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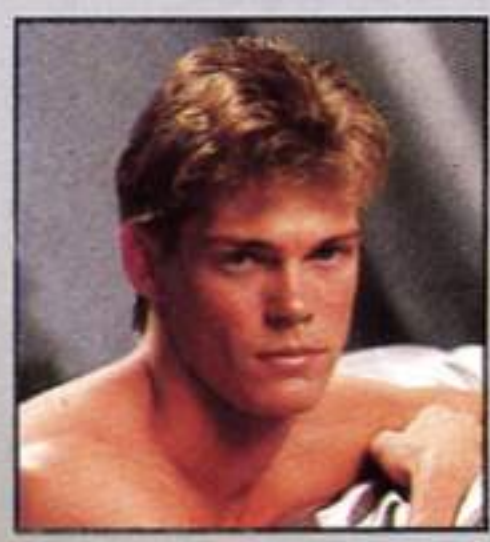

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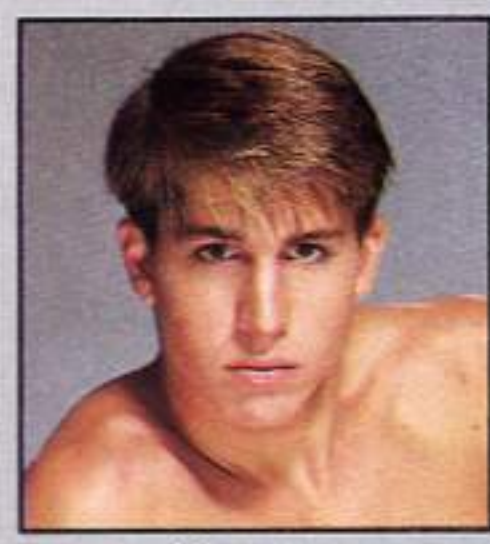

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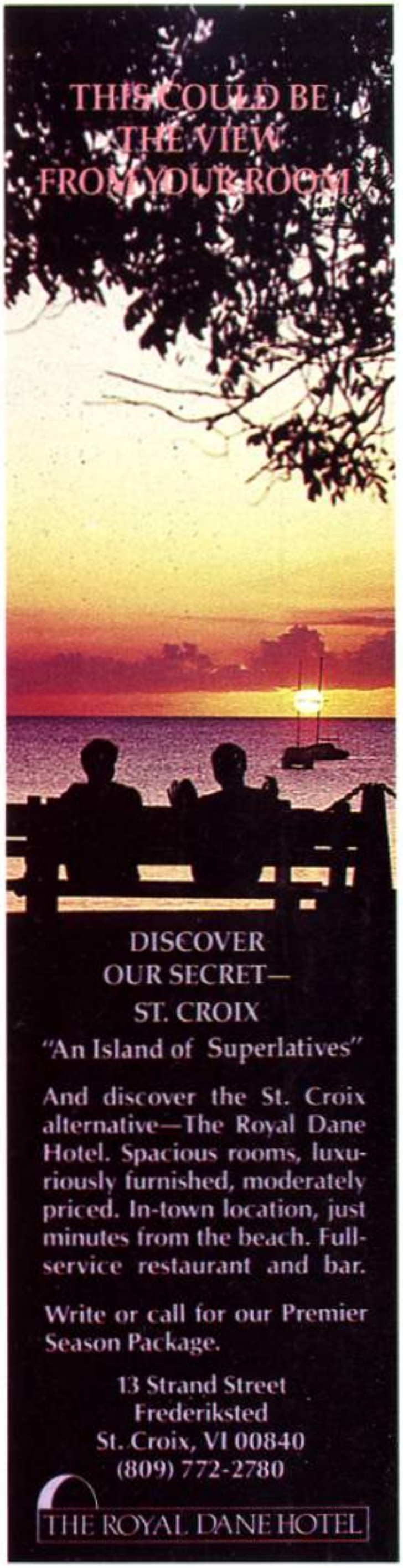

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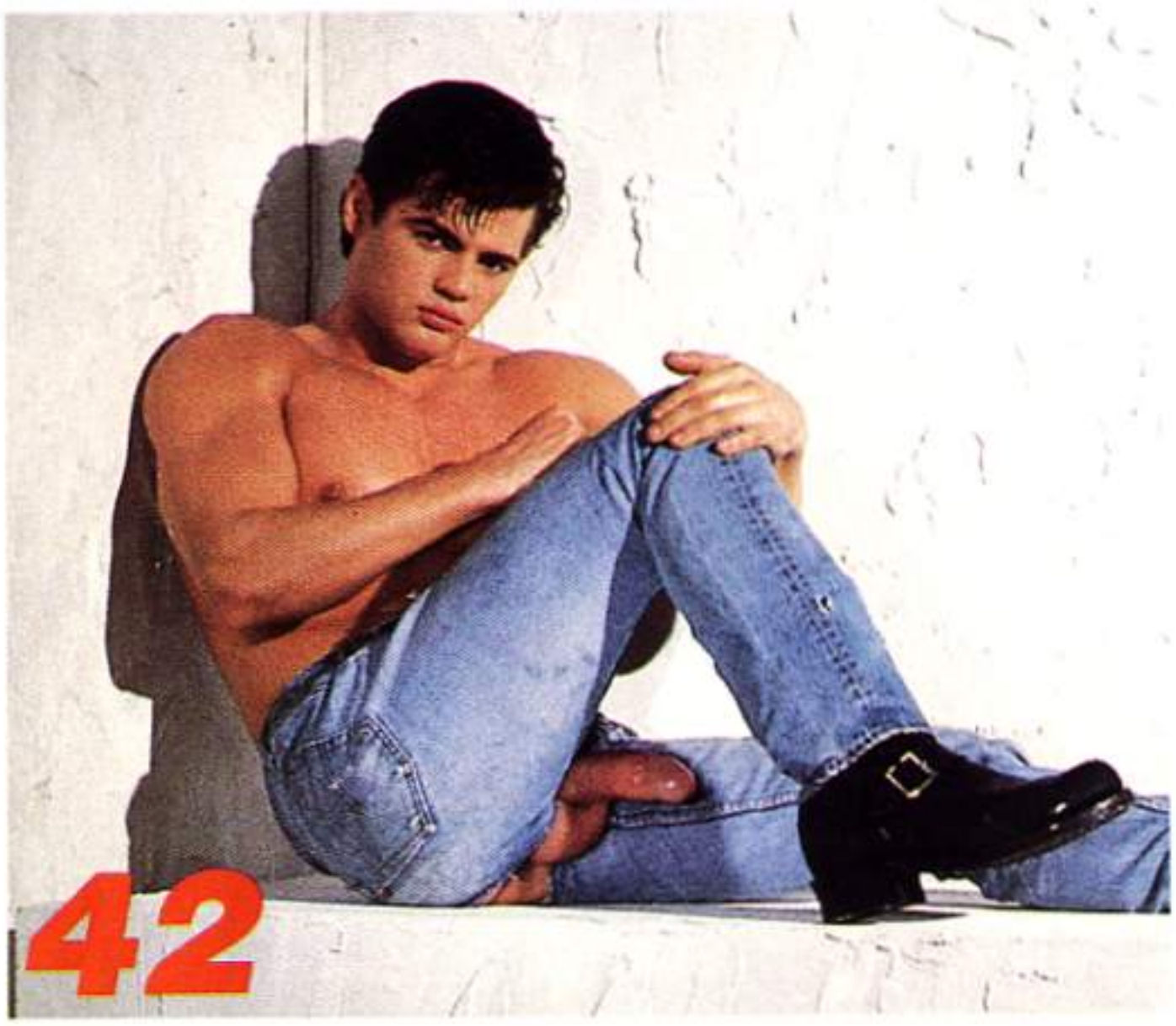
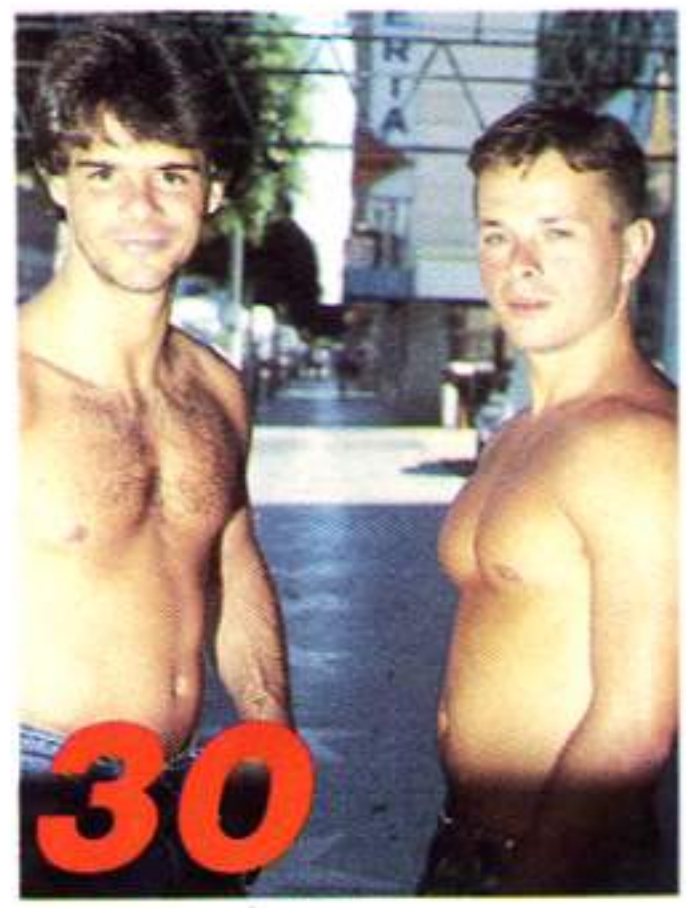


JEFF STRYKER
Hot and horny Catalina stud in this exclusive shoot.



RATED X
GOTTA HAVE IT, by Wall to Wall Video. Starring Jon King in his first full length feature film in over two years.

ROB LUNDGREN
Male Erotica by Falcon Studios.

BRIEF AFFAIR
Uncovered . . . and never a fashion risk. It's underwear from the brief to the boxer. Photography by Steve Paige.

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BRAD RICHARDSON
Coverman Brad strips and shows his hot, young body and his incredible cock just for you. Still photography by MAC Productions, courtesy of Wall to Wall Video.

ANDY WARHOL
Beyond art. Abstractions of humanity and pop portraits. Warhol did it all.

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"F" Train

Fiction by Robert Devaney
Art by Ed Hartley

I'm not going to beat around the bush," Mr. Berringer said, and then proceeded to do just that. "Your work shows great potential, Paul. You're a bright boy with a lot on the ball. Since you joined us six months ago, I've heard some excellent reports about you abilities. Really top-drawer."

"Thank you, sir," I said, as modestly as I could manage. It wasn't easy taking compliments for the kind of Mickey Mouse work I'd been doing as a management trainee. Most of it so far had been on the college introductory level and I could have handled it in my sleep. Which, as a matter of fact, was just about what I was doing. And the reason why my division manager had called me on the carpet that morning.

"You're the kind of young man Automated Data likes to keep its corporate eye on," Mr. Berringer continued. "You could have a great future here with us—but there's one little fly in the ointment."

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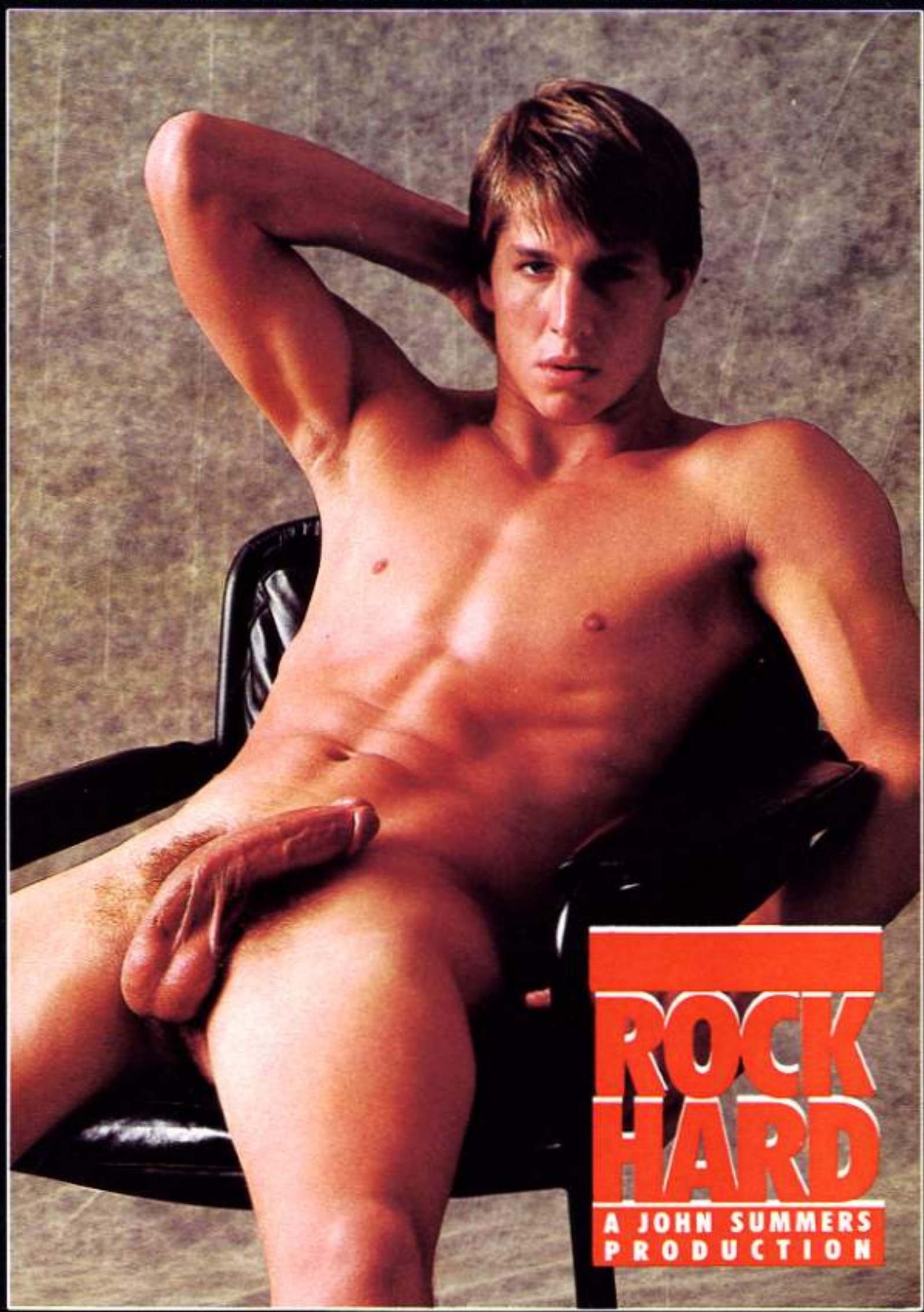

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He was fond of cliches.

"My lateness, sir?"

He nodded solemnly. "Your lateness." Opening my personnel folder, he extracted a sheaf of timecards and spread them across his desk like he was going to tell my fortune. Which, in a way, I guess he was.

"This is really disgraceful, Paul. No excuse for it. You haven't been on time *once* in the past three months." He shuffled through the cards, reading at random. "Twenty minutes late. Fifteen. An hour. Thirty-five minutes. Ten." He swept them all together and snapped the pack down hard on the desk. "When is it going to stop?"

"I *do* all my work, Mr. Berringer, I protested, and it was true. Even though I was rarely at my desk on time, I never left anything over that had to be done. In fact, most days found me with enough boredom time on my hands to read all three New York newspapers front to back.

"That's not the point, son. What if everyone adopted your attitude and came in when he felt like it? We'd have total chaos. That's no way to run a business. Just because you're brighter than most of the others it doesn't make you an exception to the rule. Think of the example you're setting for the people you work with. One rotten apple, you know, can spoil the whole barrel."

"I'm sorry, sir." What else could I say in the face of such profundity?

"I'm afraid sorry isn't good enough, Paul. The company pays you a decent salary for your work, and I don't think it's *too* unreasonable for us to expect to get the time we're paying for. Do you?"

"No, sir," I agreed. "But—well, you see, my salary is part of the problem."

His eyebrows arched high on his shiny forehead.

"I'm only making two hundred a week, Mr. Berringer."

His thin lips pursed tightly together. "For a boy less than a year out of college, I don't think that's such bad money."

"No, sir, it's not really. But Manhattan's a very expensive place to live. In fact, I can't afford to. All I can manage is the little place I've got way out in Queens. And—and that's really why I'm late so often. It takes such a long time getting here on the subway that—"

He cut me short. "Bullshit."

I blinked in surprise. "Sir?"

"I said *bullshit*. That's no excuse at all. We've got employees who live as far away as New Jersey and *they* get in on time. You're grasping for straws, Paul."

I could tell it was pointless to pursue the matter any further. "Yes, sir, I guess I am."

"A person can do anything if he puts his nose to the grindstone. If you have a long commute in the morning, you'll just have to get up earlier. Make more of an effort. But one thing is certain: if you *don't* do something about this situation, *I* will be forced to. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, sir. Perfectly clear."

The interview was obviously over. Mr Berringer closed my file and stood up. "I'll give you two more weeks to straighten yourself out, Paul," he said, "and at the end of that time I expect to see some definite improvement. If not. . .well, I'm afraid we'll have to let you go."

I was angry when I left his office, because I've never been able to take criticism of any sort well. It seemed to me that if I was able to get all my work done satisfactorily, it shouldn't matter *what* time I started doing it. Especially when I knew I could run rings around a half-dozen other trainees who couldn't do much else *but* punch a time clock on the dot. But deep down I realized Berringer was right. If you're going to play the game, you have to follow the rules. Silly as they may seem.

I also knew that living in the ass-end of Queens had nothing to do with my lateness. It was the hours I was keeping at night. In Manhattan.

I guess when you've grown up in a small town where the tallest building is five stories high, then spent four years in a college that gives Wayne Newton an honorary degree at your commencement, New York City is addictive. Especially if you happen to be gay.

The first time I saw a postcard of the Manhattan skyline, I knew that's where I wanted to live. And the day I read about the Stonewall riots in my hometown paper I was certain of it. Hardly front page news in Hazleton, the article was small, taken directly off the AP wire and buried deep in the national news section, but for me it stood out like a beacon in the dark. It told me I was not alone. There were other men who felt the way I did and they were willing to stand up and fight for their sexuality. They were living in New York, and as soon as I got the chance I was determined to go there and join them. As far as I knew, it was the only place in the world where people like me existed. There certainly weren't any in Hazleton. At least none that *I* knew.

My college plans had been mapped out for me the day I was born. My father, a Baptist minister, had gone to Blake University in Iowa, and that's where I was expected to go also. Hopefully with the expectation that I would

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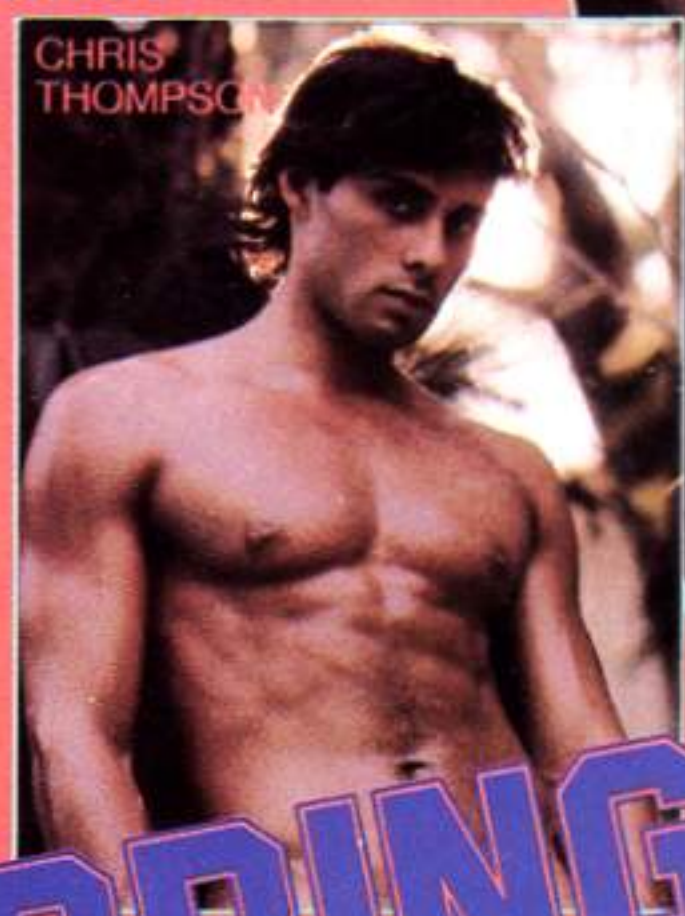

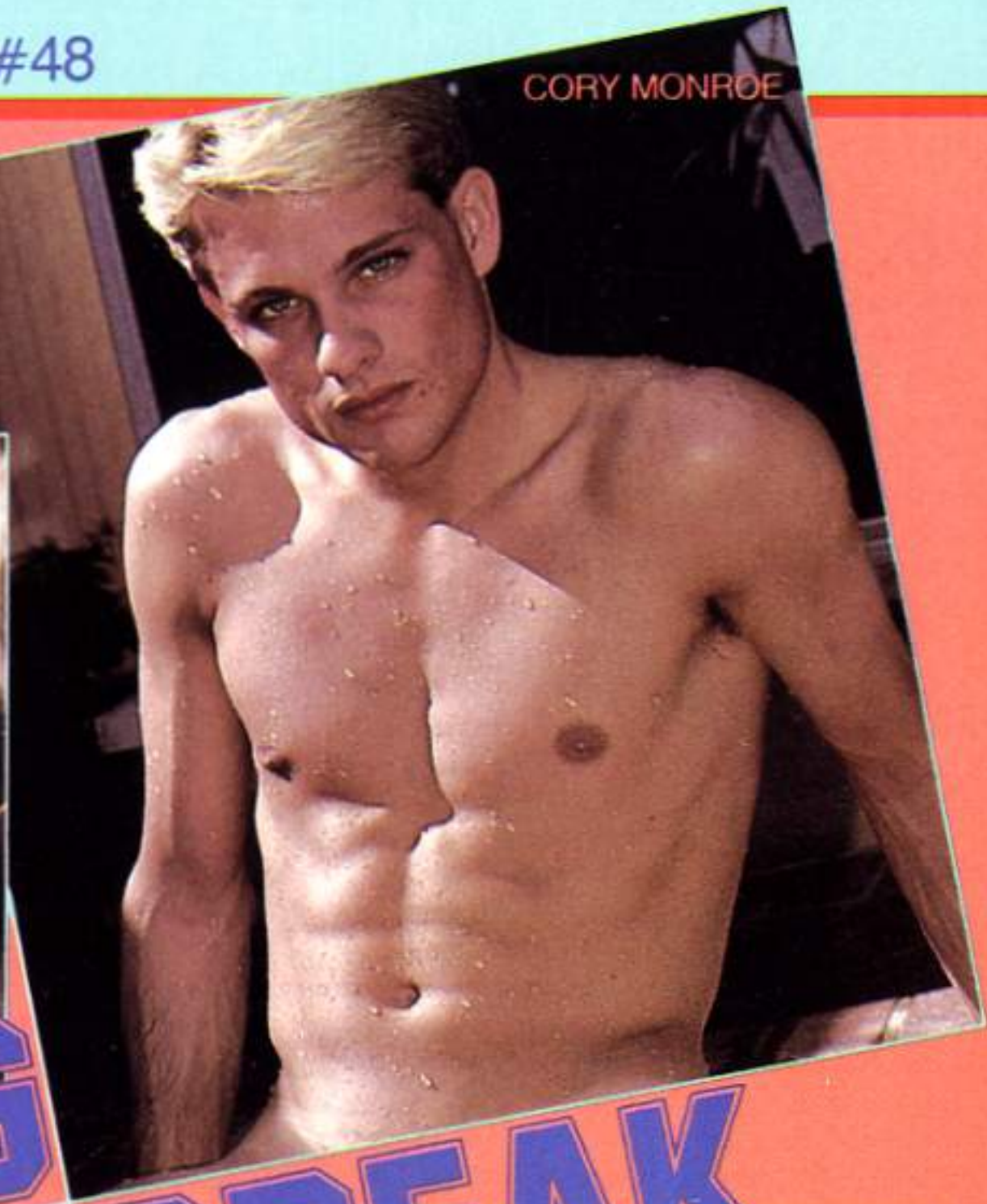

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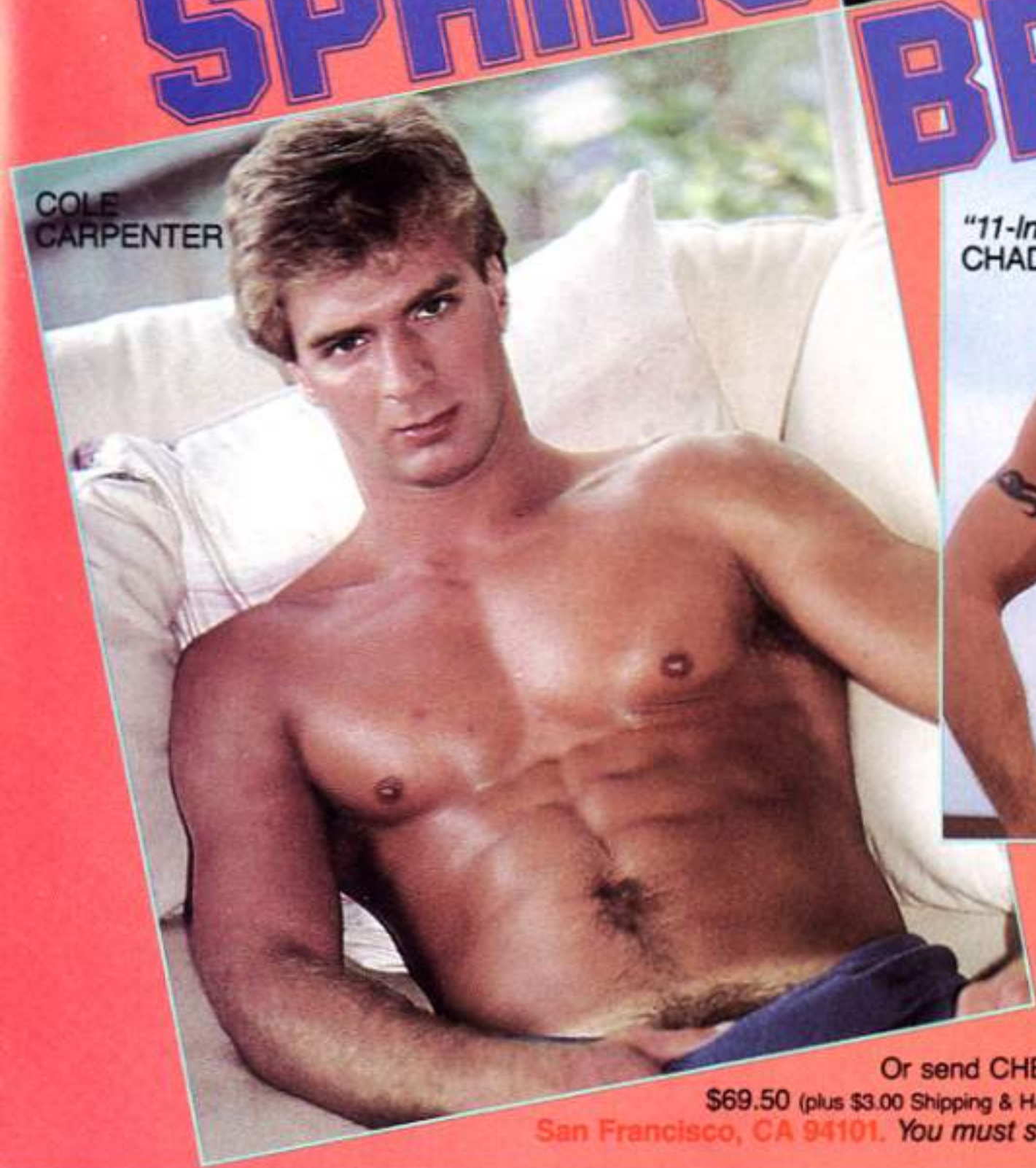

