

# HONCHO™

FDC 58295  
DECEMBER 1985

STILL  
ONLY  
\$3.95!

**HARDER  
THAN  
EVER!**

**CAUGHT  
HARD  
LABOR  
STREET  
MEAT  
CAVERN  
SHAFT**

**CAPABLE  
OF ANYTHING  
HUNK ON A LOG**





A JEAN-DANIEL CADINOT FILM

# HOT ON THE TRAIL

(SIGNS DE PISTES)

\$79



Sensuality is on the loose in the countryside when 8 young men, hot on the trail, find the exhilaration and raw excitement of sex in the wild irresistible.

Available in VHS and Beta

Order by item number

Filmed on location in France

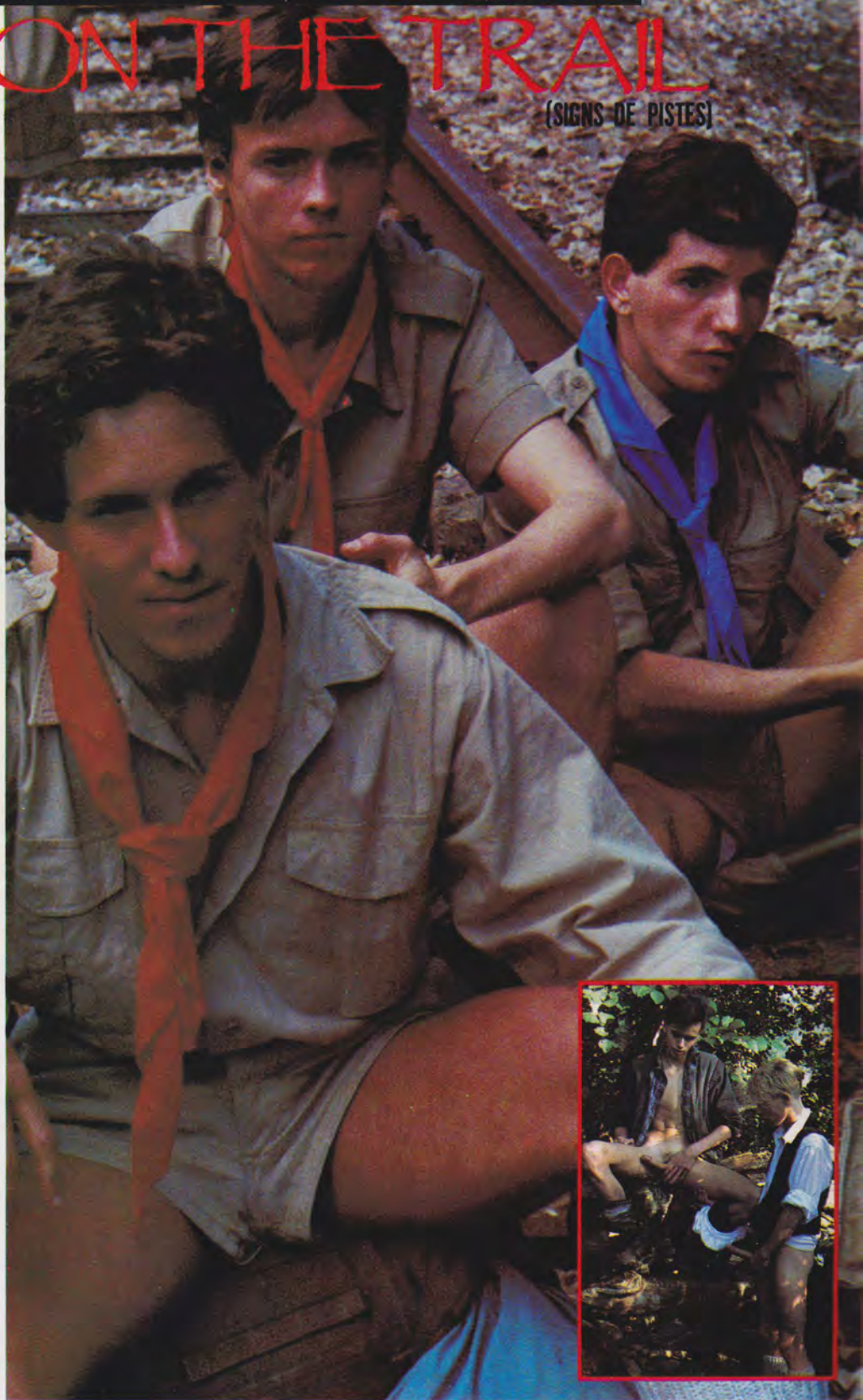
Original Sound Track

Running time approx. 80 minutes

FOR CREDIT CARD ORDERS CALL

TOLL FREE 1-800-528-6050 EXT. 1721

FROM MARKSMAN PRODUCTIONS



MAIL TO: MARKSMAN PRODUCTIONS, P.O. BOX 7836, VAN NUYS, CA 91409 For Credit Card Orders Call Toll Free 1-800-528-6050 Ext. 1721

Calif. Res. Add 6% Sales Tax. Shipping \$3, 1st/\$1 Each Add.

HOT ON THE TRAIL \$79 ☐ VHS MA104V ☐ BETA MA104B

I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ Specify ☐ VHS or ☐ BETA

☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ Master Charge ☐ Visa

Account No. \_\_\_\_\_

Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

"I hereby state that I am over 21 years of age and desire to receive sexually oriented material for my own personal use."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Please send brochures & put my name on your mailing list. I have enclosed \$5.00.

## OTHER BEST SELLERS OF J.D. CADINOT

☐ MA101 SEX BAZAAR \$75

☐ MA102 ALL OF ME \$75

☐ MA103 TOUGH & TENDER \$79

BUY ANY 2 FOR \$145

3 FOR \$205

ALL 4 FOR \$260



FEEL  
THE  
FANTASY...



PHOTO: EAGLE STUDIOS

A 24 HOUR  
TELEPHONE  
FANTASY  
SERVICE

THE ONE AND ONLY  
**HOT LINE**

(800) 621-2821  
(213) 650-8079

In California

Use Any Major Credit Card  
or send check or money order to:  
The Hot Line  
256 S. Robertson Blvd.  
Beverly Hills, CA 90211  
Photo Sets  
Available



**THE FASTEST GROWING  
PHONE SERVICE ANYWHERE.**  
*WAS IT SOMETHING WE SAID?*

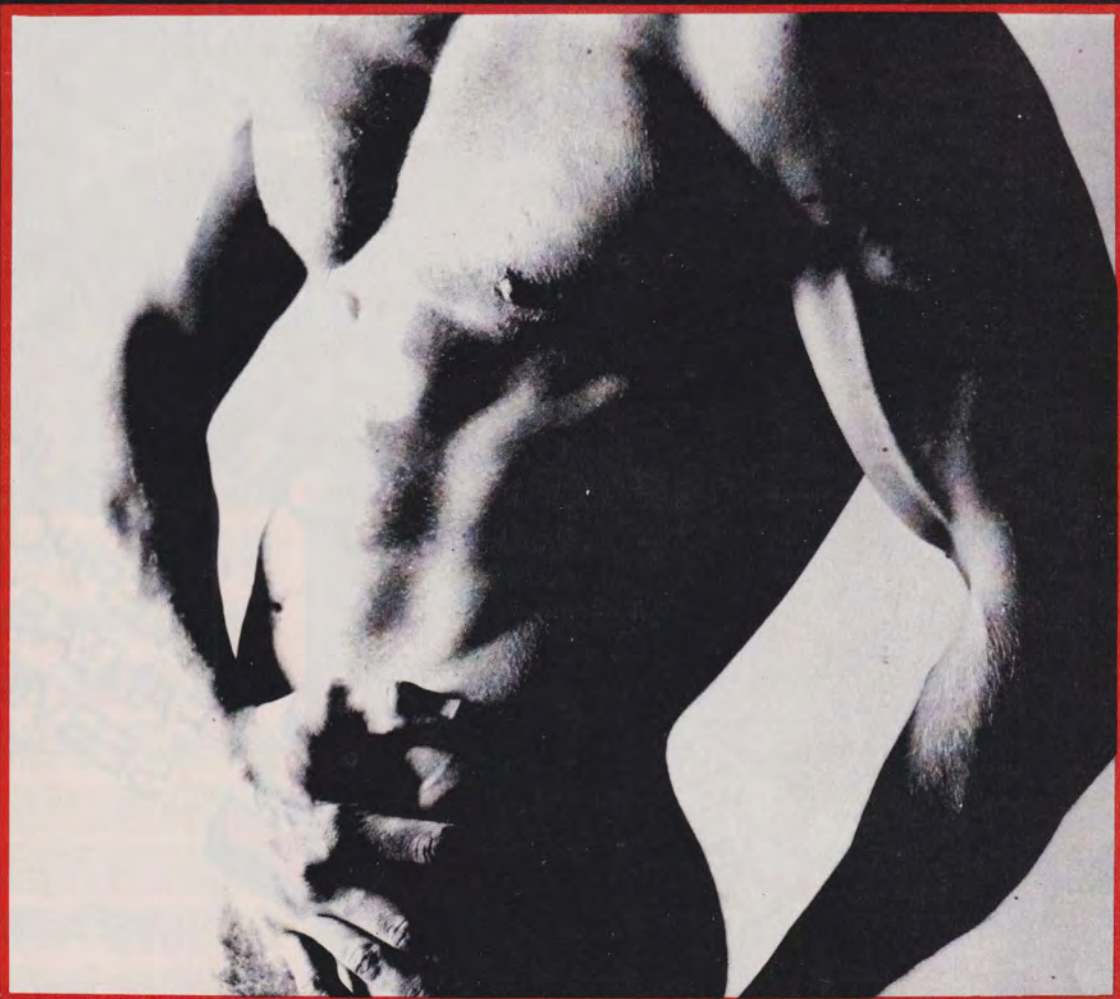


PHOTO: LES ALLEN FERRY

**TELEROTIC**

**1-213-386-0448**

**24 HOUR SERVICE**

**FREE CALL BACKS**

**MAJOR CREDIT CARDS**

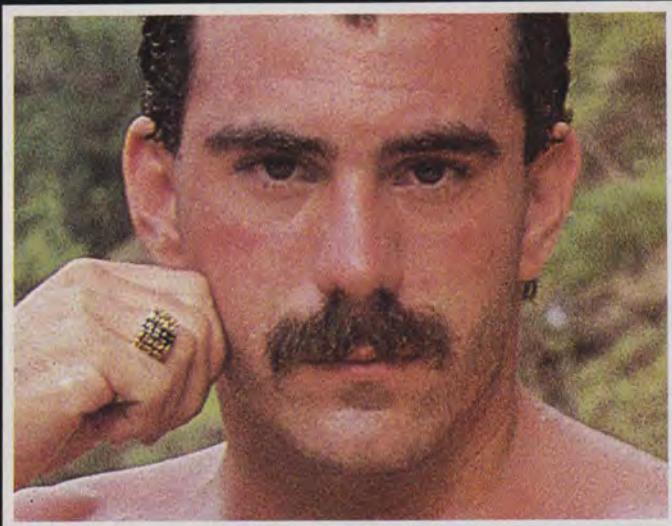
**MUST BE OVER 18**



# HONCHO

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE MACHO MALE

DECEMBER 1985  
VOLUME 8 • NUMBER 9



COVER BY: GRAVEN IMAGE

## CONTENTS

- 5 FICTION: CAPABLE OF ANYTHING
- 11 FICTION: FILL MY EMPTY ASS
- 13 NUDES: HARD LABOR
- 23 FICTION: YOU CAN HAVE MY ASS ANYTIME
- 29 NUDES: SPLENDOR ON THE GRASS
- 40 NUDES: HUNK ON A LOG
- 51 FICTION: MR. STRAIGHT
- 52 VIDEO
- 59 FICTION: CAVERN SHAFT
- 61 NUDES: A SUPERIOR OFFICER
- 77 NUDES: CAUGHT
- 84 CLASSIFIEDS: MAN SEARCH
- 89 NUDES: STREET MEAT

## STAFF

PUBLISHER / GEORGE MAVETY

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF / SAM STAGGS

EXECUTIVE ART DIRECTOR / TONY FEO

ASSOCIATE EDITORS / FREEMAN GUNTER, BILL BAUMER

ART ASSISTANTS / JAN HOUSTON, DAVID WORKS

CIRCULATION DIRECTOR / FRED MANAS

**DON BEAVERS**

ADVERTISING

7985 SANTA MONICA BLVD., SUITE 104

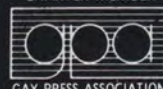
WEST HOLLYWOOD, CA 90046

(213) 650-3994

HONCHO MAGAZINE (ISSN 0733-5865). December 1985, Volume 8, Number 9. Published monthly by Modernismo Publications, Ltd., 155 Avenue of the Americas, 11th Floor, New York, New York 10013. Copyright © 1985 by Modernismo Publications, Ltd. Distributed worldwide by the Flynt Distributing Company, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Editorial offices: 11th Floor, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10013. (212) 691-7700. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited manuscripts. All rights in letters sent to HONCHO will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and are subject to HONCHO's right to edit and comment editorially. Any similarity between the people and places in the fiction in this magazine and any real people and places is purely coincidental. All photos posed for by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos, nor words used to describe them, are meant to depict the actual conduct or personalities of the models. Nothing appearing in HONCHO Magazine may be reprinted either wholly or in part without written permission. Subscriptions: U.S., Possessions, APO and FPO—\$32.00 for one year. Canada and Foreign—\$41.00 for one year. Canadian and Foreign subscriptions should be remitted by International Money Order in U.S. funds. Single Copies—\$3.95 (add \$1.05 for postage and handling). Send subscription correspondence to HONCHO Subscription Department, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013. Notify subscription department of change of address at least 6 weeks in advance. Please include new address and mailing label from most recent issue. HONCHO is the registered trademark of Modernismo Publications, Ltd. Printed in U.S.A. All rights reserved.

