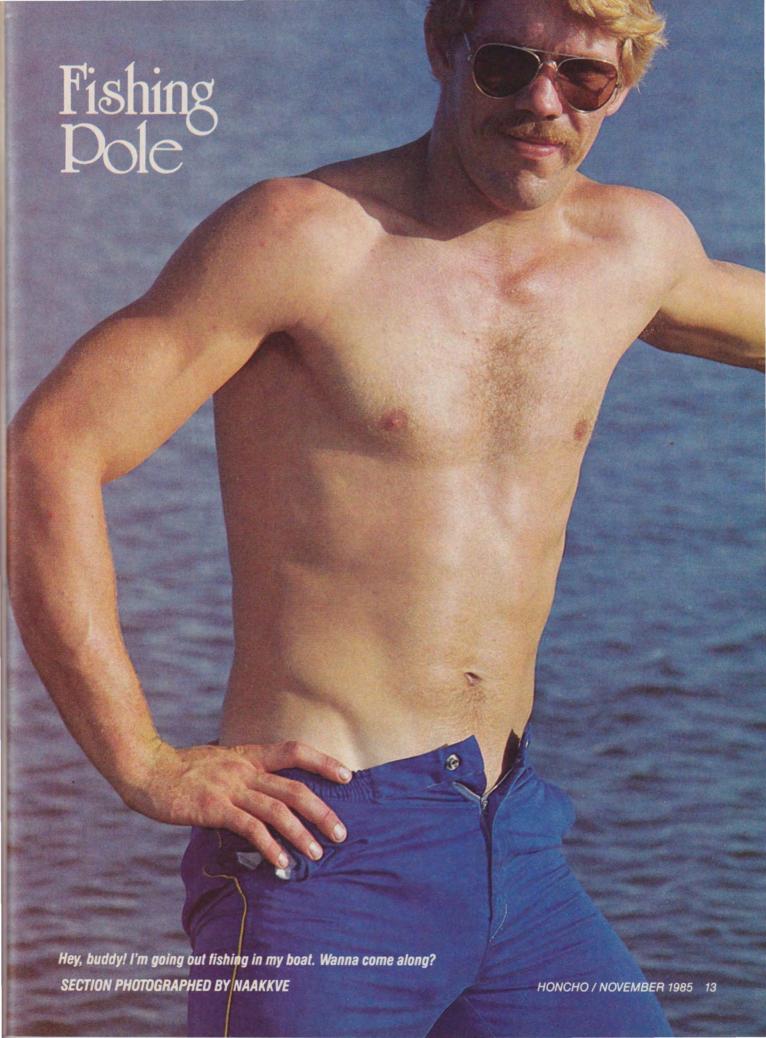
Ray and Jeff stood close together by the roaring fire. Ray was talking rapidly, across the rug. Damn! I had forgotten to put up the firescreen.

We all forgot about sex and zipped up on the run. Ray screamed, "Fire!" as he and Jeff kicked helplessly at the glowing ember that smoldered on the carpet. I raced in and seized the hot object with fire tongs.

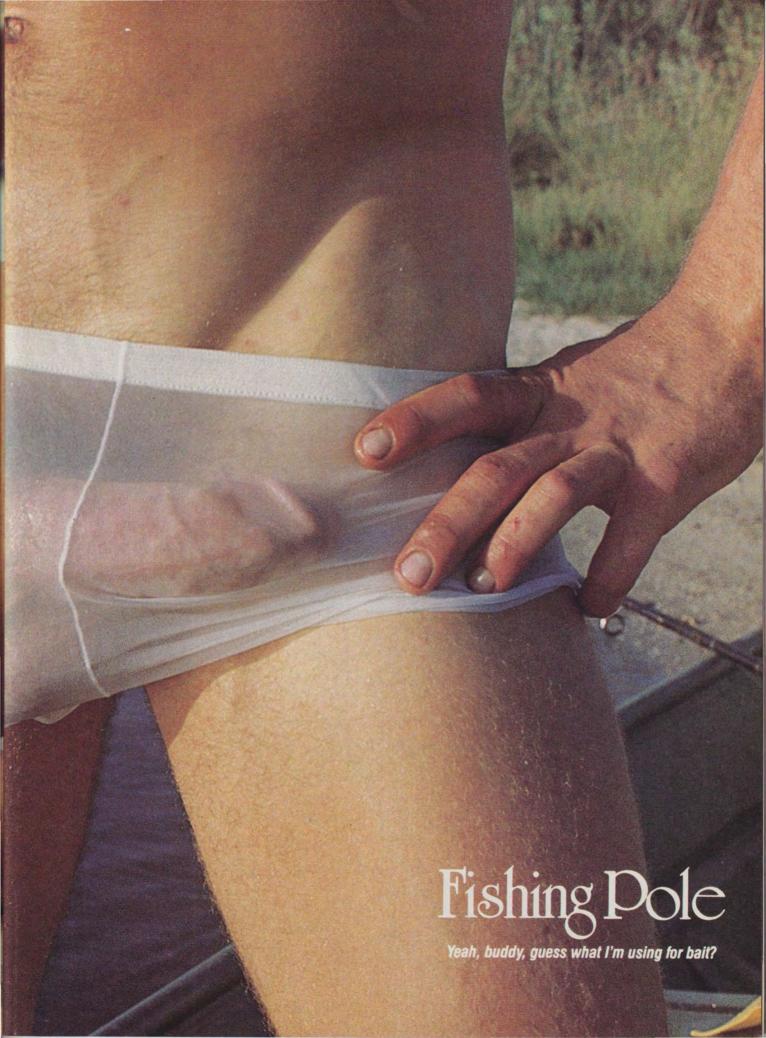
Dinner went well, but my lover's nuts were aching to beat the band. So I kept pouring champagne until we all felt tipsy. Doug urged me to tell clinical details of genital herpes, hepatitis and AIDS. I said I would rather hear Ray tell about the J/O club.

At that, Jeff asked Ray, "Do you all stand in a circle with your pants down and jerk off? I've heard that rumor."

"Not at all. We check our clothes at the door and then hunt for a sex partner. I always score. Last night I grabbed this hunky horse with a pisser down to his knees. We have strict rules: no sucking and no kissing, even on the other's nip-





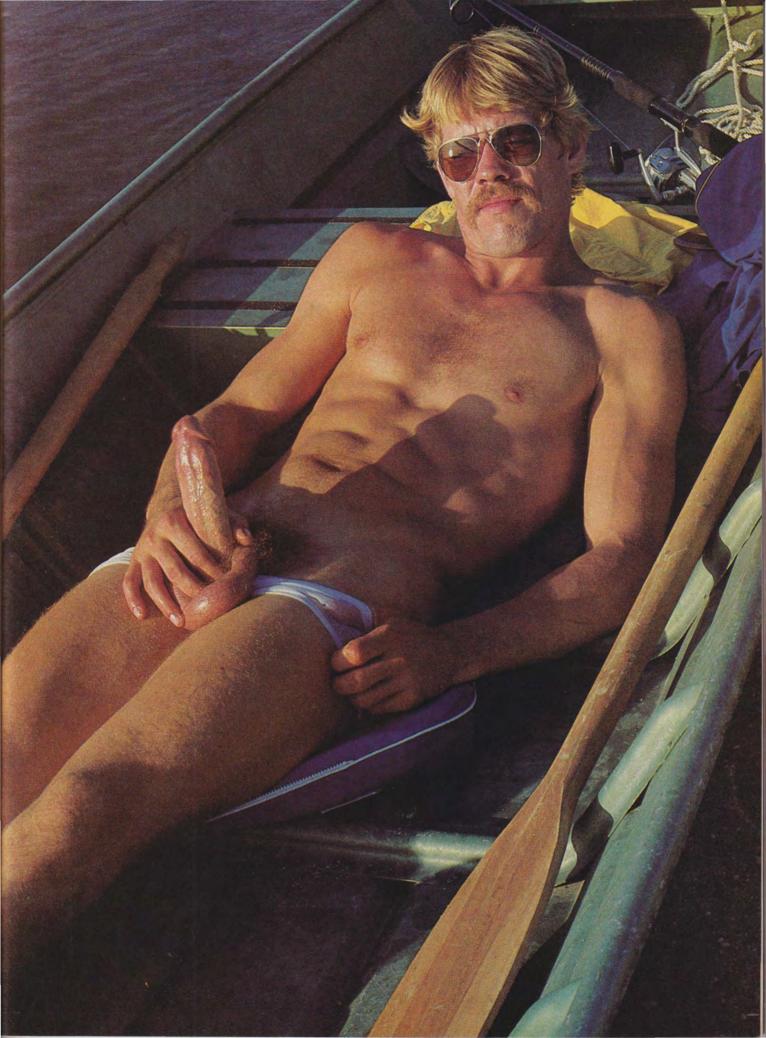


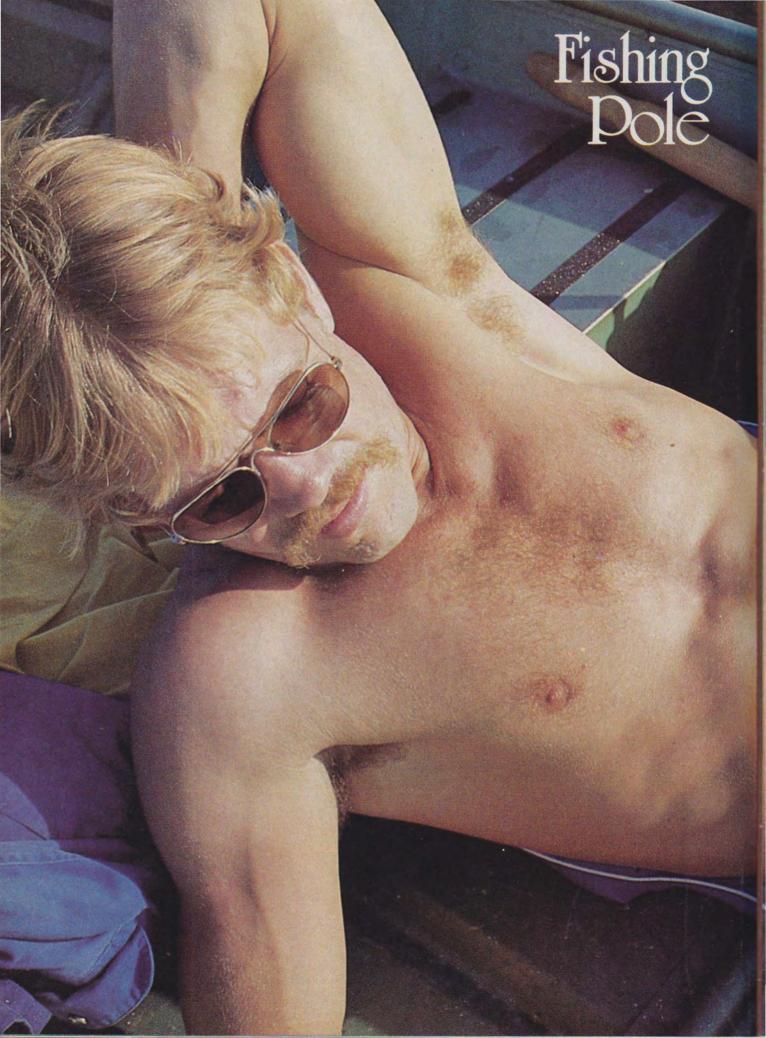




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THE COURTSHIP OF STUDS

Continued from page 12

He stripped. I wanted to caress his athletic, rippling muscles. I wanted to smother his sturdy penis, long foreskin and big, full scrotum with my face. I could then muss the black hair on his head and stroke his strong hairless pectorals. But no, he wanted something else first. He pulled me into the bathroom.

In addition to safe sex with each other, we were meticulous about clean sex. He bent over, spread his trim shapely buttocks. In this position, his exposed opening puckered out into a provocative "O" ready for Dr. Lovett's rectal syringe.

I ripped the wrapping off a new syringe, filled it with water, and squeezed out the trapped air bubble. As I slowly lubricated his "O" I remarked, "Why would most guys who have rectal sex with their lover never consider giving him a shallow enema? This syringe is so easy to use and so exciting."

As I slid the thin nozzle inside him I trickled a little water out to help ease the entry. Then I slowly added the rest of the water. He sighed, "Mmmmm, warm."

Flushing this out didn't get enough results to suit him, so I put in another full bulb of water and ordered, "Don't pass it yet, you ______. Get down and do ten reps of The Plow."

Moving professionally, Doug went into a sort of stiff-armed push-up position. He raised and lowered his hips, very high and very low. These pumpings distributed the water for the full cleansing he wanted. To prolong the foreplay, I said, "Here, _______. Take this other new syringe and give me one." He did. Then we showered together. This intimacy revived some feelings of the old bond, at least for me.

In the bedroom I kissed him passionately and put the tip of my tongue into his adorable ear. "Does your prostate need therapy?"

"Please," he begged. "It hasn't had any in all these months." He had a genetic weakness of the prostate that I used to help once a week with my deep penetration, and I don't mean the gloved finger.

He dropped on bent knees in bed, spreading his feet. He lowered his torso and buried his face in the pillow. This sight set my heart pounding, but I knew I would have to give him lots of lubrication and a special relaxing finger manipulation on the inner muscle. (I learned this technque in medical school from a dar-

ling professor. I always wished afterwards that I had accepted his proposition to have sex, but back then I had foolish barriers about age gaps. Now I know that men of whatever age can make beautiful music together if they are attuned. Of course, the professor might have lost his position by seducing a student.)

Now my hard penis was sliding slowly and with some difficulty into Doug's opening. He said, "That feels great. I want you deep."

A large mirror on the wall beside the bed gave me a dramatic profile of our merging bodies. My horizontal connection appeared and disappeared into his luscious flesh. Watching your lover's buttocks absorb and release your cock is the ultimate visual delight of sex, I felt at that moment. I slowed down to pay closer attention to every move of that terrific porno couple over there making love exactly the way we were.

When my pent-up climax burst, I seemed to lift briefly out of my body. A voice like mine shouted, "Doug, I love you." Now I was back in my throbbing self and I fell on top of his strong back, panting. He lowered me gently, careful to keep me inside, by straightening his legs and resting flat on the bed. I clung to him like a shipwrecked sailor on a log. He breathed, "Thank you, Gay. I love you too."

We showered together again. I teased his erection with soapy water and went over his sculptured body with a massage technique I learned from an incredible Japanese master teacher. I wanted to extend our lovemaking as much as I could because one night was all he had offered.

