



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.



\$1.95

A NIGHT IN THE HAYLOFT



BLACK KNIGHT CLASSICS

**CLASSICS OF THE
HOMOSEXUAL
UNDERGROUND**

**A NIGHT IN
THE HAYLOFT**



BLACK KNIGHT CLASSICS



**GUILD PRESS LTD.
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BLACK KNIGHT CLASSICS

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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 stired 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.



Chapter One

"FUCK THIS RAIN!" Bud cursed.

He had come so far to see Sherry, and he had a right to be pissed because the bitch wasn't at home. Now he found himself stranded out here in the country more hornier than he was when he had left town.

Walking down the narrow dirt road, he rubbed his crotch and automatically fingered his half-hardon. The rain beat down steadily, and Bud sought shelter under the trees. He kept wondering just how in the shit he was going to get out of there, for no cars made a habit of passing by on this side road, even if it did lead to the main highway.

In the distance Bud could hear the sound of an engine, and he couldn't tell whether or not it was a tractor or a motorcycle. He

waited until it neared, and then he would run out and try to thumb a ride into town.

Watching the hill, he saw the small motorcycle approaching with a tall, handsome, rain-whipped-face man leaning forward. Dashing to the road, he cursed himself because he still had a hard cock.

The cycle approached and when the driver spotted the hitchhiker, he slowed down and stopped by the beautiful youth.

Bud immediately noticed that the driver was eyeing the bulge in his trousers. Embarrassed, he climbed on behind the husky dark-haired driver.

"I was heading home when I got caught in this fuckin' storm," Bud said.

The man nodded. He could feel the boy's hardon pressing tightly against his ass as the youth held him around the waist, trying to gain his balance.

Bud felt his cock pressing against the man's firm ass and the thrill of their closeness only made his dick swell that much more. Pushing himself forward, his cock was like a steel rod as it pressed against the man's ass. Bud realized that he was horny enough to fuck the man or get fucked by the stranger. Anyway it came about, Bud knew that he had to have sexual release and damn soon.

The cycle sped down the narrow road and when they approached the main highway, the driver slowed the bike at the intersection, turned right and gunned the motor as he shifted, revved to the next speed and shifted again.

As the driver eased off the speed, the roar of the motor also subsided to a continual drone. Bud eased his hold on the stranger, relaxing slightly.

The cycle sped through the early dusk as they approached a turnoff on to a small dirt road. The driver veered to the right, angling into the lane between the tall trees, where they were out of the downpour, heading deeper into the woods.

"I know where there's a barn where we can stay until the rain stops," the stranger called back over his shoulder.

"Fine! Great!" Bud responded. He was relieved. He wanted to stop, for the hunger and yearning within his body was overbearing as the vibration of the bike added to his excitement. He moved his body back away from the warmth of the driver's body and waited until the man drove the cycle into a barn and cut off the engine.

The yearning gnawed at Bud as he followed the driver over to the far end of the barn and lowered himself onto the warm,

dry, sensuous-looking hay.

"This feels good, but I'm really drenched to the skin," Bud said as he eyed the man whose flesh showed through the wet fabric. The youth studied the bulge in the driver's levis, noting the details of the swollen prick.

"I think we'd best get out of these wet clothes," the stranger said after eyeing the handsome blond youth, observing that he still had a hardon and was embarrassed as he tried to cover it with his hand.

Bud was shocked, but he decided to undress only after he saw the man begin to unbutton his shirt. The stranger removed the wet shirt and began lowering his trousers.

"Oh," he said, looking up into Bud's puzzled eyes, "I'm sorry . . . My name is Art . . ."

"Mine's Bud," the youth responded just as quickly. He was already stepping out of his trousers as his cock sprang back.

"It feels damn good to get out of these wet clothes," Art said as he took a clean rag which was hanging from a nail on the wall and handed it to the boy.

"Here," he said, "dry yourself off!" He glanced at Bud's generous hunk of cock. "I have something to warm your insides." He held up a pint of whiskey which he had in the saddle bag of his bike.

Bud was not a drinker, but he welcomed the liquor for he had begun to feel a chill and knew that this would do the trick of warming him, as well as calming his shattered nerves.

The boy glanced at the man's cock and was pleased by what he saw.

Art caught the youth's sidelong glance and smiled to himself. He knew that he was in luck, for he yearned for release and was willing to take it any way he could.

Bud raised the bottle to his lips and gulped down the amber liquid.

"Ah, that was great. It just hit the spot," he exclaimed as he handed the bottle back to his companion.

Art lifted the bottle to his lips.

"We might as well enjoy it," he told Bud. "It looks like it's going to be a *long night*. This rain just doesn't appear to be letting up any."

"I wasn't in a hurry to go anywhere," Bud volunteered as he stared out at the downpour. He walked toward the open barn door and listened to the continuous beating of the rainfall on the worn tin roof.

Art watched the nude figure silhouetted in the doorway, admiring the youth's rounded ass, and eyeing the hard, muscular shape of his back.

Art wiped himself with the same large rag which Bud had handed him after he had finished.

"You live around here?" Art asked.

"I live about twenty miles from here. I have a girlfriend who lives near the spot where you picked me up."

"Oh! You came out for a quick piece of pussy, heh?"

"Yep! But when I got there the bitch had taken off somewhere. She probably took off somewhere so somebody else could shove a piece of cock up her cunt!"

Art laughed. "And it left you high and as horny as a bull, heh?"

"That's about it," Bud responded sullenly.

"You like fucking pussy?" Art asked, taking another long swig of liquor.

"Pussy's pussy, baby. Anyway I can get my jollies is damn fine with me."

Art looked sidelong at the now swelling cock of Bud's and sort of smiled up at his face.

"Sure you mean *anyway*?" Art asked.

Bud nodded and watched Art stand up. Art turned his back and looked at the now prostrate youth as his own desires renewed their inner passions and his cock swelled. He yearned for this boy, but he didn't want to be hasty, for he knew they would be there

all night and he wanted to make it last as long as possible.

Much later, Art eased himself down beside the beautiful body of the sleeping youth, he leaned back and felt his body become inflamed as he felt his hardon. The thick prick quivered and throbbed, seeking quick release.

Glancing over at the youth beside him, Art thought over and over again how much he wanted to shove his cock up the boy's tight asshole. 'God,' he thought, 'how magnificent it would be if Bud would suck my prick right now.'

Then he felt Bud's warm hand fondling around his erect prick and closely-drawn nuts. Bud's hand gripped the thick dick and he began to work it willingly, slowly, making each downward stroke a deliberate, slow movement as though he were trying to excite the older man he was pleasing.

Art didn't need any coaxing. He knew that his passionate needs were inflamed, ready . . . ready to FUCK and FUCK and FUCK still more, but he decided to feign sleep a little longer and see how far the youth would actually go.

Bud's hand continued kneading the swollen cock as it worked itself up and down the massive shaft, slowly and deliberately.

Art folded his hands behind his head as he raised his body tautly, letting his cock stand upright like a monument to the phallus god as his prick jutted upward.

Bud worked with renewed interest as he was aware that Art was now awake.

Art, too, was in heated passion. His body was inflamed. He raised his ass so that he moved his cock forward, aiming his massive tool toward the handsome boy's wide-opened mouth.

Bud, at first, was reluctant to take it, though Art watched the quivering prick as a tiny pearl-like drop of liquid formed on its crimson head. Art's body was a mass of desire. He felt every pore open and he trembled as he felt the hot breath of the handsome youth near the purple tip.

