

MACH

**Naked men
having sex**

**Erotic humor
by Fledermaus**

**Outdoor sex
with Mag and Jr.**

FRI TSCHER FICTION
"TAG-TEAM" JANUARY
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Brush Creek Media, Inc.

2215-R Market St. #148
San Francisco, CA 94114
Editorial office: 367 Ninth St.
(between Harrison and Folsom streets)
phone · (415) 552-1506
fax · (415) 552-3244
<http://www.brushcreek.com>

Publisher Bear-Dog Hoffman
Managing Editor Peter Millar
Retail Sales Richard Meyerson
Advertising Mike Cross
Classified Ads Richard Simon

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Editor Bob Fifield
Copy Editor Jim Hunger
Production Assistant Joe Coloff

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I woke up in this fish story suckling his big dick. When you're 18, and still in your wonder years, like I was that summer, you do strange things in your sleep, like kick off all the sheets and dream buck-naked with your prick up hard and straight as a stick. Older counselors like Taggart, who was 19+ (as in *plus 10 inches*), love to pull tricks on younger guys. You know, when you're out playing counselor at some "Camp Gitchygoomee" and it's the last week of the season, after all the campers have packed up their sweaty little jockstraps and nylon Speedos and headed back home. I missed some of them: the best of the cool young dudes all tanned and buffed and trained for their football, wrestling, and swimming teams back home. The camp was deserted. Quiet. More beautiful than ever. We had maybe a week's more work to do. Almost alone. Me and Tag.

I kept sucking, my eyes tightly closed, pretending I was asleep. I felt Tag's big blond thighs straddling my chest. Maybe I was dreaming. All summer long, I'd lusted after him. He was a diver, 6-2, 185, lean-muscled, and handsome. A dreamboat. When he practiced his approaches on the diving board, his long defined toes striding the length to the tip, where he bounced up and down on the edge, my eyes never left his crotch, the tight, wet, big bulge of his red trunks, the famous nylon Speedos I once stole and sniffed and shoved into my mouth to suck out the taste of his big cock.

Tag hung 10 easy. Eyes closed I knew that. I felt his soft dick hardening in my mouth. I worked my lips around the velvet head, almost afraid to open my eyes, for fear I'd wake up and he'd be no more than an early-morning piss-hard dream vanishing in the late-summer dawn. But his dick gelling from soft to hard in my mouth, the taste and smell of him—hey, I knew the real thing.

So I opened my eyes, and, shit! It wasn't Taggart at all!

FATHER AND SON TAG TEAM

by Jack Fritscher

Well, it was, but it wasn't the Taggart I thought. It was, I swear to God, the other Taggart! It was his dad, who had been a big stud at 16, had fathered Young Tag at 17, and was still married to his wife, Verna Taggart. They all ran Camp Gitchygoomee, with Verna knowing everything, especially bookwork and her place.

The night before, we had celebrated Big Tag's thirty-sixth birthday, telling him the truth that he didn't look a day over twenty-six. You get the picture. He was the coach, the daddy, the husband, the stud. The Taggarts, father and son, were a special breed of the biggest cocks I ever saw. So I looked real surprised, and twice as pleased, when I opened my eyes and found Big Tag threading my throat. I'd worshipped Big Tag from afar all summer: *him* swimming naked in the pool, endless laps of backstroke with his long cock cutting the water, sluicing its own wake; *him*, in Fort Cobb, which is what we called the main toilet, flipping his big dick over the gray sheet-metal piss trough; *him* groping himself in his nylon shorts around the evening campfire. I saw where Young Tag, whom no one ever dared called Little Tag, got his size, and I knew why Verna hung around her men, smiling no matter what went on.

Between his thighs, Big Tag sported a real handsome piece of blue-veined meat. I'm talking 12 inches of blond cock, maybe 9 inches circumference, which I think is about the exact circumference of my mouth stretched open to its widest cocksucking ring. The mushroom head, I could tell when he pulled it out of my mouth and with both fists waved it back and forth across my face, flushed that juicy hot purple peculiar to blond cocks.