(Note: Subscriber lists are never rented or sold.)

CHARTER MEMBER



GAY PRESS ASSOCIATION







# CAPABLE OF ANYTHING

*He opened his lips wide and stuffed the head and half of the thick shaft inside his hungry mouth. He slipped his hands between the man's muscular legs, pushing the jeans lower down.*

BY ROLAND GRAEME • PHOTOS BY CITYBOY

Worn out from football practice, Daryl stripped naked the minute he was back inside his bedroom after dinner. He crawled into bed to take a nap. It was Friday night, but he had nothing special planned; in the small town where he lived, a young gay man's social options were limited. Limited to fantasizing and masturbation, most nights.

When the husky young athlete woke up and glanced at the digital alarm clock beside his bed, he saw that it was past midnight. Daryl stirred and yawned; he was tempted just to roll over and go back to sleep. But his dick pulsed with excitement against the sheet. He felt restless, horny, eager. He got out of bed and grinned as he chose some clothes to throw on. The hell with jerking off! Not tonight. Daryl would go crazy if he had to settle for another homemade hand job.

He desperately needed to get his rocks off, but preferably with some hot-mouthed cocksucker or some guy who would bend over willingly to take his big cock up the ass. Daryl felt his erection even more intensely as he thought about the sexual relief that might be waiting for him out there in the night. He wanted to wallow in man-to-man sex tonight, fuck and suck himself into a state of exhaustion, without inhibitions, without complications, without shame.

He dressed accordingly—scantily—slipping into a pair of tight gym trunks without a lockstrap underneath. He carefully adjusted his semi-hard cock so that the fat head of it almost stuck out below the leg of the tight-fitting trunks—which not only displayed his basket, but also









clung to his ass cheeks and emphasized the crack of his ass. It was a warm night, so Daryl pulled on a tight sleeveless t-shirt, which accentuated his well-developed arms and chest. Then he tied his running shoes. He wore nothing else. He wanted his prospective sex partners to get a good look at the merchandise, to see exactly what they would be getting: a hot young jock on the prowl, with a body and a cock that wouldn't quit!

Daryl was still new enough to gay sex to be nervous about openly cruising the streets of his home town. Tonight, however, he was too horny to be too subtle and try his luck at the one bar in town where gay men hung out. If anybody saw him in the streets, he reasoned, it would look as though he was just another dedicated young jock taking a late-night jog. To create the proper illusion, Daryl actually did jog in the direction of one of the local pick-up spots he knew about. He ran along the deserted sidewalks, gaining speed gradually and working up a sweat. His revealing outfit showed off his strong legs, narrow hips, tight ass, and small waist to excellent advantage.

As his chest constricted almost painfully, he could have sworn that his heart actually missed a beat when he noticed a patrol car coming up the street. Daryl slowed, flushing with a strange mixture of guilt, physical effort, and sexual arousal. He pretended not to glance sideways at the solitary cop behind the wheel as the car passed him. The cop didn't slow down, but he glanced casually in Daryl's direction. The anxious young jock was sure the big man nodded to him. The cop's eyes were concealed behind dark glasses—at night, which really freaked Daryl out—and his face, with its thick moustache and taut chin, seemed ruggedly handsome in the quick glimpse that Daryl got of it. He couldn't recall having seen this particular police officer around town before. As the red tail lights of the patrol car vanished, Daryl quickened his pace, thinking of his destination as a sort of refuge now.

The pick-up location was a service station, open all night, and manned tonight by a young grease monkey whom Daryl knew well by sight. He was muscular and even fairly good-looking under all that dirt and oil. Several of Daryl's tricks had assured him that guys cruised each other brazenly in front of the gas pumps at night, and even had quick sex in the men's room. Daryl had never tried his own luck, but he had often driven by the place, and had observed that a lot of horny-looking men did seem to get their gas there at night. Whether they got ser-



# HONGHO HUNKS

FDC 51387  
\$3.95

16

FULL COLOR, PULL OUT POSTERS  
OF THE HOTTEST MEN IN  
AMERICA



**ON SALE AT YOUR  
LOCAL NEWSSTAND**

OR BY MAIL THROUGH MODERNISMO  
PUBLICATIONS, LTD. FOR \$5.00 PER  
COPY (POSTAGE & HANDLING INCLUDED).

**MODERNISMO PUBLICATIONS, LTD.**

155 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS...NEW YORK, NY 10013

HH

☐ I have enclosed \$5.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

I certify by my signature that I am over 21 years old.



vised in other ways as well, Daryl was suddenly eager to find out.

The attendant was nonchalantly pumping gas into a huge truck as Daryl jogged into the garage's parking lot and stopped, catching his breath and wiping sweat from his arms and face with his hands. The gas jockey was sturdily built, a little shorter than Daryl, but muscular; his overalls were unzipped all the way down the front, and his hairy belly and chest were dotted with beads of sweat and smeared with his own oily fingerprints. He grinned at Daryl, who found himself returning the smile more boldly than usual.

"You out practicing for a touchdown, or what?" the guy, whose name tag identified him as Jerry, asked Daryl lightly.

"Yeah," Daryl laughed. Everybody in town knew the football players, which was another reason why Daryl had to be discreet in his local cruising; the team's schedule was prominently posted above the service station's cash register. "Christ, I've got to take a piss," Daryl announced loudly, brazenly brushing his hand over the bulging lump of his dick. "I'm going to fucking wet myself if I don't empty this dick of mine soon!" he added, feeling even more desperate for sex.

He thought he detected a flicker of interest as Jerry, still working the nozzle of the pump, glanced down at his crotch. "Yeah, I can see what you mean. The rest room's around back. It's always open," Jerry added—significantly, Daryl thought. "Give a yell if you need anything," Jerry said, making Daryl even more confident that the guy could be had under the right circumstances.

Daryl tore himself reluctantly away from the humpy attendant and walked toward the men's room. As he entered the fairly large, well-lit john, he saw a hefty truck driver standing at one of the urinals, pissing. The man turned his head casually toward the door, then looked the husky young athlete up and down, not so casually. His eyes intently examined Daryl's sweaty, half-naked body and his swollen crotch. Their eyes then met for a long moment of erotic suspense before the trucker grinned.

"Hi," he said invitingly, his piss still blasting loudly into the urinal. God, he was hung!

"Hi," Daryl replied, pausing uncertainly in the doorway, not sure how to proceed.

"You out jogging, huh?"

"Yeah," Daryl admitted.

"How far do you go? I mean, how far do you have to run to come here?"

"I don't know. A couple of miles."

Daryl put his foot up on a wastebasket rim, his back to the trucker, to retie a loose shoelace. He suddenly realized that, in this position, he was shoving his ass toward the guy, who must be getting quite a view.

"Pretty good," the driver commented—whether on Daryl's jogging prowess or the size and shape of his buns, Daryl didn't know.

Daryl heard the urinal flush and expected to see the other man leaving the room. He felt strangely reluctant to step up to the urinal himself and take his own dick out and start pissing, even though he actually did need to. He wasn't at all pee-shy, as a rule. But then he became aware that the trucker was standing right behind him.

Daryl turned his head quickly to see the smiling trucker hovering over him; the man put his big hands on Daryl's broad bare shoulders.

"It's a hot night out there tonight," he

brawny arms slipped around his waist and hugged him tightly. The trucker's thumbs flicked over Daryl's tits through his thin, sweat-soaked t-shirt. The horny bastard was getting Daryl hot.

"We can't fuck or suck in here," he protested weakly, intoxicated by the trucker's smell of tobacco and sweat and diesel oil.

"Sure we can; lots of guys do. Hell, even one of the cops in town is gay and he stops here all the time. I've seen him. I almost had him, one night. I guess as long as he's getting his rocks off, he's not going to let anybody get busted. Listen, I'd take you someplace else in my truck, but I'm on a tight schedule." The trucker laughed at his unintentional joke, and hugged Daryl even more possessively. Then he let Daryl go, and his hands shot down to open his belt buckle and unzip his fly. Daryl turned around and stared down as the stud whipped out his dick. It was big and stiff, with a fat, round head

***"Why don't you show me a little gratitude before I take you home? I want you to suck it," the cop said. "You're a cocksucker, right? Suck mine. I'm not such a bad guy once you get to know me."***

said suggestively. "You're all hot and sweaty, kid. It's pretty hot in here, too."

"I, uh, I don't think it's such a good idea to do anything in here," Daryl blurted out. "You know, fool around or anything, when anybody could walk right in and catch us!"

"Shit! Nobody's going to walk in here at this time of night unless he's out looking for the same thing we are—another guy with a stiff dick," the truck driver laughed. "You need a little fast, hard action, don't you, butch?"

"Maybe," Daryl said evasively. He was excited yet frightened by the idea of tricking with a complete stranger, right there in the john with the door unlocked and that other guy, Jerry, only a couple of hundred feet away.

"Look what I've got for you, kid. Feel it?" As he spoke, the big man pressed his groin against Daryl's buttocks. He was wearing tight jeans and a t-shirt, and his hard-muscled body felt warm and stimulating against Daryl's exposed flesh. His cock was big and hard, thrusting against the soft, worn denim. It rubbed fiercely against Daryl's buttocks, which were barely covered by his tight gym trunks. Daryl gasped as the guy's

that poked out of his open jeans.

"You'd like to suck it, wouldn't you, kid? Well, be my fucking guest! Get down on your knees and suck it all you want, buddy! Let's see if that mouth of yours is as hot on a man's dick as it looks!"

Instead of being turned off by the man's blunt manner, Daryl felt inflamed by it. He forgot all about the risk of getting caught, and shamelessly immersed himself in reckless, urgent, quickie sex. He got down on his knees on the floor and took the dude's cock in his hand, stroking it, appreciating its hardness. Then he guided it to his lips. As he licked the cockhead, the truck driver moaned with delight. Daryl swabbed the guy's dick with his wet tongue, licking away the salty drop of semen from its slit. Then he opened his lips wide and stuffed the head and half of the thick shaft inside his hungry mouth. He slipped his hands between the man's muscular legs, pushing the jeans lower down, and began to toy with the heavy balls as he sucked the big cock expertly. Slurping and moaning, he slid his lips back and forth around its potent bulk in a steady milking rhythm.

*Continued on page 28*









Leo was at the wheel of the sleek red Corvette, and Tony felt the warm leather of the car seat beneath his near-naked thighs. His cut-offs were so thin and tattered that they were almost transparent. He wore no shirt; his hairless golden-brown chest was warmed by the autumn sun. As the car curved along the highway, twisting and turning through the Blue Ridge Mountains, flashes of green, red, copper and gold shot into Tony's clear blue eyes.

As he took in the scenery, Tony also stole a few glances at Leo's handsome, square-jawed face, which was framed by short dark hair. Leo was wearing a denim shirt that was open and showed the thick mat of hair on his chest. Tony's eyes raced toward Leo's tantalizing crotch; well-worn jeans encased Leo's muscular thighs like a second skin.

Leo shot a look in Tony's direction.

# Fill My Empty Ass

by Joseph Patton • Art by Felix Irizarry

The driver took his right hand off the wheel and ran it through Tony's shock of blond hair. Tony smiled. The smile lit up his whole face; the bottomless blue eyes were alive with cock-hunger.

Leo became suddenly still, looked into Tony's eyes, and said, "You can't wait, can you?"

Several moments later, Leo saw the sign that reads "Iron Mountain Trail" and turned the Corvette off the highway. The

car slowed to a crawl as it slithered along; it finally came to a stop in front of a chain secured to two wooden posts.

Ahead of them the trail wound away into the hills, hemmed in on the right by nearly vertical outcroppings of gray rock. To the left, a creek foamed around rocks beneath bordering hemlocks. Overhead, jays chattered and squirrels scampered through tall trees fringed with grapevines.

"Strip," Leo said in a low husky voice.

Without saying a word, Tony shucked his sneakers, stepped out of his cut-offs, and gave his pants to Leo.

As he noticed Tony's cock suddenly swelling, its pink shaft glossy in the sunshine, Leo's lips curled upward around the edges. He threw Tony's sneakers and cut-offs into the woods as if they were good for nothing but the trashpile.

"Move that ass," Leo ordered.

Tony swung over the chain that crossed the trail. He flexed his muscles and bounded ahead with a devil-may-care look on his face; the hot afternoon sun highlighted his slender solid body.

"Make like the wind!"

