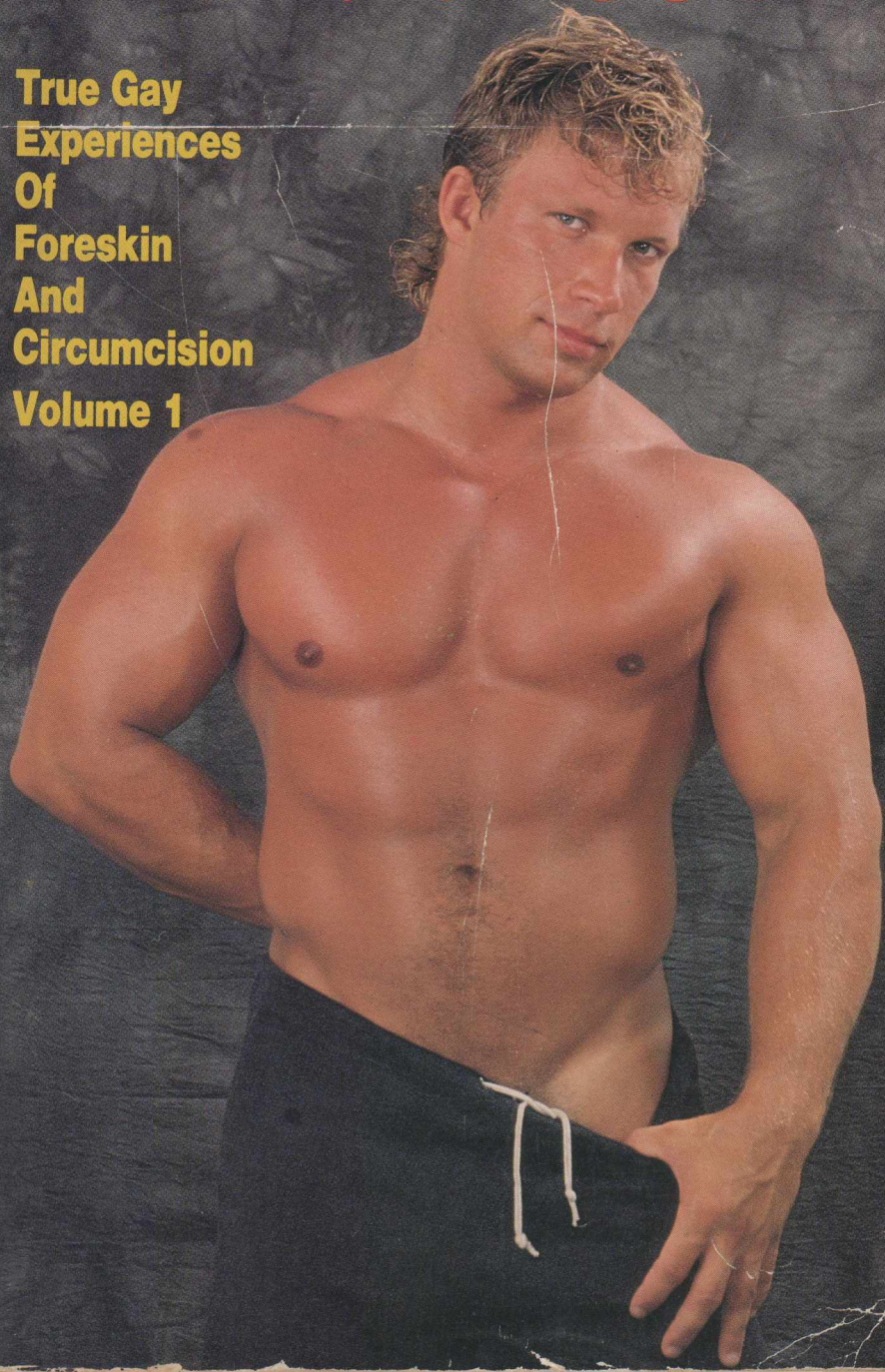
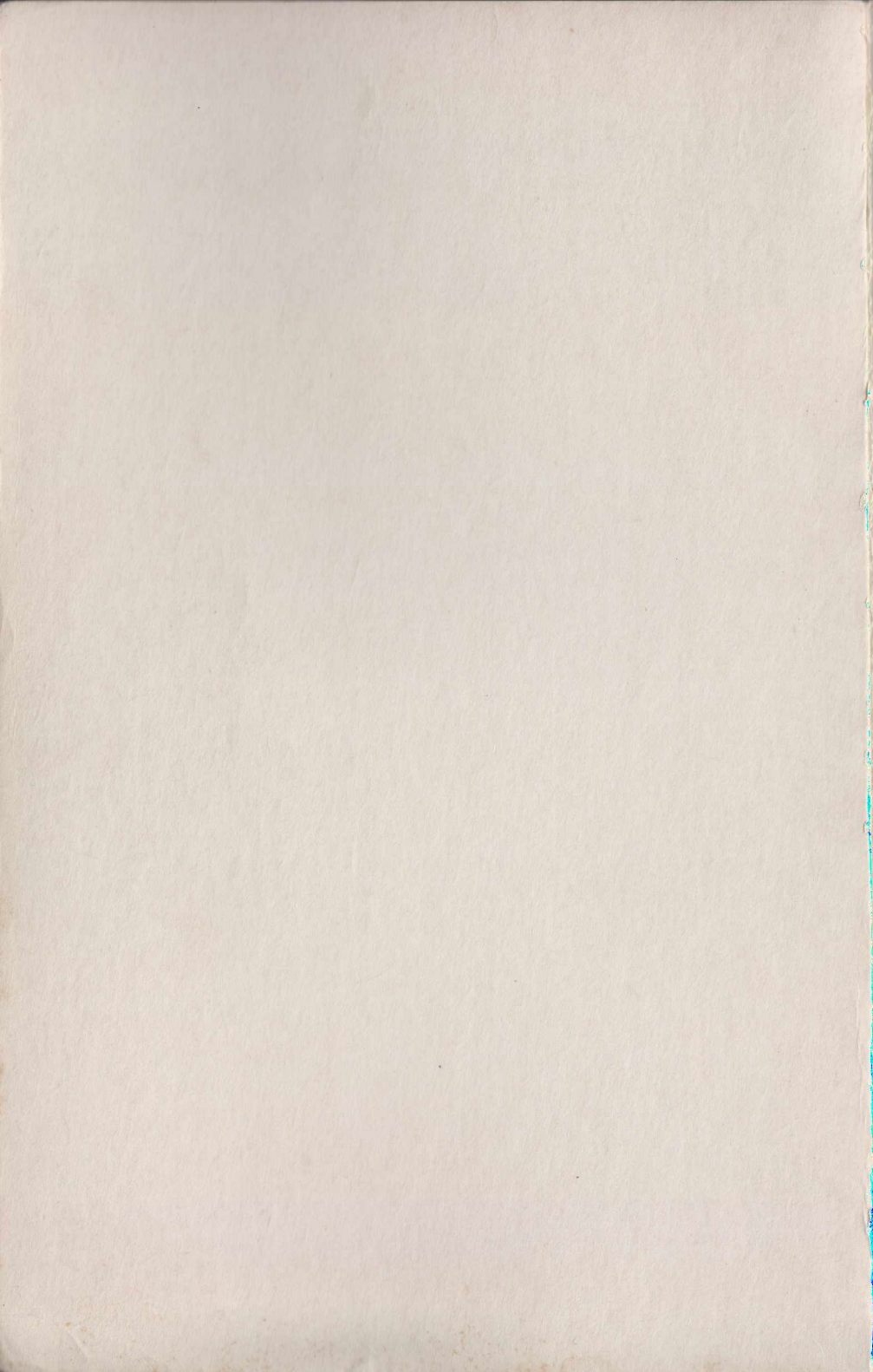


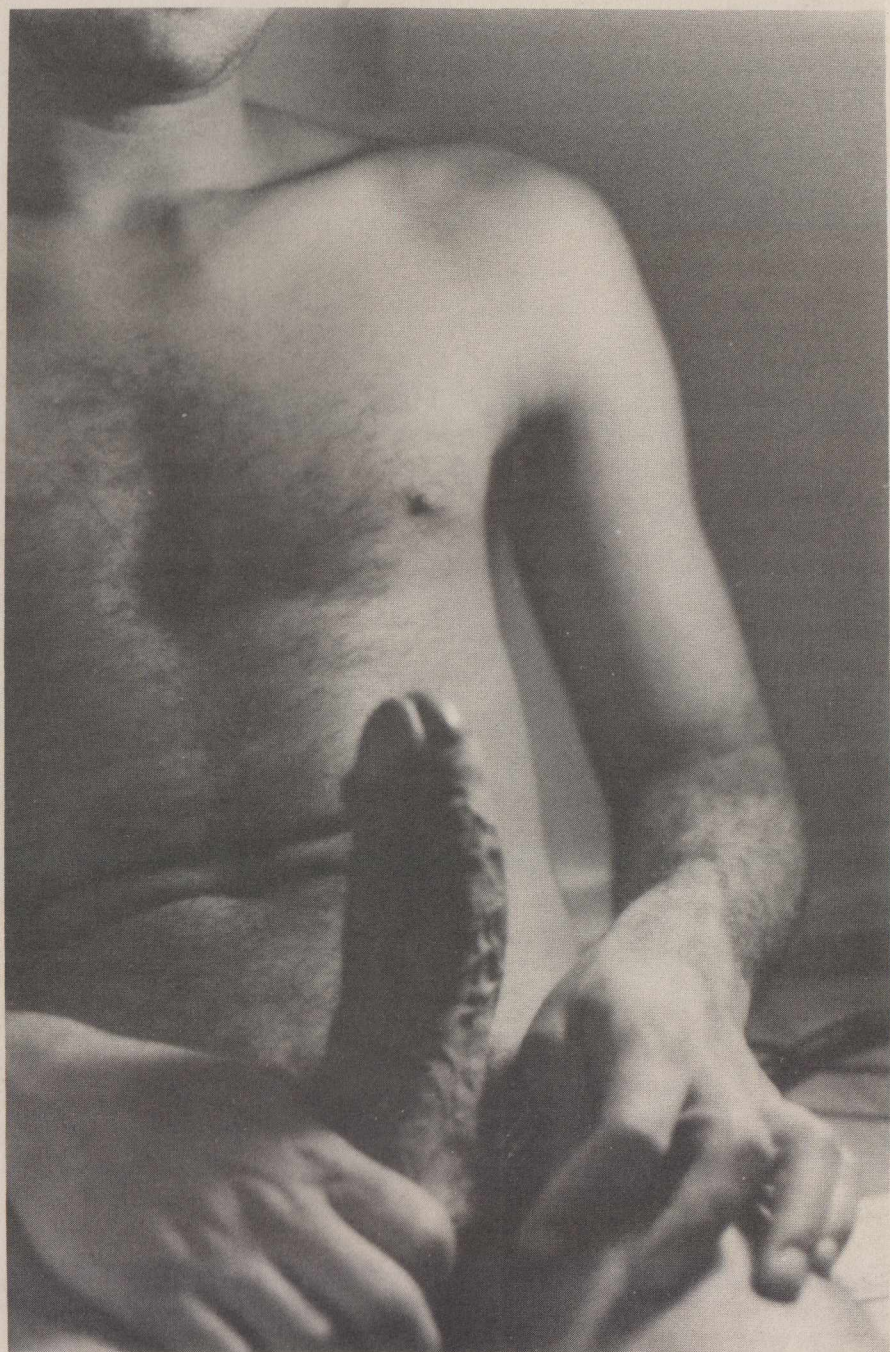
CUT / UNCUT

**True Gay
Experiences
Of
Foreskin
And
Circumcision
Volume 1**





CUT/UNCUT



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*True Gay Experiences
of Foreskin and Circumcision*

Volume 1

Edited by Winston Leyland

G. S. Press
San Francisco

First edition 1986

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The following sections were edited by Phillip Brents from letters he received from friends: CUT/UNCUT: PRO & CON; CIRCUMCISION OPERATIONS; FORESKIN EXPERIENCES I-IV, VI-X, and XII-XIII; CIRCUMCISED SEX EXPERIENCES; BIKE STUDS; and YOUNG NUMBERS VII.

CUT/UNCUT: PRO & CON

BEING CIRCUMCISED has no effect on my sex life, except perhaps occasionally wondering how sex would “feel” with my original equipment. Foreskin has been one of my eroticisms since my teens. In high school, when first seeing it on other boys and realizing what it was, I liked it. It wasn’t just a curiosity. I liked everything about it and admired and envied the very few who had it. As an adult, the fascination remains. Foreskin is attractive. I enjoy seeing it and still wish I had my own. It’s rude, but I tend to stare when uncut is available to look at. I do often look at my own perfect clip-job and wonder how much skin was removed... how much overhang I’d have and how wonderful it would be to watch and feel the head appear and disappear into its own skin rather than my hand. Something’s missing.

★ ★ ★

I DON’T ESPECIALLY FIND the uncut penis with a long overhang very exciting. I prefer the ones where the cockhead appears about ready to burst out of its cocoon.

★ ★ ★

I FIRST SAW uncut cock at age six—it was my eleven-year-old cousin whom I greatly admired. I didn’t know why there was such a vast difference in appearance until my mother told me about the operation when I was nine. Needless to say, it caused me considerable curiosity and sexual arousal whenever I saw any uncut members, and I was greatly dismayed in junior high school when I noted that about thirty-five percent of the boys were uncut. I felt much better when I attended an Episcopal military school where only about fifteen percent were uncut, which reassured me that I was normal and in the majority. I have had sex with both cut/uncut and greatly enjoy French active/passive activities and j/o (mutual) with either. However, the fantasies behind each are totally different! I currently work out at an athletic club in San Francisco which features mainly beefy Irish-Italian types, policemen, businessmen, athletes, about ninety

percent of whom are cut—it's a wonderful museum experience after the workout in the showers.

★ ★ ★

WHEN I WOULD HAVE j/o sessions with my buddies, they liked to watch my foreskin move up and down.

★ ★ ★

I AM A MEMBER of the local Y and have joined the Health Club and I am surprised to see more uncuts than I thought the ratio was. I can say this with some authority living in a city where the black and Hispanic population is so great. In fact, some nights in the sauna, which accommodates about eight people, I have been surprised to see all eight were uncut. From what I've observed in the Y in the last two years I would say the uncuts where I am are thirty-five percent of the males.

★ ★ ★

I AM HAPPY with my present status at not being cut. It has not been an inconvenience to me or to my lovers in any way when making love. I think sometimes that the person you are with enjoys being with someone who is not like ninety percent of the rest of the guys, and they enjoy uncut cock to the fullest. When I was a child, I did not take much notice about who was or was not cut. It also didn't make much difference to me when I was in grade school. But as I entered high school and was becoming a teenager I became interested in what all my male friends looked like naked and all I could think of was how to get them into bed or at least into a public and/or private shower. Later on, as I became an adult, I began to cultivate a few homosexual relationships with some of my very closest male friends and to my surprise they were as willing as I was and were as curious about me as I was about them. Since then, my male friends have grown ever closer and I am content with my feelings about my status at being uncut in a seemingly cut world.

★ ★ ★

YOUNG BOYS WILL STARE at you longer in a locker room if you have a foreskin.

★ ★ ★

ALL MY MALE COUSINS on my father's side were cut and all the cousins on my mother's side were uncut. When I was five years old, two neighbors boys much older than myself took me into a clump of bushes and masturbated me. They exposed themselves and one was cut and one was uncut. The cut one said to the uncut one and me, "You and junior here should be cut like I am." I didn't fully realize what he meant until a later meeting when he explained to me what circumcision was.

★ ★ ★

WHEN I WAS BORN in a hospital here in Chicago in 1924, circumcision was indeed becoming popular for male infants. My mother and the doctors wanted me cut, but my father refused. He himself was not circumcised, but had a long flexible foreskin and a very large penis. The doctors stretched my foreskin and in high school it started to stay back of the glans at all times and never moved over the glans even without an erection. Several times in high school and college during physicals, the doctors would quip, "Son, why don't you let us cut that way back for you?" I grew up in a middle-class to upper-middle-class suburb of Chicago and ninety-five percent of my classmates were circumcised. The circumcised penis fascinated me as well as the surgery. Very early I developed a penis envy for the circumcised partner and sex with a circumcised buddy. In my early thirties I met a lover ten years younger than myself from Michigan and he was uncut. For some reason then it just didn't make any difference. We spent fifteen very happy years together. His foreskin slid back easily and we enjoyed a fabulous sex life together. To this date, as I work in a hospital now, I always get an erection when I watch a circumcision in progress.

★ ★ ★

I AM UNCUT, but prefer cut unless that person is extremely good looking or means a great deal to me. While growing up, I'd say of all the whites I observed eighty-five to ninety percent were cut and of all the blacks I observed about only sixty percent were cut. I have three brothers and all are cut. I was about ten years old when I really noticed it and it made me feel inferior to my brothers. Two are older and one is younger, and to this day I do not feel equal to them, especially in overall emotional security.

My father is uncut, and my uncles and cousins are all cut, as are my two sisters' husbands. I've always been self-conscious about my uncut status. I would get laughed at when we changed for gym in high school and later when I took swimming (for some unknown reason when I was in high school we took swimming in the nude, since it was an all-boys school), I even got so bad as to skip swimming and suffer the consequences rather than show myself to others. It was terrible. I found it difficult to have sexual relations because being uncut almost seemed like an embarrassment to me. I used to resent my parents because my brothers were all cut and I wasn't. I always wondered why they were and I wasn't and it made me feel somewhat apart from the family. For a time, I alienated myself from my brothers and until recently I couldn't get close to them at all. I say until recently, because now I have finally come to grips with the fact that being uncut isn't as bad as I thought it was. That happened as a result of a relationship with a guy who liked me because I was uncut, so my spirits have been lifted greatly. My uncut status really turned him on. He played with the foreskin, spread it out and slipped in his tongue, pushed it back and licked my head, doing it in a rough sort of way to make it exciting. He also sucked a mean dick. He was cut and hung. You might think this was a perfect relationship, right? No! He seemed obsessed with my uncut status and loved me mostly because I was uncut—thus the relationship died. In my dreams, my sex partners are always circumcised. If I had a son (hypothetically speaking), I would have him cut. I've seen that *most* babies still are and I wouldn't want him to go through the same feelings I did. I know boys don't ever say, but they do look at each other and I wouldn't want him to be self-conscious about it like I was. Do I feel circumcision is a valid practice? Yes. Of all my sex partners, sixty-five percent were pro-circumcision, fifteen percent were anti-circumcision, and to twenty percent it didn't matter. I find most people who are cut to be satisfied with themselves. In my own encounters, cut men are usually the first ones to undress, whatever that means in a relationship. Uncut people, unless they are an unusually large size, or their partner already knows they are uncut, tend to be somewhat cautious and unsure of themselves.

WHEN I MASTURBATE I do not move the skin back. When I get hard, it goes back on its own. I have an overly long prepuce and clean it regularly myself, but find when I go in for my regular physical, the doctor checks it and cleans it out. I do this approximately twice a year.

★ ★ ★

I AM VERY HAPPY I am not circumcised. There was a time, however, when I was not (pre-high school age). I felt I was different and not "one of the boys." I later found out that I was one of the lucky ones and now I would not have it otherwise. As for my sex life: I feel my status only enhances my sex life. The feeling I get from the foreskin slipping back and forth over the glans just doubles an already pleasant sensation. It's a feeling that can't be very well described to a guy who is circumcised. Just skinning it back to urinate can be a turn-on. I think Americans could learn something from our brothers around the world and leave a good thing well enough alone—once it's cut off, it doesn't grow back, no matter how much a guy may wish it to. (Foreskin can be grafted on the penis from skin usually taken from the buttocks, but the end result is not very pleasing or aesthetic looking, scarred.)

★ ★ ★

I REGRET THE LOSS of my foreskin. It was something of mine that was taken from me without my consent. I now prefer sex partners who are uncircumcised and wish that there was some way that my own foreskin could be surgically restored. Once I discovered at a very early age that some boys were different from me—that they had something that I lacked—I became an inventive voyeur, trying to see as many uncuts as I could.

★ ★ ★

YOU FEEL SEXY with a foreskin. Nowadays I feel that a person with a foreskin has something special—that most people don't.

★ ★ ★

I WAS BORN IN A SMALL TOWN in central New Hampshire (pop. 4,000) and have had a consuming interest in the subject of circumcision dating from a growing sexual awareness about the

time of junior high school when I observed that penises came in two varieties. Group showers were introduced to gym classes beginning in seventh grade, and that's when I began my "research." I still have the class picture with the "u's" and "c's" penciled after all the boys' names. I was fortunate to win scholarships to a New England prep school and later an Ivy League college, which enabled me to expand geographically my observations on preputial status. I was thus able to form crude generalizations on the probability of a person's having his foreskin intact. Guys from Manchester and Concord, New Hampshire, were always cut, while many from Nashua and Portsmouth were spared. Similarly, students from central and western Massachusetts had about a one in three chance of being uncircumcised, while those from Colorado and Hawaii were invariably clipped. Such pseudo-statistics were an engaging diversion, but no substitute for actually stalking attractive quarry in the showers and locker rooms. Despite eight years of keeping lists at my all-male prep school and university, my first sexual encounter would not occur until after graduation at age twenty-two. Such a waste, looking back.

* * *

MY OWN AESTHETIC and erotic preference is for the uncircumcised penis, although I certainly do not reject potential partners for being cut. I respect the ritual in Jewish and Muslim religions, but remain vigorously opposed to routine neonatal circumcision as medically unnecessary, done for profit, and painfully mutilating. Uncircumcised men enjoy certain options in sexual pleasure and I deem it undesirable to take these away from a newborn child. Should physical or psychological problems occur later in life, the individual should have his own choice to elect surgery following full information and personal experience. I'm sure you've heard all the polemics before, but this is a subject that arouses a great deal of emotion. I am uncut.

* * *

I AM VERY HAPPY being cut. I find it much more pleasurable now than before. I wasn't cut until age thirty for medical reasons. In school I always felt different than the rest of the guys and always dreaded undressing in front of others. After I had it

done in adult life, I felt more relaxed. I feel that I fit in more.

★ ★ ★

I AGREE WITH YOU FULLY about circumcision. It is a crime against Nature.

★ ★ ★

AT A VERY EARLY AGE, playing "doctor," etc., and all of the other things little kids play, I found out I was "different." I was uncut, and the only one of all of my early friends that was. Everyone else was cut. By the time I got to junior high school and saw hundreds of penises, I found only two others that were intact. When we all reached puberty (ages twelve to fourteen), during our typical circle-jerks, all of the other guys wanted to do me, as I was somewhat easier to masturbate with my foreskin. I didn't need any lotion or anything like the others. I really began to believe that "cancer" and "cleanliness" propaganda that went around in the eighth grade. I retracted my foreskin every morning in the shower (which took a grand total of one-half second), and had never even seen or smelled smegma until my friends at one of our circle jerks, after hearing about smegma in health class, wanted me not to retract my foreskin for a few days to see what it looked and smelled like. To make a long story short, I could never see why something that feels so good should be cut off, but I wanted to be like the rest of the guys. I'm very happy about my uncut status with the American Pediatrics Society's new findings, even though I'm in a vast minority in the locker rooms. I'm now very proud of my prepuce. Up until about five years ago I was ashamed of it. In fact, until about five years ago, whenever I went nude in front of others, I would always have my skin retracted so I would look "cut."

★ ★ ★

I AM EIGHT INCHES and uncut. Last summer I traveled to England for the first time. I stayed with an English fellow (a friend of a friend) whose hospitality included the pleasure of his bed. You would have enjoyed his eight-inch penis with a complete foreskin. There aren't many cuts over there, are there? Several of my "contacts" expressed surprise when seeing my "un-American" penis. My foreskin retracts completely during erection. I

am, however, able to push the skin over the corona during erection. However, the foreskin will retract instantly if not held in place.

★ ★ ★

I'M EXTREMELY HAPPY to be circumcised. I can't think of a more erotic experience in my life than the watching of my foreskin being severed. As for the effect on my sex life, I started to live when I got cut. Guys who would have never sucked my cock uncut were suddenly eager to take it skinned. As a child, I couldn't figure out why my brother and I were different from other boys—why didn't they have a covered glans? As a young teenager, I soon learned the cruelty of being uncut in a circumcised society. Both my brother and I asked to be circumcised.

★ ★ ★

MY CONSUMING INTEREST in the subject of circumcision goes back to my first day in kindergarten when I went to the urinal trough at recess and discovered to my horror that I was different from the two boys on either side of me. I had been circumcised, and they were not. Immediately, I noted that I was different. I avoided the school bathroom from then on. Even when I was to discover that I was not the only boy in town who had been clipped, I could not force myself to go to the school bathroom, and this continued through high school. When I entered the university, the emotional scar healed, and I reversed my modus operandi. From then on, you couldn't keep me *out* of the bathrooms. What this traumatic experience did was to make me intensely curious as to whether everyone I meet is or isn't circumcised. It's the knowledge I want, and it has no bearing on my preference. My high school yearbook has notations opposite every classmate, and by coincidence, exactly fifty percent were cut and fifty percent were uncut.

★ ★ ★

I SERVED AS A tour manager for a tour that began in West Berlin and then concentrated on the East European countries: East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Romania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, and Hungary. I might add that it was quite a novelty seeing nothing but uncut cocks for twenty-three days. I had my Spartacus Guide

with me and checked out all the baths named therein. I tend to be more of an observer than participant, but I can tell you that homosexuality is alive and well in the Communist countries. And so are uncut cocks!

★ ★ ★

I AM FIFTY-SEVEN, cut, and happy with my condition. When I was about seven years old I went to swimming class at the local YMCA. We were nude, of course, and then our instructor came to the pool. He was eighteen to twenty years old, I think, and also nude. He had the biggest penis I ever saw. He was also very good-looking, was circumcised, and really got my attention. I was enchanted and have been ever since.

★ ★ ★

MY INTEREST IN THE SUBJECT (of circumcision) began some years ago when my American-born, and therefore circumcised, cousin came to visit my family in Indonesia where I was born. I thought some horrible accident had happened to his penis (the cut being tight and a bit jagged) and he thought, never having seen a foreskin before, that my penis was malformed. At college in Massachusetts, I saw even more cut penises and discovered that circumcision was the norm in the USA.

★ ★ ★

I AM TWENTY-FOUR YEARS OLD and although I am now cut, I wasn't for the first eighteen years of my life. I felt as if I was the only person in the world who wasn't, and was very shy about it. I participated in lots of sports, but hated getting undressed. I am very well-built; in retrospect, I guess it was a way for me to feel "normal." When I was eighteen years old, I met a doctor while I was hitchhiking to the beach. To make a long story short, he seduced me, and he eventually circumcised me. Now I am almost a nudist. I enjoy having people look at me, and I enjoy having people sexually who are into *cut* guys. I personally do not get turned on by an uncut guy unless I have known him for a long time, and my sexual activities with him are very limited.

★ ★ ★

I WAS FIVE AND A HALF YEARS OLD when my brother was born. I

had been delivered by an older doctor, who retired shortly after my birth. When my brother was born, the family had a very young doctor, who suggested to my parents that their new child be circumcised. Within a few months my parents decided that I, too, should be circumcised. The arrangements were made, and wisely, my father and the doctor explained to me simply what was going to take place. I remember the incident, and the conversation, but I have never felt any traumatic experiences over it, even though my brother and I were in a minority state so far as our penis status was concerned. I never felt it then, nor have I since.

I am very happy with my present status. It has never affected my sex life in any way. If I had not been circumcised at the younger age, I might have chosen to have it done later.

When I started school—I was circumcised just about four months before I started first grade—I was aware that in the bathrooms I would be different from the others, and in the first and second grade, I was the only one. It never made any difference to me, nor was I teased by the others. My family then moved to a larger community, and I discovered I had some others who were circumcised in my classes. There were several Jewish families in our new community, and a few other boys whose families had been served by younger doctors. In high school, the percentage of circumcised boys seemed to increase. There was still no teasing or taunting from the uncut boys in our classes when we were in the showers. My first high-school friend, with whom I shared myself, was uncut, and he often said he wished he had been cut when he was young. When I left home to go to college, I found that the number of my classmates who were cut numbered almost as many as those who were not. In my particular fraternity we were about equally divided.

In adult life, I find that the cut percentage is higher than the uncut, many of them having experienced the cutting in the military. I did not serve in the military, so I know little of that experience. Three of my present friends have chosen to be cut after college days.

My personal reaction is that the cut penis is much more attractive than the uncut one. Many persons have referred to "butcher jobs" in circumcising. I've noticed that some doctors cut off less than some others, but I have never seen the "ragged" jobs so

often referred to. In fact, most uncut penises look more ragged than the cut ones, as well as often appearing to be less clean-looking.

P.S.: I was circumcised in the doctor's office, while my brother was done in the kitchen of our home. I remember watching while the doctor cut my brother. It was explained to me, I think perhaps in anticipation that my parents would make the decision they finally did make regarding me. The "operation" for me cost \$5.00. After my parents died, and we were cleaning out the papers accumulated over the years, I found the receipt: "I have two sons, both circumcised, and the cost for both of them was \$10.00."

★ ★ ★

I HAVE ALWAYS HAD mixed feelings about not being circumcised and I go from periods of wanting to have it done to complete anti-circumcision. Some men do not like "lace curtains," but I rarely am passive in oral sex which may be because I prefer cut for when I am orally active. Being basically greek passive, the foreskin only affects foreplay and for that the foreskin, mine and partner's, can be a turn-on.

In grade school about half the boys were cut and although we had a lot of sex play, no one seemed to notice the difference; that is, it was never discussed and each was accepted as was. Size seemed to be more important and because I matured early I was the winner in that arena, but, alas, others mature so now I am just average.

In high school, I was ashamed of my foreskin and tried to hide it. I went to a city school after grade school at a small country school. The first cock I sucked was circumcised, an older man, not a schoolmate. At that age, as now, I prefer men over thirty-five.

I guess my ass has always been the focus of interest for myself and for my male partners, so my foreskin is not important there. However, with women they find my foreskin an attraction because for many it is the first one they have ever seen, so it can be a real plus, again mostly in foreplay.

★ ★ ★

I HOPE THIS LETTER does not ramble too much, but, as I'm sure you have found out, talking and writing about this topic is a rare privilege. It is gratifying and exciting to correspond with someone who shares the same obsession.

I was born on Feb. 1, 1934, in the heart of the Depression in Montebello, California, in a "maternity home" (a converted residence, which was a very popular institution of the time). I was delivered by the reliable family doctor. I was circumcised at the insistence of my mother. Had it not been for the Depression, my grandparents would have been considered to come from the opposite sides of the tracks. My father's family were farmers/oil workers from Missouri. My mother and her younger brother were born in Los Angeles. Her parents were from Michigan and Ohio. My maternal grandfather and uncle were both circumcised. My dad's side of the family thought that circumcision was a horrible thing to do to little boys. Mother prevailed. I was the first in my line to be circumcised. I was afflicted with jaundice shortly after birth, and the doctor waited for about a month before performing the circumcision. If I had not survived the jaundice, a precious \$10.00 would have been wasted during that economic crisis.

My father (we're not emotionally close) and an older cousin were the only males in my family whose penises I had seen, until I was about ten. Both were uncut. My cousin, besides being afflicted with what I came to learn was phimosis, had a notorious aversion to bathing. In high school, circumcision followed socio-economic lines, with the poorer kids being uncut—usually greasers, Latinos, and those kids who smoked across the street at lunch hour. Thus, I came to associate circumcision with "real people," and foreskin with "crumb-bums." Isn't it amazing how black-and-white a teenager's world is?

From high school on, I chose my friends only after I knew they were circumcised. This choice was also based on what I now know was sexual attraction—again based on circumcision. Uncuts were simply not worthy. In my adult life, ironically, when I could not easily determine circumcision status, most of my successful friendships were with those men who chose me. In *every* case, these friends were uncut! I am therefore more or less neutral.

In today's jockey-shorted, don't-touch-yourself-there society,

there is a certain validity in the claims of "hygienic" adherents to the practice. As a gay male crotch-watcher, the highly visible corona of the circumcised male makes my "hobby" more rewarding. In a sexual situation, the circumcised penis is readily accessible. On the other hand, foreskin can add complications which can, at times, be fiercely erotic.

I attended a small, new high school in Newhall, California, graduating in 1951. My annual contains notations in the class pictures regarding circumcision status—although I can successfully second-guess each picture (I never forget a cock!). Here is a rundown:

Sample: 90 + %

Circumcised: about 75% (9th through 12th grades)

Blacks (6): 3 cut

Latinos (dozen or so): 1 cut.

Based on my present observations of young males, it seems to be: white Anglos, 90 + %; Latinos, nearly all uncut; blacks, 60 + % cut; Asians, etc., mostly uncut. Most cut youngsters think that condition's normal.

I am satisfied being circumcised. I believe that, all things being equal, a circumcision well done makes a more attractive penis to the casual observer. If things are not equal, or the observation is more than casual, foreskin can be a real turn-on. As circumcision constituted over fifty percent of my peer group while growing up, I felt normal and regular.

As a certified, respectable slut, I have sexual encounters with people of all descriptions (in the male category). Only two things can turn me off about foreskin. One is too much "raunch." The magazines call it "heady," but as too much of a good thing, ripe head cheese can be pretty gaggy. The other turn-off is phimosis, usually accompanied by the aforementioned cheese aroma. Just as I discovered in young adulthood that there were real cocks under those foreskins, I learned in my middle age that foreskin stretches readily. Phimosis is correctable by simple stretching of the too-tight opening. I honestly don't understand how any adult male could reach his mature years without ever having seen the exposed head of his cock.

I believe circumcision, if done, should be done in infancy for the best results. Adult circumcisions nearly always produce scars

that differ markedly from infant circumcisions. They look "operated on." For these reasons, I would probably favor circumcision for my hypothetical son. Generally, I have been able to move my head from an obsession for to merely an obsession about circumcision. Speculation about circumcision status dominates every meeting of a new male, or any other time I become conscious of another man (even in public places). This "obsession" leads me to constantly evaluate and categorize all these men I see. That can sometimes be a little burdensome. Something I find especially exciting, however, is when I find someone running against type: for example, a circumcised Latino, or a clean-cut, young all-American-boy type with a healthy foreskin!

Writing this letter has been gratifying. I would appreciate hearing your answers to those questions, if you can find the time.

★ ★ ★

FIRST OF ALL, I think I am one of those guys who enjoys the best of both worlds. Based on what I've observed and heard in my family, we're all cut. In my case, the cut wasn't very successful. In response, my cockhead is half-covered. My brother was cut and all the male children of my sisters have been cut. Apparently, it is something they learned from my mother. However, my father was uncut. He was an Italian immigrant and, I believe, he was born out in the fields.

★ ★ ★

I FOUND MYSELF being in "heaven" when sucking a young Asian uncut man (about eighteen) who came in my mouth. I swallowed the sweet cum, as an experience much like holy communion. That was probably my most exciting sexual encounter.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE A CLOSE FRIEND who is not cut and neither is his son (born 1963). My friend told me of the battle he had with the hospital to leave his son intact. There was great pressure from the doctors to have the boy circumcised before he left the hospital, but the parents refused. My friend was uncut, and saw no reason to have his son circumcised. There was a great deal of persuasion about the "benefits" of circumcision and the fact that



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it would save "trouble later on."

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I JUST RETURNED from a week in England visiting my family. I had a chance to visit my grandmother in London and my gay cousin in Leeds and spent two lovely days in the sun at my uncle's home in Torquay. Had a couple of lovely dudes while I was in Leeds. My cousin knows of my preference for circumcised meat, so he's very meticulous in choosing my partners. As only about ten to fifteen percent of British guys are cut, it does take some doing, but there are always a good supply of Jewish lads and Muslims. Some of the young Arabs are delightful, but since I am Jewish myself, I don't discuss politics when having sex — wise?

★ ★ ★

WHAT SURPRISES ME is that the porno and physique magazines have still not learned to accept the beauty of the uncut cock. I have seen layouts on guys that are uncut and for the most part they are photographed with their penises skinned back. Even *Colt* will advertise an uncut model, and when the set is ordered, it is a miracle to find one photo in the set showing the model displaying the penis in a natural state. Why do you suppose that is?

★ ★ ★

IRISH CATHOLICS are about eighty percent uncut. I observed that many years ago when I spent a lot of time at a city-owned male beach in Boston where the population is almost all Irish-Catholic. Cops, firemen and the general population used to frequent the place for nude bathing and handball games (all in the nude) and it was rare to see a cut penis. Unfortunately, the place closed down about ten years ago. I spent many a summer there.

★ ★ ★

THERE ARE LOTS OF THINGS about a boy that turn me on: the elastic waistband of his jockey shorts riding up over the top of his jeans, the outline of a jock, bikini briefs, or jockey underwear across the tight ass of his Levi's, the aromatic scent of an eighteen-year-old, especially if he's wearing corduroy pants, and

that special place just under his sweaty damp balls that smells so fragrantly male. I love to suck on a boy's ears, and when he pulls off his gym socks, his toes. I get an instant hard-on just running my tongue all around his bellybutton, especially if it's an "outer" one like mine. If a guy isn't circumcised, I want the cock skinned back as far as possible, though if his foreskin slides back over the head, I'll nibble on it.

★ ★ ★

THE VERY WORD "circumcision" or "circumcised" gets me so fucking hard I have to jack off.

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CIRCUMCISION IS NOT a valid practice, and I think it should only be done with a person's consent, not done to a helpless infant.

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TO ME, a guy who is circumcised is cleaner, less susceptible to carrying and transmitting disease, and, in general, more sexually pleasing (by far). I cannot understand why there is any controversy over parents having that surgery performed on their male children.

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I AM THIRTY YEARS OLD, five-foot-eleven, 145 pounds, smooth body, swimmer's build, brown hair, blue eyes, and very definitely *UNCUT*. I have a thick seven-inch dick when erect and the foreskin retracts fully behind the glans; I am about four inches when flaccid with some overhang of skin beyond the tip of the glans (approximately one-fourth inch). I am intensely fascinated by all aspects of the cut/uncut controversy. I find the thought of spending time with an uncircumcised guy—discovering the nuances of his foreskin—a real turn-on. Unfortunately, uncut guys are a pretty rare phenomenon in our society these days, so I have never had the opportunity to fondle another's foreskin in the flesh, though it's always been my lifelong ambition to do so. All the men I have ever slept with have been clipped. I have to settle for looking at pictures of uncuts in certain magazines—and even those are hard to come by.

I was born in a hospital in Boston where, I believe, circumcision was part of the standard neonatal package. Since my brothers are all circumcised, I can only assume it was an oversight at the hospital that I wasn't cut and not as a result of my parents' request. The doctor himself was Jewish, so I'm a bit surprised that the knife didn't turn quickly. As a child, I experienced some trauma related to my "difference." The boys I first glimpsed in changing rooms, at the beach, in bathrooms, etc., were all clipped clean. I did not know there was such a procedure as circumcision at this age—it was never explained to me—so I naturally assumed that I was somehow deformed because of that extra hood of skin at the end of my dick. I wish I had seen a few other uncut little boys so I wouldn't have felt so singular and alone.

