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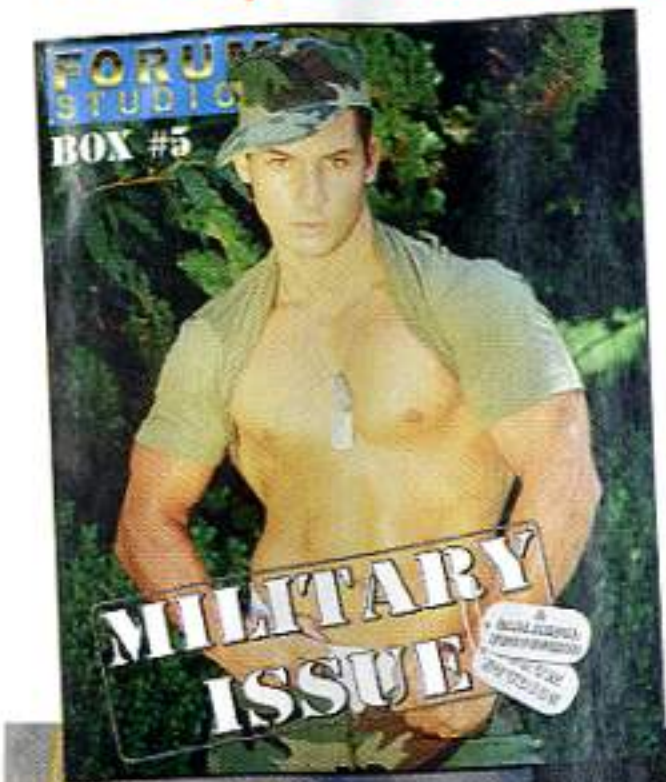

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CONTENTS

models

Sean Colby 05 photos by Martin Ryter
Johnny Diamond 19 photos by Junior Studio
Phil Bradley 29 photos by Falcon Studios
Ky Paxton 43 photos by Bijou
Alvin Amaro 53 photos by Marcostudio
David Kriston 61 photos by Martin Ryter

erotica

Shooting Stick 12 fiction by Matt Collins
The Center Ring 36 fiction by Jonathan Asche
Tar Beach 48 fiction by Sutter Powell

departments

Video View 25

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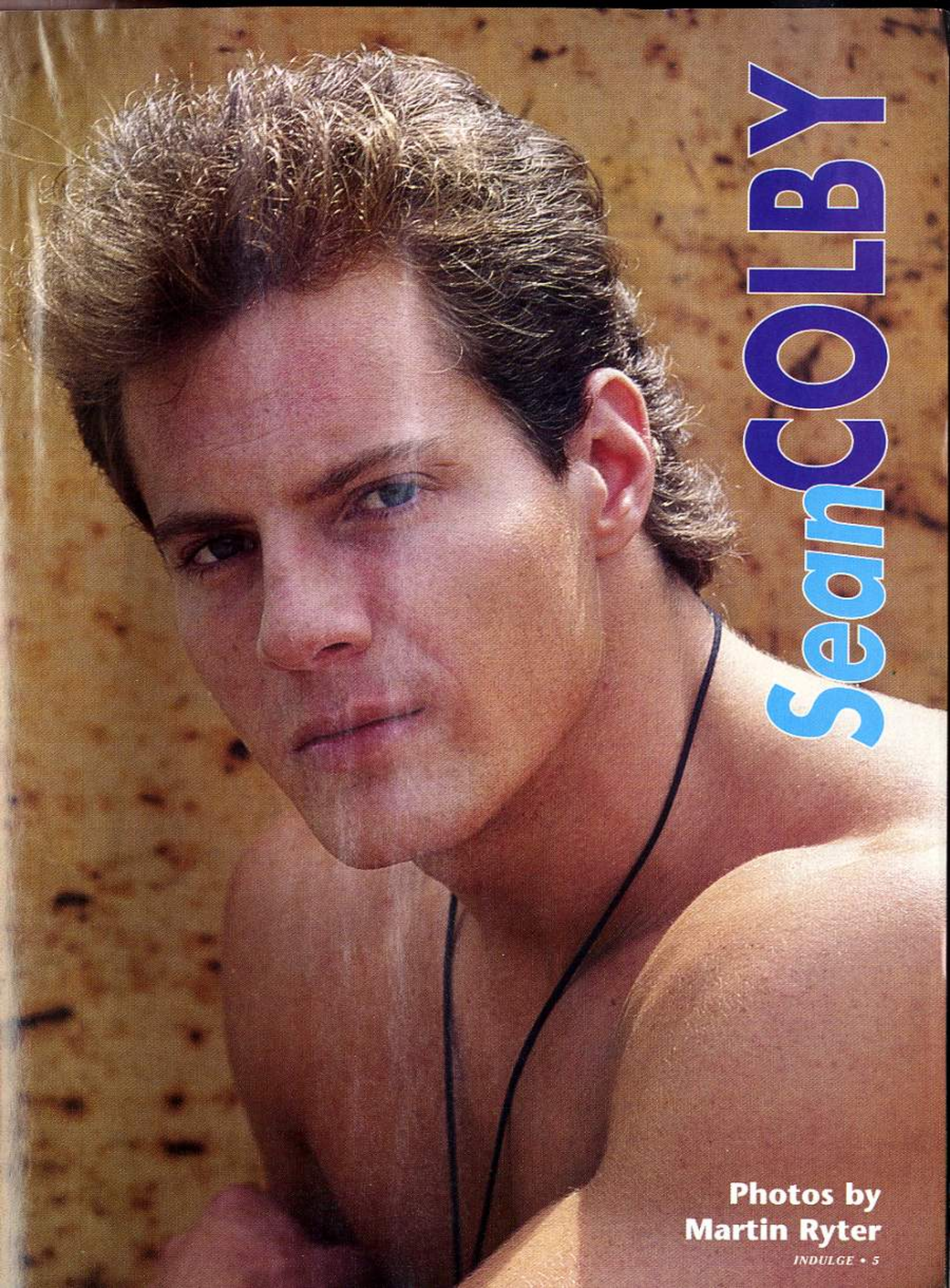

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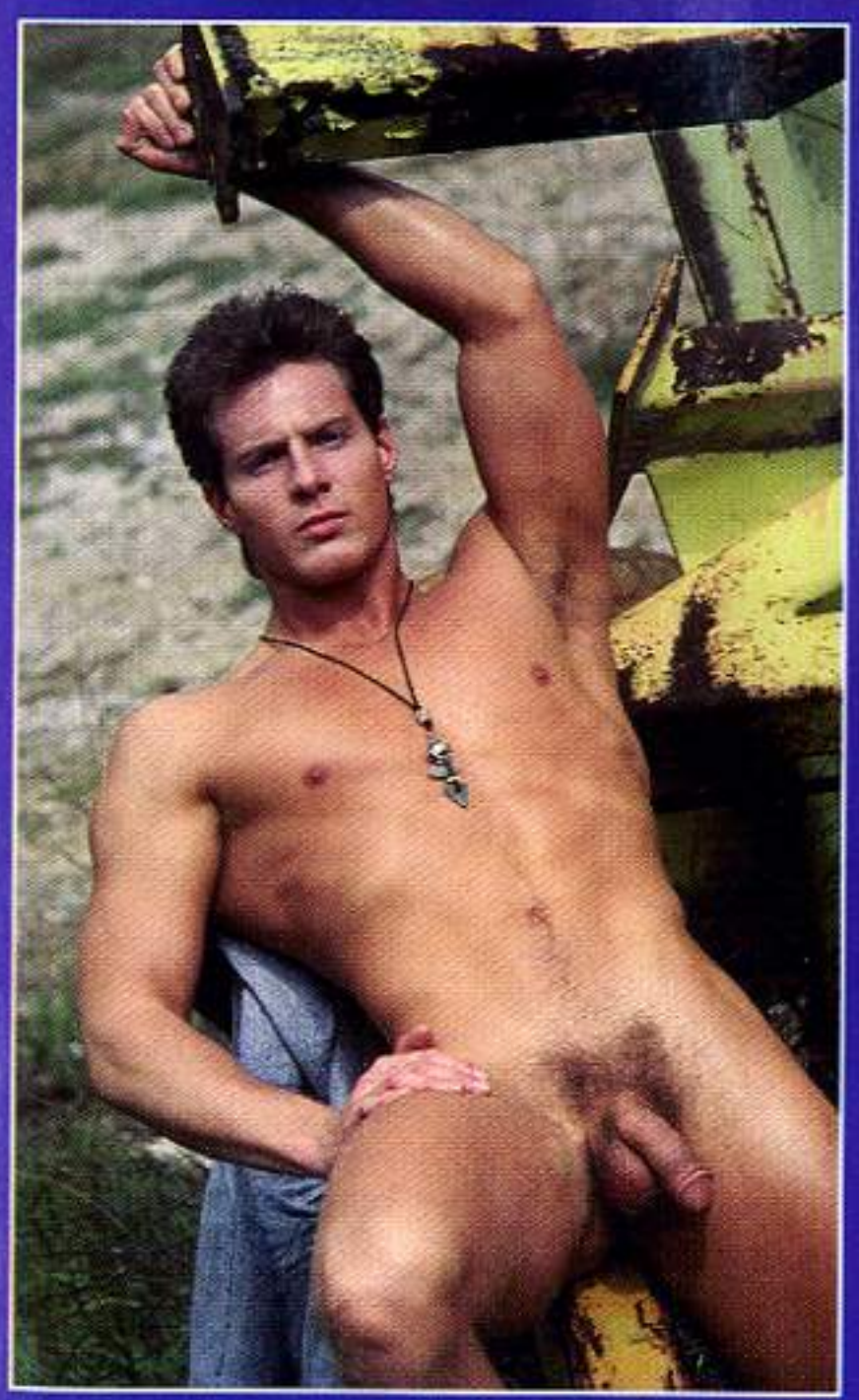

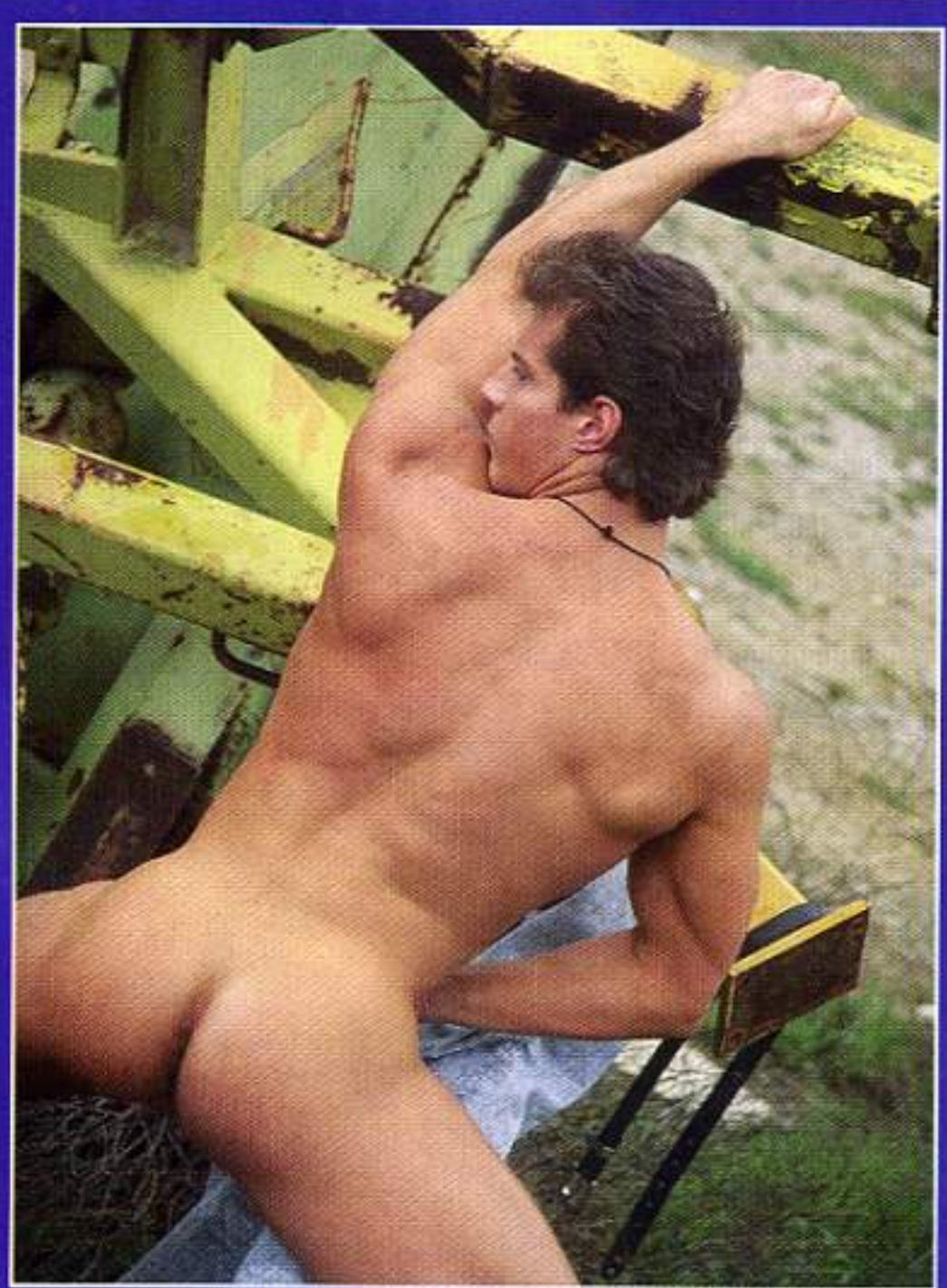

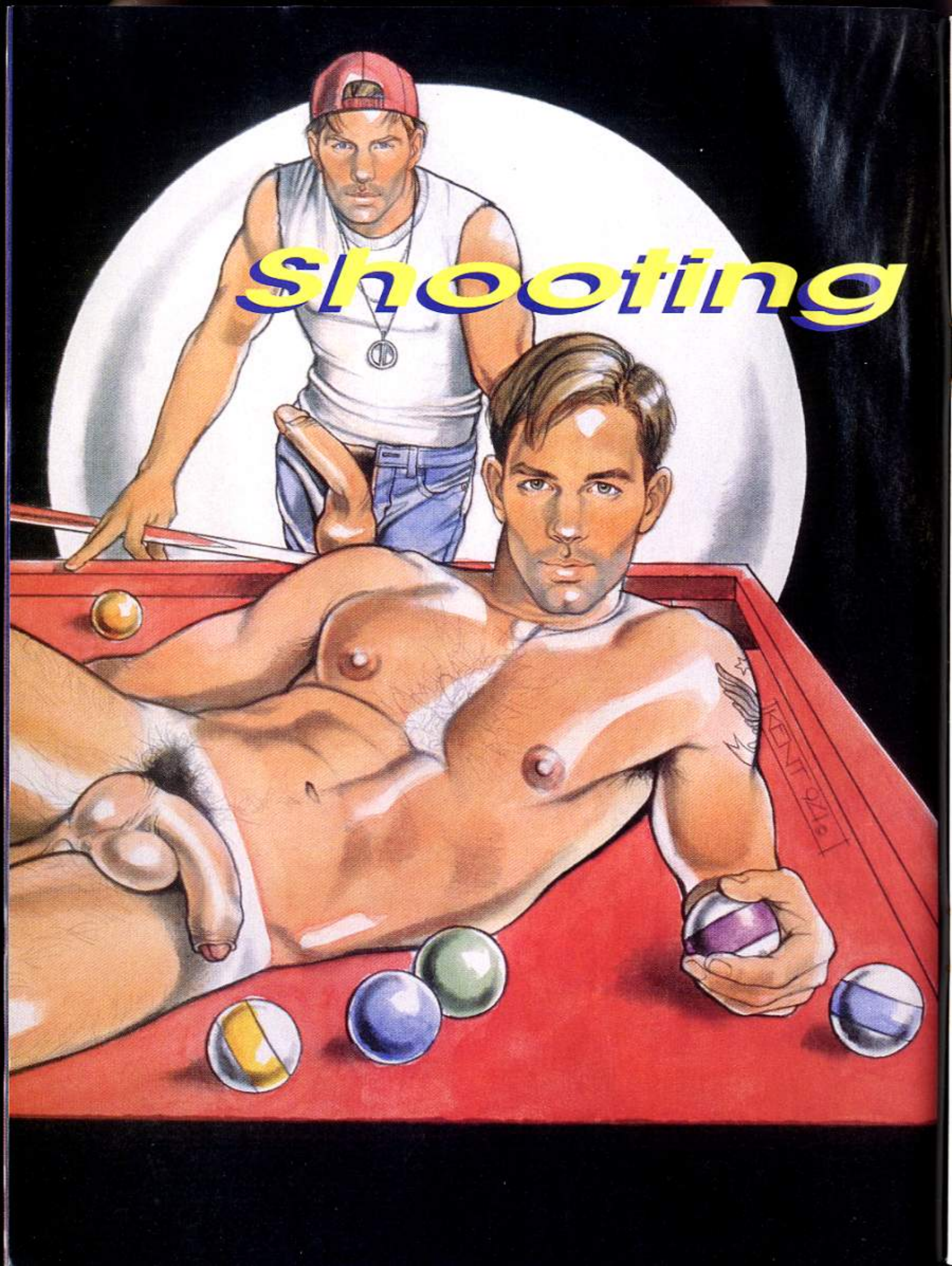
shooting
KENT 92

Fiction by Matt Collins
Illustration by Kent

Stick

The darkness had come quickly tonight, almost bringing a sense of danger with it. Dark clouds were rolling across the sky and the heat dripped like molasses. It felt like everything was condensed. As if something was coming and there would be nowhere to run.

The club was packed as it always was on a weekend, and that was bad news for me. My friends were off as soon as we cleared the doorman. The hounds had taken up chase of the foxes, but that wasn't my interest. My game was pool and, in particular, eight ball. Pool holds an unmistakable sexual quality for me. The perfect dimensions of the table. The smooth feel of velvet beneath my touch. The uniform roundness of the balls and the incredible feel of the hard wood pole sliding in between my fingers.

Those feelings weren't going to come tonight. At least, they wouldn't come here. The two tables were backed up three players deep, so I knew I needed a change of venue. It was almost midnight when I left so I felt an even stronger sense of urgency. A thick fog had moved in, hovering around my shoulders and again, I sensed that something was brewing.

My thoughts must have wandered because the sound of footsteps made me realize that everything had become completely quiet. My vision was limited to ten feet in any direction, but the absence of noise told me that I had gone further than intended. The fog had made it impossible to tell from which direction the footsteps were coming. All I could be sure of was that there were more than one set, and that they were coming my way.

Remembering the wall that had been on my right, I moved in that direction, about seven or eight steps, but found nothing. The footsteps were getting louder and for the first time I could hear voices. They were male voices, and I could tell there were at least two of them. I moved quicker as my paranoia grew. The voices seemed to be coming from different directions and it was a door, that appeared out of nowhere, that seemed to offer salvation from my own insecurity.

Voices and music assaulted my senses as I walked through the door. It was a bar, no different than any other I had seen before. A packed dance floor lay almost directly to my right with bad canned music providing the beat. Straight ahead was a hallway leading to a bar and to my left was a stairway. I felt a rush of air as the door opened behind me, and two men walked in smiling and holding hands. I turned to leave and ran into the doorman.

"You're not leaving already are you?" He asked, smiling.

"Uhh, I think I need to get some air," I said, trying to push by him. He grabbed my hand and spun me back so I was facing the hallway.

"There's nothing to be afraid of here," he smiled. "We don't bite." I looked at him and for some reason, began to relax. I was still somewhat uneasy, but I was no longer in a hurry to find my way outside. Maybe it was my long, lost sense of adventure, but I found myself intrigued by this bar and it's people.

"Where are your pool tables?" I asked. He pointed upstairs, and I was on my way. The walls were lined with paintings and photo-graphs that seemed to be a celebration of the male body, and I quickly caught myself admiring what I saw. I had never even thought about sleeping with another man, but the images in my head betrayed me.

I rounded the corner at the top of the stairs, and found myself in the pool room. Three stunning pool tables, covered in blood-red velvet, stared back at me. There were only a couple of men waiting to play so I put my name up on the board and moved to the bar. Facing the pool tables, I noticed a large screen television in the corner. Within seconds, I completely forgot why I was in to this bar in the first place.

Three men were enjoying more than just the boat they were on together. A blond, a brunette and a black-haired man were into more than just the sunshine. The blond fed his cock into the brunette's mouth while the black-haired man rubbed his enormous dick up and down the brunette's asscrack. I watched in disbelief as the brunette spread his cheeks and took the huge cock up into his asshole. The blond fucked the brunette's mouth faster and harder. I could hardly believe that the brunette was enjoying what was happening.

I shifted in my seat uncomfortably, amazed to find myself thinking about how my own cock matched up against the three I was watching onscreen.

It was at this moment that I realized how hard my dick had become. Confusion ran rampant through my mind and I quickly became self-conscious about my erection. I looked around the room at the other men and saw their eyes glued to the screen. I turned back to the action and saw the brunette sit down on the black-haired man's cock. He sank down until he had all of it inside him. The blond stood in front and fed his short, thick meat in the brunette's mouth while the brunette fisted his own cock. I could relate to the brunette in that sense. I had been fisting myself all too often lately. The men increased their pace. I found I couldn't take my eyes away from the screen.

"Michael," came a voice from the pool room. I was up on the table, but I no longer had any interest in playing. I told them to skip me without losing sight of the screen. I couldn't believe I was this excited from watching men fuck, but I reasoned that it was just the image of sex turning me on. The action went for another five minutes before the blond and brunette exploded at the same time. The man with the black hair was next as he pistoned in and out of the brunette's ass a couple more times before pulling out and squirting his juice in between the brunette's asscheeks. Just like that, the scene ended and another one came up to take its place. Guilt crept into my head. I had to get out and back to familiar surroundings. I moved from my seat and walked through the pool room. A voice stopped me.

"You're not leaving already, are you?" It was one of the men playing pool.

"I need to get some air."

"Aren't you going to shoot some stick?" He asked. I moved closer to the door.

"I don't think so. I'm not feeling that great." He was looking at my crotch. I looked down and realized I was still rock hard.