Kicking up his heels, Tony began to trot, then to run, breathing in deep whiffs of clear mountain air. He couldn't remember feeling so good, so alive.

Things had changed drastically since



Tony had gone to the bar the night before. He had planned on having a good time, but he hadn't planned on meeting someone like Leo. When their eyes first met, Tony was riveted to the stranger. Leo was larger and stronger than Tony, and his manner was more physical. Tony had felt Leo's touch, quick and firm, on his arm, and he was captivated by this man with the dark good looks. Tony had felt something inside him crumble.

The trail grew wilder, and branches of pine brushed Tony's tight, lithe torso. "Stop!" Leo's deep voice banged through the air like a rifle shot. Tony stopped dead in his tracks. "Drop to your knees," Leo said, coming up behind him. "Bend forward."

The crunch of a zipper. The rattling of leaves. The breathing of wind. Silence. Then, all of a sudden, Tony felt hot piss splashing across his backside, and dripping down the crevice between his ass-

***"Bend over it," Leo commanded.  
"Spread those cheeks." Tony gripped  
the log with both hands and raised his  
ass high in the air. The slave  
wanted to feel his master's meat plunge  
into his ass.***

cheeks. Tony's mouth dropped open in stunned surprise, and when he whirled around Leo stepped in closer and aimed his cock right at Tony's face. Piss tumbled down Tony's throat, and he struggled to swallow the salty surge.

"You're wet, cocksucker," Leo said, turning his face and walking away as if he wanted to be as far away from Tony as possible. "Dry off."

Tony shook himself like a dog. A tremor shot up his back. A gust of wind blew down from the mountains, rustling the oaks and hazels. A shower of oak leaves zigzagged through the air. Tony felt their sharp pointed edges pricking his bare back, his shoulders, his whole wet dripping body. Standing in the sun to dry off, Tony heard a match being struck. Glancing behind him, he saw Leo smoking a cigarette and leaning against an oak. Leo motioned him over.

Tony's eyes widened as he watched Leo pull the belt out of his jeans. For an instant Tony faltered in his step—but only for an instant. He came up alongside Leo, tilted his head back, and felt his throat being stroked as if he were a cat. Arching his back, Tony closed his eyes; his entire body relaxed. Without a

word, Leo tied Tony's wrists around the oak tree with a handkerchief whipped from his back pocket. A moment later, Leo stepped behind Tony and disappeared from sight.

Tony heard the hiss of leather a moment before he felt it bite into his white round mounds of assflesh. He opened his mouth, but no sound came out. Leo lashed the belt through the air, stinging Tony's soft inner thigh. Leo cracked the belt down again, hot and hard, and then again.

Tony jerked his head around until he saw Leo out of the corner of his eye. Leo stood motionless as a statue, with the belt raised in his hand. Then the statue came to life and the belt flew through the air, branding Tony's tender smooth ass like a hot iron.

Tony cried out. Leo flexed his wrist and the belt hissed. The thick leather smacked Leo, and he shuddered with painful pleasure. The belt whistled

through the air again and again until, suddenly, it stopped.

Tony heard Leo coming up behind him; the crunching of leaves beneath his boots grew louder and louder. Tony glanced over his shoulder. Leo looked back at him. The look Tony gave Leo was a fleeting one, but its meaning was as clear as if Tony had said that all he wanted was for Leo to take his hard-worked body and use it in every way.

Leo's dark eyes narrowed; his mouth betrayed the faint flicker of a smile as he stretched out his hands and ran them up Tony's tanned chest. He pinched Tony's dark-brown nipples and lowered one hand between the captive's legs; Leo squeezed the tight pear-shaped balls until Tony began to moan.

"You're tough," Leo said sharply. "You can take it."

Leo knew him so well! Tony would have been disappointed if Leo had stopped. Instead, Leo twisted Tony's nuts and nipples harder than ever. Tony's head rolled from one side to the other and he began crying out—clear, clipped cries that came from somewhere deep, deep inside him.

"You love it," Leo rasped.

Tony's lips moved as if to say, "Yes." Then, in a trembling voice, "Yes, sir."

Leo smiled. Tony soaked it up like a sponge. Leo gave Tony's stiff dick a yank and Tony's eyes looked into Leo's—begging for more.

"Hot to get fucked, aren't you?"

"Yes," Tony said breathlessly.

"Yes *what*?" Leo hissed.

"Yes, *sir*."

"Then untie your hands," Leo said.

"Be quick."

Leo turned around and walked away. There was nothing for Tony to do but twist his wrists until the knot in the handkerchief began to loosen. The captive struggled; finally he caught the knot between his thumb and forefinger and freed himself. Moving back a step, Tony opened and closed his hands until he felt the blood rushing through them again.

Tony turned around. His master was stretched out on a grassy knoll with his hands behind his head. Tony's eyes focused on the muscular torpedo-shaped cock, the color of a ripe plum, sticking straight up from Leo's thick bush of pubic hair. The slave lowered himself to the ground, flicked his tongue into the hollows of Leo's armpits, and tasted the heavy tufts of hair soaked with sweat.

"Take it," Leo ordered. "Do those push-ups."

Tony got into position with his palms outside Leo's thighs and began doing push-ups. Going down, Tony swallowed Leo's meaty cock; then he raised himself up and let Leo's dick slide almost completely out of his mouth. After taking a deep breath, Tony would work his way back down the flesh pole.

Leo fixed his eyes on Tony's tight young body. His slave's golden tan, sun-streaked hair, full pink lips, and strong sleek throat, intensely aroused Leo.

Leo counted 50 push-ups and shook his head in amazement. "Such an eager cocksucker!" he exclaimed. Without missing a beat, Tony glanced up with blue eyes sparkling and gave a sort of smile; it was as much of a smile as he could give with Leo's fat cock bulging against the sides of his mouth.

Tony could have gone on doing push-ups until the sun set, but Leo had other ideas. He felt the head of his cock smack Tony's tonsils and slide back into Tony's mouth on the upswing. Suddenly, Leo pushed Tony away and got to his feet. There was a fallen log nearby which was covered with moss. When Tony saw it, he knew exactly what Leo had in mind.


"Bend over it," Leo commanded.

"Spread those cheeks."

Tony didn't waste any time gripping

*Continued to page 38*



A man with a mustache and brown hair is lying on his back on a roof covered in brown asphalt shingles. He is wearing a red, white, and blue plaid shirt that is pulled up to his chest, and blue jeans that are pulled down to his ankles. His buttocks are exposed. He is looking back over his right shoulder at the camera with a slight smirk. His right hand is pressed against the shingles next to him.


You thought that leak in your roof  
meant trouble, but look who  
the Acme Roof Company  
sent to fix it. Bet he  
knows a few things  
about plugging  
up holes.  
**HARD LABOR**

**SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY MALEXPRESS STUDIO**  
HONCHO / DECEMBER 1985 13





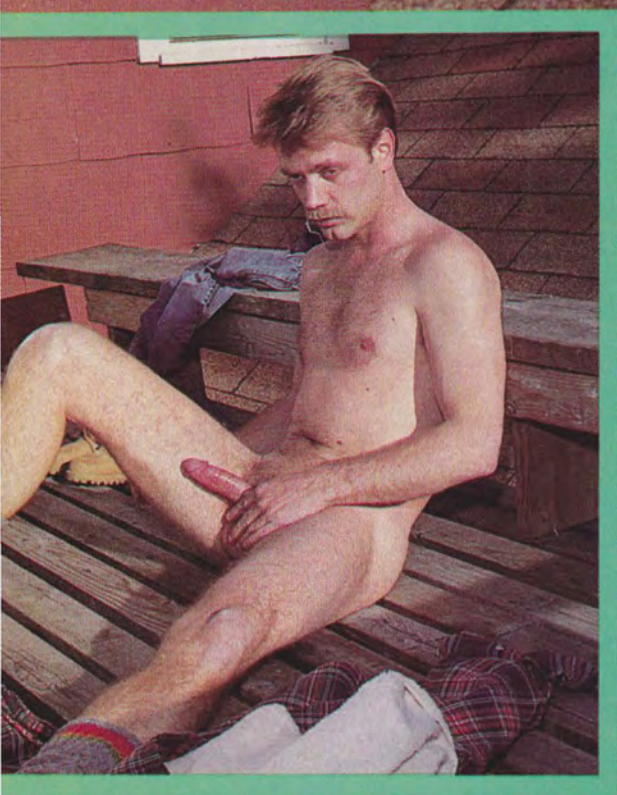




Looks like you've taken his mind off his  
work. Maybe you can come up with  
a good way to prod him on.

## HARD LABOR







Doesn't look like your roof is going to get  
fixed today. Guess this guy will just  
have to come back in the  
morning, or maybe you  
could put him up for  
the night. You know  
he wants to put it  
up you.

**HARD LABOR**





## AL PARKER'S SURGE STUDIO



**SURGE**  
STUDIO

Payable to: **SURGE STUDIO** **\$5**  
P.O. Box 624, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254  
☐ I certify that I am over 21

Charge my: VISA ☐ MASTER CHARGE ☐

INSERT CARD NUMBER BELOW:

INTERBANK NO.      
MUST ACCOMPANY CHARGE.  
PLEASE SEND ME: \_\_\_\_\_

Please include \$2.50 handling for each tape ordered.

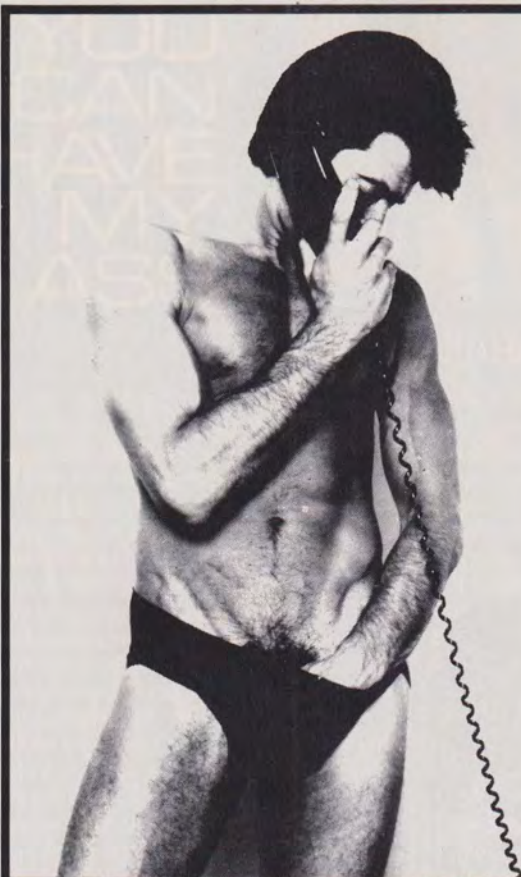
I enclose \$ \_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ tapes. ☐ VHS ☐ BETA

SIGNATURE

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ST. \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_  
PHONE \_\_\_\_\_

VOID TEX., TENN., FLA.





24 HOURS A DAY

# FANTASY MEN

FREE  
LONG DISTANCE  
CALL BACKS  
YOU PAY ONE LOW PRICE!

**(415) 864-3104**

CREDIT CARDS/MUST BE 18 YEARS OR OLDER



**SP=KE**

7746 SANTA MONICA BLVD.  
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90046

PHOTO: JOHN KRAUSE



# Get a hit!

You'll score big with new "Umpire" — A masculine scented talc spray. The sure cure for foul balls! Treat yourself or it's a fun gift for the members of your ball club who have been striking out lately!

Just \$4.95 per can or three cans for \$12.00. Please add \$1.00 postage and handling. Check, money order, Visa and Mastercard accepted.

# Order it now!

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

No. of Cans \_\_\_\_\_ Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

(Include \$1.00 postage & handling)

☐ VISA ☐ Mastercard

Card No. \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

Send to: **EveryDay Products, Inc.**

6951 Warner Ave., Box 431 • Huntington Beach, CA 92647







# YOU CAN HAVE MY ASS

# ANYTIME

BY JOE LAZARA • ART BY MATT

The day the new comptroller strolled into the accounting department I succumbed to an obsession. I knew that from then on I would have a helluva time keeping my mind on invoices and purchase orders. As if his sandy-blond curls, his flashing baby blues, and his sunburst smile weren't enough, this guy had a body that shouted sex. He was a miraculous collection of well-carved, meaty parts. Six feet of V-shaped, humpy muscle come to drive me crazy.

Office talk had it that he was a boy wonder snatched by corporate personnel from a competing drugstore chain. Only 28. Cum laude and star quarterback for his college football team. The kind of born-to-succeed type you love to hate. After all, I was two years younger than he, but I was a lowly accounts-payable clerk. But just gazing at him, I felt all gooey inside (as well as other places). Who could bear a grudge?

The women in the office were just as turned on by him as I was. Getting him into bed was their favorite topic of conversation. Of course, making love with your boss eventually meant kissing your job good-bye, they all agreed. But who wouldn't jump at the risk? Except for one hitch. He was married. One baby already, and his wife pregnant in the suburbs. They sounded as disappointed as I felt.

