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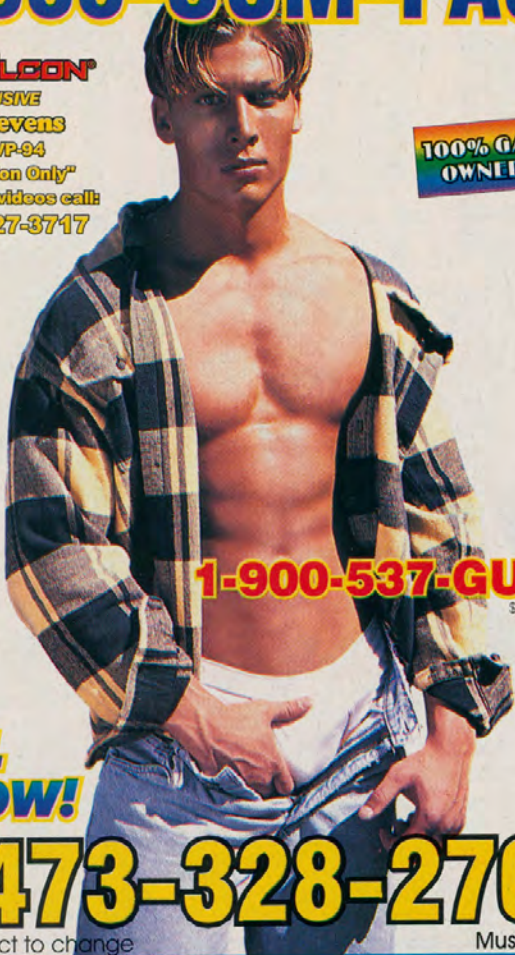
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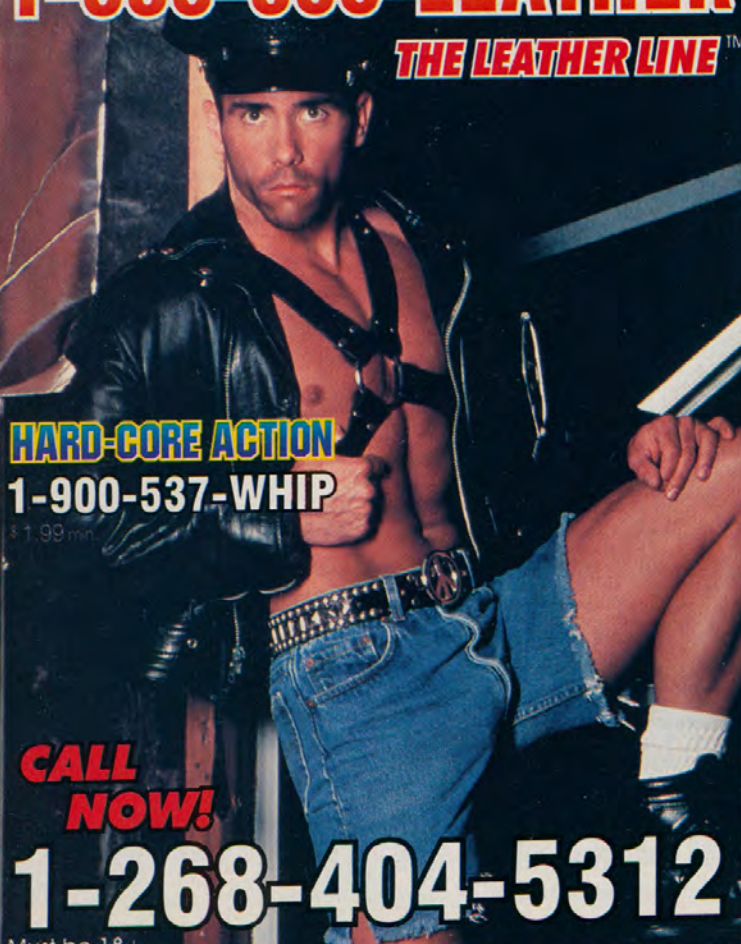
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[LETTERS]

Dean's list

Where did you find Dean Phoenix [October 1998], and can I have him when you're done? He not only stole my load; he stole my heart. I think I'm in true love. Please, please, please, I'm begging you: more shots of him (and show more of his beautiful foreskin).

D.F., Cedar Rapids, Iowa

[That Dean is a well-known load thief. But since you asked so nicely... —Ed.]

Up from the asses

Where have you been hiding that gorgeous hunk of man Dean Phoenix? He has a body to die for, with that tight ass and stiff cock. I come just thinking of him and what I could do to him and what he could do to me. I just started getting *Men* a few months ago, and Dean Phoenix is the best thing I've seen yet!

R.S., Cape Cod, Mass.

[Hiding Dean? I thought we displayed him fairly prominently, on the cover and all. —Ed.]

Bigamy, big o' you

I just purchased my first issue of your magazine, mainly because of your cover model, Dean Phoenix. And then I saw two other models in the magazine who I'm very much attracted to. The attraction goes beyond sexual. What I mean is, if homosexual men could marry other homosexual men, I would ask all three to marry me as soon as possible. Like yesterday.

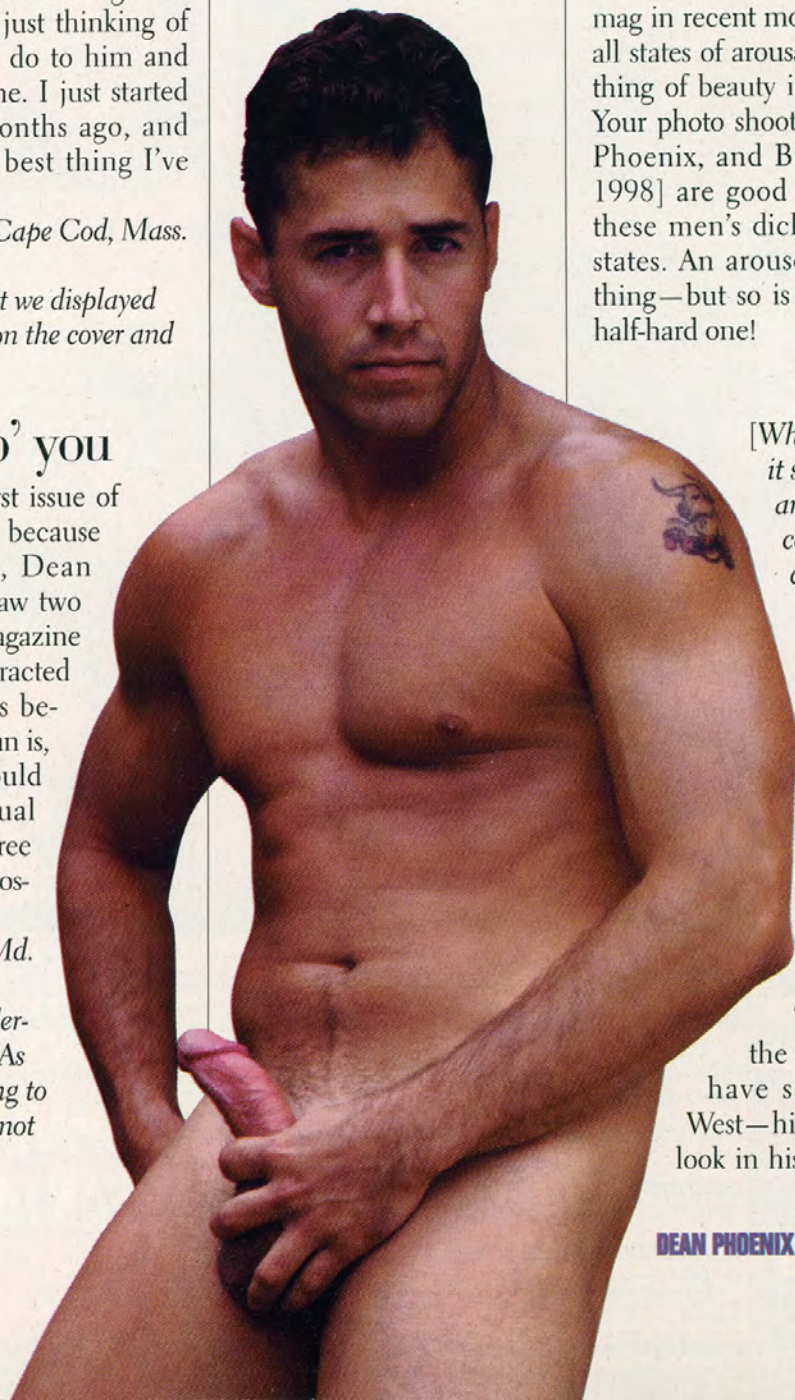
R.L., Baltimore, Md.

[I say if you can find a clergyman to do it, go for it. As long as the law's not going to sanction it anyway, why not marry all three? —Ed.]



JOHN KENO October 1998

MICK HICKS



Picture-perfect

I just wanted to drop you a line to let you know how much I am enjoying your October issue. Granted, I have enjoyed every issue, but this one seems to top them all. I have never wanted to jump into the pictures so badly in my life, especially with Jim West, John Keno, and Dean Phoenix. You wouldn't catch me kicking any of them out of bed.

T.B., Burlington, Vt.

[If I did, I'd have to slap you for being so foolish. —Ed.]

Things are looking up

I want to encourage a trend I see in your mag in recent months: showing dicks in all states of arousal. I consider a penis a thing of beauty in all its natural states. Your photo shoots of John Keno, Dean Phoenix, and Brody James [October 1998] are good examples; they show these men's dicks in all their natural states. An aroused dick is a beautiful thing—but so is a sleeping dick and a half-hard one!

R.L., London, England

[What you're saying, then, it seems, is that all dicks are beautiful. That's a concept that just may catch on. —Ed.]

Happy to be wrong

I just received your October issue, and I have to tell you I never thought you could get any better. Well, I'm happy to be proven wrong. This issue has some of the most gorgeous studs I have seen in a while. Jim West—his muscles and that sexy look in his eyes and that incredi-

DEAN PHOENIX October 1998

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[LETTERS]

ble upturned cock made me wet myself more than once. John Keno—working out with him would be an erotic pleasure to die for; that huge cock is so tasty-looking that my mouth and cock both dripped fluids. Dean Phoenix—his beautiful smile, incredible butt, and huge dick are so enticing, and I could lose myself in those eyes. Finally, Brody James—he has an incredible body and a very nice dick and eyes; I would love it if he sat on my face and let me tickle that beautiful ass with my tongue. In fact, I would love to have all of them come over to my home and let me satisfy all of them with every resource at my disposal.

B.D., Columbus, Ohio

[Your gift for words alone has satisfied me. —Ed.]

Heading West

Thank you for putting the spread of Jim West in your October issue. Jim is the ultimate man. His lips and nose turn me on, and I just wish I could have one night with him.

M.S., Portland, Maine

[Save that magazine, and you can have an eternity. —Ed.]

Moore better blues

Please, more men like Anthony Moore [October 1998] in upcoming issues of *Men*. The bald thing with the goatee is totally happening, and my cock got instantly hard as soon as I saw the first picture of him. What a beautiful man! And thank you for the ass shots. And please thank whoever at Mercury Studios took those pictures. Fine work. Woof!

S.B., via the Internet

ANTHONY MOORE October 1998



JIM WEST October 1998



MERCURY STUDIOS

[Yours and the following letter about Anthony are so earnest, I'm at a loss for biting retorts. You're ruining my reputation here! —Ed.]

Digitized

What a fantastic piece of fine chiseled work! When I saw Anthony Moore's picture, I yelled, "Daddy, fuck me, please!" I would do anything for him. I would even suck his toes and whatever else he wanted. I would love to see more of such hairy daddies.

W.H., Durham, N.C.

[Ruining it, I tell you! —Ed.]

The Moore, the merrier

He just makes me too hot to handle! Anthony Moore is fuckin' gorgeous. Bald men can be so hot! Love you, *Men*, for every beautiful inch of him. Not only is he a hunk—his eyes made me cream in my jeans! Oh, and that fur! I live to lick a man with fur. If I knew you'd send him a plane ticket, I'd dig into my savings to buy it, even for just one night. Oh, please, please give me more of him. I get hot and tingly just lickin' the pages.

M.R., Paragould, Ark.

[Thank God, something I can work with: That hot and tingly sensation is probably the toxins in the ink. —Ed.]

We welcome letters from readers, but because of the volume of mail we receive, we can neither respond individually nor forward letters to our models. We also cannot give out models' addresses or phone numbers. Write to: Letters to the Editor, *Men*, P.O. Box 4356, Los Angeles, CA 90078-4356, or E-mail us at men@men-to-men.com.

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
Robert A. Folger

I BELONG TO A GAY father's support group. At our meetings we deal with matters of divorce, child rearing, parenting, personal problems, and anything else the men want to bring up. We provide a valuable service to those in the turmoil of just coming out combined with the problems of breaking up a marriage and family.

Recently, we have been struggling with defining ourselves. Some newly out fathers consider themselves bisexual. Other members consider that a cop-out, saying these men just aren't ready to face the truth and admit they are gay. Some of the bisexual-identified men do not feel welcome in a gay-only group. Most of us understand that and are willing to change the name to accommodate them.

The situation gets complicated, however, by our bylaws, which state that partners of members are automatically accepted as members as well. Well, the person who considers himself bisexual might well have a female partner. Accepting women to our group would vastly change its character, and many would drop out. It's not that we are antiwomen—many of us belong to other mixed-gender groups—but it would not be appropriate for a gay father's group. So we decided to amend the membership bylaws to say "fathers and their same-sex partners," which satisfied most. But that in effect established two groups, one whose partners are welcome, the other whose partners aren't. This is unacceptable to some.

Once the issue was raised, there was a tremendous outpouring of emotion. We have lost a couple of members over this argument, and others have threatened to drop out. So, *Sexpert*, do you see a solution for our dilemma, short of splitting into two groups?

 It concerns me that some members of your group are so adamantly certain that any man who calls himself bisexual is just afraid to come out as gay. This is a prevalent bias among gay men, and it's hurtful for everyone concerned. There certainly are bisexual men and women. It's also true that some men, especially men who have been in heterosexual relationships for most of their lives, choose to claim the bisexual title before eventually coming out as gay.

Whether a man is "really" bisexual is not the business of your group or its members. Your purpose is to support men dealing with the issues faced by fathers

who also have sex with other men. When a man joins your group, he naturally assumes he will find a supporting, nurturing place where he can freely discuss his life and his concerns. If members of your group are harboring hostility toward men who might be bisexual or who might need to go through a bisexual "period" before coming out, they have destroyed the purpose of the group.

If your group is going to be truly useful, your members must accept new members as they are, even if they don't agree with the new man's way of handling his life. If a man who is already confused and frightened about his sexuality and about what's happening to his life comes to your group and finds himself ridiculed, shunned, or made to feel unwelcome, you've done him a serious disservice.

Now, on to the question of including partners in club functions. The group is for gay fathers, not their partners, whether male or female. If someone is not a father, then that person shouldn't be a member. I think your problem

began when you opened up membership to the partners of members.

What I would suggest is changing the bylaws to say that membership is open only to "gay men who are fathers or in fathering positions." That, after all, is why the group was started. So if a male partner actually acts in a fathering role, he has business being part of the group. You can then open social functions (holiday parties, picnics, whatever) to members and their partners, whether male or female. If your members can't accept women at a few social events, then they have far deeper problems to deal with than how to be fathers.



MY LOVER AND I built a house on heavily wooded land a

few miles outside a major city. We are secluded, and I have begun to allow myself greater freedom in expressing my sexuality. In particular, I love to get nude and find that being naked in the great outdoors is especially arousing and exciting. I sometimes spend whole days buck naked, and I venture outdoors all the time to work in the yard, sit on the porch, wash my car, water the grass, etc. I also have sex with my lover outdoors, often have an erection when I walk around outside, and often masturbate outside.

Family and friends do not show up at our house without



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[S E X P E R T]

Robert A. Folger

calling first. We get our mail at a post office, the electricity is read electronically via computer, and the water meter is at the far corner of the lot, totally out of sight. There are very few people who ever show up at our house unexpected. However, there is always the odd exception, even though I have posted a PRIVATE sign at the beginning of the long winding road leading to the property.

