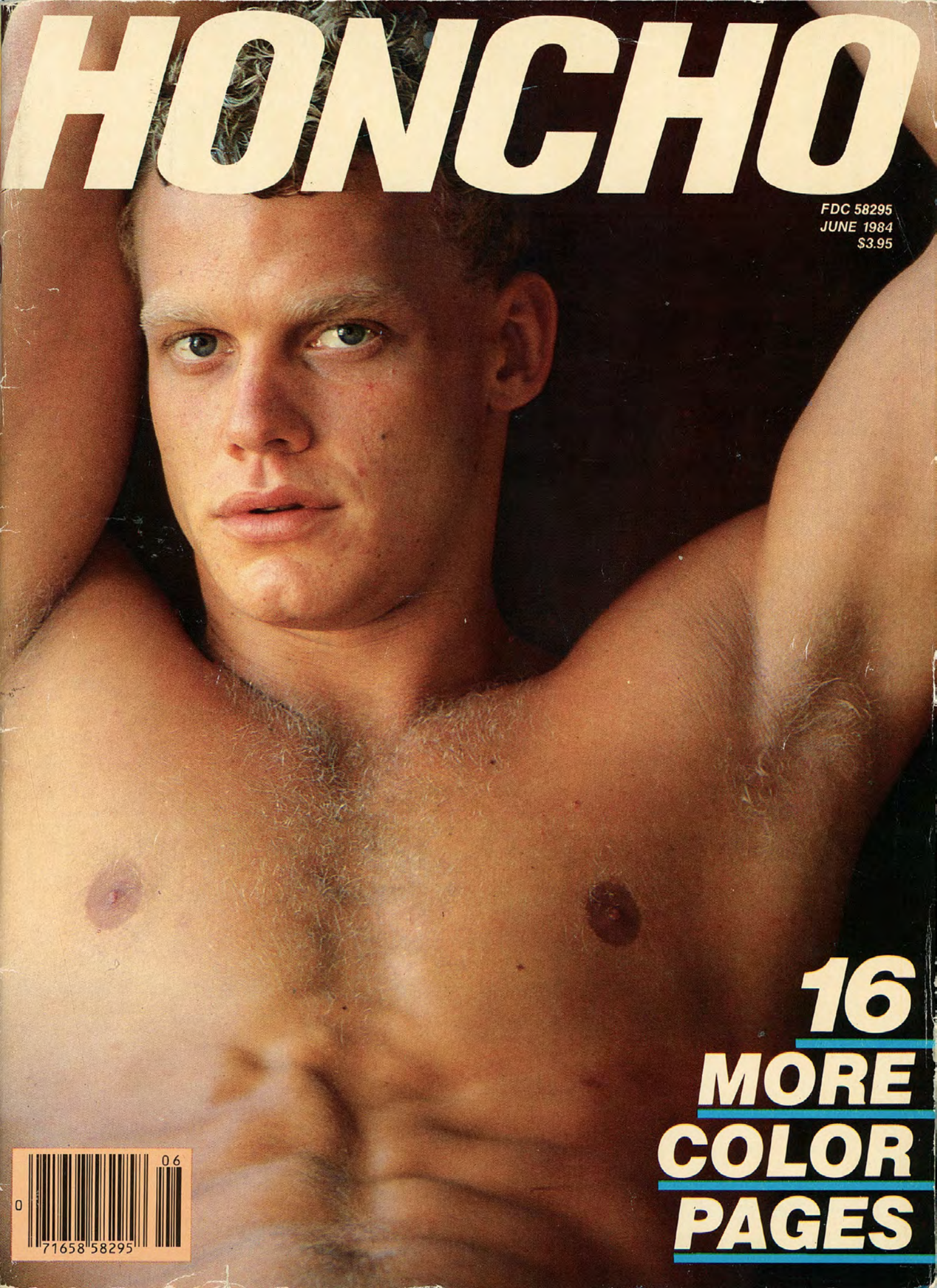
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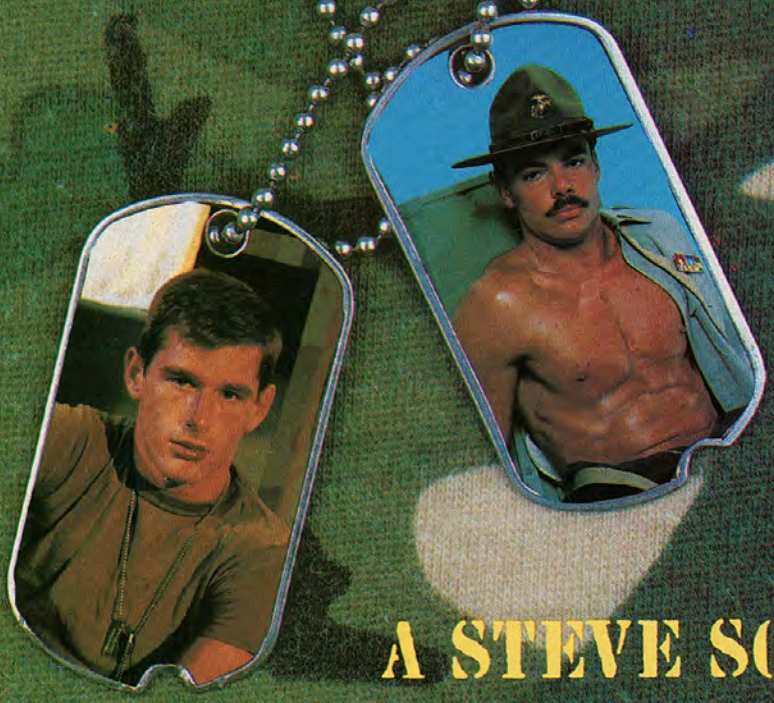
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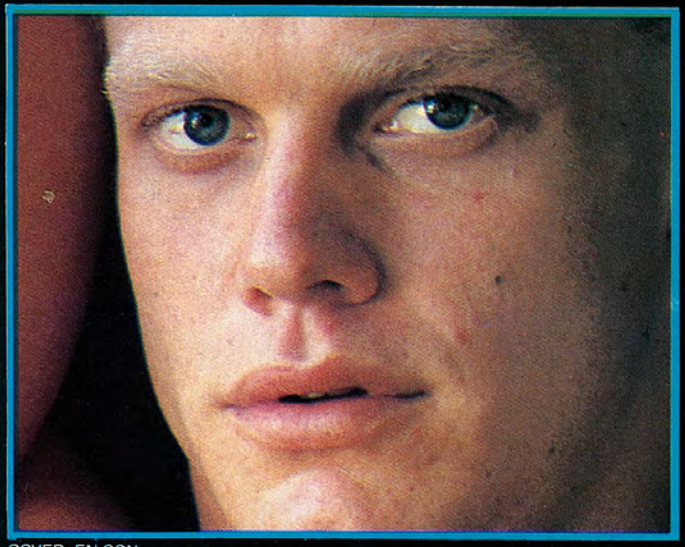
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JUNE 1984



COVER: FALCON

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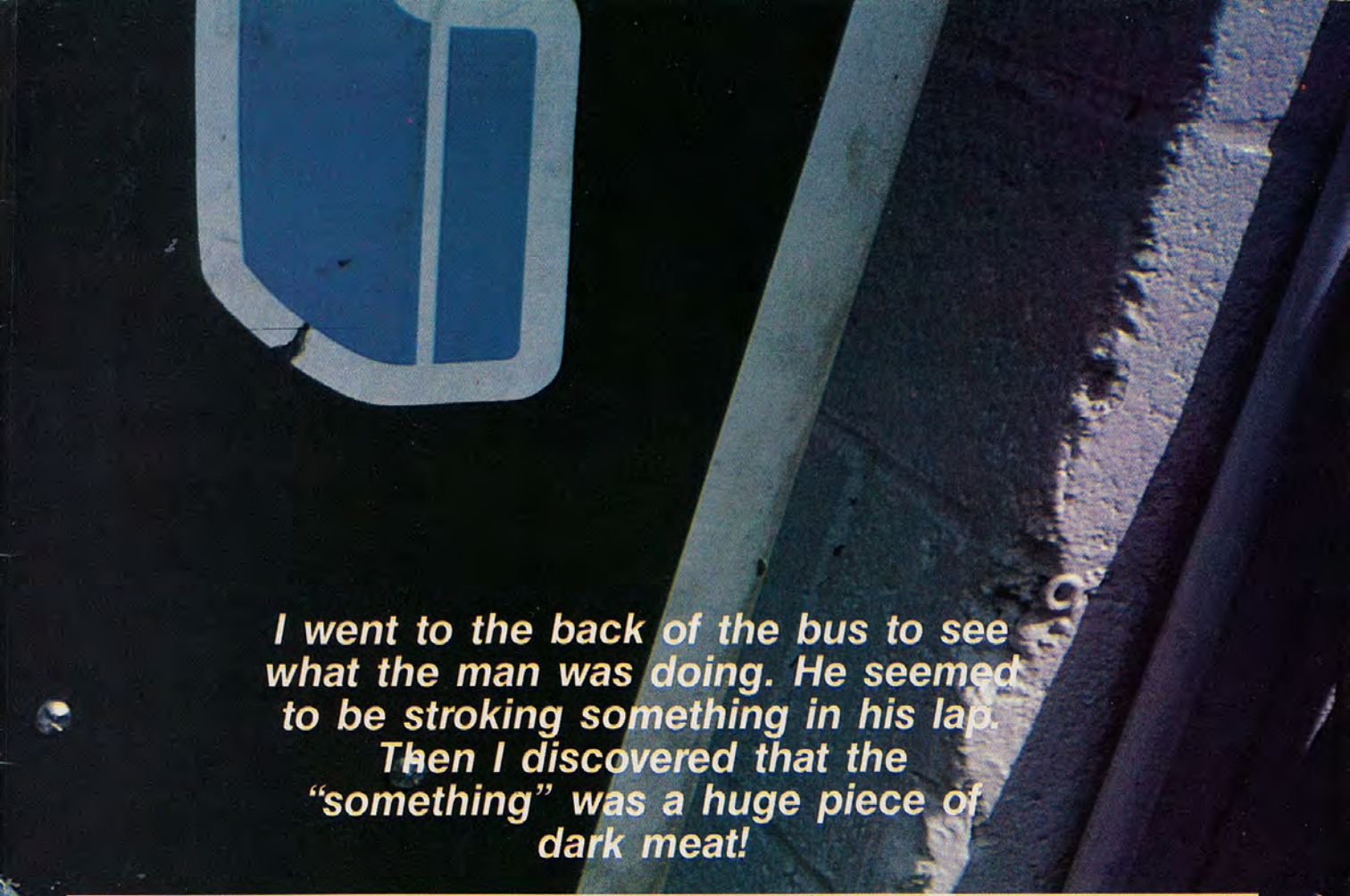
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I went to the back of the bus to see what the man was doing. He seemed to be stroking something in his lap. Then I discovered that the "something" was a huge piece of dark meat!

BUS COCK

By Christopher Gaylord • Photo by City Boy Studio

"My office in five, Benson." I cringed. Man, I hate authority figures! And Jones was the ultimate authority figure. He'd only been my supervisor for six months, but he made my life pure hell all the time, and "my office in five" meant only one thing—I was gonna get another chewing out.

Not only was his superior air enough to scare a rattler, but he was big and physically intimidating, too. When I got to his office he stood glaring down at me from his usual position—feet astride, hands on hips. A bushy moustache punctuated his rugged features, and his dark eyes peered at me from under the bus company cap he always wore.

I couldn't help noticing the fat bulge in the crotch of his jeans. But I glanced up quickly, afraid he'd see me eyeballing it, and found myself staring straight into the tuft of hair that stuck out from the unbuttoned V of his shirt. I imagined what he must look like naked. I knew he was a former football player of some kind (probably in high school, which really had not been that many years ago). I also added, in my imagination, a pair of tit rings to his well-sculpted pecs. My special fetish is hunky guys made to suffer just a little.

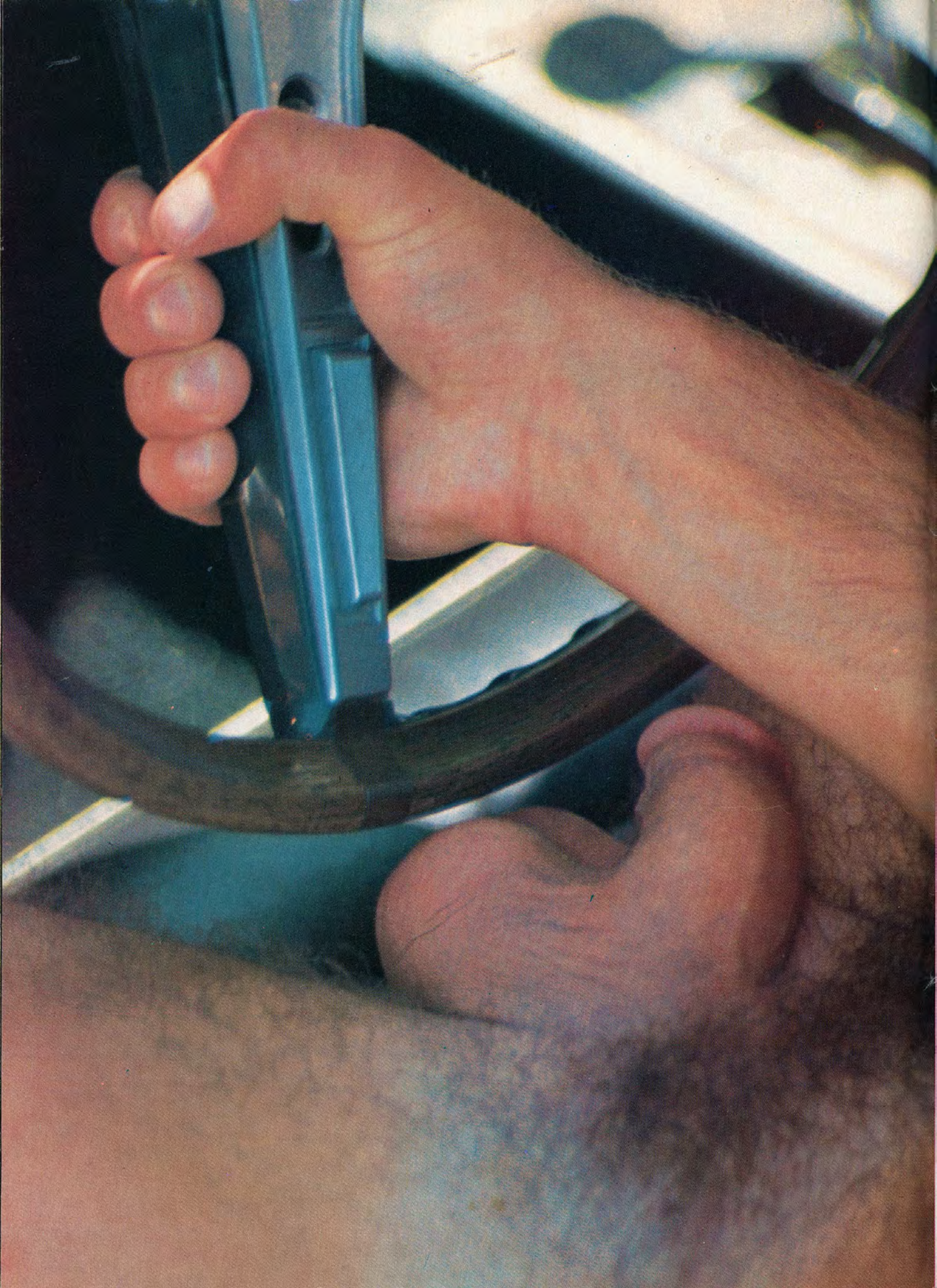
I swallowed nervously and looked away once more, hoping like hell the hard-on I was starting to get didn't show. "Yessir?" I said, trying to sound properly humble.

"This is getting pretty old, Benson." He rocked up on his toes like a drill sergeant and thrust his pelvis forward.

"What, sir?" I knew from previous ass chewings that he got off on being called "sir."

"How many times I gotta tell you, you don't leave your bus unattended fifteen minutes at a time."

So that was it! Son-of-a-bitch must've been driving around in his bus company car again and seen my bus at my favorite stop. It was right next to the john in Recreation Park, the cruisiest tearoom in town. I almost always got there early enough to have about a five minute wait, since bus



drivers aren't allowed to depart a stop before the scheduled time.

All the better for me! I mean, I loved to hop out of the bus and hit the head for a couple of minutes. Sometimes I'd get to watch some pretty fascinating activities—like the time there was a group orgy going on, with men fucking and sucking in every imaginable way and one guy even hanging by a rope from the light fixture. (I sort of wondered what he'd do if the Vice showed up, but I got too excited watching to worry much about it.)

More often, I liked to get a little action myself. And last night, when ol' Jonesey was apparently out snooping around, I had had a ball! Or a couple, I should say. Good thing—as long as he was out spying on me—that he didn't wander into the john, because if he had, I know I'd be getting my walking papers right now.

Let me tell you, there was this tall, muscular black dude on my bus who had been sitting across the aisle from me next to the door. He'd been fondling himself ever since he'd gotten on and he had a hard-on so big I could see the head poking out from the leg of the shorts he was wearing.

When we arrived at the park, we got off the bus and headed straight for the tearoom. You think I wasn't gonna take advantage of that? I hightailed it out the open door and followed him. I wanted to get there before some other guy had a chance to approach him.

The dude knew what he wanted and hadn't wasted any time, either. By the time I got there he was standing at the urinal with his shorts unzipped. That meat of his was flopped out all big and glisteny on the head and he wasn't making the slightest effort to piss. He just kept pulling the skin back and forth across the mushroom-shaped head. I knew what he wanted.

So, apparently, did a couple of other people in there. They were staring and drooling, and one of them had sidled over to the urinal next to the hunk. But I wasn't going to give the bastard a chance. I just hustled right up to that gorgeous man playing with himself, went to my knees in front of him, and put my mouth around his beautiful black dick.

Did it taste good! A little bit salty with just enough ripe cock flavor to let me know I was sucking a real man! I guess the other dude wasn't too happy, but there wasn't much he could do about it, since I'd started sucking for all I was worth. So he started to fondle the guy's balls while I sucked. And he reached up under the tank shirt my man was wearing and started playing with his nipples. Believe it or not, the guy let him!

Meanwhile, I was having a good time eating dick. His cock was so big it would hit the back of my throat before it was half-way in my mouth. But I knew how to open up my throat—lots of practice—and let his shaft slide all the way down.

He was really getting hot, with me sucking and the other guy fondling his tits and balls. He started humping my face hard. I was so excited by now I could feel my own cock oozing in my pants. Shit, I knew there'd be a tell-tale stain again when I went back to the bus, but I didn't care. The guy was about ready to come and I was gonna get it all.

He started groaning and gyrating his hips. I slid my mouth back and forth for all I was worth, and all of a sudden he shot and grabbed my head and shoved it all the way into his crotch. I couldn't breathe with his dick stopping up my air passage while it pumped a giant load of cum down my throat. The other guys had been jacking themselves off, and now one of them splattered in the urinal, while the other shot in his hand and then ate his own cum.

Still sucking for all I was worth, I rolled my eyes up to watch his expression. His eyelids were closed, but he had a look on his face of absolute ecstasy.

When my man finished, he pulled his softening meat out of my mouth. I gave his cumhole one final lick to get the last of his juice. He stepped back from me and the other guy, stuffed his meat back in his shorts, and walked out. Never said a word. But damned if he wasn't back in the bus sitting right in the same spot, his legs spread wide and the soft head of his cock peeking out at me. He must've known from the start I'd follow him into the john. I did fancy myself to be a pretty good cocksucker, and maybe I'd developed a reputation I didn't know about.

Anyway, he was sitting there now acting as if nothing had happened. I started up the bus and drove off. When I looked at my watch, I was only three minutes behind schedule. Shit, eight minutes for a blowjob? Not bad timing. I knew I'd easily catch up before long.

When my new friend got off in a couple of stops he finally did speak. "See ya later, man," he said.

I looked up and smiled. "I hope so," I said. He grinned and winked, and I knew then he'd be back for more. My dick jerked in my pants and the little wet spot got bigger.

I glanced at my watch again. Caught up now and right on schedule!

"Well, Benson?" Jones was looking at me kind of funny, and I realized I'd been daydreaming about last night's encounter.

"Yessir, Mr. Jones. What was it you were asking?"

"I said, what do you have to say for yourself for being off schedule and out of your bus?"

"It was only three minutes, Sir. And—and I. . .I had to take a shit in the tea— uh, in the restroom in the park."

"Well, Benson, it's going to end. I'm transferring you to another bus run and—"

"You're what?"

"You've had the cushiest route in town. Your Number 4 runs through the best sections, you get to cruise the park with all the dolls sunning themselves in their bikinis (little did he know!), and you're forever stopping at that comfort station. All you've ever done is take advantage of it. I'm giving you the Number 5—"

"Downtown? But I've got seniority. I haven't had to do downtown since—"

"That's why you're going. You're familiar with it. Parsons is out with an appendix operation for the next week, and you're the only one who knows the route well enough to do it. I don't want to train anyone."

"But I— What about—?"

"You keep arguing and I'll make the transfer permanent." He scratched his crotch, then smelled his fingers. "You know, Parsons has been wanting to trade with you for a long time."

"No, I—"

"And I've been thinking, unless you shape up and give me a reason to start liking you, I just may do it."

His face had gotten red and a corded vein in his neck was throbbing

Photo by Romeo



and—God—was he sexy! I'd have dropped to my knees on the spot if I thought it would have given him that reason to start liking me. But I knew with that straight son-of-a-bitch talking about cruising the dolls I wasn't ever going to get in his pants.

"But I—"

"That's all, Benson." Jones must have had a real itch in his crotch, because as I turned to leave, he reached down and grabbed at his balls through the cloth and started digging like mad.

I left his office fast. I didn't want him to see my hard-on straining my pants. Somehow, getting chewed out by him like this always left me horny as hell. I want to the locker room, yanked my dick out of my pants, and whacked the hell out of it.

Route Number 5 was terrible, what with all the downtown derelicts, drunks, and bag ladies I had to cope with. My second night out, though, it was raining so hard there was very little traffic. My bus was empty except for one passenger—some derelict, I figured. He was in the back of the bus and appeared to be either asleep or passed out.

Anyway, the rain started coming down in sheets and my windshield wipers couldn't handle it. So I had to pull over. The roads were completely empty now. Anybody with any smarts was inside out of this torrent.

"Hey, man!" I was startled to hear the guy call from the back of the bus. I looked in my mirror at him. His arm was moving as though he was stroking something in his lap. "C'mere," he said, motioning me with his other arm.

"I can't. I—"

"Ain't nobody out there wantin' on yer bus in this rain. Now come here, I said."

Something in his voice made me realize he meant business. I slid out of the driver's seat and went back to him. His pants were down around his ankles and that "something" he was stroking in his lap was this huge dark meat! I knew I'd seen it before and looked up at his face. It was the guy from the tearoom in Rec Park the other day!

"How did you get on without my recognizing you?"

"You wasn't lookin', I guess, and . . ." he gestured to the raingear on the seat next to him, "I was all covered up." He grabbed the base of his cock and waved it at me. "Now what ya say you get down on this?"

"If we're gonna keep meeting this way," I said, grinning, "I want to know your name."

"Gregg," he replied, all seriousness. "Now do it . . . Please!"

I didn't need any more encouragement. I thought of going up front to dim the lights on the bus, but to hell with it. No one would see us in this downpour. I dropped to my knees and kissed his balls, sucking them into my mouth one at a time. They were large and pungent and filled my mouth with the taste of his sweat and masculinity. He'd been playing with his cock long enough before I got there that a healthy gob of pre-cum was oozing from the tip. I took hold of his cock and swirled the fluid around the head with my thumb. He squirmed with pleasure.

Gently I let his balls pop out one by one and licked with my tongue from the base of his beautiful black shaft up to the gigantic head. In one swift move, I thrust the cockhead into my mouth and descended on it until the whole thing was stuffed down my throat and my nose was pressed into his soft pubic hair. He inhaled sharply, grabbed my head in his hands, and started moving it firmly back and forth.

I reached up and began fondling his tits like the other guy had done in the tearoom. He loved it! Still sucking for all I was worth, I rolled my eyes up to watch his expression. His eyelids were closed, but he had a look on his face of absolute ecstasy.

I released his cock and started licking the underside of his balls. All of a sudden—

BAM! I saw stars and felt a sharp pain in my butt! Someone had kicked me! It felt as if the boot had gone right up my asshole.

I leaped up and whirled around. "What the fuck's going on here?!"

Geezus! It was Jones!

Gregg scrambled up too. "Hey, man, what you doin'?" He gestured threateningly at Jones.

"Take it easy," Jones said, hiking back his shoulders.

"What do you mean, 'take it easy'? You don't come on this bus an' scare shit out of people!" He shook angrily—kind of a funny sight with his pants down around his ankles and his big dick sticking straight out, jiggling in the air. But he was hopping mad and Jones could tell. And he was Jones's match for sure—inch for inch and pound for pound. He looked like he was going to take a swing at Jones, but Jones held up his arms in a pleading gesture.

"Wait a minute. I'm not after you. It's that scrawny little fucker I want." He

Continued to page 40

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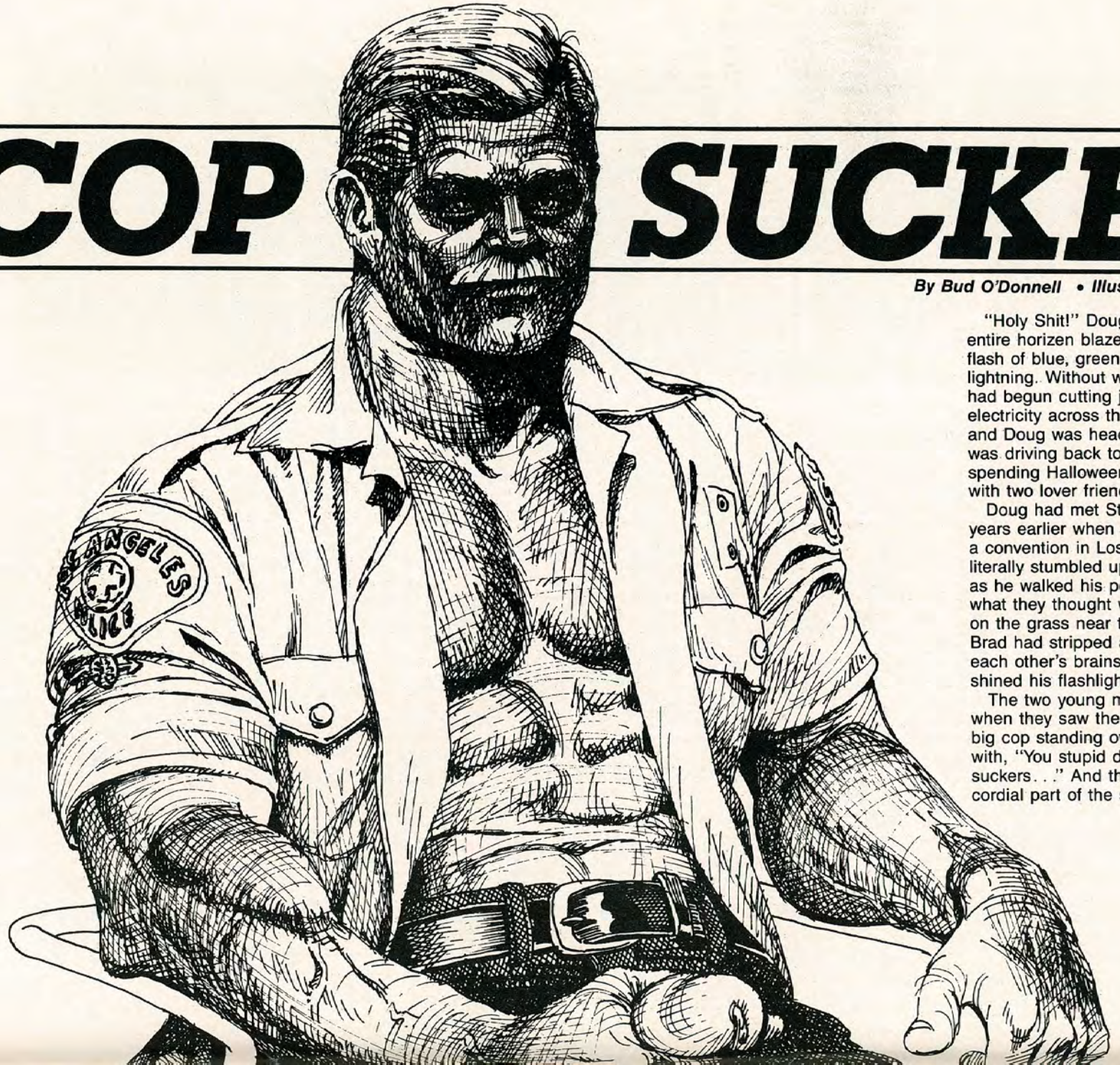
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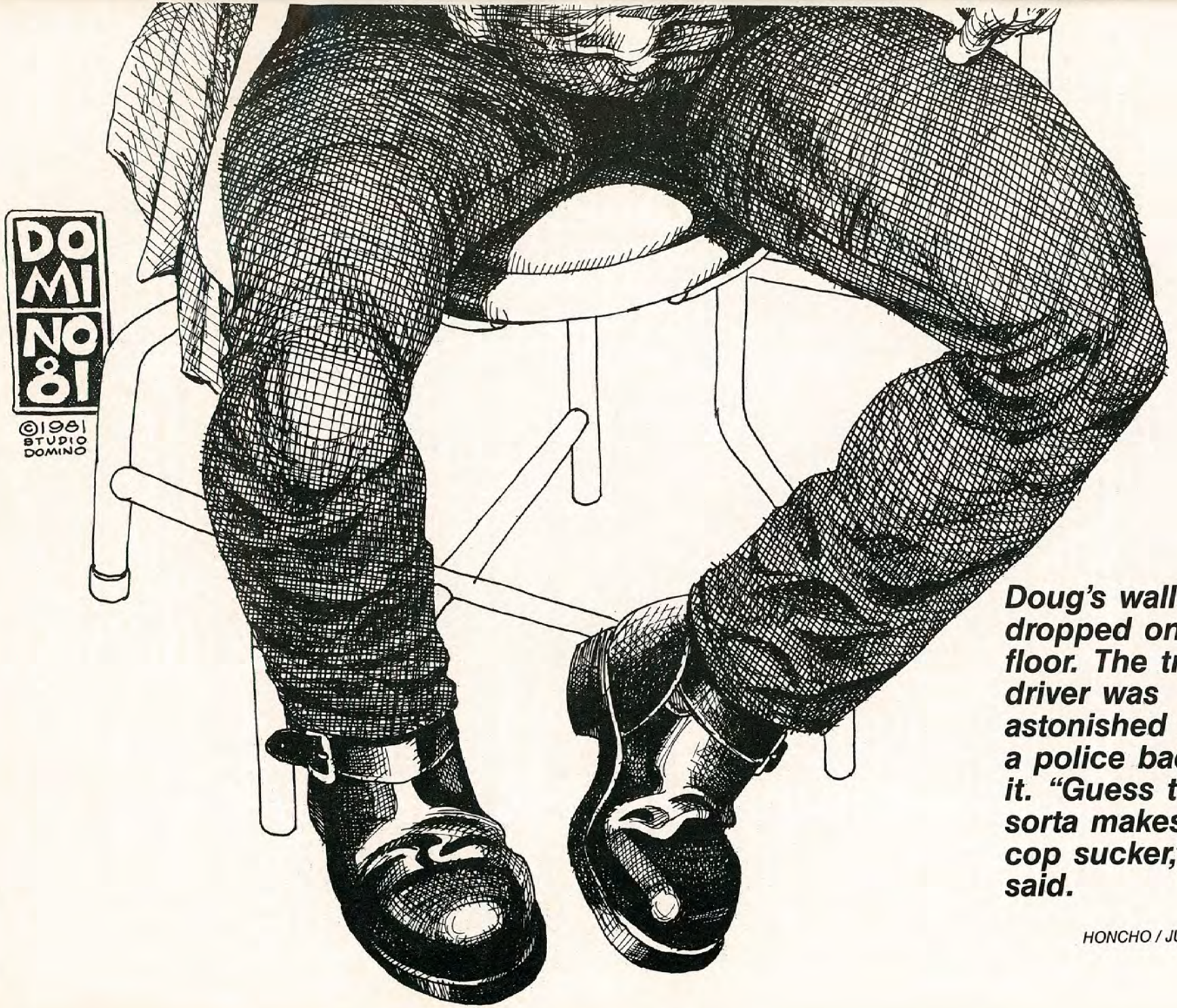
By Bud O'Donnell • Illustration by Domino



"Holy Shit!" Doug sputtered, as the entire horizen blazed with a panoramic flash of blue, green, orange and white lightning. Without warning, the storm had begun cutting jagged paths of electricity across the darkening sky, and Doug was headed right into it. He was driving back to Los Angeles after spending Halloween weekend in Reno with two lover friends of his.

