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HONCHO

THE MAGAZINE FOR
THE MACHO MALE

SEPTEMBER 1982

\$3.95

SPECIAL SPORTS EDITION

NUDES:
TIGHT END
CENTERFOLD: JOCK

FICTION:
REWARD THE HERO
SUMMER SPORTS

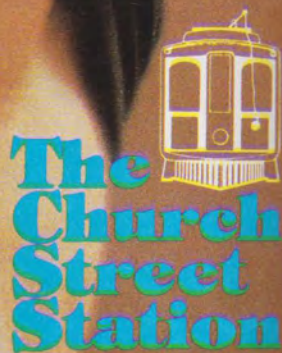
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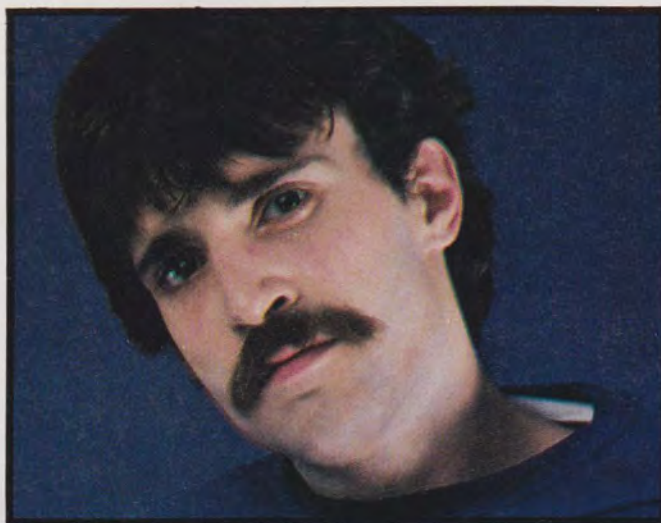
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HONCHO

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE MACHO MALE

VOLUME 5 • NUMBER 26
SEPTEMBER 1982



COVER PHOTO BY SURGE STUDIOS

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EDITORIAL

HONCHO POTENTIAL


August 28, 1982 will be remembered for centuries to come as a milestone in gay history. A flame, appropriately lit at the site of the original Stonewall Inn in New York, will be touched to a waiting torch in San Francisco's Kezar Stadium. The ensuing blaze will mark the start of opening ceremonies for the first Gay Olympics! After thousands of years of suppression and submission, of hiding fearfully in any dark corner we could find, let that light and our joining together for this event be a beacon to the world. Let it shine brightly as a sign that we have, finally, realized that we stand united as a people. Let it burn in our hearts as a reminder of the fact that we are one with our own who came before us and those who will come after. We are scattered all around the world and we have no homeland of our own. In spite of this we are now, always have been and always will be a people united by bonds of common experiences, former doubts and fear and, most important today, by a common love and respect for each other and ourselves. To the gay men and women who will participate in the first Gay Olympics, to those who will be there as planners and spectators and to those who will benefit by the spirit of pride and joy in being gay we dedicate this issue of HONCHO.

From the new Al Parker film, *Turned On*. For more from *Turned On*, see our feature inside.

Photography by Surge







***"The images I held
in my brain of that body haunted
me day and night. I had to find out
who he was. I didn't care whether or
not I could have him. I would be
satisfied just looking at him again."***

Summer Sports

By Sean Montgomery • Photo by Toland

The wind blowing off the ocean sent a shiver up my back as I turned down the street where I had rented a small house for the season. It was not quite summer and the morning air was still a little cool. I sprinted the last few yards to the driveway and around to the back of the house where the shower was. I turned the water on and headed into the house to get a fresh towel.

Steam was rolling out over the shower door when I got back. God, it looked inviting! I untied the knot on my sweatpants and stepped into the drying area of the small wooden structure. The sweats dropped to the floor and I sat down on the wooden bench to slip them over my feet. The air around me was warm with the steam, but the bench was still cold. I jumped up almost immediately. That cold wood on my bare butt was quite a shock. I laughed to myself and



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stepped under the warm hissing water. It felt so much better than the cold wood. I grabbed the soap and started lathering my broad hairy chest. The warm water running down my back was beginning to relax me. I moved slowly down across my stomach with the soap, massaging all the tight muscles.

As I soaped my legs I began thinking about Paul back at school. It would be great to have him here with me. Just the thought of his tight swimmer's body was beginning to get me aroused. I soaped up my big balls and began working the lather into my sweaty pubes. My cock, already half hard, began rising even more as I massaged around the base of the thick tool. I leaned back against the shower wall and slowly ran my fist up the long shaft. When I reached the head a shiver surged through my groin. It brought back memories of showers with Paul; the way he used to work on my big cock until I couldn't stand it anymore and shot into his waiting mouth.

My cock was growing stiffer thinking of this. I started working my fist up and down that hard piece of meat. I reached down with my left hand and started massaging my balls. I could feel them tightening up as I stroked my now fully erect prick. I couldn't keep this up much longer. It had been so long since I had seen Paul. I was horny as hell. I gripped my cock tighter and stroked faster. I could feel the hot cum start to churn in my balls. I leaned back and spread my legs wide as I started to feel the rush of that hot juice in my cock. I squeezed my balls as a huge load of cum shot out of the blood engorged head. Spurt after hot spurt gushed out and shot across the shower splattering on the opposite wall. Christ that felt good! I stood there for a few minutes, the water running over my cum and soap slicked body. I finished rinsing, grabbed the towel and headed back into the house. Jerking off felt good, but it wasn't the same as emptying your balls up some hot stud's ass.

I put the coffeepot on and waited for that to perk as I dried myself in the kitchen. By the time I had finished dressing, the coffee was ready. I poured myself a cup and took it with me to the upstairs deck. I sat down and stared out over the dune. The sun was beginning to burn the mists off the beach. It was a beautiful sight. I closed my eyes and the only thing I could hear was the

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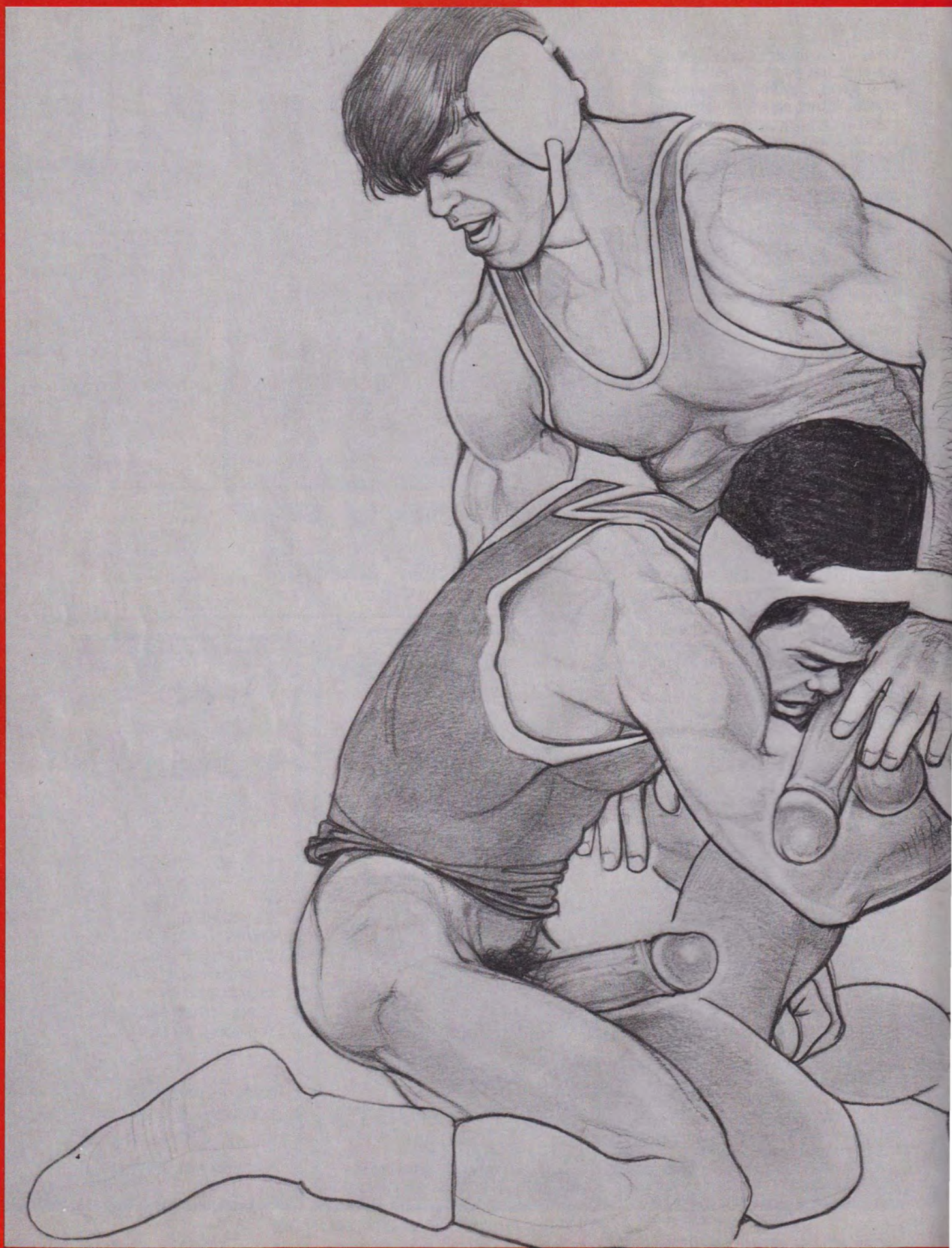
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ALL HOLDS BARED

By Woody Wakefield • Illustration by Matt

"As the wrestling proceeded it became more and more sexual and Derek didn't know what to expect but he didn't have to wait long."

Derek had been up for only two hours when he heard the phone ring. He thought to himself, I really don't want to answer that but it could be something important. He had been out late the night before and was really in no mood to be bothered. Derek slowly walked to the phone and picked it up after the fourth ring.

"Hello," said Derek.

"Hi, Derek. Grant," said the voice on the other end of the line. "Just called to see if you were available this afternoon, I have a special scene I'd like you to do."

"Yeah, I'm free all afternoon."

"Okay, I'll give you a call back in a couple of hours and give you all the particulars."

"All right, talk to you later."

Derek replaced the receiver and walked into his bedroom and started to disrobe. He stood in front of the full length mirror on the closet door and admired his still firm muscular body. He was now 35 but was often mistaken for his mid twenties. Since high school when he was Iowa state wrestling champ for three straight years in his weight class (178 lbs.),

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Derek had never fluctuated more than 5 lbs. in either direction. He was constantly working on his body to keep it in the best condition. The 178 lbs. worked well on his 6' frame, with broad shoulders which tapered to a 31" waist and continued down his long muscular legs. His auburn colored chest hair was often described as treelike with the trunk nestling in his pubic hair which surrounded the base of his 9" uncut cock. And the fact that he was now one of the country's top male models attested to the fact that his looks and physique placed him in great demand and not just professionally.

Derek proceeded into the bathroom to take a shower and unlike most people he always used lukewarm water so no steam would hinder him from watching himself in the mirror at the end of the long shower stall he had had custom built. You see, Derek used this time to practice his most hidden talent and the talent that introduced him to Grant.

About twelve years ago Derek moved to Los Angeles from Iowa to take a coaching job at a local high school. This is when he became totally aware of his attraction to men. His total involvement with wrestling in high school and college left little time to socialize but he did have a few sexual encounters with his teammates. But Los Angeles opened a whole new world to him and Derek fell in hook, line and sinker.

One night a few months after Derek arrived in California, while having a drink at a local bar he met Frankie. Frankie was built a lot like Derek except he had blond hair and a thin mustache. They hit it off from the start and Derek would often think back to that night and what it led to.

After a couple of drinks, Frankie asked Derek if he would like to go back to his place. Hoping to be asked just that question from the moment he met Frankie, Derek quickly downed his drink and led Frankie out to their cars and then followed Frankie to his house in the Hollywood Hills. Frankie led Derek into a sunken living room with a fireplace and an all glass wall that looked out beyond a patio to Sunset Strip. Frankie mixed them a couple of drinks and they sat on the sofa looking out at the city as they talked. Derek loved the house, loved being

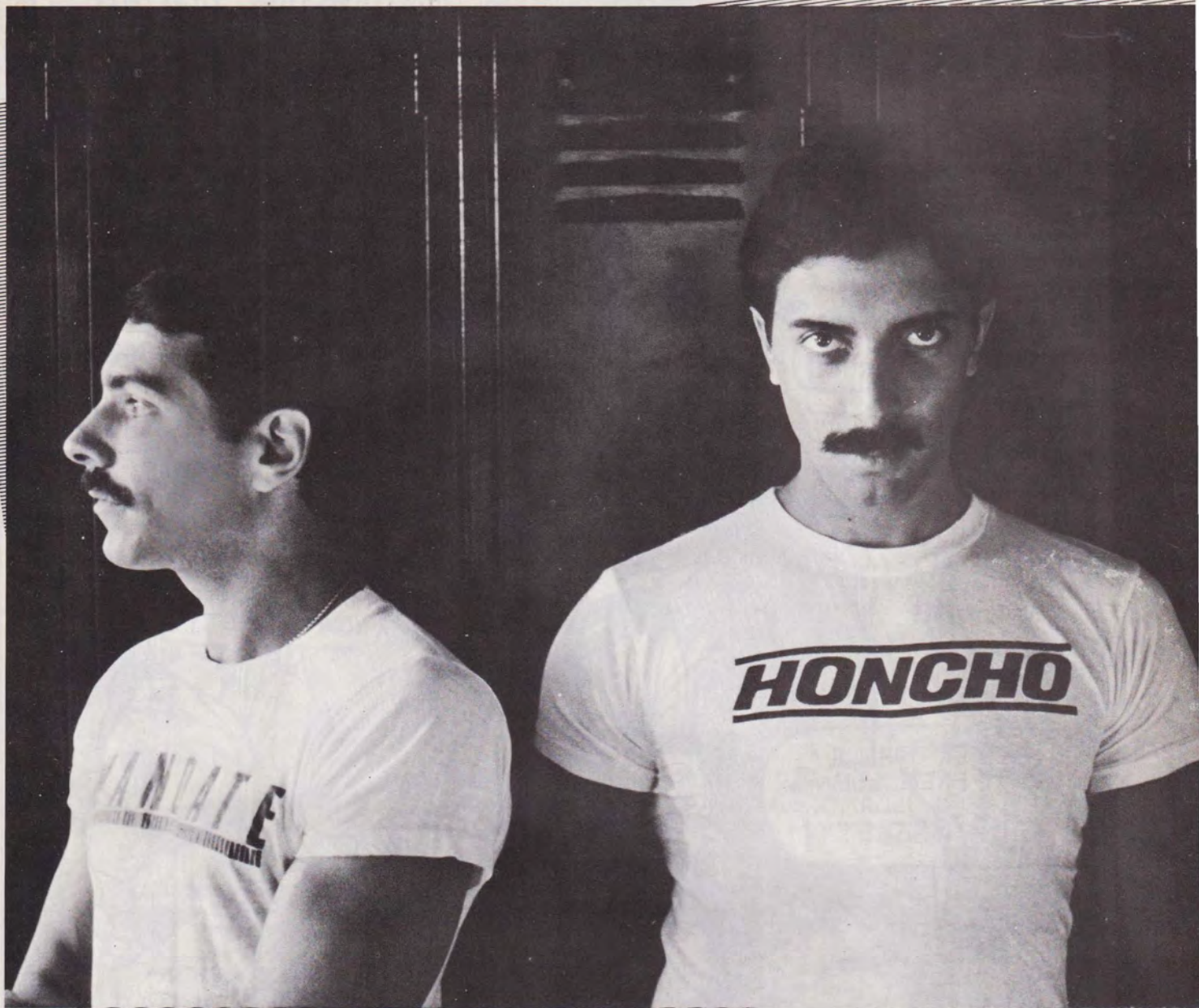
there with Frankie and the anticipation of having sex with him. He couldn't help wondering what Frankie's story was, especially since he was only 24 and seemed to live in this house by himself. But Frankie was very evasive whenever Derek inquired about his work.

Frankie mixed a couple more drinks and sat next to Derek when he returned, placing his hand on Derek's leg and rubbing gently as they talked. Within minutes they had fallen into an embrace and began to explore each other frantically which caused them to tumble onto the bear rug between the sofa and fireplace. Derek could tell as they wrestled around that Frankie must have had some wrestling experience and the competitiveness that was building was really exciting him. Frankie rolled on top and both men stopped fighting and fell into a long kiss. Frankie rose at the end of the kiss and started to disrobe and Derek did the same. Once completely bare they stood and looked at each other's muscular bodies and Derek saw that Frankie's cock was a little shorter but thicker than his and cut.

Suddenly Derek dove and grabbed Frankie's legs, dumping them onto the floor and the two naked bodies began working up a sweat that glistened in the moonlight. The tempo began to decrease as they became fatigued and they finally collapsed into each other's arms for a few minutes.

