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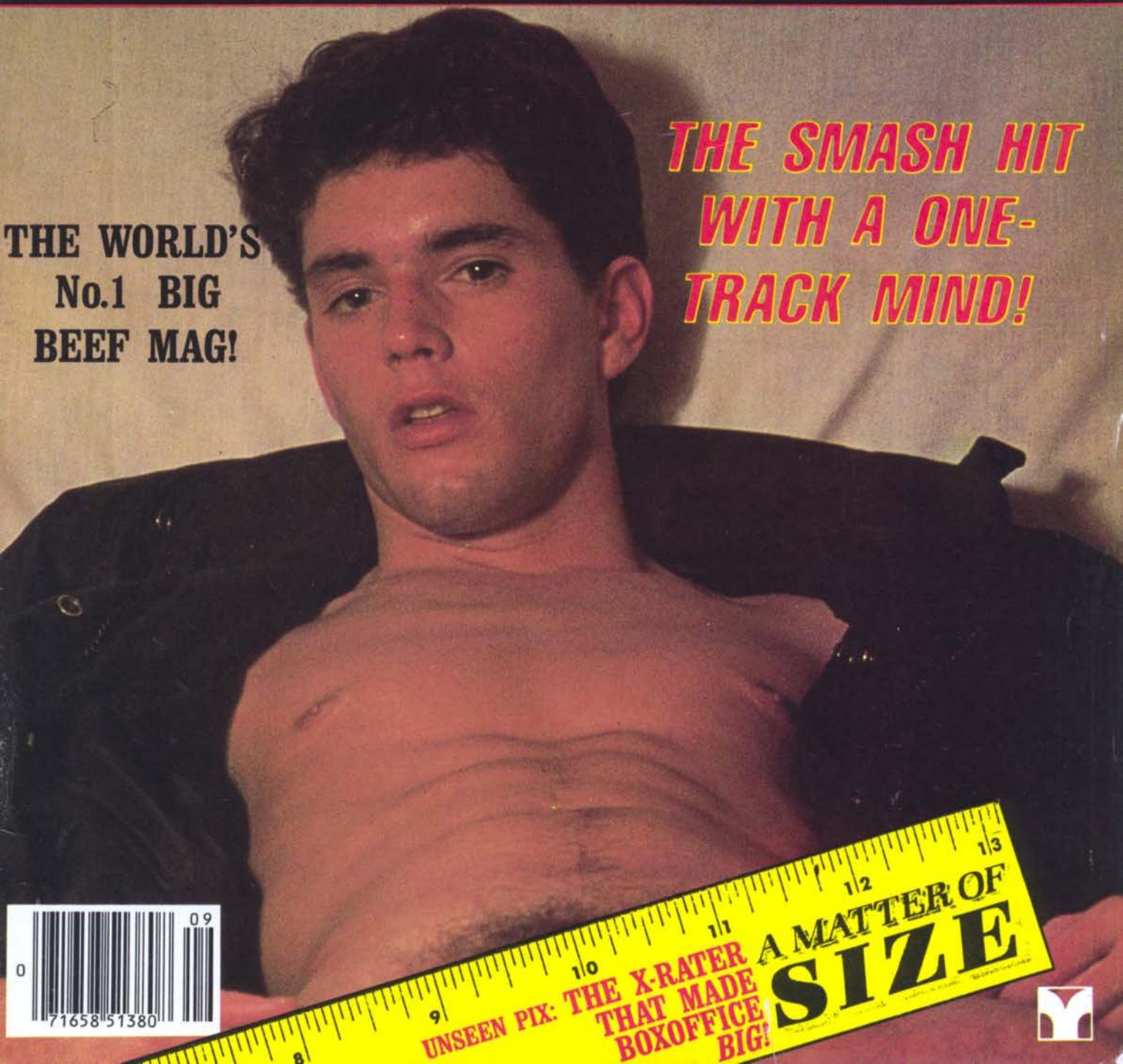
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# INCHES™

**THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN WHO THINK BIG**

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

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



**UNSEEN PIX: THE X-RATER  
THAT MADE  
BOXOFFICE  
BIG!** **A MATTER OF  
SIZE**



# INSIDE

# INCHES™

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# IN SEARCH OF LONG DONG!

By JACK FRITSCHER

HUSKY, YOUNG AND HAND-SOME AND HUNG, RYAN had it all: The All-American high-school football-hero body, the cocky attitude of Sean Penn, and the dick of John Holmes. He was from one of those Detroit suburbs where a guy grows up tough and streetwise. He knew how to handle himself, his meat, and his trips. He knew what he liked: Long, thick, hard cock.