"You look pretty good to me." He smiled. The feelings of un-easiness were again transformed into feelings of fear. "You don't want to leave without shooting at least one game. That's what you came in for isn't it?" He was inching towards me. I glanced around and noticed there were only five men in the bar, including the bartender.

"I'm not gay!" I blurted out, realizing how stupid it sounded.

"Of course you're not, but then you came in to shoot some stick, didn't you? That's why were here too, so you don't have anything to

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be nervous about, do you?" He came closer and I turned to the door, but the door was closed. I tried the handle, but it was locked. I turned back to see the man in my face. He had short blond hair and a strong looking body. He took my hand and walked me back toward the tables.

"My name is Steven. Why don't you come and shoot a few games before you leave." I followed him, not knowing what to do. Steven handed me a pool cue and I watched him rack the balls.

"Michael, you'll be playing Tony first." He pointed to a man sitting to my right. He had dark hair and a slender build with a boyish face.

I broke, but could not con-centrate on the game. I could feel eyes on me the entire time, checking me out and sizing me up. Steven was the only one that spoke.

"Did you enjoy the film, Michael?" I muffed my shot and sat down quickly.

"It was...uh...interesting," I stammered.

"Yeah, those boys have big cocks, don't they Michael?"

"I guess so." I watched as Tony ran the entire table and then missed an easy kill shot.

I was being toyed with.

"You have to have a big cock to be in a movie," he said.

"I guess you would," I replied, getting up to shoot. I moved delicately and tried to hit my shot, but I just couldn't concentrate because of my erection. I sat back down and wondered what would come next. Tony went to the table and lined up his kill shot. Steven was smiling at me.

"Do you have a big cock, Michael?"

The last thing I heard was the eight ball going down.

The two other men had me up off the chair and on the table before I could move. I struggled against the men, but within seconds I was naked, lying flat against the velvet.

"Michael, the two men holding you are Kevin and Ty." I looked over to see Tony slip off his pants, revealing dark pubic hair and a large, uncut cock. One after another, Kevin and Ty also got undressed. Kevin was the smallest of the group, but he had a well built body and a thick dick. Ty, on the other hand, was a large black man with strong shoulders and big arms. He had a great body and, momentarily, I found myself thinking of the hallway pictures, but when I saw the meat between his legs, the fear came rushing back.

He wasn't even hard yet and still his cock must have been at least nine or ten inches long. Soon, everyone was naked, except Steven. The other three hovered over top of me as if waiting for a signal. Steven seemed to be their ringleader, so my eyes went to him. The original feelings of revulsion that came from years of peer pressure started to fade. They were replaced by an odd sense of excitement — as if I was embarking on a journey. I was still scared, but I realized the fear came from doing something new. My eyes left Steven and went back to the cocks hanging in front of me. My head was still telling me to run, but my watering mouth was telling me something different from inside.

Tony was the first to move, feeding his already hard cock into my mouth. The sensation was incredible — the feeling of something so hard sliding into my mouth, and yet hot and alive at the same time. He pulled his cock out so that only the head was inside my mouth. I licked and teased his piss slit and ran my tongue around his crown. The taste was nothing I could describe and yet better than anything else I had ever tasted.

He removed his cock from my mouth and, for the first time, I really saw it. Long and thick, it stood straight out, defying gravity. He moved his balls to my mouth and I took them one at a time, sucking each tenderly. Tony moaned under my movements. He quickly straddled my chest, feeding me his hot cock again.

For the first time, I could feel other movement. Someone had grabbed my legs and was stroking my rock hard cock while hot breath teased my asshole. The sensation was amazing. Within seconds, I was squirming for more. I had never considered that there was even the remote possibility that I might be sexually attracted to men, but here I was hungrily sucking another man's cock while someone jerked mine. The hot breath on my asshole became licks that drove me insane. The nerves at my asshole jumped at every tongue flick. I sucked Tony's cock with more urgency than before.

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I could see Steven from the corner of my eye. He was standing in the same spot as before, enjoying the action. Apparently, he was happy enough to just observe. I moved my attention back to Tony's cock. The hand that had been rubbing my cock became a mouth, engulfing it. I pumped my hips up, trying to push my dick deeper into his throat. I felt my legs being pushed up further against my body and the tongue that had been licking me was replaced by a long finger. The finger probed slowly into my asshole, and I could feel my butt open up to accept the intrusion. The slow, deep penetration brought moans from my mouth as I ground my ass up against the finger. Already I wanted more.

Tony abruptly withdrew his cock from my mouth and for the first time I could see it was Kevin sucking my dick and Ty finger-fucking my ass. They all got up at that point and switched positions. Kevin moved to my head and rolled me over on my stomach. He rubbed his huge, thick penis all over my face, taunting me, before finally parting my lips. He had the smallest cock of the three, but he was very thick and I had to stretch my mouth in order to accom-modate him. Tony moved in behind me and took Ty's place, servicing my ass. He began licking around my rim with light strokes before plunging his tongue deep into my asshole. I found myself thinking about Ty's monster cock and how much I wanted to taste him. Ty must have read my mind because within seconds he had replaced Kevin at my face and was feeding me his cock.

Tony replaced his tongue with one finger and then added a second. I ground my ass back to meet his thrusts and we quickly established a uniform motion. I was still scared at the thought of taking a cock up my ass, but his fingers felt great. Ty began to feed me his cock, talking dirty to me at the same time. He was not only long, but thick as well, with a big mushroom head. He fed it to me slow and deep, but as hard as I tried, I could take no more than half of his dick in my mouth. Tony removed his fingers from my ass and I wiggled in protest, but I immediately felt his cockhead nudge my cheeks. Realizing that I was about to have my cherry broken, my attention left Ty's cock and I tried to sit up, but Ty grabbed my head with his hands and forced my mouth back around his meat. Tony moved into position behind me and began to push, opening up my ass to his dick. It took only a couple of seconds before he was buried deep inside me. What a sensation it was to have Ty's incredible cock fucking my mouth while Tony filled my asshole with his dick. I was amazed at the lack of pain, and I ground my hips back to meet his thrusts.

I reached out to Kevin and grabbed his cock in my free hand and jerked him. Tony was fucking me faster and deeper and I kept grinding myself back to meet his thrusts. I alternated between sucking Ty's and Kevin's cocks.

Without warning, all three of them stopped, pulled out, and left me naked and alone on the table.

I turned to Steven to find out what was going on when I received my answer. Steven had taken his clothes off and stood before me. I could not believe my eyes. He had the biggest, fattest cock I had ever seen — even bigger than Ty's. He stood in front of me smiling as Kevin moved down on the floor and began sucking his dick. I watched, rubbing my cock as Kevin fought to get more than a third of Steven's enormous cock inside his mouth. Ty and Tony stood to the side, rubbing their own dicks.

"Do you like my cock, Michael?" Steven asked. I looked directly at him and nodded. "Would you like to try it?" Again, I nodded in agreement. "Let me see you stroke yours, Michael." I went to work, rubbing my cock, but never losing sight of his. I wanted it in my mouth. At least as much of it as I could possibly fit. Kevin was all over Steven's cock like a starving man, licking and sucking noisily. Steven stood motionless, enjoying Kevin's mouth, but watching me fist my own cock.

"You didn't know you were gay when you walked in here tonight, did you Michael?" I stopped and thought about the question.

"I still don't know," I replied.

The smile briefly disappeared from Steven's face and then was back.

"Well, I guess we'll have to help you find out." With that, the other three were on me, flipping me onto my back and pinning my legs. Steven smiled and I realized what was about to happen. He stepped up,

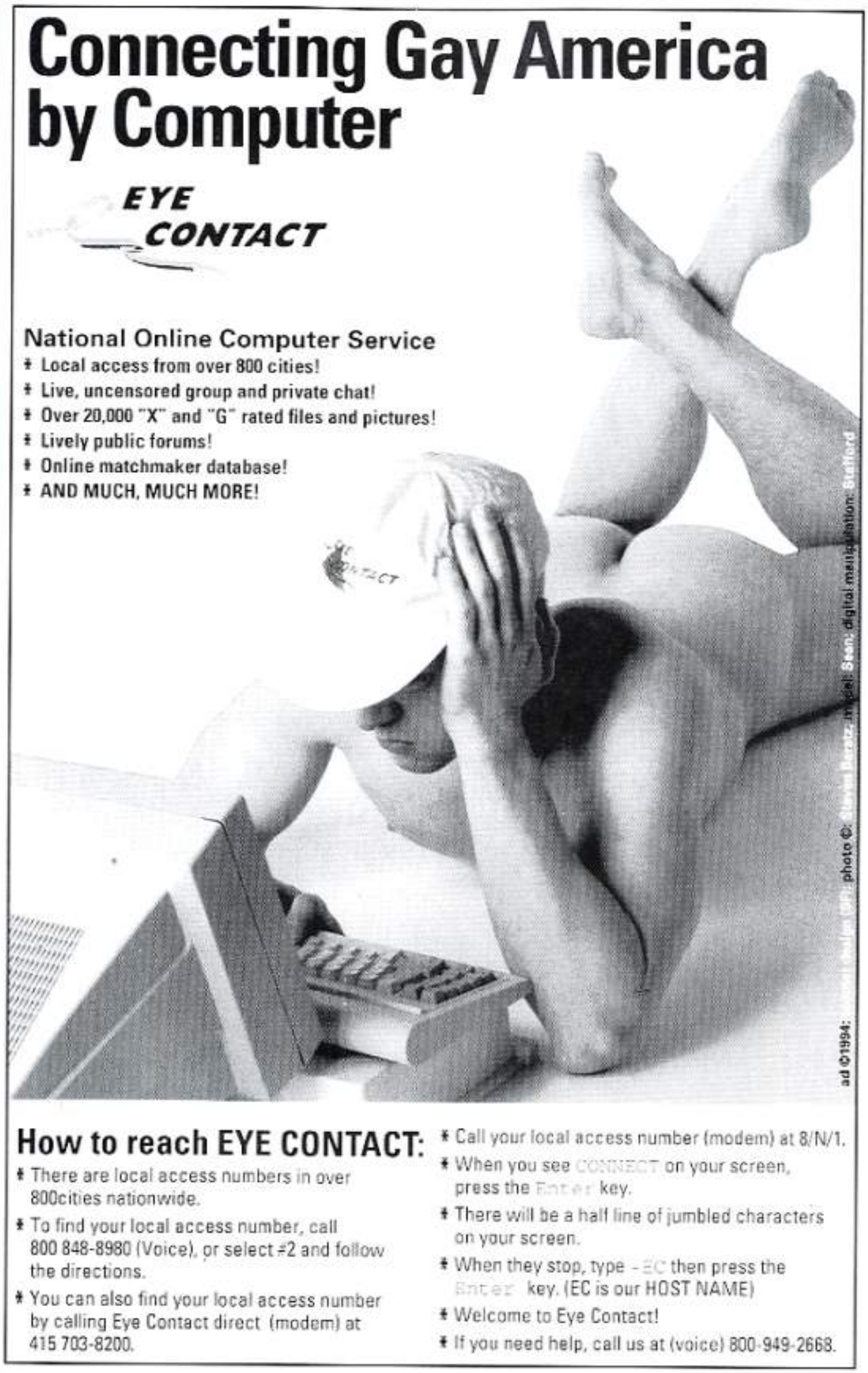
cock in hand, and Kevin unrolled a condom on Steven's huge cock. Steven began moving the head around my asshole, and played around the outside of my ass for another minute, relaxing me while Kevin sucked my eight inch cock. Ty and Tony took turns sticking their tongues in my mouth. I responded to the feelings, inching forward to let Steven know I was ready. All of a sudden, I felt his monster cock force its way past my anal ring in one push and sink into my hole. I tried to jump up and scream, but the other three held me down. Kevin was jerking my cock to offset the incredible pain of Steven's entry, but it didn't do any good. He was ripping my ass apart with his horsecock. I did everything I could to accommodate him, rotating my hips and trying to relax my ass muscles, but the pain was intense. For a moment, I believed I was going to pass out, but Steven stopped when he had the head past my ring.

"It hurts real bad, doesn't it Michael?" He asked. I tried to answer, but found my mouth full of Ty's tongue. "Just try to relax. The pain will pass in a minute or so, and then you'll feel things you've never felt before." I hoped he was right because I didn't think I could take much more. Steven held still for another minute until the pain had turned to a dull throbbing and then he began to push deeper. Within a couple of minutes, I had three quarters of his cock in my asshole, and was starting to enjoy it. The dull throbbing was gone and now I felt only a fantastic fullness as his cock probed deeper and deeper.

"Does my cock feel good inside your ass?" I nodded weakly and lay back down on the pool table. Steven pushed deeper. I couldn't believe the feeling when I felt his balls slap against my asscheeks. The pleasure quickly became total ecstasy once Steven stopped pushing and started fucking. He pulled out slow the first time, taking almost his entire dick out before sliding back inside me. We quickly established a rhythm.

Ty, not about to be left in the cold, slid his still hard dick back into my mouth. Tony was right behind him and soon they were taking turns working my mouth, while Kevin continued sucking my cock.

"Do you know now, Michael?" Steven asked as he withdrew his cock



almost completely before plunging back, deep inside my ass. I nodded, but couldn't speak.

"Do you like my big cock?" Again I nodded.

"Do you like the way it feels up inside your asshole?" He continued, thrusting harder and picking up the pace. I kept nodding in agreement.

"Show me how much you like it, Michael." Kevin worked hard on my cock, milking it with his hand and his mouth and soon I could feel the end approaching.

Steven fucked my ass faster and Ty and Tony pinched and sucked my nipples while they fucked my mouth. I reached out and started fisting Kevin's dick as I felt the sensations grow. Steven rode me harder and faster. His thrusts forced my cock deep into Kevin's mouth as my orgasm mounted. I couldn't take the sensations anymore, and gave into release — screaming that I was about to cum. Steven increased the pace of his anal assault and I felt my orgasm begin in my toes and work its way up to my cock. It seemed to take an eternity, sitting on that precipice waiting for the eruption, but when it came it was beyond belief. The table shook as my cock exploded in the air, sending huge streams of cum all over everyone. Spurt after spurt of milky juice exploded out of my cock, and it took all four of them to hold me down. Tony was the second to go, squirting gobs of hot juice, as I turned my attention to Ty.

He slipped his big cock back into my mouth for a few seconds, pulled out and unloaded a geyser of cum all over my face, hair and neck. Kevin went next, before Ty had finished, jerking his cock and sending jets of hot, white juice all over my stomach. All the while, I continued taking Steven's dick up my ass. I wanted him in my mouth. I felt wasted, but wanted to finish Steven off. I wanted to see his monster cock explode. I wasn't disappointed. He fucked me deep three or four more times before pulling out, tearing off the condom and jumping up on the table. He moved quickly to my face and I watched in amazement as his enormous cock swelled even more. Steven closed his eyes and arched his back, before screaming out that he was cumming. I watched his cock expand and then the first jet of white, sticky juice exploded out of his dick head. The milky cum rained down on my face in endless streams. Shot after shot of his cum coated my lips and face. He seemed to go forever until finally collapsing on top of me.

It was finally over, my welcome into the world of man-to-man sex. I said nothing more to them and walked out. I had no intention of ever going back. Guilt had taken over immediately after we finished. I went home and thought for a long time about the choices I had made. I was confused about who I was and what I was doing. For two weeks, I wandered around in a funk, lost in my own world of confusion and indecision. I wasn't gay, it couldn't be possible.

Two Saturdays after that fateful night, I returned to the bar as it was closing. I wanted to talk to Steven and see what he thought. I found him upstairs, sitting alone, looking out the window. He turned and smiled, waiting for me to say something. I walked over to him and dropped to my knees. I pulled his zipper down and took hold of his cock. I looked up at him and he smiled again. For the first time, I smiled back, before taking his cock deep in my throat. ▼

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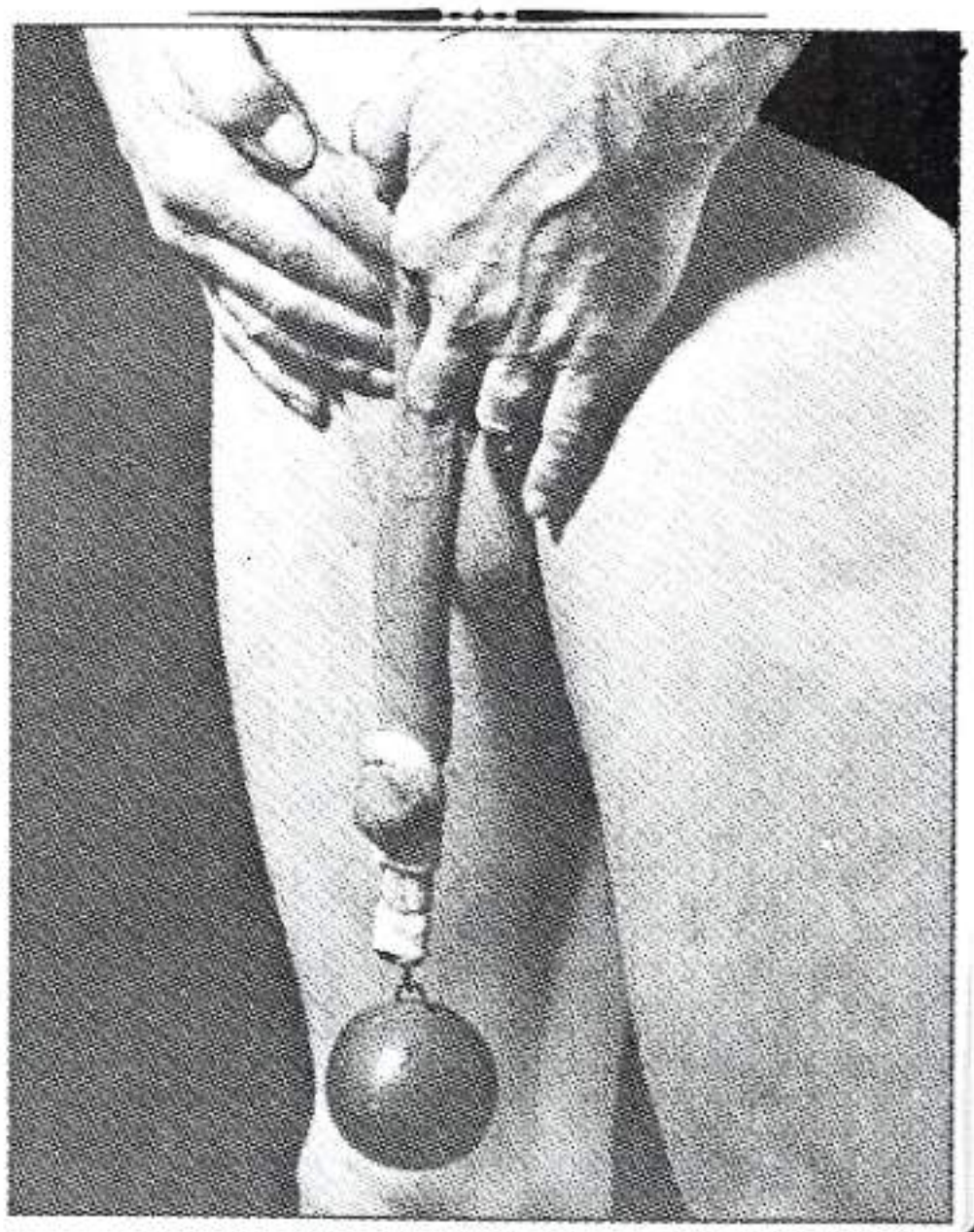

IN TOUCH Travel Guide to Los Angeles

LA

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CONTENTS

destinations and features

Hollywood **4**
Los Angeles **5**
San Fernando Valley **7**
Silver Lake **7**
West Hollywood **10**
1000 And One Boogie Nights **12** Feature by Will Grega

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As a regular feature, In Touch For Men magazine will periodically produce a Travel Guide for individual destinations which are of special interest to the gay community.

Welcome to In Touch's Travel Guide to Los Angeles. In this first supplement, and since L.A. is a notoriously wide-spread metropolis, we've segmented the L.A. area into five major destinations: ***Hollywood, Los Angeles, San Fernando Valley, Silver Lake*** *and, of course,* ***West Hollywood.*** *For each of these areas we have supplied a map designating where the establishments listed can be found, for your ease of reference. (Please note that maps are not to scale and include only the major surface streets.)*

We've all had either out-of-town guests, or have planned a trip to Los Angeles, but never know which cater to your guests' tastes, or where to go when visiting. This travel guide is a comprehensive list of those bars, dance clubs, restaurants, bathhouses, sex clubs, or video and bookstores of interest to the gay man.