Frankie helped Derek up and led him into a room off the living room which was like a small weight room that had three walls and the ceiling mirrored. The fourth wall was a continuation of the glass wall in the living room. Frankie adjusted the lighting and took a plastic bottle of clear liquid and poured it over his body and handed it to Derek as he rubbed the oily substance all over his body. Derek did the same as he kept his eyes glued on Frankie as Frankie slowly started pumping his cock with one hand and rubbing his body with the other. Derek mimicked Frankie's every move and felt himself getting hotter and hotter as he watched Frankie and the many reflections of the two of them in the mirrors. Derek sensed what was to come and just flowed with what was happening. Both men began pumping faster, tensing their muscles and moaning with pleasure. Derek felt he couldn't hold back much longer when Frankie moved to about a foot

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ALL HOLDS BARED

Continued from page 12

from him and increased his pumping. Just as Derek felt the release of his cum escape onto Frankie's oily body he heard Frankie yell out, saw him lurch forward and send a shower of pearly white cum over Derek's hairy chest. Both men collapsed to their knees and fell into a clump on the floor.

About five minutes later, Frankie got up, opened the sliding glass door and motioned for Derek to go out to the waiting jacuzzi. Frankie disappeared into the living room and soon joined Derek in the jacuzzi with a couple of cream sherries.

That was the beginning of many such evenings that Derek spent with Frankie but never more than once or twice a week which sometimes puzzled and disappointed Derek. Finally one afternoon Frankie called Derek and invited him up for dinner that night, saying he had something very important to discuss with him. All that afternoon Derek wondered what Frankie wanted to talk about. He had known Frankie long enough to tell from his voice that this was something Frankie had been thinking about for awhile.

Derek pulled up in front of Frankie's house about seven that evening and let himself in with the key Frankie had given him. He found Frankie in the kitchen finishing with the preparations for dinner. Frankie gave Derek a kiss, handed him his glass and motioned for Derek to fix them a drink. Frankie joined Derek in the living room and they talked casually through dinner. All the while, Derek kept waiting for Frankie to bring up the important subject.

After dinner Frankie poured a couple of Drambuies and they sat on the patio looking out at the city lights. A long silence passed before Frankie finally said, "Derek, how would you like to make a thousand dollars for one hour's worth of work—fun?"

"Would !!!" said Derek quickly, then looking at Frankie. "What do I have to do, kill the police chief?"

"No, nothing like that. Look, I'd better explain a few things first. I know you've always wondered how I can afford this house and what I do for a living and especially why we don't get together more often. Well, I've thought about how to tell you

this but never could find the right words. So I figure, no sense in beating around the bush, I'm a hustler."

A little astonished, Derek says, "I know there are a lot of different kinds of hustlers but I think I know what you're saying."

"Well, you're right, I am a male prostitute, but not any of that nickel-dime action like on Selma. I work for a very high class outfit and make a great deal of money. But before I continue, stop me if you don't want me to go on."

"No, go ahead, I might be interested."

"Okay, I have a job to do next Monday night and I need someone to be my partner and I was hoping you would be that partner."

"Sounds kind of interesting but what do I have to do?"

"That's the easy part, it just involves being yourself sexually with me but being a little showy."

"No problem with that, I'll give it a shot."

"Great, I'll let you know more about it later this week."

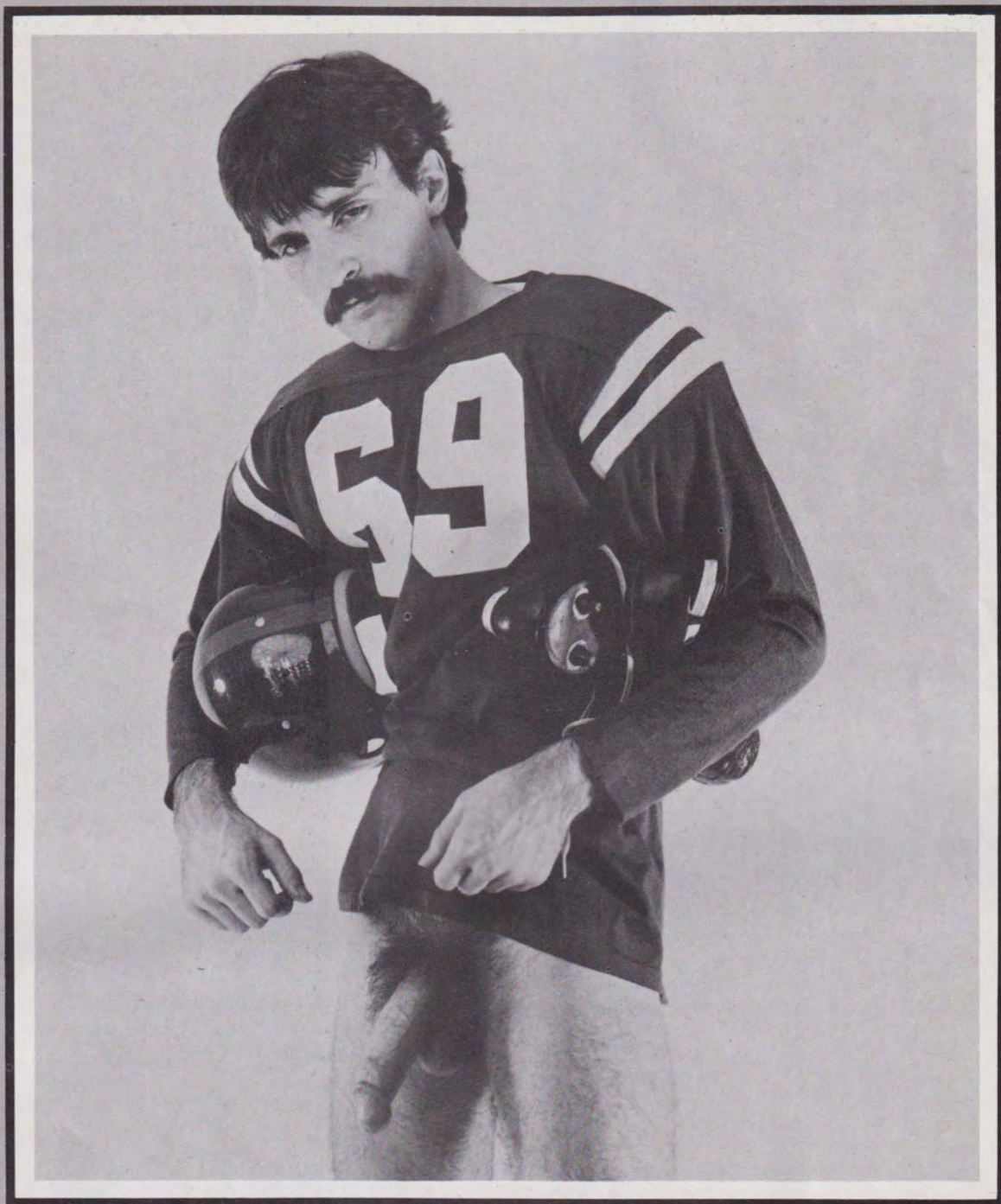
Derek saw Frankie later that week and got all the information for Monday night. He also was told to make sure and bring all his wrestling gear.

Monday night Derek arrived at the appointed place. A man he didn't know directed him to a dressing room and told him to put on his wrestling gear and to go through the other door in the room at exactly 8:00 p.m. Derek slowly put on his black wrestling tights and black top shoes with white laces (the outfit he often wore at Frankie's house).

At exactly 8:00 p.m., Derek opened the door and walked into the next room. He thought he saw someone else enter from the other side but the blinding lights cut down his vision. When his eyes adjusted he saw Frankie standing opposite him in white wrestling tights and white high top shoes with black laces. Derek felt a rush of excitement come over him as he looked around the room; it was completely mirrored except for the lights, floor mats, ropes and turnbuckles. He was in a completely mirrored wrestling ring and at the beginning of his first \$1000 wrestling match with one hell of a hot stud—Frankie. For twenty minutes Derek and Frankie battled each other under the hot lights of the mirrored ring. Their bodies became more and more shiny from the sweat that poured from them. Slowly it became obvious

Continued to page 83

TIGHT END



Remember those crisp cool nights of watching your high school or college football team out on the field patting and pawing each other? And remember how you yearned to carry that camaraderie even further back in the locker room? Well, here's the chance you've been waiting for all these years! Now all those pent up needs and wants can be realized. Here he is, the captain of the team. He's hot and sweaty and ready for some fun and games with his teammates in the locker room. Take a deep breath and you can almost smell the male scents mingling with the liniment and the hot steam from the showers!

Photography by Naakkve



TIGHT END



What better way to celebrate a team victory than an offer like this one? After all that grunting and groaning out on the field, now you and your teammates can indulge yourselves in a little slurping and moaning with each other. Just bury your face between these hairy goal posts and inhale the musky odor of sweat and animal need. No matter what position you play, there can't be any penalty for having this back field in motion. Play quarterback and put your hands between this center's spread legs. Anticipate the feel of those heavy balls in your waiting hands. A plunge into this tight end is a score no matter what game you're playing!

Photography by Naakkve

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TIGHT END

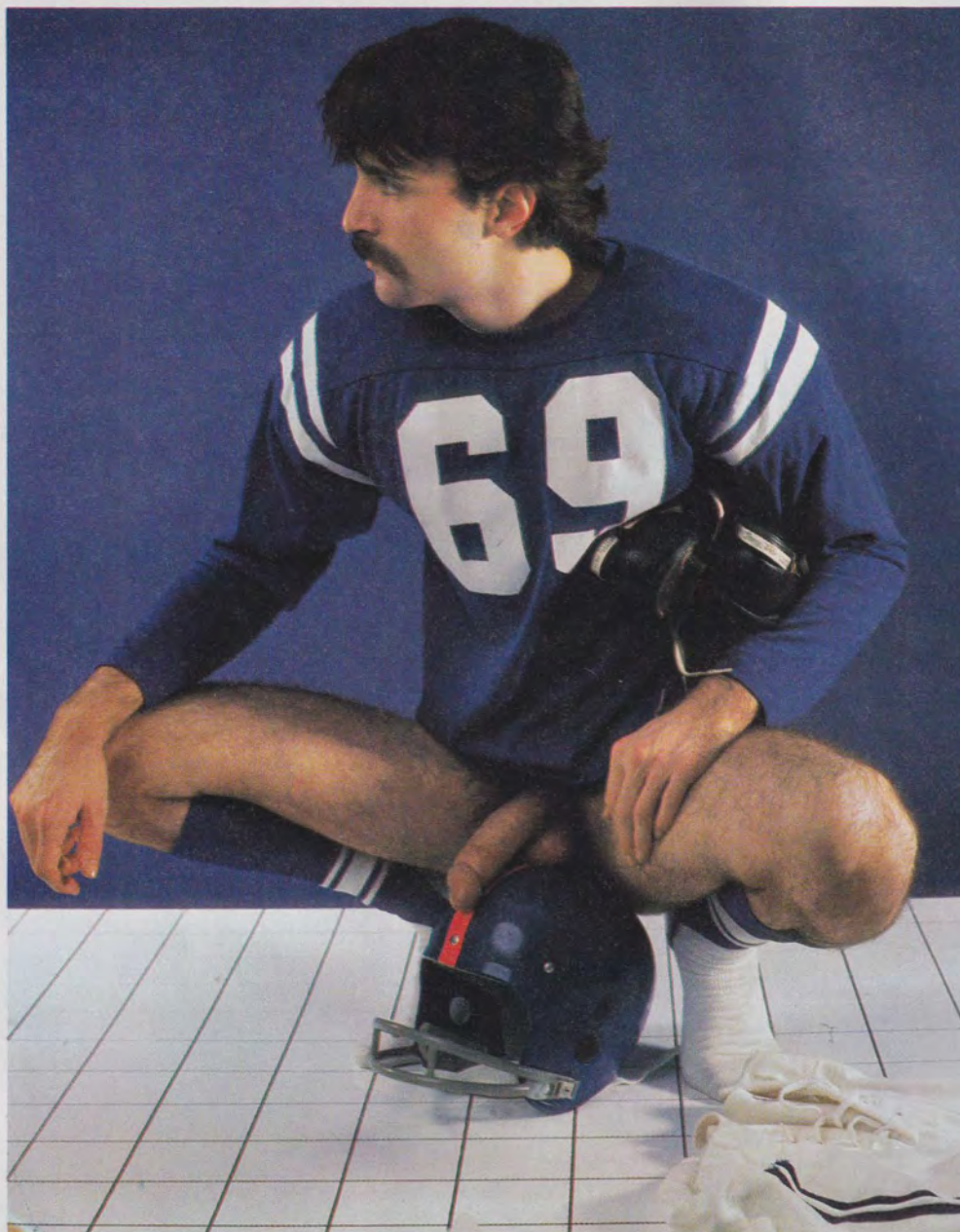


This T-formation may not be too feasible on the playing field, but for a scrimmage on the cool tiles of the locker room floor, it's just the right thing to keep a flying wedge in place. Any line man on his haunches is sure to play a head's up game with a view like this in front of him. And the raunchy jock aroma mixed with the odor of that sweaty uniform will have him pointed in the right direction. This humpy captain is sure to keep his teammates in line as long as he can provide hefty equipment like the game set between those lean legs! Into formation, men!

Photography by Naakkve



TIGHT END

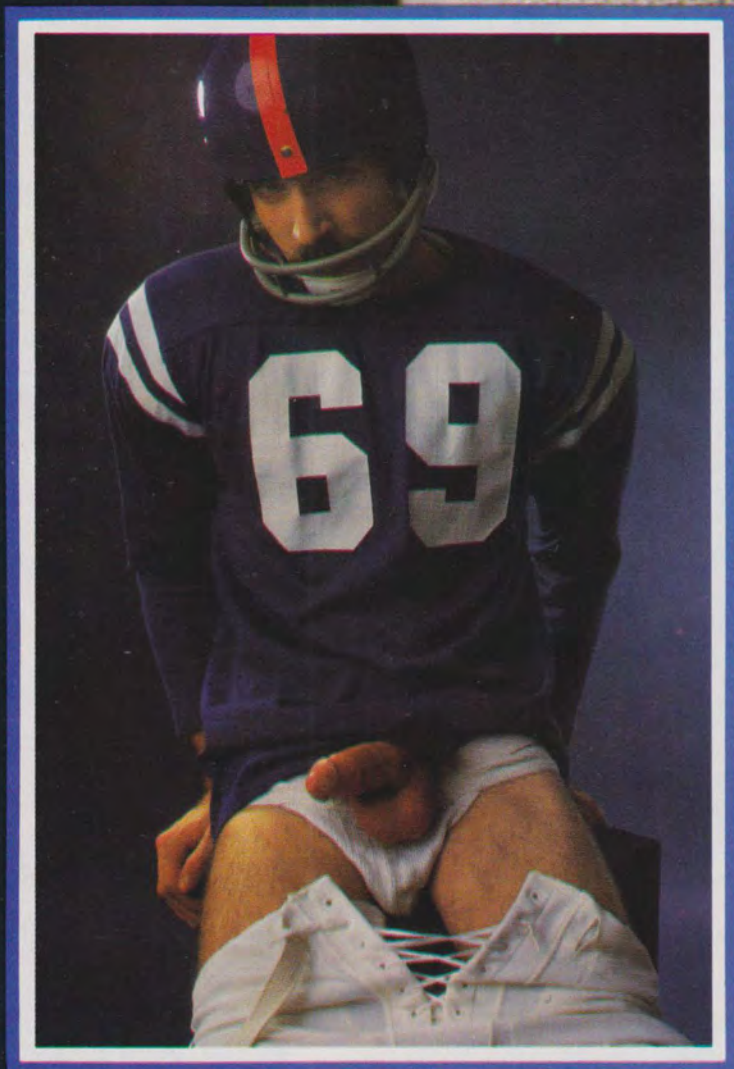


You certainly won't need a mouth guard to keep from getting hurt with this piece of equipment. Lunge for it! Don't worry about a holding penalty. The referees are busy in the showers. This game doesn't have any rules. The object is to score as many points as possible. As long as everybody has their fill of what they need, everyone is a winner! So, choose your man, guys, and get into formation. Just keep your eye on the balls, oops ball, and get ready to receive a long one!

Photography by Naakkve



TIGHT-END









THESE ACTION SHOTS SHOW THE TEAM SPIRIT AND DEDICATION OF THE SAN FRANCISCANS WHO WILL BE REPRESENTING THEIR CITY AT THE FIRST GAY OLYMPICS. THERE WILL BE HUNDREDS OF GAY MEN AND WOMEN FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD DISPLAYING THEIR ATHLETIC SKILLS AND THEIR PRIDE IN BEING THEMSELVES. THE TRULY INTERNATIONAL GAY OLYMPICS WILL TAKE PLACE AUGUST 28 THRU SEPTEMBER 5 IN SAN FRANCISCO.

