

HONCHO®

FDC 58295
FEBRUARY 1986

STILL
ONLY
\$3.95!

**A REAL
JOCK-
BUSTER!**



**CARRYIN' A LOAD • FOOT LONG
MAKE ME DO IT • STICK EM' UP
FOREST SERVICE • HOT FOX**

MUSCLEMANIA[®]

**Bodies
To Idolize
Talk
To Tempt
The Gods**

**CALL:
1-800-648-7728**

**IN CANADA:
1-800-251-4331**

**IN CALIFORNIA:
1-213-
871-4250**

Photo Sets Available • Open 24 Hours

Photo By Poindexter

Live Calls • Major Credit Cards • Must Be Over 18

FEEL
THE
FANTASY...



PHOTO: EAGLE STUDIOS

A 24 HOUR
TELEPHONE
FANTASY
SERVICE

THE ONE AND ONLY

HOT LINE

(800)621-2821

In California

(213)650-8079

Use Any Major Credit Card
or send check or money order to:
The Hot Line
256 S. Robertson Blvd.
Beverly Hills, CA 90211
Photo Sets
Available

EL MIRASOL VILLAS



**A Limited Number of Luxuriously
Furnished Private Villas.
A Secure, Walled Garden
Oasis and Pool**

**Color Brochure on Request.
Call 619-327-5913
525 Warm Sands Drive
Palm Springs, CA 92262**

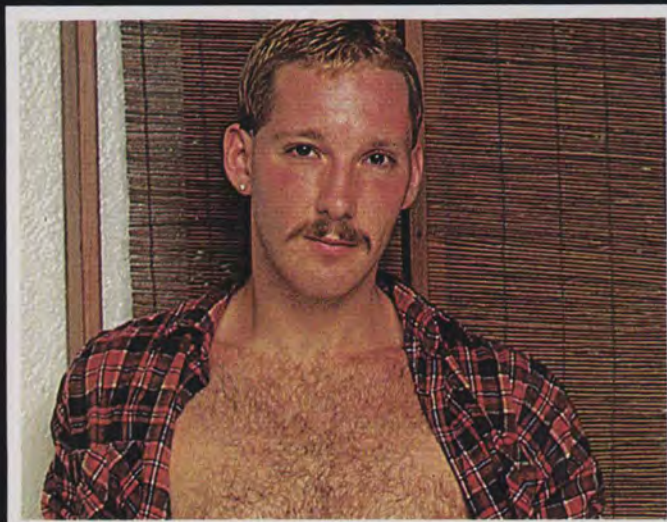


525 Warm Sands Drive Palm Springs, CA 92262

HONCHO

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE MACHO MALE

VOLUME 8 • NUMBER 11
FEBRUARY 1986



COVER BY NAAKKVE

CONTENTS

- 4 FICTION: CLOSER THAN A BROTHER
- 11 FICTION: FOREST SERVICE
- 13 NUDES: TRIPOD
- 23 FICTION: ONE MAN'S MEAT
- 29 NUDES: CARRYIN' A LOAD
- 37 FICTION: HEAVYWEIGHT
- 41 NUDES: EAT ME FOR LUNCH
- 51 FICTION: FOOT LONG
- 52 NUDES: MAKE ME DO IT
- 61 NUDES: STICK 'EM UP
- 77 NUDES: HOT FOX
- 84 CLASSIFIEDS: MAN SEARCH
- 89 NUDES: HANDLEBAR

STAFF

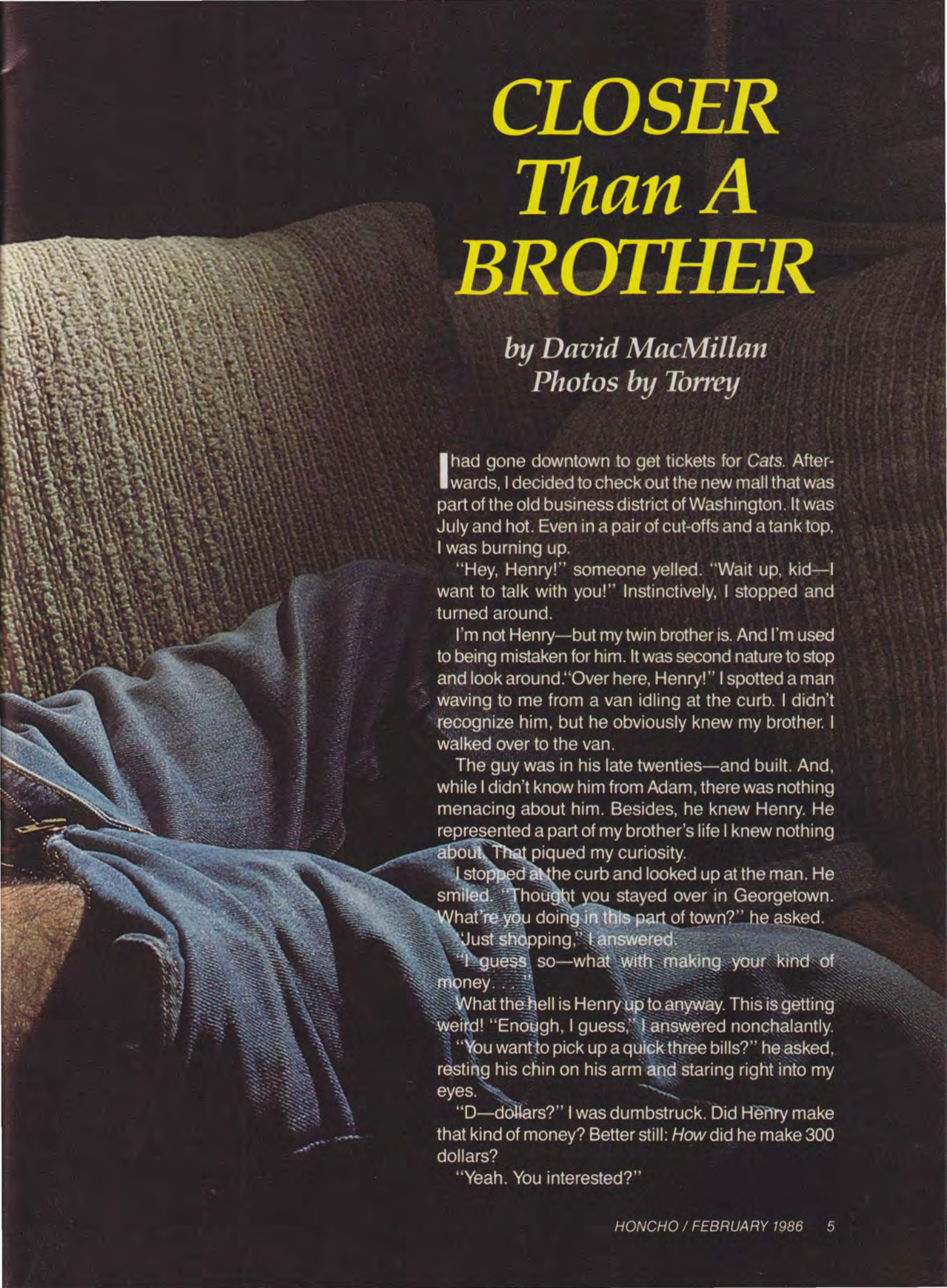
PUBLISHER / GEORGE MAVETY
EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT / JOE GRECO
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF / FREEMAN GUNTER
EXECUTIVE ART DIRECTOR / TONY FEO
ASSOCIATE EDITOR / BILL BAUMER
ART ASSISTANTS / JAN HOUSTON, D. CONIGLIO
CIRCULATION MANAGER / C. DEDERICK
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR / JOE DEROGATIS
DON BEAVERS ADVERTISING
7985 SANTA MONICA BLVD., SUITE 104
WEST HOLLYWOOD, CA 90046
(213) 650-3994

HONCHO MAGAZINE (ISSN 0733-5865), February 1986, Volume 8, Number 11. Published monthly by Modernismo Publications, Ltd., 155 Avenue of the Americas, 11th Floor, New York, New York 10013. Copyright © 1986 by Modernismo Publications, Ltd. Distributed worldwide by the Flynt Distributing Company, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Editorial offices: 11th Floor, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10013. (212) 691-7700. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited manuscripts. All rights in letters sent to HONCHO will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and are subject to HONCHO's right to edit and comment editorially. Any similarity between the people and places in the fiction in this magazine and any real people and places is purely coincidental. All photos posed for by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos, nor words used to describe them, are meant to depict the actual conduct or personalities of the models. Nothing appearing in HONCHO Magazine may be reprinted either wholly or in part without written permission. Subscriptions: U.S. Possessions, APO and FPO—\$32.00 for one year; Canada and Foreign—\$41.00 for one year. Canadian and Foreign subscriptions should be remitted by International Money Order in U.S. funds. Single Copies—\$3.95 (add \$1.05 for postage and handling). Send subscription correspondence to HONCHO Subscription Department, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013. Notify subscription department of change of address at least 6 weeks in advance. Please include new address and mailing label from most recent issue. HONCHO is the registered trademark of Modernismo Publications, Ltd. Printed in U.S.A. All rights reserved.
(Note: Subscriber lists are never rented or sold.)

CHARTER MEMBER







CLOSER Than A BROTHER

by David MacMillan
Photos by Torrey

I had gone downtown to get tickets for *Cats*. Afterwards, I decided to check out the new mall that was part of the old business district of Washington. It was July and hot. Even in a pair of cut-offs and a tank top, I was burning up.

"Hey, Henry!" someone yelled. "Wait up, kid—I want to talk with you!" Instinctively, I stopped and turned around.

I'm not Henry—but my twin brother is. And I'm used to being mistaken for him. It was second nature to stop and look around. "Over here, Henry!" I spotted a man waving to me from a van idling at the curb. I didn't recognize him, but he obviously knew my brother. I walked over to the van.

The guy was in his late twenties—and built. And, while I didn't know him from Adam, there was nothing menacing about him. Besides, he knew Henry. He represented a part of my brother's life I knew nothing about. That piqued my curiosity.

I stopped at the curb and looked up at the man. He smiled. "Thought you stayed over in Georgetown. What're you doing in this part of town?" he asked.

"Just shopping," I answered.

"I guess so—what with making your kind of money..."

What the hell is Henry up to anyway. This is getting weird! "Enough, I guess," I answered nonchalantly.

"You want to pick up a quick three bills?" he asked, resting his chin on his arm and staring right into my eyes.

"D—dollars?" I was dumbstruck. Did Henry make that kind of money? Better still: *How* did he make 300 dollars?

"Yeah. You interested?"



Opening my eyes, I could just barely make out a man's figure moving between my legs. I was getting fucked—and it felt damn good!

"I guess so. What've you got in mind?"

"Hop in and I'll fill you in." He leaned across the cabin and opened the passenger door for me. I sat down next to him and pulled the door shut.

"So, what's this big money deal of yours?"

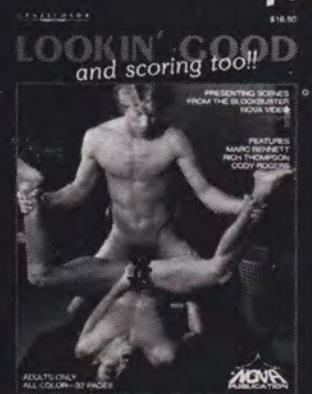
"Wait 'til I get this damn bus moving." I watched as he pulled into traffic. After he had picked up a little speed, he reached into his jeans and pulled out a wad of bills. "Count it," he drawled, handing it to me. There were 300 dollars in my hand.



CASTING COUCH \$18.⁵⁰



SKI MEAT \$18.⁵⁰



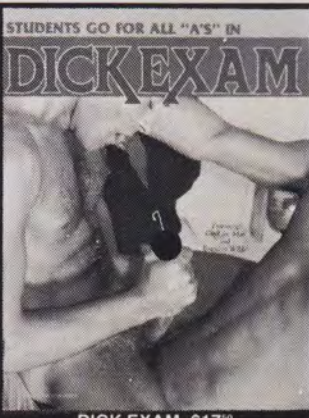
LOOKING GOOD \$18.⁵⁰

**MANSIZE
ACTION!
HOT
JOCKS
SUPER
GAY
SEX**



**EXCITING
ALL COLOR**

**BUY
FROM
THE
BEST**



DICK EXAM \$17.⁵⁰



ONE SIZE FITS ALL PT. II \$17.⁵⁰



MY MASTER'S COCK \$15.⁰⁰

\$10.⁰⁰ ea. 3 for \$27.⁰⁰ 6 for \$50.⁰⁰

Remit To: LYL-P.O. Box 5171-Balto., MD-21224 Dept.H

Orders Shipped Same Day As Received/Add \$2.⁵⁰ postage per item

- ☐ CASTING COUCH
☐ SKI-MEAT
☐ DICK EXAM
☐ ONE SIZE FITS ALL PT. II
☐ MY MASTER'S COCK
☐ LOOKING GOOD
☐ I do not wish to order now but
 please put my name on your
 mailing list.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I am 21 years old and desire to receive explicit sexually
 oriented material for my own personal use.

Signature _____

☐ BankAmericard ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercharge ☐ Cash ☐ M.O.

Account no: _____ Exp. date: _____

**DIAL
-A-
LOAD**
(415) 558-8448



415

558-8448

FREE CALL BACK OPTION

24 HOURS 18 OR OLDER

MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

"What do I have to do for this?"
"Nothing more than the usual, Henry." He grinned again and jerked his thumb at the curtain dividing his van. "We're going to rock this afternoon!" The man cupped his hand around my neck, laughing.

This isn't happening! A small voice screamed inside my head. But an even smaller voice answered it: What isn't happening, Jimmy? What the fuck has your brother been doing?

The rest of my mind had come to a complete stop.

"Kid, you all right?"

"Yeah," I mumbled.

"Some buddies of mine have weed in the back. Why don't you slip back there and get yourself some?" I nodded agreement and lifted myself over the console between our two seats and entered the van's interior.

The screaming voice inside my head wasn't ready to give up: Buddies? it asked. What've I gotten into? My eyes attempted to adjust to the dark of the interior. "Where...?" I mumbled and silently cursed the curtain behind me. "Jesus! It sure as hell's dark in here."

"Back here, kid," a voice called out. "This shit's some good stuff!" I saw a dim red glow as somebody took a hit off a joint; I stumbled toward it. My knee bumped into a sweaty chest and I stopped. A hand touched my leg. "Why don't you sit here?" It was the same voice as before.

I plopped down beside the man and took the joint from his fingers. I took a long hit and felt myself relaxing. "Jesus, this is some kind of good shit!" That little voice inside me could glide right out of my life on this stuff.

"Take another hit," someone offered. I found the joint back between my fingers. I took a quick one, then a longer hit before passing it on.

Fingers touched my shirt and a gruff voice asked, "Ain't you hot yet, boy?"

I had to think about it for a moment.

"Yeah—it is sort of hot back here."

"Well, kid," the gruff voice said, lighting a match. "Why don't you get more comfortable?"

I looked at the man holding the match. He was naked. My eyes followed the circle they had formed around me. They were all naked. A section of my mind registered that there were five naked men around me. I laughed.

"Something funny, cutie?" a new voice asked.

"Everybody's naked!" I laughed even more, tears coming to my eyes.

"Not everybody," the gruff voice said.

"You ain't. What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing!" I yelled. "Ain't nothing wrong with me," I answered. I pulled at my

top, tangling it around my arms and neck. "Shit!" I groaned.

"Want some help?" someone asked.

While I was trying to untangle the shirt, hands pulled my shorts down around my ankles.

"It's not much cooler," I giggled. Fingers found the shaft of my cock. It sprang to full attention under their caresses.

"Boy, is this a big one—bet it's just full of boy juice." I lay back on the bed of clothes and let the hand fondle me. A moment later, a bearded cheek laid itself on my stomach and began to swallow me. I giggled again.

"Boy, you shouldn't be giggling."

"I can't help it!"

"This will help." New fingers grabbed a fistful of my hair and turned my head to the side. As I opened my mouth to complain, something hot and hard was shoved into it. I knew it was a cock. I knew I ought to be fighting like hell to pull away from it. But these were the same men who had just gotten through sharing a joint with me. Besides, they were paying for all of this. So I relaxed and let my face get fucked.

Fingers were playing with my balls. That added immeasurably to the flood of new sensations washing over me. I opened my thighs to be accommodating. The fingers moved down and found my hole. For a

There was an incessant bumping against my asscheeks that felt good and something up my ass that wasn't bad at all. Opening my eyes, I could just barely make out a man's figure moving between my legs. I was getting fucked—and it felt damn good!

Fingers tugged at my chin, pulling my face to the side again. Another hard cock brushed against my lips.

"Suck it, kid," a voice demanded. I took the cock in my hand and pulled it to my mouth. My own cock rode hard on my stomach, ready to burst again. I was beyond thinking. I was having the best fun I had ever had.

The new cock shot quickly. It sprayed hot cum against my tonsils at the same time as the one in my ass shot off. And I was spurting cum onto my belly.

I don't know how long the men continued trading places in me, but it was dark when I got out of the van, back where we had started. The gruff voice called after me as my feet hit the curb:

"Hey, kid!" I turned and looked back.

"Make sure you got your money—it sure as hell was worth it." I stuck my fingers in my shorts and felt the wad of bills. I waved and walked away.

I was riding the subway home, coming down from the weirdest high an 18-year-old can have. "So that's what old Henry

As I opened my mouth to complain, something hot and hard was shoved into it. I knew it was a cock.

moment I thought of rebelling, then I realized how ridiculous that would be—with a cock in my mouth, mine being sucked, and me close to coming. Anyway, it didn't feel bad at all.

My cum exploded out of my balls. I raised my ass, forcing all of my eight inches down someone's throat. Suddenly, I remembered the cock in my mouth and wanted it to come. My ass cheeks were being raised and legs draped over somebody's shoulders. The fingers slipped out of my ass as my cock was freed by the bearded mouth. My face moved faster and faster on the dick in my mouth. It was the only thing that existed in my world right then. And I was flying higher than I would ever have imagined.

The body beside me shuddered; the cock penetrated beyond my tonsils. Suddenly, I was drowning. Something was happening down at my ass too, but I was too busy trying to swallow the flood of cockjuice in my mouth to pay it much attention.

does with himself," I said under my breath. I giggled and an old troll two seats away looked me over and smiled. I frowned back at him until he retreated into his newspaper. So, brother Henry hustles! I smiled to myself. Yeah! And so do I.

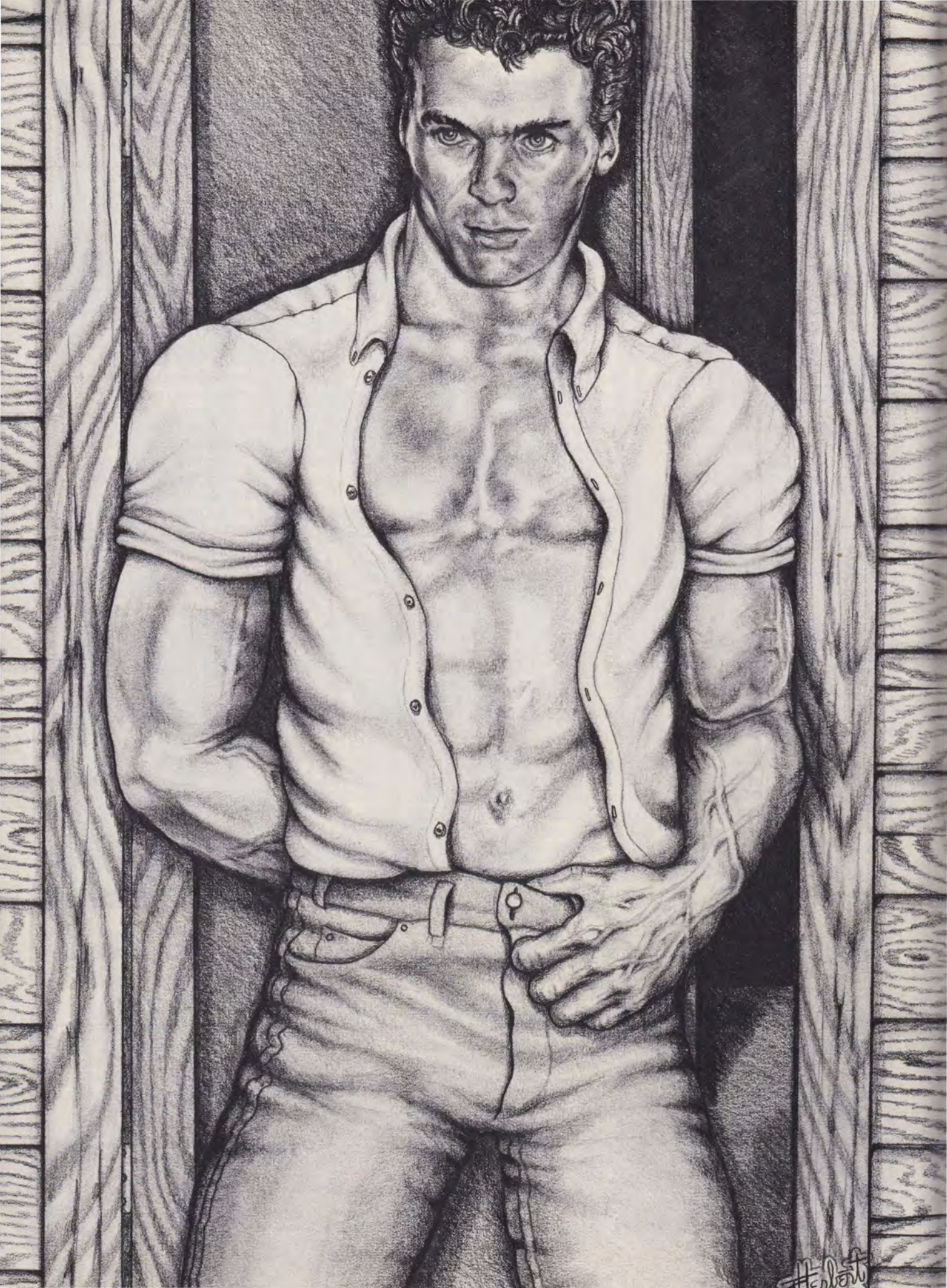
I vacillated between horror at what my body had done—had wanted—and accepting myself as some kind of screaming faggot. I was confused. And I stayed confused even after I was inside the house.

Father was out on the coast again and mother was at one of her political meetings. The usual for my house. Our housekeeper left Henry and me alone as long as we behaved ourselves.

I went up to my room and pulled off my clothes. The feeling of being naked now was totally new—and exciting. I shut my eyes and pictured a hand touching me. Slowly, a body materialized, attached to that hand. And, then, a face—Henry's face. My face.

My body reacted. I shivered as I

Continued on page 76



*As I was standing in the chill night
air, letting loose with a steady stream
of piss, the young forest ranger
stepped outside. At my side, he
hailed out his cock and let fly.*

FOREST SERVICE

by William Thurgood • Art by W. Barrette

As I look down the mountain the new spring leaves nearly obscure the Bannion farm house. But I can see a little of its brown-stained siding through the trees and brush. I wish the Bannions were still talking to me.

What happened wasn't my fault. I did what Every red-blooded American would have done. I did what I had to do.

It was earlier this spring. The air was crisp and cold and there was still a foot of snow on the ground; but it was beginning to melt a little in the midday sun. I had arrived the afternoon before. I should have stopped at the Bannions' house on the way up, but it was getting late and I wanted to get to the cabin before dark, so I could find the hidden key.

The next morning as my hands fixed breakfast, my mind was occupied with what I was about to ask the Bannions. It would be an imposition.

I had never met them. All I knew about them was that they had moved in five years ago and had built their house and buildings by themselves.

They were "mountain people" trying to pioneer at the edge of society. It was just the two of them; they had no children.

Alone in my thoughts, I was startled by a knock. I hadn't expected visitors. I glanced out the back window and saw a big green truck parked precariously on the hill. From the main road it was a quarter of a mile down a tree-lined narrow lane to the cabin. The last tenth of a mile was a steep incline. It seemed designed so that once you got in you could never get out.

"Hello," he said as I opened the door.

My eyes greeted a tall, slender young man dressed in a heavy wool jacket and dark green pants. I could see a tan shirt beneath his coat and an official-looking patch on his shoulder.

He said his name was John Browning.

"I thought I'd better stop in. I hadn't seen anyone at this cabin before." His light brown-blond hair matched his moustache. His friendly blue eyes

seemed to smile as he sized me up. He didn't seem to want to come in, so I went outside and followed him to his truck.

I knew from the insignia on his patch and the lettering on his truck that he was in the Forest Service. I walked behind him and I liked what I saw: the way his tight pants cupped his firm round ass.

After I had introduced myself he explained that the Forest Service was making a survey.

"We're telling residents what we're up to because there will be some noise with the trucks coming and going and all. We don't want to bother anyone."

"Oh, no bother. But what is this survey?"

He laughed a bit nervously. "I should explain. I'm Ranger Browning of the Forest Service and we're making a land-use survey. Six of us will be up here on Clark's Mountain for two months. We're camped over there in the clearing." He pointed. "The one on the road to Big Bear Creek, about a

half mile from here. We'll be up weekdays and go into town on weekends. Since North Fork is a 50-mile drive it saves on commuting."

He was tall, about six feet, and lithe but muscular. I couldn't help but notice the ample bulge in the front of his tight pants. I didn't know rangers were allowed to display their anatomy so blatantly, but I had no objections to this one doing so. I thought he looked too young to be a ranger—23, 24 at the most. I noted his wedding band and wondered what his wife must think with him up here all week, and how he made out without her.

"Do you guys cook for yourselves up there?"

"Yeah, we're batching it. None of us is any gourmet cook either."

"Well, I'm a writer, but I sometimes fancy myself a cook. How about coming down for dinner one of these nights?"

"Say when." He smiled and waited for my answer.

My mind whirled; I had not exactly planned on having dinner guests. How fast could I throw things together?

"When do you want me?" he prompted.

I began to wonder if this chap was more sophisticated than I thought; was that a double entendre?

"Tomorrow night."

"Good. We don't get off 'til 5:30 or so..."

My eyes immediately dropped to the tight, faded jeans and the bulge in front. The material surrounding the bulge was more faded than the rest, giving emphasis to its size. I looked up into the dark, sparkling eyes. I had never seen a warmer, friendlier smile, but this didn't obscure the look of mild astonishment on his face.

"Just came down from the cabin, the one right above you," I replied.

"Were you warm?"

I wasn't sure of his question. I mumbled something, then stuck out my hand and introduced myself. He pulled off his work glove and his large, calloused hand tightly gripped mine.

"Pete Bannion," he replied. "You're the writer we've been hearing about. Been wondering when you'd get here. Come meet the wife."

He led the way to the house in the background. My eyes were riveted to his tightly-clad thighs. Pete was about 25. His well-muscled build filled his jeans to the limit. He was stocky, but not heavy.

When we reached the house, his wife, Marsha, a plumpish, dark-haired woman, greeted me and asked me to sit down. She was friendly and talkative and I didn't hear a word. I was too busy watching Pete. He took off his winter coat. His back was to me, and for the first time I gazed at his heavy, protruding ass cheeks. The jeans fitted so tight they disappeared

legs spread wide as he talked and sipped coffee. I was barely able to keep my eyes off his crotch.

"Oh, sure. Just park it by the wood pile off the road," he said.

Marsha, who seemed oblivious to my fascination with her husband, asked how I liked the cabin. She said she found it hard to imagine why anyone would want to live in a "shack" like that. I told her I was comfortable; there was enough firewood inside to last for awhile and there were plenty of logs in the woodshed which I could cut when I needed more.

"Need a chainsaw?" Pete asked. "I can loan you mine. Better yet, why don't I come up and saw some of that stuff. I'm not doing much today anyhow." He seemed anxious to help.

Marsha agreed it was better that her husband use the chainsaw than a greenhorn like me, so off we trudged to the cabin. I could walk back down to get my car later and drive it up the hill to their place.

I watched Pete as he worked, impressed by his muscles and the rounded asscheeks protruding even more as he bent over to saw the logs. I insisted he come in and have lunch. I made sandwiches and opened a couple of beers. He seemed in no hurry, so I opened two more.

"I used to drink a lot of beer in high school," he said. "But up here alone with Marsha I just don't get the urge anymore. Don't see anybody much except for the neighbors down below, and they're mostly Mormons. You know what that means!"

I was in the kitchen putting things away from lunch. He walked over and asked if I had another beer. Without waiting for an answer, he got one from the refrigerator. Then he moved in close to watch me dry the silverware. His hot breath seared my ear.

"Can I—help?" he belched. He was getting drunk! Amazing what three beers can do at this altitude, especially to a stud who doesn't drink much.

He put his arm around my neck and continued to watch me work. I turned and looked directly into his eyes. Sparks flew. I put down the silverware.

He pulled me tight against him and our lips smashed together. I kissed his chin, his neck, his shirtfront. I knelt, my mouth wide, pressed my lips over the protruding bulge. My hands came up to cup it, to massage it, to knead it. I could smell the earthiness of the man as I chewed hungrily. He turned and started toward the bedroom, but I caught his legs and pulled him back. I buried my face in his ass. I kissed the

His dick stood tall, the rounded head ripe for sucking. I pointed my tongue into the open piss-slit and savored the taste.

"Six will be fine."

He nodded and smiled and climbed into the truck. As he backed the rig up the hill he waved goodbye.

It was about eleven o'clock that morning when I got to the Bannions. I was walking through the tall firs and jack pines down the main road. Mumbling to myself, I rounded a curve into the open.

"Where did you come from?" a voice asked, as if I had dropped in from Mars.

I turned to see a husky young man standing in front of the Bannion's garage. His rounded, rugged face was framed in a halo of dark hair and beard. The curly hair on top was thick and luxuriant. His skin, framed by the dark hair and clothing, looked milky white.

in his crack. He turned and approached me, smiling, as he offered to take my coat. My eyes widened as his crotch neared my face, giving me a close-up view of a long, horse-like shaft. Somehow I managed to remove my coat and give it to him. Marsha brought coffee.

After regaining my composure, I came to the point. "I have to ask a favor. I think I can get my car up the hill to this place by putting on chains. But I can't get up to my cabin until the snow melts. I'm wondering if I can park the car somewhere in front of your house."

