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HEAT MAGAZINE--VOLUME 1 ISSUE 6.
PUBLISHED by ON-TRAC PUBLICATIONS, INC. 1680 North Vine Street, Suite 316, Hollywood, CA 90028.

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Publisher's Statement

We are now in our sixth month of operation with HEAT Magazine and apparently we have been successful in bringing our readers the type of art and editorial package they're looking for—our sales have been gratifying.

We bring you all of the sexual pleasure contained in the other publications, plus more. We feel we're the most complete sex magazine on the market with a well rounded package which includes good looking, well hung men of all types and ages, erotic illustrations, the hottest in videos, steaming duo shoots, fashion, fiction and a forum in which you can share your sexual exploits with the world.

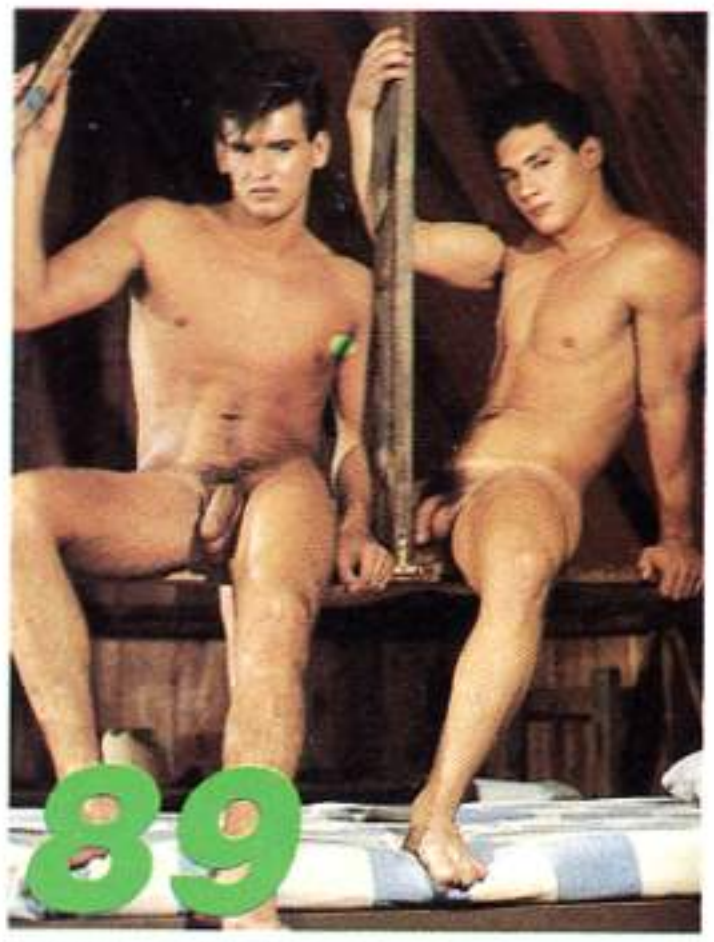
What you won't find in HEAT is any of the bitchy bleach-blond, political bullshit or over exposed, recycled photography as some publications have tried to force on you. Fantasy has become an increasingly important part of our lives. Our goal is to enhance this fantasy level, by bringing you new and exciting men of all types, together with the most stimulating fiction available.

You won't be hearing from me often, I'll let the pictures speak for themselves, but as the publisher of HEAT, I encourage and look forward to letters from our readers. My staff and I want to hear your ideas on how to make HEAT even better.

Now, unzip your pants, sit back and enjoy.

Michael Edwards
Publisher/Editor

HEAT™

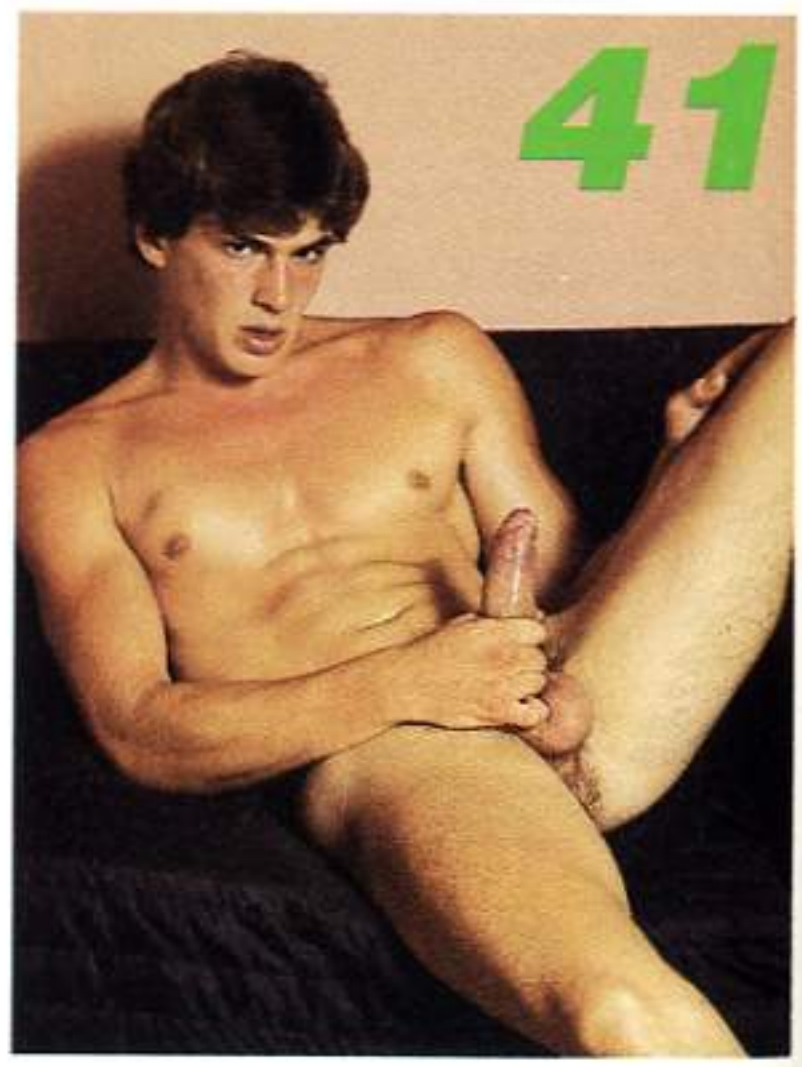


T.J. & VLADIMIR
This intense duo shoot shows you what happens in the bunk-house when two studs come in from a hard days work. Male Erotica by Catalina

RATED X
It's a triple header from Le Salon including HOT LATINOS, HOT TO TROT, BEST WISHES.

BASIC ELEMENTS
Current casual sportswear for Spring.

ROB MONTESSA
Boyish looks, but a body and dick of a real man.



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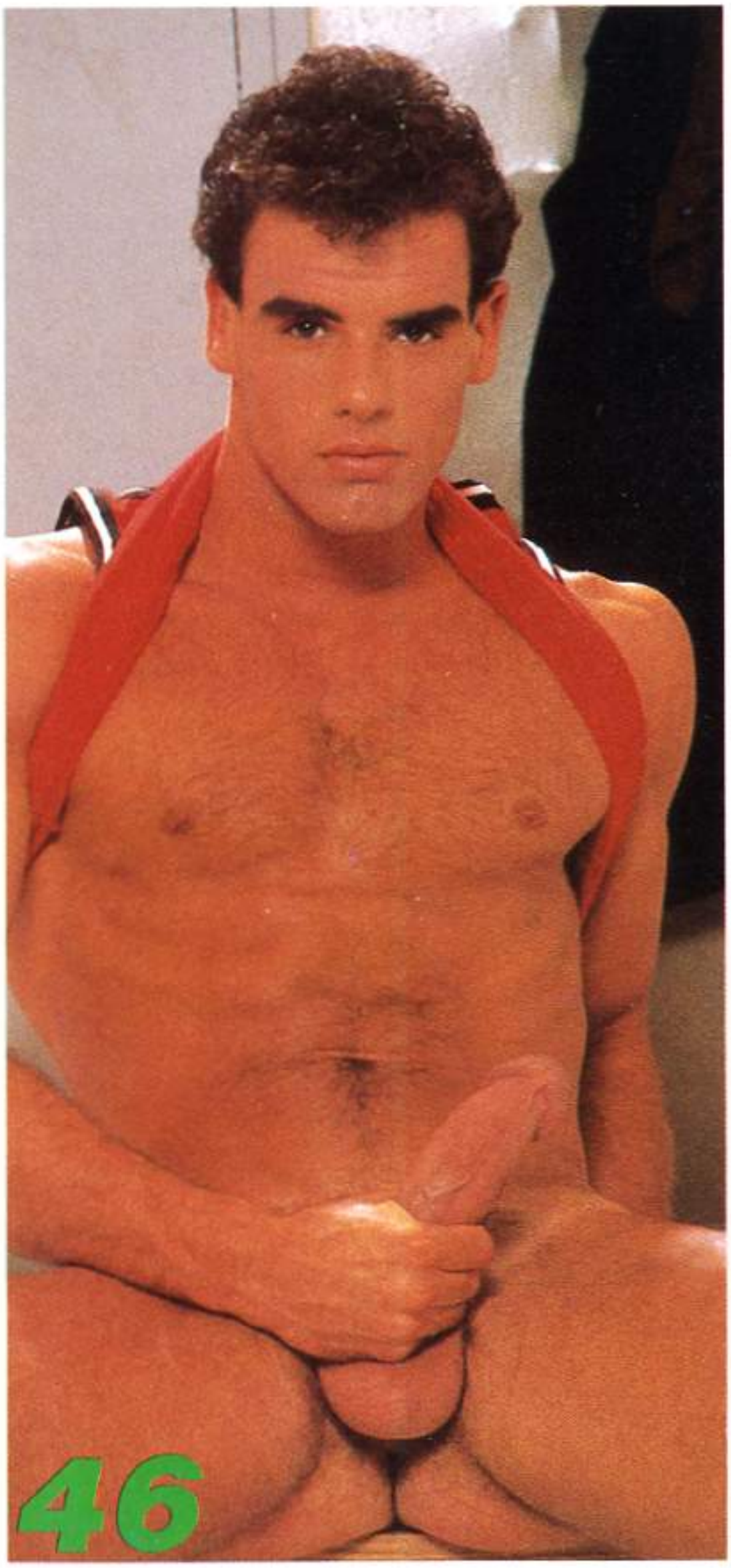

RAY STOCKWELL
Newcummer to the videos, coverman Ray, plays a little one-on-one just for you.

DOUG O'KEEFE
Hop on and let this muscle man take you for a ride. Male Erotica by Catalina.

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Piercing Lust

Fiction by John Andrews

Tony walked out to the edge of the patio and looked out over the ocean which pounded gently on the rocky shore below. The jagged cove and beach were empty, as was the water, although in the distant north he could see the sail of a lone windsurfer. Tony turned his head eastward to stare at the dark house resting on the cliff at the other end of the cove. As the late afternoon breeze blew across his exposed chest, he felt a chill rush through him, and he returned his gaze toward the ocean.

Tony's condo, (actually his father's condo), had been a part of his family vacations since he was a child. Located a few miles south of Rosarita Beach in Baja California, the condo remained relatively isolated, with the exception of the large house across the cove. Surfers sometimes attempted the waters below the condo, but the rough shoreline drove most away rather quickly.

Tony had fond memories of his

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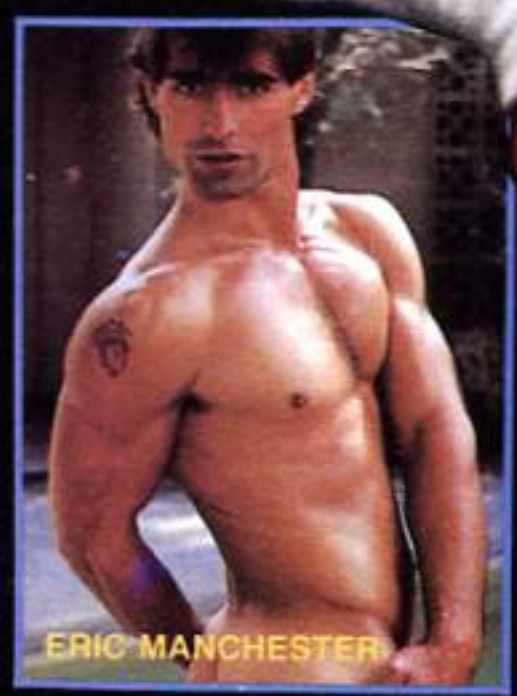
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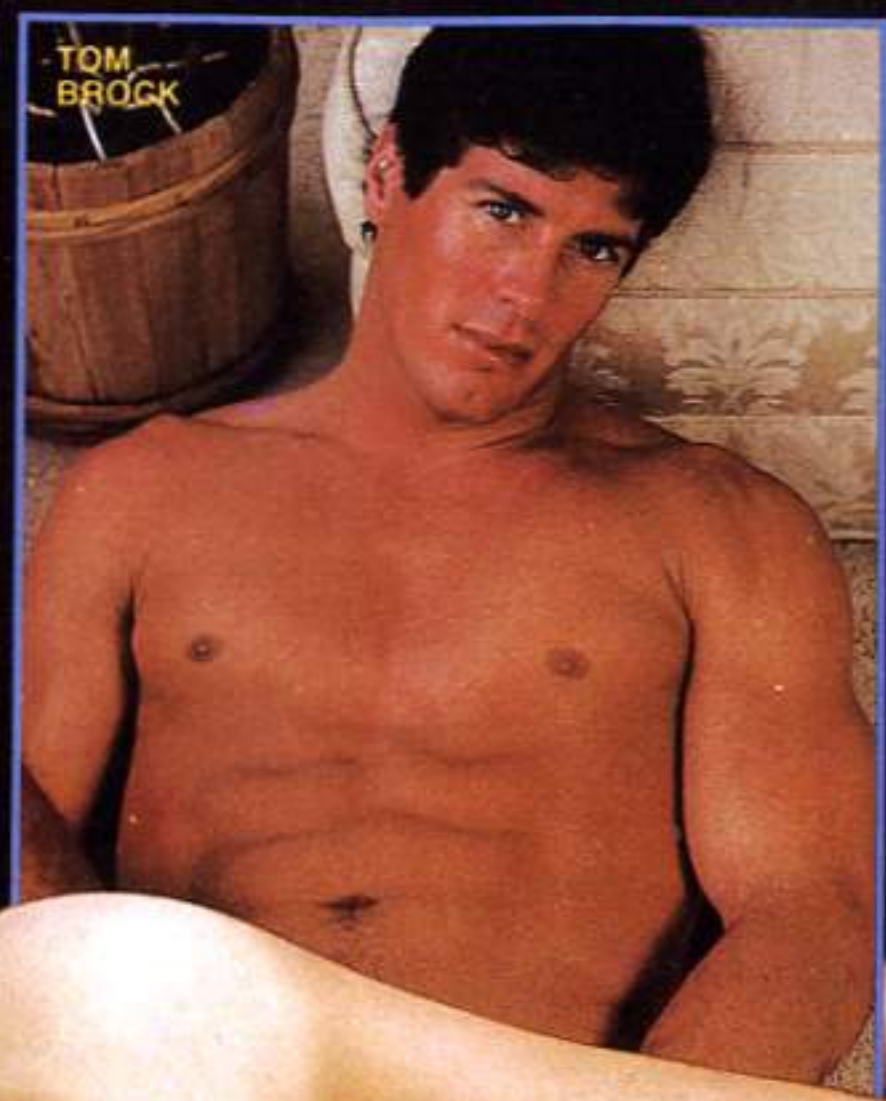
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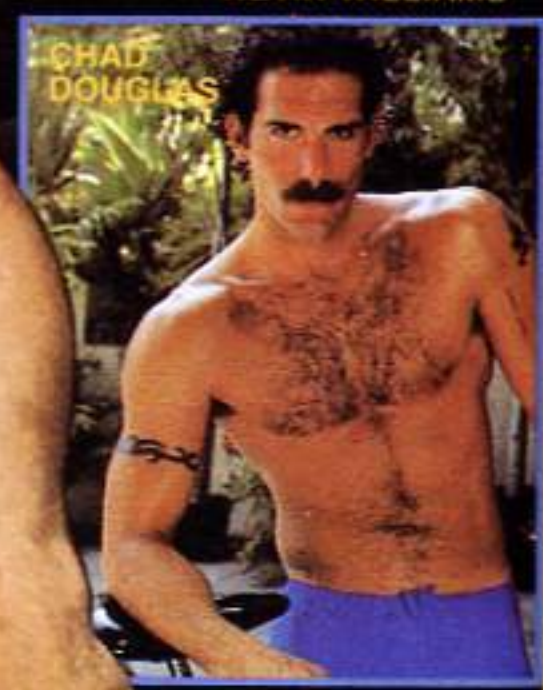
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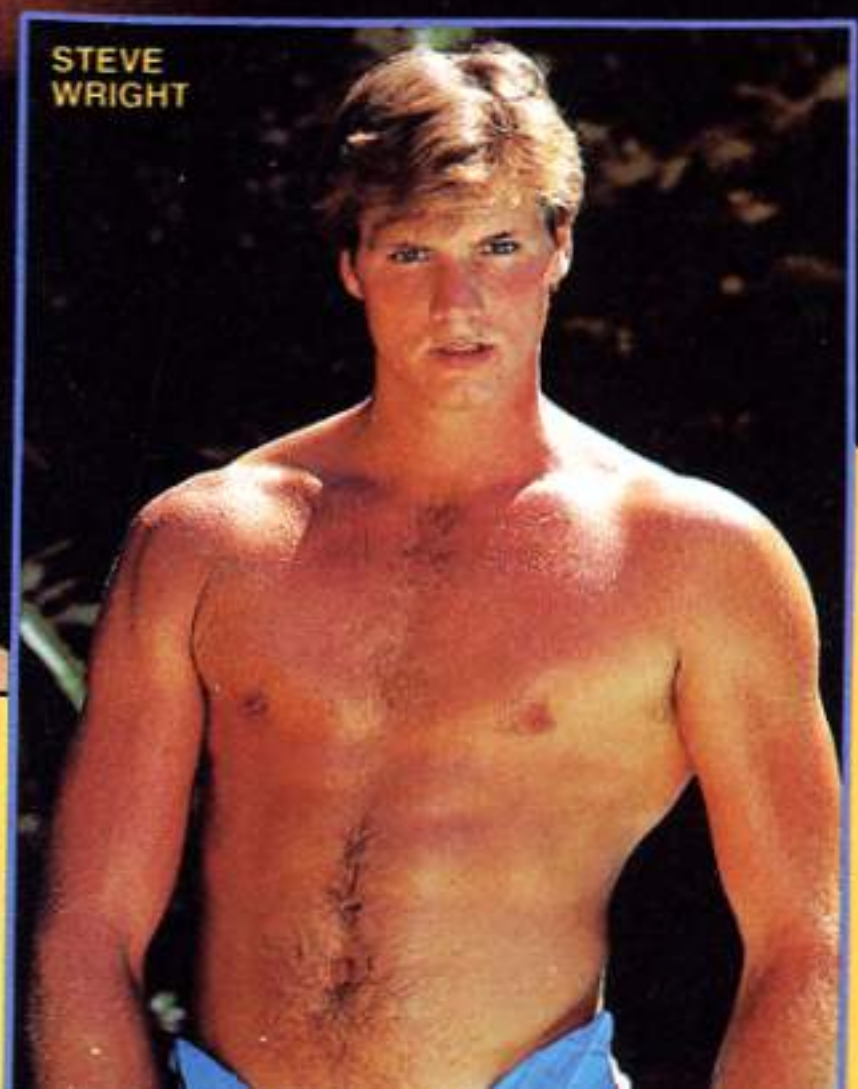
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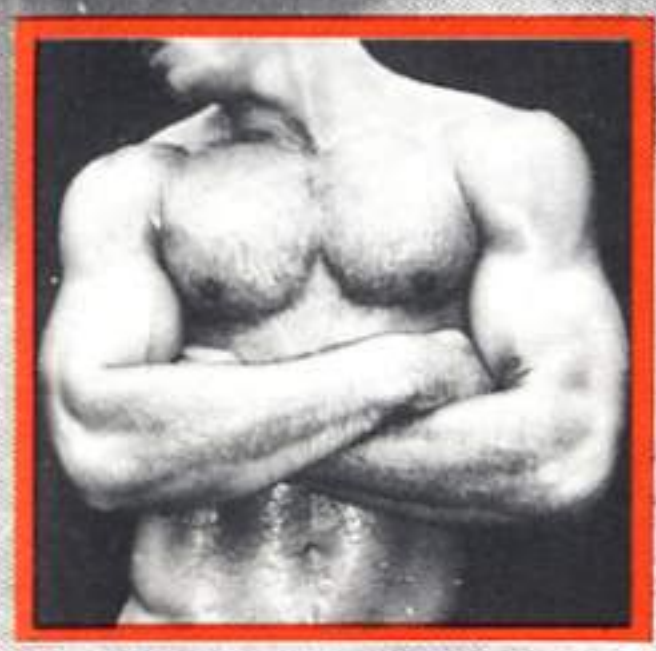

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youthful vacations at this spot. Times when his family was still together, when he and his father still spoke. He remembered the young mexican boy he affectionately referred to as *Juan*, who hungrily introduced him to the pleasures of the male body. Tony had just turned eighteen that summer, and Juan was perhaps a year older. They'd met while Tony sat alone by the water, and soon Juan had led Tony into one of the cove's many hidden shelters. The two young men explored their bodies throughout the afternoon, and then Tony said good-bye, never to see Juan again. That had been Tony's last summer trip to Mexico.

Tony also had memories of the house across the cove. From his patio Tony could see the house only as a figure, nothing distinct. A dark, ominous presence perched on a cliff. From the beach below the house, however, one could see the dark tinting of the windows, and the charcoal grey shingles lining the roof and sides. As a boy of fifteen or sixteen, Tony had seen the owner. He stood on the front porch directly above Tony who had been climbing on the rocks below. Tony saw the man's dark, wavy hair, his muscular and hairy chest. The man's eyes seemed to rivet into Tony's mind. Despite the distance, Tony had felt the man's presence as though they had stood face to face, staring deep into each other. At that moment, Tony had felt a chill of fear, the same chill he felt whenever he gazed at that house. The man seemed unnatural, and dangerous.

"I've seen you staring over there," the old Mexican who came by to look after the condo told him once. "And I know you'd like to go over there, but you better not. He eats guys like you. Eats you alive." The Mexican's face had wrinkled up into a grin and he laughed like a cackling old witch. Tony had laughed as well, but the words remained with him.

He eats guys like you.

Tony was twenty four now. The summer was ending, the tourists mostly gone, and he needed some time alone. He'd just broken off with his lover of three years, a thirty year old executive who, as Tony so eloquently noted upon leaving their apartment for the final time, *wanted a wife or a maid, but certainly not a relationship*. Tony needed time to think, to sort things out, to get drunk and feel sorry for himself, maybe even to find old Juan and teach him a thing or two. This place seemed like the answer, so he'd taken a week off and headed south.

The sun felt warm on his chest as he stood at the porch's edge. The blue ocean water spoke to him of its soothing, cooling power. Soon Tony found himself making his way down the steps leading from the condo to the shore's edge at the cove's northern side. He slid off the blue nylon trunks he'd been wearing. As the sun beat down on him from the west, he stared at his young body. The solid chest, rippling stomach, muscled arms and legs. The long slender cock hanging freely amidst two large globes. He admired this body he'd trained and maintained. Then he slowly, cautiously entered the water.

The water felt like ice, crisp and repellent. He felt his ballsac tighten and his cock shrivel slightly in the water. The rocks hurt his feet so he swam to somewhat deeper water. He did not fear the rough coastline. He'd spent too much time in these waters to fear them. The waves alternated between tame and violent, and he manuvered himself safely through them. He loved the feeling of his body in the water, like nature in its purest state. He floated for a moment on his back, the sun glistening on his wet body. His cock sprang up suddenly out of the water, arching and glistening like a creature of the of the sea. The water turned his body so that he faced inland. He opened his eyes and beheld the figure of a man, looking out from the porch of that dark neighboring house.

Tony sank for a moment, then popped his head back out. The man was still there, and Tony now felt that the man was staring directly at him. Tony suddenly felt a very eerie and all too familiar chill. In his musings and his fear, he ignored the sea, which rose in one quick motion and carried Tony inland, tossing him violently onto the shore, and out of consciousness.

Tony awoke to the sensation of strong hands on his shoulders. His eyes flew open to find the man's face only inches from his own. His initial fear quickly subsided, however, as he saw a gentleness behind the man's piercing stare.

"How do you feel?" the man asked.

Tony's body and head ached, and he felt woozy.

"You hit the shore pretty hard."

Tony noticed a slight accent in the man's voice. Not Spanish or Mexican, more like French. The man's skin was tanned to a rich golden brown. His body was a marvel of muscle, covered in a thin layer of dark hair lightened

He remembered the young mexican boy he affectionately referred to as Juan, who hungrily introduced him to the pleasures of the male body. Tony had just turned eighteen that summer; Juan was a year older.

He loved the feeling of his body in the water, like nature at its purest state. He floated for a moment on his back, the sun-glistening on his wet body. His cock sprang out of the water, glistening like a creature of the sea.

Tony raised his hand to his mouth, tasted his seed, and then opened his eyes. The figure was gone. No marks on the rail. No thick pools of sperm on the ground. Nothing.

---

slightly by the sun.

"You should never swim out there, you know. Even the surfers avoid it." Then he smiled and Tony's fears washed away like the ebbing tide. The man had been squatting, and he moved back a step, readjusting his position. His eyes glanced quickly over Tony's body, resting for a moment on the long member lolling on Tony's right leg. A flush ran through Tony, and he moved to sit up, to somehow cover his nakedness. His body ached as he moved, causing him to wince.

