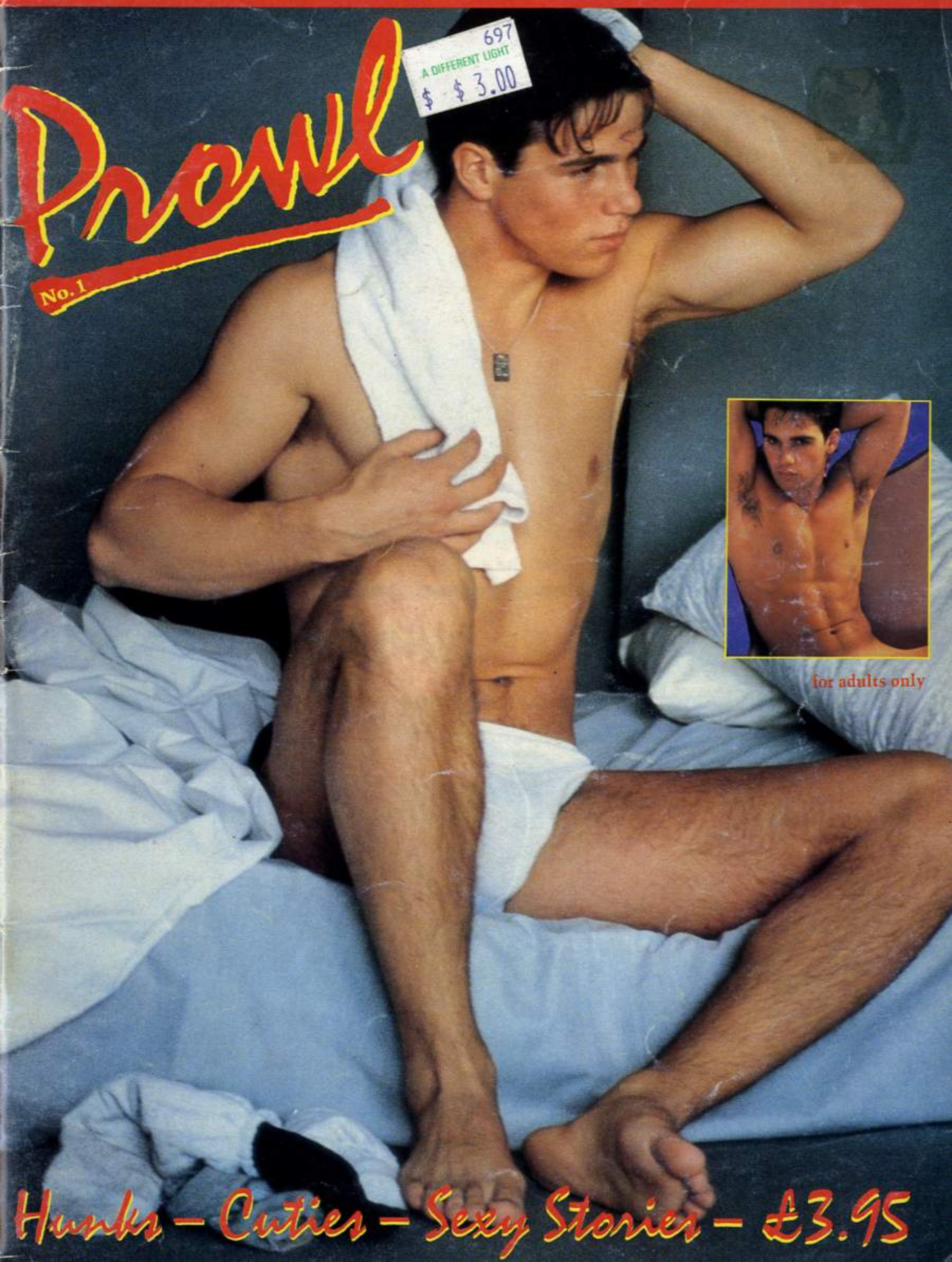
Win a Free Holiday for 2 in Amsterdam!



Prowl

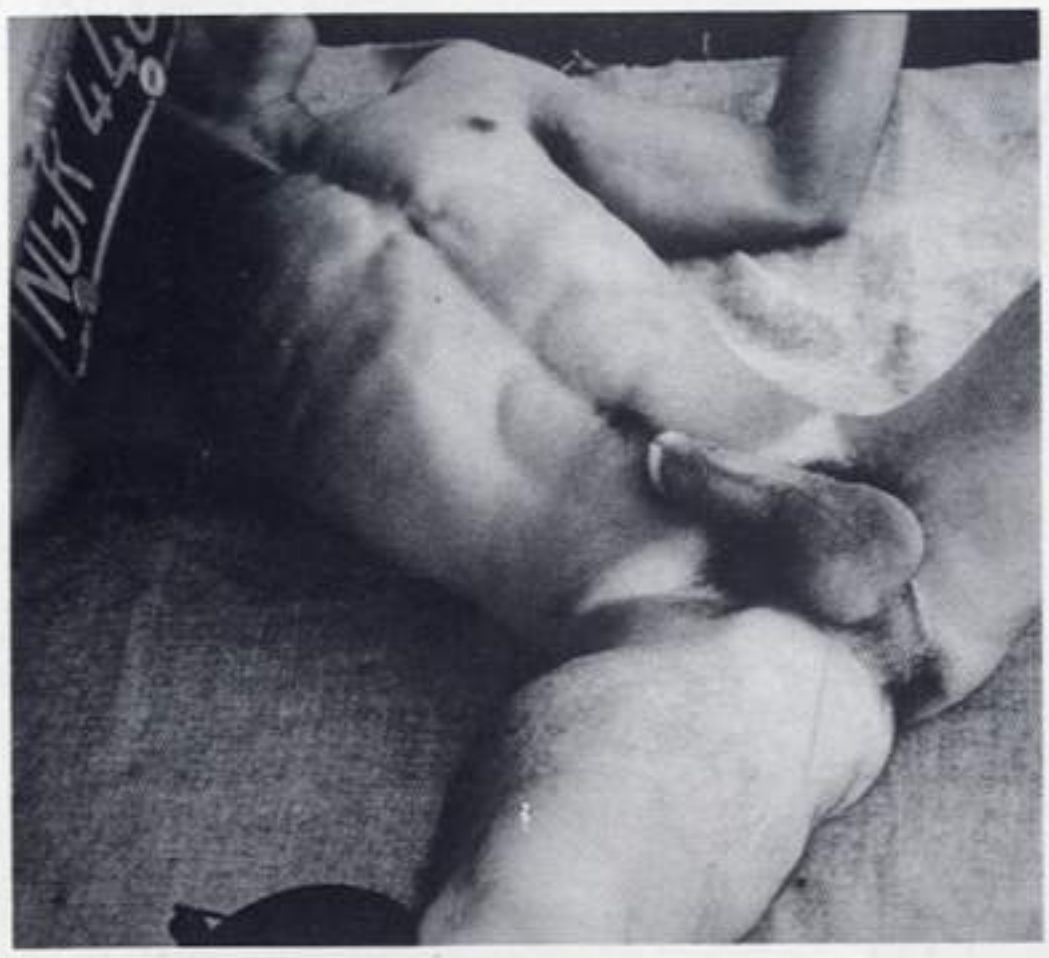
CONTENTS

No. 1

Sexiest Magazine in the Galaxy.

© 1989
Prowler Press Ltd
BCM Prowler Press
London WC1N 3XX

We're crammed real full wit



Big Californians look so cute

Bob gives you a rough ride

Special sleazy newspaper sectio

PISTOL-HOT STORIES

"At the gym I saw his super-strong big body effort-lessly lifting things."

"On the bus I couldn't help myself as his blue eyes powerfully blazed into mine."

All our models are hunks aged 18 or over and we can prove it. Editorial material is presented for adult entertainment and need not reflect the publisher's opinion. All material is fiction and no similarity in name or likeness to person or persons living or dead is intended. Nothing should be implied about the sexuality of people mentioned or appearing or doing any other sleazy thing in ***Prowl***. Some of the nicest people are straight.

Prowler Press Ltd welcome submissions of horny photos and editorial material but cannot take responsibility for their safe arrival or return. Every possible care will be taken with material submitted, which should be accompanied by permission to publish at our current rates and in the case of photos, negs, or transparencies a signed, dated, model-release. We reserve the right to crop and edit all material, including letters, in any way that takes our fancy.

From Prowler Press

h hot, sexy studs.

Hot muscley man bares all

Office boy stops you working

n stuffed in our middle

Plus

Cute TV stars
Dr. in Disguise tells all
Sleazy horoscopes
FREE Small-ad offer

Trendy Models

Welcome Horny Boys*

Welcome to the horniest magazine in the Milky Way.

We asked squillions of horny lads* what kinds of hot studs** they wanted to see in a new UK mag, and here it is; ***Prowl***.

Issue by stud-packed issue you'll collect loads of sexy stories, mega-competitions, hot articles on fashion, erotica, lifestyles, special mail-order deals, horoscopes... ***Prowl*** is just jammed full of everything for the modern man who likes men.

We still want to know what turns you on the most. When you send in your subscription don't forget to let us know what you want to see in ***Prowl***. If it's legal*** we'll see what we can do.

In this issue don't miss the chance to air your favourite fantasies and win a break in steamy Amsterdam with the man of your choice. By special arrangement with Gay Men's Press we are also able to offer you the first UK copies of *LA Dreams*, their latest fab book full of beautiful guys from the West Coast.

We hope you like ***Prowl!*** Do write and tell us what you think.

from Marc, Bjorn, & Tom

** over 21*
*** over 18*
**** that is to say, under the terms of the Sexual Offences Act, Indecent Displays Act, Obscene Publications Act 1959, Post Office Act 1953, Customs Consolidation Act 1861, or any other relevant Act Bill Statute Interpretation or Pronouncement which hasn't been applied this century but still exists in case anyone should care to dredge it up again.*

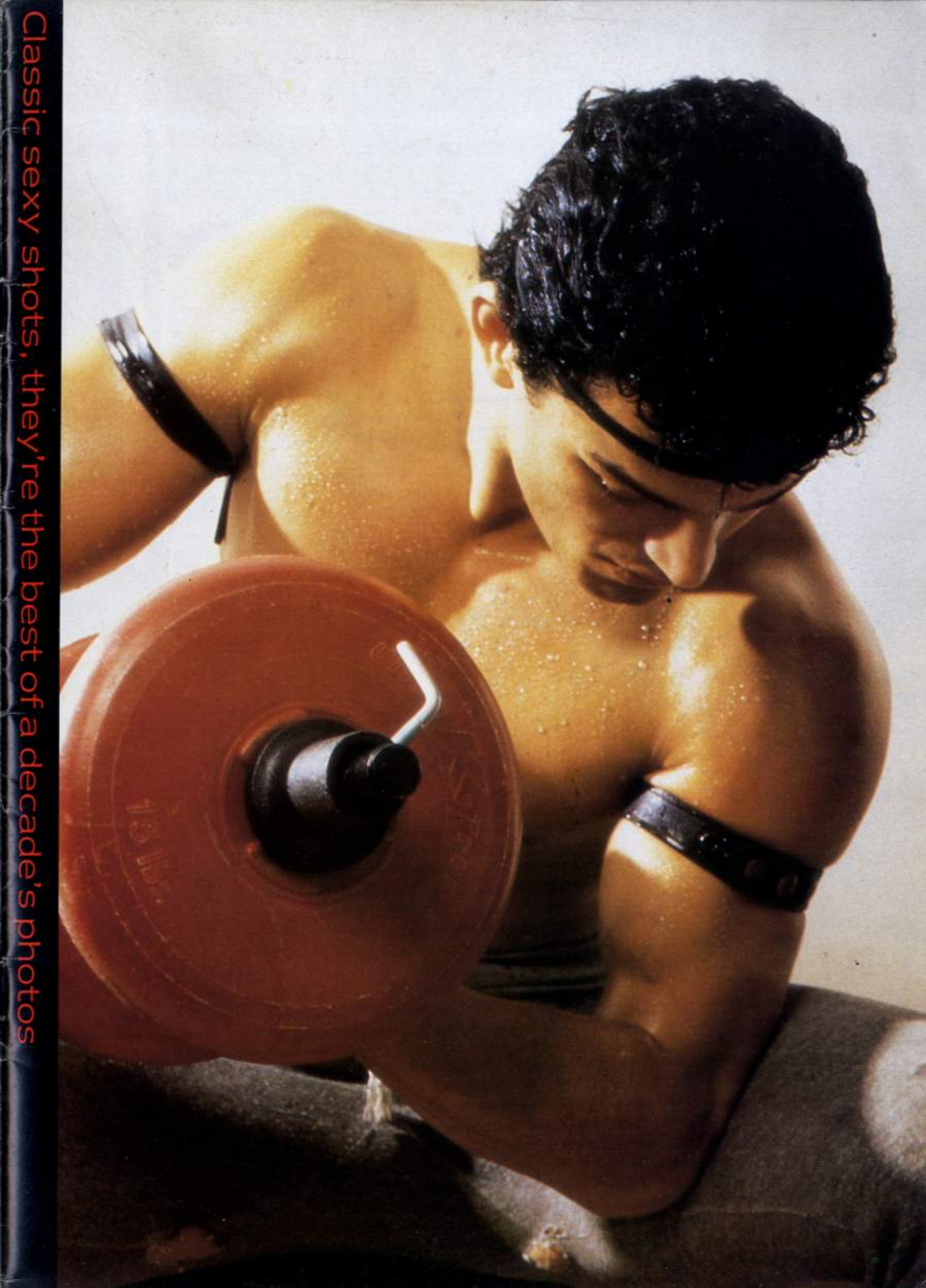
PROWL NUMBER ONE

Cover Photo: Pedro Usabiaga

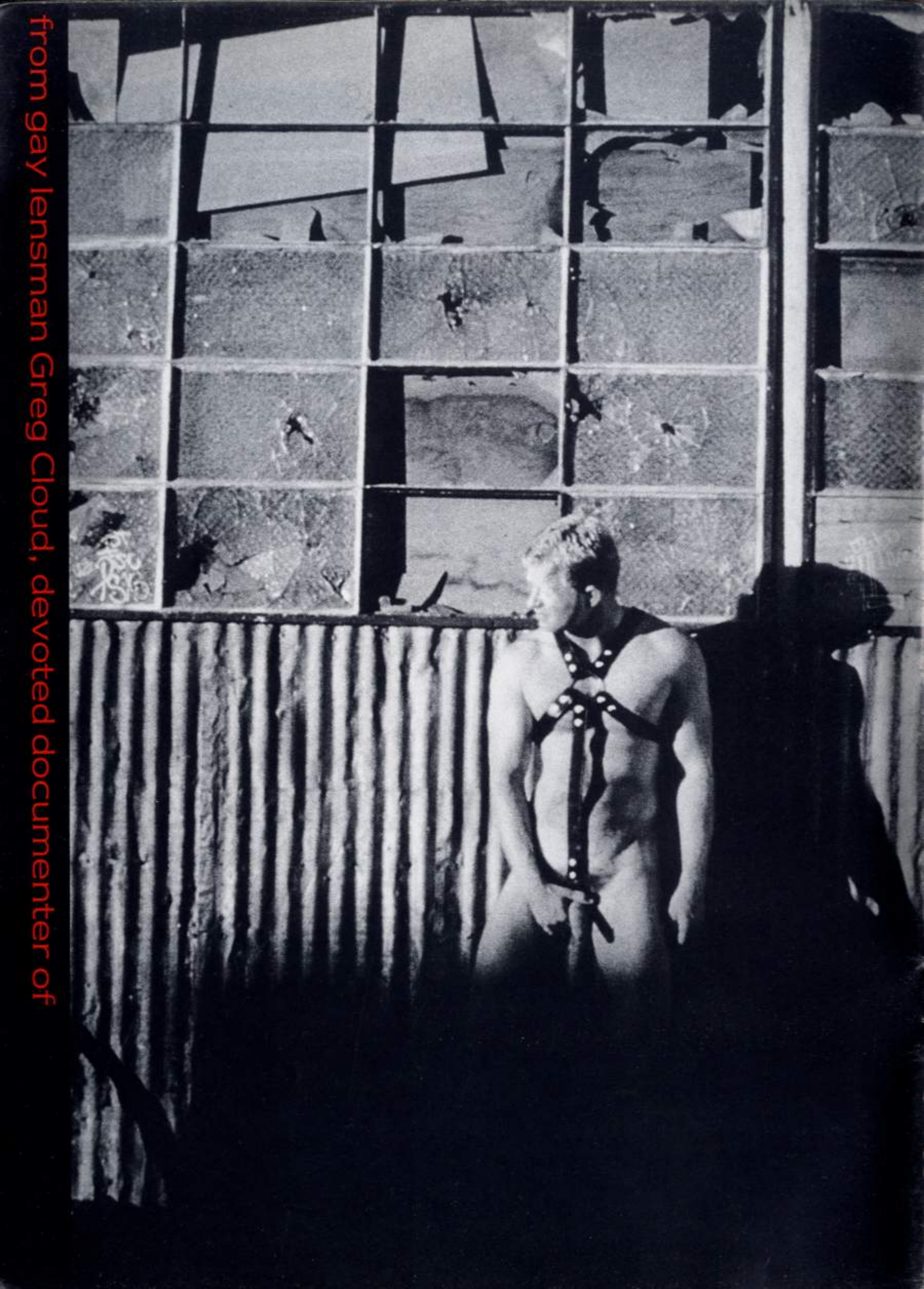
Adverts are accepted at the discretion of the publisher and may not contain obscene material. Model-releases are required for models appearing in adverts.