WE WOULD LIKE TO EXPRESS OUR THANKS TO ALL THE COMPETITORS FOR GIVING ALL OF US A NEW MILESTONE IN OUR HISTORY AND ONE MORE EXAMPLE OF WHY WE CAN TAKE A GREAT DEAL OF PRIDE IN OURSELVES. A SPECIAL NOTE OF THANKS GOES TO TOM WADELL THE CHAIRMAN OF THE GAY OLYMPIC COMMITTEE WHO ALSO SUPPLIED THESE PHOTOS.



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WORKING IT OUT

By Steve Hunt • Photography by Nova



The first time I saw the new wrestling coach he was showering from a work-out. I was on my way to tennis practice when I spotted the thirty year old athlete lathering up his hairy chest. The soap ran down in a sweet, white stream that cascaded down his four ridges, through his pubic hair until it curled around his balls, hugged his thigh and continued down his leg. Suddenly I realized he had laid his dark brown eyes on me, and I bolted out of the locker room, embarrassed. I thought that that vision might keep my mind off of the pain in my knee that I had injured in last week's



PHOTOGRAPHY BY NOVA

intercollegiate tournament. As I stepped onto the court I felt a tinge of pain running from the back of my knee to my butt. The tennis coach had warned me about straining my leg, but I couldn't miss practice just before the national tourney. "Nationals" was the most important thing for me in my college days; winning was the most fulfilling thing I thought I could experience. I stepped onto the ball of my foot lightly, gritted my teeth and moved to the base line. The tennis coach, a burly, gray-haired athlete, glared at me and yelled, "How's the leg, Carter?"

"Fine," I yelled back, and signalled for a serve.

Soon after the first volley, the pain vanished. I was concentrating on the ball, my grip, control, power. I was concentrating well, hitting well. I was looking forward to Nationals. The sweat drenched my forehead, and my headband was soaking wet. I wiped my hands on my cotton shorts that were dripping wet and showing the outline of the pouch of my jockstrap. I breathed deep and felt a rush of blood shoot through my chest and arms. I felt good, I felt ready for Nationals. I faced the base line again and served. Returned. Net volley. A shot to the side, I leaped for the return and my leg gave way. I fell to the asphalt, my leg jerking in pain. I looked up into the face of the coach who was choking on his anger.

"You son of a bitch," he hollered, as he lifted me into his huge embrace. "I told you to go easy. You should be beat for this, stripped and beat," he growled as he carried me to the locker room.

He laid me on the training table and called for the trainer. The locker room was empty, except for the wrestling coach, who walked into the small room in a pair of tight gym shorts.

"Everybody took off," he said. "Nobody's here."

"Jesus, now what do I do with this kid. He screwed up his leg, just after I told him to go easy on it. The kid should be stripped and beat."

The wrestler swallowed a grin, then said, "I'll take care of him, I got nothing else to do."

"Thanks a lot, Brent. Don't waste your time on the beating, just work on his leg a little. Oh, by the way Carter, this is Mr. Dalton, the new wrestling coach. Brent, this is Carter."

"Hi," I said with a nervous

swallow.

"Hi," he said, grinning again.

The coach went back to the courts, and Brent closed the training room door. I could feel my jock expand, my wet shorts stiffen. He turned around and faced me.

"Where's the pain, Carter?" I ran my hand the length of my thigh in reply.

"I thought it would be alright today. I thought it would be fine," I explained.

"I'm sure you did," he answered and ordered me to take off my shorts. He walked to the other side of the room and opened the training cabinet. I grabbed a towel from a nearby chair and dropped my shorts behind it. I could feel my cock responding to this jock's maleness. He returned with a muscle ointment and glanced at my crotch where I was holding down my semi-erect cock. He moved his eyes up to my chest, which was outlined by my wet shirt. Finally he looked at my face as though he was cataloguing each part of it, first my blond hair, then my tan, then my green eyes. In turn, his brown eyes swallowed me.

"Turn over," he ordered. I turned to my stomach and lay on my hard cock. Empty air hit my bare ass and balls, and then I felt his dry hand on my wet thigh.

"You got to relax your leg," he said. "Relax it." His hands felt like fire on my skin, my cock flexed and my balls jerked. "Now I see the problem," he laughed.

My face burned with embarrassment as I waited for him to insult me. Instead he continued to caress my thigh with his strong grip. "You have to relax all over," he said, stepping between my legs and running his hand along my thighs. My tight ass tightened more as I pushed my cock into the soft mat. His hands glided up from my thighs and grabbed my buns, his warm paws rubbing my butt muscles. I couldn't stand it anymore. I gasped for a breath of air, panting excitedly.

"Turn over," he ordered. I turned to my butt, leaving the towel on the mat. My prick shot up toward him, released. I looked down at his crotch, which was bulging with the meat that fell out of his shorts and moved down his hairy leg. I moaned and reached for his dick. He stepped back, walked to the door and locked it, then pulled his shorts down. His cock sprang up too, nine inches of thick, hard muscle. He stared at me,





PHOTOGRAPHY BY NOVA

every inch of his muscle pounding with desire. "It'll help you relax," he laughed, pulling me close to him. With his hand on my neck, his tongue penetrated my lips, encircling my tongue, almost swallowing it. I bit his tongue quickly, frantically. I reached for him, my hands grabbing his lats, my grip sinking into his sides of muscle and pulling him on top of me. He pushed his thick meat between my legs, and I lifted my hips so that my cock rubbed against his four stomach ridges. He held me down to the mat as he grabbed the tube of muscle ointment and coated his huge dong. He stuck a well-oiled finger up my asshole tight with anticipation. My hole relaxed as he pumped it with his finger.

He grabbed my right hand and gripped it around his dick, pumping hard. He pulled my hand off and pushed his spear's head into me. The blood shot through my body again. "Just relax, babe. This is going to do you more good than you know."

"Fuck me," I pleaded as he teased my hungry asshole.

He pushed his rod into me, both of us moaning as nine inches passed inside me. I wrapped my legs around him as he slowly pumped, picking up speed as we ravaged each other's mouths. I could feel his male sweat bond with mine as we jerked against each other in man to man love. With each jerk I could feel his balls smack my ass, and the head of my penis passed over the muscles of his stomach. He held one hand on the back of my head, the other on my back holding me above the mat. I grabbed his hard mounds of ass, he churned his muscle against mine as we both humped toward orgasm.

In one aching moment I felt his stomach muscles tighten a last time and his cock shot its cream in spurts that filled my guts. My dick exploded on time, shooting his chest and stomach with come. I dropped to the mat and into a pool of sweat. He pulled out from me and wiped himself clean with a towel. He stepped into his shorts and pulled his length into them.

"Now," he said, "let's see if that didn't relax you." I turned to my stomach and felt his hands loosen my knotted leg. I fell asleep during the massage.

I went to Nationals that year after all. But I don't consider that nearly as fulfilling as the pain, and pleasure, it took to get there.



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SUMMER SPORTS

Continued from page 9

sound of the waves breaking on the beach.

Here I was, Charles John Fowler, a degree in Biology from a prestigious Ivy League School, graduated early with honors, and trying to decide whether to go to Med school or get a job. Actually I was in no hurry. I had the whole summer to figure out what I wanted to do.

I finished my first cup and went down to get another. When I got back I could see a figure running up the beach. As he drew closer I could see it was the jogger I had been seeing every morning since I had arrived here two weeks ago. He had a nice body; a well defined chest and great legs. He saw me as he came past and waved. I waved back. He looked like a stud I would like to get to know better, much better. I sat back down and returned to my reveries.

I hated to leave Paul at school, but I had finished my degree requirements early and wanted to get away. I was lucky in finding this place. The house wasn't large by any means, but it suited me perfectly. It belonged to some friends of my parents who would be travelling in Europe for the summer and wanted someone to watch over it while they were gone. It sits right on the beach only a few miles down the coast from a city touted as "The Nation's Summer Capital," so I had a good place to go and blow off steam when I wanted to. There were some great bars and restaurants to go to, and there are always some great looking men to be found at the beach. Maybe I'd run into another swimmer like Paul.

As I sat there sipping my second cup of coffee, I started thinking of how Paul and I had met. It seemed like such a long time ago, but it was only a year ago that I first saw him.

I'd had a hard workout on the squash court and decided to take a swim to cool off and relax a bit. There were quite a few people swimming laps so I decided to laze around in the diving pool, as it was not being used. I floated around for a few minutes until this guy walked out of the locker room and headed toward the diving boards. He was the nicest looking guy I had ever seen on

campus. His well muscled legs were covered with fine golden hair, and he had very broad shoulders on which rested fine blonde curls. As he raised his arms in front of him preparing to dive I could see that they too were beautifully developed. He walked slowly to the end of the board, sprung up and out, did a perfect one-and-a-half, and entered the water with barely a splash. I pulled myself out of the water, and sat watching as he swam with long graceful strokes to the ladder. As he climbed out of the water I could see his broad muscled shoulders and back slowly emerge from the water, tapering down to a perfect ass. I watched as he walked towards the board again. I could see the outline of a huge cock in his tight racing trunks. I don't think he even noticed me sitting there watching as he completed dive after graceful dive. I was enthralled by the sight of this blonde stud. He eventually went over to the large pool and began to swim laps. I decided I had better go, but when I got up to leave I realized that I had a huge hard-on in my own trunks. I quickly dove back in to give it time to subside in the cool water. Eventually, I was able to get to the showers after my big cock had subsided. All that night I lay in bed thinking of him. Who was he? I had to find out.

I went back to the pool every night after squash for the next week, but he never showed. The images I held in my brain of that body haunted me day and night. I had to find out who he was. I didn't care whether or not I could have him. I would be satisfied just looking at him again.

Another week went by, and I thought he was probably just some guy visiting his girlfriend for a couple of days and had left. I decided to work out late one night. I knew that the squash courts would be empty, and I could work on my serve and some new shots. When I finally decided to quit it was very late and the whole sports complex was virtually empty. I went into the locker room, it was dark and quiet. I undressed and headed for the showers. When I got there I could hear water running. I thought nothing of it; someone probably forgot to turn off a shower when they left. The drying area was dark, and as I stepped into it I could hear voices coming from the shower. I slowly walked up, careful to stay in the shadows, and

Continued to page 65

ART: **CAVELO**

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THE FIRST DRAWING ON THE
RIGHT SHOWS HERCULES AS A
SUPPLICANT BEFORE THE
BLONDE AND BEAUTIFUL GOD
APOLLO.



HERE WE SEE HERCULES IN THE
THROES OF HIS FIRST LABOR:
KILL THE LION OF NENEIA



CAVELO



FORCED TO UNDERGO SEVERE HARDSHIPS AND TORTURE BEFORE THE KING OF THE MANAZONS WILL WRESTLE HIM FOR THE SOUGHT-AFTER LOINCLOTH, HERCULES IS CAUGHT IN THE GRIP OF A GIANT OCTOPUS, LEFT.



BEFORE BEING SUBJECTED TO THE ATTACK OF WILD JACKALS, THE MANAZON KING HAS HERCULES CHAINED SECURELY TO A POST BY TWO HOT MANAZONS.

"The beating with the crop was vicious. The slender shaft left long red welts wherever it hit and the young men crowded around the table set up cheers each time another stripe was added to their victim's skin."

REWARD THE HERO

By Fledermaus • Photo by Naakkve

An air of depression hung heavily over the room. Outside the wind whipped around the small isolated cabin with fury, driving the snow against the windows. To the twenty-five or so young men in the cabin the blizzard, which on normal occasions would have sent them into riotous horseplay and snowball fights, tonight only added to the gloom.

The kegs of beer that were to have been the feature of the victory celebration were now being used to drown mixed feelings of depression and rage. To have come so close to victory, to have been so positive that it was at hand, had only made the taste of defeat more bitter.

A huge fire roared in the fireplace. This together with the warmth of so many bodies and the effects of hours of beer drinking made the room seem as hot as the weather outside was cold. The heat, the smoke, and the heavy odor of male sweat made the room even more oppressive.

Most of them sat around on their partly unrolled sleeping bags with

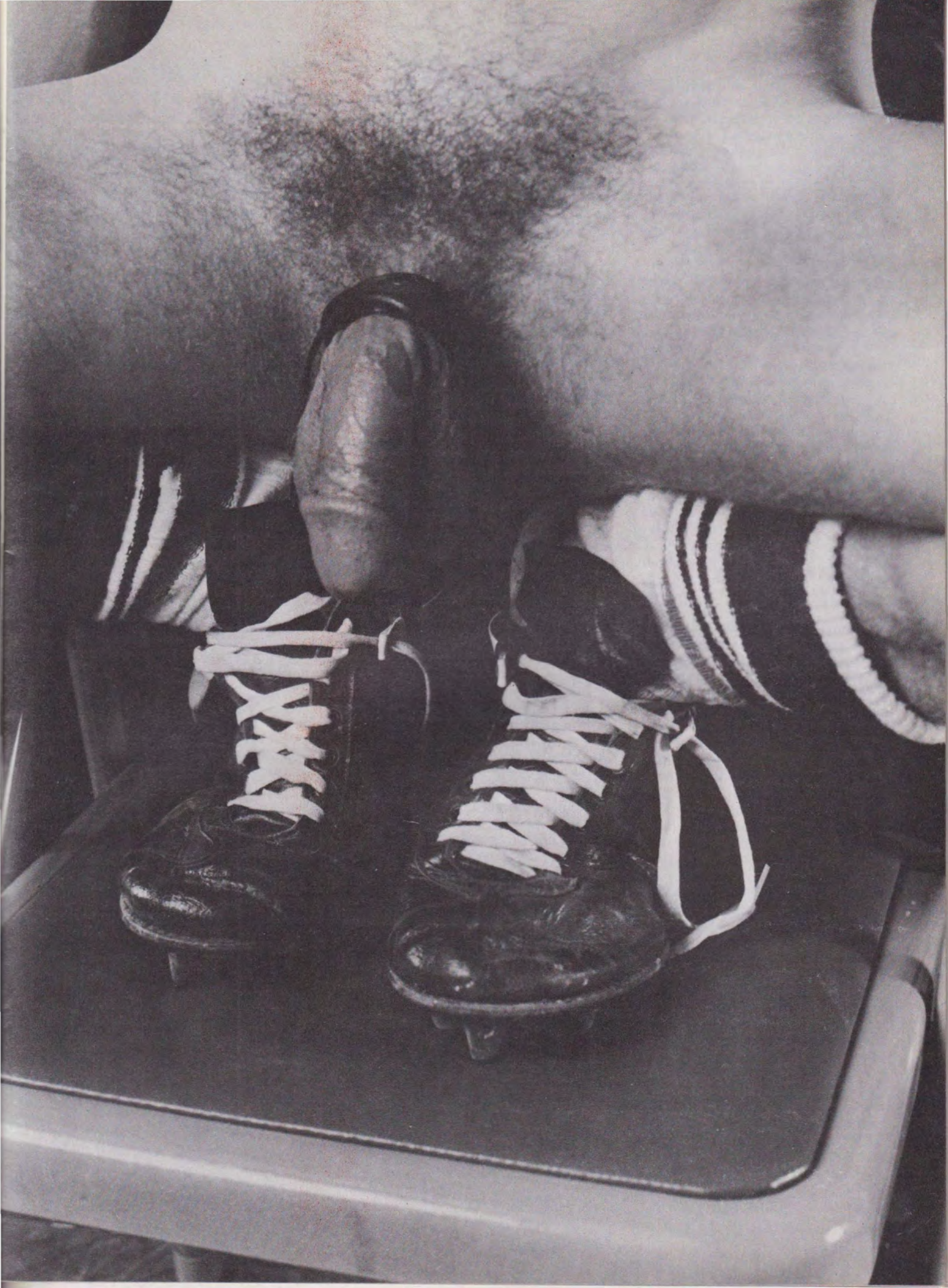
their shirts off or at least hanging open. A few had even shed their pants and stretched out on top of their sleeping bags clad only in jockey shorts. Some talked in low sullen voices, but most sat and sulked in silence, moving only to refill their glasses or to take another joint.

The one man in the room who was over twenty-five leaned against the mantle and surveyed his devastated team. This was to have been his finest hour. Tonight he should have been basking in glory showered upon him by the team he led to the championship. That was why he'd arranged to borrow the remote cabin for the weekend and had stocked it with beer and grass and planned a party for the team only.

They had let him down. After a magnificent season (due almost entirely to his own brilliant coaching) they had gone down to humiliating defeat at the hands of their lowest ranking adversary.

His eyes roamed the room and fi-





nally came to rest on one player. The youth, handsome and strong for his 19 years, sat completely alone in a far corner, his discarded shirt wadded into a ball between his outstretched legs, his nearly hairless, sweat-glazed chest reflecting the flickering light of the fire, his head propped back against the wall and his eyes fixed on a point about twenty feet above the roof.

"My star!" the coach thought in disgust. "My God damned, superstud star! It's his fault. He thought he was so fuckin' good he was careless. He is the reason we lost. And they know it." He pressed the coolness of his beer glass against the strip of furry chest visible between the loose hanging flaps of his shirt, in a futile effort to cool the rage that was burning inside him. "He's the one who has caused my humiliation," he thought.

