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JUNE 1985

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INSIDE:  
50 INCHES OF  
CENTERFOLDS!

# INCHES

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN WHO THINK BIG

**2ND SMASH ISSUE!**

HALF-BROTHERS WITH  
TWIN 11½-INCHERS!



X-RATED ADS  
FROM MEN  
WHO WANT  
TO **MEAT** YOU!



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# MANTALK

By JACK FRITSCHER

## HORSEMASTER!

**Hung like a horse on a stallion called wild fire . . .**

YOU WATCH THE HORSEMASTER MOUNT HIS STALLION. His big boots glisten with spurs. He lifts up out of the sundusted corral. His muscular thighs fill out his faded Levi's. His crotch, worn a tighter shade of pale, rubs against the saddle horn.

Sweat-cured leather creaks under his muscular weight. He settles easily into the saddle cinched tight around his big Stallion's back. He is shirtless. His chest full and sweaty. Thick muscles cord his bronco arms and shoulders. The Stallion stands 17 hands high.

The horse is the measure of the Man.

The Horsemaster's hands are big, experienced, gnarled around the leather reins. Son of a son of a rancher's son. He straddles the big Stallion the way a man mounts a lover. His young neck tanned like rich leather. The dark mane of his hair mats down his neck, turns golden down his naked spine.

The Stallion paws the ground. Lowers his long neck. Raises it.

The Horsemaster's teeth bare white with disciplined intent. The Stallion bares his teeth as the iron bit pulls

tighter in his mouth. The Horsemaster holds a small rawhide whip in his hand.

The Stallion stomps expectantly. Leather-harnessed. Muscles ready for heavy workout. The Horsemaster has mounted him before. He rides hard. Trot. Canter. Gallop. Full gallop. Mane of Stallion and Man flying together in the wind. Hellbent for leather.

You've seen him before. Followed him. Followed the Stallion and the Man into the woods. The Horsemaster dismounted. Hairy. Muscular. Naked. Sprawled back on the rocks in the sun. Man and Stallion: Both breathing heavy. Huge horsecock. Long. Hard. Red. Throbbing. Horsedick hanging to the tall grass near the bearded face of the Horsemaster stroking the wild mustang of his own sweaty meat. Long. Thick. Uncut. The Man a match for the Stallion.

The Stallion knows his Master. The Horsemaster knows his Mount.

You know them both together. As one. Stallion and Man. Man and Stallion. The muscular match of beast and man. Riding like one being: Half-horse, half-man. Male muscle beast. Stud Stallion Master. High-crunching power. Lathered sides heaving. Mouth foaming. Glazed wild animal eyes. Reflections: Hooves trampling through shallow sunsplashed streams. Through dark night woods. Racing through the serious moonlight.

Late night whinnying from the quiet stable. Horse flanks carried to a high gloss by the Horsemaster's muscular 28-inch arms. His hairy armpits drip with sweat. Horsedick and mandick hard together.

You want him. You want the Horsemaster. You want his haunches heavy on your bare back. His thighs tight and naked on your heaving sides. Panting. His riding crop. His spurs. His sweat. Ridden by him. Tethered by him in the straw. Tethered in a moonlit stall. Groomed. Curried. Inspected. His sweaty, horsepiss fingers probing your mouth open. Fingering your teeth. Fingering deep down your throat. Approvingly, he slaps your flanks with his hand.

The Stallion in the next stall paws the dirt, blows out his heavy horsebreath nervously. His

***"He wipes the horse sweat with both hands down the length of his own thick cock."***

hindquarters shudder at the sound of the slap on your flanks. He moves nervously as the Horsemaster leaves the two of you. Each tethered by leather harness in your separate stalls.

The Stallion moves again. The planks, separating your stall from his, shake. You look. Up. At the thick underbelly of the Stallion. His golden eye flashes. The thick golden stream of hot horsepiss steams down into the cold night straw. You are tethered. Tied in leather harness far away from him. Horse hide. Horse smell. His tail rises proudly. Hot steaming horse dump hits the wet straw. Aroma of sweet dark horseshit.

You ache for the Horsemaster. You are bound. Naked. Booted on all fours. The boots shoed with iron horseshoes. A quilted blanket, stiff with dried horse sweat, tied across your back. The bit in your mouth is cold. You are harnessed, tied, tethered for hours in the stinking stall.

Then he comes again. Horny in the night. Your Horsemaster. Enters in the night. Naked. Muscular. Booted. Hairy. Breathing hard through his broad flaring nostrils. Thick hands pawing the fur on his big pecs and his hairy belly. His big horsedick swinging uncut between his thighs.

You watch him. He skims the flat palms of his thick hands down his Stallion's long forehead. Between the equus eyes. He sniffs the horse sweat on his hands. Rubs sweat through his moustache and beard. Across his mouth. Down his pecs and belly. Then sniffs his hands again. Strokes his Stallion's flanks again. His hand drip. He wipes the horse sweat with both hands down the length of his own thick cock. The Stallion stares wildly at him. Expectant of the night's hard, fast ride.

Slathered with horse sweat, the Horsemaster turns from his Stallion.

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