Doug had met Steve and Brad three years earlier when they were attending a convention in Los Angeles. He had literally stumbled upon them one night as he walked his police beat. Finding what they thought was a secluded spot on the grass near the river, Steve and Brad had stripped and were fucking each other's brains out when Doug shined his flashlight on them.

The two young men were terrified when they saw the silhouette of the big cop standing over them. He started with, "You stupid dumb cock-suckers. . ." And that was the most cordial part of the stinging lecture he



Doug's wallet dropped on the floor. The truck driver was astonished to see a police badge in it. "Guess that sorta makes me a cop sucker," he said.

gave the two naked men. They fully expected to have the furious cop haul them stark naked to the nearest precinct. But suddenly Steve looked up and smiled at the cop, then turned to his lover and said, "You know, Brad, I think this big rough-talking motherfucker is one of us." And with that, he reached out and squeezed the hard-on that was jutting down the pants leg of Doug's police uniform. Doug stopped in mid-sentence and growled "Ohhh Jesus" as Steve's hand unzipped his fly and hauled out a huge masterpiece of cock. Doug's tough facade disappeared, and in a matter of minutes the three naked men were fucking and sucking under the bushes near the river.

The three had kept in close contact ever since. Steve and Brad owned a lucrative advertising business, and each year Doug tried to get to Reno during Halloween because that city went all out for the holiday. There were parades and parties galore, and Steve and Brad always threw a big masquerade party. Doug's costume was always his police uniform, which never failed to entice some uniform-worshipping hunk to open his mouth or his ass to Doug's every-ready nine-inch cock.

The last three days had proved no less successful for Doug and his uniform than the previous years. Doug arrived in Reno at 2:00 a.m. Saturday morning, and the three sat up until 5:00. Then they were up again at 8:00 a.m. to begin preparations for the party on Sunday night.

Steve and Brad had another commitment on Saturday night, and Doug looked forward to a little rest in preparation for the blast on Sunday. The two lovers usurped those plans, however. Shortly after they left, Doug showered, pulled on a skimpy pair of gym shorts, and pulled out the hide-a-bed in the library. He took his latest issue of HONCHO out of his suitcase and crawled on top of the sheets, expecting to shoot a load before going to sleep.

He had just pulled his big dick out of the leg of his shorts when the apartment buzzer went off. "Now who the fuck can that be?" Doug mumbled as he tried to stuff nine inches of hard cock back into a pair of four-inch shorts. He flopped the centerfold model he'd been drooling over face down on the bed and pulled the sheet up. Doug partially hid behind the door as he opened it. He was confronted by a compactly built, handsome hunk.

"Hi! I'm Tony," the guy said. "A friend of Steve and Brad's."

"Geez, I'm sorry Tony, but you just missed them. They left about 20 minutes ago.

"Yeah, I know," Tony replied. "Steve called me about an hour ago and asked if I'd like to guest-sit with a hunky cop friend of theirs from out of town. You must be Doug." Tony reached out to shake Doug's hand.

"And you must be kidding," Doug stammered. But when Tony reached down and freed Doug's cock from his shorts, dropped to his knees and buried the cock in his mouth without so much as a gag, Doug blurted, "My god, you're not kidding."

And that was just a Saturday appetizer. By the time Steve and Brad's masquerade party broke up at 3:00 a.m. on Monday, Doug, dressed in full motorcycle police uniform, had managed to fuck a hunky leotarded Peter Pan under the kitchen table, give mouth-to-genital resuscitation in the bathroom to a scuba diver, and then to have an orgy with three muscular dudes who came as doctor, lawyer, and Indian chief. The lawyer played "wet nurse" to the doctor's cock while Doug experimented in giving the doctor his version of rectal acupuncture. The Indian chief buried his long uncut piece pipe up Doug's ass while the doctor was seeing to it that the lawyer's cock got a fair trial.

These were the memories Doug was recalling as he traveled back to California. The sudden electrical fireworks interrupted his reveries. He snapped back to the present without further ado when the nose of his little red Mustang hit a literal wall of water. He had run into a torrential, wind-whipped downpour; the further he drove, the worse it got. It was only 6:00 p.m. and already black as midnight. Doug slowed the car to a snail's pace.

Fortunately there was little traffic. Occasionally Doug saw the flashing hazard lights of a car whose driver had pulled to the shoulder to wait out the storm. Doug didn't want to stop unless it was absolutely necessary, so he eased the Mustang into the left lane where his headlamps could pick out the yellow highway border at the edge of the road. That became his guide in the blinding rain.

While moving along at less than 15 miles an hour, his peripheral vision caught sight of flickering red. As the car moved forward, Doug was able to make out the silhouette of an empty car carrier moving onto the highway from an entrance ramp. The truck moved onto the highway ahead of him. Doug pulled his car behind it because he could see the red tail lights better than the yellow border on the highway. He stayed just far enough back to keep out of the truck's rooster tail of water.

He kept pace with the red lights, but when he looked at his speedometer it was registering 50 miles an hour. "That guy's got to be an asshole," he muttered. But he kept his pace behind the guy anyway.

Doug was relieved when he saw the truck's blinkers indicate that he was turning off. At about the same time, Doug's headlights picked up the service plaza sign through the rain. He followed the truck into the parking lot, which was filled to the brim with vehicles. The trucker had to pull his rig to the end of the truck area, which was a good 500 feet from the restaurant. Doug pulled up alongside the rig; when the trucker started to get out, Doug rolled down the passenger window and yelled for him to get into the car and he'd drive him to the restaurant.

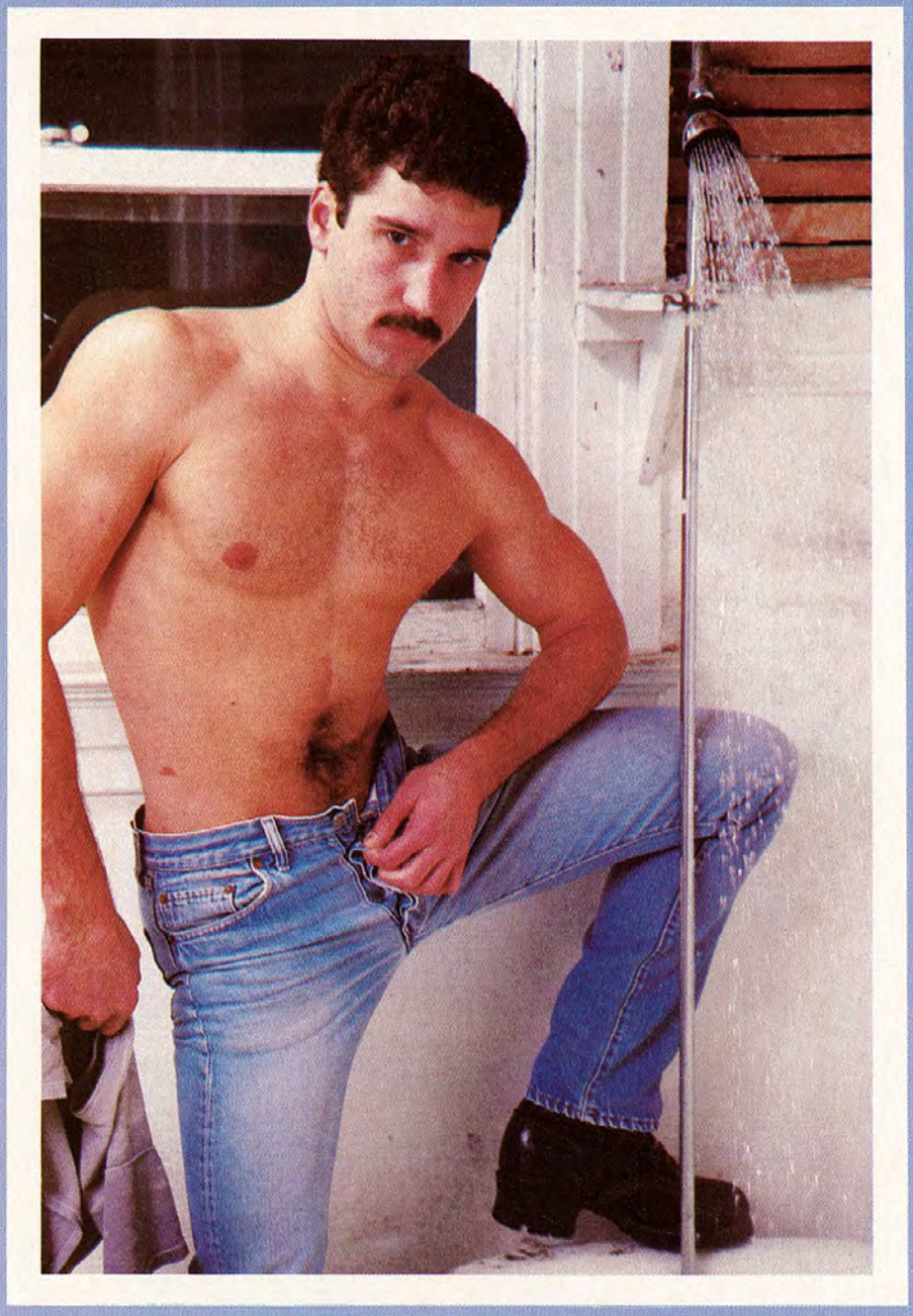
There was no hesitation as the trucker bounded from the cab and trotted the short distance to the Mustang. He was dripping wet as he slid into the other bucket seat. "Sure 'preciate the lift, buddy," the driver said. Then he added: "You the brave dude who's been riding my ass for the past half hour?"

"Guilty!" Doug replied, feeling a little rattish for referring to the guy as an asshole before. Obviously the guy knew how to handle a rig in any kind of weather. Almost apologetically Doug added, "Hope you don't mind. I'm try-

Continued to page 20

He swallowed the cock and kept on sucking. This one was no amateur at sucking dick, wedding ring or no wedding ring.

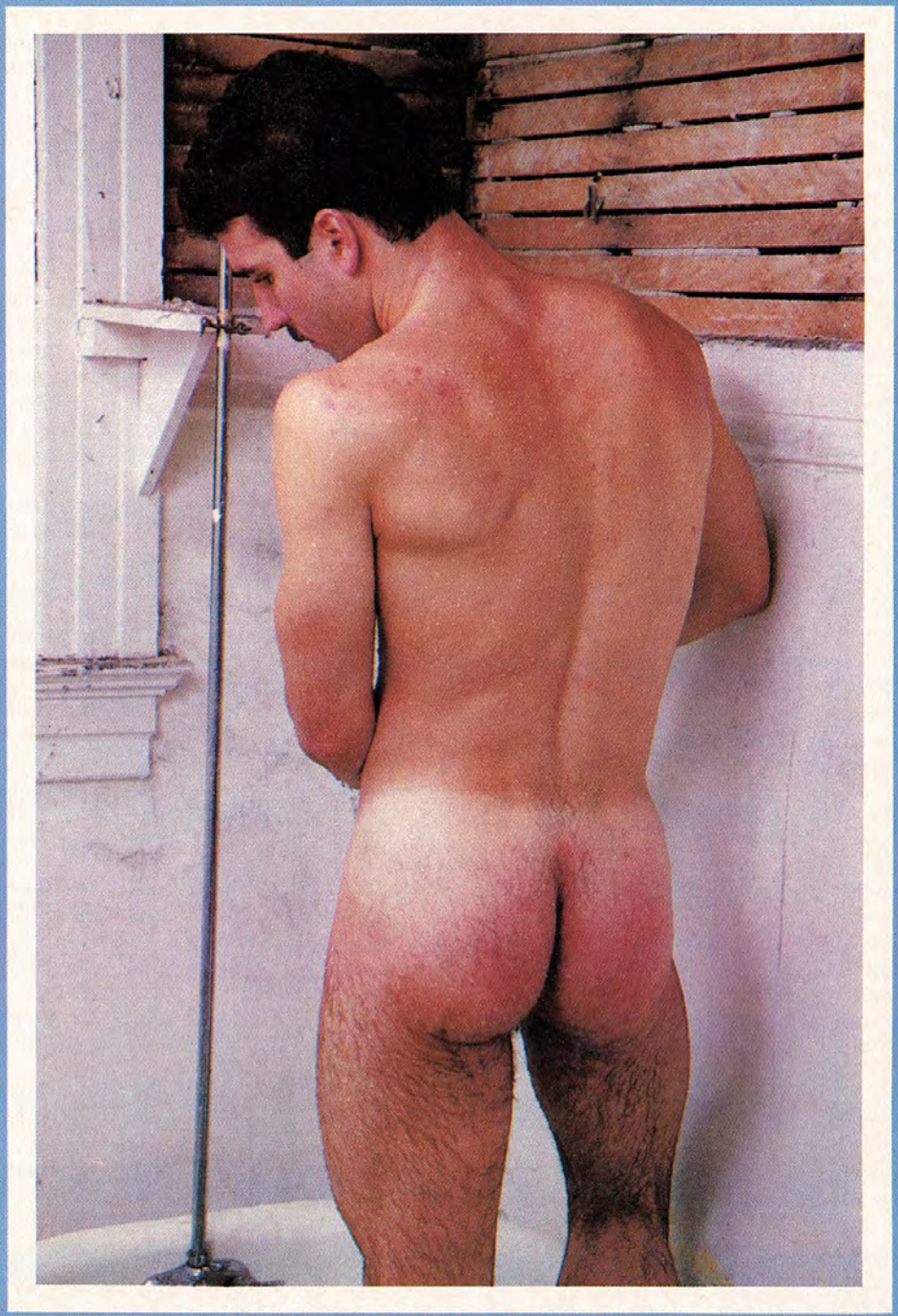
"WHAT A DUMP?"



HE'S JUST MOVED INTO HIS NEW APARTMENT AND THERE'S A LOT OF WORK TO BE DONE. HE'S BEEN WORKING ALL DAY TO GET THE PLACE IN SHAPE, AND THAT HUMPY BODY OF HIS NEEDS A HOT SHOWER AND A REST. WANNA HELP HIM GET OUT OF THOSE DIRTY CLOTHES?

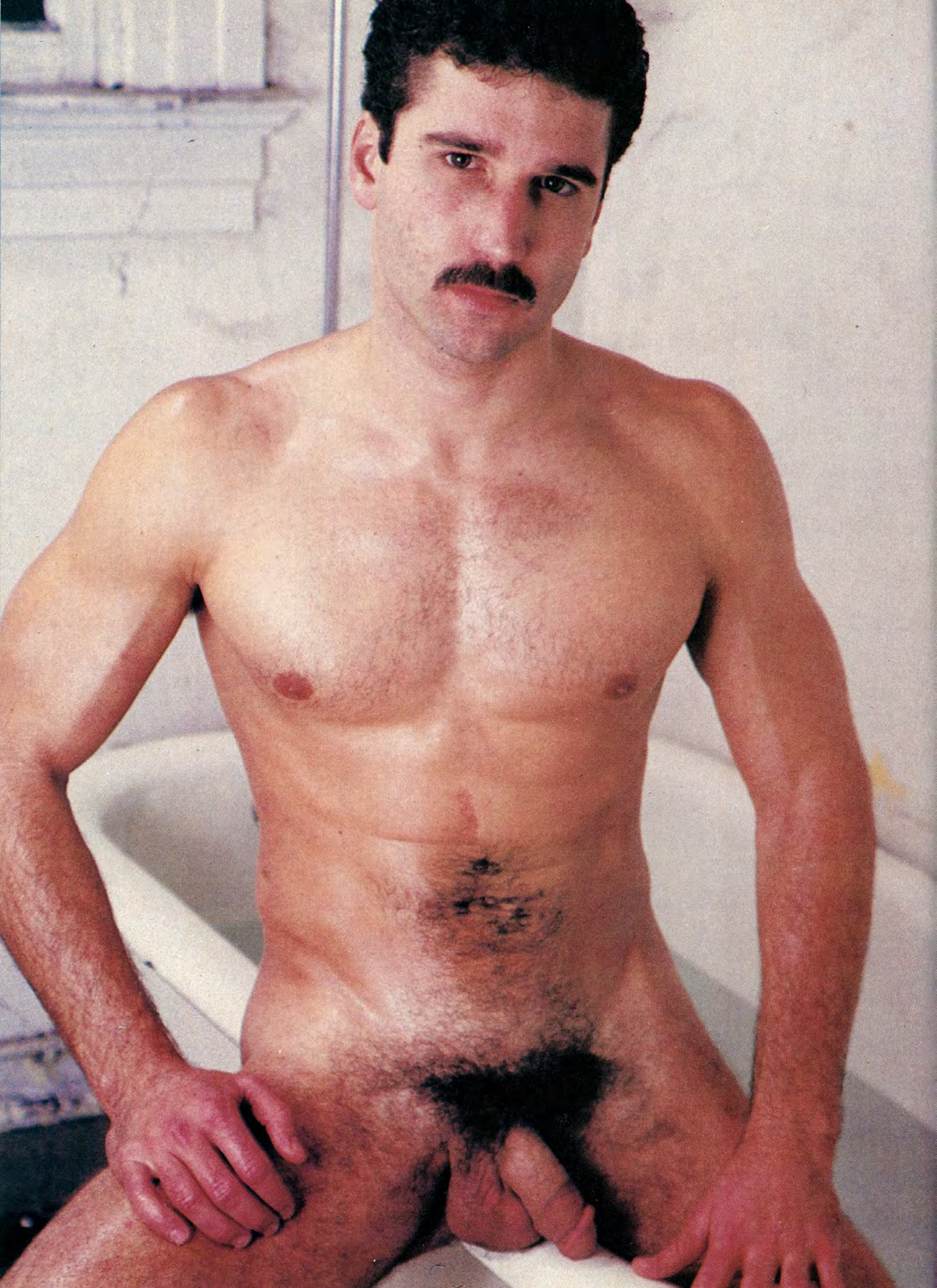
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"WHAT A DUMP?"



AH, NOW DOESN'T THAT FEEL BETTER? THE HOT CURRENT SPLASHES OVER HIM, SOOTHING TIRED MUSCLES AND REVIVING FLAGGING ENERGIES. AS HIS BODY STARTS TO WARM UP, HIS ATTENTION IS DIVERTED FROM HOME REPAIRS TO OTHER MORE SATISFYING FORMS OF PHYSICAL LABOR.

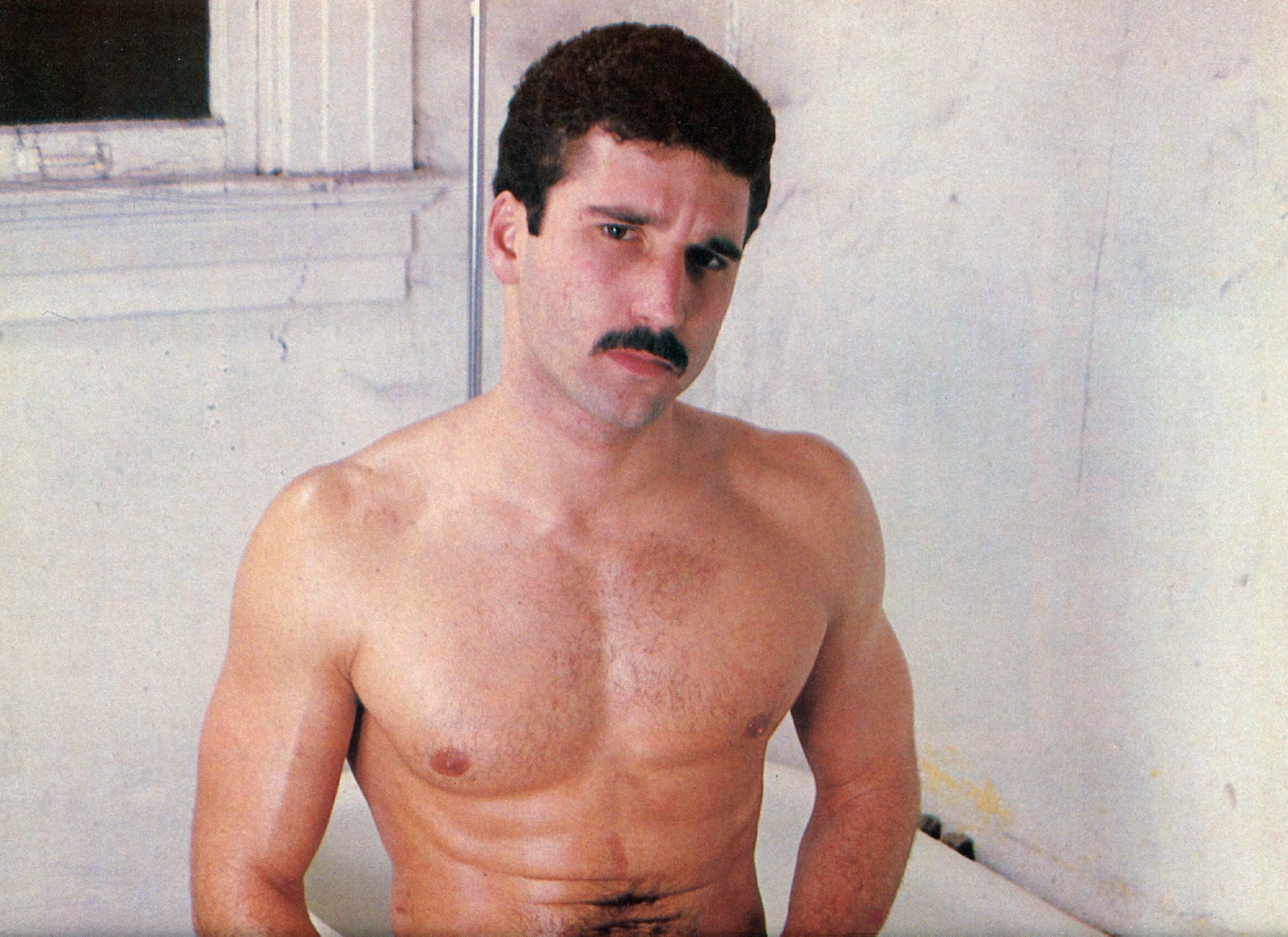




"WHAT A DUMP?"



"WHAT A DUMP!" YOU EXCLAIMED WHEN YOU FIRST SAW THE PLACE, WITH ITS CRACKED WALLS, UNPAINTED BOARDS, AND DECREPIT FLOORS. IT'LL BE A WHILE BEFORE THERE'S A HOUSE-WARMING HERE. BUT YOU CAN HAVE YOUR OWN PARTY RIGHT NOW, AND NOT EVER LEAVE THE BATHROOM.





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COP SUCKER

Continued from page 12

ing to make it back to L.A. tonight."

"Don't mind at all, buddy. In fact, I'm headin' that way myself." When they reached the restaurant, the only spaces available were marked **Handicapped Parking Only.** Before Doug could sputter his frustration, the driver pointed to one of the empty slots and said, "Pull into one of those, buddy. On a night like this, everybody is handicapped." Doug chuckled, thinking, The guy's right. He pulled into the slot. He would even fake a limp when he got out of the car if anybody was looking.

When they reached the inside of the restaurant lobby, Doug got his first good look at the trucker. As the man wiped the rain from his face and then used his fingers to comb the black wavy hair off his forehead, Doug noticed his wedding band. That band of gold, however, was the only negative thing Doug saw. The man was a hunk: tall, broad shouldered, about thirty, with a mature boy-next-door look about him.

Because of the crowd, Doug and the trucker had to find separate stools at the counter. Doug's was positioned so that his back was to the trucker. He hoped to be able to keep tabs on the guy so that he could follow him on the highway again, but when he finished his coffee and cigarette, he noticed the trucker was gone.

"Shit," Doug muttered to himself as he headed for the toilet. That place too was crowded with men waiting to get into the booths or up to one of the urinals. When Doug had finished and stepped back out into the lobby, he felt a hand on his shoulder. A voice asked, "Ready to haul ass again, buddy?" Doug turned to find the trucker grinning at him.

"You bet!" Doug said, his gratitude obvious in his voice. He drove the trucker back to his rig and then followed him out of the lot and onto the turnpike. Soon they were barreling ass down the highway again at 50 miles an hour in the driving rain. It was nearly two hours before the trucker indicated he was pulling over into another service plaza. Doug was relieved to stop driving for a spell.

The restaurant lot was less crowded than the previous one, but Doug drove the trucker up to the entrance anyway. This time they were able to find a booth and sit together. The trucker ordered a meal, while Doug contented himself with a salad and coffee.

While they sat there, the trucker reached his hand across the table and said, "By the way, my name is Ralph." And he shook the hand Doug offered him. "Actually," Ralph continued almost apologetically, "My parents still insist on calling me Raphael, which is the name they gave me."

"Well, if my folks found out I was barreling down the highway at 50 miles an hour in a blinding rainstorm, I'm sure they'd give me the name Dumb Dumb. But at present, people just call me Doug."

As they finished eating Ralph looked around, leaned over the table, and whispered, "It's illegal as hell, Doug, but if you'd like, you can load your car on my rig and ride back with me in the truck cab. I know it's hell trying to drive in this weather, especially in a small car."

"That's really a great offer, but I wouldn't want to get you into any kind of trouble," Doug said with his policeman's conscience pushing to the forefront. Then he added: "Besides, I'm not too sure I'd trust myself trying to load my Mustang onto that rig of yours."

"Oh, let me handle that. I know damned well the weigh stations won't be open, so there really isn't much to worry about," Ralph said as he got up to pay his check.

Doug drove him back to the rig, then stood in the pouring rain while the trucker skillfully pulled down the ramps, loaded the Mustang, secured it, then put the ramps back into place. By the time the men crawled into the cab of the idling truck, they looked like a couple of wet rats.