"You're pretty bruised up. Why don't you come up to my house and I'll clean you up?"

"No!" Tony blurted, as fear of that dark residence invaded his mind. "I'll be all right. I just live up there." He pointed to the condo.

"You sure?"

"Yeah." He struggled to his feet, searched for his shorts and saw them a good five hundred feet away.

"At least let me help you to the steps."

"No. Thank you. I'll be fine."

Tony now saw the man fully standing. He wore a navy string brief that barely concealed what Tony assessed to be a mammoth cock. Tony pulled his eyes away, fearing what he might display in his *au natural* state. He began walking over to the steps, stopping along the way to pick up his shorts.

"My name's Girard," the man yelled. "Let me know if you need anything."

"Thanks," Tony responded, feeling relieved at finally being clothed. "My name's Tony."

After showering, and then bandaging the scrapes on his bruised body, Tony prepared himself a light meal, drank a few glasses of wine, sat on his porch, smoking a joint and watching the milkyway replace the fading sunlight. The alcohol and grass soon swept away his aches and pains. His mind filled with thoughts of Girard, his firm pecs and bulging crotch. Tony imagined Girard unveiling his possession, then offering it to Tony's waiting mouth.

Tony's cock began to swell in the shorts he was wearing, so he walked inside and removed them. He lit another joint, smoking it quickly as he prepared for an evening alone. Tony pulled a cock-ring from his suitcase, slid it over his balls, then forced his cock through. He then produced his favorite dildo—the Anal Probe. Something about the name had induced him to buy it, even though his lover thought dildos distasteful. Tony thought about that term as he lubed both his asshole and the ten inch rubber cock. He slid the dildo in slowly, smiling from ear to ear at how wonderfully *distasteful* this all was. He worked the probe in and out of his hole until his ass felt open and yielding, then he walked into the living room.

Tony's mind floated from the effects of the alcohol and grass. He turned off the porch lights, walked onto the porch and knelt down. He positioned the dildo on the ground, and then sat down on it slowly, moaning as it slid comfortably into his ass, rubbing the spot that so often made him cum just from the feeling. He held the dildo with one hand as his body rode it up and down. His other hand roamed his smooth, hairless chest. Tugged on a nipple. Stroked the fat, engorged cock. His body began a rhythm, sliding onto the *probe*, then pumping his dick into his hand.

His body tingled, the cool night air chilling the sweat that ran down his chest. His thoughts soared as his body traveled on its wave of pleasure.

Tony saw a figure land softly on the porch's rail. It had the shape of a man, naked, with a tremendous member thrusting forward. The figure's eyes blazed with fire, and its mouth opened, hissing Tony's name. Then it smiled and Tony saw teeth, like needles, in the figure's mouth. The figure groaned and giant gobs of steaming cum shot forth from the enormous dick. Tony closed his eyes, refusing to fear, enjoying the tremendous pleasure, until finally his own cock trembled, shooting sperm all over the ground before him.

After the mindlessness of his orgasm faded, returning him to reality, Tony raised his hand to his mouth, tasted his seed, then opened his eyes. The figure was gone. No marks on the rail. No thick pools of sperm on the ground. Nothing but Tony and the night surrounding him.

The following morning, Tony decided ot take a day trip to Ensenada. He left about ten, bargained for a few hours, ate lunch, and returned home by three-thirty. Even though the summer was nearing its close, the sun still shone strongly until about six or seven, so Tony decided to relax on the porch. He stripped his clothes off, laid out on a lounge chair, and feel asleep. The sound of footsteps awoke him.

"I'm sorry," came Girard's smooth voice. "I didn't mean to disturb you." Girard stood at the edge of the porch, and to Tony's surprise, he looked genuinely embarrassed. Tony glanced down at himself and his semi-erect penis, and realized that Girard had once again caught him in the raw.

"You're not disturbing me," he said as he sat up. "In fact, I should thank you. If you hadn't woke me up, I'd have probably fried myself."

Tony now saw the man fully standing. He wore a navy string brief that barely concealed what Tony assessed to be a mammoth cock. Tony pulled his eyes away.

Girard smiled. "I came over to ask if you'd accept an invitation to dinner at my house." He glanced around as though he were looking for something. "If you have any guests, they're also invited, of course. Just let me know how many."

"It's just me. And, yes, I'd like to have dinner with you."

"Good. You'll come by around seven-thirty?"

"Sure."

"And you think you can find it without hurting yourself?"

Tony smiled. "I'll see you at seven-thirty.

Girard's house amazed Tony. It had three stories, five bedrooms, and a giant living room which led out to the porch. All the windows were tinted an ash grey (Girard's means of air-conditioning). The house was exquisitely and expensively furnished. Strangely enough, Tony felt very at home. Girard prepared a fresh seafood dinner which Tony enjoyed very much, and the two men sat afterward sipping wine under the stars.

"You live here all alone?" Tony asked as the wine began reducing his inhibitions.

"Yes," Girard responded.

"Year 'round?"

"Yes, but I vacation a lot."

"And do you work, or are you just independently wealthy?" Tony asked, smiling.

"I have my investments," Girard answered coolly. "And you, do you live alone?"

"I'm enjoying some privacy at the moment."

"Privacy can sometimes be lonely."

"Yes."

Tony stared at Girard who gazed out at the dark ocean. Tony decided he would be brave.

"You know," Tony finally said, "I had a dream last night that you seduced me."

"Really?" responded Girard as though he expected this topic to arise. "And what did I say to lure you into my web?"

Tony glanced over at Girard, who was now staring intently at him.

"You didn't speak. . . You just. . . well, you looked at me. . . That's all it took."

Girard leaned closer to Tony, gazing deeply into his eyes. "I said nothing? Not a single word?"

"You spoke my name," Tony said, feeling excited and yet a touch fearful.

"Tony," Girard whispered, leaning closer.

"Yes. Just like that."

"Tony."

Girard's mouth touched Tony's in a gentle kiss that soon grew more and more passionate. Girard licked Tony's mouth, his cheeks, his eyes. His hand slipped inside Tony's shirt to caress his chest, tease his nipples. The two men slowly, carefully undressed each other, exploring each newly exposed region with finger and tongue. Girard unzipped Tony's shorts, and pulled them off, releasing Tony's erect cock.

Girard unzipped Tony's shorts and pulled them off, releasing Tony's erect cock. Girard touched it with his tongue, licked around the head, tasted Tony's pre-cum ooze. He knelt before Tony.

Girard touched it with his tongue, licked around the head, tasted Tony's pre-cum ooze. He knelt before Tony, swallowing Tony's cock in liquid motions. Girard's tongue and mouth sucked the seed from Tony's loins. Tony tried to pull away but Girard devoured his meat until finally Tony came, spilling seed into Girard's eager mouth. Girard rose to his feet and kissed Tony, sharing the liquid between them.

"I remember you as a boy," Girard whispered as he held Tony's body, his hands massaging Tony's back and ass. "You were so afraid of me. But I knew if I waited. If only I waited."

Tony tried to comprehend. Could this be the same man? If so he'd hardly aged. This, the man who eats guys like him! Tony smiled at the irony. Then he slid his hands down Girard's back until they found his briefs which Tony slid down and off. Girard's meat stretched forth from his body. Thick, long, with ooze dripping from the slit. Tony took Girard in his mouth, working the cock farther and farther down his throat. He rubbed his hands over Girard's hairy chest, rigid nipples and tight abdomen. He sucked ferociously, longing to taste Girard's manly liquid.

"I want you, Tony. I want to feel myself inside you."

Tony took one last, long suck, and then pulled away, relishing the taste of Girard's meat. He lay back on the porch and lifted his legs, offering himself. Girard knelt down, separated Tony's cheeks with his hands, and began licking Tony's tight little hole. His tongue coated the orifice and then a finger pierced it, opened it, stretched it. Girard entered Tony in one quick movement. A thrust and a glide and Tony felt himself carried off into another world. The stars above blended into one light, one bright streak of white, as Girard pumped into him. Owned him. Destroyed and created him.

Girard turned Tony's body, entering from behind, holding Tony's body tightly against his own. He kissed and licked Tony's mouth and neck, reached down and stroked Tony's cock, while continuing to plunge deeply into Tony's hungry bowels. Girard sensed Tony's approaching orgasm. He turned the younger man once more, placing him again on his back. He pumped and pumped, the motion itself bringing Tony closer to climax.

Tony gazed up at Girard through half open eyes. Girard seemed to know Tony's body as though it were his own. Tony's cock jumped in time with Girard's movement. He felt the tingle beginning deep within him, building as it spread through his body and his seed began to churn, to travel up into his rigid cock. The sensation ripped through him. His body bucked and arched as blasts of sperm shot into the air hitting Girard's hairy chest in thick globs. Tony rode the wave of his

Tony rode the wave of his orgasm as he felt Girard's pace quicken. He felt the spasms as Girard's large cock exploded, coating Tony's guts.

---

orgasm as he felt Girard's pace quicken. He watched as Girard's mouth opened, exposing two, long, needle-like teeth. He felt the spasms as Girard's large cock exploded, coating Tony's innards with white, hot cum. And he watched as Girard's mouth closed in on his neck. He felt a piercing sensation, and then his eyes closed.

Tony awoke in a tangle of sheets. Girard lay next to him in the king size bed. Tony was unsure how he got there. The smell of sex, sweet and musty, filled the room. Tony rolled over and kissed Girard's sleeping lips. He moved down in the bed, took Girard's meat into his mouth, and woke Girard with a long, slow blowjob. After licking up each drop of cum, he looked up into Girard's contented gaze. "How about lunch at my place?" he whispered.

"If you like."

Tony dressed while Girard faded back to sleep. He left the house, walked home, and then showered, all the time anticipating his next possible moment with Girard.

He stood before the mirror preparing to shave. His eyes caught a glimpse of two pin-sized red marks on his neck. The familiar chill ran through him as the events of the previous night replayed themselves in his mind; events he had considered a dream.

A hand grasped Tony's shoulder as a figure stepped into the reflection behind him. Girard.

"I waited, Tony. I waited a long time. But I always get what I want. It's been that way for centuries."

He bent his head and gently kissed Tony's pierced neck. "Now, you're mine."■

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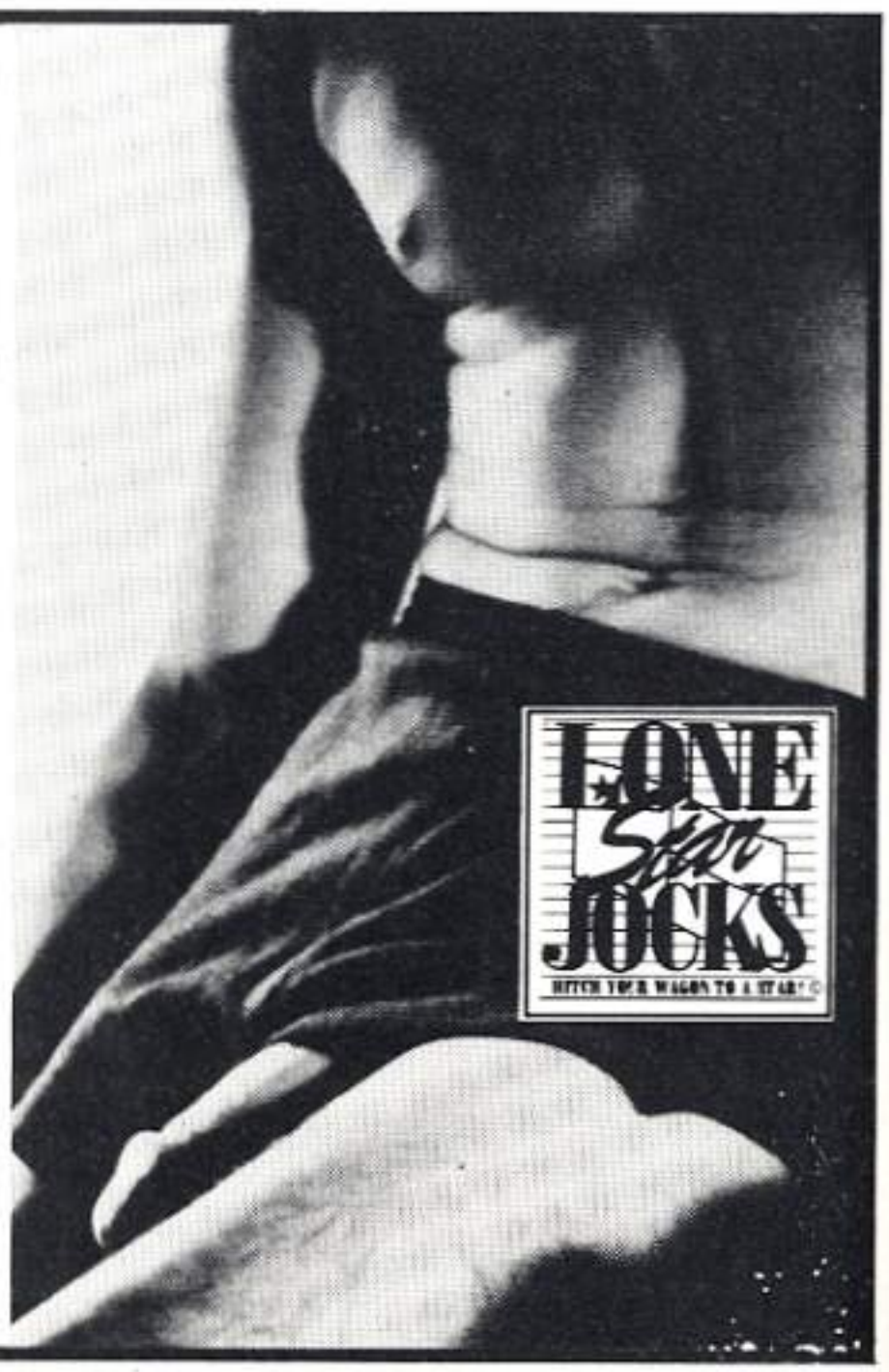

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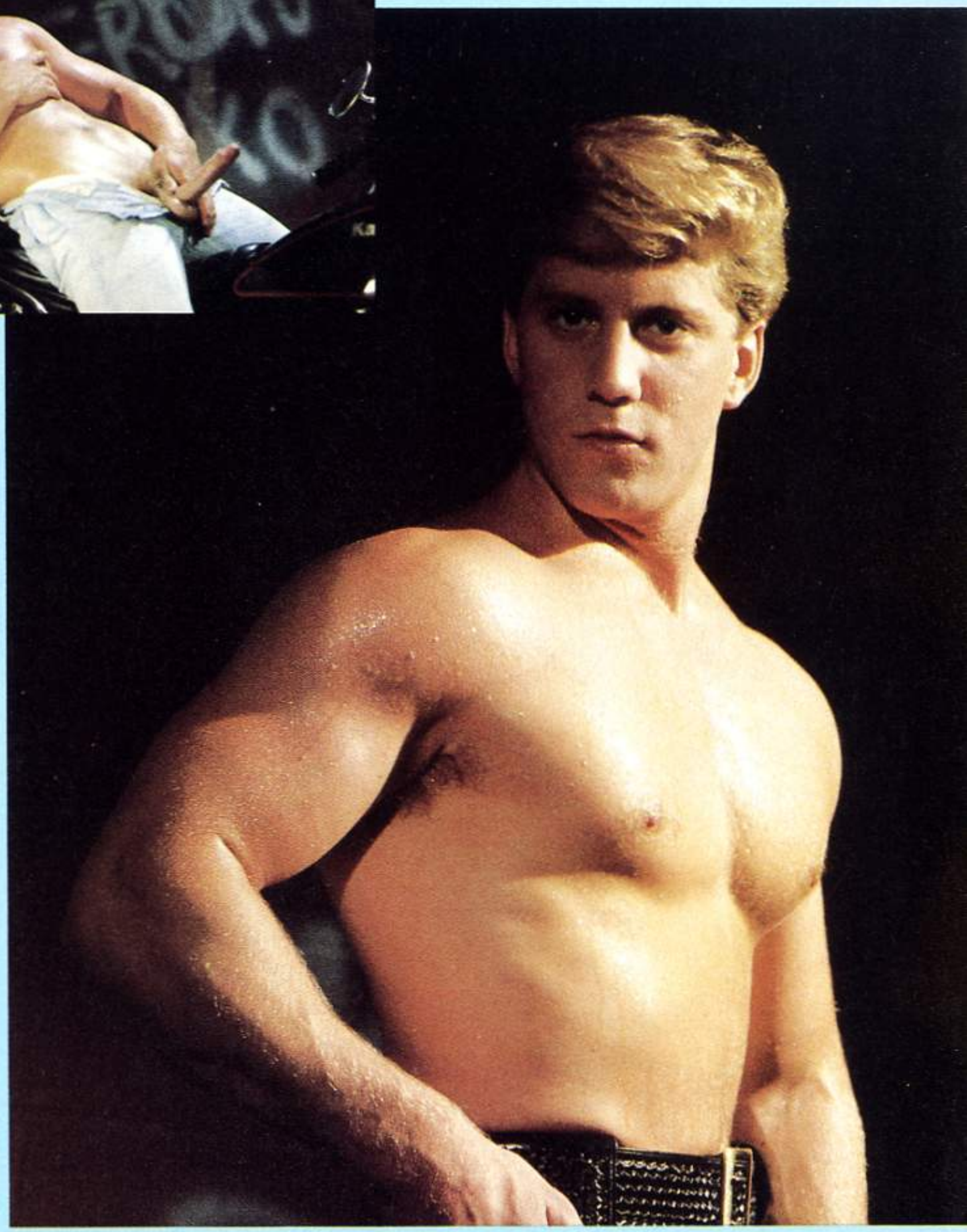

Doug O' Keefe

Photography by Catalina Studios
Starring in *Hard Men*

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Sex Shop

Story by N.S. Cooper
Art by James Bacon

About a year ago I was attending the University of Maryland in the city of Baltimore, and living but a few blocks away. I'd been out on my own for awhile and coming from Alabama, was very wide-eyed and in awe over the city's size. It was my first *big city* compared to those of home.

INTRODUCING
SUPERMAN VINNIE MARINO

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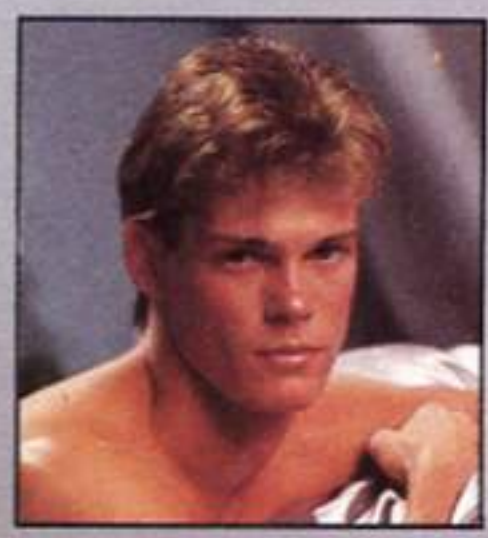
FROM CATALINA VIDEO

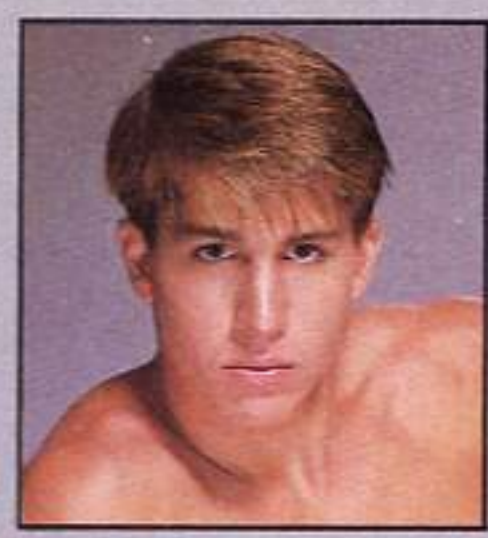
WILLIAM HIGGINS

HOT RODS

YOUNG & HUNG II



Jason Lowe



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I worked part-time in the University's library but found the need for another job to help with rent when my roommate took on a whim to get married. So, until I could find another, I took on a second job at a mini-mart down at the corner of my street. The owner was an old retiree from World War whatever but he did take me under his wing immediately upon my request for an application for work.

He explained that his son had helped him out in the store until recently when he had moved out on his own and couldn't give the time anymore that allowed the old man a chance to lay back and relax.

I knew that I moved into a predominately gay area and though my exposure to the lifestyle was fairly new other than playing with a few friends, I had never really done anything other than a hand job. Yeah, I'd sucked dick once or twice but no long term blow jobs and above all, no fucking. I was a naive little virgin looking to meet somebody to pull me out of my closet. I thought I stood a good chance when Thaddeus (the old man told me to call him that) said to me with determination, "Boy, I'm sure you'll handle yourself all right. Just watch the Blacks and the Hispanics and the queers. We got a lot of queers around here and, believe it or not, some look like damn football players and Mr. Americas! Damn faggots! Sure is a strange disease."

I smiled inside. Yep, this was my best shot. I sure as hell couldn't handle going to a gay bar yet. Especially by myself. This would be my best opportunity to meet someone. I'm not a shy person and can strike up a conversation at the drop of a hat, but I just didn't feel I was ready for the bar scene yet.

I rushed around to lock up so I could party with a really cute man whom I'd met that very afternoon when he came in the store and asked if we carried Heat.

Within a week Thaddeus and his wife escaped to Hawaii for the start of their vacation and I began working. The day shift during the week was tended by Billy Dee, a soon to be senior citizen and close friend of the owners. He worked for nothing, just utilizing his time to admonish boredom and scan through adult magazines without the hassle of purchase. I worked the seven in the morning to eleven at night shift on the weekend and night shift during the week which didn't seem to hurt my studies at all.

My first working night was Thursday and I acquainted myself with the ancient cash register. There was a drop-safe too, but during my late shift the money was removed and therefore I had little to worry about. Every night after locking up the front of the store, I had to check the inventory in the back storage room. It never amounted to much and the first two nights took all of fifteen minutes. I would then leave through the back door that led off from the storage room and the employee's bathroom.

My third night, Saturday, proved different and one I'll never forget. I had rushed around to lock up so I could party with a really cute man whom I'd met that very afternoon when he came in the store and asked if we carried Heat. That clued me in real quick and I began talking to him. He asked me over to his place to get high after I got off work so we exchanged addresses.

I was halfway through with inventory when I heard someone banging on the front glass doors of the store. I hurried to find two guys messed off their asses, pleading with me about something. Unsure, I edged over to the counter near the burglar alarm. They looked a couple of years older than me, a little taller, and a lot bigger built. *Nice*, I thought to myself. Had to be college boys, too.

"We're closed," I yelled to them.

I'd sucked dick once or twice but no long term blowjobs and above all, no fucking. I was a naive little virgin looking to meet somebody to pull me out of my closet.

"Man, come on, we need some rolling papers," one of them said.

"Yeah, man, just papers," the other chimed.

"There's other places open late."

"Aw, come on, guy. We just live a couple of houses away. Please?"

One of them reached into his jacket, pulling out a baggie of pot and one joint. "We got one rolled but need papers. Want to join us?"

"No thanks," I said moving toward the doors. There was no way I was forgetting my previous engagement. "But I'll let you get your papers."

"Great!" they sounded off.

They retrieved the papers and I rang them up when from the back of the store came a loud crash. *Oh fuck*, I thought, *what now*? The two late night visitors looked as startled as I did and I took off for the back. I breathed a relieved sigh as I found it to be the back storage door open. It had swung open hitting a broom set behind it which in turn hit a metal bucket creating the racket.

I couldn't remember if I had locked the back door or what and if so, when. I pulled the door shut and locked it as the storage room light went out.

"Hey, guy!" It was one of the two guys that I had let in from the front. "We want a little fun. Interested?"

I guess I flipped out because I immediately broke for the back door as something grabbed at me from the bathroom. It was a third guy. I found myself the victim of a set-up.

He threw me down onto the storage room floor and six hands went for my clothing.

"It doesn't really matter whether he's interested or not, does it Rocky? He's going to be the party piece. Aren't ya?" the third one said as his hot breath beat against my neck.

"You gonna suck our dicks?" the one called Rocky giggled. "You're gonna do more than that, ain't he George?" Rocky called to his original duo partner.

I found my voice at long last. "Just leave me alone," I stammered out. "There's no money, all right? Why don't you just go?"

"Oh, no. We like you. We're not ready to leave yet and we're not after money. Just some tight ass!"

George emerged with a bottle of squeeze-top liquid Crisco and I panicked. "I never. . .oh, jeezus! Listen man, I've never been—"

"You've sucked dick though, huh?" the one holding me whispered.

"Sure. Yeah, I have. Okay?"

"Well tonight you're gonna do both!" He threw me down onto the storage room floor and six hands went for my clothing. I couldn't breathe. My head was spinning and I could feel my heart pounding in my brain. I started to struggle until I got popped in the face and I felt my nose begin to bleed. Me against three? And how far could my screams carry? I was scared shitless.

"George! Chill out man! He's bleeding all over the place now," the third guy reprimanded.

"Sorry, Teddy."

I couldn't think but I still tuned into the conversation. Teddy seemed to be laying down all the ground rules. I assumed by that that Teddy was Boss-Man.

My pants were pulled off and I was turned onto my side as they unbuttoned my shirt. They appeared to take care not to tear my clothing but the one called George shoved the shirt in my face to clean up the blood after pulling it off me. I was unclothed now but for my underwear. George took my arms as Teddy, whom I'd yet to see, held my feet. This gave Rocky time to undress, whereupon he took George's place and so on. Within minutes they ware all nude with their rapidly growing pieces of meat in hand.

