

# HONCHO

THE MAGAZINE FOR  
THE MACHO MALE

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JANUARY 1984  
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MEN  

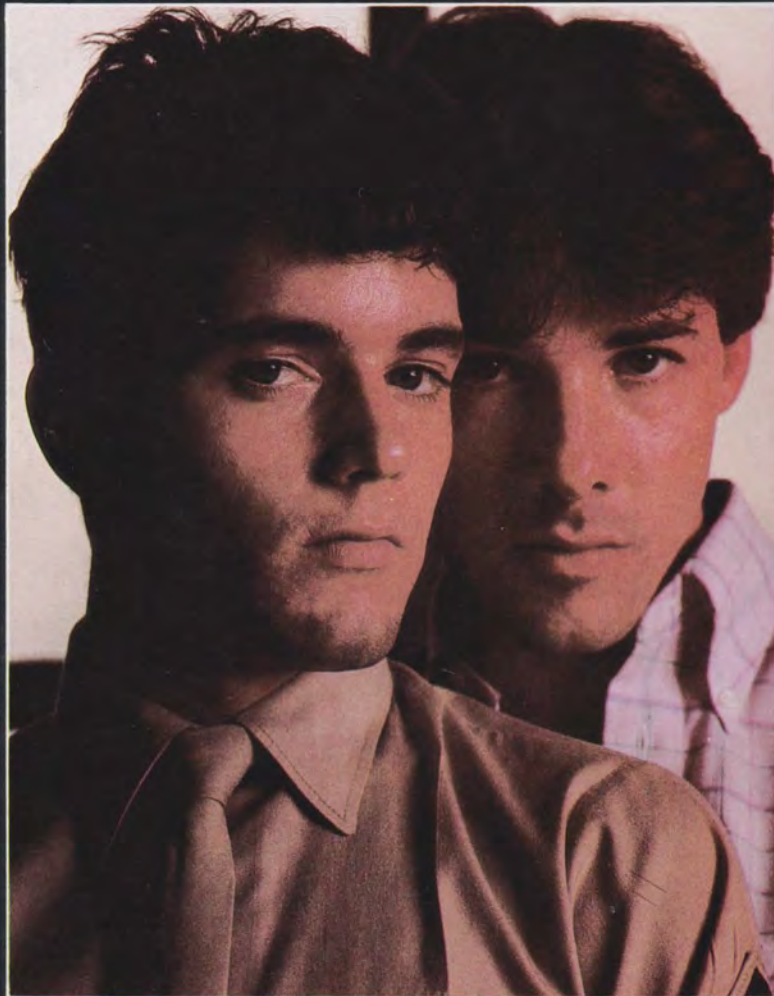
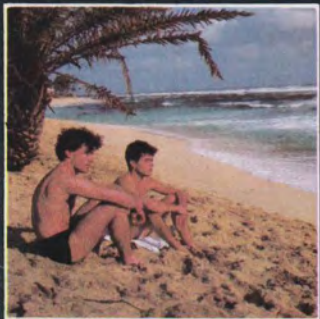
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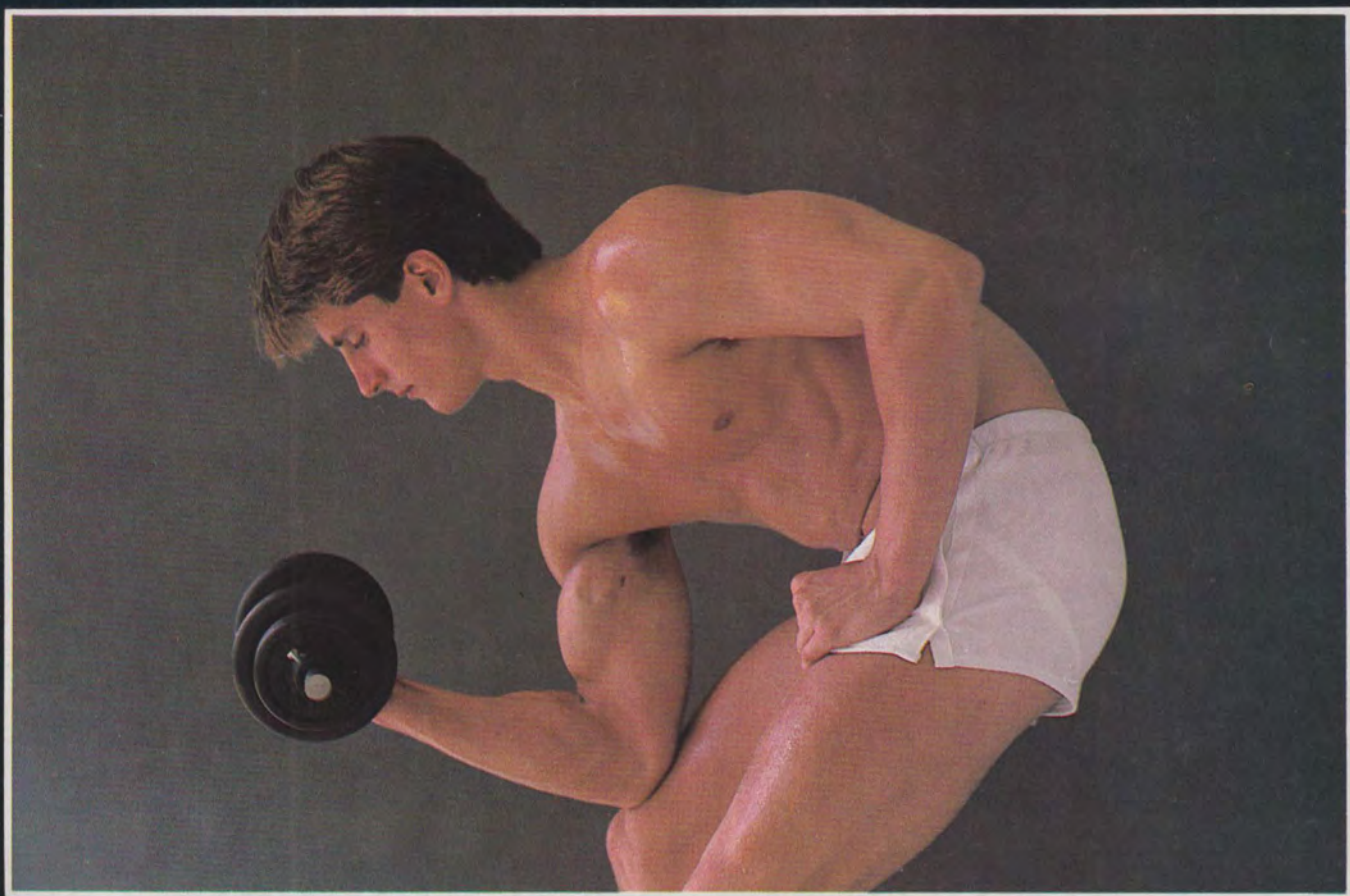
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# HONCHO

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE MACHO MALE

VOLUME 6 • NUMBER 10  
JANUARY 1984



COVER: DON HANOVER

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hen you were a  
little boy, they used to tell  
you that Santa would  
bring you a bag of switches

if you were bad. Now that you're all grown up,  
you would probably like that just fine. Switches  
for a bad boy. You have changed since those  
childhood days and so has Santa. Underneath all  
that padding, he's a humpy stud who wants to  
make you happy. So this year, he's got a huge bag  
for you and it's loaded with goodies and the kind  
of toys that are sure to bring a smile to the big  
boys he visits nowadays.

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big, hearty, **HONCHO** welcome. And we don't  
mean milk and cookies.

While you're at it, have yourself a hot and  
horny **MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY  
NEW YEAR**, full of the good things in life.

Photo by Naakkve



“J

ust take a seat over there. An orderly will be with you in a minute.” The woman behind the counter handed me a slip of paper with my name and my doctor’s name on it, and a little glass cup about twice the size of a thimble.

Her face remained blank as she pushed the cup toward me. I couldn’t look her in the eyes because we both knew I was going off somewhere to jack off in that cup. I was in the hospital laboratory to get a sperm count. I looked at her enormous boobs instead. She hefted them on the high counter like two prize melons, rolled them around a bit as she fussed over papers on the counter, then back to her files.

Three weeks before, I’d gone impotent. Not even a piss-bone in the morning. Twenty-two fucking years old with a dick as flabby as an old sock.

Debbie and I get along just great. It was her idea to get married now because her old man likes me and is willing to help us out financially with a down-payment on a house and car for Deb. We’ve fucked now and then since high school and it’s really good.

*I came out at the hospital when I was having a sperm count done. Then I told my future father-in-law that I was gay, expecting him to be angry. Instead, he took off his clothes and turned out to be*

# THE BEST DAD

But when this happened I panicked. I mean shitless. She tried to reassure me, but, Christ, what’s the point if you can’t fuck.

My doctor was sympathetic. He did some tests; nothing worked. This is the last physical test—the sperm count. He thinks my balls may not be producing sperm or hormones. If it’s not that then it’s mental, he says. It’s probably off to the shrink if there’s nothing wrong with my cum.







# I EVER HAD

By Ed Erikson • Photo by Don Hanover



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"Kim Stacy?" A good-looking guy stood in front of me. "Come with me."

I followed him down the corridor to a door marked MEN and under that STAFF ONLY. He unlocked the door with one of his keys. He pushed the door in and held it for me. It was a small john with only one stall, no urinal, and a lavatory opposite the stool.

"Here you go," he said. "When you've finished, just leave your specimen on the counter with your pink slip and you can go." He looked at me and grinned. "You know how to fill that up?" he asked.

"I reckon I can figure it out." But I couldn't. I pumped and pulled my fucking dick for thirty minutes. It wouldn't get hard and I couldn't come unless it got hard.

I used to be a great jerk-off artist. I tried to remember the best times, my favorite fantasies. But nothing worked. My cock just got drier and redder. I took off all my clothes and looked at myself in the mirror above the lavatory.

I'm good to look at. I keep in shape. I have a swimmer's body. No extra flesh, just long taut muscles, flat stomach and good chest. My shoulders are wide, my hips narrow, and I have a small hard ass. My cock, on the other hand, was an embarrassment as I tried to get it hard. It's an unimpressive four inches when it's soft, but hard it grows to a good eight inches and stands at a throbbing 140 degree angle. At least that's the way I remembered it. It's been such a fucking long time since I had a hard-on.

I was standing there holding my equipment in my hand when the door opened. A short, stocky guy wearing a doctor's smock said, "Sorry. Didn't know anybody was in here."

The orderly stood behind him in the doorway. He gave the short guy a push into the room and said, "It's Kim Stacy here to shoot his load."

I dropped my balls and started to reach for my pants hanging over the toilet stall.

"What's the matter? You've been in here half an hour."

"I can't get it up." I could have wept, I was so fucking frustrated.

"Jesus, I'm sorry, Kim. What's the matter?"

"I don't know what the shit's the matter. That's what I'm here for. To find out," I said.

"Maybe I can help," said the short guy. I eyed him suspiciously. He was a little taller than me, but then I'm small. But he was stocky, at least in the white coat he wore.

"This is Stan Gradman. He's one of the resident doctors," said the orderly.

Like a fool I held out my hand. Like we were meeting in a bar or something instead of in a crowded toilet with me bare-assed.

The doctor washed his hands. "I can probably get some semen even if you can't get an erection," he said. He took a tube of something out of his pocket and squeezed some on two fingers of his left hand. "Just lean over the counter there, put your elbows on the counter and spread your feet apart."

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"It's OK," said the orderly. "He's a terrific doctor."

I did as he told me, feeling very vulnerable. The doctor put one hand on my right cheek. "Slide your feet back a little and lean further forward. I need a good view of your anus. OK. Is that comfortable?"

It was comfortable until he pushed a cold slimy finger into my asshole.

"Jesus Christ, that's cold," I yelled.

"It'll warm up in a minute."

And it did. Very quickly. I looked in the mirror as he slid his finger slowly back and forth in my tube. I couldn't see what he was doing, but I could

streak of pre-cum oozed from my cockhead and stretched several inches before dripping to the floor. Another large drop formed immediately as my cock grew even higher. It stood nearly straight out now.

"I think my fingers aren't big enough," the doctor said.

"But they feel so good," I said without thinking.

The doctor took off his white coat. He didn't have a shirt on under it. He had enormous pectoral muscles with small sharp nipples at the lower edge. Between his tits was a line of dark curly hair disappearing into the top of his pants.

"Don't move," he said. He stepped from behind me and took off his pants, then his white briefs. His dick hung halfway to his knees, and it was as big around as five fingers. I'd never seen anything like it. He took a little jelly in his left hand and began to stroke his incredible tool. Three or four strokes was all it took. It stood up to an alarming size. He positioned himself behind me.

Although I had a virgin ass, I knew what he was going to do. He touched the head of his dick against my quivering hole and gently pushed. It was warm and firm and felt the size of

---

***Although I had a virgin ass, I knew what he was going to do. He touched the head of his dick against my quivering hole and gently pushed. Soon it felt like it was all the way into my lungs.***

---

see how much the handsome orderly was enjoying it. He was eyeing my asshole and rubbing his crotch.

"You've got a nice tight asshole," the doctor commented as he pulled my right cheek aside and prodded deeper and deeper with his finger. The doctor was about my dad's age, maybe 45 or so. He pulled out and then slowly forced two fingers in. It was completely painless. In fact it was beginning to feel good.

"I'm going to massage the prostate. You should come in no time."

He was right. I began to get that weak-kneed feeling you get when you're about ready to unload. I looked down at my cock and it had grown an inch or so. It was a little firm and slightly arched out from my belly. A

a baseball bat. He pushed, then moved back, holding my cheeks apart, with his thumbs near my asshole. Slowly, bit by bit, he pushed his pole halfway up to my lungs.

When he was all the way in he said, "I think this is going to work, but I need some help on the front end."

"I thought you'd never ask," said the orderly. He instantly fell to his knees in front of me and sucked my dick into his mouth before I knew what was happening. I'd never been sucked off before, and I couldn't believe the feeling. My cock was so hot and stiff now it made up for the three weeks of impotence.

The blond took out his own cock. He started stroking in time with his mouth action and the pumping going

*Continued on page 12*



MY POEM TO  
"THE YEAR GONE BY"  
1983....

JANUARY...HAD



SAME STYLE....

FEBRUARY...STAYED



AWHILE...(2 WEEKS)

MARCH...WAS SWEET



AND QUITE A TRICK....

APRIL...WASN'T...



BUT...WHAT A DICK...!!

MAY...WAS YOUNG



SO ANXIOUS TO PLEASE...

JUNE...KNEW MORE



THOUGH QUITE A TEASE...



JULY...STOOD OUT



LIKE A FIRE-CRACKER...

AUGUST....DELIVERED



A LONELY LINE-BACKER...

SEPTEMBER... WAS



ROUGH...MAGNETIC AND BOLD....

OCTOBER...I CAUGHT



A TERRIBLE...."COLD".....

NOVEMBER...!!!



AH, NOVEMBER.....  
I SHALL ALWAYS REMEMBER!  
BECAUSE...  
IN DECEMBER,  
I WAS  
STILL "IN" NOVEMBER.....

JANUARY 1<sup>ST</sup> - 1984



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BUT I CAN'T GRIEVE...  
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on in my ass.

"Fuck me! Fuck me! Suck it, man!" I groaned. The doctor began to hump so hard that he lifted me off the floor with each lunge forward and upward. I could feel his giant instrument prodding my prostate with each move he made.

"I'm coming," I gasped. Only a few strokes from the cocksucking orderly finished me off. I must have come a quart. It was everything I had stored up for three weeks. Come spilled out of the orderly's mouth around my softening cock as he sucked the last drop.

The doctor let out a yell like he'd been murdered, reached around and pinched my nipples, and came inside me like an enema. The orderly shot his load straight up into the air, a beautiful fountain of thin white jism that fell back on his stomach. The doctor pulled his cock out. I had a strange, empty, but very satisfied, feeling. "Guess I better get back to work," the doctor said. "I'll wash up first."

I moved aside from the lavatory and backed against the orderly. He pressed against me, put one arm around my chest, and stroked my nipple. The doctor soaped his hands, then took that beautiful prod of his and held it over the sink. He soaped its full length. It was like a small animal, a weasel or something, squirming in his hands.

"Can I do that?" I asked. I don't know what the shit came over me. But I couldn't stand not to touch him.

"Sure, why not. There's enough for both of us."

I lathered my hands and he let me take it. I stroked it gently. It wasn't completely hard, but it wasn't soft either. The skin moved tightly over the shaft. He was cut, but I could pull the flesh almost over the head, then pull it back and rub the bright red head around the base.

In the meantime, the orderly had moved around to the other side of the doctor. He rubbed one hand up and down the crack of his ass. He played with one of his tits with the other hand. The doctor reached down and grabbed the orderly's cock and started working on it.

"Maybe I won't go back to work just yet," he said.

I rinsed the doctor's cock with water to rinse all the soap off. The cool water made it get hard all at once. It grew in my hands until the skin was so tight it would no longer slip over the shaft.

"Suck it," he said, turning so that the eye of his cock stared up at my eyes.

"Me?"

"Why not? You'd love to. I can tell."

To be honest, I was dying to. "I don't really know how. I've never done it," I protested.

"It's just like sucking your thumb, only a hell of a lot more fun." I fell to my knees. The orderly, standing behind the doctor, had his hand between his legs playing with his balls. I grabbed the doctor's dick in both hands and put the head of it in my mouth. It tasted salty with pre-cum.

I've done a lot since that first time, but there's never been anything like that first cock in my mouth. Not just because it was big, but the sheer fucking pleasure. My own dick was painfully hard, and my whole body felt like an extension of my cock. Anywhere those two medicine men touched me, I felt like I was coming.

The orderly moved around beside me. We sucked and licked and fingered the doctor's dick, occasionally kissing each other as we stroked the doctor. The orderly sucked the doctor's balls while I took so much dick down my throat I thought it was going all the way to my stomach.

The doctor started to fuck my face. He grabbed my head and braced it against the lavatory. He rocked back and forth on his heels as he tried to ram more and more of his stiff rod down my throat. The orderly stuck his thumb up the doctor's ass, making him come just as I was trying to get a breath of air. His sperm splashed across my face, into my mouth, over my nose and forehead, into my hair. It flowed down my neck and over my chest. I thought he was never going to stop. The orderly moved to the front and took the doctor's cock in his mouth, sucking until the doctor was completely dry. I scooped cum from my face and licked my fingers. It was sweeter than honey. And I knew I was never going to marry Debbie.

The orderly licked some cum from my nipple. Then he took his finger and scooped some from my neck. He scraped his finger over his specimen glass and let the cum run inside.

"But that isn't mine," I protested.

"And it's only a few drops."

"We can take care of that," said the doctor. He took the orderly's cock in one hand and mine in the other, and started to massage them. He pulled us closer together and rubbed our inflamed dicks against each other.

In a minute we were both coming like crazy. We could have filled a whole lab, but the doctor caught our cum in his hand, and when we'd finished he mixed it all together. He filled the small specimen glass with our cum and the few remaining drops of



his own. I don't know how the lab technician explained such a variety of sperm in the sample, but I passed the sperm count with flying colors according to the report I received a few days later.

I knew when I left the hospital that day that I had to call off the wedding. I didn't want to tell Debbie the reason. Someone as feminine as she is would die if she thought she couldn't get me to act manly with her. But I wasn't about to give up all I had discovered from those two hot, horny hospital cock teasers. I didn't want Debbie trying to reform me either. I figured the only sure way was to tell her father. I knew he'd be so angry and so eager to protect his daughter that he'd make sure she never came near me again.

I called Debbie and told her I wanted to talk to her dad about some things. She was pleased because I'd never really made any effort to get to know him, and she insisted I'd really like him if I'd spend more time with him.

I went over to their house. Dave, Debbie's father, was working in the yard. He was stripped to the waist and had on cut-off jeans. He was sweating like a chain gang laborer. "Hi, Kim," he called as I drove up. "Come on in the house. We'll have a drink." He walked into the house looking like a Marlboro man. He's about six-feet-three, and he's 42 years old. His shoulders are broad, but there's no extra flesh. Just lean, long muscular arms and a tight ass. You can see his lower ribs under his dark tan chest.

"Jesus, it's hot. Fix me a drink while I shower. I'll have a whiskey on the rocks." He walked down the hall toward the bedroom after he showed me the bar. He turned at the doorway and called back, "Debbie and her mother went shopping so we could talk."

I poured myself a drink and swallowed it quickly. I was nursing a second drink when he walked back into the family room where the bar was. He was drying his hair, dripping water from his completely naked body. I almost swallowed an ice cube.

"Hotter than hell in the bathroom," he said as he walked toward me to get his drink. I was still behind the bar so he couldn't see the activity in my pants. My cock was going wild at the sight of his body. He took a sip of whiskey, then rubbed some drops of water from his shoulders. He skinned back his uncut cock and dried carefully under the foreskin. When he dropped it, the foreskin crawled back halfway over the head, leaving the eye of his dick exposed. *Continued to page 40*

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**Michael placed the pre-lubricated Trojan on Conrad's big thick cock and unrolled it a couple of inches down the shaft. "I'm not sure this rubber is big enough for that horse dick of yours," he said.**

# TROJANS

By Roland Graeme • Photo by Naakkve

"Well, you could do us both one favor," Michael said hesitantly. "Not that you have to, or anything," he added quickly. "I mean, it's just something we *could* do..."

"What?" Conrad asked, as he pulled back the sheets on his bed. He hoped this trick wasn't going to turn into a kinky type. When he had asked the tight-bodied strawberry blond with the sexy little moustache, worn jeans, and t-shirt if he liked to do anything particular in bed, he had intended the inquiry as a mere courtesy extended to a humpy pickup. It was like offering him a drink. But now, a hot glint in Michael's blue bedroom eyes warned Conrad that he might be in for more than he'd bargained for.

"You got any rubbers?"

"You mean condoms?" Conrad queried.

"Yeah, second skins?"

"I believe I've got some lying around here somewhere," Conrad admitted.

"I thought you might," Michael said, looking and sounding even more excited. "I had you pegged right away as the butch type who would even stick it in a woman when you get horny enough."

Conrad laughed. "I'm an equal

opportunity fucker. You want me to wear a rubber while I'm fucking you?"

"You don't have to, man. It's just one of my big personal turn-ons. I don't want you to get the idea that I have anything transmittable lurking in my asshole. I'm not insinuating that you've got something, either. It's just that I like getting screwed by a big cock covered by a rubber, pure and simple."

"Well, why not?" In his wide and varied experience, Conrad had met men with far more peculiar turn-ons. "It'll be a first for me, but I can't see why it wouldn't be worth a try."

"You don't have to," Michael insisted, his look betraying how disappointed he would be if Conrad couldn't get into it. "Some guys don't like the damn things. They say they cut down on their sensitivity."

"Don't sweat it. I used to get a big thrill out of putting on a rubber and then jerking off into it when I was a kid."

"Me, too!" Michael said excitedly. "And now, I just go crazy once I feel a dick with a condom on it sliding in and out of my butt. It really does something to me."

"Do these do anything for you?"

Take your pick." Conrad opened a drawer in the nightstand and rummaged about until he found the box of condoms. As Michael eagerly took the box from him and opened it, Conrad lay down on his back. Michael took a rubber out of its foil package and fingered it, frowning.

"I'm not sure this rubber is big enough for that horse cock of yours," he joked.

"It'll be a tight fit, but as I remember, it does fit."

"Let me put it on you." Michael placed the pre-lubricated prophylactic over Conrad's cockhead and unrolled it a couple of inches down the shaft. Conrad noticed that the blond's own cock was now erect, and that his hard-on was not much smaller than his own horny protuberance. "Oh, Jesus," Michael moaned as he unrolled the last bit of rubber down around the base of Conrad's thick cock. "This is going to be one hell of a good fuck!" He unscrewed the jar of Vaseline which Conrad had already taken out of the drawer, scooped out a mound of the clear jelly, and smeared it over the condom-sheathed cock. Then he took another glob, massaged it roughly between his ass cheeks and stuck two



# COCK SOCCER

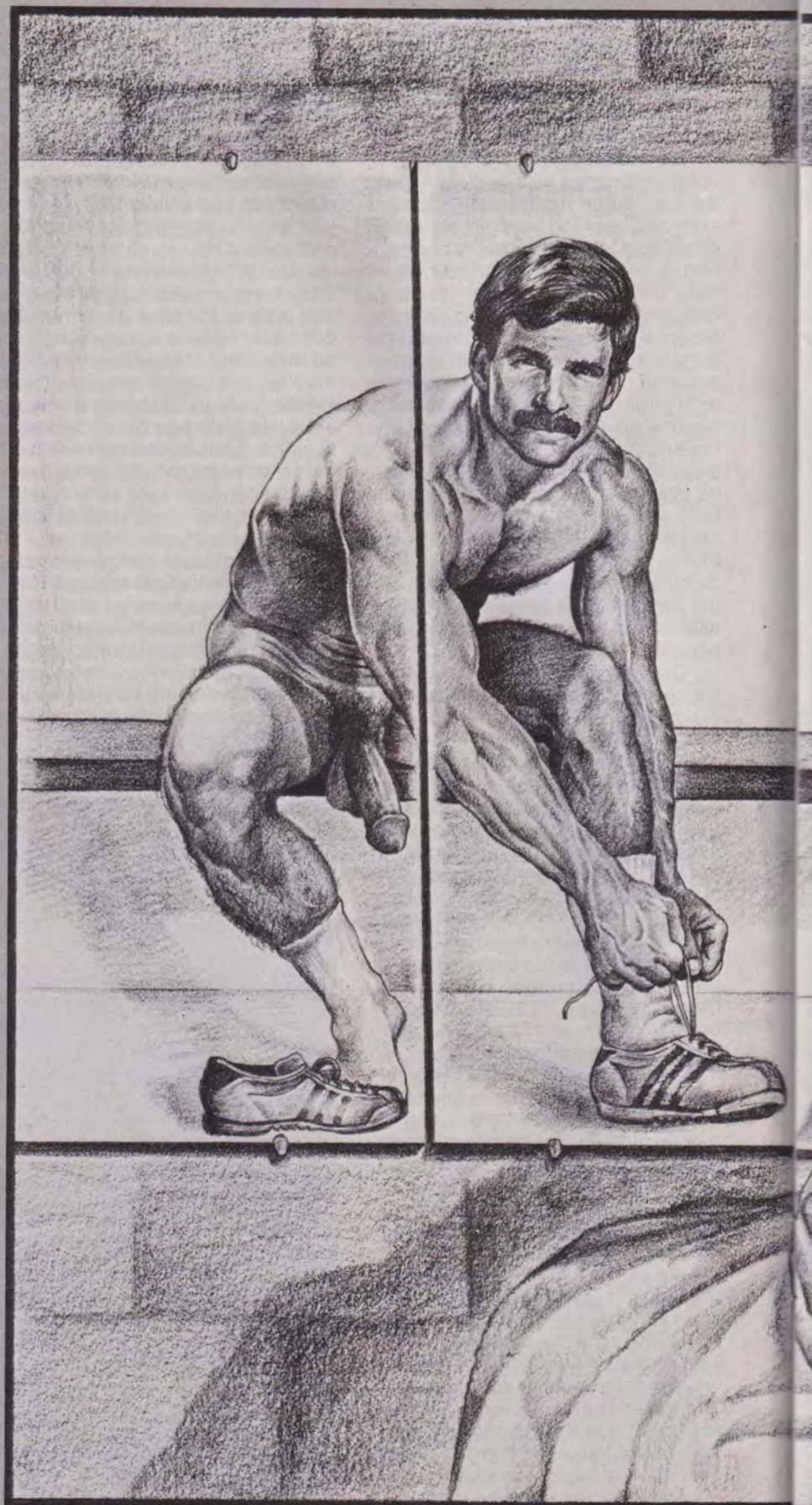
By Matthew Smith

Illustration by Richard White

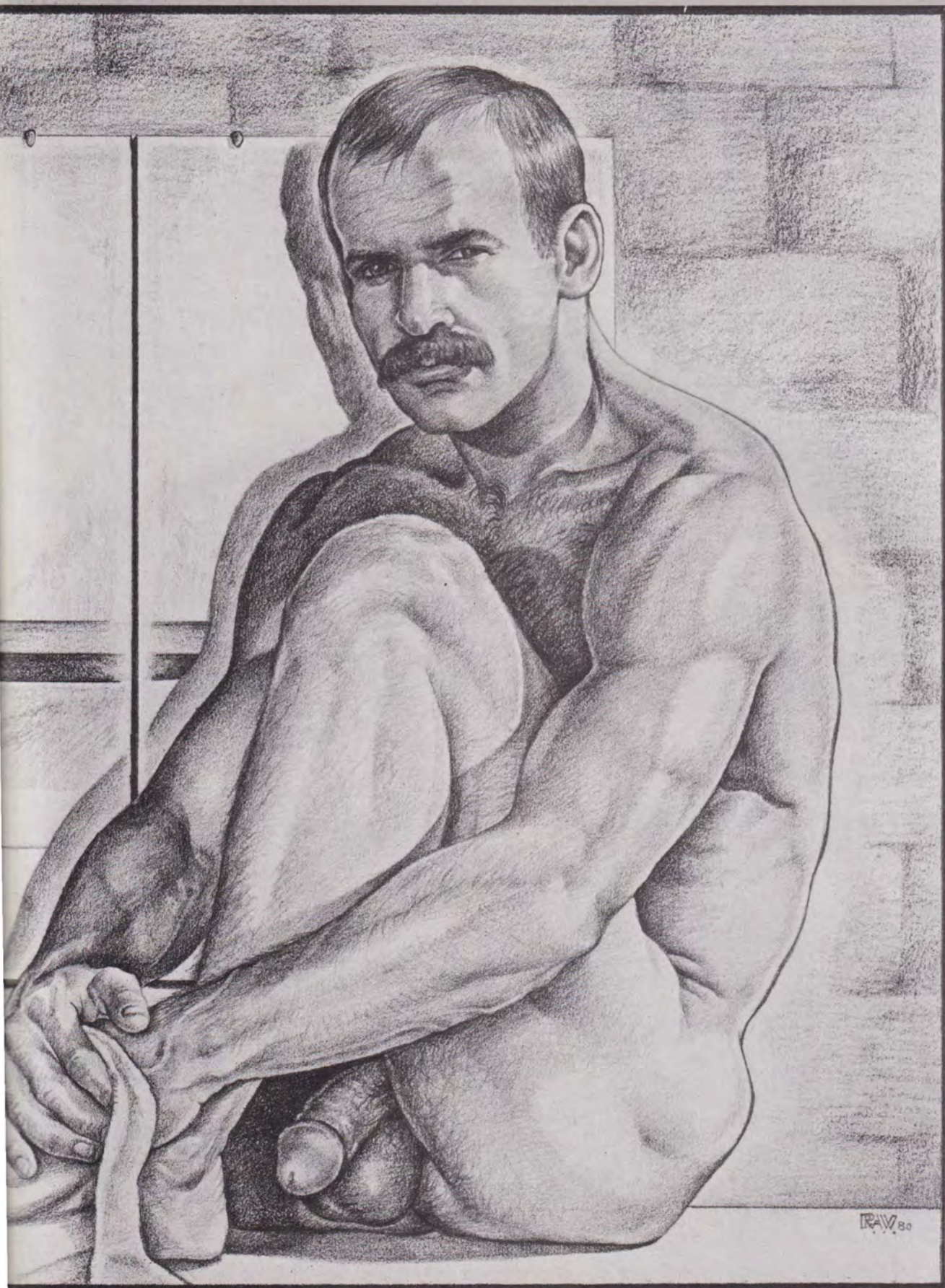
***Carlos was the most seductive soccer player on the team. He liked to tease me by saying, "So, amigo, are you going to give me a rubdown? It seems to be a little stiff." One day I surprised him by taking care of his stiffness.***

Carlos Portilla had to be the best soccer player I had ever laid eyes on — in more ways than one. Not only did he possess a talent beyond that of anyone the opposition could field, he also exuded a raw animal masculinity that beckoned men and women alike. His heavy, overpowering sexuality had me constantly at my wit's end with desire, a desire that — if I wanted to remain in my position as assistant trainer to the team — would have to be kept under control. So far I had managed to do just that, but I knew that it was only a matter of time until everything came tumbling down around me.