Pete, whose handsome face, thick dark hair, and muscular build added up to exactly what I had dreamed every mountain man stud should be, sat in a straightback wood chair, his

Continued on page 21



TRIPOD

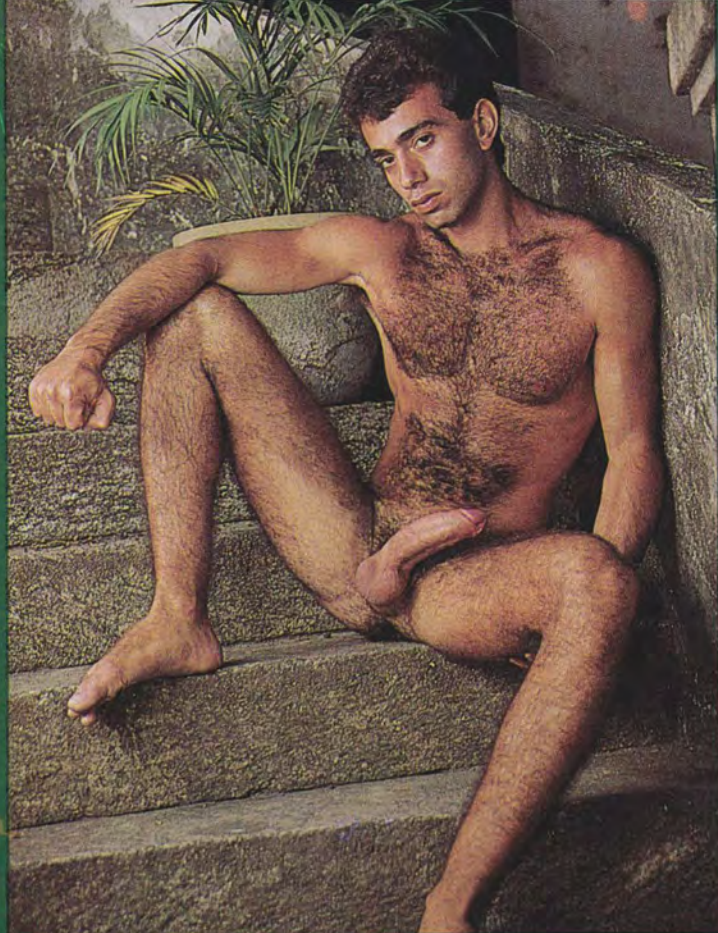
THEY CALL HIM TRIPOD. AND HE DOESN'T EVEN OWN A CAMERA.

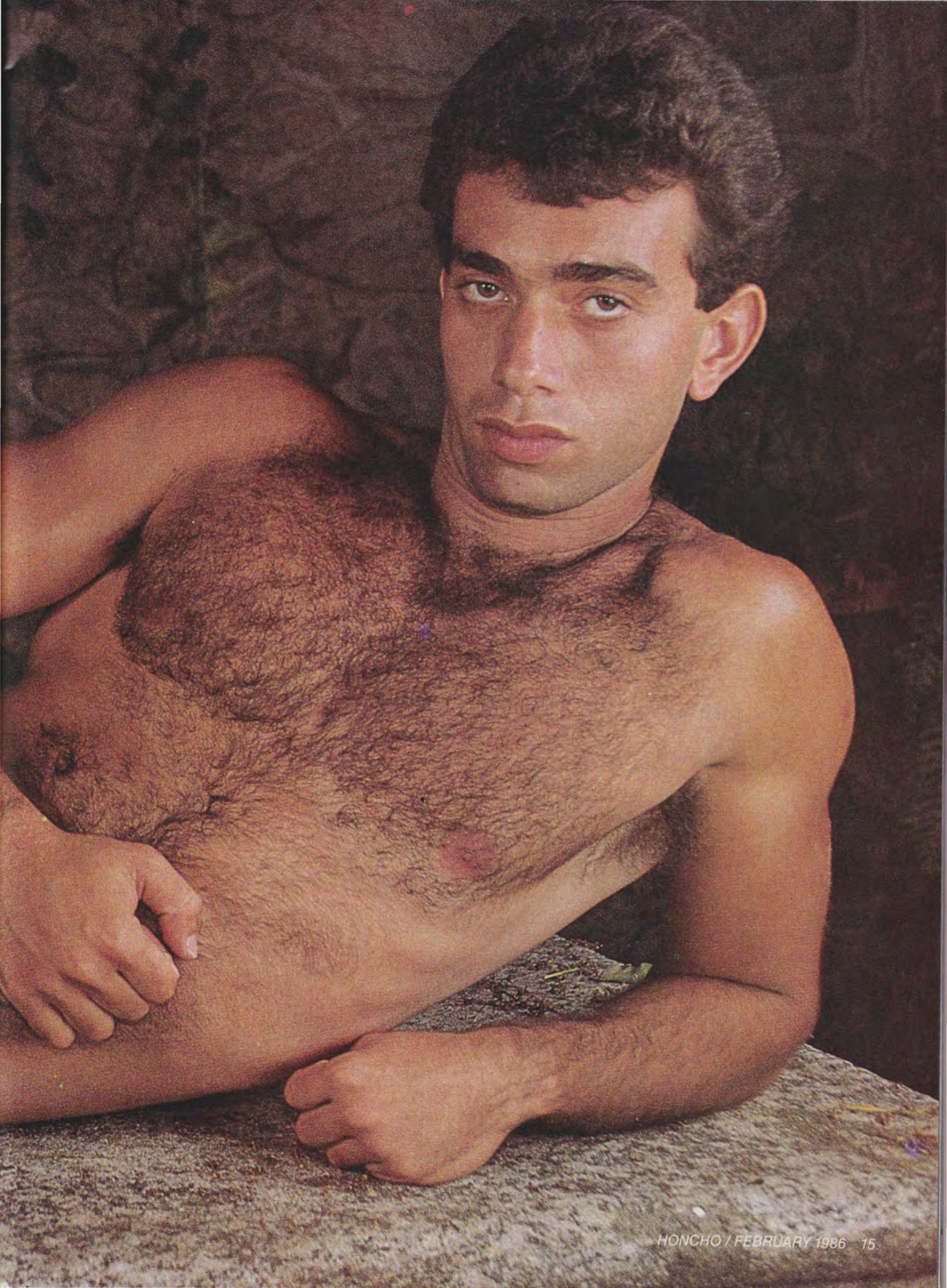
SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY KRISTEN BJORN

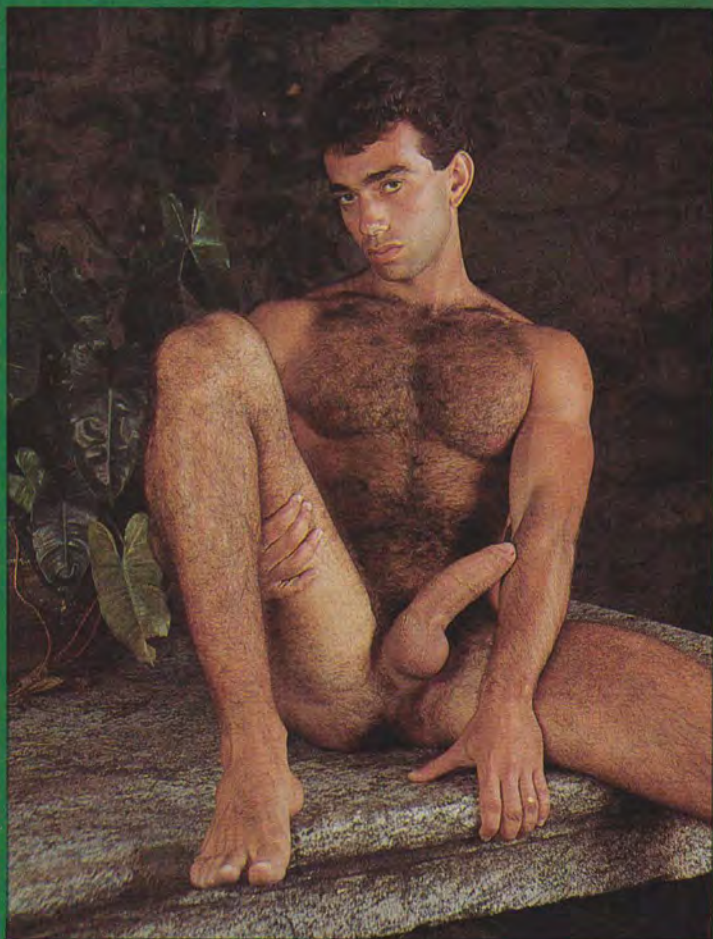
HONCHO / FEBRUARY 1986 13

TRIPOD

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY DEFINES
A TRIPOD AS "HAVING THREE LEGS."







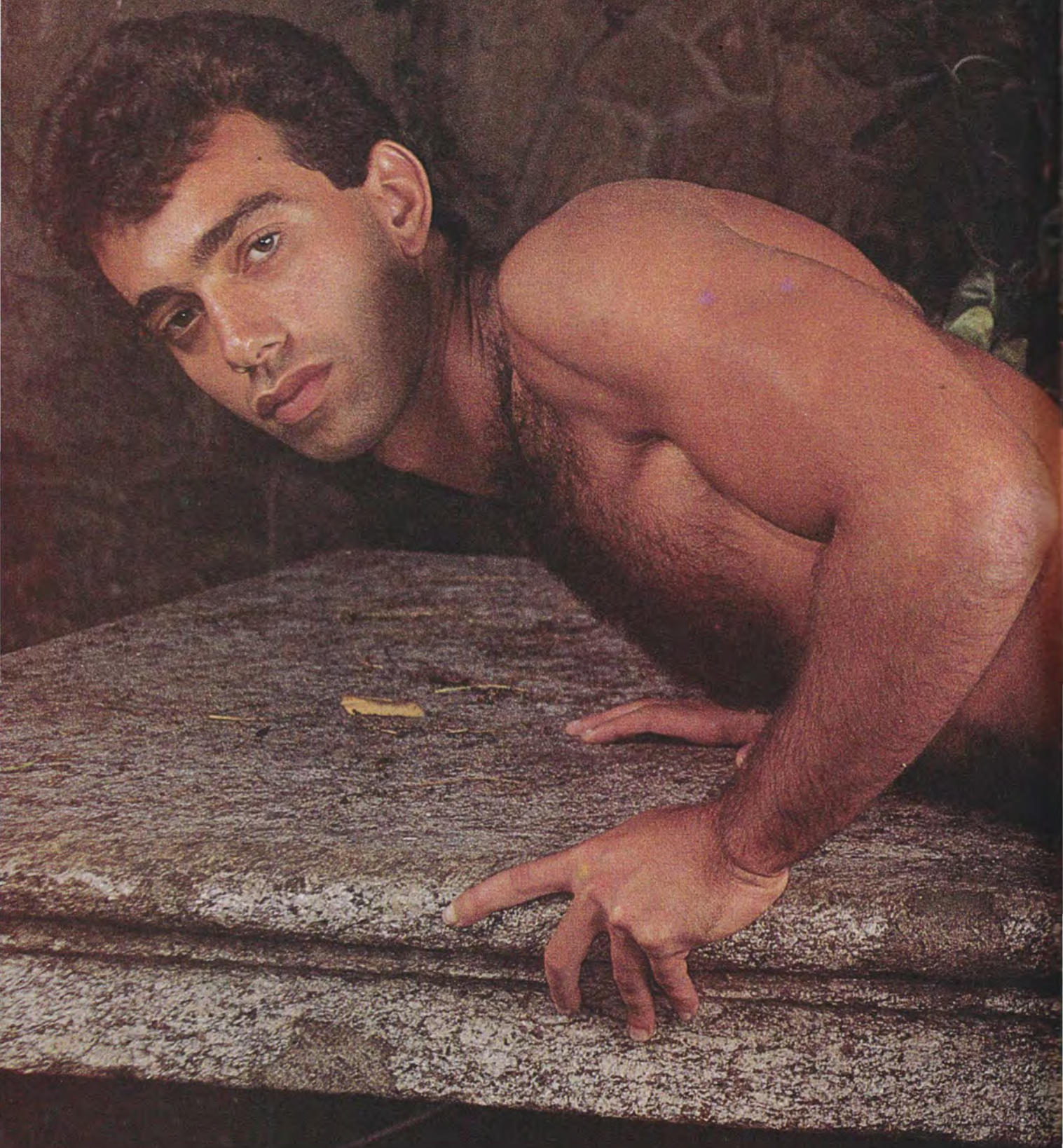
TRIPOD

SO, MISTER WEBSTER... MEET TRIPOD!





TRIPOD





**WELL, MISTER WEBSTER, BETWEEN THOSE
HARD, MEATY THIGHS AND THAT INCREDIBLY
EDIBLE THIRD LEG, YOU PROBABLY
WON'T KNOW WHICH WAY TO TURN!**



**THE BEST
JUST GOT BETTER.
*CALL US TOLL FREE!***

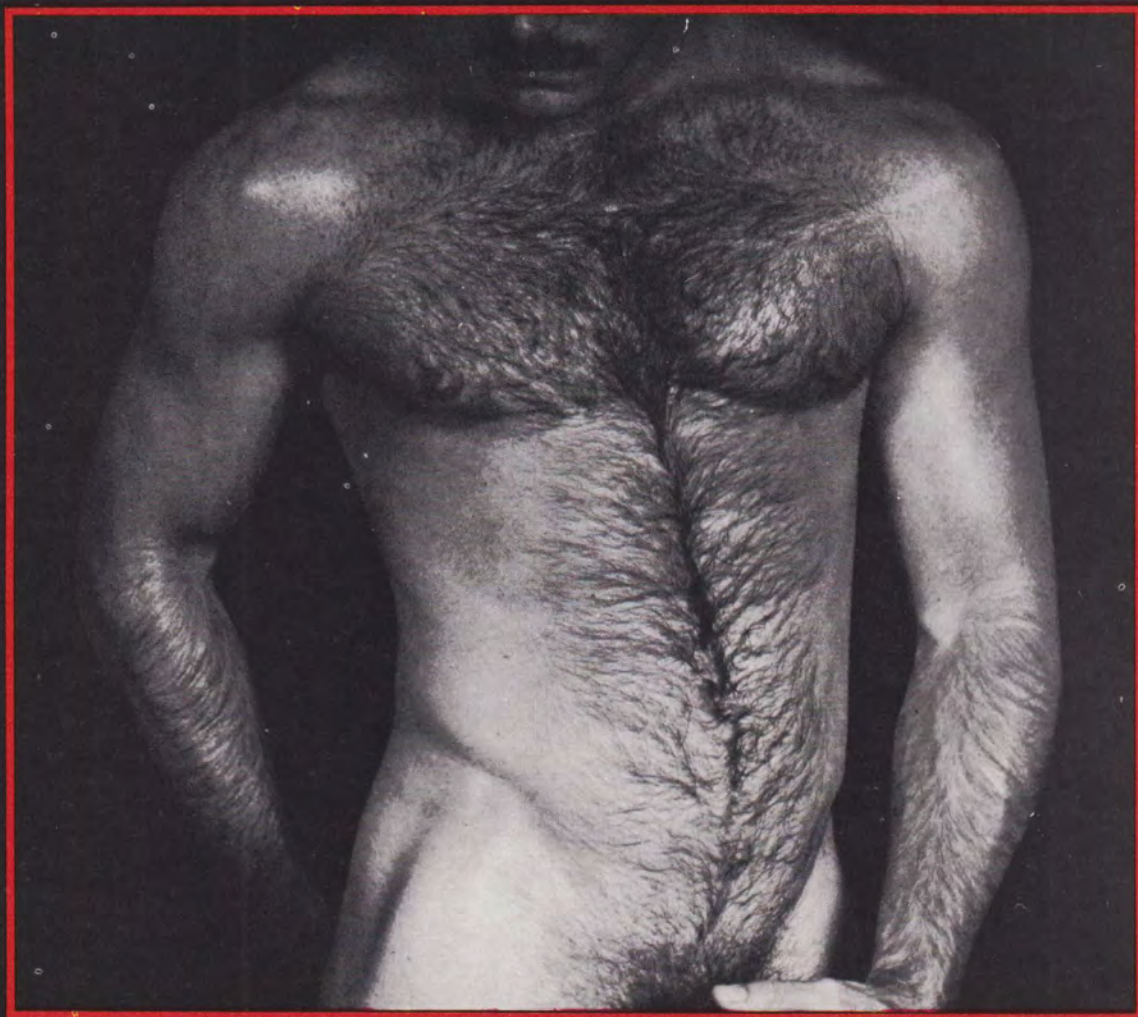


PHOTO: GAMMA ETA

TELEROTIC

1-800-841-8842

IN CALIFORNIA CALL: 1-213-874-9267

FREE CALL BACKS • 24 HOURS • CREDIT CARDS
EXPLICIT LIVE CALLS FOR MEN • OVER 18

FOREST SERVICE

Continued from page 12

spot where I knew the hidden hole awaited me, pushed at it with my tongue. Then he pulled me up, and I followed him to the bed.

He lay down and pulled me next to him. I caressed his crotch as he slid forward, seeking my lips again. My fingers deftly unzipped the tight jeans and, with effort, I pulled them down. They got stuck on his logger-style laced boots.

Pete rolled over onto his stomach. I raised up, my tongue landing on the back of his hairy thigh. I licked my way through the fur to the white cotton shorts, hooked my fingers under the elastic band, and pulled his briefs down over the mountainous ass.

My hands slid up his legs to the full, moon-like ass cheeks. I pried them apart with my thumbs and gazed at his pulsing asshole. I inhaled the odor of the mountain man's ass, then buried my face and sucked.

My tongue teased around the perimeter of the moist ass-lips, then plunged inside. He groaned. I went deeper. I pulled out, savored the taste in my mouth. I plunged my tongue back inside. I pulled it out, nibbled on his ass-lips. In. Out. In. Out. It drove him wild.

He began to twist and turn as he moaned with pleasure. I wondered if he'd ever had his ass eaten before. But he took to it so naturally. Suddenly he grabbed my hair with his large burly hands and pulled my face into his ass crack with all his might. He held me there so long I thought I would suffocate.

I pulled out slowly, my tongue leaving a glistening saliva trail on each rounded buttock. He turned over and my tongue slid to the top of his thigh, then up through the thick dark brush and on to the shaft, to the huge nobby dickhead. His dick stood tall, the rounded head ripe for sucking.

I pointed my tongue into the open piss-slit, savored the taste of pre-cum. Then I wrapped my lips around the throbbing shaft and slid down to the base. I began sucking the mountain stud's dick. He moaned, his head bobbing from side to side as my mouth ascended and descended his shaft.

Sucking his asshole had had its effect: it wasn't long until he held my head in a vice-like grip, grunted, and shoved his cock deep into my throat. It must have been months since he'd

had sex; the studcream just kept gushing. There was so much I had to pull back from the head and let the dick spew its jizz onto my lips.

Finally he stopped shooting. I licked the remaining cum from the hole and lay back exhausted. After a few minutes I turned to face him. He smiled that beautiful warm come-hither look that so unnerved me. He pulled me into his arms and pressed his lips to my mouth. I parted his lips with my tongue and searched for his. I found it and sucked it, giving him a taste of his own cum.

I didn't want to stop. But he had a wife to get back to. I got up and helped him pull up his shorts and jeans.

I watched through the window as he left. He didn't take the road. He walked directly down the hill through the trees to his house.

Tomorrow night became tonight, and I had barely managed to get things in order for my guest when I heard a knock at the door.

"I didn't have any way to get in touch with you, so I just hoped you wouldn't mind if I brought Squash along," the handsome young ranger said as he entered the cabin with an older, somewhat disheveled man in tow.

"Squash is a surveyor's helper," John said, looking a bit embarrassed by the imposition. I tried not to let my disappointment show as John introduced us.

After we finished the meal, I busied myself with the dishes. I had my back to my two, silent guests. Suddenly I felt a warm body behind me, two strong hands on my sides, and two soft lips grazing my ear.

"I'm sorry," John whispered. "But the other guys are all gone some place and I couldn't just leave him up there alone." I turned and saw the old man snoring in one of the easy chairs.

He's so far gone he won't know what's happening," John said, a bit presumptuously I thought, since I didn't know anything was going to happen.

"That's okay," I whispered. "I gotta take a piss." Then with some vigor I brushed past him and headed for the door.

As I was standing in the chill night air, letting loose with a steady stream, the door opened and the young ranger stepped outside. At my side, he hauled out his cock and let fly. I couldn't help but look at the long, slender rod. The skin was almost translucent in the light from the window. He pulled it out as far as possible and held it so that I

Continued to page 72



california men

A series of 8 - 8 x 10 Drawings on heavy stock, suitable as a gift.

\$12.50 per set plus \$2.00 shipping

Send \$3.00 for our full line Catalogs

(Check or Money Order)

State that you are 21

Tom of Finland

P.O. Box 26716 Dept. H
Los Angeles, CA 90026



SP=KE

7746 SANTA MONICA BLVD.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90046

PHOTO: JOHN KRAUSE





ONE MAN'S MEAT

by SIMON • Art by MATT

He kicked Jerry out. Politely but firmly told him to take his limp dick and put it back in his shorts and leave. When the door closed behind him, Hank paced up and down, a little high and a little low, if you get the picture. He was looking forward to getting Jerry into bed and seeing what that bulge in the jeans was all about, but as the night progressed, Jerry just drank and smoked more than he could handle. It's happened before and it will happen

again, but it's still a bummer.

Hank pulled up the blinds and peered out into the darkness. Without thinking, he felt for his cock and began slowly rubbing up and down as his other hand traced circles around his hard, hairy pecs. Slowly, he zeroed in on his nipple and lightly brushed the tip; the warm feeling spread to his cock and balls. He turned toward the closet, groped for his clothes, and vowed to find some-



“Swallow that dick, baby. Take it all.”
Ron took a deep breath and relaxed his
throat. The cock was not as long as his
own, but the thickness more than
made up for it.

one to take Jerry's place for the evening.

He usually had a game plan for his cruising, but tonight it was all spur-of-the-moment. He threw on jeans, sneakers, and a hooded sweatshirt, unzipped to show off his massive, hairy chest, and headed out for the night's adventure.

The damp night air came as a shock to Hank's system, making him realize that he had no direction to follow. He could walk a few blocks downtown, where there were some scattered bars, or head across town to the small park which could be a pretty good spot for local talent, if you were careful. The thought of sitting on some barstool getting higher than he was had no appeal to him at the moment, so Hank headed for the park.

The park was really nothing more than a well-manicured village green. It had some trees and bushes around the perimeter but was rather open toward the center; at one end was a small artificial lake and a boathouse. The bushes were frequented by cruisers, but there were also roving gangs and a few police to keep law and order after dark. Hank entered along the broad mall lined with benches and low trees just coming into leaf. The path led down to the boathouse, where, once your eyes grew accustomed to the dark, you could see anyone who approached. There were a few hungry-eyed men sitting on the benches and drifting back and forth, but as you got deeper into the park, the crowd thinned out.

He met the stares of the few men who openly appraised his body, but none of them were for him. He was hot and hungry and looking for more than a mutual jerk-off session in the bushes. When he got to the boathouse, he retreated to a shadowy corner to watch the action and decide

what to do. A jogger—long, lean, and energetic—entered the park along the mall, his yellow shorts catching the light. He began to stride the circumference of the lake. Even though it was after midnight, no one seemed to think this odd; everyone just went about their business... except Hank.

The boy stopped along the path opposite the boathouse to adjust his running shoes. He was tall and lithe, with well-defined legs and arms. His blond hair, like the yellow shorts, caught the light each time he ran under a street lamp. A thin layer of perspiration clung to his body, making it gleam in the moonlight. The sweet wetness soaked through his ragged sweatshirt and formed a darkened V at the back of his shorts. On the second lap around the lake he pulled off his shirt, exposing his chest, which was hairless except for the thin, dark line that ran up his stomach. Not realizing that Hank was watching nor, for that matter, that anyone was in the boathouse, the boy tossed his shirt over the railing into the darkness as he made another lap around the lake. Hank sat down on the bench, picked up the damp shirt, and smelled the musky saltiness of the runner's body. His own body came to life when he realized that this might be the beginning of the hunt: the boy would be back for his shirt.

The boy circled once more, then slowed down on the opposite side of the lake. He walked casually around the perimeter until he came to the stairs of the boathouse, then stopped. Catching his breath, he climbed up to the railing, looking for his shirt.

“This belong to you?”

The boy hesitated, reluctant to venture further into the shadows. “Nobody else would claim that rag, I guess.” Hank threw the shirt to him. He casually wiped his sweating body with it, then slowly approached the bench

where Hank was sitting, sweatshirt open and legs spread. Hank held out his hand and the boy shook it.

“The name's Hank.”

“Pleased to meet you. And thanks for minding the shirt. I'm Ron.”

“You looked good out there.”

“Could have done better, but it's my second time out today and I don't want to push it. The Marathon's coming up this weekend.”

It was then that Hank noticed the symbol on Ron's sweatshirt: it was the one used for the gay men's running team. So far, so good, he thought, as he spread his legs a little wider. The boy's eyes responded to the gesture, but there was a wariness in them as well. Hank caught the flicker of interest and decided to take the plunge. He stood up and moved forward, making sure that the faint shaft of moonlight shone on his body, particularly the thickening bulge in his crotch. He stopped short of the boy and reached out in the semi-darkness. His hand slid down the smooth fabric of Ron's shorts and rested on his heavy pouch. Ron held him firmly around the waist and pulled him closer. They kissed lightly and separated, aware that they were in a public place. Hank pulled Ron deeper into the darkness and held him close, his lips tasting the salty sweat on Ron's shoulder. The boy ran his hand along Hank's firm, hairy stomach, then down to the belt buckle on his jeans. Slowly, wordlessly, he opened the buckle and the top button of Hank's jeans. He forced his hand inside and wrapped it around the pouch of Hank's jock. He squeezed the balls and tugged them downward, and Hank's cock forced its way over the elastic band. Ron grabbed the pulsing dick and began to massage the moist piss slit.

“Oh man, you're just what I need tonight,” Hank moaned as he pulled



There were a few hungry-eyed men sitting on the benches and drifting back and forth, but as you got deeper into the park, the crowd thinned out. He met the stares of the few men who openly appraised his body, but none of them were for him.

open his sweatshirt, exposing his firm pecs and erect nipples.

As his tongue sought out the nipples, Ron whispered, "I want to taste every part of your body."

Hank's mind was racing ahead to the next decision: where to go. The sounds of traffic abruptly brought him back to reality and decided for him.

"Come with me." Hank gently pushed Ron's eager mouth and hands away and began to button up. Ron adjusted the heavy pouch in his own shorts and pulled his sweatshirt over his head. Hank put his hand on the back of Ron's shorts and, caressing the buttocks, steered him toward the path that led out of the park.

They walked silently through the quiet streets, each picturing the other naked, sprawled out on an imaginary bed, inviting eager hands and mouths to caress and play. At Hank's apartment, the door had barely closed when Ron grabbed Hank and pressed his mouth firmly against his. Hank wrapped his arms around Ron's waist and pulled him closer, his hands exploring the firm round ass cheeks. He broke the kiss, moved his lips to Ron's ear, and whispered, "I hope you're not in too much of a hurry. I'd like to make this last."

"Sounds good to me."

"If you'd like, take a shower and relax while I get us something to drink and maybe roll a joint."

"Now you're talking." Ron headed for the bathroom, stepping out of his shorts on the way. Hank watched as Ron kicked the shorts into a corner and bent over to untie his running shoes. He could see the hairy crack and the glistening sweat. Ron threw all his clothes into a pile, then went into the bathroom. Hank heard the shower running and was about to head for the kitchen when Ron reappeared in the

doorway. His cock had become semi-hard and it arched outward, jutting from a bush of light brown hair which thinned out as it crept up his stomach, ending in a fine line at his chest. His body was trim and tanned and the hair on his legs and arms was golden. Ron's brown eyes met Hank's appreciative stare. For a long time, they just stood there, staring. Then Ron's smile broke into a laugh.

"We just going to stand here or what?"

"Take your shower. I'll be waiting for you."

Hank turned away and went to the kitchen. When he returned, the shower had stopped and Ron was drying himself off. Hank took a sip of beer; he turned the lights down and the cassette deck up. The bedroom was all prepared, thanks to the early departure of his previous guest, whose name Hank had already forgotten.

Hank exchanged Ron's towel for a cold beer. As Ron sipped, Hank dried his back and continued downward to the crack of his ass and on to the back of his legs. Still down on his knees, Hank lightly kissed Ron's ass, then turned him around and took the hardening cock in his mouth. It was still soft enough to slide down his throat with ease and Hank buried his nose in the patch of curly hair. The long, thin shaft came to life as Hank moved his mouth up and down the length of it. He pushed Ron backwards until the boy fell away from him onto the bed.

"Why don't you light up while I undress?"

Ron grabbed the joint and struck a match. "Just do it real slow so I can watch it all." He inhaled deeply, then passed the cigarette to Hank.

With the joint hanging suggestively from his lips, Hank took off his sweat-

shirt and then his sneakers. He passed the joint back to Ron and opened the top button of his jeans. Then another toke and another button. By the time they had finished the joint, Hank's jeans were around his knees. He massaged the pouch of his jock invitingly.

Ron scooted to the edge of the bed on his knees and began to run his tongue over Hank's chest and into his armpits, savoring the masculine smell. He got down on the floor in front of Hank and pulled the pants from his legs, then buried his mouth in the jock. It was still damp from the precum that had worked up in the boathouse; Ron got it wetter still with his tongue. Hank's cock pushed insistently against the pouch. Ron lowered the jock, releasing the thick meat. He took the head between his lips and caressed the slit with his tongue, tasting the thick, clear liquid. He slowly forced more of it into his mouth until he could no longer breathe. He pulled back, but Hank's hands pulled him forward again.

"Swallow that dick, baby. Try and take it all."

Ron took a deep breath and relaxed his throat. The cock was not as long as his own, but the thickness more than made up for it. When he had worked about six inches of it down his throat, he began to gag. He tried to keep it there but he couldn't. Hank took his hands away from the back of the boy's neck; the firm meat slipped from his throat. He waited until Ron caught his breath, then offered him the inhaler.

"This will make it easier."

Ron pushed the inhaler up his nose. He took a deep breath and returned the inhaler to Hank. He grasped the rock-hard stick between his lips, took more of it than he had before, then

STOP AIDS! USE CONDOMS!