What would or could happen if someone showed up unexpectedly and caught me naked or having sex or doing something sexual? Could I get in trouble? Do laws governing nudity or lewd behavior on one's private property, totally out of view of neighbors, apply? What are those laws? Do they vary greatly from one jurisdiction to another?

Yes, rules about nudity and sexual behavior on private property (as well as on public property) vary from place to place. In general, though, I don't think you have much to worry about. Since anyone who might find you naked would be trespassing on your land, that person would hardly be in a position to be offended or try to get you into trouble. I'm not a legal expert, but I talked to several legal professionals. Their general opinion is that people get into trouble for such things when they do them in a place where it is reasonable and likely that someone would see them. This would include running around your apartment jacking off with the blinds up so that someone across the street would see you, for example, or walking around nude in a place where it is easy for your neighbors to see you, even accidentally. But going nude on your own land, in a secluded place, is probably not going to get you into any trouble.

I AM A GAY MAN in my late 30s, and I find myself in the middle of a midlife crisis. I haven't had sex for eight months, since the end of my last relationship. Now I'm afraid I have given up on finding the right guy. I always seem to be attracted to the wrong kind of man. But I would still like to try all the things I fantasize about. I want to experience three-ways, leather, dirty talk, and bondage. I want to experience these things and feel like an equal, desirable partner in them. I get on chat lines and have a great time playing out fantasies, but I just cannot seem to bring them into the real world. I talk a good game but am fairly scared of taking chances out of fear of sexual or emo-

tional rejection, violence (I was once raped by a friend), ridicule, or disease. Where do I go from here?

There are a lot of issues brought up in your letter, but I think they all originate from the same place. You say you have many sexual desires but are afraid to explore them. At the same time you're afraid that you desire men who are bad for you. I suspect all

of this revolves around emotional issues you have about relationships, your own desires, and your rape.

Wanting to experience things like dirty talk and bondage are not at all unusual, and I know many men would like to help you experience them. But to do that successfully, you have to be both secure with who you are and what you want and secure in your knowledge that your partner will do these things with you safely and respectfully.

First, though, you must deal with your fears, feelings, and desires. To do this you might speak with a therapist or counselor who works with gay men. Many men in your situation find that things become much

easier once they start to confront their feelings by talking about them. I suggest calling your local gay community or health center and asking about counseling services in your area. Most community centers offer such counseling, and if not, they know who does.

Once you're comfortable with yourself and your desires, finding ways to act on them isn't hard. One way is to join a local bondage or S/M group. Most cities have them—they probably meet at your gay community center. You can also look in gay newspapers for such groups. Fantasizing and engaging in chat room sex is fun and useful, but not if it prevents you from actively pursuing things in real life. Don't let fear hold you back from becoming the person you want to be. Take some first steps forward, and soon you'll find it becomes easier and easier.

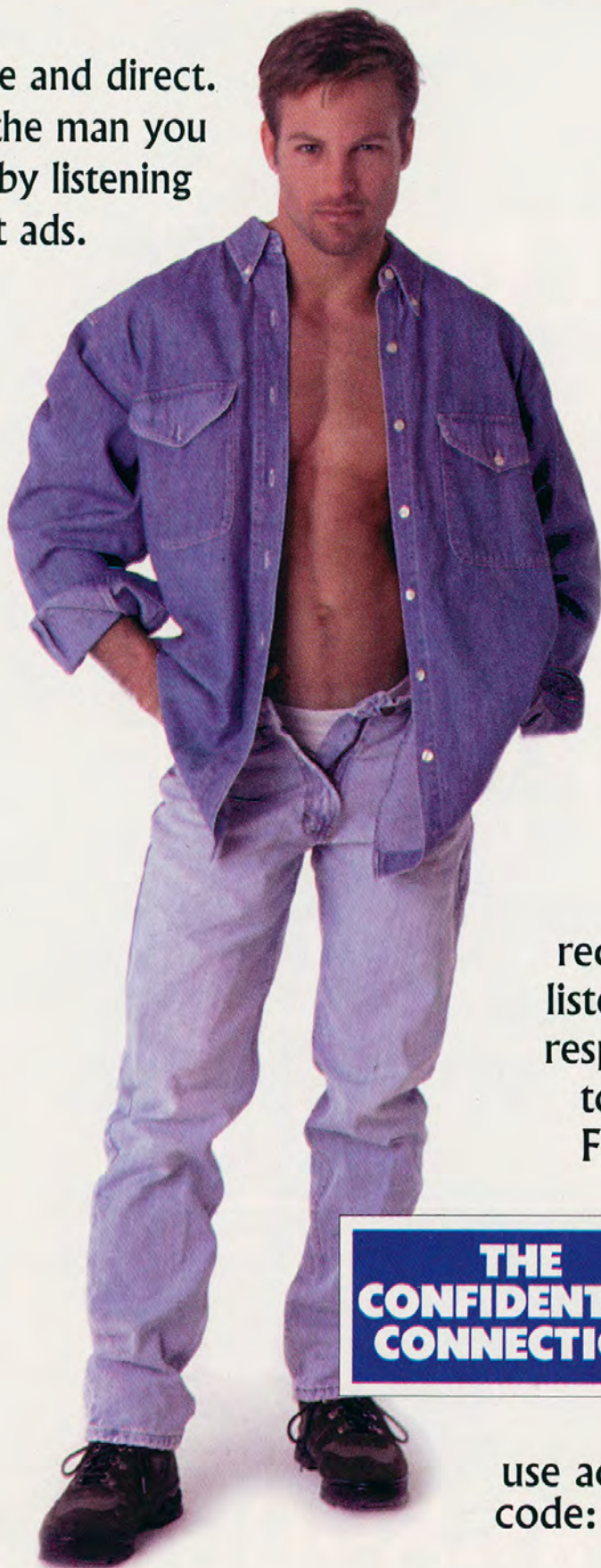
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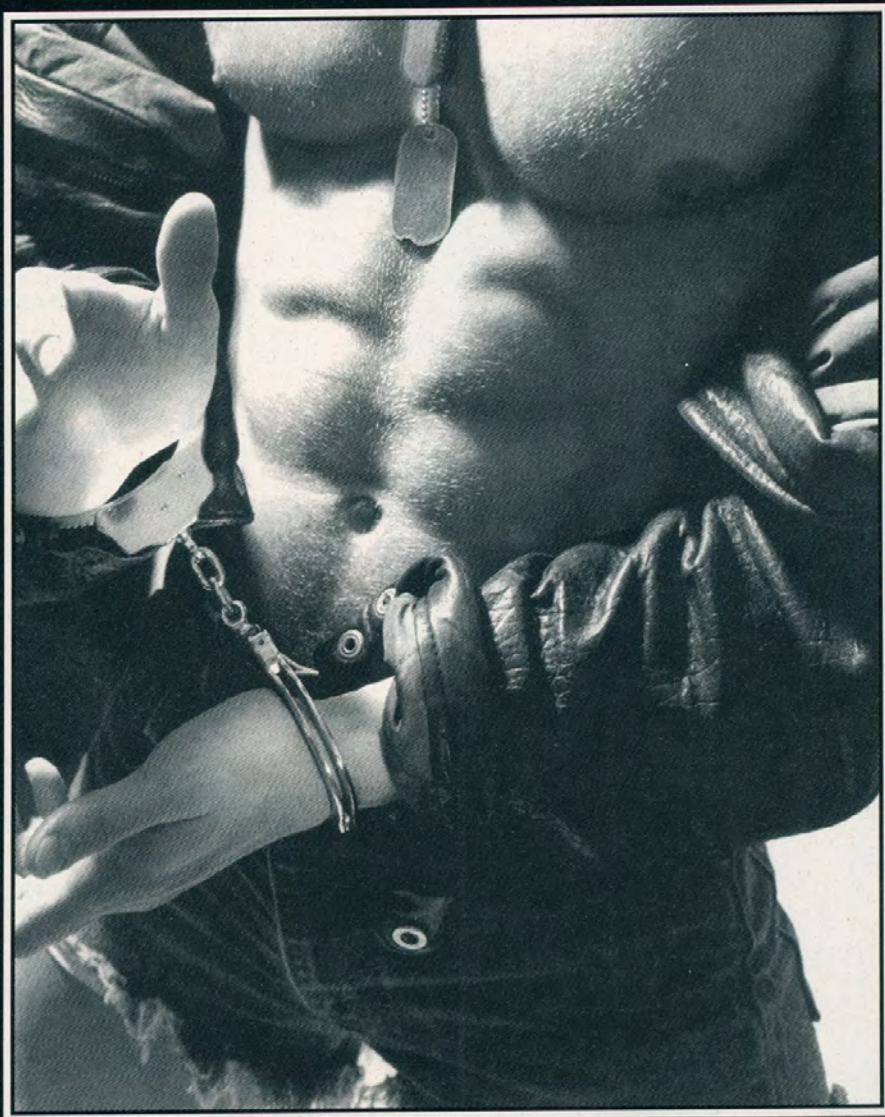
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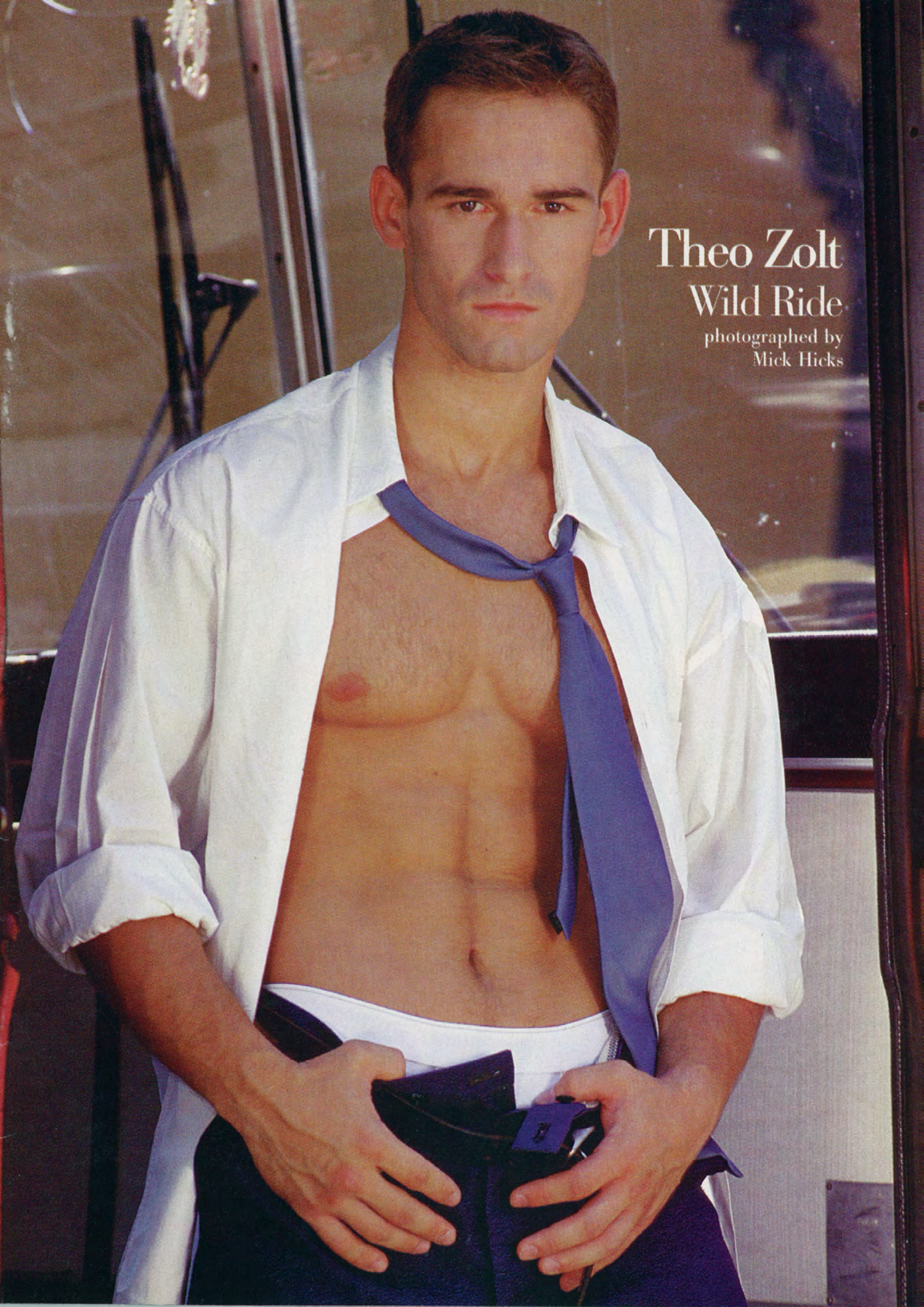
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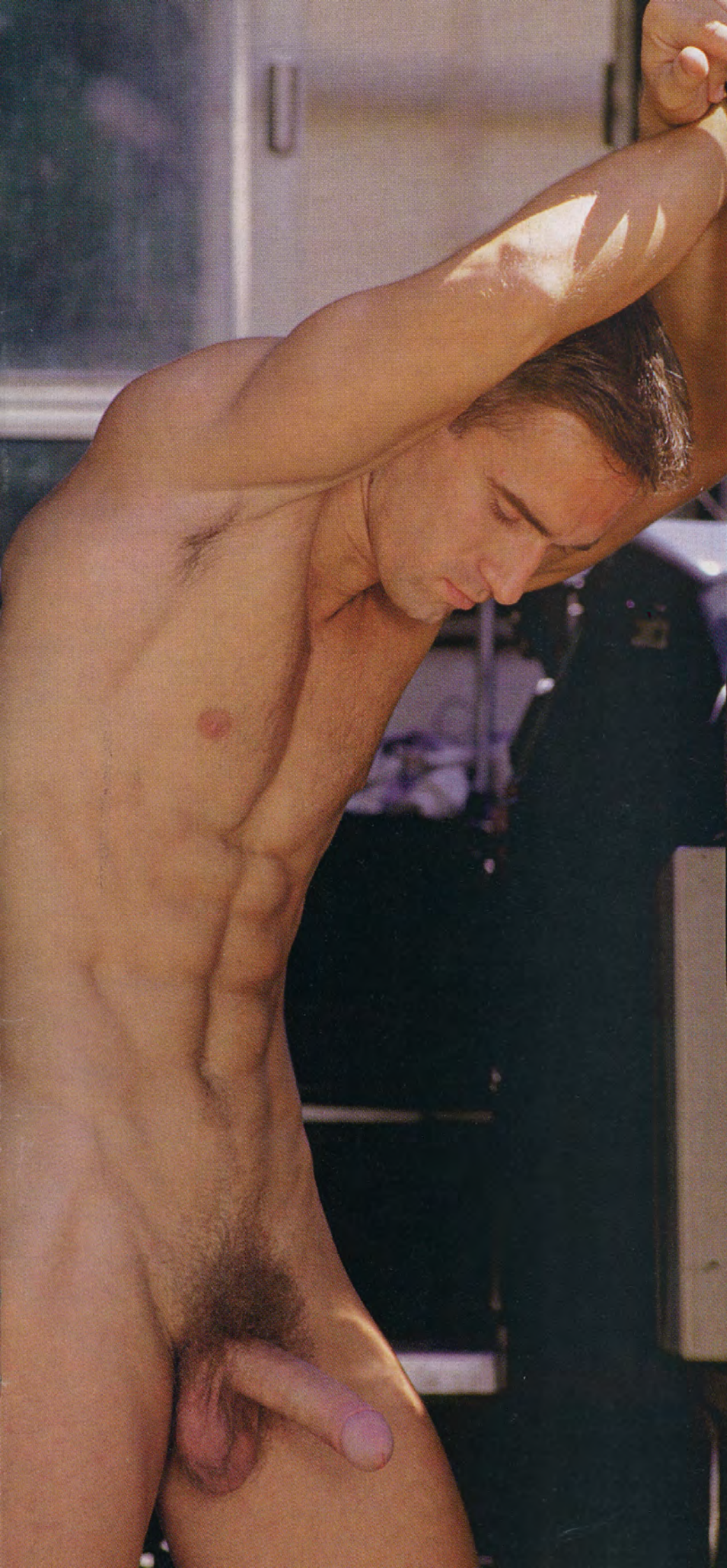
A full-page photograph of a man, Theo Zolt, in a white shirt and blue tie, posing in a room with a window and a lamp. The man is the central focus, looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. He is wearing a white, long-sleeved button-down shirt that is unbuttoned at the collar and has the sleeves rolled up. A blue necktie is loosely draped around his neck. He is also wearing white briefs and dark trousers, which he is holding at the waist with both hands. The background is slightly out of focus, showing a window with a view of a building and a lamp with a white shade hanging from the ceiling. The lighting is soft and even, highlighting the man's physique.