In junior high I discovered the reason for the difference (i.e., circumcision), but still hadn't seen another boy with a foreskin (though I began to be on the lookout for them—a hobby I've pursued to this day). All during my times at summer camp, in high-school locker rooms and four years of college shower rooms, I never once saw another uncut guy. I began to think my condition was pretty rare and it made me really self-conscious about displaying my foreskin. During high-school showers, in fact, I took to retracting the skin in order to look like the cut boys who were all around me. I envied those guys with their clean lines of cut dick and resolved to one day be like them. I always planned to get circumcised once I became older and wouldn't have to inform my parents about my decision. What is truly amazing is that many teenage boys aren't even aware of the meaning of words like "foreskin," "circumcision," "cut," or "uncut." They seem to think that the cut cock is the only version there ever was—they don't realize that as infants something was removed.

I work out at an athletic club several times a week now, and in six years of going there, I have yet to spot even *one* uncut guy in the showers or steam room. The only other foreskin I've ever seen up close belonged to this guy on my softball team a few years ago. He was a really good-looking guy who sported an enormously thick, uncut dick with a beautifully tapered foreskin that covered the entire head with a good overhang. I think he spotted me studying his big tool and, by way of explanation,

volunteered the fact that he had born on a farm at home in North Dakota (which might have accounted for the preserved skin). He seemed somewhat apologetic for not being cut (I think he assumed I *was* with my skin retracted) and told me that he was threatened with circumcision when he was drafted in 1969 and sent to boot camp at the Marine Corps Recruit Depot in San Diego. This guy was absolutely straight, however, so I couldn't push for more details or conduct any on-site close-up inspection. I heard from several other sources that the military routinely circumcises uncut recruits whenever they encounter them, and that the Marines are particularly determined to cut. Another surprising discovery I made based on shower-room observations is that routine neonatal circumcision must be a really old practice in the States. I see many older guys in their sixties and seventies who are all minus their foreskins. I had been under the impression that infant circumcision did not gain wide acceptance until after World War II.

I have often fantasized about what it would be like to be circumcised, and sometimes I've tried to simulate being cut by retracting the foreskin, but it invariably rolls forward after a few minutes if the dick remains soft. Having that exposed head constantly rubbing against briefs or jeans must be an erotic trip. As recently as four years ago (at age twenty-six), I even went to a urologist for the purpose of obtaining a circumcision. He explained the procedure, but I never went back for the actual cutting session. (He claimed it could be done in the office.) I finally decided to remain as I was and not tamper with Nature. I now regard the extra skin as a distinctive badge and don't bother to hide it.

Rumor has it that circumcision is less common among Hispanic males and boys born in Appalachia.

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I AM, AS OF YESTERDAY, a horrid forty-one (still eighteen mentally), circumcised (I hang my head in shame), and was born in neither a hospital or at home. Believe it or not, I was hatched in a POW camp—the largest in this country and one of several in the state designed to house the dreaded yellow plague. During some remodeling and moving of the hospital facilities in the town, they used those in the camp, and I just happened to come

along at this time. After the camp was decommissioned after the war, the town was so embarrassed at what they (and the country) did to the innocent Japanese that they burned the entire place down and bulldozed it into oblivion. All records were lost, so I have no proof of my birth at all! I am *not* Asian, just plain average issue white male who was snipped out of sheer ignorance on my parents' part, and the greedy traditionalist attitude of the sawbones who did it to me. Fortunately for his ass, he is long dead!

My father died when I was three months old, but I suspect he was also cut. My stepbrother is, as are all my first and second cousins. I'm not sure about two of my uncles, nor my grandfather on my mother's side. I was so impressed by their size that I don't remember the status, and it was before I was concerned about circumcision that I saw them. I am absolutely livid with anger that I was mutilated without my input! I think circumcision is barbaric, insane, stupid, worthless process, totally without merit, and a crime against innocent victims. Should a boy decide he wishes this operation at a later time, when he supposedly has the mental faculties to decide issues for himself, then so be it—but to mutilate a baby's body part for no intelligent reason at all, is nothing short of theft, and assault and battery! No, I would *not* allow any son of mine to be chopped up! That would be his decision when he's old enough to know what he's doing! The sawbones who casually perform this rape should be tried and convicted of sexual mutilation and have their own little male parts removed—in court, without anesthetic, then made to feed on them in front of the TV cameras!

I'd have to say the percentages here are the same as in school—uncut is rare! In all of grade school and high school in one town, I saw only two uncut kids in the entire ten years. In two years in another town, there were probably eight to nine uncut kids. I only saw a couple in college as well. Apparently where I am in the Rocky Mountains (Casper, Wyoming), foreskin is rarer than hen's teeth! As to white/brown/black, I saw my first black cock long after college, and there was only one Hispanic in high school. The first Hispanic I made it with was uncut and proud of it! I've had sex with several uncut guys. My reaction, of course, has been very positive. The bullshit about uncut cocks being no more sensitive than cut cocks is just that—bullshit! One doesn't

have to be a medical type of scientist to know from a modicum of common sense that an organ which has been protected from birth from being callused by chafing from clothes, etc., is going to be much more sensitive than the cut head. Just looking at the bright red, moist thing would tell one it is not going to stand up under a lot of rubbing, etc. In fact, the term "oversensitive" is more the truth, and one has to be careful of uncut cocks not to overly stimulate the head.

I've talked with all my friends, both cut and uncut, about their feelings and those of their acquaintances, and there is just no contest! Some claim to be unconcerned about their status, but most guys when they really get down to it, would rather have been left alone to make their own decisions. In other words, most of the ones I know don't really worry about the issue, but would have chosen to be left whole had they been given the choice. Those who have really thought about it, or had experiences with uncut guys, *most definitely favor being left uncut!* I've only heard of one uncut guy who had a problem. He had a slight case of phimosis, but went in with the intention of just having a slit made in the skin, not a total circumcision. He had the smarts to ask around for opinions first! In talking to recent parents, however, I find that most are still ignorant of the whole thing and just go along with a greedy money-grubbing doctor, falling for all the hygienic bullshit, and have their kids cut. Sigh. . .

One uncut friend didn't get to the doctor in time and his wife told the doctor to go ahead and cut the kid, so the friend is all pissed off, of course. All in all, it's still a problem. I experienced no trauma growing up—but, of course, I was cut like all the rest. I was pre-puberty when I noticed the difference and had no reaction, as I already knew what was going on. My feelings on the subject have been very strong for years now, and are not mellowing out any. I understand that this rotten practice may be diminishing and someday be on the way out. I certainly hope so, as I am a strong advocate of privacy and individual rights. Perhaps if the custom was chopping fingers, toes, or nipples off, the outcry would be more violent. Someday—meanwhile, I'd give a lot to have my skin back!

WHEN I WAS TWELVE or thirteen years old, we started taking showers after P.E. in junior high and that was when I began a list of who was cut and who was uncut in my class. I enjoyed studying other guys' dicks and would fantasize about the guys I thought were cute. I would make it a point to find out what their dicks looked like—either in P.E. class or at the urinals. My fantasizing soon spread to my teachers, some of whom were attractive men under forty. Of course, it wasn't as easy to get to see my teachers' dicks, but every once in a while I would catch sight of one of the P.E. teachers changing their shorts. I remember three in particular: one handsome uncut blond, one uncut Italian, and one cut Italian whose dickhead was the most beautiful shade of purple. I also saw my English teacher's uncut cock one day while he was changing into his swim trunks at the municipal pool (where I also took notes as to which lifeguards were cut and uncut). I myself am cut and feel satisfied. But I have always been somehow fascinated by uncut cocks, partly, I guess, because they are different from mine. I was curious and liked to see how they "worked."

My dad was uncut, as were some of the other men who lived in our neighborhood that I managed to see. I grew up more or less thinking that older men were uncut, whereas guys my age might be either cut or uncut. I am now thirty-eight years old.

I do not care for the smell (at close range) or taste of smegma, though just a slight whiff can be erotic. I find uncut cocks more interesting *visually* and outright sexually, especially when they are soft and the foreskin hangs down over the glans. Once they get hard, I think the foreskin might get in the way during a good blowjob or fuck. But they can be fascinating to manipulate manually if the skin is real loose and retractable. I find some uncut dicks sexy and some not, and some cut dicks sexy (big bulbous heads) and some not. If a man appears sexy to me with his clothes on, I will nearly always find his penis interesting regardless of whether it's cut or uncut, large or small. Small uncut dicks are less interesting to me than small cut ones. I guess it comes down to something like this: circumcised cock and understand . . . uncircumcised cock calls for closer inspection.

I AM TWENTY-THREE years old and happily circumcised. I was cut at birth in the delivery room. I wish I could have been clipped later in life so I could have fully experienced it—but at least the job got done. I was cut by a Gomco clamp. I definitely prefer guys with cut cocks—the tighter, the higher, the better. I get into circumcision and also haircut fantasies. I have plans to have my circumcision tightened up, whenever I find someone who is really into that. I'd prefer not to use anesthesia, if I can take it that way.

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I HAVE NEVER HAD a sexual encounter with a noncircumcised male. I honestly do not know if I could.

CIRCUMCISION OPERATIONS

Four True Accounts

I. "I Had an Erection During the Operation"

I WAS ABOUT FOUR YEARS OLD when I made the discovery that all cocks are not the same in appearance. My cousin and I were running under the lawn sprinkler on a hot summer day, and when it was lunchtime, we went into the house to get into our regular clothes. We pulled off our swim trunks and were towel-drying in the bathroom when we discovered that my cousin's penis did not look like mine. Whereas I had skin all over my "pee pee," my cousin seemed to have a "frame." What I was seeing, of course, was the glans and rim of the corona, as the foreskin had been removed. At the first opportunity, I asked my mother why my cousin had a "frame" around his penis. She replied, "Because he is circumcised." I didn't know what that meant, but the thought was implanted in my mind that I was going to do whatever was necessary to get my cock to look like my cousin's.

During gym in high school, I looked with envy at my classmates who were circumcised. It was pure fantasy on my part, of course, but it seemed the circumcised guys were always the smartest or had the most athletic prowess and were generally ahead and better in everything. It was during high school, in fact, that I had my first mutual j/o with a close buddy. He was cut and I was the first uncut boy whose cock he had the pleasure to examine, explore, play with, and fondle. It really interested him how the skin could be slid back and forth, up and then down, over the glans. His cut cock was the first one I ever minutely examined and explored, and I checked out every inch of all the curves and roundness. It was at this time that I discovered that the head of a cut cock feels like velvet. To this day, it is such a turn-on for me to lightly touch and rub the head of a circumcised cock. Even when a guy has a hard-on and the shaft is rock-hard, the head still maintains this velvety texture. This cut boy and I had a lot of happy times during our high-school age jacking each other off.

As for my eventual cosmetic circumcision as a young adult at age twenty-two:

I had a frank, detailed discussion with my doctor first. In playing with, examining, and enjoying many cocks up to that time, I came to the conclusion that many of them had too much skin removed. The skin on the shaft was very taut and very tight. I explained to the doctor that I wanted to have the entire corona exposed, but also wanted to have just a slight amount of skin left, so there would be "play" back and forth on the shaft of my penis. I must say I am very pleased with what he did, because he followed my request precisely. He injected a local anesthetic in several places in my cock and soon my entire groin felt numb. There was no pain or discomfort whatever. Rather than close my eyes, I decided to watch the procedure. It was fascinating. I had an erection during most of the operation, and was a little embarrassed, but the doctor said this was the most natural thing in the world to happen and that I shouldn't be concerned. He put in a number of stitches after the skin was cut away, then smeared the head of my cock with Vaseline. This was then covered with a light gauze. He helped me get into a tight jockstrap and helped me press my penis upward against my belly. He said I should be careful not to disturb the sutures when I urinated, and that I should put more Vaseline around the top of my penis before I pressed it up into place against my stomach when I put on the jockstrap. This I was to do for three days and then just wear my regular briefs. On the sixth day, I went back to his office and he took the stitches out—and that was it!

I belong to a group called Branfort, headquartered in New York. Its membership comprises men who were circumcised as adults. In comparing experiences with other members, it seems many guys had a problem with extreme sensitivity on their glans: it was now constantly exposed in and in contact with underclothing. Many went through a period of a month or longer bothered with irritation and unwanted erections. For some reason, I was not bothered with these side-effects. After the sutures were removed, it almost seemed as I had been circumcised all my life. Perhaps one of the things that helped reduce the sensitivity of my glans and corona was the fact that I was quite athletically involved and several days a week I wore a jockstrap for a period of several hours. Don't ask me why, but

whenever I put a jock on, I made it a practice to draw my foreskin back so my glans was exposed while in the pouch of the jock. Maybe this had something to do with reducing the surface tissue sensitivity of my glans, because I had no trouble whatever. Another problem some fellows mentioned was urinating. The comment seemed to be they had trouble directing the flow. They all said the flow seemed to leave them with greater force, so the stream ended up in places they did not anticipate. I did not experience this difficulty, either. In fact, after the operation and upon leaving the doctor's office, I went back to my regular work routines—although for the first few days I definitely did walk at a much slower pace. There wasn't any health or medical reason why I had to be circumcised, I just wanted my cock to be that way. I'm so glad I had it done. I'm sure it's ninety percent psychological, but as much as I enjoyed sex before I was cut, it's even greater now that I'm circumcised. I can enjoy foreplay longer and much better control the time before I climax.

Before the surgery, the doctor kidded me about how I was going to "blossom out." He explained that medical science didn't know why, but it is a proven fact that when the head of a penis is not covered with a foreskin, the rim or corona flares out. It took about six months after I was cut for my "mushroom head" to blossom out. I'm so glad and happy I now have one.

II. *"The Foreskin Was Cut Very High Up on the Shaft"*

I WASN'T CIRCUMCISED when I was born because my dad had the idea that a perfect circumcision could only be done on a growing boy's penis. He said when my brother and I were thirteen years old, he would have us circumcised. My brother is two years older than I am, and when he was thirteen, Dad had a surgeon friend do the circumcision. My brother and I had been experimenting with sex, so when he came back with a bare cockhead, I was entranced. About this time, I was beginning to ejaculate and hated the smegma which collected no matter how often I showered. The kids at school also taunted me about having a foreskin, though my prepuce was not overly long and I could easily retract it. And I did retract it: when I pulled on

my jockey shorts in the morning, each time I urinated, during showers, while masturbating and always just before going to sleep at night. I tried to keep it retracted, but wasn't very successful. That damn skin would be covering my glans every time. My brother knew how much I liked his cut-job—I had been admiring it for a quite a while—so he persuaded me to ask Dad if I couldn't get circumcised before I was thirteen. I discussed it with my father and the next weekend, he, my brother, and I went up to our lake cabin. Dad told me one of his doctor friends was coming up and was going to circumcise me. My father was a pharmacist and had quite a few buddies in the medical profession. The next day, sure as hell, a doctor I knew came up and I was all excited. I even got so turned on I had a hard-on and had to jack off before the doctor would do anything. He and my dad thought that was real funny. My brother was sent out fishing while this happened.

I remember my father telling the doctor to cut me real high, so there wouldn't be any skin left. I didn't feel anything, though I was allowed to watch. A local anesthetic was used, and in no time a tight clamp was pulling my foreskin hard over the dick-head. The doctor cut about even with the rim of the glans, but the skin on the shaft went way back up near the base. He also enlarged the piss-slit. He said mine was very small and could cause me trouble later. After putting in four sutures, the doctor covered my whole cock with an antiseptic jelly and told me to wear a tight jockstrap. The sutures dissolved by themselves and within five days I was jacking off, showing my brother how beautiful my trimmed cock was. Until I was cut, I was the only boy in my gym class with a foreskin. Any wonder I felt inferior?

After being circumcised, I became a real jerk-off freak. I was one already before, but I became an even bigger one. The foreskin was cut very high up on the shaft, which left several inches of skinned area and denuded glans to play around with. I very lightly stroked my glans with liberal lube and, with the built-up load in my nuts, it was only a few minutes until I was spurting gobs of boy-cum all over the mirror I was standing in front of. Part of my turn-on was watching my circumcised cock swell up and being amazed at how the head changed color and widened. I proudly showed my brother my masturbation technique, and a day or two later, he sucked my cock for the first time since being

circumcised. Remember, I'd been admiring his cut cock for quite a while. A few weeks after that, hooked, I came home one day from school and stripped off my jeans and jockey shorts and hopped on the bed for my usual "extracurricular jack-off. I was hotter than usual that day and was soon digging my heels into the bed. I raised my little ass up and exploded, shooting my wad straight up in the air only to have the bulk of it flop back down on my chest. I opened my eyes and Dad stood at the foot of the bed with a big grin on his face. He said, "My boy, you sure are getting good use out of that remodeled cock—now clean yourself up and go take a shower." So saying, he tossed my dirty jockey shorts onto the puddle of cooling sperm on my chest and went downstairs. I don't have to tell you I beat off again in the shower. My brother and I continued our sex play during high school. I became quite active, but always with circumcised partners. When I later joined the Navy, I found that they automatically circumcised any unclipped dudes. In Nam, the foreskins of uncut boys were short and usually retracted, as were those of teenage boys in Tokyo. Circumcision is popular in "westernized" Japan and I saw little shops where it was possible to have an instant circumcision. I actually saw a sixteen-year-old boy go into a "chop shop" with books slung over his back to be circumcised.

III. Self-Circumcision

FOR MANY YEARS I had fantasies involving the act of circumcision. In fact, many of my masturbation fantasies were concerned with such acts, or rather, the act: that I would perform the surgery upon myself. These fantasies varied from time to time, but only in the manner in which I performed the circumcision.

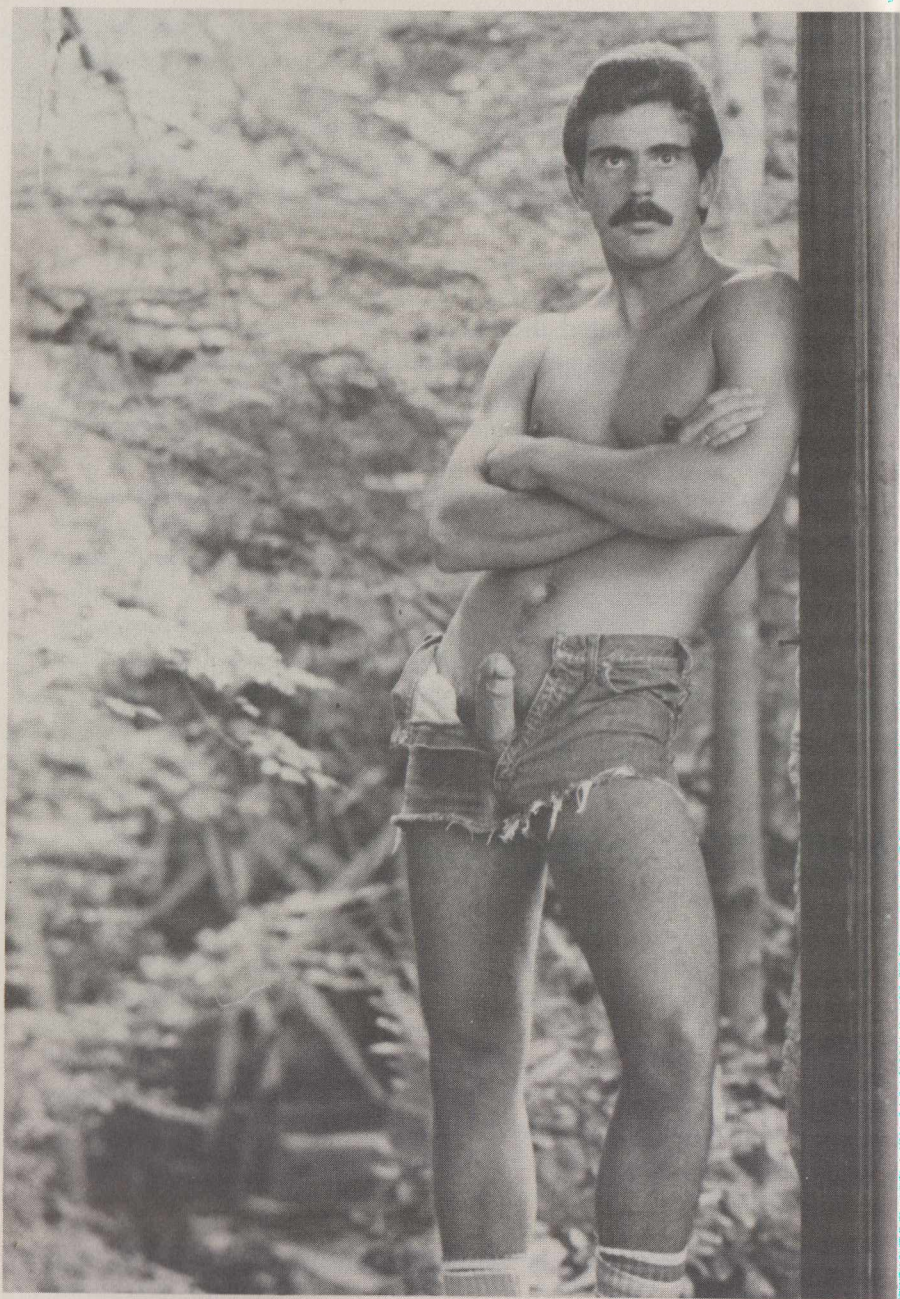
I was quite young, about ten or eleven years old, when my mother entered my bedroom very quietly one night and caught me in the act of masturbating. She was very upset and scolded me. She ended her tirade with the statement that if she ever caught me doing it again that she would take a knife and cut my penis off. This, naturally, produced a profound impression on me and it was that episode I believe to be the basis of my

circumcision fantasies, which started to occur at about the age of thirteen or fourteen. I never ceased my masturbation activities, but made sure they were much more secretive.

At about the age of thirteen, I came upon an article on circumcision in an encyclopedia. I was quite familiar with the subject, being Catholic and knowing that the "Feast of the Holy Circumcision" of Jesus was celebrated on New Year's Day, so I was quite well informed on the Biblical meaning. But what I read about was it being used as part of an initiation rite. I think this is what really triggered the fantasy for me. Several times afterward I was very strongly tempted to perform the act, even going as far as to lay out the items which I knew would be necessary for such a surgery, but I always stopped before culmination.

I had three or four friends past the age of eighteen with whom I was quite close and told of my circumcision fantasies. We were very intimate together and at times partook of mutual and group masturbation acts. All but me were circumcised in infancy. I must add that I am one never to refuse to accept a dare and when I am drunk, I am even more susceptible to suggestion—it taking less to persuade me to do something outrageous.

On this occasion in question, I was twenty-five years old and lived in my own apartment. I was celebrating my twenty-fifth birthday with my close friends I mentioned earlier and we had been drinking. During our conversation, the subject of circumcision was brought up, and finally my circumcision fantasy. One of the guys dared me to culminate the act. Two of the others then chimed in. I must have really been loaded, because finally I accepted the dare. I stripped off all my clothing and grabbed a butcher knife from the oven display. I put the knife blade into the flame of a burner on my gas stove, and as soon as it was red-hot—I know this sounds kooky and gory—I grabbed the foreskin with my left hand and the knife with my right hand. I pulled the skin until it was stretched out tight and as far as it would go beyond the end of my glans, then removed the extra flesh with one slash of the butcher knife, coming down through the skin just past the tip of the glans. There was an odor of burning flesh and there I stood with my severed foreskin in one hand and the knife in the other hand held outstretched in front of my body, as if offering them both to the group. The



other guys just sat and stood there in disbelief and shock. I returned to a more sober state in a few seconds from the pain and dropped both the foreskin and the knife onto the kitchen floor and started toward the bathroom for something to dress my hurting penis. One of the guys grabbed a bottle of baby oil from the cupboard and poured it over my penis, which was by now swollen to an enormous size around the base of the glans where the cut skin had retracted. There was no bleeding, as the red-hot knife sealed all the blood vessels.

One of the guys had some pain capsules and persuaded me to take some. I retired for the night and my friends decided to stay the weekend to look after me, it being a Friday night. The next morning, my penis was still swollen and extremely sore. I remained at home and in the nude during this time, as I couldn't wear anything over my penis. After dressing the wounded area with a medicated ointment for about four days, the scab came off and the swelling completely disappeared. There was a very pronounced circular scar formed all the way around my penis where the foreskin had been severed, though somewhat uneven.

About two weeks were required for the skin on the glans to toughen. I wore a tight jockstrap and there was full healing. In a way, I'm glad I accepted the dare. I didn't have any more of the self-destructive circumcision fantasies that plagued me, because I now was. Just an appreciation of the circumcised penis. I still masturbate occasionally, but not as frequently as before.

[Self-circumcision is dangerous and should be attempted by no one. —Ed.]

IV. "I Held His Hand While He Was Circumcised"

I CAN SUCK MY OWN COCK if I get in the right position. Being blessed with a nine-and-a-half-inch-plus crank and a pair of fat oversize nuts can be a problem sometimes, but it *does* come in handy for the most personal of experiences. I get on the floor with my legs up against the wall at a ninety-degree angle, then slowly bring them back over my body. This will usually put my meat right in line with my face and I can get the head and about three or four inches of shaft between my lips—just about up to my circumcision scar. But I have to be almost ready to pop my nuts, as I can't stay in that position for very long. But *it is* a glorious thrill to feel your own thick hot cum gush into your mouth!

Last year, I was pivotal in helping get several guys circumcised here at the Young Men's Camp. I deal mostly with guys aged eighteen to twenty, mainly first- and second-time offenders who are sent here as an alternative to a conventional prison therapy. About eighty to ninety percent of the campers are already circumcised, but there are always a few who aren't, regardless of race. Not all of the uncuts will necessarily go through with a clip-job, of course, but some will if they can be convinced it will improve their chances of getting more head or cunt when they get out.

One of the guys had been a ward of the state, just turned eighteen, who had been sent to us as one of the two percent we have to take from them. Barry was a likable kid—blond, blue-eyed, average height and build—but had been miserable being uncut in a group of circumcised boys who had never let him forget all through his growing up in the state's welfare system that he had an ugly cock. He had been the abandoned child of an unwed mother and had not been cut. He was made to feel inferior for not having been circumcised and at various times in the shower room had been called "anteater," "the pussy with the elephant's trunk," and mostly "skin." The guys in the showers would also on occasion grab the skin on his dick from behind and attempt to pull it down as far as it would go over the head to further humiliate him in front of the others. When he got here, he found basically the same type of situation—only it was rougher than "juvie."

He had talked to me, one of the counselors at the camp, about his desire to be cut like the other guys in his dormitory section and I had said it would be an easy thing to remedy, but that I'd have to clear it with the corrections department first. In my capacity as physical training supervisor, I talked to his file worker and told him of Barry's unhappy state and suggested that if it were possible for the youth to be circumcised, he'd be emotionally more secure, plus Barry did have a slight phimosis. The case worker was indifferent as to whether or not Barry was circumcised and said there would be no problem if I could find a surgeon who would do it for what the state of New York pays.

I contacted my doctor buddy and I set it all up. I assured Barry that I would stay with him during the surgery and would keep a close check on his recovery. I actually held his hand while

he was being circumcised, and got so fucking turned on that I shot a load of cum into the pouch of the jockstrap I was wearing. As he began to heal, I checked on his condition daily and it was then I became involved with him. At one of the "inspections," about five days after he had been circumcised, Barry got a roaring hard-on while I was examining him and I jacked him off, being very careful not to hurt him. I explained that this was the way he should do it from now on; as you know, uncut guys j/o different than do circumcised guys, grasping the cock in the middle of the shaft and using the foreskin as a movable sheath to produce the friction necessary for orgasm, rather than applying the direct stroke of the full hand to the back (rim) of the glans. I used Brylcream and he felt no pain.

Though Barry wasn't gay, he did enjoy mutual masturbation and a few times we had sex together in my office at the camp. The first time I hadn't counted on him being unable to swallow my whole ejaculation and I almost choked the kid to death, though he did seem to enjoy it. The next time, we spent a lot of foreplay in mutual inspection of each other's circumcision, which seemed to relax him. Once I started to go down on him, he learned to keep at least the big head of my swollen cock in his mouth until he could do a very capable mutual suck without losing a drop of my cum as fast as I would shoot it down his throat. Since I am not anally oriented, I never suggested anything along those lines. Barry had always been an avid j/o freak, though, and when I first stroked his twitching cock, he just lay back and groaned as he shot his cream all over my hand and his belly, and then let the jism soak into his balls and pubic hair. He and I would make it on the average of twice a week. The actual circumcision did more for him emotionally than physically, though he did have an overhanging prepuce.

The other guy was a slightly older dude, about nineteen, and a transfer from Quebec. His name was Claude and he told me that his family equated being circumcised with Semitism and had been opposed to it. He said he really hadn't thought of it that way and agreed that circumcision might be a possibility, but didn't want to get involved. I suggested that it could all be set up at the camp if he would sign a consent form, since he was covered by hospitalization. He agreed and I made all the arrangements to have him cut. As with Barry, I stayed with Claude

during the operation, though I didn't have to hold his hand. However, there was never any overt sexual relationship between us, other than the groping I did when "examining" the healing process. During erection, I'd say he was a good six and a half inches. His glans eventually enlarged nicely and his circumcision scar, about an inch and a half up from the flare of the corona, settled to a very satisfying dark visual tone. Thank God, he wasn't like most of the Puerto Ricans who think that a long foreskin over a smegma-covered glans is real macho. The Hispanics and blacks here are segregated from the whites and with them it's just the opposite—the cut guys are made fun of, as they are in the minority. I've observed that the circumcision rate of Latins and most ghetto blacks is almost nil.

FORESKIN EXPERIENCES

I. "The Skin Was Silky Smooth"

THE FIRST MATURE PENIS that I actually held in my hand to erection was an uncut one. That first experience may account for my present adult fascination with the uncut penis, though I am turned off by smelly ones. I was about thirteen at the time and our school had received cut-rate tickets to a showing of *David Copperfield* at the local theatre. (I was living in a small suburb at the time.) Monitors from the high school were assigned to groups of fifteen of us to meet at the theatre. The monitor in my group was about seventeen and we left the school to go to our homes to leave our school books. He walked with me because it turned out he lived about three blocks on down. He decided he would accompany me home to leave my books and then stop at his home to drop off his books on our way to meet the others in the group at the theatre.

When we got to his home he said he had to get out of his school pants and invited me up to his room as he changed. When he removed his pants, his cock fell out of the fly of his shorts. I was amazed at what I was seeing and moved around in front of him wide-eyed and innocently stared at it. He laughed and said, "I'll bet you never saw a big cock like that. I got the biggest one in the high school." No, I had never seen one like that. Not only big, but strange to me. It somehow seemed to have no head. It just hung limply there. He said, "Do you want to touch it?" I did and reached over and touched it with my finger. "No, hold it in your hand," he said as he pulled his shorts down. More shock for me. A mass of black hair at its root. I reached for his cock and held it in my hand. The skin was silky smooth. He said: "It can get bigger if you move your hand up and down slow." I did and was amazed how easily the skin moved in my hand and how with each upward stroke the head began to slowly emerge. As it swelled I was both frightened and fascinated. When the slippery head had fully emerged and the cock was almost fully erect, he again laughed. "We'd better go or we'll be late," he then said as he pulled up his shorts and got into his

pants. It didn't go beyond that but the experience was branded on my brain forever.

I saw him a few times after that and he was always with friends his own age or with girls and there was never any acknowledgment that anything had happened between us. For at least three years I thought I had seen probably the only cock like that one in existence. I thought that when he said he had the biggest cock in high school he meant he had the biggest one and the only one of its kind in the world. Of course, in later years, I was to learn that wasn't so. Oddly, about a year later, my mother was preparing a Thanksgiving turkey and had cut off the turkey's neck to make soup the following day. The neck was on a kitchen counter. I touched it and got chills because it felt amazingly like my monitor's cock . . . almost the same thickness, but more importantly, the skin moved easily on it just like it had on the monitor's cock. I trace my fascination with the uncut penis back to my first experience with that first touch of the velvety smooth skin that moved so easily back and forth to slowly reveal the hidden head. Isn't it strange how a minor incident can influence the pattern of a whole life?

II. *"The Foreskin Came Halfway over the Head"*

THANK YOU FOR RESPONDING to the remembrances of sexual things past, to the mad ravings of this old curmudgeon. It was totally unexpected, much welcomed. I dread shattering your great expectations on the cut/uncut situation, but will supply you with a synopsis of my experiences. I just returned from the barbershop where I obtained a conventional haircut: short and close. After shaving my neck, the barber dabbed away the excess soap. Little did this straight (?) butch number realize that fooling around with my ears is a great turn-on for me. If he's not careful next time, he's going to get the world's greatest blowjob. Little does he realize that my last barber, a married, thirty-three-year-old Italian, received a blowjob on a regular basis. If we couldn't do it in the back room after my service, he had my phone number and we both arrived at the shop early. He was an uncut straight stud with about three kids and a wife who worked at night and who I imagine did not do much for him.

Probably one of those cunts who do it out of duty and quickly please—"Oh, you animal, not another one." Usually my former barber was able to give me two nice loads.

How the hell did I get this way, you may ask. Who knows and who really cares? My first twelve years or so of life were a sickly experience. I was almost aborted to begin with and at an early age—about age three—I had a life-threatening mastoid infection. This, of course, was before antibiotics were developed. My first real sex was with a friend who was a year older. He had discovered j/o and showed me all about it in his basement one day. I was just coming into my own at this age and eventually became a j/o nut. In those days I could do it at least six to eight times in a row without losing my hard, each time shooting a tremendous load. Jesus, what a shame to toss it all down the toilet! In the seventh or eighth grade I was the basketball manager, a job that meant I kept score at games and kept track of the balls. Little did the coach know that I kept track of the balls in the locker room as well and did have the opportunity to massage several pairs of balls and cocks in the training room. I still had not sucked any cock yet. By this time, I was in high school and a friend usually came over on Sunday evening to visit. One thing led to another one particular evening when I was fourteen and finally rather than putting his long thin cock between my legs as he had always done up to that, one of us got the idea to put it in my ass. We used Vaseline in those days, not the fancy lubricants as most guys do now. Each Sunday night throughout four years of high school (1939-1943) I got fucked. It could have been a tremendous experience, except my Timmy did not know how to fuck. I think I gave a preliminary suck or two on his head to get him in the mood and then turned on my belly. Timmy jumped on top and fucked without emotion for twenty or more minutes before he finally shot his wad off, not saying a word or breathing hard or anything. I wasn't much better since I simply lay there and let him do it without moving or saying anything, either. I think I was a bit embarrassed since I knew I was the only one in the world who did such evil things.

Up to that point in my life I had not really seen an uncut piece of meat except my father's. He had a soft dick at least six inches long and the foreskin was one of those that came halfway over the head. I imagine he had a good ten inches hard—he sure did

not pass that wonderful equipment of his on to me. In my best years as a teenager I had a solid seven inches: as one ages the cock does seem to diminish in size. I think I have about six to six and a half inches today. The excess skin now covers the head. I started out with a rather poor cut anyway. Most of my little friends of my age were also cut. It was "in style" in those days (1920s) and was, I believe, done almost automatically by doctors. I did, though, have a friend in the eighth grade who was uncut. He had phimosis and was unable to pull the skin back, however. I often wonder whatever became of him and his cock, and whether or not he eventually had to have it cut. He had a lovely cock and we played around some in his darkroom. (He couldn't do much manually with the skin, as it was so tight around the end of the head, but you could stick your little finger up inside the "nipple" and explore all around the perimeter of the sensitive pee-slit.)

The first penis I sucked to completion was on a young stud—Italian, I think—while waiting for a bus. We went into the lobby of an apartment building on the corner and he shot a gob of lovely white cream. I was expecting the load since he had told me it was coming and like the simple fool I was then I got off quickly. I didn't want this foul stuff in my mouth. I got some anyway and spit it out quickly. I think it was the first and last load I did that with. I met him one more time on the bus. We sat in the back and I j/o'd him in his pants. What a nut I was.

In fact, for many years of my life I was a simple-minded, spoiled, selfish fart. I never wanted a relationship and now that I would give my left nut to have one, no one really wants me because I'm too old, even though most people do not suspect my real age (fifty-nine) and I do not look it. God, how much I sound like those simpering ads in the *Advocate*—I'm thirty-seven but only look thirty-five-and-a-half! But those are for another time. When I was young, uncut cock (blind meat) was a no-no. I think the main objection being the stench. Most parents did not teach the little rascals to roll the skin back and wash carefully. When this is not done, the smegmatic glands of the penis secrete smegma (cheese). I had a super stud I could not suck in college because he had so much of the junk. But I had no qualms about letting him screw the hell out of me one night at a junior college party. We did it on a pile of stones in a john that

was being repaired and remodeled on the darkened third floor of the building. I would love to experience a clean uncut stud now, but I'm in no position to be too picky. I have no strong feelings about cut/uncut cocks.

III. *"I Love to See and Touch Foreskin"*

I GREW UP in Southern California and am now forty-six years old. One early event I can remember is three of us boys comparing penises. One was uncut. I remember him pulling the skin back to show us he was the "same." I was fascinated by the foreskin. I wanted one like it. It seemed more natural and more manly for the head to be covered and uncovered when one wanted it to be. The boy lived in the neighborhood, and I remember wanting to see his penis whenever possible. His parents were not much different than mine, and I wondered why they allowed him to be uncut, or why mine had had me cut. My older brother, who was also cut, had two uncut friends—one of whom was the older brother of this friend of mine. I remember going with my brother and this friend of his and another boy to a secret hideout. We showed penises, and the boy who was uncut asked us why we had been cut. He showed us what he could do with his penis. Since I was the youngest, he had me lie on my stomach and he put his erect penis into my ass and rubbed it back and forth for a while between my cheeks, butt-humping me. But since none of us had any hair on our balls, nothing happened. He said, "I wish you were a girl." He and I became friends and I stayed at his house overnight a few times, even though he was three years older. We took baths together, and I played with his uncut penis. I was fascinated by it and wanted one like it. He would jack off, being in the seventh grade, while I was too young to do much. He was proud of his foreskin and let me play with it. This was when I was about ten or eleven.

In junior high, I remained fascinated by foreskin. I would watch in the restroom to see who was uncut and who wasn't. We didn't have showers, but I would watch as guys would dress to see who was cut and who wasn't. My first oral experience was with a friend whose father was a football coach. After

school we would go to his house and drink milk laced with vanilla extract and sugar. We would show penises. He was cut (this was about eighth grade) and he showed me how to suck him off. I found that a most pleasurable experience.

About this time, at fourteen or fifteen, I fell in love with a friend of my older brother's who I had discovered was uncut in the swimming pool locker room. He was one of twins, who were both uncut. We would often swim together and he and I would play with each other under the water in the local pool. I was fascinated by his cock and he would let me suck it. I would suck him off and swallow his cum. He was about four years older than I was, which would have made him about eighteen or nineteen at the time. We had a relationship for about a year. When he graduated from high school, he moved and I haven't seen him since. His foreskin was tight and would not pull back if he got hard while the skin was still forward. I liked to circle my tongue around his cockhead under the skin and let his cock get soft inside my mouth after he came.

