

PDC 58295-8

HONCHO

THE MAGAZINE FOR
THE MACHO MALE

JANUARY 1981
\$3.00

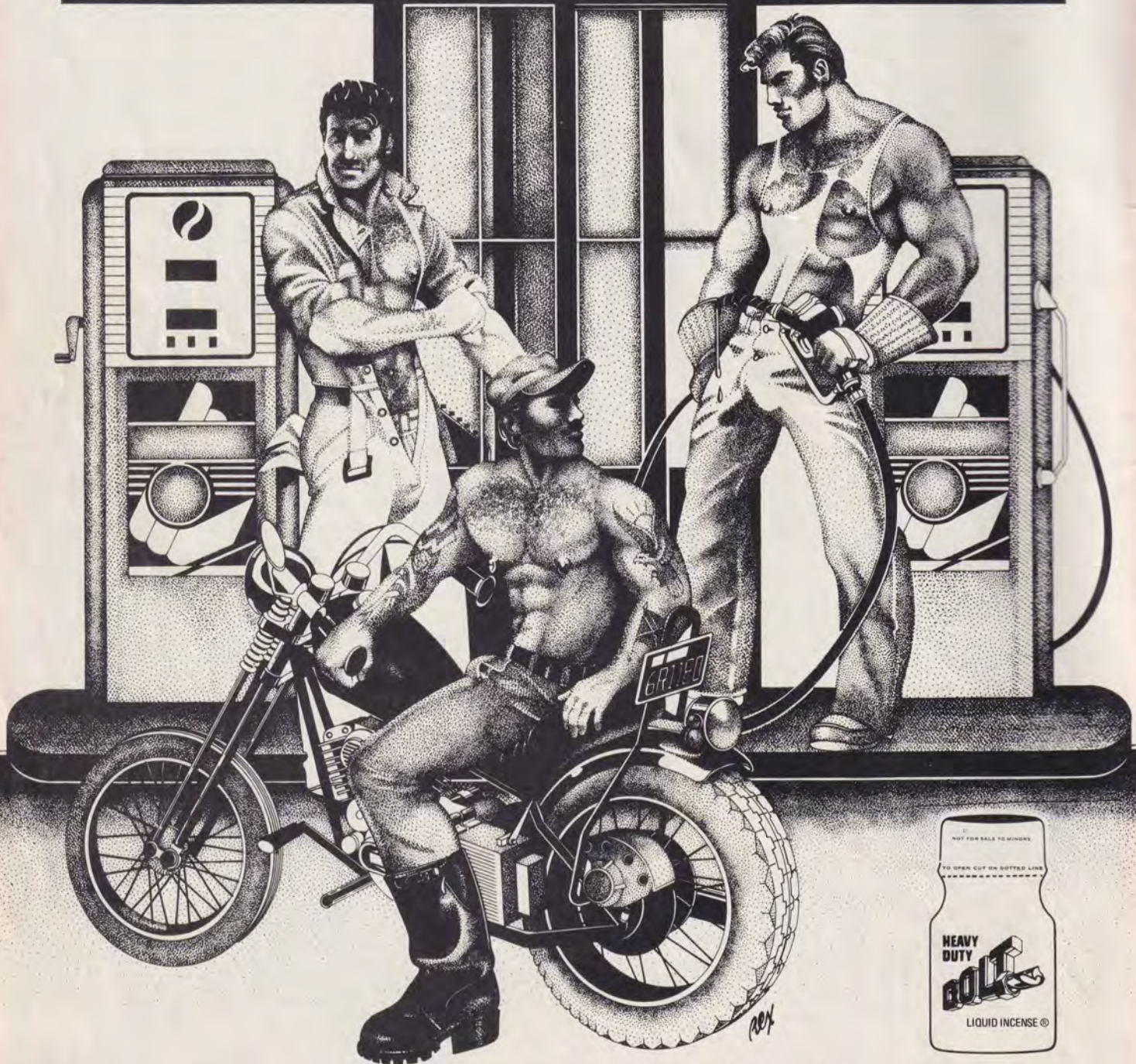


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HONCHO

VOLUME 3, NUMBER 8 • JANUARY 1981

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC PERKINS

Merry Christmas

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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.



EDITORIAL

HONCHO POTENTIAL

Come on, fellas. Santa will undoubtedly do such a hot, honcho job you shouldn't be punishing him. Or is this just your way of thanking him in advance for a *Honcho* holiday? Actually, the kinky photo at right is one of a series of superhot Santas concocted by T.N.T. Designs; the image, and twelve other extrahot ones, comprise the hottest set of Christmas cards on the market, available at fine card stores everywhere. *Honcho* and Santa here join ranks to bring you a whole bag of tricks this Christmas. What are you looking for in your sock? How about a bruiser of a blond? Check out page 13 for a very special Target photo spread. Or maybe you want to do the spreading. There's no one better than Big Daddy; try him on for size, page 25.

If this holiday season seems to call for something a little more exotic, nothing could sling better than Black Zeus, page 51. Or do you think you need to bring in the New Year with a big, ass-slapping bang? Then make sure you catch "Hard as Hell," a fiction treat we've stuffed in this issue. If it's time to recall days gone by, then dredge up your military career with another fiction piece, "The Corpsman," page 57.

Photo by Roy Blakey, for T.N.T. Designs





DEAR HONCHO:

BOOTS

Dear *Honcho*:

Your "Talk About Boots" (September 1980) is absolutely great, and I hope that you will have more articles along this line. Boots are sex-objects for many of us, so we can't get too much information on the subject.

This is for me: I like to see motorcycle honchos wearing pairs of brand new *tan* boots. They are always a turnon for me, and I always feel that I'd like to hop on that motorcycle and drain its rider as dry as hay. If I ever

grow absolutely limp with desire for sex, then that is the guy who most interests me. Is it the man or tan boots which sets me wishing for immediate sex? Maybe it's the tan boots which are the "honey" to attract the "bee" to action. Anyway, give me a motorcyclist, a cowboy, a telephone repairman, or any well-built man wearing shiny new tan boots, and I'm ready to go.

I like to see actors on TV and the movies wearing tan boots and shoes. Please tell me why TV and movie producers seem so reluctant to show

men's feet and/or boots and shoes on camera. If they only knew what they are depriving me of.

I hope that the Studs at *Honcho* will be able to diagnose my problem, if a problem exists. Am I hopelessly not-with-it, or are there other people who have urges and interests such as mine? I feel sure that *Honcho* can come up with the right answer.

Sincerely,
a faithful reader of *Honcho*,
my favorite magazine,
G. McL.
Hickory, N.C.



SIZE QUEEN

Dear *Honcho*,

I'm writing to you because of your Sept. issue of *Honcho*. I have been called a size queen by my friends for years, I guess that I am. While over at a trick's apt., I happened to pick up *Honcho*. When I came across the nude spread called "Miles to Go" I almost shit. The face I could live without, but that cock! What I wouldn't do to milk that fucker dry, then shove it up my ass. Have him fuck me for a couple of hours, then milk it dry again.

Please show more of this manly meat, so I could cut the pages out and put them in my cock size scrap book. Sitting here writing you, I have such a roaring hard on just thinking about him. His name is stuck in my mind for good. Could you please show this cock & man (notice the order) in action. I want to see him work it.

Thanks for such a memorable issue. Keep *UP* the big cocks!

J.K.

Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

ENCORE, JOE!

Dear *Honcho*,

I just purchased my first issue of your magazine and it is the greatest. Yes, I have seen others. The guys and the articles are *super*, especially the guys. One in particular is the super dude on the cover, Joe Porcelli. I think he is out of sight and wish I could meet him. I got so hot from looking at this hunk that I jerked off as soon as I got home.

Please continue to show men like Joe and I'll continue to purchase your magazine with pleasure. Keep the super dudes coming, *Honcho*, alright....

A new reader from S.C.

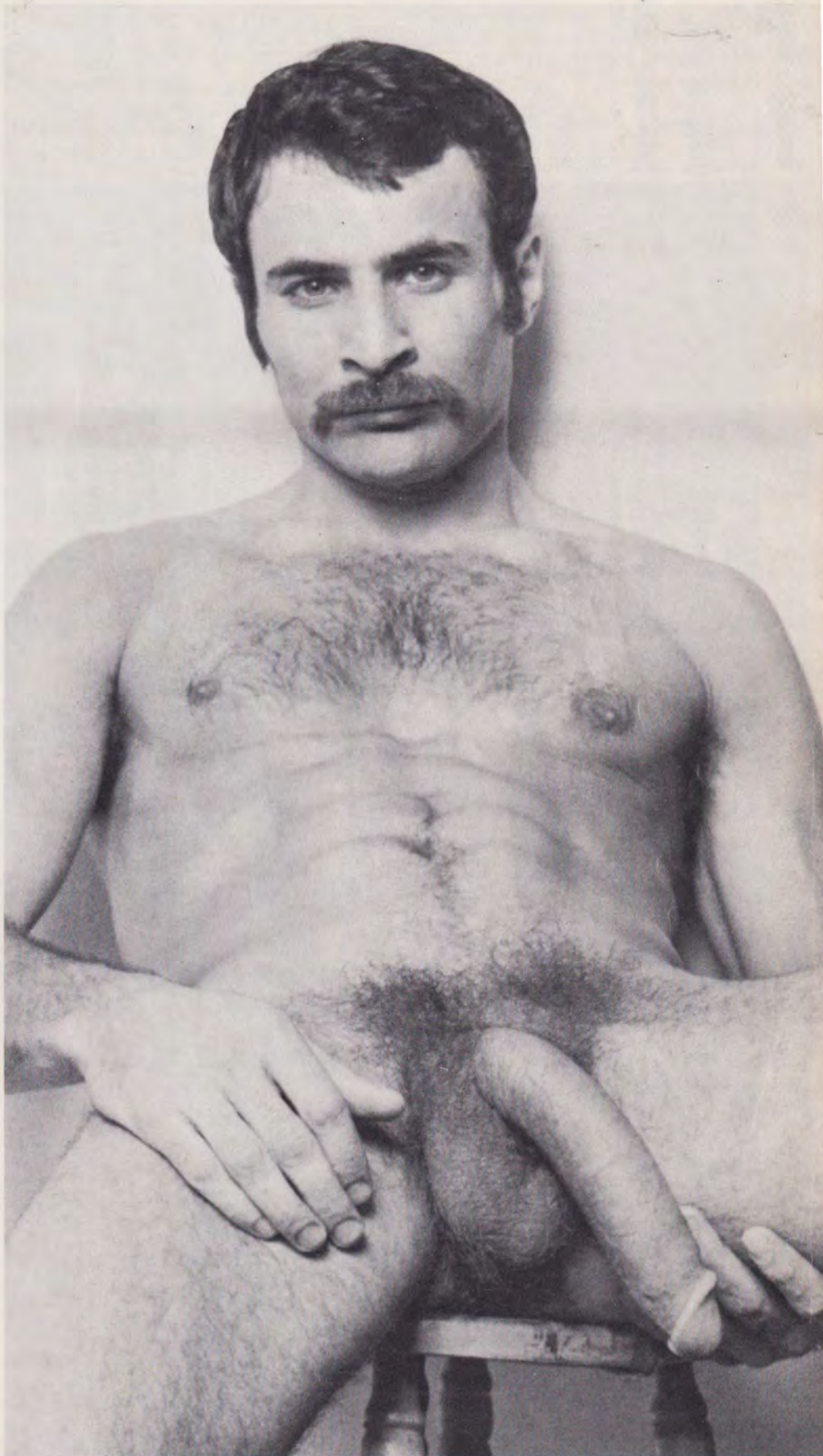
ENLIGHTENING

Dear *Honcho*,

I just wanted to express my views on this dynamic magazine. It is the best I've had the pleasure of viewing as well as reading. The photos are especially good. I would like to see more figures like Mr. McCoy (Sept., '80). I really like the build and roughness of his context. I wish there were more cowboy layouts. I myself am a cowboy, so you can understand why I would want to

Photo left: Roy Blakey

Photo right: Usher



see hunky, rough cowboys in color in this great magazine. Again, thanks for enlightening the world & me to *Honcho*.

T.A.
Small town in
Louisiana

CIRCUMCISION

Dear Sirs:

I bought your July '80 edition and got so hot in the bookstore while looking at the pictures of your coverman, Dave Gold, that I beat off a

bunch of times that night. I recently got circumcised and do I dig circumcision! Those photos of Grady of Zeus Studios typify the circumcised he-man that makes me run to the J/O room with the poppers. Keep up the good work and a salute of the greased fist to the rest of your readers into J/O.

R. Mac
Miami, FLA

SOME LIKE IT HOT!

Honcho Editors,

Your magazine is hot! I'm 25 years old and into blonds. In this Sept. 1980 issue, your last model spread called "Some Like It Hot" was beautiful. Roy Blakey really knows how to photograph good-looking men.

His name was Eric Ryan. He is just the type of man that I've been searching for for years. His body is perfect and his cock would do the job just fine. If this is the type of man that lives in New York, then I will just have to plan a trip there soon.

If it's at all possible, could you please print another picture of this blond beauty.

Thank you for your time,
R.M.
Boca Raton, FLA

YOU HAVE MY VOTE!

Dear *Honcho*—

I would like to thank you as well as compliment you on a beautiful magazine. The articles are always a turn-on and leave me hard for hours. As far as your pictorials go, I don't think they could get much better. Being a gay male of 20 years of age, I would like to see some spreads of young innocent looking men. Nothing is more exciting to me than a well-hung hairless chested male of 18 years old. I have just purchased your September issue and it was great. When I took one look at Eric Ryan (Some Like It Hot) I had to immediately beat my dick. What a stud! Keep up the good work, *Honcho*, you have my vote!

A horny reader,
Seattle, WA

Photo left: Roy Blakey





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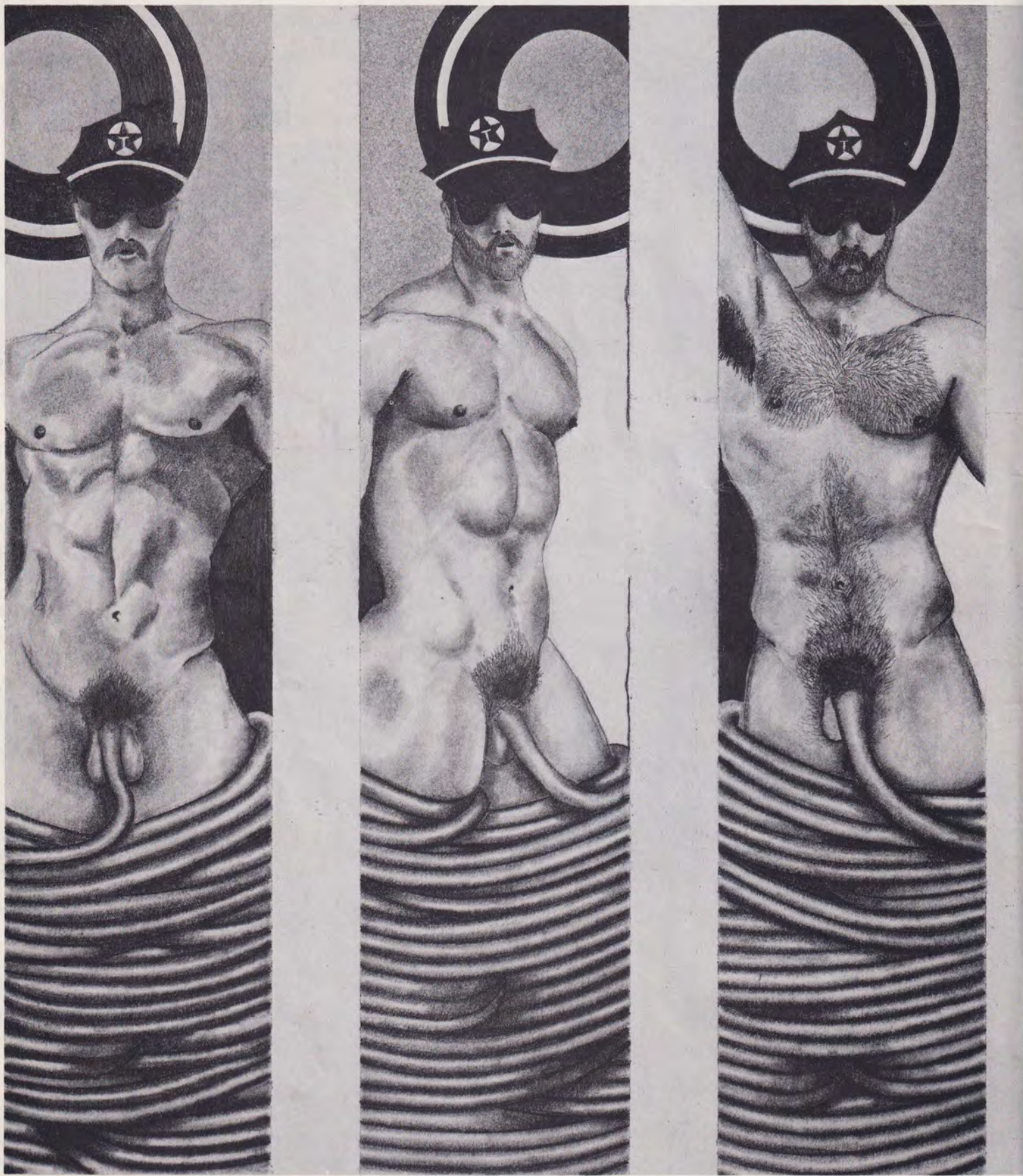
CLUB
BATH
CHAIN

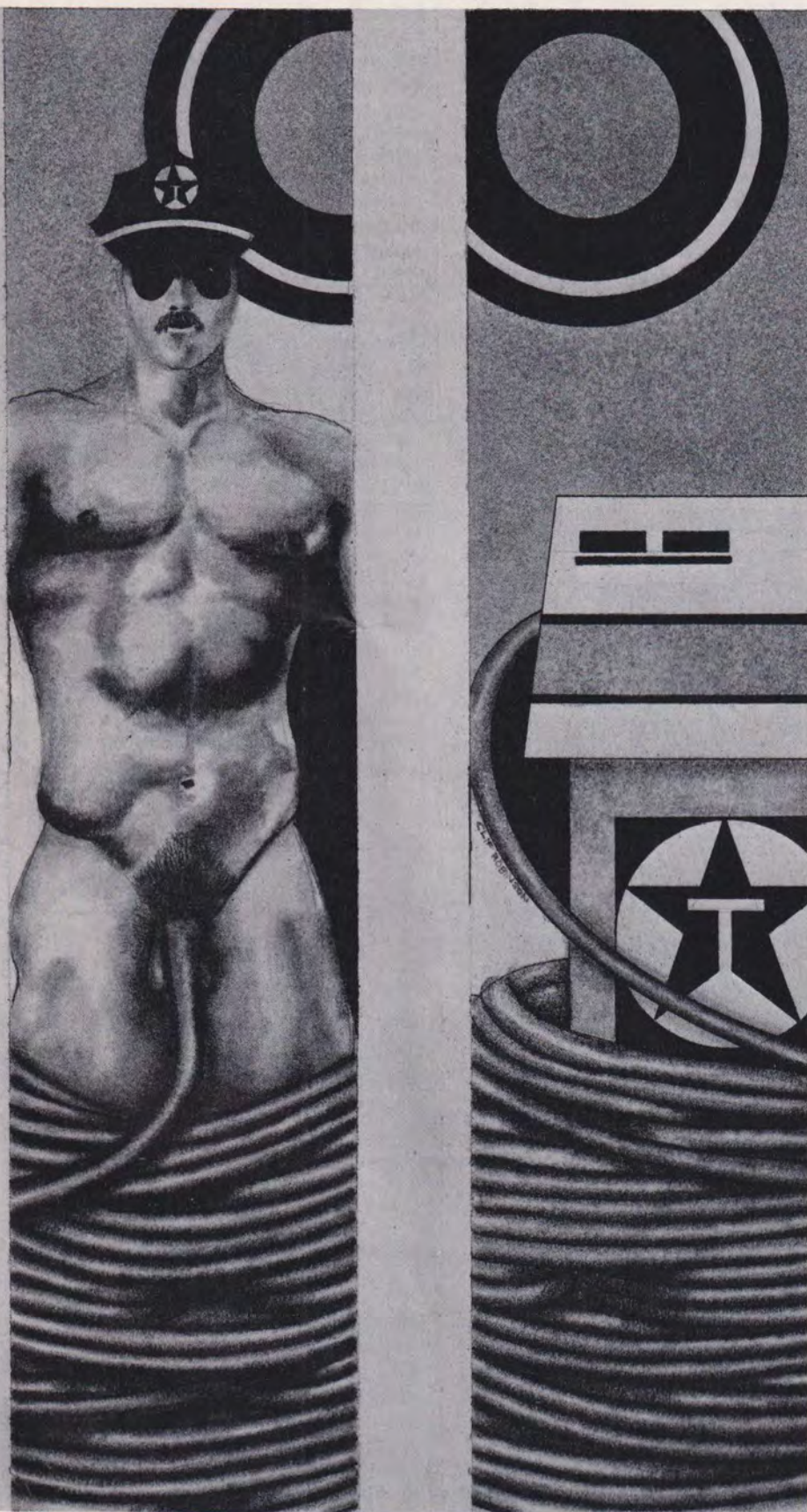


THE CLUB BATHS

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IND "F" train at corner





STAR PUMP

By Josh Pease

Illustration by Clif Robinson

In small southern towns there's always one "known homosexual." The one guy who's out and doesn't care who knows it.

