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JULY 1985

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INCHES

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN WHO THINK BIG

**THE SMASH HIT WITH
A ONE-TRACK MIND!**



**THE WORLD'S No.1
BIG BEEF MAG!**



INSIDE INCHES

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JULY 1985

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LEATHER BLUES

A Novel

Art by REX

JACK FRITSCHER

This excerpt from contributing writer Jack Fritscher's first novel "Leather Blues," published by Gay Sunshine Press, was personally selected by the author, and is reprinted in INCHES with his permission.

"Good morning, Dennis," Mrs. Hanratty called at him. Her washline flapped in her azaleas.

Dennis ignored her. Mrs. Hanratty and her daughter, Madonna, were constantly trying to save him, make him back into the nice boy-next-door he had been to them *before*, they said, he had bought *that* motorcycle. *Before*, they said, he had *cycled* to Chicago and come back with a *tattooed eagle* screaming down his left bicep. Whenever his Old Lady and Mrs. Hanratty got together they plotted how to drop Madonna into Dennis's way. "She's a nice girl," Dennis's mother always said. "Maybe she'll settle him down. She cooks. She cleans. She can get used to the tattoo."

Mrs. Hanratty couldn't have cared less about Dennis. She favored the match only because she was one of the two persons who knew that deep down Madonna Hanratty was stupid.

The other person was Dennis.

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The other person was Dennis.

Mrs. Hanratty wanted the girl off her hands. "I said Good Morning, Dennis."

Dennis ignored her and entered the garage. His bike stood clean and spotless in the morning sun. Chrome and leather and power. He pulled a soft chamois from a nail and dusted the traces of night dust from his machine. He had to laugh. The Hanrattys and his own parents all hated his cycle. And they were the ones who caused him to get it two summers before. He had been sixteen and working lateshift at a paper-box mill. They, and a biker he met at the mill, had both convinced him, in different ways, that a motorcycle was his ticket out. Out of everything he didn't want.

He had ridden buddyback a couple of crazy, beery times on highschool friends' factory Hondas and unmodified Triumphs. But that summer when he was sixteen, a lone outlaw cyclist appeared in his neighborhood. The rider had come to crash for a few nights and cadge a few meals off an embarrassed aunt and uncle. None

other than the righteous Hanrattys. The more noticeable the biker became in the neighborhood, the less was seen of his relatives, who at his first arrival had been jokingly apologetic. In three days they had become silent. They locked Madonna in her room. They waited for their nephew to leave. They were certain their name would never again be the same up and down the block.

Denny feasted on the gossip. He watched out the windows. The man was shirtless, big-muscled and hairy. Denny moved like a caged animal through his parents' house. He straightened the sampler over the couch that read "*From Reaching In The Soul Comes Happiness Every Reach*." He felt the biker's restlessness to match his own. He couldn't let the man take off without a word. He pulled on the greasiest jeans, boots, and tanktop he could find. Satisfied he looked older and tougher than sixteen, he marched straight down the alley to the Hanratty's garage.

Lying back on his big hog, feet on the bars and chest exposed to the sun, the biker smoked lazily in the summer glare. Beads of sweat hung in the dark hair matting his thick chest. Both hands rested near his groin. His cigaret hung, a short butt, from his half-parted lips. Den walked close enough to see himself reflected in both lenses of the biker's mirrored shades. He could not see if the eyes behind them were asleep or were watching him.

Quietly the man spoke: "I've seen you around." The butt in his lips hardly moved.

Denny was startled. "I've been watching you," he said.

For the next hour they sat without much talking in the afternoon heat. Once the biker, who had **SAM** tattooed in block letters on his thick forearm, rose up, swept the sweat away from under his naked armpits and wiped his hands into his crotch. He swung his leg over the bike and walked up the steps to his aunt's house. Minutes passed. The screen-door opened. Sam walked back down to the open garage with a beer can in each hand. He chucked one to Den.

"Thanks," Den said.

They drank in silence. Sam finished before Den. He crushed his can and tossed it toward a shelf in his uncle's neat garage. It careened across a worktable knocking a chip-toothed screwdriver to the floor. He walked to his hog and kicked it down.

"Get on," he said to Den.

It was an order.

Den threw his leg across and felt the widestaddle pleasant feel as the big bike settled under him.

Sam sandwiched his lean rider's ass between Denny's thighs. He kick-started the bike with ease. He wrist-gunned the bike. It roared louder and louder alerting the neighborhood. Young girls peeked out from behind window curtains. In other rooms, napping in overheated beds, their brothers reached down and found themselves. Madonna, hiding in the bathroom, sucked her thumb. Her cousin terrified her.

