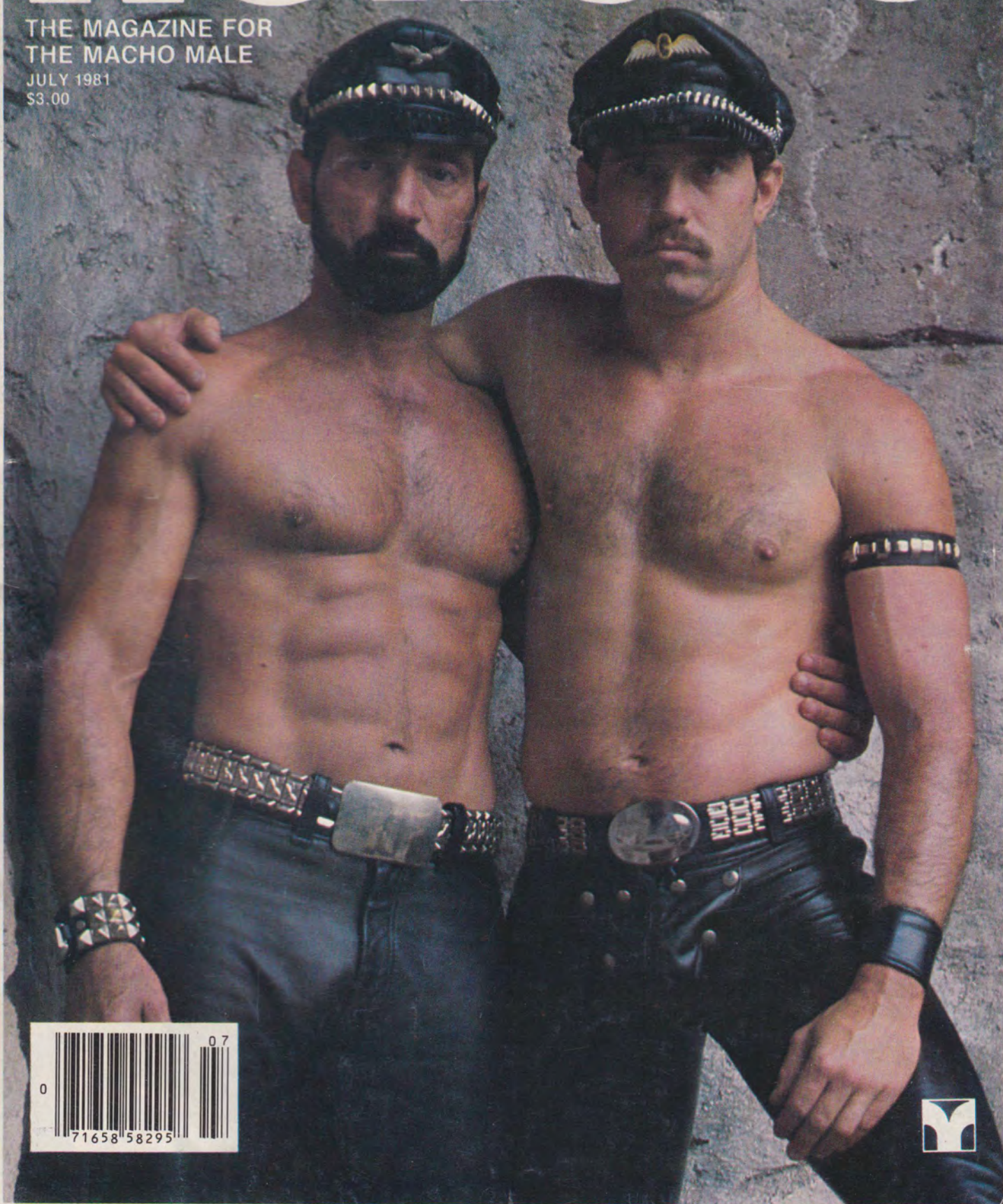


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HONCHO

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THE MACHO MALE

JULY 1981
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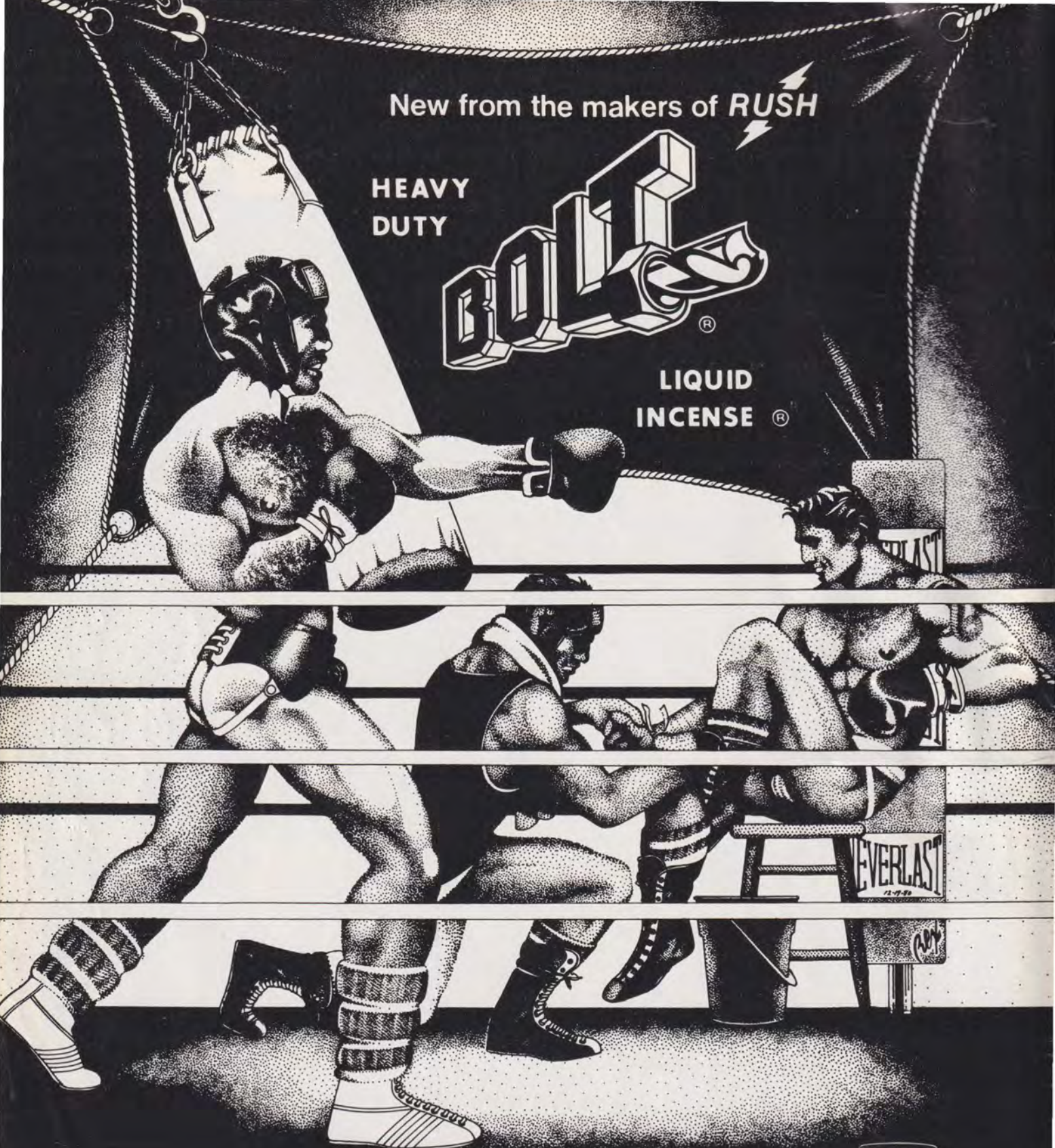


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HONCHO

VOLUME 4, NUMBER 13 • JULY 1981



COVER

Leathermen belong to a special fraternity of rock-hard, solid, no-nonsense physicality. These two men stand proud, members of a club that's by invitation only. See for yourself. Photo by Zeus.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL: HONCHO POTENTIAL/4

FICTION: FATHER'S DAY/6

TITBITS/9

EROTIC COMIC: ALEX/10

PICTORIAL: CAGED AGAIN/12

FICTION: EAT IT!/27

FICTION: A NEW EXPERIENCE/31

CENTERFOLD: LEATHER BOUND/35

COLT: DENIM DREAMS/43

DEAR HONCHO:/48

FICTION: TOP HAND/51

ASK BUTCH/54

PICTORIAL: AFTERNOON DELIGHT/57

NUDES: TIMBERWOLF/77

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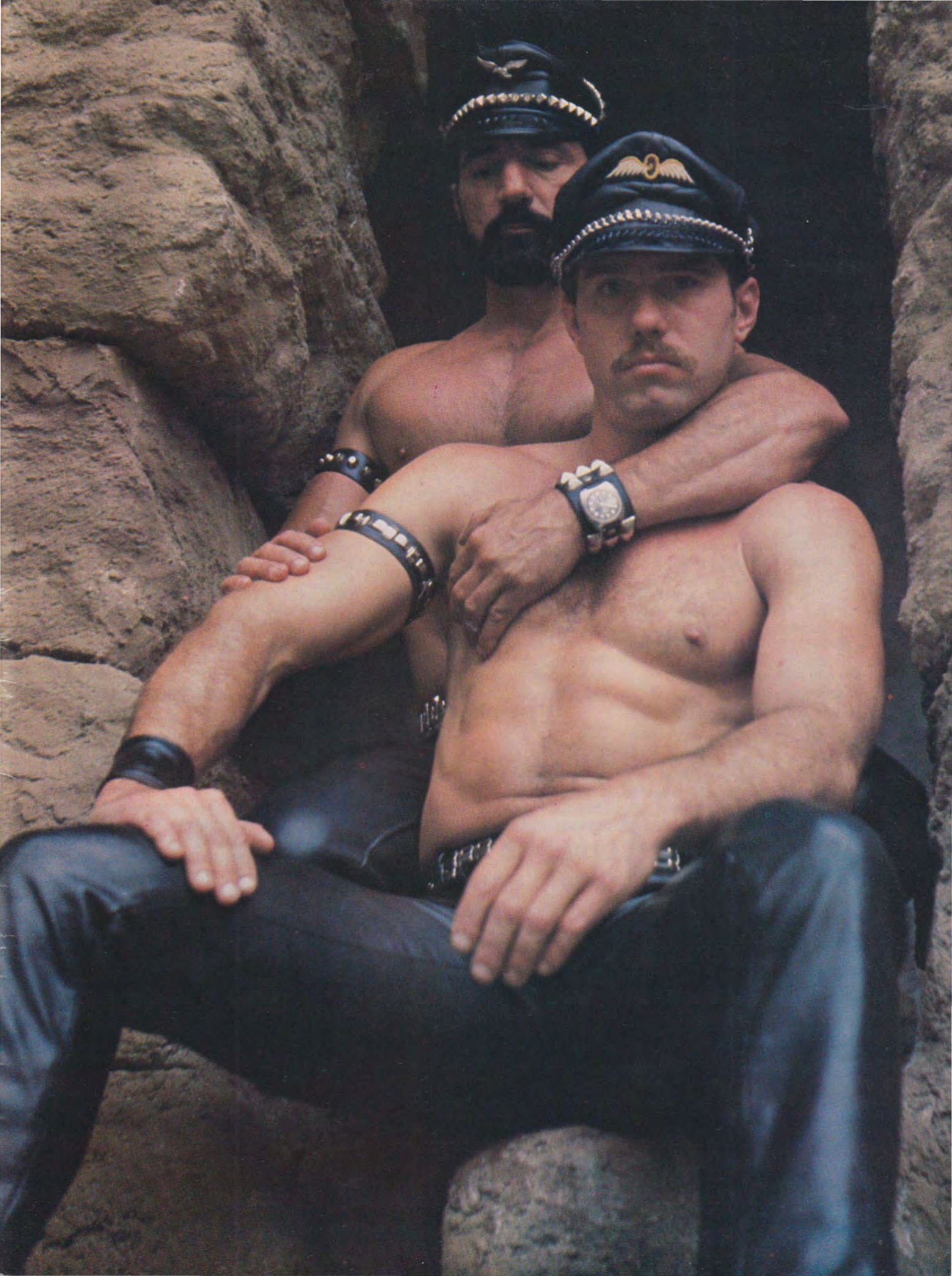
EDITORIAL

HONCHO POTENTIAL



Leather and sex. We never stray too far from them. As *Honcho's* mainstay, their heady aromas lurk behind every photo feature, inspire our most audacious stories and continue to stimulate our readership. This month, we offer you mature men "Caged Again," a story about a construction site super and an expose on how best to swallow the leader. It's for men only, of course. Word is out that our comic strip has become a collector's item. See for yourself why Alex has people buzzing. It may be the height of summer in your neck of the woods. Hot weather doesn't stop us from unearthing raunchy leather dudes all decked out for action.

Photo left: John Preston
Photo right: Zeus



FATHER'S DAY

By Spike • Illustration by Domino

I needed a break. I'd finally graduated from school and was a full-fledged architect, but I wasn't ready to settle into the routine of an office job yet. My last year of school had been rough and it seemed that I'd spent all of my life cooped up indoors behind a desk. My father was unhappy about the whole idea, but I'd decided I wanted to spend some time outside working with my hands and moving around a little. Every summer up to now had been spent working in the office of an architect friend of Dad's and I thought I needed some practical experience. So, I signed on with a construction crew in the city and began working.

My father was sore as hell! He was a contractor himself and couldn't understand why I didn't come to work for

used to wonder when I was a kid what it would be like to have him around more. My mother did almost everything parental. I don't ever remember my dad even disciplining me. He was just not around much. To tell the truth I was still a little in awe of him and he was still my daddy. I needed to be my own man before I tackled a partnership with him.

I had a degree, but no practical skill when it came to building so my first assignment was on the crew of laborers. We did all the hauling and carrying and any other hard job no one else would do. Our biggest responsibility was keeping the construction site free from anything that might be a safety hazard. Our gang leader was a big man, not fat but solid like a big boulder. Everyone in the gang was my

was friendly and we all liked him. I took a liking to him right away and it seemed to be mutual. He always managed to assign me to an area where he could keep an eye on me himself.

I couldn't understand why, but I was very drawn to him. He wasn't at all like any of the other guys I fucked around with, but there was something about him. He was big as I've said, but he seemed very much in control of every bulging muscle in his body. He had black curly hair and a goatee type beard with a few sprinkles of gray. He also had one of the biggest baskets I'd ever seen. I sometimes wondered if he ever noticed me cruising, but I shrugged it off, sure that he was straight as hell. He was a hot man and I wanted him. I couldn't see myself topping him, but I sure wanted to find out what that big piece of meat between his legs was like.

After the first few weeks of work I used to dream about him at night. The dream was always the same. Pop and I were in our work clothes on the construction site. He would call me over to him and order me to suck his cock. I would get on my knees, happy at last to get what I wanted, and wrap my arms around him like his obedient little boy. Then as he stood there I could see the bulge of his cock getting bigger and I would reach out to undo his pants, eager to get at his meat and look up into his face. Suddenly his face became my father's and I would jump up in a sweat with a giant hard on poking the sheet up like a tent pole. Every night I would have to beat off

Continued on page 42

"Drop your pants, boy," he ordered. I knew I'd better obey. I undid my beltless jeans and let them fall around my ankles. "Look at me, boy," this daddy commanded.

him. But, I wanted to be on my own for a change. I'd be working for him eventually anyway. We'd agreed that I'd design and he'd build. We were to be partners. Dad and I got along fine, but he was very domineering and always made me feel like a little boy somehow. He'd never paid much attention to me when I was little and I

age or older and we all called him Pop. He didn't seem to mind and he was old enough to be any of our fathers.

Pop never overworked us though he kept a sharp eye on all of us and kept us hopping all day. He was very careful that his boys, as he called us, stayed out of trouble and stood up for any of us that did anything wrong. He



A close-up photograph of a police officer's face and upper body. The officer is wearing a dark blue police cap with a silver eagle emblem, dark sunglasses, and a black leather jacket. He has a mustache and is holding a white rectangular sign with both hands. The sign contains bold, black, hand-painted text. The background is a clear blue sky.

BEAT ME
BITE ME
WHIP ME
FUCK ME

LIKE THE DIRTY PIG THAT I AM.

CUM ALL OVER MY TITS

AND TELL ME THAT YOU

LOVE ME

THEN GET THE FUCK OUT !

P.D.

TITBITS

ODDS & ENDS

DEPUTY GAY VICTORIOUS

Denise Kreps, a twenty-six year old lesbian, has won her fight to be hired as a Contra Costa County Sheriff's deputy. County Sheriff Richard Rainey signed an agreement offering payment of the legal fees incurred by Kreps during the battle and also offering her one year of seniority.

During a routine police department lie detector test, Kreps' lesbianism became apparent and the Sheriff decided not to hire her because of "supposed risks" in her administration of strip searches to female prisoners. The County Civil Service Commission ruled the decision illegal as did the Superior Court at a later date.

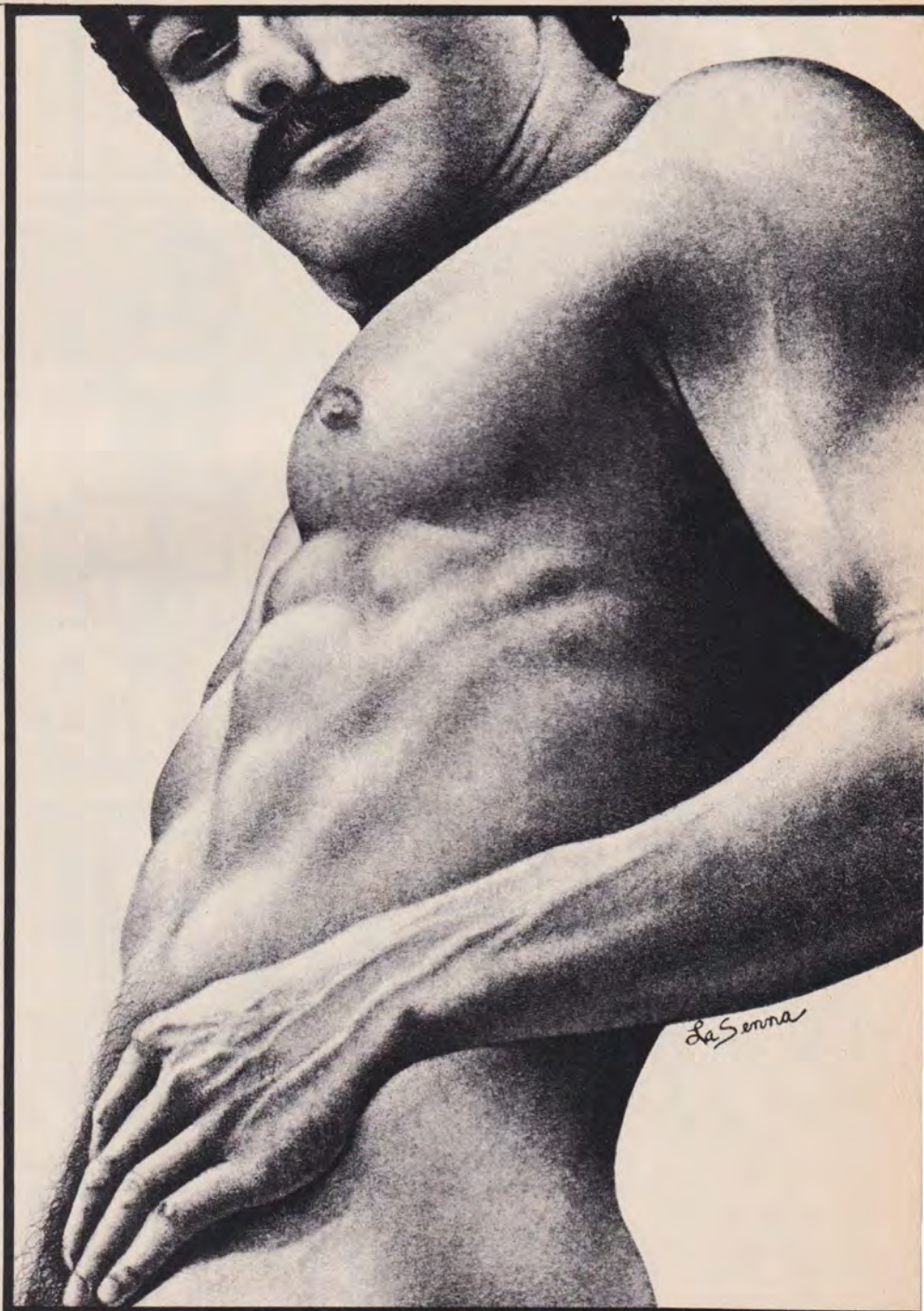
GAY MAN PRESIDENT ADA

Allen Roskoff, a gay activist, has been elected president of the New York State Americans for Democratic Action. Previously, he had served as deputy president for five years.

