

INCHES®

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**TEN
HOT
MEN!**

STORY
BY
JACK
FRISCHER
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THIS MAGAZINE IS INTENDED
FOR MATURE READERS
OVER THE AGE OF 18



**JOHN
REMINGTON**

INSIDE INCHES

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TRUE TALES

By JACK FRITSCHER

BALCONY BONER

In the dim light from the projection booth, he laid his dick over the neck of the back of the balcony seat next to me.

Big. Slick. Thick. Boa erector. Already wet from other mouths. But the way his big snake hung, long and fat and veined, showed he was still looking for a good time.

Me? I was a good time waiting to happen.

His dick slung a third of the way down the wood seat. The thing wasn't hard, but looked real itchy, like it had been, and wanted to be again. Light reflecting from the screen played silver, really weird, on this big long prick textured in the movie light like moon-skin. Great veins rolled around the massive shaft.

The head was perfect. A mushroom crown. A sign of sexual good luck, my Irish grandfather told me. (He also said a part can be greater than the whole.) What was amazing was the cock head had been recently skinned, which made me cross my knees, and which also meant, attached to the other end of this dangling moviehouse bait, I must have me a white male, most likely southern redneck, young, military, who got circumcised, by choice, his or some kinky commanding officer's,

while in the service no more than maybe six weeks before.

The bush of hair at the top of his hose was brunet, and, even though I'm partial to blonds, when any man drops his, I swear to God, 10-inch dick over the seat next to mine in a sleazoid movie theatre, I know how to put my lips together and blow.

What a sight! Like the Dick from the Black Lagoon, the head kind of raised up and the shaft flexed like he was tightening his belly.

Massive! Rolling left and slowly returning right to hang straight down. What a fistful!

I wanted to reach out and touch it. Maybe he didn't want it touched. Maybe he just liked to show it off. Nothing's worse than having an exhibitionist scream at you, "That's not what I meant at all." (I know.) So to make certain, I climbed out of my seat, and knelt on the floor facing into the seat where the cock monster was rearing up and rolling left to right like a thing from outer space wanting some action.

I touched the slit in the mouth of the head. Clear lube stuck to my finger and stretched like gossamer all the way to my mouth. A small taste of cock. I licked all my fingers and moved them slowly around the base of his mushroom crown, like I was screwing it and unscrewing it. More lube pearled out. I wet my

fingers and traced up the length of the shaft. I was getting more confident with every degree of liftoff as the 10-incher started its slow rise from the sloped back of the theater seat.

The flickering movie light was kind of like a strobe that made his hardon grow in progressive disconnected flashes. At 45-degrees up, the cock looked ready for oral service. I checked left and right. The balcony was cool. I wet my lips and tongued into his piss slit. I wrapped my mouth around his big head. Like swallowing a 3-way electric bulb. I knelt up straighter to get me some purchase on the shaft, but my knees were stuck to the floor.

Signs and omens are everywhere. I mean shit like this always happens to me when I know I'm in for a super time, so I pull my knees loose, and dive down this mysterious, disconnected dick. Fuck who it belongs to! Big cock is big cock is what that woman from Oakland said she said she said.

Despite the slick taste of other mouths, which I spit out, I quick got the true flavor of his dick. Musky. Male. Military. Seafood. Often showered. Always sweaty. Vague smegma erupting from near the fresh circumcision scar. Young.

Definitely. Proud as a son of a bitch of his cock.

I started doing reps and sets in regular rhythm on his young dick, sucking first with my lips, then my hand around his cock with my forefinger and thumb ringed around my mouth, working hand and mouth together, drooling lube, sucking him, sucking him hard. Chewing on the crown, hardening him more, working my teeth lightly on the cut-scar, which really drove him crazy, hearing him moan, vaguely noticing him rise, finally him standing, big, but invisible in the shadow of an old sign reading

"Balcony Closed."

Teasing him. Tongue-fluttering him. Then diving down. Intent on every inch. His cock choked me. Sure sign of a really big one. A gag on a cock, Yeah! So I gagged me again. A quick flash of light. What the fuck! An usher.

"Get the shit outta here," I said. "You new here or just an asshole?"

He flashed the light again. "Nice one," he said.

"Beat it, bozo!" I said.

Jeez. But the flash of light was great. The huge dick was one of those great big babypink pricks

that if you stretch the skin, sunlight shows through. The cock rose higher than my mouth. It stuck straight out over the seat like a flagpole.

I reached my hand toward the 10 inches that seemed to be rising out of my grasp. I caught the base and spit-chafed the shaft with my hand. The rosy young beast, the dark boa erector of the movie balcony, rose still harder, still higher. I held on like one Marine raising the world's biggest flag on Iwo Jima.