George vanished back into the store and returned with a container of something and plastic clothes line. He tied my hands behind me. I coulden't move and claustrophobia hit me like an iron lung. Someone moved the shirt from my face and grasped my jaw, prying my mouth open and filling it with rock-hard cock.

"Suck me, man. Suck it!" It was Rocky. He shoved his meat in and I gagged but he kept fucking my mouth. George came along side of him and began slapping my face with the head of his thick dick. The third guy was massaging my ass through my jockey shorts and suddenly ripped them open, burying his face between my asscheeks.

"Yeah, Teddy, eat that virgin ass, eat it up!" Rocy pulled out of my mouth and moved around with Teddy as he groped at my cock while he tore the remainder of my underwear away.

George spread his legs and edged up to me as he lay on his back. "Watch this guys," he said chuckling. "Jeezus, it's cold!" He took my face and pushed it into his ass. It was gooey and wet. There were other laughs and I could taste the chocolate pudding he had smeared over his hairy asshole and all over his nuts and throbbing prick. "Lick it off!" he groaned. "It feels great!"

"You're a trip man!" Rocky laughed. "Let me put some on my dick." He scooped some out of the container and spread it over the entire nine-inch length of his erection. The duo moved in front of me and pushed both their hard-ons in my mouth as they began frenching. I could hear the slurping sounds as their tongues snaked in and out of each other's mouth.

"Get ready to hold him guys," Teddy said as I felt the Crisco pouring out over my ass and flowing down my crack. George moved to help hold apart my legs.

"Please don't. . .please don't hurt me. I—" Rocky stuffed my shredded underwear in my mouth but I continued with my muffled cries.

I felt my asshole pried into with one finger, then two, and soon after, three fingers were shoved deep within me. I thought I would pass out when I felt the one called Teddy move over me and put in the fat head of his big prick. He was at least ten inches long and wide as hell. I could feel the sweat falling off of him and splashing my back as he manuvered into a comfortable position. He then slipped all of his meat into me and I uplifted like a bronco with the invasion but his assistants were quick to suppress me.

"So fuckin' tight! Damn, I'm in love," Teddy moaned as he began a fast paced rhythm.

"Fuck him, Teddy. Fuck him hard!"

My ears were ringing and time seemed to lose concept in my mind. What seemed like hours could have been minutes or even seconds. I remember Teddy's agonizingly powerful thrusts as he came, only to have him roll off and be replaced by George, who plowed away at my asshole with no mercy. By now my groans had subsided and there was no pain to speak of. I was just numb and couldn't feel anything, especially my bound hands.

Rocky removed my cotton cloth gag and fed me cock, still sweet with a mixture of pudding and slimy pre-cum. In no time his cock erupted like a volcano as I choked on his orgasm. Gobs of man-seed churned out of his pulsing balls and filled my mouth and throat over and over. I couldn't swallow any more and it ran down the sides of my mouth, pouring down his hairy nuts.

Gobs of man-seed churned out of his pulsing balls and filled my mouth and throat over and over.

George shuddered behind me as he pulled out at his climax and let his hot cum fly across my back and ass. He fell over me in exhaustion but unfortunately they weren't finished with me yet. Rocky still remained up like a telephone pole and he took his position over my abused ass and began fucking me to the point of no return.

"Take off that rope or whatever it is and turn him over. I don't think he's gonna give us any trouble now."

It was Teddy talking and I was so relieved by then to be untied that I didn't care what went on. Rocky moved with me so as not to come out of my ass as the other two turned me. And then I saw Teddy for my first time.

Even in the dim light eminating from the outer store, he was gorgeous. Pecs for days, dark hair, and even ripples for a stomach. But I wasn't feeling much having been raped as I had and even less for him because he had been the first one.

Rocky finally got off a second time and Teddy began to fuck me again. George knelt down over my face and had me eat his ass out as he jerked off. Rocky began sucking on me and with the way Teddy was now fucking me I couldn't believe it but I got hard. I found myself getting turned on just watching his hard body pumping into me. Each muscle flexing and rippling with salty sweat pouring off his brow and running down his chest and arms. George blew his load over my neck and chest as I reached for Teddy's ass. I felt his muscular tightness as he flexed with each stroke.

"Hey, Teddy, he likes it!" Rocky cooed.

"You're so hot! I love your ass," Teddy groaned out as I started jerking on my hard cock and in moments, moaned in orgasm. Teddy moved forward to lick at the head while still fucking me. He lapped at the cum that he squeezed out of me and then he too came, bucking and yelling like an animal.

They were gone in seconds and I lay on the floor of the storage room like a torture victim. I wiped off their passion and dressed. To cover my ass, I rang up the clothes line, the pudding, and the Crisco, paid for it, and went home.

I was so dazed and feeling really sore so I just sat in the darkness of my living room and stared into space. About two hours later my buzzer sounded and my *rendezvous* was at my door. He had decided to come over after my no-show. I didn't want to tell him what happened but my words came faster than my thoughts. I started having the shakes and really began to freak out so he put me in the bathtub with hot water and told me to soak. Alex then fixed us both a drink and sat down on the bathroom floor to talk to me.

Throughout the next month, Alex and I became good friends. He was a great guy—Russian descent believe it or not—and an avid body builder which prompted me to work out with him. I had no other problems at the convenience store and Thaddeus and his wife returned to Baltimore. Unfortunately, Helen, his wife, was placed in the hospital soon after and since I hadn't met the woman, I chose to visit her there.

Teddy groaned out as I started jerking on my hard cock and in moments, moaned in orgasm. Teddy moved forward to lick at the head.

She looked like my grandmother and had the same wild disposition. I gave her some flowers and we chatted for awhile until Thaddeus interrupted us as he bounded into the room to check on her. She shooed him away, saying that we were in deep discussion and that she wanted this time to talk with *the second son*. That took me by surprise and she explained that Thaddeus talked about me constantly.

"You know, he hasn't been home this week at all? He practically lives here with me." She grinned, "I guess that just proves Ted is a good man. Ted Junior's been staying at our house since my stay so he can take care of the dogs. . ."

"Ted?" I asked confused.

"Thaddeus. Our son is Thaddeus Junior. Teddy."

I got out of the hospital as quickly as possible. My mind burning with thoughts of anger and shock. Now I knew.

I had not unlocked the back storage door the night of my attack. Teddy had unlocked it. Teddy had a key. Teddy was the convenience store owner's son!

Fuck him Teddy. Fuck him hard. . .you're so hot! I love your ass. The entire event and all that was said came back to me in a flash.

I let a day pass and Alex and I began our work. He contacted two friends of his. They were gay brothers and a hot twosome if there ever was one. The situation was explained to them and they agreed to it with wicked smiles.

I, meanwhile, picked up flowers and a few other items and we all met back at my apartment. I called the hospital to make sure Thaddeus Senior was staying with Helen. He was.

It was evening before we made our move. Alex drove as I gave directions. Mike and Sam were in the backseat getting high and drinking wine and joking about what was to come.

Alex parked the car and took the flowers up to the address I had led him to and as instructed, told dear Teddy, who had answered the door, that the flowers were for his mother. Alex also stated that he needed to use the phone to notify his place of work that the flower order had indeed been delivered.

He entered the house. The rest of us were quick to overtake and surprise Teddy. When he saw me, his eyes grew big and white. "You. . ." he began.

I showed him the clothes line I held tightly within my one hand and I showed the liquid Crisco in the other. Sam grinned, showing the two large containers of chocolate pudding that he carried.

"Hey guy," I said with far from a naive smile. "We want a little fun. Interested?"■

Discover

An Artist's View

Eagle Studios

The men from Eagle Studios, a Los Angeles based modeling studio, are sexy. The reason for this is that the photographer uses his French flair to achieve the results shown here. We hope you enjoy looking at Eagle's men as much as we enjoy showing them to you. To contact Eagle Studios, write to us at here at Heat Magazine.

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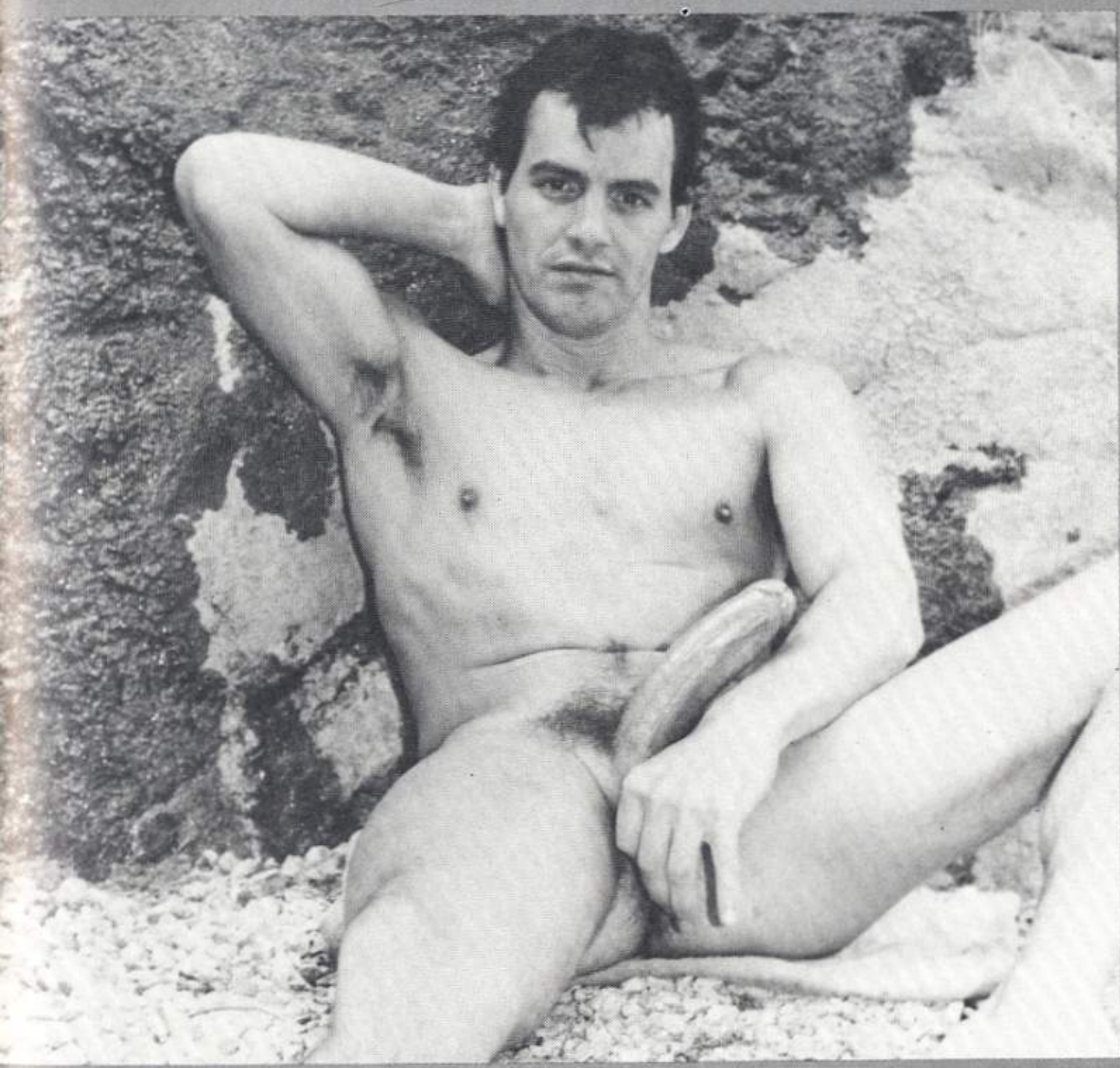

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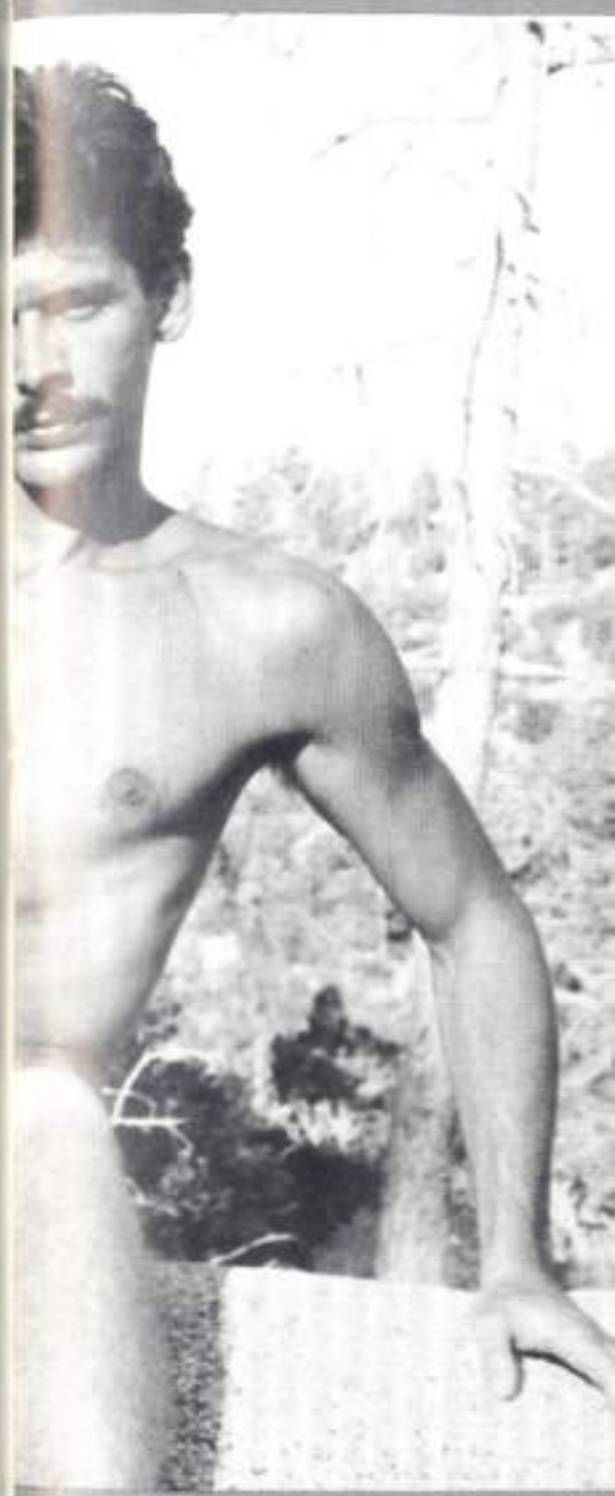

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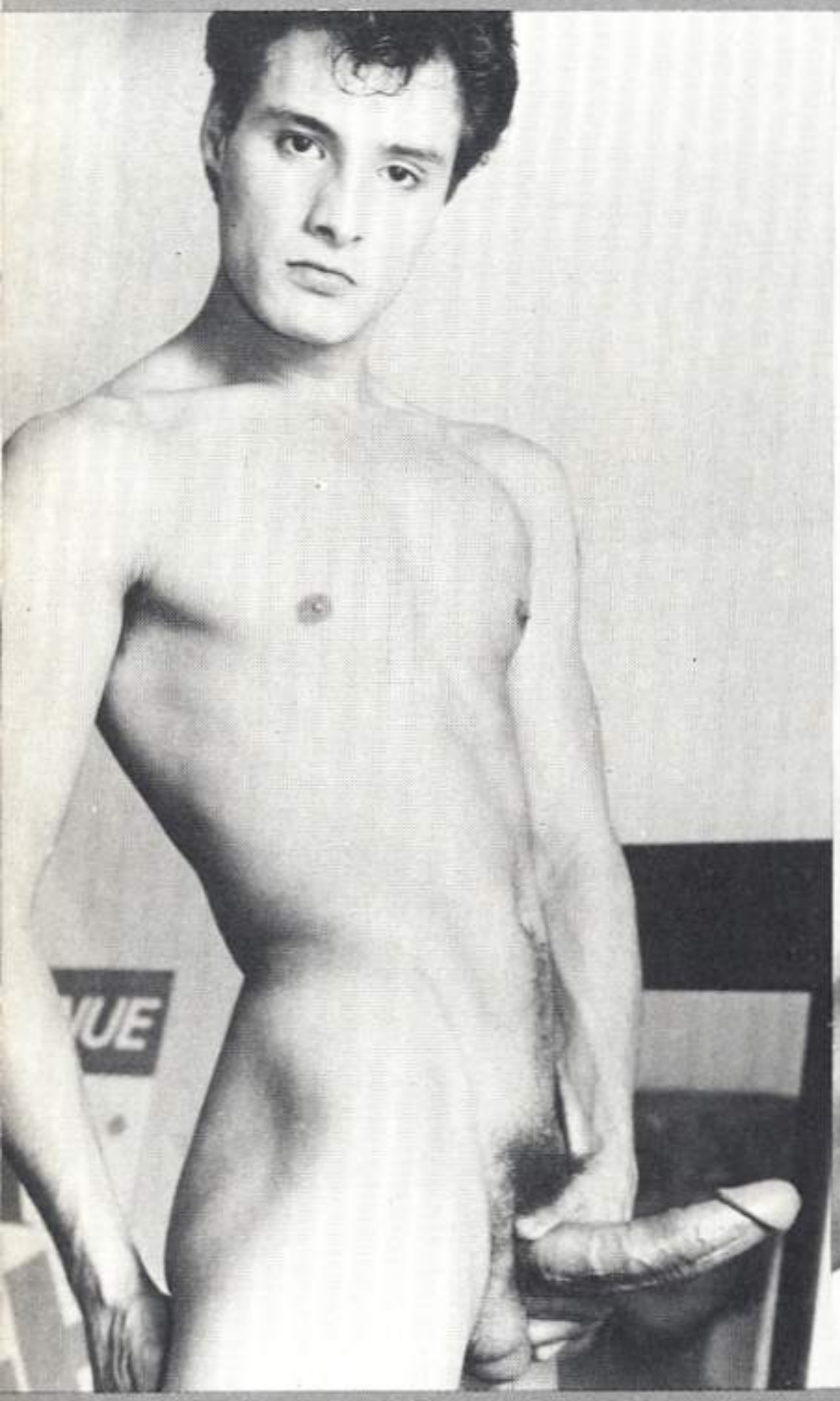

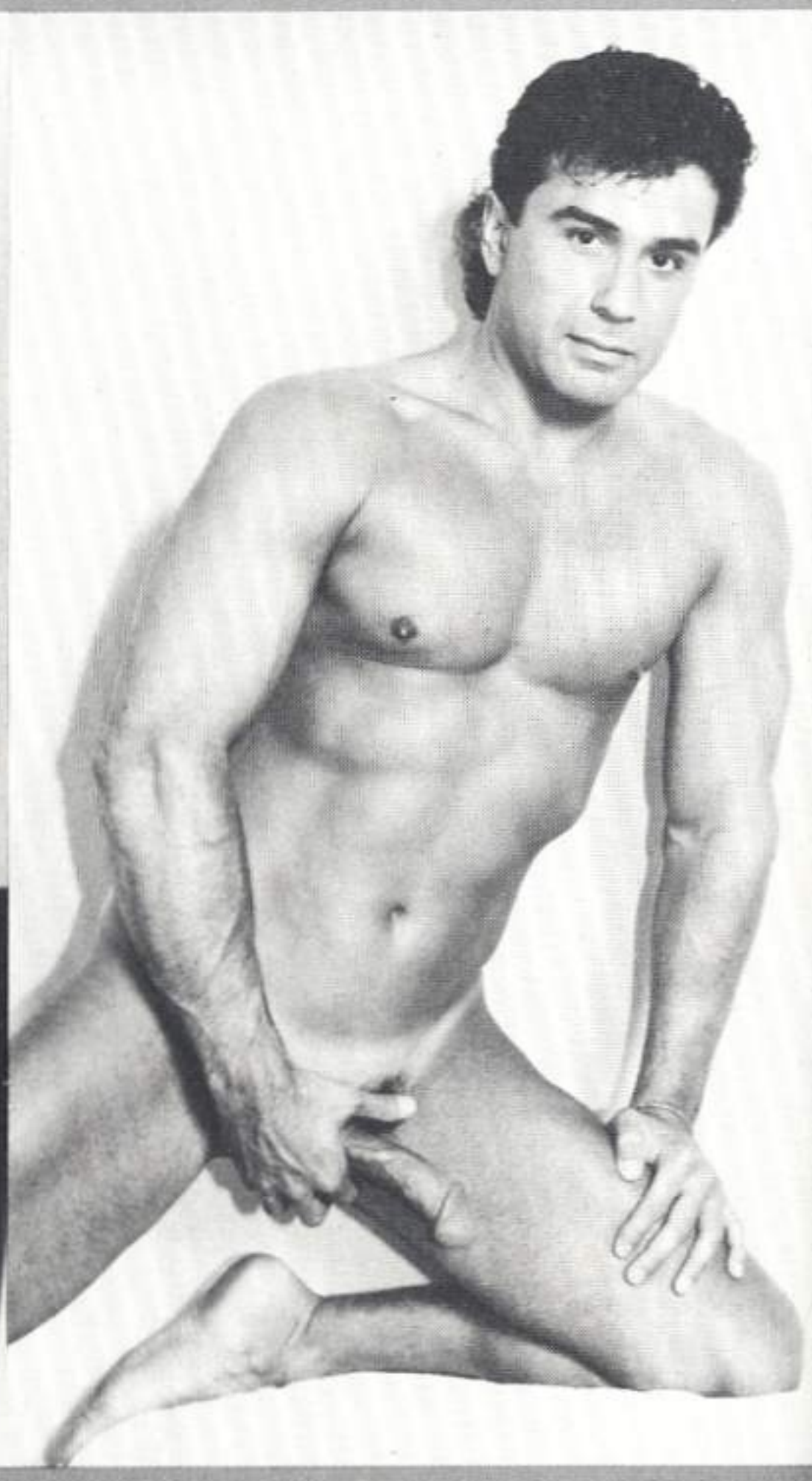

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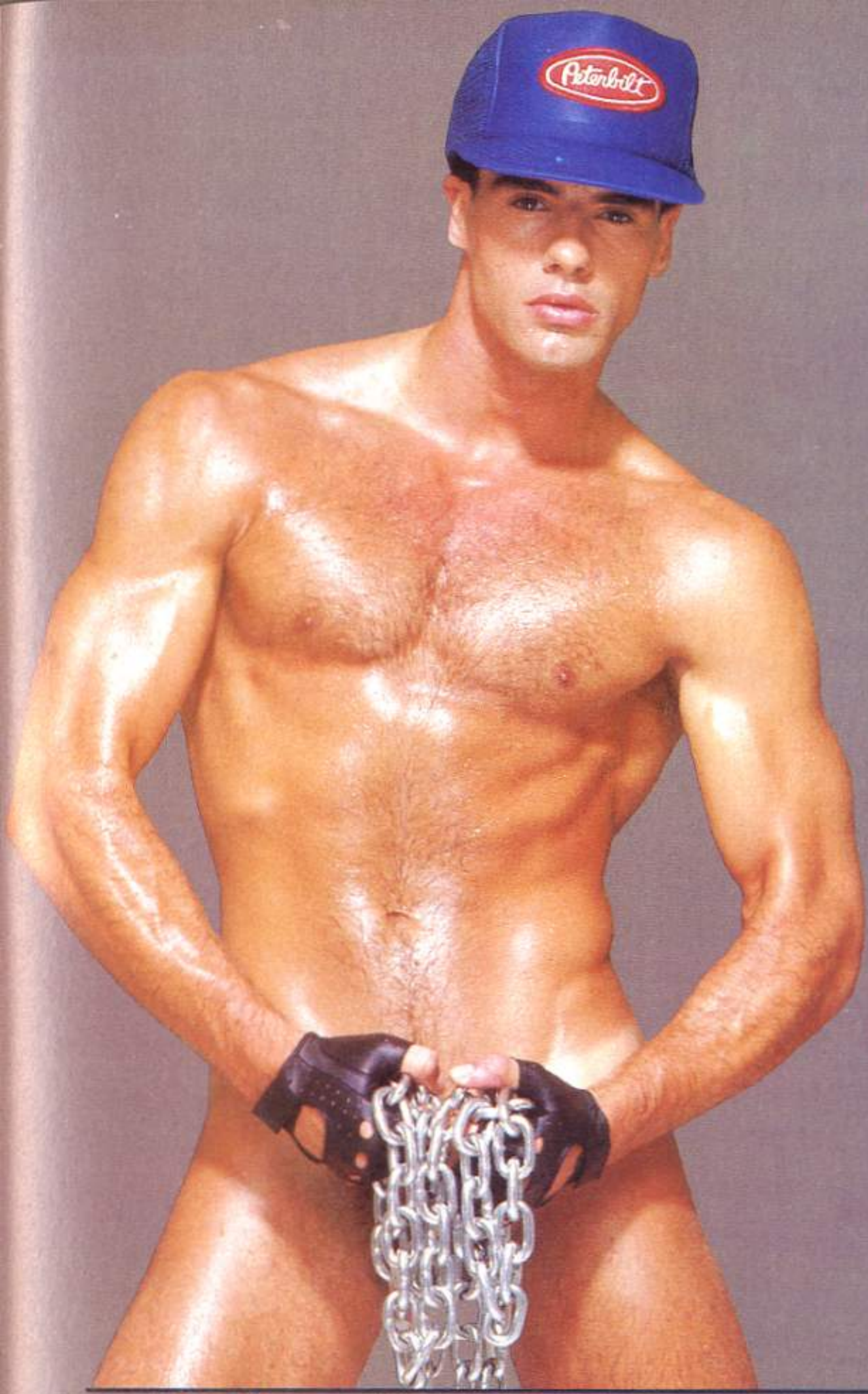