Roskoff was a Kennedy delegate last year at the Democratic National Convention. He has also been involved in Democratic politics in New York with groups such as The Village Independent Democrats, the Gay and Lesbian Independent Democrats and the New Democratic Coalition.

KINKS: Coast to coast, kinky greeting cards now crowd the racks, offering everything from kinky punchlines to provocative male nudes. Perhaps the funniest card on the market is Pop Porn's "Beat me, etc., then get the fuck out," pictured at left.

Right: Just one example from a very hot line of male erotic cards by the talented Robert La Senna. Available at your local card shop or from La Den, 115 West 73rd St., N.Y., NY 10023.



ALEX

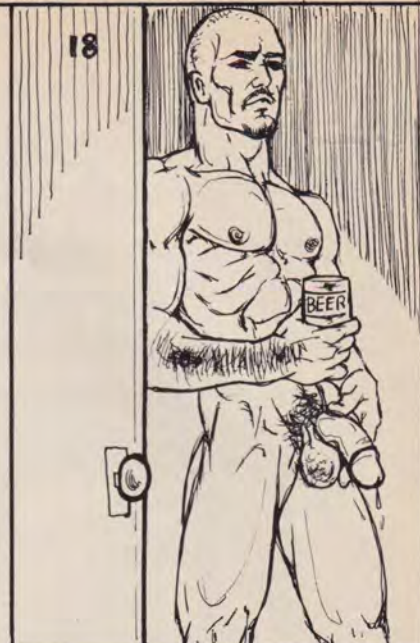
by
CHUCK

BATHS



Hi!

MY NAME'S RUSSELL, BUT MY FRIENDS CALL ME "MO". I'M IN TOWN FOR THE WEEKEND....IT'S MY FIRST TIME AT THE BATHS....WHEN YOU WALKED IN, I SAID "WOW" WHAT A TERRIFIC LOOKING GUY! MAYBE I COULD BUY YOU A CUP OF COFFEE?



Slave meets master in this steamy hot story of leather and lust, set in the cruddy confines of an abandoned animal cage in an old, closed down zoo. True grit for the tough reader who can take a huge *Honcho* dose of the stuff that puts cream in your jeans!

CAGED AGAIN

Photograph by Zeus

"Meet me at noon near the lion's cage at the old Hillside Zoo. Be ready for anything."

The note that Joey received was brief and to the point. There wasn't any signature and he had no idea of who'd sent the message. He'd been to the cage once before for a rugged session with a tough top man. "Maybe it's him—," he thought, though he had no way of really knowing. He was not accustomed to blind dates nor haphazard rendezvous. There was, however, something incredibly intriguing to him about the commanding attitude of the message scrawled in abrupt, sloppy letters on a grimy slice of meatwrapping paper.

The message read more like an order than an invitation and Joey had a definite weakness for command. He could say "no" to anyone who asked him something but was always tempted to say "yes" when *told* to do almost anything. Perhaps that's why he found himself driving to the old Hillside Zoo at eleven-thirty a.m. on that designated Saturday morning, a victim of curiosity as well as intrigue.

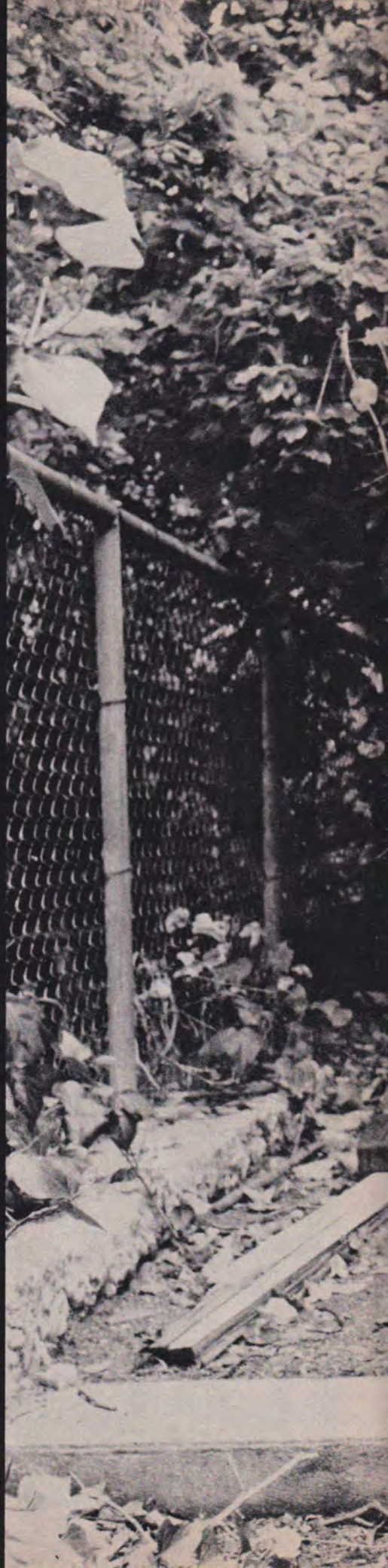
The zoo was a delapidated collection of burned out concession stands, rusted, broken down joy rides and, of course, cages. The place had been closed for almost fifteen years. There's something haunting about a weatherworn amusement park, a

former facade of fun and frolic, evolved, through ruthless economics and the pace of progress, into a decadent display of has-been haunted houses and shabby sideshows. Joey found a rotted sign inscribed in peeling paint, that led him to the lion's cage.

The cage was a run-down coop, composed of a decaying cement wall on one side and rusted bars on the roof and the other three sides. A small door led to the retreat room where the animals had been able to seek refuge from the endless crowds of jeering spectators who passed by them daily. In spite of its slum like condition, it was still a functional arena of confinement, a place where escape might nevertheless remain an insurmountable challenge.

Suddenly, Joey felt a stiff, powerful hand slap a rugged grip onto the top of his shoulder. He turned around and saw a beefy looking chunk of macho man standing behind him. The dude was dressed from head to toe in black leather. He was a devilish display of cowhide and chains, wrapping up a rock-hard, all-butch body. He stared at Joey through stern charcoal eyes with the same ruthless intensity that Satan views a victim whose soul he has come to claim.

"So, you're the one who sent the note," Joey commented.





"The dude was dressed from head to toe in black leather. He was a devilish display of cowhide and chains, wrapping up a rock-hard, all-butch body."

"I've never seen you before, how do you know me?" The man jerked Joey a foot off the ground by the back of his neck and flung him into a corner of the cage like a sack of potatoes.

"You're not here to ask questions, pig!" the dude retorted as he slammed and locked the door leading out of the pen and stuffed the key down into his shoe.

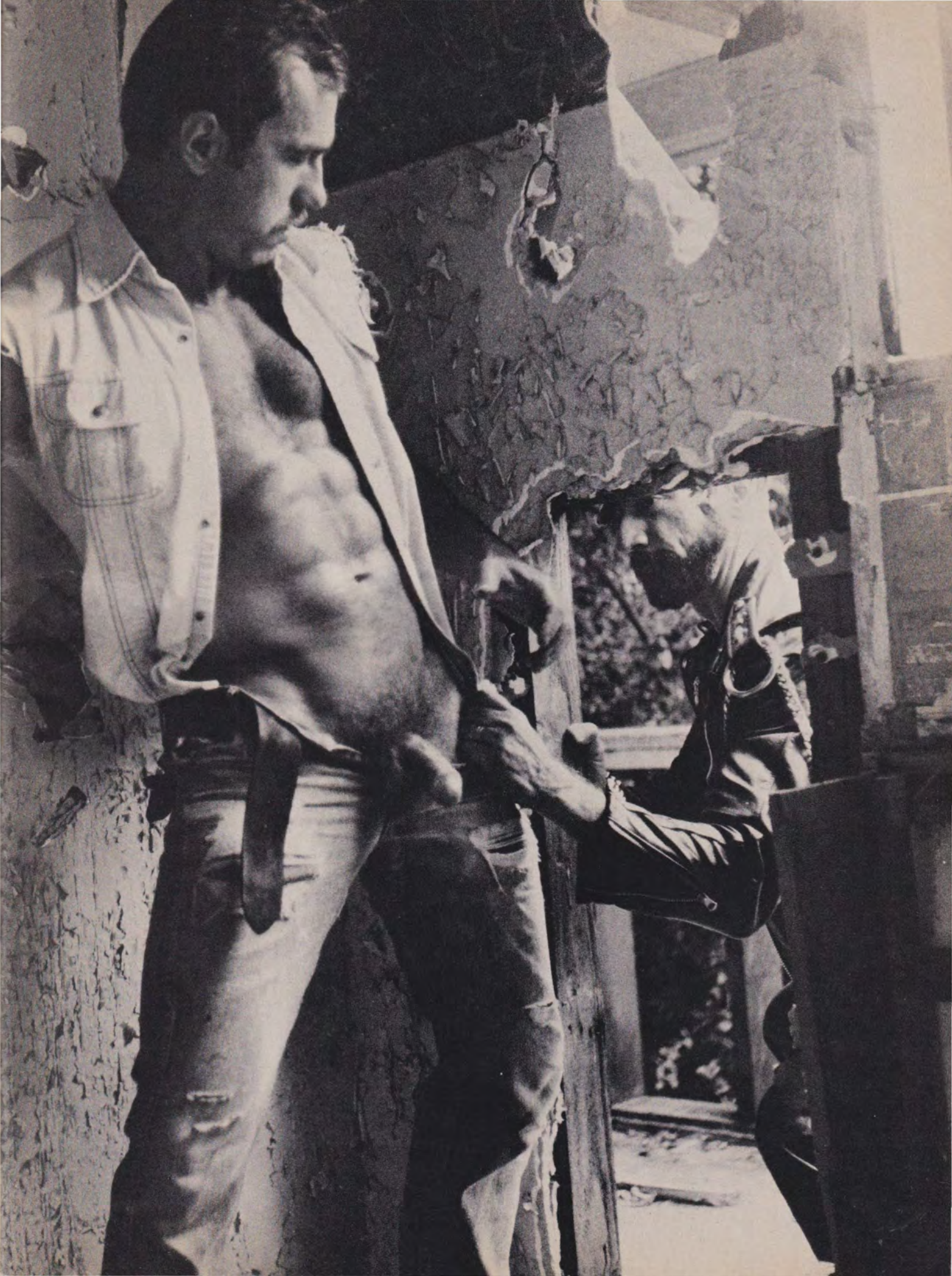
"Listen, mutherfucker, and listen good, you're in cage and there's only one way out and that's through the key that I just stuck inside my boot. You can get the key if you really want it but I'm afraid you'll have to *earn* the use of it."

"Earn it?" Joey replied, confused.

The leatherman walked slowly towards the corner where Joey still sat slumped over and recovering from the fall. The man stuck a huge, greasy workboot against Joey's throat and then pushed down, cutting off more

Photographs by Zeus





“He stared at Joey through stern charcoal eyes with the same ruthless intensity that Satan views a victim whose soul he has come to claim.”

than half of Joe's air supply.

“Look asshole,” the dude instructed, as Joey turned beet red and gasped for oxygen, “you’ll talk when I tell ya to talk, you’ll do what I say, or you’ll pay the price for disobeying me, do you understand?” Desperate for air and afraid to speak, Joey gave the devil the affirmative nod that he wanted.

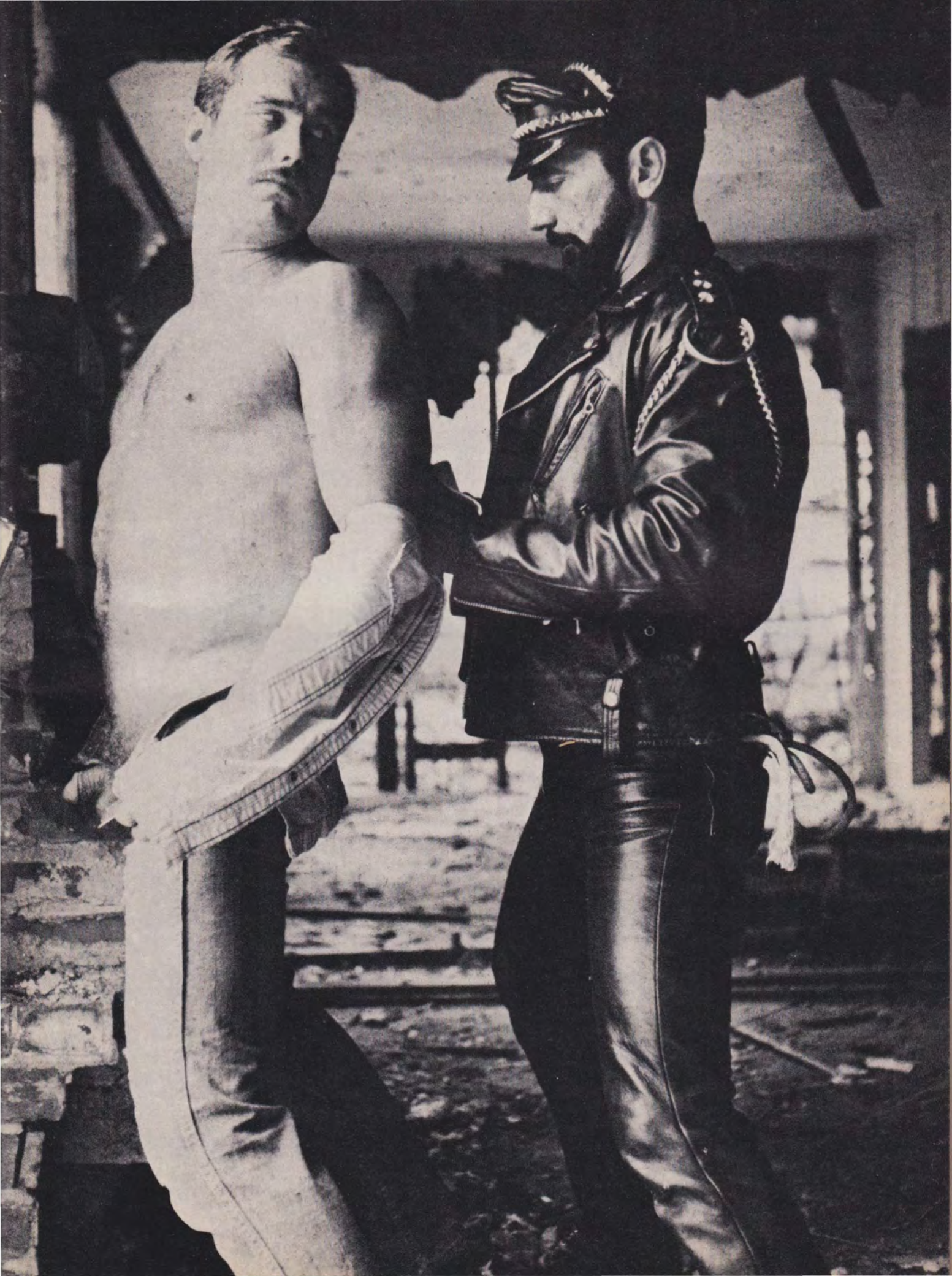
“Stand up!” the leatherman commanded. Immediately, Joey was on his feet. He grabbed the helpless servant by the foot and yanked him back down to the ground.

“Stand up again, pig!” he insisted.

Joey arose to his feet once again and the commander ripped off his worn denim vest like it was a piece of tissue paper. He yanked down Joey’s jeans, then delivered a stiff, wicked slap against the prisoner’s firm, humpy ass.

Photographs by Zeus





“Joey bit down on the leather and struggled to tear open the huge fly with his teeth. Finally, the snaps came loose and a huge pulsating pound of beet red ramrod pushed its way out of the confinement of the leather.”





"God damn it," Joey yelled.

The leatherman whacked him again. "Wanna bitch about that one, too? I'd be happy to smack your ass everytime you complain." Joey said nothing.

"Take off your jeans, motherfucker!"

Joey removed his pants, then stood naked in the huge cage, his lean, well built frame unprotected from the violent leather hulk standing before him.

"Stand against those bars!" the master said. Slowly, Joey moved against the iron rods.

"Raise up your arms!"

As Joey lifted his hands into the air, the stranger immediately tied his wrists to the long, rusted poles.

"I'm gonna teach you somethin' about bein' an animal! I'm gonna teach you real good!" He formed his chunky, calloused fingers into a teething vice, placed them around Joey's nipples, twisted the soft rubberlike cylinders of flesh and then yanked them down. Joey moaned loudly as the leatherman tugged, twisted and tore at his tits again and again but he didn't say a word for fear of reprisal. Then, the master delivered a swift, severe slap against his captive slave's face.

"Want me to do that again, asshole?"

Photograph by Zeus

CAGED AGAIN

Photograph by Zeus

Then the big master spread Joey's legs apart with a stiff, leathered elbow. He dug a thick, grimy finger in...

"No," Joey responded, a hint of terror in his voice. Immediately, the man slapped him again.

"No—what?"

"No what!" the number said.

"No, sir!" Joey responded.

"That's better, fuck-boy," the hulky dude replied.

Then the big master spread Joey's legs apart with a stiff, leathered elbow. He dug a thick, grimy finger into his prisoner's asshole and Joey turned and gritted his teeth as the macho man shoved in two, three, four, massive ungreased fingers. He abruptly untied his wrists.

"Get down on your knees, pig, my boots are dirty!" He forced Joey's handsome young face onto the filthy soot on his workboots.