I told him to brace himself for the technique we had developed ourselves years ago: the long-delayed climax. I've written it up in my sex manual, but I know you want some of the details. We got into the 69 position in bed and I instructed:

"Remember how we used to hold each other off for a long time?"

"Yes," he replied with a broad smile. What a perfect mouth for kissing and sucking, I thought. "How we used to torment each other! I'd suck your prick to the bursting point and even though your balls ached, you'd slap me twice as a sign for me to hold you off until you softened a little. Then we'd do it over and over to each other."

That night we went slowly about our business of suspending our orgasms again and again. Eventually I felt that lovely euphoria of drifing weightlessly as if in zero gravity. Finally I knew from the tension and trembling of his handsome frame that I had to go for the finish.

My neck lunged at his cock rapidly and my mouth covered it up to the curly black pubic hairs with each stroke. I slapped him four times, my signal to rush me to the finale. He ejaculated at that instant, groaning wildly. Then he engulfed me furiously with his bottomless throat until I shot splendidly.

We fell on our backs, exhausted and exhilarated as marathon runners who had simultaneously burst the tape at the finish line. I kissed him tenderly and said, "I still love you, Doug. I forgive you. You will have to stay for what little is left of the night. Come to think about it, how would you like living with me again? Could you go for an older man now?"

He admitted with a chuckle, "I gave up young hustlers when Ray shouted at me, 'That was a cheap shot.' Give me an experienced older man every time. I think you'll do just fine."

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Winner Takes All

By Tom O'Malley • Art by Matt



It had been a long and uncomfortable ride from California to Wyoming. Spending all that time on a crowded bus with all 30 of the jocks from my school was no way to prepare for the Intercollegiate Track and Field finals. I had thought seriously about not going, but I needed to win my division in order to keep my athletic scholarship.

It wasn't just the lack of space, or the long ride that bothered me; I was scared that they would find out about me. After

fighting it for so many years, I had recently had my first sexual experiences with other men. I wondered if the guys could tell: maybe I had a sign on my back, or maybe the beefy jocks on the bus would pick up on the way I looked at them. But I had to keep cool because my scholarship was on the line.

I was all revved up, nervous and ready that first morning on the track. I was entered in the 500-meter sprint and I knew I had a good chance; all I had to do was concentrate on winning, and not pay attention to the hunky bodies of the other runners all around me. Out of the corner of my eye I could see straining muscles, long legs covered with hair, and crotches crammed into bulky supporters. But I cast it all out of my mind as I crouched in starting position and waited for the starter's gun to fire.

The race was neck and neck as three of us went for the lead—the last few yards were torture. The finish line



We landed in a heap with my head just below his crotch. He was on his back, legs sprawled wide, and his large cock and balls were dangling in front of my face.

seemed so far away. I took a last breath and dove for the tape. I crossed first but my muscles were out of control; I reached out, trying to grab anything that would keep me from falling.

My momentum sent me sprawling into one of the guys waiting at the finish line. I hit him full-on in the stomach, my hand grabbing at him to keep myself from landing in the dirt. Instead of steadying me, both of us hit the dust. My hand got tangled in his gym shorts and pulled them away from his waist.

We landed in a heap with my head just below his crotch. He was on his back, his legs sprawled wide and, as if I'd done it on purpose, his shorts were almost off him. His large cock and balls dangled in front of my face. His dick was an extra large, and so close that I could have slid forward an inch or two and sucked the head into my mouth.

I tried to stand up, but my hand was still caught in his shorts. I couldn't tell if it was dizziness from the fall or just my imagination, but his cock seemed to grow a little larger. I tried to remove my hand from the waistband of his shorts. I looked at his face; I know my own was bright red with embarrassment, but he seemed to be half-smiling. I had crashed into the best looking dude at the meet. I mumbled something about helping him, but he just laughed.

'I'd better take care of it myself. For now." He pulled himself out from under me and stood up. He stooped to give me a hand, stuffed his cock and balls back into his jockstrap, and pulled his shorts into place. He was tall: about six-feetone. I really wasn't prepared for his

startling good looks.

He eyed me for a long moment after we regained our balance. "I think you won your race, fella." With that, he turned on his heel and walked away. I stood like an idiot looking after him. He had broad shoulders, a wide muscled

back that tapered down to a small waist, and rounded buns.

I shook my head to clear it and realized, for the first time, that I had badly scraped my knee when I fell. There was no time to do anything about it; the games were still going on and I had to concentrate on the next events I had entered.

By the end of the day I had won two out of three events; the victories were good enough to secure my scholarship. All that was left was to shower, clean up, get a good night's sleep, and get the hell out of Wyoming before I fell on top of anybody else. So I waited until the public shower room was deserted before I went in. Then I pretended to run a series of long, slow, cool down laps around the track before I headed for the showers.

I was in luck. The place was empty; it smelled of soap and sweat. Damp towels were thrown in heaps, and the place was littered with smelly socks and sweaty

jockstraps.

My knee was throbbing from the fall I had taken. I stripped, folded my towel over my lap, and wondered if I should try to find a drug store to get something for the torn skin. I was concentrating on the cut when I heard someone enter the shower room.

It was him; the same dude I'd run into on the track! He nodded amiably to me, crossed to a locker just opposite where I was sitting, and pulled off his tanktop. I stared at him warily, ready to avert my eyes if he turned around. He pulled at the waistband of his gym shorts, dropped them to the floor, and turned around so quickly that I didn't have time to look away. He smiled, lazily reached inside his jockstrap, and scratched his

"The nicest part of these meets is when you get to take these damned things off." He slowly pulled the jockstrap out, then slid it down on his thighs. releasing his cock and balls; they seemed to jump out of the confining jock. He stepped out of it and kicked it aside.

I must have mumbled something stupid in reply, because he smiled again, a wide white-toothed grin that spread across his face. I pretended to concern myself with my torn knee. The flesh was tender and I picked at it, pulling away the loose piece of flesh. When I looked up again he was bending in front of me, and looking down at my knee.

"That looks pretty bad. Let me take a look at it." He knelt in front of me, carefully inspecting my knee and the scraped flesh, and holding my leg in his large strong hand. I felt a nervous shaking in my groin. I tried to stop it as he looked up at me and flashed another one of those wide grins.

"I don't think it's terminal. Now, don't move. I have something to fix that.'

He stood up slowly; I couldn't look away. His thick cock swung lazily out from his bush of curly black hair. I watched his heavy balls swing like loaded weights as he went to his locker. I bunched my towel over my lap because I was getting that warm, excited feeling in my crotch. My cock hardened as I watched him spread his thick muscular

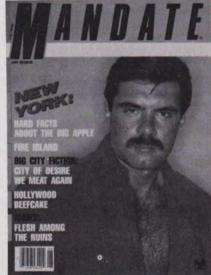
His ass was big, two solidly round globes, and a thin trickle of that curling black hair growing out of the crack. As he reached up to the top of his locker he raised one leg, and I had a perfect view of his asshole: tight, brown and puckered up. He probably would have beaten me to a pulp if he'd known how much I wanted to lick that tight hole. He turned around. He couldn't have known what I was thinking, but his dick seemed bigger.

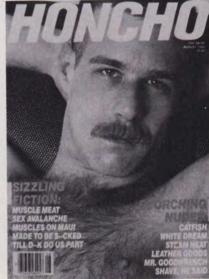
When he crossed to me his dick didn't swing the way it had before. Instead, it throbbed in stiff jerky bounces. For a



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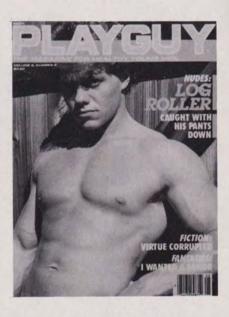




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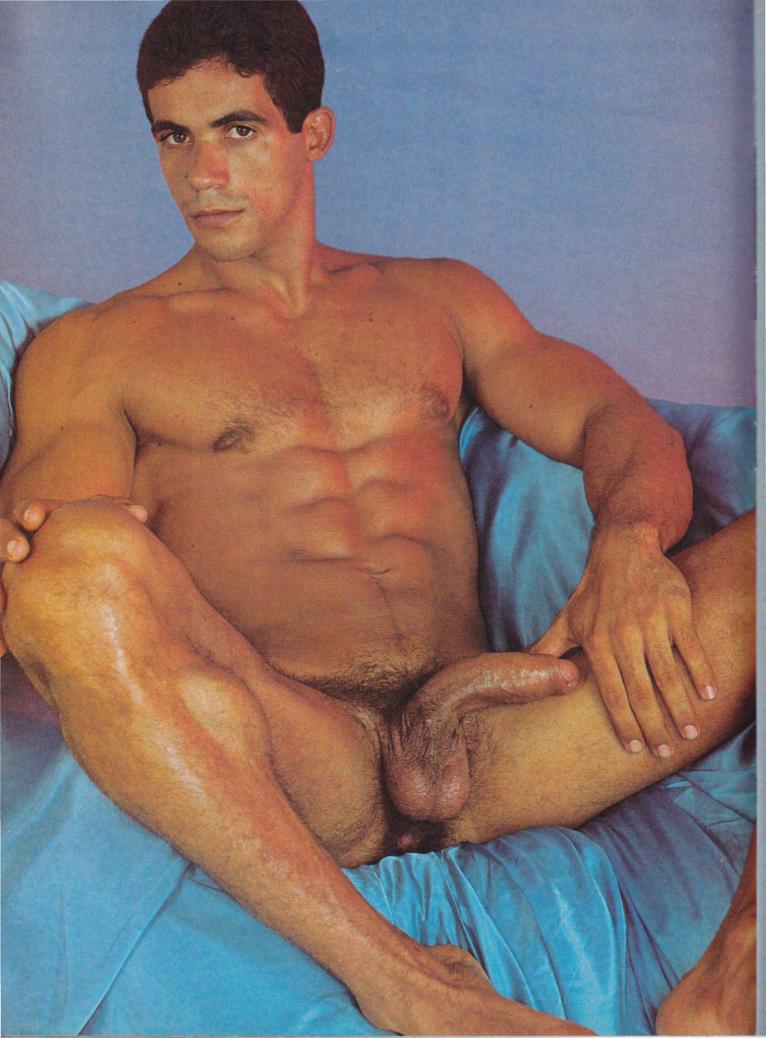
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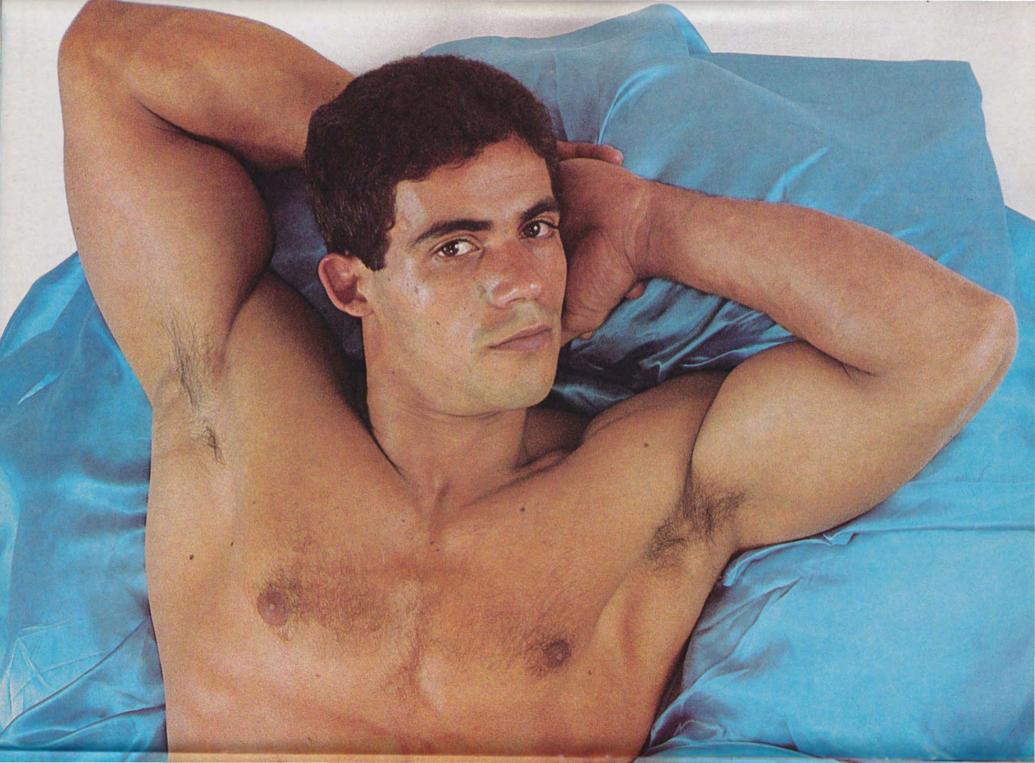
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Cyour Part Comman D

"You are a cocksucker, aren't you, buddy?"
the biker sneered.
"I'd suck yours," the kid answered.

BY ROLAND GRAEME • ART BY CRAIG

Vaughn was walking home from school. He hurried because it was a dark, overcast afternoon and drops of rain were already dotting the sidewalk. When he heard the loud booming sound behind him, he thought it was thunder. Startled, he jumped when a huge motorcycle, with high handlebars and a garishly painted gas tank, swerved off the street and hopped onto the curb. Its front wheel rammed between Vaughn's legs as the rider braked the gleaming machine hard and cut the throttle.

The young man on the cycle was tall and well-built; his big body was packed into tight jeans. He wore scuffed leather boots and no shirt. His tanned chest was shiny with sweat on this hot, stormy afternoon. He had short, glossy black hair tucked inside a leather motorcycle cap, and a thick moustache. He had on leather riding gloves and tinted glasses that masked his eyes, giving him a weird, quasi-military look that was disturbingly erotic.

He kicked the stand out and jumped off the chopper, leaning it to one side. His moves were smoothly coordinated and muscles rippled on his sunbronzed arms as he turned the front wheel of the bike to steady it. He stepped in front and stared at Vaughn; their bodies were so close to each other that the boy could feel the older guy's body heat and smell

his sweat.

"Yo', preppy," the biker grunted. "It's gonna rain. Want a ride? I'll give you a lift." When Vaughn hesitated, the biker went back to his machine and threw his leg over the seat. "Hurry the fuck up, I don't have all day!"

