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# HONCHO

THE MAGAZINE FOR  
THE MACHO MALE

JUNE 1979  
\$2.50

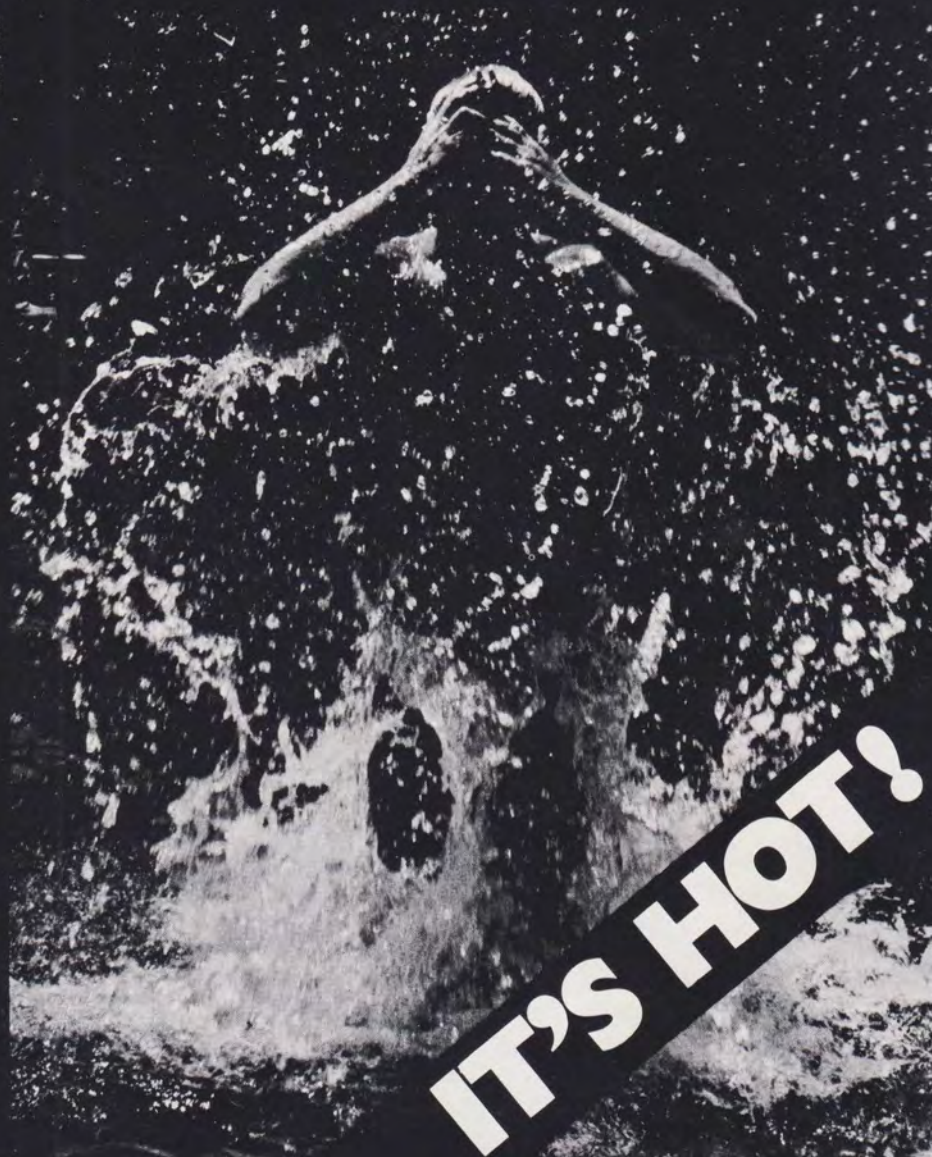
**SPECIAL:  
DENIM  
INIQUITY**





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Photo by FALAN



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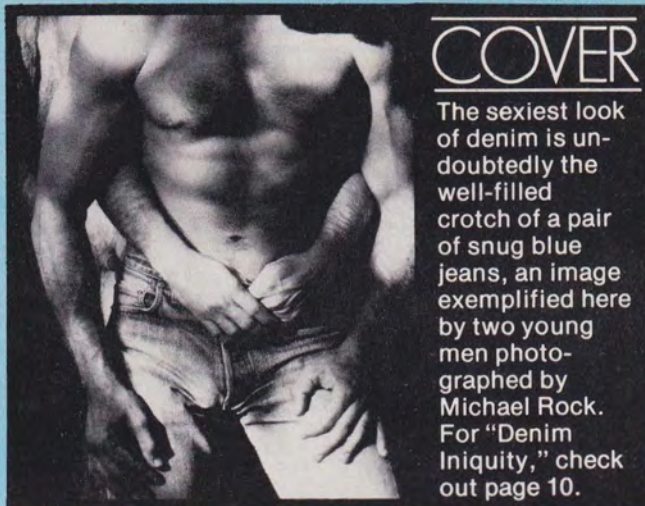
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# HONCHO

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 14 • JUNE 1979



## COVER

The sexiest look of denim is undoubtedly the well-filled crotch of a pair of snug blue jeans, an image exemplified here by two young men photographed by Michael Rock. For "Denim Iniquity," check out page 10.

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HONCHO IS DISTRIBUTED EXCLUSIVELY BY PUBLISHERS DISTRIBUTING CORP.  
PDC, 2 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10016.

Honcho is published monthly by Modernismo Publications, Ltd. Editorial and production offices are located at 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013. Phone (212) 691-7700. Honcho is distributed exclusively by Publishers Distributing Corp., 2 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10016. Honcho is registered with the U.S. Patent Office; the entire contents is copyrighted by Modernismo and the Library of Congress. Reproduction of editorial or advertising contents in any way whatsoever without the written permission of the publisher is strictly prohibited. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the claims of advertisers and has the right to reject any advertising. The inclusion of an individual's name or photograph in this publication implies nothing whatsoever about that individual's sexual orientation. Artwork and manuscripts may be submitted to Honcho at 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013. Publisher assumes no responsibility for loss or damage to materials submitted. Subscription rate: \$29./12 issues.



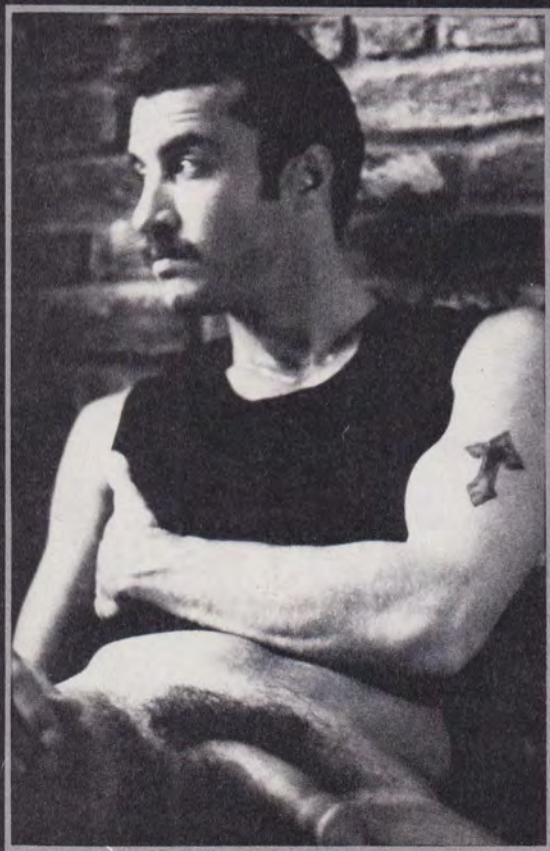


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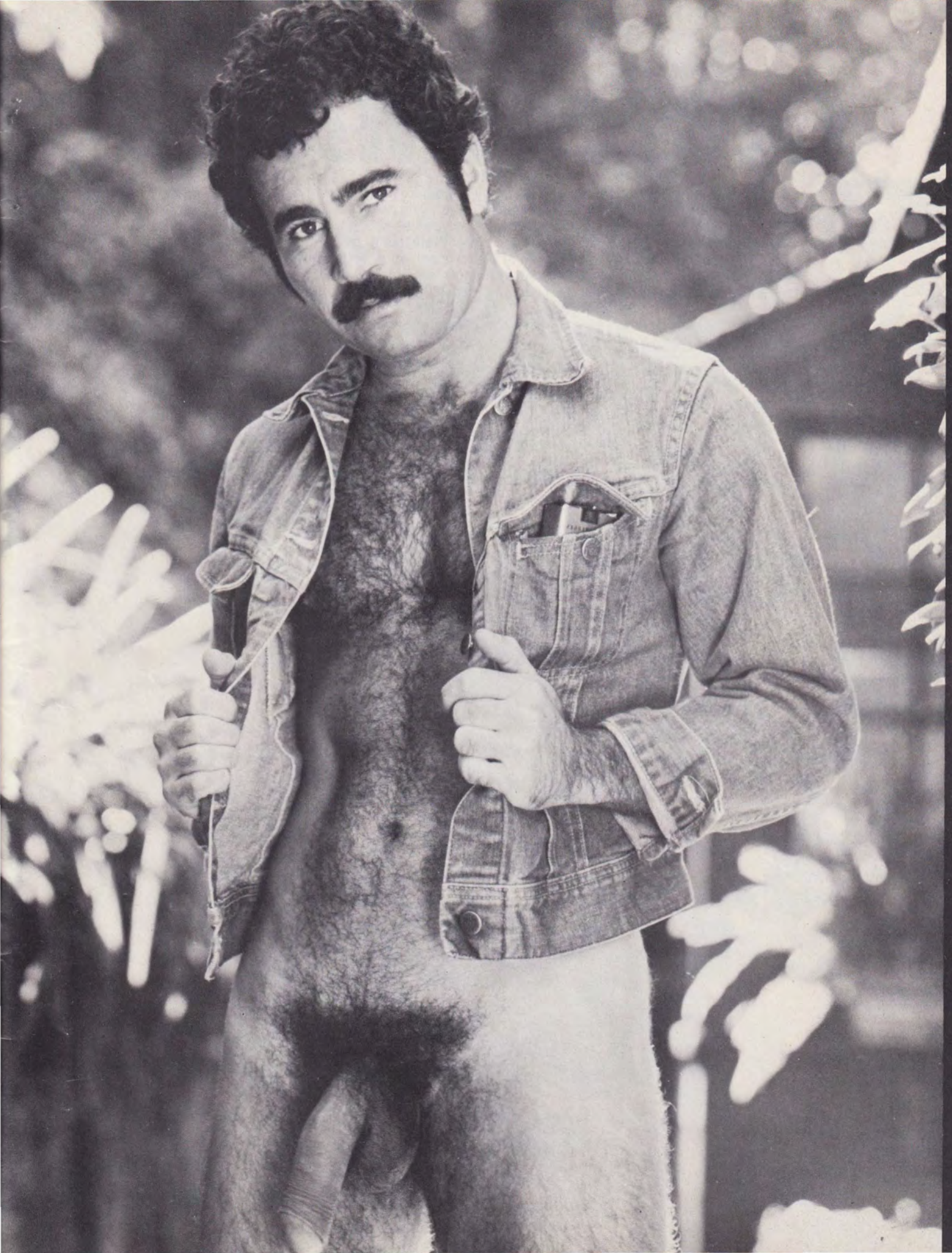
# HONCHO POTENTIAL

With this issue we're putting special focus on the world of denim, with an overview of that sensual fabric's history and a look at the guys who wear it. Our feature entitled "Denim Iniquity" will probably tell you everything you'll ever need to know about the subject. It certainly looks good on Patrick Uribe, at left, a Colombian-born stud whose hairy chest more than does justice to that denim jacket. We have three fiction pieces this month including one, "Ripped!" which is concerned with a guy whose daily uniform is torn blue jeans. Male nudes in art are explored with a feature on the drawings of Richard Rosenfeld, who currently has a one-man-show at New York's Leslie-Lohman Gallery, very definitely worth checking out. Our constant search for new faces took us to New England and Washington, D.C. recently, where we encountered the likes of the honcho fellow named Austin, below, and a college swim team co-captain who posed in the buff for the feature called "Jock Strip." Enjoy.

Photo right by Minotaur; Photo below  
by Krandall Kraus / Madison Avenue Design









# ON THE MARK

A hot new face is Mark, a humpy collegiate jock type guaranteed to get the temperatures rising. The photos here, catch Mark out of his jock strap and, as you can see, his cup was definitely about to runneth over. We'd definitely like to be in his tennis shoes. If you want to see more of Mark, check out the 48-page booklet, *Bold! No. 1*. It's packed with shots of Mark and other hot numbers and is priced at \$8.50. You can order it directly from House One, 68-821 First Street, Cathedral City, CA 92234. Please state you are over 21 since these men are for men, not boys.













# A RAGE TO LIVE

In the film *A Rage to Live*, the heroine played by Susanne Pleshette simply could not get enough of a good thing, played by James Franciscus. You might say there is a similar sort of action in the Cosco film *Raging Glory* which features veteran pornstar Fred Halstead and young newcomer Melchor. The common denominator is of course sex, although in *Raging Glory* it's served up with heavy action, not just heavy breathing.

*Raging Glory* teams Fred and Melchor for some steamy afternoon goings-on, and most of the stills we received from the film were simply too hot to be printed here. It's available in Regular 8 or Super 8 for \$35 from Cosco, Dept. HH96, 256 S. Robertson, Beverly Hills, CA. California residents add 6% sales tax. Since this film is for men only, please state you are over 21 and not a law enforcement official, postal inspector or member of any censorship group.

Photographs by Cosco





# ZACK

By Mack Irwin • Illustration by Diesel

I had never imagined I would see anyone who looked quite like what walked into the room. Artie had told me it was going to be a super party with some really hot men around, but even that didn't prepare me for Zack. It takes a helluva lot of balls to make an entrance like this one and it takes a helluva body to be convincing. Zack came into the room almost bareassed. The only thing he wore was a cyclist cap, boots, gloves, a belt around his left thigh, sunglasses and a leather strap which ran over his well-muscled back and down beneath an impressive set of cock and balls.

Needless to say, every pair of eyes were riveted to this real-life Adonis. He walked to the middle of the room

think I forgot to mention he was carrying a whip. The finishing touch, you might say. It didn't take me long to walk over to him and strike up a conversation. What the hell? Nothing ventured, nothing gained.

"Hi," I said, extending my hand.

In a very gruff voice, "Hi."

"My name's Tom."

"Zack." I thought he was going to crush my fingers when he shook my hand.

"Is this your regular party-going outfit?" I asked.

"Something wrong with it?"

"Not at all. You look fine to me."

"Then why don't you get down on your knees and show me just how fine I really look to you?"

Zack reached down and began systematically tearing off one thing after another. Shirt, undershirt, blue jeans, jockey shorts, everything but my boots. He had me naked in no time and for some reason I didn't mind. I wanted to do everything he wanted.

"The back room," Artie said. I looked up and saw that my host had wandered over to the middle of the room and was suggesting to Zack that I be taken somewhere else. I didn't even know Artie had a back room, but I found out when I obediently followed Zack through the crowd, crawling on my hands and knees and occasionally letting out a yelp when that whip came down on my naked ass.

"Get in there!" Zack ordered, shoving me roughly into a darkened room that measured about eight by ten feet. In the center of it was a chain hanging down from the ceiling. At the end of the chain was a pair of handcuffs, and it didn't take Zack long to get me trussed up and helpless. Artie followed us in the room along with a couple of other guys and before I could protest, a rag was shoved in my mouth and I was blindfolded.

Hands, not all of them belonging to Zack, began to caress my exposed flesh. Gently at first and then roughly. I got smacked on my buttocks and the backs of my thighs and, although I had never experimented with pain before, I felt myself growing aroused. In fact, the more I got worked over the more excited I got. My cock was hard as a rock, filled with blood and aching for release.

My hands were pulled higher and my feet were just barely touching the floor. It was uncomfortable as hell but I was turning on to it. My nipples were getting pinched and there was a finger exploring my asshole, and the whole time Zack was whispering in my ear

**...although I had never experimented with pain before, I felt myself growing aroused. In fact, the more I got worked over, the more excited I got. I was hard as a rock, filled with blood and aching for release.**

and just stood there, legs spread wide apart, balls swinging freely, cock-sure and self-confident. I nudged Artie in the ribs and asked the guy's name.

"Zack," he whispered back.

"How long have you known him?"

"I met him last week at the Spike," Artie said. "He's really hot sex."

"That's not hard to tell," I said. I still couldn't believe this guy had strutted his stuff into the middle of a room full of men and was standing like it was the most normal thing in the world. I

"I...I don't understand, Zack."

"On your knees!" he barked in a voice so loud that everyone who wasn't watching already turned to see what was going on. I found myself being rather unsummarily shoved down to the floor and looked up meekly as Zack unbuckled the belt around his huge thigh and put it around my neck, but not before giving me a couple of well-aimed swats on the ass. It was a good thing I wasn't wearing my good clothes because





that I was to do everything he wanted. All I could do in response was to nod.

Some strange sounds behind me had my curiosity up and I was doubly puzzled when I felt something warm and slippery being rubbed over the front of my body, between my nipples and between my thighs. That sensation was replaced by the feel of metal being placed on my skin and I realized a razor was being dragged across my body. The thick mat of hair on my chest disappeared quickly as Zack expertly wielded the straight razor, doing something he had obviously done many times before. The razor moved lower and the hair on my belly vanished. The bush of pubic hair followed and still I did not protest. I wriggled my ass in excitement when Zack gripped at my balls and drew the razor over that taut bag of flesh, taking away even that little bit of hair. The sensation was unbelievable! My scrotum was now super sensitive and as Zack—or someone—rubbed it, my dick got even stiffer. With the exception of the hair on my head, I was as clean shaven as a newborn baby and my entire body seemed to tingle with newfound sensations.

That finger up my ass was replaced with something considerably larger and I realized it was Artie who had shoved his stiff poker up my butt and was screwing me like there was no tomorrow. Every time he shoved his fat rod in my ass my cock would jerk up and just beg to be put in a hot mouth. I didn't have to wait long for that. Almost before I knew what was happening, something wet and velvety encircled my prick and began sucking out my manjuices.

It was sort of like being in a gigantic womb. Since I couldn't see anything

Continued to page 55



**Denim is the all-American fabric.  
Even the sails of Christopher Columbus'  
three ships were made of it.**

**Explore with us, then:**

# DENIM INIQUITY

**GREENWICH VILLAGE:** 28, 6'2", 155 lbs., blonde bodybuilder, 10½" thick and uncut. Fantastic pecs, super buns, seeks similar or anything hot and dirty from 18-45. Twist my tits, fist my ass, scat my mouth and then piss all over me. Leather, levis, groups, wet and willing. Insatiable and without any limits. Your photo gets mine, plus anything else you may want....

**L.A. FILTH:** Tough, hard, beer drinking, cigar smoking, foul mouthed dirt dude with rank armpits, slimy asshole and a cruddy uncut cock wears greasy, rotten, stinking boots, socks, jocks, t-shirts, levis and leather. Digs spitting, pissing, shitting, pukeing, sweating and farting and gets off with chains, tires, concrete, mud, tools, rubbers and oil....

**NEW YORK: SIT ON MY FACE.** You big burly guys or short stockys, plant your hunky levi/leather asses on my ass-eating face and let my talented tongue/mouth do the rest. I'm attractive, butch, 49, 185 lbs., 6', and dig servicing rugged guys. The more rugged you are the further I'll go. Manly affection, too. Nipple action, you name it! Pecs, muscles, tattoos, facial/body hair, even bald guys are turns ons....

**ALABAMA:** Handsome, funloving levi/leather Harley Rider, Taurus, 39, 5'10", 160, white, wishes to share fantasies with masculine, discreet, clean, unselfish buddy to 50. Digs motorcycle riders, uniformed cycle cops, high boots, chaps, breeches, horses. Mustache/beard a turn-on. Seeking permanent friendship. No fems, fats, drugs....