"Hang on to my jacket," Sam said.

Once again Denny had the feel of leather. This time he was not alone. A man was in the leather. The bike exploded noise and exhaust as Sam gunned it down the driveway into the quiet old neighborhood street. They tooled past a group of whispering ladies.

What Mrs. Hanratty wanted to know was why Dennis was riding with a hoodlum who obviously tried to get innocent girls into trouble. "Nobody," she said, "who drives one of those dirty motorcycles can be anything but white trash. Even if he is my dead sister's son. God rest her."

Denny, for the first time in his life, didn't smile at the neighbors. He was tired of being the local good boy. Straddling Sam's bike, he finally showed it. He raised his fuckfinger in Mrs. Hanratty's face. He felt good. Sam's style was going to be his. Whatever it was. Wherever it led.

Sam's hard muscle and sinew moved under the leather as he shifted and made the big bike purr then roar like a huge animal under him. They raced out of the neighborhood wheeling like devils through the small downtown. For an hour they cut back and forth through the village.

Madonna, fresh from her bath, a package of new thread in her tidy little purse, thought she later saw Dennis riding wildly down Main Street. "Not my Denny," she said and turned dimly back into the sewing shop to stare at bridal fabrics.

Sam finally peeled away from the main intersection. "So long, suckers!" he shouted into the imparticular wind. Den started to slide away from Sam and had to grab both his leather and his barrel chest tighter. They shot out of town onto the highway. The bike spit smooth down the concrete. Wind Den had never known pulled free at his hair. The vibrations of the bike and Sam's

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leather body filling his arms started Den's cock rising. He felt he was melting into Sam and both of them were melting into the hot machine. They arrowed down the highway. Men. Fused together with the powerful cycle they straddled.

Sam yelled back to Den, but the wind took it.

"Yes!" Den shouted back into the roar, not caring to what he gave affirmation. Ready to give in to whatever this man asked. He pushed his face tight up against Sam's leathery neck. A mile later they swerved off the highway to a gravel lane Den had often seen but never investigated. A cloud of dust spewed up in a high flume behind their speeding bike. Den felt every bump in the lane. He felt the jars in his own spine. His arms caught the rise and fall of Sam's broad torso.

The lane wound back into some low hills. It became a two-rut path near an abandoned farmhouse whose outbuildings had all collapsed. Den wondered, without really caring, who had lived there and when. But Sam plowed relentlessly on up the path until it became a solid trail. Then he shot wildly out across the open meadow, up and down the rolling hills. This first real time on a bike, his first time off the paved straightaway, Den hardened into the unity of rider and machine. Every motion Sam made became Denny's motion. When the bike leaned and Sam leaned with it, Denny felt himself pulled twice as far out. Denny moved with every motion of the experienced man's body. Learning.

Sam roared up and down the hills faster and faster, shooting the rims, bouncing Denny high into the air, beating the hell out of the machine. There was nothing on it he couldn't fix. Finally, gunning down from the highest rise to a stand of trees at the edge of the field, Sam pulled his hog to a halt. Den sat clamped behind him, still holding him.

"Let go now, kid," Sam said.

"That was some ride," Denny said. He reluctantly released Sam's body.

"Get off."

Den did as he was told. The hot feel of the machine remained between his legs.

"You're okay for a kid?" Sam said. He pulled off his shades.

Den saw the heavy look in the man's deep-set eyes. "Thanks," he said.

Sam laughed. "You held me tight as a lover."

Den turned red. "I think I got a little windburn."

Sam laughed again. He kicked his big bike up on its stand and in one easy motion pulled himself off the machine and stood facing Denny. "You don't scare easy, do you, kid?"

"No," Den said. "I guess not."

"Like I said, kid. You're okay." Sam reached into the pocket of his black leather jacket, pulled out the butt of a half-smoked Maduro cigar, lit it with a smart cupping movement of the match, held it in his mouth and expelled two sharp long columns of smoke from his nostrils. The outline of his protective shades was clear on his weatherbronzed face. "What's your name again, kid?"

"Den."

"Den, old man," Sam said. He held the cigar gripped tight between his lips and hitched the crotch of his greasy Levi skins out and down. "Den, old man, I tried to scare the shit out of you. In town. On the highway. On these back trails. You hung on. When you thought I said something to you, you yelled back Yes into my ear." Sam dragged on his cigar. His eyes narrowed. "Yes *what?*"

Denny looked at the man: chest bared under the leather jacket, crotch mounded, secret, and full in the jeans. His slightly bikebowed legs rose thick and powerful out of the oily black engineer boots. A chain ankleted the left boot.