Taking the boy's head in his left hand, Art pushed it down gently until he felt the youth's lips pressing tightly against the head of his anxious cock. Reluctant at first, the youth finally condescended and unclenched his jaws, opening it slightly and permitted the man's hot cock to slide in, hard over his tongue, and force its way back toward his throat, causing him to gag and writhe in beautiful ecstasy.

Bud reached under and grasped Art's buttocks tightly in his hands as he fondled

the strong muscles of the man's firm ass with his soft hands.

Bud reached up with his right hand and let his fingers tingle lightly over the stomach muscles. Teasing. Raising passion beyond expectations. His fingers were moving back and forth across the taut muscles and then dart quickly down into the curly mass of coarse pubic hairs that had become moist from perspiration. He could smell the deep, penetrating aroma of masculine pubic area, and it excited him to new heights of passion as he continually buried his mouth over the thick shaft of blood-filled meat.

"OH . . . GOD! . . . SUCK IT, BABY, SUCK IT! SUCK MY COCK, YOU FUCKIN' HOMO! . . ."

Art thrust his hips forward, wanting the boy to suck him completely. It had been so long since he had last had sex this way that he had almost forgotten how enjoyable it really is.

Art knew that he could not be content with a simple blow-job from this handsome youth, but he knew that later they would attempt other homo methods of enjoying sex to its fullest extent.

Bud continued to be the aggressor as his head bobbed up and down, sucking the hot stiff prick deep into his wanting mouth, and

licking it with his tongue as he tortured himself by letting the cock ram farther and deeper into his throat at each forward thrust of his lover's strong masculine hips.

Bud loved the feel of the man's firm ass. He worked his fingers lightly over the muscular flesh, letting them move into the canyon, sliding down the length of the crack between his cheeks until he felt the tight asshole.

Art enjoyed the light insinuation of the boy's fingers as they probed his body. He had never before experienced this particular thrill and was savoring the tingling sensation of the demanding finger as it pushed its way into the tight, puckered opening while the youth worked on his erect, quivering cock, hungrily tasting the massive flesh with his lips and tongue.

Bud let his tongue slide over the swollen member, lingering momentarily on the head of the dick, letting the tip of his tongue make a trail of saliva as it followed the rim of the head and attempted to penetrate the tiny slit at the very tip.

"Take my balls in your mouth," Art pleaded as his hands caressed the youthful head of the boy. His hands worked through the mass of curls, and he felt the soft silken hairs as he pulled the head of the beautiful boy once

more.

Bud felt his own cock ready to burst. He knew that he, too, had to have relief, but first it was his ultimate desire to satisfy this strange man completely and totally.

Art's body was warm as the youth's hands caressed and probed the soft flesh. Bud, using his tongue, moved down the slippery skin of the hot, thick cock as he felt his tongue touch the wirey hairs around the man's low-hanging balls.

The sac was dilated and filled as Bud's tongue worked hungrily over the small orbs. When he had worked his body under the man's kneeling form, the youth lowered his head and moved his mouth upwards, taking first the one teste in his mouth, then the other. He let his lips taste the dew-covered sac, then when he felt the man tremble, he heard a low moan.

"That's it, baby! That's great!" the man murmured in a low voice.

Bud hungrily licked away at the man's testicles, but was impatient to return to the cock which was raised upwards and pressing tightly against the man's stomach. The youth's hand felt the slippery shaft and gently enfolded it in his grip and once more began working it.

"Lick my balls with your tongue . . . "

Artie moaned, as he spread his legs wider apart so that the boy could have easier access to his tools of passion.

The blonde-haired youth complied as best he could, working his head upward, letting his tongue worm its hot wet way up the slippery shaft, until it paused on the deep crimson head of the throbbing cock. Taking the rod in his hand, he moved it downward and let his tongue work its way over the outline of the head. Playfully he moved his tongue down the length of the swollen prick, leaving a hot wet trail of saliva as he let his pink flesh dart and dance over the silky smooth surface of the cock.

Covering the massive head once more with his warm moist mouth, the youth slid the dick in so that it was engorged down his throat as far as it would go.

Again he began massaging the quivering rod with his mouth, moving his head back and forth with a renewed lustful movement in a final attempt to make the man shoot his come.

"Art, however, was not content just to lie there. He held back and tried to enjoy each thrust of the youthful head that was poised between his legs eating away at his prick.

The older youth became hot and excited. He wanted to fuck! He wanted to fuck this

boy in the mouth; he wanted to be more aggressive, for the youth was doing all the work while he gyrated his hips gently.

The man wanted to take the boy more violently, he wanted the boy to have all of his cock. He motioned the youth down on the hay. He worked Bud's shoulders up so that they were resting on a crate and he poised himself up over him. Working his cock down, he let the head of his prick rest momentarily on the youth's lips, then he surged forward so that his cock was deeply engorged in the boy's throat.

Bud gurgled and coughed as he felt the hot prick being rammed deep down his mouth. He had never taken a cock that far before.

The thrill of his cock being imbedded this far, Art grasped the youth's head between his hands desperately and began gyrating his hips, using deliberate, forceful, thrusts as he churned his body and fucked the boy's mouth. He was like a man in a frenzy as he jerked his hips and his buttocks tightened as he rammed the cock down into Bud's throat.

The youth cried out in pain as the man continuously and unmercifully shoved the massive organ forward again and again.

The man felt a wave race through his

body. He contorted, twisted and turned as he rammed the cock again and again in a hot vicious attack on Bud's oral opening.

Thrusting his hips forward, he imbedded his prick in the waiting throat and remained motionless for several seconds. The time was fast approaching for him to gain the satisfaction —to shoot his load of gism— which he so passionately yearned to do.

The older youth was completely out of control as his hips quivered and he felt the well within his balls fill to the point of bursting.

Art knew that he had no control, for his whole body had become a time machine, working at a high pitch of rhythm, gaining momentum as it rammed forward, only to thrust itself back again and begin the attack anew.

Bud cried, gagged and gasped for breath as he felt the huge fleshy muscle fill his mouth and throat. Unmindful of Bud's wishes or urges, the machine-like instrument, like a huge pile-driver, worked in and out, guided by 185 pounds of machine-like muscle as it battered at the youth's sore and bleeding throat to gain the much needed satisfaction.

Art closed his eyes. The feel of the boy's warm-moistness around his engorged cock,

along with the thought of the youthful elfin face, excited him to new heights of perverted passions. He let his battering prick work with a new drive as though it had turned on some sort of emergency generator, giving new life to his already weary body. The hips became taut as his ass stiffened, he began the assault anew and rammed his cock even farther and deeper into the helpless throat than before, disregarding completely the protestations of the handsome youth beneath him.

Working his hips spasmodically, Art glanced down at the beautiful form of the boy. The soft tense flesh excited him. He yearned to touch it, but didn't want to spoil the intensity of the attack. Tensing his muscles, his body began to quiver. The older youth grasped the boy's head in his hands tightly and guided it up so that his cock was hung deeply engorged in the boy's throat.

The only sound to be heard above the boy's cries and moans, was the continual patter of the torrent of rain as it beat down on the tin roof.

Art eased the boy's head up higher. He felt the dam within his body burst and he felt the head of his cock swell as the shaft tensed, ready to released the load which had been seeking escape.

Through half-closed eyes, the older youth saw Bud's cock swell, as it suddenly sprang to life, and a stream of hot white fluid shot uncontrollably from the erect organ as it spewed out on the boy's stomach, hot and thick.

The view before him drove Art out of his mind. He felt his own cock, braced like a gun, and felt the gush of semen as it spewed from deep within his loins into the handsome boy's throat.

The youth's body tensed as he closed his eyes and felt the fluid of life being sapped from him, draining him of all the energy.

