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THE MAGAZINE FOR
THE MACHO MALE

JUNE 1982

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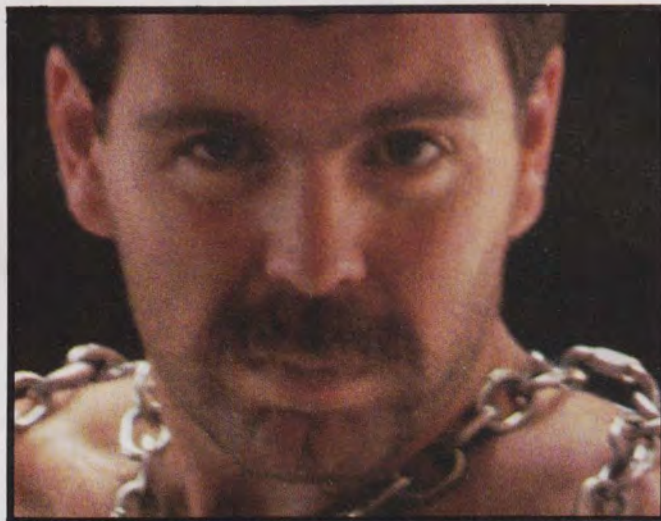
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HONCHO

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE MACHO MALE

VOLUME 5 NUMBER 22 • JUNE 1982



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EDITORIAL

HONCHO POTENTIAL

Marty Kiker, Mr. International Leather, is the star of our summer exclusive which begins on page 33. This sensational new discovery proves that leather knows no season—summer or winter, this is the classic outfit, especially when it's skintight and when it's gripping Marty's skin. This hot dude will make you pant throughout June, July, August, and the rest of the year. Also in this issue, you'll find Spike's latest story, Triad, about three GI buddies who have a reunion they will never forget. For those of you who have always wondered what it's like working in a warehouse, Surge Studios presents this powerhouse photo session that's certain to make you unload again and again. And *Leather Express* has a hairy man stripped naked and laid over a railroad track. The summer heat wave will be cool compared to what's in HONCHO. Enjoy every manly page of action—it's all yours.

Photo by Phil Flasche







DEAR HONCHO:

MEN IN UNIFORM

Dear Honcho:

First of all let me compliment you on your outstanding magazine. My cock gets a real work out with every issue. Your "Men in Uniform" issue was great, but I was disappointed that the Marine Corps was not included. Everyone knows that the Marines have the best meat. Also, what a tease getting your readers all worked up with the lead picture of sailor Rick Wolfmeir reaching for his cock but failing to show his all. How about it?

Your holiday issue was also super, especially the blond stud in the Fist Fucker's Tee Shirt doing his thing. Would love to get my mouth around that piece of meat. By the looks of it, I would say he could probably get his mouth around it. Keep up the good work—haven't missed an issue yet!

Hyannis, Ma.

UNUSUAL SHOTS

Dear Honcho:

You are terrific! Your shots of men are the best and your models are great looking studs. I especially like your cock shots and the fabulous hard ons you show.

Now that you've established yourselves as the best leather magazine around, how about some unusual shots? It would be very interesting to see nudes in different settings and poses or from different angles. As an aspiring artist myself, I, for one, would be happy to see something a little new and different from you. If anyone can do it, you can.

Thanks for anything you can do.

An avid admirer,
Cicero, III.

Editor's Reply: Please see the photo on the left. How's that for an interesting variation on a standard beam, oops, theme?

Photo left: Falcon
Photo right: Zeus

BOUND FOR MORE

Dear Honcho

I had to write to you to thank you for making this past holiday the most enjoyable I have ever had. I spent New Year's at a friend's, and there I discovered your magazine. I confess I never before have bought *Honcho*, but from what I found in your February 1982 issue, I will be sure never to miss another issue.

I was delighted to find in your magazine a centerfold featuring a hunk in bondage. It isn't often I can

find such fine spread as your G.I. Prime. Thank you for the best gift I received this Christmas.

Bondage is growing in popularity these past years, and I have really gotten into it. But it isn't often that I can find a magazine that will feature a full color spread as yours did. I know there are thousands of other gays with this same problem. I hope that your magazine will help us overcome this lack of material. So from now on, let's see those macho studs in ropes and gags, or better yet, leather restraints. You will be making a lot of guys happy.

B.K.
Lancaster, Pa.

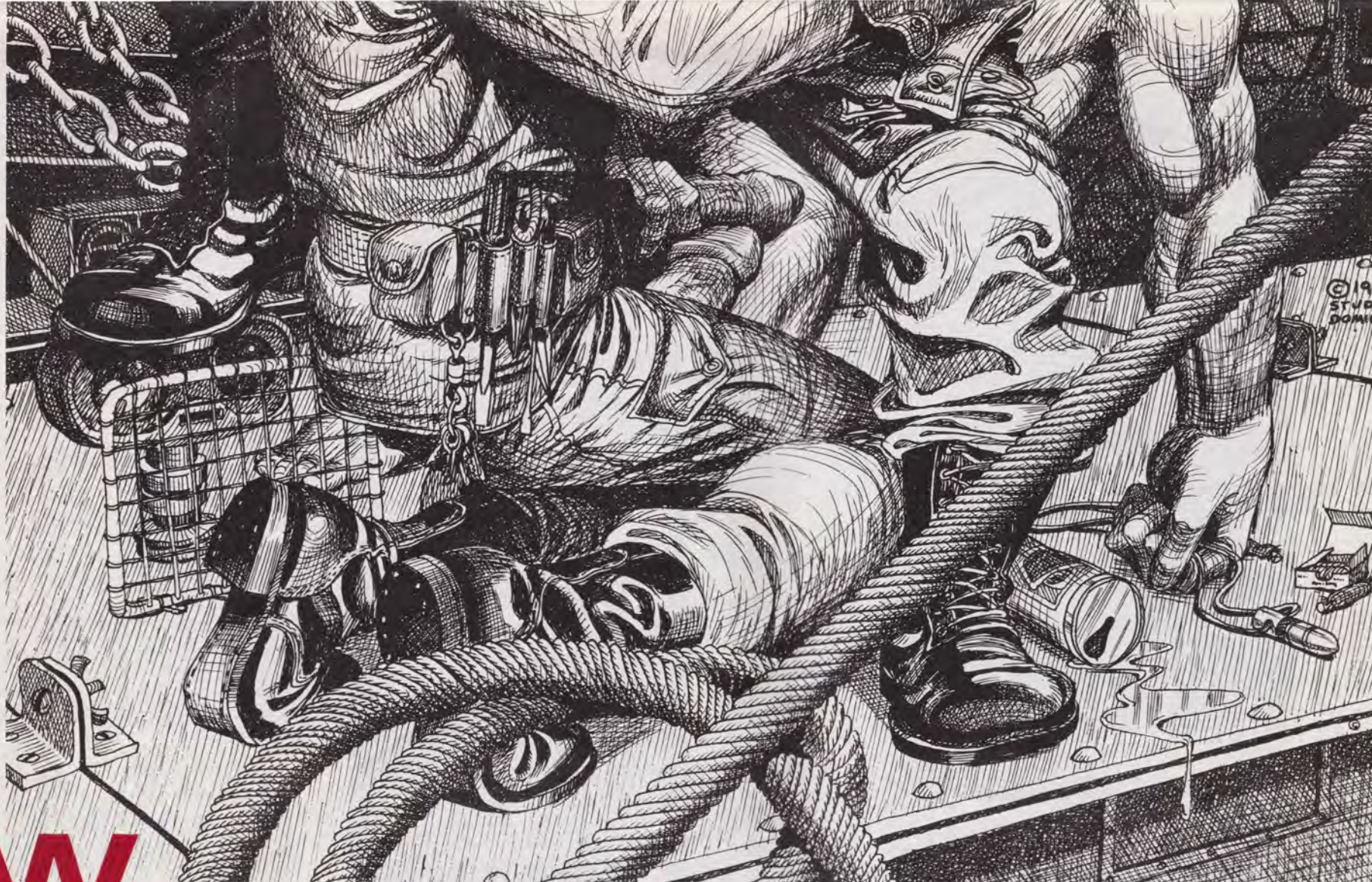


TRIAD

BY SPIKE • ART BY DOMINO



DOMINO
NO 78



Well, I'll be damned!" Rico chuckled to himself as he put the letter down. He was more than pleased. He hadn't seen Raul and George for so long. He had to think for a minute trying to remember when it was that they had last been together. Then the vision of the three of them together in New York for a weekend

flashed before his eyes. They had all been so happy to be reunited after another long period of not seeing each other. Now Raul was asking if the two of them could come out to California to stay with him for a while. He began his return letter immediately. Having the two of them with him for however long they

wished to stay would be just fine with him.

After he'd mailed the letter and began his preparations for their arrival, Rico was full of questions. Why, he wondered, were they coming together for a visit? As far as he knew, George was still living with his wife in Philadelphia continuing his

family's centuries-old tradition of being very, very rich and very, very straight. I wonder what excuse he gave this time to get away, he smiled to himself. From all he'd been told, George's family and wife had no idea at all that their heir apparent and husband was gay. Rico couldn't for the life of him understand how the

man could lead a double life and still maintain any semblance of sanity. But, he'd always told himself, it was really none of his business. He was grateful that he'd chosen a long time ago to be just what he was. He'd never been ashamed to admit to himself or to anyone who'd ventured to ask that he was, indeed, gay. He felt good about it.

He thought back to the first time he'd met George. He'd been assigned as a mechanic in the armoured tank division. His lieutenant colonel was a big guy named George Cavanaugh. He'd reported to his office as he'd been instructed together with the other new replacement mechanic, Raul. The two of them had announced themselves in almost one voice, "Mennetti, Enrico, Private First Class, reporting for duty, sir!" "Rodriguez, Raul, Private First Class, reporting for duty, sir!"

The two men stood at attention, while the office behind the big oak desk continued to shuffle through the pile of papers on his desk. He had saluted absently without looking at them. It was almost as if they were not in the same room with him. As they stood waiting for his attention, their leg muscles began to stiffen. The longer they waited for some

told them where to report for their work assignments and dismissed them.

"What a prick!" Raul seethed through clenched teeth as the door closed respectfully behind them.

"I wonder what his problem is." Rico nodded his assent. It wouldn't be long before they found out what the lieutenant's problem was. It didn't take very long for Rico and Raul to find out a whole lot more about each other either. They were assigned to the same crew and got to be friends quickly. The fact that the others in their barracks had been there for some time and that they were newcomers helped to bring them closer together at first. But the weeks of working together and taking leave time together reinforced the camaraderie. Within two weeks they had come out to each other. And, that very same night they had met in the bushy edge of the deserted drill field.

It had become increasingly obvious to each of them that the other was interested in men. They had each picked up on the discomfort and attention aroused by the proximity of the other men. Being in the army they knew that if they made any moves on the other naked men

were gone. Rico arrived at the designated spot first and waited. When Raul did not show up within the five minute time lapse they'd agreed upon, he began getting a little nervous. When he heard the crack of a twig as Raul approached, Rico almost jumped out of his skin. By the time he was sure that it was Raul, the palms of his hands were wet with nervous perspiration.

As Raul entered the tall bushes he was silhouetted by the bright moon. With a sigh of great relief, Rico stood and grabbed his arm as he almost passed him by. Raul jumped at first, not sure that it was Rico. He'd been late because he'd lost his bearings so was still not certain he'd found the right spot. The two of them fell into each other's arms as soon as their fears had been allayed. As they probed each other's mouths with their anxious tongues, their cocks grew to full erection and poked hungrily at the other's hard abdomen. Almost simultaneously they put their hands down on the other's butt and held each other tight. Their cocks were trapped between them as they kissed.

They'd spent several hours relieving the pent-up sexual frustration they'd accumulated over the past few weeks. By the time they had fucked and sucked to their heart's content, they were exhausted. Separately they returned to the barracks and slept as they hadn't in a long time. Now that they had made their move and had not been caught, they became bolder and bolder. Almost every night they met. They moved their trysts from time to time to be sure that no one would spot them. And, when they had their first week-end pass, they went into town together. They'd rented a room together and spent the entire time in bed.

It was after that week-end that their friendship began to manifest itself more openly. Although they had not really paid attention to the fact that they were almost affectionate with each other in the company of others, it rapidly became apparent to others in their barracks. Several other of their barracks buddies came out to them and soon they had new partners to fuck with. Life in this outfit was becoming more and more fun. At the same time, their actions had not escaped the notice of their Lieutenant. Or so they found out later. The first clue that they had was the open scorn he

"Now that they had made their move, they became bolder and bolder. They met almost every night. They shuffled their trysts from time to time so that no one would suspect."

word from the man, the more uncomfortable they became.

"At ease, men," the command finally came. The two men relaxed, breathing a muffled sigh of relief. Still their superior did not look up from his work. Raul and he had stood at ease until that stance, too, became uncomfortable for them. Almost in unison, they began to shift almost imperceptibly from foot to foot. After what seemed to them an eternity the big man rose and without any expression at all on his face, officially welcomed to his unit,

in the showers or in the barracks while the friendly horseplay went on, they would most likely find themselves in big trouble. So, it was with a great sense of relief that they had made known to each other that they were not only attracted to the men they shared their time with, but especially to each other.

They'd decided to leave the barracks separately that night after lights out. Each of them had positioned his pillow on his bunk so that it still looked as if someone were asleep under the covers while they

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showed them whenever he spoke to or at them. He became almost merciless in his riding of them as well. He never said or did anything that would be grounds for an harassment complaint from them. Instead, he gave them a constant barrage of extra duty.

They pulled KP far more often than did their buddies. They also had more duty assignments. Often they were still hard at work in the armory long after everyone else had finished for the day. They were always given the same excuse. George always added that he wanted them particularly to work on this project or that because they were the most skilled at their jobs. Extra passes that never seemed to materialize were offered as compensation, but they never became a reality.

The two of them were really pissed after several weeks of this abuse, but had no recourse. They sensed, somehow, that George knew what was going on between them and the other men that they'd befriended. And, they knew that if they made any waves for him, he'd see to it that they were drummed out of the service. They were stuck. And they began to hate George. Then, one night while they were all alone in the armory, they let their guard down. It was late and they knew from previous experience that there would be no one around. They began by just talking about how horny they were and before they knew what was happening, they were fooling around.

Raul was on his knees with Rico's stiff dick in his mouth. The two of them were lost in the sensations of the moment when George appeared out of nowhere! At first they didn't even notice him. Rico had his fatigues down around his ankles and was holding Raul's head down on his throbbing cock. Raul was greedily slurping on the swollen object of his desire and the two of them were grunting with the exertion of their sexual desires. The booming voice startled them out of their reverie.

"I knew if I waited long enough, you two pansies would give me the evidence I need to get rid of you." It was George! The two of them had broken their holds on one another immediately. Raul was still on his knees with a trickle of spittle oozing down one corner of his mouth. Rico stood dumbfounded. His pants were still around his ankles and his exposed cock was beginning to droop rapidly. There was an interminable

silence while the three of them stared at each other.

As they regained some contact with reality, Raul and Rico looked first at each other, then at their commander. He was drunk! Not only that, he had an open beer can in his hand as he faced them. More importantly, George's cock was rock hard and clearly outlined along his left thigh. The two privates exchanged glances and returned their attention to the officer. He had a somewhat glazed leer on his face, but they realized in that instant what his real problem had been all along. He was jealous of them! He was turned on to the two of them and had no way of doing anything about it.

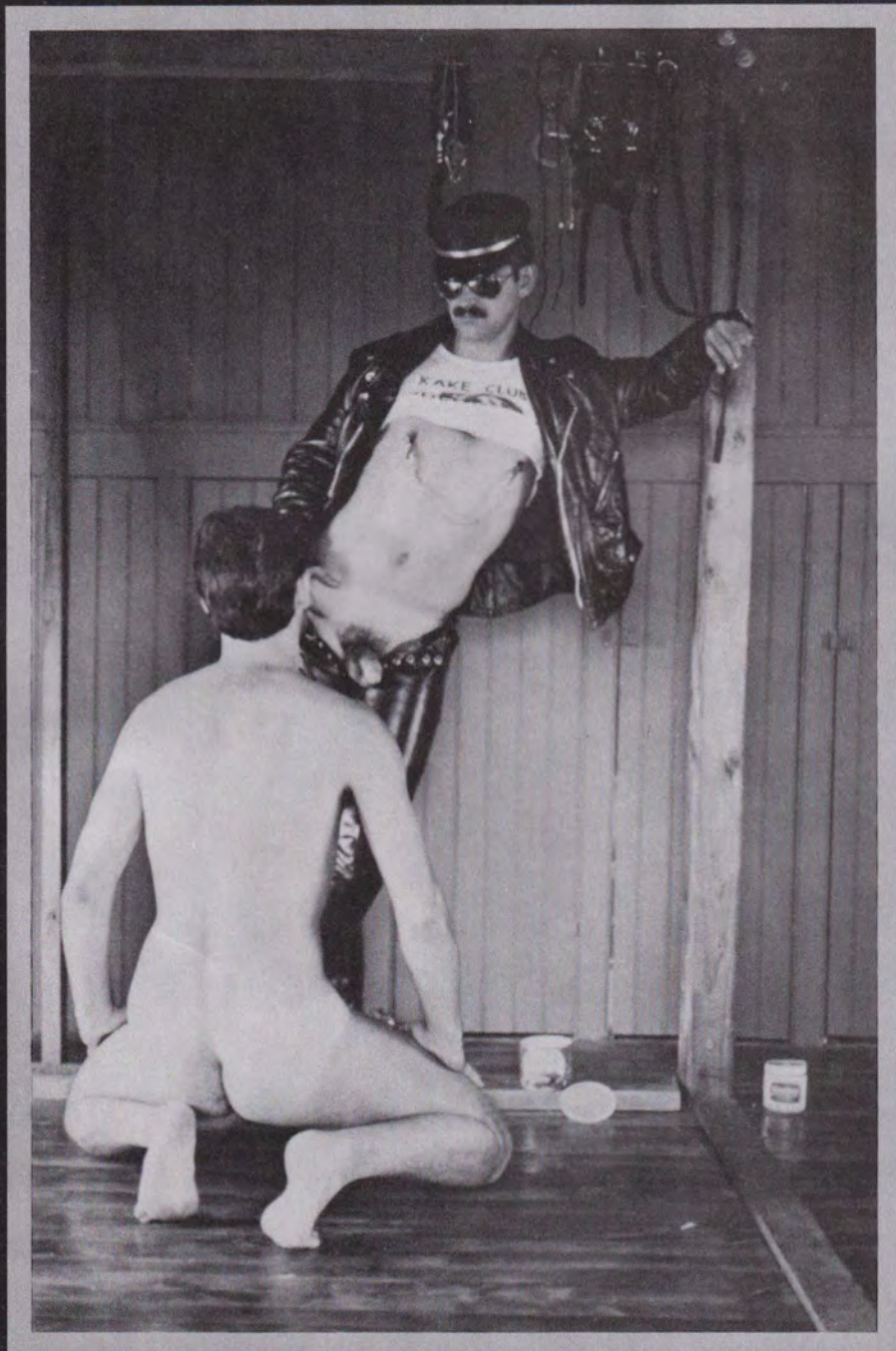
Raul and Rico looked at each other and shrugged. They didn't need any words. They both knew that they had nothing to lose now. Rico quickly bent down and pulled his pants up. Then they moved together towards George. Boldly, Raul stood in front of the officer and as he stared him in the eye his hand went down to the man's cock. He stood still as stone as Raul moved his hand along the length of it feeling it jerk under his skilled manipulations. At the same time, Rico moved behind the man and began to run his hands over the muscled buns under the uniform.