"Fucking goddamned weather," Ralph muttered as he turned the heater on high. Soon the cab was filled with hot air. Then, without saying a word, Ralph pulled off his sweater and shirt, and unlaced his work shoes. He slipped those off his feet and proceeded to rid his body of the pants. He spread his clothes on the motor mount where they were directly in front of the heater. Settling back in his briefs, he looked over at a startled Doug, who sat shivering in his wet, soggy warm-up suit, which he liked to wear when he traveled. "You'd better strip out of those duds too, buddy, or you'll freeze your balls off. Squeeze them out and lay them next to mine and they'll dry before you know it."

Doug didn't argue. He simply stripped himself down to his jock strap,

then settled back into the seat as the trucker shifted into gear and slowly moved out onto the turnpike again.

In spite of his sex-filled weekend, Doug was turned on by the muscular, hunky trucker. He felt his cock gaining weight in his jock. While Ralph strained his eyes to see the highway, Doug strained his to get a look at the mound of crotch in Ralph's underwear. When he looked up towards Ralph's face, Doug saw the man once again finger combing his hair out of his face. The wedding band came into prominence again. Doug turned and looked out the windshield where the wipers fought a losing battle against the rain.

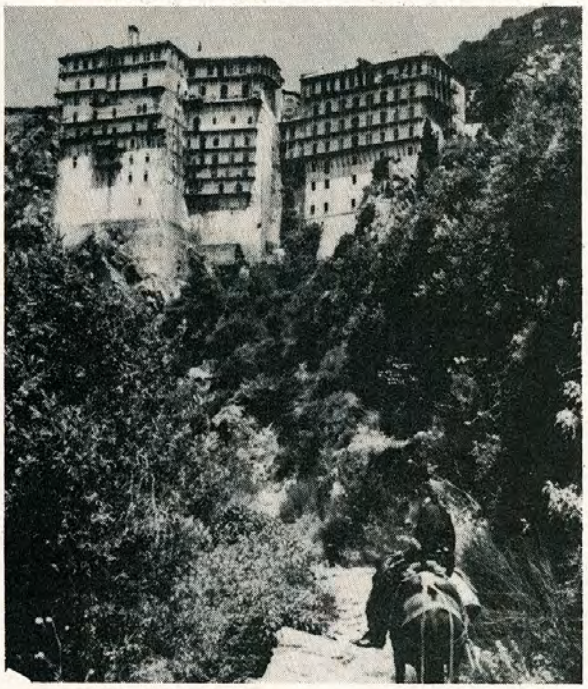
Ralph pulled the rig over to the shoulder, slipped on his damp shirt, and told Doug to keep his head down as they approached the end of the turnpike and the toll gates. Doug was lying flat on the seat with his head pushed up against Ralph's naked thigh. In seconds, his cock head pushed up to the top of his jockstrap waistband. After they had passed through the toll gate, Doug sat up and quickly adjusted his hard-on so that it was pointed downward. Not a very comfortable position, but less obvious.

Ralph headed the rig onto the interstate. As soon as they left the turnpike and began riding the freeway, the cab started to bounce and jolt on the rough highway. The combined bouncing of the cab, the vibrations of the diesel engine, and the knowledge of Ralph's hunky, nearly naked body just a couple of feet from him, set Doug's libido into overdrive. His cock was so hard it nearly tore the mesh of his jock. It also hurt having his hard-on jammed in the opposite direction from where it wanted to go. He tried to spread his legs a bit to ease the pressure, but his balls kept pushing out of the sides of the pouch—it was just too small to contain all three big pieces of his equipment.

Doug kept stealing glances at Ralph's crotch. He sucked in a deep breath when the trucker dropped his hand from the wheel, reached inside his briefs, and made an adjustment of his own cock. Doug's mouth went suddenly dry when Ralph pulled his hand from his underwear and replaced it on the wheel. The adjustment he had made let his hard dick lie along his belly with the head nearly popping out the top of the waistband. Ralph had not even glanced in Doug's direction. Ralph relaxed in spite of the rain and settled back on the seat. He was in more familiar territory as they got closer to Los Angeles.

Continued to page 69

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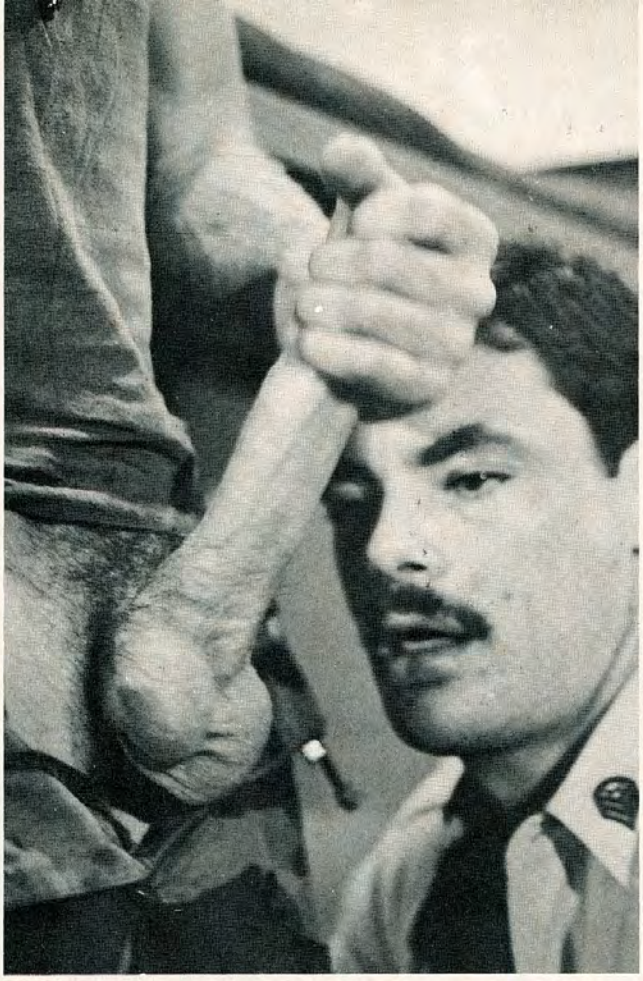
PUSH-UPS



"Private Ryder, you know what you are?"
"No, sir!"
"A jerk-off, Ryder! A fuckin' jerk-off! Cum on your sheets for the third night in a row! Whatsa matter, can't you save it till the weekend?"
"No, sir! Too damn horny, sir!"
"Is that right! Well, we'll see how horny you are after 100 push-ups! Hit the floor!"

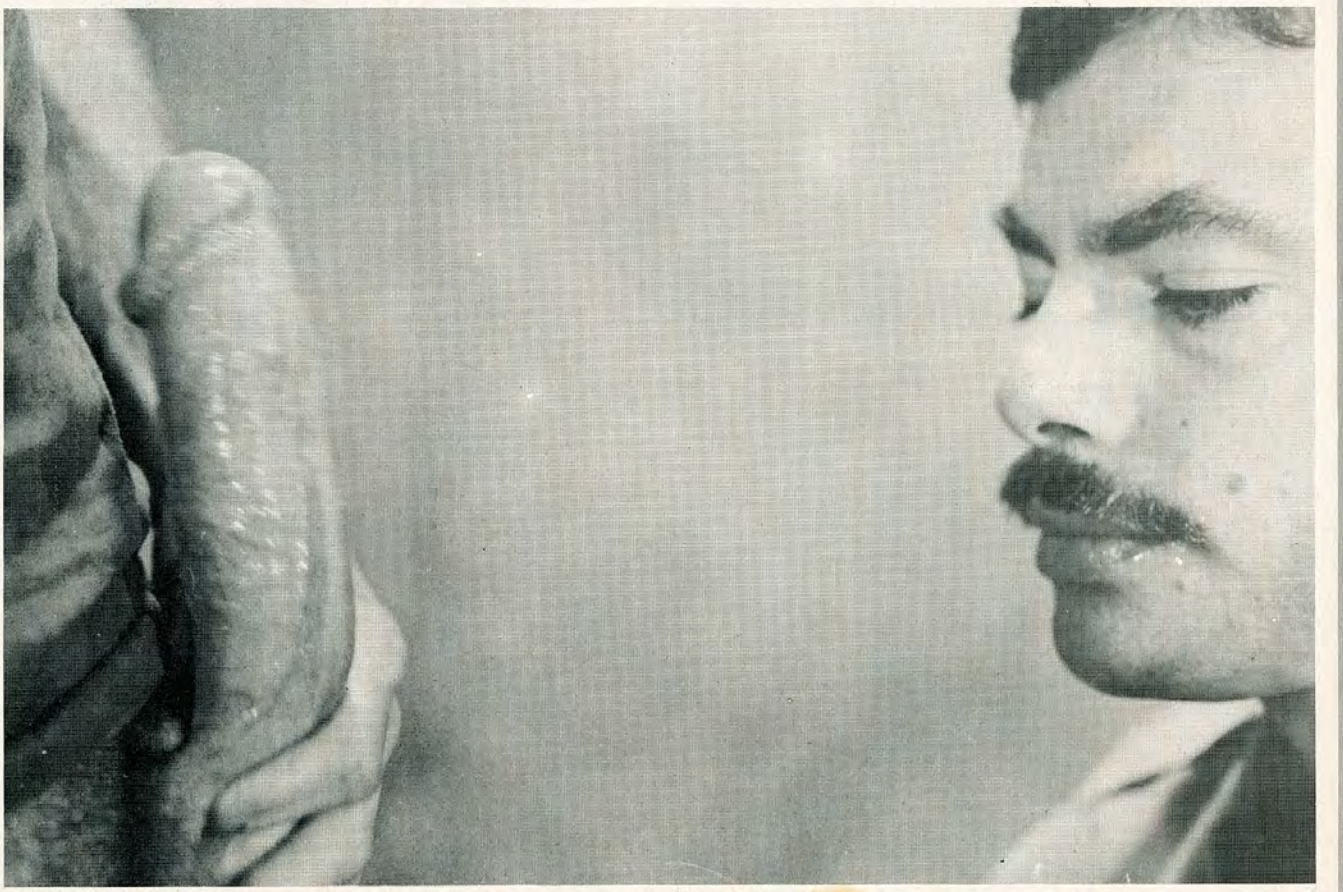
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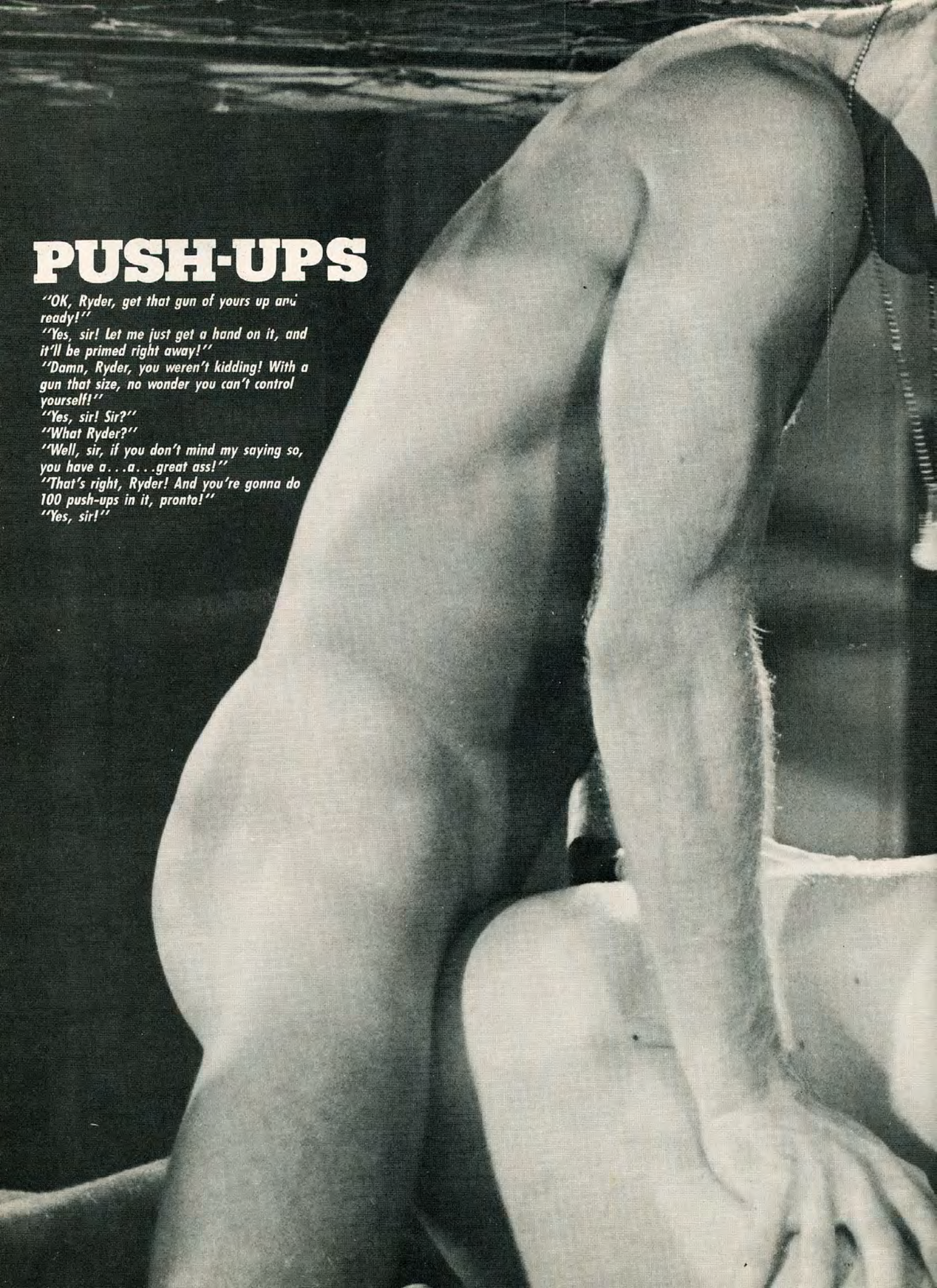


PUSH-UPS

"Damn, Ryder, you are still horny!"
"Yes, sir! I can't seem to make it go down, sir!"
"Why is that, Ryder?"
" 'Cause it's so damn big, sir, and my balls are always swollen!"
"Ryder, I've had some experience with problems like yours, and I believe I can be of some help. Get out of your duds and I'll show you what I mean!"







PUSH-UPS

"OK, Ryder, get that gun of yours up and ready!"
"Yes, sir! Let me just get a hand on it, and it'll be primed right away!"
"Damn, Ryder, you weren't kidding! With a gun that size, no wonder you can't control yourself!"
"Yes, sir! Sir?"
"What Ryder?"
"Well, sir, if you don't mind my saying so, you have a...a...great ass!"
"That's right, Ryder! And you're gonna do 100 push-ups in it, pronto!"
"Yes, sir!"



We went to a men's room on the ground floor of the mall. Dex began unbuttoning my pants, and soon his dick was in my ass. The security guard appeared and wrecked our hard-ons—but only for a moment.

CAUGHT WITH HIS PANTS DOWN

By Kit Forrest • Photo by Naakkve

The newspaper ad claimed it was the "Biggest Mall in the State." I hadn't been there yet, so I called in sick at the newspaper where I work, tumbled out of bed, and headed for the bathroom to take a piss. Standing in front of the toilet, I grabbed my nine-inch, uncut, veiny cock, peeled back the foreskin, and let go with a long, hot steady stream. I tugged at my hairy balls with the other hand, and began stroking myself off slowly. I thought about the stud I had fucked the day before in the back of my van at a local forest preserve.

He was young, maybe sixteen, but I had to have him. That gorgeous black mane, those green eyes, that ten-inch piece of meat that just wouldn't stop coming! And that ass—man, what a fuckhole. Not many guys I've fucked could take all of me.

I tugged on my balls one last time and shot all over the back of the toilet seat. I scratched the shaggy hair covering my well-developed pecs, grabbed a towel, and wiped off the drying cum. I sniffed the towel, tossed it on the floor, turned on the shower. The warm water felt relaxing. My cock began to rise again.

I lathered my chest and arms, and scrubbed my armpits. When I set the soap in its tray, I left a fine lather in my hands. I spread my ass cheeks, shoved a couple of fingers up my hole, grabbed my cock again, and soaped it up, too, making sure the head was clean and shiny. Since I wasn't ready to come again, I turned up the cold water, and rinsed off. I toweled dry and hurried into the bedroom where I threw on a pair of faded 501s—so faded they were almost grey. I pulled on a red polo shirt, and set off.

Half an hour later I was at the mall. Impressive, I thought, and cruisy, too, I hoped. Believe me, there aren't too many places to cruise in Northwest Illinois, and I hate the Chicago bar scene because there's no variety. You go in, pick somebody out, take him home (or he takes you home), and you fuck. Boring!

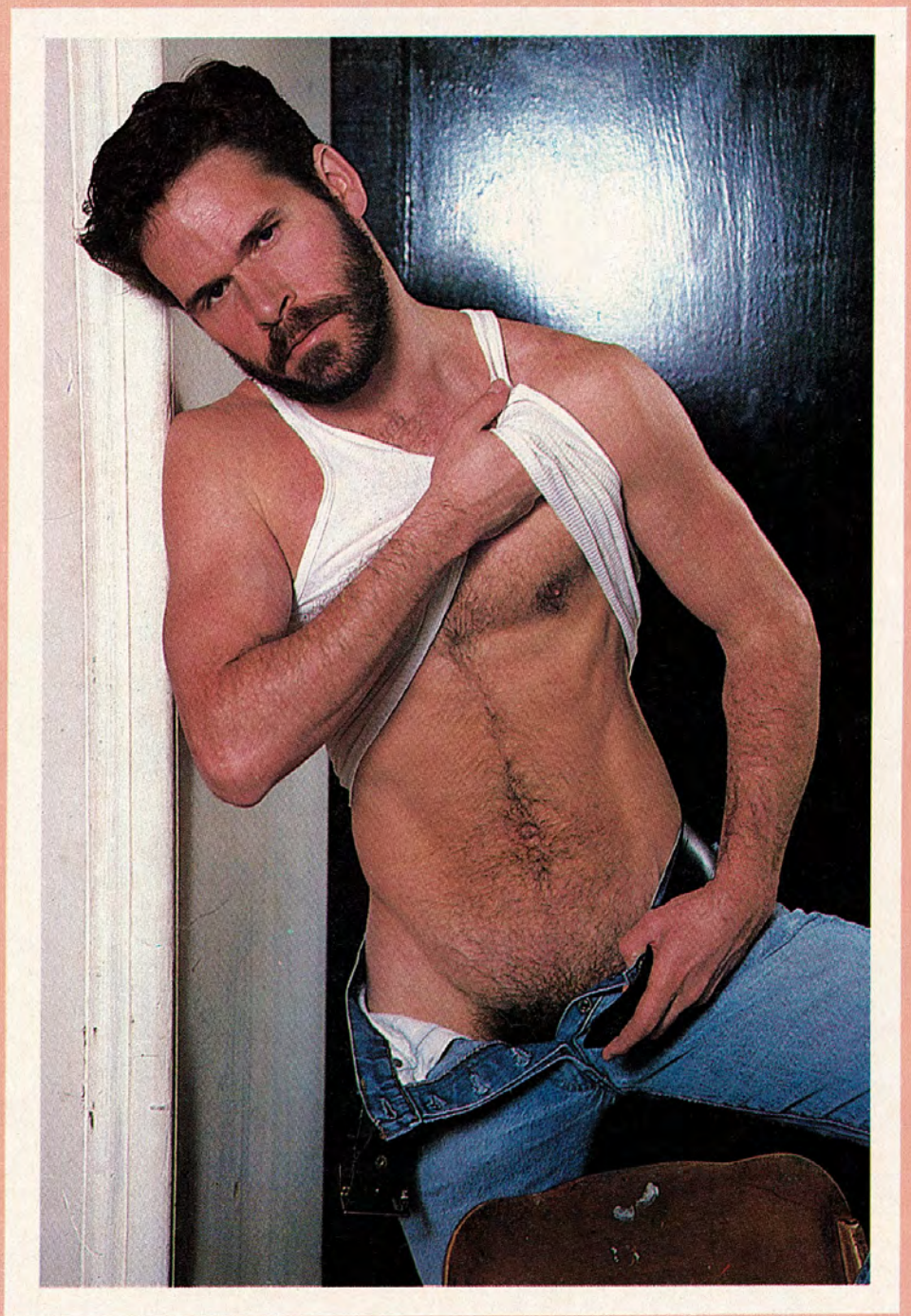
There were a number of specialty shops in the mall, none of which held my interest, so I walked to the silver mirror railing facing me and leaned over to view the center of the mall. A waterfall tumbled down the three-tiered atrium, forming a large pond at the bottom which was surrounded by trees. Stone walkways radiated from the pond. I was surprised that there were so few people in the mall.

I found a mall directory—I wanted to find a store that sold leather clothes. I had decided on my drive to the mall that I would finally buy a pair of black leather pants—the tighter the better. The leather store was located on the first level, so I took the nearest escalator down. I leaned against the side with my legs crossed, and I began thinking about that kid in the

Continued to page 37



SERIOUS

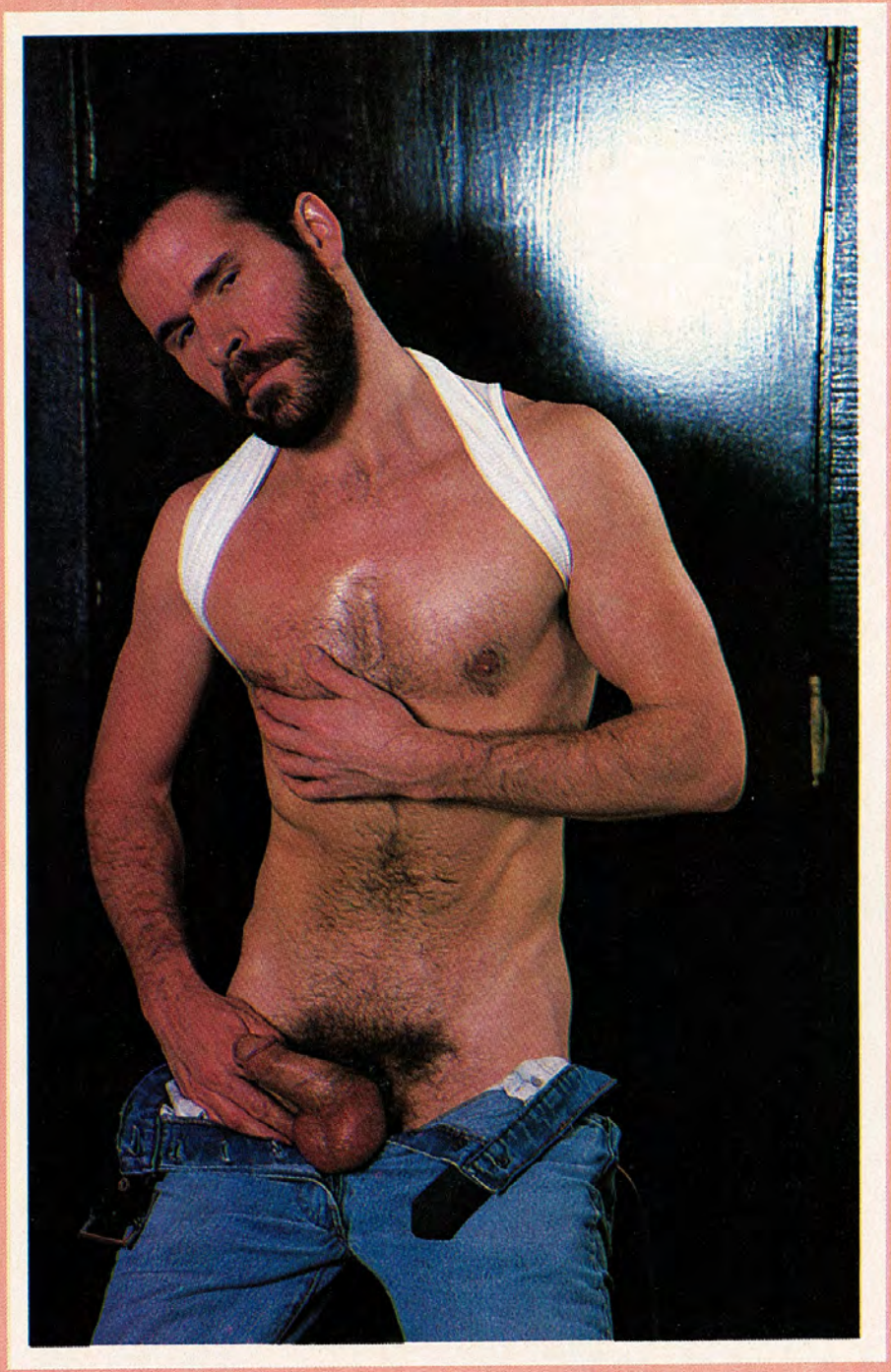


Only a man who takes his body seriously could be tight and trim like this. If you could put your hand on his flat, hard stomach and then run it up to his tight, manly chest, you'd see just how a serious approach to body training pays off.

Section photographed by M.E.N. Enterprises.



SERIOUS



His tight torso doesn't have an ounce of extra fat. But you don't need love handles to grab onto; he's offering you something else to get a grip on. And you're gonna like it a lot if you are half as serious about sex as he is.





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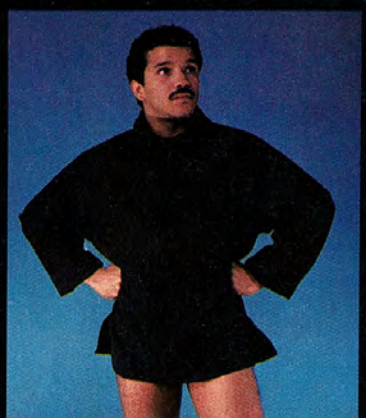
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CAUGHT WITH HIS PANTS DOWN

Continued from page 28

forest preserve (we didn't even exchange names). That hot, hairless ass, and that beautiful hole which opened up for me and sucked my dick in. I had never banged somebody so hard in my life. The kid threw his legs over my shoulders, wrapped his ankles around my neck, and pulled me closer. Then he grabbed my hairy thighs. He took my cock dry; said he liked it that way best. No sucking by either of us—just a long, dry, beautiful fuck. I thought my cock would break off, the way he was thrusting into me. When he shot all over his stomach, he took one hand and fed me some of his cum. I begged him for all of it, but he just smiled, scooped up the rest, and ate it himself. Which made me shoot my load.

I was jarred back into the present as I stumbled over the teeth at the bottom of the escalator. I steadied myself on the railing, and straightened—well, tried to straighten—my semi-hard cock that was ready to tear through the imprisoning denim of my jeans.

The leather store was empty except for a sales clerk and another customer. While the clerk helped the other guy, I tried to find my pants size.

"Find what you're looking for?" I turned around and saw that it was the sales clerk. Dark haired and blue eyed, he had an unusually handsome face—square, with a sharp nose. I told him what I was looking for, and he began searching through the racks. I looked around the store while the clerk was busy, and found myself staring at the other customer. He was dark haired, too, but his eyes were the blackest I had ever seen. He turned, facing me, and smiled. Beautiful! My cock was already growing again.

"Here you go."

I looked at the clerk. "Those are kind of long," I told him.

"We do alterations, free of charge. Why don't you go in back and try these on." He handed me the pants, and I took them into the dressing room. I slipped off my jeans and pulled on the leather pants, trying to fit my hardening cock down the right side. I pulled up the zipper, put my boots back on, and stepped out on the floor to look in a mirror. I looked over my right shoulder. Damn! The fox was gone. The clerk came up to me. "They look good. A little tight in the crotch, though."

"No, I like it that way. But you were right about the length. I'll need an inch or so hemmed up."

He got down on his knees and fussed with the cuffs. A few seconds later he asked me if the length was okay now. I said it was, and as he stood his hand stroked my cock. "You're sure they're not too tight?" Smiling, I told him they were fine. "Planning on wearing these any place special? I mean, if you need them right away, I'll fix you up."

"No, no place special. Why, do you deliver?"

"I do. If you give me your name and address, I'll deliver them personally," he offered, as he walked over to the counter.

A few minutes later, as I headed towards the center of the mall, I decided to walk along the stone path that wound through the miniature forest. Small benches faced each other along the paths, so I decided to sit down and relax. There was no one else around, and the area I was sitting in was pretty well covered by overhanging tree branches, so I wasn't worried that anyone from the second or third level could see me rubbing my crotch.

I was horny as hell by now, and even thought about going back to the forest preserve. Maybe that kid would be there again. I had to do something because my horniness was getting the better of me; before I knew what I was doing, I had opened all five of my 501 buttons.

My cock fell out. I squeezed my meat, and saw some pre-cum on the dickhead. I rubbed my finger over it, then placed it in my mouth. It tasted warm and sweet. I thought about the load I had shot against the toilet seat that morning; it was rare that I wasted my own cum. I pulled the foreskin back and began stroking off right there in the center of the state's largest shopping mall. I closed my eyes, fantasizing about the clerk from the leather shop. Would I answer the door with a towel on, or a half-opened robe, as I had done with the UPS man a few days earlier?

"Looks like fun."