Things hadn't always been this awkward for me. Before Carlos arrived on the scene I had done rather well. I had gone about my job with a professional detachment, looking after the many pieces of equipment that the team carried, and giving the men rubdowns after they had worked up a sweat on the playing field. They were good-looking men, these athletes, and I'd be lying if I didn't admit









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to being turned on by their strong bodies. Up until now, though, I'd managed to keep those things in perspective. Carlos, however, was an entirely different matter.

From the first moment I saw him I was struck by his beauty. It wasn't the soft or effeminate kind. No, there was nothing prissy about him in any way. Rather, it was as though everything I had ever wanted in a man, everything which makes a man a man, had suddenly come to life and now stood before my eyes.

Like many South Americans, Carlos had a soft olive cast to his skin. This complexion, combined with the dark, full curls which framed his stoic face, provided a perfect setting for his large brown eyes. Oh, those eyes! If Michelangelo's "David" had been given them, the result would have been spectacular. And on top of that, Carlos was blessed with a pair of the sexiest lips I had seen in my life. His moustache added the final macho touch. As far as I was concerned, Carlos was the perfect candidate for a wet dream.

But he was constantly a source of frustration for me. He had a way of joking around in the locker room that made me more than a little nervous.

"So, amigo," he would say to me when everyone was around. "Are you going to give me a rubdown?" He would then reach his hand between his legs and wrap his fingers around his meat. "I seem to be a little stiff. Maybe you wouldn't mind rubbing it for me, no?" Then everyone would break into fits of laughter and wander off, leaving me to fight back the mounting pressure in my own crotch.

It went on some time like this, he with his friendly baiting, the others reacting according to the mood they happened to be in at that particular moment, and me with my awkward responses, embarrassed smiles, and quick exits to some place where I could be alone for a few minutes. It was all quite innocent, really, and if it had remained that way I might have been able to tolerate it. But that wasn't to be. A little later, the whole thing began to simmer, and then it reached the boiling point.

One day, when most of the others had gone home, I was rummaging around in the equipment room. I was doing this a lot lately in order to keep out of his way. It was my attempt at salvaging my sanity. Like all good planners, though, the one thing I didn't take into consideration was the very thing that happened.

"Hey, amigo," the voice behind me said. The sudden appearance of someone else in the small room practically frightened the wits out of me, and I spun around like someone coming face to face with his worst nightmares.

"Shit," I managed once I had swallowed my heart again. I was looking straight into the eyes of Carlos. He stood there dripping wet, wearing only a towel around his waist. He looked amused, with just the hint of a grin on his face, as he watched the way my eyes took in his nakedness.

"I..." I tried to speak. "Fuck, you scared me."

"I'm sorry," he grinned. "I didn't do it on purpose, you know. I need another towel. There's none left in there." He lightly ran his hand across his chest, then slowly traced the line of hair until he came to the towel. Then he casually slipped his hand underneath the towel and began to scratch his balls.

He did all this nonchalantly, the whole time watching my reaction as I followed the movement of his hand. I couldn't help myself; nor did I really want to. I was looking at a study in human perfection, and nothing except a disaster could have torn my eyes from him.

I stood there mesmerized as his fingers glanced across his firm pectorals. The dark hair lay damp on his chest, producing a perfect setting for his erect nipples. Then his hands were at his stomach again, and I had to breathe in deeply as I suddenly became light-headed.

The water had drawn his soft fur into a line which started just under his chest and traveled down the belly to disappear beneath the contrasting whiteness of his towel. I began to perspire as I watched his stomach move in slow gentle waves. I had to fight myself to keep from falling on my knees and kissing it.

"The towel?" he said, jarring me back to reality.

"Ah... ah, yes. Just a minute." I stumbled around for a few moments, then nervously handed him a fresh towel. "I, ah... I was just sorting out a few things."

"Yes, I can see that," he said. I half expected a fresh round of baiting at this point, but I was met, instead, with one of his friendlier moods.

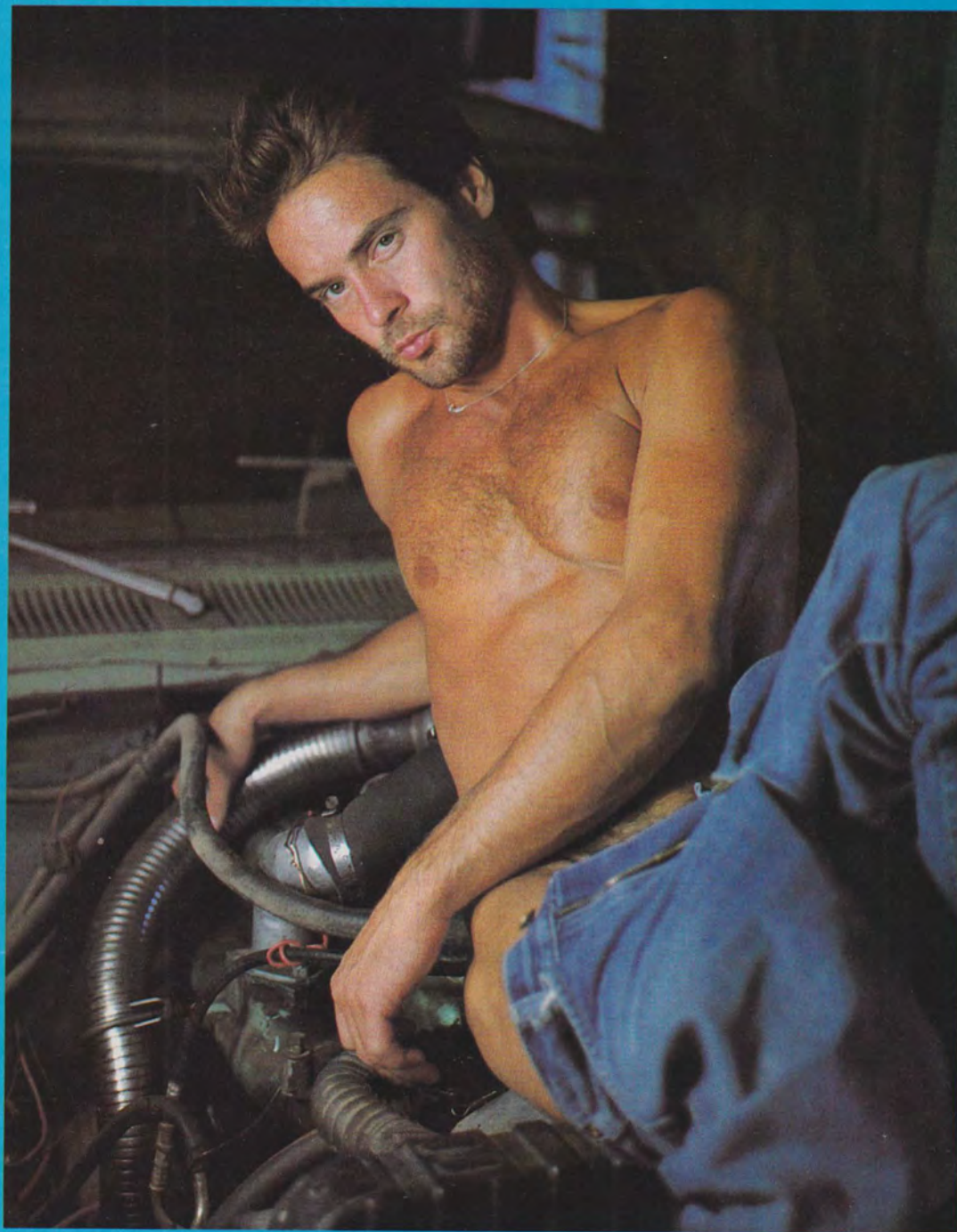
"It looks like we're the only ones left," he said matter-of-factly.

"I suppose so." I was more concerned with the way he was rubbing the towel across his chest. I felt an

*Continued to page 34*



# AUTO EROTIC

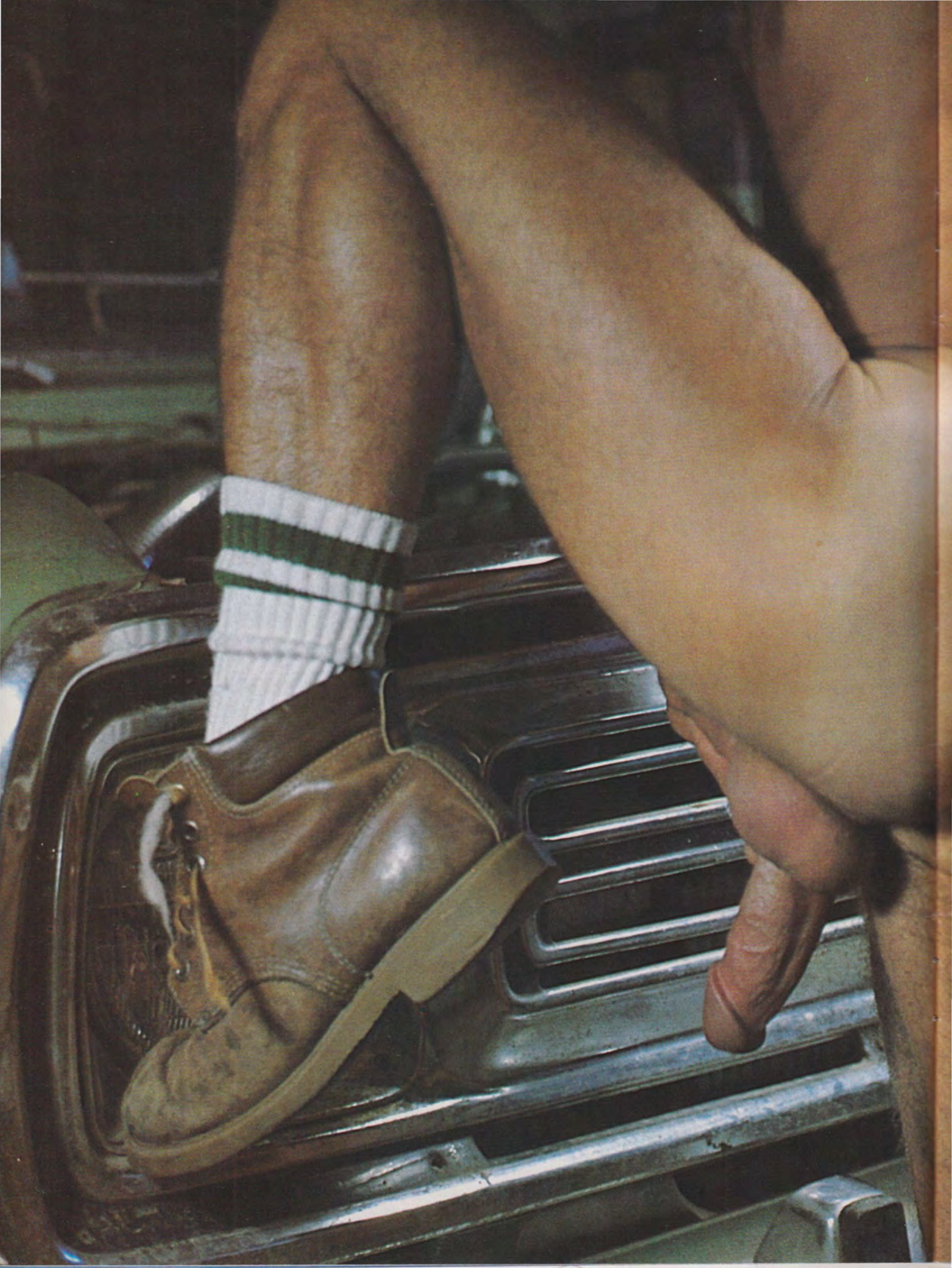


*No relationship can compare with first love. And no first love can quite compare with the way a guy feels about his first car. It's positively auto-erotic.*

*Photography by Romeo*

HONCHO / JANUARY 1984







# AUTO EROTIC



*It may look like a beat-up jalopy to you, but to this man it represents more than mere wheels. It's a way of life: the freedom of the road. Just the thought of all that freedom makes his own stick shift hard as a rock. So hard a cat couldn't claw it.*

*Photography by Romeo*



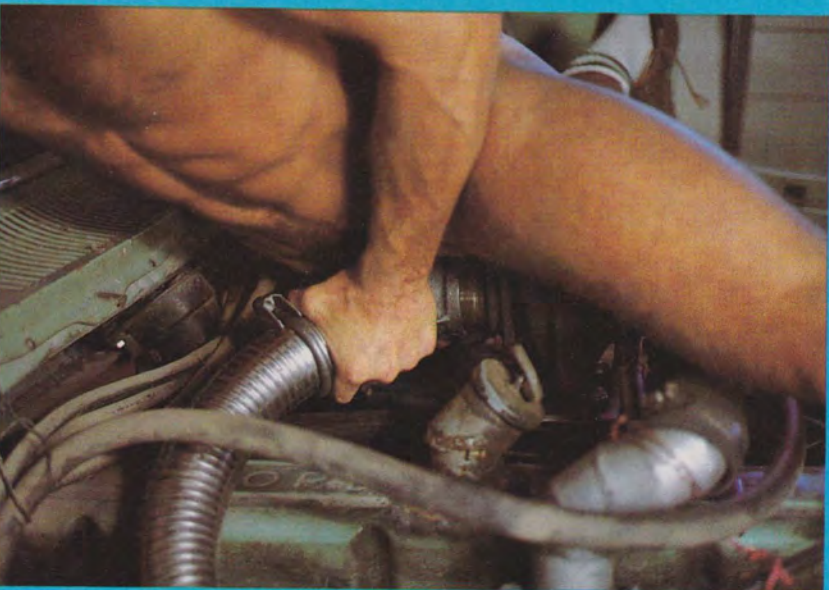
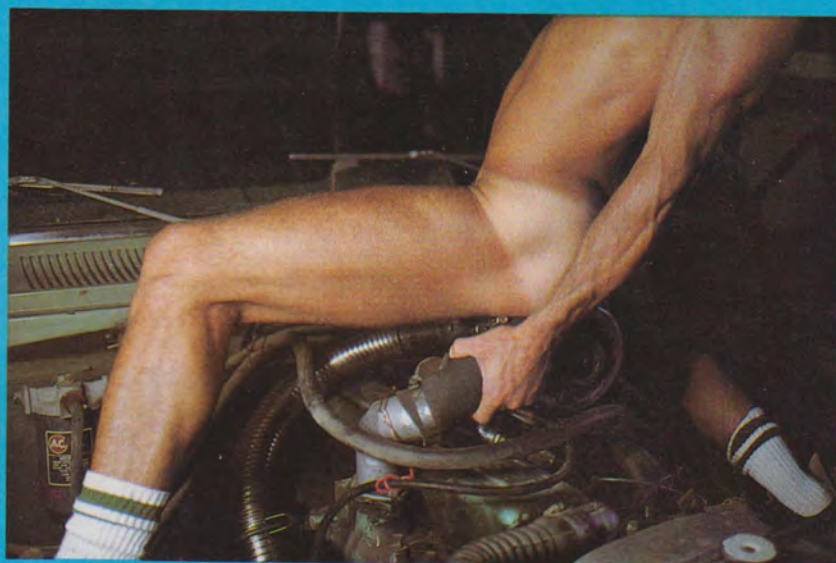




# AUTO EROTIC

*Muscles and machinery. They make a potent combination. But as you can see, these hard, defined muscles need no machinery to enhance their efficiency.*

*Photography by Romeo*

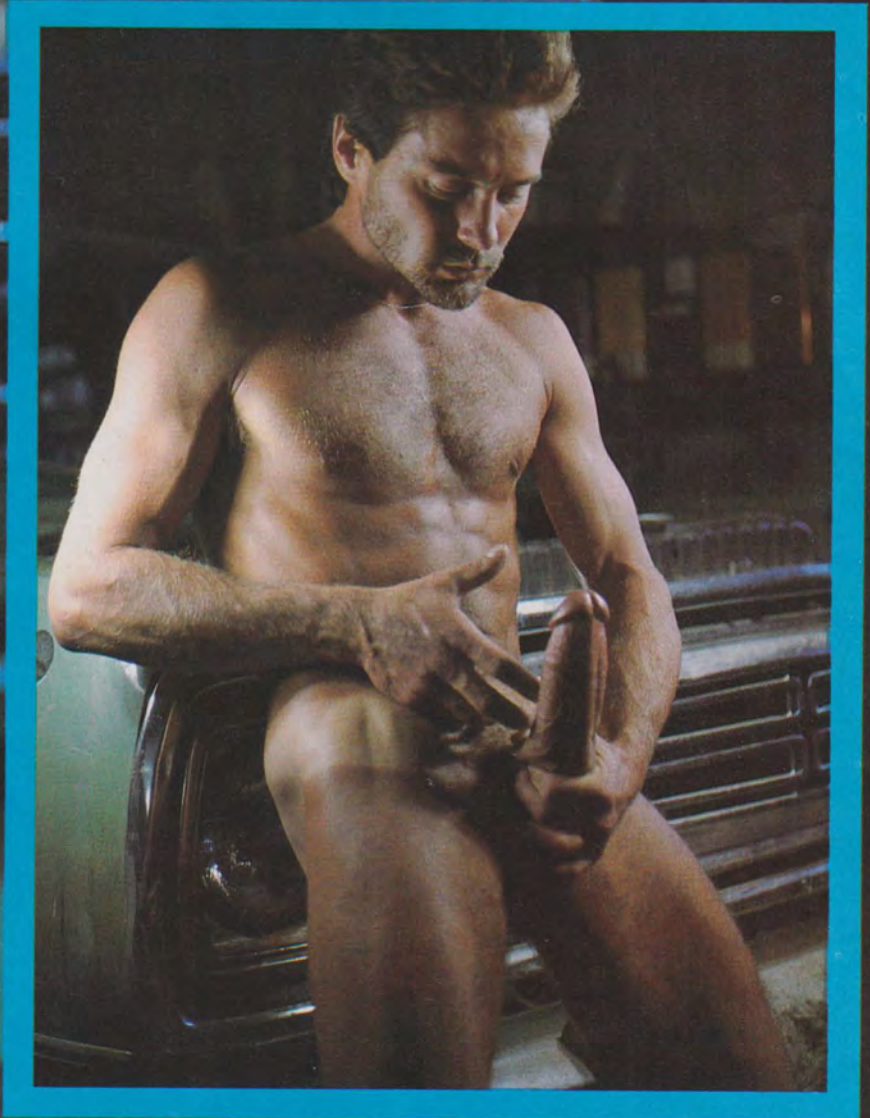








# AUTO EROTIC



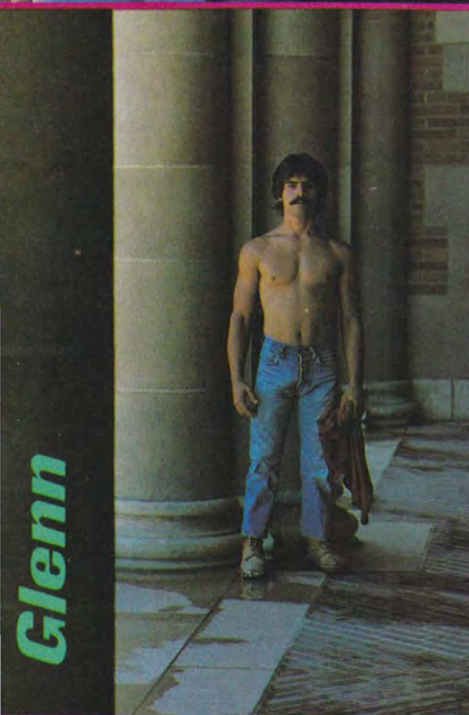
*With the car headlights contrasting with his own fine set of tail lights, he is taking auto eroticism to new heights. He's coaxing his fine cock to spectacular new dimensions as well. There's going to be an explosion in about thirty seconds and it's not the radiator cap that's gonna pop!*

*Photography by Romeo*

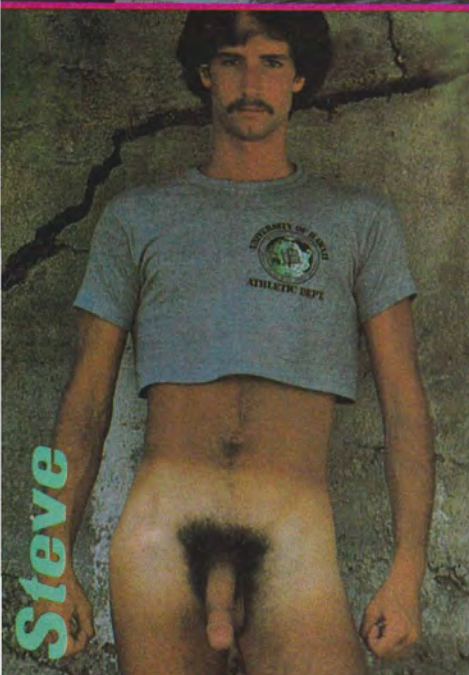




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# TROJANS

Continued from page 17

his hands palms down over Conrad's chest, caressing the hard pecs and swollen nipples. "Can you imagine a guy my age doing such a thing, let alone getting off on it?" he laughed, picking up his story exactly where he'd broken it off in orgasm. "That must have been the first blow job on record that was performed in absentia! But not for long. Dave walked in and caught me, covered in my own cum, sucking on the rubber he'd just shot full of cum. It was quite a scene, but the upshot was that we spent the night in bed together. I sucked him off and later, when he got an erection again, I let him shove it up my ass. We had sex together almost every night after that. God, he was a hot number!" Michael sighed. "I've gotten off on condoms ever since."

"Obviously," Conrad laughed. He could feel his cock going soft within the rubber, within the confines of Michael's ass. Its muscles were squeezing, pushing the inches of his cockshaft out, letting the slimy jism in the rubber slip further along his limp cock. Michael lifted his ass, letting Conrad's dick slip out the rest of the way; it looked like a piece of rub-

ber hose, wet and slippery with the sperm trapped inside its transparent folds.

Michael carefully removed the rubber from Conrad's cock, tied a knot in the open end and thus sealed off the pearly fluid inside. Then, bending his head down, he took Conrad's slime-covered fuck meat into his mouth and sucked it clean, licking it with his agile tongue. Then he stretched out on top of Conrad and kissed him on the lips, allowing Conrad to taste his own semen inside his partner's mouth.

Despite this moment of intimacy, Conrad wasn't surprised when Michael quickly broke the kiss, got up, and began to get dressed.

"Do you have to go?" he asked mechanically.

"I'm afraid so — I have to get up early in the morning," Michael said apologetically, smiling at him.

"You want my phone number?"