Theo Zolt
Wild Ride
photographed by
Mick Hicks















Back Roads

I'd been making the circuit for over two weeks, covering my territory and half of Jerry Spencer's. Jerry got wiped out by a semi on a blind curve, and he was going to be laid up for at least six months. I didn't mind the extra cash or the extra time out on the road. Life at home had been real rocky for a long time. My marriage had been a mistake from the beginning—but I'm sure you don't want to hear about that. Besides, it was all over now except for signing the final divorce papers.

I checked into a cheap motel on the outskirts of Barrington, a one-street town in rural Mississippi about halfway between nowhere and the Gulf of Mexico. I tossed my suitcase on the bed and went in search of something to eat. Pickings were slim—a couple of chain restaurants out on the highway and a burger joint in town that was under siege by teenagers and about a million night-flying insects. I was getting ready to wade through the bugs and the kids when I saw a sign down a side street that read DEW DROP INN. There were a couple of pickups in front and a swarm of insects battering the window, but there wasn't a teenager in sight. My choice was made.

by Grant Foster Illustration by Kent

Maybe somebody'd thought the sign was funny when it had been ordered about 40 years ago, but no one was laughing when I pushed open the door and stepped into the smoky gloom. I scanned the room—a couple of women with aggressively blond hair were hunched over drinks in a booth near the front door. One of them gave me a hopeful smile. I pretended not to notice and made my way to the long bar at the back.

"Evening," the bartender wheezed in a tone that would've made an undertaker shudder. "What'll it be?"

"Gimme a beer," I replied. "And a menu, if you've got one." The bartender stared at me blankly, then jerked a thumb over his shoulder at a rack of corn curls and potato chips. I bought one of each.

I sat there nursing my beer, looking up every time the door swung open. It wasn't like I was expecting anybody, but it helped break the monotony of watching the muted TV behind the bar. Everybody who came in spoke to the bartender, gave me the

Even before I
turned to look at
him, I smelled
him. It was a
good smell—
a combination
of soap, tobacco,
and sweat.

once-over, then went to join the groups of drinkers that were beginning to congregate at booths and tables.

I was about ready to down the dregs of my beer and retreat to my motel room when somebody slid onto the stool next to me. Even before I turned to look at him, I smelled him. It was a good smell—a combination of soap, tobacco, and

sweat. I shifted my gaze to my immediate left. The first I saw of him was his forearms. They were thick with muscle, dense in dark curly hair. His hands were huge, the knuckles scraped, the nails stained with grease and oil. A worker's hands.

I looked up into a pair of dark eyes set into a ruggedly handsome face. The bridge of his nose had been flattened, which did nothing to spoil his looks—not in my book, anyhow. When he smiled I had no choice—I smiled right back at him.

"Buy you a beer?" he asked, his voice a rumble deep in his chest. I nodded, and he signaled the bartender. "Sam Reeves," he continued, extending his hand.

"Paul Barris," I replied. His grip was firm, his hand warm. The contact between us extended beyond the merely polite, into the realm of friendly. Sam stood when he pulled his wallet out of his back pocket to pay for the beers. He was tall, narrow at the hips, with long legs and a good butt on him. His chest was putting some pressure on the front of his shirt, but his belly was flat as a board. I felt a little flutter of interest deep in my gut. It was the same type of interest that had

made my marriage fall apart. I'd fought it for years, then finally just gave in and let nature take its course. It had given the neighbors plenty to gossip about and had made a happier man out of me.

Sam and I talked through the better part of three more beers before the bartender announced that it was time to pay up and get out. I settled my tab, shook Sam's hand, and left the bar. It was muggy outside, and the bugs were still mobbing every available source of light.

While I was fumbling with my keys, Sam walked up beside me and leaned against my car. He didn't say anything, just sort of smiled at me. I met his gaze and smiled back at him. After a few seconds I let my eyes drop down his front. I was parked right under a street light, and there was no hiding the fact that a whole lot of something was packed behind the fly of his faded Levis. Given the way he was standing, hips thrust forward, his arms folded across his chest, I had a feeling he was sort of daring me to cop a feel.

"Got a pint of good Kentucky sour mash under the seat of my pickup," he said, obviously offering me a swig. I put my keys back in my pocket, and Sam led the way over to his truck. He got in and popped the lock on the passenger side. I climbed into the cab and slammed the door. "I know a better place than this to enjoy a drink," he observed. I nodded. He started the pickup and pulled away from the curb.

About 15 minutes later we were perched on a flat rock beside a tree-fringed lake. The moon had come up, and the surface of the water glittered like polished silver. Sam wiped the mouth of the bottle on his sleeve and passed it across to me. He was leaning back on his elbows, his legs spread. That damned lump between his legs looked like a small mountain now. I took a long pull on the bottle and turned to give it back to him.

He didn't reach for it. Instead he jerked his head to the side, indicating that I should set the bottle down on the rock next to him. I leaned over him, felt the heat rising off his body, and saw that his shirt was now unbuttoned to the waist. The downy hairs on his torso didn't do much to hide the ridged expanse of his flat belly or the sculpted mass of his pecs. He shifted on the rock, and his shirt opened wider. His nipples jutted up out of the hair on his chest, fat and pink and swollen.

I forced myself to meet his gaze again. He was looking right at me, his dark eyes reflecting back the moonlight. His tongue flickered out over his upper lip. "Hey," he whispered, smiling at me sexily.

"Hey," I whispered back, letting my right hand stray down to the lump between his legs. I made contact. There was a distinct stiffening of body parts beneath the denim. I pushed my fingers between the buttons, felt hot bare flesh. I popped the buttons and hauled his cock and balls out into the open. His big fuzzy nuts drooped down between his thighs, resting against the

warm smooth surface of the rock. His dick flopped against his belly, long and thick, the shaft laced with veins. I knew all of this by touch because I hadn't yet looked at it. My eyes were still locked with his, watching him as I massaged his hard-on. I started rubbing it, and it pushed eagerly against my palm.

Inside of a minute it was as hard as a man's cock could get, the shaft like an iron bar, the knob on the end blown up like a hot balloon. I wrapped my fingers around it and started jerking, my knuckles ruffling the fur on his hard belly. Every few strokes I ran my thumb up across the blunt dome of his glans, smearing lube from his piss hole to his balls.

"Oh, yeah. That's nice, Paul. A real good one." He was in my pants now, working my belt and zipper, hauling out my crank and pumping it in his huge paw. "Help me out here, buddy," he growled, tugging at my T-shirt. "Don't stop jerking it, man. We both got one free hand." Between us we managed to get my shirt pulled up into my armpits. He rubbed my bare chest and let out a deep sigh.

We jockeyed for position on the rock and ended up with me facing Sam, straddling his thighs, our cocks pressed tight between us. He pulled me close, both hands on my back, holding onto me, grinding his body against mine. I had both our pricks in a tight grip, pumping up and down, hard and fast.

"You kiss?" he asked.

"You bet," I moaned. His mouth touched mine, and our tongues twined together, wrestling for dominance. Tasting him—tasting the whiskey, tobacco, and spit in his mouth—made me real horny. His hard dick pumping against mine made me real horny as well. I pumped my fist, squeezing my fingers tighter around our shafts. Sam's fat balls drew up under mine, pushing them hard against the base of my cock. I hooked my fingers under his fat orbs and my own, pulling all four up into the rhythm of my cock jacking. I stretched them up to the crowns of our flexing pricks, then let them roll down slow. Up, then down again. The third time up, Sam snorted and went rigid against me. His cock jerked wildly in my palm, and a blast of heat shot up between us, hitting me under the chin. I felt his hot squirt on my dick and blew my nut as well, frosting his furry belly with white jism as he continued pumping his pungent jism over my sweat-streaked torso.

Once we were all done, we lay side by side, watching the moon arc across the summer sky as we finished the pint of bourbon. We didn't talk at all. After what we'd shared, there really wasn't much to say. By the time I got back to the motel, I just had time to shower and shave, then hit the road to make my sales calls.

I'm not much in the way of being a romantic—you know, no mooning around after somebody I'd gotten it on with, looking for permanent bliss. After that night with Sam, I didn't turn myself into a monk or anything. Hell, I got the best blow job of my life a

week later at a truck stop outside of Memphis. Still, I never could get Sam completely out of my system. Something about the man moved me in some fundamental way I couldn't quite put my finger on. Maybe it had something to do with the fact that every time I thought about him, I got a major-league hard-on. Who knows?

Anyway, a couple of nights ago, I was heading down the highway when I realized that I was only about 70 miles outside of Barrington. On an impulse I pulled into a Texaco station and started going through the crap in my glove box. I don't generally call numbers scribbled on the backs of matchbooks. I don't even keep 'em. But I had kept the matchbook Sam had tucked into my pocket when we parted. I found it, grabbed a quarter, and headed to a pay phone.

"Sam? Paul Barris here. I was driving through, and I was wondering... You would? Great. No, I haven't eaten yet. Yeah, that'd be terrific. Got one right here. Shoot." I copied the directions to Sam's place on the matchbook beside his phone number. "Got it. I'll be there in about an hour." I hung up the phone, my heart pounding violently.

"Damn, you must've been flying low," Sam teased when I showed up at the door to his place 20 minutes early.

"Wheels barely made contact with the pavement," I retorted. I stopped short, thinking that maybe I was appearing too eager. This was, after all, just a chance encounter with a guy I'd had sex with once, late on a muggy night. I didn't know anything about Sam other than the fact he was good-looking and I liked the way he smelled—and that I'd been having dreams about sucking his hard cock. No matter how you cut it, it wasn't enough to justify the way my heart was pounding.

"Come on in, Paul. I—" I stepped through the door quicker than he stepped back to make room. We collided, smacking together, chest to chest. The heat of him burned me like a branding iron. He didn't step back. Neither did I. "Jesus," he murmured. I looked into his dark eyes and saw myself reflected, lips parted, nostrils slightly flared. I gripped his upper arms, squeezed, felt the muscle swell beneath my fingers.

It was like I got struck by lightning. I was out of control, aware of nothing but the burning desire to feel his bare flesh against my own. I wreaked havoc on his shirt buttons in my frenzy to bare his furry

Something about the man moved me in some fundamental way I couldn't quite put my finger on.

chest. Sam got a wicked gleam in his eye, and my shirt disappeared with a loud ripping sound. In mere seconds we kicked aside our shoes and stripped out of our pants. Then we were body to body, his leg wedging between mine, mashing my tingling prick against the furred bulge of his thigh. I ran my hands down his back to the little triangle of curly fuzz at the base of his spine.

"Unh!" I went over backward, Sam on top of me, over the arm of the couch, onto the cushions. We rolled off onto the floor, knocking over the coffee table. I ended up on top, pushed myself up, and looked down at him. He was even hotter than he'd appeared by moonlight, mainly because I could see him better. He had a dynamite build, all chest and shoulders, no belly, narrow hips, bulging biceps, and the furriest pits I'd ever wanted to dive into, tongue first.

Dive I did, ducking my head and snuffing around in the hollow of his armpit. I sucked beads of salty water from the long dark

hairs as I inhaled his heady musk. I licked a line across the rise of his thick pec to his nipple, pressed my lips against the fleshy point, and sucked. Sam growled softly as he began to stroke my back, hands sliding lower and lower until they cupped the cheeks of my ass.

I bucked violently when Sam's fingertips made contact with my asshole. My

dick skidded up over his belly, rubbing along his hard-on all the way. I settled back down against him, letting his finger slide up into me. I bucked again, slower this time, savoring the sensations caused by his wriggling finger and by his belly hairs against my bare-shaved balls. By the fourth or fifth time I had traced a line of cock snot up his abs, he had two fingers in me up to the webbing.

I raised my hips and milked my leaky dick, smearing the clear lube up and down the length of his throbbing hard-on. When I had him nice and slippery, I pried his cock away from his belly and pushed it back behind my balls. I settled back down onto him, letting his stiffer ride in my crack, rubbing against my finger-plugged asshole.

I sat up, flexed my thighs, and rose slowly above Sam till his cock knob nudged his knuckles. He made the switch eagerly, and I started the long slide down his dick. The bloated snout spread my hole wide, its heat shooting up my spine, exploding like fireworks in my overloaded brain. I bounced tentatively, felt the heat as he thrust up, pushing deep, packing my hole full of man.

I braced my hands against his chest and wiggled my way down, taking his dick to the hairy hilt. My own cock was sticking up at a sharp angle. Sam pushed up under me, and I shot a wad of lube onto his broad chest. He bounced me again and pressed the heel of his hand against my belly. A wave of heat radiated out from my guts, making my skin tingle all over. I flexed, tightening my body around the axis of his hard prick. Sam grunted and started to fuck me.

After we both broke a sweat, Sam sat up and pushed me back onto my shoulders. I rolled with him, my ass still twitching, snorting as he thrust into me, deep and hard. He braced his hands on either side of my head and rose up onto his toes. He drew his hips back, letting inch after inch of his steely hardness slide out of me. I pushed up under him, straining to maintain the contact. When his knob was just barely kissing my ass lips, he dropped down, skewering me, taking my breath away. He repeated the move again, then a third time, keeping up the assault till I was moaning helplessly.

I came the first time during one of those gut-wrenching thrusts. His knob hit my prostate, and the jism exploded out of me in a white flood. He heard me cry out, smelled my jism, looked down at me, and grinned wolfishly. He slowed his thrusting, but I cried out, begging him to keep on fucking me, make me come again. He did, and I did. I felt my second orgasm on the heels of the first, knotting my muscles, making my asshole flex spasmodically around his pistoning prick.

After that second time I lay there on my back and watched him drive. His dick glistened as it pistoned in and out of my gaping asshole. Sweat was pouring down Sam's sides, beading on his forehead, dripping onto me as he puffed and grunted and humped his way to satisfaction.

I knew when he hit the top—his eyes flew open, and his muscles bulged as he dropped down hard, pinning me to the floor. He lay on top of me, face pressed against my neck, motionless except for the flexing of his cock as it spit his hot ball cream deep into my bowels. He seemed to come forever, shooting blast after blast into me. I felt it overflow and run down onto my lower back. When he was finally done, he went limp—most of him, anyway—pinning me beneath his hot furry bulk. Suited me perfectly.

"Say, guy, do I know you?" Sam asked, grinning facetiously.

"You're getting a damn good start," I shot back at him, pushing his thick hair out of his eyes.

"Do you happen to make it down this back road very often, Paul?"

"Funny you should mention it, Sam. Barrington turns out to be on the way to almost every place in my sales territory. Strangest damned thing."

"Yeah." He smiled at me and rubbed the ball of his thumb across my left tit. "Strangest damn thing." ●

I ended up on top, pushed myself up, and looked down at him. He was even hotter than he'd appeared by moonlight.

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MAN OF THE YEAR

It's January again, a month we know you all await with ragged, baited breath and damp, clammy palms. Why so much anticipation? Because, silly, January is the month when *Men* announces the winner of its coveted Man of the Year honor. C'mon, admit it—you've been on pins and needles waiting for this, haven't you?

This year's election, for which voting began in September, was as fun as always and more surprising than ever. Naturally, attempts at tilting the balance went on until the very last minute. (On the final day ballots were accepted, 41 identical ones in support of the same candidate arrived from Chicago. They were counted as one vote.) But on the whole, people played by the rules. And they played hard. Some of your comments this year reflected a zeal rarely seen outside of the Southern Baptist Convention.

Unlike last year, when three candidates finished in a virtual dead heat, 1998 saw a runaway winner: beefy blond May cover man Austin Wayne. This surprised the staff of *Men* not a whit; never has one of our models generated so many inquiries from the adult-film industry as to his availability. If you're reading, Austin, riches and fame await you in the world of video. All you have to do is say the word.