I froze; then I looked up. It was the other customer from the leathers store! "I--I. . ." I didn't know what to say. There I was, cock hanging out, hairy balls right behind. I looked at him again. He was smiling. Smiling? Then I looked down at his crotch: hard as a rock. He was also wearing jeans, his

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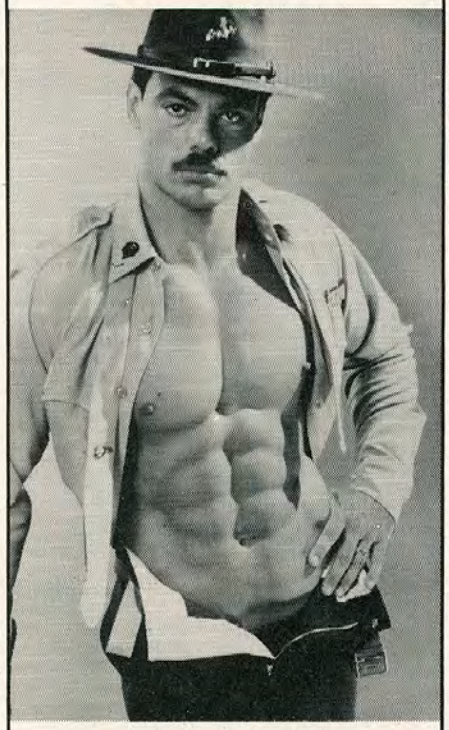
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cock hanging left. There must be seven or eight inches begging for a hot mouth, I thought.

He knelt before me, pushed my hand away from my dick, and gripped it with his muscular hand. He pulled my foreskin over the cockhead, then down. Suddenly, his mouth engulfed my cock, and he forced it down his throat—all nine inches of it! As he pulled up he bit it along the way, and I was in heaven. He pulled my balls out further and let go of my cock. "Christ, they're like tennis balls!" He began licking them, slowly at first, but his movements soon turned into frenzy, as he bit them and stuffed them into his mouth. I placed my hands on either side of his head and pushed him against my balls.

He looked up at me, then pulled back. He said, "Why don't we go some place more private?"

We went to a men's room on the ground floor of the mall. There were about ten stalls in it—probably so many for weekends and the Christmas season.

"By the way," my newfound friend said, "I'm Dex." I introduced myself as Allen. He grabbed my hand and led me to the last stall. We stepped inside, and Dex closed the door.

"There's no lock," I pointed out to him.

"There aren't on any of the stalls in this mall. Somebody probably thinks that'll make the place fag-proof. Don't worry, nobody will bother us." He pulled me against him, and forced his smooth hot tongue into my mouth. Our tongues did battle, while our cocks waged their own war through our straining jeans.

I could feel Dex unbuttoning my jeans again, and I began undoing his. Then he pulled my shirt over my head and revealed my hairy chest. He ran his hands over it, and kissed my neck, licking it with a sensitivity I'd never experienced before. Both of our pants were now below our ankles. Getting braver, I reached down and pulled off my boots and jeans. I stood naked, except for my sweat socks.

Dex's shirt came off next, and I fell instantly in lust with this hunk. I looked down at the horse-sized piece of meat that swung between his muscled thighs. A long, bluish vein climbed the shaft, like ivy on a trellis. His cockhead was purple, engorged with hot man-blood.

I knelt before him and gobbled his cock in my eager mouth. The head tasted salty, like seawater. I was never one to deep throat, but I made an exception in this case. Forcing my throat muscles to relax, I slowly consumed his whole manmeat in my mouth. He moaned as I sucked. Back and forth, again and again, his cockhead tickling the back of my throat and his pubic hair brushing against my nose, I sucked him furiously. I untied his tennis shoes, took them off, and helped him out of his jeans. I grabbed his low hanging, hairless balls; it looked as if he shaved them regularly. They were beautiful, nearly as big as mine, although mine don't hang low. They're tight, but huge.

"You better stop man, or I'm gonna come," Dex warned.

I let go immediately. I was nervous as all hell being here, naked, but I wanted this to last. I rarely let anyone fuck me, but I wanted this one in me, I wanted him to fill me with his man-juice. "Fuck me, Dex. I want you to fuck me, babe."

Dex grinned. "I wouldn't mind having that," he said, pointing at my uncut meat, "up me, either." I promised him a solid fuck later. Dex grabbed my nipples, tugged at them, and turned me around. I leaned against the toilet tank, bent over, and felt a wet finger prod my hole.

It jerked in and out, slowly, and then was joined by a second joint, then a third. I felt like screaming out in joy, it felt so good. I could only imagine how great his cock would feel. I begged him to fuck my aching hole.

"It's coming, baby. Just let me wet it up." He pulled his fingers out, one by one, and a few seconds later I felt the soft head of his cock push against my hairy asshole. His head pushed inside, followed by the shaft of his meat, wonderfully painful. He began thrusting in and out; his cock drove all the way in. I reached between my hair-covered thighs and grasped his sweetly hanging balls. I grabbed them at the base of his shaft, pulling forward. Dex moaned louder, but I didn't give a fuck if the people in the parking lot heard us.

My own cock raged. With my free hand I stroked myself hard, forcing the foreskin beyond its normal ability. I could feel Dex's breath as he leaned further into me, licking the back of my neck, nibbling at the short hairs. The skin on my back surged with excitement. "I'm gonna shoot!" Dex cried.

"Give it to me, fucker," I pleaded. I was ready to come, too, and I planned on tasting every drop of my own hot juice.

He rammed me again, one long last time, his balls slamming against me. I

wasn't certain what happened at first. I could feel his hot fuckload filling me up, shot after fantastic shot; but I also felt Dex pushing me down against the toilet. I released my cock, then I went down on my knees. "Dex, what is it?" I looked over my shoulder. And there he was. Oh, shit! I imagined the headline: *Local Reporter Charged with Indecent Exposure at Shopping Mall.*

Still, I couldn't help thinking how gorgeous he was. Right out of some cum magazine—a mall security guard, standing before us, wearing those tight nylon pants that show everything. His black leather jacket contrasted sharply with his cropped blond hair; his moustache grew along either side of his mouth. He frowned, looking from Dex to me. "Looks like you two are in a little trouble. Get dressed," he ordered, "and come with me."

The mall security office was located on the third floor. Once inside, the security guard ordered us to sit down in front of an unusually constructed desk with metal handles screwed into each side of the top. He smiled a whiter that white smile, and said, "I suppose you boys realize how much trouble you're in. Your names will probably end up in the paper."

Dex looked at me, then at the guard. "The last thing I need is that. I'd do anything to avoid publicity."

The security guard smiled again, looking at me. "I suppose you feel the same way?" I told him I did. "Then you're both going to have to get naked for me." My mouth dropped open; Dex's didn't. He peeled off his shirt and shoes, then his pants. He stood before us, his cock soft but slowly growing. He smiled at me and said: "I can think of worse ways to pay for a crime."

I knew Dex was right, and the guard was a fucking hot number, so I followed suit, undressing quickly. The guard, still seated, said: "You (pointing to me), suck his dick." I got down on my knees and repeated my earlier performance in the john. I looked at the guard as he unbuttoned his pants. He was naked underneath. And his cock! Short, maybe five inches. He was soft, and uncut, with a long, hanging foreskin. I sucked Dex harder, pulling his balls down.

The guard tugged at his foreskin, and began removing his shirt. He thrust up his hips; I could see how hairy his balls were, and my eyes followed a thick crop of blond hair that trailed into his ass crack. I wanted to lick the sweat off his ass so badly I could taste it.

From behind I felt a cock rub across the nape of my neck; the guard began lifting me up by the underarms. I turned around, sandwiched between these two gods. The guard kissed me, pulling my nipples hard. Dex pressed his cock against my ass crack, rubbing himself. The nameless guard spun me around, shoved me over his desk: I was prime for another fucking.

Then the guard pulled away. He smiled at the stud across from him, opened a desk drawer, and took out two pairs of handcuffs, along with a yellow bandana. He slapped a pair of cuffs around my wrists. Then he tied the bandana tightly around my head. "Bet you haven't been double fucked very often." I couldn't respond, but shook my head from side to side. In fact, this was my first three-way!

Dex came around to face me. "You're gonna love this, baby." I felt a tongue licking my hole, and began to wonder if I could take two cocks at once. The tongue pushed further into me, lubed me up, and then I felt a cock move inside also. From Dex's expression, I knew it was his. My fuck hole stretched wider as my rear admiral entered me—no compassion, no gentleness. Just one quick thrust and the guard was in, up to the hilt. I thought I'd pass out. I hoped so, at first, but as the guard and Dex continued to pound me, I began enjoying two studs fucking me at the same time.

Their movements seemed orchestrated: each pushed in and pulled out alternately. They fucked me for what seemed like hours, fucking harder and harder, stretching me so much that I felt as if I could even take another hard piece of meat up my hole. Suddenly Dex and the guard moaned at the same time. I felt my hole filling up with their loads—their cum intermingling in my shit chute.

A few minutes passed, and they pulled out at the same time. Dex knelt before me as the security guard pulled me back a little, grabbing my cum-filled cock and twisting my balls with his other hand. Dex removed the bandana and shoved his cock back into my mouth. I could taste cum on his softening cock—whose, I didn't know or care. I just wanted it. "Come for me, fucker," the guard commanded.

That was all I needed to hear. I shot a load longer and harder than ever before. Dex pulled his cock out of my mouth, and I collapsed on the desk, spent, exhausted, but wanting more. The security officer showed me a handful of my own juice, thick, white



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and warm. He scooped some out with a finger and smeared it on my lips. He fed some to Dex as well, who gratefully sucked on the guard's fingers.

When the guard's hand was empty, he made me lick his palm clean. When I finished, he placed his lips on mine, kissing me long and hard. He bit my lower lip. Then he stepped back and looked at Dex. He said, "You found a good one this time, Dex. I think we'll keep him for a few days." He looked at me and said, "Any objections?"

I smiled at them. "None." ■

BUS COCK

Continued from page 9

pointed at me.

"What for?" Gregg put his arm around me protectively. His cock was wilting rapidly and I wanted desperately to reach out and stroke it up again.

"Nothing, man, nothing. It's just that he's got a schedule to keep."

"What're you, his boss?"

"Matter of fact, I am!"

"Why the fuck you out in this rain spyin' on him?" (That's what I'd been wondering.)

"I got my job to do." Jones didn't sound too convincing.

"I got an idea, man. Mind your own fuckin' business and let us finish ours!" He gave Jones a shove. I thought Jones would react, but instead, his shoulders slumped and he backed away.

"Okay, I'm leaving." Then he jabbed a finger in my direction. "But you've had it, Benson." He spun on his heels and strode to the front of the bus.

I turned back to face Gregg, when suddenly the bus went dark. I'll be damned if Jones hadn't flicked off the interior lights for us. Somehow I sensed he wasn't going to leave, but now I didn't give a damn. I knew my job was finished anyway.

So I bent over and started licking at Gregg's soft cock, intent on getting it up again. Gregg stood there, still shaking. But when my mouth went around his dick, it rose quickly again to the occasion.

I wasn't surprised when I heard Jones shuffle up softly behind me. But I was surprised when I felt his hand reach around my waist and unbuckle my belt. I kept sucking on Gregg, very much aware that my pants were being lowered. My own dick sprang up, full and long. Jones took hold of it and started pulling the foreskin across the head. I couldn't believe this was happening. Jones—my straight, humpy boss—playing with my cock! God, it felt good.

Abruptly he withdrew his hand and I was disappointed. But then I heard him unzip his pants and spit in his hand. Almost before I knew it, his own tool was probing my still smarting asshole.

"Damn you, fucker!" I heard Jones whisper. And he rammed his cock all the way inside me. I jerked in pain but, impaled as I was on those two gorgeous dicks, I was helpless to move. My own cock swelled and throbbed as Jones's shaft prodded my prostate.

I doubled my efforts on the cock I was sucking. Jones started thrusting his into my ass with powerful strokes, and the pressure of him warmed me with pleasure. He bent over and kissed my neck as he fucked me. As his chest rubbed against my back, I felt all that beautiful hair that his open shirt had hinted at earlier.

"You little fuckin' cute bastard," he whispered in my ear. "I've been wanting you since the day I first saw you."

I could only nod in assent, since my mouth was filled with Gregg's meat. Jones stood up and began pumping wildly; I sucked on Gregg's cock as fast as my throat would take it. To my surprise, Gregg leaned over me and began kissing Jones.

Jones pounded my insides relentlessly and I knew I was close to shooting. I could tell that Gregg was ready, too. His mushroom head had swelled up so big it barely fitted in my mouth. My jaws began to ache.

All of a sudden Jones grabbed my waist and plunged to the hilt, his balls slapping against my ass. He pulled back from his kiss and moaned. At the same moment my black friend jerked and shot his heavy load into my mouth. There was so much cum it dripped down my chin. But I retained as much as I could and swallowed and swallowed as Jones spewed cum into my guts.

Then it was my turn. My cock started tingling; suddenly it spat cum all over the back of the bus. It squirted so powerfully that my body convulsed and my knees gave out on me.

Jones scooped me up and held on to me. Gregg's cock slid from my mouth and I leaned back against Jones's hairy chest. He cradled me in his arms, then gently pulled his cock from inside me and sat me on the back seat. Jones and Gregg sat on either side of me. Gregg put my head in his lap while Jones stroked my belly.

"Sorry I surprised you guys," Jones said at length.

"Yeah, man, you should be," Gregg said. But there was no hostility.

"But I tell you, I've been so hot after Benson here, I couldn't see straight."

"I can sure see why." Gregg smiled and tousled my hair.

I looked up at Jones. "Is that why you've been following me around so much?" I asked.

"Yeah. And when I saw what you guys were doing, I got so jealous I. . . I'm sorry I kicked you."

"It's okay, Mr. Jones. . .sir." I decided not to tell him yet how I felt about him.

"Yeah," Gregg said, still stroking my hair, "it all worked out fine." He leaned over and kissed Jones once more, then bent down and kissed me, too.

"I'm putting you back on the Number 4 tomorrow."

"Hey, that's great," Gregg said. "Now we can have some of that great Rec Park tearoom action again."

"Better be careful, you guys. I'm still pretty jealous." But the smile on Jones's face belied his words. "I catch Benson doing anything funny and I might put him back downtown."

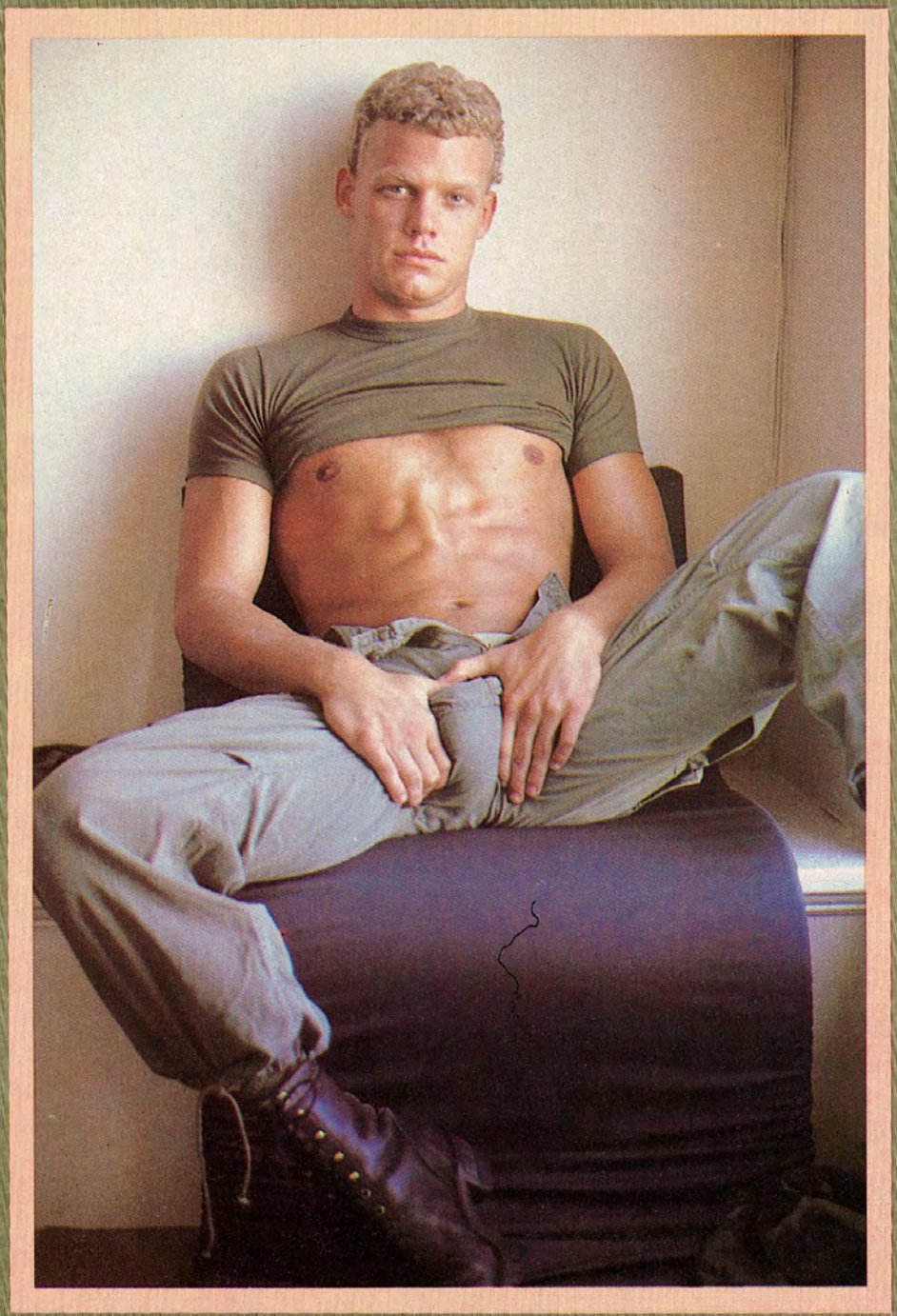
"Aw, man, you don't wanna do that," Gregg said. "I got a better idea. Come and join us. That tearoom's a real blast!"

Jones broke out laughing and Gregg and I joined in. I looked up at those two men and knew everything would be just fine with the three of us. "Don't worry, Jonesy," I said. "As long as both of you guys are around, anywhere you send me will end up heaven." ■

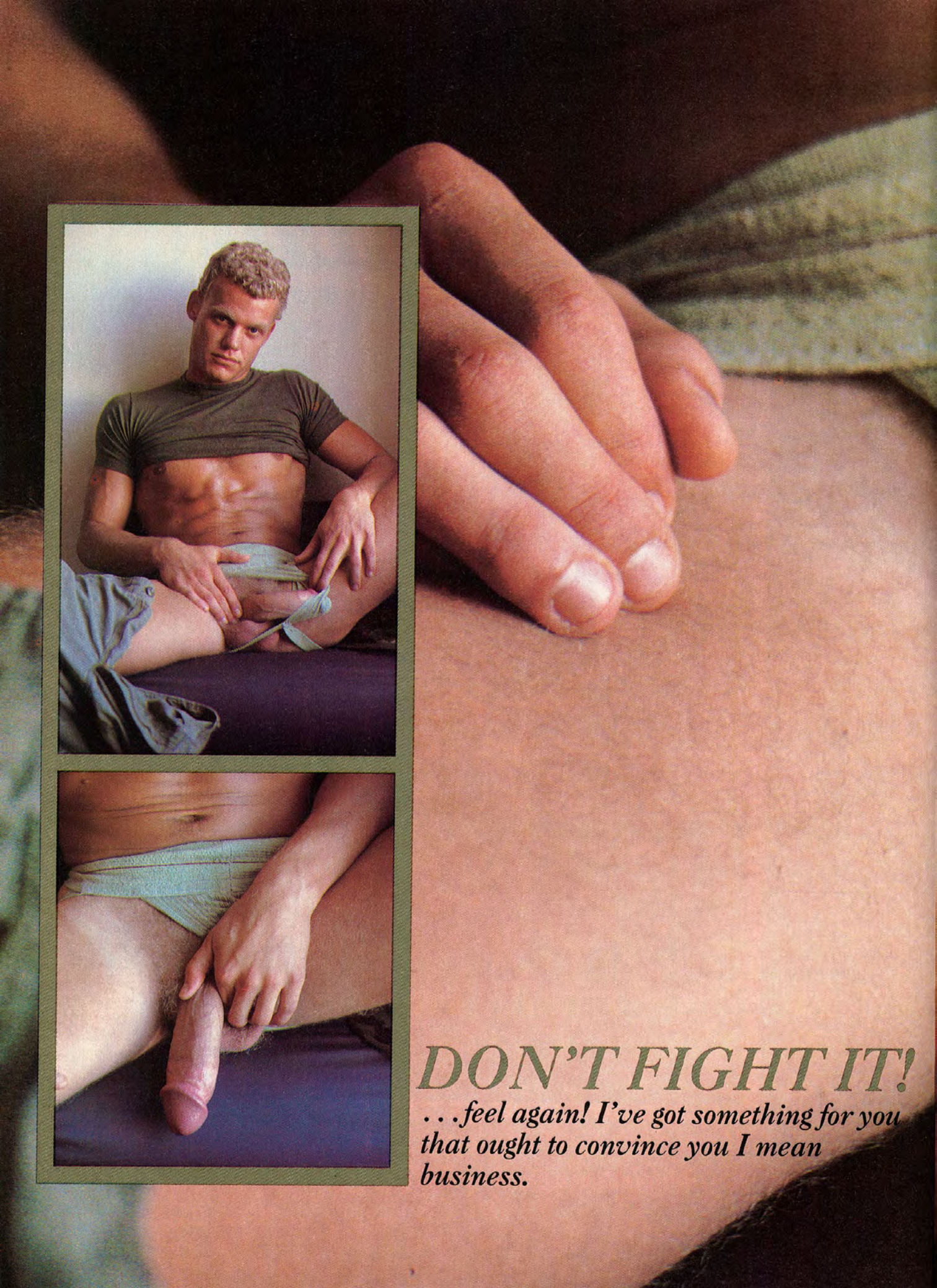
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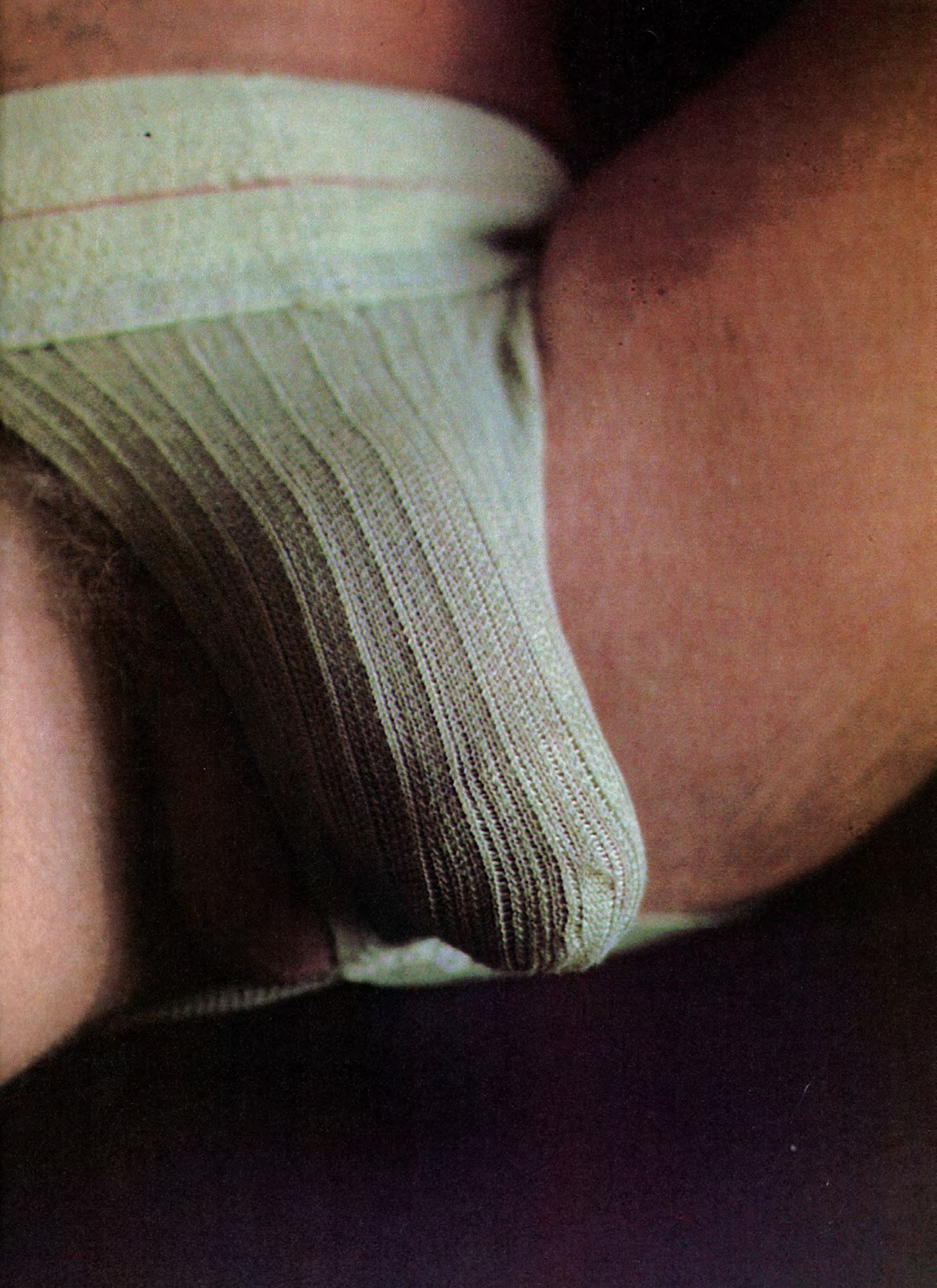
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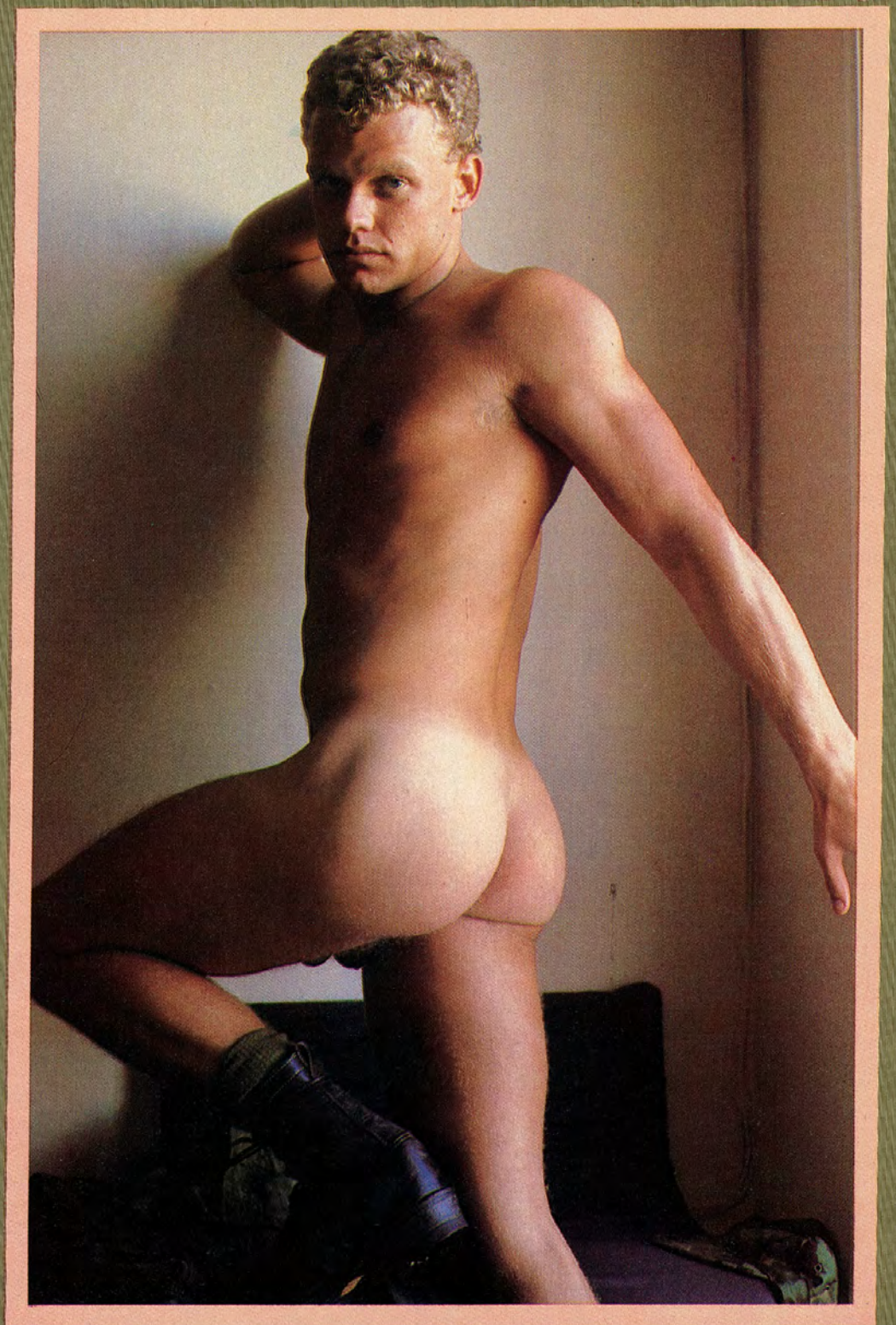


If you don't feel I love you . . .
Section photographed by Falcon

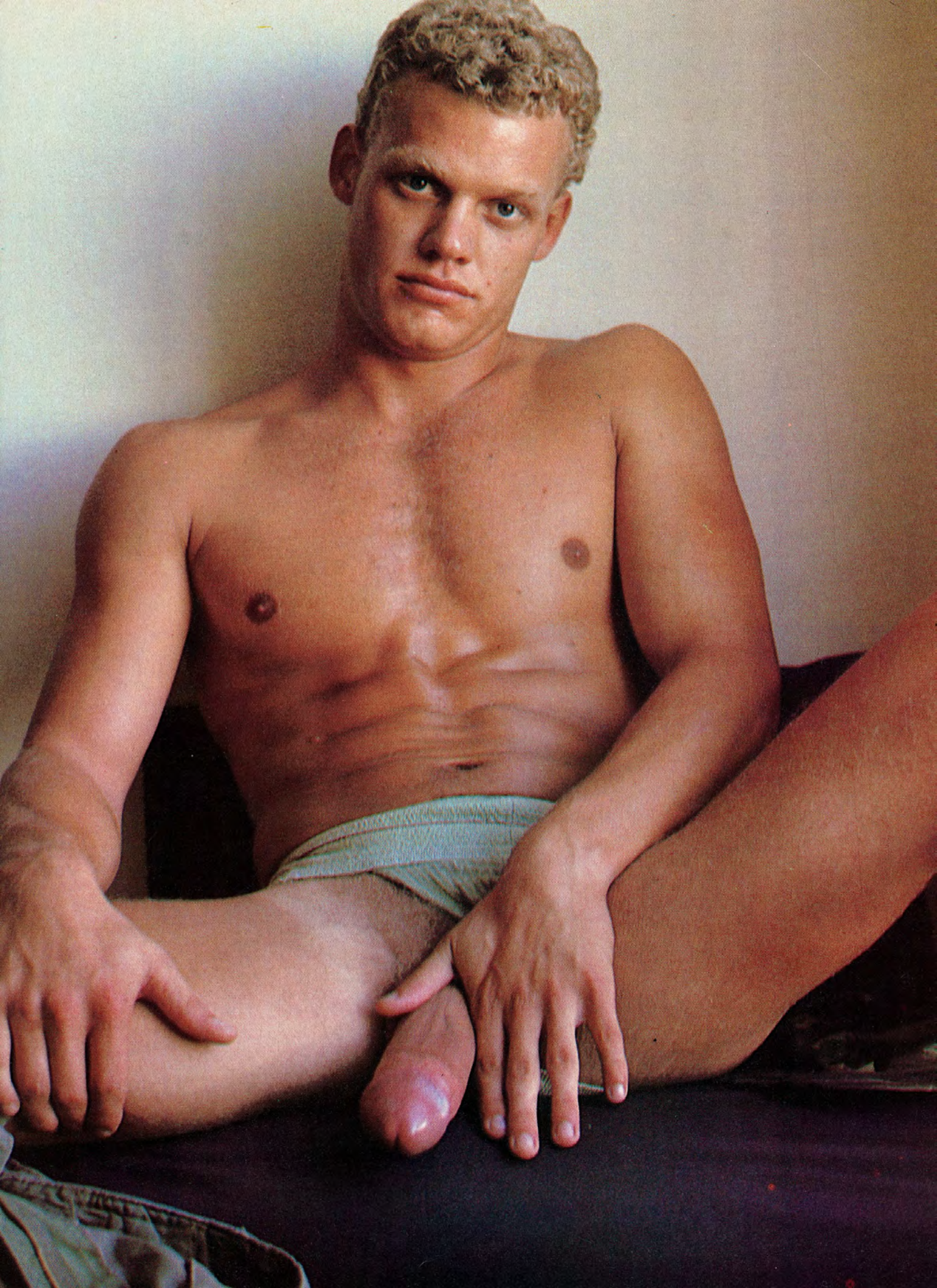

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. . .feel again! I've got something for you that ought to convince you I mean business.