Ryan was a great white hunter always looking for a dick bigger than his own. He had copped a few *keepers* back in Michigan, especially in the heart of Dee-troit City. But a few was never enough. Too many Midwestern nights when he was hot and horny, the weather was freezing and thigh-deep in drifts. "Cold enough to crack my cock," he said. "A guy thinks twice about heading out for some Long Dong when he knows the thick ice on the

streets makes for thin pickings.

After Ryan's first winter Out, and after a hard-fucking summer driving every weekend in his dad's truck over to the sand dunes of Saugatuck, the Fire Island of the Midwest, Ryan whipped out his dick and piss-wrote his *G-o-o-d-b-y-e* in the next winter's first snowfall. He bought an old junker off his best fuckbuddy. He headed west with Detroit in his rearview mirror. He sucked his last Michigan cock in the last rest-stop on I-94 before he hit Indiana and points west. Pitching and catching, he blew his way West, hitting the I-80 TRUCKS-BUNKS-GAS-EATS oasis outside Chicago, heading toward the Coast, eating a steady menu of truckers, hitchhikers, and a couple of cowboys in Cheyenne.

Ryan had San Francisco on his mind.

He gladly reached into his jeans at the toll plaza leading to the Bay Bridge. His dick hardened. He could make out the skyline of the City. "How much is it?" he asked the moustached attendant.

"Seventy-five cents."

"Three quarters, huh?" Ryan played with the toll taker while he played with his dick, hard and long enough to rest its big head on the lower round of the steering wheel.

"Yeah," the attendant said. He looked at Ryan's dick creeping up toward the horn. "A pretty cheap price to pay for admission to Disneyland North."

"Am I gonna like it?" Ryan asked.

"Does Matt Dillon have brothers?" The attendant smiled and reached into the car, barely enough to stroke the wet head of Ryan's fat cock, then rubbed the palm of Ryan's hand as he scooped up the quarters.

"You wanna slob on bob?" Ryan asked.

The attendant licked his lips and rolled his eyes. "You're gonna like the City. Trust me."

Ryan grinned, shifted into first, and headed up the bridge rising seventeen stories over the Bay. "Ballblasters!" he shouted into the warm November wind. "I'm coming home to a place I've never been!"

In three weeks, Ryan toted up one share-rental in the Castro, a part-time job in a Shell station, a gym membership, and more fuckbuddies than he could count. Sex leaned in doorways, writhed tasty through cafes, magnified its sounds through the open windows of crowded bars, and wafted its sweet sweaty smells in plush-carpeted locker rooms.

As fast as men drained him of his juices, he filled himself back up with theirs.

The Arab who owned the Shell station at Market and Castro was young, swarthy, well-built, and straight. He worked Ryan hard, stationing him on the Full-Service Islands. He was smart enough to know Ryan's good looks were good

for business. Servicing everything from pickups to Porsches, Ryan's hands stayed as rugged, hard, and greasy as they had under the hood of his daddy's truck. After his shift, he got into the habit of hitting the gym down Market Street for a workout, a shower, and some sex.

"You like to go there? Clean up a bit?" The Arab smiled. His dark eyes glistened and his moustache, thick and black, hung heavy over his lip.

Ryan figured the Arab knew plenty, but he could never know how hot the gyms on the Market Street Muscle Strip could get. "I like a long slow shower now and then," Ryan said. He let it go at that. He figured if straights knew how easy and luxurious gay sex was, they'd only get jealous.

How could he tell his boss about the cruising in the shower room? How could he tell a straight man about the orgy in the jacuzzi? No way. Let straight folks know you're gay, he figured. That's enough. Don't give them details.

Certainly not details about how good naked bodies look against white-tiled walls with spigots of water cascading over shoulders, down chests and bellies, dripping in heavy run-off from the tips of soapy cocks. All the careful cruising in the showers. Comparing meat. Catching the glances. The come-ons. The soft dicks hardening in frothy handfuls of suds. A face peering around the white ceramic corner. Gauging the tanlines on bare butts. The quick grope of big wet balls. The guys sitting in the foaming jacuzzi working their dicks while the jets of water pump hard against their clean young assholes.

Ryan felt he was proof you can take the white boy out of Detroit City, but you can't take Detroit out of the boy. He had a sometimes definite craving for big black meat. The gym gave him a chance to pick out the stripped-down biggest and best of the lot.