Copyright subsists in every tiny little bit of the magazine, so if you want to re-use anything at all you need to get our ***written*** permission.

These studs come from GMP's new book *L.A. Dreams.*

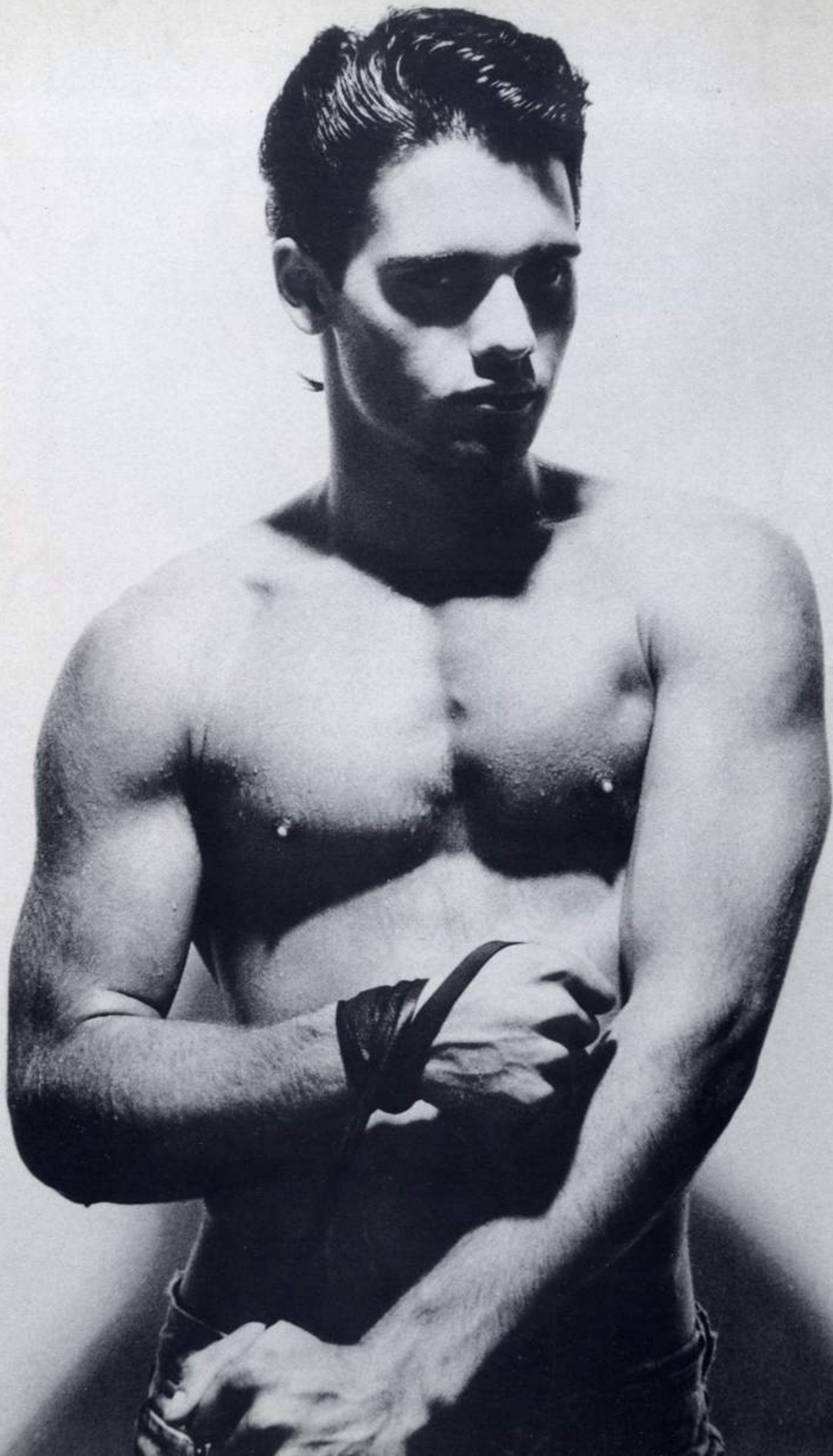


Classic sexy shots, they're the best of a decade's photos



from gay lensman Greg Cloud, devoted documenter of

Los Angeles' hot urban under- world.



Erotic, intense, passionate; *LA Dreams* is packed with male action.

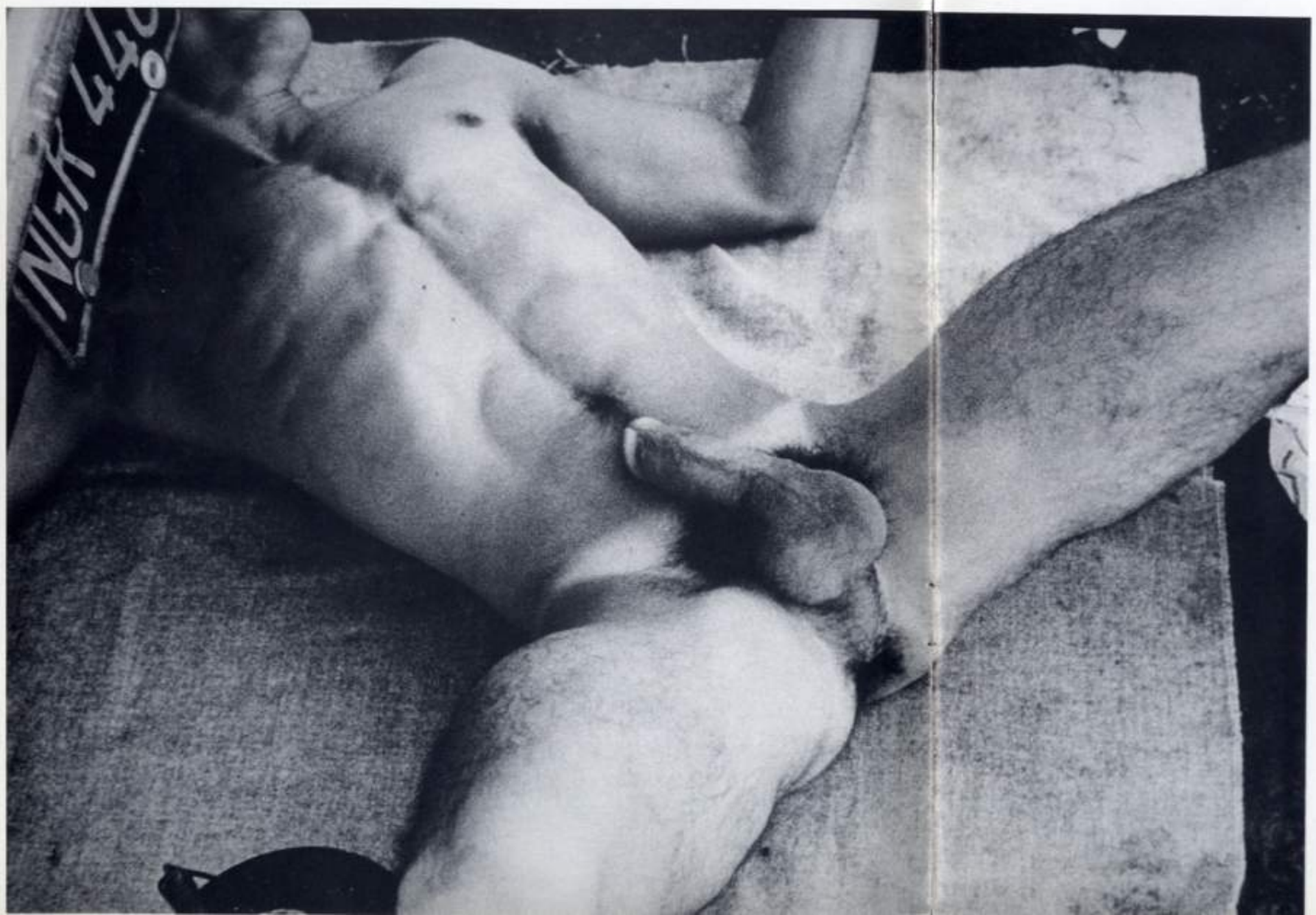
74pgs of beefcake, studio centrefolds, nude-scapes and

horny LA nightlife.

Clip the coupon on p.30 to order.

L.A. DREAMS

has just landed in the UK;

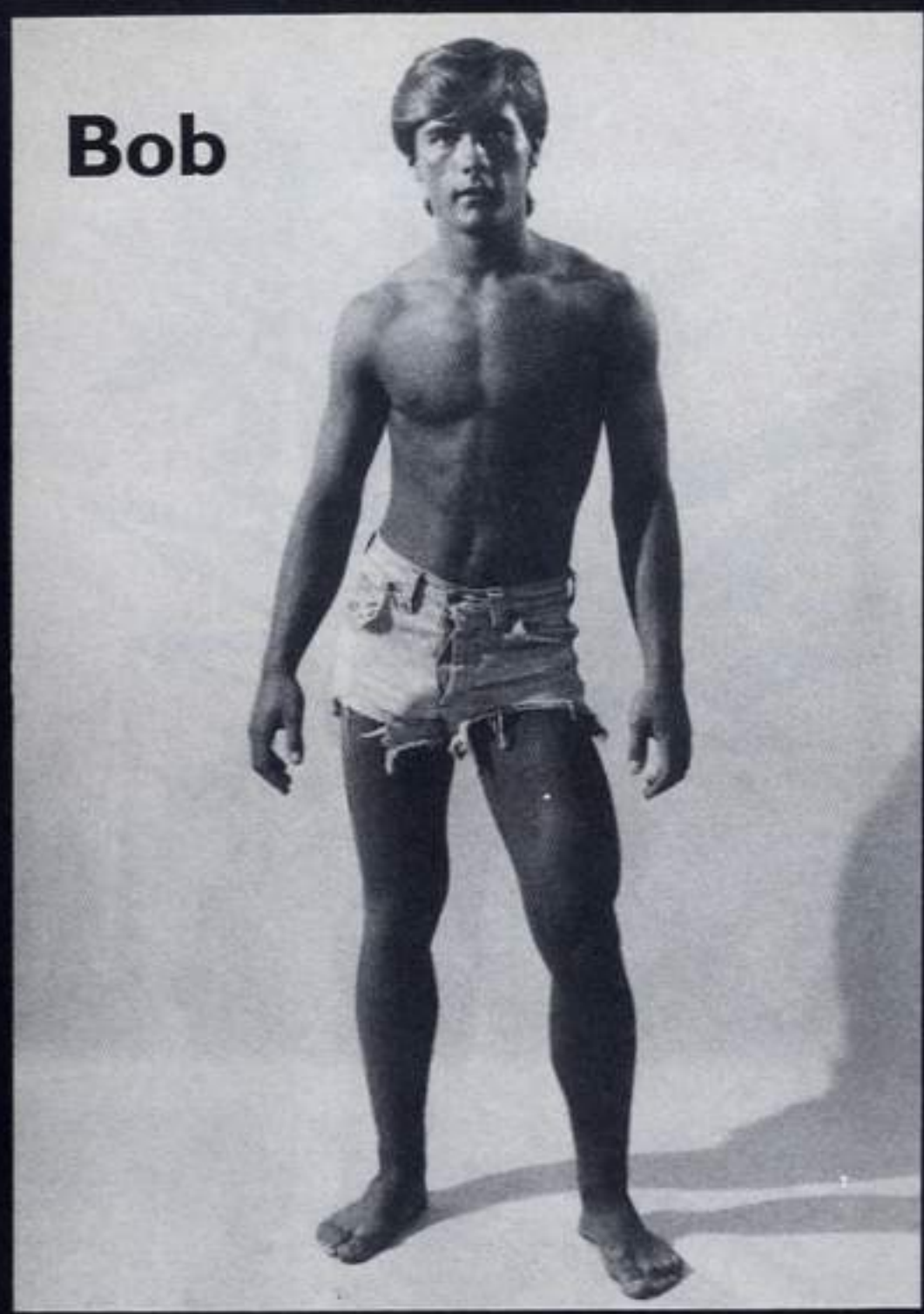


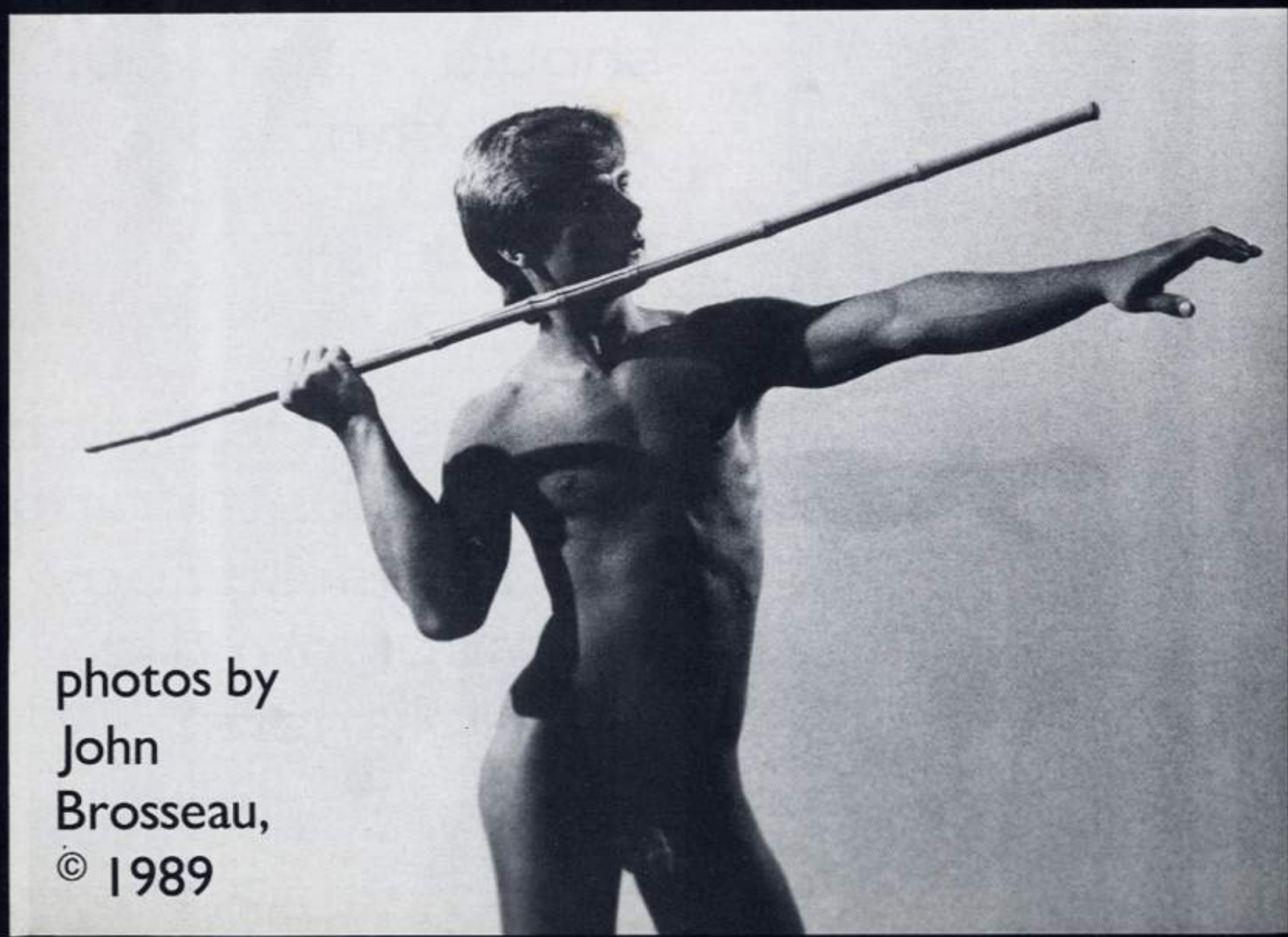
L.A. Dreams
should reach your
bookshop soon,