In high school, the locker room was heaven to me. I watched all in the showers and can still tell you in looking through the yearbook who was cut and who wasn't. I always noticed uncut guys in high school. Though the majority were cut, about seventy-five percent of my classes of gym, I noted who was uncut and tried to determine why. The white rate was high, though some Italians and Portuguese were not cut. I admired the Hispanics and Asians since they were uncut. I knew they felt out of place not being cut, but I admired them and wished I was like them—that I had a foreskin to play with as well.

I did have relations with a trumpet player in the band whom I had a crush on (I was in the band, too), though I don't think he knew it. He was uncut, but had a short foreskin. He and I would masturbate or suck each other in the music building, where there were practice rooms. He enjoyed his foreskin and was proud of it. I also had crushes on two other uncut guys in the band, though, again, they didn't know it. One played clarinet and the other bass clarinet. I had seen them in the locker room and knew they were uncut. They were straight, though. In college, I frequented the locker room and noticed who was cut and who wasn't. I didn't have many encounters, since I did not know about baths then and was too shy to initiate things. I was

always attracted to the men with foreskins, however. It was especially exciting to watch them wash under the skin. It was even more exciting when I watched them slide it forward again.

I am now the executive director of a local health club and make it my point to observe the locker rooms. I am still a looker and admire those who have not been cut. I was cut at birth and my general feeling is that I wish I wasn't. I have always resented my being cut. I feel as though I am missing something. Foreskin is natural. I would give almost anything to be uncut. There is nothing more beautiful than an uncut cock, and one that has the skin being slowly pulled back to expose a sensitive pink head is a real turn-on to me. I love to suck an uncut cock—to push the skin back with my lips and tongue and to slowly lick that slick, sensitive head. The skin is so much fun to play with. I love to see and touch foreskin. My constant fantasy is to see an uncut cock being slowly skinned back: to let that sensitive head slide down my throat, once free of its protective sheath, and then to slide the retracted skin slowly back and forth to tease that cock to absolute erection, then to swallow every drop of sweet cum as communion with that foreskin. I love to play with uncut cocks. If I only had one. Just the sight of an uncut cock is a turn-on. I think most young men today do not know what they are missing being cut, yet since nearly all others of their generation are cut, they feel "regular." It is rare to see a teenage male who has not been circumcised.

I think I am going to have to go and jack off because I am so excited from reliving all these past experiences.

IV. "His Uncut Cock Was So Meaty"

I DON'T KNOW if this is exactly what you're looking for, but I did *give* a guy his first sex when he was eighteen. (I was eighteen also.) Keith was uncut and had a problem with his foreskin and had wanted me to look at it. I had been circumcised the previous summer because of phimosis—constriction of the foreskin around the head—and Keith knew of this, and thus felt he could confide in me. His dilemma was that because of his inability to regularly retract the long and tight skin he might have to undergo a similar circumcision, as his penis would be-

come swollen and puffy on occasion when he could not properly clean himself. He was in my senior gym class—was the only uncut guy in our class, in fact—and we had quickly become friends. Keith had wanted to see what the results had been for me if he eventually had to have it done to him.

We had driven out on one weekend, then, to a deserted cove along the coast and had parked in my car. This is where it all got interesting. Both of us, I guess, were turned on to a degree by the inherent eroticism of the subject, circumcision—plus the fact that we would be displaying our dicks to each other as two curious teenagers—so it wasn't surprising that it took a little bit of coaxing on the spot to get him to show me the thing which had been causing him so much panic of late, even though I had already promised that I would show myself as well. (He did not know I was gay—so there were other reasons on my part, of course.) He cautiously unbuttoned his blue jeans, then slid them down past his knees, but stared askance out the car door window toward the ocean. I soon found out the reason for his sudden embarrassment.

Keith, turning a deeper red, placed his fingers under the taut elastic waistband of his jockey shorts and slowly lowered the cotton weave fabric over his knees in kind. Lying flat against his belly was a rather short but thick penis, rock-hard and clearly excited, but still tightly capped by a generous foreskin. Just a tip of tempting pinkness could be seen peeking out of the protective sheath. I told Keith that his overhang didn't look all that bad to me and that, in fact, mine had been longer. His cock was somewhat irritated around the head (or at least where it had been under the skin), but not overly so.

Keith made no move, but I wanted to see if it was possible to retract the heavy wattle of flesh over his peter, so I calmly reached over and took the hard shaft between my right forefinger and thumb (as I was sitting on the driver's side). He flinched a little under my initial touch, but did not freak at another guy groping him—actually, looking back, I think it was even more of a turn-on for him. I slowly drew the tight skin back over the slippery-caked knob, being as careful as I could not to hurt him. It slid back, though not easily. I let it slip back over the smegma-greased head and then skinned it back again just to make certain that there was no residual phimosis. When I

had the knob uncovered, I could see the accumulated head-cheese. The smell was new and yet old to me, but still as arousing. I had often tasted my own accumulate and had looked forward to getting off on the smell when I hadn't washed for a few days. Keith continued to look out the window, still embarrassed by the, by now, acute stiffness of his groin. His dick had begun to ooze pre-cum and it collected in a neat little pool around the ringed tip of his overhanging prepuce. Having gotten used to the tautness of the circumcised skin on the shaft of my own penis, I had almost forgotten how pliant and maneuverable a foreskin could be on an uncut cock and had found it a true delight to rediscover on Keith's prick. "When you're circumcised," I told him, "you almost never have to wash."

I continued to play with Keith's foreskin, pulling it back and—between his increasing glances from the car window to his groin—showing him exactly where and how he would be cut if he needed to be. I could tell that he was just as fascinated as I was, however. I pushed the skin flush behind the bullet-shaped knob—he did moan a little, as there obviously was some pain—and quietly massaged the accumulated smegma. It was so erotic. (There's nothing like pre-cum under a ripe foreskin.) Keith started to breathe heavier and suddenly, without any further need on my part to goad him, grabbed my hand with his and began to slowly pull up and down on his raging root of a cock. I quickly made a fist and let him do all the work thereafter. He rubbed my hand all along the length of his tender pole and I knew he was loving it to have me working on his uncut dick. Whereas I, as a cut guy, had to stroke over the ridge of the flared knob when I gave myself a hand-job, an uncut dude had to either grab his cock in the middle of the shaft and let the uncut skin ride up over the corona to produce the "friction" necessary for orgasm or to try and skin himself back and then pull—which in the case of an overhanging prepuce, was often painful, as with Keith. Same effect, but by different means. I tightened my grip around the shaft of his cock to let him know that I knew how bad he needed to get his rocks off and he kept hold of my hand and used me to pump himself until he finally shot his liquid and exploded.

I can't tell you what it felt like to have an uncircumcised boy's sweaty hand on my own hand, me a recently circumcised kid,

and this uncircumcised boy wanting it to be there, under his own hand and jerking on his uncut skin. I don't think that I hurt him too much. At least he didn't show it. Keith had his head thrown back against the car seat and had tightly closed his eyes. There was some involuntary groaning on his part. Most of his jism when he shot went on the soft hairs of his naked thigh, but lots more ended up between my fingers. Keith let go of my hand as he started to soften and before he opened his eyes, I put my hand to my lips, licking it clean of its coating of both teenage cheese and semen. Keith's load was about as massive as my own and I noticed that even after the first spurts of his cum had started to cool on his thigh his testicles still produced a few dribbles that escaped the re-sheathing tip and completely wet his uncut shaft and balls. When Keith did open his eyes, I smiled to let him know that it was okay. He had had his first sex by another boy's hand. I kept some towels in my glove compartment for emergencies just like this—though it was the first time that I had ever had to use them—and I watched enthralled as Keith sheepishly cleaned himself up, wiping up his pungent boy-load. He was still very apologetic and I again grinned to let him know that I understood (as if he had to be told).

I then pulled my cock out, as I *had* promised to show him the results of what had been done to me upon my circumcision. I was, of course, very erect. Keith had his face stuck in my crotch almost as soon as I had slid my jeans and jockey briefs down to my ankles and scanned the pink membranous area where the surgeon's scalpel had done its job. It really got me off watching him eye my circumcision and then seeing his nostrils discreetly flare as he got a sniff of my hairy scrotal scent. Keith began to slowly feel up and down my trimmed shaft to confirm the tightness of the cut skin. I figured that his curiosity had gotten the better of him and so I just lay back against the car seat as he had done before and let him do his exploring. He gripped me tighter and proceeded to give me a slow but adequate hand-job, taking special care as if to observe every minute detail of how my circumcised penis reacted to his masturbatory efforts. I was so hot and horny from having just done him—and he still had his pants down with that pretty uncut overhang in view—that I wanted to pop almost at once upon his touch, but did manage to restrain myself at least until he had felt me for a decent length

of time for his first jerk. I knew then that he wanted to try sucking me, sensing that I wouldn't stop him even if I had wanted to. I was about to shoot any second and Keith slowly put his tongue to the tip of my cut dickhead and then dropped his mouth over the entire flange of my circumcised glans and between his hungry lips. I told him to be sure and lick my circumcision scar, which, since I was a rather late cut, was located fairly well down the shaft and was sensitive. Keith did this somehow, even though he was not quite that adept at cock-sucking. He did know what he wanted, though. (I also didn't tell him when he would do something wrong, or that he could have done it better for my own satisfaction.) I felt his semi-flaccid uncut prick and balls while he sucked me. This was a signal for him to do the same to me. He started handling my balls really good, like he wanted to, and reached under to run a finger along the downy crack of my clenched-tight ass. I must have given that kid a quart of sizzling suck-juice. He tried as best he could to swallow, but my load was too copious for him and he was soon gagging on my joint. But his were a first-timer's tears of joy, I can tell you. Afterward, we lay back together on the car seat discussing what had happened. It was then that he told me that he was gay. I reciprocated by licking his dick for a second taste of his thick smegma and cum. His uncut cock was so meaty. Incidentally, Keith did not have to have a complete circumcision, only a dorsal slit made. He and I remained friends until later that fall when he went off to college and then re-located permanently.

V. Ten Thick Inches, Uncut

ON MY WAY HOME from seeing the Andy Warhol film about cowboys (this was about 1970), I stopped by the john in the Illinois Central station to take a piss. It was a Sunday afternoon and the john was deserted except for a young black guy who was playing with his cock. He followed me out and struck up a conversation. I didn't normally invite strangers home, but I felt good vibes from him, and besides, seeing the film with the frontal shot of a guy pissing and the fuck scene had made me horny. He readily agreed to come with me.

He introduced himself, but said, "Everybody calls me Pee Wee." It was easy to see why. He was barely five feet tall. The epithet clearly did not apply totally. The outlines of his large cock were clearly visible through his blue jeans—from which I guessed he was wearing boxer shorts. His cock turned out to be about ten inches uncut and very thick. Although he was twenty, I think his sexual experiences had been fairly limited, at least in variety. He was only interested in jacking off. Even so, I was interested, so I gave him my phone number, and he would call and come over once a week or so, always spending the night. We developed a technique which he loved. We left the lights on because he said he liked to see our cocks together. I would straddle him, put our cocks together and put KY on them and then rub them together with my hands. My good-sized six and a half inches seemed like a matchstick when I had both cocks in my hands. He loved to get our balls together and play with them (mine were a lot larger than his). I took care of the cocks. We would make our pleasure last a long time. When one of us got close to coming, I'd drop that cock and keep on with the other one—usually his since he was a slow comer. Eventually we would both get to the point where we *had* to come. By carefully controlling the action on both cocks, we could come at exactly the same time with moans of pleasure as we covered the towel on his belly with our come.

One evening when Pee Wee called, he said, "There's somebody I'd like you to meet. Can I bring him over?" I said, "Sure." Soon he appeared and introduced Charles, a tall, slender, good-looking black kid. This was obviously an unfamiliar situation for him, and he was very nervous. At first I was afraid he would grab his coat and head for the door at any moment. We gradually got him to relax and chat. He was nineteen. The two of them had met some time before but had never gotten together since they both lived with their families. Charles called his mother to say he would be spending the night at a friend's house.

We led Charles to the bedroom and helped him out of his clothes. By the time he dropped his pants, his cock was already straining at his jockey shorts. He stepped out of them, revealing a beautifully proportioned cut cock about seven inches and about the thickness of a silver dollar. I immediately knelt to take it slowly and gradually down my throat, gently feeling his balls at

the same time. Soon the three of us were on the bed, rubbing our cocks together, feeling balls, etc. Pee Wee never kissed, but Charles liked to. Pee Wee wasn't interested in sucking either, but Charles liked to, so we had a spell of sixty-nine while Pee Wee played with our balls.

After more such preliminaries, Charles said, "What I like best is fucking. Can I fuck you?" I said, "I'd love it, but we have to start out my way." I had him lie on his back and I straddled him. I find it easier to take a big cock if I control the initial angle and rate of insertion. Once I had adjusted to his cock, he wanted me on my back with my legs over his shoulders. He fucked with steady deep strokes until finally I felt him begin to quiver as he shot into me, then collapsed on top of me.

After we had rested a bit, Pee Wee said, "Can we do what we always do?" Soon we were at it as usual. Charles watched in fascination, and commented, "I'd never thought of doing it that way." I had my hands full, but Pee Wee reached over to play with Charles's balls (he always seemed more interested in balls than in cocks). We gave Charles a good demonstration of our techniques. When we came, he commented on the fact that we came at the same time.

We all chatted a bit, then Charles said that watching us had got him so hot that he wanted to fuck me again. Even though I had just come, my mind was still horny, so I was eager for another round with him. The second was just as good as the first. We showered and had a snack before going to bed, Pee Wee next to the wall and Charles between us.

When I woke up early the next morning, my back was to Charles, but I could feel that he was quite close to me. I reached behind me to touch him. He was obviously awake because he pressed himself against me. His cock was hard and he pressed it against my ass. Assuming he wanted to fuck, I quietly reached to the night stand for the KY and lubricated his cock. I was still loose enough from the night before that it went in easily. He put his arm across my chest to hold me tightly, then pressed his cock slowly all the way. Then he very slowly drew back a couple of inches, then just as slowly pushed again all the way, moving as little as possible so as not to jiggle the bed (and awaken Pee Wee). Every now and then he would pull back so only the head was still in, then he would go all the way again. This glorious

slow-motion fuck went on a good while until I sensed he was about to come. I tightened my ass around his cock as he shot. We were still tightly together with his cock in me when Pee Wee laughed and threw off the covers, saying, "I knew you guys were screwing."

Seeing Pee Wee's huge hard cock gave me an inspiration—why not try to take it in the ass? (We had tried unsuccessfully once before.) Thinking that it should be easier since I was already loosened up by a good-sized cock, I suggested it. Pee Wee agreed, and Charles encouraged us, saying he would love to see it. I straddled Pee Wee and applied KY. With a great deal of painful effort, I got the head in and a bit more, but it was so painful that I was afraid it might do real damage, so I reluctantly gave up. We were both hot, so we finished in our usual way, with me grateful for a painless way to give us both supreme pleasure.

Charles came by with Pee Wee several times later, but never again spent the night with us. Not long afterward Pee Wee's mother died unexpectedly and the family moved to the South. My only mementos of Pee Wee are his Ray Charles 45's that he inadvertently left with me. He had a Moms Mabley record of mine, and I wonder if it triggers memories for him as Ray Charles does for me.

—Chicago

VI. "Kurt Was My First Foreskin"

I HAVE NO TRAUMA about being cut, but have always been attracted to uncut men. I am five-ten, brown hair, blue eyes, and ever since I saw my first uncut cock, I have been fascinated by foreskin. I like to play with the skin, to slide it back and forth, and to see the sensitive head underneath being exposed. I had a job in the college locker room handing out towels and there was this one tall twenty-year-old blond who possessed the most beautiful uncut cock I ever saw. The very first uncut cock I ever saw, in fact. He was six feet tall, about 160 pounds, well-built, tanned and muscled. Having been circumcised as a baby, I couldn't help noticing Kurt. He would smile at me as he walked by to get his towel and I think he sensed I was watching him. I also think he sensed why. I would smile back at him, but didn't

dare anything more. Oh, to actually smell and taste a foreskin, I thought!

One day, I had to stay late to wait for the baseball team to arrive from an out-of-town practice game. The scenery there was almost as good as Kurt, though all were cut. I sat in a corner of the towel cage and read a book while waiting. After a short while, I looked up to see Kurt looking at me. He asked me why I was there so late and I said that I had to wait for the baseball team, as I was the only one around to keep the place open. He stayed late to swim some extra laps, and told me that his left shoulder was sore—would I rub some liniment into it?

I got the liniment and the key to the training room and we used the massage table in there. Kurt was wearing only a towel. He took it off and climbed nude onto the table. He lay on his stomach so I could massage the shoulder. "Ah, that feels good," he said as I began to rub the liniment into his shoulder. He then asked me if I would mind also massaging his legs. He said they were also somewhat sore and could use some liniment. I was happy to comply. His body and muscles were beautiful. Especially his rounded athlete's ass, which I was very tempted to touch.

After a few minutes of massage just below his butt, I asked him if he wanted me to massage the front of his legs as well. He said "okay" and turned over. I couldn't help but again notice his gorgeous uncut cock. It was about seven inches long, the foreskin just covering the head. It was still flaccid. I got a hard-on looking at it. The extra skin was so sexy. I began to massage the front of his legs. I saw his cock rise slightly, but pretended not to notice. I'm sure Kurt saw my hard-on in my gym pants, though. I put liniment on my hands and began rubbing it on his chest and arms. His eyes were closed and he didn't seem to resist. "Oh," he said, "you massage so well!" I replied that there was one thing I hadn't massaged yet. With that, I put my hand around his nearly erect cock, retracted the slick foreskin, and placed his cock into my mouth. I began to massage the head with my tongue. He said, "Ahh, that's heavenly!" I knew it was. Kurt told me to make sure the door was locked. I was sure there was no one else around, but checked the door. It was locked. We were alone.

I returned to Kurt's fleshy uncut cock, which was fully hard

by now. I retracted the foreskin to look at the glistening pink glans underneath. There was only a hint of smegma. It smelled so wonderful. I licked the damp underside of the glans ever so slightly, which sent him into ecstasy. I then pulled the skin forward to cover the head, then back to expose it again. The skin was so much fun to play with—it would almost completely cover the head when pulled down. Kurt moaned every time I would retract him: I was masturbating the head with the skin. I enjoyed just pushing the skin back and forth over the knob, as it was so loose and retractable on his penis, even erect.

There are some things that can be done to an uncut cock that simply can't be done with a cut cock. I should know. The end of the skin seemed especially sensitive to him and I made sure to lick it as I bathed his uncut glory with the spit from my tongue. I nibbled on the skin over the head for a while, trying to pinch it shut over the tip of the glans with my teeth. I would bring the foreskin progressively forward with my lips and tongue. I could almost make it close, but just couldn't quite. The skin needed to be about a centimeter longer. I was about to cum in my tented jockstrap at this.

I licked into his pee-slit and then under the skin over the head. Kurt moaned again. The taste was incredible, mostly pre-cum, but some traces of smegma farther back. It was so delicious. I continued to tongue his greasy knob. He loved it. I pulled a little on his balls, gently rolling them together. They were sweaty. I then placed Kurt's uncut cock all the way down my throat, the skin forward, but slowly peeling back over the head as it traversed the curve of my foodtube. His dick was about eight inches erect, and throbbing. I knew he needed release.

I flicked the underside of his foreskin with my tongue near the base of his penis, about at mid-shaft, and let my teeth lightly scrape along the top of the thick skin, gently tugging it back and forth over the head at the rear of my mouth. With two or three strokes of my head in this manner on his dick, he finally came. Too soon for me, however. I could have explored on that wondrous thing for two whole lifetimes or more. He was hot. Loads and loads of sweet uncut cream gushed into my mouth from his spurting dick and I swallowd it like a young calf. The slight smegmal odor I got a whiff of along with the cum made it even better.

Kurt's cock grew soft in my mouth, and I teased it all with my lips and tongue, running my tongue in through the slackened tip of overhang when he was fully covered again and locking the oozing cum still coming from the peehole. Even though Kurt was my first foreskin, I knew just what to do with all that bundle of skin. I could imagine what I would want done with it if I had it. If I only did.

Kurt wanted to massage me. I took off all my clothes. My cock bounced up out of my jock when I took it off and I lay on my back. He gave me a short massage, but seemed eager to get to my cock. I reached over and pinched the end of his foreskin shut several times as he rubbed the liniment into my body. The soft, large head felt so irresistible to my touch beneath the heavy skin.

Kurt got to my cock. It was harder than hard and about seven inches. But cut at birth. "You are cut like most of the guys here," he said. I told him yes, that I was, but that I admired his uncut cock since I first saw it. He said he thought I did, as those stares aren't very easy to hide. Kurt took my cock into his mouth and speedily brought me to the point of no return. He sucked on my cut head as I lay on the table, and he licked at the scarred underside of my cock. He was standing right next to my side and I played with his semi-flaccid foreskin, pulling it as far down over the head as possible and then putting a finger inside the opening of this "nipple" to rub against the wet end of his knob. To feel inside the skin and to actually touch inside the skin while I was being blown by this sexy uncut stud made my orgasm even wilder for me. I must have shot a bucket. Kurt took all my cum and swallowed it happily.

From then on, I eagerly looked forward to the evenings when the baseball team had a late game and Kurt stayed late to swim. I gave him and his skin many more fabulous massages before we both graduated. I also gave "liniment" massages to other jocks while at that job in college, too. I had two other uncuts. One black and one Puerto Rican. Both were later transfers to the baseball team and loved their foreskins. So did I.

VII. *"The Skin Was Almost Like Elastic"*

I HAVE HAD SEVERAL sexual encounters with uncut men, and find it very exciting. I have just arranged, in fact, to meet a man with a one-inch overhang and am looking forward to experiencing his cock, as I have never yet had a cock with such an overhang as that even while erect. If it is good, I'll write about that experience.

My father and two brothers are cut, as I am, and I think most of the young men in my area are also cut. There is a large Asian population there that is not cut, but the young whites are cut. The Hispanics I've seen are about 50/50 cut and not cut. I now consider myself to be very definitely pro-noncircumcision and if I had any hypothetical sons, I would not have them cut. If they wished to be, they could decide for themselves. If only I had that same choice. I was cut shortly after birth, and though I'm somewhat satisfied with my current status, I'm not overly thrilled. I find the uncut state much more appealing—more masculine, more natural. There's so much more that can be done with an uncut cock. I now prefer men with foreskins, at least when I can find them.

When I was in college, I worked as a summer lifeguard at a private swim club. It was one way to see people nude and count the occasional foreskin. The pay was good and I got to enjoy the sun—and the men. There were three of us lifeguards and one was Hispanic, a young man my age of twenty-one, Miguel. He had been a high-school champion swimmer and was trying for the '72 Olympics. He stayed after hours to practice, lap after lap, to build his time and strength for the upcoming qualifications. Toward the end of the first week on the job, he asked me if I wanted to stay and work out with him. I needed to swim some laps to stay in shape, and had nothing better to do anyway, so I agreed. The manager closed the pool at eight p.m., locked the gate, and reminded us to go out the office door and lock it behind us.

The evening was warm, and the water was inviting. Miguel put on a Speedo, a very brief suit designed to produce as little drag in the water as possible. He asked if I wanted to use an extra one he had. I said "sure" and he directed me to his locker. I

found the suit and put it on. It felt good, was very brief, and hid very little. I went out to the pool. Miguel was already in the water and swimming laps. I dived into the adjoining lane and began to swim slowly. His stroke was beautiful and effortless. I swam twenty-five laps, then got out and sat on the edge of the pool, watching him. Miguel completed one hundred laps, then, too, got out. He splashed water on me and said, "Time to get a hot shower!" We went into the shower room and Miguel took off his Speedo and turned on his shower. I couldn't help but notice him. He was about five-foot-eight (a couple of inches shorter than myself), coppery tan skin, large brown eyes, black hair, a virtually hairless body, but most of all, a nice-shaped cock, about five inches flaccid, which was totally uncut! I don't think he saw that I was watching him as he soaped his body. Miguel washed his hair, soaped his cock and, pulling the foreskin back, washed all around the head, letting the water wash the soap off of it before letting the foreskin slide forward over the head. He pulled the skin back once more to check that all was right, then let it slide forward to cover the head.

At this, I became excited and my cock filled the Speedo I was wearing. I'm sure Miguel noticed that my cock was hard, but didn't say anything. I wrung out the suit and hung it on the shower handle. I thanked him for the suit and he said it was all right, that he usually had an extra or two. I turned on my shower and saw Miguel look at my cut cock, which was about seven and a half inches long and sticking almost straight out from my body with big prominent veins. He said, "What a nice cock!" I smiled and proceeded to soap myself and wash all over, especially my thick-headed hard-on and low-hanging balls below. I have some light brown body hair which thickens a bit on my chest and it really caught the lather as well.

When I was finished, Miguel asked if I wanted him to wash my back. I said "sure" and his firm hands rubbed soap on my back and shoulders. It felt good. There seemed to be an extra excitement knowing that an uncircumcised guy was soaping me. I then rinsed the soap off and asked him if he wanted me to do the same. Miguel answered that he did. I rubbed soap on his firm back and shoulder muscles and there was an even greater excitement knowing that my hands were touching and rubbing themselves all over the nude skin of an uncircumcised guy. I

didn't do his butt. Miguel flexed his muscles with my touch. I knew he liked me rubbing his back. I stopped to let him rinse off. His cock had become hard, so hard that the head was about halfway exposed. I guessed him to be about seven inches—it looked bigger than mine because he had a shorter body. Miguel tried to be apologetic about his rod, but I told him there was nothing to be sorry for—wasn't it obvious what we were both feeling?

I told him what a beautiful cock he had and said most people would be envious of it because of the extra skin, as it was so perfectly uncut. I told him I sure was. "You like it?" he said. I walked over to this cute Mexican-American youth after turning off my shower as he had and took his ultra-hard uncut peter into my hand. I pulled the skin all the way back, then as far forward as I could. The skin was almost like elastic. Miguel said in a low voice, "Suck it!" I thought he would never ask. The skin was retracted about two-thirds over his knob and I ran my tongue all around the edge, which made him groan further. I licked the drop of pre-cum that oozed from his piss-slit. It tasted a lot like mine, and yet didn't. I could smell the smegma-producing glands which I knew were just under the skin. It was a unique odor that "cut" simply doesn't have. I breathed it in. "Uhhmm." My tongue began to push the skin lightly back and my lips closed over the end of his knob, sucking in more luscious pre-cum. One hand was fondling Miguel's tight buns and fingering his sagging balls and the other hand was stroking the foreskin on his shaft away from my mouth. He let me pull the skin over the head, then push it all the way back again. The skin was somewhat stubborn with him being hard and I knew it must have hurt him slightly for me to do this. I did this with my lips and teeth.

Miguel reached down and found my raging cock and began to pull on the slippery head, which made me more responsive to his uncut dick. I began to suck him in earnest. He rammed his cock all the way down my throat and then back out again. I could take it, as I was an accomplished deep-throater. The extra skin slid over the shaft as it went down my throat and I knew it felt incredible for him. I kept licking the pre-cum from his asshole when he was out and flicked at the uncropped frenum under the head. Miguel put his aching cock in and out of my

throat about three more times and then shot a huge load of cum down my dick-fucked gullet. It tasted warm and wonderful. I kept his cock in my mouth until it softened and he took it out of my mouth only when the skin moved forward over the head. It was so good. Miguel then knelt and took my hard cock into his mouth. He swirled his tongue around the head and flicked his tongue on the underside of it where the frenum had been sliced away. I don't think he knew about scars. After a few strokes, he put it as far down his throat as it would go. It felt like heaven. With this, I shot my load, which he eagerly swallowed. I came heavy and furious, I was so hot from the smell and taste of his foreskin. I can still relive those scents.

After I pulled my cock out of his mouth, I told Miguel that it was good. He agreed, though I knew he didn't have as much fun because there was no movable skin on my shaft to manipulate. I felt inferior because I didn't have a foreskin. The foreskin made a cock more fun to play with and suck. I told Miguel I really liked his cock and that I could think of nothing better to do than to get to know it some more. He said he had to get dressed, however, and get going. We dressed, locked the pool, and walked to our cars. I had three other Hispanic lifeguards over the two summers I spent at that job. Two were uncut. One was cut. The two who were uncut both loved to have their frenums chewed on. They both carried heavy "cheese" and also loved to have it eaten. There's nothing more appetizing than a slightly odorous uncut cock, though I will suck a freshly cleaned one. Even ten minutes after a guy washes, that funky smell returns.

Of course, I like cut men also. *And have had many.* But foreskin is really out of this world. Too bad it's so rare.

VIII. "He Said He Could Jack Off Without Touching the Head"

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE with a young uncut white cock was when I went looking for a roommate. I am forty-six, consider myself bisexual, but with a definite leaning toward gay. I saw an ad tacked on one of the community bulletin boards in a local supermarket asking for a roommate to share—"Mature

Male Only." That caught my interest, of course, so I called. The guy on the other end turned out to be eighteen and living alone, so I made an appointment to meet him. When he found out my age, he seemed really interested. I told myself, "Bill, you've just struck it rich with a young 'Daddy-lover.'" Did I ever!

I went over the next evening after work and met him. His place wasn't much to look at, but it was furnished. He wanted to share with someone else. We shook hands. His name was Michael and he seemed the perfect specimen: slim, yet not skinny, nicely muscled, hair neatly trimmed, no facial hair that I could see, about five-foot-eight and 140 pounds. His eyes seemed to light up when he saw the tufts of graying hair I had at the top of my chest. I knew I had to have more of him. Michael asked about me. I told him I worked at one of the city's electronic companies. I described myself as five-foot-eleven and 165 pounds, blue eyes and dark brown hair, single. "I am attracted to you," he came right out and said to me. My heart did a flip-flop all the way to my stomach. He told me he was gay and he liked older men. He liked me.

By now, my mind was whirring with excitement. Here was an attractive eighteen-year-old, everything I dreamed of, who said he was attracted to me. Michael asked if I lived alone. I told him I did, but that I was looking for someone to share with me. I had a two-bedroom apartment and it was expensive for one. He was behind on his rent and said he could move out any time. He only had some clothes and some personal stuff and told me that it wouldn't take much to move him. Michael put his arm around my shoulder and smiled at me. I hugged him and he snuggled closer to my man's chest. It felt so good having a young boy in my arms.

Michael said he had an extra bathrobe and that we could sit there and watch TV. I thought THAT WAS AN EXCELLENT idea. He then asked if I wanted to take a shower first. I thought that was an even better idea. He said he would bring me soap and a towel. I went into the bathroom and undressed. As I stood there, waiting for the water to get warm, my cock rose in anticipation and hope. As I was getting ready to step into the shower, Michael came in with the soap and towel. I knew he saw my naked body and hardening cock. I said half-jokingly, "You're welcome to join me in here before the water gets cold."

I didn't know if he heard me or not, but in a few minutes I heard the shower door open through the steam, and in he came. His naked body was beautiful. He had chestnut hair and greenish-hazel eyes and stood looking up at me in the spray. He had fairly small ears, a short nose, a small mouth, and even white teeth that gave a warm, inviting smile. There was no fat on his slender frame. His underarms were graced with a thick patch of brown hair and the hair from his navel dropped in a straight line toward another thick, triangular patch of brown hair, surrounding his perfectly shaped cock. His legs were also perfectly formed and lightly covered with brown hair. His feet were nicely shaped, about a size nine.

I couldn't take my eyes off Michael's cock. It was a natural one, about six inches long, with the skin just covering the head. My cock, which was cut at birth, had gotten rock hard, extending out to its full near-seven inches. I had always been fascinated by uncut cocks, and to see a young white American kid who was still intact wildly excited me. I got the soap and began to soap his back, which was just as smooth as his chest. He did not resist, so I washed the rest of him: his hairless chest, his neck and face, his underarms, his legs, feet and pubic area. I asked if I could wash his cock as well, and he nodded. His cock was starting to get hard, so I pulled the skin gently back and rubbed soap tenderly over the head. I could feel his cock get harder under my touch. I gave him a big hug and let the water wash the soap off him, then guided the skin forward over his cockhead. Michael washed me, ending with my cock, which he proceeded to put into his mouth. He slid it down his throat as far as it would go. I almost came right then, but pulled my cock out of his mouth and had him stand up. I did the same to him, though guiding the foreskin back, then putting his uncut cock down my throat to its full length. He gave a low moan, then guided my head back and withdrew his fleshy prick. "Let's get out of here and dry off," he said. As I stood up, I guided the skin over the head, where it stayed, covering all the head except for the piss-slit. I envied his beautiful foreskin, which, in addition to his good looks, made him all the more attractive to me.

After we were dry, Michael suggested we put oil (the edible kind) all over ourselves to keep our skin moist. He first put the oil all over me, making sure to massage my cut cock with lots of

oil as he did so, squeezing all over its grooved roundness. He took extra time to massage my chest with its light coat of grayish hair, which seemed to excite him. It was all I could do not to explode on the spot. I then massaged him with the oil, relishing every touch on his young body. I pulled his foreskin gently back, poured oil on the top of the head, then pulled the skin gently forward again to catch the oil. "That feels good," he said. I gave him a big hug, which was thrilling with all that oil on us. We spent a few minutes in that hug, just enjoying the warmth of it.

Michael spread a soft blanket on the living-room floor and we watched tv. I couldn't keep my eyes or hands off this beautiful boy-man. I asked if he liked to be massaged and he said he did, though slow and easy. He lay on his stomach and I started with his back and neck, then over his bare butt to the back of his legs. His muscles were firm, yet soft, and I rubbed and kneaded them as he expressed pleasure. He urged me to keep on whenever I would take a short break. I asked Michael to turn over, wanting to see more of his succulent blind banana. It twitched slightly as he rolled over, knowing that I was staring at it. He didn't mention anything about me being circumcised. I rubbed his smooth chest, then the front of his legs and feet, counting and massaging each toe and stretching each muscle. I then pounded softly up each leg, finally stopping at his cock. By now, it had become fairly hard again after going soft, but the skin still covered the entire head, except for the tiny opening around his piss-slit. I played with Michael's thick pubic hair, then gently pulled the foreskin all the way back, exposing the pink, glistening head. At this, his cock became hard and he moaned slightly. "I really like it when you move the skin up and down that way," he breathed heavily to me.

I put my mouth over his young white uncut cock and slid it down my throat as far as it would go. He moaned again, then pushed me up and said he wanted to massage me. That massage was one of the best I ever had. Of course, the fact that he was so good-looking and had the skill of a professional helped. He took the same general course as I had, ending with my cock in his mouth. We pushed each other into a dual sixty-nine position. I was about to explode and I could tell he was, too. We lay back and I pushed my cock down his throat. He thrust deeper into me

and I began to suck him, tightening my lips around his quivering cock and pushing the skin back with my tongue. My cock was in his mouth and he thrust it down his throat, trying to gulp down the super-swollen cut head. It felt like ecstasy. His velvety-silken foreskin was so fun to tongue and lick. I couldn't believe he had one. Michael tightened his lips around my cock and exploded. My older man's educated mouth and tongue had been too much for him. I was still sucking as his large load sprayed into my throat and mouth. I knew he was in heaven—blowing his wad and still having my "mature" penis in his mouth to suckle and make love to. He shot load after load of the sweetest nectar into my eager throat and I tasted his cum-honey. This got me so excited that I shot, too, and didn't think I would ever stop as my balls began to empty themselves into his sweet mouth. He took all of me. Greedily and hungrily.

After that intense climax, we just lay there for a while, cocks in mouths. It was a thrill for me to slowly clean off his knob with my tongue as the foreskin moved slowly to re-sheathe the softening head. He cleaned off my now ultra-sensitive cut head, then we lay back on the blanket and embraced. We quickly found each other's mouth and explored the depths of each with our tongues. "This is the first time I've ever cum off with an older man other than jacking off—it's terrific," he said.

I asked Michael about his foreskin. I couldn't believe nature would make a mistake by putting an unnecessary fold of healthy skin on the organ of reproduction so that money-grubbing doctors would have to cut it off helpless infants who had no say in the matter. There *had* to be a sexual and natural reason for it and I told him such. "I guess if someone is over eighteen and wants it cut off, okay," he said, "but I'm sure glad my father said no to the doctor. I wouldn't lose it for anything. The skin keeps my head more sensitive and I can jack off slow and easy." Michael told me that his father did not believe in circumcision, saying it was unnecessary. "He and the doctor almost came to blows because my Dad wouldn't let the doctor cut it off," he said.

He told me that he sometimes found it fun to just pinch the skin shut over the head to try and see how much piss or cum he could hold when he j/o'ed or peed. "I can peel it back like I'm doing now and let my cream run all the way down to my balls before I eat it," he added. He said that both of his best friends in

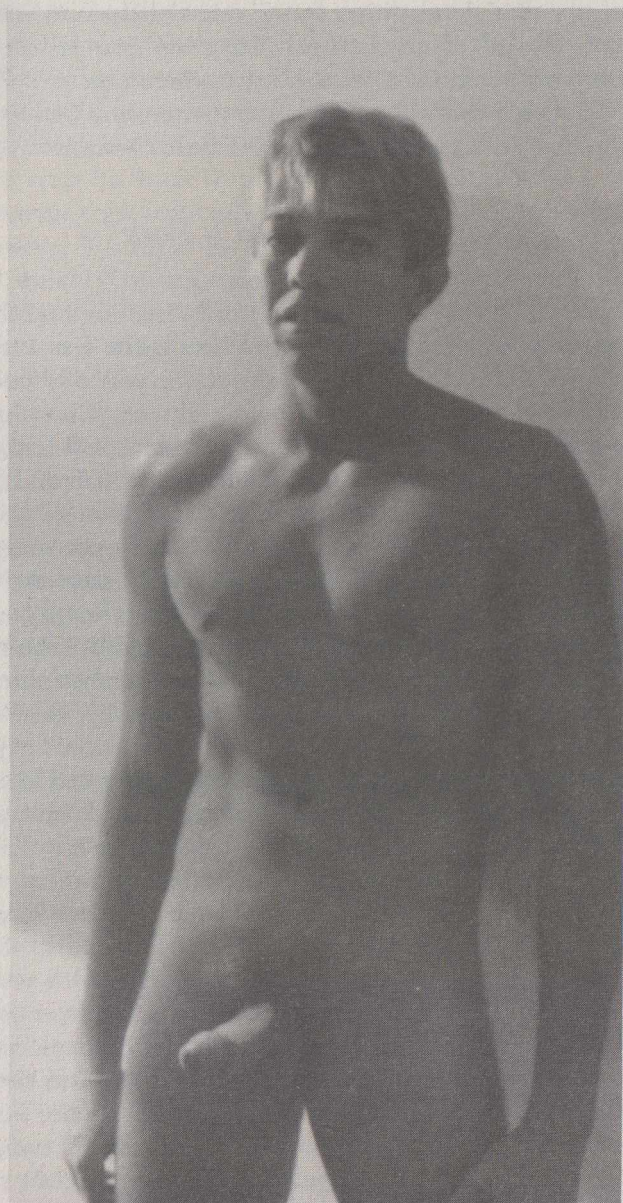
high school were cut, but had greatly admired him because he wasn't. "They declared me the easiest to do at circle jerks," he said. He said this was before he discovered older men. "We would jack off, but I was afraid to let them suck it—they liked to watch the skin go up and down over the head." He could do things they couldn't. "They both wanted to play with it, and I let them, one at a time."