"Stick out your tongue and lick these motherfuckers." Slowly, Joey allowed his tongue to emerge from his mouth as the leatherman pushed his face onto the crud-caked boots. Joey's throat was filled with the dank, raunchy taste of earth, as he licked and swallowed oily chunks of mud from his master's shoes.

The leatherman gave Joey a swift kick in the ass with his newly shined boots and sent Joey face forwards onto the grimy cement floor of the

cage.

"Get on your hands like a pig, boy!" he commanded. Joey did as he was told.

"Stick that pig ass up in the air and let me see it!" Joey pushed his firm, hair-covered haunches up towards his waiting master.

"Spread that fuckin' ass!" the butch dude exclaimed as he delivered a stinging slap to Joey's rear. Joey reached back, spread his cheeks and pushed his butt up as high as the straining muscles of his back would allow him. Leatherdaddy stood in front of Joey showing him the throbbing bulge pounding beneath the cowhide pouch of his animal skin pants.

"Open up these snaps with your mouth!"

Joey bit down on the leather and struggled to tear open the huge fly with his teeth. Finally, the snaps came loose and a huge pulsating pound of beet red ramrod pushed its way out of the confinement of the leather. The master walked behind Joey's spread ass, got down on his knees and ruthlessly shoved the entire ten-inch shaft right up Joey's ungreased ass! Joey fell forward as he emitted one long, agonized groan. The stranger mounted him and began ramming him again

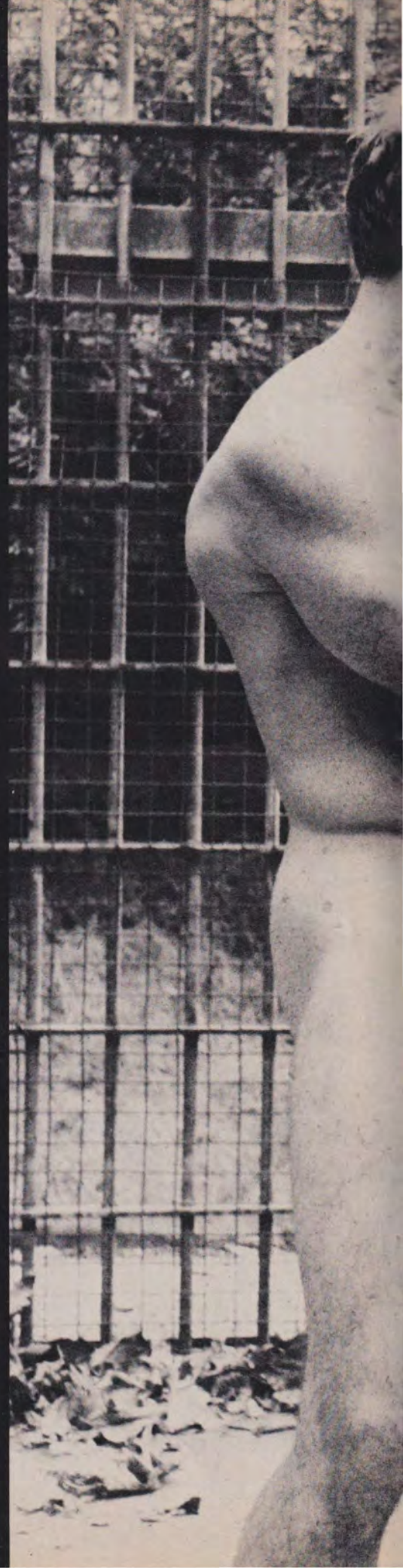




and again and again. Joey was a caged animal on the floor of the pen, a dog behind bars as the evil trainer fucked him like a pig. His face was filthy and greasy from licking the master's boots, his skin grimy and bruised from the abrasive scrapes of the cement and the brutal treatment from his anonymous guard. The leatherman slapped his ass into two bright pink haunches of hot 'n sore flesh as he screwed him. Again and again, Joe felt the long, butchering pillar jamming in and out of him like a high powered dynamo. His asshole burned from the friction created by the massive, unlubricated shaft that drilled into him over and over, a giant piston delivering a relentless series of caustic blasts deep into his guts.

Abruptly, the raunchy rapist yanked his dick from the depths of Joey's bowels.

Photographs by Zeus









"Suck it now, pig! Lick the juice and scum off of my meat!"

Joey wrapped his lips around the huge peg, then lapped and slurped it clean. The master grabbed Joey by the hair and forced his face all the way down on the pulsating post, causing Joey to gag as the shank was rammed into his throat. Then, the leatherman ripped the meat out of the animal's mouth and stood a few feet in front of him. He started stroking his cock, faster and faster and faster. Suddenly, he hurled a white, molten wad of sadistic sperm onto the cruddy floor of the cage.

"Crawl over here and eat it!" he commanded. Like the trapped animal that he was, Joey inched his way over to the sticky puddle still quivering like niveous gelatin on the bottom of the pan. In a humiliating display of complete obedience, he lapped up the load off the ground.

"Get over to the far corner of the cell!" the leatherman instructed.

Joey obeyed. The master unlocked the door, left the cell, then, immediately shut and relocked the exit. He walked around to the front of the cage, then, from a few feet away, tossed the key through the bars and disappeared into the shadows.

Photograph by Zeus



The accompanying life-size photograph is printed as a public service to readers who wish to visualize the problems described in this comic/serious discussion of how to swallow the leader.

EAT IT!

By Bill Hunter • Photograph by Lobo Studios

Straight men have had, over the years, a number of derogatory tags to describe gays: queer, fairy, fag, pansy, sissy. Heterosexuals—or “hets,” as we probably should call them in retaliation—also use one uniquely *flattering* term to describe us: cocksucker.

Of course, some hets think the term has a negative tinge. They expect us to take offense. But I say any queer, fairy, fag, pansy or sissy who takes exception to being called a cocksucker should seriously reconsider his position.

Cocksucking is an art—albeit an art that fast is becoming as extinct as the dodo bird. Once master of the technique, gay men the world over could boast of the most creative tongues and deepest throats. Straight studs who would never think of letting a gay man's hand near their genitals would eagerly grant permission for a gay man's mouth to form around their cock and balls. Gay was not only *good*, but g-r-r-r-eat, when it came to oral maneuvers.

Alas, with the increasing popularity of fist-fucking and other specialties among gay men, some of you are allowing your cocksucking expertise to slip. The Fire Island and East Hampton “meatracks,” the Castro and Greenwich Village backrooms, the glory holes and T-rooms everywhere

are filled with talentless tongues and rigid tonsils.

Doesn't any gay man know how to give good head these days?

I was no better than some of you several years ago. Give me a snort of amyl nitrite and my ass would sing out, “Stick it in, stick it in!” I also was very much into “butch tit scenes,” as the newspaper ads call them.

And then—horror of horrors—the old sphincter was out of kilter for nearly three months. It was summertime—Fire Island time—and my doctor had advised against “manipulation” (his quaint term for taking nine inches up the ass without flinching). My nipples were sore from too many butch tit scenes. I had to come up with something.

Necessity, the mother of invention, reared her beautiful head in the bushes one night. A beautiful head, located between the legs of a super humpy chap named Skip, found its way into my mouth, and I ate it up. Looking at his cock in the moonlight, I started quivering all over with desire, dropped to my knees and put it into my mouth.

My problem with cocksucking before had been dry mouth (probably caused by too much dry white wine) and tense throat (probably caused by the fact that I still have my tonsils). I'd been drinking beer that night (a better

lubricant, in my opinion), but the feel of that prick in my mouth started all the juices flowing, and I gave Skip head that he no doubt remembers to this day.

I gagged—much to my mortal embarrassment—but it seemed to turn him on even more, so I opened my throat as wide as I could and down it went without a hitch. He rubbed the back of my neck to direct me, and all the nerve endings in my mouth were alive. His touch caused me to relax so much that I was able to breathe and suck and swallow deeply without missing a stroke with my mouth.

The load he propelled into me was enormous—thick, creamy and just a little salty.

That one experience taught me that I could find happiness in cocksucking, that I wasn't just a queer, fairy, fag, pansy or sissy. I was a cocksucker! And proud to be one!

But when the ass was back in order, I began to suffer again from dry mouth and tense throat. I didn't think much about it until a really hot looking blond went down on me one night with such a lifeless mouth that I simply couldn't keep it up. He seemed eager enough, but his technique was zilch.

He was a nice chap, but I finally had to pat him on the head and indicate that nothing would be forthcoming.

That same night, in a place known

more for its cocksuckers than for its fist-fuckers, I encountered no fewer than six equally worthless mouths.

All of a sudden, it occurred to me that gay men seemed to be losing the art of cocksucking, I among them.

I considered practicing on a dildo, but I concluded that I could hone my skills, recapture the art by thinking back to that blowjob I gave Skip and then really putting my all into fellatio at the next opportunity.

Next time somebody gives you a lousy blowjob, ask yourself, "Is my style any better?"

And in case you've forgotten what true technique is, here are some pointers. Personally, I like being on

your tongue to touch the head of his dick.

Let your hands slide down the sides of his body to his hips. Then with all the moisture you can muster, lick the head. If you haven't touched the shaft until this point, he should be watching you, wondering if you're going to take it or not. Make sure he is watching you, then slip your hands underneath him and cup them around his buns. Pull him toward you and swallow deep and hard, nestling your lips and nose in his pubic hairs. When he thrusts his pelvis forward—and he will!—relax and try to take the full length.

Relax some more, then swallow. He'll probably moan with pleasure

maneuvers.

Some guys like a little teeth—a *little*, mind you—so you should give him a tiny bite and gauge his reaction. A low, satisfied moan means he's into a little rougher action. A jerk backward means proceed with caution.

To keep your actions from becoming humdrum, try a little humming against his balls. Take one of his nuts in your mouth and make a continuous droning sound. The vibrations will ripple through his balls and into his entire body. Make the note a low one for the best vibrations of all. Be sure to do the other ball, too, so he doesn't feel lopsided.

Keep your hands fiddling with his dick. A good blowjob requires dexterity. Your mouth may tire from the activity, so you will want to slide your hands up and down his cock as if you were jerking him off (which you are) during any mouth break. Stroke the balls, press them toward his body. Keep the pressure up.

After resting the mouth, get it back on the shaft as fast as possible, especially if his legs begin to quiver or his balls begin to shake. That's a good sign that he's got a full load coming up.

If your mouth gets too dry, bite the sides of your tongue with your teeth—carefully, so you don't bite him—and the saliva will begin to flow. Sometimes it's wise to suck on a sour fruit candy before beginning a blowjob, but that's only possible when you know slightly in advance that you're going to give head. Sour candy keeps the mouth juices flowing longer.

If you can keep your mouth lubricated and not get lockjaw over an extended period, then retreat briefly just as the first signs of semen enter your mouth. Let his hardon subside a tiny bit, but keep some part of you—hands, fingers, tongue—in action on his cock so he doesn't think you've lost interest. The brief interlude probably will result in a grander climax when the time comes.

Speaking of climax, his body will let you know when you've done your job properly.

You'll know you're on the right track when you taste the salty droplets that precede orgasm. His hands probably will be on your head at that point, and he'll be pulling your face furiously into his groin. Cup your hands around his balls just as the scrotum begins to contract violently, and then suck for all you're worth.

Suck until the thick, creamy cum

Continued on page 62

"Cocksucking, it seems to me, is a lost art among gay men. Let's hope it's not lost, only mislaid. Now get out there and practice. If we're going to be known as cocksuckers, let's show the world we know what we're doing, that we indeed do live up to everything the name implies."

my knees with the cocksman in front of me, so that's the angle from which my tips come. (But I'm not knocking the delights of sucking in the 69 or other positions.)

First of all, crouch into position and run your hands up the insides of his thighs. When you reach the scrotum, use your fingers to play with his balls. Flick the tongue with a darting motion between his thighs and run your hands up the front of his body, over his abdomen, all the way up to his nipples—if you can reach that far while you're on your knees.

It's sort of fun if you don't touch his cock immediately. Make him wonder if you're going to or not. Then with your tongue, find his ball sack and suck one nut into your mouth, then the other. Watch his dick bobbing in front of your eyes. It will turn you on even more. Release one ball, then the other and then start teasing licks around the base of the penis. It's almost time for

when your throat muscles contract around his penis' tip.

Then eat. Begin an up and down movement with your mouth. Put your lips over the head of the penis and slide them over the shaft again and again. Draw up the head again, sucking hard, holding him tight in your mouth. Then loosen your grip. Do that several times. Alternate your sucking. Use variety. Surprise him with different depths. Make love to that organ. Remember you're trying to pull an orgasm out of it. Pretend you're trying to suck his insides out through that little pee hole. (Well, aren't you?)

While your mouth is at work, try to envision that you're mostly gum and lips, that your teeth have been retracted for the occasion. Otherwise, you're likely to grate a little against the skin and dilute his pleasure. Wrap your lips around your teeth and then wrap those covered teeth as lightly around his dick and continue the oral



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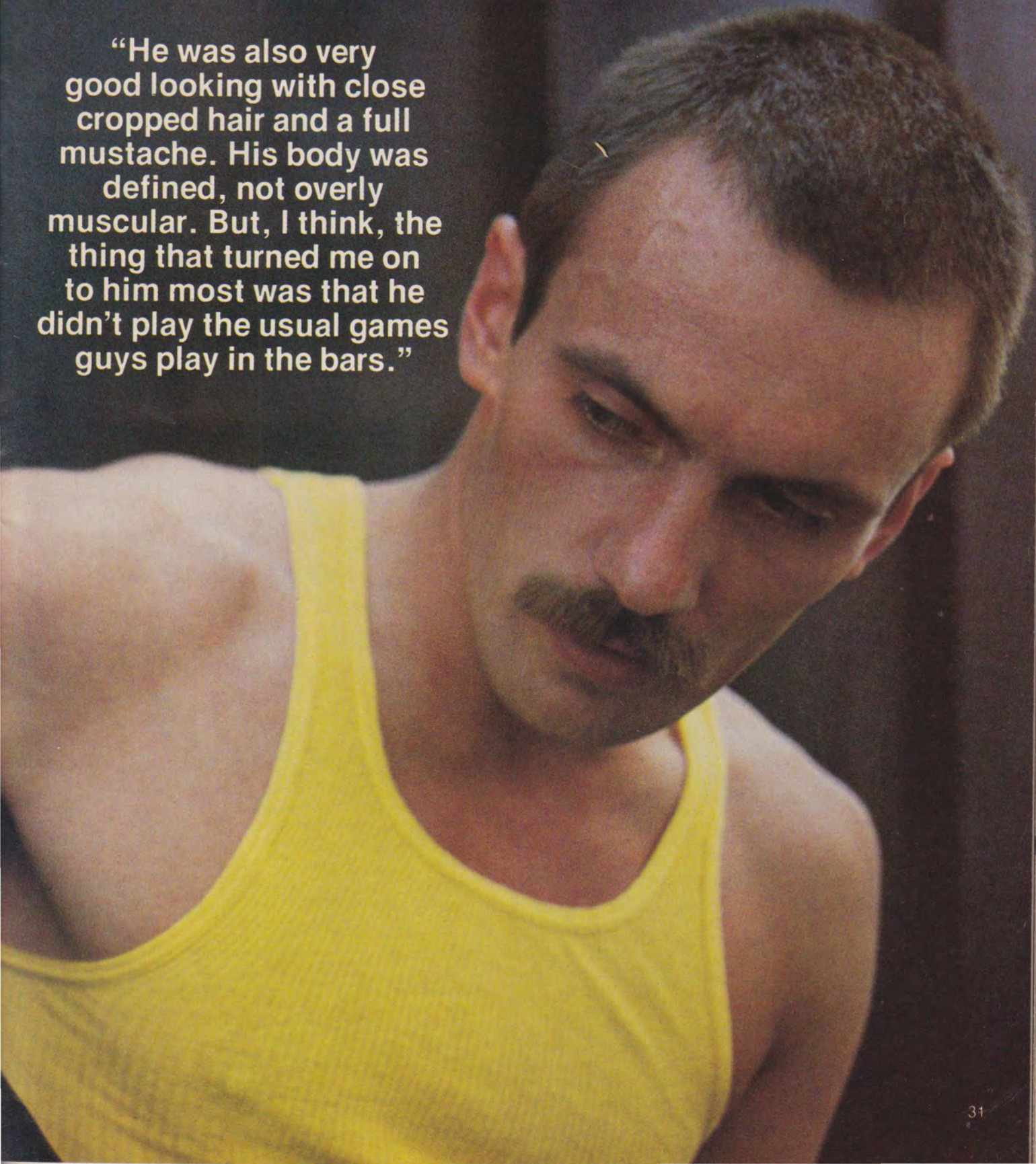
IND "F" train at corner



a new experience

By Spike • Photograph by John Preston

“He was also very good looking with close cropped hair and a full mustache. His body was defined, not overly muscular. But, I think, the thing that turned me on to him most was that he didn’t play the usual games guys play in the bars.”



**He was a hot number.
He liked it all and never complained
or asked me to stop. He went with me
obediently and willingly on any trip
I chose to expose him to. He loved my
leather and had learned to get off on
the taste and feel of it.**

George and I met about a month ago at my favorite leather bar. He had just moved to the city and was new to the leather and S&M scene. I was attracted to him initially because he was a new face and stuck out like a sore thumb from all the old regulars like me. He was also very good looking with close cropped hair and a full mustache. His body was defined, but not overly muscular. But, I think, the thing that turned me on to him most was that he didn't play the usual games guys play in the bars. He was interested and he made it quite plain that he was. When I cruised him back, he didn't turn away and pretend not to notice or not to be there. He definitely cruised back.

I like a man who knows what he wants and is not afraid to go after it, so it was only a matter of minutes before I took the initiative and walked over to introduce myself. I've never been intimidated by the bar scene. The way I look at it, if he was only curious, I'd find out in a minute. And if it looked like it wouldn't work out between the two of us I'd find that out for sure, too. I wouldn't find out anything if I didn't speak to him and even if he said no, there were plenty more where he came from.

We went through the usual small talk very briefly and got down to more important matters almost at once. He was very open and direct in his approach. He was new to the scene and he wanted to learn. I liked his honesty with me and with himself. He didn't try to pretend he knew the ropes when he didn't and that's the first step to learning and really getting into the games for anyone who's serious about it as I am. There's almost nothing I haven't tried or wouldn't, given the proper motivation, so I felt a kindred spirit with him. Everybody's got to start someplace with someone.

I'd had some very good teachers in the days when I was strictly bottom and learning so I felt an obligation to be as good a teacher as I could myself. I'd been seeing him for about a month and we'd had a very good time together. He was an eager pupil and I admired his ability to be so in touch with his body and his head. Also I liked his courage and sense of adventure. He, like me, was willing to try before he made up his mind whether he was really into something or not.

We'd gotten to know one another fairly well in the past month, and more importantly, George had gotten to trust me. Last week he mentioned for the first time that he wanted to get into fisting. He told me that he'd been turned off by the whole idea at first, but decided he wouldn't make any permanent decisions about it until he'd tried it for himself. He liked to get fucked and his ass was very responsive. That was two points in his favor, but his head was not quite there yet. I explained to him that the whole thing was a head trip, that the body was capable, but the head had to send the right signals telling the body that it was ok to do it.