The ecstasy of the explosion thrilled him, for this was the utopia which he desired. His cock exploded again and again as the hot white pellets shot from him. His hands held the boy's head in a vise-like grip as he furiously and triumphantly pumped his ass, working faster as his body sprung to life.

Bud was still as the man completed the task of achieving climax. He looked down at the handsome mouth; his own mouth trembled and there was some semen oozing out of the corner of his lips.

Art tried to regain his vitality as he thrust his cock in and out, hoping to be able to commence once more, but knew that he was momentarily finished. He had to rest awhile

because his body still tingled from the excitement of the orgasm.

Bud relaxed his hold on the man's cock, as he lowered his head, trying to release the stiff organ from its oral imprisonment.

When he finally released his firm grasp from the boy's head, Art slowly withdrew his yet-stiff organ from the boy.

Bud lay back with his eyes closed. His mind was swimming in the thoughts of the excitement of homosexual love-making which he had just experienced. Never before had he ever had an orgasm without physical contact. The excitement of the man's passions while fucking him in the mouth had excited him in such a strange and perverse way that his orgasm had surprised him, and shot from him without jacking-off or assistance of any kind! The boy was appalled that such a thing could happen.

"That was fuckin' great," Art complimented him.

The youth did not respond. His eyes remained closed. He had been satisfied, but yet, he had not! He felt as though he had been cheated.

As he lay back, he felt Art's hand touch him. Opening his eyes, he saw the older youth handing him a rag to wipe the evid-

ence from his body.

Taking the rag, the youth wiped the thick white fluid from his stomach and pubic area. The hair had been made sticky and matted.

"There's some on your shoulder, too." Art volunteered, watching the beautiful youth wipe himself clean.

"I think we'd better have a drink to calm down our nerves," Art said.

Bud agreed. He reached over and felt his clothing. Cursing himself, the clothes were cold and still soaking wet.

"It's still raining too hard," Art volunteered, watching the youth's movements.

The youth nodded his head in agreement. He knew that they were destined to spend the night here.

The other youth walked over to a kerosene lantern and lit it. He was glad that there was still some fuel in it, for it was the only light in the now darkened building. When he returned he handed Bud the flask and watched while he raised the bottle to his lips and sipped the contents.

When Bud handed the bottle back, his body flinched from the effects of the potent whiskey.

"That's potent stuff," he murmured, breaking the silence.

"Yeah, but it does the job, doesn't it?" Without waiting for a response, he added: "It makes you all warm inside, doesn't it?"

The youth nodded. His body was covered with goose-pimples as the cool night air chilled him.

"Let's lie close together so we can keep warm . . ." Art observed, watching the boy tremble. "I like to cuddle, anyway."

He lowered himself onto the mattress of hay and Bud nestled close to him. They wrapped each other in their warm embrace, face-to-face and cock-to-cock and napped.



Chapter Two

Although his eyes were closed, Art knew that he couldn't sleep. The boy nestled so close to him that it disturbed him. He loved the warmth of his body, but there was a certain closeness about him, a yearning and a desire to have him and to please him.

The older youth had never before experienced such a feeling. It was unclear to him, even what he wanted, but he knew that he wanted to fuck the boy. It had been like that many times with girls that he had seen, but this was something else, for the feeling was much more profound, much deeper. He had to fuck him.

Glancing, through the narrow slits of his eyelids, he watched the boy's sleeping form. The curly blond hair, the long lashes, the sensuous nose, they all excited him. With new desires rising within himself, he could feel the excitement purging him as his cock began to swell.

Art did not want to disturb the sleeping boy, but he knew that within a matter of minutes he'd make new advances toward him, but only, this time *he* would be the

aggressor.

The older youth could not understand this perverted longing he had for the boy. He felt pangs of desire which began to well up within him and feeling the warmth of the youth's naked body pressing tightly against his only tended to spread coals on the fire of his queer lust.

Bud slept quietly, though he was aware of the steady downpour outside, and the feel of a massively thick dick pressing against the cleavage of his ass. Bud wanted more. He wanted to fuck or get fucked, but he knew that Art was too damn masculine to want some queer sonofabitch shoving a stiff prick up his asshole. Although Bud had never had a dick up his rear, he knew that before the night was over Art would be more than demanding to stab away at the once virgin asshole.

Again, Bud shifted his position so that he was facing the wall, and his ass was shoved back somewhat so that it firmly planted itself against Art's hardened cock.

Bud opened his eyes but did not move. He knew that Art was fully awake as of now simply by the way the man was fondling his body, pressing his fingers nimbly around the youth's stiff shaft and playfully toyed with it.

Bud was ready. FUCK was all he could concentrate on and that's all he knew Art wanted to do.

Moving his face down to the strong firm thighs of the youth, he worked the thighs apart, meeting absolutely no resistance from the boy. He noticed that the youth's cock was quivering, throbbing like hell as it swelled. Art moved his mouth down until his lips were pressing against the tight sac under the well-swollen cock.

Taking a firm hold on Bud's legs, he raised them until he was able to work his lips into the tight hairy asshole.

He felt the warm moistness of the soft curly hairs as his tongue pushed forward, rubbing lightly against the tight puckered opening. Only then did he receive a response from Bud. The youth moaned loudly as the tongue began to worm its way round and round until the opening relaxed.

When the older youth felt the hole relax, he let his tongue plunge into the rubbery enclosure, forcing its way in as far as it would go.

"JEEZZUSSSS CHRIST ALMIGHTY!" Bud groaned. He shivered all over as the hot, wet tongue penetrated his pulsating asshole. This was a completely new experience for Bud. Never had he ever felt anything so

sensual and wonderful as a hot tongue going up his ass. More than ever, he wanted to be filled with the man's solid, monstrous cock.

Raising his legs in agonized ecstasy, the boy flung them apart as the man plunged his tongue deeper into his hot asshole. His lips sucked while the tongue probed deeper and deeper, wanting, demanding, tasting and enjoying all that came with the smelly ass.

The thought of the man's tongue in his asshole was driving Bud wild with frenzy. His mind was in a whirlpool as he felt the tongue swimming inside of him, lapping away at the anal walls, and raising his passions so that he could not help but to moan and groan for the sensuous feeling of delightful homo love.

"PLEASE, PLEASE," Bud moaned. "FUCK ME! . . ." he whimpered weakly as though the tonguing would drive him insane.

Art did not heed his pleas, but continued licking, moving his head around and around so that he could dig deeper with his tongue.

Art's hands fondled the muscular ass cheeks of the boy, spreading them farther apart so that his face moved in further, penetrating the boy deeper while causing him to gyrate and squirm and plead for sexual satisfaction.

"THAT'S IT, BABY . . ." he muttered

between clenched teeth, "PLEASE FUCK ME, ART! . . . PLEASE!"

Round and round Art continued to tease, disregarding the mournful pleading, working, digging, fondling, caressing, all in deliberate movements while his own body tensed and trembled with anxiety. His cock stiffened beyond proportions, jutting upright as it hardened still more. He savored the sweet tasting body of the young virginal ass. He knew that when he took this handsome Adonis, he would take him completely, without any hesitation, without any fear of anal damage, without any reservations whatsoever. He would possess him, fuck him, and give him more cock than he could handle.

Bud cried loudly as he became obsessed with heated desires. His body was on fire, and every pore exuded the pungent aroma of passion. His muscles tensed as he became spastic, jerking himself spasmodically.

"OH, PLEASE, I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER, ART . . ." he cried out. "FUCK ME, FUCK ME, YOU MOTHERFUCKER!" he demanded of his tormentor.

Art was ready for him now. Quickly he removed his tongue from the hot moist bed of the youth's ass and watched the boy as he lay back, ready, willing and waiting.

