



BLACK KNIGHT CLASSICS

ON THE FARM IN OLD MISSOURI

Farms are supposed to be the places where the facts of sex are observable from the animals. In this daring work, it is the human beings who act animalistic. A boy of 14 tells how his cousins and the country teenagers on a Missouri farm indoctrinate him into every homosexual act conceivable. The author assumes that boys from 13 to 18 in a rural or metropolitan area will gravitate to each other, middle-class heterosexual mores to the contrary. The 14-year-old boy falls in love with beautifully built farm boys directly in proportion to the size of their organs, and in this story, the horses have reason for envy. Luke, Mike and Matt each thoroughly debauch the boy. Matt's 10-inch organ splits an unfortunate Negro girl open but the boys seem to be able to handle what most ordinary females cannot, through their mouths and anuses. The competition for the young boy's services are stiff, to say the least. There is no parental interference on the farm, since no one over twenty has any real place in this most erotic, explicit and uninhibited story. Paragraph after paragraph describes in anatomical detail what sexual acts a boy of 14 is capable of performing with boys from 13 to 19. As a classic of underground homosexual erotica *On the Farm In Old Missouri* is as yet unsurpassed.



\$1.95

ON THE FARM IN OLD MISSOURI



BLACK KNIGHT CLASSICS

CLASSICS OF THE
HOMOSEXUAL
UNDERGROUND

ON THE FARM IN OLD MISSOURI



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Introduction

the meaning and value of homosexual underground literature

The word "pornographic" is one of the most misunderstood words in the English language. There are too many concepts and ideas, emotions and associations of ideas inherent in "pornography" for any clear definition to emerge. But we should not be frightened by this word, for it means many things to many people, but it is a very definite word. Let us think about it now.

The stories that follow this introduction would be called pornographic by most people. Pornographic literature has to do with literature that is intended to arouse sexual desire, to stimulate the sex instinct. It might be assumed by intelligent people that human sexual desire and the arousal of that desire would be considered good. But such, unfortunately, is not the case: the very fact that we have sexual feelings and thoughts is an acute source of embarrassment to many persons. There is, for them, the necessity to suppress these desires for the body of another.

Reason says that sex is a part of God's creation; human beings have this urge because it is given by God Himself. Therefore, it cannot be "bad," or "evil." But, again: reason is not abundant in the world or among human beings. We are creatures of irrationality as well as endowed with the capacity to reason. It is this terrible fact that makes pornographic or erotic literature the scapegoat for ignorance and prejudice.

Erotic literature, then, does nothing more or less than serve to arouse the sex instinct. How long has the world had such

literature and writings? The answer is: since the beginning of time. When we see the erotic drawings on a caveman's wall, we know that he, too, had the need to express his lust in terms of words and drawings. So, the urge is as old as man himself.

In every culture since the dawn of history, man has inscribed on any surface, flat or round, his sexual feelings. Pornographic literature has never been defined to the satisfaction of any two people. Disagreement is common; a common ground where jurists, lawyers, the public, the artist, the educator can meet does not exist and it never has. In the United States, as we approach the Seventies, there is a greater permissiveness and liberality toward erotic literature than ever before, but there is still great misunderstanding and persecution.

The publisher of homosexual literature has suffered greatly because of society's anxiety over the existence and propagation of this kind of writing and photographic and artistic depiction. The question is: why should homosexual erotica be any less valid or acceptable than hetero-

sexual erotica? Of course, reason clearly says that all erotica is *human*, and the fact that there may be less persons who happen to be homosexual than otherwise, does not serve as an excuse to condemn homosexual erotic writing.

In this collection of classic homosexual fiction, the purpose of publication is quite obvious: this kind of erotica deserves to be published and read and appreciated. Those persons who believe in the validity of writing which expresses and causes sexual interest and arousal will applaud the publication of this volume. Those who do not or cannot believe in the freedom of the human mind to express its sexual life in writing, will condemn this collection.

For many years these stories could not be published in the United States without fear of imprisonment and harrassment. Many of these stories have found their way into private hands and collectors. Many were smuggled from Paris and other underground sources. But the point is that these stories should have *always* been available precisely because there is nothing evil or wrong in them. The only

thing these homosexual classics did is to express genuine human, inverted experience in terms of fantasy.

Is human fantasy to be outlawed by the state or by the individual? Of course not. But this is a world in which the human mind and the works of literature that flow from the mind have always been harrassed and persecuted.

Let us think about the cultural background of pornography. The very word itself derives from the Greek word meaning "the writings of prostitutes." Unfortunately, most prostitutes are not especially literary or literate. We do not have many who either had the time or the talent to hand down to us a literature of their sexual experience. And if it is to be truth-telling, we might also sadly realize that the one element of pornography, that it be imaginative in order to be arousing to the reader, is largely missing in most prostitutes.

Perhaps because they would rather "do" than "write" explains their inability to take up pen and pad. Pornography is based on the sexual instincts of man, his sexual fantasies about himself. All cul-

tures in history have had a pornographic literature, whether open or in secret. This in itself proves that pornography or erotic literature is a necessary expression of human existence and creativity. That the law and the public often denies the validity of pornography only indicates the extent to which both the law and the people for whom it is supposed to serve are depraved, *not pornographic literature in itself.*

This introduction to our collection of classical homosexual literature is not meant to be didactic or "preach." Neither is it intended to be defensive of pornography or of homosexuality. It is meant to show the humanity behind all pornography and to assert the essential goodness of this particular kind of literature. If this constitutes a plea or a need of justification, so be it.

The ancient Greeks and Romans were masters of pornography. We have ample proof of that. This fact is natural: they loved the human body and respected the human mind. Fantasy, for them, was a good and gracious gift, a gift that separ-

ated the animals from man. In our own time and in our own country, America, we have gotten away from the Greek's respect for both mind and body. Our irrational attitudes toward pornography reveals our essential rejection of the Roman and Greek genius for life. It is toward respect for human life and its manifestation in homosexually oriented erotica that this volume is dedicated. If the problem of evil in this world seems to overwhelm us and distract us from the stories themselves, then this is further indication of our own rejection of human values.

The Romans and Greeks placed sensual pictures in their temples and bedrooms, which heightened their sexual activity. Remember, such literature and art is meant to excite, to arouse human desire. Even when the Church came to dominate the life of the Middle Ages, pornography still was being produced as part of the creative urge of man. Monks in their cloisters produced pornography which was enriched by the sense of evil and suppression which surrounded it. The mind of man was stimulated by the spirit of doom and suppression which characterized that time.

Many monks were known homosexuals. Their life together was often enriched by the so-called lewd stories they told to each other. Their erotic tales were singularly worshipful of men and of man's penis. The fantasies of homosexual pornography always necessitated organs which were prodigious, untiring and huge. How else could man be stimulated except by writing of the ideal, whether that ideal was grotesque or not?

Much of the pornographic writings done by the monks in the Middle Ages was burned in public ceremonies, but some was preserved by hard-working monks who, knowingly or not, preserved it for history.

During the Renaissance that followed the Dark or Middle Ages, literary figures such as Boccaccio, Chaucer, and Rabelais, used that most magnificent of man's inventions . . . the printing press. But the Reformation, spawned by Oliver Cromwell and Puritanism tried to put an end to the sheer sense of fun that those artists generated with their bawdy art. In 1661, Charles II, the "merry monarch" was crowned and pornography flourished

during his reign. This lasted two hundred years! Printed material became more abundant than ever before. So much was produced that most of it is now lost, so great was the abundance.

In 1969, we in America are living in a similar period in which erotic literature or pornography is again flourishing. Obviously, this is so because the people make it so. There is too much human creativity to be stifled by outmoded laws and repressive laws. Booksellers and publishers meet the need for erotica because there is a market for it. Some demented souls in positions of power, the Anthony Comstocks and censorial hacks, call this market exploitive and evil. They think the sex instinct itself is evil, something to be suppressed. Therefore, the writings and visual arts which have as their base the human sex instinct are in themselves evil to them. But the evil is in the one who sees human sexuality as evil; it is not and never has been in the sexual experience or the depictions in literature and art of that instinct.

Henri Toulouse Lautrec once was confronted by an enraged woman who com-

plained to him at one of his Paris exhibitions that a certain painting of his was pornographic. "Look at that man watching that voluptuous woman undress! And see those impressionable children also are exposed to her lewdness! I am ashamed for you, Monsieur Lautrec!" The artist reproached her: "Madame, how remarkably ignorant you are. The subject is a woman who is dressing in front of her own husband. Her children do not yet know that the human body is something that some evil persons want them to think evil. They are innocent. The woman is preparing herself for a birthday party for her youngest son. That is what my picture is about. Madame, I must ask you to stop looking at my pictures! I have always contended that evil people will see evil things."

The artist was rightly outraged. Even Lautrec's father saw his studies of Parisian night life in the famous Moulin Rouge as "obscene" and "indecent." It has taken the judgment of literary and art history to make plain that father's profound foolishness.

Western governments have always persecuted the public and the publisher of pornography. But pornography will not go away. Collections and volumes such as this one will be printed and will be bought, read, studied and appreciated because erotic art is *art*. The arousal of the sex instinct can exist alongside artistic considerations. This fact brings us to the subject of "redeeming social value." Most judgments in "obscenity" cases involve a legal definition of pornography as literature or visual matter "utterly devoid of redeeming social value." Such a definition betrays one misapprehension: even if there were such "redeeming social values" in erotica, or in a given book, photograph, carving or what-have-you . . . the very fact that the given allegedly obscene work arouses sexual stimulation and has that sole object as its function and result, does not and should not mean that the work is undesirable or unacceptable or to be outlawed. For we still hark back to the truth that human sexuality and all depictions of it are decent and honorable, not to be suppressed because they represent that which is both natural and good.

Still, the U. S. Supreme Court finds pornography to be a whipping boy and an excuse to persecute those who produce pornography. A Ralph Ginsberg is sentenced to prison for the *manner* in which he distributes and advertises his pornography or erotic works. "Pandering" of erotica suddenly becomes an evil thing when the truth is that all businessmen must "pander" their merchandise and make it desirable for customers to buy. An automobile manufacturer panders when he advertises a car in a photograph in which a beautiful girl is shown caressing a young man. It is the car that has led the girl to dispense her sexual favors to the car's owner. Buy a car like the one in the photograph and you, too, will get laid. This is the simple but unstated message which the automobile manufacturer gives. This, too, is pandering. What is the difference between that kind and the kind for which Mr. Ginsberg was sent to jail? Nothing. Ginsberg mails his Eros magazine from Intercourse, Pennsylvania and this is pandering! The absurdity, the total viciousness and hypocrisy of the thing is almost too obvious for comment, is it not?

These stories in this volume cause no one to degrade himself. If a man is stimulated by them, well and good. If he goes out and finds a male sexual partner after reading one of these tales, that proves only that the writing stimulated his imagination and desire. The point is: his sexual desire, inverted or "normal," is part and parcel of his humanity and cannot and should not be legislated out of existence by any censor, prude or literary sniper looking for "prurience."

Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart admitted that he could never succeed in intelligently defining what pornography is, but he adds somewhat ridiculously, "I know it when I see it."

Pornography, to be "obscene," and therefore prosecutable, must be, according to the most recent U. S. Supreme Court ruling, "prurient," or appealing to prurient interests; it must have "the leer of the sensualist" about it.

Analyze these strange criteria and you must reject them because they deny that pornography is acceptable merely because it arouses sexual lust. Fortunately for all those who sell or buy pornography

and erotica, these works not only arouse, they tell us about the world we live in, they identify attitudes, describe society, and represent human problems and aspirations. Pornography, and these stories in this volume, also suggest social injustices that need correction. These stories are not devoid of social importance, and they were not padded with "social significance" in order that they might be legitimately sold. They always had something important to say about the human condition, even while they also aroused and amused, titillated and stirred the human imagination, the sexual fantasy, the erotic appetite.