We talked about it every time we were on the phone together that week and decided on Wednesday that he'd come over for the weekend and we would see what developed. Friday night we played hard and heavy. I worked on his nipples which were becoming more and more accustomed to clamps and weights. He was a hot number. He liked it all and never complained or asked me to stop. He went with me obediently and willingly on any trip I chose to expose him to. He loved my leather and had learned to get off on the taste and feel of it. I fucked him wearing my chaps and he loved the feel of the leather on the back of his thighs while his hole was

filled with manmeat.

That night as I was fucking him I decided to start working on his head. With my hard cock up his ass I looked down at him and asked, "What are you?"

"I'm your slave, sir," came the reply without any hesitation. "I belong to you, sir."

"Whose ass is this?"

"It's your ass, sir. All of me is yours."

"Good!" I responded. "Just so there's no confusion. You are mine to play with, slave. You are mine to use and enjoy for my own pleasure, and that's just the way you want it. That's right, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir! Yours to use and abuse if you want to, sir."

"I want to get farther into that ass, slave," I crooned into his ear. I could feel his sphincter tighten as what I was beginning sank into his head. "I want to use that ass. I want to feel my hand up that ass, slave. I want you to open that ass for me as far as it will go. Do you think you can do that, slave?"

"Yes, sir!" he replied. "I'm yours to use, sir, any way you want, sir. I only want to serve you, master. I want to make you happy."

I thought I detected a slight smile start on his lips, but he knew better than that and it disappeared before it had even begun to fully form. I pulled my cock out of his ass and I could see the disappointment and hunger for it in his eyes. I rolled him over on his stomach and shoving my rod back into that moist warm hole covered his body with mine. I started to batter away at his loosening hole until I felt him give in and relax. Then I put my head next to his and began to whisper into his ear.

"You like the way a dick feels up your slave hole, don't you?"



"Yes sir!"

"Feel that dick, slave. Feel it deep inside of you. That's your master's meat pounding away at his hole. His hole to use."

"Yes, sir!"

"That's the way a hand feels up your ass, slave. It's just like getting fucked with the biggest dick in the world. You want to know what that's like, don't you, pig?"

"Yes, sir. Please, sir!"

His ass was getting looser and looser. I could feel him relaxing completely beneath me and there was less and less tension in his guts as I talked. I wanted to get his head into it. I wanted him to think about a fist in his ass while his hole was full of dick and pleasurable feelings. It was working. "You know the initial shock when the head of my dick goes up your hole the first time?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's what it's like taking a fist. First that initial slight pain like the

sults on my dick and fingers.

"Get up on your knees," I commanded. "On your knees and grab your cock." He did as he was told.

"Now beat that meat, slave. Beat it for your master. Shoot a big load for your master, pig, not for yourself, for me. Beat that meat and think about how good that hand's going to feel up that hole. Think about how full and good that ass is going to be. Think about it!"

He was pounding faster and faster on his meat and I felt down grabbing hold of his balls. They had moved tightly up to his body and I knew he was only waiting for my OK before he came. "Now!" I yelled to him and after a few strokes he came, soaking the sheet beneath him. I pulled my fingers out of his hole and kept repeating, "Think about that big dick up there, slave. Think about your master's hand going up your hole like the biggest dick in the world." I kept repeating it while he came and I could feel his ass

George's warm ass next to me begged to be used. Rolling on my side I put a little spit on my cock and slowly eased it into my sleeping slave. He moaned as the hair of my groin scratched against his ass, but did not stir. Slowly I pumped in and out whispering in his ear. "Feel that dick up your ass, slave. Feel your master's hard cock pumping your ass." George moaned and stirred, but I grabbed hold of his hard dick and began massaging it while I continued to ease my cock in and out of his hole.

"Feel that big hard cock in your hole. Think about your master's hand up that hole, fucking your guts deep inside. Feel it," I continued to chant. George was in a semi-conscious state and was responding with his body and not his head. He just lay there and let himself be used, moaning, and soon his ass was loosening to allow the invader of his dreams to take control. I pumped harder on his cock and as I shot my load into his bowels he came with a long groan. He was awake now and cuddled against me while we both caught our breath.

"Good morning, sir," he murmured.

"Good morning." I let him relax awhile, then we got up and showered and dressed. There were things to do and errands to run, the usual Saturday routine. We spent the day taking care of everything and arrived home late in the afternoon. We had discussed George's need to be fisted and he was eager to have the experience. When we were settled in the living room I explained to him that we were going to play and that I wanted him to clean out. I gave him instructions and advised him, "Just think to yourself, this is my master's ass, I am cleaning it out for my master to use." Making sure his head was in the right place, I sent him off to the john.

While George was getting himself ready, I made preparations too. I laid out everything I would need and changed from my jeans to my chaps with nothing under them. Then I went out into my patio to wait for him. When he finally came out he was still dressed in his jeans and the yellow tank-top I'd let him borrow. I rose and pushing him roughly against the wall separating my garden from my neighbor's, asked him, "Did you do what I told you to do?"

"Yes, sir!" he replied. He couldn't keep his eyes off of my exposed dick and I could tell he was ready for anything I wanted from him.

"Get yourself something to drink

Continued on page 62

We lay in each other's arms, spent. We were tired, but not ready for sleep yet, so we talked. George told me that he thought I was going to fist him that night. He'd wanted it badly.

head of my dick and after that it's all smooth sailing. You have to want that, man, you have to need it!"

"Yes, sir. I do sir. Teach me, sir. Please, sir. I want it bad, sir."

I put my weight on his back and reached down, shoving first one index finger and then the other up his ass on either side of my cock. His ass gave way easily and I pried the sphincter away from my dick with the two fingers. Then I slowly repeated the process with the next two fingers. "I'm going to teach you to open that ass for me, slave. You're going to learn to open it so wide that I can beat my dick off right inside of that hole."

"Yes, sir. Do it, sir. Please," he gasped between moans of pleasure. His head was there. His ass was limber and pliable and his head was telling him not to be afraid. to relax and want it was coming from his head to his ass hole and I could feel the re-

opening and closing around my cock in great convulsions. I couldn't hold back any longer and I shoved my throbbing cock up to its hilt and filled his hole with great gushes of cream.

We lay in each other's arms, spent. We were tired, but not ready for sleep yet, so we talked. George told me that he thought I was going to fist him that night. He'd wanted it badly for the first time and he wondered why I hadn't. I told him I wanted him to think about it some more. I wanted him to want it more than he'd ever wanted anything. Only then would he be ready. Only then would he be willing to undergo what little pain was unavoidable to experience the pleasure it would bring. We talked and finally fell asleep with him nestled against me.

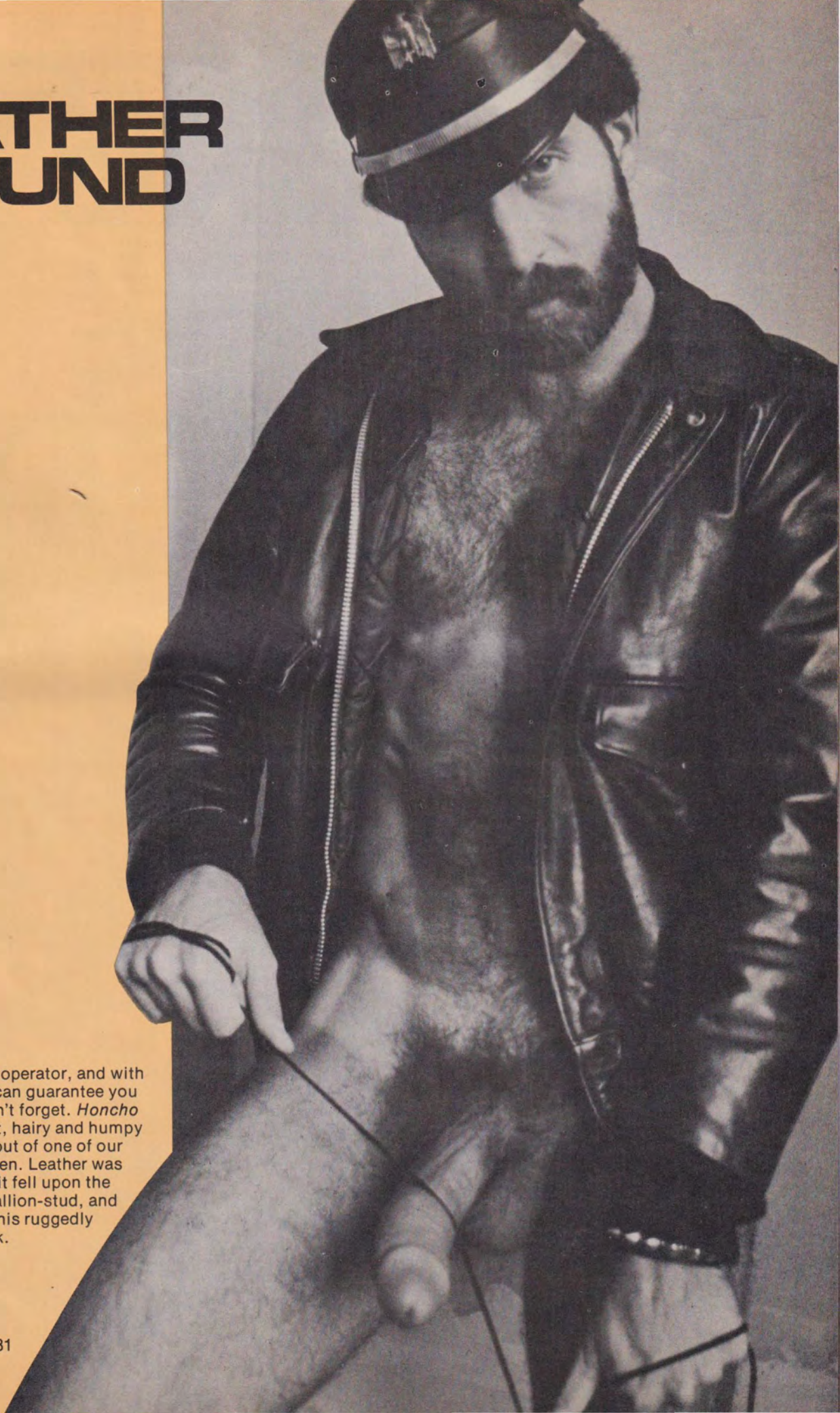
We slept late on Saturday. I awoke to find George asleep on his side facing away from me. My morning piss had my dick rock hard and

LEATHER BOUND

Cal Driver is a real operator, and with that stick shift. We can guarantee you a Driver ride you won't forget. *Honcho* hands it to you—hot, hairy and humpy—in this loaded layout of one of our most magnificent men. Leather was never so lucky until it fell upon the shoulders of this stallion-stud, and met the sweat from his ruggedly muscular framework.

Photograph by
Lobo Studio

HONCHO / July 1981



LEATHER BOUND

We want to thank hot, hung Cal for bringing a lot of "piece" into the world and for doing it in such an unforgettable way. You don't have to put a noose around this daddy's neck to make sure he's well hung. Nature did all the necessary stringing for you. Nothing but a lace of leather here and there could improve upon Mother Nature's well-endowed endeavors.

Photographs by Lobo Studio

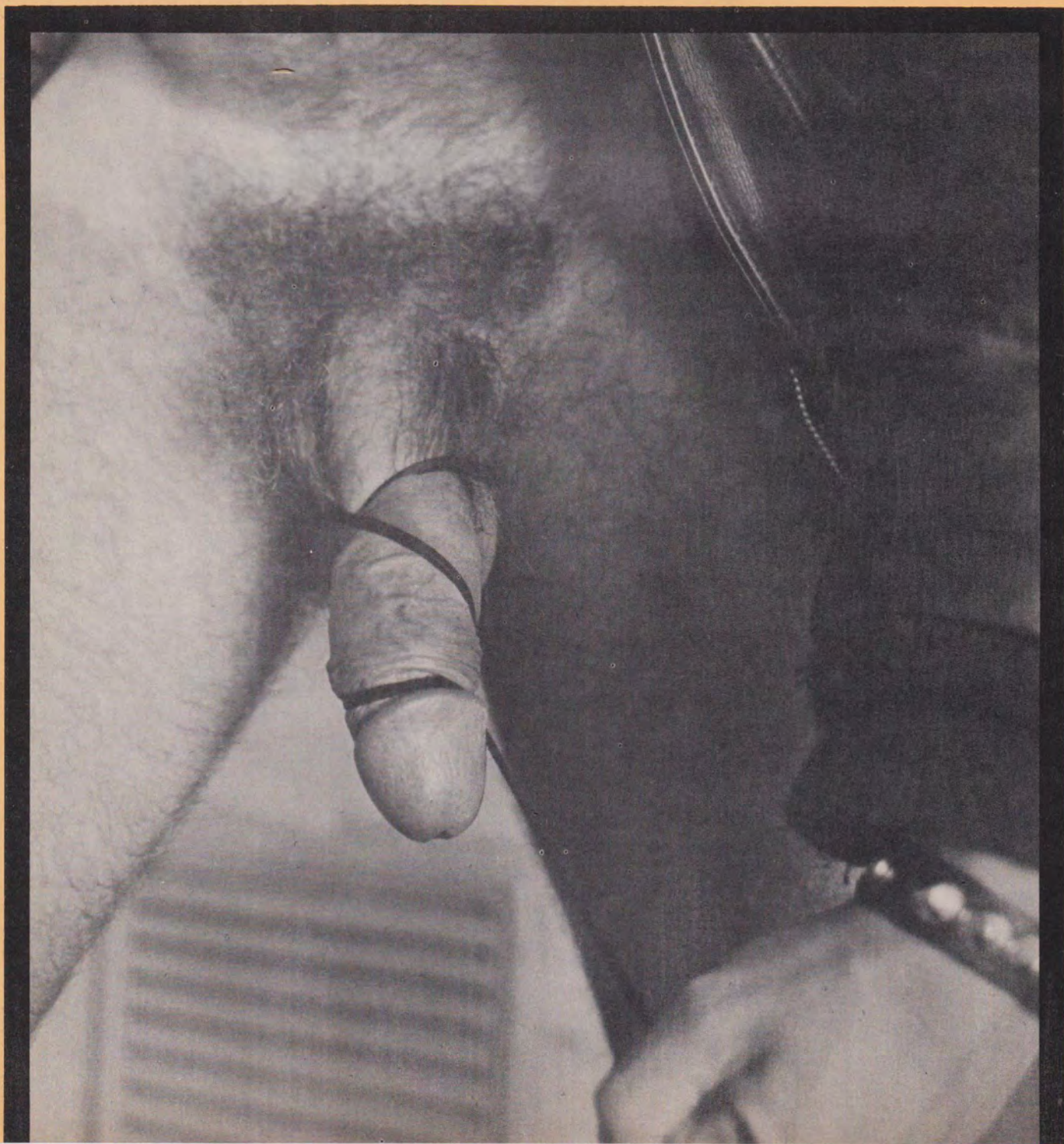




LEATHER BOUND

Can't you almost smell the blessed bouquet emanating from this rough and rugged stud's most intimate area? Don't you hear the snap of the whip as it wraps around that munchy mound? *Honcho* is the next best thing to being there. Let your eyes have a hot 'n horny holiday as you celebrate the circumference of the chunky trunk sprouting forth from the bush that we all know you'd love to beat around.

Photograph by Lobo









HONCHO

The Man: Cal Driver
The Photographer: Lobo

FATHER'S DAY

Continued from page 6

before I could go back to sleep and I thought about him while I did.

I'd never felt this way about any other man before. I was always top man and gave the orders when I played with other guys. It was confusing, but somehow it was beginning to dawn on me that perhaps I needed the attentions and affections from an older man that I'd never gotten from my father. I'd always loved and respected him, but he had been distant and never affectionate. I worked with Pop in a constant state of turmoil.

I wanted badly to be his, but I was certain he would never understand any of what was going on in my head. Through it all we had become very good friends by the middle of the summer. We always had lunch together and we told each other a lot about ourselves. As time passed I became more and more comfortable with him and he was a lot of fun to be with. He always called me boy or kid, and sometimes he even called me "son." He had never married and had confided in me that his only regret was that he had hoped to have a son of his own one day. Every time he called me son my dick started to twitch and on more than one occasion it became rock hard while we were together. I was sure Pop—I'd learned his real name was Dan but Pop seemed to fit better—couldn't help but notice. If he did, he never gave any indication of it.

One morning in September, I arrived at work to find Pop livid with rage. A stack of planks I had worked on the day before had fallen because I hadn't secured it properly. No one had been hurt, but some one could have been hurt badly and I was responsible. Pop was so angry he decided he couldn't talk to me about it right then, and ordered me to report to him immediately after work. I was really upset, too. I liked and respected this man and thinking that I had fucked up our relationship depressed me all day. By quitting time I felt like a kid who had misbehaved and was about to be punished. I entered the laborer's shanty timidly with my head bowed and decided that I would take what was coming to me like a man. I'd do anything for Pop if we could just stay friends.

Pop stood there with his hard hat in his hand, legs spread but set firmly on his feet. His face was very stern and I was frightened. It was just like my dream. I had to fight the instinct to fall

on my knees and throw my arms around him begging for forgiveness. He stared quietly at me for a long time before he spoke. "This is not the place to talk, son," he said evenly. "Come on. Let's get out of here."

I turned as he passed me and followed him. We walked a few blocks away from the site in total silence until we reached a small dimly lit bar. I followed him in and waited to be asked to sit before I took the stool next to him. He ordered beer for both of us and we had finished one before he spoke to me. "You know that your fuck-up could have caused someone a great deal of harm?"

"Yes, Pop, but I..." He cut me off.

"From now on, you will address me as sir at all times, do you understand? He looked directly into my eyes and I had to bow my head to escape his glare. I could feel his eyes boring into the top of my head when he repeated, "Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," I managed to mumble, still too ashamed to look him in the eye.

"Good," he replied. "See that you don't forget. Now, you know that some sort of disciplinary action will be taken against you, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," I answered, staring at the bottle of beer in my hand.

"As long as we understand each other," he replied. "You were almost fired this morning, but I assured the boss that nothing like that will ever happen again. I also assured him that I would take measures to see that it didn't. Are you willing to let me mete out your punishment, boy?"

"Yes, sir," I was so ashamed. Dan had put himself on the line for me and I decided I'd do anything he asked me to do. All I really wanted was for him to like me again.

"Fine, now that that's settled, let's have another beer." It seemed that the whole thing was forgotten as he roughly ran his hand through my hair and shook my head from side to side playfully with his huge calloused hand. We sat and had a few more beers and he seemed more like his normal self again. We were both getting a little hungry and Dan ordered us a couple of hamburgers which we ate at the bar.

He was friendly as we sat there and threw one arm around me several times as we talked, hugging me close and telling me to cheer up. It wouldn't be as bad as I thought, he kept saying. Once he actually patted me on the ass as I loosened up and shared a funny story with him. I was getting more

than loose. I was getting a little tipsy from all the beer. It didn't seem to affect Dan at all.