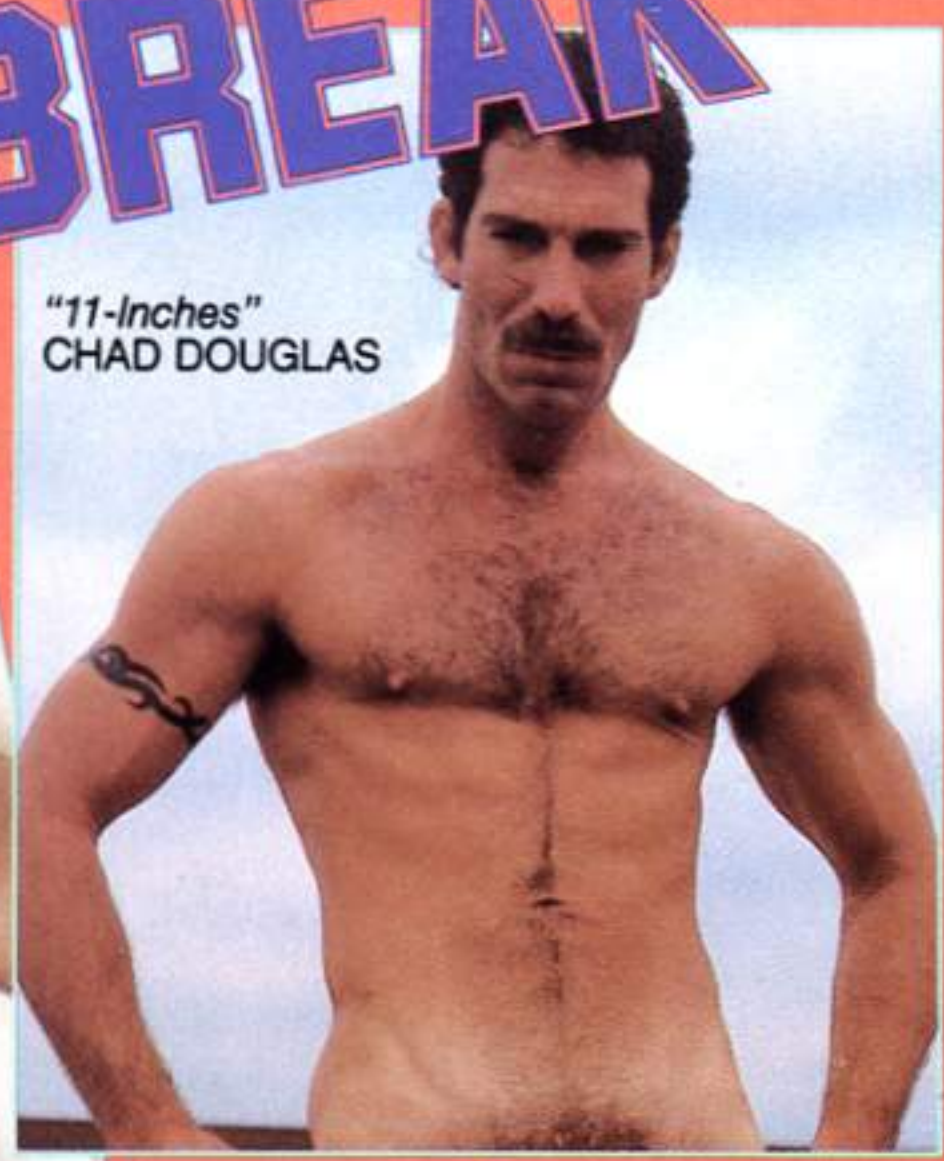

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receive the calling, too, while sheltered in its hallowed walls. As it turned out, I chose to be a business major, much to my father's great disappointment. I knew the chances of landing a job in New York would be far greater with a saleable degree to my credit than if I arrived armed with only the Good Book and an ability to quote from it. Money might be Satan's tool, but it's the one that built Manhattan.

Actually, my four years at Blake honed another skill that I knew would be useful in New York. Cocksucking. Thanks to my roommate, a pre-divinity student from Lawrence, Kansas, I became an expert at an art that I'd only fantasized about in high school.

Roger and I had some terrific times together, although inevitably they were a little on the peculiar side. He was handsome enough to be in the movies, with a dick that was long and fat and always ready for action. The only trouble was that he thought it was a sin to indulge himself in the pleasures of the penis. *Afterwards*, that is. He'd spread his legs wide, with that magnificent spire pointing straight toward heaven, and let me suck on it until he'd shot two or three heavy loads in my mouth and was completely satiated, then fall into a fit of remorse.

"I shouldn't have let you *do* that," he'd moan. "The Lord will punish us for what we've done. We've got to beg his forgiveness."

Since I was already on my knees, I'd bow my head while Roger chanted a few long and mostly incoherent prayers to ask forgiveness, and then we'd go to bed. In the morning he'd wake up with a hard-on that made a pup tent of his top sheet and we'd start in all over again. It was fun while it lasted, but I somehow knew that things were done a little differently in New York.

My four years at Blake honed another skill that I knew would be useful in New York. Cocksucking. Thanks to my roommate I became an expert at the art.

Within a week of graduation, I found a job with Automated Data, a one-bedroom apartment I could afford in Queens, and the bars on Christopher Street. I felt like all that time I'd spent on my knees while Roger prayed had paid off. Surely I'd died and gone to heaven!

There were hot men everywhere I looked, and most of them available. I have the good fortune of being attractive myself—tall, blond, WASPish features—so making out was fairly easy. The men I wanted either approached me first, or didn't make much fuss when I flashed my Pepsodent smile and suggested doing something down and dirty back at their place. Mine, of course, was out of the question. No one who's really hot to trot wants to spend forty-five minutes on the subway before the starting gate goes up. Not even me.

It was a downer of major proportions having to slip out of a nice warm mouth, ass, or bed at five o'clock in the morning and head back to Hillside Avenue to catch a little more sleep, have a quick shower and shave, and trek to the Automated office in Rockefeller Center. Especially when I was expected to be there by 9:00 a.m. Some mornings I'd cut it so close to the wire that I still had the pungent taste of cum in my mouth when I was putting my timecard in the slot.

Now Mr. Berringer was threatening to put an end to everything that made working for his jackass company worthwhile in the first place. I was faced with a double-edged sword. If I gave up my nightlife, work would be unbearable. But if I was fired for coming in late all the time, there'd be no money to party at all. The cold reality of finances won out.

The night after my talk with Berringer, I spent an hour jacking off while trying not to think about all the hot action I was missing in the Village, set my clock for seven instead of eight, and went to sleep

It was a downer of major proportions having to slip out of a warm mouth, ass, or bed at five o'clock in the morning and head back to Hillside Avenue to catch a little more sleep.

praying that someone would discover I was the long-lost son of John Paul Getty. When the clock went off the next morning, I swore I'd have traded that prayer for a good set of earplugs. Rise and shine, huh? Well, I rose. But there was a definite lack of luster confronting me in the bathroom mirror.

I dressed in a daze, downed a quick cup of instant Maxwell House, and started for the subway. The station was mobbed with early-risers at the peak of the rush hour, and the minute the train doors opened it looked like the stampede out of Sodom had been a Sunday stroll. I was almost knocked down in the rush for seats and wound up clinging to a pole near the between-cars exit. At each successive stop, more bodies piled inside. For the first time in my life I understood the meaning of claustrophobia.

I wasn't twenty minutes out of the house and already my clothes were sticking to me with sweat. In mid-November, wearing a suit and topcoat while doing an impression of a sardine, it's almost impossible to maintain that GQ image. I vowed that if and when I ever escaped that cattle car I'd march straight into Berringer's office and tell him exactly where he could stick his timecards *and* the clock.

Then the train pulled into the Union Turnpike-Kew Gardens stop, and *he* got on. Another five hundred people seemed to push their way in along with him, but I couldn't have missed a face like that in Times Square on New Year's Eve. He was gorgeous. Breathtaking. Perhaps the most

All I could think about was that hunk on the subway. Twice I went to the men's room and jerked off in one of the stalls, imagining the two of us lying naked together on some deserted beach while I climbed his palm tree with my tongue.

---

handsome, sensual man I'd ever seen in my life. A walking wet dream.

He towered a good two to three inches above the herd around him, and although he was wearing a suit and camelhair overcoat I had no doubt that underneath them was a body of magnificent proportions. About thirty years old, he had thick, dark, wavy hair and a Clark Gable moustache. Brilliant blue eyes. A cleft chin in a square-cut jaw. And a stare that cut straight to the quick as he caught my eyes and began to manuever himself toward me. For a silly moment I wondered if we knew each other, his stare was that direct and intense. But then I realized he was a man you wouldn't easily forget, once having seen him.

A total stranger, his eyes burned into mine with such force I had to look away. I felt him squeeze past me and position himself directly against the empty conductor's cab at the end of the car. Not more than six inches separated us. We stood so close in the mob that I swore I could feel his warm breath on the back of my neck. Talk about heavy sweat! My pits started doing an impression of Niagara Falls.

The doors closed and the train jolted as we took off again. Our bodies collided and he murmured, "Sorry." His voice was a husky, sensual growl that turned my knees to butter.

I was ten minutes early punching in that morning. Mr. Berringer would be proud of me when he looked at my timecard, but the fool would never know that as far as work was concerned I was totally useless for the rest of the day. For the first time since I'd joined Automated Data, I left things on my desk undone. All I could think about was that hunk on the subway. Twice I went to the men's room and jerked off in one of the stalls, imagining the two of us lying naked together on some deserted beach while I climbed his palm tree with my tongue and shook loose his coconuts.

At five o'clock I rushed to the subway station at Fifth Avenue, where he'd gotten off that morning, and searched the crowds on the platform. I let five trains go by before I realized how ridiculous I was acting. In Hazleton I could have spotted him in a minute, but in New York it was worse than looking for a needle in a haystack, to borrow a cliche from Mr. Berringer. In a city of so many millions, it was next to impossible that a chance encounter would ever be repeated.

And yet, the next morning as the train pulled into Union Turnpike, I found my eyes staring hopefully at the opening doors and caught my breath when once again *he* got into the car. It was more than I'd dared to hope for, especially when he came right up behind me again and took his position against the conductor's cab door.

Talk to him, you stupid bastard! I thought, as the F train started toward Manhattan. But what could I say? "Pardon me, sir. Do you mind if I suck you off while we're enjoying this lovely ride?"

At the next stop, even more people piled on than the day before, and I found myself unwittingly pressed further back. Right against the hunk in the camel coat. "Sorry," I said, looking sheepishly over my shoulder. "There's nothing I can do. . ."

He shrugged, as though to say he understood, but made no attempt to pick up the conversation. I gave a silent sigh. Well, I'd *tried*. There wasn't much either of us really could do. After all, the rush-hour in-bound didn't provide exactly the same set of circumstances for striking up a sex-oriented conversation as, say, Ty's on Christopher Street. Besides, the guy probably didn't have the slightest interest in the same sort of things that were polluting *my* cock-crazed brain.

At least that's what I thought.

Until the train came to a sudden, screeching halt in the tunnel under the East River and I was slammed back against him. And felt the solid, unmistakable thrust of a hard-on against my ass.

The next morning I was ready. I'd had all the previous day and that night to think things over and it suddenly dawned on me that my dream hunk was a creature of habit. Unlike me, he caught the same train at the same time every morning. More than that, he stood at the same spot on the platform so he could ride the same car and get off near the exit at his stop. When the doors opened and he got on, I was waiting for him. The moment he glanced in my direction and our eyes met, I flashed my most inviting smile and gave a quick nod toward the empty space I'd managed to guard behind me. He seemed to return my smile as he maneuvered through the crowd, but didn't say a word when he slipped in behind me.

The strong, silent type, I

I figured the guy probably didn't have the slightest interest in what was going on in my cock-crazed brain. Until the train came to a screeching halt and I was slammed back against him. And I felt the solid, unmistakable thrust of a hard-on against my ass.

thought with amusement.

The train started and at the first jolt I made a motion as though I'd lost my balance. I reached backward to steady myself and my hand just happened to land squarely in his crotch. What I felt was as hard as the pole my other hand was clinging to. He made no attempt to pull away.

Gawd, it felt like a beautiful dick! Bigger even than I'd dared to imagine and stiff as I'd hoped it would be. Since he offered no resistance, I began to play with it. Measure it with my fingers. Squeeze and caress the full, pulsing length through his worsted pants. No one around us had the slightest notion of what was happening and I could scarcely believe it myself.

This god, this incredibly gorgeous example of masculinity at its best, was allowing me to fondle his cock on a crowded subway! I felt his breath coming heavier and harder on my neck as I stroked him through his suit, rubbing and squeezing and making love to him with my fingers. I was sure he was circumcised. I felt no play of foreskin on the shaft as I worked it up and down. Only the solid pulse of erect cock.

Suddenly he groaned and tried to pull back. My fingers tightened and stroked him faster. I felt the first throb like his cock was going to explode in my hand, and then it did. Quivering helplessly, it squirted again and again in his underwear while he tried to keep his gasps of pleasure under control. I was so hot, knowing I'd brought him off, I almost came in my pants. As soon as I got to work I headed straight for the men's room, where I closed my eyes and frantically beat off while I relived the scene in my mind. The moment I came, while the desire was still strong, I thrust my fingers and sucked the cum off them, imagining it was *his* juice filling my mouth with such sweetness. What a shame his beautiful big load had been wasted on a pair of jockey shorts!

I half expected him not to show up the next day, but true to form he was right there when the train stopped. Rather than being embarrassed by our encounter the previous day, it seemed to have put other ideas in his head and encouraged him to take a more active role than ever before. When the train made its usual lurch, I felt his prick against my ass and then the exploratory wriggle of his fingers working between the cheeks to get at my hole. I backed against him, giving him all the encouragement he needed. *Go for it stud!* I thought. *It's all yours!*

He played with my ass for a few minutes and then I felt a tug on my pant leg. He was pulling me closer, but I didn't think there was any further back we could go. Then I realized that he'd opened the door of the empty conductor's cab and was urging me into it. The train was so crowded that no one even noticed—nonetheless minded that we both suddenly disappeared. I kicked the cab door shut with my foot and found myself alone with him. He took my hand and put it firmly on the throbbing bulge in his pants.

Suddenly he groaned and tried to pull back. My fingers tightened and stroked him faster. I felt the first throb like his cock was going to explode in my hand, and then it did. Quivering helplessly, it sqirted again and again in his underwear.

"Do you *want* it?" he murmured.

Does a fish swim? In a flash I was on my knees, frantically fumbling with his zipper. He was already so hard that it took a bit of doing to untangle him from his underpants, but when I had him free his cock seemed to swell up even larger. It was a beautiful, big, dark pink piece of meat. The head was so swollen it was crimson, and all but split my lips as I forced it into my mouth.

"Ohhhh, yes! he sighed as I began to suck on him. "Do it, man! Eat the whole thing! I *love* getting blown!"

I tried to swallow it all, but it wasn't easy. His cock was huge. I mean, I'm talking SIZE. I thought I'd seen big ones before, but this was definitely the champ. When he lunged forward, driving straight into my thoat, I fought to keep from choking. I wanted to suck him right down to the thick tangle of dark hair sticking out of his open fly, but it just wasn't possible. I doubt that anyone could have handled more of his prick than I was sucking, yet there were still a good two or three inches going to waste beyond my lips.

As the subway raced non-stop along the express tracks toward Manhattan, I blew him for all I was worth. Tears streamed from my eyes with the strain of accommodating that enormous prick, but I wouldn't have stopped or given it up for anything. This was the most exciting sex I'd ever had in my life, and something told me it was only the beginning. He *liked* what I was doing to him. Liked it alot. And if there's one thing I've learned since my days with Roger, it's that if you give a man what he likes he'll come back for more. This encounter had all the earmarks of being just the first of many between us.

Over the loudspeaker I heard the conductor announce *Lexington Avenue!* and I knew I had to work fast. Gripping him hard by the thighs, I began to suck on his prick with such a rhythmic, slurping, slopping fury that only a corpse could have resisted the sensation. My chin was covered with the drool seeping out of my mouth as I ate him, forcing him to give up his sweet juice with every downward thrust of my lips. I felt him tensing in my mouth, his prick swelling to unbelievable proportion and stiffness.

And then, with a cry that must have sounded like a blast of the train's whistle as it roared into the station, he grabbed the back of my head and thrust savagely deep. I didn't taste his cum at first.

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Not until the heavy load backed up in my throat and gurgled into my mouth, pouring out of him with such power and speed that it dribbled free of my lips and splattered down on the floor in thick white globs. I swallowed as fast as I could while milking him for still more. Draining him until his prick was soft against my tongue and the flow had completely stopped. Only then did I let him slip free of my mouth.

He leaned against the wall of the cab, breathing hard. I got to my feet and gave him an affectionate squeeze. "You'd better zip up; it's your stop next."

"Man!" he sighed. "I never felt anything that good in my life!"

I laughed with modest pride. "That was just a sample. Why don't you meet me tonight and I'll show you what I can *really* do?"

A sheepish grin spread across his handsome face and he shrugged. "I—can't. . ." He held up his left hand and showed me the gold ring on his third finger. I knew in an instant that it might as well have been through his nose, for all the chance I'd have of seeing him again, except under similar circumstances. But that was plenty good enough. Maybe even more exciting than a conventional tryst would be. For a stud like him, I was willing to take whatever I could get, whenever it was available.

"Monday, then. . . ?"

He smiled and nodded. "I'll look for you."

When I got to the office, early again, there was a note on my desk that Mr. Berringer wanted to see me.

"Paul, my boy, I'm proud of you!" he said, offering his hand. "You've shown remarkable improvement this week. A real turnaround. Keep up the good work from now on and you'll be home free. Anything's possible when you think positive, you know."

I smiled and felt a quick shiver of expectation run through me as I thought of that big, beautiful prick that would be waiting for me first thing Monday morning.

"You're absolutely right, Mr. Berringer," I said. "And you ain't seen nothin' yet. Starting next week, I'm *really* going to get my ass in motion!" ■

Andy Warhol

Andy Warhol's 15 minutes

Andy Warhol's influence on our culture went beyond art: from publisher and reporter for Interview Magazine, to producer for such films as Chelsea Girls and Warhol's Dracula. He was the celebrity, model, photographer and an artist.

Whatever Andy did, it seemd to be controversial, from the first soup cans and brillo boxes that made a lasting statement of our time, to the mass produced portrait of Marilyn Monroe, suggesting that she was packaged for the public as a consumer item. More recently his Ronald Reagan "Ads" 1985 series, whowed his feelings on the direct relationship between Hollywood and Consumerism.

He revealed his fascination of social extremes through his art: from "Reigning Queen's" 1985 to the homo erotic "Sex Parts" and "Torso" series using the male body as subject and content. We had begun to see a more calculated design in recent works, reflecting the more polished culture of the 80's.

We are deeply indebted to Warhol's insights and ideas. In recent paintings of a soup box we find nothing is sacred. Had the soup can outlived its "15 minutes?"