When George didn't move or speak, they became bolder. With one hand Raul undid the front of the man's pants. Rico reached around and shoved the pants down around George's knees. In unison Raul and Rico fell to their knees in front of and behind George. The only sounds in the armory were George's muffled moans and the slurping sounds of Raul's and Rico's tongues. Raul sucked greedily on the big wap's jerking cock while Rico buried his face between the firm cheeks of George's ass. The pair worked on their commanding officer in earnest. They were spurred on by the blonde hulk's increasing loudness as he grunted and groaned in ecstasy.

Their exertions were causing sweat to pour freely from all of them. Getting braver by the minute, Rico began shedding all of his clothes one piece at a time. Soon he was completely naked while his hot tongue explored and moistened the Lieutenant's virgin hole. The three of them worked in unison. Rico followed with his probing tongue as George thrust his hips forward and deeper into Raul's mouth. The hot

Continued to page 16

READY TO SERVE



THE NAKED SUPPLICANT WAITS QUIETLY AT HIS MASTER'S FEET, READY TO SERVE. THE SLIGHTLY UPTURNED FACE SEARCHES FOR A SIGN, AN INDICATION OF WHAT WILL BE EXPECTED OF HIM. HIS MASTER, HOWEVER, HAS DECIDED TO LET HIM SWEAT IT OUT FOR A WHILE. HIS FACE IS A MASK OF IMMOBILITY. EVEN HIS EYES CANNOT BETRAY WHAT HE IS THINKING ABOUT BEHIND THOSE DARK REFLECTIVE GLASSES. THE SLAVE BEGINS TO TREMBLE WITH UNCERTAINTY.

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READY TO SERVE

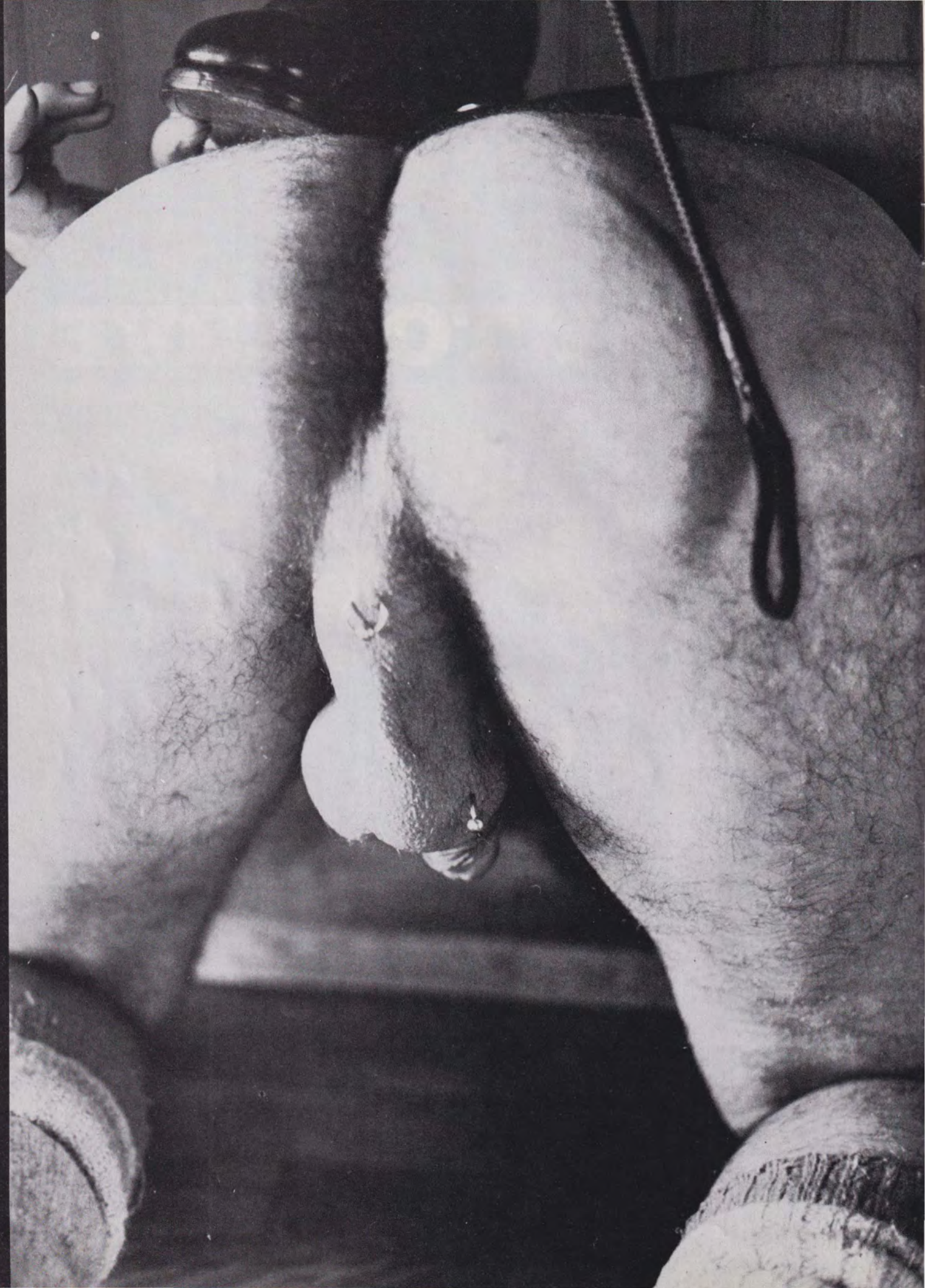


A SLIGHT TUG ON THOSE BITING ALLIGATOR TIT CLAMPS SOON BRINGS HIM TO HEEL AS HE IS TUGGED CLOSER TO THE MAN HE SERVES. THE PROXIMITY OF HIS MASTER'S EXPOSED CROTCH AND THE SCENT OF LEATHER FILL HIS SENSES AND HE IS EAGER TO PLEASE. GRATEFUL FOR THE SLIGHTEST ATTENTION FROM HIS MASTER, HE SHOWS HIS APPRECIATION WITH A LOVING CARESS OF HIS TONGUE ON THE HAND THAT WILL USE HIM.

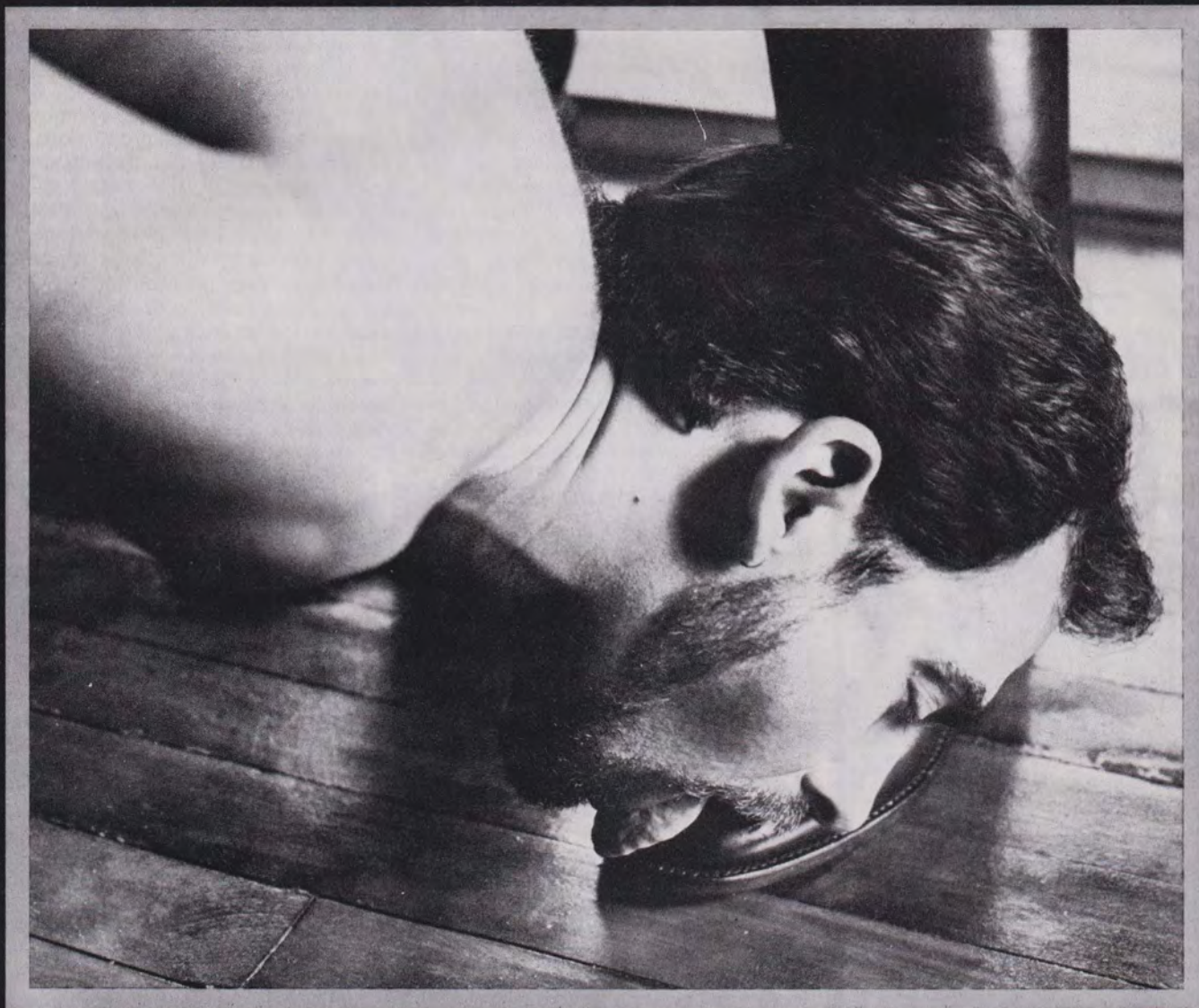
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READY TO SERVE



THE RINGS OF POSSESSION THROUGH HIS DANGLING FLESH INDICATE THAT HE IS NO LONGER IN CONTROL OF HIS BODY. HIS MASTER HAS TAKEN AND USED IT LONG AGO. THE RIDING CROP AGAINST HIS UPTURNED CHEEK IS MERELY A REMINDER OF HIS FATE, IF HIS MASTER IS NOT PLEASED WITH HIS BEHAVIOR. AS HE HAS SO OFTEN, THE OBEDIENT SERVANT BEGINS HIS WORK AT THE BOTTOM. HE KNOWS HIS MASTER'S BOOTS MUST BE CLEAN AND SHINY IF HE IS TO BE PLEASED. HIS TONGUE WORKS EAGERLY KNOWING THAT, IF HE IS GOOD, INDESCRIBABLE DELIGHTS AWAIT HIM.

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TRIAD

Continued from page 10

dark duo were jerking their cocks off as they worked on the big hulk. Suddenly Rico knew that he was near. He stood and spit into the palm of his hand. Rubbing the spit all over the shaft of his pulsing dick he grabbed George by the waist.

Forcing his dick deep into the wet and puckered hole in front of him he lodged himself to the hilt. All the while Raul kept up a steady rhythm in front of the big man. George groaned deeply as Rico entered him and shoved his thick meat down into Raul's guts. Again they worked in a steady even tempo until Rico could not hold off any longer. "I'm going to come!" he whispered hoarsely to the other two men. As he pushed harder and deeper into his commanding officer Raul forced the back of his throat as open as he could to accommodate the giant ramrod being forced into it. The three of them were groaning and gasping for air until one by one they let forth with a loud deep rumble from somewhere in their guts. Almost at the same time the three of them shot hot juicy loads.

Raul slurped and moaned as George filled his throat with his virgin man load. At the same time Rico was grunting like a pig in rut as he filled the tight hole around his jerking dick with his built up juices. Raul's cock was at an upward angle as he shot and Rico could feel his buddy's cum squirt onto his hairy thighs and the cheeks of his ass. As almost one being the three of them shuddered together as they came. Even as their cocks began to soften they could not break out of the hold they had on each other. It was bliss!

After that there had been no more riding by their commander. Instead, although he was not openly too friendly to the two of the, they were invited at least twice a week to George's quarters. The three of them played all sorts of sexual games with each other. Raul and Rico also found out about George and the fact that while he was and always had been gay, he just couldn't bring himself to be open about it. In fact, due to peer and parental pressures, he was engaged to be married. Raul and Rico grew to like George a lot. He was, after all, a hot man. And they tried very hard to understand his dilemma about his own sexuality

and the uncertain future he would have.

The only arguments the three of them ever had were on the times that Rico and Raul had tried to talk to George about coming out. They knew from their own experiences that a lot of unhappiness and pain lay ahead for him, to say nothing about his future wife, if he continued to try and live his lie. They remained fast friends, however, in spite of their disagreements. And, when most of the other men in the unit were transferred, George saw to it that the two of them remained with his outfit.

Rico smiled to himself as he recounted that first orgasmic experience of theirs in the tank-filled armory. He was a little nervous now as he finished his final preparations for dinner and mixed himself a drink to calm himself as he awaited their arrival. His mind was still full of questions as he settled himself in his favorite chair in the living room. How had George managed to get away from the wife and family? Why were the two of them arriving together? How long would they be staying? His thoughts were interrupted by the door bell. He jumped to life as its shrill ring brought him back to reality.

He threw open the front door and there they were! George and Raul practically knocked him over with their exuberant greeting. After the three of them finished with their kisses and ass-slapping and groping, Rico got them settled in the living room while he mixed the drinks. He was full of questions and they all tumbled out at once. His visiting friends laughed at him, looking at the puzzled expression on his face.

Then, as they sat and talked over their cocktails, Raul and George explained. George had finally confessed all to his wife and parents. Surprisingly enough, his wife was content to give him a divorce as long as his parents were willing to give her a healthy settlement. George had contacted Raul as soon as everything had been settled. He went to live in New York with his army buddy almost six months ago. Over the months their relationship had graduated from army buddy roommates to lovers. Rico had tears of joy welling in his eyes as he listened to the tales of horror George had lived through and the final seemingly happy ending to his story.

"There's only been one thing

Continued on page 52



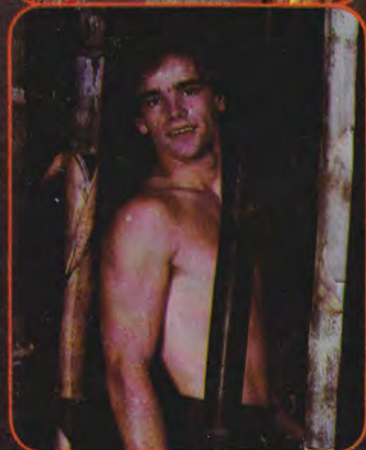
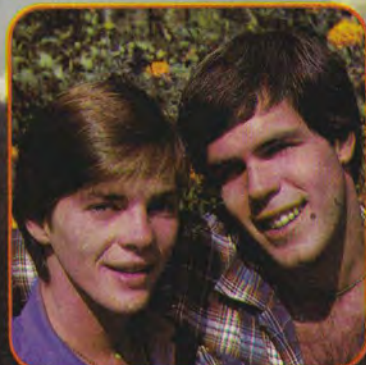
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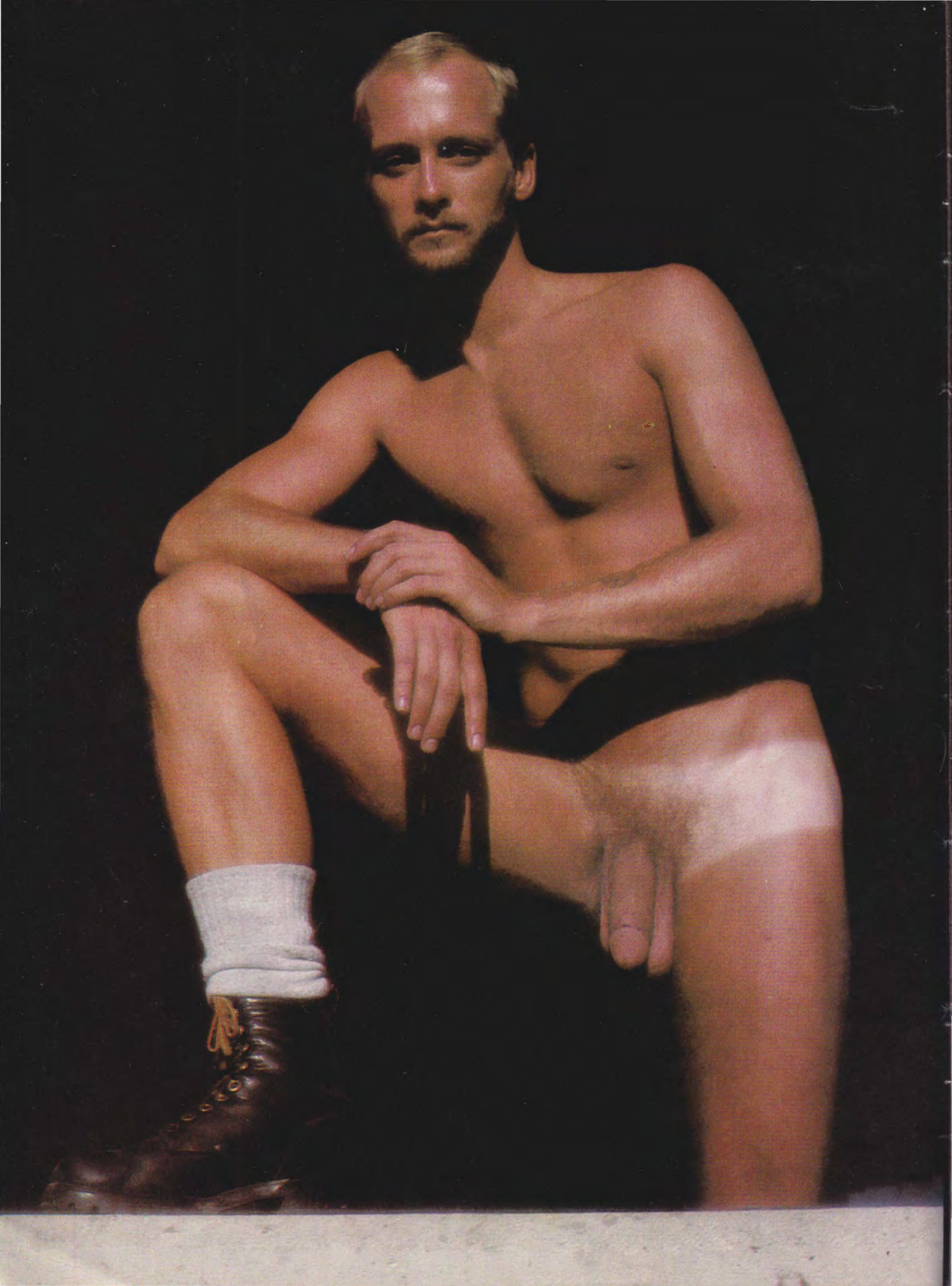
BRONZED



The calm serenity of his face tells you that this booted blonde is more than sure of his masculinity. And, in case there's any doubt at all, just let your eyes work their way over that well-defined chest and torso. He doesn't have to brag about his very evident manhood. All he needs to do is let you have one look and he knows you're his.