"Don't bother. I'm sure we'll see each other again at the bar," Michael hesitated. "I will take this, though," he muttered, retrieving the knotted condom from the bed and stuffing it into the pocket of his jeans so that it nestled next to the bulge of his cock. He flashed Conrad a grin, his moment of embarrassment over. "To remember you by." ■

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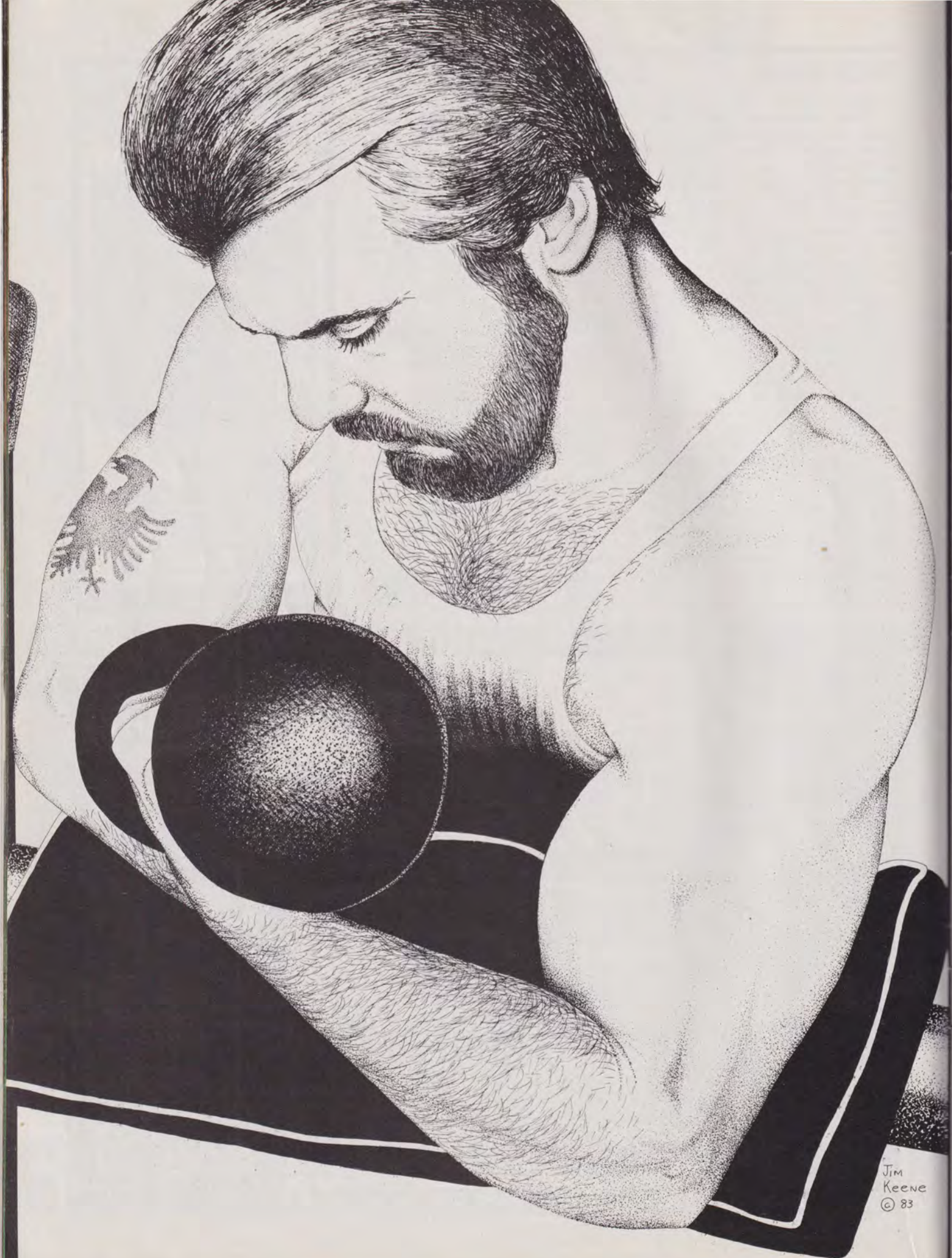


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# GYMSTUDS

by Max Exander • illustration by Jim Keene

Whenever Miles showered after a workout, he made wild animal sounds. He barked and growled and meowed, all the while soaping up his beautifully muscled body and hunky genitals. He always caught the eyes of the other hunky dudes who were rinsing off the sweat after their heavy workouts of pumping iron.

Miles was an enormous bodybuilder. Years of hard work had sculpted his body into rock-hard perfection. His chest was wide and hard, his arms thick and richly defined. His waist was trim and enticing, leading sexily to the perfect round ass with its rock-hard globes formed by thousands of squat-thrusts using heavy weights. His cock and balls were large and well-formed, always half-hard, always ready.

More than once he caught the eye of a young bodybuilder named Rick. Rick knew that he had to get this man, somehow, someday, and so he worked and pumped and groaned and pushed the weights until his own body began to grow firm. His muscles bulged and his cock grew half hard as he slyly watched Miles exercise.

Rick knew what he wanted. He wanted Miles—and maybe Miles' lifting buddy—to use him as their sex toy, as their sex slave to satisfy their lusty appetites.

It was several months before Miles even noticed Rick at the gym. But one day, after Rick's muscles had started to bulge from his efforts, Miles nodded and said: "How's it goin'?" when Rick came into the gym for his daily workout. After that, Miles often greeted Rick, and they began to chat now and then, mostly about the other dudes in the gym.

One evening Rick was sitting in the sauna, relaxing after a heavy workout, trying very hard to keep his dick

from growing. He was especially horny, and watching Miles work out had been a real trial that evening. Rick tried to keep his mind off his fantasies of Miles, because they were causing his already huge dick to fatten and lengthen in the sauna, in front of the other guys who were working up a sweat.

Pretty soon, though, Miles walked into the sauna with his buddy Scott. The two of them sat down and started to rub each other's bodies, working out the kinks in their backs.

Rick shifted so that he could hold down his huge hard-on. He tried to conceal it from the other guys, but Miles looked over at him and noticed

"Sure does," Miles agreed, winking at Rick.

Rick moved uncomfortably, trying to gauge what he should do.

"You've been doing some good work these last few months," Miles told Rick. "I've been watching you, admiring your dedication. From just a regular guy you've turned yourself into some stud." Miles reached over and slapped Rick on the shoulder. "And that meat ain't nothing to sneeze at," he said, suddenly grabbing the thick tool and gently stroking it for a moment.

"You ain't kidding," Scott said, watching Miles's hand slide over the long fat prick. "Looks like a lot of

***After the workout, Rick saw the big hulky bodybuilder come into the sauna with one of his buddies. Rick's cock started to fatten, and before long he had become the slave of the two enormous studs.***

the fat cock. It was difficult for Rick to conceal it; he had a very thick piece of manmeat.

"Hey, check it out," Miles said to his buddy. Scott looked over at Rick's crotch and noticed the throbbing dick. The other two guys in the sauna had just left, heading for the showers and a quick rub-down before going home. But Miles and Scott stayed, both of them eyeing Rick's oversized shaft.

"He's got quite a dick on him, doesn't he?" Scott said suggestively.

man to have at your service . . ."

"At OUR service," Miles said, laughing and howling like a coyote. He let go of Rick's cock and sat back for a moment. He looked at Rick and smiled evilly.

"Well, what about it, Rick? How about a three-way with Scott and me? Two masters and a slave? Both of us are damned horny, and we could use some service. How about it?"

Rick couldn't believe his luck. He was really being invited to serve



these two studs as their sex slave! Rick wasted no time answering that he'd love to service them anytime, in any way, as a sex slave or whatever they wanted him to be.

"All right!" Miles and Scott said in unison. Miles told Rick to meet them at their place in San Francisco's leather district, just off Folsom Street. "We'll be in leather," he added, "so you be prepared to lick. And we want our slaves to wear nothing once they've entered the front door, so do your stripping on the enclosed front porch, then knock four short times. Be waiting on your knees, naked. We'll take it from there."

"Yes, Sir," Rick answered, noting the nod of approval that Miles gave when he heard the word "sir" added to Rick's answer. The two muscle-studs left the sauna and showered up, while Rick sat in eager anticipation of the evening ahead.

Later that night, Rick found himself walking up the stairs to the front porch of the small Victorian. It was dark and blustery because a winter storm was blowing in off the Pacific. Wind whipped his face as he pulled open the porch screen door and entered the enclosed area. He began to strip, peeling off every piece of clothing and kneeling at the front

opened the door and Rick crawled behind him into a dark sex room. The walls were papered in leather, and a large leather-padded sawhorse stood in the middle of the room. Sitting on the sawhorse looking down at Rick as he crawled into the sex room was Miles, the gymstud, the bodybuilder.

"Welcome," was all that Miles said before Scott seized Rick's arms and handcuffed them together behind his back. "You're looking good, slave, and I need to take a piss. Get over here and take care of me."

Rick crawled over on his knees and opened his mouth beneath Miles's hanging prick. No one said a word as the hot stream of diluted beer piss poured out of the huge tool, squirting straight into Rick's greedy open mouth. Rick swallowed every drop, savoring the vague taste of salt as the piss washed down his throat. He knew he was going to love the scene tonight, whatever it turned out to be.

And very soon, he learned. Scott told him to stand and bend over the sawhorse. When he did, Scott and Miles grabbed both his ankles and secured them to the legs of the sawhorse with leather straps, making sure that Rick was helpless. He lay draped over the wooden and leather device, his pretty ass turned vulnerably up in the air. His cock and balls

hard.

"Okay," Scott answered, returning from the other side of the room with a huge rubber dildo. "How about this?"

"God, that's huge!" Miles said, delighted that Rick could not see the thing. He relished the anticipation and anxiety that Rick must be feeling now.

Scott greased the huge dildo. It was twelve inches long and about seven inches around. With no warning and very little mercy Scott began to pry Rick's asshole open with the tool, while Miles yanked and wrenched the balls.

"Well, slave, do you like it?" Miles said as he grabbed a length of rawhide and wrapped it around the ball sack. "You like having a fat dildo up the butt and your balls tied to the floor?"

"Yes, Sir," Rick said, his dick throbbing in a huge erection as his ass was invaded by the big rubber tool. As he answered, Miles was stretching his balls and securing the leather strap to the floor.

"What, slave? You like what?" Miles demanded, spitting on Rick's asshole as the dildo slid in another two inches. It was now almost buried in the helpless ass.

"I like to be fucked and tortured, Sir," Rick answered. "Please fuck me with that dildo, or your fist, and please hurt my balls. . . ."

"Enough! Shut up!" Scott said, starting to fuck the hole with the dildo. He rammed the rubber monster in and out of the hole, watching as the sphincter loosened up, opened wide and became slippery with grease and sweat and ass-juice.

He rammed the dildo in and out of the hole. Miles took advantage of the opportunity to whip Rick's ass with a belt, doubled over, slapping the butt cheeks nice and red.

"Take it, baby," Scott said, but then he suddenly yanked the dildo out of the hole. He inserted four fingers at once, nodding his approval at the looseness of the asshole; the dildo had done its job. Miles smiled approvingly and walked around to Rick's head. He knelt down beside him and began to stroke Rick's face.

"I'm going to fistfuck you, baby, and you're going to love it. Do you want that?"

"Yes, Sir, I do."

"Good," Miles said, running his fingers over Rick's lips. "Lick my hand and get it good and wet. It's the hand that's gonna fuck you in a few minutes."

Rick's tongue began to work over

---

## ***Miles slapped his slave's low-hanging balls, enjoying the sight of the helpless man bound and turned over the sawhorse. The slave's pink asshole was waiting for his master's big dick.***

---

door. He knocked four times.

The door opened. Scott stood there in leather, his hefty muscles perfectly outlined by the straps crisscrossing his hairy body. He ordered Rick to crawl inside.

Rick crawled on his hands and knees into the house. It was warm, too warm, but Rick crawled along behind Scott, who led him up the stairs and down the hall to a dark door.

"Okay," he said, "from this moment on you are our slave, understand? This is the real thing."

"I understand, Sir," Rick answered, looking up at Scott's big dick hanging heavy over his huge balls. Scott

hung between his widespread legs, so that both the studs had complete access to his ass and his genitals.

"We just love to torture slaves' cocks and balls," Miles said, suddenly slapping Rick's balls with his hand. "It really turns me on to abuse a slave's balls," he said, slapping the nuts again, sending mild sensations of pain through Rick's groin. Miles continued to slap at the low-hanging balls, enjoying the sight of the helpless slave bound and turned over the sawhorse, his pink asshole waiting for a big dick.

"Hey, Scott, how about something for this butt-hole, huh?" Miles said, grabbing the ball sack and yanking



the rough calloused hand, first sucking the strong fingers into his mouth, then bathing the hand and fingers in warm saliva to drench the fist for the onslaught up his ass.

Miles pulled away and walked around behind Rick. Scott offered him some poppers, which he took and inhaled deeply. Then Miles looked at the reddened ass, the loose slippery hole ready for his fist. Slowly he greased it up with plenty of Crisco, smearing the lube over his fingers, hand, and wrist.

He started to work his hand into the ass. Rick moaned his pleasure as four fingers slid easily into the loose hole. Then the thumb closed under and Miles closed his muscled hand into a tight rocket. With steady pressure he forced his knuckles past the relaxing sphincter, amazed at the receptivity of Rick's ass. The hole seemed to be inviting his fist inside.

Now he could feel the hot greasy walls of Rick's ass. Rick felt the immensity of the bodybuilder's hand buried inside him. Scott observed the immense pleasure of the connection.

Miles slid his hand along another inch, and then, very slowly, very carefully, he closed his fingers, curling them gently into the palm of his hand until he formed a fist inside Rick's hot rectum.

"Oh, yeah, baby stud," Miles said, leaning over and kissing Rick's ass cheeks. "My fist is sliding in and out of your ass. I'm gonna jerk Scott off inside of you, okay?"

Scott stood alongside Miles and guided his cock toward Rick's invaded hole. "Slide it in, man," Miles said as Scott pushed the head of his dick into the hole. Miles opened his hand and let the head of Scott's cock slide into his fist, reveling in the sensation of having a big dick inside his hand while his hand was inside Rick's ass.

Scott moved his hips back and forth while Miles milked the dick, stroking the head gently with squeezing motions as Scott focussed on the imminent orgasm. He had never felt anything like it: the fist squeezed and milked his dick which was buried inside the hot, slippery asshole. Within moments he was breathing wildly and bucking his hips, bringing the cum up and out of his dick.

Miles loved the feeling of the contractions in Scott's dick, but he especially loved the feeling of the hot sticky cum exploding in his hand and squishing all around inside Rick's impaled ass. Rick moaned and wiggled his butt, accommodating fist and dick and begging for more. Scott

withdrew his satisfied dick, then Miles stood directly behind Rick and pointed his own tool at the hole from which his forearm protruded.

"Here comes my cock, Rick; I'm gonna jerk myself off inside you." Miles shoved his dick into Rick's ass and into his hand. He started to pump, jerking his huge dick into his slimy hand, which was covered with grease and with Scott's cum.

"That feels so good, having my hand inside you to jerk off," Miles said, knowing that his orgasm was about to happen. He slammed his dick in and out of his hand, feeling the heat of the asshole around his fist and cock. The heat and grease formed a crucible for his dick, and he was soon moaning and grinding his hips against Rick's asscheeks as he stroked his cock inside his slave's ass.

"OOOH," he yelled as the cum surged out of his dick. It flooded into his hand like Scott's cum just minutes before. The sticky hot fluid burned his fist as he rammed the last of it home.

"Jerk him off," Miles said to Scott, who reached under Rick and began to stroke his throbbing tool. The dick was slippery with pre-cum that had oozed from all the pressure against his prostate. Rick began to moan and writhe against his bonds as Scott's hand brought him to the edge of orgasm.

"Shoot it, baby, shoot your load all over the fucking floor," Miles said. "I want to see you shoot it, slave, I want to see a big hot load of cum squirt all over the place. I got my fist inside you; I got my big dick inside you, and I want you to come, man, I want you to shoot it, shoot a hot load out of your dick."

Rick moaned and bucked his hips. The sensation of the hand stroking his cock and the fist up his butt was driving him close to orgasm. Scott worked his dick harder and faster, bringing up the cum. Just as the rush reached his cock, just as the semen came squirting wildly out of his big dick, Miles yanked his cock and fist out of Rick's ass, causing the most incredible rush of physical pleasure to pour through Rick's bound body. His cock erupted violently, shooting loads of cum across the floor. The cum drenched Scott's hand and caused Rick to lose consciousness for an instant.

When it was all over they let Rick go, with orders to appear again the next night. There was much more to be done. They had only begun with this new gymstud. ■

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PHOTO: JOHN KRAUSE



## COCK SOCCER

*Continued from page 20*

unendurable desire for him as I watched the muscles bounce while he worked at them.

"Look, I hope you don't take offense," he continued. "The way I act with the others, I mean. It's really just in fun."

I glanced up to see a genuine look of concern on his handsome face.

"No sweat," I said. I was shifting from foot to foot, unable to disguise the fact that I was disturbed by the overpowering nearness of him.

"Still, I would like to apologize, Jim."

This was the first time he had ever used my first name. He stepped forward and held out his hand, causing my mind to reel again. It was as if my entire body was rebelling against me, reacting to his presence with a mind of its own, a mind that cared nothing for the fact that I was dangerously close to expressing my true feelings.

soul seemed to scream. Then I stood there wide-eyed as he tore the towel from his waist.

"What's wrong?" he almost mocked me. "Don't tell me you've never seen a naked man before."

But I wasn't paying attention to his voice any more. I stood staring at a cock that was anything but flaccid. It hung long and thick, growing even larger as I stared at it. It moved out and upwards until the picture included a huge pair of balls, dangling conspicuously inside their protective sack.

He caressed his lower abdomen, distracting me for a second, then reached down and wrapped his fingers around his meaty shaft again. As he did so, it continued to grow until it pointed accusingly in my direction.

I was glad he was enjoying the situation, because I certainly wasn't. Every nerve in my body was on fire. Even the roots of my hair seemed painfully aware of my predicament. I had reached a point of decision. I must make a choice between my

"Here, isn't that what you want?" he asked.

I could smell the mixture of soap and cock wafting up to saturate my brain cells. Suddenly, Carlos pulled down my pants and jock strap in one swift motion, exposing my hard cock. He moved to his knees, pausing once to stare at my pulsing meat, then moved forward to take it into his mouth; instantly, a series of small explosions surged through my body and I had to reach out to keep myself from falling.

"Oh, God!" I gasped. "Fuck, Carlos. Oh, my God!"

I couldn't think, couldn't do anything but hold on. This was not what I had expected. Somehow, the thought of this virile hunk of man kneeling in front of me and hungrily sucking my cock hadn't even crossed my mind. But I wasn't displeased; on the contrary. I took hold of his wet hair and began to move my hips, thrusting my cock against the back of his throat.

He worked with a vengeance. One hand rose to cup my ass while the other went back to pumping his own meat. On and on he moved, sucking and lapping, alternately grasping and releasing the shaft with his lips. I could feel the pre-cum oozing freely from the piss slit and the corresponding series of shocks as Carlos slid his tongue across the glans, lapping up each drop.

He was good — perhaps too good. Sooner than I would have liked to, I felt myself ready to go over the edge. But Carlos also felt it. He pulled back from my cock with a wet popping sound and grasped it tightly behind the head. This caused me to retreat from the edge, yet still maintain the intensity of the moment.

"Oh, baby," he said looking up at me, his face showing lust. "You don't know how long I've wanted to do this." He smiled, showing two rows of perfect teeth, then went back to work.

He ran his tongue across the head of my dick, removing the fresh pearl of pre-cum that had oozed out. Then he licked the underside where the shaft met my balls. There was a slight pause while he breathed in deeply, then he opened his mouth and pulled one of my balls inside.

"Oh, shit," I gasped. "Oh, fuck, Carlos. That feels good."

He ran it around and around in his mouth, applying a slight pressure as he did. Then he paused again and sucked its twin in beside it. The mixture of added pressure and hot moist air almost brought me off again. I let

*Continued on page 40*

***"Not bad, eh?" the hot South American soccer player asked me.***

***"Do you like it? Wouldn't you love to feel it in your mouth. . .to feel it sliding down your throat?"***

All my body seemed to care about was wrapping its arms around him and drawing him close. It wanted to sink itself into his masculinity.

Carlos noticed my obvious discomfort and glanced down at the bulge in my pants. He stepped back, letting his eyes run the length of me, then slowly — and ever so seductively — his lips began to work their way into a smile.

"I take it that means you accept my apology," he said softly. He reached under his towel and took his cock in his hand. Then he slowly began to move closer to me.

I knew there was no way on earth I could avoid him. The only thing to do under the circumstances was to keep my cool, perhaps even bluff myself out of the situation. But try telling that to my mind. The only thing it was aware of was that one hell of a sexy man was forcing me into a position of compromise. Oh, God, my very

heart or my head. I desperately wanted to move, to do something, anything. But I knew that if I so much as opened my mouth I would lose control entirely.

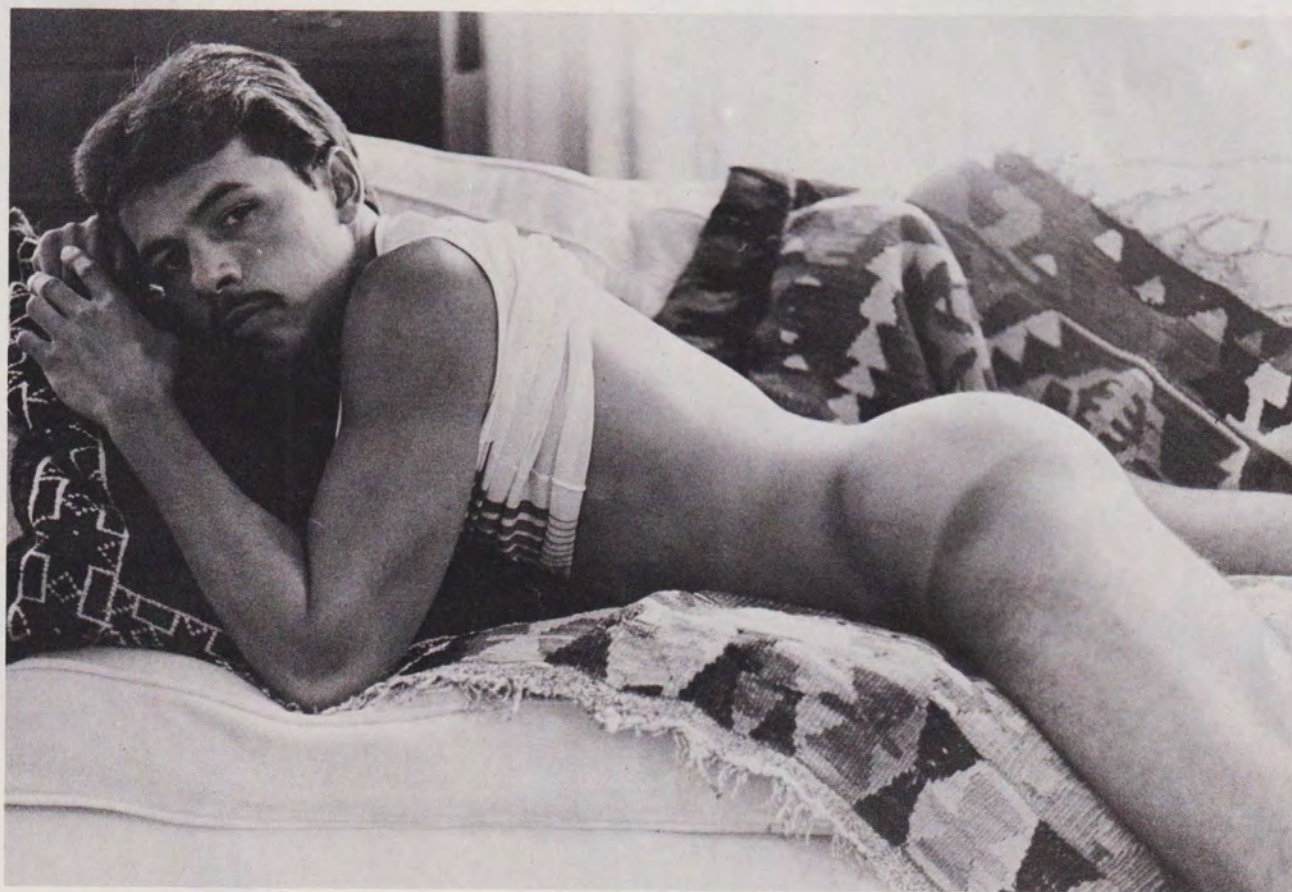
Carlos smiled, glancing down at the bulge I was sporting. He ran his hand along his dick. He pumped it slowly, knowing that with every stroke I was brought closer to the breaking point.

"Not bad, eh?" I faintly heard him through the loud pounding in my ears. "Do you like it? Wouldn't you love to feel it in your mouth. . .to feel it sliding down your throat?" He gave a short laugh and reached out with his other hand, giving my cock a squeeze. "Damn right you would."

He moved me around simply by using his body to herd me against the wall. Once he had me in position, the hand grasping his cock disengaged for a moment and he reached up to hold it against my lips.



# LAZY BONES



It's a lazy day for Jeff. He doesn't feel like doing much of anything except hang around the house. Know just how lazy he feels? He doesn't even have the energy to put on a pair of pants. Maybe he just needs the right guy to come along and motivate him.

**Photography by Kristen Bjorn**

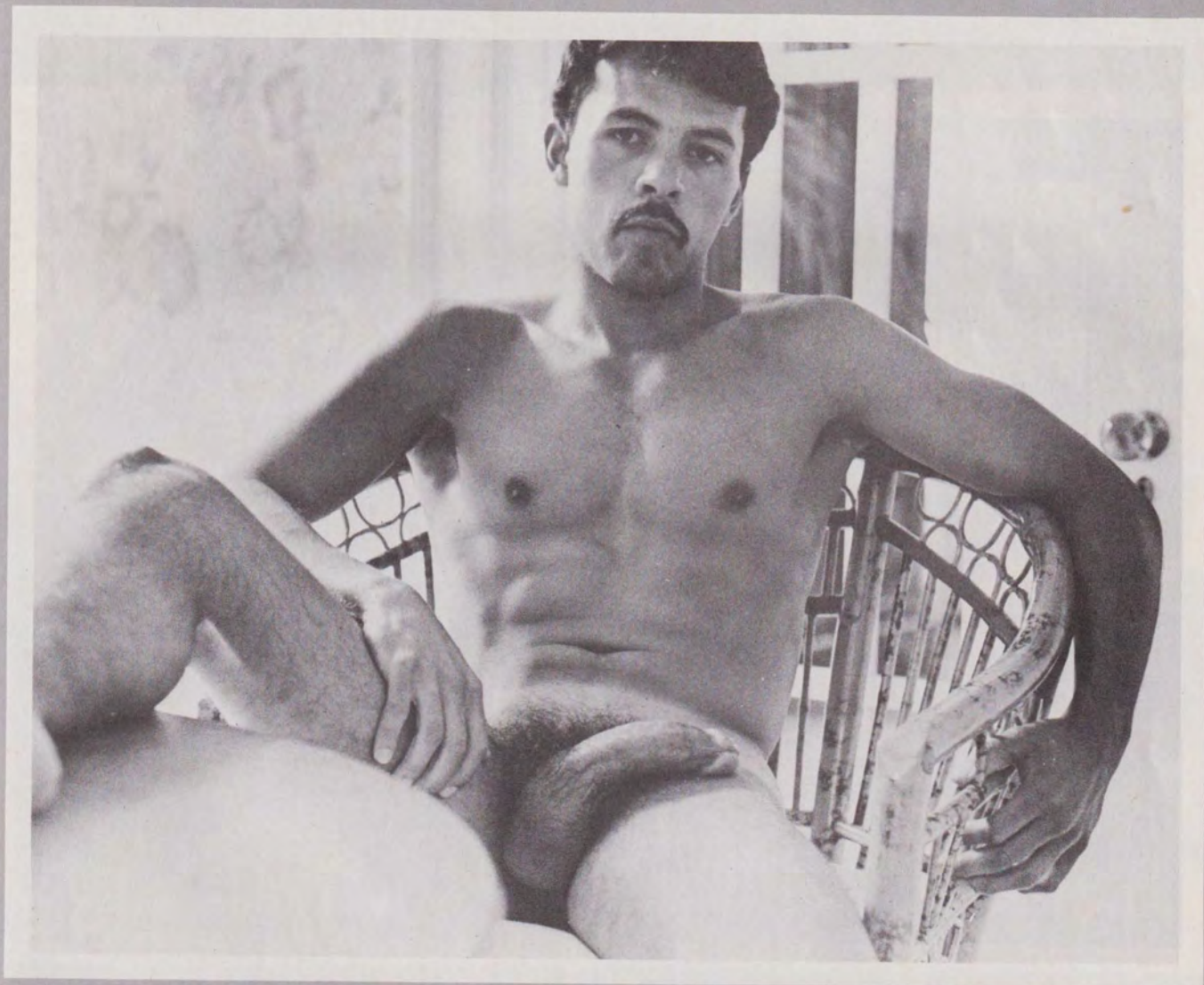
*HONCHO / JANUARY 1984*







# LAZY BONES



Jeff may be laid-back, but he's not totally out of it. While he rests his naked body, his wary eyes look for someone who can rouse him from his daydreams. And get that thick cock of his to stand at attention.