Condoms provide a high degree of protection against sexually transmitted diseases, including AIDS and genital herpes. For a sampler of 21 assorted condoms, send \$6 to DKT International, Dept. XHN-2, P.O. Box 8860, Chapel Hill, NC 27515.

came up for air. He went down on it again, deeper still. Soon it was buried inside him, his nose pressed against the dark curly hair. He held it in as long as he could, gently tugging on Hank's balls. Then slowly he slid the cock out of his mouth and sat back. He watched as Hank caressed himself, pulling on his tits and slowly pumping his dick only inches from Ron's face. Hank was proud of his body; he worked on it daily to keep it in top shape. He knew he was being admired and he began to tighten up and flex as he ran his hands across his chest. He picked Ron up and directed him toward the bed. He inched forward until his balls were hitting Ron's chin. They each took a hit from the inhaler, then Ron began to explore Hank's

balls with his tongue. Finally, he took both of them into his mouth. He worked his way from the ballsac to the crack of Hank's ass.

"Suck that ass, Ron. Clean it out for me," Hank moaned as he began pumping his dick harder.

Ron explored every inch of the man's ass. He sucked on the hairs surrounding the hole, gently bit the puckered skin, and finally, spreading Hank's cheeks with his hands, he plunged his tongue inside as deep as it would go. The taste was musky and sweet and made him want more.

"Eat it baby. Take it all," Hank ordered as he flexed his ass muscles.

Ron was pumping his own rod, and was getting very close. He eased off and reluctantly pulled his mouth away from Hank's body. They sat staring at each other from opposite ends of the bed.

"I want you to sit on my cock," Hank said as he pulled Ron toward him.

Ron offered no resistance; he had just been imagining the same thing. He moved slowly along Hank's body until he was sitting on his thighs.

Reaching under the bed, Hank produced a tube of lubricant. He squeezed some onto his fingers and pushed his hand between Ron's legs,

searching for the hole. He found it easily—with a little help from his friend. He pushed one finger in, then two, then three. He pumped them in and out until Ron was well lubricated and raring to go. The boy positioned himself over Hank's fat dick and gently lowered himself onto it. Another hit on the inhaler and the dick glided right in. Ron sat still for a moment, then started moving up and down. Hank thrust his body upward to meet Ron's, moaning with each hump.

"Oh baby, that's right. Wrap your ass around that cock."

"Fuck me hard and long, man. It's just what I need."

"Take that dick, cocksucker," Hank ordered as the thrusts became longer and faster.

They both knew this was going to be it. As Ron teased Hank's tits, Hank's hands explored his partner's tight body, stopping at the long dick. He rubbed the head, then spat into his hand and began jerking it off. Ron was already dripping pre-cum onto Hank's hand; he was ready to shoot at a moment's notice. He flexed his ass muscles, tightening them around the thrusting dick. Hank was uncontrollable. He let Ron's cock go and grabbed him hard around the waist, forcing himself deeper inside the boy.

"Take it, baby, take it. I feel it coming! I want to shoot inside you—take it all baby, take it all!"

Hank's cock throbbed inside Ron's ass, flooding it with good hot juice. Hank grabbed Ron's dick with one hand, and with the other, shoved the inhaler up his nose.

"Just let it loose all over me, Ron," Hank coaxed as he pumped the boy's cock. He started slowly, building in intensity with each stroke. Ron's body began to quiver; his ass muscles squeezed at the cock, still hard inside him. "I'm going to shoot it, man. Keep it up—faster, faster!"

With the first spurt of white cream, Hank pulled out of Ron's ass and moved down to catch the remaining globs on his tongue and moustache. His face and chest were covered with the milky fluid when he took the dick in his mouth and drained it dry.

They lay side by side until Hank broke the silence.

"Jerry, I owe you one."

"The name's Ron. I can't believe you forgot it already!"

"I didn't. But if it wasn't for Jerry I never would have met you. I must remember to thank him tomorrow."

"Oh. Well, in that case, thank him for me, too." ■

BALDNESS and MINOXIDIL

Stop hair loss and start new hair growth.

You've probably read about Minoxidil, a pill that is FDA approved as a hypertensive drug. Recent clinical studies show that external or topical Minoxidil solution, applied to the scalps of many men with male-pattern baldness can stop hair loss and start new growth. **Success depends on how soon it is started.**

Though topical Minoxidil solution has not been FDA approved, and is years from release, it is available, and thousands of men are using it daily. As a specialist in Internal Medicine, I use and prescribe topical Minoxidil, and it works. **You can legally obtain a prescription now.** Get the facts. Just send the coupon below to **Bio Facts, P.O. Box 868, San Antonio, TX 78205** with a check or money order for \$5, and we will mail you a **Minoxidil Fact Sheet**, to include:

- An up-to-date **summary**, in plain language, of the clinical studies.
- A complete **bibliography** of all cited studies.
- A **sample prescription** that details how to mix the topical solution from the pills, as a guide for your doctor and pharmacist.

Bio
Facts

©Copyright 1985

YES, here's my check or money order for \$5.
Please send me the Minoxidil fact sheet,
bibliography and sample prescription.

MAN 12/85

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

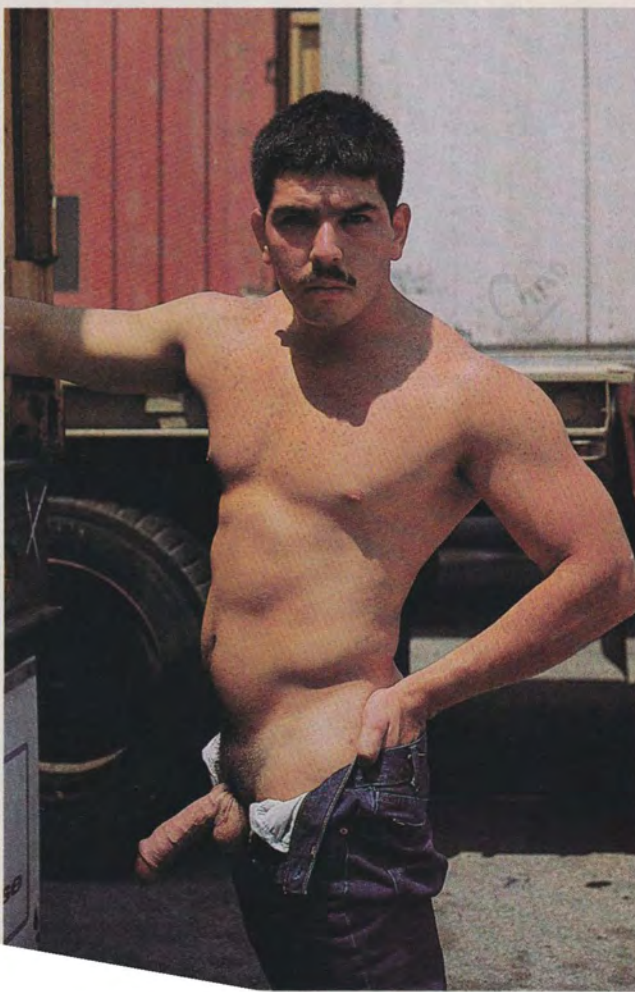
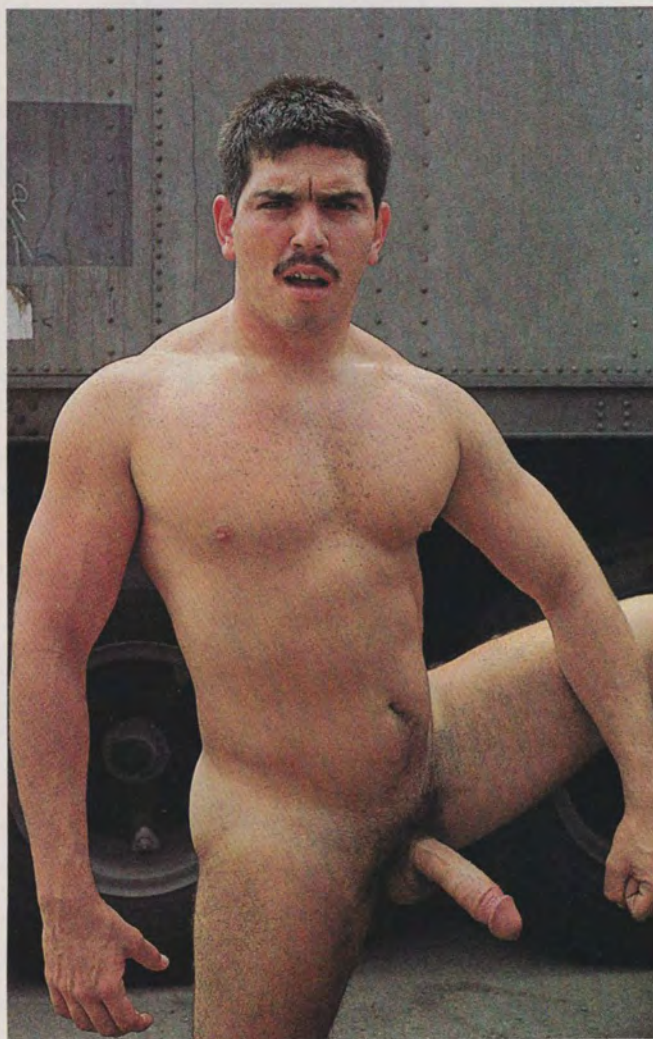
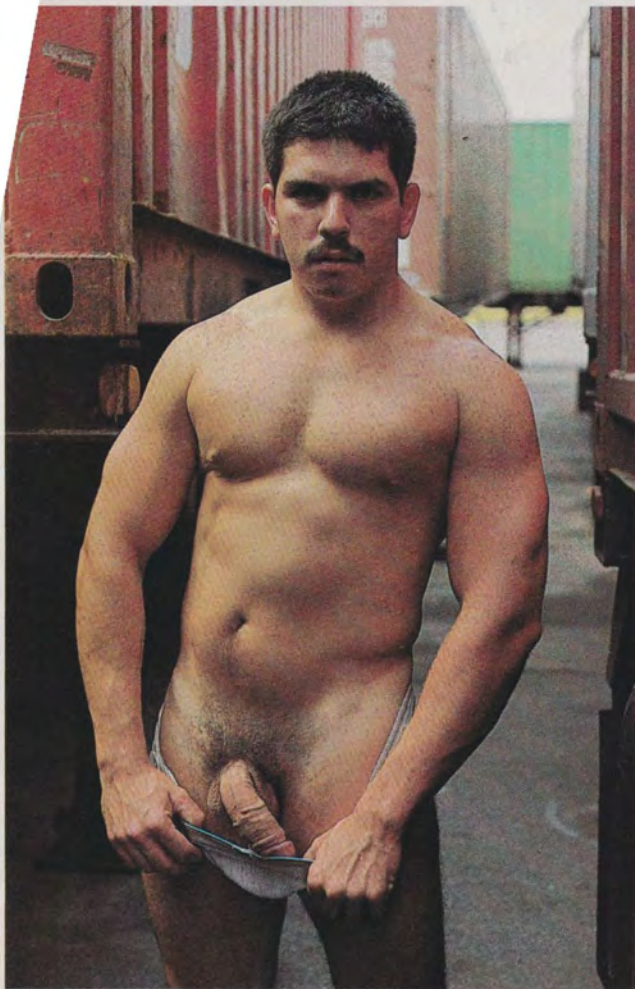
STATE

ZIP



CARRYIN' A LOAD

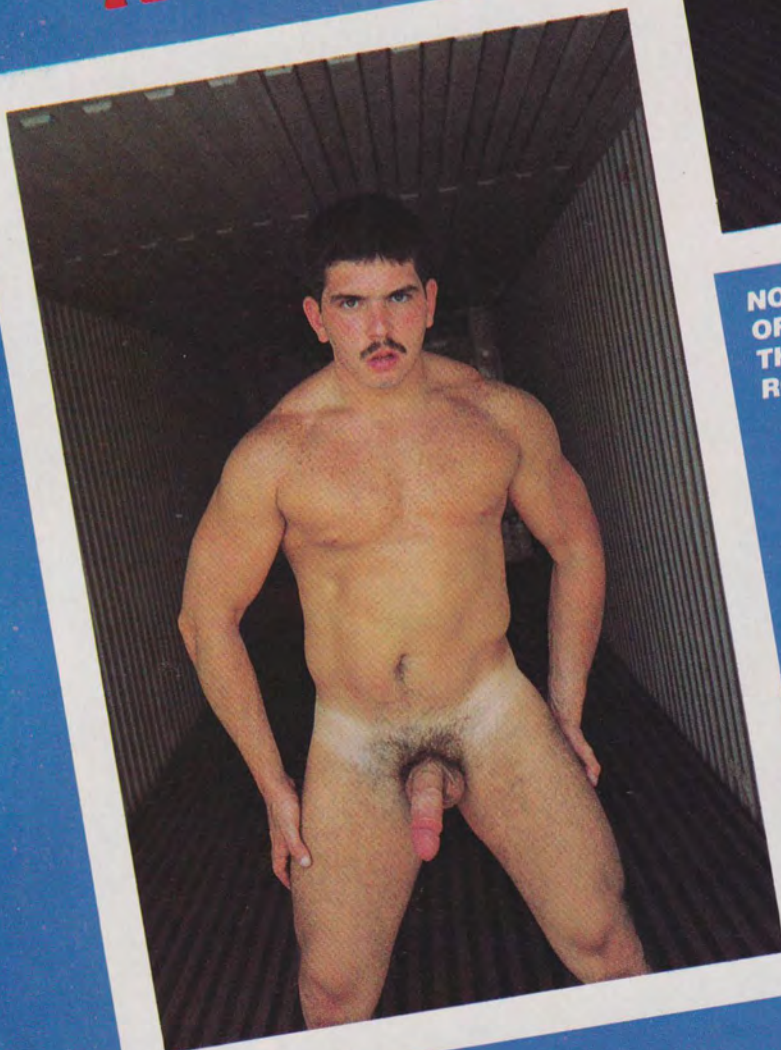
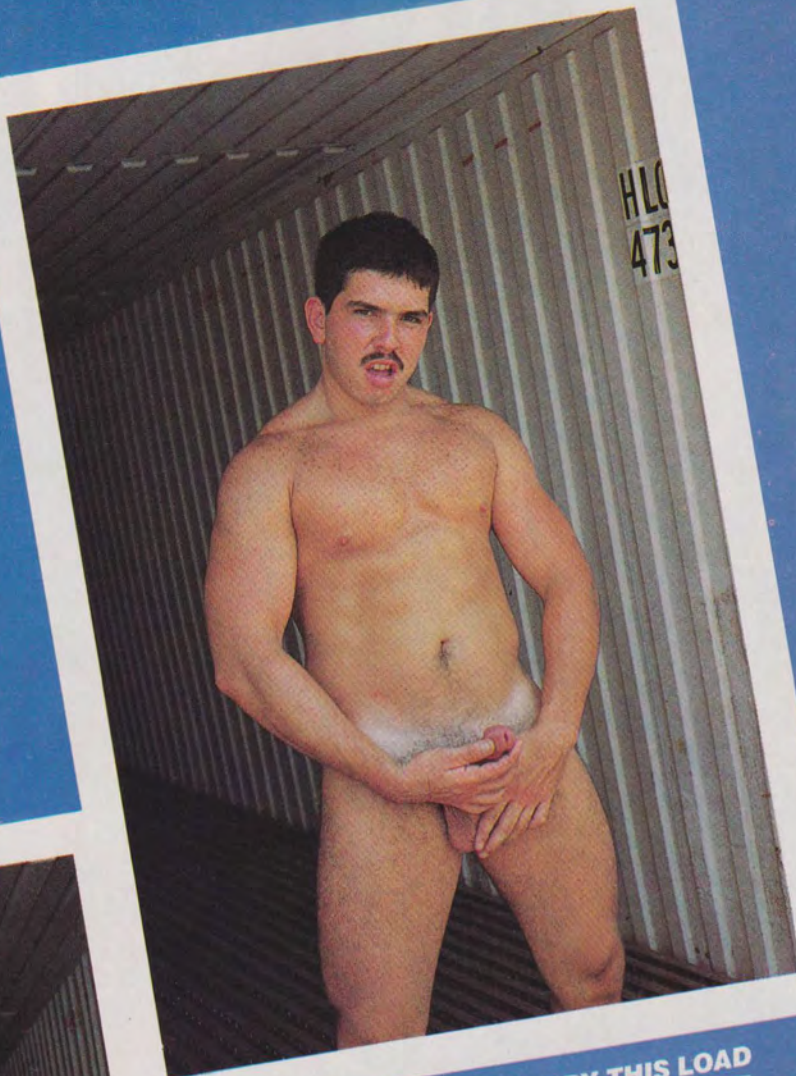
**I'M A TRUCKER!
SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY MIKE NASH**



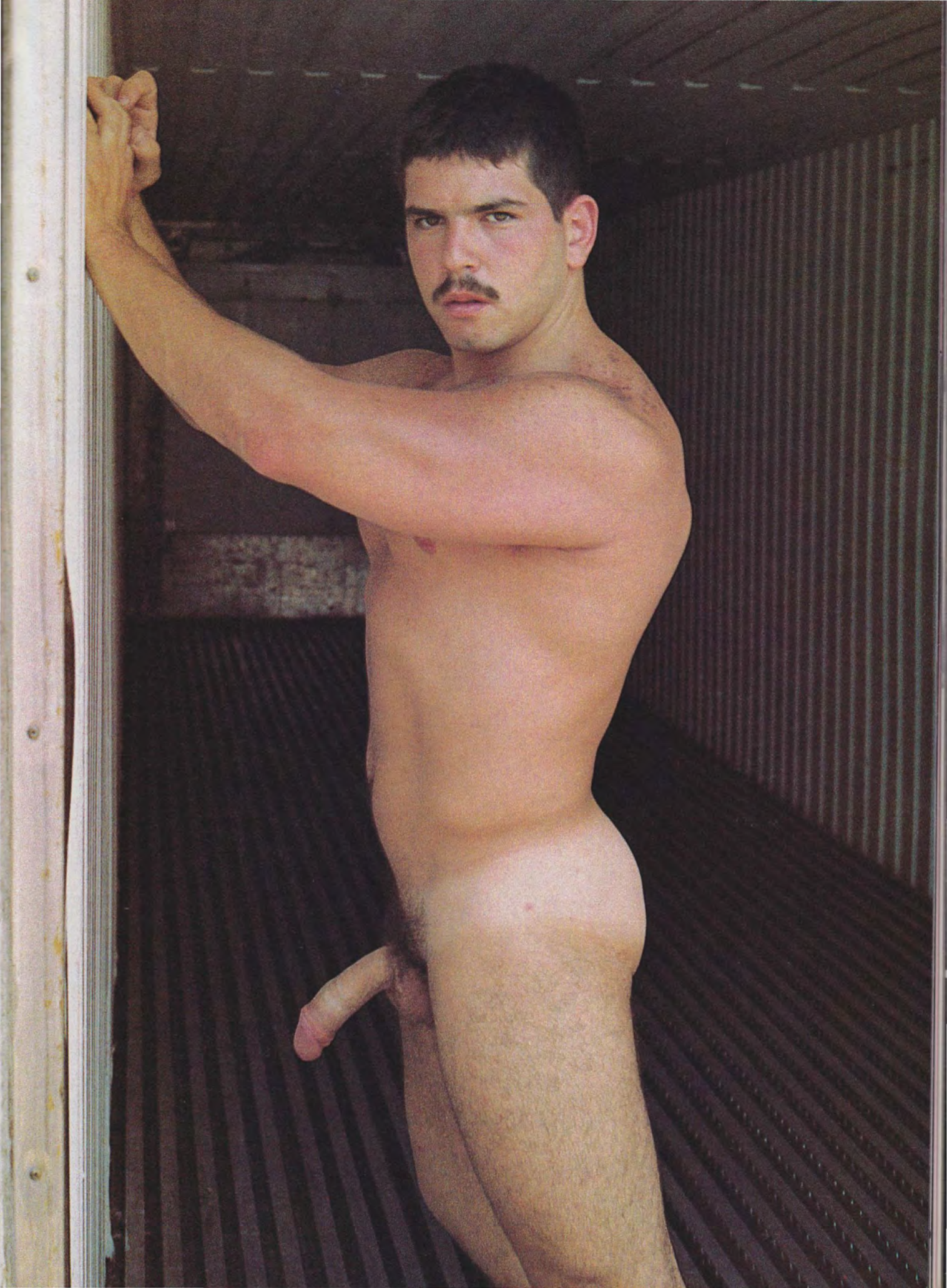
I CARRY BIG LOADS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY; THAT'S MY JOB. BUT THE LOADS BACK THERE IN THE TRAILER AREN'T THE ONLY ONES I HAVE TO DEAL WITH. I'VE GOT A LOAD ON MY MIND, AND AN EVEN BIGGER ONE CHURNING UP RIGHT HERE IN MY DICK.

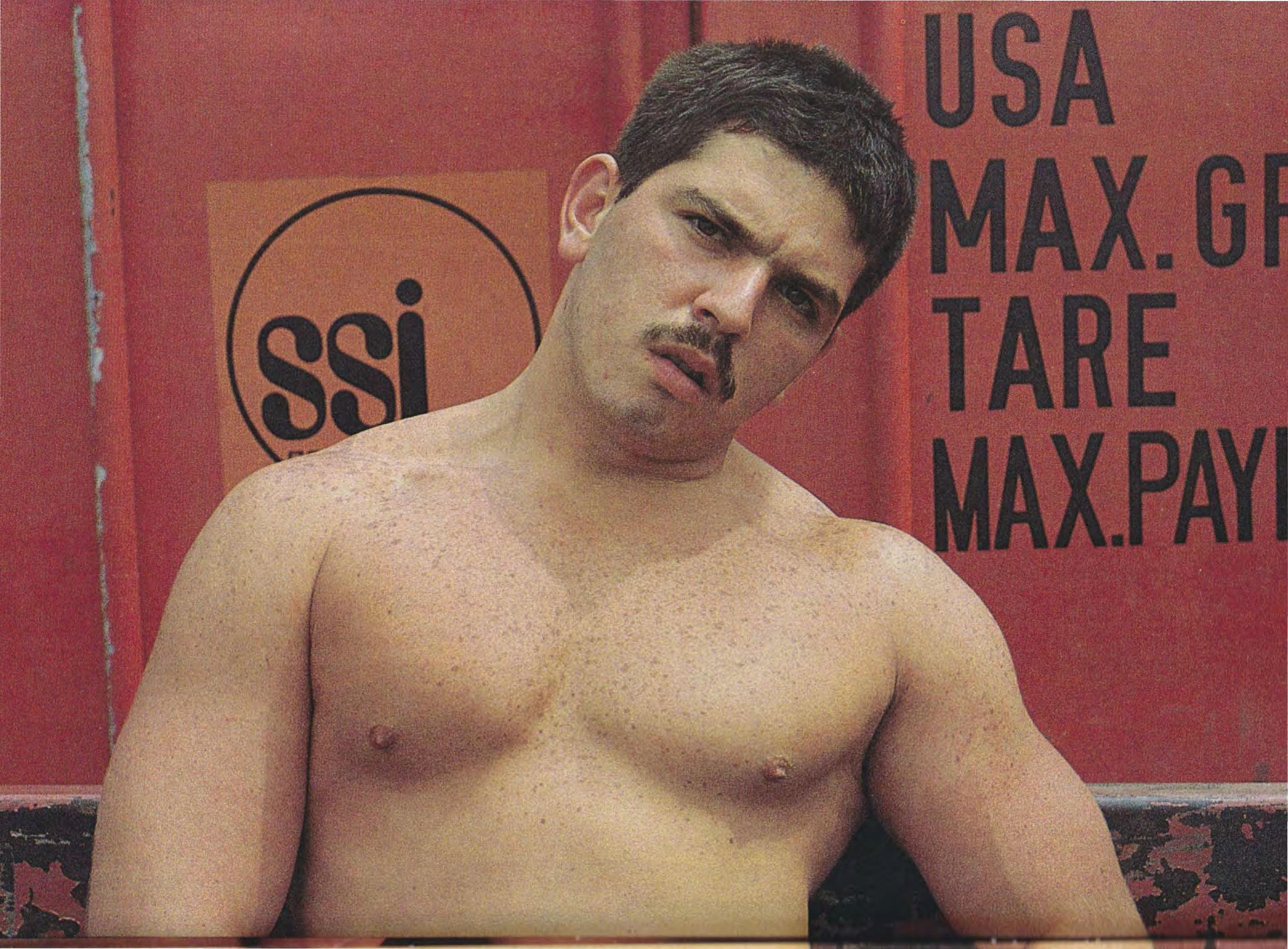


CARRYIN' A LOAD



NOW, I DON'T WANT TO CARRY THIS LOAD
OF MINE AROUND 'TILL IT GETS ANCIENT.
THAT'S WHY I PICKED YOU UP ON THE
ROAD BACK YONDER.



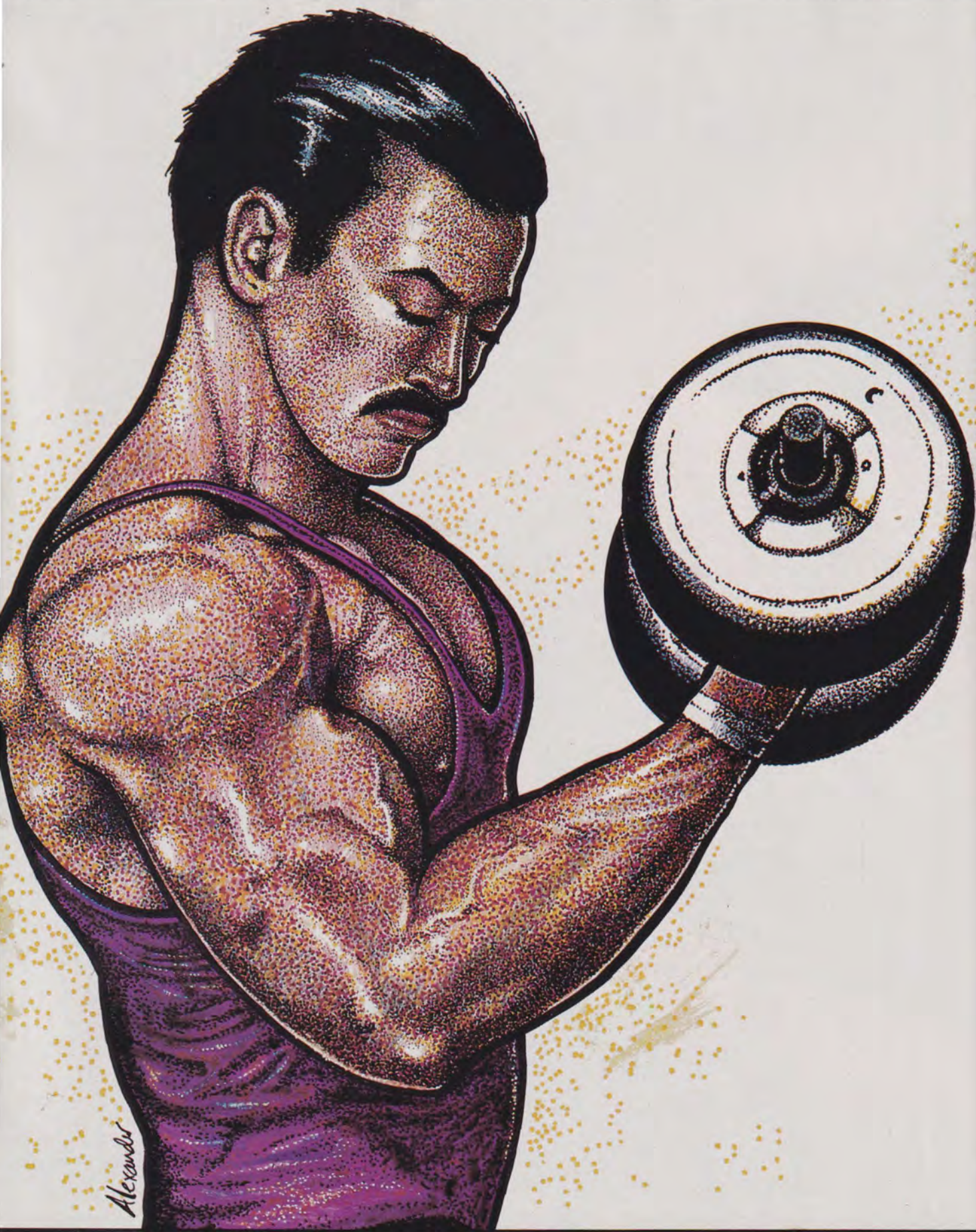


USA
MAX. GR
TARE
MAX. PAY

A photograph of a person's lower body, specifically the groin and legs. Two hands are placed on the person's thighs, framing the groin area. A penis is visible, protruding from the groin. The background is a dark, textured surface with red and black patterns.

CARRYIN' A LOAD

GET ON UP HERE IN THIS TRUCK
AND HELP ME TAKE A LOAD OFF. YOU
CAN START WITH THIS GAPING SLIT.
SEE HOW MUCH OF YOUR TONGUE
YOU CAN REAM INSIDE. THEN LOOK
OUT! 'CAUSE HERE IT COMES. NOW
YOU'RE GONNA BE CARRYIN' THIS
OLD LOAD OF MINE, BUDDY.



HEAVYWEIGHT

by Robert Ralph • Art by Alexander

"Great, Carlos, great. Let me see all of that big piece of meat you've got stuffed in those shorts. The gals are gonna love it!"

Sweat poured from Carlos's hefty brown body. He was pushing himself to the limit, struggling for one more rep before putting down the barbell. His face contorted with the strain; his eyes squinted in the bright sun; he made it. Then he did one more series to complete his workout.

The swarthy Chicano and some of his friends had converted the back yard of his apartment house into a makeshift gym, but Carlos was the only one to take regular advantage of it. The effort had really paid off. Over the months, his muscle tone had sharpened, his bulk had increased, and he had the best definition of any macho male in the neighborhood. In a t-shirt, he always drew admiring stares from women, and from men.

Working out helped him burn up energy and frustration. He had an excess of both. The plant where he had worked since he was a teenager had recently closed down, and for the past three weeks Carlos had been unable to get a job anywhere else. Times were hard. Lots of men were out of work, many of them older and more experienced than Carlos. He spent his days pounding the pavements and his nights poring over the want ads. He couldn't let his family down. Young as he

was, Carlos was the sole support of his mother and 12-year-old sister.

One ad stuck in his mind, even though he had yet to follow up on it. A photographer was searching for an unknown model to pose for a new line of exercise equipment. There was a possibility of long-term demand. Money was not mentioned in the ad, but the implication was that payment would be substantial. The problem was that Carlos felt unqualified, even though the ad said no experience was necessary. There was another problem: Carlos was concerned about his masculine image, which he didn't think a modeling job would enhance. But the lure of big bucks was enticing, and his need was great. He wrestled with the idea for a couple of days. It was the only thing remotely near the part of town where he lived. He knew he had the body for the job. And he could try it for a session or two, then kiss it off if it turned out to be something he couldn't handle. He was trying to convince himself, but he just couldn't.