Campbell's Soup II 1969

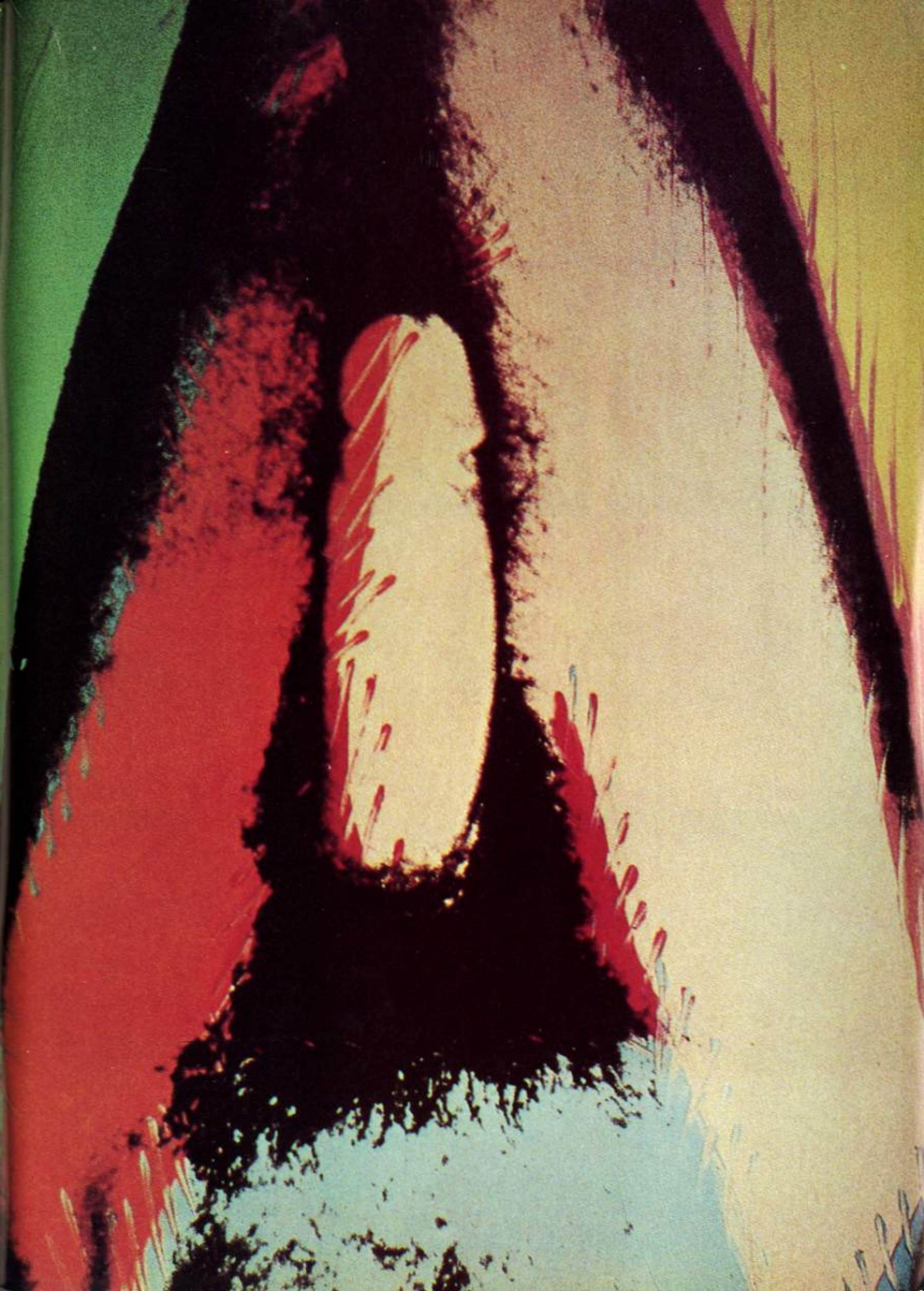
Marilyn 1967

Liz 1964

Quevelle, movie poster, 1983

Rolling Stones "Sticky Fingers", album cover, 1971

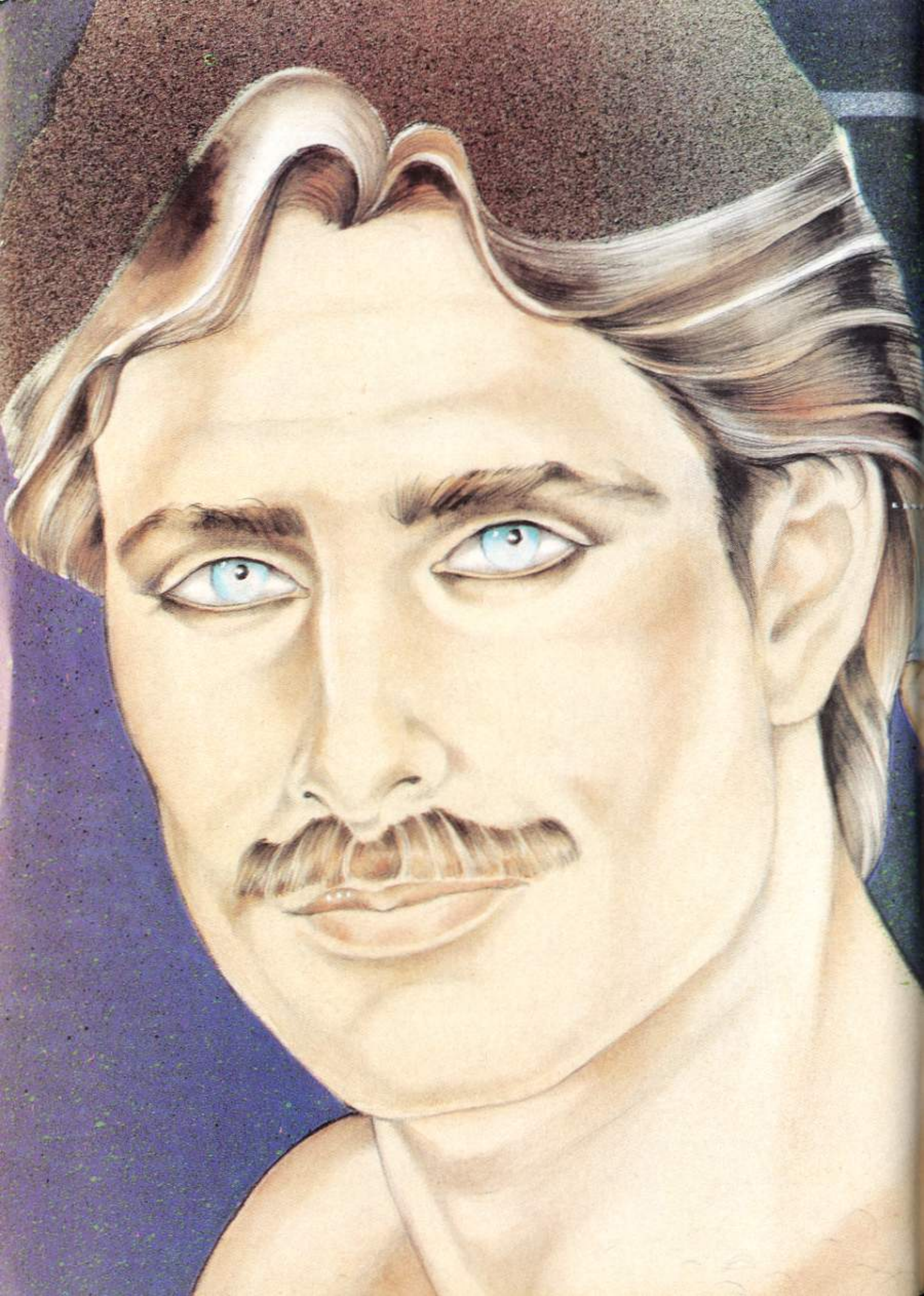
Sex Parts 1978



Van Heusen (Ronald Reagan), from ad series 1985

Queen Elizabeth II of the United Kingdom, from Reigning Queens, 1985

Soup Box 1986



Sleuth Work

Fiction by Robert Ralph
Art by James Martin

Reg and I had been as close as two friends could be, until the summer I turned eighteen. It was right at the height of the McCarthy investigations, when repression was rampant and everyone thought communists were lurking around each corner. For some reason, that summer everything changed between us. Granted, Reg was nearly four years older than I, but that had never made any real difference to us. Not before. All the time we were growing up, I'd tagged along with him and his friends, and he was glad to have me. I was never in his way, like some kid brother. Reg accepted me. We were buddies.

At first I thought I was imagining it, but gradually it was obvious that things weren't the same. A wall had risen that wasn't there previously. It alarmed me, to say the least, and I tried to get him to discuss whatever it was. But he was silent and withdrawn, shrugging off every effort made to clear the air. I was really hurt by his

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Reg had started running with a different set of friends. Guys I'd never seen started coming by his house next door. Each was a hot hunk of man-flesh I must admit.

---

coldness and not wanting to get things out in the open.

Another thing, too. Reg had started running with a different set of friends. Guys I'd never seen started coming by his house next door. Each was a hot hunk of man-flesh, I must admit. I was immediately attracted to several of them. One in particular. A big bruiser named Beau. He was of Greek descent, tall and muscular, with a shock of curly black hair and piercing black eyes that looked right through me. More than once, I was sure his steely gaze went to my crotch, but maybe it was just wishful thinking on my part. My blond, hairless body was in sharp contrast to his hairy one. And I was nowhere near his size or bulk. He made no attempt to hide his big tool, which snaked down one pant leg like a hammer handle. Beau seemed to want to be friendly with me, but a look from Reg put a damper on that. Reg wouldn't allow any of his new friends to do much more than say hello to me. One thing in Reg's favor—he didn't tell me to quit coming over.

Every Saturday afternoon, as the sun was beginning to set, Reg would make a few brief phone calls with hurried conversation and then set out for the evening. I kept trying to join him, but he'd brush off the effort.

"Maybe when you're older, kid," he'd say with a smirking grin.

"What do you mean 'when I'm older'?" I protested. But Reg would only chuckle and run out to his car, leaving me wanting so badly to tag along.

Another Saturday, I overheard Reg whispering some instructions quickly into the phone. It didn't make much sense.

"Same time this afternoon," Reg said softly. "We're inducting Richard."

"Inducting?" I wondered. That had interesting implications. Inducting him into *what*? A club? A team? What was Reg up to?

Not knowing only increased my curiosity and made me all the more anxious to learn what he was doing at his mysterious Saturday rendezvous. I began to listen more carefully to his conversations, when I could, trying to piece them together. But he never talked long when I was around. Not long enough to give me a complete picture. One did fill me in on their destination. Reg was talking to someone new to the group.

"Go out the old dirt road, past the abandoned quarry—yes, that far out. The road narrows to an overgrown path and it looks like it peters out. Keep going about half a mile more, until it makes a sharp right turn. Go as far as you can. You'll be able to see the shack from there. Be there before dark."

My imagination immediately conjured up all sorts of things—from drug-running to a satanic cult—none of which was even remotely like the easy-going Reg. Unless he'd changed more than I was aware. No, I convinced myself. It wasn't anything that offbeat. Not Reg. It had to be something fabulously fun. These studs must be taking chicks out to the boonies and banging their brains out. A sex club. That was more down Reg's alley!

The following Saturday afternoon, Beau came by and collected Reg. He seemed hotter than ever, his glances at me more penetrating than usual.

"Listen, guys," I pleaded, hoping Beau would urge to let me join them. "I don't have a thing on for tonight. How about if I come along with you—"

Reg laughed off my suggestion. "When you're older."

"I'm old enough!" I reminded him. "For *whatever* you have cooking."

Reg and Beau looked at each other and winked. "I doubt it," Reg

said.

"But I wish you were," Beau said cryptically.

"You son-of-a-bitch!" railed Reg. "He just turned eighteen!"

"So?" Beau said, slapping me affectionately on the back.

"Naw! He's. . .just not ready. . .maybe, when he has more experience under his belt."

"Will you stop using lame excuses!" I cried, almost angry.

"Another time. . ." Beau said.

"We've got to get cracking," Reg said. "See you around, kid."

"Sorry," Beau replied. "I tried."

They slammed the door and were gone. This time I was determined to unravel the mystery once and for all. I raced out to the garage, cranked up my motorbike, and headed towards the old quarry road. I was going to put the matter to bed, so to speak.

It was a good distance, and civilization was far behind. The field grass was tall and obscured most of the road when I turned off the main highway. The dirt road was little more than two jagged ruts leading into the dense underbrush. Lush, over ripe smells bombarded me from every side. When I had traveled a good ways, I turned off my bike and decided to go the rest of the way on foot. I didn't want them to know about my surprise appearance. When the road made the sharp right turn I was looking for, the last light of day was fading. But I could see the shack Reg had described. It was very still, and the area looked deserted, except for their cars parked nearby. I was hot and sweaty from my ride and from nerves.

I approached like a commando on patrol, until I was against the building itself. I heard muffled conversation from inside. The windows had been draped for privacy; but the place was ancient, and I found a chink in the wood where I could look through. What I saw almost blew me away.

There were Reg and his friends, standing in a candlelit room. Each was stark naked. They had painted strange designs on their faces and were standing in two lines in front of an X-shaped table.

"It's time to begin," Reg said, and the others nodded in agreement. Beau was tied, spread-eagled nude on the X-shaped table. He was blind-folded. A large pillow had been thrust under the small of his back, arching him through the middle. Every muscle was flexed and rippled, as if the top layer of skin had been removed, defining them all the more. The black fur covering his naked chest trailed lightly down his abdomen. I was looking right between his hairy, tree trunk legs, and like a thick branch his hard, nine and a half inch dick stuck up from the dense thatch of black. His balls, large and oval, hung down from the matt of hair. Beau had as much equipment as I had thought.

Richard buried his face between Beau's legs and was gently nibbling at his fleshy ballsac, causing the tangerine sized orbs to rise and cling as close to his body as they could. Richard moved his attention to the hairy asshole teasing the opening.

The shape of the table to which he was bound allowed them to get at him easily. One on either side was alternately sucking and licking his nipples. The firm, pointed flesh protruded from the black sea of hair like two fleshy volcanoes. Another,with varying degrees of intensity, slowly licked around his navel. Richard buried his face between Beau's legs and was gently nibbling at his fleshy ballsac, causing the tangerine sized orbs to rise and cling as close to his body as they could. From time to time, Richard moved his attention to the hairy asshole and teased the rough opening, then moved back to the big cum-filled sac. As each fiery tongue worked on his body, Beau spasmed and growled in ecstasy.

Beau's rigid pole stood stiff to its full nine and a half inches, a tower of hardness. On one side, a red-head gripped the thick base of Beau's cock, pulling downward as he kissed it. Across the table on the other side, Reg constantly teased the swollen, beet-red knob with spit-slick fingers and his burning tongue. They worked Beau's dick in unison, until the veins were throbbing from tension, and the big pisshole gaped open, leaking pre-cum in a steady stream. Reg wiped the sticky fluid around the flaring corona for more stimulation. The only sound was their sucking, slurping, and nibbling, mingled with Beau's gasps of unrestrained pleasure. He strained and writhed, gripping his fingers, their constant attention carrying him right to the brink of shooting off. He attempted to arch even further from the table, but secured by the ropes, he couldn't move much. His groaning grew in volume as they really did a number on him. When his body went completely stiff, at a signal from Reg, they eased off, leaving Beau right on the brink of getting his rocks off but not taking him over. The red-head blew on his big dick to cool it down, but it continued to gurgle long, syrupy strands. They obviously didn't want Beau to cum. I was so excited that I opened my fly and freed my own rod which tingled from their sex show.

They were experts at titillation, moving around his bound form so that each could devote himself in turn to a different portion of Beau's anatomy. One with the longest tongue really went after his ass, plowing deep into the musky opening, while another lip-teased his dickhead. Beau was screaming, wild with sensuous feelings, bordering on overload.

"Bring me off!" Beau screamed. "Let me shoot! For gawd's sake, I want to cum!"

They eased off, leaving his tortured dick standing at attention from its black forest of hair, gently massaging his perspiring body, but not past the magical point. They kept him hovering at the peak of readiness, like a rubber band stretched tightly, almost to

its absolute limit. Every inch of his dick was rock hard, the veins pulsing, the tip so blood-engorged it was almost purple, throbbing with each labored breath he took.

Again and again, they carried him right to the very edge of climax and then backed off, until tears of need rolled down his cheeks. His gasps of pleasure verged on the pain of need to release his pent-up load. He begged and begged them to bring him off, and still they hesitated. Beau yelled at the top of his voice.

"My nuts ache like hell! Bring me off, guys! I can't take any more! I'm ready!"

When Reg determined that, indeed, Beau could stand it no longer, they began working him over again. This time with more fervor. They sucked his nipples harder. Their tongues darted in and out of his navel faster. Reamed his asshole deeper. Suddenly, as if suspended in motion, Beau went completely rigid from head to toe, arched as far as the ropes allowed, and held that position a brief second. A moan rose in his throat from a low whisper to a full scream. The veins on his dickshaft twitched frantically. His nuts hugged his body as they unloaded, and the spunk exploded violently from his supercharged cock. The heavy rope of cum blasted nearly three and a half feet straight up followed by three more creamy bursts almost equally as high. Then a river of cum boiled out of his dick, spraying his stomach and chest in an incredible stream of white suds. They kept touching and feeling him unitl his fleshpole began to sag and soften, and then they licked the spent load carefully from his jerking body, taking turns sucking the last of the orgasm from his dribbling tool.

A moan rose in his throat from a low whisper to a full scream. The veins on his dickshaft twitched frantically. His nuts hugged his body as they unloaded, and the spunk exploded violently from his supercharged cock.

I stroked myself, but I was so turned on by it all that I couldn't cum. They turned Beau on his stomach, so that his well-mounded, hairy ass was as high in the air as his cock and balls had been.

One by one, they took turns rimming him, until the flesh was soft and pliable. Starting with the member with the shortest dick, working to the longest, each fucked him with frantic, fast jabs, seeing how fast he could shoot in Beau's steamy channel. Beau's dick, hanging suspended in air, came to life as they fucked him, rising again to full size. Finally it was Reg's turn. He came last because his dick was the longest. Beau's ass-sleeve was well primed and his dick bobbed back and forth.

As Reg slowly eased his fat rod in, Richard positioned himself under the table, and began swallowing Beau's dick in time to Reg's pumping his butt, until they had a steady rhythm going.

Reg probed until he found Beau's prostate. When he touched it, Beau began to writhe and yell. Reg fucked with a deliberate intensity, jamming his manmeat right against Beau's internal trigger, until Richard signalled that Beau was starting to unload. At that instant, Reg let his own orgams blast up Beau's ass. When he pulled out, Richard was still nursing on Beau's cock. Foaming cum ran from Beau's ass all the way to the floor.

They released Beau and were hugging and slapping him good-naturedly, welcoming him into their sex club. Reg wiped smears of paint under Beau's eyes, the last official part of the induction ceremony. I pushed my pants to my ankles and started jerking off. I had to relieve myself before starting the trip back. As I jerked, I caught my foot on a vine and

One by one, they took turns rimming him, until the flesh was soft and pliable. Starting with the member with the shortest dick and working to the longest, each fucked him with frantic jabs seeing how fast he could shoot up Beau's channel.

stumbled. The bushes crackled loudly in the still evening air. Gunshots would have been quieter. Instantly, I was surrounded. There was no need to attempt any explanation.

Beau walked up to me and squeezed my neck. "He's not old enough, eh?" He threw his head back and laughed. Pointing at my erection, he said, "Shit, look at him! He's been watching us and got a bone on!"

He fell on his knees and swallowed my dick in one swift move. My nuts ached to be eased and Beau's gentle sucking had my dick jamming against the roof of his mouth.

Reg pulled him off me, my dick shiny from Beau's saliva. "Gawddamn it, Beau," Reg said. "You *know* the rules. No private, one-on-one sex until he's been inducted!"

"Sorry," Beau apologized. "I couldn't help mself. It's such a damned gorgeous dick."

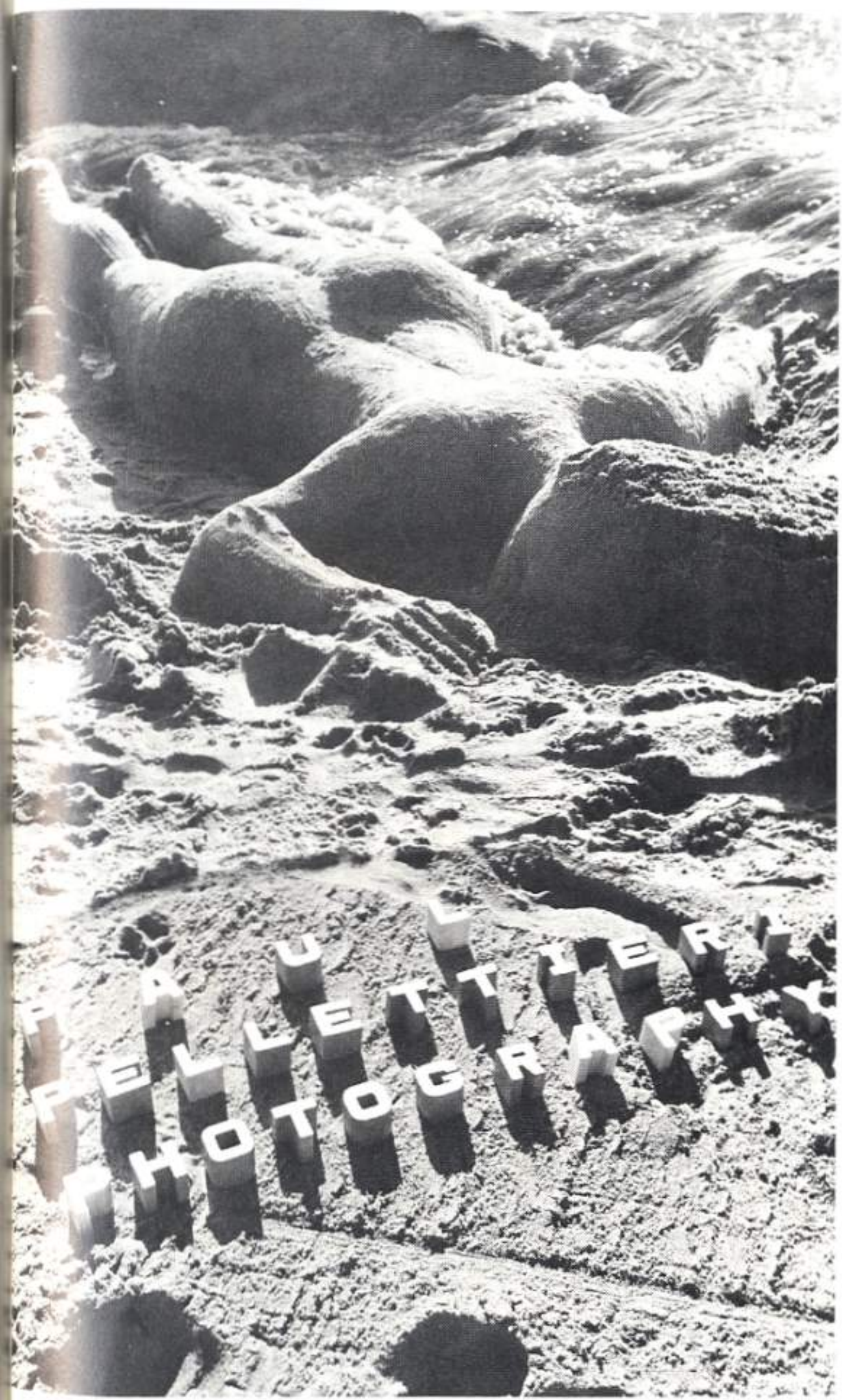
"I guess you are ready, kid," Reg said reluctantly. "You and I have never had any real secrets. . .before. . ."

"I understand," I replied. "I'm ready. . .I couldn't be readier!"