**RICHMOND, VA:** S. Leo, 45, 6'1", 175, white, 8" cut, brown hair/blue eyes. Harley rider, ex-cycle cop into high boots, breeches, cycle cop uniforms, studs into big bikes and studs who ride them, cigars, L/L, truckers, horses, w/s, j/o, light S&M, boot lover. Business necessitates travel entire U.S.....

**SAN DIEGO AREA:** SM, 39, 6'3", 190 lbs., 8" cut, has well equipped game room for scenes with Masters or slaves, from novice to well-experienced. Have toys and know how to use them. Should be over 26, clean, in leather or levis.....

**CALIF.: MY SCENE OR YOURS.** S&M fantasies realized with attractive, muscular dude into levis, boots, leather, S&M, bondage, w/s. When a body needs a body to learn the how and why....

**NYC UNIFORM MAN,** MS, 30, 6', 150 lbs., w/m, 8", hot, moustache, into L/L, uniforms, cycles, boots, seeks tough, well-hung, muscular men who are versatile and can keep it up. Also into fantasies and 3 or more groups with the right people....

**CALIFORNIA: ORAL SLAVE.** Fremont. 38, 6'3", Black, 190 lbs., 7", uncut, gives total oral service, appreciates w/s, dirty talk, name calling, humiliation, verbal abuse, licking asshole. Looking for White, Latin or Asian into having a tall slave, should be 18-45, leather/levi. Must be masculine....

**A**s evidenced by the classified ads shown here, all of them legitimate, there is one trademarked name which has found its way into instant association with a specific sexual scene. The initials L/L obviously do not stand for Laurent and Lanvin, and if Mr. Levi Strauss ever learned about the extremes of the leather/levi scene, he would doubtless be astounded (and shocked) at the many ways L/L fetishists have devised to enjoy denim. The very words "denim," "Levis" and "blue jeans" bring to mind a number of macho images, ranging from cowboys and lumberjacks to bikers, street toughs and hunky farm boys in overalls. The more worn, faded, snug fitting and—in some cases—calculatedly tattered, the

better. Indeed, what is a sexier fabric for showing off a big, ballsy basket?

In this special issue of *Honcho*, we've taken a close look at the world of denim and those who inhabit it. We'll give you a brief history of the versatile fabric, tell you how to use and abuse it to get the look you want and show you how honcho guys here and around the world wear it. Denim is undoubtedly the ultimate item of American apparel, coveted in foreign countries, especially behind the Iron Curtain where a new pair of blue jeans can fetch as much as \$150!! In inflation-mad Brazil, Fiorucci's straight-legged jeans have been known to go for over \$500, if you can find them. Recycled and used denims are in some cases equally sought-after, and you might be surprised at

what some young studs abroad are willing to offer you in exchange for that pair of blue jeans you picked up back home for a fraction of the cost in India, Colombia or Tunisia. There are many uses for denim, of course. Aside from blue jeans, it's popular for jackets, vests, shoulder bags and shorts. It has even been fashioned into boots and hats and been imitated in synthetic fabrics for designs in underwear and swimwear. We've even heard tales of denim jock straps. Fiorucci and other designers actually created transparent vinyl jeans to be worn over a jock for the disco scene, and personalities as diverse as Cher and President Carter are often spotted in denim. Celebrity negotiator Marty Ingels entertained the idea of a clip of Marilyn Monroe wearing jeans in *The*





Illustration by David Martin



# DENIM INIQUITY

*Misfits* being used to promote Levi Strauss in Japan. But when Lee Strasberg and Aaron Frosch who control the Monroe estate heard about it, the answer was a resounding no.

The term "Jeans" is an Italian one which dates back to the 15th century when Genoese sailors wore durable, denim pants called *genes* after their wearers. History tells us that Christopher Columbus used denim

cloth for the sails of the *Nina*, *Pinta* and *Santa Maria*. The word "dungaree" is also one linked to seafaring. The inhabitants of Dhunga, India, wore trousers made of a heavy denim fabric. The phrase *serge de Nimes* is the origin for the word "denim." It literally means "cloth from Nimes," a city in southern France where the fabric was loomed for the first time. Oddly enough, the term "Levi" is the only

purely American one. When Levi Strauss began making pants for California gold miners back in 1850, he first used tent canvas and later switched to a denim dyed indigo blue.

In examining the various types of jeans on the market today, we decided to base our study on the products of Levi Strauss since they are probably the best-known and are virtually synonymous with the term "jeans."

TAD SHAFFER

cordially invites you to the  
opening of an exhibition

DAVID MARTIN

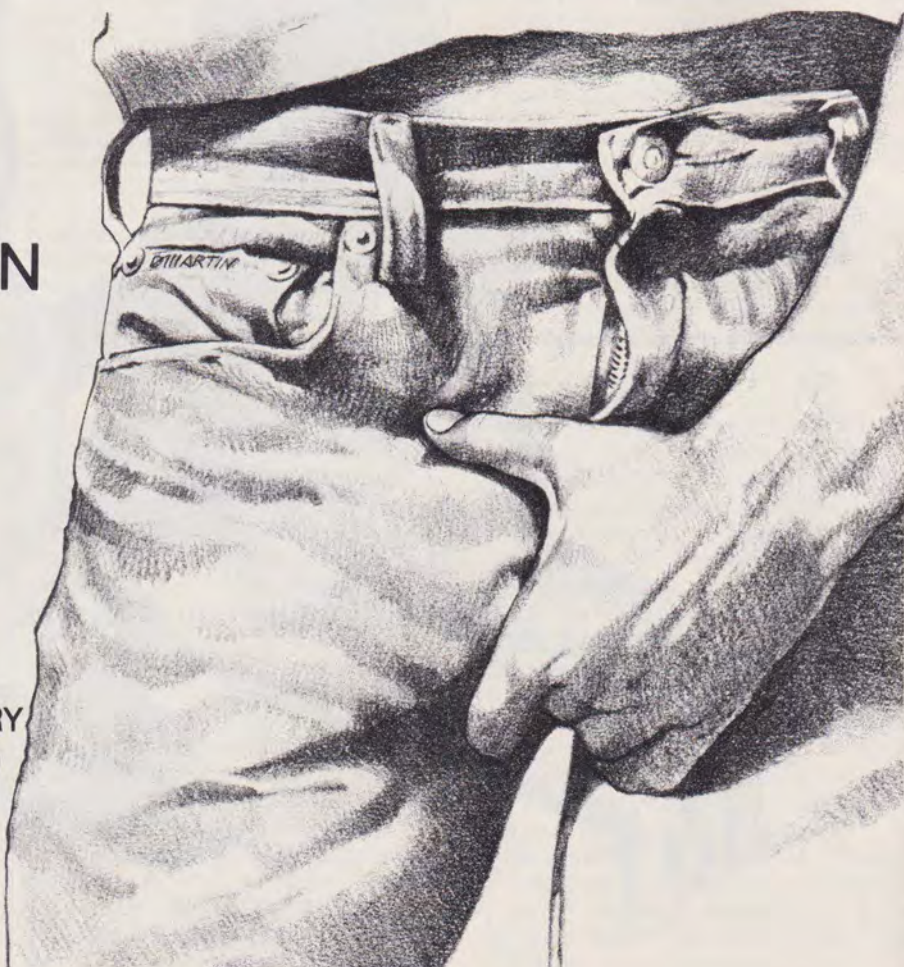
RECENT DRAWINGS  
AND PAINTINGS

Sunday, February 4, 1979  
From 2 p.m. to 7 p.m.

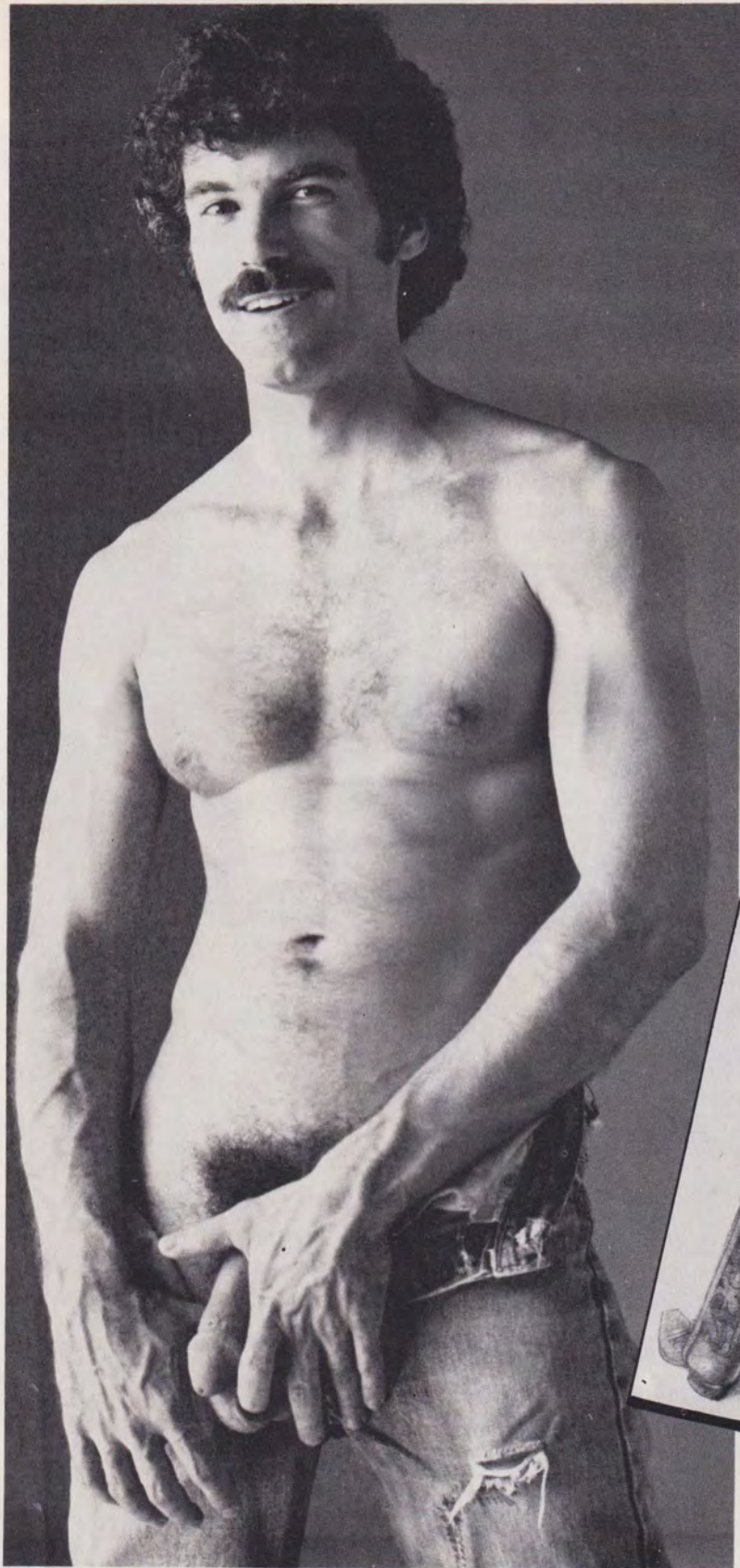
The exhibition  
will continue through March 3, 1979  
Gallery hours:  
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ROBERT SAMUEL GALLERY  
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"A PRIVATE AFFAIR", Pencil, 8" x 10"







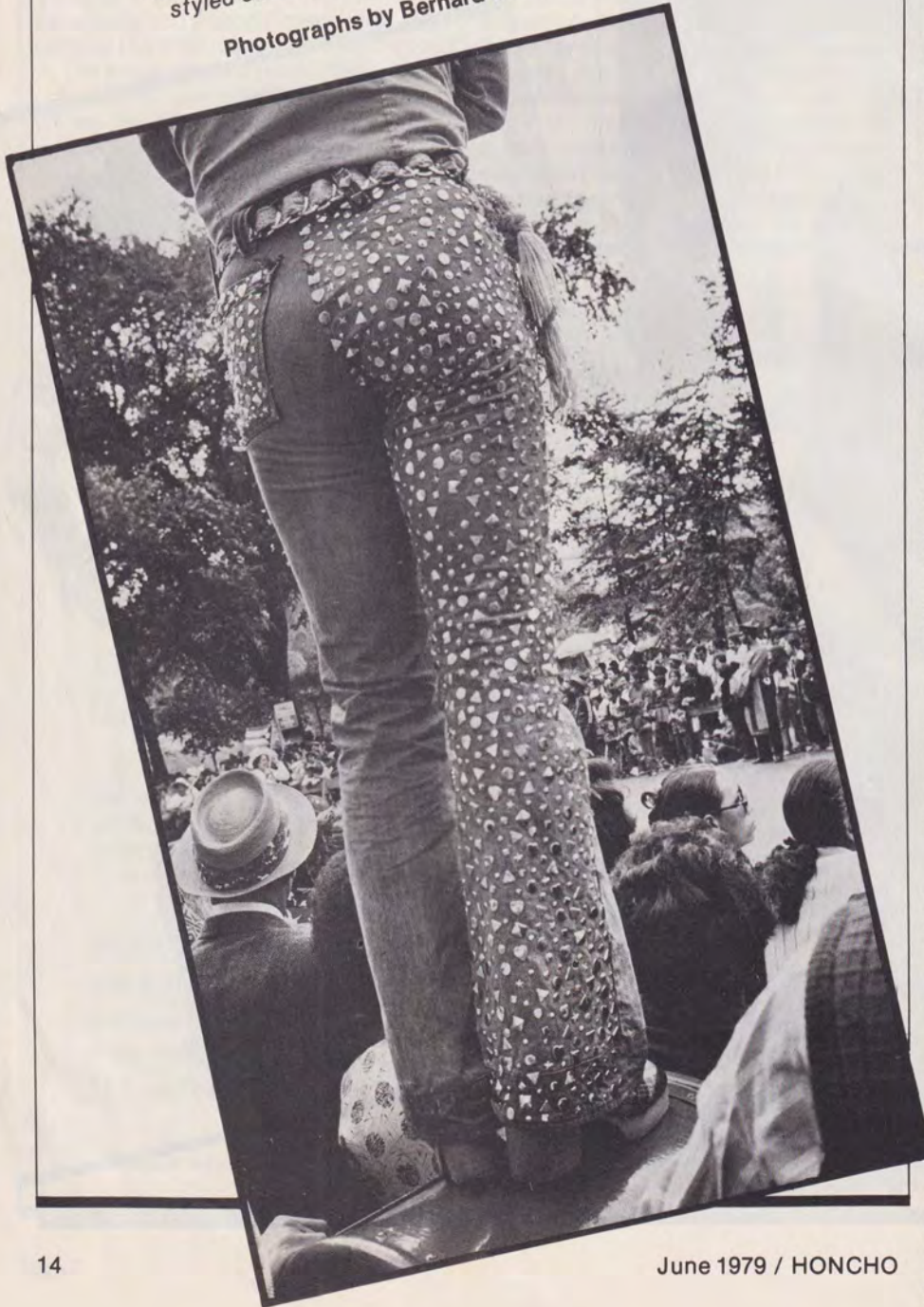
*The many faces of denim. Opposite, the invitation to artist David Martin's gallery show in New York. At left, tattered jeans are a provocative part of a model's exterior decoration. Below, denim's place in cowboy paraphernalia.*





Certainly America's most classic and enduring contribution to the fashion world is the old reliable blue jean. Immensely popular with men all over the world, it has adapted to an endless variety of uses and styles and is prized on black markets from Brazil to the Soviet Union. From left, a phantasmagorical embellishment of the basic jean at the Puerto Rican Parade, New York City; a Roman university student; a Moroccan boxer in self-styled cut-offs; an Italian street scene.

Photographs by Bernard Wolff





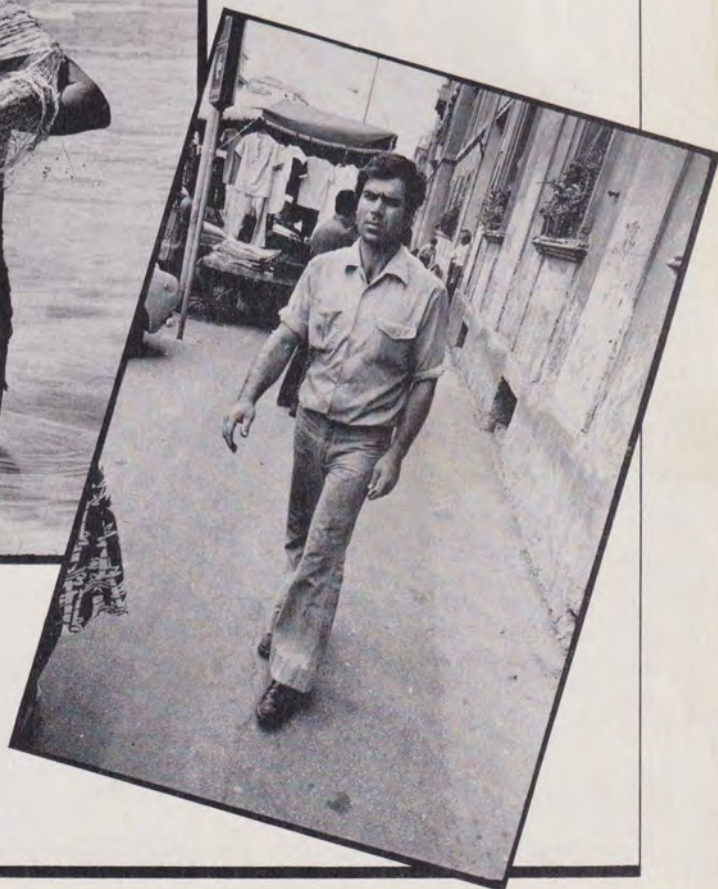
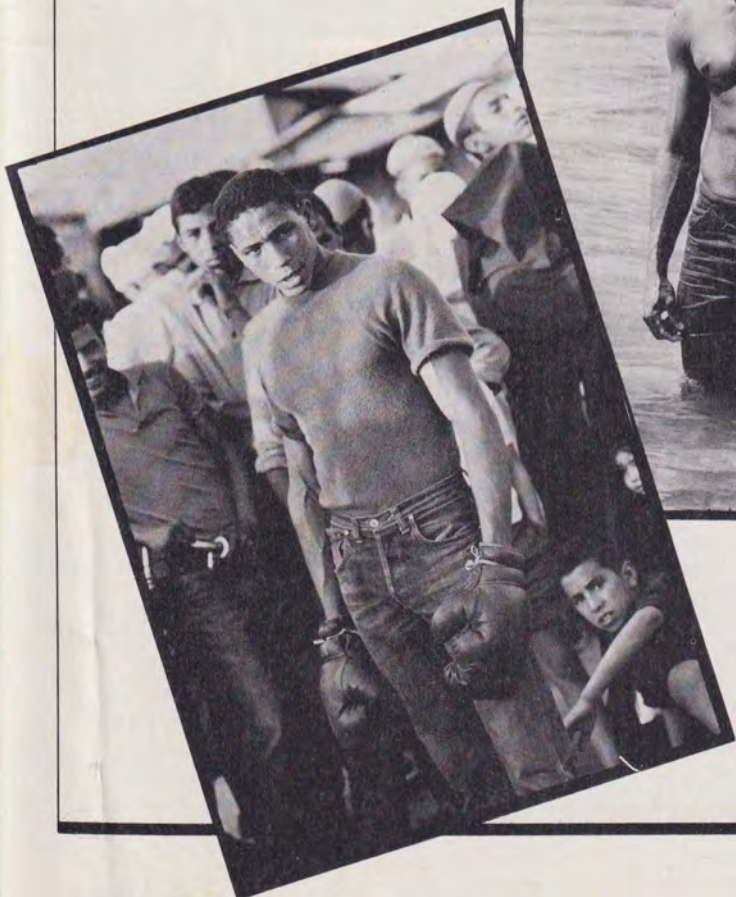
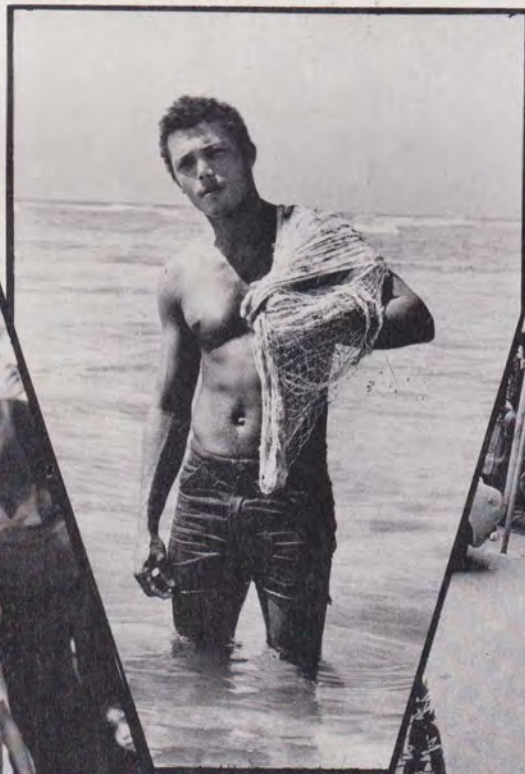
# DENIM INIQUITY