He smiled and said, "This is your wake-up call, Sonny."

I remember everything exactly.

"Are you surprised?"

I grinned like the cocksucker I've always been and shook my head *no* and stretched my tongue for his lubing piss slit.

"Are you disappointed?"

I snorted one of those you-gotta-be-kidding laughs and he drove the head of his cock right straight through my smile and laid pipe down my throat.

When a good-looking summer-camp director who stands 6-4 and weighs in at a solid 225 spreads his jock-thighs across my chest while the morning sun spotlights the blond hair on his pecs and forearms, I know, like the joke about where the 2000-pound canary can sit, that any man that much larger than life can, if he wants, sit on my face and pedal my ears till the cows come home. I worship big dick, and Big Tag loved adoration. His cock played my vocal chords like the devil plays fiddle.

"You want it, huh? You little cocksucker."

Beat me, daddy. Eight to the bar. Obviously, father and son, probably playing "tag" together, had pillow-talked about me behind my back, and that's always the best kind of talk. Besides, I'd read some of the graffiti written on the walls of Fort Cobb.

Big Tag spread my jaws and drill-pumped me inch by inch, working deeper, bringing tears to my eyes, and choking sounds to my throat.

"Your throat's too tight too soon," he said.

He worked me loose so he could go deeper. Six inches was easy to handle. I slurped him like a pro. Inches 7 and 8 came harder, but not that hard.

Early that summer his son had broken the deep-cherry back in my throat where a hard cock exits down and out the back of your mouth and passes through the first gate leading to your guts.

I worried about inches 9 through 12. Like, could I swallow that much cock? I'd never quite got fully impaled on his son's 10-incher; but then Young Tag was rougher getting his nut. Big Tag was smoother, more experienced. He talked dirty to me—I'm a sucker for verbal sex—almost hypnotizing me, fuck-talking, building my passion for the triumph of swallowing his total manhood down to the root. He was so intense a talker he convinced me to go for it, to dare to take it. He slipped me inch 9, then pulled out, real slow and gentle, and immediately drove back in, knocking off inch 10, surprising me, smiling a small sneer that curled up under his bushy blond moustache. The sweet blond hairs of his crotch were still 2 inches from my face, and I knew he wouldn't shoot till my nose was buried in his groin, and he was in me a foot deep, his full 12 inches.

My own cock was bouncing fast in my hand. Big Tag, who always kept a neat pinch of Copenhagen under his lower lip, turned and spit slow sweet tobacco drool down on my dick.

"Beat your meat," he said. "You'll find room for my last 2 inches in your own cock. When your own cock gets cock-crazy, you'll let me in."

He wasn't forcing anything. I mean this wasn't a rape fantasy. It was real. It was the greatest thing two men can do. It was 6:30 in the morning. He had his horsecock planted 10 inches down my throat, and he was coaching me, like the summer coach he was, to take more of what he had to offer.

My daddy never raised me to be nobody's fool.

I know now what I learned that morning. There is one sin in life: when a man offers you a hard 12-inch cock and you do not take it all. I didn't need much coaching. I was such a cock pig, I wished that Young Tag was there, son and fa-

ther, 22 inches of cock between them. But it wasn't that fantasy either. It was reality. Sweaty sheets. Dripping armpits. Nasty talk. Bouncing bull balls. Hairy chest. Drop-dead looks, blond hair, three-days' unshaved bristle. His big cock pumping my face, slowly, his lean hips and waist rocking over me, my hand working my cock, knowing I could cum for the first time in my life with 12 inches of big blond cock pistoning my tonsils, if only I could split 2 more inches of ch-ch-cherry throat.

Life, my daddy told me, is mind over matter. Thanks, Dad. My cock beat on the cusp of cumming. I looked up at Big Tag. The brilliant morning sun hit him, lit him, over me like a golden stud. I realized the most private part of that man was deep in me, and I wanted him deeper. I groaned guttural sounds and looked up at him and wrinkled my forehead and nodded. That was all he needed. I beat my dick. He drove half-inch by half-inch into my mouth.

