

SKIN

\$5.00

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 1



CLASSIC EROTICA

INTO FALCON'S FILES

NEW YORK IN THE RAW

MINOTAUR'S LUSTY BULLS

EXCLUSIVE JOCKS PHOTOS

TRUE PRISON LIFE: CELLMATES

PAEAN'S UNPUBLISHED SHOOT

16 RED-HOT COLOR PAGES

• PREMIERE ISSUE

CONTENTS

- 6 PAEAN'S UNPUBLISHED PHOTOS
Until now . . .
- 10 CALL DENNY SARGENT
This one's on call
- 12 CLASSIC EROTICA
No wonder it's classic
- 18 INTO FALCON'S FILES
Where no one else gets
- 28 MELON LOVE
A crenshaw and me
- 30 NEW YORK IN THE RAW
Pages from John Cox's album
- 34 THOSE LUSTY BULLS
From Minotaur Press
- 41 SKIN BIZ
Peddling flesh
- 42 WHAT I DID FOR LOVE
At a slave auction
- 44 PREVIEW: JOCKS
The sexual athletes
- 48 CELLMATES
Prison can be hot
- 52 DIRTY THOUGHTS
Bi-guys are best

ON THE COVER:

Falcon Studios opens its files to a magazine for the very first time in this premiere issue of *Skin Mag*. The cover shot is from "PE-627." You'll find a special 10-page tribute to one of the true leaders in the 8mm and companion mag field between these sheets, proving what's on celluloid separates the men from the boys in this business.

SKIN is published quarterly by Eros Publishing Company, Inc., Wilmington, Delaware. Copyright © 1979 by Eros Publishing Company, Inc. All rights reserved on entire contents. Nothing may be reproduced, in whole or in part, without written permission from the publisher. The publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited materials. All manuscripts, photos and artwork must be accompanied by return postage. All photos in this publication were posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos nor words used to describe them, are meant to depict the actual conduct or personality of the models. All models are 18 years of age or older. No data on models will be released. Any similarity between real persons and characters depicted in fiction or semi-fiction here is purely coincidental. Exclusive distribution by Parliament News, Inc., 12011 Sherman Road, North Hollywood, California, 91605. Printed in the U.S.A.

CALL DENNY SARGENT

Denny Sargent, 20, muscular biker for hire. Will coach your trip the way you like it: light to heavy, fantasy or reality. Limits respected. When you want a man, call Denny Sargent.

by Jack Fritscher

Denny swerved into the new apartment-complex parking lot and kicked down his chopped Harley. He ran his fingers carelessly through his windblown hair. His big hand tucked his tanktop into his jeans. His watch digitized up a red 10:14 PM. Good timing. Den had kept his trick waiting a hungry fourteen minutes.

Upstairs at a window the drapery fell back into place. The john was primed and waiting. Over the phone the two men had sorted out their parts. Den knew precisely what the man wanted. The scene would start the minute Denny stomped through the door.

As he approached the iron security gate, the lock buzzed. Den smiled. The dude upstairs was hot and anxious. Den didn't come cheap; but he was worth every cent. He kept his body honed to a lean, muscular definition. He ignored the small elevator. His oily boots took the stairs

two at a time. The door to the apartment hung partway open. Den pushed on in. Immaculate. Home of a Clean Queen. Everything in its place. Up against one wall hung a sheet where furniture had been precisely pushed aside. Cameras lay ready. The man was kneeling, obedient, in the middle of his equipment.

"Lay out the bucks," Den said.

The man counted out fifty in tens.

"Get your camera working."

"Yessir." The man looked up at Den. "Will you strip off slowly, sir?"

Den unfastened his heavy belt. He pulled his tight white tanktop slowly up his belly, exposing his big chest, brushing the shirt over the light sweat of his armpits, popping it off over the tossle of his hair. The man fell to his belly on the floor. His tongue licked Den's boots. "Get up, pig." The man rose. Den ordered him to pull off his bike boots. Denny fingered open the

metal buttons of his dirty levis. He reached in and felt his cock. Hot. Thick. Juiced at the tip. He pulled it out, veined and thick. It lapped down over the opening of his fly. Its head was big and rounded. Its circumference grew bigger than mouth-size as Den milked the long shaft.