"All right, kid," he announced abruptly, standing up. "Let's go!" He turned and walked out of the bar with me meekly behind him. He didn't say where we were going and I felt somehow that it would be better if I didn't ask. We went down into a subway stop, boarded the first train that stopped and rode in complete silence. I was beginning to be afraid again. I didn't know the city that well and I had no idea where we were or where we were going. Suddenly, the train stopped and Dan rose, getting off with me right behind him. For some strange reason I felt that I'd feel safer if I could take hold of his hand so I couldn't get loose, but I knew that was not a good idea.

We climbed out of the station and turning left, walked three or four blocks before Dan stopped in front of an old brownstone and reached into his pocket for his key. He led me up some stairs and opening his door, walked in turning on the dim light. I followed him a few paces behind until he reached his living room and stopped. He turned on a lamp and removed his leather jacket and sweat-shirt, while I stood in the doorway shifting from foot to foot waiting for some word or sign from him. He didn't say a word until he had stripped his torso down to his t-shirt and made himself comfortable in a large overstuffed chair. Staring intently at me, he pointed to the sofa and told me to put my jacket on it. I removed it and placed it on the arm as he had indicated.

"Come here, boy," he ordered. "Come over here and stand right here," he said, pointing to a spot on the floor in front of him. I immediately obeyed and stood before him with my hands behind my back and my head bowed. I could tell from the sound of his voice that he was about to tell me what was in store for me. In spite of my fear and confusion, my dick was starting to stiffen inside my jeans.

"You know that you deserve to be punished, don't you, son?" he asked sternly.

"Yes, sir," was all I could manage. I still could not look at him. I felt too guilty and ashamed.

"You were entrusted with a man's job, and you did it like a little boy. Your behavior could have caused another man real damage. When you behave like a man, son, you will be treated like a man. When you behave

Continued on page 64

DENIM DREAMS

Colt does it again where bold men don't fear to tread. Teddy Garr sits majestically. His lusty legs spread out to all corners of the globe. His ruggedly smooth skin beckons. His faded jean shirt enhances his All-American manliness and serves as motif for Colt's latest dreambook.

Photograph by Colt Studio



DENIM DREAMS

For most men, denim has become a second skin. As it fades, it takes on the character of the bearer. Each tear recalls some past event; each rip some straining activity that got out of hand. The holier the jean, the more skin it shows.

Hank Ditmar certainly captures this mood. Chunky calves and thighs draped in scanty, bedraggled cutoffs afford us a look at all that manhood. Wouldn't you just love to get your hands into that denim crack?

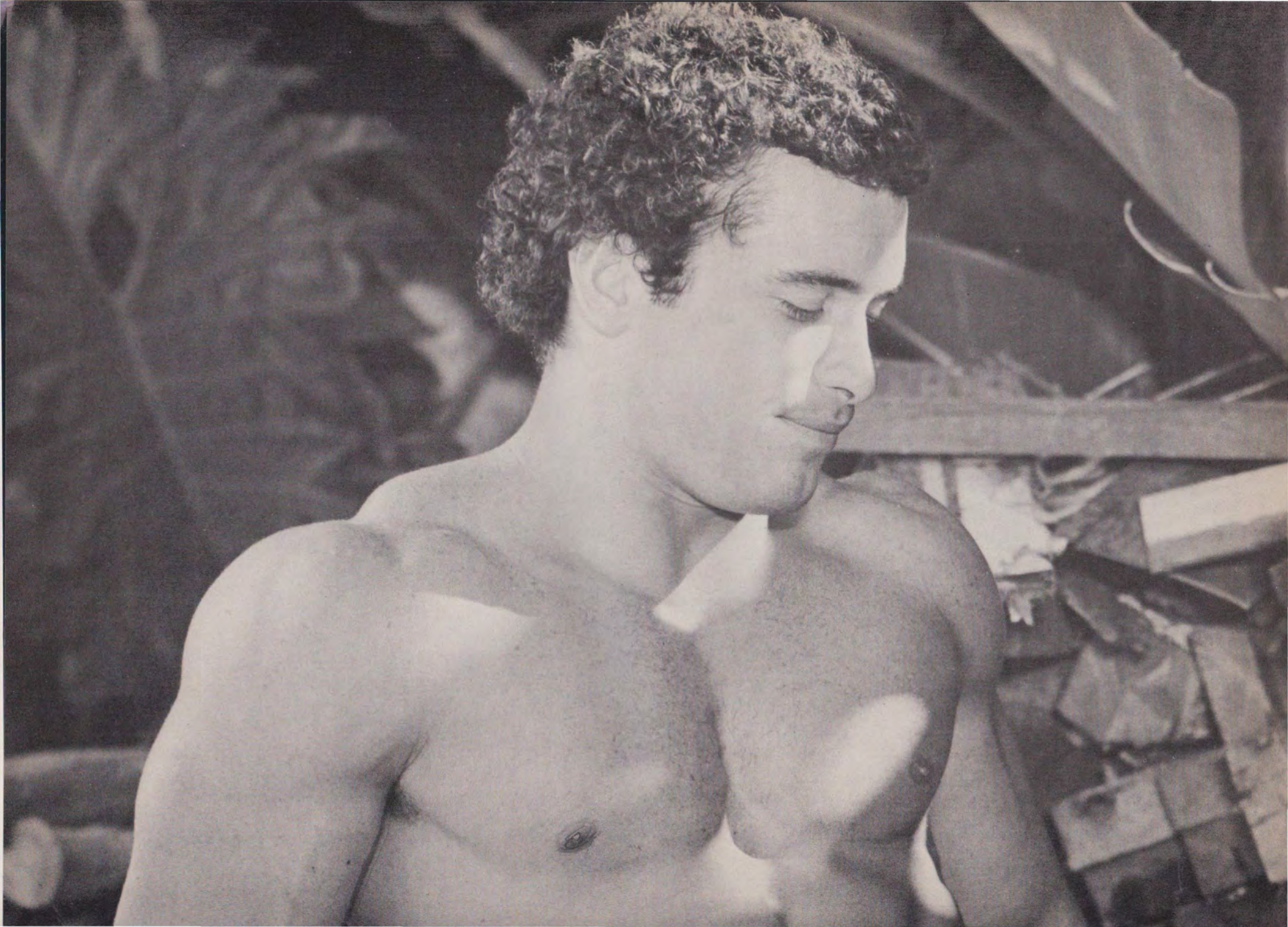
Our double-page spread features that burly, macho stud, Ken Conroy, as he shows you what *au naturel* is all about. Cutoffs hug the body; they are summer's uniform. Easy to get into, just as easy to kick off. Free and easy.

"Colt Studio Presents #2, Denim" celebrates summer with a collection of its top stars. The list of studs is impressive; Nick Chase, Toby, Al Parker, Mike Morris, Johnny Harden, Mike Betts, Mark Rutter, Bruno and Roger Cole to name just a few. At \$8.50 a magazine, this extravaganza gives a comprehensive, all-around look at Colt's fabulous collection of men. Send check or money order to Colt Studio, P.O. Box 1608 HEI, Studio City, Calif. 91604. The denim collection is a dream come true.

Photograph by Colt Studio









HONCHO

Photograph by Colt Studio

MYLES LONGUE

Dear *Honcho*,

I still get an insatiable case of the "drools" when I do a re-check of your September '80 issue on that handsome hunk Myles Longue. His hairy chest leads a tightly-torsoed path to one magnificent mound of munchable meat!

Beads of sweat still build up on my forehead every time I glance back at that laid-out lay-out and believe me, I glance back often. His lean, sinewy frame is a fantastic form of manliness and if I can't let my hands touch that trunk, then I'm grateful to *Honcho* for at least being able to lay my eyes on it.

So come on, *Honcho*, don't beat around "the bush." Why not give us more of Myles Longue? I know there's more to give and I'm sure Myles has plenty to spare.

Sincerely,
Looking for a "Longue" time

LONG HUNG

Dear *Honcho*,

I enjoy your magazine and your models with their big cocks but practically all of them have small to average balls. I, and I'm sure many other men, are turned on by men with *big low-hanging* balls. So, once in a while, won't you feature men with *big low-hanging balls*. If you want to publish this, you can use my name.

C.A.O.
New York, N.Y.

CAN'T GET ENOUGH

Dear Sir,

I would like you to know that I and my friends enjoy *Honcho* magazine very much.

Out of the many hundreds of photos in *Honcho* for the past year there is one I cannot get enough of and that is Target Studios' Bull Dozier in the December 1979 issue. If possible, I would like to have more pictures of him. Of course the ultimate would be to be able to meet him in person. Nevertheless I do want more pictures of him in perhaps more revealing or interesting poses.

Thank you very much.

Sincerely,
T.T.
Cheektowaga, N.Y.

Myles Longue: Photo by Usher



DEAR HONCHO:

MACHO MEN

Dear *Honcho*,

Keep your magnificent work showing all those macho men.

I love hairy men with big cocks and hot; let me tell you my lover and I, we love your work. The other day we have the last issue and we were driving as we took off our clothes and were naked. We were hot and we start sucking his balls and cock and the same he did to me. We were so hot that we did not realize we were in the van driving on the highway at night. So we do it different, even on the beach during the time of the summer. We both have big cocks and hairy, so we like your work and bodies of macho men.

Your biggest readers,
Gio and Hector
Miami, Fla.

P.S. We are artists and we see your magazine as a beautiful art body, keep on.

LOVE YOUR HEAVY FICTION

Dear *Honcho*

I am writing you this letter about your November issue of *Honcho*. There was a story in that issue that really caught my eye. It's called "Switch in Command." I really think that cop was a hunk. I would really like to see more of that. I wish you would have shown the other guy. That was getting the ticket. That story really got me off. The part that really got me hot was the leather pants and the cop's jock strap. Show us more. I mean more like leather jock straps, cock rings and hot leather men. And keep up the excellent work. This story got me extra hard. And I could have cum for days. And also your January edition was very hot. And I mean *hot*. The story that caught me was "Hard as Hell" and that story was super hot. That leather was hot. I would have loved to see the guy in the sunglass's cock. He made me come just looking at him and reading that story I could just picture him in action. I know what

it's like—my lover is just like him. As I said, keep up the excellent work. I love all of your men, they're hot-n-juicy. Can I say one other thing? I am having a problem trying to get a December issue. I was out of town all of November. I couldn't get one and the stores around here don't have any more. That is the only one I need to have my 1980 set complete.

Sincerely hot,
W.S. Leather Queen
New Haven, Conn.

GOLDEN SHOWERS

Dear *Honcho*,

Just finished devouring your Feb. '81 issue for the hundredth time. It's got to be the best one yet, but then I say that about every one of them! Like W.T. in his letter on page 49, I too, very much enjoyed the "Golden Dream" story, and wish you would sometimes print some pics of studs pissing. There are thousands of us who would get a terrific turn-on from them. I keep looking at that fantastic photo of Mark Rutter—his magnificent prick is ready to spurt out a healthy golden shower. I'm lying underneath him waiting for it. Here it comes—warm sensation of a sexy guy's cock liquid spraying my naked body. The feeling is exquisite. He bends his knees and moves right up to my face and my wide open thirsty mouth. Not an experience for the uninitiated but if it's a guy that really takes you on a trip, it's the most! To crown the fantasy, Mark turns around and bares his smooth tight ass for me and I eat his love tunnel like it's my last meal—what a meal!

You know, *Honcho* man, I am positive my prick has grown quite a bit since I started reading your wonderful mag. I beat off to these great photos. I came twice reading "Do you like it?" especially looking at that sweet prick in the handcuffs and knowing what was going to cum out of it!

Don't ever change your format.

D.K.
Toronto, Canada

FORESKIN GROSS-OUT

Dear *Honcho*:

This letter is long planned and long overdue. I've been bothered for months by the (seemingly growing) number of uncut models in your otherwise juicy magazine. In the February '81 issue I count four of your five main models still with their foreskins. Talk about a gross-out! For modern American men to wander around uncircumcised is about the same as living without indoor plumbing, electricity, or (please note) soap and hot water. Let's try to live (and pose!) like civilized people in the 20th century. 1800 this *ain't*. I feel sorry for uncut guys, I'd love to help them find a good doctor, but I don't want to *look* at them! Yuck!

While I'm at it, let's have fewer models with boots or socks. If we want nude men, why not get 'em nude all the way? A barefoot guy is 1,000 per cent (as George McGovern might say: 1,000 per cent) sexier than one with boots, Adidas, or socks. Give us a break.

Thanks—and keep the hunks coming.

Your panting reader,
Don
Lexington, Va.

MOUTH WATERING

Dear Hot, Hard, *Honcho* Men,

I picked up your Feb. issue of *Honcho* and your spread of the Urban Cowboy was out of this world. I love seeing hot hairy bodies like your model Trent has. He is so mouth-watering. I'd love to kiss every part of him. I had such a jack off session, I could not hold back the cum that shot just from looking at him.

If you can show more of Trent in the future, I will love it. Keep up the good work. I am cumming just thinking of him.

Love all you guys,
S.M.
Yonkers, N.Y.





TOP HAND

By Spike • Photo by Mimoso

“The first thing I noticed about Nick in the dim light of the bar was his ass. Framed by the black leather chaps and shaped by the tight denim underneath, it was a sight to behold. I guess asses are my big weakness.”

If the ass is hot, I generally check out the face and the rest of the body. The ass in front of me was definitely hot! The only trouble was that he had a red hanky and cuffs on the left and so did I. Well, I told myself with a shrug, it doesn't hurt to try. I had the best times topping other tops. I always found that they make the best bottoms, because I have never met a good top who wasn't first a good bottom.

I turned around so that I could circle the outer reaches of the bar and move in on him face to face. I didn't want to make it too obvious at first. I moved and found him standing in almost the same spot he'd been in when I noticed him. The face was terrific! He had broad features and a very square jaw

made even more pronounced by a short black curly beard that covered only enough of his face to outline it neatly. When I'd settled into a good space to cruise, I checked out the basket. Well, I thought to myself, you couldn't ask for much more. He's as big as you are, good looking, great ass, and a big dick to boot. We were evenly matched!

Some people feel very uncomfortable playing let's cruise, but I kind of get off on it. It's a game, a sport. It's like a fox hunt and to the victor goes the tail. He was cruising a little blonde number back in the shadows in the corner. The kid was real interested too. Shit! I thought, too late. As I continued to check Nick out, I traveled his body with my eyes from his leather boots to the leather cap on his head. I

offered my hand. "My name's Jeff."

"Hello, I'm Nick," he replied. We shook hands and stood for a minute just grinning at each other. "You're a hot looking man, Jeff," he broke the silence and patted my ass lightly. "I like the way you cruise. I like a man who knows what he wants and goes after it. The only problem is I think, judging from what we're both advertising that we're probably after the same thing."

"Not necessarily," I responded. "If you're good on the top, you must have learned how on the bottom. I did." His eyes lit up with that statement and he grinned broadly.

"Are you into taking a fist?" he asked.

"Sure," I answered, "but it depends on a lot of things. I don't let just any-

each other.

We kissed gently at first and then eagerly grabbing onto each other, we pressed our lips together hard. Our tongues took turns sliding in and out of the other's mouth, fucking and exploring. By the time we parted to take a breath our bodies were pressed tightly together and our cocks were hard and pushing into each other's groin. "You really turn me on, Jeff," Nick said sheepishly. "Look what you've done," he chuckled, nodding his head in the direction of his stiff cock.

"I drip a lot, too," I said, taking his hand and placing it on the end of my dick where the denim was all wet from the oozing pre cum. "I like it."

"Me, too," he grinned, placing my hand on the wet spot on his own jeans. "That's the first sign that I'm turned on."

We kissed again, longer and harder this time. When we had finally let go of each other I suggested that we find some corner to carry on in and talk for a while. An idea was beginning to form in my mind and something told me that Nick would like it a lot. I've done most of my fantasies, but thankfully, there are still a few left to try. I thought I had found a partner to try one tonight. We found a relatively uncrowded spot and talked. I told Nick what was on my mind and his eyes brightened. "You know," he said, patting me on the ass, "I knew I'd like you when I first saw you. You're honest and open. That's important when you play some of the games we get into. I've found that guys who are really into something will discuss it and guys who aren't generally try to hide from talking about it. They always say it spoils the fun or the spontaneity or some such shit!"

"I know," I laughed. "If they can't discuss it, I know right away that they're not really into it." I looked at him and we both laughed. "Seriously, getting back to the business at hand, I would say from our dripping dicks that we definitely turn each other on."

Nick nodded assent and grabbed my cock and balls in his hand while I continued. "You've heard my idea. Do you want to come to my place and see what happens?"

"At last," Nick chuckled. "I've just moved here and I'm staying with friends. I thought you'd never ask!"

We left immediately. I only live a few blocks from the bar so we walked and got to know each other a little better on the way. When we got to my place

Continued on page 70

"I pulled my mouth off of Nick's and worked my tongue down the side of his neck, running it over the hair on his pecs."

guess I was not being too subtle because when my eyes reached his head I caught him looking back at me with puzzlement in his face. I looked immediately at the floor. After all, I couldn't let him know right off the bat that I was drooling.

I lit a cigarette and decided it was time for another beer. Hoping he'd still be there when I got back, I headed for the bar. With a cold beer in one hand and a freshly lit cigarette in the other I had something to do with my hands and I could play the game more calmly. I returned as closely as I could to the spot I had left. He'd moved nearer to where I had been standing. I quickly checked to see if the blonde was close by and was relieved to see the blond occupied making out with some dude in the corner. I found a spot discreetly near enough to my goal and stood there staring out into the crowded bar.

I could feel his eyes on me. Out of the corner of my eye I checked, and, sure enough, he was cruising me! I turned my head and our eyes met. I smiled and nodded. "Hi," I smiled and

one stick their hand up my ass. I think it a great trip, but it's too dangerous to take lightly. Have you ever been fisted?"

"Many times, my friend," he said.

"But, I haven't been in a long time. I agree with you. It's great, but this is the only body I have and I don't want anybody fucking it up. I won't let a guy who hasn't had the experience himself fist me. You can't really know what you're doing or what the other guy has to go through unless you've been there yourself."