"I guess: *Yes anything?*" Denny said.

Sam moved in on the boy. His cigar still tight between his teeth. He grabbed Denny's arm twisting it behind into a hammerlock. Sharp pain made Denny wince. He made no sound.

"Yes? Even to this?" Sam twisted harder.

"If it's you doing it. Yes."

Sam pulled Denny's body up closer to his own. The pain lifted Denny to his toes, up almost as tall as the man who held him. With his free hand Sam reached to Denny's throat. He fingered the adam's apple, adolescent and cleanshaven. The boy looked nowhere but directly into the man's hard eyes. Suddenly Sam hooked his grease-caked finger into the neck of Denny's gray highschool gymshirt.

He ripped the cotton cloth.

Slowly.

Down.

Teasingly down.

And off the boy's taut torso.

Still Denny made no objection. His

lean body caught the sun. He was midway between boy and man. His chest and belly glistened with the light sweat of his heat.

"Yes?" Sam dropped the shreds of teeshirt to the grass.

Denny looked the biker straight in the eye. "Yes," he said.

Sam pulled on his cigar. Its tip glowed redhot. Smoke billowed out of his nostrils into the face of the boy still held tight against him. With his free arm, he took the cigar butt from the hard line of his mouth. He held it glowing in his thick fingers. Crescent moons of grease underscored each fingernail. Still the boy looked into his face. Sam moved the burning tip, threatening. Neither spoke. Denny's lean pecs tensed out under the pressure of his hammerlocked arm. If he moved, his shoulder would dislocate.

Sam moved the cigar away from the boy's chest. He raised it slowly past Denny's face. He puffed on it deep without direct exhaling. He lowered it deliberately past the boy's eyes to the left nipple. The smell of young burning hair stench Denny's nostrils. His chest hairs were burning like needle fuses down to the follicles in his skin.

"Still Yes?" Sam asked.

Rivers of sweat ran between their naked bellies pressed tight together. The burning tip moved ever closer to the flushed rose tip of Denny's nipple.

"Still Yes." He stared directly back at Sam.

The biker flicked the burning butt away from the two of them. He knocked Denny to the ground. He stood over him. Both their baskets bulged under the jeans both wore. They had parleyed a silent understanding.

Sam dropped his jeans to his boot tops. His cock shot out thick and wide and long. No curve to it. Only the natural uplift of the superpotent male. Straight up his flat belly. The tip straight up past his hairy navel. "You don't scare easy, do you, kid?"

"A real man can take whatever a real man can hand out."

Sam dropped down beside Denny. He unbuttoned the fly of the boy's jeans. His big motorcyclist's hand reached into the warm darkness. He grasped the kid's dick and pulled it out into the sunlight. The young cock arched up, out, strong and flushed. Veins ran big, blue, and smooth the length of the column. Sam was impressed. He said nothing. Usually kids this age he knew were all more body muscle than cockmeat. He squeezed Denny's prick. Nearly half

of it overshot his big biker's hand. He squeezed harder. A pearl, clear and light-catching, appeared on the tip. The pain of the clenching fist caused Den to close his eyes. He dropped his head back. His hips rose slightly. With this advantage, Sam inched the boy's jeans down to the knees. Then the big biker dropped his 190 pounds on top of the teenager's body. Denny let out a small grunt as the sweaty leatherman settled down on him.

"You cherry?" Sam's hard breath warmed Denny's ear.

"No."

"You been with leather before?"

"Not this way. Never before."

"But you messed around some."

Their two cocks lay buried wet in the sweaty darkness.

Sam bellied harder into Denny.

"I messed around." Denny pushed up against Sam.

"You're not cherry. That's sure."

Sam ground his cock hard into Denny's groin.

"I been in a couple circle jerks," Denny said.

"No fuckin' shit." Sam raised his unshaven face to look Denny full in the eye.

Denny spit the look back at him. Hard. "I'm not afraid."

Sam snorted and slid down on the boy's joint. That ended the conversation. The biker's hot wet mouth, tongue circulating, closed over the long adolescent cock. His well muscled lips pulled and caressed the blueknotted veins of the young meat. He worked his head straight down. Deep-throating slowly. Then faster. With a neat little twist of his neck. He pulled up. Down. Twist. Up. Again and again. His nose plunged on the downstroke into the moist young hairs. Sweat ran from his forehead into his eyes. The boy under him began to catch his rhythm in his hips, lifting and falling, his cock plunging farther down the big man's hot throat each time.