Other fans had passions for other contenders, including many for runners-up Rick Koch and J.C. Carter, clear winners of second and third place. Just remember, though, that there is strength in diversity, and others may not share your opinions.

One voter, Jim from New Jersey, dissatisfied with last year's results, all but accused us of rigging the contest. To test this, Jim says he carried his September 1998 issue around for weeks and polled 72 friends and acquaintances about who should win this year. "My social circle is no different than any other," Jim warns, and "you will be hearing from me if he [Jim's candidate] doesn't at least place in the top ten."

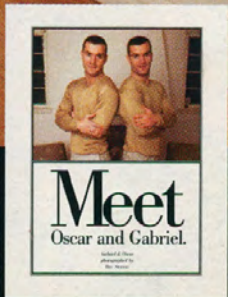
Well, sorry, Jim, but he didn't. However, if you still question our methodology after assessing this year's results, you're welcome to tell big Austin in person how undeserving he is. Or you can stop by the office yourself and count every one of the hundreds of votes we received. The editor who was in charge of doing that probably wishes you had about four months ago.

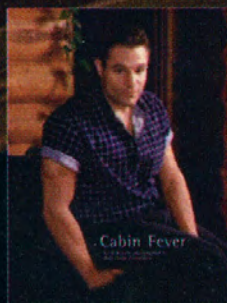
And now, our Man of the Year and his Royal Court...

1999 READERS' CHOICE AWARDS



GABRIEL & OSCAR
9TH RUNNERS-UP | 1999 READERS' CHOICE AWARDS
photographed by Bay Stevens





KEITH BICHETTE

8TH RUNNER-UP | 1999 READERS' CHOICE AWARDS

photographed by Body Image Productions



CODY DALTON

7TH RUNNER-UP | 1999 READERS' CHOICE AWARDS

photographed by Body Image Productions



MAX GRAND

6TH RUNNER-UP | 1999 READERS' CHOICE AWARDS

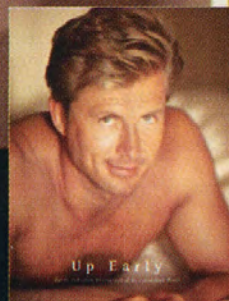
photographed by Johnathan Black

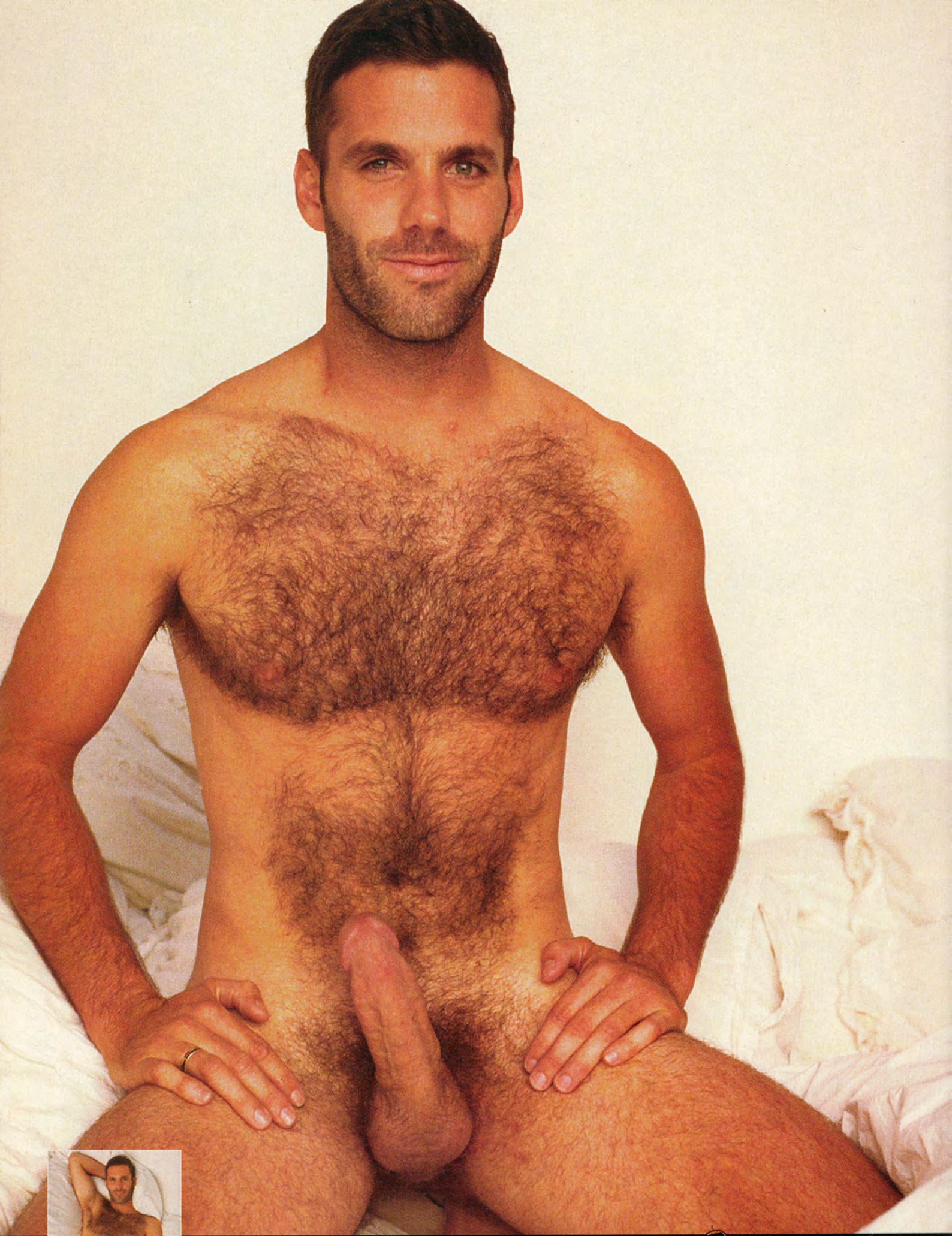


BOBBY JOHNSTON

5TH RUNNER-UP | 1999 READERS' CHOICE AWARDS

photographed by Johnathan Black





ROBERT STEARNS

4TH RUNNER-UP | 1999 READERS' CHOICE AWARDS

photographed by Johnathan Black



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3RD RUNNER-UP | 1999 READERS CHOICE AWARDS

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J.C. CARTER

2ND RUNNER-UP | 1999 READERS' CHOICE AWARDS

photographed by Johnathan Black



RICK KOCH
1ST RUNNER-UP | 1999 READERS' CHOICE AWARDS
photographed by Maxx Studio



1999 READERS' CHOICE AWARDS
MAN OF THE YEAR



AUSTIN WAYNE

The all-American male

photographed by Body Image Productions



You think you have 56 good men. They all have their charms and a rugged, manly appeal. And then one suddenly stands head and shoulders above the rest, his popularity outstripping theirs by far. That's Austin Wayne, a giant among men. Your comments about Austin reflect a strength of feeling rarely seen even in this voting. To paraphrase several hundred of you, "What other choice could there be?"







AUSTIN WAYNE

MAN OF THE YEAR | 1999 READERS CHOICE AWARDS

"I've seen some handsome guys in my day, but I doubt I'll ever see the equal of Austin Wayne." —J.W., Oakland, Calif.





AUSTIN WAYNE

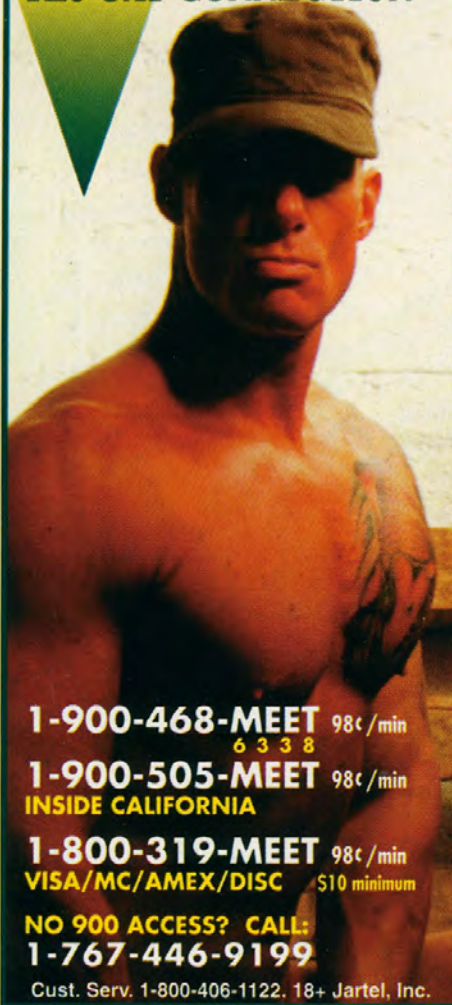
MAN OF THE YEAR | 1999 READERS' CHOICE AWARDS

"Man of the Year? What other choice could there be? Next to Austin all pale in comparison." —S.B., Gainesville, Fla.





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Overboard

by Bob Vickery Illustration by Beau

Ridley came across Hanson by accident, while Hanson was reading a letter by the narrow beam of the trouble lamp hanging from a Tomcat undercarriage. The moon was out tonight, nearly full, and it hung over the Arabian Sea like the eye of God. If not for the moon, Ridley might have made his escape, but he was caught fully exposed in the pale light that washed over the deck. Hanson glanced up and smiled at him in a way that could only mean trouble. Ridley was alarmed by the jolt of excitement he felt; if he wasn't careful, he would suffer tonight, badly.

"Hey, Tom," Hanson said. "Where you been hiding yourself? I haven't seen you in days."

Ridley shrugged but said nothing. He pulled a cigarette out of the pack in his shirt pocket and stuck it in his mouth.

"Let me have one," Hanson said, and Ridley pulled one out for him too. Ridley struck a match, and Hanson leaned over and lit his cigarette, his hands cupping Ridley's. Ridley's throat tightened, and his

mouth went dry. *This is such bullshit*, he thought. Hanson looked him full in the face above the flame of the match, his eyes full of shrewd assessment.

Ridley glanced at the letter in Hanson's hand. "A letter from home?" he asked, even though he recognized the purple ink and large looping letters and knew damn well who it was from.

"It's from Elaine," Hanson said. His grin widened. "She tells me she misses my bod."

"Poor bitch," Ridley said.

Hanson laughed. "Really," he said, "where've you been? You're not avoiding me, are you?"

"I've been busy," Ridley said irritably. He took a long drag from his cigarette and looked out over the ocean. The moon was huge tonight, he felt he could reach up and pull it from the sky.

"I've missed you," Hanson said.

Oh, shit! Ridley thought. *Here it comes. Thinking about Elaine has got him all hot and bothered.* "Tough shit," he said. But his hand shook, and he knew that the glowing tip of



his cigarette was betraying this to Hanson. He dropped the cigarette angrily and stubbed it out with his toe. "I gotta go." He took a step back toward the flight deck.

Hanson reached out and wrapped his hand around Ridley's biceps. "Just stay a moment," Hanson said, his voice low and urgent. Ridley stood still, his body rigid. He kept his head turned away, but he didn't shake off Hanson's hand. "Why are you acting like this?" Hanson asked. "I thought we were friends." In spite of himself Ridley was impressed. When he wanted to, Hanson could do "injured" beautifully.

Ridley turned his head. Moonlight washed over the planes and angles of Hanson's face, making him look like he was carved in marble. Ridley stared miserably into Hanson's eyes, his mind in turmoil. "Eddy," he said slowly. "Stop fucking with me."

Hanson gave him a boyish grin, full of charm. He took Ridley's hand in his own and laid it on his crotch. "Feel how hard it is, Tom," he said. "See what you do to me?"

Ridley jerked his hand away. "Yeah, right, asshole. You got your hard-on from Elaine's letter, not me."

Hanson shook his head and laughed. "Does it matter?" He unzipped his fly and pulled out his cock.

ing Ridley's face slowly at first and then at a quicker pace. He grasped Ridley's head with both hands and shoved his dick full in, the head banging against the back of Ridley's throat. Ridley almost gagged, but Hanson held on tight. "Take it all in, baby," he crooned. "Don't fight it." He let go, and Ridley twisted his head from side to side, rolling his tongue around the shaft as his hands wandered over Hanson's lean torso, pulling on the flesh, tweaking the nipples, squeezing the smooth ass muscles that clenched and unclenched with each thrust of Hanson's hips.

They settled into a natural rhythm, Ridley's mouth sliding down with each thrust of Hanson's hips. Ridley wrapped his hand around Hanson's balls and tugged on them, not gently. "Yeah," Hanson groaned, "pull on my nuts. Make me feel it." He shoved his cock deep down Ridley's throat and kept it there, grinding his hips, his hands forcing Ridley's head to keep still. Ridley grew dizzy from lack of oxygen, and when Hanson finally pulled out, Ridley gasped for air.

"You bastard," he growled, but his dick was iron solid, and his heart raced with excitement. He reached up and twisted Hanson's nipples hard, but Hanson just laughed and resumed fucking Ridley's mouth.

Soon Hanson was breathing heavily, his forehead

He took Ridley's hand in his own and laid it on his crotch.

It stuck straight out, slightly twitching, pale in the light of the moon. "Come on, Tom," he crooned. "Give me a little relief. You know you want it."

Ridley shook his head. "Forget it." But he couldn't take his eyes off Hanson's dick; the memory of how it felt in his mouth flooded his brain.

Hanson unbuckled his belt and pulled his trousers down to mid thigh. His cock bobbed, and his balls, made heavy by the warm tropical night, swung low between his thighs. "I love the way you suck my dick, Tom," Hanson said. "Just one more time, for old times' sake, OK?"

Fuck! Ridley thought. He took a few steps forward and dropped to his knees, burying his face in Hanson's balls. They smelled of musk and fresh sweat, and he inhaled deeply as he pulled his own cock out and started stroking. He could spend the whole night just doing this, nuzzling Hanson's nut sac, the hairs tickling his face, the loose folds of flesh bunching around his nose and spilling into his open mouth. He looked Hanson full in the face as he bathed his balls with his tongue. Hanson's mouth curled up into an easy smile, and he slapped Ridley's face with his dick.

Ridley slowly licked the length of Hanson's shaft, ending with a swirl of his tongue around the fleshy knob. He opened his mouth and nibbled down the cock until his nose was buried in the thatch of dark blond pubes. Hanson started pumping his hips, fuck-

beaded with sweat. Ridley cradled Hanson's balls in his palm, feeling how much they had tightened up, swollen now with the load his mouth was pulling out of them. Hanson could shoot at any moment. Ridley slid his mouth up to the very tip of Hanson's cock and then swallowed it whole, his lips swooping down the shaft. He pressed hard between Hanson's balls, and Hanson groaned loudly, his dick sharply throbbing. He pulled out of Ridley's mouth just as the first of his load pulsed out, splattering against Ridley's face in thick sluggish drops. Ridley stroked his own dick furiously, triggering his orgasm as the last of Hanson's come rained down on him. He closed his eyes and groaned, feeling his dick squirt in his hand, his load oozing out between his fingers. When Ridley opened his eyes again, Hanson had already pulled up his trousers and was buckling his belt.

Ridley watched him, still holding his softening cock in his hand. Hanson looked down at him, frowning. "You better clean yourself up," he said curtly. "You're a mess." Ridley wiped his sleeve across his face and climbed to his feet, his gaze never leaving Hanson. Hanson's eyes avoided Ridley's as he tucked his shirt into his trousers. Elaine's letter lay on the deck, and he bent down, picked it up, and stuffed it in his back pocket. He glanced briefly at Ridley. "See you around," he said, and walked off onto the flight deck.



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Ridley's eyes followed him across the moon-bathed deck. He kept his mind blank as he pulled up his trousers and tucked in his shirt with movements that were crisp and methodical. He walked to the edge of the deck, shook another cigarette out of the pack in his pocket, and smoked it. The ocean hissed as the ship's hull cut through it, and the path of moonlight dancing on the water looked solid enough to walk on. Ridley continued puffing on his cigarette, strangling every thought that tried to rise up in his mind. After a while, he flicked the butt into the ocean and turned away.