Art's cock throbbed ecstatically as it was

aimed between the boy's widespread legs. The older youth moved forward, while Bud raised his right leg, resting it on his lover's shoulder.

The aggressor moved his cock forward, letting the hot head rest momentarily at the opening of the youth's virginal asshole.

He eyed the scene lasciviously and when he felt the hunger and yearning in his prick, he pushed it forward slightly, forcing it into the hot, wet, rubbery opening. Only the huge head of Art's monstrous prick could penetrate the tight opening for quite some time. With a great deal of pushing and cooperative heaving of Bud's ass backwards, Art was able to get at least four inches of his cock buried into the grasping asshole.

"OH, THAT'S IT . . ." Bud cried. "THAT'S IT! FUCK ME! FUCK ME GOOD, BABY!"

"I haven't fucked you yet," Art said. "When I do fuck you, you're going to know it!"

It was the first time that Art had spoken. His voice was low and hollow as he licked his dry lips with his tongue. He pushed forward once more, making a lustful attack on the youth.

"Oh, good. I want you! I WANT YOU TO FUCK ME ALL THE WAY. DAMN GOOD

AND HARD, BABY!"

Art knew that he was restraining himself for the youth was a virgin and he didn't want to rip him open too badly. He wanted to proceed with extreme care so that once the cock was completely imbedded in him safely, then he could take his liberties with the youthful asshole.

Forcing his shaft forward gently, with care, the older youth shoved his cock in while Bud whimpered and began to cry.

"Take it out! Please, take it out! It's killing me!" He was half shouting as he moved his body back.

Art moved back slightly, easing the pain, and then when the boy's moaning had ceased, he pushed it back in, further this time without any outcry on the blond's part.

Knowing that he was on safe ground, Art pushed forward, shoving his cock deep into the youthful asshole, and slowly, with deliberate movements of his strong, firm hips, he withdrew slightly and rammed his cock home again and again with full-force.

"GOOODDDDDDD!" Bud moaned ecstatically.

He began to accept the violent thrusts with an easing of the tension. He relaxed his body so that the man was able to penetrate deeper and slam his thick, throbbing shaft

forward with a thrust that nearly sent his cock flying out of Bud's wide-opened mouth.

"THAT'S IT! THAT'S GOOD!" Bud exclaimed excitedly. He was now lying back and accepting everything the man had to offer him.

Art had taken on a wild demeanor as he rammed his cock further and deeper with each hard, unrelenting thrust into the boy's waiting, quivering asshole. He began to perspire as his body trembled and gyrated in heated passion. He was ready for the great workout, the preliminaries having been shed, and sure that the youth was able to accept whatever his blood-filled shaft of hard flesh gave him.

Art plunged his massive cock into the torn asshole, lubricated by the light trace of blood that always comes from breaking in the virginal opening. He became animalistic as he swiveled his hips and slammed them forward without regard to the youth's soreness. He was not sated and needed to be satisfied completely and uncompromisingly.

He lunged his cock forward, impaling the youth against the straw, shoving it deeper each time. The young boy cried out in agony as the pain raced through his writhing body. It was not a cry of regret, but one of enjoyment, happiness, and willingness to continue

and beg for more stiff dick up his quivering, bleeding asshole.

"You wanted to get fucked?" Art said almost in a murmur. "Well, here it is, sucker! Here's my prick right up to your stomach." And he viciously slammed his rod deeper into the tight anal opening, causing Bud to leap up from the straw and cry out from the internal ecstatic suffering he was receiving.

"OOOHHHHH! . . . Bud groaned. "YOU MOTHERFUCKER! YOU'RE SPLITTING ME IN TWO! STOP FOR GOD'S SAKE. STOPPPP!"

But there was no stopping the ravishing Art. His cock slammed continuously inside the boys' ass.

"THAT'S IT!" Bud changed his expression. "THAT'S HEAVEN. LOVE IT! BABY! IT'S FUCKIN' GREAT!" he cried.

"That's just the beginning, baby," Art whispered as he raised the youth with his hands, twisting his body around, working himself under and around until he was behind the youth, ramming his cock up into the boy's asshole with a new frenzy. He was ramming, shoving, slamming, killing, all in strong deft movements of his hips. The man had become that perverse animal once more as he twisted his prick deeper and deeper into the ass as though he were like a screw-

driver attempting to get the screw all the way in to the head and base.

"Art, you're killing me," he cried. "FUCK ME ALL THE WAY. PLEASE! I LOVE IT, BABY! . . ."

Art reached around Bud's body and felt the stiff shaft as it throbbed and jutted excitedly. Taking the hot pulsating cock in his grasp, he began working it, manipulating it with the furor of a beast in heat as the youth continually raised his ass to meet the onslaught. He covered his face with his free hand, realizing that he couldn't stand the tormenting ecstatic pain too much longer.

"OH, MY GOD . . . PLEASE DON'T STOP! DON'T EVER STOP!" he pleaded over and over again.

Art worked his hand up and down the hot stiff prick, faster and faster his hand manipulated the sleek youthful organ until Bud thought he was going to faint from the agony and the ecstasy of the violent *first* asshole seduction.

Bud felt the cyclist's cock swelling as it filled him beyond belief. It throbbed ecstatically as it slipped up his tight, torn, bleeding rectum with a deeper more violent penetration with each thrust.

"OH, RAPE ME, DADDY!" the boy cried. The man's hand worked the boy's cock

faster as he worked his whole body into the youthful receptacle. He had never had such a good response from anyone and he was savoring each thrust of his body. It was like finding Shangrila. It was everything he desired and more. He wanted to own this youth so that he could fuck him again and again at will, and his intentions were to make him want it just as badly.

While they gyrated their bodies harder and harder together, Bud felt his balls tighten up and he knew the dam would burst forth any moment. He didn't want to lose this sensation he was feeling, but at the same time he wanted desperately to drop his wad of gism so that he edged the climax onward. The perverse thoughts in his mind whirled around him crazily until he thought his head would blow open. Deep inside his cock he felt the hot liquid building its force at the base of his long, slender shaft, waiting for the final moment when it would come cascading down the long tube and explode from the tiny slit in the head of his prick like a P-38.

Their bodies, twisting and turning in unison, had become welded together so that they were one complete unit. Neither wanted to really quit. Bud's hips quivered excitedly as he accepted the man's love offering,

letting the huge cock bury itself deep within his asshole again and again so that the man could have complete access to his body and be fully sated.

"THAT'S IT! RAM IT ALL THE WAY UP MY ASS," Bud shouted. "RAM IT, BABY!"

Art was still manipulating his hand on the hot cock. The spongy mass swelled until it was almost purple and at the point of splitting open.

"OH, MY GOD! GODDDDDDD! I'm COMMMINNNGGG!" Bud moaned. He felt the dam burst into a million hues of reds, blues and brilliant golds. He shot his hot load of white-hot thick gism, spewing it across his chest, his stomach and on the crushed lad beneath him.

Art did not release his powerful hold on the boy's tormented ass. He worked faster, wanting to sap the youth of all his energy and life-giving semen.

The thick white fluid was still erupting like a geyser in heavy spurts as it covered Art's hand and shot from the pulsating organ.

Art pumped his hips faster, moaning loudly as he rammed viciously into the boy's asshole.

"OHHH, That's killing me!" the boy cried as he felt the organ seemingly go deeper and

deeper into his anal canal.

Art perspired freely as he worked his hips with untold force. He felt his own explosion in his balls as he shot a great load of come deep into the quivering, bleeding asshole of Bud's.

Art pulled Bud to him rudely as he impaled him again and again—balls clashing with balls, slapping hard against bare asses and cock rode deep into the no longer virginal asshole.