DON'T FIGHT IT!



Any way you look at it, I'm your man. So you'd better just get used to the idea!



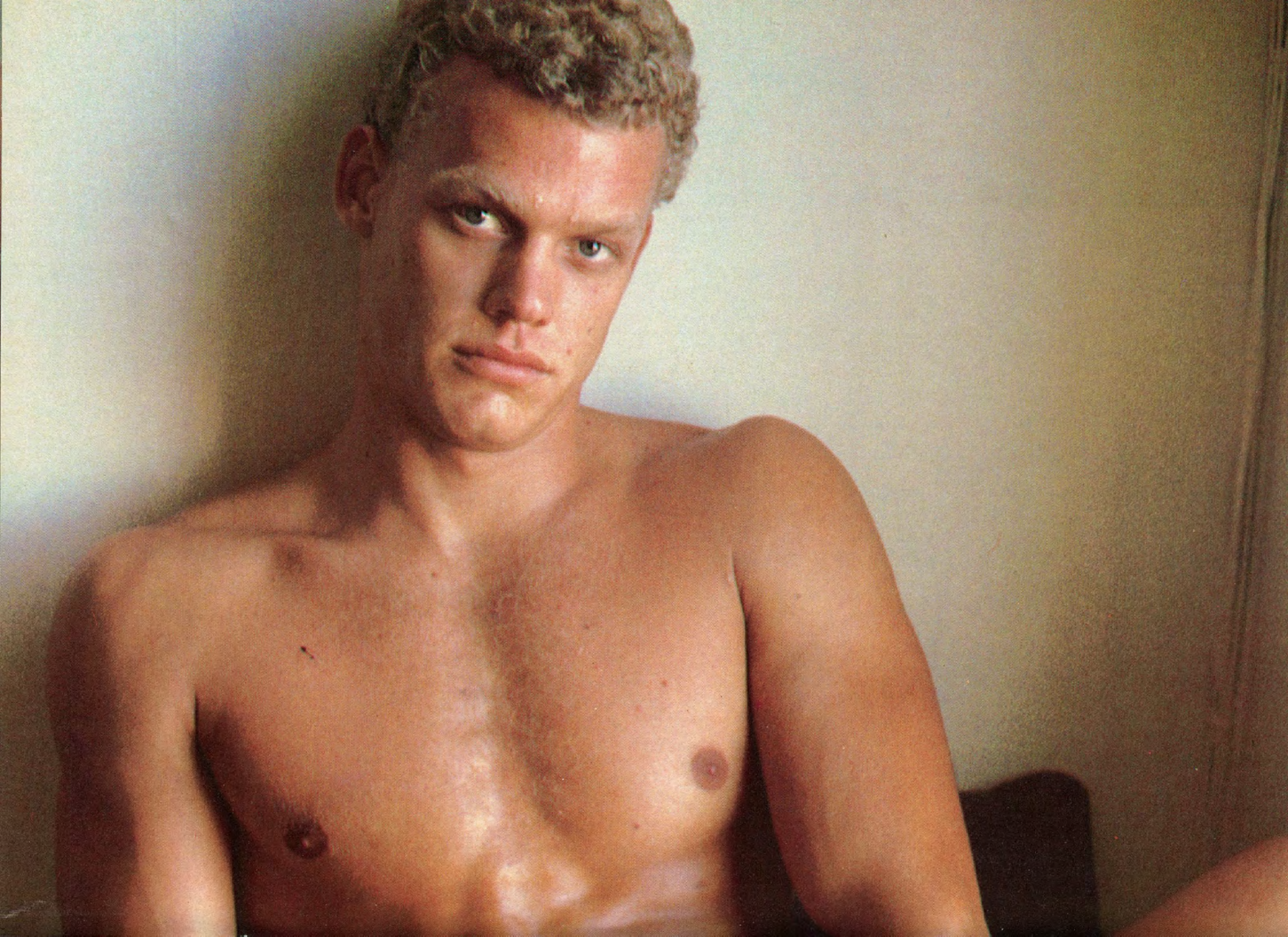
DON'T FIGHT IT!





Let's get something straight between us right now. My dick! From me to you, buddy. So get down and enjoy it. Don't fight the feeling.











I hadn't picked up many hitchhikers, but this one was irresistible: close-cropped hair, a face more ruggedly handsome than cute, and a bulging crotch.

HITCH COCK

by Morgan Michaels • Illustration by Tupper

As dusk darkened into night, I guided my car ever further along the highway. I had just spent a long weekend with my parents, three days of inhibited action, constrained speech and hot thoughts left to boil away. Now I was returning to my home and my freedom—the University at Jefferson. It wouldn't qualify as the Sodom of the South, but this summer, my 29th, the city and the University had absolutely caught fire for me. At times it seemed I couldn't step out my door without meeting some young stud with hot coals in his pants—and a need for me to fan the flames.

As the minutes slipped by, my thoughts turned to Joel and a scene began to play itself out in my imagination. Joel was a lean, strong swimmer, 19 years old, a blend of innocence and passion who always made me feel I was half his buddy, half his lover. We wouldn't jump right into bed. We were like kids: our talk would turn into play as we began to laugh, jostle and finally to wrestle with each other. My extra height and weight gave me the decisive edge and eventually I would find a chance to plant my feet and bodily overturn my playmate. Joel, however, would just continue to laugh and struggle as I half pinned him and turned my attention first to pulling his shirt open so that I could tongue his sensitive nipples, then to slipping a hand under the waistband of his jeans to knead his stiffening dick. The earnest struggling gradually ceased as I undressed Joel and then myself, but he would continue to be playful, putting up some token resistance, trying to squirm away from my exploring hands and from my tongue as I laved his broad chest and neck.

At last, when I knelt over his naked, aroused body, my erection pointing in his face, I would see the change: his eyes would glaze over and he would begin to whisper my name and a command: "Scott, fuck me." As I obeyed, eagerly, his voice would gradually turn into a bellow. I would drive my cock home again and again, harder and harder, until his words melted into a loud, feverish scream. As I shot, draining my cum into his tensed, tight ass, my own wordless shout would join his.

"God," I thought as I drove along, "am I glad he lives in the country."

This reminiscence of Joel was only the most recent in a series of such scenes that had been running in my head for hours. My cock had been hard and soft by turns since I had left my parents; now, once again, it begged for release, cramped inside the sweaty crotch of my shorts.

"At this rate I'll never make it back to Jefferson, not without wasting a load on myself."

Then I saw him—or at least I thought I did. With night-shrouded pines darkening the shoulder of the highway, I wasn't completely sure I had seen someone, but unconsciously

Continued to page 57

Flasche Trash



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PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHIL FLASCHE



Flasche Trash





AS I SET UP THE LIGHTS, I FOUND MYSELF DISTRACTED BY HIS ASS: BIG, FURRY BEEFCAKES SEPARATED BY A HAIRY CLEFT. MMMM-MMM! HE ROLLED AROUND DRUNKENLY AMIDST THE CRUMPLED NEWSPAPERS AND OLD TRASH BAGS, TOSSING ASIDE THE HEINEKEN BOTTLES AS HE EMPTIED THEM OF THEIR BREW. "TURN OVER," I COMMANDED, AND WHEN HE DID, I DROPPED MY LIGHT METER. THE PHOTO SESSION COULD WAIT, BUT HIS RISING POLE COULDN'T.

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HITCH COCK

Continued from page 51

I had registered the impression of a hitchhiker on the side of the road, and a handsome one at that. There was a U-turn at the top of the next rise, so I turned my old Toyota around and headed back to investigate.

He was there all right, standing with a slight tilt to his hips, thumb out, on the side of the road. He was of average height and he had a small duffel bag with him, but I couldn't tell much else.

"Don't get your hopes up, Scott," I warned myself. "Probably just some overgrown twelve-year-old or, worse, an old drunk."

But I was in a fever to reach the next U-turn, afraid some other driver would snatch up my hitchhiker in the meantime. I had to go a mile down the road and a mile back, but since this stretch of Route 17 runs through farmland, there were few other cars traveling it. He was still there, hips still cocked, thumb still out. I switched on my high beams: definitely not 12, and not old, either.

Telling myself to be casual, I eased my car onto the shoulder and rolled to a stop. The boy came running up.

"Thanks, mister. I thought I was stuck here for the night."

"Your luck has changed. Toss your bag in the back seat."

I switched on the interior light so that he could see where to put his bag—and so that I could get a better look at him. He was indeed something to behold: dark, close-cropped, curly hair, and a face that was more ruggedly handsome than cute, although it still had boyish vestiges.

"Where you headed?" I asked.

"I'm heading for Jefferson for now, but I may have to go on out to Holly if I can't find a place to spend the night. My name's Glenn," he added, reaching his hand out for a shake.

I shook his hand and said, "Scott." As I reached for the switch to turn off the overhead light, he reached down, pulled his t-shirt out of his cut-offs, and used it to wipe the sweat off his forehead. A thin, dark line of hair grew up his middle to his chest, where it fanned out towards his nipples. It was the first darkening of boyish down, but I knew in a few years he'd be a real Marlboro Man with a full chest of hair.

I started the car, hoping for some sign that Glenn would be interested in some hot man-to-man sex. The display



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of his handsome physique had seemed too offhand, too casual to be significant. My cock battered at my zipper like an insistent ram.

Unfortunately, "casual" is not the only word beginning with a "c" to which I listen: "caution" and "cowardice" also play their part. I never had seduced a hitchhiker, and I wasn't about to pull anything on Glenn. I didn't want him throwing punches at me while we were doing 60 mph. Our conversation dwindled into small talk. I learned that he had recently turned 20, that he worked as a lab technician at the University hospital to save money for college, and that he lived with his mother and two younger sisters in Holly, a small town in the hills west of Jefferson.

Jefferson itself drew closer every minute and I grew hotter, more frustrated, more desperate.

"You do much hitchhiking?" I asked.

"Yeah. Around town some, and when I feel like getting out of town. I don't have a car—usually have to catch a ride to work with a friend.

"Ever run into trouble hitching?" I told him how a friend of mine had been robbed of everything, even his clothes, by a couple who had picked him up in South Carolina.

"Left him naked by the roadside with just his collie pup." I didn't tell him how Chip, striding proudly down that country road with his taut butt and bull dick outlined by the dark tan that covered the rest of his body, had been picked up by a state trooper who put the collie in the front seat, climbed in the back seat with Chip, and proceeded to fuck Chip's naked, willing ass for the whole afternoon. And that same trooper caught the thieves that night.

"You aren't planning to rob me, are you?" Glenn asked, grinning.

"Not hardly," I laughed, though my humor had more in it than Glenn realized. I started telling him my one hitchhiking story.

"I was headed south for Martinsburg a couple of years ago. This trucker stopped for me. Pride of the teamsters he wasn't—fat, ugly and so dirty he smelled like a city landfill. I was eager for the ride, though, and figured I could put up with him for an hour or so. Then, right away, he started asking me questions.

'You married?'

I told him no.

'You must have a lot of girl friends then?' He asked this with a sideways leer at me, but I just shrugged and said I didn't have the time.

'Must get a lot of blow jobs then?'

'I knew right off what was coming next, so I just sat up and put my wrist out in time to block his grope at my crotch.

'I told him, 'I'm not interested in one now. All I want from you is a ride to Martinsburg. Otherwise, let me out.' "

"Did you slug him?" Glenn asked.

I looked over at him. "Headed down the road at 60 mph.? Of course I didn't slug him. The story doesn't have much of an ending. He calmed down and I got my ride—with no extras."

"I've never had trouble with any of my rides. Everybody's been real friendly to me, even the truckers," Glenn said. I thought I caught a certain look in his eye. Had I? I couldn't be sure.

Jefferson was only a few miles away, and I hadn't made any sexual progress with Glenn. This stretch of highway was so dark that I couldn't pick up any subtle visual signs Glenn might be offering—like a cock swelling down the leg of his cut-offs. It did seem, however, that he had grown fidgety. He was shifting around in his seat and tugging at his shirt and cut-offs as if they were too tight. Suddenly he spoke up.

"Mind if I take my shirt off? It's awfully hot tonight."



Of course I didn't mind. The thing was, it really was hot. I could feel sweat trickling down my sides. But I still couldn't be sure Glenn was coming on to me. All I knew was that my cock threatened to erupt then and there as shadows rippled across Glenn's naked torso. I had to try a new approach.

"You have to make it out to Holly tonight?"

"I sure don't want to. I just wish I had a place in town I could stay so I could get some decent sleep before work tomorrow."

My cue. "Stay over at my place. It's an easy walk to the hospital."

"I couldn't put you out."

"No problem. My place is small, but I can put a mattress on the floor for you. No problem at all." I held my breath.

"OK, if you're sure. Thanks."

A breath now and a reprieve. The lights of Jefferson had begun to surround us. Home was only minutes away. Still, I didn't know if Glenn was interested in anything more than a place to sleep. My hopes kept growing, though. He kept running his hand over his chest long after he had wiped away the sweat. He even seemed to stop occasionally to play for a few seconds with his nipples.

I pulled into my drive and a couple of minutes later I was letting Glenn, duffel bag in hand, into my apartment. It had three rooms: kitchen, bedroom, bathroom.

"Care for a drink?"

"No thanks, I think the sack is all I need now."

"OK. You take the bathroom first while I set up the guest room."

The "guest room" consisted of pulling the mattress off my lone twin bed and onto the floor. I had discovered that my box spring offered me plenty of comfort for a night's rest, though I had also discovered that there were times I could sleep very well indeed cuddled with another man on my twin bed. I still hoped that tonight would be such a time.

After a few minutes, Glenn emerged with some drops of water still trickling down his chest. He had taken his tennis shoes off, but he still wore his cut-offs. In the bright light of my room he looked more handsome, more desirable than ever. His shoulders were broad like a gymnast's, and he had strongly chiseled deltoids. And a deep cleft separated his large but sharply defined pectorals. He looked as if he'd just pumped up. Maybe a few quick push-ups on my bathroom floor?

"Your turn."

"Yeah. My turn." I trotted into the bathroom, cowardice and caution still holding the upper hand. I shut the door behind me as Glenn had done.

"Now why the fuck did I do that? I could have given him a show and watched to see what he would do. Shit."

I ran through the necessities as quickly as I could, stripping out of my clothes, washing, brushing my teeth. I started to head back in naked, telling myself I always slept naked, but my cock was sticking out like a 4th of July flagpole. I pulled on a pair of jockey shorts.

"Hell, he'll get enough of a show anyway." The jockey shorts could only hide my cock so much. My eight inches of thick cock was standing at full attention now. I took a quick last look at myself in the mirror behind the door. My eighteen hour beard didn't really detract from my appearance—just made me look a bit mean. I was tall and lean and sporting the best tan I'd ever gotten. I ran my hand through the thick hair on my chest, wished myself luck, and swung open the door.

The room was dark. He had turned off the light. I couldn't even tell if Glenn, stretched out on the mattress, had finally stripped off his cut-offs.

"Shit."

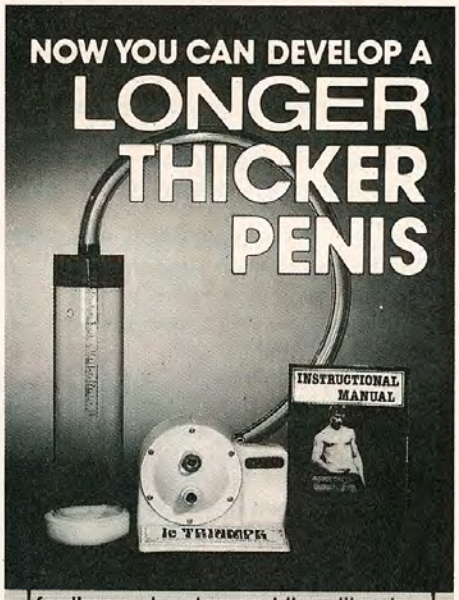
I didn't know if I had muttered it aloud or only to myself. Now I was royally pissed, certain that I could credit myself with being a good samaritan to a straight guy—and a bashful straight guy at that. I switched off the bathroom light and strode over to the box spring where I lay down none too gently. I heard Glenn stir on the floor next to me.

"You comfortable?" I asked.

"Yeah, thanks. You?"

"Well, I have to admit, I'm not too comfortable in these shorts. I must have had a fit of bashfulness because I usually sleep naked. Mind if I take them off?" I asked. But I didn't wait for an answer; I rocked my hips up, slid the shorts down around my ankles and kicked them off. Final frustration seemed to have given me the impetuosity I had lacked all evening. My cock sprang up and I wrapped my hand around it without a second thought.

"I don't much like sleeping in shorts either." I heard Glenn go through the same motions I had just completed. His cut-offs hit the floor near where my jockey shorts had landed. Unfortunate-



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ly, the mattress with a now naked Glenn on it lay in full shadow. I could make out only the vaguest outline.

"Air feels good, doesn't it?" Glenn asked.

"Yeah," I answered in one short breath. Events were suddenly taking a new turn and I had to catch up.

"You look pretty relaxed in the moonlight," Glenn said.

Relaxed? Moonlight? I suddenly realized that while Glenn lay hidden in shadow, I must have been making a fine silhouette for him against a window bright with light from the full moon. I had been stroking my cock leisurely but now, startled, I let go only to have it strike my stomach and spring back with a life of its own.

"Maybe relaxed isn't the right word," he chuckled. He certainly didn't seem bothered by my display.

"Long car rides get me worked up," I answered, returning my hand to my cock and giving it a slow, steady stroke, holding it up so that its full length would be outlined against the window.

"Maybe if that ugly trucker were here now you wouldn't turn down his offer so quickly."

"Sure I would," I said. "He was just too fat and smelly."

"So it was that particular trucker you objected to and not what he had to offer?"

"That's right." My two-word statement hung in the air. Finally Glenn spoke up and I knew I was in familiar territory now: his voice had dropped decisively, taking on a huskiness I recognized. It was the same huskiness Joel's voice assumed when he first whispered "Scott, fuck me."

"I'm pretty tense tonight too." He sat up. His head was even with my chest and I saw his face and heard his breath coming quickly through his slightly parted lips. Suddenly, his hand came to rest on my chest. I tensed for a moment, but as I relaxed he began to massage me.

"You are tense tonight, aren't you?" he asked. I didn't answer. Slowly he dropped his head onto my chest until, opening his mouth slightly, he started to suck my nipple. After a few moments an involuntary moan escaped me.

Glenn picked up his head.

"God, Scott, until you kicked off your underwear and I saw your hard cock, I thought for sure you were straight."

I started to laugh but suddenly cut my laugh short. Glenn was too beautiful to waste time.

"Stand up," I said.

He rose in front of me, his body from chest to knees catching the moonlight. As he stood he spread his legs slightly, like a marine at ease. He had a beautiful cock, maybe an inch shorter than mine but thick, neatly circumcised and crowned by a full, rounded head. His balls had begun to react to his arousal by pulling up tighter to his body. I sat up and started to put my hand out, but suddenly realized what part of Glenn I wanted to touch first.

With my right hand I began to caress his crack, running my fingers from the sperm tube that lay behind his balls up to where his butt ended and his back began.

"Turn around."

He turned, keeping his legs apart. I have never seen a more perfect ass. His buttocks were lean, with indentations on each side, the butt muscles were taut. I reached out and grabbed his cheeks, kneading them roughly. He exhaled and leaned forward. With my right hand I began to caress his crack, running my fingers from the sensitive sperm tube that lay behind his balls slowly up to where his butt ended and his back began. I stopped on the way, naturally, to toy gently, teasingly, with his fuck hole, not trying—yet—to penetrate, just to tantalize. I repeated my massage several times, each time more slowly, more firmly. Then, shifting my hands to the firm, tight muscles of his thighs for a good hold, I sat forward and bit gently first his right buttock, then his left before putting my mouth against the base of his spine and teasing the top of his crack with my tongue. When he leaned further over, I used my tongue to explore his sweet ass. Another moan, louder, more urgent, escaped him. I drew back and considered.

"Scott, rim me. Let me feel your hot tongue," Glenn whispered.

I had never been hot for giving rim jobs, but I was hot for pleasuring Glenn. He smelled rain fresh from the shower, and from his gasp and his plea I could tell that my tongue had electrified his whole body. He was a boy just becoming a man and discovering a male's pleasure from the body of another male. I put my face back to his butt and rimmed him lustily with my curled tongue. I could feel shudders coursing up and down his muscular frame. He called out my name several times, punctuating each call with a deep gasp.

Again I drew back, this time to replace my tongue with my middle finger, after wetting it first with spit. As I slowly pushed it into his hot hole, he erupted with a much louder, longer groan. Now there was a little pain mixed with his pleasure, and he started to sink slowly onto his hands and knees. I followed him down onto the mattress, keeping up the pressure of my finger. Trickles of sweat streamed down his shoulders. His head hung down so that I couldn't see his face, but I knew his mouth was open to draw deep breaths. When my finger was all the way in, I drew it out slowly and then pushed it in again, this time more forcefully. I set up a mounting rhythm matched by the sharp intake and exhalation of Glenn's breath.

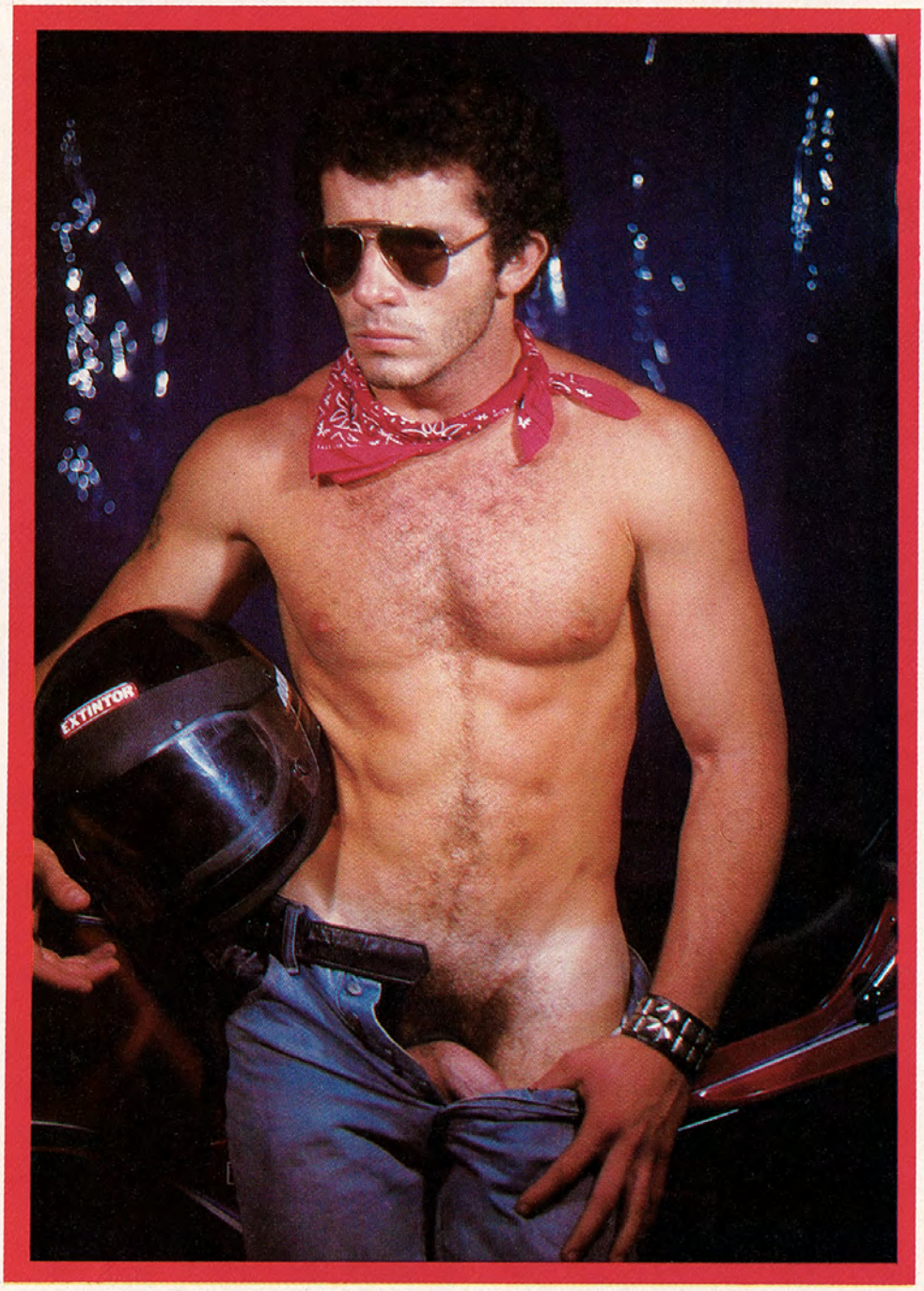
"Jesus, Scott. You're driving me crazy. Give me your cock. Fuck my ass with your hard cock. Fuck me."

I removed my finger from his ass and swung Glenn around to face me just long enough for him to swallow my meat. He sucked on it till it glistened with his spit, and did his best to swallow my full eight inches. But I tugged him off—I was too close to exploding. My hands in his armpits, I pulled Glenn up face to face with me. His dark eyes were sharp with passion in the moonlight, but I could still detect a boyish wonder in them. I leaned forward and touched my lips to his. Then I turned him around again and shoved my hot dick against his well-massaged ass. His back arched as I pumped.

