INDULGE

INDULGE

FOR MEN

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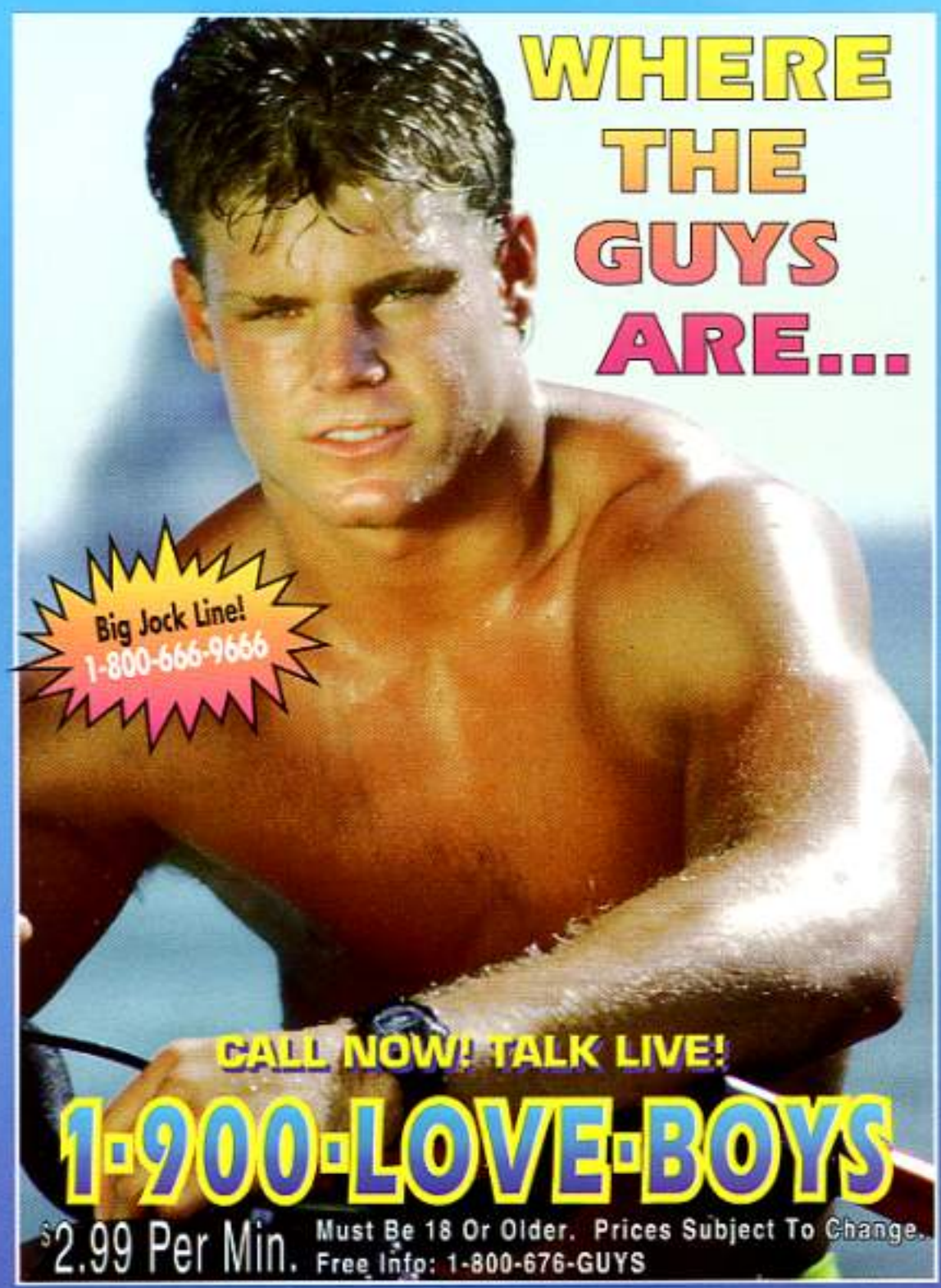
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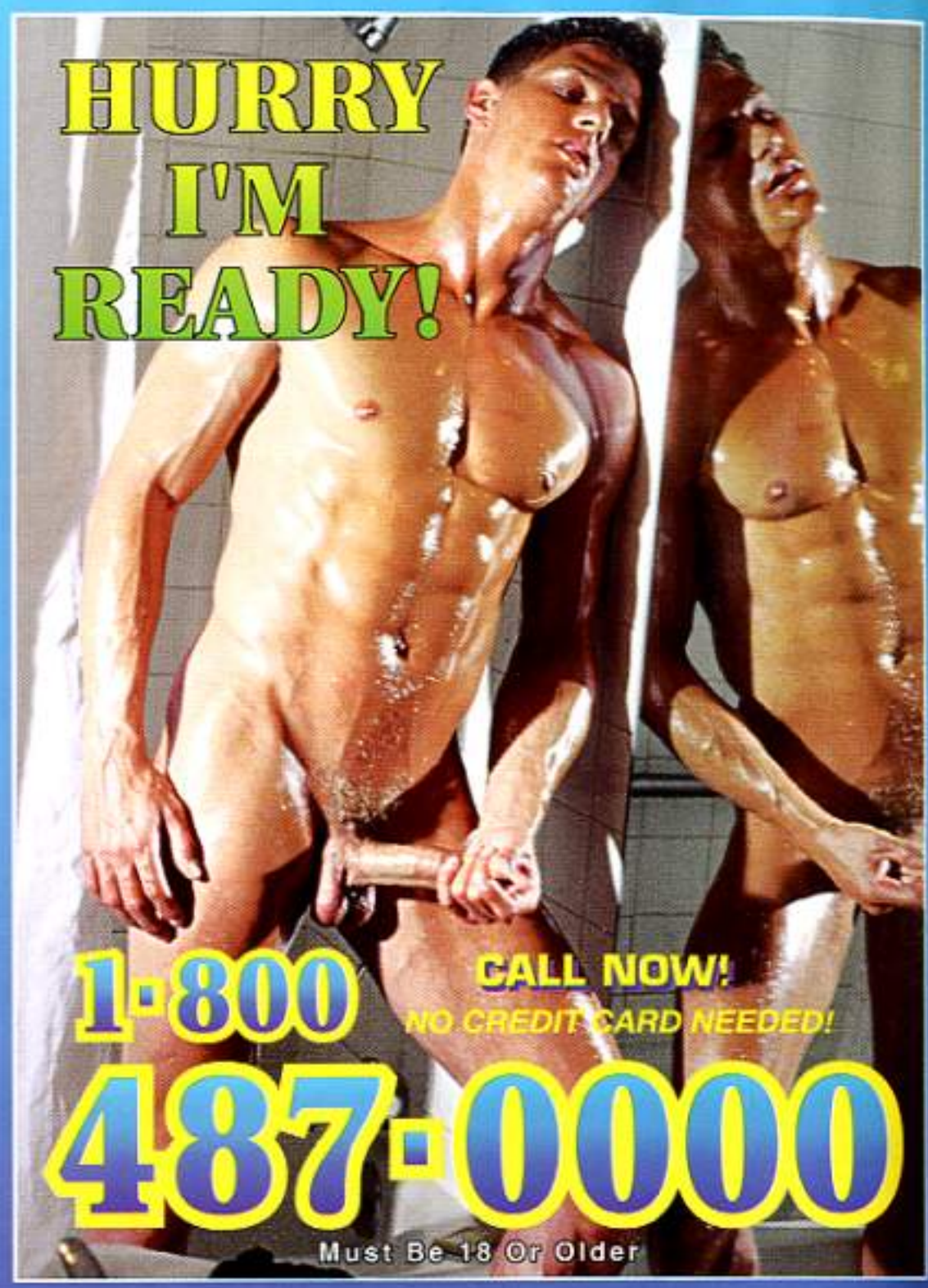
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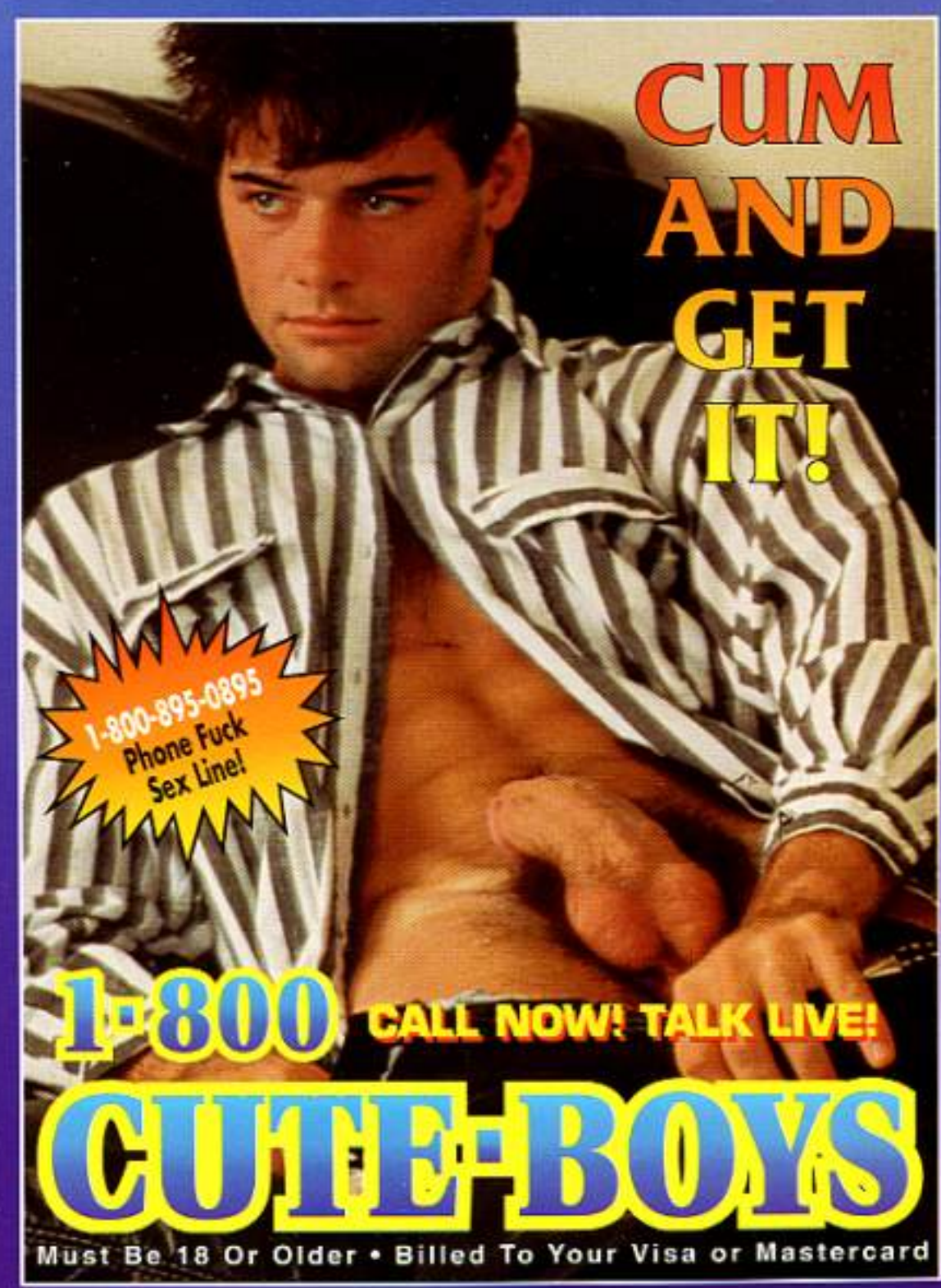
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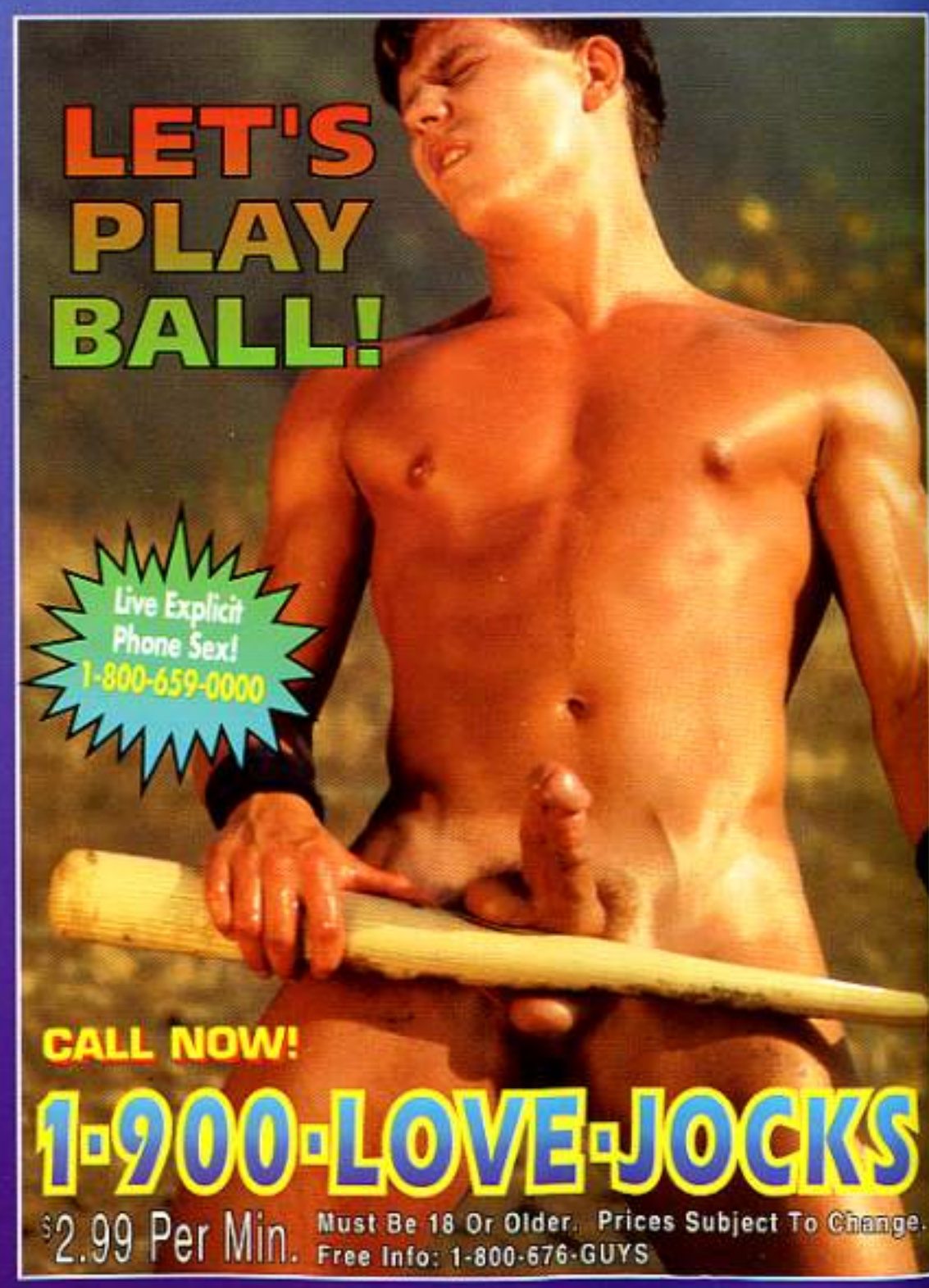
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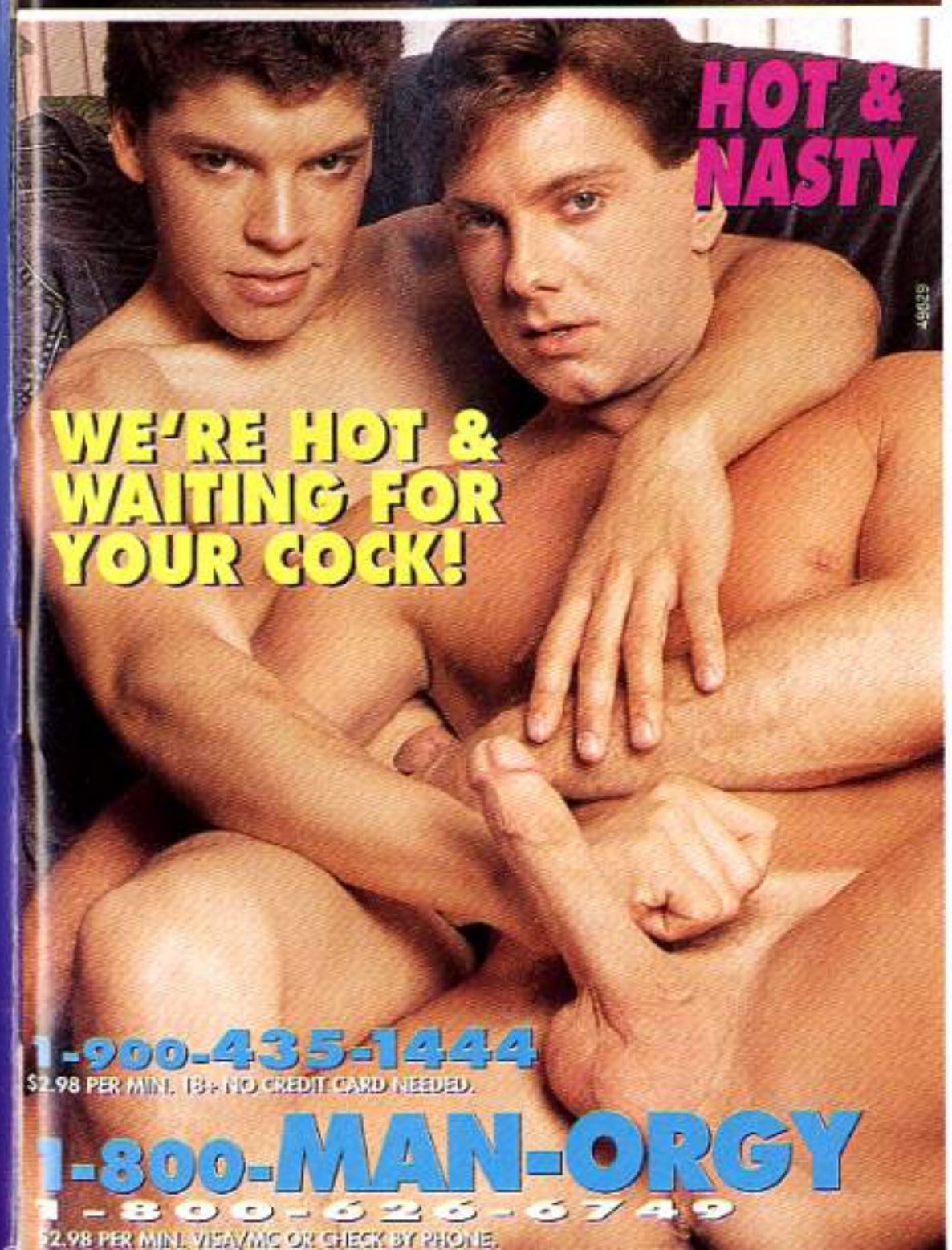
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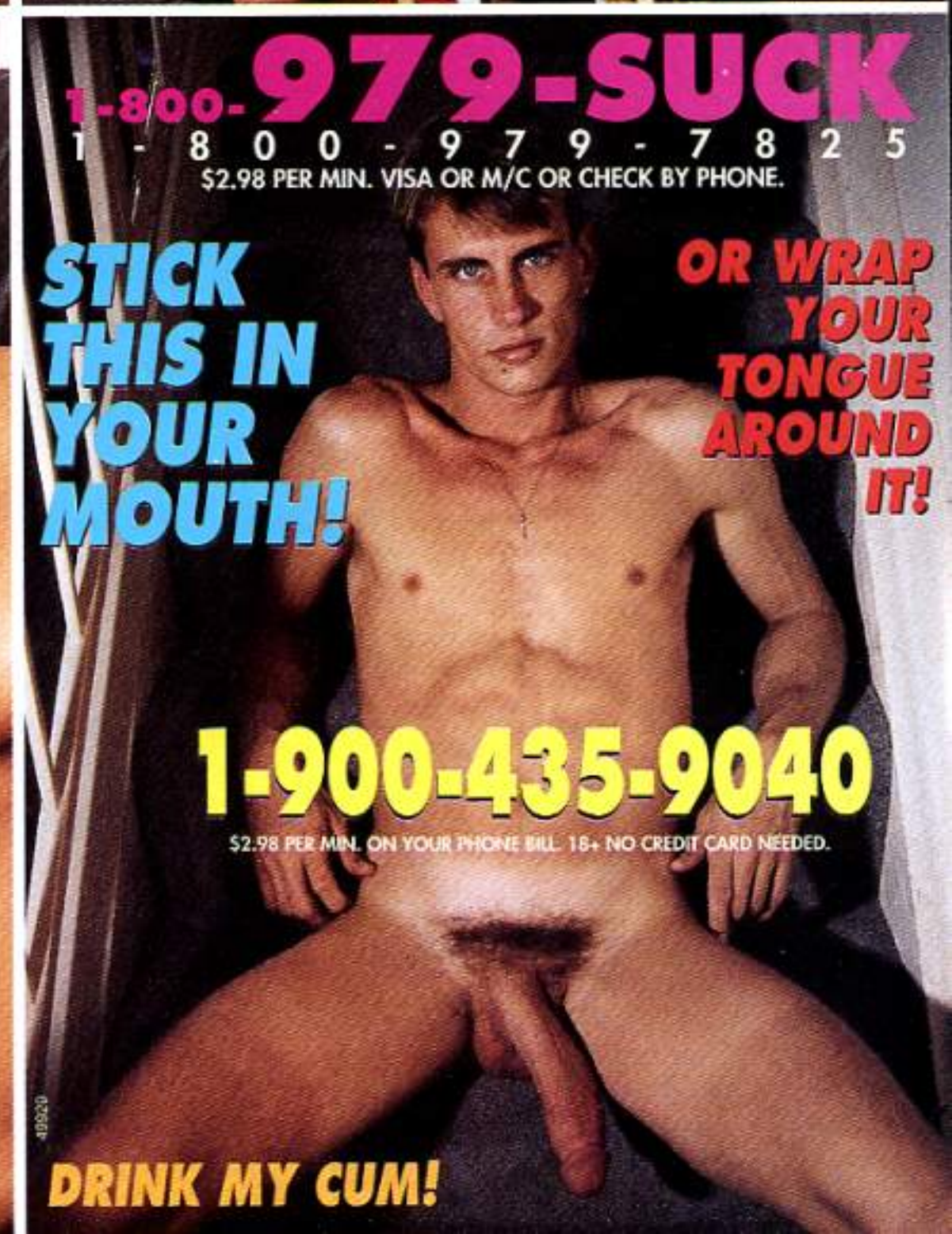
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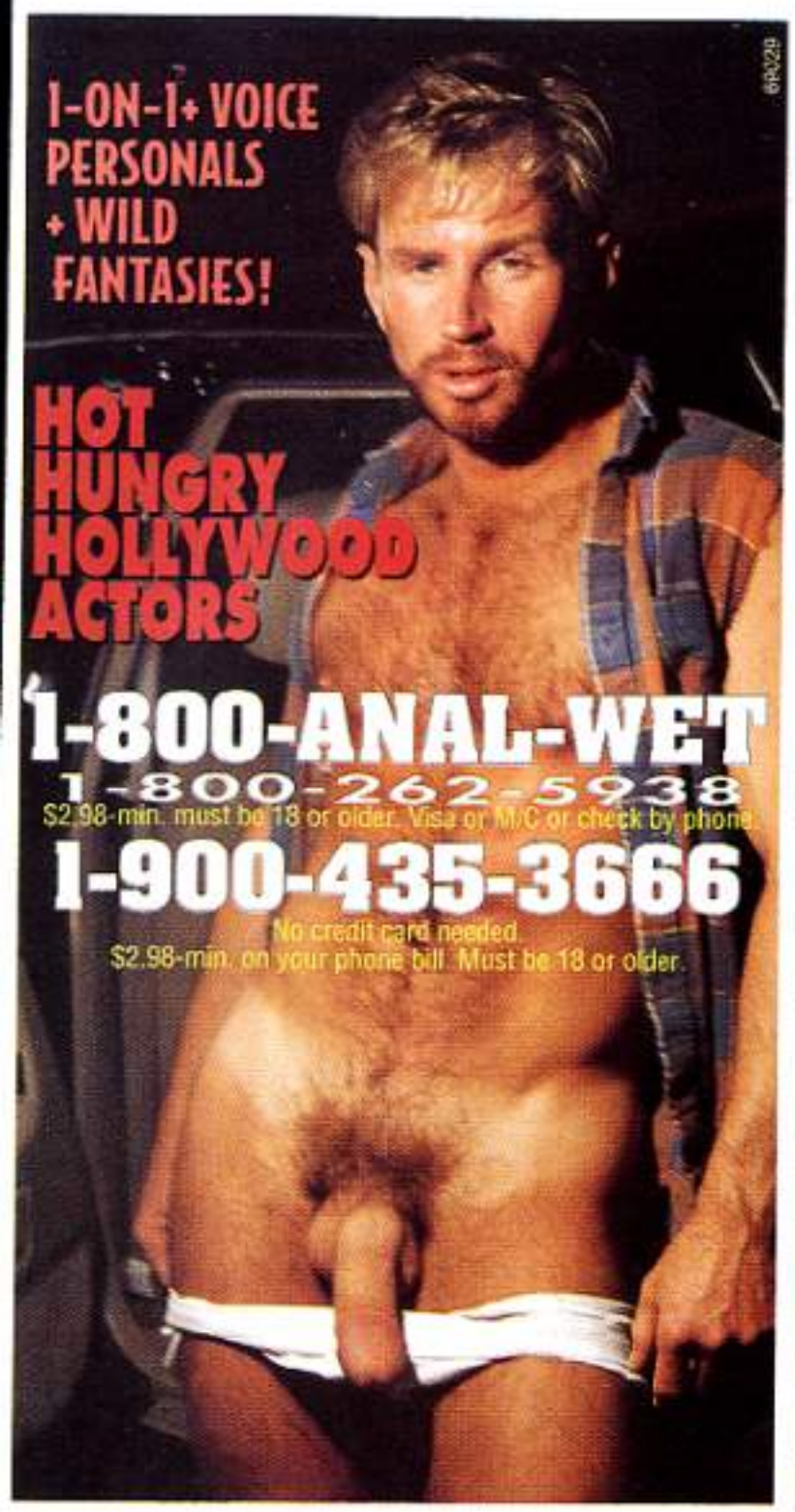