That night at dinner he was in a bad mood. He complained about the meager helping of rice and beans on his plate. Then he noticed that his sister had even less, and his mother, nothing. "I had lunch, Carlos. I make it okay to breakfast." Early the next morning he

was on his way to the address listed in the ad.

The photographer, Gary, had friendly eyes, which helped put Carlos at ease. "Have you ever done this sort of thing before?"

"No, sir," Carlos replied sheepishly. He wasn't used to being stared at like a piece of merchandise. The idea made him uncomfortable. But the photographer—an attractive light-skinned man in his mid-forties, Carlos guessed—seemed to like the merchandise. And that had a different effect.

"Are you bashful about showing off your body?"

"I don't think so," Carlos said. He felt a strange but not unpleasant tingling at the base of his dick. "I . . . I . . ." His voice trailed away.

"You what?"

"I get a lot of stares on the street."

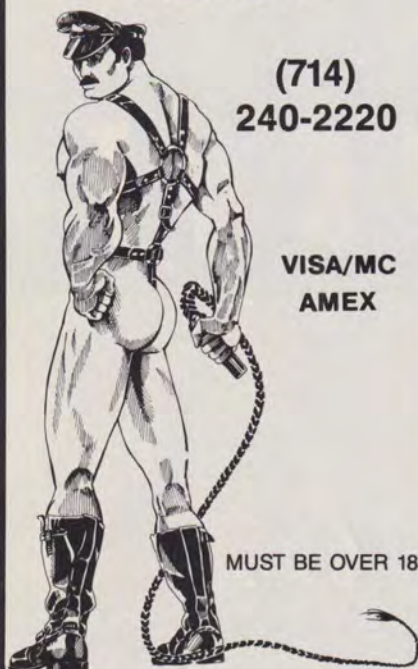
"I'm sure." Gary smiled. "Come into the studio. I'll take some trial shots and we'll see what happens. I'm not making any promises, you understand."

Carlos was amazed at how tiny the place was. All the available space was taken up with camera equipment, except for the small raised platform at one end of the room.

"Put on your gym clothes. There's a little changing room through that door."

Continued to page 40

PETER'S PHONE ACTION



(714)
240-2220

VISA/MC
AMEX

MUST BE OVER 18

HE'S BACK!



in a signed edition

Richard White -1986 Portfolio Calendar

- Expanded format: 11 x 14 inches!
 - More artwork: 22 hot pieces!
 - \$10 plus \$1 postage (\$3 foreign)
- RARE; 250 Washington Ave.; Bkln. NY, 11205
NAME _____ (must be 21)
ADDRESS _____

pilgrim house

PILGRIM HOUSE
PROVINCETOWN
50 ROOMS-RATES FROM \$15.00
TOP NAME ENTERTAINMENT • RESTAURANT
336 COMMERCIAL ST., PROVINCETOWN, MA 02657
(617-487-0319)



INDEPENDENT IGHC GAY HEALTH CLUBS

FOR YOUR

1985 HANDBOOK of Member Facilities

SEND \$1.50 TO
303 N. SENATE AVE.
INDIANAPOLIS, IN 46204

Get that
BIG
LEATHER
FEELING
with
SUPER CHAPS

The original
chap style
that put
the zipper
on the
OUT side!

The
most imitated designer
in the leather world
introduces
NEW IDEAS IN LEATHER
Send \$ 1.00 U.S. (foreign mail \$2. U.S.)
and mention this ad for full details
about OUTside zipper chaps styles.
(NO CATALOG)



5720 MELROSE AVENUE
LOS ANGELES, CA. 90038

You'll
**FEEL
BIG**
in
Jod's

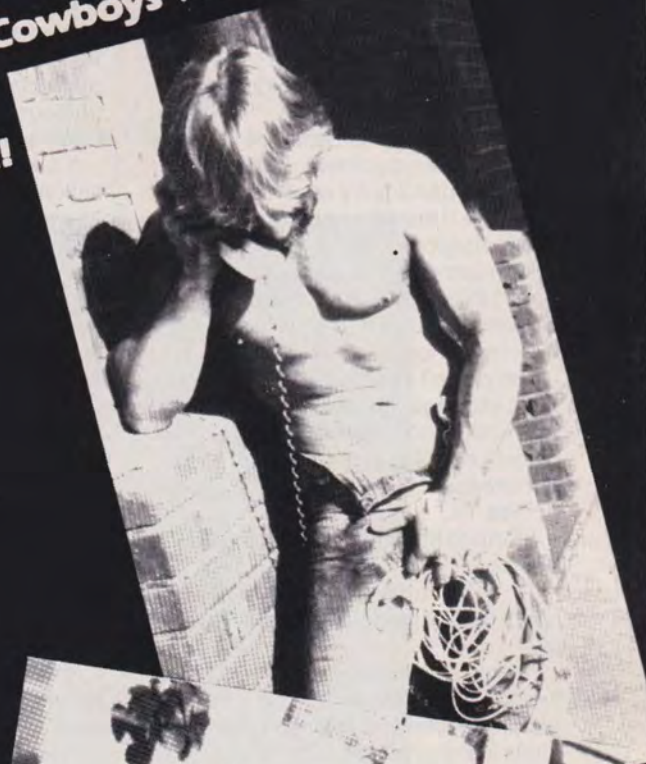
The
NEXT EVOLUTION
IN CHAP WEAR!

YOU CAN BE
AMONG THE FIRST
TO WEAR...
*Jodhpur - Chaps

FANTASY MEN

Hot Cops, Sweaty Construction Workers, Cowboys ...

AND
MORE!



FREE LONG DISTANCE CALLBACKS
(415) 864-3104
24 Hour Phone Fantasy Service

VISA, MC, AMEX
Discreet Billing
Must Be Over 18

HEAVYWEIGHT

Continued from page 37

Carlos blushed. "I . . . I didn't bring any."

"We're looking for someone to represent workout equipment. You have to dress the part." Gary wasn't smiling anymore. He seemed perturbed. Or was it disappointment?

"I'm sorry, I—this is very new to me. I wasn't thinking. Can I come back? Tomorrow maybe?" Carlos was losing his confidence.

Gary didn't say anything for a minute, but it was clear he didn't have time to wait until tomorrow. Then he thought of something. "Are you wearing underwear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Strip to that and I'll take my test photos."

"In my underwear? I'm not so sure about that—I mean, that seems kind of—"

"Look, I've got to have some pictures to show the client. And he wants to see pictures yesterday. We won't use the shots in the promotion. This is just to sell you. Got it?"

It made sense, but Carlos needed more encouragement.

"I'm about ready to try a few shots," Gary said. "Get up on the platform."

Gary began clicking away. Carlos moved and turned as he was told. Gary kept up a running dialogue, a soft verbal appreciation for the body he was photographing. Little by little, Carlos responded to the attention.

It began with a peculiar, tickling sensation at the base of his nuts and worked its way up to the base of his dick. As his dick swelled, his thin, sweat-soaked underwear yielded, allowing his meat to expand without hindrance. The eight-inch rod pushed the elastic band nearly two inches away from his body.

Gary went right on shooting his pictures. "Oh, yeah. Fabulous." Click. "Great, Carlos, great." Click. "Let me see all of that big piece of meat you've got stuffed in those shorts!" Click. "The gals are gonna love it!" Click.

The head of Carlos's dick popped free of the waistband. The elastic stretched tightly across the sensitive underside as his dick struggled up and out. The tingling sensations rushed over Carlos from head to toe. His mouth was dry, and he was getting dizzy. He had never experienced this kind of excitement before. The attention, the admiration lapped over him like ocean waves.

"Incredible," Gary said, as Carlos dribbled a long, shiny rope of liquid from

his sides. Then it was over.

Carlos sank to the platform in a daze, his knees trembling. He was shaken by the experience and overcome. It was all more than he had expected. "I better go get dressed."

Gary was all business now, but not unfriendly. He had Carlos fill out a contact card. "When I get these developed, I'll get in touch with you and give you the verdict."

Carlos tried not to sound pushy. "Can you pay me for today?"

"Today was only a trial session."

"Oh. I'm sorry, but I could really use the money."

Gary fished in his wallet and handed Carlos some bills. If the pictures turned out half as good as he thought they would, he wanted to be able to get this shy hunk to sign a release. He could market those photos and make them both a bundle.

"I'll be in touch."

The incident had forced Carlos to confront some things about himself, things he had tried to ignore: desires and urges that making it with chicks hadn't been able to satisfy. He longed for another photo session with Gary. He knew there was more than money at stake.

The client accepted Carlos as the model for his ad campaign, and that brought him and Gary together regularly over the next few weeks. Carlos's initial shyness evaporated, and the results of their collaboration were satisfying to everyone. The official sessions didn't go as far as the first trial, but one thing never changed: Gary's mouth. It always ran nonstop between the clicks of the camera with compliments and encouragements.

When the campaign was nearing an end, and they were winding up the last photo session, Gary told Carlos he wanted to show him something. He took out a large portfolio and opened it. Inside was a stack of 10 x 14 glossy photos from their first session. Carlos looked through them without saying a word. When he came to the final one, his mouth dropped open. Gary had captured the exact moment of climax on film: Carlos's swollen dick, the rope of cum arcing away from it, his eyes squeezed shut in ecstasy.

"Something else, huh?"

"Yes. Something else."

"The camera really loves you."

"I hope nobody else has—"

"We can make a lot of money selling these. And others like them. But I need you to sign a release."

"Oh, man, I don't know."

"You said you could use all the money you could get your hands on right now."

Carlos longed for another photo session with the photographer. He knew there was more than just money at stake.

"You're the best candidate so far, Carlos. Believe me. But you're not the only candidate. Now go on. Get undressed."

A few minutes later Carlos shyly stepped out of the small room. His bikini-style sheer briefs were very white in contrast to his dark skin. And in the harsh glare of the lights, they were very revealing: his ballsac, big and well-rounded, and his cock, thick and uncut, were clearly defined by the single layer of material.

"Take that barbell over there and pump up a little," Gary instructed. "I need to make a few adjustments to the camera."

Sweat dotted Carlos's forehead. The lights were harsh and hot. After several reps, his pecs and biceps bulged, shiny from perspiration. The dampened briefs became almost transparent, molding even more tightly to the shape of his crotch.

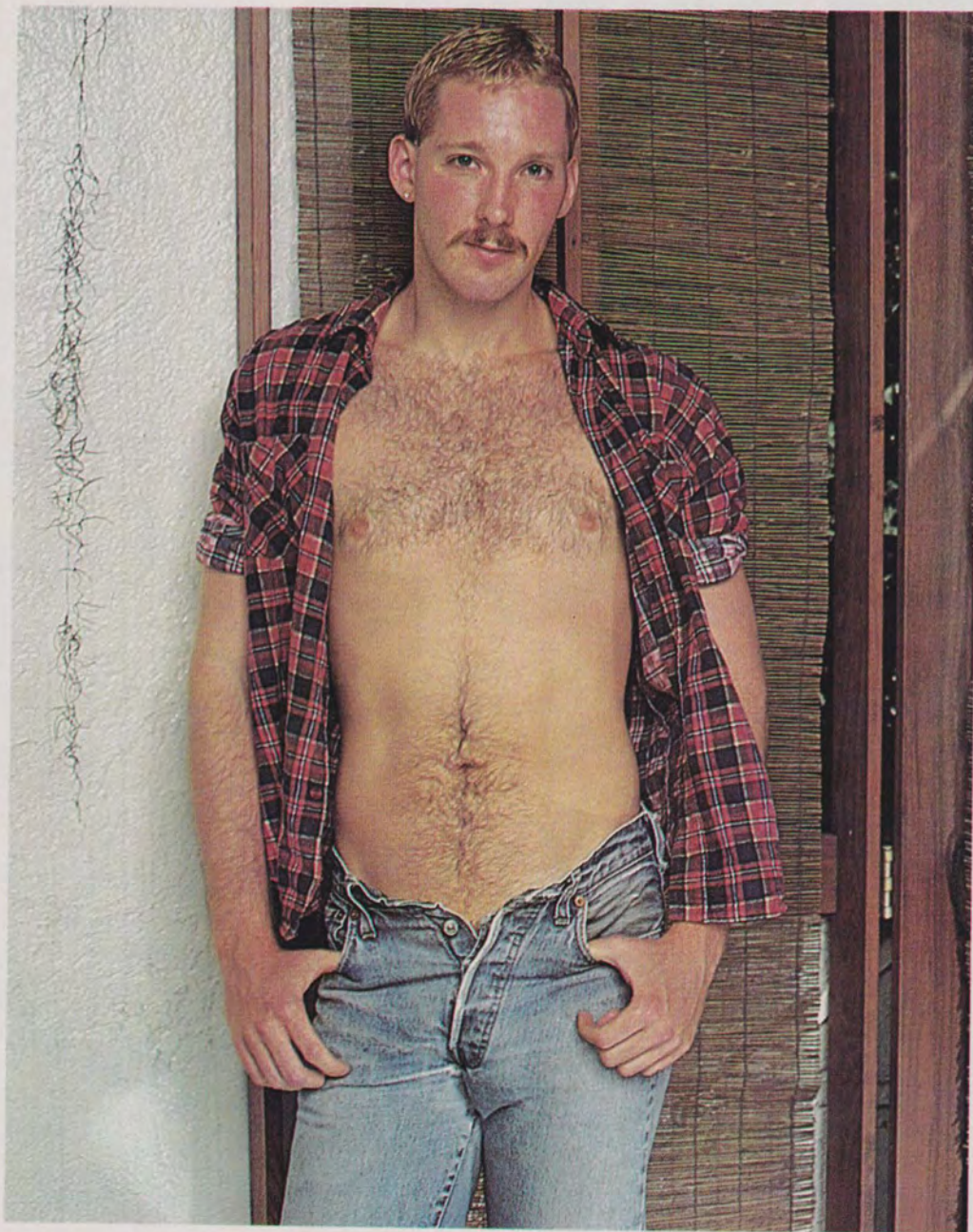
his gaping pisshole. "Wonderful! Wonderful!" Carlos's dick began to jerk violently, trying to free itself from the underwear. Gary continued clicking. "Keep it up!" he whispered. "Let it do what it wants!" Click. "Yeah, baby." Click. "Like it's searching for pussy!" Click.

Carlos thought about the hot chick down the hall from him, and about how much he had enjoyed fucking her that rainy Saturday. His dick swelled and thrashed.

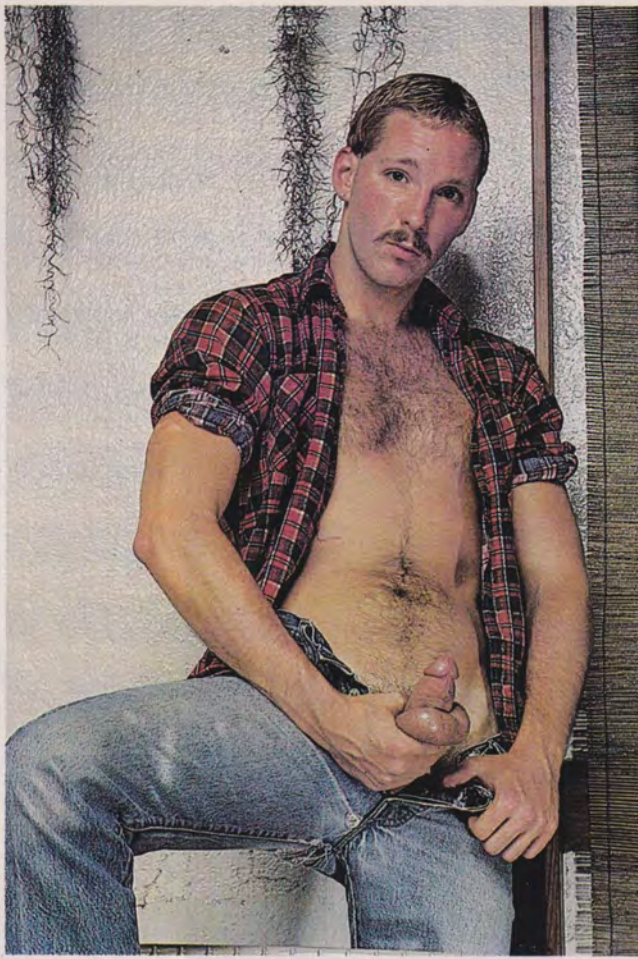
Suddenly, Carlos let out a cry of sheer pleasure. Then he panicked. But it was too late. His dick exploded in one gigantic burst of thick cream, like a big glob of wheat paste dumped out of a jar. He grabbed hold of himself, but he couldn't stop what was happening. His dick just kept spewing. Cum spattered all over his chest and stomach, peppering him with white dots of jism. Cum shot as high as his throat and began running down

Continued to page 69

Eat Me For Lunch

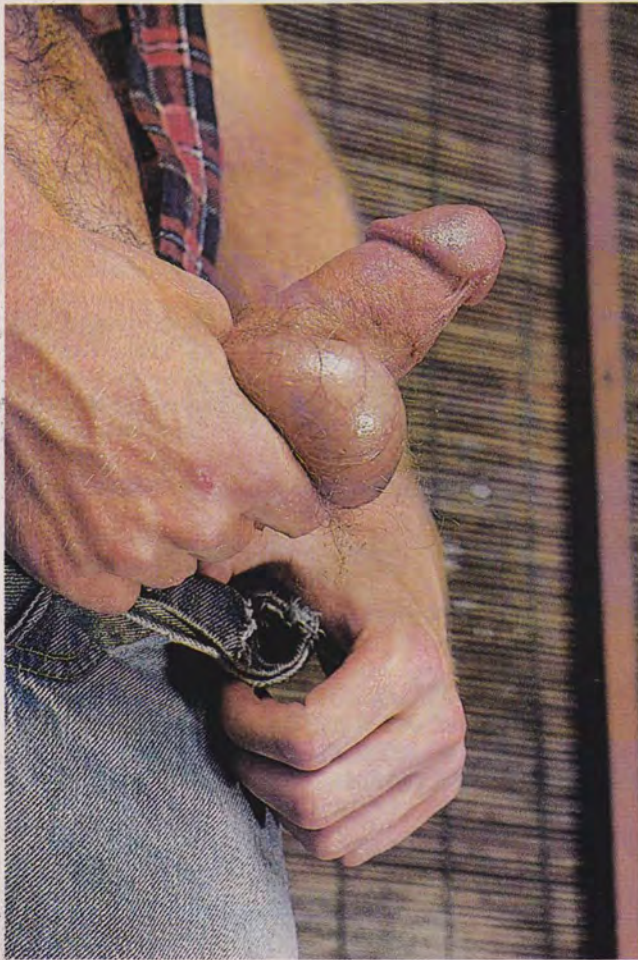


MY BOSS ALWAYS ORDERS LUNCH FROM EMILO'S, A LITTLE GREASY SPOON DOWN THE BLOCK. I THOUGHT HE LIKED THE FOOD, BUT I JUST FOUND OUT THAT HE LOVES THE SERVICE—FROM THIS HUNKY DELIVERYMAN.



Eat Me For Lunch

THE KIND OF MEAT HE OFFERS
ISN'T ON EMILO'S MENU, BUT
IT TASTES MUCH BETTER THAN
A GREASY BURGER. AND OUR
LUNCH MAN ALSO HAS SOME
GREAT APPETIZERS TO START OFF
YOUR MEAL.



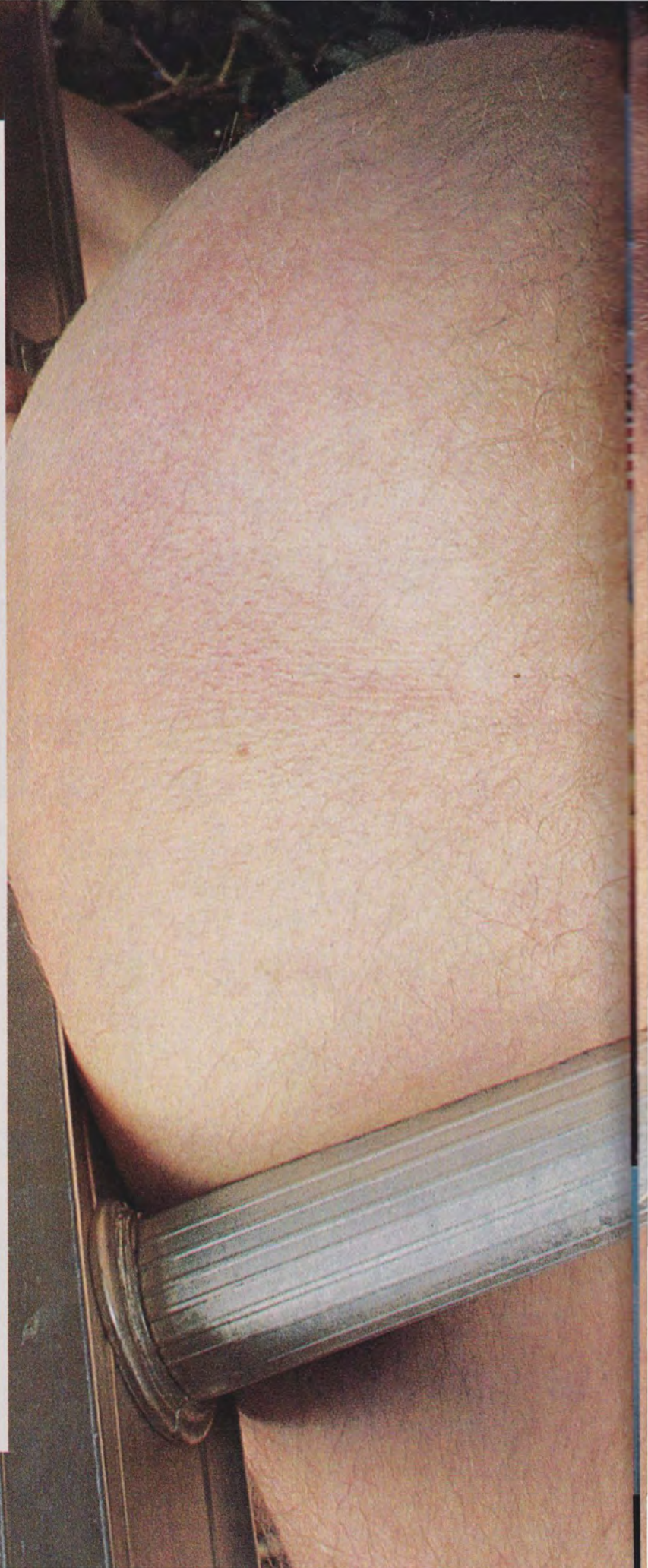




Eat Me For Lunch

**TALK ABOUT A WHOPPER! YOU CAN
BE SURE HE'S GOT SOME SPECIAL
SAUCE JUST FOR YOU.**

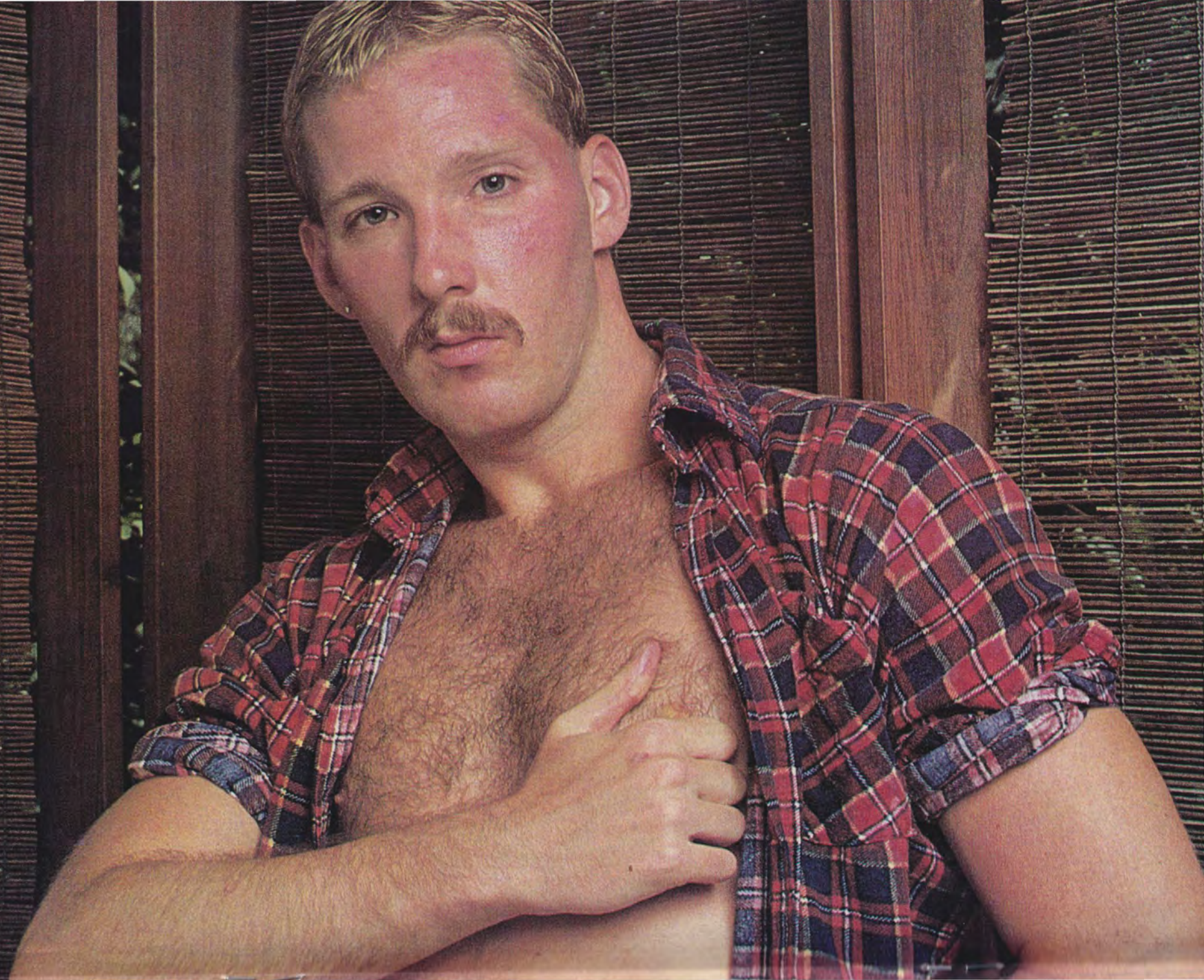




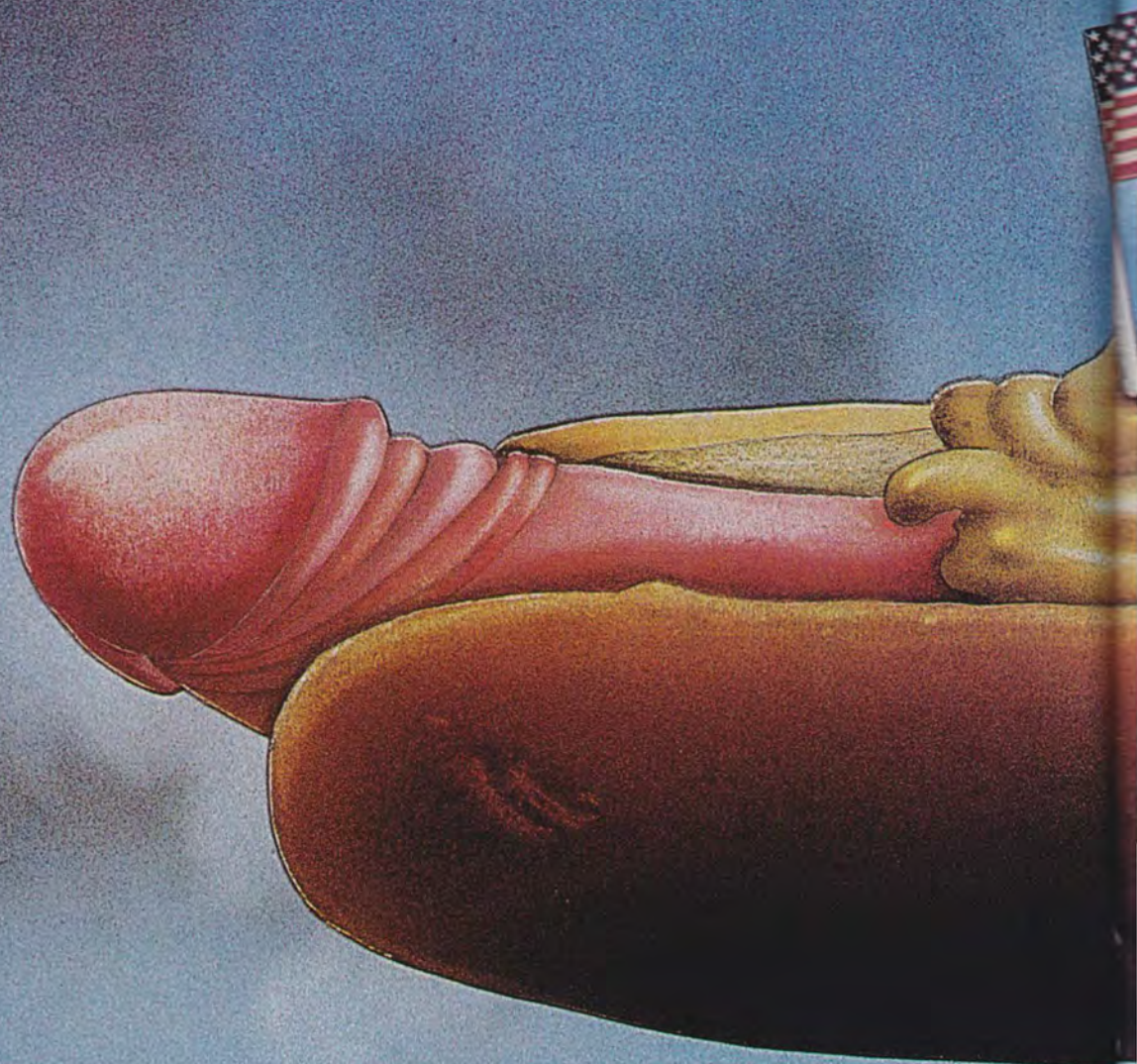


Eat Me For Lunch

**NO SESAME SEEDS ON THESE
BUNS, BUT YOU CAN BE SURE
THEY'RE A LOT MORE TASTY
THAN THOSE STALE ROLLS FROM
EMILO'S. JUST LOOKING AT THEM
MAKES YOU WANT TO "EAT OUT"
MORE OFTEN.**



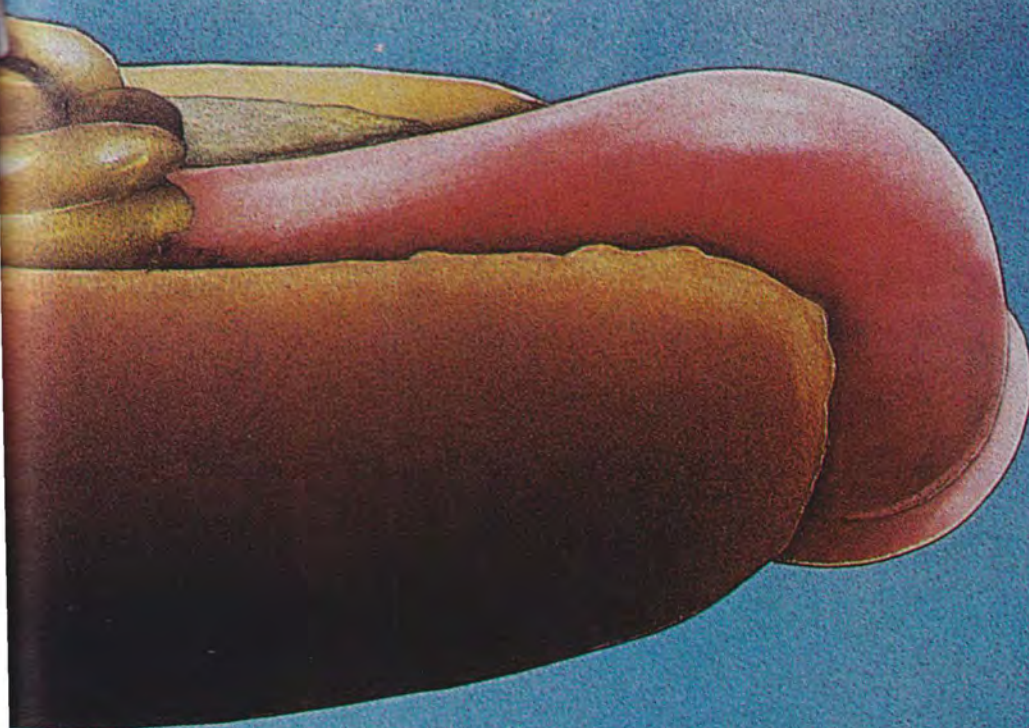




FOOT LONG

by Josh Lloyd • Art by Adrian Loos

The hot dogs at Wally's Wiener World were huge, but they were always flaccid. The real thing—Wally's Whopper—was as hard as if it had a core of steel.