Without thinking, but feeling strangely excited, Vaughn straddled the pulsating, crackling bike behind this strange man. Sitting well forward on the seat, he could feel the biker's body, hard and hot, against his own. He had to put his arms around the guy's bare torso to hold on. At first, it was a little embarrassing to hug a completely strange adult male like that, but as he slipped both arms around the man's narrow waist and gripped him firmly, the teenager decided he liked this contact.

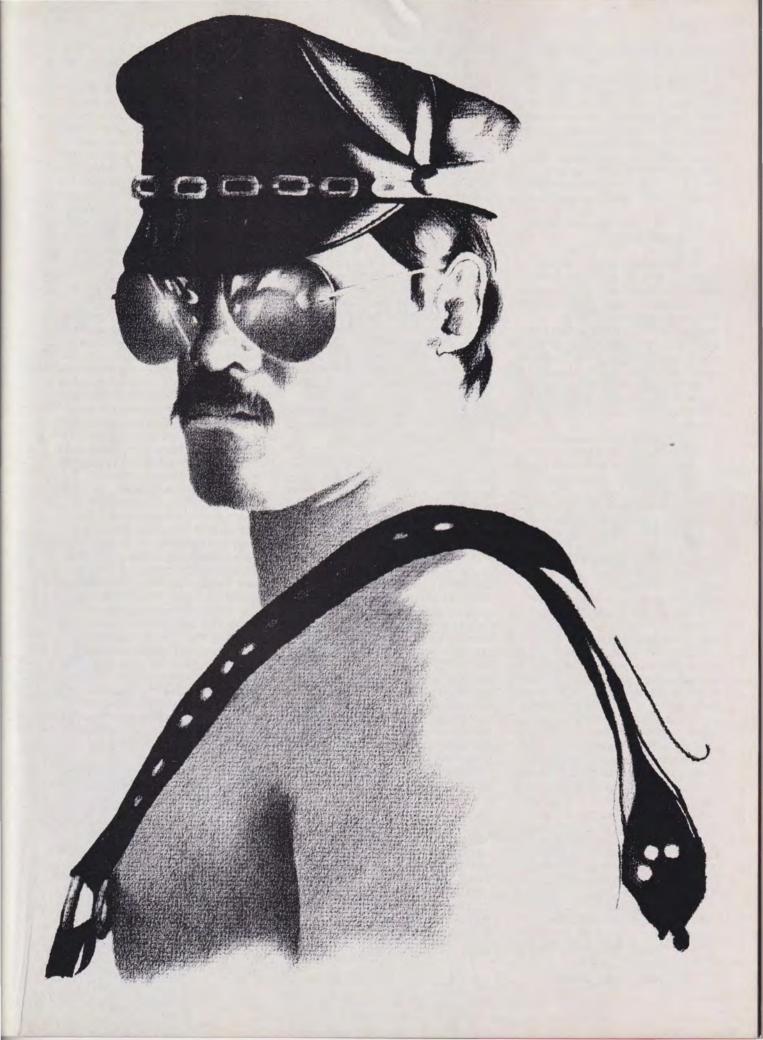
The biker popped the clutch and revved up the engine. The chopper leapt forward like a startled beast. Vaughn almost flew backward off the bike, but just in time he grabbed the driver and clutched him for dear life, feeling a surge of exciting fright each time the powerful engine belched and the bike jumped under him. In an instant, they were flying down the street at full speed with the wind and rain tearing at Vaughn's clothes and hair.

He had no idea where the biker was taking him. The man both frightened and

fascinated Vaughn. As the machine throbbed and vibrated between Vaughn's thighs, he held on tightly to the halfnaked biker, who steered recklessly in and out of traffic, running a couple of red lights in the process. He finally slowed down and drove around a corner past a ramshackle bar with a huge blue neon sign and into the alleyway beside the bar. He killed the engine and threw his leg over the handlebars as he had done before, standing up in a smooth, graceful movement.

"Help me cover up the chopper," he said, pulling a heavy canvas sheath over the bike. Vaughn climbed off the hot machine with considerably less agility. His legs were weak and trembling, and he felt that probably he wasn't very successful in trying to hide how nervous he had been during the wild ride, or how relieved he was that it was over. Nevertheless, he helped the biker cover the motorcycle, and the guy threw an arm around his shoulders and pulled him close in a comradely gesture of approval when they were done.

"Kid, you're all right," he said, tightening his arm-grip slightly. "Most guys your age would've pissed their pants during a run like that. Come on, I live upstairs over the bar. It's a leather bar, so it's cool." He didn't explain exactly what he meant by that, but it was raining hard



now and Vaughn quickly followed him upstairs.

The apartment looked dusty and illkept; the furniture was obviously second-hand. The neon sign outside threw a cold blue light through the living room windows. Vaughn sat on a brokendown couch while his host popped the tops of two beer cans, gave him one, and took a healthy chug from the other. Vaughn drank too, but more cautiously; he knew it didn't take much beer to get him drunk.

'Relax, kid," the biker said. "What name do you go by?"

"Vaughn."

"Jesus, you are preppy," the guy teased. "I'm Zane." He took another swig of beer, then held the cold, sweating can against his flat, hard belly. It was an uncouth gesture, and it drew Vaughn's attention to the tanned and solidly muscled chest, to the constricted look of Zane's cock and balls stuffed inside the crotch of his tight jeans.

'Drink up, kid," Zane coaxed. "Heyyou're all wet. Why don't you take your clothes off and I'll get you a towel so you

can dry off?"

Vaughn looked at the guy warily. "Man," he blurted out suddenly, "are you trying to get me drunk-and naked -so you can seduce me or some-

Zane grinned insolently at him. "You are a cocksucker, aren't you, buddy?"

"I'd suck yours," Vaughn was shocked to hear himself say. "I mean-I've done it before and you're awfully hot!"

'Good." Zane came up to him and kissed him on the mouth. One of his powerful hands slid up to the back of Vaughn's head and held it in place while his tongue parted the boy's lips and probed inside his mouth. At the same time, Zane's other hand plunged down to fondle Vaughn's crotch through his pants and jockey shorts. The feel of the biker's fingers on his body drove Vaughn into a frenzy. He could already feel his cock getting hard inside his pants; his blood seemed burning hot as it raced through his veins with pounding force.

Zane went on tongue-kissing him roughly as he got Vaughn's belt buckle and fly open, then manipulated his dick through the cotton pouch of his underpants, squeezing and stroking the youth's hardening cock. There was nothing gentle or subtle about this stud's lovemaking: he was rough and demanding with Vaughn, and the younger guy felt his blood boil with arousal at the way Zane's hands took possession of him. He was wildly excited at the prospect of being taken, used, and initiated by this older and much more experienced man. As Vaughn's cock got even harder, Zane

grunted with satisfaction at its increasing weight and bulk in his hand.

"Oh, man!" Vaughn moaned faintly. Zane knew what Vaughn's cry of passion meant. It was the same with the other young kids he had picked up: they all melted after a fast ride on a real stud's bike. He had anticipated having to get Vaughn warmed up with a little booze and dope first, but that wasn't going to be necessary. This kid was as hot for cock as any Zane had ever met; he'd cream his underpants unless Zane got him out of them soon.

The next thing Vaughn knew, they were naked on the floor. How they'd gotten off the couch, how they'd gotten undressed, Vaughn couldn't remember. And he didn't care. All that mattered now was that this husky, naked male body was pressed against his, weighing him down; that a hard, incredibly long, thick cock was jabbing him in the belly as the two of them rolled across the floor, embracing; that Zane's mouth and hands seemed to be all over his body at once, tasting and gripping his flesh. Vaughn didn't want it to stop, but he was afraid he would die from excitement unless his frantic heartbeat had a chance to slow down.

Shivering with anticipation, Vaughn felt Zane's strong arms sliding around his body, under his armpits. Zane rolled over onto his back on the floor and pulled Vaughn on top of him. Zane's erection thrust itself up between Vaughn's thighs. It felt huge, and the boy let his breath out with a loud gasp as he boldly groped for the big piece of meat and took it in his fist. It was so huge that Vaughn could barely get his fingers closed around the shaft!

"You like that, don't you?" Zane said, pressing Vaughn's cheeks down against his hairy chest and stroking the boy's hair. "Well, it's all yours, baby-play with it all you fucking want, it won't fall off!" The steely bluish-gray light from the neon bar sign outside bathed both of their bodies in its glow as they rubbed against each other, exulting in the hot, sweaty contact and the pressure of their hard cocks against each other.

Goddam, you look half dead with that blue light on you," Zane commented coarsely. "But I know how to warm you up and bring you back to life, baby. I'm going to fuck you, kid-fuck you like you've never been fucked before!"

He spat twice into his palm, and rubbed the saliva over the head of his dick. Then he dribbled some more saliva into his palm and smeared it back and forth between Vaughn's buns, lubricating his crack and working the spit into his tight, hot hole. Vaughn lay flat on his back. Zane grasped his trembling legs

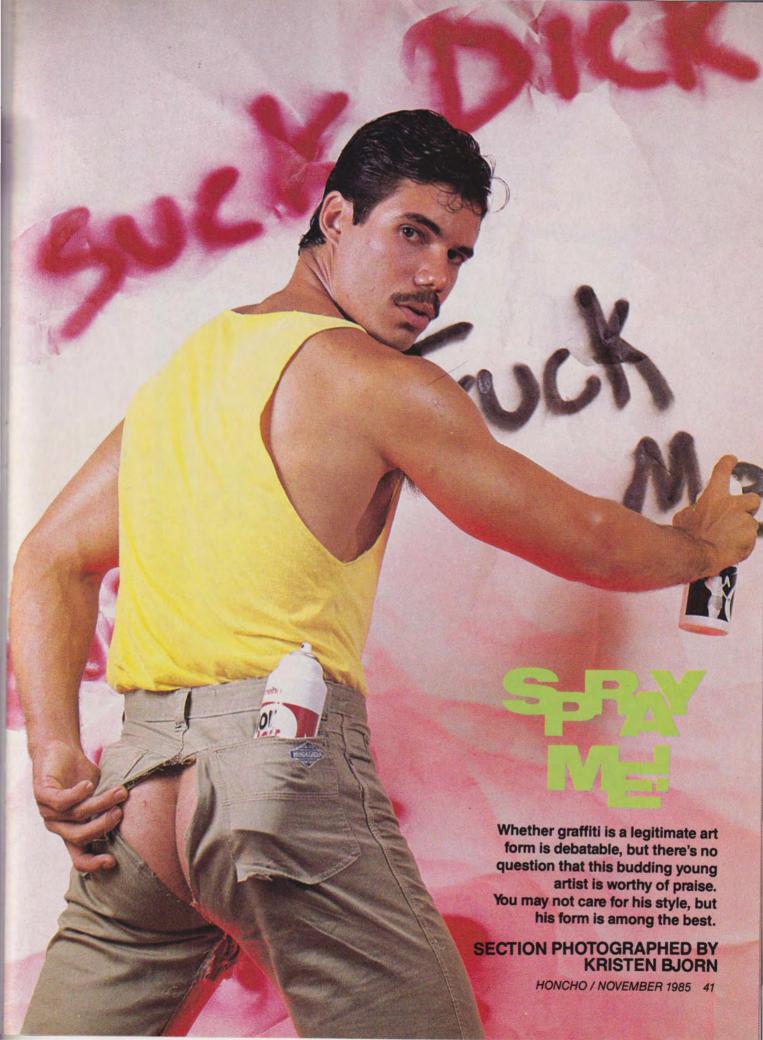
and hoisted them high in the air, propping them against his shoulders as he leaned forward to shove his dick into Vaughn's inviting anal cleft. Wild with anticipation, Vaughn groped for the head of the biker's cock and guided it firmly to his anal-opening. Zane lunged forward, letting Vaughn's calves slide back over his shoulders; he grunted with hot satisfaction as he felt the boy's hole stretching over the head of his cock. He closed his fist around Vaughn's hard-on and pumped it gently to keep the boy turned on as he shoved his crotch hard against those buns. He loved feeling the tightness of the asshole he was penetrating and the soft-textured heat that gripped and engulfed his dick as he pushed it deeper into the boy's yielding body.

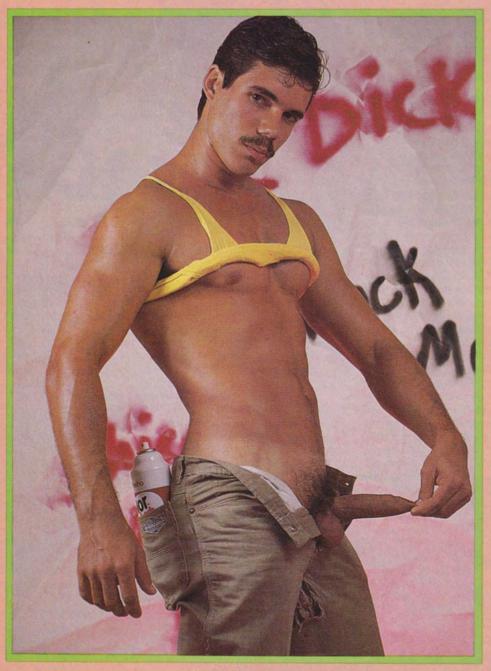
Vaughn made strangulated, gurgling sounds as he fell back hard against the bare floorboards and clutched Zane's shoulders, pulling the big guy closer to him and forcing Zane's cock deeper into his ass. Zane was all the way inside him now, and his dick felt twice as thick and hard as it had looked! He was fucking Vaughn with long, slow strokes, pulling his spit-greased tool almost all the way out and then easing it back inside with a single firm push that forced a gasp from Vaughn's lips with each stroke.

That huge dick pumped in and out of his butt ten, twelve, fifteen times-Vaughn quickly lost count. It seemed to go on screwing him like a machine, steady and merciless. He was beginning to relax, to enjoy it, to ride with Zane's humping motions instead of resisting them. Sweat poured from their bodies; Vaughn felt that he was going to faint.