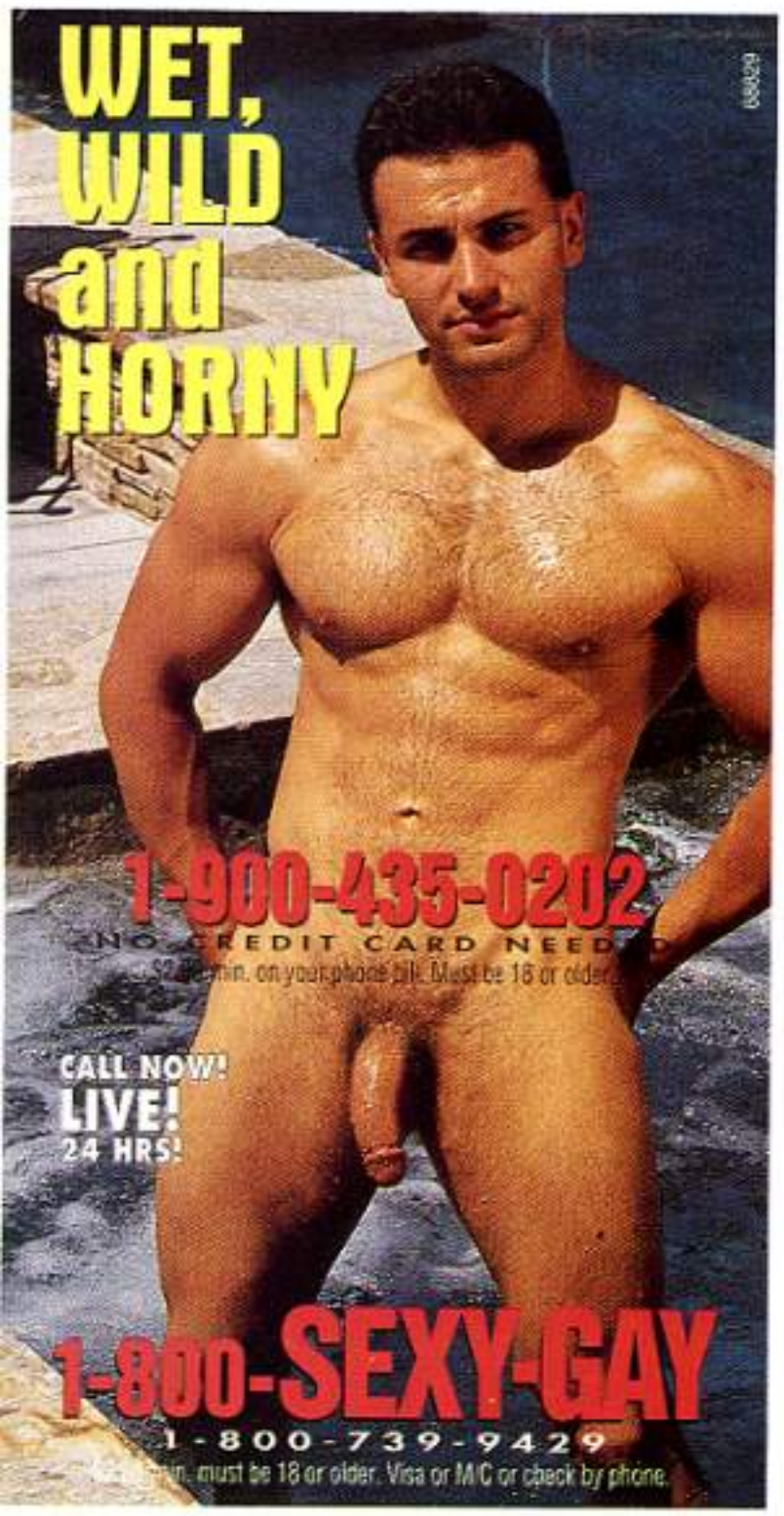

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models

Mark Dandridge 09 photos by David
Alexander Britto 23 photos by Marcostudio
Brad Blaylock 37 photos by Studio 1435
Taylor Bennett 51 photos by David
Ian Kier 65 photos by Arroquun
Jim Kennedy 75 photos by Per Lui

erotica

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Lodge Brothers 44 fiction by Wayne Adams
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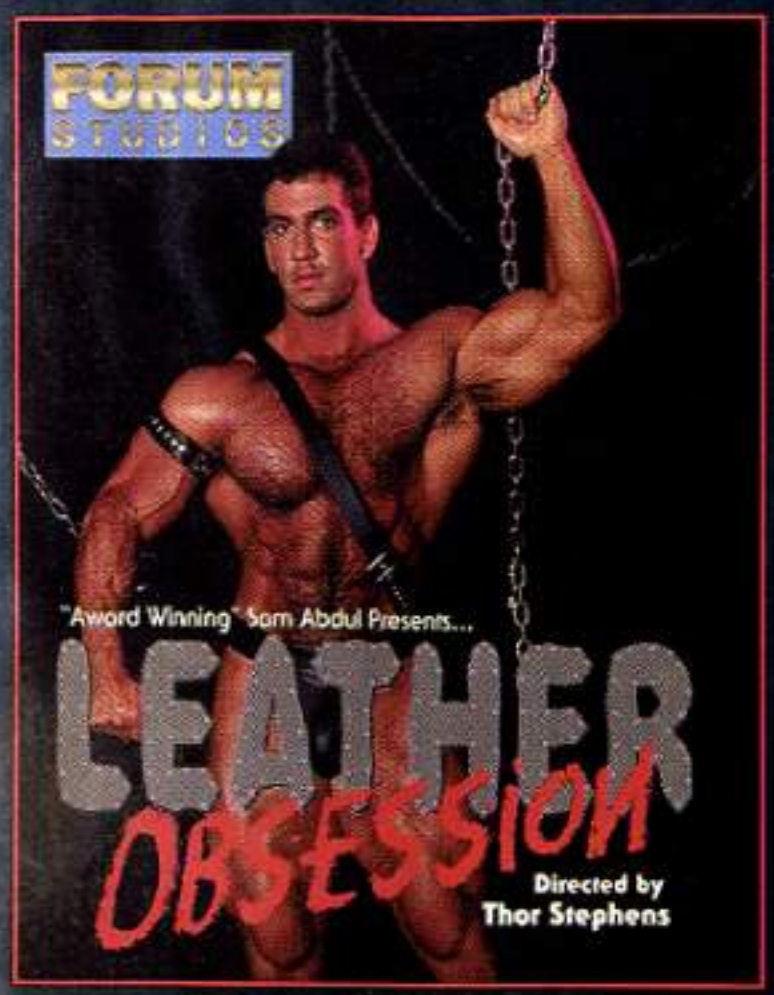

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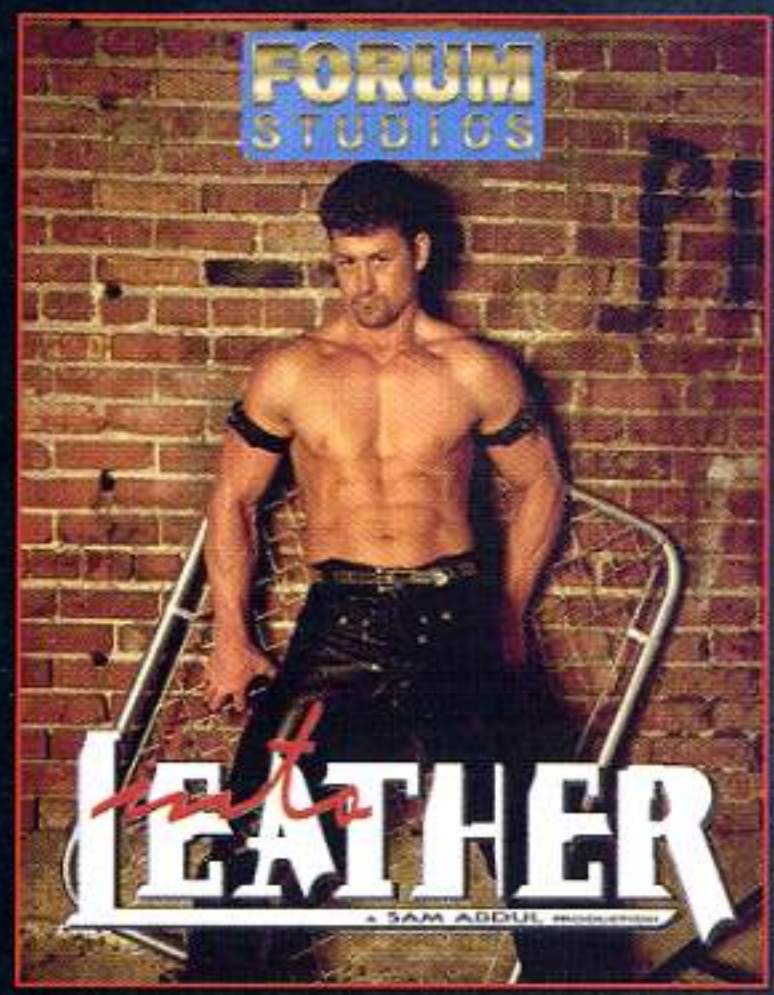

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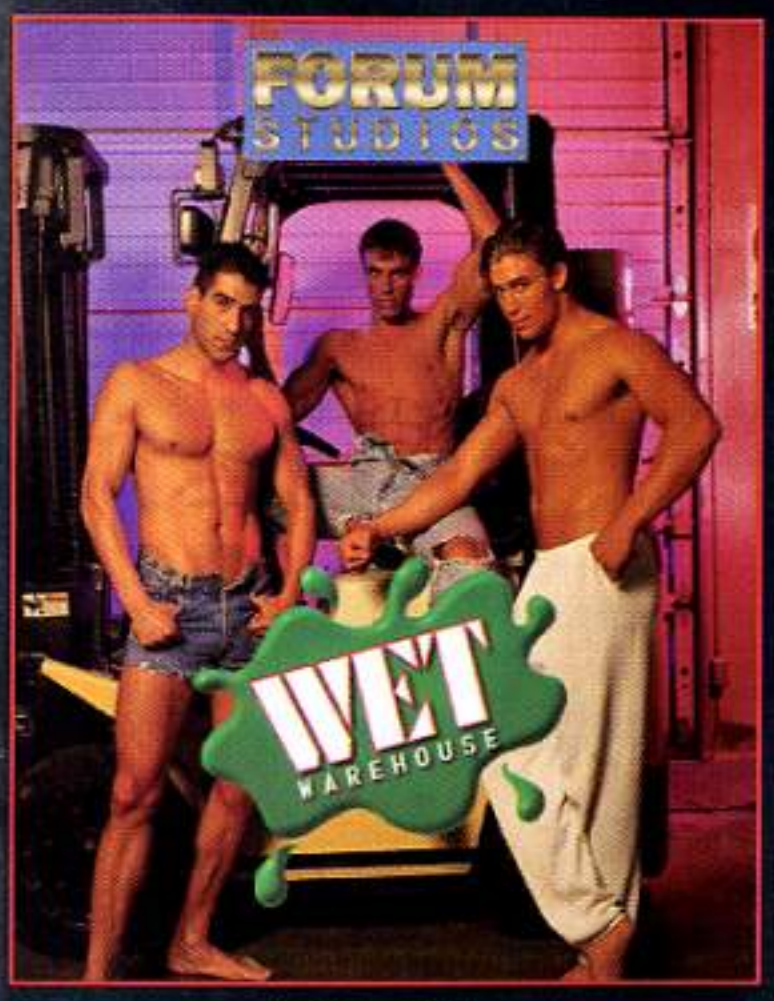

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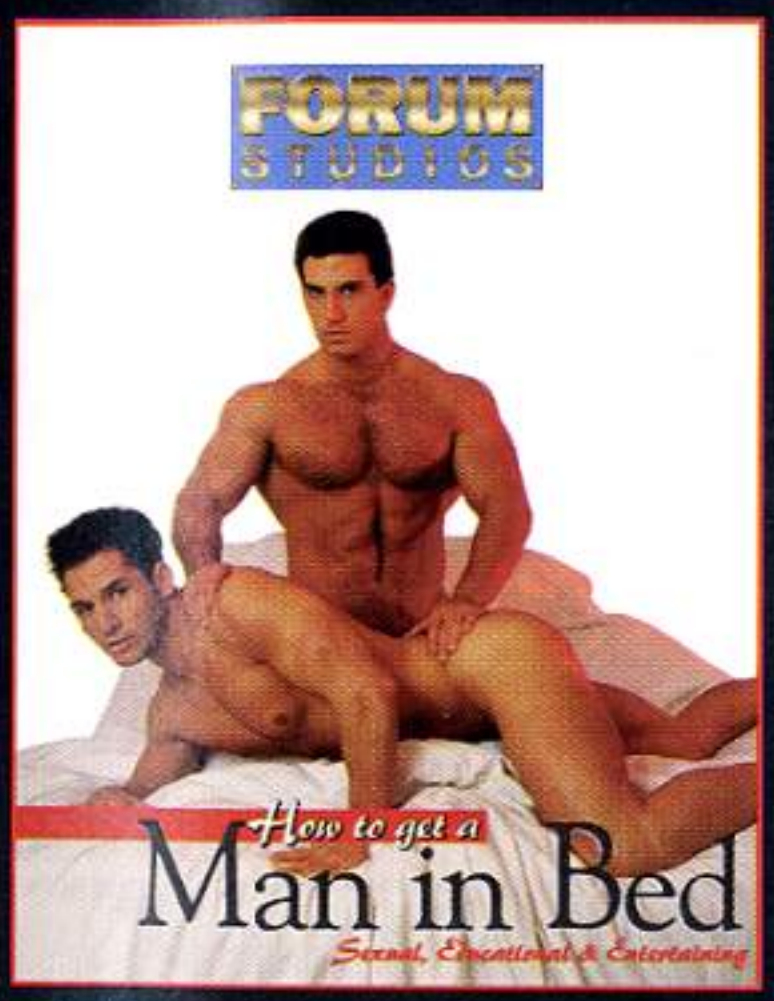

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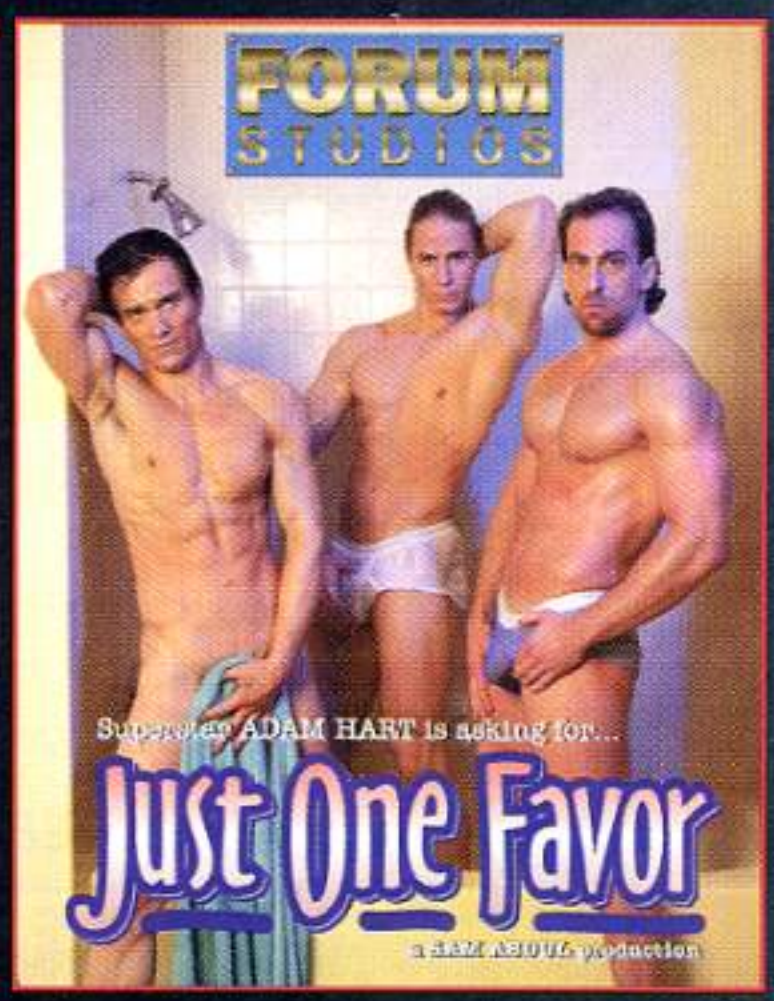

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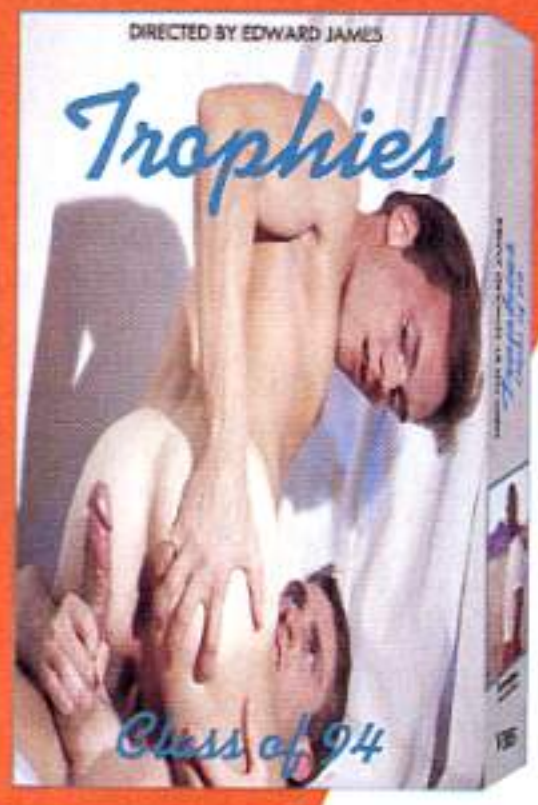

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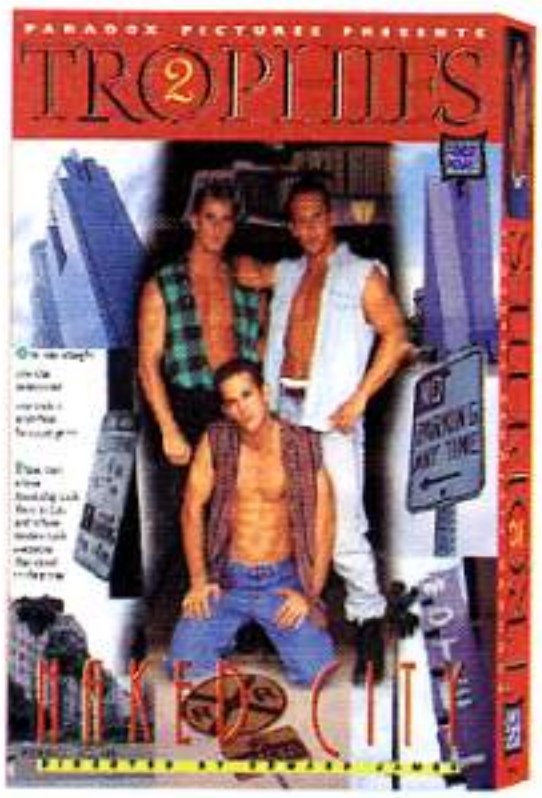

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John Minnow is the archetypal stud muffin. He's buff and hot and I bet he's all creamy inside. I'd love to suck it out.

You showed a close-up of his fucking intense and slightly furry ass, but I wish he had spread his legs a little more so I could get a look at his hairy fuckhole. I jacked myself off thinking about pushing my tongue roughly into it.

After receiving Indulge #3 in the mail and completely devouring it, I went to work and spent the entire day thinking about John's awesome chest and strong arms. By lunch I was in the washroom, beating my swollen cock and shooting my hot spunk into the sink. I licked my juice covered finger and slipped it into my lonely cock-port. I imagined John pounding me fiercely as the last drops of my lust splattered on the drain.

If I was alone with John, I would fuck him and suck his cock and force him down of mine. I would do him hard for hours and hours and hours.

When I got home, I relaxed and read, "The Perfect Man" by Tom Caffrey. I always love the fiction you print, and as I read, I pictured John Mannow in my head. He's my perfect man. It wasn't long before my punk was in my hand and cum was dripping off my chest an d neck.

You guys really have great taste in both men and fiction. Keep up the good work.

Yve L.
Montreal, Canada

John Minnow
From Indulge #3

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Mark Dandridge

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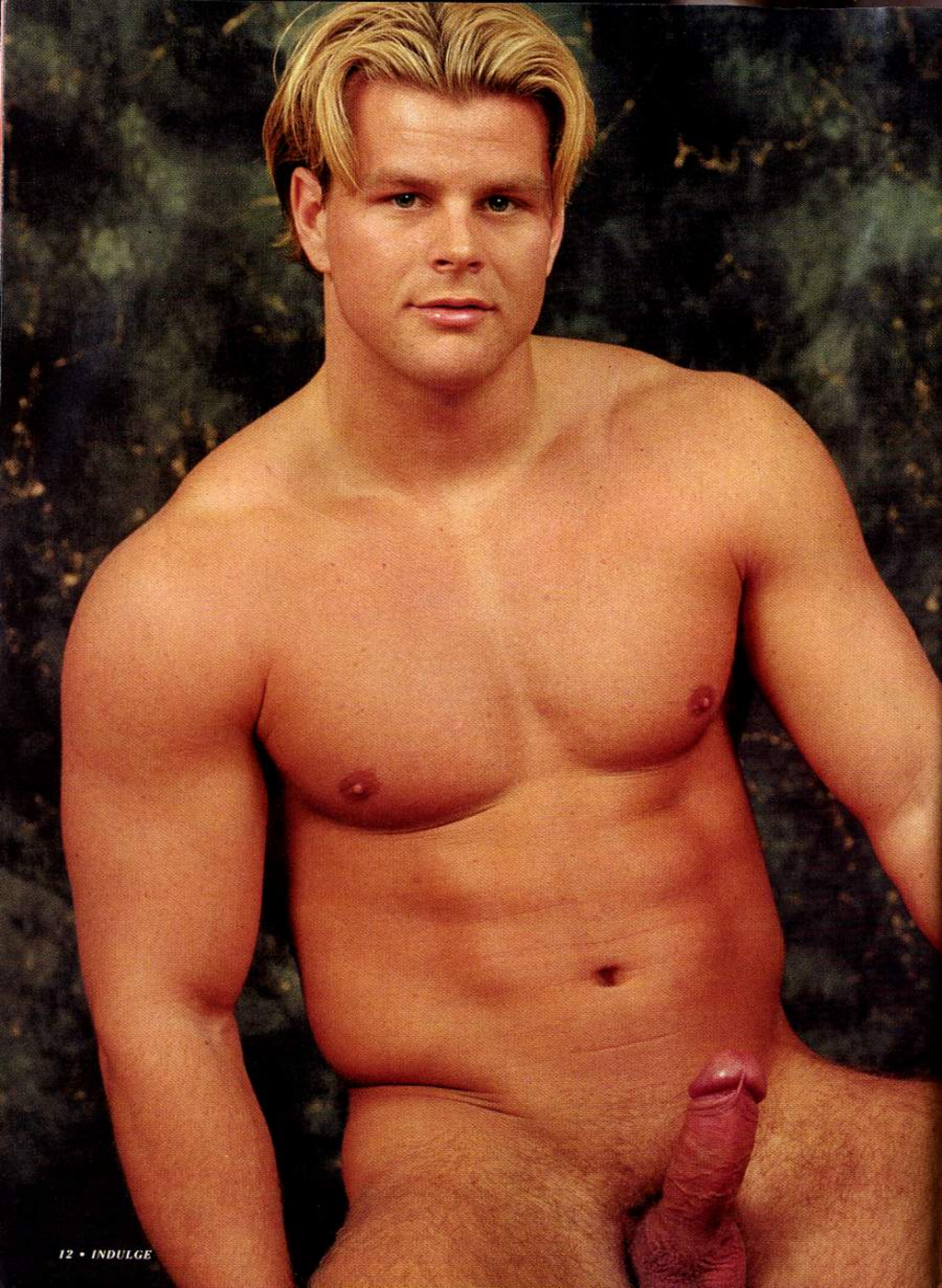


KENT 95

FIRE & ICE

Fiction by
Barry Alexander

Illustration by
Kent

If one more customer sad "Hot enough for ya?" I'd stick his ass on the revolving red light special pole and shove until his cheeks lit up like a Christmas ornament—both sets of cheeks.

A store manager has a great deal of responsibility and power, but he does not unfortunately have control of the thermostat, at least not in a mall store. It was ninety-six out—a typical Iowa summer day, humid and hotter than hell. The mall office vigorously supported the city's energy conservation efforts.

I thanked God my shift was over, so I could get home to a nice cold beer and David. Normally I would have reversed the order, but not today. I dodged the traffic jam by the check-out, narrowly avoided being run down by a kid pushing a shopping cart, and escaped out the door, straight into a solid wall of heat.

Sunlight dazzled my eyes. Heat blazed up from the molten blacktop. The end of the parking lot shimmered, beckoning like the illusion of oasis in the desert. I wasn't sure I was going to make it to my car. Sweat plastered my shirt against my back, and I'd swear there was steam rising from my balls. I thought about peeling off every damp clinging stitch and plunging into the mall fountain, but I still had to cross the burning backdrop of the Kalahari. That sun would have scalded the hair off my body and fried my balls, and David liked the blonde mat of hair on my chest, sweat and all.

My balls itched; I hadn't had time to shave and the stubble was driving me crazy. Sweat trickled between the cheeks of my ass. I changed priorities; scratching and taking off this damned suit came before the ice cold beer.

I almost bumped into a man getting out of a pickup. He grinned at me from under a seed corn cap. "Bet you could fry and egg on the sidewalk today."

"Well, it's good for the corn," I answered. Oh my God, I thought, I'm starting to talk like them.

Heat belted me like a clenched fist when I opened my car door. I collapsed inside and punched the air conditioning to the max. After a quick check for voyeurs, I dug my hand into my crotch and scratched. I think my cock had shrunk two inches from the steam bath it had received. I drove, sweltering, while I waited for the air conditioning to kick in. It didn't. Damn it! Why hadn't David told me the air was broken when he lent me his car?

By the time I got home, I was hot and sweaty and cranky. There sat my lover, not a drop of sweat on his gorgeous chest, feet up, nice cold beer in his hand, and every damned window in the house open. I was furious.

"Are you nuts?" I snapped before he had a chance to say anything. If he had asked how my day was, I think I would have carried him out back and barbecued him. "Why in the hell haven't you got he air on?"

"Hello to you, too." He smiled. David has an average face, nice-looking but average—until he smiles. His smile starts out slow, a little shy, a little hesitant, then it breaks over his face like sunrise, stretching the corners of his mouth and making his eyes glow like sunlight honey, and you can't look away. "The guy's not coming to fix it until tomorrow, remember?"

"What? Oh, yeah. Shit!" I think the sun had fried my brain or was it David's smile.

"It's not really that hot. There's a nice breeze."