By the time he made it to the hatchway, his hands were shaking with anger. He held on to the metal edge of the hatch, hard enough for it to hurt, as the rage slammed into him like a gale-force wind. "That motherfucker!" he snarled. He slammed the hatch shut as hard as he could. It clanged against the bulkhead and bounced open again, hitting him full across the length of his body just as the ship did a sharp pitch sideways. Ridley staggered back a few feet and stumbled over the gunnel, and suddenly he was falling in empty space. He plunged into water and broke the surface again, coughing and sputtering. The shock of it was so startling that it took a full half

swimming form, but it kept coming back, stronger each time. It didn't take long before panic pushed everything else out of his mind. *Oh, fuck, I'm going to die!* he thought. It still didn't seem real. Less than an hour ago, he had been on the flight deck with Hanson. *How could this be happening to me?* he wondered, amazed. The panic came roaring over him, but he tried to fight it. *The ship will come back,* he thought. *They'll miss me at reveille, figure out I fell overboard, and come back to find me.* But he knew it would be hours before anyone realized he was missing and hours more before they decided he was probably overboard. By then the ship would be hundreds of miles away, too far for it to ever find him. Because he could think of nothing better to do, Ridley kept swimming down the path of moonlight.

By late morning the next day, he was too exhausted to swim anymore. He had slipped off his trousers, tied the ends of the legs together, and made a float out of them, like he had been taught in basic training. The sky above was cloudless, the wind had died down, and the ocean had flattened out into a metallic smoothness. It was like floating on a pond. The tropical sun beat down on Ridley; he could feel its heat on the top of his head, and his ears and neck prickled with sun-

Hanson was murmuring in his ears, but he couldn't make out the words.

minute before he realized he had fallen overboard.

The ship glided by him, the muffled roar of its engines throbbing through the hull. Ridley was paralyzed by disbelief. *Holy fuck!* he thought. He started shouting as loud as he could, shouting until his throat was raw and his lungs burned. There were no answering calls; no one peered over the gunnel. "Help me, you motherfuckers!" he screamed. He kept shouting even after the ship had pulled away and begun to shrink into the distance, its lights floating above the ocean like a flying city. He kept shouting even when the only noise that came out of his mouth was a hoarse croak. He began treading water and watched, incredulous, as the lights of the ship got smaller, came together, and finally blinked out below the horizon.


They'll come back, Ridley thought. *When they find I'm missing, they'll figure out I must have fallen overboard, and they'll put out a search for me.* Because he could think of nothing better to do, he started swimming out toward where the ship had disappeared, down the bright path of moonlight that stretched before him. The sea had a faint phosphorescence, something he had never noticed before, and every time he dipped his hand into it, the water gave off a pale green glow.

Slowly, stroke by stroke, the fear began to seep in. Ridley pushed it out at first, concentrating on his

burn. His eyes stung from the salt water, and his throat was dry and swollen.

That night Ridley watched the stars wheel slowly around overhead, dimmed by the full moon's brighter light. He tried to track the path of the Southern Cross, the only constellation he recognized, but he kept slipping in and out of sleep. The ocean was still calm, but there was a change to it; the phosphorescence was brighter than the night before. Ridley rolled over on his makeshift life preserver, his face just above the water. He cut his arm through the waves, watching the vivid green glow that trailed behind it. It was getting harder for him to collect his thoughts, to tell what was real and what wasn't. He kept getting the feeling that someone was floating next to him—Hanson maybe, or another shipmate, or one of his buddies from high school—and he would turn to say something only to realize with a shock that he was alone. He closed his eyes. Hanson was murmuring in his ears, but he couldn't make out the words, just the tone: joking, angry, tender. The murmuring never stopped.

By noon the next day, Ridley had pretty much lost any awareness that he was floating in the middle of the Arabian Sea. He had conversations with many people, but Hanson was the one he talked to most often. Ridley's eyes were almost swollen shut by sun-



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burn and the sting of salt water, blinded by the sun's reflection, but sometimes he could still make out Hanson drifting in the water beside him.

"You better get up, Tom," Hanson said, grinning. "The chief's going to chew your ass good if he catches you in your bunk."

"I don't feel so good, Eddy," Ridley said thickly.

"The chief doesn't like goof-offs, Tom," Hanson said. He looked angry now. "You better get your ass in gear."

"I'm not goofing off," Ridley protested. He tried to lift his head higher but gave it up after a brief struggle. "Something's wrong."

"I don't know why I put up with you," Hanson said. "I don't know why I let you suck my dick."

"You bastard!" Ridley snarled. He swung out at Hanson, but his hand only slapped feebly against the water's surface. "You bastard," he repeated, more softly. He squinted up at the sky and then at the water around him. "Where am I?" he asked, but Hanson was gone.

For a brief instance, his mind was lucid, and he remembered everything. *I'm not going to make it through the day*, he thought. This saddened him, but only remotely, as if he were contemplating someone

light state, not asleep but not fully awake either. Everything vibrated with unreality. Every now and then a pair of hands would lift his head and offer him water, which Ridley drank meekly. He had not realized before that Hanson's hands were so brown.

He woke up that night like he had the night before, the boat rocking gently and with the sleeping form nestled up against him. He had been dreaming of Hanson; it was a dream, this time, not a hallucination, and because he could tell the difference he knew he was getting better. He stirred, and the body next to him stirred too. Moonlight streamed into the boat's well, but the two of them were still within the shadow of the tarp. A soft, fluid stream of words issued out of the darkness.

"I don't understand," Ridley said.

The flow of words continued, urgent, coaxing. Ridley lay still. He could make out nothing of the man's features, whether he was young or old, handsome or not. Ridley felt a hand on his chest, its fingers gently stroking his skin. Ridley remained motionless, lulled by the rocking of the boat, the balmy, tropical night, and the play of fingers on his body. The stream of words continued, barely more than a whisper, as the hand moved up and stroked Ridley's face. Ridley

The mouth made its way down Ridley's body, the lips soft and damp.

else's death. Still holding on to his inflated trousers, he drifted back out of consciousness.

He awoke in shade, and the escape from the sun was so unexpected and such a blessed relief, it drove everything else out of his mind, even curiosity. Hands were pulling at him, tugging his arms out of the water. "Eddy?" he mumbled, dazed. There was no response, just the incessant pulling, the hands hoisting him out of the warm water and onto a surface that was solid and flat. *Is this really happening?* he wondered. He tried to move, to open his eyes, but all he could do was shake. Hands held up his head, fresh water trickled into his mouth, and he drank thirstily. He could make out movement through the slits of his sunburned eyelids, but nothing more than that. He closed his eyes, and when he opened them again it was night, and the moon shone palely over him. There was another body next to his, curled up against him on the small deck and sleeping. *Is this really happening?* he wondered again. He reached over and laid his hand on the hip of his neighbor. *Eddy?* he wondered. The man stirred and nestled closer to him, throwing his arm across Ridley's chest.

Ridley spent the next day in the boat's well under a tarp strung up against the mast. There were fish everywhere, piles of silvery bodies all around him, some still flopping about, and their stench made his belly cramp with nausea. He felt like he was in some twi-

turned his head and pressed his lips against the palm. There was a stir of movement next to him and the warmth of breath on his face. Lips kissed his mouth, gently at first, then with greater intensity as the hand slid down Ridley's body and wrapped around his dick. Ridley felt the pressure of a body against his, and he reached out and stroked the warm flesh, the smooth skin with the hardness of muscle beneath it. There was a touch of lips against Ridley's chest, the feel of a tongue flicking against his nipple as the hand continued stroking his dick. Ridley sighed, and there was the sound of soft laughter.

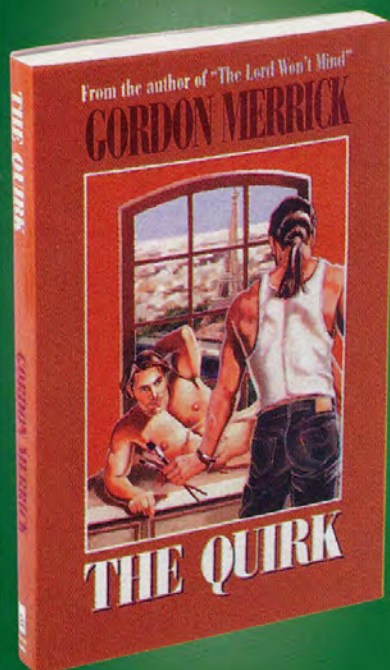
The mouth made its way down Ridley's body, the lips soft and damp, and Ridley reached down and ran his fingers through the thick, coarse hair. He felt the tongue drag across the length of his cock and then the warm wetness of the mouth, of lips sliding up and down his shaft, and he sighed again, louder. He began pumping his hips with slow, measured thrusts, fucking the mouth as a hand gently squeezed his balls and then slid down and pushed against his asshole. There was the probe of a finger, and then it entered him, knuckle by knuckle. Ridley widened his legs and pushed up, opening himself up to the thrust of the finger.

Ridley reached over and gently pulled at the body next to him. There was a rustle of movement as the body pivoted around, and soon Ridley was sucking on

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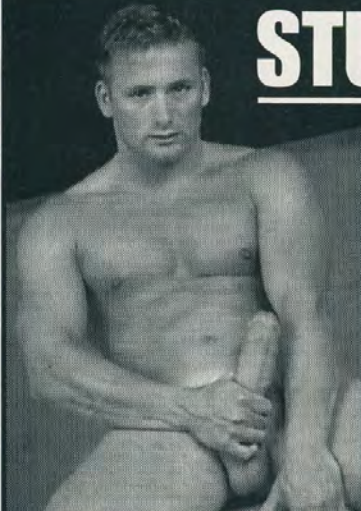
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a hardened dick, thick and uncircumcised, while his own dick was swallowed by the wet mouth. Ridley squirmed in the darkness, pushing hard against the lithe body next to him, feeding on the dick as the warm mouth fed on his. The boat rocked gently in the night, and he could hear the murmur of the waves against its side. The mouth working his dick was skillful and eager; Ridley could feel his load being pulled from him, and he knew that if this continued, his orgasm would be triggered in a matter of seconds.

The mouth stopped. A stillness lay heavy and potent in the darkness. The body next to Ridley repositioned itself once more. Hands pushed Ridley's knees apart, there was a sound of spitting, and Ridley felt the cock push up between the crack in his ass. Ridley reached down and guided it in, and the cock entered him inch by slow inch. The soft voice began murmuring again, low and unceasing, as Ridley felt the weight of a body on top of his. The cock thrust into his ass, and Ridley pushed up to meet it, squeezing his ass muscles tight. There was the sound of a trailing groan, and then the hot wet mouth on his again, the tongue pushing against his own. The cock slid in and out of his ass, slowly at first, almost tentatively, and then with increasing urgency. Ridley reached up and pulled the

If this continued, his orgasm would be triggered in a matter of seconds.

head down, biting the lips, wrapping his arms around the torso and squeezing tightly. The moon had progressed enough in the night sky so that its light now angled in beneath the tarp, shining on a pair of brown legs entwined around Ridley's own.

The cock was pumping Ridley's ass furiously now, the heavy balls slamming against him with each thrust. Drops of sweat dripped down on him from above; Ridley could feel the hot breath across his face. The murmuring had stopped, giving way instead to little gasps, groans, and whimpers. A spit-slicked hand was stroking Ridley's hard dick, sliding up and down the shaft in time with each thrust of the dick in his ass. Gradually, stroke by stroke, Ridley could feel his load being pulled from him. From the increasing volume of the groans above him, Ridley guessed that the other guy was not far from shooting either. There was a final deep thrust of the dick, then a sharp cry. The body in Ridley's arms shuddered, the dick pulled out of his ass, and Ridley felt the hot rain of come splatter across his belly and chest. The hand slid across his torso, smearing the come, and then wrapped around Ridley's dick again. It slid up and down Ridley's shaft, now slippery with spit and come, and Ridley let loose with a long trailing groan as his load pulsed out in one spasm after another, mingling with the smear of come that already caked his belly. One final spasm rippled through his body, and then he sank back onto

the hardness of the boat's deck. The body above his collapsed on top of him, the arms wrapping around his torso, the mouth on his again. The two of them lay like that, flesh pressed against flesh, both of them now fully bathed in the light of the setting moon. Ridley heard the other's breathing become slower and more regular. After a while he drifted off to sleep as well, lulled by the rocking of the boat.

The reporter from *Stars and Stripes* sat in the chair next to Ridley's hospital bed, his voice low and deferential. It was the first time Ridley had ever been given celebrity treatment, and it made him uncomfortable. The street sounds of New Delhi floated through the ward window, providing a constant background of noise. After three days Ridley hardly noticed them anymore. "So what were you thinking of while you were adrift?" the reporter asked.

Ridley was quiet for a long time. "I don't know," he said. He licked his lips and swallowed. "I got kind of confused after a while."

Ridley could tell the reporter was disappointed with his answer. He felt a flash of irritation. "Look," he said. "What difference does it make what I was thinking?"

The reporter leaned back in his chair and fixed Ridley with a level look. "You're hot news, buddy," he said. "A Pakistani fisherman plucking you out of the ocean after you were adrift for almost two days...do you have any idea how *miraculous* that was?"

"Yeah," Ridley said. "I do."

There was a brief silence. "Maybe you were thinking about Jesus," the reporter prompted.

Ridley didn't say anything for a while. Outside, a taxi was honking its horn nonstop. Ridley closed his eyes and then opened them again. He felt drained of energy. "Yeah," he said. "I was thinking of Jesus."

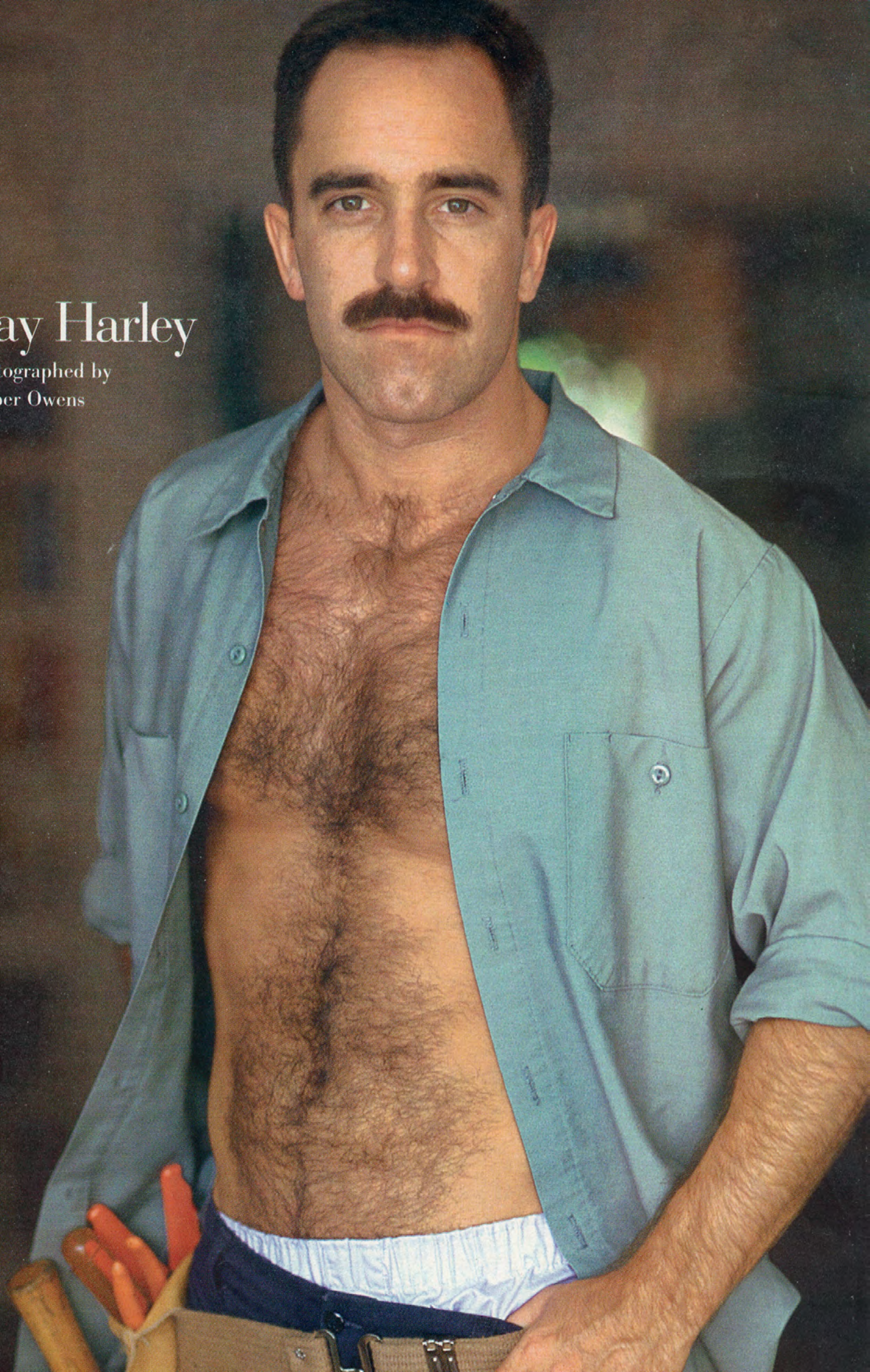
"And maybe your mother?" the reporter continued, his tone warming up.