The others easily murmured assent. Suddenly they were on me, stripping me buck naked. As they carried me inside and locked the door, my dick stood hard with eager anticipation and my asshole puckered. It would be my best Saturday night in quite a while. The first of many to come! ■

Discover

An Artist's View

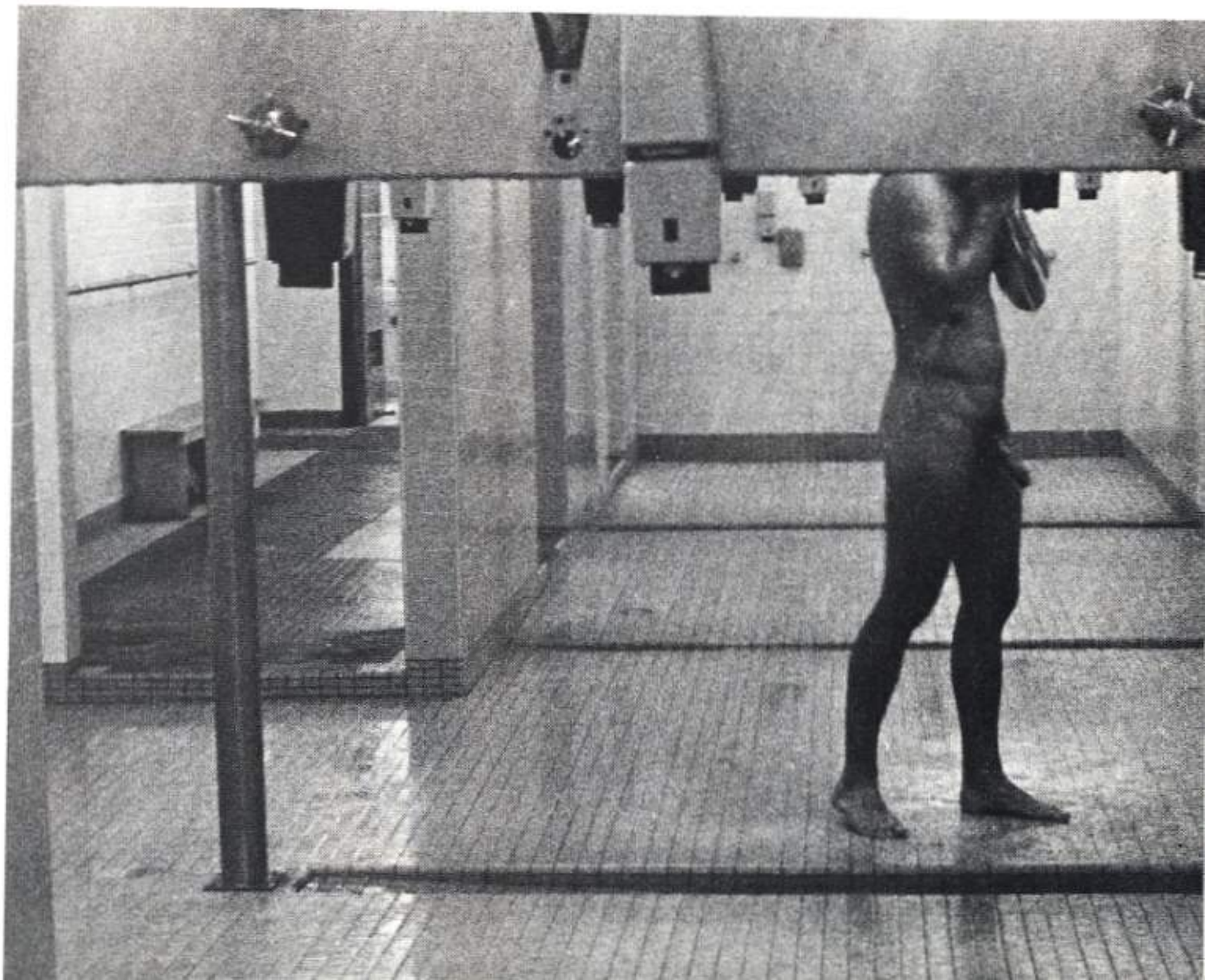


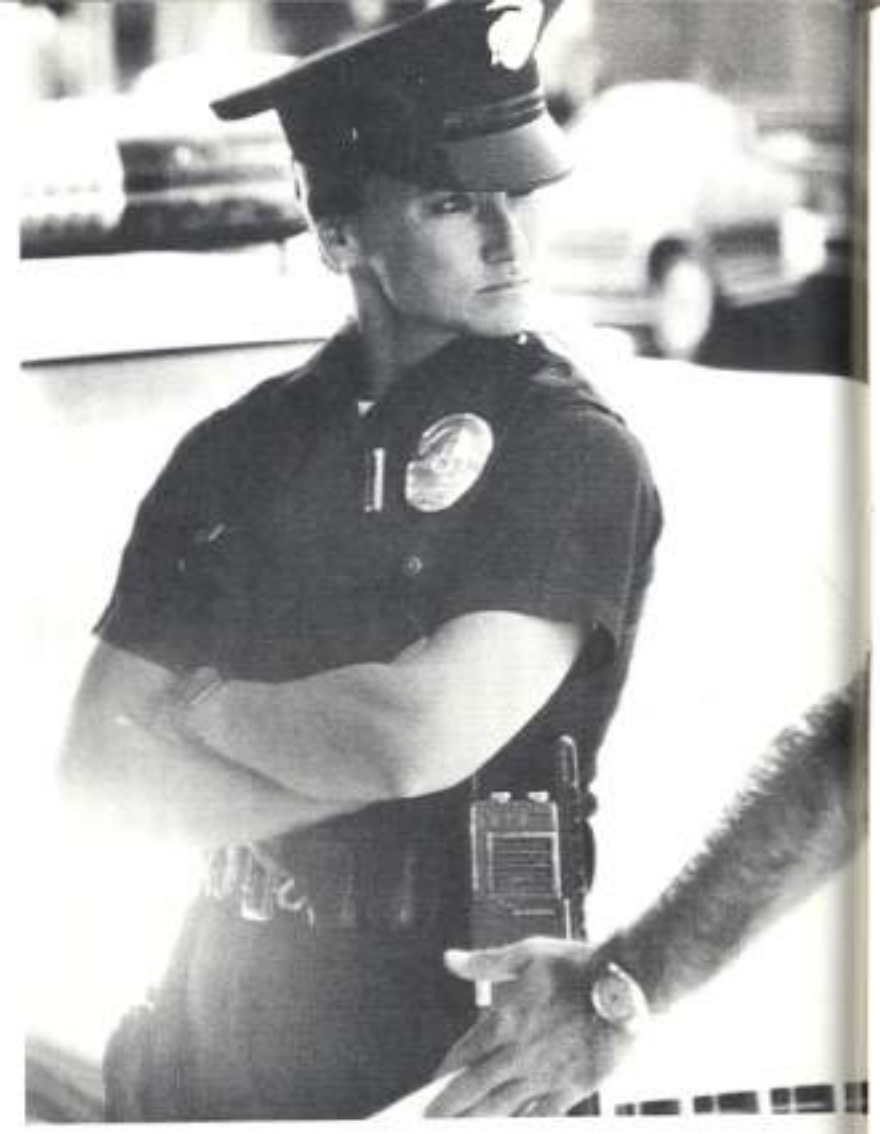
Paul Pellettieri —Studio 212

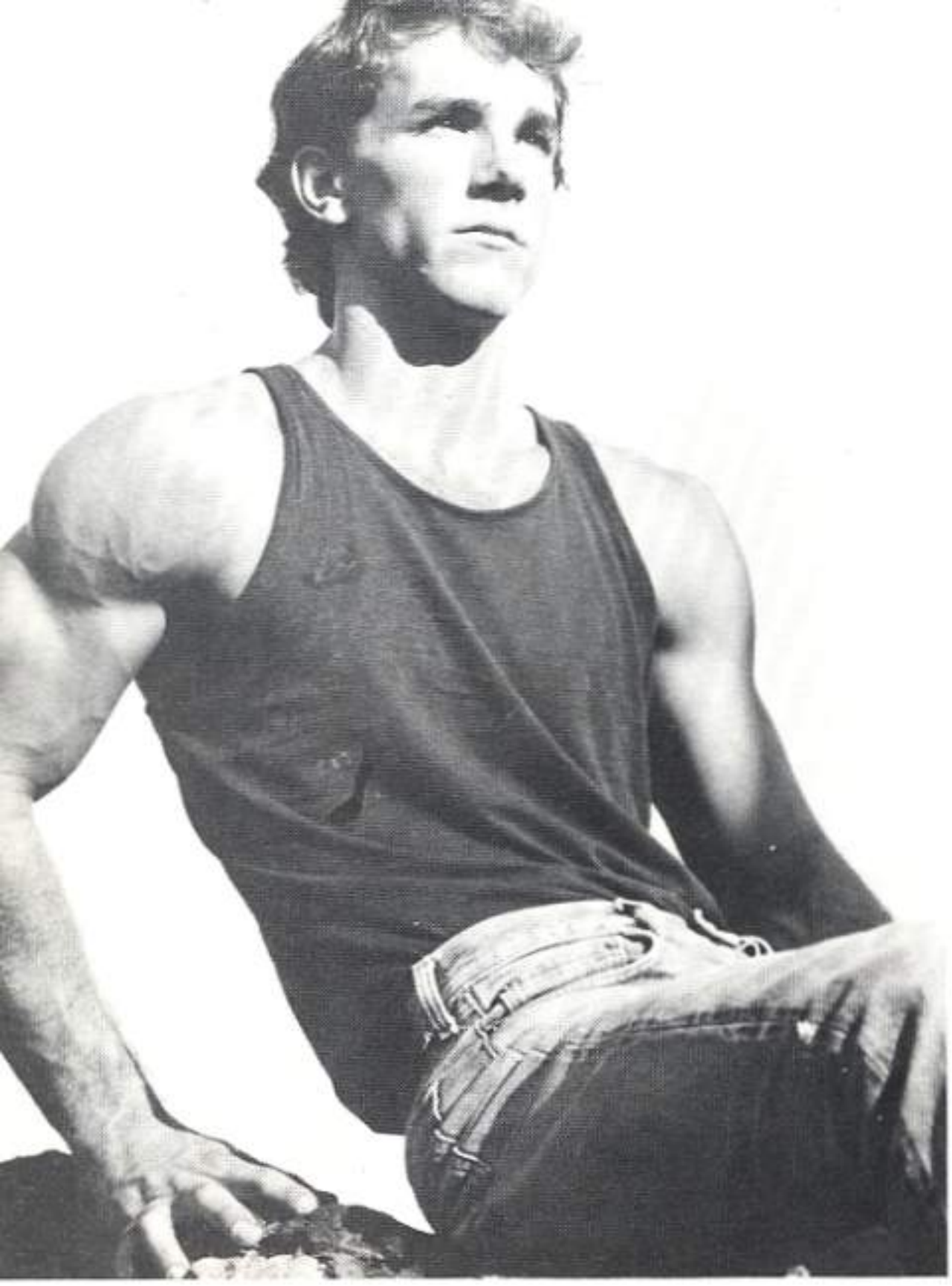
"My early work is very voyeristic. It grew out of a need to capture moments and moods that are essentially personal.

I try to carry the emotion of that vision into my studio work as well. The object is to create a marriage of two very different types of photography: that which exists for only a fleeting moment and must be captured or lost; and that which exists only as a vision in the mind and must be painstakingly brought to fruition in the studio or darkroom. It is also the dichotomy between technical mastery and artistic sensibility.

If the technical quality of the studio can be brought to the street, and the life of the street can be captured in the studio, then the work will be exciting."







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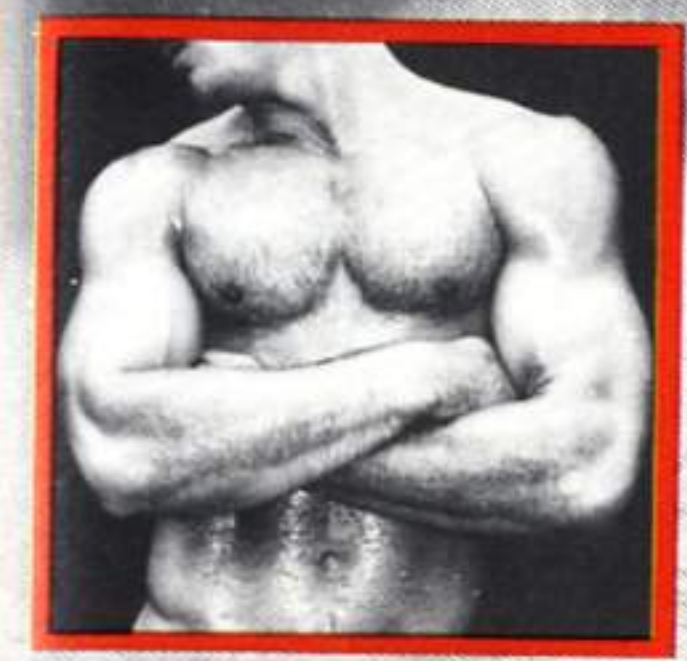

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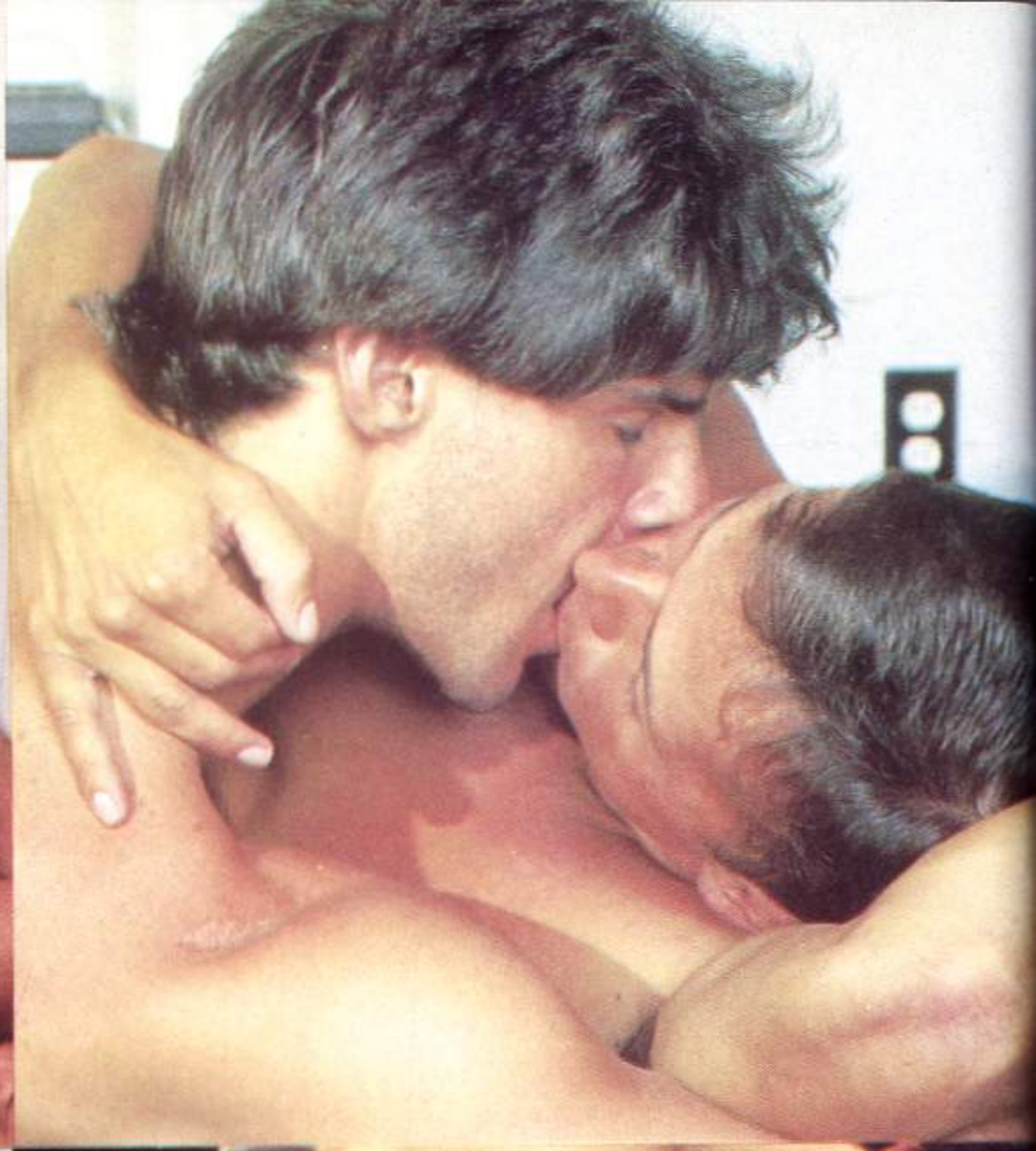

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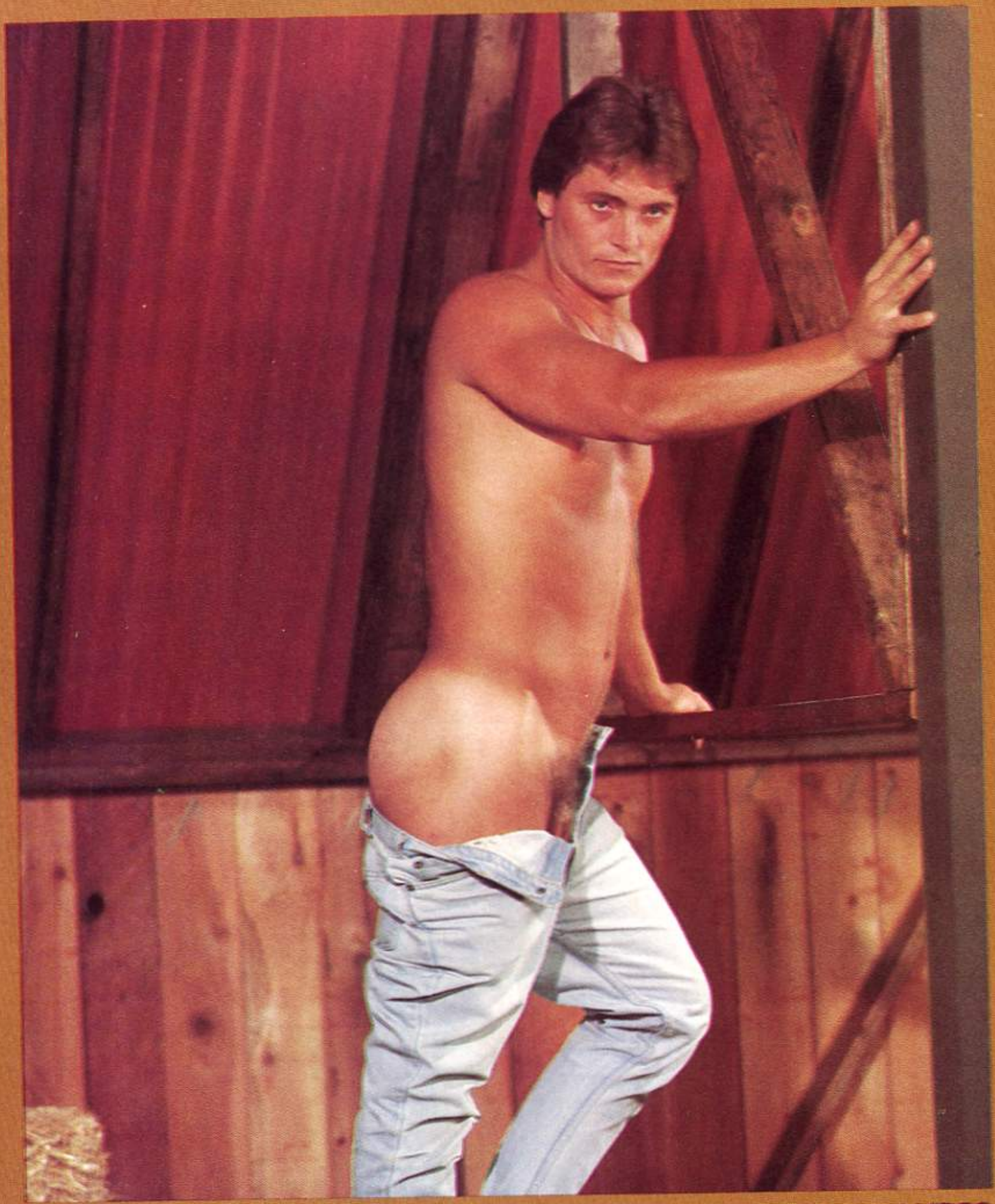

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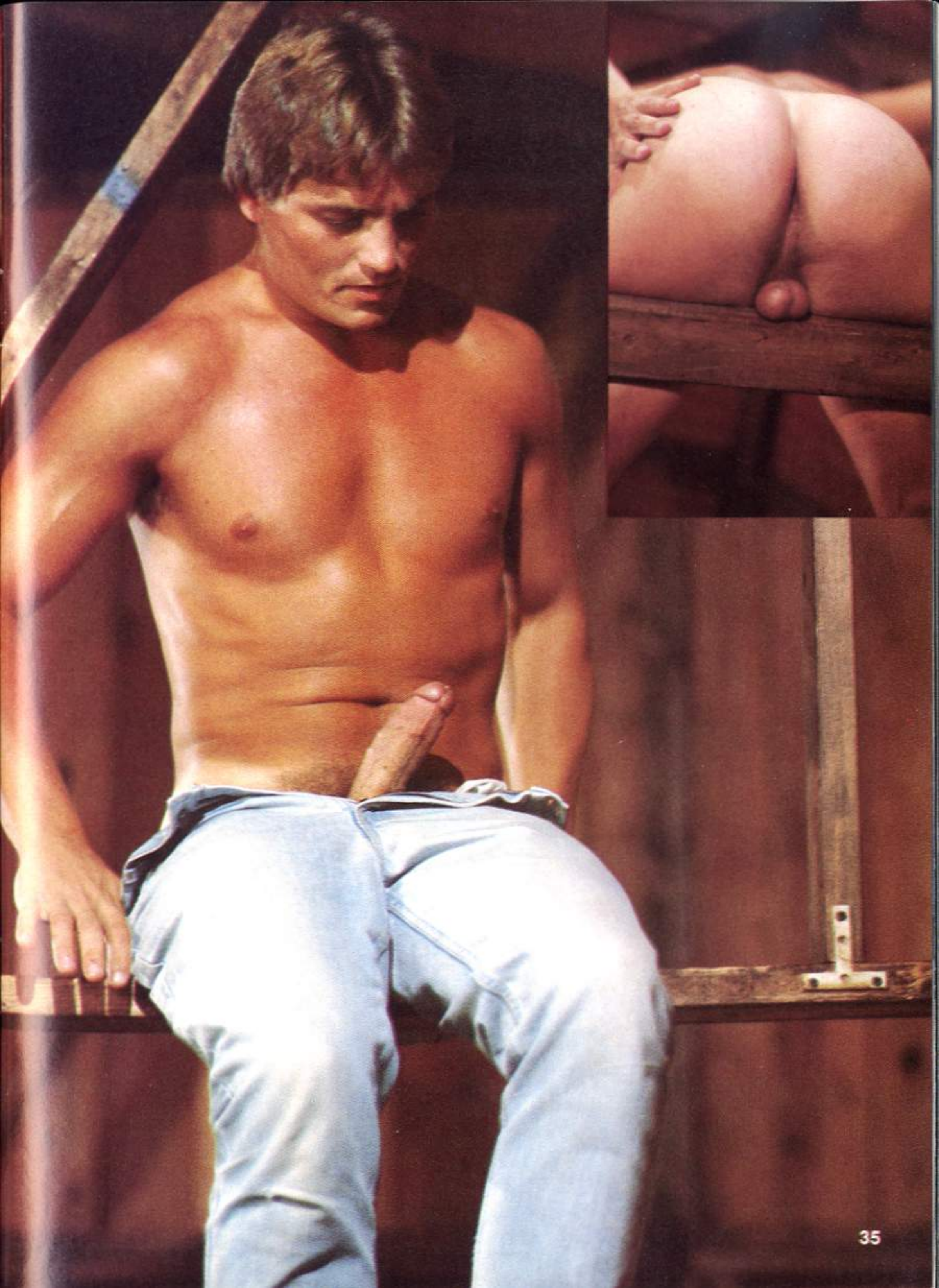