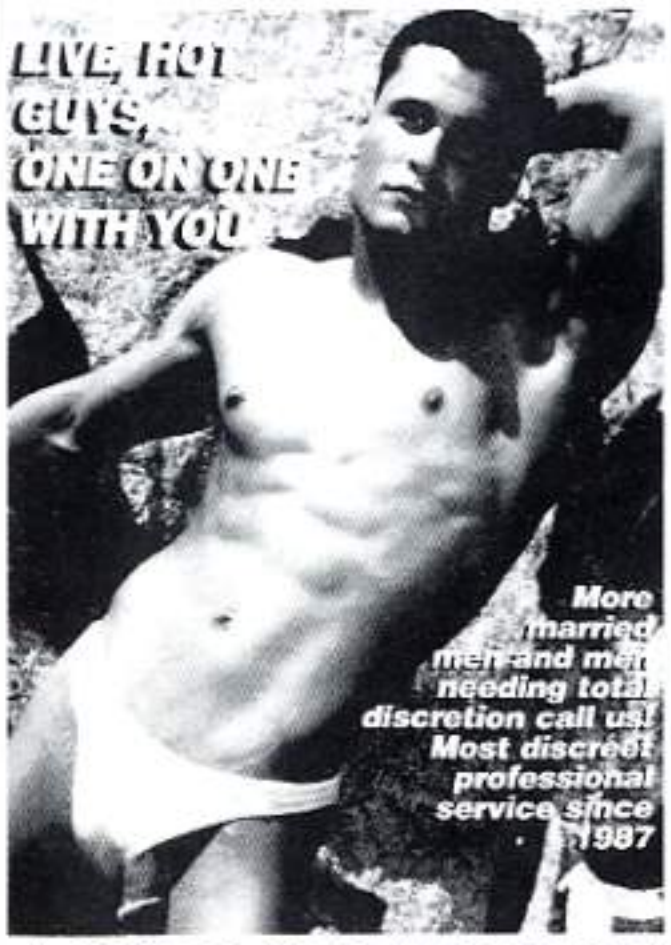
"Not hot! I'm cooking and you're telling me it's not hot? I had to put up with it all day. The mall's got the thermostats locked at eighty. Then your damned car. Why didn't you tell me the air was out?"

"It works, but it takes ten miles to cool off." He shrugged, swallowing some beer. "I never use it in town."

I groaned and sank in the nearest chair. "How can anyone live in this damned state?"

David is the most patient man I know. He is so agreeable, so laid back, that I used to wonder how he kept his job as an advertising salesman. Then I realized that was exactly why he was so successful. I'd always thought of salesmen as pushy, obnoxious men who'd lie to their grandmothers to con them into buying a three-hundred-dollar pita bread maker. Not David. He listens to people, really listens until he knows what they need, not just what they say they want. Then he offers it to them.

With the pressures of a new job and a new state, the last person I had wanted to talk to was a salesman, but David



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was so friendly and attentive, I had found myself telling him some of my problems before I knew it. He listened then quietly told me what he could do for me. Then he smiled, and I knew what I really wanted from him. So did he. He took me home and gave it to me.

David just listened to me rant as I slumped in the chair and struggled with my tie. He walked over and handed me his beer. Beads of sweat dribbled down the icy can. Kneeling beside my chair, he untangled the knotted mess I'd made of my tie.

"Thank you," I said tiredly. I slid the cold can over my burning face. "Can't you at least lose your temper once in a while?"

"Would it do any good? You're not really mad at me. You've had a rotten day and I'm sorry." He gave me one of his wicked little boy grins and started unbuttoning my shirt. "Get out of these clothes and I'll make you feel better."

"Oh, God, David, not tonight. It's too damned hot. I don't think I could even bear to be touched."

He frowned and pulled back. "Look, Mark, I knew you were having a bad day when I talked to you at lunch. I left work early so I could plan something special."

"I'm sorry. I'm not in the mood."

He stood up and glared at me. "You damned well better get in the mood. I've listened to your crap all day. I went out of my way to surprise you and you're damn well going to enjoy it."

I was astonished. I'd never seen David angry before, I didn't think he ever lost his temper. He looked down at me, hands balled on his hips and nostrils flared, and I was suddenly conscious of the amount of muscle on his slender body. He topped me by two inches and carried a lot more muscle, but I'd never really felt that difference before. "Yes, sir!" I said, only half joking. I thought about saluting but changed my mind. he'd never used his strength against me, and I didn't want him to start now.

"The first thing you're going to do is get out of those clothes."

"Gladly."

"Then you're going to shut up and do exactly as I tell you."

I started to make a smart ass remark, but he glared at me, and I stopped myself. He did have to put up with a lot of crap from me. The least I could do was try to go along with him for once. I undressed quickly, glad to be free of the hot, clinging fabric. My shriveled cock hung limply between my legs, glued to my balls. David glanced at the pathetic display, but didn't comment. He could certainly see that I was not in the mood for sex.

Bending over, he picked up my tie, then blindfolded me with it. "Hands behind your back," he ordered.

Too surprised to object, I obeyed. The sudden vulnerability was a little frightening, but I felt my cock twitch. We'd never experimented with B/D, but I was beginning to understand its attractions.

Stepping behind me, he put his hand on my crossed wrists and gave a gentle push. "Move."

I walked slowly, afraid of falling, but he guided me with a light touch on my shoulder. The carpet under my bare feet changed to the cool slick surface of the kitchen floor. He stopped me with a touch, leaning past my body to open the door. I walked down the steps with his help into our privacy fenced back yard. My feet sank deep into the lush grass, as if they waded through a cool stream. "Wait here," David said.

He was gone for a few minutes, then I heard a rustling sound. Something slid across my foot and I jumped. "Easy," David said, his voice close to my ear. "Don't move." I knew I was in my own back yard and all I had to do was let go of my wrists to remove the blindfold, but the combination of darkness and being totally naked outside made me feel strangely vulnerable and submissive. I didn't move.

"Keep your eyes closed." David unfastened the blindfold. "You can move your hands now." I reached out to touch him, but he wasn't there. I heard the snap, whoosh of a beer can being opened and felt the metal rim touching my lips. I tilted my head back and gulped greedily; the icy brine cascaded down my throat. David poured faster than I could swallow. Beer rushed over my chin, down my neck, and through the sweaty tangle of hair between my pectorals. David laughed and trailed his tongue up my chest, sucking beer and sweat from my hair. His mouth was like fire. I shuddered as his hot tongue lapped the moisture from my nipples.

"Don't," I moaned. "It's too hot." My thighs were sticking to each other, and I moved them apart, wincing when my balls peeled free.

"You want to cool off?"

"God, yes!"

"OK," he said. I heard a gurgle, then a rush of cool water flowed over my face and down my hot, sweaty body. I gasped at the sudden shock, then sputtered when the water filled my mouth. The water moved down to my shoulders and gushed over my chest and back.

I opened my eyes and blinked. David grinned, as naked as I was. His large cock hung soft and thick as he directed the spray from the garden hose. "Relax and enjoy. This is just a quick hose down to cool you off before supper. I have other things in mind for later."

He guided the hose over every inch of my body. I stood in the shade under the huge willow tree. Water poured down my legs, soaking the grass under my feet. David never touched me with his hands, but the cool fingers of water stroked my steaming pits, bubbled and rippled over my cock and balls, and slipped between the hairy crevice of my ass, prodding my hole. Some of the water forced its way inside. The sudden chill was a shock, but soon the cool water percolating inside me and swelling my guts became a pleasure I had never known. David stopped before the pressure could turn into cramps and pain. I was filled with coolness within and covered with coolness without. I sighed with pleasure, really relaxing for the first time that day.

The sun was setting, shafting through the trees that shadowed part of the yard. The golden light glazed the lawn like a layer of lemon jelly. David was the gardener; he kept the grass green and lush, not a weed in sight.

"Mmmm! That feels wonderful. I think I'm starting to get interested in whatever you have planned for later. I grabbed for David's cock, but he dance back out of reach.

He laughed. "Later. If you're feeling that much better, I think it's time for supper."

I groaned in protest when he shut the hose off. He slapped my butt. "You'll have to wait. I'm hungry."

"So am I," I said, staring pointedly at his plump cock. He picked up a pair of robes that had been draped over a lawn chair. "Here," he said as he tossed me one. "Put it on. It'll keep down the distractions."

I watched as he put on his short silk robe which barely covered his ass. "That's not going to keep much of anything down." I said dryly.

David had set out a picnic under the shade of a willow. No paper plates for David. Our best china and crystal sat proudly on a green checkered sheet. He'd even made a centerpiece: zinnias in a crystal bowl filled with ice cubes. I sat down and watched him pulling goodies out of the ice chest: rolled smoked ham, cojack cheese, potato salad, chilled tomato slices, assorted breads, and watermelon cubes. Then he pulled out an ice bucket from behind the tree trunk. Champagne, too!

"This looks wonderful. Now I really feel like a jerk; you went to so much trouble."

"Don't worry about it. I knew you could be a jerk when I asked you to move in. Hey, I'm kidding," he said and touched me on the shoulder when he saw the look on my face. "Besides, it wasn't that much trouble. The tomatoes are from out

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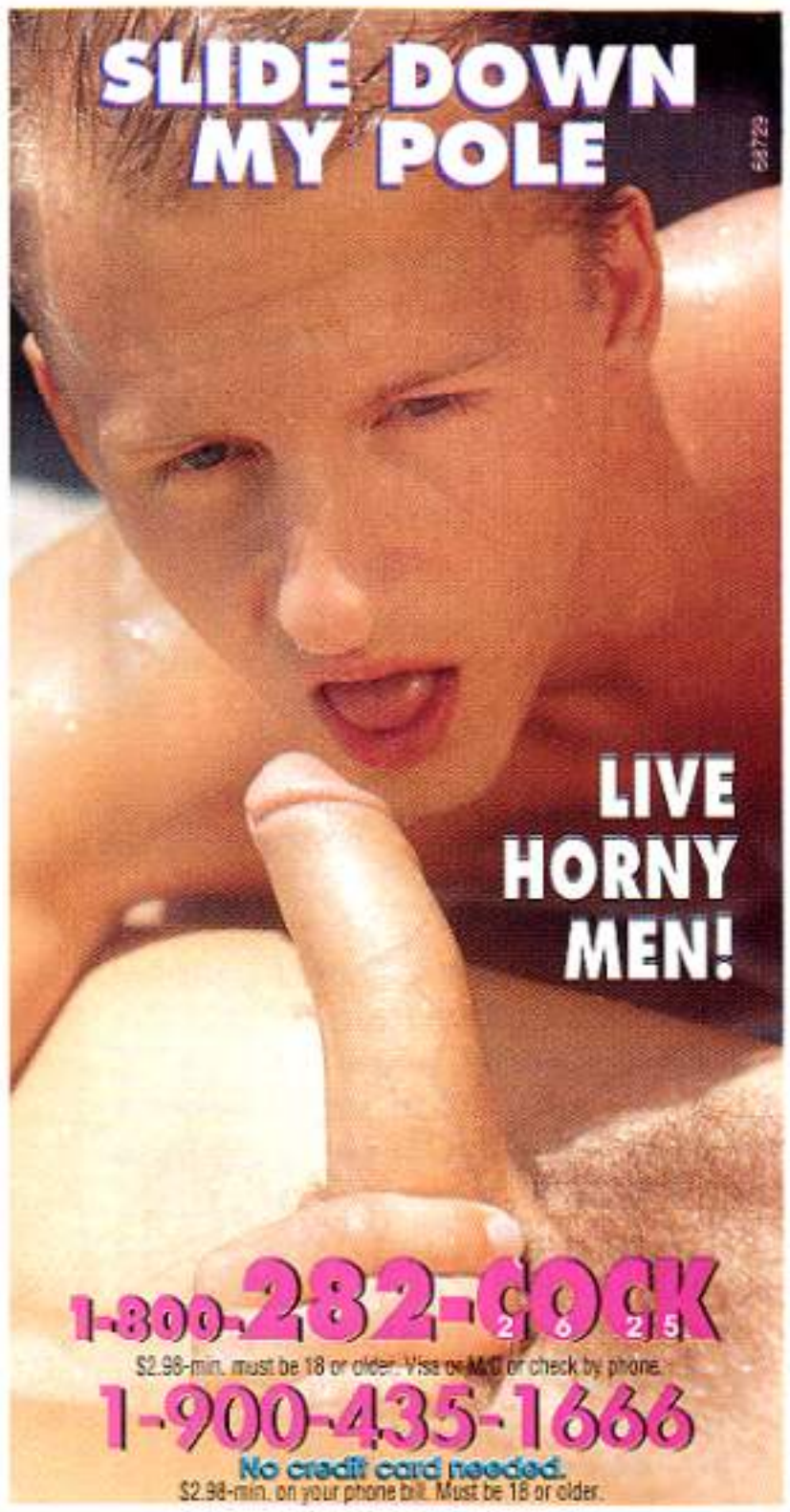

of the garden, but everything else is from the deli."

We ate our supper quietly in the growing twilight and listened to the rise and fall of locust choirs. The first lightning bugs blinked on among the trailing branches of the willow. We finished eating and sipped champagne, looking at each other in the dim light.

"Why do you put up with me?" I asked at last.

David caught my hand and held it. "I think you know the answer."

I leaned forward and kissed him. His mouth tasted of chilled fruit, cold champagne, and warm David. He moved closer, putting his arms around me and holding me close while we feasted on each other's lips. His body was fever warm where it pressed against me, but I didn't care; I just held him closer. We separated to breathe. David was kneeling in the spilled flowers and melting ice cubes. He'd never noticed.

His breath was a little ragged as he laughed. My own was not too steady. "I think we better get rid of the breakables before we start anything."

I helped him clean up, then went inside to get rid of the water that was no longer cooling my insides. When I came back, everything was packed away and out of sight except the garden hose, the ice bucket, and David. He had discarded his robe and stood, naked and waiting, in the shadows. There was nothing hidden about his desire. His cock arched proudly from his groin, aimed straight towards me. "Come here," he said softly.

I threw my robe to the ground and slipped into his arms. For a long time, we held each other, our cocks dueling for position. I could feel every hair of his warm body against my skin. Our lips were locked in mortal combat, two hungry mouths feeding on sweet desire and hot flesh. My hands slid down to his cheeks and held him firmly against me, but he pulled away.

"No," he said, still struggling to control his breathing. It's too warm and sticky for hot sex. I have something else in mind." He reached for the hose. "Lie down."

I laid face down in the grass, pillowing my head on my arms. A slow, warm stream of water washed over my neck and shoulders. "It's warm," I said in surprise.

"I had the faucet set up so I can wash the car in hot water. Then I thought of this."

"But I'm trying to cool off."

"You will. Just relax and go with it."

I laid my head back down. Even though the water was warm, it did seem cool as it washed the heat away from my body. The water moved slowly down my back, its gentle flow massaging my tired body. I closed my eyes and sighed, listening to the trickle of water and the night songs of summer.

Then I felt the cold kiss of ice gliding over my skin. Ice cube in hand, David massaged me, the cold blocks skating over my back in swirls and spirals like an Olympic ice dancer. The warm water continued to flow over my skin, melting the ice and making it even more slippery. The combination of warm and cold was exquisite. The ice cooled me down, and the warmth of the water kept me from being chilled.

David moved down my back. His hands continued their slow dance over the rounded globes of my ass. I moaned as his hand slipped between my cheeks, tracing the narrow crevice. My legs widened involuntarily to give him greater access. The ice cube had melted into a round lozenge. I gasped as David slipped it past my sphincter. The burning cold numbed my insides for a moment, but my narrow chute quickly melted the small cube.

David's hand was as cold as the ice as he caressed me, warming his fingers with the heat of my skin. He slipped one cold finger deep inside me. I shuddered at the sudden cold but my sphincter clamped down on his probing finger to hold it inside me—it felt so good. He warmed his fingers, one by one, then took another ice cube and continued the treatment on my legs, slowing moving up the inside of my legs.

He worked over me a long time. As each ice cube melted, he'd insert the last cold sliver up my ass. I shivered and shuddered with pleasure, now warm, now cold, but always aware of the intimate touch of his hands. I don't know how he kept his fingers from freezing. Occasionally, he would slide one inside me, but I think he alternated hands just to keep his finger from going numb.

The long grass tickled my cock as

it quivered in anticipation. I rolled over. As David worked on the front of my body, I looked up to see the first stars glimmering among the tangle of branches that arched overhead. He did not touch my genitals with the ice, but caressed them with his cool hands. He bent over me, covering my chilled flesh with the warmth of his body. I pulled him down to kiss him. My tongue slipped between his lips into a cool cavern filled with crushed ice. The heat of our kiss soon melted the cold crystals that skated over our probing tongues. His mouth warmed under mine and we swallowed the last of the liquid cold.

I reached for his cock, but pushed my hand away and swung his leg over my body so that he knelt beside me. He bent over for a quick taste of the precum that was oozing form my swollen cockhead. I shuddered at the sudden chill. His lips grazed my pubes for a moment then he rolled me over on to my stomach.

The gold moon of a empty condom packet fell beside me.

Taking an ice cube in each hand, he massaged my back and buttocks again. I was starting to shiver from the cold when he stretched his big warm body over me. He rose onto his knees and spread my legs apart. I could feel the hard blunt knob of his cock pushing at my tightly closed back door. I willed my body to relax and open to him.

The heat of his hard cock was incredible as he entered me. My bowels were still chilled from the ice he had slipped inside me. I pushed back against him, wanting more of that heat, more of that long, throbbing cock deep inside me. I welcomed the warmth of David's body on me, in me. His cock delved deep into my cool dark tunnel, stretching me, filling me with his warm love. The coarse hair of his hot balls ground into the white globes of my ass; I sighed with pleasure.

He lay on top of me, pinning me down, impaling me on his bloated shaft. I was helpless beneath the weight and heat of his body, and there was nowhere else I wanted to be. His warm lips brushed my neck and shoulder while he whispered words of love. He nuzzled under my hair, and I felt the delicious shock of his hot, wet tongue rimming my ear. I moaned in response, beyond speech at the moment.

Slowly, he began to move, rocking his hips against me. He rode my body gently for an hour. I drifted between sleep and pleasure, listening to David's heart beating in rhythm with the cicadas, the hot throbbing pulse of summer night. The peaks rose slow and sweet to an impossible. Our bodies quivered and our balls were clamped tightly to our cocks. The moment lasted so long that I was afraid that I was going to lose it. Then David reached around and touched me—a single touch to my aching cock, shattering the delicious tension into a thousand shards of white hot pleasure.

We stayed that way for a long time, until the last shudders of pleasure faded away as David slipped out of me. I took him in my arms. "I love you," I said. Our kiss was long and sweet and deep.

We came up for air. "I never did ask," David said, "How was your day?"

"Perfect!" I said, then my mouth moved down to cover his again. We slept in each other's arms, wrapped in the heat of a perfect summer night. ▼

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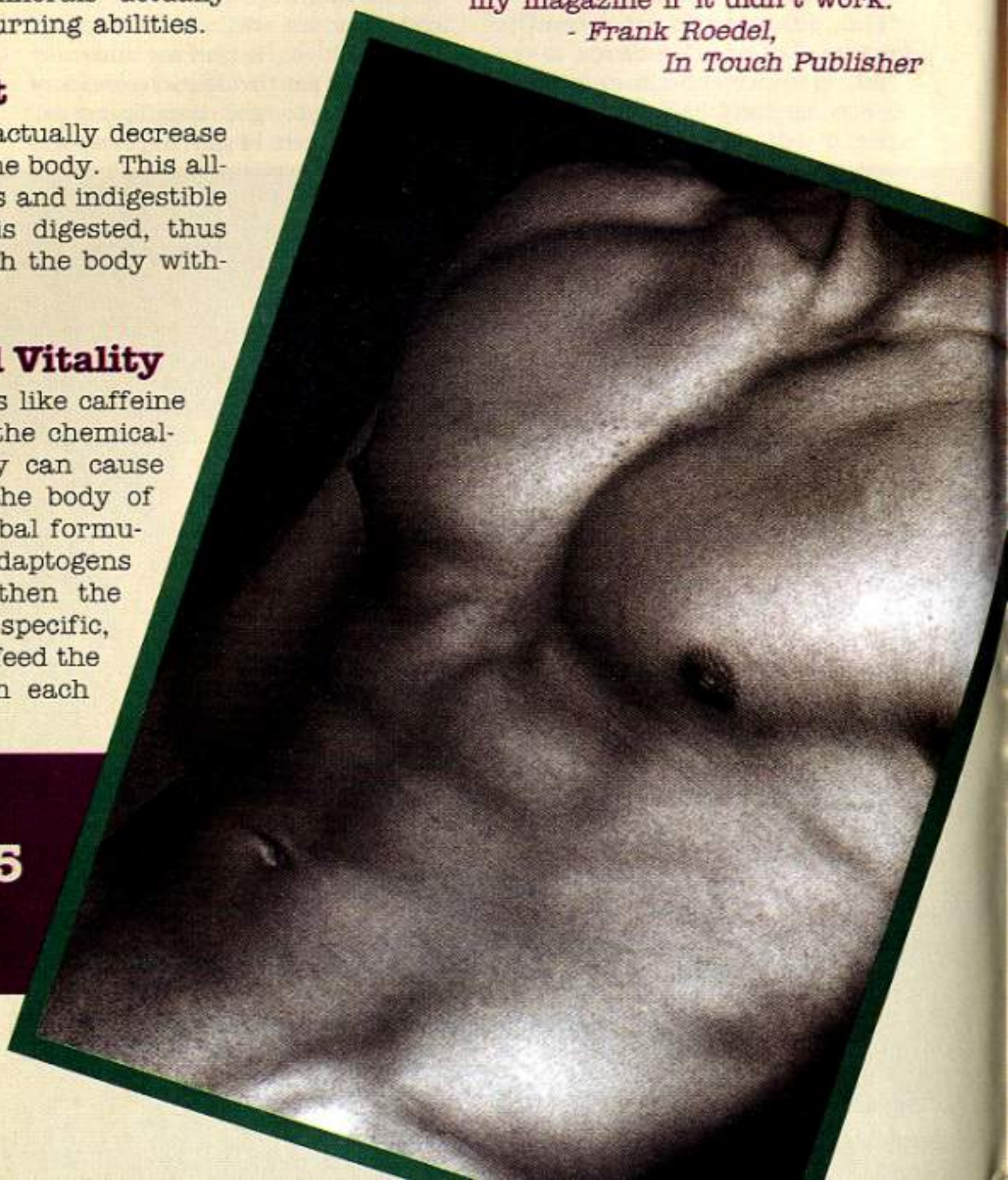

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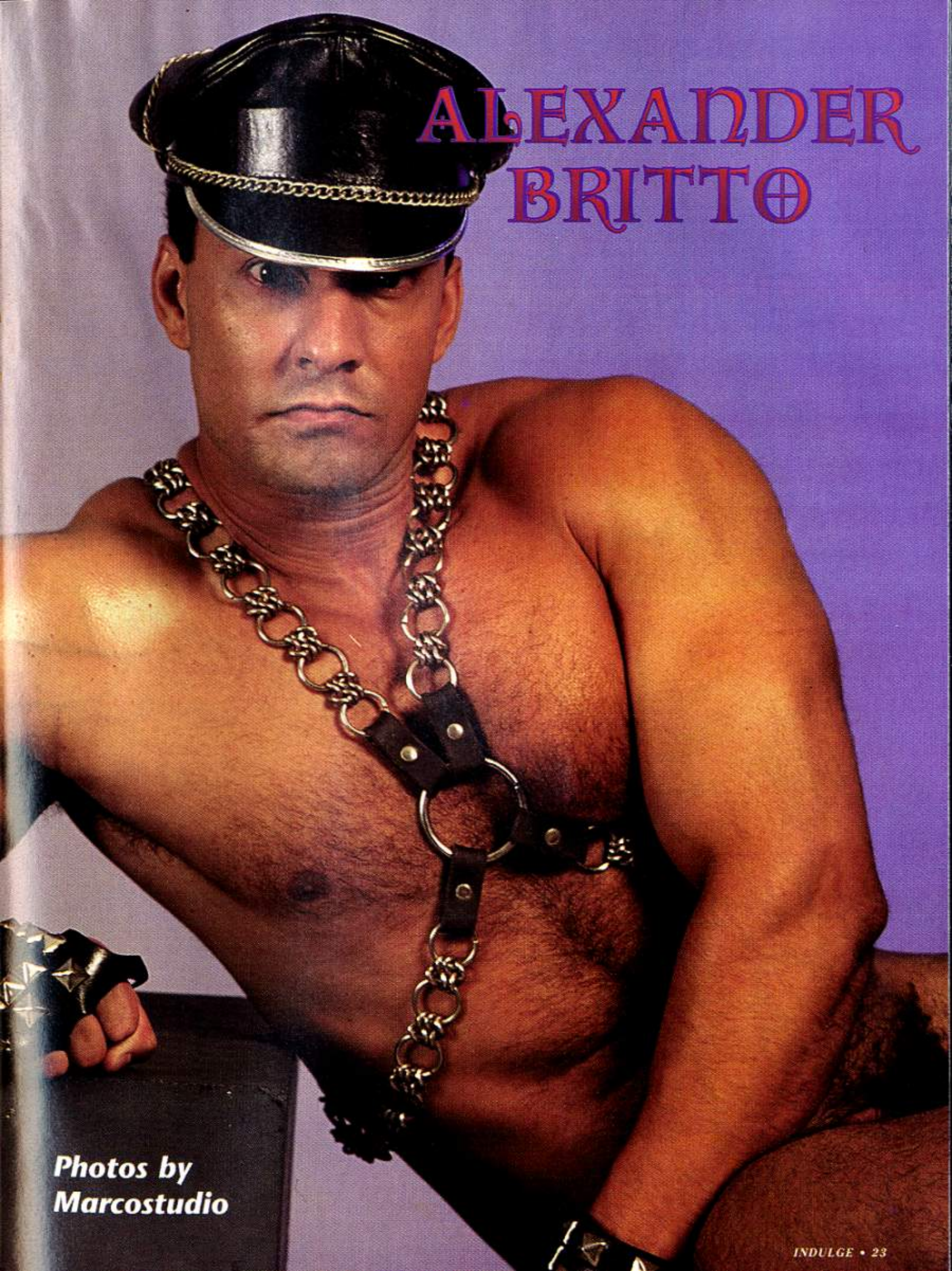

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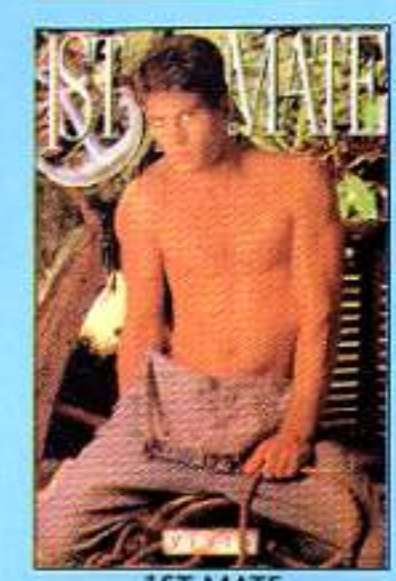