Usually it's a Truman Capote-type faggot, lisping voice and flying hands barely connected to his body by the limpest of wrists. But more and more often the man who's obviously gay is known not because he's femme, but because he's butch. I guess it's the times. I suppose it's part of the new masculinity of homosexuals that everyone's writing about.

The known homosexual in my hometown is one of these guys. Frank owns the local Texaco station. He's a tall, heavily muscled brutish fellow. He has one of those masculine southern accents that's as far away from Tennessee Williams as the Golden Gate is from the Brooklyn Bridge. When he talks with those heavy tones it sounds like the butchest redneck in Georgia speaking to you.

"Sweat had flowed down the sides of his stomach while he bent over to fit the nozzle of the pump into my car's rear end."

Frank could easily be in the same closet I'm in if he wanted. It must have been those years in the Marines that gave him the balls to spit in the face of the rest of the community. And those years in San Francisco after he left the Corps. No one really knows what Frank did in California those five years. All anyone knows is that he came back to our little hick town with a bankroll big enough to choke a horse, paid cash for the biggest gas station in town, bought himself one of the big houses on the hill and then told anyone who dared ask when he was going to get married that they could kiss his sweet ass. He was queer and expected to be poking men until the day he died.

His very audacity is what kept anyone from challenging him. He lived in that twilight world of semi-outlaws that inhabit so much of the South and who are so forgiving of men's individual idiosyncrasies. Oh, if he had wanted to play bridge with the bank president, or if he had wanted to be elected to the church vestry or something like that he would have had problems. But he didn't care about those things. He kept a big account in the local savings association and couldn't have cared what they thought about him so long as they continued to address him as "sir" when he handed them his money across the counter. And church? You've got to be kidding.

No one ever joked about Frank. He wasn't the kind of man that you teased about being a faggot. And when people did talk behind his back, believe me, they weren't making fun of him. No one ever made fun of Frank. He was the sort that mothers kept their children away from and fathers couldn't quite look in the eye—they remembered their own days in the service I guess. But they surely did *not* make fun of him.

One thing that people did notice about Frank was the help he hired. The employees at his service station seemed to change every six months or so. He usually only needed one helper for the amount of business he did. Then he'd hire students at the local college to handle the late shift and weekends. But he and one mechanic could handle the repair kwork and such.

The men who worked for him also lived with him in that big house on the hill. No one else was ever invited. No one welse ever seemed to see the interior except a black woman who'd clean it two or three times a week. And she

wouldn't talk about anything that went on there. Seems he paid her a little extra to keep her mouth shut, and in a town this small they both knew that he'd hear if she mentioned a single word to a single soul.

That created a strange situation for a small southern community like ours. As much as people might avoid Frank and not want to talk to him any more than he wanted to talk to them, still their curiosity was aroused. What happened was that all these genteel southern ladies of the old school ended up inviting Frank's housekeeper, Miz Francie, to sit at their very own dinner tables and drink coffee with her, hoping she might spill a few hints about Frank's goings-on. No black woman raised in the rural south is that foolish, though, and Frank's secrets stayed secret.

It shouldn't surprise you to know that the people who were really the most interested in Frank and his hired help were the rest of us in the town who were gay but still closeted. We were actually the ones most frightened of him too. I mean, the couple school teachers I knew and a few of the college faculty and one of the ministers and I would get together and have our little parties and trade

and fly off to New York. There wasn't any need for them to be aware that those vacations were spent in the sleaziest bathhouses or the darkest backroom bars of the city. They didn't need to know what kind of reputation I had in Provincetown where I vacationed every summer, or Key West where I visited every winter.

Their Dr. Pease. Their kindly bachelor physician who they all secretly hoped would marry their daughter or niece or cousin. That's what they knew about and that's all I wanted them to know about.

But, those helpers of Frank's! Jesus. He always imported them from San Francisco. They must have been men he had known in his years spent there. I know that not one of them could have been under six foot. I know that every one of them looked just like the men I'd try to suck off whenever I went to a place for my "R and R"—rest and recuperation from my closet.

Usually they had beards or moustaches. My favorites were the ones that also had a lush growth of chest and belly hair. Frank must have made them wear the same thing. It can't be an accident that each one of them would walk up to your care looking exactly alike. They'd wear boots of

"I tried to keep my eyes straight ahead, but simply could not restrain myself from turning and watching Jack push the hard nozzle into the open circle of the gas tank."

our few local tricks back and forth, but we weren't about to be seen with Frank. We were very comfortable in our little closets with our occasional trips to San Francisco, Key West or New York. We hardly needed the local heat of Frank's reputation in our own backyards.

Except for those men he hired.

That was my downfall. I'm a doctor. A well-respected member of the community with a nice enough practice and a position to maintain. The people who came to me with their complaints and their traumas didn't know what went on when I'd board the plane

some kind, dirty, greasy, worn-out levis with a heavy black leather belt. Not one of them ever wore a shirt—ever, no matter what the weather. And they'd have on these Texaco caps and dark, reflector sun glasses.

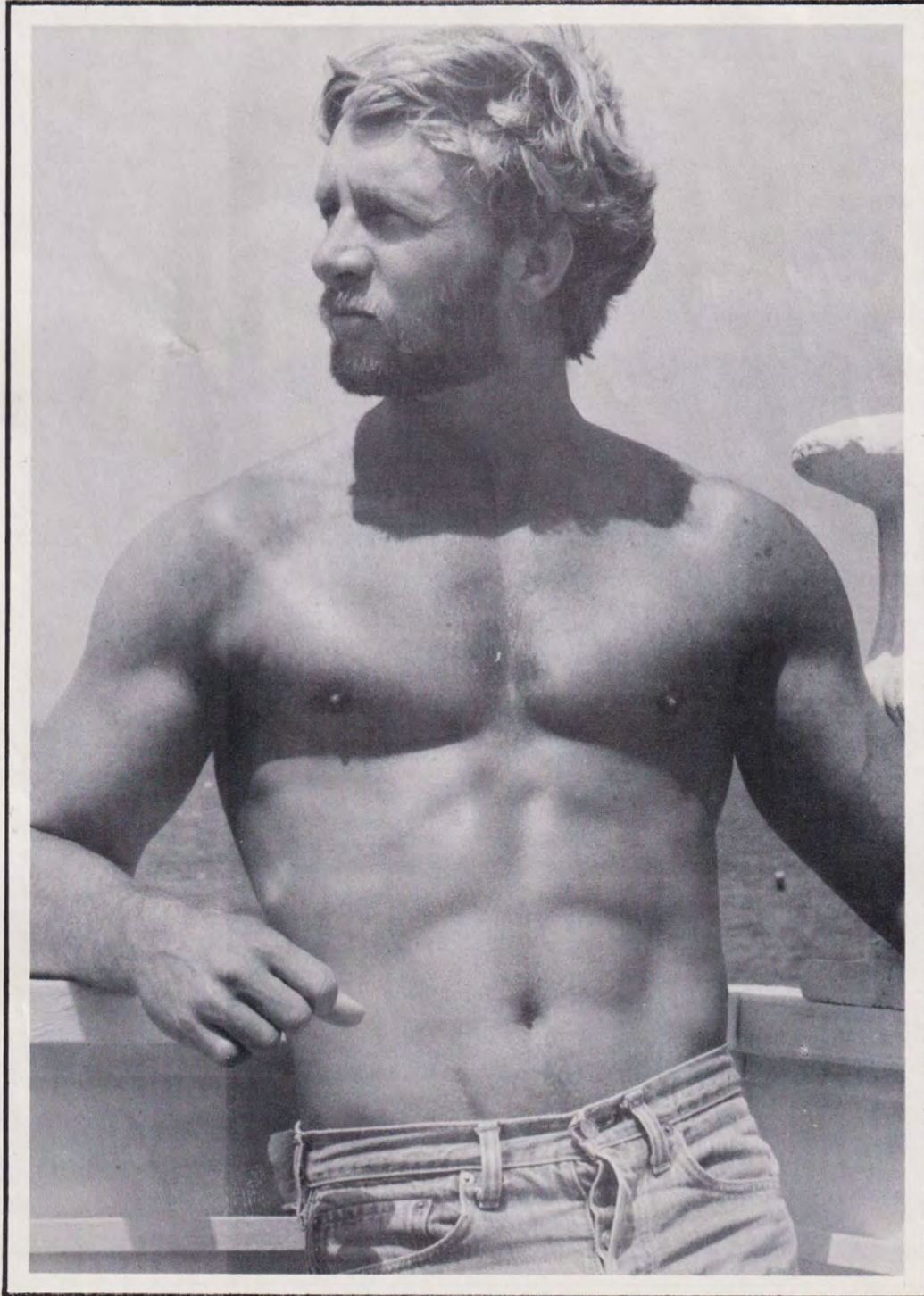
I'm not sure when I broke. I had lived my split life for years without problems. Or at least I didn't know there were problems. I'd stay in my comfortable little closet and have my few gay friends over for nice dinners and then fly off to do "those" things. And all during this I avoided Frank and his men. I just stayed cool and distant from them. If Frank wanted to play

Continued on page 24

TARGET: BLOND

Every successful studio has to have a range of images and models to satisfy the cravings of their customers. Target Studios is famous for presenting us with many hot, hairy, hung, dark-haired models who've appeared on *Honcho's* pages. With beach god Tom Hartung they prove that they can deliver the tanned-to-perfection blond image just as well. Where else would you expect to find this white-haired, dark-skin hunk but on the beach?

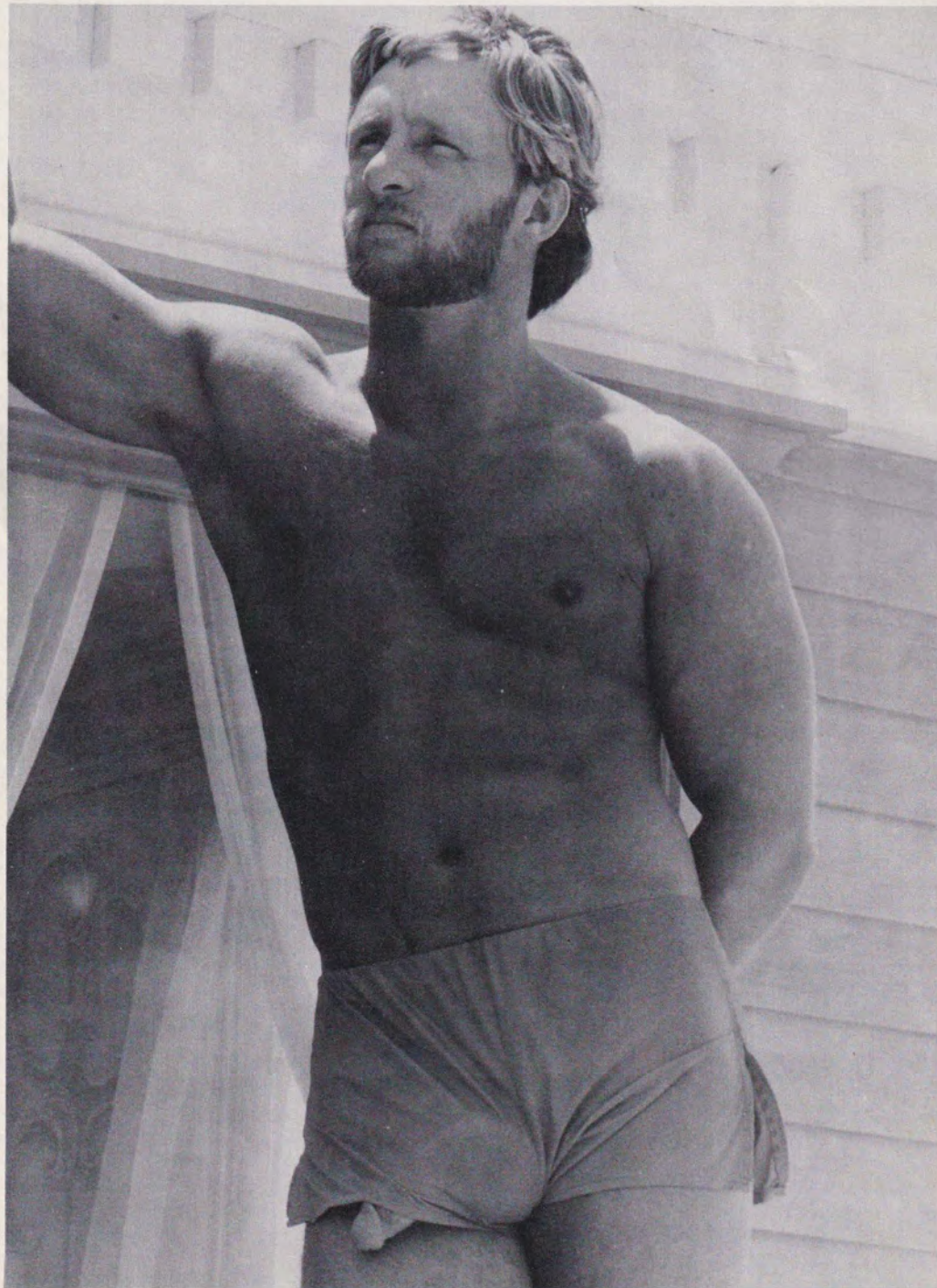
Photograph by Target Studios



TARGET: BLOND

The publicity for Tom Hartung says that his hobbies include "almost any body-contact sport." Yeah...and we can imagine just how contact would feel with this honcho man. Just think about those heavy muscled limbs wrapped around you, pulling you in, holding you down, shoving against you.

Photographs by Target Studios







TARGET:BLOND



This may be the backside of Tom Hartung, it's hardly the end. Target has a set of 8 black and white photos or of six 35mm color slides available for \$6.50 each. You can get them by sending your check or money order and a statement that you're over 21 to: Target Studios, Box 692, Canal St. Station, New York, NY 10013. And look for their magazine, *Javelin* #5. Tom's coming back to you as a star.

Photographs by Target Studios

HARD AS HELL

Photograph by Arthur Tress

him. You'll have to come to me, fucker. He made a move to walk further away. It didn't faze me in the least. I knew I had what he was hunting for. I had the leather armor he needed, I had the male cock that would come out of the leather pants with that taste of animal skin lingering in my crotch hairs. I was the man he wanted.

He gave up his foolishness and slowly started to walk back. He paused again. Go ahead, play all the games you want, the very refusal to play them with him will establish just what I want to establish. I knew it. I had it. I had him.

Finally he walked into my room. Only now did I give him the acknowledgement of turning my body to face him. I pushed out my pelvis, the half hard cock outlined in the shining reflections of the moon on the slick pants surface. There was what he wanted. All he had to do was admit it. Go for it. Ask for it. He stared at my cock. It hardened with the knowledge that he needed it. He reached out and put his palm against the rounded edge. His eyes met mine. I stood still. He'd have to do more.

The palm began a circular motion. The cock got fully erect now. I turned my face away from him. That wasn't going to be enough to get me to respond in any other way. He moved closer. He brought his face up to mine. He tried to kiss me. I jerked my own hand up and grabbed a chunk of his hair, I shoved his head back, revealing his throat, I couldn't help thinking about biting into the exposed

veins. A wave of animal fear passed across his face. I saw it. It calmed me. It gave me enough to control my violence. I pulled harder on his hair. A beautiful expression of pain controlled his face. It was beautiful.

I spit in his opened mouth. He tried to pull away from me. I kept hold of the hair, tightly wrapping it in my fist. The minute of rebellion left him. I could see the sudden relaxation in his face. He now knew what I wanted. The palm left my crotch. His two hands went behind his back and joined themselves as effectively as if I had cuffed them together. I let go of his hair and his head drooped submissively. I nearly came when I saw the transformation.

I had gotten rid of the cocky man in leather and had made him into a submissive object. Now I had to find the animal in him to tame him completely.

My hands went up underneath his shirt and found the ripe knobs of his tits. My fingers dug into the chest muscles, my thumbs clawed at his nipples. First there was a hissing of pain. My hands continued to work. Then came the guttural groan as he could sense what I was doing—working him, gnawing into the very soul of his physical being. Getting deep down into the essence of him, not content with the surface.

His chest heaved with the exertion I forced on it. He could have taken tit play in a bath house, but this was a den of hard men searching out something essential. This was no game playing. His throat caught on the sounds he was making. The physical





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of the shoe.

I had won that victory too. I took his head and let it go back to the top of one of my feet, licking against the black surface again. I studied the form that spread out beneath me. I took my other foot and lifted it up, letting it rest on the exposed crotch below me. He was hard. But I knew it would be hard. I pressed down on his groin. I kept pressing harder until I heard another guttural groan from him. I was getting to the place where he couldn't control his response. It was where I wanted him. I left my foot on the hard lump of his cock and started playing with my cock again. I couldn't hold out any longer. I knew I'd have to come now. It had gone on for too long with too much excitement for me.