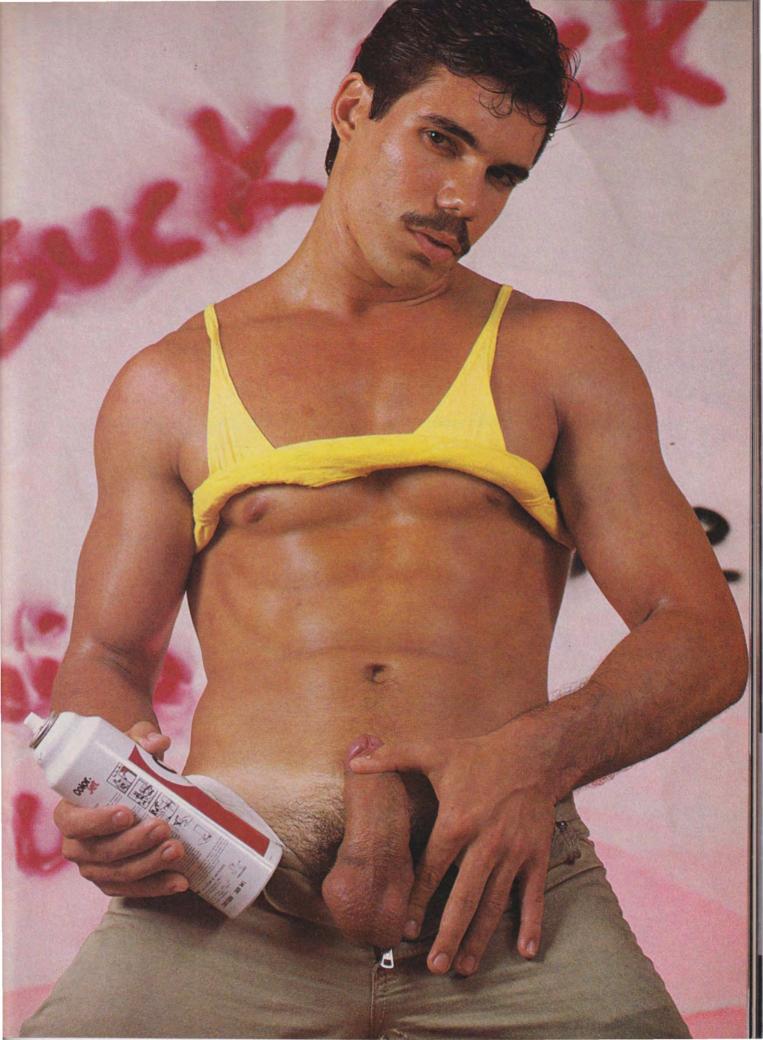
Zane leaned over so that sweat dripped from his sexy, passion-twisted face onto Vaughn's. Then he plunged his mouth down onto Vaughn's and they kissed open-mouthed, panting as their tongues intertwined. Vaughn went wild with raw anal horniness. Desperate now to be fucked, to feel every solid inch of the biker's pole reaming out his ass, he humped his butt upward to meet one of Zane's deep thrusts-and the biker gasped at the sensation.

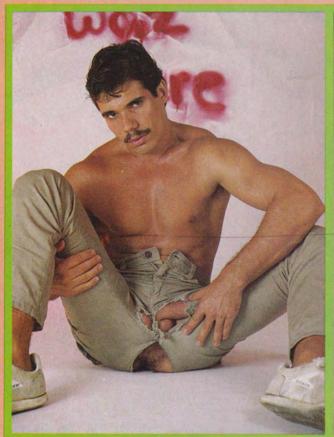
"Oh shit! You hot-assed little fucker, you like my cock, huh? Then take it! Take it! Fuck it! Get your asshole moving around it, milk my dick with your hot ass!" Zane licked the boy's chin with his wet tongue. "That's how to do it, kid! Don't just lay there, fuck me back! Hard! Take it-take my fucking cock up your ass and ride with it! Show me how much you like having my big dick up your tight ass! Gimme that horny asshole of yours and just let me fuck it. Oh shit-I'm going out of my frigging mind!" He raised his voice to a bellow: "I'm gonna shoot!"

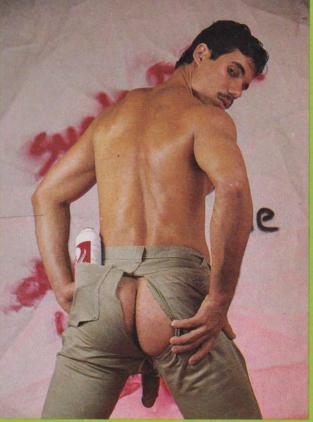




You've got to admit that this humpy guy has a way with lines and angles. Maybe you could get him to drop his spray paint can and give you a few private lessons.



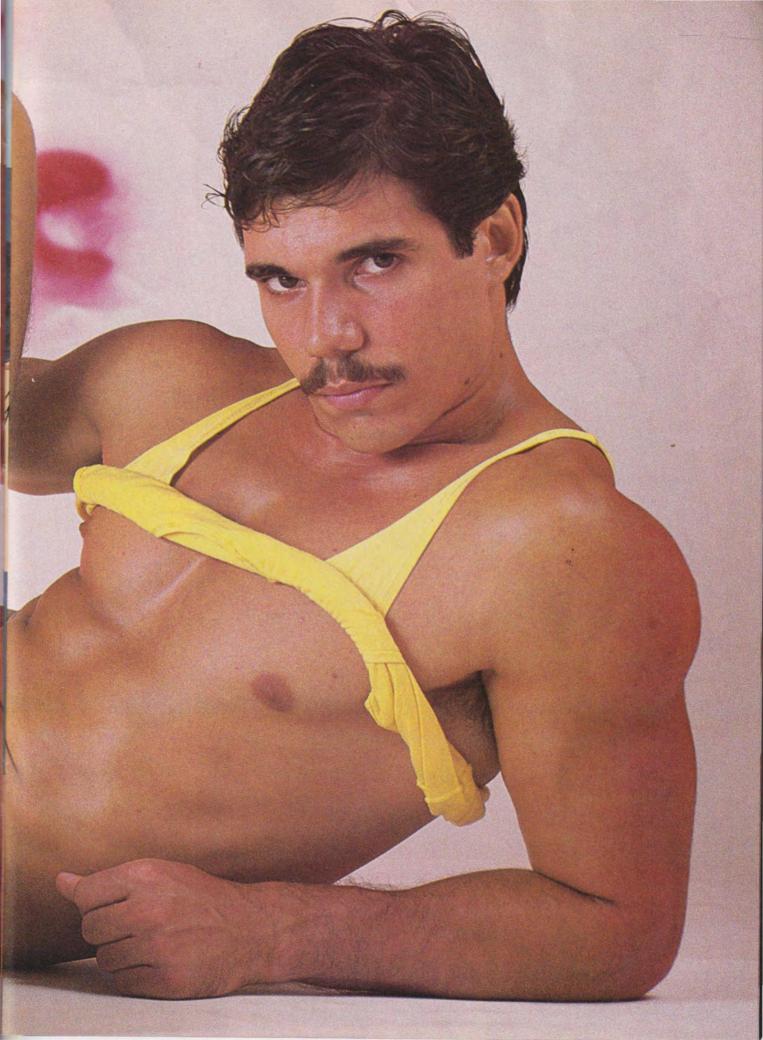


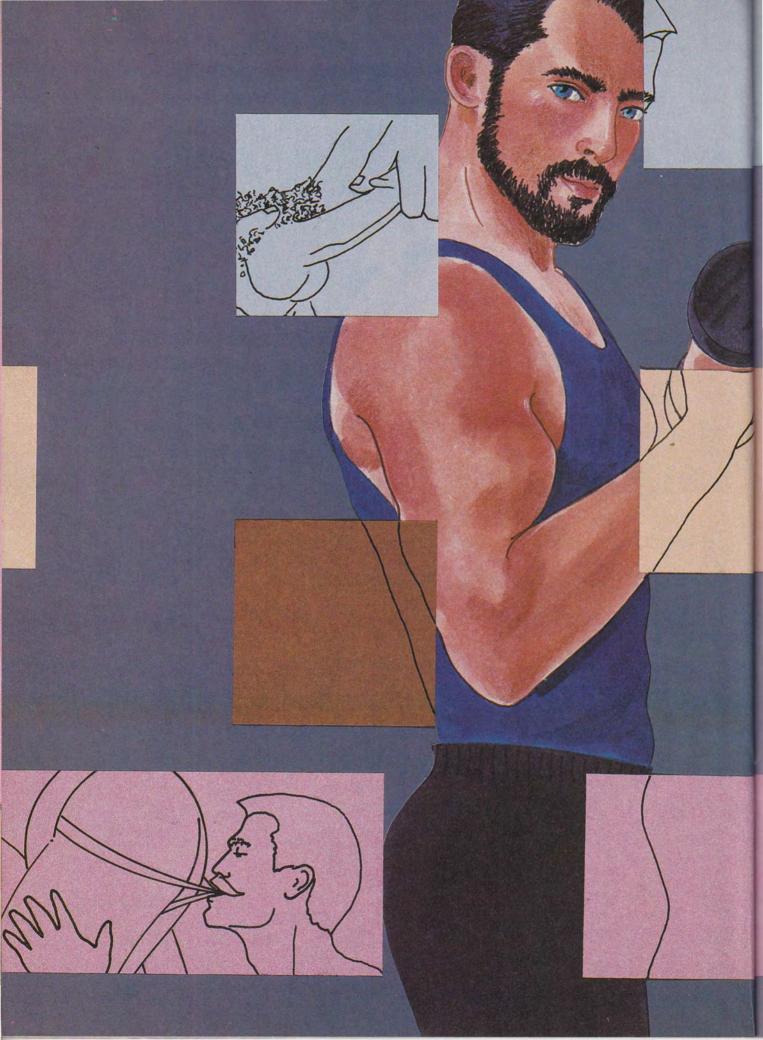


With a portrait gallery like this, you can see that this sexy artist deserves all the support he can get. Wouldn't you like to be his benefactor? Who knows, he might even dedicate a special work to you!









CUM THRILLS

BY ROLAND GRAEME • ART BY PETROSKI

he gym's reputation for attracting the hottest men in town was well deserved. Human nature being what it is—namely, perverse—Paul tended to ignore the guys he knew from the bars and baths, and concentrated his attention and erotic curiosity on the supposedly straight members who were working out. After all, the unknown is always more fascinating than the known (or the "déjà had," as one of Paul's friends put it).

Among the regular after-work crowd in the gym there were six or seven men for whom Paul had an especially strong craving—he wanted to work out near them, to sit with them in the sauna, to see them naked in the locker room, or to shower alongside them whenever possible. One man in particular was especially attractive because he seemed completely self-absorbed, uninterested in sex, and therefore unattainable. His name was Nicholas (Paul had shamelessly interrogated one of the aerobics instructors), and he was a bank executive; he was in his thirties, tall and sturdily built, with prematurely graying black hair, a neatly trimmed beard and moustache, and the body of a young athlete. With slender hips and firm, hairy buttocks, a flat, hard torso, and a thick uncut cock, he was in his prime. Nicholas looked equally enticing in a business suit or in the shorts and tank top he worked out in. His skin was smooth, creamy, and moist. Paul often fantasized how thrilling it would be to touch, embrace, and lick this man.

But Paul wasn't likely to get the chance to put his theory to the test. Nicholas kept very much to himself, and seemed blissfully unaware of the intense cruising that went on at the gym. Nicholas concentrated his efforts on the weight room, pumping iron like a machine, methodically making the rounds of the Nautilus equipment and the weight racks. He built up a sweat that plastered his shorts and tank top, but he

As sperm shot out of his dick, he squeezed the tip shut for a moment. This delay was agony as the flow of cum was dammed up and started exploding in his dick for a painful second.

never showed off the way some of the younger guys did.

Paul had spoken to him exactly twice. The first time, Nicholas had asked him matter-of-factly, "Are you done using this machine?" and the second time he had remarked, "Hot in here today, isn't it?" With any other number, Paul would have easily struck up a casual yet insinuating conversation, but there was something about Nicholas that intimidated him. He had grunted, "Yeah," in answer to the man's question both times and left it, frustratingly, at that.

After work Friday evening, Paul hurried to the gym as usual. He was strangely excited to find Nicholas already there, huffing and puffing on the pressing bench. He was gripping the bar with white leather weightlifting glovesfingerless, but with padded palms and a velcro wrist fastening-and Paul, who kept an unconscious mental catalog of the guy's habits, immediately recognized the new addition to Nicholas's workout wardrobe. Paul completed his own routine, but was too late to join Nicholas in the showers. However, they had been assigned adjacent lockers this evening.

As Paul stripped off his sweaty exercise gear and sat down in front of his locker to catch his breath, Nicholas re"Sorry," Paul lied, edging away on the bench. He spent a long time depositing his gym clothes in his locker and while fumbling for his own towel, soap, and shampoo, he watched as the bank executive slowly covered his body with a three-piece suit. Nicolas stuffed his dirty shorts, tank-top, jockstrap and socks in his gym bag, then picked up the little plastic container holding his contact lenses. He winked at Paul.

"See you around," he said pleasantly, staring at Paul as though he couldn't quite bring him into focus. Nicholas took his gym bag over to where the light was better and put his contacts back in.

Paul was so aroused that he didn't even have the presence of mind to answer, "Yeah," as usual. He stood up and started to wrap his towel around his waist to conceal his growing hard-on. Then he glanced down and saw one of Nicholas's white weightlifting gloves lying crumpled on the floor at his feet. Nicholas had dropped it when he had shoved its mate into his bag. Paul retrieved it, looked over to where Nicholas was standing, started to call his nameand then thought better of it. He quickly concealed the glove in his own locker, then hit the showers, drenching his shivering body with ice-cold water to take his mind off sex-at least for the time being.

inside the leather glove. There was something oddly erotic about the glove's chopped-off fingers and thumbs, about the way Paul's own fingers poked through the holes. He began to breathe hard as he closed his eyes and conjured up a mental picture of Nicholas. The object of Paul's desire was standing on the weight room floor, slowly, methodically curling a big barbell up to his chest and back down again, his biceps flexing, his torso shining with sweat, and his myopic eyes wide open.

Stifling a guilty moan of pleasure, Paul stretched out comfortably on his bed. Then he opened the bottom drawer of his nightstand and pulled out a manila envelope with a set of twelve photographs which he had purchased in a porno store. Paul leafed through the pictures with his left hand, while he caressed his chest and tits with his gloved right hand. He moved his hand slowly, provocatively, working himself up to a

high pitch of arousal.