At 11 inches he paused, then began not to penetrate, but to fuck my face. From slow to hard, he toppled from gentle persuasion to bucking passion. He fell over my face like a jock doing push-ups and pinioned my arms on the pillow above my head. I thought I'd choke or die, but I didn't. I did what he wanted. What I wanted. I opened and swallowed. He face-fucked me past 11 inches to the full 12.

I felt his blond crotch slam solid against my lips. He was home. He fully holstered his rod in my throat. He worked me wild. I felt his cock throb and expand in the sheath of my throat, and feared I'd drown if he shot his load into my lungs, but I didn't care, cuz he'd give me mouth-to-mouth and hold me in his arms, and at the precise moment when he blew, my own cock, untouched, shot across my belly, sort of like his huge cock was inside my cock, and his white cum came boiling up out of my nose, my mouth, and, yeah, out of my cock. His cum shooting out of my cock. His cum that turned into Young Tags with 10-inch dicks. His 12-inch cock, seeming inside my dick, stretched my own rod out a full foot so my dick skin strained like a rubber stuffed to bursting with a studbull cock. I could feel what it felt like to pack a 12-inch rod!

Oh, God. You get the picture. I did. I do.

That summer I had more "Tags" on me than a blue light special at Kmart. Young Tag had a cousin, Big Tag's brother's son, Lawayne MacRory Taggart, who everybody called "MacTag," because he said so. He was tough and streetwise and he liked to wrestle, freestyle, slam-banging and clowning like the pro wrestlers on TV. He'd gone beyond his once-beloved Hulk Hogan and was idolizing the muscular Billy Jack, the buffed and blond Kerry Von Erich, and the outrageous tag team, the Road Warriors.

He fed the campers a liar-liar-pants-on-fire line about how he wrestled on TV, billing himself the "Masked Counselor." The campers loved it, especially when he pulled a black wrestling mask over his blond head and climbed into the ring with one of the tougher, huskier, older ones, both of them stripped down to nylon briefs and wrestling boots, bouncing off the ropes, MacTag picking the kid up, throwing him across his shoulders and spinning him around, slamming him to the padded canvas, flopping across the kid, full body, pinning his shoulders, while the crowd went wild screaming, "Next! Next! Me next!"

MacTag was their chance to act out a fantasy, I know.

One night that last week after camp, I stood in my Speedos in the door of MacTag's cabin. I could feel the full moon falling warm on my shoulders and back. MacTag looked up from the table where by the light of a

Coleman lantern he was reading *Leaves of Grass*, buck naked, playing with himself.

"Next!" I whispered.

He smiled, closed the book, and stood up. He was a Taggart all right. He had the dick. He slow-walked toward me in that hip-ball-and-joint walk that athletes with powerful thighs and bubblebutts take as their trademark stroll. His dick swung easy between his legs, halfway to his knees, soft yet, but with the swelling blue veins that are sure-fire prediction of the cockquake to come. He walked straight up to me. He stood so close I smelled the sweet summer sweat glistening on his chest, running down his armpits, beading on the hair of his muscular arms. "You sure you wanna be next?" His smile had that kind of killer sneer that Maxwell Caulfield smiled in *The Boys Next Door*.

"Anything you can dish out, I can eat."

He snorted a laugh, but I could tell he appreciated my bluff of trying to talk tough like wrestlers do between matches on TV when they scream at the camera about what slime their next opponents are and how they're going to kill them with a metal folding chair.

"Can you eat this, Sonny?" MacTag wrapped both hands around his rising cock. "You want it here in the cabin," he said, "or do you want to go out to the ring and get beat up a little? You know, just a little punishment. Nothing serious that a 10-inch hot-beef injection can't cure. Just maybe a little fantasy in the squared circle to make things hotter. A knee to the groin. A half nelson...."