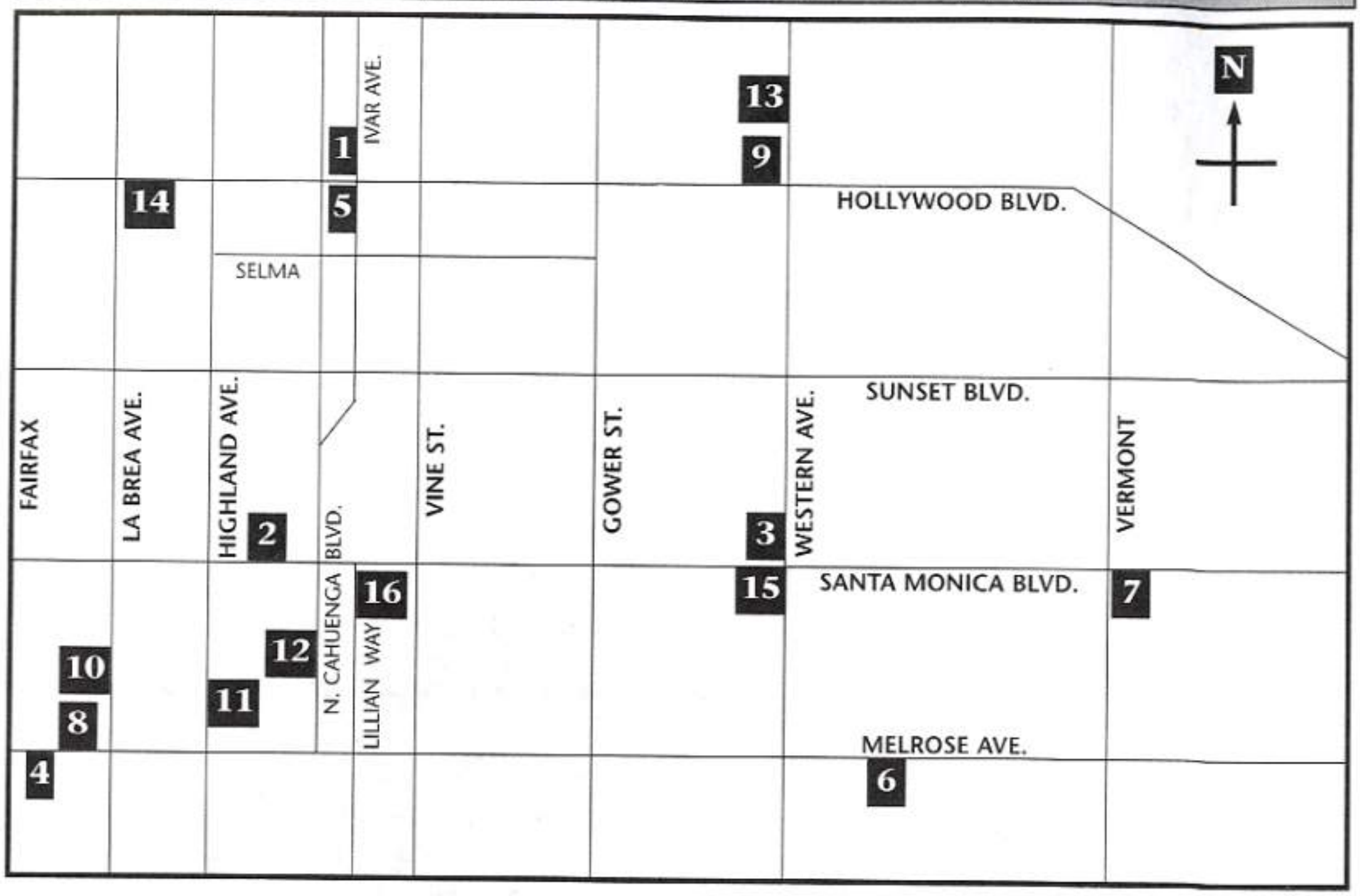
Also featured in this Travel Guide is a look back at the 1970s phenomenon known as "disco". Writer Will Grega has tracked down the sometimes controversial, but always exciting, Village People. Through their eyes, and other music industry personalities in-the-know, Will explains the reasons why the disco explosion happened--then and now. Check out ***"1000 And One Boogie Nights"*** *(page 12).*

We sincerely hope that this Travel Guide proves beneficial when making your travel or host plans, whatever they may be.

Have fun, and please remember to play safe.

Darrell Roberts
Editor

HOLLYWOOD



1. ALL STAR THEATER CAFE
Pastries, coffees and teas in 1920's coffeehouse, a truly unique environment at the Knickerbocker Hotel. With games, pool tables, movies. 1714 N Ivar Avenue, (213) 962-8898.

2. ARENA/CIRCUS DISCO
Popular Latin dance club, multiple bars, young, mixed crowd. All ages and gay Tues. and Fri. 6655 Santa Monica Blvd., (213) 462-1291.

3. THE BLACKLITE
Neighborhood bar. Mixed clientele. 1159 N. Western Ave., (213) 469-0211.

4. DRAKES AFTER MIDNIGHT
Video and novelty store. 7566 Melrose Ave., (213) 651-5600.

5. HOLLYWOOD SPA
The best of L.A. Relax in the jacuzzi, take a steam or sauna, or workout in the immaculate, private men's clubs. Features the new 24-hour Ivar Cafe. 1650 Ivar Ave. (213) 464-0445.

6. THE MB CLUB
Established club with diverse clientele. Outdoor patio, soda bar, with bunk, video and dark rooms. Open 7 days a week, and after hours, Sun. - Thurs. 4 a.m., Fri. & Sat., 5 a.m. 4550 Melrose Ave., (213) 669-9899.

7. MEATRACK
Private club for men. Open 7 nights a week, including after hours. 4621 Santa Monica Blvd., (213) 669-9811.

8. MELROSE BATHS
7269 Melrose Ave., (213) 937-2122.

9. MUGI
Asian bar. Happy hour Mon., cash drawing Tues., door prizes Wed., drag show Thurs., oldies music Sun. 5521 Hollywood Blvd., (213) 462-2039.

10. PLAZA
Nightly shows, DJ, dancing, Latin clientele. 739 La Brea, (213) 939-0703.

11. PROBE
Popular late-night dance club with special events, after-hours weekends. 836 N. Highland Ave., (213) 461-8301.

12. SPOTLIGHT
Jukebox, pool table, men, boys. 1601 N. Cahuenga Blvd., (213) 467-2425.

13. THE STUDY
Pool table, black and white. Friendly. 1723 Western Ave., (213) 464-9551.

14. TEMPLE
Underground house/alternative dance club, after-hours Fri. and Sat. 7070 Hollywood Blvd., (213) 243-5221.

15. TEMPO
Latin dance bar with rooftop patio, security parking, after-hours. 5520 Santa Monica Blvd., (213) 466-1094.

16. VORTEX
Private men's club. Open nightly, 24-hours on weekends. 1090 Lillian Way, (213) 465-0188.

Los Angeles

1. ATLAS BAR & GRILL
In the spirit of the glamorous old Hollywood Supper clubs of the 1940's. Live music from jazz to cabaret Mon. - Sat. Closed Sun. Featuring award-winning cuisine. Diverse clientele. 3760 Wilshire Blvd., (213) 380-8400.

2. BABE'S CAFE AT CLUB 2214
Playful, neo-Renaissance dining area. 2214 W. Stoner Ave., (310) 477-2844.

3. CAFE-2
European dessert and sandwich specialties, indoors or outside on the patio. 1948 Hillhurst Ave., (213) 913-2855.

4. CALIFORNIA DE NOCHE
7810 Santa Fe, Huntington Park, (213) 581-7646.

5. CAPER ROOM
Neighborhood bar, pool table, dancers. 244 S. Market St., Inglewood (310) 677-0403.

6. CATCH ONE
Popular dance club, ethnically diverse crowd, large dance floor, after-hours weekends. 4067 W. Pico Blvd., (213) 734-8849.

7. GLAM SLAM
Features theme nights. Restaurant Fri. & Sat. 8:30 p.m. - midnight. Club open Thurs./Fri./Sat. 9 p.m. - 2 a.m. 333 S. Boyleston St., (213) 482-6626.

8. J.J.'S PUB
Irish pub. CD jukebox, pool table (free table on Wed.). Fri. lunch and Sun. brunch. 2692 S. La Cienega Blvd., (310) 837-7443.

9. LA BELLE ÉPOQUE
Country dining with French/Italian touch. Sunny dining room. 2128 Hillhurst Ave., (213) 669-7640.

10. NICK'S COFFEE SHOP
Diner; breakfasts and sandwiches. 8536 W. Pico Blvd., (310) 652-3567.

11. PLUSH PONY
Dancing, shows, Latin. 5261 Alhambra Ave., El Sereno, (213) 224-9488.

12. SCORE
Latin music and clientele, DJ, dancing. 107 W. 4th St. (downtown), (213) 625-7382.

13. VIVA LA PASTA
400 variations of pizza and fresh pasta. Beer and wine. Open 11 a.m. - midnight. 998 S. Robertson Blvd., (310) 659-2056.

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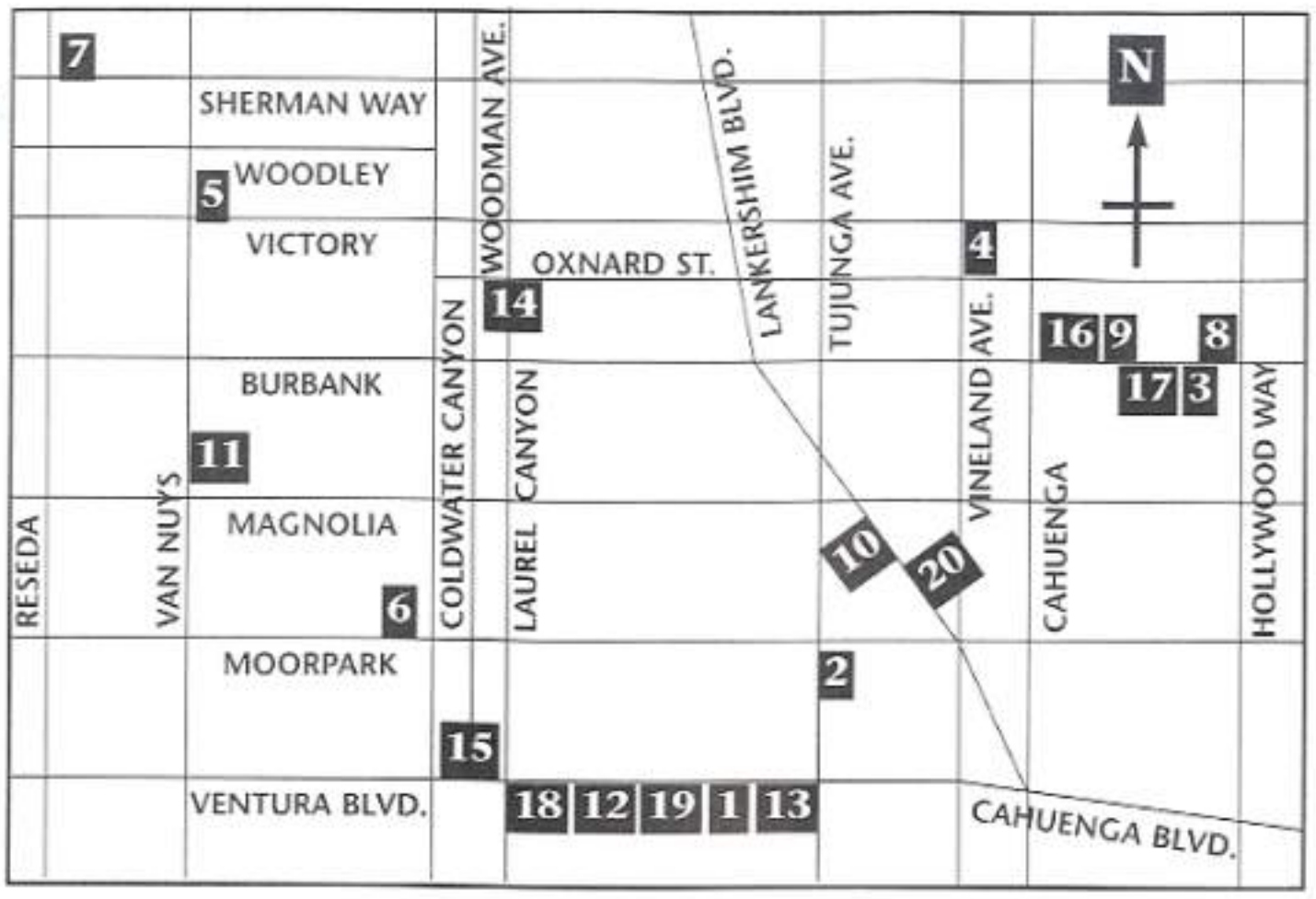
San Fernando VALLEY



1. APACHE
Popular dance club. Outdoor patio. After-hours weekends. 11608 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, (818) 506-0404.

2. AROMA COFFEE & TEA COMPANY
Breakfast/light lunches. Outdoor patio or indoor lounge area. 4360 Tujunga Blvd., Studio City, (818) 508-6505.

3. BULLET
Levi/leather bar. Outdoor patio, fire pit. 10522 Burbank Blvd., No. Hollywood, (818) 760-9563.

4. COMPOUND
Sun deck. Guest memberships, accommodation rooms. Friendly. Safe only. 24-hours. 5636 Vineland Ave., No. Hollywood, (818) 760-6969.

5. DRIVESHAFT
Cruisy Levi bar. Darts, pool tables, TV, beer and wine. 13641 Victory Blvd., Van Nuys, (818) 782-7199.

6. GOLD 9
Mixed crowd, dancing, pool tables, darts & games, TV and CD jukebox. 13625 Moorpark St., Sherman Oaks, (818) 986-0285.

7. INCOGNITO/VALLEY
Darts, pool tables, video, pinball. DJ Wed. - Sat. nights. 7026 Reseda Blvd., Reseda, (818) 996-2976.

8. IN TOUCH EAST
Friendly. Pool table. Weekend entertainment. Open 7 days a week, 11:00 a.m. - 2:00 a.m.; Cocktail Hour daily 11 a.m. - 7 p.m. 10437 Burbank Blvd., No. Hollywood, (818) 508-7008.

9. JOX
Pool tables, games. Open 7 days a week. 10721 Burbank Blvd., No. Hollywood, (818) 760-9031.

10. THE LODGE
Dancing, neighborhood, all ages (over 21). 4923 Lankershim Blvd., No. Hollywood, (818) 769-7722.

11. MAG LOUNGE
Full bar nightly, Piano bar Wed. - Sat. 5248 Van Nuys Blvd., Van Nuys, (818) 981-6693.

12. OASIS
Entertainment bar. Live Comedy show Tues.; Piano Wed., Fri., Sat. & Sun. Live talent every Thurs. 11916 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, (818) 980-4811.

13. OIL CAN HARRY'S
C&W bar with DJ. 11502 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, (818) 760-9749.

14. OXWOOD INN
Live weekend DJ, C&W dancing, dance lesson nights. Games. 13713 Oxnard St., Van Nuys, (818) 997-9666.

15. QUEEN MARY
Strip shows, female impersonators. 12449 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, (818) 506-5619.

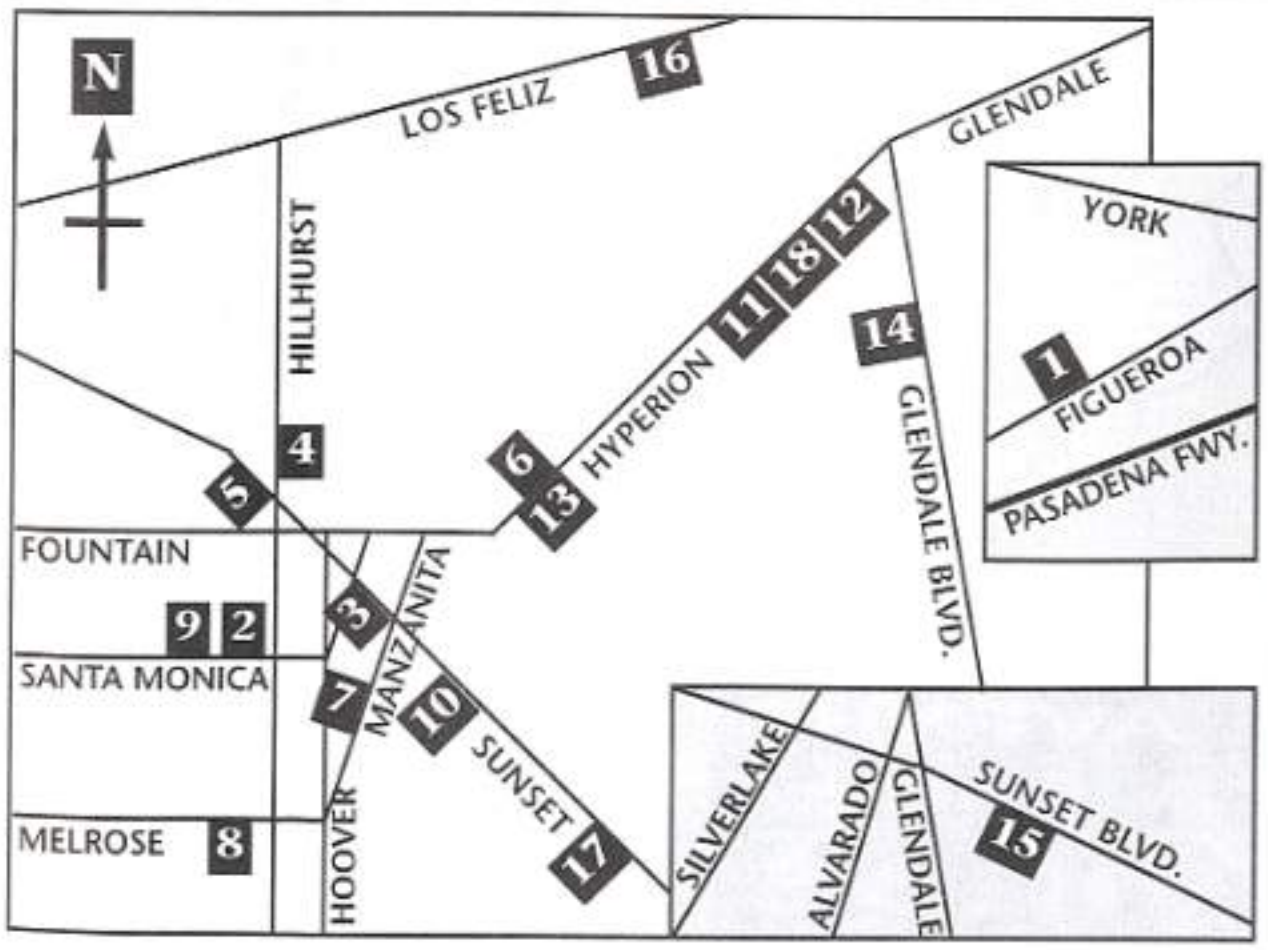
16. RAWHIDE
Western Levi bar with dancing, dance lesson nights. 10937 Burbank Blvd., No. Hollywood, (818) 760-9798.

17. TWISTED VIDEO
10530 Burbank Blvd., No. Hollywood, (818) 508-0559.

18. VENTURE INN
American/Continental cuisine. Restaurant and cocktail bar. Lunch and Dinner daily. Sat. & Sun. Champagne Brunch. Reservations suggested. 11918 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, (818) 769-5400.

19. VIDEO AND STUFF
Video and toy store. 11612 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, (818) 761-3162.

20. WELLINGTON'S
American and English cuisine. Quiet piano bar. 4354 Lankershim Blvd., Studio City, (818) 980-1430.



SILVER LAKE

1. BON MOT
Friendly bar, CD jukebox, pool table. 4022 N. Figueroa, (213) 222-5963.

2. THE BUNKHOUSE
Eclectic music; Show tunes Sat. 6 p.m. - 9 p.m. Pool tables, darts. Friendly atmosphere. Open seven days a week; Mon. 6 p.m. - 2 a.m.; Tues. - Fri. 2 p.m. - 2 a.m.; Sat. & Sun. 1 p.m. - 2 a.m. 4519 Santa Monica Blvd., (213) 667-9766.

3. BUZZ COFFEEHOUSE
Live entertainment. 3932 Sunset Blvd., (213) 913-1021.

continued on page 8

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SILVER LAKE
continued from page 7

4. CIRCLE WEST
Weekly shows, dance floor, Latin. 1514 N. Hillhurst, (213) 668-0415.

5. COBALT CANTINA
Eclectic California cuisine with a Latin flair. Martini Lounge hosts happy hour Mon. - Fri., Noon - 7 p.m. Restaurant hours; Lunch, Mon. - Fri., 11 a.m. - 3 p.m.; Dinner, 7 days a week, 5 p.m. - 11 p.m.; Brunch, Sun. 1 p.m. - 3 p.m. 4326 Sunset Blvd. (near Fountain), (213) 953-9991.

6. CUFFS
Popular Levi/leather cruise bar, after-hours on weekends. 1941 Hyperion, (213) 660-2649.

7. DETOUR
Levi cruise bar, specials, pool tables. 1087 Manzanita, (213) 664-1189.

8. FAULTLINE
Leather ethic observed: leather, uniform, blue collar. Progressive audio/video. Wed. - Sat. 6 p.m. - 2 a.m.; Sun. 2 p.m. - 12 a.m. 4216 Melrose Ave., (213) 660-0889.

9. GAUNTLET II
Levi/leather cruise bar. 4219 Santa Monica Blvd., (213) 669-9472.

10. GLORIA'S CAFE
California cuisine and nightly specials with beer and wine available. 3603 Sunset Blvd., (213) 664- 5732.

11. HOUSTON'S
Piano bar. Open daily, 10:30 a.m. - 2 a.m.; Cocktail Hour 10:30 a.m. - 7 p.m. daily. *Sabor Restaurant* on premises. Cajun, Creole and Latin cuisine. Open daily for dinner. Reservations required. 2538 Hyperion, (213) 661-4233.

12. HYPERION
Neighborhood bar. Dancing, DJ, shows. 2810 Hyperion, (213) 660-1503.

13. KING OF HEARTS
Private club. Hours Mon. - Thurs. 8 p.m. - 4 a.m.; Fri. & Sat. 8 p.m. - 6 a.m.; Sun. 3 p.m. - 4 a.m. 1800 Hyperion, (213) 661-9417.