All twelve photographs were of bodybuilders having sex around and upon exercise equipment in a gym: one shot showed a naked muscle man lying face down on a pressing bench while another man, wearing nothing but a jockstrap, licked the first guy's asshole; a second photo showed the prostrate number twisting his head up as his buddy's greased dick slid between his buttocks. A nother picture showed a group of incredibly well-built, humpy-looking musclemen gathered around an equally good-looking guy (whose cock had to be ten inches long if it was an inch) and some men had their fists wrapped around that enormous dick, industriously whacking it off together. Several of the others were kneeling beside the man with the immense dick, masturbating. Their mouths were open to catch the spurts of cum that the camera had caught flying through the air. Another photo showed a heavily-muscled bodybuilder, his entire body clean shaven and gleaming with a coating of mineral oil, seated naked on a bench with his legs thrown high in the air; a younger blond guy, also naked, knelt in front of him, tonguing his asshole. A third nude man was lying on the gym mat on the floor underneath the bench, jerking off as he sucked the blond.

Paul grew increasingly aroused as he leafed through the series of photographs. He kept imagining himself and the naked men in the various poses. There was yet another photo depicting two of the models, naked, their bodies dripping with oil, wrestling on the gym mat.

But the photo which excited Paul the

Continued to page 73

He held Nicholas by his smooth, hard buttocks as he blew him; the big guy ran his fingers through Paul's wet hair. Paul sucked furiously until he lost all track of time.

turned from his shower gloriously, unselfconsciously nude. He rubbed his hair dry with his towel, his upraised arms exposing his hairy, sexy armpits. The brisk rubbing action set his solid pecs and hard-pointed nipples into exciting motion. Paul had to force himself to look away momentarily before he could trust himself to turn his head back to Nicholas.

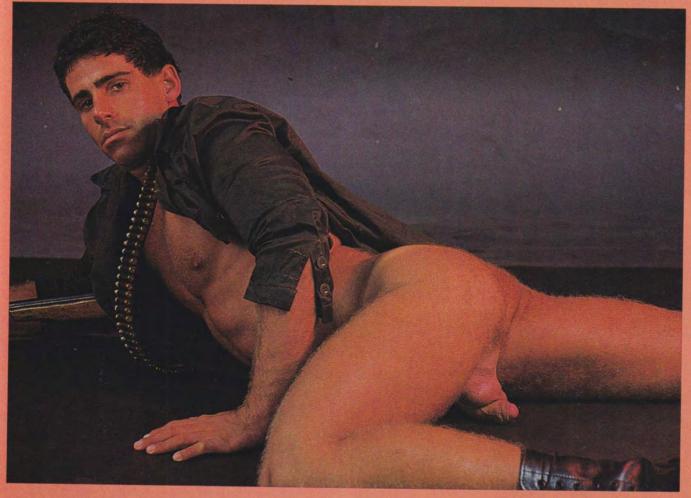
When he did, he nearly brushed the guy's muscular thighs with his lips. Nicholas was standing right next to him, only inches away, opening his own locker. By lifting his head slightly, Paul could have had just what he wanted so badly: the stud's thick, juicy cock in his mouth.

"Excuse me," Nicholas rumbled. His deep, masculine voice always turned Paul on.

Paul didn't go out cruising that night. Instead, he drove straight home from the gym, rushed upstairs to his apartment, shut and locked the door behind him, then bolted and chained it for good measure. Paul was panting; he felt hot, sweaty, and dizzy. He sat down on the edge of his unmade bed for a moment, then unzipped his gym bag and took out his prize.

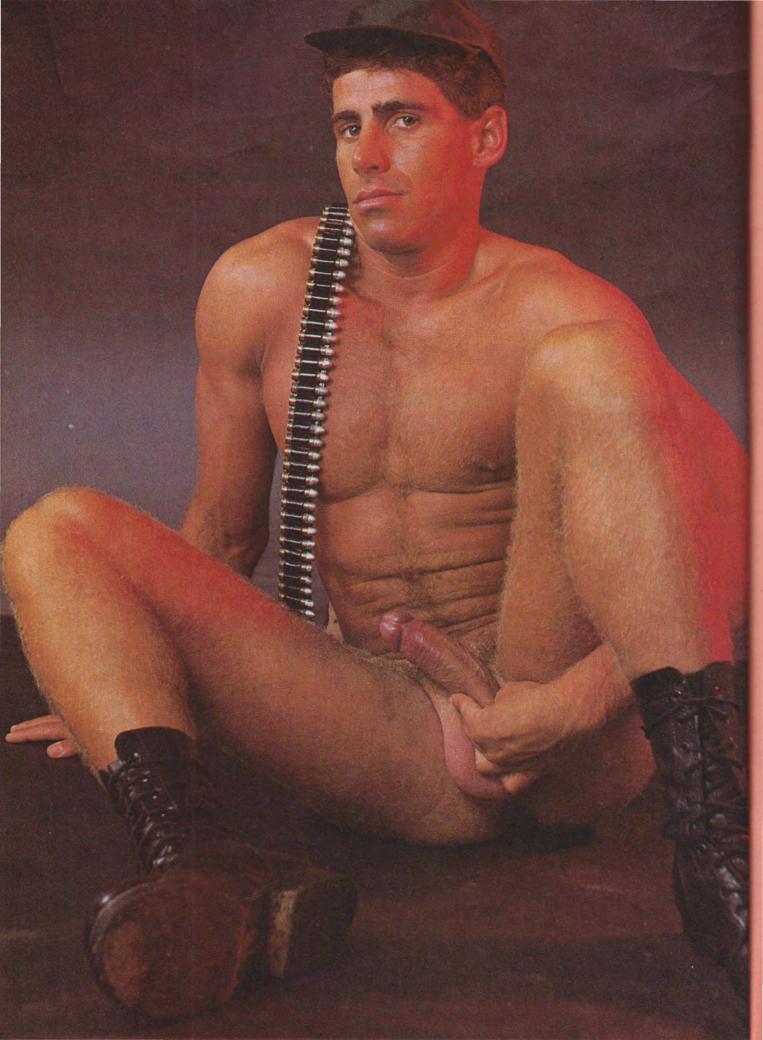
He carefully placed the glove on the bed, staring at it as he stood up and took off all his clothes. When he was naked—his cock swelling into a full, throbbing erection—he slowly pulled the glove over his right hand. It was a tight fit, and he instantly sensed how the glove, though new, had already been stretched into shape by Nicholas's big hand. Paul fastened the velcro strap tightly around his wrist, and his palm began to sweat

HORSE MARINE



I'M NOT CALLED A HORSE MARINE BECAUSE OF MY DIVISION. NO, IT'S 'CAUSE OF HOW I'M HUNG. HEAVY.

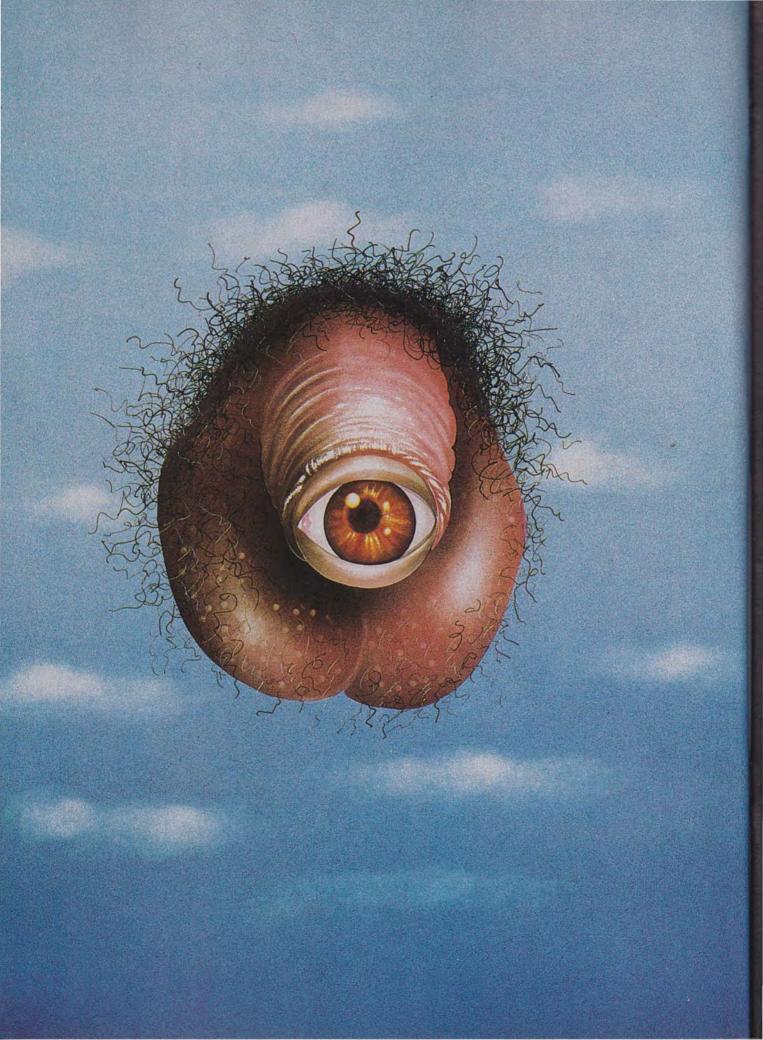
SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY KRISTEN BJORN



HORSE MARINE



GET THE PICTURE, SOLDIER?
YEAH, I CAN SEE YOU DO.
THAT RISE IN YOUR
FATIGUES TELLS ME WHAT I
WANT TO KNOW.
SO DROP 'EM, SOLDIER,
AND BEND OVER. I'M
GONNA INVADE YOUR ASS.



COCKEYE

He bent to reach a bottle on a low shelf, and his t-shirt pulled out of his waistband. His back was covered with hair, like the rest of him, and the growth didn't thin when it plunged into his jeans.

BY JOSH LLOYD • ART BY ADRIAN LOOS

It was well after midnight when the trucker dropped me off on the edge of town. "Go to the Mantrap," he advised. "That's where the action is." I looked up and down the quiet street. Neon lights burned dimly in the distance. I heard no music, no laughter, no raunchy cries of studs getting it on. Not one barking dog or a single speeding car gave life to the sleepy dirt road. I waved at the trucker, trying to get his attention before he roared off. "Wait a minute!" I yelled. "What kind of action do you mean?"

"This action," he yelled back, closing his fist around an imaginary dick and jerking up and down. Before I could question him further, he swung the rig around and vanished in a cloud of dust. I couldn't really blame him. He had a schedule to stick to. He was due in San Antonio, but he had gone a few miles out of his way along the road to Austin. He couldn't drive me all the way in, however. He couldn't even stop by the roadside long enough for me to suck him off, even though that was what we both wanted. He told me that he had tricked with another hitchhiker a few miles before he spotted me, and it had put him so far behind that he didn't dare delay another minute in getting his load to San

'Sure wish I'd seen you first," he drawled. "That other guy wasn't as young as you, and his dick was nowhere near the size of yours. Unless, of course, you're padding your wad.'

For a moment his eyes left the road and lingered on my crotch. It was clear what he wanted, but I played dumb. Still, I couldn't help leaning back against the

seat and shoving my hips forward, showing off my unpadded cock to its fullest advantage. The trucker drooled. "I'll bet that's a juicy bugger! Wish I had time for a taste, but since I don't, how 'bout popping out that big thing and letting me

Trouble. An eyeball was what he'd get all right, and with the rig doing 60 miles an hour, it could be dangerous. I didn't want to risk a crash, but I also didn't want to waste a hard cock and a horny trucker. As my cock rubbed urgently against the rough denim, I got an idea.

I trapped his right wrist with my fingers and urged his big hand off the steering wheel. I guided it gently to my lap and plopped it on top of my bulging cockmound. His fingers curled around the lump like the ravenous petals of a Venus flytrap closing on an insect.

'You better keep both eyes on the road," I said, "but why not let your fingers do the walking? I reckon you can control this rig with one hand."

"I've had lots of practice," agreed the willing trucker. He pressed his palm deep into my lap, let up a little, then bore down again. I took a deep breath as his hand crushed my dick into my belly. When he withdrew, my cock sprang back, only to be mashed flat on his next downstroke.

I arched my back, grinding my hard crotchmound into the cupped hand that pressed relentlessly against it. I could feel my jeans getting soaked with sticky goo. Just when I thought I was on the brink of shooting in my pants, the hand changed tactics and started stroking me in a circular motion. The damp denim

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tles without spilling a drop. I still thought he would look more natural with claws instead of thick, blunt fingernails. Claws were the only things missing from this backwoods grizzly.

He bent to reach a bottle on a low shelf, and his t-shirt pulled out of his waistband. His back was covered with hair, like the rest of him, and the growth didn't thin when it plunged into his jeans. I felt my cock come to life and nudge against my buttons. Hairy chests are common, but I don't often get to snuggle up to a warm hairy ass. I was sure his ass was as shaggy as a bear rug, but would the bristles be soft or wiry? Silky like a satin pillow, or tough enough to shred skin?

The more I wondered, the harder my cock pushed at my buttons. They were going to pop soon. Either that, or I'd leap across the bar like a trapper scenting game. I wanted to tame this ferocious grizzly. I wanted to turn him into a teddy bear and spend the night cuddled in his massive paws.

One thing stopped me. I was a stranger in town. If I couldn't trust the guys I'd grown up with, I certainly couldn't take a chance here. The most I could do was sit back and enjoy the view.

"Bartender," I called, "another brew." "Coming right up," he growled. His

voice matched his body. It was a deep bass rumble that began in the depths of his chest.

He set a fresh glass in front of me. "You're new here, ain't ya?"

'Yeah," I said warily. I couldn't tell if he was threatening me or just making conversation.

"How long you staying?" "Not long. Passing through."

His eyes narrowed. For a minute I thought he might challenge me to a gunfight, but he surprised me by asking,

"Got a place to stay?"

Fuck it, I thought. Just fuck it. The stud of a lifetime was making a pass at me. I'd be crazy to turn him down. I knew it was my cock talking, not my brain, and I told my brain to shut up. Besides, I'd handled the trucker. I could master the bear, too.

"Actually I don't," I said. "It's a warm night. I figured I'd sack out in the woods."

"No need for that." He stuck out a paw and engulfed my hand, "Jed Randall's the name. I get off work in an hour. Plenty of room at my place if you don't mind sharing the bed."

Electricity surged between our hands. I squeezed his tighter. "Mind? I insist. I'm Bill Sawyer.'

Jed pushed beer at me. "On the house. Welcome to the Mantrap, Bill."

I liked him. I really liked him. As I sipped the beer, I started to feel guilty about lying to such a nice guy. I couldn't use my real name, though. Somebody in Sage had probably called the newspapers about me. Not your normal newspapers, but the kind you see at the supermarket near the checkout stand.

Jed's gruff voice broke into my thoughts. "Ready, Bill?"

"Ready for anything."