I took my feet off him and knelt down. I pulled on the hair. His mouth opened in pain just as I shot a load deep inside his open throat. Half of the gism spilled out of his mouth and down his jaw. He gulped at what stayed in him. I took my palm and spread the white cum over his whole face, watching the moisture sink into his moustache and eyebrows, watching it crust on his cheeks and forehead. I spit to help spread the goo even further.

I let his hand find his crotch. I let him chew on my hand while his jerking body told me he was coming. A loud moan, the loudest yet, built up within him. His stomach contracted, his spine lifted him up into the air. A sob-like sound came from him and then his own sperm shot out over his belly and laid in little pools of white. I reached down and wiped the fresh come through his chest hair. Matting it down with the weight of the fluid.

I stood. I looked down at my spent sacrifice. My dick hung in an arc of half erection again. I strained and quickly a warm flow of piss came out of my belly, splattering his helpless figure with the shower of urine. It seemed an eternity for me as the stream of piss traveled up and down the length of him, resting momentarily on his crotch, then each of his sore tits, and finally in his willing face and mouth.

That was it. I had proven my point. I had conquered him.

I stuffed my cock back in the leather pants. His eyes searched me out with a longing I reveled in.

"Does it always have to be this way?" he asked.

"As long as you want to be my lover. Now get up. I want to get home."

STAR PUMP

Continued from page 12

faggot red neck and antagonize the townsfolk, that wasn't my problem. I certainly wouldn't be expected to spend any time with the local service station owner. I'd just pull my Mercedes up to his pumps when I needed gas and get the car filled up. I got filled up only when I was at least 500 miles from home.

It must have been Tom who began my disintegration. He came along about three years ago. The first time he walked up to my car it was as though the centerfold of one of the gay skin magazines had come to life. The jeans were even tighter than usual. The chest muscles even more closely defined. The shining sunglasses were even more in place on his handsome face. It must have been the tight, hard nipples that really got to me. I had kept such a careful distance from all Frank's boys for so long that it was a shock when I felt my cock rising in my pants when I looked into Tom's torso and saw those matched nuggets of brown flesh staring back at me.

That night I beat off thinking about Tom. It had been a particularly hot day and sweat had flowed down the sides of his stomach while he bent over to fit the nozzle of the pump into my car's rear end. When I was pumping away at my own cock later, it was the thought of licking that sweat off the smooth, flawless flesh that filled my mind with the lust that tore through even my most private inhibitions.

I did regain some control. I was cool to Tom for as long as he stayed in town working for Frank. He never did know how much he filled my lonely hours that year. For that I was grateful.

But something had broken. Something had gone wrong. I had crossed some threshold of control and lost it. I know that because while Tom was an inconvenient break in my life, Jake, the next man to work for Frank, was an obsession. I thought I was lucky when he only lasted for four months. I thought I was saved by that early departure. My problem was that every time I went into the station I would be hard just from anticipating the sight and smell of him. His chest was even more developed than Tom's had been, the mounds of flesh pushed the equally hard nipples even further out into the space before my eyes. And his beard! Oh, sweet Jesus, that perfectly manicured beard that

Continued on page 67

OUR FANTASIES
FERENT FORMS.

LEGE JOCKS,
HE'S NOT OLD
BUT THE BIG
BULKY BODY

ABOUT HONCHO MEN TAKE MANY DIF-
THERE ARE THE LEATHER STUDS, THE COL-
THE BOYS-NEXT-DOOR—AND THERE'S DADDY.
ENOUGH TO BE YOUR DADDY, OF COURSE.
MAN WITH THICK BODY HAIR, LUSH BEARD, AND
STANDS READY TO BE CUDDLED UP TO.

BIG DADDY

Photograph by Roy Blakey

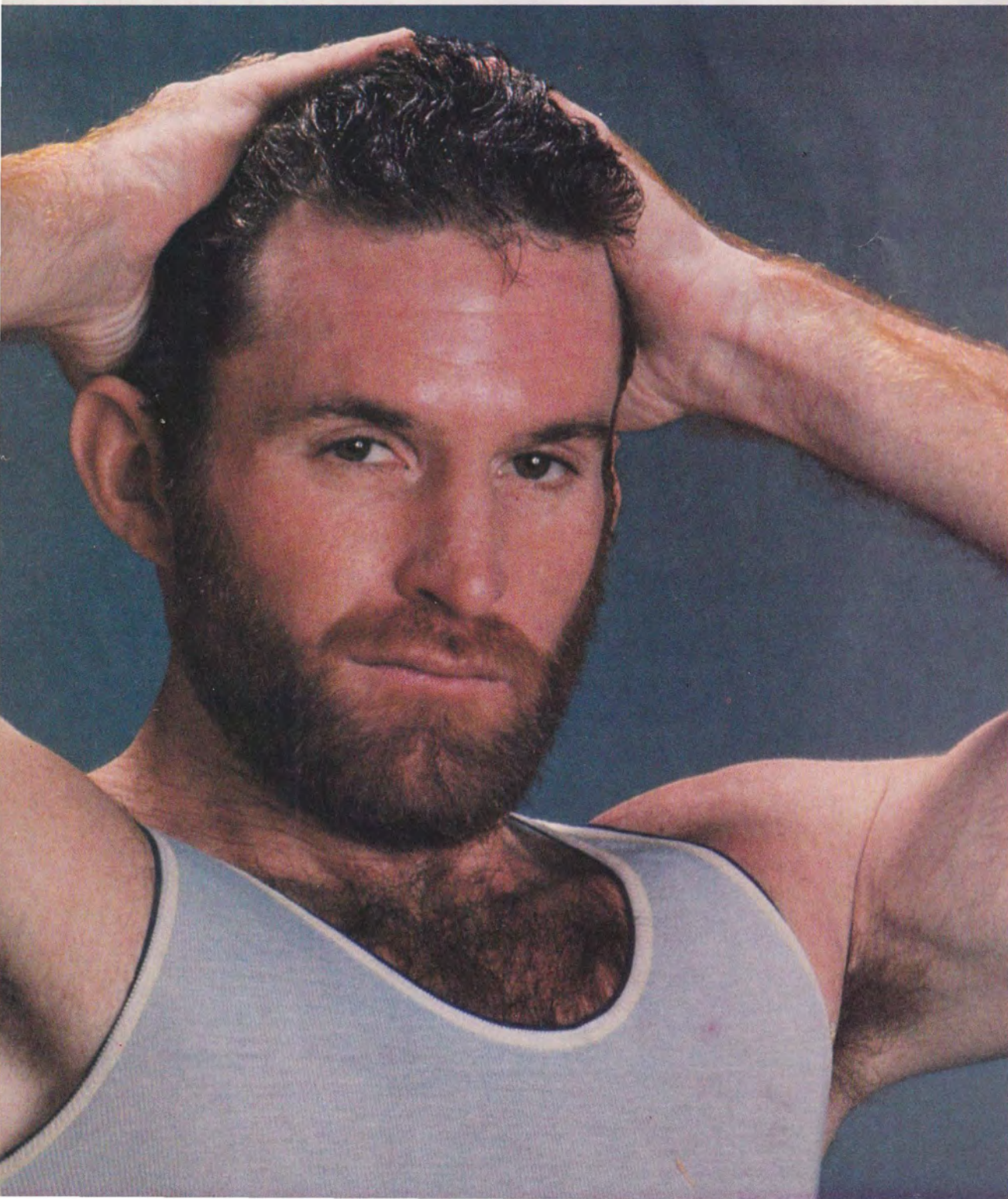


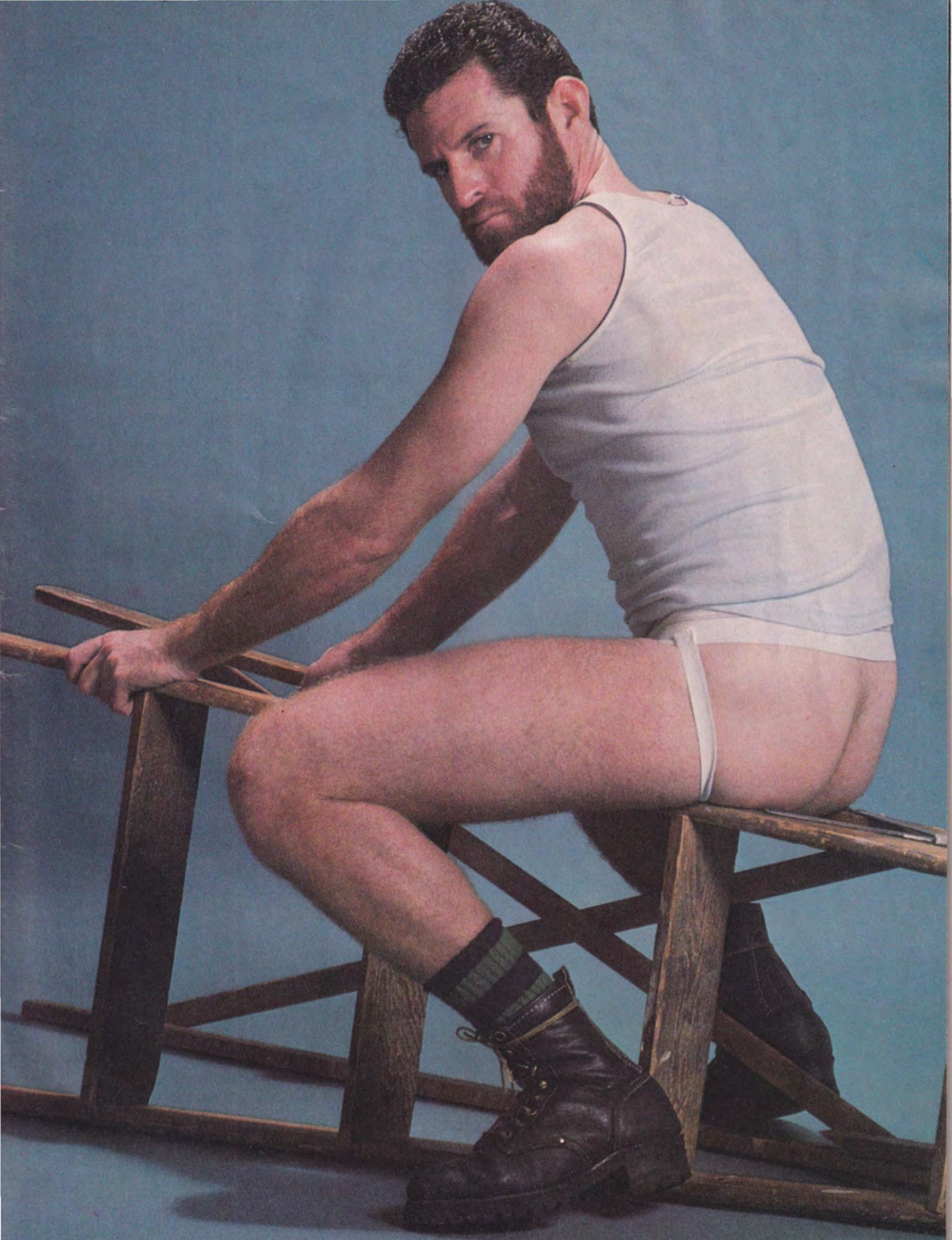
BIG DADDY

THE HANDSOME FACE,
THE BIG BODY,
THE LUXURIANT GROWTH OF HAIR—
ALL OF THEM ADD UP
TO A MATURE, VIBRANT
MALE IMAGE THAT SEDUCES YOU
INTO HIS CHARMS AND
INTO FANTASIES OF BEING
DADDY'S LITTLE MAN...

Photographs by Roy Blakey

January 1981 / HONCHO





HONCHO

Photograph by Roy Blakey









TOO BIG FOR HIS OWN GOOD

By Al Scott • Photograph by Robert Simmons

"You fuckhead!"

Lyle jerked the boy into the weight room and locked the door behind them.

"I've got a good mind to beat your ass!"

"Shi-ii-it." The boy tossed his head, and a lock of sandy-blond hair fell into his eyes. He set his jaw defiantly and narrowed his blues eyes: the boy's tough expression was convincing, except for an upturned nose, covered with freckles, that gave him away.

"Just a kid," Lyle thought. "Too big for his own good."

"Shi-ii-it," the boy drawled again.

"Listen, you little turd: you'd better cool it! I'll throw you on the floor and pound your little butt so hard, your prong will drive a hole through the cement!" He grabbed the boy and dragged him across the gym. Lyle held the kid tight against his own hairy chest as he twisted the boy's arm.

"Jeez, Lyle! Owww-ww-ww! Fuck, don't," the boy whimpered. "I'm sorry,

**"It was big. It hung down
the boy's left thigh, looking dark
against his creamy skin. A fuzzy,
blonde bush glistened
between his legs..."**

His bare chest was broad, his arms beginning to bulge with new muscles. Two patches of blonde hair were nestled in his armpits. He spread his feet and swayed back on his heels. His legs were covered with a fine, golden layer of hair. He wore a pair of terry-cloth swim trunks—still wet, they clung to his skin transparently, and the outline of his fat, boyish prick pressed against the tight, red and white material.

Lyle! *Don't!*"

Lyle towered over the kid as he held his captive's wrists firmly behind his back. He let his hand slip down the teenager's back, until he could feel the cool, firm ass-cheeks inside the wet swim trunks.

"You've got some balls, Ross! Takin' a piss in front of all those little Baptist girls! You shitfuck!"

Ross snickered. Lyle jerked his arms upward, and the teenager gasped.

"Shut up, Ross! Maybe if I took your little pecker out and whacked it coupla times, hard, you wouldn't be so anxious to whip it out in front of all those little ladies!" Lyle felt his throat tighten as he thought about getting his hands on Ross.

"Lyle, ple-ee-ease..."

"Please, do?"

"Please, my arm!" He lifted his head and looked at the counselor, imploringly.

"What you got probably ain't worth showing, anyway." He released the boy's arms. Ross didn't move; he stood with his half-naked body pressed against the counselor.

"It ain't bad," the boy replied sullenly. "It's enough."

Lyle's mind was racing as he stepped back and examined the sixteen-year-old: he was big for his age, definitely the hottest number at Camp Friendship. But Lyle didn't like to fuck around with the campers—too dangerous. His mouth began to water.

"Maybe what you need is a little slappin' around, and then you wouldn't be so eager to wave that thing where it shouldn't be waved. Whatcha got, punk? Two, three inches? That when it's stiff?—C'mon, Ross, let's see it. Am I gonna have to beat your fuckin' ass into the ground, or you gonna pull it out like you do for

do? I oughta knock that little thing off, and I bet then you wouldn't be such a cocky little brat!"

Ross stood still. Lyle walked up to the boy and swatted his prick with the back of his hand. The boy gasped; a glassy look clouded his eyes. The big, round head of his cock turned bright red, and bobbed up and down.

"Like that?" the counselor snarled. He swung at the dangling chunk of flesh with the front of his hand, and let his fingertips linger ever so briefly on the plump, boyish rod. Ross's cock bounced up perceptibly; it was at a right angle to his thighs. A slow blush crept up his face, and his eyes grew larger.

Lyle spoke quietly, hypnotically: "You like that?" He swatted it again, but not hard. "It's not so small," he murmured. "Still not a mouthful, but it's growin'."

The juicy dick reddened as it straightened itself upward. One small, crimson vein ran up the fully-erect dick, from the tight, almost-hairless balls to the big, reddened head.

Outside, the bell rang for the beginning of rest period, and the counselor jumped. "What the hell am I nervous about?" he asked himself. "The door's locked." He touched the hard cock, and the camper winced as if an electric shock had jolted his body. "Not so

Lyle pressed his muscular body against the boy. He wrapped his strong arm around the boy's waist, and rested his hand in the hot, moist crack, where he could feel the spasmodic twitches of the virgin sphincter. He tightened his grip on Ross's arm with one hand and gripped the fleshy cheek with the other. Ross groaned.

"You want me to beat that little ass of yours, Ross?"

Ross nodded.

"You want it nice and hard on those hot cheeks?"

Ross nodded.

"You want it till it hurts?" He picked up the boy and carried him across the room to the workout table. He turned the slim, naked body over, and laid it—stomach down—on the vinyl tabletop. The boy's legs dangled off the edge. His virgin buns rose in full, round orbs from the lightly-muscled legs; saucy cheeks aching for their first taste of a little abuse.

"I'm gonna teach you a lesson you'll never forget. I'm gonna beat that gorgeous little ass of yours so hard that you're gonna ache for more. So hard... And so good..."

The counselor tightened the webbed belt of the calf-exerciser across the naked boy's waist: the metal buckle snapped shut with a click, and he tied a knot with the excess webbing. He slipped the boy's legs under the padded crossbar, and tightened the bolt. Ross was trapped; he could go nowhere.

"I'm gonna beat those hot buns of yours, and your prick is gonna explode on the other end." He unbuckled his belt and ran his hand over the cool flesh. His Levis slid to his ankles. The kid turned his head to look: the counselor's fuckstick was rock-hard. Lyle doubled the leather belt and snapped it against itself. He raised it into the air.

"Spank me..." Ross moaned.

"...Spank me..."

Ross heard the leather crack as it slapped across his exposed ass, and he flinched a little. His butt-cheeks grew warm where the belt had struck. He held his breath a second, then raised his quivering buns a few inches off the table.

The man's belt hissed as it streaked through the silent afternoon. It bit into the boy's skin; he gasped; he squeezed his eyes shut to hold the hurt inside. The pain subsided quickly, and sent a warm tingle through his body.

"...Harder..." he breathed.

Continued on page 42

"Lyle pressed his muscular body against the boy. He wrapped his strong arm around the boy's waist, and rested his hand in the hot, moist crack..."

the chicks?" Lyle sauntered forward.

The boy stepped back quickly. His hands went to his waist. He looked squarely into the counselor's eyes and slipped his thumbs into the elastic waistband.

It was big. It hung down the boy's left thigh, looking dark against his creamy skin. A fuzzy, blonde bush glistened between his legs; a few straggly hairs crept up his firm belly. Two less-developed balls swayed beneath the wet dick: they squirmed in their sack as the red and white trunks dropped to the floor.

Lyle felt his prick stiffen down the leg of his Levis. "Jailbait," he told himself silently. He tried to sound casual as he spoke. "That all it can

small at all. There's a lot you can do with a prick like this." He began to stroke it. He lingered at the glistening head and circled it with his finger. He unconsciously ran his tongue across his lips.

"You gonna beat me?"

Lyle looked at the boy.

"You still gonna beat my ass like you said?" Ross asked.

Lyle reached for the boy's arm and eased it slowly up the soft crescents of boy-ass. He let his finger scrape up the tight crack, and Ross's buttocks twitched sharply. The adolescent trembled and leaned against Lyle's hairy chest.

"I think maybe, I might want to be-have better...if I got punished—Hard."