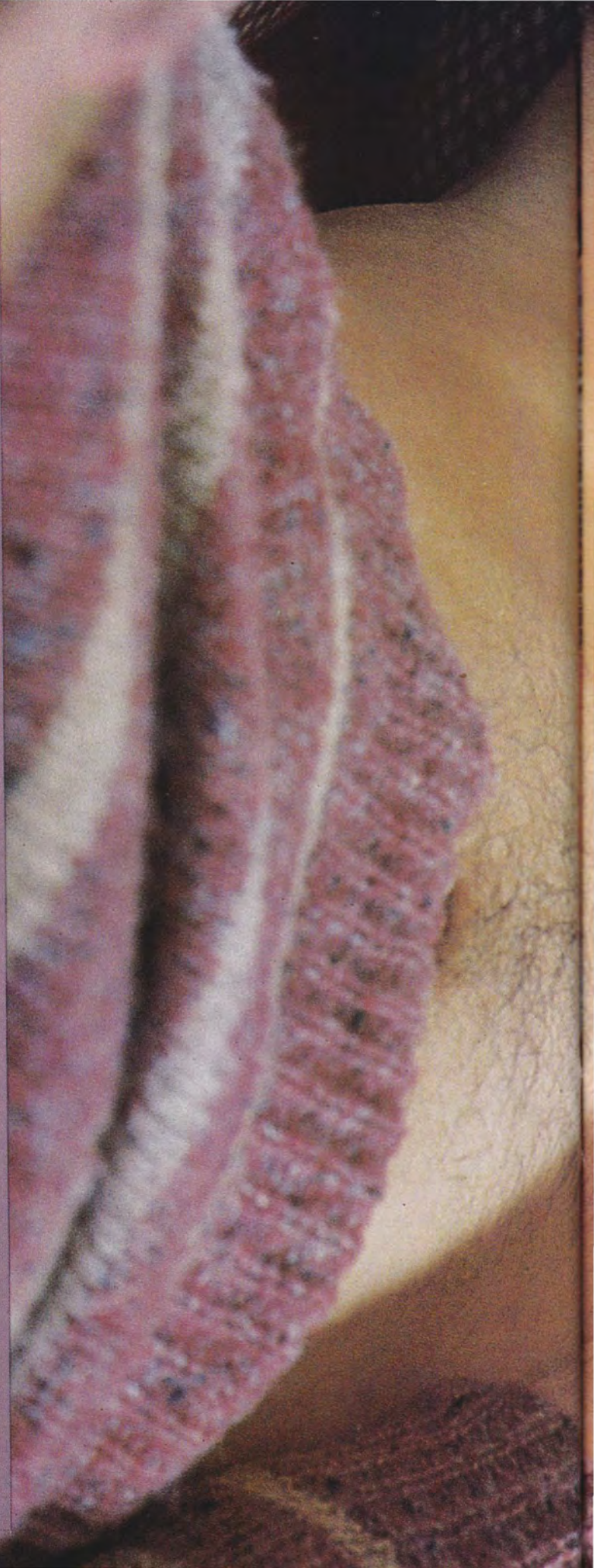
Ed gazed lovingly at his fat juicy wiener. Grabbing a plastic bottle from the counter, he squeezed a long finger of creamy goo along its red-brown length. "Oh, baby," he breathed, smacking his lips. "All greased up and ready to go."

"Eddie! You finished lunch yet?"

Ed tried to ignore the bellow from the front of the hot dog stand. Working

at Wally's Wiener World was great except for one thing: Wally. No sooner would Ed punch out for his lunch hour and get settled in the back with a sizzling footlonger than his boss would badger him to hurry up. Sometimes Wally would actually storm into the backroom and force Ed to perform some menial chore off the clock. By the time he got back to his hot dog, it

Continued to page 57

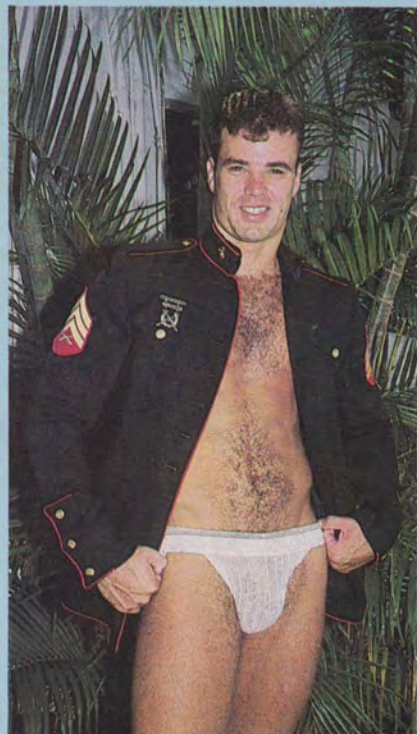




MAKE ME DO IT

HE'S A LOYAL COMPANION; HE BRINGS YOU
WHATEVER YOU WANT AND HE KNOWS
WHAT YOU WANT MOST; IT'S IN HIS HAND—
ANY MAN'S BEST FRIEND.

COULD YOU BE MR. SAFE SEX U.S.A.



SGT. GLENN SWANN "MR. SAFESEX"

★ Appearing soon at a CLUB BODY CENTRE near you!

Sgt. Glenn Swann will enter the U. of M. on 21 Jan. 1986 to further his education.

A Macho Gay Man interested in Health, Travel, and \$\$\$ is needed to try to fill his boots as Mr. Safe Sex for 1986.

If you think you could be the next Mr. Safe Sex U.S.A. call today (305) 444-4647 or write to: Glenn Swann 3025 Coral Way, Miami, FL 33145

LONE STAR JOCKS

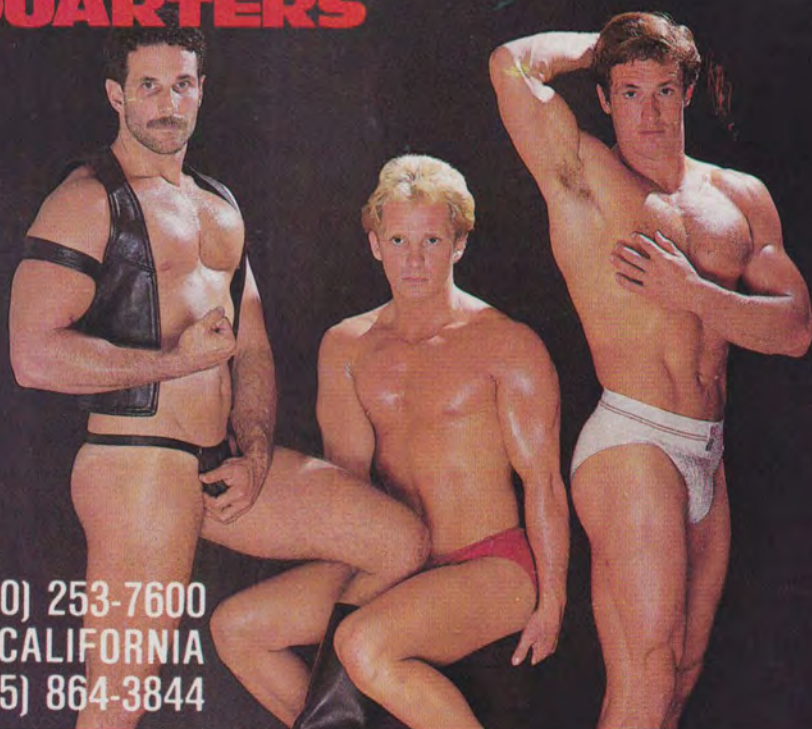


Hitch your wagon to a star!

1-800-235-JOCK
In Texas;
1-713-526-4962

- ★ 24 HOURS
- ★ FREE CALL BACKS
- ★ MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
- ★ USED ATHLETIC GEAR
- ★ TEXAS ATHLETES FROM 18-35

HEAD QUARTERS



(800) 253-7600
IN CALIFORNIA
(415) 864-3844

A 24 HOUR PHONE FANTASY SERVICE
FREE CALLBACKS MC/VISA/AMEX

YOU MUST BE OVER 18

FOOT LONG

Continued from page 51

would be cold and shriveled.

"Move your tail, Eddie! Am I paying you to eat? I've got customers out here, so get some gas in your ass!"

I'd like to tell you what to stick up your ass, Ed thought. Savagely he bit off the end of the hot dog and imagined it was Wally's dick. Not a bad idea. And not the first time he had thought of it. It galled him to admit it, but he didn't hang around this grease joint because of Wally's bullshit promises to make him manager someday. He stayed because he found the bastard attractive.

And a hell of a lot of good it does me, he thought. Wally treated him like a cockroach. Like an incompetent child, although Ed was 23 and Wally was 30. Hardly old enough to be his father, although Wally was prissy enough to be his grandfather when it came to keeping the counters sparkling clean. As if the so-called age difference wasn't a big enough obstacle, Wally could write a book on being straight and conservative. He had a wife, two kids, and a house in the suburbs. Against such a middle-class bastion, Ed didn't stand a chance.

"Eddie! If you're not out here in five seconds, you can trot your sweet ass down to unemployment."

"I'm coming! I'm coming!" The crazy part was, he had an enormous boner. Thank God for his mustard-stained apron. As mad as Wally made him, he nearly came in his pants every time his boss got really abusive.

Ed crammed the rest of his hot dog in his mouth and wiped his hands on his filthy apron. According to the timeclock, he still had ten minutes, but you couldn't tell that to Wally. Full mouth bulging, Ed hurried out front.

"It's about time, kid. What're you chewing? Your mama's tit?"

Ed chewed frantically on the wadded bun, which had turned to soggy cotton on his tongue. He wished he could spew it out in Wally's face. God, why couldn't the guy be bald, with a beer gut and a red bulbous nose? It would go so much better with his obnoxious personality.

Instead, Wally looked like a god. Well, as godlike as you could get and still work at a hot dog stand in the mall. He always wore a tight t-shirt and baggy drawstring pants. Both garments started the day dazzling white, but they were smeared with grease and ketchup by noon.

"You got to get into your work," Wally would lecture, squirting mustard and ketchup with abandon and not even trying to dodge when the yellow and red streams splattered across his t-shirt. The pecs under his t-shirt were spectacular, but Wally probably didn't know what pecs were. He had never been near a gym in his life, but he got a vigorous workout every day. Ed liked to watch Wally's muscles ripple under his t-shirt when Wally bent to lift a 20-pound sack of french fries from the deep freeze. Wally's powerful meat-hooks ripped through the thick outer

wrap like it was tissue paper. Then, hefting the open sack to his brawny shoulder with a grunt that sounded like he was bench-pressing, Wally poured the frozen fries directly into the smoking greasepan. The boiling grease sizzled and foamed, and some of the bursting bubbles sent up geysers of deadly spray that left brown streaks if they scored on white clothing, and red welts if they hit unprotected flesh. Ed was squeamish about pouring fries into the greasepan. He tended to stand far away and toss in the fries a handful at a time; usually

SPANKED



MAN'S HAND

VIDEO & FILMS Flier \$1.00

633 Post - Suite 500 B
San Francisco Ca. 94109

From the Producers of
ENEMA NIGHT/ ENEMA SLAVE

BLACK ON RED

Starring

Chris Burns & Brick Samson!



Feature Length All-Male Video

Dildos, licking, enemas, catheters,
piercing, shaving, and more!

VHS or BETA \$79.95

Plus \$3. shipping. CA res. add 6 1/2% tax.

Toy Catalogue \$3.00

J.B.'s Supply Ltd.

P.O. Box 85667 - H

Los Angeles, California 90072

Age and Signature required

The Oro SimulatorTM
for men.

NEW

SORRY, NO REFUNDS OR EXCHANGES

SOFT OR HARD-KEEPS ON STROKING IN ANY POSITION!
EVEN WHILE YOU CHANGE POSITION!!
ONLY!! \$39.95

ADD \$2.50
P & H
NY RES. ADD
SALES TAX

Once you've introduced your penis-hard or soft-to the incredible New Oro-Simulator, your hands never touch your cock! The ingenious remote activator does all the work for you! All by itself the Oro-Simulator slides wetly, slickly up and down, wildly, round and round! No hand, no mouth could ever mold themselves as intimately, or cling so completely to your cock! Nothing but the specially designed Oro-Simulator could wrap itself around your penis like your very own second skin!!

MEASURE BY CIRCUMFERENCE OF ERECT PENIS

—SMALL 3 1/4" to 4 1/4" —MED. 4 1/4" to 4 3/4" —LARGE 4 3/4" to 5 1/4"

☐ CHECK ☐ M.O.
☐ CASH

NAME

ADDRESS

I certify that I'm over 21 yrs.

CITY

STATE

ZIP

Ace LaFar

4417 18th AVE. SUITE 131
B'KLYN., NY 11204

they wound up on the floor. Wally stood right over the greaseman, and his aim was always perfect. When flying grease hissed against his bare neck or singed the hair on his lower arms, he didn't seem to mind.

"I love this place," he'd say. Sometimes he would pull up a stool and tell Ed how he had dropped out of high school when his girlfriend got pregnant, and how he never thought he would amount to much as a result. How he had slaved for years at menial jobs, never able to save any money, until his wife's old man died, leaving them the house and enough money to rent space in the mall and go into business for himself. Ed had heard the story a million times and he didn't find it inspiring. In fact, it was rather pathetic. But he didn't mind listening to it again and again, because when Wally told it his blunt, masculine features became soft and seductive. He would lean forward on his stool, close enough for his odor of sweat and grease to tickle Ed's nostrils and make his mouth water. When Wally told of his rise to what he considered fame and fortune, his voice took on a dreamy quality. His eyes closed in rapture. He rested his elbows on his widespread knees and stroked his chin with his huge square fingers. Between his legs dangled the braided cord of his drawstring pants. When he paused for breath, his open lips looked incredibly sexy.

Ed was tempted, more than once, to thrust his tongue between the parted lips, or tug gently on the drawstring. In his fantasies, the pants slid smoothly down Wally's legs, revealing a cock that put even their best Hygrade All-Beef Frankfurters to shame. Ed reached for it, but Wally playfully swatted his hands away. "Not yet," he said, and reached for the mustard. . . .

"Wake up, jerkoff!" Ed was brought rudely back to reality as Wally's fist pounded him on the back. Bits of hot dog roll sprayed out of his mouth, and the rest plopped down his throat in one choking wad. Two teenage girls, waiting in line for their franks, giggled. Ed's face burned crimson with embarrassment at being disciplined in front of customers.

Wally scowled. He looked nothing like the Wally who reminisced about lost childhood and realized dreams. This Wally was a drill sergeant. His bristly blond crewcut stood on end and his face was beefsteak red, a combination of anger and sweating over a hot grill all day.

"What's the matter, Eddie? Didn't

get enough sleep last night? Some big bruiser from the loading dock fuck you senseless?"

The girls laughed louder. Ed was appalled. There was nothing wrong with being gay, but Wally didn't need to broadcast it to the entire mall.

For a moment he thought of throwing down his apron and telling Wally where to shove his greasy hotdogs, but he couldn't do it. Jobs were too hard to find. Besides, his next boss might be just as much of a hardass without having a hunky body as compensation.

"Sorry," Ed mumbled.

"You better be. Now slap that wiener between two buns and get the line moving."

I'd like to, thought Ed. Your buns. But he said nothing as he served the next customer. Wally mopped his face with a greasy towel and took off across the mall. With Ed back from lunch, it was Wally's turn to eat. Although he made his employee eat in the cramped backroom, Wally's own lunch hour was usually spent at Wok Around the Clock, a Chinese takeout joint on the other side of the mall.

Ed sighed. He could count on Wally to be gone at least an hour, sometimes two. He picked up the tongs and lifted a Big Wally from the grill. "Here you go, little lady. Hope you can stretch your lips around this."

The hot dogs at Wally's Wiener World came in three sizes. The standard-size frank was called the Wally Weenie, the footlonger was the Big Wally, and the largest size, 14 inches long and as plump as a knockwurst, was the Super Wally. They didn't sell many Supers. Few customers had a mouth that large.

"Hey, Ed, you gonna make me one of your specials? The Super Duper Wally? Please?"

It was the girl who, a moment before, had been laughing at him. Suddenly he recognized her. She had been on the scene last week when Ed got bored, started fooling around at the salad bar, and accidentally created a masterpiece.

"Well, okay," Ed agreed. "But if I make it, you've got to eat it."

A giggle erupted from behind her fingers. "Well, sure. What's the matter? Think I can't take it?"

"No, I'm sure you've eaten weenies before, but nothing as enormous as the Super Duper Wally."

Ed picked a Super Wally from the grill. The trickiest part was getting the monstrous hot dog from the grill to the paper plate. The tongs were too small

to contain it; the heavy meat writhed and flopped as if it were alive. Finally he wrestled it to the plate, where it lay still, red-brown and steaming. It looked obscene just lying there, but it needed the finishing touch.

An eager audience trailed Ed to the salad bar: the girl, her friend, and a young man Ed was sure he recognized from the bars. This could get interesting, Ed thought. He set the plate with the swollen weenie on the counter, moved the cauliflower aside, and reached for the redskin potatoes.

"The first time I did this, I used cherry tomatoes," he explained. "They were a little too red and much too small."

The gigglers found it amusing. "I don't know," the young man mused. "Anything bigger than a mouthful is wasted, I always say."

"A good cook never wastes anything," Ed shot back, giving the guy a penetrating stare. He found two well-shaped potatoes and planted them at the base of the Super Wally. Beautiful, he thought. Perfect proportion. Still, I wouldn't want to be fucked by a dick that size. Wouldn't be able to sit down for the rest of my life!

"What does this remind you of?" one girl asked.

"Why, I haven't the faintest idea," said the young man. He peered over his glasses and locked eyes with Ed. His lips curved in a secretive smile.

"Maybe this will give you a clue." Ed dipped into the vat of sauerkraut and brought up a steaming spoonful. He draped it at the base of the shaft, partially covering the ruddy potatoes.

One of the girls wrinkled her nose. "Ugh! I've never seen pubic hair that weird yellowish-gray color."

The man said, "I have." Since his own hair was chestnut brown, it was a good sign. Unless he was into fucking old ladies. Heck, thought Ed, even if he was. . . .

"Ready to bite the big one?" the girl asked her friend.

"Wait!" Ed snatched it from her lips as inspiration struck. He considered the mustard, rejected it, and chose the bottle of horseradish. He squeezed a big glob of the white cream near the wrinkled tip of the Super Duper Wally. Perfect. It appeared to be oozing out of the swollen head.

"Oooh, gross!"

"I have it on good authority," said Ed, "that this is an exact copy of Wally Webber himself. Guaranteed lifesize."

"Would you know from personal experience?" asked the brown-haired hunk.

"No," said a calm, icy voice, "he wouldn't."

Startled, Ed dropped the Super Duper Wally. The potatoes and sauerkraut splattered on the floor, but the enormous wiener came to life and started rolling across the dirty linoleum. It flopped to rest on a once-white tennis shoe belonging to Wally Webber. Ed's eyes traveled past the shoe to a hairy ankle, a pair of tree-trunk legs, a dangling drawstring, a white t-shirt with tits poking out like details in a marble sculpture, and finally Wally's face: neither sexy nor angry, just white with cruel, frozen hate.

"Ed," said Wally politely, "don't you have work to do? As for the rest of you, would you like to buy something? No? Then feel free to go out and enjoy the mall."

"Wally, I'm sorry."

"Sorry for what?" asked Wally pleasantly. "You've goofed off before. Guess I should have expected it when I hired a smartass college-educated fagboy. Stop groveling and clean up this mess."

Ed was frightened. When Wally got angry, he sizzled like fries in the greasepan. No telling what this calm, deadly polite Wally would do.

By the time the mall closed, Ed's nerves were taut and he felt like screaming. He dragged the iron gates across the front of the hot dog stand and ran into the back room. "All locked up, Wally. Can I leave?"

"Not so fast," Wally stared at Ed with half-closed, predatory eyes. Then he did what he had done in a thousand of Ed's fantasies. He reached between his legs and pulled the string.

"What do you think of this, Eddie? This here's a Wally Whopper. Isn't it plumper and juicier than that little weenie you were playing around with?"

Ed fought the urge to giggle hysterically. Nothing could really compare with the bloated swell of a Super Wally, but the meaty joint in front of him came close. The golden foreskin resembled a fresh, toasted bun, and the protruding tip had the rich, glistening sheen of a frankfurter just removed from a smoking griddle.

Wally squeezed his cock at the base, and the head seemed to leap from its skin like a hot dog bursting its casing. "How'd you like to wrap your lips around this meat, Eddie-boy?"

Ed moved closer, fascinated despite the danger he sensed lurking beneath the surface. Wally's cock was enormous, but his balls looked mouthwatering, too. The heavy globes were the

When you need it Rough

CALL:

(213) 659-8743

**Tough
TelephoneTalk
24 Hours a Day**



MUSCLE MASTERS

Use any major credit card Photo sets available

You must be over 18

Young Guys who like to talk . . .

Steven's 18+



213- 650-8023

A 24 Hour Telephone Fantasy Service
Use Any Major Credit Card

We're over 18.
you gotta be too!

same size as the redskin potatoes, but paler in color, and covered with ash-blond down that was nearly the hue of the sauerkraut. The odors were tempting, too. Hot dogs and french fries and a stronger, animal aroma that was all Wally's own.

Wally's huge hands pulled on his cock. It strained upward, reaching for the ceiling. One thing a Super Wally can't do, Ed realized. The hot dogs were huge, but they were always flaccid. The real thing, Wally's Whopper, was as hard as if it had a core of steel.

"Come closer, Ed. Make yourself comfortable. Take off those tight clothes."

Danger! When the grease hissed loudly around a frozen french fry you knew you might get splattered by a hot stream any minute; the same noise was sizzling in Ed's brain. Yet Wally was his boss, and obeying him had become a habit. Slowly Ed removed his soiled apron, then eased out of his t-shirt and jeans.

Wally wasn't surprised to see Ed's boner. He knew his monster dick was too much for any woman or any faggot to resist. They begged for it, all of them, but they were just dumb sluts or bimboes or blue-collar dropouts like himself. When Ed, a college graduate,

"Ha! Not such a big man, are you?" Wally laughed. "Since you haven't got ten inches of your own, I'll be nice and give you mine." He seized Ed's arms and twisted them behind his back. Before Ed could do more than cry out in pain, Wally took the drawstring from his pants and bound Ed's hands securely.

"You-you don't have to do that," Ed stammered. "I won't fight you. You're a hot man, Wally, and I've wanted you ever since—"

"Shut up! I know you like it up the ass, faggot, but do you like your hot dogs plain?"

"You can't!" gasped Ed. "You have to put something on it so it'll slide in easy, or I'll be ripped apart!"

"Tough shit," said Wally. "Bend over and take it like a man."

Ed tried to edge away, but in the cramped quarters with his hands tied he didn't have a chance. Wally grabbed his shoulders and forced him to his knees, then to his belly on the filthy linoleum. He used Ed's apron to tie one foot to the table leg, then used his pants to tie Ed's other foot to a wire rack.

Wally straddled Ed's body. Ed felt the swollen cock press against his ass. "I'm sorry!" he screamed. "I'm sorry I goofed off at work!"

**"Ha! Not such a big man, are you?"
Wally laughed. "Since you haven't got
ten inches of your own, I'll be nice
and give you mine."**

had come to him begging for a job, Wally felt a sense of unsurpassed power and sexual triumph. He couldn't pass up the chance to lord it over someone with intelligence and spirit.

But Ed had disappointed him. Whatever Wally dished out, Ed took meekly—like the pansy he was. Never a sign of rebellion. Never anything that would give Wally the excuse to break him and show him who was boss. Not until today. Wally had waited months for his opportunity, and he intended to make the most of it.

"Look at that weenie," he jeered. Actually, Ed's cock was a decent size, but Wally thought the hotass punk needed taking down a peg. "Stand by me and see how you measure up."

When they stood with their naked thighs pushed together, Wally grabbed Ed's cock and pressed it against his own. Ed's was a good three inches shorter.

"Sorry ain't good enough. Sorry's just words." Wally reached around and pinched Ed's tit, digging his thumbnail in. "Oh, I'm sorry!" He clawed the nipple again, so hard Ed whimpered. "I'm really sorry!" Wally jeered. "See what I mean? Anyone can say it and it don't change a thing."

"I get your point," Ed gasped. But Wally didn't stop mauling his chest.

"You embarrassed me in front of customers," Wally accused. "So you're sorry. I'm sorry, too. Before this night's over I intend to do a lot more things I'll be sorry for."

Wally parted Ed's asscheeks and jabbed his thumb in the hole. The prostate was as hard as a walnut. Ed squirmed and gasped as Wally pressed harder, then rotated the thumb.

No good, Wally thought. The faggot was enjoying it too much. Time to throw a scare into him.

"Feels like there's plenty of room," he said. "I'm coming in."

"No! No! Not without something!"

Sadistically, Wally stuffed his cockhead between Ed's dry cheeks and began to ease himself in. He didn't really intend to ram a dry hole, but he enjoyed feeling Ed twist and buck. He was getting high on Ed's fear.

Ed felt the thick muscle batter his straining hole. Any minute Wally would tear him apart as carelessly as he tore the bags of french fries. But instead Wally withdrew, laughing contemptuously. "I had you going! You really thought I was gonna do it! Boy, you scare easy!"

Wally stood up. Ed felt relief and disappointment. Was this all a cruel joke? Would Wally untie him and make him go home?

Ed heard a soft whooshing sound and craned his neck to see what was happening. Wally had the squeeze bottle of mustard and was slathering it on his dick.

Just like his fantasy! Ed thrust his ass high in anticipation. A moment later he screamed. Wally's greased dick slid in smoothly enough, but the mustard burned like fire! It gnawed his inflamed tissue like acid. It didn't help to know that Wally's dick, caught inside Ed's hole, must be stinging just as badly. Wally bore it without flinching. In fact, he laughed ecstatically.

"Tingles, don't it? Here's something else that tingles, college boy!"

Wally pulled out slightly, then rammed his dick all the way in. As he shoved deep into Ed's guts, he administered a savage slap on the ass that almost took Ed's mind off the burning lubricant. God, it hurt! Before he could scream, Wally gave another thrust that ground Ed's cock into the linoleum, and another slap that echoed loudly off his quivering butt cheeks.

Wally was pleased to see a red flush stain Ed's cheeks whenever his palm smacked them. Those pretty white cheeks would be black and blue tomorrow. As for Ed's ass, Wally bet Ed wouldn't be putting anything else up it for quite awhile. Once they tasted a Wally Whopper they never wanted anything less.

"How you doing?" Wally asked, reaching underneath to feel Ed's swollen rod. "That hot dog's really sizzling, ain't it? Is it cooked yet? If you leave it on the grill much longer it's gonna explode!"

Ed moaned. He didn't see how Wally could keep on talking. Every part

Continued on page 71



STICK

'EM UP

Even if this is just going to be a brief encounter, let's make it a good one.