"That's right," Ridley said. "Her too."

The reporter scribbled furiously in his notepad. He asked a few more questions, and to get rid of him Ridley gave him whatever answers he thought would most please him. When he was finally alone again, Ridley settled back into his bed and closed his eyes. The heat poured in through the open window, thick and sluggish, like a river of mud. Images floated through Ridley's mind, not of the ocean but of the dark well of the boat, of invisible hands and a mouth exploring his body to the sound of lapping water. After a couple of minutes, he drifted into sleep in the same way, days before, he had drifted onto water. ●

Ray Harley

photographed by
Wilber Owens















Jesus and the Deliveryman

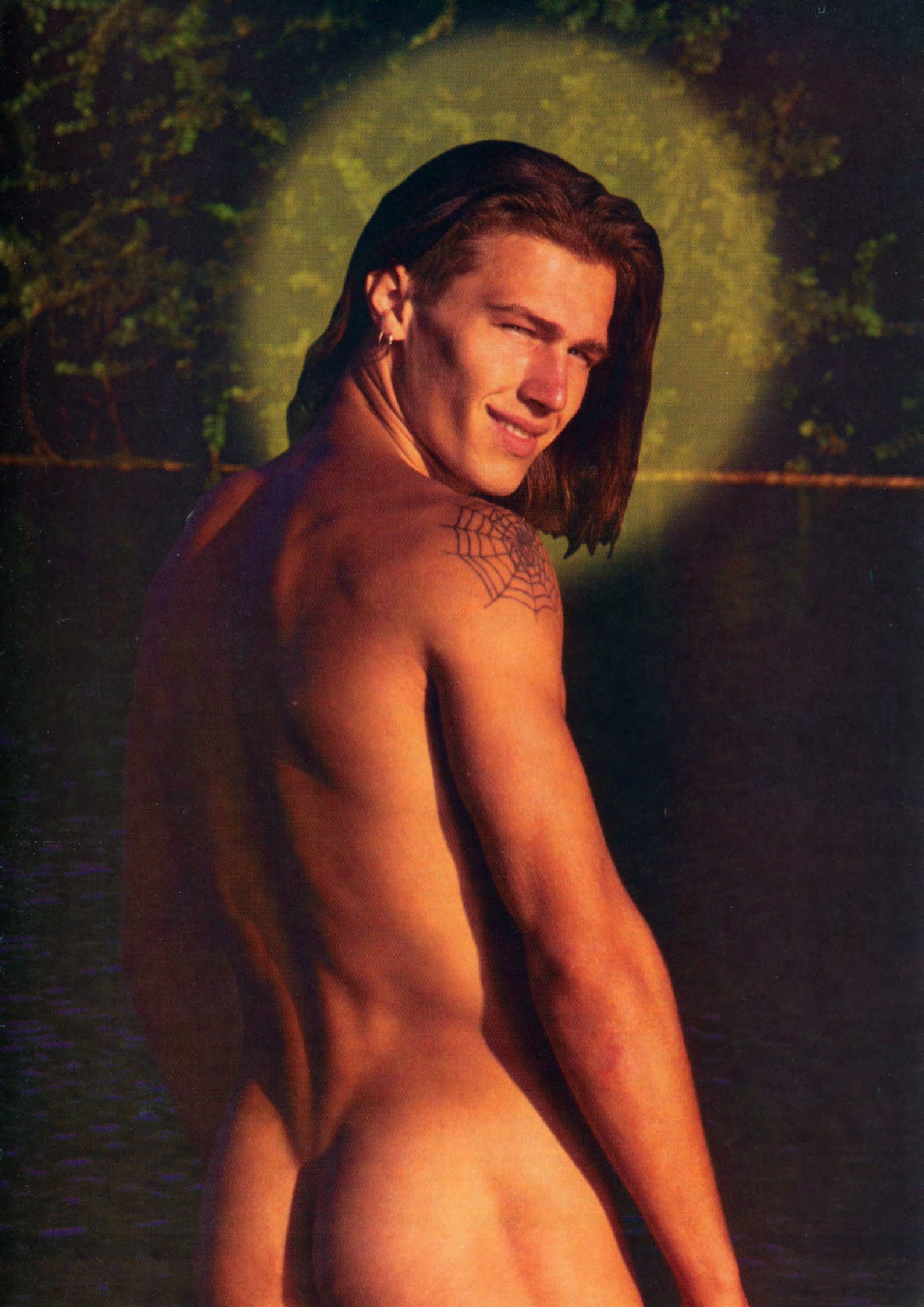
by Wilson Greene

I live in Portland, Ore., a city full of people who want to save the world. It is a place where local government takes environmentalists and their concerns seriously. As you might expect, it is also a town committed to reducing the number of automobiles on its roads. The public transportation system is excellent, but the city hasn't stopped there. It has made a genuine effort to encourage Portlanders to adopt bicycling as their primary method of transportation. Most of the major roads have bike lanes, and bicycles are allowed on all city buses and light-rail trains. This has led to Portland being named the most bicycle-friendly city in the country by a number of cycling magazines.

A couple of years ago, I decided to do my part and replace my car with a bicycle. I wish I could say my motivation was purely unselfish—that I decided to become a bicycle commuter so I wouldn't be contributing to the destruction of the environment—but the truth is that

self-interest played a larger role in my decision. For one thing, bicycles are considerably cheaper than cars. I don't have to pay for gas, insurance, or parking, and the cost of maintenance and repairs is minimal. But the main reason I bike is even more self-serving: It is the best way I know to keep my body lean and hard as I approach my mid 30s.

The Portland area's regional government—known locally as Metro—publishes a map of the best bicycle routes through town. I take one of these routes to and from work every day. I work as a paralegal at a law firm downtown, and I live in a historic neighborhood in northeast Portland. It's about a 30-minute commute that takes me through many of Portland's beautiful old neighborhoods, across the Willamette River, and into downtown. This gives me a chance to cruise other bikers. Portland is teeming with scruffy young men on bicycles, long-haired boys with goatees and tattoos, and hunky young lads with



buzz cuts and body piercings, many of whom cycle through town in the summer wearing nothing more than a pair of cutoff jeans.

Of course, I can't arrive at work quite so scantily clad, but even when I'm dressed in business drag—which for me means khakis, a button-down shirt, and a tie—a number of these boys can't resist checking me out. I'm the proverbial tall, dark, and handsome man: 6 foot 2 and fit, with jet black hair, brown eyes, and olive skin. I seem to generate stares wherever I go, so I'm never surprised when bicycle boys cruise me on the road. Often as I pull up next to one of them at a stoplight, I'll feel a pair of eyes on me. I'll tilt my head and exchange a meaningful stare with the shirtless lad beside me before letting my eyes wander to his hard tanned torso, his muscular legs, his shapely bubble butt. Then I find myself trying to stare a hole in his cutoff jeans, wondering just what delicacies lie hidden there. I notice that my fellow cyclist has also fixed his attention on my crotch, which has by this time begun to swell. We continue undressing each other with our eyes until the motorists behind us let us know—in a rude and annoying way—that the light has turned green.

Until recently I never picked up any of my fellow cyclists; it was enough that they got me all hot and bothered on my way home from work. I would go home and find my lover, Nick, who works at home as a freelance writer, waiting for me. Randy and pleasantly buzzed by endorphins, I would strip off my clothes and amble into his office, where he sat hunched over his computer, only too happy to have his work interrupted by a sweaty naked man. Sometimes he would suck me off while visions of half-naked cyclists danced in my brain. Other times he would bend me over his desk and fuck me while I imagined that a long-haired boy with a tattoo and a nose ring was actually doing the deed. Ten years into our relationship, our sex life was being revived by my new mode of transportation.

And then my lover went to Mexico for two months to research travel articles. Before he left we decided it was time to experiment with an open relationship—at least during the time that we were apart. Of course, only safe sex, which we defined in the strictest of terms—no fucking or sucking without a condom.

On a Tuesday afternoon in June, just a week after my lover's departure, I pedaled over the Burnside bridge on my way home. My bicycle wheels whirred faintly, and my tie fluttered in the breeze. It was a gorgeous day, sunny and warm. The sky was clear, and Mount Hood was visible in the distance, a giant glacier on the horizon. After I crossed the bridge, I veered onto Ankeny,

the main street on my route home. Ankeny is extremely popular with cyclists, so there is never a shortage of hot young men here.

But on this beautiful Tuesday afternoon, one particular man caught my eye. He and I were headed in opposite directions. He was long and lean and clad only in a pair of shorts and a bicycle helmet. He had long brown locks, a neatly trimmed goatee, and piercing green eyes that sought out mine as we pedaled past each other. My head craned around to catch a rear view of him, and I saw that he was also straining to catch a second glimpse of me. He looked like an actor who might play Jesus in a Hollywood biblical epic. In fact, he had an earnest-looking face that rather reminded me of the Jesus in Guercino's Baroque masterpiece *Christ and the Woman Taken in Adultery*. He was also reminiscent of the handsome young Jesus in Caravaggio's *The Calling of St. Matthew*. His stare was so penetrating that it seemed to seek out the mysteries of my soul (though in truth the mystery that really interested him was concealed only by my pants).

I decided to circle the block and follow him. Only my cats were waiting for me at home, and they certainly wouldn't mind my being late. But when I returned to Ankeny only a minute later, Jesus was no longer there. After pedaling downhill toward the river for a few blocks, I finally

decided I had lost him and turned around to head for home. The route was slightly uphill from here. I could feel a pleasant burn in my leg muscles, and beads of sweat were beginning to collect at my brow. To get my mind off the boy I'd just lost, I began to concentrate on the street itself. Ankeny runs through a Victorian neighborhood that has not yet been gentrified. Consequently, there's a heavy population of students and artists, many of whom were socializing on their front porches this afternoon or working in their gardens. My attention was captured for a moment by a comely lad pulling weeds from a bed of pansies.

When I returned my eyes to the road, I was startled by a brief moment of *déjà vu*: Jesus was approaching me on a bicycle. His piercing green eyes locked with mine again, and again I swiveled my head to watch him retreat in the other direction. *How did this happen?* I wondered as I refixed my eyes to the street. It didn't take me long to deduce that he and I had simultaneously decided to follow each other. To prevent a repeat of this fiasco, I slowed down and craned my neck to see what he was doing. I saw him take a right turn, and figuring that he would circle the block and follow me, I proceeded in the direction of my house. A moment later I checked to make sure he was following me, and sure enough he was.

He looked like an actor who might play Jesus in a Hollywood biblical epic.

But just before I turned onto the street where I live, I glanced behind me and didn't see him. I stopped for a minute or two, hoping he'd catch up with me, but he didn't appear. So I went home alone, disconsolate and horny.

I left my bicycle on the front porch and went inside, immediately stripping off my sweaty clothes. (My partner and I often walk around our house naked. Giant rhododendron bushes grow in front of our broad front porch, obscuring the view from the street. We figure our neighbors would have to go to an awful lot of trouble to see inside our house, and if they're that interested, more power to them.) I went to the kitchen for a glass of water, then collapsed on the sofa. I closed my eyes and thought about the beautiful man who'd almost followed me home. *What had happened to him?* I wondered. *What would we be doing right now if he were here? Certainly I would already have managed to coax him out of those shorts,* I thought, and as I imagined him naked, my dick began to grow. I licked my right hand and grabbed my boner, pumping it slowly while I envisioned myself bending the cyclist over my couch, spreading his muscular ass cheeks and running my tongue across his pucker. With my left hand I squeezed my right nipple. I opened my eyes and examined my slick six-inch pole. Prejizz was beginning to seep out of my piss slit. I rubbed my index finger across the hole, scooping up just a bit of the sticky goo and bringing it to my tongue, wishing Nick were there to deposit a load of salty-sweet spunk into my mouth.

Suddenly I heard the sound of footsteps on the porch. I leaped up from the couch and started to dash into the next room, but it was too late: Jesus was watching me through the window in the front door. And he apparently approved of what he saw; he had a gleam in his eye and a naughty grin on his lips.

I opened the door and invited him in.

"You started without me," he said, removing his helmet. He had prominent cheekbones, and his eyes were even more mesmerizing up close.

"I thought I had lost you," I replied. "What happened?"

"I witnessed a little fender bender on 33rd," he said, "so I stopped to give one of the drivers my phone number." He smiled and reached out to grab my cock. "I was afraid I'd never find you," he continued. "It's a good thing you left your bike on the porch, though it's a miracle I was able to see it through all of those bushes." While his fingers danced gently on my nut sac, he pressed his lips to mine, slipping his tongue into my mouth. I pulled him close and slid my right hand down the back of his shorts, exploring his moist sweaty ass

crack with my fingers. With my left hand I unbuttoned and unzipped his shorts, and they fell to the floor.

I pulled my tongue out of Jesus's mouth so that I could get a good look at his meat. He had a big ol' donkey dick, and unlike his namesake, he was uncut. As his cock hardened, the foreskin retracted until his knob was completely exposed. His dick head was swollen and pink, and a pearl of precome was oozing out of his piss slit. I bent my knees a little so I could taste his nipples. They were soft and puffy at first, but when I swirled my tongue around them, they hardened into tiny pencil erasers. Jesus sighed and ran his fingers through my hair. My tongue trailed down his abdomen, stopping at his belly button, which was perforated by a silver hoop. As I darted my tongue across his navel ring, he whimpered and grabbed my head, holding it in place. His dick throbbed against my neck while I flicked the hoop back and forth. A drop of prejizz leaked out of his cock and rolled down my chest.

Finally I dropped to my knees, examining his cock at close range. It was awesome: Eight or nine inches long and thick, it pointed straight at the ceiling.

It was awesome: Eight or nine inches long and thick, it pointed straight at the ceiling.

This is the phallus of a god, I thought as I lubed my right hand with spit and began stroking his magnificent organ. I buried my nose in his nuts and inhaled, intoxicating myself on their musky scent.

His legs trembled when my tongue touched his sac. As I bathed his nuts with saliva, Jesus grunted and placed his hands on the back of my head. His balls began to contract. Within moments a shudder went through his body, and my face was splattered with splooge.

"That was fast," I said, wiping his jizz from my face with my shirt. I had enjoyed it, of course, but I had also counted on it lasting a while longer.

"Don't worry," he said. "I can come again."

"You can?" I asked, slightly incredulous.

"Sure," he said. "Wanna fuck me?"

"How old are you?" I asked.

"Nineteen," he replied. "I've got a rubber here somewhere." He fished around in the back pocket of his shorts and withdrew a condom packet. Tearing it open he placed the condom between his lips and rolled it onto my dick. Grabbing my ass cheeks with his hands, he forced me to skewer his gullet with my cock. He was a remarkably skilled cocksucker. For the next ten minutes or so, his tongue made love to my shaft while my the head of my dick massaged his tonsils. His hands wandered over my body, gently teasing the backs of my legs, exploring my ass crack, caressing my balls, squeezing my nipples. All the while his own cock stood at attention between his legs, a steady stream of slime flowing from the slit.

Finally he pulled his mouth off of my cock and stood. "Ready to fuck me?" he asked as he bent over the sofa.