Art was not about to release his charge just yet. He was savoring the youth's hot slippery body that was pressed so passionately and willingly against his. His cock was throbbing violently as it discharged the warm semen in thick hot pellets. When he was finished, he clung helplessly and desperately to the youth.



Chapter Three

"Oh, my God," Bud whispered after it all ended. "that was something else! You're wild, baby. Just too damn much for anybody!" He turned his head and kissed Art on the mouth.

"Just keep that up and I'll fuck you all over again," Art threatened.

Bud laughed, pleased by the whole meeting and the situation that evolved from their getting together. "That's all right. I guess I rape pretty easy," he smiled.

Art snorted with pleasure. They knew that it was finished for the time being, but there would be other times ahead—all day and all night, if necessary.

Art finally, reluctantly, withdrew his massive red-worn shaft out of the boy's bloody asshole.

"That's the best lay I've had in all my life," Art exclaimed as they lay side by side.

"I don't know whether that's a compliment or not," Bud responded.

"Believe me, it is," Art said. "In fact, I'm never going to let you out of my sight again."

"You mean . . . "

Art looked at him perversely and grinned. "Exactly," he whispered as he lit two cigarettes and handed one to his lover.

"Don't I have anything to say in this matter?"

"No! . . ." Art said, shaking his head and grinning. He wanted to tease the youth. "Would you really say no?"

Bud shot a glance at the man lying beside him and laughed.

"In fact, I was thinking the same thing about you. I've never had it like *that* before."

Art knew that he was telling the truth.

"I like virgins," Art chided.

"Then you should *love* me!" He glanced at his lover. "Say, do you have any of that booze left?"

Art nodded and handed him the nearly emptied flask.

Bud unscrewed the top and lifted it to his lips. He liked the warm glow after he sipped the amber contents.

The rain still beat down on the roof of the barn. "My God, won't it ever stop raining?" Bud asked, after listening to the rainfall for a while.

"No! And we're gonna stay here and make love as long as it continues to rain," Art volunteered.

Bud shot a glance at him and grinned.

"And you're praying for a deluge . . . something like that forty days and forty nights bullshit?"

"Not a bad idea. I don't know why I didn't think of that."

The two of them lay back and closed their eyes. Bud clung desperately to Art's strong, muscular body. He liked the feel of the man's closeness to him. It was really the security he sought—something which was lacking in his own existence. He had often wondered if he'd ever find a lover, a true lover all his own, one that he could live with and please, one who could return his love, share his longings and his dreams. He liked Art's attitude and disposition. Everything with him seemed to be fitting into place properly and if this were so, then the knight in shinning armor had arrived in the person of this handsome Adonis.



Chapter Four

Once again silence reigned over everything except the constant patter of the rain on the roof. The downpour had subsided somewhat so that it was now only a dreary and steady drizzle.

While Art snored loudly, Bud sat up and looked out the open doorway at the empty blackness outside. Once he arose and walked to the doorway and peered outside. Again, he walked back to where the reclining youthful figure lay. He stared down at the body, fascinated by every muscle of that beautiful body, every curve, every line and indentation.

Lowering himself once more so that he would not disturb his new found lover, he moved over closer to him and gently nestled his naked frame to his. Art did not respond to his touch.

Bud wrapped his arm around the shoulder of the sleeping figure and remained still. He stayed in that position for nearly a quarter of an hour. He felt pangs of wanton desires spring up inside his cock as he pressed his body closer. He knew that he wouldn't be

able to hold himself back much longer, for he had an eager desire for yet another session with this strong, virile dick he was gazing upon.

Reaching his hand down, he let it touch the bare flesh, lightly tickling the nipple of the man's chest. His fingers worked lightly over the flesh, tickling, creeping slowly down the ripples of the muscular stomach, pausing momentarily at the pubic area. His fingers toyed playfully with the silken hairs, fingering them between his index finger and thumb. He could feel the reaction within his own cock and balls as they slowly awakened and suddenly became aroused.

When he finally did have an erection, it sprung up from his body and pressed against his stomach like a ramrod of steel. He eased his hand down further until it was able to embrace the hardon of the sleeping youth. He felt the warmth of the erection as he let his hand rest on the quivering object.

There was no use denying it. He knew that his most perverse thoughts had taken possession of his emotions and he was following those emotions tonight for there was nothing more than he wanted than erotic release of his sensual desires.

Bud could not recall another time in his life when he had become so sexually aroused

and his thoughts had been so perverse. He looked at the sleeping figure and wanted to lap down and suck on the limp cock that lay nestled in the soft pubic hairs.

Art continually snored louder, unaware of what was happening.

Bud caught a glimpse of the whiskey bottle. He noticed that there was less than a full swallow remaining. Cautiously, anxious not to disturb Art, he reached over and worked the top free, lifted it to his lips and emptied the contents down his throat.

Looking down, he noticed that Art's prick was beginning to get hard as all hell. He moved his hand deftly around the base of the thick shaft and kneaded the hard flesh between his soft, warm fingers. He ran his fingers through the thick, dark pubic hairs and once again grabbed for the now fully-erect sabre. He knew that he had aroused Art even though he was still asleep. He had gotten him to the point where he could play with him and continue with his loveplay until the man was awakened by the constant manipulations of his eager fingers.

Bud was unaware as to where this new sexual awakening would lead him, but he knew that it would certainly lead to some interesting new experiences for him. He had been totally inexperienced and unprepared

for such a homosexual encounter, thus, having met the experienced lover, he had learned a great deal more than he could have ever anticipated. But, more important than that, he had proved to himself that he was right in assuming he would enjoy being screwed in the asshole. He had often wondered about it, wondering if it would hurt and whether he could take it at all. Thus, the experiment having been completed and successful, he was sure now of his answers. *He wanted to be queer!*

Quite sure of himself, Bud felt the man's cock, enfolded it in his fist, and began to stroke it gently and slowly and increased the crescendo until he had worked it more vigorously than ever.

Bud's body was pressing warmly against Art's and he felt the warmth of the man's body which was a pleasant sensation. He watched his own cock swell and pressed it tightly against the man's ass as he worked his hand with renewed life.

Art awoke and in his drowsiness sensed what was happening. The hand on his cock was working diligently. The spongy mass of blood-filled flesh was now hardened, jutting outward as the hand stroked it vigorously.

"So, you're finally awake," Bud murmured in his ear, sending his tongue deep into the

channel. "As long as I've been pulling on this prick of yours it's a damn wonder you wouldn't have awakened long before now," he said, smiling.

"Yes . . ." Art responded dreamily.

"I hope you don't mind . . ."

"Hell no, baby! In fact, I think it's just fuckin' divine to be awakened like this."

Bud grinned. He agreed with the man fully. He had often found himself waking up with a hardon and no one there to relieve him, and this would always make him take himself in hand and jack-off until he had come stains scattered all over his bed sheets.

Continuing his manipulation of Art's cock, Bud worked faster with a new fervor. He hoped the man would make the next move, for he didn't know what he was capable of starting. He realized that he was actually more passive than he was active.

Art did finally take the initiative. He rolled over and grasped the youth in his arms and began kissing him passionately. His mouth met the youth's hungry mouth and thrust his tongue forward, pushing it into the open moist hole.

Harder and much more passionately they kissed each other and locked themselves in a tangling embrace. Bud felt the man's strong firm hands as they fondled his flesh.

Art was working slowly—ever so slowly—down his spine, pausing at the little of his back, then moved slowly and deliberately up the mounds of his small buttocks and spread his hands over the smooth fleshy orbs. He let his hands cover the surface, then move back and forth up and down, fondling Bud's balls lasciviously as they moved slowly, savoring the feel of the tender warm flesh. His fingers wandered down to the crevice of the ass, lingering momentarily on the sore opening, then proceeded downward, touching the small balls again, then moving back once more to fondle the smooth soft fleshy orbs.