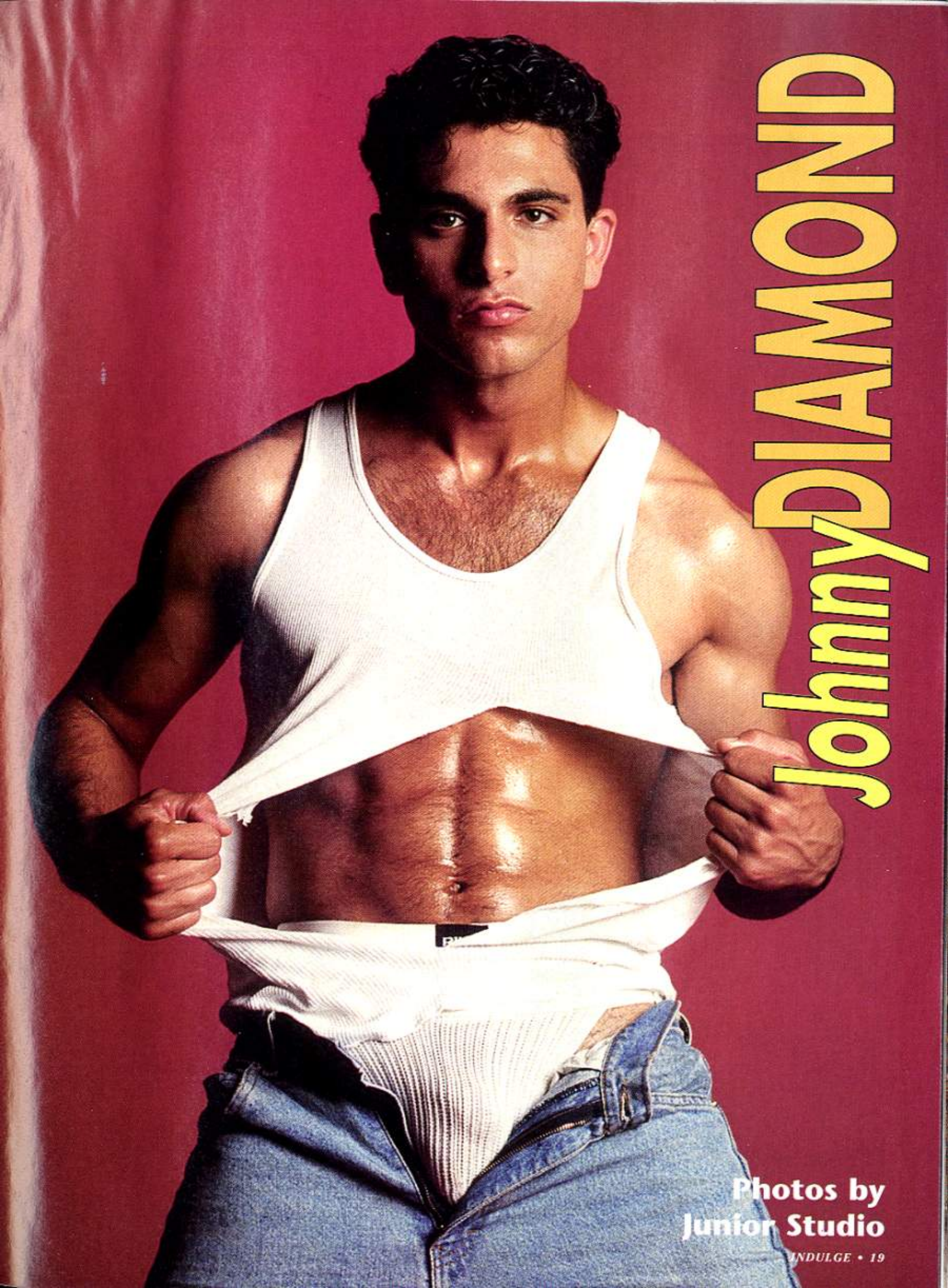
14. LE BAR
Disco and salsa music, shows, Latin. 2375 Glendale Blvd., (213) 660-7595.

15. LITTLE JOY
Neighborhood bar, pool tables. 1477 Sunset Blvd., (213) 250-3417.

16. MR. MIKES
Piano bar, older clientele, pool tables. 3172 Los Feliz Blvd., (213) 669-9640.

17. SILVER LAKE LOUNGE
Jukebox, DJ. 2906 Sunset Blvd., (213) 663-9636.

18. ZEN RESTAURANT
Popular Japanese dishes. Beer and wine. Japanese traditional decor. 2609 Hyperion, (213) 667-9657.


Johnny DIAMOND
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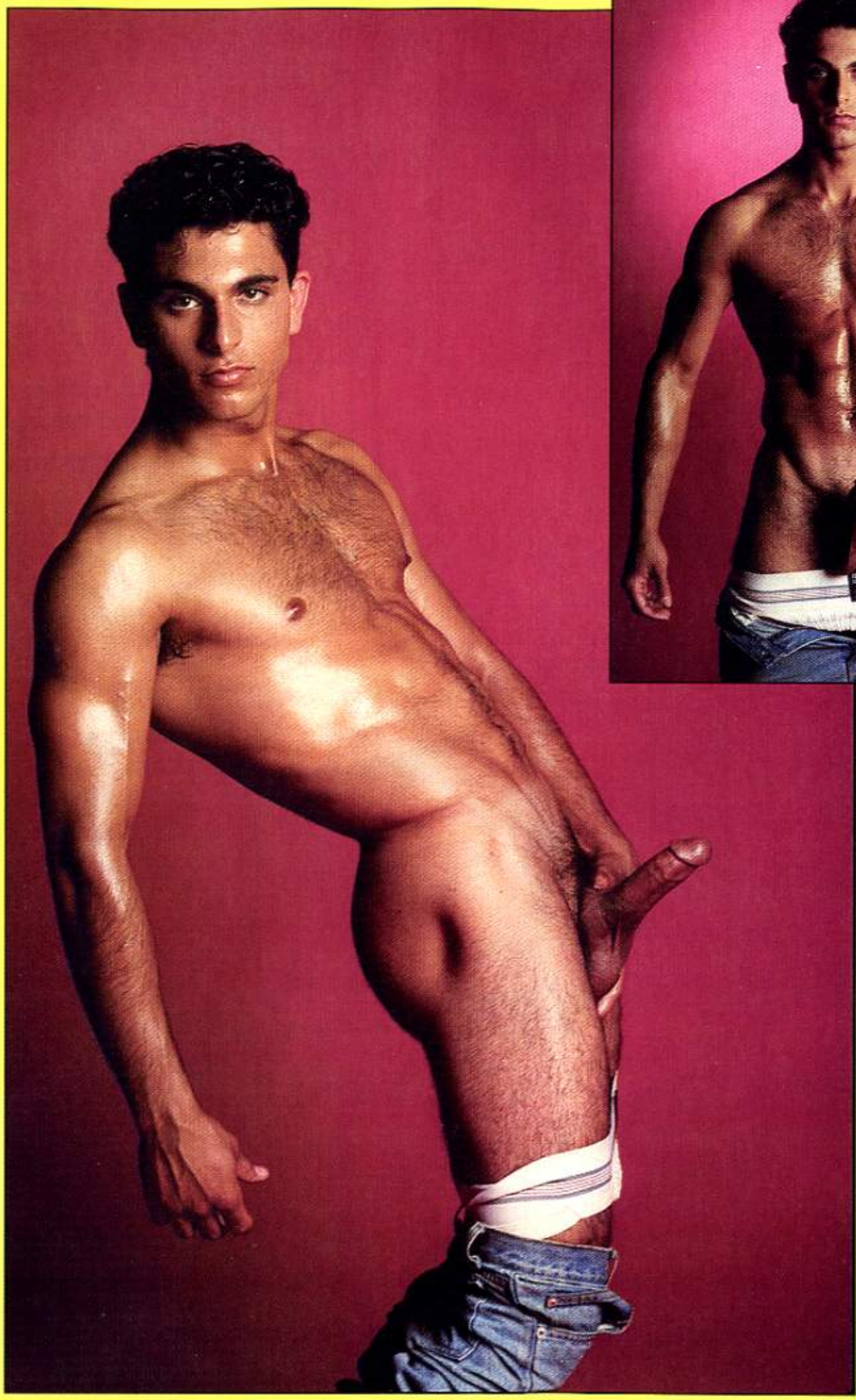

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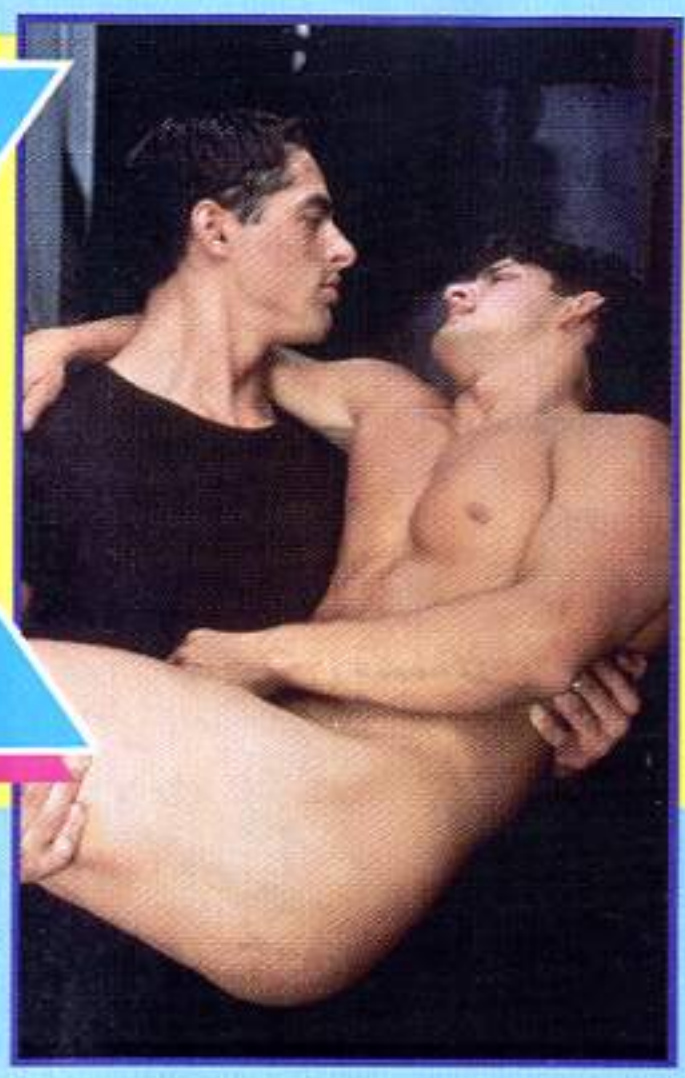

FLASHPOINT
(Falcon Studios FVP#95)

Starring Hal Rockland, Scott Baldwin, Brad Hunt, Steve Fox, Trent Reed, Kurt Thompson, Bruce Matthews, Luc Russell, Jackson Phillips, Steve Harper, Bryce Colby, Joe Spears, Rob Costa

Tumbleweeds blow across a deserted stretch of sun-baked asphalt and catch on an abandoned barbed wire fence. Ravens seem suspended in an impossibly blue sky which covers the wide expanse of Mojave desert. The highway stretches far towards the distant mountains, coming to a point before disappearing altogether. Appearing like a mirage through the heat waves that shimmer up from the hot highway, a powder blue 1963 Galaxie rises over a swell in the road. Behind the wheel, a handsome man confidently races over the desolate terrain, a sack of money on the passenger seat. Dressed in black, but with no hint of perspiration at his brow, Hal Rockland smiles coolly, remembering his big win in Las Vegas.

Down the road, a simple drama unfolds at a weathered gas station that has seen better days. Scott Baldwin, a poor gas-pump boy who must put up with the screeching of his old, tired boss, has had it with his wretched existence in the desert—but has no way out. That is until a blue convertible pulls up to the pump, with Hal behind the wheel.

Hal watches Scott watching him in the rear view mirror. Scott watches in amazement as Hal steps out of his car, towering over him. As Hal boldly struts to the bathroom, Scott watches his ass flex with each confident stride. Glancing over at the wretched man asleep in the hammock, Scott immediately realizes this

All "Flashpoint" photos courtesy of Falcon Studios

may be his only chance for escape from his tired and drap existence...but what can he do?

After finding the pump boy is missing when he returns from the bathroom, Hal leaves a $100 bill on top of the gas pump and peels out. It is only after some time has passed that Scott feels confident enough to let his presence be known, and Hal, humming to himself, checks the rearview mirror. What he sees is not the expanse of the already traveled road behind him, but the missing gas-pump boy in his back seat.

Together, but not until Hal has expressed his obvious dislike of the situation, do the two venture on, driving for hours in total silence. Situations arise and feelings deepen as the two continue to traverse the barren land.

Falcon Studios' *Flashpoint* is Hot As Hell! This epic production was shot entirely in the California desert over twenty-one days in up to 130 degree heat. The sets were melting, the crew was hot, but the men were even hotter. And it all adds up to a scorching video.

The sex is incredible, hot and searing. Bryce Colby makes history in a truly amazing scene. You'll never look at an orange safety cone the same way again. Guaranteed! Falcon has always set the standard for the hottest men delivering the hottest action in the most exotic locations.

What could have easily turned into a project that was too adventurous in dialogue and storyline, comes across as confident—due largely to the acting ability of Hal Rockland. Look for Mr. Rockland to cause a sensation at the Adult Video Awards. Scott Baldwin is competent, as is Brad Hunt. The sexual tension created between Hal and Scott is evident, and keeps you hoping that the two will hopefully remedy the situation. And remedy it they do.

The sex scenes range from anonymous to romantic, aggressive to submissive, with something for everyone.

Flashpoint is truly a movie you will remember for a long time to come. It is easily an instant classic. ▼

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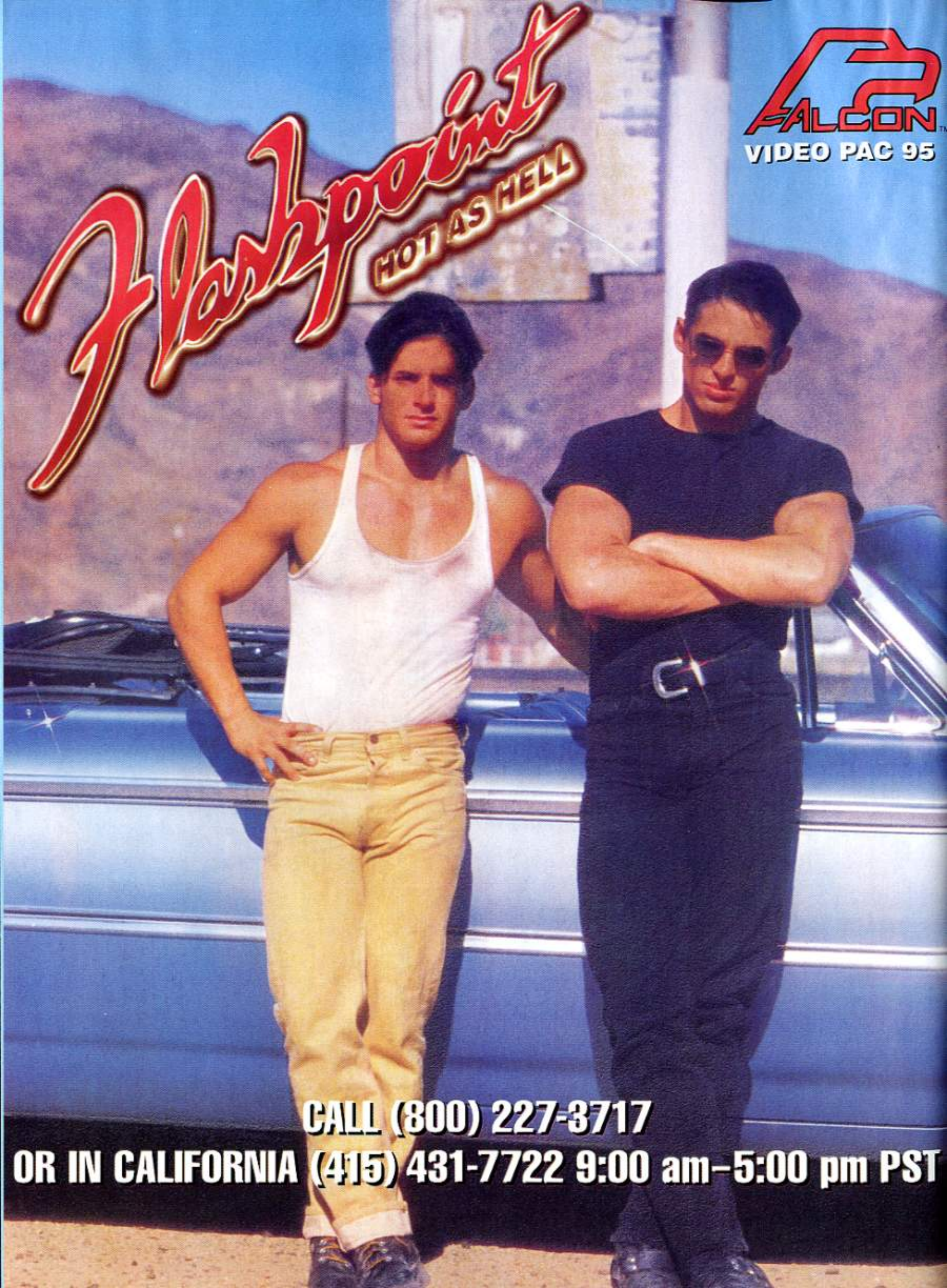
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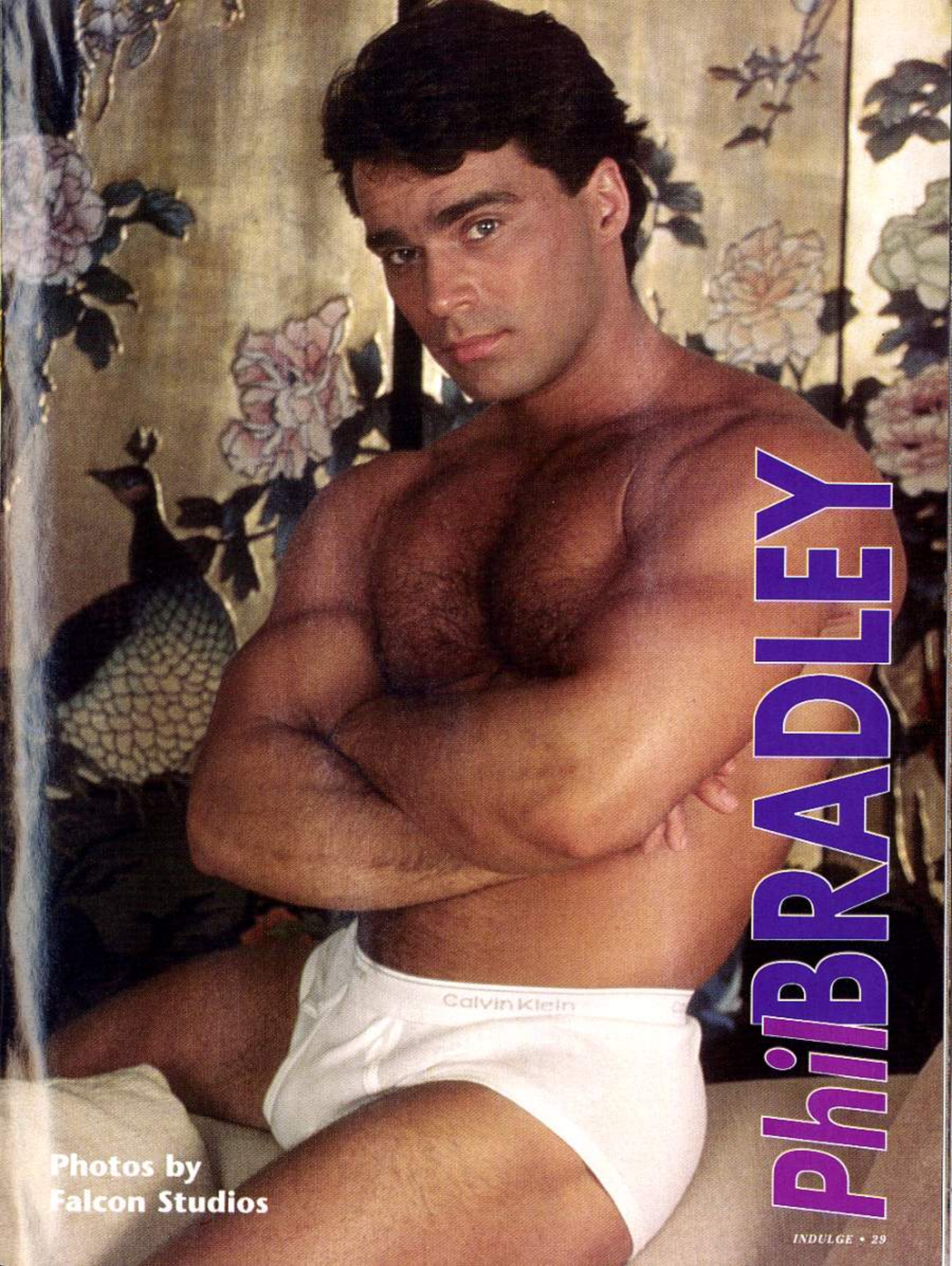

PhilBRADLEY

Photos by
Falcon Studios

PhilBRADLEY

THE CENTER RING

Fiction by Jonathan Asche
Illustration by Sean Platter

Ari already knew his fate, even before his father told him. He knew the moment the blond man in the black car arrived. He had heard of him, the Talent Scout. He searched the outlying villages for young men to take to the Center Ring. It was supposed to be an honor to be chosen; also, the family got a substantial sum of money.

So, when his father returned to the garden, where Ari was half-heartedly hoeing the dry soil, Ari wasn't surprised by what he was told.

"You're leaving with the Scout," his father said, clasping Ari's shoulder and squeezing it affectionately. "You've been chosen." Tears were welling up in his father's eyes.

"Now?" Ari was incredulous.

"Now," answered the Scout. He was walking up behind Ari's father. Ari suddenly felt tense upon seeing the man he'd heard so much about, but had never seen. He was dressed all in black: black t-shirt, black leather pants, black motorcycle boots. He wore a long, black leather trench coat that flapped behind him in the breeze. Even the Talent Scout's eyes were shielded by black sunglasses.

The Scout was puffing on a long, brown cigarillo. "He can come as he is. Everything will be provided for him where he's going," the Scout advised Ari's father, exhaling a large cloud of smoke which immediately disappeared in the wind.

Ari looked first to the Scout, then to his father. Ari wore only a pair of tattered cotton shorts. He wasn't even wearing shoes.

As if sensing Ari's concern, the Scout smiled. "Don't worry, clothes aren't going to matter ."

Ari's father took the hoe from his son. "Go, now," his father urged, pushing him toward the Scout.

He slowly walked toward the Talent Scout. The Scout's hair was short, spiky and bleached blond — almost white. He had a closely-cropped beard, a few shades darker than his hair. The Scout's body was an arrangement of taut, well-defined muscles. Ari could see the outline of the man's cock beneath the skin-tight leather pants; it was semi-hard. The tenseness Ari felt now was out of desire, not intimidation.

The Scout threw an arm around Ari's shoulder and walked him to the long, black car. It would be the first time Ari had ever ridden in a motor vehicle; gas was so expensive, only the very wealthy could afford to have cars. Hard to believe that before the Great Winter, almost everyone had a car. In fact, his father told him before the time when nature was finally thrown off balance by the abuse of man, most people had televisions, stereos, video cassette recorders — things now attainable only by the very rich.

The Scout opened the door and ushered Ari into the back seat. The Talent Scout tossed his cigarillo away and got into the car after him. The moment the car door shut, the driver — concealed by a wall of black glass — put the car into gear and sped away. Ari looked out the back window and watched his father, their small house and meager plot of land disappear in the dust.

"You afraid?"

Ari shook his head.

"Good. Nothing bad is going to happen to you. In fact, you'll probably enjoy it," the Scout added.