His place was right down the road. Outside it looked like a shack, but inside it resembled a well-stocked hunting lodge. He had rustic furniture, guns mounted on the walls, and a huge stone fireplace. In the center of the floor was a bearskin rug with the head still attached. It had big glassy eyes and enormous bared teeth.

I noticed that the fur was the same color as Jed's beard. He saw me staring and grinned. "I love that critter," he said.
"Did you shoot him yourself?"

"Shoot? Hell no, I wrestled him with my bare hands. Watch, I'll show you how it's done."

Jed bellyflopped onto the rug and grabbed the head by the ears. Soon he was writhing on the floor, his body tangled in the fur. He snarled and growled as he pretended to fight off the savage beast. He didn't glance at me once, but the way he tossed his head and humped his ass gave me a clue that the performance was more than an innocent wrestling lesson.

It was working, too. I dove on top of Jed, locking my arms around his waist and pinning his legs with my own. "Drop that dead meat," I growled. "Let's see how you handle a live opponent."

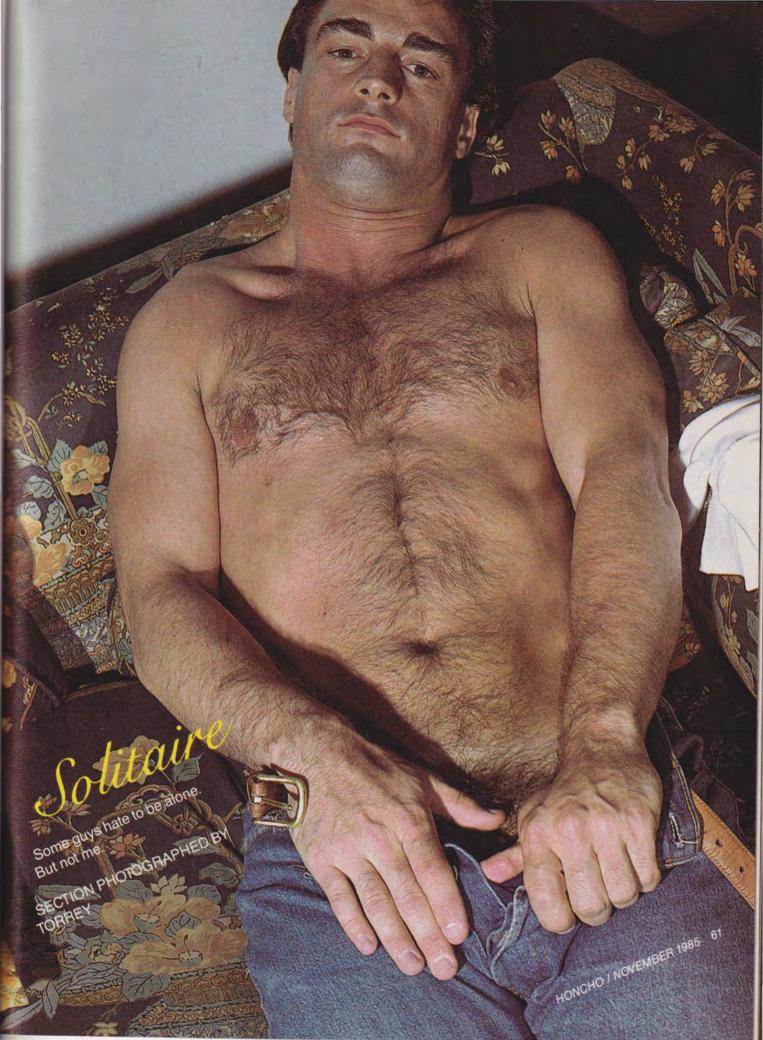
"Think you can take me?" "I'm on top, ain't I?"

"Not for long." Jed bucked and reared, trying to dislodge me. If he'd had the use of his powerful arms I wouldn't have stood a chance, but his arms were under our bodies and tangled in the bearskin. I loved the way he kept ramming against my swollen cock, but I did more than just enjoy the ride. While I fought to keep my seat, I also worked on his belt buckle. When I got him unbuckled, unsnapped, and unzipped, I slid down his legs, pulling his pants after me.

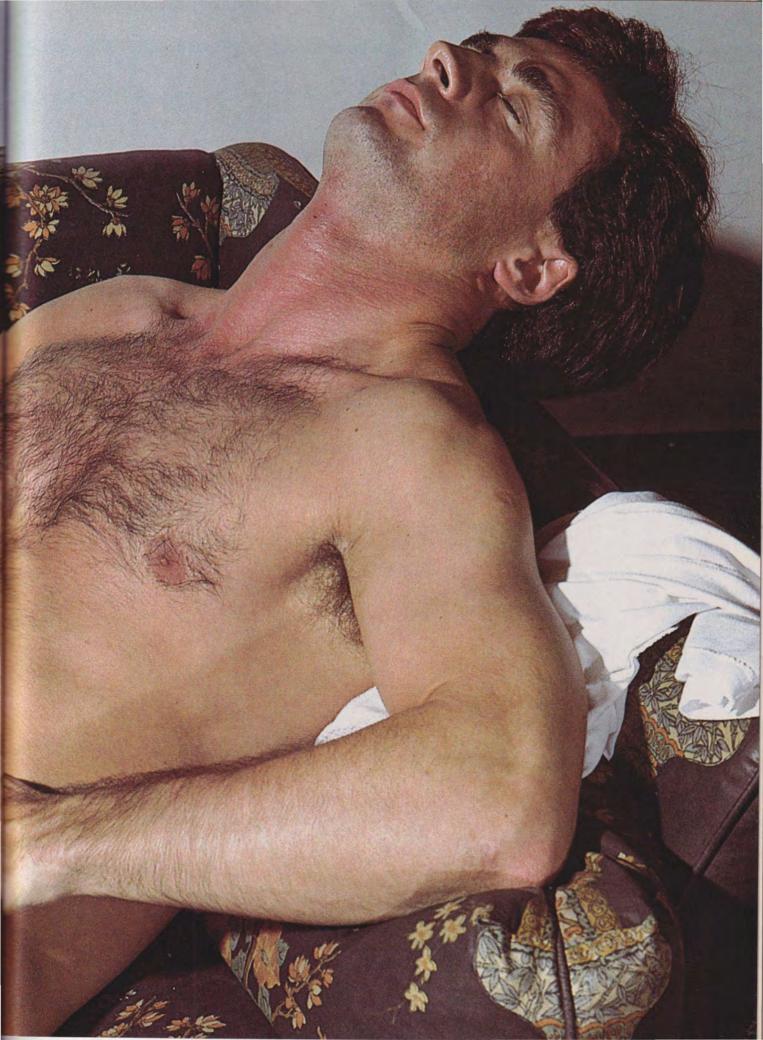
Without my weight pressing into his lower back. Jed was able to roll over and free his arms. He sat up and made a grab at me, but I dodged his clumsy flailing. He couldn't get much leverage. His pants were around his knees, pinning them together.

Jed roared, but there was a big grin on his face, and he sounded more amused than angry. When I saw his cock, I almost went down on it without bother-

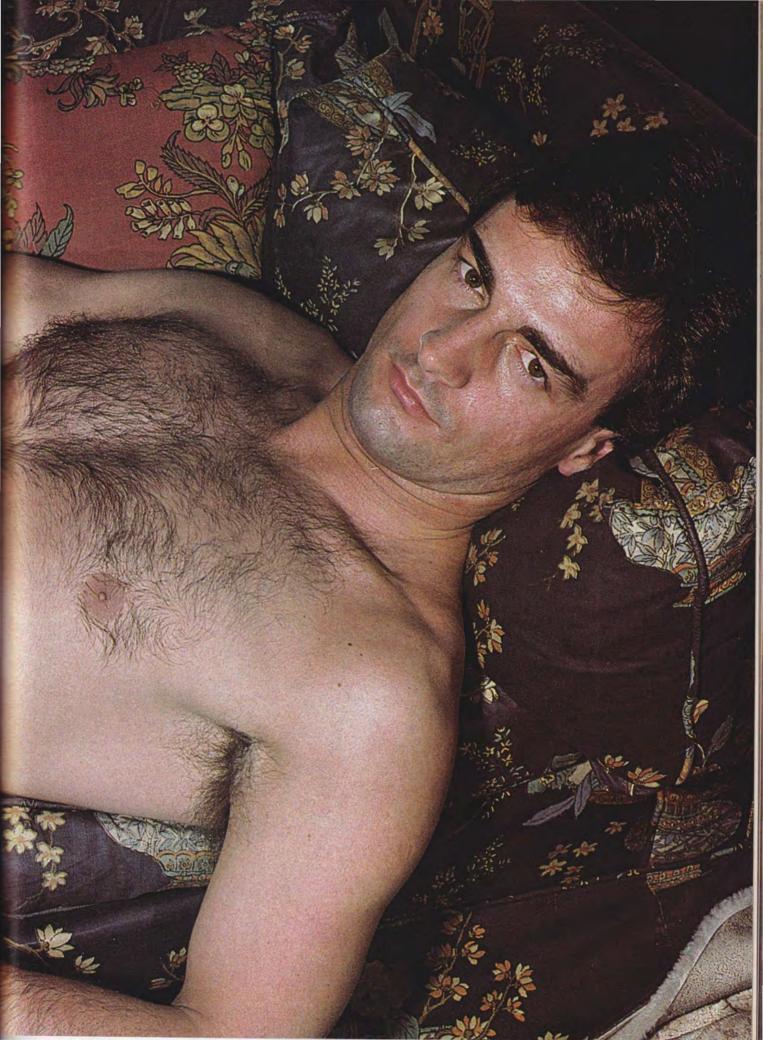
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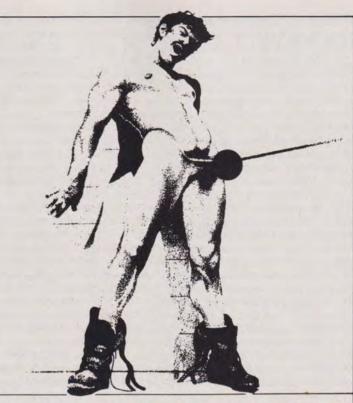
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COCKEYE

Continued from page 60

ing to remove his pants the rest of the way. The only reason I waited long enough to finish undressing him was because I needed to get his legs farther apart to appreciate the full size and beauty of the monster.

I'd never seen such an uncut cock before. It was the only part of his body that
wasn't completely hairy. I ran my fingers
up the smooth shaft to the long, flopping
foreskin. It seemed to dangle several inches past the knobby cockhead. When I
pulled on it, it stretched even longer. I
wondered what he did with all that extra
skin. It looked great, and for a moment
my envy grew as strong as my passion. I
gave it another yank, twisting it between
my fingers.

"Quit that!" said Jed sharply. "I can get a handjob any time. Let's feel what your hot mouth can do."

No problem. As my mouth dropped toward that nine-inch piece of heaven, I only wondered how I was going to maneuver him into—

Suddenly he reached up and flicked off the light. The windowless room was as dark as an asscrack. "More romantic this way," he growled, and rammed my

face down on his dickmeat.

Perfect. I didn't need eyesight to peel that dick like a banana, shoving back the yards of foreskin and tonguing the wet, sticky head. It didn't taste sour, or cheesy, or dirty. It was salty, and as I licked my way up the shaft I felt like I was eating a pretzel.

But Jed got impatient again. "You got a throat, fucker? Use it!"

He didn't give me a chance to obey. His iron grip seized my neck and shoved my head right down into his heaving belly. His rod drove into my gagging throat. In a moment I recovered and started sucking as he slid it back into my mouth and again into my gullet. I reached around to grab his ass, and sure enough it was sprouting thick fur, halfway between rough and silky. I kept getting hair up my nose, too, but I couldn't tell if it was Jed's bush or part of the bearskin. The three of us were molded together, thrashing and panting in the darkness.

In the bar, Jed had been kind and considerate, but in the darkness all the animalistic passions I had glimpsed were coming through. As his hips ground into my face, his rough hands tore at my clothes. When we were both naked, he pulled his big wad from my throat as quickly as he had jammed it in. Before I had time for a deep breath, Jed

replaced his dick with his fleshy, furframed lips.

Our mouths pressed bruisingly together, then both opened. I thrust my tongue into his warm wet cavern. It tasted faintly of beer. Then my own mouth was again filled to overflowing as Jed shoved his large tongue down my throat.

I groped between his legs. His big dick was growing bigger every minute, and so was mine. Jed's expert handpumping made my thighs tense and my cock twitch from side to side. I wanted to fuck him, but we were on his turf, and he was in command. Jed shoved me face-up on the rug. My head cracked against something, and I realized I was pillowed on the bear's skull.

I sensed Jed's heavy body poised above me. His rasping breath filled my ears. I flung my legs apart and into the air. Jed's hands kept squeezing my nuts and priming my cock with pleasure. Something cold and wet, lube of some kind, dripped from my asshole. Jed slapped on another gob and worked it up into the crack. His finger poked into the sphincter, shoving the lube all the way up there. I knew this was the point where I should relax and open up, but being in such a vulnerable position with his finger deep inside me made me close up tighter. I was completely at his mercy. I



had to trust him for now, but if he ever found out.

"Tight," Jed grunted. He jabbed in again. I groaned. "Nice and tight," he repeated, withdrawing his fingers. "Get ready, I'm coming in.'

"No, please, wait-"

I yelped as he forced his entire shaft up my tight asshole. "This'll loosen you up," he grunted, drilling his meaty dick slowly into my body. I braced myself by grabbing his furry buns. Jed pulled halfway out, then slammed into me with even greater force. His thrusts crushed me into the rug. The bearskin scratched my asscheeks. I felt like I was being torn apart, but the tension was leaving my ass and building up in my cock. As my cock grew stiff between our bellies, I found myself opening to him, mind as well as body. Jed could fuck like a beast, but he was also one hell of a man!

I felt my cum start to bubble out at the same time Jed yelled, "Sit tight, babe, I'm gonna blast ya!" His cheeks knotted up and he pumped a hefty load of rich hot cream into my pulsing asshole. As he filled me, I wriggled farther down on his shaft. I wanted to take it all without spilling a precious drop. At the same time. my cum was shooting up between our bodies. I could feel it splattering my chest and I knew it was soaking Jed's as well. For a moment I could almost see it:

his dense, curly mat of fur, plastered to his skin by globs of creamy-white jizz. When it was over, he would turn on the light, and then I could see. Yeah, and then it might really be over. Better enjoy every minute of his damp, hairy body welded to mine. Better think of nothing but his fat thrusting dick, stretching me wider and shooting me higher than I'd even been taken before.