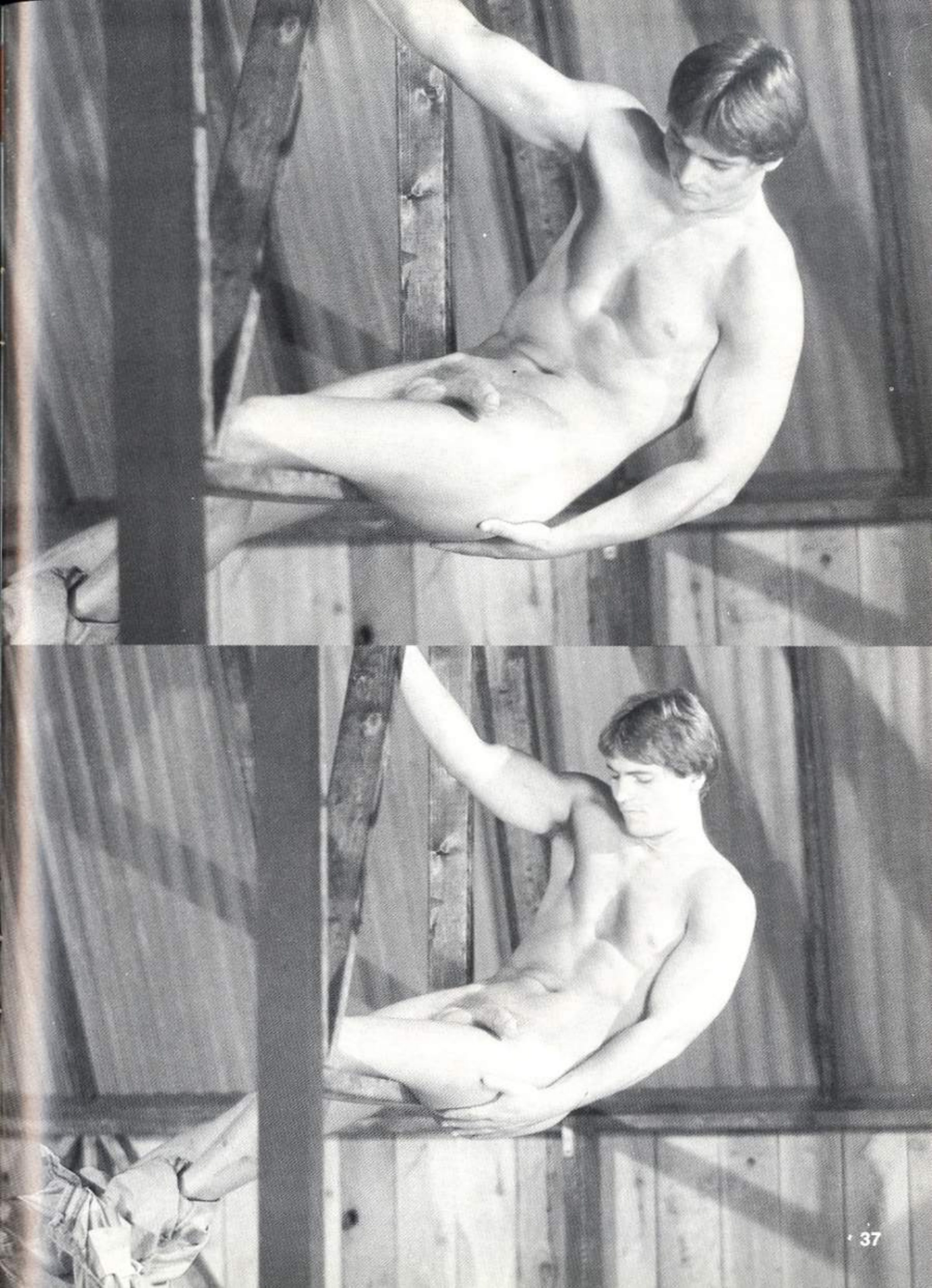

MICHAEL BRANDON

WALL TO WALL VIDEO

JEFF STRYKER

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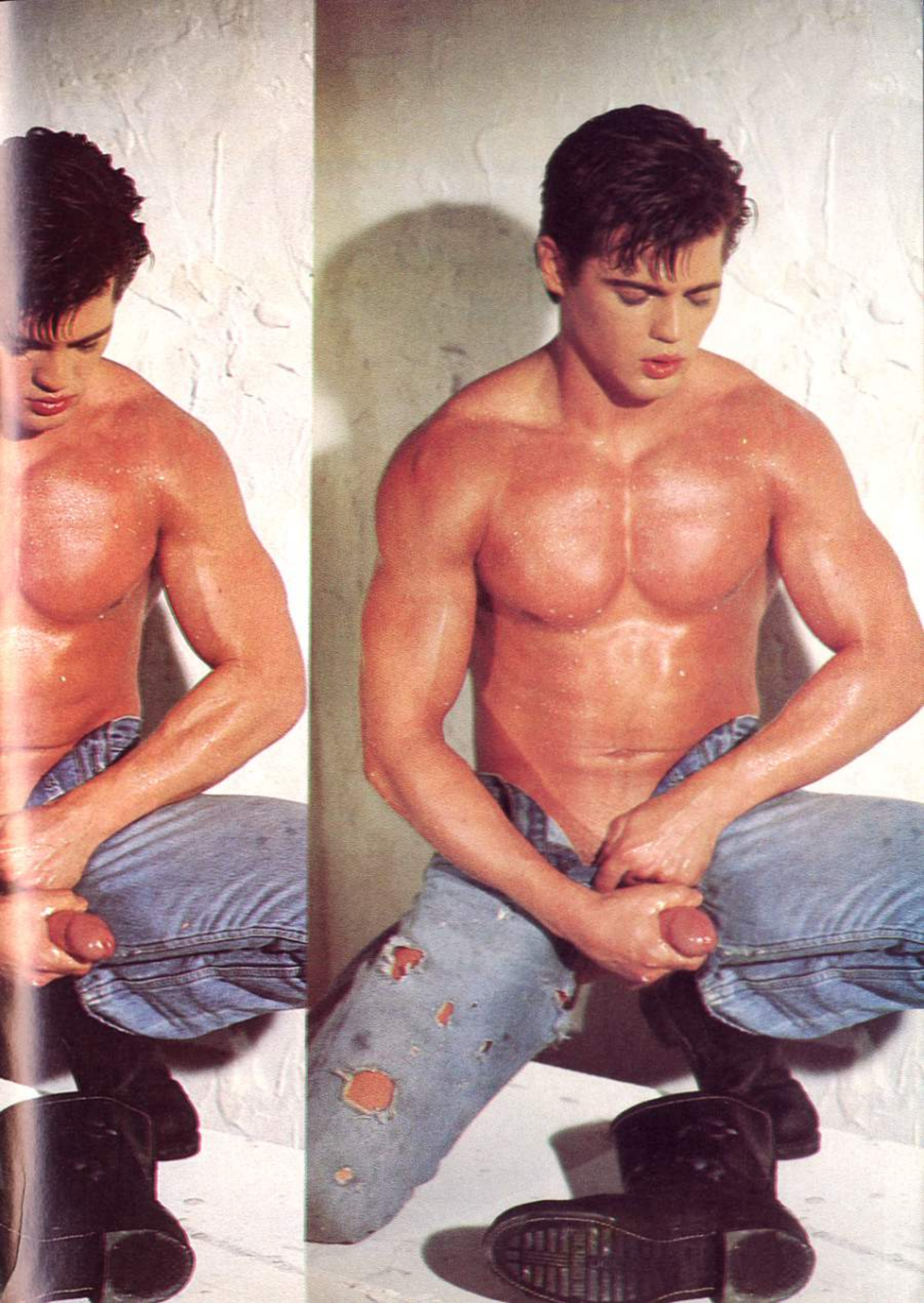

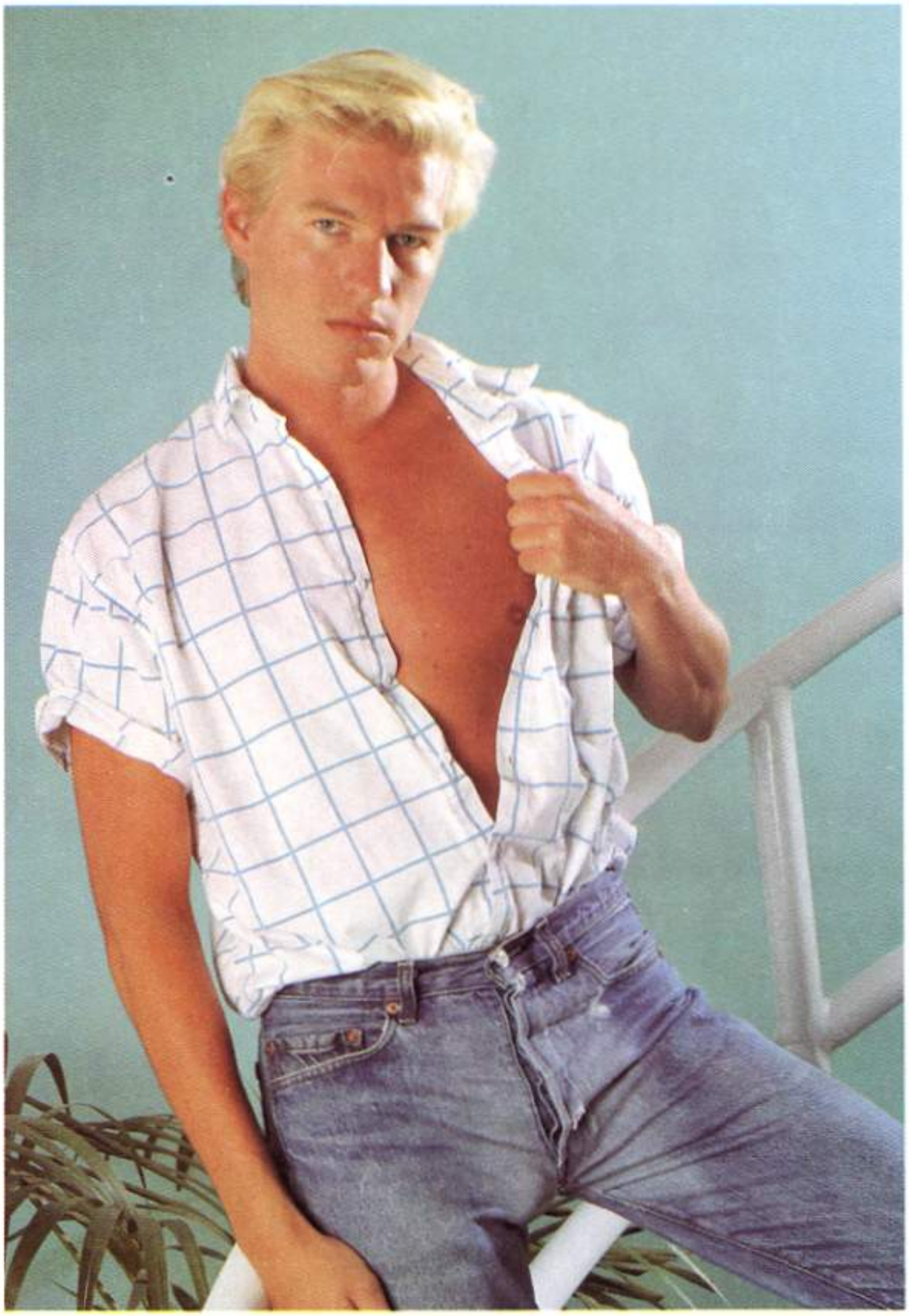

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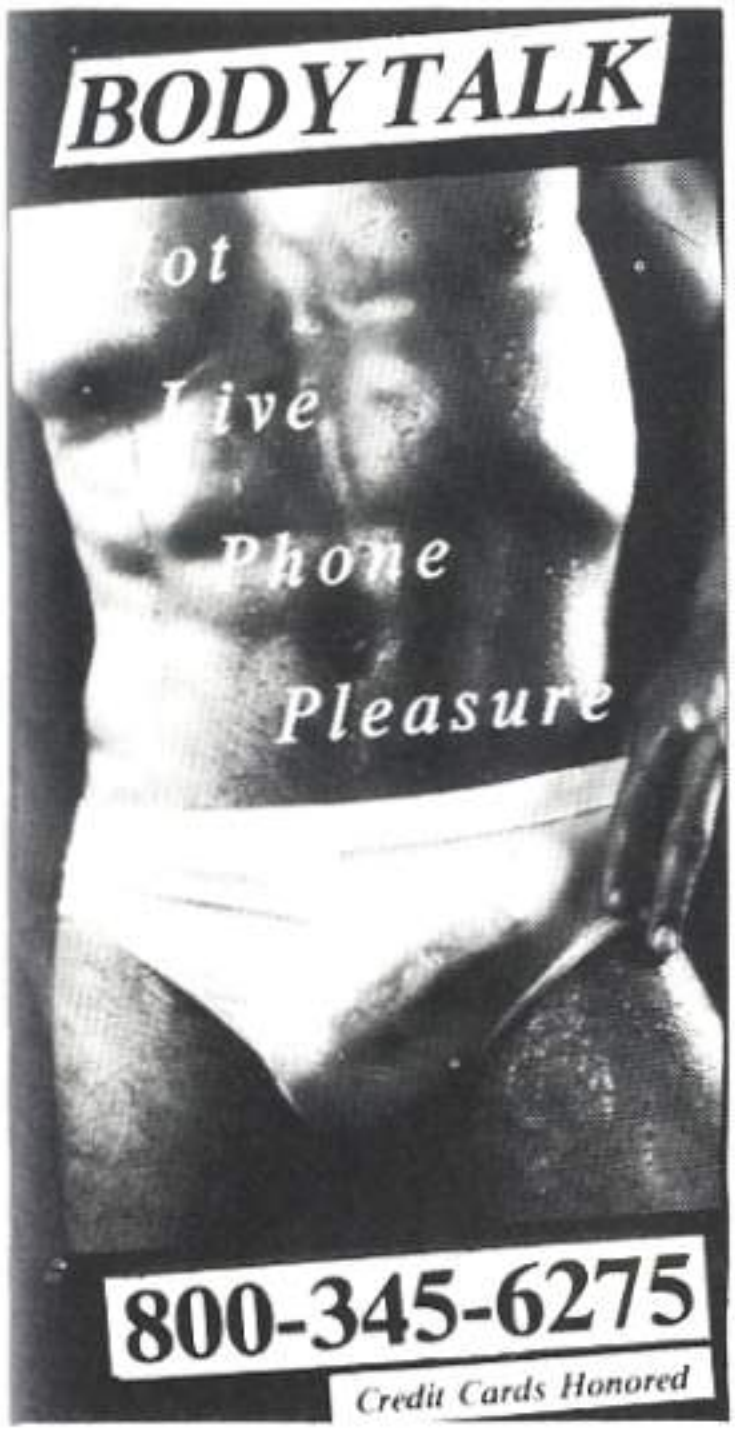

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Muscle Shower

Fiction by Chuck White
Art by Creative Addictions

Finally, it was Friday! After one of the longest weeks I'd ever spent while working for the research division of the largest computer firm in Washington, D.C., I was ready for the well-deserved rest that the weekend would bring. Nothing had seemed to want to go right beginning early Monday morning and the trend continued all the way through to late afternoon on the last day of the work week. In addition to the enormous amounts of job-related worries, over half of my invited guests had informed me, more or less at the last minute, that they would not be able to attend my dinner party scheduled for the next evening. I decided that it probably wouldn't help to become upset, even though I had already bought enough food and drink to feed a small army. It sure would feel good to blow off a little steam, I thought. Instead, I checked with the remaining list of invitees, all of whom were in the office. The acceptances were much smaller

He never realized that my spine tingled and my mouth went dry whenever I talked to him. My body ached to be next to him when we pumped iron together. I wanted to pump more than iron.

than I had originally anticipated, but I decided that it might not be bad to have a smaller gathering after all and my spirit rose noticeably.

Going down the hall outside my office, I saw Dale Scott, the last name on my list. Dale was a real knockout—I had saved the best for last. He was boldly, startlingly handsome with a fresh, unfettered look about him. He was pure midwest stock who had grown to manhood with an open, inviting and rugged beauty. He had piercing eyes—intense gray-green—and a dashing jawline sharp enough to cut paper. His lips were full and smooth. And his body! Dale was a bodybuilder of not little success. He had won a few local bodybuilding contests and was always improving his physique. He was a good friend and we worked out together often and hard. He never realized that my spine tingled and my mouth went dry whenever I talked to him and my body ached to be next to him whenever we pumped iron together. I wanted to pump more than iron with Dale. Being Dale's supervisor, it was easy for me to find time to be with him.

"Dale," I said, catching him before he entered the elevator, "can you believe it? Friday's *finally* here." I paused. His heavy shoulders sagged and his bulky form drooped beneath the crisply tailored shirt that was barely able to contain his muscles. "Hey, what's wrong?" I asked. His eyes were blank and his normally bronzed-to-perfection complexion was pale and ashen. He stared dully back at me. He hadn't heard a word I had said. "Dale," I began, intent on helping if he needed my assistance, and I placed my hand on his shoulder. "Okay, level with me. Tell me. Maybe I can help."

A sudden look of comprehension spread across his face. "Oh. . .hi, John," he answered despondantly. "I, uh. . .I'm fine."

"Are you sure?" I pressed, not convinced.

"Sure," he said, not very reassuringly. Then, with renewed enthusiasm, "Well, is the big party on for tomorrow night?" A slight smile had broken his frown.

"Eight o'clock sharp, but it's not as *big* as before," I answered. "You're still coming, aren't you?"

"Wouldn't miss it for the world. It's been one hell of a week!" he exclaimed.

"That's an understatement," I said, smiling.

"Well, I'm looking forward to kicking back a few beers and enjoying one of your world-famous dinners. . .for free," Dale said, showing those incredible teeth. His whole face beamed now with no trace of his earlier distractions.

"Glad to hear it, Dale. See you around eight?"

"Sounds perfect."

"Good. See you then." I watched as the elevator door slid silently together, removing the strapping hunk from my sight.

Saturday was spent in party preparations. The house had been cleaned and I did some last minute shopping. Finally, I squeezed in a shower and dressed and to my surprise it was only 7:15. I had no sooner come downstairs than the doorbell rang. Opening the door, I was more than pleased to see Dale standing there in the gathering Georgetown gloom.

"Well, hello," I said, motioning him in and shaking his hand. "You're the first one to arrive."

"I hope you don't mind that I'm a little early."

"Don't be silly. Not at all," I answered. Then, "Where's Ellen?" Ellen was his girlfriend.

"Oh. Uh, she. . .I, uh," Dale said, then hesitated. Something definitely was not right. He was never at a loss for words, not about business, fun, women, his training, anything. "John, can we talk? I need some advice and I trust you like a brother."

"Of course," I said, not knowing what to expect. "Let's go into the den and I'll grab a couple of beers." I could see that he was more than a little upset. He was redfaced and his eyes blazed. I wanted to ease his discomfort in anyway that I could.

Coming back to the den with the beers, I saw Dale sitting on the sofa, head tilted back with his hands clasped in his lap, covering his bulging basket. His neck bulged and I paused for a second at the sight of the huge, hurting young man.

Handing him the beer, I said, "Now, tell me what it is that's got you so upset."

"It's Ellen," he said haltingly. "She. . .uh. . .she won't be coming tonight." Dale swallowed hard. He drank nearly half his beer and continued. "She was seeing someone else the whole time we were engaged. Yesterday she called me, at work, and told me that she was at the airport." He sat silently, his voice trembling now. "She said she was flying out with some other guy to get married." He looked at me. The look of astonishment on my face must have comforted him somehow. He continued. "Can you believe it? She dumped me just like that." He snapped his fingers and finished the beer. I got us both another.

"Did you have any idea this was going to happen?" I asked.

He shook his head. "No. But

(Continued on page 69)

Coming back to the den with the beers, I saw Dale sitting on the sofa, head tilted back with his hands clasped in his lap, covering his bulging basket. I handed him his beer.

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Page 67:
White with blue polka dotted trim boxer from Calvin Klein. 100% cotton about $10.00. Bold blue and white striped tapered boxer from *Jockey Life*. 50% cotton 50% polyester about $6.50.

Page 68:
Mint green tappered boxer with racing side vents from *Jockey Life*. 50% cotton 50% polyester about $5.50. Turquoise with grey print trim boxer from Calvin Klein. 100% cotton about $10.00.

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EAGLE STUDIO

(Continued from page 60)

we had a few minor problems like any other couple. I guess ours were more severe than I realized." He sighed heavily, his square, slabbed chest heaving. "She was flying to some banana republic in the Carribean to get a quick marriage out of the way." He sucked long on his beer. "I can't believe it. He's a doctor. She not only dumped me, but she told me that he made more money in one year than I could make in ten."

Not knowing what to say, I just sat there. The silence closed in over us. There was a close bond between me and the muscleman. Dale drank the remainder of his beer in one long draw.

"I loved her," he said. "Love. So much for love." He crushed the beer can in his massive fist. "Who needs it!" he grunted.

"Don't say that," I offered. "She obviously didn't know what she was doing. She'll realize what she gave up one day. It's true what they say: money can't buy happiness." Again there was a long pause as I, too, finished my beer. "I'm sorry, Dale. Really."

"Thanks, John." He looked at me and smiled. "Thanks a lot for listening. You're a good friend. I started not to come tonight, but I needed to talk and I knew you would be there to listen. Besides, I'm not going to let her ruin my life. I've decided it's business as usual."

I looked at the man sitting a few feet away and I felt an intense urge to go to him and to wrap my arms around his wide shoulders. I wanted to shield him from all hurt and I wanted to protect him. His physical appearance belied it, but he was vulnerable and sensitive. How could anyone who had a chance to marry Dale not do so? I wondered in amazement.

I looked at the man sitting a few feet away and I felt an intense urge to go to him and to wrap my arms around his wide shoulders. I wanted to shield him from all hurt and I wanted to protect him. He was vulnerable and sensitive.

The other guests began to arrive. We had cocktails and then went into the dining room for a delightful array of salad, main course, wine and a decadent dessert. There was animated conversation and a nice, relaxed feeling in the air. All went well and Dale was a master at the art of cover up. Only he and I knew his secret agony. I watched him artfully dodge the questions that arose concerning Ellen and he continued to be the sparkling, witty life of the party. He smiled and joked and I fell deeply in love with him that night. He was smiling through his hurt. I thought of Pagliacci.

Dinner ended and Dale had finished almost two bottles of wine singlehandedly. With coffee and dessert afterwards, he found my liquor cabinet. Someone commented on Dale's conspicuous absence and I excused myself to look for him. I really didn't have to look very far. I knew where he would be. I entered the kitchen and saw his flared back, coursing savagely with huge muscles. He liberally poured in several fingers of scotch. He drank it straight down. I watched him do it again and yet again.

I cleared my throat. He turned after the fourth glass of booze and saw me watching. His face flashed a deep red.

"I hope you don't mind. . ." he began.

I said that I didn't mind; that I understood.

"It's just that it hurts so much. I normally deal with things better than this. I'm just trying to numb it."

"Do what you have to do, Dale. It's all right. Things look bad right now, but they'll get better before you know it. Can you be patient?" I smiled at him.

"Yeah. Patience is my best thing."

"Good," I said, slapping him on the back, "now let's get back to everyone. They're asking about you."

Dinner ended and Dale had finished almost two bottles of wine singlehandedly. With coffee and dessert afterwards, he found my liquor cabinet. Someone commented on Dale's absence and I excused myself to look for him.

Dale downed one more huge gulp of scotch, shook away the cobwebs which were beginning to form in his head, and said, "I'm fine. Which way's the door?" We both laughed and rejoined my guests.

Everyone began to chatter bits and pieces of office gossip. It was getting late and slowly the people began to leave. At last, the others were gone. Dale had slipped into the kitchen and was drinking another beer. He was quite drunk and in no shape for us to continue our earlier discussion.

"I've got to go home, too. I'm sleepy," he slurred. "I've got to go. It's late." He stepped forward and teetered, falling against a stack of dishes, almost demolishing them.

"Oh, no you don't," I admonished. I stopped him, my palm against his thick chest. "You're not going anywhere. You're in no shape to drive."

"I can drive," Dale said, assuming an insulted tone and he promptly slumped to the floor. "See?" he smiled.

"Come on," I said, helping him to his feet, "you can stay here tonight. I've got a spare bedroom."

Dale threw his huge arm over my shoulder and said, "you're too good to me." His breath was stiff with booze. My mind reeled, not only from the alcohol smell, but from the closeness of our bodies.

Dale did not move, but allowed me to slowly unzip his slacks. Almost reverently, I peeled the material down his thighs. Standing up, I glanced at the white briefs Dale sexily sported. Their wetness caused the material to cling, almost transparent. I'd never seen Dale this way before.

He began mumbling like a sleepy little child. I could hear drunk murmurs of *Ellen* and *love you* and *bitch*. And he kept telling me how good I was to him.

As we reached the top of the stairs, it happened.

"Oh gawd!" Dale blurted out and lost his dinner all over the both of us. "Oh, shit! he cried. "Oh shit, shit, shit!"

"Come on," I said without hesitation, "into the shower." A few steps led us to the bathroom and we stepped into the spacious shower stall. Carefully balancing Dale, I quickly turned on the water and it shot out of the showerhead in hard lines.

"Holy shit!" screamed Dale. "Too cold! Too cold!"

The water *was* cold but it soon warmed up and became quite nice. As the water hit his handsome face, Dale doubled up again, losing what was left of huge quantities of alcohol and food. I held him at the waist with one hand flat against his tight belly. At every gagging convulsion I could feel his abdomen tighten and I thrilled as I felt his warm flesh beneath his soaked shirt break into well-developed sections.

The stench of his sickness quickly washed away and I helped Dale to straighten up. He leaned his back against the cool tile and I took off my own dripping clothes, leaving only my bikini briefs. My cock had begun to stir as soon as I had placed my hand around his waist and it still raged mercilessly, fiercly burning in excitement of my near-nudity. Then I turned again to the sickened giant.

"Come on, Dale," I said. "Let's get out of those clothes." Dale tried to undo the buttons of his shirt but couldn't manage. "Here," I offered, "let me." I slowly began to unbutton his shirt but couldn't manage. His smooth chest began to emerge and my cock stiffened even more. The wet cloth molded to his shoulders and back. I pulled the shirt off very slowly. My eyes tried to take in the enormous beauty of his physique. It was breathtaking.

Dale was staring at me but did not *see* me. His brain saw what I was doing and my obvious state of arousal, but it did not, could not register in his whirling mind. He simply stood with his broad back against the tiled wall and did nothing while I had begun to remove his shirt. The bronze disks of Dale's large nipples protruded and I watched in amazement as they puckered into a crisp, erect state. His tits were beautiful and caused me to almost lose my load then and there.

I reached next for his belt and then undid the hook on his slacks. I hesitated. I wanted to perpetuate the air of excitement and mystery as long as I could. I grasped the back of his neck and smiled.

Dale did not move, but allowed me to slowly unzip his slacks. Almost reverently, I peeled the material down his thighs. Standing up, I glanced at the white briefs Dale sexily sported. Their wetness caused the material to cling, nearly transparent. I'd never seen Dale in this way. I had seen him naked many times before, in the steamy showers after workouts at the gym, but I could never really check him out. It was too risky. Finally I grabbed the elastic band of his briefs. The thin, almost non-existent hairline beneath his navel began to flourish and expand as the underwear was lowered.

Suddenly he was naked. The underwear was gone and Dale's manhood hung between his monstrous thighs. His was a perfect cock—thick, not too long with a pink glow about it. It was a flawless circumsized organ with an angular head, flared and broad. His nuts were the size of ping pong balls and nestled in a fuzzy low-hanging sack. The tip of my own cock had slipped out from its confines and was firmly nudging my belly.

Without warning, Dale heaved, doubling over again. This time there was nothing to be expelled from his stomach. As he bent, I saw the glorious round orbs of his ass. The shape was wonderful, the flesh creamy and pink. His ass was so firm that it seemed as if it would be impossible to pinch it. His asshole puckered sweetly as he bent and seemed to quiver with each cough.