The man on the street will tell you that pornography is "sexy." He does not care that it is also educative or illustrative of man's imaginative flight through his sexual world. But the Puritan and the censor rejects sex and sex depiction except where his own sex life is involved. The man who cuts up the lesbian motion picture, "The Killing of Sister George" so the explicit sex scene at the film's end cannot be seen by others . . . this is a man who has no right to prevent sex from be-

ing seen, however artistically, from public view. This hack, this morbid moral freak, treks back home to his dreary suburban wife at night, after his ax job has been accomplished, and he thinks he has done his job. Sex should be between married couples . . . period, he thinks. Who is he to outlaw lesbians or male homosexuals, or stories, films, plays, and other depictions of this sexual minority? The answer is obvious not only to the liberal but to the literate.

These bawdy stories have a Rabelaisian wit about them. Surely, they will become a part of the Vatican's vast library of pornography. Bertrand Russell once said, "Even frank pornography would do less harm if it were open and unashamed than it does when it is rendered interesting by secrecy and stealth. Nine-tenths of the appeal of pornography is due to the indecent feelings concerning sex which moralists inculcate in the young: the other tenth is psychological, and will occur in one way or the other whatever the state of the law may be."

In 1967, the Danish government removed all restrictions on what could be

printed and read by anyone over sixteen years of age. The result has been that sales of pornographic literature and art has *decreased*. The same trend has also been evidenced by the fall in the incident of sex crimes. Contrary to prudists, pornography does not stir up people to commit sex crimes. To the contrary, as in Denmark, the open availability of pornography calms the people and meets a need which is both social and constructive.

These homosexual tales will be read only by those who want to read them. No one is forced to buy this volume or to read the works herein. No one can prove that these stories will cause sex crimes. Indeed, we think that the stories will be utterly harmless even to those who find them stimulating. No one's personal psychic structure will be altered by reading any book in this series of homosexual underground classics.

The U. S. Supreme Court on April 7, 1969, decided that it was unconstitutional for the State of Georgia to prosecute a man for mere possession of pornography in his own home. The man in question had reels of stag movies showing oral and

anal sex acts between men and women in the drawer of his desk in his home. The First Amendment was invoked by the Court as the guarantee against infringement of this freedom.

The publication of works such as these is a joyous occasion for all who love freedom and want America to be a society in which the rights of minorities as well as the rights for a literature of the erotic are upheld. We are proud to present this epic work and hope that the spirit of man's imagination, which is so richly contained in these prized classics of homosexuality, will burn brightly in future volumes we will publish soon.

Voltaire's statement that "I disagree with what you say but I will defend to the death your right to say it" has seldom been more applicable than it is on this rare publishing occasion.



ON THE FARM IN OLD MISSOURI

Chapter One

I'm fourteen years old and recently visited a farm, where I learned my share about the birds and bees. Only, it wasn't quite the same lesson I've heard from most people. Being a city kid I figured I was pretty wise, especially since I was tall for my age. I knew all the dirty words, or thought I did, and knew about sex. That is, I knew boys fucked girls and it was supposed to be great fun.

Cousin Eb met my train and drove me out to the farm, which was way out of town. I asked about his kids, who would be my playmates for the summer, but Cousin Eb just grunted. He said I could

do whatever I wanted, and wouldn't have to do chores. He said there was a good swimming lake and horses to ride, and an occasional fool nigger gal wandered into our woods.

At the farm the first person I met was Mike, Cousin Eb's son; he was thirteen and a little shorter than me. Tow-headed and very tanned from working in the fields, Mike scowled as we were introduced. As soon as Cousin Eb went to the house, Mike ordered me to follow him. I didn't like being ordered by a runt a year younger than me, but I followed him around back. He led me into the barn to a corner, where he told me rudely, "All right, get your pecker out." I sure didn't like this kind of impolite talk.

"Huh?" I asked.

"We got to get this settled . . . which one is bigger," he grunted. "Get it out!" He opened his own faded jeans and pulled out his own tool. It was getting itself bigger. "Come on!" he demanded.

I was embarrassed but I unzipped and took out my thing. It was not aroused the way his was. Mike reached out a hand toward it, but his clumsy hand wasn't even clean, so I drew back. I stroked my

tool the way he was doing his own, and in a minute it got stiff. Then Mike stepped up close and put his pecker against mine and pressed them together. It gave me a funny feeling in mine.

"Ummmmmm," Mike sighed. "About even . . . maybe an inch different. Well, that's settled." This seemed a funny way to say "How do you do" but I soon learned they do everything different on the farm.

Still standing close, Mike dropped his jeans all the way down and began stroking his pecker again. "As long as we've got 'em out," he said, grinning at me. He looked very friendly when he grinned. I stood letting mine wave in the air, watching him. It was kind of fun, watching, and I thought my tool was getting bigger. I half-wished Mike would press them together again, to measure, of course.

"How often do you pull off?" Mike asked me.

I blushed deeply. "I've never tried it," I confessed. He stopped playing with himself and stared at me. He looked at my prick.

"You got a good six inches there," he said, "it's a hell of a fool thing to waste it." Then an even more incredible idea oc-

curred to him. "Ain't you never fucked anything before?"

"Nope," I admitted reluctantly. "Mike burst out laughing and almost doubled up hollering. I pushed my private organ back into my trousers.

"Hey there!" he said, "don't go gettin' pissed off. I guess if you ain't got nothin' to fuck, you ain't. Want me to show you some things?"

"What kind of things?" I asked.

"How'll you know what I'm talking about until I show you?" Mike stepped out of his blue jeans and left them lying on the straw-cluttered floor of the barn. He walked over and undid my button and pulled my trousers down. He fingered the cloth of my shorts and said, "Say, these are nice," before pulling them down, too.

I stepped out of the pants and shorts and picked them up and hung them carefully on a nail. Mike had spit several times in his hand and was rubbing the mess all over his tool. He kicked straw from a stack onto the floor and got down on his hands and knees on it, motioning to me. I knelt facing him and he reached his other hand over and played with my tool. His hand was hot and sticky but it felt

good. It got stiff and looked bigger than it ever had.

"I can get a better hold from 'round back," Mike said in a minute. He moved on his knees behind me and reached his right hand around and stroked my staff. He pulled it back and forth faster and it did feel better. Suddenly I noticed that something very hard was sticking me in the rear end. I reached my hand around and felt Mike's big tool. He was poking it against me violently.

"Put it in," he said.

"Where?"

"Put it against your asshole," he said. He sounded urgent, but not demanding. I placed the hard rod against where I supposed my hole to be. Mike grunted and thrust it against me. I had a strange, terrifying hurt and cried out. But Mike pushed me forward and I lay on the floor with him on top of me, lurching up and down. I yelled for him to quit and he yelled for me to shut up.

In a few moments he stopped and gasped. Then he pulled it out, which made me say "ouch," and he flopped over onto the straw on his belly. I was glad he quit, but I was very aroused and wanted

to learn more. Mike looked back at me, then slapped his buttocks cheerfully. I straddled him and held his ass, sides apart to see where the place was to put it in. It seemed very small looking, and drawn together like pursed lips.

When I placed the tip of my tool against the brown place, it felt very warm and very wet. I pushed against it and Mike wiggled up towards me, and my stiff flesh went inside him. It was a strange sensation to feel hot flesh all around my organ as it slid down into him. The hottest part was the snug circle of his asshole; but it all felt good.

As soon as it was inside Mike, he lay still. I wiggled some on top of him and in a few seconds it felt like my tool had turned to stone and was sending tingling fits up my legs. Then it stopped and my staff got softer. Suddenly I noticed my arms were very tired from propping myself up a little over him. I eased down and lay on top of him. We both lay quiet for a while.

Mike said, "If you ain't gonna fuck me again, let's get up." We got up and washed ourselves from a faucet by the barn door. Then we dressed and went to see where I

was going to sleep. It was a big room, upstairs, where the halls were dirty and full of corn shucks and old furniture and empty crates. Mike said his father slept downstairs at the front of the house on the other side, so he never heard the boys or bothered with them.

"Listen," Mike said, "you and me started off good." I was unpacking my clothes and hesitantly storing them in the old bureau drawer. "I'll give you some good advice. Don't tell the others what we did. And be careful what you let them do to you."

"You mean your brothers?" I asked, and he said he did. "Can you and I do what we did today . . . again?"

"You bet." That's what he had in mind when he said for me not to tell the others. No use spoiling a good thing, or sharing it.

He took me and showed me around the farm. In one of the far fields I met Luke. Luke was just eighteen, but looked like a real man. He had no shirt on and I could see that he had big, man-size muscles in his arms and chest. He was about six feet tall and a golden blond, the silky hair glistened on his sweaty forearms and some of the big flat muscles of his chest.

Chapter Two

Luke had a very nice smile and deep blue eyes. He acted as if he got a big thrill from my never being on the farm before and said I'd enjoy learning things. He asked me if I wanted to plow and I said I'd like that a lot. I didn't really have much curiosity, but I didn't want to act as though I didn't appreciate his friendly reception. He placed my hands on the plow handles, putting his own big tanned hands just behind mine. He shoved and we walked slowly behind the plow.

Actually, he was doing the plowing, but I saw what it was like. In a few seconds he dropped one hand and patted my shoulder and said I was real smart; then he patted me on the rump and I felt his hand around on it, but the plow was hung up so he stopped and I went back

to Mike. No matter what Mike had said, I knew I'd never tell Luke anything but the truth about anything. He was so strong and friendly and it made me feel warm and happy to be with him.

Mike took his shirt off, and he and Luke stepped out of their jeans. I fumbled with my buttons but couldn't help staring at Luke. His body below the waist was smooth, healthy white. His organ was the most beautiful one I had ever seen in my life; it looked as smooth as velvet and was unblemished. It hung down relaxed but still much bigger than mine and Mike's when hard; it was beautifully thick.

I blushed when I realized he was looking at me. I got my clothes off clumsily, ashamed of my city pallor and my unaccustomed nudity. Mike was already splashing in the water and Luke had waded up to his waist.

"Get wet and it won't be so cold," Luke said, as we both dove under and splashed and kicked. Mike had swum to a small raft in the middle of the lake and was lying on it sunning. Luke swam gracefully under water up to the shore.

Later, up on the raft, he gave me a

massage. He sat up and put his big, strong hands on the tops of my arms and massaged them. Then he rubbed my forearms, my chest and back. Luke lay back but put one arm around me from behind and pulled me gently on top of him, only lower. My head rested on his chest, my shoulders on his stomach and the small of my back was over his privates. His tool wasn't rolling lazily now; it was pressed against my bare skin. Even in that cold water it was fiery hot and getting bigger the more I pressed against it.

Luke had placed his powerful legs up over mine and was pushing down and moving me slowly so I'd rub against him. I wished I could see it so I'd know how big it was when erected. Luke unlocked his calves from around my legs and kind of tugged at me to pull me up. I looked down into the water and saw his prick sticking right up out of the water like a nine-inch iron rod topped by a huge pink dome almost as round as a golf ball.

In the water I slid down some so my head was on his flat, hard stomach and my face still turned toward his big erection. He put one hand very gently on top of my head and stroked my curly hair

with his fingertips. I could feel hot blood pounding all through me in a way I'd never known and I wanted to sob because I felt there was some thing that he would have to have given me or I'd die, but I didn't know what.

Luke was so wonderful I would have died rather than have him get mad at me but I had to touch his strong body. Here with my head on his stomach, his huge organ was thrusting up right into my face, just inches from my lips. Suddenly I realized water was running in my mouth and tasted very hot and salty. I licked my lips with my tongue and suddenly knew what I wanted to do. I gradually eased down, inch by inch, and put my tongue out and licked the pink dome of his big prick.