BUT

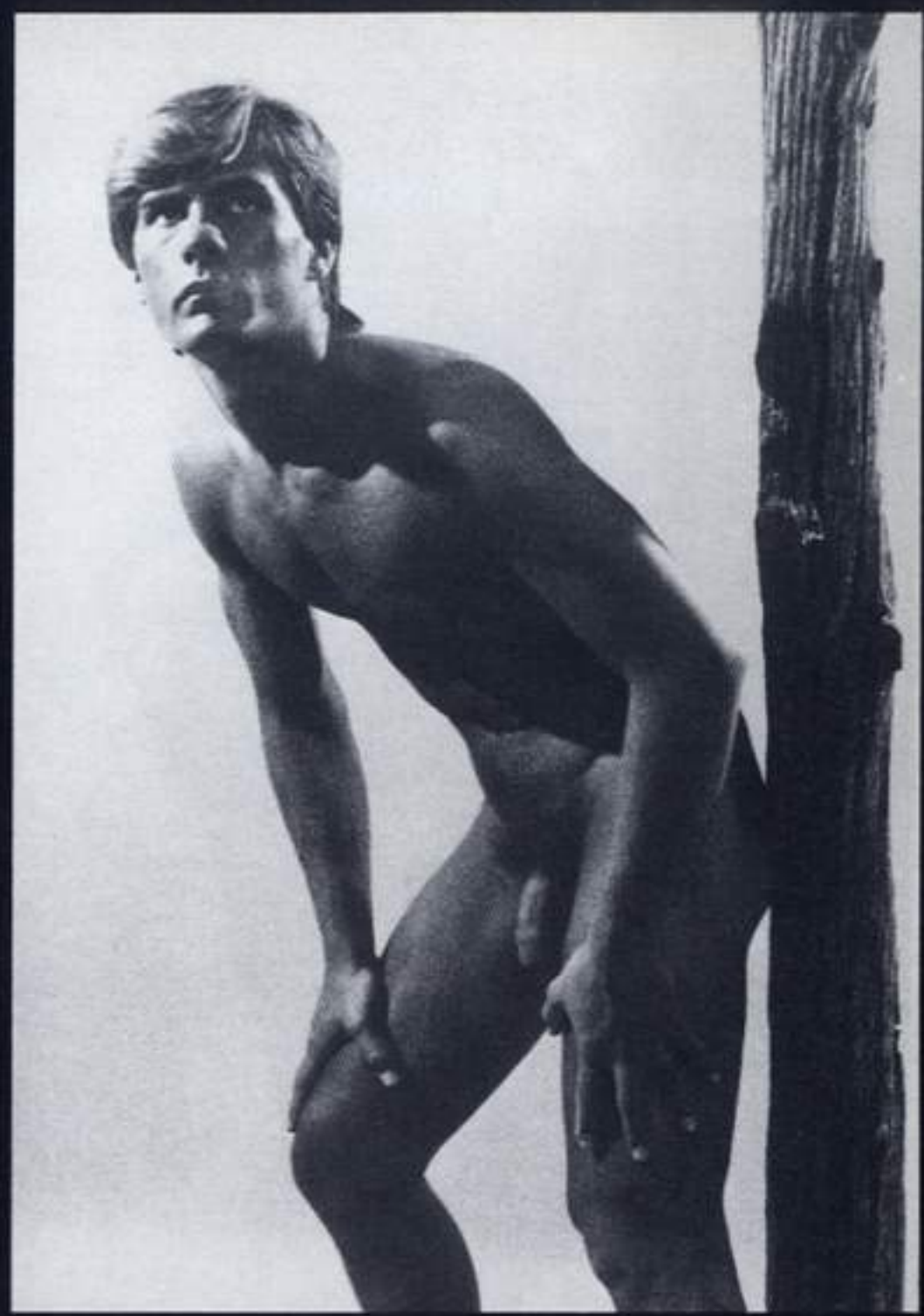
Don't miss this chance
to get your stunning
flesh-packed copy
direct from the
publishers.

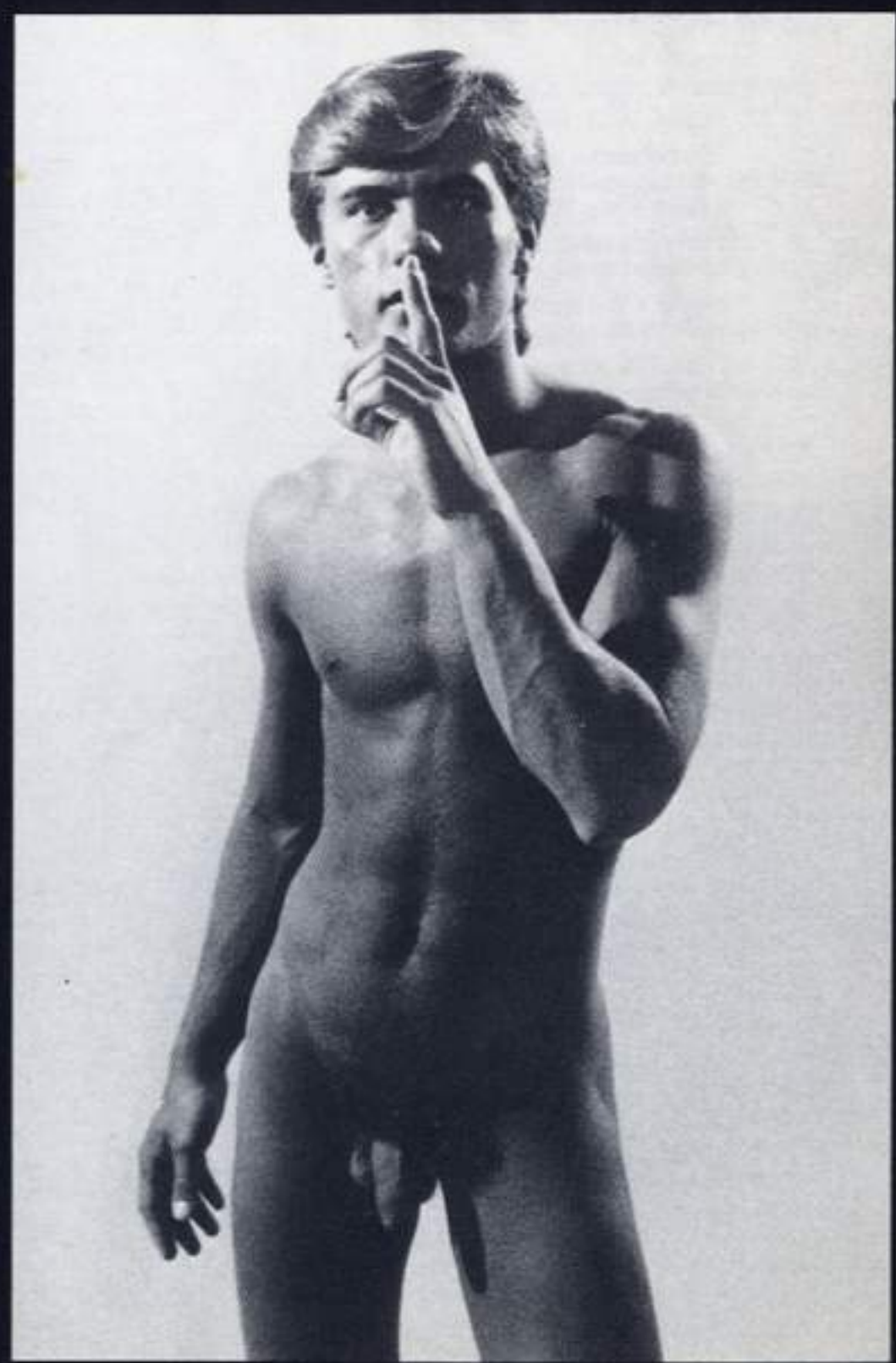
Clip the coupon on p.30 to order.





photos by
John
Brosseau,
© 1989





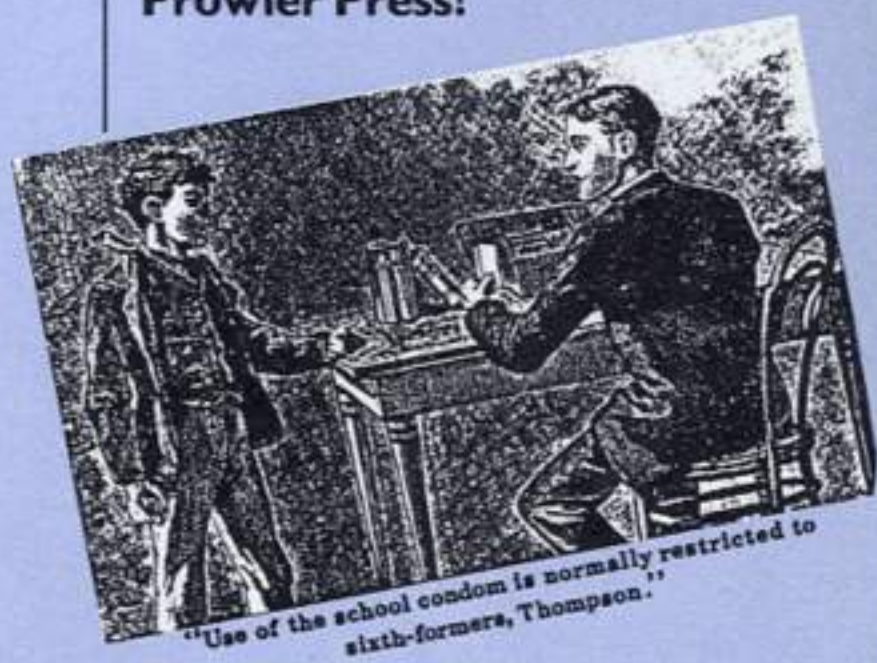
The Daily Filth

No More Filth on *Thatcher* Patio!

Mail Newspapers plc

PM Maggie does some dirtywork for London Borough of Westminster's big gal Shirley Porter, whom we applaud for trying to clean the filth off our fair city's streets with this sexy new high-pressure water squirter. We want one too!

Fabby Super Offer From Prowler Press!



10 Assorted Provocative Old Postcards, by The Works, London! Cost just £3.95 for the assortment. Use order form later in this section.

Chez L'Amour

The South's Biggest & Best Sex Shop
located at
25, The Triangle, Bournemouth
Tel: 0202 290529

Special introductory offer:—
Imported hard-to-get American Gay Mags
£7.50 each or 3 for £15

List included with every order
or send £3 for regular lists and updates.

We also stock poppers
and a large selection of dildos, videos and vibrators.

Callers very welcome and a free Gift can be claimed on production of this advert!

Cheques & POs to Halemark Ltd,
25 The Triangle, Bournemouth BH2 5SE.
We also buy and exchange books and magazines—phone for details

Special TV Guide

Don't miss these programmes...

Thames Television

Sky Television

Sky Television

Sky Television

(left to right:) **Trevor Ward** *(Contacts, ITV);* **Jon-Erik Hexum** *(Voyagers, Sky TV);* **Johnny Depp** *(21 Jump Street, Sky TV)*

Because the boys are so cute!

Night Bus Romance

by **Dicky D. Trouble**

My first encounter with another guy was in the summer of '87. It was just after I'd graduated from college and moved into my first full-time job: as a waiter in some over-priced, over-rated Soho bistro.

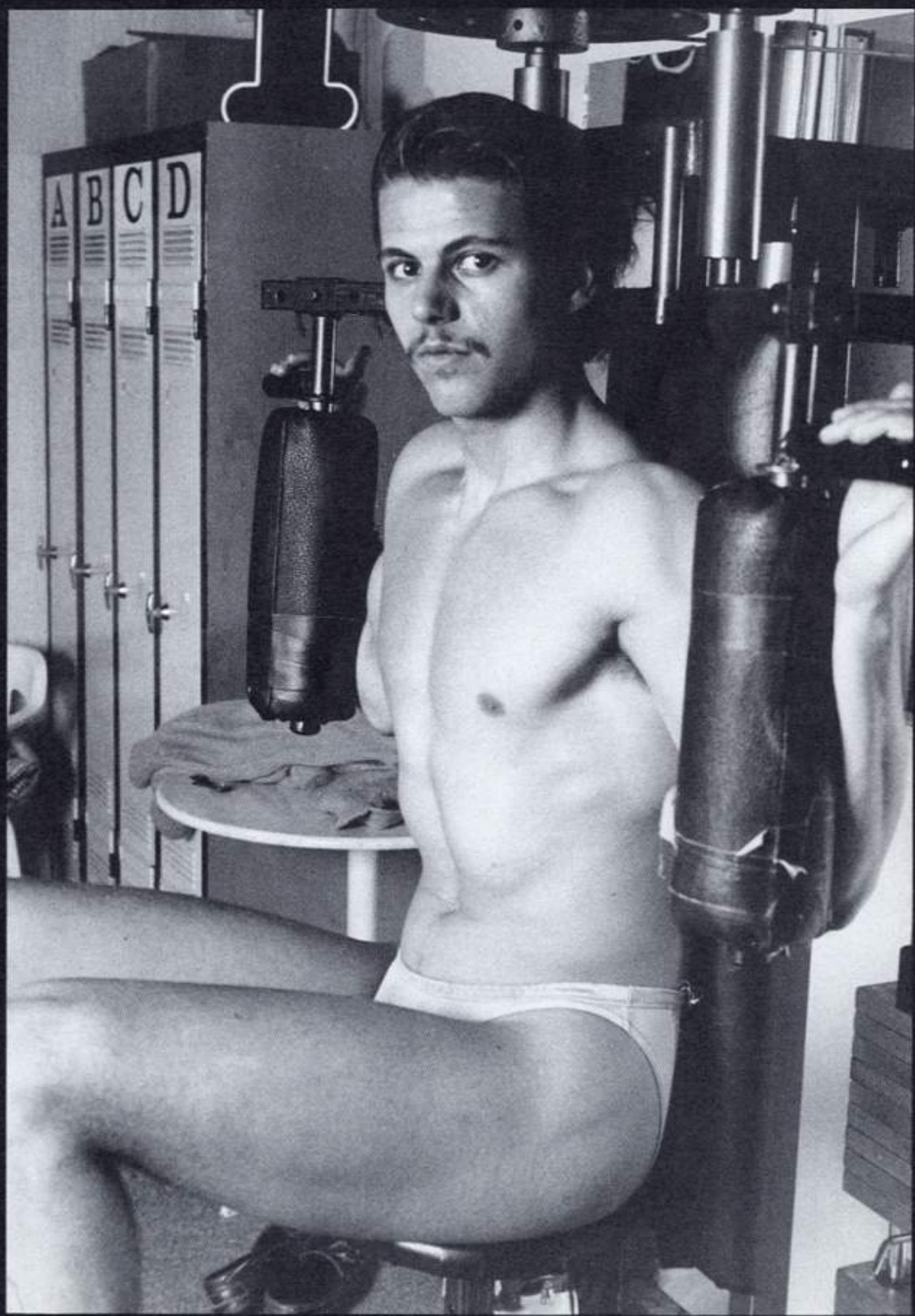
I used to like the late-shift because the evening brought in the theatre goers and night clubbers. Some of them were good tippers; and good looking. A customer would often catch my eye when I was serving, and call me over to his table for the most trivial things: "could you fetch me another serviette" or "would you mind bringing the wine-list again" have got to be the classic lines.