Shaking, the man shot Den's picture. Twice. Three times. All different angles. Den let his jeans slide slowly to his knees. He rested his hands on his hips. His shoulders widened. Neither man said a word. Both knew instinctively that the other knew his end of the business. The camera clicked in front and then behind Denny. He pulled off his jeans and pulled on his black boots. He crouched down and the man shot low and three-quarters to the side, catching the worn steel plate on the heel of Denny's boot resting right

(Continued on page 51)

what goes on if they don't see it and the "count" is right. No one else knows if the partners are discreet (and a kid's a fool who pulls his own "cover," especially if he's attractive and likely to become rape bait if it's known he fools around). And—a rule I've followed for years and found particularly true in prison—straight boys do the same things in bed that gay boys do . . . and sometimes spectacularly better!

CALL DENNY SARGENT

(Continued from page 11)

below the incredible white turn of his perfect butt. Denny grew restless. "Break time," he said.

Den stretched out, naked and booted, on the couch. The man handed him a sheaf of photos. He brought Den a beer. "You take these?" Den asked. "You're good." Den reached for the man's neck. "Get down on me, man."

Instantly the photographer took the thick pud of Den's cock into his mouth. He teased and rolled the boy's cock on his tongue. His mouth salivated and filled with the flesh growing longer, thicker, wider. He had to drop and dislocate his jaw to get the hardening shaft and head into his mouth.

Den was used to the wide-eyed glances unsuspecting guys going down on him shot up at his face as his growing cock began to choke and strangle them. He loved the sounds of their burbling. The sucking sounds of their saliva. Their heavy breathing. The way their whole bodies contracted when his fat dick slid deep down their throats.

The photographer took more of the rod into his mouth. Once he stopped, dropped his jaw even farther open. He swallowed another inch. His lips rippled over the veins distending up and down the thick length of Denny's huge cock. He bobbed up, with just the meaty head of the biker-boy's organ in his mouth. Holding it in his lips, he flicked the tight opening with his tongue. Again and again. Then suddenly he plunged his head down. By sheer act of will he swallowed the immense length.

Denny concentrated to keep from shooting. No man had ever swallowed all of him before. He

cuffed the man on the side of the head. "Lay off," he said. "Save something for the camera." He stood up. His hot cock pointed out and up, straight and true, at a tight pitch that raised its glowing wet tip higher than his navel.

The photographer stood him under a ceiling flood. The light fell from above and bounced from the right. Shadows spilled down Den's hard belly. "You got a good stomach," the man said, tracing his finger over the lower sides and base of Den's torso. He stopped at the toproot of Den's cock.

"Just shoot the pictures," Den said. Denny had the virtue of many big cocks. Once they get hard, and

"His jeans slid up his legs like oil, but his cock stuck out with no place to go."

often even after they shoot, they stay big and mean. The man finished his shots. Denny stepped off the sheet. He pulled on his sweaty tanktop. His jeans slid up his legs like oil, but his cock stuck out with no place to go. The photographer eyed it hungrily. Den ignored him. "Please, sir!" The man fell to his knees.

Den pushed him aside. He buttoned his fly starting at the bottom. He raised his cock up, tightening it into a bigger bulge against his own belly with each button. Finally, he fastened the waist of the levis with inches of the cock protruding straight up his belly. The head of the cock he pushed under the thin tanktop through which it shown like a wet crown.

"Don't waste it, sir." The man grabbed Den around the knees.

"Get out of my way or get stomped."

The man released Den's legs. They both knew their lines and their movements.

"That's better."

"Please, sir." The man held up a sheaf of pictures. "Take what you like." Den leafed through the folder. "I'll develop your poses tomorrow. If you stop back, sir, you can see them."

"Next week. Same night," Den

said. "I'll take these." Den pulled a series of two husky Marines stripping from full Dress Blue Attention to engorged cock-to-mouth and cock-to-ass action. The smaller Marine obviously worshipped the large hairy sergeant. They both had hard muscled bodies and the sergeant's cock was almost the size of Denny's.

"Thank you for choosing those, sir. They're my best. I just moved up here from near Camp Pendleton."

"One thing more," Denny ordered. "Keep your hands off yourself tonight. Next week I'll ask you. I don't want to hear you wrapped it up in your fist and beat it off after I left."

"Please, sir!" The man was almost crying.

Denny left him on the floor.

Riding home on his bike, he thought of next week and what he would do. The memory of a scar, red and angry like a small brand, on the man's forearm intrigued him. "Maybe," Denny said outloud to himself in the cool night wind, "I'm just the guy to give him what he wants and what he needs." 