A convulsive quiver shook Luke, scaring me half to death. I pulled back but his hand drew firm and reassuring and he held my head close and pushed me back toward his stomach. He shifted to pull himself further out of the water, so the soft golden hair above his tool was glistening in the sun as the water ran off.

With his kind hand guiding me I put my mouth again on his hard erection and

kissed it all along the sides and ran my tongue along it. Luke stroked the back of my neck gently with lazy pleasure. I kept kissing it and running my tongue along it until Luke sat up.

"Is that all you're going to do?" he asked, very brusque.

"Don't you want me to?" I asked.

He looked at me and then away from me. He said, "Try putting it inside your mouth. Just at the end at first, only don't bite none. Just put your tongue and lips on it."

I leaned back and opened my mouth wide and put the end of his hard tool in my mouth. I clamped my lips firmly around it, being careful not to let my teeth touch it, and rubbed my tongue across the big head which was burning hot. Luke put his hand back on my head and mussed my hair caressingly, so I guessed I was doing it all right.

Luke tensed his body and began to slowly move up and down so that his erection went a little further in my mouth and then back again. He did it very slowly and all the while he was helping my head get further down on it. I was afraid lest I forget and let my teeth touch, but it was

so wonderful that I wanted to go on and on.

He began to push in and out faster and held my head very tight. My whole mouth was full of his hot, pulsing meat; it began to punch against the back of my throat. I must have had at least half of his erect meat inside. I worried that the banging at my throat would make me have to stop, but he pushed in and out so fast I got dizzy and carried away and then both his hands were holding my head and his hot dick was pumping juice into my mouth.

I couldn't swallow with my mouth so full of his meat, so I choked. He pulled his cock out and I coughed and swallowed and washed my dripping mouth and chin. Luke was lying flat, his arms limp at his sides.

His organ was still huge, lying on his stomach with the red head shining in the sun. I discovered my eyes were running water and I wiped away the tears. Luke groaned and moved a little to lean on his elbows. Then he washed his organ with lake water, not looking at me. I wanted to thank him but he didn't look at me. I wondered if it was what he had expected.

"Was that the first time you ever

sucked a guy off?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

He got up and grinned and said, "I got to finish that acre." He got his trousers and slung them over his shoulder and picked up his shoes and strode off into the woods stark naked.

I looked out at the raft, suddenly remembering Mike. He was still lying there watching. Sighing, I swam out to the raft and pulled myself up. "You aren't mad at me?" I asked.

"Shit, no . . . it was a swell show," Mike said with an angry pout.

"I never did that to a guy before," I said.

"Just as well you started on him, then, not me," Mike said. "I got better uses for my prick than to get it bit off."

"I DIDN'T BITE!!!!" I cried. "At least I don't think I did."

"Everybody bites the first time," Mike said in a superior tone.

"Can you do it without biting, Mike?"

"Sure I can . . . but I don't like to."

"Will you tell me how?"

"It just takes getting used to," Mike said. "You got to remember not to clamp your lips too tight against your teeth, or

you'll cut your friggin' mouth. Then you'll slip and bite . . . you like Luke, huh?"

"I sure do," I said. "I like you too, Mike. You're my best boy pal, but Luke's a man."

"If you're gonna swing on Luke's," Mike said, "you got to learn to suck good. It'll take a while to get it all down . . . you've just got to know where to put it and then shove. Or swallow and shove. There's just that one place to get through and then you can take all he's got."

"Does he like that?" I asked.

"He goes clean out of his head," Mike said. "Me . . . I don't like sucking."

"Why?" I asked.

"I like fucking." I noticed that Mike was lying on his stomach and I wondered if watching us had made him get hard down there. Mike always seemed to read people's mind when they were thinking about sex. He rolled over on his side and I saw he was sticking out erect. His organ looked a lot more attractive after his swim than it had in the barn. Also, I'd learned how nice a cock could really be. This one, however, could not compete in the same class with Luke's.

"Mike," I said, "I'll make a deal with

you. I'll let you stick it in my behind again if you'll let me practice sucking with it first." Mike frowned thoughtfully, then nodded affirmatively. I thought that after Luke's, Mike's would be real easy, but it was a big mouthful, too. I took almost all of it inside my mouth. Then Mike told me to try it lying with my head toward his feet.

I changed position and it did seem to slide along my tongue easier. Mike kept saying, "Push!" and I would try but it would only poke against the back of my throat. Then I shoved and it pushed on past something and was all the way in. Mike was leaning up and holding my head down on it. The thing that his dick slid past hurt and I thought I was going to choke, but he held me tight.

"Once you get used to how it feels, it won't be that bad, again," he said.

When he let me up I gagged for five minutes and was about to throw up, but didn't. Then he insisted I lie on my back and he put my legs up on his shoulders and knelt behind me. My ass was off the raft and he shoved his hot, wet hard cock against my hole. He had to wiggle a minute to get the head in but once it went in

he shoved the whole piece of meat right up me, real easy.

It didn't hurt as much as it had that morning, or scare me, because I knew what was going to happen.

"You shoot off while you was doing it to Luke?"

"No," I said.

"Good. I'll show you fuckin' ain't so bad, either," Mike said.

As he revolved his meat inside me he pulled my own meat up and down with his right hand, faster and then faster. "You gettin' the feeling?"

"Just about . . ." He pulled on me very fast and lunged wildly against my rectum, grunting and panting. My dick poured white juice all over my chest and some of it got on my cheeks. I was transported with strange, drunken pleasure and for a second forgot where I was and that Mike had his dick up my ass. When I recollected him, it was a surprise, and I wondered if just what we were doing had created all those dizzy, wonderful sensations.

After we rested we swam back as fast as we could. The water was extremely cold. I dried off with my shorts and quickly dressed in shirt and pants. We hiked

real fast back to the house.

Mike cooked the supper. We had a lot to eat, but it wasn't tasty, like at home. The fresh, cold milk was good, though. After supper Cousin Eb went out on the front porch with a jug and just sat. Luke and Mike and I talked a while in the kitchen. I told them about what I did in the city and they told me some of the things they did. On Saturday nights they went to town and there was some kind of show. Sometimes their older brother Matt was along. They said that Matt himself was a real show.

About 8:30 that evening Luke said we might as well be getting to bed, so we went upstairs. Luke said I could sleep in Matt's room if I wanted to or in the room Mike showed me. I said I liked to have company, meaning I'd really like to be in the same room with him. There was a big, old double bed; Mike unfolded a cot and put it near. "You can sleep on this," he said.

"Oh, no," protested Luke. "He's company, so it wouldn't be fittin'. And if it ain't fittin' it ain't fittin'. He can sleep with me in the bed. You can take the cot."

My heart pounded with joy and excite-

ment. I wondered if Luke would let me touch him some more. Mike protested but Luke grabbed him and shook him and he hushed.

Luke and Mike both slept raw. My Mom had packed my pajamas but I didn't have the nerve to take them out of the suitcase. I crawled into bed in my shorts, which were now dry. Mike turned the lamp out and got on the cot, which creaked. Moonlight came through the window.

Damn if Luke wasn't fingering my shorts. "Say, these are real nice," he said. "Just like ladies' silk panties." I was very embarrassed and blushed in the dark.

"They are *not* silk," I protested, "they're wash-and-wear."

"They feel real good is all I meant," Luke said. "They get me all hot, feelin' them." I didn't know what to say. Luke rubbed his hand up and down my thigh, then ran a hand under me and felt my ass.

I turned on my side so he could get a better feel, moving closer to him. Luke pulled me onto him, my chest rubbing against his chest. Both his hands rubbed on my butt, rubbing the thin shorts against me. My erection and his big hard

meat bumped together, and I wished the shorts weren't between us.

I got an idea: I wiggled and pulled out of the shorts. Then I held them in both hands and rubbed them all over Luke's big prick and his balls and belly. He sighed with pleasure and stretched his strong, muscular body with hot excitement. Suddenly he pulled my mouth to his and kissed me hungrily. It was a glorious, wonderful surprise, an erotic bonus.

He ran his hands all over me, head to ass, and pushed his tongue inside my mouth. I kissed back as best I could. It was so unexpected, this kissing. He was wiggling under my body, pressing his hot dick up between my legs. I clamped my legs tight around it. He jerked his mouth away and whispered urgently that he was about to shoot. I spun around and fell across his body, my mouth searching for his hot meat. It was standing almost straight up, a throbbing rod of man-flesh. I slid it eagerly into my mouth. I kept going down on it and finally got to where I had to shove until I thought my throat would pop, but it slid in further and my lips were pressing against the

very base of it.

Luke groaned in happy release and I could feel something spurting along his hot prick. I could feel a hot, gushing liquid in my throat. I had all of Luke's tremendous cock in my mouth and throat and he was shooting his load. I had my arms around Luke's muscular thighs, to keep myself pulled down onto his big cock, because the gushing hot juice was almost pushing me away.

After it stopped shooting I lay still on top of Luke for fear he would make me take it out of my mouth. But he let me stay there with it. I thought he went to sleep because he was breathing very deep and relaxed, but after awhile he began to rub his hands over my shoulders and ass, slowly, caressingly. I felt his prick stiffen in my mouth and stretch itself. I pressed my tongue on it and went up and down on it very slowly with my lips.

His meat was hot as fire again as I pushed it in and out of my mouth. Luke squirmed and hunched, pushing it up at me. I was riding him like a bronco as he raised up with his ass all the way up from the bed, resting just on his feet and shoulders.

With all his wild bucking I couldn't keep the whole thing down; however; I did keep as much of it as I could get in my mouth. All of a sudden Luke went very rigid all over; his legs were wide apart and his private area was thrust up as high as it would go. As he quit bucking, I clamped down on it good and pressed my hot tongue firm against the hot hard head of his rod.

A great spurt of love juice poured violently into my mouth; it was fiery hot and slick. His mountainous meat was not as far in as before and I tasted his juice more because it was spurting right into my mouth. He didn't pour out as much this time, so I was in no danger of choking. It was heaven!!!!!!!



Chapter Three

I pulled his tool gently with my lips and bathed it with my tongue so it would spurt out even more of the delicious fluid. Luke began to move again, hunching and bucking only far slower than before. He groaned and gasped as I kept rubbing my tongue against the tip end of his dick. Luke gave a deeper groan and eased down onto the bed again.

I kissed his long rod all over and rubbed my face in the silky, golden hair above it. Luke's big hands reached down and drew me up towards him. He pressed me against him, my face held against his neck, his powerful arms circled me and held me.

He made a deep sighing sound, which I took to mean he was very contented: I was grateful. Taking courage from his purring sounds, I whispered timidly, "Luke . . . will you let me do this to you

again?"

He made an "mmmmmmmm" sound as if he consented.

"Every night?" I asked anxiously. I heard him sort of chuckle. He turned my head up toward his face and kissed me again on the mouth, impulsively but firmly. Then he put my head back on his shoulders and sighed.

"Every night," he repeated tenderly.

When I awoke the next morning, I was very disappointed, because I was in bed alone. Luke had gotten up without waking me. Not even Mike was in the room and his cot was folded away. I went down to the kitchen and fixed myself some eggs and bacon. Nobody was around. As soon as I finished I went in search of Luke. He was plowing again.

He told me to wait in the shade until he finished. It was a long time and I wished he didn't have to do all that dirty, dull farm work. It was a pleasure just to sit and watch him march slowly up and down the field with his golden hair shining in the sun and the sweat glistening on his magnificent body. I was sitting under a tree where he had a canteen slung across a branch. I kept wishing he would come

take a drink and finally he did.

Luke sat down close to me and tousled my hair and said, "You love-struck fourteen-year-old! What am I going to do with you?" He drank from the canteen and put it away, sighing a long "Ahhhhh" and grinning down at me. His eyes were full of friendly happiness. It made me feel very good for him to smile at me so warmly. He put one arm around my shoulders, holding me close against his side. With his other hand he reached over and fingered my muscles, first in my arm, then on my chest, then the upper part of my leg.