Suddenly he flung his glass into the fireplace when it crashed against the brick and sent a shower of beer and glass raining down over the fire. He lept up onto the raised hearth and all in the room turned to look at him. "Tonight," he began, "was to have been the celebration of the greatest victory in the history of the Evergreen Academy. Tonight we were to have celebrated the winning of the championship that you have all worked so hard for. But instead we celebrate ignoble defeat! Today our team and our school were made the laughing stock of the conference. And who do we have to thank for this honor?" He was glad when most of them turned to stare at the youth in the corner. "Who thought he was such an all-fired superstud that he could ignore the plays I sent in and make his own calls?"

"Wilcox!" an angry voice came from the room.

"Yes," the coach replied. "Mr. Johnny Wilcox. Our star. Our hero! Stand up Johnny. Stand up and take a bow."

The youth shut his eyes and stayed seated.

"I said stand up Johnny!" the coach shouted to the accompaniment of jeers from the others. Then two of the other players seated near him grabbed the boy's arms and threw him up. By the time he had regained his balance he stood in the center of the room surrounded by his former friends, now enemies intoxicated by beer, grass and a desire for revenge.

He stood there, sweat glistening

on his bare torso in the firelight, the muscles of his arms and shoulders rippling as he clenched and unclenched his fists. He stood with his arms rigid by his sides, his eyes tightly closed and his breath coming in short pants. He tried to close out the sounds of the jeers and catcalls around him. He didn't know whether to scream in rage or to cry in frustration.

"How can we thank him?" the coach asked loudly, his voice dripping with bitter sarcasm. "How do we show our gratitude to him for seeing that we got our asses whipped?"

"Let's whip HIS ass!" said a voice somewhere in the crowd, and it was followed by a chorus of agreement. "Yeah! Whip his ass!" "Flog the son of a bitch!" "Blister his rump." Let me at him. I get the first stroke."

Johnny opened his eyes and looked around him. Everywhere he saw anger. His stomach felt as though it was being squeezed by a huge fist. Arms reached for him and he bolted. The door was only a few yards away but he had moved only a few feet before he was stopped by at least a dozen hands.

"Stop him! Hold him!" the coach shouted above the din. "Fred and Hank bring him up here. The rest of you sit down. Let's not turn this into a mob scene. Everyone will get his turn."

Fred and Hank, two of the larger guys who had grabbed Johnny on his hopeless dash for the door, led him to the front of the room where, at the coach's instructions two of the other guys were positioning a large heavy table in front of the fireplace. "Bend him over that table," the coach instructed and continued to give orders until Johnny's torso was bound to the table top with his bare chest pressed against the splintery wood. His head hung over one end of the table and his ass was bent over the opposite end. His wrists were bound securely to the legs on one side and his legs were bound to the table legs on the opposite side.

The coach himself reached under the immobilized youth's waist and unfastened his levis, then tugged at them until they were around Johnny's knees. He ran his hand over the firm, jockey-short-encased rump and delighted at the cringe his touch precipitated. "There he is!" he shouted to the team. "There is your 'Hero.' Just waiting for the attention of his fans. What shall we use on him?"

"This!" a big red head shouted from the back of the room as he snatched an old fraternity paddle off the wall.

"No, use this," a heavily bearded guy said holding up his thick and heavy leather belt.

"This will hurt a hell of a lot more." A short, thin fellow said, holding up a riding crop taken from a collection of riding equipment in a storeroom in the cabin.

"Which will it be?" the coach asked, "the paddle, the strap or the crop?" A chorus of voices answered but there was little agreement. "I hear you," the coach shouted above the din. "I hear you. We'll use all three!" This decision was greeted by cheers.

"First the paddle. Line up guys. Each of you gets one stroke at our championship ass."

Kelly, who still had the paddle in his hands, gripped it firmly, swung back and then landed a solid blow across both cheeks. Then he passed the implement to the next guy in line. The coach stayed next to Johnny and enjoyed the sight of the paddle repeatedly hitting the well-rounded rump.

Johnny bit his lips. He had no choice but to serve as the scapegoat for the team's failures. But he was not going to give them the pleasure of hearing him beg or scream. He was just glad they couldn't see his face as he looked at the feet of the friends lining up to beat him. As blow upon blow hit his ass, the pain crept down his stretched legs and his jaws ached from the tension he kept on his muscles, refusing to holler.

Ken Norton received the paddle from the guy in front of him and was about to swing it. But then he stopped and looked at the coach. "Coach," he said, "that ass would look a lot redder if we got rid of the jockeys. Can I rip them off him?" Several of the guys called for agreement and the coach just smiled and nodded. Ken grinned from ear to ear as he reached into the elastic waistband and jerked hard. Hard enough to part the tough fabric and bare the youth's butt. The room was filled with jeers and catcalls as the white ass came into view. And the calls got louder as Ken used the paddle to produce a streak of red across the white rump.

By the time the last kid handed the paddle to the coach, Johnny's ass was bright red. The coach caressed the tender skin preparing for his own

Continued on page 57

JOCK: A synonym for athlete whether indoor, outdoor or behind doors.



JOCK:

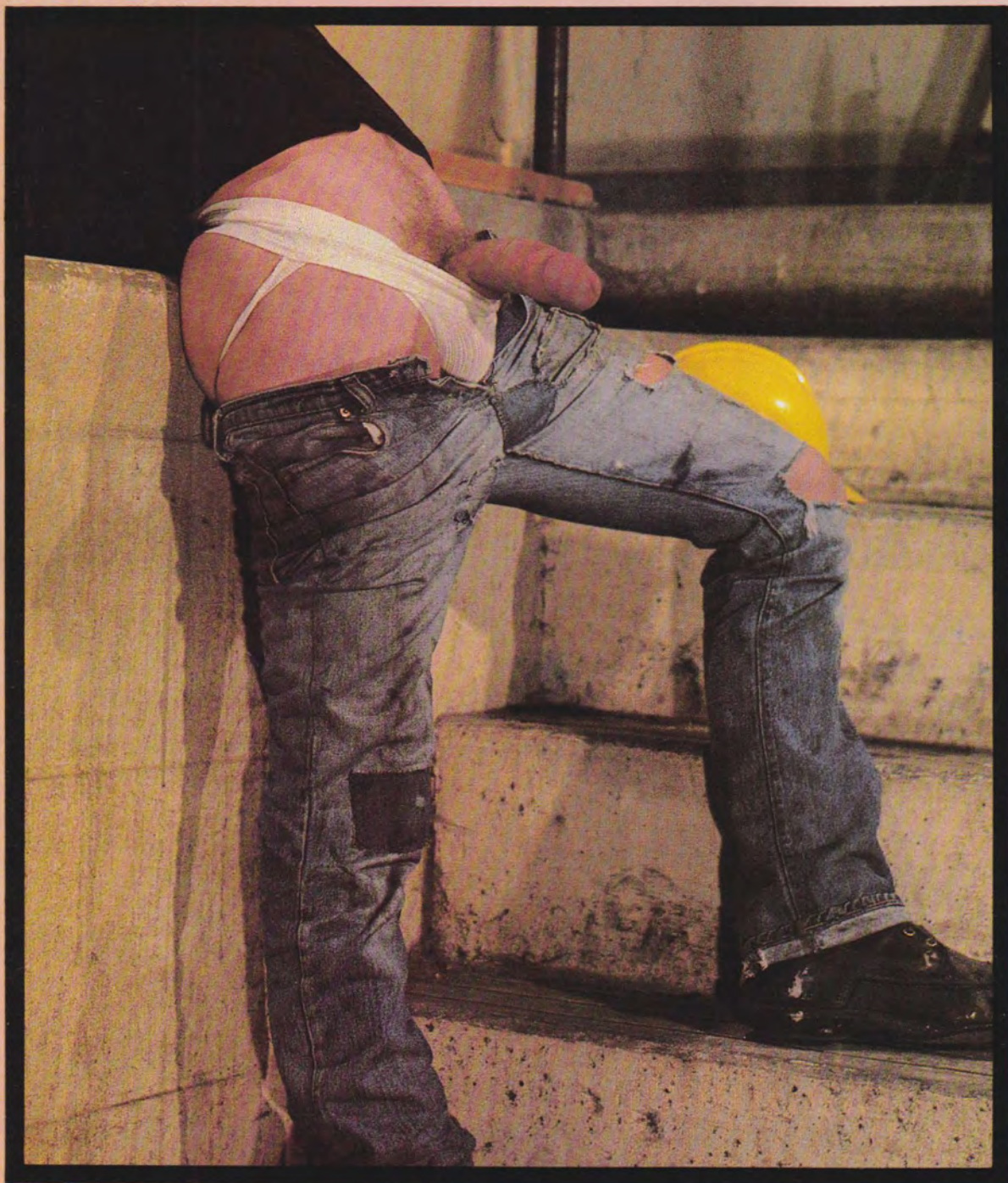
Funky, fitted and full. Protective and provocative.



Photography left by Nova, right by Richard White.

JOCK:

Made to keep it all up tight but not always out of sight, there's more than a few eggs in these baskets!



Photography above by Nova, right by Richard White.







JOCK:

In the locker room or bedroom, supporters made for wear and tear. The perfect thing to keep a man's best assets framed and ready for action.



Photography this page by Mimoso





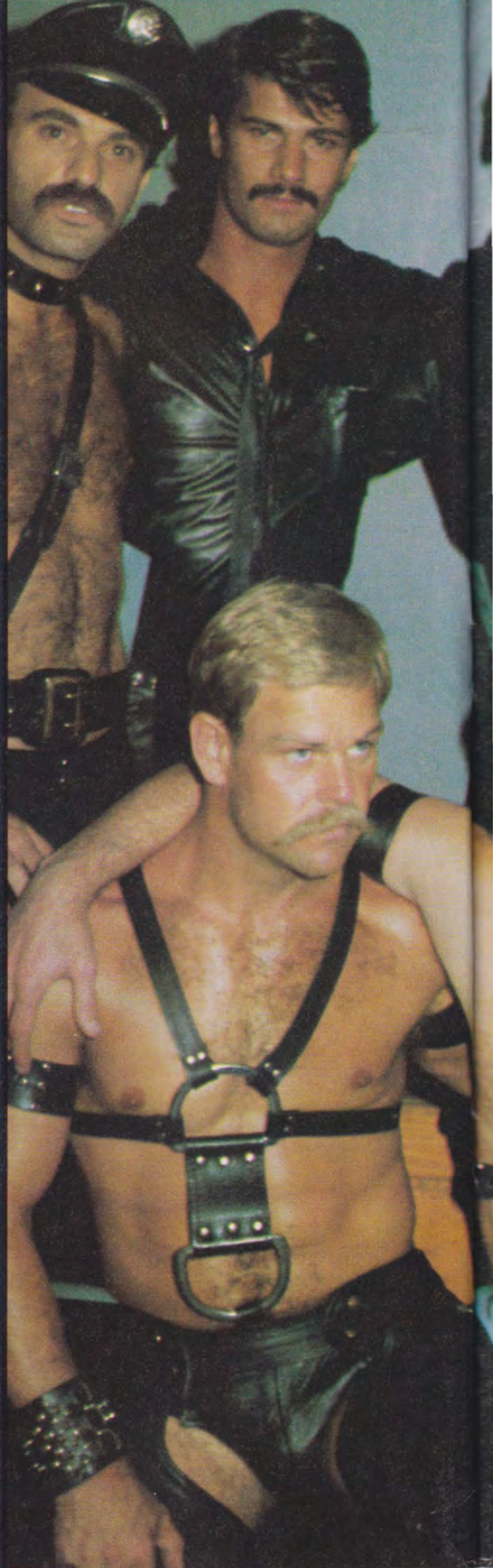
HONCHO
Photography by Phil Flasche

mr. drummer contests



These photos were taken at one of the Mr. Drummer contests hosted by Greg's Blue Dot in L.A. From the looks of things, the winner Luke (shown at the top left) had a lot of stiff competition. With all the hot men in these photos, we'll bet the judges had a hard time too! Thanks to Luke and thanks, guys, for letting us have a brief glimpse of all the fun.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROSE DE CASTRO



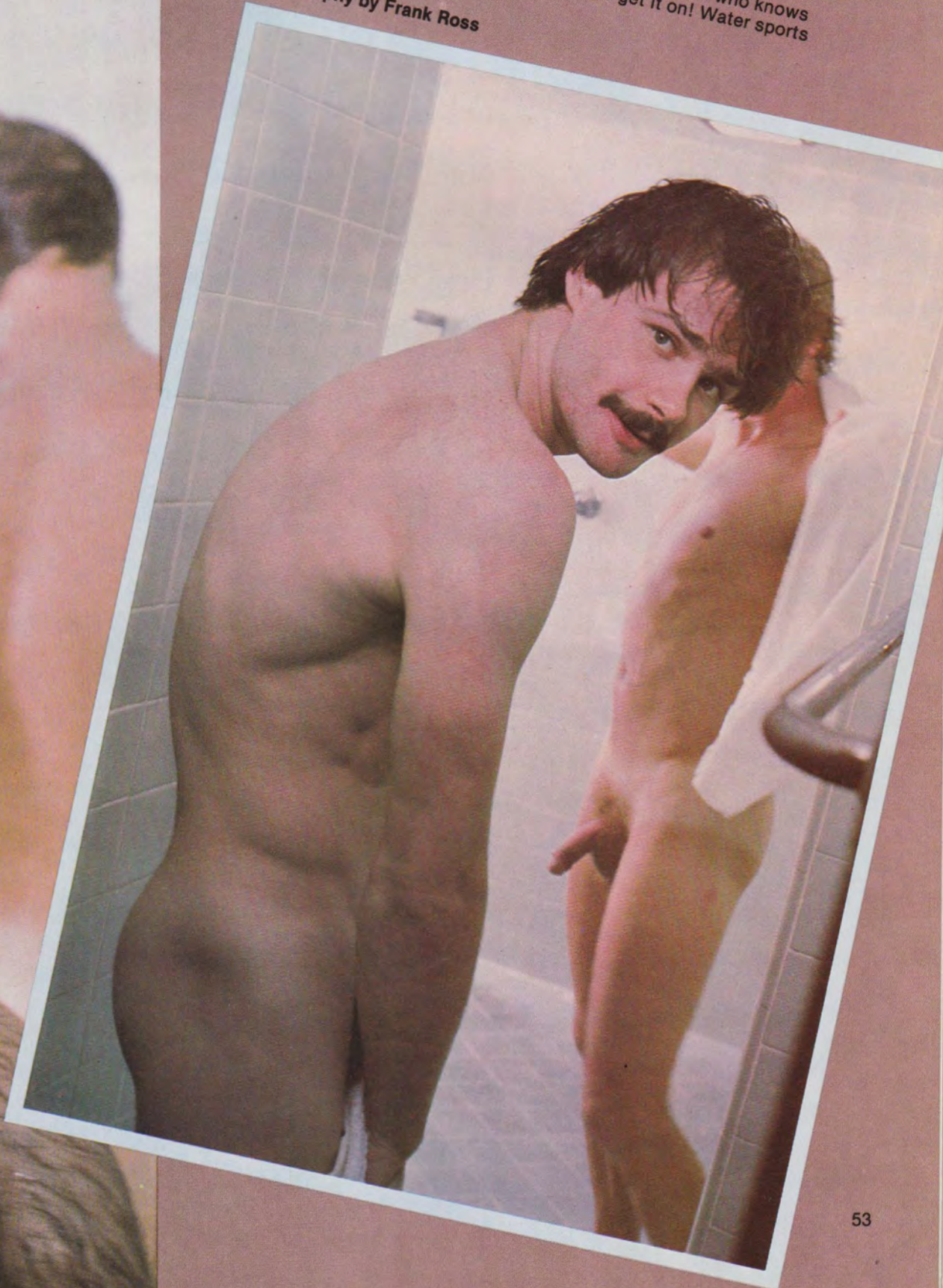


FACE TO FACE



What HONCHO man hasn't wanted to find himself in a shower room full of sweaty naked bodies like these? It doesn't matter what the game was or what team won. The important things are evident. Taut, tied muscles easing themselves into the soothing steam of the showers and cleaning all that over-exerted equipment! There are no rules after the game and any man who knows how to play can be a winner. Get it off and get it on! Water sports can be a lot of fun!