Having said that, the Scout took Ari's hand and placed it on the mound in his crotch. Carefully, Ari squeezed the Scout's cock through the leather.

"Like that? Want to take it out? Go ahead," the Scout urged.

Ari carefully unbuckled the man's belt and unzipped his fly. The Scout's dick popped out almost immediately; red and swollen with lust. Ari felt his own cock start to rise as

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a pleasing warmth spread through his body.

"Touch it," the Scout commanded. Ari obeyed, letting his hands glide over the Scout's long member, caressing the raised veins on the shaft and bulbous crown.

The Talent Scout leaned over and whispered in Ari's ear, "Suck it. I want you to suck my cock and lick my balls."

Ari's eyes widened. He'd never done this before, though he'd thought about it. He'd jacked off to the fantasy of doing it, but he had never had the chance to act out the fantasy -- until now. His heart quickened, out of fear and excitement, as he tentatively lowered his head to the man's cock.

"Ooohhh, that's right," gasped the Scout, as Ari's mouth enveloped his aching prick. Sampling the new ones wasn't expressly forbidden, but the Talent Scout knew it was not approved of either. Still, he considered it one of the perks of his job; an audition of sorts. As Ari took his cock down his throat, the Scout couldn't help but pat himself on the back for getting this one. An innocent, handsome face, coupled with a well-formed, manly body. They liked them like this in the Center Ring.

Ari began to suck the Scout's dick more aggressively, trying to swallow its entire length. The Scout was squirming now, running his gloved fingers through Ari's long, dark blond hair. Ari himself was rock hard now. He began to massage his own rod through the material of his shorts. Ari hoped the Scout would suck him off too.

The Scout began to breathe faster. He was thrusting his crotch upwards, trying to feed the young man more of his dick. Suddenly, he pulled out with a loud, satisfied groan. Ari felt his hot, gooey load wash over his face and run down his chin.

The Talent Scout relaxed. He leaned his head back and let out a heavy sigh. Ari raised his head. The Scout smiled at him and put his hand beneath Ari's chin, wiping away a drop of his own cum that hung there. Yes, he had made a good choice. He silently thanked whoever that that certain terminal illness was a thing of the past; otherwise, his load would've been wasted, trailing down Ari's neck instead of his throat.

They arrived in Voltare in an hour's time, as the sun was starting to set. It was an ugly city. To Ari, it resembled a giant, abandoned factory. Tall, dirty concrete and brick buildings jutted into the horizon. Smokestacks spilled out clouds of black smoke. "That's where the fuel is burned for power," the Scout explained. Ari only nodded. He didn't understand it was for electricity; where he lived with his father, there was no electricity.

As lifeless as the city looked from a distance, there was plenty of activity. Inside the city, the streets were crowded with people who all appeared to have someplace to go. The long car maneuvered through the crowded streets to its final destination; the Center Ring. For all the mythical stories Ari had heard about the place, it didn't appear to be much from the outside--just a brick warehouse with a black door.

The car stopped. The Talent Scout lit another cigarillo and grabbed Ari's arm. "Come with me," he ordered, leading Ari out of the car.

Inside the Center Ring, it was dark. Ari's eyes barely had a chance to adjust before the Scout was ushering him upstairs. On the third floor, they entered an empty room.

"Wait here," the Scout said, before disappearing through another door. He came back moments later with another man. This man was tall and thin. He was older than the Scout, his hair a bushy mass of steel gray and his face, though attractive, had the distinct lines of age. He wore a long, purple robe. To Ari, he looked like a priest.

"And who do we have here?"

"Ari, this is Farrell. He runs the place," the Scout explained.

"Ari," Farrell repeated, taking the young man's hands into his own. "Nice name. Exotic. Where did you find him?"

"In Tomaine, about 75 miles from here, slaving away on a farm with his father," the Scout said.

"Hard labor," Farrell said, smiling. "That explains the muscles. You've done well. Get him ready right away. He can debut tonight." To Ari, he said, "I think you'll be very popular here." Then Farrell let go of Ari's hands and left the room.

After Farrell had left, the Scout took Ari down another corridor and into a large, white-tiled bathroom. The Scout told Ari to remove his shorts, which Ari did, noticing a wry

smile crossing the Scout's lips as he stepped out of his only article of clothing. Ari thought they might do what they did in the car, and felt a stirring in his loins. Instead, he was ordered to step into the showers.

"There's soap and shampoo for you in there," the Scout said, as Ari stepped into the shower area and turned on the water. "Take as long as you like."

The hot water shot out of the shower head with a tremendous force, the spray pelting Ari's flesh. Soon he forgot about the Scout being there and relaxed, lathering up his body with the perfumed soap provided for him. After 20 minutes, he turned the water off. He turned, startled by the sight of another man standing in the room, holding a towel out to him.

"Hi, I'm Joshua," the stranger said, as Ari took the towel from his hands. Joshua was about Ari's age and very beautiful. His body bulged with firm muscles and, from what Ari could see, a more pleasing bulge lay hidden beneath the thin, white tunic he wore.

Once dry, Ari, wrapping the towel around his waist, followed Joshua into another room. "Hop up here," Joshua said, patting a massage table.

Ari got up on the table and laid down on his back. Joshua got a bottle of oil and began to pour it on Ari's body. The oil was warm and smelled faintly of flowers. Joshua began to rub the oil on his chest. Ari closed his eyes; it felt good, having Joshua's hands on him. His cock began to get hard.

"Take the towel off," Joshua ordered, his hands gliding over Ari's abdomen. Ari took off the towel, embarrassed that his dick was now standing up straight. But Joshua never said a word. He kept rubbing the oil on, his hands lightly brushing Ari's balls as he rubbed the inside of his thighs.

"Turn over." Ari did, and Joshua continued. His hands traveled over Ari's shoulders, down his back. He squirted some oil onto Ari's ass. His hands caressed him much slower now. Ari felt his fingers work their way inside him, spreading the oil into his tight hole. He let out an involuntary gasp, it felt so good. Ari's dick was now like stone.

Abruptly, Joshua said, "You're ready. I'll take you to the Center Ring now."

Ari got off the table. He noticed Joshua's cock was poking at the front of the tunic. He wanted to touch it, take it in his mouth. He wanted Joshua to do the same to him. But Joshua just silently led Ari out of the room, through a dark corridor and down some stairs.

"What's going to happen to me?" Ari asked, innocently.

Joshua smiled. "Nothing bad. Just enjoy it."

At the foot of the stairs was a closed door. Joshua removed a ring of keys from his belt and started to unlock it.

"Whatever happens, don't resist," he said. Then, with a sly grin, he added, "Though you appear more than eager."

Joshua opened the door and pushed Ari through, shutting it behind him immediately.

More darkness.

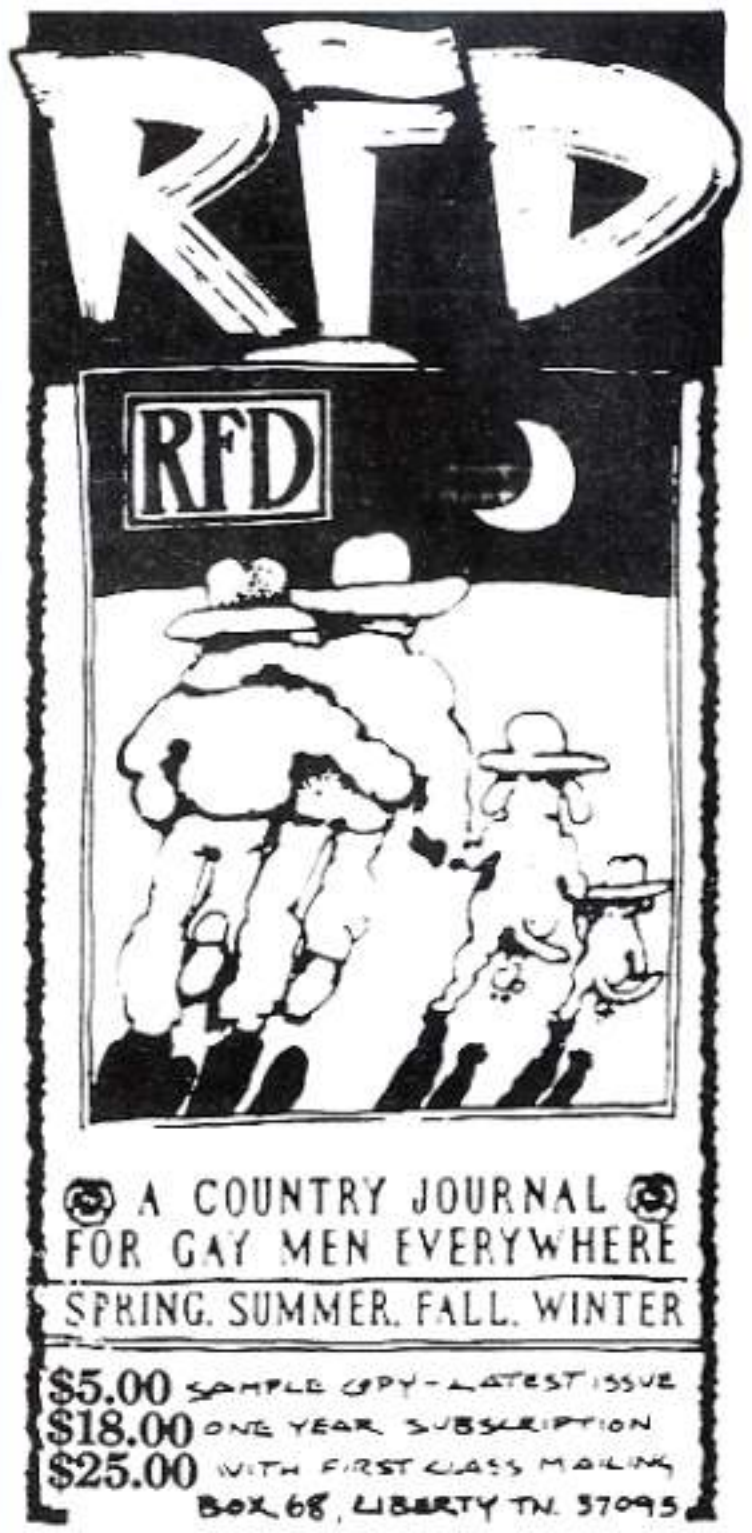
Ari could hear the din of conversations from an unseen crowd. His cock began to shrink. He was afraid.

Suddenly, a shaft of bright light rained down on him. There was a roar of approval from the crowd. Ari surveyed his surroundings. He was on a stage, enclosed by a chain link fence. The bright light prevented him from actually seeing the audience, but judging by the noise they made, it was a large one.

"Gentlemen," said a voice over a loudspeaker, "thank you for joining us. Tonight, we present Ari, brought to us just today. I'm sure you'll find him a welcome addition to the Center Ring."

Ari recognized the voice; it was Farrell. The crowd was cheering again. When the noise died down, Farrell told the audience, "And now the Ring Master, and his two apprentices, Ty and Joshua."

Again, the crowd roared, the noise getting louder as three men joined Ari on stage. Of course, Ari was already familiar with Joshua, who was no longer wearing his tunic; on stage his costume consisted of a heavy chain around his waist and chains around his wrists. His dick was long and semi-erect. The other "apprentice", Ty, was adorned in similar fashion. Ty was shorter than Joshua, but no less attractive. His compact body was muscular and hairy. His hair was black and curly, and beneath his thick eyebrows were surprisingly friendly brown eyes. His



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cock was fat, uncut and bounced slightly as he walked. Ari's fear was dissipating quickly, being replaced with desire.

The Ring Master walked slightly behind the other two. Ari was immediately transfixed. The Ring Master's body was incredible; each muscle and curve heavily defined, from his broad shoulders to his narrow hips to his bulging legs. His face was almost feline, seeming more so with his lion-like mane of long, golden hair. Unlike the other two, the Ring Master wore leather: leather bands around his upper arms and a pair of leather briefs, with a zipper going down the front. Ari's prick was rising quickly at the thought of what lay beneath that zipper.

The three men approached him. Ty and Joshua stood at either side of him. The Ring Master stood in front of him. He stared at Ari for a moment, piercing him with his green eyes. Then, letting a trace of a smile cross his lips, he leaned forward and kissed Ari. It was a slow, probing kiss that almost made Ari collapse to his knees.

The Ring Master pulled away. "Do you think you can please me?"

Ari could only nod.

"First, I want to watch you. Suck off my apprentices. I want to see both their cocks in your mouth. I want you to suck them until they cum. I want to see their juice spill over your pretty face."

Ari had no intention of refusing, but the Ring Master's deep, serious voice made his request sound sinister, causing Ari to feel somewhat reluctant. Still, he slowly kneeled between Ty and Joshua.

The two men closed in on him. Ari took their cocks, now fully hard, in his hands. He first started on Joshua, licking the head of his cock before taking its length in his mouth. He turned and did the same to Ty, pushing back his foreskin with his eager tongue.

"I said at the same time," the Ring Master commanded.

Ari opened his mouth wide, letting Ty and Joshua crowd their throbbing cocks in his mouth. At first he feared he would gag, but he soon adjusted, enjoying the feel of two cocks in his mouth. They tried to force themselves down his throat.

Ari reached down to pull at his own prick, only to be scolded by the Ring Master.

"Don't touch yourself! You can only touch us."

Ari immediately moved his hands away. Instead, he decided to keep them busy by letting his fingers explore the apprentices' asses; working his fingers into their holes.

Ty and Joshua were now pressed against each other, their mouths joined. Their kisses became more urgent as their pleasure intensified. Ari could sense they were nearing their peak. He grabbed their cocks and began to jack them off simultaneously. Both let out loud cries, and he felt their thick cream hit his face in rapid spurts. Rivulets of their cum cascaded over his cheeks, lips and chin.

When they were finished, Ari looked up at the Ring Master, who was grinning. He could hear the audience cheering.

The Ring Master knelt down in front of him. "You did very well," he said. He reached out and began to stroke Ari's dick. "Bet you're so hot you can't stand it," he teased, pulling at Ari's cock a little faster. "Bet you're about to shoot any second, aren't you?"

Ari was breathing heavy. His balls were tight, on the verge of releasing his man juice. The Ring Master withdrew his hand.

"Later," he said, standing up. He rubbed his bulging crotch. "Bet you want this even more, don't you? You want to suck my dick, lick my balls. Bet you've been wanting me to take this off, just so you could swallow all of my hard cock. Am I right?"

Nervously, Ari nodded.

"Then go ahead, unzip it."

Ari reached up and, hands trembling, unzipped the leather briefs. They fell to the floor and the Ring Master's rod sprang free. Like a flagpole it jutted over Ari's face. It was much larger than either Ty's or Joshua's. Ari began to salivate, wanting to trace the veins of the Ring Master's cock with his tongue. He reached up to touch it, only to have the Ring Master suddenly turn around.

"I want your tongue in my ass first," he said, offering his firm, round butt to Ari's face. "Nothing would get me hotter than your pink little tongue up my ass."

Ari leaned forward and, grabbing the Ring Master's asscheeks, buried his face in the crack of his ass. His nose filled with his manly scent. Almost cautiously, he let his tongue slither into the Ring Master's pink hole. He probed and prodded it, thrilled when the Ring Master let down his guard and began to moan softly. One of the apprentices — Ari couldn't see which one — began to explore Ari's ass. First with his tongue, then with his finger. Ari savored the feeling. As his pleasure increased, he rimmed the Ring Master eagerly, making his hole wet with spit.

The Ring Master turned around again. "You know what to do," he said, grabbing onto his dick.

Ari immediately wrapped his lips around the Ring Master's engorged cock, inhaling it down his throat. The Ring Master threw his head back, grunting and groaning. Ari could tell he was pleased. He let his tongue circle the corona of the Ring Master's prick, then glide down the length of his shaft and sucked on his balls.

Catching his breath, the Ring Master pulled away. "Get on all fours," he ordered. Ari did as he was told. The Ring Master moved behind him. The crowd began to chant: "Fuck him! Fuck him!"

The Ring Master got on his knees, leaned down, and let his tongue slide deep into Ari's ass. Ari closed his eyes, becoming lost in the sensation.

Then, suddenly, he felt a sharp pain as the Ring Master replaced his

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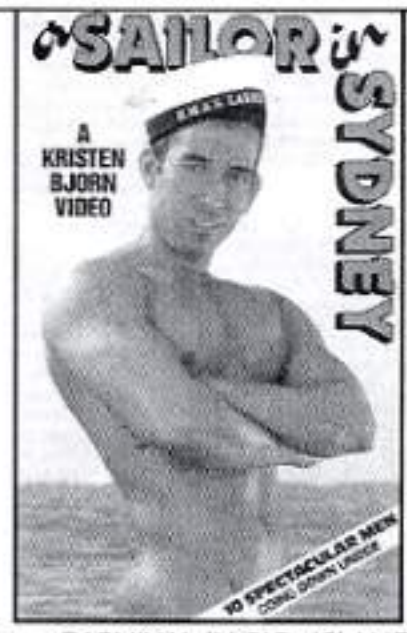

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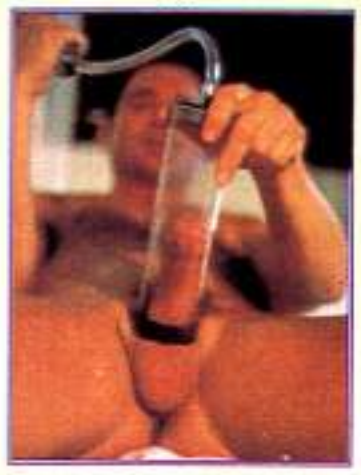

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tongue with his cock. Ari felt as if he were being split apart. But the pain soon subsided, giving way to a delight he had never experienced. As the Ring Master began to thrust into him, Ari started to writhe in ecstasy.

While the Ring Master plowed into him from behind, Joshua sat down in front of Ari, his legs spread. Ari didn't need to be told what to do; he slowly licked Joshua's prick, which was hard once again. Ty stood over Joshua, and Joshua put his mouth on his fellow apprentice's hairy balls.

The audience lost all control. Men were leaping onto the chain link fence, offering their rigid cocks to the men inside the Center Ring. Some were content with each other, climbing up on tables and letting other members of the crowd lick their hard dicks or fuck their asses.

Ari continued to swallow Joshua's cock, while Joshua was, in turn, working Ty into a frenzy with his own mouth. The Ring Master's thrusts were quickening, his cries getting louder.

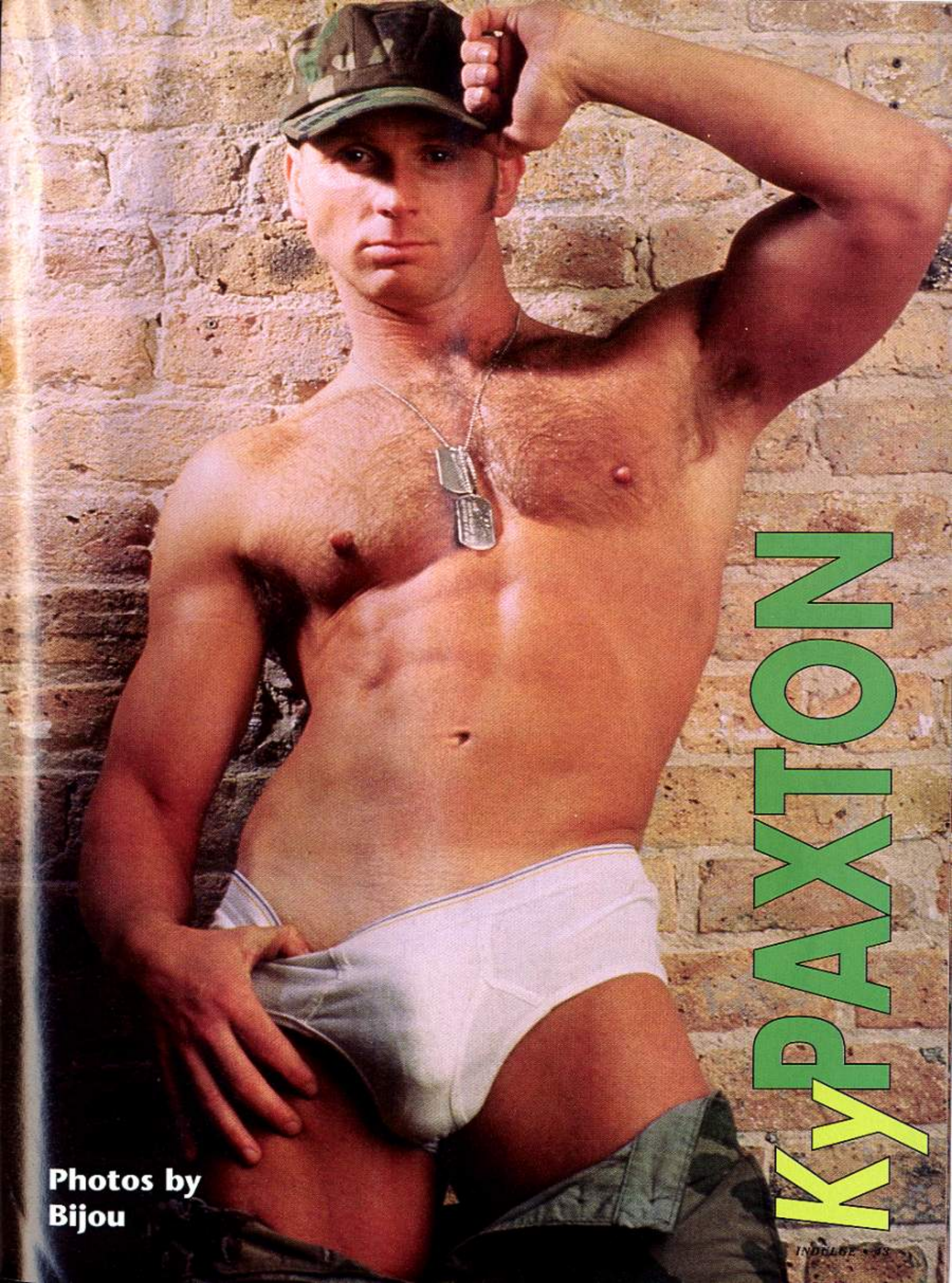
Suddenly, the Ring Master clenched Ari's ass and with one final thrust sent a stream of hot cum into the young man's gut. As if responding to the Ring Master's release, Joshua shot his load down Ari's throat. Ari felt as if he were being filled with hot lava. Glancing up from Joshua's crotch, Ari saw that Ty had also spilled his load, his pearly-white cum dribbling off Joshua's chin.