Almost all blue jeans are already preshrunk with a guarantee they will not shrink more than an additional 3%. The most basic Levis are the #505s, and you'll find those numbers next to the waist size and leg length on a leather patch sewn to the rear of the waistband. The #505s are somewhat tapered, reaching an

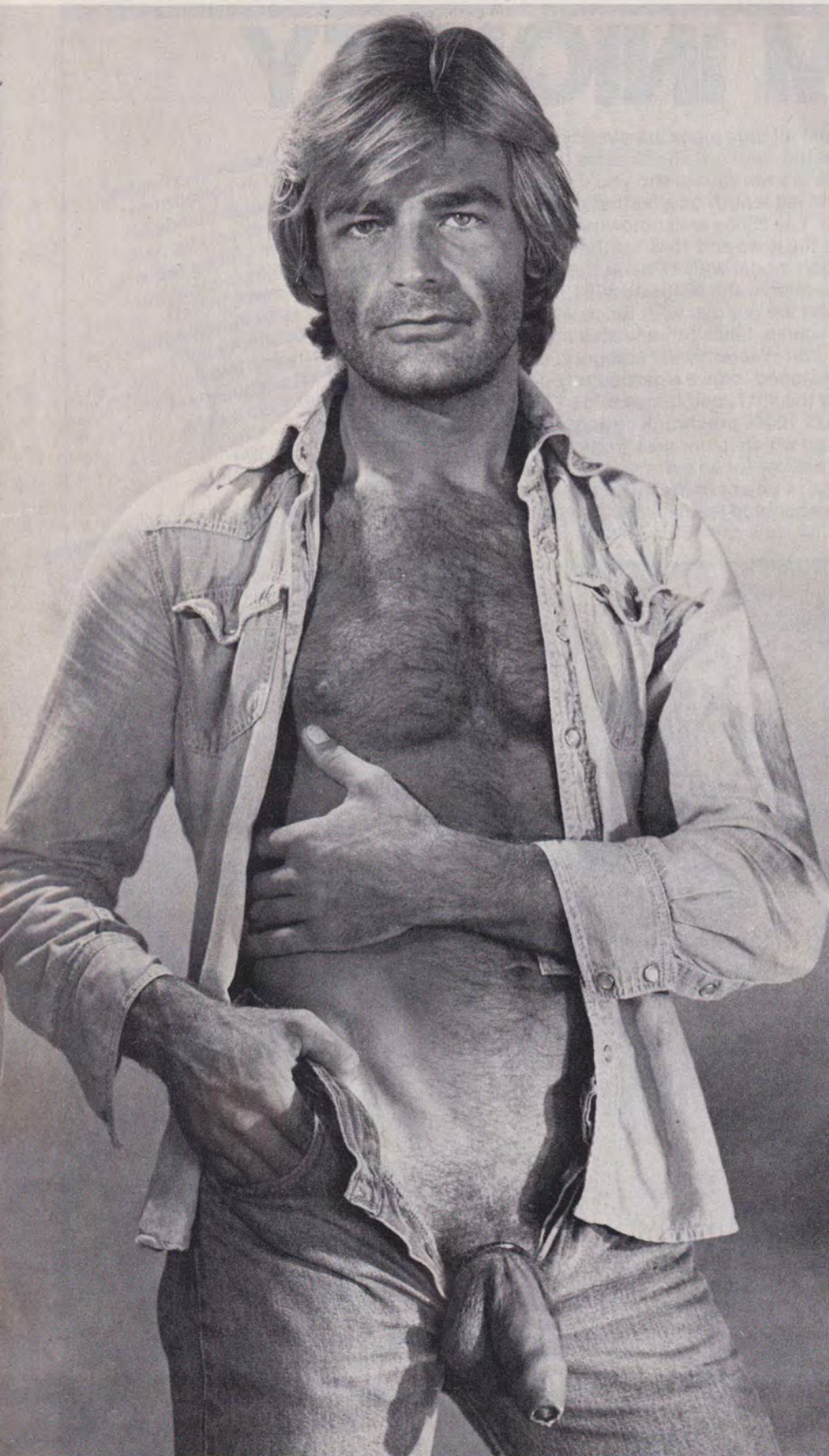
18" circumference in the knee and 15¾" at the cuff. There is also the #519, a super-straight-legged model with 17¾" at the knee and 16¾" at the cuff.

Two bellbottom versions, the #646 and #684, have a 21" and 26" cuff respectively. The latter are popular with those who like a lot of extra fabric flopping around their ankles. Levis Strauss also manufactures a special jean which is put into their Western wear category. Called the Saddleman boot jean, it is designed to give a particularly good fit over a pair of cowboy boots. This is the #517, and it measures 17¼" at the knee and 19½" at the cuff. It is made of 100% preshrunk cotton. The choice of most purists is the #501, a design which is *not* preshrunk and must be bought big.

A basic guideline is to allow for an extra inch in the waist and two inches in the inseam. Some guys object to the button fly while others seek it out. Once you've bought your blue jeans, what are you going to do to get that perfect, glove-like fit? How can you break them in fast and acquire that







# DENIM

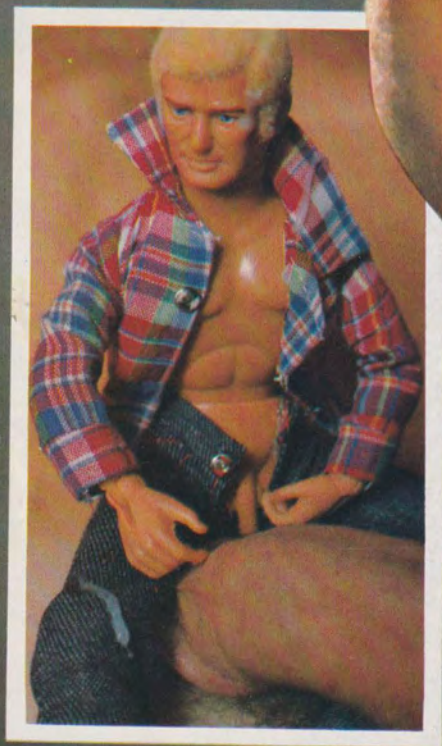
well-worn look? After all, no one wants to be seen in embarrassingly new jeans. There are a number of practical ideas about aging denim. Some people swear that soaking it in a highly chlorinated swimming pool will do the trick while others attack the knees, pocket edges, cuffs and, naturally, crotch with sandpaper. Our recommendation is easy and surefire.

Fill a bathtub with about eight inches of warm water, enough to cover the jeans. Add up to a half gallon of bleach depending upon how much you want your jeans to fade and how much you want to weaken the cloth. Make sure the jeans lie flat so the bleach works evenly and turn them over about every five minutes or so. After half an hour, inspect the color and when you feel the look is right, remove them and rinse thoroughly in cold water. When they have dried, machine wash them and use a fabric softener to kill the smell of the bleach. Then toss them into the dryer. If you follow these instructions carefully, you'll be able to strut your stuff on Christopher or the Castro without looking like your blue jeans were born yesterday.

*At left, Colt's new model Lloyd Kasper lets it all hang out of his fly-button jeans. Opposite, Colt's Rick Martino has his cut-offs cut off just enough to reveal muscular thighs. Inset top, jeans play peek-a-boo provocatively through black leather chaps in a photo by Andres. Inset bottom, even Gay Bob indulges in denim iniquity, as that mysterious white stain proves, in Don Hanover's photo.*



# INIQUITY





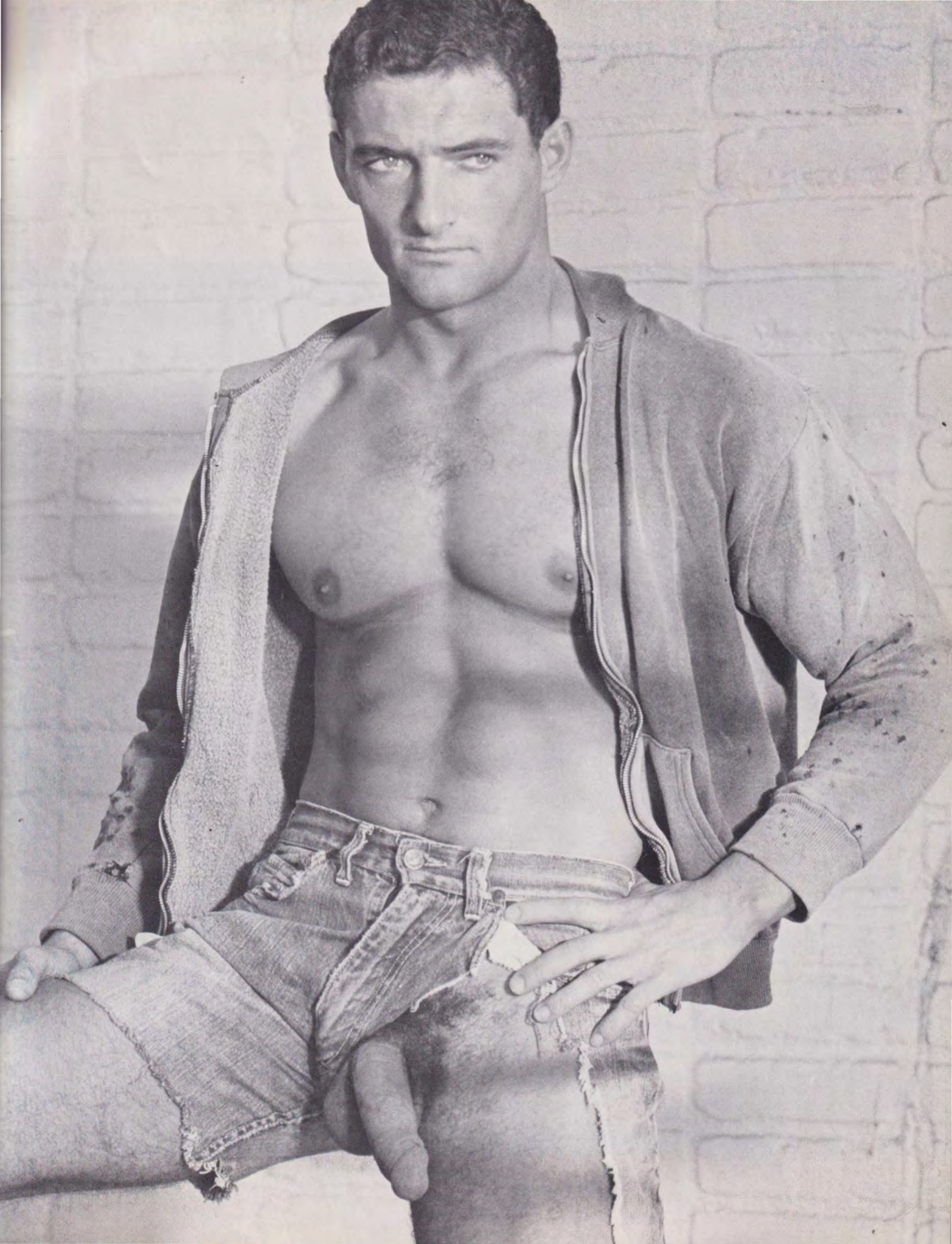
# DENIM INIQUITY

Illustration by Brunetti • Photo by Colt

Provocative phallic peekaboo is the name of the game here, as the hand in Brunetti's drawing rips open a pair of denims to reveal a studded cockring, and Colt's Rick Martino lets it all hang out.









# RIPPED!

By Terence York • Photographed by Stanley Stellar

I first clapped eyes on Danny while he was walking down Christopher Street in Greenwich Village. There was something especially sexy and even cocky about the way he walked, like he was sort of bouncing on the balls of his feet and didn't really care if anyone thought he was being arrogant or not. Actually, arrogance was in no way one of Danny's characteristics. I gave the guy a good, long stare when he passed by and, unlike a lot of other guys, Danny returned my look and added a dazzling smile. I got a hard-on almost immediately.

"Hi," he said, extending his hand for me to shake. It was a good firm grip, not one of those limp-wristed jobs I hate so much.

"Hi," I said back.

"What's your name?"

"Bill."

"I'm Danny. Wanna go in somewhere and have a beer?"

"Sure. What about my apartment? I live just around the corner on Grove Street."

"Suits me just fine," Danny replied. "Let's go."

The two of us walked the short distance to my apartment and when Danny preceded me up the stairs, I couldn't help but lust after his ass. He was wearing tattered blue jeans that were worn all the way through in some spots. There was one spot on his ass where bare flesh could be seen peeking through. Danny obviously had no use for underwear. That was fine with me because I was enjoying the hell out of that tantalizing glimpse of

ass. Later when we sat down over beers in my living room, I got a closer look at his crotch. There was another rip in the front of his blue jeans and some thick, black pubic hair was curling innocently through the tear. It was nothing really vulgar, mind you. Just a subtle touch which, like the hole in the back, was sexy as hell. There was a little action going on between my legs too as my cock stirred and started hardening. Danny didn't miss that and gave me another grin before reaching over and copping my joint.

"Nice," he muttered, kneading the flesh expertly and driving me wild.

"I'll say," I replied. Mirroring his gesture, I reached over and grabbed his crotch. I stuck a finger through the hole by his fly and felt something hot and hard. Danny moaned at the touch and slid down further on the couch.

"What say we get outta these clothes, Bill?"

"Okay by me. Let's go into the bedroom."

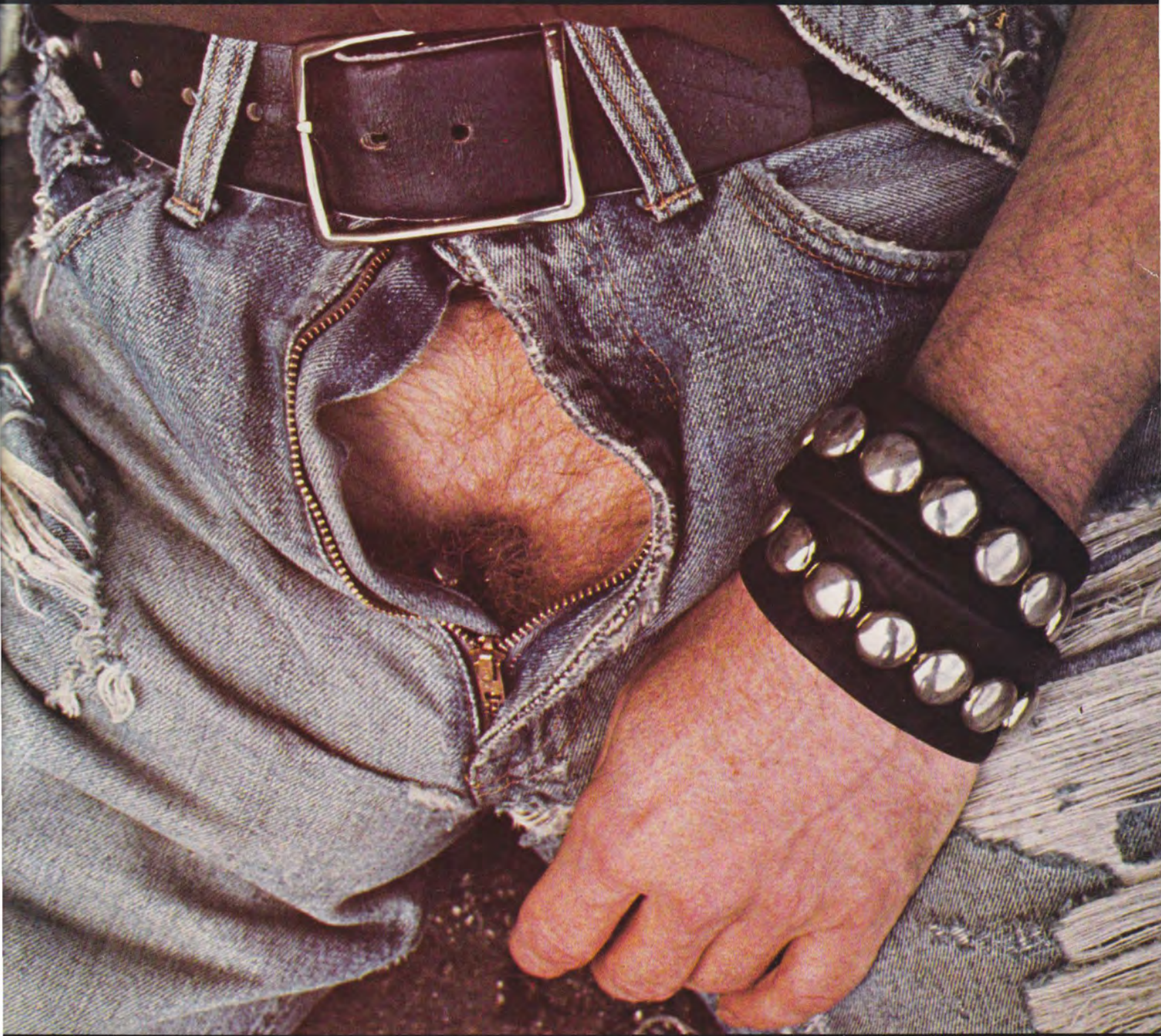
Danny leapt to his feet and walked down the hallway leading to my bedroom, and as I watched the roll of his derriere I got turned on all over again. He had one helluva ass, and I was determined to get my hands on it come hell or high water.

As we both hurriedly undressed, I was more and more pleased with what I saw of this guy. I don't know whether or not he worked out, but if he didn't he had one of the most incredible natural builds I've ever seen. His body was smooth and virtually hairless



Continued to page 62







# ART FORMS

A skilled male physique artist is a rarity today and a happy exception to that rule is Richard Rosenfeld. His artwork has appeared in the pages of *Mandate*, *Playguy* and *Honcho* and has never failed to draw letters commenting on his handsome drawings. Fortunately, almost all of his drawings are for sale and, for those of you interested in viewing a wide variety of his work, check out his exhibition at the Leslie-Lohman Gallery in New York, through June 2.









# ART FORMS

Rosenfeld's subject matter, whether partially clothed or nude, always manages to convey a definite eroticism. Certainly the drawings here, with subtle overtones of sadomasochism, prove that point. Too, there is absolutely nothing but super-masculinity about Rosenfeld's men. Whether sprawled atop a bed, masked or as seen here, they're all men with fully developed torsos and all the equipment that's supposed to go along with it.