Photography by Frank Ross





FACE TO FACE



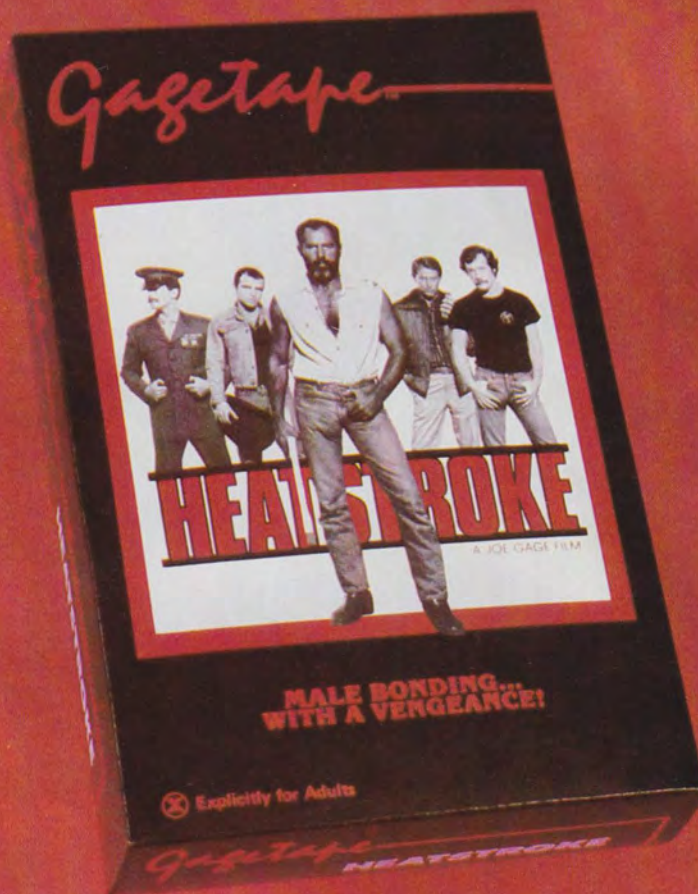
These hunky men can be seen in the Mustang production of *Face to Face* produced by Frank Ross and directed by Steve King. And, just in case you don't recognize the super stud in the foreground, he's the star of the film, Jim King! For more of him and the other great guys in the film contact: VBM, 342 Madison Ave., Suite 563, New York, NY 10017. Or, see VBM's ad in this issue.

Photos left & right by Frank Ross; center photo by Joe McEarthy



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REWARD THE HERO

Continued from page 40

blow. He was painfully aware that the fuckin' kid had not yet screamed and he was going to change that. He used two hands on the paddle and took a large backswing. Then he brought the thick board crashing against the top of Johnny's thighs. The combination of the blow and Johnny's reaction moved the table forward several inches and Johnny screamed. A cheer went up from the team, urging the coach to hit him again. They screamed for blood.

"He's on fire," the coach said, running his hand over Johnny's ass. He's so God damned hot he... Ed, where are you going?" the coach called to a guy just ready to go out the door.

"To take a leak," the guy responded. "I've got to get rid of some of that beer."

"Wait," the coach called. "Come here." The tall blond youth walked over with a puzzled expression on his face. "There," the coach said pointing at Johnny's red rump. "I told you he's on fire. Why don't you hose him down." A whoop of appreciation went up from the team as they got what the coach was up to. Ed blushed to be the center of attention but obligingly unzipped and pulled out a long slender cock. He milked it and pointed at Johnny's ass but nothing happened. "Come on," the coach called, "Ed's got stage fright. Anyone else have to go? Get up here and give Ed company." Three other guys came forward and pulled out their cocks. Two also had trouble getting started but one was well-primed and a stream of golden piss erupted from his cock and cascaded over Johnny's ass and legs. Once the flow had started the dam burst and the others also began to piss.

Johnny's ass burned with pain from the paddling and his face burned with the humiliation of being pissed on. He closed his eyes rather than look at the streams of urine running down his legs. He just gritted his teeth and begged silently for it to be over soon.

"That should cool him down enough," the coach said. "Now let's start with the strap." Again the team lined up and this time used the doubled belt to strap the youth's ass. The hard leather bit in more deeply than the paddle had and the red ass

quickly became streaked with welts.

Johnny lost his battle to remain silent and began to moan with every stripe. Before half the team had had their turn at flogging him he was begging them to stop. The coach listened to the youth's cries and merely made sarcastic responses, belittling the youth and humiliating him further. At one point Johnny made the mistake of specifically asking that they not hit his ass again. The coach stopped the flogging at that point and made a close inspection of the beaten ass. The skin was brilliant red, some areas were already beginning to show the purple of deep bruises. Welts streaked the ass and the upper thighs and in places the skin had broken and there was blood.

"OK," the coach said to the team. "Johnny has asked that we stop hitting his ass. And I do think that it deserves a rest for a while." He pointed to the dozen or so guys still in line and said in response to their complaints, "So I want you guys to work on his back instead." And a cheer went up around the room. "Anybody with a full bladder?" the coach asked once more. "His ass needs cooling again."

The coach stood on the raised hearth and surveyed the scene. Before him the naked youth was tied to the table as his teammates flogged his back and others pissed on him. Most of the team had now stripped down to jockey shorts and their nearly naked, sweaty bodies glistened in the firelight. They had continued to drink beer and smoke joints and most of them were flying. The pissers no longer concentrated just on Johnny's ass but sprayed his whole body.

Paul Kolak stood in front of the bound youth, pulled his huge cock out of the tight jockeys and began to send a stream of piss over the helpless guy's head. The coach felt his own cock growing harder in his pants as he watched Paul's long shaft spraying the humiliated figure. And he enjoyed it even more when Paul stopped pissing and instead of putting his cock away again he left it out and began stroking it until it stood out stiff and proud. Others saw Paul and followed his example. By the time the coach delivered the last solid blow of the belt across Johnny's beaten shoulders several of the guys were jacking off as they watched and a few were fondling each other's cocks.

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crop," the coach called as he tossed the belt back to its owner.

"No," Johnny screamed. "Please, no more. Please don't hit me again. I can't take it. Please! PLEASE."

"Shut your fuckin' mouth," the coach hollered, slamming his broad hand against Johnny's beaten ass. "You'll take as much as I say you'll take. Everybody gets one stripe with the crop. But we'll be good to him. You can't hit the same part of him twice in a row. That way we'll spread the pain around." Johnny screamed again and continued to beg. The coach looked at the big youth standing near Johnny's head, playing with his huge hard cock. "Paul," the coach said with a wink, "shut the fucker up. Stuff something in his mouth."

Paul grinned. He reached for Johnny's head and buried his fingers in the curly hair. He raised the screaming youth's head to the level of his crotch and then forced the open mouth down over his hard rod. "If I feel your teeth I'll see you don't get out of here with your balls intact," Paul growled.

The beating with the crop was vicious. The slender shaft left long red welts wherever it hit and the young men crowded around the table

set up cheers each time another stripe was added to their victim's skin. Most of them now had their cocks out and were openly fondling each other or were caressing parts of Johnny's beaten body. A tall slender kid was standing behind Johnny rubbing the head of his long, erect cock over the bound youth's beaten ass. His eyes met those of the coach and the coach nodded his permission. The youth spat on his hand and then rubbed the saliva over his throbbing cock. With one swift plunge the long slender shaft disappeared up Johnny's ass.

Johnny tried to scream but Paul's cock still plugged his throat and he could manage only a muffled gurgle. The sight of the ass fuck was enough to send Paul off and he came in Johnny's mouth, almost choking him on the load of cum. He pulled out but was quickly replaced by another. The youth in Johnny's ass also came quickly and there was a brief scuffle between teammates to see who would get that position next.

The coach stood on the hearth supervising the orgy. Everyone had had their turn with the crop but not everyone had had a turn at the victim's mouth or ass so the coach now held the crop and used it to direct

the youths around him. He stood as the figure of power and authority. His shirt was long gone and his hairy chest was powerful, twice as broad as any of his young charges'. His waist and hips were lean but there was a huge bulge in his crotch that he openly rubbed periodically. He was rubbing it with one hand and gently rubbing the tip of the crop across Johnny's scarred back with the other when he felt his hand being pushed away from his crotch. He looked down to see the curly auburn hair of one of his butchest stars. He felt Kevin's mouth close around his fabric-covered cock. He pressed on the back of the guy's head, pushing his face deeper into his crotch.

This was apparently the signal Kevin had been waiting for. His movements lost all hesitancy as he opened the coach's pants and pulled the long fat cock out, then swallowed it. The coach slashed the crop across Johnny's back as the hot mouth closed expertly over his rod. And he moaned with pleasure as he saw two of his team shoot their wads over Johnny's back.

Under the table little Jack Carter put his experienced mouth to work on the tortured youth's cock and was surprised to find that he received a positive response. Johnny's cock had not been entirely soft and as soon as the mouth closed around it, it got fully hard. The smell of piss and cum was rank under the table but this only turned Jack on more. He was team manager mainly so he could enjoy the smells of the locker room. Now he reveled at the smells of male sweat and at the trickle of cum that dripped from Johnny's well-used ass.

On the hearth the coach slammed the whip across Johnny's shoulders one last time then reached back to steady himself on the mantle as Kevin's demanding mouth got its reward. Through the glow of his orgasm, the coach watched the room. Most of the guys had now gone back to their sleeping bags where they lay in twos, threes and larger groups. Jack and a couple of others were untying Johnny from the table. They took him to a sleeping bag and comforted him, holding him in their arms and gently licking at and caressing his beaten body. Kevin remained between the coach's legs, savoring his cum and licking at his sweaty crotch.

The coach surveyed his domain and thought, "Perhaps we should lose more often."

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PIPELINE

HONCHO is pleased to announce the addition of this new section called **PIPELINE**. These pages will be dedicated to news of motorcycle clubs, leather and S/M clubs, and any other organizational news of interest to **HONCHO** readers. We will be happy to list calendar events and runs that attract participants from all over the country and overseas.

There is no charge for listing your organization in these pages. This is a service we are making available to our readers as a way of participating more fully in the leather and S/M scene and it is our way of saying thank you for your patronage.

PIPELINE will only be a success if you and your club participate. It is up to you to send us the information you would like us to print. If we do not get the information, we will not be able to give your group the publicity. Since we work so far in advance, please send us your items as soon as you can. We will use whatever we can and whatever we have space for. Please mail all information (news items, run announcements, calendars, etc.) to: **EDITOR, HONCHO, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013. PIPELINE IS YOUR SPACE. USE IT!**

EDITOR



August events for Chicago Hellfire Club—Saturday, August 14: Inferno Night; Friday, August 20: Bondage Night

The Chicago Hellfire Club will be hosting Inferno XI at Douglas Dunes in Douglas, Michigan on September 10, 11, 12, and 13. This site will be used for eating, sleeping and a cash bar and lounge. Around the clock shuttle bus service will be provided to a nearby site where the activity areas, demonstrations, contests, etc., will be held. Access to this area will be via these authorized vehicles only! This plan will give greater privacy and more space to accommodate people comfortably.

There will be limited space available for camper vehicles but no hookups can be provided, nor will tent camping be allowed. Transportation will be provided to and from

Grand Rapids air and bus terminals as needed. The club will not be providing buses to or from Chicago.

Attendance this year will be limited to the first 225 men to get their completed registration forms and full payment sent in. To be placed on the Inferno guest list you must be sponsored by a full or associate member of CHC. Receipt of an invitation in past years should not be considered a guarantee that you will be on the list this year.

If you know a Hellfire member contact him for sponsorship. If you do not know any of the members write to the club address and give them information about yourself, your interests, and your experiences. They are not interested in JO letters. Send them an honest appraisal of who you are and where you are in S&M. They will try to get a member to contact you for possible sponsorship. Experience is not necessary, but sincerity is.

For more information about the run or the club itself write: Chicago Hellfire Club, Box 5426, Chicago, Ill. 60680.

CIGAR STUDS

After two years of its existence, the Cigar Studs has a membership of over 100. They are a contact organization with a membership list published every three months. The lists are supplemented with CIGAR STUDS newsletters containing member supported fiction, short turn ons, cigar ideas, photos, drawings and cigar information.

According to their president, the members of CIGAR STUDS feel that they are on the cutting edge of the homomale segment of the gay community. Members of CIGAR STUDS have a strong cigar fetish or are men who are interested in exploring further in this very masculine expression.

For more information, write: CIGAR STUDS, P.O. Box 20604, Seattle, Washington 98102.

GATEWAY M.C.

Gateway Motorcycle Club is the oldest cycle club of its kind in the St. Louis area. The club is rightfully proud of its six charter members who nine years ago introduced their idea of the leather lifestyle into the

St. Louis area and made it acceptable. From six original members, the club now has 21 full members and is celebrating its ninth anniversary this year.

Gateway's home bar is called the Gateway Saloon which is located in Martin's Complex at 201 S. 20th Street in St. Louis. Gateway M.C. exists to promote the ideal of brotherhood and harmony among all clubs and persons within our lifestyle.

Their annual run is a celebration of their ninth anniversary and is called "Show me NINE." The run will take place from November 5th to November 7th. Applications are now available. For information on the run or the club itself, write: Gateway M.C., P.O. Box 14055, St. Louis, Missouri 63178. (Mid-America point system will be used.)

THE LAMBDA ASSOCIATION OF BODYBUILDERS

Statement of Goals and Purpose: The Lambda Association of Body Builders (L.A.B.B.) is a gay sports organization dedicated to the sport of bodybuilding for gay men. Membership is open to all gay male bodybuilders who wish to encourage and promote the sport of bodybuilding among gay men. Members must support the goals and the constitution of this association.

The goals of the L.A.B.B. are:

1. To hold physique contests for gay bodybuilders just like the A.A.U. and the I.F.B.B. with fair judging. At our contests, you can be gay and proud of it.
2. To encourage gays of all ages to train with weights and reach their highest level of physical perfection.
3. To share bodybuilding knowledge and training skills with each other.
4. To develop healthy friendship and a sense of community among gay bodybuilders so we can work together effectively.
5. To help all gay bodybuilders respect themselves as normal, responsible human beings and their sexual orientation with pride and dignity.
6. To provide social and recreational activities where friendships can develop and mature.
7. To support other homophile

groups working for the cause of justice for the gay community.

8. To work with other bodybuilding groups to promote the sport of bodybuilding.

9. To work with other bodybuilding groups to attain equal status for gay bodybuilders in those groups.

LAMBDA ASSOCIATION OF BODYBUILDERS is a social organization for the gay bodybuilder offering membership contact, newsletter, meetings and inter-communications with gay bodybuilders for self betterment and improving the sport of bodybuilding among gay men. For information write: L.A.B.B., P.O. Box 25, Kew Gardens, NY 11415.

CLOTHESMAN

If you have a thing for jocks or any other article of clothing, you should definitely check out Clothesman. It isn't easy for guys to find other guys who are turned on to the same extent by getting it off with some or all of their clothes on and who share a mutual interest in a particular piece of clothing. The purpose of Clothesman is to enable men who dig the clothed or partly clothed male to be able to contact other men into the same scene.

Do three-piece business suits turn you on? Or uniforms? Or Levis? Are you into long, slow stripping and posing? Would you like to make it with a man wearing only boots, jockstrap, leather belt, chaps and sunglasses? Or, are you more inclined to get it off with a guy wearing just a dress shirt, tie and jockey shorts? Clothesman is the international club for men with an appreciation for the clothed or partly clothed male.

Created in January of 1981, Clothesman caters to the needs of men with a unique specialized interest. The club sends out six bulletins a year to its subscribers. The bulletins contain a detailed physical description of each member, what articles of clothing he's into and whatever other activities he's interested in. This group offers a new opportunity for men to experience and expand their sexuality.

For information write: AMALGAMATED AMERICAN MALE P.O. Box 623-CM Canal Street Station New York, NY 10013

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MAN SEARCH

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HOW TO PLACE AN AD:

All ads will be listed by state.

Cost for each ad is 50¢ per word. Remit total for each issue in which you want your ad to appear.

Since Honcho will not be involved in forwarding responses to ads, please include the complete address, including zip code, where you may receive any correspondence as a result of your ad. (Ads will not be printed without an address or P.O. Box.) A telephone number may be included, but HONCHO will take no responsibility for verifying any telephone number.

Enclose full payment for your ad for each issue in which you wish it to appear. Make checks or money orders payable to: HONCHO.

HONCHO does not knowingly accept fraudulent, obscene, offensive or questionable advertising. Anyone corresponding with advertisers must comply with all local, state and federal laws. No advertisements will be

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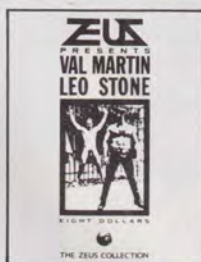
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ZM-104 Cavelo Portfolio

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SUMMER SPORTS

Continued from page 34

peeked in. I was amazed at what I saw. There was that blonde stud gripping onto one of the bars along the shower wall while some short stocky dark haired guy pumped his thick cock up that perfect ass.

"You like this big dick up your ass. Don't you, Paul?" I heard the dark haired youth hiss.

"Yes, Oh God, yes. Give me every inch of that thick cock," was his reply.

I stood there watching this for a few minutes. Watching these two jocks getting their rocks off. While the short dark haired one pumped furiously into Paul's ass, Paul pulled on his dick, and I could see that it too was a cock to be reckoned with. I couldn't move. I watched as the dark-haired guy shortened his strokes and started to tense. I knew he was going to let go of his big load any minute. Paul obviously knew this too. He started jerking his own horse cock even faster. They both exploded at the same time. The dark-haired stud slammed his cock all the way up Paul's ass, and Paul's big dick started shooting an endless stream of cum across the shower. I hardly realized that I was playing with myself, and when those two studs exploded, so did I. I continued watching as the dark-haired beauty slowly let his drained meat slip out of the blonde's ass, then I went back to the locker room, slammed a few doors and headed back to the showers.