Sam middlefingered beneath the crack of Den's ass. He felt for the hot dark hole. His finger, wet with cigar spit and dark with cycle grease, toyed with the fleshy damp undermouth. Denny moaned as Sam's finger teased ass in rhythm to the wet movements stroking his cock. They moved together now as they had before when the speeding bike had made them move as one. The cyclist had the boy up where he had never been before. With perfect rhythm, almost so the kid never noticed, Sam plunged his long finger deep into the dark innocent hole. The boy's moaning raised a pitch. In and out the finger played smoothly and

swiftly while the cock grew harder than before. Denny's moaning joined the rhythms front and back.

Swiftly Sam pulled his mouth and his finger from Denny's body. His own organ was swollen, tumescent, red. He pushed Denny's legs, Levi's tangled tight around his boots, up to the boy's head.

"No," Denny moaned. "It's never been done."

Sam said nothing. He even skipped a good spit. No reed. The lube of his cock had so wet his rod. He placed its thick wide uncut head against the rosebud opening of Denny's ass.

"No, please," Denny moaned. "It's never been done."

Sam spread the lean cheeks with his big hands. His firm dick probed, then parted, entered the unstretched mouth.

"Yes," Denny said.

Both men breathed in short little gasps as they moved. Each working

"The avalanche of cum cascading down hot into the boy triggered Den's own load, shooting it up high and far . . ."

to accommodate the other. Inch by inch Sam's cock worked its way deep into Den's hot slick interior. They worked. They rested. They pushed against each other slowly. The man knowledgeably. The boy instinctively. Until the young ass had swallowed the man's monster meat. For moments they lay resting against each other. Denny's legs were pinioned back towards his head by the weight of the jacketed man's black leather shoulders. Denny breathed Sam's smells. The sweat. The cigar. The leather. He felt Sam's buried fullness. Their breathing lengthened and fell together as Den relaxed.

"Okay, kid," Sam said. "The honeymoon's over."

He knew what Denny did not know: the rest of the game.

He pulled his cock out almost to the head, then moved it back in. Pulled it again almost out. Then back in. Almost out. Then jabbed it back. He repeated the motion again and again until the rhythm reached the ramming pull and drive of a well-timed machine. Denny moaned. Loud. Louder. Under the burden of the biker's body. This pleasure, this

pain was exactly what he had known one man ought to give another. He suffered under the brute weight and cruel ramming, but he knew his initiation proved him a man. He took the rite. He gave passage. He stretched himself further to take more of it. Sam jabbed faster now. Like a fighter. Shorter, quicker motions. Denny's grunts of acceptance matched each jab. They were one. The trees, the field, the bent grass under the boy's bare back fell from them. Cock and ass. Leathersweat and bootgrease. Respect linked one to the lust of the other.

Sam crashed into Denny one last mountainous time. The avalanche of his cum cascading down hot into the boy triggered Den's own load, shooting it up high and far, like some mountain geyser when the earth below is quaked in two.

For a long moment they lay motionless. Denny quivered twice. Final spurts of cum curled down from his hard cock. Their eyes locked. Expressionless. Sam withdrew his rod. Den sighed the long sigh of a slow withdrawal and his legs came slowly down. Sam lay back next to him. He reached in the pocket of his leather jacket. He lit a cigaret. He held the smoke between his lips, exhaling only through his nose, his hands locked behind his head. "You're okay, man," he said. He didn't call him *kid* anymore. "You're quite a guy."

Denny knew that, knew it already by what he had taken inside and out. Everything this man had to offer.

"What we did today," Sam said, "was for openers. Sometime we'll really go at it. You and me." He punched Denny's shoulder. "You're new. You don't know what you want yet." His voice trailed off. He ran his hard callused palm from Den's cock up the length of the boy's belly and chest to his chin, rubbing the boy's cum into the soft down of hair. They looked at each other. There were no words. They lay quiet a long while.

Sam dozed, woke, stood up, pissed into the breeze, hitched up his jeans. "Come on, buddy," he said. He dropped his big cycle off its stand, mounted it, kicked the starter. Denny pulled on his Levis, straddled the machine, and rode shirtless back to town.

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(ED. NOTE: Copies of *Leather Blues* are available at \$7 each (signed by the author) via Henry Publishing, Box 957, Sebastopol, CA 95472. You must state you are 21.)