Oh, well. If I couldn't touch, I could at least look. And look I did. Everything he wore (which looked very expensive) fitted him to perfection. I loved the way his sheer cotton shirts clung like plastic wrap to his brawny pecs and chiseled, tapering torso. Below the belt, he was all loin; cords of muscle rippling beneath rich, supple pants. At staff meetings on Monday mornings, he would plop into a chair in a circle with the rest of us and throw one leg over the chair arm. All during the meeting, my eyes would dart to his wide-flung, muscular thighs and the thick cock I imagined coiled, making that obscene mound in his pants.

Best was the view from behind. Big, beautiful, bubble ass! Hard, round man's ass! Him bent at a desk, in head-

to-head discussion with an AP clerk, say. Balancing his weight on one side of his body—arm outstretched, one leg slightly bent—he would idly shift position. Then a curvaceous buttock would rise and tense against his tight pants as the other one fell and relaxed.

I began eyeballing John (that's his name) so much that before long he began to catch my worshipful glances. Heart pounding, I would quickly focus just past the point of his splendid anatomy that had really captured my attention. To make matters worse, his office was in direct line of vision of my desk, and the wall was glass.

But he never seemed disturbed by my stares. He would toss me a blinding smile and say something like, "How's it going, big fella?" (Actually I'm medium build.) If he were near me, he would reach out and clamp a big hand on my shoulder. Back at my desk, I relived every nuance of expression in our encounters. Could he be interested in me? What were all those smiles about? (After all, I'm not bad looking: dark, well-muscled, trim.)

Always, I had to admit to myself: no. Just a friendly, easy-going guy.

The instant I got in the door at home, I would tear out of my clothes and jerk my aching dick. Watching John shed his shirt and slacks in my mind's eye. Sauntering up to him, taking his hard, long, thick cock in my grip, feeling it swell. Tracing the deep crack between those glorious asscheeks with my fingertips.

Hard-ons at work became a continuous problem. Like the time he brushed against me in a narrow corridor leading to the department lounge. I pressed against the candy machine, pondering the selection for minutes, while my erection lurched. Sooner or later, he was going to catch my dick making a tent in my trousers.

It happened sooner than later. One Monday morning after the staff meeting, John called me aside as the rest of the staff filed out of his office. My heart thumped like a drum. What could he

want to see me about? Had my work fallen behind? No, I had kept up diligently, often coming in early. I hadn't missed a day of work since he had come on the job—who would?

It had to be the way I had been gaping at him. During that Monday's meeting in particular, I had found it next to impossible to keep my eyes from caressing his bulging basket. He knew what was on my mind. Anybody would have known. It couldn't have been plainer if I had worn a sign across my chest: "Horny Fag."

After everyone had left, he turned to me. Much to my relief, he flashed his pretty smile. "I've got this itch," he said. He reached behind him with both hands and launched an unsuccessful attack on the trouble spot on his back. "Can't reach the sonofabitching thing." Still grinning, his eyes twinkling, he said, "You wouldn't take it the wrong way if I asked you to scratch it for me, would you, big guy?"

"No, no, of course not," I stammered.

He padded across the room in his calf-leather loafers, placed both palms on his desk top, and bent forward. I relished the view, unable to believe my eyes. My beautiful boss bent at the waist, with those round, meaty buttocks on display just for me.

Keeping a safe distance between myself and his protruding ass, I reached out and gingerly ran my fingernails across a small patch of his broad, thick-muscled back.

"A little more center," he directed.

"That's it. Right there. Harder!"

I dug deeper into the flesh beneath his translucent shirt cloth, thrilling at the warmth of his skin against my fingertips. Growing bolder, I dragged my nails from the top of his spine to the small of his back.

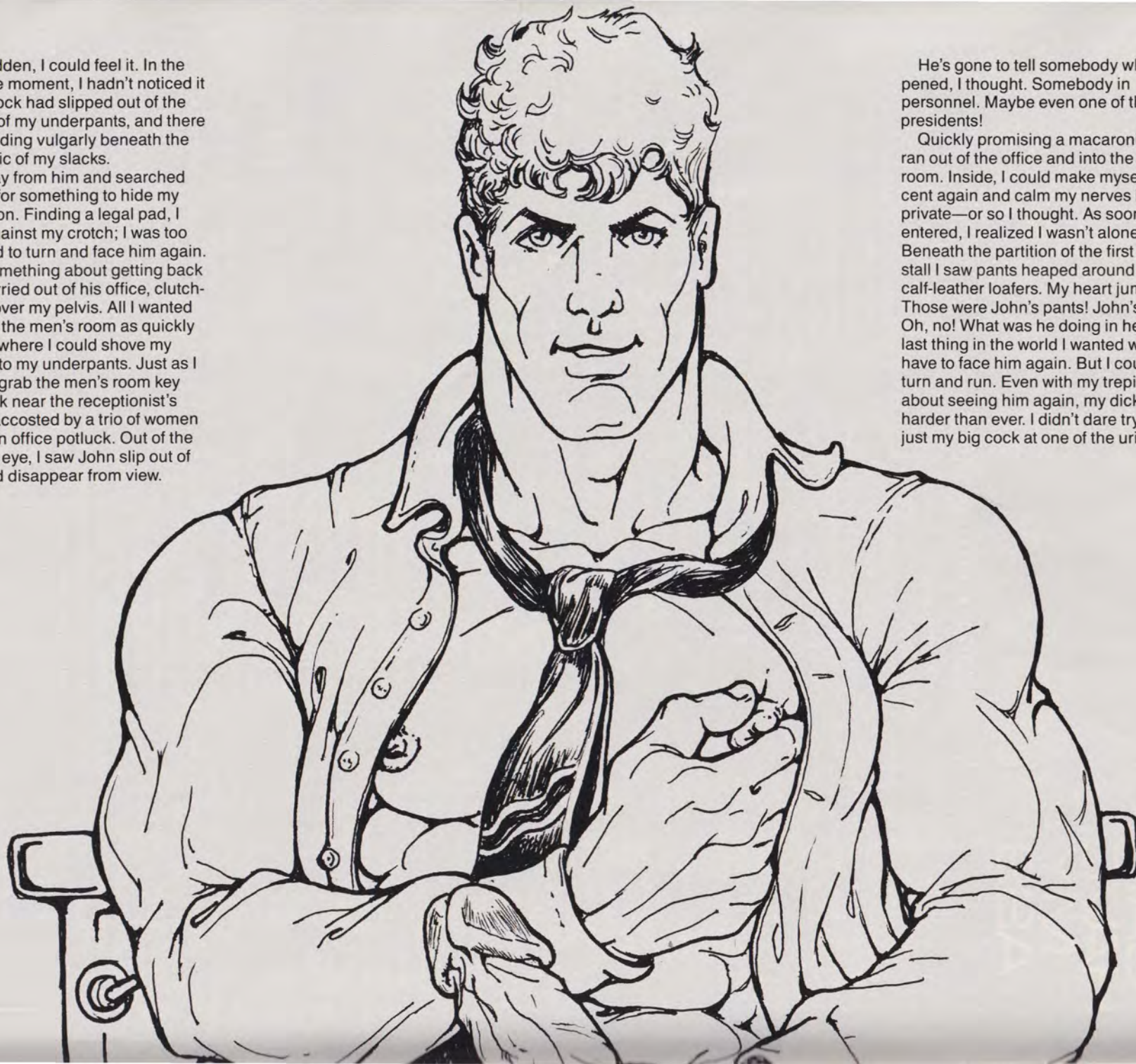
"Aaaahhhh!" He moaned. "That did it!"

He stood abruptly and faced me, smiling. "Thanks, big fella." He reached over to slap my shoulder in his customary way, when suddenly his glance fell. He dropped his big hand awkwardly to his side. He looked astonished.



All of a sudden, I could feel it. In the rapture of the moment, I hadn't noticed it before. My cock had slipped out of the leg opening of my underpants, and there it was, protruding vulgarly beneath the strained fabric of my slacks.

I spun away from him and searched desperately for something to hide my raging hard-on. Finding a legal pad, I pressed it against my crotch; I was too embarrassed to turn and face him again. Muttering something about getting back to work, I hurried out of his office, clutching the pad over my pelvis. All I wanted was to get to the men's room as quickly as possible, where I could shove my cock back into my underpants. Just as I managed to grab the men's room key from the hook near the receptionist's desk, I was accosted by a trio of women organizing an office potluck. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw John slip out of his office and disappear from view.



He's gone to tell somebody what happened, I thought. Somebody in personnel. Maybe even one of the vice-presidents!

Quickly promising a macaroni salad, I ran out of the office and into the men's room. Inside, I could make myself decent again and calm my nerves in private—or so I thought. As soon as I entered, I realized I wasn't alone. Beneath the partition of the first toilet stall I saw pants heaped around a pair of calf-leather loafers. My heart jumped. Those were John's pants! John's loafers. Oh, no! What was he doing in here? The last thing in the world I wanted was to have to face him again. But I couldn't turn and run. Even with my trepidation about seeing him again, my dick was harder than ever. I didn't dare try to adjust my big cock at one of the urinals.









MATT



What if someone else should come in?

I decided to react as if I hadn't noticed that anyone was in the room with me. I decided to stroll as inconspicuously as possible past John's stall and imprison myself in the one at the far end of the row. As I approached the row of stalls, my heart skipped another beat when I realized that the door to John's stall was ajar. As I walked up next to it, the door flew open from within.

I gasped at what I saw. His shirt was fully unbuttoned, and each panel flung wide; his silk necktie was loose and dangling between two round, slab-like pectoral mounds. One big hand teasingly fondled a dark pink, blunt-shaped nipple. His naked abdomen was a landscape of tender-looking skin stretched over corrugated muscle. His smooth, sinewy thighs were slung apart. A heavy-looking ballsac rested vulnerably on the hard edge of the toilet seat. His other hand stroked his long dick. A delicate foreskin slipped back and forth over the ridge of the slick, blunt, purplish head.

I felt as if all my limbs had turned to jelly. I stood gaping at his monstrous cock.

"I've been waiting for you," he said, huskily. A burning glint replaced the sparkle that usually lit his eyes.

"What if someone comes in?" I asked, shaking.

"Like who, the boss?" He smiled lasciviously. "There are only two keys to the men's room. You have one, right? And I have the other."

He spat into his hand, then ran it up and down the length of his thick cock. "Come on in, big fella." I slipped into the tiny cubicle as John shut the door behind me.

"Suck it."

I did as I was told. I sank to my knees and wrapped my lips around the plump, tasty head. Swirling my tongue around the spongy surface, I began slurping at the long, arching shaft, inching more of its length down my throat with each swallow.

John thrust his powerful hips upward ramming his full tool down my gullet. He started face-fucking me from below. Breathing through my nose, I bobbed up and down on the choking rod as John thrust harder each time I gulped.

"Aaaaahhh!" he moaned. He pumped furiously, spurting cascades of hot cum against the back of my throat. There was so much, I began to choke on it. I tried to pull away, but he clamped his hands on the back of my head, jamming my nose into his pubic hair.

In a moment, he was finished. I stood awkwardly, still reeling from what had

happened. As soon as I was on my feet, John grabbed my throbbing dick, which was still straining inside my pants.

"Looks like you're still packing a boner, big guy." He looked up at me, his blue eyes glazed with lust. I glanced down to see his fat, wet cock stretching to new lengths—and he had just shot his huge load seconds ago!

"I showed you my dick," he said, his voice even huskier than before. "How 'bout you showing me yours?"

He whipped apart my pants and had them around my ankles in an instant. I hooked my thumbs into the waistband of my underpants and started to pull them down, but he stopped me.

"No, don't," he said. "I like it the way it is. Your big hot dick sticking outta the leg of your shorts like that."

Supporting his weight with two vice-like grips on my thighs, he leaned forward and flicked the gooey tip of my dick with his tongue. My cock bobbed, slapping him under the nose. He pulled his face back slightly, then swooped back down on my dick, taking it down his throat like a sword swallower. He buried his face in my white cotton briefs, his naked beefy body jerking as he stifled his gags.

A few seconds later, he came up for air—wet-mouthed and sputtering, only to gulp my big cock back down to the root. And so it went. Slowly at first, then with mounting rhythm. I didn't have to do a thing but stand there and let him devour me. I still couldn't believe it. My humpy boss—starved for my cock. All this time, how could I have missed the signals? There must have been signals.

Just then the piston-like action of his curly head began to slow. In a moment, he pulled his mouth from my wet, raw dick.

"While that thing is all wet and slick," he panted, "wanna stick it up my ass?"

It was obviously a rhetorical question. Without waiting for a reply, he rose to his feet and pressed tight against me in the tiny space. He took my face in his hands and brought his wet open mouth to mine. Our tongues dueled for what seemed like minutes. Then, still bound at the ankles by his fallen pants, he swiveled around clumsily.

With his back to me, he put his hands on the tile wall in front of him and bent far over the toilet. His shirttails stopped just at the swell of his upper buttocks, covering everything but those two pale, sculptured melons. Sinew beneath tender, succulent flesh made his ass-cheeks firm yet pliable.

Supporting his weight with one arm, he spat into his free hand. Cupping the puddle of saliva, he reached between

his thighs and grabbed my dick, bathing it in spit. Then, spreading his knees and squatting slightly, he guided my dick to his asshole. When he had the head poised at the opening, he pushed back as I pushed forward. My cock sunk in half way.