The two were just finishing rinsing off as I came in. They both gave me glances, wondering what I was doing there so late, and what I had heard. I acted as nonchalant as I possibly could. As the short stocky stud headed for the drying room, he said, "I can't make it tomorrow night, Hastings. I gotta cram for a test, but you had better get some diving practice in. We have a meet coming up."

"Yeah, I know," the blonde shot back. "Thank god all my tests were last week."

He turned off the shower and started heading towards where the dark-haired guy had gone, and where I had been watching them just a short time earlier. As he walked past me he gave me a good looking over and then headed out.

I had never really noticed his face before. It was perfectly chiseled to match that perfect body. Paul Hastings, I thought. Now I know. This was too good to hope for. I knew who he was and he liked dick as much as I did. I'd have him soon.

It wasn't too difficult to find out where he lived. All I had to do was look him up in the student directory. It was no wonder I hadn't seen him, he lived on the other side of town, and could practice his swimming in the pool at the "Y" near where he stayed.

I thought about Paul all that day, but I couldn't figure out how to break the ice. I decided to work on my game some more that night, and think about Paul later.

I couldn't concentrate hard enough on the ball, so I decided to quit early. A swim would be good, so I changed into my suit and headed to the pool. There were only a handful of people swimming. I dove into an open lane and began to do some laps. I finished a few and then stopped for a breather. There was a guy sitting on the edge of the pool a few lanes down from me and looking my way. I couldn't see who it was until the water cleared from my eyes. It

showers. Paul watched him go from his position on the board, and then did a beautiful swan dive. He did a few more dives, and to avoid looking obvious I swam a few more laps. When I got out I couldn't see Paul anywhere. Disappointed, I started making my way towards the showers.

"Hey, watch this," echoed across the water.

I looked up and there was Paul poised on the edge of the high diving platform. He took off into the air, did a full-gainer with a half twist and entered the water causing barely a ripple. I watched as he swam towards where I was standing. His head broke the water with a big grin on his face.

"Very good," I said.

"Thanks," he returned as he pulled himself out of the water. "You're that nut that bangs balls around by himself until all hours, aren't you?"

I laughed, "Yeah, that's me."

"Allow me to introduce myself, Mr. Fowler," he said with a sweeping bow. "My name's Paul Hastings."

I was a bit stunned.

"How do you know my name?"

"Who doesn't know one of the most brilliant students in school."

***"I never thought
I could feel so strongly about
another guy, but I loved this stud. It
was a wonderful feeling curling up
together on a cold night, studying and
then climbing into bed."***

was Paul. My face must have showed my surprise, because he laughed, and then turned to talk to some guy who had just climbed out of the pool.

"Done for the night, Paul?" he asked.

"No, I'm gonna practice some dives."

"OK, see you later," the guy said and then headed for the showers.

Paul looked at me and then walked to the diving pool. I watched as he dove in and swam to the ladder near the boards. His racing suit was stretched tight over that great ass of his. He made a few dives as I watched from the edge of the other pool. The only other person finished a last lap, and headed to the

Just about every prof I've had says we should all have the diligence of Mr. Fowler. You also play one hell of a game of squash. I've watched you." Another broad grin broke across his handsome face.

"Thanks," I said rather sheepishly. "You're one hell of a diver. Got anymore you want to show me?"

"I'm done for the night. I was just waiting for you to finish your swim."

I looked at him and saw a mischievous glint in those clear blue eyes. He turned and started heading for the showers.

"Coming?" he said, glancing over his shoulder.

I stood there for a few seconds collecting my wits, and then followed him. When I got there, he

already had two showers going and was slipping his suit off. The guy that Paul had been talking to earlier leaned his head in and said:

"Turn the lights off when you leave, Hastings. You're the last in here."

Paul nodded and the guy left. We heard the locker room door shut.

"I can see a lot through that skimpy little suit, but I could see more if you took it off."

I just smiled and pulled the drawstring loose. My cock was already getting hard as I kicked the suit off. Paul let out a low whistle.

"It looked good when I saw it limp the other night, but Christ, look at it when it's angry."

His thick horse-cock was standing straight out from his tight belly. He grabbed my stiff prick and dragged me into the stream of hot water, pressing his hot mouth to mine as he did. I couldn't believe this was happening. God, I loved it. Paul dropped to his knees and started massaging the hard root between my legs. He started licking the shaft of my cock up and down as he played with my balls. He brought his head up to the blood-engorged glans, and I watched as my big dick slowly

disappeared down his throat. I grabbed hold of the bar behind me and just let myself go to this expert cocksucker. It wasn't long before my nuts exploded, sending a huge load out my cock and down his greedily gulping throat. He milked every last drop out of the tender head before he quit.

"Now turn around," he ordered.

I did as he said. The tip of his cock was glistening with pre-cum that was oozing out of the head. He smeared this all over his huge shaft, and positioned it at my tight sphincter. He pushed it slowly while he was licking my back and neck. The head slid in with a pop, causing me a little pain, but I just loosened my ass muscles, and sank back onto that monster. He started pumping it slowly at first, and then began to quicken the pace. He reached around and started to play with my hardening cock.

"I'm a giver as well as a receiver, Chuck," he said.

I just laughed. I should have figured he knew I was watching the other night.

I could feel the head of his huge cock way up in my guts and I loved it. My own cock was rock hard again,

and well on the way to another big orgasm. Paul pumped into my ass faster and faster. I knew he couldn't hold off much longer, and neither could I. I felt him tense and that huge cock of his seemed to grow even bigger. He let out a wild yelp as he unloaded buckets of his hot cum up my willing asshole. I could feel spurt after spurt shooting up into my guts, and my own big tool shot off another load. We both seemed to cum for hours. It was the best fuck I'd ever had.

After we cleaned up and dressed we went out for a beer. All of that wild sex had made me thirsty as hell. The bar was rowdy and noisy, but we didn't notice. We spent the rest of that night back at my place, fondling each other's bodies and reveling in our newfound friendship.

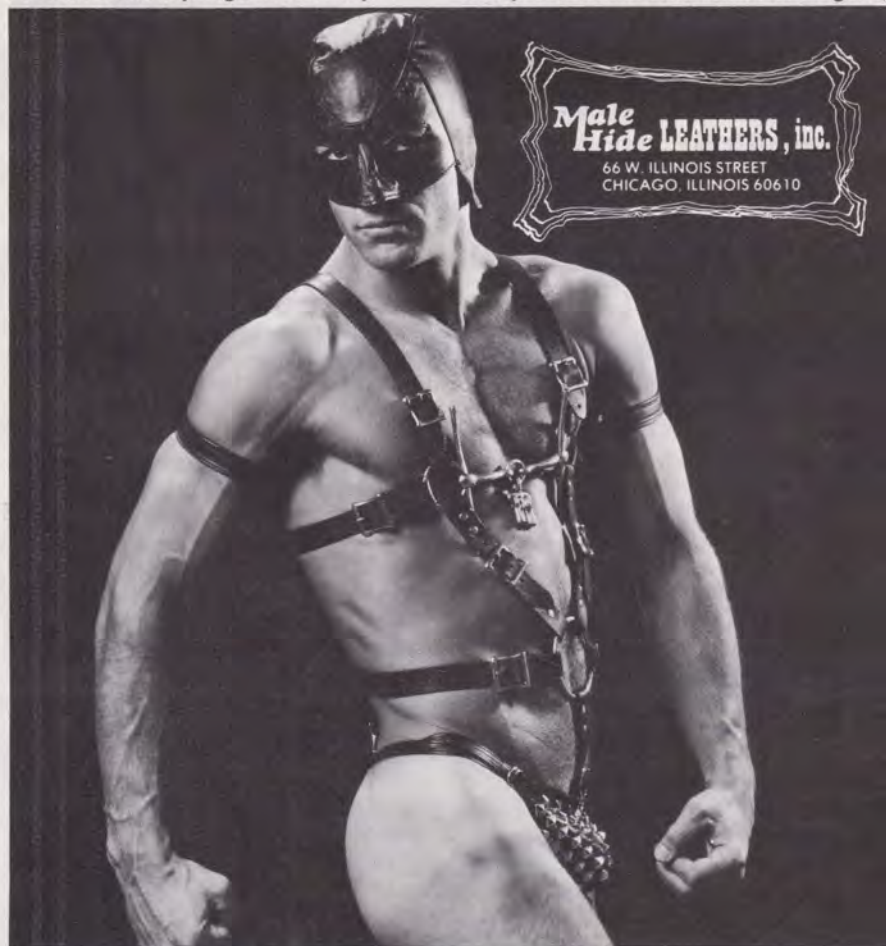
The rest of that semester was spent dividing our time between fucking and studying; mostly fucking. I decided to go to summer session so that I could finish early. We got a small apartment for the summer. I studied and Paul swam. It was great.

We got a room together for the fall semester. Paul's study habits were poor to say the least, but with me there booking it every night he eventually got into school. I never thought I could feel so strongly about another guy, but I loved this stud. It was a wonderful feeling curling up together on a cold night, studying and then climbing into bed, making each other hot as hell. We never got tired of each other. We sucked and fucked as much that winter as we had the summer before.

Paul was a bit upset when I finished my work early in the spring. He was very understanding, though. He knew I needed to get away for a while. He promised to write and to come and see me whenever he could.

I finished my coffee and went back outside. There wasn't a whole lot to do just now. There were a few businesses getting ready for the big Memorial Day rush, the official opening of the season. Most, however, were just cleaning up from the winter. They wouldn't be taking any applications for summer work for at least another week. I puttered around the house for awhile, cleaning and straightening things up a bit.

Since the house was small there wasn't much to do. I made the bed. Thank God it was a double size. That would make it more comfortable



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when Paul came down. We had spent too many nights trying to sleep in a single. When I had finished all this I decided to take a bike ride. I dragged my trusty old ten speed out from around the back and took off down the street.

A narrow strip of land separates the ocean from the bay, along which runs the only major road. It goes for almost thirty miles, protected on the ocean side by a large dune, constructed by the Army Corps of Engineers. It is just behind this dune that my little house sits. I decided to ride south to the Inlet bridge around ten miles each way. There were some beautiful communities that dotted the highway along this strip. Most of them consisted of spacious summer homes on pilings, owned by wealthy Washingtonians. At this time of year there wasn't much traffic, which made the going easy for me.

It was a clear and sunny day. Not exceptionally warm for this time of year, but pleasant enough. I ran into a slight headwind. That was fine by me, though; it would make coming back just that much easier. Gulls floated on the air currents above the bayberry and dune grass, carrying bits and pieces of twigs for their nests. An occasional car was the only thing that broke the seaside solitude.

formed. Some of the smaller boats were having a rough time battling the current. Once inside the safety of the breakwater it was easy sailing into the bay.

The Inlet was about a hundred yards across and fairly deep. The Coast Guard had a base on Burton Island just inside the mouth of the bay. As I sat and watched, one of their cutters came past, heading out to sea. There was a great deal of activity aboard. Swarthy young men in their clean white uniforms bustled to and fro on the deck. If I was lucky, I might meet one of these young studs on leave this summer. I sat for a few more minutes watching the smaller pleasure craft and fishing boats battle their way in and out of the channel.

The ride back was nice and easy with a slight breeze at my back pushing me on. When I got within a couple of blocks of my house I took one of the side streets that led to the bay. The road was lined with small cottages, mostly vacant now. About half way down the block and set back from the road, I could see a large sign that read, "Royal Surf Hot Tubs." That's great, I thought to myself. Here's someplace close to come and soothe my aching muscles this summer. As I rode past I saw a jeep sitting out front, but there wasn't anyone around.

the soft sand. The front wheel of my bike sank in, twisted around and threw me head first over the handlebars. When I got up and brushed myself off I could see the guy standing next to the jeep laughing. It was the jogger I had been seeing every morning on the beach.

"You've got to be careful of those soft spots," he said as he walked towards me, still laughing.

"I guess I wasn't paying much attention to where I was going," I said rather sheepishly.

"Hey, you're the guy I see lounging up on his deck every morning," he said, giving me a quick look up and down.

"Chuck Fowler, how ya doing?"

"I'm fine. The question is, how are you after that fall?"

I grinned, "I'm OK, I guess. I'm not sure about my bike, though."

"Well, bring it over. I've got my tools out if it needs fixing."

"Thanks." I picked the bike up and started walking over towards the jeep with him. He looked great.

"My name's Leo, Leo Richards," he said sticking out his hand. He had a nice firm handshake.

"Nice to meet you. It looks like the front rim is pretty bent up," I said.

"Here, let me look at it," he said hiking his pants up a little and squatting down. There was a huge bulge between his legs. He wasn't wearing anything under his pants, and I could see the outline of a big cock stretching down the inside of his thigh, topped off by an enormous head.

"I think you're gonna need a new rim, buddy, this one is pretty bent up," he said, looking up and catching me staring at his huge crotch. He smiled and offered me a ride back to my place.

"Thanks, I'd appreciate it."

"Let me just lock up here first." He picked his tool case up and took it inside, pulled the door shut to the office and came back to help me load the bike in the back of the jeep. As we were trying to shove the bike in, his hands slid across my ass and thigh. It sent a thrill of excitement through my groin. We finally got the bike loaded and he hopped into the driver's seat. I walked around to close the hood and saw a wallet lying on the ground.

"Is this yours?" I asked, picking it up.

He was leaning out the side of the jeep staring at my ass. He looked at

Continued on page 78

***"Swarthy young men
in their clean white uniforms
bustled to and fro on the deck. If I
was lucky, I might meet one of these
young studs on leave this summer."***

It wasn't long before I could see the Inlet bridge. From a distance it looked like a large steel structured dune rising up out of the flat landscape. On the south side of the bridge there was a large bathhouse. That was my destination. It wasn't long before I crossed the bridge, and turned down the sandy access road to the bathhouse. I locked the bike to one of the supporting pillars and strolled over to the jetty.

There were a few fishermen lining the rocks. I sat down and watched some boats trying to get into the bay. The tide was going out, and where it met the ocean, large swells

I rode down to the bay, and watched a lone sailboat tacking back and forth out on the water. I stayed only a few minutes and mounted the bike to ride back. As I neared the Hot Tub place, I could see that the hood of the jeep was now raised. There was someone leaning over into the engine compartment, but I couldn't see his face. As I rode past I could see an ass sticking out. Whoever it was had on a pair of nylon running pants, the thin material stretched across the nicest looking ass I had seen since Paul's. While I was busy looking at this guy's ass I ran off the road into

SKIN FLICKS:

TURNED ON

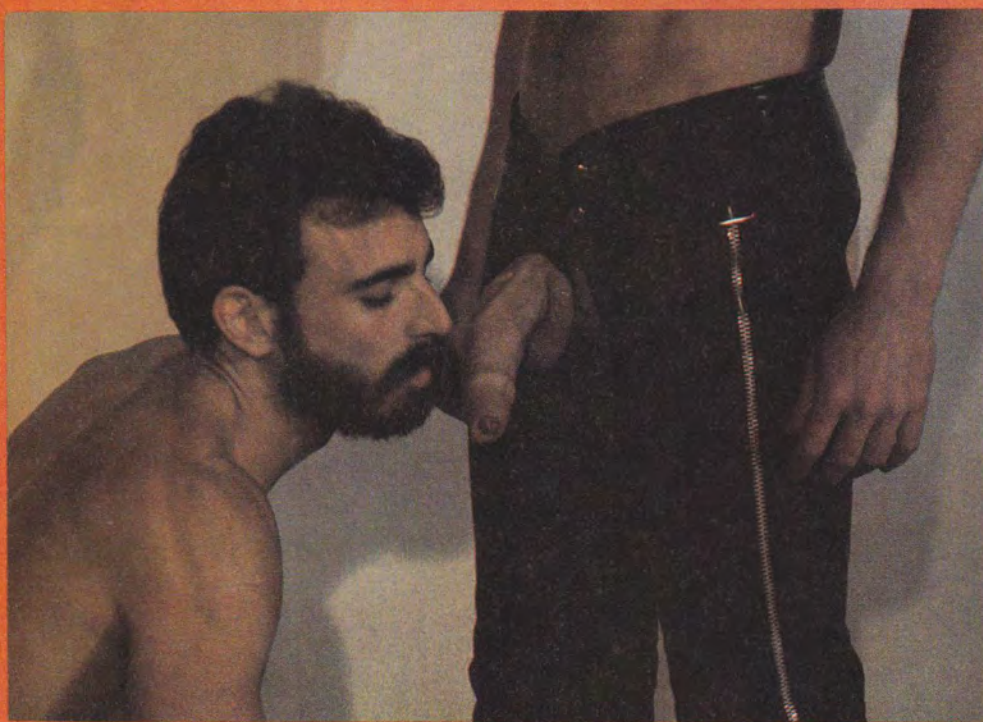
HONCHO is pleased to bring our readers an exclusive picture preview of Al Parker's latest action movie *Turned On*. If these photos are any indication of the hot men and sizzling action of the film, there's no doubt that the title says it all. That's exactly what you'll be when you've viewed the entire scenario—turned on! For more information about this fantastic fantasy write: SURGE STUDIO, P.O. Box 624, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254.