Their mouths remained sealed together as they let their tongues explore the hot wet interior of the mouths and playfully they nibbled at each other, not wanting to break the magic spell of the moment, hoping that it would continue throughout their lovemaking.

Bud's soft hands massaged and savored the strength of Art's muscular back.

Art moved his mouth slowly away from the reluctant lips of the youth and moved them down the neck, leaving a hot wet trail as his tongue playfully toyed with the tingling flesh. Moving downward, the man continued his trek down the nickel sized

brown nipples on the boy's chest. He let his tongue linger there, playfully licking it, then nipped at the tits lightly with his teeth while the boy tittered in heated passionate excitement.

After pausing there for an ecstatic eternity, Art continued to probe the boy's body with his warm moist tongue. He moved downward once again, over the light baby-fat of the stomach, pausing, then pushing his tongue into the well of the navel and danced lightly around it, making circular movements with the snake-like weapon that caused Bud to raise his haunches and moan and groan for something greater, *something more filling*, something that would carry him over the top and send him off into orbit hoping never to return to earth. Bud was ready for him. He opened his mouth and let his tongue dance lightly over the smooth surface.

As a result of his action, Art hastened his own movements, taking the boy's cock into his mouth.

Then, as a reward for his submission, Bud moved his mouth over the cock and swallowed it as far as it would go. It was rammed deep into his throat as the movement of the man's hips began.

There was no holding either man back

now as their bodies quivered and they began their gyrating movements ecstatically as they lunged their cocks deep into each other's mouth.

Bud released his mouth from the erect penis and ran his tongue up and down the surface as he felt the man take his cock fully, and at the same time the man's hands toyed with his buttocks, fondling them softly.

Faster, their movements became more professional and deliberate as they surged forward, ramming their cocks into each other's mouth and began working their hips at a fevered pitch. They became like two wrestlers entwined, dancing the dance of love as they writhed their bodies, wrapping their legs around each other's head, clamping their legs shut, pinioning the other's head in a vise.

Art savored the taste of the boy's sweet cock. He moved his head up and down slowly, while his hips moved and jerked and pumped hard at the boy's open and willing mouth.

Faster now their bodies merged into one. They twisted, quivered, writhed and pumped and fucked with a fury that made it seem as though both cocks were going to choke the other and drag his tongue down his taut stomach.

Leaning his body forward, Art impaled his cock deeper into Bud's throat. His body trembled at the movement, and he continued his gyrations as he rammed the swollen mass of flesh into the hot, well-lubricated orifice.

Bud did not protest this new and deeper assault on his throat. He responded with a deeper thrust of his own cock into Art's waiting mouth.

Bud moaned loudly above the slurpy sucking sounds both were making as he fucked forcefully and generously.

The excitement of this new *sixty-nine* experience had not disappointed him; but to the contrary, had excited him beyond his own wildest expectations.

Art was slowly becoming a wild animal as he pumped his hips faster and faster. This was but another mountain for them to climb. After this climax was reached there would be many, many more to climb—different methods of climbing, and surely more fascinating outcomes.

Bud moved his head away and sucked Art's balls as he had done once before. Art reciprocated by doing the same. He did it expertly as the boy lay back and moaned and groaned and twisted his cock deep into Art's ear. Again, they returned to the sucking of each other's cock, wrapping their tongues

around the massive organs, nibbling hungrily at the thick shafts, working them up and down, continuing unrelentingly, seeking that ultimate climax.

Bud's curiosity was aroused. He moved his mouth away from Art's prick and once more moved his mouth down to the small nuts, taking one in his mouth. He clamped his mouth hard around the one nut and sucked, causing Art to writhe in painful ecstasy as the veins were being squeezed and taunted and sending shivers throughout his body.

Sensing what the boy wanted to do, Art spread his legs farther apart so that Bud could work his face deeper into the tight crevice below his balls.

Bud's tongue darted, lunged forward and downward until the hot wet appendage touched the anal opening. He let the tip of his tongue nibble at the puckered opening, then feeling it relax, he pushed it in with a deft single stroke. He felt the tongue being imbedded into the tight moist opening and playfully tried to thrust it as far as he could manage to get it out of his mouth.

Art writhed and wriggled and squirmed as he felt the hot stabbing tongue inside his asshole.

"THAT'S IT. USE YOUR TONGUE, LITTLE FUCKER! EAT MY ASSHOLE,

WILL YAI!"

Bud complied quickly while the man spread his legs even farther apart. Art raised his body and nearly smothered Bud as he sat on his face, burying his tongue deeper and deeper into the fesus-smelling orifice.

"USE YOUR TONGUE!" Art whispered hoarsely. "EAT IT, BABY!"

With this new attack on his once forbidden area, Art's emotions soon reached a fevered pitch as he felt the tongue lubricating his anal canal.

Bud was enjoying this immensely. He savored the taste of the moist hole. It was like something he had never tasted before or even dreamed of one day doing so. He raised his hips jerkily so that Art could take him and raise him to new heights of ecstasy.

Bud was breathing heavily as he felt the welling up inside him. His balls were filled and ready to spurt forth the juice of love—the juice of protein and ecstasy combined.

Moving his head, he once more took Art's pulsating dick into his mouth and began sucking at it furiously. The man wanted more. Much more, and he really didn't know how to go about getting it.

Together their bodies churned up a new sweat. The peak was almost there. It was in

sight. They could feel the tip—that pulsating tip that moved and probed deeper with each movement of their hips. Bud arched his back tautly as he felt the volcano within his balls, his ass, his prick suddenly take a turn for the exit—bursting forth in long, jerky jets of hot white liquid.

Art felt the hot thick fluid as it filled his mouth and began to ooze out of the corners of his filled lips. He savored the acrid taste of it, while the youth perspired and reeked with the pungent aroma of perspiration mixed with the magnificent love offering he had made for Art.

On and on the flow of hot come continued to ooze out of his cock until Bud's body quivered and came to rest on top of his lover.

Art's body now began to tremble visibly. It became taut. He, too, began to spew forth the hot cream into the mouth of his lover. The thick sweet-tasting liquid flowed free from his pulsating cock in a long, hot, steady stream while the man pushed and rammed his prick deeper into the receptive mouth of the boy's.

Bud did not protest as the violent movements sent pangs of pain scorching throughout his entire being, for he had remembered his own forward thrusts as he shot his load

without so much as a whimper from the man as he had been accepting the offered juice of life.

They continued to clash their bodies together hopefully as they pushed upward and hard against each other.

It was then that Bud opened his eyes. He stared out into the vast space of the barn while the man over him still spewed forth his sweet-salty tasting come.

On the loft, over in the far corner of the barn, Bud thought he saw some movement. He suddenly became frightened, but then he wasn't sure of himself.

Staring up where he saw the movement, he verified his first impression. He saw a boy up there jacking-off, unaware that he was finally observed.

"There's somebody up there," he whispered to his partner.

Art didn't believe him, thinking that he was teasing and attempting to bring their lovemaking to a rapid finish. Art then turned and looked up in the direction at which Bud was pointing. When his eyes became accustomed to that bitter darkness, he, too, observed the boy up there beating his dick furiously.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he muttered under his breath so the youth above would not

know he had been spotted.

"Do you think he's been here all the time?" Bud asked, obviously concerned about the whole turn of events.

"Probably, but he's most likely been asleep all this time."

Bud felt better, for it was a logical assumption, or else they would have seen him much earlier.