Then fingers, fingers smelling of Camels and Clearasil, fingers belonging to the owner of the cock, pried my fingers loose. Shit! The big one that got away.

But, no! His big-knuckled hand started working his meat so it was pointing straight up and a little over the top neck of the seat. I rolled up like a gymnast from my knees and over onto my shoulders into the seat bottom directly below the mysterious big cock being masturbated 12 inches over and above my face.

The change in angle was terrific. Real Hollywood. The kid's dick was mammoth. His knees pushed the seat so hard my head bounced. He was making deep-balled grunts.

That big 10-inch cannon was gonna blow.

My own cock boiled up in my hand. I held back. Timing was everything. I wanted to cum at the same time. Some big cocks take longer. Not this one. Not with the pump he had on his big-veined 10-inch sex-muscle. I was keeping pace with him, when something on the screen, or maybe something in his mind, or maybe nothing at all but the excruciating pleasure of feeling what a 10-inch dick feels like from the inside out, caused him to, I guess, lift his butt, tilting his 10-inches even nearer, pointing down at me like I was some kind of target.

Suddenly, before I saw it, I felt it, the hot white rain of his seed, spraying in my face, splashing in my mouth, running down my chin, even hitting my cock, setting it off, so we were both cumming together like cock devils.

If this were a short story, or something, I'd like to surprise you and say, like O. Henry, "And then the guy stood up and it was my twin brother/daddy/uncle/or the pope." But it was none of the above. I never did see who he was. He was just 10-inches to me.

SLOB ON BOB

This really happened to me last summer. This beautifully bearded mechanic, who was really appealing in a grease-monkey sort of way, said: "You know what you call a guy with no arms and no legs and no dick in a swimmin' hole?"

I couldn't guess. "Bob," he said. "You know what you call a gal with one short leg?"

I couldn't guess again. "Eileen! Get it? Huh?"

I got it, but did I want it?

"You know what you call a Japanese gal with one short leg?" He knew I was hopeless. "Irene!" He bellowed out a big laugh, leaned back in the wood chair, and ran his hand over his crotch. "You are one hopeless motherfuckin' cocksucker, ain't you."

I knew and my cock knew the confident fucker had a big dick. I love humor, but I hate jokes, and guys with big dicks always like to tell jokes. Sometimes life is like cocksucking in hell. But I like it.

Especially when the cocks are huge.

I remember how his eyes squinted. He wasn't bad looking. Just rough. Cruder than I usually meet. But then I just moved to Michigan and except for the shower-room at the local university the only place to cruise in Kalamazoo is the I-94 rest stop which is no more than a pair of glorified brick outhouses setting back in the trees where the picnic tables are.

Anyway I met him there and I followed him and his AAA tow-truck and his big dick in my lame VW back to his cabin in the Portage woods.

"You think much about cock?" he asked. "You look like a dude who thinks about cock."

"What's your name?" I asked. I was nineteen.

"I told you, son." He was at least 25 because he said he'd been working around trucks since he was 12 and that was 13 years ago. "I told you in the joke what my name was. Indirect kind of like. Just like I told you how old I was so's you'd know behind this big black beard lives a dirty old man."

I took a stab. "Your name's Bob."

"It sure as shit ain't Irene." He kept rubbing the crotch of his faded black Ben Davis pants with one hand while he rolled up the sleeve on the arm doing the rubbing. His forearms were matted with black hair. He had really big biceps like you see on bodybuilders except he wasn't a bodybuilder just a big guy, like maybe a young pro wrestler. "I'm 5-9 and 187 pounds," he said, "and I got me 20-inch arms and a Lucky 9."

"What's a Lucky 9?" As if I couldn't guess.

He ignored me like I'd find out later. "You wanna play some strip poker or wha-a-a-ut?" He switched hands on his crotch and rolled up his other sleeve. He took a hit of Jack Daniel's straight from the fifth. "Take a hit."

Firewater! But I was cool. He was cool. He made me more relaxed. He was looking mighty good in the light of the coal-oil lamp.

"You really want to play poker?" I asked.

"I really just wanna strip."

He hit the whiskey and handed it

to me. I snockered off a hit, and went for it. "I want," I said, "you to strip me and me to strip you."

A couple snorts of anything and I turn into a real bold fucking cocksucker. We stood up facing each other. He was like a solid wall built out of a plaid shirt, greasy pants, and oily steel-toed boots. We stared eye to eye. He put his big dirty hand on the neck of my yellow WMU teeshirt and shredded it down my chest. My cock hardened. I rubbed my hands on his hard smooth chest.