I placed my open hand on the broad expanse of Dale's right asscheek. My other hand rubbed along his mammoth back. Slowly, tentatively, I moved my pelvis toward the cleft of Dale's ass. I very gently pressed my roaring cock into the split and gasped. My breath was short and my heart beat frantically. I pressed myself closer, my cock lying like a pole in the shelter of Dale's buns. Suddenly Dale stood up.

I pulled back, not having penetrated the rosey hole. His face, which was bright red, was turned toward the showerhead.

I placed my open hand on the broad expanse of Dale's right asscheek. My other hand rubbed along his mammoth back. Slowly, tentatively, I moved my pelvis toward the cleft of Dale's ass. I very gently pressed my roaring cock into the split. My breath was short, my heart beat frantic.

"Dale," I asked loudly, as if I were an embarrassed child caught in the act, "are you all right?" Dale grunted what I took to be an affirmative answer. "Good," I said cheerfully, "let's wash up."

Shit! I thought, my cock is stiff! A fleeting moment of guilt passed through my mind. Maybe I shouldn't take advantage of the situation. Then, what the hell, he won't notice anything with all that booze in his system. Taking a bar of soap, I worked up a thick lather.

I started at Dale's neck and worked my way down to the small of his back. My prick screamed for release. I pressed close to him with my erect tool nestled vertically in the cleft between his buns. Reaching around, I cupped his pecs in my hands, massaging them with the white lather. His nipples were hard and erect. Dale made no movement. Was he enjoying this? I pressed even closer to the giant, warm body and continued my tit play. When I reluctantly pulled away and turned Dale to face me, my heart lurched. He was hard! His gigantic cock was rising slowly, swelling and bobbing amid the steam and rivulets of soap. His eyes were still closed

"Dale?" I said softly. "Dale, how are you feeling?"

He stirred vaguely, but said nothing. He opened his eyes. Looking at me, he smiled and shut his eyes again.

Was he actually enjoying this? I thought. I reached up and fondled his nipples again, pinching them hard and long. I heard a low moan escape from Dale's throat. His back arched and his pelvis thrust forward. The cock, half-erect, now began to swell and rise to its full glory. His shaft in its bold fullness was the most beautiful thing—perfect in every proportion—not dwarfed by the giant status of muscle mass, but equal to it. It throbbed and the head, red and flaring, pounded above Dale's perfect navel. I let the water wash away the soap and placed my mouth on his left nipple and then bit down lightly. One arm went around Dale's sexy frame and my other hand dropped to fondle the tight delight of Dale's ass. Once or twice a finger would slip deeply into his love hole, hot and sticky.

Dale gasped audibly, mouth open and leaned his head far back against the tile. My heart stopped as he lifted one huge arm and put his hand on my shoulder. He gripped my shoulder hard and I heard another moan. His arm pulled me closer. Our cocks touched and were squeezed together in twitching ecstasy.

Dale was saying incomprehensible things in his drunken state. He had opened his eyes and was speaking to me in earnest. He was hurting so much that I felt ashamed for using his vulnerable state to further my feelings of lust and desire. Suddenly I became aware of Dale pumping and grinding his groin into mine. Without warning his mouth was brushing against mine as he spoke. Then it happened. His words vanished and our mouths formed a hot, unexpected kiss.

First I kissed it gently, savoring the moment. I slipped the rosey knob into my mouth, tasting the piquant pre-cum. The entire tool slipped easily into my throat. Dale set up a rhythm with steady thrusts of his hips into my face, moving the shaft in and out.

Dale's tongue moved into my mouth and I kissed him back with fervent passion. With one hand I reached down and grasped his lurching cock. It was so thick! We kissed for a long time as I steadily worked his manmeat. Dale made little groaning noises as I lowered my head and licked and sucked his nipples.

"Oh, yeah," Dale said huskily. He reached down and grabbed my cock. For what seemend like the millionth time since our shower began, I almost shot my load but denied myself a little longer. I fell to my knees and cupped Dale's heavy balls in my hands, Leaning forward, I licked and kissed them in their soft, velvety pouch. Then, moving up the shaft, I covered it with kisses and licked its thick girth. Finally, I reached the head.

First I kissed it gently, savoring the moment. I slipped the rosey knob into my mouth, tasting the piquant pre-cum. The entire tool slipped easily into my throat. Dale set up a rhythm with steady thrusts of his hips into my face and I responded with the best blow job I'd ever given, moving the shaft in and out and licking the prick with expert movements. His balls drew themselves up toward his body. I placed one hand on his ass and kneaded the smooth flesh as my other hand again moved to his nipple. Dale's bucking motion became more rapid and he place his hands on my head, shoving my face into his wet pubic hair. The easy rocking movements increased in intensity and I could tell that Dale was about to cum. His ass tensed and his moans became quite audible.

I increased the pressure on the nipple and that did it. Dale tossed his head back and screamed in ecstacy. The cock tensed once and then emptied itself into my mouth. The heated cock jerked and twitched in my mouth. There was so much of the pearly liquid that I though I would drown in it. Swallowing every drop, I pulled away and Dale, totally spent, sank slowly to the floor of the shower stall. His eyes were closed and his muscular form heaved with heavy breaths.

I crouched down and swept the hair from his face. He opened his eyes and said, "That was fantastic." For the first time he glanced at my own cock, which was standing at attention.

I began soaping up my cock and then instructed Dale to relax. I rubbed the soap into the crack of his ass. Moving forward, I eased my love-rod toward Dale's virgin hole.

I pushed very gently and the soap did its job, allowing my hard, hot meat easy entry into this

Dale was really getting into his first fuck and from the sounds he was making he wanted it more and more. I gladly gave it to him in savage thrusts, deep and hard. I heard Dale emit a low growl. His pole began quivering and jerking, causing Dale to squeeze his sphincter tightly.

paradise. He was tight and hot inside and I noticed how like Dale's was my own method of gentle rocking when fucking. Ass or face, fucking's fucking, after all. Dale began groaning again, meeting my thrust with his own counter-thrust. "Fantastic," he muttered drunkenly. "Oh my gawd, that's fantastic. . ."

I reached in front of him and grasped his cock again. It was hard as a rock! Slowly I began to work on his dick again. Dale tensed his hole a bit and soon I knew that things had gone too far for me to hold out much longer without exploding my hot load into his guts. Dale was really getting into his first fuck and from the sounds he was making he wanted it more and more. I gladly gave it to him in savage thrusts, deep and hard. I heard Dale emit a low growl. His pole began quivering and jerking, causing Dale to squeeze his sphincter tightly. That was it! My cock spasmed wildly, shooting my boiling love juice deeply into my muscled friend. The tension of the long-denied gratification was finally released.

"Yes! Yes! Dale, yes!" I shouted, thrusting savagely into his asshole. Dale shot his second load, this one no less copious than its predecessor.

Dale, completely exhausted from the cumulative effects of the evening's activities, slumped forward with me on top of him.

I did not sleep much during the short remainder of the night. At first hint of dawn I rose and walked the deserted Sunday streets of my sleeping neighborhood, trying to sort out and savor the events of just hours before.

It was almost noon before I peeked in on Dale. I entered the bedroom to find Dale awake and propped up on one elbow.

"Well," I said, almost too cheerily, "are you still in the land of the living?"

"Ugh. . ." he responded, rolling over on his back. "I had such wild dreams last night, you wouldn't believe."

"Oh? Try me," I said, trying not to sound too knowledgeable.

"No," said Dale, hinting at a smile, but with a furrowed brow added, "I'm not sure I believe them."

"Were they good dreams?" I asked, hoping, daring not to hope. There was a long pause.

Dale heaved a heavy sigh, drawing a huge hand across his wonderfully molded chest. "Maybe they weren't just dreams." He looked me in the eye. "How are you, John?" he asked.

"Me?" I asked. "I'm . . .good. Slept like a baby." I lied. "How about you?"

"You don't look like you got too much sleep," Dale said. The sheet moved. Dale shifted and I saw a bulge rise at Dale's waist. "I got lots of rest. See? All of me is awake and ready to go." He tossed the sheet back, exposing his fully erect dick. He grabbed it in his fist. "Well, John," he said, "was it just a dream?"

My mouth had gone dry, like usual. My heart thumped wildly. I smiled and asked, "do you want it to be just a dream?"

Dale smiled his incredible smile. He patted the mattress playfully and said, "I think you know the answer to that. C'mere."

Ripping off my clothes in a blinding flash, I was in the bed and in Dale's arms. He grasped my cock and said, "so *this* is what I've been missing, eh?"

I took his face in both of my hands and kissed him long and hard. "Not any more, Big Guy," I said. "Not any more." ■

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BIG HAIRY APE

I was vacationing in London and staying in this huge hotel that had a gay pub on the ground floor—not associated with the hotel. I cruised the pub three nights running and I'm sure I took someone home one or two nights if not all three, but nothing sticks out in my mind about the first three nights except that there was this guy, tall, over six feet, and big with dark hair. All three nights he sat and drank beer, never looking around. On the fourth night I went in and there he sat in a very nice pin stripe suit, drinking his beer and not ever looking up.

There's a long shelf just outside the men's room and everybody leaves their drink on the shelf while they go to the toilet. My pin stripe suit was still drinking his beer, sitting, looking down, when I got up and set my drink on the shelf and went to the toilet. I came out and there was pin stripe suit standing in front of the shelf directly in front of my drink!

I walked over and said, "excuse me, but my drink is right behind you."

He stepped aside and as I reached for my drink he said, "you're an American, aren't you."

"Yes," I replied.

"What are you doing over here?"

"Vacation."

I was really interested in him at this point, so I continued the conversation. "I've been at the beach in Brighton all day."

"Oh," he said. "I never could go to a beach."

"Why," I asked.

"I'm too hairy to ever expose myself at a beach in public."

At that I went hot and cold all over. Being a hair lover, I've never found anyone too hairy for me!

The conversation continued and I found out that he was in London on business, he was married and had three children, and he was leaving for home on the 11:00 p.m. train that night! It was a little past 8:00 p.m. according to my watch.

I finally asked, "you know this is a gay pub?" He nodded his head. "So what are you looking for in a gay pub?"

"My first gay experience," he answered.

I was getting hotter by the minute! "What exactly do you want from your first gay experience?" I asked.

"I guess just some mutual masturbation."

"I've got a room in the hotel upstairs if you're interested." I was so excited I could hardly talk!

Well, he came upstairs with me and I did and still do believe it was his first gay experience. He was very shy about undressing, but he finally succeeded and got on the bed. He was as hairy as he'd said, and I loved it. You have to be a hair lover like me to appreciate someone like him. Hair everywhere!

Dark hair covering his chest, back, shoulders, arms, legs, crotch and ass! I played in all of it and when I got to his cock, that was about all I could do with it—play! It was at least ten inches long and thick! I got my mouth over the head, but that was all. He finally relaxed a bit and I told him not to bother with me, just let me work on him! I sucked his balls and tits, playing in the lovely black hair. I pulled on that beautiful, huge cock and he seemed to enjoy every second of it.

When I was playing with his ass, I decided to see what he would think of a finger up there. In the middle finger went as I was jacking him off with the other hand and all I heard was a moan of pleasure. A second later, in went another finger and since that made him even hotter, in went a third. I finger fucked him rapidly as I jerked on his prick. Suddenly, amid his loud moans, he shot wad after wad of thick creamy cum. Gawd, I thought he'd never stop!

With a hand full of slick cum, I wrapped my hand

around my eight inches and with only about five strokes sprayed out my own load.

We rested a minute, cleaned up, and dressed. He thanked me for the experience and said he'd really enjoyed it!

Man, I'd like to meet up with him again, when we had more time. I'd even like to try sitting on that huge pole. I probably couldn't get it in without splitting myself open, but I'd sure like to try! And, as

much as he enjoyed my three fingers up his ass, I think he might like to try out my eight inches as well!—*Name Withheld Upon Request*

BULL'S HORN

I've always been sexually attracted to black people—or black men, I should say, since I'm a gay man. I've always had this terrible crush on Teddy Pendergrass and night after night I'd go to gay bars, frantically seeking a black man who resembled him.

Ironically, I met Tom at one of my infrequent stops to a straight bar. The place had a pretty decent happy hour and I had some time to kill and I decided to have a couple of beers. I noticed Tom the minute he came in the door. Tall and well-built, he had the strong, chiseled features and the dark, ebony black skin that makes my cock jump for joy. Actually, he looked more like Ken Norton, the fighter, than Teddy Pendergrass.

He ordered a drink and seated himself only a few tables away from me. Over the next hour, I tried several times to get his attention, but always lost my nerve when he looked directly at me. I figured he was probably straight anyway and that he was most likely waiting for his girlfriend or wife. Since nobody came to meet him after a half hour or so, I decided to make my move. I motioned to the empty seat next to me. He looked away at first but then he got up and walked toward me. As he walked over to my table, I took in the whole package. he was truly the essence of black masculinity. I got excited just by the way he walked since I could imagine him naked with his black dong swinging to and fro while I sat there waiting to serve him in any way I could.

"Won't you join me?" I asked, rather nervously.

Tom shrugged his huge shoulders and sat in the chair beside me. He told me his name was Tom Bull and that he was new in town. As we talked, his black eyes mesmerized me, though occasionally, I had to break eye contact for a glance at his fantastic bulging body. I found myself going more and more into a stupor as he talked about his move to this town. I was getting hotter and hotter and when I thought I would make a fool of myself by him seeing the hard-on in my pants anyway, I decided to make my move. What did I have to lose, I thought?

Happy hour was over so I asked Tom if he'd like to come to my place. Tom agreed after a few seconds with a big, toothy smile. He followed me to my place which was only a few blocks away. Soon we were sitting next to each other in my small living room sipping on some beers and getting better acquainted. I put some music on the stereo which led Tom to complain about not knowing where to go dancing or who to go with. By this time, we were both real tipsy from the booze so I got up and started to move seductively to the music. He liked the way I danced and he eventually got up and started to move his hips.

Soon after we were getting into it, a slow song came on and Tom quickly retreated to the sofa. I told him he didn't have to sit down just because it was slow.

"What do you take me for, man?" Tom inquired.

"Not to worry, I just want to dance!" I said.

After a few minutes, I walked over to Tom and pulled him to his feet. He looked surprised and embarrassed but he shrugged and said, "What the hell!"

I wrapped one arm around his thick frame and grabbed his black hand with the other. Our fingers interlocked and I leaned my body against his even though he seemed to be very uneasy. I pressed my cheek against his, leaving him no further doubt as to my intentions.

Tom seemed to be more comfortable cuddling up next to me as we danced slowly and rhythmically. I stared at my white skin against his inky skin and the contrast really turned me on. I felt a surge of pleasure streak upward through my body from my swollen prick and cum-filled balls.

Taking the *Bull* by the horns, so the speak, I slid my head forward and kissed Tom hotly on the lips. At first, this did not seem to please Tom, but when I tried it again, he returned my kiss even more passionately than I expected. Also, I felt his prick beginning to swell from the sheer ecstacy of the kiss. His tongue began to dart in and out of my mouth and at times it reached all the way back to my throat when he thrust it into my open mouth.

My body was on fire now. If his tongue could tantalize my mouth like that, imagine how it would feel inside my asshole or darting around my cockhead. I rubbed my inflated tube against his and then dropped my hand down to his bulge. With my other hand, I reached around and cupped his big, muscular ass.

Lust shone unmistakably in his pitch-black eyes and I knew this animal was in heat just as much as I was. I slowly undid his zipper and let his donkey dong go free. It was a gargantuan beauty. I stroked it and Tom moaned and began to breathe heavy. His cock rose and shifted each time I ran my hand down the length of it.

"Do you want to get more comfortable?" I asked, trying to catch my breath.

"Why not?" my big, black Mandingo answered.

I led Tom to my bedroom by grabbing his blackberry-colored prick and using it as a leash. Once inside the bedroom, I wasted no time in undressing him. When I finally removed every piece of clothing, his overall physique took my breath away. His huge black pecs stuck out above a rippling, washboard stomach. From his black bush of pubes rose a black lollipop that any man would surely envy. His pendulous balls hung beneath his prick like two black kiwi fruits. Legs of steel supported the whole muscular frame.

I stepped back to survey the remarkable piece of art before me. I quickly removed my own clothes and discarded them across the room, all the while not taking my eyes off of him.

When I was as naked as he was, I embraced him. I could hardly get my two arms around him and I was no small fry. Our bodies burned as they pressed together, smooth, blond pubes intermeshed with wiry, black ones. He pushed me down on the bed and then lay on top of me, darting his tongue in and

out of my wanton mouth. I pushed him over and jumped on top of him, anxious to get started on worshiping his superb body. I feverishly kissed his hard pecs making his nipples erect. I enveloped one of them with my warm mouth and sucked it in between my lips, whipping it with the tip of my tongue until Tom pushed my head down to his lower torso. I sank my tongue into his belly button and then let my tongue travel down to his steel-wool like pubes. I relished the feel of his pubic hairs as they scratched my face.

After rubbing my face in his crotch hairs for several minutes, I manuevered myself in between his tree-trunk legs to explore more interesting territory. I tickled Tom's balls with the tip of my tongue, then pulled them up and licked the underside of them. I looked up to see if he was pleased and he smiled at me saying, "you sure use your tongue good for a white boy."

That's all the encouragement I needed! I sucked and slurped on his black sac while my black stud moaned his approval. All at once, I rammed his ebony rod down my throat until it reached the back of my throat. Like a man possessed, I sucked ferociously since I was driven mad by the musky, strong odor of the man's sweat.

At this point, Tom pulled me on top and around so that we were in a sixty-nine position. He jammed his face into my aching groin. Tom's tongue did it's job on my manthing as I'd expected. His tongue found its way down to my fuzzy balls and took them both in his mouth which was no small feat. No part of my cock or balls went unswabbed! The more fervently he ate me, the more I greedily swallowed his salty, slick prick. My head reeled in ecstasy.

Tom used his tongue to ramrod my asshole and it felt like a small, thin penis penetrating my shit tunnel. Just the fact that it was a male's tongue—the mouth of a masculine, horny black man eating out my man twat—was driving me crazy!

Tom quickly pulled a condom over his thick meat and rammed me in my spit-soaked hole. The largeness of him made me gasp but soon I was jumping up and down on his pogo stick as his whole body spasmed with delight. This guy knew how to fuck!

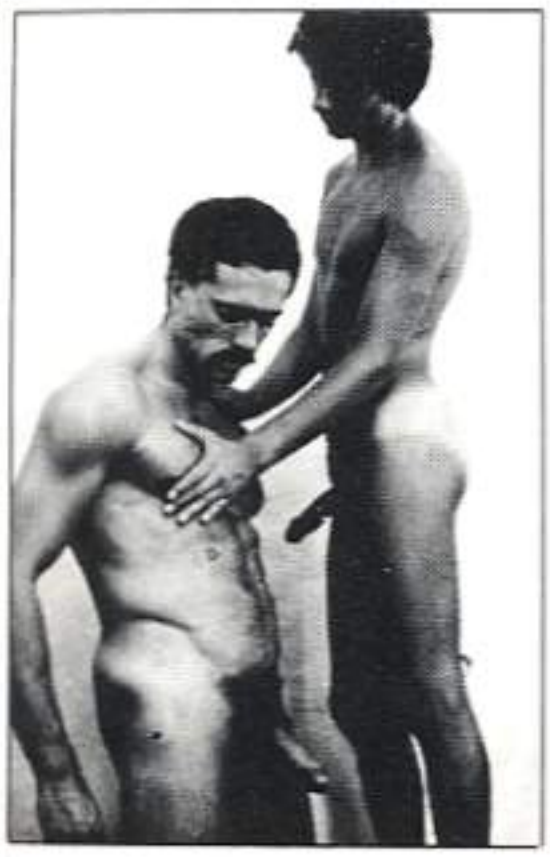
I could suddenly feel his cock pulsating and I knew he was ready to explode. My orgasm was on its way also, so I decided to cum at the same time he did to make it more excitng. I squeezed my sphincter muscles around his shaft to make my hole tighter for his pleasure. This was all he needed because he groaned and his body jerked and I could feel that he was exploding into the rubber inside of me. Then the waves of orgasm washed over me as I spilled out my load all over the sheets beneath me.

I was under a spell for quite some time as he eventually removed his sizable organ from my sore hole. His odor still enveloped me and I lay there with him for a while before I fell fast asleep in his huge black arms. When I awoke, I could hardly believe what had transpired the night before. I was actually manhandled by this beautiful black man beside me.

Well, Tom is now living with me and we're inseparable most of the time. The best thing about it is when I grab this bull "by the *horn*," he always comes a chargin'!—*J. Andrews, Los Angeles, CA*

WATCHING TIM

It's so easy to get claustrophobic when you live in the middle of a big city, like I do. You'll go nuts if you don't have someplace to escape to. For me, that place is my balcony. I have a wonderful balcony off the bedroom of my fourth story apartment. It doesn't offer a lot of privacy since it faces the street and neighboring buildings, but it's a comfortable place to be. There are half-walls on the sides to offer some privacy, but not much. There are so many plants and vines growing out there that it's like stepping



into a jungle. There's enough open space for me to see what's going on in the neighborhood, without being seen, of course.

One evening, after a frustrating battle in rush-hour downtown traffic, I needed to unwind. Upon arriving home, I slipped out of my clothes and into a robe. I poured myself a drink and went outside to my peaceful garden spot. It was fairly quiet out and was slowly getting dark. Looking down into the street, about the only thing happening was Tim, my neighbor from across the street, who was coming home from work.

Tim was built like a brick house and lived in an apartment directly across from me. We had met on several occasions at bars and parties, but only on a casual basis. I didn't know him very well. At least not as well as I would have liked. He has a great body. He's over six feet tall, very muscular, with big brown eyes and thick, dark hair.

I watched Tim as he walked up the stairs to his building. His tight jeans accentuated the curve of his ass with each step he took. As he checked his mailbox he glanced in my direction, but I felt reasonably sure that I was hidden.

When Tim disappeared through the front door, I figured I would go in for the night and find something to do. But then I noticed the French doors in Tim's apartment being opened, and I saw that he was standing in his bedroom undressing. We were only separated by a two-lane street, so I could see him quite well.

Slowly, he unbuttoned his shirt. He stood close to the open balcony doors of his apartment as he undressed. Dropping his shirt to the floor, I got a look at his rock-hard chest. His chest only had a small amount of hair on it and he was very tanned.

This was like having my own peep show, but I felt guilty watching. However, I was mesmerized and did not move. Next, Tim sat on the edge of his bed and took off his shoes and socks. I felt my cock start to stir in my underwear. Tim stood up and unzipped his pants, stepping out of them. He was left wearing a skimpy pair of briefs and even from across the street I could tell that they were straining to conceal a huge cock.

Standing right in front of the open doors, he put a hand on either side of his waist and slowly slid his fingers down his smooth skin. They disappeared inside the elastic waistband of his briefs, and I expected him to slip out of his underwear quickly.

Instead, he shot a quick glance toward my building. He slowly massaged the front of the briefs and lowered the waist band just a little so that about an inch of cock stuck out of the top. My own cock was hard and I slid my underwear off to release the eight-inch tool.

He cupped his balls in his hand, through the material, and gently squeezed them. As he did this, he fell back on the bed with his legs spread wide open, facing me. While he caressed himself, I rubbed my own body and cock, following his moves.

What had previously only been an inch of exposed cock was now easily three inches, and growing. It made my mouth water. Judging from what I could see, it was at least nine inches and very thick. The head was a dark purplish color and I could almost feel the heat emanating from it. Just as I was wondering how it would feel to have my lips around it, he lifted his hips off the bed and slid out of his briefs.

He leaned over and reached for something. It was a small jar and he opened it. He put a glob of something in the palm of his hand, then wrapped his hand around his thick prick and began stroking long, slow, forceful strokes that made his rod even bigger and redder.

Tim's cock seemed to take on a glow from the lubricant all over his huge dick. His hand was sliding up and down the length of it now, with no friction to slow his movements. My hand, meanwhile, was doing some sliding of its own. My cock was throbbing and there was a drop of pre-cum on the head of it. With my finger, I spread the drop of juice over the head, as I continued watching Tim.

I could see everything he was doing very clearly. Tim moved to one side a little and I could see his hand pumping rapidly, inflating his cock. His eyes were shut and his face was contorted with pleasure. A shiny film of sweat covered his body.

My hand pumped on my own hot meat and Tim's hand became a blur. I could see him gasping and his body was twisting in ecstasy. I was very excited by watching all of this. One hand pumped my own cock and the other rubbed my balls and massaged my crotch. My ass was sweaty and I took one finger and pushed it in my twitching asshole. Then, I pushed in a second finger. While my two fingers probed my hole, my free hand jacked me off.