"Aaaaahhhhh!" It was somewhere between a yell and a moan. "Big, hard dick poking up my ass. It hurts. But it feels good. It's been so long." He wriggled back on my cock a little more.

"Yeah. That's it. Fat dick filling me up." Then with one quick shove, he impaled himself on my stiff rod.

"It's yours, big guy," he rasped. "Tear it up."

I pulled back, then plunged, skewering him. Months of wet-dream fantasies had come to life. My boss—offering me his tender hole. I fucked him relentlessly as he begged for more of my wild thrusts.

"Oh, yeah," he growled. "Fuck me hard."

The cum collected quickly in my balls and jetted upward. In a second, I was exploding inside him. I kept pumping until I had spilled the last of my load.

Panting, I fell forward on his back. I slipped my arms underneath his shirt and squeezed his small waist. The flat of my hand caressed the wavelets of muscle across his abdomen. After I had caught my breath, I pulled back as he rose. He gasped as my cock slipped out of his ass.

"I've been grinning at you like a clown, wondering when in hell we'd get it on," he said, grinning.

"I never realized," I admitted. I was still afraid I might snap-to from one of my mid-morning daydreams.

"Jeez, I haven't been fucked in ages. I'm still hard as a rock." He gave his dick a quick stroke. "Been a long time since I got it on with a hot man like you."

I could feel a blush warming my face.

"Got a family now," he went on. "Gotta play this damn corporate game. But man, you can have my ass anytime."

Making it with your boss eventually means kissing your job good-bye. . . I heard myself suddenly echoing the women in the office. So what!

"How 'bout my place, any time you say?" I said, feeling bold. "How 'bout tonight, after work?"

Pressed together in the small space, we had to squirm into our pants.

"And after you've busted my ass again," he went on, "maybe I can fuck that cute little ass of yours."

I nodded, watching him struggle to stuff his cock into his pants.

"You're the boss," I could only agree. ■



# CAPABLE

Continued from page 9

"Oh, you're good, kid. You're damn good!" the trucker groaned as he spread his legs to steady himself. He put his hands on Daryl's bobbing head and began to rock himself back and forth on the balls of his booted feet, fucking his cock steadily in and out of the kneeling athlete's drooling mouth and showing Daryl how he wanted to be blown. Daryl picked up the pace the guy set for him and sucked even more voraciously.

"Cocksucker, good-looking young cocksucker, you!" the trucker gasped. "Don't suck it off, though, baby. You get it good and wet, and then I'll shove it up your ass. You want me to screw you, don't you, man?" A rhetorical question if ever Daryl had heard one. He grunted loudly to indicate his willingness, and sucked harder, working up as much saliva as he could to lubricate the thick fuck tool before it was inserted in his craving butt.

When he could stand the sexual suspense no longer, Daryl pulled his lips off the cock. Gasping for breath, he stood up, turned around, shoved his gym trunks down to his ankles, and stepped out of them. Naked from the waist down except for his running shoes, he grasped the cold sink and bent over it, holding on to it with both arms. His biceps flexed as he shoved his butt back. The trucker stepped up behind him and pressed his dick between Daryl's buns. As he pushed the head against Daryl's hairy asshole, Daryl let out a yelp of mingled pain, excitement, and horny impatience. Grunting, the trucker shoved harder; his dick sank into Daryl's butt to a depth of several inches. Daryl groaned, pushed his ass back even harder; and felt himself completely impaled on that stud dick.

They fucked like animals; the horny truck driver was too eager and too aroused to employ much in the way of technique or finesse. Daryl was too excited, too hungry for cock up his ass, to care about the roughness of the screwing. The man humped him with fast, hard, violent thrusts that made the front of Daryl's thighs bang against the rim of the sink and his asshole spasm wildly. "Fuck me, fuck me," Daryl whispered desperately. The trucker, clutching Daryl's squirming hips to steady him, only grunted with satisfaction as he applied himself to his task.

In less than five minutes of nonstop humping, the trucker came, his sperm gushing into the depths of Daryl's ass in thick creamy spurts. Only then did Daryl reach down with his right hand, take his own throbbing cock in his fist, and—aiming it over the sink—start to beat off in a furious rhythm.

"Keep fucking me, man!" he choked. "I want to come!"

The trucker kept on ramming his meat in and out of him until Daryl's guts convulsed, his taut balls clenched and spasmed, and his cum shot out. It splattered all over the sink and the mirror on the wall above it. Hunching, pounding his butt into the trucker's groin, and squeezing his ass muscles against the guy's still-stiff dick, Daryl milked his own cock dry with his hand.

"God damn, that was a hot fuck!" the truck driver said as he slapped Daryl on the ass. Then he unceremoniously jostled Daryl aside so that he could scrub his cock at the sink, rinse it off, and dry it with a handful of paper towels yanked from the dispenser. "I've got to get rolling," he apologized, zipping his fly closed with some effort. His cock once again made a sizeable lump in his jeans. "I'll see you around, kid."

Daryl, still feeling dazed by the experience, staggered over to the urinal to take that much-needed, long-delayed piss. But both men froze as a strange voice rang out: "What the hell's going on in here?"

Daryl gasped. It was the cop with the dark glasses. The trucker was quick to recover his composure: "Nothing, man!"

The cop grunted. "Doesn't look like 'nothing' to me. Why're you standing there half-naked with your butt out, kid?"

Daryl couldn't speak. The trucker, however, turned out to be a remarkable improviser: "Shit, I was just in here taking a leak when this crummy little fag walked in and made a play for me. I told him I didn't go for that stuff, but he made a grab for my dick and pulled down his pants and told me to fuck him. It's a good thing you came along when you did, officer; otherwise I might have beat the shit out of him. He made me want to puke!"

"Sure he did," the policeman said.

Daryl found his tongue: "He's a fucking liar!" he gasped.

"You shut up," the cop told the truck driver, before he could say anything. "That your rig out in front? Get in it and get on your way. And don't think I haven't copied the license number down." The trucker fled the rest room, hard-on and all. The cop looked at Daryl's crotch and ass. His mouth tightened in disdain. "Pick up your pants and put 'em on, kid, for Christ's sake."

Daryl trembled as he retrieved his gym trunks and slipped them on. He was painfully aware of sweat running down his sides and the trucker's sperm deep in his freshly-fucked ass. The cop didn't move from the doorway. "Come on," he spat. "Move it!"

"You going to arrest me?"

"I'm going to drive you home, you stupid punk. Don't you think you've got

ten that horny asshole of yours in enough trouble for one night?" The cop hustled Daryl outside and across the parking lot. Jerry was hovering apprehensively beside the patrol car; the truck was gone.

"I ought to run you in for pandering, you jerk," the cop told Jerry. "Tell the goddamn cocksuckers to do it in their cars if they've got to, or better yet at home, but not in the fucking john!" Jerry had enough sense not to say anything. Daryl, his face hot and scarlet with shame, obeyed when the cop barked at him to get in the front seat of the car. Then they drove off into the night.

Daryl risked a glance at the grim set of the cop's jaw as he steered the car through adjacent residential streets, which were all deserted. He didn't ask Daryl where he lived, and Daryl wasn't about to volunteer the information. Daryl wasn't particularly surprised when the big man pulled the car over and parked it, turned off the motor and the lights; he supposed he was going to get a lecture on the evils of cocksucking, a spiel about how the cop was letting him off easily this time, but it had better not happen again.

"Okay, kid, I want the truth," the cop said in a husky voice. He turned to face Daryl, his eyes still inscrutable behind the dark glasses. "What did that trucker do to you back there? And don't try to bullshit me, either."

"I—I sucked him, and then he fucked me up the ass, sir," Daryl blurted out, his cock stirring again at the memory despite his fear.

The cop leaned back in the seat. His mouth softened slightly—almost into a grin. "And that guy Jerry—have you ever had sex with him?" he asked.

Daryl hesitated. "No."

"Too bad. He's good in bed." The cop began to unfasten his uniform trousers and spread the fly of them open in his lap. Daryl stared at him incredulously. "I did you a favor, kid, by not busting you," the cop told him in a conspiratorial whisper. "Why don't you show me a little gratitude before I take you home? I want you to suck it," he added, when Daryl only gaped at him. "You're a cocksucker, right? Suck mine. I'm not such a bad guy once you get to know me, kid. I'm just trying to keep you out of trouble, that's all. You shouldn't be hanging around dumps like that service station at your age. Hey, how'd you like to have a cop for a fuck buddy?"

Daryl didn't answer with words. The cop's strong hand was already on the back of his neck, gently but insistently pulling his head down into his crotch. Daryl felt his heart racing with a strange combination of relief and excitement as he stuck his tongue out and began to lick the cop's firm, slightly salty flesh, lubricating the dick before he engulfed it with his mouth. ■



# *SPLENDOR on the GRASS*



He's rugged and right! And in any setting, this hot hunk of man would be splendid.

Section photographed by Kristen Blorn



# *SPLENDOR on the GRASS*

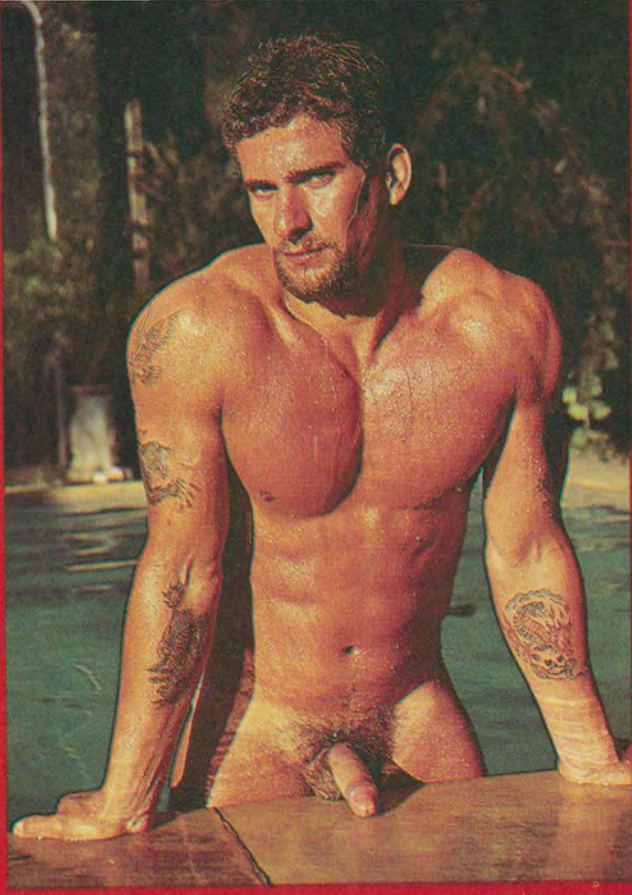


It would be even more splendid if you could join him in his pleasure garden for a roll in that grass, a dip in the pool and, perhaps, a dive into his deeper waters.