# ART FORMS

Often Rosenfeld's models give the illusion of being more naked than they actually are, an exercise in eroticism for sure. The drawing here, for example, may initially appear to be unclad until close inspection reveals an undershirt and socks. And certainly the look on the model's face conveys a definite sex appeal, a come-hither stare often found in the works by this superb artist. His current one-man-show is at the Leslie-Lohman Gallery, 485 Broome St., New York City. Hours are from 1-5 PM, Mon-Fri and 1-6 PM, Saturdays.

June 1979 / HONCHO









A COSCO STUDIO PRESENTATION

# MUSTANG



A NEW FILM &

BOOK SERIES

REG 8 or SUPER 8

1. **Raging Glory**—Fred Halsted tops Melchor in his first new film for Cosco. A hot session a sultry afternoon. All action.
2. **The Mineshaft**—New faces. Josh returns to the pit to find Larry working up a frenzy over the smell of his worn Levis.
3. **Water Hole**—Super bodybuilder Rocky Genero has a young Marine stroking his way through the waves. A workout on the diving board leaves you breathless.
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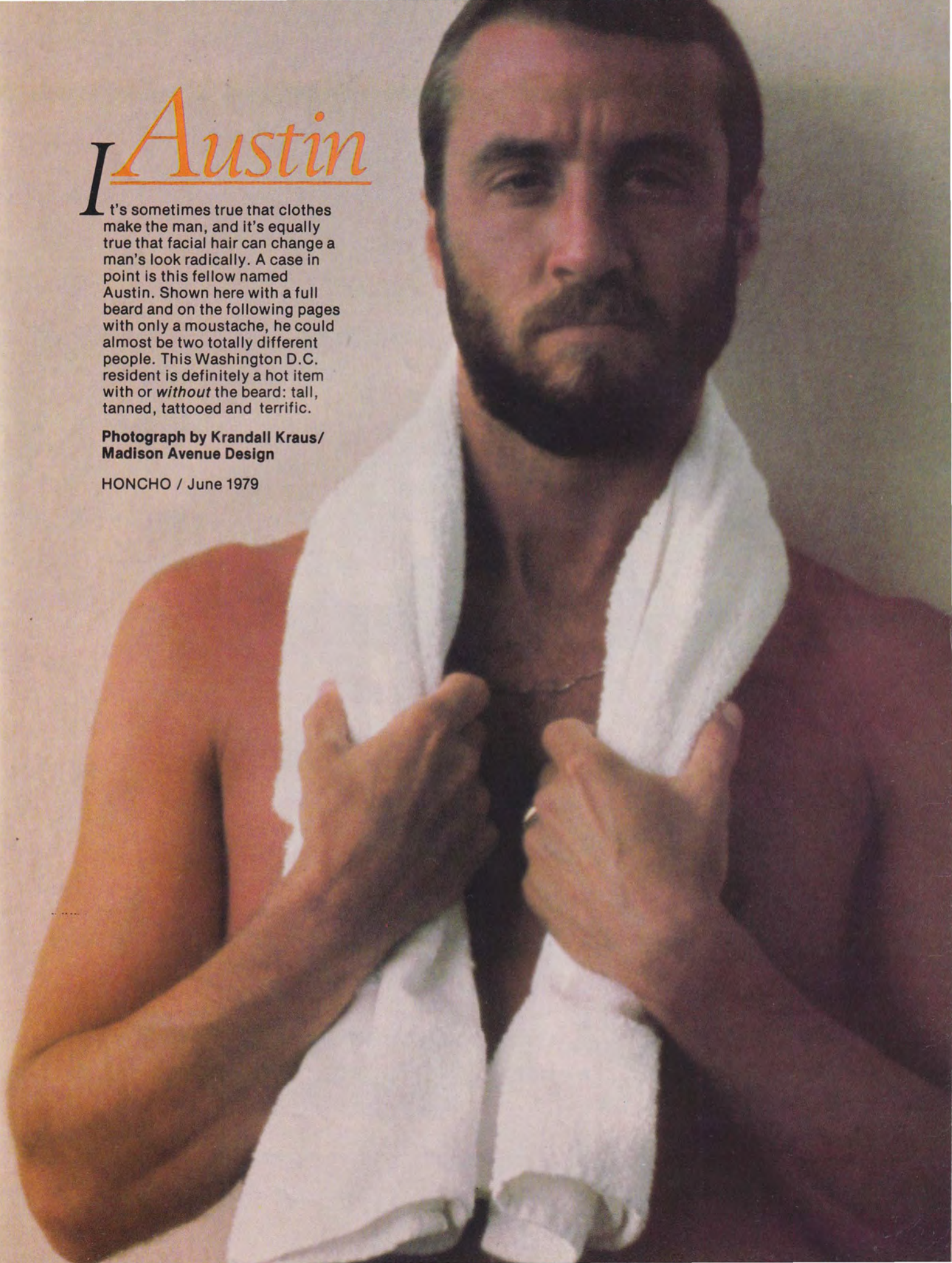


# *Austin*

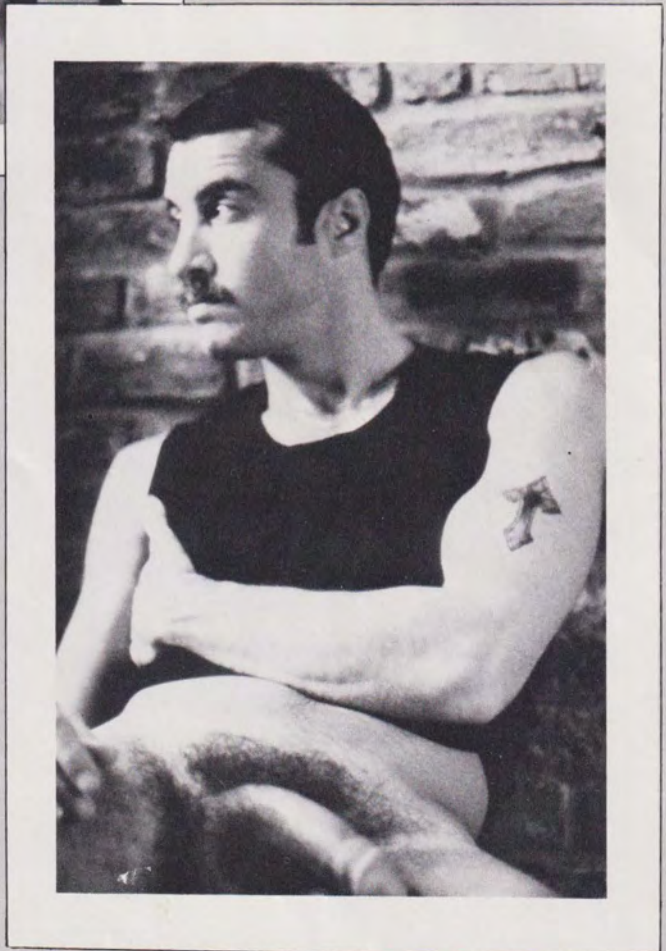
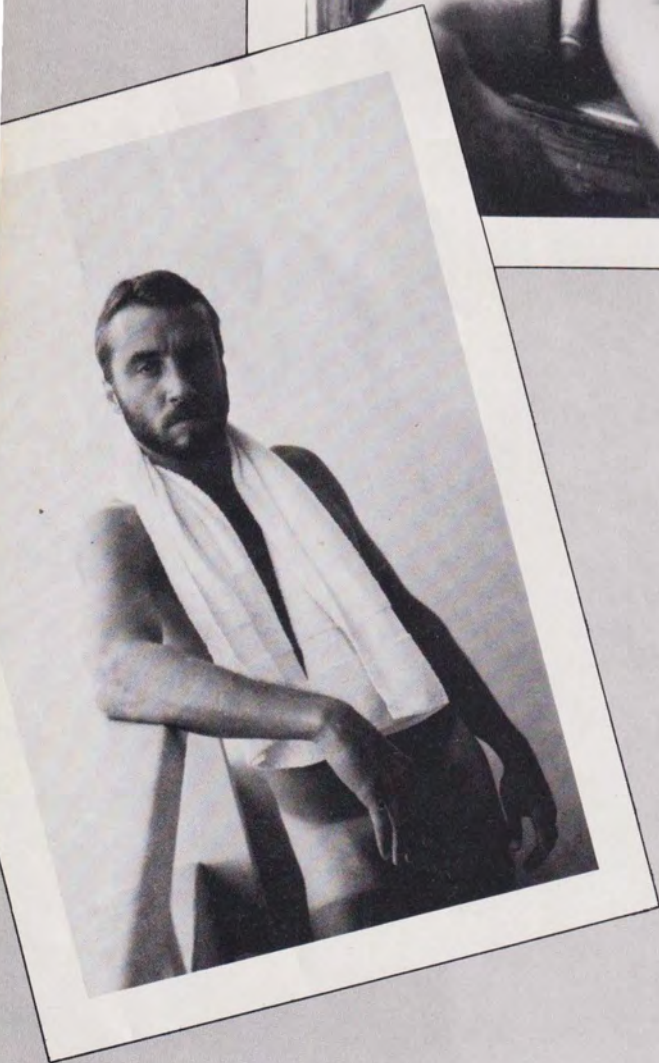
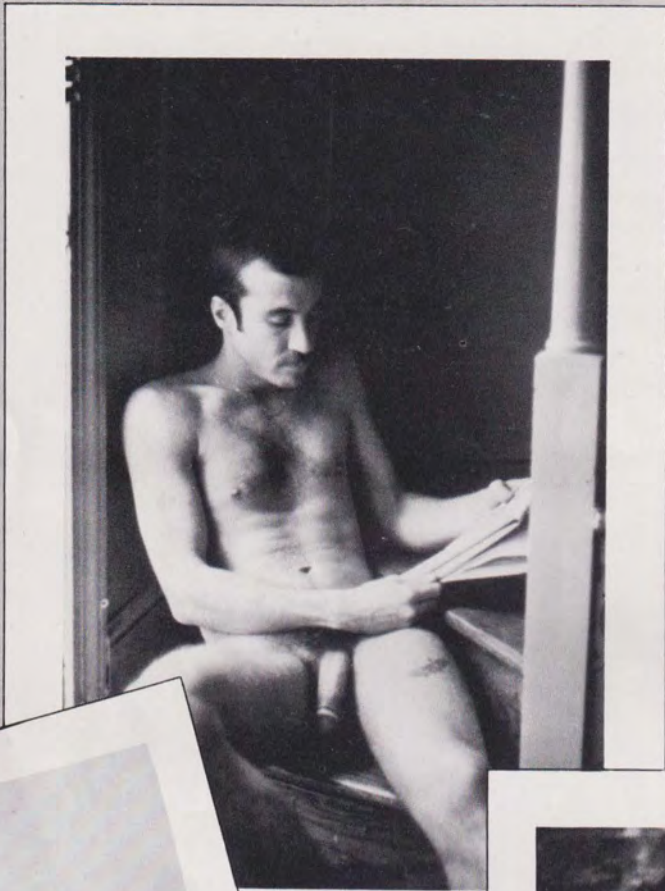
It's sometimes true that clothes make the man, and it's equally true that facial hair can change a man's look radically. A case in point is this fellow named Austin. Shown here with a full beard and on the following pages with only a moustache, he could almost be two totally different people. This Washington D.C. resident is definitely a hot item with or *without* the beard: tall, tanned, tattooed and terrific.

**Photograph by Krandall Kraus/  
Madison Avenue Design**

HONCHO / June 1979





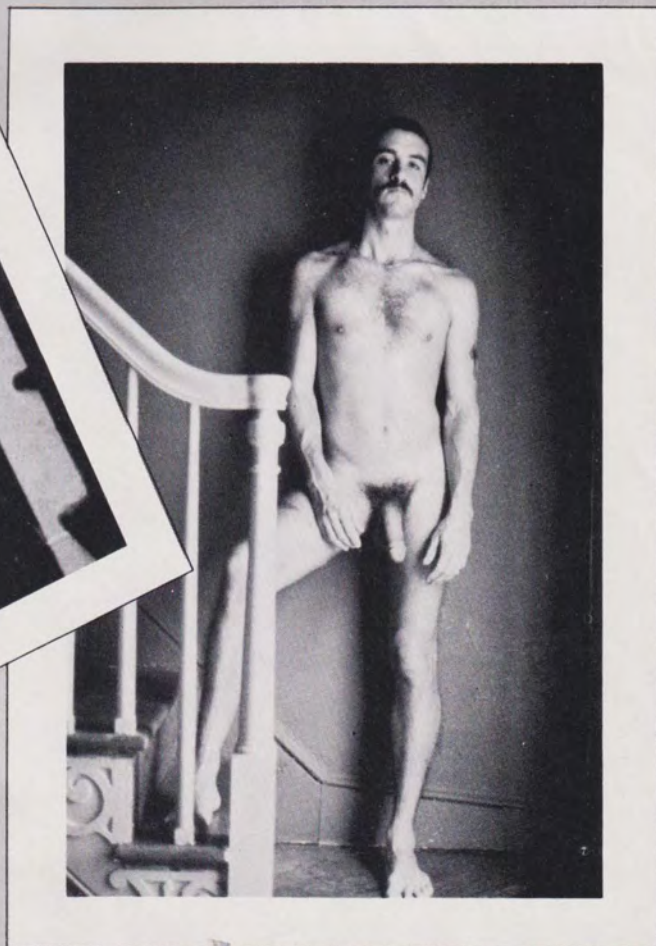




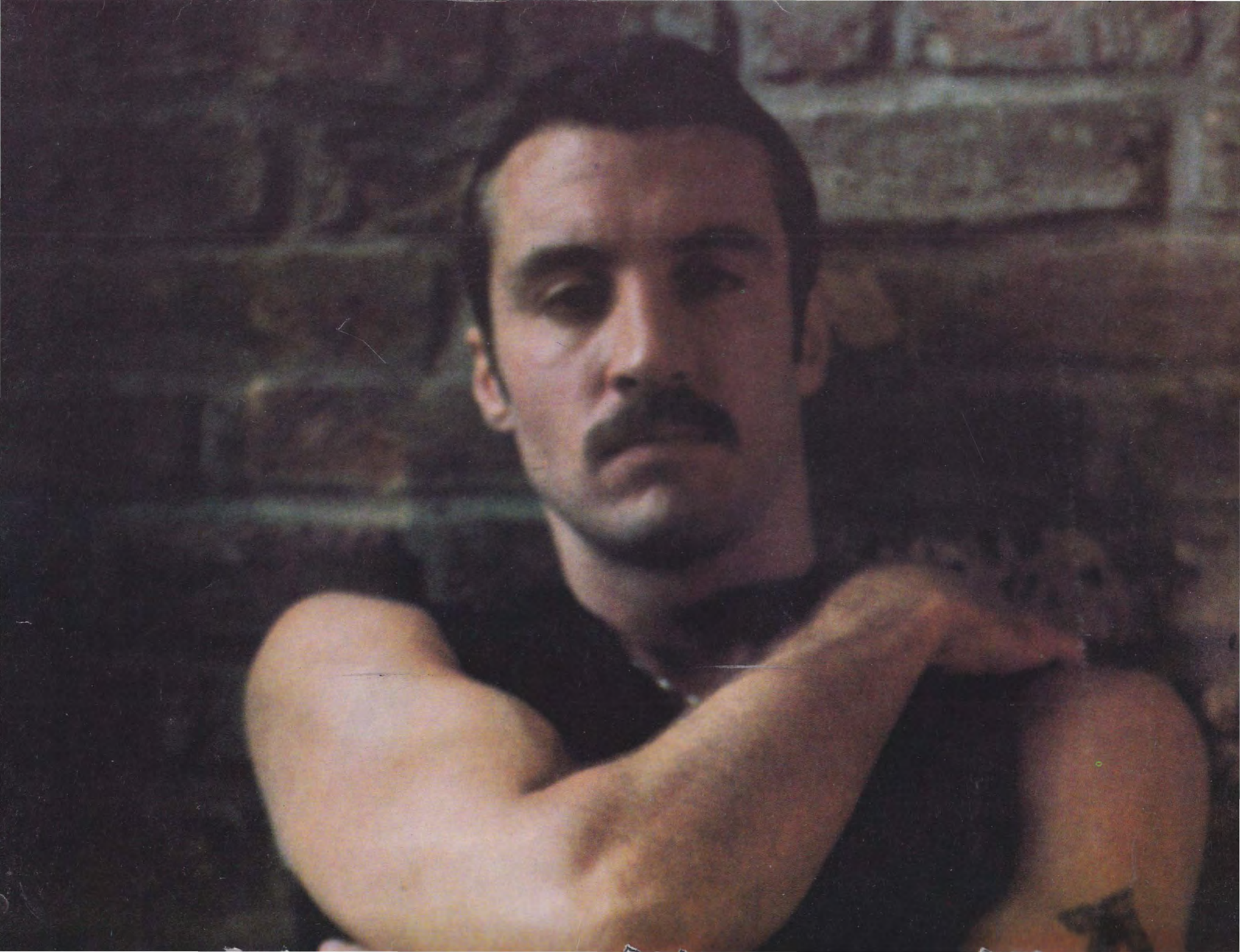
# Austin

Austin is, incidentally, a photographer as well as a model. His current project is to find one or two other models to do a group photo session with. He works with computers for an international consulting firm and says he enjoys the music of the bar scene but not the games that go on there. A very down-to-earth fellow, Austin spends his summer weekends at his beach house on the Virginia coast. For a final glimpse of this honcho hunk, check out the color spread that follows.