Photography by Jackson Young





BRONZED



Even the shadows cannot hide his heavy well-shaped male equipment. As if it has a mind of its own, there isn't any angle at which that budding evidence of sensuality can be hidden. One look at this bronzed body glowing with fine golden hair is enough to set any man's body astir. The confidence you see as he stares back at you says it's all yours if you think you can handle it. Can you?

Photography by Jackson Young





hot leather hostage

By John Castle • Photo by Richard ®

**"The golden shower ended,
and the young guy closed his mouth
and crawled to the next towering
figure. The kid bowed his head."**

"This permit only allows you to use back streets," the official said. "Not the highway."

Kelsey Jones nodded. "I'll ride out to Rocky Gully an' practice there. The hill trails are deserted mid-week."

He kicked his Honda 400 twin to a roar, and was soon in the rolling hills nearby. What a day! Sunshine, bird calls—and at 21 with a stiff cock and spunky balls, his life stretched ahead, rosy and beautiful! Maybe he'd find a quiet spot, an' strip naked, an' fondle his juicy cock to a jetting climax all over his hairy muscular guts...

He cut the engine and coasted silently down hill to the cavernous old barn the members had converted to clubrooms.

It was locked and shuttered; no one about! Around him, the hills stretched silent and green. His hand crept down—

Used to sneak in here as a kid; an' soon *he'd* be a member, something he'd dreamed of every night, his hot prick stiff in his hand as he remembered that ball-ripping day, years ago, when he'd crouched hidden in a huge cottonwood and the two cycles had roared to a stop below him.

**“Instinctively, he slapped it
to his face and lips, licking frantically
on his juicy fingers even as more of
the fantastic stuff jetted forth . . .”**



Photography by Stanley Stellar

The two guys had dismounted, and one, a granite-jawed giant, had unzipped leather pants and pissed a glittering jet of hot yellow piss spurting against the tree.

Wow! To Kel's 18-year-old eyes, the cock had been enormous; thick and juicy, a rubbery foreskin ripped back off a greasy purple head. Kel's eyes bugged, loving that steaming gush of hot piss spewing from the thick man-cock that pronged out from the leather pants.

And then—*oh man*—the guy stood fondling it, right below Kel's eyes! Stroking it to a raging hard-on that made Kel's own young spunky prick jerk up and out the leg of his brief summer shorts as he breathlessly spied on the guy cock-fondling below!

The other little guy had glanced back at the giant's huge prick, licking his lips. "Shit, Mort, your fuckin' cock's enormous!"

"An' you wanna suck it, eh, Georgia baby?" the big guy jeered. "Knew you was a fairy when ya paid for my beer!" He moved forward, huge jaw jutting. "Dirty cocksucker!"

The little bkie gulped. "No, honest! I just—"

"Stinkin' fairy," Mort snarled, and slammed Georgie a face full of knuckles. To Kel's horror, Mort grabbed the little guy's hair and shoved him to his knees. He jerked back the curly head and rammed the thick shaft of his huge cock down the gaping throat. "Choke on that!"

Streams of blood ran from Georgie's torn lips, coating the stabbing shaft of the prong that raped his mouth. Then to Kelsey's amazement, he saw the little guy's hand creep down to his own leather pants and haul out a rod thick and stiff as a cucumber. Frantically Georgie began jacking off even as Mort slammed him with those big meaty hands.

"Please, Mort," Georgie begged, licking the huge knob.

"Drop your pants, cocksucker," Mort commanded.

"Oh no—*please!*" The knuckles lashed again, and Georgie stood, crying, and pulled his belt from his pants and dropped them, and Kelsey stared breathless at the black forest of hairs that boiled round the little guy's nuts. Kel's own pubic hairs were just a dark shadow round the young teen-age cock he played with all day, and that thick black rug and swinging balls drove him fucking wild!

"You cocksuckers need a lesson," Mort snapped. He threw Georgie over the bike and lashed his wrists to the handle-bars with leather thongs, wrenching his legs wide.

Georgie lay helpless along the tank, his asscheeks lifted high on the greasy leather seat, screaming as Mort whipped bloody cuts on the jerking white ass with the belt. "All cocksuckers should be castrated," Mort snarled. He straddled the seat behind Georgie, spread the quivering juicy buns till the dilating purple asshole was stretched open, then rammed his huge red spike brutally up the gaping tunnel.

Georgie screamed, head snapping back as he frantically struggled to free his lashed wrists. In the tree above, Kel furiously beat his horny young cock as he watched the savage fuck of the guy below, gasping as Mort's hard asscheeks rammed butt-deep up the hairy slash.

He heard Mort groan suddenly; saw him grip Georgie's slim waist and jam him hard on his raping cock. Mort's body jerked, spasming, then he fell forward, and was still.

Something fantastic happened then.

A bursting flood surging up from Kel's balls and filling his guts with fire as hot juice exploded out of his cock; a lava eruption like nothing he'd ever known!

He looked down, and his hand was filled with white cream!

And instinctively, he slapped it to his face and lips, licking and sucking frantically on his juicy fingers even as more of the fantastic stuff jetted from his spouting young cock. . .

Kelsey jerked upright. The clubhouse was still shuttered and silent. When the two guys had gone, Kel had climbed down and sniffed the tree where big Mort had pissed, and licked the bark where hot yellow piss had trickled down. . .

And later, as he grew older, he'd hunted, not understanding his need, certain only that when he found it, he would know!

Kel propped his bike and peered through the shutters.

Nothing! He walked round the back and ten bikes were propped in the yard. Yet no-one around?

A stairway lead to a high landing, then a broken window, and he was in the old loft, straw still on the thick planking. He moved to the edge and looked into the room below—

Holy Christ!

There were ten of 'em—no, eleven! Stark fucking naked except for thick leather boots and black masks. And a young guy in the center of the circle! About Kelsey's age, slim yet muscular, hands tied, eyes blind-folded.

Shit, what incredible looking men! Thick muscular arms, thighs like granite columns, black forested hair that boiled round their heavy swinging nuts, and cocks—oh man—he'd never seen such weapons!

They stood, legs wide apart as the kid moved round the circle on his knees. An initiation ceremony? A punishment? What had he done? The young guy stopped before a tall bkie, then to Kelsey's horror, the bkie aimed his cock and a thick stream of stinking yellow piss gushed in a golden flood into the uplifted face. But that wasn't all!

The kid bowed his head as hot rain spurted over his face and shoulders until a kick with the leather boots snapped him up again. And even as Kelsey watched, the kid's mouth jerked open and cupped the hot foaming liquid till it overflowed his lips and ran scalding down his chest.

The golden shower ended, and the young guy closed his mouth and crawled to the next towering figure—

And spurted the gobful of hot piss from his lips over the cock and balls of the next bkie!

Kel couldn't believe it! They were degrading the young guy—forcing him into this vile and disgusting act because of something he'd done? The mouth gaped again and the hot piss rained down, and again the kid cupped the yellow foam and carried it to the next bkie who sent the kid sprawling with a savage kick, piss-hosing him as he grovelled.

"Cocksuckin' bastard," the big guy snarled. "We'll teach you to go after our guys for hot cock!"

A punishment! The young guy had tried to pick up one of the bikies? Maybe at a truck-stop or a john! So they were self-styled vigilantes? A crazy modern-day posse?

The kid was sobbing with fear as he approached the last bkie, a tall golden god, different from the others. Again the hot piss spurted and the boot sent him sprawling, but Kelsey saw that this time the kick was cleverly aimed so the young guy didn't suffer. At least *one* of them had a shred of decency! What would

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JOCKSTRAPS

VARIATIONS OF AN OBSESSION

BY T.R. WITOMSKI • PHOTO BY MIMOSO

Jockstraps have always represented manly activity. It protects and flaunts the genitals, caressing the two orbs and shaft from assault and abuse. A jock can be a sportsman, disco-dancer or model citizen. It all depends on what you're looking for.

I am in a room at the baths. Half sitting, half laying on the thin mattress. The rubber sheet beneath the linen one causes me to sweat. My hand almost idly massages my cock through my jockstrap. A figure appears at the doorway. Not wearing the vanilla towel, but a well stained jock. He slowly enters the room. I stare at his hidden erection. His hand intertwines with mine. My cock begins to harden. His tongue touches my jock. He sucks at the jock, tasting the old cum, piss, and sweat. The cloth soon becomes damp with his saliva. His mouth opens wide. He sucks cock and jock into his mouth. The friction from his sucking and the material rubbing against my hard dick quickly brings me to orgasm. He sucks the fresh cum out of the jock. He releases his cock and jerks it frantically. He shoots his load on my jock. The white globs slowly sink into the material.

Jockstrap night at Spurs. Half-price drinks for those wearing jocks. An endless variety of jocks. Swimmers' jocks with thin elastic waistbands. Thick banded jockstraps on weightlifters' bodies. A red, white, and blue jock on a patriotic queen. Leather jocks for the motorcyclists.

A jock made from chains.

"And wear a dirty jock."

"Yes, Sir."

"Keep all that shit out of the way. I don't want to see your cock."

"Yes, Sir."

High school. The locker room. Slim, hard bodies. Hairless chests. Young, beautiful cocks. Jocks worn beneath gym shorts. Sublimated sexuality. Towels snapping on asses. "Hey, Ski, when the fuck you gonna wash that stinkin' jock?" Playful slaps. A dozen naked boys in a steaming shower. "You're gonna kill some girl with that dick some day." Sweat hangs in the air. Assflesh on hard wood benches. Funny how in every class, every school, the fattest kid always had the job of handing out and picking up the towels. Eyes averted from cocks, but curious nevertheless. "Stop staring at my dick, you fuckin' queer." "I just ain't never seen one so fuckin' small, shit-head."

Wearing only a jock, I kneel on the pool table. My face and shoulders are pressed into the felt. He takes his belt off and beats my ass. The sharp pain flashes through my body. I bite my lip to prevent my cries from escaping. He will not hear my cry. I

will not beg him to stop. My tears fall silently. He whips me with the black leather belt until the pain reaches its zenith and I am able, almost magically, to switch it off. The blows continue but I have stopped feeling them. I concentrate on a roach crawling at the other end of the table. The whipping finally stops. He fucks me savagely, driving his cock in and out of my ass. The belt begins to fall on my back. When he comes, he claws at my jock. Trying to rip it from my body. It snaps against me like a huge rubber band. He pulls out as roughly as he had entered. The others take their turns. At least a dozen of them. I cannot distinguish one from another. When he takes me again, it's with his fist.

I jerk off sniffing and sucking one of Karl's jocks.

Summer. I am fourteen. The swim club. Aroused by the sight of jocks peeking out from bathing suits. I linger in the changing room to watch the men strip off their jocks. Sometimes they massage their balls.

At the gym I discover a jockstrap in the locker I am using. I furtively smell it, enjoying the faint odor of an unknown man and blushing with the



thought of being observed. I take the jock home with me to add to my collection. Dozens of jocks fill a bureau drawer. Momentos of tricks. Trophies. Remembrances.

Ads for dirty jocks routinely appear in *The Advocate* and other publications. One ad offered "official Navy jockstraps worn by recruits" for ten bucks. The Navy does not include jockstraps in its standard clothing issue to recruits. Like a character in Andrew Holloran's *Dancer From The Dance*, I think there must be a fortune to be made in the sale of dirty jocks.

Max forces me to my knees. My eyes are level with his jock. The piss begins to flow. My mouth reaches for the stream. I suck as much of the piss into me as I can. Some trickles onto his boots. A few drops dot the concrete floor. I lick it all up. He handcuffs me and shoves his jock into my mouth. He tapes my mouth shut. The jock puffs out my cheeks. "That's a good boy. Suck all of the

slightly visible, his pubic hair spilling out from the top of the jock, a trail of black hair up to his navel, the hair gradually spreading wider, thicker as it moves up his chest. The picture stops just beneath his tits. Stud without a face. I have cum over that photo many times. Imagining the shape of his cock, its color, its texture. What does his face look like? Does he have a moustache?

Cleaning out my parents' beach house. Discovering a pile of old swimsuits. Jocks covered with spider webs. Dust permeating the fabric, large rust spots, the rotting presence of decay.

We wear identical jocks, tube socks over the calf, white tank tops, baseball hats. Our bodies press together. He bites my tits. I smell his armpits. His tongue darts into my ass; it pushes deep into my hot hole. He frees his cock. I suck it slowly, wetly. It gleams with my saliva. He throws my legs into the air. I pull my

of my thighs.

Following V.K.'s order I wear a very tight jock for an entire week, never removing it. Not even to shower. I sunbathe on the roof wearing the jock. The jock cuts into my flesh. At a party V.K. removes the jock. Looking at the marks, it seems like the jock has been branded on me. V.K. mentions that an actual brand might be possible.

A photograph of a man in a jock in a portfolio by Robert Mapplethorpe sold at the International Center of Photography in New York City in 1979 for \$1500.

I lay on a mattress in the orgy room of the baths. On my stomach. In a very old, very cruddy jock. I accept all cocks that want to fuck me. I don't count the men. I do not wish to see them. I do not allow my jock to be removed. For several hours I am fucked repeatedly. When I get up, fresh cum, shit, and sweat have stained my jock. I wear it proudly, defiantly.

Another night at the tubs I see a man with a red handkerchief tucked into the right rear of his jock. I fist him. Fist him deeper than I have ever fisted anyone before. Fist him past my elbow. Past the tattoo on my upper arm. Afterwards, I realize that I never saw his cock. Nor did he see mine.

Max once bound me intricately using only jockstraps—as wrist restraints, ankle straps, as a gag, as a blindfold, etc. He then whipped me with a rope he'd fashioned by tying cut-up jocks together.

The jock masks the naked body, but strangely makes the body seem more than naked. A jockstrap emphasizes the cock and balls by hiding them, imprisoning them. The ass is held out, framed by the straps, always there, ready. The jock is a symbol of masculinity; indeed, the word has come to stand for the person who wears the article—archetypically, a not too bright, but very muscular, handsome athlete. Jockstraps point to the essence of a man—also to his vulnerability. The locker room fantasy, the undercurrent of eroticism is all team sports, the early awareness of sexuality, the gay mystique—all crystalize in the image of the jockstrap.

"At the gym I discover a jockstrap in the locker I am using. I furtively smell it, enjoying the faint odor of an unknown man and blushing with the thought of being observed."

piss out of that jock. A half hour should do it." He leaves me alone. I hear him laughing on the phone. No doubt over what he has done to his jock slave this time.

At a meeting with my publisher, I wear an old stinking jock beneath my elegant Pierre Cardin suit. I wonder if the Aramis will successfully mask the smell of the jock. Paranoid that I am, I imagine him telling his secretary, "Christ, these writers get weirder every day. That last one must never change his underwear or something."

My obsession is duly recorded in several dozen albums, carefully, lovingly put together over the last ten years. Thousands of pictures of men wearing jocks. Cut from thousands of magazines. Polaroid snapshots. Eight by ten color glossies. My favorite: some black number, front view, his jeans pulled down to his thighs, a massive hard-on showing beneath his very white jock, his balls

thighs toward my chest. He slams into my ass. He fucks me expertly, withdrawing his huge cock almost all the way before plunging in again. He sends his cock in different directions, causing my body to shudder with each rapid lunge. My cock is about ready to burst. I barely touch it and it explodes. My orgasm contracts my ass muscles around his cock. He fucks harder. He's trying to control his climax, but it rushes over him. I watch his face grimace and he thrusts one final time. I suck his cock clean. He slurps his own cum out of my asshole.

Before Max fisted me, he sprinkled butyl nitrite over a jock. He put the jock over my face. And erotic gas mask.

I am tied face up, spread-eagle on the bed. Karl drops hot wax on my jock. He encases the jock in a thick coating. He lights another candle and begins to drip it on the insides

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FALCON

HOSTAGE

Continued from page 25

they do now?

Kel licked dry lips; saw them bring forward a huge bunch of bananas—they were going to feed the kid? Two bikies grabbed the boy's legs and wrenched them open, and a third took a banana, peeled it, and—

Holly Hanna—rammed it up the young guy's spasming asshole!

Fucked—with a peeled banana? Kel almost laughed.

But then they rammed another in. And another. And another!

"You been beggin' t'have your ass plugged," the big guy jeered. "Now you gonna get it!" And with a start of horror, Kel recognized Mort's huge pugnacious jawline.

Jesus, the guy was a psycho! A self-righteous maniac!

furiously, stabbing his rigid prong into the bloated guts and spurting deep between the ripped-open ass-cheeks as the young guy screamed for mercy.

Mort pulled out, and thick streams of banana pulp dangled from his huge pulsing cock. Instantly another took his place, fucking savagely up the tender hairy chasm.

Kel stared, dry mouthed. He knew some bikies were rough, but these guys were crazy! Reforming maniacs! Would they castrate the young guy when they finished, like the queer-bashing thugs he'd read about? Kel changed his position, and to his horror the board cracked like a pistol shot.

Total silence as every eye looked up! Then: "Get him," Mort screamed, and started up the ladder.

Kel raced to the window and down

The bananas struck him in the face and he reeled back.

"Start stuffin'!" Mort said. "Pack your ass full!"

Kelsey closed his eyes. "Oh please—no!"

The click of Mort's flick-knife jerked his eyes wide. "Now!" Mort said softly. "Else I cut off your balls!"

Sobbing, Kelsey took a banana and peeled it, and opened his legs and felt for his hole. He shut his eyes to forget the ring of jeering faces, and God damn it, the thing mashed all over his asshole. "It—won't go in!"

A shout of raucous laughter made his face flame. Shit, if only the ground would open and swallow him! Mort threw down a can of axle grease. "Use this, cunt-mouth, else we'll stick chicken feathers up your ass an' set your balls on fire!"

Another shout of laughter, and with his face burning, Kelsey greased his hole, fitted the banana point, and—oh brother—it slipped in like it knew just where to go!

"Another," Mort roared. "Shove 'em in!"

Kel tried agin, and—oh no! The greasy slick feeling, sliding so smoothly up his asshole. . . he sucked in his gut but his fucking cock rammed up hard on his belly, and ohhh—it felt like his ass was filled with the biggest smoothest prick in the whole world.

This is what it felt like? To be fucked in the ass?

Mort saw the leaping tool and roared again. "Cocksucker likes his ass plugged, you guys. What're we waitin' for?"

They came at him like madmen, wrenching his legs wide and stretching opens his cheeks. A rough horny finger bored his hole with grease as they packed him full to bursting.

Kel struggled frantically, but they held his arms and stretched his legs wide open as Mort knelt behind him.

He felt Mort's thick finger ram up him, and his anal ring snapped tight around it. The finger jabbed, probing. "Got ourselves a virgin boy," Mort sneered, looking round. "After I bust his tight cherry he won't go cock-huntin' no more!"

Kelsey felt the steely tip and bucked wildly again, and another bikie sat on his back and looped his arms under Kel's gut, lifting the white jerking asscheeks to Mort's cock.