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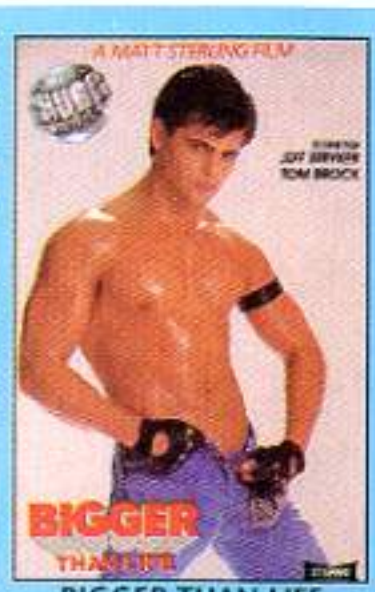

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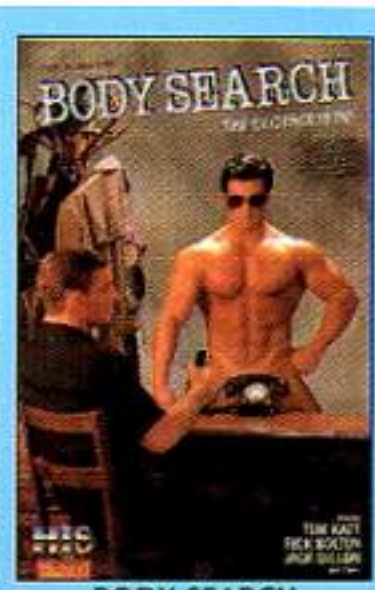

BODY SEARCH
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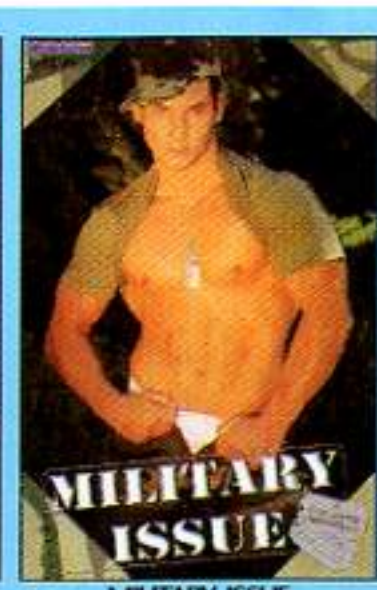

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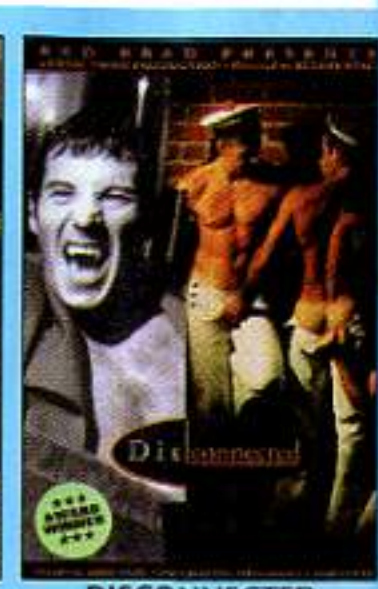

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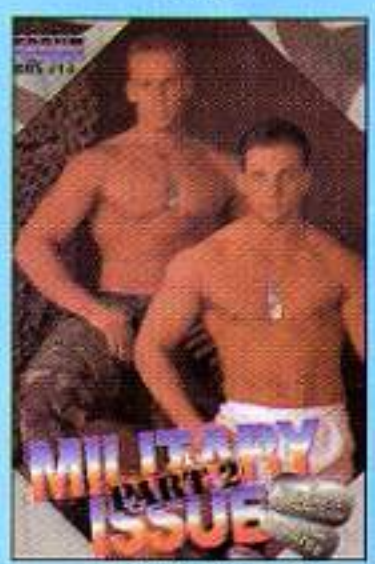

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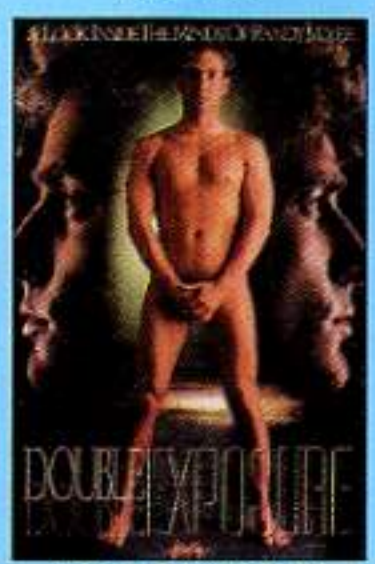
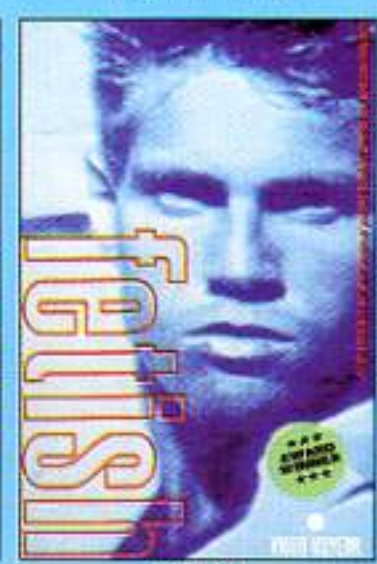


DOUBLE EXPOSURE
Vivid Man

DOUBLE VISION
Mustang

EXPOSED
Vivid Man



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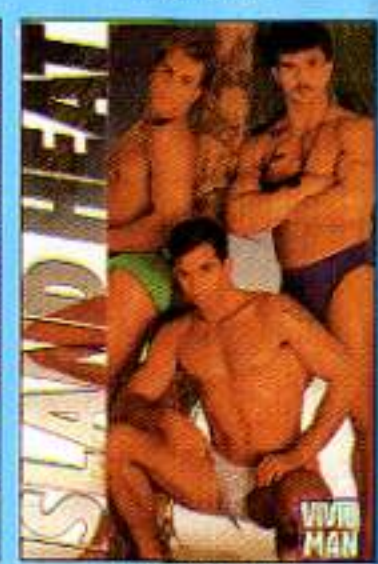
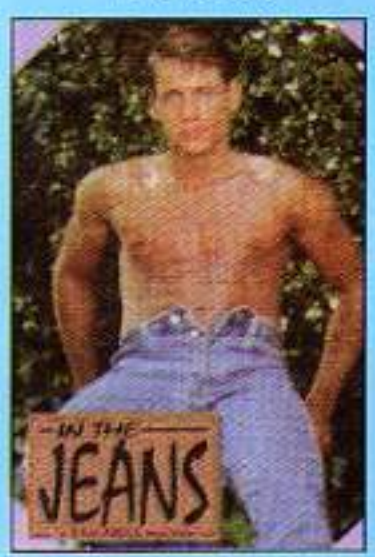


ISLAND HEAT
Vivid Man



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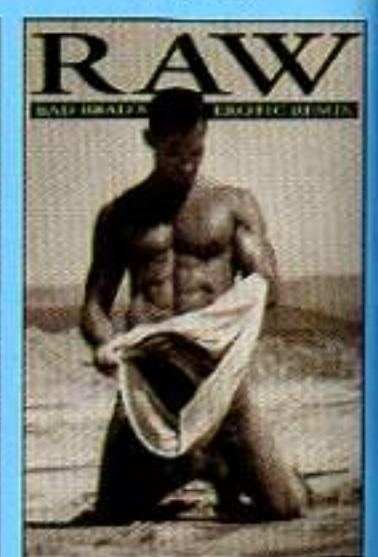

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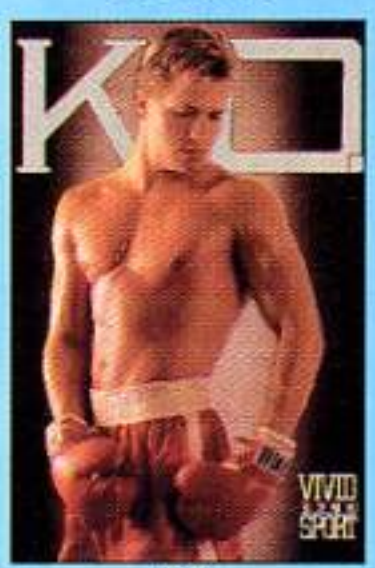
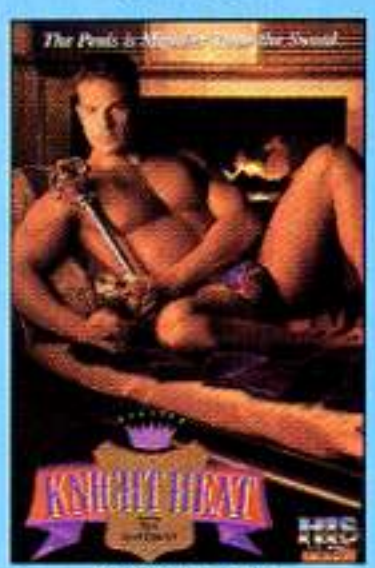
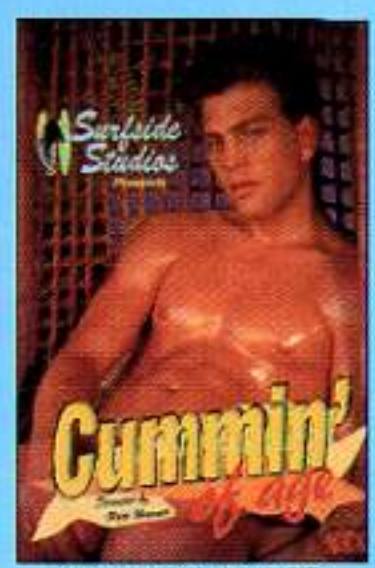


K.O.
Vivid



KNIGHT HEAT
HIS Video



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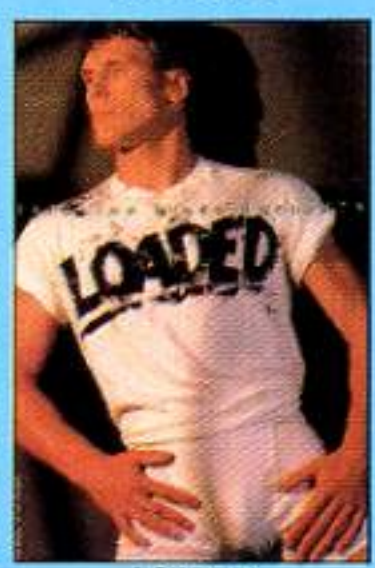

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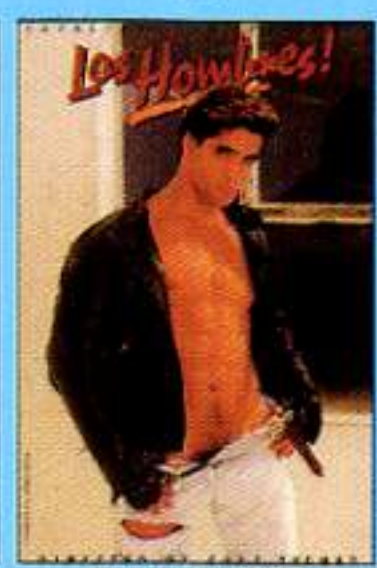

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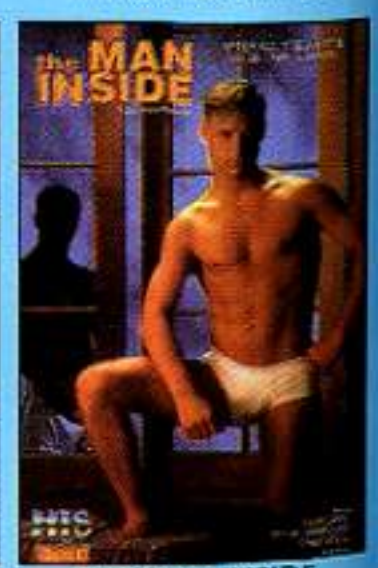

THE MAN INSIDE
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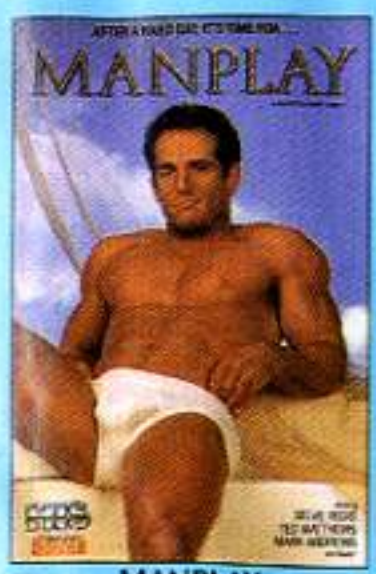

MANPLAY
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MEN WITH TOOLS
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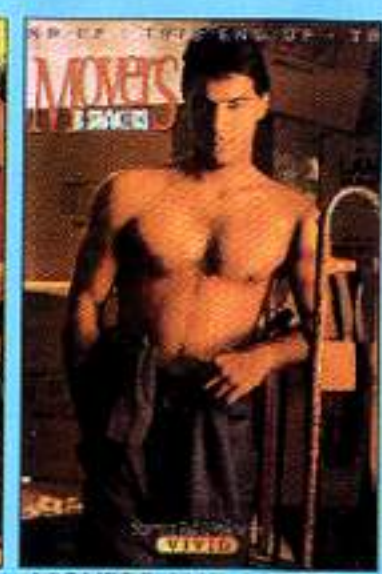

MOVERS AND SHAKERS
Vivid

MY COUSIN DANNY
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YOUNG MEMORIES
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PARADISE FOUND
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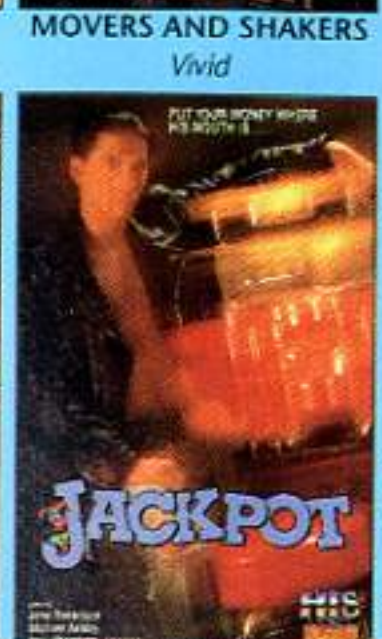
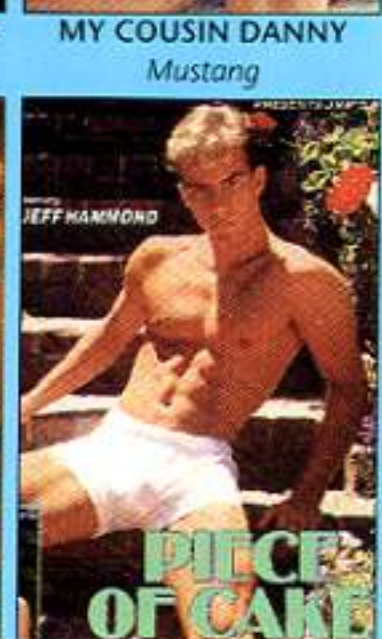


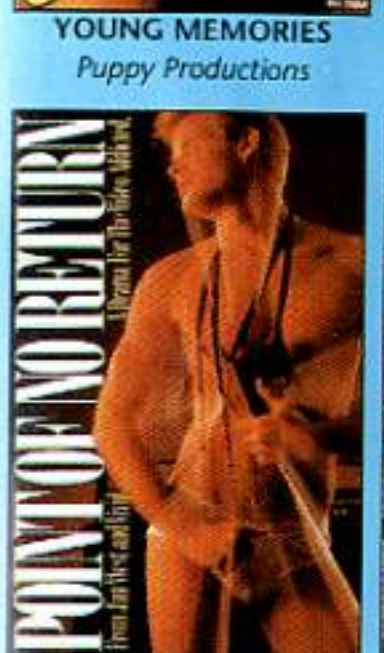
JACKPOT
HIS Video



PIECE OF CAKE
Jocks

PIECEWORK
Vivid

OH SO TENDER
Puppy Productions



POINT OF NO RETURN
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PRINCE CHARMING
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ROMEO & JULIAN
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SONGS IN THE KEY OF SEX
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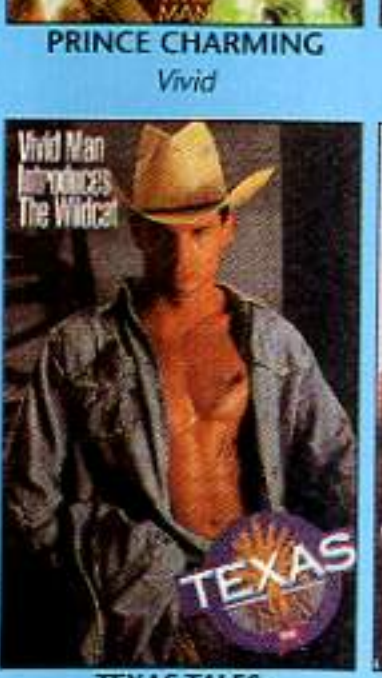

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RITES OF SUMMER
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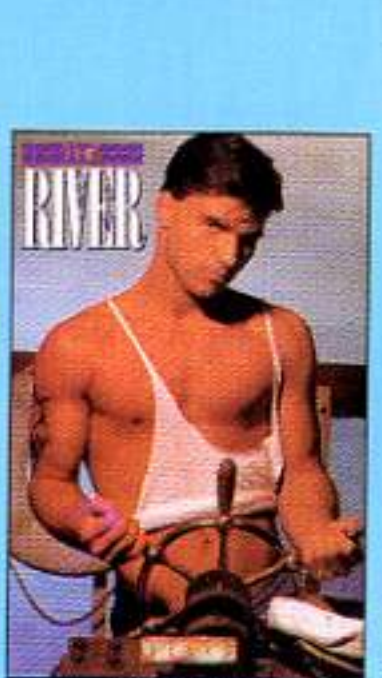
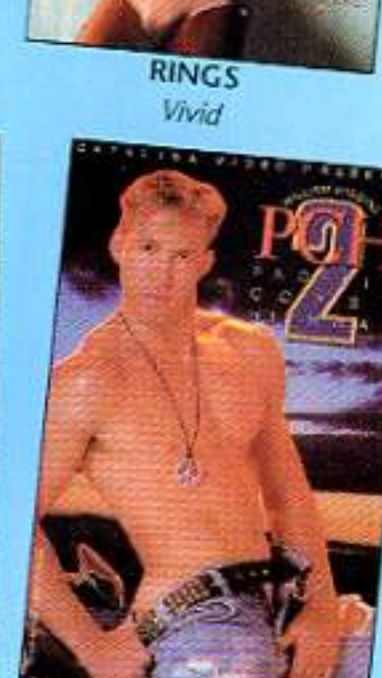
RITES OF WINTER
Vivid



THE RIVER
Vivid



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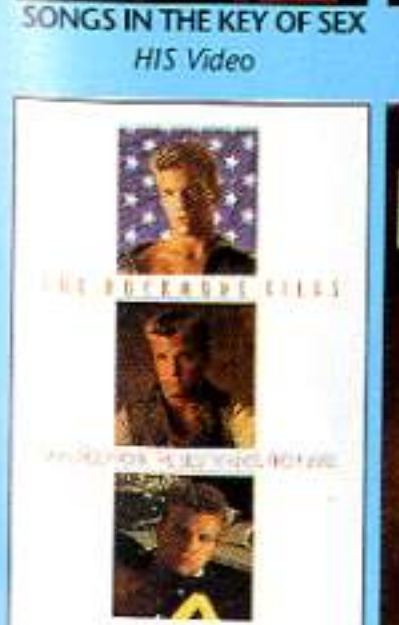
Catalina



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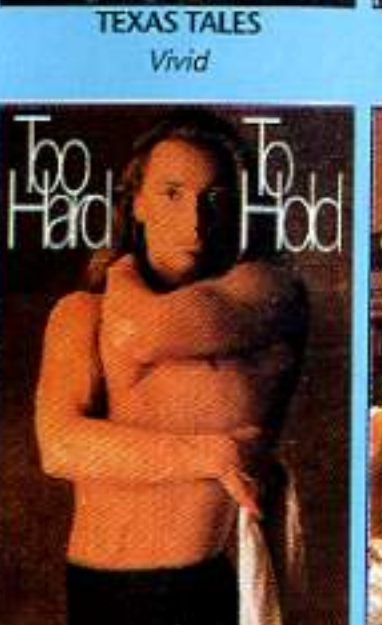
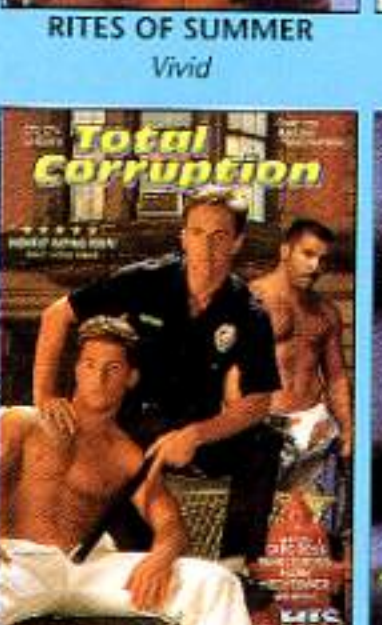
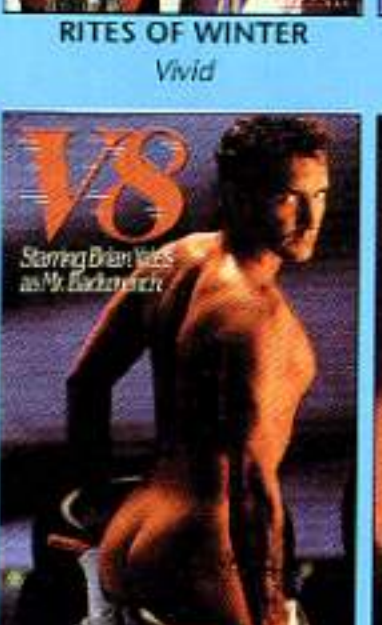