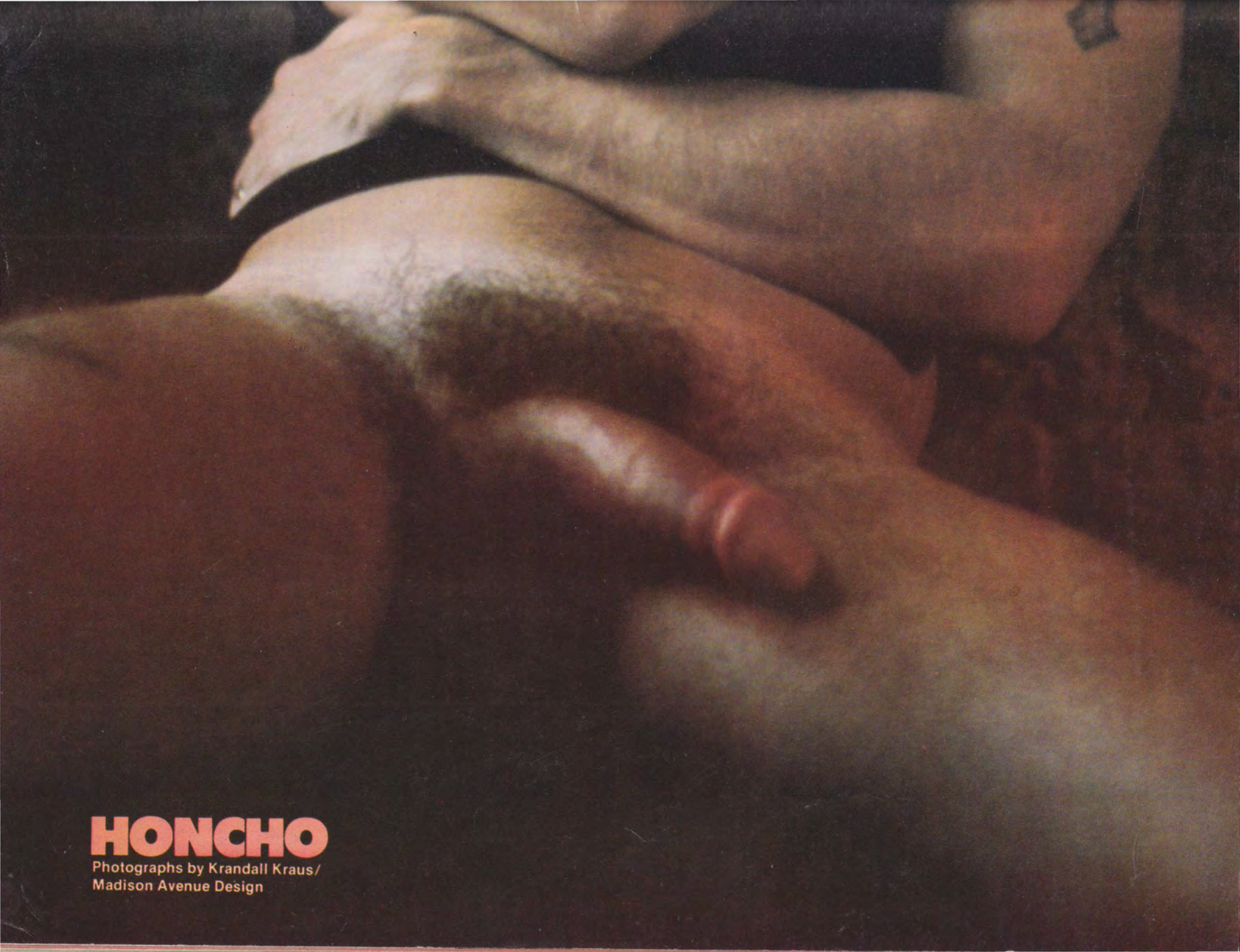
Photographs by Krandall Kraus/Madison Avenue Design











**HONCHO**

Photographs by Krandall Kraus/  
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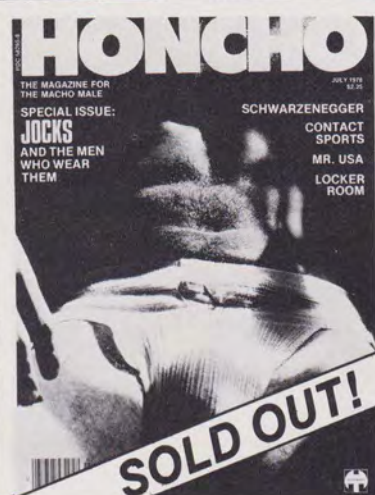




April 78/Photo: Roy Dean



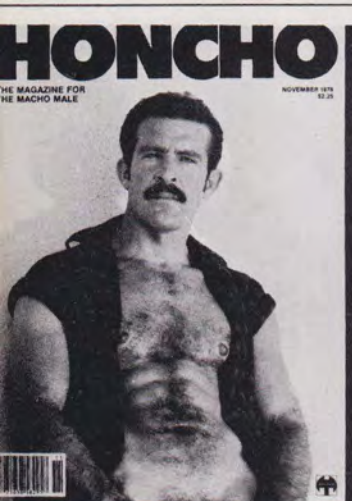
June 78/Photo: Roy Blakey



July 78/Photo: Guy Corry



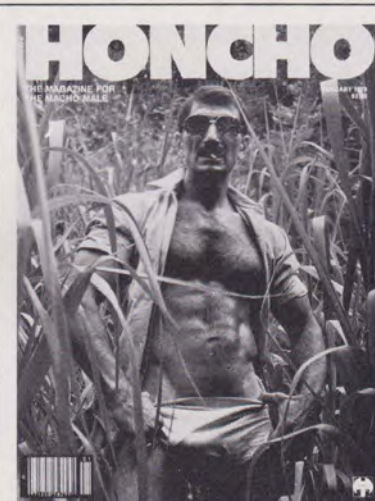
Aug 78/Photo: Colt



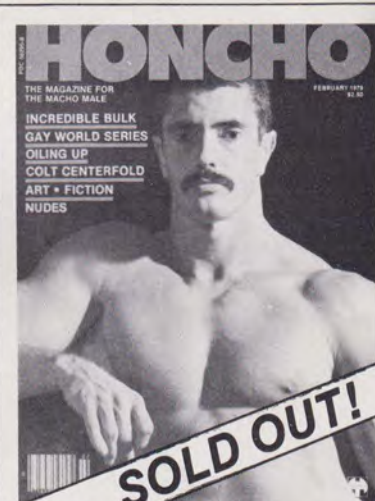
Nov 78/Photo: Target



Dec 78/Photo: Jarry Lang



Jan 79/Photo: Zeus



Feb 79/Photo: Man's Image

## BACK ISSUES AND A BINDER

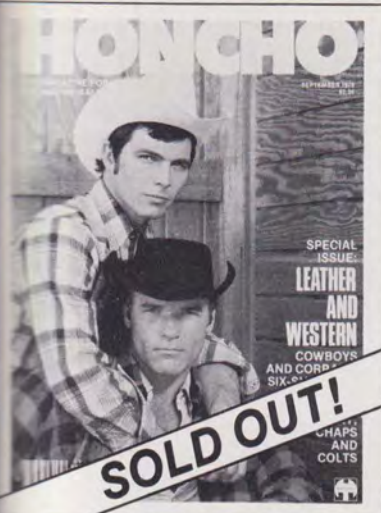
Readers constantly write to inquire if back issues of *HONCHO* are available. Many are indeed sold out, as indicated above, but the others—now collectors' items—are available. And so is a handsome black vinyl binder to keep them in, with the *HONCHO* logo embossed in gold. If you want to keep the *HONCHO* men at your fingertips, the binder is available from Jesse Jones Box Corp., P.O. Box 5120, Phila., PA 19141. An order blank for the *HONCHO* binder appears on page 62 of this issue.

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Sept 78/Photo: Colt

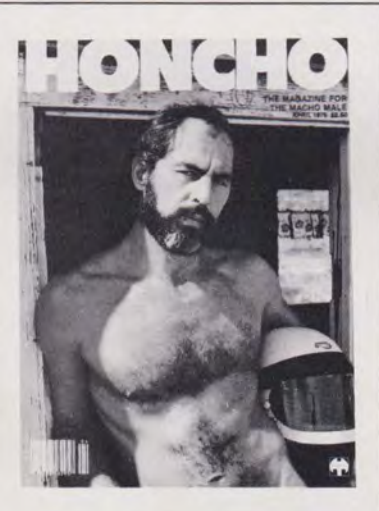


Oct 79/Photo: David Meyer

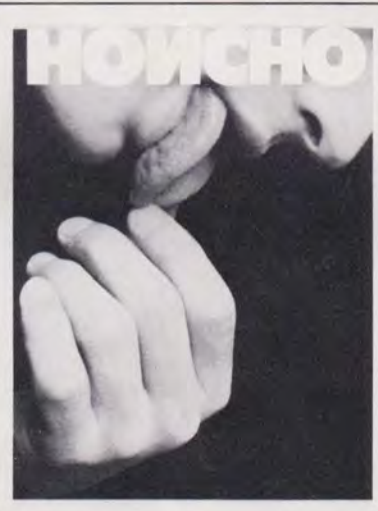
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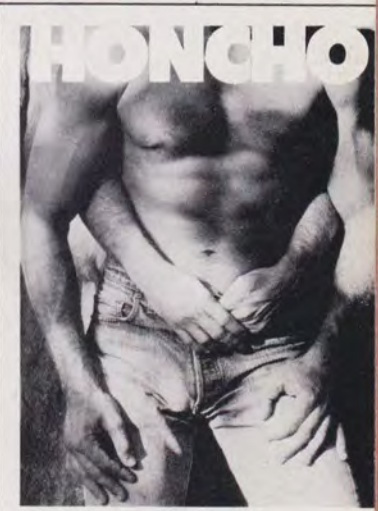
Mar 79/Photo: Cosco



Apr 79/Photo: Jarry Lang



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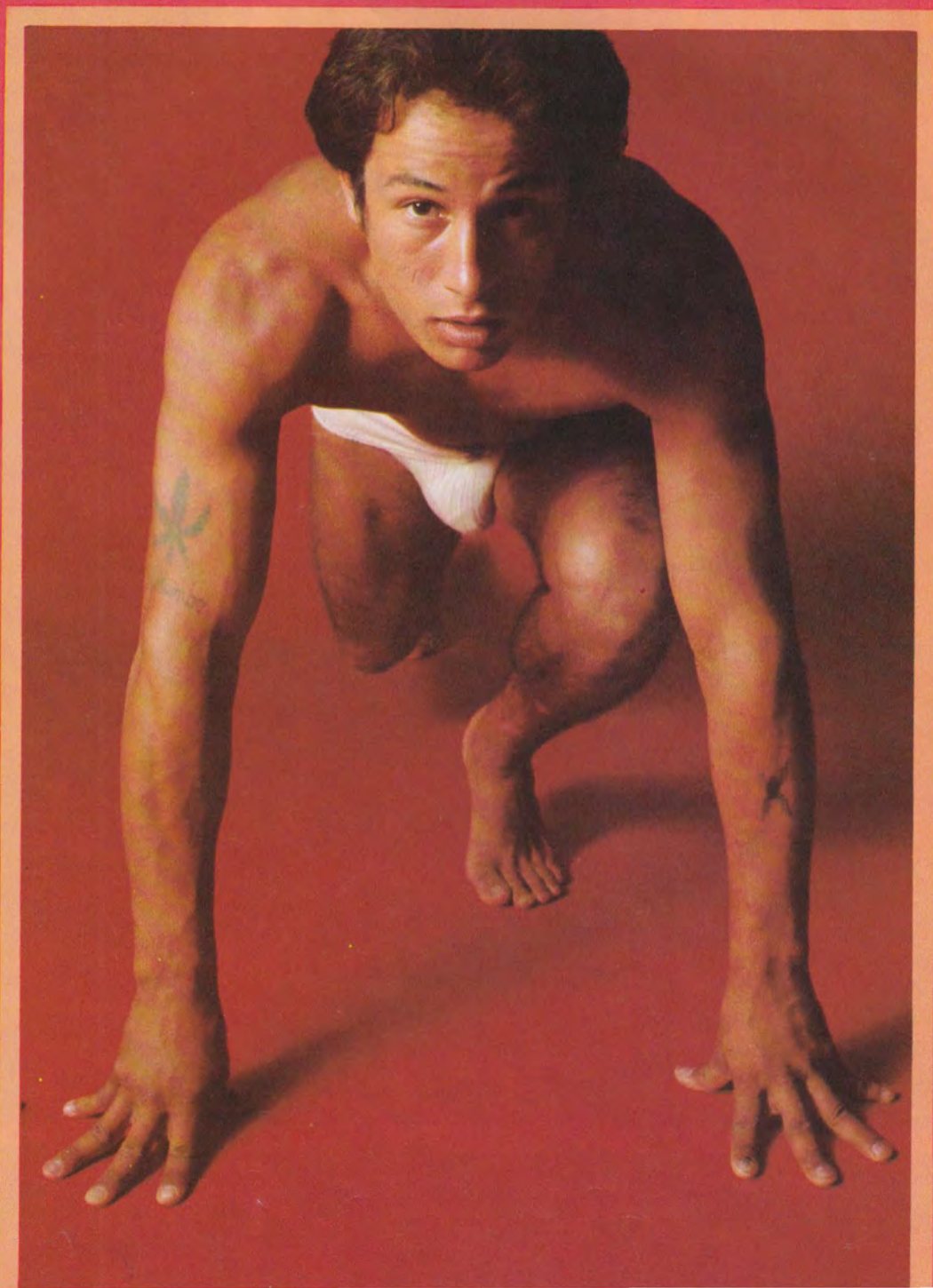
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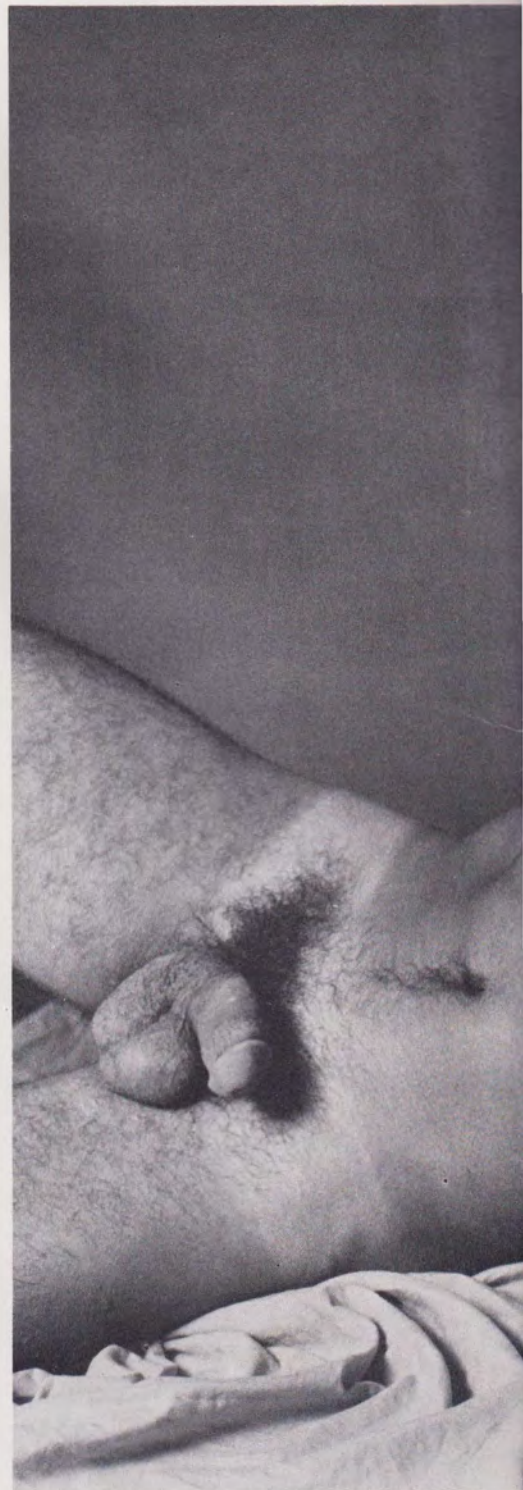
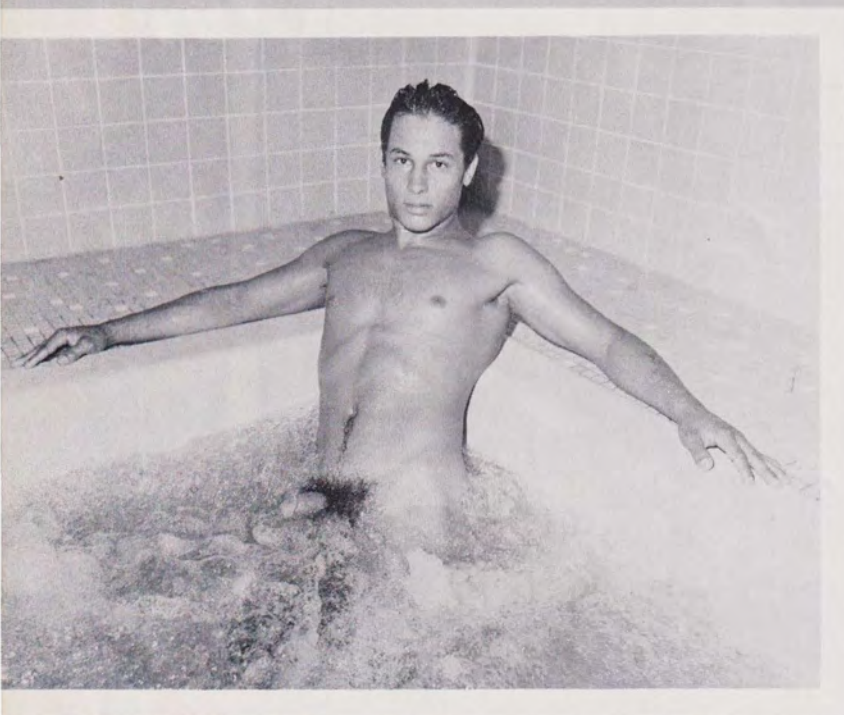
# JOCK STRIP

For those of you who fancy tattooed college jocks, this five-page pictorial ought to have your fantasies satisfied for some time to come. The fellow's name is Brad and he's co-captain of the swim team at a small eastern college. Here Brad gets on the mark for photographer Don Hanover who managed to get some *au naturel* shots of our swimmer in his favorite environment—a pool, of course.

Photograph by Don Hanover

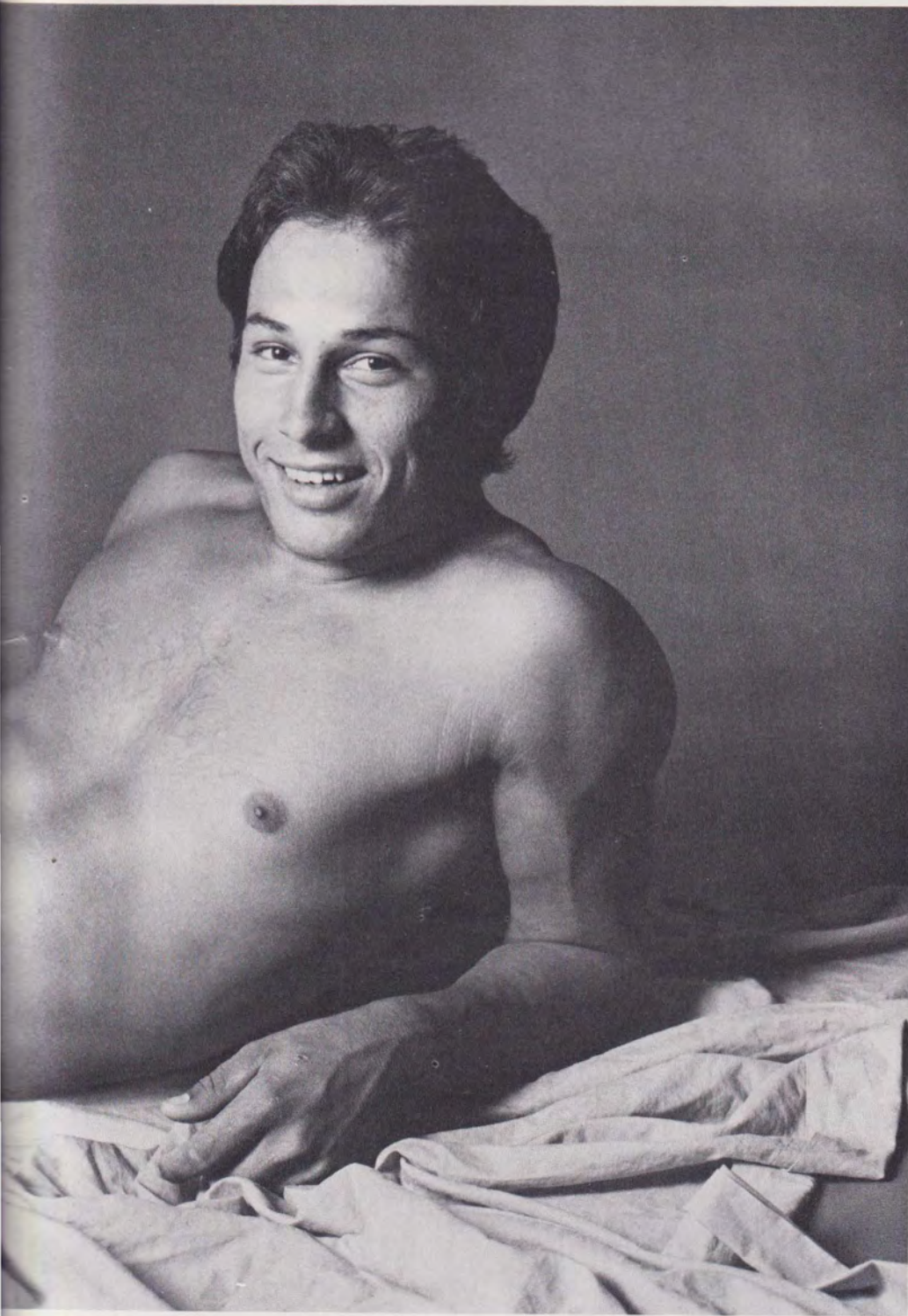








# JOCK STRIP

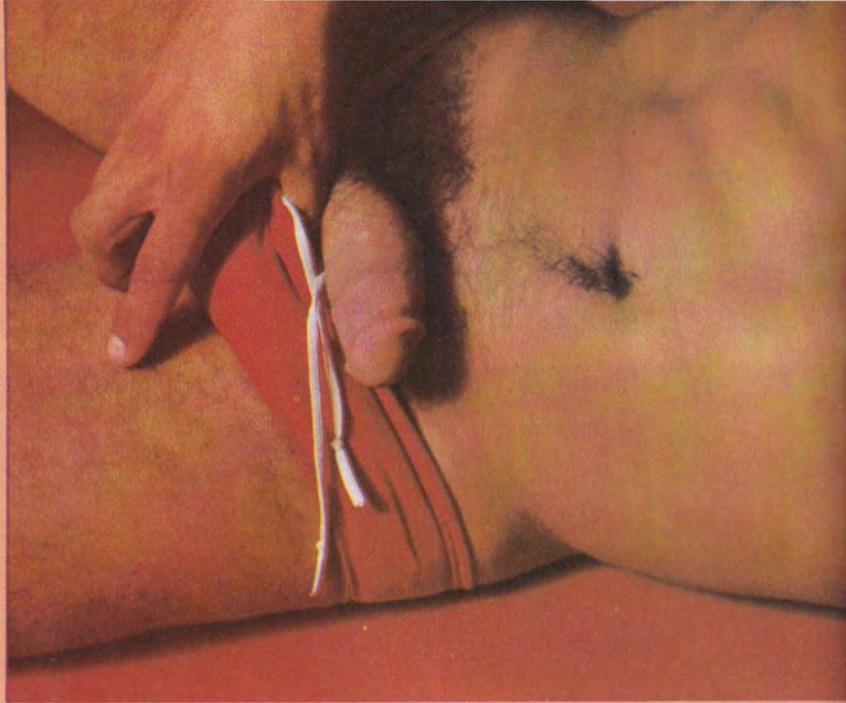


Once Brad got around a jacuzzi, he doffed that jock strap and decided to wet a lot more than his whistle. It may be the machine making all those waves, but we think Brad could stir up quite a few all by himself. After all, a jacuzzi isn't the only thing that can have your body tingling all over. Brad looks like he'd be dangerous when wet. Care to towel him down?