**Photography by Kristen Bjorn**

*HONCHO / JANUARY 1984*



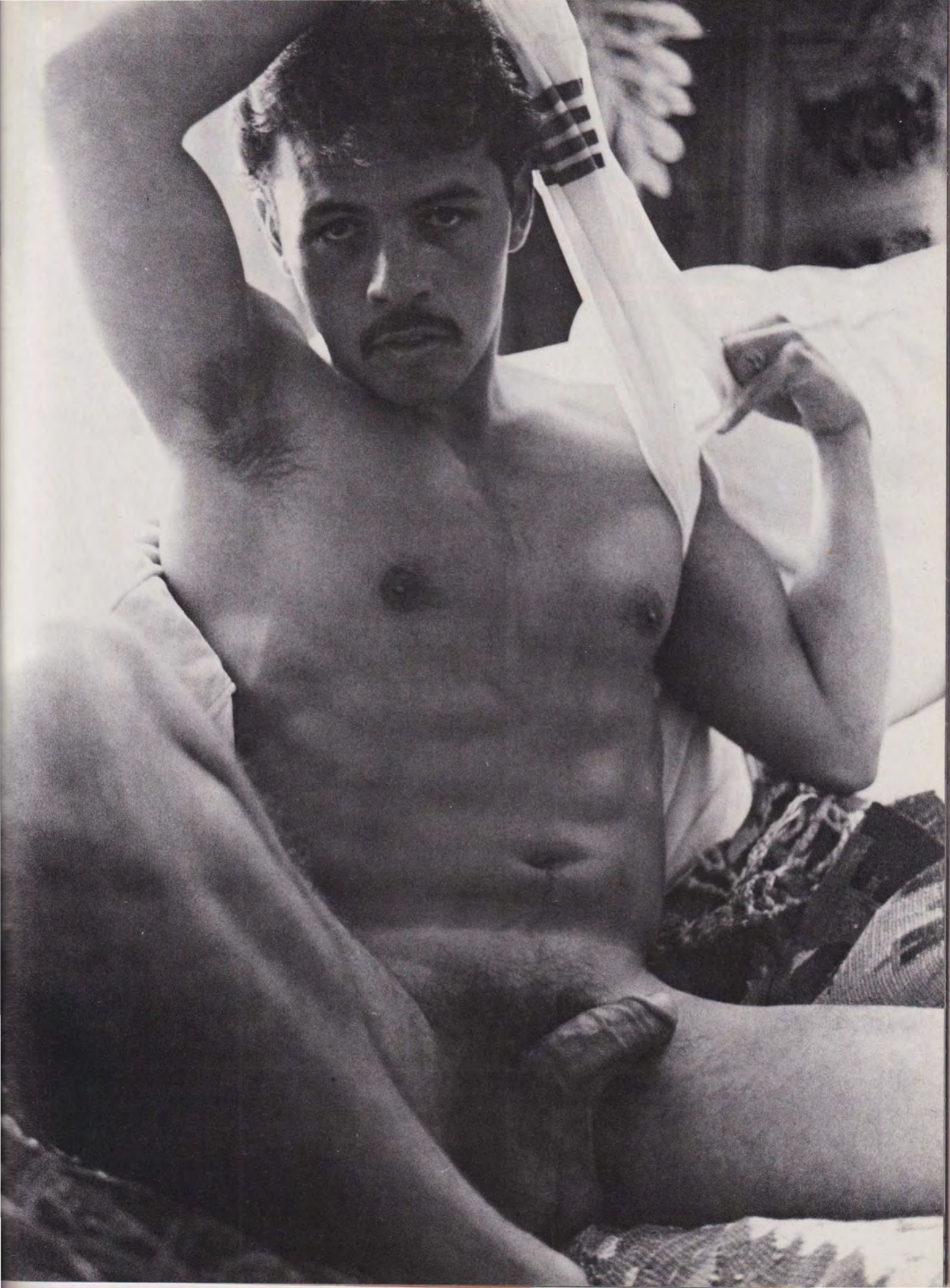
# LAZY BONES



Now the dark stud is fully alert and ready for the touch of a man's hand, the pressure of hungry lips, the thrust of a rigid cock. But there's an impatience in his come-and-get-me attitude, so all comers had better make their move before Jeff decides that he wants to be alone with his hand and his fantasies.

Photography by Kristen Bjorn











# 10 SPEED, 10 INCHES



As I walked into his living room, I saw him climbing off his new pride and joy, a sleek and shiny Kettler. But it wasn't the bike that made my mouth go dry. "Hi," Joe greeted me. "Like the bike?" I was suddenly overcome with a mad urge to worship the seat.

Photography by Naakkve



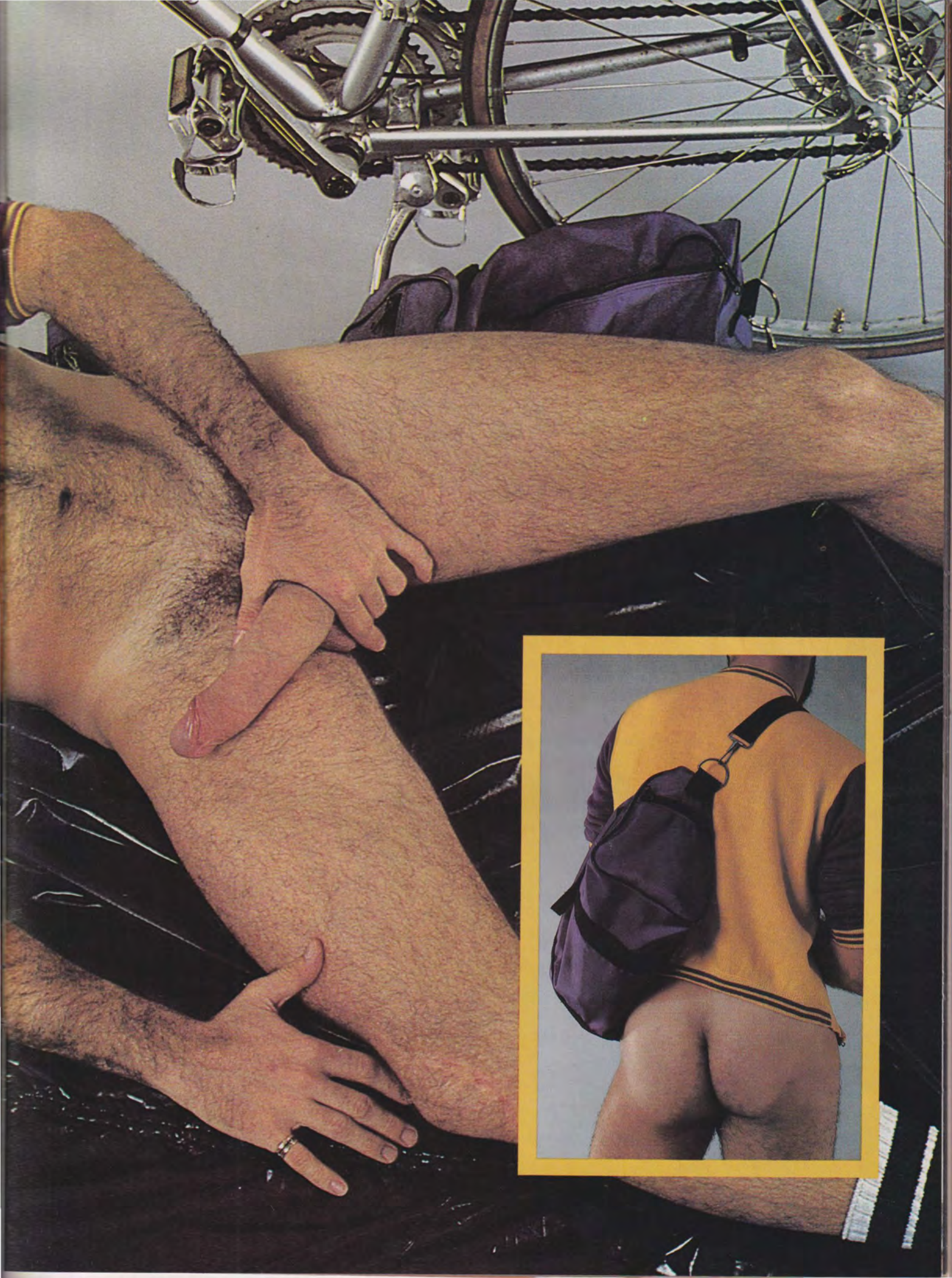
# 10 SPEED, 10 INCHES



He was oiling the chain and doing some other tinkering with his new toy, so he spread some canvas on his rug. Then he spread himself. "Gotta check the footgrips," he said. "They gotta be a tight fit or else you can lose control. Especially if you're riding on dirt roads." Tight fit? Dirt roads?

Photography by Naakkve







# 10 SPEED, 10 INCHES



"Okay, you two-wheel tease," I barked. "I wanna go for a ride, right now! So gimme a nice warm seat and a thick handlebar to grip." He looked at me with narrow, glinting eyes. "I'm ready to ride," he whispered, "so climb on." I did, and we rode for the entire afternoon. And when I finally hopped off, I sniffed the seat until it was time to go home.

Photography by Naakkve









**HONCHO**

Photography by Naakkve







It was a typical winter day. Rain and gray skies, the kind of day when everything seems gloomy and it's hard to get anything accomplished. Today was even more so because I've just moved to this berg and I don't know a soul. I left all my friends in Seattle, and I'd give anything to be back there right now, sitting on a stool in the Elite, dishing with Gil or Jim, joking with Alex, joshing with just about anyone. Over the years I got to know just about everybody there.

But time and tide wait for no man, and the tides of Puget Sound took their toll. My boss insisted I move down here, to Long Beach, a very red-neck little town where the most exciting thing that ever happens is the annual Labor Day Parade when practically everyone who lives here marches down the street (the only street in town) with an American flag. For excitement, you go out on the beach and dig clams or drive up the peninsula and watch the oysters growing in the bay. The local chief of police weighs about 325 pounds and doesn't own any pants that fit. His shirt always hangs out in the back and he wears his khakis tucked into the top of his boots. The town police car is a 1976 Chevy.

There used to be a movie theater in town, but they tore it down to expand the Owl Drugstore. In summer, they tell me, the town attracts some tourists, most of whom come down for the salmon fishing. That means they get up at 4:00 A.M. to be on the dock in Ilwaco by 4:30. And to get up so early, they go to bed by 9:00 P.M. I can't wait for summer, when I can watch the tourists heading for their motels every evening at sundown.

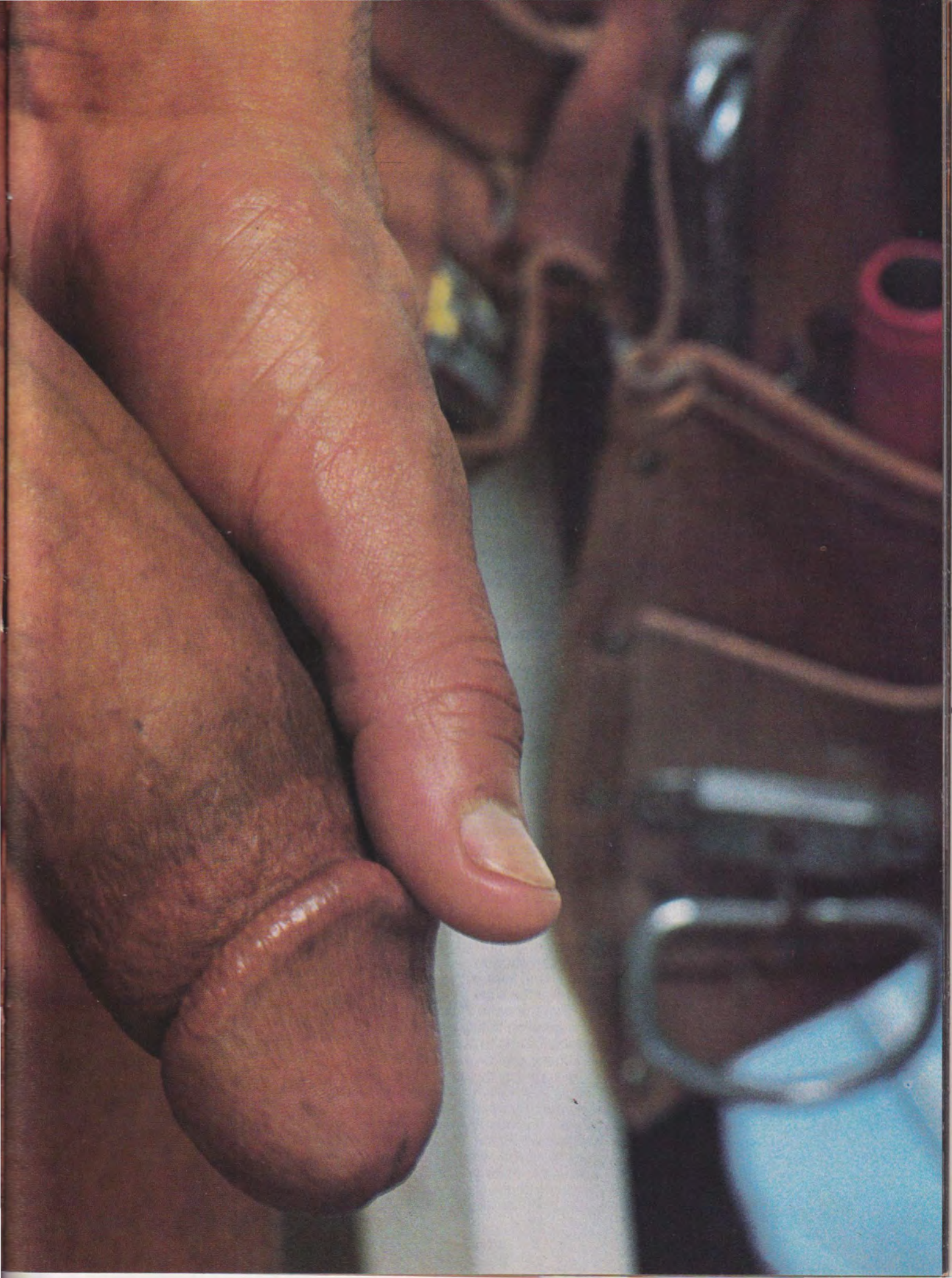
***When the humpy repairman walked up,  
my dog ran over and did what I wanted  
to do: he licked his boots.***

***But later I was the one who licked his  
enormous dick.***

# BONE

By Geoff Ready • Photo by richard ©







Sounds exciting!

On weekends, like today, my bass-et and I usually cuddle in the arm-chair in front of the fireplace. Today was a little different. Moe decided to sleep on the floor while I read a book in the chair because I was doing too much hopping up and down to let him get any sleep.

The dishwasher went out on me in the morning, and there was water everywhere. The damn thing wouldn't stop its cycle and kept spewing water. I called for service and the guy reminded me it was a weekend, but I said I needed service today, regardless!

"Okay," he said. "I'll send my son-in-law over."

The way he said it, I knew I wasn't getting his top-of-the-line repairman.

The morning drifted by while I kept spreading newspapers to sop up the water. I was about out of newspapers when I heard gravel crunching in the driveway. Moe and I made a beeline for the door, Moe baying his basset greeting and me swearing. But I caught myself up short when I opened the door and saw what was striding up the walk from his pickup.

Six foot two, eyes of blue must have been written for this hunk.

and get my tongue back in my mouth. Moe, the little bastard, did what I wanted to do: he ran right up to the man and started licking his boots. The kid laughed and bent down to pet him while I took the chance to stare at one of the hottest asses I've ever seen. The guy straightened and looked up at me with a wide smile.

"Hi, there. Hear you have problems?"

He didn't know the half of it.

"Yeah, I'm afraid so," I responded, trying to lower my voice a couple of octaves to sound butch like the city cop. "I hope you know something about dishwashers."

I stood back and let him pass into the kitchen. When he saw the lake on the floor, he stopped short and I ran right into his backside, my crotch humping his buns. My hard-on was so hard that I thought I'd snapped it in half. He twisted around and grabbed my elbow.

"Watch it!" he laughed. "Slippery in here. I guess you do have a problem, don't you!"

I knew he meant the dishwasher, but when he said it he was staring at my crotch. Probably without realizing, I thought.

"I'll mess around for a while, and I

chair. When I turned quickly to answer, my eyes were right at his crotch level.

He repeated the question I'd missed.

"I said, you know why they do that, don't you?"

I was still groggy. I didn't understand the question at all.

"Do what? Who?"

"Dogs," he said. "You know why they do that?"

He smiled a huge smile and pointed to Moe lying in front of the fireplace. I turned to look. Moe was licking his balls and big red dick. Jesus! I was embarrassed. I'd been staring right at him while daydreaming and hadn't noticed what he was doing. The kid must have thought I was just watching. I turned back to him and smiled.

"God, no. I didn't even notice what he was doing, really. But okay, why do they lick their balls?"

Now he had his hand on his crotch, cupping his own balls. His cock was an enormously huge outline across the front of his thigh.

"Just because they can," he said with a grin. "I would too, if I could, wouldn't you?"

His eyes had turned hot. He moved to the chair, put his hand on the back of my neck, and turned my face into his crotch. As he unbuttoned his fly, his pants opened to reveal a mound of thick black pubic hair. He wore no shorts and his cock was riding high on his thigh as he eased the tight levis down onto his hips.

His hand returned to the back of my head and eased my face into his crotch. His dick was swollen and stiff. It pointed straight out from his body, its head an inch from my mouth. I could feel the warmth, smell his man smell. I opened my mouth and he eased his hips forward. His cock slipped easily down my throat. I closed my lips on it as he reached down to push his pants off his hips. I moved my hand around to cup the cheeks of his ass. My other hand moved to his balls—huge, warm orbs that were moist with his sweat.

I blew him like I had never blown anybody before. I sucked, licked, nibbled, and bit. As I worked on his dick, he unbuttoned his shirt and pulled it open. I moved my mouth upwards through the thick black hairs of his chest, nibbling and sucking his hard tits as he leaned his head back and moaned with animal pleasure. My fingers traced the crack of his ass; then my middle finger slipped easily into

*Continued on page 94*

## ***After getting fucked, sucked, kissed, and turned every way but loose, my hot number left. I patted my dog, and gave him an extra bone as thanks for the big bone he had brought me!***

About 26 years old, black hair, black moustache, and levis that seemed painted on with loving hands. Boots that were grinding the gravel to sand, thighs that could crush a man's head if he could get it in between them, and a basket that made my mouth water. The kid must have a twelve-inch cock, I thought!

His tool kit hung from his belt and slammed with each step against his sensual hips. That tight-packed ass was highlighted by the blue denim of his jeans. He wore no jacket against the rain, only a checkered wool shirt, red and blue, that was unbuttoned half way to his navel and revealed a chest of thick, black hair. Moe ran off the porch to greet him. That distracted the repairman long enough for me to gain a degree of composure

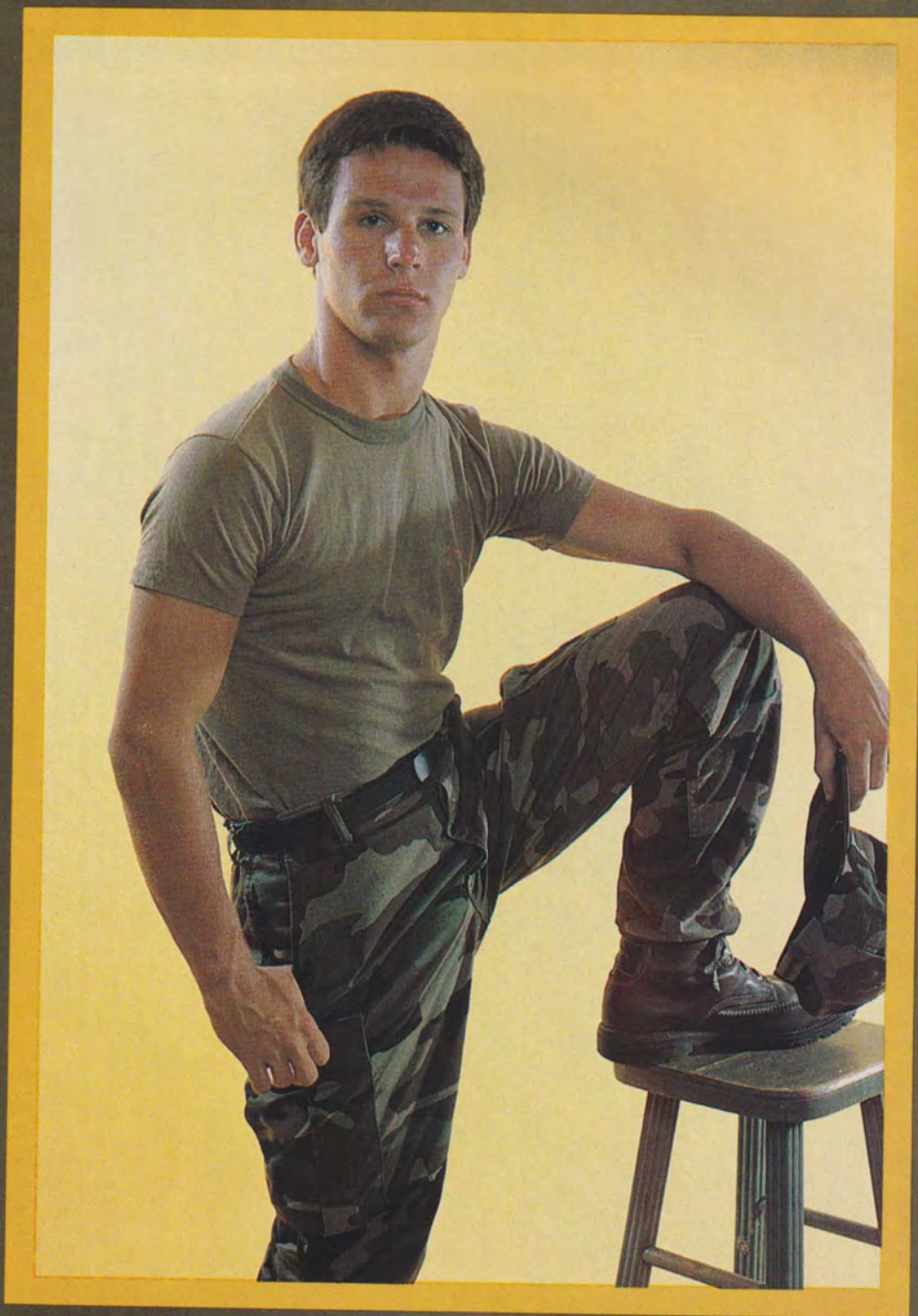
think we can get you fixed up in no time," he said.

I moved toward the living room and told him to call me if he needed anything. I settled into the chair; Moe resumed his nap in front of the fire. I tried working out my weekly inventory from the shop where I'm manager, but my mind kept going back to the porch and the sight of the kid walking down the path. I had the big horns growing inside me and I was anxious for him to leave so that I could get a grip on my problem.

The sound of the surf outside the window and the warmth of the fire made me too groggy to work. I fixed my stare on the flames and daydreamed until I was startled back to consciousness by the kid's voice speaking to me from just behind my



# MEAT THE MARINES



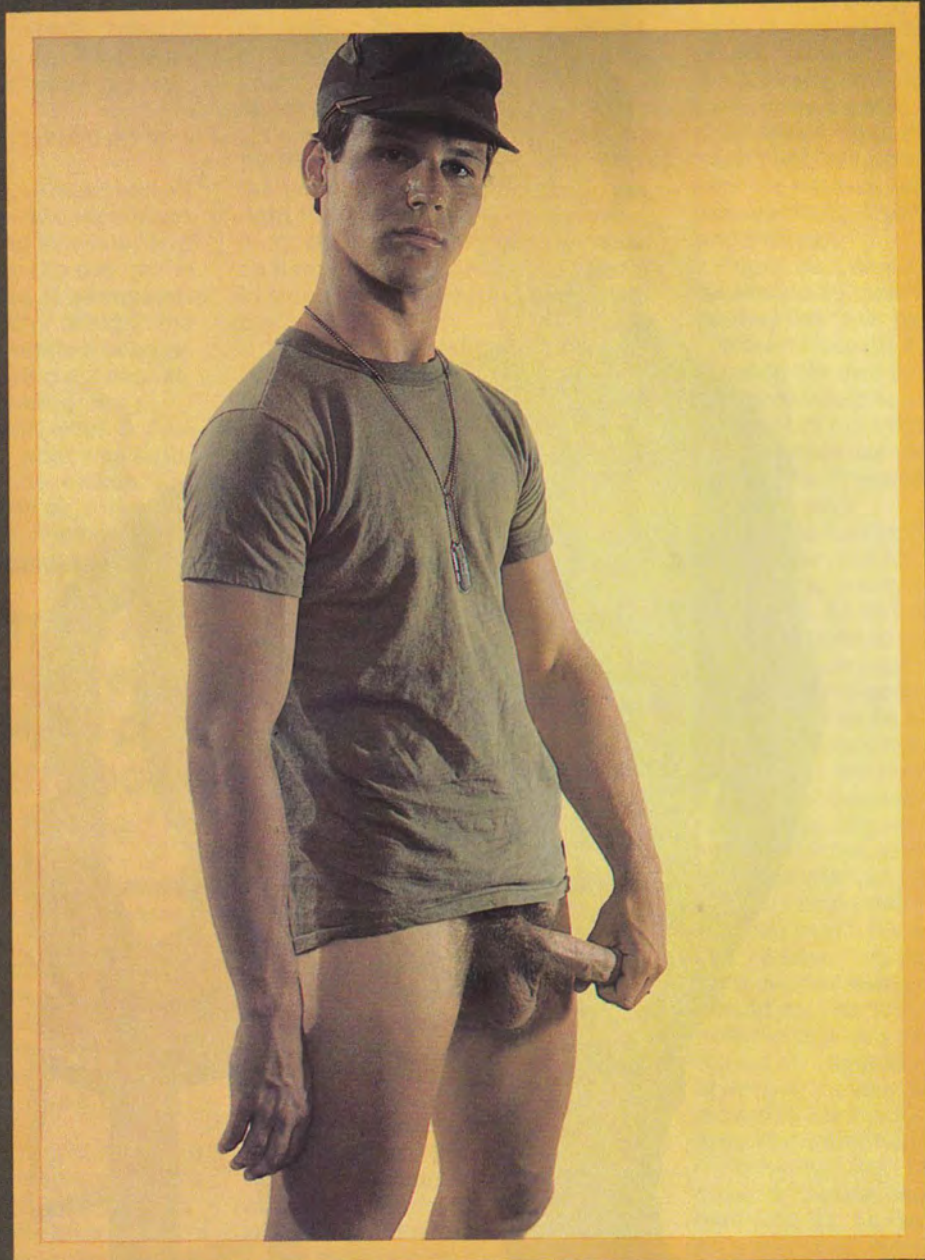
"Private Brian Thompson reporting for duty, sir!" The trim, clean-cut recruit in t-shirt and camouflage pants gave me a snappy salute and stood at attention before me. I looked him up and down and then said in a grave tone, "Private, I have an important assignment, and I think you might be the right man for it."