The Ring Master pulled Ari close to him, turning Ari over on his back. He embraced him and gave him another long, sensual kiss. Then his mouth began to travel down the length of his body; down his neck, his chest, his abdomen. It stopped at Ari's dick, which was now aching for release. The Ring Master looked up at him, giving him a wink and a smile before easing his mouth over Ari's cock.

Ari came almost instantly. His body convulsed as he sent streams of cum into the Ring Master's mouth. The Ring Master gulped, swallowing the very last drop that oozed from the head of Ari's dick.

Ari fell backward, lying flat on the floor. The Ring Master lay beside him, his hands lightly caressing Ari's chest. Ty and Joshua knelt beside him. Joshua stroked Ari's hair; Ty played with his balls.

"Bet you can't wait for tomorrow night," the Ring Master whispered, kissing Ari on the forehead. ▼



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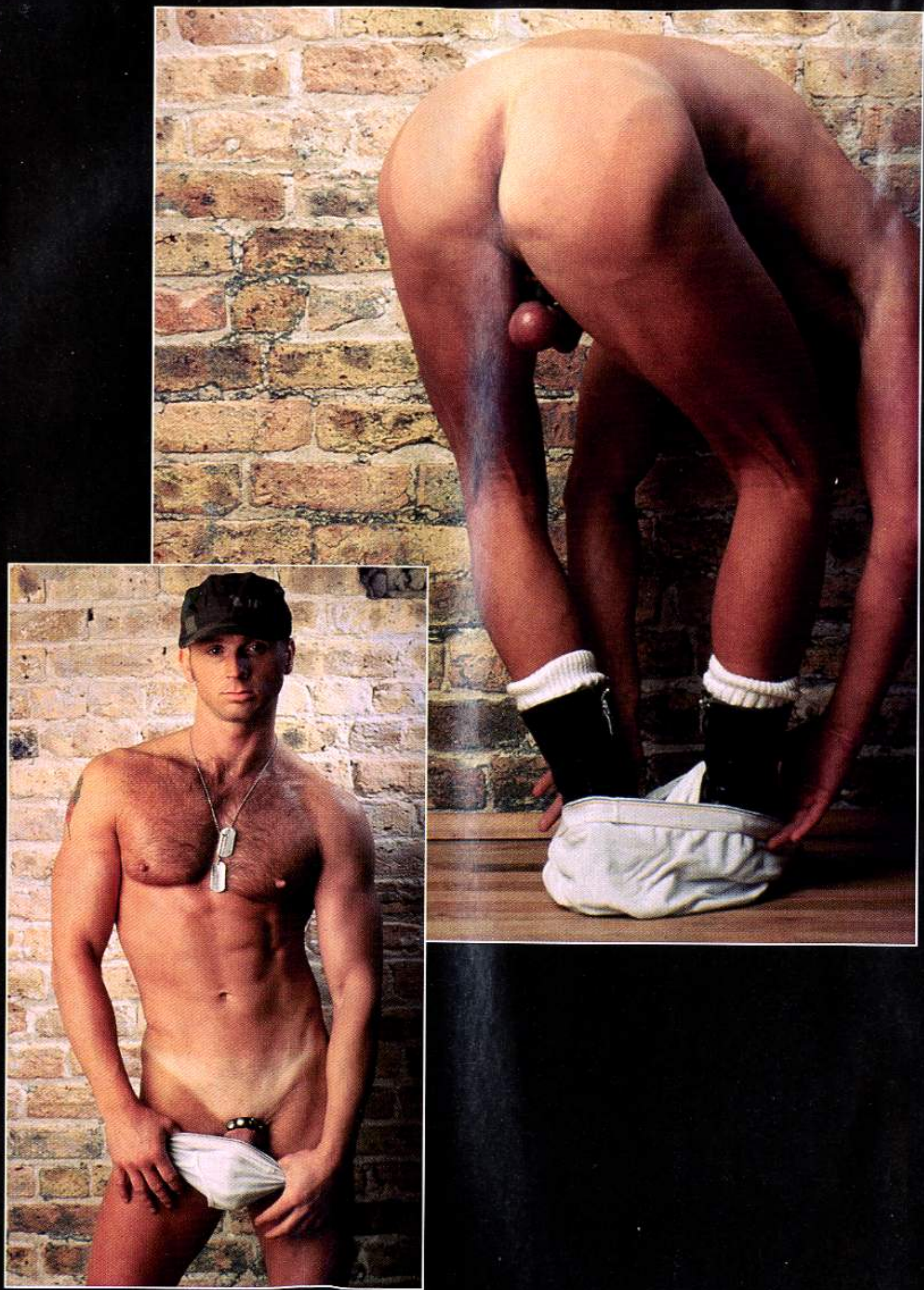

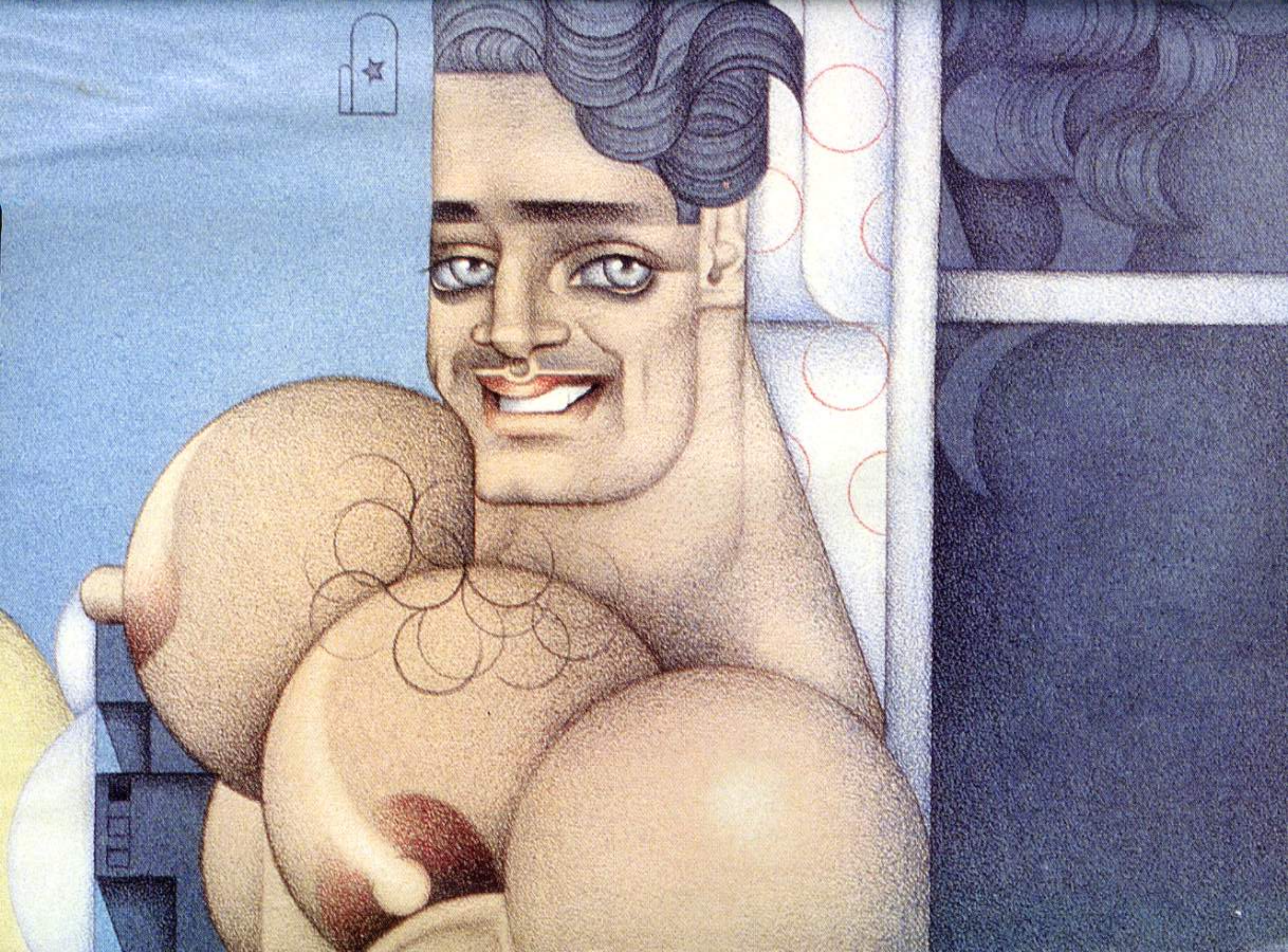

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TAR BEACH

Brent Henderson couldn't believe his good fortune. A Russian Hill one-bedroom with hardwood floors, a laundry room, and a view of the City at only $625? He tried to appear nonchalant as he walked slowly around the empty apartment with the landlord.

"You would have to share the rooftop patio with the tenant on the second floor, a Mr. Lattazi, but it would only be the two of you who use it," said the landlord, Mr. Goldfarb.

Brent could care less about sharing the patio, he wasn't a big sunbathing fanatic anyway. "How much of a deposit would you require?"

"No deposit, I know I can trust you, you have an honest face," Mr. Goldfarb replied.

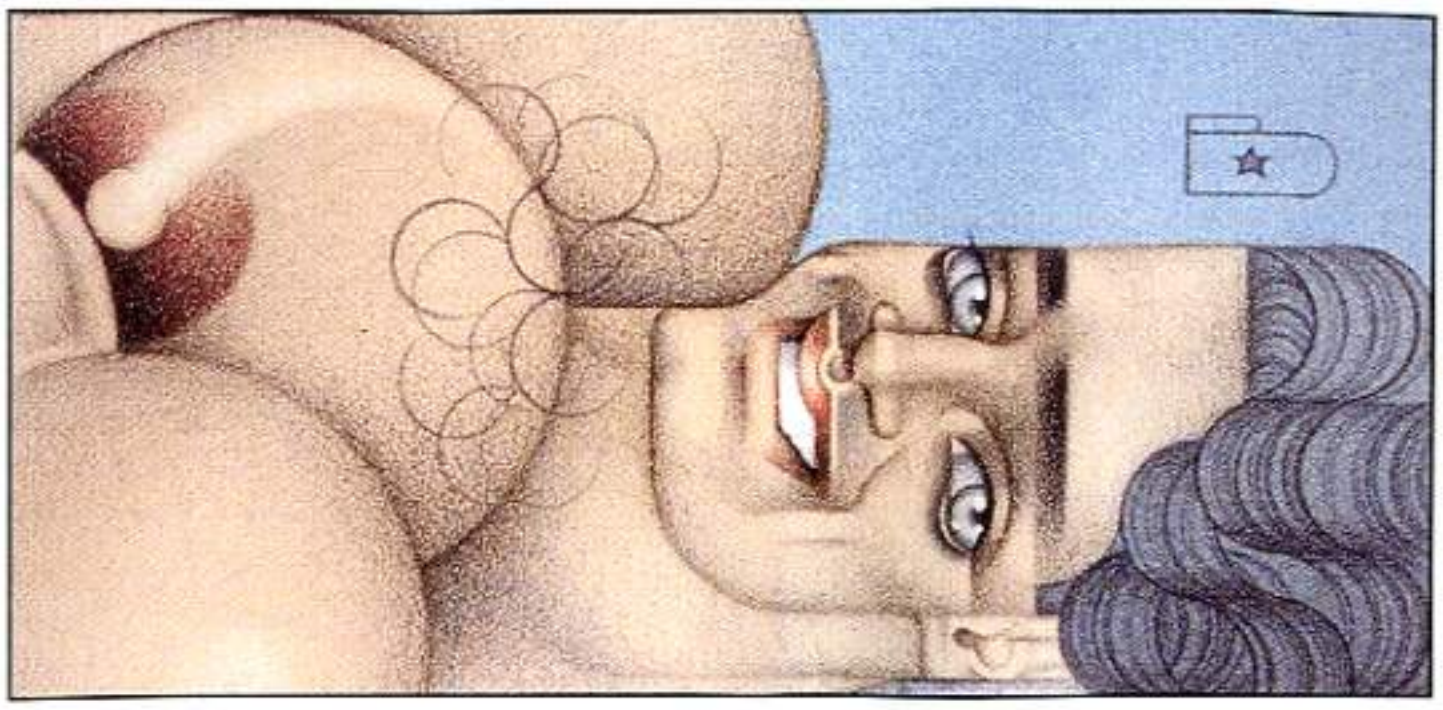
Brent took out his checkbook. "When can I start moving in?"

Brent kicked the door shut behind himself and set the last box down on the highly polished floor. He got a beer out of the refrigerator and leaned against the counter, enjoying the view from his kitchen window, which overlooked the patio/deck area that sat atop the second floor roof.

Noticing a figure coming up the stairs on the back side of the apartments, Brent thought, 'This must be the Lattazini-whatever guy from the second floor. I bet he's a total dweeb. There has to be something wrong with this place, it's too perfect.' Brent eased back from the window a little so he couldn't be seen from the patio.

When he saw the other tenant, the air rushed out of his lungs. Coming up the stairs was the most perfect specimen of the male species that Brent had ever seen. He was like a Roman God ascending the stairs to Heaven. Curly black hair framed his chiseled, almost brutally handsome features — a strong jaw, cleft chin, and gorgeous full lips just begging to be kissed. Brent gulped his beer. The other tenant had broad shoulders and a deep chest across which foamed a sea of black chest hair — his deep-chocolate brown nipples like miniature volcanoes on the islands of his impressive pecs. His body was exquisitely muscled, everything in perfect proportion to everything else. He was very tan. Every inch of the guy's body was the exact same caramel brown color and he glistened with tanning oil. The spandex pouch of his swimsuit appeared to be under a great deal of strain as it endeavored to contain its heavy burden of genitalia. The package of dick and balls bobbed up and down as he crossed the patio.

Brent stared in awe as his neighbor retrieved a lounger from under the eaves. He set up the chair, unfolded a beach towel over it, and turned to adjust the towel on the lounger. Brent couldn't believe what he was seeing — the guy was wearing a thong bathing suit! Brent thought he might be witnessing the Greatest Ass The World Had Ever Known. Two identical-twin butt cheeks jutted out towards his apartment; they seemed to be performing a ritual dance designed to arouse Brent. The muscles clenched and released while the guy straightened his towel.



Brent looked down and saw that he was grinding his hard dick against the edge of the counter. He hustled into the bedroom and began searching for his swimsuit. He found the box marked 'Summer/Clothes' and dug out his trunks — a pair of very baggy, conservative swim shorts of dark blue cotton. Brent kicked off his Topsiders and popped the buttons on his jeans. Shoving his thumbs under the waistband of his jeans and shorts, he forced both garments past his turgid boner, down his legs and over his feet.

Brent tossed off his shirt, slapped some sun block and a pair of Ray Bans on his face and grabbed a towel from the bathroom. He glanced at his reflection in the full length mirror on the bathroom door. He was no Roman God, but Brent thought he looked pretty good for 29. He worked out faithfully and didn't have an ounce of fat anywhere. His reddish-blond hair and blue eyes gave him an 'All-American Boy' look. He paused at the door and took a deep breath, trying to compose himself. Reaching into his trunks, he pulled his cock up against his stomach and pointed it off to one side. Brent folded his towel over his arm and held it in front of his crotch.

"Well, here goes," he muttered under his breath, and stepped out of his apartment.

The Roman Sun God turned his face toward Brent's door and when he saw Brent he smiled broadly, flashing blinding white teeth.

"Hi. You must be the new guy. I'm Anthony Lattazi, but everybody calls me Mookie. I live in the apartment on two. Welcome to the building." His deep voice made Brent's balls tighten, but his Brooklyn accent was so thick Brent thought for a moment that the guy was pulling his leg. He looked like an Italian model, but sounded like a waiter from Flatbush.

"Pull up a chair," the hunk said, offering his big band. Brent's hand was captured and pumped enthusiastically in his strong paw. Brent wondered how the long fingers might feel curled around his twitching cock. It was all he could do not to moan.

Brent retrieved a lounger and set it up. He straddled the lounger and eased back onto it, crossing his legs at the ankle.

"Hi, I'm Brent Henderson. I'm moving in today and thought I'd take a break and get some sun. Jeez, you're so dark. I need to get a start on my tan," Brent said, introducing himself.

"Yeah, you look kinda pale for this late in the year. You got sunblock on? The sun's real strong up here on Tar Beach, you don't wanna burn," Mookie rumbled, trailing one big hand across his rippled abs.

"I put some on before I came out. Did you say 'Tar Beach'?"

"I guess I'm showing my heritage when I say that, huh? In New York, if we want to lay out we gotta go up on the roof, so we call it the Tar Beach, get it?"

There was a soft breeze blowing and as it brushed over Brent it carried with it the scent of Brent's new neighbor. He could smell the coconut in the suntan oil, mixed with salty sweat and a hint of sandalwood cologne. The sun warmed Brent's skin and he relaxed slowly, letting his thoughts drift.

He jumped when Mookie spoke. "Hey Brent, could you put some oil on my back for me?"

"Sure thing, buddy," he answered, with an indifferent tone that belied the fact that he wanted to jump up and do back-flips. A view, low rent, wood floors and a hot Italian bodybuilder who sunbathed daily? Brent knew it didn't get much better than this.

Mookie handed Brent a bottle of suntan oil as he adjusted his lounger to a flat position and rolled over onto his front side. Brent poured some oil into his palm, rubbing his hands together. He moved over to Mookie's lounger and, perching one hip on the edge, lowered his oil-coated hands to the broad expanse of the muscular back. His hands caressed shoulder blades and traveled along flared lats. The sun-bronzed skin was like satin, smooth and soft, stretched tautly over hard muscles. Brent pressed his fingers into the Italian's deltoids and massaged the oil into them, running his hands out along the upper arms, his fingertips easing into the moist forest of his armpits for a few thrilling seconds. Brent's cock gushed precum and his balls churned in his trunks. He ran his thumbs along the spine, feeling the vertebrae as he fanned his fingers out along the ribs. He hesitated when he reached the stud's waist. Brent didn't want to seem too forward, so he avoided the flawless ass and reached for his sculpted legs instead. Brent stroked his hands along the backs of the thighs, enjoying the feel of the rock-solid muscles under his fingers. He massaged bulging calves and trim ankles and worked his hands back up Mookie's legs, daringly running his thumbs up along the hunk's sinewy inner thighs.

As Brent's hands paused on the hamstrings, the Italian dreamboat eased his legs apart and looked over his shoulder at Brent, "Know somethin' Brent? Our little patio here is real secluded and I usually sunbathe nude. I put on a thong today in case you were the delicate type — but I don't want to get a tan line. How 'bout you slip my thong off and put some oil on my ass?" Mookie purred, seductively.

Brent's hands shook as he grasped the waistband of the thong and began to work it over the jutting buttocks, pulling the damp fabric out of the deep asscrack. Brent eased the thong down mid-thigh, and then stood to pull it past the knees and over the feet. Brent surreptitiously passed the thong under his nose, taking a deep sniff of the musky perfume of his neighbor's

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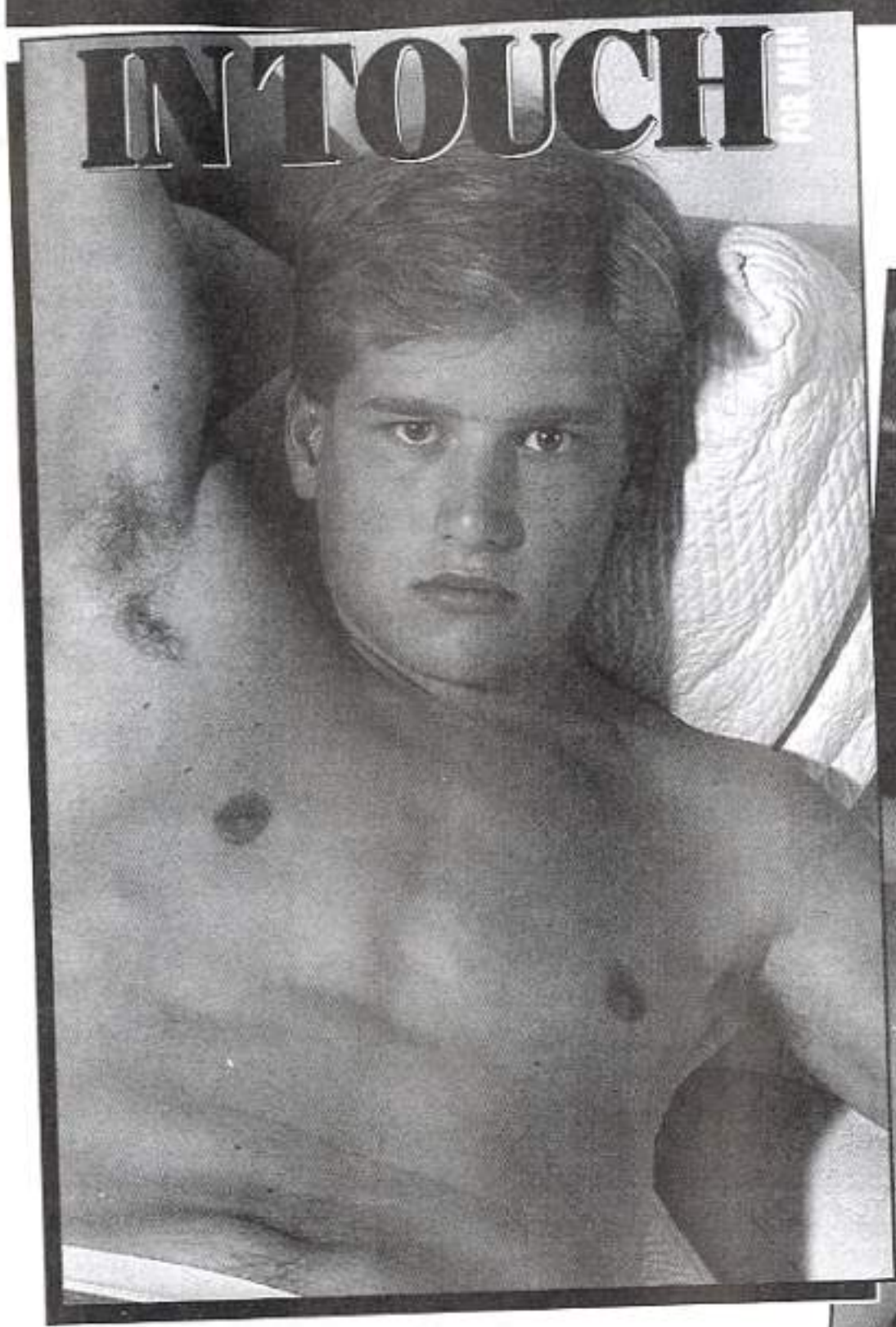