Across the way, Tim's back arched off the bed and he jerked a couple of times. Milky white cum shot out of his pulsating cock and hit his chest. He shot a huge load all over his body, and he milked his long dick until the last drop oozed out.

Just then, my body tingled and my balls tightened up. A huge load of hot cum sprayed my belly and stomach. Tim was laying on the bed still, breathing heavily and lightly touching himself. As I watched his fingers play in his sticky cum, a final drop of juice fell from my own shrinking cock.

I'd felt a wonderful orgasm by this erotic voyeurism. It was just as good as real sex. And I knew there were plenty more shows where that one came from.—*Name Withheld Upon Request*

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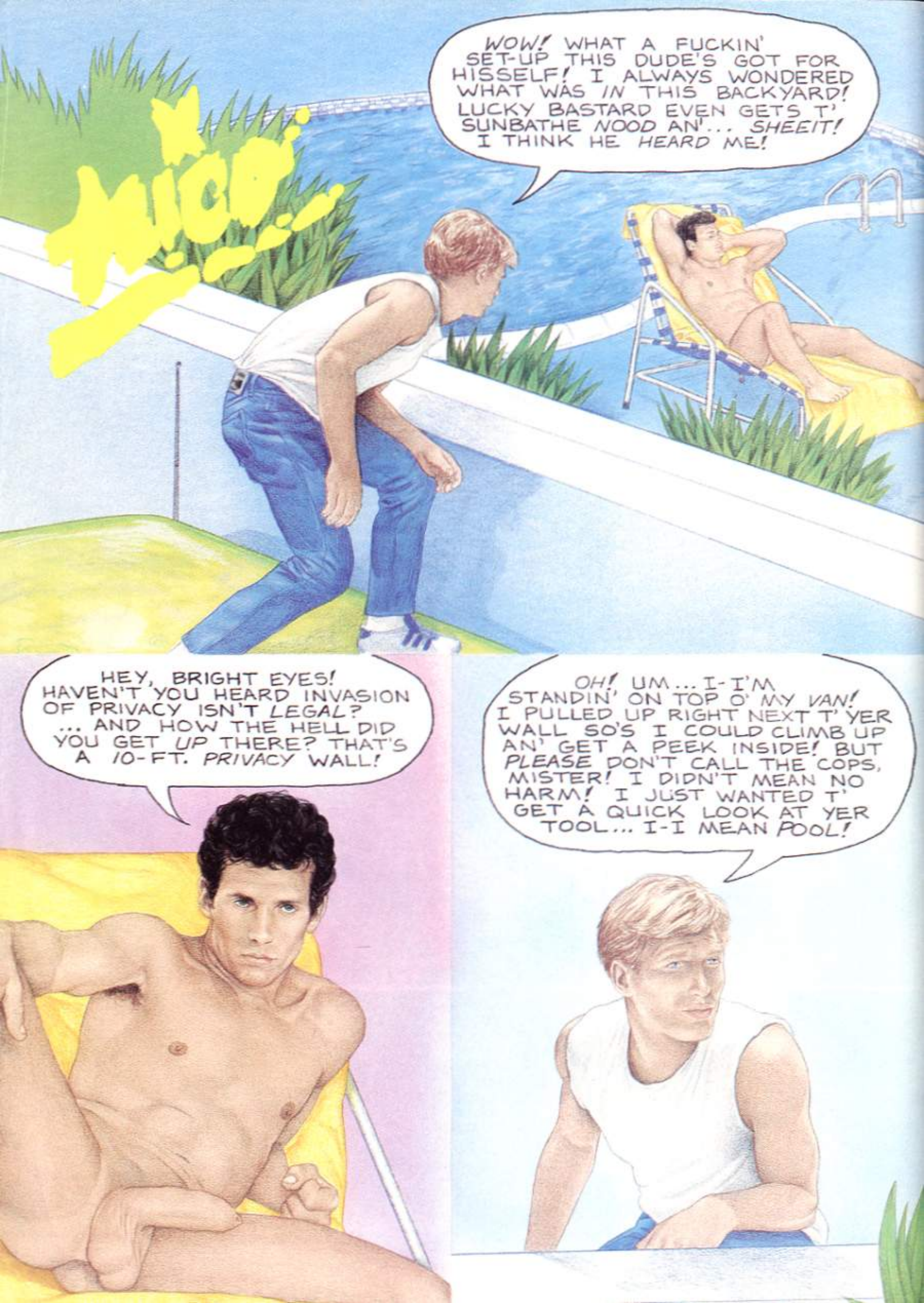
WOW! WHAT A FUCKIN' SET-UP THIS DUDE'S GOT FOR HISSELF! I ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT WAS IN THIS BACKYARD! LUCKY BASTARD EVEN GETS T' SUNBATHE NOOD AN'... SHEEIT! I THINK HE HEARD ME!
HEY, BRIGHT EYES! HAVEN'T YOU HEARD INVASION OF PRIVACY ISN'T LEGAL? ... AND HOW THE HELL DID YOU GET UP THERE? THAT'S A 10-FT. PRIVACY WALL!
OH! UM... I-I'M STANDIN' ON TOP O' MY VAN! I PULLED UP RIGHT NEXT T' YER WALL SO'S I COULD CLIMB UP AN' GET A PEEK INSIDE! BUT PLEASE DON'T CALL THE COPS, MISTER! I DIDN'T MEAN NO HARM! I JUST WANTED T' GET A QUICK LOOK AT YER TOOL... I-I MEAN POOL!

OH, YEAH? WELL... GET YOUR ASS DOWN FROM THERE AND YOU CAN HAVE A GOOD... *HARD*... LOOK! GO AROUND TO THE GATE! IT'S ALREADY UNLOCKED!

HMM... NOT BAD! YOU'RE THAT DELIVERY BOY FROM THE DELI! I COULD USE SOME COMPANY! GET THOSE CLOTHES OFF AND SUNBATHE WITH ME!

GEE, MAN...¿SMACK!¿ I DUNNO... MY BACK'S ALREADY A LITTLE BIT SUNBURNT... MMM...

¿SMACK!¿ SO YOU CAN LEAVE THAT STUPID T-SHIRT ON! OKAY? MMM! YEAH... GIVE ME YOUR *TONGUE!*

HEY, MAN... THE HEAD O' YER CRANK'S GETTIN' ALL *RED* WHEN I SKIN IT BACK! YA WANNA *PUT* SOMETHIN' *ON* IT?

YEAH... LET'S GET IT NICE AND *WET*...

...AND *STICK* IT "WHERE THE SUN DON'T SHINE!" *THAT* SHOULD PREVENT A SUNBURN!

AHN! OH...
...GOD!

>SMACK!< HEY, YOUR CHEEKS ARE STARTING TO TURN PINK! I GUESS YOU DO BURN EASILY! BUT I HAVE A SPECIAL CREAM FOR THEM... MY OWN ORGANIC CREAM! WANT TO HELP ME WHIP UP A BATCH?
YEAH...
YES... PINCH HARDER! UH! GET DOWN HERE...
THAT'S IT, MAN... I WANT THAT CREAM ALL OVER MY FACE! SHOOT IT, MAN! WORK UP THAT LOAD OF ORGANIC CREAM! FRESH HOT MAN-CREAM FOR MY BURNING CHEEKS! NOW!!
I FEEL IT COMING... I... AHNHH!!
THAT'S IT... IT'S ALSO VITAMIN-ENRICHED, SO DON'T WASTE A DROP!

Language Barrier

Fiction by John Andrews
Art by D. Lamb

His hand flew faster and faster. A thin line of sweat stood out on the taut surface of his abdomen and began a slow trickle down his thigh. His organ rose hard against his working fist, the glans swelling past the point of pleasure into agony. The rigid outlines along his shaft twitched spasmodically as semen boiled up from his testicles and erupted, fountaining and covering his hand with the rich pearlesence. He gasped a breath of pure fire and sank back into the soft folds of the bed. Semen continued to pour from the head of his softening member, reminding him of a mountain spring. He closed his eyes and drifted into the welcome land of satisfied sleep.

John was a typical, rather American male. Hot blooded, sexually repressed and decidedly bored with most of what his life had offered. For his 35 years he had tried a wide array of professions settling finally with a computer research firm with inter-

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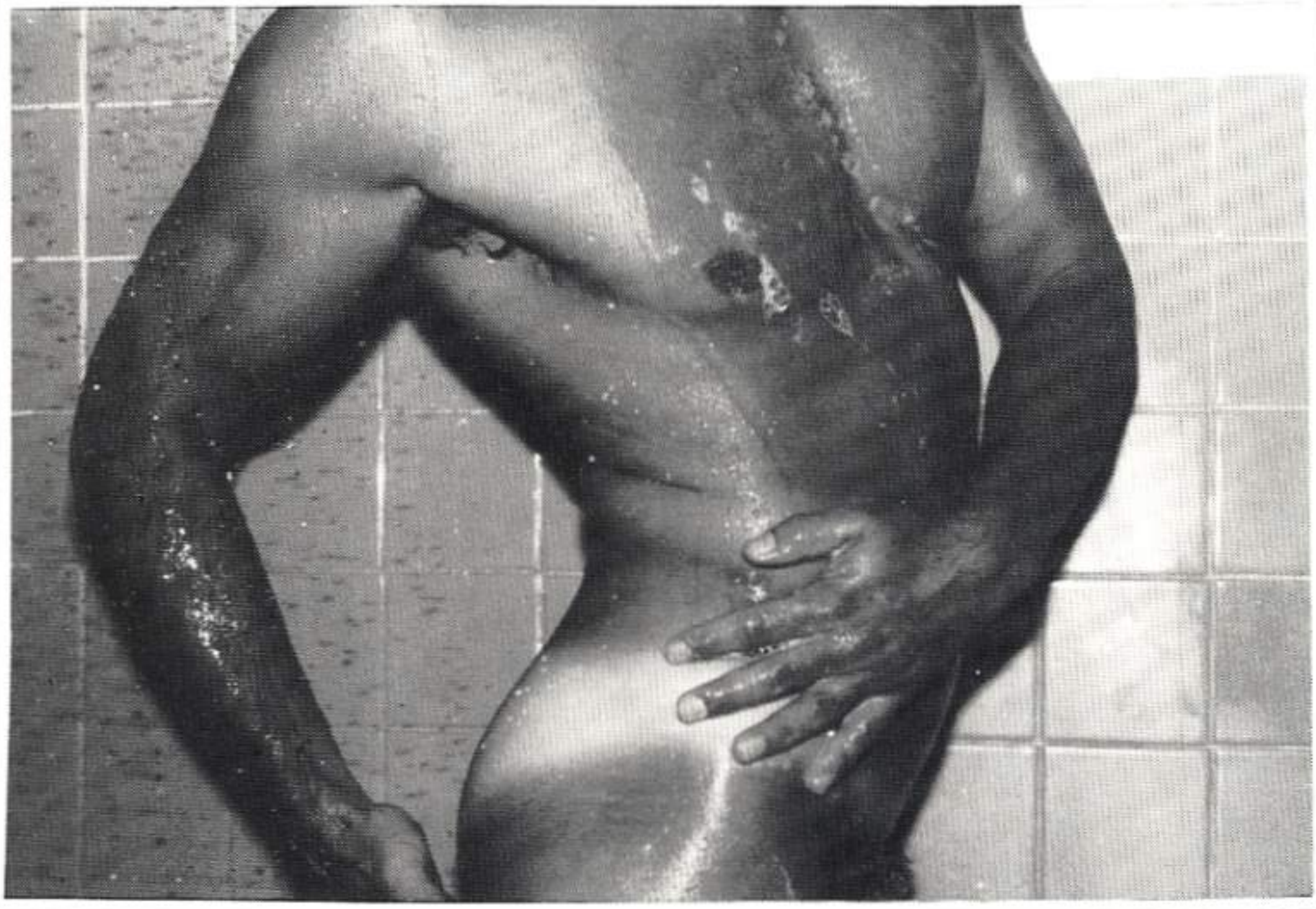

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national contracts. The possibility of travel appealed to John. The days of playing pit boss, running errands for corporate executives who were always holding out more than they could deliver, were over! He was now in the growing field of computer electronics and his adeptness in dealing with problem situations had not gone unnoticed. Several times the firm had sent him to straighten out the kinks in a system that was baffling the technicians. It was not his expertise in electronics, but rather his ability to analyze the efforts being made and identify faults and overlooked solutions. It was work that John found constantly challenging and intellectually rewarding. Unfortunately, it was also extremely time consuming and left so little time for other pleasures that he had only enjoyed a few brief relationships in the past eight years. Now, with his career taking off and his travel taking him to parts of the world he had never imagined, he found relationships harder and harder to establish and impossible to keep. All too often his hand was the only companion he had to ease the sexual tension that built up in his six foot frame.

At present, John was under contract with a Chinese firm establishing a computer driven factory for the manufacture of solenoids. He had been here a month now and the set-up was nearing completion. The factory was being established in a small province on the outskirts of Yibin near one of the branches of the Yangtze River. It was hoped that this would provide economic stimulus in the area and aid in the spread of western technology that was so important to China.

With his career taking off he found relationships harder to establish. All to often his hand was the only companion he had to ease the sexual tension that built up.

John had received a crash course in conversational Chinese and had learned enough during his stay to deal with only the basic rudiments of polite speech. At times he was provided with an interpreter but most of the time he was on his own. This had given him some interesting and embarrassing moments.

On his third day in China, he had decided to seek out some sort of diversion for his growing desires and sought out the community gathering place. Here a yeasty sort of beer could be had and the off hours saw scores of men and women congregating for discussions. John was afforded space in the crowds, viewed with some interest and then seemingly ignored. His inability to converse in Chinese made it impossible to strike up with anyone. Wandering the streets he had come across what he was sure was a theater. The sign outside of the building was full of Chinese characters that made no sense to him at all but the small picture below the words showed what he thought was a box of popcorn. Without even thinking, he marched into the building and down a flight of darkened stairs. A small doorway led him into the main room which bore no resemblance at all to a movie theatre. Instead he found himself in the midst of a large steamy bath-house similar to those he had heard about in Japan. This one, however, had fountains of steam bubbling up out of box like protrusions set at intervals along the wall. These were fed, in turn, by small streams of water falling into the heated pans. The hot coals could be seen in the containers, their glow casting a fiery reflection on the surface of the water. John's clothes stuck to his perspiring body and he gasped for air. A short, stout woman strode up and immediately began to undress him, ignoring his protests and movements to the contrary. John had never enjoyed the casualness of the public baths at home and was even less comfortable with the idea of being the object of intense scrutiny among people he had just set eyes on.

His clothing was still half off and his privates were on full display to the small crowd that was approaching the door. John swiftly covered his cock with his shirt.

His efforts to reclothe himself met with angry words from the woman who had succeeded in getting his shorts off and his trousers, underwear and shoes 90% off. With one leg tangled in his shorts he scrambled for his other shoe and escaped the steaming room. He could hear the surprised comments from bathers he had not even realized were there. The woman's angry shouts were cut off by the closing of the door and John stood there drawing great gasps of cool air into his lungs. His clothing was still half off and his privates were on full display to the small crowd that was approaching the door. John swiftly covered his cock with his shirt and whirled around toward the wall to finish dressing. The small group simply stood there, quite fascinated by the display of white, smooth flesh that covered his well defined buttocks. John silently vowed to never enter another building unless he could read the sign.

He had tried to master the ancient form of writing but had given it up as he had no one to teach him. The intricacies of the characters left him baffled and he had continued to find himself alone and frustrated. His only release seemed to be in watching the men that worked in the factory as they dressed for the day's work and undressed at evening. John would casually walk into the dressing room and admire the bodies displayed. The Chinese certainly appreciated the finesse of health and maintained themselves superbly. John had even begun joining in the morning exercise programs that were a part of their

The opportunity to be with the workers and shower with them before work only increased his frustration. Many mornings had seen him heading for his office with a noticeable bulge in his trousers. The orgasms John precipitated were intense.

daily regime. The opportunity to be with the workers and shower with them before work only increased his frustration. Many mornings had seen him heading for his office with a noticeable bulge in his trousers. All in all, it was not that surprising that the orgasms John precipitated himself were intense if not completely satisfying.

When John spied the advertisement in the English newspaper for 'Solo Sexual Satisfaction' he realized that he himself was becoming a master of the art. He shot off a note to the address listed and imagined the results.

"Pictures? Dildos, cock teasers?" he pondered. "What kind of a gimmick will this prove to be?"

Weeks passed with no package or letter arriving. Just the anticipation was making John stay perpetually hard. The glances from co-workers grew into undisguised curiosity at the outline formed under his pants. John realized that the attitude of this country toward outsiders was such that he did not want to chance any agressive sexual behavior. He did not know how it would be accepted and had no desire to have to explain to his boss what had happened.

Finally, a small package arrived at the company headquarters. The government had obviously inspected it but decided the contents were harmless enough to allow them through. John took the package into his office and pulled the curtains shut. Tearing open the paper he was surprised to see the instructions were printed in Chinese! He could not begin to understand them. The company had obviously thought the customer to be Chinese and had provided the appropriate information. The box contained a small flexible ring made of some sort of plastic and three vials of a colorless liquid.

"Odorless as well," John sniffed. "But what do I do with them?"

He took a drop out of one of the vials and felt the fluid. It was slightly oily. He raised his finger to his mouth and tasted it.

"A faint hint of oranges?" he wondered. "Perhaps almonds?"

John was at a loss. How could he find out what the instructions said without approaching someone who could read the Chinese? None of his dictionaries had character breakdowns.

"Mr. John," the young foreman from the factory had stepped into his office.

"Hello, Kai Chan," John smiled at the man. "What can I do for you?"

"The last shipment of parts has arrived and we are installing them now. The electronics should be ready for testing this afternoon!" Kai Chan was triumphant. His leadership had kept this project weeks ahead of schedule.

"That's great, Kai Chan!" John thrust his hand out for a western handshake. Pumping each others' hands, the two men smiled. John appreciated the friendship and trust that he had developed on the job with Kai Chan.

Kai Chan looked about twenty-five but could have been anywhere from twenty to forty. He was lean and muscular with jet black hair and eyes that shone like ebony. He was a very handsome man.

John had not noticed that the paper with the Chinese instructions had slipped to the floor when he reached his hand out. Kai Chan had now reached down to pick it up.

"I did not realize you could read our language," he commented as he started to hand the paper to John. John reached for it quickly but Kai Chan had stopped and his eyes grew wider as he scanned the instructions written on it.

"I. . .uh. . .I really can't read that and wondered what it said." John was acutely embarrassed now. "It came with a box of stuff."

"This is most interesting. We do not have such items available in China—that is not factory made ones." Kai Chan glanced up a John. The American was undeniably handsome and Kai Chan weighed the possibility in his mind.

"Would you like me to read this to you? You could have asked me to help you with things like this you know. China is a very old country and knows more about the needs of the body than anywhere else on earth."

John just stood there somewhat dumbfounded. Kai Chan went to the office door and locked it. He motioned for John to join him by the office couch.

"Take off your clothes, John," he ordered. "Come over here and lie down and I will read you the instructions and show you how to understand Chinese."

John decided there was nothing to do but go along with this. His cock was already straining the boundries of his underwear. He slipped out of his shoes and dropped his pants. With his shirt

John decided there was nothing to do but go along with this. His cock was already straining the boundries of his underwear. He slipped out of his shoes and dropped his pants. With his shirt off he stood there in his shorts, his dick thrusting its way out.

off, he stood there in socks and shorts, his dick thrusting its way out of the elastic waistband. Kai Chan reached over and slipped the shorts down. John could not help but appreciate the drawn breath that Kai Chan took as his cock sprang into view. He slipped out of the shorts and rolled his socks off. Flexing slightly, he stood before the Chinese man, each muscle on his white skin was well-defined. John was proud of his body and enjoyed the effect it was having on Kai Chan. The chestnut hair framing John's face was matched perfectly by the patch highlighting his testicles and cock. The fabric of Kai Chan's loose trousers was being stretched by forces at work on his own parts.

Bringing the box with the ring and vials over, he sat down on the edge of the couch and waited for Kai Chan to undress.

Kai Chan wore traditional clothing and merely loosened the waist tie of his trousers and let them fall to the floor. His coat-like shirt went the same way and John was treated to the sight he had lusted after so often in the dressing room. This oriental body was toned to perfection. His torso was hardened copper with shots of gold. His nipples were small and hard, like enameled nubbins. Kai Chan reached his hands in the air and took on a stance that forced the muscles in his calves to spring out and his buttocks to flex tightly. His hands then dropped and fluttered down his rib cage outlining each muscle and came to rest above his taut abdomen. His pubic area was devoid of any hair but seemed more masculine than possible. His cock, now quite aroused, was not overly large, some six inches, uncircumcised and with balls as large or even larger than those John was so proud of himself. Kai Chan rotated in front of John bringing his buttocks only inches away from John's nose. A strong musky odor rose from his body making it impossible for John to restrain his hand. He reached out and stroked the back of this magnificent man. Kai Chan turned again and John's hands spread across his abdomen descending to slide along his hard shaft. Kai Chan sat down next to John and stroked the American's white chest and played with the hair surrounding the genitals. He reached for the instructions and the items in the box.

"This is supposed to be done by yourself, John." Kai Chan advised. "But as I am the only Chinese here that is able to converse with you in your language, I think that it will be okay if I help you out." His eyes held laughter in them and John just smiled.

The flexible ring stretched and Kai Chan placed it over his own balls and cock. The first vial of liquid was poured over his genitals and splashed onto John's as well. A warm silky sensation spread along the shaft and John started to reach for his member.

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"Not yet!" Kai Chan ordered.

The second vial went onto their nipples. Slowly Kai Chan leaned over and licked John's nipples, teasing them to hardened points. John responded to Kai Chan the same way. The third vial was reserved for John alone. As Kai Chan poured it over his cock, John gasped. It seemed as though thousands of little hands were jacking him off. His dick swelled even more. Kai Chan massaged John's balls and brought the liquid to a lather. He roamed through the forest of hair, following the line of muscle that arose from below. John reached for this man's body and crushed him to his own. The combined liquids spread on the hungry bodies. The two men embraced with fierce intent. Reversing positions they approached each other's members with naked greed. John swallowed Kai Chan in one gulp while Kai Chan took a slower descent on the uncircumcised, ivory shaft.

Kai Chan clutched the hips that rose above him. These white cheeks were not the dead flesh he had imagined but were *white-hot* with lust. He slipped a finger into the crack between the cheeks and felt for the hole. His mouth sucked harder on the shaft as he played with the asshole behind it. He felt the balls tightening and thrust a finger deep into the hole as John gushed out torents of semen.

John continued to thrust long after the last drop had been greedily devoured by Kai Chan. John had taken this man's prick into his own mouth and was sucking contentedly. The skin on his cock was so smooth and sweet. John reached one arm under Kai Chan, between his ass cheeks and raised him further into his mouth. He worked the large testicles with his free hand, massaging them through the leather. Kai Chan bucked so hard that his pubic bones clashed with John's cheek bones. His chest heaved with desire as John stroked his thighs and legs. Reaching higher his hands found the nipples and stroked them, giving them small tweaks at intervals. Kai Chan moaned with each new sensation. John could feel the lithe body tensing for release and he clicked the back of his tongue (a trick he had learned many years ago) against the head of Kai Chan's glans. It erupted with wads of sweet cum.

John sucked until Kai Chan was dry and then leaned forward to hold the other man close to him. They lay there delighting themselves in each other's bodies. Spent members nestled side-by-side.

Some while later a knock came at the door. The job was finished!

Indeed not! both men though as they dressed and promised to meet again that very night.