Ohh—he was helpless! Crushed

**"Then the thick spike
within him, pumping on his glands,
forced him to spurt convulsively in the
dust. The leather god jetted hot
gushing streams as he groaned,
'Ohhh, Kelly baby!'"**

The kid collapsed forward on his belly, legs wide apart, bloated with the gunk they'd forced up his ass. "Please—no more! You'll—split my guts wide open!"

Mort was about to ram in another when the golden-god bikie stopped him. "There'll be no room for us."

Mort grinned wolfishly. "You're right!" He squeezed banana pulp on his massive tool, aimed it at the winking hair-fringed anus, and rammed brutally up the distended guts of the cowering boy. The young guy shrieked and Mort drove in again, his face ripped with ecstasy.

"Oh man, what a fuck," Mort yelled. "My cock feels a foot thick!" He rammed again, burying his spike deep in the bucking ass of his helpless victim. "This'll teach the bastard never to proposition our guys again!"

He slammed again, his huge balls cannoning into the kid's swollen cock-root below the gaping asshole. Mort bellowed suddenly. "It's too much! I'm comminggg. . ."

His hard white buttocks rooted

the ramp and leapt on his bike, and—Sweet Jesus—it wouldn't start!

Frantically he tried again, and in the same instant, ten naked men rushed from the clubhouse.

They took him to a hollow in the trees off the beaten track, and stripped him, and the nightmare began. They formed a circle on their bikes, roaring close to his naked body, lashing out with booted feet to send him sprawling. And every way he darted, another bike would roar out of the dust and he'd leap back, shrieking.

"Come to save your cocksuckin' friend?" Mort screamed.

"No!" Kel moaned. "Please—I don't even know him."

"Asshole!" another bikie yelled. "Dirty cocksucker!"

It went on forever; the roaring, the screaming, until he couldn't stand. He fell, grovelling in the dust, and when he looked up, they'd formed the circle again, sitting naked on their bikes. "Please," Kelsey gasped. "Let me go! I won't tell nobody about—"



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IND "F" train at corner

by the sweating bodies of the grunting horny bikies fighting to brutally fuck his ass. Then—like a dream—the bikie gripping his head, leant close, whispering, "Relax, sweet buddy! Take deep breaths an' let go. . . else that big horse-cock is gonna rip your sweet little asshole wide open!"

Kelsey forced his head up, and it was the golden-god again, his hands gripping Kel's shoulders; but it was a grip of courage, and Kel dropped his cheek on the hand, sobbing. "Deep breaths," the voice whispered. "Now!"

And he did! Sucking air into agonized lungs, his flesh relaxing, and kissing the hand that forced courage into him. And when the stabbing thrust came, he screamed in agony, and the hand gripped him, and he felt love and strength in it. "Oh God," Kelsey wept as the relentless pounding stabbed his asshole. "Oh God, God. . ."

They went through him, every one, fucking his ass and sperming in his swollen guts till the thick spunk ran out of him like soup, his face mashed in the dust.

And the last was the golden god, easing a huge cock into him with the gentle thrust of compassion. "Easy, easy, boy," the voice whispered. "Easy!" And his ass relaxed and he wanted to lift up and give himself, open and gaping, to this warm and loving being.

"What's your name, boy?" the soft voice said.

"Kel," Kelsey gasped, weeping. "Don't let 'em kill me!"

The lips, warm and luscious came down on his neck even as the cock speared his ass. "Don't worry, Kelly baby! I won't let 'em hurt you."

Then the thick spike within him, pumping on his glands, forced his cock to spurt convulsively in the dust, even as the god jetted hot gushing curds up his ravaged hole as the voice groaned, "Ohhh—Kelly baby! Sweet Kelly baby. . ."

"Kelsey," Kel gasped, but his voice was lost in the lust grunts of the bikies fighting for their second turn.

"Why did you take so long to file a complaint?"

"I was—embarrassed," Kel said. "Then I thought, well, those guys might do it again."

The cop was young and blond—and bored! "They will!" He leant back behind the desk. "We've known about 'em for some time. It's a

vigilante group dedicated to punishing gays." His eyes narrowed. "Ah—how come they picked you?"

Kel flushed. "I told you—the clubhouse!"

The cop looked skeptical. "They're regular members?"

"No, they smashed a window to get in. An' they weren't all bad. One guy. . . kinda helped me."

The cop looked up quickly. "You'd recognize him again?"

"No, they wore masks. But something about him—"

The office studied Kel. "You mean he excited you?"

"What the hell you tryin' to prove?" Kel snapped, wondering why he was protesting so strongly. "I know I got fucked in the ass, but that don't make me no goddam queer!"

As if the cop regretted his harsh questions, he came round the desk. "Listen kid, most bikies are good guys who'd rather help someone than hurt 'em. But these vigilantes give the rest a bad name. Help us catch 'em—act as a decoy!"

He gave Kel a card. "My home phone. If you decide to work with us—under cover—ask for Jim Harrison. Okay?"

The hand he dropped on Kel's shoulder was strong and comforting. "You've had a tough time, Kel. Stay with it!"

Kel looked up into eyes as clear and blue as the sky, and his balls knotted. Hell, what was the *matter* with him, going weak-kneed over every guy who gave him a little warmth?

"Well—sure," Kel mumbled, confused, and left the office.

The truck-stop was deserted except for a black Trans-Am. Kel propped his Honda and entered the john. Beneath one of the doors, a pair of boots! Kel entered the next stall, dropped his pants and sat. God, was he *crazy*—going from one stinkin' john to the next to find these guys just because a pretty cop said he should?

Or was he hunting for that other guy. . . the whispered voice, 'Oh, Kelly baby! Sweet Kelly baby—'

What was *happening* to him?

Beside Kelsey in the partition was a hole big enough for his cock, and knowing the guy probably had his eye at it right now, made Kel's dick tingle. He tried not to do it, but his hand crept down, playing, and the gasp from next door shot him up rock-hard and rigid, and he turned

slightly for the guy to get a real eyeful of stiff cock!

And it came through! Man, did it ever! First, the red pointed tip, drooling love slime, then the flaring corona, and then the shaft, stiff and white and thick veined. Kel's eyes popped. The guy must be a giant! And fascinated, Kel dropped to his knees and stared into the red core of that throbbing head, the velvet richness bursting with blood.

Then amazed at himself, he leant forward and sucked it deep in his throat. Ohh, it was huge! He heard a gasp of strangled pleasure and stood back, horrified at himself.

The cock bucked invitingly, and Kel took his own stiff tool and kissed the eye of his cock to the other eye, their sliming cores joining. Then unable to believe he was doing it, he aimed his rod and pissed hot golden piss all over the succulent head and luscious blue-veined shaft.

A moan of ecstasy burst from the next stall as the scalding juice burnt the exposed head. Then he crouched again, frantically licking his own golden piss from the wildly bucking shaft that pronged through the hole.

The cock was withdrawn and a finger beckoned, and he rammed his own stiff shaft through the hole.

And when the lips closed over it—ohhh—Kel thought he'd blow his mind! The lips were removed, and Kel waited, begging it to happen—and it did! The hot golden rain of spurting piss splashed on his tool, burning and stinging his bloated head and running in lava streams down his shaft and through the hole to scald his knotted balls.

He groaned, rooting forward, and felt the mouth again, sucking wildly on his piss-covered head and licking the golden sap from his raging shaft. The mouth was withdrawn, and Kel felt the fingers on his rod tip, coaxing more of the hissing rain. And with his cock still wedged through, Kel pissed hard into the next stall knowing the guy was directing the spurting cock-hose of steaming piss over his face and mouth and chest.

It was too much! Kel jerked his cock from the hole and went out and ripped open the next door—and the guy was stark bollick's-naked, wildly jerking that monster cock. And as Kel entered, he jetted from his mouth a spout of Kel's hot piss all over Kel's raging horn.

Kel stared in amazement.

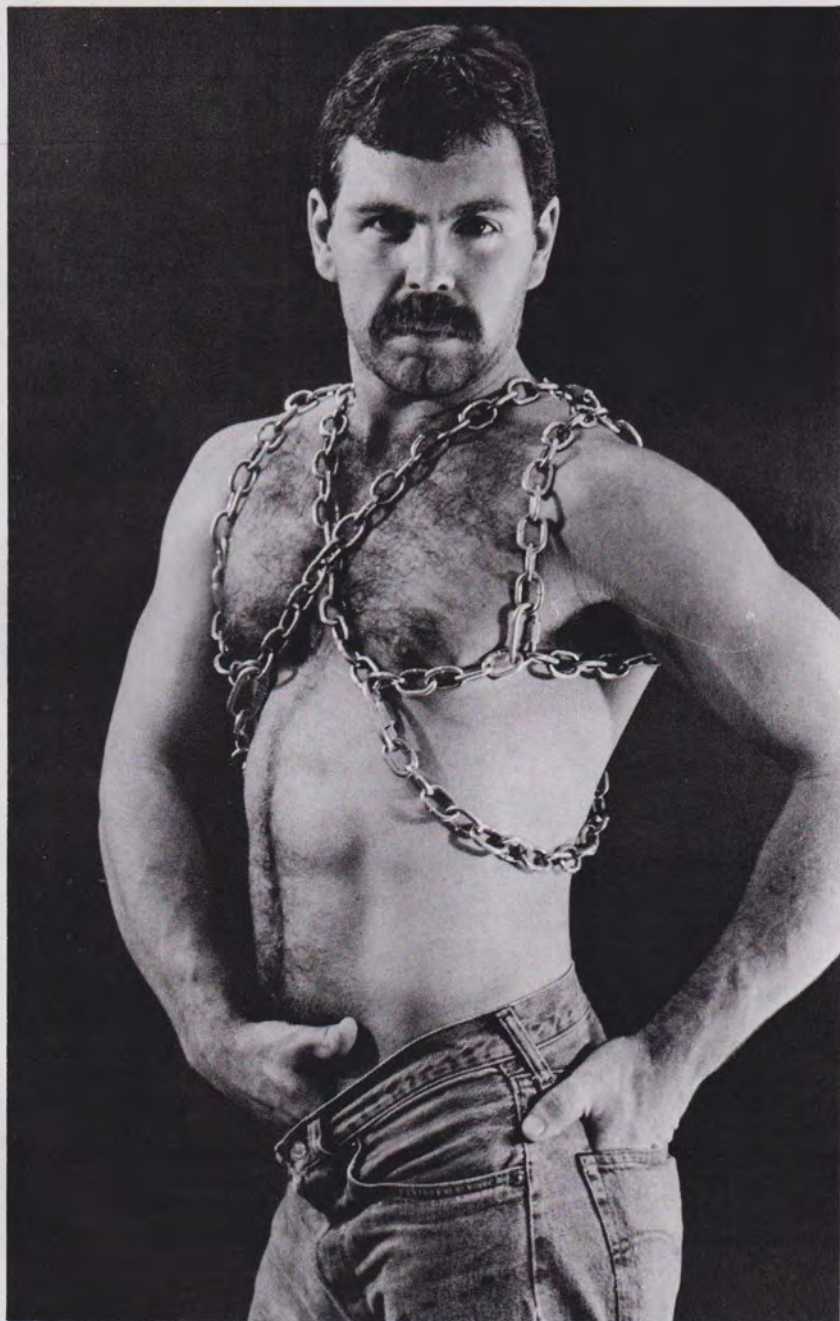
It was the kid from the clubrooms.

"Christ," Kel gasped. "Didn't you

Continued to page 46

EXCLUSIVE!

Mr. International Leather

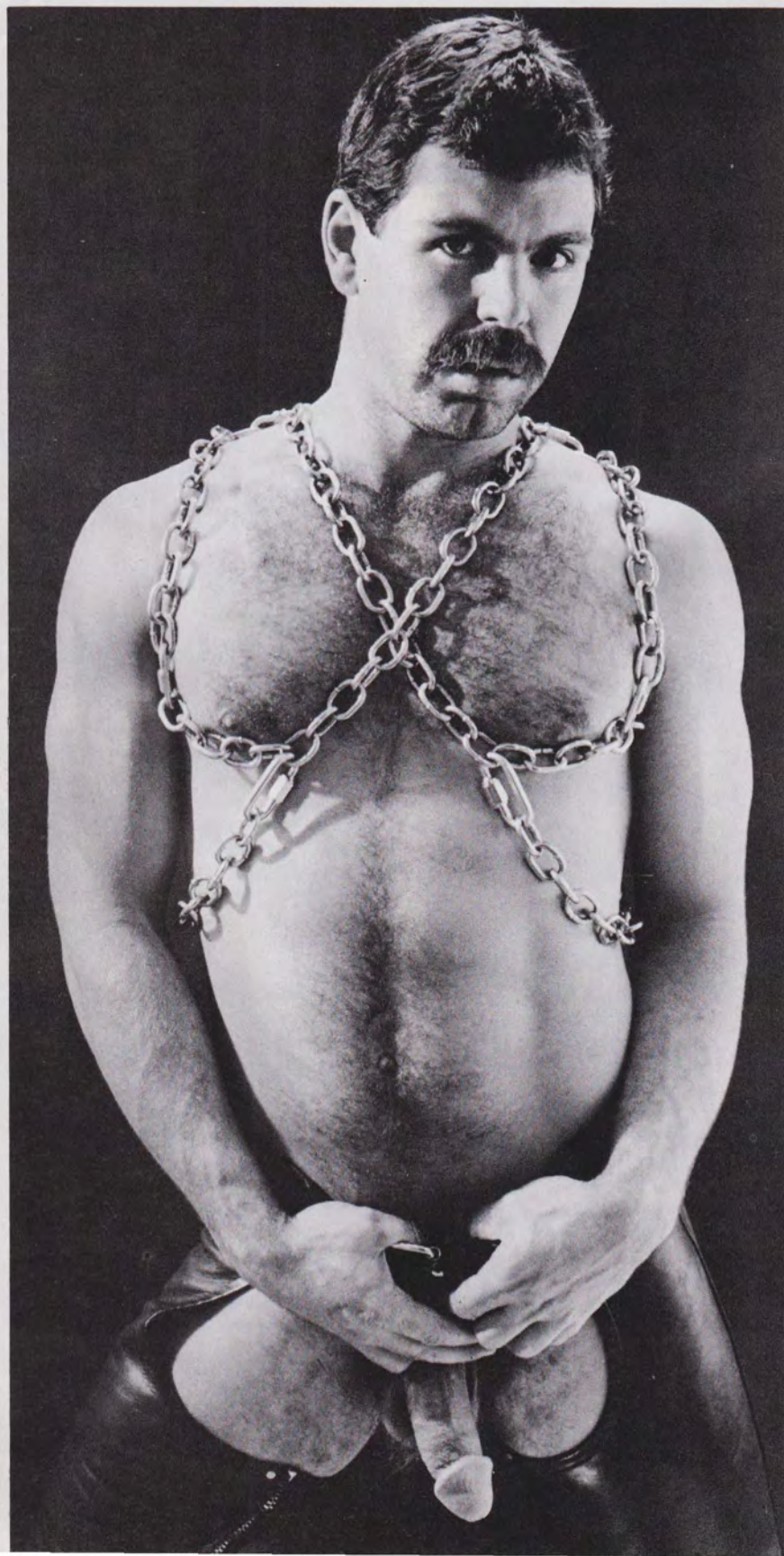


Marty Kiker, HONCHO's new leather star, is a 25-year-old construction worker who grew up in Dallas. Always the boss, he had a full-time job and his own apartment at 15. Even so, he had time for football, baseball and swimming. But there were no men in his life until he reached 21. Then he came out in a big way and made the grand tour of some of the country's gayest cities. He hit New York, Los Angeles, Houston, his hometown Dallas, and Miami. After nine months in Florida he bought a one-way ticket to San Francisco, where he's lived for the past three years.

There Marty got a job at Ciao, an Italian restaurant in the business district. He moved on to a bartending job at the Detour, and eventually came to the Arena, where he can still be found behind the bar. Marty thinks the Arena is the hottest leather bar south of Market Street. With him behind the counter it's easy to understand why the guys pour in.

Photography by Fred Bissonnes

Mr. International Leather



Marty entered his first leather contest at the Brig, another San Francisco leather bar. He was one of three contestants chosen to go on to Chicago's Gold Coast bar for the International Leather contest, which he won. When he walked onstage, the crowd went wild, and the energy level reached an unprecedented intensity when he was named Mr. International Leather. The applause and cheers made Marty all the more responsive, and they say the atmosphere in the Gold Coast hasn't been the same since.

Photography by Fred Bissonnes

JUNE 1982 / HONCHO



Mr. International Leather



Right now, Marty combines bartending with construction work, mainly the renovation of old houses in San Francisco. His ambition is to design and manufacture leather outfits. We hope he will also model what he turns out, and these photos indicate that he just might.

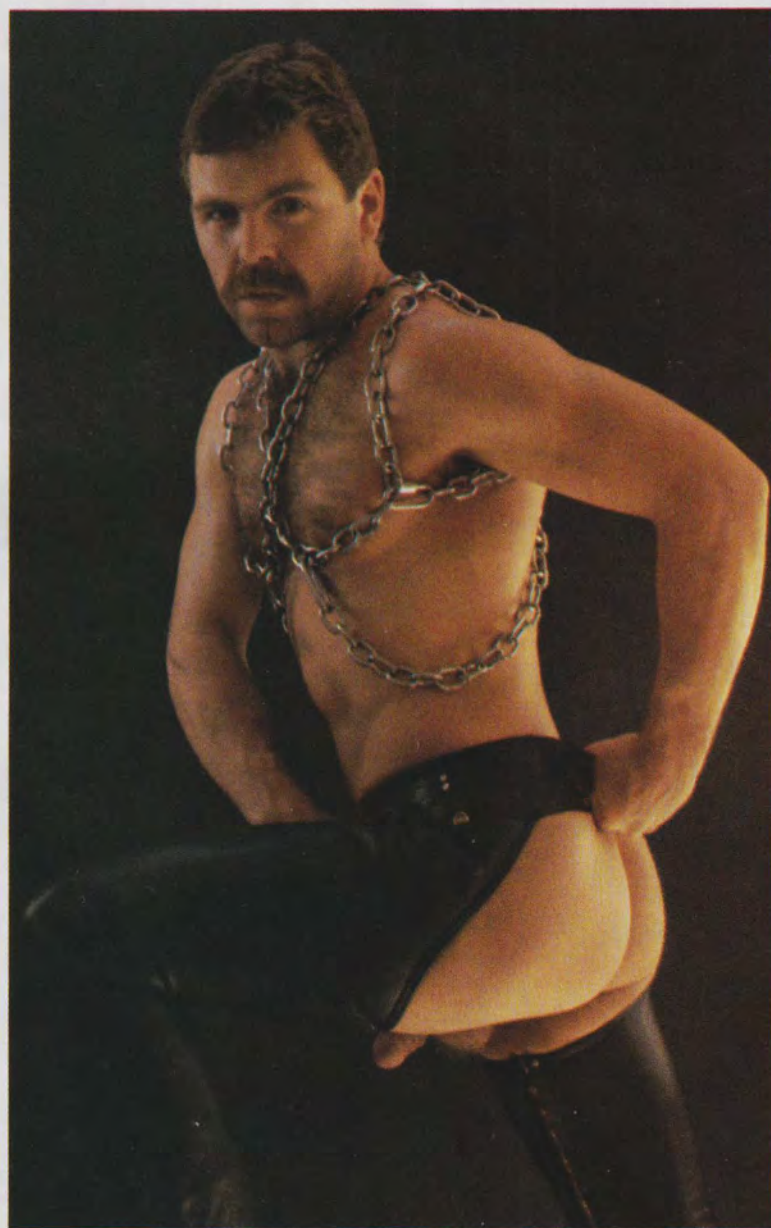
May 20th is his birthday, and he has the Taurus characteristics of stubbornness, strength, belligerence, and inflexibility. However, he also combines gentleness and tenderness to soften the impact of his more dominant qualities. This 5'10", 165-lb. hunk of masculine dynamite prefers being involved with one man at a time. He claims he can get sexually crazy with the man of the hour. He has also been known to use his fists on a lover who got out of line.

