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COVER PHOTO:

Loco Jones, one of J. Brian's latest discoveries, shows plenty inside this issue's tribute to the photographer's new "Golden Guys" series. Brian, one of the '60s top male nude lensers, had returned to the skin business he helped create, and high time,

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ANTICIPATION

"That summer, with 358 comings under his belt, he developed a taste for his own cum . . ."

By JACK FRITSCHER

The summer between junior high and senior high, Dirk remembered, he had beat off 358 times for an average of nearly four loads a day. Early mornings he woke with a pisshard that wouldn't go away. He walked to the bathroom, down the hall flooded with the early dawn-light of summer, with his dick big and hard and bobbing in front of his young belly. The weight of it felt as good, cantilevered out over his big balls, as did the heat of it in the cool morning air. In the john, he stood sleepily over the toilet, holding his large meat in his hand, aiming his rod down at the bowl. His piss was slow in coming. His hand felt good on his cock. His mind darted.

waking up, to the kind of stuff he had plotted to dedicate his summer vacation to: he intended to beat off as much as he could, everywhere he could, thinking about, and spying on—well, not spying actually, more like watching, no, studying—yeah, that was it, studying the senior high guys he couldn't wait to rub shoulders with in the locker room come the fall semester.

Dirk had scoped his plan start to finish. He knew what he wanted. He knew what he liked. He had, that summer, not yet let any man touch his dick. At the Y, and in a couple of gas station restrooms, and in at least one highway reststop, men had taken a gander at the meat Dirk flipped out of his jeans. They had tried—some of them—to cop a feel of his sizeable rod. He let them look. He even let one or two of them kind of kneel in front of him while they looked at his dick and rubbed their own cocks.

Dirk liked that. He liked the way grown men knelt to worship dick. The couple times that he had stepped back from the porcelain urinal, he turned with his dick hanging out of his fly, and stood with his booted feet slightly apart. He noticed that as soon as the other man knelt down in front of him, his own cock started its launch from its long, low-slung hang—filling up with

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