Never one to miss a shot, Ryan sized up, one winter evening, a lean

and lanky black dude sitting alone in the bubbling pool. He looked imperial. Like some dark African prince. His svelte muscular arms were spread wide on the pool edge. His big black dick bobbed heads-up to the surface of the water, then dunked, popping up again, hardening, no, *hard!* The dude was cool. His eyes looked straight ahead. He was ready for what he knew he wanted; and Ryan knew he wanted to take that big, black shaft deep down his throat.

Ryan walked from the empty shower room toward the dude in the pool. Without hesitation he stepped down into the water. The warmth felt good on his thighs and his rising

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***"As fast as men  
drained him of his  
juices, he filled himself  
back up with theirs."***

---

cock that pointed in front of him like a hard prow cutting through the water toward the lanky Black. Their eyes met. Ryan sank down into the pool and wrapped his lips around the head of the dusky cock. The dude raised his hips and fed the white boy his meat. They locked together like sea animals. Ryan bobbed up and down on the juicy wet head. The dude reached for Ryan's tits under the water and twisted them smoothly in his long slender fingertips.

A sweet young blond standing off in the steamy shower watched them. He was half-visible in the white mist, the way dreamy naked boys appear and disappear in Pasolini films, stroking the length of his meat, head to almost-hairless root. As the dude guided Ryan up and out of the pool, the blond walked from the shower and wordlessly joined them. The blond shoved his tongue deep into the dude's mouth while Ryan knelt between them, sucking, wet-frenching the hard pair of block and blond dicks.

The dude turned his ass into Ryan's face and pushed the blond down on his black rod. Ryan rimmed deep up the clean asshole, kissing, nipping, sucking, feeling his face roughed by the tight curls of black hair as the dude fucked the blond's face with long rhythmic strokes. Filled with the taste of black ass, Ryan dropped down to suck on the blond dick drooling with lube. The mixed taste of black and blond turned him loose.

He could, and would, do anything he wanted. What else was San Francisco for?

San Francisco is the place where, when you go there, you have to be careful what you wish for, because you'll get it.

In slow graceful turns the threesome switched position to position: Ryan sucking out the mouth of the blond while the dude sucked on the blond's dick; the dude eating out the blond's ass, prepping it with his tongue for the deep entry of his long black shaft; Ryan maneuvering in under the blond to suck his dick while the dude rammed the blond ass, banging both sets of heavy nuts up against Ryan's wet chin.

Easily the threeway turned: The dude lay back on the jacuzzi rim; the blond went down on the black cock that tasted of his own ass; Ryan, cutting in under the blond butt, sucked out the fresh-reamed white ass. The blond squatted down, planting his ass on Ryan's mouth. Ryan stretched out full length under the two men. The tile floor felt warm under his back and legs. He sucked harder as the blond's hands reached back to spread his cheeks. Ryan beat his own dick wildly to the threeway hump rhythms. His tongue felt the blond's butt tightening. He knew the guy was going to shoot. Ryan wanted that load. He pushed his head on under and up through the blond's crotch. The pair of muscular black thighs squeezed the blond's head. In an instant, the blond, jerking his dick, shot thick cream across Ryan's lips and deep down his throat.

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## LONG DONG SEARCHER

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The blond, still hard and throbbing, stood up. He straddled Ryan who flipped over on his stomach and moved in close-up to watch the dude stroke his hugh meat. The black guy had the blond's long, spasming cock in his mouth. He was intense. Sucking out every last drop of cum. Beating his dark meat. Ryan was pulled up into the passion. Into the heat. The black balls bounced in front of his face. The dude's hand worked his cock harder. The veins rose and twined around the spear of his shaft. From deep in the dude's gut, a cum-roar started. Six strokes. Five. Four. Three more strokes. White spunk was shooting up through the black hand wrapped tight under the thick head of enormous dick. Cum spouted up the lean black belly, mixing with the blond cum, running

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*"He dived down on  
the dude's belly...  
lapping up the  
mixed load of his  
nameless fuckbuddies."*

---

in rivulets of sweat down toward the wiry hair of the black dude's groin.

Ryan love the mix of cum oozing down white against the ebony skin. He dived down on the dude's belly, tongue first, lapping up the mixed loads of his nameless fuckbuddies. His own dick was lubing in his hand. He was sucking in the cum, tasting the rich cream clots flowing over his tongue, biting into the dark crotch for every last drop.

Ryan knelt between the two men, swallowing their juices, pulling their sex energies into his own body. The thought of where he was, down on that big black dick, and who he was, and what he was doing, with his head pressed between two hot crotches, unleashed his own load deep back behind his balls. His body spasmed. Black and blond hands stroked his chest and nipples and buttole. He sniffed and licked and swallowed and came.

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