When he rolled away from me, I was exhausted. I leaned against the bear's head, panting. I was too spent to find my clothes or move my splayed legs from their inviting postion. In that instant, before I knew what he was doing, Jed jumped up and switched on the light. "Now," he said, "let's have a look at that great piece I've been . . ."

His words trailed off and died. Instinctively I started to roll onto my stomach, but I stopped in mid-roll and sank back on the bearskin. It was too late. He might as well see exactly what he'd gotten into.

My cock lay across my leg. It was a large cock, almost nine inches, and as thick around as a wrist. Still, that wasn't what made Jed's eyes bug out when he looked at it. My cock was splattered with cream, but that failed to conceal the large blind eye that covered the entire surface of my cockhead above the pisshole. It was a beautiful brown eye that would have been attractive in its proper

place. I had had it since birth, and it had made my life a living hell.

Jed stared into it with a half-shocked, half-fascinated look on his face. I had seen that expression on a few faces before. The last time was in Sage two days ago. I spoke softly, as if Jed were a mad dog, "Easy, fella, Maybe I'm a freak, but I'm no monster. I don't have magical powers. I won't hurt you and I sure as hell don't want you to hurt me. Just stand back and let me go peacefully."

Jed's iron hand clamped down on my shoulder. "The hell I will! You ain't going nowhere!'

With a desperate effort I squirmed out of his grasp. I didn't stop to grab my clothes; I just bolted out the door. I burst into the steamy night and actually ran a few steps into the dusty street before I realized it was no longer deserted.

They surrounded me. All the studs from the Mantrap. Their eyes were ravenous and their smiles were cruel. They didn't look sexy anymore; they looked like wolves as they closed in for

My eyes darted up and down the street but there was nowhere to run-They advanced slowly with their hands on their crotches. As if on a signal, each man unbuttoned his fly or lowered his

My eyes bulged, and my face must

mummy dearest

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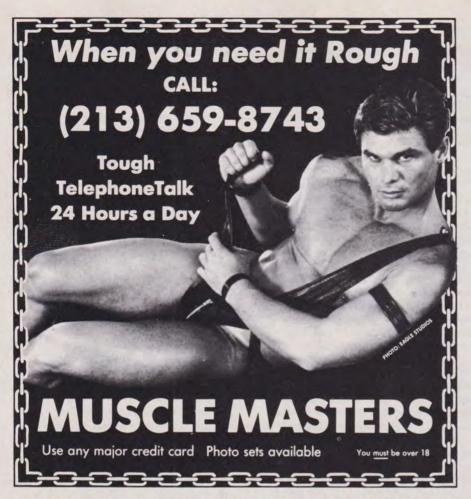
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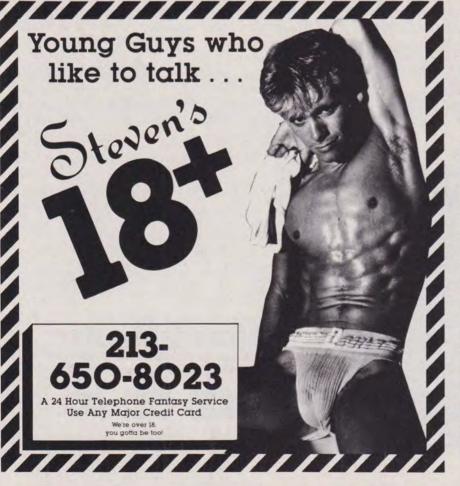
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have had that same appalled look I had seen on others' faces. Glaring at me from fifty swollen cocks were fifty cruel, leering eyeballs.

I turned back, but Jed blocked my path. With an evil chuckle he started to peel back his layers of floppy foreskin. I knew before he freed his cockhead that planted in the center would be a dark, malevolent eye.

"How...? Why...?" I babbled stupidly.

"Did I ever tell you the name of this town?" asked Jed, with a sneering smile. "Welcome to Cockeye. You're one of us and we'll never let you go!"

"No!" I screamed. I began to strike out blindly, but there were too many of them. I was powerless as their massive bodies piled into me...

I awoke bathed in sweat. Beneath the blankets, my cock was rigid with fear. I rubbed my fingers anxiously across its surface before I had the courage to look at my cockhead.

Thank God! No freakish, bulging eyeball marred my completely normal dick. Then, as I watched, my pisshole began expanding lengthwise. It became a horizontal slit, and the sides of the slit formed into a pair of red fleshy lips.

"Relax," said the lips. "Go back to sleep. It was only a dream."

AT YOUR COMMAND

Continued from page 40

"Oh, man—come in my ass!" Vaughn moaned, as he felt the first hot bursts of Zane's cum searing the depths of his guts and filling him with mushy wetness and warmth. It was like nothing Vaughn had ever experienced, and his body twisted and turned desperately, trapped as it was beneath the weight of Zane's massive muscularity. The biker's calloused, sweaty fist jerked on his cock and brought him off at the same time.

Vaughn's entire body shook as he tangled his legs around Zane's waist and pulled him even closer. He impaled himself completely on the huge dick that was still spurting cum deep inside him. Vaughn moaned helplessly as gush upon gush of steamy liquid shot from his cock, spewed all over the wiry black hairs on Zane's heaving chest, and trickled in sluggish streaks down the biker's taut belly and into his crotch. Zane continued to flood Vaughn's hardfucked ass with what felt to the boy like a gallon of hot cum. Vaughn shot repeatedly as Zane's fist pumped up and down on his unloading dick and his tender ass was massaged by the full length of the biker's still-stiff, still-spurting fuck tool. At last it was over; they had both stopped coming.

The two men gradually calmed down. Finally, they lay motionless on the bare floor, Zane on top of Vaughn, their naked bodies stuck together by their mingled sweat and cum. Their flesh glowed eerily in the flickering blue rinse of neon light. Zane stirred first. He eased his dick out of Vaughn's asshole and sat up, groping for his can of beer. Zane swigged down the brew and gasped with relief as it soothed his dry throat.

Vaughn gradually came back to reality, looking around with dazed eyes and wondering how long he had been there with Zane. It must be getting late; his parents would be wondering about him. If they ever found out how their son had spent the afternoon!

"Is it still raining outside?" he asked anxiously.

Zane looked out the window. "Not hard."

"I have to be getting home," Vaughn

apologized. "Can you give me a ride?"
"Sure, kid," the biker said amiably, slapping Vaughn on the butt. "God, you're a good fuck! I'd like to take you downstairs and introduce you to some of the guys who hang out in the bar, but if you gotta go, you gotta go. Get cleaned up and get your clothes back on, and I'll take you home. Hey," he added brightly, as Vaughn got up and staggered toward the bathroom, "what're you doing Friday night, kid? You want to come on over here and meet the guys? You ever been gangbanged? How'd you like it if I brought three, four of my buddies up here and we all got high and fucked and sucked all night? Would you like that?"

Vaughn hesitated, but only for a moment. "I think I'd like that just fine," he said softly.

"Good! We got a date, then," Zane grinned knowingly.

"But Zane? One more thing."

"Yeah, kid, what's on your mind?"

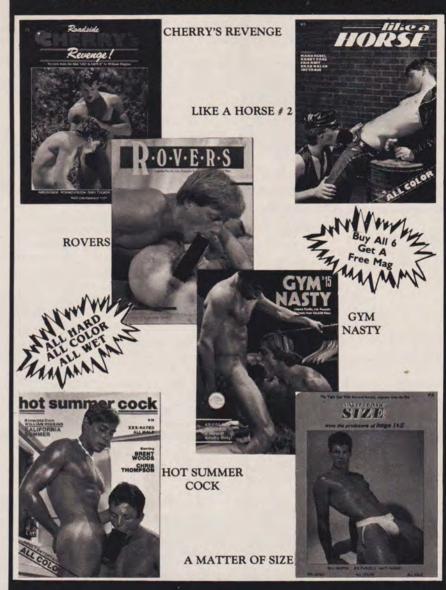
"Can I see you again before Friday night-please? And can we-can we fuck again? I don't think I can wait until the weekend! Please, Zane? Please?"

CUM THRILLS

Continued from page 52

most showed a brawny, hairy bodybuilder with black hair like Nicholas's. leaning over the blond guy from the "bench photo," fucking him in the ass. The look of sheer ecstasy on the blond's face was proof enough that he was not only getting screwed by an exceptionally large, potent dick, but that he was loving every inch of it. It was one of the most erotic photos Paul had ever seen, and he had long ago lost count of how many

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He spread the sex pictures all over the bed and began to massage his cock with his gloved hand. He stared at the photographs, his eyes hungrily devouring each of them in turn as he went through the entire sequence of poses. It was a strange sensation, because the padded palm of the weightlifting glove prevented him from gripping and stroking his dick as roughly as he usually did. It was almost as though another guy's hand were wrapped around his dick, jerking him off rather clumsily.

Paul raised himself on one elbow and stared at the bloated head of his fisted cock. The slit in his cockhead was wide open, and oozing a thick, clear drop of cum. Paul began to masturbate again, even more energetically, almost frantically now, pumping at his cock as hard and as fast as he could. He thought about Nicholas's naked, sweaty body, and pictured himself, also naked, on his knees in front of the well-muscled guy, licking the sweat off his body, licking his cock, his balls, his asshole, and inviting Nicholas to fuck him with every inch of his big, hard cock.

His orgasm began to build up in his balls and in the core of his tingling, burning cock. He felt the head of his meat swelling and the hot cum rushing rapidly out of him. He squeezed his fist tightly shut around his shaft. The pressure of the glove against his unloading dick added to the fierce pleasure that gripped, shook, and convulsed his body. When Paul came, his sperm splashed in thick wads up onto his chest. He took his gloved hand off his cock and pressed the palm firmly over the tip to trap the cum inside. The moment's delay was agony as the flow of semen was stopped and it began to back up inside his dick for one painful second. Then his hand slipped off and his cock emptied itself in steady jets of cum.

"I'm coming! I'm coming!" the young stud sobbed hysterically as he shot and shot. "I'm coming...oh, yeah! Yeah, man! Yeahhhh!"

He raised his right hand to his lips and eagerly licked the slimy sperm off the soiled leather. Paul pressed the palm of his gloved hand over his mouth and nose, and breathed in Nicholas's sweat. His left hand slipped between his buttocks, and he began to finger-fuck himself as he put his gloved hand around his depleted cock to coax it back into erection.

Paul thought about keeping Nicholas's glove, but the chance it offered of striking up a conversation with the humpy number was too much for him to resist. Infuriatingly, he had to work late that



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Monday night, and he got to the gym with just enough time to do his workout before it closed. Nicholas didn't seem to be there. Paul cursed under his breath while he pumped iron as savagely as he had pumped his dick all weekend. The ache in his muscles helped take his mind off the frustrated longing in his

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The shower was deserted. Tearing off his sweaty gym clothes, Paul grabbed a towel and soap and dashed into the shower room. Luckily, there was still some hot water left. Paul got the water as hot as he could stand it and lost himself in the comforting glow of the spray. He closed his eyes and stood under the hot cascade of water.

A firm, naked buttock bumped into him. He jerked away from the other big body and opened his eyes. It was Nicholas-laughing to cover his obvious embarrassment as he peered uncertainly at Paul through the cloud of steam.

"Sorry, I'm blind as a bat without my contacts," the husky guy apologized in his sensuous voice.

"That's all right," Paul blurted out. "What the hell are you doing here so late?"

"I got held up at work." As he spoke. Nicholas began soaping himself vigorously-under his arms, down his chest and belly to his thighs. He stayed there, both hands lingering in his crotch, massaging his cock and balls with soap, all but playing with himself.

Maybe he assumed that everybody else was as myopic as he was. "Me. too," Paul said quicky. This was the longest conversation they had ever had, and Paul wasn't about to let it die. "I found your glove the other day," he announced. "You left it in your locker-"

"Really?" Nicholas continued soaping himself, making occasional forays toward his hairy pecs, then plunging down to the center of attention. He looked as hard-up as Paul was. "I thought I'd lost it, and I can't stand those callouses I'm getting on my hands without the gloves.

"I've got it in my gym bag," Paul admitted reluctantly. "I'll give it to you before we leave."

"Thanks." Nicholas grinned at him. Both men were fully aroused now, and they weren't trying to conceal anything. They stood face to face fondling their cocks and nearly touching under the pelting spray from the adjacent showerheads. "Working out always gets me excited," Nicholas said softly as he stepped forward slightly so that they did touch. A hot shiver of desire ran through Paul's body. "It's like I'm in my own world when I'm out there pumping that iron, feeling my muscles getting bigger and harder.'

"I know," Paul groaned. "I've watched you."

"I'm glad you found my glove, man. I was afraid I was going to have to go out and buy another pair. My hand was getting so calloused I was almost afraid to

jerk off!" Nicholas laughed insinuatingly.

'You're too good-looking to have to jerk off, and you know it," Paul retorted brazenly. Then he reached out and grasped Nicholas's cock. Nicholas pulled away slightly, but Paul didn't let go. This tenacity had the inevitable effect of exciting Nicholas further; his magnificent body, already blushing from the heat of the steamy shower, flushed a deeper hue. Paul began to manipulate him slowly; Nicholas closed his eyes and breathed deeply, his deep breaths escalating into sighs and then into moans.

Suddenly, without opening his eyes, he grabbed Paul's dick and began to pump it forcefully, almost brutally, with the calloused hand he had mentioned. Paul was so sensitive, so keyed up, that he nearly exploded on the spot, but he wanted to prolong the moment for as long as possible. Paul slid out of the other man's grip and eased onto his knees on the tiled floor. With one hand under Nicholas's balls and the other wrapped around the base of his cock, Paul seized the head of the dick with his mouth. Nicholas pushed the knob of his thick tool into Paul's mouth until Paul nearly gagged on its bulk. Then Paul slipped back, grazing the dick with his teeth as he began to suck it passionately. He held Nicholas by his smooth, hard buttocks as he blew him; the big guy ran his fingers through Paul's wet hair. Paul sucked furiously until he lost all track of time, then suddenly, after many long, delicious minutes. Nicholas's dick exploded inside Paul's mouth.