"Shall we let him know we saw him?" Bud inquired in a hoarse whisper.

"Naw! Let him get his rocks off first."

The two of them observed the boy as he jacked his prick with the fury of an inexperienced farm youth. Once more they returned to the task of sucking each other's dick, but at the same time glanced up at the heated youth in his lonesome passion.

As the boy looked down at them, writhing their bodies, he increased the momentum of his masturbatory tactics and his prick throbbed as he shot a hot load across his chest and shoulders.

The youth lay back in ecstasy as the fluid erupted from his erect geyser. Again and again it shot its hot message across his tense body.

When they were sure he had dropped the last of his load, the two men climbed to their feet and walked into the darkness where the

youth was hiding.

"How long have you been here?" Art inquired with a voice of authority.

"All night," the youth confessed, obviously frightened now that he had been discovered.

"How long have you been watching us?"

The boy hesitated, not wanting to raise the ire of this muscular man.

"Not long . . ." he muttered.

Art knew that he was lying. "You've been watching since we came here, haven't you?"

The boy nodded his head reluctantly.

Art grinned. He was certainly glad that he had given a commendable performance, for it had excited the boy to such a degree that he couldn't resist it himself.

"Where are you from?" the older youth inquired again.

"I live some distance from here. I got caught in the rain and decided to spend the night here. Believe me, I was surprised when you two showed up."

"I'll just bet you were, but I'll bet you were more surprised by what you saw."

"Yes, but it made me want to do things . . . I've never seen anything like that before," he assured them. "I never thought anything like that ever went on."

"Well, baby," Art said with assuredness, "now you know it does."

The youth nodded vigorously. He was convinced without further conversation or proof.

The rain outside had slowed its downfall. It was still dark, though morning was breaking in the far off distance.

"Why don't you come on up here," the youth asked, "it's much warmer up here."

Bud shot a glance at his friend. He saw Art move toward the ladder at the far end of the barn near the wall. He immediately followed him and watched the man's tight ass sway as he climbed the ladder.

When Art was at the top, Bud climbed and joined them. It was much warmer up there and Art cursed himself for not having thought of it much sooner.

"My name's Art, and this here is Bud," he volunteered in a friendly manner as he eyed the handsome boy. He surmised that the boy wasn't over fourteen.

"Mine's Rick," he responded brightly. "Glad to make your acquaintance."

"Are you two old buddies," the youth asked them.

Art grinned. "No. We just met tonight," he confessed.

The youth looked at them suspiciously.

"You mean you just met tonight and you do everything like you've been doing it

together for a long, long time?"

Art laughed. "Son," he said, "that's what you call compatibility, or in plain talk, just made for each other!"

"It sure is," the boy agreed, smiling broadly.

"If I knew you were here . . ." Art continued, "I'd have offered you a drink to warm yourself up with."

The boy shook his head. "It's all right. There's a jug of white lightning over there," he said, pointing to a crock jug at the far end of the hayloft.

Art couldn't believe his eyes.

"My god, man. Here you were sitting up here, drinking and watching the floor show, without paying a cover charge, either."

Rickie laughed.

Art climbed up to his feet and walked over to where the jug was. He picked it up and smelled it.

"It sure is white lightning," he agreed happily as he lifted it to his mouth and took a long, hot swig.

"Here, Bud, take a swig of this! Now you'll know what the real stuff tastes like."

He carried the jug over to where the two youths were seated, handed the heavy jug to Bud, who took it and raised it to his mouth and sipped generously. He coughed

loudly as he lowered it.

"JESUS CHRIST. That shit's potent as all hell."

"You can bet your sweet ass it is," Art assured him.

Bud was handing the jug to the boy. He hesitated at first, then took a deep swig from it.

Art was eyeing the boy's youthful body lasciviously. He admired the deep curve of his ass and the massive prick which was still standing stiffly erect. He wanted the boy desperately, but before he could do what he wanted with the youth he knew that he'd have to wait until Bud fell asleep.

Bud, however, caught the sidelong glances of his lover as he watched the youth's every movement.

"Why don't we just sit up all night and talk?" Bud said. "It'll be just a couple more hours until morning anyway . . ."

"I don't know . . ." Art hesitated, "I'm pretty tired myself. Maybe if we all lie down we can fall asleep."

Once more he handed the strange youth the jug and when they were finished, he, too, raised the jug to his own lips and swallowed a mouthful of the potent acid.

"I'm really not too sleepy," Bud repeated, anxious that his lover should not have this

youth to himself. Bud was not anxious to have the strange kid at all, for *chicken* never did excite him as much as his own age group and older individuals.

For what seemed to be an eternity, both Art and Bud stared at each other, reading each other's thoughts.

What they had going between them was a waiting game—a game whereby Bud had to hold on to his new-found lover and Art was a man of the field, waiting and hoping to catch on to every piece of stray ass he could find.

'I'll stay awake and watch you, Art, baby,' Bud thought to himself. 'I'll watch you every minute. As long as you've got that big cock of yours I'm gonna make damn sure nobody else gets it, Art. The minute somebody else gets to feel, to taste and to have it shoved up their ass, Art, baby, both you and I are gonna have to do without it, 'cause I'm gonna cut that fucker off!'

Art grinned inwardly. He knew that he could play the waiting game just as long as Bud would, but he didn't know Bud's intentions if things didn't just go his way. However, Art did know that he would have to be diplomatic with his lover because he was so sensitive.

He offered Bud another drink, for this

was really the only way out. *The only way!* And it could have been the end of it all.

The next thing Bud knew his thoughts had been interrupted when he noticed that the youth reached over and placed his hand on Art's thigh. Catching the jealous expression in Bud's eyes, the youth then rested his other hand on Bud's thigh and let it slide slowly and gently upwards until it came to rest on his flaccid prick.

"HOLY MACKEREL, BABY," Art purred. "This could be something great in store for us, heh, baby," he said with a wink toward Bud.

Art reached over and pulled the young chicken toward him and planted a warm, wet kiss firmly on the youth's mouth.

The youth reached up and wrapped his arms tightly around Art's thick neck and pulled his head down harder and firmer against his waiting mouth. The youth then felt an exploring hardness behind him, experienced and eager. He reached back and felt the pulsating knob of Bud's prick poised directly behind his tiny, virginal ass.

Art pulled the youth to the floor and lay in front of him, bodies pressed tightly against bodies, while Bud fondled and kissed the nape of the youth's neck and shoved his cock between the tight legs of the boy.

For some time they carried out their preliminaries, hoping to break this farm-like youth into homosexual love properly and gently.

Before the youth knew what was happening, their sweating bodies slapped together, and rolled about in the hay until the youth was flat on his stomach and Bud was atop him. Bud's breath was hoarse and excited in his ear. The youth closed his eyes and flung his head back, his nostrils flaring. To his surprise, he felt Bud's mouth searching for his, and then they kissed, a torrid, soul-scorching kiss.

Bud spit on his hand and reached down to spread the saliva over his thick shaft of blood-filled flesh, and shoved his cock gently into the tight asshole of the youth. The youth winced and cried out in pain as the head of Bud's prick managed to spread the tight orifice just enough for a fraction of an inch of cock to penetrate.

"Careful," Art warned. "Remember he's still a 'chicken.'"

"Baby, baby, baby!" Bud purred.

Once again he shoved his cock forward and he could feel the flesh tear, rip, and the entire head of his thick cock was penetrating the tight, hot canal.

"STOP IT!" the youth cried. "STOP HIM,

PLEASE!"

But there was no stopping the advances Bud was making. Again he pushed forward and then withdrew rapidly, letting the boy feel the pain and the relief that comes from shoving a cock up an asshole.