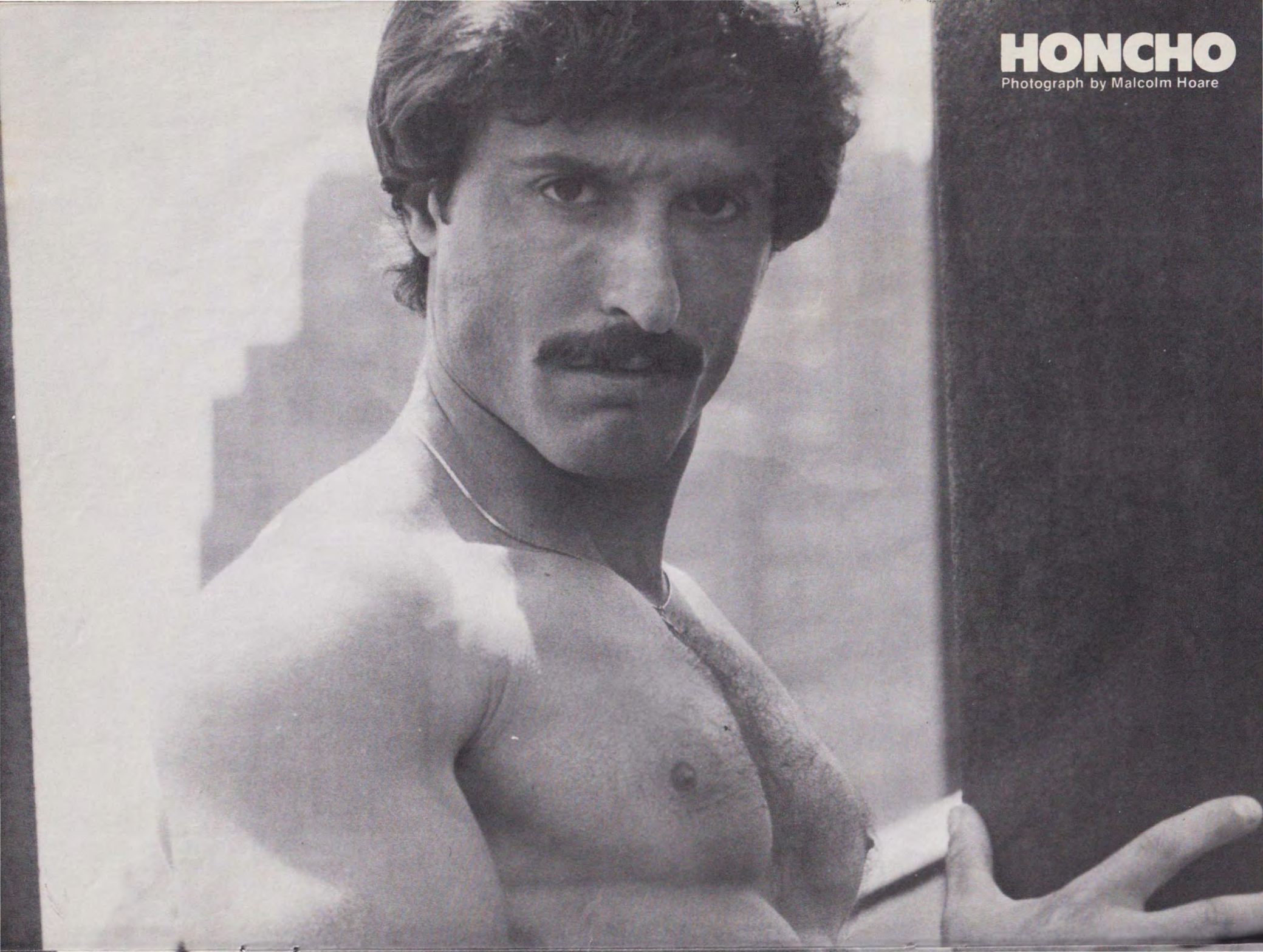
MAN OF STEEL

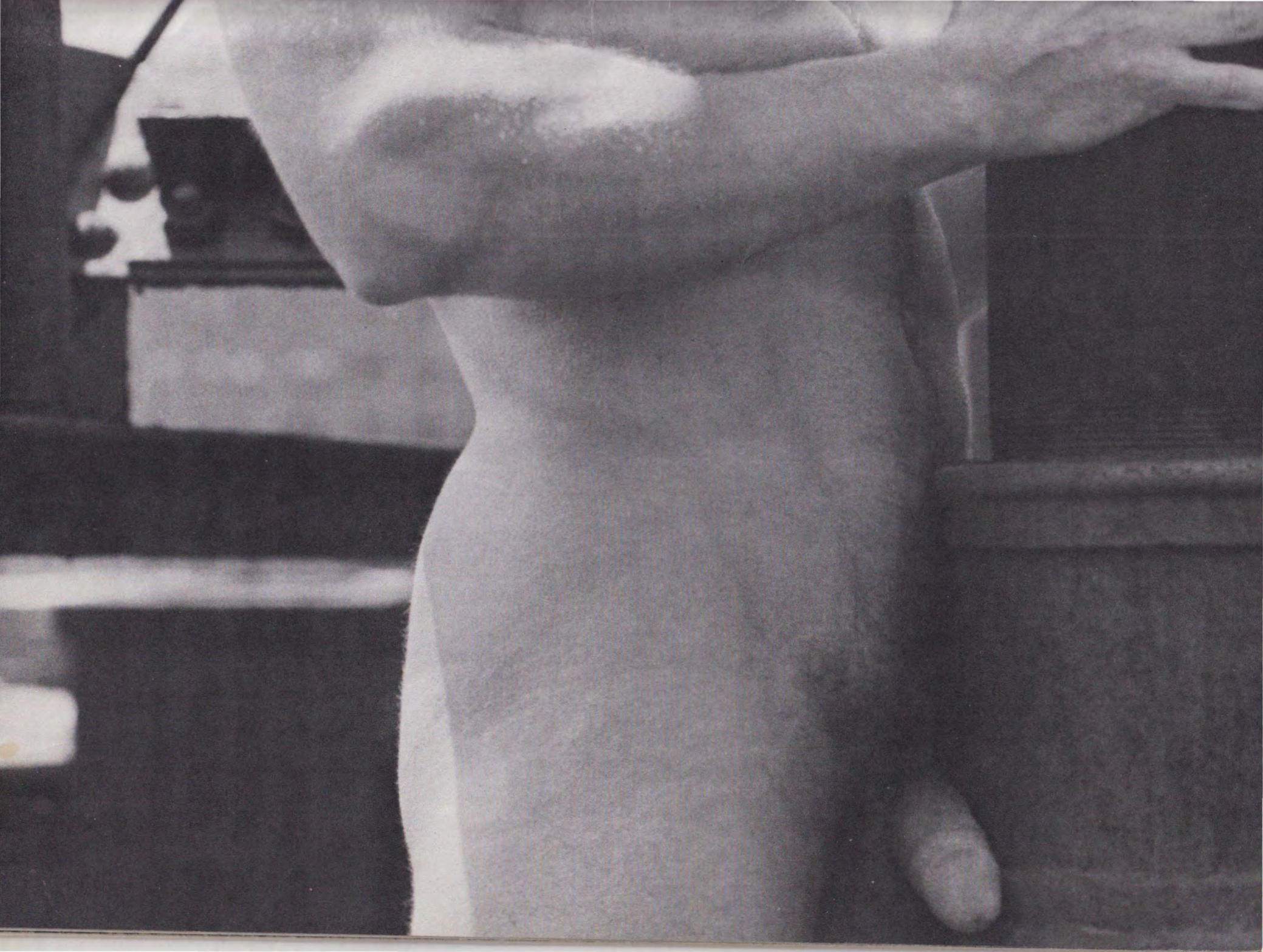
STANDING HIGH ATOP THE BACKDROP OF CITY SKYLINE, THIS MAN OF STEEL EMERGES AS THE VISCERAL PROMISE OF STRENGTH AND RUGGED SENSUALITY COMBINED. HE SCANS THE SURROUNDINGS CAREFULLY, A FEIGNED INDIFFERENCE MASKING A DEEPER RESERVOIR OF INTEREST AND DESIRE. THIS MANOR-LORD ABOVE HIS CITY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MALCOLM HOARE



HONCHO
Photograph by Malcolm Hoare





MAN OF STEEL

HIS HARD, WELL DEFINED BODY SEEMS NATURALLY POSED IN AN ALMOST GEOMETRIC STANCE, SO SIMILAR TO THE STEEL CONFIGURATION WITHIN WHICH HE STANDS. BUT THEN THERE IS THE UNMISTAKABLE ANIMAL GRACE; THE HANDS THAT APPEAR MORE GENTLE AS

HE TOUCHES THE METAL COLUMNS ABOUT HIM, SOFTER STILL IN CARESS OF HIS OWN BODY.

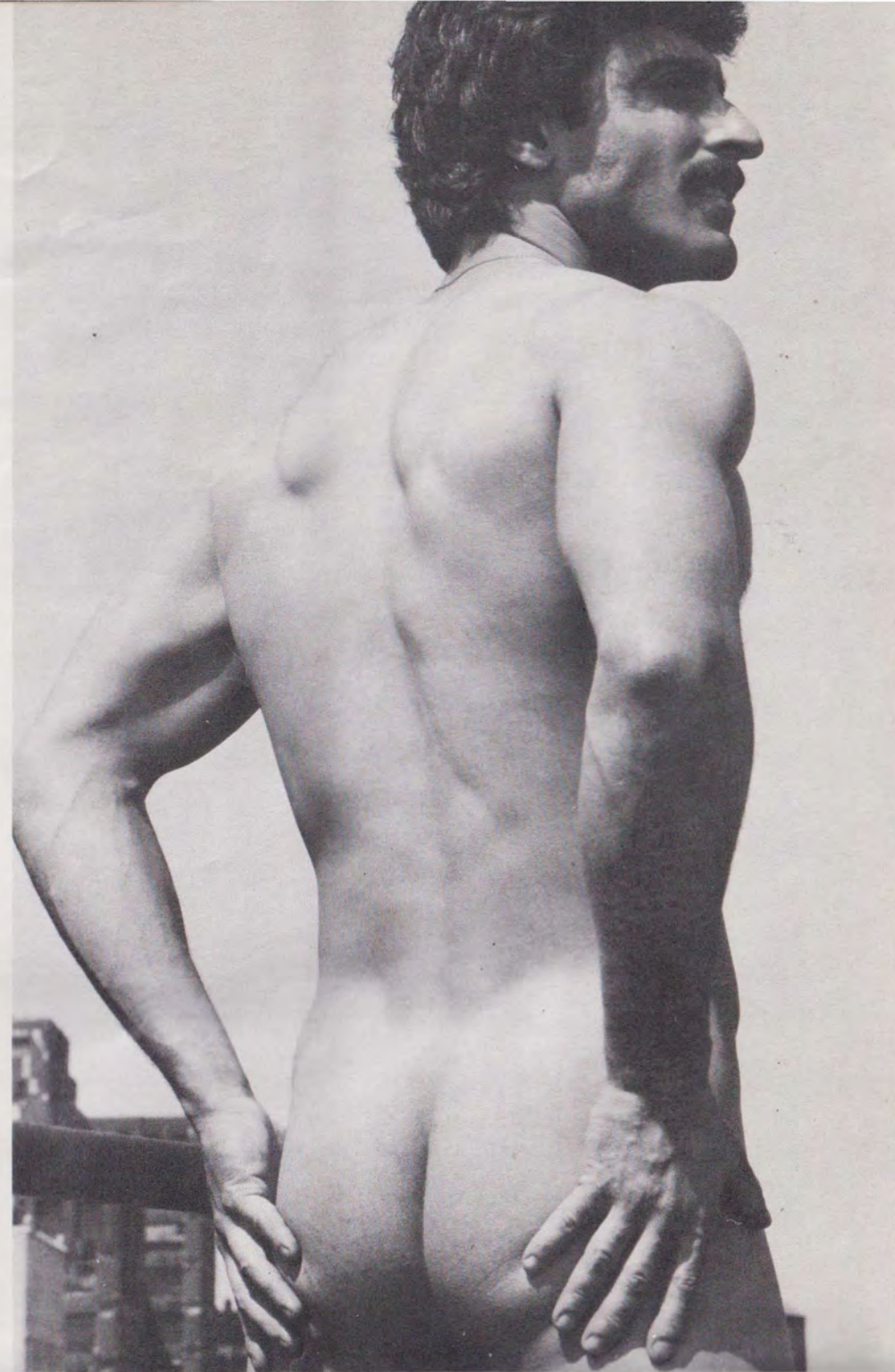
AND THERE IS A TENSION CREATED, BETWEEN THIS FLESH AND STEEL. AS IF THERE IS SOMETHING OUT OF BALANCE, SOMETHING SO SUBTLY, YET SO UNMIS-

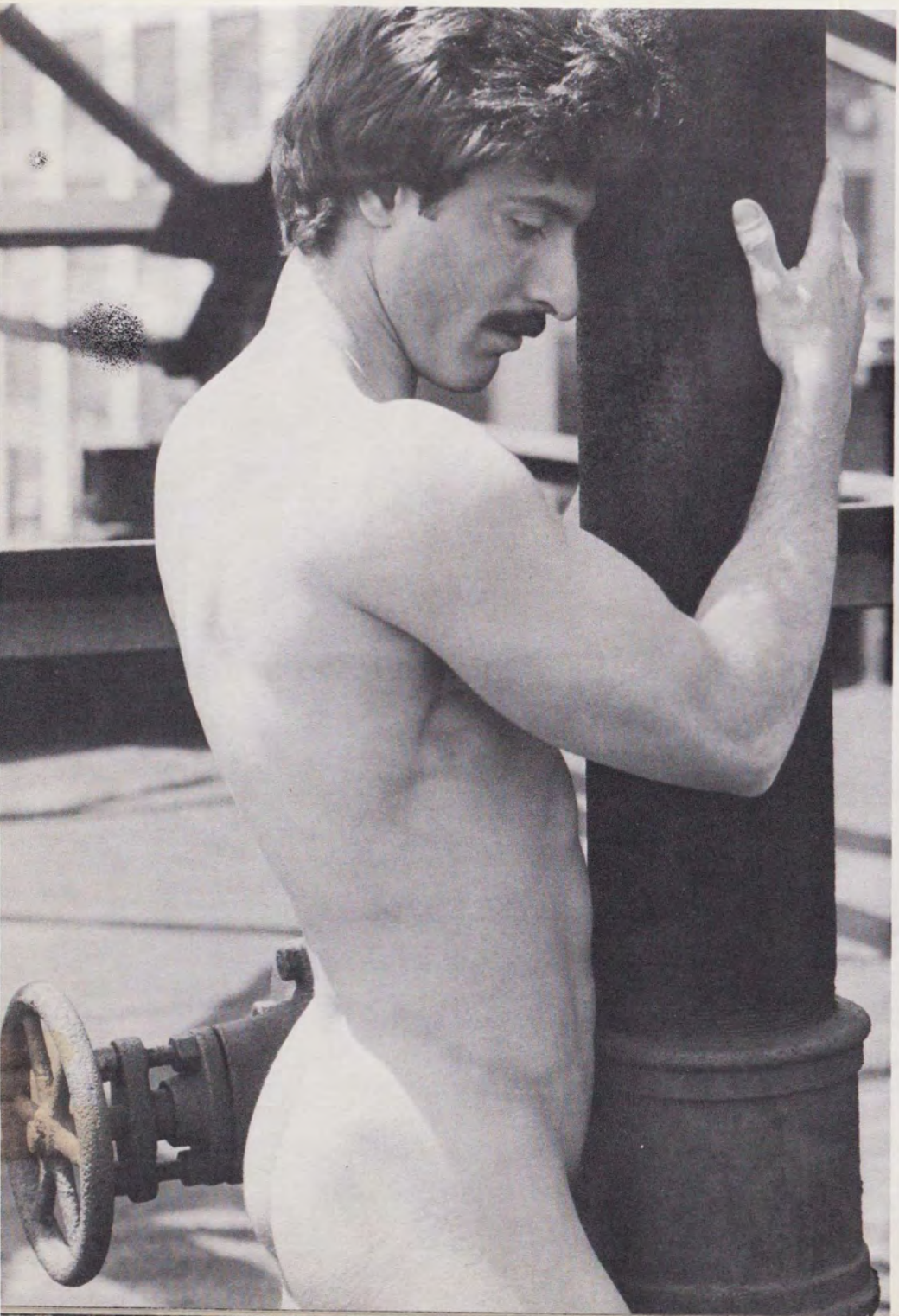
TAKABLY MISSING. THOSE DARK EYES THAT STARE OUT AT YOU—THEY HINT IN SILENT INVITATION THAT HE MIGHT NOT WISH TO REMAIN ALONE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MALCOLM HOARE



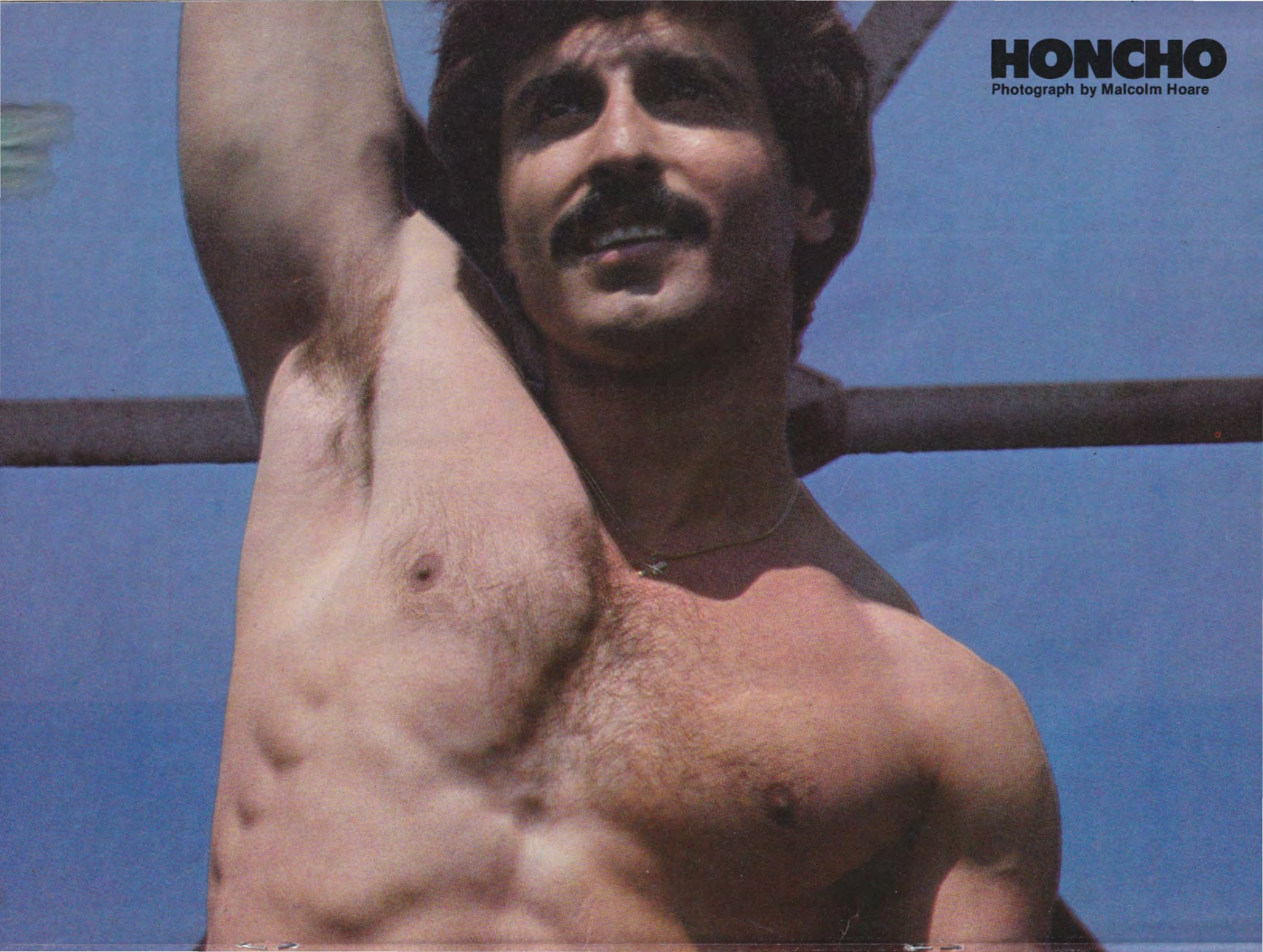






HONCHO
Photographs by Malcolm Hoare

HONCHO
Photograph by Malcolm Hoare





TOO BIG FOR HIS OWN GOOD

Continued from page 32

Lyle's cool hand rested on his sweating ass. "You want it harder, Ross?"