I was ashamed there wasn't more for him to feel, but he didn't criticize. "What have you been doing all day?" he asked.

"Sleeping," I answered, then added, ". . . nobody woke me. I don't know where Mike's gone."

Luke said, "Ho?" as if this were interesting. My legs stretched out in front of me, but Luke had his legs piled up as he leaned against a tree. I couldn't see the bulge where his tool would be in his pants. I wished I could. I was waiting for Luke to say something more and he seemed to be waiting for me to say or do something. Finally, Luke said, "We got

to find some work for you to be doing . . . to put some meat on those bones."

"O.K.," I said, ready to agree with anything. Then I said, "I wish I had muscles like your's." And to prove I admired them I put my hand over and ran it across his firm, tanned chest. He relaxed a little and I ran my hand over his hard, smooth stomach where the muscles were like nice-sized plates of armor.

At last he stretched out his legs on the ground and I could see where his tool was; it was stretching down into his left pants leg, about nine inches, I guess. It was pushing up from his leg and pulling the loose-fitting jeans taut. I ran my hand along this long, hard muscle and said, "I like this one, too."

Luke said jovially, "Oh, I imagine you've got one just as fine. Remember, I'm almost a grown man and you're just a boy. Someday it will be as big or bigger than mine."

I laughed and said I hoped so. He put his left arm around me and pulled me up and half onto him. His right hand tugged at my belt and zipper, and in a wink he had my khaki pants down and my shorts, too. I lay on top of him and his big hand

played with my tool, which was harder than ever and seemed to me to be feeling more pleasure from his hand than it ever had before. It was as if it was learning how to get new thrills every day.

I was sitting on his crotch with his hard prick poking against my leg. I pressed down against it as hard as I could. Abruptly, Luke turned me over and I was lying face down on him. He pulled my face up and kissed me. While he kissed me on the mouth it seemed he was getting more and more excited. When he stopped he took my pants and shorts all the way off and pushed his own jeans down over his knees.

He kissed me again, holding me on top of him. Then he pushed me up in a sitting position with one knee on each side of his. I was sitting on his flaming-hot rod. It ran all the way, between the cheeks of my ass, and the big end of it poked out from under my own balls. I laughed to see it that way. I rotated my ass on it to see if it would stick out further.

Luke laughed too, very happily. He drew his knees up again, which pushed me forward more onto his stomach. He

played with my tool and my balls, so small compared to his. Then he clamped his hands on my sides and lifted me up and propped me on his knees. Then he leaned up a little and with his knees pushed me forward, so his own handsome face was right against my prick.

He kissed my cock gently and lovingly and ran his tongue from base to tip just once. Then he took the swelling head into his mouth. It was such a surprise! I never expected Luke to do anything like that to me. He ran his tongue around the head very fast and it was as if my tool had suddenly gone wild; it seemed to be exploding. He took his mouth off quickly and spit into his hand.

He rubbed his hand on his own prodigious meat and then up over my rear end. He pulled his knees a little bit apart, so my cheeks were spread. He placed a finger against my hole and gently pushed it up and in. It felt funny. While he was finger fucking me he put his mouth back on my tool and maddened it with his tongue again. "Can I put my mouth on yours?" I asked hopefully. He didn't stop or say anything. Slowly he eased his legs down and pulled me a

little forward as he did.

He stopped and bent up far forward from his knee in order to keep his mouth on my meat. He was holding his own legs up in the air. Then I felt the hot top of his huge organ poking against my hole, right dead center. Luke was straining to keep my tool, or the end of it anyway, in his mouth as he pushed against my asshole. His dick was far bigger than Mike's, and he really had to push and shove. But it did go a little way in.

Luke drew his head back and leaned against the tree again. He played with my dick with his right hand. He held my thigh with his other hand and pushed it slowly down so that as I sat down, more of his long peter slid into my hole. It was very difficult and very painful, and felt like I was being split apart.

Since Luke was playing with my own tool and it felt so wonderful, it took my mind off the discomfort. The big meat pushed on and on and finally I was sitting right on Luke's body and most of that magnificent prick was sticking up straight inside me. It hurt but it was a wonderful thrill to sit there and be able to look at handsome Luke and know what was in-

side me was part of him.

He began to rotate slowly and hunch up so that the big organ moved inside me. After he did this for just a little while, it quit hurting and began to feel very warm and good. Luke moved faster and faster and his face had a wild expression about it.

Slowly he moved his legs up, doubling them again. This pulled his sliding organ a little way out and then a little more. He pushed against my chest and leaned me back against his knees. He had one hand on his meat and my ass, keeping it from slipping out. Then Luke gave a big heaving groan and bent his head forward, grabbing my meat in his mouth.

I could feel the hot tip of his dick spouting come into my rear end and his flaming tongue ran across my prick and caused a gush of glorious juice to pour from it into his mouth. He kept pulling on my organ until I'd shot three big loads in quick order, then he fell back, leaning against the tree. He pushed me back down, backwards, and the entire length of that exploding penis shot back into my ass. It was still shooting off with the gushes coming further and further apart.

As his dick got a little less rigid I was able to ease back and lie down. I was very tired and cramped in my legs and it was great to relax lying down but with Luke still in me. His jeans weren't all the way off; they were half-way down, below his knees, and they made a nice pillow for me.



Chapter Four

The next day was Saturday and even though I hung around the field all day, Luke didn't take time off to have any fun with me. He just came over now and then to say a few words and get a drink of water. He stopped work at noon and said that after we ate we'd go into town.

Mike was very excited about it being Saturday. I asked if we'd go see a show, because I liked movies, but Mike and Luke told me to be quiet. Cousin Eb chuckled and told them to keep out of trouble, especially with me along. Cousin Eb drove the truck to town and let the three of us go our own way as soon as he parked. He went off for a place he called "The Hotel."

"Where are we going?" I asked Luke.

"You'll see," he replied, "but it ain't time yet." We walked around the small town. We passed a feed store. At the door

of a little hallway behind the feed store a bunch of young men about Luke's age were gathered. They all looked at us kind of warily as we approached, but saw Luke and grinned and said, "Howdy," to which Luke said "Howdy" back.

I saw the other boys filing through the door. Each one was handing a dime to a man who stood in the doorway. Luke and Mike let all the others go first and Luke stepped up to the man and said, "It's for the three of us today."

"Three?" complained the man. "That's thirty cents worth."

Mike said, "He's our fourteen-year-old cousin from the city and he wouldn't come noways if we hadn't brung him." The man looked at me scowlingly but then he looked at Luke, who was lounging confidently against the doorway.

"Oh, all right," the man said. We went in and down the hall into a small room that was very dim. There was only one window and a lot of feed sacks were nailed over it. One wall was painted white. There were three long benches in the room and the other young men were sitting on them facing the white wall. I was so busy looking at the boys that I

didn't notice what else was in the room. Luke led the way and we sat on the back bench. The others were all full of guys. I guess there were about twenty guys there besides us, all from sixteen to eighteen years old.

The man came in and locked the inner door three ways. Then he went around in back of our bench. In a minute I understood what was going on because a picture flashed on the white wall. It was a huge still picture of a naked woman. She was about twice life-size and pretty, with big tits. All the boys went "oh" and "ah." After about half a minute the machine behind us clicked and another picture flashed on the wall; it was a naked woman, too. The guys crooned in choral lust again.

About five more pictures were shown, all naked women. The guys were nudging each other and rubbing their crotches and saying things like, "Wow, that sure gives me a bone on." Luke wasn't rubbing himself but I could see his meat was hard from the way it bulged in his pants. Mike was sitting on the other side of me and was rubbing himself and even had unbuttoned his jeans.

When the next picture came on the boys let out a loud "whoop," and the projectionist yelled angrily for them to quiet down. This picture was of a woman on her knees licking the big organ of a man who was standing. You couldn't see the rest of him, just his long, thick peter and the top of his hairy legs.

"Come on, baby, suck it!" some of the guys called, keeping their voices low. And "Take that prick, you cunt!" and "Eat cock, sugar!" This picture stayed on longer than the others had.

I was staring so hard at the picture that I didn't realize the man who was showing them had come to sit on the edge of our bench next to Luke. He had Luke's cock out and was playing with it. Luke was sitting, watching the picture. I didn't like this at all but I wouldn't have dared say anything to Luke. I looked at Mike. He had reached over the other way and was playing with the oversized peter of the boy sitting next to him. The boy was also playing with Mike's prick and also diddling with the meat of the boy sitting next to him on his other side.

I leaned up and forward and saw that the boys on the bench in front of us were

feeling each other up. All stared at the picture and didn't look at one another.

After a minute the man returned to the machine and flicked on a different picture; in this one a boy was lying on his back and a man was shoving a big erect cock up the boy's asshole. I looked around some more; the boy on Mike's side was very big and even taller than Luke. He pulled Mike over onto his lap, so Mike was sitting on one knee. The other boy, with Mike's quick help, pulled Mike's jeans down.

He played with Mike's ass and Mike wiggled happily as he did. That nasty man had come back again and was down on his knees in front of Luke licking his dick and balls and making loud, slurping noises. Mike's friend had pulled him over some more and was pulling Mike down onto him as his hard, fat peter shoved into the blond's rear end. He was playing with Mike's tool. As Mike got all the way down on it, he started shooting off.

The boy's big hand rubbed the white juice all over Mike's prick and balls and Mike went wild in his wiggling, sitting on the boy's cock. The boy on the other side of them was having to play with his

own dick now since Mike and his friend were too busy with their fucking. The left-out boy motioned for me to come over. I was so unhappy and jealous about Luke being desecrated by that man that I was happy to get away from having to hear it. I moved over on the bench to the other end.

The boy I went to was Luke's size, but not as beautifully muscular. He was very boyish looking and blond and had a pretty big organ that jetted out in front of him at least eight inches! He grabbed at my jeans and pulled them down roughly as soon as I reached him. His own were already removed. He pulled me against him and rubbed his hot peter on my bare ass. I didn't like the rough way he had grabbed me but I realized that he was very excited by the pictures. All the guys were panting and moaning.

I glanced to see if Luke was watching but he was staring ahead at the wall. I eased off my new friend's knee and bent over to lick his big dick, to see what it was like and if it was as nice as Luke's. It wasn't as smooth or beautiful as Luke's meat but oh, it was plenty solid and hot and was thrillling to put my hungry

tongue on.

I put the whole head of it in my mouth and licked it some while the boy groaned hoarsely. After I'd sucked on it less than a minute, I heard another click of the machine, so I got up quickly to see what the new picture was. This one really got the boys in the room panting: it showed a young boy about thirteen on the floor on all fours; a very masculine and good-looking man of about twenty, with a giant prick, was poking it at the boy's asshole. He was looking back and smiling.

The boy I was with put a hand on my neck and tried to push me back down to finish what I'd been doing, but I said, "I want to see this picture." I liked it. I played with him and he in turn fondled me. In a minute the boy got down on his knees and took my hot dick and began to go up and down on it furiously. He was slinging spit all over me but it was wonderful to have all that attention paid to my teeming organ.

It seemed like just a second before I was shooting my juice off in his mouth while I stared at the handsome man in the picture. The boy had all my flesh in his mouth and was running his tongue over

it madly and sucking hard to get every last drop out of me. I felt all exhausted by the time he quit and got back up on the bench.

"That felt real fine," I whispered to him gratefully. He grunted and put his hand back on my neck again. He just rubbed it in a friendly way. I decided I really ought to do the same favor for him that he did for me. I looked to see if Luke was watching; the man was sucking on him noisily again and he was still staring at the wall.