"Oh yeah, Scott, yeah! Fuck me up

Continued to page 69

FULL THROTTLE

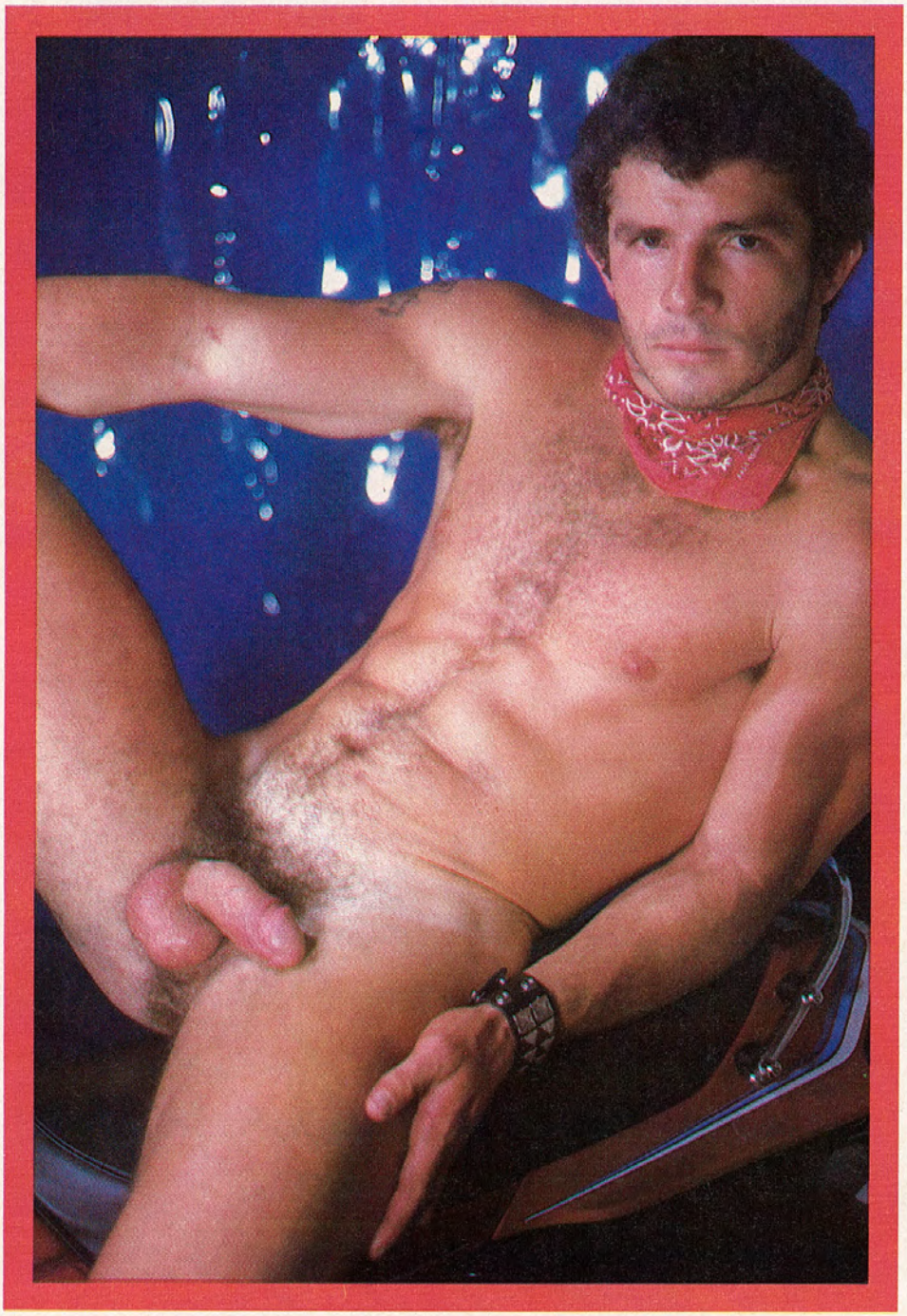


With helmet in hand and motorcycle waiting nearby, he's in the mood to tear up the highway. It really turns him on to ride bare-chested and feel the whipping wind on his skin. But his below-the belt exposure is sure to get him in trouble.

Section Photographed by Kristen Bjorn



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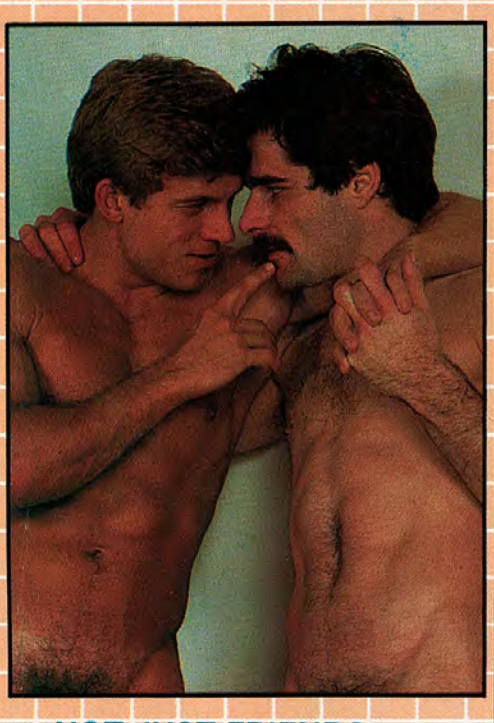
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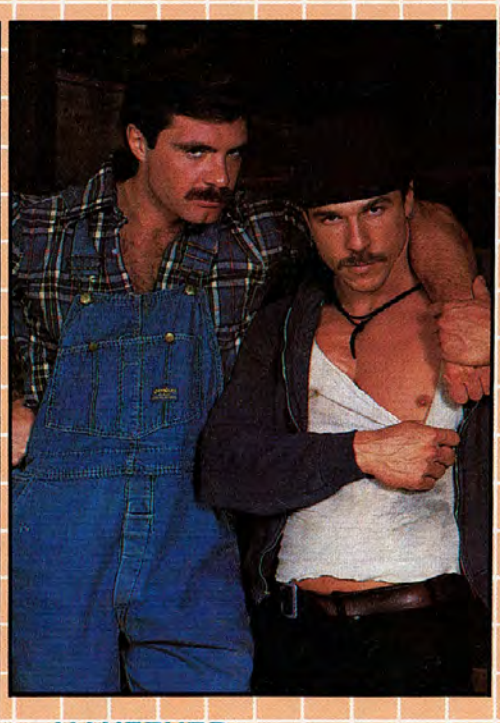


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HITCH COCK

Continued from page 60

the ass!"

Glenn fell forward on his elbows, burying his face in the mattress. I reached around him, cupped his bulging chest muscles, and pinched his nipples until he cried out with pleasure. All the time I kept up a steady, hard ramming of his clenched ass. I dragged my hands down his chest and across his abdomen. Each band of muscle tensed at my touch until my hands came to rest clutching each side of his pelvis. Glenn's moans were constant now, an echo of each plunge and withdrawal and re-plunge of my rod.

"Fuck me, Scott!" Glenn called out. "Fuck me hard! I love your cock up my hole! Fuck me full of your cum!"

With my new hold on his hips, I picked up speed and penetrated even deeper. Soon both of us were soaring. Then, just as I began to shout from feeling the cum boil up from my nuts, I felt Glenn's ass suddenly tighten. He began to spurt stream after stream of his own cum.

I shouted out, "Fuck my cock, Glenn! Fuck it hard with your ass!" as my cum was milked from me by the force of his hard-pumping asshole.

I fell forward on him, spent, forcing him down into the puddle of his cum. I could feel his back expanding and contracting against my panting chest as we both drew some much needed air for a minute; then I turned his head toward mine, ran my hand through his damp hair, and sank my mouth on his in a long, leisurely, exploring kiss.

"We've got a long night ahead," I said, drawing back. He smiled, saying nothing. I reached down to caress the lean insides of his thighs and pulsed my still hard cock in his ass.

"And I don't intend to waste any of it." ■

COP SUCKER

Continued from page 21

As he leaned back in the seat, Ralph nonchalantly brought his hand back to his underwear erection and began to rub it. Doug was almost beside himself with lust, although Ralph seemed completely oblivious to his presence. Doug's cock oozed precum; the wet spot was visible through the jockstrap. He thought he was going to shoot then and there. Doug looked again just as the trucker reached inside his underwear and hauled out his big dick and began to jack it off.

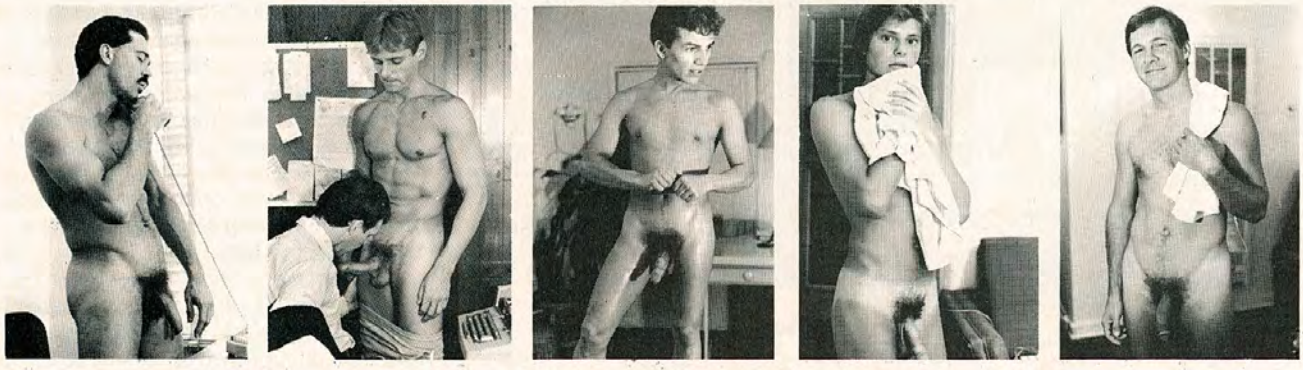
As the rig neared a long angular curve, Ralph let go of his dick in order to use both hands to negotiate the curve. The instant he did, Doug dived for Ralph's cock with mouth and hand.

Ralph drew in his breath as he felt the hand circle his cock and the mouth descend on it a second later. His pelvis reflexively thrust forward, sending his cock deep into Doug's hungry mouth. Ralph bellowed, "Shit, I didn't take you for no cocksucker, Doug."

As Ralph grabbed a handful of Doug's hair and pushed, Doug opened his throat and noisily gobbled the trucker's cock, which he had coveted since Ralph had pulled off his pants. Pulling on the waistband of the briefs, Doug was able to get them down and off the big man's body. Ralph was then able to spread his legs wide, giving Doug's mouth full access to the entire crotch. When Doug pulled the trucker's cock up and buried his mouth in the big ball sack, Ralph squirmed in his seat like a worm on a hook. It was a wonder he managed to

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keep the rig steady as it roared down the rain-slicked highway. Doug planned to feast on that big beauty all the way into Los Angeles.

He wasn't aware that the truck was slowing until he felt his body rock slightly on the seat as Ralph brought the rig to a complete stop. Doug raised his head and looked out the window. Even through the rain, he could see the buildings of the rest stop which was just across the California state line. As he started to lower his head back to the trucker's delicious cock, he heard the words: "Okay man, get the fuck out!"

Doug bolted upright in his seat. "Huh?" he grunted, as visions of being turned out naked and carless into the cold rainy night filled his brain. As big and strong as he was, he thought the trucker might be powerful enough to throw his ass out.

Ralph repeated his order. "I said, okay man, get that fucker out. I want a look-see at what you've got hidden under that jock."

Doug laughed, more from relief than humor, as he hauled his supporter down, allowing his huge cop cock to spring up hard and ready against his hairy belly.

"Oh yeah, that's nice man. . . real nice," Ralph said as he reached over and grabbed the big dick. He pried it away from Doug's belly, then leaned over and buried the cock into his mouth. He didn't stop until he had all nine inches down his throat.

Totally unprepared for this sudden change of events, Doug hardly knew what to say. So he blurted, "Shit! I didn't take you for no cocksucker, Ralph." Ralph just grunted around the cock in his throat and kept on sucking. He was no amateur at sucking cock, wedding ring or no wedding ring.

With a little maneuvering, they were able to get into a comfortable 69 position on the seat, where they went at each other like contestants in battle. Even the loud drumming of the rain on the steel roof of the cab was not sufficient to drown out the noisy slurping of two rutting studs feasting on cock.

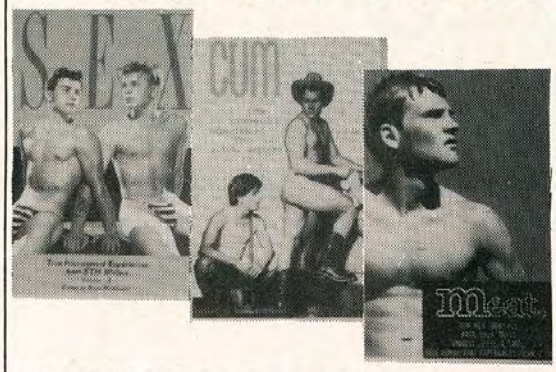
Wetting his finger, Doug managed to work it up Ralph's ass while he continued the blow job. Ralph did the same to Doug. The cop found Ralph's prostate and began caressing it with his fingers; Ralph went ape shit. He increased his frenzied sucking, and his hips pounded his cock in and out of Doug's mouth like a greased piston. Suddenly Ralph jammed his hips forward, groaned over the cock in his mouth, and let fly his load. Doug sucked until he was sure the trucker's balls were empty, then with his finger still up Ralph's ass, he lay back on the seat and enjoyed the expert blow job he was getting.

Just as Doug was ready to unload in the trucker's mouth, Ralph pulled his head away. He took a couple of deep breaths and then asked, "Man, would you fuck my ass with this big thing?"

Ass man that he was, Doug didn't need a second invitation. Ralph quickly got on his hands and knees, bracing his head against the door padding. He reached back and spread his ass cheeks with both hands. Spitting a glop of saliva into his hand, Doug rubbed it around the trucker's hairy ass and probed inside with two fingers. The trucker relaxed; the asshole splayed open like a camera lens. In one long slide, Doug was buried to the hilt.

Setting up a heavy fuck rhythm, Doug reached under Ralph's belly and grabbed his cock. "Oh yeah, fuck my ass, stud. . . plow that horsecock in so far I can taste it. . . harder. . . ugh. . . harder. . . ugh. . . oh, Christ, man. . . fuck, fuck, fuck." After 20 minutes of getting his ass banged, Ralph thrust his body up into a kneeling position, carrying Doug's body with him. "Aaaaaahhhhhhhhgggggggghhhhh."

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Ralph gurgled in his throat as his cock belched forth another load of cum with such force that the window and door on the driver's side dripped with man-juice. Doug himself was so close to coming that it took only eight or nine quick rabbit jabs up the trucker's ass for his own cock to blast cum inside Ralph's bowels. When the spasms died down, Ralph pulled his ass off Doug's cock, looked over his shoulder, and said, "That was real nice, man."

"Sure was," Doug agreed. "But I didn't expect the evening to end like this when I saw that wedding ring of yours."

Ralph sat behind the wheel once again, naked except for his boots. He looked at Doug and said, "Well, I guess the world is full of surprises, isn't it?"

When they got to Los Angeles, Ralph found a dark, deserted parking lot and, stark naked, unloaded Doug's car in the rain. Doug stayed in the cab. When Ralph got back in, he was wet and shivering. Doug warmed him up with another quick blow job, then he pulled on his warm-up suit. In the process, his wallet dropped on the floor on Ralph's side of the motor mount. It flopped open: there was Doug's police badge. Ralph picked it up and looked at Doug in complete surprise. "Jesus Christ, you mean you're a cop?" he asked in astonishment.

"As you said, stud, the world is full of surprises," Doug answered.

Quick on the draw, Ralph handed the wallet back to Doug, shrugged his shoulders, and said, "Guess that sorta makes me a cop sucker, huh?"

Doug laughed. "Yeah, and I guess I'm just another trucker fucker, but I sure as hell thank you for the piggy back ride, even if it was illegal."

Ralph shrugged his shoulders again and said: "Probably not as illegal as the piggy back ride you gave me back at the rest stop. But that didn't stop it from being fun. . .and it might be something to tell my sons about someday, if any of them turn out like their old man."

"You got kids, Ralph?"

"Five boys, and another one in the oven."

"Jesus!" Doug replied, then leaned over and gave the surprised trucker a French kiss just before he climbed out of the rig and down into his Mustang. The trucker waved to him, shifted the rig into gear, and pulled out of the lot. Doug started the Mustang. Heading out of the parking lot, he muttered, "The world sure as hell is full of surprises." ■

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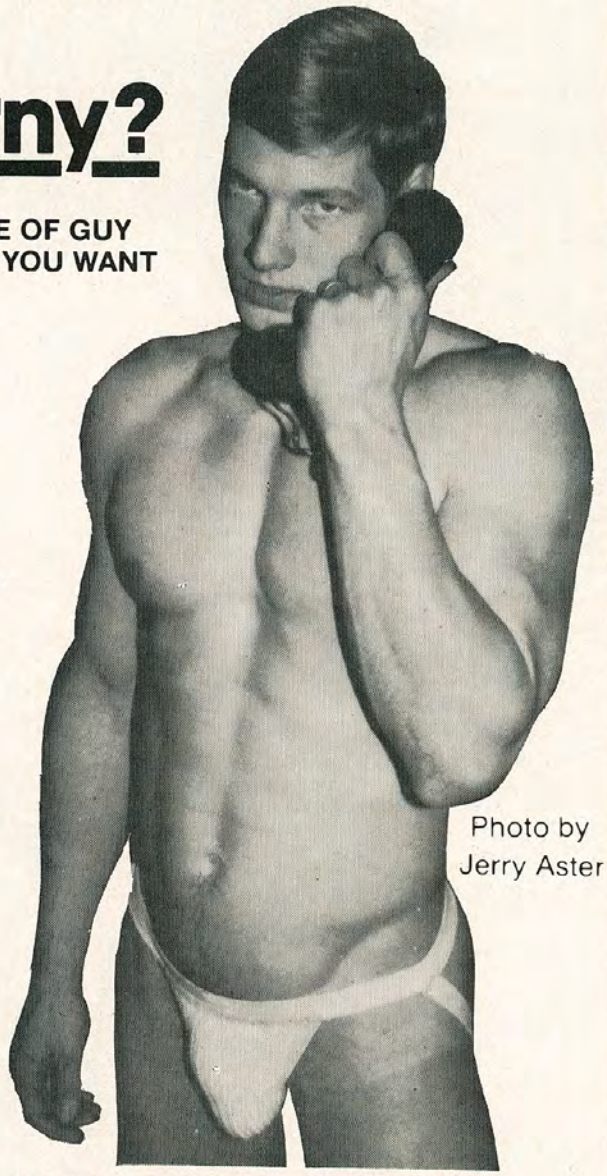
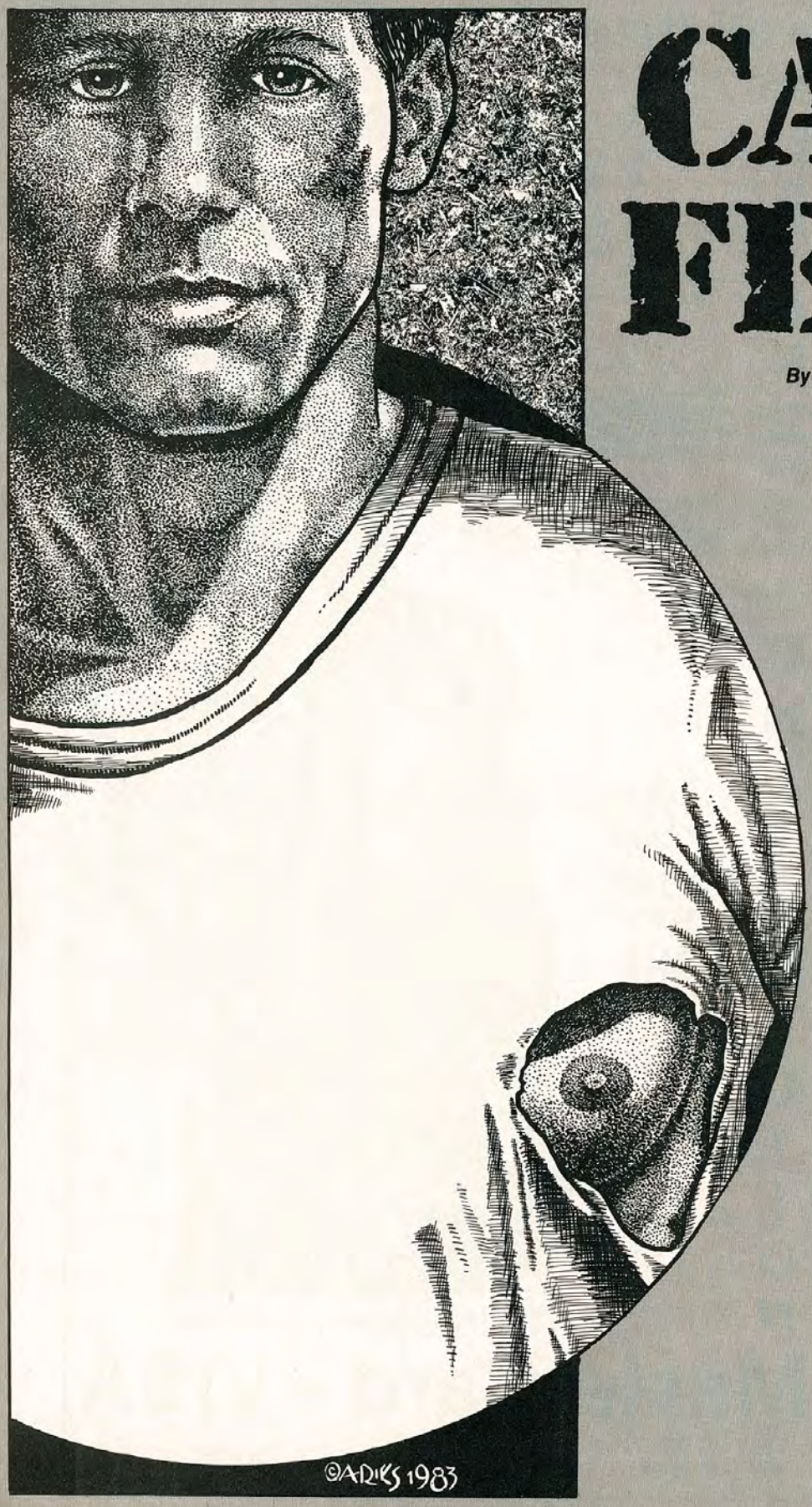


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CABIN FEVER

By Robert Ralph • Illustration by Harry Long

Kevin squatted in the front of our canoe, his broad back pulling at the plaid flannel shirt, a soft cap stuck jauntily on the back of his head. His shirt sleeves were rolled up and exposed his muscular forearms, which were covered with curly black hair. Strands of black hair also ran rampant from beneath his cap. Dark brows and a generous black moustache revealed his French-Canadian ancestry. Though he had a shapely waist, it was very stocky, and led to gigantic legs. Kevin had the body of a lumberjack, which his family had been for three generations. Kevin himself, however, had never practiced the trade after he got out of school.

He dipped his paddle into the lake water and in smooth, steady strokes eased it back. The canoe moved silently, evenly. He nodded toward the small tree-covered island looming up in the mist and said, "It's further than it looks; but we'll be there before we lose the light."

"I'm okay," I replied, my arms already beginning to ache from the unaccustomed paddling. It had been a while since I'd canoed. I wasn't as developed as Kevin, but I had stayed in shape playing handball during lunch hours. However, this was a labor of love for him and hard work for me.

He and his wife had finally separated, and he had decided to spend the weekend on the island to get himself together. I was surprised and happy when he asked me to go along. My wife urged me to accept and get away for a couple of days. Our relationship wasn't the greatest: it was more a family-arranged society brouhaha than a true love match. We both knew it had about run its course, but for the sake of our families we had put off taking any definitive action.

After the rainstorm drenched us, we built a fire in the cabin. When he stripped off his clothes, I discovered the real meaning of "cabin fever."

Kevin and his wife had also been mismatched from the start. She was as petite as he was hunky; a case of opposites attracting, people said. He was reputed to have a dick so big that every time he fucked her she checked into the hospital for an operation. Since I'd known them, she'd had an appendectomy, a gall bladder removal, some kind of female operation, and then a complete hysterectomy. Maybe the rumors were true; I sure as hell wanted to find out! This was the first time Kevin and I had ever been alone, and I was looking forward to it. I was also dreading it. I'd been secretly hot to make it with him since we'd first met, but I'd never acted on my urge. Then suddenly this trip to a wilderness spot in Canada fell in my lap; and here I was with him. Alone. Many a night we'd attended parties with our wives and conversed in double entendres and given each other knowing glances, but it had never progressed beyond a mutual admiration. The prospect of being completely isolated with him was a bit frightening. Maybe those hot looks were only his masculine ego working overtime. Maybe I was reading more into them than was really there.

On the perimeter of the lake all the trees had turned a wonderful golden brown, with mixtures of reds, yellows and beiges peppering the forest floor like thousands of pieces of crepe paper. A hint of winter was in the air and a front was due to move through that night, but that afternoon was a glorious one. Indian summer. I'd forgotten how beautiful it could be.

Kevin's slow movements titillated me: his muscular back and chunky hips straining against his clothes. Eventually misty rain began to fall and gradually get heavier. We didn't change our rhythm, and so began to get wet.

"If we keep this pace, we'll be there before you know it," Kevin said reassuringly. The damp cloth of his shirt emphasized his huge biceps. My blood pressure rose; I paddled with a full hard-on. My nuts hurt. I wanted him in the worst way. The fact that I'd been without much sex of any kind for nearly a month only made the situation more maddening.

My dick ached and shivered against my trousers. It tingled with pleasure. My kneeling position pulled my underwear tight around it. I needed to rearrange myself, but I couldn't move enough to do so without upsetting the canoe. The pressure increased. When Kevin leaned further forward, swishing his fabulous ass, I felt dizzy. The wild tickling in my crotch magnified, until my dick, straining against its prison of material, thrashed and jabbed frantically. There was nothing I could do to alleviate the tension. Like a roller-coaster car perched at the top of the highest hill, my cock trembled and then raced down at breakneck speed, shooting my hot load into my pants. The taut material kept jacking and I kept shivering and shooting until a creamy spot filled one entire side of my pants leg with cum. Christ, what a mess! The fabulous feeling lingered for the longest time, even after my dick resumed its normal size. Fortunately, the rain dampening my body camouflaged the cum spot.

Finally reaching the island, he beached the canoe, turned it upside down, and secured it as the skies unleashed their full, thundering fury. There wasn't a dry place on us by the time we backpacked the short distance through the dense undergrowth to the cabin Kevin was constructing. It was nearly finished, but heavy tarpaulin covered the window openings.

Under the porch roof, Kevin shook the water from his face. "It was a pretty day until this," he said. "Damn the luck, anyway. I knew that front was moving in, but hoped it wouldn't bring any moisture." He groped his gigantic box and stepped over the threshold. Fishing in his pack, he removed a small bundle of kindling and some matches sealed in a water-tight tin. In no time he had a warm, inviting fire going in the fireplace, and the dampness quickly vanished.

"The first order of business," he said, "is to shuck these wet clothes. Fastest way to get sick is to lounge around soaked to the skin."

He gradually unbuttoned his shirt and removed it with sexy body language, rippling his muscles, exposing his beefy, hairy chest. His bright reddish-brown nipples were surrounded by thick black tufts, as was his navel. He unlaced the heavy hiking boots and removed them, along with his heavy white cotton socks. Then he unbuckled his belt, stripped off his trousers and stood before me in just his drenched jockey shorts. They clung to his box, outlining it fully. Judging from the protrusion between his legs, I thought the rumors about his dick of death must be true. The sight of those big legs and huge hairy calves caused my cock to spring up again, throbbing against my stomach.

"Hey, man," Keving urged. "Get the hell out of those wet clothes! I don't care to have you coughing and sniffling around here all weekend." With that, he shoved off his underwear and walked naked to the fire to dry his body. The heavy black bush surrounding his cock was wiry and thick. Soft, his dick looked like a huge knockwurst, thick and uncut, swinging over nuts bigger than softballs. He scratched and stretched, moving to let the

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warmth penetrate his entire body.

"Get with it," he said. "You can be dry in a jiffy.'

Still I hesitated, standing there gawking as unobtrusively as I could, with my hard-on jammed against me.

"Yeah, sure, I will. I just need to—" I stammered, hoping my dick would go soft.

Kevin walked over and began tugging at my shirt, loosening the top buttons. "I've done a lot of camping out, my friend, and I know what I'm talking about."

"I'll— I'll do that!" I said, stepping back out of his reach and to finish unbuttoning my shirt. Slowly. I took off my boots and socks.

"God damn!" he said. "At this rate you'll have pneumonia by the time you finish undressing!"

I could delay no more, so I removed my trousers; my dick was as hard as ever. Shit! I thought. He's going to see it sooner or later. I stripped off the shorts and hoped for the best.

I had my back to him, hoping for a quick change, and Kevin moved to the rough sofa—the only piece of furniture in the room—and sat on the back, with his feet on the cushions. I glanced over my shoulder at him and met a broad-faced grin.

"Get your butt on over to the fire," he commanded.

I scurried towards the blaze, my dick standing six inches out from my body. I started to relax as the warmth took the chill off. We remained like that, without talking for a good two minutes, giving each other the once over. I felt blonder than ever by comparison with dark Kevin. He reached down and rubbed his balls. I couldn't help but stare. We made eye contact; he touched them again. I glanced back to his big, naked box.

Very haltingly I said, "When you were in high school, did you ever. . . mess around?"

"Mess around?" he asked.