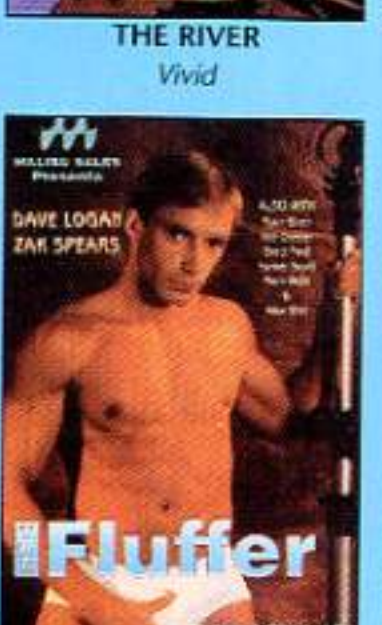
TOO HARD TO HOLD
Vivid



TOTAL CORRUPTION
HIS Video



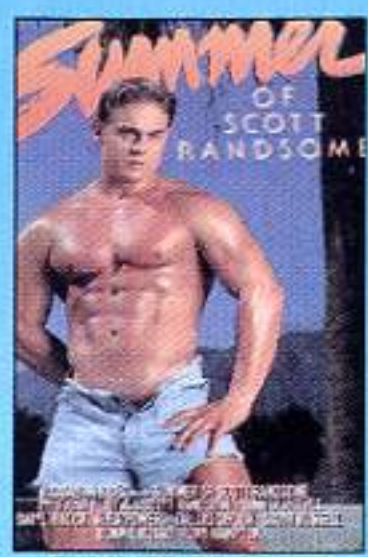
V 8
Vivid



THE FLUFFER
Malibu Sales

HOLOGRAM
HIS Video

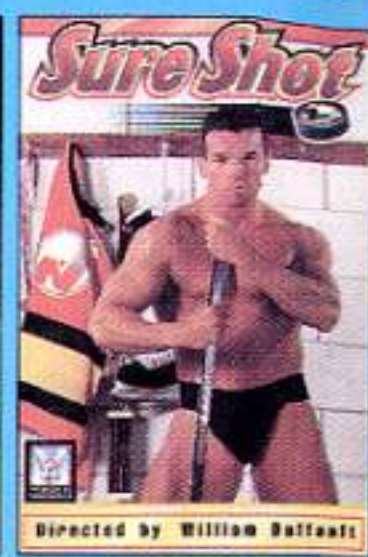
HOUSE OF TRICKS
Primo Video



SUMMER OF SCOTT
Catalina

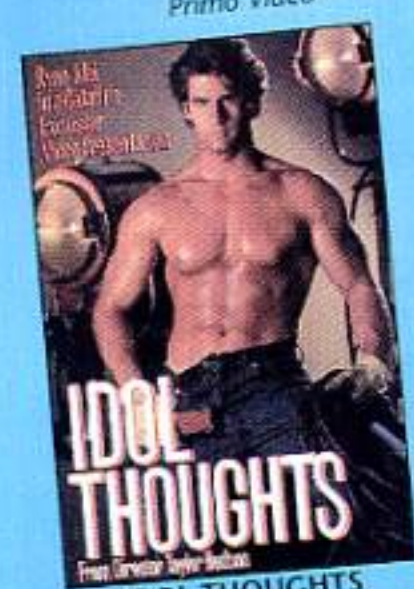
PHYSICAL EDUCATION
In Deep

BLACK DRAFT
Catalina



SURE SHOT
Vision A

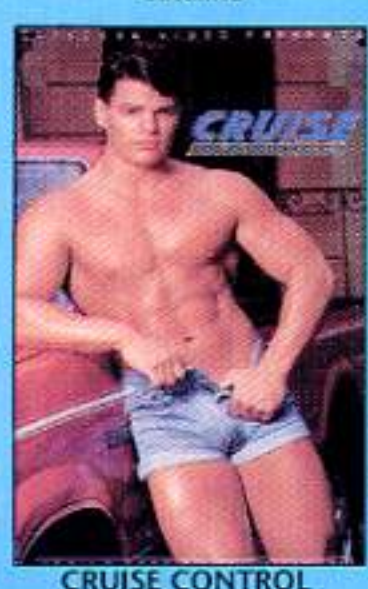
BRIEF ENCOUNTERS
Catalina



IDOL THOUGHTS
Catalina

CHOOSE ME
Mustang

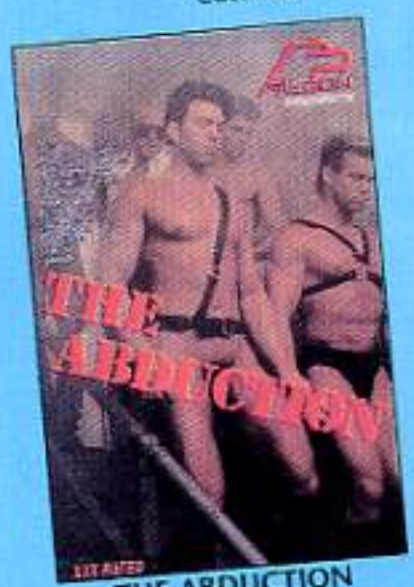
59.95 VIDEOS



CRUISE CONTROL
Catalina

CODY EXPOSED
Catalina

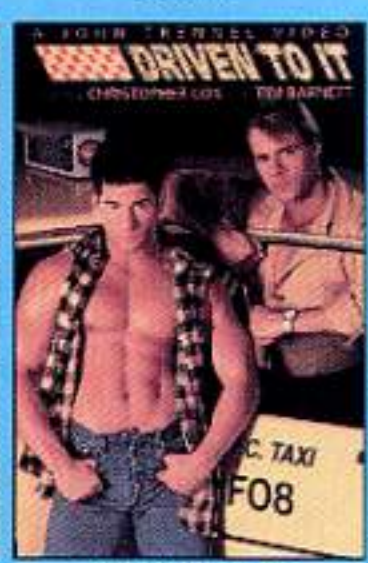
ORAL FIXATION
Catalina



THE ABDUCTION
Falcon

THE CONFLICT
Falcon

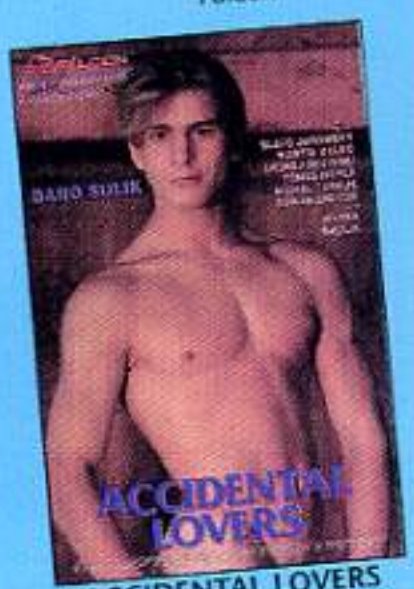
REDEMPTION
Falcon



DRIVEN TO IT
John Trennel

GETAWAY
Catalina

PITCH A TENT
Catalina

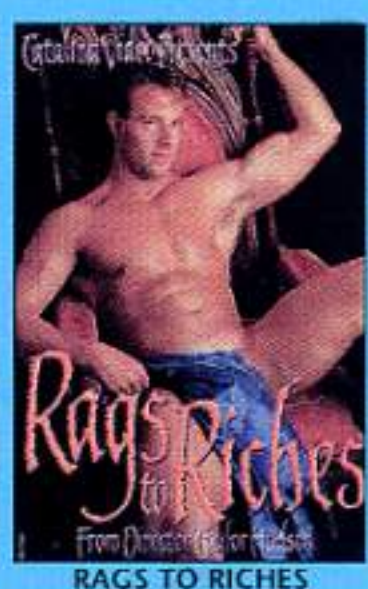


ACCIDENTAL LOVERS
Falcon

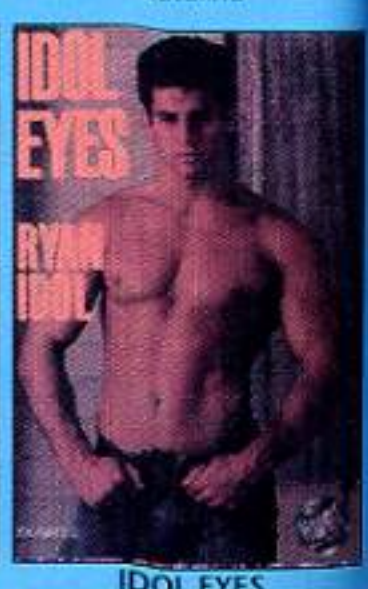
HEAT IN THE NIGHT
Huge

READY FOR IT
Studio 2000

NIGHT HEAT
Studio 2000



RAGS TO RICHES
Catalina



IDOL EYES
Huge

WILDHORSES
Huge

KING OF THE MOUNTAIN
Catalina

HIS BIG BROTHER
Studio 2000

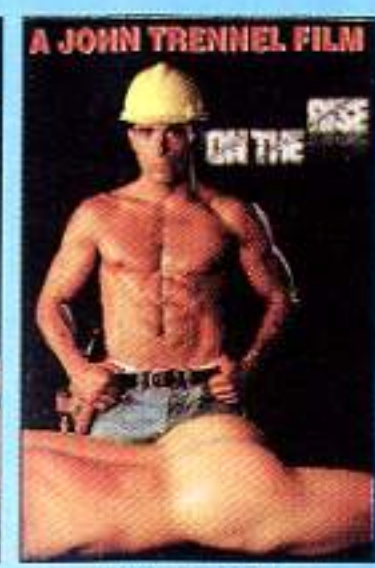
MALIBU POOL BOYS
Catalina

MAN OF THE YEAR
Catalina

MANRAMMER
Falcon

MIRAGE
Jocks

NORTHERN EXPOSURES
Vision - A



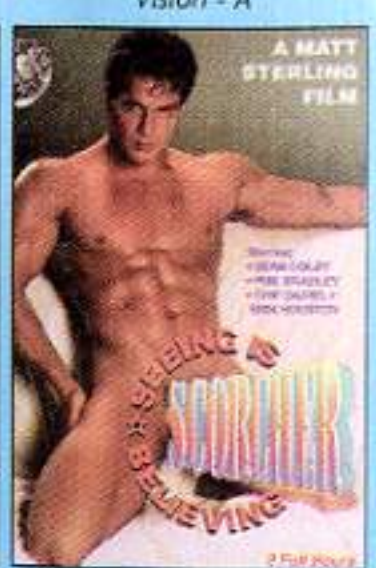
ON THE RISE
John Trennel

SHADOWS IN THE NIGHT
Falcon

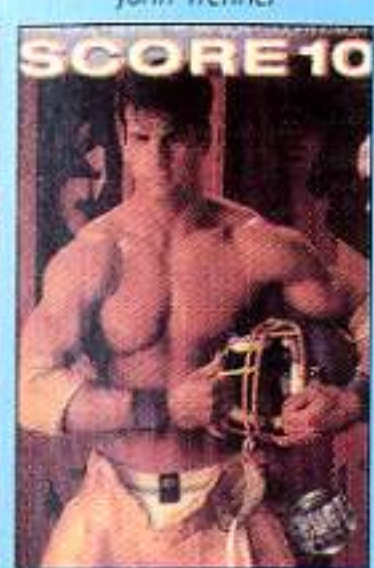
PLUNGE
Falcon

POWERFULL II
Stryker Productions

POWERTOOL 2
Catalina

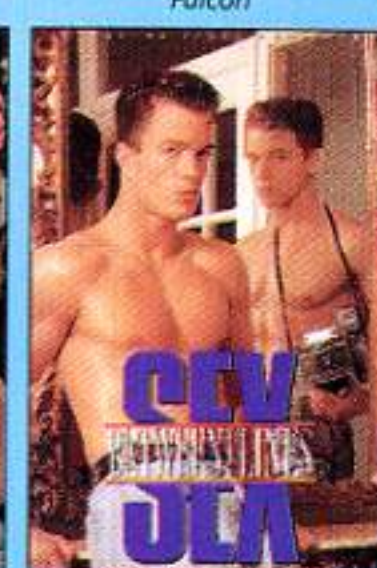


SCORCHER
Huge Video



SCORE 10
Huge Video

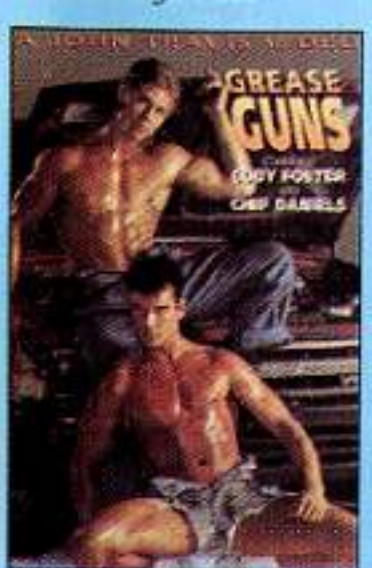
SEEDS OF LOVE
Catalina



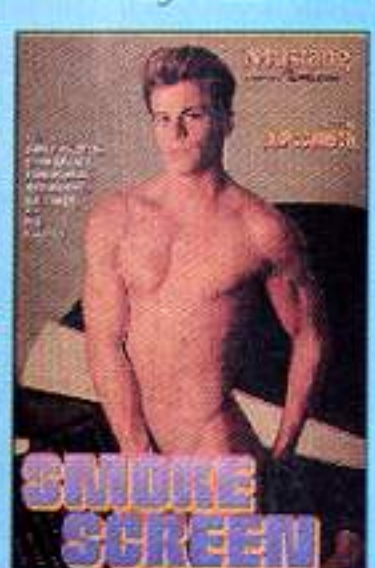
SEX BETWEEN THE LINES
Catalina

SEX CRIMES
Catalina

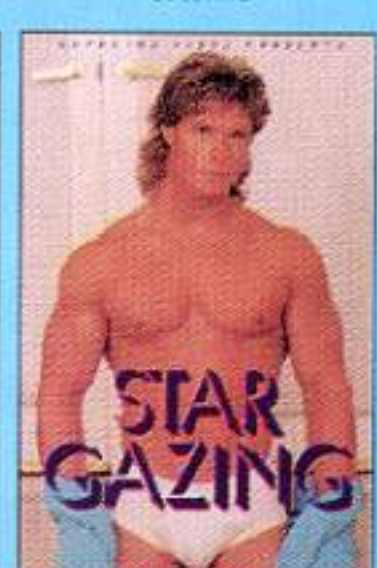
SOMEBODY IS WATCHING
Studio 2000



GREASE GUNS
Studio 2000

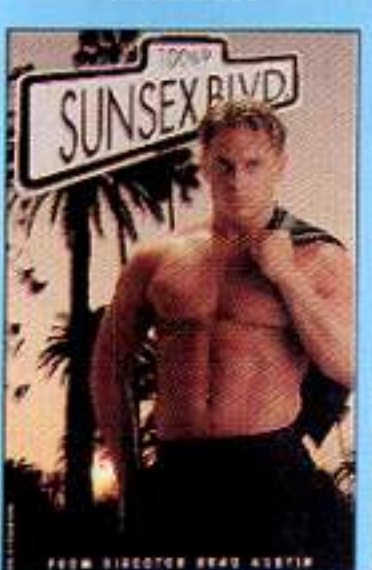


SMOKE SCREEN
Mustang



STAR GAZING
Catalina

SPLASH SHOTS
Falcon

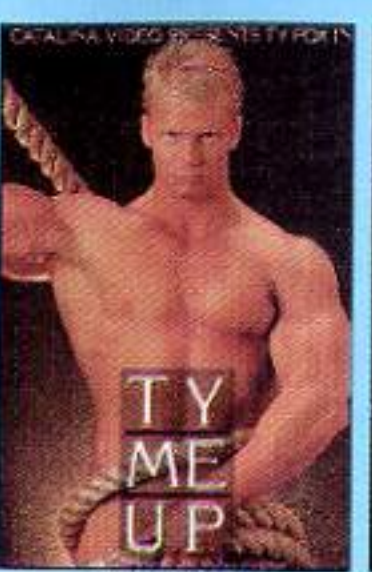


SUNSEX BLVD.
Catalina

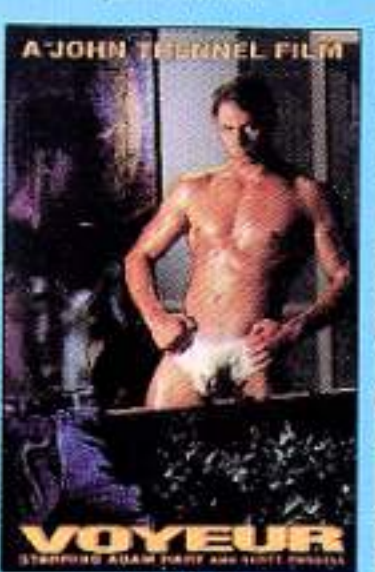
TAKE DOWN
John Trennel

TONY'S THING
Studio 2000

TOUCH ME
Falcon



TY ME UP
Catalina



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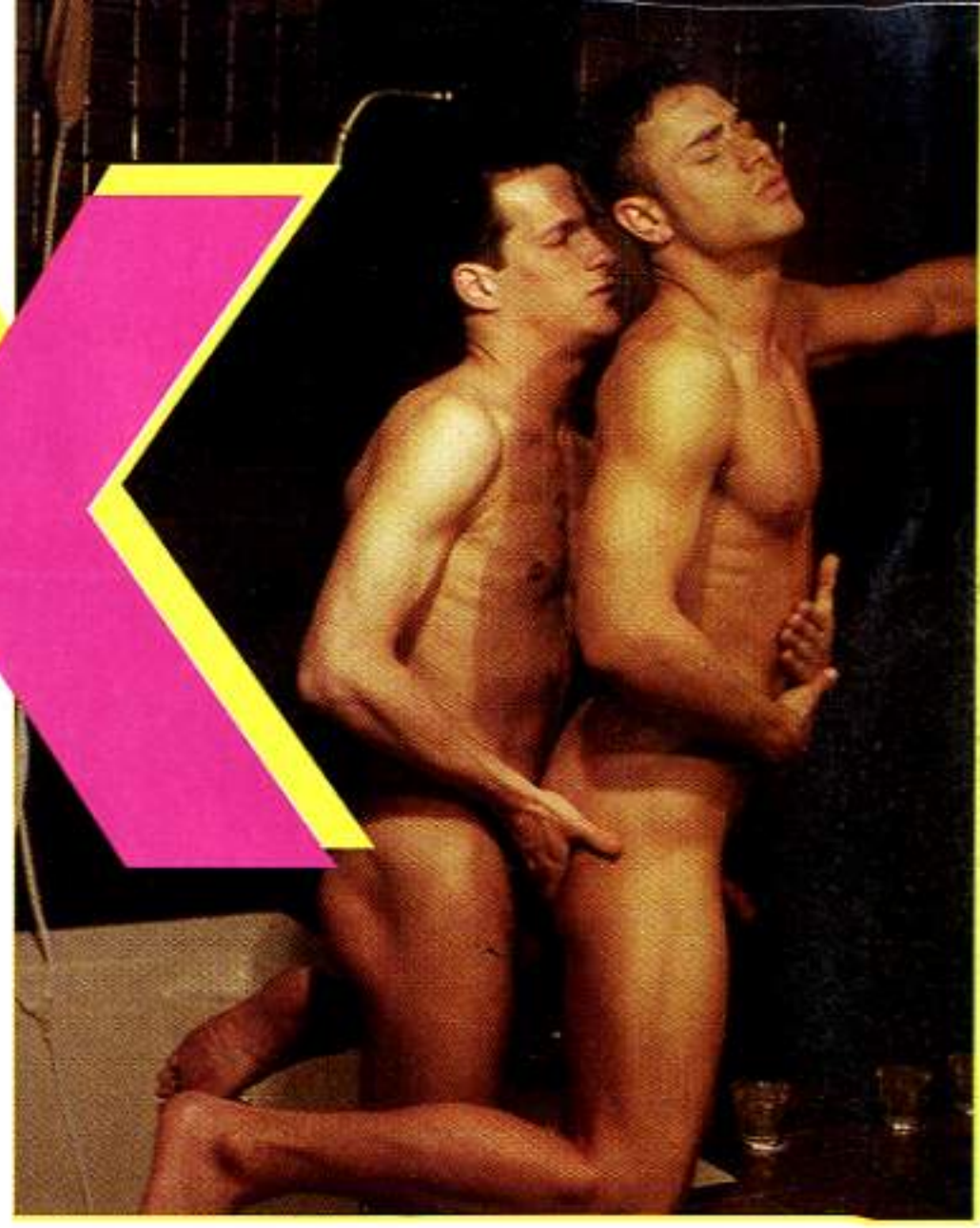

THE OTHER SIDE OF ASPEN III (SNOWBOUND) & THE OTHER SIDE OF ASPEN IV (THE RESCUE)

(Falcon Studios)

Starring Johnny Hanson, Chad Knight, Ken Ryker, Eric Stone, Kevin Dean, Carl Erik, Trent Reed, Jake Andrews, Steve Marks, Cort Stevens, Max Grind, Danny Somers, Jeff Michaels, Cliff Parker, Tom Steele, Rick Drake, Steve Alden, Daryl Brock, Bryce Colby, Andrew Cole, Jackson Phillips, Ray Butler, John Ferage and Wayne Montgomery.

The release of these two videos marks a major milestone in the history of Falcon Studios. *The Other Side of Aspen III & IV* are Falcon video pacs #99 and the big #100. So, needless to say, Falcon went all out for this important event.

This two part tale of lascivious skiers, last minute rescues and totally reprehensible infidelities is definitely one of the best pornos of all time. Believe me, I don't say that lightly. Together, the videos are like a who's who of porno stars and a what's what of pornographic acts.

They serve as sequels to the first movie Falcon ever made, *The Other Side of Aspen*. It was released 23 years ago, and incidentally, is in fact one of the best selling pornos of all time

To continue that tradition of excellence, III and IV are really done well. The camera work is perfect and the lighting is flawless. Some of the shots are just amazing. Falcon spared no expense and employed things like helicopters and airplanes to get some fairly impressive shots.

I know, I know, you don't care about the impressive shots. All you care about are the cum shots. Well, those are amazing too, and there's so many of them, you'll lose count.

It's really difficult to describe these videos because they are simply filled to the brim with intense and well filmed sex scenes. Falcon really knows how to get the job done. There's none of that boring, head bopping up and down on a flaccid cock for ten minutes without an angle change bullshit. Falcon edits in a wide variety of positions (sexual or otherwise) as well as a large number of camera angles. The result is a kind of scene that always keeps the viewer interested and never requires one to fast forward. Touch that button for a second and I guarantee you'll miss something remarkable.

The videos even have a pretty good plot and decent acting. The story centers around the perfect couple, Johnny Hanson and Chad Knight. However, there's trouble in this win-

ter paradise. You see, Johnny is a ski instructor and you know how slutty they are. Johnny's worse! He calls up poor Chad and gives him lies about where he is and what he's doing. Meanwhile, sweet little Chad sighs over the dinner he's made that will go to waste. Once they do get in bed together, Johnny is so worn out by his last three conquests that he jumps out of bed the moment Chad tries to get something started, leaving Chad to masturbate on his own to the smell of his lover's underwear. It's simply tragic!

But Johnny learns his lesson when

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Chad's snowmobile stalls in the middle of a frost bitten no-man's land. After three days, Johnny realizes what he stands to lose.

The reunion is beautiful as the two of them fuck wildly to make up for lost time. The ending is typically soap opera. As I watched it with my friends, we all jump up and yelled, "What a scum!"

You figure it out.

I know, I know, you don't care about the plot. All you want is the sex. Well, the sex is some of the best this skin mag editor has ever seen. These videos are a must own for the sex alone. It would take me too long describe every scene, so I'll just give you some of my favorite highlights.

Of course, Johnny Hanson is amazing with his handsome face, fierce body and absolutely gigantic cock even if he is a no-good, cheating, two-time and double-dealing, mean, mistreating, lying son-of-a-bitch. He has a ton of awesome sex scenes with a large portion of the cast, but when he finally gets together with Chad Knight, you'll wonder why he ever strayed in the first place. Maybe it's the way Chad whimpers and groans when Johnny plows his huge cock into him, but I know one thing for sure, if Chad were mine, I'd never leave him.

Anyway, some of my other favorites are in these too. Ken Ryker does an amazing job and it's nice to see that he's gone back to his natural hair color; it makes him look more rugged. Danny Somers has a great scene with Hal Rockland. Both of them are flawless and I don't think there's any greater pleasure on earth than watching Hal's great big cock sliding into Danny's perfect ass.

There seems to be no end to all the unbelievably beautiful men that take over these videos. Max Grind is hot, Eric Stone is hot, Steve Marks is hot, Jeff Michaels is hot, Rick Drake is hot, Cliff Parker is hot. The list just goes on and on like the endless cum shots. Almost anybody who's anybody fucks or gets fucked in these two films.

Beyond that, there's scenes in this film that you don't just find in most pornos. There's a couple fisting scenes that are just unbelievable. I'll try not spoil it for you, but all I can say is that I hope nobody ate those apples when they were done filming. That's right, and they were Golden Delicious, too.

Oh, and even that gets topped by

Continued on pg. 72

Bradlock
Photos by
Studio 1435

BIRD BIG
DYLOCK

BEAT PLATTER ·95·

LODGE BROTHERS

FICTION BY WAYNE ADAMS
ILLUSTRATION BY SEAN PLATTER

Tom Darkwing tossed another handful of dried leaves and damp moss onto the smoldering fire, sending a billow of scented smoke up into the eaves of the little sweat lodge to roll and swirl and cascade down on our naked bodies, bring relaxing heat and soothing aromas. I smiled and sighed, letting the smoke and warmth drive the tensions from my body. I looked over at my new acquaintance and grinned.

"This is great, Tom, exactly what I needed. I don't know why you're being so nice to me after I made such a fool of myself today, but I sure do appreciate it."

He smiled back, his even teeth sparkling in his broad dark face. "I probably shouldn't say this, but I thought it was pretty funny. You should have seen the look on your face when the squaws surrounded you and tried to undress you. It was priceless."

"Had I known all they wanted to do was paint my chest and put that ceremonial tunic on me, I wouldn't have panicked. That's a beautiful garment and I'll treasure it always. I'm sorry I screamed and carried on so."

"Didn't anyone prepare you for the greeting ceremony?"

"Nobody told me anything. I don't belong here. I'm and accountant, for crying out loud, I'm not an Indian agent. My boss at GAO kept putting the moves on me so I filed a sexual harassment complaint. That got me labeled as a troublemaker and got me transferred to the Bureau of Indian Affairs and my new boss shuttled me out here. Now your people are stuck with me and I haven't the foggiest notion of how to do my job. It isn't fair. Neither one of us deserves to be treated this way."

"I think you'll make an excellent agent. You've got a good heart and you care. That puts you way ahead of any other government agent they've ever sent us."

"I appreciate the vote of confidence and I really appreciate the invite. This sweat lodge is just the ticket for relaxing after a nasty day. I bet you use it a lot."

"I come here to meditate and to be myself. As Chief of the tribe, I'm expected to fulfill a role and behave according to traditions. That's not really me. In here, I don't have to worry about any of that and I can be the real me. For example, I'm finding it increasingly hard not to put the moves on you myself. You are very desirable. I don't blame your boss one bit. Was he so unattractive?"

I looked at my companion with renewed interest. Tom was a big man, well over six feet tall with broad shoulders that tapered down sharply to a slender waist and even narrower hips. His thighs widened out powerfully. His face sported the wide high cheekbones and strong nose typical of the American Indian as well as wide-set deep brown eyes and full brownish-pink lips. Although strongly built with massive pectorals and bulging biceps, there was an overall softness to him. No flat planes or rugged angles anywhere on his body. Nothing but softly curving swells and deeply curvy depressions. The sweat lodge we were in was little more than a deep pit dug out of the ground and covered with a dome of animal skins. A wide ledge or bench made of rock covered with packed earth and dried moss encircled the circumference of the round structure, while a circular pit containing embers filled the center of the small space within, leaving very little room for our bodies and bringing us close together. A closeness I was beginning to find deeply interesting.

"No. Just the opposite. He was very attractive. Had he approached me differently, I would have jumped at the chance, but he practically ordered me to have sex with him, as if it were his due. I don't respond to that sort of attitude and I don't believe in casual sex."

"I understand. You wished to be courted, not commanded."

"Exactly. I know this is a stupid question, but I just never thought about it before. Are there many gay Indians? Uh, Native Americans, I should say."

He chuckled. "Of course there are. Homosexuality doesn't know from race. And you can drop the PC bullshit. We prefer to be referred to simply as The People."

"Well, how do The People feel about gays?"

"There are many wonderful things on this earth and the spirits have their special purposes for all of them. We may not understand those purposes, but who are we to question? We respect all persons and their right to live their own lives as they see fit."

"Has it always been that way?"

"In the days before the white man came, braves would sometimes take more than one mate. A brother's widow perhaps. A mate's widowed sister or a younger sister if there weren't enough men for her to have her own man. We felt it was not right for a woman or a man to live

without pleasure and the company of loved ones. Men who preferred to act as women would also be taken in by one of the braves if the women were pregnant, and good strong workers. Braves would not consider having pleasure with one another, even on long hunts when women were not available. Braves would only have sex with a man if he acted like a squaw and dressed like one. I've never understood that philosophy. If I wanted a woman, I would have a woman. If I wanted a man, I would have a man. I have never found pretense attractive.

"The Indian attitude toward homosexuality was one of the many things that made the white man think of us as savages and godless. I have never understood why white society feels so strongly against something that is perfectly natural. And I find it very telling that the one thing that all races on this earth have in common is the one thing that the majority of races want to eliminate. I don't think the races want to eradicate their differences. If they did, they would revere something like homosexuality which brings them together."

"You make a lot of sense."

"I think so. Here, drink this."

I looked at the sickly green liquid suspiciously. "What's this? Some sort of homeopathic medicine man potion."

His face grew stern and forbidding. He crossed his arms over his breasts and looked at me menacingly. "Ugh! Heap big medicine. Make'um white boy ass horny for red man cock. You drink'um, I fuck'um you."

I didn't know whether to laugh or run for my life. Then he grinned. "Sorry, couldn't resist. It's just Gatorade. You're not used to this heat. Your body is dumping electrolytes by the bucket. You'd better drink this and replenish yourself before you get light-headed and nauseous."

The drink tasted good and made me sweat all the more. "Boy. It certainly is hot in here."

"It's good for you. You need to sweat out all those city poisons you've been accumulating over the years. Here, why don't I scrape you?"