I got down on my knees and put the boy's hard penis in my mouth. He put his hands on the side of my head and pushed me down on it. He wasn't too fast, though he didn't waste any time. I swallowed hard when I got a mouthful and it slid on into the back part of my throat and down some more. I thought of this fellatio act as good practice for doing the same for Luke, so I relaxed.

The boy held my head and moved it up and down, starting off very fast. I could feel the hot blood in his monstrous organ thundering and I figured he was about ready to spend. I was right! In less than a second he clutched my head down

on him and pushed my face into him and erupted. I knew that gush after gush of his hot love juice was pouring into my throat.

I was afraid for a minute that I might drown. But he didn't relax until a long time later, when he gently eased his grip and let the long but going limp dick slide out of my mouth. It flopped down between his legs, still as lengthy as it had been in erection. He pulled me up on the bench and onto his lap and pressed me close with my ass against his hot balls and limply dangling organ. He played with my own limp peter too, gently.

The same picture was still on. I suddenly realized what was going on among the guys on the front benches: they had shoved the benches forward; some of the fellows were kneeling down, resting their arms on the benches, while the other guys knelt behind them on the floor and fucked them!

The ones fucking pumped savagely, groaning and staring fixedly at the wall. The floor on the sides of the room were carpeted with discarded jeans and other pants. Every minute or so somebody would groan especially loud and then

flop his peter out of his partner's rectum. Usually the boy who had just done the fucking would prop his elbows on the bench and the guy who had been screwed would get in back and shove his prick into his pal's sweating asshole.

It made me excited again watching all that screwing and hearing the guys grunt as their big pricks shot their loads. Little Mike and his friend were down on their knees behind our bench. The other boy was so much bigger that I could hardly see Mike, who was behind the big guy fucking. The tall boy looked away from the wall a minute and grinned at me when he realized I was looking around.

I smiled back, thinking how funny it looked to see a little thirteen-year-old boy fucking an eighteen-year-old nearly grown man. He had very wavy brown hair and big strong hands. When he looked back at the wall, I sneaked another look and saw that he had an enormous prick sticking up like a post, even though he had already had it up Mike's ass and must have done a good job up there from the way Mike had danced on it.

I gazed back at the wall again because the man had gone back and clicked the

projector again. This picture was best of all because it had the most butch and attractive guys in it, no cunt to screw things up! One was the very handsome man from the other picture. This time he was sitting on a chair and the other guy was kneeling in front of him and holding his dick up and licking it. Another good looking man was straddling the guy on the floor and was sticking his giant cock into the handsome man's mouth.

Now the guys in the room really went crazy, moaning and groaning. Just in front of me, kneeling behind the middle bench, were two guys with very muscular legs as well as muscular arms and chests. The one who was in back had thrown off his shirt as well as his jeans and was completely naked except for his shoes and socks.

He had pushed up the t-shirt of the boy he was fucking to around his shoulders, so he could feel his chest all over as he pumped on him. The naked one had been doing the fucking the entire time and when he finally stopped and slowly drew his hard flesh out I looked to see and discovered it was still erect and sticking straight out. He was ready as hell!

The boy who'd been screwed groaned and said, "Shit, I figured you was home-steading up there in my asshole!"

"That made only three times," the naked boy said. The other boy was feeling up the naked guy's muscular, hairy ass and he put his finger up his hole. The naked youth gazed up at me. He scowled when he saw that I was staring at them, but then he half-grinned and said, "Ain't you done nothin' but look?"

I blushed, but the guy I was with said, "He's done a mite."

"It looks like he's ready to do it again," said the naked boy. He turned all the way around and moved a couple of steps closer on his knees. The guy I was sitting with waved my hard meat around in the air a couple of times, sort of showing it off. The naked boy leaned down and grabbed the head of it in his mouth, sucking in my throbbing genitals until it was buried in his throat.

The guy that he had fucked moved close up behind him, spread his cheeks and inserted the head of his penis up his asshole and commenced to conjugate. The naked guy slid his hand under my ass and played with it and also with the throbbing

prick of the boy I was sitting with. The long dick got harder and hotter; the naked boy was going up and down very briskly on my meat, which felt right on the verge of shooting off; it was such a wonderful feeling.

Mike crawled up from the floor and stood behind me and clapped my shoulder as if he was proud of me. The boy whom I had sucked reached behind me and slapped Mike soundly on the ass and slowly rubbed him there. Mike didn't run away. Gently the boy eased out from under me and I sat on the bench. The big boy went behind the bench while Mike knelt down with his elbows on it. I knew what they were up to.

I was about to turn my head to watch as the boy put his dick up Mike, but about that time someone came up behind me, put his arms around my chest under my arms and lifted me up. The arms were powerful and eased me up carefully, without disturbing the boy who had come to "dinner" (blowing me).

The owner of the powerful arms squeezed in behind me and sat on the bench where I had been sitting. As he moved in I felt an enormous cock press

my ass. The naked boy who was fellating me seemed to understand what was happening. Not only did he follow my organ as it moved, he also pulled the cheeks of my ass apart, stretching my hole as wide as it would go.

I looked back anxiously, not sure I was willing, but I saw that it was the tall brown-haired boy who'd first fucked Mike. His arms were very strong and he was so friendly that somehow I felt he was all right. His dick wasn't all that long but it was big around. The big head of it had to poke to get in, even with my sitting on it with all my weight, and the naked boy helping me push down.

When the huge head penetrated my bottom, five or six inches slid in with it. I gasped and cried out in spite of myself, it was so sudden. The tall boy leaned his head close to mine and tickled my ear with his tongue. As more of his lengthy dick jabbed into me he spread his legs wider apart, so the whole length of flesh would shove in.

The naked boy played with the tall boy's scrotum and massaged my ass where the thick prick was entering. The boy who was sucking me also moved me

gently up and down a little so the tall guy's prick slid just a little bit in and out.

The boy who was screwing the guy who was sucking me started a chain of furious grunts and groans. He threw his head back and moaned as he shot off in his friend's ass. The nude boy went into a frenzy on my hot rod and I quickly flung a spray of white cream into his mouth. As the best of all my shootings yet exploded out of me, I wiggled and pushed and pushed against the hard cock that was engorged in my asshole and the tall boy hugged me close and panted as his own gushing cream pumped into me.

I just slumped back onto the tall boy, who was breathing very deeply and still. After about a minute I looked up again. The naked boy was sitting beside us on the bench and rubbing his hands over my bare thighs and under my balls. I hadn't even noticed.

I sighed and put a hand on his own firm muscular thigh as a friendly gesture, because I was very tired. He covered my hand with his own and moved it on his dick, which was jetting out hard as ever and was a good seven or more inches long. I then noticed Luke standing up,

stuffing his shirt into his pants. The man had cut off the projector. "I've got to go," I said quickly. The tall boy sighed and held my ass to support me as I moved forward and let his big dick slide out of me.

As soon as his meat flopped out the naked boy ran a hand all over my butt. "Come on . . . let me fuck you," he pleaded.

"I sure thank you but I gotta go now," I said. Mike put his hands on his jeans and I picked mine up and rushed into them. The man yelled for everybody to finish up and leave. I told the naked boy that I was visiting out at Mike's all summer.

He grinned and said, "Well, I reckon we'll be gettin' together sometime, huh?"

Luke was the first one out and Mike and I ran to catch up with him. "Some show, eh?" Mike asked. "And it didn't cost a cent."

I growled. "Luke had to let that old man mess with his privates."

Luke said, "That's why he didn't charge us."

"I know," I said, "but I'd rather pay him thirty cents." Luke looked at me very

surprised, then smiled.

"You're crazy," Mike said. "But them sure are good pictures."

We hung around uptown and had some sandwiches and pie. After finishing our pie we went and hung around the drug store some more. Most of the men were talking now about where they could find a gal to "throw some meat into." They mostly talked about it and not many of them went off hunting one.

After about half an hour an excited young man, about eighteen I guess, ran up and said they'd caught one and a guy named Matt was going to try it. "Where is Matt?" Luke demanded.

"At Charlie Allen's," reported the excited man. "Two of the Thigpen boys caught that nigger gal that poisoned their watch dog last week. She'd snuck back trying to steal some more chickens but they caught her."

"How old is she?" asked a couple of the older men, very excitedly. The entire group was almost running now up the dusty street. Luke was right up front with the excited boy who'd come to tell us. Mike and I had to outright run to keep up.

The messenger said the nigger gal was

about sixteen. "Maybe she ain't never been fucked," shouted one of the men as if he hoped she never had. "Aw, all nigger gals have been fucked by the time they're ten," said another, as if he knew all about it. The group headed out of town, down a narrow dirt road. I wanted to ask how far we had to run like this, but I guess it didn't make any difference. If Luke and Mike went, I'd have to go.



Chapter Five

We finally got to a farm that was all dark except for a light from the barn. We headed for that. "This is the old Thigpen place," Mike said. "We got to get it over before their folks get out of the movie theatre."

There were about fifteen men in the barn before us. The first man I noticed when we got to the wide door was a terrific looking guy who was six-feet, five inches. He was not thin, but not heavy either. Even more overwhelming than his size was his looks. He had jet black curly hair that tumbled casually over his forehead. He had piercing blue eyes that shot right into you, chilling you and warming you at the same time. He was just unbelievably handsome, so much so,

that when he was around you didn't notice who else was there.

He wore faded but clean jeans and a short-sleeved sport shirt that matched his eyes. Luke ran up to this magnificent male specimen and slapped him on the back and called him "an old rascal," and asking where he'd been. I was shocked, even horrified, to see how beside this giant Luke looked like a little boy . . . he who to me had been the ideal perfection of a man.

But I had to marvel at Luke having the nerve to bust right up to this God-like figure, and even more, to pound him.

"Why ain't you been out home?" Luke demanded and pulled on the great youth's arm and led him over to me. "Matt, this is our cousin Bob from the city who you haven't been over to see yet." I was staring, so I guess I looked kind of stupid to him.

Matt reached out and took my hand. He practically wrapped his great hand around mine and shook it firmly, strong but not crushing, the way a lot of the boys I'd met that day had done.

"Pleased to meet you," Matt said in a very low voice. He looked right into my eyes and I didn't remember another

thing for a minute or two after that.

"Come on, come on," some of the men were yelling. "Get her out here and get it over with." Others cried, "Bets on!" "A dollar on Matt!" somebody yelled. Some others razed him and it took four of them arguing to settle on who'd bet the dollar. Others yelled, "Five dollars says he can't!" There were not many who would take those bets. I decided I'd wager my money in Matt's favor.

Two rangy, sun-tanned boys came scooting from the rear of the barn where there was a little room. Between them they were dragging a Negro girl of about sixteen. She was naked. There were ropes tied to each of her wrists and another at each ankle. They brought her to the center of the barn, where there was a large bale of hay. They stretched her out on the bale, pulling her arms down beside it. Two men tilted the bale up and they ran the ropes tying her arms down underneath and together. Then they let the ball fall again. Her arms were hopelessly bound. They stretched her legs wide apart, above her, and ran the ropes far across the barn to beams and drew them tight.

"What's that tied in her mouth?" I asked.

"A corncob," Mike said, "to keep her from busting her teeth when the going gets rough."

A boy was smearing some kind of sticky oil on the Negro girl, all over the hair between her widespread legs. Bets were made right and left, "for Matt" or "says he can't." I looked at Matt. He took off his jeans and handed them to Luke. To my surprise I saw that he wore a thick large strap over his privates. None of the other country men I'd seen wore anything under their pants. I stared, fascinated, as Matt hesitated, his fingers under the top of the strap. Then, head lowered, he pulled the strap down and stepped out of it. Mike stepped up quickly and claimed it. A complete hush fell over the barn, as all the men stared at Matt.

I could now well understand why Matt wore the belt. The object that caught the eyes of the men was the abnormally large, full, thick, and long penis which, although at rest, was ten and one-half inches in length and almost three inches thick! Two huge testicles swung beneath the superb structure.