Even with their clothes on, this group of sexy studs can cause your mind to conjure up enough fantasies to keep it up for weeks!

Photography by Surge

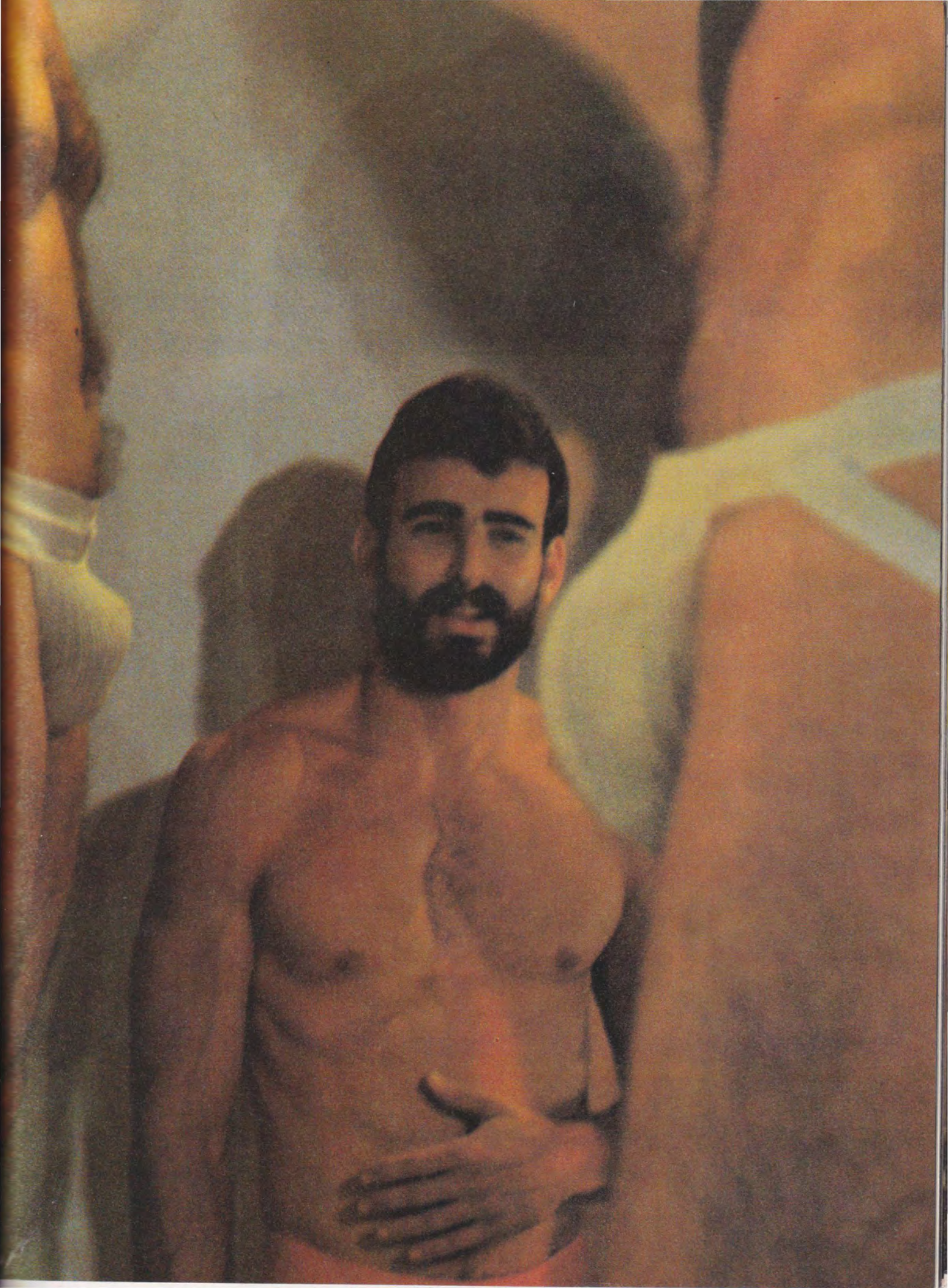
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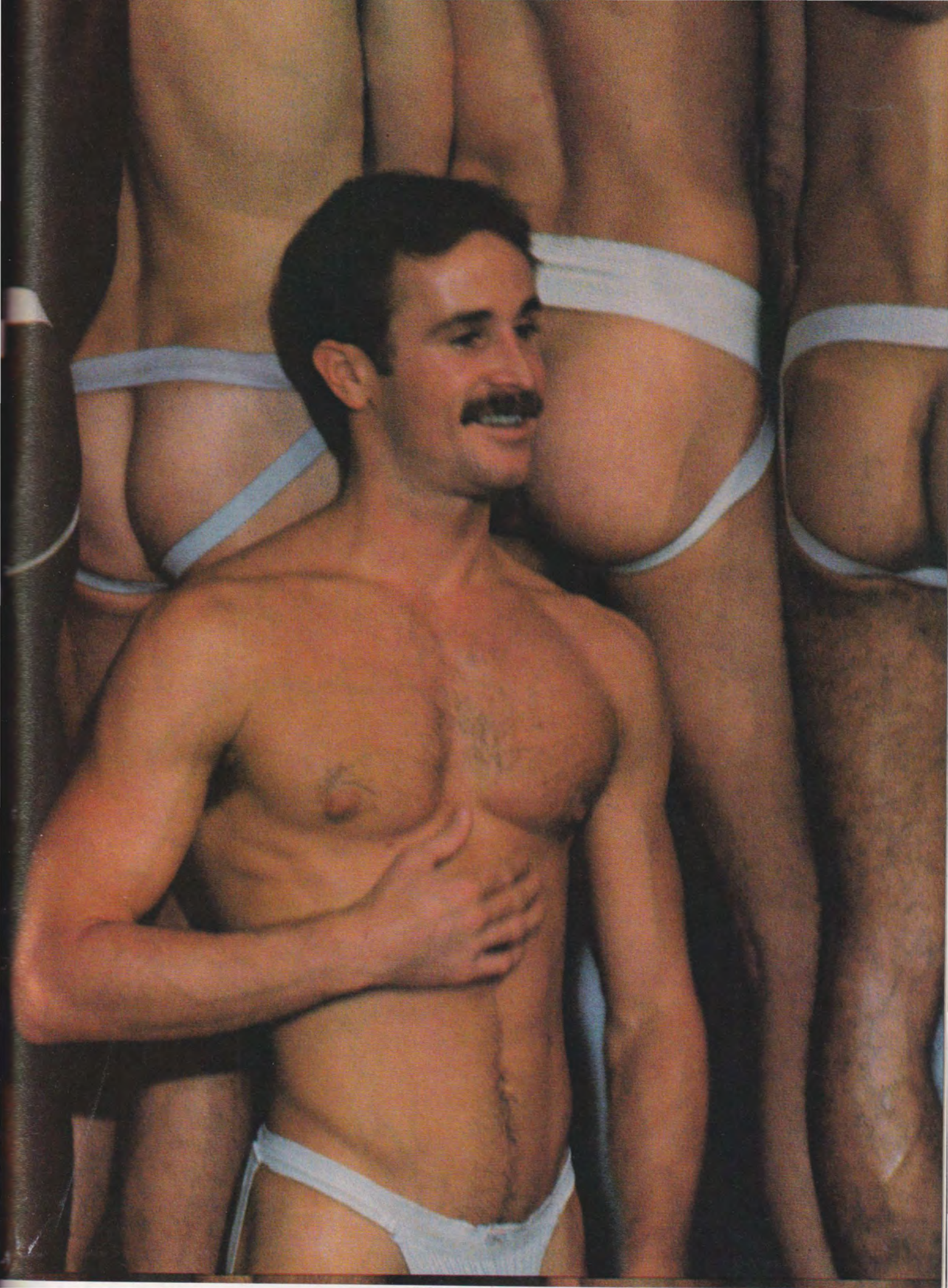
How's this for a dream come true?

Al Parker at the end of a gauntlet of humpy men in jocks! If this picture isn't enough to make your mouth water, think about Al working his way down this long line of manmeat. One by one he satisfies each of them in his quest to reach Sky Dawson at the other end. Anything worth having is worth working for, and Sky Dawson is certainly worth it. But, then, who can call satisfying all this pulsing flesh work?

Photography by Surge





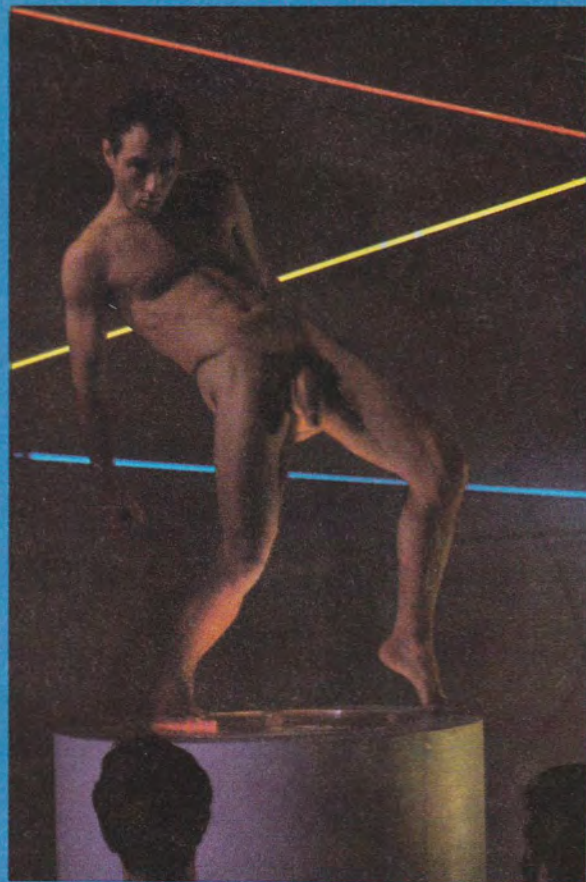




TURNED ON

As an extra added feature in the film, Scott Taylor has an act that is an unusual highlight. Performing in the midst of a horny group of men, Scott twists and turns doing things with his body that no circus acrobat you've ever seen can do. We won't tell you what exactly it is that he does. But if we were all as agile and versatile as this hunk there wouldn't be a cruising bar in business! See the film, men! You'll be "TURNED ON" for a long, long time!

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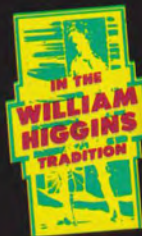
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SUMMER SPORTS

Continued from page 68

what I was holding.

"Christ. Yeah, it's mine. Thanks. I'm always dropping it somewhere." I handed it to him and climbed into the jeep beside him.

"You down here for the summer?" he asked as we took off.

"Yeah, I just finished college and decided to take it easy for a while."

It was only a short drive to my place. I could have walked the couple of blocks with ease, but I wanted to spend a little more time with this stud. When we got the bike unloaded, I asked him if he'd like to come in for a beer.

"Sure, I'm thirsty as hell," he replied, much to my satisfaction.

"Do you own the Hot Tub business?" I asked.

"Yeah. It's a pain in the ass sometimes, but I like working for myself. You looking for a job down here?"

"I sure am, but most places aren't even accepting applications yet."

"I'm hiring, and it would be great seeing you around the tubs all summer," he said smiling.

I handed him the beer and sug-

gested that we go up to the deck to drink them. On our way up we passed the bedroom.

"Nice bed, looks like it hasn't gotten much use lately, though," Leo said.

"Oh, I plan to put it to good use this summer," I said smiling.

We continued out to the deck with me behind, checking out his gorgeous ass again.

"Nice view. I usually don't come this way when I jog. Not until a couple of weeks ago," he said sitting down in one of the lounge chairs. He dangled one leg off of the chair and pulled his other leg up towards his chest. This position offered me a great view of his bulging crotch.

"Yeah, the view's great. Especially when you come jogging up the beach in those tight little shorts you wear," I said, smiling and dropping my eyes to his crotch again. The bulge was growing.

"I've seen you sitting up here in your little shorts, too. I was tempted to carry a pair of binoculars with me so I could get a better look, but I was a little scared."

As he said this he got up out of the lounge, came over and stood in front of me. His big crotch was right

in front of my face. I was hard as a rock by then. He saw this, reached down and gave my cock a good squeeze.

"Jesus," he said, "if I'd known it was this big I would have brought the binoculars with me when I first saw you."

I reached up and ran my fingers along his hard shaft through the flimsy material of his pants.

"Let's go inside where it's a little bit warmer and more private," I said standing up and heading for the door. He followed close behind. We were barely inside the door when he had his arms around me slipping his hands down the front of my pants.

"Christ, I've wanted this since the first time I saw you," Leo said.

"You're not the only one," I said as I reached down behind me and yanked his running pants down.

I led him into the bedroom and pushed him down onto the bed. His cock was nearly as big as Paul's huge horsecock. I buried my face between his legs as I slid his pants the rest of the way off. His crotch had a deliciously musky scent. I licked his balls, and started working my way up that long thick shaft. When I got to that huge red head I



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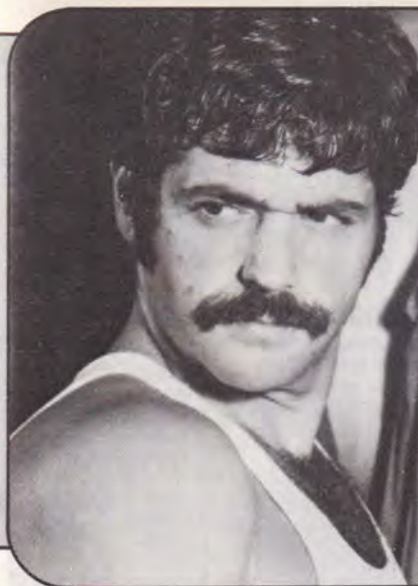
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just teased it a little with my tongue. Leo let out groans of pleasure and pushed his crotch up off the bed into my face. I took his big cock quickly into my mouth, burying it deep in my throat. His moans were getting louder and his breathing heavier. I worked his cock in and out of my hot waiting throat slowly, wanting to prolong the pleasure for both of us.

"Get those clothes off and let me at that dick of yours, Chuck."

I stripped quickly, releasing my own huge tool from the confining pants, and straddled his face. His tongue shot up and licked the drops of pre-cum that had formed at the tip of my rigid cock. He opened his mouth and I slipped my meat slowly down his waiting throat. He choked a little at first, but then he just opened his throat muscles and took it all in. His hot mouth felt great. I dropped down and buried my face over his huge prick until his pubes tickled my chin and his heavy cum-laden balls were right against my nose. I sniffed and sucked and swallowed. I hadn't had a cock like this down my throat in a couple of weeks, and I was horny as hell. We sixty-nined like this for a long time, stopping occasionally only to prolong the ecstasy. I got down on my

knees, lifted his legs and started rimming him. He was moaning louder and louder as my tongue darted in and out of his tight asshole.

"Fuck me, Chuck. Please fuck me."

I slid him further up on the bed and positioned my dripping cock at the opening of his ass. I started to ease it in slowly, but as soon as the head slipped past that tight sphincter, Leo reached down and pulled me into him with a quick jerk. I started pumping my rigid cock into him slowly to give him the best fucking he'd ever had. His cock was so long I could reach it with my mouth as I fucked him. With every deep stroke more pre-cum oozed out of that massive shining head of his. I could only get a few inches of his dick down my throat while I fucked him, but that was enough. I could feel the cum start to churn down in my balls, and from the sounds Leo was making I knew he was close too. I started pumping his ass furiously. We both exploded at the same time. His cock popped out of my mouth when he started cumming, but I got it back in fast and only missed a few drops; and there was more than enough of his sweet cum gushing out of that huge throbbing cock to feed two

hungry men. I felt like I emptied gallons of cum up his hot ass too. He loved it.

We lay there for a few minutes like that, my slackening cock still up his ass. When I pulled it out, Leo let out another groan of pleasure. I laid down beside him, leaned over and licked the drops of cum off of his chest that I had missed. We kissed and played and talked all through that night. I told him about Paul, and he told me about some guy he had been seeing over the winter. It was nearly dawn when we finally went to sleep in each other's arms.