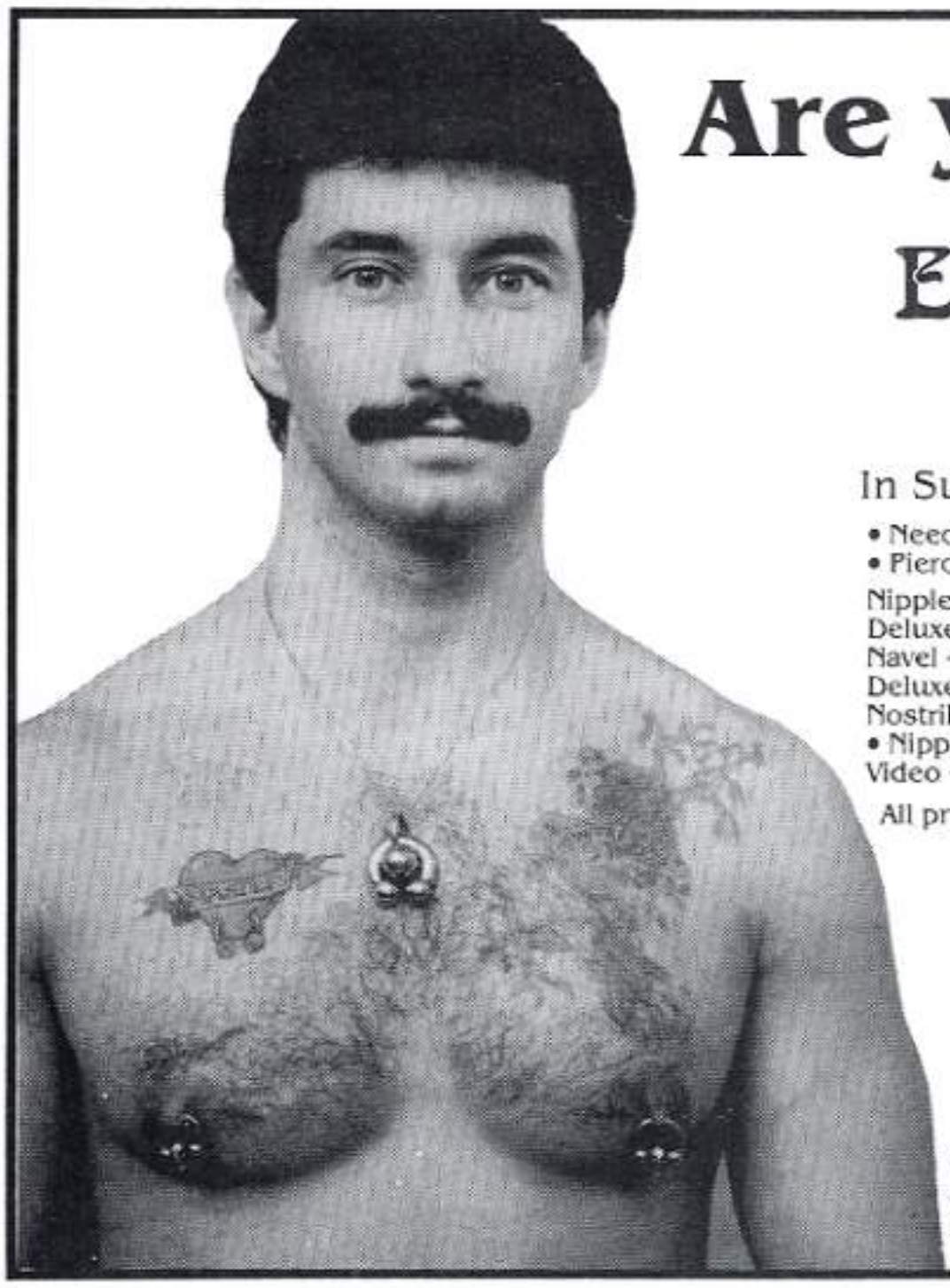
"Scrape me? What on earth...?"

He held up an oddly-shaped piece of heavily grained, softly gleaming smooth wood, about six inches long and maybe an inch or so wide, with a curving almost spoon-like end.

"This is the best way to clean your skin without drying it out. My people have been bathing this way for generations. I understand the Greeks used to bathe this way also. Come, lie down on the bench here. I promise you'll enjoy it. Here, let me show you on your thigh."

Before I could protest, he began working on my thigh, moving the instrument over my skin with swift sure strokes. The sensation was quite pleasurable and, much to my amazement, he coaxed a large roll of disgusting gray scum from my skin. I had just showered that morning. I couldn't believe I was so dirty. My skin was red from the fiction, but it was tingly and more alive-feeling than I could ever remember. I didn't say another word. I laid down on the bench and he set to work.

It felt distinctly peculiar having a strange naked man touching my body so intimately. As he worked his magic, though, I couldn't help but enjoy the sensations. Soon, I was turning red from embarrassment as much as from the wooden scraper. My cock was beginning to stir and stretch. He continued as if nothing



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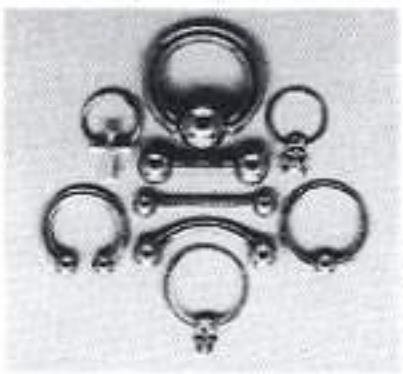

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unusual were taking place. When he reached my groin, he nonchalantly cradled first my cock in one hand while he ran the scraper over it and then my balls. Needless to say, I sprang up good and hard, but since he was ignoring it completely, I decided that I should also. I was relieved when he turned me over and began to work on my back.

If I thought having my cock poking into the soft cushiony springy moss of the bench would bring it back under control, I was very much mistaken. The sensuous feel of the smooth wooden utensil was too enjoyable and I found myself making little happy noises as he worked his way to my hard arched ass cheeks. Tom wasn't one to do a job halfway, and when he reached my ass, he carefully worked over every last inch, sliding the scraper into my crack and tantalizing my asshole with it. I couldn't stop myself from moaning as a shudder of intense pleasure ripped through me. I'm not certain, but I think he may have slid the smooth wooden object into me momentarily before progressing to my thighs. When he completed his tour of my body, he brought out some leaves, leathery and tough, and began to massage me with them, cleansing my body of all remaining debris, a strong scent of spicy mint enveloping me.

When he turned me onto my back once more, I was surprised to find him hard and prepared, his large thick monumental totem sheathed. I looked up at him questioningly as he moved over me and bent down to touch my lips with his. His kiss triggered a multitude of sensations within me, all intensely pleasant. As if my brain had been disconnected, my lips parted and his tongue slid into me, my mouth accepting and desiring. he gathered me up into his arms and caressed my body as his tongue caressed my throat. Somehow we moved into a sitting position with me astride him, his strong hands gripping my hips and lowering me onto his stiff cock. As I felt him enter me, I gasped in sheer ecstasy and rotated my ass, wanting and needing more of him.

He fucked me slowly, his hips thrusting up, his hands lifting and lowering me. I stared down into his lust-glittery eyes, so surprised to be where I was and yet so turned on I though I would burst. I whimpered and sank my teeth into his shoulder as I poured out my release. He moved me onto my back on the bench and fucked me wonderfully and beautifully, his cock filling me and stretching me. I kissed his eyes and his nose and his lips and his chin and his cheeks and his neck, my hands caressing his back and his shoulders and his neck and his breasts and his pumping quivering ass, urging his possession of me. I came again, whimpering and sinking my teeth into his other shoulder, my nails raking his back.

He lay down on the floor, his legs resting on the bench, my limp body sprawled on top of him, my hole wide open for his relentless cock. His large strong hands massaged my ass, squeezing me tightly together to enhance his pleasure. I licked his face, loving his salty sweat. I nibbled his neck, loving his smooth skin against my teeth. I bit his nipples, loving his whimpers of delight. I rose and draped my arms across his knees and began raising my ass up and down his wonderful cock, wanting to please him and pleasure him and turn him into a raging lusty

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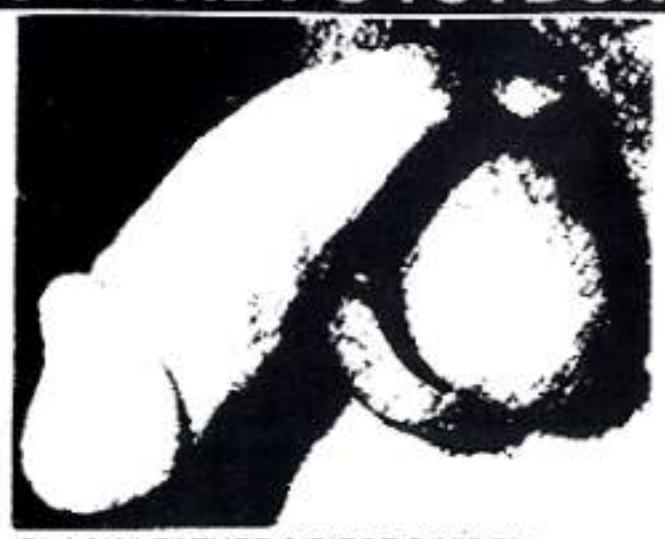

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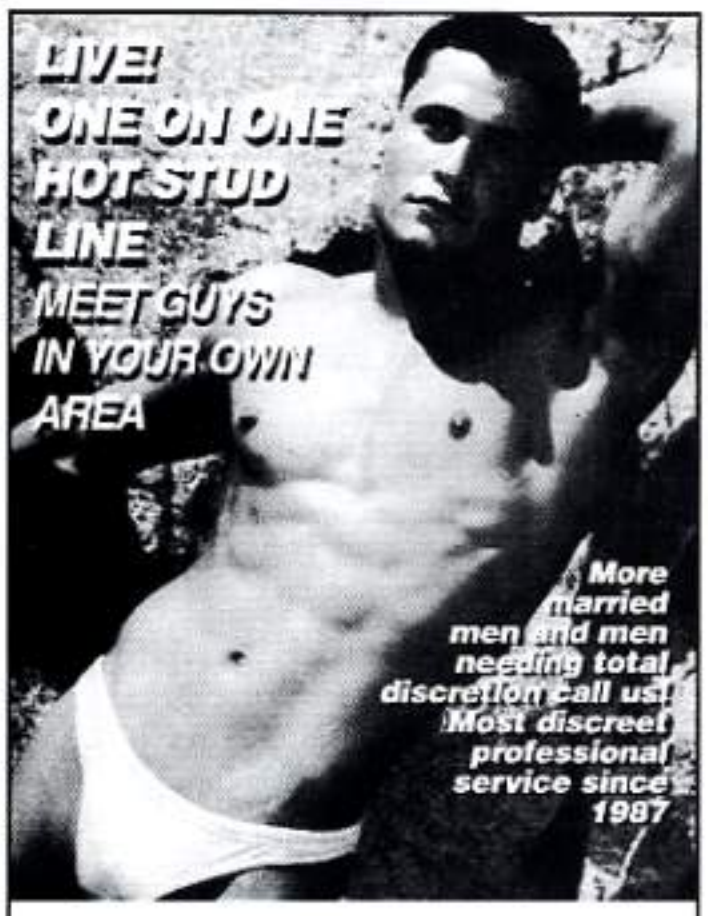

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beast. He lay back and closed his eyes, his face a study of lust and passion and wanton sensuality. The heated air caressed my heated body, further firing my heated abandon. Fires began to ignite within me, fires that only high swirling floods of gushing warmth could ever quench.

I arched my back, driving my ass into his groin, lust-gravelly growls tearing out of me. The heat built inside me, spurred by his large thick cock nosing into my deepest recesses, pushing me into ever-faster bouncing strokes. He began to writhe beneath me, his eyelids fluttering, his mouth opening and gasping. His hands began to rove, caressing and fondling his own body as well as mine. As if unable to withstand the incredibly intense ecstasy, he roared up off the floor and dug his fingers into my ass and began to force me up and down his cock with a hard ramming. I wailed and flailed, wrapping my arms around his knees and gritting my teeth, trying to keep from coming again, trying to wait for him to join me in my extreme rapture. He snarled and began biting my shoulders and chest, trailing little reddish spots across my torso as his fiery lust consumed his reserve. I failed him, fountaining high arcing jets into the hot steamy air several strokes before he turned to marble within me and pumped out his hot massive flow, the condom stretching and ballooning and reaching into my deepest darkest secret places.

I slithered down into his waiting arms, our lips finding each other in our blind ecstasy, our bodies jerking and mindlessly humping.. My head cushioned by one large plump breast, I sighed rapturously, his cock still hard inside me. We slept, our bodies requiring the respite to recharge for further delicious coupling. His careful and tender disengaging woke me and I moaned in disappointment.

"Don't Tom, please don't. I want you to stay inside me."

He chuckled. "But I must. If I am to continue fucking you, I must prepare myself again."

I whimpered as he pulled me off him and laid me down on the bench. Not wanting complete separation, I caressed his thighs and licked his balls as he removed the spent condom and replaced it with a new one. As soon as he was re-wrapped, I guided him back into me, arcing my back and writhing with pleasure as he filled me again. He kissed his bite marks and captured my mouth, his tongue slithering and dancing. I returned his ardor, feeling my fires blazing up into roaring infernos once more.

"What did you put in that drink? I've never felt so wonderful or so hot. I can't get enough of you. It's like my ass has taken over my body, demanding to be fucked by your astounding cock."

He laughed. "I told you, it was only Gator-Aid. Honest. There are no aphrodisiacs outside of the mind."

"I don't believe you. I've never been this turned on before. Those leaves and herbs you've been burning on the coals, there must be something in them that makes me feel this way."

"Mint and thyme and rosemary and dried jasmine leaves, that is all."

"Those leaves you massaged my skin with after you scraped me?"

"Eucalyptus."

"I don't understand. How could this happen? I don't have casual sex. Why now, why here, why you?"

"You don't know yourself as well as you think. Your need was evident to me the moment we met. I knew you wanted me to fuck you, your eyes told me so. That's why I invited you here. A man's sweat lodge is his inner self in outward form. This is who I am, my essence in physical manifestation. Here you can know me completely and with intimate clarity, and here I can know you. You gave yourself to me because it is what you really want, really need."

"I may not understand what has happened or why I feel this way, but I do know one thing. I belong to you. Can you handle that? Can you want me as much as I do you?"

"Like you, I have no desire for casual involvement. I want you for as long as you want me. How long that may be is unknown. We can only trust ourselves and cling to each other for as long as we can."

"Love me, Tom. Over and over and over again."

He fucked me. I wrapped my legs around his waist and caressed his face with my fingertips, marveling in the very realness of him. His skin was smooth and virtually hairless, tender and soft. His hair, black and coarse yet sleek and sinuous, feeling like hard silk as I slid my fingers

through. He glowed like burnished copper though he was more brown than red, a rich full color with its own special feel and taste. He pleasured me, long and full, smiling down at me as I squirmed and brought my ass up to meet his lazy strokes. I reached up and scraped my fingernails across his chest and down to his belly. I dug my fingers into that soft expanse and pulled up a fold of skin and rolled it against my palms. He threw back his head and ground deeply into me, shifting and stirring his cock within me. I whimpered and dug my fingernails into him as I flooded my belly.

He reared back onto his knees and twisted me around on his cock, my back to him. He slid his hands to my belly and massaged my cum into my skin, his teeth nuzzling my neck. I reached back and slid my fingers into the back of his hair, encouraging his munching. With my other hand I reached back and grasped one quivering heavy mound, encouraging his fucking. He cupped one of my breasts, massaging and titillating my nipple. Then he splayed his fingers out across my chest, pulling me tight onto him. His other hand caressed my thighs and my crotch and played with my balls before taking hold of my dick and fisting me into gushing release.

He pushed me forward and then turned me to face him again. He sat back on his haunches, his knees spread wide, pulling me up into his arms, cocooning me up in his warmth and love. I wrapped myself around him and wriggled my hips up and down his hard luscious cock, burying my face into the curve of his neck and shoulder and licking his hot skin He followed suit, closing his eyes in intense rapture and nipped and nuzzled my neck and shoulder, our bodies fucking together and apart without any directives form our brains. He began rocking back and forth, enhancing our pleasure and taking us up into wild erotic flights. He rocked me onto my back onto the floor and then left me there, leaning far back, his cock in my ass and his cradling thighs our only connection.

I dug my elbows into the packed earth floor of the lodge and began to gyrated my hips, fucking my ass on his motionless cock. Bringing my legs up to his chest, he rubbed the

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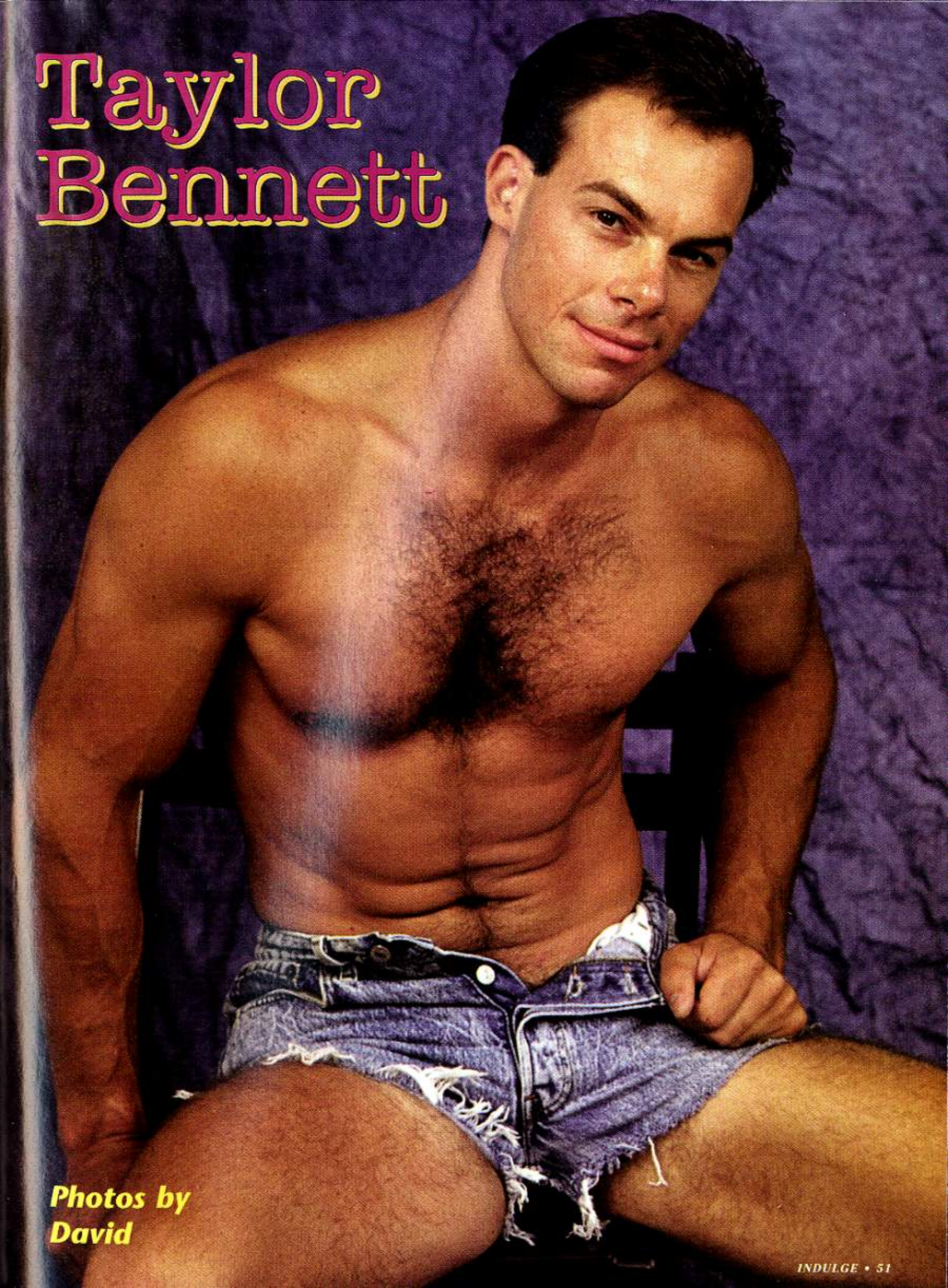
backs of my calves across his hard nipples and bite my ankles. He leaned far back, his elbows holding him off the floor while my feet pressed flat on his tits. Pushing hard against his stiff pointed nipples and forcing them to telescope into the flesh of his breasts, I began to bounce my ass up and down his thick hard cock. Lying down flat, he took first one foot and then the other to his mouth. He licked the soles, his soft-rough tongue sending tickling shocks up my legs. He licked my toes and then drew them into his mouth, sucking and wetting them, his tongue swirling and twisting around each in turn. He licked over the instep and nipped and licked my ankles and heels.

I was losing control fast, his erotic sucking took me into the nether reaches of lust. I whimpered and moaned, my breath hissing as I jerked my ass up and down, raising up onto my hands to force my ass hard onto his jerking cock. I undulated and gyrated, my need far outstripping any inhibitions I might have once had, wanting his cock deep within me so badly I could have sprouted wings if necessary. My convulsing, fluttering channel told him I was nearing nirvana and he grabbed my hips and pulled me off him. I cried out in disappointment frustration as he whipped the condom off his steely shaft and began fisting our cocks, one in each hand, our balls pooling and mingling and drawing up tight to the bases of our dicks, ready to pour white hot cum down our quivering tubes.

We came as one, our geysering loads spurting up high to combine in mid air and splash down onto my belly and chest. He slid his hands from our jerking cocks and into the pools of pearly white, mixing our outpourings more thoroughly together and sliming his fingers well. Leaning forward, he slide his tongue into my mouth. Our eyes locked. We became joined in that moment, irrevocably mortared together, our lives twining, as close as brothers.

He broke the kiss and raised up, reaching for another condom. Re-sheathed, he entered me and laid flat on top of me with his weight pressed into me. Connected, we drifted off into a dreamless void, letting our bodies regenerate for the next intense joining. And the next and the next. And the next. ▼

Taylor Bennett



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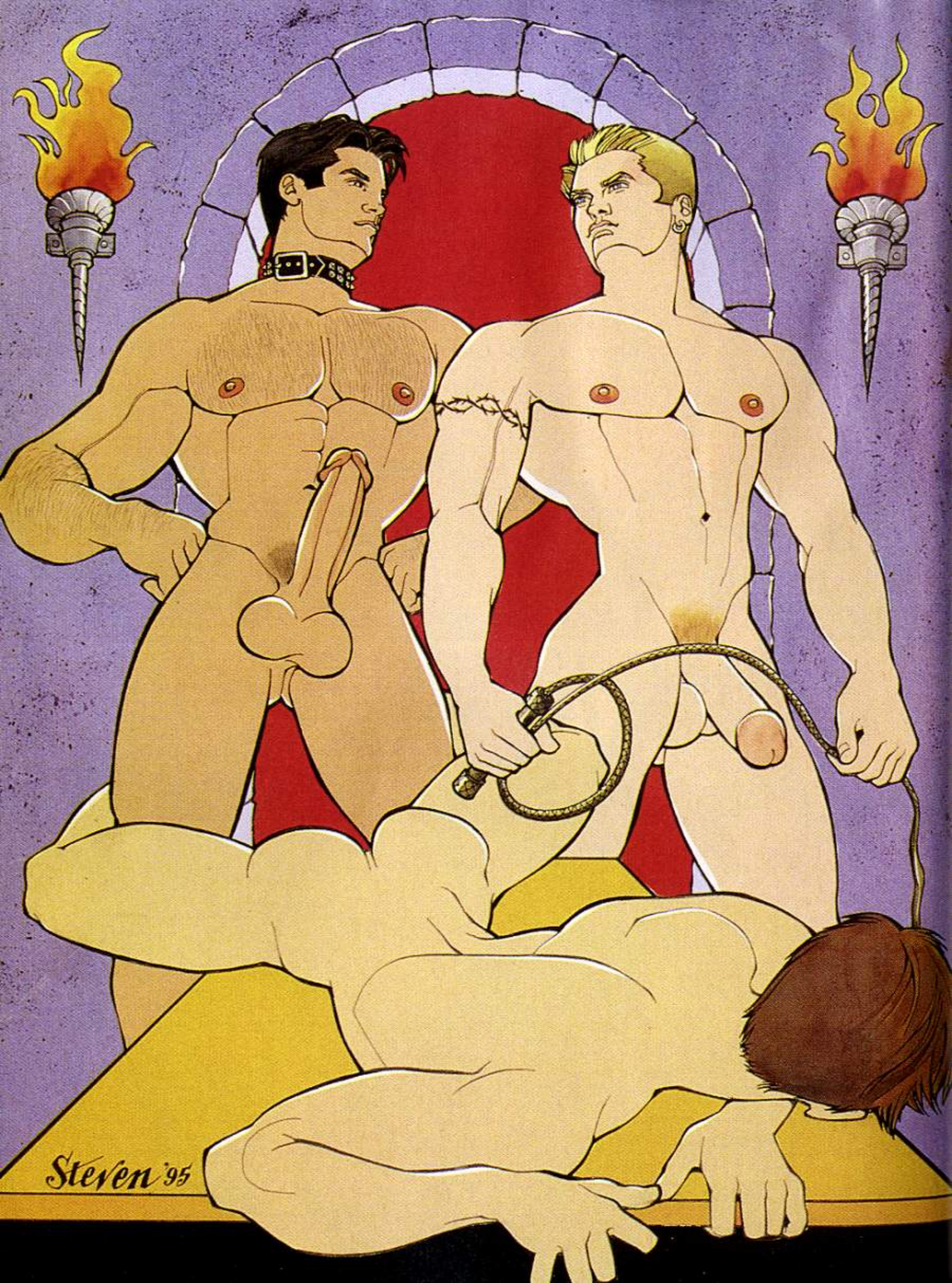

Steven '95

trent bishop AND THE DICK OF DEATH

FICTION BY MARK MACEDO
ILLUSTRATION BY STEVEN

The United States Secret Service knows that sexual desire can be used to obtain an edge over their opponents. They also recognize that not every man can be lured in by a woman. Within the Secret Service is a branch of dedicated men, trained to put their lives, and often their bodies, on the line for their Government. This branch is known as the Homosexual Intelligence Agency, or the H.I.A..

The optical scanner beeped and the security doors hissed open as Trent was given the go ahead by the on duty officer. Walking past two armed guards, smiling and winking at the taller one, Trent made his way down the silent, white corridor. His footsteps echoed as he walked toward Commander Rassmussen's office. He stopped outside the gray metal door, checking his reflection in a floor to ceiling mirror to his right. Trent fixed his thick, brown, hair with his hand, took a deep relaxing breath, and straightened his posture to his full six foot two.

"I dodge bullets for a living, kill dozen of assassins, and walking through this door still makes me nervous," Trent muttered to himself.

He opened the door and walked into the office, feeling the plush carpet underfoot and remembering to shut the door behind him. Rassmussen was sitting in his padded leather chair, facing out the window that made up the north wall of the office. Trent was grateful the Old Man had his back to him as he approached the desk. He remained standing and was about to cough, letting the Old Man know he had come in, when Rassmussen swiveled his chair around to face him.

He was an attractive, if older, man. His gray hair slicked back, matching his gray eyes: cloudy gray, like a storm brewing, set above a hawk like nose and square jaw. Commander Reginald Jeffrey Rassmussen's face was as hard as the man, rugged but handsome—and very intimidating. Rassmussen was the only man who had ever put a quiver in Trent's voice.

The quiver thankfully did not appear this time when Trent spoke, "You asked to see me, sir?"