Matt still had his head bowed, as if he were self-conscious. He spit in his hand and rubbed it on the end of his cock, having to lean down a little to get it. Then he slowly rubbed his fingers along its length, as if making sure it was all there, and it was! Slowly he massaged his organ, the object of everyone's eye, staring down at it almost sadly. It was as if he and it were the only things in the quiet barn.

Everybody stared as it began to nod and rise a little and soon was transformed into a quivering organ of tremendous proportion. It stiffened slowly and the increase in thickness and length was easily followed. Still it increased in size until it reached its maximum. I was fascinated and amazed and also terrified. I had just been learning what powerful things these giant country men tools were and how dangerous! This one was far more gigantic than any of the others, and I had thought only that afternoon that I was seeing, and feeling, the biggest ones in creation.

Men and boys shouted as Matt climbed onto the poor helpless Nigger bitch. They pleaded with him to ram it in, up to the big balls. He inserted the giant head into

the vaginal folds. It would not fit! He then worked the lips of her pussy with his hands, pulling here and pushing there and amazingly, the head of his prick entered. Slowly the gigantic tool eased into her stretched pussy.

The guys gave a loud cheer, all of them. I guess I had expected her to explode the minute it touched her, but I guess the first six inches or so were as easy to take as any regular, extra-thick dick. The girl did not move much as the first eight inches slid slowly into her, but after that she began to thrash about and wiggle as much as she could, which wasn't much, because of her being tied down so well.

As she began to show signs of protest, the men yelled louder, saying, "Shoot it home, Matt!" and "Split the nigger cunt open!" To me, this was hideous torture and I was almost sick with disgust. I had been overwhelmed with admiration for Matt and felt like I'd almost walked into heaven. But now it had turned to hell: the yelling men were like fiends and the shrill boys like little devils. I looked around at them in disgust.

I was not surprised that many of them had their own pricks out and were pulling

on them as they stared hypnotically at the monstrous organ trying to force itself into the black pussy. Not wanting to have the afternoon repeated, I moved closer to Luke and stood in front of him. He didn't have his meat out but I could see it sticking up hard in his pants. I backed up against him to keep the others off.

None of the other boys were touching each other, only themselves. They spit on their hands and then stroked their flesh furiously. I was surprised to see even the older boys jerking their collective penises.

Matt pushed and shoved and a tiny bit would go in, but not much. Sweat poured off him and his shirt was wet and dark all down the back. I could see that Matt had a mass of dark curly hair over his chest, too. His chest was more muscular than you would think, from his being so tall.

"Split her open!" yelled the men. "Cock her up!" Matt inched in gradually. But still there was as much on the outside as there was inside her pussy. "Come on, Matt! Only five more inches to go!" the men yelled. He panted and sweated and shoved. The men moved in closer and closer to the struggling black naked body.

Matt put on a final push of near ex-

haustion and about an inch and a half suddenly lunged in. A stock blond boy standing very close began to shoot off and his hot spunk gushed up in an arc and landed on the black belly of the Negro girl. Almost immediately other gushes of white cream shot out of overheated pricks and onto the girl.

Men not in the front row pushed through as they started to spend so they could discharge their white come on her defiled flesh. Soon a stickly layer of white foamy froth covered her belly and breasts and the rest of her body. "Shit!" cried the man who was holding the girl's head, "she's done for." He bent over her close and looked under her eyelids. Matt groaned and sagged a little.

"Is she dead?" I gasped to Mike hoarsely.

"Either that or she's plum fainted away," Mike said disgustedly. "That's the rule. If she passes out or dies, he's got to quit. So the bets can be settled."

"How many has he done like this?" I asked.

"Oh . . . about half a dozen, I 'spect," Mike said. "Since I've been watching him. Back when he was our age, they used to

try him on cows and sheep. Since he was fifteen there ain't been a thing in the county that's been able to take it all. Nary a thing."

"Golly," I said. But I wasn't shocked.

Slowly Matt drew his huge, throbbing penis out of the ravaged pussy. It looked about to burst its load but he didn't play with it. He just stared at it and then stalked quickly from the barn. Luke and Mike ran after him and I followed. Two boys were throwing water all over the Negro girl. Luke had soap and a towel.

Matt washed himself at the pump, splashing water up over his face and chest, as well as soaping his tremendous tool, which was still standing straight up. Then he rinsed it off and it lost some of its rigidness from all the icy water. He took the towel and dried himself.

When we got back to the barn they'd already taken the poor girl away. They said she had just fainted. They would put her in the pick-up truck and dump her off near her home. The men sounded very disgusted with her and some were complaining, "Just like a damn nigger."

Matt, Luke, Mike and I slowly walked back to town. Nobody said anything. I

felt strangely sorry for Matt, not because he hadn't won the bets from all those snarling country boys, but because he had struggled so hard to get all of his dick in something. I already knew that it felt better when you could put *all* your meat in, whether it was somebody's mouth or their asshole. I also knew that the men I'd been with liked all their pricks to get into some hole. I felt a little better about having only six inches, although I'm only fourteen and liable to grow maybe another two or three inches. I wished that I could be hung like Luke. Lord knows the problems of being hung like Matt!

Matt waited with us at the truck until finally, Cousin Eb came staggering up. Then Matt and Luke loaded him into the back and Mike got in with him. Luke drove and I sat between him and Matt up front.

"You coming home with us?" Luke asked Matt, and Matt said no. Matt put a huge hand on my head, almost covering it, and said he'd like to visit with me, but we could do it another day. It sounded very sad. Nobody said anything else and Luke dropped Matt at Matt's farmhouse.

After we dropped Matt I snuggled close to Luke, saying I was sleepy and resting my head on his shoulder. Truth to tell, I was wide awake from all I'd seen that day, but I wanted to be close to him. He was nice about it and put his free arm around me. He eased me gently down so my face was on his lap. This was more comfortable.

I soon felt that Luke was aroused in his pants again. I remembered that he had not taken his cock out in the barn, much less shot off his load. I pressed my cheek firmly against the marvelous bulge and we rode happily that way to the farm. The three of us had to carry Cousin Eb in and dump him on the bed. Luke went to the kitchen to get something to eat.

Mike asked me if I wanted to help him undress his dad. I helped him. Luke had already gone upstairs, so we turned off the light and went to our room. Mike unfolded his cot and fell onto it as soon as he'd thrown off his clothes. Luke stripped and got on the bed lying face-up, with his arms folded up behind his head.

I stripped off all my clothes the way I'd been doing since I got to the old Missouri farm and turned the lamp low as I crawled

in beside Luke. I wanted to forget all about earlier events. My way of forgetting was by running my hands all over Luke's lithe, muscular body and kissing him all over, knowing that no one else had done that to him, that day

Luke was very patient and didn't rush me. Sometimes he got so excited he pushed my face right on his cock while I was enjoying rubbing my lips and tongue over his strong chest and firm thighs. Tonight he let me rub against him and lick on his nipples all I wanted. All the time his huge penis was standing up, hot and ready.

When I finally bent down and placed my hot lips and dripping tongue on the quivering head of his throbbing organ, he jumped with an involuntary shudder which I knew was a sign that he was thrilled, not disturbed. The thrilling feeling of the satin smoothness of the huge head exploring and feeling and caressing this tasty tidbit.

Luke sighed happily to let me know he liked what I was doing. This time was unusually nice because Luke didn't shoot off right away. I sucked and sucked and sucked, loving every hot minute of it.

When I began to feel the fury gathering in his steamy organ and bulging testicles, it was like the rumble of thunder before a storm breaks.

Eagerly I whipped up and down on the pulsating, straining penis. It grew like hot steel itself, like a flash of lightning. For a second his cock was so stiff that it pushed up against the top of my throat and refused to be even slightly bent over. Luke clamped his hands on my head and pushed me back down on his jerking, spasmodic organ, all the way, so it wouldn't escape me.

He burrowed my face into him for one powerful surge as he poured torrents of juice into my awaiting mouth. Almost at once he went limp all over. His still-hot meat was firm in my mouth and throat but it had passed its peak. I continued to go slowly up and down on it the way I always did, but Luke pulled me away from it and up to lie beside him.

I asked him if he wanted me to turn off the light all the way and he said yes... when I wanted to was fine with him. He was silent for a moment, then said, "It was real nice, what you said about me today."

I was befuddled a minute, then said, "You mean about not wanting that man to get his mouth on you?"

He answered, "Yes." I had wanted to forget that, but now I didn't mind it being mentioned, since he was pleased with me.

I asked daringly, "How many times did you go and shoot off there?"

He said, "Jest three."

I said, "Oh . . ." kind of faintly. He hugged me close and kissed me impulsively on the lips.

"But I'll tell you," he said, "you can do it once more tonight, if you want, and I'll wake you up and you can do it before I get up in the morning." I thanked Luke and said that it would be wonderful to do him again in the morning.

What woke me in the morning was Mike and Luke arguing. Mike was up and said he wasn't going to fix breakfast but once and that was *now*. Luke said he was going to sleep for a little while longer. Finally, Mike gave up and stomped out of the room. Luke must have known I was stirring because he started to run his hands all over me and hugged me close. I enjoyed it but lay there as if I were really

asleep and let him toss me.

I knew from the way his dick kept rubbing against me that it was getting harder and harder and that he was getting very stimulated. Finally, he just propped me up on both our pillows and straddled my chest. I opened my eyes to see his magnificent hard cock waving right in my face. I pursed my lips and kissed it right on its vermillion head. It pulled closer and closer and I ran my tongue all along it.

Luke put both hands behind my head and raised and lowered it gently so that I was relaxed and comfortable. Then he started to push his gorgeous male lance in my mouth and throat. His turgid tool went in and out with such rapidity that it seemed one continuous motion, until suddenly he was in a red-hot frenzy and felt his own powerful reservoir of juice reaching a boiling point. With a cry of sheer delight he threw his arms wildly around my head and at the same time I felt a burning stream of scalding fire issue from the head of his penis, which was moving in and out of my mouth in huge piston-like strokes.

This foaming stream shot into my throat and filled it so full that I had to bite

my lip to keep from going mad from the thrill of it. For fully a minute, this thunderous love-torrent whirled forth and poured into my mouth and throat. He wiggled and lurched as his penis was exploding and then keeled over on the bed, his dick flying out of my tired mouth as he tumbled away. I pounced after it and gobbled it into my throat again and it shot two more big loads as I sucked and licked. I finally fell back, completely exhausted.

After breakfast we read the Sunday funnies and then went down to the lake for a swim. We splashed around and then just lay around on the raft, sunning our young nude bodies in the bright sunshine.

It's hard to know who had the brightest future: Luke and I, being proud teenagers whom almost anybody (male or female) would desire, or Old Sol, that sun in the sky, whose future is somewhat in doubt, if I may remind people that our universe is slowly decaying.

About an hour after we climbed on the raft, Mike started waving off toward shore. I looked and saw two men standing on the edge of the lake. The two had their shirts off and were peeling off their jeans. One was so tall that I recognized

him as Matt. The other man was shorter than Matt but must have been six feet, two. The stranger was dark-haired, also, and covered with hair. They dove in the lake and slowly swam to the raft and climbed up.

I was introduced to Jack, who was very good looking and appeared to be twenty years old. He had a beautiful body, all muscle. His hair was cut short and there was almost more of it on his broad chest and thick legs as there was on his head. Jack was friendly and had a boyish, winning smile; he wasn't as shy as Matt.

The five of us talked for awhile and then fell silent. Matt and Jack had both laid down on their stomachs, with their pricks out of sight. Now they rolled over on their sides and stretched themselves out. It was really true about Matt's: it was not hard but it was easily ten inches as it lay flaccid, lying lazily down between his legs. Jack's organ was the surprise . . . it was at least eight and a half inches when flaccid. As I stared at Jack's tool, it seemed to feel the attention and it hardened a little.