Michael grabbed himself in mid-shaft of his semi-erect cock to indicate it was the rubbing action of the uncircumcised skin on the head that produced the "friction" necessary for orgasm, not the direct application of hand to corona as I and all my similarly-marked peers had to rely on as a poor substitute. He said he could jack off slow and easy without ever touching the head.

I reached over and pulled his foreskin slowly back. "I wish I had one of these," I said. "I'm glad I have it," he replied. "I used to think I was different and that maybe being uncut wasn't good, but I soon realized that all my friends had been deprived of something nature had given them. . . . Lying naked in bed and just *touching* the silky skin is such an erotic turn-on. . . . I can run my finger in through the opening when I'm soft in the morning and haven't washed yet and get it all wet and slick. . . . 'Cheese' can be so awfully sweet if one doesn't let it collect too long."

This talk, coupled with the fact that I was playing with the skin the whole time he was talking, got me excited and rock hard again. I pulled his young foreskin all the way back for the umpteenth time and put his yearning cock into my mouth. He groaned and put his arms around my shoulders. I pulled the skin forward with my lips and then let his cock slide out of my mouth. It felt and tasted so good. We then locked in another long embrace and kissed ever so passionately again. The oil on our bodies was still slick and we rubbed each other from neck to feet. At length, our cocks found each other's mouth again. Both throbbing hard. After a few strokes of passionate licking and sucking, I came into uncut Michael's warm, wet mouth for the second time with my gushing man-cum. Not a few seconds later, he returned the favor with his tasty uncut cum by giving me his second full load.

We again let each other become soft in our mouths, then lay back and rested in full contentment and joy. A while later I asked



him if he was ready to pack up and move yet. He said yes—as soon as possible! I told him that I would help him with his back-rent. We got dressed, threw his stuff into my car, and headed for my place, even though it was three a.m.

Michael now lives in the room next to mine and I have access to his young American uncut penis any time I want it!

IX. *“Chris Skinned It Back”*

WHEN I WAS IN HIGH SCHOOL, I really had the case for this one hunk of a kid named Chris. Because he was a transfer student from Nebraska, he had to repeat one year of school and was a nineteen-year-old senior. I was eighteen. Chris had the most beautiful body I ever saw on the athletic field, slim yet muscular with almost coal-black shoulder-length hair and fantastic hairy legs, and a well-rounded ass whose tight buns stretched hungrily across the thin white material of his gym shorts and straps of his jock, which could also be easily seen under the skin-tight fabric and which were like magnets to my eyes. I doubt if any guy attracted me the same way he did. I thought of him at least a hundred times a day and fantasized about him each night as I jerked off in bed, imagining it was his hand being covered with my hot ejaculation instead of my own. I began to wonder what he looked like nude, and what he looked like hard.

One afternoon, I went into the locker room to change my gym clothes, it being free period. As I walked to my locker, I passed Chris's locker. The door was wide open and there, on the hook, were his gym shorts and the prime object of my long desire, his soiled and sweaty jockstrap. I immediately felt my cock begin to harden. I snatched up the jock which was still damp with Chris's crotch sweat, and within seconds, crushed it into my face, breathing in the heady odor of his male scent. I looked into the jock and the pouch was still shaped to the massive twin orbs it held just a short while before. Again, I deeply breathed the erotic smell of the jock. It seemed to even have an added “funkiness” I never smelled before—his own special aroma. It was then I noticed that a pair of faded Levi's and a T-shirt were also hanging in the locker, and on the floor of the locker were his sneakers and pair of dirty white gym socks

almost hidden, but not quite, by his yellowed-in-front jockey shorts. I knew Chris must be in the shower; it was going to be my chance to see him naked if I ever had one. I hastily striped off my clothes, grabbed a towel, and went into the shower room where I heard water running, hoping that he'd be alone.

Sure enough, Chris from the cornfields of Nebraska was soaping up with his back to me. I saw his nude fullback's butt and my teenage cock automatically almost doubled itself into a rising half-curve. I turned on my shower directly opposite his and Chris quickly turned around with a sunshine smile and said "Hi." My near-boner rose some more. His body naked was even better than I imagined, Without seeming to be too obvious, I scanned him as my pulse did its imitation of a fifty-yard dash. Chris had a sparse growth of black hair on his broad chest and also some that trailed below his deeply indented bellybutton on his flat rippled stomach. His nipples were noticeably hard and big. And I looked at them. Casually soaping my genitals to hide my growing erection, I inspected his groin. Below a bushy shrub of dark, thick pubic hair was a nice wide pink and veiny cock, still soft, which hung at least six inches and was almost completely covered with a loose skin. Just a tiny tip of the pink head was sticking out through the end of the overlaid pale flesh. I guess Chris saw me staring at his meat, because he asked me if I'd ever seen an uncut cock before. He said he was born on a farm and it was common for farm boys in Nebraska to be uncut. I had not seen many guys who weren't circumcised—now Chris gave me yet something else to be fascinated with. When I told him that I had never really seen a foreskin that close, he quickly demonstrated the flexibility of his prepuce. Chris skinned it back and then pulled the skin down completely over the head, forming a little "bud" with the ensuing slight overhang. He then skinned it back again on the shaft. He rubbed his hand all around the head, almost as if "masturbating" it. He said he had to clean himself. "You have to wash them or they smell bad after a while," he said in reference to his foreskin. Smell, I thought. The whiff in his jockstrap I'd gotten. I was hoping maybe he'd let me smell his prepuce. I watched Chris keep pushing the skin away from the head as it tried to slide back double over his knob each time he moved his hand as he washed out the inside of his dick-skin. I knew his fingers must have been

giving that bloating knob all kinds of ecstasy. He pretended not to notice I was watching him and he had a merry time manipulating his very pliant prepuce, as if to purposely make me envious of what he could do with his peter and what I couldn't do with mine. He knew I was curious, and that I probably wanted to experience it.

By this time, I could tell that Chris was starting to get hard and it became more difficult for him to pull the skin over the head. In fact, when he let go, the foreskin snapped back up the shaft, baring his bullet-flared head completely. When Chris was fully retracted like this, he looked almost as circumcised as I was. He suggested I try sliding the skin up and down his shaft myself to see how it felt. "It's okay, really," he said. "Go ahead and touch it." I did. Smooth. So slippery silky smooth. I wanted to kneel down in the raining water right then and kiss it, so intense was my wanting to suck his wonderful foreskin until I made him sick from dry-cumming. I was getting so hot that I thought I would shoot right then. He said, "It's easier to do if you have a foreskin—there's no need for lube." After touching his swelling uncut weapon, I knew that was true. The skin was the lube. I instinctively started masturbating him. I knew that's what he wanted me to do with his stiffening boner. The shaft slid easily in and out of the foreskin, though I had to force his uncut dong slightly to get it moving under my hand. I exposed and then covered the head. His cock seemed to almost double its length all at once in my hand and I, too, developed a rod up against my belly. Chris became fully hard. "Try moving the skin now," he said. I tried. It was a lot tighter on the shaft and fully retracted from the head, but the end would just rub over the corona when I pushed it forward. I knew that was how uncut guys must masturbate, using the skin instead of the hand like I did. I started pulling on his full nine inches of throbbing uncut prick. I grasped him just behind the rim of the head and pushed the collar of uncut skin forward to brush over the knob.

Chris suggested we dry off and sit on one of the benches in the locker room. By that time, we were both leaking pre-cum like crazy and thin ropes of sticky fluid hung from our slippery heads. Chris found it equally fun to jack my skinless prick. It was well-lubed with my syrupy juice and responded to the touch

easily. He said he had a buddy in Nebraska who was circumcised, but not cut nearly as high as I was. We both got into the mutual jack-off, and soon, while watching each other's cock being pulled by the other and massaging the other's swollen nuts, we both spurted gobs of thick white cum all over our hot sex-sweaty bodies. Afterward, I watched in fascination as Chris's still-engorged glans slid back into its protective sheath of skin. Seeing the skin retract over the head, I knew I just had to have more of his beautiful uncut cock—more time to play with it, to slide its loose skin back and forth over the wet sticky head, and to see that long hard shaft slip out of its tube of skin as it prepared itself to ream into the warmth of my tight ass and Chris flop his huge balls against my eager butt. We became friends and I did get that chance to become more familiar with Chris's uncut cock. He fully enjoyed my cut cock as well. Chris from "Prairie Town" was experienced in fucking ass and his slippery shuck-pole had no trouble ramming deep into my gut. In turn, he enjoyed the feel of my bare-headed meat in his mouth and gave me many beautiful blowjobs. After a while, I learned how to suck him, playing with his foreskin with my tongue and lips as I deep-throated that fabulous monster tool. Chris kept his cockhead clean for me and it always tasted fantastic.

X. *"It All Went into the Skin"*

MY FIRST "EDUCATION" in college was when I was just a freshman. I was assigned to live in the dorms and was told my roommate would be from Italy, a man of nineteen named Mario who spoke good English. He was not to arrive until Friday before classes started, so I had "Hell Week" all to myself. I spent the afternoons and evenings at various fraternity "rush" parties and was not at my room at all that Friday when Mario arrived. When I got back to my room after midnight, I saw that he had already gone to bed. I undressed quietly and went to sleep.

The next morning I woke up, and since I always slept nude, I grabbed a towel from the drawer and went to take a shower in the adjoining bathroom. After the shower, I dried off, threw the towel over the shower door, and walked out to get dressed,

having forgotten completely about my new roommate. Mario was awake and he said "Good morning!" It surprised me, but I turned toward him, still nude, and said "Good morning" in return. I had forgotten I was naked and I saw his eyes drop to my cock. Mario said he was glad to be my roommate and told me his name. I then told him my name and that I was glad to meet him. At this, he got up, also completely nude. His handshake was firm and he had a warm, friendly smile to go along with his brown eyes and smooth olive skin. He said, "Oh, I see you are definitely American—you have a cut cock." At the reference to it, I felt it rise slightly, but didn't know if it was noticed by him or not. I said, "Yes, it's definitely the custom here of most doctors. It's done at birth, so the person has little to say about it." Mario said that since he was born in Italy he wasn't cut like that, meaning routinely at birth without his consent. I then noticed his cock. It was about six or seven inches, uncut, and the skin completely covered the head, ending in a nice rose-shaped tip. He then said, "I need a shower." He grabbed a towel and went into the bathroom. I went into the bathroom about a minute later to shave and comb my hair. I was still nude, thinking that maybe something might come out of this conversation. I knew that Mario was not put off by my nudity, and he seemed casual about his. Plus, he seemed "curious." Maybe there were homosexuals in Italy, too?

At about the time I finished, Mario stepped out of the shower. As he was drying himself off, he said that he had never seen a cut cock up close. At this, and sensing my willingness perhaps, he reached out and felt my cock. He put his hand around the shaft and tried to pull the skin toward the head. "Oh," he said, "I see you have no extra skin." I said, "Yes, that is what is cut as a baby." Mario felt the head, remarking that it felt so velvety. He then examined my cock closely, even looking under the head and seeing where it had been cut. He noted my circumcision scar. While he was running his finger around the scar, my cock began to rise slowly. I'm sure he was aware of this, and the effect his finger was having on my cock, but said nothing about it. I had always been fascinated by uncut cocks ever since I found out there was such a thing and I looked at his cock. I said, "I've never seen an uncut cock up close before." I reached out and put my hand around the fleshy shaft. I felt the loose skin and worked

it slowly back and forth to expose the head. He had a slight overhang, but it retracted easily. I then pulled the skin gently all the way back to completely expose the head. At this, his cock stiffened and the uncircumcised skin stayed behind the head.

I examined Mario's uncut cock in detail. It was similar to mine with the skin pulled back, about the same size, but the head was more pink. It seemed to glisten and was softer than mine. I touched it and he said "ooh"—that it was very sensitive to my touch. I then pulled the skin forward so it again covered the head. There was enough skin to just cover it, but as I did so, his cock stiffened even more. I pulled the skin back again so the head was exposed. I examined the head and underneath the head where the frenum was still extant. He told me that was where the foreskin attached itself to the shaft. Mine was cut off. His cock was erect and I was as excited as he was to be examining his beautiful natural cock. I couldn't help sliding the skin slowly back and forth to expose, then cover the head. That was something I couldn't do myself, and it excited me to do that to him. He said, "Oh, that feels good."

After two or three more times of my sliding his foreskin back and forth across the head, Mario reached down, pulled the skin completely forward, and pinched the end closed. He said, "Oh, I'm cumming!" He kept the end closed and I could see he was clearly in ecstasy, but nothing came out of the closed end of his cock. It all went into the skin that was pinched shut. I could see it balloon inside. Like a mushroom cloud almost. After a few more seconds, Mario seemed to relax and I leaned over and took his fully sheathed cock into my mouth, moving his hand off it. The taste of his warm Italian cum was thrilling to me, and I greedily swallowed it all as I continued to push the skin back with my lips and started to circle the head and upper part of his shaft with my tongue. I stopped the circling when he told me that it was too sensitive, but kept his cock in my mouth. It softened slowly and I made sure the head was completely clean before I let go of it. As he withdrew his cock from my mouth, the skin pulled forward and covered the head.

I was still naked, and my cock had grown rock hard. Mario put his mouth on it and began circling around the head with his tongue. He licked my circumcision scar. This put me into orbit, and when he put my cock as far down his throat as it would go,

I exploded. He swallowed all the cum I had and was amazed at how fast I came. It was the excitement of him and his expert tongue, and I couldn't help but explode. Mario told me that he had never sucked a cut cock before and that it was "different." I told him that an uncut cock was a new experience for me, and that I really liked it. He then said, "Here's something I can do that you can't—watch." Mario walked to the toilet to piss. He closed the foreskin over the end again and began to pee. I could see the piss filling up the foreskin. He then let it go with a "whoosh" into the toilet. He said that it felt good and I knew it did. He kept the foreskin forward and let the rest of the stream go through it. I knew that also felt good to him. It felt good to me just watching it go through the skin. I asked Mario if he usually pissed that way and he said that he did. When he was done, he pulled the skin all the way back, shook it off, then slipped the skin forward to cover the head again before he put it down. That was indeed something that I couldn't do. Wow! I felt robbed that I couldn't trap the piss or piss through the foreskin, or trap the cum the way he did. He said, "I've never understood why you Americans cut the foreskin off." I knew Mario really liked his and would never give it up for anything. I felt envious. "Will you let me watch when you play with it?" I asked him, hoping for many more such encounters in the future. I wanted to explore and learn every nuance of his lovely foreskin. "Sure," he said, "like to start now?" It was an offer I couldn't refuse and I sucked him to another "uncut" orgasm with the skin pulled over the head, trapping the cum inside.

Mario and I became good friends that year and ever since that I have envied men with foreskins. I have vowed, in fact, that if I someday had a son, he would not be cut.

XI. "I Stuck My Tongue in His Foreskin"

I FIRST MET JOHN in a Western Civ. class we had together in college. I was a junior and he was a sophomore. We had mutual friends throughout high school, but had never really met (well maybe once or twice for a few minutes at some party). Every time I saw him at college I wanted to eat him. He was as tall as I was, five-seven, but he was a lot slimmer, really wiry,

and well defined. I was bulkier, more muscled due to weight training. He had that "soccer player's" form. He was blond and blue-eyed; that appeals to me greatly since I'm brown-haired and brown-eyed, and the fairer-skinned are more exotic to me. What also attracted me to him was his hairy body. His chest was covered with fur that fanned down to his stomach, his profusely haired pubic area, and his highly muscled legs. His forearms sported that strange combination of red and sandy-blond hair; it would make a straight cream. His back and ass were devoid of hair; that pleased me no end, for if there is one thing I do not like it is fur on the back and ass. So, imagine this guy, blond, blue-eyed, hairy in all the right places, wearing a tight T-shirt, with the hair of his chest poking out the collar, sitting next to you in faded 50s and white Nike leather court shoes.

We sat next to each other for three weeks before he asked to study with me one night. I was taken aback. We made a date to meet at the library. I was drooling as we parted. Later that day, I casually asked around about what he thought about fags. I was told by a mutual friend about a party John went to, and our friend told me that John had punched out this well-known fag, spat on him, poured his drink on him and then walked away. My hopes were dashed to the ground. By nighttime I was depressed as hell. We met in front of the library and went to the third floor and proceeded to study. Well, he was studying his heart out; I was sitting there thinking of his luscious body going to waste. After three hours of nonstop studying we decided to quit. As I walked away, I heard him call my name. I turned around with a pouty look on my face, which many say resembles Corey Hart's. He turned me into the light.

"You looked pretty glum all evening. Something wrong?" he asked. I told him no. He then said, "Well, look. Why don't we go to the Rhino (a nearby café) for some coffee?" I told him I just wanted to go back to my dorm alone. He got pretty serious and we argued for a good fifteen minutes; finally, I gave up and he came back to the room with me. Was I depressed. Here was this guy who was a hunk, and I couldn't touch him if I didn't want to risk a fight. So we got there and we sat around, me gloomy as hell, and him telling bad jokes to get me to cheer up.

Then suddenly he came over and unexpectedly grabbed me by my shoulders and flung me down on my bed, pressing his

groin against mine. His face wasn't two inches away from mine.

"What's wrong? You're happy all around campus and in class, even when you study with other people. But three hours with me, and you're a suicide waiting to happen. What gives?" he asked.

"You don't want to know," was my reply.

"Fuck yes, I want to know!!" He literally spat the words at me.

"I've fallen in love with you," I blurted out. When I realized what I had said in those last few moments, I closed my eyes and prayed it wouldn't hurt that bad when he hit me. I jumped out of my skin when I heard his voice, a whisper in my ear.

"I thought so. I'm in love with you, too."

"What?" My mind did not believe what it heard; it kept my eyes shut.

"I never loved another guy like I love you . . . this is my first time." With that he got off me.

It took what seemed like years to get over the shock. I raised myself up on my elbows and opened my eyes. There he stood with his shirt already off, and his hand was unbuckling the belt of his pants. I gulped and reached out and grabbed his ass and pulled him to me. I nearly ripped his jeans and jockey shorts down. Looking up, I saw his small pink, hard nipples amid all that golden, sandy-blond hair. His cock touched my lips. It was a hefty eight inches with huge furry balls. I opened up and deep-throated him in one swoop. His hands grasped my head and he groaned. I reached up and ran my hands through that forest of chest hair, and twisted his nipples till he moaned in pain. I traced his hair down where it fanned out on his stomach and to his balls, which I squeezed and kneaded. He was ready to cum. I stopped. He was oh so hot, and he begged me to continue.

I told him to take off his socks and shoes and to shake off his jeans and jockey shorts. Then I got up, locked the door, and peeled the top sheet and comforter off the bed. I then turned the thermostat up to 85 degrees. I had to see this boy glistening in sweat. I shed my clothes and dove on the bed. He got on and wanted me to suck him off. I nodded, but only after I did what I had wanted to do since the first day of class. I kissed his mouth and thrust my tongue deep into it, straining to go down his

throat. He sucked on my tongue and strove to stick his down my throat as well. When we had to come up for air, he latched onto my throat and started to give me a hickey. When he quit, I licked his neck to his chest, and I ate hair. My tongue left a trail in that forest to his nipples, and I bit those till he cried out in pain. Then on down I went, across his stomach to his cock. I licked it once, then went on down to his right leg, finishing at his foot. I ate his toes, then his left foot and leg, then back to his cock. I stuck my tongue in his foreskin, swirling my buds around his head. He and I were sweating heavily by then. That sweat glistened on his hairy body like dew on grass. I nearly passed out at the sight.

I stopped and said, "Our first time is going to be together. Chow down on my meat, blond boy." He eagerly grabbed my seven inches and started to lick. Not bad for a virgin. He ate as much as he could without gagging. He kneaded my balls, and we were off and running. We raced to see who would cum first. His ass tightened, his abdominals rippled, and his legs squeezed my head as he came violently, spasming greatly. I came as he dumped load after load down my greedy gullet. He gagged once, but ate my cum like a man. He rolled off me, and gave a sigh of contentment. He and I were still hard. His body was like wet steel. I licked him all over again as he fondled my balls absent-mindedly.

Then I went for his ass. It was cute and muscled as well. No hair except the furrow from his balls to his hole. I first licked one cheek, then the other. Then I spread them and fastened my tongue on that asshole and jabbed my tongue deep into his rectum. He squirmed and moaned. I did this till he was so loose I could've shoved my fist in. I quickly got around him and eased into his beautiful ass. He gasped as I filled his buttocks. Then, when I was all the way in, I held him. I held him in my arms, my hands kneading his furry pecs. I whispered in his ear.

"I'm all the way in."

"I'm yours," he whispered back as he clasped his mouth to mine. He started to cry. As he and I eased into a rocking rhythm, his tears flowed faster and in greater quantity. I sped up till he was racked with fierce sobs, and I was slapping my balls against his, bruisingly. After a good five minutes of this intense fucking, I came deep in his ass, biting his neck as I too began to cry.

He, still crying, came over his hands, which he used to beat himself off with. When he calmed down to just little-kid sobs, he and I both ate his cum off his fingers. I played in his chest hair and turned to him, cum—his cum—dribbling off my chin, and asked him a question.

“Why did you let me make love to you, but not that other dude at the party?”

“Simple. I didn’t fall in love with him, and he was ugly as sin,” he replied.

“Cool,” I said. “Now, you fuck me.”

“Are we going to cry again?” he asked.

“Absolutely.”

That started an affair that lasted three intense years.

XII. “His Cock Was Five Inches and Uncut”

I HAD NEVER MADE IT with a co-worker on the job until I did with Li. I have been a produce manager at a local supermarket ever since I graduated from high school, and in those four years I trained many young new workers, but none like that young Asian. Li had emigrated with his family from Laos just after the Vietnam war and he had taken the job to save up enough money to move out on his own. His smile toward me had been one of immediate liking and respect and we came to know each other in a deeper way than most co-workers.

It was his third day on the job and Li and I had just sat down on some produce boxes in the far corner of the storeroom to eat our lunches—he bagged his, as I did—when I had to get up to take a piss. I went into the small washroom and it was only as I was shaking off and had finished that I noticed he had followed me, and had, in fact, been watching me through the half-open door. At that, I left my cock out without zipping up my pants and he came over to me. Li stared at my cock, then pulled the door shut behind him. It took just ten minutes for each of us to have *two* orgasms, and I still can’t believe it. He gave me a big hug and put his hand around my cock, which was a well-proportioned seven inches and which as an early 1960s hospital birth had been routinely cut. I had always thought it was handsome and, I guess, so did Li. “It’s beautiful,” he said with a

special tone to his voice. I reached over and locked the door, just in case someone might come in—though it was unlikely that we would have been bothered during our lunch hour.

Li put his hand under my shirt and felt my chest. He seemed excited by my chest hair. He lifted my shirt completely off over my head, and then unbuckled my belt and dropped my pants and underwear to the floor. My cock had risen with all this activity and was now standing at full attention for this cute eighteen-year-old Asian boy. Li took my cock into his mouth and started to suck it, but I pulled it out of his mouth after a short while and got him to stand up. (I was afraid I would cum right away.) I took off his shirt, unbuttoned his pants and dropped them to the floor, taking in the sight of this good-looking young Laotian. He was about five-foot-six, black hair, dark brown eyes—slanted, of course—smooth yellowish skin, with nice muscles and no fat. His chest and legs were hairless and he had some dark hair only in his armpits and around his cock, which was about five inches long and uncut. As I stood there admiring him, Li's cock had also begun to rise, with the foreskin rolling slowly back to expose about half the head. I reached over and pulled the foreskin the rest of the way back from the knob and it stayed behind the head as his cock became rock hard. Li reached over to my cock and rubbed his finger around my circumcision scar, again saying it was beautiful and that he really admired a big cut American cock. I told him that his cock, too, was beautiful, but he said it was too small and looked ugly with all that skin. Li explained that he always felt inferior to Anglos because he was so unlike them in the penis department. I told him that I had never known what it was like to have a foreskin and since he could obviously wear it back hard like he was doing, that he seemed to have the best of both worlds and that it seemed fine to me. "Oh, no," I said, "look at it now, there is no extra skin." Li gave me another hug, glad to be accepted just the way he was.

I looked at my watch and saw that our lunch hour was almost over, so I told him that if he wanted to do anything, we had better do it now. Our cocks had become ultra-hard and I reached down and found the drop of pre-cum that had formed on the head of his prick. I tasted it and he knelt and licked the bead of ooze off my cock, taking it all into his mouth. He rubbed me all

over as he sucked, pulling on my balls in just such a way that told me he was no virgin. He especially seemed to like rubbing my hairy chest and legs. Li gently massaged my cock with his tongue and took special care working on the area around and under the head, again telltale signs that he had probably done a great deal of his basic training on circumcised schoolmates. God, he was good—and such a delicious tongue. When I finally came, I poured my load deep into his hungry throat. A little ran down his neck.

Li then motioned for me to do him, which I wanted. His cock, though smaller than mine, was fun to play with because of the extra skin that I could slide back and forth. I pushed on it softly with my lips and swallowed his glistening cock to his belly, which I also rubbed. I wiggled my tongue freely around his cockhead as I tongued, pulling the skin to and fro with my lips. Pushing on the extra skin seemed to excite him. I only had to move my head forward a couple of times before he moaned and shot his sweet nectar down my throat in return. I had been jacking myself off as I suckled his foreskin and this was my trigger and I came like I had never cum, even harder than the first time. I squirted a fair-sized wad on the floor between Li's spread legs and he got so turned on after seeing my jism spurt out of my circumcised dickhead that he jerked off his uncut prick into the john using the same hard-on I'd just sucked, really manipulating that short Asian foreskin of his in surprisingly long, sexy strokes. I, too, watched as the cum sprayed from his dick-hole. We shared a deep warm kiss with our exploring mouths afterward, then got dressed and went back to work. Nobody was the wiser, but we never tried it again because of the risk. Li and I were lovers for a short time following that until he got transferred to a new branch—as produce manager.

XIII. *"Stroking Each Other's Cock and Foreskin"*

SMALL TOWNS seem to be more clannish than bigger ones and there were five of us boyfriends on the block where my grandmother lived who all played together from sunup to sundown in the spring and summer when school was out. A lot has happened since I grew up, as I am fifty-two years old now,

though the memories of those days seem like just yesterday. Some things, however, stick with me more than others. We played most of the games that kids played in the 1940s: kick-the-can, touch football, softball, hide-and-seek, and would go on long treks into the hills that are near here (Custer National Forest). We would stay all day, taking water and lunches with us. It was here that these boys and I would compare the sizes of our cocks and who could get a hard-on. To me, it was probably the very first early sign of my being gay. I did not know what it was, but I knew that I liked to play with the cocks of these other boys. Some were longer and some were fatter. All were cut. Except for me. I was not. I do not remember ever being made fun of or having heard anything said to me that was mean in this respect, however, or that I was "different." When I was a freshman in high school and one of the boys in our group was a sophomore, I did get the chance to play with his cock and make it cum. He had wanted me to masturbate him and I did. I even licked and sucked him to an orgasm. He liked that very much and he also masturbated me, but did not suck off my cock. We never did it again, just that once. This same fellow had a younger brother, though, and he and I also liked to play around. I would let him really play with me and he liked to masturbate me and even suck me. I would play with his cock as well. He grew up all the way gay, too, and he and I went to bed a number of times later on.

It was through these initial experiences, in fact, that I met a boy who would become my lover through his and my young adult lives. Bill was a year older than me, and like myself, was blond and blue-eyed and skinny. He was also uncut. I did not drop my other boyfriends just because of him, however, as he was a cousin to the two brothers who lived on my street and with whom I had played around with (the one I sucked first and the younger brother who later became gay as a lifestyle). I first got to know Bill about 1945-46 when he moved into town. He and I seemed to know from almost the first day that we met that we each had something that we both wanted and needed.

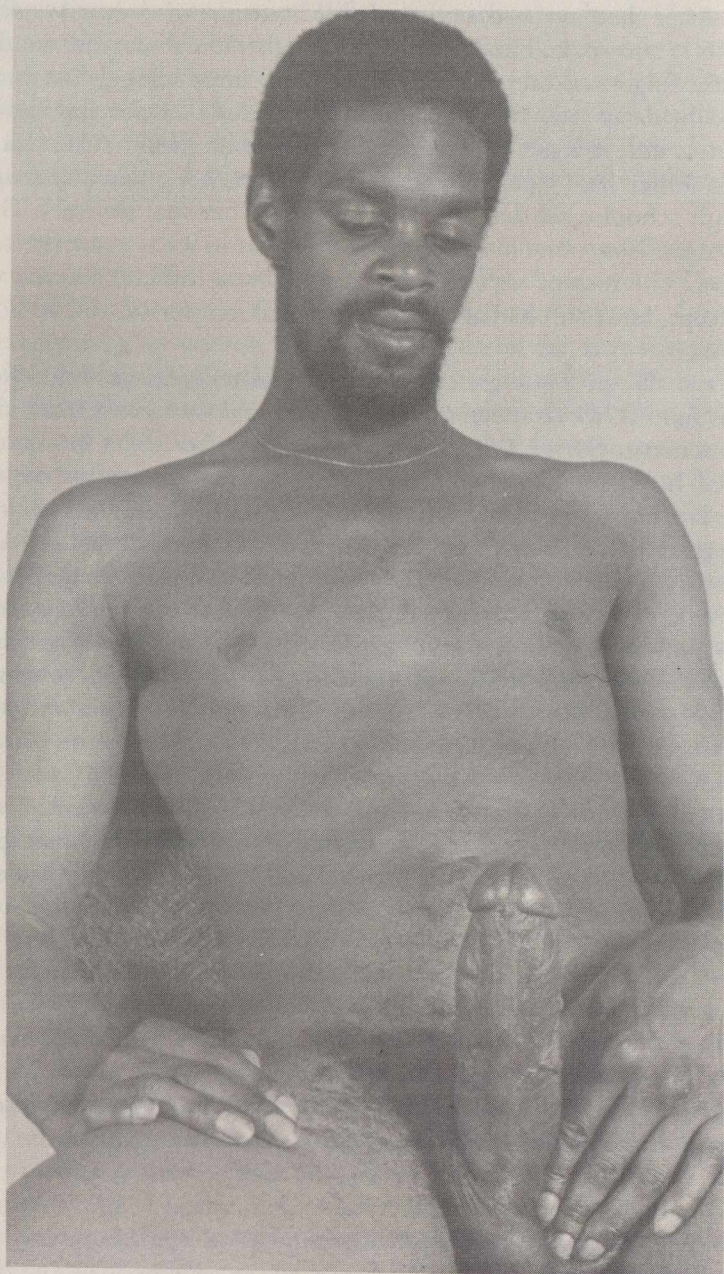
Our very first sexual encounter began with—of all things, mind you—a cigarette. Bill had asked me one weekend to try one with him at his home, which was across the street from where I lived with my grandmother. I did not smoke up to that

time. I was a freshman and Bill was also in high school. Up until then we had just felt each other up, but knew we both wanted more. Bill and I went into his bedroom. As I said, we had been playing around with each other for a while and so our hands on each other was not an uncommon thing, but this time I was getting a weak and shaking feeling. I knew it was my chance to see if I could get him to go a little farther in a sex way.

Bill suggested we sit on his bed. We did and he offered the cigarette that he wanted me to try. He lit the cigarette and I took a drag and promptly choked, and while I was choking, I felt a hand move up on my thigh. The sensation for that first time with Bill was like a red-hot iron being laid on my leg. He ran his hand up farther to my crotch and I thought I would faint. I was hard and my breath was coming in gasps. I told him to take the cigarette back and that I didn't think I wanted it right then. After he did and put it out, I fell back on his bed, waiting for him to continue whatever he was going to do, which wasn't long in coming. Bill ran his hand over my bulging cock in my pants. I closed my eyes and just let the thrill take me. It wasn't long before he had taken my jeans and shorts down around my ankles—cupping my balls, feeling my pubic hair and stroking my now very fully hot seven-and-a-half-inch cock. His hands were all over my groin area and I was burning up with desire. While Bill had been doing this to me, I had taken down his pants and shorts and was doing the same to him. I remember that we did not kiss, though it did come later in our lovemaking. Hands ran all over our naked bodies, fondling and stroking each other's cock and foreskin. Bill's prepuce seemed to go back much farther on his shaft than did mine, and his cock was a little bigger, about eight inches long and about five inches around at the base. His balls were also bigger and hung lower than mine. We were both so turned on feeling on each other and were hotter than hell. It was a great thrill and before long I knew that Bill was going to shoot. He got harder and I could feel his load starting to move up his full shaft. Boy, Jesus, did he! His ejaculation was so powerful that he shot himself in the face with his own hot load of cum. I got so tickled over this that I got to giggling and finally could not hold mine any longer and shot all over my chest and stomach (as we had removed our shirts, too). Even then Bill had a lot of hair on his chest and stomach.

After that, we had sex inside and outside whenever we felt like it and sucked and reamed each other's asshole and would poke fingers up each other, but never got into fucking. Just once did he enter me. But since Bill always came harder and faster than I did, it was over fast for him. I found out much later that his father had raped him back before he had graduated from high school, and that was the reason for his anal shyness. The Korean War came along shortly after that and I was sent overseas. The loss of an extensive sex life was difficult for me to accept, but I still had all those wonderful memories, and still do today.

P.S.: When I was getting rid of my father's things right after his funeral, all wrapped up in tissue and tied was a very beautiful wooden cock that I found hidden by my father to let me know that he knew I was a cocksucker. It was made out of native cedar, highly polished, about nine inches long and six inches around the base with large balls, and was circumcised. I later removed the balls so it could be mounted on a marble stand and it's a great conversation piece if there ever was one for a gay son to find shortly after burying his father. I am still at a loss for words to explain it after all these years. I've tried a number of times to get the thing up my ass, but it's much too big and not shaped with the erect curve that a male prick has. But I have had some great fantasies about it and feel and stroke it every so often, as it has the most interesting large head on it. Kinky, but put it down to the fact that my father might have had latent gay thoughts, though it is ill of me to think so. There simply was no written message to go along with it.



CIRCUMCISED SEX: TRUE EXPERIENCES

I. Bagboy Pick-up: "I Slid His Cock Deep into My Mouth"

I'M SITTING HERE NUDE writing you and I'm so hard now reminiscing about the eighteen-year-old trick I had last night that the pre-cum is just oozing out of the piss-slit of my big swollen glans. I've licked it off my fingers twice already and it's still pouring out. I have enough action with fuck-buddies my own age—maybe I'm getting senile as I get into my thirties—but I find myself constantly picking up horny high school boys for sex (the legal variety, of course—I'm not ready for the funny farm or rockpile yet!). All I have to see is a hot kid in a tight pair of bun-hugging jeans walking down the street when I'm cruising and that cute teen-kid ass really gets my attention something awful. I know you're going to think I'm completely hopeless, but I had a real beauty last night, too—God, you should have seen him! I don't think he had more than a smattering of reddish down between his legs—at least none on his fully hairless balls anyway, or much around the base of his velvety-smooth teenage dick—but he showed me his driver's license and, yup, he was legal by three months. I think I'm going to have to jack off before I finish this letter.

As for Mark, that was his name: I had just come out of this all-night market and was about to shut the car door when, I swear, I saw this bagboy kid out behind the corner side of the building getting ready to take a piss. He must have just gotten off his shift or something. It was midnight and my car was the only one in the parking lot. I couldn't believe my good fortune and just sort of sat there with the door halfway open waiting for the golden stream to start. I don't think he saw me or knew that I was there and I had hoped maybe that I'd be able to get a peek of his teenage pecker before he knew. My heart was really starting to pound at the possibilities, as you may have guessed. He was just an ordinary blond-haired kid, but there was something

really sexy about him. He undid the snap of his jeans, still like he didn't have a care, and eased the tight fabric down over his hips. At the same time he tugged down the waistband at the front of his jockey shorts and produced what looked like a very sizable piece of meat. I mean, this kid was hung—not like all those “trade boys” you pick up downtown who say they've got nine or ten bullshit inches and when you get 'em home you're lucky if they're five. It was then that the piss began to splash against the side of the cinder-block building. I had a real good view as he was standing near sideways to me and I could see him fairly plain in the neon glow. It was a strong, vigorous stream with a lot of pressure behind it and I could hear the telltale “swishing” sound the spraying liquid made as it hit the wall and trickled down in fanning rivulets onto the asphalt below.

I was actually shaking as I watched this eighteen-year-old prize of a boy empty his bladder fully. He still had not completely turned around nor had he acknowledged that he knew I was there. I think it was just about that time that I noticed the tightness in my own basket. I hated to see the stream cease its eruption because I figured for sure after he was finished that he'd go home or something and leave me to jack off alone. But it didn't happen that way. Instead of putting away the equipment, he started to stroke himself off! Like I was still sitting there totally rooted to the spot and about to cream in my own pants and this blond dew-limbed boy decided to empty his balls as well! He had the hard shaft of his cock in one hand while working on what looked like a great pair of balls still encased in the sparkling white cotton of the underwear, which same piece of clothing was tightly hugging one of the prettiest asses I'd seen in quite a while. I figured he'd probably seen me at that point and dick-tease was his way of saying “fuck you, faggot.” I knew how much of an erotic turn-on pissing outdoors could be, to feel all the cold air rushing up to greet your wet cockhead, and this kid was certainly an exhibitionist and loved showing off his meat.

It was then that I knew I just had to have him. So, after I'd watched him take his leak and start to play with himself, I turned on my lights. I figured he'd been asking for it anyway. I mean, this kid could have gotten himself arrested for indecent exposure or something out there like that, or busted if his boss

had found out, but he didn't even act surprised or anything. He just stood there all lit up by my headlights like some frightened doe caught in the jack-lantern of a hunter. Where I found the voice to speak, I'll never know. I reached over and opened the passenger side door while finally closing mine, and with just a hint of hesitation, the kid got in, all smiles and innocent, having pulled up his jeans. A quick piece of "trade," I thought, the twerp! "Let's get the hell out of here, okay? . . . This place is like being center-stage at a rock concert," he told me like he was reading my mind. He had known all along that I had been watching him. Shit, this little weasel!