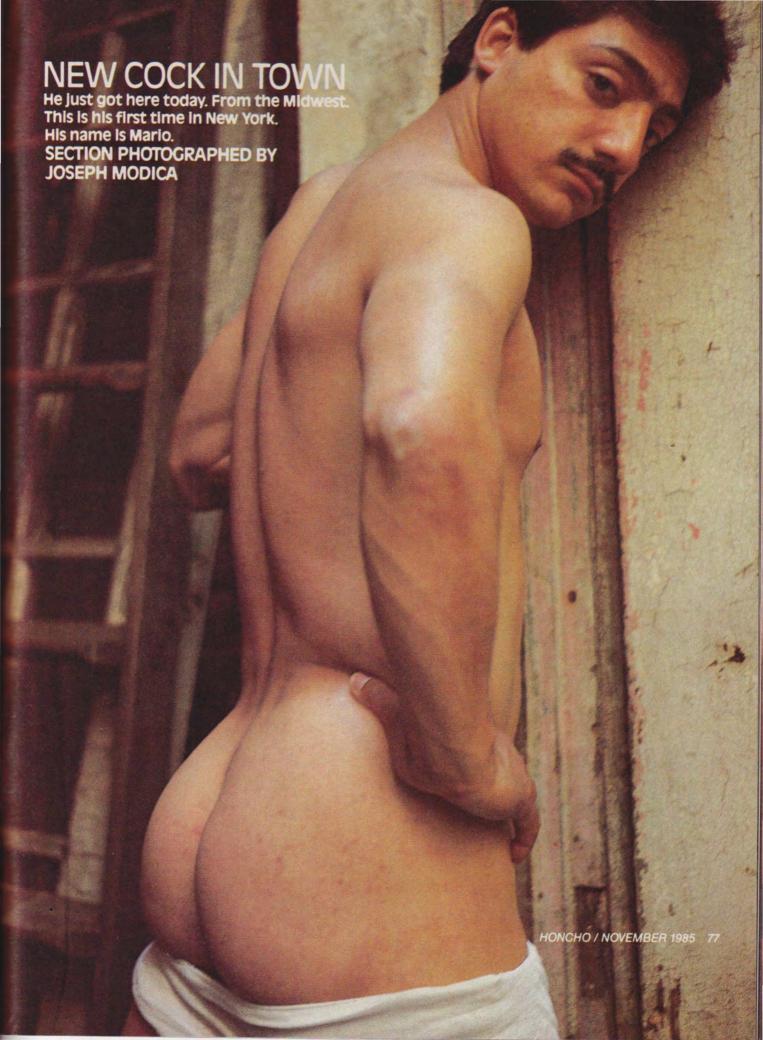
Paul got up. When he stood eye to eye with Nicholas, he kissed him passionately on the mouth. Nicholas returned the kiss at first, then pulled away and pushed Paul away.

"That was good," he declared, "but we'd better not fuck around here in the gym. It's late and they want to close up, anyway. Why don't we go to my place?

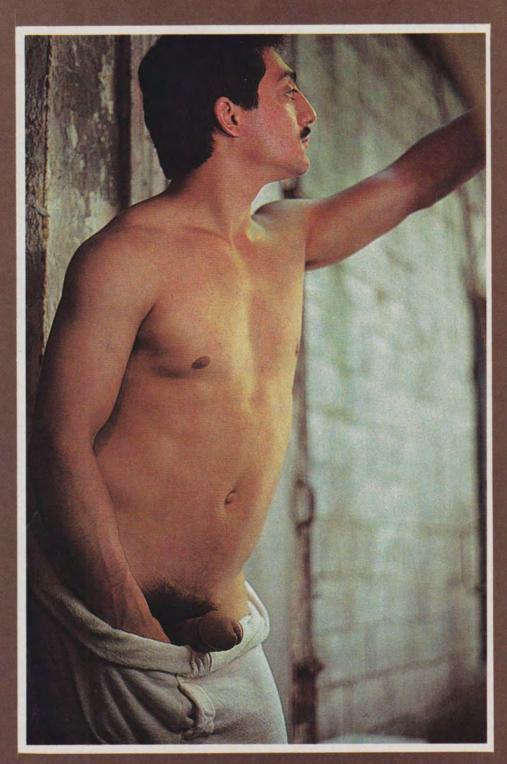
'Sure." Breathing hard, Paul put his throbbing erection on "hold" as they dried off, wrapped their towels modestly around their waists, and hurried to their respective lockers to get dressed. Nicholas laughed as Paul silently pulled the white leather glove from his gym bag and offered it to his new acquaintance.

'Who'd ever think that a little thing like a glove could, you know, break the ice between a couple of guys?" Nicholas said warmly, taking the glove and giving Paul a quick hug. "I may have to start losing my gym gear more often.'

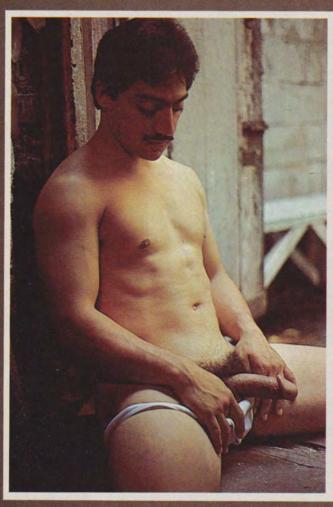
"I wouldn't mind picking up after you, man," Paul replied, looking at the grimy jockstrap Nicholas had tossed carelessly on the bench beside his gym bag.

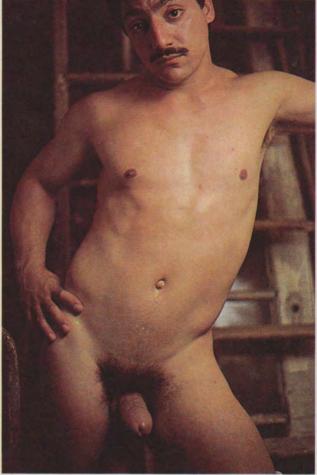






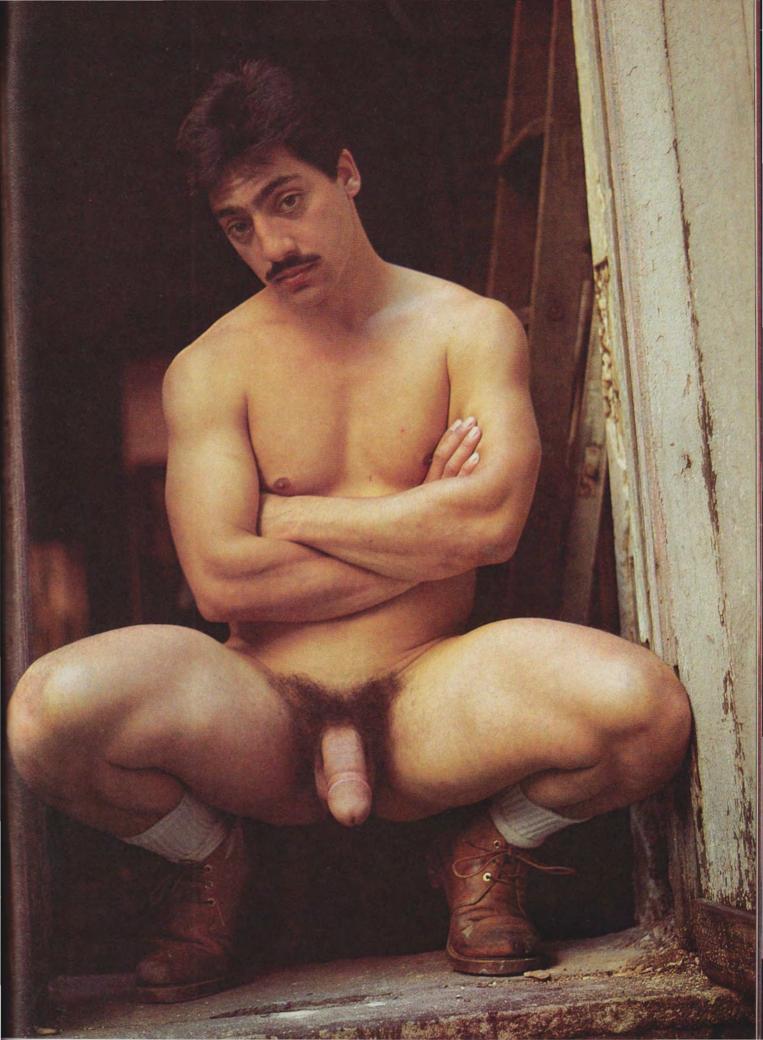
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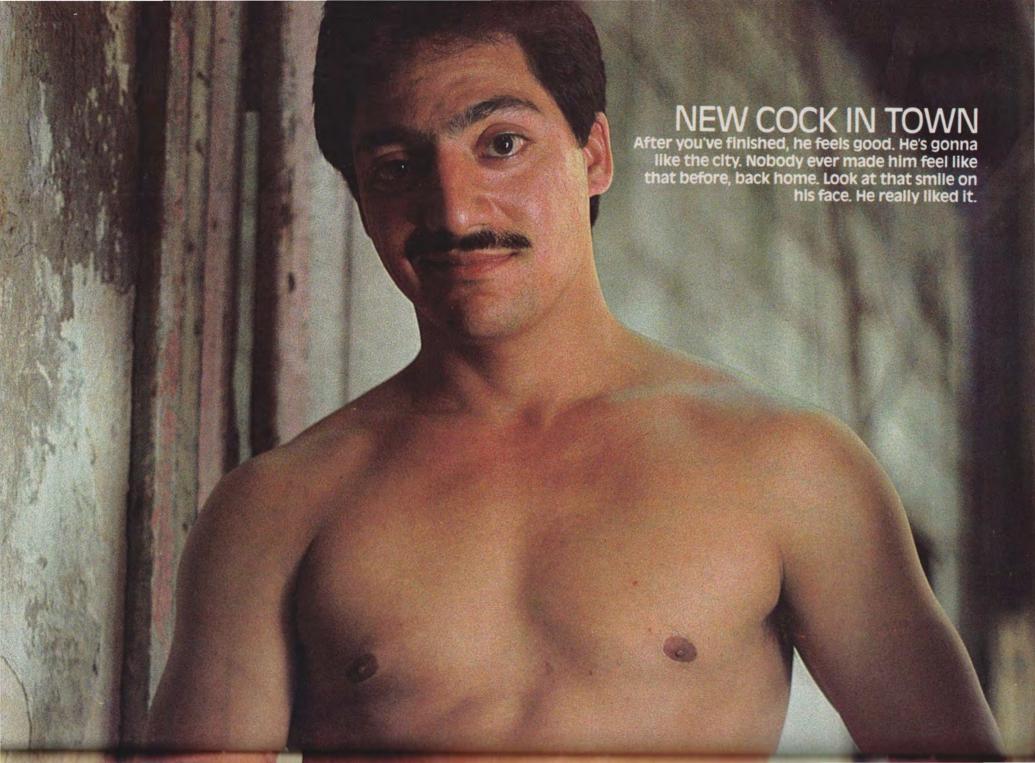




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GWM, 31, 6', 157 LBS.

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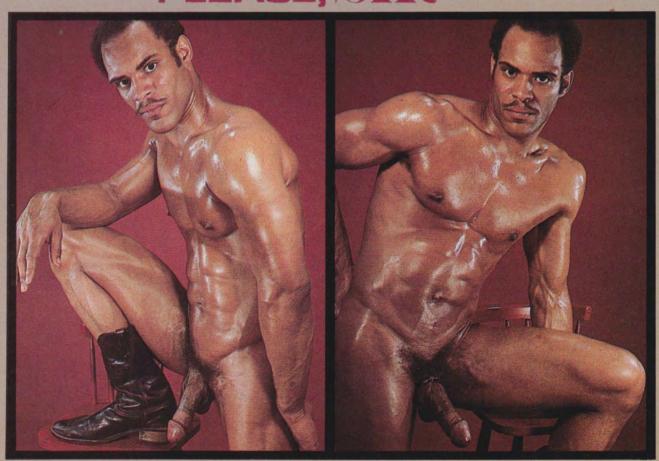
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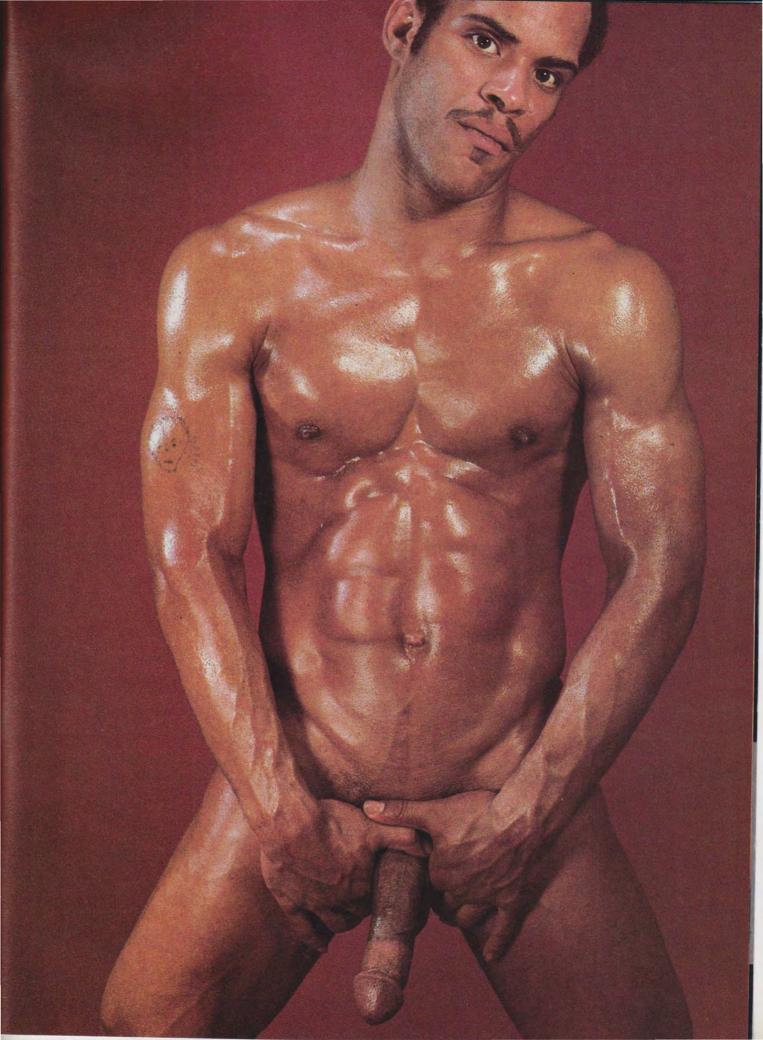
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