"I should have studied Chinese years ago," John commented as he and Kai Chan left the office together.■

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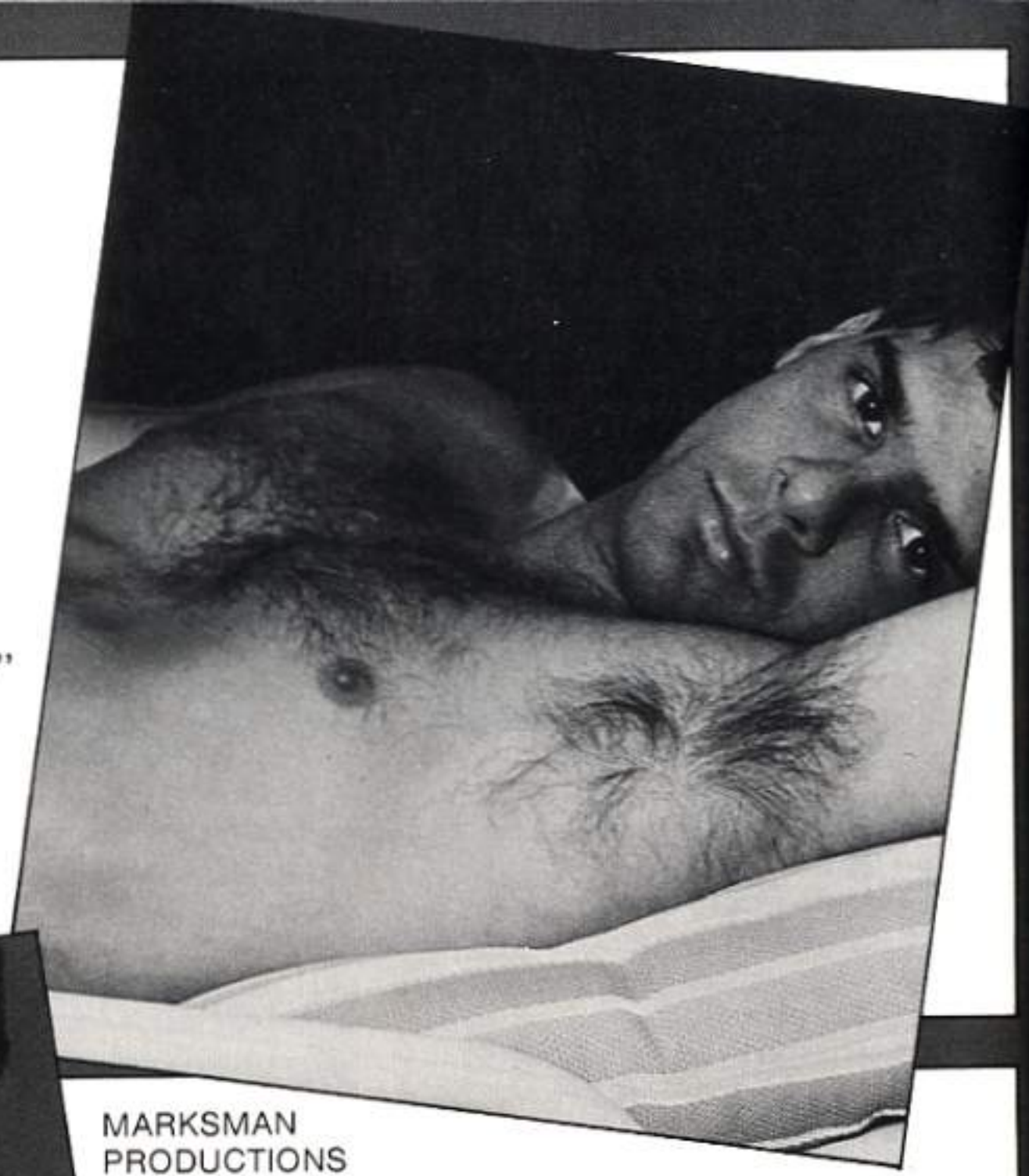

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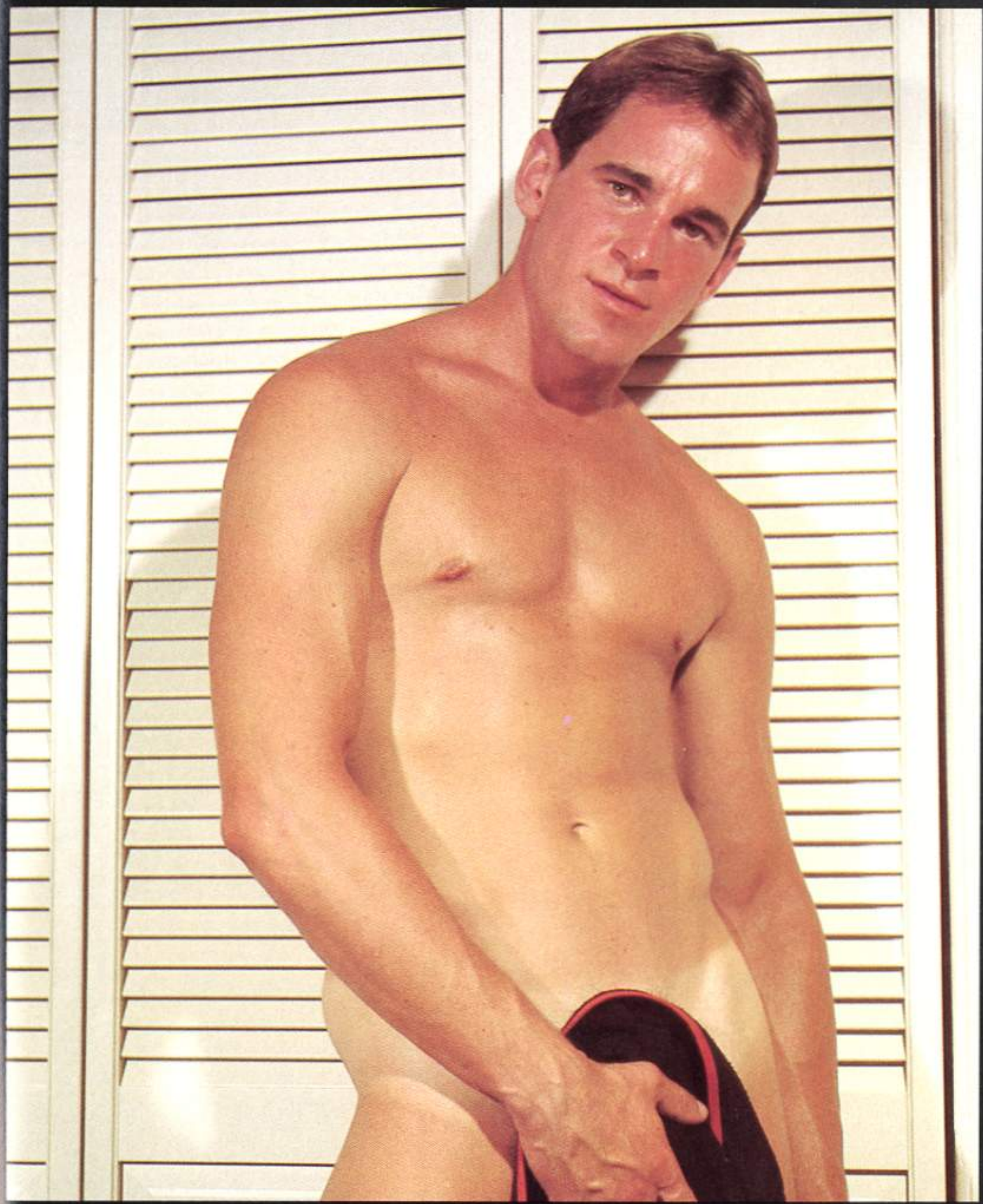

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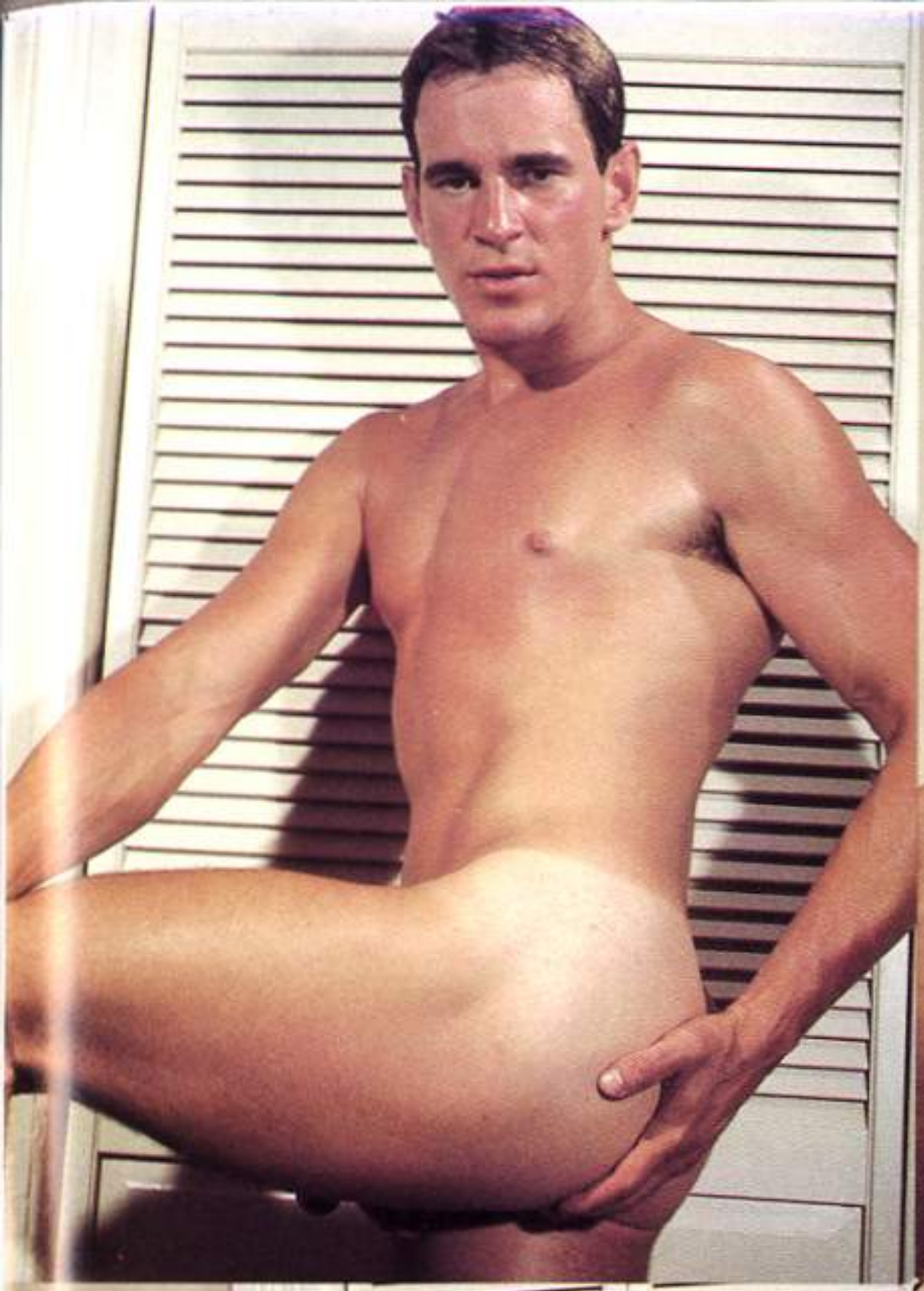

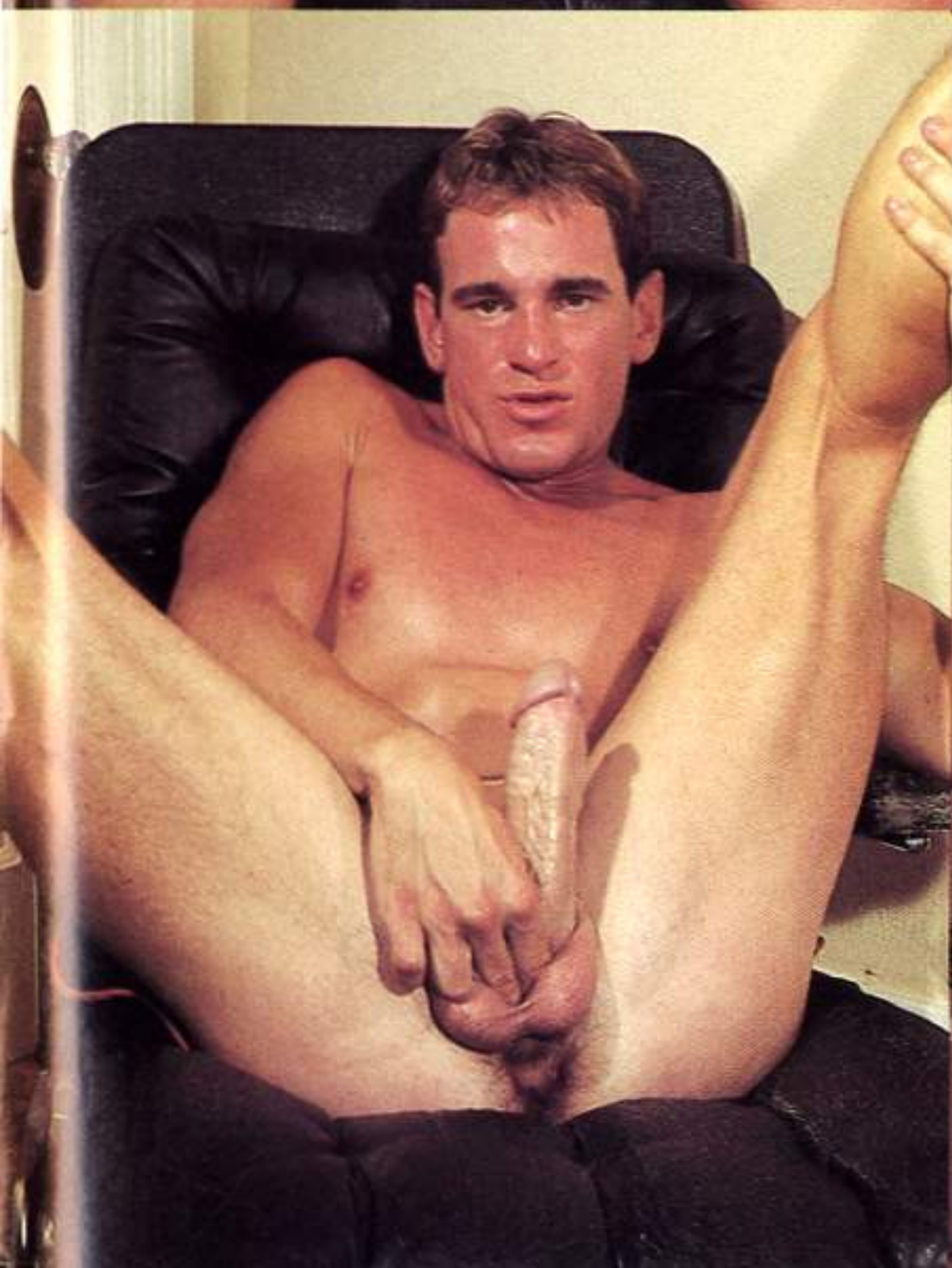

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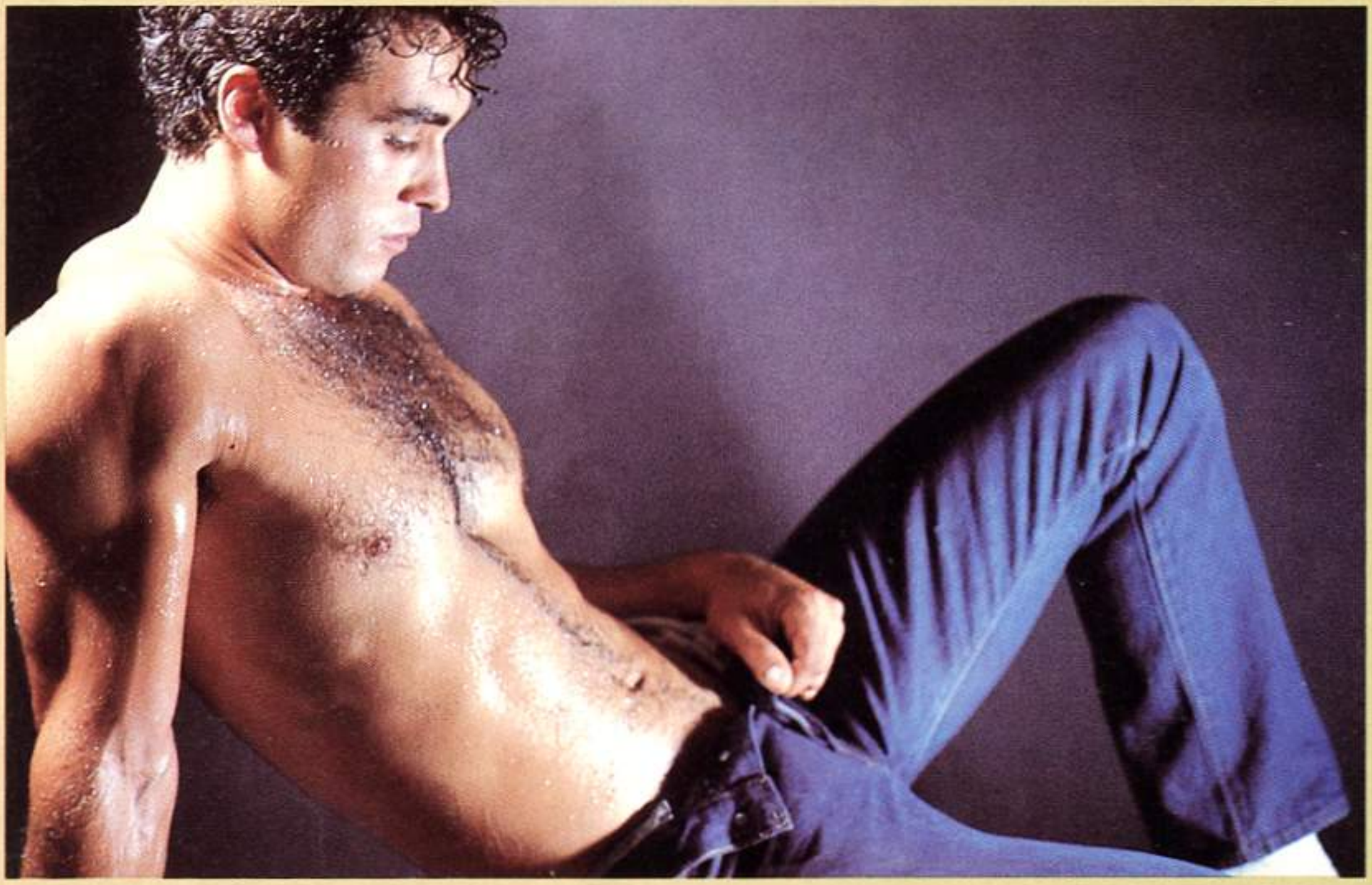

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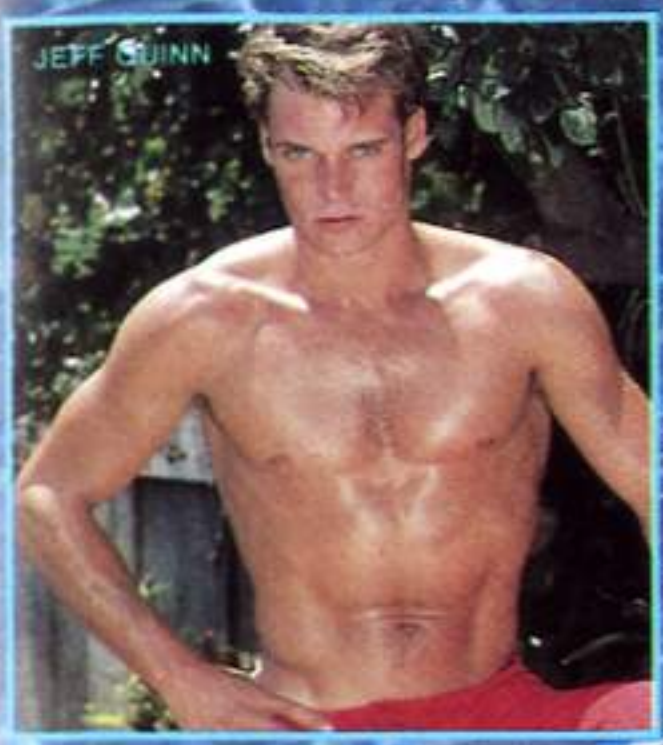
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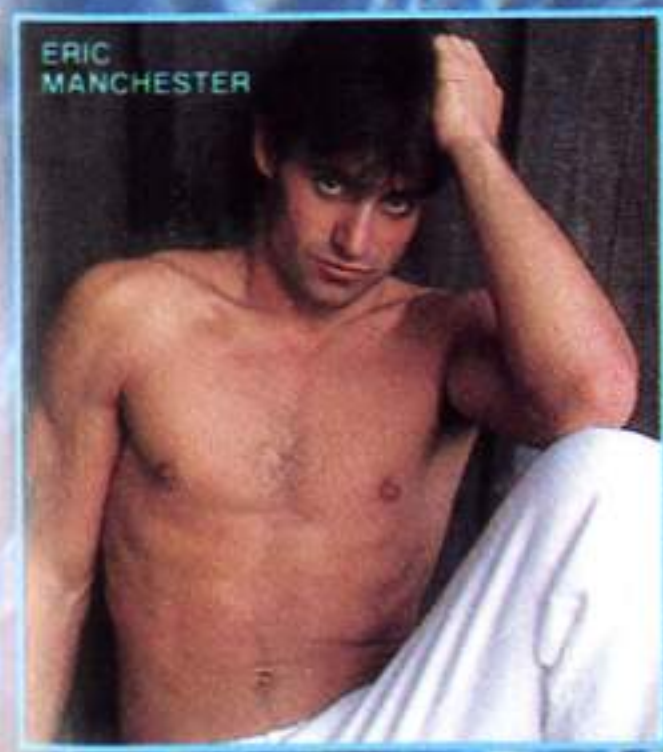
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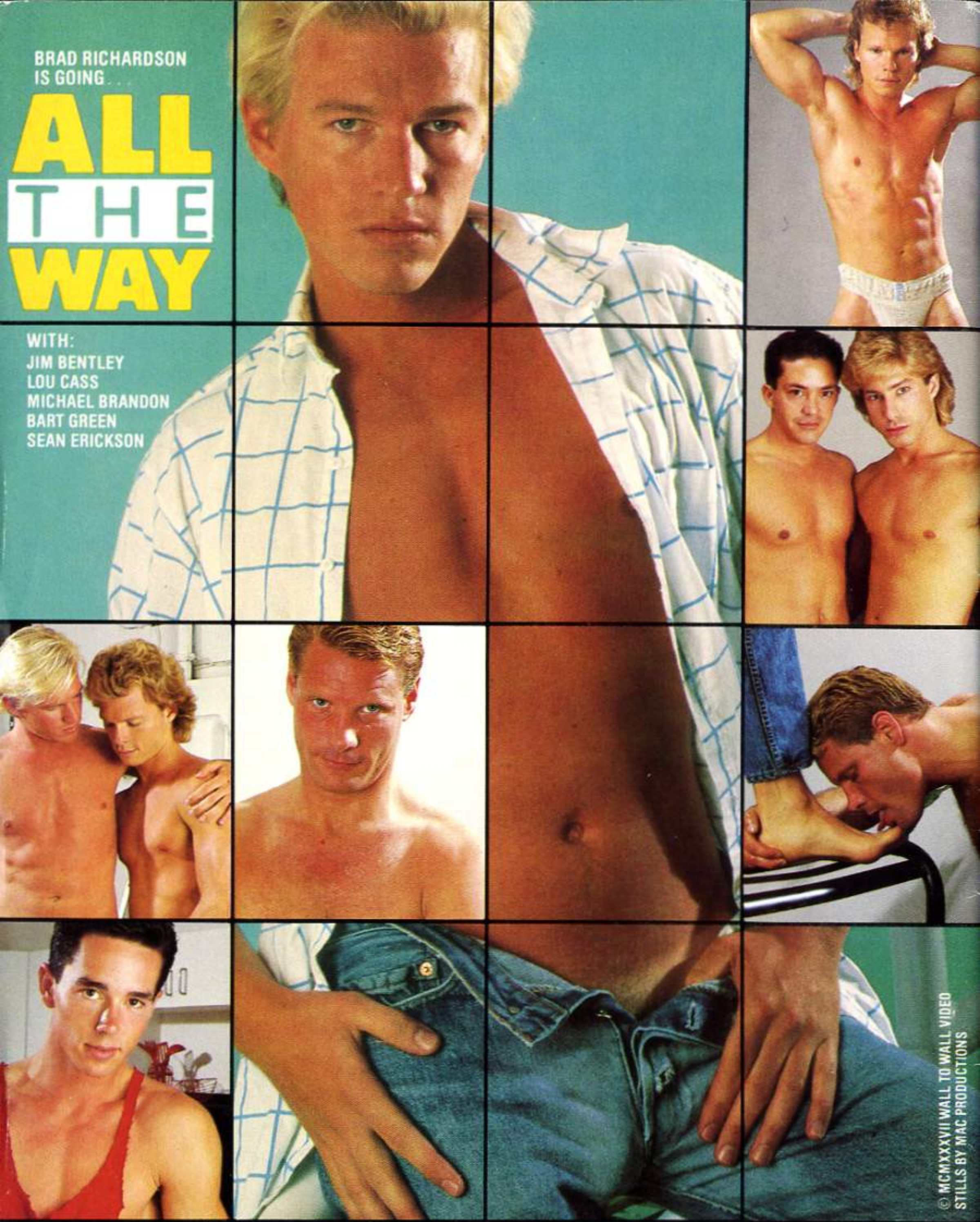

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