Photography by Surge Studio

HONCHO / JANUARY 1984



# MEAT THE MARINES



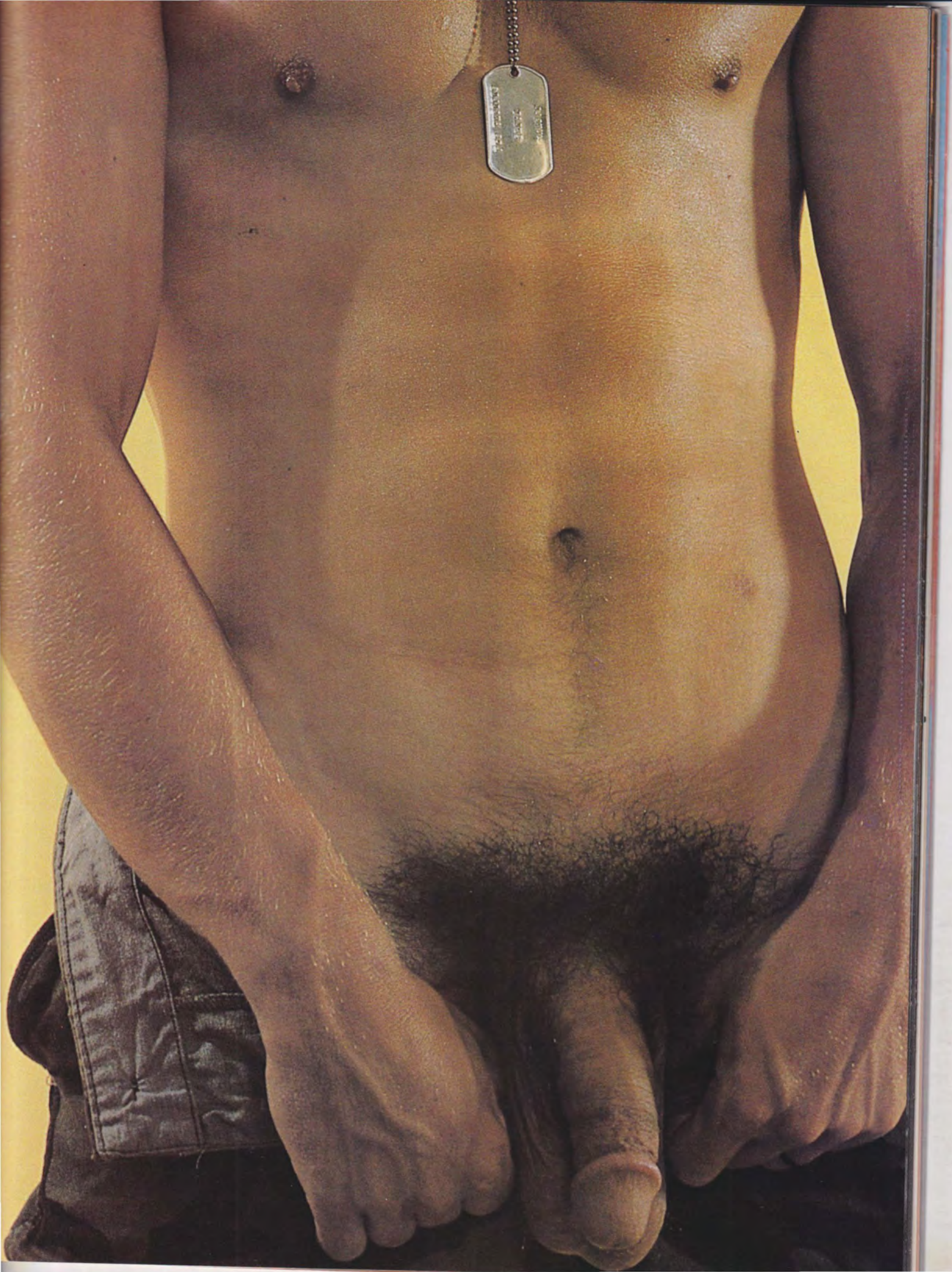
"Yes, sir!" he said, clearly pleased that I'd selected him for something important. He was, after all, only 20, and as far as I knew had no experience in the type of assignment I had in mind. I told him I needed to be sure of his qualifications.

"What do you want me to do, sir?" he eagerly asked.

"Start by taking off those pants," I ordered.

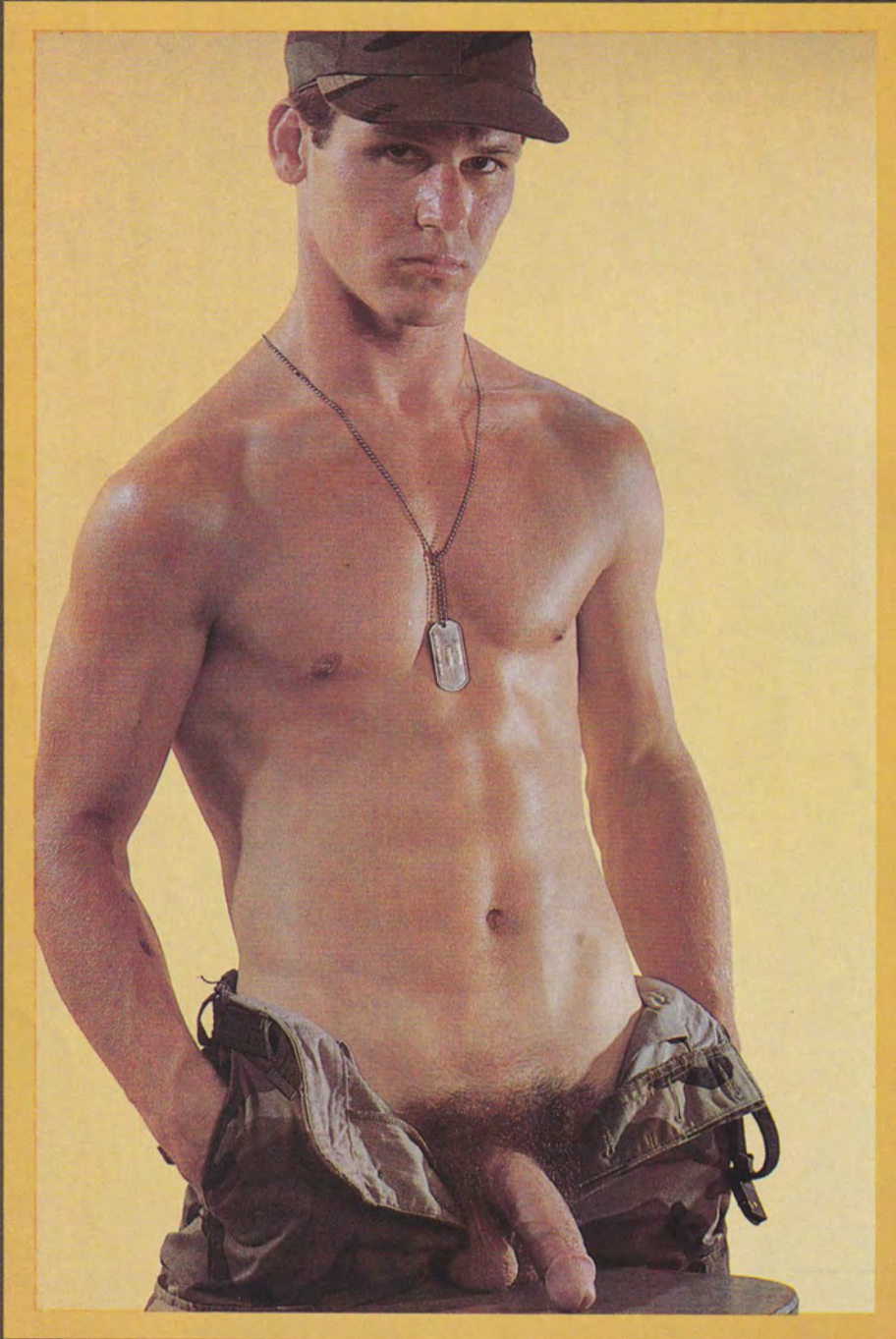
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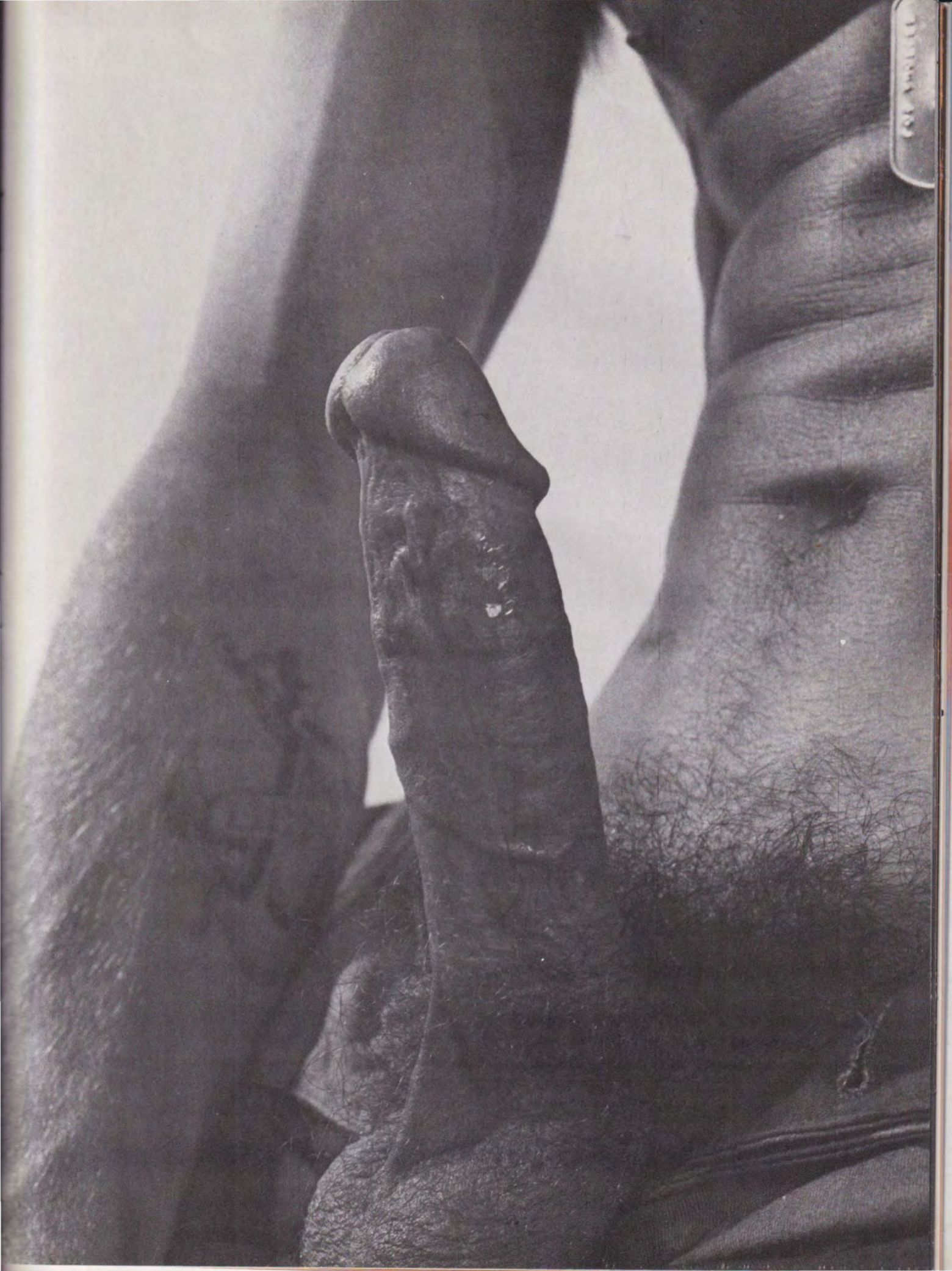
# MEAT THE MARINES



Once he peeled off his pants, he stood there in front of me with a look that was part bad-ass Marine, part scared little boy. "Okay, Thompson," I said. "Before I tell you about the assignment, I want you to show me how your gun works."  
"Sir?" he said nervously. "Get it in firing position!" I ordered.

Photography by Surge Studio









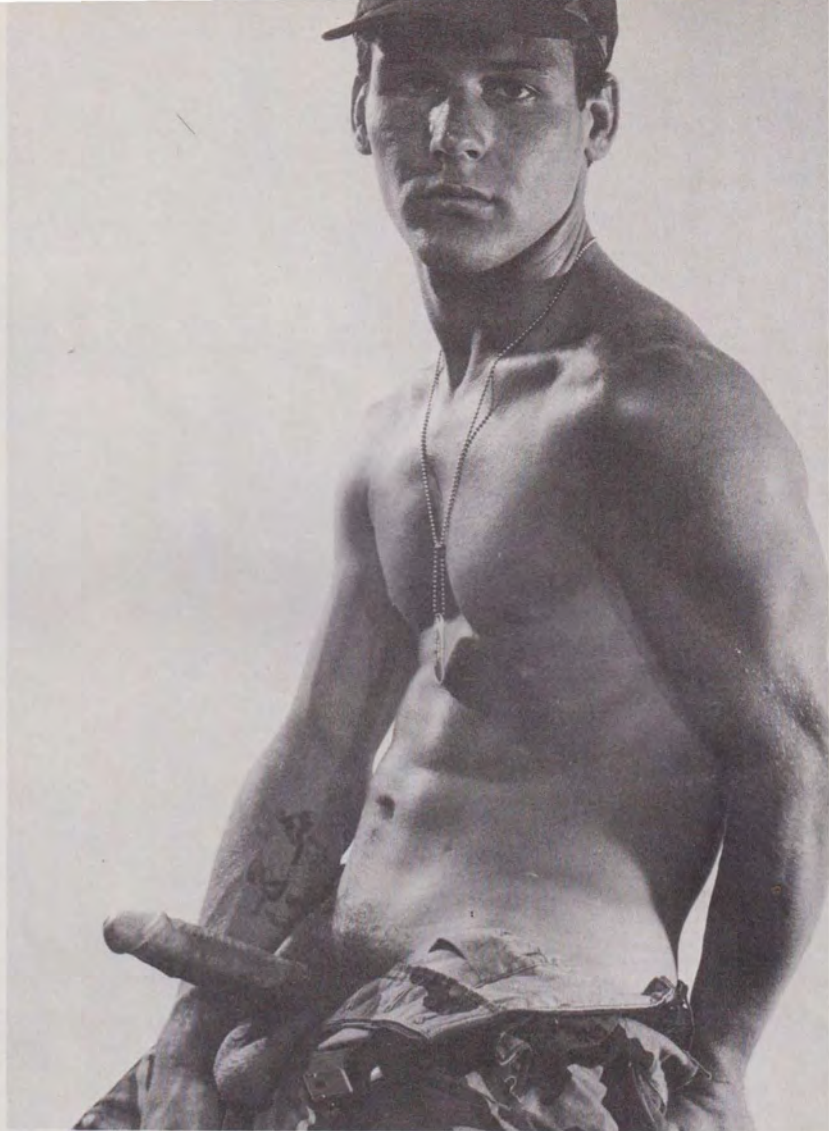


# MEAT THE MARINES

Being a well-trained Marine, he did just as he was told. He took his gun in hand, gave it a few good pumps, and in a flash it was up and ready for action. And it stayed that way, too, even when he took his hand off it. I knew now that I had picked the right man for a difficult job: sexual counter-insurgency in the jungles of Los Cojones, a strife-ridden Central American country.

Photography by Surge Studio

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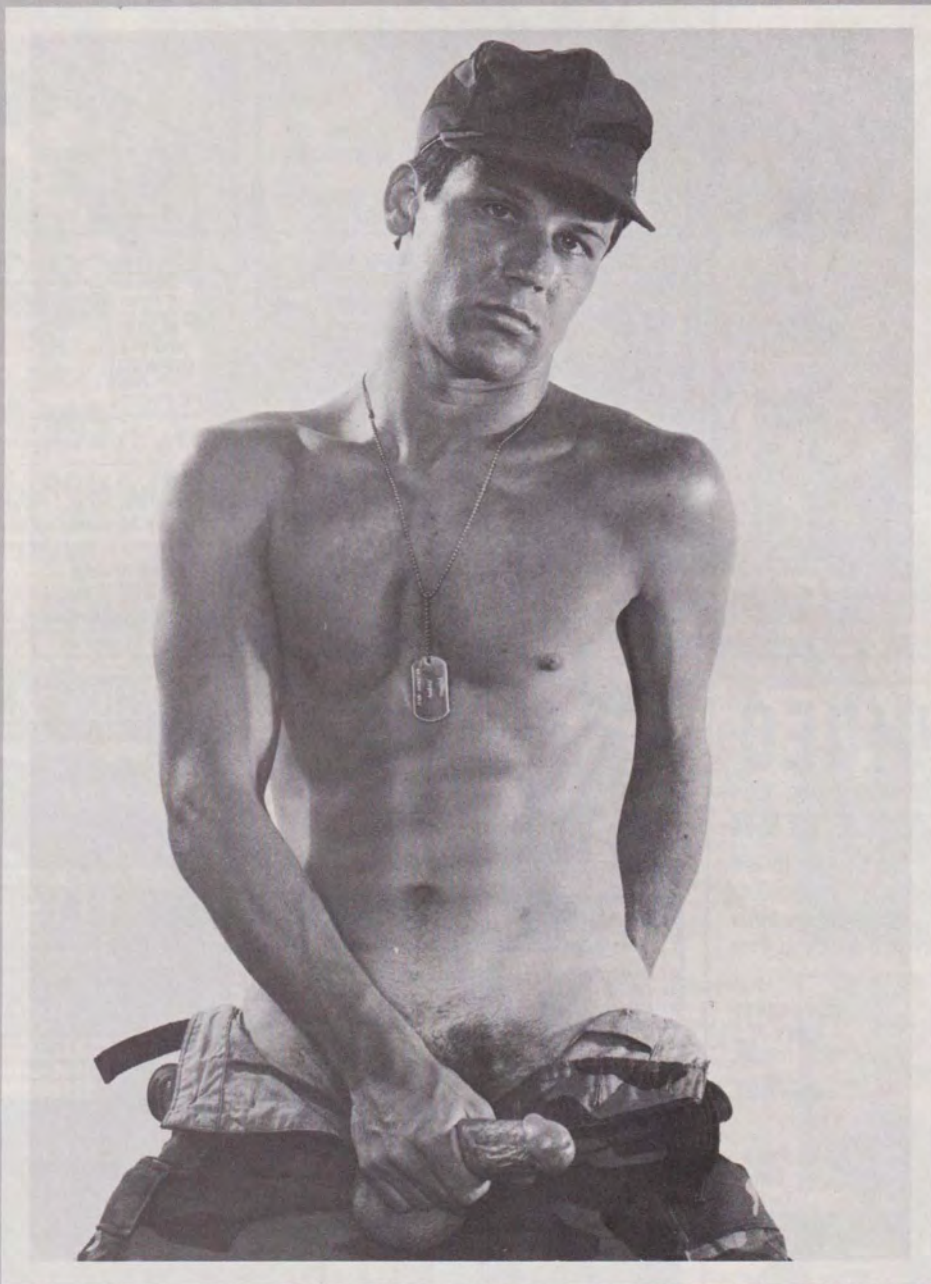








# MEAT THE MARINES



"Okay, Private," I said. "Here's the situation. Some macho pricks have been fucking over our gay cousins in Los Cojones. Burnin' down discos, busting up gay lib meetings, stuff like that. Only way to stop these bastards is to subdue 'em with injections of gay love-juice. We're sending down a battalion of Meat Marines, and you're going with them." "Yes, sir!" he saluted.  
"But first," I said, "get over here and let's have a test firing."

---

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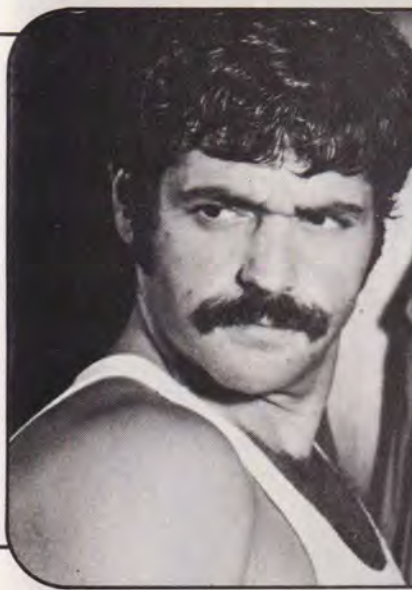
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## DAVE

Let me get one thing straight with you. I ain't no faggot. I live in New York, see, and all the time I watch these screamers in their little outfits and funny haircuts sashaying around. Calling each other "Miss this" and "Miss that" and talking in that faggy way of theirs. You know what I mean, right? Sometimes, I swear to Christ it embarrasses the shit outta me. And now, there's these diseases that'll kill you if you take too many sick dicks down your throat or up your ass. No sir, I ain't a fag. No way, Jose.

But something happened to me last summer that kinda freaks me out. I've been busting my brain trying to make sense of it and I'm still confused as hell. I figure if I lay it all out for you, with all the details, then maybe you'll be able to tell me what it all means. But one thing you gotta remember: I ain't no faggot. So here goes. My name is Dave and I'm 42 years old.

Half-Polish, half-Italian, and the Italian side won out. I'm five-foot-nine inches and a hundred and seventy five pounds of guinea soul. Thick, curly black hair and deepset brown eyes with little crinkles at the corners. I grew a beard a coupla years ago, and I kept it because it looks great on me. My wife says so, too. In fact, when I was thinking of shaving it off last year, she said, "Don't do it, hon, the beard looks great!" She says she really likes the patch of gray, which made me feel good because the gray hairs was the reason why I almost shaved it off.

What else. Oh yeah, I'm a little overweight from so many years of eating too much pasta (my mother's and my wife Angie's) and drinking beer. But I been working construction for some 20 years now, and I'm strong as a motherfucker. I may be a little bulky, but nobody would ever call me a fat



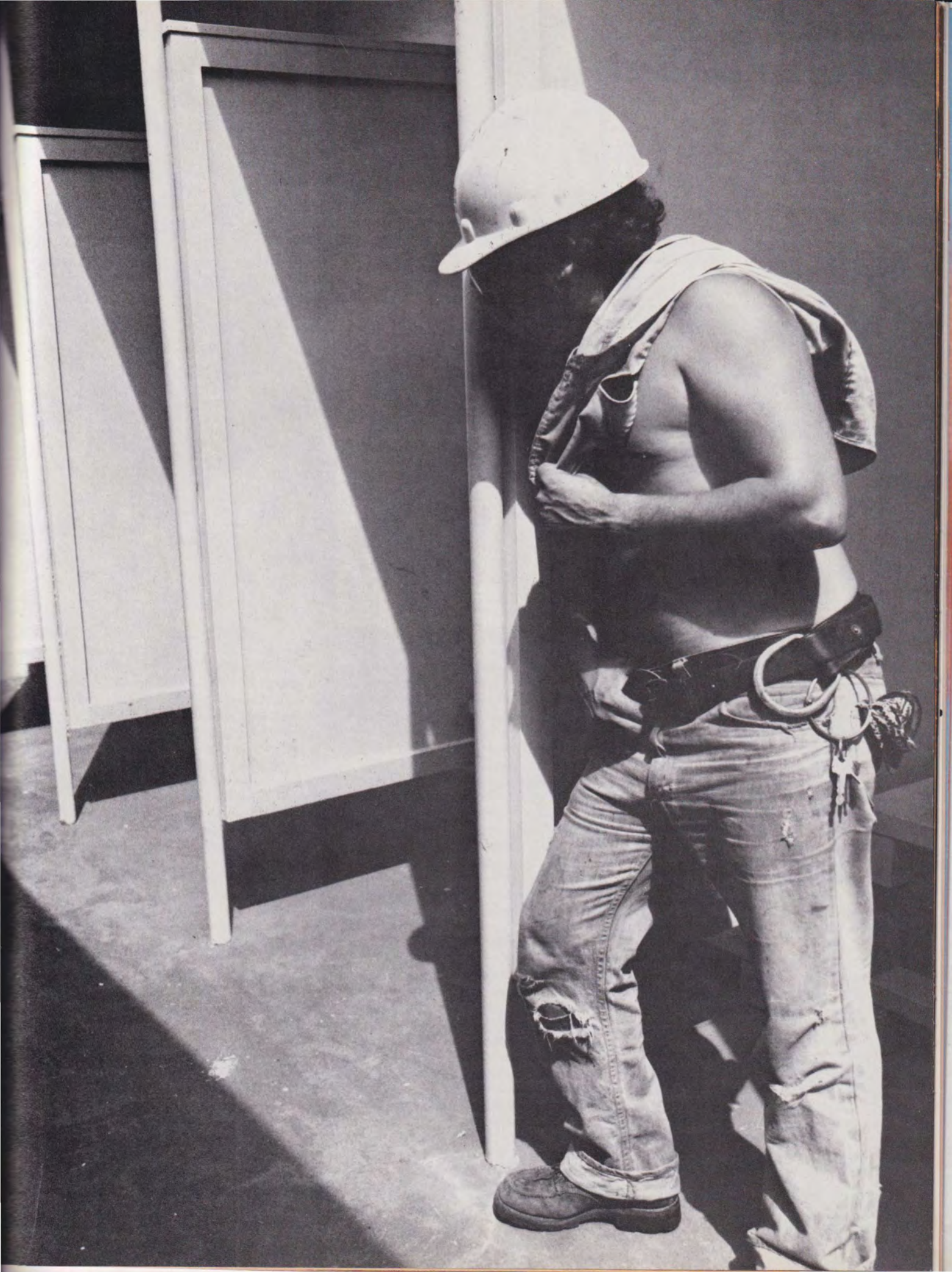
# THE

# OUTRAGE

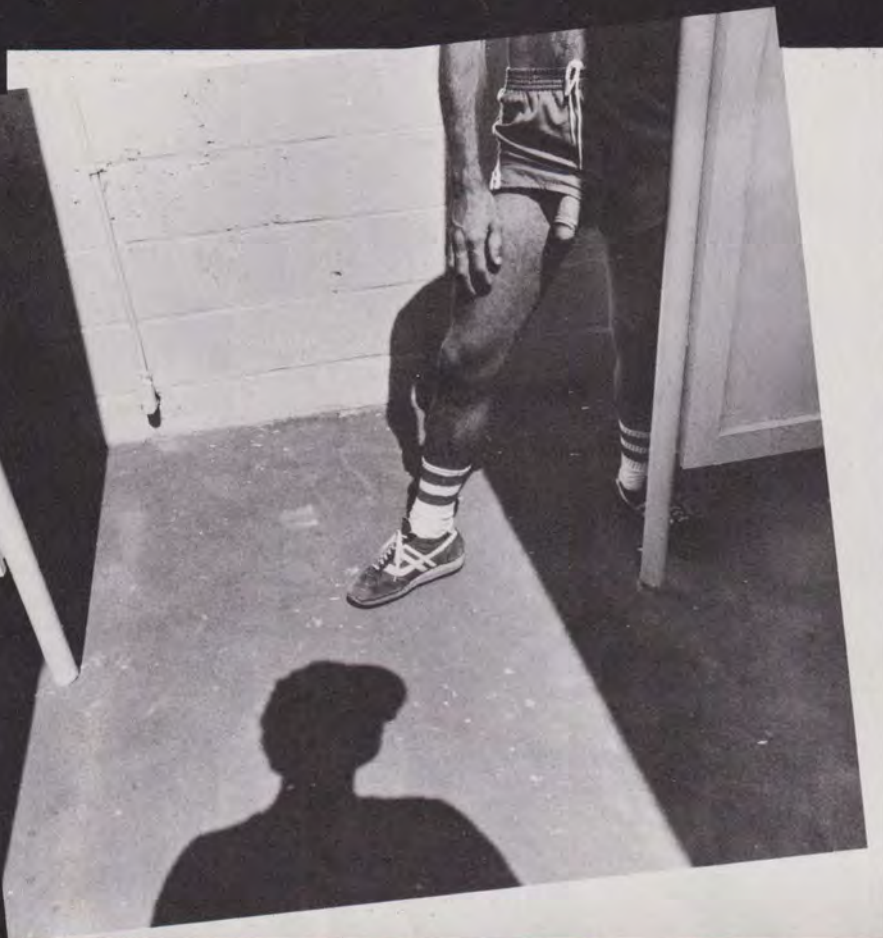
By Mario Mangiacazzo • Photos by Arthur Tress

***I take a quick look around and I don't see anybody except us two. And then I say to myself, what's the big deal about getting a head job from some hungry faggot? A lotta guys do that when they're horny and there's no pussy to plow.***









slob. And if they did I'd bust their fuckin' teeth. Anyway, Angie likes me a little on the hefty side. She never dug skinny guys much. She says she likes to have something to grab on to, and I guess my "love handles" fill the bill. Now, I know you want me to get to the point of all this, but I think I ought to "digress," like my buddy Nick says whenever he starts rambling on about some bullshit that has nothing to do with the business at hand. Me and Angie have a good life together. We been married eight years, no kids. I'm glad I waited until I was 34 to get married because by then I did all my youthful screwing around and was ready to get settled. A lot of my buddies who got married young thought I was a little weird to wait so long, but fuck 'em. Why get tied down when you're young and restless? And some people also wonder why me and Angie don't have any kids. It's none of their fuckin' business, I say. We'll have some when we're ready. Angie's only 37, so she's got a few years to go before her ovaries go into permanent retirement. So enough about that.