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Rated X

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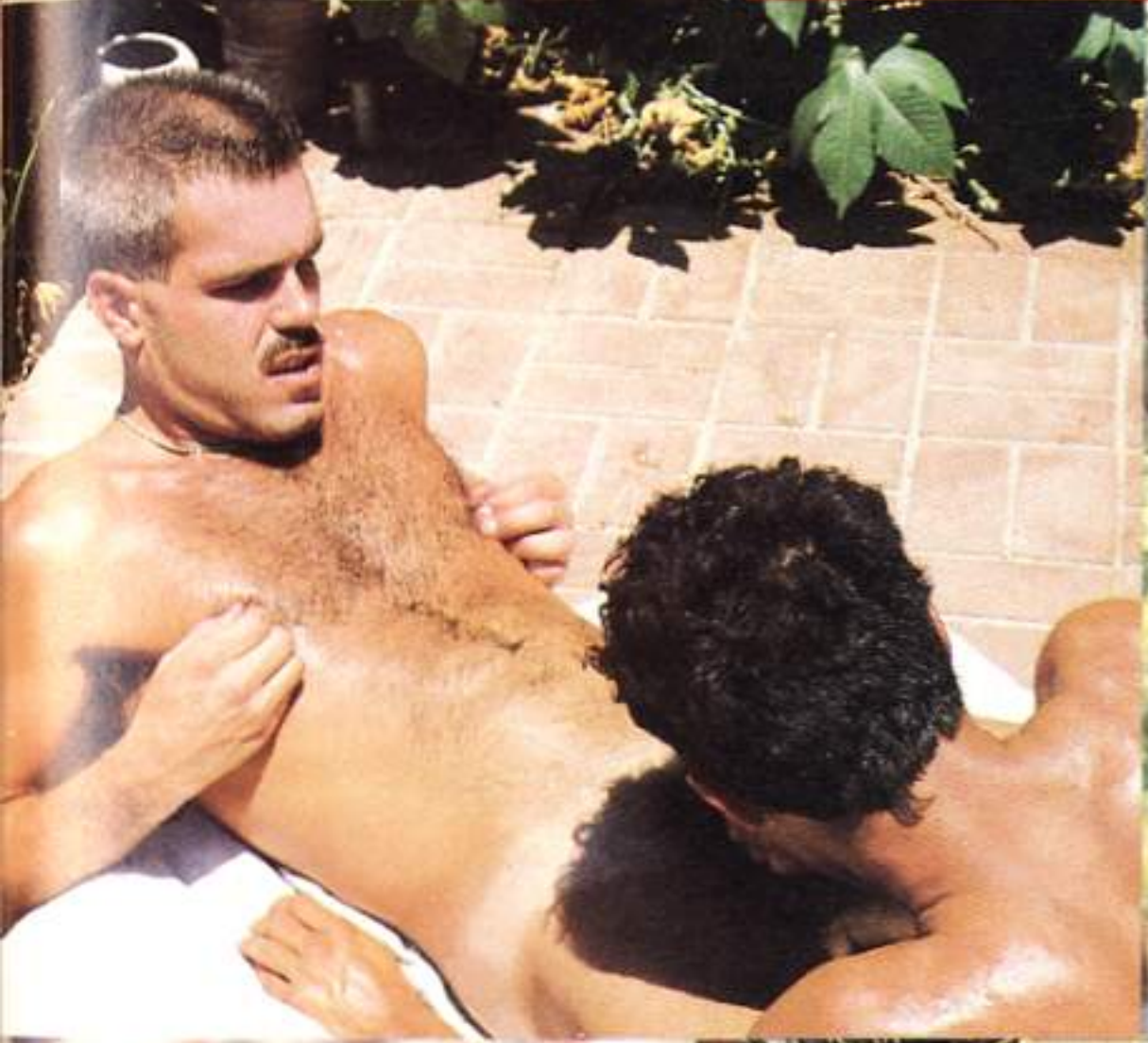
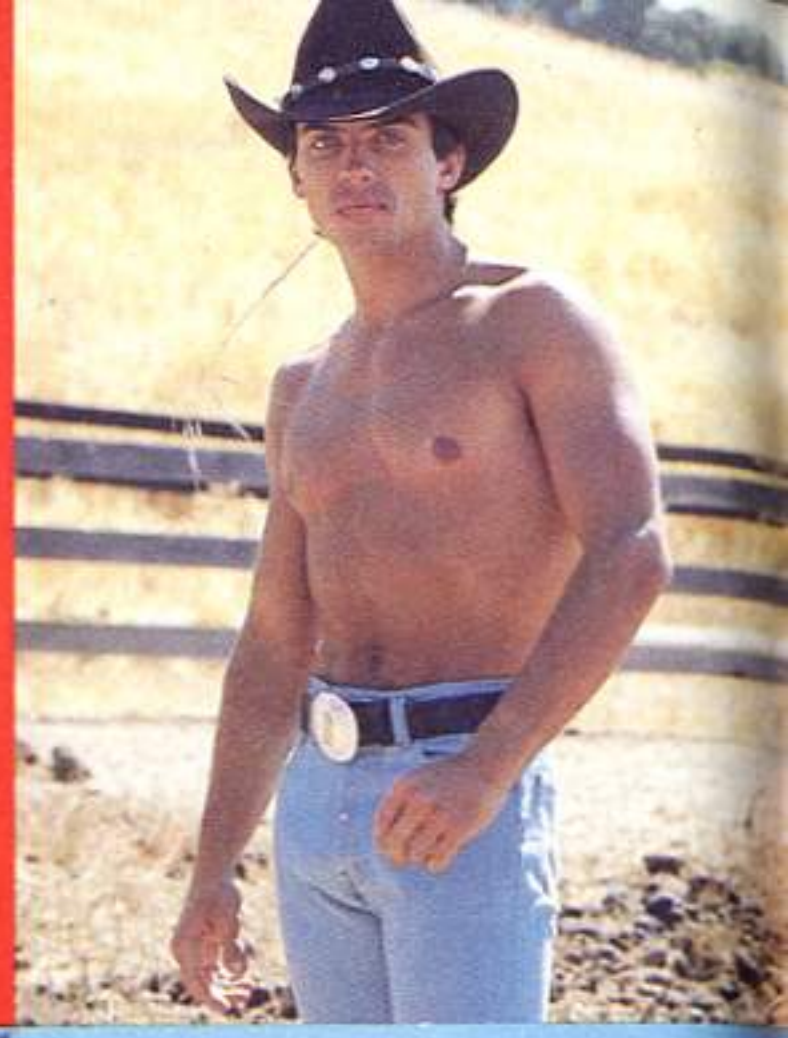
HOT LATINOS

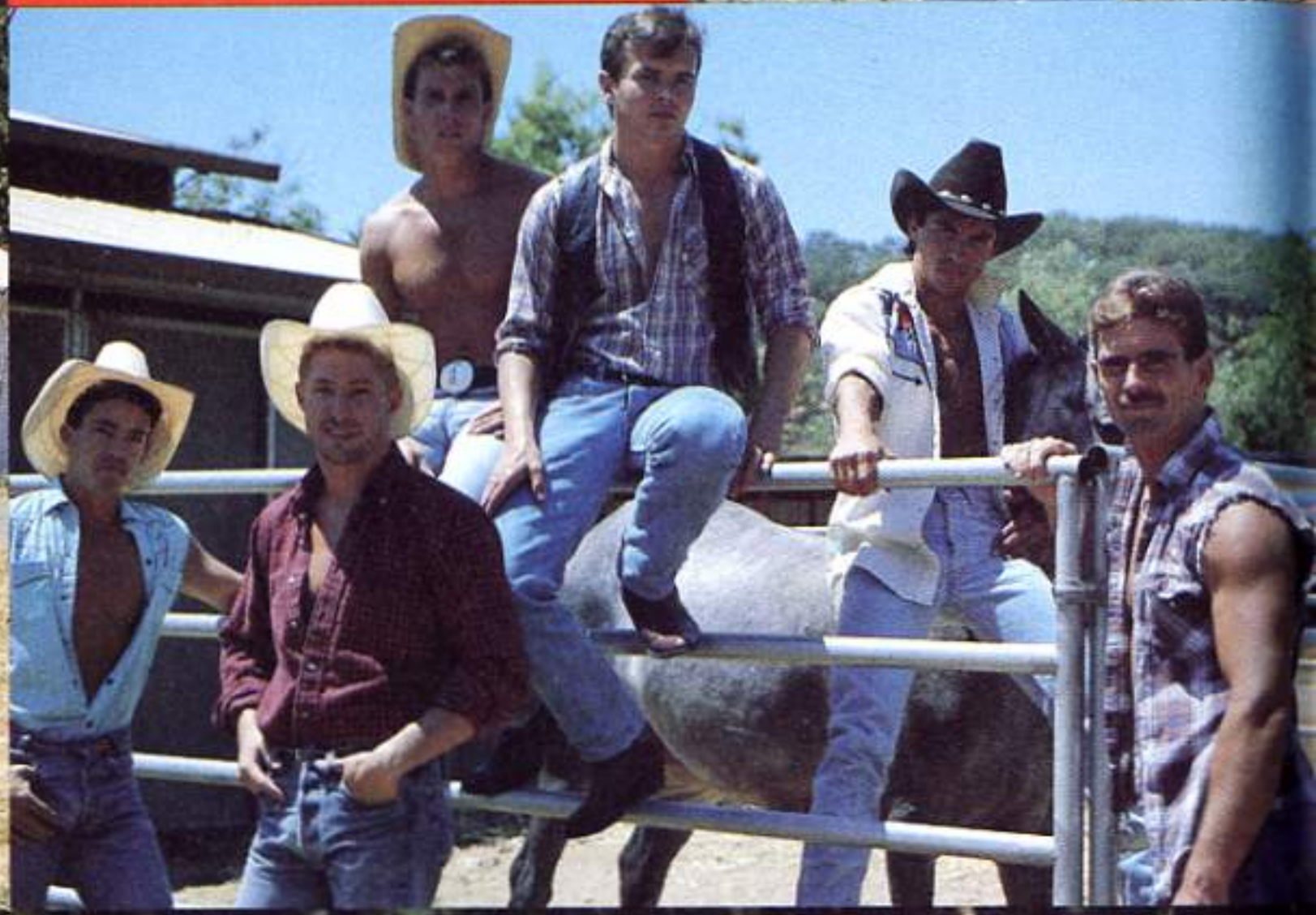
A Bullet Production. Distributed by LeSalon International. Starring Cezar Blanco, Denny Gardner, Ike Conners, Lee Roy, Marcos Santereli, Keith James, and Beto Rodrigoes. Running time approximately 80 minutes. If your into Latinos *Hot Latinos* (Bullet Video Pac 10) is for you. And, if not, this fantasy package has some scenes that will definitely change your mind with three of the hottest fuck sequences on video. Check this one out, it's definitely different from the little blond boy routine, and we're sure you'll enjoy. Contact LeSalon by writing 1120 Revere Avenue, San Francisco, California 94124.

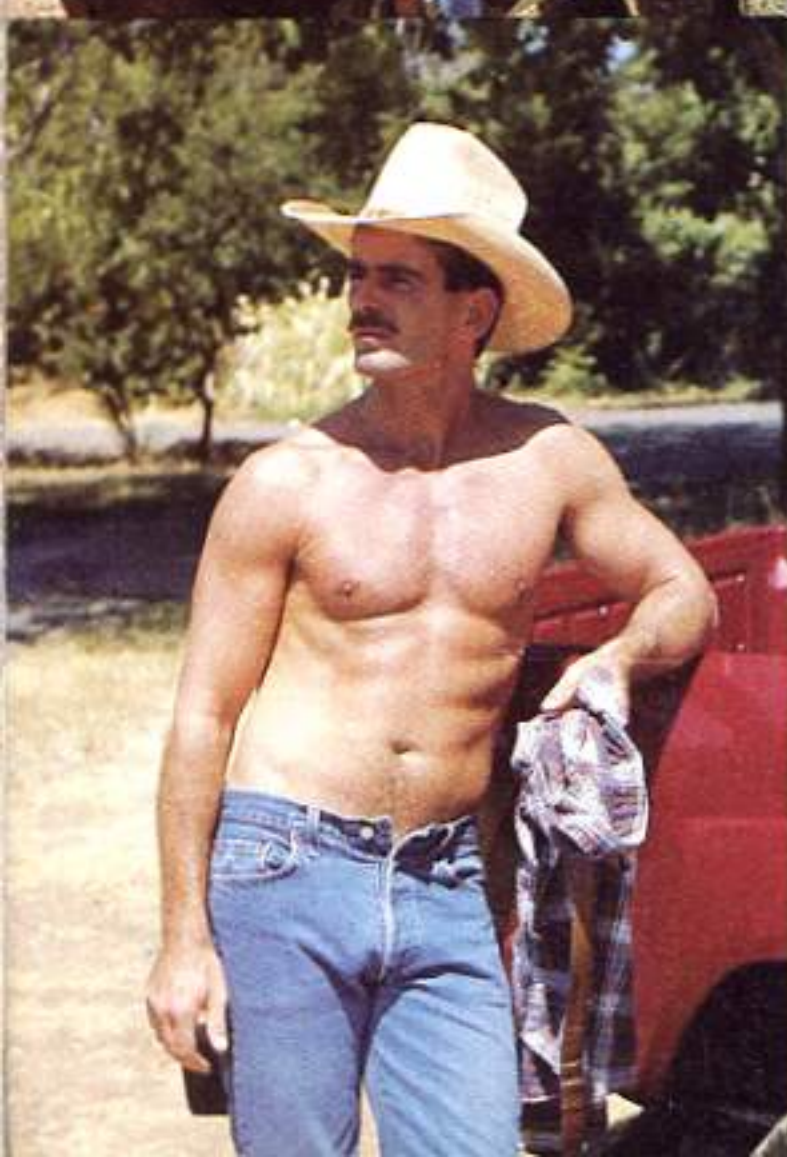


HOT TO TROT

Starring Will Seagers, Zeke Colton, Shaun Ericson, Ron Pearson, David Diamani, Michael Brandon and Marshall Jefferson. When a porn video starts with one of my favorite songs, it can't be all bad; in fact *Hot to Trot* is quite good. What a pleasure to see juice-bomb Will Seagers back on the screen. Ron Pearson, who is always hot, brings life to his JO scene by throwing that cute ass of his in the air and stuffing it with a huge dildo. After that he walks in on two cute young boys fucking away in a hot tub. The last scene shows Ron getting his booty pumped hard by one of the sexy farm hands. All in all *Hot to Trot* is a good little fuck vid for that night you just want to stay home and beat-off!

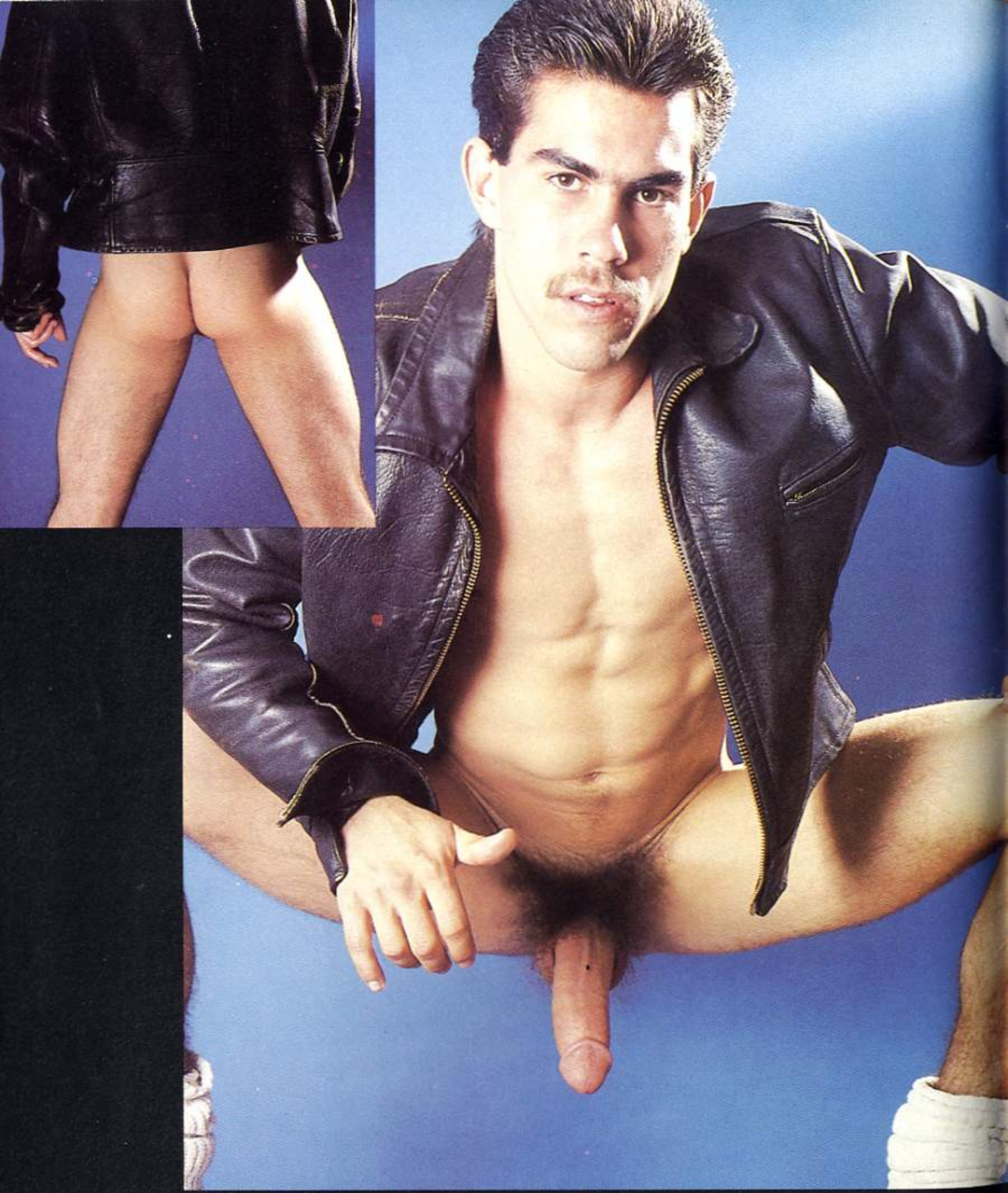






BEST WISHES

Starring Vladimir Correra, Jim Bentley, David Diamani, Brad Richardson and Derrick Steer. This hot new flick is one of the finest efforts currently out. From the opening scene to the closing orgy, this video is full of non-stop action. Not only is the sex good, but there's no problem in seeing it—the lighting and camera work are quality. And Derrick Steer in motion is not to be missed as he works over the birthday boy with that incredible black cock. Seeing is believing, but you won't believe your eyes as you see the birthday boy's ass, take on both Steer's and Bentley's cocks at the same time in a sizzling double-fuck sequence. Make this production a part of your permanant video library.

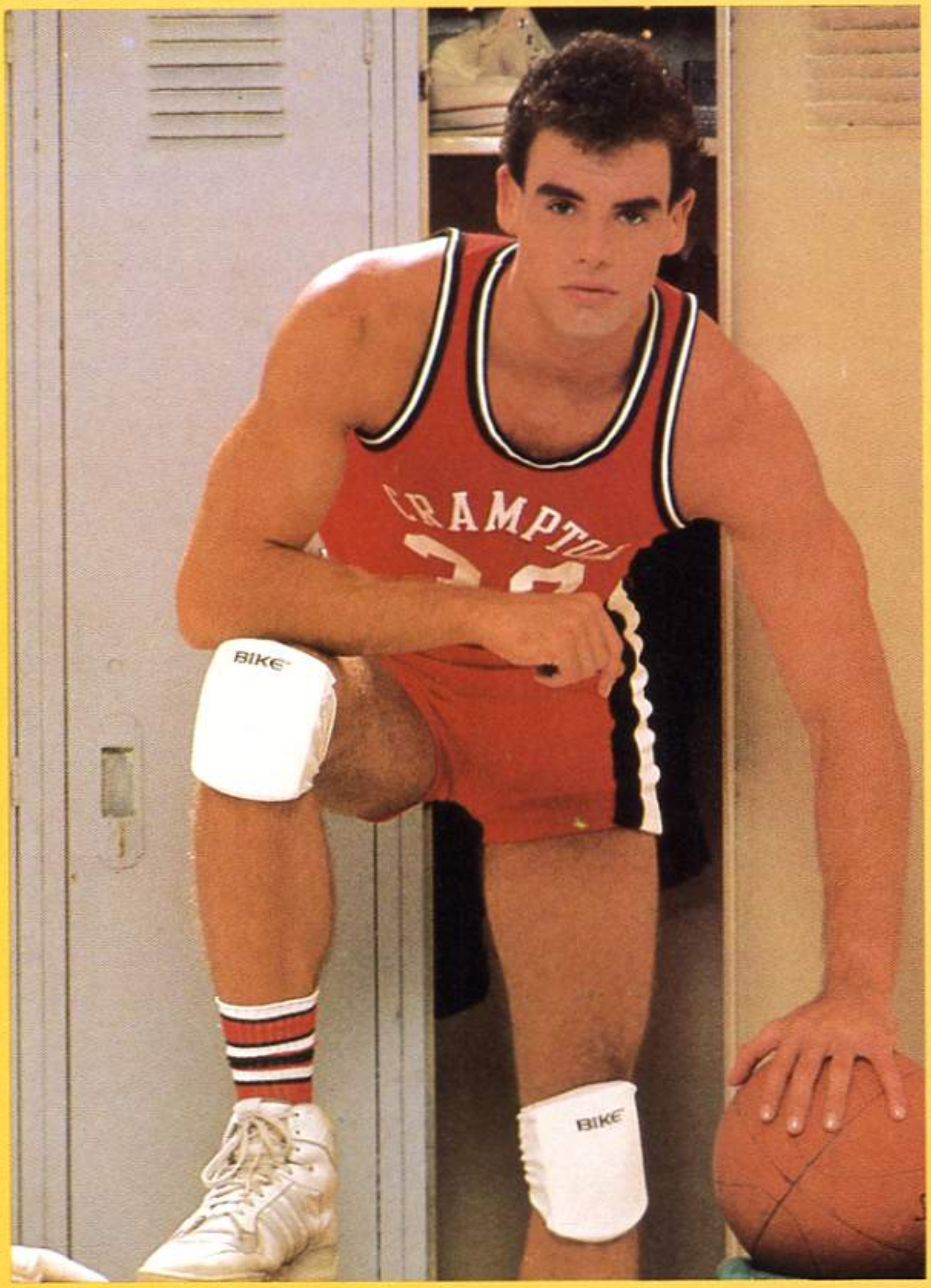


Rod Garetto

Photography by Hombre Production

Rob Montessa

Photography by Richard Morgan



Ray Stockwell

Ray is 6'1", 205 pounds of muscle and packs 9½ inches of pure meat. His video credits include the new high tech, high powered John Travis Production *Full Load* and the long awaited sequel to William Higgins' award winning saga *Sailor In The Wild*. Reports on Ray's performance have been that he is so hot and likes his sex so much the camera lens steams up on every shoot.
Photography by Catalina.

BIKE

BIKE

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A

Staking A Claim

By H.R. Dishman
Art by Nico

One of my long legs stretched out on the couch, the other rested bent-knee on the floor. I had promised myself that I'd spend at least one night a week at home—alone. It would be my night to strip off the hassle of school, work, and cruising. It would be mine to enjoy. A chance to recharge my batteries. This time I chose to spend the hot summer night with the windows open, my naked body waiting for cool breezes to blow in across my balls.

I was just starting to ease into a dream when I heard someone knocking at my apartment door. The door flew open before I could respond and in walked my cousin Glen. Glen, six-feet four-inches of hard, no-nonsense man.

"You shoud keep the door locked," he said. "You don't want some stranger walking in on you. Especially when all you have covering your dick-head is foreskin."

"What are you doing here?" I asked while I searched for some-

He moved his hands up my thighs until they reached the bottom of my shorts, then grabbed the material and tugged them down my legs until they dropped freely to the floor. My resistance was gone. I knew I was opening myself to more than just a short term fling.

thing to cover myself.

I got out yesterday. Thought I'd surprise you. So, I caught a bus and here I am."

He shut the door behind him and threw his small suitcase across the room. I was awkwardly trying to cover myself with a small rag I had found on my desk. Glen strolled to the couch and dropped into it. He took out a cigarette, lit it, and then grinned up at me.

"Shit, Harold, you don't have to act like I'm going to fall over dead if I see your cock."

"I'm going to, ah, to, well, you know. Ah, I'm going to go change."

"You mean put something on, don't you?"

I left Glen laughing in the living-room while I scampered across the apartment into my bedroom. Once inside I closed the door behind me and leaned against the wall. Glen had always been talked of, but rarely seen, within the family for as long as I could remember. At every family gathering someone would begin the whispering about what trouble Glen had caused or what jail he was in. I'd run into my tarnished cousin a few times. The last time had been at his parents house. I'd gone to visit my aunt and uncle only to find Glen home alone. He was on a brief intermission from his hell-raising. We played some pool on his parents pool table for an hour then I made my exit.

It was during the pool game that I first realized how sexy his muscled body was. Soon after we had played that game, maybe a week or two, Glen was caught inside a closed gas station. I didn't hear anything from him, except of course from the family grapevine. I'd learned that he'd ended up in some revamped hospital the state used to hold the overflow from the prisons.

I quickly pulled on some jogging shorts and went back to the living-room. Glen had taken his shoes off and draped his tall frame across the couch. He wore thick sweat socks, tight jeans, and a dirty t-shirt. In his hands was a particularly graphic gay magazine.