The atmosphere on the raft suddenly changed. Instead of being lazy and care-

free, it began to crackle with tension and a kind of terrifying power that the two fantastically long pricks started generating when they started erecting. I felt a kind of instinctive fear. Luke was next to me already and drew me close so his own cock pressed against my buttocks securely.

I didn't want to get a hard-on myself, but with Luke touching me, I couldn't help it. Abruptly, Matt and Jack began to do exercises. They flexed their muscles. Jack rolled over on his back and did sit-ups. As he did this his prick got really hard and flopped around as he pulled up and let himself drop back down. Matt did push-ups for two minutes. His enormous penis touched the raft even when he was pushed up at arm's length.

Suddenly, there was a splash and four of us looked into the water. Mike had dove off the raft and didn't come up until he was about ten yeards away and then he was swimming furiously towards shore.

"Little tow-headed bastard!" Jack said. Matt laughed and rolled over so that he was lying right in front of me, almost touching. He lay on his back and glanced all over me with his magnetic blue eyes. He grinned a friendly smile and seemed

to be the nicest guy on earth. His curly black hair fell down over his forehead and the black hair on his chest had dried and glistened silky in the sun.

With his left hand he gently massaged the length of his tremendous rod, not as if he were getting it excited, but as if he were keeping the circulation going. Luke locked his other powerful arm around me and clamped his legs over my legs. We were welded together with my ass hot against his hard organ. Matt almost scowled, but he grinned again and said to Luke, "You ain't fixin' to go fuckin' this nice little boy, are you?"

Luke was very solemn and not at all friendly. "I don't reckon I am. He ain't never carried on at all, 'fore a week ago."

Matt nodded as if he understood. "'Course you and Mike've done taught him a few things since."

"Not all that much," Luke said.

Matt grinned at me. "You'd let Luke fuck you, wouldn't you?"

I said, "I'd do anything Luke wanted me to." I stressed the "Luke."

Matt looked over at Jack, who was listening carefully. "Hear that, Jack boy? All we gotta do is fix it with Luke and he'll do

anything we want him to?" He looked back at me. "That right?"

I pressed tight against Luke. I knew he'd never let them rip me apart the way Matt had done that nigger gal.

Jack said to Matt, "Well, you know I've always had a real hankering to fuck Luke, but he won't even let me try. At least Mike gave it a brave try once before."

Luke said, "Ain't nobody ever fucked my ass!"

"Well, well," said Jack sarcastically.

I didn't like the tone Jack used or the way he looked at us, but I trusted Luke and knew inside that Matt and Jack wouldn't do anything without our consent.

Matt said, "Old Luke's a good boy. He got them fine looking muscles from fighting me off since he was ten and I was fourteen. We played with each other but he'd never let me near his sweet asshole."

"You ain't never made me real mad at you yet," Luke told him with a warning in his voice. Matt laughed. He kept grinning and ran his big hand across me and rubbed it over Luke's shoulder. Then he fondled Luke's head and leaned gently against me as he did. Luke kept a tight

hold on me.

"I know all about you, Matt," Luke warned. Matt's giant cock pressed lazily against me, sending a strange, electrifying feeling through my entire body. My face was against Matt's muscular chest, his dark silky hair around his dark, large nipple.

With one hand Matt held his enormous penis up and pressed it against my much smaller one. The comparison was pathetic, but Matt fingered my hard six inches as if he admired it. Matt suddenly shifted position and lay down beside me again. His head was against my crotch and he began to lick hotly at my balls and eased me up slightly so his tongue could get at my asshole.

He finally moved his head back and took my entire shaft in his watering mouth. His own tremendous tool had reached its maximum of thirteen inches and was thudding on my head and in my face. Matt reached across me and ran a hand up and down Luke's thigh and ass. Before I realized it, I put my tongue out and was licking the head of his giant peter.

Through the dizzy thrill of this I realized that Luke was panting and push-

ing furiously against me. He had gotten fiery hot and granite hard, so very rapidly! Luke kept his arms locked around me as if no matter what, he wouldn't surrender me. Matt forced a hand between us and took hold of Luke's hot hard nine-inch cock and pulled it down from its trapped position between our locked bodies.

He put the head of Luke's dick right on my burning asshole. Instinctively, Luke shot the hard bolt into me, groaning happily. Matt moved again and knelt down. His mouth took all my meat in and his tongue moved around the head faster and faster. Suddenly another quivering organ of tremendous size was in my face.

Jack lay beside me and rubbed the big fat head of his cock over my cheeks and lips. I estimated that this huge lance must be at least two inches thick and a little over ten inches in length. My mouth opened and the huge head of it thrust between my lips. Little by little the cock shoved into my mouth and quickly thudded against the back of my throat.

It was a hard, powerful, hot dick and was bursting at its full length. I was amazed that I had been able to take it into my mouth, because it was so fat. Jack

did not lunge or shove but waited while I tried and tried to accept more of it and let it go into my throat. Each time I would think I was about to make it, but couldn't. Then I made one more frantic try. Just as I reached the point where I almost accepted defeat, Jack gave a mighty push and the hot fat head pushed into my throat. I almost strangled but somehow didn't. Slowly Jack slid more and more of it into me.

Luke was kissing and licking the back of my neck and ears. I had been so worried about the huge, powerful cock pushing into my throat that I'd forgotten for a moment about Luke. He was still going in and out of my full ass with his hard cock in rapid methodical strokes. He must have come once already in me because he was not as furious as when he started. All of Jack's tremendous cock didn't go into my throat, but he stopped shoving it and rotated it gently against my face. Somehow I realized that Jack was now lying almost flat against me, with his face in my crotch and that both Jack and Matt were licking on my tool and taking turns putting it into their mouths.

Suddenly, Jack made frantic lunges

against my face and I felt a tremendous knot passing from the base of his cock along the entire length of it and then spurt gloriously into my throat. It kept pumping and pumping the hot come along the hard cock and into me. The hot licking of my own organ reached a feverish pitch and I shot my own spurting liquid into a hot mouth that kept licking and licking around my exploding tool.

Luke at the same time gave a mighty shove and the rigid rod went further into me than one had ever gone before and gushed his hot load into my asshole, which belonged to him. Jack slid his prick slowly out of my throat and lay flat on the raft. Matt sucked a last few drops from my dick, then crawled up higher. He was pulling on his enormous cock with both hands. He knelt down at my head and suddenly poked the gigantic head against my mouth.

I put my tongue up against the tip of it, since I couldn't open my mouth wide enough to take in the head; it exploded into a gushing stream of hot gism. The glorious love juice filled my mouth, splashed over my chin and cheeks and ran down my chest onto the raft. It shot

forth two more great gushes and then he took it away.

I swallowed what I could and spit out what I couldn't take. Matt leaned over and kissed me passionately on the lips. He moaned and sighed and mumbled. He was saying how wonderful I was and that if I could take most of Jack's huge cock in my mouth, I could take it all and that after that maybe I could take some of his and then all. He kept promising he'd be patient with me and we'd do it gradually. I was too dizzy and drunk on wild sex to really hear or care much.

Jack leaned over and thanked me for sucking him off and said that we'd get together again later on in the week. He got up and dove off the raft and swam for land. After kissing me again Matt did the same. Luke and I lay clamped together for a long time, with his hard dick still up my rectum.

When we could see that Matt and Jack had both dressed and gone into the woods, we rolled apart. We dove in and washed ourselves off, then climbed back on the raft. We lay silent, Luke on his back and me on my side, looking at his gloriously beautiful body and handsome face.

I thought of the long summer ahead and of the wonderful times I would have. At once, I was thankful that I was only fourteen, and that good looking guys on the farm and the city would want me. Yes sir, life is strange, but it is also worth living.

The End



BLACK KNIGHT CLASSICS

THE BOYS OF MUSCLE BEACH

Sam Sturbridge is one of those real bastards who help destroy the Hollywood image with a simple promise—a promise of “I'll put you in movies and make you a star!” And all the young man has to do in return is give his sex and mind to Sam anytime, anywhere, and in any manner the prominent director wishes.

Gerry, a sucker kid from the farm country of Oklahoma, knows absolutely nothing about the big city ‘trick hunters,’ and falls for Sam's lines. Sam takes Gerry into his mansion, dresses him in the very best, feeds him the best and, in turn, gets the greatest sexual satisfaction he'd ever had. Gerry is given his chance to make pictures—underground pictures! Gerry is driven to the bursting point as he is directed to have sexual relations with seven women at once, and later to have the most beautifully described orgy with several muscle boys ever filmed.

Gerry realizes that beautiful muscle boys come cheap. In Sam's life, sex is cheap, and he gets whatever he wants. Gerry is then made to compete with the other muscle boys to keep his position in the house, and he does this by his sexual prowess, his willingness to do what has never been done before, and Gerry gradually grows to respect his role and enjoys his sexual contacts—not so much for money, but for personal enjoyment.

THE BOYS OF MUSCLE BEACH compete with each other, and we're certain this book will compete vigorously with other *BLACK KNIGHT CLASSICS*.



BLACK KNIGHT CLASSICS

A NIGHT IN THE HAYLOFT

"Oh, you're killing me! . . . Bud cried ecstatically. 'Oh, my god . . . please don't stop! Don't ever stop! . . . " And, the action never does cease—at least that's the impression the reader will get from **A NIGHT IN THE HAYLOFT**.

The moment Art spots young Bud hitchhiking in the rain and offers him a ride on his motorcycle, and feels his erection pressing against his rear, Art realizes that Bud would be a pretty easy 'trick' for the evening, and that's exactly what happens when they strip down and romp around in the hay.

To say that anal intercourse is the central theme of this classic is an understatement. In fact, Art releases his sexual furor in the most perverse, brutal, and animalistic methods we have yet found described in any of the **BLACK KNIGHT CLASSICS**. This is not just an ordinary homosexual story of two guys getting their jollies, but a challenge—the survival of the fittest.

At times Art seems to be lord and master over the young, seemingly helpless Bud. On the other hand, Bud says: ". . . Oh, rape me, daddy!" and he manages to drain Art of every bit of strength and everything else he has. **A NIGHT IN THE HAYLOFT** is not a novel you are likely to forget any time soon.



BLACK KNIGHT CLASSICS

I FOUND WHAT

I WANTED

It is extremely rare to find a young man enter college as a freshman and within two weeks be able to lean back and shout: **I FOUND WHAT I WANTED!**

"Well," Bill Jones, our happy, horny freshman says, ". . . if you are gay, might as well accept it as a fact. If guys allow themselves to love each other and be sexually attracted, it must be natural even if society doesn't approve of it! . . ."

Bill Jones begins his sexcapades with a sailor returning to base while riding on a bus to college. And once he meets Jack, his roommate, the pace of the novel really picks up, and we're confronted with voyeurism, fellatio, anilinctus, and things really get all wet when Bill goes down to the bathhouse and out in the ocean for a swim.

The author of this original classic makes the reader wonder whether or not there are any *straights* left in the world today, for he brings them to Bill Jones from all walks of life.

Gay life and responsive partners are the two things Bill sought after in college. If everyone could be so lucky, perhaps **I FOUND WHAT I WANTED** would be heard more frequently.



BLACK KNIGHT CLASSICS

THE TEAM

What started out as a private affair between Cliff, the college prof, and Jack, the student, developed into one of the best performances to be recorded—off the gridiron, of course!

When Cliff decides to try to put the homosexual 'make' on Ron, captain of the team, he sends Jack out to make the arrangements without knowing before hand that Ron already holds an inner urge to be sexually united with Jack.

From the very first page of this novel to the shocking and surprising end, the action never ceases or slows its pace. When the six members of the football team are included in the sex-capades with Cliff and Jack, the author uncovers every conceivable method of homosexual love-making possible—anal intercourse, fellatio, anilinctus, sadism, masochism, masturbation and sixty-nine all over the training room floor.