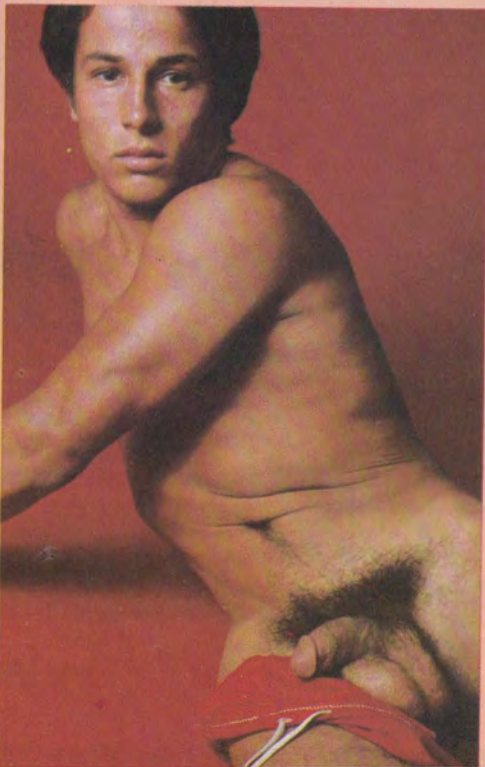
**Photographs by  
Don Hanover**



# JOCK STRIP



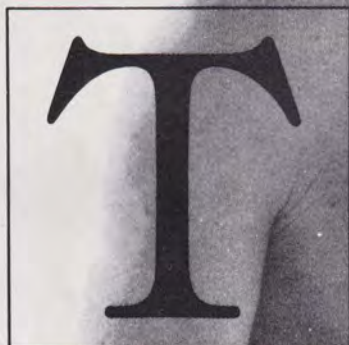




Here are some views of Brad you'll never get to see at a swim meet. Only the other guys on the team get a glimpse of their co-captain *sans* swimsuit when they hit the showers. But, lucky for us, Brad was more than willing to shuck his trunks and let it all hang out. The result? Hot shots of some of the healthiest muscle tone we've seen in some time. It's always a turn-on to watch a jock strip. Don't you agree?

**Photographs by Don Hanover**





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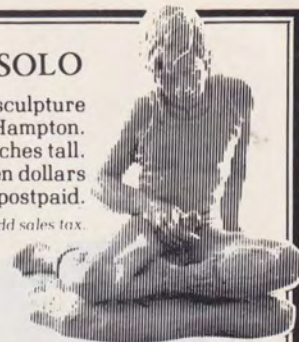
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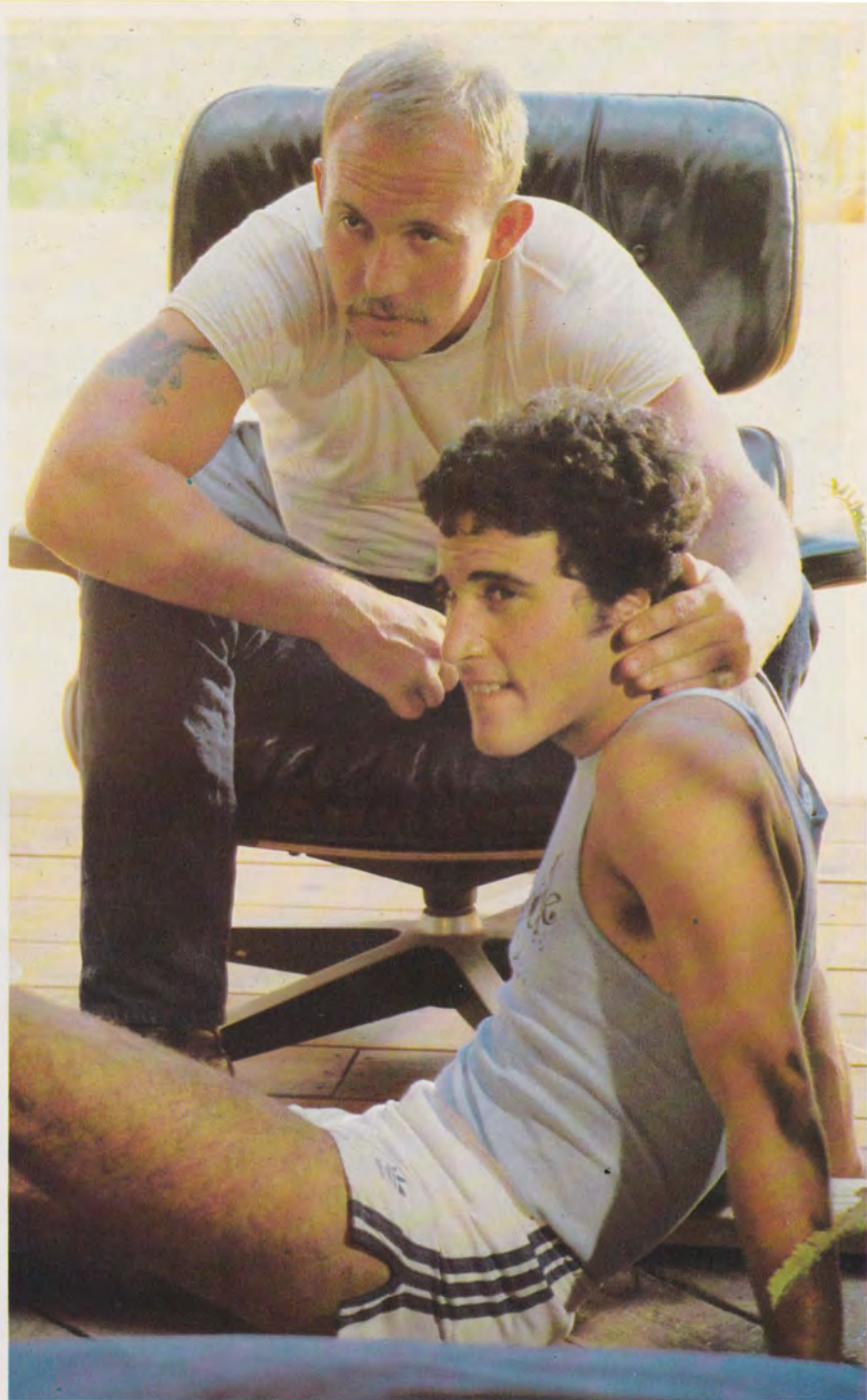
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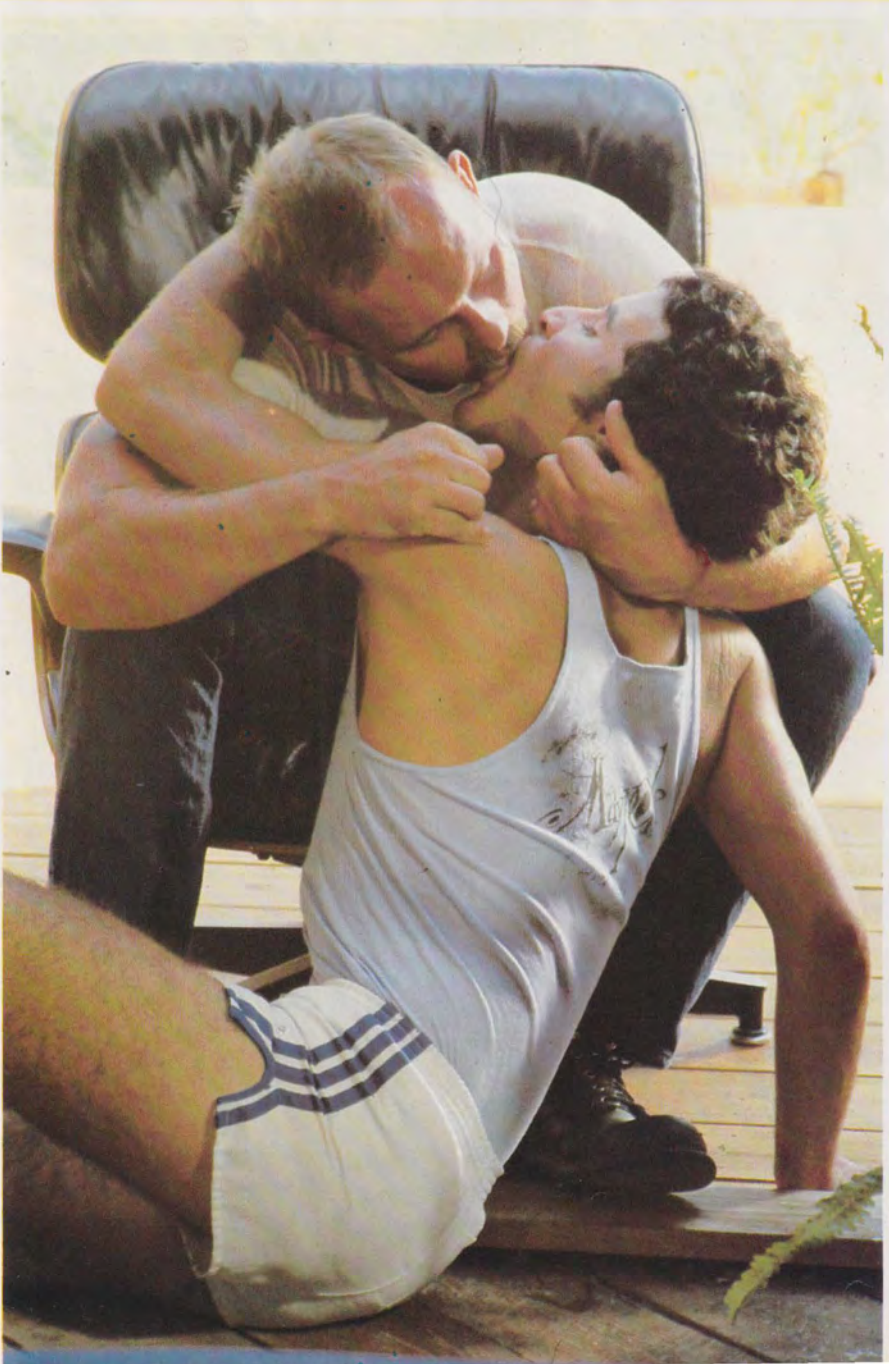
**E**ver wonder what the baby blue marine might look like when he grew up? Well, check out the big blond stud here, with the eagle tattoo on that thick bicep. Let your fantasies run wild. This is what his curly-haired jock buddy does, something that becomes apparent when they get down to some hard-nosed basic training. Neither of them are unwilling when it comes to being recruited for some sweaty, man-to-man action. Attention! (As if you needed that command...)

Photographs by Cosco

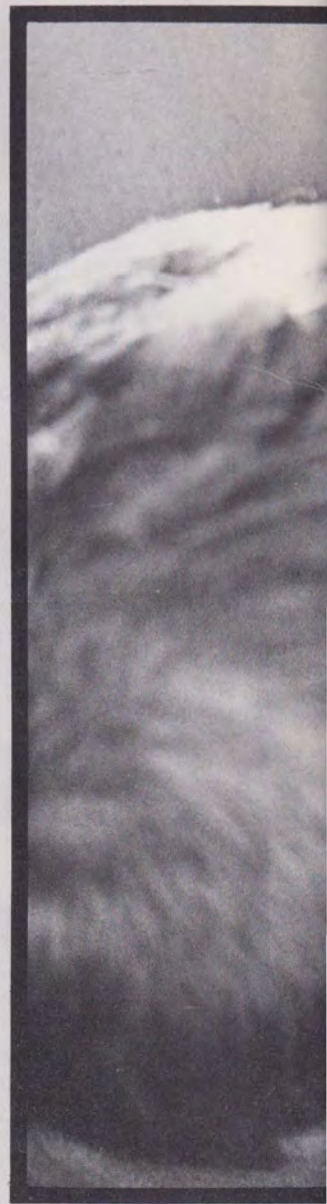
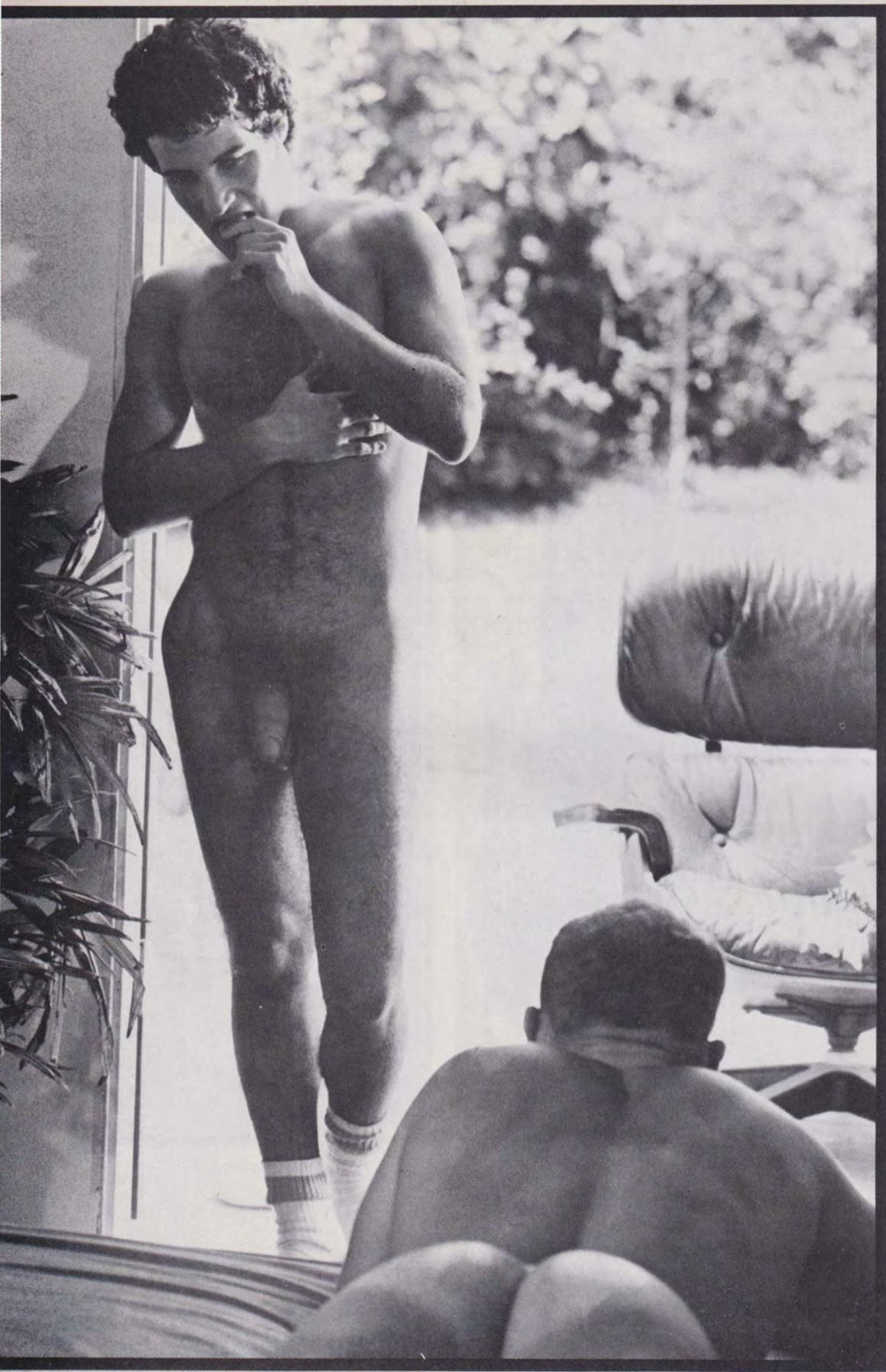




# HARD CORE MARINE





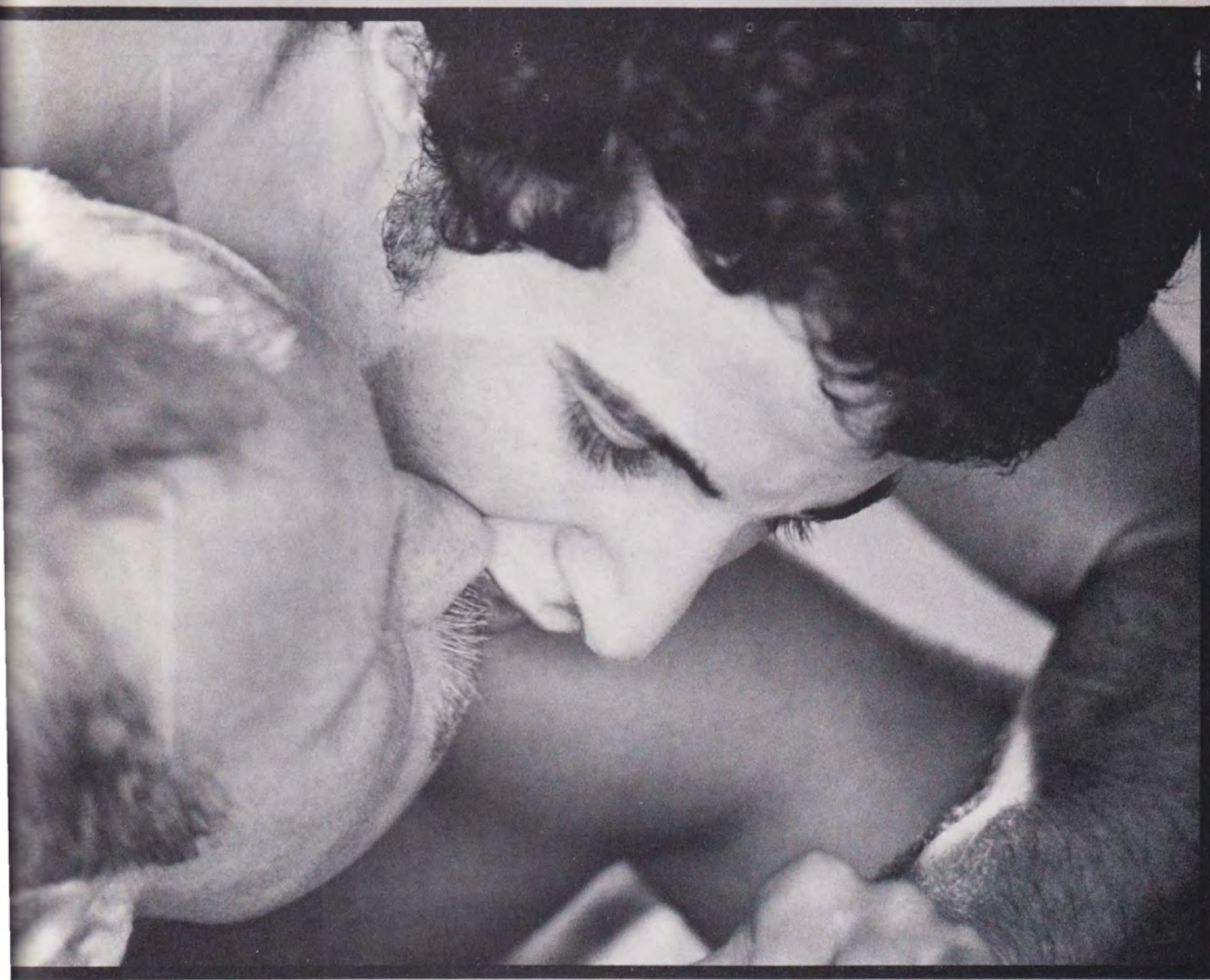






**O**ur macho military man gets hold of a good thing and doesn't want to let go, and it doesn't take long before he finds out his swarthy pal is almost too hot to handle. Those blue jeans and gym shorts disappear faster than the marines landing at Iwo Jima, and the blazing explosion that ensues is almost as hot as what happened on that Pacific island. Before these guys are finished working each other over, they'll have covered every inch of territory from the halls of Montezuma to the shores of...well, you get the picture.