As we talked our hands began to roam. I let my hand wander until my fingers found the seam of his jeans covering the crack of his firm ass and gently pressed them in toward the puckered hole I knew was there. I watched as I saw his dick jerk inside his pants and then felt his hand doing the same thing to me, causing the same reaction. We both laughed and then looking each other directly in the eye, became very serious. We stood there for a minute reading the looks in the other's face and slowly our heads came together and our mouths found

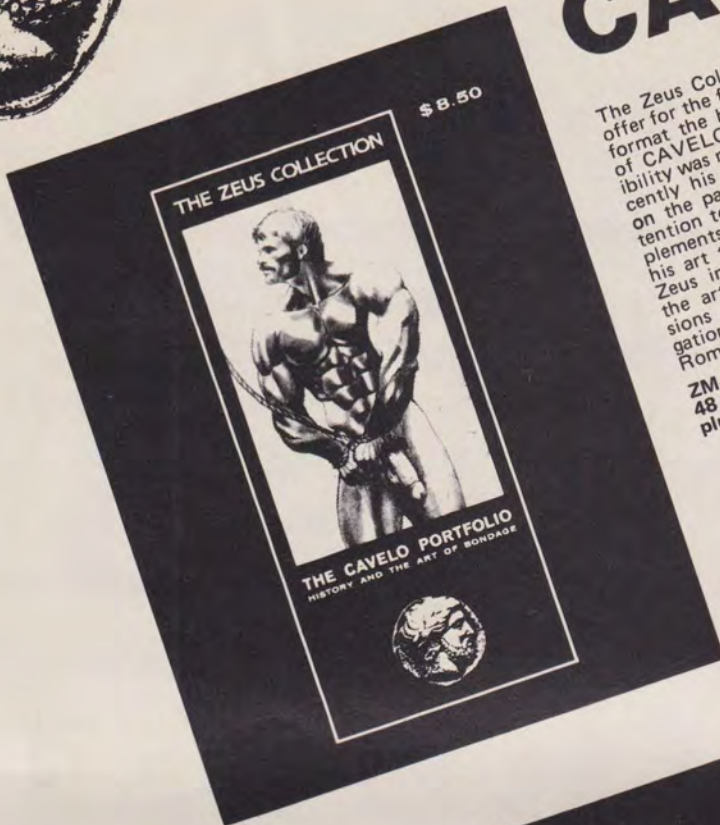


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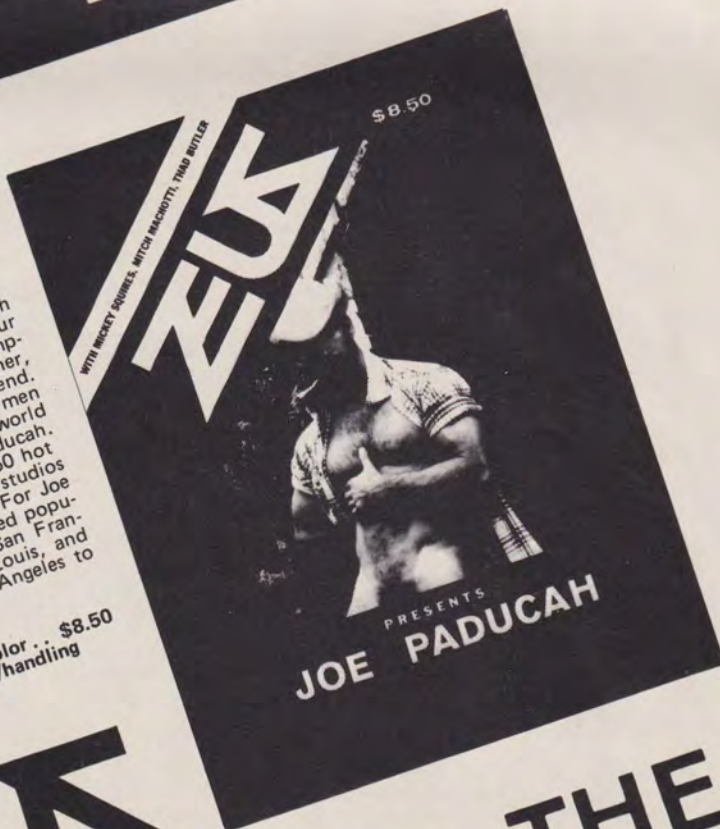
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ASK BUTCH:

"Ask Butch" is your "special needs" column. This is the place where you can write in and request any advice and/or information that will help you improve your own *Honcho*-oriented sex life. So write on! What ye ask, ye shall receive!

Photograph by Toland

TIT-ELATION

Dear Butch:

I really dig getting my tits pinched and have been thinking about letting my partner try a set of clips on my nipples. Can you tell me more about the different kinds of clips? Can I get hurt using them?

Signed,
"Pinch me"

Dear Pinch:

Nipple clips vary from the common household clothespin to various adjustable rubber tips and bare metal clamps available at sex shops. Again, individuality plays a key role in the sensual as well as in the safe use of these devices. Alligator clamps, those vicious little steel-toothed muthers, should be used only with *great* caution. You can break vessels, cut delicate skin and even tear loose part of a nipple by the use of clamps that are either too tight or too sharp. I say: It's okay to squeeze 'em tight; a bark is welcome, but not a bite!

Your "bosom" buddy,
BUTCH

RED ASSES

Dear Butch:

My fuck buddy Sammy has been wanting to lay me down, tie me up and give me a good butt-busting. Are frequent or heavy spankings dangerous?

Signed,
Buns for the beating

Dear B.B.:

The line between pain and pleasure is often thin and highly individual. A hot 'n horny "fun" spanking to one person may be termed a "beating" by someone else. I believe that a few swift slaps never hurt anyone. However, a long, drawn out and prolonged ass-whipping can result in broken blood vessels and severe bruises that might make "sitting down" in the immediate future out of the question.

A few steamy whacks may be great to get your motor running; just don't let your "daddy" make your cakes black, blue or yellow.

ON LEATHER HARNESSES

Dear Butch:

I've seen a lot of pictures in mags lately showing hot numbers wearing thick, black leather harnesses. Other than the obvious visual appeal, what is the purpose of this device and is it safe to wear?

Yours always,
A young "strapping" lad

Dear Strap:

The leather harness is a basic piece of equipment essential in various S&M and B&D practices. Three straps secure the device around the neck and waist. Large metal rings at the sides and often at the mid-center of the chest allow various accessories, such as chains, hand-cuffs, etc., to be attached to the harness. With the use of

the mid-abdomen ring, the victim can be hung up and suspended from the ceiling, wall or rack. The more advanced "slave" torso harness has a leather collar attached to the basic "V" structure of the regular harness device. Two rings on either side of this collar allow the attachment of accessories to restrain head movement. Adjustable harnesses, in and of themselves, are not harmful. Just be careful of what's being attached and of who's doing the "hanging."

—Butch

POPPERS

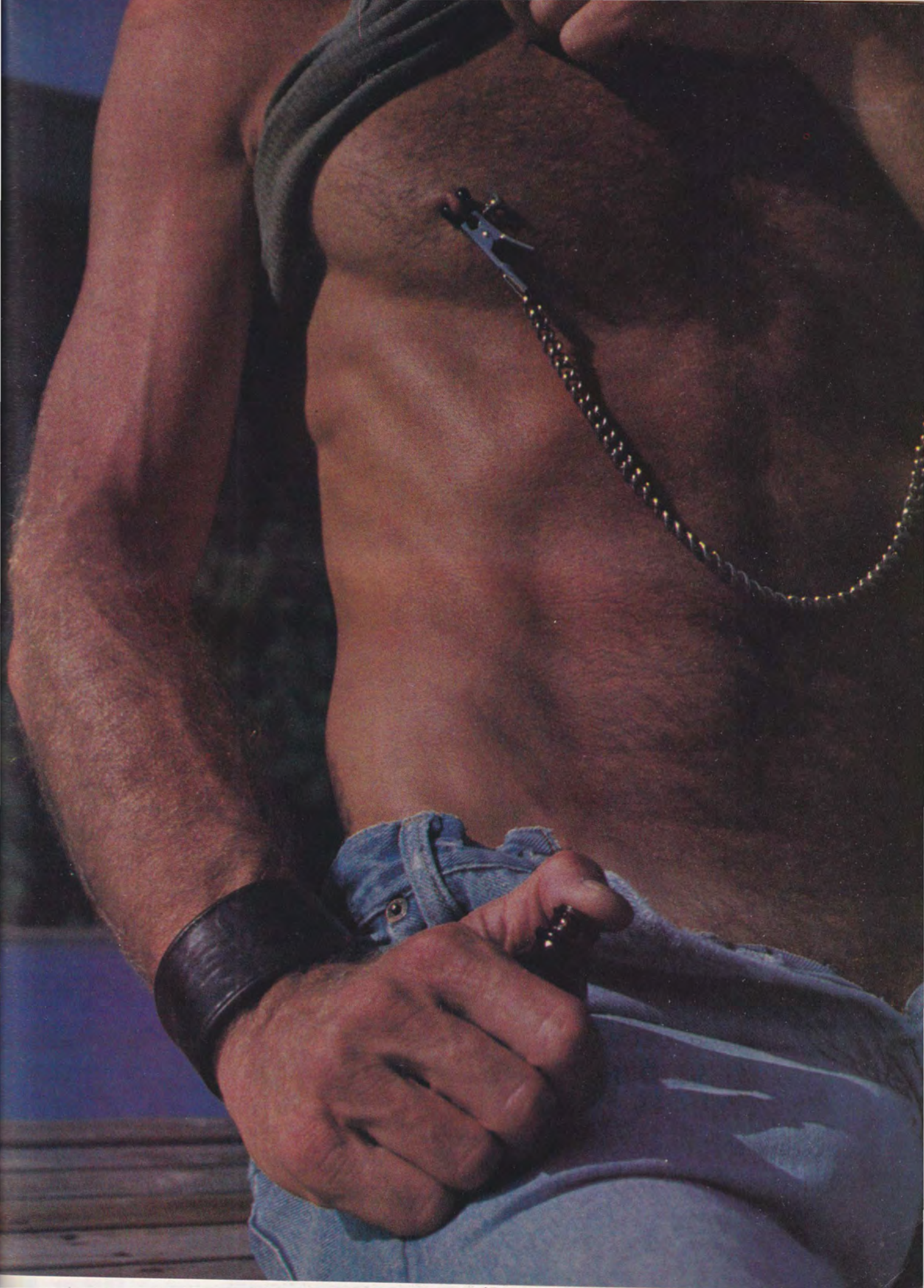
Dear Butch:

Are poppers okay?

Sincerely,
Hot-to-Rush

Dear Hot:

Relevance is the only rule. You could drown from drinking too much water, so, in the case of poppers, pay attention to your level of intake as well. The purest form of this popular poppin' potion is, of course, amyl nitrite, first used to help people with coronary problems overcome heart attacks. It still requires a script in most states. Butyl nitrite, used in many popular popper substitutes, is less pure as well as less potent in terms of its effect. Too much sniffin' can dry out and even burn the mucous membranes in the throat and lungs. The effects vary from individual to individual. If you have heart trouble,



respiratory difficulties and/or high blood pressure, you should definitely avoid poppers. If not, proceed with caution. Poppers are, for the most part—if you'll pardon a bad pun—popular because of the short-lived rush of warmth and excitement they send over the body. Obviously, this sensation can be an addition to a sexual moment. They also relax the sphincter muscles—that's your asshole, dummy!—for a few seconds and this of course creates the ideal opportunity to penetrate.

So, pop-on, but don't drink it or spill it on the dresser.

Butch

ON COCK RINGS

Dear Butch:

Can you tell me about the various kinds of cock-rings, their functions and whether or not they are dangerous?

Sincerely,
Still waiting for the "ring"

Dear Waiting:

There are three basic types of cock-rings that come in either rubber, leather or steel. Both serve the same purpose, i.e., to put pressure at the base of the penis and thus insure a good erection as well as a slightly larger erection. The rubber cockring gives in somewhat to the expanding penis and is therefore more comfortable to wear over long periods. The leather ring is more resistant, less giving, and offers the erotic, sensual experience of leather. The steel ring, of course, does not expand at all and while it does the best job of keeping the penis rock hard, is less comfortable to wear. The "seven gates of hell," comes in leather or metal and is a series of seven rings, each slightly smaller in diameter than the preceding ring. These offer an intensely rigid erection and orgasm. However, if not properly attached or adjusted, they are simply uncomfortable and often painful. These side effects could be a plus, of course, depending on the individual. There also exists a "spiked" cockring, equipped with mobile barbs that can be turned in, towards the penis, or out away from it. Obviously, those of us *not* into pain will not purchase a spiked cockring. It is also the most dangerous model in the line and should be used with *great* discretion. Let's not allow a moment of "poppered frenzy" to create a need to rush to the hospital after orgasm.

No cockring device should be worn for more than fifteen to twenty minutes because of the constriction it produces. When "too tight," they can even cause the rupture of some of the tiny blood vessels in the penis, at the time of orgasm. "Caution rules" are my words of wisdom concerning cock-rings.

—Butch

BUTCH ON FISTING

Dear Butch:

I've always wanted to do a fist-fucking scene with my best buddy, Rick. More than once, I've fought back the urge to jam my hand right up that hunky dude and I'm sure he would have gone for it, too. I just want to know how safe fist-fuckin' is, what the dangers, if any, are. How far in can you safely shove? What's the best way to prepare for the scene?

Anxious to Jam in Jersey,
Your buddy, Rod

Dear Rod: Never has so much gone so far into so many so often. All in all, in consideration of its newly founded and "wide-spread" popularity, we must take obvious note of the fact that a fist is *not* a cock. The number one rule of this exciting and overtly stimulating practice is: "Slow 'n easy." Tell your buddy Rick that he's got to really relax prior to the "big shove." Plenty of finger banging, with a few hits of poppers in between bangs and fingers. Lots of Crisco, the cheapest and most popular lubricant for this practice, which requires a great deal of grease, *liberally* and *frequently* applied.

The inner walls of the colon have no real nerve endings after the first foot or so of the lower large intestine. Many people have little, if any, sensation at distances even shorter than a foot. The greatest stimulation in fist-fucking comes from the internal pressure applied to the prostate and to the inner and outer structures of the sphincter muscles.

In most individuals, the large intestine takes a sharp curve to the right—trust Butch, he would never "steer" you wrong—after about eighteen inches. You can go around the curve, but *very* carefully, taking the time to gently feel your way around the bend. The intestine are very flexible but they *can* tear. Problems with regards to damage done to them can be difficult

to alleviate since access to them is so difficult. Special care should be taken to trim your fingernails before fisting someone. Infections in the colon, due to scratches in its inner walls caused by long, dirty fingernails, are fairly common and *painful* to those who are frequent "fistees."

It's your duty as a partner to gauge how much your buddy can really take. In oral sex, people often bite off more than they can chew, so, with fist-fucking, buddies will often *beg* for more than they can *take*. "Easy-does-it" for first-timers and "caution always" for everybody else. And never forget: "When in doubt—pull it out!" Happy hand-shaking!

DILDOES

Dear Butch:

I've seen a lot of pictures with guys using dildoes on one another. I want to try one out on my fuck-buddy Jim. What size is the best to get for beginners? Also, what material is the most ideal for use in the composition of a dildo?

Sincerely,
Randy

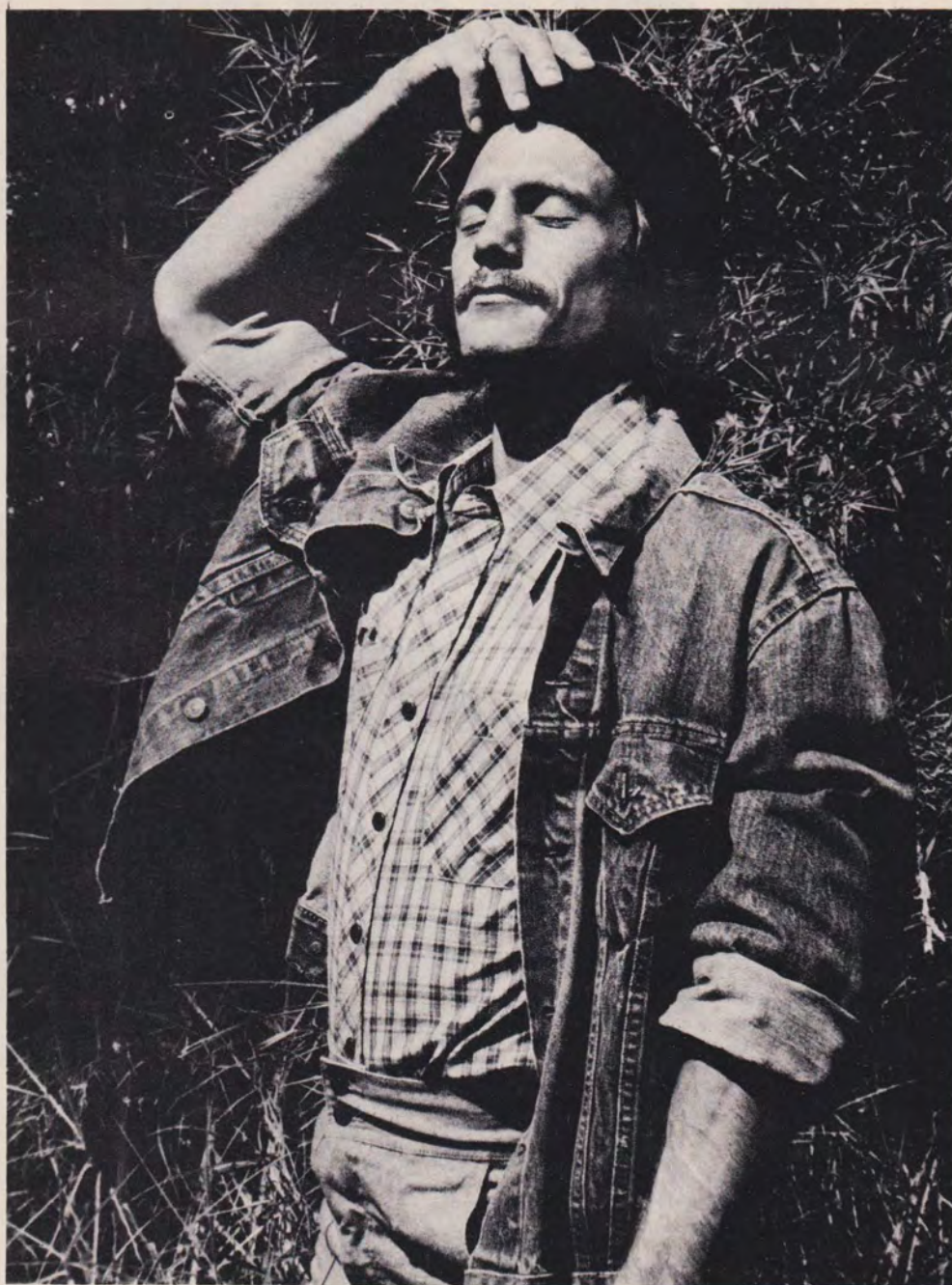
Dear Randy:

Dildoes come in various shapes and sizes. They are composed of every material from rubber to lucite. If you're going to try one out on a guy who's never experienced one, I suggest you purchase one that's not much larger in diameter than your own cock. You can be a little more extravagant in choosing the length, however, since you control the level of penetration. Solid rubber is the most popular of the dildo materials, since it is closest to the density, firmness and functioning of an actual physical erection. Solid dildoes of plastic (many with built-in vibrators) are also popular. Great care should be used in their insertion since they will not bend and mold themselves to the inner wall of the colon as do the solid rubber variety.

Slow and easy is the best advice for a partner using a dildo on a fuck buddy. Since you cannot *feel* where the device is going the way you can with your cock, steer away from the solid, inflexible models. In the beginning, until you've accustomed yourself or your partner to the new sensation experienced with the dildo phenomena, slow and real easy.