"You know, like some guys did. . . after a date. . .when the girls wouldn't put out."

"My dates *always* put out!" Kevin said and laughed. He pulled his balls.

"Well, everybody wasn't as lucky as you," I said as off-handedly as I could.

"I guess I was pretty lucky."

"Some of the guys told me that when their girls wouldn't fuck, they'd go out together after they took 'em home and make out with each other. . ." There, I'd said it. The fat was in the fire.

"No shit?"

"Yeah," I said, clearing my throat nervously. "They called it. . . practicing for marriage."

"Aw, you're bullshitting me."

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"No, no I'm not."

He stared at me long and hard. His dick began to lengthen a little. Not much at first, only the barest hint of movement. My tongue moistened my lips. His dick quivered, then got a little longer. Neither of us spoke. The rain pounded on the tarpaulins with a steady beat. He smiled as the blood surged into his cock and it hung suspended in the air a moment,then rose straight up, unashamed. It's hard to be ashamed when you're sporting a dick nearly ten inches long and two and a half inches thick! I licked my lips again.

"Practicin' for marriage, huh?" Kevin asked, letting his fingers caress that gigantic tool.

I turned, flashing my erection, less nervous now. "I guess you and I don't need any more practice, though, do we?"

His hand stroked up and down his dick. "You know what they say."

"What's that?"

"Practice makes perfect!"

I laughed, too excited to say anything. We remained staring, like two animals squared off to fight, but hesitant to begin. Kevin finally took the bull by the horns.

"Being stranded by the storm seems to agree with us," he said.

"Yeah," I said stupidly.

Without another word, Kevin leaned forward and grabbed my dick around the middle, squeezing it gently.

"Well, I'll be damned," I whispered.

Using my dick as a handle, he pulled me to him and ran his thick arms around my waist. He squeezed the cheeks of my ass.

"Kevin, I—"

"Don't talk," he said. "No need to. This is what we've both been hoping would happen." His moustache brushed my lips in the hint of a kiss. "I'm going to fuck that blond ass of yours. You know that, don't you?"

"It's been an awful long time since that field's been plowed, and that's a mighty mean tool you're sporting."

"Doesn't matter. I may be big, but I know how to be gentle."

His kiss scorched my mouth and his hot tongue licked my throat. It was too much; I lowered my face to his stomach, my warm breath rustling his immense mesh of pubic hair like a breeze over a field of grain. My lips closed around the head of his erect dick, bittersweet to my taste. He gasped as my tongue moved over its

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broad redness and touched the opening. He was so huge I couldn't take much, but I started sucking on it with such a vengeance that I thought his head would surely cave in. The ridge on the underside of his cock began quivering and the bittersweet taste increased as a big wad of stickiness preceded the real load. I came off it and admired the shiny stiffness, which was so near to overflowing. My asshole puckered with anticipation. His tongue reached deeper and he pressed his body against mine, stroking my cock all the time.

"You're even hotter than I thought you'd be!" Kevin said. His hand reached into the crack of my ass.

"We're going to have to put something on that fencepost unless you expect a miracle."

He laughed. "There's a big tube of KY in my pack." I got it and lubed myself up good. He sat, legs spread, leaning back on the sofa. I rubbed a sizeable amount on him and began to have second thoughts about my undertaking, but desire soon overcame them. I straddled that enormous dick and began to sit down, facing him. He moved his hips and hunched this way and that, fucking slowly until my butt relaxed and began its downward slide.

Little by little, my body cooperated. I engulfed him, my breath coming in heavy gasps. It was thrilling to realize that I was still able to accommodate such a piece of meat. When he was all the way in and I was sitting on his lap, he kissed me and tickled my cock with a gob of lube. With that big dick up my ass, my own cock was stiff and on the brink of exploding. His hand and tongue action brought me right to the edge.

I pulled free and said, panting, "Kevin, easy. I'm about to come."

"Isn't that what this is all about?"

"Sure, but I'd like to hold off awhile."

"This is only the first time," he said. "I've waited months for you, and I plan on fucking you all weekend."

I started rocking back and forth on him. I reached down and stroked his big nuts. Strong hands worked my cock over, and I tingled all over. Instantly, my sphincter tightened along his cockshaft and I screamed as his thumb caressed the super-sensitive spot on the back side of my dick.

"I-I-can't keep it back any more!" Kevin whispered. He hunched up from the sofa, grinding for all he was worth. He blasted a wad up my ass that almost shot out my mouth. The fiery liquid gushed and spewed like a wildcat oilwell blowing in. Its charging electricity brought me off yelling along with him. My cum poured out and hung on his thick chest hair: searing gobs of white, like hot snowballs. He kept stroking and I kept coming and groaning. The firehose gushing in me finally stopped. Even softening, however, the pleasure was unbelievable.

It seemed unusually quiet. The storm had ceased. I stood up, kissed Kevin, and walked to the door. The moon was attempting to break through the scattered clouds, and the clean smell the rain left behind was enticing. Kevin walked up behind me with the tube of KY in his hand and a big grin on his face.

"I intend to make up for lost time!" he said.

I pulled at the drying cum on his chest hair and scampered off the porch, running buck naked in the underbrush. He lunged after me, caught me under the trees, and tackled me to the ground, calling my name over and over. I flopped on my stomach and pushed my ass toward him doggy style. His dick, freshly lubed, sliced into my primed opening, burning like a smelter, pushing me into ecstasy. Wild, untamed pleasure. The leaves rustled as we writhed in them. Kevin moaned and whimpered in a frenzy of love. He started jacking me off and I shoved my ass harder against him, raking my sphincter up and down that incredible dickshaft, pulling the pleasure out of him.

"Oh-h-h!" he screamed, contorting wildly. "I'm COMING!"

My own dick raced to its climax and I heard the plunk-plunk-plunk as my sperm scattered onto the dead leaves like creamy raindrops.

"Yeah, Kevin, shoot it to me!"

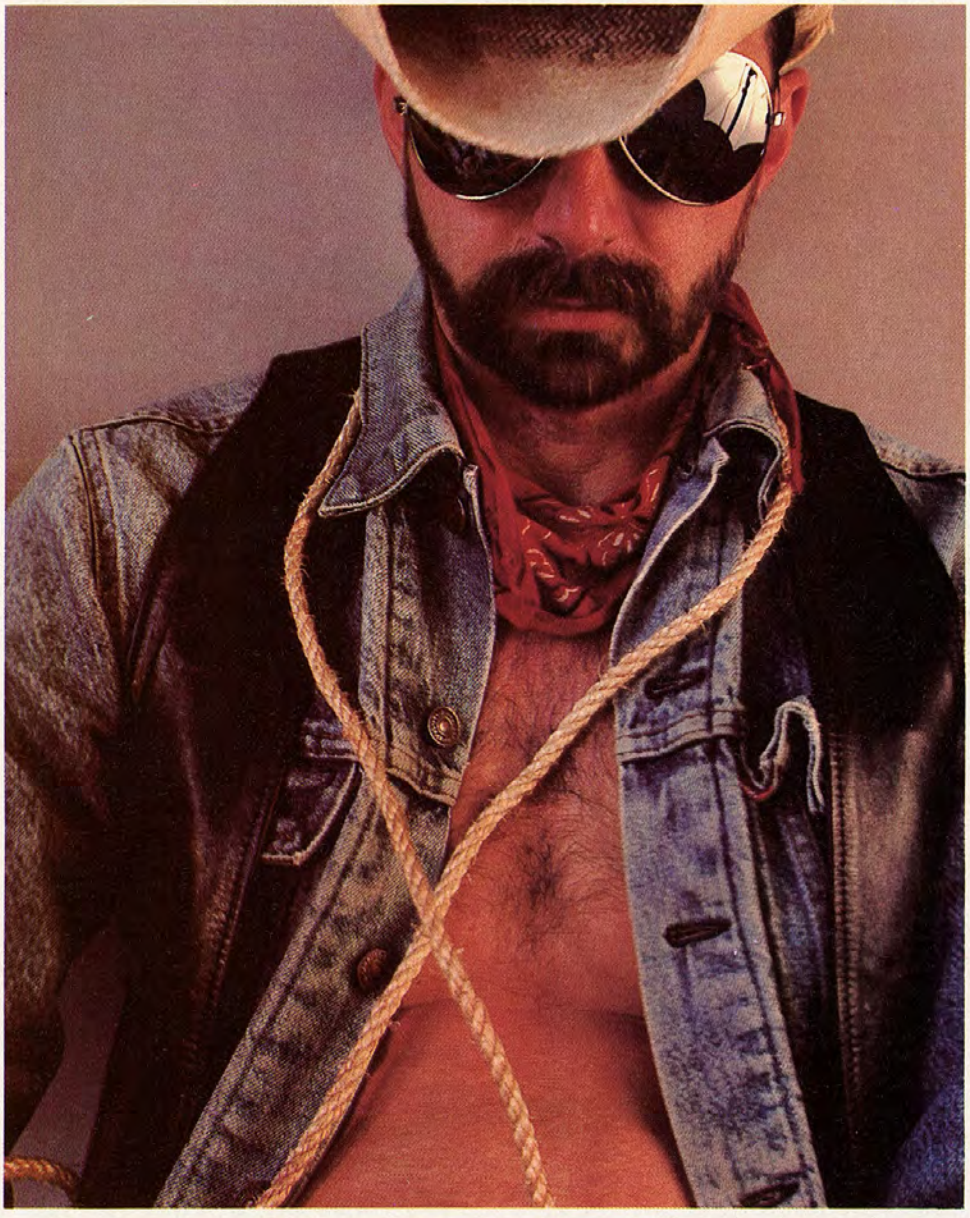
Every muscle in my body tensed and he sprayed me full. Strong arms clutched my ribcage until I thought my bones would crack.

"Fuck me—fuck me—fuck me!"

I hunched until my body was weak and I was spent. Finished. Done. Finally, he quit shaking and we lay side by side, gently kissing from time to time, not saying much. The stars peeked from the clouds and a few shafts of moonlight found their way through.

After we both got our divorces, we spent many weekeneds together in all sorts of places—at the seashore, in the mountains, on hikes—but we kept returning year after year to the island where our first fuck led to so much happiness. No matter where we are or what we're doing, we go back there every year in Indian summer for a second honeymoon. It remains a magical spot for lovers.■

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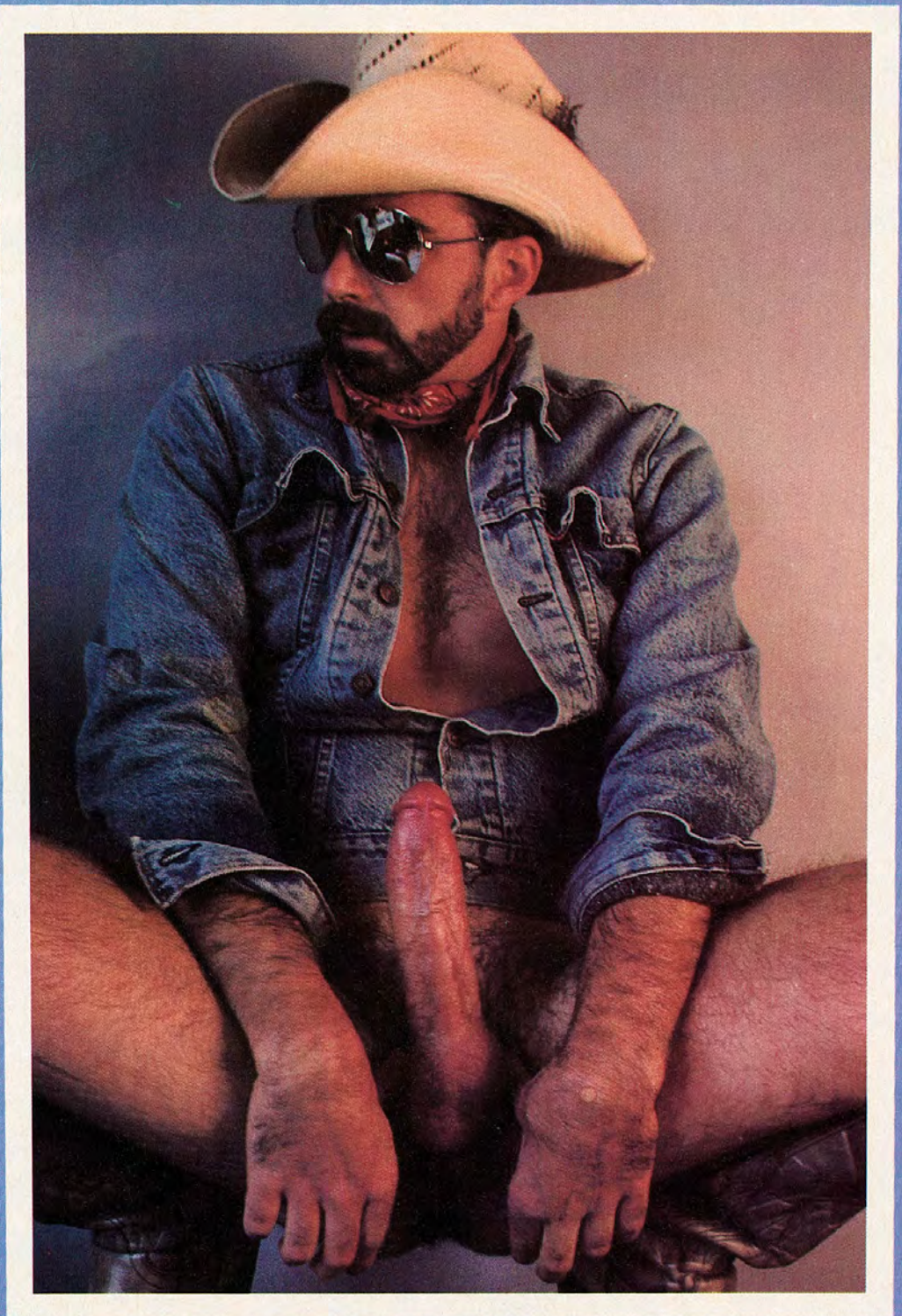
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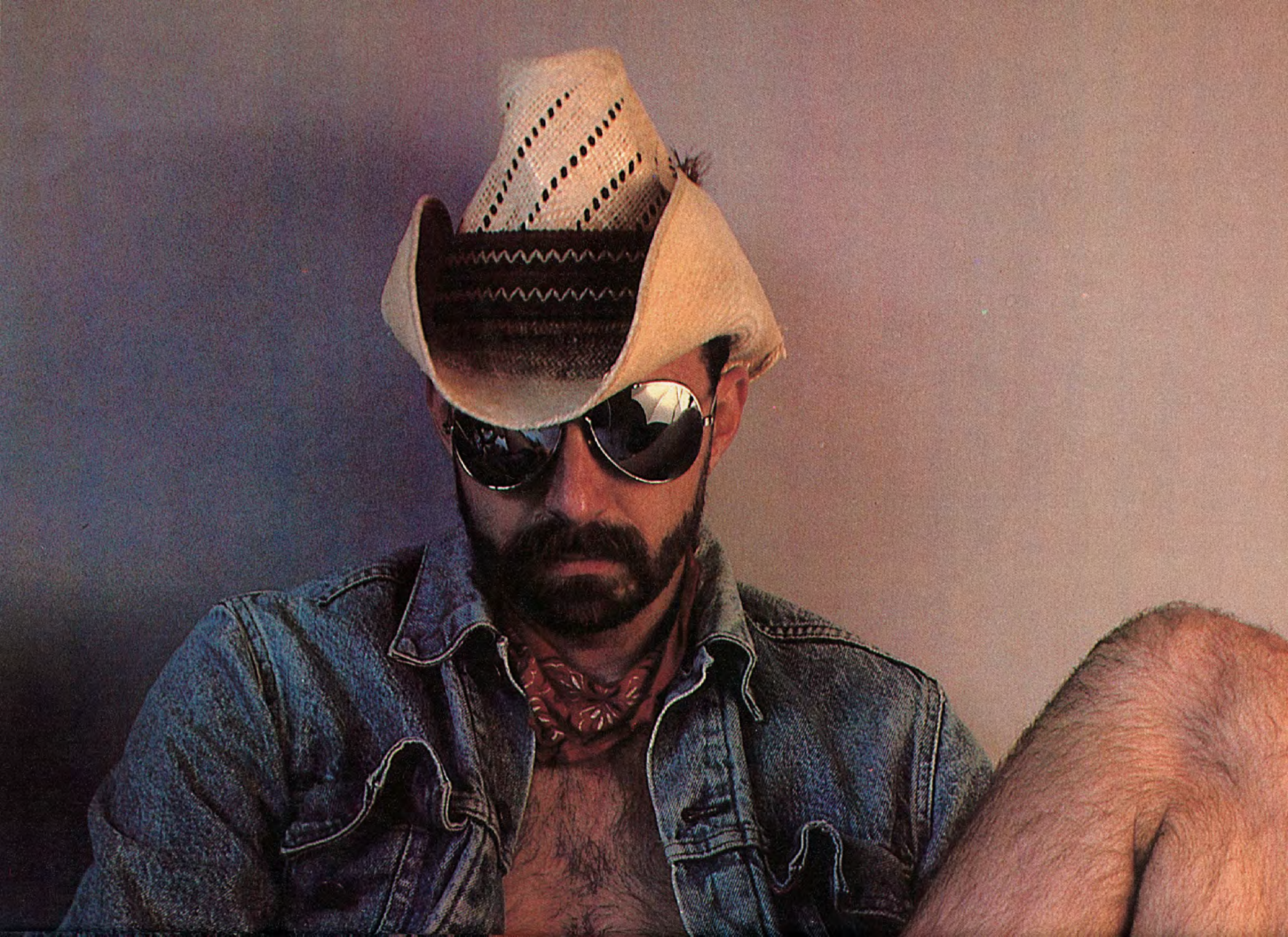


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Seeks guys 18-20 in L.A. L.B. area for good times and poss. relationship. All answered with photo. M.R., PO Box 1164, Southgate, CA 90280.

WANTED: HOT STUD INTO GENITAL PAIN
Excellent opportunity for attractive, well-built guy into having his balls worked over. Room, board, frequent vacation travel, other benefits. I'm 27, stable, friendly. Write 2265 Westwood Blvd., Suite B-168, L.A., CA 90064. Photo a must.

HOT MARRIED MAN
38, 6', 175 Masculine. Seeks other married men, 32-42, French passive, masculine, hung for discreet daytime action. Bronski, 8033 Sunset Blvd., #831, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

SLAVE WANTED
North Hollywood—Los Angeles. Master, 52, 5'10", 152 lbs., br/br. in fair shape for my age. Dig slaves 18-28 only. No beards or Mustaches. Smooth bodies. Have nice assortment of leather & S&M gear. Slave must dig bondage. Verbal abuse, mutual heavy tit work—my tits especially. Must dig raunchy games, but will respect slaves' limits, and any unacceptable sex play. No fats or phonies, however. I am Greek passive, also dig eating hot ass & piss both ways. If the ad fits call Tony at (213) 985-7001, or write with Phone & Pix to: Tony M., Box 1023, Hollywood, CA 90028.

VERY HOT DADDY
Dominant Daddy, 38, 5'9", 160, very muscular, goodlooking, seeks Daddy's boy under 28, smooth and slim, in need of discipline and adventure. Write with photo, phone no. to: Daddy, P.O. Box 2512, Beverly Hills, CA 90213.

SOUTH BAY SLAVE
WM, 25, 6'0", slim, novice, blonde, smooth, needs to be collared by special Master. Torture, tits, C&B, bondage and ? Reply Sir: P.O. Box 7000-81, Rolling Hills, CA 90274.

ORIENTALS & LATINS!
Y/W/M located in Orange County looking for hot & creative times with good looking Orientals and Latins (please no fems). Let's explore each other and maybe try some creative things. Write GST c/o Box 59146, Norwalk, CA 90650.

SLAVE WANTED BY HOT SADISTIC TOP
If you're ready for the real thing, send letter and picture to Box 5692, Glendale, CA 91201-5692. I'll try you out.

LONELY, 45 YEARS YOUNG, CONVICT,
Not queer, just like to suck young cock, piss, and to tongue, lick and suck assholes. Release to N.Y. 7-1-84. Penpals. SCAT, Pass. Plus More! Richard Joe Kidd,Box B72191-San Quentin, Tamal, CA 94974.

PROUD SEXY MAN
34, 5'8", 140 lbs., good body, needs to be totally dominated, bound and used by 1 or 2 very well-built masculine studs or by master who has slave and desires more. Photo, letter to Zack Carter, Box 1152, 6311 Yucca, Hollywood, CA 90028.

MALIBU MEN WANT YOU
Travelling to Malibu? Be our house guest on the beach. We are 26 and 27 blond blue eyes and goodlooking. We enjoy 3, 4 and 5 ways. Send candid photo for immediate reply. Also state age, dimensions (everywhere) and desired travel time to Malibu. No fats, fems, S/M or oldies. Write Gabriel and Justin, PO Box 2167, Malibu, CA 80265. No reply without full candid photo and personal description. Foreign languages spoken.

FROLICING FOR FITNESS
Cute, very attractive man into fitness seeks GQ candidates with defined physique for caressing and giving glorious head. 30, 5'10", 150 lbs., azure eyes, walnut hair, nice thighs! Send photos for reply to Robert Fox, 136 E. Victoria, #190 SB Calif. 93101

VERY HOT DADDY
Dominant Daddy, 38, 5'9", 160, very muscular, goodlooking, seeks Daddy's boy under 28, smooth and slim, in need of discipline and adventure. Write with photo, phone no. to: Daddy, P.O. Box 2512, Beverly Hills, CA 90213.

COLORADO

HEAVY S
32, 195, 6'2", hairy, travels frequently, sadistically sane, wants heavy M (trainees considered) into B&D, C&B/T, TT, Whipping, Enemas, Obedience, etc. Be ready for strict discipline if application accepted. Box 174, Henderson, CO 80640

HOT HUNK
Sexy, gdlkg, hung stud seeks same 18-35. Denver, N. Colo. area. P.O. Box 1371, Longmont, CO 80501

CONNECTICUT

VRY HANDS. SEEK SAME
Top Quality sks same. 6' 170# 42 hry ch, 30w, musc.-defined-trim. Want only vry hnds.-musc hunks-model quality, wh or blk. Photo a must. Occupant, Box 397 New Haven, CT 06502.

CONNECTI-CUTE
GWM, 5'11", 27, 180 lbs., seeks virile connoisseurs of vanilla sex. Likes! Classical music, poetry, modern art, teddy bears. Turnoffs! drugs, S&M, pain. (203) 562-7741. 848 State St. New Haven, CT 06511.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

GWM LOVES TO GET SUCKED IN D.C.
GWM, 27, 6 ft., 170, sandy hair, loves to get sucked and fucked. Love men in jockstraps. Steve, 202-543-2290.

WHITE SON SEEKS BLACK DADDY
Blond, 26, goodlooking. Needs to be disciplined, shaved and spanked. Visiting daddys welcomed. Box 50279, Washington, DC 20004-0279.

FLORIDA

EX-MARINE
60, slim, fit, potent, seeks friendships, not sex merely. *March, 225 Orlando, Belleair, FL 33516.*

FERNADINA BEACH
Straight acting, GWM, 24, 6' 1", 165 lbs. Dark skin, blk hair and very hairy. Wish to meet GWM's under 27. Muscles a plus. No fems. No phone JO's. Photo gets mine. CN Lee, Amelia South, 3350 South Fletcher Ave., Fernadina Beach, FL 32034. (904) 261-0328.

TAN LINES/JOCK STRAPS
GWM, 31, 6', 150 lbs, brown/blue, attractive bearded professional, hung, into work, fun, nautilus, seeks well-built thick-hung man for good times and possible relationship. P.O. Box 14342, Clearwater, FL 34279-4342.

GREEN EYED 5' 6" 135 LB 26 YRS
Spanish/Dutch gay seeking sincere, honest gay. Am returning to society soon and need that special someone to love/be loved am sincere-honest-loyal! Yensen, #05l772, PO Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

MILKING MACHINE!
Attr, GWM, 28, 138 lbs, seeks masc gay or bi WM, under 30, for discreet oral workout. Reciprocation only if desired. Have beach apt for short visits. No fats, fems, weirds. Send info about self with photo (no response otherwise) to Ashley, Box 16487, Tampa, FL 33687.

GEORGIA

HOT ASS
Needs fucking & fisting. Great balls—top me—goodlooking. Rick, PO Box 720153, Atlanta, GA 30328.

NEED GOOD FUCK
Horny WM, 31, 155 lbs., 5'11", blue eyes, brown hair needs good fuck. Light S&M, dildoes, enemas, jocks, aroma, three-ways. Versatile french/greek, rimming, FF, tit & ass play. Seeks like-minded. Photo appreciated. H. Roberts, 98 Peachtree Place, Warner Robins, GA 31093.

JO-COCKRINGS
Atlanta GWM, 6', 165, 8" cut, 40's into long JO sessions and photography. Wants to meet others with like interest. Your hot photo gets mine. P.O. Box 941002, Atlanta, GA 30341.

HAWAII

Warm, discreet, oriental, 30, wishes 18-35 WM friendships anywhere. I am 5'7", 134 lbs. I work out at a health spa. Write: Box 4191, Honolulu, HI.

IDAHO

LONELY IDAHO FARMER
Love correspondence with guys any age into tight levis. Send photo to: Bill, Box 893, Idaho Falls, ID 83402.

ILLINOIS

WM LOVES TO SUCK COCK.
The bigger the better. 145 N. Weston, Elgin, IL 60120.

LEATHER JACK-OFF?
I sure do! Try it, you'll love it. Hot letter and photo gets mine. KLS, Suite 111-1700, 8280 Janes, Woodridge, IL 60517.

CHICAGO
S, 5'9", muscle leather master seeks masculine slaves who need B/D, S&M, W/S and tit work. Heavy leather scene. Slave must know how to serve. Limits respected. Big body-builder slaves preferred. Call Master (312) 642-2769.

BLACK MASTER WANTED
W/M, 33, seeks black master into heavy B/D, W/S, oral service and fucking a hot white ass. Also like to hear from others into black domination. Box 6348, Chicago, IL 60680.

MY HORSE
is hung like me! Dominant but affectionate, French a/p, j/o, 6 ft./180 lbs., white, middle-aged, greying reddish-brown beard. Send photo with reply. Boxholder, P.O. Box 87444, Chicago, IL 60680.

CORRESPONDENT J/O
GWM, 28, looking for J/O buddies or correspondents and phone J/O. Send hot letter and photo; Sure! Occupant, 326 "B" East Park Ave., Libertyville, IL 60048.

HEAVY? INTO HEAVIES?
23, 6'4", 290, will try anything. Sucking, fucking, enemas, rimming, spanking, piss, dildos, armpits, jocks and socks. Richard Lewis, 408 Oak St., Apt. 1, Danville, IL 61832.

INDIANA

YOUNG MAN, 5'8" 150 LBS., 20'S
Looking for cosmopolitan gents 30-50, in Chicago area. P.O. Box 1352, Cedar Lake, IN 46303.

HOT BODY SUCK!
Good looking, hairy, thirsty, ass hungry wm, 37, 6'1", 155, worships very muscular, hung, sweaty greek active, french passive, body builders, jocks, studs. Hot photo and letter bring quick service. P.O. Box 1063, Muncie, IN 47305-1063.

IOWA

PENPALS
WM, 28, assistant coach needs hot correspondence from masters of all ages. My muscles are totally submissive. Please, sir, write me. Roger N., 409 Greer, Cherokee, IA 51012.

GWM, 21, 6', 195,
interested in having good times! Drake student, in Des Moines over summer, P.O. Box 2470, Des Moines, IA 50311.

INTO ANYTHING
32 6'1" 175 lbs. IA-Minn-Wisc-Illinois-Missouri—into anything but scat. 8" cut. Box 8334, Des Moines, IA 50306.

LOVER WANTED
Lonely GWM, 30, 5'8", 145 lbs., hard working and out to get everything in life. Wants lover that will relocate only. Serious letters only. Send letter and photo to G. Potter, 137 E. 29th St., Des Moines, IA 50317.

KANSAS

DUO LOOKING FOR MASTER
29, Topeka Area. Looking for master to train slaves for service. Prefer 20-40, hung. Willing to expand limits for right leatherman who knows limitations. We await replies at Box 4797, Topeka, KS 66604.

JUST BEGINNING
I am 20, 5'7", 175 lbs. and Spanish. Would like someone between 18-30 to show me the ropes. Jason Collinge, 3408 N. Market #4, Wichita, KS 67204.

KENTUCKY

WESTERN KY AREA
White bisexual, masculine, aggressive, like outdoors, age 50, 5'8", 175 lbs., 6" uncut, brown hair, blue eyes, ruddy, Libra. Only want to hear from those who can send photos in first letter. Farmers, loggers, truckers, etc. Prefer hairy white rugged guys, smooth OK. Must be stocky. Photo exchange. Let's get acquainted. Owen Krabson, Box 240, Rt. 4, Hwy 231, Utica, KY 42365.

FRIENDSHIP NEEDED
Early 50's, new to scene, looking for totally masculine kid brother, son or junior partner type for correspondence, meetings and possible lasting relationship. Travel wide area at times. Interests: hunting, fishing, campiing, BB & sincere discreet friends. Race and age unimportant. Facts and photo are essential. Dave, P.O. Box 365, Murry, KY 42071.