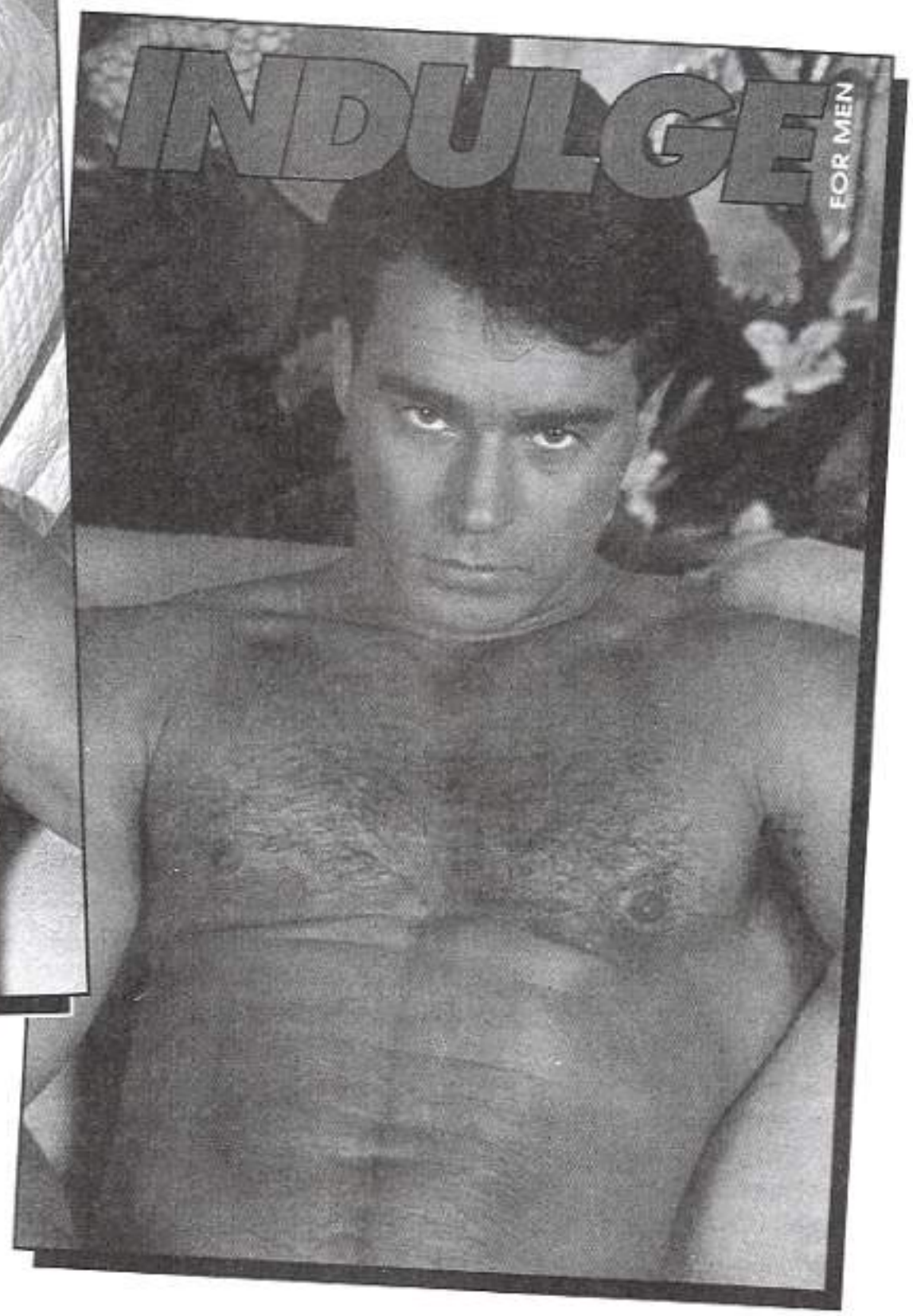

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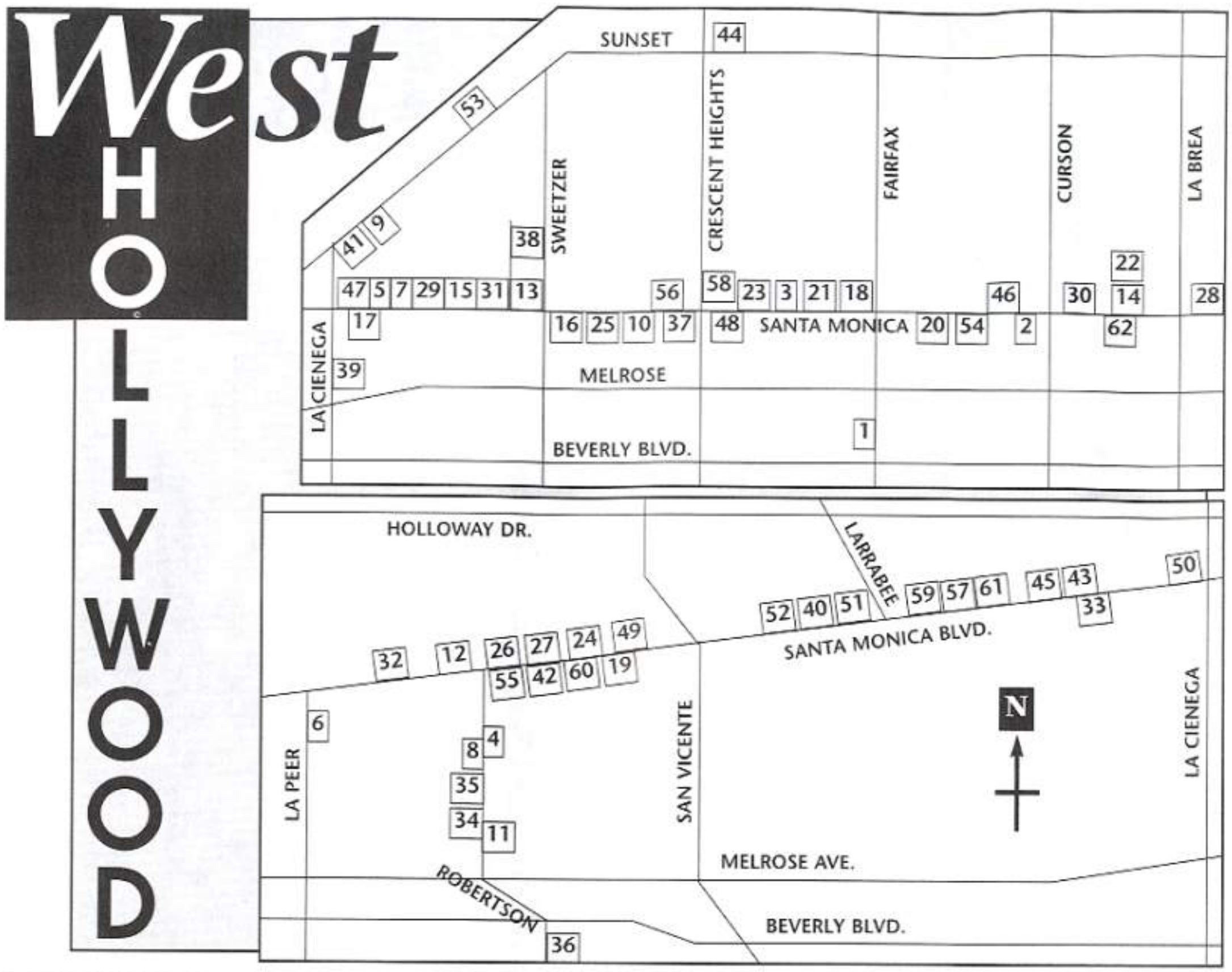

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1000 and one BOOGIE Nights

by Will Grega

One Moment In Time

The Seventies. It was an era of excess, experimentation, extravagance, and questionable taste. As the decade progressed, the Baby Boomers swung into their twenties in perfect beat to the pulse of disco music.

Oh, no! The D-word. With the 70's back in fashion, it was only a matter of time before disco reared its sometimes reviled, sometimes revered, trashy little head. And with the revival this past summer of the Casablanca record label, it can finally be declared without hesitation: Disco is Back! And it's back with a vengeance with Best of Village People and The Casablanca Records Story, a 4-CD box set featuring some of the biggest, most outrageous and influential tracks in dance music history. The box set covers the label's early beginnings (including Donna Summer's 17-minute version of *"Love To Love You, Baby"*), and runs up to its later successes (Irene Cara's *"Flashdance"* and Michael Sembello's *"Maniac"*—both #1 hits), and contains over 5 hours of digitally remastered music that recreates an era in musical history once laughed at, but now only beginning to gain the respect it deserves. But what was disco? Why did it happen? Where did Casablanca Records fit into the equation? And how did a notoriously outré gay burlesque act called Village People become international pop stars and icons that survive to this day?

The Casablanca Records Story

Founded in 1973 by Neil Bogart, Casablanca Records was the first major American label to exploit the exploding club phenomena which came to be known as disco. In fact, Casablanca Records put disco on the map with great songs that set the standard for club music at the time. When its' president, Neil Bogart, was first pitched the then-unknown Donna Summer's record *"Love To Love You, Baby"* he knew he had discovered something groundbreaking.

He gave Summer and producer Giorgio Moroder free reign in the studio, and audaciously released the seventeen minute opus as a single. The song zoomed to number 2 on the Billboard charts in 1976, thanks in large part to club disc jockeys, who were becoming as in-fluential as radio DJ's in determining what records would be play-ed, and which would become hits.

The Casablanca Records Story Box Set brings the whole era back to life. Disco cult anthems, many presented in rare extended 12-inch versions, make up the bulk of the 47 tracks on this extravagant package A lavish 48-page booklet includes three in-depth essays by insiders and major journalists, and many publicity photos of the groups represented. It's fair to say that with five Village People songs, and six Donna Summer smashes (including 17 minutes of *"MacArthur Park Suite"*, and 12 minutes of *"Hot Stuff/Bad Girls"*), that this is the single greatest disco collection of all time.

Village People: Camp Fluke Or Sinister Plot?

Here's the formula: you take six hunky men, dress them up as hyper-masculine American stereotypes, and have them bump and grind onstage while singing mildly Homo-erotic lyrics to a pounding disco beat. Sounds like a hit?

The concept of Village People was, fortunately, never pitched that way, or the group, probably, would have never happened. What did happen is that two French producers, Jacques Morali and Henri Belolo, created a fictitious "disco group" with studio singers and musicians in 1977. The original Village People EP was produced for the gay club circuit with no thought that this non-existent act would ever cross-over into the mainstream. When the record went on to sell over 100,000 copies by virtue of club play alone, the producers realized they had to cast their characters with real men and record a full album.

Conceived by producer Jacques Morali to appeal specifically to gays, Village People were a marketing, as well as a musical, creation. This was the first commercial music from and for a gay audience. They hit with a formula that included self-parody, outrageous humor, and strong pop hooks. Surprisingly evasive about their sexuality in interviews (reportedly at orders from producer Morali), they were Christopher Street's fantasies come to life, and they managed to inject a small element of gay sensibility into the mainstream. Their chart-topping string of hits (6 gold and 4 platinum albums and over 20 million singles sold—but who's counting) and many television appearances (Dick Clark, Merv Griffith, Midnight Special, The Love Boat) landed them on the cover of the Rolling Stone in 1979, when that bastion of rock music was finally forced to acknowledge the musical and cultural significance of disco kings, Village People.

As the cowboy, Indian, athlete, soldier, cop and leatherman, Village

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People were quintessential American stereotypes, cartoons come to life, live action figures. The group took a risk unprecedented in music history of short-circuiting their careers by being unabashedly gay, masculine and sexual. Even though the songs were not blatantly gay, they were certainly open to interpretation.

The remarkable thing about Village People is that they managed to exploit gay images without offending their straight audience. After finding mainstream success, the group was criticized by the gay community for not embracing gay issues as flag-waving homosexuals, and for neglecting to hold themselves up as role models, representatives, and crusaders for social justice.

Randy Jones, the original cowboy, explains, "Well, you can't please all of the people all of the time. Also remember, in only four short years of flash fame during which we were on tour world-wide non-stop, there was hardly enough time to try to forge and foist a progressive political philosophy, especially on fans who only wanted to *dance!*"

"Village People was very groundbreaking for its time," explains David Hodo, better known as the group's construction worker. "At the time, people had not seen men bumping and grinding. There was no such thing as Chippendale's in 1977. We upset a few people. Critics called us nothing but a male burlesque act. Elvis Presley was so sexual in his time, but that seemed to end in the 60's with the British Invasion. Then we came along, and it was a long enough time between Elvis that people had forgotten, and suddenly here were these six wild sexual performers on stage. We would do TV and they would stop us and say, 'We are only going to film you from the waist up if you don't stop doing *that!*' We thought, God, this is the 70's, folks! It was all in good fun, not violent like a lot of the angry pornographic sex you see in many live acts today. We were the Betty Boops of disco."

Welcome Back My Friends To The Show That Never Ends

Harry Weinger, Grammy Award-winning compilation producer for Polygram Records, says that all good things come to an end. "Like any trend that becomes commercially explosive, especially disco, which had tremendous success as a genre, there's gonna be a backlash, and

there's gonna be record companies and marketers that want to jump on a trend and end up shoving it down your throat. That was all it took to ruin the genre by flooding it with crap. But if you listen to the Casablanca box set, which contains the best of that era, you can hear the influence on current music where the movers and shakers of dance music today took the best stuff from that time."

Where are they now? Randy Jones left the group in 1991. He owns a publishing company called Pop Front Press and recently published the Gay Music Guide, the first-ever guide to contemporary gay and lesbian music. Felipe Rose, David Hodo, Ray Simpson, Alex Briley and Glen Hughes continue to tour worldwide as Village People, and are probably on their way to a town near you—even as you read this.

David Hodo marvels at the diversity and enthusiasm of current sell-out audiences. "Kids come up to us after the show and tell us they grew up listening to their parents' albums...they sing it, they know it all by heart. Hey, I didn't grow up listening to my parents' albums! Although Doris Day's Greatest Hits is the most recent CD I've purchased."

"I'm very proud of the VP experience, and proud that we decided to make a go of it on our own in the mid-80's. Every night in the middle of YMCA while people are spelling out the letter with their bodies, I always thank God for sending all these people to come see us. It is such a gift to be able to dance around and act foolish and have people appreciate it. It's a wonderful living."

When asked how they'd like to be remembered, the group concurs: "We'd just like people to see or hear us and say God, those guys were fun!"

Will Grega is the author of the Gay Music Guide, the first-ever. For more information contact Will Grega, 200 E. 10th St., #498, New York, NY 10003.

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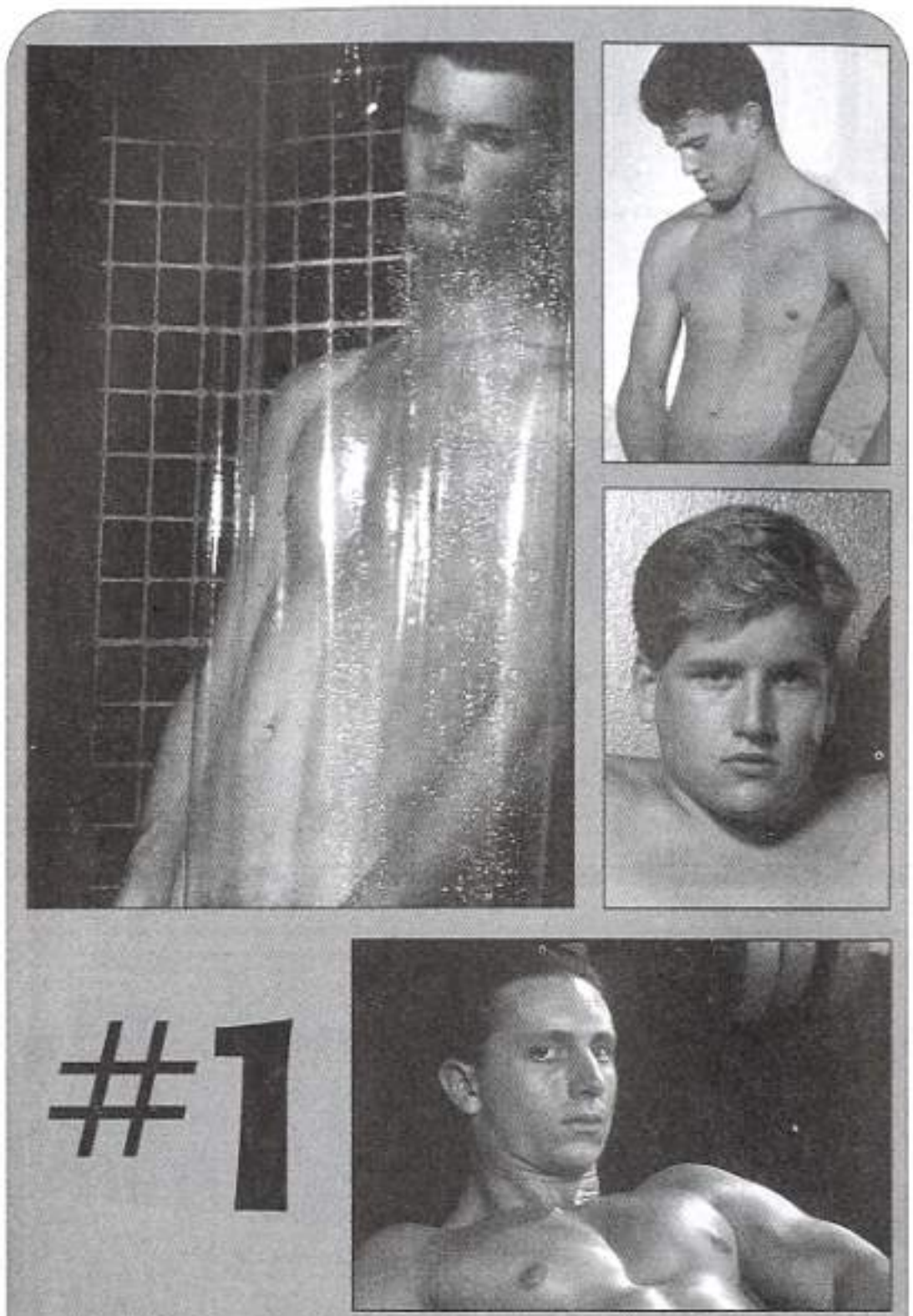

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buttcrack as he did so. The heady aroma sent a searing jolt of lust through his hard cock.

Brent was reaching for the tanning oil when Mookie spoke again, "Say, Brent, how 'bout you take your trunks off too? I'd feel real self-conscious if I was laying here buck-nekkid' and you was still dressed."

Brent hesitated, looking around the rooftop patio. He saw that the neighboring houses had no windows that looked directly out onto the patio. In his super-aroused state, Brent decided to throw caution to the wind. He pushed his trunks down and left them lying on the wood deck. He quickly scooped up the bottle of oil and sat down on the edge of the lounger, hoping that his upright dick hadn't been spotted.

Brent oiled his hands again and lowered them to his neighbor's muscular butt cheeks. Cupping his hands around the firm cheeks and gripped them lightly, he slid his fingertips back and forth across the oily flesh. Mookie sighed contentedly.

Letting his hands linger as long as he thought he could so as not to seem desperate and sex-crazed, Brent reluctantly pulled his hands off Mookie's ass. He stood up to return to his own lounger when Mookie said, "Hey buddy, don't stop there." The prone stud eased his brawny thighs apart and bent his legs off the sides of the lounger. This spread his deep asscrack open, revealing to Brent the curls lining Mookie's crevice.

Brent said a quick, silent prayer of thanks and straddled the lounger between Mookie's spread legs. When his hands renewed their contact with his ass, his thumbs maneuvering into his neighbor's crack, Mookie breathed a throaty moan. Brent's thumbs glided into the humid furrow and he spread the butt open, exposing his neighbor's puckered anus. The dusky-pink asshole was just as beautiful as the rest of him.

Brent's hand rose to his lips as if in a hypnotic trance. He extended his middle finger and sucked it into his mouth, tasting the coconut flavor of the tanning oil and the salty tang of ass sweat. He pulled his dripping finger out of his mouth and touched the tip of his trembling digit to the tight pucker, stroking the wrinkled opening. Brent then ran the tip of his finger teasingly up and down the crack. Each time Brent's fingertip passed over the anus it would tighten as if trying to capture Brent's finger and draw it in.

"Don't torture me buddy. C'mon, finger-fuck my hole," Mookie rumbled.

Brent reached for his tingling cock with his free hand and held his breath as he pushed his finger up Mookie's ass. It was sucked, one knuckle at a time, into the silky-hot ass glove. Brent worked his finger in and out of the clenching aperture and jerked his own hard dick.

"Yeah, keep working my hole." Mookie arched his hips up and reached under himself with one hand. He spread his legs further apart and pushed his dick back between his thighs and then lay back down on the lounger. Mookie's thick organ was the same caramel color as his skin. He was uncut. His puffy foreskin was partially retracted and the wet, mauve tip of his dick was peeping out.

"C'mon, jack me off while you finger fuck me," Mookie pleaded, his hips churning.

Brent released his own boner and took Mookie's massive meat in his hand. He worked the foreskin up over the moist, glistening head and then pulled it back to expose the Italian's dickhead, marveling at the way the loose covering moved. Brent had never seen an uncut dick up close before. Mookie grunted and clamped his asshole down on Brent's finger. Brent worked the skin faster. When Brent slipped another finger into Mookie's hole, the Italian stud moaned loudly and moved to roll over onto his back. Brent released the erection but he kept his fingers buried as the bigger man rolled over, rotating his snug anus around Brent's fingers.