Happy plunging,
Butch

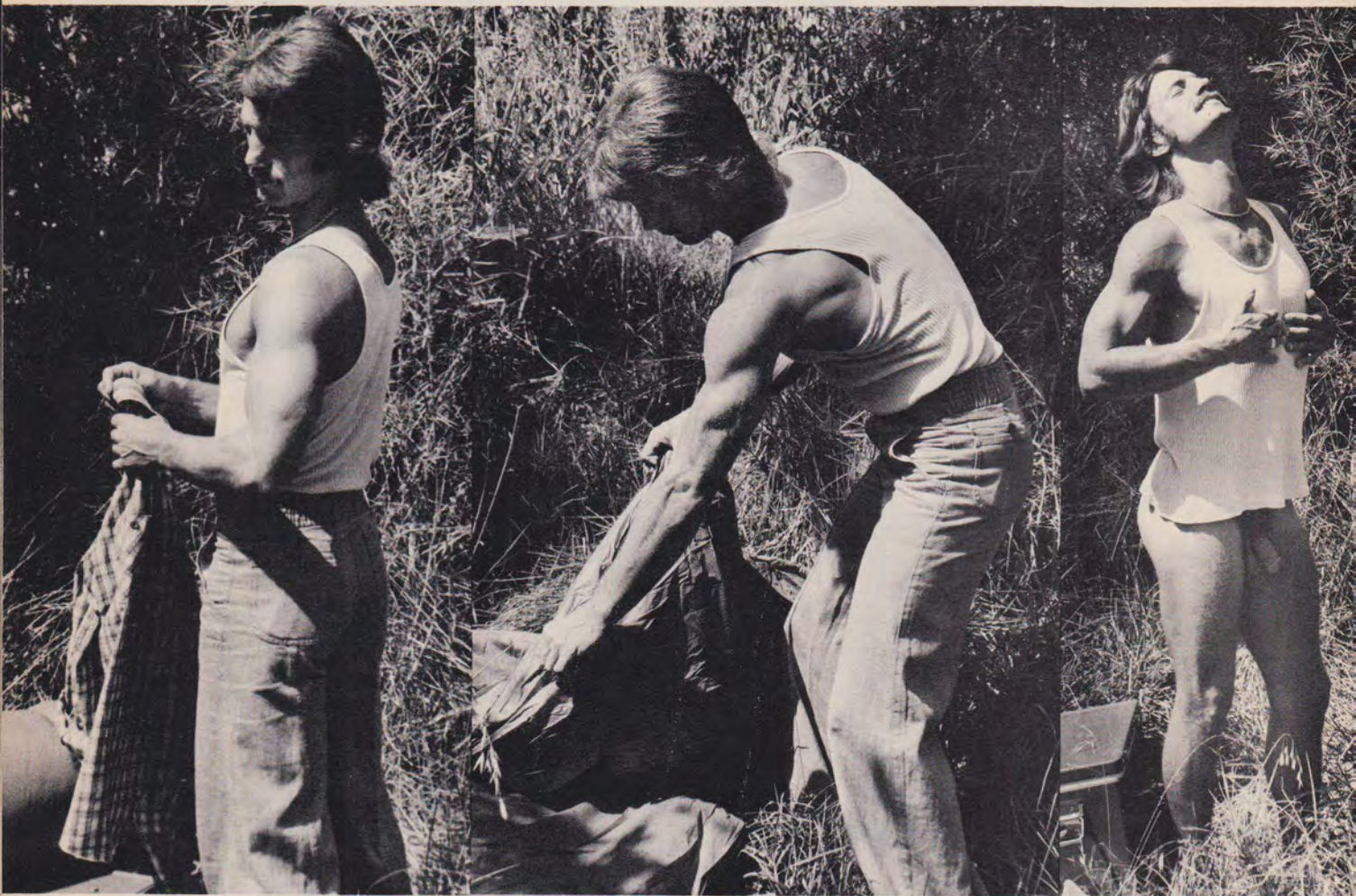
AFTERNOON DELIGHT



Here's a daddy that any "sun" would be happy to shine upon. What splendor there is for this grass as its grateful blades carefully caress the fantastic form of this rugged outdoor delight.

Photograph by Eros

AFTERNOON DELIGHT



Luminous chestnut locks of shaggy hair surround the perimeters of that happy-honcho smile, as daddy gives it all to you fortunate, wide-eyed readers. A bright white undershirt seems to glow, silhouetted against the rich gray shades of summer in the woods.

Photographs by Eros



AFTERNOON DELIGHT

Bulging biceps, tawny, hirsute torso, thighs of iron and a pole of perfection, all creamy components combine to create a beautiful back-to-nature guy. And what a back that is! Haunches in the heather, or should we say buns in the blades? Whatever words you choose, one could run the risk of becoming speechless when viewing a wonder as overwhelming as this. Butch-in-the-raw as *Honcho* shows it all!

Photograph by Eros





EAT IT!

Continued from page 28

jerks ferociously into your mouth.

And keep sucking. Just because you got his first load doesn't mean there isn't another one right behind it. Drain him of every last drop. And when he trembles and indicates he can't take any more pleasure, go down on him one more time just for good measure. He'll probably laugh at the sheer ecstasy of the final agonizing blast of cum into your mouth.

Swallow it. Don't spit it out. Even if the stud hasn't cum for days and the stuff is old, it really can be enormously delicious. Reward yourself with the feeling of it oozing down your throat and into your own body.

Okay, guys, that's it. Now get out there and practice. If we're going to be known as cocksuckers, let's show the world we know what we're doing, that we indeed do live up to everything the name implies.

Cocksucking, it seems to me, is a lost art among gay men. Let's hope it's not lost, only mislaid.



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NEW EXPERIENCE

Continued from page 34

and get your ass back here quick." He jumped at my command as usual and returned settling himself on the ground at my feet. His hands ran up and down the leather covering my leg and I could see the bulge in his jeans begin to grow. I got him up and we went back into the living room. As I sat on the sofa I looked at him and asked, "Is that proper attire for a slave?" He immediately stripped and came to stand before me, hands behind his back and legs spread. I grabbed his balls in one hand and twisted until I could see the pain on his face and his cock was hard and standing away stiffly from his body.

"Alright, sit down and relax," I ordered. He sat beside me and we had a few joints and a couple more beers. I kept making references to his ass and every once in a while I would make him spread his legs and show me his eager hole. I would play with it while he sat there moaning and bucking his hips to meet the thrusts of however many fingers I chose to insert in his wet crevice.

When I could tell by the lack of tension that his ass was ready I ordered him to the bedroom. "On the bed on your belly, slave, spread-eagled." I secured his hands and ankles to the four corners of the bed and got on my knees behind him. I spread the cheeks of his ass and went to work on that twitching hole. I chewed with my teeth and fucked with my tongue until he was squirming and moaning with pleasure.

When his hole was wet and loose, I shoved my cock up to the hilt bringing a long low groan from his lips. "You want that ass used, don't you, slave?" I said in his ear.

"Yes, sir. Please, sir. Use me, sir."

"I pulled my cock out and replaced it with two wet fingers and he pushed his hips back to meet me. "Open that hole for me. Open it good and wide. My cock is the smallest thing that's going up there all night." I could feel his sphincter relax and he began bucking his ass off the bead. "You hold still!" I commanded. "You just lay there and concentrate on that ass. That's your job right now, slave. You just lay there and let your master use that hole."

He did as he was told and I played

with his ass. Using lots of lubricant, I pushed one finger into him stroking his prostate, then slowly removing it to replace it with two fingers. I repeated the process until his hole had widened enough to take all my fingers including the thumb up to the knuckles. Leaving my hand in place in his ass, I reached over to the bed table and, taking the waiting bottle of amyl, placed it under his nose and ordered him to take a lot. As he took first one and then more deep breaths, I began an in and out motion in his asshole.

"Feel the head of that dick poking at your hole, slave. Remember, after that initial shock of the head, it's all smooth sailing. You want that dick, don't you, boy?"

"Yes, sir. Please, sir."

"Good. You just open that ass for me, boy. You take your master any way he wants you. You relax that ass, boy. Open your hole for me." As I spoke, I continued to play with his ass, pushing further and further into him. He was panting for breath and his ass was pulsing against my hand. I abruptly removed my hand and smiled as I heard his disappointed groan. Releasing his hands and ankles, I rolled him over on his back, pushing his legs up over my shoulders and handed him the brown bottle. "Take as much as you want whenever you need it," I told him.

He looked at me and I could see the need in his eyes. "Please, sir, please. I want you inside of me. I need it, sir. Please!"

He was ready. I replaced my hand and it slid easily up to the knuckles. I watched as he took some of the inhalant and as he replaced the cap and settled back, I could feel his ass loosen, and telling him to push, I slid my hand all the way in. "Grab your cock and beat it!" I ordered. I slowly, easily moved my hand, fucking his hole with it and it didn't take him more than ten strokes to scream with the gushes of white goo that splattered all over his body. As he was coming I took my hand out slowly and when it was completely out he shot again.

He looked up at me and smiled. "Thank you, sir. I knew you could get me there."

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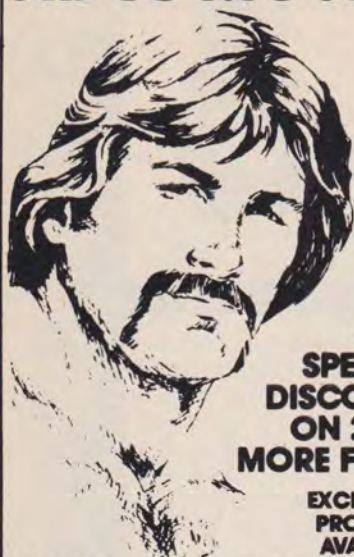
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ASK FOR TROY

DEAR HONCHO: THE HUNT

Dear *Honcho*:

I have just finished your issue of *Honcho* for March. I came three times just reading your story of the Hunt. I just finished washing my hands and thought I would write to tell you how much I enjoyed your issue. I love to beat off and play with my toys, while reading your hot stories.

P.S. Keep the men & stories *Hot*.

R.L.

Delran. N.J.

CUM-SOAKED

Hey, *Honcho*!

How do you do it? My March '81 issue is "cum-soaked" already—after just a couple of days! The Manhandler *Honcho* has lots of luscious parts to grab onto! Ty Hardon is terrific and tremendous! Clint Lockner's bronzy body adorned with golden cockring is so tempestuous! And the young blond dude sprawled so comfortably in the rustic chair is anxious to have his HOT LOG sucked off!!! I'm satisfied to *the nth degree*! *Honcho*, you keep out-doing yourself from month to month! You keep giving us the choicest raw rugged meat that we guys are looking and lusting for. Thanks a "load"! I dearly love Mark Negrem. Let us see more of this SUPER STUD! I'm obsessed with HIM and *HONCHO*. Can't wait until the *next issue*—Keep 'em *cumin'*!!!

H.P.C.

A Grateful
Gay Mountaineer

FATHER'S DAY

Continued from page 42

like a bad little boy, you will be treated like a bad little boy." He rose and pulled his heavy leather belt from the loops around his waist and sat back down. He had the belt doubled and he hit the palm of his hand with the looped end as he looked at me. "Drop your pants, boy," he ordered.

I looked at him in amazement. "Sir?" I stammered.

"Drop 'em" was the only reply and I knew I'd better obey. I undid my belt-

less jeans and let them fall around my ankles. I stood there with my hands trembling and my dick getting harder by the minute. "Look at me, boy," he commanded. "Did your daddy ever tan your ass to punish you?"

"No, sir," I answered honestly.

"Well, this daddy is going to blister your behind, kid." He grabbed one of my arms and pulled me down and across his lap. Rubbing the belt across my upturned naked ass he said, "When you behave like a bad boy, you're punished like a bad boy is punished." I could hear the belt whistle through the air before it hit and I jerked with anticipation of the blow.

The blow never fell. Instead he closed his thighs around my dick and balls dangling between them and held them in a vise-like grip. I couldn't move my ass if I'd wanted to without a great deal of pain in my steadily rising cock. "Move again, son, and you'll be here all night. You will take it like a man, boy, so you'll remember not to fuck up again."

With that he started in earnest. Blow after blow fell with a loud slap. I couldn't count them. I didn't even think about the number. All I knew was that my ass was on fire. Each slap brought a new sting and as much as I wanted to twist away or move I was still trapped with my ass an uncovered and easy target. He kept beating my tender ass cheeks so hard that tears welled in my eyes.

"Please!" I begged, but he didn't seem to hear. "Please!" I repeated. "Please, please, sir!" I managed to get out. My ass felt like it was burning right through to my dick and balls and they ached from the pressure on them until I started to cry. I tried to hold it back, but I found myself crying like a baby. "Pleaes, please, Daddy," I begged. "Please! I'm sorry, Daddy. I won't do it again, honest," I spit out between sobs. "Please, Daddy, don't spank me any more. Please, I'm sorry."

He stopped. I lay there sobbing uncontrollably from the pain and humiliation. I felt the tension on my cock and balls ease and I was hauled up until I found myself sitting on his lap with his arms wrapped securely around me. I threw one of my arms around his neck and, burying my face in his sweat armpit, sobbed my heart out repeating over and over again, "I'm sorry, Daddy, I'm sorry. I won't do it again, I promise. I'm sorry, Daddy, sorry."

WHAT MAKES A HONCHO MAN?

SWEAT

Cascading down a hairy chest.
Dripping into cracks and crevices.
Soaking into jock straps.
Clinging to a moustache.
Sliding between bodies.

Hard. Heavy. Long. Controlling.
The collision course
of macho man with macho man.
The sounds of flesh against flesh.
The slurping of hot, open mouths.
The urging of lovers. The merging of souls.

SEX

MUSCLES

Thick thighs. Powerful calves.
Rounded asses. Bulging biceps.
Sculptured forearms. Skin stretched.
Shoving. Flexing. Posing. Demanding

Black, white, Latin, Oriental.
Hairy, clean, smooth, wet.
Bound, freed. Rear, frontal.
Solo, duo, group.
Vulnerable, strong.
Fantasies come true.

NUDES

LEATHER

Encasing a torso. A motorcycle seat.
A studded jacket opening across a proud chest.
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His tone had changed and he held me in his arms rocking me back and forth. "It's all right, son. It's all over. Shhhh!" he whispered in my ear. I know you'll be a good boy now. It's all right." As he talked, he stroked my body paying close attention to my burning ass. His hand felt cool and comforting and I was able to pull myself together. I had almost stopped crying when I looked into his eyes and

seeing my own pain reflected there I started all over again. He had me calmed down in a little while and, holding me close on his lap started fondling my now soft dick and balls.

You're hung pretty good for a kid your age," he said with a gleam in his eye. "Daddy wants to play with you, son. I know you'll be good now. If you're not, Daddy will have to spank you all over again. You understand?"

"Yes, Daddy, I'll be good. I promise," I answered. The whole mood between us felt so good, so comfortable, I'd have done anything he asked me to do. I could feel his cock jerking under my ass and I was his for as long as he wanted me.

"Now, son, I want you to get up and get undressed," he said softly, but firmly. "Strip naked for your Daddy, boy, and show him what a good boy he has." I hurried to obey him. I'd wanted him to use me for so long, I was anxious to give him my body any way he wanted it.

"You've got a nice ass, boy. Daddy's dick is getting hard just looking at it. I'm going to use that ass, son. Come with me." He took me by the hand and led me into the bathroom. There he took an enema bag and filled it with warm water. I could see him testing the water until it was just right. Then he hung the bag upside down from the shower head and turned to me. "Come here, son, and bend over. Show Daddy your ass." I'd never had an enema in my life. I was nervous and the beer from earlier in the evening made my bladder feel like it was going to burst.

"Please, Daddy, I have to pee." I looked sheepishly at him not knowing what his reaction would be.

"That's all right, boy," he answered with a grin. "Go stand in front of the toilet." I did as I was told. He came up beside me and stood next to me pressing the front of his body into my side. Gently, he took my dick into his hand and looking at me said, "OK, son, make pee pee for dad."

I was so turned on I lost the urge to piss! The touch of his hand on my cock sent shivers up my spine and I could feel his hard dick pushing into the side of my leg. He must have known what was wrong because he reached over and turned on the water in the sink. We stood there and finally the sound of the water and his whispered coaxing succeeded in making me piss. I was so relieved and he was very pleased.

"That's a good boy," he said with a smile. He moved over to the tub once again and, letting some of the water from the bag out onto his hand to test its warmth, said, "All right, boy, bend over and show Daddy your ass hole."

I moved over to him and bent over exposing my beaten ass to him. I could feel his finger going up my hole with some sort of lubricant on it and soon the cold nozzle replaced it. In a few moments I felt the warmth of the water rising past my groin and spreading into my guts. The warmth made

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me relax a little and a few drops of water trickled down my leg. "Hold it, son. Hold it until I tell you to let go," my new daddy commanded. I held it. Just when I felt the pressure building up in my guts and felt like I was about to explode, I felt the nozzle being removed and heard him tell me, "Hold it, boy, hold it! Now go sit on the toilet and let it all out for me like a good boy."

The minute I hit the seat, the flood erupted and the pain from the pressure sent shudders throughout my body. As soon as I was finished, he had another bag ready and this time he made me hold two bags before he let me release it. He continued to clean my hole until he was satisfied that it was clean. Then he filled the bag again and again, filling me so full of water that I felt it would soon gush out of my mouth if I didn't keep it closed.

As I sat on the toilet for what was to be the last time that night, he stripped off his clothes and before I could get a good look at anything but his powerful back and tight white buns, he was in the shower. "You stay right there until Daddy's finished," he yelled over the spray.

When he stepped out of the shower, he put the plug into the tub and began filling it with water. I finally got a good look at the dick I'd been dreaming of and found it was even bigger than I had imagined. My new daddy was uncircumcised and hung like a horse. Even half hard, his cock was bigger than any I had ever seen. It was beautifully corded with thick veins and I licked my lips thinking about how good it would taste in my mouth. When he motioned me into the tub of water my dick was rock hard and dripping with pre cum.

He made me sit in the tub and then he gave me a bath, just like my mother used to do when I was little, kneeling by the side of the tub. He washed me all over lifting my arms and legs to lather them gently and thoroughly. Then he had me stand and he lathered my ass poking his soapy fingers one at a time up into the cleaned hole. I was so excited that my cock jerked involuntarily in front of me with every thrust of his meaty appendages. He turned me around so that I was facing him and lathered my hard dick and tender balls. When he was finished, he rinsed me off and dried me all over with a big fluffy towel. Taking me by the hand and leading me out of the bathroom, he spoke softly, "You've been a very good boy for Daddy, son. Daddy is going to play with you a

while now and make us both feel very good."

My daddy led me into his bedroom where he let go of my hand and lit several candles which imbued the room with a warm aura of light. He took me over to the side of the big bed and laid me down on the cool sheets. Opening the drawer of his night stand he removed a small brown bottle and taking off the cap put it under my nose. I sniffed uneasily at first, but I saw him hold the vial in place and nod his head firmly. I took several very deep breaths.

"Now, boy, roll over for Daddy and let me see your pretty little buns," his firm voice sounded like a distant whisper as I floated totally relaxed and loose from the effects of the inhalant. I had no control of my body or my will. I lay across the bed ready to be used in any way my daddy saw fit. He went to the end of the bed and starting on my right leg behind the knee, began to lick and caress the sensitive flesh with his wet coarse tongue. When I began to squirm with the sensation, he moved up on my leg running his tongue back and forth in the fold where the thigh and the ass come together. Then he proceeded to run his tongue all over the welts on the cheek of my ass and when that whole side of my body was tingling with expectations he started all over again on the other side. The feelings were so pleasurable that I was whimpering with joy and my cock was rock hard under my belly. I began to rub it back and forth on the sheet.