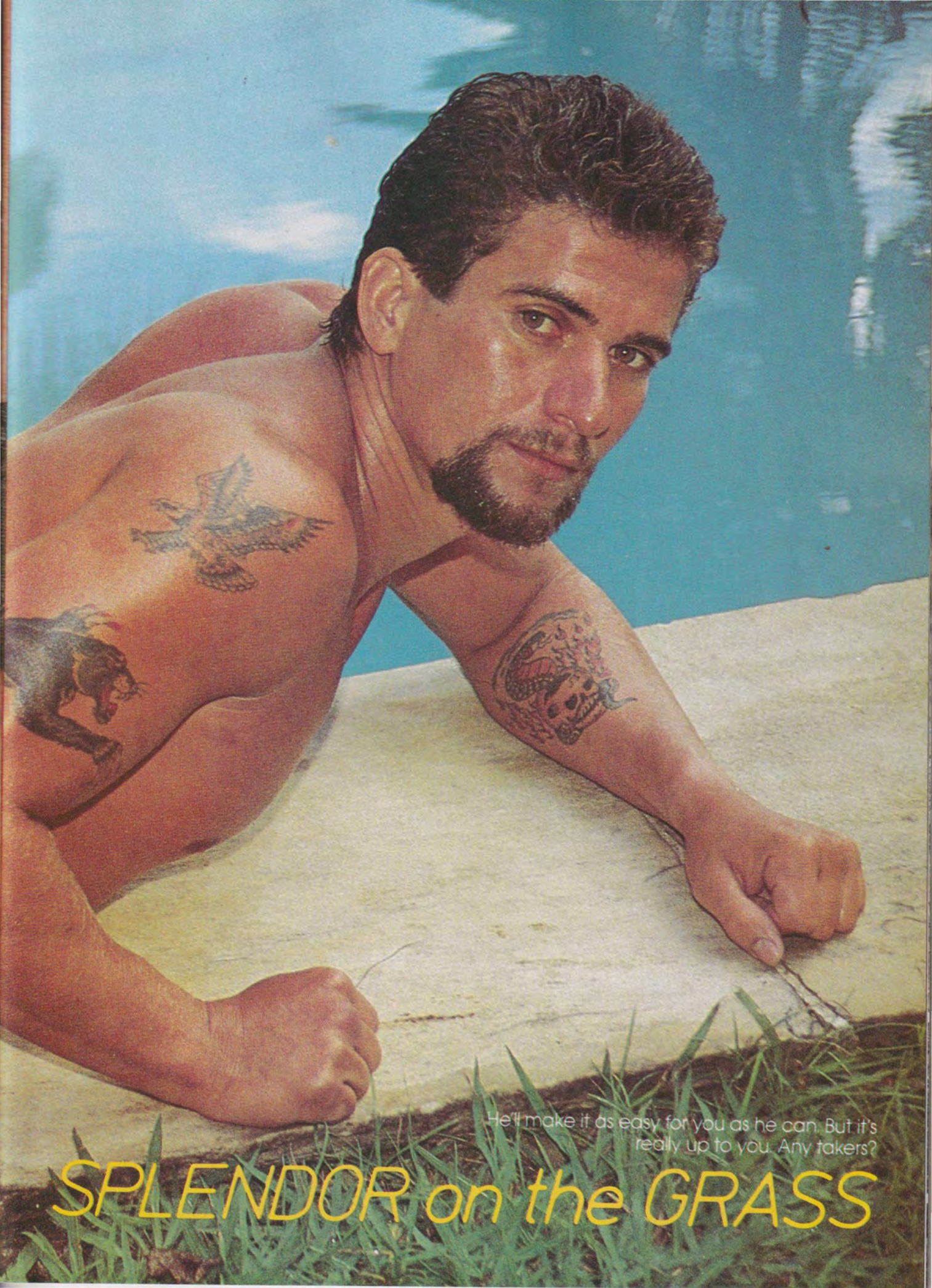








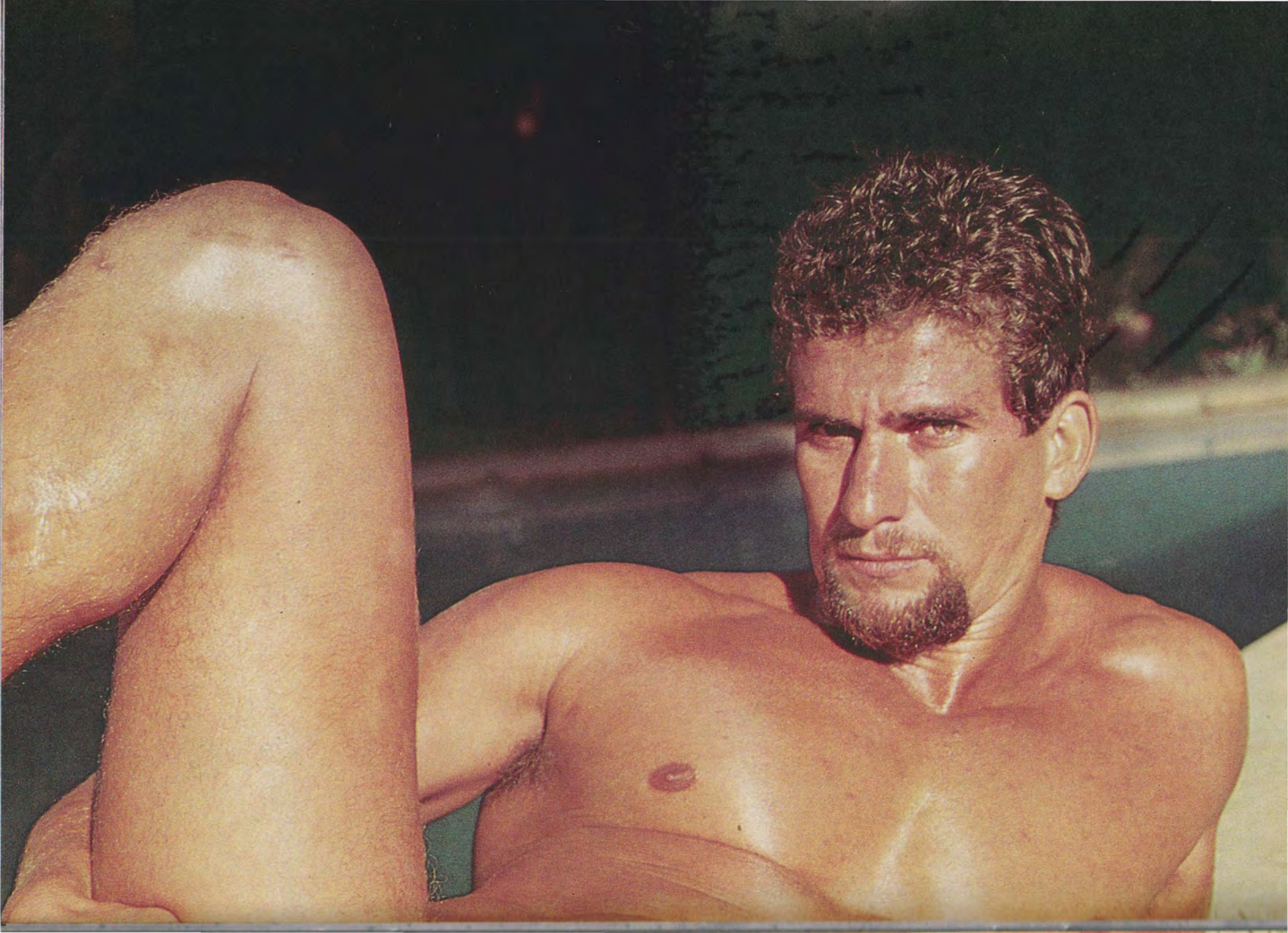




He'll make it as easy for you as he can. But it's  
really up to you. Any takers?

*SPLENDOR on the GRASS*











# Almost Sinful. Windjammer.



We call it enjoying life... Windjammer style.

Strip to your wildest bikini or nothing at all as you slip off with a friend to a secluded cove. Expose your bodies to our sun. Share the world's largest hot tub in water that's crystal clear.

Drink Bloody Mary's at 6 bells, Rum swizzles, and wine. Feast. Morning Danish, seaman's breakfast, picnics, dinners, midnight buffets.

Now we turn on the Windjammer night... and you. Exotic, with a thousand stars. Calypso and steel drums to drain your body and soul. Then for a nightcap hide away and share a private fantasy.

**Six uninhibited days and six almost sinful nights for as little as \$475.**



P.O. Box 120, Miami Beach, Florida 33119-0120. Call Toll Free 1/800/327-2600 (outside Florida) 1/800/432-3364 (inside Florida)

## Windjammer Barefoot Cruises, LTD.



Cap'n Mike, send me the 'Great Adventure' booklet.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City/State/Zip \_\_\_\_\_



## Windjammer Barefoot Cruises, LTD.

P.O. Box 120, Dep. 2938 Miami Beach, Florida 33119-0120.



# HAVE A THREE-WAY

**MORE FOR YOU!  
Get Three  
Issues Free!**

**NOW SUBSCRIBE  
BY PHONE!**

Use Your Visa Or MasterCard  
1-800-835-2246 Ext. 192

In Kansas:  
1-800-362-2421 Ext. 192



The current subscription rate is only \$32.00 per year. Now it gets you \$11.85 worth of FREE MAGAZINES. For a limited time only, you save 46% off the newsstand price when you subscribe, renew, or give a gift subscription to:

MANDATE ☐

PLAYGUY ☐

HONCHO ☐

**Are you a subscriber now? Buy a gift subscription for a friend and have you own subscription extended for an additional three months. Free. Renew your subscription for another year and get an additional three months. Free. Want to be a new subscriber? Do it now and get three additional months. Free.**



MODERNISMO PUBLICATIONS, LTD.

155 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS - NEW YORK, NY 10013

YES, I would like to take advantage of your extraordinary subscription offer:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Send a gift to: \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

☐ New ☐ Renewal ☐ Gift

Charge my ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard

Account  
number \_\_\_\_\_

Expiration  
Date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Canadian and Foreign subscription rate of \$41.00.  
Allow six to eight weeks for subscription to begin.





**DON BEAVERS  
ADVERTISING**

A FULL SERVICE AGENCY

*Our staff brings over 75 years  
of combined experience to  
the community.*

7985 SANTA MONICA BLVD.  
WEST HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90046  
SUITE 104

213-650-3994 or BEA-VERS

## THE GAY ROOMMATE SERVICE

**[212] 580-7696**

12 NOON UNTIL 9 PM

Still growing & still successful  
since 1976, we guarantee many  
more New York City apartments  
to share than any other service.

• Lowest fee in N.Y.C.: \$55

• NO FEE if you already have an  
apartment and need a roommate.

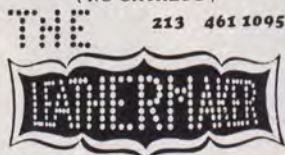


Get that  
**BIG**  
LEATHER  
FEELING  
with

**SUPER CHAPS**

The original  
chap style  
that put  
the zipper  
on the  
OUT side!

The  
most imitated designer  
in the leather world  
introduces  
NEW IDEAS IN LEATHER  
Send \$ 1.00 U.S. (foreign mail \$2 U.S.)  
and mention this ad for full details  
about OUTside zipper chaps styles.  
(NO CATALOG)



5720 MELROSE AVENUE  
LOS ANGELES, CA. 90038



You'll  
FEEL  
**BIG**  
in  
**Jod's**

The  
NEXT EVOLUTION  
IN CHAP WEAR!

YOU CAN BE  
AMONG THE FIRST  
TO WEAR...  
\*Jodhpur - Chaps

## FILL MY EMPTY ASS

*Continued from page 12*

the log with both hands and raising his  
ass high in the air. Once Tony had had a  
science teacher who said that nature  
hates a vacuum—something always  
rushes in to fill it. Now Tony knew what  
he meant; he wanted Leo to screw him  
and fill up his empty ass.

Tony tensed and held his breath as  
Leo lubricated his cock with a mouthful  
of spit. With a mighty lunge, Leo pushed  
aside the taut ring of muscle guarding  
Tony's hole and began plowing between  
his snowy-white ass cheeks.

After several minutes of steady pump-  
ing, Leo shuddered and slowed for a mo-  
ment. Then he began slamming his cock  
up Tony's ass with short savage strokes;  
Tony whimpered through clenched  
teeth.

"That's it," Leo said. "Show Leo how  
much you love his big cock up your  
ass!"

Tony didn't know how much more he  
could take. Without warning, Leo pulled  
out of Tony's ass, spun the slave around,  
and guided his cock into Tony's mouth.  
Tony took to Leo's pumped-up cock like  
a baby to a bottle, sucking steadily until  
he felt the swelling veins in Leo's dick  
pushing against his gullet. The master  
glanced down and he saw Tony's cock  
waving like a flag. With all the strength in  
his powerful body, Leo drove his cock  
down Tony's throat. Cum was building  
up inside and Leo knew that he couldn't  
hold back another minute. Tony sensed  
it, too. Leo groaned, and the first taste of  
sperm shot out of his spasming cock;  
spurt after spurt of hot, thick cum poured  
down Tony's throat. The slave drank it  
up, so eager to get his fill. Then Leo  
stroked Tony's head and hair. "Ex-  
cellent," he said, his dark eyes shining  
like black pools of light.

"Thanks," Tony said, letting Leo's still-  
rigid cock slip out of his mouth.

"Clean it off," Leo ordered.

Tony ran his hot tongue all over the  
shaft until every drop of cum and spit  
was gone.

Raising his head, Tony flicked his  
tongue across his lips as Leo slid out  
from under him and stood up. Leo began  
putting on his clothes: his denim shirt,  
his faded jeans, and his scuffed boots. A  
few moments later, Leo came up to Tony  
brandishing a blade of grass between  
his teeth. Leo stuck the piece of grass in-  
to the pisshole of Tony's hard cock. Tony  
drew in a sharp breath. When Leo pulled  
it out, the green stem was covered by a  
layer of clear shiny fluid. Tony gave Leo  
a pleading, piercing look. He was aching

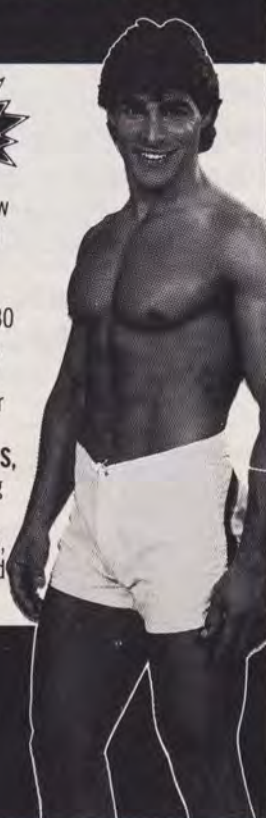
## TAN WITHOUT THE SUN

WITH SUN BRONZ™ TABLETS

- ★ NO MORE COOKING IN THE SUN
- ★ NO MORE PREMATURE WRINKLING OF YOUR SKIN
- ★ NO MORE SKIN DAMAGE OR CANCER RISK
- ★ NO MORE SUIT MARKS ★ NO MORE PALE SKIN



A TAN makes you look **HEALTHY, ENERGETIC** and **ATTRACTIVE!** Now  
you can have a **GORGEOUS TAN YEAR-ROUND WITHOUT COOKING**  
and **PREMATURELY AGING** your skin in the sun! In Canada and  
Europe millions **SAFELY** acquire **RICH, GOLDEN BRONZE TANS**  
simply by taking 3 or 4 tablets of the **Sun Bronz™** formulation (30  
mg. of **CANTHAXANTHIN** per tablet) per day until after they are as  
dark as they wish to be, then they maintain their tans with 1 or 2  
tablets per day. Even if they are already suntanned, it makes their  
tans **deeper** and **richer**. If you are fair skinned and hard-to-tan,  
this is especially for you. **CANTHAXANTHIN** is a **TOTALLY HARMLESS,**  
**NATURAL** and **ORGANIC** substance, which is approved for tanning  
by the Canadian and European equivalents of the US Food and  
Drug Administration. 80 **Sun Bronz™** tablets \$27.95, 160 \$45.95,  
240 \$64.95. Add \$1.50 postage & handling. Florida Residents add  
5% sales tax. No CODs please. **100% Refund if not satisfied!**



VISA, AMEX and MasterCard orders only call toll free

**1-800-824-7888**

and ask for Operator #433 or send check or money order to:

**HEALTH CARE PRODUCTS**

P.O. BOX 271448, DEPT. 13 TAMPA, FL 33688



to spill the cum from his nuts in the worst way.