Photography by Fred Bissonnes



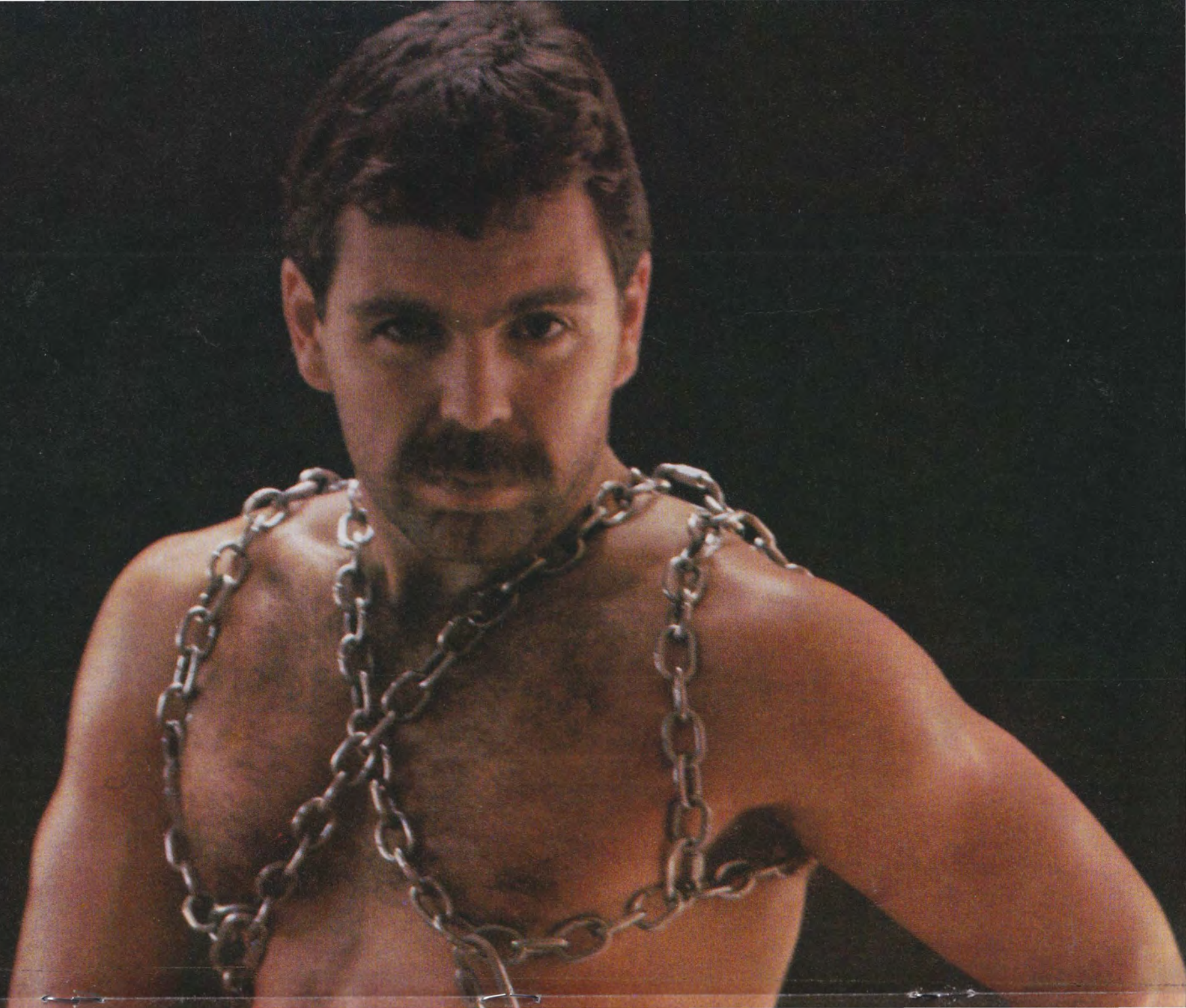


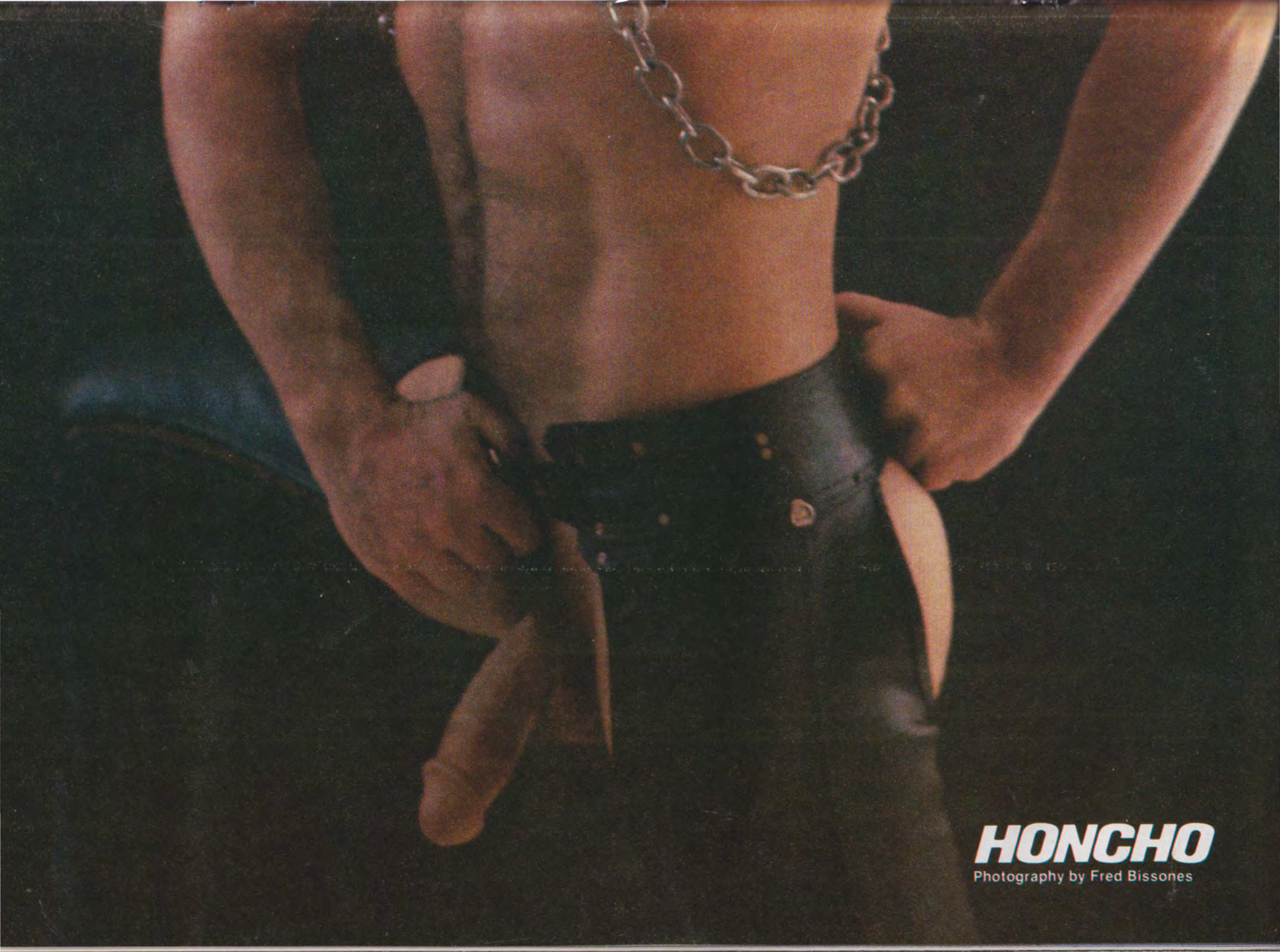
Mr. International Leather



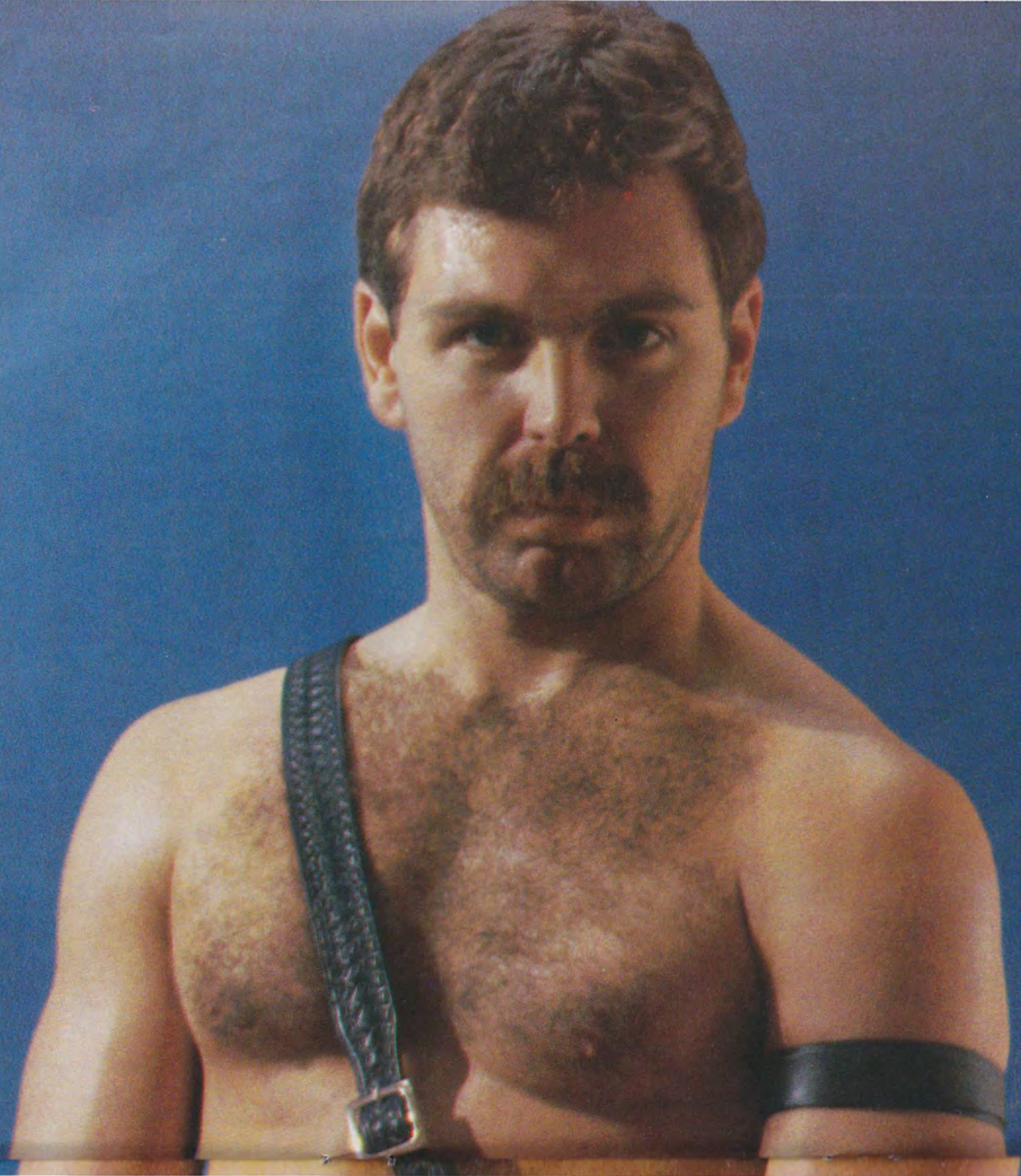
Want to bet that Marty will become the idol of every HONCHO reader? Such rough-edged macho good looks don't come along often enough, but when they do, you'll find them in HONCHO.

Photography by Fred Bissonnes





HONCHO
Photography by Fred Bissones





HONCHO

Photography by Fred Bissones



DEAR HONCHO:

SURGE

Dear Honcho,

Well, you've done it again. Just when I think you've outdone yourselves, you do it all over again. I'm talking about your Christmas issue. I think it was the January 1982 magazine, but it was for Christmas anyway. It was one of the best Christmas presents I for one have ever received.

Each set of pictures was hotter than the one before it and every guy seemed to be better looking than the model I had just finished drooling over. One of the ultimate highlights of the issue was Honcho's "Christmas Gift to You! Men Together." The photographs were really beautiful and so were the bodies. Thanks.

I got off on the group of pictures you titled "Revenge." I am really into foreskin, so that had a lot to do with the pleasure I derived from the pictures. I noticed that the models and photos came from Surge studios. These guys seem to do some really special work and have tremendous models (in more ways than one). Do you suppose we could have another picture of the guys in that particular layout? If not, how about another picture from Surge? I'm sure that no matter what it is, it will be great!

Thanks again for keeping my juices flowing even in the middle of winter. You are the best magazine around and I hope you know how much your fans appreciate it. A successful and hot year to all of you at Honcho. You deserve it!

Keeping warm with Honcho
Chaffee, Missouri

Editor's reply: Well, we couldn't be more pleased that you are pleased! A great year to you, too. And, keep those cards and letters coming, folks! It makes all our work much more enjoyable when we know that our readers care enough to sit down and write such nice things to and about us. We're sure Surge Studios thanks you too. And, here's another picture from them for you, left.

ROOM FOR DADDY

Dear Editor,

You guys at Honcho really show off the male with the most erotic and pleasurable poses ever. However, why don't you publish older men with their gray hair and massive cocks.

I like men over 50 or that look older. My lover is 63. He's well hung and thin. I'm sure there are young men like myself that dig older men. If you have any pictures that men send in please publish them soon. I have a hard on thinking about them.

Sincerely,
J.B.

SOLO

Dear Honcho:

It was with considerable interest that I read your latest issue. I have been enjoying auto fellatio for some time, and have been curious why it has not been explored at all by any print medium. So kudos for this late beginning! Some of us really are "self-contented," literally. Remember, "Nobody Does It Better..."

Very truly,
J.R.S.

MEN TOGETHER

Dear Honcho,

Just had to tell you what an incredible magazine you put out. The fiction is super and the photo spreads are out of sight. I've noticed recently that you have been putting more men together. I love to see two men together touching, kissing and feeling one another. Another thing I noticed is guys with hard-ons. To see a guy with a hard-on is a real turn on. I get harder than hell when I see that. Your fiction always has a lot of hot action in it. I always read the fiction two or three times and always get off every time I read it. The best two issues I think you put out this

year were March & Sept... The March issue because of the photo spread "Manhandler." That guy was super. He can manhandle me any time he wants to. And the Sept. issue is incredible, super. The photo spread "Pool-Aid" with those two blond studs was out of sight. That fiction-photo spread "Boiler Room" was out of sight. I got my rocks off a dozen times reading and looking at those pictures. The photo spread called "Well-Armed." I would just love to suck, kiss and lick every inch of his body. What I wouldn't do to spend a night with him. I'd suck his cock and balls till he would beg me to stop. All the fiction in your Sept. issue was a real turn on. I always buy your magazine because I know I'm getting what I paid for. A good, super hot magazine that I always get my rocks off reading. I have to tell you one thing. I just moved from N.Y. to a small town in Penna. and I had a hard time trying to find a place to buy Honcho. It took me two weeks to find a place but I found one. Keep up the good work and keep those two men photos spreads cumming. Someday I hope to see in your magazine two guys fucking and sucking each other. Then you'll make the BEST magazine even better. Love you all.

An old reader in a new town,
Philipsburg, Pa.

IN LOVE

Dear Honcho,

I just have to tell you that as soon as I saw the coverman on your September's issue, I was in love. When I picked it up I could feel the hair fall off my legs just from the excitement. I yelled so loud that the lady beside me threw her Woman's Day magazine up in the air and ran out the door. I'm going to have the cover framed and then hang it right beside my 8 x 10 black and white picture of Arlene Francis. He's a man!!!

Love,

Miss \$1.98 of San Diego
P.S. Is it possible I could get a hold of his sweat socks?

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HOT LEATHER HOSTAGE

Continued from page 32

learn your lesson?"

"Piss on me," the kid groaned.
"Spray hot piss on me!"

Kel slapped him on the mouth.
"Listen, you little creep, if those
guys catch you again, you're dead!"

"I want 'em to catch me. I been
lookin' for 'em!"

Kel backed away. "You crazy
weirdo, this time they won't just fuck
you. They'll cut off your balls!"

He went out and mounted the
Honda, and from the shadows, saw
six bikies roar in. One of the guys, a
giant of a man, looked at the Trans-
Am, then at the washroom, and Kel
heard Mort's unmistakable voice.
"Looks like our little fairy didn't
learn too good." Kel saw light flicker
along cold steel. "Maybe this time
we can fix it so he gives up guys...
permanently!"

They moved to the washroom.

Kel sat up spitting blood; tried to
think where he was. Green tiles, a
row of doors—oh *shit!* The kid was
gone—and so were the bikies. The
floor of the washroom was smeared
with blood, and every bone ached
where they'd stomped him. He
should have gone for the cops, but
the kid's sharp scream of agony had
sent him bursting in, and there was
Mort carving his name on the kid's
chest!

Kel staggered to the door. Get to
the phone! Ring that cop—Jack,
Jim! Jim Harrison! A booth by the
hamburger bar! He fed money,
dialed—and no fucking answer. He
was almost crying as he listened,
then—oh God—he came on the line,
his voice warm as a fire in winter.

"They—got the kid again," Kel
gasped. "Probably—take him to the
clubrooms. Only six of 'em this
time."

The voice was calm, reassuring.
"I'll send the boys right away." He
heard Kel groan. "Hey—you
alright?"

"They—beat me up," Kel
whispered. "I'm—a mess!"

"Can you ride?"

"I—think so."

"Then get over here—fast! Fifteen
Central Ave."

Several times he thought he'd
crash, but at last there it was, the
house set neatly behind trees. Very
domestic!

The door opened and Jim Harrison
stood there in a judo robe, his curl-
ing blond hair still dripping. "I was in
the shower when you rang. Sorry I
took—" He stared at Kel's bruised
and torn lips. "You poor bastard!"

The cop picked him up like a baby,
kicked the door shut, and carried
him to the sofa. Kelsey lay back
groaning, and carefully Jim loosened
the torn shirt, exposing Kel's bloody
chest. "Sweet Jesus," he whispered.

Kel's pants were caked with blood,
and gently the big cop eased them

off. "Can you walk to the
bathroom?"