"Yes, Bishop, have a seat." Rassmussen's voice rolled like thunder. As Trent sat down, his superior handed him a manila folder before continuing, "Open it. The man you see is Kristoff Stettler. He is an accountant based in Zurich."

The picture in the folder showed a man sitting against a desk in an expensively decorated office. Flipping through the photos, Trent found a close-up. Kristoff was in his early thirties, about Trent's age, with white-blond hair combed back. He had brilliant, sparkling blue eyes and a beautiful smile. The photo showed him to be clean shaven, his cheeks slightly rosy, giving him an almost boyish look. Another picture showed the German to be slighter of build than Trent, and shorter, but still a very attractive package. Trent was beginning to like the mission.

Rassmussen was still talking, "He is very well known,

and has a small but very prestigious list of clients. He is also, of course, a homosexual. Herr Stettler is important to us because one of his clients is Doctor Daniel Zacariah Strickland."

Trent's head snapped up, "Dr. Strychnine?"

"Exactly. The man that this Bureau has been after for five years now. We've tried the direct route for long enough, now we're going to see if a round about path catches the good Doctor with his pants down."

"Through his accountant. Tax evasion? Like Capone?"

"Again, dead on right. You are to enter Stettler's confidence, posing as a prospective client. Papers are in the folder. Once you get close enough, you get into his computer and steal every bit of information about Strickland. The Assignments office will have the necessary equipment and spending money for you. Good luck, Bishop." Rassmussen stood as he extended his hand.

Trent shook the offered right hand and left.

The flight to Europe was uneventful and Trent set himself up at his luxurious hotel room. He had met his contact and they had laid out a plan. Trent crossed his fingers and headed for his appointment.

Bishop had been sitting in the waiting room of the Stettler Firm for only two minutes when Kristoff Stettler came out of his office to greet him. As flattering as the pictures had been, the real flesh and blood Stettler was almost angelicly beautiful. He wore a well tailored white suit, cut to fit, which only added to the angelic appearance. Trent rose to meet the man.

"Willkommen, Herr Rook. I am Kristoff Stettler," Stettler said, extending his hand. The German accent was fairly thick, but the exoticness turned Trent on. He felt his cock begin to swell. Stettler had called him Mr. Rook, using the pseudonym provided by Trent's false papers. Rook. Bishop. Rassmussen had a bad-pun sense of humor.

Trent shook the extended hand and Kristoff guided him to the back office door. Trent felt Kristoff's hand press lightly against his back as he was ushered into the office. Physical contact. A good sign.

Trent saw an even better sign of what was to come when he saw the office's decoration. There was no way this was Stettler's usual business office.

Hanging behind his ornate oaken desk was a large black and white photo of a naked man. He lay on his back, one arm draped over his face, obscuring it, while the other hand covered his crotch. Across from the desk sat a large white dildo, complete with attached testicles. At least 3 feet tall and 20 inches around. It looked like it was marble or well polished plastic. These were not the decorations you would normally find in a business office; like it or not, there were just too many conservative types in the world for a set up like this. As Bishop had hoped, Stettler had done some background checks on "Mr. Travis Rook" when the appointment was made, and discovered he was gay. Good. Open flirtation would carry a lot more weight with someone who was comfortable with their sexuality.

Trent walked over to stand by the dildo, admiring it. He ran a hand down the smooth shaft. It was indeed marble, carved to resemble an erect penis, detailed to include the veins and skin texture of a cock. The balls were rough, to simulate hair.

"Interesting piece of work, Mr. Stettler," Trent said, still running his hand over the giant dildo. His dick was starting to get hard.

"Call me Kristoff, please. Do you like what you see?"

Trent turned to Kristoff and looked him dead in the eye, "Yes, I like what I see. Call me Travis."

Kristoff's face lit up when he smiled—a devilish grin on an angelic face. Instead of seating himself behind the desk, Stettler motioned Bishop to a small white couch. They sat down together, and Dristoff looked Trent up and down with appreciative eyes.

"You've come a long way for financial advice, Herr Rook....Travis. How did you come to decide on my accounting abilities?" Kristoff licked his lips slightly.

Trent smiled, "I have very high standards. In everything. I saw the article *Wealth & Power Magazine* did about you and your business. The minute I saw your photograph, I knew I wanted to do business with you personally."

"My photograph?" Stettler actually looked somewhat confused.

"Well," Trent began with a sly grin, "Accountants in America are usually old and not very pleasing to look at. I want to be able to appreciate the man I work with. The man I trust all my money with." He ended by placing his hand on Stettler's thigh.

Kristoff bit his lower lip slightly and then licked both lips before saying, "Good, I like a man who knows what he wants and goes after it. Sehr gut." He lapsed into German at the end.

Trent ran his hand up the white suited thigh, feeling well toned muscles twitch beneath the fabric. He slowly began to rub the hardening bulge in the German man's pants. With his other hand, Trent caressed Kristoff's arm. Staring deep and hard into those sparkling blue eyes, Trent leaned forward and kissed Stettler's soft, full lips. Trent's cock throbbed as he pushed his tongue into the German's mouth. A muffled moan of excitement escaped Kristoff's mouth as he reached down and ran his hand against Trent's bulging cock.

Trent grew slightly apprehensive when he saw Kristoff reaching for something on the side of the couch. He heard a click and a soft whir and saw that a section of the wall had pivoted. The pivoting wall exposed a bed of white satin sheets and pillows, surrounded by softly lit lights.

Trent smiled to himself as he pulled away from the kiss and scooped Kristoff up. He could feel a well toned body through the suit, and was glad to see Kristoff kept himself in shape. He said as much to the accountant.

"I play tennis. I am very good if I say so myself. I like to stay lean for my men." Kristoff purred like a kitten. Trent had noticed the tennis trophies on display when he came in.

Quickly, Trent pulled, almost tore, Kristoff's jacket and vest from the German. Buttons flew as Kristoff ripped Trent's shirt open, gasping as he exposed the well muscled chest. Kristoff ran his hand across the firm pecs, down Trent's tight stomach, latching onto his belt buckle and undoing it with a frenzied speed.

Trent had succeeded in taking off the white jacket and vest and repeated Kristoff's actions by tearing

open the accountant's shirt. The skin beneath was white and the muscles toned. Pink nipples stood hard and erect, and Trent clamped his hot mouth down over one. He flicked his tongue quickly over the nipple. Kristoff's body arched and bucked from the pleasure.

Kristoff moaned and unzipped Trent's pants, quickly kicking off his shoes before using his feet to push Bishop's pants down. The blonde man rubbed both his hands against the large bulge in Trent's crotch, the rock hard cock's head poking out from above his underwear.

Trent clamped his hand down on Kristoff's pants and quickly removed them, spinning their owner around in the process. Wrapping his arms around the smaller man's chest, Trent began to rub his cock hard against Kristoff's ass.

"Ja! Give it to me! Oh, I want die Schanz inside me!" Kristoff moaned as he pushed back against Trent's stiff dick.

Trent yanked his underwear off as he pulled down Kristoff's. The beautiful German spun around and dove onto Trent's pre-cum leaking cock, shoving it into his mouth hungrily.

Trent began to rock his hips back and forth shoving his hot dick into those soft lips.

"Suck my dick. Suck that hot fuckin' dick!" Trent moaned. Kristoff had a wonderfully warm mouth and an expert tongue. Trent kept thrusting, feeling his balls churn with a heavy load. The German ran his lips up and down the shaft, taking every bit of Trent's eight inches. Trent grabbed Kristoff by the back of the head and forced him down hard, smashing his nose into Trent's pubic hair. Kristoff reveled in the smell, rubbing the head of Trent's cock against the back of his throat. Trent moaned deeply and ran his hands down Kristoff's slender back.

Kristoff pulled off Trent's dick and began licking at his balls, taking one, then both into his mouth. The sensation caught Trent off guard and a long, low moan escaped his lips. Bending forward, Trent began fingering Kristoff's tight, pink hole. He wet his finger in his mouth and rubbed it against Kristoff's asshole.

The German stopped his sucking and moaned loudly, his body shaking slightly. Trent pushed him flat onto the bed and shoved his tongue into Kristoff's hole. He felt it open immediately, begging his tongue to explore. As Trent probed the tight smooth ass, he swung himself around until he was kneeling behind the German. Out of the corner of his eye Trent spied a tube of lube and some condoms, and quickly applied them to his throbbing dick. He stroked his hard cock, being generous with the lube. When his cock was ready, Trent poked his lubed finger into Kristoff's hole. It was so tight, felt so good wrapped around his finger. But it begged for something larger, and Trent's cock wanted release.

Rubbing the head of his cock up against Kristoff's hole, Trent slowly slipped it in. Kristoff grunted in pain and ecstasy, and then pushed back against the intruding dick, trying to take more. Trent was happy to oblige and began pummeling the tight hole as fast as he could.

"Take that big dick! Yeah, you like that don't you! Yeah!" Trent's words came out in deep gasping grunts as he thrust hard and deep.

"Ja, fuck mein ass! Ach, give me

your cock! Harder! Ja! Ja! Oh, harder, please! Vogeln mich! Vogeln mich schnell!" Kristoff grunted quickly, and stroked his own swollen cock.

Trent fucked faster, feeling his balls churn. "Fuck! Oh, fuck! Yeah! Take my load!"

Kristoff felt Trent explode inside him, the big dick throbbing and pulsing inside his asshole. Trent's muscled physique spasmed atop the German, as their sweat mingled. Kristoff fisted his cock furiously, gasping for air until he finally shot his cum. Streamers of white shot across the satin sheets, some of it splattering against Kristoff's chin. Trent continued to fuck as he felt Kristoff's ass twitch around his dick, milking every drop from him.

They collapsed together in a heap on the bed. Kristoff slowly worked his way under the covers, and pulled them open for Trent. After a few moments, both men shut their eyes.

But only one man fell asleep. After laying there for ten minutes listening to Kristoff's breathing and making sure he was asleep, Trent slid out of bed.

Trent had not noticed that the revolving wall had shut behind them while they were fucking. Rather than waste time getting dressed, he began looking for a switch to open the wall. Trent found instead a concealed door. It opened back into the sexually decorated office. Stopping to grab his wallet, Trent entered and shut the door behind him.

The room was dimly lit, the only light coming from an electric candle on the revolving wall. Had the lights been turned off by Kristoff's secretary, or a by-product of the wall closing? What time was it anyway? Trent's watch was still laying at the foot of the bed.

Bishop quietly crossed the room to the computer atop Stettler's desk. His athletic body accentuated by the flickering light, he stood before the computer and turned it on. A moment later and he was in the client files directory.

"No doubt encrypted." Trent muttered to himself as he pulled a diskette from his wallet. Sliding it into the computer, he watched as the codebreaker went to work.

Shortly thereafter, Trent was copying every one of Stettler's files onto disks found in a desk drawer.

"What are you doing, Travis? Get away from the computer!" Kristoff's voice startled Trent, but he didn't jump. He turned to see Kristoff standing in the doorway from the bedroom. He was holding something. Something like a gun.

"I said get away from the verdammt computer!"

Stettler's accent got thicker as he got angry. Trent took a step back, feeling a tad vulnerable standing bare-ass naked in the office.

"Put your hands on the top of your head, Herr Rook. Do not make a mistake, I will use this." Kristoff stepped out of the shadows and flicked on the lights. Trent saw that the gun was not one designed to fire bullets, more like a dart gun. He put his hand over his head and flexed his biceps. They ballooned into boulders. At the same time, he flexed his stomach, showing the washboard. If he could turn Kristoff on, get him sexually excited, he might talk his way out of this mess. Maybe even back into bed.

Kristoff's face was dispassionate. Any trace of the angel Trent had fucked earlier was gone, replaced by a face of stone. Kristoff walked over to the desk, motioning Trent up against the wall. The German pressed a button on the control panel set into the desk, all the while keeping his eyes on Trent.

A deep, male voice came from the desk speaker, "Yes, Master Stettler?" It was tinged with a Greek accent.

"Nikos, come up to my secondary office, please. I have a visitor." Kristoff's gaze was unrelenting. Trent stopped posing and began calculating the distance from him to Kristoff. Too far to leap. Kristoff could nail him for sure.

"I was just checking out your system. To see what kind of hardware you were using." The lie came out sounding lame, and Trent knew Kristoff wouldn't buy it.

"I see." Kristoff picked up the decrypting diskette, "Very fancy piece of equipment. 'Just checking out my system.' Ja, I'll bet. I am not sure why you are doing this, but no one takes advantage of Kristoff Stettler. No one!"

A different concealed door than the one that led to the bedroom opened. Out of it stepped a body builder. All muscle. Despite his predicament, Trent felt his heart skip a beat. The new arrival was masculinity defined. At least four inches taller than Trent, and weighing a good 240 lbs., he was a Goliath. His face was strong and solid, covered by a thick black beard. His hair was cropped, and so black it looked dyed. His eyes were like shards of jet, burning intensely. Around his neck was a thick studded leather collar. He wore no shirt, and his chest was covered with thick, curly, black hair. He had a pair of black leather shorts on, and wore black hiking boots to match. The tremendous muscles in his thighs tensed and released as he stood there in the doorway.

"Ah, Nikos. Herr Rook, this is my compatriot Nikos. He is a very close companion of mine, and will do whatever I wish. He is invaluable." Turning to address Nikos, Stettler continued, "Take him below, strap him to the table. I will join you shortly."

No way was Trent going 'below' without a fight. He tensed as Nikos approached him, and was about to spring when he felt a sting in his side. Looking down he saw a tiny silver dart protruding from his side. The room swam, the last thing Trent saw was the imposing form of Nikos looming over him.

Trent awoke to find himself strapped to a long metal table. He was staring straight up at the giant white marble dildo form Kristoff's office. It was suspended 10' above him by a rope. The rope went through a pulley set in the 20' ceiling, and ran down to be tied to a hoop in the wall. The entire room was set up like a torture chamber of sorts.

There were clamps and chains set into the walls, and a table covered with different styles and sizes of whips. A wooden rack, for stretching backs, sat across the room from his table. Flaming torches lined the walls, providing the light.

"Gut, you are awake." Kristoff's voice was coming from behind Trent's head, where he could not see. Nikos, however, walked into view. He was stark naked, except for the collar around his neck. He stared down at Trent, his chest, neck, and thighs red from whip marks. His breathing was very heavy, and his ten inch cock swollen and throbbing.

Despite his predicament, Trent found that his dick was rising.

Kristoff calmly strode up to stand near Trent's head. He ran a warm hand down Trent's hard body, stopping to massage the now erect cock. Kristoff's hand continued down and rubbed against Trent's balls. He pulled his hand back and lifted it to his nose, inhaling deeply.

"Herr Rook, I do not know why you were breaking into my computer system, nor do I care. You were invading the privacy of my clients, as well as my own, and I will not allow that." He took Bishop's face in his hand, "Only the fact that you were so good in bed is keeping me from killing you slowly." He let Trent's face go and turned away.

Trent breathed a sigh of relief. Maybe he could convince Kristoff to let him go if he promised to fuck him again. Nikos, too. Trent wanted some of the muscle man.

Before Trent could say anything, Kristoff spoke again, "No, a slow death would be cruel. Your death will be quick. The work of art you admired so much before will be the means to your end, Herr Rook. At that height, the sculpture will crush your skull, killing you instantly. Live by the schwanz, Herr Rook, die by the schwanz. Nikos, please wait until I have buzzed down from the office to kill him. Then dispose of the body in the furnace."

"Yes, Master." Nikos replied, eyeing Trent's stiff cock with hungry eyes.

Kristoff turned and left, the heavy metal door shutting behind him. Nikos ran a rough hand along the inside of Trent's thigh. The big Greek pinched Trent's nipple, hard, and then give his own stiff nipple a firm twist.

"Nikos," Trent began, grinding his cock against Nikos' hand as best he could, "before you kill me, could I have one last fuck? I've never seen a dick that big before, and I would love to have it inside me. The thought of a big muscle stud like you fucking my tight ass just gets me hot."

Nikos smiled an almost evil smile, grabbing Trent's dick firmly. He jacked it quickly, roughly, painfully. Trent let out a grunt.

"You think you could take my big dick, little man? Yeah, I bet you could." Nikos began to unshackle Trent, starting with his legs.

He turned Trent on the table, lining his huge cock up with Trent's asshole. Trent gritted his teeth and squeezed his eyes shut, waiting for the pain of a dry fuck. After a moment, when nothing happened, he opened his eyes to see Nikos putting a lubricated condom on.

"Good," Trent though, "God only knows where this guy has been."

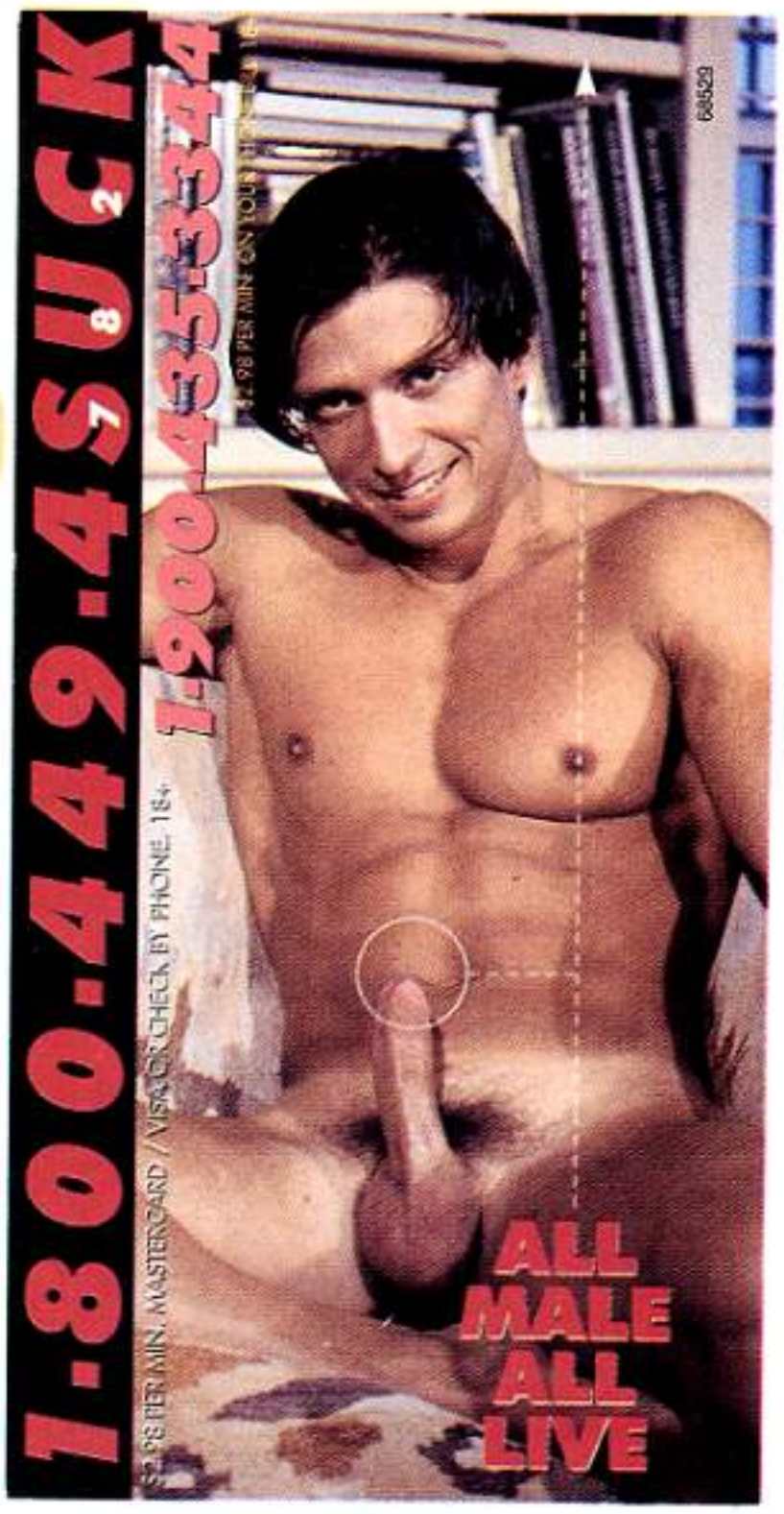
Grabbing Trent's legs, one in each hand, Nikos shoved his big, meaty cock into Trent's ass. Trent let out a cry as the biggest cock he'd ever seen penetrated his ass. The body builder fucked slow and deep, hitting the core of Trent's sexual being. Trent felt a sensation deep within him as he pushed his ass against Nikos. A warm tingling rushed over Trent's whole body as Nikos repeatedly shoved his hard cock into that tight hole.

Trent moaned and bucked his hips as the giant stud began to fuck faster. The strokes were long and even, but came in quick succession. Withdrawing his dick from Trent's ass, Nikos slammed it back in, hitting hard and deep. Trent grunted loudly, and grabbed a hold of Nikos' ass, pulling him in deeper, wanting more. The big man was grunting too, his breath ragged and in concert with his hip thrusts.

Nikos picked up the pace, grabbing Trent's shoulders and thrusting his hips quick as he could. Trent worked his own stiff rod with one hand, pinching Nikos' nipple with the other. The table shook with the force of the pounding, its joints screeching in time with each thrust.

Nikos was gasping for air now, his chest and face flushed with blood, sweat streaming down his neck. He began to moan, loudly, almost yelling. His stroke grew uneven and then Nikos pulled out of Trent's asshole. He tore the condom off with a quick snap of his wrist and stroked his mighty rod. His moaning was a steadying groan, rising in intensity as he fisted his cock. With a final grunt he came, spewing his copious load across Trent's stomach and chest. The orgasms rocked the giant's hard body, as gush after gush of cum sprayed out from his throbbing cock.

"I want to suck you off, you fuck!" Nikos growled, pulling Trent off the edge of the table. Trent's feet hit the floor and he leaned against the table



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for support as Nikos dropped to his knees.

The Greek's mouth was like a vacuum, sucking Trent's cock hard. He slammed his face down against the base of Trent's cock, and back up again to the tip. Up and down the shaft he ran his lips and tongue. Going down and deep-throating Trent's rock hard cock. Trent's body shook with pleasure as his cock rammed deep into the muscle stud's warm mouth. Nikos' beard rubbed harshly against Trent's balls as the Greek swallowed the cock. Trent could feel his load in his balls, threatening to explode. He had an idea.

Quickly yanking his dick from the giant's mouth, Trent worked his pulsing cock furiously.

"No! I want your cum in my mouth! Let me..." Nikos was cut off in mid sentence as Trent shot his tremendous load into the giant's eyes. Stunned by the stinging cum, Nikos toppled back. Trent quickly leapt on him and pummeled the Greek into unconsciousness.

After securing the unconscious Nikos to the rack, Trent made his way past the metal door. A hallway led to a small elevator, which brought him to the door Nikos used to get into Kristoff's office.

Kicking open the door, Trent startled Kristoff, who was standing near the computer. Trent saw no sign of the dart gun, and rushed Kristoff. The German grabbed a tennis trophy as a weapon.

When Trent as in range, Kristoff swung. Trent's hand shot out, catching Kristoff in the right shoulder and spoiling his attack. Trent's right hand came across Kristoff's jaw, and sent the smaller man sprawling. He slammed against the wall and fell to the floor unconscious.

Trent examined the computer and the disks he had copied earlier. The hard drive was completely empty, and Kristoff had been using a magnetic device to clean the disks memory. Trent scooped up the disks and went into the bedroom. Using a micro-transmitter, he radioed his contact for pickup. Quickly dressing, he grabbed the still unconscious Stettler and walked out into the waiting room. His watch showed eleven P.M. Good. No witnesses.

His contact picked him up and together they got Nikos.

Back in the States, in the section of the Pentagon used by the H.I.A., Trent sat at his desk. he rapped his fingers on the oak, musing. All that work for nothing. Almost nothing.

Some of the disks had information on them, but not enough to convict or ever accuse Dr. Strychnine of anything. They had shown that Stettler had embezzled nearly a hundred million dollars from his clients, and the German had been ready to squeal on Strickland.

Unfortunately, Stettler had been shot and killed by an unidentified sniper, at the 'safe' house he was being kept in. A total waste.

"You alright, pal?" It was Keith Piper, the memo clerk who Trent often spoke with during free time. Often spoke with and occasionally fucked, Trent reminded himself.

He was cut, twenty-one, and was training to be an agent. He had brilliant green eyes and thick black hair. His skin was a delicious chocolate brown.

"Yeah, I guess. Last mission was a waste."

"So I read. Your report to Rassmussen mentioned a big guy. A body builder named Nikos." Keith's eyes sparkled.

"That's right. And if Rassmussen knew you read his files, he'd kill you, personally. Why do you ask about Nikos?"

"He sounds like a pretty hot stud. I'd like to know more about him, seeing how he's going to be an operative soon." Keith said flatly.

"Wha-a-at?" Trent stopped walking, his mouth open.

Keith smirked, "Rassmussen's files show your boy Nikos scheduled to begin training and evaluation as soon as he has been debriefed. Actually, I think the department could use some new meat."