The sex, which was pretty good: We drove about two miles down a dirt road to where all the kids were supposed to swim during the summer. I was still a little ticked at this kid for setting me up like he had, but I let it pass. He told me his name (as if I really cared) and that he was on the high school soccer team. He said that he'd noticed my muscular build while I was checking out at the cashier and that he thought he'd try his little "routine" to see if I was game. He said he did it regular when he was horny and needed it real bad and that it was pretty safe because the guys who were straight or trolls would simply drive out of the parking lot like it was nothing to see a teenage boy pissing, but that every once in a while he'd get a trucker or a college student who was interested and who would stay around for the floor show. He told me he'd had a trucker two nights before last who had jacked himself off twice while sitting up in the cab of his rig watching. I still didn't know if the kid was a vice plant or what, but I shut off the engine and offered him a Marlboro. Smoking before sex somehow always seemed to calm my nerves. We each had a Marlboro and smoked. When I flicked my lighter and saw the bulge in his jeans I then knew it was going to be okay. I lightly ran my hand along his leg and gradually felt the rigid cock pushing against his clothing. He opened the top of his pants and pulled down the zipper so I could feel the hardness of his cock pushing against the underwear. He then lifted his ass and slid the jeans down past his knees, so I could feel it even better. The whiteness of his jockey shorts stood out even in the dim light of the instrument panel. By that time, my cock was doing tricks and searching for a way out of its own tight enclosure. "This ain't no one-way deal, you know," he said, looking

at me with those warm, almost honey-gold eyes. "You can get those pants down just as easy as I did." Wise-ass chicken punk. No way was I going to let a kid think he was better hung than me. "Come on, let's see what a muscle-man has between his legs!" I quickly unsnapped my cords and slid them off my ass as I raised up. When the kid saw that I was wearing a jockstrap, he seemed to be turned on even more. He ran his hand over the full pouch and cupped it under my balls and I, in turn, slid my hand under the elastic at the top of his briefs and felt the sticky tip of his cock. As I touched it, the kid yanked the jockey shorts right off and lay back with a slight moan as his stiff cock twitched and stood up rock hard straight from his scrotum. It was a beauty and even better than I'd thought from the brief episode near the building. It was well over eight inches long with a large mushroom-shaped head much wider than the shaft, which was a nice pinkish-white for its whole length except about two inches down from the head where the surgeon's knife had left a dark scar. Below, a loose pair of completely hairless balls and the few sprigs of reddish pubic hair only made it seem more impossible for him to be eighteen. Those naked nuts surely looked like they must have belonged on someone younger. The kid made certain, however, that I, too, was to bare all and he pulled on my jockstrap until I'd allowed him to get it down with my pants. I think what surprised him most wasn't my nine and a half inches of thick throbbing meat which lay up against my belly, but the fat heavy pair of man-balls crowded between my legs. The head of my dick was dripping with pre-cum and the kid ran his finger along the piss-slit to explore it. I did the same to him, except that instead of my finger I used the tip of my tongue to fathom his dick-slit. I slid the complete glans into my mouth and slowly went down the entire rod of his dick, inhaling the sweet boy-scent of his sweaty balls. The kid kept groaning, "Shit . . . oh, shit . . . fucker." When he said he couldn't take much more without shooting his wad, I then concentrated my tongue on his luscious balls hanging in their loose sac of smooth skin. But it was the kid, in fact, who had made the first move on me as he shyly licked the head of my cock. I let him explore more of my rigid meat and the reaction that his squirming tongue created on my dick was truly breathtaking. What made it all the more so was being able to look down at that teenage head bobbing up

and down between my legs. I reached around and felt the down-covered cheeks of his hard little athlete's ass and when I slid my middle finger into his butthole, his mouth automatically tightened up on my shaft. As I gently stroked the warm moist area inside to his rhythm, he left my cock twitching and started licking my swollen nuts. I then let my hand slide out of its warm cocoon and began to stroke the kid's steel-like dick. It was wet and slippery from all the gobs of pre-cum which had been leaking from the piss-hole while he had been tonguing me. I really wanted to taste that teenage treat, so I moved him off my cock and bent to engulf his eight inches of hard meat in my mouth. I eased it in and used my tongue on the head, the coronal ridge and the area behind the inflamed corona. He had been circumcised quite high on the shaft and there was no loose skin. I could feel the circumcision scar with my tongue, and knowing how erotic that area is on me, I concentrated on it using just the tip of my tongue. He asked me to squeeze his balls while I sucked and I knew he had indeed been there before. I continued to suck, lick and taste the flow of his sweet pre-cum. He started showing signs of not being able to keep from shooting his wad and so I moved off, holding his beautiful boy-face in my hands as I guided it back to my own aching cannon. I wasn't sure how he would react once he had shot his load and experience has always told me that it was best to get my rocks off first in case a kid had a sudden feeling of guilt afterward and couldn't reciprocate. This kid eagerly went back, trying desperately to get my near-ten inches into his mouth, and surprisingly, did a pretty good job. He squeezed, twisted and caressed my testicles with his hand and as soon as my balls pulled up close to my body he instinctively knew that I was near to cumming. He teased my cut cock more with his delicious mouth and was making soft moaning sounds as he sucked on it. As you very well know, I love to talk dirty and it's even more of a hell of a turn-on for me to talk dirty to an eighteen-year-old kid while I'm having sex with him, and I kept saying things like "suck that cock, baby" and "get all that rich cream out of those balls" and "use your tongue on that circumcised head" and soon I was damn near unable to say a word as I felt the huge load of sperm start its final trip up from my churning balls through the thick shaft nearly covered by the boy's throat. "Here it is, baby, suck my hot

juice!" I did manage, though, just as I began to spurt one of the heaviest loads I had ever shot. I just seemed to keep cumming and the kid did his damndest to get all that rich protein down his throat. He swallowed most of the load, but some of it ran down the side of his face and soaked into my mat of pubic hair. Instead of pulling off and letting the sperm slowly stop ejaculating on its own, he stayed on my cock, and using his lips, began to milk it to be sure he got every drop out that was still inside the shaft and head. When I did finally stop cumming, he didn't know whether to pull off or not as I was still hard. I told him: "You did good, baby, now it's your turn to show me just what a team player you are." I kissed his still sticky lips as the kid lay back against the seat and he greedily searched the inside of my mouth with his tongue still tasting of my semen. I held his still wet rod in my hand and leisurely jacked it while I kissed his smooth hairless chest and wide stand-up nipples (he had taken off his shirt) and ran my tongue down to his tight little belly-button and all around it before finally moving my face down to the throbbing piece of boy-flesh that I had wanted so badly since I had first seen it spewing its golden nectar earlier at the store. He ran his long thin fingers through my curly hair as I slid his piston-like cock deep into my mouth and I felt him quiver slightly as it began to plunge in and out at the back of my throat. "Oh, yeah," he groaned in ecstasy, "take that thing in your mouth and let me get rid of this load that's been building up since morning." He had evidently jacked off before he had gotten up but hadn't had a chance to beat it again all day. I could feel the boy's need in the hardness of the flesh in my mouth and the way he rammed it in each time as I went down on it further. I had really gotten him horny and knew that he wanted release quick. He was just like young putty in my hand. He raised his ass up and rammed his cock deeper into my throat and seemed to want to try getting both his balls in, too. "I'm cumming, suck it!" he nearly screamed as he said it and his cock began to spurt gob after gob of warm sweet teenage sperm into my drinking mouth. I, too, milked the shaft and head with my lips and soon felt the hard meat soften slightly as he basked in his climax. I let the wide head plop out of my mouth and ran my tongue up the kid's washboard stomach to his chest and then his neck. I kissed him again and he opened his mouth and accepted my

tongue and crushed it against his own, this time tasting his own jism. He asked me what I thought about the Cosmos and I told him that I thought they were a good team.

This was an early Sunday A.M. trick, so the kid didn't have to worry about getting up for school that same day and I let him out at a suburban home in a well-cared-for neighborhood. He wasn't the best eighteen-year-old cocksucker I've ever had, but I'll give him an "A" for trying even though he choked once.

II. Student, 18: "My Soccer Coach Sucked My Cut Cock"

IF YOU CAN BELIEVE THIS, I was first blown by my thirty-five-year-old high school soccer coach while lying naked on a locker room rubdown table. I was a soccer player in high school (am now in college) and we had practiced from the time school let out until it was dark. We also had Saturday morning practices once the season started and it was at the first Saturday practice of my senior year that I had pulled a muscle in my thigh trying to make a sliding table and the coach had sent me in to sit in the whirlpool until he could come in later to see about me. I must have been in the water about fifteen minutes when the other guys on the team came back into the locker room and began stripping for their showers. In fact, I had begun to think that the coach had forgotten about me at that point when he finally came into the training room where I was still in the whirlpool. He was still wearing his white gym shorts, but had removed his sweat-shirt and I had a good view of his big hairy chest and bulging pectoral muscles. Our coach was still an athlete himself and would run with the team during workouts to keep in shape. He had me get up on the rubdown table face down (I had, of course, been totally nude in the water) and he began to work on my thigh muscle while it was still warm. It had really felt good with him working on it with his big hands and rubbing it with lotion. The touch of my coach's hands had a sort of tingling effect on me.

I had been gay for about a year at that time in high school, and it was while my coach was stroking my upper leg that I began to wonder what he looked like without those white gym shorts

on. I had caught him in his office once when he was changing into his trunks and the jockstrap that he had been wearing had looked like it was carrying two spare tennis balls inside the pouch, so I knew that he must be hung. The golden blond fuzz on his chest darkened to a bronze color on his lower belly and he was well-built for a short man with curly reddish-blond hair and a short trimmed beard. He was unmarried and Jewish, in addition to him being a swim instructor and our soccer coach.

I began to get a hard-on. At least I felt my cock pressing against the table as I lay there on my stomach. The coach then had me roll over on my back so he could work on the inside of my thigh muscle and I almost passed out when I did feel my very rigid prick pop up and then snap back against my belly. I thought for sure that I had been found out at that point. My balls were hanging between my spread-wide legs and rested on the table and the more my coach kept rubbing my leg, the more my cock was quivering. Without even looking I could feel the drops of pre-cum on the tip of my dick. I was so embarrassed that I just lay there with my arm over my eyes. I then figured he must have seen hundreds of guys with hard-ons before and figured (hoped) that he probably wouldn't pay any attention to it. You can only imagine the shock I felt, however, when I felt my coach's fingers lightly stroking my swollen shaft! I couldn't move. I still had my eyes covered, though my coach was definitely jerking me off.

I didn't know when or how he had done it, but when I finally got the nerve to look at him, my coach had dropped his gym shorts and jockstrap and was standing there completely naked with his huge cut cock pointing directly at me from its nest of reddish-gold curls. It was pale with stark blue veins running along the side of its long though somewhat thin shaft and had a wide mushroom-shaped head at the end of its hardened length. What I really noticed, though, was that his circumcised dick-head was dripping pre-cum also. His cock must have been eight to ten inches long easy, possibly eleven, and the balls beneath it hung low in a loose massive bag of skin which had just a sprinkling of that same fine reddish-gold pubic hair. All I can remember is that I couldn't take my eyes off from such a beautiful sight.

My coach took my hand and slowly put it on his throbbing penis. I recall encircling it with my fingers and I began rubbing

the big head with a back-and-forth motion between my thumb and forefinger. He then slapped more lotion on his prick which made my hand slide up and down the shaft and over the rim of the head as I started to pull him. All this time, my coach had been stroking my shaft dry except for the sticky drops of pre-cum which he had smeared out to cover the head of my penis. (I also am circumcised.)

My coach then bent over and turned his head slightly, and without saying anything, slipped first the head and then the whole shaft of my six-and-a-half-inch cock into his mouth. He sucked it, licked it and seemed to love the taste of it. I couldn't believe it—*my own coach!* I played with his cut head and the first few inches of skinned shaft all the while he was blowing me. He would let almost all of my hot shaft slip out of his sucking mouth until his tongue would catch the rim of the head, then he'd sink the whole circumcised rod deep into his throat again. He squeezed my drawn-up nuts and ran his hand underneath me until he had found my tight asshole, which automatically constricted around his probing finger. My coach ran his tongue all up and down my shaft and then bit lightly at the head. When he knew I was about to cum, he tried to get as much of me down his throat as possible and attempted to deep-throat my entire shaft. I could tell he was about to shoot his load as well and I kept massaging the cut head and the now-reddened shaft near to the mushroom-rim. He worked harder until my balls erupted and soon had me completely dry. My soccer coach had sucked my cock!

I continued to pull on his big man-prick and he shot all over my chest and face. A little even got into my hair. I tasted the cum that was within reach of my tongue. My coach then pressed my splattered face into his sweaty scrotum while his huge cock gradually softened. I tasted a little more of his cum as I gently tongued the shrinking head until he had stopped cumming. My coach licked my sticky cock, my likewise sweaty balls and then ran his searching tongue up and around my bellybutton before he stood up and smiled.

My soccer coach and I never got together again, however. I guess he thought that having an affair with one of his students would have been too risky.

III. "I Really Love Circumcised Cock"

YOU WERE SURE RIGHT about me shooting my wad before I finished reading your letter. I was so fucking hot that I had to stop and have a slow jack-off or my balls were going to bust. If I'm careful and don't smear the pre-cum over the glans, it falls to the floor in a long ropy string which only gets me hotter, which it did. I got in my favorite position in front of my full-length mirror and it was such a hell of a blast when I finally did shoot that I squirted all over the mirror, and just to spite myself, watched it run all the way down to the rug.

I have a young twenty-year-old junior counselor assisting me at the pool this year at summer camp, a very attractive red-haired Jewish boy from Long Island who is a sophomore on a scholarship for rabbinical studies at Yeshiva University. We haven't gotten into anything heavy yet, though we did both jack each other off in the shower. He asked me about my circumcision, knowing I was Jewish, and wondered how I came to have a cut so high, as most *B'ris* cuts aren't that radical. I told him I was a convert and had been circumcised while still in high school. By then, we were both hard and it was only natural that we should stroke our cocks. When I reached over to do him, I wondered if he might be turned off, but he, in turn, reached over and started working on my meat. We got off further by talking about circumcision and rubbing our bare knobs together, and when I finally shot all over the kid, he got so turned on with the hot feel of my cum all over him that he shot his wad right after. Thank God, it was in the shower and it all just washed away. He's since told me that he's into getting fucked, but will suck.

I figure that about ninety percent of the guys I've had sex with have been circumcised. Of the circumcised guys, the majority, of course, have been Jewish (five from Israel, in fact). I did, though, meet a man from Saudi Arabia who related to me in detail his circumcision upon reaching the age of manhood, a very religious experience. It was done along with eight other dudes, while he was standing up, held by two of his father's brothers. There was no anaesthetic used, but he was given something to drink before, which I suspect had some sort of narcotic

in it. He felt no pain, only a feeling of euphoria. The surgery was done by having the circumciser pull the foreskin forward extremely hard, and in one swoop, severing it with a knife. He was told by his father to masturbate as soon as possible and that women were for having sons, while males were for his enjoyment. Sounds great to me!

As for uncut guys, I'm just not turned on by them. I happen to feel the cut cock is the most beautiful part of the male anatomy, and especially if the guy is cut as much like myself as possible. Being Jewish, my lover does share most of my feelings on circumcision and we will almost always use the word during sex. The word "circumcised" or "circumcision" have a magic all their own, especially during climax. My lover says I'm egotistical, but dammit, I think I've got one of the prettiest circumcisions I've ever seen and, as a lockerroom jock, I've seen thousands. There's no movable skin on my shaft and at no time is the erogenous pink skinless area covered between the scar and the rim of the head. I particularly like comparing various types of circumcisions, and feel it's unfortunate that most are done nowadays with a clamp or plastibell. The free-handed circumcision done with a surgeon's scalpel produces a much more satisfying result, especially as far as scars are concerned.

I'm a real nut on circumcision scars and am so very proud of my own. It advertises to all who see me naked that I've been cut—wide, dark, sensuous, and nearly halfway up the shaft. I can shoot my wad by just having a dude lick the area around my circumcision scar and that supersensitive membrane-like section. My lover's scar isn't nearly so far up the shaft—a fine scar-like line about an inch past the corona—but, of course, he was cut on the eighth day, as opposed to my own cosmetic circumcision as a teenager. I can't think of a more erotic experience than watching the doctor sever my foreskin, my father standing by giving instructions as to how he wanted his son cut. My brother is cut exactly the same.

I don't think it would be against my religion to have sex with an uncut dude, but I know I just wouldn't enjoy it as much. There's nothing as clean or as appetizing as a circumcised cock—and when I can find a guy who's really cut high and tight, I'm in heaven. Basically, I love cock—make no mistake there—but I really love circumcised cock. My lover has never had sex with

an uncut stud, but only because he's as much a freak for clipped meat as I am. He feels all guys should be circumcised, regardless of religion.

IV. "One Sailor Had His Piss-Slit Widened"

I HAD BEEN HAVING SEX with other jocks in high school and also with my brother, so I knew I wasn't unique. The first time at boot when I was nineteen it was a hell of a surprise, though! A skinny farm kid from Iowa and I met in the latrine, then ended up sucking cock. I knew right then my Navy days were going to be great. It was my first night at boot camp in 1970 and I'd had an aching in my balls ever since I had gotten a good look at some of the heavy equipment being carried around by some of the other recruits when we were all stripped down to our briefs for gear line-up. I really figured after gym showers that I was up to my ass in macho men.

I somehow had managed to keep from cumming in my jockey shorts, but right after evening mess I decided I couldn't take any more and that I'd jerk off in the head, as most of the other guys were either in the rec room or sacking out. The fucking head didn't have a door in it, but hot as I was, I figured I'd pop my nuts before anybody came in. Still thinking I was alone, I quickly dropped my pants and underwear and was soon busy getting my fingers slippery with the ropy pearls of lube which were seeping out of the head of my cut cock. As I was spreading it generously over the head, I suddenly sensed someone was next to me and, looking up from my seat on the shitcan, saw a yellow-haired kid who I didn't think shaved more than once a month. He still had his fatigues on, but the top was open with a short but thick circumcised cock staring me in the face through the fly. To this day I don't know why he knew I would play, but I never questioned it—maybe he'd had the same thing in mind as I'd had? I did have enough sense, however, to tell him that an open latrine wasn't the best place for mutual cocksucking at eight p.m., so we both went for a walk, ending up behind a corrugated metal shack on the base grounds. Needless to say, the sex was hurried, but welcome. I was still thinking about it two hours later after lights out as I jerked off in my bunk watch-

ing the Navaho Indian dude in the next bunk beat his three-inch brown overhang while watching me jerk my bare boner. Two days later, the dude I met the first night introduced me to three other studs into sucking cock and fucking ass. I was scared as hell of getting caught, but soon learned that was the least of my worries.

After boot, we almost immediately went to Nam. Sex on board ship was wild. There was a lot of anal sex and, of course, a lot of oral sex. But it was more relaxed and there wasn't the continual worry of being shit-assed by some of the brass. Hell, half the dudes I had suck my cock were JGs or higher! When I got in the Navy, I found out that horny dudes are the same all over and that a stiff cock doesn't necessarily care whose lips are wrapped around it—unless it's on a guy so hung up on his own masculinity that he's homophobic. The best time for uninterrupted sex, especially for two guys who had a real feeling for one another, was when one of them was standing late night guard duty. Guard duty on board ship at two a.m. is *never* interrupted. Being at sea for a while can alter a stud's thinking and even the most cunt-loving bastard will make it when the urge presents itself. There were a few guys who were true pussy-lovers and never got into male sex, but they could sure beat that meat in the showers, though.

The wildest scene I ever got into on board ship was with a mess of studs, mostly straight, who started out in a sort of circle jerk but which got more orgy-like as we went along. I had made the comment that I was a real sperm-freak and one of the dudes suggested it might be a blast for all the guys to shoot their wads on me while I simultaneously jerked myself off, lying on my back on the cabin deck. They did and, as we were all naked, I was soon covered from head to foot with thick volleys of man-cum. Several of the six even took seconds after being turned on watching the others shoot their loads. I finally spurted, too, which made everybody cheer and two guys to start working on my sticky-but-still-hard prong for thirds. Seeing all those stiff cut cocks hovering over me nearly drove me bats, and when they all started squirting me with their hot love-juice, I damn near passed out.

As for the Navy's policies on circumcision, if you weren't cut when you went in, you'd become a circumcised sailor unless

you screamed bloody murder. About eighty percent of the guys were already circumcised when they were inducted. The rest were clipped by Uncle Sam. Part of my training as an operating-room technician necessitated that I assist at the routine circumcisions of any uncut dudes who enlisted, though there weren't too many who still had their original skin. Our greatest amount of uncut recruits came from rural areas where kids were still born at home, and Mexican-Americans, some blacks, and almost half the dudes from Texas. Why the latter was true, I never knew.

You can only imagine, though, how I felt the first time I was told I was going to assist at a cut-job. The dude on the table was a big blond with whom I had a nodding acquaintance and had seen numerous times in the showers. As he lay there, naked with his soft thick cock, the head was completely covered by a smooth tapered prepuce which hung at least an inch over the tip in a sort of "nipple bud." I don't know if it retracted when he got hard or not. I couldn't take my eyes off the circumcision procedure. A dorsal slit was made, then the two flaps of foreskin pulled forward and a scalpel run around in a full circle at their base on the shaft to complete the cutting around. All Navy circumcisions included excising the frenum also. One sailor had his meatus (piss-slit) widened, as I had had.

Needless to say, I always had a hard-on in surgery and learned early to wear a tight jockstrap. One black dude was so pissed he was having to lose the part he said the chicks liked to chew on that he threatened to report the incident. But I later saw him at a bar on shore leave and he said he liked his cut cock because it was getting him a lot more head.

In Nam, I did have sex with Oriental males, but their foreskins were always short or nearly non-existent and the glans was kept completely bare during erection and almost so flaccid. In fact, many of the locals engaged in sex with u.s. servicemen would often ask to be circumcised in order to become an "American stud," a term they would call us sailors. My first was a very small-built guy. I knew from buddies who had been ashore that cunt was all over the place, but to actually see eighteen- and nineteen-year-olds propositioning any sailor who showed the slightest interest was a hell of a surprise. "Seng" had a very well-proportioned cock, nearly six inches long, a well-filled

ball-sac, and a very short foreskin which fully disappeared when he got hard. Plus, he was almost squeaky clean. His scent was clean, yet male, and his ability to please a guy was super. He kissed beautifully, and took the longest time licking his way down to my twitching organ. He pleased me further by saying, "Joe got very big cock with skin cut off. . . I like good." Damn, if that didn't make me hornier than I already was and the fact that he not only sucked me off, but licked up every drop of semen that had dribbled down on my balls, was great. In turn, I truly enjoyed sucking his cock and caressing his sweaty scrotum. When he surprised me by spurting four or five gobs of very tasty cum into my mouth, I was more than satisfied. On subsequent shore leaves, I had sex with him several more times, but also had approximately ten to twelve other dudes. Once, my buddy and I had brothers, and each ejaculated copious loads.

In Tokyo, the hustlers were much more sophisticated and about half were circumcised—clipped by "circumcisers" in little waterfront shops where it was also possible to obtain eye surgery. There are many "gay" brothels in Tokyo and sex with young men is quite common, even with married Japanese businessmen.

I met a hell of a lot of nice dudes in the Navy who probably became husbands and fathers when they got out, but like I said, those long hauls at sea can affect a guy in more ways than one. Will tell you in my next letter of some of the good times I had with "seafood" both on shore leave and on those long hauls at sea. I also met a couple of studs who had been "broken in" by their dads, as I was. We swapped stories about "life with father" and came away feeling better about ourselves. A number of dudes also said they had been having sex with their brothers, whether it was just mutual jerk-offs or butt-fucking or sucking one another off. It didn't take me long to realize I wasn't the weirdo I had been led to believe I was. Gay and Proud.

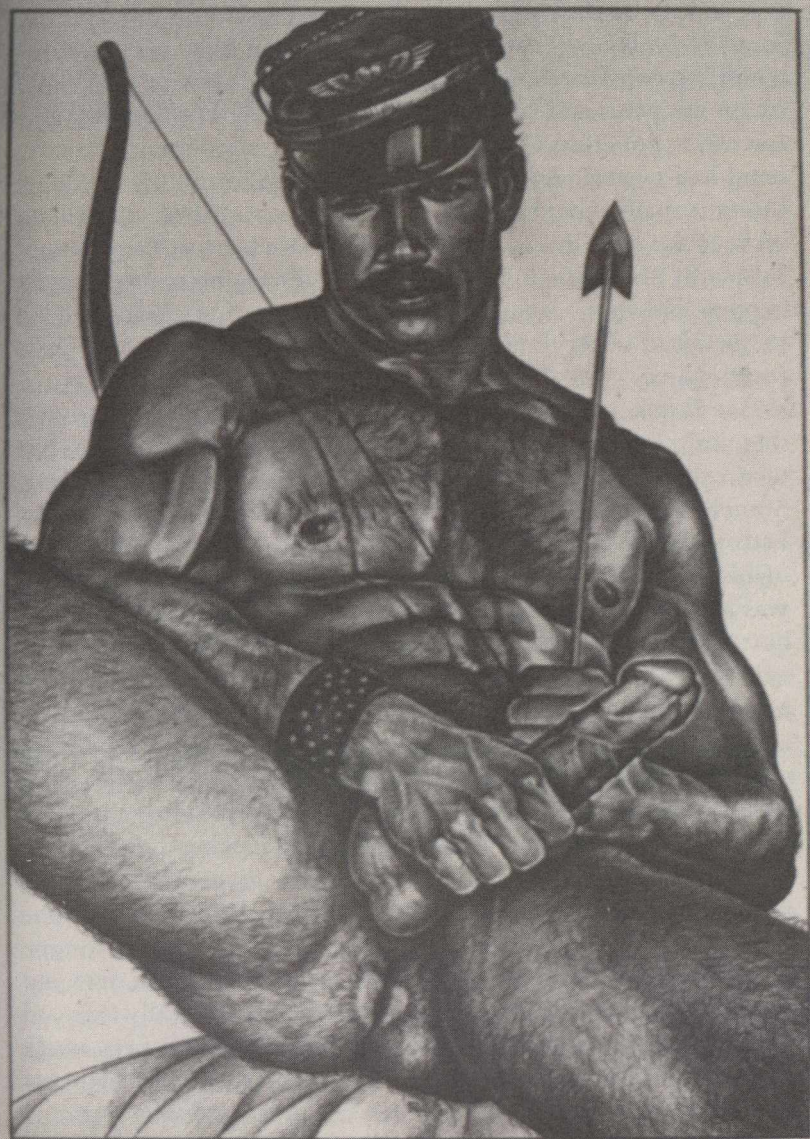
V. "His Dick Was Like a Red-Hot Poker"

I HAD MY FIRST SEXUAL ENCOUNTER when I was fourteen. He was fifteen and a neighbor boy I had grown up with. Frank lived next door and he and I were good friends. We would spend

the night over at each other's house on occasion and would do a lot of things together: hike, play ball, talk, listen to music—more like brothers than best friends, in fact. His mother and my mother were good friends, too. He was Italian, nice build, beautiful face, dark brown hair and eyes. I guess it was only natural that he and I would someday share intimacies as well, though I had never seen him aroused or with his clothes off.

Frank had invited me to spend the night over at his house one evening and I had agreed. We talked about a lot of stuff and it was just like it always was. I was somewhat into photography at the time, having taken it as an elective in school, and Frank and I began to talk about possible careers. I told him in a moment of sudden candor that I wanted to be a professional photographer, even though I knew my parents strongly disapproved. I also told him that the only part of being a photographer that seemed to bother me, however, was photographing nudes. I explained that when it came to being in the presence of anyone undressing that I was very nervous. Frank surprised me by asking what if it were him I had to photograph in the nude and whether it would bother me. I just told him I didn't know, as I had never been put into that situation before.

We talked about other things after that until his mother called us both down to tell us she was going over to a friend's house for a while and that if any problems should arise, the phone number was on the table. I went back upstairs and Frank went to the bathroom. I was sitting on his bed waiting for him to return to his room and continue our conversation, and when he did, he was totally nude! I was flabbergasted. Frank had removed all his clothes in the bathroom and was now standing by the open door like it was nothing special. I didn't know what to do. Seeing him in the "safety" of his gym shorts at school was one thing, but to actually be confronted with him in the flesh was another. I asked Frank what exactly he thought he was doing and he told me he was just helping me to feel better about being with nude people. He then boyishly pranced around the room as only one teenager could do in front of another teenager and feel okay about doing it and when I told him how nervous he was making me, Frank began to stroke himself, pulling on his dick to make it bigger than it had already started to get on its own. I was really getting worked up looking at what he was doing with his



hand—I didn't seriously think other boys did what I did with my hand in bed late at night—and when he saw how red my face was and me foolishly trying to hide the expanding bulge in my jeans, he walked up closer to me and asked if I had ever touched another guy's dick. When I replied I hadn't, Frank put my hand on his cut penis and lay next to me on the bed. His dick was like a red-hot poker and it was the very first (after mine) that my hand had ever closed around. I jerked him for a little while—I thought that's what he wanted me to do—and then got up and went to the door. I was both terribly aroused and yet frightened. I thought that something over which I'd have no control might happen and that I would panic or worse and everyone would know. I had never done anything with anyone before and I was really scared.

But Frank couldn't have been more urging. He was lying there calmly rubbing his hard dick and telling me not to go, but turn off the light instead and come back by him on the bed. Somehow through all my nervousness I did and in the darkness I stroked him again, feeling deliriously on the profound rigidity of his skinless shaft. I was almost incredulous that another guy was *allowing* me to touch his dick. I felt him getting hotter and hotter as the blood flowed to complete its engorgement and the veins on his shaft suddenly got so big I thought they would burst. (He didn't do anything to me except brush his hand across my pants and underwear, which, of course, had become quite extended out in front.) Frank then asked me if I was going to do anything else and I said I didn't know—what else was there to do? I was soon licking his swollen dickhead. Somehow I had instinctively known what to do to give each of us the correct pleasure we both desired. I gently tickled around the flared rim of his circumcised corona with the tip of my tongue and then inside the gooey-with-pre-cum pee-slit, both new and mystic sensations for me. Frank moaned, like he really enjoyed what I was doing, so I began to suck him, slowly at first until I became more accustomed to the size and salty feel of his erect penis in my mouth and then harder until he finally came. I swallowed all his cum. Frank really loved it, too. Even more than I did, if I were to judge from the rapid rise and fall of his boy-man's belly. I probed my hands suddenly everywhere over his smooth frame—his nipples, ribs, thighs, that special dewy

place under his balls I had discovered myself one restless night long ago, his stomach, the soft flanks of his slender butt. He shot quite a load into my mouth, but I managed even though it was my first time. (I don't think I'll ever forget that first sweet spurt as it hit the roof of my mouth and then trailed down inside my throat.)

When I was through, I went back and turned on the light and Frank was all sweaty and smiles. The absolute biggest happy-boy smile. (I'll never forget that, either.) I sat back on the bed and just rubbed his body, really massaging my fingers into his slickened crotch and abdomen. He slept in the nude that night and let me play with his dick all I wanted. I sucked his tits and even licked his cock when he got hard again. He didn't do anything to me, though. I did it all to him. We got together a few more times after that, but eventually drifted apart as we became involved with our respective careers and school. He likes girls now. I would have to say that it was during those initial "experiences" with Frank that I discovered I was gay.

VI. *"You Have Been Circumcised, Haven't You?"*

I WAS BORN in a small town and was delivered at home, as was my brother. My family later moved to a bigger city and it was there that I quickly discovered what a real minority I was. There were only two guys in my high-school gym class who were not circumcised. I was one of them. This led to the standard locker-room embarrassment jokes and I hated the showers in Phys Ed. Much of the time, in fact, I kept my foreskin retracted and pretended to be "cut"—like the other boys. The situation was the same later in the Army and in college. It was only upon graduation from college that I learned that circumcision could be performed on an adult and that I should see a urologist. The first doctor I consulted said there was nothing wrong with my foreskin and would not perform the operation. My prepuce was not long and retracted easily. However, I made sure the second doctor I consulted was a strong advocate of circumcision before I made an appointment to see him. So, at age twenty-four, I finally lost my hood and am pleased with the results. I only wish it could have been done at an earlier age.

Now that I am cut, and am a very healthy forty-one, I am keenly interested in the status of everyone I meet. I normally do not engage strangers in conversation about circumcision, being on the shy side, but one incident which occurred about six years ago truly had me stumped.

On the way home from work each night I would see the same kid hitchhiking and I would always give him a ride. He was around eighteen with rough blond hair and on the macho side. He always had on a pair of faded cutoff jeans and no shirt and worked for the city cutting grass in the parks. The more I saw him, the more curious I became as to whether or not he was cut. Each evening as I picked him up I would hope to see the telltale impression of his cockhead pressing against those worn-thin Levi's. But there was never much of a basket showing. I tried guessing for a while, but could never quite put the make on him. He "looked" cut and at the same time he "looked" uncut. He'd sit there with his wide hairless tan chest and dark rounded nipples and perfect chiseled face and I'd swear he was circumcised, but then his rangy build and tough-guy sneer would tell me "intact." There was an ad on the radio for Midas Mufflers which started out with a masculine-sounding dude saying, "I got Midas-cised in Waco, Texas." Then several others would name those towns where they got Midas-cised. I taped a radio program that had this ad in it so it could be played back on the car cassette player. I had it all figured out. I would flip the tape on just before I'd pick him up and several minutes after the kid gets into the car the ad will just happen to be on the radio, and I would ask him if he has been "Midas-cised" and he would say he hasn't. I would then say, "Well, I bet you've been circumcised, haven't you?"

Everything went according to plan, except his answer. It was more like, "Hell, if I had some wheels that needed a muffler, I sure wouldn't spend my goddamn money on a Midas. Those places are a real rip-off." I wasn't prepared with a come-back for an answer like that. There was a period of silence while I racked my brain trying to think of a way to salvage the situation. I finally said, "Well, if you don't believe in 'Midas-cising,' do you believe in circumcising?" His reply was something like, "Yeah, I guess it's okay." Not wanting to sound overly interested, I replied, "Yeah, I guess it is. . . Have you been?" "Fuck no," he

said. "Where I come from we don't have a hospital!" I waited a few seconds hoping he would continue the line of conversation and ask if I had been. But he didn't. I had found out what I had wanted to know and decided it was best to drop the subject.

I currently live near a park in Florida that has an exercise course in it which I run several times a week. One of the exercises involves hanging by some rings while keeping the feet on the ground and swinging one's hips around in a circular motion. I particularly enjoy watching others do this exercise and try to time it so that someone else is there when I reach it. With the body arched out as far as it can go, if there is anything in the box to show, it shows. Just recently, for instance, there was a young man about twenty years old with exceptionally attractive black hair ahead of me. As I watched him do that exercise we engaged in some common chit-chat. I commented on how some people have a certain shade of black hair that really goes good with red and how well his red T-shirt went with his black hair. He appreciated the comment and disclosed that red was his favorite color and that he wore it often. He also wore a pair of well-worn grayish-tan corduroy shorts which didn't exactly go with the red shirt—but then I wasn't interested in discussing designer fashions anyway. He impressed me as being friendly, easy-going, and straight. I decided to try another compliment. I told him I also liked his choice of shorts (even though they were really a rather poor match), that they had a good fit and that they very discreetly let the world know he was well-endowed. He smiled and said, "Oh." I told him I could even see the coronal impression of his cockhead pressing against his pantleg. I said, "You have been circumcised, haven't you?" He agreed he had indeed been. I told him how lucky he was to be so well-equipped and asked him if he noticed a lot of people staring at his crotch. He said he really hadn't noticed. I also asked if he thought circumcision was a good idea. He thought it was okay and confessed upon further questioning that if he had a son that he would have him cut. I explained that I had not been clipped until after college and that was why I noticed such things. With his exercise completed, he went on to the next one, leaving me to swing on the rings and reminisce about the past few minutes. I often wonder if he went home to look in the mirror to see just what was showing.

TWO FORESKIN SEXCAPADES

“BIG” BILL JACKSON

I. Bodybuilder Has Two Inches of Thonged Foreskin

ALL LAST SUMMER, while I traveled down South in my blue van, I kept hearing about this particular YMCA in Alabama. It was going to be torn down and no one seemed to give a fuck anymore what all went on there, just so's you paid your six dollars a night. It was supposed to be better than any bath on the weekends.

Well, one early scalding Saturday afternoon in August, I pulled up in the parking lot beside the picturesque old building. It was about twelve stories high, pretty and Victorian—the type of building built probably back in the late 1800s and you think, Christ, thousands of men must have lived in those rooms!

The clerk was middle-aged and flirtatious—he pretended to faint when I approached him. At six-foot-four, swollen with bulging muscles, I wore just a cut-off tank top without any sleeves and a thin pair of nylon shorts.

“Shit,” he smiled, “I coulda swore you were that Arnold Schwarzenegger, the muscle guy. You look bigger than him—more muscles.”

“Yeah?” I grinned. “People tell me that.”

“If you want to do any nude sunbathing, go up on the roof. That's where everybody goes. Still plenty of time for some sun. I might see you up there.”

I had every intention of doing just that. A truck driver had fucked me through the night before at a rest area just outside of Montgomery. He said that that rooftop was an incredible sex hunting ground.

In my room, I stripped, pulled on a micro-bikini made out of black terrycloth, put some lotion, a towel and some cans of beer in my duffel bag, and headed up to the roof.

The door was open. I could hear a lot of guys talking, laughing, some rock on a radio. The minute I stepped out, everything quieted down, as fifteen men stopped to look at me.

I paused, stretched, yawned, to give them all a good look and was rewarded when several of them whistled and several muttered, "Holy *shit!* Who is this guy?"

I nodded pleasantly and found me a space near the chimney where I spread out my towel. Everybody was still watching me and as I peeled off that skimpy little bikini, you could really feel the sexual tension in the air.

My skin is white, no tan at all since nothing's worse for your skin than sun. A black stubble of beard darkened my square face and I sported a jet crew-cut. There wasn't a hair anywhere else on my body. Even my pubic was shaved smooth as a whistle. I reached between my legs and pulled the tip of my cock which had been stuck up my ass. As I pulled it out, the eyes of some of the guys got bigger. They could tell I wasn't just the run-of-the-mill stud. Because about two inches of my foreskin was tied tight with a leather thong. I'd started wearing it when I was fourteen. The cock head is so sensitive, even to air, that I've been known to shoot when just semi-hard. Embarrassing as hell, especially when you're in public and your jism is running down your pants leg. Thus, the leather cord. But more about that later.

An incurable exhibitionist, I was getting turned on by all this attention just like the night a few months ago when I'd got up on stage at the Show Palace in New York and brought the house down by getting fucked, sucked and inviting anybody from the audience who wanted to come up and bang me. Four of the dancers and three of the viewers did just that.

Now, I stretched out on my back, got out my oil and began smearing it on my body. I made sure I was lying mostly in the shadows so the sun wouldn't get me. The men had all been moving over closer and now one of them, a hulking, dirty-blond man, bare-assed like everybody else, squatted down beside me and held out his hand. His name was Buck and he introduced me to several of his buddies—one was a black, strapping kid with a prick that looked like a man's wrist. There was Howie, a boyish-looking schoolteacher, and four or five others. Buck offered me a Bud from his cooler and all of them sat down around me.

They didn't try to hide their fascination with my body—or my equipment. I had just won one of the biggest body-building trophies in New York where I kept an apartment. Now, it

rippled, white and shiny and hard—with mammoth pectorals capped with thick tits, a narrow stomach chiseled and indented, powerful arms, shoulders and thighs. And of course my shaved sac and the cock—looking a hell of a lot bigger than it really is because of that immense wad of foreskin.

Buck was turning me on and my prick was stiffening. He was as hairy as I was hairless. His dick looked mean and rough and dirty. He, too, drove a truck and he was curious about my torso—and how I'd gotten it like that.