Kel nodded, and still supporting
him, the cop ran the bath, talking all
the while to reassure him. "We've
picked up those guys already—
thanks to you. An' the kid's okay. We
been after 'em for months... even
had some of our own men infiltrate
their gang, but they could never get
help at the right moment."

Kel let his naked body slip into the
warm water and closed his eyes, and
there was nothing more perfect in
the whole world than to feel those
big hands gently washing away the
pain and insults. "Where's—your
wife?" Kel said.

"I'm divorced," Jim said flatly.
"She couldn't accept the vermin in
this world... like those creeps
tonight!" His voice was bitter.

"They're the scum of the earth!"
And abruptly the tension broke
and Kel's tears came. "I tried to
help," he wept. "but I'm as bad as
them!" He turned his head away, cry-
ing with exhaustion and shame.

"That guy—the one who was—good
to me. He's the *real* reason I was
hunting them." It came out in an
agonized spurring rush. "Because I
wanted him to fuck me again!"

The hands, huge and strong and
gentle, caressed again. Bathing his
bruised tits and massaging his belly
and down to stroke his thighs. And
his cock, oh Jesus, his great stiff
cock pronged up and out of the
water like a lighthouse for all the
world to see! "Listen, Kel," Jim said
quietly. "You're just upset. You don't
mean that."

"But I *do!*" Oh, if those big hands
would just close round his yearning
cock! "He was so loving... so
gentle!"

"There's good in everyone," Jim
said quietly. "Come on. I'll dry you
off and put something on those
bruises."

He lay Kel on the bed, face down,
and with his cheeks flaming with em-
barrassment, Kel tried to ignore his
rigid prong, hard as iron, flat against
his belly, hoping the big square cop
hadn't noticed. "I'll rub in a little
oil," Jim murmured. "It'll loosen up
your muscles."

He began on Kel's shoulders and
worked down, down, into the small
of his back, and then—ohhh—gently
cupping his hard round cheeks and
massaging them until Kel thought
he'd die. And with each massaging
thrust, his asshole seemed to be
dragged open and exposed, and

unable to stop himself, his ass bucked up, gaping for those hands.

Kel raised up on his knees, his face buried. "Oh Christ, you don't understand," Kel groaned. "I love that guy!"

"That's okay," Jim said softly. "Never be ashamed of what your body wants so long as no one gets hurt." He massaged again. "You're still embarrassed? Listen, I'll show you what I mean." The hands moved again, stretching open his dilated hairy ring to the cooler air. Then something else touched; warm, lubricious—and he felt Jim's tongue in his asshole, probing deep in his hairy ring.

"Oh, my God," Kel groaned. "What are you doing?"

This big butch cop! Sucking his ass!

The hand moved again, fondling his balls then stroking his rigid cock and dragging back the juicy foreskin along the thick pulsing barrel of his shaft. "You see?" Jim whispered. "Loving another man can be so beautiful!"

Kel felt a finger, then another, and a third; felt Jim mount the bed; felt a stiff and rigid point probing his gaping slash, the pressure beginning and then—*ohhh*—an incredibly long and thick organ sliding in, up and up, burying its fantastic column deep between his quivering cheeks as he arched up for the cop's huge dick.

It couldn't be true—the glory he felt—a cop, big and butch, buggering his ass—and him loving it!

"Hold my shoulders," Kelsey groaned. "Like the other guy!"

And the hands came up and gripped, forcing him down on the cop's magnificent spike. "Ohh—" Kelsey groaned. "I should hate that bastard who raped me—but you make me want him so much."

"Are you sure, Kelly baby?" Jim whispered, his huge cock gently easing in and out through the sucking ass-hairs of Kelsey's gaping hole. "He was just a stinkin' bkie!"

"No!" Kel groaned. His mouth sucked at the golden-haired fingers that gripped him, licking and kissing as the thick prong up his ass ploughed even deeper. "He was good and—"

He broke off and stared back, huge-eyed. "What did you call me?"

"Kelly baby," Jim whispered softly. "Sweet Kelly baby," and the blue eyes lit up like lasers as the huge cock exploded deep in his guts. "That's your name... isn't it?"

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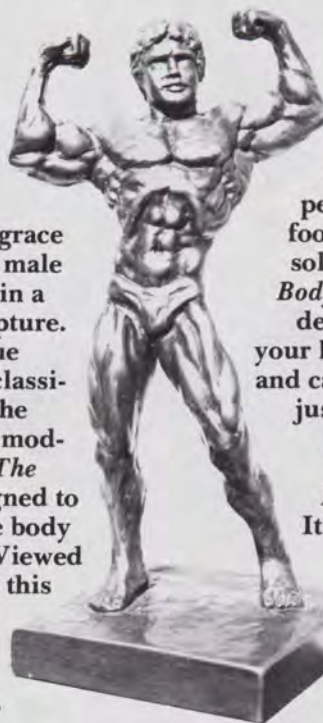
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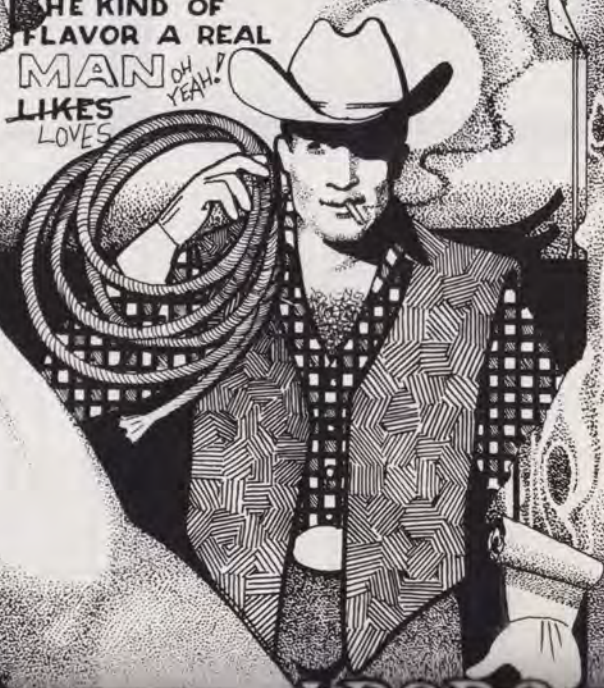
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RUBBING THE SADDLE

By Lawrence Mills • Illustration by Dixon Scott

"The room was prepared for you yesterday, sir, so you should find everything satisfactory. Shall I draw your bath, sir?"

"Oh, no, no, thank you," I responded, used to 'drawing' my own bath. "Everything is fine, thank you."

"Good night, Sir."

"Good night." I threw my exhausted body on the bed. Enrico, my best friend, had really rolled out the red carpet for me. First the chauffeur, then the dinner, then hours of wonderful man-to-man conversation. But 3 a.m. was well past my bedtime, and my body and mind were drained.

The room was gigantic, yet humbly furnished. The wooden floor and overhead beams made the room very dark and heavy. The brass bed lay in a corner near a large antique chest of drawers. Across the room near the door to the bathroom was a brand new leather chair. The odors of old wood and new leather pervaded the entire room with a hardy scent reminding me of scenes from television westerns and movies about the Wild West.

Finally, I persuaded myself to get up, strip and wash before bed. I was hardly between covers when I felt the long awaited sleep overtaking me.

"Jimmy, what do you say we rest for a spell," Jake called out above the sound of the horses' hooves. "It's just too hot in this sun."

"Alright," I said and turned up to the Golden Eagle Tavern. We climbed down and hitched our horses in front of the Eagle. It was already high noon and that sun was a killer. Jake and I went in and had a couple of beers. All the usual boys were there: Crazy Sam, Grandpa Esposito, Mohawk Billy, and a cou-

Jake and I left the Eagle and hopped back on the horses. The manly scent of harness and horse shit had become so familiar to me, and such a part of my daily life. Riding in the saddle, the constant bobbing up and down and its heavy friction on my ass and thighs, and the front of the saddle constantly ribbing my crotch kept me hornier than hell. I hadn't felt or even seen a woman in ten long, agonizing months, and I was ready to fuck a tree. We all were like that. There were so many times I'd jack off and think about how great it would be to fuck in the saddle, surrounded by the smell of leather and animal and of virgin wood out in the forest.

It was just about sunset when Jake and I went back to the ranch. Today, the one day we did no work, was the day we came home the tireddest. We were riding up to the house when I caught a glimpse of Jake against the backdrop of the orange, gold and blue of the distant horizon. His profile looked slick and handsome, his slim but muscular body riding high on his horse Chariot. He had long, lean and

time..." he said, his chocolate brown eyes sparkling in the soft candlelight.

"I know, buddy. We got to do something about it—soon."

"I know," he said. Then he walked into the bedroom and shut the door.

It was about a minute before I realized that perhaps I should follow him. So I walked up to the bedroom door and walked in. And there stood Jake, by the light of the window, one hand on his ass, the other on his cock. He just stood there lightly massaging both of them. He didn't seem to have heard me come in.

I walked ever so slowly up to him. I could hear his slightly louder than normal breathing over the dead quiet of the prairie night. He had me hornier than ever, with his young, healthy, muscular body gleaming by the soft rays of the moon. Quickly I walked over to him and with both hands grasped his ass. He gasped, "Ahhhhh," as if my hands had been ice cold. And they were, against his hot skin.

He turned around to face me. I moved right in on him and gave him the hottest, longest, most yearning kiss I could muster up. He loved every moment of it. I pulled and tugged on his lips with mine while I explored his hard, lean, tanned body with my palms and fingers. Jake put his hands on my shoulders, massaging my neck. I stopped kissing him and looked down to see his long, thick cock throbbing with excitement. I bent down and looked at it once more before I instantly took a wide gulp and swallowed his enormous tool down my throat. It was a brand new experience for me but I fell right into the swing of it. And so did Jake.

He began to sway his hips front and back, pushing and pulling his fat, long prick in and out of my watery, savoring orifice. While grasping his sides and his behind I began a slippery, fast-glide over his penis, tasting the pre-cum he had begun to collect. I stood up and laid him face down on the bed.

"Jake, I gotta have you, man. I just gotta do it," I said, stroking myself, mad with passion. Jake didn't say a word. I ran into the kitchen and grabbed a couple fingers full of lard and ran the lard over my red-hot cock. I ran back into the bedroom and saw Jake lying just as I had left him, his round, firm, hairy buns kissing the moonlight, his hole summoning me to its call.

**"Riding in the saddle,
the constant bobbing up and down
and its heavy friction on my ass and
thighs, and the front of the saddle
constantly rubbing my crotch kept me
hornier than hell."**

ple other guys. We were a town of only a hundred or so men, but the Eagle kept a booming business. Actually, it was the only watering-hole in town.

Jake my sidekick had had only seven beers when he finally felt a little loose. He started talking about the women back home and now he wished that somehow, someday, they'd all just hop in a carriage and join us. We guys knew that was impossible. We'd only been out here in the Oklahoma prairielands ten months. There was a lot of building to be done before the women folk and kids could come join us. And the guys had been hurtin' badly, if you know what I mean. I was no exception.

strong legs and a crop of hair that fell forward over his forehead. Since he never wore a hat, he always looked so domestic and so young. I felt myself getting a hard-on from just looking at him.

We got to the barn and I rounded up the animals while Jake made us some dinner. By the time we'd finished eating, the clock in the parlor was chiming eight o'clock. I just sat in the leather couch and looked at Jake, who looked at me, neither of us saying a word.

Finally, Jake got up and walked over to me. "Jimmy," he began while he stood over me.

"Yeah, Jake," I responded grasping his hips with my hands.

"It's been a long time... a long

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Wild with uncontrollable appetite I knelt over Jake, and with no time to let him prepare I rammed my long, thin pole into Jake's bowels. Suddenly, with no warning, he let out one single earth-quaking yell. His burst of pain only made me want to fuck him even more.

"Ohhhh, GOOOODDDDD-DAMN!!" he yelled as I began to pump away on him furiously, ramming my stubborn frankfurt between his buns, banging away with raging abandon.

"I want you, man. I want to fuck you like you've never known possible," I yelled back to him, determined to make him feel what I wanted to give.

"Ohhhhh, Jiiiiimmmmy, OHHHH," he kept yelling, so loudly that the room shook. "It hurts but I want it. Ohhh, give it to me."

"I will, man. All eight inches of it," I managed to say, just before I felt the pressure in my balls release as I rapid-fired my sidekick's virgin asshole with my pumping prick. Out came all the cum I'd saved up for weeks in the hopes of having a luscious cunt to fuck. Instead I ended up with an asshole, but it was every bit as good—if not better.

Jake turned over onto his left side, with my steadily shrinking prick still in him. "Keep humping me, Jimmy," he said, while choking his garden hose, stroking it fast. Within a minute he too had shot his ocean all over the bed and himself. I put my hand down on Jake's drenched thigh and started smoothing the semen all over on his thigh and leg, getting him all sticky and wet.

When I woke up I felt the stickiness of my hands against my prick, my fingers nearly sticking together with half-dried semen. I'd had a most delicious wet dream. My heart was still pounding—partly because of the excitement of the dream, and partly because I sensed that familiar scent of leather and wood.

TRIAD

Continued from page 16

wrong with our relationship," George finally blurted out. Raul shot him a glance that said "now now," but George persisted. "We both missed you. The three of us were really something together," he continued. "So, we decided to come out here so we could be closer to you. We're planning to move out here."

"Great!" Rico grinned at the two

of them. "You can stay here as long as you like."

"Thanks, buddy," Raul smiled warmly. "We really do appreciate it."

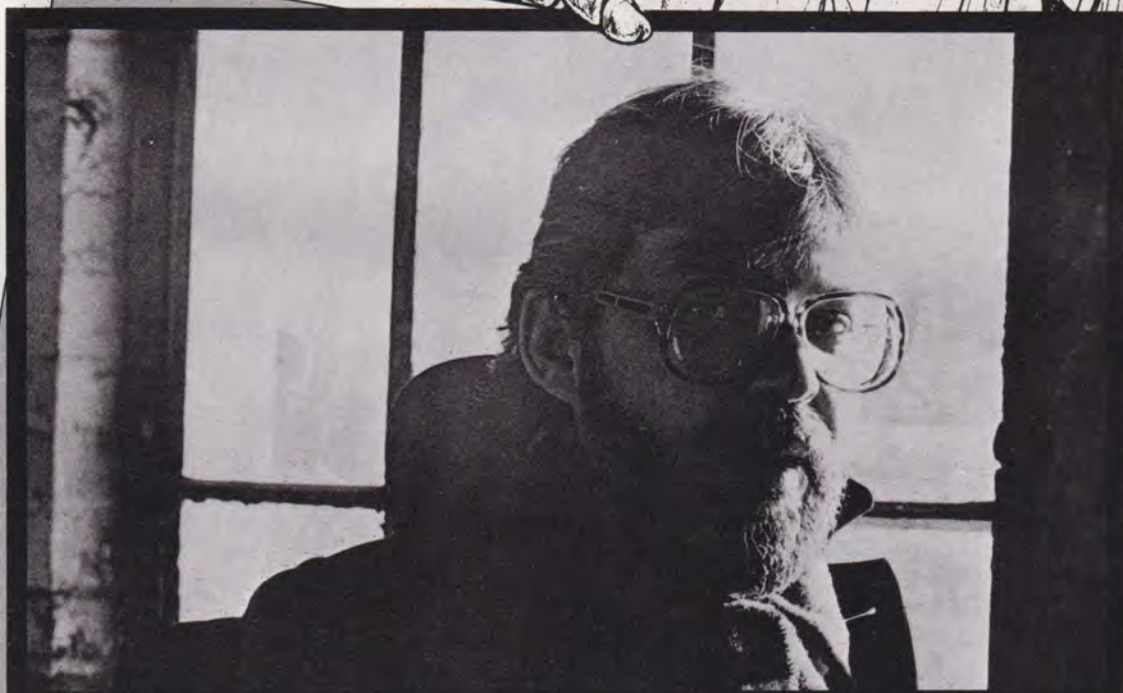
They had always been very comfortable together. They sat and drank and talked about all the great times they'd had. Soon they were all a little high and Rico brought out a couple of joints. By the time the grass was inhaled, they were all very mellow. George rose to go to the john. By the time he got back, Raul and Rico were standing in the middle of the living room with their arms firmly around each other. With a big grin on his face George tapped them on their respective shoulders. "Can I get in on this?" They broke their hold on one another only long enough to let George into the group and then the three of them stood embracing.

Their eyes met, then dropped down to the three hard-ons in the center of their close circle. They smiled at each other and Rico gave them a follow-me gesture. In a matter of minutes they were in his bedroom and naked on the bed. Their bodies intertwined in myriad positions as they kissed and fondled. Their cocks were hard and needy as Raul grabbed Rico and pulled him to his lips. As they kissed deeply George came up behind them and began to drive his tongue into Rico's hungry ass. The two of them worked on Rico. They were driving him wild as Raul squeezed and tugged at his nipples driving his tongue deeper and deeper into Rico's juicy mouth. George at the same time was driving his tongue deeper and deeper into the panting Italian's loosening ass while he rubbed spit all over his own dripping dick.

Suddenly Raul turned Rico around laying him flat on his back. George moved between the hot stud's trembling thighs and Raul plunged his cock deep into Rico's gaping and panting mouth. George's fingers found the hole he'd moistened with his tongue and inserted first one and then two into the steamy orifice. When Rico moaned and pushed his butt onto the intruders, George grabbed Rico's ankles and threw his legs over his broad hairless shoulders. He moved the head of his cock in place at the opening to Rico's love hole and as he and Raul made love to each other with their eyes he plunged the entire length of his rod into Rico.

He began a slow and steady

Continued on page 56

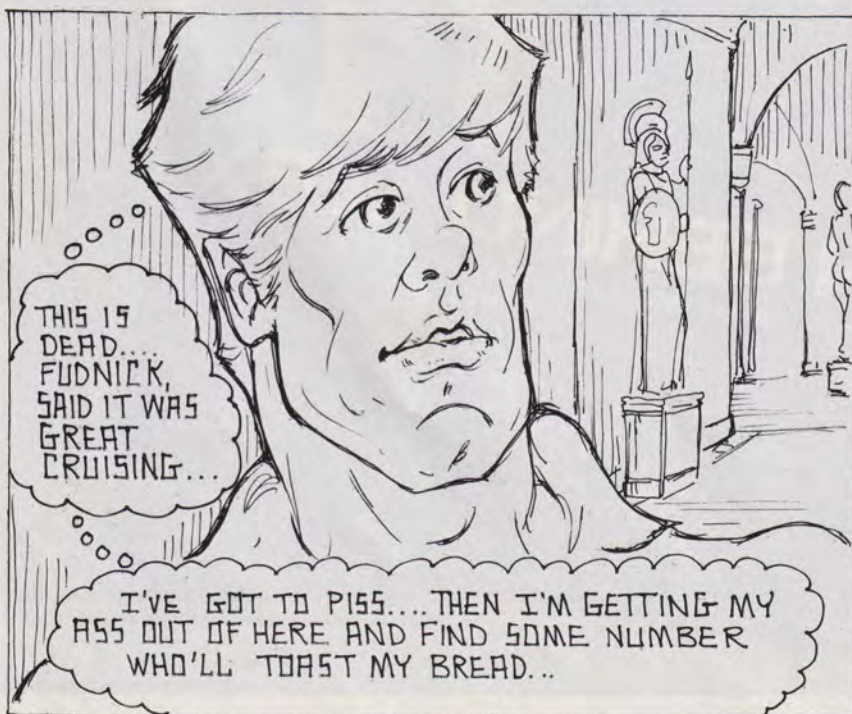


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ALEX

by
CHUCK





pumping in and out of Rico until he could feel the sphincter loosening up and closing on his cock to pull him deeper inside. When he was certain that Rico was getting into the feel of his hard tool, he managed to move his knees together between the stud's outstretched legs. Raul reluctantly pulled his dick out of Rico's mouth and George shifted the two of them around until he was flat on his back and Rico was sitting on his deeply penetrating cock. As Rico moved himself so that he was straddling the tops of George's hairy thighs, Raul moved onto the bed behind Rico's stretched ass. He inserted his fingers one at a time into Rico's butt hole while Rico continued to move up and down on George's dick. Sure that Rico's ass was opened enough, Raul spread George's legs and sitting behind Rico, threw his own thighs over his lover's.