"Why Harold, you never told me you was a cocksucker!"

"Why are you here, Glen?"

"I'm moving in Harold, buddy. You need a man around here. Someone to keep you out of trouble."

"You're not moving in Glen. I'm not going to take in all the families rejects."

Glen pushed his legs to the floor and stood up. "You talk tough for a cocksucker. I'm going to take a shower. When I'm through I might let you get a taste of a real man."

I stood frozen as Glen went through the apartment checking doors looking for the bathroom. I wasn't sure what to do. I was upset at the way I'd suddenly ended up with a roommate and I wasn't sure what all Glen had in mind. But I also couldn't ignore the effect my younger cousin had on me. Even as I worried about Glen's trouble-making, my shorts stretched from the tension inside.

I was sitting in an over stuffed chair by the window when I heard the shower go off. I stared at the hallway where Glen would emerge from the bathroom and enter the living-room. It wasn't until Glen stepped out of the dark hallway and into the lighted room that I saw that he was still naked from his shower—though somehow I knew he would be. His shoulder length hair was plastered to his head.

He walked into the center of the room then bent over and shook his head, splattering water across the room. My eyes, however, had remained focused on his rapidly swinging cock. The heart shaped head and veined shaft had stiffened slightly. Just enough to stick out from his legs. His large balls hung low and hairless.

"Peter gazing, huh?" asked Glen as I lusted shamelessly. He reached his left hand down and cupped his balls. His other hand stroked his cock to full erection. "Take off your shorts Harold. It's time for you to welcome your cousin. And it's time for me to show you how your life's going to be from now on."

I forced myself to stay seated, my cock forced itself out of the leg opening of my shorts.

"Come on Harold!" Glen said as he strode to my chair. "I'm going to rip them off you." He kneeled on the floor before me and put his hands on my thighs. "Come on Harold! Your cock is ready so what's the problem?" He moved his hands up my thighs until they reached the bottom of my shorts, then he grabbed the material and tugged them down my legs until they dropped freely to the floor.

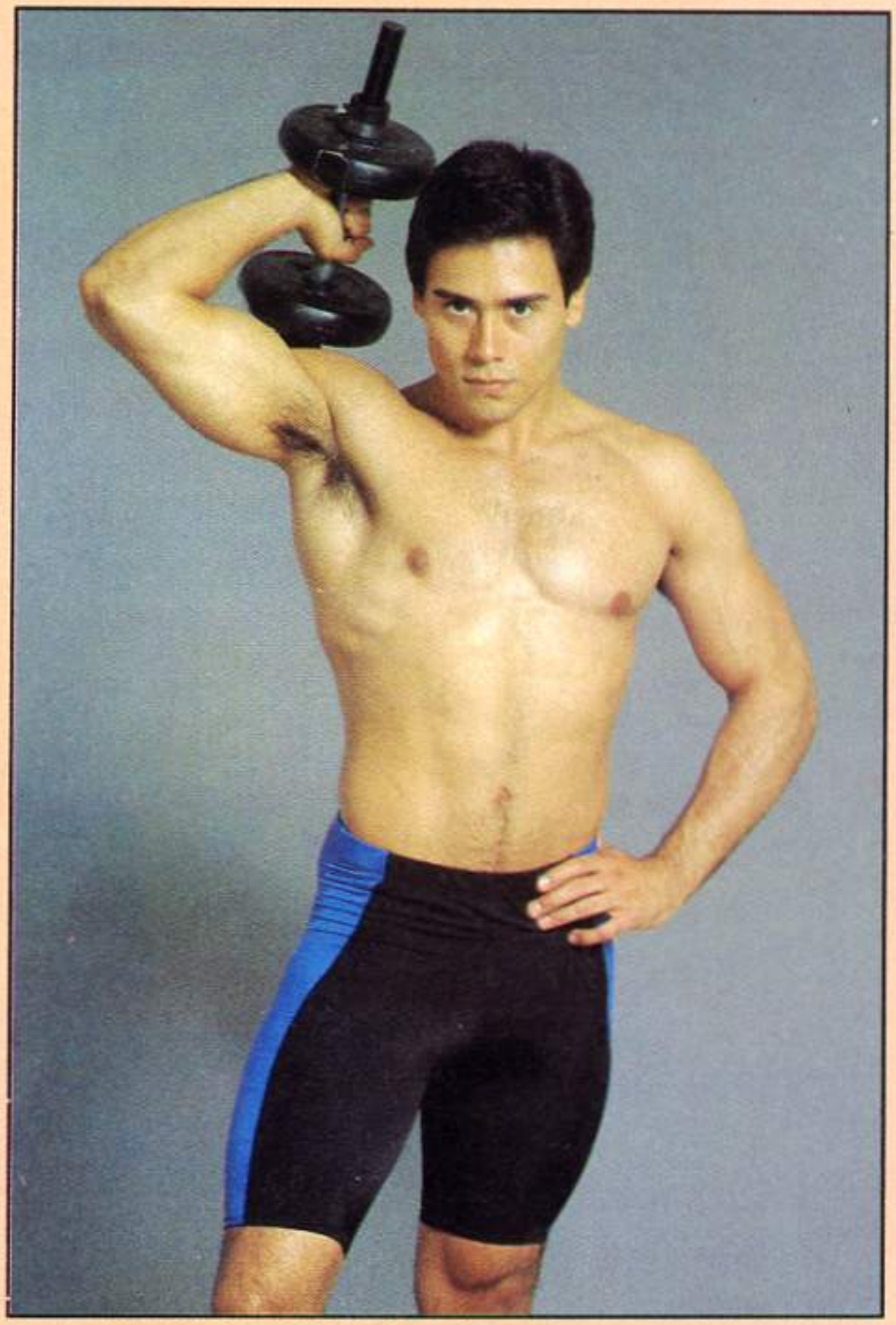
My resistance was gone. I knew that I was opening myself to more than just a short term fling. I was now Glen's.

(Continued on page 69)

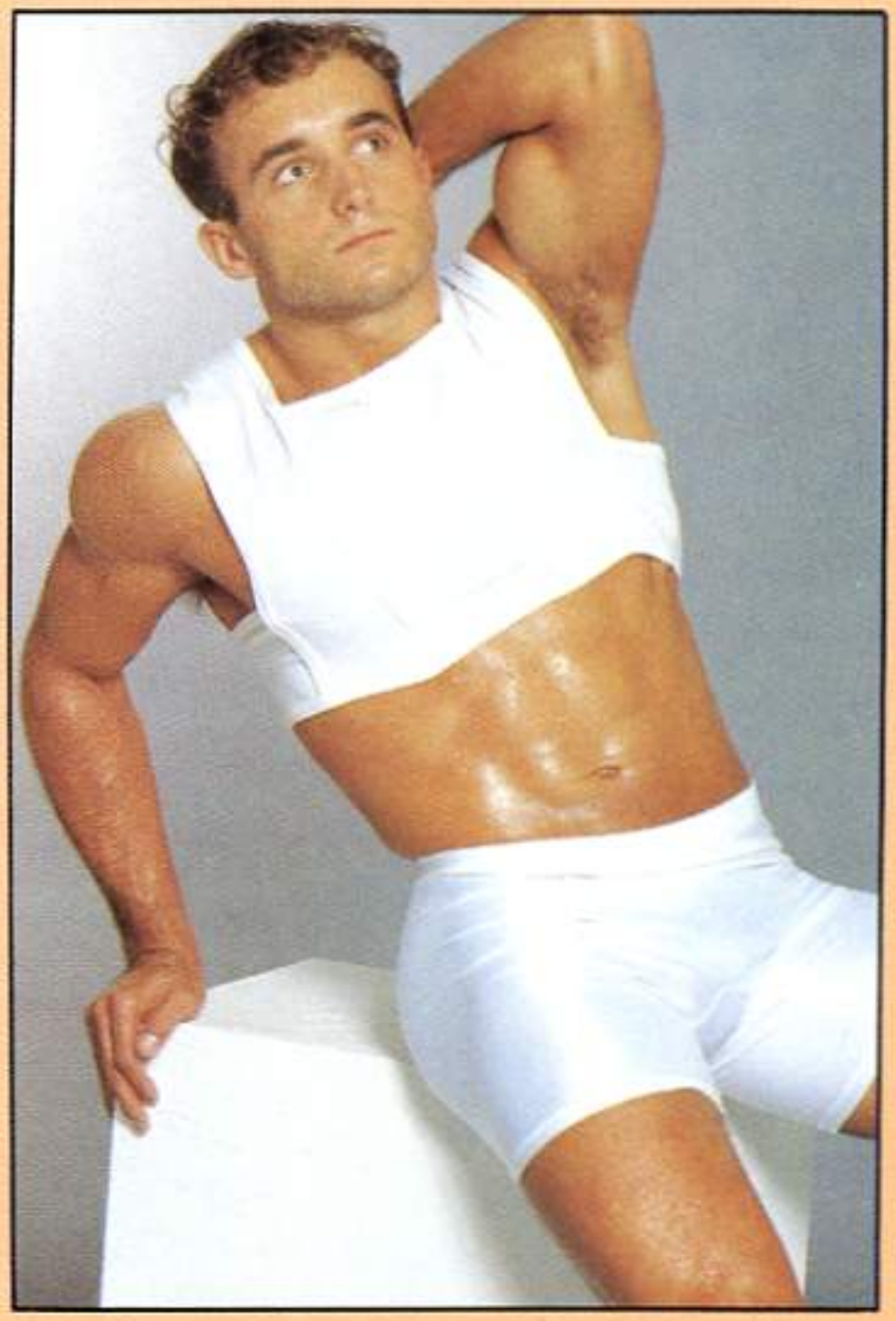
My eyes had remained focused on his rapidly swinging cock. The heard shaped head and veined shaft had stiffened slightly. Just enough to stick out from his legs. His large balls hung low and hairless. He reached his left hand down and cupped his balls.

Basic Elements

A Distinctive Look At Style And Fashion

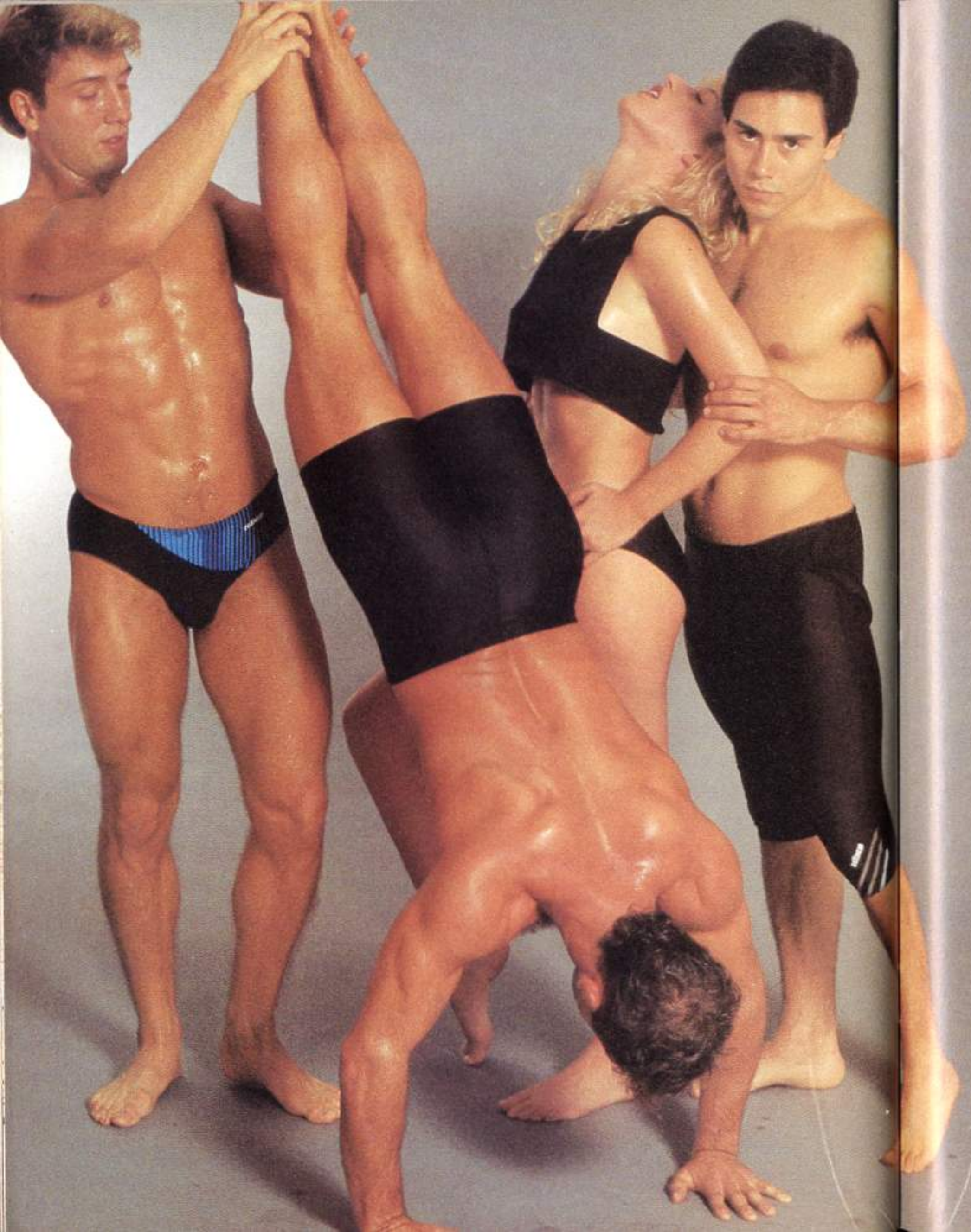


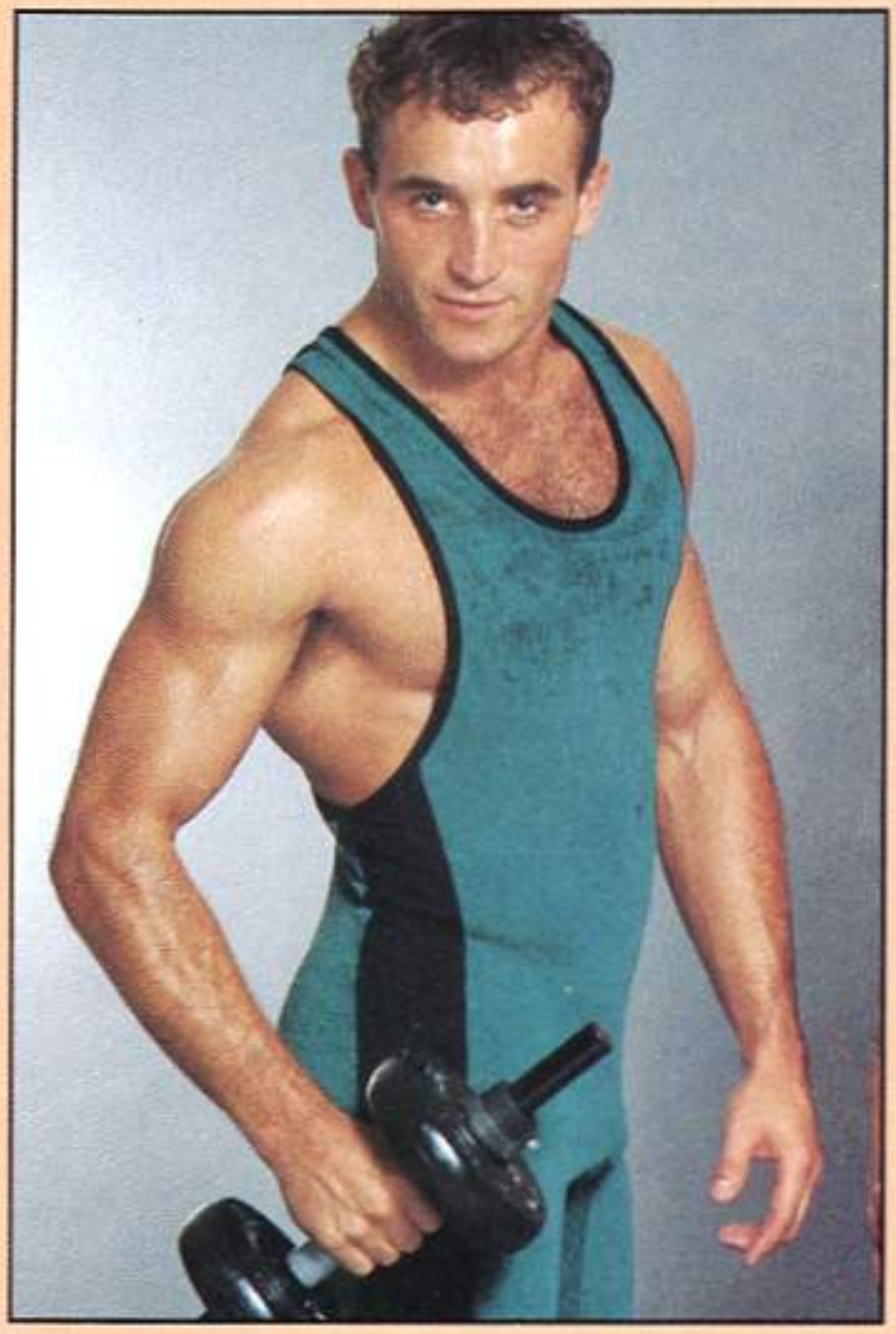
Current casual sportswear may be reminiscent of the Thrities' easy cotton tops and long linen shorts, but current active wear for the serious sportsman looks to the future—to streamline shapes and lightweight, fast-drying, iridescent synthetic fabrics.
Working out in a black with vibrant-blue, three-quarter length, nylon-cotton-and Lycra stretch pants by Systems, about $29.



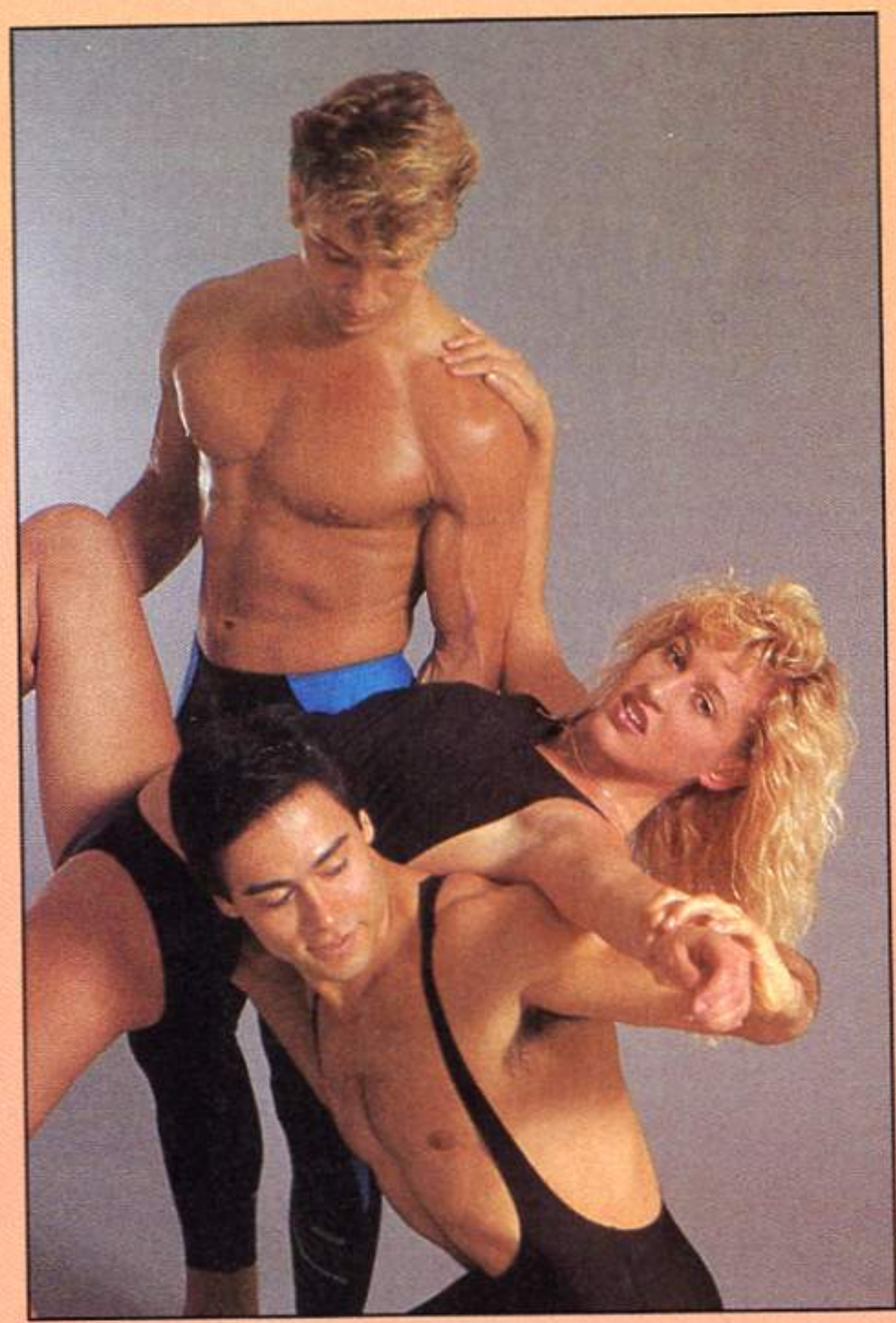
Exercise excitement, from the pool to the gym floor to give you that cool, confident image.
Black, mid-length cotton tank-top by Tom Benedict, about $20 with black, nylon swim wear by Nolan Drummond, about $25. Black leather gloves by Thunderwear, about $20.
All-white, cotton mid-length tank-top by Tom Benedict, about $20 with all-white Lycra shorts by Nolan Drummond, about $32.

It's peak performance from cycling to aerobics, sunning to surfing.
Left to right:
Black with blue tappered side stripes, Lycra stretch pants by Hind, about $34. She's wearing an all-black swim suit by Noland Drummond with an all-black tank by Hind, about $23. All-black Lycra one-piece by Hind, about $35. Grey with black trim, nylon-cotton stretch pants by Reebok, about $38.





Hold on, for form-fitting wear for every active occasion.
Left to right:
Black with blue pinstripe, nylon swim wear by Hind, about $19. Black nylon shorts bys Hind, about $18. She's wearing black swim wear by Nolan Drummond, about $25 with a black tank-top by Tom Benedict, about $20. Mid-length black tights by Hind, about $32.
Green with black trim, form-fitting one-piece by Reebock, about $45.



Photography and art direction by Paige.
All clothes available at
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(Continued from page 60)

Glen stood and I threw myself at his nine-inch cock. I grabbed his legs in my arms and pushed my face into his groin with such force that he had trouble remaining on his feet.

I had only been working his cock for a few minutes when Glen pulled me up to my feet. He yanked me into his body and roughly pressed his lips to mine. He dipped me back as he kissed me, parting my lips with his tongue. Then he picked me up in his arms and carried me to the couch and threw me down on my back. I felt my legs being jerked up in the air as Glen prepared to assault my ass. He put his lips to my crack and thrust his tongue into my puckered hole.

Glen moved his mouth to my balls and filled the void in my ass with two of his fingers. I was near climax when he finally raised up and placed his cock-head at the opening to my bowels and shoved. The pain tore through my body and exited my mouth in a scream of anquish.

Glen seemed to enjoy my agony. He thrust his erection into me until his testicles would crash into my asscheeks like cannon balls against a rock fortress, then he would pull out completely before charging in again. The continued assault lasted an eternity. Glen finally pulled out and stroked his cannon until he shot his load onto my sweaty body.

He thrust his erection into me until his testicles would crash into my asscheeks like cannon balls against a rock fortress, then he would pull out completely before charging in again. He pulled out and stroked hus cannon until he shot.

Glen licked his cum from my torso while his hands began working my foreskin up and down over the pointed head of my eight-inch cock. My balls were ready to explode when he lowered his mouth to receive my manjuice.

Exhausted, I fell asleep with Glen's mouth still sucking on my foreskin. I woke at three a.m., still on the couch. Glen was, I guessed, in my bedroom.

Glen was asleep on my bed. My bed! My bed in my apartment. I had let him take over my apartment, my bed, and my body. I could've stopped him. I'm a few inches shorter than Glen but my body is well muscled. I was the stronger between us. I had realized that when he had plunged his cock into me. I could have crushed him under my legs. I'd felt powerful, even as he ripped my bowels. I could've stopped him, but I had not.

I swung my legs to the floor and stood up. I walked to the bathroom and pissed. Then I went to the kitchen and fixed myself a rum and coke. When I returned to the couch I thought about what had happened to my orderly life. If only the door had been locked when Glen turned the knob. If only I had not been naked when he entered my apartment. If only he hadn't found my gay magazines. If only I had not let my balls rule my head.

I went back to the kitchen and fixed myself another drink, light on the coke. I drank it quickly, then made another and returned to the dark living-room. I thought of Glen after his shower, standing naked before me. I thought of his reomoving my shorts while he stroked his pulsing rod. I was angry that I had dropped to my knees and yielded to his demands. I was furious that he had thrown me down on the couch and fucked me so ruthlessly. My soul hurt with rage, my cock hurt with passion.