Leo looked straight at Tony. "Haul ass," he said. "It's getting late."

Tony turned around and began retracing his steps. Leo was right. The sun was lowering and the air had chilled.

"I almost forgot," Leo said. "You can play with your cock now. Just be sure you don't come."

"Yes, sir," Tony answered, flashing his fist around his dick. "Thank you, sir."

All Leo could do was smirk as he watched Tony making his way back along the trail with his dick in his hand, pine needles smacking his red-streaked ass at every step.

"You love frisking naked through the woods beating your meat, don't you slave?"

"Yes, sir!"

Leo came up behind Tony and gave him a hard slap on the buttocks. "See that rock jutting out up there?"

Tony nodded.

"Get your ass up there."

After several minutes of steady climbing, Tony found himself on a rock ledge looking out over the mountain's western ridges. Leo looked up and saw Tony's bronzed body outlined against a patch of blue sky. "What's it like up there?" he called out.

"It's fantastic, sir."

On the jutting rock Tony felt more naked than ever, as if on a stage. The sun was just setting behind maples and dogwoods, already stripped of their leaves. Farther down, the small swift stream was like molten bronze etched with white lines of foam.

Lowering his hands between his legs, Tony cupped his balls with one hand as he whacked away at his cock with the other. He looked down at Leo, who was silently urging Tony on with his exhibition. When their eyes locked, all Tony could think of, all he saw, felt, smelled, tasted, was Leo. Leo's big muscular thighs . . . the salty taste of piss and sweat . . . the sweet taste of Leo's man-sized load . . . his strong man's hands holding him helpless . . . his hot cock driving deep into Tony's mouth and up his ass.

Tony heard the howling of the wind a moment before he felt it coming at him from all sides. Behind him, as if the wind-blown oaks had turned to iron, there came a noise like metal clanging against metal. And then the clanging of the leaves was lost in Leo's voice that became all Tony heard: "Do it, Tony! Shoot your fuckin' load!"

Tony let go with the biggest, thickest load of his life. The first spurt flew high into the air, followed by another, then a steady eruption flowed over his hands.

Tony was stunned at the size of his pent-up load.

Looking around as if waking up, Tony saw that Leo was nowhere in sight. A moment later, he heard a car horn blaring and began making his way downhill in the fading light. As Tony rounded the final curve of the trail, he stumbled over his sneakers. Looking up he saw his cut-offs hanging from a tree limb. He put them on and got into the car. The blast from the heater warmed his chilly legs. Leo turned the key in the ignition and the Corvette swung onto the highway.

"What do you like to eat," Leo asked, "besides cock?"

"Anything," Tony said. "I've really got an appetite."

Leo lowered his voice. "You've got an appetite for something else, too," he said slowly.

Tony agreed. He realized that until now he had never been backed up against the wall with his real desires. He realized he didn't know as much about himself as he had thought.

"You need training," Leo's voice broke into Tony's thoughts. Leo stretched out his arm, patting, squeezing, kneading Tony's shoulders. "If you're willing, I'll teach you about yourself."

"Please, sir."

"My cock," Leo said with a smile.

"Your decision."

Tony nodded eagerly, his blue eyes shining as if a fire burned inside.

"You're giving me a hard-on," Leo laughed. He opened his jeans, and his cock sprang up against his shirt.

Tony sucked in his breath. And then, bending over the car seat, he asked, "May I, master?"

Leo sighed, pulling Tony down into the hollow of his crotch.

The car glided down the highway. The sun had dropped behind the purple mountains. Gaunt black limbs shook in the orange light, and a sudden gust of wind sent a flurry of leaves spiraling through the empty air.

Leo looked down at Tony and then he met his own face in the rear-view mirror. Winter was around the corner, but Leo didn't care. With Tony around it was going to be the wildest, wettest winter either of them had ever known! ■

## ALL MALE VIDEO CASSETTES RENT BY MAIL

Free Catalog. Colonial Enterprises,  
PO Box 10836, Stamford, CT 06904

# RELAX

At your local IGHC  
member facility!



## Our 37 Member Facilities Include:

<b>Buffalo, NY</b>	
Morgan's Sauna	(716) 852-2153
<b>Chicago, IL</b>	
Unicorn Club	(312) 929-6080
<b>Grand Rapids, MI</b>	
Diplomat Health Club	(616) 452-3754
<b>Hollywood, CA</b>	
The Hollywood Spa	(213) 463-5169
<b>Honolulu, HI</b>	
The Steam Works	(808) 923-1853
<b>Indianapolis, IN</b>	
The Body Works	(317) 635-1837
<b>N. Hollywood, CA</b>	
The Compound	(818) 760-6969
<b>Portland, OR</b>	
Continental Club Baths	(503) 223-2313
<b>Reno, NV</b>	
Dave's Club	(702) 322-4403
<b>San Diego, CA</b>	
Dave's Club	(619) 244-9011
<b>San Jose, CA</b>	
The Watergarden	(408) 275-1242
<b>Seattle, WA</b>	
Continental Club Baths	(206) 322-9715
<b>Seattle, WA</b>	
Dave's Club	(206) 623-2045

For Your 1985 "HANDBOOK OF  
MEMBER FACILITIES"

Send \$1.50 to 303 N. Senate Ave.,  
Indianapolis, IN, 46204



---

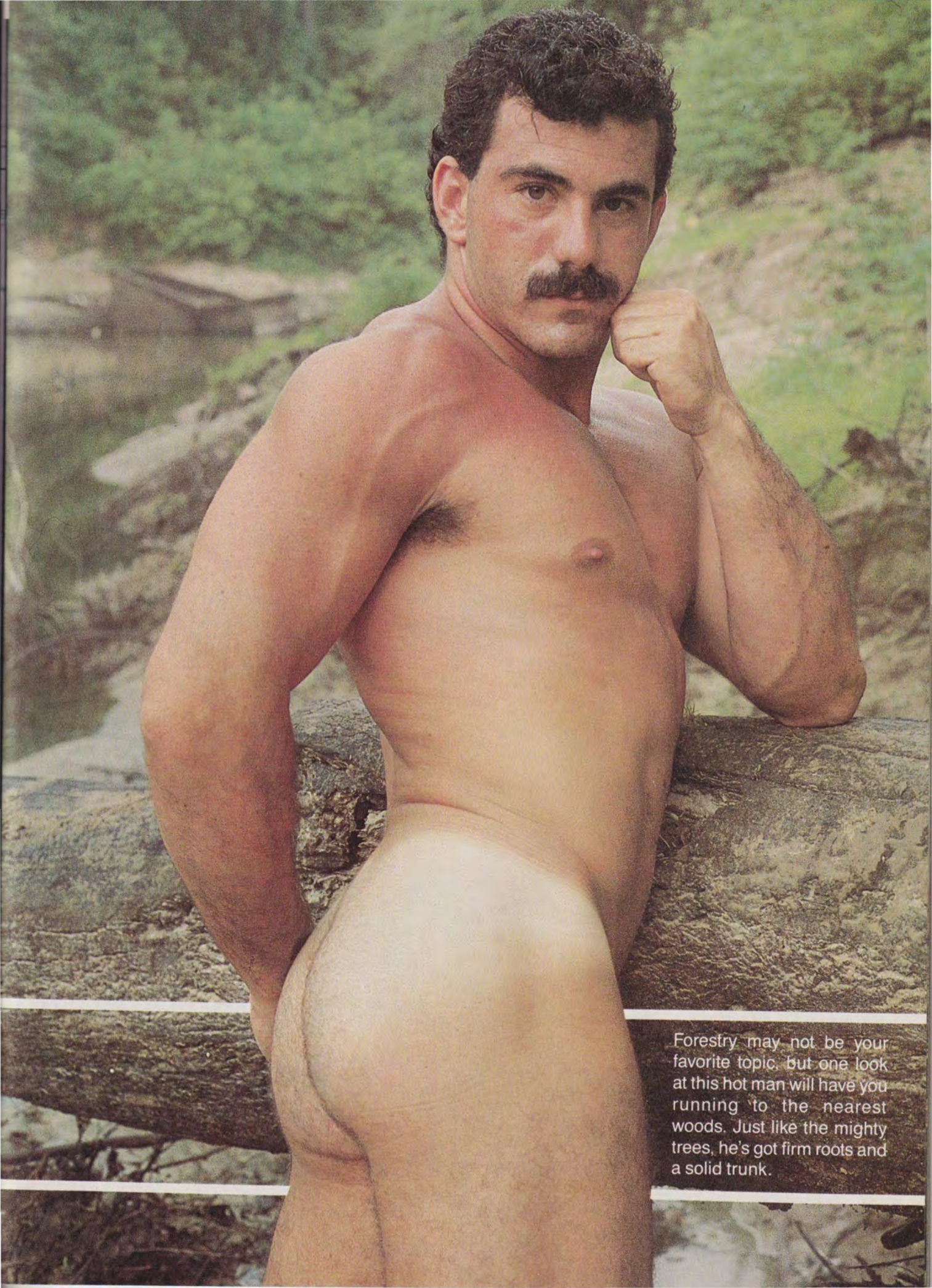
# HUNK on a LOG

---

SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY  
GRAVEN IMAGE

---

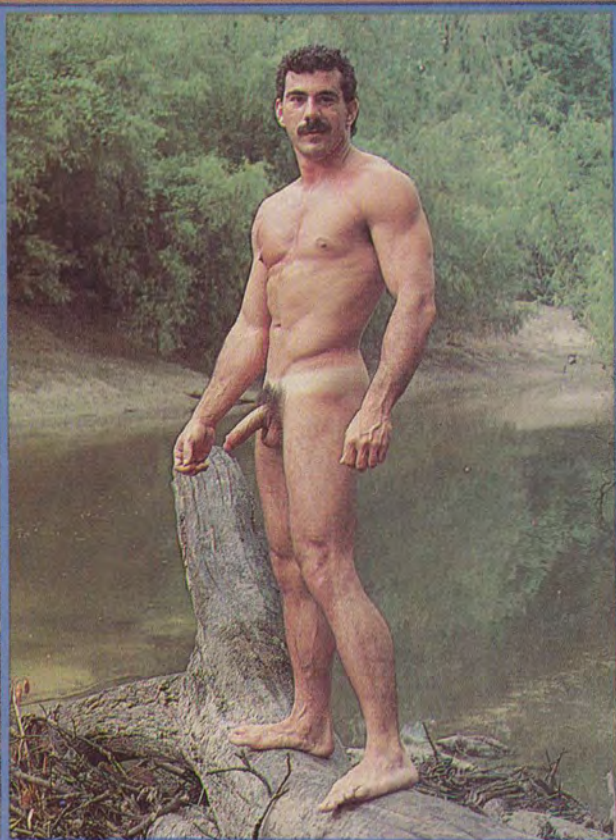
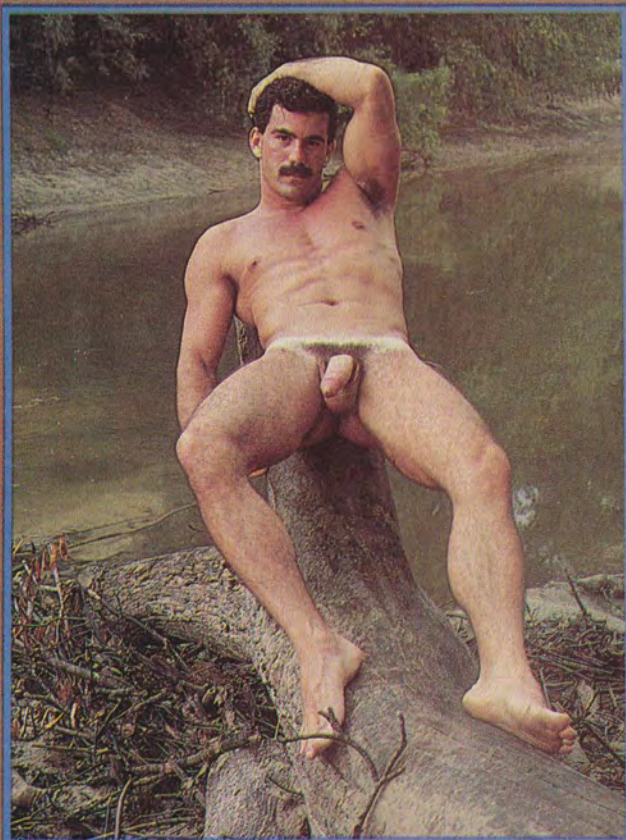




Forestry may not be your favorite topic, but one look at this hot man will have you running to the nearest woods. Just like the mighty trees, he's got firm roots and a solid trunk.