Raising his hips higher, Bud gave one great plunge forward, sending his cock deep into the boy's torn, bloody asshole, causing him to lift up his rear and cry out in agonized, ear-piercing pain.

"STOP, YOU SONOFABITCH! STOP, DAMMIT! MAKE HIM STOP, WON'T YOU!" the youth pleaded.

Once more, almost as though he heard nothing, Bud thrust his thick shaft forward much harder than before.

"EASE OFF, BUD," Art warned. "You'll kill that kid. EASE OFF, DAMMIT!"

There was no stopping the animalistic thrusts Bud was forcing upon the youth. In and out his prick rampaged through the torn, writhing asshole.

Tears flooded the youth's eyes and he settled back down on the crumpled hay as he continually sobbed, moaning in pain and ecstasy all at the same time.

Gradually, Bud slowed his pumping motion and eased his prick in and out of the boy's writhing asshole, no longer causing

pain, but sheer joy.

There was no pain now for the youth, only the blinding heat of their furious passion. Beneath them the hay cracked and groaned with a frenzy of their movements.

Art let out a sigh of relief, realizing that Bud had successfully conquered the chicken's virginal cherry.

Bud was more frantic now than he was before, raging beyond control. The youth seemed to welcome his thrusts, felt them grow more violent as the end neared.

The climax was a torrent that swept through them wildly, a shuddering, choking eternity of spasms that did not die until the last hot, white jets of liquid come had spurted out of Bud's prick into the waiting receptive asshole. Bud continued to hold the youth for a long time in a tight embrace.

"Baby," he purred when the last of his strength had ebbed out of his cock, "that was something to behold!"

"Fuck, man," Art interjected, "for a moment there I thought you'd kill that poor kid."

"Did you think I would *kill* you?" he asked the youth.

The youth could not answer. His face was somewhat dirtied by the tears that had at one time during the ecstatic fuck slid down

his cheeks.

"How do you feel, kid?" Art asked, stroking the boy's long, straight hair.

"Fucked out," the youth responded.

Both Bud and Art laughed.

"Not quite yet, you aren't," Art said, smiling and rubbing his hand across the youths' pulsating prick.

"I don't think I can take anymore just yet," the youth volunteered.

"Never say what you don't think you can do, laddie," Art warned.

"I can't, don't you see," the kid reiterated. "I just can't take anymore right now. I'm hurting all inside my ass."

"Feel this," Art said, shoving his prick up toward the boy's face. "Go on," he demanded with a definite insistence in his voice. "Go on and feel my dick, cocksucker!"

"No!"

Art raised his hand and let it come cascading down in a hard slap against the boy's cheeks that sent him rolling down on the hay.

"No, Art, don't!" Bud said, sensing the anger in the man.

"Shut the fuck up, Bud! You've got your jollies off in his ass, so what about me. Huh? What the fuck about me? You think I enjoyed watching what was happening and

not being able to participate?"

"I can't do it anymore," the youth repeated, pleading desperately for Art to understand.

"Suck it!" Art commanded. "Go on and suck it or I'll batter your fucking little punk head through this floor!"

The youth looked up at Bud and then back to Art.

Slowly, he opened his mouth and Art shoved his thick prick deep into the boy's mouth. Art leaned back, moaning in ecstatic glory as the youth lapped away at the piece of meat clamped between his tight lips.

Sensing the joys Art was receiving, and realizing that he was being forced into something he didn't particularly care for, the youth raised his lips and clamped down hard with his teeth around the thick shaft of blood-filled flesh that had invaded his mouth.

"STOP, YOU LITTLE FUCKING PUNK!" Art yelled, writhing around, trying to get his cock out of the boy's mouth. "STOP, YOU LITTLE BASTARD!" He reached out and slapped the youth on his cheek as hard as he possibly could, causing a red welt to immediately raise on the youth's face.

Again, but with more determination than

ever, the youth fastened his teeth together and bit harder—harder—harder and harder on the older man's cock until he tasted the salty tang of blood ooze throughout his mouth and Art was lying back sobbing, moaning, and yelling obscenities that didn't mean a damn thing to the determined youth.

When the youth unclamped his vise-like grip on the man's bleeding prick, he arose, grabbed on his pants, leaped down the ladder and raced from the building.

Bud looked over at Art, writhing in agony and crying as blood gushed from his cock all over his hands and mixed with the rumpled hay below.

"I'll find you, you little motherfucker," he moaned. "I'll find you and tear your fucking head right off of your shoulders."

The blood was too much for Bud to take. He leaped from the hay and jumped down the ladder, grabbed his clothes and left the building, realizing that Art was bleeding much too rapidly for help to arrive in time.

"You cocksuckers," Art yelled. "You dirty, rotten cocksuckers."

Bud listened to the crying in the hayloft. He sympathized with the man, but he realized Art had brought the mishap on himself.

"Don't leave me behind, you no good

cocksucker," Art pleaded.

"Why, Art?" Bud asked, looking up and seeing the blood covered body of the older man. "Why, Art? You're no good for me anymore. I was just *your last trick!*"

Bud hurriedly put on his clothes and left the barn to the sounds of a crying, ailing man who had given him more pleasures than he deemed possible in the hayloft.

The End





BLACK KNIGHT CLASSICS

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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 lovemaking.

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

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.



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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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

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

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 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

SEVEN IN A BARN

SEVEN IN A BARN is exactly what the title implies, and when you bring together seven of the most handsome, virile young men and place them in a deserted barn to explore each others' sexual prowess, you get the most descriptive, the most intimate 'odd-man-wins-out' orgy ever.

Our story begins when seven highly-sexed youths decide to start a rather unique club, where the leader is chosen by the winning hand in a poker game. The leader, then, is like a Caesar on a throne, having his body licked and thrilled from head to toe, and having his sexual appetite fulfilled in ways never dreamed possible.

John is the first victim to serve the leader as slave. The ordeal he is subjected to seems sexually impossible, as the others put him through acts of fellatio, anilintus, anal intercourse, and has him masturbate them. Not only is John subjected to excessive sexual treatment, but every young man turns to his buddy, interlocks arms and legs, and after sixty-nine is performed all over the floor, every other conceivable position and approach to sexual enjoyment is vividly described. Those who had never performed oral intercourse on others do so; those with undiscovered cherries are finally plucked, even against some members' will. What these seven youths do not do together is what the reader is left wondering.

This unexpurgated novel will hold your attention from cover to cover, and it makes the reader feel with and for this group, until one day the barn door is opened, and hidden reality becomes open truth.



BLACK KNIGHT CLASSICS

BOXING CAMP



Nothing — absolutely nothing like BOXING CAMP has ever been written before!

Here is the story as told by Jerry, a teenager who has been awakened to homosexuality by his seventeen-year-old brother, Hank, and his father. Here we have two brothers competing against each other to be sexually satisfied by their father.

When having sexual relations with his father, Hank becomes a sadist and his father a masochist, and Jerry stands outside of the house listening to the cries, the whimpering, and the pleasure they give to each other prior to anal intercourse. The next time he is alone with Hank, Jerry wants the same treatment.

Sex within this family becomes a fearfully beautiful, private, yet distorted way of life until one day while Hank is crouched over Jerry's back, the door is smashed open and in walks the father and a huge, beautiful, blond-haired Swede named Hans.

Hans has all of the answers and the know-how to make sex more enjoyable. Unmatched in description, BOXING CAMP gives the reader fellatio, anilintus, masochism, sadism, and anal intercourse as never before. And, when Jerry is subjected to anal intercourse by both his father and the oversize Hans at the same time, the reader will surely be awed by the developments and wonder whether what happens at BOXING CAMP can happen in any other locale.



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!