"Yes, sir. I promise I won't never do it again. Spank me good!"

Ross's prick throbbed as he braced himself for another blow. The leather strap flew through the air and hit him full-force. Ross bit his lip; it didn't hurt at all this time. He wiggled his horny ass, raising it higher. The belt slammed against his naked flesh, and his cheeks were alive with a sensation he had never felt before. He could barely feel the blows, now.

Again. His huge cock ached as Lyle spanked him harder and harder.

Again. He struggled to get his red ass closer to the savage belt.

Again.

"Spank me...!" he cried as the lashes fell faster and faster.

"...Spank me...!" The belt ripped across the top of his legs, and his entire butt burned with the sting.

"...You lousy shithead...!" His ass was on fire.

"Spank me...!" he heard himself scream. "...Spank me...!"

Then it stopped. The belt hung lifeless in the air. Ross's butt trembled with exhaustion. He realized that there were tears in his eyes.

The man's face was next to his; he was kissing the boy's ear, and cheek, and dampened eyes. The boy turned his head and looked up at the man.

"It's okay, baby. You're gonna be all right."

The counselor's mouth moved closer to him, and Ross closed his eyes, as he felt gentle, moist lips meet his. The counselor kissed him, and wrapped his strong arms around his naked body, and massaged his flesh. Ross felt Lyle's tongue fill his mouth, and a warmth flowed into his body.

Lyle untied the belt, and released the metal buckle. He unbolted the crossbar and released the boy's legs. Gently, he rolled the kid over. The cold vinyl felt good on Ross's sore ass; he sighed. Lyle held him as he lowered his lips to one of the boy's nipples; his tongue circled it first, before his lips caressed it, and began sucking. Ross groaned as his nipple hardened. He felt Lyle's hand run down his stomach; a finger dipped in his navel, moving down his abdomen, closer to his prick. Ross raised his head and looked at his own big, limp piece of meat,

stirring with signs of life. He saw his counselor part his lips and head for the warm, juicy cock.

Ross growled as his dick was swallowed by the hot mouth. Wet lips slid down his virgin flesh to the smooth, wide base. He unconsciously thrust his hips upward. The tongue circled the ridge of his prickhead and probed deep into the glistening slit. The hand caressed his hard, tight balls, then the mouth swallowed them, too, filling his groin with a wild, tingly feeling. His prick suddenly shot up; it pushed against the back of his counselor's throat, growing long and hard. Ross grunted, trying to yank his dick out of the mouth, but the mouth kept sucking. The big tongue licked at his nuts, and he writhed with pleasure.

His hot counselor lifted the boy's legs, spreading them open. Ross felt a finger slip between the cheeks of his ass, until it touched his sphincter. Shivers covered his spine as the finger gently massaged his asshole. The finger parted the young lips and pushed into the crevice. Ross raised his legs higher.

The warm mouth released his swollen prick, and the tongue began searching under his balls; it slipped between the trembling cheeks of his buttocks. An electric tingle seized his body, and his muscles tightened suddenly, as he felt the tongue lap against his hole. The tongue probed the tender opening, and with a great sigh, he relaxed, and his hole opened wider.

He felt his legs being pushed higher into the air. The tongue dug deeper into his slit, and the boy began grinding his hips against the face. A finger pressed into his bung; it was shoved up his ass, titillating the moist sides of his chute. It explored the wide cavity deep inside his hungry butt. He jammed his hips harder against the finger.

"Just relax, baby. You're gonna be all right..." Ross opened his eyes and stared at the enormous dick glistening in his counselor's hand: thick, purple veins engorged with blood jutted out from the dark flesh. As Lyle massaged his steely shaft with saliva, Ross wondered what it would feel like to have it fill his hole. He closed his eyes and groaned as he felt the hot, hard shaft of flesh push against his sphincter.

His moist asslips relaxed as the big dick stretched him open. The huge head slid into his butt, dragging against the sides of his chute, and sending fiery pulses through him. It

pushed deeper, and filled his hungry hole with wild vibrations.

"Fuck me..." he whispered. "...Fuck me..."

His man grabbed his legs, and the huge fuckstick drove deeper until the hot, hairy balls were rubbing against his butt-cheeks. Suddenly, he jerked his cock out and shoved it in again, driving the boy's hips into the air.

"...Fuck me..." Ross groaned, as the cock filled his entire insides. It yanked out of his bung until only the big, thick head penetrated.

"Fuck me, you fuckin' queer!" Ross cried. "Fuck me!" The enormous dick slammed up his asshole, and his wild counselor's balls slapped against his white buttocks. It forced itself in and out of his tight little fuckhole. Harder. Harder. It rammed into his body again and again.

He felt his own aching dick swallowed by the mouth. Lyle ate his throbbing eight inches as the huge cock rammed up Ross's shithole. The mouth sucked hard. The hot, fat prick stretched the fuckhole open while the boy's burning rod was driven deep into the smoldering mouth.

"Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me fuck me fuckmefuckmefuckme-fuu-uu-uu—" His body tightened as the hard cock dug into his body with a manic force. He writhed with pleasure as the big, fucking dick pounded into his virgin hole. Ross's cock shot out an enormous blast of cum and he screamed. His hot, horny counselor drove the final wild, furious thrusts as far into the fiery asshole as possible and erupted with a groan that turned into a scream. Their bodies jerked together with violent spasms. The hot cum squirted up the boy's ass, and he could feel his own jism surge deep into Lyle's throat. The two trembled as their prick exploded with the hot, thick liquid.


"...Fuck me..." the boy moaned. The dick jerked in his butt one last time. He felt his own meat shoot one last bolt of juice.

"...Fuck me..." he murmured to himself.

He watched his man as the mouth slipped off of Ross's still fat prick; the tongue licked up the final, tasty drops of boy-cum. His hot man raised his head and smiled at the boy.

"Shi-ii-it," Ross drawled and tossed his head. A lock of sandy-blond hair fell into his eyes.

"Just a kid," Lyle grinned as he thought to himself. "Too big for his own good."



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PETER'S BUILT

By Joseph Patterson • Illustration by John Mack

My first great love affair ended back when I was a young and vulnerable 22. I smile now when I think of the fiery dramatics that ended the relationship with Jeff. I was convinced that the world ended when he walked through the door and announced that he never intended to return with all the dripping emotions of an adolescent Loretta Young. He had found someone else, and I was no longer adequate.

In today's rough and tumble gay life we both would have done a better job of splitting up. I would have been much better prepared for his departure. And he would have been much

between two men, unable to reconcile himself to creating pain.

Oh, the drama was magnificent. The parts were played to the hilt. The script was torrid. The tears were unending. The whole thing was full of shit.

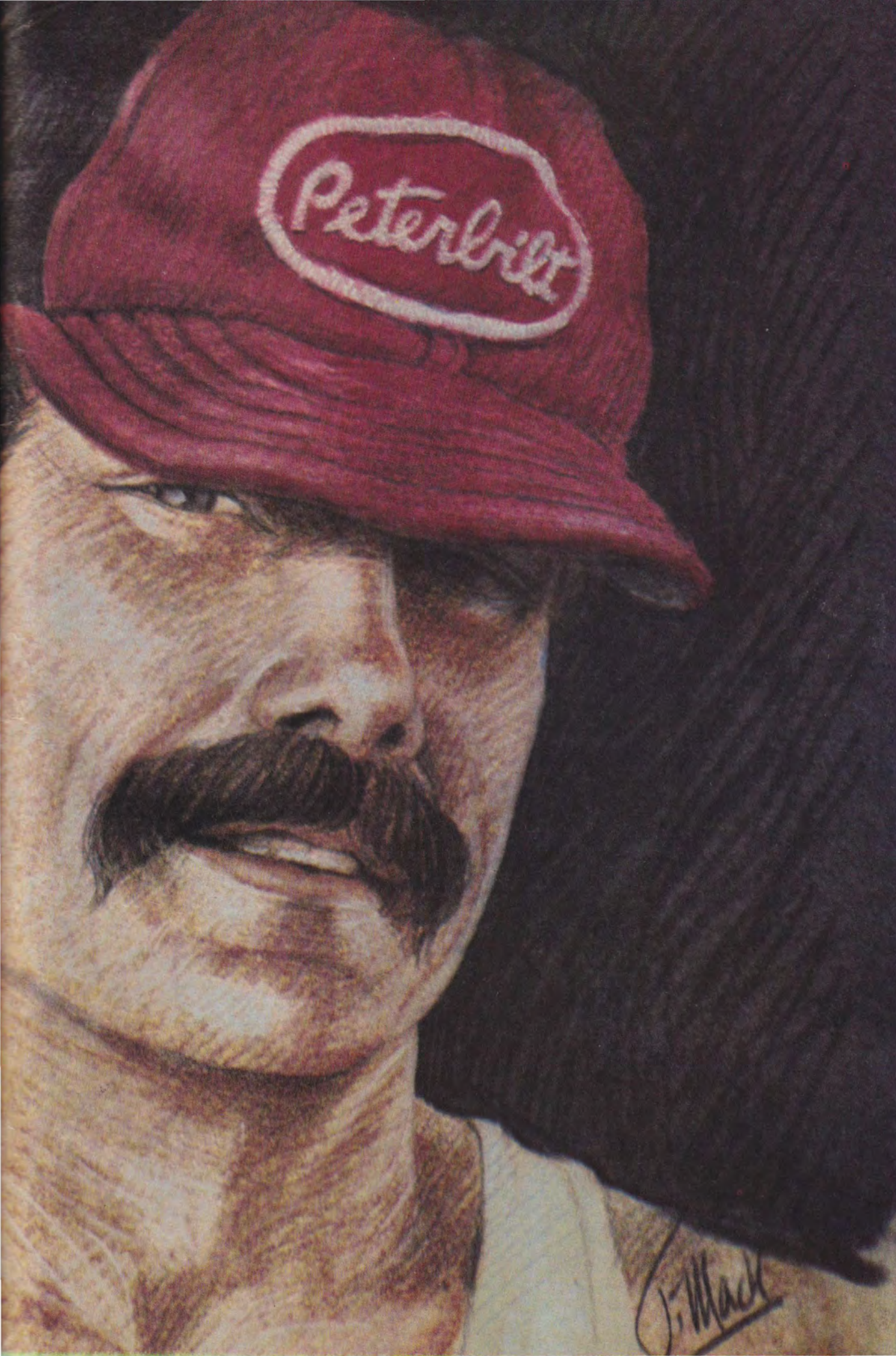
But, that's where I was in those days. My friends all gathered around me after Jeff left me. They knew the part I was playing and each of them took a "helpful" role. Whispered conversations ensued. People visited and fed my self-pity with their own stories of the men who had left. It was a continuing serial.

"I have to admit that by the time I met Peter, I was getting very tired of my role and its limitations. If nothing else was bothering me, I was getting very horny."

more honest about why he was leaving. But in those days of wine and roses and television soap operas we both had roles to play and we played them to the hilt. I was the devastated younger man, caught unawares and left by my one and only passion. He was the guilt ridden older man—he was 25—who was giving into baser needs and desires, forced to choose

One element of my character had to be asexual. The devastated young man couldn't possibly go out and trick the way he'd do it today. The emotional "pain" had to be too great to allow promiscuity. I would be invited to parties and would sit there as though I were a eunuch. No one would have thought of tricking with me. I wouldn't have thought of sex with another man.





Until I met Peter.

One of my bit parts was to spend great amounts of time alone, bicycling through the park, communing with nature, a force much more compatible than human beings. One of my favorite things was to spend a whole day wheeling through a nearby state park where I actually did enjoy myself with summer days of exercise and sun.

I have to admit that by the time I met Peter, I was getting very tired of my role and its limitations. If nothing else was bothering me, I was getting very horny. And besides, I already had enough drama, the story was played out. The idea of being like characters in *Boys in the Band* was too tired. The world was changing and I was beginning to understand that I wanted to change with it.

Those were among my thoughts as I rode through the state park that summer. I was wearing a jock strap and a skimpy pair of shorts. My skin was tanned a deep brown and my muscles were in great shape from weeks of riding.

I was so innocent that I had never really picked up that one part of the park was a heavy cruising ground. I had just ignored the obvious stares and gestures that the dozens of men

perfectly white teeth and a luxuriant moustache.

I don't think I was really aware of cruising him when I first met him. It was more as if I was shocked by the sight of this perfect man. I stopped my cycle and tried to act as though I was taking a rest. Actually, nothing about me was resting. Far from it; I was very glad I was wearing a jock strap that was tight enough to hide the growing erection I was getting.

Peter isn't one to be taken in by attempts at subtleties. I don't think he even knows what they are. All he saw was a man who was interested enough in him to stop and get off his bicycle. And he decided that he in turn was interested. His response was to start rubbing his crotch. His hand's motions produced a growing bulge in the tight blue jeans I was wearing.

And I? Well, there was still a bit of the television starlet in me. My mind began to whirl, first with the emotions of being insulted. Then with feelings that I couldn't possibly be interested in any man who would treat me with disrespect. What did he think he was doing? Standing there trying to entice me with a piece of human salami in his pants. But, things had been happening in my mind. I was aware enough to force myself to admit that I

sexy. And no matter how much I might have wanted the seduction and the drama of seduction, this wasn't it. This was a sexual onslaught. There was only one thing Peter wanted from me at that moment, and there was no doubt what it was.

Decisions like that are clear, obvious and easy to make. I could either get on my bike and ride away, or I could go over to him and take care of the full hard prick that he was waving at me. To this day I think I would have left if it weren't for my own erection. Honest to God. It was so painfully trapped in the tight pouch of that jock strap that I didn't think I could possibly climb on the bike without ruining myself for life.

And so I went over to him. And reached out and took hold of that sweet prick that would become so important to me. It took up the whole of my fist. The skin was soft and smooth, such a contradiction to the steel hard flesh underneath it. My mouth began to water. I was actually salivating at the thought of tasting that human flesh.

Peter just stood there. He's a cocky stud. Actually, he crossed his arms over his chest and thrust out his pelvis to make sure that I could get a good hold on his meat, and to make sure I

**"My tongue reached out
and lapped at the hairs, trying
to comfort the wound, trying to taste
the flavor of his sweat."**

were throwing at me. I could do that so long as none of them were Peter. But then one day, there he was.

This was long before the clones had become fashionable. Back then the Peterbilt hat he was wearing was a real curiosity. I'd later learn it was his trademark. What I did notice was the heavily muscled torso that he was displaying through an open denim shirt. The whole well-developed chest was covered with a fine rain of black body hair. It all certainly combined to grab my attention. And once the body had done its thing, the face took over.

Peter automatically gives facial gestures that would do the hottest male model justice. He sort of cocks his head to one side and glances up at you from underneath the bill of that cap of his, mouth slightly opened to display

was the one who had stopped, after all. I was the one who began the whole process. Just because I was being coy was no reason for me to deny my responsibility in the whole process.

And he was handsome.

He was very handsome. Well, maybe not "handsome" in the usual way, but *hot*. He looked around quickly and my own eyes swept the small field surrounded by trees where we were both stopping. There was no one else in sight. He decided to escalate his appeal. Before my unbelieving eyes, Peter undid the buttons to his pants revealing no underwear, only a lush growth of pubic hair as dark and rich as the covering over his upper torso.

Out sprang a large, thick shafted cock, topped by a heavy round knob of deep purple cockhead. Jesus he was

knew just what was supposed to happen.

Jeff and I had never had sex outdoors. Christ, we never had sex with the lights on. And here was this stud standing there waiting for me to get down on my knees in broad daylight. And I did it. Oh, God yes, I did it. I think it was the smell of his undeodorized body that finally overcame what few hesitations I had left. I just couldn't resist that sweet mansmell of his.

I didn't just get down on my knees, either, I *fell* to my knees when that odor overcame me. And I didn't just give him a blowjob, I swallowed that heavy prick as hungrily as I would have gobbled down a Thanksgiving turkey. It was *hunger*. It was *need*. It was *animal*.

Peter responded quickly. His broad hands came down to my naked chest and took hold of my little brown tits and rolled them back and forth between his calloused hands. No one had ever done that to me before but without a second's hesitation I lifted my chest up to make sure those hands would stay there, continuing to send their electric shocks through my body.

Peter began to get so involved in the hot mouth work I was doing on him that he couldn't be content to let my inexperienced mouth do the timing. He began to pump at my face. He fucked it as hard and thoughtlessly as though it were my ass. He thrust deeply, making me gag and forcing my spit to run out of my mouth and down my cheeks. My own prick was so desperate that I had to take my hands away from his lovely tool and pull down the shorts I was wearing to work on my own need. The sight of my naked butt was too much for Peter. Whatever pleasure was being given him by the slimy hole of my mouth was no comparison to his sudden conviction that his dong belonged up my ass.

He actually snarled as he threw me back onto the grass, away from his mouth. I actually snarled at being forced away from this new source of life I had found. I fought my way back up to my knees and lunged at his crotch. Instead I met strong hands that grabbed my shoulders and lifted me up and over as quickly as any wrestler I ever saw. A thud emerged from my chest as I felt the heavy bulk of his body come down on top of me. "You fucking animal," I screamed.

"You better believe it, asshole," was his only answer.

His chest pushed hard against my back, his knees roughly forced my legs open. I felt a quick relief as he lifted up to spit on his hand and lubricate his prick. I struggled only a little bit until I felt the enormous cockhead push against my underused hole. "Miserable bastard," I cried out. I fought more convincingly. And when the wide knob of his dick forced its way inside me with a sudden pulse of pain, I reared up, trying to buck him off, only giving him just the right moment and just the right angle to bury all of his cock deep inside me.