I looked down at my inflated penis. Glen had dominated me and I had loved it. I, who hated to be dominated, got hard at the thought of being dominated by him. I was confused. I hadn't felt so out of control since the night I had turned eighteen. The night I had first tasted a man. I was driving a classmate home from the party my friends had thrown for me. As soon as I had started the car Jeff, my classmate, put his hand on my leg. I tried to ignore it by concentrating on my driving, but he soon moved his fingers to my crotch. I turned my head and looked at him but he just stared out the window. I returned to my driving only to feel his fingers massaging my dick. I kept driving as he undid my pants and worked my hard cock out of my underwear. Jeff slid across the seat until he was right next to me. I let my right hand drop from the wheel and land on his bulging jeans. I turned the car onto a dark side street and parked it in front of a vacant lot. I was like a mad man. I ripped off Jeff's jeans and threw them onto the back seat. Then I opened my mouth and drank in his cock like a cold beer on a hot day. After swallowing Jeff's cum and shooting mine onto the dashboard, I drove him home.

I kept driving as he undid my pants and worked my hard cock out of my underwear. Jeff slid across the seat until he was right next to me. I let my hand drop from the wheel and land on his bulging jeans. I turned and parked in front of a vacant lot.

I'd spent a month of sexual confusion after that first encounter. I ended my bewilderment by driving Jeff to an abandoned barn and fucking his virgin ass until the last bit of doubt was drained from my being.

I stroked my cock as I thought of Jeff screaming as I had, yet not attempting to stop the rape. Suddenly I knew what I had to do.

I walked to the bedroom door. I turned the knob and quitely

I crawled gently onto the bed and kneeled over my prey. I stroked my cock to insure peak hardness, then straddled his legs. I guided my weapon down his crevice until I felt the puckered hole. I drove all eight inches of my manhood into him in one thrust.

---

pushed it open. Glen was asleep on his stomach. The bed's blankets had been kicked to the floor, his white ass seemed to glow in the moonlight that streamed in through the window. I crawled gently onto the bed and kneeled over my prey. I stroked my cock to insure peak hardness, then straddled his legs. I guided my weapon down his crevice until I felt the puckered hole. I drove all eight inches of my manhood into him in one thrust. I kept his face pinned into a pillow to muffle his screams as I reclaimed my dominance.

When the screaming stopped, I pulled out of his ass and rolled him onto his back. His eyes were frightened, but his cock was hard. I stroked my prick with a vengeance and covered Glen's face with my semen. He lay still as I licked my cum from his lips before moving down to his dick. I placed my tongue on his raging meat and it exploded on touch.

I lay down on my back and stared at the ceiling. Glen lay next to me smoking. He hadn't said a word since before I had entered the room.

After a few minutes I rolled onto my side and began rubbing his chest and stomach with my hand. He crushed out his cigarette and moved closer to me. We embraced. Our lips met and our tongues dueled. Together, we made love.■

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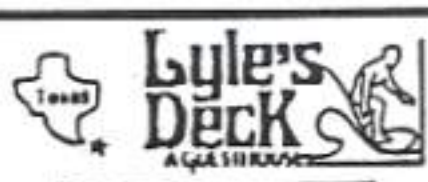

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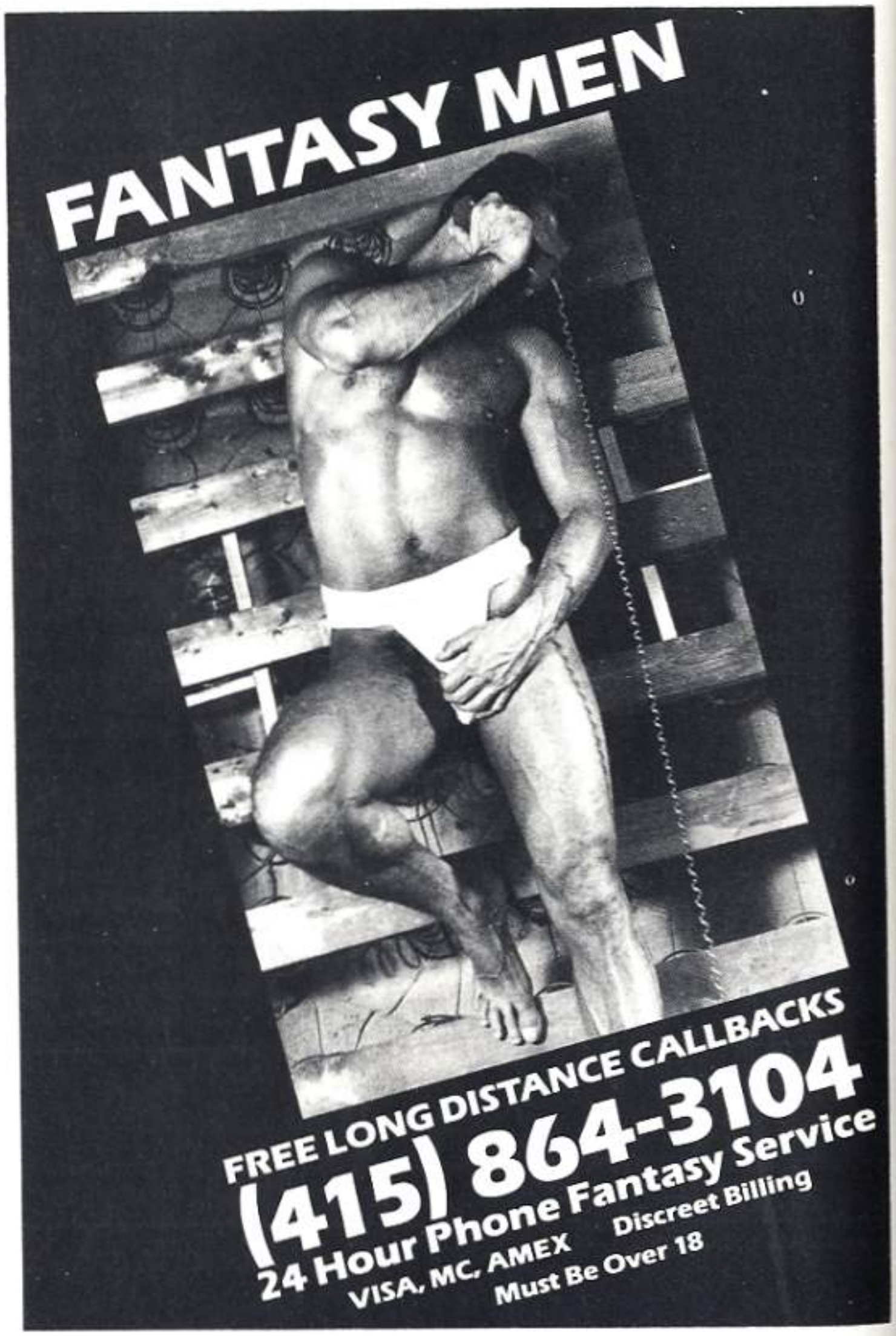

Sexual Obsessions

A Forum Of Personal Experiences

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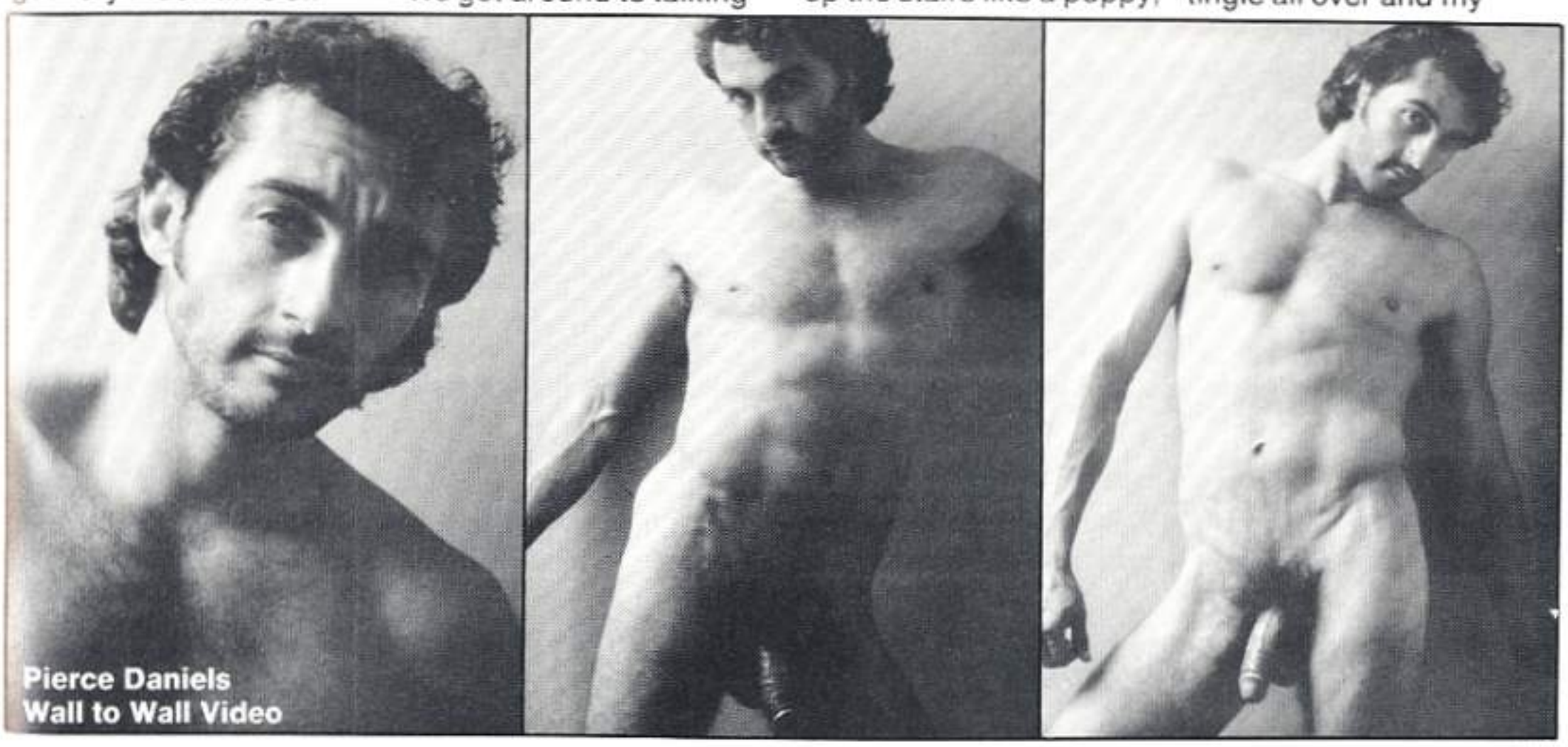
BROTHERLY LOVE

I never thought that I'd ever be writing to your magazine, but I'd like to tell you about something that has been a part of my life for a while.

I have a little sister, Molly, who got married about three years ago to a very nice man whom I've always liked. I'm twenty-eight, and although I've enjoyed sex with various male and female friends, I'll always have a soft spot for Mark. About a year after the wedding I was visiting Molly and Mark for a couple of weeks. Molly works days and couldn't get very much time off while I was there. Mark was between jobs just then; so he kept me company most of the time.

One evening I was looking through the bookcase for something to read in bed, and I found Mark's collection of *Penthouse* magazines. Since I'm not into women all that much I quickly passed over the photographs and got into some really hot letters. The next morning, after Molly had gone to work, I was having coffee with Mark, and I told him that I had really enjoyed his magazines. He was a little surprised since he knows I'm gay. We got around to talking about our fantasies and whatnot. Mark said he'd always wanted to masturbate for someone other than his wife and had a special fantasy about doing it for a guy, and I confessed that I'd been having fantasies about him since before the wedding. I could tell that he was getting hard by all this talk, and that really turned me on.

I suggested that Mark come up to the guest room, where I was staying and fulfill his fantasy for me. I knew that I was coming on a little strong, but I thought, "What the hell." Mark followed me up the stairs like a puppy, leaving a trail of clothes all the way. By the time we reached my room, Mark was nude and his cock was at attention. I couldn't stand seeing his dick all alone; so I dropped to my knees and drew it into my mouth and throat for a long suck. I really love sucking cock, and gave Mark's my all. Mark came in a gusher, and after I sucked him dry, I led him over to my bed and stripped for him. I have a tight muscular body with a good sized dick. I noticed Mark's cock stirring again; so I told him to jerk-off for me. As he fondled his cock, I began to tingle all over and my



Pierce Daniels
Wall to Wall Video

hand went to my prick. Mark began to moan as he lost track of everything around him and this set me off. We came pretty much simultaneously and he really seemed to get off on getting coated with my cum. We spent the rest of the day in much the same way. That night after we had all gone to bed, I heard Molly and Mark fucking up a storm. I masturbated myself to sleep full of hot and horny dreams. Mark and I enjoyed mutual masturbation every day for the rest of my stay, and whenever we visit each other, we masturbate for each other at least once. We have never fucked, though; I love my little sister too much. I can't wait for our next visit!—*Name and address withheld upon request.*

STRAIGHT SUCK

It was almost two o'clock by the time the last of our guests had departed. Rusty and I surveyed the damage done to *our* apartment and decided it was indeed a good party. We also decided that we had had enough marijuana and beer to make it necessary to put clean-up off until the morning. Rusty collapsed onto the sofa and I fell into a chair. We decided one final beer before going to our respective beds was in order.

Rusty, not my friend's real name, had been my roommate for only a month. He was sharing my apartment during a trial separation from his wife. I had the space and Rusty needed it. Of course, maybe I did volunteer a bit hastily. Rusty had always been particularly attractive to me, but I had decided long ago that it was best to leave him alone and let him figure out what he wanted from life and not try one of my famous seductions of straight men on him. He was young and somewhat naive, though in a very charming way. I would look at him and see only a sweet, young all-American *corn fed* boy-next-door type of man and my heart would melt, but then I would return to my senses and know that Rusty was equally glad that I had decided to lay off of him. He knew my scene, and although he would let me flirt with him, I know he was glad that I was not always coming on to him.

We drank our beers and Rusty opted for another joint, which we inhaled greedily. I looked over at him and admired his long lean body, comfortably packed into his jeans. His neat, trim waist and the unmistakable bulge at the button fly. In one month of his stay I had not even seen him in the nude. I was really trying to stay out of his way and obviously he was doing the same. It was a polite arrangement. His trips to the gym were also beginning to show nicely. His chest had added several inches and his arms were hard and defined. He really was very attractive. Blond, well-defined swimmer's body, but not like the Southern California type. Not *pretty*, but healthy! As I said, all-American.

Rusty and I stayed up and talked for another hour or so about all those things in life that are so important when you're stoned. You know: life, career, friendships and, of course, sex. Rusty decided he was going to crash. He got up from the couch and informed me that he was going to bed. I watched his ass as he walked away from me to his room. The dope had made me horny and his ass-cheeks were molded perfectly by the tight fitting denim. My balls began to roll inside my own jeans and I reached to my crotch to adjust myself. Pulling at the fabric surrounding my crotch, my cock began to show signs of life, filling with blood as best it could within its confines. I unbuttoned my jeans and allowed them to hang open a bit for additional space. The top of my white jockeys were exposed and I teased myself, playing with the fine silken hairs of my navel before they vanished into my briefs. I was getting hot as hell and knew that I'd be whackin' off tonight.

Rusty had opted for a shower before going to bed and I could hear him in the bathroom. He was obviously enjoying himself as he sang along with the radio. I turned off the living room lights and locked the door and then retired to my own room to await my turn at the john. Boy, I had to piss. Rusty delayed longer and I decided that I would just use the john anyway. He'd adjust. I knocked on the door and then walked in,

apologizing. I sent an endless stream of yellow liquid into the bowl, weaving only slightly, I held onto my still semi-erect cock. I tried to imagine from the splashing of the water what Rusty's cock looked like as he soaped it up in the shower next to me. I returned to my room and got undressed and into a pair of nylon running shorts for bed.

I laid in bed, my hand inside my shorts, absentmindedly playing with my cock and balls. Sort of daydreaming about nothing in particular. Rusty finished in the bathroom and returned to his bedroom. I dozed off and awoke again and dozed. The grass had really mellowed me. Rusty was still moving around his room. I got up and went to get a glass of water from the kitchen, but as I passed Rusty's door he called out to me. I pushed his door open and went in, curious as to what he was up to at this hour. With only a small bedside lamp on he was hardly visible in the room, but I could see enough. He was wrapped in a towel and sitting on the edge of the bed. He looked over to me as I entered.

"Can't sleep?"

"No," I answered, "must be the dope."

"Yeah, me too. Grass always gets me going and then I'm *up* all night!" The emphasis was unmistakable.

I offered to get him some water while I was getting my own. He declined and I left him. But on my way back, he invited me in and motioned me to sit down on the bed. Then he stood up telling me his towel was wet and headed for the bathroom, removing the towel as he left the room, exposing his backside for a split second as he rounded the corner. What pretty buns! He was gone for several minutes. What was he doing in there? When he returned he closed the door as he came into the room and leaned against it. In the shadows of the dimly lit room I could see that he was naked.

"Does marijuana make you horny? It does me."

"Yeah, I guess so. You okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine," he replied still on the other side of the room. "Listen, then, were you going to jerk-off tonight?"

I knew that I was and said so. Rusty, his voice unsure, continued. "Well then, would you mind if I joined you? I mean, it's been awhile and I could really enjoy getting off tonight. I mean we could jerk-off together okay? We can do it here if it's all right with you. How about it?"

"Well. . .sure. . .I mean, okay, but are you sure you want to do this?" I said, trying to conceal my excitement. I was going to get to see Rusty beat-off. Rusty had lowered his hand to his cock and was playing with it as we talked through the preliminaries. On the opposite wall I could see him stroking his dick and cupping his balls with his other hand. The muscles flexed in his arms and his pecs as he played up and down his shaft. He was not small. Only semi-erect at this point. Rusty held onto a full nine-inches, with considerable girth. He was hung!

He crossed the room and stood in front of me at the side of the bed. His cock in his hand still, he was only inches from my face. My cock was raging in my shorts and the head was clearly visible a full two inches above the waist band. He looked down at my crotch and smiled. I was very aware of how clean he smelled. How hairless his body was and how clean, trim and proportionate his whole package was. What a man he was. I am so glad I decided to let him room with me.

"You can jerk me off, if you want. I think I'd like that."

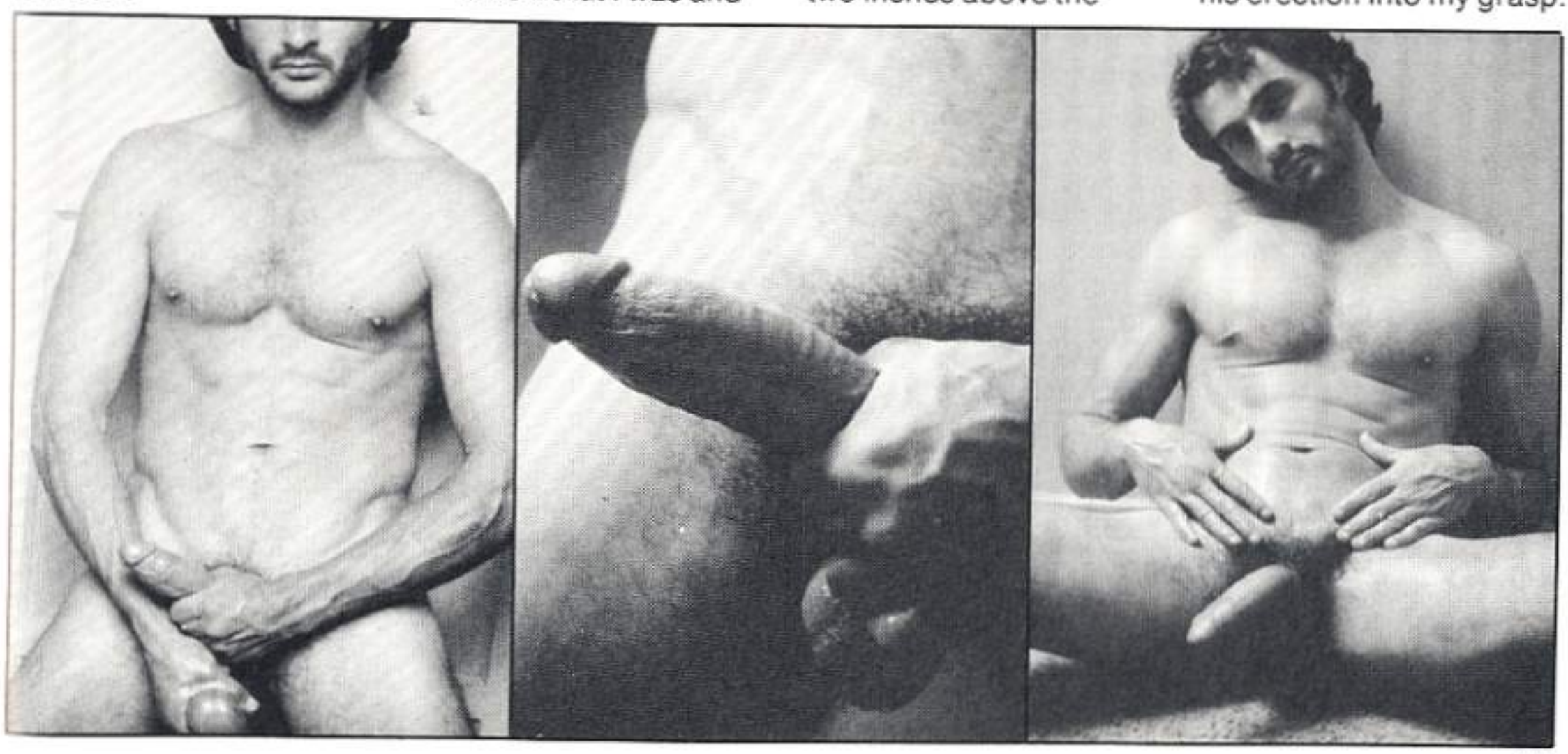
I reached for his cock. As I touched him he kind of recoiled, then relaxed. His cock sprang up fuller than ever and I was surprised at how soft it felt. Downy, like a child's dick. Not calloused from nightly abuse. It was electrifying. His ballsac was covered with the slightest bit of blond silken hairs and I played with his balls very carefully.

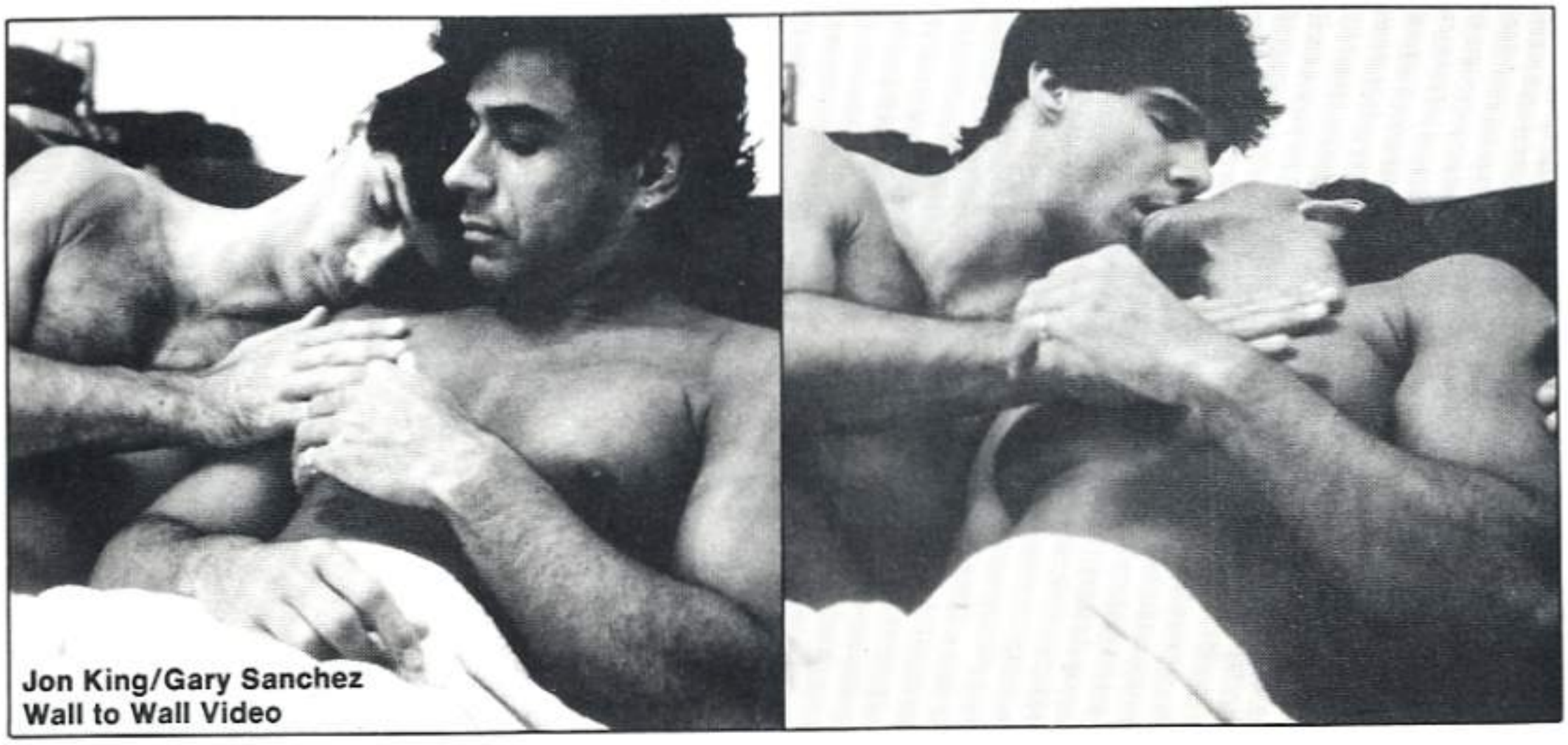
"Jerk me off," he moaned.

Ever concerned not to take advantage I asked, "Are you sure you want to do this?"