I have to admit I did fancy a good many of them, squeaky clean with slicked back hair all

continued after centrefold

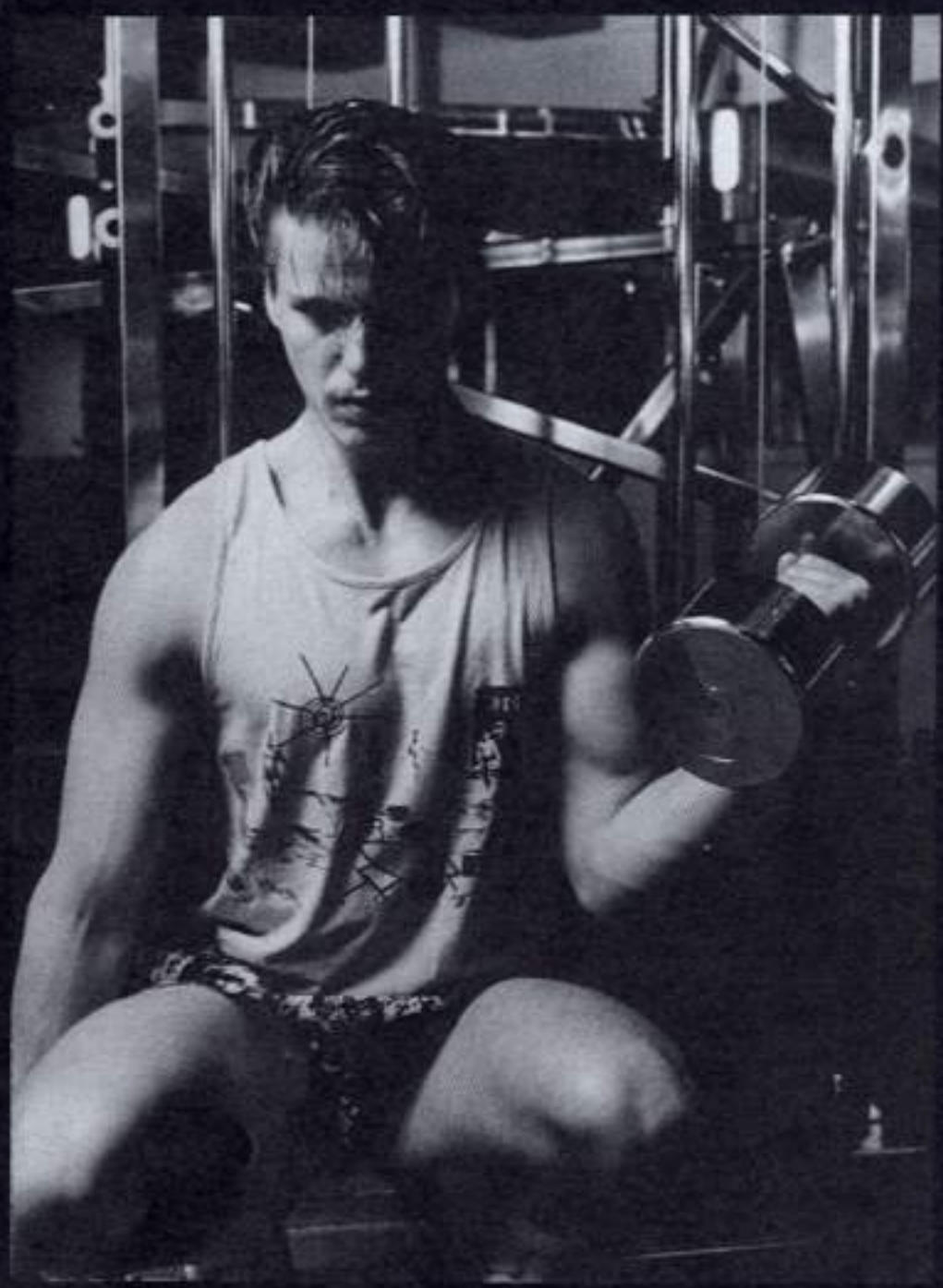
"On the bus I couldn't help myself as his blue eyes powerfully blazed into mine."

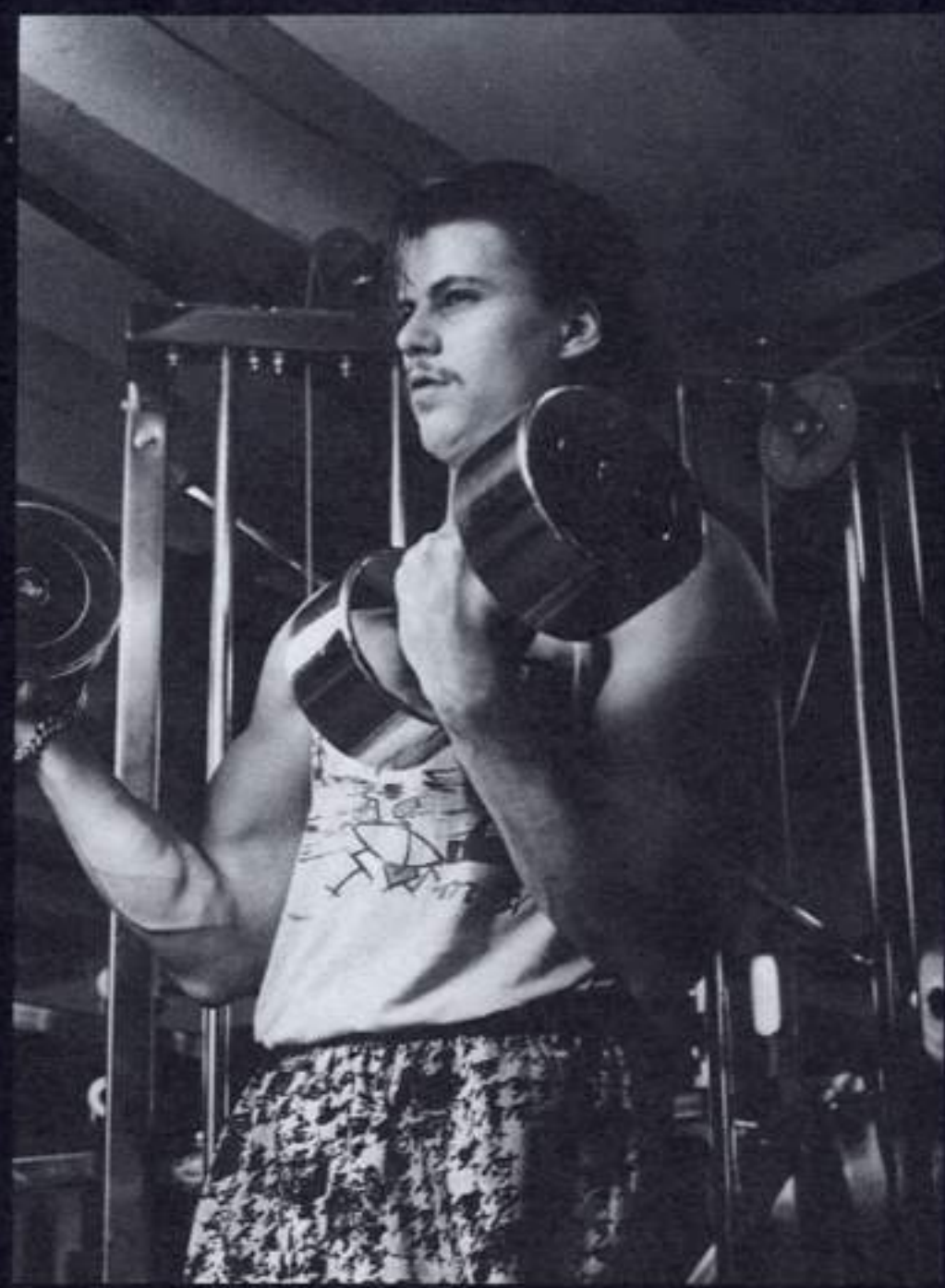
"At the gym I saw his pistol-hard, sexy



photos by E.B. Broeksma, © 1989

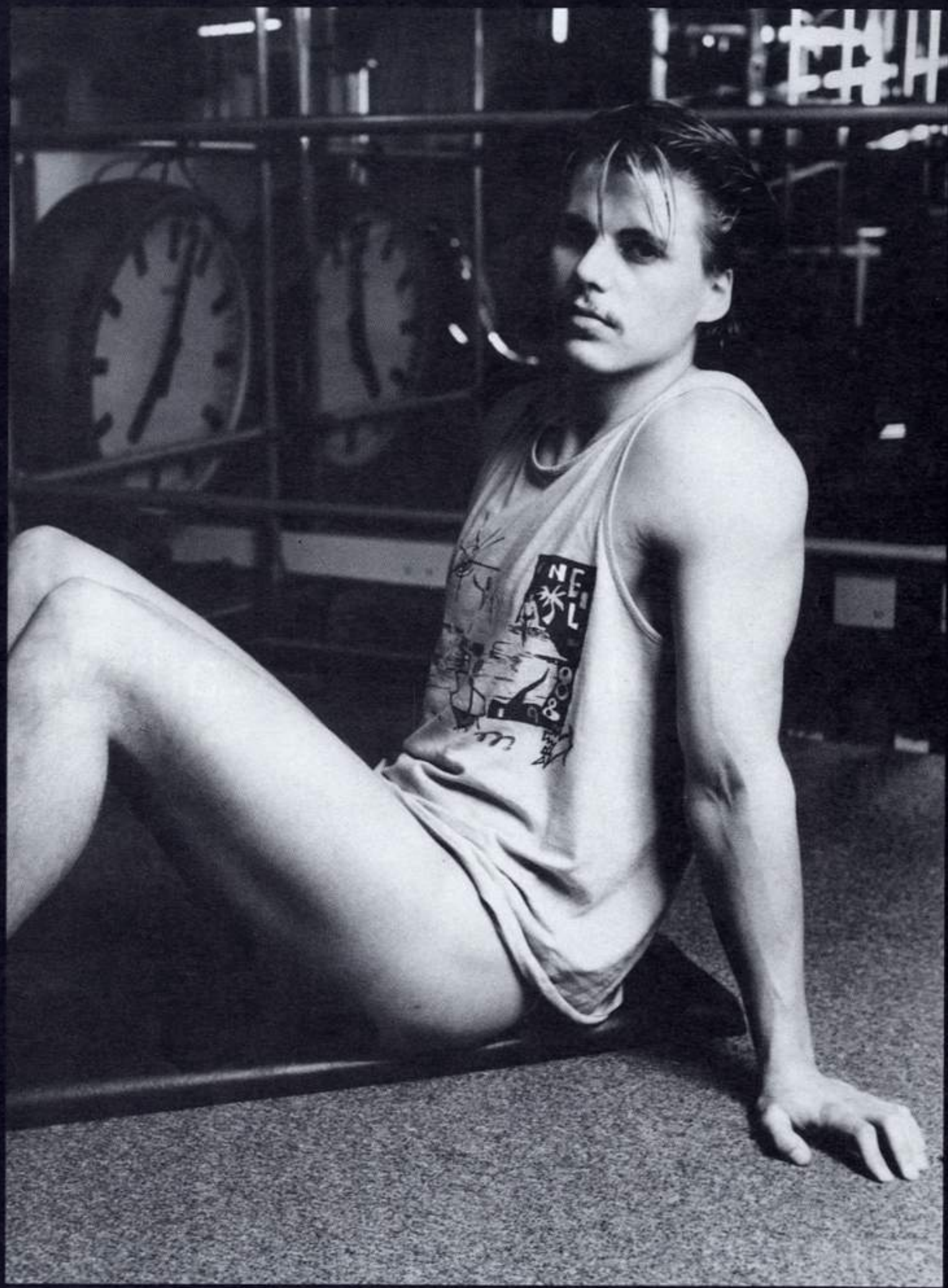
sexy body. His super-powerful musc





staring at me real hard, like he coul
gaze. He knew he could make my

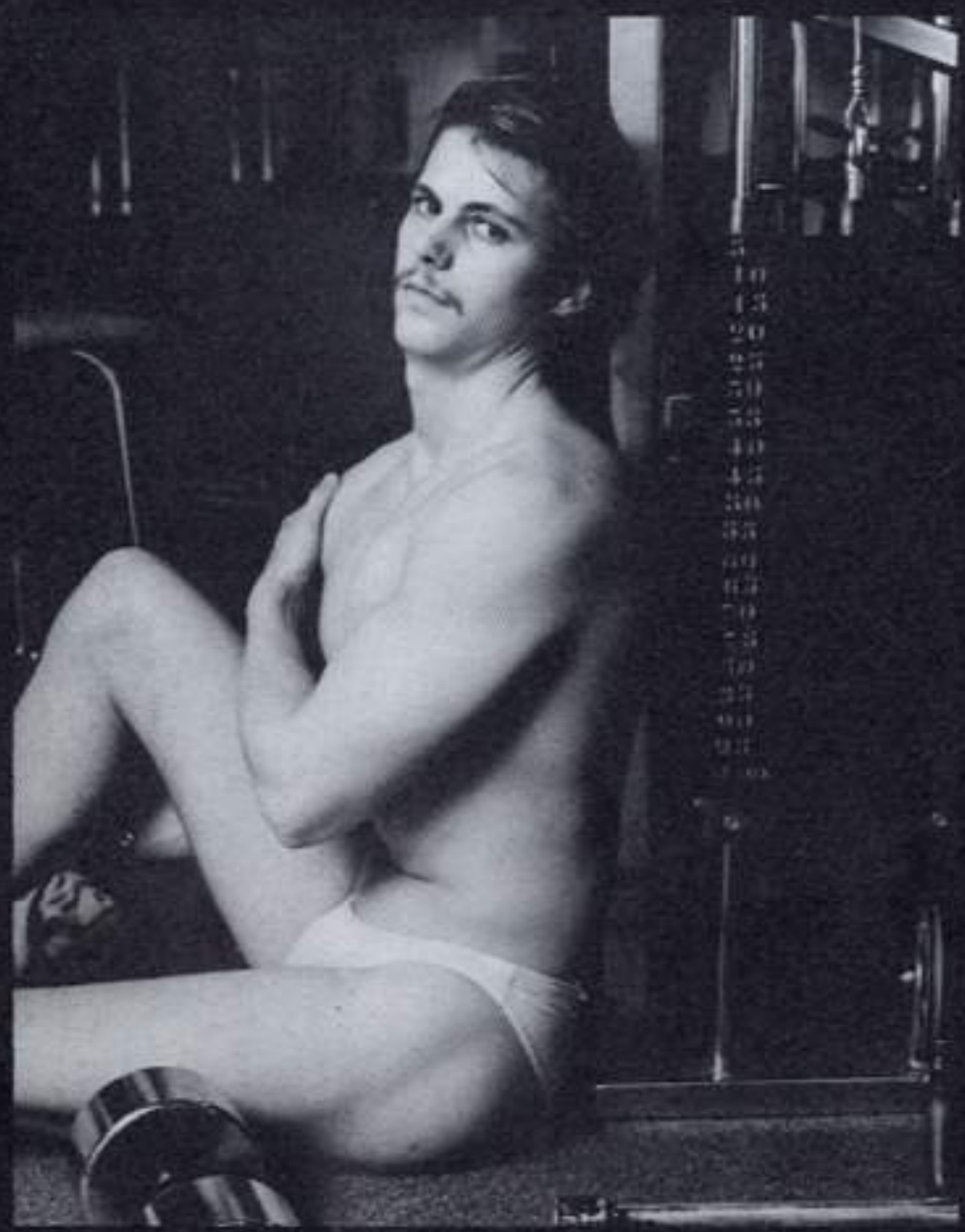
les effortlessly lifted things. He kept



d force me instantly weak with his

mind go crazy! I could barely move I

move but I helplessly followed him



stripped off, narcicistically weighe

a real sexy shower, boisterously c

nto the locker room where he

d his hard, powerful stud body, took

ried his calves and then he took me

Win a FREE Holiday In Amsterdam with the Man of Your Choice!

• *Prowl* wants to know what sleazy things you've been up to! So we're giving away a free weekend holiday for two in Amsterdam, to the reader who sends us the sexiest story we can publish in *Prowl*.

So get a-writing boys! Send your story – which should be about the same length as the one in this issue – to Holiday Competition, BCM Prowler Press, London WC1N 3XX. We'll announce the winner later this year!

Decision of the judges as to the best story is final. Prowler Press employees, business associates, and boyfriends therein thereof and wherein hereby not eligible.

Photo: Trendy Models

(Like this EUROBOY? Then don't miss Euroboy 4, out soon!)

Doctor in Disguise.