Photographs by Cosco









# HARD CORE MARINE

Photographs by Cosco

These two studs are enough to make The Corps go hard core, something you can see for yourself in the 44-page Cosco booklet *Earthman, Book II*. The photos of this pair and another couple of humpy numbers are genuinely too hot for us to print here. The action is definitely no holes barred, explicit and as graphic as you could possibly want. 'Nuff said. *Earthman Part II* is available for \$12.50 from Cosco, Dept. EM-H679, 256 Robertson, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Because of the contents of the booklet, please state you are over 21, and not a law enforcement official, postal inspector or member of any censorship group. These guys are for men, not boys.





# THE MAGAZINE

By Gil Overmeyer, Jr.

It's a little unbelievable how much an inanimate object can change a person's life. In my case it was, of all things, a magazine. I'll get around to an explanation of all this a bit later, but first let me tell you something about myself.

My name, as you can tell by looking beneath the title of my story, is Gil Overmeyer, Jr. I'm 34 years old and live in New York City with my brother, Stanley, who is three years younger than I am. We both work as bartenders and have shared our apartment on the west side of Manhattan for seven years. (It was seven years ago that I first saw that magazine.) Aside from growing up together in Vermont, Stan and I didn't always live together. I went off to school in Boston, got drafted and never finished college. The same thing happened to my brother except he wasn't as lucky as I was and had to do a tour in Vietnam. For nine years, Stan and I rarely saw each other. I moved to New York, and when he came back from Nam he stayed in California. We wrote maybe once or twice a year and saw each other at family reunions and that was it as far as communication was concerned.

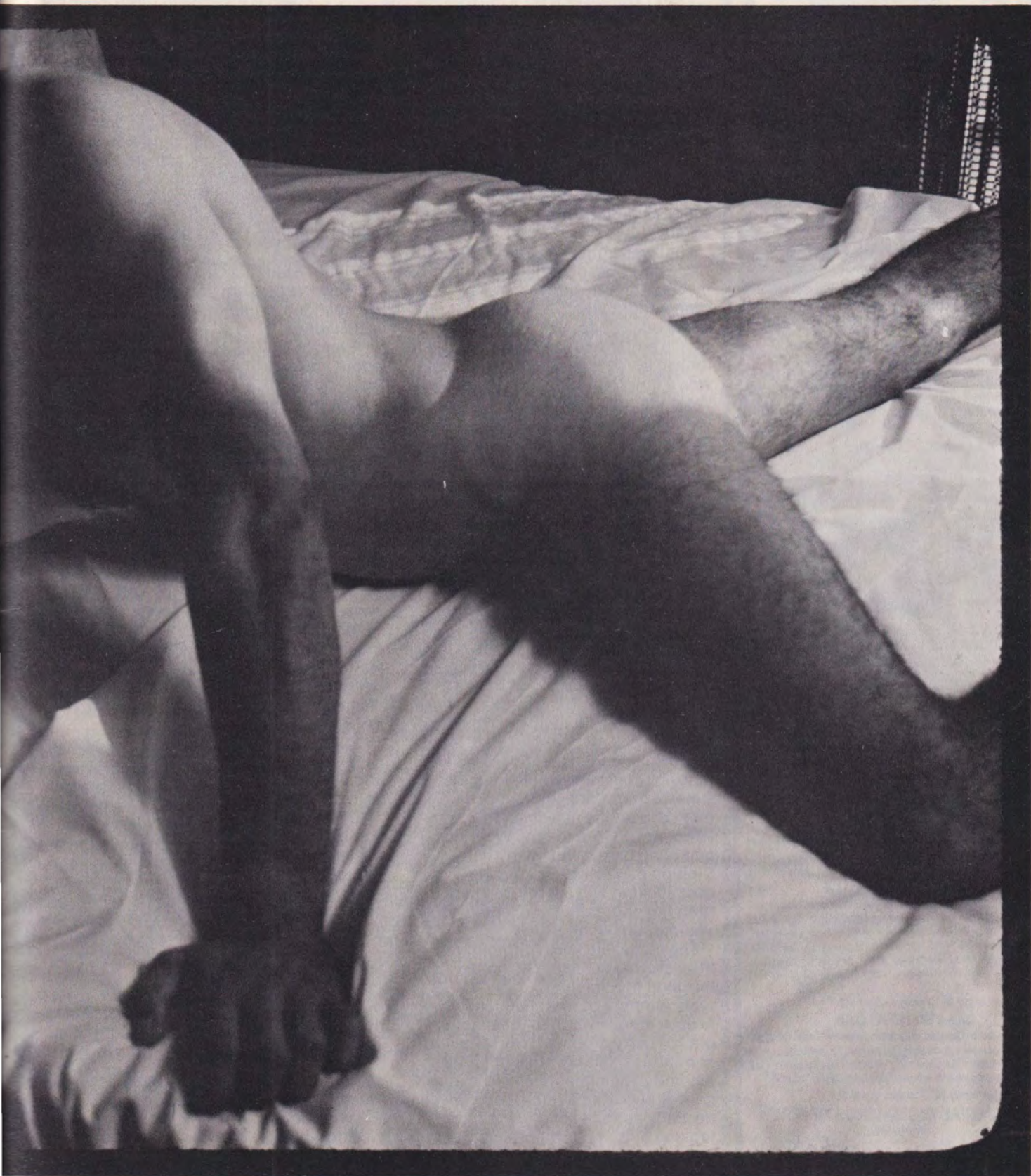
I guess I ought to say something



about what we look like. A lot of people mistake us for twins, even with the slight age difference. We both inherited naturally good bodies from our dad, just as we inherited curly brown hair, brown eyes and good-









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sized uncut cocks. I know our endowment comes from Dad's side of the family because we were never a modest family and there were plenty of times I saw my old man bareassed. I still have a very clear picture in my mind of my dad's cock. In a word: huge.

By the time I was twenty-one, I had figured out that I was a cocksucker by nature and began enjoying the incredible variety of gay men available in New York. There are several sorts of gay enclaves in Manhattan and the West Side is one. For six years I couldn't get my fill of those studs. I did more fucking and sucking than any Eighth Avenue hooker ever dreamed about.

That was until I saw the magazine.

I've never been particularly turned on by pornography and in fact have never even bought any. Oh, I'd enjoy it on some occasions, like, if I was at a trick's house and maybe he wanted to look at some magazines or movies. It was a guy I picked up on Central Park West that had the magazine I'm going to tell about. It was sticking out of the hip pocket of his jeans, and when he undressed before we hit the sack, he took it out and put it on the table by my bed. I didn't know it was there until after he had finished fucking my brains out and left. It was one of those one-nighters when you don't exchange names, so I couldn't phone him to tell him he could come back for his magazine. He probably didn't care.

After he left, I showered and stretched out naked on the bed. It was then that I noticed the magazine, so I reached over to get it and began thumbing through the pages. It wasn't a newsstand skin mag like *Honcho* or *Mandate* or *Playguy*. The guys in this magazine had full erections and were putting them everywhere imaginable. It was a hard-core publication like you don't see on the newsstands but have to go into a store to buy. Well, here I am, lying bareassed on my belly, flipping pages and looking at all this cocksucking and assfucking and rimming and fisting and jerking off and you-name-it when BLAM!

The magazine had a photo of my little brother screwing hell out of a tattooed bodybuilder.

My memory of what happened then is even more vivid than the mental photo I carry around of my father's enormous dick. My prick got hard instantly and almost before I realized it I was shooting a thick load between my belly and the sheets. Just from looking at that photograph of Stan the stud. I didn't even touch myself. It may sound a little incredible but it's

the truth.

I lay there for a few minutes and waited for my breathing to slow and for my heart to stop racing. I reached down and rubbed my fingers across my stomach, coating my hand with my own gism. I looked again at the picture of Stan and put my fingers to my mouth, tasting my cum and fantasizing that it was my little brother's load instead. My cock twitched and I thought for a second I was going to shoot again, but I didn't. I reached for the phone, mindless of the fact that I would get cum on the receiver and dialed my brother's number in California. When he answered, my prick twitched again just at the sound of his voice.

"Hello."

"Hello. Stan. It's Gil."

"How the fuck are you, big brother?" He sounded ebullient and maybe a little stoned.

"Fine," I replied. "I was just thinking about you and thought I'd call and see how you were."

"Christ," he said, laughing. "This is like one of those tv ads for the phone company. I was just thinking about you, too. For no reason at all."

I've got one helluva reason for thinking about you, I thought, looking again at the photograph. Between looking at the damned picture and listening to my brother's voice, I got a raging hard-on even though I had just shot off a few minutes ago. "You know," I said, "we haven't seen each other in so many years, I was thinking maybe we ought to get together for a visit."

"Sounds good to me, Gil. You wanna come out here or do you want me to come East?"

"I guess it would be best if you came here because you and I could go up and pay a surprise visit to the folks. I'll split the plane fare, of course."

"Great. When do you want me to come?"

I want you to cum right now, I thought. In my mouth, up my ass, all over my face, anyway you want it, little brother. "As soon as you can get away, I guess."

"I'll call you in a couple of days and let you know. That okay?"

"Fine."

"I'm glad you called, Gil. You're right. It's been a long damned time. Too long."

Afraid that he would suspect something from my increasingly heavy breathing, I muttered, "Call me, man."

"I will. Soon."

"Good-bye."

"Bye."

I hung up the phone just in time to grab my cock and, with one or two



jerks, coax a second load onto my stomach. The only thing I could think of is corny as hell: "Oh, brother!"

Later, when I calmed down after another shower, I looked again at the photo of Stan, inspecting it really closely for the first time. The guy had obviously been working out with weights since we had seen each other. While he wasn't pumped up and overblown like the man he was screwing, he had impressive definition and a hot set of muscles. I was still naked and I walked to my full length mirror to inspect my own body critically. Well, I didn't have Stan's bulk but I had decent natural definition like I mentioned earlier. Also, judging from the photo, I was tough competition for my brother in the cock department. I'd do okay.

As I drifted off to sleep toward a night that would be filled with erotic dreams and wild fantasies about Stanley, I plotted a dozen different ways to seduce him. Of course, I had the upper hand because I knew he was into guys from the photo. He had no idea as to my sexual predilections, so I could talk about "chicks" and then blow his mind by making a pass at him. Why, I finally settled, not just let things happen naturally? There couldn't be a better way.

Stan called the very next day and told me he would be in at 6:27 P.M. on the coming Friday night. That was only three days away, but it would be three days seeming like an eternity. Aside from my job tending bar, I spent my time cleaning up the apartment and stocking it with all sorts of necessary items: food, booze, grass, etc. I was determined to have everything on hand for the "Big Event."

When Stan finally arrived at the apartment, there was an awkward moment between us, which I guess I should have expected. I opened the front door and he just stood there staring at me. Being an expert at cruising myself, I naturally noticed that his eyes flickered quickly over my body, checking out the details, grabbing a fast look at my basket. (Which was prominently displayed that night, incidentally). He held out his hand for me to shake, but I dodged it and gave him a bear hug. That seemed to please him enormously, just as it pleased my dick. I had to struggle to keep from getting a hard-on.

"Come on in and take a load off your feet," I said, using a phrase popular with our father.

"Okay."

Well, we sat around for a few hours, getting the small talk out of the way and having some very strong drinks of

almost straight scotch. We both began to relax and those intervening years melted away as though they had never existed. I looked at the clock and saw that it was after eleven o'clock, and asked Stan if he was hungry. The liquor had already done its work, and we were too mellow to really care about food. The best thing to do was have one more drink and go to bed.

"I hope you don't mind sharing the bed with me, Stan. Of course, you can sleep on the couch if you want. I'm afraid it doesn't fold out into a bed though. And you look like you're a mite too long for it."

"Your bed's fine," Stan said, rising a little shakily to his feet. "I got to go to the john."

In the bedroom, I debated whether or not to strip to the raw like I always did for bed. For some reason, I decided against it and peeled down to my jockey shorts. That's what I was wearing when Stan reeled unsteadily into the bedroom. He didn't seem to pay any attention to either me or what was bulging in my shorts and instead started undressing almost as though he was by himself. I turned down the bed and crawled in, putting my arms behind my head and trying not to stare at Stan. He was less modest—and probably drunker—than me and shucked off everything before hopping between the sheets. I managed to get a quick look at that nice piece of meat before flicking out the lights.

"Good night, Stan."

"G'night, big brother."

I lay there in the darkness for an interminable length of time, listening closely to Stan's breathing which was steady and low. Probably the combination of the long flight from Los Angeles and the liquor had done him in. Well, I thought, so much for any big seduction scene. I tossed and turned for a while but eventually drifted off the sleep.

For some reason, I awoke in the early morning hours and noticed something odd. I was on my back with my arms flung toward my sides, the position I always sleep in, and one of my arms was toward Stan. He had rolled over on his belly, on top of my hand, and his cock and balls were firmly pressed against my palm. He was partially aroused and when I moved my hand only slightly, his prick stirred and hardened somewhat. Of course, the first thing I wondered was: Is he awake? Is he feigning sleep?

There was really no decision for me to make. I kept moving my fingers against that cockflesh, kneading easily and steadily until there was a very distinct hardening between my brother's legs. He sighed and shifted

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his position a bit, turning on his side to face me and giving me much better access to his meat. As I continued fondling him, my own organ was going wild and straining at the confining jockey shorts. Keeping one hand on Stan's stiff dick, I managed to wriggle out of my underwear and put my free hand on my rod. In that position I really had two hands full of Overmeyer cock, and nothing would have made me more ecstatic than to have had my old man's monster prick dangling at my mouth. But I guess that's taking dreams of incest about as far as they can go.

Anyway, Stan's cock was really hot by now and his big hairy balls were starting to draw up toward his crotch. I could tell he was getting ready to cum. He was still breathing heavily and I swear I couldn't tell whether he was asleep or not, maybe having an erotic dream. Then he groaned real loud and I knew that it was time. I leaned over real fast and took his hard dick in my mouth in one stroke and swallowed it to the root. I was rewarded with a stream of thick gism which Stan sprayed down my hungry throat. At

the first taste of that, of course, I shot all over my stomach and the bed sheets.

Stan sat up like a shot and jerked away from me. "What the hell's going on, Gil?"

"Wha....what?" I stammered. I was completely caught off guard and was a little dumbfounded by the inane question.

"Blowing guys is your trip, huh?"

"Stanley, I..."

"I'll be damned," he said, a sharp edged bitterness in his voice. "My brother's a damned cocksucker. Can you beat that?!"

I could feel my face grow hot and flushed as I listened to the accusation, and I knew my temper was about to boil over. "Wait a fucking minute, man," I said. "Are you trying to tell me making it with a guy is something new in your life?"

"You're damned right!"

Getting really angry at this point, I reached into the bedside table where I had kept the photograph of Stan for handing jerk-off purposes and threw it at him. "Page 23, you ass hole. Take a good look and then think again." I

turned the light on and watched a look of disbelief creep over my brother's face. It was an expression the best actor in the world could not have faked and I believed what he subsequently said.

"So that's what those bastards did." He squinted to get a closer look at the picture, made a face and tossed the magazine aside. He looked at me with incredulity.

"What bastards?" I asked.

"I took a job in a porno film a few years back when I couldn't get work. It was a straight flick, Gil. Or at least that's what I had been told. Well, there were some beautiful chicks there and we shot a few scenes in this motel in Encino. Later on, we had drinks and smoked some dope and finally wound up doing some acid." He gestured toward the magazine and said, "I don't remember any of that shit. All I recall is tripping my ass off and feeling like my cock was a mile long and shoving it in and out of something hot and wet." He shook his head and said, "It obviously wasn't a cunt."

"Obviously."

"I remember the other guy now,"

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Stan said. "That stud was the star of the film. He screwed five girls that day. Five! Can you believe that shit?"

"At this point," I said tiredly, "I can believe just about anything."

"Man, I am really confused."

"Just forget it, Stan. So you got drugged out and fucked a guy. That doesn't mean anything. The only thing that matters is that you don't get pissed off at me for what I did to you. I would never have dreamed of doing anything like that unless I had seen that photo and thought you were gay."

Stan reached over and clapped a hand on my shoulder. "Hell, Gil. It doesn't make a damned bit of difference to me. There is something that bothers me, though."

"What's that?" I asked, enjoying the warmth of his hand where it still rested on my bare skin.

"If I...if I didn't have some sort of leanings in that direction, toward other guys I mean, do you think I would have screwed that dude? Regardless of whether I was tripping or not."

"Probably. When you're that far out, a hole is a hole. It could have been a cored-out apple for all you knew."

"I'm not so sure," he replied. He looked away and I let my eyes dart toward his crotch. He was hard again!

I reached out and turned the light off, wearied and puzzled by the whole thing. Nothing had turned out as I wanted it and I silently cursed the trick who had left behind the magazine and put me in such an uncomfortable position. "Good-night," I said, turning over on my side to face away from my brother.

Just as the fingers of dawn were starting to creep through my bedroom window, I stopping cursing that trick and began blessing him. I stopped the moment Stan moved up behind me and slid his big dick up my ass. He put his arms around me and pulled me to him, whispering in my ear as he began a slow in-and-out movement that drove me wild with excitement. Was this happening or was I dreaming it again?

"I don't think I would have fucked that stud if I hadn't wanted to, Gil. Just like I wouldn't fuck my brother unless I really wanted to."

"You know what you're doing this time?"