Mookie pulled his knees wide apart and put his feet down on the patio deck, wriggling his ass as Brent continued to finger fuck him. Brent fisted Mookie's cock and began to jack him off, sliding his clenched hand up and down the enormous organ while pumping his fingers in and out of the stud's spasming asshole. Mookie, throwing his head back, tossed it from side to side as he reached his fingers up to pinch his erect nipples. His fingers tugged and twirled at his turgid paps.

"C'mon, Brent, suck me," Mookie begged. "I gotta feel your hot mouth on my cock."

Brent's mouth watered in

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anticipation. He slowly lowered his head to Mookie's cock, eager to get the hot meat down his throat.

"Wait! I need something to suck on, too. Swing that dick 'round here," Mookie demanded.

Brent shifted around so that he was facing Mookie's feet and he swung his leg over the lounger, lowering his dick to Mookie's face. Brent let out a deep groan as Mookie slurped his aching erection between his full lips. Mookie fluttered his tongue all around the head of his penis. He took Brent's swollen balls in his fingers and rolled them.

Brent looked down at Mookie's pulsing dick. He pulled the foreskin back and lowered his lips to the purple-red cocktip. Mookie's cock tasted salty-sweet, and a little bit like coconuts. Brent yawned his lips open and slid them over the head of Mookie's cock, locking them behind the flange and retracting the soft foreskin. He relaxed his lips slightly and felt the foreskin slide up to cover the dickhead inside his mouth. Brent inserted his tongue under the folds of the foreskin and ran it around the leaking head of the cock, collecting and swallowing the delicious drops of precum.

Mookie showed his approval by sucking harder on Brent's dick. He reached up behind Brent's balls and found the blond's asspucker. Mookie drove a finger up Brent's ass. Brent grunted, pistoning his cock in and out of Mookie's hot mouth, pushing his asshole back onto the big finger.

Brent pulled his tongue out of Mookie's foreskin and slid his lips down the shaft of the cock, his jaw straining. He took a deep breath, plunged his head all the way down on the Italian's meat, and buried the cock in his throat. His nose was pressed into Mookie's fragrant bush. He reached under Mookie's leg and inserted his fingers back up the stud's butt, searching for his prostate.

Mookie followed Brent's lead and took Brent's cock deep into his own throat. Brent moaned around Mookie's erection when he felt the satiny lining of Mookie's throat caress the head of his engorged penis. Mookie slipped another finger into Brent's ass and sucked hungrily. They sixty-nined furiously, slurping and slobbering over each other's hot tool and jabbing their fingers at their swelling prostate glands. Both men felt their orgasms building and they each sucked and fingered the other more intensely, working each other into a frenzy of lust as the California sun beat down on them.

Brent felt his crisis approaching. His balls were so bloated with cum they literally ached. His orgasm started as a burning sensation in his overloaded gonads and the fire quickly spread throughout his whole crotch. Moaning a warning, Brent's dick was pulled out of the hot mouth. Mookie caught it in his strong hand, milking it firmly. Brent felt his balls contract and then he was cumming, like never before.

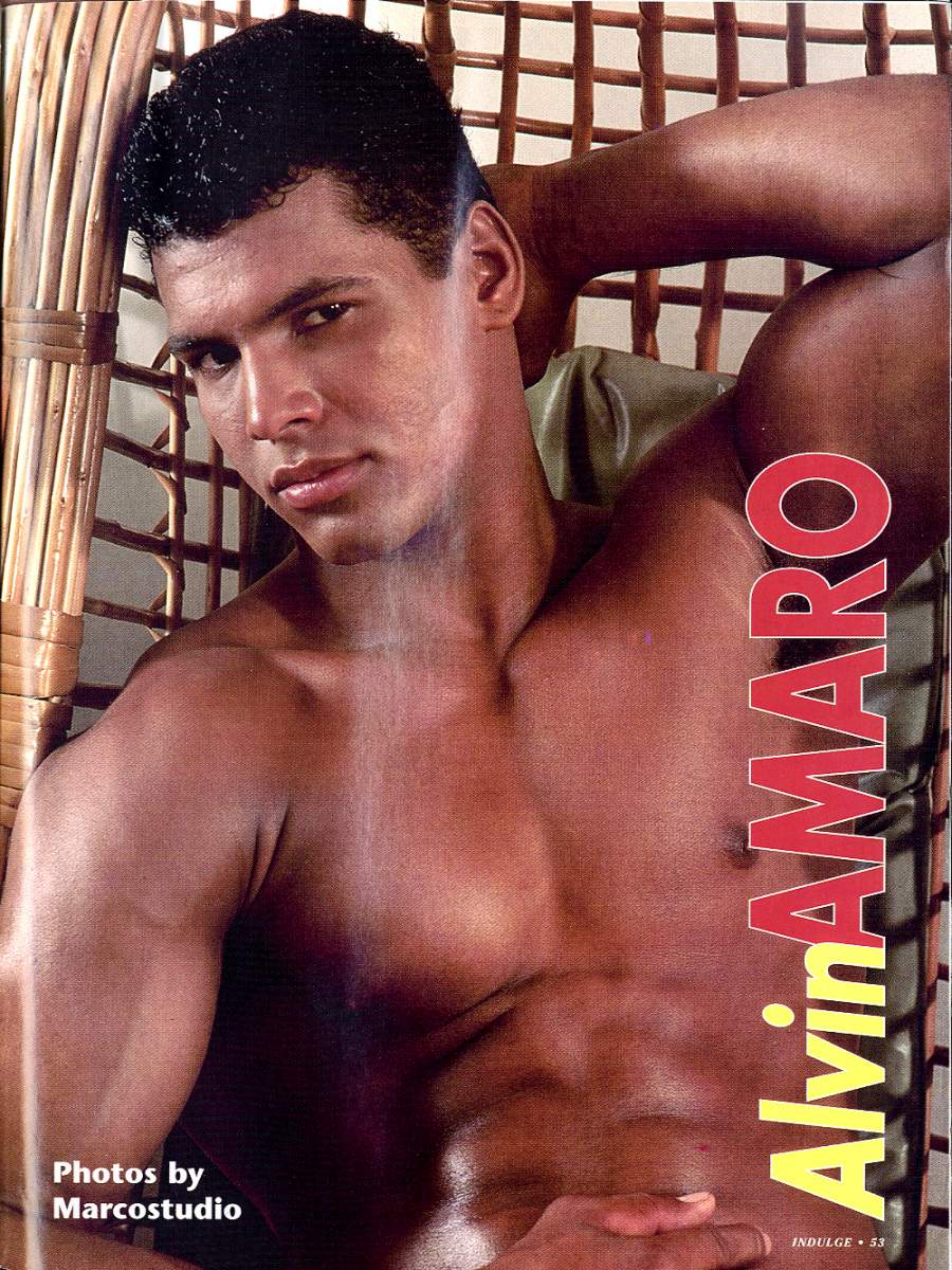
Mookie's dick started to spasm inside his mouth and Brent pulled his head off to watch the semen spew out of the Italian's cock. He took Mookie's cock in his fist and jerked it like his was being jerked. The tip of Mookie's cock puckered open and Brent watched as big gobs of cum were spit out. The cum wads exploded into the air and plopped down on the deck, lounger and Mookie's flailing legs.

Brent arched his back as the last few spurts of his own cum oozed out. Mookie eased up on his masturbation of Brent's cock and Brent did the same. He was drained. He staggered to his feet and helped Mookie sit up. Brent sat down on the lounger facing the Italian stud and Mookie put a hand behind Brent's neck, pulling his face in for a soft kiss.

"That was better than a visit from the Welcome Wagon, wasn't it, neighbor?" Mookie said as he pulled back, a sly grin on his puffy-looking lips. He stood up and gathered up his towel, thong and suntan oil.

"Well, I gotta go in now. I bet you don't have all your stuff unpacked, so why don't you come down to my place later and I'll cook you dinner? I make a mean marinara." Mookie leaned over Brent and put his lips to Brent's ear. Brent could feel Mookie's breath against his ear as he spoke. "Maybe after dinner you can put some after-sun lotion on my back," Mookie whispered, tickling Brent's ear with the tip of his tongue.

Mookie strutted away and a sated Brent watched his hunky neighbor descend the stairs, disappearing one step at a time against the San Francisco skyline. Brent shook his spinning head to clear it and, laughing to himself, decided he was going to love his new neighbor. ▼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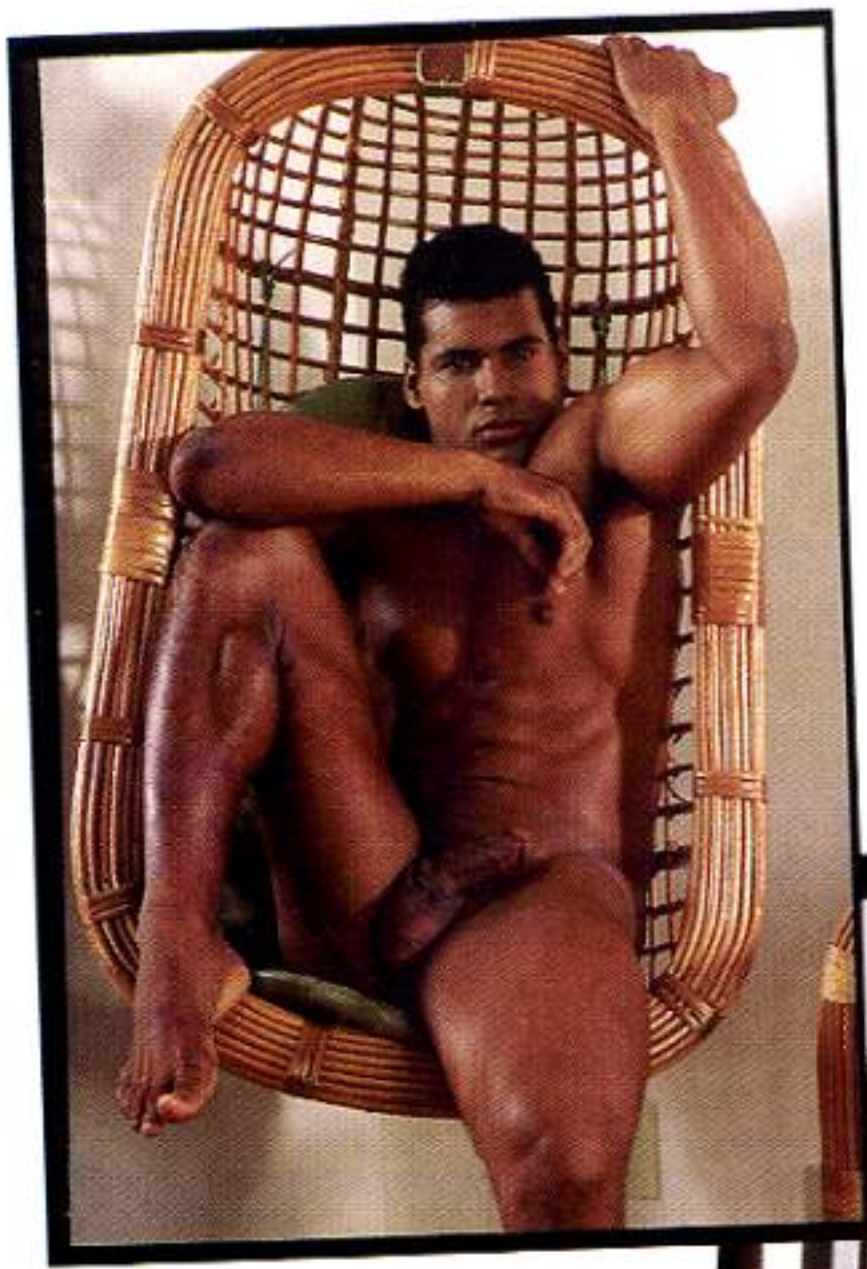

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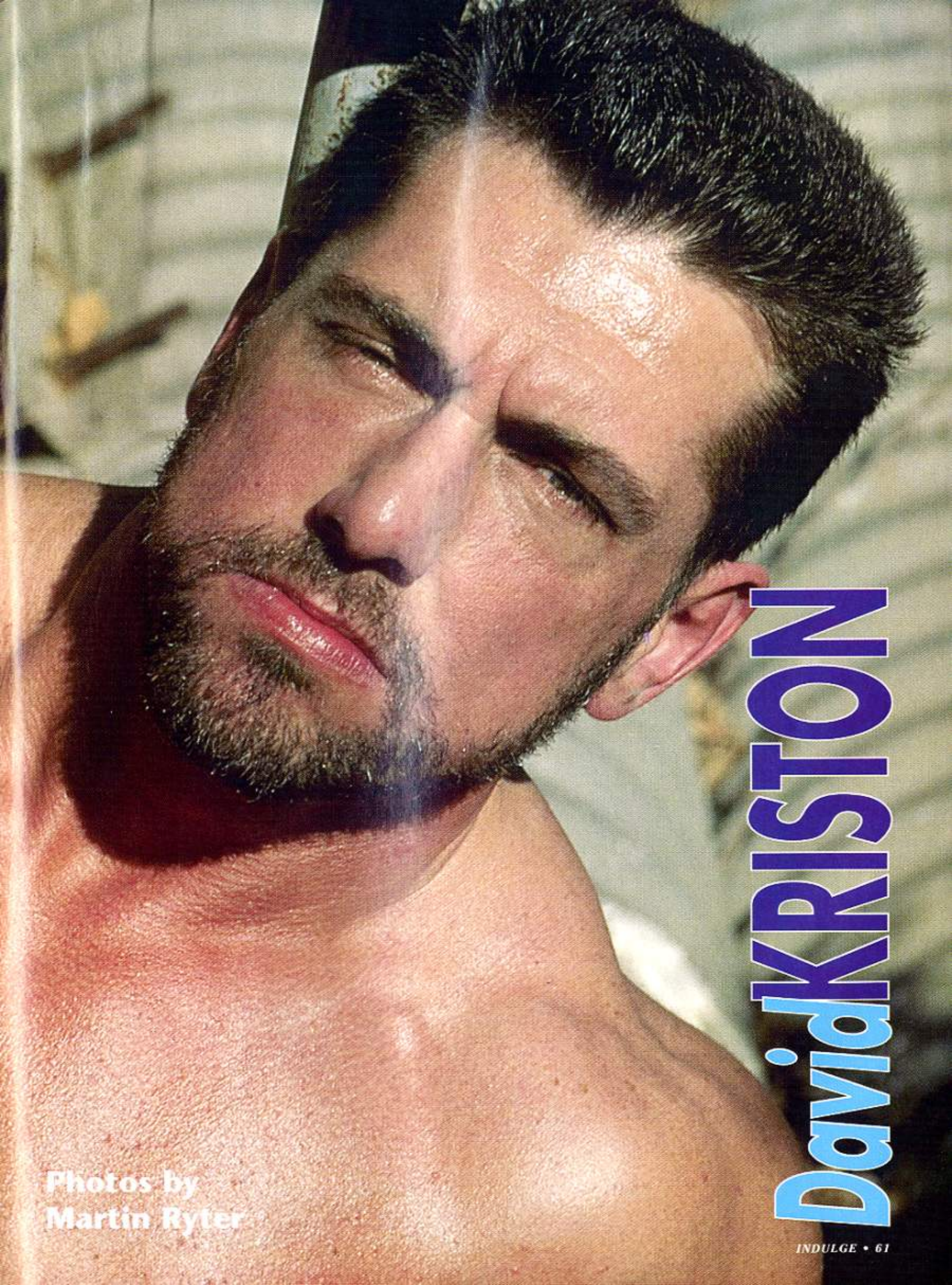

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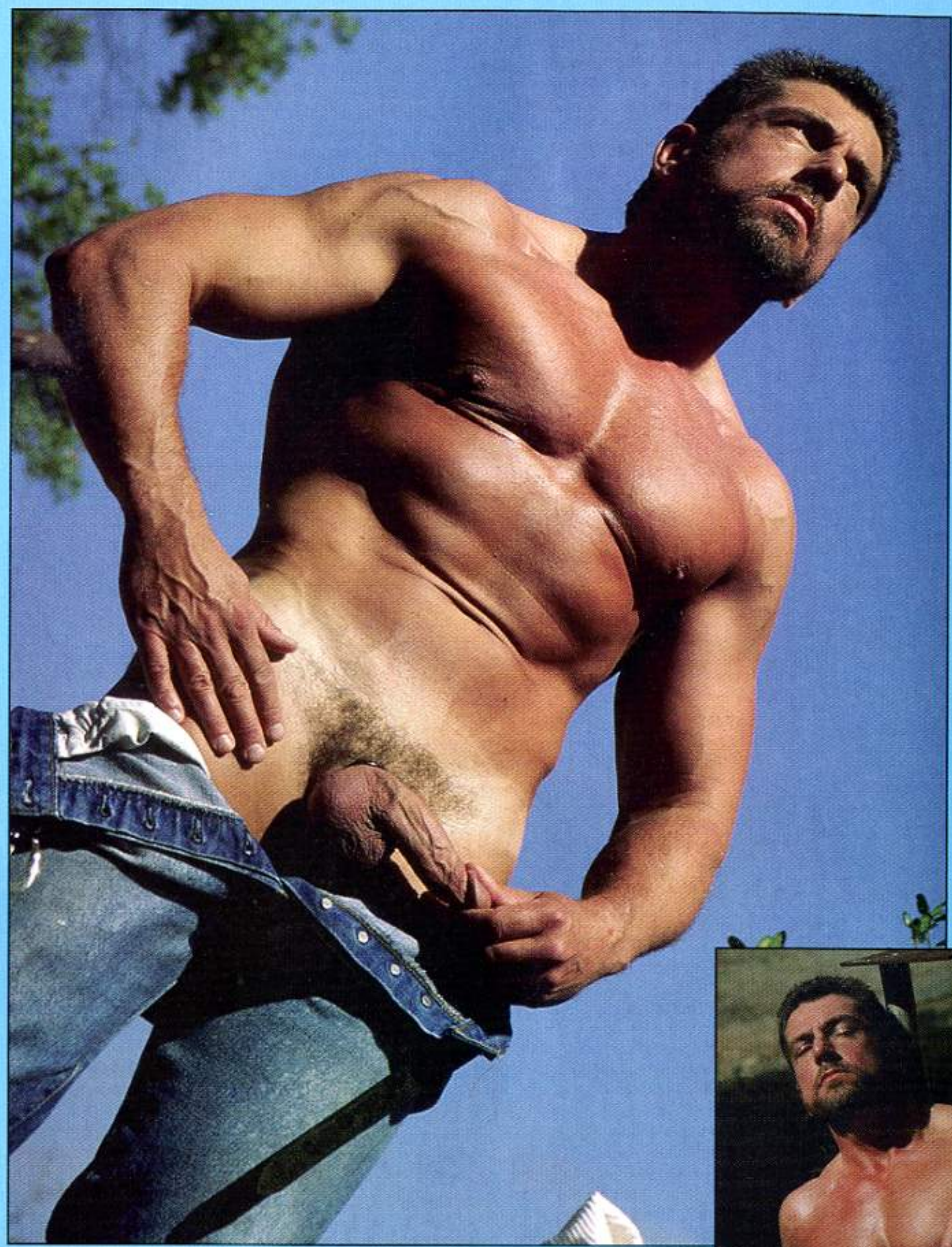

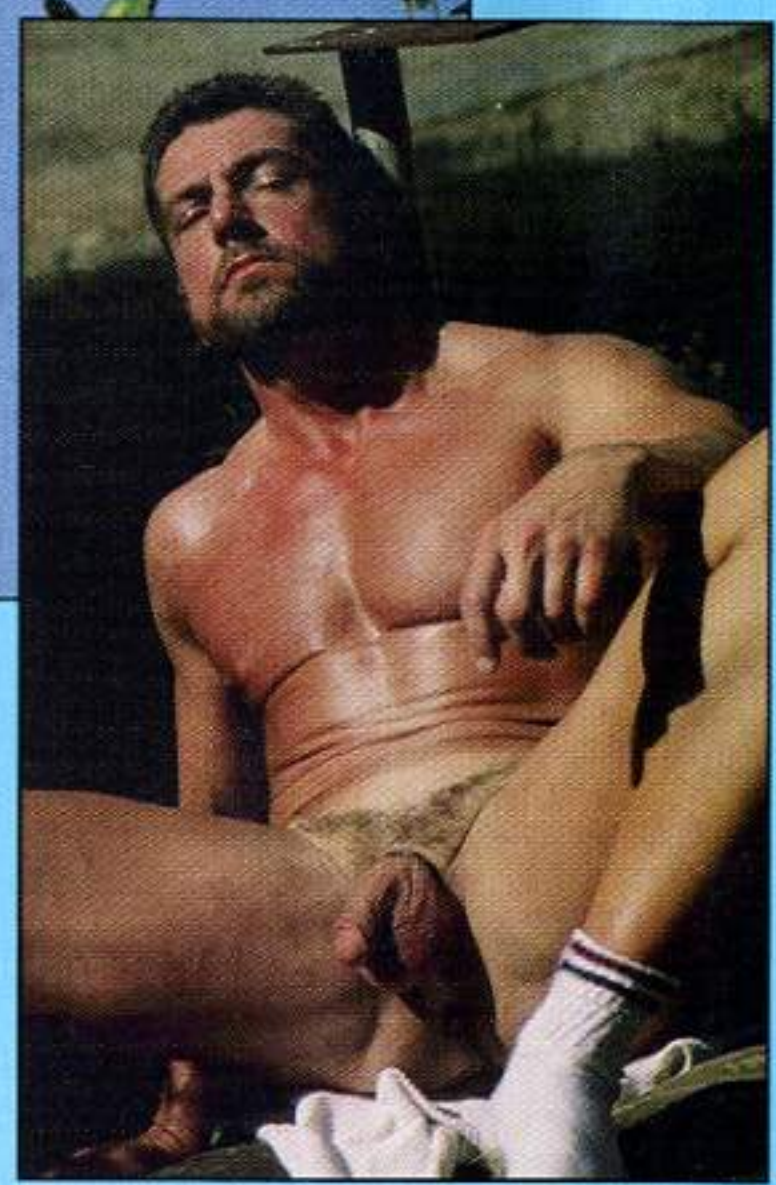

in·dulge (in-dulj) *v.* **1.** To yield to the desires and whims of, esp. to an excessive degree. **2. a.** To yield to; gratify: *indulge a craving.* **b.** To allow (oneself) unrestrained gratification. **3.** *To indulge oneself.*

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