Now let's get back to the point of all this — what happened last summer. I was working construction out at Jones Beach. We were working on

one of the pavilions at the east end of the beach, expanding the refreshment area and doing some repairs. The place was in pretty bad shape, let me tell you. If we didn't get in there and fix the joint up, some poor bozo probably would've ended up with a steel beam in his skull. So there we were working our asses off in this heat. You remember how fuckin' hot it was last summer, right? I was sweating like a goddamn pig, and the salty sweat kept getting in my eyes and making me blind. Around noon Joey the foreman says we could knock off for a while, get some lunch and fuck off. I ate my sandwich pretty damn fast, and threw down a coupla beers. That took me about 15 minutes. What was I gonna do for the next 45 minutes or so? I felt like kicking myself in the ass for not bringing my bathing suit to work. But I figured, if I can't take a swim I can at least rent a towel and take a shower at the bath house. So I got myself a towel and headed for the changing rooms. The place was pretty empty because it was a weekday. Just a few kids and some old farts. I took off my shirt and went into an empty cubicle when I noticed this young guy standing against the wall outside the last cubicle. The guy had on only a pair of gym shorts, running shoes,

and sweatsocks, and a sunvisor on his head. No shirt. Looked like some college jock or runner-type. Pretty good physique on him, all muscle and no fat that I could see. I nod at him, he nods at me, and all of a sudden I realize the kid's staring at me. Checking me out. What the fuck, I say to myself. I stare back at him, and you know what the fucker does? He starts rubbing his crotch! Holy shit, I think, the kid's a fag, and he's coming on to me. Now, I could've done two things: ignore him or punch his fuckin' face. But instead I just stare back. He's standing there working his dick up, and I'm staring at him like some bug-eyed kid in a candy store.

This heavy-duty eyeballing goes on for a little while, and then the dude reaches inside the leg of his shorts and pulls his fuckin' dick out! I swear to Christ, he just pulls the thing out and starts rubbing the head. The fucker's got a big sazeech, and when he gets it hard there's almost a foot of cock sticking out of his shorts and pointing down his leg. He stands there playing with himself for a while, staring at me. I know damn well what he wants me to do, and I know damn well I ain't gonna do it, but for some goddamn reason I can't look away. What the fuck am I gonna do, I ask



myself. He's still at it, playing with his big sazeech and staring at me. Then he looks down, and I realize he's checking out my crotch. So I look down to see what he's looking at, and when I do I get the shock of my life. I got a hard-on, too, and it's poking straight out in my pants. I'm standing there with a goddamn pup tent in my pants! I look up at him, and he's smiling at me. Then he licks his lips and motions me to follow him. By now I feel like I'm losing control of the situation, and it's a scary feeling. My heart is beating fast and I'm sweating, but it ain't from the heat. I'm standing there with a big bone, this dude is winking and signalling to me, and I'm having flashbacks to when I was a little kid and I used to screw around with other kids. You know, looking at each other's pee-pees and shit like that. And like most guys I circle-jerked with my buddies when I was in my early teens. Then later on in high school I used to check out guys' equipment when we were showering up after gym. But everybody does that, no? All this shit is speeding through my mind real herky-jerky, like the action in those old silent flicks, while this guy is staring me down, licking his lips and pulling on his meat. I take a quick look around and I can't see anybody except us two. And then I say to myself, what's the big deal about getting a head-job from some hungry faggot? A lotta guys do that when they're horny and there's no pussy to plow. It don't mean you're less a man or anything. So I walk over to where the guy's standing and I grab my dick through my pants. "Get down on it man," I say to him, and he pulls me in to the cubicle.

## TOM

Like most guys, I discovered that "gay pride" is something you have to work at. Marching in parades and chanting slogans is fine, but building pride in one's gayness is a long-term process. It doesn't come easy. Believe me, I know from first-hand experience. After I came out I figured all the self-doubt and ambivalence would disappear, but I was kidding myself. Do you know how I came to realize that I hadn't quite cast off all the oppressive cultural baggage society burdens us gays with? Through sex. Even after I came out I preferred straight men, or at least men who appeared to be straight. Despite all the right-on noise I made about "breeders" and "homophobes," I eroticized only straight men and regarded visibly gay men as somehow less attractive. For exam-

ple, I began a two-year affair with a married man about six months after I came out. I met him when I was working as a house painter during the summer before my senior year at college. He and his wife had an infant son, and he was also working a part-time job to help make ends meet until his wife was able to return to work.

The guy's name was Jimmie Ray, and he was six feet of big-boned and hairy Georgia good ole boy. Rowdy, but not obnoxiously so. He had a ready and very bawdy sense of humor and I loved it when he'd regale me with stories about life down South, stories that rivalled — and sometimes surpassed — Flannery O'Connor for sheer deadpan weirdness. But of course we didn't spend all our time together telling and listening to tall tales. After I'd known him for about a month, he suggested we get together at his place one evening. His wife and the baby were away visiting her parents in Pennsylvania, so we were free to "soak up some suds, smoke some dope, and blast the tunes," as he put it. We got good and smashed on the booze and pot and goofed around a lot, singing along to old Stones records at the top of our drunken voices. Luckily he had his own house, a small, two-story affair that used to be the quarters for the servants who worked in the much larger but now dilapidated mansion nearby. After we'd gotten good and smashed we started getting a bit maudlin, as guys often do when they're shit-faced. Pretty soon he had his arm around me and was telling me what a great guy I was and what a good buddy I'd been to him.

I started babbling back that he was a real pal, too, and a pleasure to work with. I said that I was so glad we were getting the chance to know each other better, and he blurted out that we could get to know each other *real* well, if I knew what he meant. And of course I did. I'd been interested in him since the first day I saw him stripped to the waist and standing atop a ladder with a paintbrush in his hand, and he'd evidently picked up on my interest. In a matter of seconds I was pulling down his zipper and extricating his fat cock from his pants. I jacked it in my fist a few times, and it swelled up into a full erection. He gently pushed me to my knees and slid his juicy piece into my open mouth. I sucked him for a while, my arms wrapped around the backs of his legs. Then he raised me up and led me to the bedroom. "Here?" I asked tremulously. I guess I was shocked that he wanted

to get it on in the conjugal bed, the bed in which he and his wife had conceived their kid. "Right here," he replied. He sat me down on the edge of the bed and grabbed my t-shirt at the waist. He pulled it up and over my head, and tossed it on a chair near the bed. He pulled and pinched my nipples and then he unbuckled my belt.

I won't give you all the details of our first tryst. Suffice it to say that he stripped me, sucked my tits and dick before he slipped a couple of fingers up my ass. I was totally wild, and even though I was drunk I felt super-aware of every sensation he was evoking from my heated-up body. Then he laid me down flat on my stomach and rubbed me all over. The massage was fantastic and I was about to drift off to sleep when I felt the fat, spongy head of his thick dick pushing at my asshole. Normally I'm skittish about getting fucked, but for him the portals opened wide. He was a genius at fucking, and he made my asshole sing. After that night we got together for sex at least once a week for two years. But towards the end of our affair I had gotten sick of the whole business. He had no intention of leaving his wife and kid, and I guess I had little right to expect him to do so. But all the sneaking around and the dates broken because of his familial duties finally wore me down. I told him the affair was kaput. He'd never be the lover I wanted and needed, even though I did love him and the sex was great. He tried like hell to get me to change my mind, but I was adamant. And I must admit that it was relatively easy for me to bail out of the situation because I had met, and was in the process of falling for, a terrific guy who was proudly gay, and not a closeted "bisexual" who couldn't, or wouldn't, give up his sexual fence-sitting. Meeting Eric, my new lover, set in motion a lengthy, sometimes frustrating, often wonderful, process of self-discovery and emotional growth. I stopped pursuing straight men and found myself responding sexually only to men who were easily identifiable as gay. And that's how it stayed for me. Until last summer.

It was close to the end of the season when I made my first trip of the summer out to Jones Beach. I had a few vacation days coming to me at work, so I decided to take a four-day weekend. I arrived at the beach early Friday afternoon dressed in my jock drag: sleeveless t-shirt, gym shorts, running shoes and tube socks, and as soon as I got off the bus I headed for the bath house to change into my



swimsuit. I went into the last cubicle in a row of changing booths and pulled off my t-shirt. I suddenly became aware of someone's eyes on me, and I looked up. I saw a burly, almost fat, barechested guy staring at me. He was wearing a hard hat, filthy work pants, and heavy work boots, so I assumed he was a construction worker. After all, this was hardly uniform night at the Mineshaft! I could see thick black curls spilling out from under his hardhat, and he had a full black beard flecked with gray. Jesus, the sonofabitch was hot! He just kept standing there, a few yards away, staring hard but not making any move towards me. I figured right away that he must be an uptight closet case—I'd certainly had enough experience to recognize one when I saw one—so I decided that if anything was going to happen I'd have to initiate it. The question was: did I want to? I knew that to do so would be a kind of regression. I hadn't touched straight trade in several years, but this dude was so fucking hot! His coal-black eyes bore into me, and I got so turned-on when he start-

#### DAVE

So there I was, standing in this cubicle, with this hungry fag just dying to chow down on my fat sazeech when he looks down at his dick, which is still hanging outta his shorts. He looks down at it, and then up at me with this look in his eyes like he expects me to do *him*. I wasn't about to do any such thing, but by now I was real hot for a dynamite blow-job and I didn't want to make him change his mind. So just to be friendly, I reach down and give his dick a little squeeze. Yeah, yeah, I know what you're thinking, but forget it. That's as far as I was gonna go with the dude. I figure, get him a little hot and he'll be begging for it. And the next thing I know, he's pulling my zipper down and reaching inside for the goodies. I unbuckle my belt just to be helpful, and he grabs a hold of my pants and yanks 'em down past my knees. My bone is poking through the fly of my jockeys. He looks at it and goes, "Oh, wow!" Fuckin' A-right, I says to myself. He drops down to his knees, hanging on to the band of my shorts

***He was five-foot-nine inches and a hundred and seventy five pounds of guinea soul. For a straight guy, he really wasn't a bad cocksucker, not at all.***

ed grabbing his crotch. I stared back at him and began groping myself. My cock stood up hard right away. We continued to stare each other down while we rubbed our crotches. And still he came no closer. Well, fuck this, I said to myself. I decided that if I wanted this chunk of beefcake I'd have to be brazen about it. So I pulled my dick out from my jock and pushed it down and out the leg of my shorts. I just rubbed my big hard-on against the furry skin of my leg, the curled brown hairs getting wet with the precum spilling out of my dickhead. That did it, all right. He hustled his ass right over to where I was standing. He looked down at the hard-on poking at the front of his pants and gave it a rub. Then he reached out and wrapped one of his huge ham-hands around my tool. "I wanna get down on it, man," he said, surprising the hell out of me. I appreciated the offer, but more than anything I wanted to taste his meat.

like they was a lifesaver or something. He pulls my jockeys down, and my bone swings up and slaps against my belly. Some juice spills outta the head of my dick and onto my belly, so he just laps it up like mama's milk.

Then he moves down to my crotch, dragging his wet tongue across my hairy skin. He pushes his face in my bush and snorts on it. Guess he likes the aroma. Christ knows it musta smelled pretty strong, what with me working up a heavy sweat on the job. He moves his face down under my balls, and starts licking up from the bottom of my sack. I'm really digging the tongue-bath when I feel a finger poking at my asshole. "Whoaaa!" I says. "Keep your fuckin' finger outta there," I tell him. "Just do the dick!" He looks up at me with this pissy expression, but he does like I say. He starts drawing wet circles around the root of my cock with his tongue, then he licks up from the root to the tip.

"Suck it, man," I tell him. By now I'm practically nuts with horniness. He finally pops my meat in his mouth and starts sucking like a champ. Oh man, could this fag give head! He has me rocking back and forth on my heels and moaning like my old lady Angie does when I shove it to her. And I'm thinking to myself, why doesn't she suck dick like this? Shit, most of the time when I push her head down there she whines, "Oh, not now, Dave, I don't wanna."

This guy has a mouth like a satin pump, that's the only way I can describe it. So he's sucking away and I'm loving it, when all of a sudden I feel his hands on my bare ass. "What the fuck?" I says. Then he takes my dick outta his mouth and tells me, "Turn around." "What the fuck for?" I says. He says, "Your ass, I wanna get at your ass." "Whaaaaa?" I cry out. (Thank Jesus there was nobody else around to hear.) "You're fuckin' nuts if you think I'm gonna let you fuck me," I tell him. Then he says, "No man, I wanna *eat* your ass, not fuck it." "Holy shit!" I says. "You really wanna do *that*?" He nods, so I turn around and spread my legs. He pushes at my cheeks and then he jams his face between 'em. His hot, wet tongue starts wiggling around in my asshole like a goddamn snake, and it's driving me wild. "Deeper, man!" I says to him, and he dives way into my asshole, so deep I feel like the next thing I know he'll be tonguing my fuckin' kidneys. But after a while all this ass-eating is making me hot to come. So I push his face outta my ass and onto my dick.

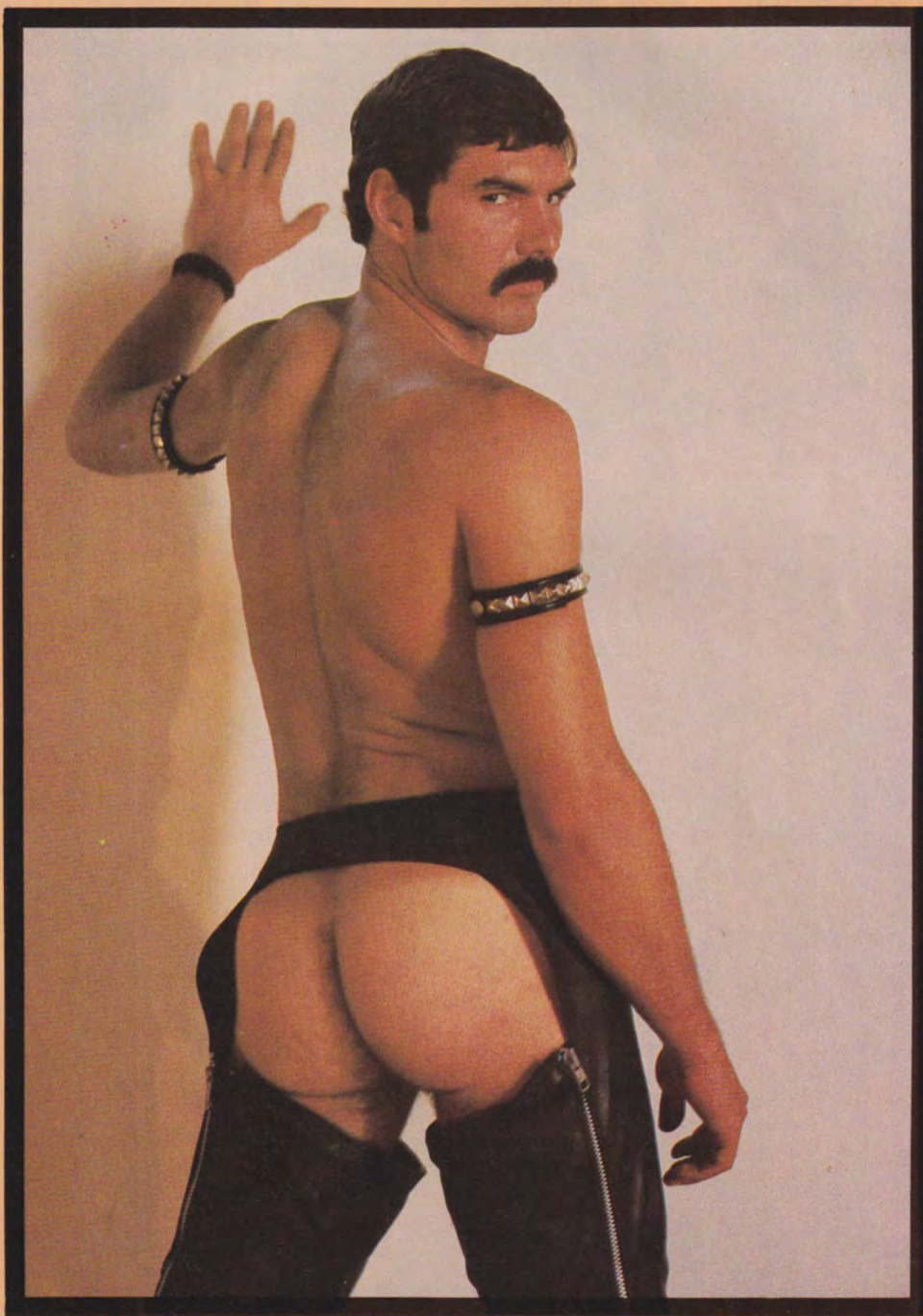
He gobbles it down and I start fucking his face hard and fast. I can feel the cum boiling in my nuts, so I says, "I'm gonna come, I'm gonna come!" I start to unload in the guy's mouth, and he backs off of my dick and lets the cum spray all over his face. It's running down his cheeks, all over his chin and lips, and he's loving it. I reach down with my hand and smear the stuff into his skin, and he loves that, too. Like a middle-aged broad getting a Porcelana treatment, I think.

Now I ain't sure if I recall this next part exactly the way it happened. You gotta remember, I just had a wild b-j, and my knees are kinda weak. I'm feeling high, too, like I just smoked a joint or had a few beers. My mind was a little fuzzy, so maybe some of the details are mixed-up. Now, I just finished unloading in the dude's mouth. We're quiet for a few minutes, trying to recover. Then he gets up off his knees and stands next to me. He's

*Continued on page 80*



# TOPMAN TALK



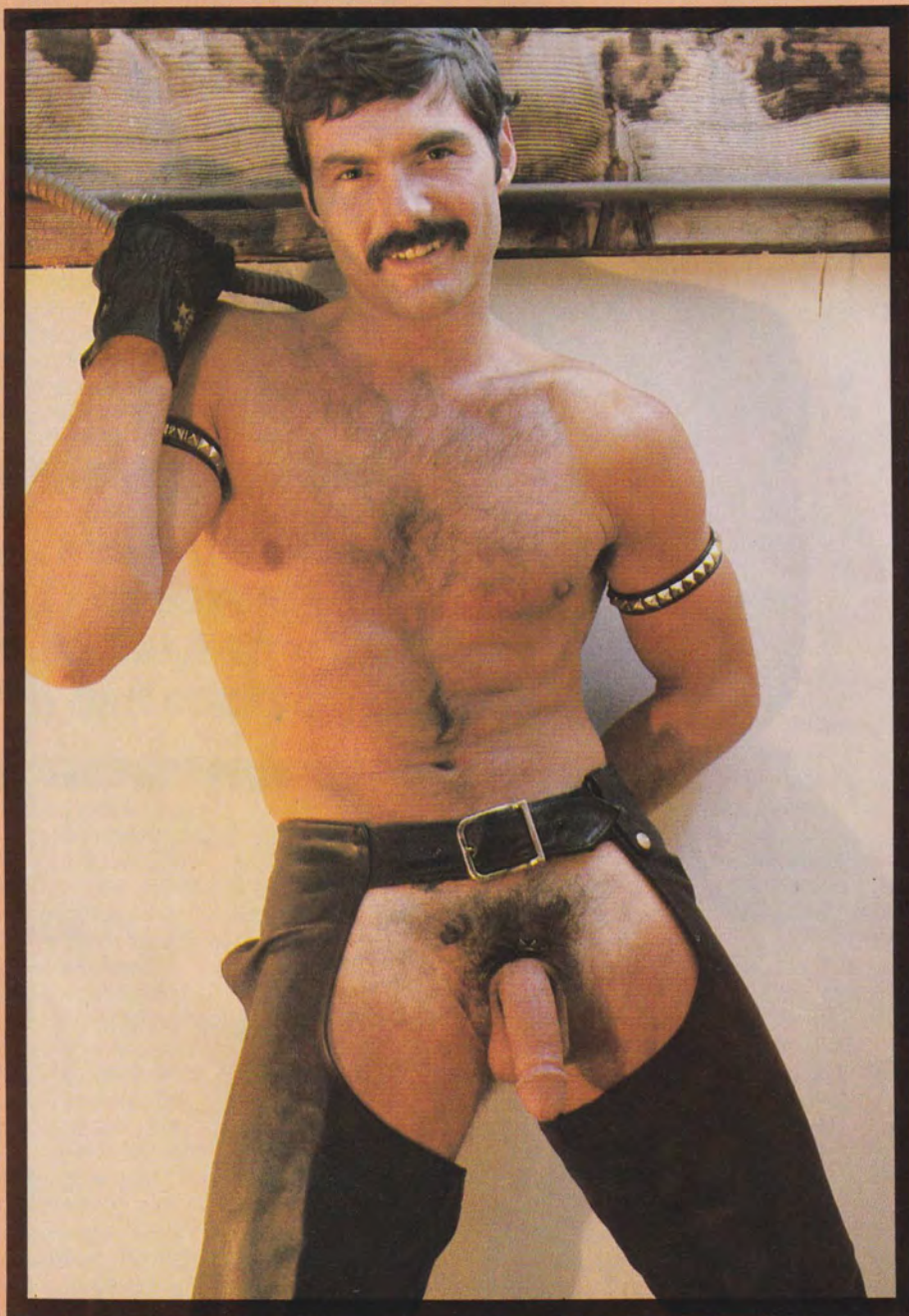
"You like this ass, don't you, boy? I bet you'd love to get real close to it. Maybe press your face against it and give it a little tongue worship. Well, we'll see about that. If you show me you have the right attitude, *maybe* I'll let you."

Photography by Fred Bissonnes

HONCHO / JANUARY 1984



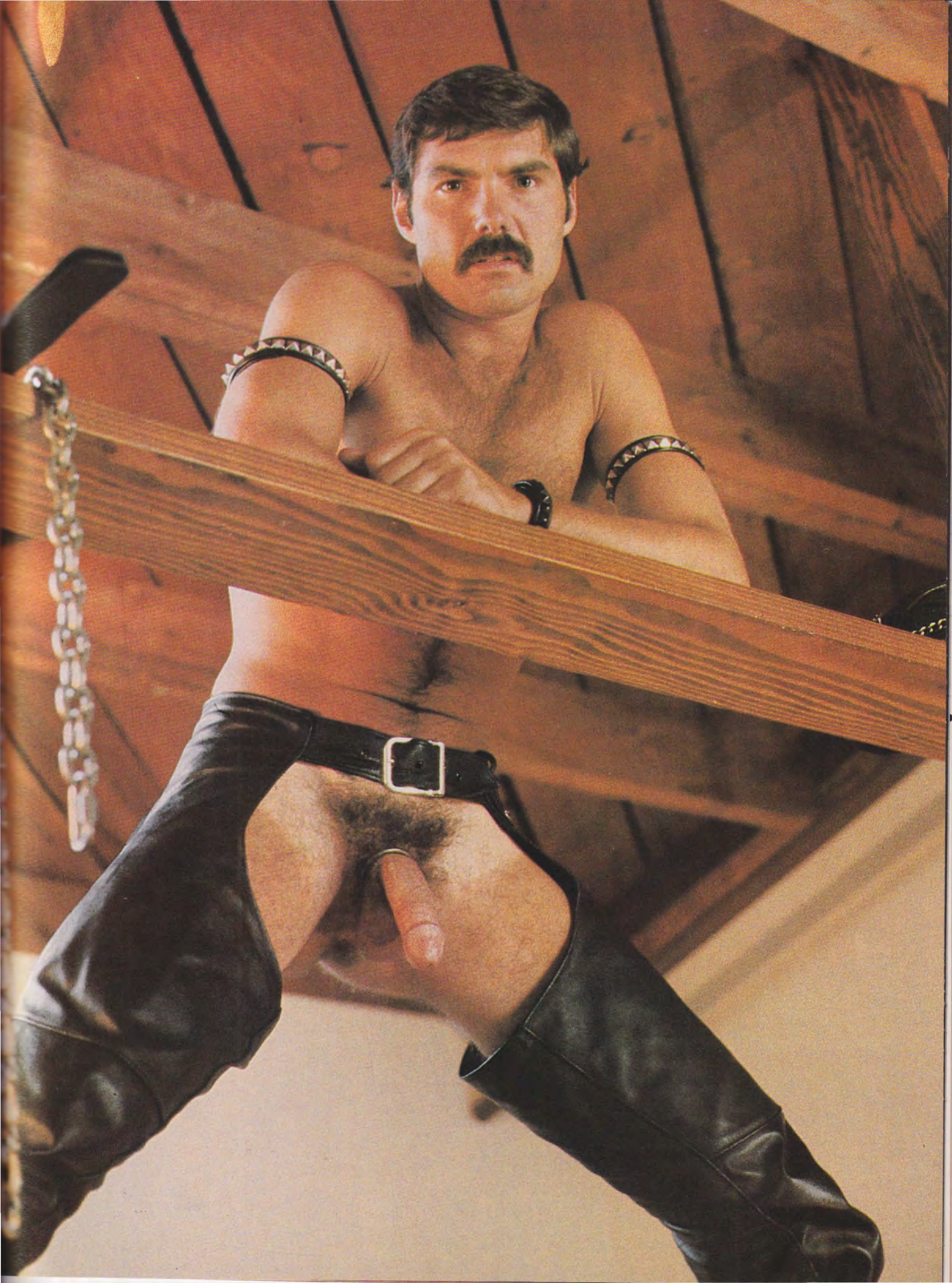
# TOPMAN TALK



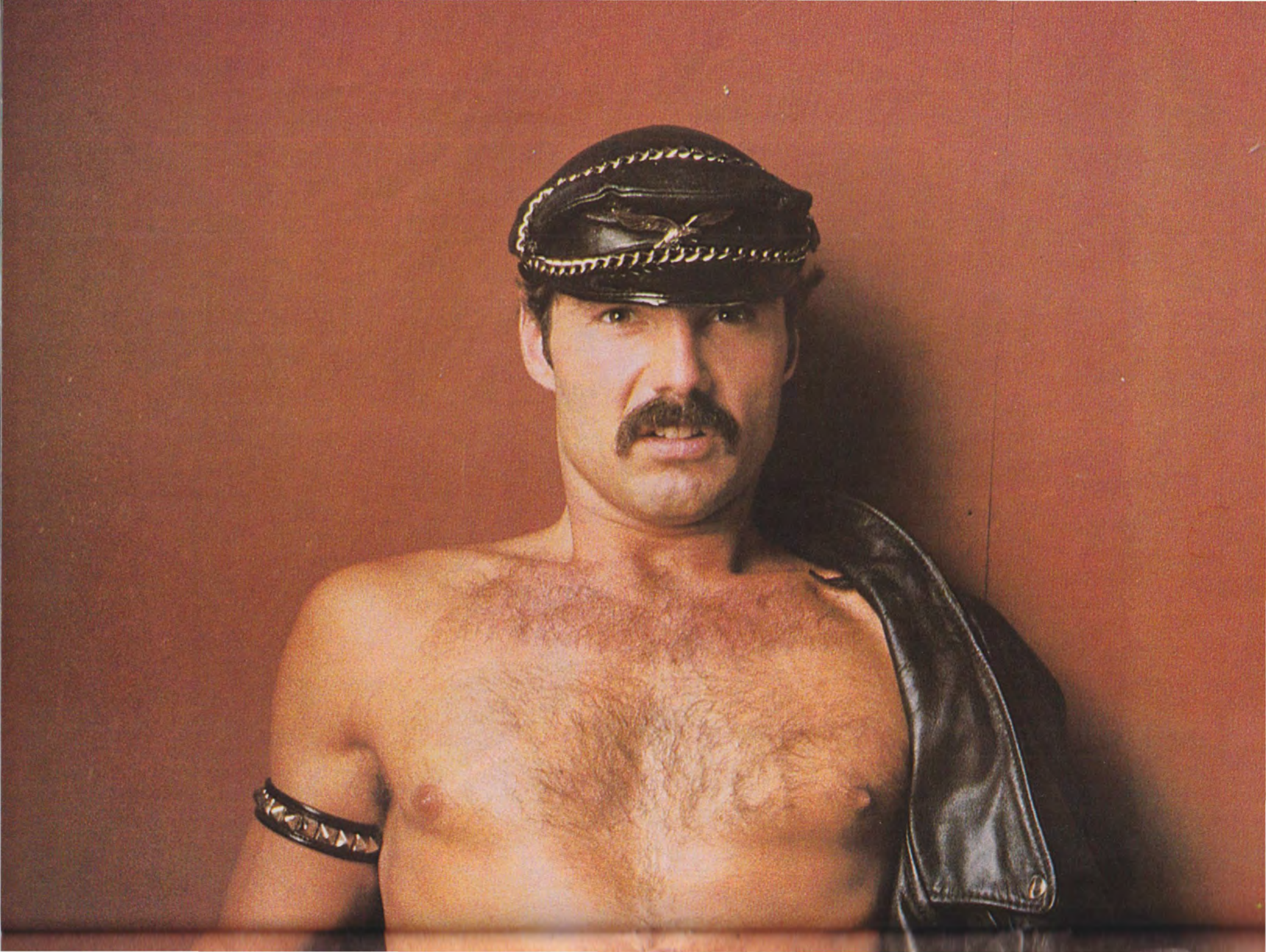
"See, I can be a friendly guy when I want to be. Real friendly. But if you want to see that side of me, you have to work for it. Please me first. You can start by getting out of those clothes and putting your hands behind your back. And don't forget to say 'sir.'"