Section photographed by
Rolf Wernli



STICK 'EM UP

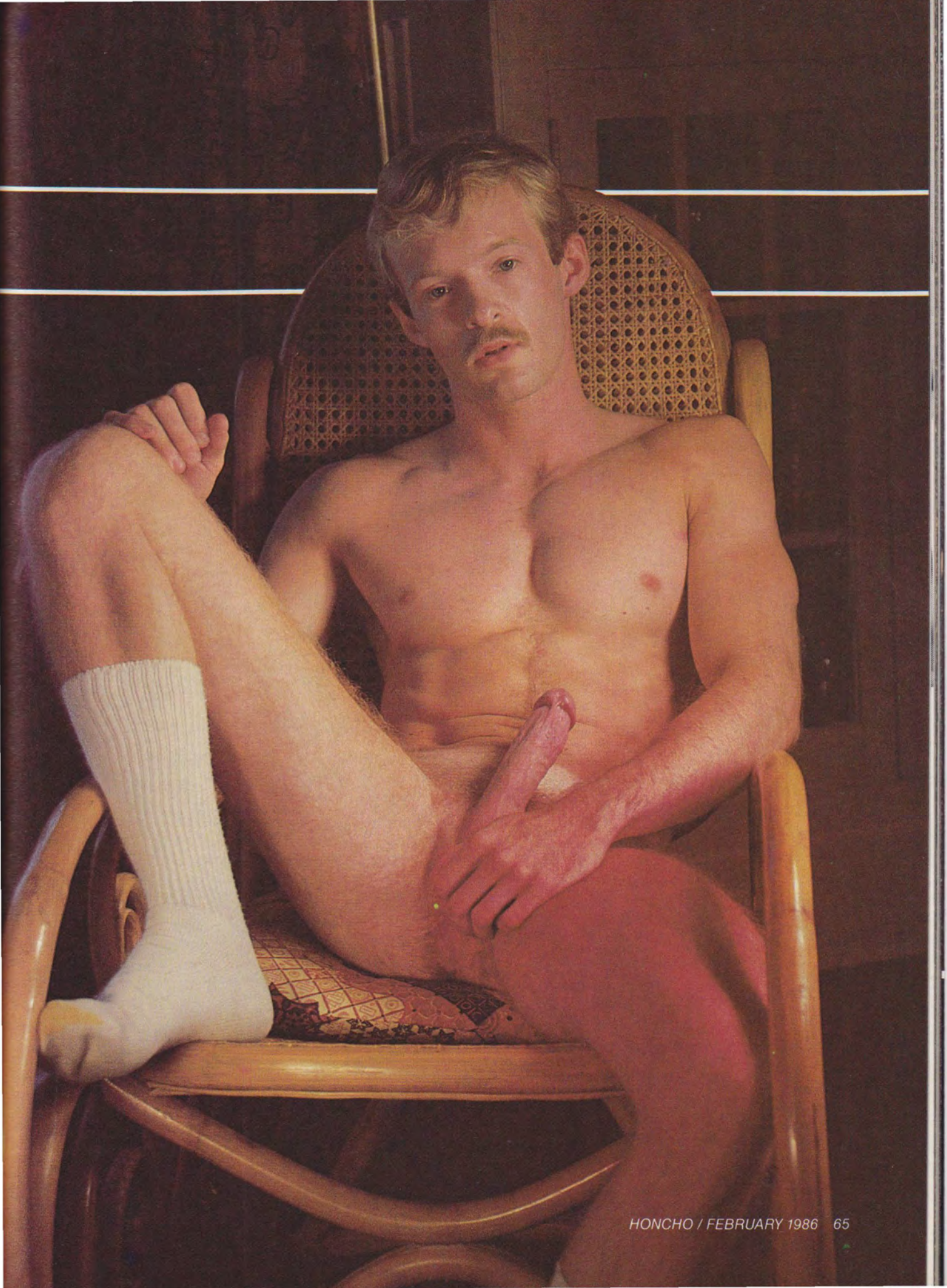


We've got everything we need. With some encouragement, these joysticks of ours can grow to enormous proportions.

STICK 'EM UP



See what I mean? Now come on, babe;
stick 'em up!







Now get on over here and stick it up. I've got just the place.



24 HOURS A DAY

FANTASY MEN

FREE
LONG DISTANCE
CALL BACKS
YOU PAY ONE LOW PRICE!

(415) 864-3104

CREDIT CARDS/MUST BE 18 YEARS OR OLDER

"The Family Jewel"®



ENTERPRISES
... in a class by itself

A Magnificent Work of Art . . .

. . . is the only way to describe Elite's breathtaking "Family Jewel". It's stunning realism is further enhanced by the unbelievable feel of flesh.

Each one is totally HANDCRAFTED in a choice of **3 skin colors**, **2 sizes**, **double vibrator** or **non-vibrator** model, **built-in suction cup** and each comes in it's own discreet velvet carry pouch.

Spoil yourself. Enter the world of Elite and see why our "Family Jewel" is a treasure that is truly in a class by itself.

Elite Enterprises • P.O. Box 19012 • Kansas City, MO 64108

Please send me ☐ handcrafted "Family Jewel(s)"®

Size	Vibrator Model	Non-Vib.	Color
<input type="checkbox"/> 6½" x 1¼"	<input type="checkbox"/> \$44.95 + \$3 P&H per item	<input type="checkbox"/> \$39.95 + \$3	<input type="checkbox"/> Caucasian
<input type="checkbox"/> 8" x 2¼"	<input type="checkbox"/> \$49.95 + \$3 P&H per item	<input type="checkbox"/> \$44.95 + \$3	<input type="checkbox"/> Mulatto
			<input type="checkbox"/> Black

Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Money Order in the amount of \$ _____
or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ Mastercard.

No. _____ Expires _____

Please Print: Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

(I am over 21 years of age)

U.S. RESIDENTS ONLY. All orders promptly shipped U.P.S. and discretely packaged.

HEAVYWEIGHT

Continued from page 40

"Yeah, but this is a little different from what I had in mind."

"Of course it's different. We'll reach a whole new market. We'll make a killing." Gary knew that Carlos wanted to be persuaded, and he thought he knew how. "Of course, I'd have to take more photos. We'd have to have more sessions like the first one."

Gradually, Carlos's fleshy lips broke into a broad grin.

"Take off your shirt and your underwear, and put those thin Mexican trousers back on. Let's get to work."

Carlos's dark skin shone through the thin material as he positioned himself under the lights. The tingling excitement had already begun to charge through his body.

"Here, let me show you how to stand."

The attraction of Carlos's magnificent bulk was more than Gary could stand, with only that thin layer of cotton between his hands and Carlos's dark, rippling skin. The Chicano was having a similar reaction. Goose flesh broke out on his neck. He threw his head back, his mouth open slightly. Gary's tongue touched one of his big, brown nipples. He licked it lightly, then moved to the other. He worked his way down Carlos's abdomen. He cupped Carlos's firm, broad ass in his hands.

"Hey, man—!" Carlos protested.

"Wait a minute!"

"No. I know what I want and I want it now. So do you. Now don't move."

Gary sank to his knees, undressing Carlos as he went, keeping up his usual running monologue all the while. Kissing and sucking and nibbling his way down the hard body, Gary at last reached the furry crotch with his wet tongue. It flirted with the thick, erect dick, sending waves of pleasure throughout Carlos's responsive body. The dick spasmed as Gary kissed the tip. "Oh, yeah, baby. Yeah. You're ready." He began to suck slowly down until the moist sheath of his mouth had reached the hairy base. "Mmm." He started pumping up and down the shaft. At the top of each motion, he always managed to utter some sort of encouragement.

Carlos started unloading in steamy spurts. Gary kept sucking, and encouraging. Carlos, as was his custom, said nothing.

"I can't get enough of your beautiful body, either behind the camera or in front of it," Gary said after he had sucked Carlos's dick so dry it was almost chafed.

He stretched Carlos out on the platform and began to lick down his broad back. His tongue searched between Carlos's ass cheeks. Carlos's moans of pleasure echoed in the small room. Gary parted the tender mounds and the moans grew louder. Carlos opened his legs wide and arched upward to make entry easier. Gary's throbbing dick followed the course his tongue had plotted and made contact with the hole, burning and moist. The flesh that had parted so readily for his finger did the same for his dick. Carlos pushed his ass high and began to gyrate. Now that Gary's mouth was unoccupied, the commentary was nonstop.

Carlos squeezed his sphincter, forcing Gary's dickhead to maximum expansion. They thrashed and rolled around in a frenzy. When Carlos sensed that Gary was close—actually he didn't have to sense it; he was told—he began rocking back and forth even faster, tightening the muscles of his ass more and more.

Gary pushed for Carlos's prostate. Suddenly, the floodgates unleashed a deluge of cum. They squirted simultaneously in wild, unrestrained spasms. At last Gary collapsed on top of Carlos. He lay there for a time, panting. The ecstasy was over, but what remained was a nice, soft, comfortable feeling. Carlos had never felt so comfortable in his life. He wrapped his arms around Gary and smothered him with kisses—as much to silence the verbal instant replay as anything else. At last Carlos spoke.

"We sure didn't get much work done, did we?"

Gary laughed. "Maybe not. But we sure managed to break the ice."

Gary got up and headed for his desk. "You won't regret this, big fella. We're going to make a bundle together—and have a helluva good time."

"Right. Only one thing I've got to ask you to do for me—behind the camera and in front of it."

"Yeah?"

"Don't talk so much, gringo." ■



Lyle's Deck
AQUASIDE

THE "OTHER" PLACE UNDER THE SUN!

120 E. Atal St., P.O. Box 2326
South Padre Island, Texas 78597
512/943-3632

"ENEMA NIGHT" TOGETHER WITH "ENEMA SLAVE" NOW IN VIDEO



VHS VIDEO Tape.....\$64.95

Shipping and Handling....\$ 2.50

California Residents add 6 1/2 % Tax

Catalogue \$3.00

Now Available from:

J.B.'s Supply, Ltd.

P.O. Box 85667

Los Angeles, California 90072

Age and signature required!



Meet your match!
In your area or when travelling.
Through the ALL NEW

NATIONAL CONTACT NETWORK®

Find the "right" lover for a nighttime or a lifetime. YOU select from thousands of bright, aware, active men and women. All 50 states, Canada and Mexico. For free info pak and application.

Call NCN now! (24 hrs.)

(212) 689-3653

Or rush coupon for free info pak!

PLEASE PRINT

NCN 175 5th Ave., Suite 3269-h
New York, N.Y. 10010

Name:

Address:

City:

Tel:

State:

Zip:

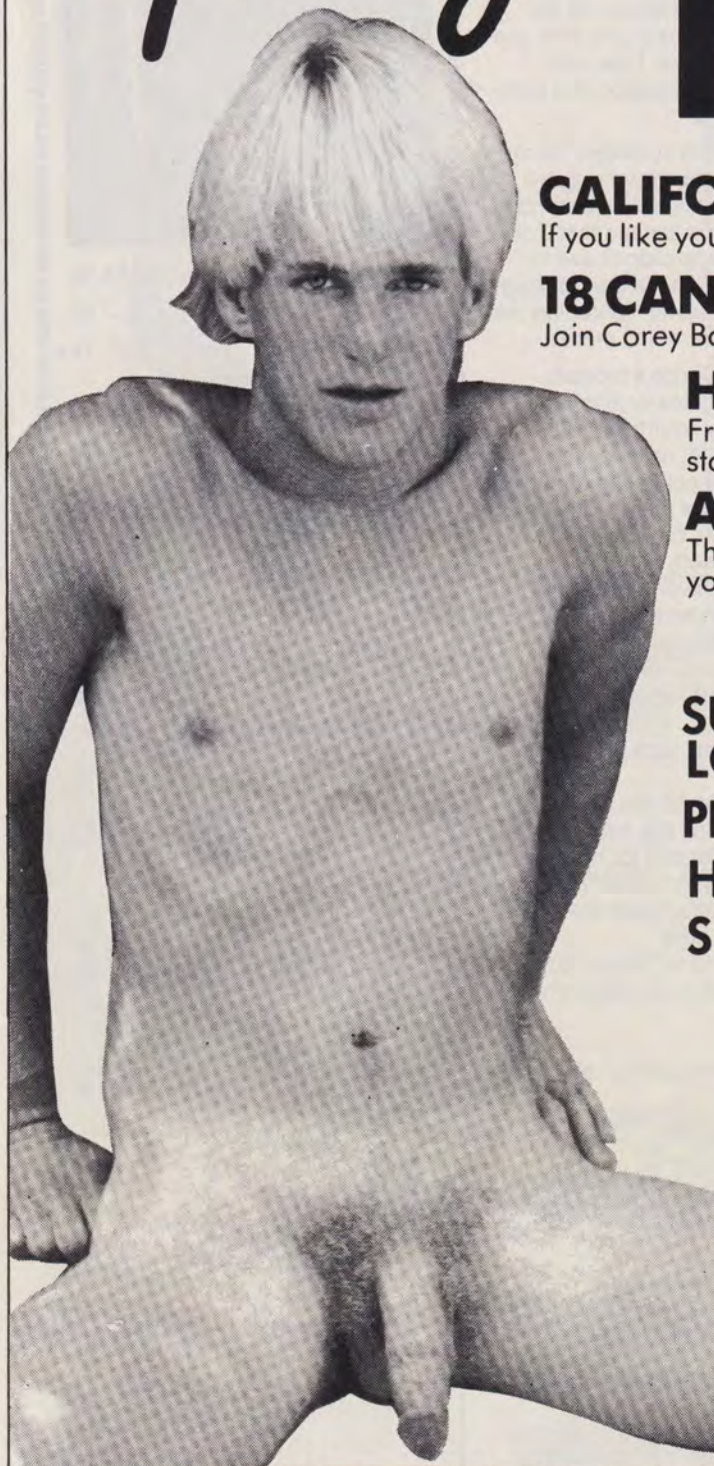
Age:

Sex:

M F

This month BIJOU VIDEO SALES offers you a collection of video featuring young looking models

Young and HUNG



CALIFORNIA HOMEGROWN

If you like your men blond, blue-eyed and by themselves.

18 CANDLES

Join Corey Baker and his friends for his 18th birthday party.

HOT ON THE TRAIL

From director Jean-Daniel Cadinot comes this story of how scouts really earn their merit badges.

ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

The latest adventure from YMAC, the leader in youth features.

Plus these other titles, all sale-priced, and all featuring young models

SUMMER DAYS, SUMMER LOVERS

PLEASURE MOUNTAIN

HOT, HIGH & HORNY

SURFER BLUE

\$59⁹⁵
each

BIJOU VIDEO SALES

THE GAY VIDEO EXPERTS

1349 N. Wells, Chgo, IL 60610

To order by mail, send cashier's check, m.o., or VISA, MasterCard or Amex number, with expiration date, along with a statement that you are over 21. Include a shipping charge (\$3 for the first tape, \$1 for each additional tape) and indicate whether you need VHS or Beta format. All sales are final.

Send \$5 for our complete catalog. Please state that you are over 21.

1-800-932-7111 In Illinois **1-800-572-2369**

FOR CHARGE ORDERS, CALL



FOOT LONG

Continued from page 60

of Ed's own body was either burning or twitching or ready to burst.

"Yeah, we gotta keep on screwing 'til it's done." Wally grasped Ed's cock in one hand and Ed's balls in the other. As he yanked the cock, he pinched the balls between his fingers. "Mustn't forget to grill the potatoes, too. Or was it cherry tomatoes? I hate to admit it, Eddie, but that was a damn clever stunt you pulled with the Super Wally. Only a college boy would have thought of using sauerkraut."

Ed couldn't believe what he was hearing. The praise cut through the pain and he met Wally's thrusts gladly. As for the mustard, if Wally could take it, so could he! He arched to meet Wally, felt their hard bodies slam together, and let loose a gush of cum that drained his balls and made the floor slippery beneath him.

"Ahhhh, good, that's the way," purred Wally, sounding as contented as if he himself had come. He hadn't; Ed could still feel Wally's cock inside him, as long and hard as ever. Wally's hips kept up a steady fucking motion as his hands milked every drop from Ed's exhausted cock.

"I hate to leave a nice warm hole," said Wally, sounding regretful. "But hot dogs are for eating, and it's about time you tasted mine. Can I trust you not to run when I untie your legs?"

There was something strange going on, Ed realized. Wally had stopped torturing him and started having a good time. His voice had taken on the warm, dreamy quality it had whenever he talked about his hot dog stand.

Wally himself saw no contradictions. He certainly wasn't a deep thinker and never analyzed his motives. When he was mad, he went and taught the little bastard a lesson. When his rage was spent, he appreciated the feel of a long hot wiener and two firm buns. Right now he wanted to feel two greedy lips sucking his dick. He hoped the college boy was as talented with his tongue as he was with his ass.

Wally waited for an answer. "I won't try to get away," Ed told him. "I wouldn't have taken this job if I wanted to leave you, you bastard."

"We'll leave your hands tied, just to make sure." Wally unbound Ed's feet and hauled him to a kneeling position. Wally's Whooper lunged at his face. It reeked of mustard and sweat. Pre-cum oozed from the tip and ran down the mustard-crusting sides.

Without hesitation, Ed gulped down

the fabulous frank. A new taste sensation! Mustard had its drawbacks when you were being fucked with it in your ass, but as sauce for a tubesteak it sure beat vaseline and baby oil! He swallowed it greedily until he had licked the cock clean. He lapped at Wally's balls until their coating of hair was as wet as sauerkraut. When the mustard was gone, he chewed lightly on Wally's cock until the boss groaned in appreciation. In some cases, Ed thought, I do like my hotdogs plain.

When Wally finally blasted down Ed's throat, it was the creamy dessert after a long, delicious meal. He gulped down every drop. It seemed to go on forever, but finally the fountain was exhausted. Wally pulled away, but Ed still couldn't take his eyes off Wally's cock. Even soft, it was one of the most impressive he had ever seen.

Silently, Wally untied Ed's hands. There was a wary look in his eye, as if he didn't know whether to laugh, cry, or say something sarcastic. It all depended on Ed's reaction, but Ed was too frightened to do anything. This could be the start of something great, thought Ed, or I could blow it all by saying something stupid. Unsure, he kept his face impassive and said nothing.

"Well, I guess you can go," said Wally at last.

100 PAGES... EXPLICIT GAY SEX in EXCITING COLOR!

\$30.-, \$35.- and \$40.-
Magazines only \$17.- each.

Action to make your Cock Ring Sizzle!



PLEASE SHIP TO ME:
ALL 100% PRIME BEEF!

- ☐...Dick Addicts
☐...Hard Fuckin' Buddies
☐...Best of Surge
☐...Here's The Beef!



- ☐.....1 for \$17.00
☐.....2 for \$33.00
☐...All 4 for \$64.00

Prices include Shipping Charges

Enclosed:

- ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ M.O.
☐ Master Card ☐ Visa

\$135.- Value for only \$64.-

from HOUSE ONE

6045 Vineland Ave., N. Hollywood, CA 91606

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

STATE..... ZIP.....

I am over 21 years of age.

Signature.....

BANK CARD NO.....

EXPIRATION DATE.....



H24

Canadians add \$2.- and Foreigns add \$3.- per Magazine. Please Note: All prices are quoted in U.S. Dollars.

Ed began gathering his clothes. He dressed quickly, and as he started to leave he looked back at his boss. Wally was sitting nude on a packing case, face expressionless. His shoulders slumped as though in defeat.

Ed walked back and took Wally in his arms. "I thought I told you I didn't want to get away," he said. He kissed him tenderly. He wasn't surprised when Wally began to respond.

Later Ed asked, "I guess things are going to be different from now on, huh?"

"Shit, no," Wally replied, with an echo of his old cruelty. "You're going to have to work a lot harder, that's all. You're going to have to move that ass like you've never moved it before. I like to get into my work, and from now on that includes getting into my employee. Got that, sucker?"

"Yes, boss," said Ed happily. ■

FOREST SERVICE

Continued from page 21

could see all of it. When he finished he turned to me. "Come on to the truck so we won't wake him up. We

can talk there."

I wasn't in the mood to "talk" or anything else with John, but I dutifully followed. My bad mood lightened a bit at the sight of his rounded ass encased in the tight ranger slacks. We climbed into the cab.

I knew the answer but asked anyway: "Are you married?"

"Yes. And two kids."

"What does she think of you up here all week?"

"I've had to do this the six years we've been married and she knows it goes with the job." Moonlight flooded the cab; the young man's bedroom blue eyes glistened.

It was cold and I began to shiver.

"I could start the engine, but it would wake our friend in there. So come here; I'll keep you warm." He said it quite matter-of-factly.

"But you said you're married. . . ."

"Doesn't matter to me. Does it matter to you?"

He pulled me tightly to him and pressed his lips against mine. Heat surged through my body.

I slipped my mouth from his and slowly lowered my head into the darkness. His long, slender cock stood at attention. My hand searched his

shorts until I found his large balls.

I lifted my head from the saliva-slick shaft and slid my lips down to the underside of his wrinkled ballbag. My mouth opened wide to let the nuts roll inside. I tugged and sucked on the bag.

My hand slipped through his pants to his back and pulled down his briefs. When I had them down far enough to bare his ass, I forced my middle finger between his cheeks. I drove the finger into his fluted ass-lips, pushing as deep as possible into the ranger's tight asshole. He groaned as I continued to finger-fuck his asshole. He pulled my mouth back down to his throbbing shaft, and I began to suck hard for this ranger's jizz.

His tight asshole sucked at my finger. It clasped shut and spread open in rhythm with my plunges and withdrawals. In no time the ranger's dick was gushing.

My mouth was filled and overflowed with hot jizz. It spilled onto his pants legs and ran down onto the truck seat. The smell of fresh cum permeated the air in the cab. I swallowed several gobs and with my free hand stripped his cock of any residual juice. Then I pulled my finger out of the ranger's

DIAL-A-LOAD PHONE FANTASY



Must Be 18 24 Hours

MasterCard VISA AMERICAN EXPRESS 1999 Carte Blanche Diners Club

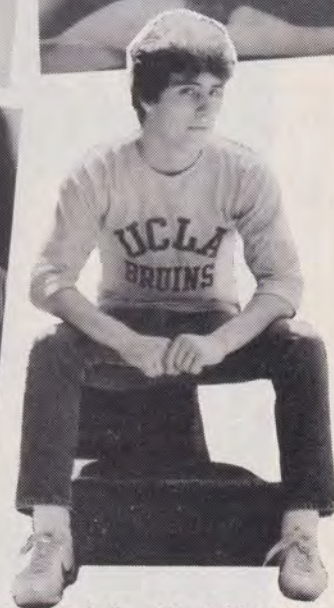
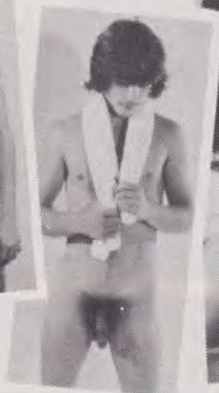
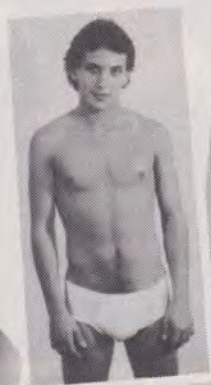
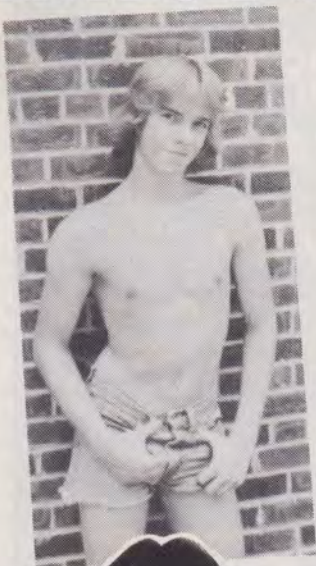
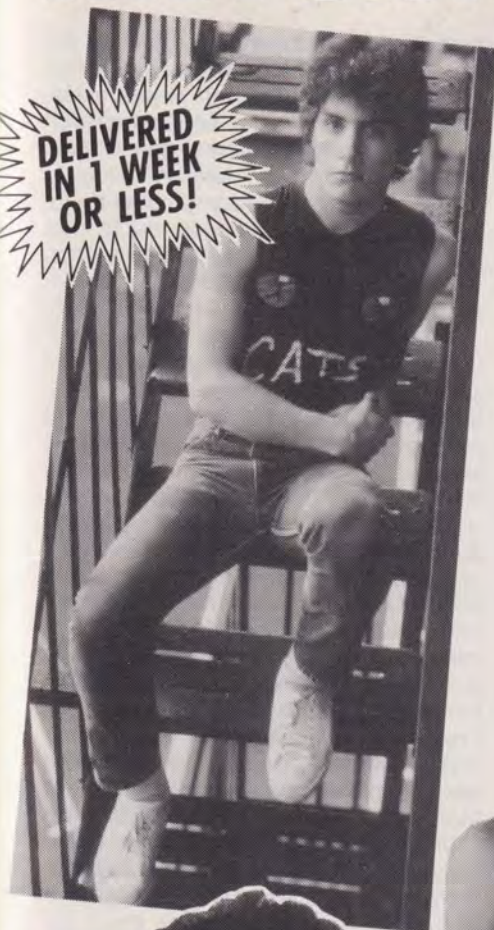
1-415-558-8448

FREE Call-Back option

THE FUNTIME! PREVIEW TAPE

**DELIVERED
IN 1 WEEK
OR LESS!**

\$29.
VHS or BETA



CUTE YOUNG GUYS!

Sample every cute young guy featured in every Funtime! video production. As they slowly take off all their clothes, you'll see in close-up every inch of their gorgeous athletic bodies, smooth tight asses, and big hard cocks. You'll also see (and hear) the best cum shots ever put on tape!

FREE WITH YOUR ORDER: The world famous Funtime! video catalog featuring over 100 pages of sexually explicit photos featuring the world's sexiest young men.

(Available separately: \$5-see order form.)

TOLL FREE
800-422-4242
NY & International
914-235-5329
Customer Service
914-235-5846
Mon.- Fri. 9-5 E.S.T.

Funtime!, 527 Main St., New Rochelle, NY 10802-1630

Rush in a plain package in one week or less **THE FUNTIME! PREVIEW TAPE** in ☐ VHS ☐ Beta plus your huge all-male video catalog. I have enclosed \$29. plus \$3. postage/packaging. If shipping to a P.O. box, enclose an additional \$3. certified fee. NY residents please add sales tax.

☐ Catalog Only - \$5. (Refundable with 1st order; no credit cards)

Payment: ☐ Cash ☐ Check (requires 15 business days) ☐ MO ☐ Visa ☐ MC ☐ AmEx

Card # _____ Exp. _____

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

SIGNATURE: _____ Date _____

I am at least 18 years of age and am not offended by this material.

DEEP IN THE HARD OF TEXAS A 24-HOUR PHONE FANTASY

(713) 526-4739

Free Long-Distance
Callbacks
New Lower Prices
Discretion Assured

VISA/MC/AMEX

**PHOTO SETS
AVAILABLE**

Call the men
of Houston



(415) 821-9952
PHONE FANTASIES

DIAL-A-DADDY

For Discipline & Training

HOT TOPS
HOT COPS
TRUCKERS
LEATHER
MUSCLEMEN
UNIFORMS
SWEAT - W/S
JOCK STRAPS
BONDAGE / S&M

AND MUCH MORE

Free Callbacks
Available
CREDIT CARDS

**MEN • MEN
& MORE MEN**

Must be over 18 yrs. old



asshole and sat back.

Squash was still snoring when we crept back into the cabin. "Squash, it's time to go home," John announced abruptly. "You don't want to spend the rest of the night here, do you?"

The old man snorted and came to. John gave him time to figure out where he was. Then he smiled and winked and he went out the door, pushing the old man ahead.

Whenever I went fishing at Big Bear Creek, I had to walk past the two small trailers which housed the Forest Service crew. It was always during the day and no one was ever there. I was tempted to peek in but never did, fearing I would be caught snooping.

About 10 one morning, after I had got back from an early trip into town, I was parking my car at the Bannions' when Marsha walked out in her coat. She said she was heading for town to do some shopping and would be back in a few hours. She asked if I wanted her to bring me anything. Marsha and I had become good friends and I was feeling more and more guilty about my feelings for her husband. "I'm fine, Marsha. But thanks."

I hadn't been back at the cabin long when I heard a vehicle coming down the road to the cabin. It was Ranger John; I hadn't seen him since the night of the dinner. I wondered how he had gotten away from the crew during the day.

When John came through the door, I saw that he was carrying a clipboard. I had forgotten about the survey.

"Where've you been for so long?"

"We're so damn busy up on the mountain that I just want to sleep when I get home at night," John replied.

"What about the daytime?"

"I'm here, aren't I? Not for long, though. I'm on my way to the Bannions, to start the survey. I'll be by tomorrow to take care of you." He winked.

How could I feel hurt when he was so damn beautiful and charming. "I'll be waiting," I said as he hurried out the door. As he passed me, he patted my ass with his hand.

I went back to getting ready for fishing. I packed a lunch, got the worms from the refrigerator, and donned my ridiculous hat with its button proclaiming "Kiss me I'm Irish." With pole in hand and my tennis shoes on, I was off.

This was a particularly sunny late April day. The snow lay in patches under the trees. Birds of all kinds were returning to the mountain, no longer

the exclusive province of the bluejays and magpies. Robin redbreast was making his first appearance. I couldn't have been happier. As I rounded the corner on my way past the clearing occupied by the rangers, I was startled to see a big green truck parked in front of one of the trailers. John had gone downhill to the Bannions, I thought. Maybe all the Forest Service trucks looked alike.

I continued on for a bit, then stopped in my tracks. I just had to see if John was home. Perhaps he was goldbricking, and perhaps, just perhaps he and I could get in a little...

My heart was pounding as I approached the trailer. I couldn't hear anything inside. I went behind and discovered a small window high up, too high for me to see through. I found a large block of wood in the wood pile and quietly placed it against the trailer.

I climbed up onto the block and looked down into the daylight-flooded trailer home. My eyes focused; my heart stopped! Two naked men on a bed—and the one on top was unmistakably my forest ranger! I pulled back, caught my breath, and thought a moment. I had to know.

I pressed my face against the glass.

I was sure they wouldn't notice me. They were much too busy. A pain knifed through me as I got a good look at the other man. He was on his stomach under John. The curly dark hair, the milky white skin—it was Pete Bannion!

Suddenly everything fitted together: Marsha off to town, John anxious to leave, anxious to do the Bannion survey today and put mine off until tomorrow...

I watched in painful fascination as John's head slowly slid down Pete's broad muscular back, his lips leaving a trail of saliva. John's head came up as he slid to the bottom of the bed, his rugged, tanned arms extending in front.

His palms firmly grasped the heavy rounded milk-white ass-cheeks of the mountain stud and pulled them far apart revealing that roseate hole, so puckered, so open, and so inviting. John's lips pursed as he stared at the puckered hole begging for violation. The young ranger bent to it, buried his face in the massive ass.