Photo by Pedro Usabiaga

Dear Dr in disguise,

I am suffering from an enormous problem – my cock! All my life people have made fun of me and called me things like 'Big Dick' and 'Long Dong'. I get very ashamed and as a result I have not had sex ever. My cock is 14 inches long and seven inches round. When I get an erection I faint.

Troubled of Taunton.

Doctor in disguise replies:

My dear boy, you do not have a problem. I know many people who would die for a penis of such splendid proportions and many more who would kill to get their hands on one. I appreciate that the fainting may be an inconvenience and am afraid I can offer you no assistance on that matter. But please do not be ashamed – you are very lucky indeed. Send us a photo, this could be the start of a truly wonderful modelling career.

Dear Dr in disguise,

A few weeks ago I had a little too much to drink at dinner with a straight couple I know. As I had a long way to travel home they offered me a bed for the night and I accepted. During the night I got up to fetch a glass of water and on my way downstairs I passed the bedroom of my friends' sixteen year old, Billy. His door was open and I could not help but notice that his duvet had slipped to reveal his naked body illuminated by the soft grey glow from the street lamps. He was clearly having an erotic dream which had given him a large erection. I stood in the doorway watching for some time before being overcome by desire. I went to his bed and began gently to stroke him. He moaned quietly and slowly responded more and more. Eventually he awoke, whispered for me not to go, and we made love tenderly 'til morning. Since that night I have been unable to face my friends but I long to see Billy again. What can I do?

Anonymous postmarked Woking

Doctor in disguise replies,

You must forget this infatuation for at least five years. It is illegal to have sex with another man under the age of 21 and you are putting both of yourselves at risk. Having said that – which I am bound to do – I think you have been most fortunate. Forget the honourable thing; do your friends have a spare room, perhaps you could lodge with them?

Dear Dr in Disguise,

For some years now I have experienced an unpleasant discharge of whitish fluid from the head of my cock whenever I get sexually excited. I have a very good friend who also has this discharge. He told me it was poison and that we would get better if we got rid of it. So we take turns sucking it out. we have been dong this for two years and still we don't get better. Should I see s Doctor?

Edward, Sandringham

Doctor in disguise replies:

Your friend has the situation fully in hand. I would advise you to continue with his treatment. However I suspect that a great many of your friends will have a similar condition and treatment can be made more effective if you take part in group therapy.

Dear Dr in disguise,

I have done a terrible thing. My lover Clive and I are very happy to gether and have always planned to be together for ever. But recently I have been feeling very trapped by our relationship and I thought I wanted to be free of him. Last week while my lover was away on business I met a young guy ion our local pub who was the most beautiful boy I have ever seen. He was perfect in every way and had a very large bulge in his trousers. I spent the whole evening talking to him and ended up taking him to bed. The next morning he left the house and I haven't seen him since. I think about him all the time. I am worried that Clive suspects something and I know that eventually one of our friends from the pub will tell him. What do I do? I feel so guilty but I can't stop thinking about my one-night stand.

Marcus H., Roehampton.

Doctor in disguise replies:

Yours is a dilemma which faces us all. Should we settle for what we know is secure or risk everything on an exciting gamble which may leave us with nothing? You must reach your own decision on this matter. However, if you are sure that your lover will eventually find out about your affair then I think it would be advisable to tell him now; in the end the decision might not be up to you.

Dear Dr in disguise,

I got off with my mate from work the other Saturday and I was really pleased as it turned out we were both ready for it. He's about my age and we're day-boys in the same locksmiths. I live at home with my mum and dad and so does he but that night his parents had gone to see his aunt in Margate. We went back to his place and before we got in the door we were all over each other. We stripped off in the hallway and soon ended up on the settee. Just as I was about to shoot my wad a terrible thing happened. His mum and dad had come back early and were standing looking at us from

the doorway. He still had his face buried in my crotch and didn't know they were there until his mum came over and closed the curtains. I picked up my clothes and ran out of the house 'cos I was so embarrassed. The worst thing is his mum and dad won't let me see him and he says they are moving soon. He wasn't at work this Saturday. I love him and I know he loves me but what can I do?

Name and address withheld.

Doctor in disguise replies:

I feel your pain so much. It is a tragedy when love between two young boys is soured by this sort of event. You had obviously come to love each other very much and cannot bear to be parted. You feel as if life will never be the same again. But this feeling will pass and one day you will again meet someone with whom you are able to communicate so effectively. It may be of little comfort to you now but the old proverb is true; 'Time heals all wounds'.

Dear Dr in disguise,

I have recently got involved with a very horny guy. We met in a Scarborough sauna and had a fairly heavy session the same night. He watches lots of porn videos and likes to act out the scenes. I feel inhibited by this and get embarrassed when I have to say things like 'suck that big cock' and 'move that tight arse'. I wouldn't mind but I can't do an American accent and I keep forgetting my lines. Is there anything I can do?

S.M. Scarborough

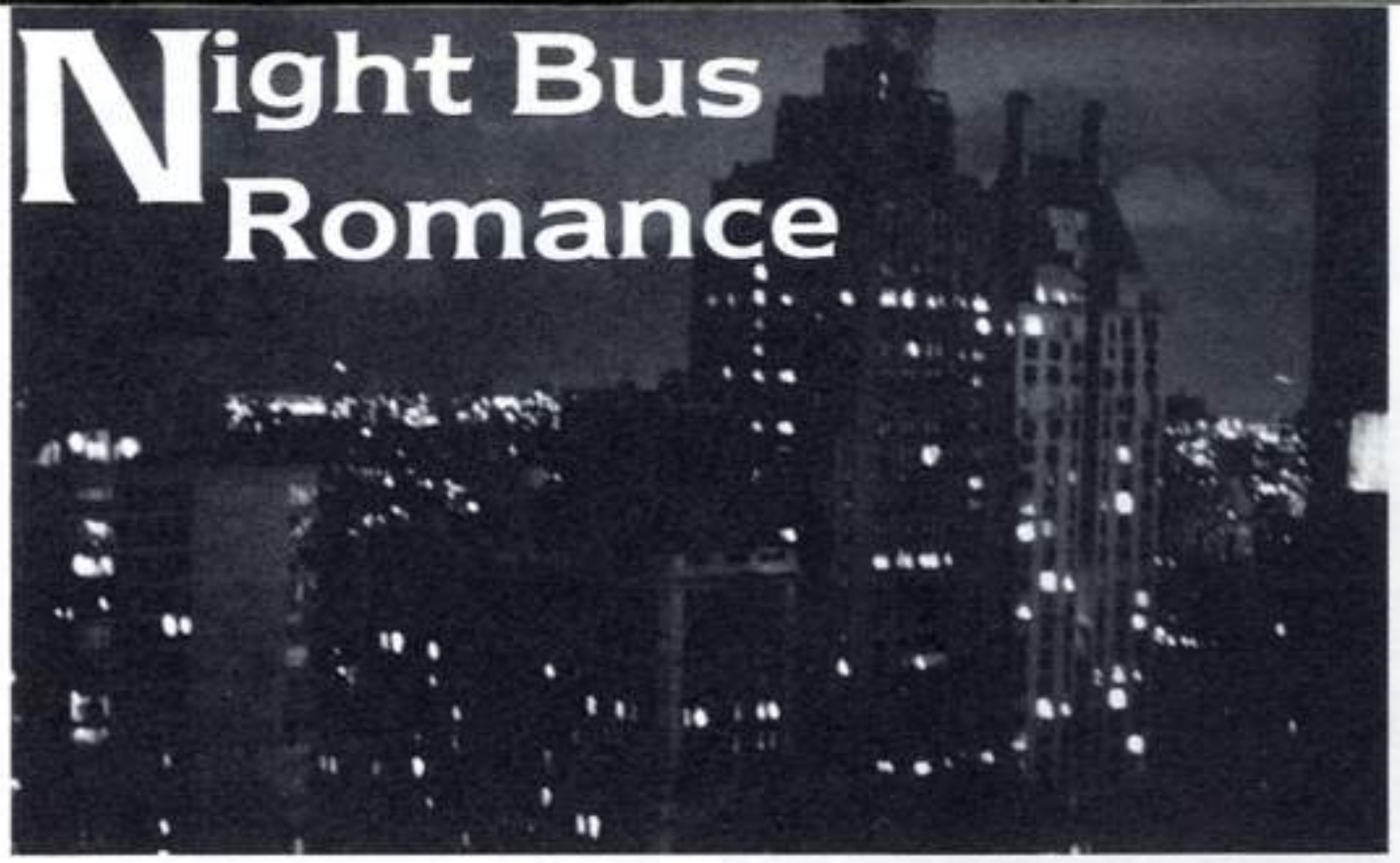
Doctor in disguise replies:

This is not quite as unusual as you may think. Many of us become 'hooked' on a particular method of arousal. If you value your relationship with your lover you will have to accept his needs. I suggest you write out your lines on small pieces of paper and stick them to whatever props you use. Break a leg!

To dredge the seediest depths of your vocabulary the *Prowl* computer has thrown out this fiendish wordsearch. How many raunchy words can you find? Marcus our officeboy found 40. Can you beat him? Clue; food is sexy too.

P	R	O	W	L	I	S	T	R	O	K	E
M	G	W	H	I	P	E	W	A	X	E	S
M	A	E	R	C	A	B	I	G	B	O	S
Y	G	N	I	K	C	U	S	I	R	D	I
O	O	V	L	I	E	C	T	W	E	A	K
B	M	D	I	E	T	E	L	B	B	I	N
O	M	O	D	N	O	C	R	L	B	C	A
R	Y	O	U	T	Y	I	O	G	U	H	P
U	O	F	O	S	E	L	L	M	R	B	S
E	B	M	I	R	E	H	T	A	E	L	E

Night Bus Romance



...continued

ready for a night's dancing. But picking up guys in the Bistro was out of the question; I favoured my job more highly than ten minutes unbridled passion then "see you 'round".

And so, after clearing the last of the dirty dishes about half past midnight I'd head home and to bed. I had the journey planned to perfection; two minutes walk through Soho's backstreets and hop on the N29 at Charing Cross Road about 12.40am. It was a long ride and I used to study the other passengers to pass the time, daydreaming about where they'd been and what they did for a living. That was how I met him.

He got on the bus at Oxford Street and sat diagonally opposite me. I noticed him sitting down and remarked to myself how cute he was, but I didn't dwell on it. I was soon watching the other passengers as they filed on board. A gruff old man, probably a vagrant, got on behind two teenagers who plonked themselves down in the front seats and started into the bluest jokes I've ever heard. Then an old woman, a regular, I used to see her on this bus five nights a week. And then there was the guy.

As my gaze fell on him I realised that he'd been watching me, still he sat there, eyes never wavering, a faint grin playing on his lips. It was I who averted my gaze, although I don't know why. I had to admit he was one of the most gorgeous guys I'd ever clapped eyes on. He looked late twenties, 6' 1", with a pretty muscular body and dark brown hair gelled back away from his forehead. He hadn't shaved for a couple of days and the thin layer of stubble over his jaw enhanced his thick red lips, curled now into a grin. He was smartly dressed – beige shirt and waistcoat, chinos stretched tight over shapely legs, brogues and a white silk scarf draped round his neck.

He looked terrific. And those eyes, those deep, deep blue eyes. I couldn't stop looking up at him, smiling briefly and embarrassedly as our eyes met, then looking away again, trying not to get too excited at the thought that this guy might actually like me.

We kept this up for most of the hour-long journey and I was getting into quite a state, planning what I'd say if he spoke to me, where we would go and what we would do, and what he would...

Just four stops before mine he got off the bus. There was no parting nod or gesture. Nothing. He just stepped off and walked away down the road, without so much as a glance in my direction. My stomach churned. I watched him go, willing him to turn and give a little wave or something. But he didn't. Bastard.

The following day was Friday. A good night, I cleared 60 in tips. Come 12.40, true to form the night bus came into view and I was just about to hail it down when someone tapped my arm. I turned, half expecting to face a gang of thugs. It was him.

continued overleaf...

Night Bus Romance

...from previous page

"I hope you don't mind me asking," he shrugged, "but I don't suppose you could change a ten pound note, I haven't got the right money for the bus?"

"Yeah, sure," I mumbled hardly able to believe my luck at meeting him again.

The bus drew up and we got on. Now the Bistro had been so busy all evening that I hadn't had a chance for a cigarette so I climbed the steps to the upper deck and lit up. Somehow I knew he'd follow me up sooner or later.

After ten minutes or so he appeared at the top of the stairs, he saw me and grinned. My heart skipped a beat, he was coming over. Oh god, what am I gonna say? He sat down in the next seat forward but faced toward me. Think of something to say. Quick

"Thanks for helping me out back there," he smiled warmly. I realised from his accent that he was American.

"No problem," I replied, taking a long drag on my cigarette and nerv- ously looking out the window.

"Do you take this route every night?" What a corny line to use, I remember thinking at the time.

"Not every night no." My startling repartee so easily flowing at the Bistro seemed to have dried up.

"My name's Rob." He offered his hand, I reached for it automatically.

"And you're...?"

"Gary."

"Hi there, Gary."

"Hello." I managed a smile.

Why was I so nervous? It was so easy to flirt with guys at the Bistro, grin- ning lewdly and making suggestive remarks when I served them. But this guy had me a tongue-tied wreck.

"Don't seem too full tonight," he noted, nodding around the top deck.

In fact there were only two others on the top deck, up at the front, away from us.

"No, well..."

"Gary, are you gay?" One thing about these Yanks, I thought, they don't mince their words.

"And what if I am?" some of my Bistro pluck was coming back.

"Just askin."

''What makes you so interested?"

"Cause I think you're real cute."

"Well I can't blame you for that." I was back into my stride now.

He laughed loudly; 'Modest little thing aren't ya?"

"Not that little, either."

His features hardened for a moment and then he did something no man had ever done to me

...continued on back page

Homoscopes

● AQUARIUS
Jan. 20th-Feb. 18th

You are going to experience some stichy patches around the 4th, 9th and 12th of this month, when everyone seems to be getting on top of you. You are a very tolerant sign and won't mind this at all. But you need to come up for air occasionally. Be prepared to drop everything in the middle of the month.

● PISCES
Feb. 19th-March 20th

You need to keep your wits about you this month as lots of plans you have made recently will all come off at the same time. This will be very inconvenient and towards the end of the month you'll have men literally streaming through your bedroom. This is the time for caution as the 23rd promises to leave you drained both mentally and physically.

● ARIES
March 21st-April 20th

Beware of not being able to communicate your needs properly this month as your libido has been inflamed by a rising mercury. If you don't get any assistance you will soon develop an interest in films and literature that may concern those around you.

● TAURUS
April 21st-May 20th

Planetary influences will unleash a storm of hypersensitivity around the 29th and make you insucceptable to new friendships. Private pursuits and hobbies undertaken after that day will be rewarding. However an unexpected visitor on the 9th will cause you embarrassment.

● GEMINI
May 21st-June 20th

You will spend a great deal of time in solitary pursuits this month which will give you a certain amount of contentment. If you share your secret pleasures with others you can expect some extra satisfaction. You will have a luchy meeting with an old friend around the 7th.

● CANCER
June 21st-July 20th

You have been feeling guilty about a recent misdemeanour and this will be the month in which you have to own up. But don't worry; those concerned will be understanding and may even surprise you with their readiness to forgive and forget. You are likely to be eating breakfast away from home on the 19th.

● LEO
July 21st-August 21st

You have been much in demand over the last few months. Now is your chance to sit back and decide what it is you really want. Everyone around you will have advice to contribute but you need to make your own decisions which could cause friction around the 23rd.

● VIRGO
August 22nd-Sept. 22nd

Now is the time to travel; even if only a short distance as people around you have become boring and you need someone to arouse your excitement. An encounter on a train going to Ramsgate on the 12th may well have surprising results.

● LIBRA
Sept. 23-Oct. 22nd

A number of people are making demands on your finances this month and you will need to jettison a little dead wood. Mars and Pluto on the 17th will see an exciting encounter with a well-proportioned man lasting well into the morning of the 18th. Expect to feel tired toward the end of the month.

● SCORPIO
Oct. 23rd-Nov.22nd

You have been hiding a longing for excitement but now is not the time to let yourself go. Your relationship may not seem very romantic at present but if you develop a security and safety there the beginning of next month should see your patience rewarded in an unexpected way.