My mouth opened in a guttural scream and then came down open onto the nearby hairy forearm that was beside it. I didn't even mean to bite him, but the open mouth clamped onto his tendoned flesh and chomped

down. I tasted blood as his prick started to pump hard and deep into my dry ass.

"Miserable sonofabitch," he yelled in my ear. "I'm going to make you pay for that."

I was stunned by the flavor of blood. And by the fury of the two of us. I was quickly embraced with a tight wrestler's hold that trapped my body in the vice of his arms but let him continue to savage my ass.

My legs were as tightly bound by my lowered jock and shorts. I was in utter bondage, unable to release myself from the assault that continued to plunge against me, inside me. It didn't take long for my own cock to erupt from the rubbing against the cool grass underneath me. Or for his to send a series of waves of cum into my gut.

I was exhausted. I lay there on the ground and felt the heaving of his chest as he lay on top of me. The body odor that had been so seductive before, was now overpowering from the exertion of our sex. He didn't release his hold on me, but once again his forearm was right beside my face. I could see the angry red marks my teeth had left, and could study closeup the hairs that created such a rug over so much of his body. My tongue reached out and lapped at the hairs, trying to comfort the wound, trying to taste the flavor of his sweat.

He let my mouth move up and down the forearm, and then softly released his grip on me as one hand went up and cupped the back of my skull. "Yeah, lick it up, baby," he whispered in my ear as he guided my hungry tongue up the arm and into the incredibly wet, smelly armpit. I sighed as the flavor of that man entered my mouth. The food he was feeding me was as welcome as mother's milk. I was totally docile as he led my mouth down over the chest and onto one of his tits where he let it rest for a couple of minutes. I was putty in his hands as he then guided it down to lave the big balls that rested in his sac.

It was dusk before we left the park together. His body with my teeth marks, my ass with three loads of his cum. And it wasn't good-bye then. We went back to his house—a run down tenement in one of the worst neighborhoods in the city. Sex continued until dawn.

Those twelve hours of sex left my body rough and raw. And it left my mind in turmoil. How could I have done all *those* things with this totally

strange man wearing a Peterbilt cap if I really was so in love with my dear, longed for Jeff? If I had been abandoned in my private mental world I'm sure that I would have fallen back into the mental anguish that I had been wallowing in. But the scraped skin of my body and the hot pain in my abused asshole kept me from forgetting just how much physical pleasure had been experienced.

I found it unbelievable when I returned to Peter's house the very next night. I couldn't imagine that the person I had thought I was would go back to find a brutish man like that on his own accord. While the need to see him again drove me to his door, the compulsion I felt frightened me.

I knocked hoping he wouldn't be in. But the door was opened in a matter of moments. He stood there wearing a tight athletic t-shirt and the same dirty blue jeans. He was barefoot. The cap was still on his head, riding high up over the thick mane of black hair.

He gave that posed smile when he saw it was me. I thought we could talk. I thought we could at least establish an intellectual rapport before we had sex again. I thought the sex could be more human, more caring. Instead, he didn't even give me a chance to sit down after he closed the door. His big hands reached up and grabbed the collar of my shirt, jerking quickly to pull it open, ripping off half the buttons. His paws found my still sore tits and pulled me hard up close to him, forcing my mouth to greet his open lips and his running spit.

"Couldn't wait?"

I tried not to answer, but his hands gripped harder on my wounded nipples. "No, I couldn't wait." Unbelievably I started to respond to his animal kissing again. My cock pushed hard and hungry into his own burgeoning crotch. My arms threw themselves up to envelop his neck and draw him closer.

His palms travelled over my body, up and down my sides and finally rested on my ass, kneading the mounds of flesh with hard urgency. One hand stayed on my backside, the other came around front and discovered my zipper, pulling it down quickly and shoving its way inside the cotton pouch of my jockey shorts. "What the fuck are these for?" he said suddenly. It was as though the shorts offended him. "Men don't wear this shit, only little boys."

Both hands came around front and grasped hold of the band of the under-



PETER'S BUILT

Illustration by John Mack

wear, pulling harder and harder until the strong fabric finally gave way and a loud ripping sound filled the room. He left the shorts tattered, hanging by tiny strips of cloth around my privates.

"Real men go naked under their pants, feel their own cock and balls hanging low, rubbing against the cloth, getting themselves hard, keeping everything going hot and ready." He grasped me in his arms again rubbing his denimed groin against my nakedness. Quickly I was thrown to the floor by the whole of his weight pressing down on my vulnerability. He grabbed my wrists and pulled them up high over my head, his own head sliding down over my body and pressing into my armpit.

soaked skin. I was beginning to think this was all some crazy, sick S&M game that he was playing. He was trying to convince himself that he was more of a man than I was—that I was only a piece of shit for him to play with. Those thoughts brought on a surge of anger and rebellion. I *could* go back to my old life if that's all he was offering me. I could *not* accept any stupid role playing as the center of my existence.

My soap opera role started to creep back into my thoughts. Jeff would take me back when he saw how degenerate I had become. He'd save me from these base thoughts and calm me after these experiences. I could show him wounds when this animal was finished

on top of me, now groin to groin, staring deeply in each other's face. My own stomach muscles clenched and a hot, wet warmth started to soak into his pants and my own as my piss flowed between our bodies.

"Yeah, man, piss on me. Piss on yourself. Get it going stud. Get this fucker hot!" His hands went down and felt the soaking clothes, sending waves of the urine up across our bodies.

Peter suddenly stood up and stripped off his clothes, looking down at the ending of my pissing. He reached down and roughly pulled of my jeans and socks and shoes. Then he ripped what was left of my shorts and shirt from my body. I was left naked in a puddle of our mingled piss.

My legs were spread apart, leaving my cock, balls and ass open to his view. My cock raged with a physical intensity I had never felt before in my life. "That's a real man," he whispered as he looked down at me. Then he dropped to his knees and swiftly gulped the length of my hardon down his throat. He rubbed his hair and nose in my urine drenched pubic hair as he forced himself to take more and more of my prick down his throat.

I was driven to the edge of orgasm time after time. But whenever he felt me getting that close he would back off, letting the cock drop from his mouth. He'd just look at me, taking in the sight of the mounting urgency in my face. He knew what he was doing—getting me hungry. Making me starve for the feel of his hot mouth on my cock. Making me *need* to come.

I couldn't continue my passivity for that long. Finally he took his mouth off of me for one time too many. I lunged up at him, clenching my jaws into his throat, biting almost as hard as I had the other day, stopping just short of drawing blood this time. His scream was one of release, not anger. My actions were from need, not simple desire. I suddenly stood up and grabbed a handful of his hair, wrench-

"I went from living a soap opera script to a starring role in a pornographic movie."

"Fucking faggot. What the hell kind of perfume you got on?"

There was no perfume—only a normal deodorant. But I didn't know what to say. I kept silent. He couldn't rip that off me! But there was a way to get rid of the smell of civilization that upset him. He lifted his body up and over mine until his knees straddled my chest. He unbuttoned his pants and took out his nearly stiff cock. I was speechless while I saw him aim the prick at my chest and watched his stomach muscles tense. His dick started to produce a trickle of warm, deeply yellow piss that ran onto my bare chest. The flow turned into a torrent that he sent splashing into each exposed pit, the vile smell of the urine overwhelming the odor of the deodorant spray.

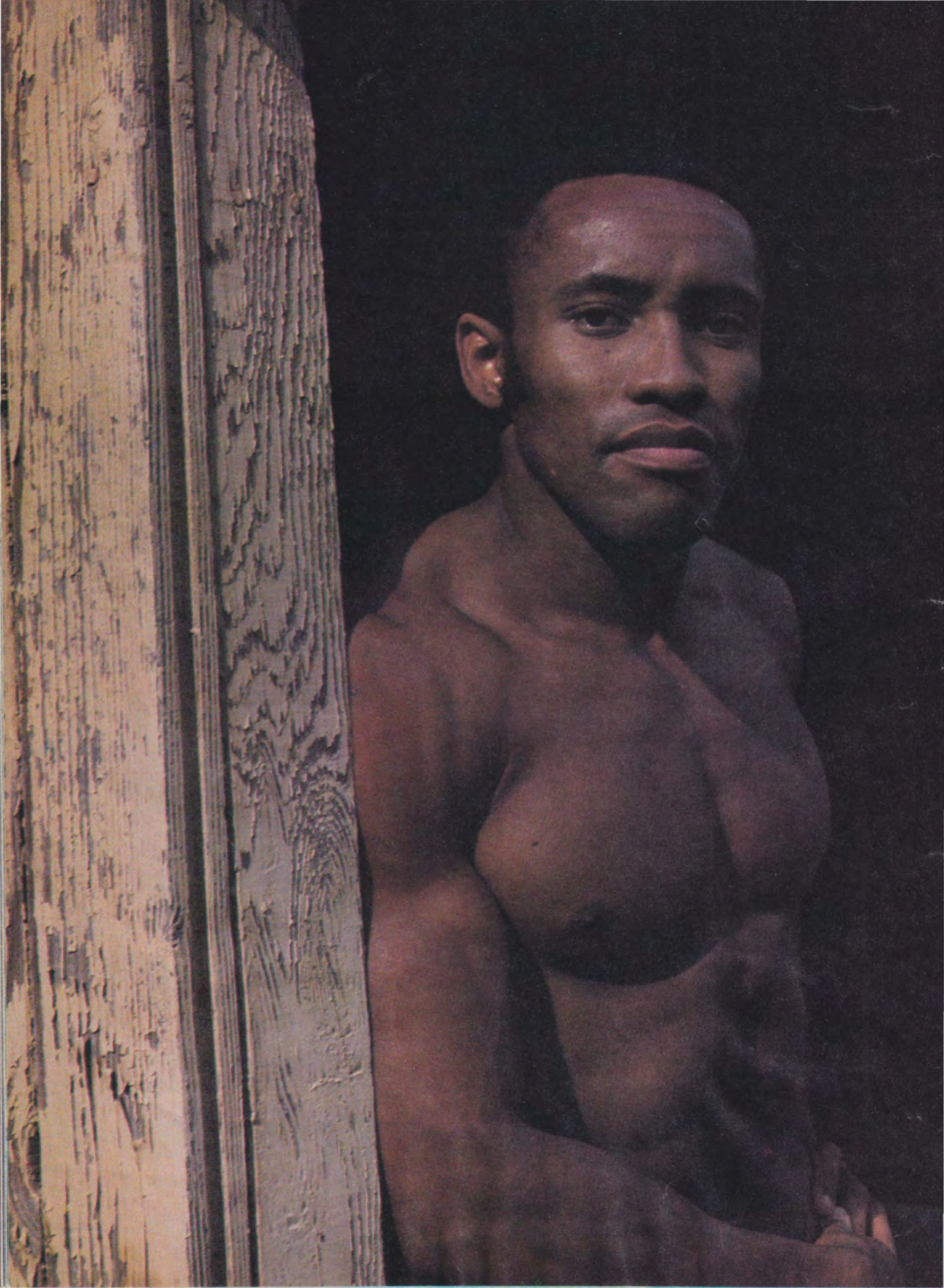
His smile turned into a near smirk when he was finally done and flicked the last few drops of piss onto my

with me. I could show him real, physical pain that I had suffered for him.

But Peter wasn't into giving me that evidence. He wasn't going to just let that all happen. It wasn't the script he was working from. Instead of more humiliation and pain, his smile turned almost warm. He opened that wet mouth of his and started to lap up the cooling piss that was puddled on my torso and trapped in my body hair. "Now that tastes like a real *man*," he growled at me with his own urine sticking his moustache to his face. "That's what I like to taste. Man. A Real Man."

Fuck the soap opera, I thought. I knew that the warm fluid had felt wonderful on my flesh. Even I in my inexperience knew that there was something manly, something fully masculine about the sensation of man that filled the air between us. I shocked myself as the two of us laid there, him

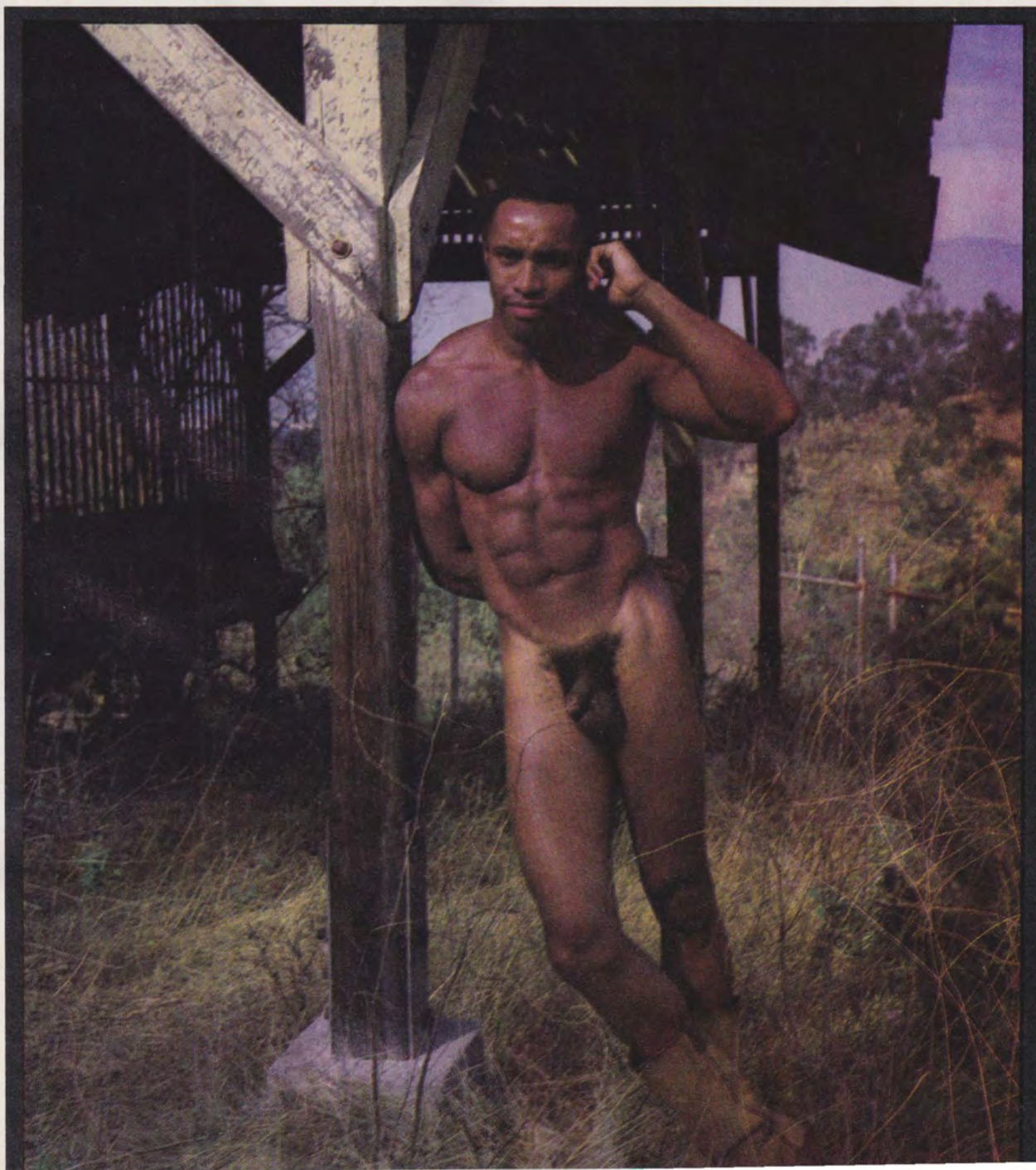
Continued to page 68



BLACK ZEUS

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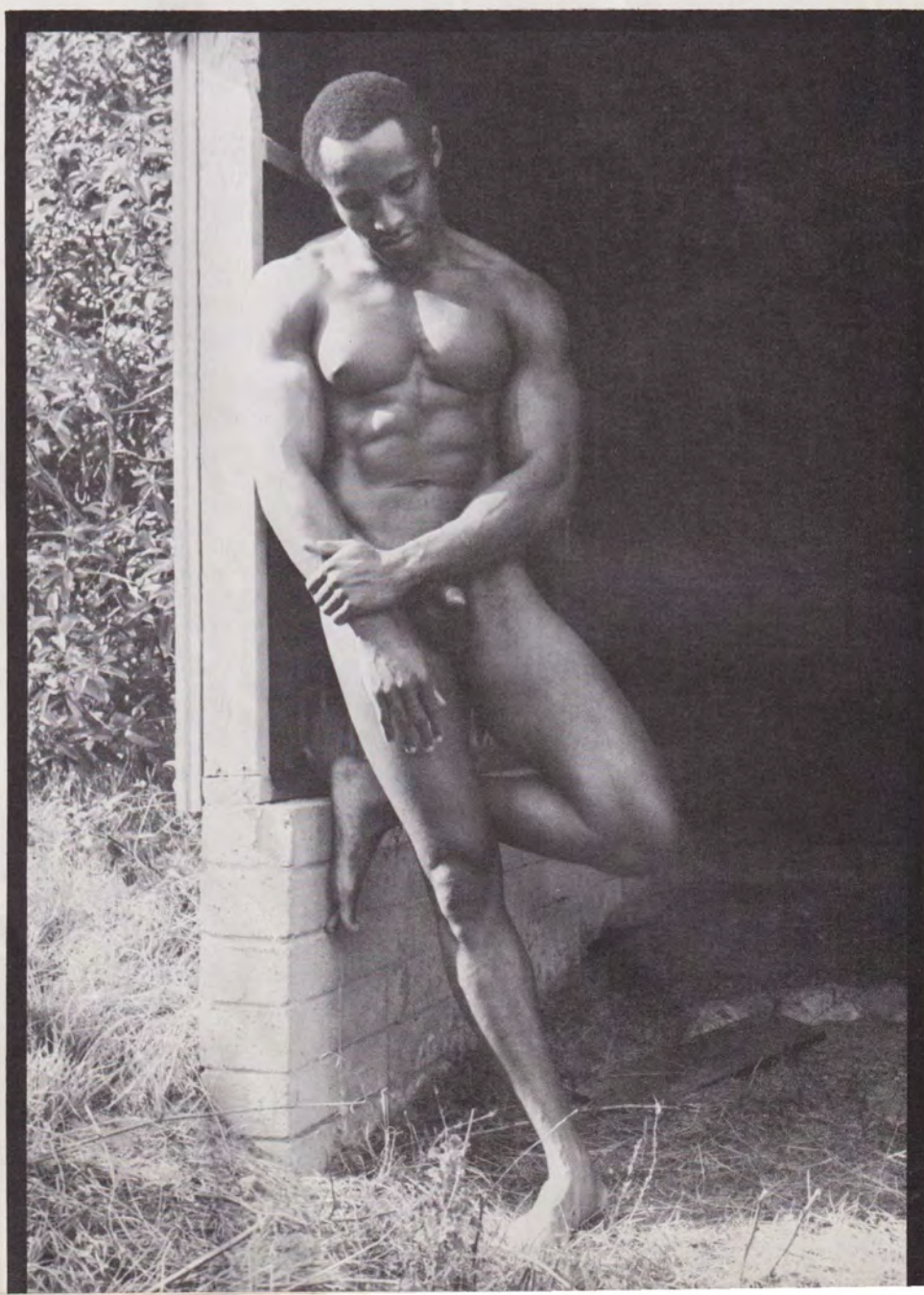