"Go ahead," he answered. " I want you to. It will be okay."

With my right hand I worked Rusty's cock flesh up and down. The shaft was impressive and he moved his hips, pressing his erection into my grasp.





Jon King/Gary Sanchez
Wall to Wall Video

My left hand traveled up his chest and pinched at his nipples and played with the few downy hairs that it could find. Rusty was on fire. I don't think that he had ever had another man touch him before. He was tingling under my touch. He just stood in front of me, his eyes closed, and enjoyed my touch on his cock. His breathing began to come quicker and I knew that he would not be able to go for long without cumming. This new experience was going to drive him to new heights faster than any other had before.

He laid down on the bed. "I think I'm gonna cum," he gasped and I stopped stroking him. I stood up and removed my shorts and then joined him on the bed. He raised his head and looked down at my cock. He was checking me out. Eyeing the competition, so to speak and I was confident that I was up to the inspection.

He asked me if I was going to blow him and I said that if he wanted me to suck his dick all he had to do was ask. I was more than willing to let this hot stud shoot his load into my mouth, but he had to do the asking. This was his trip and, although I was loving it, he had to let me know what he was willing to get into. He reached down between his legs and pulled the skin on his cock back tightly, holding the shaft straight up in the air.

"Suck my dick. I want you to suck my dick."

Without hesitation I went down on his engorged cock. I swallowed him all at once, right down until his pubic curls were tickling my nose. He moaned and raised his hips to meet my hungry mouth. I could already taste the pre-cum on his cockhead and grabbed his churning balls to slow down his impending ejaculation. It was no use. He was ready and with a final buck of his hips, he shot his load. A big wad of warm cum shot into my mouth. So much in fact that even I, the consumate cocksucker, was not prepared. Sperm seeped out of my mouth and ran down my chin. Rusty yelped as I continued to suck every drop out of him. He kept trying to get his cock out of my mouth, to end the *pain* on his sensitized glans, but I was not ready to release him. His balls disappeared into his body and I knew he was drained.

Rusty never touched me. He told me that I could jerk-off as I laid there next to him and I did. Working myself up full and fast, I shot a load up into the air and onto my stomach. Rusty laid there next to me watching, but made no move to touch me.

We remained roommates for another two weeks, and then he decided to go home to his wife. In that time we never jerked off again and we never mentioned the experience. Rusty would have to find himself at another junction. I did though, steal a pair of his dirty underwear and I still have them as a souvenir of our friendship. Thanks Rusty.—*Robert Craig, New York, NY.*

PART-TIME FAGGOT

I am a twenty-three year old college grad now working in New York. Three years ago an event took place that shocked and surprised me so much that it has taken me the last three years to understand my feelings. But now that I know where I'm at, I'd like to share the most exciting event of my life with your readers.

My girlfriend of my early college days, whom I'll call Dawn, was the first real love of my life. But after about two years of a happy and fiery relationship, our sex life, which I thought was great, began to slow down. Sex became unexciting for both of us, and after many days and nights of talk, we came to the conclusion that if we were going to stay together, we would have to try something new. I suggested that I would try almost anything. We tried some sex toys and talking dirty, and then one day Dawn brought home a copy of *Hustler*. Those three things did the trick for a while. I come from a strict home and have always been straight, but those hot three-ways between two guys and a girl were bringing me to new heights.

Finally, one night I broke down and confessed to Dawn that the nude guys in the magazine were driving me absolutely wild. I even told her that I had bought a few magazines of my own, including *Playgirl* and spent almost every night

jerking off to those hard, masculine bodies and cocks spread out before me. She suggested exactly what I wanted to hear, much to my utter amazement and shock, and after I heard her out, I agreed to let her help me find a man to make love with me.

About a week later, Dawn picked me up after explaining to me over the phone the night before what she thought we should do. We drove to a large house, where a guy Dawn had been friendly with lived. I knew Rick and thought he was attractive and had a nice body, but I didn't like him all that much.

Dawn and I walked in, and Rick was very friendly. He told us to make ourselves at home because everyone in his family was on vacation for the weekend. We had a few drinks, and within an hour things were very relaxed. I mentioned that my back was sore, and Rick quickly picked up on that line. Within moments he was sitting on my ass, giving me a great massage, while Dawn was watching television. He asked me to take my shirt off so that he could do a better job and I obliged. I was feeling fantastic. He rolled me over, and although I was a little uptight, I didn't say a thing. He began to play with my pecs, squeezing my nipples and licking and sucking them till I was shivering and moaning. I was loving every minute of it. Then he kissed me in a way that I had never been kissed before. He slipped his tongue deep into my mouth in such an agressive and forceful way that I felt my cock stretch out to its full eight inch length. He lay down on top of me, still kissing me, and I began to hump his hard, masculine body wildly. I whispered in his ear that he should take my pants off, and he said with a smile, "Yes, I think you're ready."

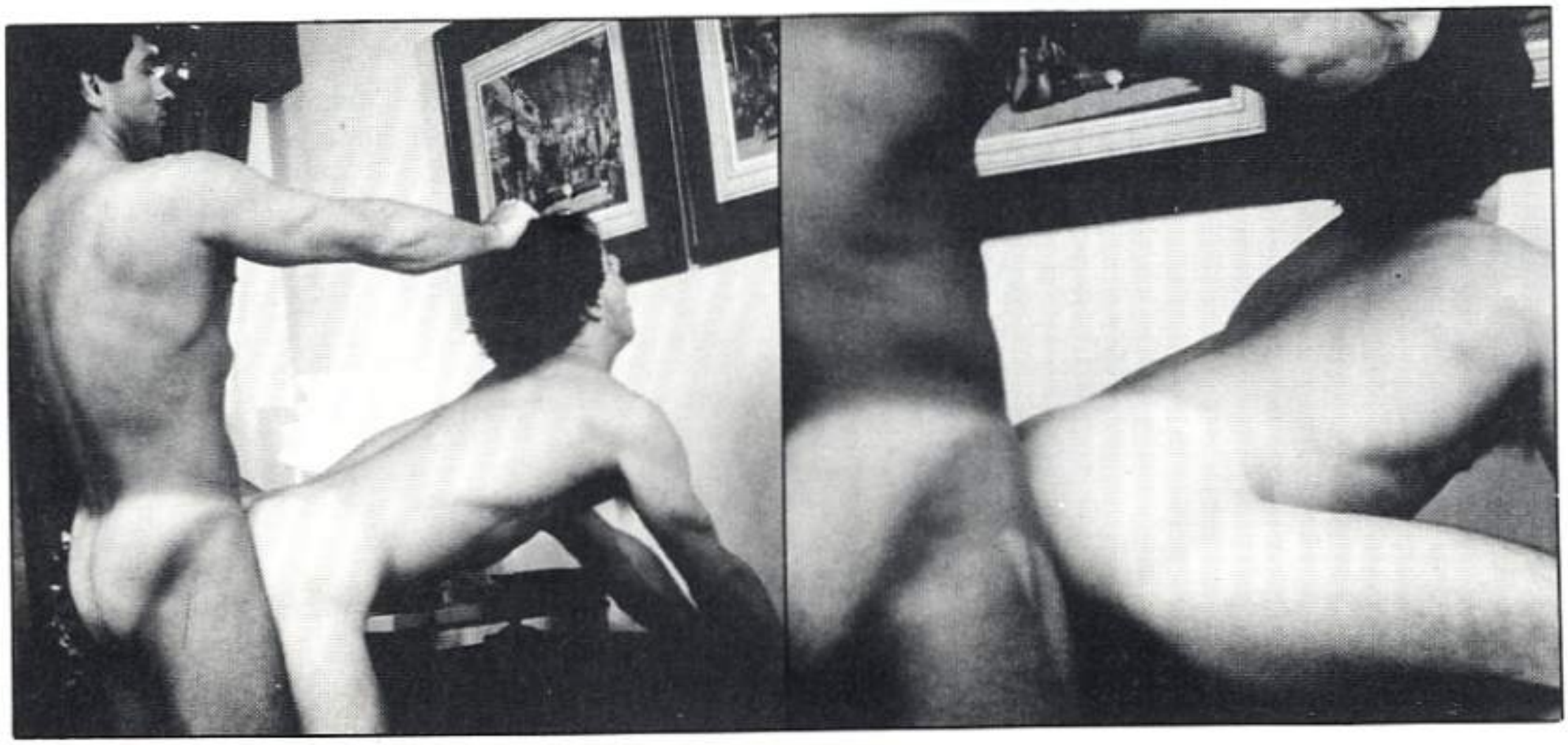
Dawn sat down on the floor next to the bed and watched. Then what happened next was simply amazing. I was competely nude. My dick was aching for pleasure. Rick licked his way down to my oozing prick and within seconds I was experiencing sensations that I'd never experienced before. He took my cock deep into his throat until I felt his warm breath on my pubic bone. I arched my back and let out a long, low moan. Finally, he pulled off my dick and lifted my legs into the air. Incredibly, I felt his tongue poking at my puckered asshole. He sucked and lapped at that tight little bud until it opened up for a thorough tongue-fucking. His tongue was magic.

For the next hour Rick ate out my ass, keeping me on the brink of orgasm. I never thought sex could be so incredible. Rick's mouth had me in absolute spasms. My body literally went into fits. My dick throbbed and my asshole convulsed. My cock was oozing pre-cum like a fountain.

Then I asked for something I never thought I would have the nerve to ask for. "Please take your clothes off and let me taste you," I said. He removed all his clothes except for his white jockey shorts which bulged in front with a mammoth cock and hugged a butt like I'd never seen on a man before. "If you want what's under here bad enough, you'll have to take these off yourself," he said. I pulled him down on me, humping and kissing on him as if my life depended on it.

After sucking on his defined pecs, which brought me to the brink of orgasm, I resumed my trip down to the place where I wanted to be. I smelled his musky, masculine odor through his shorts and licked around the edges and over his completely hard cock. Then I couldn't hold back. I took off his jockeys and saw a dick prettier than any I had ever seen in a magazine. I pushed my face onto him with complete abandon then moved on to his tight ass which I enjoyed licking and lapping, sucking up every drop of ass juice I could get at. At some point while I was loving him Dawn left. I couldn't stop to say goodbye. I ate him for at least fifteen minutes, but I could've done it forever. The taste, the smell, the feel, the warmth—fantastic!

We sixty-nined until we shot our loads into each other's face. It was the most enjoyable taste experience I'd ever known. His manjuice had a salty-sweet taste different from anything else on earth. Spent, we fell into a deep slumber with my face where it wanted



to be, close to Rick's enormous cock.

We made love a few more times after that night; mostly by ourselves, but also once more with Dawn there. The loving was as good every time. We even got into games where I was his slave and he was my king. I would walk around tied by the hands while I took verbal abuse and light smacks from him until I was so hot that I had to beg for him to finger my butt. He would lay me down on the bed and finger fuck me until I was wild to be fucked by his long, thick cock.

I'm now enjoying a relationship with a nice girl in which sex is secondary. We have fun together, but good sex for me means fucking with a man. I have considered becoming totally gay, but I like to company of women. Sex between two men, however, is much hotter than with women. I know there're a lot of guys who think about doing it, but are afraid of it. But if they'd let themselves go, really feel what a man can do for them, they'd be in for the greatest thrill of their lives.—*Allen James, Brooklyn, NY.*

THE BIGGER THE BETTER

Up until a few months ago, I was an unhappy, frustrated "housewife." Randall, my lover, had been trying everything to make me happy and content. I must say that we had tried almost everything until a friend lent Randall some X-rated movies.

We watched the first film, and it did nothing for me, but the second film devastated me. The star of the film was Jeff Stryker. I'd heard of Stryker, but since I'd never seen any gay porn, I'd never seen him or a cock as big as his. I must admit that prior to my relationship with Randall and up until a few months ago, I'd never had sex with a guy. As I watched the film, I became uncontrollably excited. My lover asked me what I thought of the film, and I told him I loved it. I also stated to him that I couldn't believe the size of the cock and that I was immensely turned on. Randall and I finished watching the film and went to bed and had fantastic sex. I kept thinking of the huge cock as Randall rammed my ass. I had finally realized what would make me sexually excited, a big dick. Randall is about average, five inches long when erect.

On a few occasions Randall and I had discussed opening our relationship up and having threesomes and foursomes, but to my surprise it was Randall who was against it. He said that if I wanted to, I could go out with other men, but he had no interest in anyone else.

As we talked, I found out that Randall has long had a fantasy of seeing me being fucked by another man. It looked as though both of our fantasies were going to be fulfilled. Randall had decided to find me a lover with a huge prick to see if what I saw on the film was for real. The blond guy being fucked my Mr. Stryker was out of his mind with pleasure.

Randall and I considered many different ways of finding my stud, but we decided to leave it up to him. He's a member of a local paddle ball club and health spa and has plenty of opportunity to look around in the lockerroom.

I waited about a month and began to get angry with Randall because he couldn't find anyone who would be suitable for my fantasy. Finally, on a Tuesday, Randall called and said that the stud's name was Doug and that he was a guest of someone at the spa. Doug was to be in town for two weeks. Randall wouldn't tell me anything about him—only that I would be quite satisfied. My mind and body went crazy. Randall arrived home and told me that he had told Doug that his brother was in town and that he was looking for a good time. Randall had set up a dinner date for Doug and me for Friday.

As Friday grew closer, my body began to tremble. I still don't know if it was because of anticipation or fear. I kept asking Randall questions about Doug, but he just smiled and told me to be relaxed and patient.

Friday arrived, and I was almost out of my mind. Randall arrived home and told me that Doug was on his way. I waited in the bedroom and double-checked my appearance. I must say I looked good.

The door bell rang, and Randall answered the door. He invited Doug in and fixed him a drink.

With my heart jumping I entered the room. Randall introduced us. Doug was gorgeous and had muscles for ever. After a few drinks, Randall excused himself, saying that he had work to do and hoped that we would have a good time. Doug and I were alone. After a short time, we left for dinner. I didn't eat much, but I did drink a few glasses of wine—something I don't normally do. I found myself staring at his crotch, and on one occasion, I'm sure he caught me.

We left the restaurant, and he asked me where I would like to go for a few more drinks. I told him I'd like to go back home. He agreed.

Upon arrival, we entered the living room and I told him to sit on the couch and I would fix him a drink. I sat next to him, and he put his arm around me and kissed my neck. This was more than I could stand. I kissed him, and we lay down on the couch. My heart was roaring. After a while I told him that we should go into the bedroom I quickly got up and almost ran into the room I took off my clothes faster than I ever have and found myself almost tearing his clothes off. I had never before acted like this, but after he removed his undwear I got even worse. His cock was huge! It stood out proudly, and I put my trembling hands around it. I pulled him on top of me and screamed that he should put it in me. He grabbed his cock in one hand and my head in the other and began rubbing the head against my lips. I opened my mouth and sucked in about two inches, trying to stretch my lips further so that I could accommodate even more. He continued to hold my head and feed more of that monster into my face.

Finally he rolled me over and began working on my asshole. I felt his tongue make a few tentative stabs at my man-pussy and then begin to fuck my hole in a frenzied manner, eating my ass like a starving animal. I'd never felt anything so incredible in my entire life. Soon he replaced his tongue with his cock and began to ease it into my spit lubed hole. I did everything I could to relax and take it, but it seemed as if he were just teasing me. I must say that I finally begged him.

Then it happened, Doug pushed and his cock slid up my ass, clear to the nut-bush. For the first time, my ass was being stretched properly. I couldn't believe the feeling. This dick of death was not only about ten inches long; it was thick. I humped madly, sliding on and off that pole like I was possessed. I was in love again. I was in love with a big cock. Doug began to really ram my ass. The feeling I got while it was being pushed to areas of my body that had never been touched by a dick before made me feel like a virgin again.

Doug fucked me exquisitely, and I didn't want it to end. We worked our way to a devastating final climax. He ripped his prick from my ass and sprayed my back with his load as I creamed the sheet beneath me. We both dressed, and to my dismay Doug left.

I had completely forgotten about Randall. When I returned to the bedroom I found him waiting for me. He had been hiding in the closet and had watched from the partly open door. He said that he had been turned on by watching Doug fuck me.

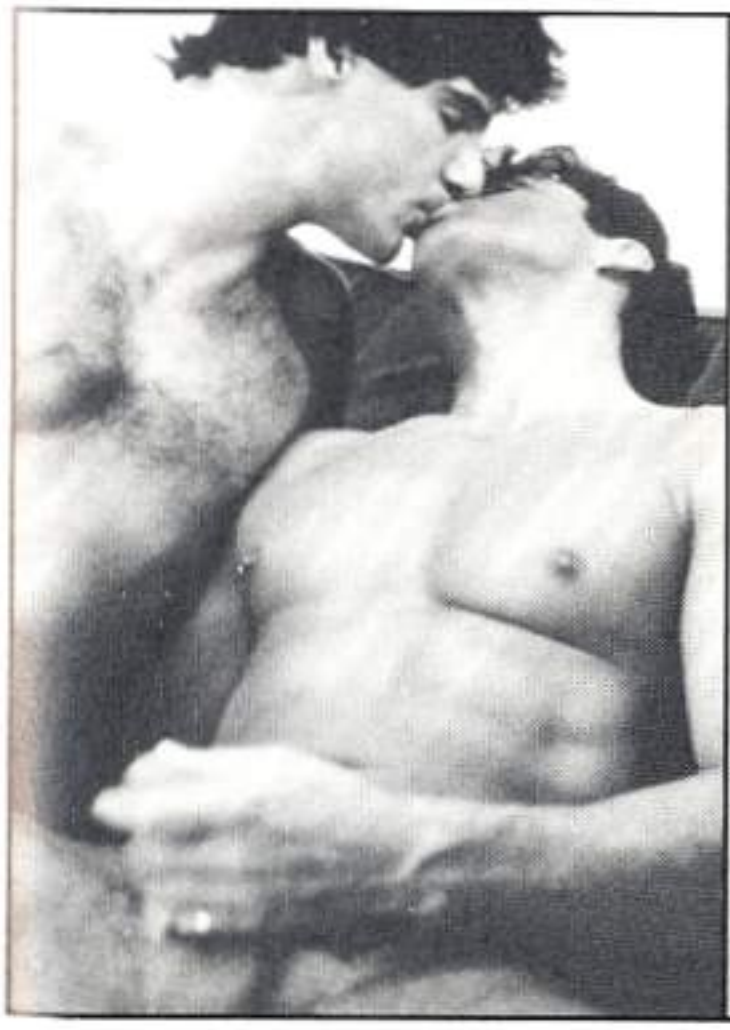
Randall and I went to bed and fucked, but I must say I had been spoiled by the earlier experience. I love Randall and with his understanding we are happier than ever. I get to go out and search for a big cock as long as I occasionally come home with a pick up and Randall can watch or I tell him every detail. This experience has helped our sexual relationship at home.

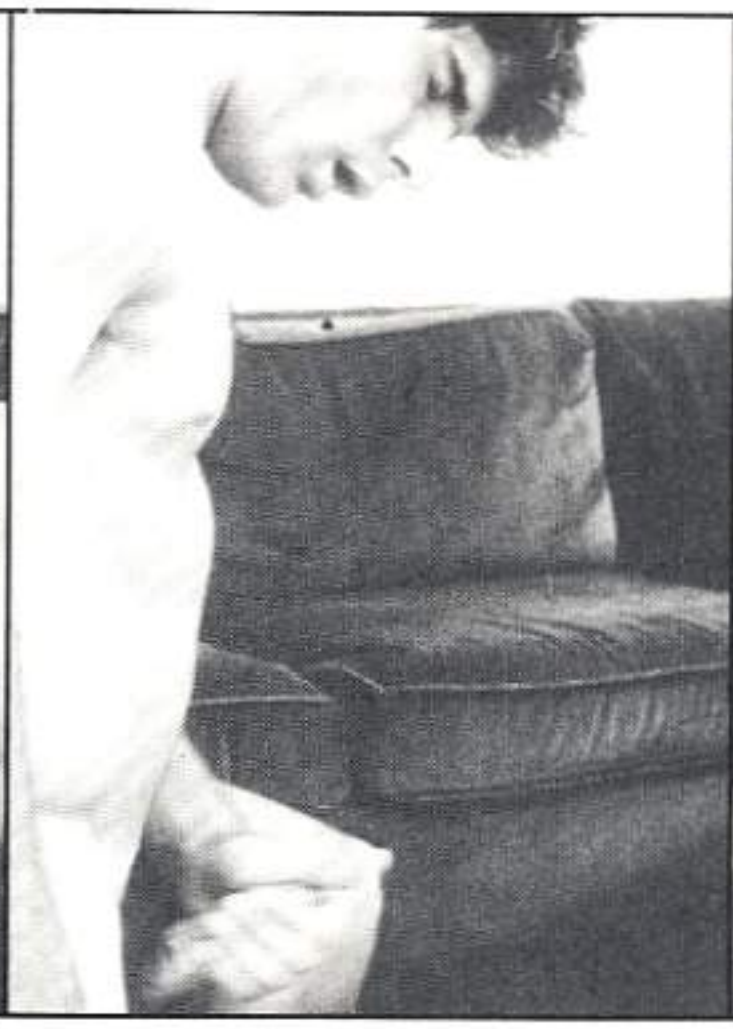
—James Tyrell, Cleveland, OH.

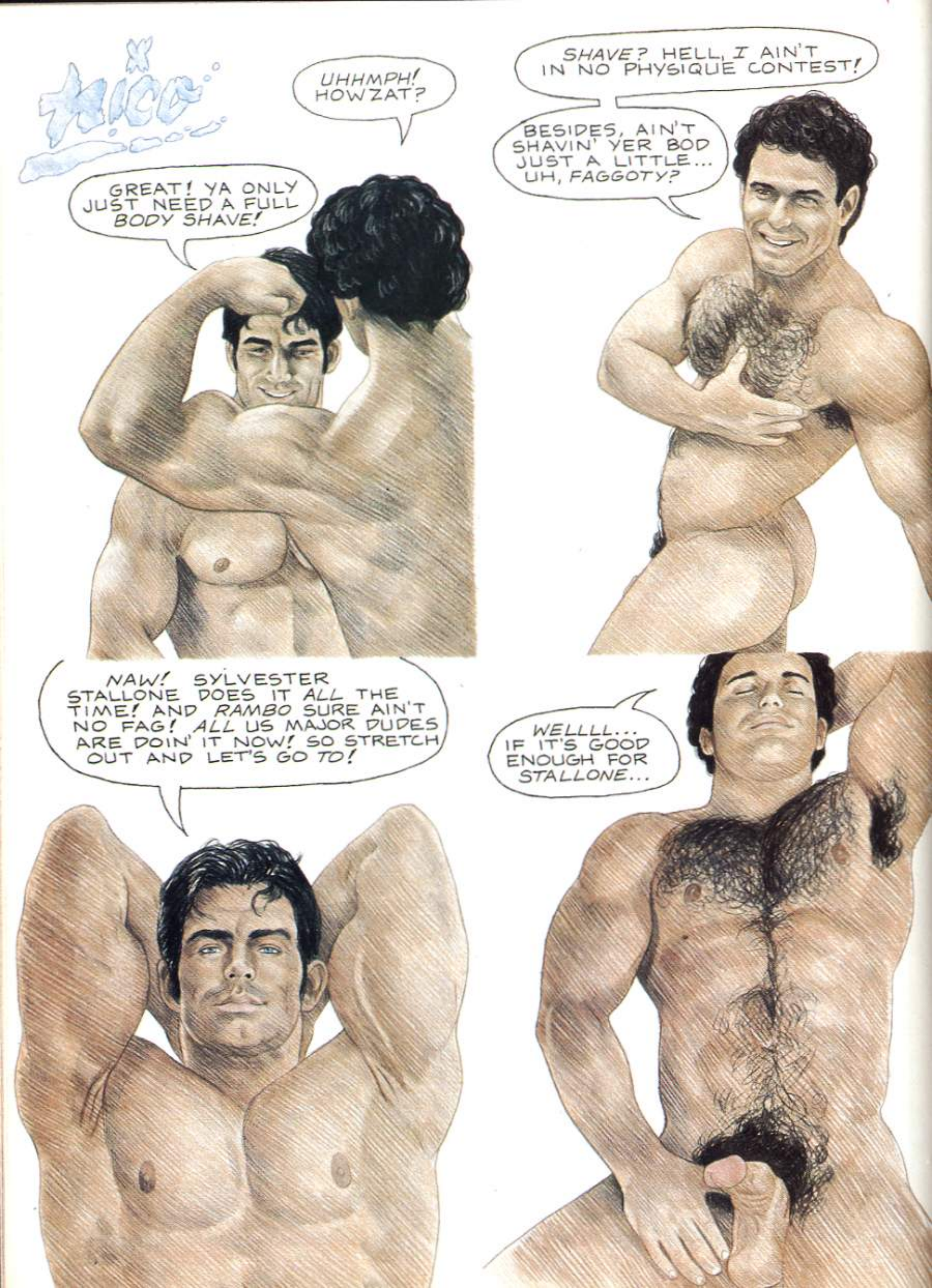
CONDOM SENSE

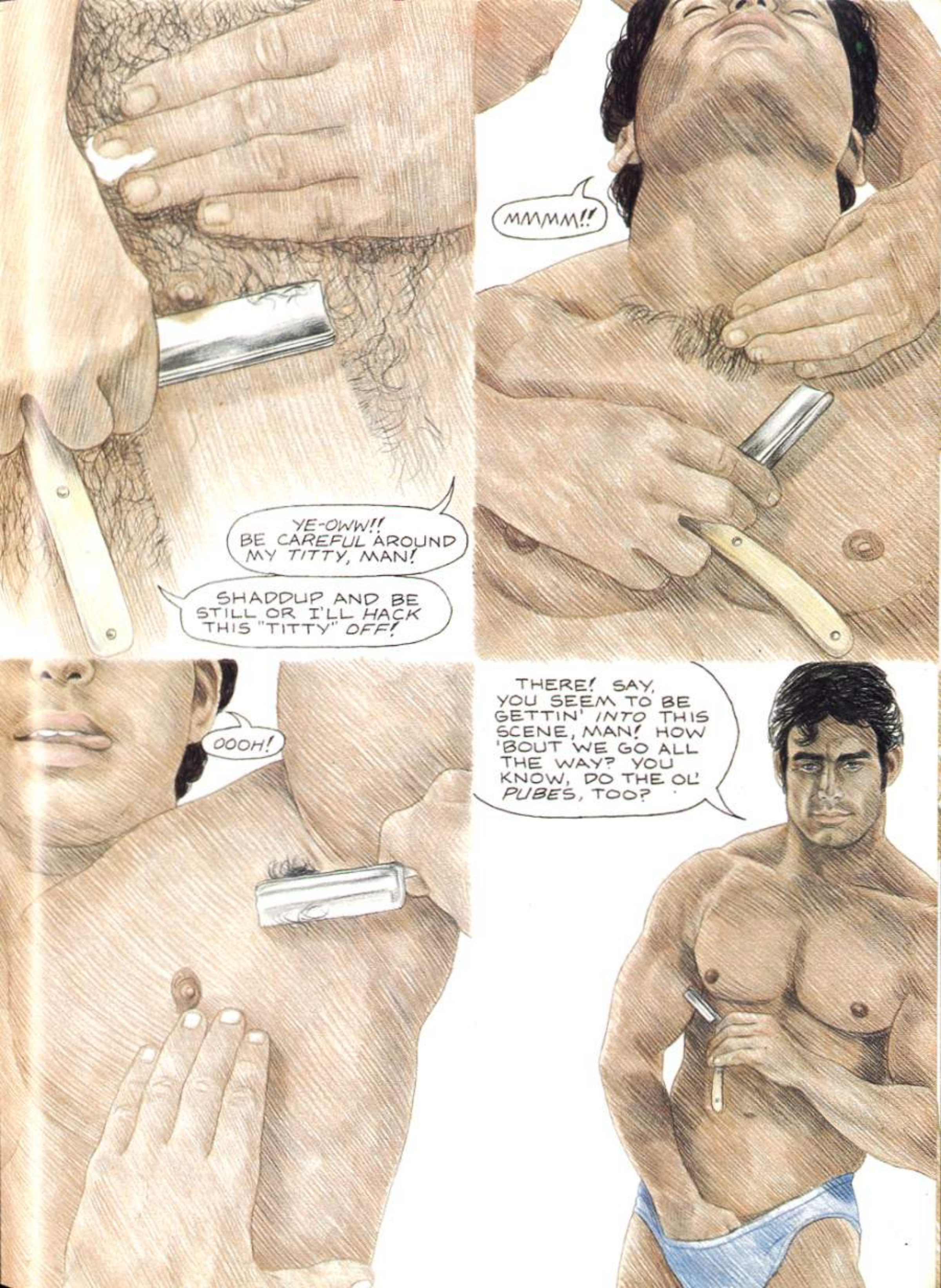
It was not until the 18th century that penile sheaths were given the name *condoms*, to be use for "protection from veneral disease and numerous bastard off spring." Once again, it was Casanova who was one of the first to popularize the condom. Today it is used as the primary means, in the absence of celibacy, to protect against AIDS and other sexually transmitted diseases. Remember: always play safely.