Pete moaned so loud I could hear him, his ass moving from side to side as John's tongue drove deep into it. When Pete moved his ass to the far side, I could see the forest ranger's

Montgomery Leathers



#920 RUNNER BRIEF

Illustrated 36 page Catalogue containing over 250 items: \$5.00 plus 90¢ postage. Must state legal age. Visa-Chargex-MasterCard

MONTGOMERY LEATHERS
BOX 161, AGINCOURT
ONTARIO, CANADA M1S 3B6

DIAL -

A - LOAD

(415) 558-8448

FREE CALL BACK OPTION 24 HOURS
18 OR OLDER MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

tongue deeply imbedded in the tight asshole. John's tongue sawed in and out, giving the husky mountain man intense satisfaction. Pete swayed from side to side, finally swaying over onto his back, his huge shaft now distended to its full length, capped by that enormous knob, now slathered with pre-cum.

The strong young forest ranger slurped up the juice, then sucked the dickhead into his mouth, burying his face in the heavy brush at the bottom of the shaft. He grasped Pete's heavy nuts in his hands and pumped them, priming them to deliver their heavy load.

Suddenly, Pete's back arched off the bed. He held the ranger's head steady and pumped the jizz into his mouth. John took the gushing torrent hungrily, sucking the mountain man's dick until it was sucked completely dry. Then he sat up, licked his lips to catch some sperm which had squirted onto his lower lip. He swallowed, then roughly turned Pete over on his stomach.

The naked forest ranger held his long slender cock in one hand while his other probed at the mountain man's asshole. Pete spread his legs in welcome as John guided his hard, shining shaft toward the waiting hole. The bloated dick was about to make its entrance when I turned from the window.

My legs were so unsteady I had difficulty getting down from the block, but I was as quiet as possible. I ran. It was downhill all the way and I was back at the cabin in a few minutes.

I sank into a chair at the table, put my head in my hands, and started crying. I was crushed. Those fucking bastards!

There was a knock. Oh, God, now what? The door opened and in stepped Marsha. She saw the tears streaming down my cheeks and gasped: "What's wrong? What happened? Are you all right?"

"Marsha! Yes—yes—I'm all right," I stammered. "I—I just got another rejection. I get them all the time, but it still hurts." I paused, then asked, "What's wrong with you?"

"Have you seen Pete? I thought he would be up here. Now I really am worried. His car is at home, but when I got back I couldn't find him. He never leaves without telling me."

The question hit like a bombshell. I waited a moment and then replied, "Oh, why, yes I did see Pete. You know John Browning is doing that Forest Service survey and Pete is up there at John's trailer answering questions. I was just up there a while ago

being surveyed myself."

Marsha looked instantly relieved.

"Oh, so that's where he is. I was so worried. Thanks." She turned to go.

"You should go up there, too." I took her by the arm and led her outside to the back of the cabin. "Just go across through the woods to the main road. You'll reach the Forest Service trailers in the clearing in just a few minutes. Hurry now. Pete and John will be waiting for you."

"Uh, okay. I don't know why they need me, but if you say so. Thanks. We'll come up for a visit."

The last I saw of Marsha Bannion she was headed through the trees to the main road and the Forest Service camp. She and Pete have not been back for a visit. ■

BROTHER

Continued from page 9

caressed my cock. As Henry caressed it—as his breath touched me. Sliding beneath my balls finally and finding my asshole. God, it felt good!

I was coming! With just a finger up my ass. Henry's finger. My finger. It was the same—we were the same. My body quivered as I shot. And I wanted Henry holding on to me—supporting me.

I slipped on a clean pair of shorts and padded down the hall to Henry's room. I had no reason to suspect he would be in the house, much less there—hell, I hadn't even seen him for two days! But then, I wasn't thinking. I just knew what I wanted—what I had always wanted. And had missed since we had started veering onto separate paths four years ago. Well, if I had any damn thing to say about it that was going to come to a roaring stop—now.

He wasn't in his room. I stood in the open door staring at his empty bed. It was too late. He had already escaped me. The thought staggered me and I grabbed the door jamb for support.

"Jimmy, are you all right?" I heard the words from behind me. But they seemed far away. "Jimmy?" The voice was closer. Then a hand grabbed my arm, steadying me, pulling me back to reality.

I turned and looked into my eyes, my face—and smiled. "Henry."

"Hey, James, you had me worried there for a second. You all right now?"

"Yeah." I nodded, then gulped. "We need to talk, Henry—right now."

"Is it serious, dear brother?" He searched my eyes, betraying the flippancy of his words.

"The most serious thing in my whole life, Henry."

"Then come into my parlor, said the spider to the fly." I smiled weakly and stepped into his room. He followed and shut the door behind us. "What's up?"

I turned to face him. "I don't know where to begin."

"How about from the beginning?"

"I know about you."

His lips trembled but he stood his ground. "What do you think you know, Jimmy?" His voice was hard.

"Your hustling. . . ." I held up my hand. "Let me finish. I—I found out I'm just like you that way, too." Words were tumbling out of my mouth now. "I—I want you. Damn it! I love you, Henry!"

He stood by the door, looking for all the world as if I had landed a solid one in his solar plexus. "How in the hell did you find out?" he gulped finally.

"Don't even ask." I hung my head at the memory of the afternoon—and its pleasure.

"Okay. I can imagine," he sighed. "But you—now you're like me, you say?"

"I—I did it—today. A—and I—I realized I—I wanted you—if you want me, that is. . . ."

"So, you finally sucked cock. I guess it's better late than never."

"W—what's that supposed to mean?"

"Don't you even remember, Jim?" I shook my head and he sighed. "Four years ago we were fooling around—jerking off shit. Anyway, I ended up giving you a blow job—but you wouldn't go down on me in return. Then, it was like some wall grew up between us overnight."

"Holy shit!" I slapped my forehead as it came back. Granny Jimmy screaming that God would get me if I did it—if I ever did it. Granny Jimmy scaring the shit out of me. Granny Jimmy becoming the wedge between the two of us. Protecting me.

"I—I remember now. And that's when we started drifting apart. Shit, Henry—what a fuckin' nerd I've been!"

Henry snorted. "Jimmy, you may be a nerd, but I guess it doesn't matter, 'cause I want you too—I always have." He smiled lopsidedly. "Besides, you're my fucking nerd!"

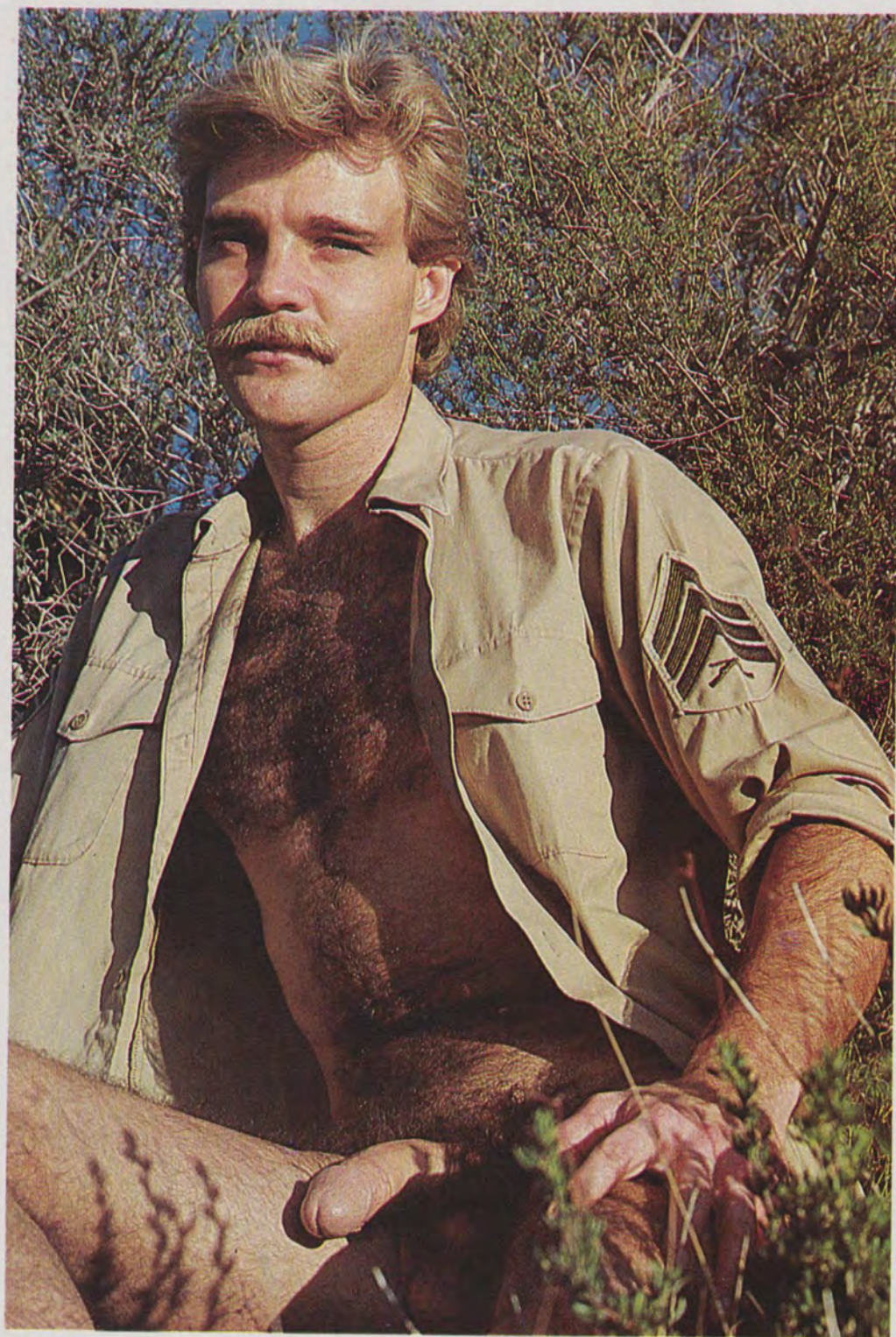
I gulped. I could feel my Adam's apple move up and down. "I guess we can stand here all night talking—or we can start making up for lost time."

Henry walked across the room and stopped in front of me. "I feel nervous as shit, Jim—like some girl on her wedding night."

"Shut up and come here," I demanded and held out my arms. His lips were on mine then. I pulled him to me and let him lead us toward his bed.

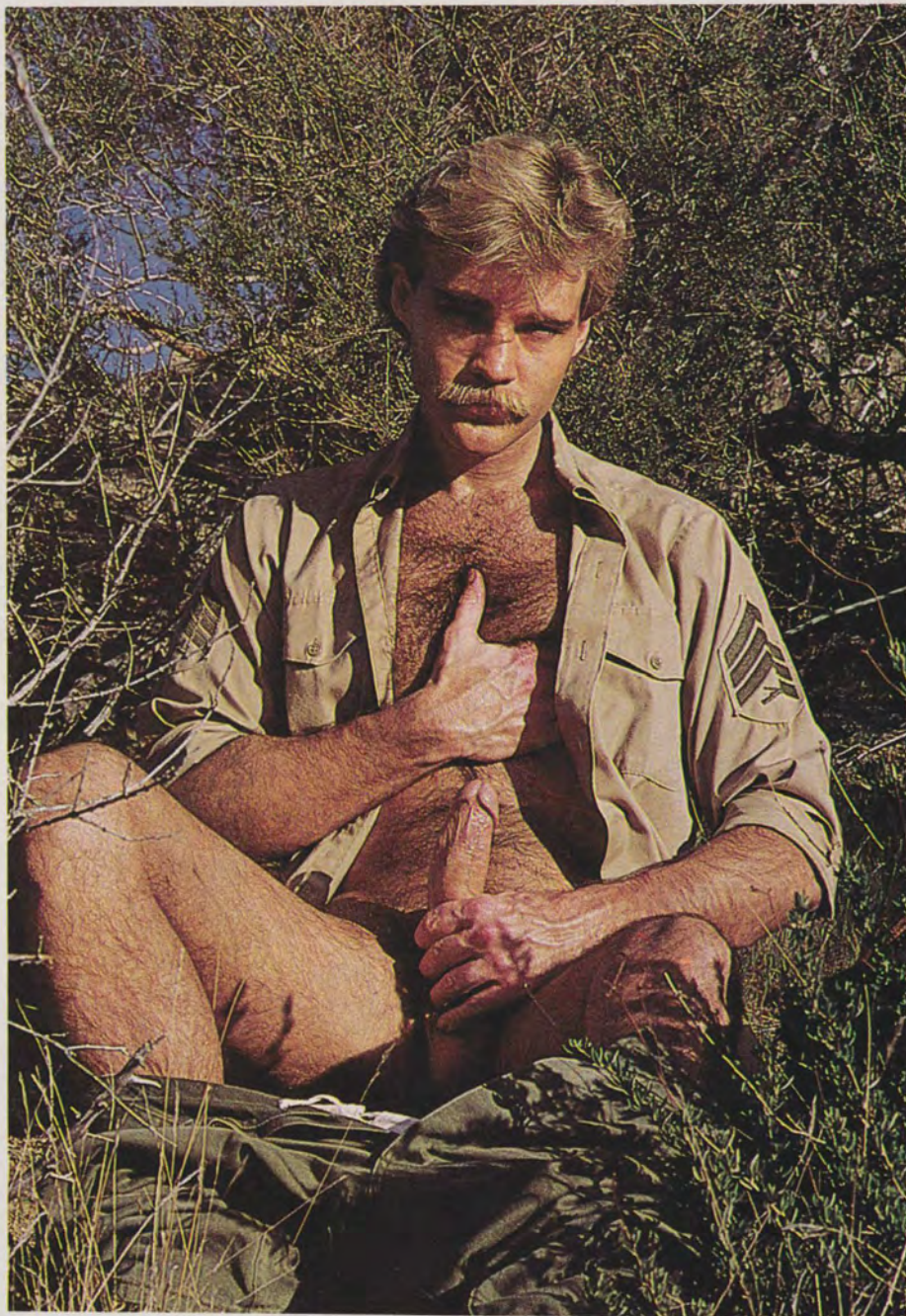
I was where I belonged. With my brother. With myself. ■

HOT FOX

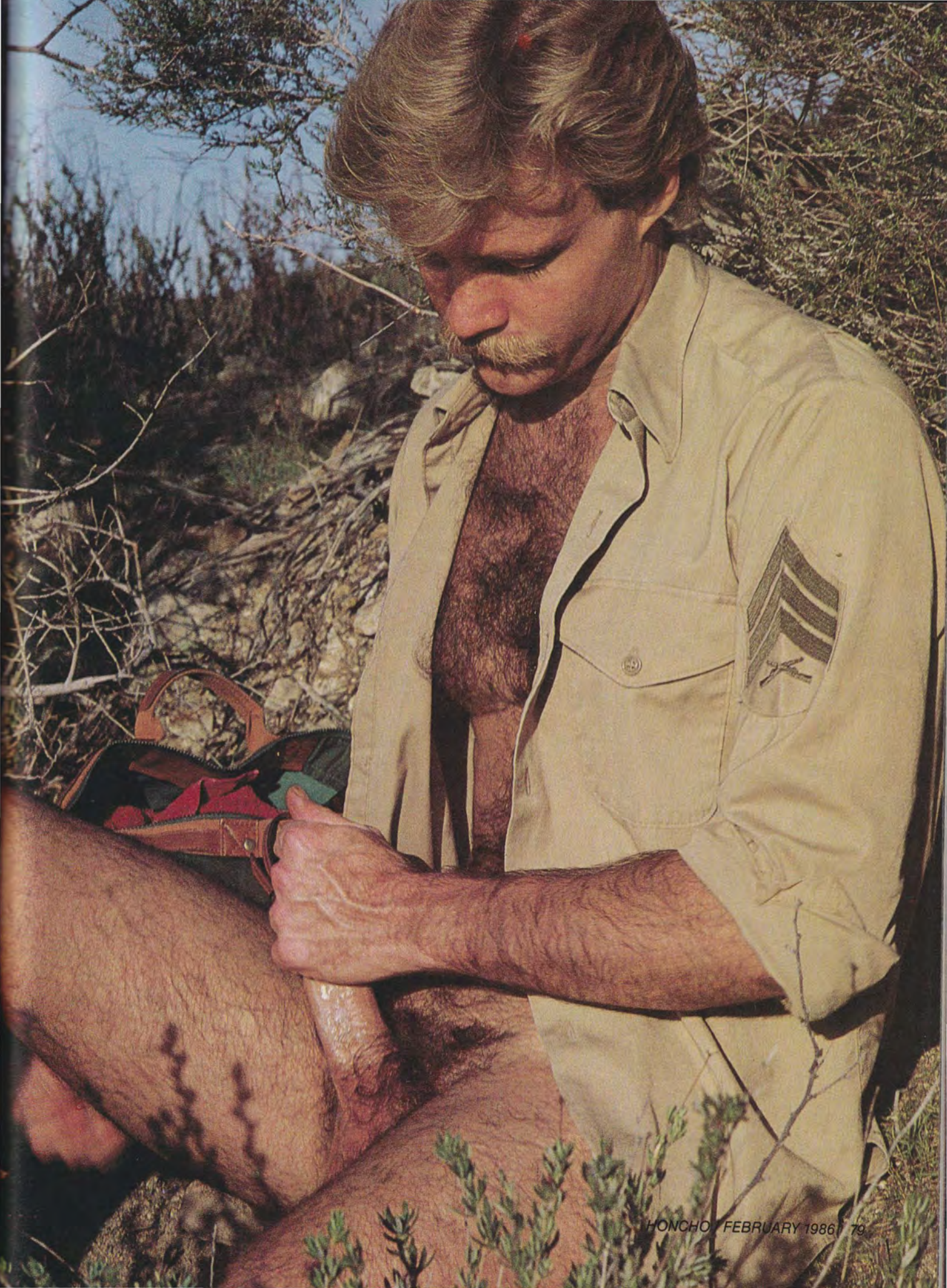


**This man is one hot little dude. Right?
Section photographed by Eagle Studio**

HOT FOX



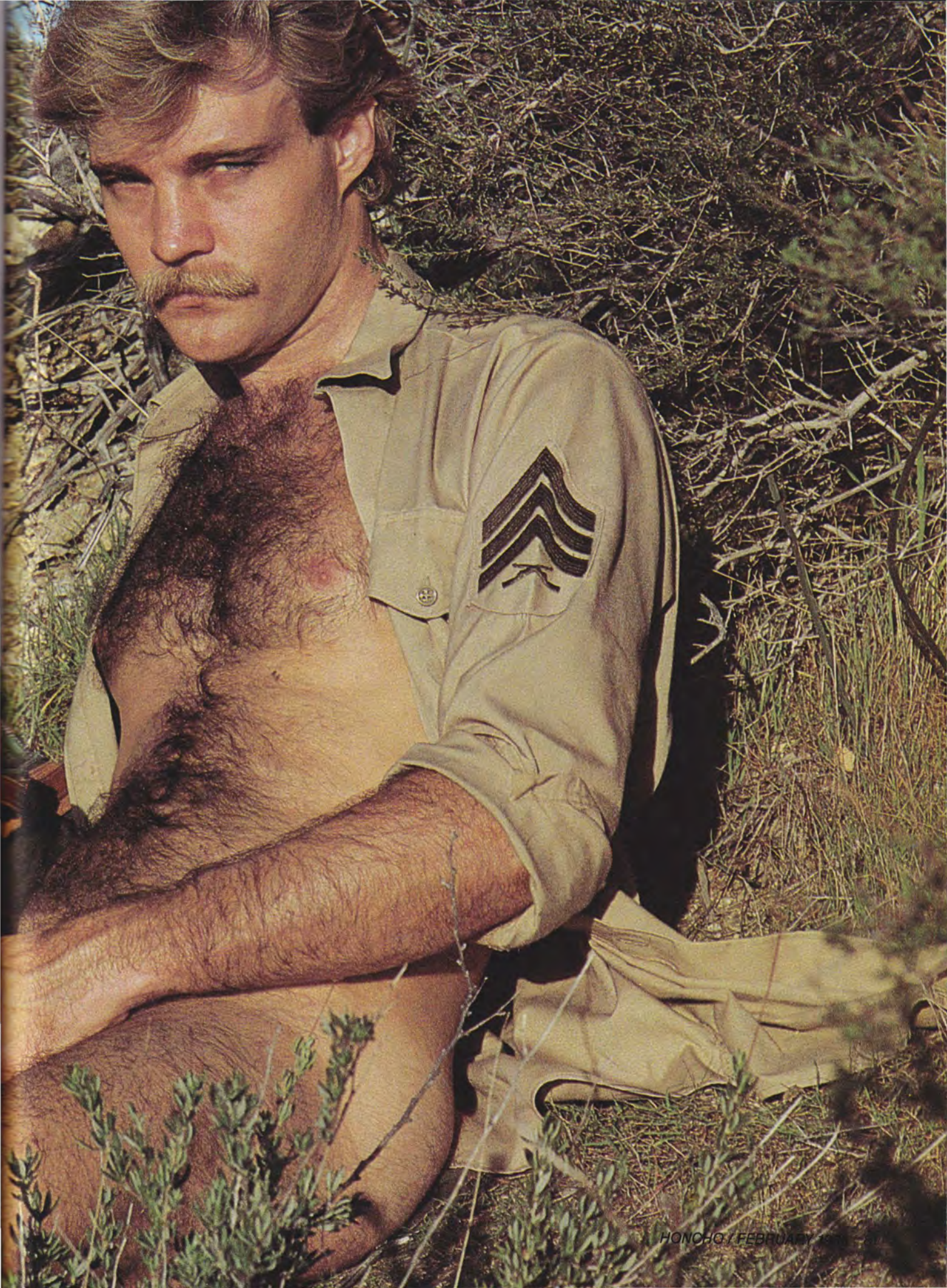
**Does a fox jack off in the woods?
Does a horny stud yearn for a hot, eager mouth
or a tight ass?**

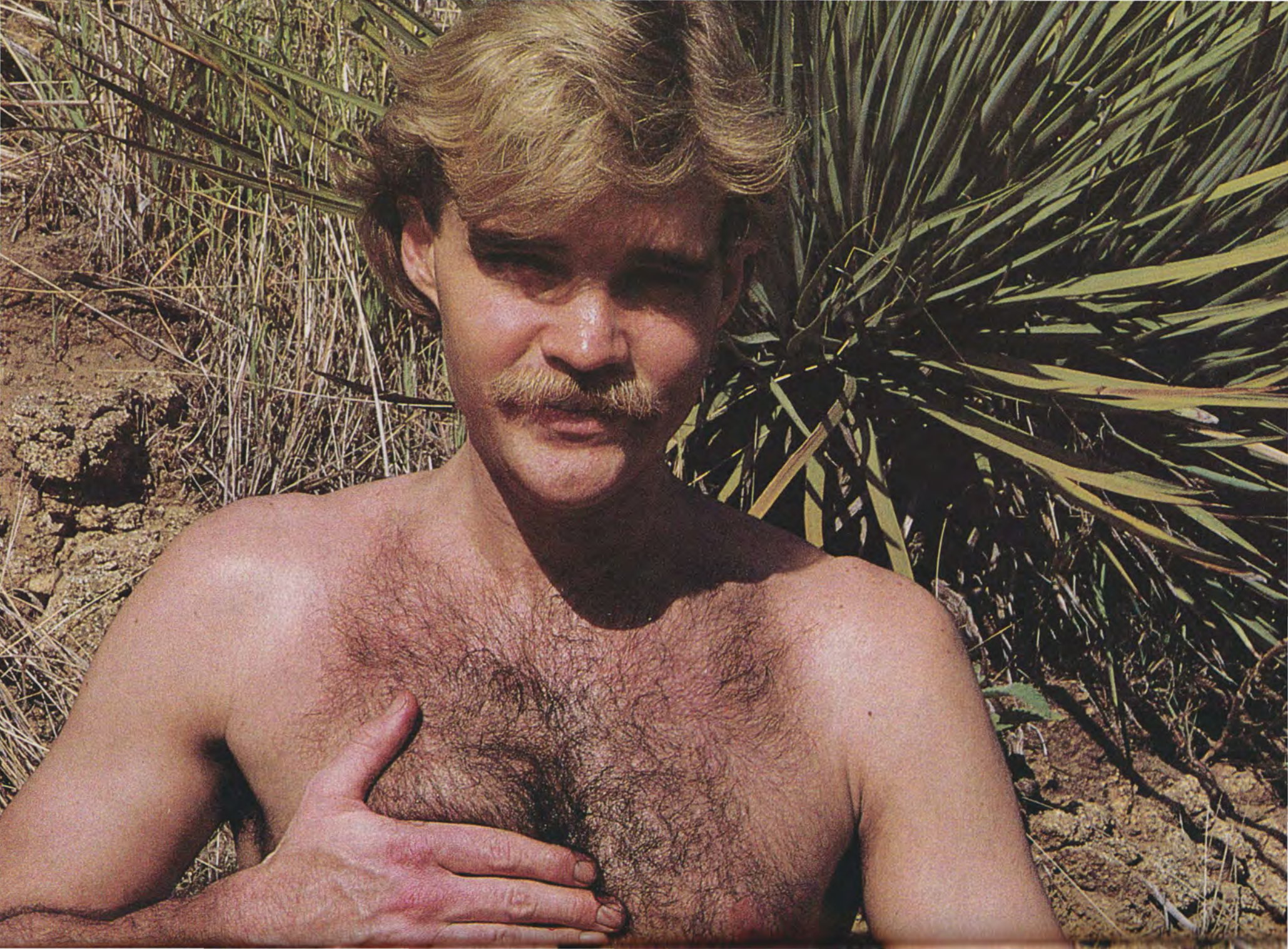




A hot fox all by himself in the wilds is a lonely creature.
But it's a different story if he can find a mate.
Any volunteers?









MAN SEARCH

HOW TO PLACE AN AD:

The cost for a HONCHO ad is 50¢ per word.

Commercial Ads (any person or business charging for services, e.g., models, masseurs, mail shops, phone sex, membership organizations with fee) add \$25.00 to the total cost of your ad.

Please allow 90 days from the first of each month for publication of your ad. Note the following schedule:

AD DEADLINE	ON SALE
11/1/85	2/1/86
12/1/85	3/1/86
1/1/86	4/1/86
2/1/86	5/1/86
3/1/86	6/1/86
4/1/86	7/1/86

All ads are listed by state, except for commercial ads, which will appear under that heading. Since HONCHO will not be involved in forwarding responses to ads, please include the complete address, including zip code, where you may receive correspondence resulting from your ad. Ads will not be printed without an address or post office box number. A telephone number may be included, but HONCHO will take no responsibility for verifying such numbers.

Enclose full payment for your ad when you submit it. Make check or money order payable to HONCHO.

HONCHO does not knowingly accept fraudulent advertising. Anyone corresponding with advertisers must comply with all local, state, and federal laws. No advertisements will be accepted from persons under 18.

☐ My ad is _____ words @ 50¢ per word

☐ Commercial—add \$25.00 per issue to total cost

DISCOUNTS: ☐ 24 issues 30%

☐ 12 issues 20%

☐ 6 issues 10%

Cost for one placement of ad \$ _____

Multiply cost × number of issues ad runs = \$ _____

Start my ad with the on sale date of _____ (see schedule above).

Enclosed \$ _____ for HONCHO CLASSIFIED (make check out to same and mail to: 155 6th Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10013.

Any questions write or call the Advertising Dept. (212) 691-7700

PRINT CLEARLY all information and sign below.

With my signature I declare that I am over 18 years of age and that the information in my ad is true and correct. I am aware that no proofs of my ad will be submitted to me for my approval and I waive all claims regarding accuracy of reproduction due to mistakes or technical failure. I understand that HONCHO is in no way responsible for any contacts or transactions that occur as a result of placing this ad.

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

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.

HOT & HORNY COWBOY

Masculine GWM, 20, 6', 180 lbs., with 8 juicy inches seeks correspondence with other REAL MEN. Nude photo & letter gets mine. Rick, Box 32452, Tucson, AZ 85751.

ALABAMA

ATHLETIC, HOT STUD

Looking for sexy, exciting correspondence with possible meeting. Your nude photo and letter gets mine. Occupant, 1508 So. 33rd St., Apt. L, Birmingham, AL 35205.

CALIFORNIA

DEEP THROAT WANTS YOU

W/M, 27, 5'10", 150, brn, blue, F/A-P, G/P, attractive seeks man 18/37 who are hung 8 1/2" or bigger. Small cocks are a turn off. I'd love to go all the way down your shaft to your balls (even your 13" John Holmes). No wierdos, fats, or phone sex calls. If interested write c/o PO Box 71347, Los Angeles, CA 90071 or call 213/385-2426. P.S. Correspondence from any state or country welcome.

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 and brown. Military school & war college graduate. No family, no mail, career gone. 8 1/2 years prison. Please write. Richard Joe Kidd B.G.Ret.M.C., Box 2000-B72191C, Vacaville, CA 95696.

TWO VERSATILE EAST BAY

w/Buddies, 35/40 looking for 3rd. We're into leather, boots, uniforms, toys, tits, balls, bondage, D/S, creative safe-sex. Want to play? Tell us about yourself, your fantasies. 484 Lakepark #190, Oakland, CA 94670.

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/W/M, 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, 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.

BREVARD GWM COUPLE

Seeks other couples for new friendships, sharing activities, entertaining, talking and visiting. Let's meet! P&R, Box 503, Sharpes, FL 32959-503.

SINCERE YOUNG ENDOWED "STUD"

SEEKS ENDOWED "DADDY"

Much to share. Please send photo, nude preferably. Yours gets mine, you won't be disappointed! 1661 Poinsettia Dr., Fort Lauderdale, FL 33305 Resident

DAYTONA-ORLANDO AREA

34, 6' 7", WM, Likes to get it on with hot studs who read HONCHO. Am versatile and appreciate same. Photo, phone preferred. T-ROOM, PO Box 5223-A, Orlando, FL 32805.

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.

BALL WORSHIPPERS WANTED!

GWM 6'9" 245 Br and Br, 11 long inches of sac and nuts for you to play with. For fun and games. (Can you master them and me) I love outdoor fun and games. Mark E. Cole, 10740 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami, FL 33168

SOLID EX-MARINE,

23, Blond and Blue with Five-Star Fuckrod desires Man to Man correspondence and photo swap with Sailing Men/Soldiers/Outdoorsmen (18-30). Discretion assured—Ian Dressler, Box 1601, Longwood, FL 32750

GEORGIA

HAIRY FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Seeking pilots, F/A's, ramp or ground crew—Coast to Coast. I'm handsome, 6', 170, 30, W/M. Ready to overnight and travel. Photo gets mine. Box 20315, Atlanta, GA 30325.