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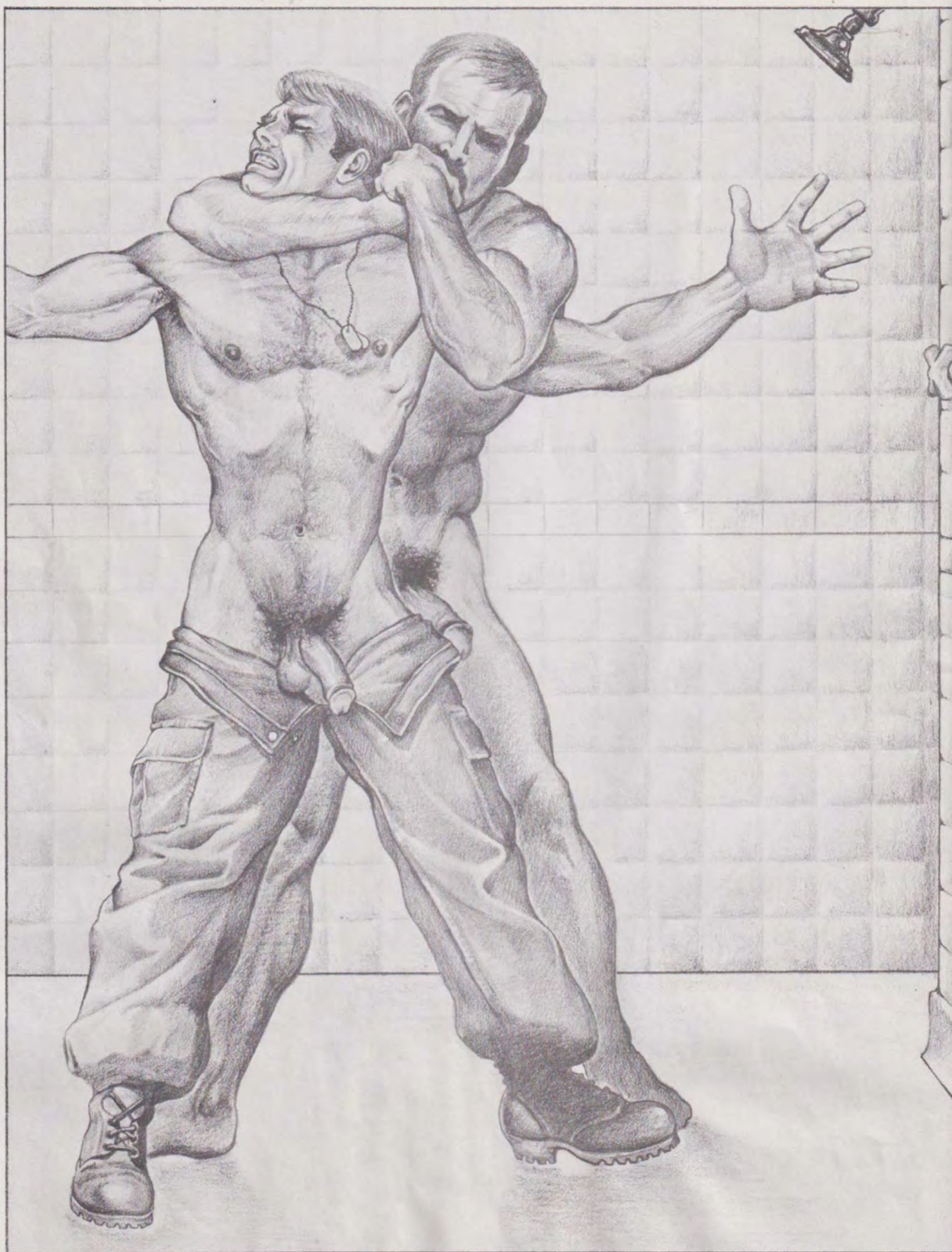






HONCHO

Photograph by Zeus



THE CORPSMAN

By Bill McIntire • Illustration by Richard White

Wilcox was a good marine corpsman, no doubt about it. He was tops in everything during the first tough weeks of boot camp, and now that our training was almost over, he still was number one. He came into the Corps with a damn fine body. Firm, muscular arms and legs, a broad chest and meaty shoulders, a tough gut and a good round ass. Blond, blue-eyed Wilcox was a stud, the kind of guy you see on the recruiting posters. More than one horny 'cruit had eyed his long, thick shaft and heavy balls as we

cially the taste of some corpsman's hot cum as it slid down my throat. I started looking forward to sucking-off my buddies and having one of them go down on my own hard cock.

Wilcox never took part in the sucking, as much as I wanted to take his cock in my mouth. Trouble was that Wilcox was the meanest bastard in the barracks. His ego was bigger than the nine inches of meat swinging between his legs, and he had a temper to match. At least seven guys had fought him since training began, and he beat

“His ego was bigger than the nine inches of meat swinging between his legs, and he had a temper to match.”

stripped down to shower in the barracks. He had a light cover of blond chest hair that went down his front, down the firm ripples of his gut, covering his crotch and balls.

A few of us guys had gotten it on during boot. First, it was just jack-off sessions in the showers at night. Five or six guys standing under the water, working their tools, pretending not to be too interested in each other. Gradually we got into playing with each other's cocks, bringing each other off and spraying our cum on the shower wall. And then a couple of guys started sucking each other, right there in front of us all. It was a new experience for me, and I took awhile getting into it. First off, it seemed weird, putting another guy's meat in my mouth. But I learned to like it, espe-

the shit out of each one. It was like he was trying to prove something to everybody, like he had to let us know he could kick our asses if he wanted to. He didn't have a buddy in the whole barracks. Even though I wanted the taste of his manjuice and sweat, I avoided him like the rest of the guys.

But Bartlett couldn't avoid him. Bartlett was the drill instructor. He was tall, lean and solid, as much of a stud as Wilcox. His broad chest and shoulders tapered to a firm waist, thick veins covered his arms and hands. Except for his armpits and crotch, his body was almost hairless. He worked out nights in the barracks, wearing a jockstrap under his sweaty shorts. From my bunk, I'd watch him work with the weights, imagining what it'd be like to suck his tool. A couple



of times I almost asked to wrestle him on the barracks mat, but each time I backed off, satisfied with a handjob in my bunk once the lights were out.

Bartlett had taken Wilcox aside a few times to try to straighten him out. He put Wilcox through physical torture, running him to the point of exhaustion. But it didn't change him. If anything, Wilcox seemed meaner. Sweaty, dog-tired, and gasping for air, Wilcox would smile and ask, "Anything else, Drill Sergeant?" It was like a challenge, but the DI wouldn't go for it. Instead, he'd say, "Wilcox, you got a lot to learn about being a marine corpsman, and I guess you're going to have to learn the hard way."

One afternoon we all hit the barracks showers at the same time, coming in from a long day on the obstacle course. Twenty or so lean 'cruits crowded into the head, bareassed, filthy and tired. The smell of man-sweat and soap filled the shower room as we lathered up. It was the best part of the day, one of the things that had drawn a lot of us to the Corps. The shower area was small, and cocks and asses couldn't help but touch as we tried to wash. I hoped a soapy 'cruit would goose somebody up the ass, signaling the start of some horseplay that might turn into a circle-jerk or,

bump into me, wiseass," he said, "I'll let you bump into me. I'll let you bump your fuckin' faggot head on my fist. How 'bout it?"

Bartlett, stripped-down and ready to shower, walked into the area. "What's going on here?" he asked. "You up to some more shit, Wilcox?"

"This guy tried to feel up my god-damned ass," Wilcox said, "I want a fight with him. I want to settle it with a fight."

Bartlett sized up the situation, running his hand through the hair in his crotch. "You always want a fight with somebody, Wilcox. Wash up," Bartlett said, motioning to the frightened 'cruit.

Wilcox decided to keep talking. "Well, if not him, how 'bout you, Sergeant?" Wilcox grinned, looked Bartlett in the eye, and said, "You been ridin' my ass in front of these guys long enough. I want a shot at you. I want a fair fight in the gym. Gloves and a goddamned referee. How 'bout it?"

Bartlett's face was expressionless, and he continued to pull at his crotch hair and the head of his uncut cock. "I've been waiting for this, Wilcox," he said, "but it's not going to be in the gym. It's going to be right here in the barracks where these guys can see

"Kick his ass," a guy called out to Bartlett. "Pin his fuckin' ass, Sergeant!"

Bartlett caught Wilcox in a strong hold and had the 'cruit's shoulders turning, their cocks rubbing against each other, their sweat glistening and filling the area with a strong, musky odor. I could see they were both getting hard.

Pushing slowly with his powerful legs, Bartlett had Wilcox's shoulders moving to the mat. The blond 'cruit struggled, straining against the DI's muscular body, but Bartlett made one last push and pinned Wilcox to the sweaty mat, laying on top of him spread eagle, their cocks and balls pressed together. A few guys cheered.

"You two grab his shoulders," Bartlett ordered a couple of 'cruits, "I'm going to give you a lesson, Wilcox, a mansized lesson," he said, sweat dripping off his face onto Wilcox's heaving chest. "Somebody get me some dick grease. Hurry up. Get me something to loosen this 'cruit's tight asshole."

As two guys held Wilcox down, Bartlett got on his knees between the pinned marine's legs. Bartlett's cock was hard and wet, a good eight inches and real meat. A thick vein went down the shaft, like the veins in his arms. I dropped my towel and started rubbing my balls, aching for a taste of cum. •

Bartlett took some spit in his hand and stroked Wilcox's tool. "Like that, buddy?" I'm going to give you something you've wanted for a long time. You think you can take a good ass-fucking?"

Wilcox was dazed. He said nothing as the DI rubbed their hard cocks together. Naked 'cruits pushed closer around the mat, playing with their cocks. "Fuck his ass," somebody said, "Yeah, fuck his cherry asshole, Sarge."

Bartlett was handed a jar of lube. He spread some on his stiff cock. He took some on his fingers and said, "You been asking for it, buddy. Here it comes."

He pushed one finger up the pinned marine's asshole. Wilcox struggled in pain and arched his back, but the two guys holding his shoulders kept him on the mat. "Lift his legs in the air," Bartlett ordered. "Put his legs over my shoulders and hold them there."

The DI continued fingering Wilcox's asshole, and once the silent 'cruit's legs were in position, Bartlett said, "It'll hurt at first, but you'll like it after awhile. Take it like a man, like a stud marine."

"I've been waiting for this Wilcox but it's not going to be in the gym. It's going to be right here in the barracks..."

better still, a suck-off session. As tired as I was, I wanted the taste of marine cum on my tongue.

Wilcox crowded in with the rest of us, his heavy balls bouncing against his legs. A guy accidentally brushed his cock against Wilcox's ass. Hot and sweaty from one of Bartlett's extra assignments, Wilcox turned on the guy, punched his shoulder and pushed him hard against the shower wall.

"Get your fuckin' cock off my ass, you goddamn queer!" Wilcox shouted. We all got quiet, waiting for Wilcox to explode. The guy looked frightened.

"What the fuck are you doin'?" he said, "I didn't mean to bump you, man."

Wilcox pushed him again, daring him to make a move. "You wanna

you get beat. You know how to wrestle?" Wilcox nodded. "Then get your bareass onto the mat, 'cause I'm going to pin you."

"I need a jockstrap," Wilcox said.

"No, you don't," Bartlett said, grinning. "What's the matter? You afraid to wrestle bareassed? Afraid you'll get a hardon?"

Without warning, Wilcox lunged at Bartlett's legs and dropped him to the mat in a hold. Soon Bartlett was free and working his strong arms and legs around Wilcox's shoulders and crotch. The two men struggled hard, their muscles tense and straining, each seeking a chance to pin the other. Bartlett's shoulder pressed into Wilcox's belly and crotch, rubbing against his shaft.

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The urban cowboy stakes out more and more territory for himself: bars, baths, and, in the next *Honcho*, Central Park. 9D Studio's photographs will rope you in.

GET IT!

Bartlett slowly slipped his meaty tool into Wilcox's virgin ass, gently pushing the thick shaft about halfway to its hairy base. Wilcox moaned and tightened his muscles. "Don't fight it, buddy," Bartlett said, "Let it happen. You want it bad, so let me fuck your pretty-boy asshole. I'm gonna have your cherry, Wilcox. I'm gonna pop it in front of your buddies here."

Wilcox loosened up a bit, meeting Bartlett's strokes. "Somebody work this 'cruit's cock," Bartlett ordered. I got on my knees and started pumping Wilcox's shaft, my hand coated with lube. My own cock was stiff now, like the other guys surrounding the mat. We handed the lube around, each guy pounding his own cock, a couple of 'cruits stretched out on the barracks floor, sucking each other, and all of us watching the DI hump Wilcox's lubricated ass.

"Good. Keep pumping him," Bartlett said, "I'm gonna fuck the shit out of you, Wilcox, and I want to see a good load shoot out of that marine cock of yours." He pushed his cock in up to the base and started humping harder, slapping Wilcox's beefy thighs.

Soon Wilcox picked up the rhythm of Bartlett's thrusts. "Fuck it," he mumbled. "Fuck my asshole, Sergeant. I want it."

"Say it louder," Bartlett ordered, "Say it so your buddies can hear you."

"Fuck me, Sergeant! Fuck my asshole! I want your come up my ass! I want to feel it in my guts!"

Two guys stood over Wilcox's head, pumping their cocks and pulling on each other's balls. They leaned back, moaning and shooting their cum into Wilcox's face. "Lick it, buddy," Bartlett said. "Let me see you lick that fuckjuice off your face. Do it!"

Wilcox tasted the white drops collected around his mouth, and a few other guys stood over him, pounding themselves. Soon Wilcox was covered with marine cum, guys shooting on his face and belly, as Bartlett's thrusts quickened and Wilcox's back arched to take the drive.

With one hand tight on Wilcox's tool, I pumped myself harder. I grabbed Wilcox's hand and held it on my balls. He squeezed my sac, pulling it at the base, and then ran his fingers through my crotch hair. I felt a wave of cum quiver through my guts, and I sent a long arc of the stuff shooting across Wilcox's belly and chest, just as another 'cruit shot his load. I mixed my cum with the other guy's, working it into the matted blond hair on Wil-

cox's sweaty front.

"Squeeze his tits," Bartlett commanded, and I reached for one, holding it tightly between my fingers, keeping up with the pace on his cock. Bartlett's ass tightened up, his fists clenched Wilcox's legs.

"Here it comes, buddy," he said.

"Take my fuckin' load!"

"Give it to me," Wilcox said, "I want it all!"

I pumped Wilcox harder and faster, and his belly tensed. Bartlett gave a deep moan and a quick final thrust. "Take it, buddy," he said. "Take my cum."

And he shot his stuff deep into the 'cruit's ass, Wilcox arching his back to meet the DI's final move.

"I'm coming!" Wilcox said. "Pound it, man. Pound it hard." I gripped his tool and dug my fingers into his crotch. Wilcox moaned and shot a steady stream of cum. I kept pumping and leaned down to taste his juice. I put my mouth on his wet dickhead and sucked hard, jacking him off with my fist. Another shot poured into my mouth. It was sweet and salty, and I swallowed it as I licked his shaft and belly.

Bartlett slipped out his limp tool, leaving a stream of cum slowly oozing from Wilcox's asshole. His body glistened with sweat as he lowered Wilcox's legs. I tongued the fucked marine's asshole, tasting Bartlett's gism, smelling the sharp odor of Wilcox's crotch. A couple of guys finally brought themselves off, shooting two streams of hot cum on the DI's strong back.

Bartlett stood up on the wrestling mat and pulled Wilcox up beside him. He ran his hand through Wilcox's wet chest hair and down across his belly to his cock. He squeezed a few drops of cum from Wilcox's limp peter and tasted it. "Now the next time you're feeling mean," he said, "you just come to me or to one of your fellow corporals, and tell us you need a hot marine cock up your ass."

Wilcox smiled and grabbed the DI's balls, gently fondling them. "Thanks, Sergeant Bartlett," he said, cum dripping out his asshole and running down his legs. "Guess I won't be such a problem anymore. That is, if I can depend on my buddies for some regular fucking."

No worry there, I thought, still tasting his cum in my mouth. We headed back to the showers and washed up.

HOT PROMISES

Robert DeBarry has a fine looking ass, but don't those tan lines say something more? What kind of man displays such a massive amount of ass flesh to the public eye? What'll he show you?

Photograph by Dutch

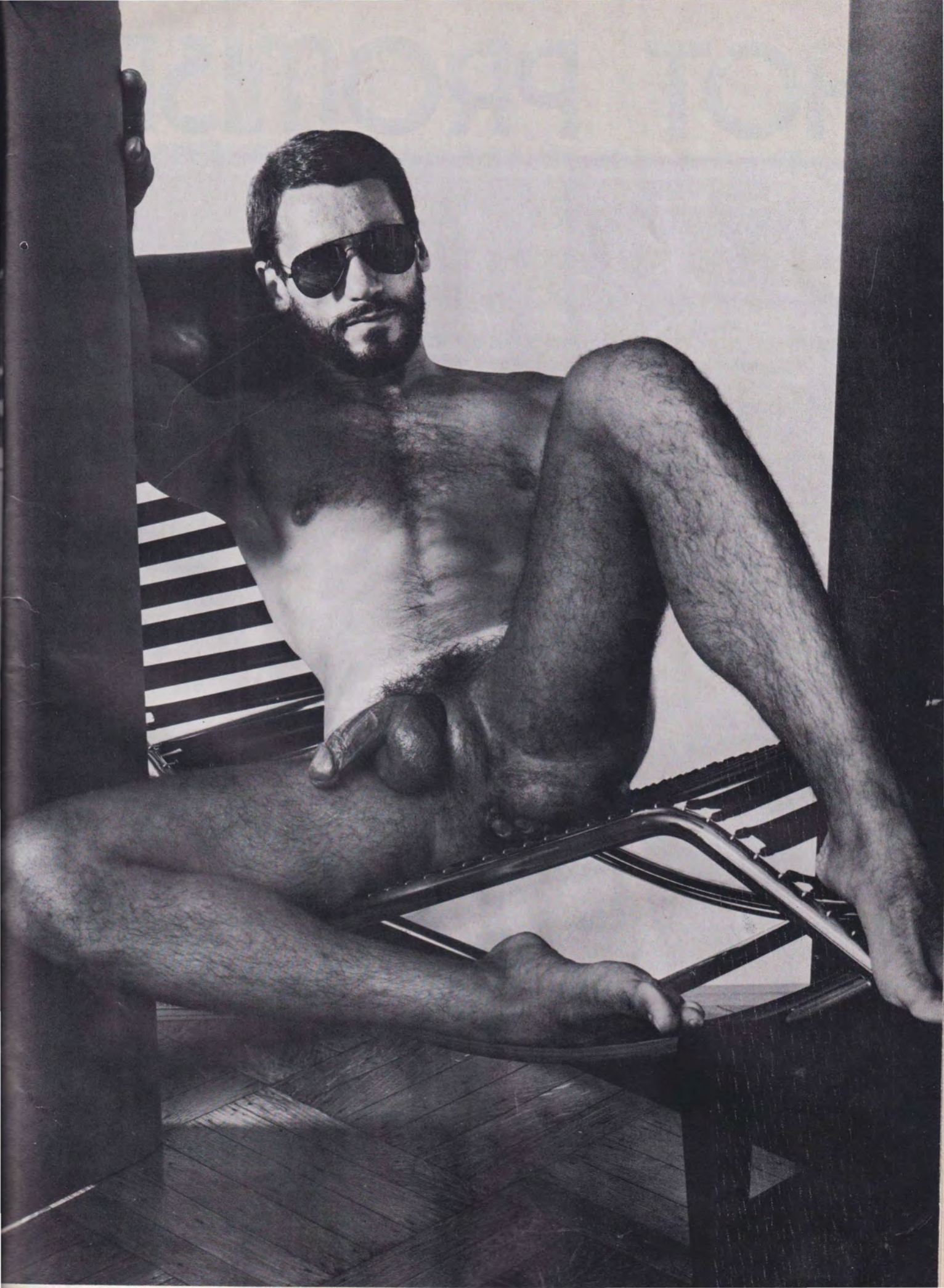


HOT PROMISES



The promises of Robert's long, meaty cock are plenty of fuel for your imagination. But add a pair of reflector glasses to the face of the honcho man and just see how much more you can imagine doing with him.