His ass was perfect: firm and muscular, with skin as smooth as satin. Milky white and bordered by tan lines, his ass cheeks parted slightly as he bent over the sofa, revealing a tantalizing pucker. I longed to taste it, but I knew this would be a violation of the pact I'd made with my lover. I licked my index finger and slid it up his chute while I kissed his ass cheeks. He thrust his ass backward, trying to force my finger deeper into his velvety recesses. I inserted a second finger, then a third, relishing the way his asshole gripped them. He writhed and gasped as my fingers probed the silky depths of his ass. I grabbed his dick with my other hand and pointed it at the floor. His balls bounced against his boner as he squirmed. "Stick your cock in me," he said between moans.

There was no resistance when I pressed my cock head against his ass ring; his butt swallowed my dick whole. I grabbed him by the hips and rammed my pole in and out of him. His ass cheeks bounced ever so slightly as my pelvis slammed against his ass, producing a slapping sound that blended beautifully with his moans. He reached between his legs and grabbed his cock. After just a few strokes, his moans grew louder, and I felt jizz splattering my feet. I briefly slowed the movement of my hips, thinking that since he'd come twice he'd probably be ready for me to stop pounding his ass. But he breathlessly cried, "Just keep fucking me," so I obeyed him.

He began to toss his head back and forth like a spooked pony. I drew my right hand back and brought it down against his ass in a light slap. He grunted every time my palm landed against his flesh. His head thrashed more violently. He seemed to be on the verge of entering a trance, like a shaman or a whirling dervish, but then suddenly, as his head swung to the right, a look of stunned sobriety stole into his eyes.

"Oh, God, we've got an audience," he said. I glanced in the direction of the front door and saw a sight that nearly caused me to jump out of my skin. A strange man was watching us—leering at us, really—through the window. When he saw the shock register on my face, he licked his lips and winked at me. My hips ground to a halt, and I stood there staring at this Peeping Tom like a deer caught in headlights.

"Let him in, and keep fucking me," Jesus said. I pulled my cock out of his ass and opened the front door. The Peeping Tom was about 25, I'd guess, and he was short and muscular. He had dimples and blue eyes and closely cropped hair. A metal chain drooped from his pants pocket, and he wore a black leather arm band

with silver spikes. I don't know how long he had been watching us, but it was at least long enough for him to pull his cock out of his pants and start stroking it. He smiled as he looked down at my rubber-encased boner. "Package delivery," he said, nodding in the direction of a large box he'd set down on the porch. A clipboard and a pen lay on top of the box.

"Nick's new printer," I said.

"You'll need to sign for it," he said, continuing to stroke his cock and nodding again at the box and the clipboard.

"You'd better come inside," I said.

He nodded again and stepped through the door, leaving the box and the clipboard on the porch. "Don't stop on my account," he said, dropping his pants around his ankles. I shoved my cock back up Jesus's ass and resumed fucking him. The deliveryman seemed far more interested in Jesus than in me. And the interest was apparently mutual. While I fucked him, Jesus locked eyes with the deliveryman. He moaned and stared, and the deliveryman echoed his moans as he stared back, pounding his pud the

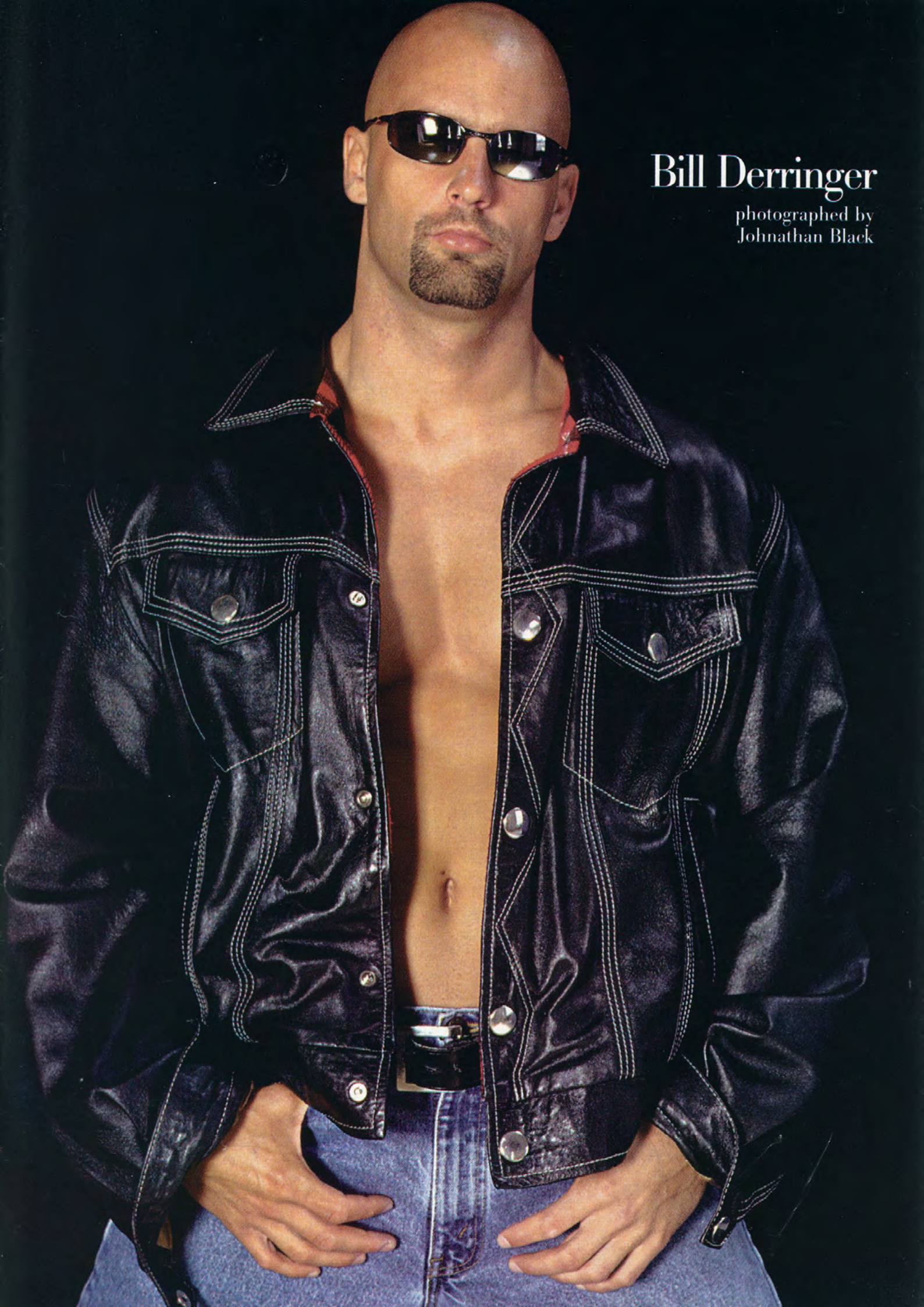
whole time. After a minute or two of this, Jesus rained splooge on my feet again. I kept fucking him, and it wasn't long before Jesus came a fourth time. The realization that the cyclist was multiorgas-

mic evidently thrilled the deliveryman. His face became contorted, and his body was suddenly racked with twisting convulsions. Cream spewed from his cock, arcing through the air and landing in Jesus's goatee. The sight of beads of jizz clinging to Jesus's beard set me off. I pulled my cock out of the cyclist's ass, ripped the condom off, and sprayed his back with my semen.

While I wiped my splooge from his back, Jesus continued to stare at the deliveryman. The two were entranced with each other, and they paid little attention to me as I signed for Nick's printer and bid them good-bye. Through the rhododendron bushes, I watched them have a long and apparently enthralling conversation. After what seemed like an eternity, they exchanged scraps of paper and went their separate ways.

I never did learn Jesus's real name. He and I have passed each other on Ankeny many times since then, but now he only smiles at me mischievously and continues to head for town. I saw him and the deliveryman dining together at a nearby restaurant a couple of weeks ago, and just last week I saw them together at the grocery store. I've reached the conclusion that they've become lovers, and I can't help being amused by the role I played in bringing them together. ●

A strange man was watching us—leering
at us, really—through the window.



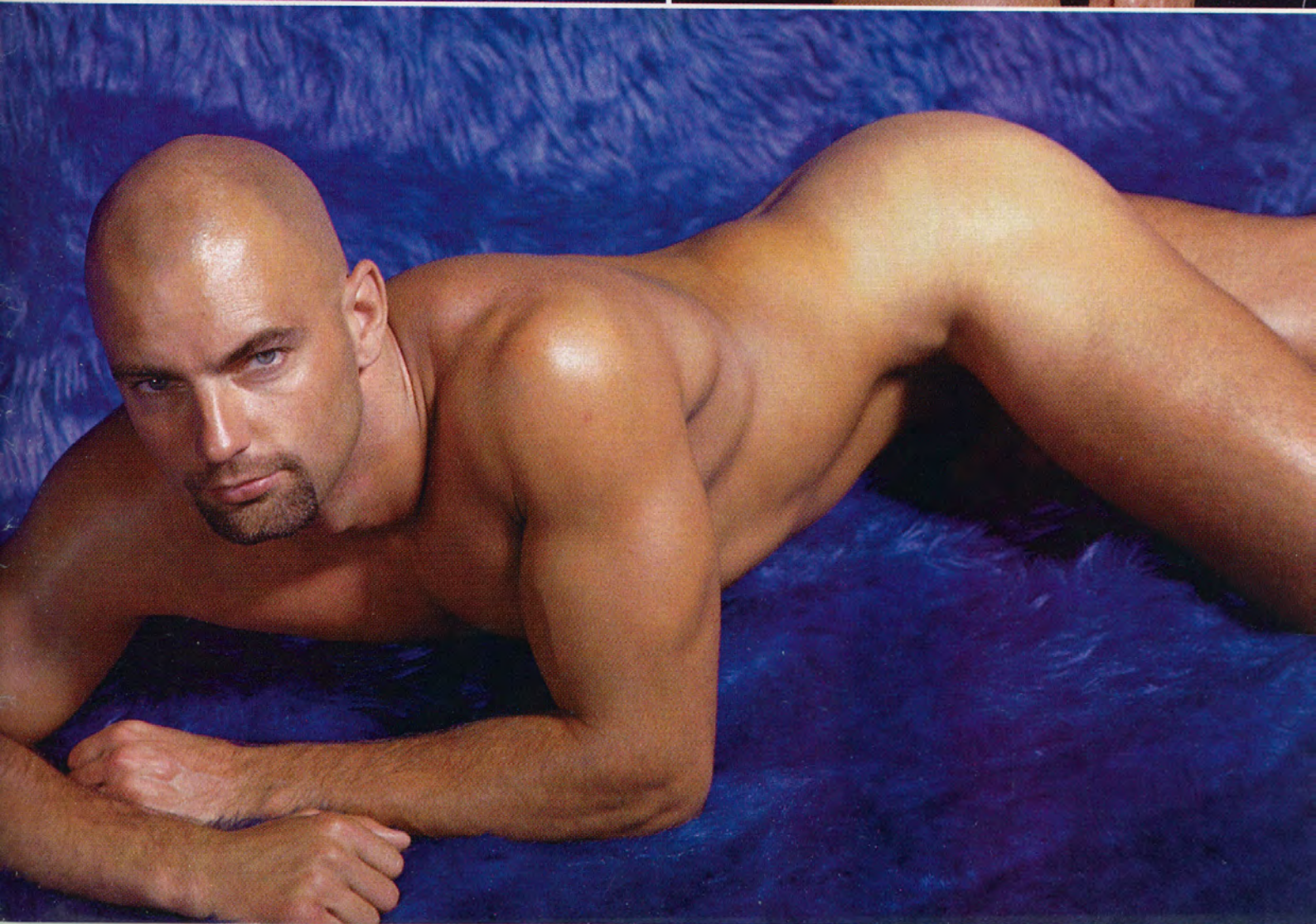
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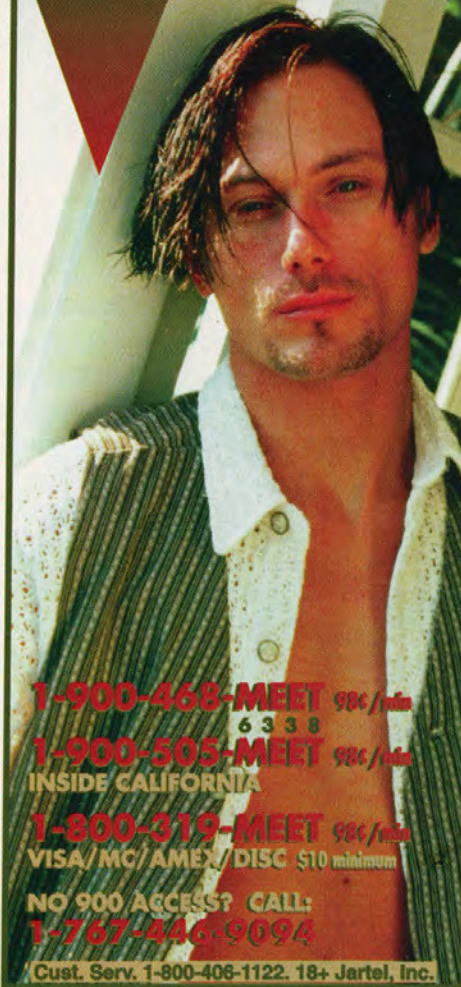
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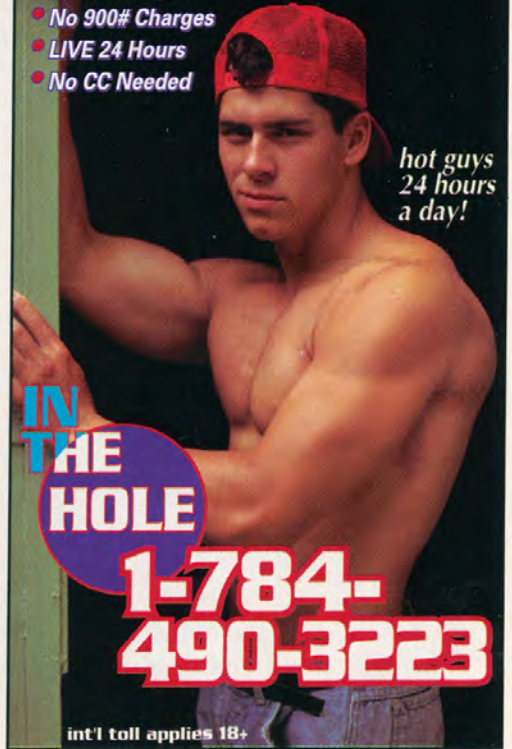
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Cold night, hot sex

IT WAS BITTER COLD— zero degrees at best. As I headed home on the rural interstate, I stopped at a rest area. Despite the freezing temperature, I had to pee.

There was only one car in the parking lot, an old one I thought was abandoned. But when I went inside, there was a guy in a stall. I stepped into his view and realized that something was wrong. He didn't wait for small talk but instead blurted out, "My hands and feet are real cold. My car doesn't have a heater. Can you help?"

"Sure," I said. "My car is warm."

"I don't think I can walk," he said in tears.

"OK. Don't worry," I reassured him. "Put your hands in my armpits." I opened my coat as we sat on the unusually spacious sink counter facing one another.

"Thanks," he said and reached out. The very thought of having another man unexpectedly so close to me excited me despite the serious situation.

He wiggled his fingers under my coat. "Thanks. I think you defrosted my fingers," he said. "You're a real lifesaver!" He smiled. He was such a beautiful man.

He continued to warm his hands and then asked, "What about my feet? Where can I put them?" I shoved my pants down and leaned back. His beautiful eyes sparkled at what he saw. I took that as a sign of what might come from my "good deeds."

He removed his hands from under my coat and took off his shoes and socks. Then he inched closer to me and placed his feet in my crotch between my balls and my thighs. He "accidentally" brushed my cock. His feet were freezing, but all this was too interesting for me to mind a little discomfort.

"Thanks again," he said after a few moments. "I think you're gonna save my feet too. Is there anything I can do for you?" He looked into my eyes and smiled again.

"Get your hands warmer," I said as I pulled my shirt out of my pants to give him access to my bare armpits. I thought that might bring his face closer to me. He leaned in to warm his hands, and soon I knew my idea had worked like a charm! His tongue shot out and licked my hot tip. I groaned in pleasure and shoved more of my

cock toward his face. His lips circled my knob, and his mouth was anything but cold!