"Are you all set for tonight, buddy," Ron whispered." . . . Sure,' Jack said, 'I'm always ready for action! . . ." And that's exactly what THE TEAM is all about —ACTION! Homosexual action is most vividly explained!



BLACK KNIGHT CLASSICS

SAN DIEGO SAILOR

Imagine if you will one of Hollywood's most promising motion picture stars riding along a San Diego highway, who stops to give a beautiful hitchhiking sailor a ride, and before half-an-hour passes the sailor is relating his past homosexual contacts to this total stranger.

SAN DIEGO SAILOR stops at nothing! No methods of sexual enjoyment between two men is left untouched, Tommy, the actor, puts his sailor friend, Bud, through acts of fellatio, anilinctus, anal intercourse for the first time, and it appears as though neither of them wishes to abandon the beautiful companionship they find in the seemingly endless paragraphs of them wrapped in sixty-nine love-making.

This unexpurgated novel of homosexual love-making is perhaps the most indepth story of how a homosexual love marriage can develop between one young man longing for new acquaintance and another torn between his obligation to Uncle Sam and his desire to do his own thing sexually without any outside hangups.

From the front seat of the automobile to the front room couch to the swimming hole, and finally, to the bedroom, Tommy and Bud explore each other's capabilities. The reader will sit back gasping for breath, wondering just when the SAN DIEGO SAILOR can say he's had enough and his energy is exhausted!



BLACK KNIGHT CLASSICS

Porthole Buddies

Our Porthole Buddies were aboard the ship lovingly termed the "U.S.S. Tarbucket" by her crew, though that was not her real name.

Here we have a story that veterans as well as active sailors will recognize as the inside truth about life aboard ship. Here we have a group of horny sailors out at sea who will do any and everything to satisfy their sexual urges.

What is most fascinating about this novel, Porthole Buddies, is the Chief Aldon Brown who is more horny than any of the crew, and he has this unquenchable desire to enter young Billy Joe either orally or anally.

As the story progresses, we run into all types of sexual deviations on the high seas. Young Billy Joe is forced into one of the most vividly described gang-bang rapes we've found printed in a long, long time, and fellatio, masturbation, anilinctus and anal intercourse are all combined to let the reader know *what life is really like* among the horny men attired in white bell-bottoms while at sea.

Porthole Buddies leaves nothing to the imagination! One can almost sense as the novel progress that Chief Brown is ready for the psycho ward, but it isn't until he gets young Billy alone for the second time that he . . . Well, Now isn't the time to reveal this frightening conclusion!



BLACK KNIGHT CLASSICS

Men's Lake

This is precisely the kind of story that sends fear into the hearts of parents who send their young boys off to college, where they fall into the hands of homosexual teachers and . . . each other. An English instructor, the "I" narrator, is a young-looking 22, and hardly appears older than his young students. He discovers that Men's Lake is a place where the guys go to get their rocks off, and that does *not* include Sally Coed.

This story fulfills the all-significant ingredient of true erotica: sex-for-sex-sake. Male organs are "monstrous," and orgasms come one after the other to young athletes and boys who never think of much else but fellatio, sodomy and variations. The question of whether the teacher's job is in danger of being terminated because of his sexual involvement with boy students never deters him or the author from an excessively detailed feel-by-feel account, of which these are only too numerous: "You got a snappy little ass and I'd give anything to . . ." he said. Shaken, I almost retreated to the lake . . . the boys on the ground began to suck faster . . . he slid his . . . It was glorious. I was weak from the hot joy of it . . . 'Never!' I vowed. 'I may be queer, but I'm no woman and I won't be used like one.' Mike said, 'I know you're a man, baby. That's why I want to . . . you so bad instead of the girlish ones that love to have it done.'



BLACK KNIGHT CLASSICS

THE FIRST JOB

Before the young high school lad had taken the job as night bellboy at the hotel, he boasted that "nobody could have called me a homosexual, or some gay faggot . . ." But, it only took one night on his FIRST JOB for our young nameless hero to "come out" and understand that "straight" bellboys just don't exist in hotels.

Here on his FIRST JOB, our hero gets his first hug and kiss from another man. It isn't too long before Mario, the captain of the bellboys, has our hero sharing his bed and sexual pleasures, and from that point on he is confronted with a never-ending barrage of propositions for sexual enjoyment not only from the tenants in the hotel, but from his co-workers as well.

The first night on the job, our hero gets the frightening introduction to anal-intercourse, fellatio, rape, and during his time out of beds he witnesses, through key holes, a male sadist and a female masochist doing their own real thing. And we find our 'straight' hero saying: ". . . I'll do anything I can to deserve the job! . . ." And he does!

Every conceivable type of sex act among homosexuals is so vividly described in THE FIRST JOB that the reader will occasionally come up gasping for air, almost as though he had been on the job himself!



BLACK KNIGHT CLASSICS

BAIL OUT

Black Knight Classics is now able to present this unusual story of an Air Force (stud) captain and a corporal, who are the only survivors from a plane that exploded in mid-air after engine trouble developed far out over the ocean.

Alone in the raft for four days and nights, both men become more familiar with each other than they could possibly be at home base.

The action begins when the corporal is awakened from a deep sleep by a rhythmic rubbing sound, and finds the captain sitting to one side of the raft masturbating. From that point on, all military formalities are discarded and both men enjoy the warmth of sixty-nine, the spine-tingling sensations of anilinctus.

The author of this original classic leaves nothing—absolutely nothing—to the imagination! Everything is vividly described and no sexual encounters are omitted; there are even those new methods of sexual enjoyment between two men that have not been heard of before. The enormity of the captain's sex organ almost brings the reader to believe that he is reading of sadism and masochism in its most spine-ripping form.

BAIL OUT was not the end for our captain and corporal, but it was, instead, the beginning of a strange and almost never-heard of development between an enlisted man and an officer.



BLACK KNIGHT CLASSICS

THE ADVENTURES OF EDWARD
BUDDY

For the first time since the BLACK KNIGHT CLASSIC SERIES was begun, we are now offering two short stories in one volume.

The first story is BUDDY. Buddy was 15 when he had his first homosexual experience. "Did you enjoy it, boy?" Rick asked. "Yes sir." "Want some more booze, kid?" "No, sir; I feel dizzy . . ." "Come on back to bed, kid. I want you to . . . mel . . ." The experiences Buddy goes through in this swift-moving short story are unbelievable and we dare not elaborate too greatly at this point on Buddy's performance as a juvenile hustler, one who is actually more thorough at his tasks than we would expect a 15-year-old to be.

THE ADVENTURES OF EDWARD involves a young lad who is treated as a slave for his 22-year-old Indian master. Throughout this story we have scenes of brutal and embarrassing acts of sadism, fellatio, masturbation and the strangest master-slave love affair you've ever read about. "Then put the middle finger of your right hand in your . . . up to the second knuckle, and rub your . . . with your left hand."

Edward's obedience to his master Jimmie is just too much to describe on this cover, but the reader will have to go through this story a second time before he realizes that there are those in the *gay world* who actually live and deeply believe in such a life as Edward goes through.



BLACK KNIGHT CLASSICS

ANGELO

We first meet the sixteen-year-old Angelo in a court room, where a closed hearing is taking place. Angelo has a rather lengthy record of sex offenses, and the court-appointed psychiatrist and physician agree that Angelo's troubles are attributed to his having one of the largest sex organs ever found.

The judge finds Angelo guilty of the charges, but rather than imprisoning him, sends him to a boarding home for boys. However, the judge's interest in Angelo calls for his summoning the youth to his private chambers, where Angelo is made to masturbate over the large desk and the judge gets his jollies from watching the episode.

Shortly, two police officers, Bill and Gil, who had been assigned to take Angelo to the boarding home, take a sexual interest in Angelo and coax him into fellatio and anal intercourse, and even self-masturbation while straddling the hood of the police auto. At the boarding home the sex scenes continue as Harrison, the headmaster, sexually entertains the two police officers, while Angelo is being fitted for his uniform and is again exposed to sexual advances and abuses of all kinds by two other youths.

The mystery surrounding the enormity of Angelo's sex organ causes him to be the target of every thrill-seeking boy in the home, while at the same time it causes the two bachelor-roommate officers to be awakened to their own inner homosexual feelings for each other. ANGELO is a fast-moving novel, and the thrills never cease to unfold, and the last chapter is enough to make you want to re-read the entire book. ANGELO is unforgettable!



BLACK KNIGHT CLASSICS

A CRACK IN THE WALL

This is the story of a young man, 23, who peers into the bathroom of his rooming house to see the teenage boys who also live there experimenting with each other sexually. The reader becomes a voyeur along with the young man, and it is this technique (common to the film) which underlines the theme that voyeurism and homosexuality are natural and go together.

Two boys named Fred and Dick give the voyeur thrills as they measure each other's oversized organs: "Dick gasped, and felt the man's lips and tongue caress the stiff flesh. He moaned with pleasure. I gasped and realized how much I'd like to do that."

Next is the encounter of a colored teenager, Jake, who performs unwittingly for the voyeur: "Jake took his cock in his hand and massaged it. It grew stiffer . . . the door opened and Fred came in . . . Fred said, 'You ever suck anybody's cock?' The boy stuttered and turned almost white."

After watching so many teenagers having violently uninhibited sex, the voyeur finally decides to participate, knowing that it is natural to watch but unnatural not to have sex with others.



BLACK KNIGHT CLASSICS

UNDER THE BRIDGE

UNDER THE BRIDGE is the most descriptive ecstatic novel about homosexuality that has yet been printed in the Black Knight Classics series. Original copies of this manuscript once sold for \$30 'under the counter.'

Our author never identifies himself nor the bridge being discussed, but it could be any bridge, even the one closest to your neighborhood where young teenagers go to have their first cigarette and exchange sexual fantasies.

Under this particular bridge the fantasies sometimes come alive, and young men masturbate each other, measure their growth, and involve themselves in every conceivable type of sexual outlet humanly possible. Our author doesn't boast of his organ size, but he is awakened to fellatio by a Catholic divinity student. Then we find bestiality when Ted brings a goat under the bridge. Sixty-nine and anal intercourse highlight this erotica and is unmatched in homosexual literature.

Nothing is left untouched.

UNDER THE BRIDGE gives you one sexual encounter that leads right to another and another and it seems never to end. Here is a story that depicts how honest self-masturbation can actually lead to homosexual cravings and eventual partnerships that cannot be separated.



BLACK KNIGHT CLASSICS

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EAST ARDMORE

EAST ARDMORE is an almost deserted town, but Johnny Woodring, a boy of fifteen, discovers that the town has the most active "glory hole" in existence anywhere.

Here is a story that involves sex inside the john, where the four winds blow, where young men, married or single, go to get that 'extra something special' in their sexual encounters that they can't get at home. Here is a story that deals with homosexual fellatio in a manner no other story has been able to duplicate. We find excellent descriptions of youthful men standing against the wall, grasping the rafters, with portions of their sex inserted through the "glory hole," soiled from constant use, while someone else has, either his mouth or anus on the receiving end.

It seems as though everybody in EAST ARDMORE gets a piece of the action, as even the briefcase-carrying commuters stop by the john and stand in line, while someone goes to either side of the wall and helps to satisfy his temporary partner sexually.

Here is a story of sex inside and out, nothing hidden, no holes barred, and the "glory hole" highlights the homosexual's day and night.

EAST ARDMORE gives us 'free sex' as homosexuals feel it should be—in the alley, in the john, in the bed, on the grass, or through a 'hole.' Here is the never-before-printed story of the use of the "glory hole" that leaves absolutely nothing to the imagination. The reader can almost feel as though he is there, seeing for himself.