George reached up and began to play with Rico's hard nipples, while Raul put his hands on Rico's shoulders to hold him still. Gently he pushed the head of his cock against

throbbing cocks. The three of them remained motionless for a moment. Then Rico began a steady up and down movement on the two dicks lodged deep inside of him. Gradually he was relaxed enough and hot enough to begin moving up and down on them faster and faster. He was fucking them both at the same time and almost begging with his ass to be filled with their cum. The harder he worked on their cocks the louder George and Raul became as they moaned and groned with the fantastic sensations they were experiencing.

Rico began sitting up and down on them in earnest, grunting loudly as he forced their giant poles deeper and deeper into his guts. He was moving up and down in an almost frenzy and began to beat his own meat in unison with his fucking movements. He could feel the two cocks throbbing against each other and the walls of his ass all at the same time. When he felt the two bodies beneath him tense, he beat his cock harder and faster so that when he felt the twin streams of cum hit the walls of his guts at almost the same time he sat down completely upon them and shot his load all over George's hairy chest. The

muscle bodies entwined. They snuggled together and kissed. There were three tongues exploring three mouths and six hands roaming freely over three hairy sweaty bodies. Rico had never felt so content.

Later as they lay talking over cigarettes, Raul sat up and announced, "We've got something to ask you, Rico."

"Anything, guys, anything." Rico playfully patted their bare thighs.

"Well," George began. "Do you remember what you said about us staying as long as we wanted with you?"

"Sure!" Rico smiled. "In fact, after that terrific fuck, I may never let the two of you leave!"

George sat up beside Raul and put his arm around him. The three men stared at each other briefly before George broke the silence. "That's what we wanted to talk to you about," he began.

"There's only one thing missing in our relationship," Raul broke in.

"There's only one thing that could make the two of us happier than we already are with each other."

"What's that?" Rico asked earnestly.

"We've always been a threesome," George went on. "We've always had a great time together, the three of us. Raul and I have talked about this for a long time now." He paused and swallowed hard. He looked longingly and lovingly first at Raul and then at Rico. "We want you to be part of us."

"What?" Rico could hardly believe his ears.

"We know it sounds kind of crazy," Raul blurted out, "but I think the three of us have loved each other for a long time. And, although George and I are happy together, we both think that the three of us could have something really special."

"Want to give it a try, ol' buddy?" George asked.

"Do I want...?" Rico started. "Up to this minute, I've had the feeling that something was missing from my life. Now I know what it was. I've been missing you two. Nothing could please me more." He looked from one smiling face to the other. "Sure, I'll give it a try!" he said as he sat up between his new lovers and grabbed a growing cock in each hand. Raul and George each placed a hand behind Rico's head and pulled him closer. Once more the three tongues eagerly sought each other and low moans of rapture filled the room.

"Raul and Rico looked at each other and shrugged. They didn't need any words. They both knew that they had nothing to lose. Rico bent down and pulled up his pants."

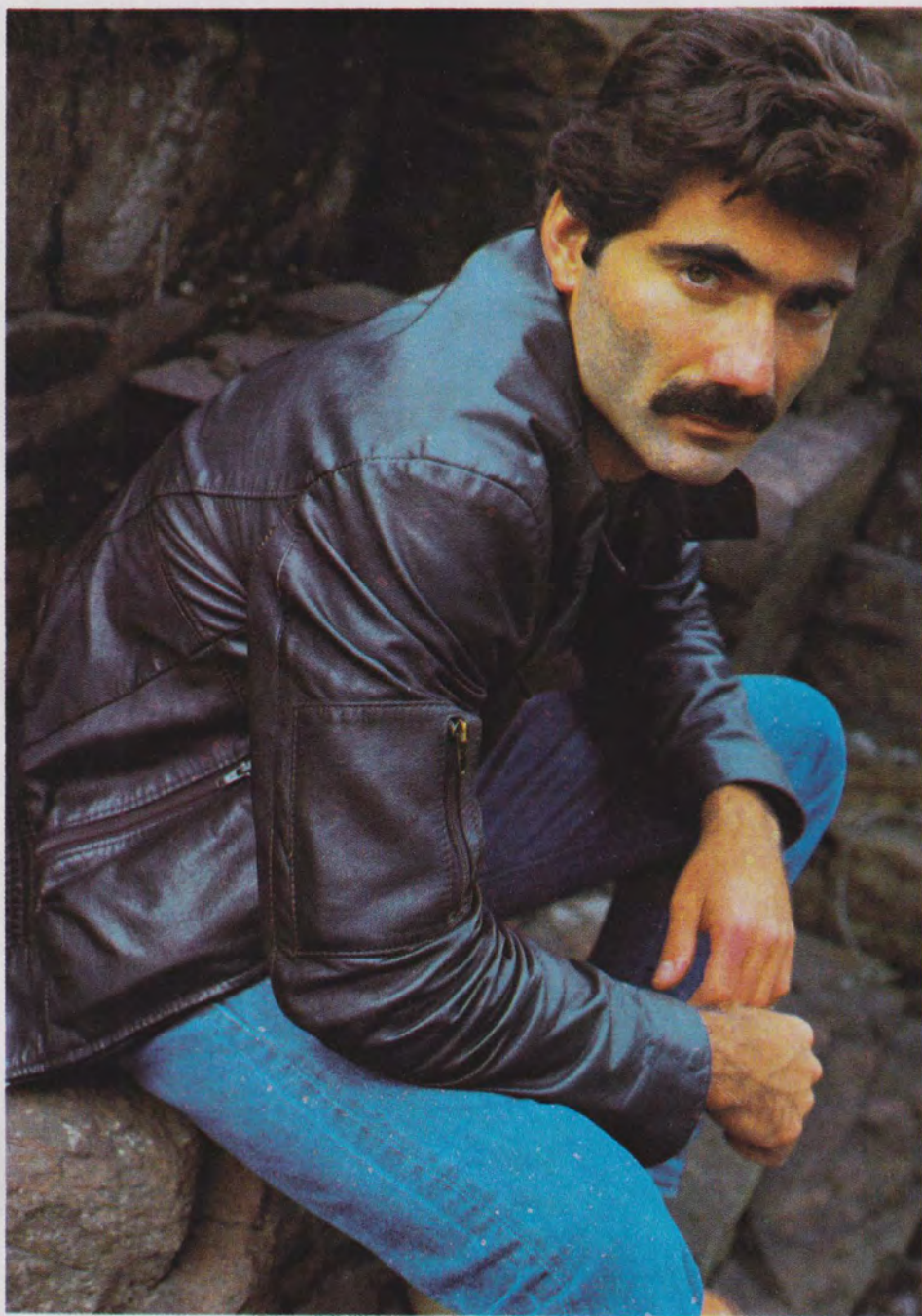
George's and partially into Rico's ass. When Rico realized what was about to happen, he moved his hands back to his butt and pulled his cheeks as far apart as he could to allow Raul more room. At the same time he leaned forward over George to give Raul greater access to his hole. Slowly Raul inched his hard meat into Rico, waiting with every forward movement until he could feel Rico's ass open a little wider.

In a few minutes Rico was impaled on both of his army buddies'

spasms wracking his body as he shot forced his ass to open and close firmly on the two shooting cocks embedded in his guts. As his ass continued to milk every drop of man juice out of the two men, they bucked their hips up off of the bed forcing their cocks even deeper inside of him.

When he felt the two cocks begin to soften and slip out of him, Rico collapsed onto the bed beside George. Raul moved up to join them and the three of them lay spent, their

LEATHER EXPRESS



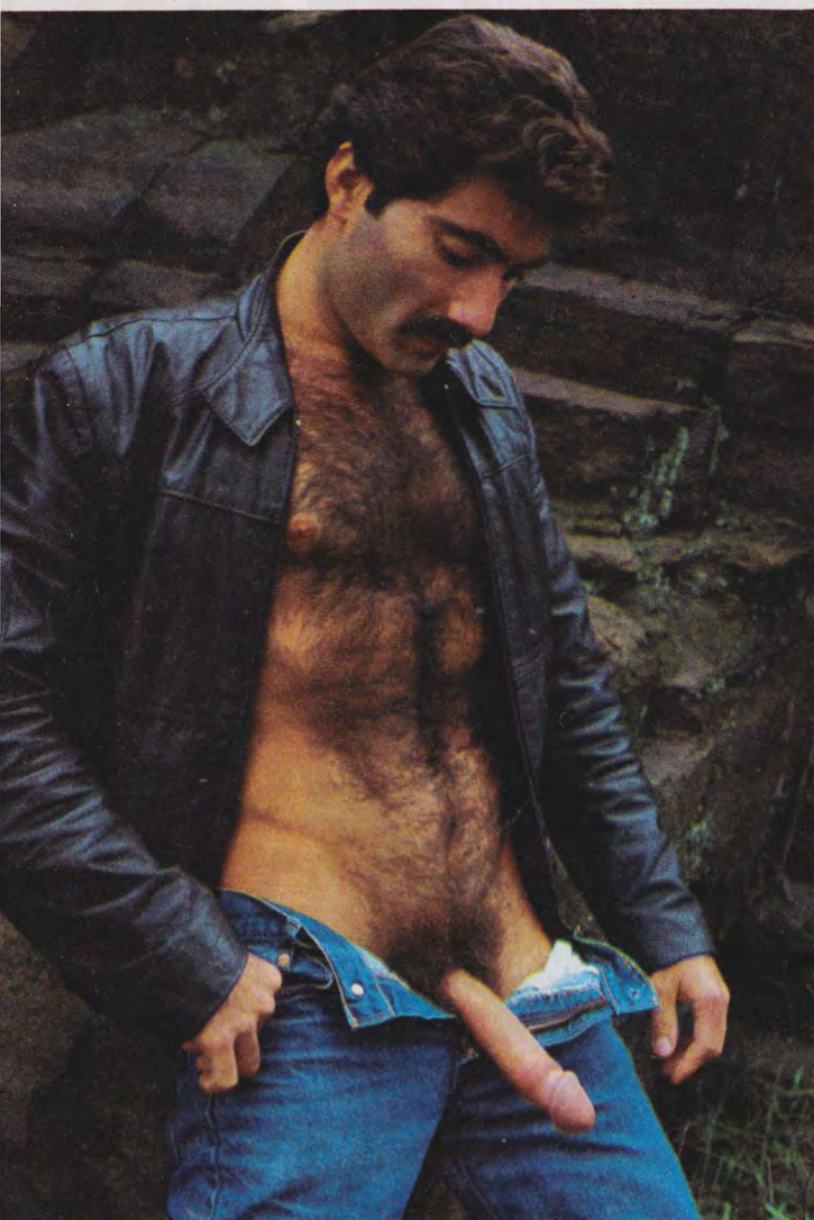
The bleak harness of the rocks are a sharp contrast to the warm sensuality in his dark good looks. What is he thinking about? You can't help but stop to stare as you pass. His pensive attitude belies the smoldering need churning in his body. You ask yourself if his needs are the same as yours. You wait and watch for a sign. Does he want you?

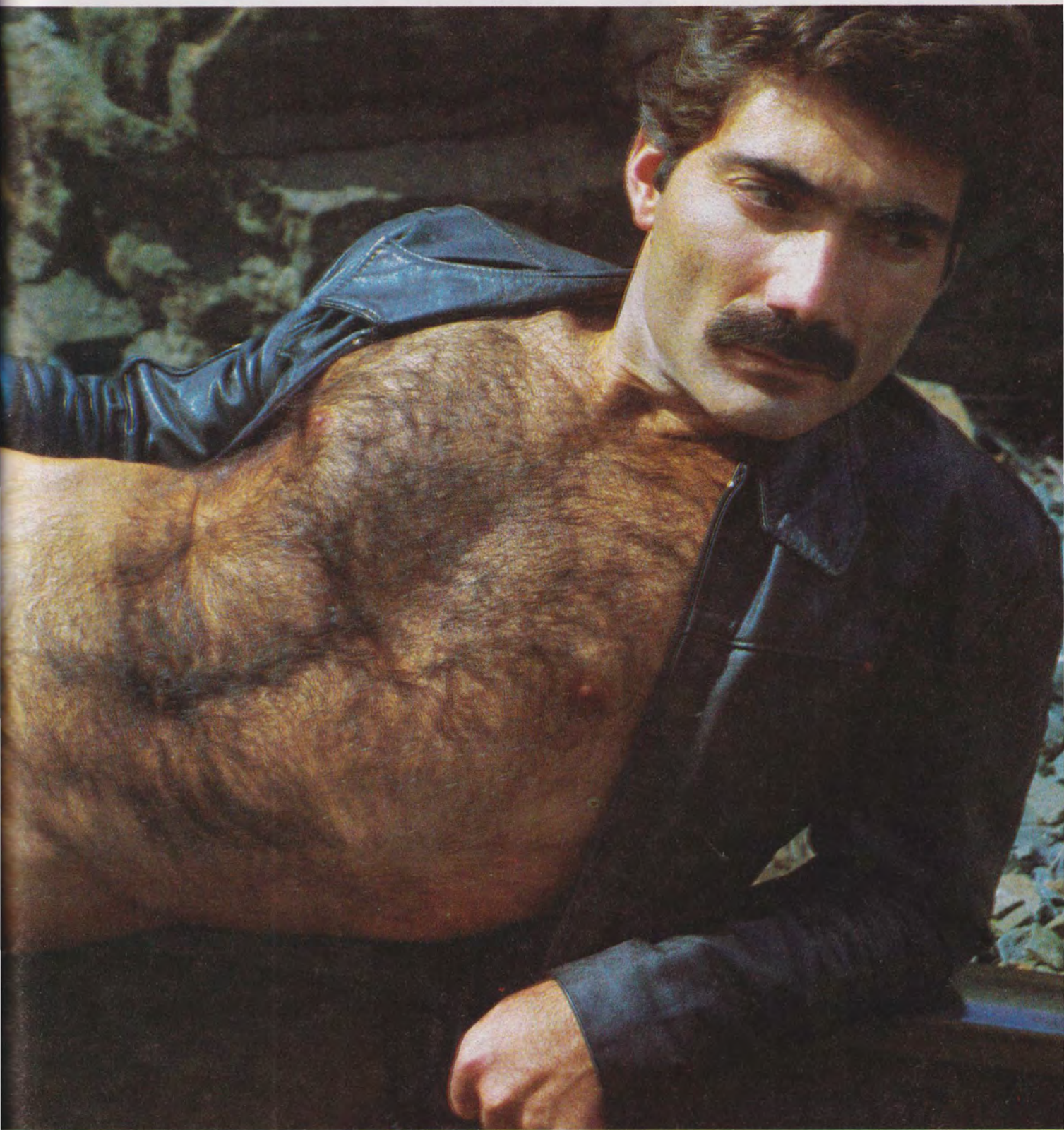
Don Lawrence: Photographed by Randall Parker

LEATHER EXPRESS

As if to reassure you he stands. Slowly and deliberately, he removes the protective outer covering. There is no one else around. The two of you are alone. Heat surges through your own groin as he uncovers the lengthening flesh of his manhood. As you watch it throb and grow free of the constricting jeans, you know that he's ready for whatever you want. He reclines on the cold hard steel of the tracks. And, as your own manhood grows down the leg of your pants, you are tantalized by the thought that soon you two will have two steel hard ramrods crushed between the tingling flesh of your bodies.

Don Lawrence: Photographed by Randall Parker







LEATHER EXPRESS



He coaxes you with his growing tool. Completely naked now, you yearn to be crushed against that firm hairy chest. Your need grows. His desire is more than evident as his man root grows steadily longer and harder. There can't be any doubt now. It's meant to be. The two of you will soon taste each other's bodies. The joy of flesh coupling with flesh is yours for the taking. Can you handle it? We think you're up to it.

Don Lawrence: Photographed by Randall Parker



LEATHER EXPRESS



Don Lawrence: Photographed by Randall Parker



J. BRIAN'S

FLASHBACKS

EPISODE FIVE

Photography by J. Brian • Novelization by Jack Fritscher

I shot my lover this morning. With the garden hose. Just as a joke. I mean, he'd slept in late, and then walked bare-ass out into the garden where I had been working up a two-hour sweat. He was a little hung over, besides being a lot hung. So I was tempted. Right? What's a spritz of cold water between lovers? I figure if I know Doug at all, he's gonna get off on a little wet horseplay. So I blasted him. Right between the buns. Bullseye! Shoot! How was I to know if you give some guys an inch of hose, they'll shove eight inches

baby-blues with that ol' razzle-dazzle that made my own dick twitch.

Doug won my heart in San Francisco that wet January night! And we've lived together ever since: the best of lovers, fuckbuddies, and friends. When I found out that Doug had been 4H, like I had back in Iowa, we both decided to grow our own garden in the secluded backyard we have behind this really small cottage we rent up in the Castro. The best of both worlds: all of San Francisco humming around us while we work buck-ass naked out in our garden

session. Talk about a bright, bright sunshiney day! Basically, all he said was, "Good morning, Frank," and, like I said, paraded his hard swimmer's body past my face. With the garden hose already running in my hand, I rained on his parade! If seduced he wanted me, seduced he got me. But I was gonna play too.

I gave him a fast squirt! The cold water on his sunhot skin made him jump into action. He came running at me, jumping over the rows of lettuce and cabbage and carrots, and took me on in a water-wrestle that

**"I took him hot, hard
and deep within me. My hands ached
to reach for his face. He kissed me;
his face close up to mine was intense.
I straddled his hips."**

down your throat and up your ass? With good old Doug, I should have known!

Both me and Doug like the mix of outdoor sex, sunshine, hard, wet, muscular bodies, jockstraps, and hot action. Must be because we both came out in the Midwest, and both moved out here to Frisco. I arrived here maybe six months before Doug pulled his pud out of someplace like Peoria. That's when we met: at a dance bar called the End-Up. Doug was one of the contestants that night in the End-Up Jockstrap Contest. Hot damn! I took one look at his long, fine, blond body, and figured I was gonna get me a piece of that veal. He moved real good the way a young man should! And besides, his double-packed, jockpouch bulged bigger than all the other five contestants. But mostly it was the way the stage lights hit his

where we keep a good bit of lawn for sunbathing, and, well, frankly—True Confession Time, okay?—some hardballing f-u-c-k-i-n-g around!