"A full nelson." What was I saying? *Half nelson. Full nelson. Ricky Nelson.* I wanted him. I wanted every inch he had. I wanted his fantasy inside my fantasy.

"Yeah. Good. A full nelson too. Maybe even a little choking. I mean I can tell by the look in your eyes you want me to be the Bad Guy. You think I can be the Bad Guy?"

MacTag raised up his arms and flexed. His biceps popped like Teenage Mr. America. Blue veins ran down to the blond forest in his juicy armpits. He crunched out a Most Muscular pose, like a wrestling warrior taking center mat. His chest and shoulders pumped big, his abs rippled, and his dick, excited by the full flush of his body, cantilevered another inch up toward total erection: straight up his belly past his navel.

"You are definitely bad." My cock tented my Speedos. Faced with his 10 inches, maybe more, I reached for my cock knowing my secret I never told anybody, that every inch of big cock I sucked made my cock grow that much bigger, slowly but surely. At 16, I measured 6 inches all by my bonesome lonesome. At 18, I was 8+.

These encounters were working. Some cocks make you larger. By the time I was 30, I projected I'd be hung at least...

"You fuckin' little size freak." MacTag said it in the appreciative way a big-hung guy says a line like that when he knows he's on to a cocksucker who won't waste his time sucking down anything less than 8 inches. Believe it or not, some cocksuckers won't do big dicks. Or can't. Or worse, tongue-and-lip only the tips, like most of those lipstick dollies do in straight suck films.

Go figure.

MacTag, faster than I could think, picked me up bodily, throwing my legs over his shoulders, just like that statue of ancient wrestlers, hanging my head upside down facing his big juicy dick. "Suck it, fuck-face!" he said. He knew from the walls of Fort Cobb I liked to hear bullies talk nasty. "Suck it! Or I'll body-slam you to the fucking floor."

Upside down, I took the flared head of his cock into my mouth, figuring its circumference more than 7 inches. He bounced me on his shoulder with one hand, banging the back of my head with the other, kind of dribbling my noggin like a basketball down on his rod. He was teaching me a whole new 69. Then he flipped me up over his shoulders and swung me in full-circle airplane spins.

God! He was strong. His dick stuck out, proud of his performance. Sex-wrestling turned him on. Suddenly he raised me, pressed me, by the sheer strength of his upper body to arm's length, high in the air above his head.

I whipped my dick. This was new! This was sexplay! This was what the big boys do!

Then like the surprise thrill on an E-Ticket ride in an X-rated park, he slam-dropped me like a feather to the floor. As crazy as it was, everything seemed in slow-motion. He threw his big thighs across my chest, took one of my wrists in each hand, stretched my arms out, and slid his drooling cock across my pecs and towards my face where he buried it head-first in my mouth before starting the snake's slow slithering down my throat.

Everything felt awful comfortable. I realized I wasn't on the hardwood floor. I was pinioned on a mattress on the floor. MacTag was a class act, but how did he do that?

I heard a loud slap. The kind of slap one strong flat palm makes striking another when two men slap five.

"Tag team!" MacTag said.

"Tag team!" Young Tag said.

I tried to say "Oh Shit" around MacTag's pumping cock.

Young Tag had been napping in one of the upper bunks while MacTag read. He'd tossed the four single mattresses to the floor.

"Tie this on," he said to MacTag. He handed him a camouflage green bandana folded to a head band. "We're the Blond Mercenaries," Young Tag said. "We got plenty between us because we got 20 inches between us! Whoa!"

"He wants a full nelson," MacTag said.

Young Tag obliged. From behind me, his strong arms slipped under my armpits and he clasped his hands behind my neck, positioning my mouth perfectly for a straight-on fuck from MacTag who never took his dick out of my mouth. Young Tag's dick was rockhard between my shoulder blades.

Was I in heaven or wha-u-u-t?