I got up before Leo, went downstairs, made some coffee and brought some up to him. He opened his eyes sleepily, smiled and pulled me down to him on the bed. We kissed long and hard. We drank our coffee and headed for the shower. It was a great feeling lathering each other up and rinsing off. Afterwards, we dressed and sat down to a great breakfast that Leo made. I leafed through the mail and found a letter from Paul. It was short and to the point. It read:

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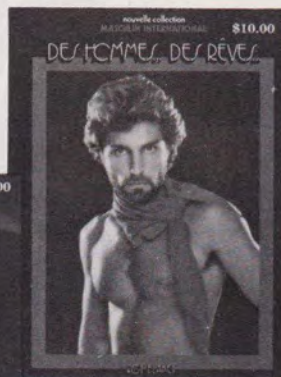
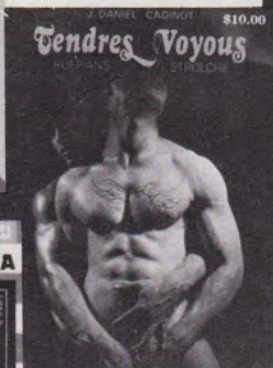
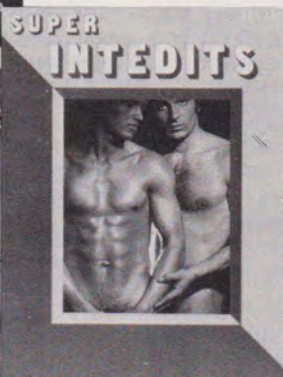
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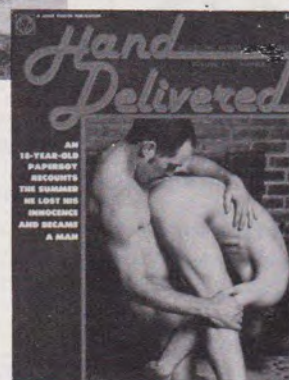
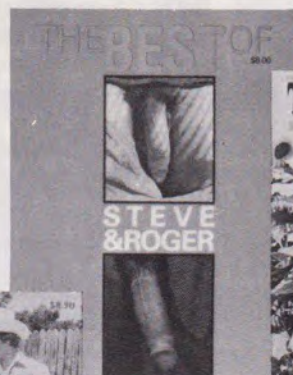
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MARKSMAN

you. I miss you. Pick up some hot hunky stud for us, if you haven't already.

Leo laughed. "If he's as good as you say he is there's nothing I'd like better than spending the summer splashing around in the tubs with two hot studs."

I smiled. "It will be great." I agreed.

ALL HOLDS BARED

Continued from page 16

that a sexual excitement was building in both men. Frankie expertly peeled off Derek's tights exposing his naked body and a cock that was fully aroused. Derek stood pumping his cock as Frankie removed his tights to show another pulsating cock. Both men stared at each other as they continued pumping their cocks and rubbing their sweaty bodies. Frankie slowly moved closer and closer to Derek and then with one last quick move grabbed Derek and the match was on again. But this time it took more the form of a

dance than a wrestling match and music began to play. As the wrestling dance proceeded it became more and more sexual and Derek didn't quite know what to expect next but he didn't have to wait long. Frankie grabbed Derek's sweaty cock and placed it against his ass and pushed back onto Derek's cock. Derek felt his cock slide deep into Frankie's ass and the sensation was almost too much to bear. Everywhere he looked he could see his cock sliding in and out of Frankie's ass. The match was now over but the show was just getting good. Derek maneuvered Frankie onto his back and continued to enter him with increasing intensity. Frankie reached for his cock and began beating on it. When Derek couldn't stand it any longer, he released his cock from Frankie's ass, stood up flexing his muscles and shot a stream of cum high into the air and down on Frankie as Frankie let loose a load of cum on his chest. Derek collapsed to his knees and fell on top of Frankie. Seconds later the mirrored ring was in total darkness.

Frankie whispered into Derek's ear, "You just made at least a hun-

dred men very happy, horny and I'm sure caused a lot of orgasms."

"You mean," said Derek.

"That's right. There were a lot of eyes behind those mirrored walls."

"Well if that's all it takes, you've got yourself a partner if you want one."

"We'll talk about that later, let's get out of here."

Frankie and Derek went back to Frankie's house and curled up in front of the fireplace with a bottle of champagne to celebrate Derek's new career.

Years went by and Derek and Frankie went their separate ways, but the mirrored ring match started Derek on a career that lasted for ten years. Derek's sexual need to perform never ended and as he found out months after, a man named Grant promoted the mirrored ring match and as long as Derek was willing he would have a place to perform.

Derek finished his shower, ate lunch and was relaxing on the patio of his Hollywood Hills home when the phone rang. He reached for the phone wondering what Grant had in store for him this time.

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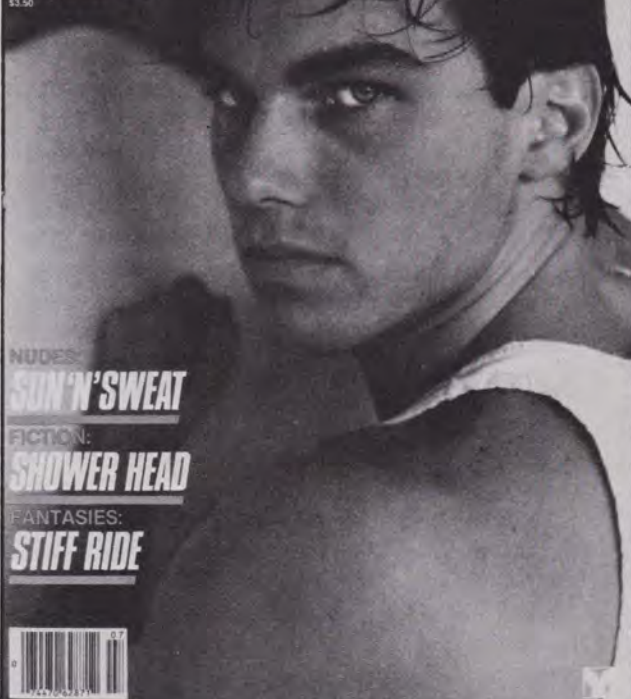
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au natural



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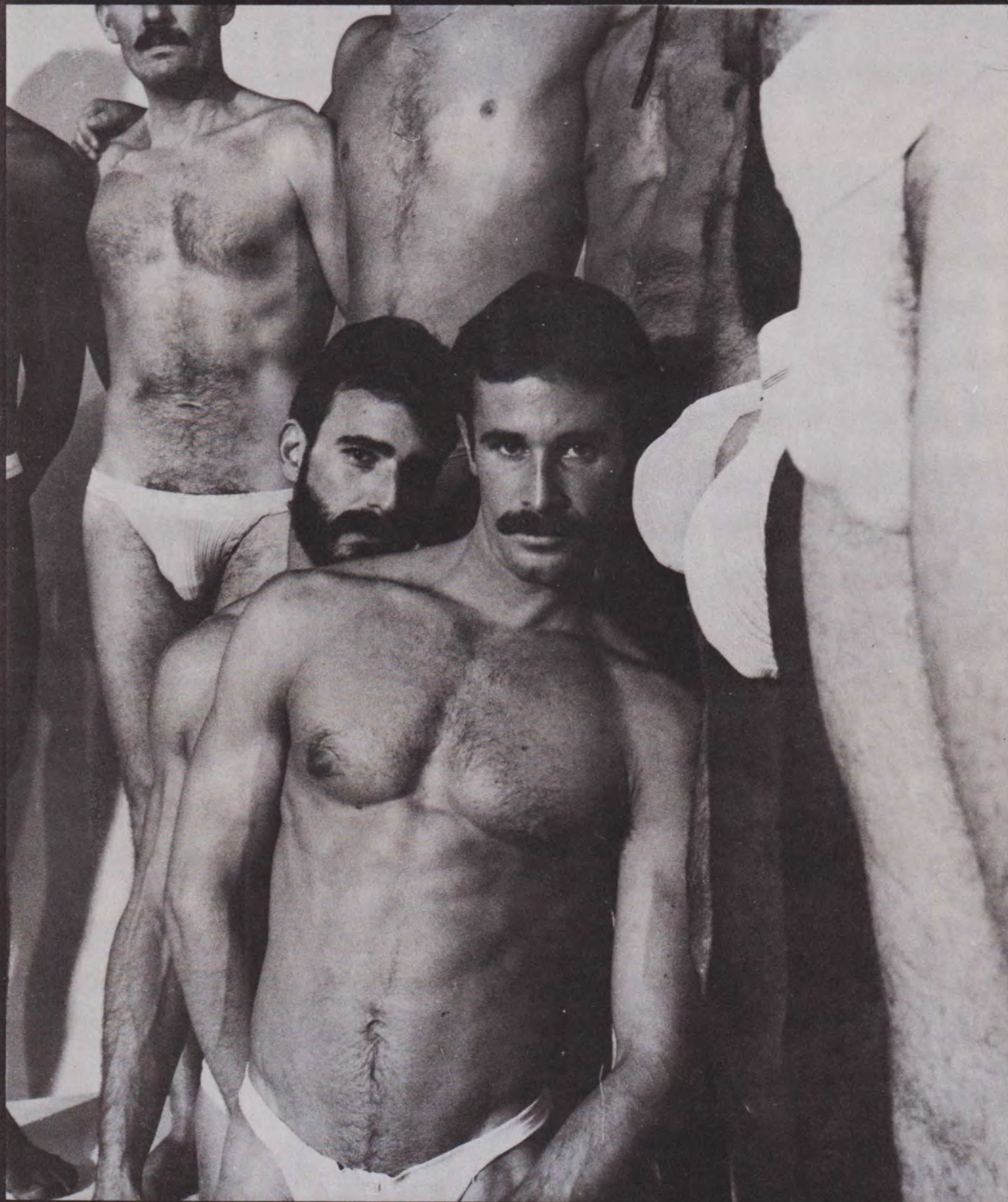
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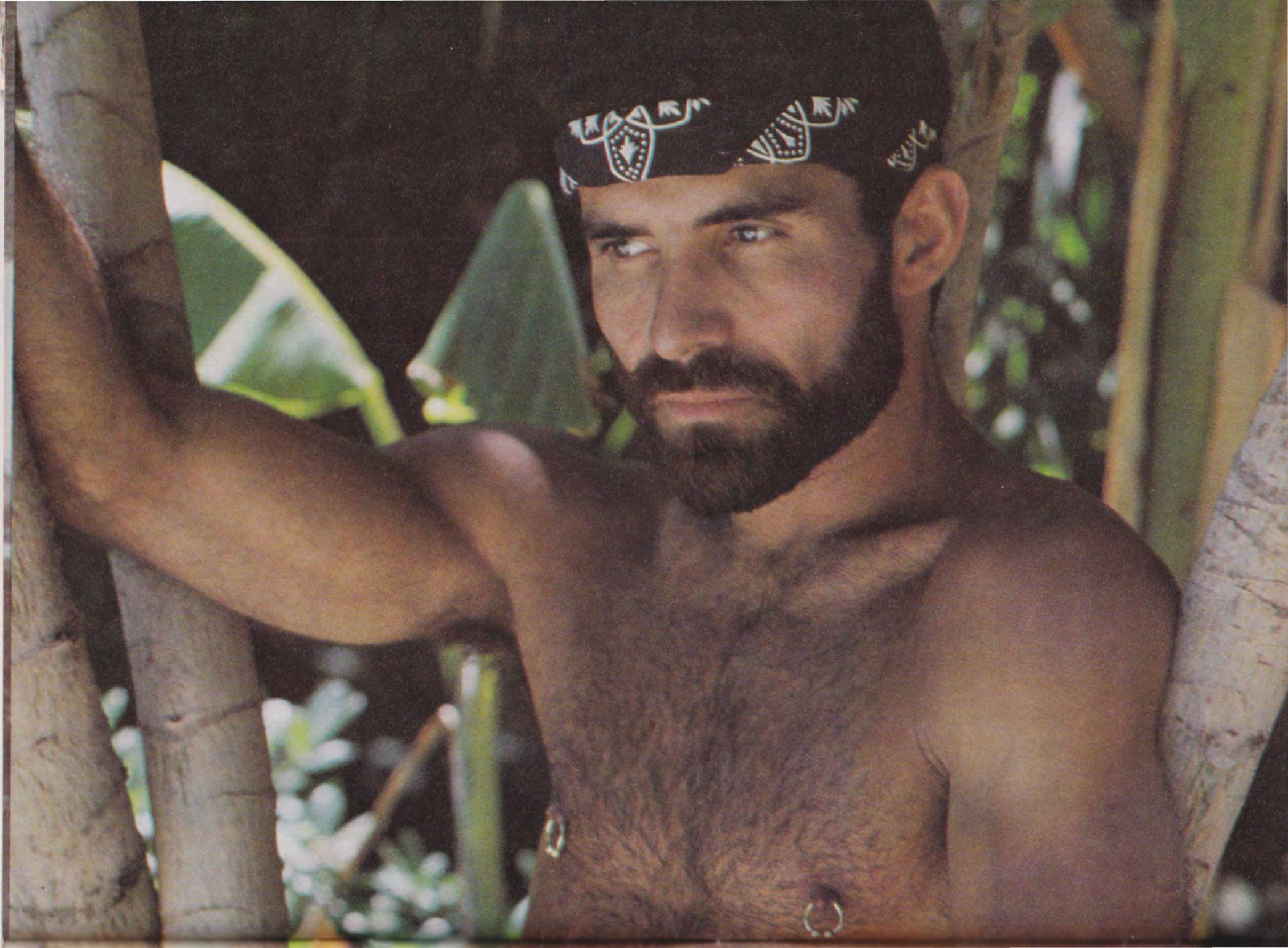
A close-up photograph of a man's legs and feet. He is lying on a bright yellow towel with large white polka dots. His legs are spread apart, and his feet are visible in the foreground. The skin is dark and hairy, and the lighting is bright, suggesting a sunny day outdoors.

heat

The smooth tawny skin over his well honed muscles soaks up the rays of the sun as he basks in the freedom of nudity mixed with the joy of summer relaxation. It wouldn't be hard to envy the gentle summer breezes as they whisper over those hirsute legs caressing the maleness between them. And, when the sun and need become too great, there's always a cooling spot in the shade and shelter of the trees. A little rustling in the underbrush is always fun!

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HONCHO / SEPTEMBER 1982 93

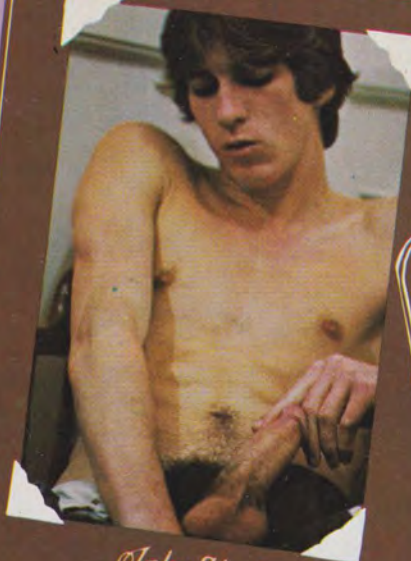




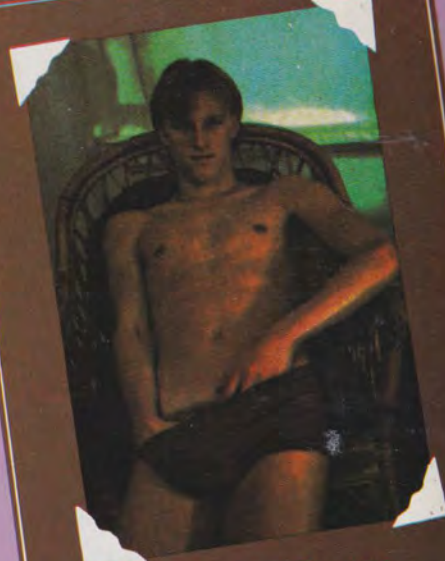
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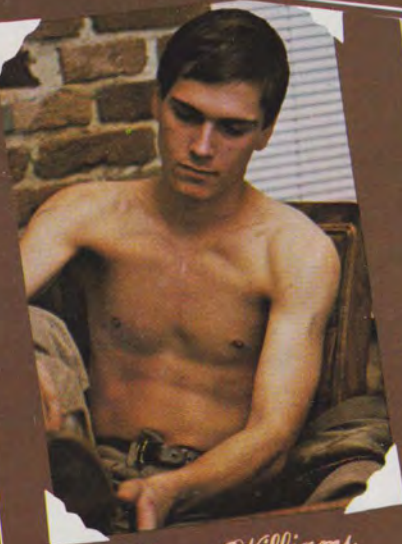
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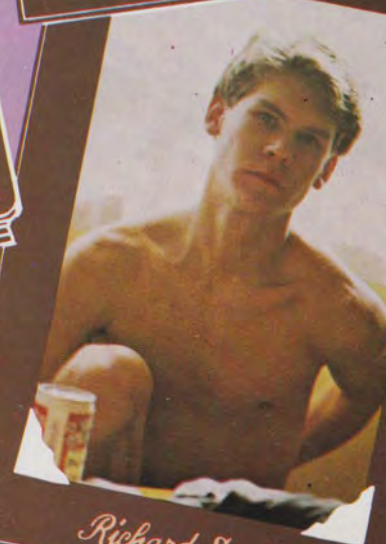
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