He nibbled the length of my now-throbbing rod, sliding up and down my shaft and moaning gently to himself. As my knob hit the back of his throat, he began to really suck. I knew that if he kept up this pace, he was going to get hot come for warmth—in a New York minute!

While he continued to pleasure me with his tongue, he stuck a finger into my asshole. I groaned in ecstasy, and my cock gave a mighty jerk. "Oh, man!" I moaned. "Suck that cock, man!"

It must have been the right thing to say. His sucking motions increased in speed, and his tongue actions strengthened. That only encouraged me. "Fuck that ass, man!" I told him. His finger jabbed up my hole and rammed in and out faster. My load was boiling in my balls. Having my cock in his mouth and my knob hitting the back of his throat was one of the strongest sensations I had ever experienced.

One lunge took my throbbing cock to the back of his throat again. "Here it comes!" I shouted. "I'm gonna shoot! Oh, God, here it comes!" My balls pumped, and my cock jerked. I could feel my heavy load shoot out into his willing mouth, and he gulped and gagged and kept sucking as he coaxed spasm after spasm from my cock.

Even when I was done, he continued to massage my prick with his mouth and tongue while I slowly grew softer. After a few moments more, he gently let my spent dick slip from his tender lips.

His eyes met mine, and he smiled. "Thank you," I said. "Are you all right? Can you walk to your car?"

"Yes," he said, although his look of fear started to return. "But—"

"Don't worry," I said. "You're going to spend the night with me. It's 15 miles. You're warm enough now to get there."

He smiled his beautiful smile and said, "OK." That was all I needed to hear. So we finished up the cold, cold night with some of the hottest sex that I could ever have imagined.

D.R., Indianapolis, Ind.

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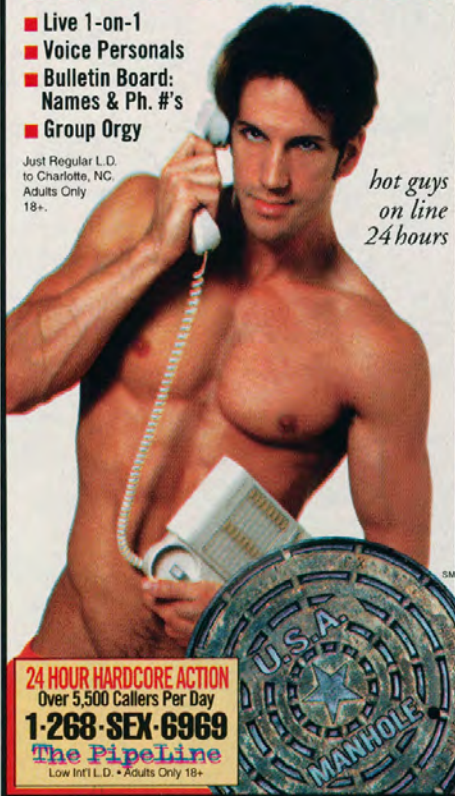
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[VIDEO REVIEWS]

SWM

SWM—THE CLASSIFIED-AD ABBREVIATION for “straight white male”—is another variation on that fantasy about the gay guy who finds a “straight” male roommate who turns out to be a better sex partner for the gay guy than any other gay guy possibly could be. To put it bluntly, this isn’t my fantasy. It’s always seemed to me that even a good fantasy requires at least a little drop of internal logic, and how “straight” can a guy be when he’s fucking your fuzzy male ass? If you’re a guy and he agrees to have sex with you at all, doesn’t that make him something other than “straight”?

The video begins promisingly with two guys having sex in a bedroom. Dark, goateed Nick Yeager sucks dark, muscular, clean-shaven newcomer Mical Kase. Kase also sucks Yeager, who then rims Kase. The guys look good, and it looks like they’re having a good time, but it turns out that they’re roommates who are about to reach a parting of the ways. Yeager won’t let Kase fuck him. Apparently, this isn’t the first time they’ve had this problem because a fed-up Kase tells Yeager to take a hike and find another apartment.

Yeager and Kase’s mutual friend Logan Reed helps Yeager in his house-hunting. Yeager winds up sharing an apartment with “straight” boy Mason Jarr, who also seems to be sharing the same apartment—not to mention his bed—with his girlfriend, T.J. Hart.

When next we see our principals, Yeager is in his new bedroom, trying to read *The Persian Boy* and being distracted by the sounds of sex coming through the wall from the next room. Jarr and Hart are having het sex. She’s bouncing up and down on his boinker. I fast-forward a lot. She’s still bouncing. So are they. I fast-forward some more. Now she’s all through bouncing, but she has to run off suddenly—late for work, apparently—leaving Jarr with a raging hard-on and no outlet but his hand. Jarr jacks off, and in the next room Yeager jacks off while listening to Jarr. Yeager finishes by assuming a self-suck position and ejaculating neatly into his own mouth. It’s a tidy little trick. You can tell who’s going to be Felix in this odd couple.

Cut to a nearby apartment whose occupants evidently have been spying on Yeager and Jarr through their kitchen

window’s venetian blinds. (If that’s not the case, I can’t relate this episode to the rest of the video at all.) Tall, slinky J.J. Bond and cute, blondish Brandon Small go at it right there in the kitchen. Brandon sucks J.J.—for an amazingly long time, it seems to me, which means it went on longer than my interest in it—and then J.J. fucks Brandon, efficiently if unspectacularly.

Meanwhile, Kase—remember him, from the first scene?—gets together with Reed at Reed’s place. Kase throws Reed a fuck, and later, while Reed’s in the shower, Kase—the sneak!—snoops through Reed’s address book and gets Yeager’s new address, which apparently has been a secret from Kase all this time. Kase goes to visit Yeager and meets Jarr. Kase, who doesn’t quite get that Jarr is “straight,” tells Jarr that Yeager will never let him (Jarr) fuck him (Yeager) and storms out. Next is the part I don’t quite get: Jarr tells Yeager he knew Yeager was gay when he accepted him as a roommate. (Was that supposed to be a secret too?) Yeager tells Jarr he likes him, really likes him. This information has an even bigger impact on Jarr than it did on Sally Field because Jarr rewards Yeager with a big kiss and sex (which, I presume, is more than Field did for the motion picture academy.)

Yeager sucks Jarr’s cock for days, then flips him up on his back and rims his ass. They sixty-nine, and then Yeager wants Jarr to fuck him, which he does, and they both seem to have a terrific time. The end. I guess the moral is that it takes a “straight” man to be a *really* good fag. Does that make sense? Well, it makes about as much sense as anything else in *SWM*.

As I said, this I-seduced-a-straight-guy business isn’t really my cup of splodge, but I think I could get into it if it were really well done. Unfortunately, *SWM* is one of director Chi Chi LaRue’s more throwaway efforts, long on screenplay (though, perhaps significantly, there isn’t any screenplay credit) and short on sexual involvement on the part of all concerned. Jarr, who has the most star quality of anyone in the cast, looks terrific as always, but neither he nor anyone else works up any noticeable passion, intimacy, or enthusiasm in the sex department, except perhaps in the het scene. *SWM* manages to be puzzling without being very interesting, and personally, in the unlikely event I want to see a het video, I’ll rent one.

—Steve Jensen



Nick Yeager (left) and Mason Jarr in *SWM*

SWM

90 minutes; All Worlds (1998)

Director: Chi Chi LaRue

Cast: Mason Jarr, Nick Yeager, Logan Reed, J.J. Bond, Brandon Small, Mical Kase, T.J. Hart

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Viva Latino

"SAY, CEDRIC, YOU WANNA help me review a video?"

"I dunno—what is it?" Cedric asks.



"It's called *Viva Latino*, and it has the gorgeous Max Grand—who looks even better in person, by the way—and this other hunk, Gabriel Suarez,

who was in the magazine a few months back."

"Sure. Why not? Do I get paid?"

"Not in money, honey. Just in pleasure—or pain, if it ends up sucking."

The film opens with Grand the gardener arriving at the door of Suarez the ultra-hairy. Within seconds they're doing the ol' kissy face.

"I didn't like the introduction," Cedric offers.

"Wait a minute," I warn. "You're not looking for plot, are you?"

"Well, I don't even know if they know each other."

Whether they do or not, they quickly get to know each other. Suarez begins some vicious tit play. "This one guy, he's really into it, ain't he?" Cedric asks, already knowing the answer.

Soon Grand takes a turn blowing Suarez's horn. "Now that's dick sucking there, honey!" my friend says. "He gets a ten, 'cause he's sure workin' it!"

Indeed he is. While we get great camera shots from below ("Grand has a beautiful lower lip," Cedric notes), Grand jacks himself and soon lets fly a healthy load while keeping a lip lock on Suarez. After he calms down, Grand plays with Suarez's tits while the hair-bear beats himself to a nice unloading of his own.

In the next scene Austin Black and Vinnie Rocko masquerade as construction workers. They stand in a hallway, admiring each other while stroking themselves to hard. "Fast-forward through this," Cedric instructs. "They're taking too long." I do, and they finally start feeling up and kissing each other. Fast-forward again. OK, now they're trading blow jobs.

"Wow, Rocko's even hairier and more barrel-chested than Suarez," I note. "And I kinda like his buzz cut and goatee. It's nice to see guys with facial hair sometimes. But what I can't figure out is how Black gets away with playing black in most videos and now Latino in this one."

"It's the advantage of being high yellow," Cedric informs me.

Black also has the advantage, at the moment, of having his tongue swirling all around Rocko's hairy ass. Soon Black beats off while sucking Rocko and just keeps right on till Rocko pops a heavy payload all over him. But Cedric is not impressed. "Go on to the next scene," he says.

There we find Mike Cesar and Carlos Leo, both smooth and slim, getting busy right away. "I give 'em an A for not bullshitting around," Cedric says. Cesar's mouth aggressively attacks Leon's cock. "Promote that man!"

Cedric says. "He's sucking that dick! That's right. Work it, baby!"

When it's Cesar's turn to receive, Cedric spies a peculiarity in his appendage. "That thing's all bent up, ain't it?" True enough, but when it comes, it keeps on coming. "What a load, what a load, what a load!" Cedric gushes as the scene ends. "But what happened to the other one—why didn't he come?"

The next scene pairs Anthony Gallo, another uncut hairy hunk wearing a cock ring, with Luis Garcia, a thin Asian-looking guy with a "pretty ass," Cedric notes. Garcia's eyes roll back in his head, and he grabs fistfuls of squishy butt cheek while Gallo pumps his face full of dick.

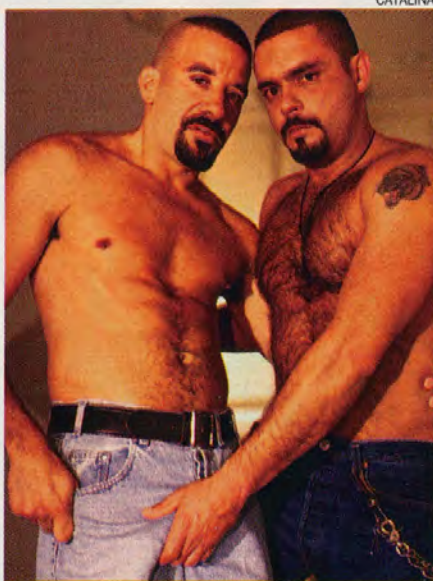
"He's gonna choke that little boy," Cedric worries. But Garcia just clamps onto the dick with his lips and doesn't let go. At least not till Gallo starts giving great oral service to Garcia's cute asshole and comes in the process, trapping his load in his own foreskin. He returns to butt munching ("He's working that boy's ass now," Cedric says) till Garcia shoots as well.

Then we hit the last scene, which features cute-guy Santiago and red-haired hunk Rusty Scott. "Cute nipples—huge!" Cedric says of Santiago. Scott's gripping Santiago's head and pumping away into his mouth. "These guys are both acting like crazy men. They need to be on Prozac. Look how he's pulling on his balls! That doesn't look fun at all!"

"It makes for good visuals, though," I tell him as the movie ends. "So...overall, Cedric, what did you think?"

"I'd give it a four—and I'm being generous, 'cause there was no penetration," he says. "Now leave me alone—I've gotta go take a cold shower."

—Keith Hollar



CATALINA

Viva's Austin Black (left) and Vinnie Rocko

Viva Latino

90 minutes; Catalina (1998)

Director: William Hunter

Cast: Gabriel Suarez, Carlos Leo, Mike Cesar, Santiago, Austin Black, Luis Garcia, Max Grand, Vinnie Rocko, Anthony Gallo, Rusty Scott

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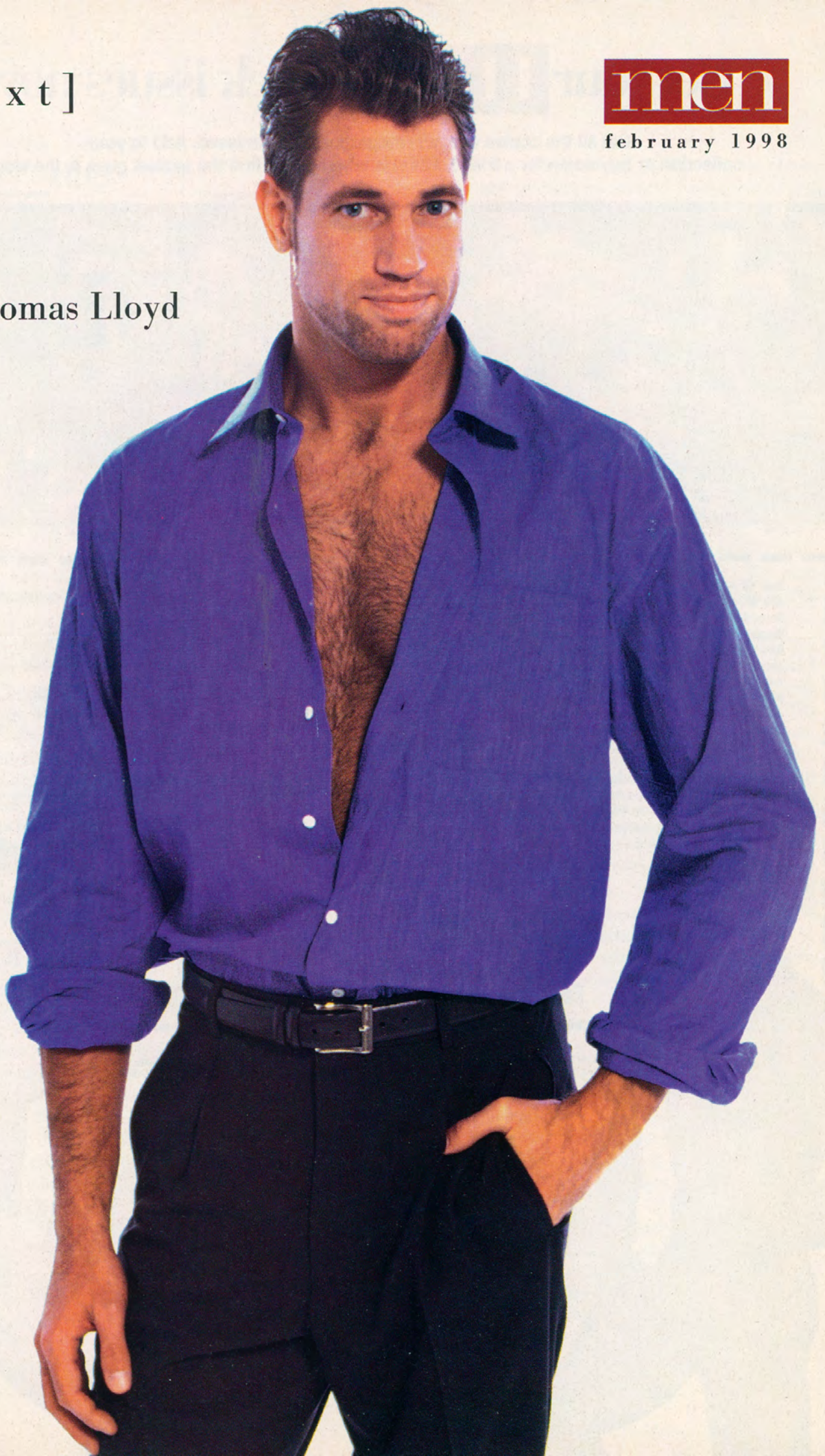


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