● SAGITTARIUS
Nov. 23rd-Dec. 20th

Over the last few months you have been suffering from a forced period of celibacy but this will soon end. Around the 19th Venus bursts into your sky and you'll be glad you've been saving energy. You need to spend your time now sorting out your other affairs as there will be no time for mundanities then.

● CAPRICORN
Dec. 21st-Jan. 19th

Expect to meet lots of people this month. Everybody will be trying to get their hands on you. Avoid small places on the 3rd. Remind yourself of what you want from life and your success is assured.

Free Smalls!

They told us we were crazy, but at Prowler Press we don't give a fuck. So we're offering FREE small ads in Prowl.

Free ads must be "personal messages" only -- not contact or commercial ads. Ads should be kinda frivolous and intended for a specific person or persons (whether you have actually met him/them yet or not!). What better way to send birthday wishes or a message of lust? Some messages are included here to guide you.

If we get squillions of ads, we reserve the right to decide we were crazy after all and only run some of them. And ads from friends of the staff go at the top.

Patrice -- what gorgeous eyes you have! There's nothing I wouldn't do to get my hands all over your big thighs, big guy! -- Rob

---

MT-- You are the most gorgeous legislator in the galaxy -- DT

Don't miss Stoke Poges Lesbian and Gay Youth Group's 15th Annual Carrots Cucumbers and Leathers Bash-o-rama.

Rod, I love you I love you I love you! A secret admirer

Rodney,
When we're apart
There's a dart in my heart.
Cecil

Rod--Love ya!--Rindy

R: Thanks for last night
... Patrice

Bill loves Phil. Trooly Brill.

To Andy -- I hereby offer my palate for hire as a tea-taster. But I DON'T do PG Tips! -- Rod

---

Leader of Central London City Council offers services as street sweeping lady. Temporary Address City Hall. Don't call us, we'll call you (unless you're in a marginal ward).

Rindy, do that again and I'll scream! Cecil

HELP! I'm imprisoned in the Prowler Press Office and they won't let me go until I rate all of Euroboy's models for the next five years! Call the Secret Police!

Attention -- Confidential FBI Notice!!! The microfilm is hidden under the staple

---

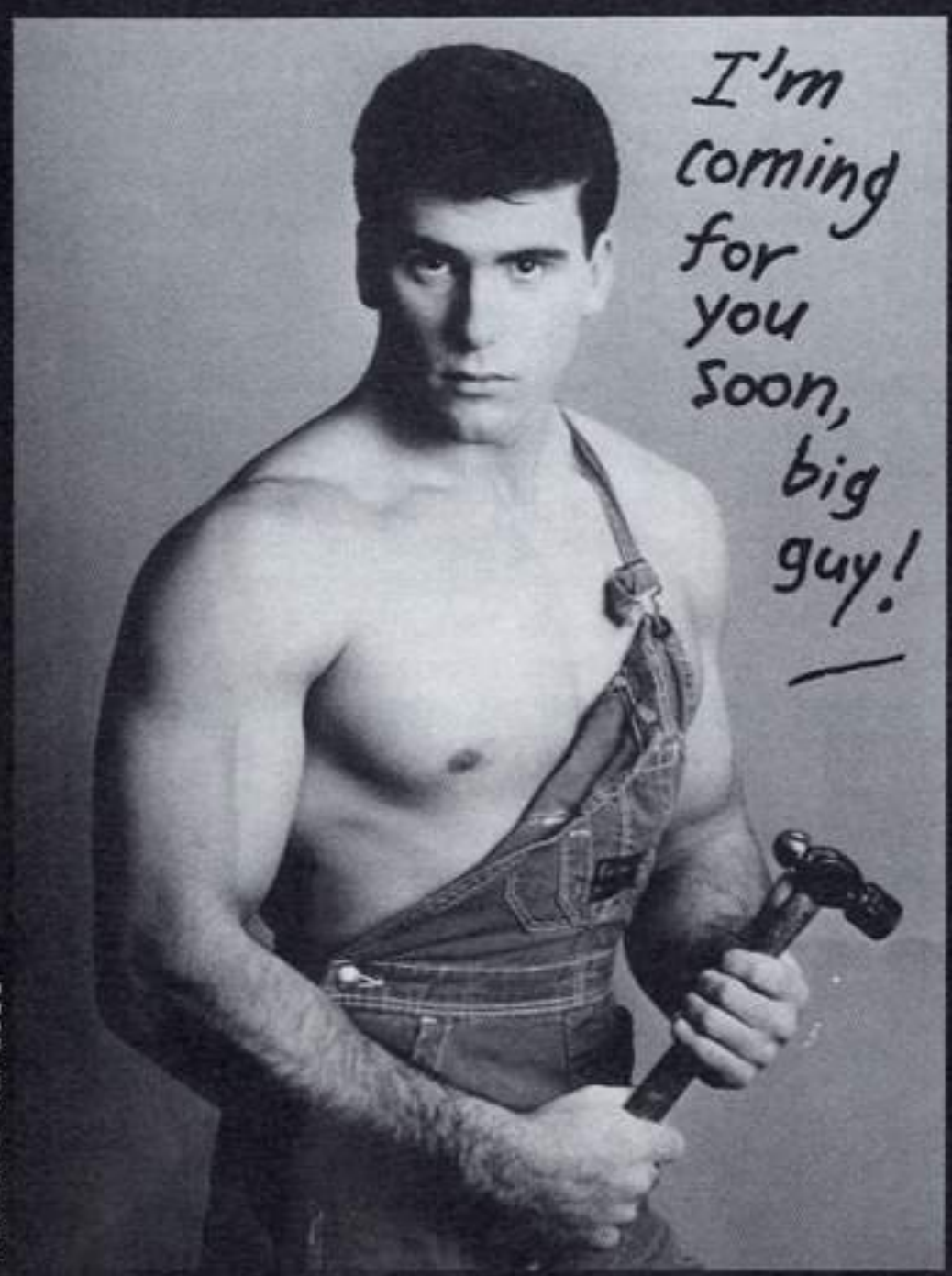
I'm sorry, when I said it I didn't realise my daughter was a lesbian. James, Manchester.

-> BCM Prowler Press Ltd
Free Smalls
London WC1N 3XX

Simple Directions:
(1) Write your ad here in BLOCK CAPITALS.
(2) Write your address on reverse in case we have a query (we won't tell anyone your details, except our shipping dept if you are ordering things from us).
(3) Have a nice day.

Free Smalls!

I'm on the PROWL



Are you?

Subscribe now
Get *Prowl* 2 free,
as soon as its printed

6 issues 4 the price of 5

A year of the MilkyWay's hottest magazines, shot 2 your door in discreet brown envelopes

Send this form with a cheque payable to PROWLER PRESS

One year £19.75

➔ BCM Prowler Press Ltd
Subscriptions Department
London WC1N 3XX

Please send me (tick):
- ☐ One year subscription to *Prowl* (£19.75)
- ☐ Euroboy 1 (£3.95)
- ☐ Euroboy 2 (£3.95)
- ☐ Euroboy 3 (£3.95)
- ☐ Pin Up Boy (£1.50)
- ☐ Everything above, special deal (£29.95)
- ☐ LA Dreams (£14.99 + £1 p&p – £15.99)
- ☐ The Works Postcards (£3.95 the set)

Name: (MR/MS/LADY/LORD/SIR/DAME/PRINCE) _____

Address _____

Town & County _____ Postcode _____

Prowl

(please sign) *I certify I am legally old enough (in the state where I live) to buy this material, and also certify I wish to receive it and am not a legal or postal official but am only ordering for my personal use* **(signature)**

X _____

USA. *Subscription $45; Sub + 3 back issues of EUROBOY $59. Prowler Press Ltd is pleased to accept US checks; be sure to send airmail.* ☺ *Have a nice day.*

NEDERLAND. *Abonnement f99; Abonnement + 3 backnrs f120.....Betaalt AUB met gestreept Eurocheque (kaartnr op keersijde geschreven) of banktrans naar onze bank: Prowler Press Ltd (rekeningnummer 07760191) in NationalWestminster Bank (banknr 55–61–11), 19 Vine Place, GB–Sunderland. Maar zenden naar ONS (BCM Prowler Press, London WC1N 3XX) de abonnementbon, merci.*

OTHER COUNTRIES *consult us/* **AUTRES PAYS** *Nous consulter.*

Pr–1

Hannukah-Xmas-Solstice Problems Solved

With A Gift of **Prowl**

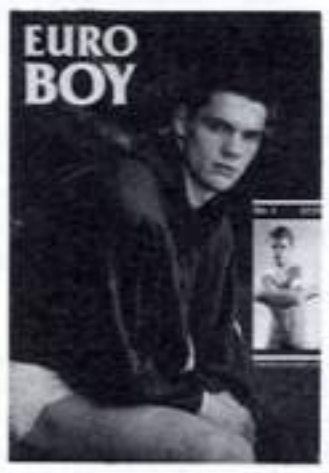
The ideal holiday gift! For just £19.75 we can send your friend a gift subscription to Prowl.

With your order form make sure to enclose a note telling us it's a gift subscription, and include your name and address, as well as theirs.

Prowler Press will take care of the rest – including sending your friend a gift card announcing the subscription.

Fab Back Issues Cheap

Euroboy Issue 3
£3.95



Euroboy Issue 2
£3.95

Euroboy Issue 1
£3.95

Pin Up Boy
£1.50

Night Bus Romance

...continued

before. He touched me. He stroked my face lightly, carefully, the back of his hand caressing my cheek tenderly. I swallowed hard, pushing his hand away: 'Somebody might see."

Glancing to the front of the bus he replaced his hand, stroking my hair and the fluff on the nape of my neck with a gentleness I hadn't expected from a man. A cold shiver ran down the length of my spine.

He moved into the seat beside me and without a second thought leaned over and brushed his moist red lips against mine. I didn't reciprocate which only made him press harder, and soon I could taste the sweetness of his saliva as his tongue prised my lips apart and edged its way inside me. I can't describe the feeling of such a passionate kiss. My senses reeled, I couldn't breathe. I pushed him away roughly.

"What's up kid?"

"Nothing," I stuttered, flushing red.

He cupped my head in both his hands, holding my gaze with those deep blue eyes. he could have done anything to me. At that moment I would have let him. He kissed me again, lightly at first and then with more urgency. His free hand started to roam over my chest, down my stomach and into my lap. He touched me softly there, holding, rubbing through my trousers, while all the time his lips bore down on me. I began to feel a tightening sensation in my gut. So this is what it was like. I had often wondered how it would be. The reality exceeded my wildest expectations. The feel of his tongue inside me was making my head spin. Then all too soon it was over. He pulled away.

"It's my stop next."

Somewhat dazed I realised where we were.

"Do you want to spend the night at my apartment?"

Even as I was trying to think of a dozen reasons why I couldn't go I felt myself nodding. My mind was racing as we walked through the empty streets: what's it going to be like? Will he hurt me? Will everyone know what I've done afterwards? Perhaps it wasn't such a good idea...

He went in ahead of me and lit a small table lamp; a burst of warmth hit me as I went through the door and he closed it quietly behind me. I didn't turn round. Then I felt his touch on my neck. God it felt good. Soon my jacket dropped to the floor and my shirt was shrugged from my shoulders. He con- tinued to rub the nape of my neck with his lips, passing them over my left ear, blowing gently, sending me wild with unknown feelings of excitement and wanting. His arms enveloped me from behind, holding me tightly, wandering over my chest and down past my stomach. A tentative hand grasped me, rubbing slowly, softly, making me groan.

Now he was sucking at my neck, his own excitement evident in the way that his firm body was pressed against the curve of my ass. His rubbing increased in intensity until I could barely stand, my knees had weakened under his onslaught.

"Stop..." I managed to gasp, "oh, please stop... I can't stand it."

He immediately ceased his kissing and caressing and let go of me. Even though I had asked for it I felt somehow dejected and unwanted. But it was short-lived.

"Come and sit over here," he whispered, taking me by the hand and leading me to where the light issued from the table lamp.

We slumped onto the large comfy sofa and in the dim light I felt, rather than saw, him ease me back over the cushions and start to unzip my jeans.

"Rob."

"Don't worry," he calmed, "I'll make it good for you Gary, I promise."

I felt my jeans slip from my legs, then my boxer shorts. Then his hands were on me. Stroking. Rubbing. Faster. Harder. It felt so good, better than I had ever dreamed. He kept a firm grip with his hand moving back and forth, driving me crazy. Then I felt the warm spreading wetness of his mouth, sending me wild with excitement.

"Ahhh..."

I could see his dark outline moving slightly, responding to my need, to my moaning and writhing. This was too much for me. This guy I had only just met was lying there on the floor moaning softly, making me feel so loved, so sensitive. I felt as if I was one with him. I was going over the brink. The quiet of the room was suddenly shattered as I screamed out long and hard, my body wracking and trembling until, panting, I sank back deep into the soft upholstery, feeling warm, drowsy and discharged.

The release was terrific – I had been waiting for this night for half of my life. At last I knew what it felt like to be loved by another man.

And I liked it.

My first time had felt so normal, so natural. This was what I had wanted and waited for all these years. And as Rob slumped beside me breathing heavily, I felt I had come to the end of a long journey. Wrapping my arms around him, I smiled like a contented cat as his strong arms lifted me into the bedroom.

We've seen each other on and off since then, he works odd hours like me. Often my heartbeat quickens when I hear footsteps springing up the staircase on the night bus. In fact I'm on the late shift again this week. Perhaps I'll sit upstairs on the bus home. Perhaps.

Amazing Impact

An ad this size will cost you only £99, but pay now for Prowl 3 and get an insert in issue 2 absolutely free!

BCM Prowler Press Limited
27 Old Gloucester Street
London WC1N 3XX

£99.00 is an inclusive price based on correct size camera-ready artwork.

Typesetting add 15%
Spot colour add 30%
Double size add 60%
Layout/design + 20%

Model release required if advertisement features face-shot.

Search for a Stud!

WANTED

Muscle-men, cuties, hunks, studs, boy next door types, swimmers, models, athletes, builders, masters, slaves, blond bombshells, bronzed bruisers, pretty young things, well-hung apes, college boys, cover boys and Euroboys.

We need loads of horny guys to pack out our pages.

Do you know someone who makes your toes curl, your heart pitter-patter and your c[CENSORED]k ache?

We want to meet him.

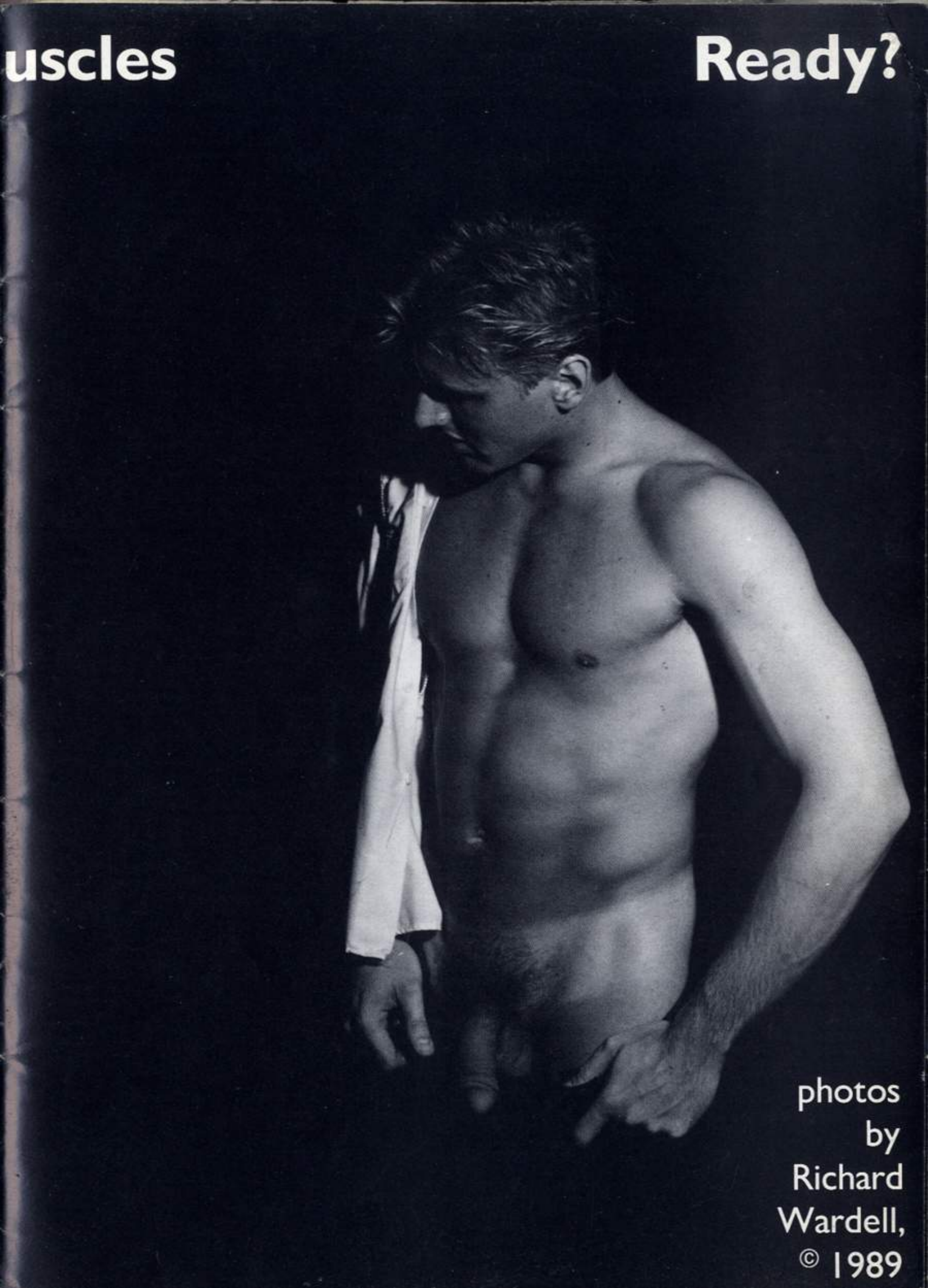
Or make a bid for stud-dom yourself; send us a snapshot and we'll be in touch.