"You hold still for Daddy," he commanded, firmly giving my ass a good swat with his meaty hand. "If you're not a good boy, Daddy will spank you all over again. Is that what you want?"

"No, please, Daddy, I'll be good. Honest, I'll be good!" I promised, remembering the sting of my daddy's belt on my backside.

"You see, it's not so hard to behave yourself. You just listen to me and we'll both feel real good. Now, Daddy wants you to suck his cock, boy. Do you think you can make Daddy's dick feel good?" I nodded assent not knowing or caring how I was going to get all of that huge piece of meat into my mouth, but certainly more than willing to try.

My daddy rolled me over onto my back and again held the vial to my nose. I didn't have to be coaxed to take as much as I could this time. I lay there expectantly while he straddled my chest and laid the tip of his cock on my open lips. "Now take your time,

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son. I'll help you all I can. But remember, Daddy wants his dick nice and hard so it will go right up your sweet little ass."

He must have spit on his hand, for as he talked to me he began to rub his fingers along my ass hole, making it nice and slick and wet. I wanted him inside of me anywhere he chose to be and when I felt one of his almost dick-sized fingers enter my relaxed hole I automatically began to suck his dick slowly into my hungry mouth. I toyed with the foreskin getting used to the taste and feel of the mammoth cock belonging to my new Daddy and then inch by inch started to pull the length of his tool into my mouth and throat. He tasted so good and I felt so confident in him that before I knew it, the coarse black hairs at the base of his cock were prickling my nostrils and I could inhale the aroma of his crotch. He didn't push me at all, though I could tell by his breathing that he was getting hotter by the minute. He easily pulled the now slick dick half way out of my mouth and then slowly pushed it back to the hilt.

My own cock brushed against his hairy arm as he continued to fuck my ass hole with his finger.

"That's it, son. Make Daddy's dick juicy and hard so it will go into that ass." His voice was hoarse and he was practically panting. I wanted to make him feel better than he had ever felt before. I wanted to show him that this little boy was really a man who could take it like a man. I worked my tongue on his cock lingering over each vein and crease of skin, not swallowing any of my spit but letting it bubble around my stretched lips and dribble down my cheeks onto the pillow.

Without warning, my Daddy pulled his meat out of my hot mouth and moving down between my legs, grabbed my ankles and throwing my legs over his back buried his tongue deep in my quivering ass. He explored every fold of my inner ass pushing the sphincter apart with his stiff cock-like tongue. When I could feel the saliva running down the crack of my ass and he was satisfied that I was lubricated enough, he pushed his cockhead inside and stopped.

I wanted his cock more than I've ever wanted anything before. Looking into his flashing eyes I began to beg.

"Fuck me, Daddy, please. Use your little boy, Daddy, that's what I'm here for. Please, Daddy, fuck me, fuck your little boy. Please! Please!" He shoved his giant cock in up to its base and I could feel his balls bang against my own. "AAAAAAGGGGGHHHHH! Oh, Daddy, it hurts, it hurts!" I cried. He began to talk to me, to cajole me, to soothe me.

"Daddy wouldn't hurt his little boy. Take a deep breath, son, and just let Daddy use your hole. That's a good boy. You just let Daddy make your ass feel good. Take it easy, son. Soon it will be better. Just get used to it. Daddy doesn't want to rape you, boy, but I will fuck that ass. Relax and it won't hurt, I promise."

Taking his time, he gently pulled his dick out until just the head was still inside of me and then just as gently pushed it all the way back inside. He continued to stroke the inner walls of my guts with his bulbous root tenderly until my insides started to warm and the glow spread into my groin and belly. Without thinking, I began to back my ass against him to meet each thrust until we had achieved a smooth even rhythm.

"That's a good boy," he almost cooed at me between gasps of air. "Give Daddy that ass, boy. Let Daddy fuck that hole. Grab your dick, son, and play with it. Daddy's going to fuck you hard, boy. Play with your cock." He began to pull out and force his way back into my pulsing hole faster and faster, grunting with each forceful motion. I wrapped my legs around his waist and held on bucking against him with equal force so that our balls banged against each other almost painfully. All the while I kept stroking my own cock faster and harder until I knew I was about to explode. Looking up at him I pleaded, "Please, Daddy, can I come? Please?"

"Go ahead, son," he smiled. "Shoot your juice for Daddy."

Both of us exerted every drop of energy pushing and beating until almost at the same second we both screamed with joy and let go. My cream flew all over the room, hitting the bed, my daddy, the wall behind the bed and spattering all over my belly. I came so hard that a few drops even found their way to my gaping mouth and I swallowed them thinking of my ass hole sucking up my daddy's juices at my other end.

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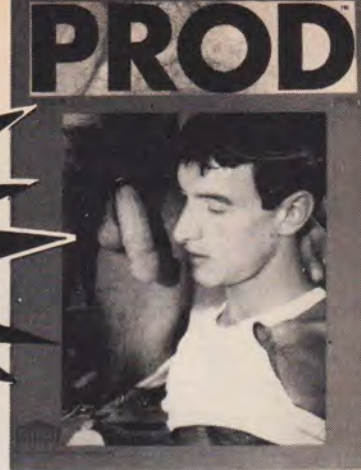
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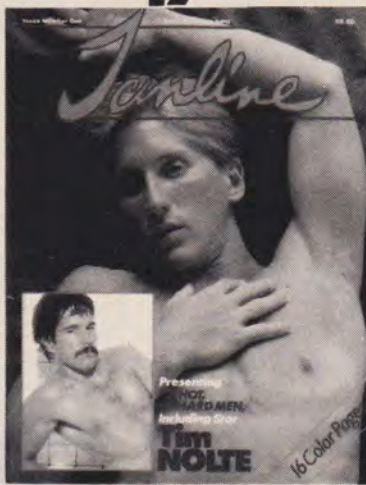
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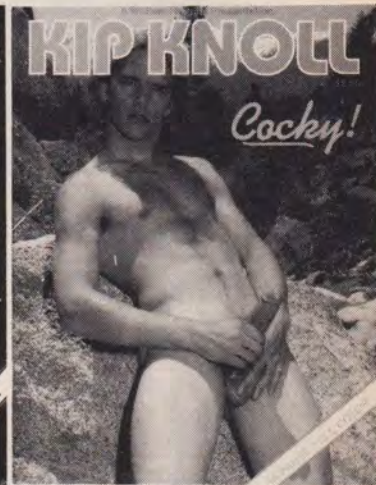
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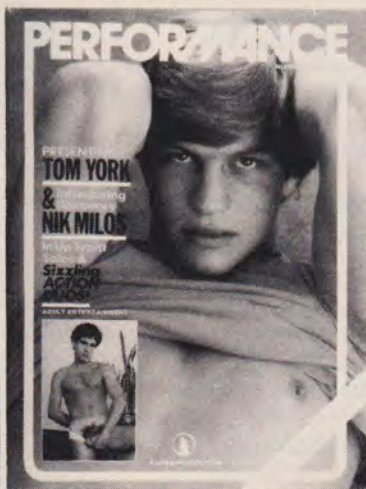
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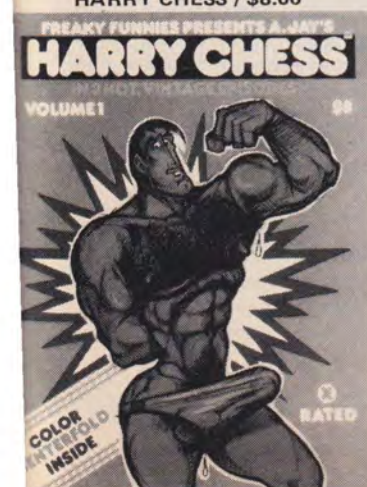
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gasping for breath and he lay his massive body over mine exhausted. Finally, his softening cock slipped easily out of my ass and I could feel the bubbling fluids from inside spilling over and trickling between the cheeks of my ass. Dan rolled off of me and wrapping both arms around me tightly, kissed me tenderly, running his tongue all over my own tongue, my teeth and the insides of my mouth. I sucked greedily at the invader and clung with the last ounce of strength I had to him. He rolled over onto his back and whispered, "Good night, son. Sleep tight."

I nestled into his side with a deep sigh of contentment. Reaching over I licked my way along his throat until I found his stubby scratchy cheek, planted a lingering kiss there and buried my face in his arm pit. "Good night, Daddy," I murmured and fell off to sleep.

TOP HANDS

Continued from page 52

we sat in the living room and smoked a few joints and talked some more. I was really getting into Nick. I liked him. He was more than just a hot body now. He was a person. I wanted to make this person feel good and from the course of our conversation I was beginning to pick up on the fact that he was thinking along similar lines. We necked and fondled each other, each of us teasing ourselves with the other's body. Eventually I asked, "Are you clean?"

"Not really," Nick muttered. "I didn't expect this to happen so I'm not prepared."

"Neither am I," I said. Pausing a moment I ventured, "Are you into enemas?" A slow grin came to his face and he nodded his head.

"Yeah," he patted my leg with his firm hand. "Are you?"

"Let's go!" I said, getting up and leading the way into the bedroom. When we got there we both got undressed amid much grabbing and kissing. He and I were about the same build and coloring. He had a mass of curly black hair covering his muscular chest that tapered down to almost a point at his navel where another point leapt out and spread until it erupted into another mass of black curls. He was hairy, not furry. The only places on his body not covered by his black curls were his ass and back. The hair on me is brown and not very curly, but we're enough alike to have been related. Even our hands were about the

same size. It suddenly occurred to me that throughout the evening we had both been eyeing the other's hands, holding and caressing them.

When we had stripped we went into the bathroom and spent about an hour cleaning each other out. We had examined almost every inch of each other's bodies by the time we were through. We sucked and finger fucked each other, our pulsing cocks dripping all the time. At one point while I was on the can emptying out, Nick stood in front of me and pulling back the foreskin on his thick corded cock, let go with a trickle of piss. He started at my mouth which opened automatically for him and directed the stream down my front until he was pissing in the toilet over my stiff dick. When he was finished, I stood and putting a little spit on my hard cock, shoved it up his ass to the hilt. He moaned and backed tightly against my groin. Making him hold still, I filled his hole with my own piss. He growled and groaned as the hot water boiled over from my bowels into him.

Finally, we decided we were both clean enough and we went back into the bedroom. Laying on the bed we had another joint and a beer. We talked and got to know each other's body with our hands and tongues playing and tugging. We ended up wrapped snugly around each other, kissing like there was nothing else in the world except our two hot wet mouths alternately fucking and sucking greedily at one another. Our hands found the trembling firm ass cheeks of the other and almost simultaneously pried them open searching for their warm moist centers. Our fingers stroked and entered one at a time and in groups the pulsing eager holes. Our moans mingled with our breathing, exciting one of us to rumble into the other's lungs with each breath in and out.

I pulled my mouth off of Nick's and worked my tongue down the side of his neck, running it over the hair on his pecs until I found the hard nipple standing erect amid the growth and sucked it into my mouth like a hungry lion cub. Nick groaned and pushing one hand between us reached down and took my balls in his hand squeezing and twisting them until my groans matched his. Abruptly, I took my mouth off of one tit and glued it to another alternately chewing and licking it. Nick moved his body away from me and still holding on to my heavy balls began chewing greedily on my

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foreskin. He sucked the skin into his mouth so that it surrounded his hard hot tongue. Then he forced the tip of his tongue into the opening of my cock and drove me wild as he fucked my foreskin and dick at the same time.

My mouth was hungry for him and I twisted myself down until I was able to suck his cock all the way down my throat. It tasted so good! The sweat we were working up made it a little salty and the pre cum sent sweet sensations into my taste buds. The natural musky aroma of his body entered my nostrils as my nose breathed in the hair of his crotch with each panting breath. I slowly moved my mouth up his beating shaft until just the foreskin was left inside of it. Pulling it as far from his body as I could with my lips and tongue I let it snap back by itself as my dripping mouth found his balls. After I had licked every inch of the skin around them I sucked first one and then the other into my juicy mouth. I could feel Nick's mouth on my cock and felt him match every move I made with my mouth with is own. It was fabulous. I was so turned on that my pig mouth opened as wide as it could and, stretching Nick's balls as far up to the head of his cock as I could get them, gobbled dick and balls all into my mouth at once.

While we sucked and licked and pigged out on each other's cocks and balls our hands and fingers were at work on the hot ass holes that by now were begging to be filled. Reluctantly breaking away from Nick I got up and went to my toy drawer taking out the Crisco and towels. My eye caught sight of a long two-headed dildo and I took it out throwing it on the bed toward Nick. He looked at it and then up at me. "All righhhhttt!" he grinned. I got back on the bed and we went to work on each other's dicks again. At almost the same time we began working out tongues and bodies around until we were able to press our mouths to the other's twitching ass hole.

We worked our tongues in and around the puckered openings until they were dripping with our spit and allowed our tongues deeper and deeper entrance. When they were good and slippery with our saliva, I reached over and greased the waiting dildo. We separated and, sitting up at opposite ends of the bed, we took turns working the heads into each other's ass hole. After they were in place I handed the poppers to Nick and we had both taken several good hits before I put the bottle back on the

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night stand. We worked our asses down on the soft/hard rod panting and groaning as inch by inch it slid into us. Our ass holes got closer and closer until we had swallowed the entire length of it. We sat holding on to each other, our cocks stiff and standing erect, trapped between our bellies. Our ass holes pulsed wetly against each other. We found each other's mouths and took turns fucking them with our tongues. Nick pulled away from my slick lips and whispered, "I want you inside of me."

"Me, too," I moaned back. We kissed again and began slowly to pull ourselves off the pink plastic dick. When it was out we took the bottle of poppers and put it on the bed beside us. We kept our positions, ass to head and lay down on our backs. We each took deep breaths out of the brown vial and a handful of Crisco. Our inside legs went up in the air and locked around each other. This exposed our ass holes to each other and also gave our legs support.

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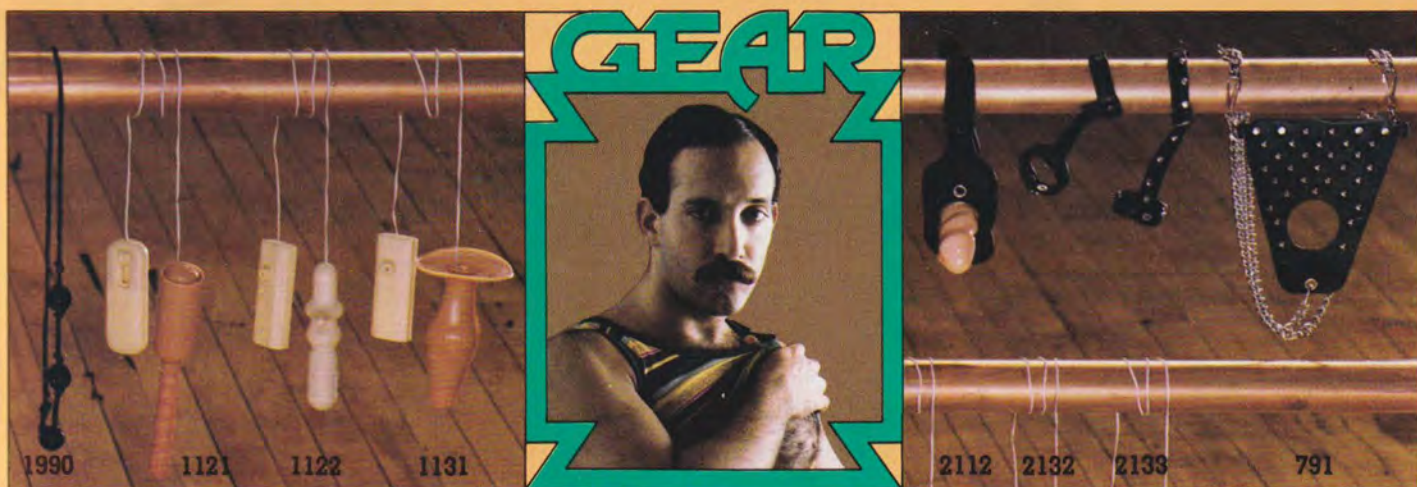
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ment from one of us brought a corresponding one from the other.

We pushed one and then two fingers up to the knuckle. Twisting them around from side to side we massaged each other's sphincter, gently stretching it and helping it to open wider until we were able to have all four fingers in at the same time. We moved our fingers around slowly, continually expanding and relaxing the other's quivering hole. Almost secretly we squeezed our thumbs between our fingers and our hands were in the other's ass up to the knuckles! In what seemed to be slow motion we each began a teasing in and out movement with our hands. We pulled them out until only the finger tips remained inside and then eased the whole hand back up to the knuckles. After a few minutes of this our asses were almost reaching out to grab the hand going into it. We began pushing a little harder, a little further with each new forward thrust, both of us grunting and gasping for breath. Our cocks stood erect and were covered by rivulets of pre cum oozing down their shafts and soaking the hair at their bases.

Farther and farther our hand moved into the other's hole. We were groaning and pushing our holes open trying to suck in the hand we each wanted so badly. Several more good forward thrusts and loud guttural groans told each of us that the other was ready. With two loud "AAAAAGGGGGHHHH!" "AAAAAGGGGGHHHH!" we were inside each of other completely! We lay there panting for air allowing our holes to accustom themselves to the full feeling. I could feel Nick's ass muscles twitching around my wrist, hugging the flesh inside of it, forcing itself to open further and suck more up inside. At the same time I could feel my own ass responding in the same way to Nick's presence in me.

I had often recalled the sensations of my ass with a fist inside of it when my own hand was inside of someone else as I had recalled the feelings of someone's ass hole wrapped eagerly around my arm when someone was fisting me. This was the first time I had ever experienced both sensations at the same time. It was wonderful! I just wanted to lay there and enjoy it to the utmost. My cock was impatient, however, and threatening to shoot its load at any minute.

Taking care not to move my hand in Nick's hole, my other hand reached down and wrapped itself around my throbbing tool. Nick followed my lead

Continued to page 78

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TOP HAND

Continued from page 74

and the two of us lay there inside of each other beating our cocks already slick with our dripping juices. Neither of us had to beat more than twenty strokes before, with two more "AAAAA! AAGGGGGHHHH!" "AAAAAAA-AAGGGGGHHHH!" we exploded great globs of cream that shot up from our cocks and mingled in the air to fall like soft hail all around us. I can't stand to have a fist in me after I come, so I began to remove my hand while we were coming and was glad that once again, Nick followed. We lay spent, our legs unlocked, too used to do anything but gasp for air and feel the sticky liquids trickle tauntingly down our legs, sides and asses.

After a few minutes Nick turned himself around so that we were once again face to face. "You're terrific!" he smiled. "I've often wondered what that would be like. Thanks for showing me."

"Thank you," I beamed back. "Don't forget it was mutual. It takes two, you know." We grinned at each other, proud of what we had given to the other and to ourselves. We held each other and kissed, trading spit freely as if there was no part of us we didn't want to give or share.

We sat and talked over cigarettes. "Did I notice a pair of handcuffs on your left, too, top man?" Nick asked.

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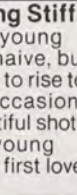
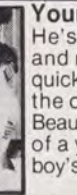
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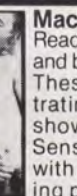
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