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

LONELY, Y/W/M

Seeking relationship with caring person. Very talented in many ways, would like to meet responsible male over 25 yrs, good personality and want to have a good time. I like some sports, music, movies, dancing, quiet times

and cooking because I own my own restaurant. Write to P.O. Box 83, DeKalb, IL 60115, send name and address and I'll write back. Not into B&D, S&M, or sickos.

INDIANA

FOR BLACK MEN ONLY!

Feminine W/M seeks you. T.L. Pease, Box 32 LSH, Logansport, IN 46947.

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.

KENTUCKY

GWM, 5' 9", 185, 21.

Needs Daddy, friends, companions. Box 299, Burgin, KY 40310.

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.

AN INTER-RACIAL AFFAIR

I'm a Black Gay. Want to meet a nice sexy white guy. If you are 8 in size or more, we could have a for real relationship. Send photo, not necessary, but I would like very much a reply. Melvin Pratt, 1417 Houston St., Leesville, LA 71446.

MICHIGAN

WM, 39, MARRIED, MASCULINE,

Congenial, Discreet For Fun/Friendship. P.O. Box 91, Muskegon, MI 49443

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.

MISSOURI

BODYBUILDER

Masculine GWM, 5' 10", 195 lbs. Attractive, seeks same, Ages 20-35 (sexy), for prolonged cock play, etc. with yours and mine. Personal and sexy data and photos gets reply. PO Box 40305, Kansas City, MO 64141.

NEBRASKA

GWM-SUBMISSIVE-BOTTOM

Medium build, 35, 5'2½", 135 lbs., straight acting. Seeks dominant, muscular, horny, cut hunks with hairy chests in need of oral stimulation. Hot mouth and ass needs your big thick tool. Truckers Welcome. Discretion a must. No Fats, Fems, Blacks. P.O. Box 31415, Omaha, NE 68131.

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 5'7" 145

Brn blue seeks masc. gays for friends, good times. Pen pals P.O. Box 7224, Rochelle Park, NJ 07662.

GWM 38, 5'9"

Brn/Brn, 165. Versatile, Friendly, Fr/Act/Pass. Seeks Masc. Gay/Bis For Good Times. Bob, P.O. Box 1245, Union, N.J. 07083

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.

NEW YORK

HORNY 19 YR OLD VIRGIN

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.

HISPANIC OR ARAB MASTER WANTED

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

HOT COLLEGE FRESHMAN

Attractive, gentle, sincere. Live next to Fingerlakes Mall. Seeks men up to 35 for friends, good times, sex. Possible relationship. Box 238 Fosterville Road, Auburn, NY 13021.

SWEATY HORNY JOCKS

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

BIG HOT JOCKS WANTED

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

TWO YNG GUYS

Seek yng well defined Body Builders. Tony (718) 762-2544; Box 1026, Woodside, NY 11377-1026.

BUTCH LITTLE HUMP

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

NORTH CAROLINA

W/M, 34, 6'2", 175

If you're looking through these ads, you must be hot and lonely; me too. Respond; we might both be pleasantly surprised. Masculine only. PO Box 1719, Jacksonville, NC 28541

OHIO

GWM, 19, 5'9", 155

Br/Blu, college jock inexperienced, but eager to learn everything. Anxious to meet you soon! Worldwide Correspondence, too. All letters answered. Write: Terry Love, 11650 W. US Rt. 224, Alvada, OH 44802

OREGON

35 YR OLD DAD,

Needs son 20 or younger. Good looking and very hairy. Photo and phone gets mine. L.B., 1451 Salishan S.E., Salem, OR 97302

PENNSYLVANIA

YNG, BLOND SLAVE

Seeks Yng Levi/top (18-30), gdlkng, smooth bod & well hung. Me: 6'4", 128 lbs., thick 8 1/2" cut, hot, tight ass. Seek blonds, long hairs, cowboys, military types and jocks. Dig B/D, W/S, CBT/T, fucking, sucking, fisting, rimming, feet, dildoes, verbal abuse, humiliation, toys, showing, oiltrips, smoke, amyl/ethyl, "fun drugs," 3-ways. Send photo/phone to Bryan, 181 S. 17th St., Pgh, PA 15203, or call (412) 683-7384 wknds. Sincere only.

FRIENDS & LOVERS

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

WHITE MALE, 25,

Blond hair, blue eyes, seeks relationship, to be taken seriously and understood. Will answer all. To: Mitchell Miller Brown, 61 Golden Drive, Meadville, PA 16335.

BGM 25, 5' 10", 137 LBS.

Seeks WGM 20-30 in Loyalsack for long term serious relationship. Business mind, honest, mature, tall, slim, masculine build, straight appearance, hung one lover man. Only serious need reply. Photo, phone. 717-323-1599.

NORTHWESTERN PA,

Or Western NY. Bi, 128, 5'6" White, Good build, Athletic, 42. Write and include photo. Jack Anderson, Box 982, Ellicottville, NY 14731

HARRISBURG AREA

GWM, 22, blond, blue, 5'3", 170 lbs. Handsome, good personality, sincere, straight looking/acting. Seeking same to 30 for friendship and possible relationships. Please include photo. Write to Ernie, PO Box 6, Millersburg, PA 17061

SOUTH CAROLINA

WM SEEKS MEN

and bodybuilders for correspondence and possible meeting. Send letter and photo to PO Box 6684, Columbia, SC 29260

TEXAS

NEED FT HOOD AREA DADDY

G/Mex/26 yrs/Bl hair/Br eyes/6 inch uncut cock/130 lbs. Need Ft Hood area Daddy to service and worship his manly body. For hot manly cuddle and horny sex. Like all types of music, jogging, dancing, movies, quiet times. I don't smoke or do any heavy drinking. No SM/BD, Fats, Fems, Scat, Pain, Blacks, Mex, Orient, Just horny hot manly men who wants daddy's little man to service him. Write Bobby Garcia, 204 Allen St, Coppers Cove, TX 76522 (817) 547-8064.

FOR EXPERTS ONLY

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

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

TEXAS MAVERICK NEEDS TAMIN'

Like my sex hot and rough. Afterwards cold beer, hot shower, warm sleep if you're man enough. 5710 Glenmount, Apartment 104, Houston, TX 77081 713-668-9912 "JAKE"

WISCONSIN

GWM 26, 6' 195 lbs.

Well hung but inexperienced seeks blond WM for mutual enjoyment, into sucking and being sucked. Your photo gets mine. Scotty, Box 11344, Shorewood, WI 53211

HAIRY, HORNY, GWM 32

Seeks bareassed buddies 18-42 for naked fun, outdoor sex. Your hard-on photo gets mine. PO Box 1085, Madison, WI 53701.

INTERNATIONAL

NEW IN VANCOUVER

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

WM 50 GREAT SHAPE/LOOKS

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

NEW IN CALGARY

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

SEASON'S GREETINGS

I want to wish the Greek Action Studs and lonely people a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year. And I want to thank all the guys that replied to my ad last Xmas. It was quite a surprise for me. I didn't expect to hear from anyone. Bernard MacPherson, 432 Jarvis St, Apt. 603, Toronto, ONT M4Y 2H3

GERMANY

Blond, sensuous stud 27/6'/130 looking for exciting, amusing correspondence and lustful meetings. Box 1726, 4620 Castrop-Rauxel, W. Germany.

HAIRY FLIGHT ATTENDANT

See "GEORGIA".

37, CHINESE,

5'9" tall, black hair, brown eyes, with 7" cut horny tool, want to write and meet sincere guys with hairy body or with moustache for serious relationship 30-60. I love swimming, boating, fishing, horse-riding, sun-bathing, cooking, travel, gardening and photography. I'm slim and hairless, and active. Jose Po Tan, PO Box 764, Cebu City 6401, Philippines.

GWM 30'S

Seeks friends, playmates for good times. Please enclose a photo for faster reply. #1208-610-4 Ave SW, Calgary, Alberta T2P 0K1, Canada.

INTERNATIONAL/GERMANY

Handsome German, tall, 1.86m, cut 7', looking for straight men age about 35-40, for contact and correspondence: H. Weyand, Gartenstr. 6, 5480 Remagen, W. Germany.

WOULD LIKE DUTCH,

England, Sweden gay 19-32. My age 35. Very straight acting and good job. Would help with schooling. Will answer letters with nude photo and address. S.S., PO Box 61, Crooksville, OH 43731. 614/697-7329 10 pm to 8 am.

COMMERCIAL

HORNY TOAD

Smelly, sweaty, piss stained, cum streaked used jock w J/O letter & picture of wearer just \$15. Hot cassettes, "Piss," "Dirty Jokes," "Master's Orders," "The Cop Calls." \$10 each. Videos too! SIR, PO Box 14425, SF, CA 94114.

TELEPHONE PROBLEMS

Long distance telephone-atics costing you a bundle? End it permanently with one last call. Bill (409) 696-2583.

PHONE FANTASY!

Call a hot young stud at (415) 976-5959, only \$1.50 per call plus toll, must be over 18, California residents only.

OVER 100 RESTAURANTS

and bars for sale in the Greater New York area and U.S. Virgin Islands. DWYER BUSINESS SALES, INC., 128 Court Street, White Plains, New York. (914) 997-2534.

PUERTO RICAN STUD HOUSE

Of young macho chicos offers unique Salsa Latina nude erotic photo sampler. \$12.00 prepaid to over 21. From: Boyeros, PO Box 958, Dorado, Puerto Rico 00646.

NICK'S PHONE SEX

Ex-hustler sells it over the phone. Hot, hung, musc. & shoots big loads. Get on your knees and start dialing. MC-VISA (212) 691-3850.

SELECT-A-STUD

Personal encounters, photos, phone fantasies. Credit cards accepted. Worldwide service. Also hiring. 813-823-5629 anytime.

DICK AND MORE!

Big, sizzling-hot, uncensored national cock-adlists. Nude/erotic infopixpak \$3.00: AD-MEN, 59 West 10th, NYC 10011.

REAR FRENCHMEN OF AMERICA

6th year of the club for healthy men into giving/receiving rear French. Info, \$2. Box 623-RFH, New York, NY 10013.

HANDYMAN: THE J/O CLUB

For men seeking a safe sex alternative. You can hold your own or lend a hand (or both!). Info \$2. AAM, PO Box 623-H, New York, NY 10013.

PISS SOMEONE OFF! (OR GET A FLOW JOB!)

Rainmakers: the complete water sports club for men into golden showers and/or enemas. Info \$2: Box 623-RMH, New York, NY 10013.

LIKE TO FUCK? (OR GET FUCKED?)

American-Greek Alliances: 4th year of the club which gets Greek actives into Greek passives!! Info. \$2, Box 623-AGH, New York, NY 10013

GET INTO SOMEONE'S SHORTS

Undercoverman: the jockey shorts, jockstrap, all-underwear fetish club for men. Info \$2: Box 623-UCH, New York, NY 10013.

BLOW SOMEONE'S SOCKS OFF!

Footman: 6th sensational year of the world's longest running boot, shoe, socks, sneakers and bare feet club! Info \$2: Box 623, FMH, New York, NY 10013.

BEST AND MOST DISCREET LIST

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

BUILD UP YOUR IMMUNE SYSTEM AND STOP WORRYING ABOUT AIDS

Safe, natural proven methods also improve sexual energy and help you feel better and stay young longer. Interesting, fact-filled book. \$6.00 PPD. Cash, Check or M.O. CAMC ASSOCIATES, 12731 Research Blvd. Suite A-101-13, Austin, TX 78759.

"COLLEGE JOCK" IN MANHATTAN!

New York's hottest model/escort for your pleasure. 6'2", smooth chest, 9" thick, discreet & friendly. Midtown location. Robert (212) 734-4185.

NICK'S PHONE SEX

Ex-hustler sells it over the phone. Hot, hung, musc. & shoots big loads. Get on your knees and start dialing. MC-VISA (212) 645-5043.

ORGANIZATIONS

HOTTEST J/O WORKOUT GROUP

Apply Box 303, Dallas, TX 75221.

BEAT YOUR MEAT

With NY's Hottest Horniest Dudes! Weekly J/O Group in Manhattan and nationwide Phonesex club. Box D-34, 496 Hudson Street, NY, NY 10014; 1-212-420-9118 or 1-718-225-1943.

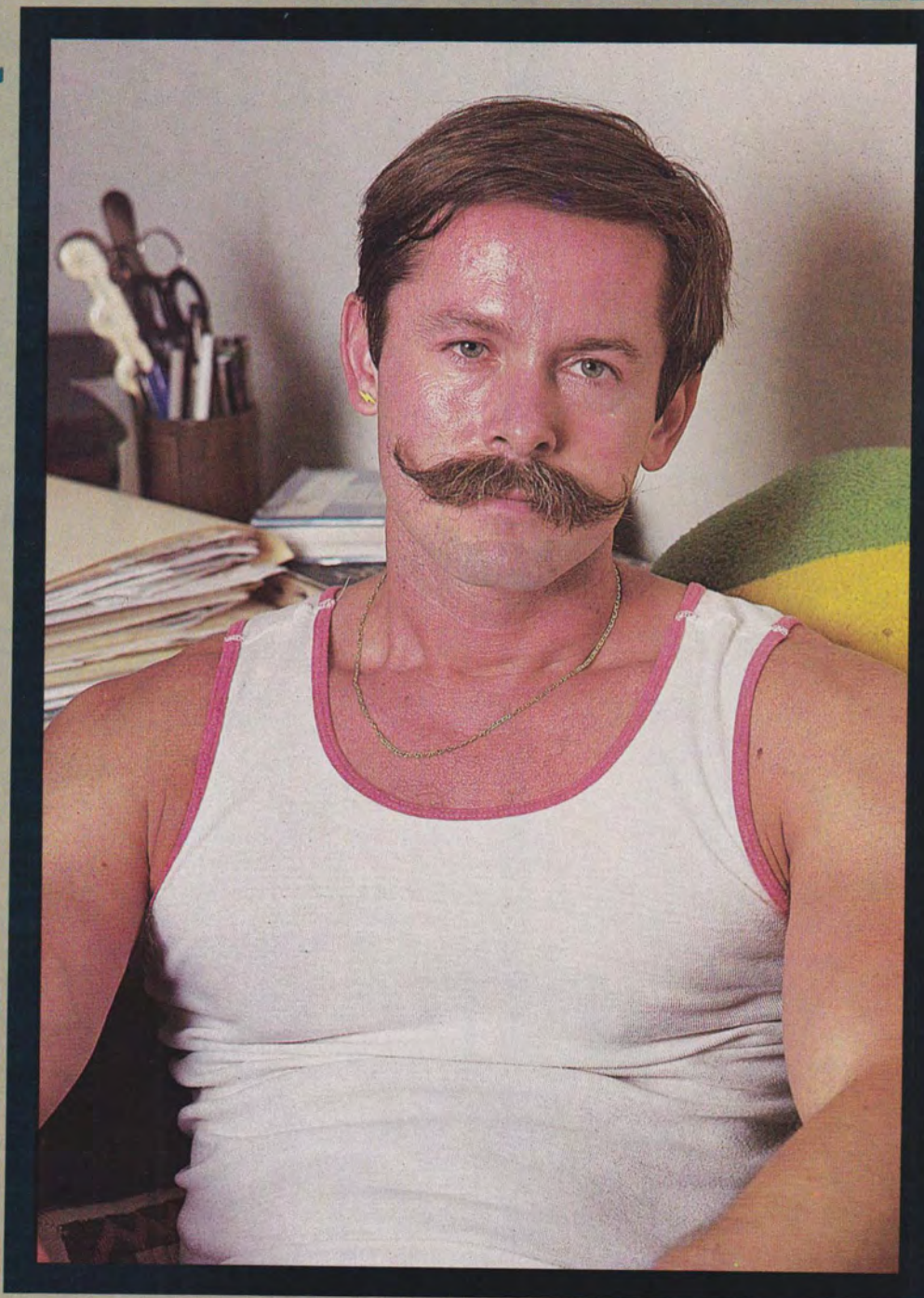
PHONESEX

Get off over the phone—call NOW—(313) 239-0940. Become a member and receive Free Phone Calls! 10pm-3am MC/VISA.

FIRE ISLAND S/M CAMP

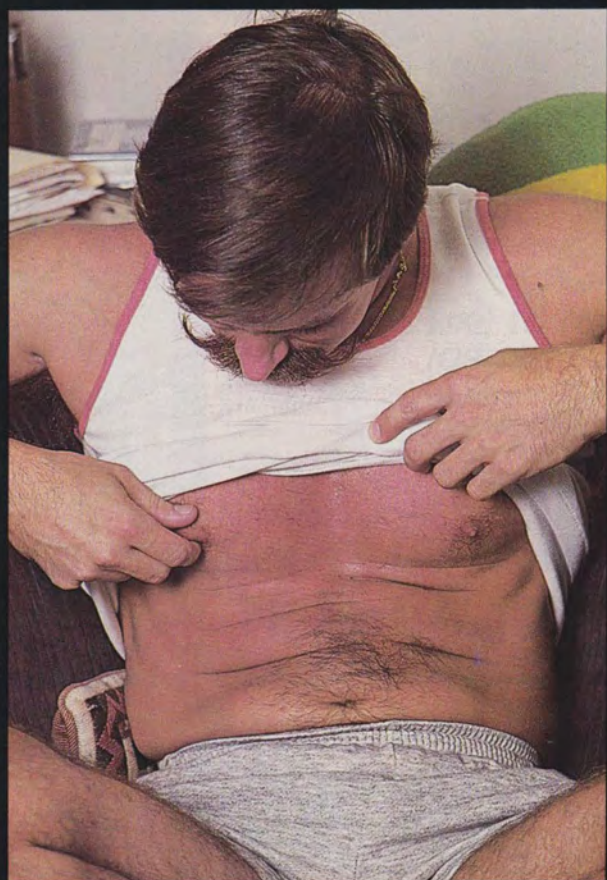
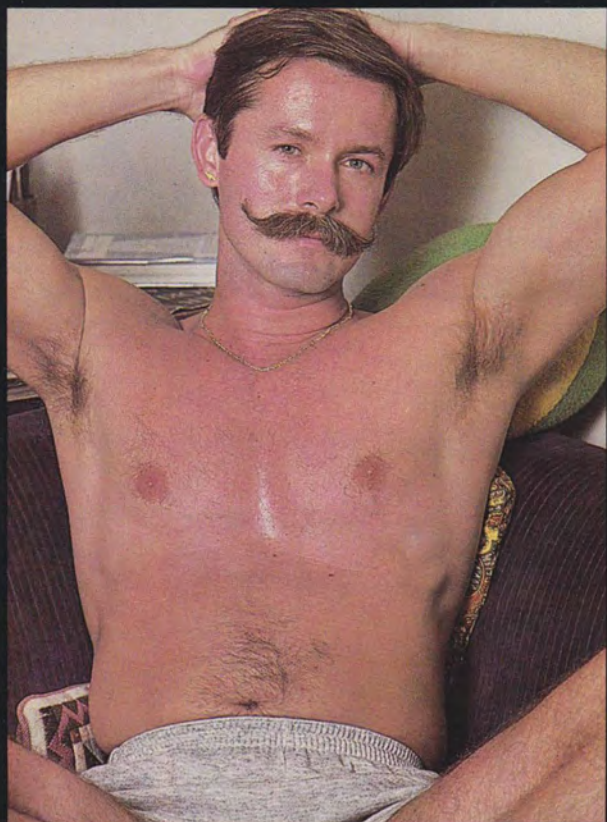
Come learn or expand with Interchain. Daddy/Top interested masters also may apply. A weekend or a week. Box 3024, GCS, NYC 10163.

HANDLEBAR



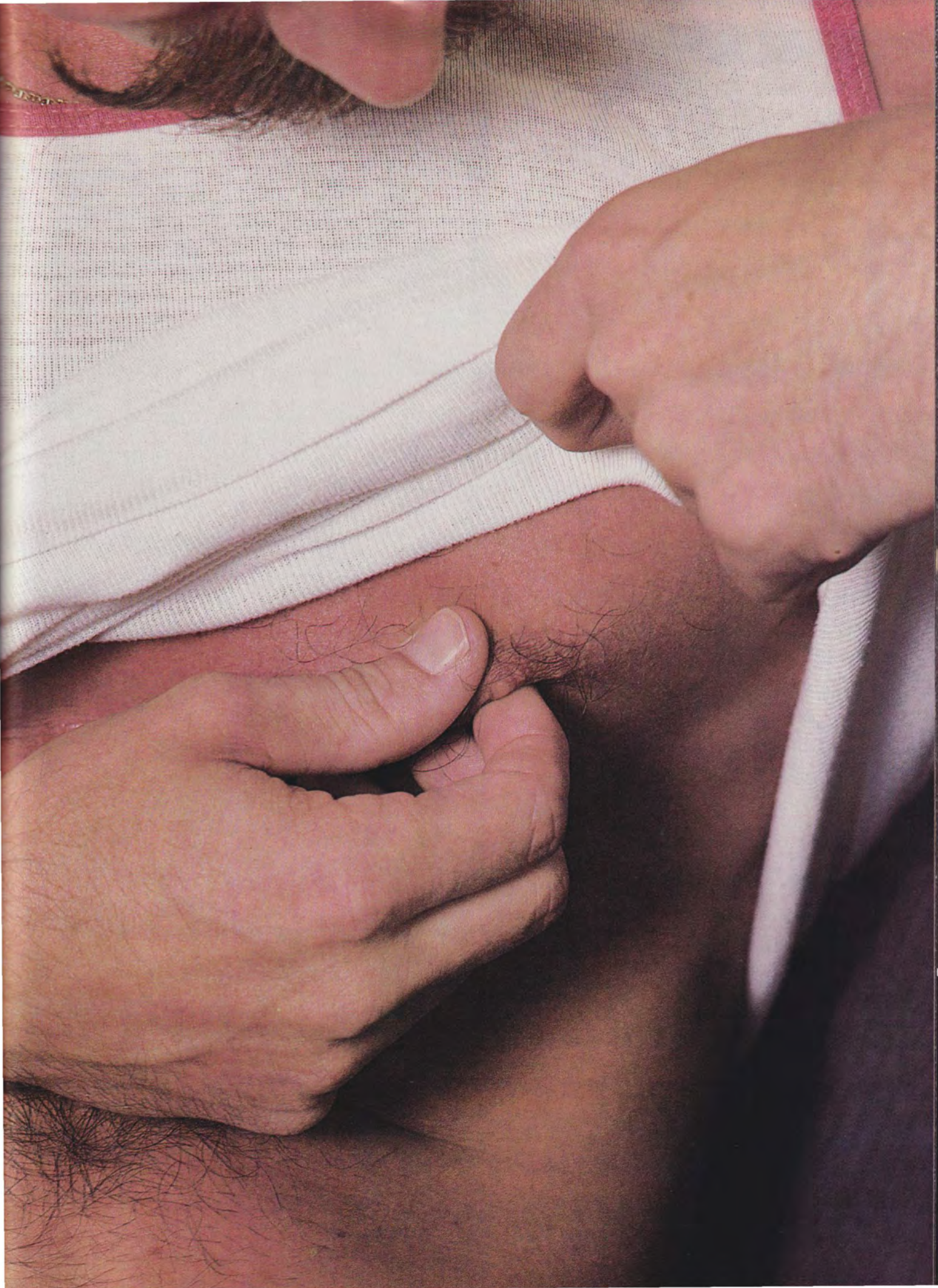
His handlebar moustache makes him look like an old fashioned guy.

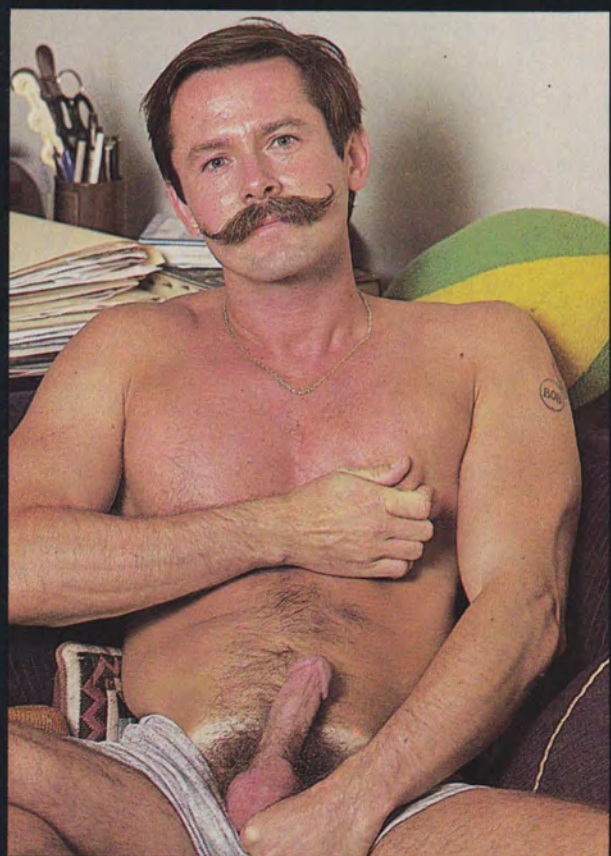
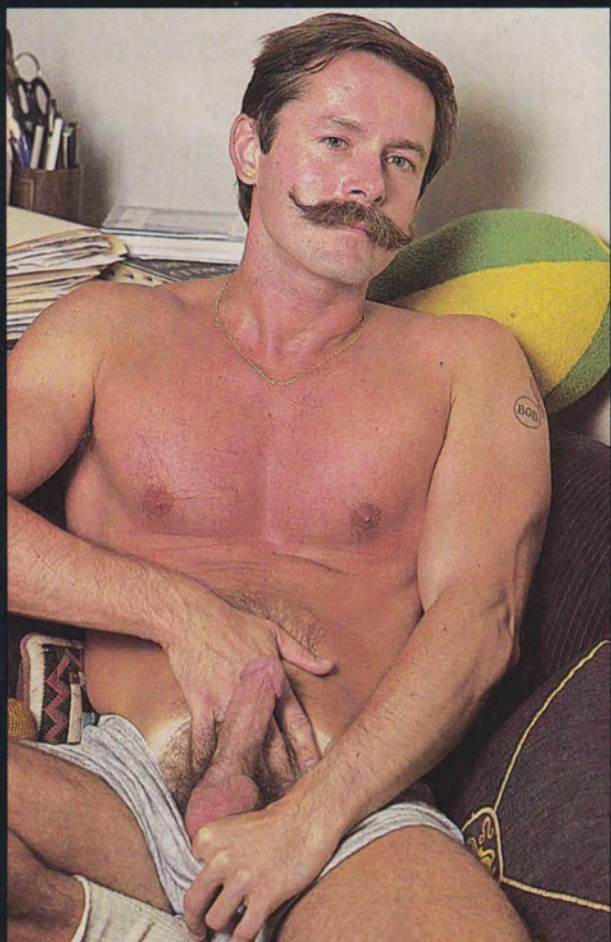
Section photographed by Alfredo



HANDLEBAR

Looks can be deceptive; although he seems to be an old fashioned guy, he has some fun-loving ideas that are strictly up to date.





HANDLEBAR

He knows more about erogenous
zones than grandpa ever suspected.



BCR 8800

IF YOU ARE SERIOUS ABOUT COCK ENLARGEMENT

Rick "Humungous" Donovan says: "Turn on the power and feel your cock grow! Call now for \$5 worth of facts. BCR 8800 is fully guaranteed."

A SYSTEM THAT WORKS
FOR ENLARGING YOUR

COCK

BALLS

NIPPLES



MODEL: RICK DONOVAN

Detailed 21 page brochure only \$5
Refundable if machine is purchased.



ORDER TODAY BY CREDIT CARD (VISA or MASTERCARD)

(314) 727-1654

or Write: **BCR SYSTEMS** Dept. H
512 S. Hanley, Suite 2, St. Louis, MO 63105

PLEASURE YOURSELF NO NONSENSE SEXUAL AIDS

*Treat yourself to
the fulfillment you deserve!*

PARTIAL PRODUCT LIST

• Aphrodisiacs • Knock-Out Drops •
Spanish Fly Pills • Erection Creams and
Sprays • Butt Plugs • Life-like Male In-
flatable Dolls • Standard Vibrators • Electric
Vibrators • Love Kits (Foreign and Domes-
tic) • French Ticklers • Condoms • Yohimbe
• Lures • Sexy Cosmetics • Penis Exten-
sions • Squirmys • Pumps • Orgasmilator •
Lubricants • Pheromone Plus • Intimate
Lingerie (For Men and Women) • And More
... Much, More!

IF YOU CAN'T IMAGINE IT, WE'VE GOT IT!

*All products shipped rapidly and discreetly
Our names are never sold!*

Color Catalog of Products \$2
Color Catalog of Intimate Lingerie \$2
Both Catalogs \$3
(Catalog prices apply to first order)

Mail to: Inside Stretch
13624 Sherman Way #475H
Van Nuys, CA 91405

SPANKING!



For the ULTIMATE IN
QUALITY SPANKOGRAPHY
VIDEOS and PHOTOS

Punks, Surfers, Incorrigibles, Brothers, Sons,
Nephews, Preppies, Students, and MORE!!!

Plus, HOT BOTTOMS!

A Bi-Monthly Spanking Magazine filled with
Hot Spanking Stories and Personal Ads

INTENSE, SIZZLING
VIDEO/PHOTO BROCHURE \$1.00
HOT BOTTOMS! Sample Copy \$4.00
TOY and PADDLE BROCHURE \$1.00

SEND TO:

CONTROL-T STUDIO
13624 Sherman Way #475H
Van Nuys, CA 91405 USA

STATE OVER 21. OFFER VOID IN TENN.
Not affiliated with any other company, past or present.

HEAD QUARTERS

WHERE FANTASIES COME ALIVE!



A 24 HOUR TELEPHONE FANTASY SERVICE

(800) 253-7600
IN CALIFORNIA
(415) 864-3844

FREE LONG DISTANCE CALL BACKS
MC/VISA/AMEX

YOU MUST BE OVER 18

HONGHO HUNKS

FDC 51387
\$3.95

16

FULL COLOR, PULL OUT POSTERS
OF THE HOTTEST MEN IN
AMERICA



**ON SALE AT YOUR
LOCAL NEWSSTAND**

OR BY MAIL THROUGH MODERNISMO
PUBLICATIONS, LTD. FOR \$5.00 PER
COPY (POSTAGE & HANDLING INCLUDED).

MODERNISMO PUBLICATIONS, LTD.

155 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS..NEW YORK, NY 10013

HH

☐ I have enclosed \$5.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

I certify by my signature that I am over 21 years old.