Don't be shy, posing for Prowl is fun.

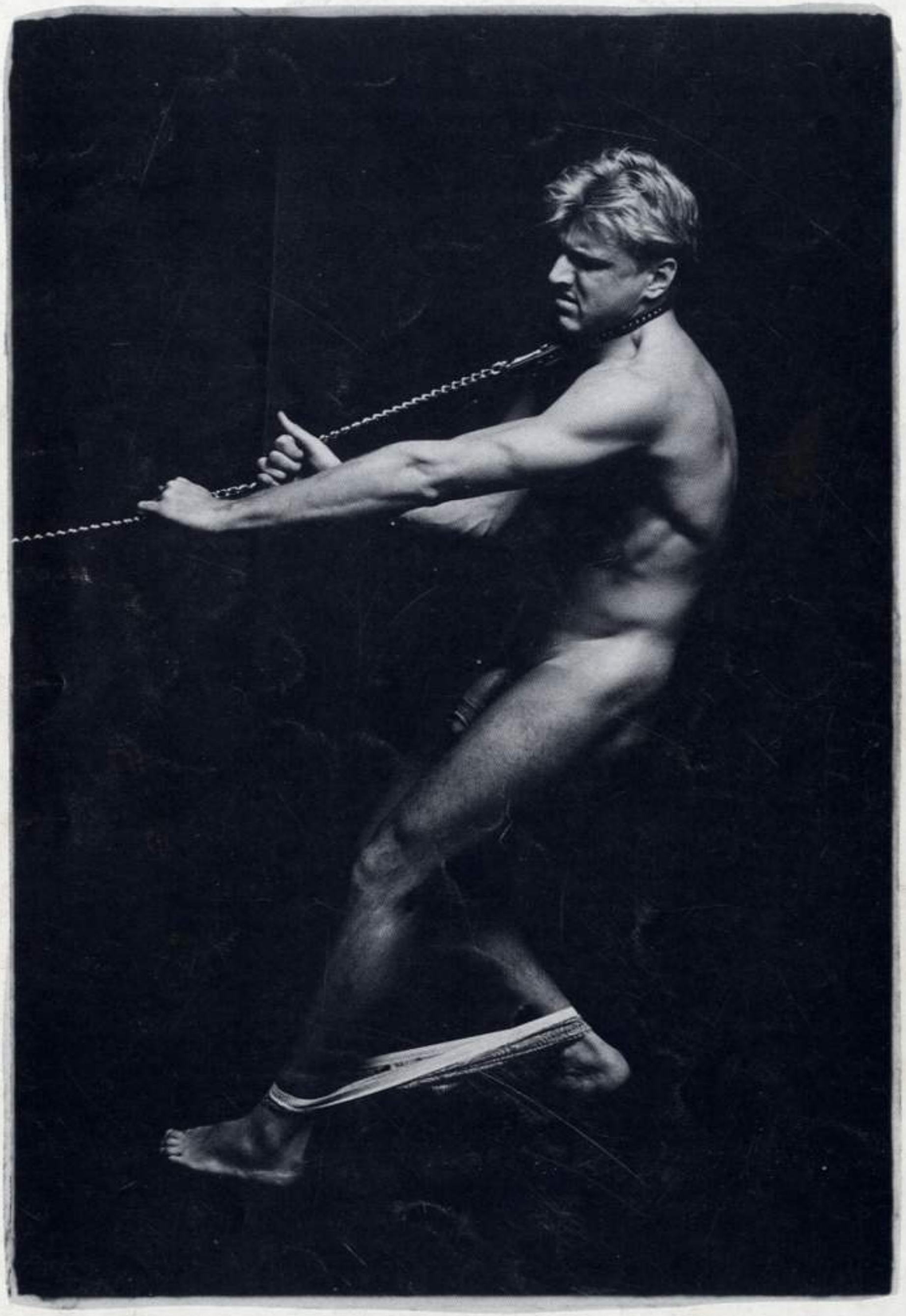
Look at my huge m

uscles

Ready?