MacTag was shorter and stockier than Young Tag, who himself, being a swimmer, was leaner and not quite as tall as Big Tag, who, I mentioned, was 6-4 and 225. They were like three studs in the same gene bank and all of them hung like sonsabitches with 32 inches among the three of them.

The Tag Team worked my legs, squeezed me in bear-hugs, double-teamed me, both of them working their own hard cocks, standing over me, talking dirty to me about their big animal cocks, dropping down with one knee across my chest, showing me the dick I wanted, teasing me with their huge pricks, then raising me up with

aerial tactics, hammering me into the canvas like pro maniacs, always pulling their punches, squeezing tight on the choke holds, taking turns beating my face for real with their 10-inch cocks. I crumpled under the "brutal" bull-dogging; but I wanted more.

This was a championship bout of inches.

We must have brawled off and on for almost an hour, which is a really long time when you're wrestling or being mauled by two strong young cousins acting out on you the pro-wrestling fantasy they've played so often together.

Finally, they pinned me. Again. Their weight on me felt like an avalanche of hot young jocks. Their dicks ran stout, stayed hard, pulsed for release. They slap-tagged each other's hands and knelt up over my face, taking turns fucking my mouth, the taste of each distinctive, with yet that undertaste of the sweet, sweet, sweet Taggart genes.

As much as they liked my mouth, they liked the mirror they were to each other: the heavier-muscled blond wrestler and the lean-muscled blond swimmer, so much alike in their sunny good-looking faces. Kneeling over my face, my mouth tonguing their furry balls, they sucked tongues and fingered nipples and beat their meat, building their passion to a climax.

Down between their thighs, I watched their studplay: kissing mouths and licking tits and rubbing biceps; both pairs of blond balls beginning to swell, rolling and rising, left nut over right, then back again, with the dorsal veins on the underside of their almost-twin cocks growing thick with potency, both cousins totally into one another, talking dirty in short one-word grunts, saying, "dick," "big dick," "big blond dick," "beat it," "big fucking arms," "sweat," "dick," "juicy hard dick," "lick," "suck," "gonna take you on the mat, motherfucker," "gonna cum," "gonna cum," "on his face," "shoot it on his fucking face." And they did, both cousins, locked in their embrace of arms and chests and faces, beating their meat over my face, squirting the loads of their young, blond 10-inch dicks into my mouth held open wider than a choirboy stuck on the fourth note of "O Holy Night."

I came without touching myself. I was 18 too, remember, and this was summer's end, and nothing, I was certain, would ever be this much fun again. Not if we became grown-ups.

We fell together into a pig pile of sweat and cum and cock. MacTag and Young Tag dozed with me sandwiched between them. The only sound was the buzz of the Coleman lantern and the crazed moth that circled it.

I heard footsteps come the final three steps up the cabin stairs. The cousins' two pairs of sleeping blond arms wrapped around my head kept me in traction. The footsteps, heavy even in Reeboks, stepped directly behind my head. I looked up over my eyebrows, and I gulped.

It was Big Tag grinding his 12-inch keeper in his hand. I could tell he was on the last ten strokes of cumming. He had been watching us all along. He raised his fingers to his lips to keep my silence. His fine big body arched back, displaying his massive cock, one hand working his nipples left and right. Then he stood almost at military brace, and with a silent tremor, holding in his cumshot, wanting to shoot the surprise of his load on the pair of unsuspecting, dozing blonds, gritting his breath, blowing air between his teeth, he shot the load of the father on his son, his nephew, and me, thick blasts of cum splashing down on us three boys like hot rain in August.

I don't need to send you a fish-camp postcard. You get the picture. I have the pictures. Like, I still have them. In my head. In my dick. In my scrapbook. One picture in particular: the four of us, Tag and Big Tag and MacTag and me, standing nearly naked, our big dicks half hanging out of our Speedos, all in a line, with our arms around each other's shoulders like we would always be together.

Verna, I remember, snapped the picture. "Now you'll have a snapshot," she said proudly to me. "to remember how it was this summer with you and my three big guys." **M**