DREAM LOVER CUM TO ME
If you're 20-40, bi or GWM, attractive and firm, uncut and hair a plus. I'm seeking a lasting relationship. I'm 26, 5'8, attractive, BR/BR, 150 lbs., 30" waist, 7" cock, smooth developed pecs. Write/photo: Occupant, P.O. Box 804, Louisville, KY 40201.

WANTS LOVER NEAR LOUISVILLE
GWM, very masculine, 25, 6', 190 lbs. Wants a guy for emotional support and love. Like sports and outdoor activity. Must be 25-45 and live within 175 miles from Louisville area. Occupant, P.O. Box 4633, Louisville, KY 40204.

LOUISIANA

MUSCLE MAN
Big muscular studs wanted by New Orleans area bodybuilder to be weight training buddies and partners in hot, heavy duty sex workouts. Mark, P.O. Box 38, Lockport, LA 70374.

HORNY CAJUN SEX MANIAC
Desires daytime action. New Orleans area. (504) 949-0908.

MAINE

AROOSTOOK COUNTY HUNK
Young, attractive Scorpio needs sex. Photo-letter-phone. Will travel. All answered. R.M., Box 214, Eagle Lake, ME 04739.

MARYLAND

COUNTRY BOY
GWM, 33, wishes friendhsip anywhere, 140 lbs., 5'11". Will answer all. Photo gets mine. P.O. Box 29, Reisterstown, MD 21136.

MASSACHUSETTS

HOT HUNG JOCK
GWM, 33, 5'11", 170 lbs., brown hair/eyes/trimmed moustache who is hot, hung, into jockstraps. Seeks hungry, horny jocks for sex. Send a detailed description of yourself and sexual needs. All limits respected. Include any fantasies you wish to come true. Discretion assured. Blonds preferred, but all hot welcome. PO Box 312, New Town Branch, Boston, MA 02258.

FOR THE BEST B.J. OF THE BERKSHIRES
Call 413-442-5278.

MICHIGAN

TEN INCHES PLUS
I would like to exchange hot photo's, letters and VHS/VCR jack-off tapes. Yours gets mine. Write to: Occupant, PO Box 821, Cadillac, MI 49601.

LOOKING FOR FRIEND
Medium height, build, 39. Married fine. P.O. Box 91, Muskegon, MI 49443.

MINNESOTA

MINNESOTA GUYS
Are you hot? If you're a slender bi or GWM, 18-30, who enjoys getting a good head job and stimulating massage, I can do it! I can prolong your pleasure too. Send letter about yourself and phone # to: P.O. Box 6269, Mpls, MN 55406.

ROCHESTER MASTER
WM, 5'10", 170, 8". Master with well-equipped dungeon seeks obedient slaves. Willing to train submissive novices into S&M, B&D, WS and more. Write Robert, 1030 Adams Road, South Rochester, MN 48063.

TALENTED SLAVE
I enjoy being a guy's slave. I'm talented and versatile, can blow your mind. You should be 30-35, nice body. Box 30163, St. Paul, 55175.

NEBRASKA

DADDY LOOKING FOR SON
18-30 into J/O and loves to get his cock and balls sucked. Albert, P.O. Box 332 Lyman, NE 69352 or call (308) 787-1223 after 5:00 P.M.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

SIMPLE SEX
5' 11", 140, Blk/Br, 23, seeks considerate, straight-acting 18-25; washboard stomach, not hairy, cut, nice eyes. Nothing anal. Ken S., 125 Bow St., Portsmouth, NH 03801.

NEW JERSEY

GWM—VERY DISCREET
Gives good head to straights or appearing so. Love masculine men. Age no barrier—hot photos and letters welcome. John De Voe, 372 Anderson Ave., Apt. 3-C, Cliffside Park, NJ 07010.

PEN PALS AND FRIENDS WANTED
by young Black male, 6'1", 200 lbs. My interests are weight lifting, books and movies. Race unimportant but have a liking for Spanish people. Photo, returned if requested. No SM or Fems. Daimon, PO Box 3150, East Orange, NJ 07017.

EXTRAORDINARILY BEAUTIFUL
WM, 29, 5'7", 145, craves leather sex. Complete leather uniform, photo, and letter stating needs and requirements strongly preferred. All replies answered with photo and similar letter. No fucking or heavy S&M. Reply Box 125, Ridgefield, NJ 07657.

MARRIED MAN
WM, 5' 6", 24's, 120 lbs, 7". Seeks discreet daytime action. Indispensable photo, phone. Mike, P.O. Box 296, Elizabeth, NJ 07208.

NEVADA

WANTED: PEN-PALFRIEND
23 year old in prison would like to correspond with a mature man. Age doesn't matter, just sincerity. Richard Deeds, PO Box 607, Carson City, NV 89701.

NEW MEXICO

NEW MEXICO
Moving Southeast New Mexico September. Box 41, Weir, Texas 78674. Young. Athletic.

RELOCATABLE SUBMISSIVE
Bi, W/M, 6'2", 200#, 35 straight appearing, oral slave to cock/balls. Lip serves any age, public/private. Into all but R/F, animals or pain. Love TV/TS, deep throat. Impotent OK. Cock/ball photo, list of demands please. Boxholder, P.O. Box 522, Texico, NM 88135.

NEW YORK

ATHLETIC BLOND, 22
Looking for pen pal and photo swap. Letter and nude photo gets mine. Eric, Box 33, Roslyn, NY 11576.

HOT & HANDSOME W/M, 25
Mustache, seeks w/m 18-30 w/smooth, hairless, protruding buns. You won't regret answering. Photo/phone for reply write: Occupant, P.O. Box 3472, New York, N.Y. 10185.

FRISKY SLAVE
needs taming in Buffalo. Limits expandable. Anything goes—public, S/M, J/O, B/D, Leather. 35, 160. (716) 832-0568, 11:00 PM-1:00 AM.

WESTCHESTER GWM
Seeks masculine, straight-acting discreet friend, (Muscle A+), 18-45, anywhere, for correspondence/meeting/sharing letter/photo: Box 3492, NYC 10185.

W/M, 27, BROWN HAIR/EYES
with trim beard and moustache. I'm curious—want to serve hot dude. Will worship well built guy—show me the way. (212) 251-6089. No J/O calls.

LOOKING FOR PERMANENT FRIEND
NYC. Very attractive bottom GWM 24, 6', 150 lbs, looking for the right person to build life with. Enjoy sports, movies, quiet times. Seek attractive top man with similar interestrs between 25-35. Photo appreciated. Write Mark Haas, 256 Hoyt, Brooklyn, NY 11217.

MAN ON THE GO
Looking for masculine tenderness, 6' 1", 19, 165 lb, washboard stomach, weightlifter. If looking for a good time call Mike, handsome and ready with a good bone structure. (518) 993-4321. CALL SOON.

ALL RUBBER WEARING TOPMEN
W/M 33 6' 145 bottom seeks introduction into rubber/latex scene. Only serious rubber loving topmen need reply with letter/foto to Rob, P.O. Box 2980, Rockefeller Center Station, NYC, NY 10185.

UPSTATE HUNK
GWM 28, 5'10", 162, well-built, blue-collar worker; interested in corresponding and meeting with sensual, erotic men for passionate romance. P.O. Box 393, East Syracuse, NY 13057.

HOT, VERY MASCULINE
trim, muscular, uncut, 32, wants really hot masculine well build Greek active buddy. Photo to: PO Box 1434, N.Y., N.Y. 10150.

SYRACUSE BODYBUILDER
39 5' 10", 150 lbs., attractive, trim, smooth, defined, hung, versatile desires contacts thoughout entire upstate area. P.O. Box 123, E. Syracuse, NY 13057.

LOVER OR ROOMMATE
Black male, 40 5' 6", 140, warm, sincere clean and straight appearing. Seeks lover to take care of or just plain roommate (single/couple) 18-30 any race to share upper middle class apartment. P.O. Box 604, Scarsdale, NY 10583-0604.

"LIKE EM YOUNG"
NY-NJ-Conn Exec seeks WM 18-? for friendship or whatever develops. Need big brother or daddy figure, I'm the one for you. No blks, fats-fems or dugs or boozers. Am sincere and honest expect same. Photo and serious letter. M. Jeffers, P.O. Box 711, White Plains, NY 10602.

ROCHESTER AREA
Goodlooking, well built, married man, early thirties, desires relationship with same. Good looking, trim, married guys without communicable diseases preferred. No kinks or weirdos. Photo appreciated. P.O. Box 24932, Rochester, NY 14624.

NORTH CAROLINA

JACKSONVILLE
GWM, 45, I have brown hair, brown eyes, 175 lbs., 5'11", 6" dick and have a short beard. Want someone to make love to while watching porn films in my home. Call (919) 346-4082 before midnight.

OHIO

ASHLAND/NORWALK AREA
GWM, 30, seeking warm, sincere GWM 18-30 for friendship/relationship. No smoking or drugs. Letter/photo. D.S., P.O. Box 191, N. Fairfield, OH 44855.

UNTIRING GREEK ACTIVE GWM,
51, 5' 8", 150 lbs., 32" waist, seeks very hot greek passive GWM, age 40-60, over 6' 3", over 230 lbs. Roommate/lifemate. Must be mature, sincere, loving, sharing, non-smoker & need nightly fucking! P.O. Box 556, Cleveland, OH 44107.

WHITE MALE,
160, 6', hairy, desires straight appearing males for action. Jeff Laramy, 948 Brittain Road, Akron, OH 44305.

DADDY NEEDS SLIM YOUNG HUNK
34, 5' 11", 175, caring, protective Dad will give home, love, security to smooth, blond stud boy. Warm, happy sex. No fems. Photo required. Boxholder, PO Box 41143, Cleveland, OH 44141.

OKLAHOMA

MUSCULAR MEN WANTED
GWM, 21, 6', 169 lbs., 8" cock. Considered cute. Seeks honest, good-looking bodybuilders, jocks, studs and athletic men. You must have well defined chest. No S/M or B/D. Send letter, photo showing face/chest, if possible nude. John C., P.O. Box 19572, Oklahoma City, OK 73144.

LEATHERMASTER
35/140 needs young slim slave. Limits expanded. Rod (918) 665-1885. PO Box 54760, Tulsa, OK 74155.

PENNSYLVANIA

JACK-OFFS TO 35.
Write: Occupant, P.O. Box 315, Sharon, PA 16146. No fats.

SOUTHWEST PA
Horny, handsome young college student, GWM, 19, 6'1", 160 lbs, wants other young horny guys for prolonged fucking, sucking, J/O and sensuous massage. Photo gets mine. P.O. Box 80, Richeyville, PA 15358.

SOUTH CAROLINA

HOT SOUTH STUD INTO GP GR FR ETC
Gdlkg 31 GWM 6'0" 225 Husky brown hair, eyes, hung big 10½ and thick. Ready for sucking and fucking. Hot horny for 17-40. JR Nelson, 311 Thompson St, Camden, SC 29020. Hurry, I'm hungry!!

TENNESSEE

ANIMAL SLAVE
25/160 muscled. 9" thick. Experience managing 5 stallions, 3 danes. Give me a farm. I'll serve. Discrete, loyal. D. Johnson, Beech Creek Road, Brentwood, TN 37027. Sincerest cash donation earns $150,000 Yuan Dynasty jade horse. All donations rewarded.

MAN IN 40'S
desires young man 25 to 40. Love & home provided; some travel and home life. Into french, w.s., light s & m. Photo necessary. R.G.B. 1115 N. Royal; Jackson, Tennessee 38301; 901-427-8469.

TEXAS

WEST TEXAS AREA
W/M, 33, 5'10", 150, lt. brown hair, beard. Wants to meet gay or bisexual men for friends, fun and sex. Call Steve, 915-447-6101.

LOOKING FOR HOT SEX!
West Texas Area. 32, 5'10", 150 lbs., beard. Am easygoing and enjoy meeting new friends. Enjoy rear end action. Am willing to do anything once! Overnighters welcome. Must be discreet. No fats or fems. Let me show you a fun time. Steve, 915-447-6101.

VIRGINIA

ONE-TO-ONE
GWM, 31 5' 8", 185 lbs. Warm, gentle, sensitive. Will give what you let me take. Discretion a must. Photo gets mine and maybe more. P.O. Box 9172, Chesapeake, VA 23321.

WASHINGTON

GWM BODYBUILDER
26. Wants to correspond with hot horny males. Will travel for big thick cock. Dig getting fucked. Also will try blacks. No scat. S.M. Photos of huge meat answered first! Fuck me boys. P.O. Box 1313, Walla Walla, WA 98223.

WEST VIRGINIA

GWM, 26, 5'8", MUSCULAR
Seeks mature, muscular GWM, 25-35, to meet and develop serious relationship. Will relocate. No fats, fems, freeloaders, drugs, heavy S/M. Reply to: 425 Clifton Ave., C'burg, WV 26302 or call 304-623-9438.

INTERNATIONAL

AUSTRIA
Two Austrians, both 39, slank, 130 lbs. would like to meet friends interested in "having fun" with us! Write us in Ger-

man or English with appropriate photo and we'll answer guaranteed. Discretion is a must! Please don't be older than 40 years. Hausbewohner, Uferstrasse 58, A-5026, Salzburg-Aigen, Austria.

HORNY BODYBUILDERS

Gay European bodybuilder, bottom, 30, 5'7", 145 lbs, seeks gay bodybuilders, worldwide, most fantasies OK, except FF, scat. Write to: Box 209, B-1000 Brussels 1, Belgium. Your photo gets mine.

EXCELLENT COCKSUCKER

Wants trustworthy good-looking young guys from anywhere with interesting, horny bodies. Preferably circumcised. Penpals aimed at meeting. Extremely effective servicing 100% guaranteed. Live-in lover possibility. Phone (519) 438-0075 or write: Ralph Thompson, 1-725 Dundas Street., London, Ontario, Canada N5W 2Z5.

COMMERCIAL

A COMPLETE MASSAGE

By Argentine masseur. 6', 165 lbs., Mas., (212) 831-3580. IN/OUT. CALL FERNANDO.

L.A. SUMMER '84

We have gay men waiting to be your host. Never again be a stranger in L.A. Write for details. Gledhill Tours, 2112 Lyric Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90027.

BANDANAS IN 47 COLORS

Hanky code, Rockshot and TNT cards, Ram and Hardware, write for details: Kitchen Plus, 208 N. 3rd, Manhattan, Kansas 66502.

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We can make it affordable. Write for information. Gledhill Tours, 2112 Lyric Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90027.

MAKE NEW FRIENDS

through Skipper's Mates, a contact club for men. Discreet—inexpensive—unique. Details plus sample copy of club bulletin—$1. Skipper's Mates, PO Box 264, Bellbrook, OH 45305. State over 21.

STEELER JOCK

My lover is a Pittsburgh Steeler and has played in two Super Bowls. I will send you one of his cum-stained jocks for $12, a rubber filled with his cum for $12, or you can drink his piss for $6. Or, get all 3 hot items for $27.50. Send check or m/o to: M.S. Davies, P.O. Box 7474, Pittsburgh, PA 15213.

ESCORT/MODEL

Bodybuilder
813-823-5629 Jerry

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Etienne, Tom of Finland, Rex. 5x7, 8x10 drawing sets, books. Send for brochure: Stallion Sound, P.O. Box 436 Canal St. Station, New York, NY 10013. Dept. HC.

"COLLEGE JOCK"

New York's hottest model/escort 23 yrs. 6' 2" smooth chest, 9" thick. Discreet & friendly. Robert (212) 473-7157.

TOM OF FINLAND

Special collection of his drawings and books. Send for brochure. P.O. Box 436 Canal St. Sta., New York, NY 10013, Dept. HC.

SUMMIT LODGE RESORT

Clothing optional, rooms, camping, brochure (S.A.S.E.), 26500H Wildcat Rd., Rockbridge, OH 43149.

YOUNG WHITE MALES WITH 10" +

Pix of young white males: with 10" + only $2.40 each; with 8" + only 80- each; cumming only $1.20 each; hardcore french or greek or rimming only 80- each! Minimum order: $12! Prices include postage (1st class)/handling! Order from: L. Wiegert Jr., 30327 Rhone, Rancho Palos Verdes, CA 90274. FREE: 5 ass pix with any order over $20!

HOT J/O TAPE

w free color picture $6. Sir P.O. 14425, S.F. CA 94114.

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Catalog $1. State over 21. Unicorn, Box 10024-H, Chicago, IL 60610.

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Make your own and save. Send $3.00 cash CK. MO. to Westex Press, 501 Del Mar S2, Corpus Christi, TX 78404.

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Exciting photo sets featuring the nude YOUTHS of Denmark, Sweden, Holland, Germany, England, Norway and more. Send $2 for NEW catalogs. Brandenburg Studio, Dept.-P, 82 Wall Street, NYC 10005.

ORGANIZATIONS

PISS SOMEONE OFF!!!

Rainmakers: 3rd year of the ultimate water sports club for men into golden showers. Info. $1: Box 623 - RMH, New York, NY 10013.

LIKE TO FUCK? (OR GET FUCKED?)

American-Greek Alliances: 4th year of the club which gets Greek actives into Greek passives!! Info. $1: Box 623 - AGH, New York, NY 10013.

REAR FRENCHMEN OF AMERICA

5th Year of the club for healthy men into giving/receiving rear French. Info. $1: Box 623 - RFH, New York, NY 10013.

CLOTHESMAN: 4TH YEAR!

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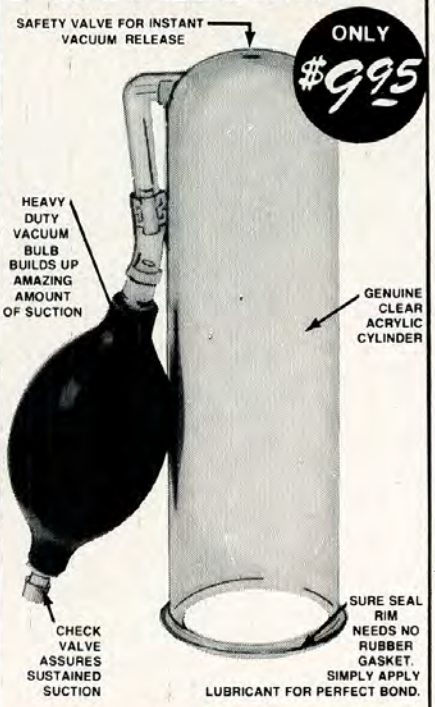
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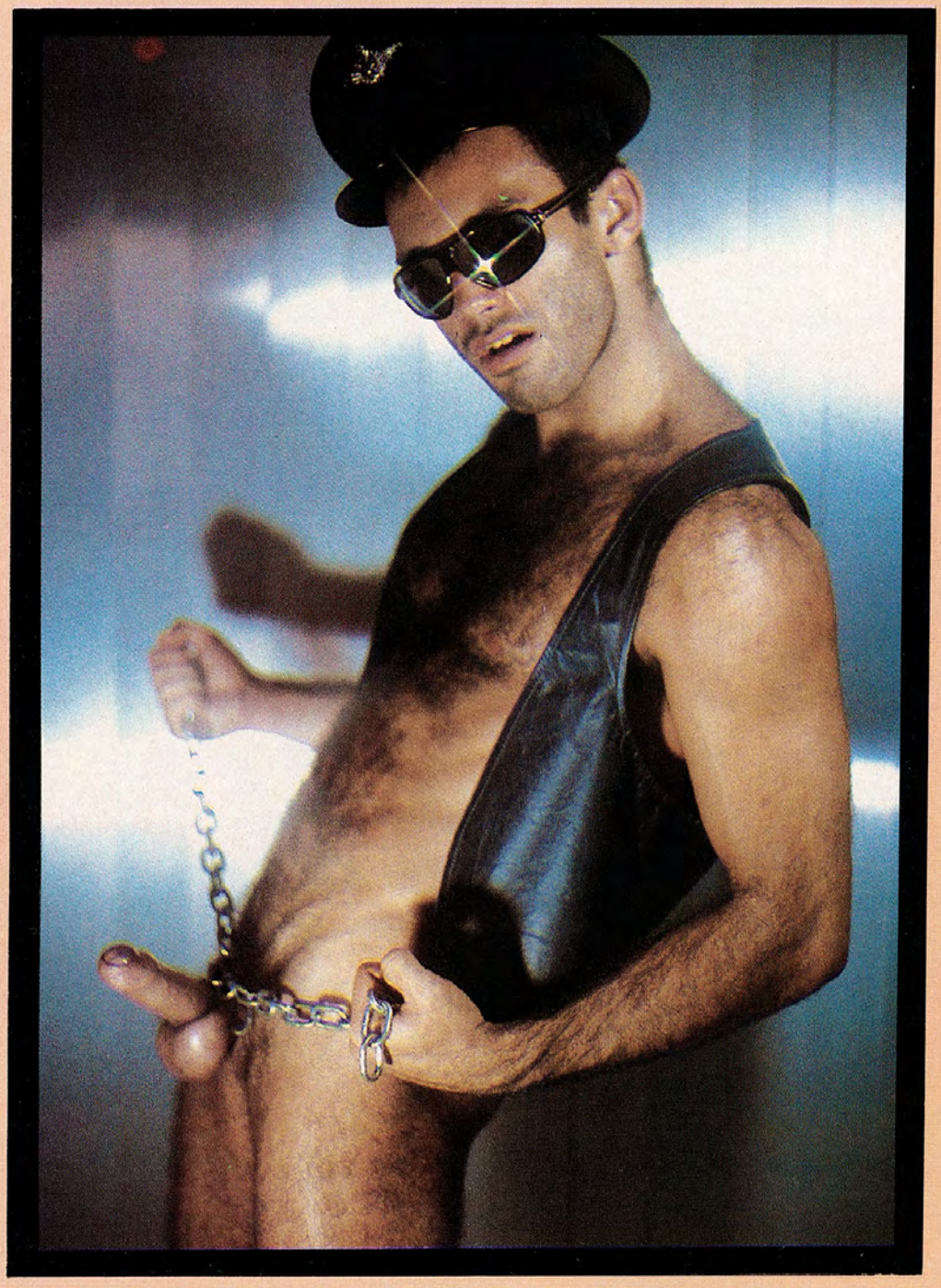
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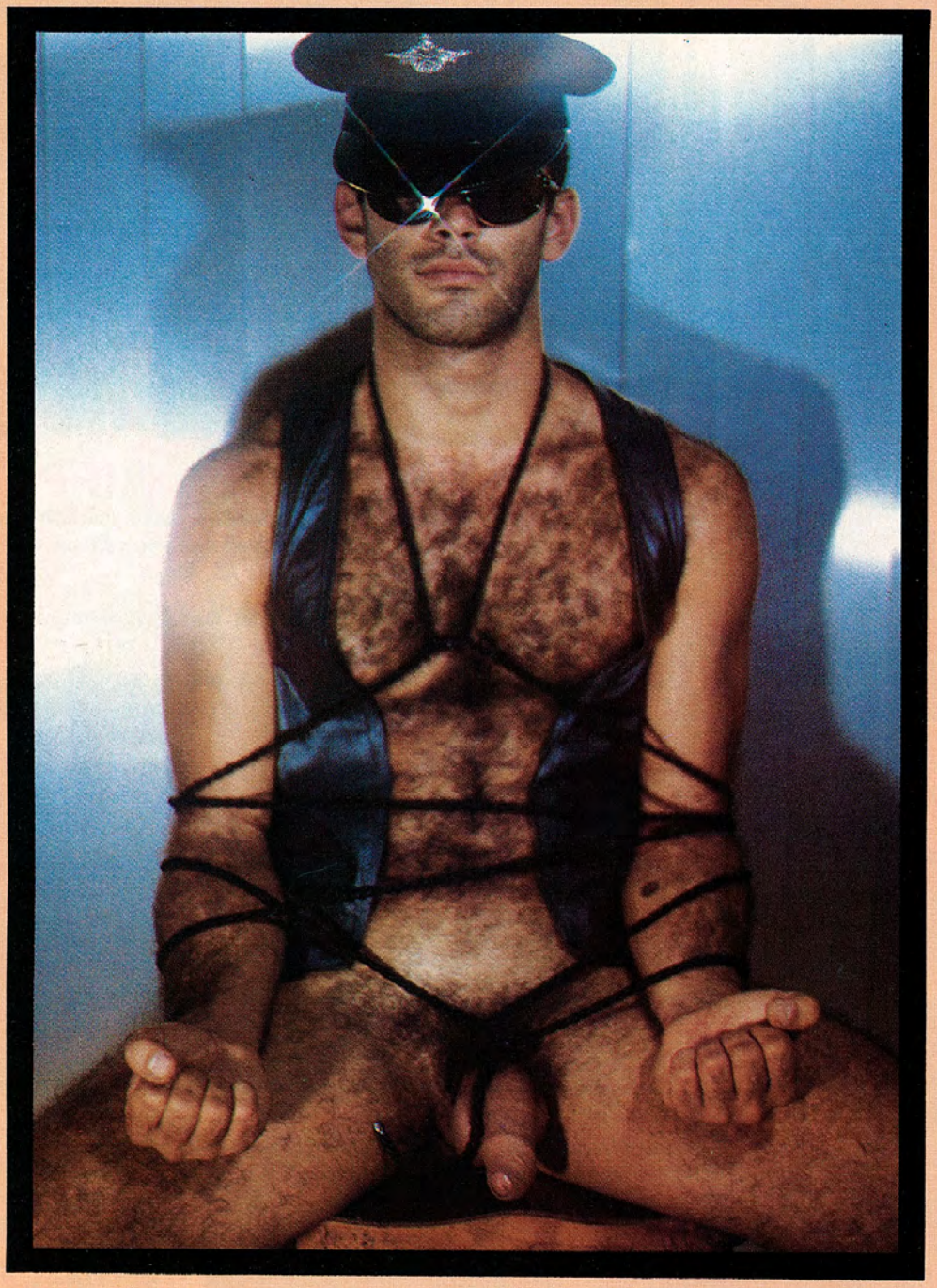


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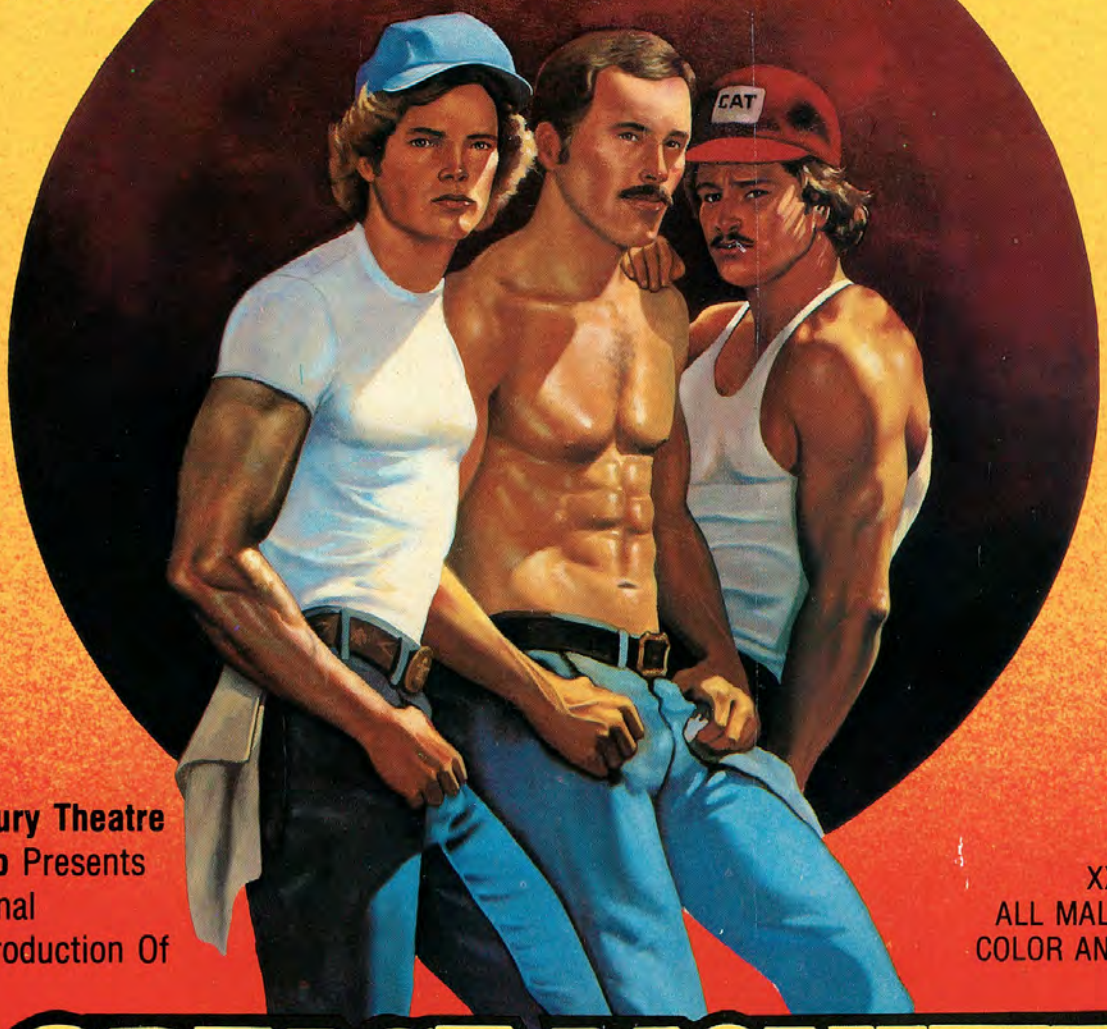
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