—Editor






Rico
UHHMPH! HOWZAT?
GREAT! YA ONLY JUST NEED A FULL BODY SHAVE!
SHAVE? HELL, I AIN'T IN NO PHYSIQUE CONTEST!
BESIDES, AIN'T SHAVIN' YER BOD JUST A LITTLE... UH, FAGGOTY?
NAW! SYLVESTER STALLONE DOES IT ALL THE TIME! AND RAMBO SURE AIN'T NO FAG! ALL US MAJOR DUDES ARE DOIN' IT NOW! SO STRETCH OUT AND LET'S GO TO!
WELLLL... IF IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR STALLONE...


MMMM!!
YE-OWW!! BE CAREFUL AROUND MY TITTY, MAN!
SHADDUP AND BE STILL OR I'LL HACK THIS "TITTY" OFF!
OOOH!
THERE! SAY, YOU SEEM TO BE GETTIN' INTO THIS SCENE, MAN! HOW 'BOUT WE GO ALL THE WAY? YOU KNOW, DO THE OL' PUBES, TOO?

NO WAY, DUDE! WHAT IF YA SLIPPED AN' WHACKED OFF MY DICK OR NUTS?
THEN YA'D BE AN EVEN BIGGER PUSSY! RELAX, PAL! I'M AN OLD HAND AT IT... SEE?
YEAH! GET ALL MY HAIR OFF, MAN!
OH, SHIT! THIS FEELS SO GOOOD! DO MY ASS!
NOW THAT YER ALL HOT AN' BOTHERED, YA WANNA GET YER HOT HOLE PLUGGED?
YEAH, STUD! DO IT TO IT!

GET YER ASS OPEN...
UHH! THAT'S GOOD, MAN!
AAHHGG!!
UHHN! SMOOTH! SMOOTH! I'M SO FUCKIN' SMOOTH!
AAHHRHN!
...YEAH...

Indian Summer

Fiction by William Cozad
Art by Catalina

In the heart of San Francisco is Union Square, a block of prime real estate with some grass and shrubs in the middle of the concrete jungle of stores and hotels.

It's the slow season after the holidays and before the summer tourists.

Every morning Buster Shaw left his hotel room and went to the park to sit in the sun, pass the time of day and look for some action.

The nickname Buster, from his father, stuck with him. He hated his given name Damon, which his mother admitted she'd read in some romantic novel. In high school the kids teased that Buster got crabs at Fisherman's Wharf, and laughed.

Buster seemed a particularly inappropriate name for a gay waiter who worked in a posh Union Square hotel. The slow season was why Buster took his business to the streets, so to speak. Not that he was selling his

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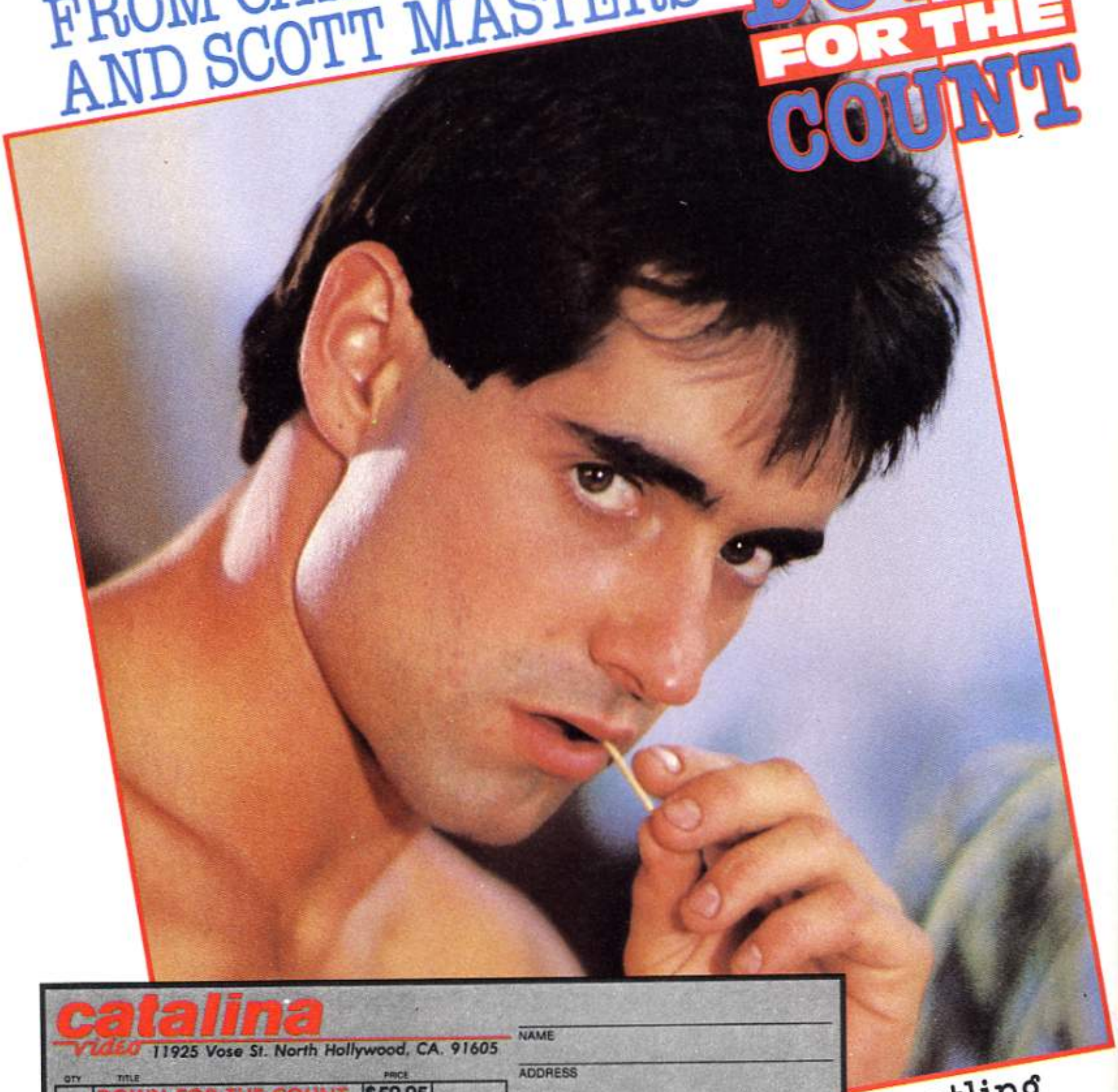

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Wrestling is the sport but sex is the name of the game

ass, because he had the romantic notion that love and sex should be free. Besides, he was pushing thirty and not exactly tough competition for the twinkie street boys.

Union square had a life of its own. Old people sat in the sun and lived in the past. A big phallic statue that commemorated victory in the Spanish-American War protruded into the sky. It would seem more appropriate to be shoved up Twin Peaks tunnel.

Illegal aliens, those handsome bronze-skinned Mexican boys without green work cards lay on the grass and smoked joints. The lawn was shared with winos nipping from jugs in brown paper bags.

Pigeons strutted around the statue and crapped everywhere. Their cooing drowned out the ranting of some scruffy religious nut who raved that the world was coming to an end.

Buster closed his eyes. He wondered how he got to be thirty so fast. He knew the answer, the truth was living in the fast lane of gay life—booze and poppers and impersonal sex with Castro clones. Something was missing from his life. Maybe he was ready for another lover.

A fire engine wailed up Geary Street. No, he promised himself. Not after the living hell with Michael, who'd overdosed in a Polk Street alley with foam running out of his nose and mouth.

Several hundred tricks later, Buster still wasn't happy. Looking for love in Union Square wasn't the ideal place. Especially since he'd read in the paper that the cops monitored the drug dealing, looking through binoculars from nearby buildings.

He felt the vibrations of someone sitting down beside him on the yellow metal park bench. He opened his eyes to see a swarthy young stud with raven hair and ebony eyes. The youth's shirt was unbuttoned, revealing a smooth hairless chest and brown nipples.

The stud was smoking a joint. "Want a hit?"

Buster toked the weed. He hadn't smoked for sometime, and he felt suddenly high.

"I'm George."

"Uh, Buster. That's strong stuff."

"Us Indians know how to cultivate the best."

"Indian?" Buster had figured the stud to be an illegal. Yeah, he had those high cheekbones and reddish skin. Everything but a feather in his hair.

"I'm a Pueblo. Not a sweet Sioux."

The gleam in the Indian's eye made Buster's cock swell. "How about a beer? I live nearby."

"Sure. But you know what happens to Indians when the white man gives them firewater. They go fucking crazy!"

Buster smiled. "I'll take my chances." He looked at the outline of the big circumcised cock in the Indian's Levi's and he felt his asshole twitch.

Buster and the Indian youth walked silently to the waiter's hotel.

The nosy maid who was running the vacuum sweeper over the threadbare carpet gave them a knowing look but said nothing.

Inside his room, Buster took two cans of beer from the small fridge. George chug-a-lugged the beer.

Buster flipped on the radio to some music to drown out the vacuum that was banging against the molding in the hallway. He grabbed George and pulled him down on the narrow bed. He groped the Indian's stiff prick.

"I want to fuck your ass, man."

"I don't go for that stuff," Buster teased. He managed to unbutton the Indian's Levi's, and freed the big cut cock. He swooped down on the throbbing cock and put his lips around it. He tasted the spongy fuckmeat and smelled the musky body aroma.

George moaned and rubbed Buster's curly blond locks. Buster was turned on by the contrast of the brown-red skin against his own alabaster body. And George pumped his monstrous cock in and out of Buster's mouth.

Buster choked on the big meat. He took his mouth off and grabbed the pulsing cock by the base and jacked on it, noting the slimy pre-cum ooze on the flared cockhead. While he held onto the giant cock, Buster licked the ball sac, sucking one hard nut then the other one inside his mouth.

George moaned, "Yeah, that's it. Suck my balls, man. Ummm."

Buster freed the Indian's balls and ran his tongue down the perineum to the hairless crack between the smooth ruddy mounds. He forced his tongue into the asscrack. He lapped at the pucker and poked his tongue inside.

"Ahhh! Eat my ass, man. That feels so fucking good!"

He managed to unbutton the Indian's Levi's, and freed the big cut cock. He swooped down on the throbbing cock and put his lips around it. He tasted the spongy fuckmeat and smell the musky body aroma. George moaned and rubbed Buster's curly blond locks.

Buster choked on the big meat. He took his mouth off and grabbed the pulsing cock by the base and jacked on it, noting the slimey pre-cum ooze on the flared cockhead. While he held onto the giant cock, Buster licked the ballsac, sucking one nut and then the other into his mouth.

Buster gushed his load of hot cum on the Indian's stomach. He lapped up the pool of cum on the Indian's stomach mixed with drops of his own load. He leaned down, kissed him and dripped the bitter-sweet mixture of cum into George's mouth. George's spent cock stayed stiff.

Buster reached down and took out his own dick and stroked it in rhythm to tongue-fucking the hot Indian stud.

George rubbed Buster's head and groaned while the waiter's tongue darted in and out of the tangy fuckhole.

Buster whipped his dick faster and faster, ready to explode his load of fuckjuice.

George grunted. Buster looked up and watched the geyser of molten cum spew out of the Indian's cockhead.

Buster sat up and gushed his own load of hot cum on the Indian's crotch and stomach.

Oh man, that got me so damned hot! I couldn't hold back after you kept rimming me."

Buster lapped up the pool of cum on the Indian's stomach mixed with drops of his own load. He leaned down, kissed the Indian and dripped the bitter-sweet mixture of cum into George's mouth.

George's spent cock stayed stiff. "I want to fuck your ass."

"No, don't. You'll hurt me."

"I'm not leaving until my dick gets soft again."

"You got your rocks off, you should be happy."

"Not until I fuck that hot ass of yours." George tugged at the waiter's slacks until he had them off. And he stripped off Buster's t-shirt.

Buster egged on the Indian stud. "I don't think you're man enough to fuck me."

Before Buster knew what was happening, he found himself being spread-eagled and tied to the bedposts with sheets. A feeling of terror swept over him. Maybe this crazy Indian would really hurt him.

"You're pretty tough, but I can handle your ass."

"I could get loose if I really wanted to," Buster said.

"I'd just tie you up again."

"You're mean, you crazy Indian."

"Mean enough to fuck your ass."

Buster felt the sweat drip off George's body as the hunky Indian inserted his big dick into Buster's tight asshole. Buster listened to the heavy breathing of the stud who'd lubed his ass only with spit. George plunged his big dick in and out of Buster's ass with deep strokes which seared the asshole.

"So tight and it feels so good!" George grunted.

"Harder, Indian. Fuck me harder!" Buster gyrated his hips and pushed back at the invading fuckmeat.

George took shorter and faster strokes now. Buster lay still while the Indian with the rock hard cock blasted his load of steaming cum into Buster's guts. Buster clamped his ass muscles around the softening prick and squeezed every drop of juice that he could out of the Indian's balls.

George's flaccid dick plopped out of Buster's asshole, and without untying his partner, he dressed and left.

Summer came and with it, the return of tourists to the hotel. Buster was working regular shifts again. With numbers in the bookstore arcades when he felt the urge, Buster went on with his life. He relegated the memory of George the Indian to his fantasies, to his mental jerk-off file and to his wet dreams.

One sunny summer day Buster walked through Union Square on his way home from work. He couldn't believe his eyes. There was George sitting on a park bench.

"How's it going?" Buster asked, trying to sound casual.

"I've thought about you a lot," George said. "Hey, I'm sorry. I mean, I got carried away—"

"Where the hell have you been?"

"On the reservation." George smiled. "I don't get to the city often. I work on my folks' farm in the Sacramento Valley. I'll bet you forgot all about me."

"How about a beer?"

"Sounds good."

Buster looked into the Indian's dark eyes and saw that gleam of lust. "If you promise—"

"Anything. I just want to be friends."

"Promise that you'll act nasty like before."

"Really?"

Inside his hotel room, Buster wasted no time. He'd never been so hungry for a man before.

Buster expected a protest when he crawled between the Indian's legs and rubbed his cockhead into the asscrack.

"Fuck me, Buster. I want to feel your big dick inside me. I've thought about you a thousand times."

Buster lifted George's legs in the air. With Vaseline from the drawer in the nightstand beside the bed, he lubed the Indian's asshole.

George grabbed Buster's

Buster took long strokes into the Indian's tight asshole. George pulled the waiter's head to his. With his tongue buried in George's mouth, Buster rammed his prick in and out of the Indian's ass. He felt the cum boil in his balls. Gobs of hot fuckjuice sprayed into the Indian.

randy prick and guided it up his hot fuckhole. He scissored his legs around his stud's waist.

Buster took long strokes into the Indian's tight asshole. George pulled the waiter's head to his. With his tongue buried in George's mouth, Buster rammed his prick in and out of the Indian's ass. He felt the cum boil in his balls and rush up his tube. He plunged in to the hilt, and gobs of hot fuckjuice sprayed into the Indian's bowels.

After his spent cock slipped out of the Indian's ass, Buster's lips encircled George's throbbing cock, lubing it up with his spit before impaling his ass on the stiff organ. He raised and lowered himself on George's dick until it shot gobs of warm cum up his butt.

George withdrew his cock and snaked into a sixty-nine position. Two hot mouths cleaned the butt-slime off two spent pricks. Buster cupped the Indian's balls and probed a loving finger up the slimey hole while he coaxed the rest of the cum out of the Indian's nuts. At the same time Buster roughly mouth-fucked George.

George grunted and unloaded another wad of manjuice into Buster's mouth. Buster pulled his throbbing prick out of the Indian's mouth and sprayed pearly drops of cum onto the Indian's chest. He rubbed the sticky goo all over the redskin's torso.

"I've never been this hot before," George said. "I don't want to lose you again."

"Maybe we can working something out."

"What do you mean?"

"I could probably find a job in Sacramento. Maybe we could live together. I'm tired of San Francisco; tired of the clones. I've looked all my life for someone like you."

"I'll bet you say that to all your tricks."

"If you don't want me—"

George put his arms around the waiter. "All we can do is try it out and see what happens."

"Do you really mean it?"

"On one condition. Everytime you fuck this Indian's ass, you're going to get it back, harder." He grabbed the waiter's ass. "Like this, Buster!"■

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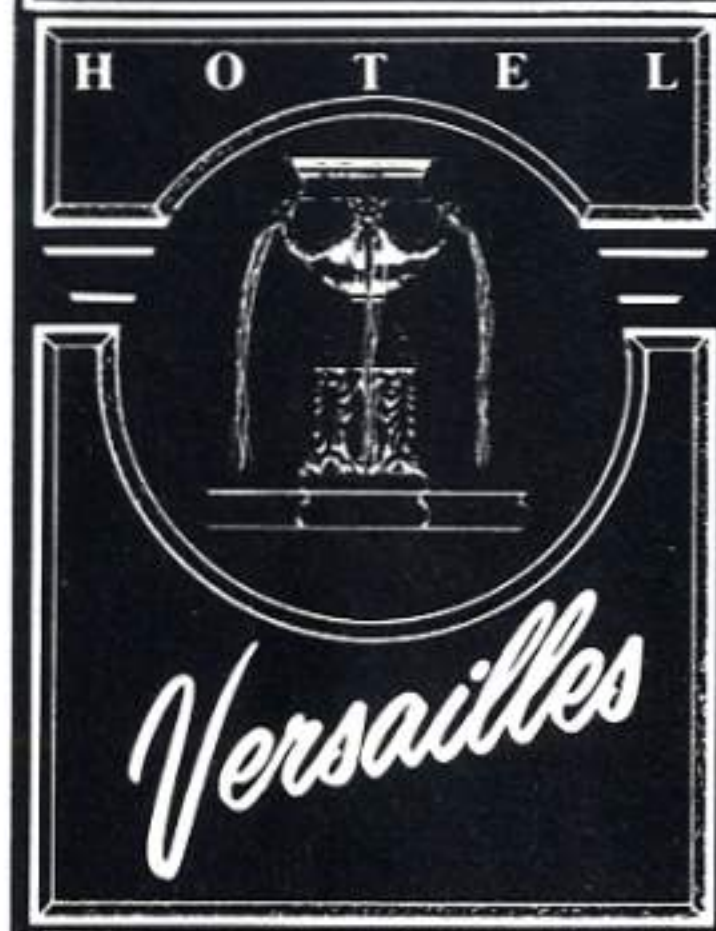

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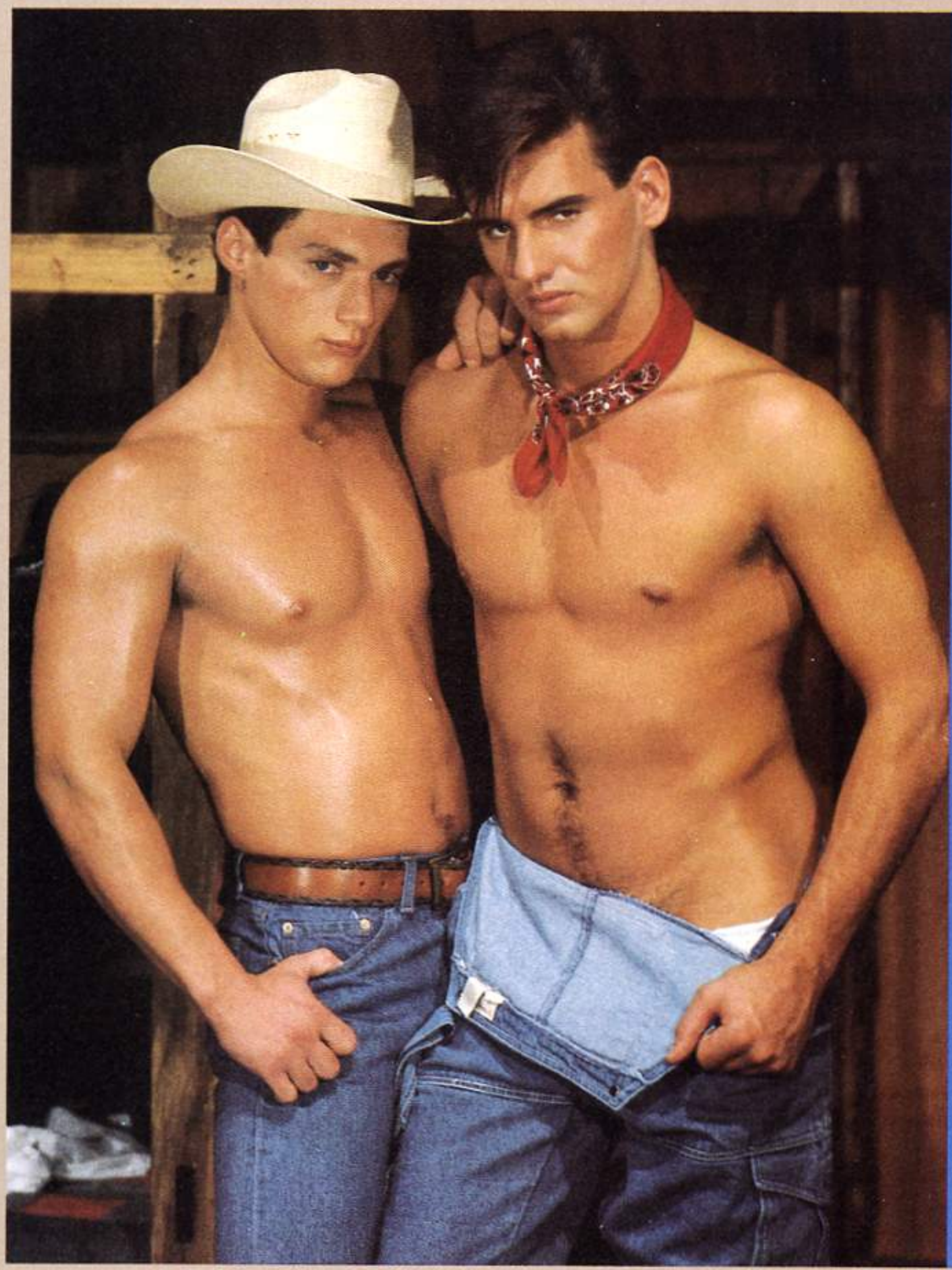

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