"Yes," he answered, reaching around my hairy belly to where my prick jutted out from my groin, hot, hard and aching for release. "I guess maybe I've known what I wanted to do

for a long time, but never had the guts to try it or found someone I wanted to do it with." All the time he was speaking, my brother was screwing me like I'd never been screwed before. Oh, sure, I've taken bigger cocks or had men who had a better technique, but there was something about the reality of having Stan's prick up my ass that made everything else seem second rate. "There are so many things brothers can do to each other, Gil. It's like making it with myself or with a mirror. And..." There was a breathless pause and Stan cried, "Now!!!"

It was a true coming together in every sense of the word that happened at that moment, and it has been repeated countless times over the seven years my brother and I have lived together as lovers. In those years, neither of us has had sex with another human being, male or female, and neither of us has been tempted. Stan tells me almost daily how happy he is to be with me, so I firmly believe he would never even entertain the idea of cheating.

In all honesty, I can't say that I'm that faithful. On occasion, I'll jerk off my self while looking at porno pictures, one very much in particular. But it's not really being unfaithful.

I still have the magazine.

## FICTION: ZACK

Continued from page 9

or say anything, my other senses were greatly heightened, especially the sense of touch. With Artie's prick up my ass and my cock down somebody's throat it was an almost unbearably thrilling experience. I started to come on several occasions but each time I approached the point of explosion, whoever was blowing me would stop. Somehow he was able to sense exactly how excited I was and was really taking his time in sucking me off.

I felt a shudder from behind and Artie shot his wad inside my ass. The guy must have been coming in buckets because I could really feel my ass filling up with his gism. Hot stuff, alright. Then something else enclosed my throbbing dick and I felt my stiff meat sliding inside an ass. I had no idea who that ass hole belonged to but it was slick and inviting and it sucked at my cock almost as good as the mouth before it. This time I really couldn't hold back and I moaned loudly and spewed out ropes of gism

into that anonymous, hungry ass hole. Apparently having me come turned on the guy I was screwing because he yelled out and shoved back at me so he could get every damned inch of my cock up his butt. I could feel a quiver go through his body as he sprayed out his load onto the floor or maybe into somebody's mouth or up somebody's ass. Since I was blindfolded I couldn't be sure.

After I climaxed my thoughts turned



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to less pleasurable matters and I began to feel some pain in my wrists from having my hands handcuffed above my head. Always the skilled master, Zack picked up on this right away and took off the manacles. My feet now reached fully to the floor and I relaxed completely. Still I was blindfolded and gagged and without being able to protest I was led out of that backroom into another area of Artie's apartment. This time things were much more comfortable as I was laid out on Artie's king size bed. I suppose it was Zack who carefully secured my wrists and ankles to the four corners of the bed until I was spread-eagled

face down and completely immobile.

That was when the gang bang started. I don't know how long I laid there but I'm sure every guy at the party (and there must have been close to forty) came in and took his turn at my ass hole. As a matter of fact, I'm also sure that quite a few of them came back for a second and third and even fourth go at it. I must've had two gallons of come up my ass and I finally lost count of how many orgasms I had. Suffice it to say Artie's bed was drenched with my load just like my ass hole was drenched with more loads than I could count.

Now like I hinted at before, I'm not really a masochistic sort, but there was something about Zack that made me want to do his bidding. It was a good thing I had accepted that psychologically because he still had several goodies in his bag of tricks. The blindfold and gag were removed and I was staring into the most compelling pair of eyes I had ever seen, so compelling in fact that I think I would have submitted to anything for Zack. When he produced a can of Crisco and began greasing up his arm, I knew what was coming and I was powerless to resist. Not only did I not resist, I anxiously anticipated having the man's huge fist inside me. It was another sexual trip I had never experienced but at that moment in time there seemed to be no limits.

"You want this?" he growled.

"Yes," I replied.

"Yes, *what?*" he roared.

"Yes, sir," I whispered.

"Tell me how badly you want it."

I don't recall all that I said to Zack about how much I wanted his fist up my ass but by the time I finished I had really convinced myself that nothing was more important. I braced myself for the onslaught to come and cringed as I felt those first, tentatively exploring fingers. But as I mentioned before, Zack knew exactly what he was doing and easily had me accomodating two, then three, then four fingers and finally the thumb as well. His entire fist disappeared inside me and I felt as though he was in complete control of my life. This was not altogether untrue because one thrust in any of several different directions and he could have destroyed my insides. But I had absolutely no fear that he was going to do anything of the sort and relaxed even more as he began the slow in-and-out motion. Carefully he worked himself further into me and I realized

with some degree of shock that he was inside me all the way to the elbow.

At that moment in time I think I would have taken two fists up my ass. The feeling was so incredible and it was as though, in a sense, I belonged to Zack. There were a few waves of pain but they were obscured by what turned into pure ecstasy. Zack was ramming his flesh into me with the vengeance of a madman and yet I wanted every inch of it. I screamed with pleasure and thrust my buttocks back toward his driving fist. With his free hand, Zack began jerking off and finally sprayed my ass with jets of white hot gism. I yelled again and unleashed another torrent of gism on Artie's bed. Slowly, steadily, Zack's arm was withdrawn from my battered body and I let out a low moan when it slipped noisily from my gaping ass hole.

"Did you like that?" Zack asked.

"Yes, sir!" I cried.

"I think next time maybe I'll give you two fists instead of just one."

"Oh, please," I begged.

"What do you want now?" he asked.

My mind raced with ideas of what more I could have this man do to me and the ideal thought occurred to me instantly. "I want to drink your piss, sir."

A crooked grin crossed Zack's malevolent face as he looked down at his prisoner, his captive which had been shorn and fisted and made to beg for more. He unbound me and shoved me gently but firmly off the bed, forcing me into a kneeling position. His thick cock was hanging just inches from my lips and I licked them hungrily as I prepared to take that flesh and much more down my throat. Zack spread his legs wide and drew my face to his smelly crotch, shoving his limp prick into my mouth. I waited for what seemed like an eternity before I tasted the first saline drops of urine oozing from Zack's cockslit. Those few drops changed into a trickle and then a stream as he unleashed a river of piss into my thirsty throat. I fought to keep from losing a single drop of the precious fluid and was sad when he could piss no more. I licked my lips hungrily when he withdrew and stared up at my master with a strong feeling of admiration and respect.

"And now what?" he asked.

There was only one thing left for me to do for the man and as he turned away from me and spread wide the cheeks of his hairy ass, I bent to my task with eagerness.



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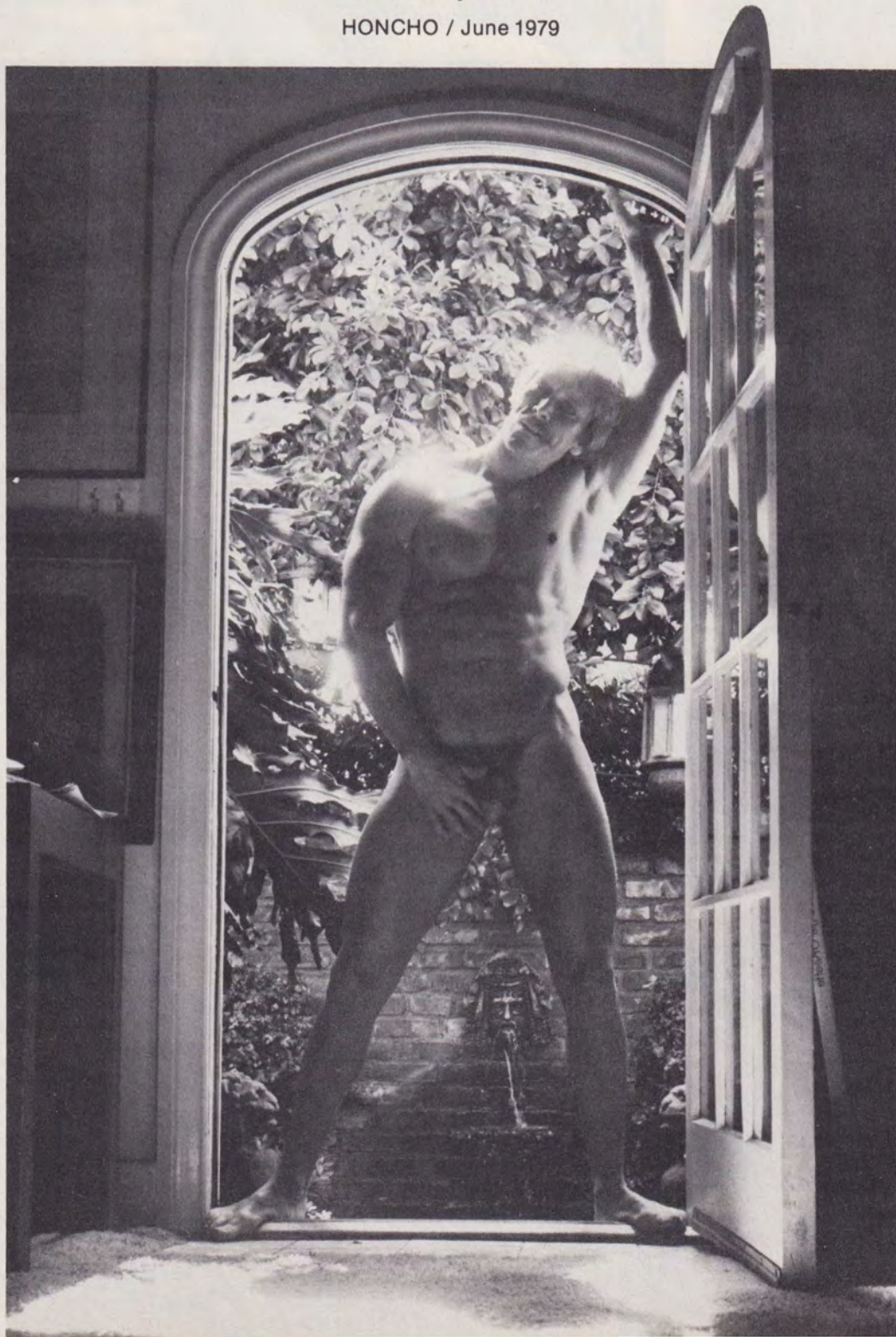


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## RIPPED!

Continued from page 20

except for a patch under each arm and at the groin and on his head, of course He was like a sculpture or something, marble that had come to life. When those tattered jeans came off, I almost shot my wad right then and there. Danny had a piece of meat between his legs that is the stuff dreams are made of. It wasn't exceptionally long but the damned thing was about as big around as a beer can and boasted a huge mushroom head that I wondered if I could get my mouth around.

Danny sprawled on the bed and watched as I finished undressing. I'm proud of my body and dick and felt good when I saw an expression of approval on Danny's handsome face. "Come to bed, daddy," he said, opening his arms wide in invitation.

Well, I didn't need a helluva lot of encouragement. The two of us locked into an embrace like there was no tomorrow, mouths pressed together, cocks, stiff and hot, rubbing against each other, my hairy belly against Danny's hairless stomach. It was great. My hands, of course, found their way around to Danny's spectacular backside and my fingers started probing between those velvety cheeks for that little opening. Danny lay on his side facing me and shifted his hips so that I might have better access to my target. He reached between my legs and gripped hard at my prick, squeezing it and making me quiver with pleasure.

I think my heart skipped a beat when Danny said, "I want this thing up my ass, man. You into that?"

"You're damned right," I answered. "There's some grease in the drawer by the..."

"No damned grease, Bill. I want to feel you inside me. I don't want you to be too slippery. Just spit on your dick and shove it in. I wanna know you're up my ass."

"Whatever you say," I agreed. I watched as Danny rolled over on his stomach and spread his legs wide. Those delectable hairless buns were a sight to behold and almost before I knew it I had buried my face between them and was tasting Danny's bung hole with my hot tongue. He groaned loudly and wiggled his ass in approval. I spit on my hand and annointed my cockhead, placing the tip against Danny's hungry ass hole. I was going to slip it in him gently but he reached around behind himself and pulled me inside him in one hard

thrust.

"God, that's good!" I cried.

"If only you knew how good it felt to me," Danny said, wriggling that tight ass again. "Let me have it, man. Hard and fast!"

A lot of what followed was a blur in my memory. I did as Danny asked and screwed him like crazy and it seemed that the rougher I got the better he liked it. He was like a wild man. At some point he threw me off and rolled over on his back, raising his legs high in the air and spreading his ass cheeks wide. "Suck on me while you're fucking me!" he begged, thrusting his

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stiff poker toward my face. I jammed my prick back inside his ass and bent down to take that huge cockhead between my lips. I could just barely manage to get it between my teeth without scraping the shaft. Danny moaned again and started fucking my face while I screwed him.

"Gimme that load, daddy!" he begged. "I gotta have that load up my ass!"

"You got it, stud!" I yelled, pumping into him with all my might and feeling the cum sucked out of my cock by that expert ass hole of his. "Take it, dammit!"

"Aw, Jesus!" Danny moaned. I got my mouth back on his prick in just the nick of time. While I was filling him up with my gism, he unleashed a thick stream of sperm into my mouth and I swallowed it greedily. I collapsed hard onto him and suddenly realized I had forgotten to get my poppers. What the hell, I thought. Who needed them? Danny was a trip all by himself. I started to roll off him but he grabbed at my ass and held me tight.

"Don't take it out, Bill. Not yet anyway. Let me feel you inside me a while longer. Jut let it go limp."

"Okay," I said, happy to accommodate him. The two of us lay quietly for some time, not moving, just enjoying being together. It was one of the most tranquil times I've ever experienced and I never wanted it to end. I could feel my erection waning inside Danny's ass and my cock grew soft and slid gently out of his body. Danny made a little whimpering noise at that and reached down to clutch at my flaccid organ.

"I want it again, Bill."

"You gotta give me a few minutes," I said. "God! I can't believe you're hot to trot again." I looked down at his groin and sure enough that fat dick was hard as could be. "You're fucking insatiable."

"That's what they tell me," Danny laughed. "I'm just lucky I suppose. I used to drive my lover crazy."

I didn't like hearing that he had a lover and I guess my expression gave me away. "Oh."

"I should say ex-lover," Danny corrected himself. "We split three years ago. I don't even know where he is these days. Anyway, I was always after him to screw me and finally he went out and bought this huge dildo."

He said if he couldn't get it up that he'd find a way to satisfy me anyway. He was right. I got almost as attached to that dildo as I did to Mike's cock."

"Are you into fisting?" I asked.

Danny made a face and reached inside his shirt pocket for a cigarette. "Naw. I tried it once. With Mike. I mean, he was really easy and all that but I just couldn't get into it. That's all powerplaying and nonsexual as far as I'm concerned. Give me a good old dick up my ass anyway."

"Do you like to fuck?"

"Sure. Not as much as I like getting fucked but I'm versatile." He patted my cheek and grinned broadly. "You asking that for any particular reason?"

I put a finger at his cocks lit where a little gism was draining out. Then I put my finger to my tongue. "I don't know if I could get that thing up my ass or not."

"Wanna try it?"

I shrugged and considered the prospect. I had never had anything that thick inside me before and certainly never got involved on the receiving end of fist fucking. The idea of letting Danny fuck me was a challenge. "Sure."

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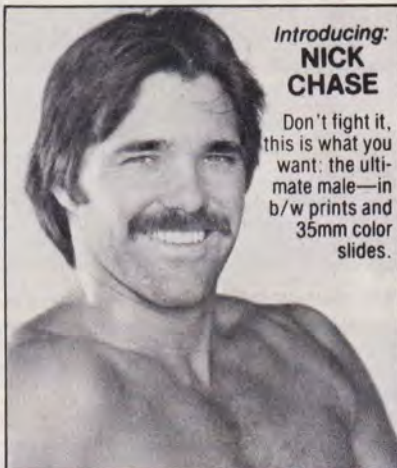
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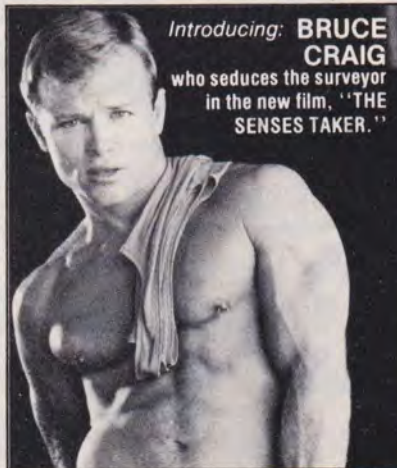
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"Let's have another beer and then have at it," Danny said. "Then I'll see what I can do about getting you turned on again."

This time I remembered the poppers, a necessity for me if I'm going to get screwed. I needed them to help me relax and in no time at all I had Danny's fat prick wedged into my ass hole. I insisted he use plenty of grease which he did and pretty soon I was taking all his big meat and secretly wishing for more. Danny had turned me over on my stomach, crushing my newly erect cock between belly and sheets. He was as skilled at fucking as he was at getting fucked and he hit areas inside me I didn't even know existed. It was wild.

"You ready for this man's load?" he asked, thrashing crazily inside me and taking me toward new plateaus of ecstasy.

"Yeah, baby. Let me have it!"

"Now!" Danny roared, driving into me with new vengeance. I could feel his load spilling inside me and at that split second unleashed my own cum onto my bed sheets.

"Damn!" I said. "That was fantastic. I've never been fucked like that in my life. You're some stud."

"So are you, Bill. A good fucker and

a good fuckee. Not a bad combination." He slid off my back and pulled his cock out of my ass with a little "plop." "I hate to admit it," he confessed, "but I'm really drained after that last session. You know how to take it out of a guy."

"So do you," I observed. I turned over on my back and looked at the sticky mess in the hairs of my belly. I had shot another big load. "What say we have a shower and maybe go somewhere for dinner? It must be getting close to eight o'clock and I'm starving."

"Good idea," Danny said.

Later on that night, after a delicious meal, Danny and I walked back down Christopher Street toward my apartment. He had asked if he could spend the night with me and, of course, I agreed. I was especially glad I agreed when I followed him up the steps like I had earlier that day, remembering those delightful tempting buns I could barely glimpse through those tattered blue jeans. I hoped they would be my personal property for some time to come, just as I hoped that would not be the last time I heard Danny say in that sexy voice of his, "You wanna fuck me, stud?"

"You bet your ass," I replied.

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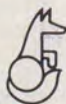
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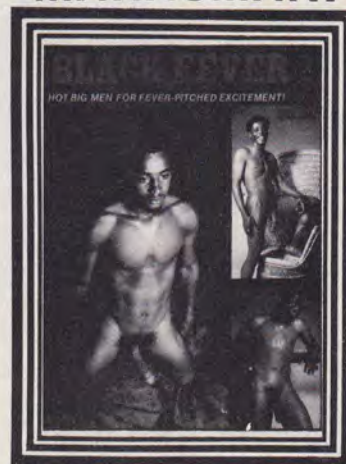
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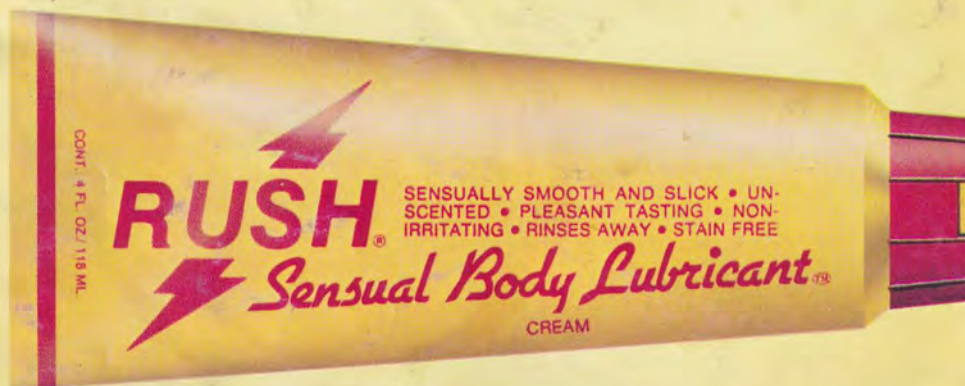
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