**Photography by Fred Bissonnes**









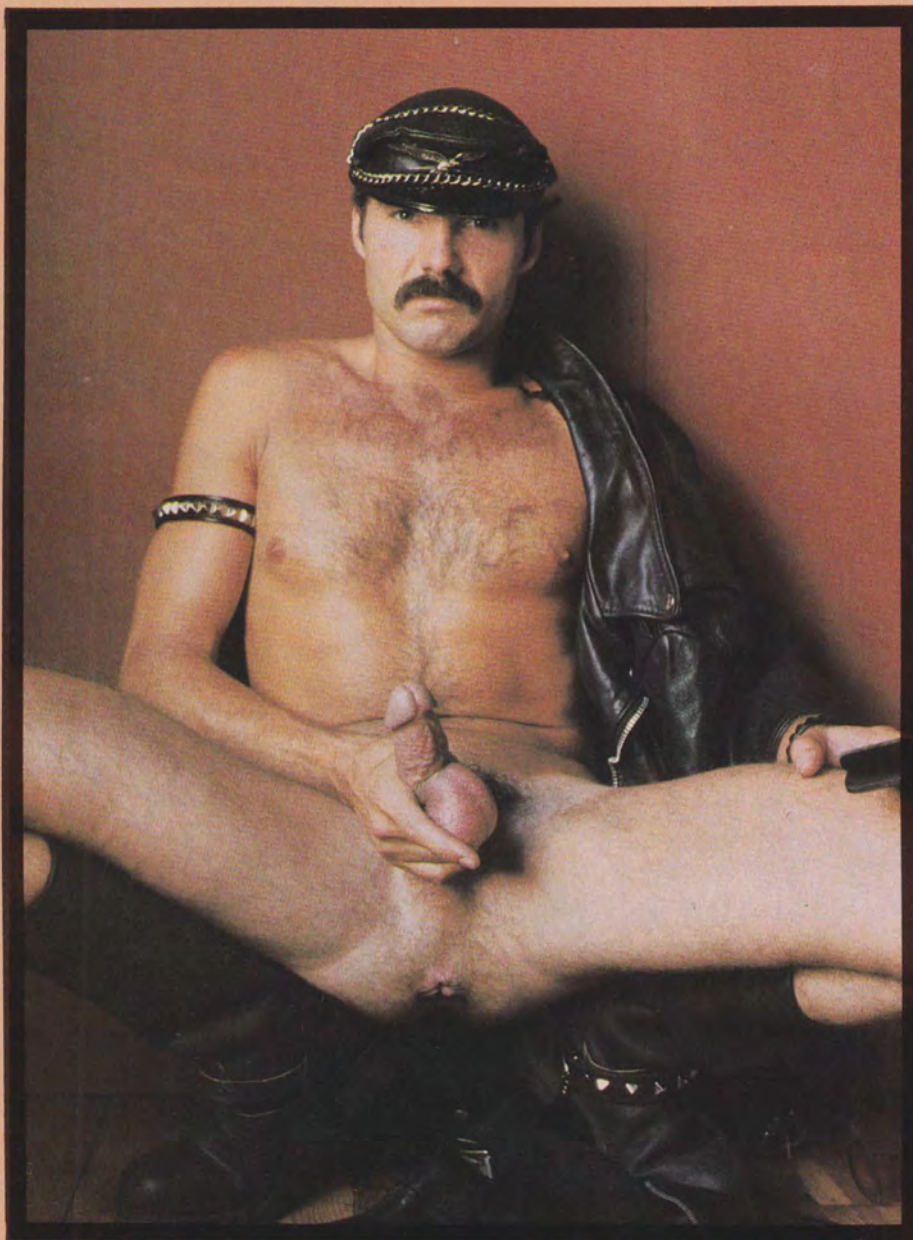




**HONCHO**  
Photography by Fred Bissonnes



# TOPMAN TALK



"So far, so good, boy. Now before we get into the heavy stuff, I want you to take a good, long look at me. You like this big dick, don't you? And these fat balls all loaded with cum. And my sweet asshole. Take a good long look, because you won't see anything when I put this hood on you. You will *feel* something, though, and it's gonna hurt. But you'll get your reward later."

Photography by Fred Bissonnes









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## THE BEST DAD I EVER HAD

Continued from page 40

was so much easier to take than the doctor's. Although it was long, I could still breathe. Slowly, I inched my way to the very base of his cock. My nose was tickled by the black hair at the root of his dick. His body hair, including his moustache, was black, even though his head was gray. With one hand, I played with his nuts and his asshole. I didn't try to get in his hole, but I tickled it until he was puckering for more.

He came very quickly, in great globs. I swallowed it all. Before I could catch my breath he leaned forward and kissed me on the mouth. He forced his tongue into my mouth, which still tasted of fuck spunk.

"We still have some things to talk about, but first let's take care of you," he said eagerly. He unfastened my belt, then unzipped my pants like an expert, reached in my shorts, and carefully pulled out my hard cock.

"It's a beauty," he said. "Come on. Let's get comfortable." He helped me undress, then led me to the couch. He made me lie on my back as he gave me a fantastic blow job. Finally, he straddled me in a 69 position and asked me to eat out his asshole. It was clean and healthy and I loved it.

"Wait, don't come," he said. "I want you to fuck me." He jumped up from his position and got on all fours in front of me. "By Jesus, there's nothing wrong with your pecker now," he said as I slid it all the way in. My balls slapped against his balls as I swung into him.

"Let me sit on you," he said. I lay back on the floor. He faced me and lowered himself slowly onto my throbbing cock. He squatted hard, then raised himself slowly, clutching my cock with his strong sphincter. It was better than a blow job. Each time he lifted himself and pulled on my dick I had the agonizing pleasure of wanting to come. "Let it go," he said, looking lovingly into my face.

I exploded. I could feel the warmth of my load flowing into him and then the pleasure of his sucking the last drop with his expert muscles. My cock grew soft inside him. He pulled on it one more time, then let it slip from him. He stood and reached out a hand.

"Come to poppa," he smiled. I took

his hand and he pulled me to my feet. He led me to a large comfortable chair where he sat and pulled me on his lap. "Daddy will take care of you. Just lean back and relax and Daddy will make everything all right."

"Everything is all right," I said and kissed him on the mouth. His dick pushed between my legs, tangling with my own balls and my exhausted cock. He put his hands on my ass and lifted.

"Raise up just a little and poppa's going to put this right in your ass." I raised up just high enough for the head of his cock to touch my asshole. He wet his fingers, moistening his dick and my asshole. I settled slowly down until his long, thin rod was all the way in. It wasn't as big as the doctor's but it felt better inside me. Every movement brought pleasure through the walls of my ass.

We played with one another's nipples, and kissed and hugged until he could hold himself no longer. He pulled out suddenly and said, "Pump it." I stroked the full rigid length only three or four times before he showered us both with milky cum. We lay in the chair holding each other for several minutes without talking. At last he spoke.

"I don't want my little girl hurt," he said.

"And I don't want to hurt her—or you." I kissed him. "That's why I had to tell you."

"As you may have suspected, I'm not new at this. But my family doesn't know," he said. "I'm a good husband and a good father, but more than anything in the world I like a big cock up my ass. I like your's especially. It's big, beautiful and young." He lifted my limp dick, cupped in his hand. It began to stir. "See what I mean?" he said. "It's young and alive. Marriage would be the perfect cover for us. An old man and his son-in-law are supposed to spend time together. We can go hunting, camping, hiking. We can go to games together. It could be perfect. Like this."

He stroked my cock to attention, then leaned forward and ran his tongue around the head. He sucked the head between his lips, then ran his tongue across the eye of my dick. He looked up, took it out of his mouth, and said: "What do you say?"

I grinned as I fantasized about my future father-in-law. "OK. OK," I said.

He took me all the way, hummed into the hair at the root of my cock, and shook his head free from side to side like a dog shaking a bone. ■



# ***SNORKLE SEX***

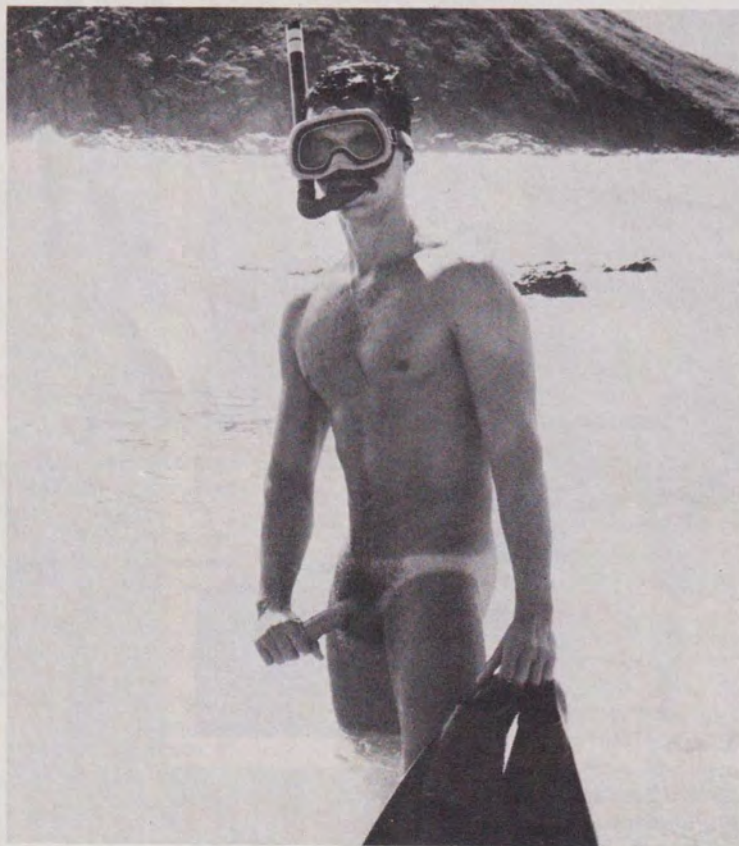


***What do you say to a naked frogman? If he's as humpy and willing as this one is, you probably won't have to say anything at all.***

***Photography by Kristen Bjorn***

***HONCHO / JANUARY 1984***





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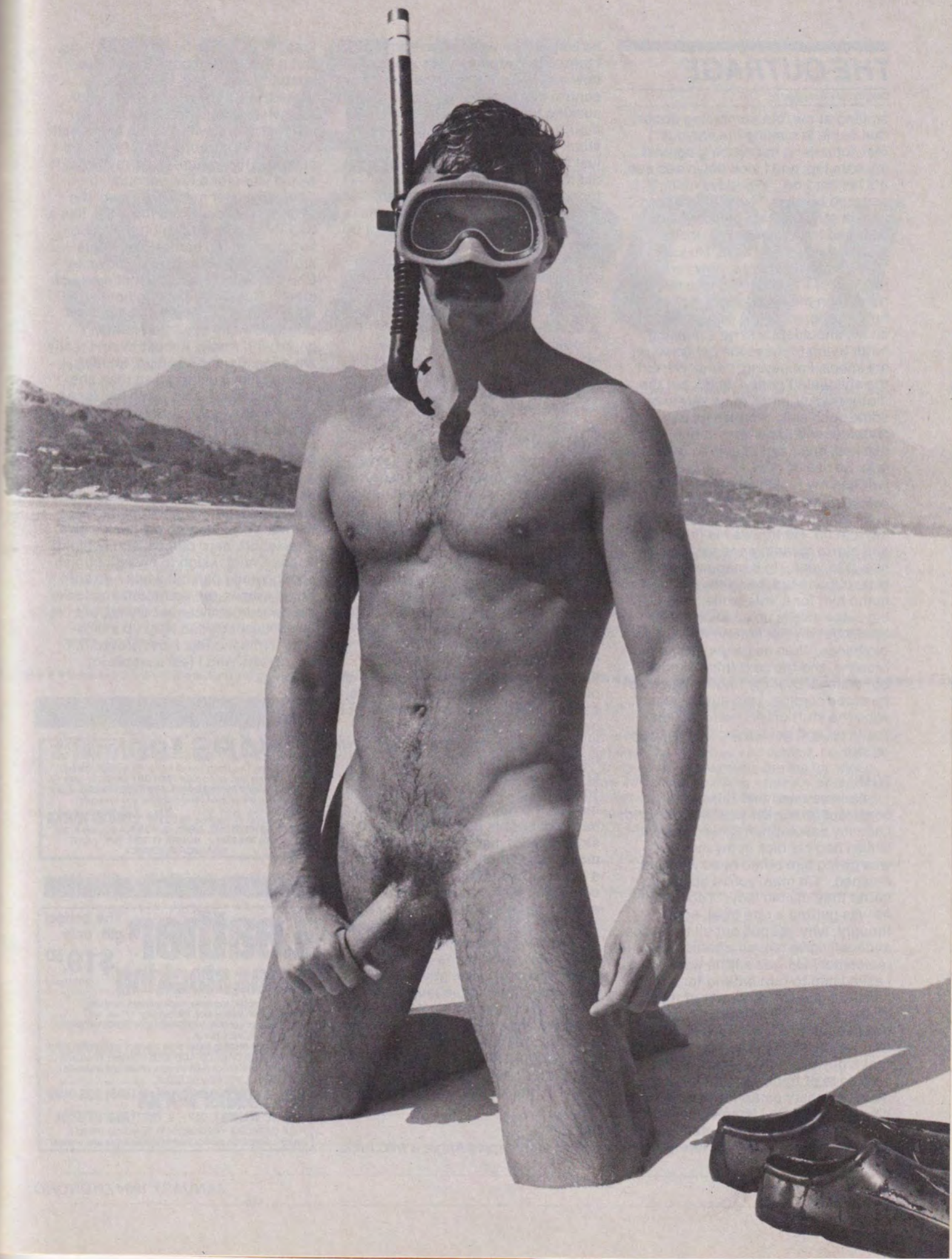
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# **SNORKLE SEX**

*There he is, all alone on that beautiful stretch of beach. He's pulling on his long hose and sucking air through his snorkle. Why not join him there? Well, go on. He's very friendly and he looks like he could use a helping hand. Or mouth.*

*Photography by Kristen Bjorn*







## THE OUTRAGE

Continued from page 68

smiling at me, but something about that smile is making me nervous. I feel something hot rubbing against my bare leg, and I look down and see it's his hard-on. "Whaddya doing?" I ask, and he says, "Now it's my turn," and he puts his hands on my shoulders and tries to push me down. "Wait a fuckin' minute," I says. He says, "C'mon man, I did you, now you do me." All of a sudden I realize the guy's taller than me by a coupla inches, and he's strong, too. He's got a good grip on my shoulders and he's pushing hard, trying to make me get down on my knees. I'm saying, "Fuck off, cut the shit, I ain't gonna do it," but the motherfucker must know karate or some such shit, because he twists my shoulder and upper arm until it hurts like hell, and I can't seem to break his grip. So I says, "OK, OK, just quit twisting my fuckin' shoulder!" I sit my ass down on the bench inside the cubicle and grab his boner. I start jerking him off. He throws his head back and starts moaning and saying shit like, "Oh yeah, do it man, work my big dick, c'mon stud, bring me off." I pump him for a little while, then his big piece swells up so thick I can hardly get my fist around it, and I got big hands. Then he gasps like he can't breathe, and the next thing I know I got gism all over my fingers. Soon as he stops coming, I get out my hanky, wipe the stuff off my hand, pull my pants up and get the fuck outta there, pronto.

### TOM

I had assumed that this bull of a construction worker was straight, and I had my assumption proved correct while I had his dick in my mouth. I was giving him primo head when he moaned, "Oh man, you're so good, better than my old lady." I could tell he was getting a rare treat, so I thought, why not pull out all the stops and really give him an afternoon to remember? He was a little wary when I asked him to turn around for a rim job, but I guess the novelty of it appealed to him. I usually don't rim anyone except lovers and fuck-buddies who I know are healthy, but I figured that a guy like this, a closeted, married piece of trade was unlikely to have any nasty parasites teeming in his shit-chute. So I jammed my talented tongue in there and rooted around for a while. After a few minutes of this

he was on the verge of screaming. So I turned him around—it's amazing how easily a gifted cocksucker can control a straight guy—and resumed sucking him off. As he humped my mouth, I reached behind him and stuck two fingers up the asshole I'd just lubed with my tongue. Well, that did it. The guy yelled, "Madonne"—I thought he was probably Italian—and then he started splashing my tonsils with a steady stream of his sweet 'n salty cream.

After he came, he did something that startled the hell out of me. He noticed that I was still hard as granite, and he whispered, "Let me take care of that for you, man." Though taken aback, I certainly wasn't about to argue. I let him pull my shorts down. He marvelled at my rod—and it is pretty formidable, if I do say so myself—and then he scarfed it down. Oh, he gagged a few times and I saw his eyes water, but he really wasn't a bad cocksucker, not at all. While he was down on his knees, I took his hard hat off his head and sat it down on the bench. He had beautiful, thick, black hair, and I let my fingers crawl through it as his head bobbed up and down on my dick. In a matter of minutes he had my big balls seething with cum-urge, and it usually takes me quite some time to unload when I'm being blown. As I felt the jizz rising, I gently fucked his mouth. That inspired him to suck harder, and in a flash he brought me off. I shuddered and groaned as the cum spurted out of my rod, some of it seeping out of the corners of his mouth but most of it going right down his gulping gullet. But as soon as I stopped shooting and my dick went soft in his mouth, he let it slip out of his lips. He hurriedly got up, pulled a hanky out of his pocket and wiped the stray gobs of cum from his beard and moustache. Then, looking as guilty as a kid caught with his hand in the cookie jar, he furtively glanced around, pulled up his pants and split. Just like that! Not one fucking word! My pleasant, dreamy, post-orgasm glow faded, leaving me feeling confused and angry. The guy had just given me fantastic pleasure, yet when it was over he ran off as if he'd just done the most despicable act imaginable. Goddamn it, I said to myself, that's definitely it! THE LAST FUCKING TIME! Never again, no how, no way. No more trade, no matter how hot!

### DAVE

That night I gave Angie a wild fuck.

I really stuck it to her, let me tell you. But a funny thing happened. I was humping away, and I had my eyes closed, like I always do when I fuck. And what should pop into my brain but that scene with the fag in the bath house at the beach. So I'd fuck harder, to get the picture outta my mind. It would work for a few seconds, then right when I let my guard down, the picture pops back into my brain, like a bad T.V. show you can't turn off. So I fuck harder and harder, and Angie starts yelling, "Easy, easy, Dave, fer Chrissakes! My insides ain't made of steel!" But I keep fucking hard anyway, like my life depends on it. I get this idea in my head that if I can't come with Angie, it must mean I really am a fag. So she's yelling, and I'm fucking like a demon, and then she starts screaming, so I slap her face to shut her the fuck up. She starts crying, but I try to ignore it and keep my mind on getting my rocks off. I'm throwing my hips like crazy, bucking and plowing away like a power drill, and her crying seems far away. I can still hear it, and damn if I can't feel her nails digging into my back. I give three short, hard pumps, and I unload. Thank Christ, I sigh to myself. I finish coming and I pull out when I go soft. Angie runs to the bathroom and locks the door. I can hear her crying, but I'm cool. I lay back and light up a cigarette. I'm *not* a fag, I just proved it, I tell myself. And I feel a whole lot better. ■

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# MAN SEARCH

## HOW TO PLACE AN AD:

The cost for a HONCHO ad is 50¢ per word. If you want your ad to appear in both HONCHO and PLAYGUY, the cost is 75¢ per word. **Commercial Ads** (any person or business charging for services, e.g., models, masseurs, mail shops, phone sex, membership organizations with fee) add \$25.00 to the total cost of your ad.

Discount: deduct 10% for six issues.

Please allow 90 days from the first of each month for publication of your ad. Note the following schedule:

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10/1/83	1/1/84
11/1/83	2/1/84
12/1/83	3/1/84
1/1/84	4/1/84
2/1/84	5/1/84

All ads are listed by state, except for commercial ads, which will appear under that heading. Since HONCHO will not be involved in forwarding responses to ads, please include the complete address, including zip code, where you may receive correspondence resulting from your ad. Ads will not be printed without an address or post office box number. A telephone number may be included, but HONCHO will take no responsibility for verifying such numbers.

Enclose full payment for your ad when you submit it. Make check or money order payable to HONCHO.

HONCHO does not knowingly accept fraudulent advertising. Anyone corresponding with advertisers must comply with all local, state, and federal laws. No advertisements will be accepted from persons under 18.

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MAIL TO: HONCHO CLASSIFIEDS  
155 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS  
11th FLOOR  
NEW YORK, NY 10013



## ARIZONA

### PHOENIX

GWM, 6'6", 30's, 170 lbs., Wants to meet gays in area for friends, fun & sex. Photo please. Write: George, Box 5702, Phoenix, AZ 85010

### G INDIAN 5'7" 136 LB.

Have tight ass. If you love to fuck and are 6 inches or in size, let's get together, will travel, write with photo to Wayne Walker, P.O. Box 186, Peach Springs, AZ 86434. Would like Kingman area, if you're out there.

## ARKANSAS

### CURL UP IN BED

with something STIMULATING and CHALLENGING. You may even learn something. It's only four dollars. Order two and SHARE THE FUN. PRECIOUS AND FEW, Post Office Box 751, North Little Rock, AR 72115.

## CALIFORNIA

### FACE SITTER

BM face sitter seeks r/f slaves. W. Jones, 1139 Market St., Rm. 144, San Francisco, CA 94103.

### BI S.F. J/O STUD

Hot handsome hung young dude, 29, 6', 165, short dark blonde hair, moustache, long thick handtool, heavy slung sack. Photo a must: 2269 Market, #333, San Francisco, CA 94114.

### ROPES

Hot, horny, well put-together Libran, 34, 5'8", 135 lbs., 8" cut, has a lot of rope and a lot of time to explore bondage trips with equally intense, like-minded MEN. Tune in to some real trips with a goodlooking bottom/top. Photo brings a photo. Occupant, 795 Buena Vista West, #4, San Francisco, CA 94117.

### HUNG HANDSOME DIRTY BLOND CIGAR-CHOMPING COWBOY

Wants stallions to break, train and ride. 33, 6'1", 170. Colts accepted. No geldings or mules. I wear spurs! Jake, Box 1582, Clovis, CA 93612.

### CHUBBY

W/M, blind/blue, 34, 5'7", 180 lbs. likes to get high, get up on my knees and get it up the ass; big dicks, dildoes, small hands, enemas. Open it up and use it. Answer with photo only. Write #165, P.O.B. 15068, S.F., CA 94115.

### ASSHOLE BUDDIES

W/M, 24, 5'11", 160 lbs., hot butt into F/F, dildoes, enemas, spreaders, ass-eating, long sessions, wants men into mutual creative & uninhibited ass play. Let's open 'em up and make 'em talk. Photo appreciated. 55 Sutter St., #662, San Francisco, CA 94104.

### S.F. AREA UNCUTS

Brown hair/eyes, bearded, UNCUT, nicely proportioned, WM, 32, 5'10", 170, looking for UNCUT MEN. Hairy w/beer gut! Into heavy cock with big hairy legs spread wide, with uncut thick cock, hanging balls, hairy ass for servicing. Answer with photo for HOT reply. P.O. Box 14098, SF, CA 94114.

### SKI THE ROCKIES

Handsome, muscular skier, thirties, seeks exceptionally handsome, muscular stud for rockies ski trips. Send photo, letter, sex preferences to Box 108, 2215-R Market Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.

### HOT, SUBMISSIVE, MARRIED

WM, 34, 5'9", 153, good looking will exquisitely pleasure heavy hung, well built "Bossman." Exclusive discreet liaison to avoid disease. P.O.B. 1278, Solana Beach, CA 92075.

### SLAVES!

Y/W/M seeks slaves to worship and serve Him as part of a newly formed "Church" that understands your place. Be prepared to perform as the slave you are and an offering may be taken of those who prove themselves. Send photo, and detailed application letter to: The First Lord of The High Court c/o Box 59146, Norwalk, CA 90650.

### I AM 25, ATTRACTIVE

and quiet. I am caramel brown with a cute smile and eyes. Enjoy meeting a Honcho. Write A. Sanders, 1036 Magnolia Ave., Gardena, CA 90247.

### WANTED: HOT STUD INTO GENITAL PAIN

Excellent opportunity for attractive, well-built guy into having his balls worked over. Room, board, frequent vacation travel, other benefits. I'm 27, stable, friendly. Write 2265 Westwood Blvd., Suite B-168, L.A., CA 90064. Photo a must.

### HOT MARRIED MAN

38, 6', 175 Masculine. Seeks other married men, 32-42, French passive, masculine, hung for discreet daytime action. Bronski, 8033 Sunset Blvd., #831, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

### SLAVE WANTED

North Hollywood—Los Angeles. Master, 52, 5'10", 152 lbs., br/br. in fair shape for my age. Dig slaves 18-28 only. No beards or Mustaches. Smooth bodies. Have nice assortment of leather & S&M gear. Slave must dig bondage. Verbal abuse, mutual heavy tit work—my tits especially. Must dig raunchy games, but will respect slaves' limits, and any unacceptable sex play. No fats or phonies, however. I am Greek passive, also dig eating hot ass & piss both ways. If the ad fits call Tony at (213) 985-7001, or write with Phone & Pix to: Tony M., Box 1023, Hollywood, CA 90028.

### VERY HOT DADDY

Dominant Daddy, 38, 5'9", 160, very muscular, goodlooking, seeks Daddy's boy under 28, smooth and slim, in need of discipline and adventure. Write with photo, phone no. to: Daddy, P.O. Box 2512, Beverly Hills, CA 90213.

### SOUTH BAY SLAVE

WM, 25, 6'0", slim, novice, blonde, smooth, needs to be collared by special Master. Torture, tits, C&B, bondage and ? Reply Sir: P.O. Box 7000-81, Rolling Hills, CA 90274.

### ORIENTALS & LATINS!

Y/W/M located in Orange County looking for hot & creative times with good looking Orientals and Latins (please no fems). Let's explore each other and maybe try some creative things. Write GST c/o Box 59146, Norwalk, CA 90650.

### SLAVE WANTED BY HOT SADISTIC TOP

If you're ready for the real thing, send letter and picture to Box 5692, Glendale, CA 91201-5692. I'll try you out.

### LONELY, 45 YEARS YOUNG, CONVICT,

Not queer, just like to suck young cock, piss, and to tongue, lick and suck assholes. Release to N.Y. 7-1-84. Penpals. SCAT, Pass. Plus More! Richard Joe Kidd, Box B72191-San Quentin, Tamal, CA 94974.

### PROUD SEXY MAN

34, 5'8", 140 lbs., good body, needs to be totally dominated, bound and used by 1 or 2 very well-built masculine studs or by master who has slave and desires more. Photo, letter to Zack Carter, Box 1152, 6311 Yucca, Hollywood, CA 90028.



## **MALIBU MEN WANT YOU**

Travelling to Malibu? Be our house guest on the beach. We are 26 and 27 blond blue eyes and goodlooking. We enjoy 3, 4 and 5 ways. Send candid photo for immediate reply. Also state age, dimensions (everywhere) and desired travel time to Malibu. No fats, fems, S/M or oldies. Write Gabriel and Justin, PO Box 2167, Malibu, CA 90265. No reply without full candid photo and personal description. Foreign languages spoken.

## **TOP BOTTOM OR TRADEOFF**

27, 6'1", slim, bearded, masculine. Into leather, sweat, wax, calibrated trips; imagination. Box 24C73, L.A., CA 90024.

## **VERY HOT DADDY**

Dominant Daddy, 38, 5'9", 160, very muscular, goodlooking, seeks Daddy's boy under 28, smooth and slim, in need of discipline and adventure. Write with photo, phone no. to: Daddy, P.O. Box 2512, Beverly Hills, CA 90213.