Photographs by Dutch



HOT PROMISES

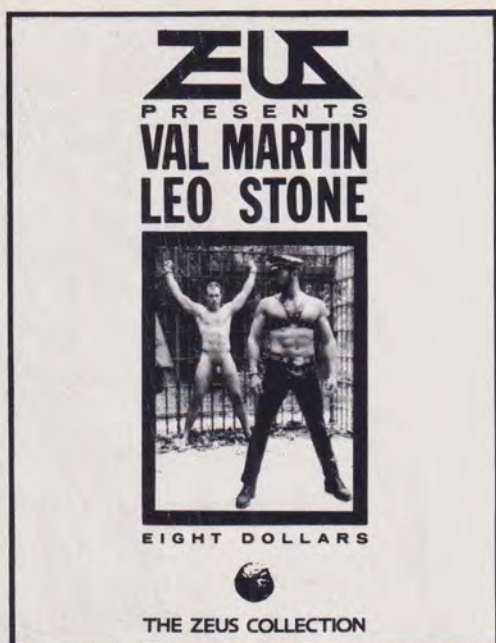


A studded cock ring, jeans hanging around his ankles,
an open shirt—all of them promise you more than you
ever dreamed possible.

Photographs by Dutch

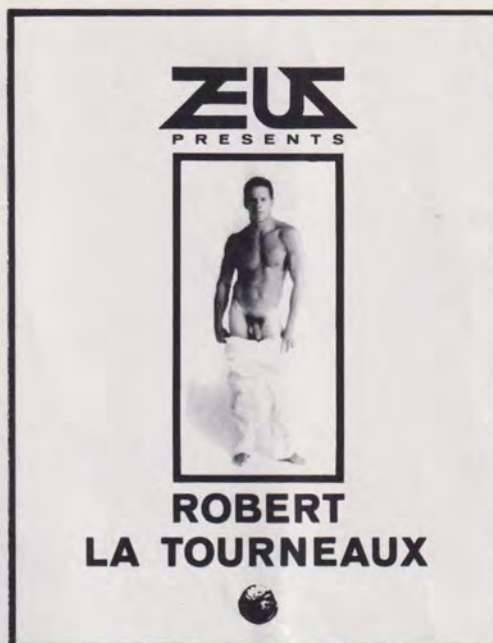


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STAR PUMP

Continued from page 24

showed such virility and such a handsome beauty.

It took Frank longer than usual to find the next replacement. I was thankful every day that I went to the station and found him working by himself. He did seem particularly unhappy about the whole situation. He'd throw me a "Hi'ya, Doc," and just automatically fill me up with high test and collect his money. I felt sorry for him during that one period when he was alone, it was the first time I had ever felt anything at all for Frank besides fear, but I did then.

At least until Jack came on the scene. And then I hated Frank.

If Tom and Jake had broken through my controls, Jack demolished them. The first sight of him sent waves of chill response through my entire body. That first day he came out of the station's air-conditioned office and strode over to my car. His naked chest was covered with a dark hide of thick fur. The jeans were slung lower than gravity would have made possible, so low that the top of his luxuriant pubic hair was clearly in view. And his beard was even fuller, even more masculine than Jake's had been. When he reached my car he bent down to talk through the window, throwing a hand up to brace himself against the roof and revealing a bush of pit hair so lush that it took every ounce of self control I had to keep my mouth from reacting with a wide open slurping against the odoriferous crevice.

My "Fill it up," was weak. The weakest my voice has ever sounded. The pressure in my groin was stronger than anything I have ever experienced. I tried to keep my eyes straight ahead, but simply could not restrain myself from turning and watching Jack push the hard nozzle into the open circle of the gas tank. When I did turn I gasped. The jeans were so low that I could see the top of the slit that ran between the meat cheeks of his ass. And it was covered with still another growth of dark hair.

Southerners are used to sweating in the steamy climate we inhabit. But I was like a human well at that moment. In a matter of seconds my shirt and pants were soaked through. If I could have thought of a way to do it I would have pulled out of the station right then and never come back. But the long, thin, rubbery line of the hose firmly attached my car to the station

and to the man who held the nozzle.

I hadn't been aware of Frank watching me. But he was. He walked over to the car while Jack was working at gushing the liquid into my tank and stood beside my open window, sharing the view of Jack with me. I hadn't even noticed him. His voice came as a shock.

"Like the new boy, Doc?"

I stared up at him as he lounged with his arms crossed over his chest beside me.

"Good worker, Frank?"

A smile crossed his face. "The best, Doc."

A short silence went between us.

"He's not very expensive, you know. Doesn't earn a whole lot of money here at the station. I'll probably lose him pretty soon if I don't find another way for him to pick up a dollar or two around town." Frank still didn't look me directly in the face. "It's hard to get decent help in this stupid berg, ain't it, Doc?"

I guessed what he was really saying to me and was so flabbergasted that I couldn't reply.

He went on, "You got that big house and a busy practice, must be hard for a man like you to find time to take care of that garden. You must have damn near a half acre of lawn and garden. No real professional man should have to be doin' that kind of work in this heat. You could get Jack to care for all that for you, real cheap."

I couldn't resist. I wanted to. God knows I was desperate to, but I couldn't. Not with that half naked man with his half exposed ass standing only a few feet away. Quickly I rationalized that Frank hadn't really said anything about anything, had he? It was just a question of a little gardening. Wasn't it?

The truth, which I can face now but couldn't then, is that my gardening is a hobby that is my main source of relaxation. I never wanted a gardener. I enjoyed doing it all myself. It was my most pleasant domestic escape. But still, I did ask Frank, "How much do you think he'd charge?"

"Oh," he paused, "I'd imagine he'd be willin' to do it for twenty five bucks an hour if he knew there'd be four hours work a week. Yeah, that's probably right. You pay him a hundred bucks a week and he'd find time to come by your place for four quick visits, or one long one. But it'd have to be regular, Doc. I want this one to have some reasons to stay longer than the last one."

Frank still hadn't looked at me. He

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didn't have to. At that price it was even more obvious that gardening wasn't going to have anything to do with the exchange of money.

What do you do when your closet's been opened so wide? What do you do when you look back at the gas pump and see a sexual star of your dreams standing there with sweat glistening on a body that you usually only get in wet dreams? Do you keep on denying yourself and your fantasies? Or do you do something? You might be surprised to know that I was humiliated at the moment. I was totally in hate with myself right then. Because I knew that this was not an assault on my privacy, I couldn't even be bothered by the audacity of Frank in asking me this not very well couched question. It was my own lust that was going to make the decision. Not my mind. Not my concern for my profession. My lust.

I had to have him.

"The work he's going to do, Frank, it'll be hard and heavy. I don't see any cause for him to take a shower. He can come right over to my house when you're done with him here. Just the way he is is fine. No reason to waste his time and the town's water on bathing when I'm just going to sweat him up some more."

Frank's smile broadened. He finally turned to me. "You're on, Doc. He'll be there right after his shift's over. 'Bout six o'clock or a few minutes later. You'll get him back over to my place when he's done?"

"Sure, Frank. No problem."

That was three years and four men ago. My self-hatred's done with. I've actually saved money on this whole deal. I travel much less frequently, so the \$100 a week is well spent. Frank and I aren't particularly buddy/buddy. But we do make a trip to San Francisco together once or twice a year. It's a short, quick visit, but necessary. Frank knows I have as much invested in how well his gas jockeys pump as he does.

PETER'S BUILT

Continued from page 49

ing it up in my fist and forcing his mouth open. I rammed my starving cock down his throat, fucking him as hard as I had ever fucked anyone in my life.

My orgasm was quick and violent. I sent shuddering waves of cum down his gullet, yelling loudly for him to swallow the whole load as it pulsed

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out of my asshole and down his throat

This time the one orgasm exhausted me. I collapsed onto the floor and gulped madly for enough breath to maintain my consciousness. Holy shit, I had never cum like that in my life! What was becoming of me. How could I live like this? I was confused in the most profound way yet. Confused beyond my greatest belief.

Peter reached over and took me into his strong arms. He dragged me up against his body, caressing me, allowing me comfort for just a moment at least. But he wasn't responding to my mind, to my problems. He was in an entirely different place. He had just found something for himself. "Man, I knew you had it in you."

And he was right. He had tapped a vein of animalism that had never been released before—or at least he had helped me tap it. And it felt good. It felt fucking good. This big stud beside me, sucking my cock, drinking my piss, and taking my pole up his hairy ass—'cause that's what I decided was going to happen to him—I was going to fuck the shit out of him that night. I was going to feel my long, thick cock sliding in and out of that shit hole of his. I was already getting hard again with the image of his big ass sticking up in the air, opening its crack for me. His hand was on the shaft, feeling the blood course into it—"Yeah, man," he growled when he felt the surge. He knew what was coming. He had found my mindwave this time. I rolled him over and started to thrust my groin into his.

That was the very moment that Jeff left my life and Peter entered it. The moment I found my masculine desire—my buddy, my partner, my comrade in cock. That very moment was a change in my life: I went from living a soap opera script to a starring role in a pornographic movie. And all the reviews tell me that my new role is much more convincing.

DEAR HONCHO: I REMEMBER

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my heart pounding and a large rise in my Levis. Your articles and stories are well written and your story entitled "Scorcher," in the September issue brought back one of my "first" experiences.

It was a Saturday afternoon and I was over at a friend's home. There was a man there who caught my eye at first glance. He was a dreamy young man about 5'10" with brown hair and hypnotizing brown eyes. He had a firm muscular body that caused his pants to cling tightly to his crotch which was obviously quite large. I introduced myself to him and he told me his name was Glenn and he was a lawyer. We began talking and hit it off very well. As the time passed he asked me if I would go to the store for him. I had hoped I would get the chance to do more with him or for him but for now I said sure and when I returned my friend had said Glenn went down to his own apartment. So when I knocked on his door and got no answer, I just walked in. As I carried the groceries inside, closed the door and turned around, Glenn walked into the room from the bathroom with nothing on but a towel around his neck. We both froze where we stood, he with surprise and I with awe to see him standing there in the nude.

My eyes were glued to his body—specifically to his cock which was firm and long, nestled between two soft and hairy balls, that looked to be at least six inches soft. I could neither move nor take my eyes off him. I couldn't speak. My mouth was very dry, and my heart was pounding so hard that I think he must have heard it. Glenn must have sensed my feeling, for he walked toward me and placed my hand directly on his cock which had begun to harden. I had never felt anything so exciting in my life before and immediately started to squeeze it and then move my hand along its length which had reached 8½ inches. By this time it was extremely hard and Glenn let out a low moan and said "You like that, don't you?" I couldn't say a word. I just stood there and continued caressing his big cock.

Suddenly, he took my other hand and led me toward the couch. I was so excited that I could barely walk. When we reached the couch, he stopped and while still standing, said "I bet it would feel better on your lips." Without even hesitating, I leaned over and touched it with my lips while Glenn placed his hands on the back of my head and pressed me close against him. My whole body began to shake,

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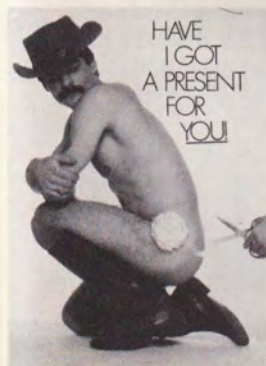
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my legs gave out, and I fell to my knees. He sat down on the edge of the couch and spread his legs, still holding my head to him. I opened my mouth and wrapped my lips around the head of his prick. He sucked in his breath and moaned while arching himself to push more of his cock into my mouth. My hands held his hips and I took the whole shaft until it touched the back of my mouth. I began sucking up and down, faster and faster, cupping his ass in one hand, squeezing and fondling his balls with the other. I felt as though I could go on for hours like this.

Then Glenn started moaning louder and louder. His breath coming very fast and his whole body churning and bucking. I knew what was about to happen, but I couldn't stop. Instead I increased the tempo, encircling his huge cock with my tongue and applying more pressure with my mouth. Just then he exclaimed, "Oh god, I'm coming, I'm coming." The first spurt hit the back of my mouth. I quickly swallowed it and kept taking more and more of his beautiful cock into my craving mouth. Glenn lay back exhausted and when I removed his dick from my mouth, I continued kissing it while I played with his balls.

After a few minutes, Glenn lifted me up alongside of him on the couch. He held my face in his hands and said, "Ya see, I'm not gay and you're the first guy I ever did anything with. That was the best blowjob I've ever had. Now I want to do something for you." Then he unbuckled my pants and gave me the hottest mind blowing blowjob I ever had. That afternoon was my first experience with a straight man and I'll never forget it.

Thanks, *Honcho*, for reminding me of that hot afternoon. Keep up the good work on the most fantastic male magazine printed today.

M.M.

Ponca City, Oklahoma

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Dear *Honcho*—

I picked up your Sept. '80 issue because of the beautiful Guy McCoy on the cover—but, oh what delites inside!

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A faithful reader

I CAN'T SLEEP

Dear Sirs:

I love your magazine and get all of the copies that come out. But this last one, Sept. 1980, in the interview, Louis Weingarten talks about Boots. It has gotten me so upset that I can't sleep.

It is hard to believe that someone would deliberately give someone every disease of mankind deliberately. The clap, leprosy, and the others I can't spell, cause that is what you are doing when they have to take the waste from someone else's body, like piss and shit. Yet not once in the article did he say he got his nuts off. I can't believe that is true S&M. The Nazi war camps were like that, no wonder Hitler lost the war. The people here in our institutions for the criminal insane do things like that. If (and I'm sure some do) Police did that they would call it Police brutality. If any of those things occurred here we would be in prison for life, yet he is calling it sex.

No wonder we are losing the war in Washington and can't get any laws passed in our favor if things like this go on. I know there are people like this but it isn't my cup of tea so to speak.

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couldn't leave my dong alone but the above I can't get out of my mind or shake it, so I decided to write to you. Back in the Medieval days why didn't he just hang him by the nuts till dead then go get him another one. He should write for Edgar Allan Poe. It would make a good horror movie. I'm sure some of our boys were tortured that way or worse but he called it "sex." Maybe he should live in Cambodia where they have no food, then I'm sure piss and shit would be the main course.

However, your photographs of your models are mouth watering and once you start reading *Honcho* you hate for it to end.

R.W.
Pine Bluff, Ark.

STARSTRUCK

Dear Sir,

Recently I was sent your magazine from a friend and found the contents rather good and interesting. Alas, no erections; I thought Britain was the only country that didn't allow them!

I have always wanted to see some male nude clips from the stars in the movies. *Playboy* does it occasionally, but why not a whole pictorial. I could think of some I would like to keep, they being listed as follows: 1) Malcolm McDowell (*Clockwork Orange*, *Caligula* and *If*), 2) Richard Gere (*Yanks* and *American Gigolo*), 3) Peter Firth (*Equus*), 4) Alain Delon (*Treatment for Shock*), 5) Helmut Berger (*Salon Kitty*), 6) Jan Michael Vincent (*Bonnie & Billy*, I think), 7) Robert De Niro (*1900* and *The Deer Hunter*), 8) Robert Forster (*Reflections in a Golden Eye*), 9) Richard Thomas, 10) Michael Parks (*The Bible*), 11) Terence Stamp (*Teorama*), 12) Omar Sharif (*McKenna's Gold*), 14) Oliver Reed (*Women in Love*), 15) Martin Sheen (*Apocalypse Now*), 16) Gerard Depardieu (*1900*), 17) Jon Voight (*Midnight Cowboy*), 18) John Savage (*Hair*), 19) Brad Davis (*Midnight Express*).

Stars who have also appeared nude are Peter Fonda, Ryan O'Neal, George Segal, Beau Bridges. There is quite a vast selection to please me.

Is it possible to print these law-wise? If anyone can supply me with photos of these people, or others, I would be most grateful.

Hope to see your magazine again.

Yours faithfully,
A.W.
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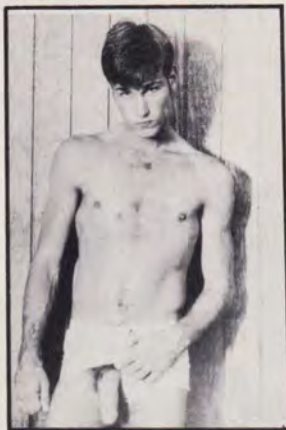
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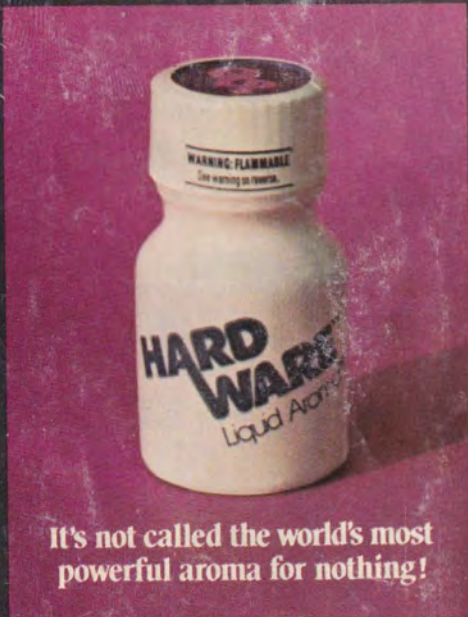
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