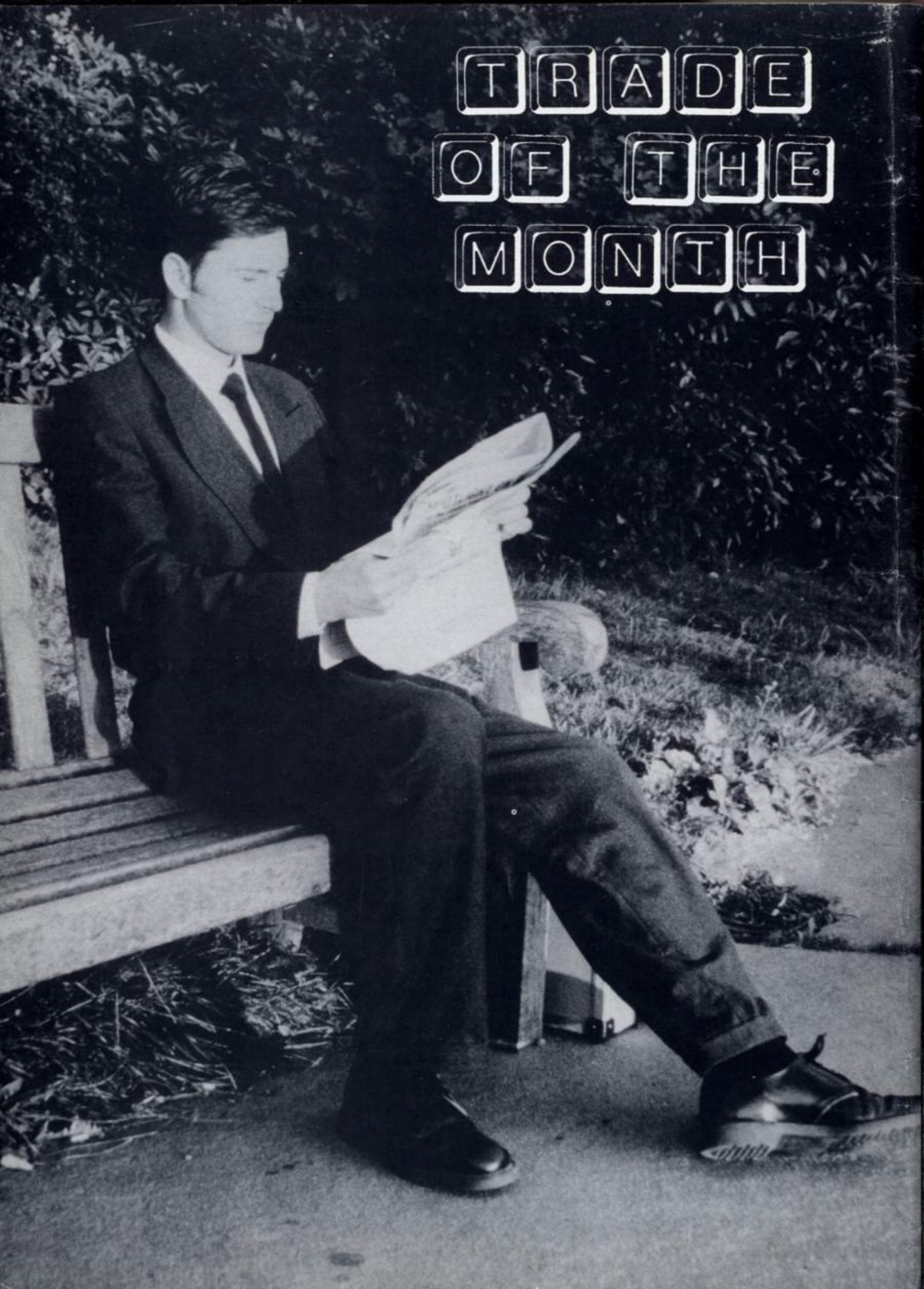


photos by Richard Wardell, © 1989

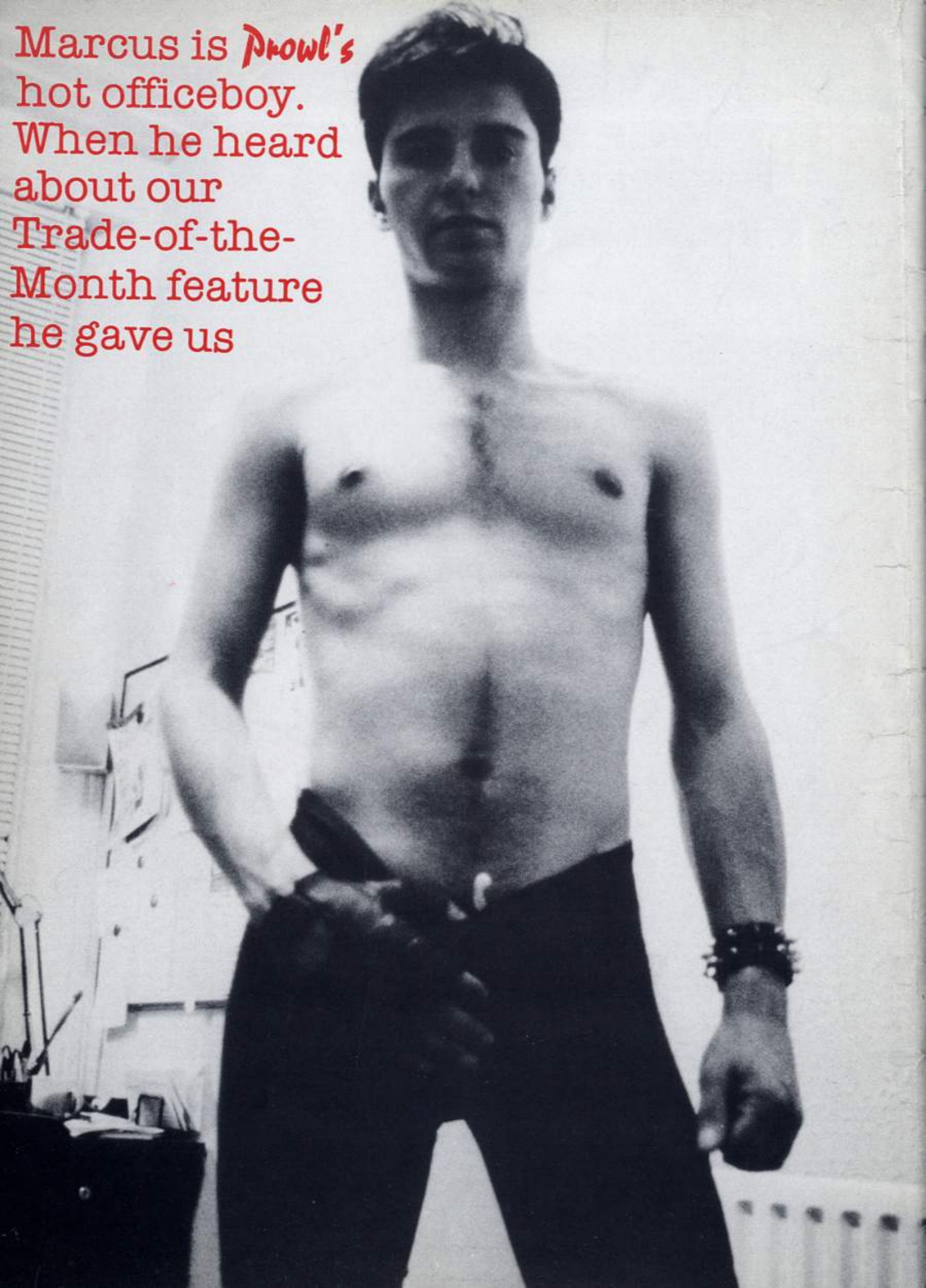


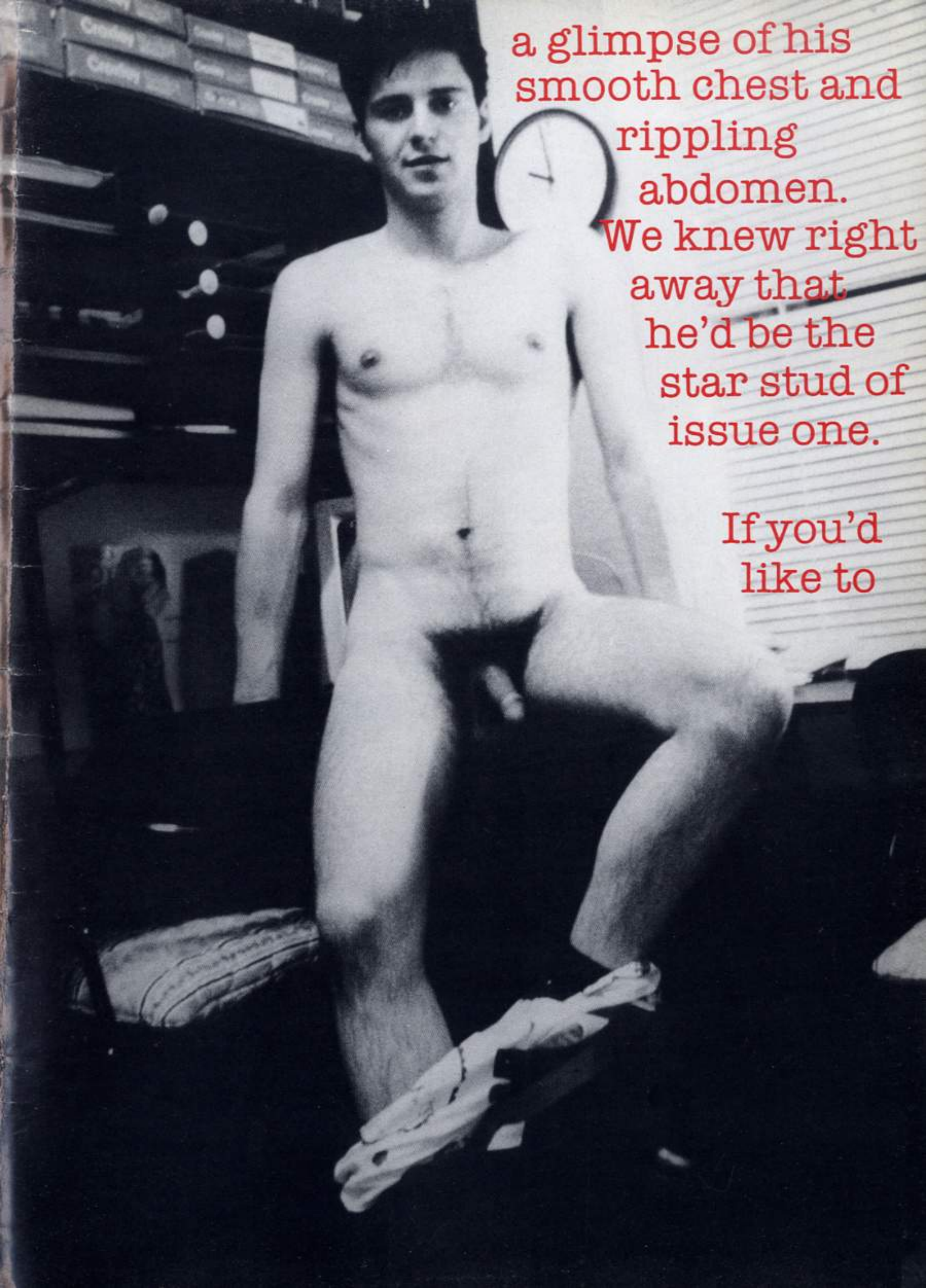
Page Missing

Page Missing


TRADE
OF THE
MONTH

Marcus

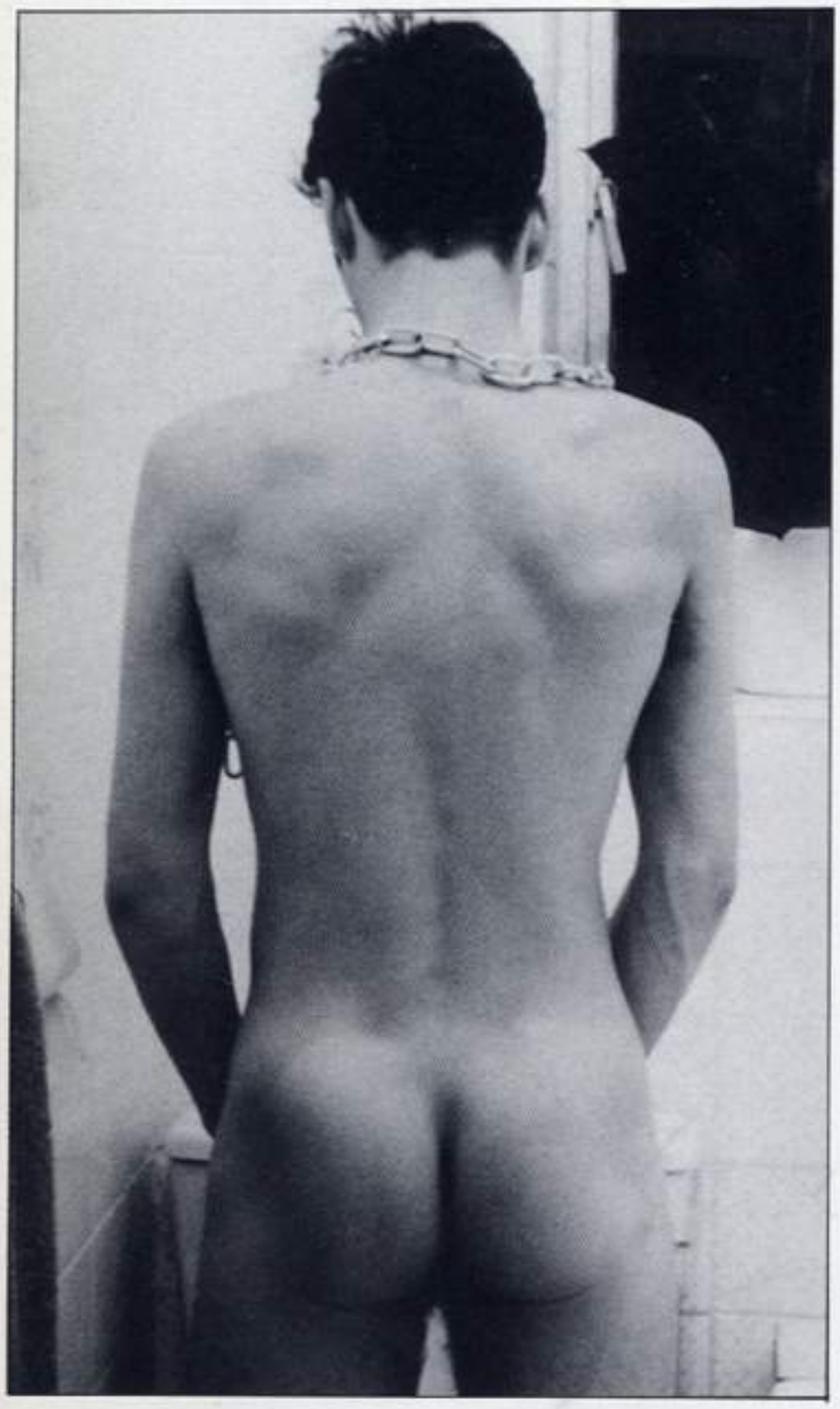

Marcus is Prowl's
hot officeboy.
When he heard
about our
Trade-of-the-
Month feature
he gave us

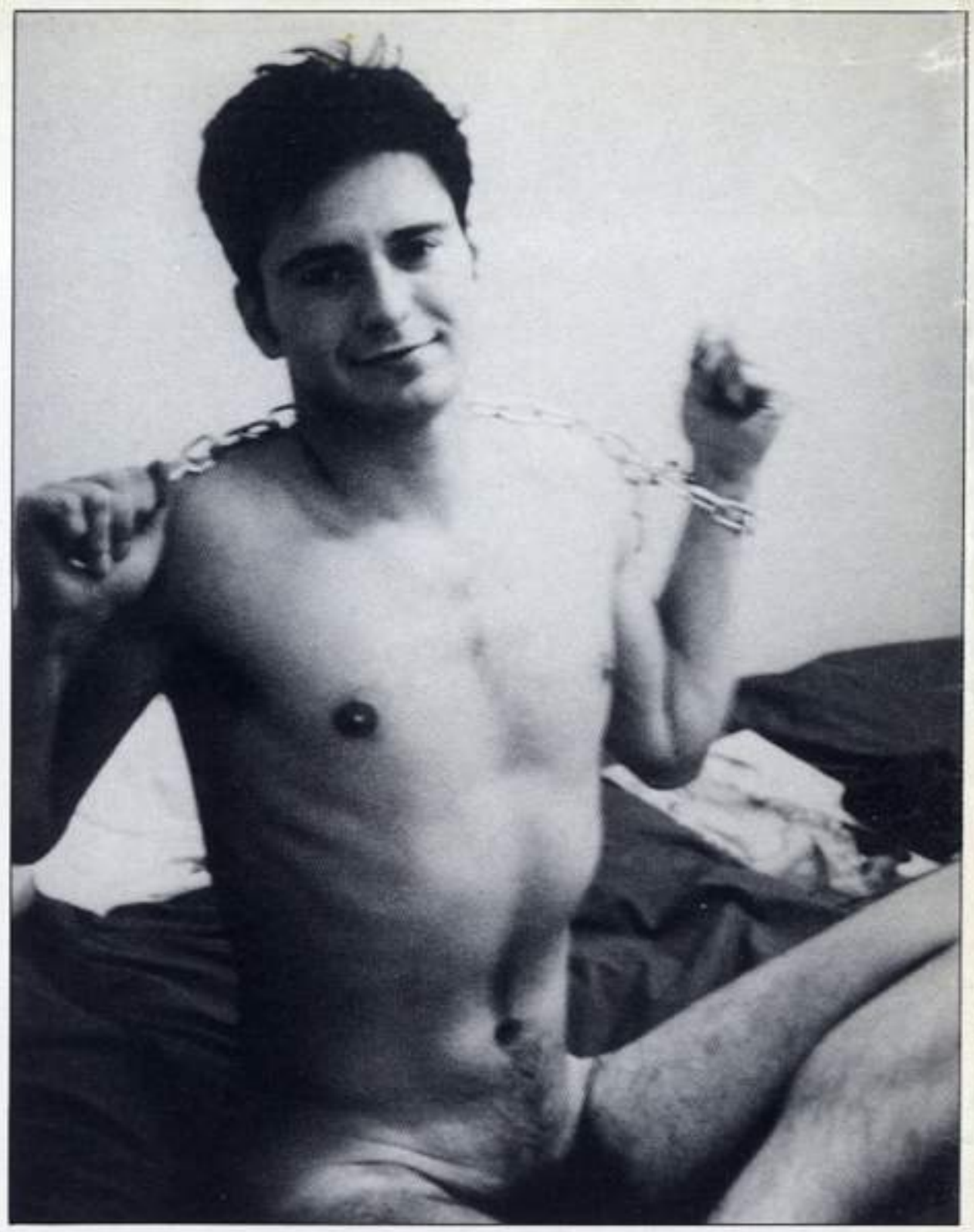

a glimpse of his smooth chest and rippling abdomen.
We knew right away that he'd be the star stud of issue one.
If you'd like to

be where Marc is now then send us a

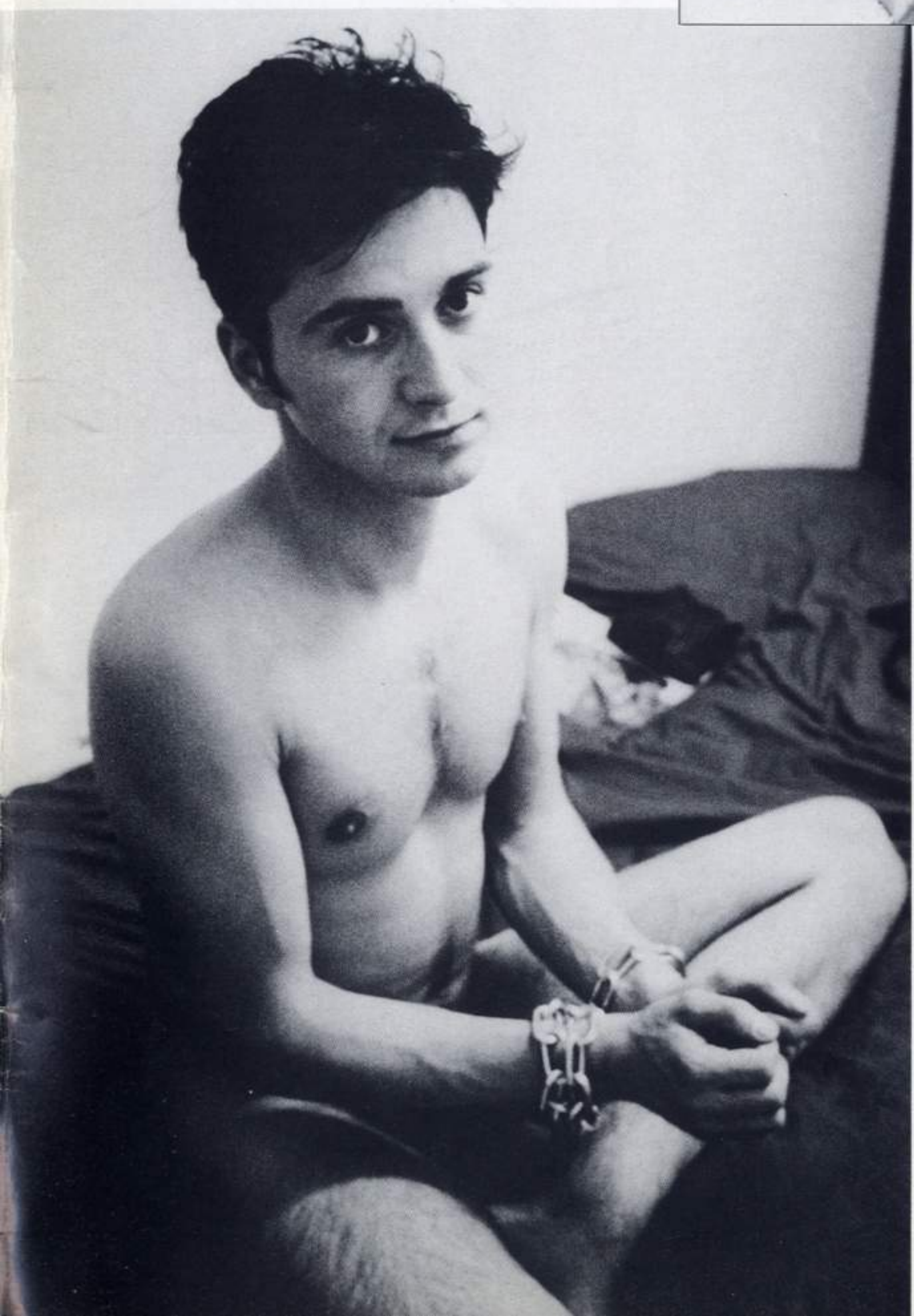
snap. Maybe **your** job will be next month's

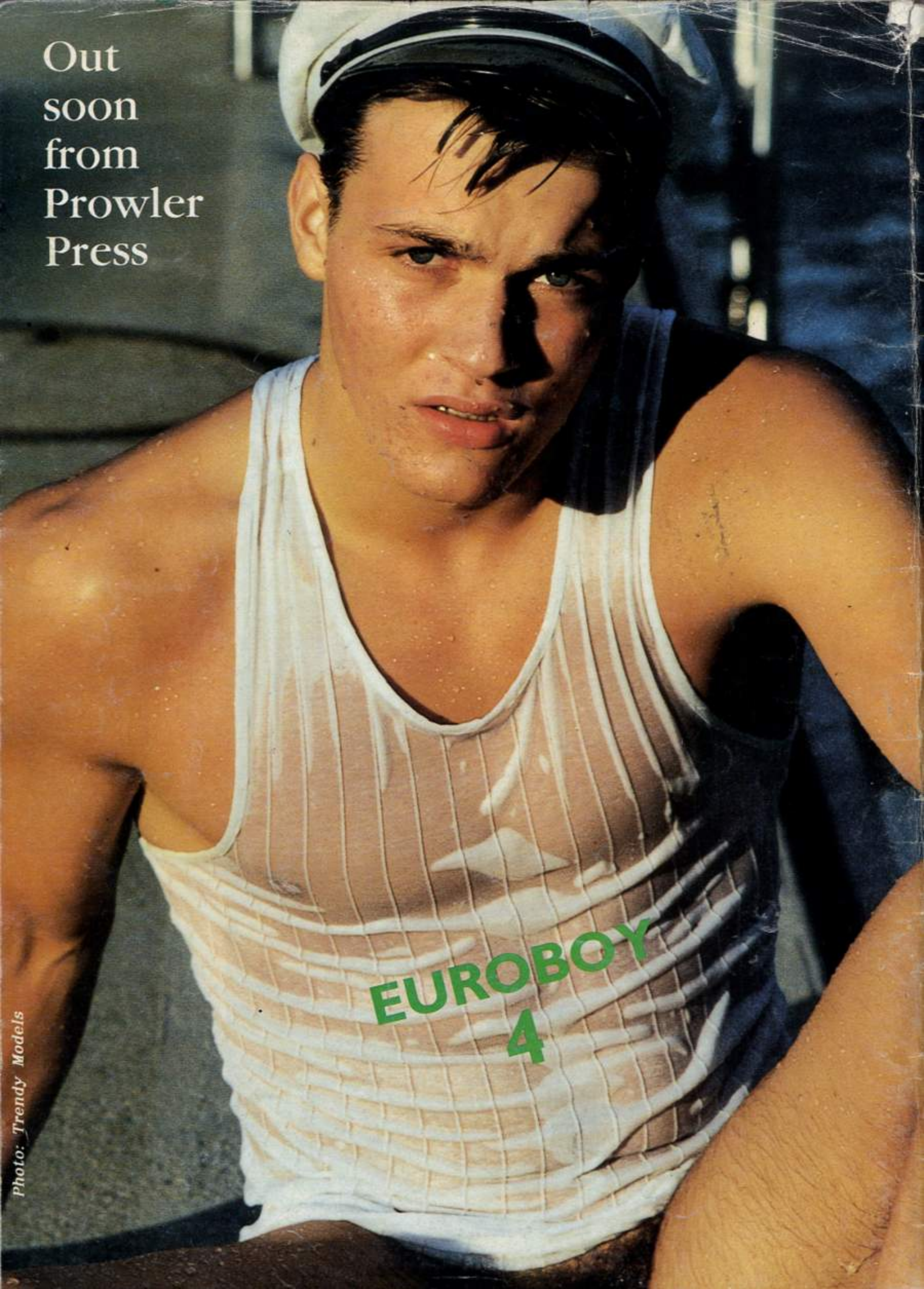
trade. In the meantime, when you return your





subscription, why not slip something in to excite Marcus.




Out
soon
from
Prowler
Press
EUROBOY
4
Photo: Trendy Models