## **COLORADO**

### **HEAVY S**

32, 195, 6'2", hairy, travels frequently, sadistically sane, wants heavy M (trainees considered) into B&D, C&B/T, TT, Whipping, Enemas, Obedience, etc. Be ready for strict discipline if application accepted. Box 174, Henderson, CO 80640

### **HOT HUNK**

Sexy, gdlkg, hung stud seeks same 18-35. Denver, N. Colo. area. P.O. Box 1371, Longmont, CO 80501

## **CONNECTICUT**

### **VRY HANDS. SEEK SAME**

Top Quality sks same. 6' 170# 42 hry ch, 30w, musc.-defined-trim. Want only vry hnds.-musc hunks-model quality, wh or blk. Photo a must. Occupant, Box 397 New Haven, CT 06502.

### **CONNECTI-CUTE**

GWM, 5'11", 27, 180 lbs., seeks virile connoisseurs of vanilla sex. Likes! Classical music, poetry, modern art, teddy bears. Turnoffs! drugs, S&M, pain. (203) 562-7741. 848 State St. New Haven, CT 06511.

## **FLORIDA**

### **STALLION VS. STALLION**

Ft. Lauderdale. Wrestle, cock-fight, spank, ver., Leather, Piss, just fine. You/us. Me the Fuck, goodlooking, 28, 162 lbs. 5'10½", 7½" cock, BB wants ridin' the hole of another proud beatin' Stallion. Espanol, arrogant young dudes at Box 11624, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33308. Bang Balls and I'll show you what a girl you are.

### **FERNADINA BEACH**

Just moved here. GWM 23 6' 160 lbs. Straight acting. Dark skin, Blk hair, very hairy. Need to meet friends under 25. Muscles a plus. No fems. Photo gets mine. C.N. Lee, Amelia South, 3350 South Fletcher Ave., Fernadina Beach, FL 32034. (904) 261-0328.

### **MIAMI—TWO S/M MEN**

With a variety of interests and the imaginations to explore them, seek meetings with other men for mutual exploration and expansion. We have a well equipped game room and welcome those who seek an atmosphere of mutual trust, respect and sincerity. PO Box 651038, Miami, FL 33165-1038.

### **BODYBUILDER, BIKER**

35, interested in sex with any Drummer readers. Wet and dirty, dirty talk and fantasies, clothes. Top/mutual. Am versatile and appreciate same, but no FF. Travel widely. Photo, phone preferred. P.O. Box 10274, Tallahassee, FL 32302.

### **PLANNING TO VISIT KEY WEST?**

This hot GWM 27 smooth, well hung loves long oral sessions especially rears (yours). Prefer hairy, husky, older men or just to exchange horny letters. Write RDA, Box 4001, Key West, FL 33041.

### **FT. LAUDERDALE**

Masculine, stable, good-looking top with firm but gentle style seeks subjects for "training." Reasonable limits respected. Applicant will include photo and phoine in letter of application. Jake, Box 130051, 2260 NW 68th Ave., Sunrise, FL 33313.

### **ORLANDO AREA**

couple would like to meet discreet singles and couples. No fems or drugs. Photos answered first. Give ages & interests. Occupant, PO Box 1812, Maitland, FL 32751-1812.

## **GEORGIA**

### **AIDS CELIBATES**

Don't be lonely, call Atlanta (404) 633-2308.

### **NEED GOOD FUCK**

Horny WM, 31, 155 lbs., 5'11", blue eyes, brown hair needs good fuck. Light S&M, dildoes, enemas, jocks, aroma, three-ways. Versatile french/greek, rimming, FF, tit & ass play. Seeks like-minded. Photo appreciated. H. Roberts, 98 Peachtree Place, Warner Robins, GA 31093.

### **JO-COCKRINGS**

Atlanta GWM, 6', 165, 8" cut, 40's into long JO sessions and photography. Wants to meet others with like interest. Your hot photo gets mine. P.O. Box 941002, Atlanta, GA 30341.

## **HAWAII**

Warm, discreet, oriental, 30, wishes 18-35 WM friendships anywhere. I am 5'7", 134 lbs. I work out at a health spa. Write: Box 4191, Honolulu, HI.

## **IDAHO**

### **LONELY IDAHO FARMER**

Love correspondence with guys any age into tight levis. Send photo to: Bill, Box 893, Idaho Falls, ID 83402.

## **ILLINOIS**

### **SPRINGFIELD**

Affectionate WM, 46, 5'11", 155 lbs., seeks white or black guys for love and friendship. P.O. Box 1234, Springfield, IL 62705.

### **WM LOVES TO SUCK COCK.**

The bigger the better. 145 N. Weston, Elgin, IL 60120.

### **PEORIA AREA 28 GWM**

Looking for straight acting guy 21 to 35 for friendship not just sex! Photo and phone appreciated, P.O. Box 5565 Peoria, IL 61601.

### **CHICAGO**

S, 5'9", muscle leather master seeks masculine slaves who need B/D, S&M, W/S and tit work. Heavy leather scene. Slave must know how to serve. Limits respected. Big body-builder slaves preferred. Call Master (312) 642-2769.



### **BLACK MASTER WANTED**

W/M, 33, seeks black master into heavy B/D, W/S, oral service and fucking a hot white ass. Also like to hear from others into black domination. Box 6348, Chicago, IL 60680.

### **MY HORSE**

is hung like me! Dominant but affectionate, French a/p, j/o, 6 ft./180 lbs., white, middle-aged, greying reddish-brown beard. Send photo with reply. Boxholder, P.O. Box 87444, Chicago, IL 60680.

### **CORRESPONDENT J/O**

GWM, 28, looking for J/O buddies or correspondents and phone J/O. Send hot letter and photo; Sure! Occupant, 326 "B" East Park Ave., Libertyville, IL 60048.

### **HEAVY? INTO HEAVIES?**

23, 6'4", 290, will try anything. Sucking, fucking, enemas, rimming, spanking, piss, dildos, armpits, jocks and socks. Richard Lewis, 408 Oak St., Apt. 1, Danville, IL 61832.

## **INDIANA**

### **YOUNG MAN, 5'8" 150 LBS., 20'S**

Looking for cosmopolitan gents 30-50, in Chicago area. P.O. Box 1352, Cedar Lake, IN 46303.

### **HOT BODY SUCK!**

Good looking, hairy, thirsty, ass hungry wm, 37, 6'1", 155, worships very muscular, hung, sweaty greek active, french passive, body builders, jocks, studs. Hot photo and letter bring quick service. P.O. Box 1063, Muncie, IN 47305-1063.

## **IOWA**

### **SEEKS MACHO TYPE**

GWM photographer, 45, 5'5", 120 lbs., very sincere, wants permanent relationship with men over 35. Will answer all. J.P., P.O. Box 4711, Des Moines, IA 50306.

### **GWM, 21, 6', 195,**

interested in having good times! Drake student, in Des Moines over summer. P.O. Box 2470, Des Moines, IA 50311.

### **INTO ANYTHING**

32 6'1" 175 lbs. IA-Minn-Wisc-Illinois-Missouri—into anything but scat. 8" cut. Box 8334, Des Moines, IA 50306.

### **LOVER WANTED**

Lonely GWM, 30, 5'8", 145 lbs., hard working and out to get everything in life. Wants lover that will relocate on ly. Serious letters only. Send letter and photo to G. Potter, 137 E. 29th St., Des Moines, IA 50317.

## **KANSAS**

### **DUO LOOKING FOR MASTER**

29, Topeka Area. Looking for master to train slaves for service. Prefer 20-40, hung. Willing to expand limits for right leatherman who knows limitations. We await replies at Box 4797, Topeka, KS 66604.

### **JUST BEGINNING**

I am 20, 5'7", 175 lbs. and Spanish. Would like someone between 18-30 to show me the ropes. Jason Collinge, 3408 N. Market #4, Wichita, KS 67204.

### **GWM, 21, 5'8",**

Brown hair, brown eyes, no S/M. Seeks friends 19-30 from anywhere in state. Also would like to hear from boy lovers anywhere. Write to: Scott McBride, P.O. Box 369, Haven, KS 67543.

## **KENTUCKY**

### **WESTERN KY AREA**

White bisexual, masculine, aggressive, like outdoors, age 50, 5'8", 175 lbs., 6" uncut, brown hair, blue eyes, ruddy, Libra. Only want to hear from those who can send photos in first letter. Farmers, loggers, truckers, etc. Prefer hairy white rugged guys, smooth OK. Must be stocky. Photo exchange. Let's get acquainted. Owen Krabson, Box 240, Rt. 4, Hwy 231, Utica, KY 42365.

### **FRIENDSHIP NEEDED**

Early 50's, new to scene, looking for totally masculine kid brother, son or junior partner type for correspondence, meetings and possible lasting relationship. Travel wide area at times. Interests: hunting, fishing, camping, BB & sincere discreet friends. Race and age unimportant. Facts and photo are essential. Dave, P.O. Box 365, Murry, KY 42071.

### **DREAM LOVER CUM TO ME**

If you're 20-40, bi or GWM, attractive and firm, uncut and hair a plus. I'm

seeking a lasting relationship. I'm 26, 5'8, attractive, BR/BR, 150 lbs., 30" waist, 7" cock, smooth developed pecs. Write/photo: Occupant, P.O. Box 804, Louisville, KY 40201.

## **WANTS LOVER NEAR LOUISVILLE**

GWM, very masculine, 25, 6', 190 lbs. Wants a guy for emotional support and love. Like sports and outdoor activity. Must be 25-45 and live within 175 miles from Louisville area. Occupant, P.O. Box 4633, Louisville, KY 40204.

## **LOUISIANA**

### **MUSCLE MAN**

Big muscular studs wanted by New Orleans area bodybuilder to be weight training buddies and partners in hot, heavy duty sex workouts. Mark, P.O. Box 38, Lockport, LA 70374.

### **PANTS-WETTING DADDY'S BOY**

Looking for a Daddy. P.O. Box 19654, New Orleans, LA 70179.

## **MAINE**

### **MAINE COAST**

"Big Guy" GWM, college student—UMO, 21, 6', husky, hairy, brown, blue. Seeks a friend 19-33 for correspondence and possible relationship. All answered. R.D.J., P.O. Box 328, Seal Harbor, ME 04675.

## **MARYLAND**

### **COUNTRY BOY**

GWM, 33, wishes friendship anywhere, 140 lbs., 5'11". Will answer all. Photo gets mine. P.O. Box 29, Reisterstown, MD 21136.

## **MASSACHUSETTS**

### **HOT HUNG JOCK**

GWM, 33, 5'11", 170 lbs., brown hair/eyes/trimmed moustache who is hot, hung, into jockstraps. Seeks hungry, horny jocks for sex. Send a detailed description of yourself and sexual needs. All limits respected. Include any fantasies you wish to come true. Discretion assured. Blonds preferred, but all hot welcome. PO Box 312, New Town Branch, Boston, MA 02258.

### **FOR THE BEST B.J. OF THE BERKSHIRES**

Call 413-442-5278.



## **WHITE, 31, LOOKING FOR A FRIEND/LOVER**

Write and tell me about yourself and interests. Send photo and phone number to B.C., PO Box 83, Southfield, MA 01259.

## **MICHIGAN**

### **NORTHERN LOWER MICHIGAN**

Clean, goodlooking white man. Wants to give and receive B/J & Gr. I love to suck cock & balls. Singles or couples. Will travel, hurry your letter. Please write: P.O. Box 181, McBain, MI 49657.

### **TONSIL TICKLERS**

Call talented bottom (313) 398-8141. Enjoys Greek three ways passive.

## **MINNESOTA**

### **MINNESOTA GUYS**

Are you hot? If you're a slender bi or GWM, 18-30, who enjoys getting a good head job and stimulating massage, I can do it! I can prolong your pleasure too. Send letter about yourself and phone # to: P.O. Box 6269, Mpls, MN 55406.

### **ROCHESTER MASTER**

WM, 5'10", 170, 8". Master with well-equipped dungeon seeks obedient slaves. Willing to train submissive novices into S&M, B&D, WS and more. Write Robert, 1030 Adams Road, South Rochester, MN 48063.

### **TALENTED SLAVE**

I enjoy being a guy's slave. I'm talented and versatile, can blow your mind. You should be 30-35, nice body. Box 30163, St. Paul, 55175.

## **MONTANA**

### **B/M, 26, 5'8, 140 lbs**

Intelligent, love to explore, hung, submit by writing, or photo appreciated. 5404 Harrison, K.C., MO. 64110.

## **NEW HAMPSHIRE**

### **WANTED: TOP MEN, ANY MEN.**

B/D, C&B/T TT, Whipping, FF, enemas, obedience. Let me make your fantasies materialize. JG, P.O. Box 1373 Claremont, NH 03743.

## **NEW JERSEY**

### **WANTED: HOT STUD INTO FIST-FUCKING**

by hot masculine hunk, 30, 5'10", 150 lbs., 8 1/2" uncut. Pic & phone. PO Box 2436, Plainfield, NJ 07060. NYC, NJ, PA only.

### **PEN PALS AND FRIENDS WANTED**

by young Black male, 6'1", 200 lbs. My interests are weight lifting, books and movies. Race unimportant but have a liking for Spanish people. Photo, returned if requested. No SM or Fems. Daimon, PO Box 3150, East Orange, NJ 07017.

### **EXTRAORDINARILY BEAUTIFUL**

WM, 29, 5'7", 145, craves leather sex. Complete leather uniform, photo, and letter stating needs and requirements strongly preferred. All replies answered with photo and similar letter. No fucking or heavy S&M. Reply Box 125, Ridgely, NJ 07657.

### **MANEATER**

seeks trim, hairy, cut, 18-40. I'm 32, slim, goodlooking, expert mouth and camera. Photo including chest: Parallax, Box 597, Belleville, NJ 07109.

## **NEW MEXICO**

### **NEW MEXICO**

Moving Southeast New Mexico September. Box 41, Weir, Texas 78674. Young. Athletic.

### **28, WHITE, BI, BIKER.**

Needs hung Black, verbal long lasting man who loves to fuck ass and get lip service. No basket cases. Photo, phone mandatory. Box 13894, Albuquerque, NM 87192.

### **RELOCATABLE SUBMISSIVE**

Bi, W/M, 6'2", 200#, 35 straight appearing, oral slave to cock/balls. Lip serves any age, public/private. Into all but R/F, animals or pain. Love TV/TS, deep throat. Impotent OK. Cock/ball photo, list of demands please. Boxholder, P.O. Box 522, Texico, NM 88135.

## **NEW YORK**

### **ATHLETIC BLOND, 22**

Looking for pen pal and photo swap. Letter and nude photo gets mine. Eric, Box 33, Roslyn, NY 11576.

### **HOT & HANDSOME W/M, 25**

Mustache, seeks w/m 18-30 w/smooth, hairless, protruding buns. You won't regret answering. Photo/phone for reply write: Occupant, P.O. Box 3472, New York, N.Y. 10185.

### **B/M 40 5'6 140**

Like to meet males all races 18-30 to take out, be good to, and obey. John PO Box 604 Scarsdale, NY 10583.

### **BLACK MALE**

31, 5'11", 175 lbs. good body and nice ass, and cock 8", seeks nice looking bearded dark Italian age 30 to 40 who enjoys ass fucking and eating and lives alone. (No fems.) Reply, Johnny, 798 Hendrix St., Bklyn, NY 11207.

### **HUGE ENDOWMENT?**

Dirty blond, gd-lkng, 25, 5'8", 145, interested in handsome, athletic, hugely hung German, British and Latin topmen who are aggressive, verbal and can keep their monster meat rock hard for hours. If it looks like a FIREHOSE, and you're proud of it, we should meet. Your pic, measurements, and phone get mine. Box 49, 132 W. 24th St., NYC 10011.

### **SWEATY HORNY JOCKS**

Do you fantasize your big feet (size 11 + ) serviced by a hot W/M, 28, 6'1", 175, who is attract masc and sinc? Call (212) 675-7352, 8-11PM for real locker room action, or write P.O. Box 304 Village Station, New York, NY 10014.

### **ALL RUBBER WEARING TOPMEN**

W/M 33 6' 145 bottom seeks introduction into rubber/latex scene. Only serious rubber loving topmen need reply with letter/foto to Rob, P.O. Box 2980, Rockefeller Center Station, NYC, NY 10185.

### **ROCHESTER AREA**

Goodlooking, well built, married man, early thirties, desires relationship with same. Good looking, trim, married guys without communicable diseases preferred. No kinks or weirdos. Photo appreciated. P.O. Box 24932, Rochester, NY 14624.

### **ROUGH HOUSE & RAUNCH**

Buddy wanted for hot, wet, rugged contact in and out of sweaty Jocks. Especially UNCUTS. Send Photo: PO Box 1328, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10017.



## **HOT, VERY MASCULINE**

trim, muscular, uncut, 32, wants really hot masculine well build Greek active buddy. Photo to: PO Box 1434, N.Y., N.Y. 10150.

## **J/O ARTIST**

NYC GWM 30's 6'2" 165 blue eyes 9" cut proud & cocky. Filled with creative uninhibited erotic energy. Bold use of everything I've got. Willing to share all of it. Handy with the camera. 50/50 voyeur-exhibitionist or 100% of either. Get hold of yourself. Give the urge a real workout. Photo & thoughts gets a fistful. You dudes know who you are! Boxholder, PO Box 55, N.Y., N.Y. 10021.

## **CAVERNOUS SHAVED PIG HOLE**

available on hot bearded horny w/m, scorpion, 36, 5'7", 130. Into mutual raunch scenes including F/F, W/S, L/L, Tits, Balls, Jocks, Boots, Toys, Shaving with hot experienced MEN. Photo/Phone Box 1440, Madison Square Station, NYC 10159.

## **NORTH CAROLINA**

### **JACKSONVILLE**

GWM, 45, I have brown hair, brown eyes, 175 lbs., 5'11", 6" dick and have a short beard. Want someone to make love to while watching porn films in my home. Call (919) 346-4082 before midnight.

## **OHIO**

### **I AM LOOKING FOR SOMEONE**

to satisfy my lover. He is 6'1" and 160 lbs. and is willing to try anything. I set the limits and am present. You must be aggressive. Lover is blond, muscular. No fats or fems. Write PO Box 33303, Cleveland, Ohio 44133.

### **22 GWM**

looking for friends, lovers. Renn (216) 674-1610.

## **OKLAHOMA**

### **MUSCULAR MEN WANTED**

GWM, 21, 6', 169 lbs., 8" cock. Considered cute. Seeks honest, good-looking bodybuilders, jocks, studs and athletic men. You must have well defined chest. No S/M or B/D. Send letter, photo showing face/chest, if possible nude. John C., P.O. Box 19572, Oklahoma City, OK 73144.

## **OREGON**

## **SEPTEMBER SONG**

GWM, 55, active, independent, going to retire and van around the continent to see what's happenin'. Seeks compadre to share the adventure, expense and each other. Write Hart Enfeld, 2320 SW Schaeffer, West Linn, OR 97058.

## **PENNSYLVANIA**

### **AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER—PHILA.**

WM, 40, 5'9", 145 lbs., 7" cut. Wants other men into photography and home video taping. Non shy, uninhibited only! Willing to swap pics, tapes with others also. Your nude photo gets mine. No collectors please, just honest exhibitionists/ voyeurs. Occupant, PO Box 13131, Phila, PA 19101.

### **SOUTHWEST PA**

Horny, handsome young college student, GWM, 19, 6'1", 160 lbs, wants other young horny guys for prolonged fucking, sucking, J/O and sensuous massage. Photo gets mine. P.O. Box 80, Richeyville, PA 15358.

### **SON SEEKS CIGAR SMOKING DOMINATING DADDY**

Who is over 35 and uncut. Son is 24. 5'11" 145 lbs. and handsome. Steve B. 1581 Hewson St. Phila PA 19125.

### **WM, 130 LB., 27,**

Desires friends, lovers, playmates for dining, travel, good times. R.D.5, Box 219C, Tyrone, PA 16686.

## **SOUTH CAROLINA**

### **28, 5'7", 145, BLONDE**

Likes big blacks, hung whites, fucking, sucking, piss, phone J/O, tea room sex. Call Wayne, 803-722-8915.

### **W/M, 33, SLENDER**

I have insatiable desires! Photo, discretion: E.F., P.O. Box 209, Marion, SC 29571.

## **TENNESSEE**

### **ANIMAL SLAVE**

25/160 muscled. 9" thick. Experience managing 5 stallions, 3 danes. Give me a farm. I'll serve. Discrete, loyal. D. Johnson, Beech Creek Road, Brentwood, TN 37027. Sincerest cash donation earns \$150,000 Yuan Dynasty jade horse. All donations rewarded.

## **GWM WANTS TO MEET GUYS**

(18-35). Trim & muscular in appearance. I'm 30, 5'9", 150, moustache. Enjoy bodybuilding, running & music. Send photo & letter to: R.F., Box 482, Knoxville, TN 37901.

## **TEXAS**

### **BB/WRESTLER**

seeks clean likeminded men 18-35 for discreet full contact workouts etc., with 6', 185#, WM, 29. Your place. Metroplex. Don Lee, Tandy Center Atrium #203, Ft. Worth, TX 76102.

### **BRECKENRIDGE AREA**

Leo, 6', 45, 163, Brown/hazel moustache, independent straight-appearing. Looking for experienced, creative, tops 20-45 experimenting with light B&D, WS, tit play, Fr., Gr., rimming, jocks and fantasy. Fakes, drugs, heavy pain and scat are turn-offs. Semi-nude photo with letter answered first. Write Ken, PO Box 201, Olden, TX 76466.

### **DALLAS**

White, 31, reasonably good looking seeks same for friend/lover. Write, describe yourself and interests. Box 45279, Dallas, TX 75245.

### **LONELY FT. WORTH COWBOY**

GWM, 32, 5'7", 140 lbs. brown/blue. Prefer 18-24. Penpals welcome. No fats, fems or Blacks. Send PASE, photo to: Skip Williams, Pox 10272, Ft. Worth, TX 76114.

### **2 LOOKING FOR 1**

Young 18 to 30, uncut a must. Not into S.M. or drugs. Photo please. No fats, blk or mex. Game room & spa for fun and games. G.L.C., PO Box 821241, Dallas, TX 75382.

## **WISCONSON**

### **HAIRY, HORNY, BEARDED GWM**

30, seeks hot men 20-40 for bareass fun. Bi studs, couples welcome. Into nudity, foto swap. PO Box 1085, Madison, WI 53701.

## **INTERNATIONAL**

### **GWM, 5'6", 138 LBS**

Black hair & moustache, brown eyes, nice looking, sensible, honest. Wish to meet and correspond with: sincere



20-30, attractive, comprehensive, emotive, for sharing affection and companionship. Sincere letters with photos answered. Pen pals welcome from all over. French or English. OCCUPANT, P.O. Box 154, Gatineau, Quebec, Canada J8T 4Z3.

### GOODLOOKING FINNISH GUY, 27

5'9", slim, smooth, boyish, travelling in USA starting mid Jan.-84. Likes horny muscular guys, giving head, etc. Seeks friends and a dominant big brother/daddy. Please hurry! Photo appreciated, you'll get mine. P. Pelkonen, P. 36/10, 01531 Vantaa 53, Finland.

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shoes, leather, levi's and/or other clothing and want to meet others? Over 800 members. Send stamp to Foot Fraternity, POB 786, San Francisco, CA 94101.

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Send SASE to Phone Pals Club, Box 11097, San Diego, CA 92111-0010. Mention HONCHO and age.

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Contact organization for the macho man. Information: Box 410, 132 West 24th Street, New York, NY 10011 or call (212) 929-5078. Leave name and address until 11 p.m. EST.

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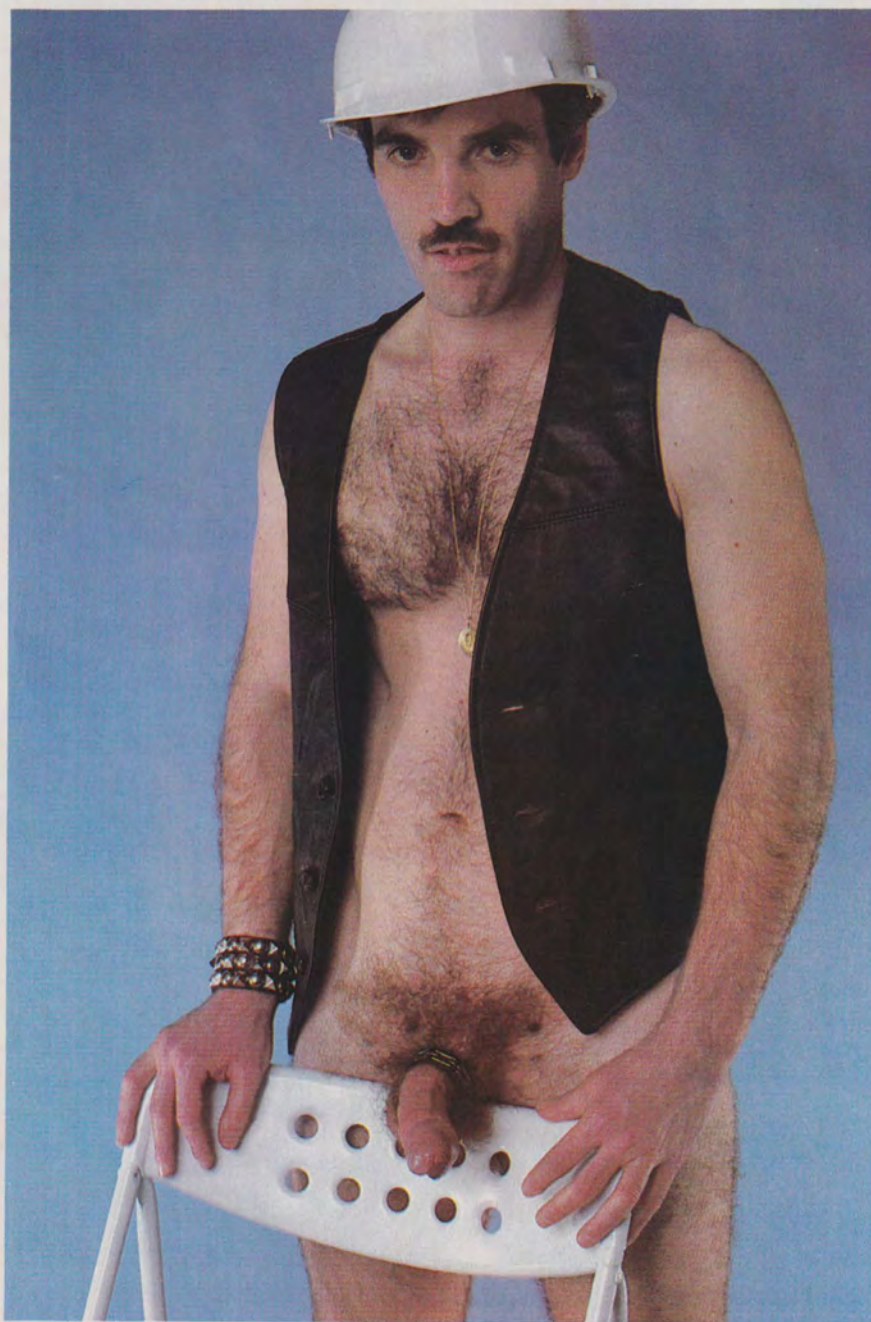


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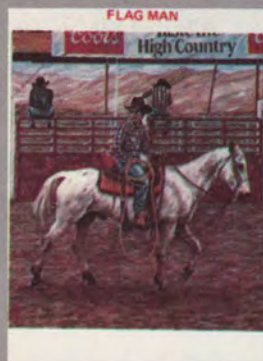


From the Artist

# Delmas Howe



#101 Hercules Dressing for Arena



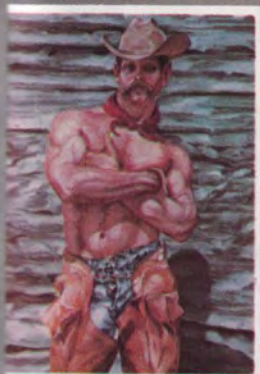
#102 Flag Man



#103 Zeus & Ganymede



#110 Atlas



#104 Mark as Apollo



#105 Three Graces



#106 Jim as Hermes



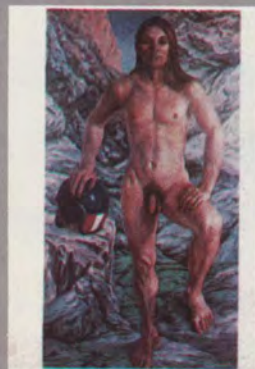
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