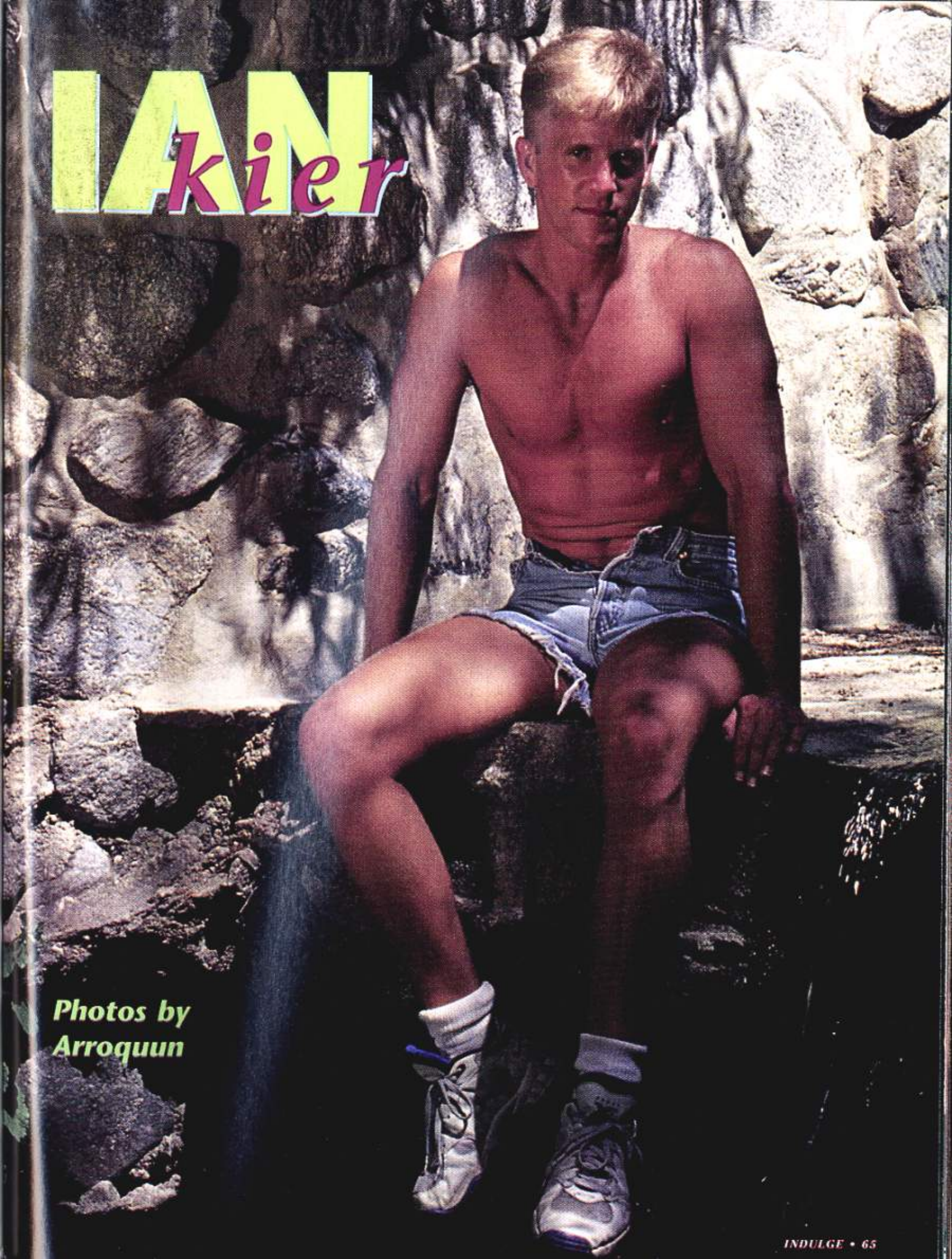
Trent closed his mouth and looked into Keith's beautiful emerald eyes. They sparkled with excitement and playfulness.

"If I was to share this information you request," Trent said in his most professional, bureaucratic voice, "it would have to be in a secure locale."

"I can't think of anywhere more secure that my apartment." Keith's grin stretched from ear to ear.

Trent couldn't help but smile. The mission may have not been a complete waste, after all.

IAN kier



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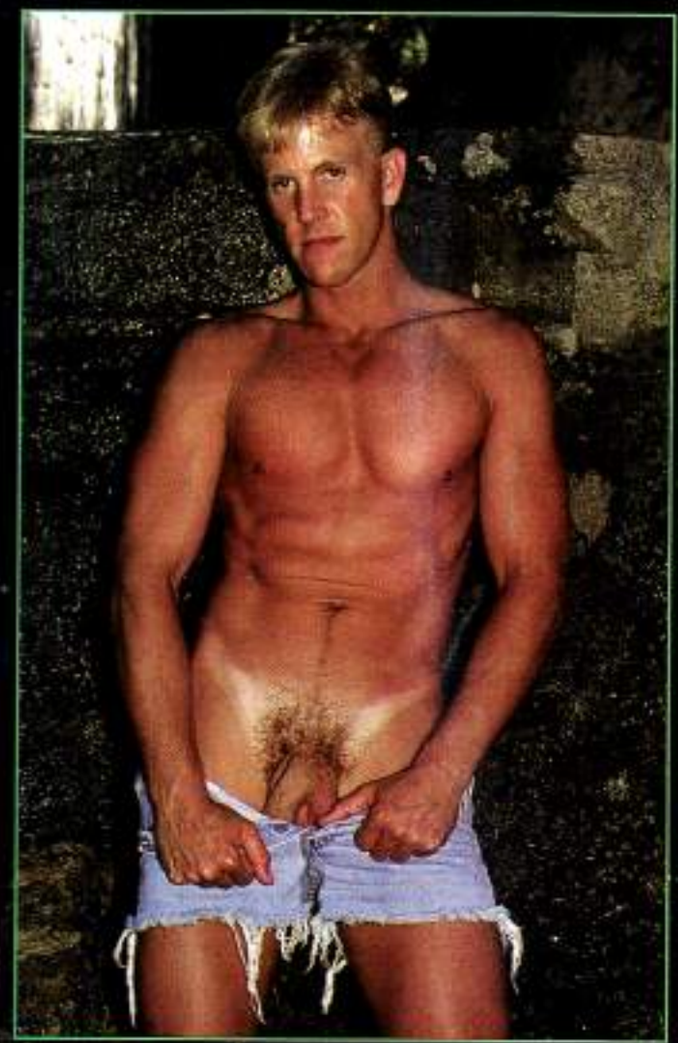

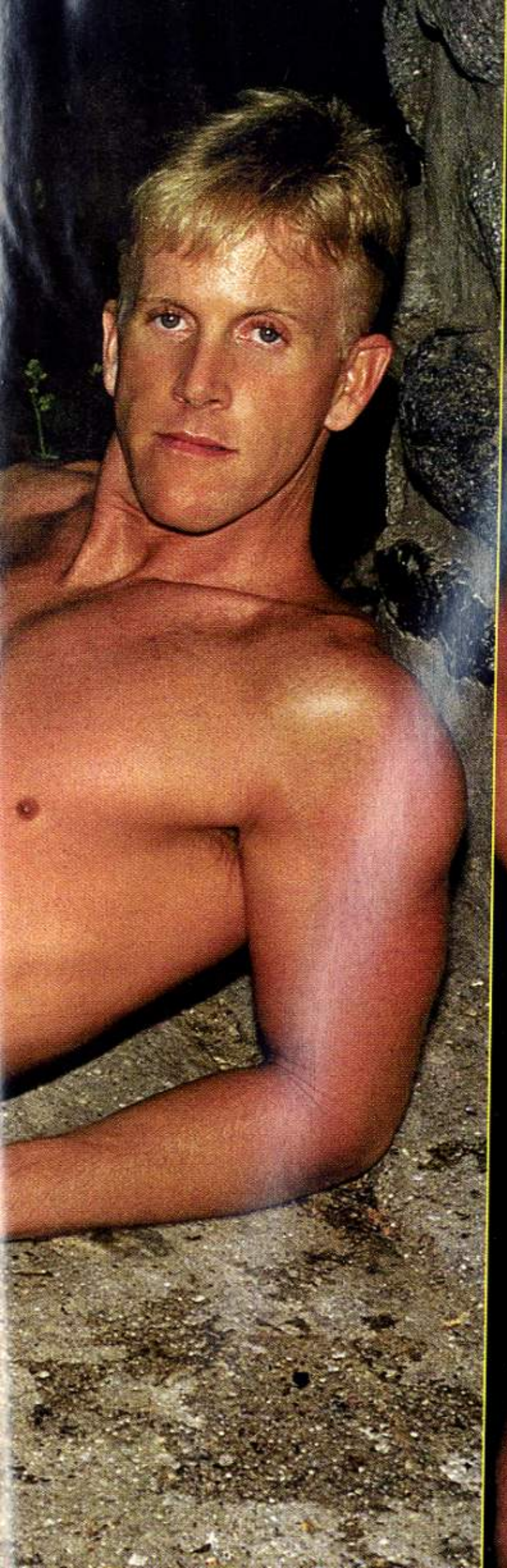

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FLIX

Continued from pg. 36

things like a fire extinguisher or three clenched fists. There's even a clear, see-through butt plug that administers mild electric shocks. You read it correctly: Mild... Electric... Shocks.

There's a great enema scene as well as the jaw-dropping inclusion of Kevin Dean and his gut pounding, fourteen inch cock. Hell, it might even be sixteen inches long for all I know, and believe me, I don't think I could handle finding out its measurements exactly.

Overall Falcon video pacs #99 and #100 are just about the two most important pronos you can own. After 23 years, Falcon still never seems to go wrong and these two videos are worthy of a first rate mention in the entire history of gay pornography. ▼

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WEST

Las Vegas **HEY GUYS:** I'm 39 y/o, nice lkg, casual and laid back. I like concerts, going out and more. If you are around my age and have similar interests, call me. #45354

Las Vegas **CALL OF THE WILD:** I'm 6ft, smooth build, well endowed. lkg4 guy's under 25 who are real smooth. call me. #4450

Las Vegas **BOTTOM LINE:** I'm a 28 y/o attr. btm. I'm 5'8, average build and I'm new in town. call me. #4546

Reno **RENO RANDY:** Randy, 37, 6' 175, well built, good shape, looking for some younger guys interested in having fun. #6610

Carson City **COUNTRY MUSIC FAN:** Chris, 24, 5'8, 155, brn/blue, like to have someone romantic, outgoing. C/W music dancing, outdoors, horseback riding- #3203

Las Vegas **HOT SAFE FUN:** Nat, looking to meet guys for hot safe fun, want to get with you, if you are 22 -37, coming to town soon, I'm 5'10 150 blnd/blue 30s built like to have a great time- #6058

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Seattle **RAVER BOY:** I'm 18 y/o and I'm lkg4 someone 18-26 who is hiv-, clean and likes to have fun. #4752

Seattle **DON'T PASS ME UP:** I'm Hispanic, 25 y/o, very musc, very gdlkg. If you like to have fun, call me. I'm safe and great fun. you should be very active and attractive and under 35. #6792

Seattle **CASUAL FUN:** I'm lkg4 a fairly straight guy. I'm a young, hot, 30 something seeking the same for a casual relationship. #4959

Longview **HOMO ALONE WITH THE KIDS:** I'm 5'10, 130lbs, long dark hair, hazel eyes. If you are nice and would like to build a lasting relationship with me and my two kids, please call me. #4964

Seattle **BIG BOY:** I'm a former model in search of a GWM 25-45 for walks, talks and more. I'm a big guy and I'm comfortable with myself. #4975

Seattle **BI BI LOVE:** I'm a bi guy lkg4 a guy 20-30's. I'm well built and well end'd. I'm straight acting and I seek the same. #4976

Olympia **LETS EXPERIMENT:** I'm a 25 y/o BIWM into hiking, biking and animals. If you are a slim guy 18-25 and want to experiment with me, please call me. smokers OK. #5190

Portage **Hill FRIENDS WANTED:** Terry, 28, int in meeting some friends, poss relationship, give me a call. #6315

Seattle **PROFESSIONAL GUY:** Gdlkg professional clean cut male, ISO 25-32 attr WM. life outside the bars, long term rel or friendship. #6334

Seattle **DADDY WANTED:** GWcouple seeks daddy- we are both in our 30s ht/wt prop, both well end'd lkg for aggressive masc daddy of any color, into exploring our limits and fantasies. #6435

Seattle **PLAY PARTY!** 26, blnd 6' 150 smooth clean shaven well end'd looking for other guys to play and party with, give me a call! #4517

EAST

Nassau Cty **YOUNG AND RESTLESS:** I'm 24 y/o and I'm lkg4 young, good looking GWM like me. I'm clean shaven, short hair and good looking. If you are 18-24, please call me. #4474

New York **ANYTIME GUY'S:** aggressive 33 y/o btm lkg4 straight, bi or gay men for fun, the bigger the better. any age, any race. #4639

New York **LETS WRESTLE FOR TOP:** I'm 22 y/o and I'm lkg4 guy's that want to wrestle in spandex. I'm always ready to take you to the mat. #4657

Duchess **LETS GO FOR A HIKE:** I'm 36 y/o and I would like to meet other gay men. I like to camp and hike. call me. #4751

Manhattan **DADDY TOP:** I'm lkg4 btm boy that knows how to take care of a big guy. I'm 53 y/o, 6'2, 250lbs, thick, meaty, big, big, big. If you are man enough, call me. #4899

Upstate **LETS GET TOGETHER:** my name is Lou. I'm 6'1, 35 y/o and well built. I like to hike, back pack and I'm lkg4 a relationship with a btm man. call me. #5429

Upstate **YES SIR!** Rick, 35, 5'11 brn/brn clean shaven 185, Italian/Polish looking for dom men, ex military, or police officer, into lthr BD good times Harley's and fun! #5981

Rochester COUPLES OR SINGLES: Rochester SW Prof'l couple looking for couples or single men for discreet fun and friendship vers ISO same, hope to hear from you. #6035

Canaan **DOUG WM** good shape, looking to meet for friendship, poss more- #6281

Plattsburg **CURLY HAIR:** Mike, 6'2, 175, dk brn curly, dk brn eyes, 28 good shape, give me a call! #6318

Rochester **TERRY, 18 GWM,** blonde/brn, 5'10, 150, looking for a GWM who is active and likes to go out to clubs, dance, go to movies, hang out, get to know each other. I'm 18, so if you are interested, give me a call- #6401

Buffalo **TV/TS/CD:** 31 6'3 210, looking for a TV/TS/CD any age or nationality, must be with in the area give me a call- #6661

Syracuse **BOY NEXT DOOR:** Mike, looking for the boy next door, 18-30 race not impt, give me call for a private rel, friendship, clean, no head games- #7061

Buffalo **BLACK AND WHITE:** Is there anyone out there interested in interracial relationships? give me a call- I am a GBM 26 5'5 126, young ISO GWM, 18-29 ISO someone who likes indoor & outdoor activities, if U like this ad, give me a call- #7120

Mt. Laurel **ROMANTIC EVES:** Jack, 31 6'1 brn/brn 190 masc clean cut, exp. some, ISO guy 27-35 4 friendship poss manag rel, ISO fun 2 be with dom romantic & assertive, very affectionate, who likes movies, dining, dancing, share, quiet eves- #6179

Clementon **GRAB THE GOLD RING:** Frank 31, Italian, looking for a playmate who likes amusement parks, or maybe you could come to visit, and have a "Great Adventure" of our lives- #6458

Mays Landing **QUIET TIMES:** Jeff, GBM, looking for hot guys int in a good time, like dancing, clubbing, quiet times at home, romantic, share feeling, nice guy, sincere, leave a message thanks! #6660

S. NJ **FUN WRESTLING:** Jack, 31 brn/brn 6'1 ISO a guy, 25-35 for friendship poss long term rel, good personality, good sense of humor, affectionate, romantic, like to wrestle for fun be dom while we make out, movies, dining, share, quiet eves- #6673

Trenton **B/D SCENES:** Don, 32 Dom Wm, brn/brn must 6'1, 175, end'd good looking, ISO subm guy under 40 clean slim into BD scene, if this sounds good, leave a message- #7162

Washington **SAME THING:** 25 y/o WM lkg4 same. I have a real hot body. I like to go to the beach, you must look good in shorts. late night, no string, safe fun. I'm a top. #4508

Washington Single **GWM** 19 y/o, 5'8, 130lbs. I'm lkg4 someone 18-28 for friendship and poss. relationship. #4863

Baltimore **FRIENDS AND LOVERS:** Kevin, att am 29, ISO someone wants a friendship as well as a rel, give me a call. #6416

Baltimore **SWIMMERS BODY:** Andre, GBM, brn/black, btm, nice swimmers body, give me a call! #6567

Washington **SAFE FUN:** Hot Masc nice 32 WM blonde/blue, 5'11 150, ISO other attr WM 25 -39 for safe fun and friends. #6630

VA NEW AT THIS: Mitch, 21, 6', brn/green, WM, real smooth, new at this, Bi, 185, like to talk on the phone first, into phone fun, give me a call- let's get together. #6736

Columbia **FUN AND FRIENDSHIP:** Nice guy 40s, 5'10, 150, masc non smoker in shape not into bars or drugs, looking for fun friendship with guys 25-45 with similar qualifications #7169

SOUTH

9Old Orchard **SUMMER FUN:** looking for some summer fun, 33 5'7 16Loredo **READY FOR LOVE:** I'm a 30 y/o Hispanic male. I'm open minded and down to earth, I'm lkg4 a long term relationship. monogamy a must. #4553

San Antonio **NO STRINGS:** my name is Jack. I'm 25 y/o and I'm not lkg4 a relationship, just pure fun. call me, lets do it. #5075

Austin/San Antonio **JUST SAY YES:** your wife or girlfriend won't give it up? I will! I'm lkg4 black or Hispanic men 25-45, tattoo's a + #6891

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Nashville **DISCREET BM BI ISO WM** 18-35 I'm 35 clean and discreet, give me a call- #5993

Nashville **YOU NEVER KNOW.....**Harrison, 25, 6'1 looking for someone to share with, go to movies, give me a call, we might have something in common- you never know #6167

Miami **A PERFECT 10:** I'm lkg4 the perfect man. if that's you, call me. #5114

Ft. Lauderdale **YES SIR:** Young senior lkg4 friendly, broad minded policeman for friendship. #5441

Hollywood **COUPLE SEEKS FRIENDS:** Juan, Hispanic male, 23, other half 32 looking for friends, want to go out and have a good time, if you are interested, give us a call, #5865

Orlando **QUIET TIMES:** WM, 30, ISO friendship poss rel, and quiet times, between 25-40, #6492

Tampa **MASCULINE STUD:** 28, athletic attr masc stud, looking for other masc studs, that want to get together and have some fun! #6735

Tampa **CARAMEL SKIN:** BM, 5'9 165, nice caramel brn skin, looking for other BM to hang out with and have a good time, give me a call- #6877

Tampa **DISCREET TIMES:** Lee, 32, 6', 165, BM, interests are beach, CDs looking for someone low key and discreet, give me a call #6966

Port Charlotte **NEW IN TOWN:** Eric, 24, looking for a guy, tired of not having people to talk to, like to read, do stuff, not into bar scene, 5'8 blonde/green new in town from Chicago- #7184

Tampa **CASUAL FUN:** BM 5'9 150 ISO BM in my area for good hot times, not looking for rel, if you are interested, give me a call- #7198

Tampa **WORKOUT PARTNER:** Jim, GWM, 33 5'9 160 good looking and well built work out 3x a week, lt. brn hair, green, clean cut non smoker, ISO same, 20s -30s well built and clean cut who works out, interested in poss rel- give me a call thanx- #7200

Winterhaven **CANOEING AND CAMPING:** Preston, interests are horseback riding, canoeing, going out to dinner, camping, going to the beach, looking for someone with similar interests, 6'1 brn/blue, 181, if you are interested, give me a call- #7221

Gainesville **ON THE MAKE:** I'm 6ft, 190lbs, clean shaven hot top. I like to make out and more, please call me. #3908

Tampa/Orlando **JUST IN CASE:** I'm 5'11 and in excellent shape. I like others to appreciate it and like other men in real good shape. call me. #5878

Panama City **NEW AT THIS:** I'm a 32 y/o professional WM. I'm 5'10, 168lbs, 31" waist. I'm well built and healthy. I'm lkg4 someone who is straight acting like me. I'm new at this. I like the beach quiet times and parties. #5904

Orlando **GREEN THUMB:** I'm a 34 y/o GWM, I'm lkg2 meet other GWM 20-40 for a sincere, honest friendship. I like movies, gardening, walks on the beach and more. #5939

Tallahassee **BIG MAN:** I'm a muscular 34 y/o GBM. I'm hiv-, secure and intelligent. I'm lkg4 a non black male 25-35 for a relationship. I'm drug free and seek the same. #6412

Orlando **BOTTOM LINE:** I'm 28 y/o, 5'10, 135lbs lkg4 real hot top man. If that's you, please call me. #6431

SC **FONE FUN:** Jason, 27, 5'8, 150 short muscular guy, looking for hot fone fun, give me a call, like BM and HM give me a call- #6543

SC **FRIENDS FIRST:** James, 26, 6', brn/green, looking for someone to spend time, develop a friendship with- leave a message- #5977

Grier **STEVE,** 38, 5'11, black/hzl, mustache, 180 interested in guys 18-30, give me a call. #6067

SC **LOOKING FOR LOVE,** GBM 5'9 135 slim brn/brn, med colon looking for WM or HM for one on one relationship, leave a message for me- #6098

Myrtle Beach **SMOOTH SWIMMERS BUILD:** Marty 24 Prof'l male, 5'10 150, black/blue, smooth tanned swimmers build, like music, movies, beach, reading, staying active, and quiet eves, looking for other men to have some fun with- #6217

MIDWEST

St. Paul **TENNIS ANYONE?** Brian, 26, blnd/blue, 5'10, 155, very good shape, gdlkg, looking for other guys around my age, for friendship or rel. like tennis, biking, outdoor activites, if you are interested give me a call. #6086

Verndale **YOUNGER DUDES:** Older Youthful GWM, very 90's no geek. ISO younger dudes for discreet safe fun times, adventurous weekends- #5754

Minneapolis **I'VE BEEN A BAD BOY:** Terry, subm GWM, 6'1, 35, 185, looking for someone to give me the discipline I need. give me a call- #5885

Minneapolis **FREE MASSAGES:** John, blnd 6'1 attr masseur, free massage to bi married guys! if you are built that's a plus call me! #6064

Minneapolis **BALD MEN:** Balding? if you are we can connect. I find bald men attr come on boys, give me a call, let's see what we can get into- #7217

St. Paul **WORKOUT BUDDY:** Looking for guys in the area, like to find a gay or bi work out buddy, give me a call- let's work up a sweat- #7720

NE Minneapolis **DOUG ON LINE:** Doug, into furniture refinishing', ool, cook, talk, want men 30s to 50s, give me a call- #7225

Dayton **DADDY BEAR:** 5'11, 180lbs, bearded, uncut, vers. top lkg4 sub btms who have a fantasy. call me. #5118

Dayton **ON THE MAKE:** I'm a married 31 y/o guy lkg4 some fun and excitement with guy's in my area. call me. #5301

Warren **BILL** 28, 5'9, 135, brn/blue, lkg for others to have fun with 18-26, HIV-, give me a call- #6426

Tiffin **BEAR TYPES:** David, 39, 5'11, short brn/brn, beard, must slightly hairy, lkg for an older guy, 45+ bear type, looking for a poss rel, hope to hear from you soon- #7147

NW Ohio **EX-MARINE:** WM, Bob, 41, Ex-marine, 5'9 165 brn/brn, looking to meet tp bi males under 30 to fulfill your fantasies #7262

Omaha **CONSERVATIVE GUY:** Kyle, new to area, int in new friends, brn/blue, nice guys, 26, 165, dn out, conservative, hoping to meet the same hope to hear from you- #7140

Oklahoma City **WE CAN WORK IT OUT:** I'm 27 y/o, 5'11, 215lbs. I like to work out and spend time outdoors. If you are 25-35, physically active and fit and enjoy life, call me. #46634

Lawton **COLLEGE STUDENT:** Jamar, student like reading, writing, creative things, like to go out, like Hispanic men, 19-20, Caucasian men 19-26, work and go to school now, like to meet some new people, like to get to know you- #5703

Tulsa **TAKE ME OUT IN TULSA:** Don, WM Bi, 34, blnd/blue attr, very good shape looking for a str BM, to have a good time out in Tulsa. give me a call. #5974

Tulsa **DAVID,** 19, 6'6, 275 blnd/blue looking to meet in the area, interested in lots of things, give me a call. #6009

Henrietta **ONE ON ONE:** Jack, GWM 42 5'10 220, looking for someone down to earth, looking for a rel, like outdoors, football, bball on TV, lkg for an avg. down to earth guy who wants a one on one- #6274

Call: 1-900-420-4201

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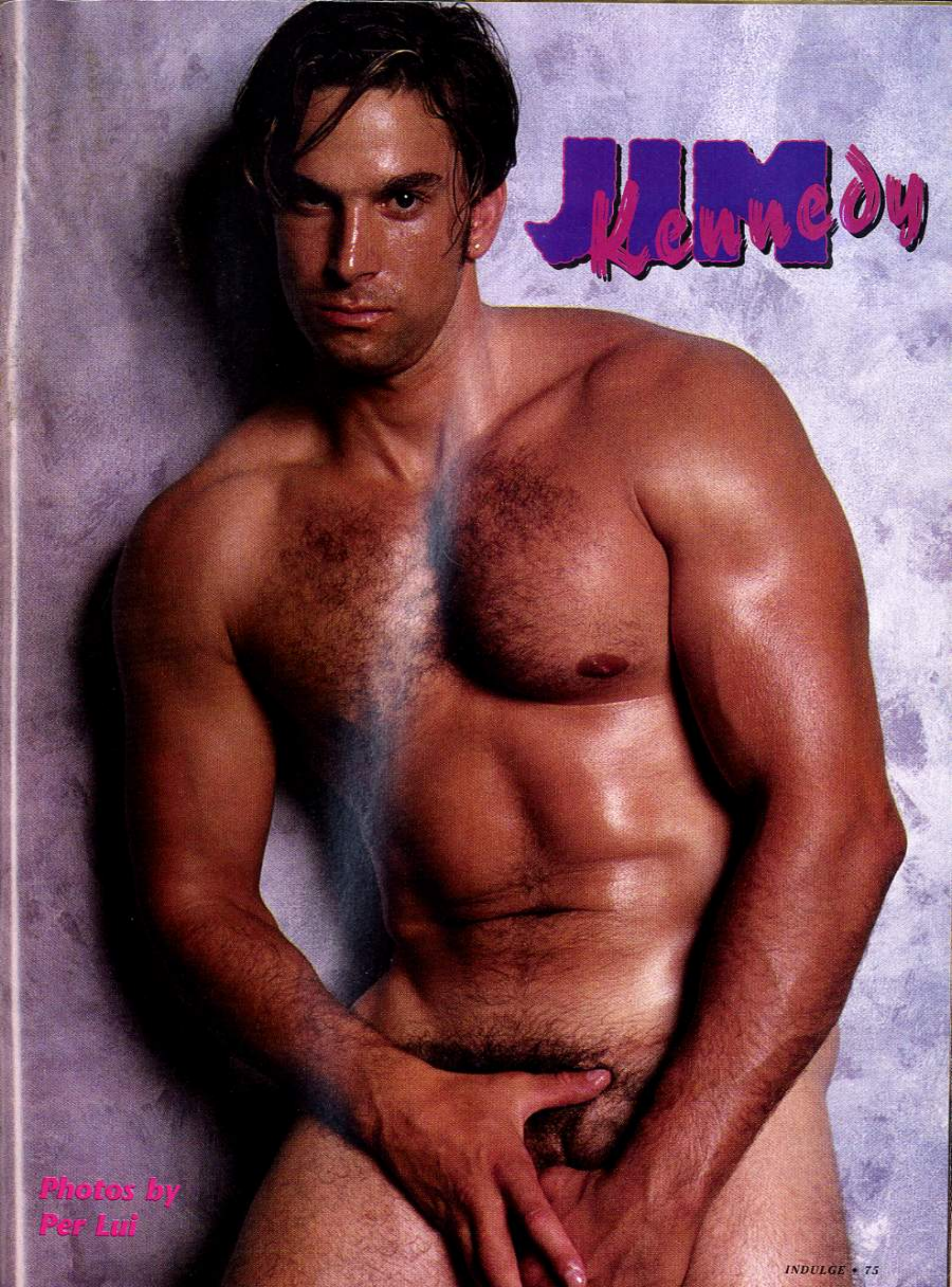
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