"Shit, I ain't ever seen a man with his pubic hair shaved. Mind if I feel of that?" He rubbed his fingers over that smooth area and suddenly he grabbed the long length of leather string and pulled on it, stretching my foreskin out like it was latex rubber.

"What the fuck you doing with this thong, buddy?" he asked, genuinely puzzled. He yanked at it even harder and I explained the reasons why.

They snickered and Buck said frankly he didn't believe me. If I had some kind of deformity or disease, then just come out and say it. They'd understand.

I held my prick up. "Go ahead then. Untie it and I'll show you I'm telling the fucking truth."

The rest of the men had moved over to where we were. All of them watched Buck unzip the knot of my thong and then roll the foreskin down until it was like a big, pink inner-tube beneath the oval-shaped head. His hands began stroking it and already it was thickening fast. I got the leather cord and began pushing it down into my cock slit.

"Holy shit!" somebody muttered. They'd probably never heard of prick-fucking—pushing something down your own cock. About an inch of the cord was tied around my finger and now Buck stuck the tip of his thumb into the prick-opening. A big bubble of dick honey oozed out. Howie, the little teacher, reached for my balls and squeezed the base, so my sac blew up into a big, pink balloon. He rubbed a hand over it, as did several of the other men. They all commented how smooth my sac was.

I was writhing around, though, my stomach pumping in and out as the honey spurted out thicker. "Buck!" I gasped. "I'm gonna blow."

They were unprepared for the huge stream of pre-cum syrup which jetted out first. This was followed by a tremendous streak

of sperm which spurted against Buck's chest. He suddenly lunged and buried his mouth on my still pulsating cock and wrapped a fist around my balls to bring more dick into his mouth. I wrapped my powerful thighs around his neck and brought him down so close he gagged. I got over on top of him and began fucking his mouth.

I loved putting on a good show and these men were flabbergasted. A routine little Saturday get-together was turning into a powerhouse exhibition.

"You ever seen an ass like that?" somebody whispered behind me. "Christ, look at it! White, round, smooth as silk. Look at his asshole! I want some of that!"

Quickly, I squirted out a second load with Buck gulping it down. We sat around for a few minutes, laughing, breathing heavily, relaxed as we sipped a Bud, all of them eating me with their eyes. I was wet with sweat and hot sex always made me look better than ever.

"Let's go down to my room," I suggested. "I want you to rub some of this lotion on my back," I said to Buck.

"Back, hell. I'm rubbing it in that white ass of yours."

That was exactly what I wanted him to do. My ass was starving for some hard dick. It'd been nearly twelve hours since it'd been plugged up.

* * *

Nearly twelve men crowded into my hot little room. I stretched out on my stomach on a bed that must have been built for a pygmy. My thighs easily straddled it. I put the pillow under my hips so my rear end was sticking straight up. You could hear the heavy breathing as Buck got behind me and began rubbing baby oil into my ass.

"Just look at this beauty," he told the other men, and spread my cheeks. Since I've got good control of my rectal muscles, I opened my shit-hole by about an inch and that nearly creamed everybody right then.

First, Buck ate my crack out, going at it with enough snorts and grunts that you would have thought it was a hog at a trough. Then he got up on his knees and pushed the tip of his cock up into me. I grunted and milked it slightly and he gasped. Then he began to really work on the ass, until the bed was

banging against the wall. When he shot, he fell on top of me. Both of us were dripping with sweat.

"Isn't there a bigger place we can go—where it's cooler?" I asked. My bed wouldn't last another fucking. And the rooftop of the building was rough with tar and gravel. I didn't want my bod gashed and bruised too bad. My body was my fortune.

Thick, the black kid with the wrist-sized cock which was leaking like a dripping faucet, said he knew a place.

"Why not all of us going out to the old ball field, just across the parking lot? It ain't being used. It's pretty private."

"Sounds good to me," Buck said, and the others agreed. I got up on my knees on my bed, spread my cheeks, and told all of them to look at my butt-hole.

"See that? I want that fucked by all the guys who want to get into it. Bust it open if you have to but I want a good, deep fuck. Okay?"

My words had really made them excited. They'd probably never met a huge muscle-man so blunt about what he wanted done to his asshole. Before everybody left I added one more thing.

"I'm putting on some clothes and unless you get those clothes off, you ain't fucking me."

Buck grinned, knowingly. "Oh, I getcha. We've got to wrestle you down and tear your clothes off."

I nodded and looked at their faces. "You guys got some friends who want to fuck me? You know, a real gang bang?" I glanced at Thick, the black kid. "You got any black buddies with big pricks who want to stuff 'em up my butt?"

I've got this thing about black men and I'd far rather be fucked by an ebony stud than a white one, although I prefer sucking a light-skinned dude to a dark one. Black men are *too* hard.

He had some football-player jock buddies who were straight—but they might want to try a man's butt-hole for a change.

When I walked over to the old ball field about an hour later, there were twenty guys there, most of them in shorts and jeans and drinking beer. About four black studs got out of a car—big, husky youths—and Thick introduced them to me. I wore a pair of old jeans, a plaid shirt, and that was it.

"Okay," I smiled. "If you get me out of these clothes, we'll start getting it on."

Four or five of them rushed me, laughing, then four more until I was buried beneath a pile of hot, sweaty bodies. They ripped off my shirt and then my jeans and wouldn't you know it, it was Buck who was the first one who rammed his dick up my ass.

It felt incredible, to be flattened against that soft grass and dirt, squirming and shaking and getting my ass stretched with a bunch of guys laughing and cheering him on. Everybody had stripped by this time and as soon as Buck got rid of his load up my butt, he pulled out, still dripping, and wiped my crack out with my jeans. He announced to everybody that he was the manager of my ass that night and anybody who wanted to fuck it would have to be approved by him.

He pulled my cheeks apart wide and yelled, "Come on, now, who's the next fucker? Ole Bill here wants his ass filled up all the way."

Thick had been standing in front of me tugging at his meat, and I looked up and winked and jerked my head toward my butt. So he got down on his knees behind and began sliding it in. The men whooped as my hips widened slightly from the mass of meat being shoved up my butt. Christ, he was a great fucker! He was rough and crude and stirred it around and slapped my cheeks as I grunted and panted and winced. I was squirming everywhere as that black stud dug his cock up to the hilt. Right after he spewed his sperm, his black buddies took over and each of them fucked me, one after the other, not even allowing Buck to wipe my crack dry. They liked it juicy. After about three more fucked me, I told Buck I had to take a shit. All that cum and all those pricks had acted just like a powerful enema.

Of course, all of them had to watch me stand up, stoop over, pull my buns apart and squirt out what looked like a pint of cum. They whooped and clapped and we had some beer and when I was getting ready to lay my filthy body back down on the ground, Thick said why didn't I give my big butt a rest for a minute and let them work on my meat? No one but Buck had had a chance of eating my dick and all of them wanted to at least taste it.

I lay back, spread my thighs and man, did those guys blow me for the next two hours! I shot off for Thick, another time for little Howie, and a third time for some big, black kid who was

determined to suck my cream out if he had to swallow my cock whole to get it.

I was still panting after lobbing out that third ejaculation when I noticed Thick and Buck talking together, laughing softly. Now they came over to me and I was surprised when Thick sat down on the ground, with his prick standing throbbing to attention.

"Come on, Bill," he grinned. "Me and ole Buck there are gonna try something. Sit your ass down on this thing."

He didn't have to twist my arm. I squatted down until I could feel the sticky, spongy head sink up into my butt. I gasped as I finally reached bottom and was sitting in his lap.

"Lay back on top of me," he whispered, and a little surprised, I obeyed. Then I saw what was going on. Buck got on top of me, lying against me. I felt him work his prick up into my already plugged-up hole. The crowd watching this double-fuck were astounded.

"Good god!" Howie gasped. "Can you believe a man taking two cocks up the ass at the same time!"

We three men squirmed and gasped and panted as Buck finally got his dork planted and then he and Thick managed to get their movements synchronized and I shot off in no time.

I don't guess there are many men who can take two dicks up the old shit chute but I'd had it done in New York on several occasions—mostly by black men. Their movements grew faster and harder as they grunted their ways to relief. Thick banged out his load, followed shortly after by Buck. And I blew out another one.

Once again, I shit out the cum for the benefit of the others and we decided to go back to my room. The mosquitoes were biting.

It was almost dawn by now and only about five guys were left. I had showered and come back to my room and stretched out on the bed. Howie was on the end. I pulled my legs back to my shoulders and told him to put some lotion around my asshole and to tell me how it looked. I gave him a hand mirror to use so I could see it myself. Except for a tingling, raw sensation, it felt great. The rectum was pink, slightly open and luscious.

Howie, pouring a handful of lotion into his hands, spread it around my butt-hole, then easily, like somebody putting a hand into a baseball mitt, he slid his hand up into my ass.

"Push it deeper," I grunted. He did so and bent over and

began mouthing my balls. Buck stooped down and put my cock into his mouth and began sucking on it hard until Thick made him take it out so he could suck up that inevitable load.

I let each of the man fist me, with Thick pushing his entire arm up there. Before they left, Buck, always the imp, inserted his fingers into the lips of my butt-hole and stretched it wide and Howie slid his little foot up into my ass! I laughed with them.

“Okay! Enough’s enough.”

As they left the room, each one kissed me. Buck whispered: “You know something, Bill? You’re nothing but an asshole. But what an asshole!”

When I left, I looked up at the roof. I saw Buck and Thick and Howie looking down and waving and laughing.

I wanted to see them again but the Y was torn down two months ago. A parking lot now occupies the site where the building was once located. If the walls of an old Y and a ball field at night could only talk, what stories they could tell!

II. “You’ve Got a Foreskin Like a Big Sock”

WHenever I visit my mom in that small cowdab of a town I grew up in, I always wonder what the other Killer Cocks are doing these days.

I still drive by Ricky’s house out in the country. He’s been gone for twenty years now and the farm stands vacant. That little red-and-white trailer in the back we used as a clubhouse is now just a rusted hulk. Where four youngbloods used to play, only some squirrels frisk around today.

The other K.C.’s, as we called ourselves, are scattered around the deep South, gotten married, raised grown children. I hear ole Vernon—who had the hottest ass in our gang—even has a grandkid. Can you imagine? From teenage slut to gramps. Fate can be surprising.

Around the town, I can still find mementoes of our glory days when we thought we’d always be young and our cocks would always bring us fun. There’s that pine tree out in the countryside with a carved inscription which reads: *The K.C.’s Fucked Here. 1959.* Immortalized in cement near the Esso station on North Main Street is the warning: *The K.C.’s Are Coming!*

The curious may have wondered: what the fuck are the K.C.'s? It was just our little fraternity of four guys who thought we were the hottest studs around. Looking back, what we thought was so exciting and daring was actually pretty basic. On the wall of our clubhouse hung a sign: *A hard dick don't have no conscience*. That kind of attitude can give you a lot of leeway in what you do with it.

And of all the Killer Cocks, I was the wildest. The things we thought of doing with my meat were wild. I wouldn't say no to anything. At forty-four, I haven't changed a damned bit. As a teenage slut, I was the sleaziest. As the K.C.'s liked to squeal: Ooo-wee, Bill, beat it till it bleeds!

* * *

In 1959, Elvis was king and the girls and boys in the bustling metropolis of Burneysville, North Carolina—population 312—were mostly virgin. None of the guys would admit it, though. A hot time was going to the "ok hop" in the gym and watching girls dance with each other to "Sweet Little Sixteen" and "At the Hop." The boys stood around and acted bored and macho because real men didn't do that dancing shit.

Beer was like something from heaven because the town was dry and you had to drive to Charlotte, an hour away, for suds. So most of us good ole boys guzzled Cheerwine and Nehi Orange with peanuts floating around and munching on Li'l Debbie oatmeal cookies.

Most of us good ole boys were also sex-starved. Only about two girls put out and they looked like pigs and if you did it with them everybody knew it in school the next day. I don't think most guys there would have even known where to put it if they had a chance. In our Bible-belt town, sex was the great evil. Sex education anyone? Suggest that even today and they'd call out the firing squad.

I was bored out of my skull with the girls I dated. These were the "nice" Christian type who freaked if you brushed a finger over a boob. God knows what they would have done if I'd ripped out my dick and beat off for them like I was known to do for my snickering jock buddies.

Gradually, girls grew leery of dating me. Word spread I was a sex maniac. When I got a hard-on, you saw that fucker in those

skin-tight jeans we Southern boys wore even back then. Along with the stiff came that big wet spot where the tip of my prick drooled. A minor scandal arose the night I took the preacher's daughter on a church hayride and shot off in my jeans. It was worse than if I had shit in my pants. I'd done the unthinkable—right in public and I was only fourteen.

At sixteen, I was probably one of the biggest boys ever to enter Burneysville High. At six feet four, I was already packing on the muscle. When I visit my home town today, everybody nearly flips out because I'm more muscular now at forty-four than I was back then. I still sport the same short black crew-cut I had back then. What some call my Paul Newman baby-blue eyes still make some people go ga-ga, along with the red and blue tattoos I got in the Marines—along with other things I'll come to later,

There was something wrong with me. I knew it. When the neighboring papers ran pictures of me in just my black swimming briefs on the sports pages, I wanted them to show me naked. I was already a budding exhibitionist. The highlight of my day was stripping naked in the locker room and maybe getting a circle jerk going. I longed for other people to enjoy my body and my sexual gifts. My teammates called me Mr. Skin because of the huge waddle of foreskin that hung over my prick tip like a baggy sock.

To me, the other guys were so stupid. All they could think of in sexual terms was sticking their cock up a cunt and sucking titties. I kept thinking of things I wanted done *to me*: like getting blown, jerked off, having big things stuck up my butt-hole, having my tits sucked and my body licked. In my room, I spent hours posing in front of the mirror in a tiny posing strap I'd made. Then, pretending there was an audience of hundreds of men, I'd jerk off and position the mirror to show my asshole swallowing huge cucumbers.

I felt like I was going off the deep end with no type of sexual outlet other than my right hand. This was when Heaven sent me Ricky and the Killer Cocks to the Rescue.

★ ★ ★

Ricky was good-looking and boyish, and few knew him well. His father was a retired military man and gave his only son

plenty of money in addition to a blue Ford. We talked now and then and I liked him. The way his eyes roved over me made me wonder what was going through his mind. I began fantasizing about all the wild things he and I would do in bed if we ever got together. I knew it was impossible, though. "Queers" were something you snickered about now and then. They existed in New York and other big cities. Not in cowtowns like Burneysville.

It was Saturday afternoon. I had been working out in the gym and was preparing to walk home in my tennis shoes, tight jeans and nothing else when Ricky stopped his car.

"Hiya, Big Bill! Hop in!"

"Yo," I smiled, and got in beside him. As he drove along that lonely road, his eyes swept over my bare chest. "Wow, you get bigger every time I see you, Bill. They should have starred you in that *Hercules* movie instead of Steve Reeves."

I laughed. Those were the kind of words I liked hearing. Then I rubbed myself and told him I was hornier than hell and I wished I could find a girl to fuck.

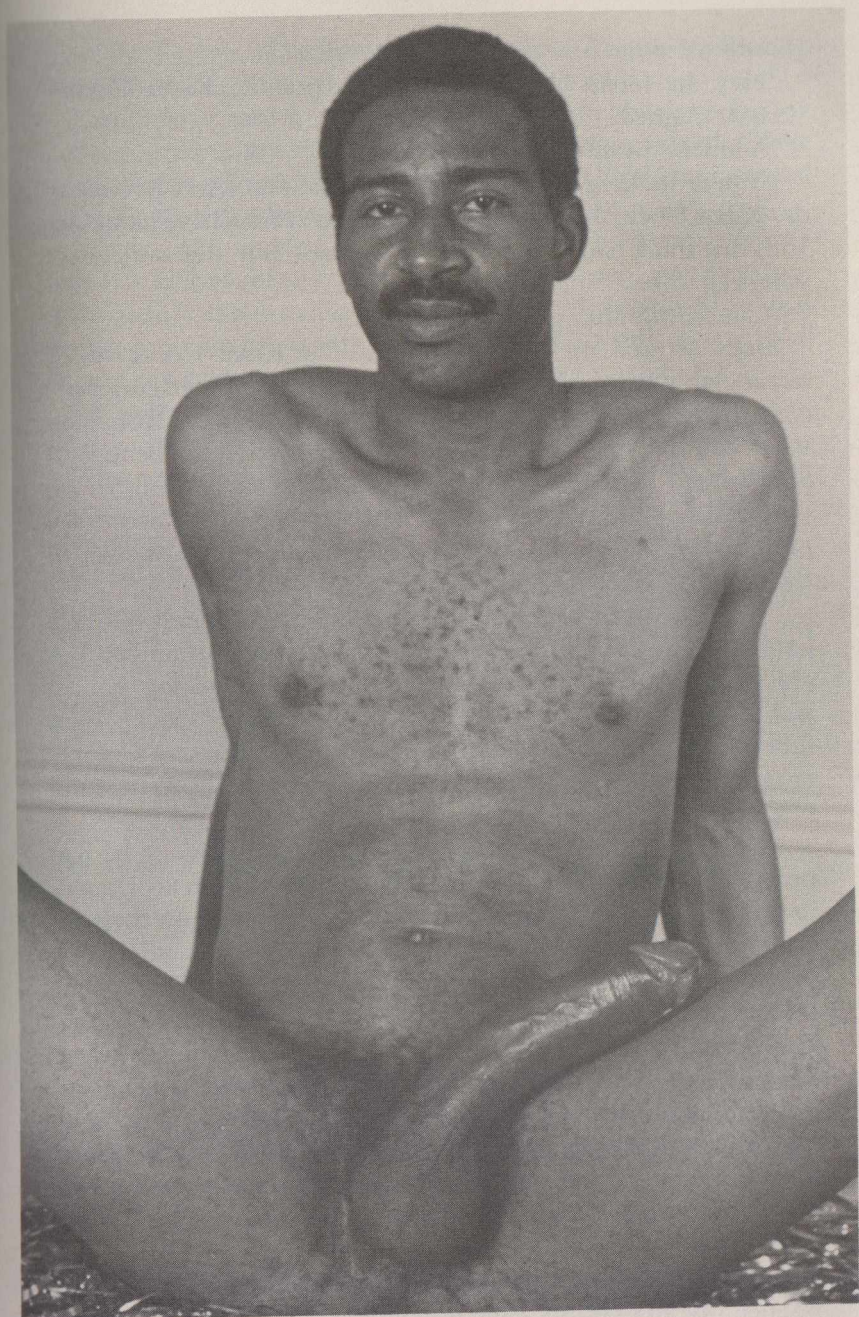
"You don't have to have a girl to get off, Bill," grinned Ricky. "You just need to know where to look."

"You know any place I ain't looked yet?"

"Maybe. Hey, how's about a beer? Let's go to my place. Some of my buddies are already over there."

"Wa-hoooo!" You didn't find beer all that often in dry, dead Burneysville. I had heard Ricky's father had fixed him with a snazzy little trailer for his own hang-out. When we entered it, I was surprised at how snug and cozy it was, with posters of Elvis and James Dean and Marilyn Monroe. Two guys I knew from school were watching *American Bandstand* on the black-and-white television. They jumped up and greeted me warmly while Ricky handed me a beer from the old-fashioned metal drink cooler with crushed ice.

Vernon was a good-looking country boy with an Elvis Presley hair-do. I'd seen him in the showers and thought he had a great-looking ass. Larry was tall and slender, with long, blond hair and an impish smile. We all sat down, chewed the shit some and then Ricky suddenly declared: "Our buddy here, Mr. William Lee Jackson, has a problem. He wants to get laid and he's going crazy because he ain't getting no relief. Any suggestions?"



Should we invite him to join our little club?"

"Hey, he looks like he'd make a dynamite Killer Cock!"
Vernon laughed.

"A killer—what?"

"You're looking at the sole members of the Secret Society of the Killer Cocks," Ricky smiled. "If you wanna have some fun with that thing hanging between your legs, Bill, this is the place you need to be."

"Cut out the shit, guys. Get serious."

Ricky assured me he was serious. The Killer Cocks was a secret club where only one-hundred-percent-real men could become members. If you joined, he explained, no one blabbed on what you liked to do in private. It was strictly confidential. If you wanted to strip in the clubhouse and stuff a cucumber up your ass, nobody put you down. The whole purpose was to try to find ways of sexually satisfying each member. You also got all the beer you wanted.

"You get other benefits, too, Bill," Ricky pointed out. He unlocked a closet and brought out stacks of well-thumbed but glossy sex magazines. They actually showed men fucking women and boys sucking each other off. From the Killer Cock "Film Library," he put a movie on the 8mm projector and I nearly creamed in my jeans. A pretty blonde girl was shown getting screwed by a balding, fat man.

And the sex toys! Ricky pulled out a box of things he had ordered from all those ads you saw once in the back of men's magazines. There was an Ejaculator. This looked like a thermos bottle lined with thick layers of soft latex. You stuck your cock in there and it felt like you were being sucked. There were dildoes of all sizes and of course, Mona, the inflatable doll.

Already I had a bulging stiff outlined clearly in my jeans. They saw it along with a big blotch of wetness that came from my drooling meat.

"Well, Bill," Ricky said, "you wanna join? If you do, you'll have to undergo two days of initiation. That means you'll jerk off in Science class and in the hallway during recess. You'll have to do anything else we ask you. If you refuse, you're out."

I was trembling from suppressed excitement. Sweat had popped out all over my chest and face. This was like an answer to my dreams. Most importantly, I knew instinctively I could

trust these guys. They wouldn't betray me. They were serious. They liked me.

I swallowed hard and said: "Okay. What do I have to do?"

"You need to get rid of that hard-on," Ricky grinned. "Take your clothes off and beat off for us. We heard how you creamed your jeans on that hayride—you oversexed stud, you."

My fingers trembled as they pulled down the zipper over my bulge. I kicked off my tennis shoes, followed by my britches. But when I came to my BVD's, the front was soaked in that sticky, pre-cum lubricant. You could smell it a mile away. I had to peel my rubbery foreskin off the glue-like surface.

"Would you look at that?" Ricky whooped. "It really is true, you ole sonofabitch. You've got a foreskin like a big sock."

There was nothing mean about their comments on my equipment. They loved it and knowing this, a surge of powerful confidence flowed through me. I began performing my favorite sex routine I had perfected in private and never thought I would be sharing it with others. I pushed my fingers down deep beneath my foreskin and began stretching it out like it was a big lump of soft dough. I pulled on it so hard that my fingers trembled. It became a long, moist column of tan flesh. Abruptly, I brutally ripped it down from the dick head, forcing a big gobbet of clear honey to ooze out.

My audience was spellbound. Their mouths were half-open, their breathing quickened and their eyes were fastened on me. I was thrilled to be performing sexually—alone and wet and looking great.

"Shit, look at that body," Ricky whispered to the others. "Those pecs and that stomach—all rippled and ridged."

"Dig those balls jumping up and down," whispered Larry. "Looka how hard he's making that dick."

Both my fists were working my penis up into a thick, purple tube, slippery with piss and sex honey, as I strained to pop my load out—and when it did begin squirting, I was startled by its abundance, as were the others. My admirers yelled and whooped and gave me another cold beer as I washed my genitals off at the sink. Ricky said he would drive me home. But instead of turning off onto the main highway, he guided his car along a narrow dirt road and stopped beneath a big pine.

"As a pledge, Bill, are you willing to do anything for the Killer Cocks?"

"Sure, I've come this far,"

"Take off your clothes then, Bill."

For the second time that day, I obeyed. It was exciting to be sitting bare-assed in a car next to a fully dressed friend. My breathing quickened even more as Ricky's hands began rubbing my body—caressing the pecs, pulling on my nipples, stroking my ridged stomach and then massaging my genitals. He spread my thighs and began working my excess cock flesh back and forth over the head. Immediately, my dick began rising. Ricky bent down and before I knew it, his wet mouth took in my meat all the way to the pubic in one big gulp.

I like to have fainted. I'd heard about "blow-jobs" but I thought they were something you might find in a big city—not in cowdab dead Burneysville. I gasped and whimpered as Ricky's firm lips moved relentlessly up and down, pausing now and then to work his tongue deep into my slit. I was astonished at how wonderful it felt, and how skilled Ricky was.

I began raising my hips a little in preparation for my ejaculation because I knew it would be a powerful one. I cried out as the sperm blew out into Ricky's mouth. He stopped sucking to swallow it and I got almost embarrassed at how long my orgasm went on. I could hear him gulping to swallow it all.

"Don't stop," I asked him. "Do it as long as you want to."

He nodded and I don't know how much longer we parked there, with the only sounds those of Ricky's wet slurping and my steady breathing and feeling like I'd died and gone to heaven.

* * *

I had been dreading my two public jerk-offs, but they proved easier than expected. In the Science room, Ricky and I sat at the back of the class, away from everybody, while old Mr. Thornton droned on about amoebas. I pulled out my cock, and, as Ricky watched, rubbed the exposed head against the rough underside of the desk top. Quickly I grew hard. My right hand held a big clump of toilet paper and it was into this that I dumped my first public load. I handed it to Ricky who examined it and seemed satisfied.

The next assignment was going to be harder, but again, my buddies, the Killer Cocks, helped me out. They crowded around me in a corner of the jammed hallway during recess. Anybody

looking at us would have thought we were like any other group of guys, laughing and talking and snapping gum.

From beneath his jacket, though, Ricky pulled out his Ejaculator and placed it in front of my crotch. I pulled out my prick and stuffed it into the smooth, caressing interior. Without moving his shoulders, Ricky began jerking me off right there. I managed to keep babbling about sports and when I shot, I gulped, closed my eyes briefly and hastily zipped up. Outside, we examined the interior of the Ejaculator so they could see proof of my masculinity. They were impressed.

"You need to open a dairy farm, Bill," laughed Vernon. Ricky then ordered me to give my meat a rest for a week. Sex Night—when I would prove I was worthy of being a Killer Cock—would be held on Friday. I would need every ounce of energy I possessed to emerge as a genuine K.C.

★ ★ ★

When I entered the clubhouse that Friday night, I was as nervous as if I were playing my first football game. A red light cast an eerie glow over the small room. On the floor was a large rubber mat. The K.C.'s greeted me warmly and handed me a cold beer. After a few minutes, Ricky announced: "Okay, let's strip and get started."

After we undressed, he told me again that if there was anything I didn't want to do, I was free to leave—but I could never return. I had to prove to them that I was completely free with my body and I had no inhibitions. I nodded my understanding and then stretched out on my back on the mat.

Immediately, they swarmed over me, as if starved for this moment. It was exhilarating to know that I was so hotly desired by these handsome boys—and that my body was such an obvious turn-on to them.

Ricky grabbed my genitals, yanked down my foreskin, and began sucking my prick so strenuously that his suction and hands lifted my ass slightly off the ground with each movement. Vernon gobbled at my nipples while Larry licked my toes like they were miniature penises. Naturally, I was stiff in no time and blew my seed into Ricky's mouth.

He commanded me to get on my knees and fuck Vernon. I had trouble at first pushing the fat tip of my dick into his rec-

tum, but eventually it slid in and I was amazed at how good and tight it felt. Vernon squeezed his rectal muscles, causing my meat to surge and swell as I fucked him. While doing this, Ricky and then Larry got in front of Vernon and sucked him. That kid was going wild.

After a beer break, Ricky said it was time I was fucked. Considering all the cucumbers I had practiced with, it was no big problem when Larry stuffed his dork up into me. It was a wonderful sensation—to be screwed by a man's dick and not a cold vegetable.

At dawn, my buddies all insisted on blowing me. I stretched out and spread my thighs, and Ricky started the blow-job off. After he got me hard, he gave my wet prick to Vernon who sucked like crazy for a while and then he let Larry take over. Ricky, who had the best mouth, won my orgasm.

As I cradled all three boys in my arms and we drank a final beer, Ricky suddenly whooped: "Bill, ya made it! You're now a full-blown [they laughed at that] Killer Cock!"

We put on some Ruth Brown and Joe Turner records and drank and yelled and danced and acted crazy and it was one of the happiest nights of my life.

* * *

Over the next few months, my life changed for the better. Unlike most guys at Burneysville High, I had found a fantastic sexual outlet. While they had to be content beating off and just talking about sex, I was doing everything I wanted to.

Several times a week, I'd drop by the clubhouse and the other κ. c. 's were almost always there. It was like a fantasy world, split off from the dreary grayness of Burneysville. With the door locked, the curtains tightly drawn, we could do anything we wanted to without being whispered about.

We'd strip, put on rock 'n' roll records, get out the beer, and then think of some way of getting off. They never got tired of playing with my big, rubbery foreskin. They were all circumcised. They loved to stick their tips of their cocks into my prick covering and "fuck" it.

Vernon liked getting that beautiful butt of his worked on. While the others liked fucking him with dildoes, I got the bang out of screwing him. Ricky and Larry would watch silently as

my butt lunged and shivered as I humped that sexy farmboy.

All of us dated girls. But since there was virtually no chance of having sex with them, we turned to each other. Sometimes Ricky would take us to a drive-in in Charlotte which specialized in showing foreign films which featured half-naked women. We K.C.'s would strip, jerk off and cover our front window with jism. By the time we were ready to leave, we'd have to clean like crazy to get that sticky gunk off.

In the clubhouse one night, Ricky got out his watercolor set and painted clown faces on the heads of our cocks. Our slits looked like big mouths. It was a real hoot to watch those "lips" start drooling as we jerked our puds. And when we shot off, it was like the cock mouths were spewing out streams of cream.

And there was the night we came up with the Killer Cock theme song. You sang it to the tune of "At the Hop" by Danny and the Juniors. We howled with laughter as we bellowed:

*You can beat it, you can eat it,
You can squeeze it till it squishes
That's my cock!
You can hit it, you can bite it, you can
Jerk it, you can stomp it,
That's my cock!
It's the sex sensation, that's sweeping
the nation,
That's my cock!
Come on and suck my cock,
Oh, ba-beee . . .*

★ ★ ★

Before leaving for college that fall, Ricky named me King of the Killer Cocks. The others agreed. I was the biggest member and the horniest. I was *always* horny. When the others were exhausted, you could find me humping Mona, our ever-trusty doll, or fucking myself with a dildo.

At first, things went along as usual. Ricky was home almost every weekend from Guilford College and the clubhouse would rock with our wild times. There were no drugs back then and we never got roaring drunk—just a little bit high. It was actually all good, clean fun when I think about it. I brought in two new

members—Ronnie and Bruce. They were two husky, oversexed brothers who lived on a farm.

Like the others, they became obsessed with my foreskin and played with it constantly. They squabbled, too, over who was going to suck me off or fuck me first.

"Look," I'd drawl, "cool it. There's enough dick and ass for everybody. They ain't going no place."

After a while, though, Ricky began spending his weekends at college. After graduation from Burneysville High, Larry became a Bible salesman in Tennessee and found the Lord and eventually married and had four kids.

Vernon got a job in the Jiffy Used Car Lot and after a while he too married. I saw him a year ago when our visits to Burneysville just happened to coincide. I didn't recognize this fat, balding man with the red face. This was the man whose ass once gave me a hard-on. Now, it gave me an instant soft.

Ricky got into some kind of trouble at school. Drugs, booze and cheating on his exam. Somebody told me, though, he lives on a big estate in Florida with that mysterious father of his. I never could understand their relationship.

And I, too, fell into that Real Men Gotta Get Married syndrome. Betty was a girl I stayed married to for ten years. She was Queen of the Bimbos in my book. Sick of her and my job as high-school coach, I left and eventually got to New York. There, I became what I was destined to be. A gay muscleman.

So, if you see me coming, you'd better lock your zippers and protect your asses because it might mean an Attack of the Killer Cock.

Anybody out there want to take me on?

BIKE STUDS—CUT & UNCUT

I. "I Knelt Between Wes's Legs"

SO FAR, I'd only been fucked by two other guys in the Dirters beside Stud—Chuck and, on a dare, Bruce Parker—but now make that five in the club.

Guys suck cock better than chicks and I wanted to get a good blowjob the first time, so that's why I joined the Dirters bike club. Dirt bikers make for the best sex; that's what Stud says, and it's true. He's a member of the Dirters and got just about the biggest cock there is. He's just about the best friend I got, too.

After we got back from the trials on the v-E Day weekend, me and Chuck and Wes Simmons went with Stud to his place. Wes loves to get fucked as much as I do, so me and him wound up "bottom men"—that's what they call guys who get fucked in the Dirters. Stud fucked me and Chuck fucked Wes. They were the "top men." We all four fucked in the same bed. I thought for sure that it would break and fall down.

But it didn't and after a while Stud says "let's switch" to Chuck, and they did. Chuck mounted and fucked me and Stud fucked Wes. Stud fucked me again on the scatter rug beside the bed after Chuck and Wes had showered and gone out for some beer for another party.

Stud's real good at fucking. I've learned a lot about guys' bodies and sex and different ways to have sex from Stud. All he talks is just bikes and hot sex. All the guys do, and what I like is that they all treat me like I was in my early twenties like them and not the youngest in the club, eighteen, which I am. They all say I've got the smarts where it comes to sex and that I'm way beyond my years in what I know, like I am dirt biking.

About an hour later Chuck and Wes came back with the booze and brought Dave Laslovic along for an orgy. At first everyone sat around and drank beer and talked and joked and listened to records, but it wasn't long before one of the guys started to pass out on the sofa, so Stud asked me to put him to bed because I know how to handle drunks. (My Dad is a drunk and I've put him to bed lots.) So I did.

It was a good thing Stud had me lock the door while undressing him—then no one could have heard Dave telling me how good I was and for me to keep on sucking his cock. His shorts were sticking out from his hard-on, so I wasn't going to take them off, but he had started to slide them over his hips anyway, so I pulled them off, too. His cock was sticking up over his stomach and he began stroking it and held it up and asked me to suck it. This surprised me since most don't know what's happening, but Dave wanted it real bad, so I took his cock and started sucking. I made sure to tongue with lots of friction on the back of the head and licked all over the knob (you got to do that to guys like me who've been circumcised). Stud isn't—but I don't mind.

After a while, Dave pulled me off; he was almost ready to shoot but didn't want to yet. He told me to take off my clothes and I did. My cock was hard. Dave said what a nice cock I had and was I ever surprised when he lay on his side and moved down a little on the bed and had me get into a sixty-nine for sucking. Dave started sucking my cock and I started sucking his cock again. He knew just how to do me, too.

Dave's body and cock started giving me all the signals that he was going to cum and soon his body was twitching and jerking and he was shooting his load of cum into my throat. Dave kept on sucking my cock and his didn't even get soft in my mouth, even though I'd drunk every drop. I couldn't believe it, so I kept on sucking. I was feeling better and better like it always feels when you're getting sucked off and then shot my wad into Dave's throat.

After I unloaded, I told Dave my jaws were getting sort of tired, so he had me roll on my back and tilted my head up at a right angle on the pillows. He then knelt over me and slipped his cock into my mouth and began mouth-fucking me. I didn't gag once. Dave mouth-fucked me for a long time before his cock started pumping out its next wad of cum down my throat. He swore me to secrecy about what we had just done and said he'd just got into sex with guys a year ago, but that I was lucky to have started earlier and that he only wished he had started earlier. I told him it was natural for us to turn to each other for sex relief if we needed it—and if it feels good, then it is good.

It was after midnight and Dave wanted a beer, so he got out of

ed with his cock half-hard and went straight into the kitchen nude. Dave got me a Coke and we'd hardly finished when Wes came in. He's a trucker and drives for the local Transport and his body is in great shape from lifting all those cartons. Wes started stripping.

His cock was soft at first, but it started getting hard the second he took off his jockstrap. Wes has a big thick foreskin. It covers his knob all the way when he's soft and when his cock gets hard only a third of his knob pokes through the skin—not like Stud's cock where all the knob comes out of the skin and stays out while he's hard.

Wes started to stroke his uncut cock and asked how I'd like to nibble on it, maybe? I thought he was sort of joking 'cause instead of waiting for an answer, he turned off the light and crawled into the middle of the bed between Dave and me. At first we lay on our backs and stroked each other's hard cocks. Then Wes rolled over facing me and pressed our bodies together cock-to-cock and started talking real sexy in my ear about all the things he wanted me to do to his cock and foreskin with my mouth and lips and tongue and about how his balls were loaded with cream just for me. Dave was fumbling in the drawer of the nightstand and finally asked me where Stud kept the Vaseline. I told him it was under the head of the bed on his side.

(While Wes and Chuck were out for the beer, Stud had kept his cock in me on the rug after he'd cum and had jacked me off while it was softening in my ass. That's how the Vaseline got where it was.)

I got down and started sucking Wes's cock just like he asked me to, and I could sure tell when Dave started feeding his cock into Wes's ass. Every time Dave drove his cock up Wes's ass, it drove Wes's cock in and out of my throat. I kept sucking and Wes wasn't lying when he'd said he had a big load of cream for me. It was different sucking a cock with a long foreskin, but all I needed to do was some extra licking and tonguing. Wes moaned real low when he finally came in my mouth and thrashed around like mad on the bed with Dave's cock up his rear to heighten his orgasm. He and Dave are the same age as Stud, or thereabout.

Dave then got on top of Wes proper, after Wes had finished shooting down my throat, and fucked him hard up his ass. I was sort of just jacking off watching, when Wes tells me to fuck him

after Dave gets off. I was going to get the Vaseline for lube, but Wes said he was already lubed and opened enough from Dave's cum and cock and for me to just slip right in.

Wes was right, too. My cock went in smooth and easy and Wes's ass gave the tightest fit around my cut boner. I started fucking and Wes sure enjoyed it. He kept telling me how good my cock felt and to keep fucking him like he'd told Dave. It felt good to me, too, and Dave made it feel even better by massaging my thighs and balls and ass as I was fucking Wes to a terrific shoot-out. Then both Wes and Dave fucked me.

I guess we were having so much fun that it got Chuck and Stud into the act, 'cause they got undressed and joined in. Just like Stud said: guys love to come back for more when they fuck a nice clean ass. (Stud said for me to keep myself "totally clean" because guys enjoy fucking and that I should be ready whenever they want it—or when he wants it.) Like Stud said: a guy wants a tight fit around his cock for fucking, so lots of guys fuck ass instead of cunt 'cause it gives a better feel. Stud says my ass is the best fuck he's ever had, especially since he can get all eight inches in me to the hilt.

All five of us showered together in the bathroom and there was water all over the floor. Stud and Chuck were bone hard, so they went into the bedroom. Wes and Dave and I just sort of sat around nude in the living room while they fucked—only they couldn't at first because they couldn't find the lube. We'd just sat down a minute when Stud calls out from the bedroom, "Where the fuck did you fuckers hide the fuckin' Vaseline?" and Dave yells back, "Under the goddamn fuckin' headboard where you fuckin' left it, motherfucker." Everyone in the Dirters talks that way. But I like being with older guys.

I got up and put on a Supertramp album and got two beers and a Coke from the kitchen. I gave Dave his beer on the sofa and went over to Wes and he spread his legs apart on the armchair and told me to sit between them. He held his beer in his right hand and put his other arm around my waist and played with my cock and balls with his left hand. His cock and balls and crotch hair were pressed against my ass and I could feel Wes's cock getting hard behind me as we three started talking sex. Dave said he couldn't get it up again—that he already shot four loads. Wes said he'd just shot twice and could use another real

bad. I'd shot three times, counting before the party with Stud. Dave said I sure knew how to keep a guy from passing out!