"Don't fuck around!" His voice snarled, "Strip me."

I peeled his flannel shirt off his big shoulders. I had to tug the arm rolls down around his massive biceps.

"I built these arms up jerking off." He reached for my jeans, popped the button fly, and kind of smirked when my cock popped out already hardening. "Looks like you got maybe a Lucky 9 too. Naw. A not-quite-as-lucky 8."

"No," I said. "I got me a Lucky Fellini."

"What's that," he said.

"Who cares."

He dropped to his knees like a brick shithouse collapsing and

sucked me with a cannibal dive into his mouth. He pistoned me hard and wild, picking me up, laying me back. My hands were all over him. He was amazing. I never felt a man whose body was so rock hard solid.

"How'd you get so hard?" I asked. "You must really work out."

"No, I just work." I must have changed his concentration. He pulled face up off my sizeable dick, stood up, and said, "Whyn't you slob on Bob awhile."

Finally I got it. His name wasn't Bob. His dick's name was Bob. I love the danger of guys who talk of themselves in the third person. You know something's going to break loose some way.

He zipped open the fly of his Ben Davis pants. His big thick fingers dug around trying to get his rock-hard cock, sticking straight down his leg, out the opening. "Fuck it," he said. He shucked his pants down his hips, dropping them around his boots. His big meat popped up, wild meat, backwoods meat, the kind that presses up against fenders in a third-rate car-repair shop 40 hours a week and spends the weekend, drinking in the woods, maybe doing some

hunting and fishing, mostly just kicking back, jerking himself off with his pit bull licking its chops between his legs. I love the smell and taste of big unwashed cock that's been around internal combustion engines all week long.

He wrapped both his big mechanic's hands around his crankshaft. "Get me that 10W40," he said. "You're gonna give Bob a lube job."

And so I did. I drove the metal pour spout into the top of the yellow can of Pennzoil.

"Pour it on Bob," he said. Slowly I dripped the oil on his big head and trailed on down the length of his cock, drenching his thick mat of pubic hair, running streams of oil down his low-slung nuts. The oily sheen turned his dick into a fucking powertool. His cock, compared to the outdoorsman tan of his chest and arms and face, was a glorious obscene white.

"Fuck this," he said. "Fuck you. Fuck the world." He gripped his dick with intent to cum. He only wanted me there kneeling between his legs to absorb his aggression. He pumped his cock with one hand while he poured Pennzoil on his pecs and belly, smearing himself, jerking himself, running his oily hand over his face, into his beard, taking both hands and fingercombing the oil straight back from his forehead through his thick hair.

He knew who he was. He knew what he was. His cock throbbed. He poured oil into his palms and greased up his sweaty armpits. He was a grease-pit car hog who had his first orgasm hidden underneath some old junker behind his dad's garage. It was in his eyes. In his passion. In his fetish. In his dick.

He slapped it side to side, hand to hand, working his Lucky 9 inches, hitting the whiskey, groaning, gripping the shaft in one hand, twisting the big head like a jar lid with the other. The harder he slapped it around, the more he liked it. When in Rome. I poured oil on my cock and beat it harder than usual. He reached into a tool box next to his chair and pulled out a heavy steel wrench. He put the open mouth deep into the black bush of pubic hair over the base of his cock and ratcheted it down tight.

"Lucky 9," he said. "Come on, give me Big Ten."

He poured more oil on his dick. The pressure of the wrench squeezed at least another inch into the shaft, butting the swelling purple head closer to my face. I love weird cockgames with big dicks, like sometimes, finding guys with huge cocks swollen to 12 or 13 inches with silicon injected by doctors with large needles.

He tightened down the wrench and wrapped one hand on his shaft, working it up and down, taking a man's slow, deliberate pleasure. He reached for me with his other oily hand and put his greasy fingers in my mouth.

"Come here," he said, pulling on my tongue, "and slob on Bob some more."

He rammed his tightly-wrenched rod straight down my throat, burrowing in deeper, until my lips were banging into the hot steel of the wrench at the base. I do believe he squeezed his Lucky 9 into a Big 10, just like I know that when his big fat oily cock came, it was buried in my throat, and his big hands were behind my head, and he came like big cocks cum, with a hard, full load that exploded from his dick like a high-performance engine, shooting white sperm out my nose.

My sinuses dripped for three days with the taste of him, but he was so hot, it was too bad I only saw him once. But I've found with big cocks once is their usual quota per guy. Anyway, Dear *Inches*, I just wanted you to know that there are big dicks in Central America, which is what I call the Midwest these boring Reaganesque days. Do you think the 80's will ever end?

□