Anyway, this morning of the day when I was supposed to be a contestant in the Jockstrap Night at the End-Up, Doug parades his suntanned buns right by my face. I'm sort of weeding around the cabbages when this naked number, my lover, comes strolling out, showing me his morning hard-on, tempting me with his big uncut blond serpent swinging between his legs and over his nice, nice balls. Gives you a good idea how Eve felt in the Garden when you see something that long snaking down over a pair of big apples you want to fill your whole mouth with.

Just like he dared me to enter the Jockstrap competition, I knew he was teasing me into getting into a good old mid-morning outdoor fuck

was the nicest kind of foreplay for getting two hot bodies wet enough and slick enough to slide over each other into some good-loving sucking, rimming, and fucking.

Doug was a swimmer in high school, and we both were on the varsity wrestling teams; but, even though I've got more the short, hard, dark wrestler's build, he's got some height on me. To say nothing of his broad swimmer's shoulders. Usually, I can always take him when we wrestle. Besides sex, wrestling is our main way of keeping in shape. But who-the-fuck always wants to pin his lover? How's that song in *Oklahoma*! go? "Everytime I lose a wrestling match, I somehow sort of feel that I won!" If you catch my meaning!

We got into a playful, but genuine tussle, all arms and legs, with him trying to get the hose away from me. Sometimes, I admit, we get a little



kinky at night and get into some watersports with each other; and with the hose shooting all over us in the hot sun, right there at the edge of the garden, this was sort of the same kind of turn-on. Only somehow on the garden walkway, with both of us laughing, and getting hotter by the minute in the sun, this seemed like a real wholesome way for two guys to get wet for sex.

The horseplay stopped almost as fast as it started. Doug's hands left the garden hose and tugged at my nylon swimming trunks. He pulled them down off my ass, and worked the elastic waistband down slowly over my soaked jockstrap. My white tank top clung wet to my torso, but it felt warm as he ran his hands over me. I reached for his big blond uncut cock and felt him hardening in my hand. We kissed, briefly, and I went slowly to my knees, my face watching his shaft, rich with hard-pumping veins. The knob of his cockhead working its way out of his heavy lip of clean foreskin tasted sweet and fresh in my mouth. I licked him, and then took his dick, big head and thick length, all the way down my throat.

Guys tells us we make a good couple: him so blond, me so dark. His hands in my hair rode my head as I pumped his dick in and out of my throat. I took him in shallow at first, kind of prickteasing him, looking up at him, studying his lean-muscled bond goodlooks, and then I opened up the back of my throat and hoed down on his cock to the root, burying my face in the golden wet hair of his crotch. His body arched back as my throat tightened around his rod; and his hands never left me, as if he wanted to plow me as much as I wanted him to.

He pulled me up and kissed me, frenching down my throat, following the furrow his cock had taken. We pulled my wet tank top off and, nipping and tonguing his way down my chest and belly, he sniffed and licked at my dick through my wet jockstrap, hardening me, pulling my cock loose, and sucking me into his mouth. Both of us are natural-born cocksuckers, and after more than a year together, we know each other's rhythms and strokes as good as we know our own. No man has ever sucked my dick as perfectly as Doug. His wet mouth swallowed my cock down to the hilt, and I fucked long strokes deep into the back of his tossed blond head. His hand

worked under my balls, and stroked the wet curly hair around my asshole. His fingertip rimmed my soft pucker. I pushed out on my buttohole. His finger probed deeper. His mouth worked my dick in longer strokes.

I pulled him up off my cock, and we kissed. I sucked his wet tongue in past my teeth. Both his hands were feeling up, and spreading, the burning cheeks of my ass. I wanted his tongue up my butt, his face buried in my crack, his dick up my hole. We pulled apart with a knowing glance, and I raced him back across the grass and did a bellyflop a true swimmer could appreciate flat down on the big towel he had spread on the grass.

He was right behind me. His tongue went down to taste and wet my crack. He burrowed his face between my cheeks, probing my hole with his tongue, kissing me hard where it counted most, and then, licking and kissing his way up my back, he handlessly placed the head of his cock against my asshole. He pushed, gently. I relaxed and received the head of his cock, and then inch by loving inch, felt him planting his dick deep in my ass. His love-bits on my neck made my cheeks arch up full-mounded toward him. He knew I was ready for the kind of long-stroke hard fuck he liked to throw.

I took him hot, hard, and deep within me. My hands ached to reach for his tits, his butt, his face, rubbing his long, lean body. No sooner thought than done! Doug pulled his cock out of my ass and flipped me over on my back. He kissed me and raised my butt up so all my weight, like in a good wrestling pin, rested on my shoulders. And then he sucked ass! Just buried his face in my well-fucked butt, and ate ass. Then he dropped my butt down, and rammed his cock home up inside me. His face, close up to mine was intense. He kissed me, and flipped me again, wrestling me around, buttfucking me again on my belly, driving me into the towel, into the grass, into the ground, until he reared back, and heading down the home stretch, pulled his dick from my ass and shot his thick, creamy, hot, white seed-load all over my tanned cheeks.

Hardly missing a beat, we switched around, and he lay back on the towel, his dick still throbbing and hard. I straddled his hips and sat on his cumstick pole, fucking myself with his big dick. His hands ran all



over me. I beat my meat looking down into his sexy eyes and, with the bouncing ram of his dick up my ass, I shot my load, thick and spunky, up his belly, across his chest and toward his grinning face.

We fell on top of each other right there in the grass, panting, laughing. The garden hose was still running. "You're sure as hell gonna be," Doug said, "some fucking hot Jockstrap contestant tonight."

For sure, I'd be a smiling contestant, because there ain't nothin' to put a smile on a farmboy's face like

a good big-city fuck!

He walked from the empty shower room toward the dude in the pool. Without hesitation he stepped down into the water. The warmth felt good on his thighs and his rising cock that pointed in front of him like a hard prow cutting through the water toward the lanky black. Their eyes met. Ray sank down into the pool and wrapped his lips around the head of the dusky cock. The dude raised his hips and fed the white boy his meat. They locked together like sea animals. Ray bobbed up and down on the juicy wet head. The dude reach-

ed for Ray's tits under the water and twisted them smoothly in his long slender fingertips.

A guy standing off in the steamy shower watched them. He was half-visible in the white mist. The way dreamy naked boys appear and disappear in Pasolini films. He beat his meat to full hard-on. As the dude guided Ray up and out of the pool, the third guy joined them. He shoved his tongue deep into the dude's mouth while Ray knelt between them, sucking, the hard pair of black and white dicks. The room echoed with the sounds of wet frenching and sucking.

The dude turned his ass into Ray's face and pushed the other guy down on his black rod. Ray rimmed deep up the clean asshole, kissing, nipping, sucking, feeling the hard butt push back into his face as the dude fucked the other face with long rhythmic strokes. Filled with the taste of ass, Ray dropped down to suck on the blond dick drooling with lube. The mixed taste of black and blond turned him loose. San Francisco is the place where, when you go there, you have to be careful what you wish for, because you'll get it.

In slow graceful turns the threesome switched position to position: Ray sucking out the mouth of the blond while the dude sucked on the blond's dick; the dude eating out the blond's ass, prepping it with his tongue for the deep entry of his long black shaft; Ray maneuvering in under the blond to suck his dick while the dude rammed the blond ass, banging both sets of heavy nuts up against Ray's wet chin. The blond was moaning from the deep fucking.

Easily they all turned: the dude lay back on the jacuzzi rim; the blond went down on the black cock that tasted of his own ass; Ray, coting in under the blond butt, sucked out the fresh-fucked ass. The tile floor felt warm under his back and legs stretched out full length. He sucked harder as the blond's hands reached back to spread his cheeks. Ray beat his own dick wildly to the three-way hump rhythms. He could feel the blond's butt tightening. He knew the guy was going to shoot. He wanted that load. He pushed his head on under and through the guy's crotch. The pair of muscular black thighs cradled his head. In an instant, the blond, jerking his dick, shot thick cream across Ray's moustache, into his open mouth, and up the lean-muscled black belly.

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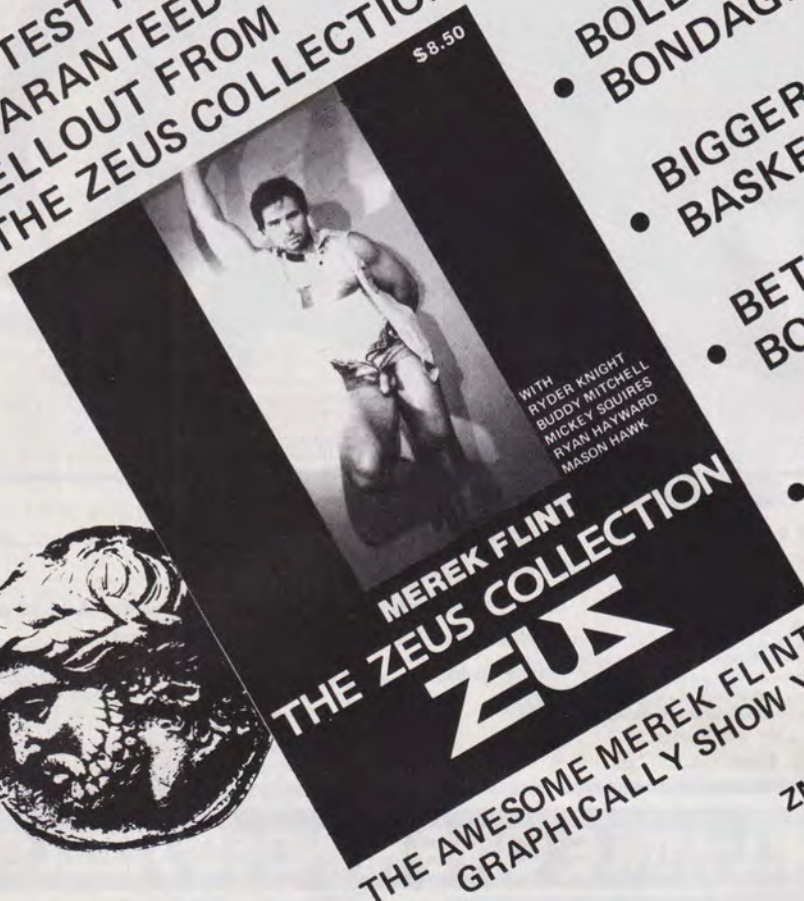
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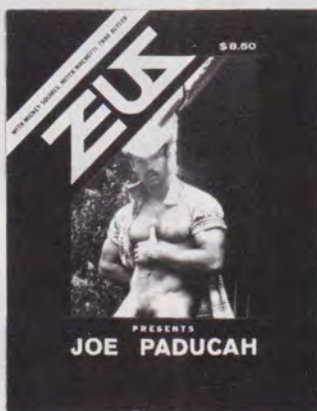
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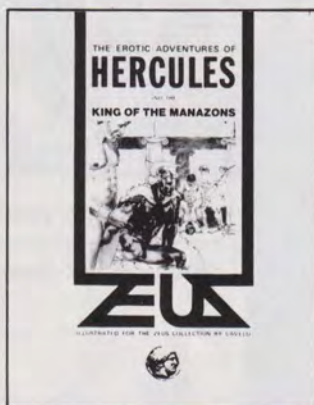
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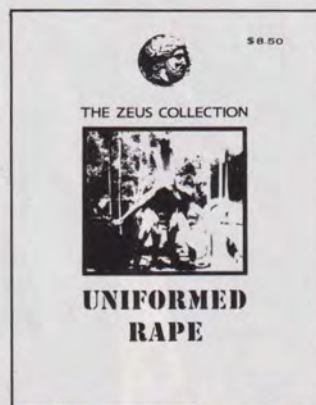
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EPISODE SIX

Husky. Young and hunky. Ray had it all: the good looks, the All-American high school football-hero body, the cocky attitude. He was from Hamtramck, one of those Detroit suburbs where a guy grows up tough and streetwise. He knew how to handle himself, his meat, and his trips. He knew what he liked: ACTION! He'd found plenty in Michigan. But too many nights when he was hot and horny the weather was freezing and thigh-deep in drifts. A guy thinks twice about heading out for some mansex when he knows the thick ice on the streets makes for thin pickings for cruising.

After his first winter out, and after a hard-fucking summer driving every weekend in his daddy's truck over to the sand dunes of Saugatuck, the Fire Island of the Midwest, Ray whipped out his dick and piss-wrote



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his g-o-o-d-b-y-e in the next autumn's first light snowfall. He bought an old junker off his best fuck-buddy and headed west out of Detroit. He sucked his last Michigan cock in the last rest stop on I-94 before he hit Indiana and points west. He blew his way, hitting I-80 outside Chicago, all the way to San Francisco, eating a steady menu of truckers, hitchhikers, and a couple of cowboys in Cheyenne.

Ray was ready for the City he knew was ready for him!

He gladly reached into his jeans at the toll plaza leading on the the Bay Bridge. His dick hardened. He could make out the skyline of the City. "How much is it?" he asked the moustached attendant.

"Seventy-five cents."

"Three quarters, huh?"

"Yeah," the attendant said. He eyed the Michigan license plate. "A pretty cheap price to pay for admission to Disneyland North."

"Am I gonna like it?" Ray asked.

"Does Marie Osmond have brothers?" The attendant smiled and rubbed the palm of Ray's hand a beat too long as he scooped up the quarters. "You're gonna like it. Trust

me."

Ray grinned, shifted into first, and headed up the bridge rising seventeen stories over the Bay. "Shit!" he shouted into the warm November wind, "I'm coming home to a place I've never been!"

In three weeks, he toted up one share-rental in the Castro, a parttime job in an ARCO station, a gym membership, and more fuckbuddies than he could count. Sex leaned in doorways, writhed its tastes through cafes, magnified its sounds through the open windows of crowded bars, and wafted its sweet sweaty smells in plush-carpeted locker rooms. As fast as men drained him of his juices he filled himself back up with theirs.

The Arab who owned the ARCO was young, swarthy, well-built, and straight; he worked Ray hard, stationing him out on the pump islands. He was smart enough to know Ray's hairy-chested good looks were good for business. Servicing everything from pickups to Porsches, Ray's hands grew rugged, hard, and greasy fast. After his shift, he got into the habit of hitting the gym across Market Street.

"You like to go there? Clean up a

little bit?" The Arab smiled. His eyes glistened and his moustache, thick and black, hung heavy over his lip.

Ray figured the Arab knew plenty, but he could never know how hot the gyms in San Francisco could get. "I like a long slow shower now and then," Ray said. He let it go at that. He figured if straights knew how easy and luxurious gay sex was, they'd only get jealous.

He wasn't about to spill the beans about what really went down.

How could he tell his boss about the cruising in the shower room? How could he tell a straight man about the orgy in the jacuzzi? No way. Let straight folks know you're gay, he figured; that's enough. Don't give them details.

Certainly not details about how good naked bodies look against white-tiled walls with spigots of water cascading over shoulders, down chests and bellies, dripping in heavy run-off from the tips of soapy cocks. All the careful cruising in the showers. Comparing meat. Catching the glances. The come-ons. The soft dicks hardening in frothy handfuls of suds. A face peering around the white ceramic corner. Gauging the

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tan lines on bare butts. The quick grope of big wet balls. The guys sitting in the foaming jacuzzi working their dicks while the jets of water pump hard against their clean assholes.

Ray felt he was proof you can take the white boy out of Detroit City, but you can't take Detroit out of the boy. He had a sometimes definite craving for big black meat. The gym gave him a chance to pick out the stripped-down best of the lot. Never one to miss a shot, Ray sized up, one winter evening, a lean and lanky black dude sitting alone in the bubbling pool. He looked imperial. Like some dark African prince. His svelte muscular arms were spread wide on the pool edge. His big black dick bobbed its head up to the surface of the water, then dunked, popping up again, hardening, no, *hard*, discreetly in the swirling bubbles. The dude was cool. His eyes looked straight ahead. He was ready for what he knew he wanted; and Ray knew he wanted to take that shaft deep down his throat.

He walked from the empty shower room toward the dude in the pool. Without hesitation he stepped down into the water. The warmth felt good on his thighs and his rising cock that pointed in front of him like a hard prow cutting through the water toward the lanky black. Their eyes met. Ray sank down into the pool and wrapped his lips around the head of the dusky cock. The dude raised his hips and fed the white boy his meat. They locked together like sea animals. Ray bobbed up and down on the juicy wet head. The dude reached for Ray's tits under the water and twisted them smoothly in his long slender fingertips.

A guy standing off in the steamy shower watched them. He was half-visible in the white mist. The way dreamy naked boys appear and disappear in Pasolini films. He beat his meat to full hard-on. As the dude guided Ray up and out of the pool, the third guy joined them. He shoved his tongue deep into the dude's mouth while Ray knelt between them, sucking, the hard pair of black and white dicks. The room echoed with the sounds of wet frenching and sucking.

The dude turned his ass into Ray's face and pushed the other guy down on his black rod. Ray rimmed deep up the clean asshole, kissing, nipping, sucking, feeling the hard butt push back into his face as the dude

fucked the other face with long rhythmic strokes. Filled with the taste of ass, Ray dropped down to suck on the blond dick drooling with lube. The mixed taste of black and blond turned him loose. San Francisco is the place where, when you go there, you have to be careful what you wish for, because you'll get it.

In slow graceful turns the three-some switched position to position: Ray sucking out the mouth of the blond while the dude sucked on the blond's dick; the dude eating out the blond's ass, prepping it with his tongue for the deep entry of his long black shaft; Ray maneuvering in under the blond to suck his dick while the dude rammed the blond ass, banging both sets of heavy nuts up against Ray's wet chin. The blond was moaning from the deep fucking.

Easily they all turned: the dude lay back on the jacuzzi rim; the blond went down on the black cock that tasted of his own ass; Ray, coting in under the blond butt, sucked out the fresh-fucked ass. The tile floor felt warm under his back and legs stretched out full length. He sucked harder as the blond's hands reached back to spread his cheeks. Ray beat his own dick wildly to the three-way hump rhythms. He could feel the blond's butt tightening. He knew the guy was going to shoot. He wanted that load. He pushed his head on under and through the guy's crotch. The pair of muscular black thighs cradled his head. In an instant, the blond, jerking his dick, shot thick cream across Ray's moustache, into

his open mouth, and up the lean-muscled black belly.

The blond, still hard and throbbing, stood up. He straddled Ray who flipped over on his stomach and moved in close-up to watch the dude beat his huge meat. The black guy had the blond's long cock in his mouth. He was intense. Sucking out every last drop of cum. Ray was wrapped into the passion. Into the heat. The black balls bounced in front of his face. The dude's hand worked his cock harder. The veins rose and twined around the shaft. From deep in the dude's gut, a cum-roar started. Six. Five. Four. Three more strokes. And white spunk was shooting up through the black hand wrapped tight under the thick head of enormous dick. It rained up the black belly, mixing with the blond cum, running in rivulets of sweat down toward the wiry hair.

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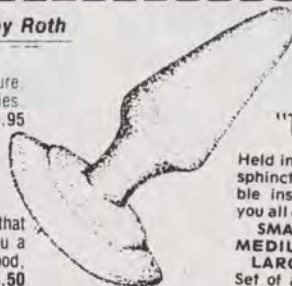
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