I got up to turn the record over and we could hear Chuck and Stud fucking on the bed. It was a real turn-on.

When I got back to Wes, his legs were spread apart with his balls hanging down and his cock sticking up all hard with one-third of his knob poking out of his foreskin like before. He slid his ass forward on the chair so it was on the edge and his legs way apart and told me he had another load of cream "ready for delivery."

I knelt between Wes's legs and started giving him a blowjob. Only this time I had to use more action by bobbing my head up and down over his cock and holding his foreskin tight between my lips and slipping it all the way back and forth over his knob and giving his cock lots of tongue like he asked. A couple of times I got my head at just the right angle so I could slide his cock to the hilt down my throat. I can relax my throat like that for only about five seconds before I get all tight and have to get the cock out or I'll start to gag. Stud tells me I'm always getting better at it, though.

I pulled on Wes's balls for a little while, then Dave came over and sat on the chair arms with his big hard-on sticking up in Wes's face and his white ass and brown balls against mine. And Dave said he couldn't get it up again! Next thing I know, Wes is sliding lower in the chair and Dave's got one knee on each arm and he's mouth-fucking Wes—just like he'd mouth-fucked me in the bedroom. Wes closed his knees tight around me and started thrusting his cock into my mouth. It wasn't long before he was all tight and shuddering and his cream started spurting into me. Wes was right, he did have another big load. Dirt bikers have the best cream!

I sucked out the last drop from Wes's cock and then watched Dave's cock fucking Wes's mouth from underneath. I'd never seen fucking like that before.

About a minute after Dave had cum down Wes's throat, Stud and Chuck came out of the bedroom. They'd sure been fucking and sucking each other; both their cocks were soft and shiny. Stud likes fucking, but never gets fucked. He's strictly a "top man."

They both washed off in the bathroom, then Stud put some

frozen pizzas in the oven to cook. He asked us all to spend the night, but just me and Chuck did. I was really sleepy, so I put all the empties away after Dave and Wes got dressed and went home about two a.m. Then I went to bed myself, after Stud put fresh sheets on. Chuck told me I'd sure slept—as he thought for sure that he and Stud fucking again would have woke me up—but it didn't.

II. "Smitty Was Pissing Up My Ass"

WE HAD ANOTHER "long cock" at a club meeting last Saturday—that's where you line pennies up on a table and see which guy can push the most off with his hard cock. Stud won. He always wins. We all had hard cocks sticking out of our jeans and it was during the long cock that Smitty Parker came over to me and asked me if I liked his cock. I said yes and he asked if I'd like to feel it, so I took hold of it and did.

Smitty then asked me if I'd like to feel it better—like up that "cute tight little ass of mine" he'd heard so fucking much about from Stud and his brother. I said sure, so as soon as the long cock was over, we left. It was then I knew that Smitty was going to be the sixth guy in the Dirtsers to fuck me.

I didn't know where we were going, but Smitty drove to Stud's; I should have guessed. Smitty already had Stud's keys, so we went right into the bedroom and stripped. It was sure a good thing Stud had me douche before the meeting. Smitty went right to the nightstand drawer and took out the Vaseline and in no time had his cock and my hole ready for action. Smitty had a nice cock. It's cut and sticks almost straight out.

Smitty had me lie on my back to fuck face-to-face. He then got over me and positioned his cock just right and began pushing it in. It felt good, and Smitty kept telling me how good it felt to him, too. Then he did something that had never happened before. He started kissing me. Smitty pressed our open mouths together and began working his hot tongue all through my mouth and rubbing our tongues together. I never knew kissing was so nice. Now me and Stud do it every day after he gets off work.

After Smitty and I had kissed for a long time, he raised up on

his arms. His cock was still only halfway in and he said, "Ready to get fucked yet, kid?" I said yes, but he said not just yet—that I had to be "hosed out" first because he didn't like to fuck a pile of shit, as he put it. I didn't know what he meant, or I would have told him I'd already douched. "Here it comes, little fucker," he was suddenly saying to me all at once.

I didn't feel anything at first, but Smitty kept looking at his cock halfway in my ass and after a while I began to feel the pressure. Smitty was pissing up my ass! And did he ever let me have it—Smitty said he'd been saving up all evening for it and that his bladder was bursting full. He must have pissed a couple of quarts into me. Smitty held his cock in for a plug, and after three or four minutes pulled out while I kept my ass clamped tight. I got up real careful and went into the bathroom and got rid of it—me shitting out a guy's piss. I only hope Stud doesn't find out. Once was enough for me.

When I came back, Smitty fucked me good. He kept telling me what a great ass I had and that Stud was no liar when he said I was the best fuck in town. Smitty and Stud fuck alike. Big, long, hard thrusts using all the shaft. After he shot his wad up my ass, he held his cock in till it was soft.

Smitty then got up and washed and got a couple of beers from Stud's refrigerator—only I don't drink, so he drank both. We relaxed and talked and he kept telling me what a beautiful fuck I'd given him. But I already knew that fucking ass was better than fucking cunt and what a tight fit it gave around a guy's cock. Smitty said fucking his wife was like fucking a feather pillow. He said that before they had to get married she'd suck him off like she was dying of thirst, but now she won't. She won't even let him fuck her ass; that's dumb.

A half hour later, Smitty fucked me again. He said he likes long fucks when he's got a tight ass like mine to fuck. This time I lay on my stomach. And it was a long fuck, the longest I ever had. It was for over half an hour! I know I couldn't have done it if I was on my back. But on my stomach I can relax and enjoy all the nice friction from a hard cock fucking me. Smitty rode me easy till the very last few minutes, when he really threw it to me until he shot.

He relaxed on top of me, then after a little while said to me, "Hey, kid, remember those two fuckin' beers I drank... Well,

guess where they're fuckin' well going now?"

I didn't have to. Before I knew it, that familiar pressure was building up again in my bowel. Smitty was pissing up my ass!

YOUNG NUMBERS: CUT/UNCUT

I. Bodybuilder Enjoys College Gloryhole

I'M TWENTY-EIGHT, a bodybuilder and I run daily, so I'm in pretty damn good shape. Going for my master's degree right now at a big California university and work there too—it's convenient. But what I want to tell you about are some of my "extracurricular activities" on campus.

As you can imagine, this school is crawling with good-looking guys, and they are usually horny. I have fucked and sucked my way from one end of campus to the other, but my two favorite places are the locker room and a certain men's room in one of the main buildings. My practices may seem a bit "odd" to you, but they are pretty safe, which these days is important. Besides, I have a well-developed sense of fantasy.

The locker room is a voyeur's heaven. Of course, you have to be discreet, but a pair of sunglasses—always in season here in sunny California—comes in handy. These kids are very uptight about homosexuality and not much ever happens in the locker room. But a lot of them get hard-ons in the shower, and it can be an awesome (and frustrating) sight to see five or six jocks with huge boners, all wet and lathered up, checking out each other's equipment.

There's also the occasional puddle of jism on the toilets, which proves these kids do more than just look.

My trip in the locker room is to keep my eyes open for discarded pieces of clothing. The best time for this is at the end of the semester when the kids empty out their lockers, although I can luck out almost any time. The guys often toss their old athletic gear away, and the floor will yield up some beautiful trophies: imagine finding an old smelly pair of jockey shorts with piss and cum stains all up the front; Speedo swimtrunks all bulged out of shape by swimmers' dicks; and—best of all—a sweaty, stinking used jockstrap, brown and crusty in just the right places. When I find one of these tasty morsels I might jam it into my face and savor that musty man-smell, and maybe slide

my tongue over an especially creamy spot. But the ultimate thrill is getting naked and sliding that filthy jock or underwear onto my own thighs, and feeling my cock get hard and push up against the same spot where some jock's cock has nested. Talk about creaming in your jeans! I'll wear that sucker around all day and every once in a while rub my crotch and balls on it. Keeps a hard-on for hours!

The second place I was telling you about is where the action is (and the best place for wearing my little trophies). There are two stalls in this john and there used to be a contraption in the wall separating them which the janitor kept filled with paper toilet-seat covers. About six months ago someone (I don't know who, but he was a hero, in my book) destroyed the contraption so that now there is a big hole in the wall, about two feet wide and eighteen inches high. The world's biggest glory hole. Some of the straight kids will use their spit to paste up long strips of toilet paper if they want to shit or piss in privacy. A lot of them don't. But whoa, I'm getting ahead of myself.

One of the things I like best about this john is that for some reason (maybe because of the sexual vibes there), lots of the guys deliberately piss all over the toilet and the floor, sort of the way a tomcat pisses to mark its territory. No one ever flushes the pot, either. To me, it's great to walk into one of the stalls and find piss all over the toilet seat and the floor, and a few creamy turds floating in the water. I love to whip my pants down and sit right on that dripping seat. It feels wet and cold at first but it's such a turn-on. I'll play with myself while I'm waiting for someone to show up. The toilet lids are the kind that don't come all the way around in front—they're U-shaped so if you look down in between your legs you can see the porcelain. It's usually pretty gummy and pissy with pubic hairs stuck to it, and it feels so good to let my balls hang down and touch it while I stroke my shaft. When there's a puddle of piss on the floor I'll rub my foot around in it and imagine the hunk who aimed his meat straight down and deposited it there.

Sooner or later someone will come in. If they head for the urinal, which is out of my line of sight, I usually forget about it—maybe I'll move my foot a little so if they're interested they'll know I'm there. But since there's only one pisser, if someone comes in while it's being used they have to piss in the stall next

to mine. If you have never had the opportunity to watch, close up, a straight guy unzipping his jeans and whipping out his cock to piss, I can only say you're missing one of life's great sights. From about eighteen inches away and at eye level, the sight of a young tube-steak shooting out its golden stream of piss is beautiful, and the sound of that jet stream hitting the water is music to my ears.

Sometimes the guys realize they're being watched and give me a show. Seems like the jockier among them like to show off the most. They'll grab their dicks like thick hoses and piss all over everything in sight. I've watched them piss on the wall, the toilet, the floor, even the toilet paper! Then they'll turn toward me and slowly and teasingly squeeze out the last few drops for my viewing pleasure. Naturally quite a few of these turn into mutual grabbing. One of my biggest turn-ons (literally) in the voyeur department came when a black dude came in. He was real tall and whipped out his cock (eight inches limp, uncut) and I swear that dong was spurting piss before it cleared his shorts. It was still dribbling like a leaky hose when he stuffed it back in. I'd love to do that guy's laundry!

I guess the best sex I ever had there was a few weeks ago. This kid walked in and just stood there, didn't sit down. I could feel he was tense, uptight. I was sitting leaning forward with my elbows on my knees so I couldn't see very much, but gradually I worked myself into an upright position so I could see better through the hole. I could see him from his chest to his knees. He was wearing tight jeans, a T-shirt and a denim jacket, and was squeezing his crotch. The top button of his jeans was opened and the T-shirt was pulled up a little, revealing a flat, hard stomach. When he saw me checking him out he leaned over to see what I looked like. It really blew my mind because he was a kid I'd seen around all year. He was always playing frisbee in the quad wearing only cut-offs, real butch-looking with a perfect hard body and shaggy medium-length hair—the kind of healthy-looking kid that really turns me on. I guess he approved of me, too. He was real shy and nervous and at first he just stood there a bit beyond my reach, rubbing his crotch through his jeans and watching me stroke my cock. Gradually, though, he moved in closer. I unbuttoned his jeans and lowered them and his shorts to below his hips (he wouldn't do this himself).



His dick was real nice, only about six inches long but very fat, cut and with a large head. I started jerking him off. Slowly but surely his horniness (plus some dirty talk from yours truly) overcame his fear. I moved my other hand in between his legs and started playing with his balls. They were full and hard as rocks. I was squeezing them while continuing to jerk him off with my left hand. Then I moved toward his luscious ass. I found his hole with my index finger and began to rub it. He went wild! He pushed his jeans and shorts way down to his ankles and, hoisting his left foot up onto the toilet, bent his body way back and thrust his hips out toward me so that his crotch and cock were right in front of my face. I buried my face in his sweaty crotch and began licking it, and pushed my finger deeper into his hole, up to the second joint. It was incredibly silky and moist up there (my cock is getting real stiff as I write this) and I wriggled that finger around like a tongue. Meanwhile the head of his cock was red hot and the rim was about as hard as they get, and from his moans and *Oh yeah's* I knew he would shoot soon. I was really working my tongue and could smell the musty shit smell and feel the heat building up deep inside. All of a sudden he was spurting. I quickly brought my head up to watch. He was shooting streams of cum, a thick white gooeey spunk that didn't stop cumming. My hand was completely coated with it and it was all over my arm and his stomach and was dripping onto the floor, and still more cum was oozing out of the hole. He stayed still and moaned a little as I milked his stiff rod to get out the last drops. Eventually, though, he pulled himself away, cleaned up a little and split without a word. I used that warm fistful of cum to lather up my own cock and jerked myself off to an incredible orgasm as I replayed the scene in my head. I sure hope I run into that kid again soon!

II. "His Juice Shot Three Feet"

WHEN I WAS FOURTEEN, there was a boy my age who moved in down the street. From the first time I saw him I was enraptured. I was sitting alone under the pecan trees in our front yard one fall afternoon when he came by doing tricks on his bicycle. Wearing a purple football jersey and cut-offs, Richie

looked like he spent his spare time on gymnast routines. He was a little less than average in height but built solid with a prominent ass. He had a full mouth, brown hair, and a few tiny freckles under his big brown eyes. He skidded to a stop on his bike and introduced himself.

A few days later I called and asked him if he would like some company. He said sure but he would be washing his brother's car for a while. When I got to his house I couldn't believe what I saw. He was washing the car in a white bikini bathing suit. His butt was perfectly revealed and when he turned around to speak to me I could see a fat prick under the material. Though soft it was probably close to five inches. When I saw the glans outlined in the wet suit I had to pull out my shirttail to cover my stiff dick. I was hooked.

Now maybe you are wondering why all the excitement over a boy in a white speedo. These days it is not that unusual a sight. But in Texas in 1968, you would never find a boy standing outside in broad daylight in something that so closely resembled underwear. And as I look back, that is exactly what puzzles me about this boy.

Within weeks we became close friends, but Richie always went out of his way to guard against me seeing his naked cock or ass. Though I was only fourteen, I wondered even then why a boy whose appearance commanded lustful attention would seem so uncomfortable with his own body. Perhaps he was aware of the effect he was having on me.

I remember one afternoon after school Richie bought a pack of cigarettes and we sneaked around the back of the 7-11 to smoke. Though not a sexual act, the fact that we were involved in a private forbidden activity induced me into a state of strong arousal.

After a while I grew obsessed with the idea of making contact with his body. But I was too afraid to ask for what I wanted or to make an attempt at physical contact. Our group was always making fag jokes and the last thing I wanted was to be revealed to them.

One day I noticed his pubic hairs on his toilet and bathroom floor. I would collect them in pieces of tissue. On the few times we spent the night together, I would smell his skin and hair while he slept. One afternoon I was alone in his bathroom and

found a pair of dirty jockey underwear on the floor. They looked clean but when I smelled them on the inside front I got a good sample of what his dick and balls smelled like: a musky sweat smell tempered with the sweet smell of the Ivory soap he always used. I pulled down my pants and began to jack my big hard-on while taking in the wonderful odor. I then smelled where his asshole had pressed against the cotton and it drove me nuts. I looked down and my come was flying everywhere.

At this point I was feeling more bold. A year and half of fantasizing was enough. I wanted his dick in my mouth and my tongue up his ass. I made a comment about the bulge in his pants and if he thought he could make his girlfriend happy. One night we went into a house under construction to drink gin and tonic. He began to talk about a girl he knew who told him she liked boys with hairy dicks. He told her that his was hairy and big too. And of course he was telling me the same thing by relating the story. But I was still too worried about making a wrong move and too desperately horny to understand what he was doing.

He got up to piss and I followed. I tried to get a view of his cock but he turned away whenever I moved. I realize now that he was teasing me but I didn't see it then (the tease or the cock).

We were spending the larger part of our free time together and I wouldn't have had it any other way. It was difficult to always hide my feelings for Richie that went beyond friendship, but I felt successful at the dishonest skill. Every morning at 4:00 A.M. I would meet him so that he could help me throw my morning paper route. We would walk to a church where the papers were dropped off for us. If they were late, we would lie on our backs, side by side, looking up into the dark sky. One morning I moved my leg over so it touched his leg. I watched the bulge in his pants grow until he told me to stop with my leg. Like a fool, I did.

When we were seventeen, we went with three other friends to the beach at the gulf. After getting the motel room, Richie and I quickly but subtly chose the double bed in the only private bedroom. The other guys slept in the large living area. Our first night we got into bed in our underwear. I fell asleep with my body pressed against his and he didn't seem to mind. I awoke the night with a hard-on. I turned away from him and quietly

jacked off into a tissue. When I stopped, I heard a quiet tapping sound. It was Richie tapping his fingers on the mattress. He would tap three or four times and then stop. I tapped three times in response and it continued for several minutes. Finally he turned over and slept. I didn't know what this meant but I knew we were communicating in our own weird way and that the subject was sex.

We spent the next day on the beach drinking and getting tan. While the others got drunk and talked to girls, I found release for my acute horniness in one of the shower houses. He was about my age, blond and tall. He was standing half-hard under the shower spray. I took off my shorts and stood under the shower directly across from him. Now fully erect, he turned off his shower and walked behind a partition. I followed to find him with an incredible amount of clear pre-come oozing out of his engorged glans. Several times I watched it fall to the floor as we stood there playing with each other's cocks and assholes. After some sucking he asked if he could fuck me. I had never really been fucked before and I said no, but that didn't seem to bother him.

We sat there on a bench watching each other jack off. Then he began to tell me about a boy he had fucked there the day before. According to his story, the boy and his slightly younger brother came into the showers and stripped. The older brother noticed the blond boy's erection and then quickly got hard himself. When the younger brother finished the older one told him to go and he would meet up with him later and then the two of them began to mess around. Seeing that the story was getting me hot, he continued talking while he jacked off. "That kid was really ready. He sucked me for a long time and then got down on his knees with his hairless ass sticking up and told me it was all mine. I greased up with some suntan lotion, but it took a while to get in, it was so tight. It was also the smoothest fuck I ever had. While I was pumping him he began to whimper and cry. I stopped and pulled out but he begged me to put it back in and fuck him good."

After he told me this, he got down on the floor and asked me to spit on my cock and slip it in his hole. I did and it felt really good. It was the first time I had ever fucked someone and that combined with the story he had just told me had me coming

very quickly. He stood up and jacking himself said, "Watch this." His juice shot about three feet in long white strips.

When I got back, my friends were pretty well lit. Richie seemed pretty sober though, and when I spoke to him he wouldn't look at me. I wondered what was wrong with him but joined the others and forgot about it.

When we all got back to the motel, the others decided that they would go into town. Richie said he was feeling tired and I said I wanted to stay in and finish a book. I stayed up for an hour while Richie was in bed. I read and drank a big glass of rum and coke to work up some courage. The incident in the shower house had done nothing to diminish my strong feelings for Richie. After lying close to him for the past few nights, I felt like I had to make a move no matter what the risk.

I walked into the bedroom, took off all my clothes and got into bed. I lay there on my back for I don't know how long, my dick hard and straining and my balls aching. Richie turned over on his back and gently pushed the covers down. My heart raced as I looked over and saw that his fat cockhead had inched past the top of his underwear. My eyes had adjusted to the faint moonlight shining through the window and I looked up to see him looking into my eyes. He placed his hand on my prick and we fell together kissing and feeling each other's bodies. I came as I rubbed my dick against his leg but stayed hard. He slipped off his underwear and my mouth was all over his crotch, licking his balls and asshole and taking in that wonderful smell. I pulled his cock to my mouth and licked off the pre-come. It tasted sweet. As I sucked on the bulb, he began to shake as if he were cold. I asked him if he were okay and he said "You just feel so good." We got into a sixty-nine and he began to fuck my mouth. As he pumped he moaned loudly. I took it down my throat and this drove him crazy. It wasn't easy because it was about seven inches long and very thick. But his cock was as smooth as a little boy's. He said "It's about to do it," and then he came into my mouth.

He got up and I followed him into the bathroom and watched him piss. Richie's cockhead was large and defined. The back edge of the glans was sharp, making a truly bulbous head. As he finished pissing, I stooped down and sucked the head dry of its last few drops. He began to get hard again but looked down at

the floor and seemed withdrawn. I asked him what was wrong and he admitted he had followed me to the shower house and watched what I had done with the boy who was in there. He told me that he was bothered because he had wanted to get me into bed since he first met me and felt like I didn't like him. He also said that he had been afraid to try anything with me because I might reject him. I told him that I had been feeling the same way and we just shook our heads.

We went back to the bed and Richie asked if he could fuck me. I couldn't say no. At that point I would have done anything he asked. He tried to put it in without lubrication but I told him to put some lotion on it first. He smiled and complied. I laughed at him because he had obviously never fucked a boy before. He was very careful whenever he sensed me feeling any pain, but before long it was in all the way. He started out moving it back and forth only an inch or so and then went on to fucking the full length by pulling his cock just slightly out of my butt and then sliding back in. He began breathing heavily and moving his hips faster up and down. I started to jack off and he pushed my hand away and replaced it with his. He said it felt better than screwing a girl. I felt his tight thighs and backside as he pumped away. His face turned red and his eyes stared into mine as he came. He pulled his dick out then got mine in his mouth and sucked me off. We rested awhile and then we would start feeling each other again. He had me lie on my stomach while he slowly licked and sucked the backs of my legs, moving up to my asshole. He then began eating my ass out while he jacked himself. After doing that awhile he put more lotion on himself and fucked me again.

We didn't get much sleep that night but were not at all tired the next day. We even volunteered to get lunch the next day on the beach and snuck back to the room and sucked each other off. It was crazy that we had not taken advantage of each other for three years, but we made the most out of the last one before I went off to college and Richie started dating girls again. The last I heard of him he was married to a heavy and physically unattractive woman. I think I'll give him a call the next time I'm in town.

III. Fucked by the School Quarterback

T. R. BRAY

IN MY SOPHOMORE YEAR of high school I lost my virginity to the star quarterback of the school football team. It all happened so fast and unexpectedly, I felt dazed and the vividness of that experience will never fade in my memory.

I was what they called "sideline boy" for my school football team. This simply involves collecting the gear, and after the guys had finished showering I would collect their dirty towels and uniforms for cleaning.

It happened on a Monday after practice. As usual, the football team and I were in the locker room. I sat on the bench waiting for the guys to finish their showers, when he walked in. His name was Ryan and he had the most gorgeous body I have ever seen. He was approximately six feet tall and weighed about 190 pounds. He had dark brown hair which seemed to cover every inch of his marvelous body. His shoulders and arms were just ripples and masses of muscle and his stomach, like his two pecs, was round and hard.

But that wasn't the part of his body that fascinated me so. It was his cut cock which dangled for at least six inches even when he didn't have a hard-on. Of course, I observed all of this—at least I thought at the time—very discreetly, without anyone noticing my sweeping eyes.

When the last of the jocks had finished showering and I had gotten all the towels and uniforms together, I went into the stalls to start turning the running water off. That's when I heard the deeply masculine voice whisper my name from behind. It was very distinct and very quiet. Gulping and sucking in air, I spun around and there stood Ryan, naked and dripping wet.

All I could do was stare into his blue-green eyes and try to conceal the bulge which was growing in my pants. He was the first to speak.

"I see you watching me in the locker room all the time."

Oh, damn, I thought. He is going to beat the shit out of me right now, right here in the shower stalls! Kill the queer!

"Do you like what you see?"

The question was obviously rhetorical.

"Why don't you come on over here, kid, and we'll see what we can figure out."

I couldn't believe my ears! I still didn't say a word. With trembling legs and faint head, I slowly walked over to this beautiful stud.

He stared at me for a minute and then told me to take off all my clothes. After I had this finished, he told me to turn around and bend over. Expecting his huge cock to go right up my ass, I was surprised when he plunged his big tongue in my hole. He was tongue-fucking me and biting my ass cheeks savagely. It felt incredible.

Suddenly, he pulled his tongue out and stood up. At the same time he spun me around to face him and he descended again. This time he began to lick my cock head and his hand was squeezing my balls at the same time. Finally, his entire mouth went over my cock and he began to move up and down on me. In less than a minute I could take no more; my balls clenched and my guts gushed deep inside his throat.

He took his mouth away from my cock and stood up.

"Now, why don't you do the same for me, kid?"

I was more than happy to oblige him as I went down on him. I was not as skilled as he, and I was a little nervous about what to do. I took his member in my mouth.

"That's it," he said. "Now move up and down on it. You've got it."

I did as he said and my nervousness slipped away. That wasn't the only thing that was slipping! My mouth was moving very quickly now without any friction.

"Oh, you're good, kid," he moaned. "Damn good. Don't suck it off though. I wanna fuck that beautiful ass of yours."

I grunted my approval. I took my mouth off his dick and turned around and spread my cheeks as far as possible. He pressed the head of his cock to my ass opening and shoved it in as far as possible. At first there was a tremendous burning, but this burning quickly turned to a wild ecstasy and I began to rock with him as he pumped me.

In less than five minutes, he shoved his pole as hard as he could and his cum exploded deep inside me. He continued to

fuck me until he was totally emptied. He then pulled out of me and slapped me on the ass.

"Damn, kid, that was some bitching fuck!"

That was the last thing he ever said to me and I to him. That was also the first and only time we fucked together. But that's okay, because it was an experience I will never forget, and I don't think he will either.

IV. "He Pulled the Skin off His Cockhead"

DONN STANLEY

I GREW UP in the suburban area of Baltimore, where many of the old estates were subdivided in the late 1940s to meet the demand for new housing.

My father was an attorney and bought a two-acre plot from another member of his law firm who had grown up on the estate and still lived in the manor house, immediately behind our new home, with his wife and two sons, Edward, who was my age, and Richard, who was two years older.

The manor house had a tennis court behind it and was separated from the swimming pool by a summer house with deep verandas on each side and changing rooms for the pool, which was near the back of the property, giving it complete privacy from the house.

The long driveway was on the other side of the house and came to the back of the property to a five-stall carriage house, which they used as a garage. Attached to the far end of the carriage house was a small stable with a feed loft above. As they no longer had horses, their gardener used the stable for tools.

Surrounding the property was a tall hedge which gave them complete privacy. Near the stable I had found a slight break in the hedge which adjoined the back of our property and I used this path to visit Edward and Richard.

In 1953, the summer that I reached fourteen, I had my first sexual experience with another person. While I always left the house with swim trunks on and returned home that way, we usually swam nude, since that was the way my friends' father

liked to swim when he was able to join us, and he urged us to drop our swim suits also. He was the first man I had ever seen nude and while I tried not to be obvious, I looked long and hard at his manhood and those heavy balls (I was sure I would never grow so big!)

When Edward and Richard and I would lie beside the pool and talk about sex and who did we daydream about when we jacked off, I didn't tell them it was always their father I thought about.

That summer, a new gardener had come to work at the manor house. Tony was in his late twenties, short and stocky although not a bit fat, and spoke only a few words we could understand through his Italian accent. He usually worked shirtless and was deeply tanned, and while he wasn't handsome, he could have been considered good-looking, with his big friendly smile.

Edward and Richard and their mother left the first of July to spend a month at their summer cottage at Ocean City, and I felt lost. Their father explained it was all right for me to continue to swim in their pool, but only if Tony was working in the area of the pool, which was usually just before lunch. I felt funny that first day, swimming and lounging without trunks, as every time I would glance toward Tony he would be standing watching me with that big smile on his face.

When Tony disappeared in the direction of the tool shed at noon, I dried off, put my trunks on, and started home to eat the lunch my mother had left for me since she was working vacations for the law firm.

As I passed the back corner of the tool shed and stepped toward the break in the hedge, I noticed Tony standing in the doorway clad only in shoes and socks, relieving himself, one hand slowly milking his long, thick, uncircumcised cock. I had never seen one before that hadn't been cut and I stood, watching, until he looked up and saw me and flashed me a big sheepish grin. I hurried on home through the hedge, went directly to my bedroom, stretched out naked on the bed and jacked off, daydreaming about Tony and that big cock.

Next day, I went to the pool, took off my trunks, and swam and sunbathed as if nothing had happened, all the time aware that Tony was watching. But this morning I left before he did, climbed the ladder to the feed loft, and hid quietly. When Tony

came in he took off his trousers, went to the door and relieved himself, then came back, sat on a low box, spread his legs and began slowly moving his hand up and down his cock while eating his lunch from a lunchbox with his other hand. I was in a perfect spot for watching—lying face down in the loft and peering out so that his whole body was just about eight feet below me, yet he couldn't see me. I watched unnoticed and began learning about sex. I was fascinated watching him pull the skin back off his cockhead, then slide it forward again to completely cover it, then back and forth again and again until he moaned and shot more cum than I had ever seen into arcs in the air. I swear if I had been closer I would have reached out and touched him, and felt those big balls and pulled that skin back and forth on his cock.

He reached over and got one of the shovels, wedged the blade beneath the bottom of the stationary ladder to the loft so that the handle angled up about a foot and a half, greased the knob end with something from a bottle, and on all fours backed up until he made contact with the handle. Slowly he moved back until the knob disappeared, then began slowly humping back and forth. I was fascinated—I had never thought of doing anything like that before, but I was sure I was going to have to try it. I was reaching the point I was willing to try anything if no one ever knew about it.

Tony's humping grew faster and faster and he began to moan softly until all at once he pulled all the way off the handle, straightened up, and with only a few pumps of his fist shot another stream of cum. He pulled on his trousers, wiped the shovel handle with a rag, and left the stable. I hid low because I didn't know what would happen if he discovered me watching what he had done.

I climbed down the ladder and looked at the shovel, still wedged under the ladder. Slowly I slid my hand over the knob end of the handle, amazed at the warmth still there, then moved my hand back and forth like I had hold of his cock, until I knew that, no matter what, I had to have that shovel handle in my ass, just like he did.

I found the bottle he used to grease the handle, applied some generously, took off my trunks, and positioned myself in front of the handle. I moved back until I could feel the knob, wiggled

until I thought I was in the right position, then pushed back firmly. *My God!* I had never known such pain, and it didn't even begin to go in! I was determined if Tony could do it so could I.

Positioning myself again, I shoved back firmly and didn't give up. Still, only the tip end barely penetrated and I know I whimpered out loud.

All at once I was aware of Tony entering the door, and I knew that I was caught and that he would know that I had watched him do the same thing. I tried to scramble to my feet, but he was immediately on his knees beside me and holding me against his chest, all the time talking softly in Italian and stroking my back. When I relaxed, he worked his hand down to stroke my buttocks. I decided then and there that I would do anything he wanted me to do. He took the bottle with the lubricant, and worked it around my anus, first with one finger and then two stroking deeply. He applied more to the shovel handle and moved me into position again. He must have thought that if that is what I wanted he might as well help me do it the right way.

Still talking softly in Italian and stroking my ass, he urged me back onto the tip of the handle until the pain was intense and I began to protest. He shifted his arms until he had me around the hips, pulling me against the handle. The more I fought against the pain the more he pulled until I could feel it sliding as it entered me, farther, farther, until the heavier tip end of the shovel was all the way inside and my protesting sphincter was around the thinner part of the handle. I was impaled! Pulling it out was going to hurt as bad as putting it in, and I crouched there crying.

Tony stood up and took off his trousers. Kneeling back down beside me he hugged, cooed and stroked until I stopped crying and realized that I was just where I wanted to be when I was jacking off. He reached under me and began stroking my penis, which quickly became hard and tightened the pressure of my sphincter on the shovel handle, then slowly urged me forward so the handle came out almost to the tip, then firmly shoved me backward until it was fully embedded again, then slowly back and forth until the pain eased.

Leaving me still on the shovel handle he moved around to where he could kneel in front of me and taking my hand laid it on his cock. I couldn't believe the weight of his cock and balls and just let myself go, sliding his foreskin back and forth over

that big head, amazed at its slickness, and not protesting when he urged my head down and rubbed it on my lips and nose.

I had often heard of cocksuckers and used the term myself when I was with other boys to describe some mama's boy but I didn't really understand what I was talking about. Tony didn't force any action, letting me get used to the smell and taste of manflesh, and while it couldn't have been much of a blow-job, he must have enjoyed it as he came in my throat and nearly choked me.

Moving around behind me again, he began stroking my hips and ass, and once again began urging me to hump the shovel handle, at first at my slow pace and then picking up the pace. I couldn't fight against the pull of his strong arms and finally just stopped fighting against him altogether, letting him set the pace. With one strong forward push, he moved my hips so that the handle came totally out.

I collapsed forward, with my head on my arms and my ass still sticking up in the air, while he kept working my ass with his fingers. I didn't realize that he was adding more lubricant and that he had also lubricated his penis until I felt his arms around my hips again urging me back against his crotch.

And I thought the shovel handle hurt! I fought against him, but I was in a vulnerable position and in his grip. I cried and threatened to tell, but he couldn't understand—he probably thought I was telling him how great it was.

By the time he came, I had quit protesting and crying, and had adjusted to the size of his cock, but it still hurt. Where he had talked gentle and seemed friendly and considerate before, his hips pounded my ass and he fucked me with a vengeance. But when he was through and pulled his cock out, he was gentle again and used the rag to clean me up and held me against him gently and whispered in my ear in Italian. I sure didn't understand but I knew I had been sweet-talked. I couldn't have told on him since I'm not sure which one of us seduced the other.

When he used both his hands to make an extended, rounded stomach and said, "Wife make baby," I realized he had probably been going without sex, except for his hand and the shovel handle.

I put on my trunks, Tony dressed, and we left the stable without any further gestures. I thought that would end my

swimming every morning and that I could never come back over to visit Richard and Edward, because Tony would be there and somehow my friends would know what happened.

The next morning I stayed home, had a very painful bowel movement and a very sore ass. But the longer the morning went, the more I wanted to swim and show Tony that he was still only an immigrant gardener, not even circumcised at that, and that I came from a family that lived in a nice big home, and had friends who would let me use their pool when I wanted and was way too good to fuck around with anyone like him.

When I showed up at the pool, Tony was mowing grass and flashed me a big smile and had a relieved look on his face. I hardly gave him a glance, and dived into the pool with my trunks on, being very obvious about ignoring him. Make him suffer for what he did!

Just then I heard the mower hit something and Tony cried out and started limping. I went over to see what happened and if I could help. Whatever the mower had kicked up had broken the skin on his shin and he was bleeding. I put my arm around his waist and he put his arm around my shoulder so I could help him to the medicine kit in the tool shed. I realized that was the first time I had put my arm around him, how strong he felt, and how good it felt to have his arm around my shoulder.

When we got to the tool shed, he had to remove his trousers for me to doctor his leg, and as he wasn't wearing underwear, there it was again in all its glory. Tony actually seemed sheepish to be nude in front of me, but when I finished bandaging his leg I laid my hand on his flank and he smiled and grabbed me in a big bear-hug, laughing, then trying to get his hand inside my trunks. I stood up and removed the trunks and he put his hands on my ass cheeks and pulled me in close and began nibbling at my cock and balls. My first blow-job was as good as any I have received in the thirty years since and he did to me everything that he wanted me to do back to him as soon as he finished.

He wanted to fuck me again, but I would have none of that, as I was so sore I could hardly sit, so he greased his asshole and applied grease to my cock and I fucked him.

We met every morning after my swim at the tool shed. After three or four days my ass wasn't swollen and I finally let him screw me again. At this point, I totally loved Tony and would

do anything he wanted. He fucked me every day for the next month, and I would suck him at the drop of his pants and I loved playing with that long thick dick with the foreskin that fascinated me as it slid back and forth.

The month of July was over too quick and Edward and Richard returned home and it wasn't safe for me to meet Tony anymore. We went on vacation in August and when we returned home, Tony no longer worked for the Reynolds family. When I asked where he had gone and why, the boys were reluctant to talk about it, but one day Edward said his father had become upset day when Richard went to the tool shed and caught Tony putting his hand on Edward's crotch. They had not seen Tony since.

If that big dummy had just held out until I came home from vacation, I would have found a way for us to get together. I never developed a relationship with Edward or Richard, or anyone else until college, but I still had that shovel and my memories of that month with Tony. (I'm still partial to short, dark men with an accent, especially if they aren't circumcised and have a nice thick foreskin that slides back and forth so nice.)

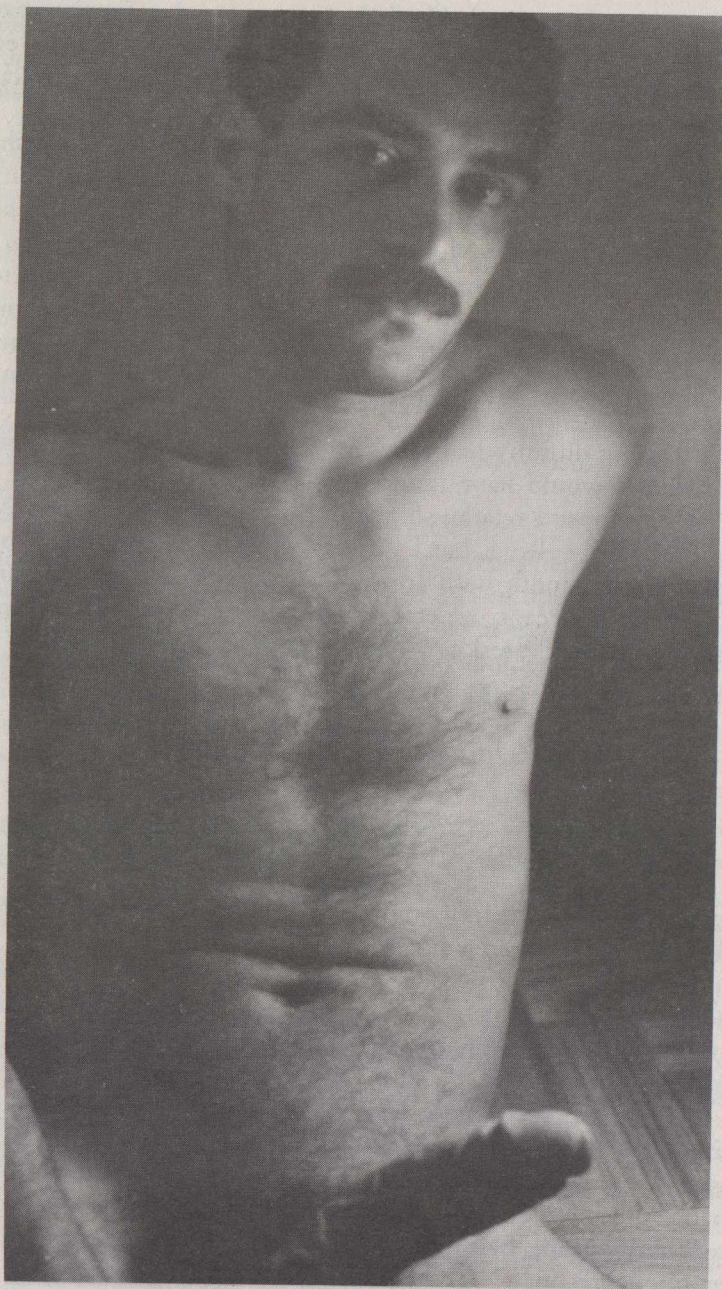
V. Iowan's First Butt-Fuck

MIKE QUICK

THIS TRUE ACCOUNT is about the first time I ever got fucked. Growing up in a small Iowa town didn't make it easy to find what I knew I needed. I played around with one of my older brothers and practiced cocksucking with a couple of my cousins who were about my age. I was about fifteen or sixteen at the time.

As soon as I was sixteen and had my driver's license, I would drive into a larger town on Saturday afternoons to try and find what I was constantly craving—sexual attention from an older man. I'd usually end up driving around town, checking out the mall and coming home with whatever dirty magazine I could get my hands on.

One Saturday afternoon, I lucked out. I had discovered that



one of the johns at the only shopping mall in the town I did my hunting in, was a hangout for guys who liked guys. I caught on to the foot-tapping and coughing signals and spent a lot of time stroking a big cock or getting my own stroked under the stall partition. On that lucky day, I had my hand wrapped around a nice thick piece of meat when a note suddenly appeared. I let go of the cock and read the note. It asked if I wanted to go to his place and have some fun. I was so horny that seconds after I had flashed him the okay sign, I was following him across town to his house.

He was about thirty-five, only about five feet six inches tall or so, tight, muscular body, curly brown hair on his head and chest, and had a beautiful, thick cock about seven inches long with a big head. He led me into his bedroom as soon as we walked into the house. We both stripped down and I can remember his rough hands feeling so good against my smooth skin.

He lay down on his back on the bed with his legs spread wide. I eagerly crawled between those hairy, muscular legs and grabbed his thick meat at the base. I stroked one hand up and down that warm cock and ran the other hand through his thick crotch hair and down to his big, low-hanging balls. With the experience of sucking my cousins' cocks behind me, I didn't hesitate to drop my head into his crotch and start sucking his hard-on. I kept one hand at the bottom of his prick and sucked and licked on the oversized head and first couple of inches. I knew there was no way I was going to be able to take the whole thing into my hungry mouth. I could hear his appreciative moans and groans, and as I continued licking and sucking his cockmeat, he ran his hands through my hair and down to my shoulders and back.

"You've done this before, haven't ya?" he asked, already knowing the answer.

"Yeah, I have. But not with a cock that I liked as much as yours."

"That's one fine-lookin' butt you got there. Have you done anything with that yet?"

I told him I hadn't and that seemed to get him really excited. He pushed my mouth back onto his cock and bent over me more so he could run his hand over my ass cheeks. He gently slapped my butt a few times, and after hearing me moan and

seeing me squirm my ass around for more, suggested we "break in that butthole."

I was so turned on from just sucking that hot cock of his, I was ready for anything. I had been jacking off a lot lately thinking about taking a cock up my ass and I was glad that it was going to happen. He lifted me away from his dick and crawled out from beneath me. I started to move, but he told me to stay lying on my belly. I watched him reach inside the drawer of the table beside his bed and pull out a jar of Vaseline. I couldn't take my eyes off his prick as he greased it from top to bottom, making every inch of it shine. I could feel his fingers, covered with more grease, slipping between the cheeks of my butt and into my tight hole. He slowly worked first one finger and then another up inside my ass.

"Think you're ready for it now?"

"As ready as I'll ever be."

"Okay. I'm gonna take it slow and easy. Relax and give me that cherry."

I thought I was relaxing until that first jab of pain hit. He had just started working the big head of his prick inside my tight asshole and I thought he was trying to shove the wide end of a bat up my butthole! After what seemed like an hour, he had finally coaxed me into taking every fuckin' inch of his fat cock. I didn't think I was going to be able to, but I didn't want to chicken out either. I felt like I was being fucked into the bed, but he was still taking it easy on me and had eased that piece of meat of his into me as slowly and as painlessly as he could. I finally was getting buttfucked! After he let me get used to the feeling of being so full of his cock, he started pumping in and out of me. I soon realized the worst part of getting fucked was getting the damn thing in my ass; once it was there and started sliding in and out, it felt real good. I was hooked! His strokes started out long and slow but then he switched to short and fast and then to deep and hard. After I had a chance to compare his fucking style to that of other men I welcomed into my ass, I realized this guy knew how to fuck! I don't know how long he fucked my butt, but at a certain point I started fucking back. He was humping and riding my ass and I was humpin' and givin' him a ride in return. Somewhere along the hot fuck I can remember asking him to cum inside me so I could feel him shoot.

"I've already dumped two loads inside ya."

I thought I'd be able to feel it squirting inside my ass. We had been fucking for a long time and I was still lovin' every stroke and screw he was giving me. He must have been likin' it too, since he had shot twice already and was working on number three. The sweat was dripping off of him and I was stuck to the bed. And I was in hog heaven when he shot that last load with a shove and a grunt that let me know I had gotten all he had to give.

I can't even remember if I popped my wad or not. Didn't matter; he had given me exactly what I wanted. And I couldn't have asked for a better first fuck.

VI. Priest Has Bull Balls

MY FIRST SEX EXPERIENCE with an adult occurred during a summer camping trip. My parents had rented a cottage located on a lake and as I remember it was a really hot summer. I was eighteen and inexperienced other than jerking off by myself. Although I knew I was different from my friends, I had never approached another man for sex. One day at camp, my mother announced she had invited our parish priest to spend a day with us at camp, and instructed me to make sure he enjoyed the day, and to show him various points of interest around the lake. I judged him to be in his early thirties. While he had always been friendly at church, I had never really been alone in his company. He arrived about nine a.m. and after breakfast I proceeded to show him around the lake.

After lunch I suggested going across the lake to a beach where we could climb some steep bluffs and get a beautiful view of the lake and surrounding area. He was very eager to go. After landing and pulling the boat ashore, we climbed up the trail to the top of the bluff. Upon reaching the top, we were very warm and sweaty, so we removed our shirts to cool off. I nearly creamed my pants when he removed his shirt. His chest was covered in black, curly hair which extended to below his waist. I got a hard-on right away, and had to cover my crotch with my shirt before he saw my boner. We talked about the view, the enjoyment of camping, and being able to enjoy nature, and

finally I suggested starting down. Just before we left he decided to have a leak. He pulled his cock out and pissed. I didn't know whether to go ahead or wait so decided to wait and furtively looked at him as he pissed. When he was done, he gave his cock a few pulls, and I could see it start to swell. I looked up and saw him looking at me with a half-smile on his face. I had started to harden again, and I know he could see the bulge in my pants. He said nothing, put his cock in his pants, and we proceeded down the trail.

When we got to the beach, he suggested a swim, and I pointed out that we had not brought bathing suits. He said, "So what, let's skinnydip—I won't tell if you don't." So we stripped. I was in heaven when I saw him naked; he was covered in black curly hair from top to bottom. He suggested we dive between each other's legs, and so I stood in the water with my legs apart. He dove between my legs, and I felt his hand brush my balls as he passed through. On the return pass I felt his hands feel my ass, and then as he surfaced in front of me I felt his hand bump against my cock, which was rock hard. I was surprised and to cover my confusion I said it was my turn to dive and under I went. I dove between his legs and there before my eyes hung two bull balls. I had to feel them and so I grabbed them in my hands as I passed through and on the return pass grabbed them again, and as I surfaced, to my relief he was smiling. As I stood up he reached for my cock with one hand and put his arm around me and pulled me to him. As he drew me to him, I reached down and felt for his cock which was sticking out stiff as a board. He tilted my chin up and lowered his mouth over mine and pushed his tongue into my mouth. I could not believe this was happening to me—my first kiss from another man. I was unable to control myself and my cock exploded and I came all over his hand.

We went ashore and lay down on the sand, and he tongued me from head to toe. I nearly came again when he took my cock into his mouth and started to suck on it. I finally pulled my cock out of his mouth, kissed him passionately, sucked on his tongue, and then licked my way down his chest to his cock which was about five and a half inches long and two inches wide. I was in heaven when I took him in my mouth. Despite being somewhat clumsy in my first attempt at sucking a cock, I

could tell by his moans that he was enjoying my attempts. His cock suddenly swelled in my mouth, and then he flooded my mouth with a heavy load of sweet juice. I gagged at first but quickly swallowed spurt after spurt of his juice and enjoyed the bittersweet taste of his cum.

We lay on the beach for a while and he then laid me on my back and asked me to fuck him in the ass. I told him I had never done it before, and he said he would show me how it was done. He straddled me and lowered his ass onto my cock. As he did so, I nearly came again when I felt the warm wet feel of his asshole gripping my cock. He rode my cock and I finally knew how good man-sex was. I flooded his ass with my load, and we finally cleaned up and headed back to camp. Needless to say, we enjoyed many more encounters in the next months.

VII. "I Raised His Legs and Mounted Him"

SEX WAS NO REAL PROBLEM to get on the University of Arkansas campus. There wasn't any obvious whoring going on, but one could always find a closet case to bed with. One of the best places to pick up a trick was to go to the Business Administration building in the evenings, and especially on Sundays. Roaming the halls and frequenting the restrooms usually produced somebody to take back to the dorm. One queen who lived on the same floor as me even got where he would conduct his own "punch," invite some hunky friends over, get them drunk, and then start making passes at everyone. At RD's (Fayetteville's only gay bar at the time), he would usually pick someone up.

It was walking back from RD's one night, in fact, that I had my first sexual encounter at age eighteen. I was going back to the dorm when this guy pulled up to the curb in his car and asked me if I'd like to go to his place for a drink. I said sure and once there I was offered alcohol and the action began. Come to find out the guy was a student-teacher at the University! He was a graduate student from Thailand and was about twenty-three years old or so, I'd guess. Basically cute.

At his apartment we both drank a beer and then started kissing, which soon developed into groping. We were both on the

floor and I began kissing him all over and started to take off his pants—more from what I perceived he expected and was expected of me, than, say, the precise speed at which I might like to have progressed. (I was scared, as it was my first time, but I took it as it came!) I pulled out his fully erect six-and-a-half-inch penis and began sucking on it. It was cut (which surprised me a little), thin and curved up toward his navel. He didn't have much pubic hair. We ended up naked on the floor before he realized he had a bedroom.

On the bed, "Don" got on top of me (which was no easy task, believe me, as I'm 210 pounds total) and we kissed and touched and he dry-humped me for a while, rubbing his penis against and between my thighs and then against my big belly. Once we had gotten a better feel for each other, he then got on the bottom and I got on top and I started tongue-kissing him all over, gradually working my way down to his dick. That dick became a sucker, I was on it so long. He shot one load for sure, maybe two, before I had satisfied myself somewhat with his yellow dong.

I then raised his legs and licked his butt. I mounted him, and in that position with his knees bent over my shoulders, I entered his ass with my hard Ft. Worth, TX-cut Southern prick and fucked him until I came. The very first time I had ever fucked. He seemed to get a real kick out of how my belly quivered back and forth over him as I pumped, too. After I unloaded, I sucked him off from then on until he gave me another load. We took a shower together afterward and then went to sleep with me cuddling up close to him on the bed. The next morning we went through the same routine and I enjoyed myself immensely. Since then, I've had about forty encounters—all of them pleasant, but short.

I have since left Arkansas and moved to San Francisco. As per your question: my first j/o was when I was thirteen. While in bed one evening, I decided to "experiment" and see what would happen. More happened than I expected and I totally enjoyed the feeling and sensation! I didn't feel any guilt at all. I've jerked off to the boys at school, the boys at summer church camp (top-bunk one night) and to some of the college guys I knew. Occasionally, I'll do it whenever I think about it. Nothing to me is more fulfilling than actual sex with a partner, but auto-

manipulation can be satisfying when alone. I find that I can place myself in situations that maybe I would never try in reality.

My wildest experience ever (so far, anyway) was a j/o fantasy which involved slave/master tendencies. I had just finished reading a hard-core book called *High School Hunk* and it had left me in an extremely horny mood. It was about this eighteen-year-old jock who was gay and who wanted to suck his two best friends' cocks. One day he was found out. His "friends" cornered him in the gym after school—they were all seniors—and did everything possible to him sexually, even golden showers! The jock was really turned on by it and slowly became his buddies' sex slave. They could make him suck their beautiful big cut cocks anytime. Usually I'm not into light s&m or domination, just bondage, but the more I thought about the jock and his "dilemma," the more excited I got. I was alone in bed and, believe it or not, I came six times within a two-hour period! It was totally wild! After one climax, I'd try to sleep, but I could still picture those beautiful young boys in my mind doing all those nasty things to each other and I would gradually lead up to another load. It was when I started to think about them doing things with *me* as their sex slave, forcing me to suck their bursting dicks and then filling me up with their sweet cum, that I got even hornier. Each time I would unload almost immediately.

It was after about the second or third time that I began to imagine the three jocks from the story tying me up to a large bar stool. One right after the other their hips would be pounding into my face as they took turns on me, one of them fucking me in the ass and another sucking on me from under the stool while I deep-throated their gorgeous boy-dicks in frenetic succession. My stomach flab was lying over the seat in this fantasy and those high-school guys were really making it jiggle and shake as they rode me from both ends and below. It would go on like this with each of them attacking me with their dripping insatiable cocks. I even had them spanking my fat butt at one point and me begging them not to stop, but to continue on ravishing me with their tight teen bodies. Every time I tried to sleep, I would get warm, tingling sensations throughout my naked body, radiating from my balls—almost like a "constant cum" feeling. It would be then that I knew I just had to shoot again. I had a box of Kleenex beside me on the bed and after the sixth time, I was

really tired—like I had swum for a solid hour non-stop. Only then did I eventually fall asleep. It hasn't happened since, but that "little" adventure really messed with my brain, though. I guess I just must have been in the right mood at the right time.

p.s.: My first sex here in the city took place about three days after I checked into the Embarcadero Y. I had gone to a theatre to watch a movie and a young kid—just barely legal, if you know what I mean—was standing by the ticket booth. He approached me and told me that he couldn't get in because he didn't have enough money and asked if I'd loan him what he needed to make up the difference. I did and we both paid for our tickets and went in. He was a tall thin skinny kid, about three or four years younger than me, and said he was from Canada. He had a cute accent and I believed him. Once inside, I told him that I was gay and asked him what he thought about getting a head job from a gay. He didn't care and said that he guessed it would be okay. I told him that it would be sort of like jacking off, but instead I would do it with my mouth.

The theatre was nearly empty and we took seats in the very back corner. We sat next to each other and the show began. After a while, I placed my hand over on the inside of his thigh and started lightly rubbing his crotch. I soon felt him harden and he spread his legs a little and slumped down in his seat, still watching the show. I made sure nobody was watching, then got up and sat on the floor between his legs facing him. My feet touched the back wall and my head was even with his zipper, which he had undone for me. I could tell that he was a little scared, as it was probably his first time in a theatre, but he threw his jacket over his lap so that I was hidden from anybody who might care to observe. I quickly sucked him off, got back into my seat and finished watching the movie, savoring his luscious boy-cum. He told me he was eighteen. Afterward, we parted company and I never saw him again. He wasn't very big at all and he was cut.

VIII. "Jerk Off for Your Coach"

I WENT TO ONE of the special science high schools in New York. At the time, only guys attended the school. During gym, I worked for the swim coach.

In our first year we had to pass a swimming test. They brought us down to the pool and made us strip. There were about sixty guys who had to undress. We were pretty embarrassed. This husky kid next to me dropped his shorts, but only after I pulled down mine. The guy's cock was short but his balls were large. He saw me looking at his dick and he looked at mine. We laughed about it. Most of the other guys were small.

The coach was a stocky Italian in his early fifties. He was built like a bull. He had a square chin and a big chest. He went over to a locker and undressed. I watched him lower his briefs and step out of them. I was scared that I'd get hard. Then he turned around and came over to us. He had a small dick that stood right out. He didn't try to cover up. He pulled on it and scratched his balls.

We stood naked by the pool. The coach made us line up side by side and face him. We had to stand with our arms behind our backs. He walked down the line, looking us over. The guy looked right at our dicks and even kidded one guy about the size of his. "If you're lucky, it'll get as big as mine," he said. We cracked up, because the coach had nothing to brag about. Then we had to swim laps.

We never wore bathing suits there, and the guy used any chance to get bareassed with us. He took his clothes off in front of us, and used the showers when we did. When he went to the bathroom, he stood back and put his hands on his hips as he pissed. He'd look down at himself and then at me. He joked about our streams. When he finished, he turned towards me and shook his dick. I faced him and shook mine.

One day the coach asked me to stick around after class. He wanted to show me some lessons for the non-swimmers. After everyone left, he came over. He just had a towel around his neck. He put his arm on my shoulder as we walked bareassed to the pool.

The coach stood next to me in the water as I floated on my

stomach. He balanced me by wrapping his arm around my waist, while his other hand held me up by my chest. As he adjusted his grip, I felt his hand pass over my dick. My body jerked. Then he asked me to try to balance him. I got one arm around his midsection, and one hand under his belly, but it didn't work. We switched positions so he could show me again.

This time, the coach's hand landed against my thigh. He re-adjusted his grip and put his hand right on my cock. "See how it's done?" he asked. When I said yes, he held my dick until it stiffened. He asked if I was ready to try it on him. Of course I was. We switched positions. I balanced the coach and ran my hand under his belly, very close to his cock. I asked him if that was right and he said, "A little lower." My hand found his cock and he said, "That's it." I closed my fist around the guy's dick and it got hard in my hand.

We climbed out of the pool. We were standing by the lockers, facing each other with hard-ons. He put his hand under my balls and played with my cock. I lifted his dick and rubbed his balls. They were small and hard. He pulled me close to him. His dick was right against mine. He asked me to play with his nipples. I put my hands on his chest and massaged his nipples. He moaned and his cock jerked up and down.

I told him to turn around. He stepped back, turned around, and stood with his hands on his hips. I grabbed his ass and squeezed it. He sighed. My hands spread his cheeks and I worked a finger in. He crouched down so I could get in better. Then he started jerking off. He turned to me and said, "Finish me off and I'll take care of you." He bent over so I could keep fingering him while he jerked off. He was soaked in sweat. Soon his body stiffened and he shot a huge load that spilled on the floor. He said, "Kid, that was great. Clean me up, okay?" I took a towel, wet it in the pool, and wiped his dick and balls.

He spread a towel out for me. He knelt down and played with my balls. Then he bent over and sucked on the head of my cock. His other hand rubbed my nipples. He stopped and said, "This is pretty good, huh?" My hand went between his legs and pulled on his soft cock. It was a great blow job. He wanted me to tell him when I was going to shoot. I squeezed his arm when I was near. He stood up and said, "Jerk off for your coach."

He stood there with his arms folded, watching me. My balls ached and I exploded quickly. He pulled me up and we washed each other off in the shower. His last words to me were, "Don't ever be embarrassed about this. We're men and we took care of each other."

BIG RED:

Trucker Has Enormous Tube of Uncut Meat

JASON FURY

WHEN I FIRST PLUGGED INTO the joys of trucker meat a year ago, I began hearing about Big Red. And since it was Nashville Eddie who showed this college kid what a driver of freight could throw at a hungry gobbler of dick, it was also he who first mentioned the name of this trucking legend. As the months passed and I heard other drivers mention the name of Big Red, he seemed more myth than reality. But I was to discover later just how real he was.

Nashville Eddie and I met at a rest stop on I-85 near Montgomery, Alabama. It was two in the morning. I was halfway drunk from too much beer and headed home from a wild weekend in Birmingham.

I was pissing out a six-pack of Bud at the urinal when this lanky, blond guy took his place beside me, yanking and tugging deep into his jeans. He pulled out a mass of glistening genitalia and continued to pull at them while pissing a stiff stream of golden water, until his pecker was standing at an ass-busting attention. "Whew!" he grinned, winking at me. "Riding my rig all night makes me just a little bit horny."

"You'd better let me get that fucker down before it explodes."

That's all it took to get us into the back of his huge truck. There was a mattress laid out, along with a big cooler of iced Bud, a stack of porno magazines, and all kinds of rubber "toys." We stripped, and Eddie had barely stepped out of his jeans before I was burying my head between his thighs. His dick was a perfect sucking cock: long, slender, and curved slightly upwards. It slid easily into my mouth and down past my tonsils. Quickly, I had it throbbing for blast-off. Within minutes, he was shooting his load into my stomach. Even while I was drinking it, he whimpered, "Stay on that fucker. That's only the beginning, man."

Through that wild night, I milked his sex teat nonstop, swal-

lowing what seemed like a quart of fresh Nashville cream. When he would shoot off, he would press his hands against my head, begging me to stay on it. When I wasn't sucking him, I would be sliding an enormous dildo into his hungry asshole. "Shove it deeper, man!" he moaned. "I can't feel nothing."

He seemed to really enjoy one rubber cock that was as thick as a loaf of salami. I was amazed how his butt-hole could stretch to that length since he was so thin. "Oh, man, now that's feeling good!"

Around dawn, he sank his prick up my ass. "You just gotta meet a friend of mine," he laughed softly. "Big Red. He's one helluva dude."

I begged Eddie to tell me more, and he did. Big Red was a half-Cherokee Indian. He was a huge, powerful mutherfucker who passed along that area a few times a year in his big rig. He didn't ball much. He was very particular about the guys he did it with. They had to be blond, for one thing. He loved blonds. They had to be young, have no inhibitions, love to deep throat, and have an ass starving for huge dick.

Eddie had been fucked by him a year before in the back of Big Red's truck. Afterwards, Eddie had to go to his doctor for asshole repairs. But it had left him stretched for bigger things.

"I've got to meet him," I said. I was blond, nineteen, and had trouble finding men I could deep throat. My ass was famous in Alabama for being able to handle anything short of a tree trunk. Eddie promised to line me up with his elusive friend.

Nashville Eddie and I got together almost every weekend after that, haunting the rest areas along the Interstate. Eddie began lining me up with some of his trucking buddies. Soon I was going from one truck to another all night long. They would be lined up, one behind the other in the parking lot of the rest stops. They were glad to see a real live cock gobbler whose ass was always eager for a good time.

I liked these guys. I had been used to college boys who really didn't have too much imagination or experience compared to these rig-rolling studs. The orgies we had were fantastic. I loved getting gang-banged by a dozen hot, sexed-up bulls. Eddie would hold my legs wide open while I lay on my back. Then he would encourage first one trucker and then another to come up and plug up my butt-hole. After my partner would finish, Eddie

would use a towel to dry my crack up. "Okay, who's next?" he would say.

Afterward, the guys would line up, and I would go from one to another one, sucking them dry. Several guys would get in line for a second or third time. They loved the way I ate their cock.

There was one particular trucker, Roy, a big, black dude with a cock like a crowbar, that Eddie liked to see fuck me. "I want him to really open your ass up for Big Red. You think Roy's hung. You ain't seen nothing until you see what a hung, fucking bull Big Red is."

One night Eddie called me up on the phone. Big Red had just driven into the rest stop. He wanted to meet me. Trembling with excitement, I promised Eddie I would be there in thirty minutes. I put on my briefest and tightest white shorts and a sleeveless blue T-shirt. My blond hair glowed and my golden tan looked luscious.

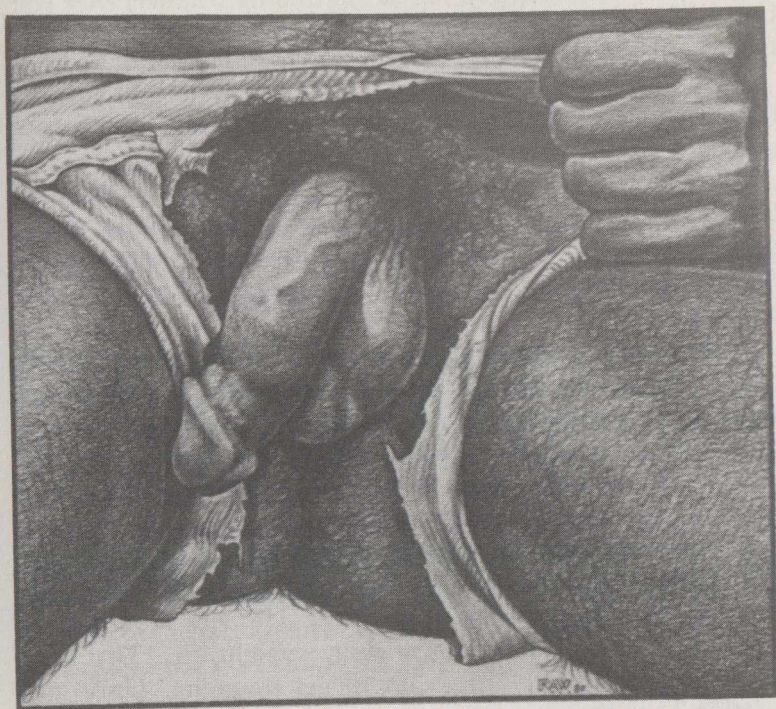
Eddie was waiting for me outside his truck. Smiling, he led me to another rig. This one was parked in a corner of the empty parking lot. Since it was dark, I could just make out a figure leaning against the rear of the vehicle, smoking a cigarette.

As I got nearer, I could see him better. Christ, he was a big mutherfucker. In the dusky twilight, I finally saw him close-up. His square face was that of a thug, a poet, a truck driver. A thick moustache did not hide the finely chiseled lips. Thinning black hair was slicked back into a small ponytail, and his blue flannel shirt was open halfway down his chest. He was hairy and sweaty.

He looked me over with an expert eye in just a quick glance. "How ya doin', good buddy?" he said softly. Jerking his head to his truck, he added, "Come on. Let's have some fun."

The back of his truck had been prepared for an encounter. Like most horny truckers, Big Red had a mattress laid out, a red light hanging down, a cooler of beer, and all kinds of sex toys.

"Take my clothes off," he said softly. He stood at well over six feet. I had to look up at him. His eyes were slits of green. I was nervous and fumbled with the buttons of his moist shirt. Clearly, Big Red found time to work out. His pectorals were huge, like swollen pillows of bronze. His nipples jutted out like pencil erasers, and his stomach was curved deep and sharply chiseled with muscles.



Eddie took his friend's shirt and neatly folded it. Next, I unbuckled my sex partner's belt buckle, pulled down the zipper, and tugged his pants down. Eddie helped me pull off the cowboy boots and then the jeans.

Big Red stood naked—except for a bulging, sweat-drenched jockstrap. With his hands on his hips, he waited for me to finish undressing him. I pulled down the strap. Out swung a cock that might have been a hand curled up in a fist. The foreskin was tied by a leather thong, and the glossy, olive-toned cock curved out from a thick bush of black hair.

I started to grab for it, but Big Red backed away. "Be patient, kid," he smiled. "You'll have all the cock you want. But first, I gotta get it ready for you."

All around us were boxes of vegetables. Big Red picked up a long, green squash, and punched a small hole in the end. Eddie held the vegetable still while his friend lowered his hips over it. Astonished, I watched him push the tip of his tied cock into the opening.

Eddie chuckled at my surprised look. "He's just getting ready like he always does before a lot of heavy fucking." Big Red was digging away at the hole in the squash with his fucker. I saw it bend double and strain as he finally worked an inch into the squash, then another. Soon, he was fucking it hard. Each time he plunged in and out, his ass would open and I saw a beautiful pink butt-hole. Finally, he plugged it up to the hilt. His huge balls touched the floor, and he pulled himself out. Now, lying on his back, he beckoned me to join him. His dick looked even more like a blown-up balloon sticking straight up. "That ain't hard yet. Just half full. Enough to get us going. Untie my foreskin."

He said he hadn't washed his cock off in a month. The only time he untied the cord around his foreskin was when he took a piss. He hadn't pissed all day. "I'm really hurting, man," he whispered, "but I wanted you to have it."

After I untied the thong, Eddie helped me slip the foreskin down until the head popped out. It was huge—an apple-sized tip ripe with unwashed juices and matter. The cock-slit was so taut from backed-up liquids that it was like a hungry mouth—wide and gaping.

"Start eating me," he whispered. "Don't be gentle now. Pre-

tend it's a chunk of steak. Don't worry about your teeth. It's a tough fucker."

I bit into it, and it was a succulent wad of meat. My tongue dipped deep into the slit and suddenly out poured what tasted like a gallon of piss. I drank it all. Big Red was writhing and gasping, his stomach muscles pumping in and out. "Oh, Jesus H. Christ! That feels good!"

This man had a sex muscle I had never seen before. With both my fists clamped around the center of it, there were still many inches left exposed. I stretched my mouth muscles to their widest and began gobbling my way to heaven. He pushed his hips up gently, forcing more dick into my mouth until it hit my tonsils.

"You having trouble?" he asked kindly. I nodded. Eddie came up from behind and raised my legs up in the air. Big Red put his hands on either side of my throat. Somehow, that relaxed my muscles and I could feel the enormous tube of male meat inching its way downward. Soon, my face was buried in his forest of pubic hair.

Now, my throat went wild. It began milking the swollen teat in steady motions. Red loved it. Sweat was dripping from his body. Eddie was naked, too, and he clamped metal pinchers on his friend's big titties. A long chain connected them.

My chin was cushioned by Red's swollen sac. I was squeezing and kneading his big balls like they were made of rubber. "Pull my chain," he whimpered.

I reached up and yanked at the chain which stretched his nipples out nearly an inch or more. Now I knew why they were so big and thick. As I was sucking and pulling on the tit chain, Eddie began inching his dick up my ass. I began eating Red's cock even more roughly—chewing on it, scratching it, squeezing his balls as hard as I could. Red was going wild. He was twisting and groaning and whimpering. "Man, it's coming up. I'm gonna bust out a load. Wanna see it?"

Without waiting for an answer, he began pulling his swollen pecker from out of my throat and mouth. By now, the tip had become a huge wad of swollen, red meat. He used his fists to begin whacking at it. Eddie and I watched, fascinated at this sight. Rarely have I seen a prick pounded as roughly as Red was whacking his. "Shit!" he yelled. "Here it blows!"

He held his peter like a runaway hose. It lobbed out thick streams of dick milk into the air. Even before it stopped pumping, Eddie had pulled out and raised my legs over my head. "Okay, Red," he grinned, "Bust his cherry."

Eddie spread my buns so my hole opened up. Big Red got on his knees and leaned over me. I felt the tip of his still dripping cock begin to work in. Eddie spread my cheeks even wider and pushed gobs of Vaseline jelly around the edges.

Big Red's arms were braced on either side of me. I reached up and grabbed his tit chain and began pulling on it as he inched in his bull dick. "Pull the fucking chain," he whispered. "Don't be gentle. Pull my fucking tits off. I want to plug up your ass and fuck your brains out."

I felt my hips spreading wider from the huge wad of meat moving in. Then he began fucking me in steady, violent strokes. But I loved it and urged him to do it deeper. Eddie pushed Big Red's ass so he could penetrate deeper.

An hour later, he was busting out his second big load, and I could feel his cream dripping out from my stretched, bruised asshole. But I wanted more. Big Red's ass-busting fuck had only tantalized me. He very eagerly fucked me again, even more violently, and when he finished Eddie took over. While Eddie was working over my ass, I had my face buried in Big Red's lap again. I had finally gotten the knack of how to eat his swollen wonder and this time I managed to deep throat without any need of assistance from anyone.

While taking a beer break, I began beating Big Red's cock. He lay back, smiling, as I worked my fists over his cock. Eddie, meanwhile, was twisting his buddy's loose sac around and around until it resembled a pink balloon. We were rewarded for our efforts by watching a fountain of cum blow upwards and settle down on the tops of our beer cans.

Toward dawn, Big Red had us tie his hands up to a pulley on the roof of the van. With another rope, we tied his feet wide apart so that he hung in mid-air, spread-eagled. He wanted us to bust open his ass. I found the biggest dildo I could from a box, and Eddie greased it up with Vaseline jelly. Together, we began working the end into Big Red's magnificent smooth butt. He moaned and cried and gibbered as his asshole stretched wider and wider from the arm-sized dildo. But he really loved every

minute of it. We knew that when he suddenly shot out a load that splattered our faces.

Afterwards, Eddie and I had great fun applying ointment and soothing lotions all over the nicks and bites on Big Red's big, sweating torso, from the tender nipples to the teethmarks on his prick and balls to the tender spots around his butt-hole.

I was so sexually satisfied that night that it wasn't until two nights later that I finally felt horny again. To my surprise, when I met Eddie in the parking lot at the rest area, he took me to a very familiar freight truck. Leaning against it was a huge, powerful figure. The square face with the green eyes lit up. "Hey, you ready for some fun?"

We see each other about every month now. He doesn't say much, but Eddie tells me I'm the only one in Big Red's life. He's telling the truth. Big Red always kept that leather thong tied around his foreskin.

He only removes it when he takes a piss. I know nobody else has had their mouth on that cock. All I've got to do to find out is to untie that thong, roll down the foreskin, and look at that cock head. It looks just like a prick tip that hasn't been washed in a month. And that's the way I want it.

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THE BOY SAID HE HAD BEEN
TO THE STORE AND HAD
Bought a few things
and was on his way home
when he saw a man
who looked like a
thief. He followed
him and saw him
put a bag into
a car. He called
the police and
they found the
bag. The man
was arrested.

SALES OFFICERS

THE SALES OFFICERS
WERE VERY BUSY
AND HAD TO
SELL A LOT OF
GOODS. THEY
WERE VERY
SUCCESSFUL
AND MADE
A LOT OF
MONEY. THE
CUSTOMERS
WERE VERY
HAPPY AND
THE SALES
WERE VERY
GOOD.

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

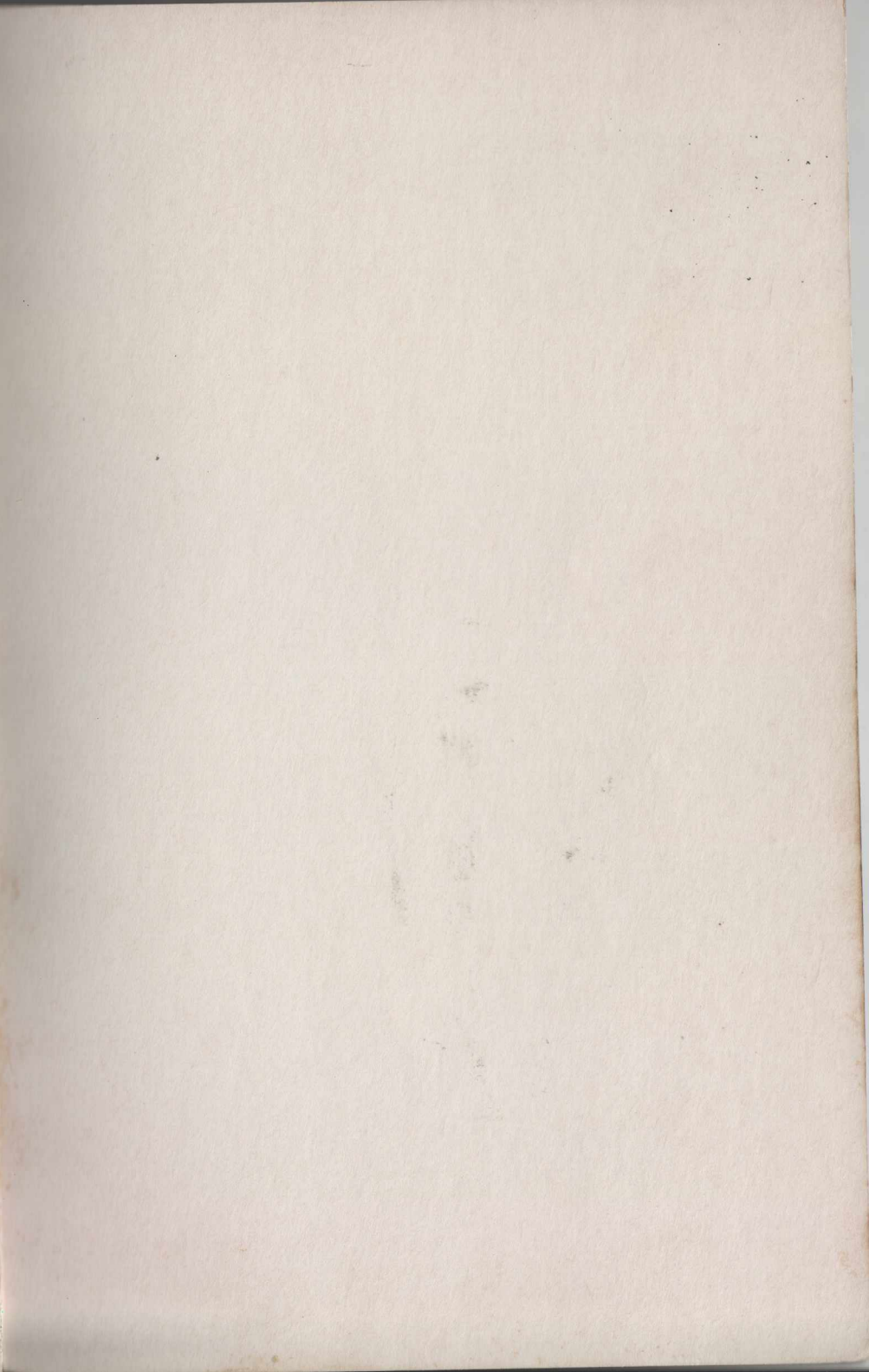
AIDS Risk Reduction Guidelines for Healthier Sex

As Recommended by New York Physicians for Human Rights

1. Know your partner, his state of health, his lifestyle and how many different sexual partners he has. If you enjoy being with a partner, see him again. The fewer different partners, the less your risk of acquiring a disease.
2. Engage in sex in a setting which is conducive to good hygiene. Be certain to wash any part of the body contacting the rectal area before contact with the mouth.
3. Both partners should shower together as part of foreplay to check for sores, swollen lymph glands, etc. which might not have been noticed by the other partner.
4. Kissing, cuddling, massaging and mutual masturbation have a very low risk of transmitting disease.
5. Exchanging certain body fluids has a higher risk of transmitting diseases. Swallowing semen, urine or feces increases your risk of acquiring a sexually transmitted disease. Oral sex when sores or cuts are present within the mouth has a high risk.
6. Rimming has an extremely high risk of transmitting disease except in a totally monogamous couple after examination by their health care provider.
7. Anal intercourse causes tiny tears in the anus through which germs from both partners can enter the body. A water-soluble lubricant helps reduce friction and tears and should be used even with a condom. Wearing a condom may reduce the risk of transmitting diseases between partners. Anal douching before or after sex increases the risk of acquiring an infection because it removes normal barriers to infections.
8. Fisting is extremely dangerous no matter what precautions are taken.
9. Urinating after sex may reduce your risk of acquiring some infections.
10. Reduce or eliminate the use of all street drugs, alcohol and marijuana, as studies have shown these may impair the body's immune system and your judgment.
11. Maintain your body's immune system by eating well, exercising and getting adequate rest. Cope with stress by learning relaxation techniques (yoga, self-hypnosis etc.). See your physician on a regular schedule to be checked for inapparent diseases.

Sex is an important part of our lives. We owe it to ourselves and to our partners to keep it as healthy (low risk) as we can.

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