# HUNK on a LOG

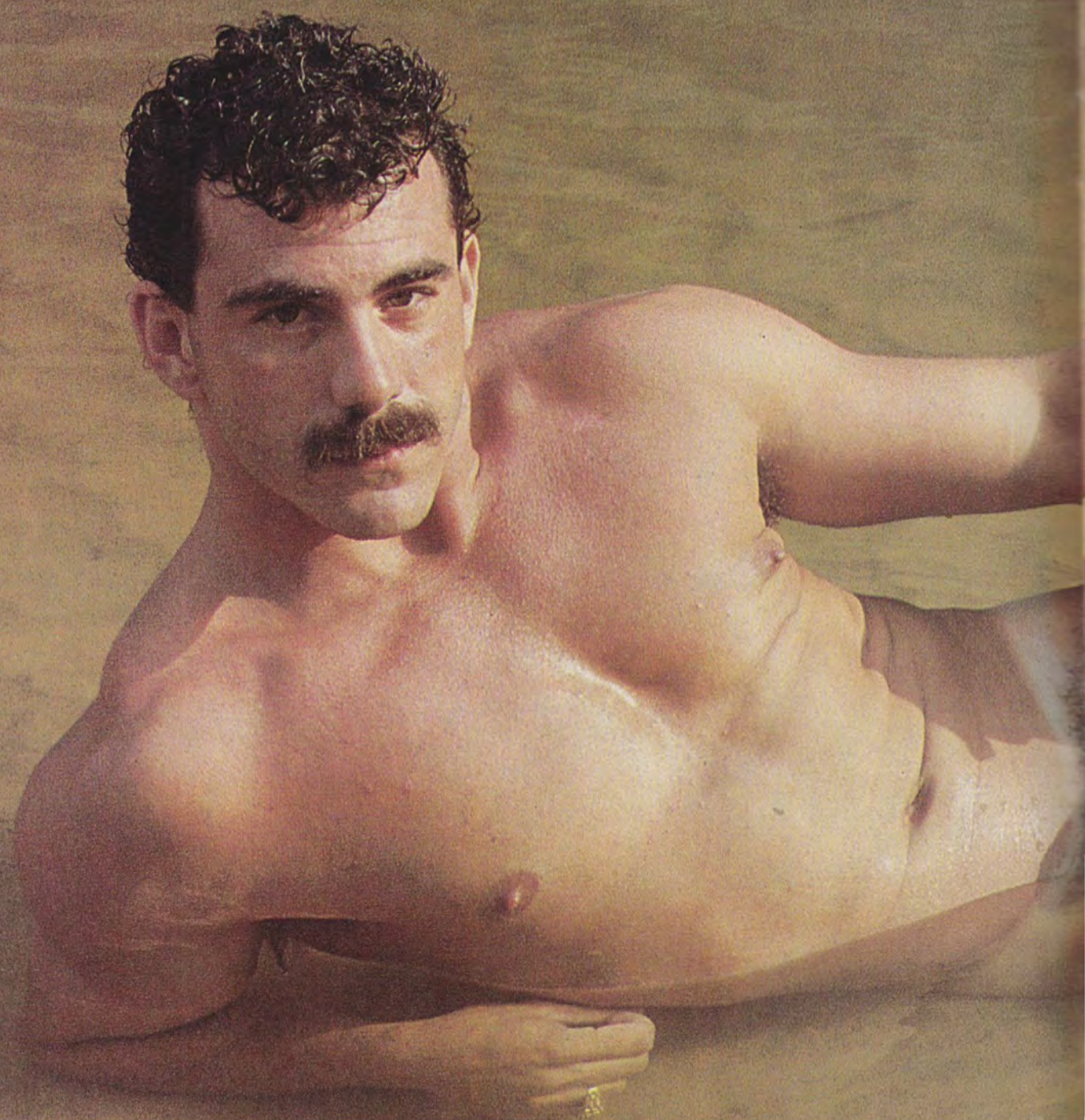


Speaking of mighty oaks—looks like it will take a lot more than a few sharp blows to bring this stud's tree down. Have you got the right tools to work on his log?



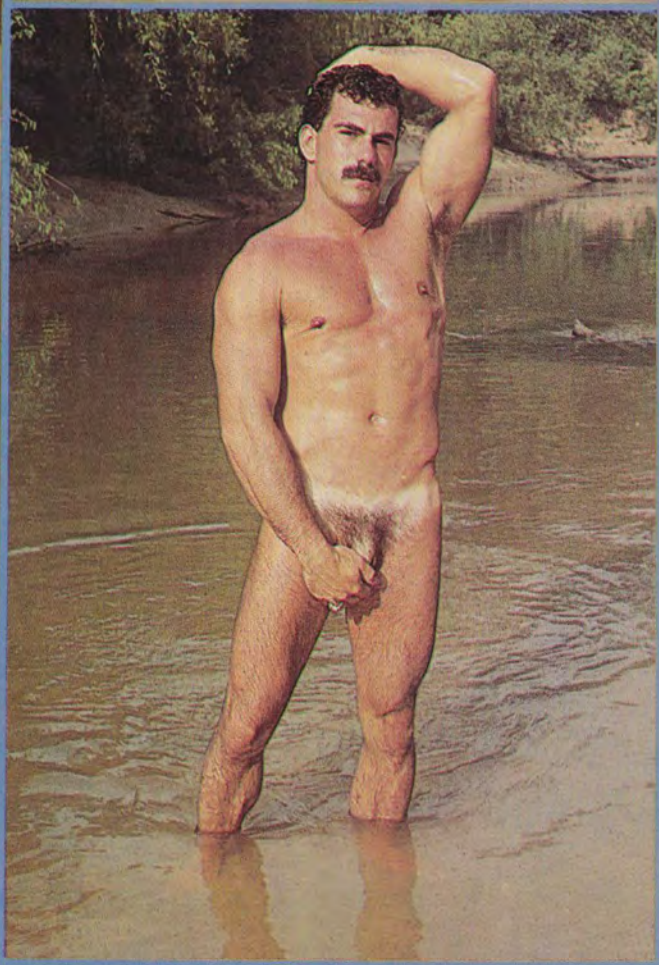
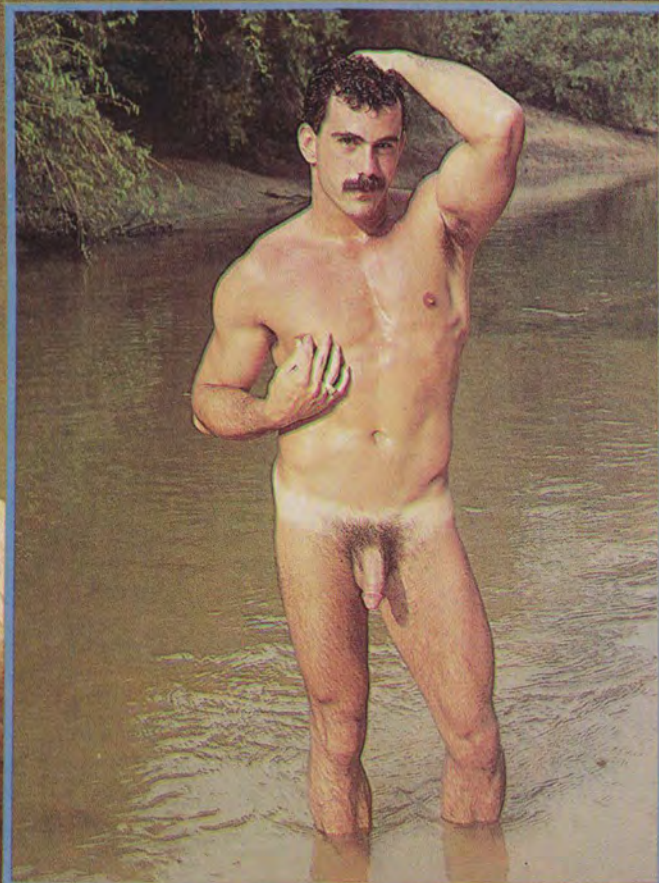
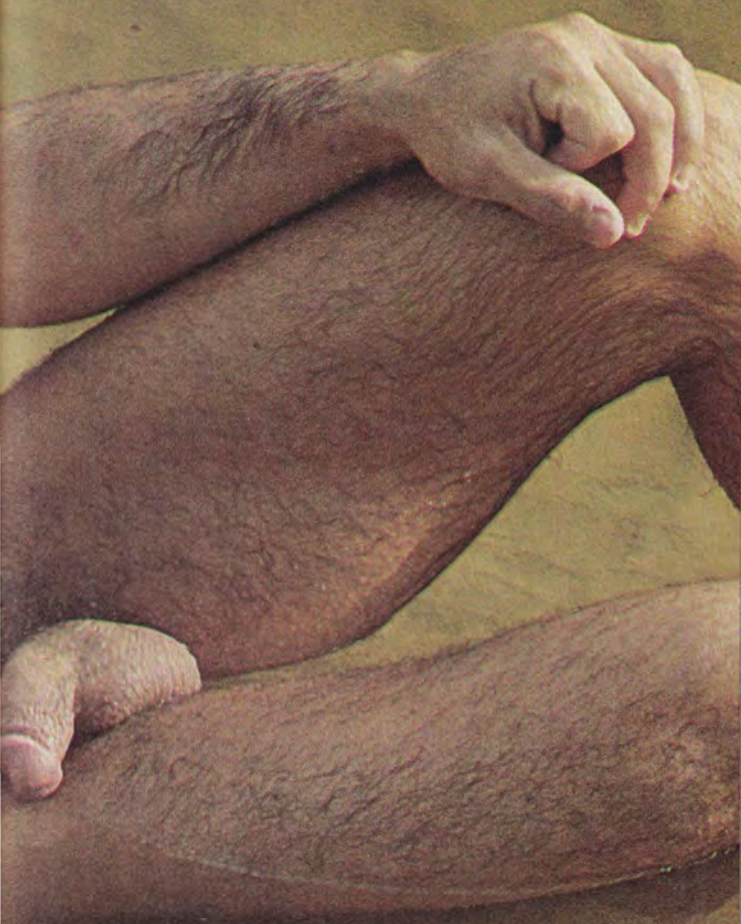






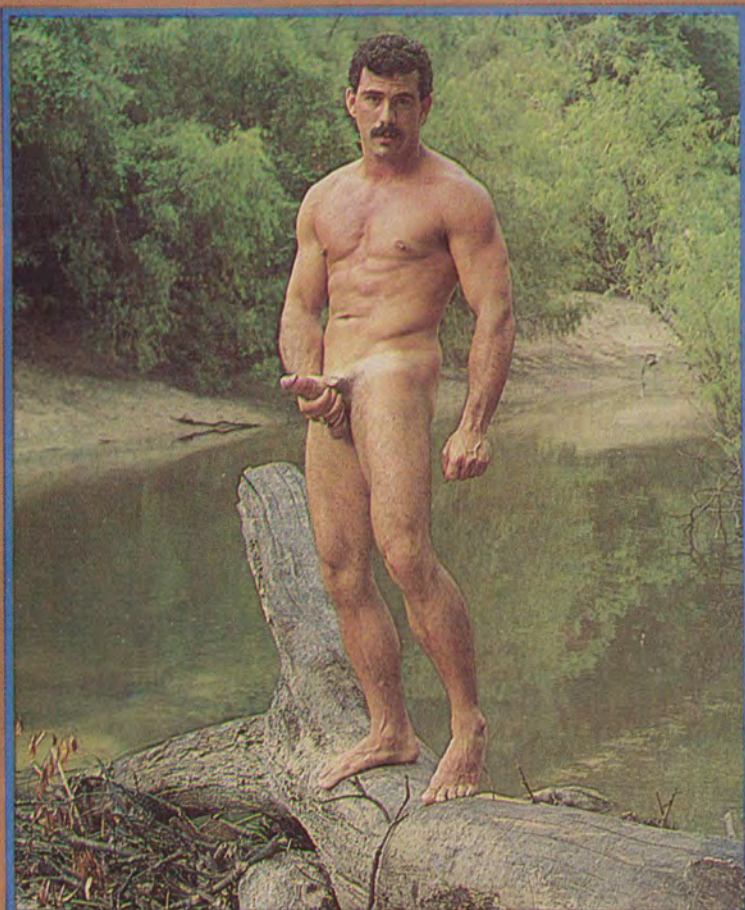


# HUNK on a LOG



All of nature's great creations need water. He's not backing away from you; just give him a minute to get wet and wild.





## HUNK on a LOG

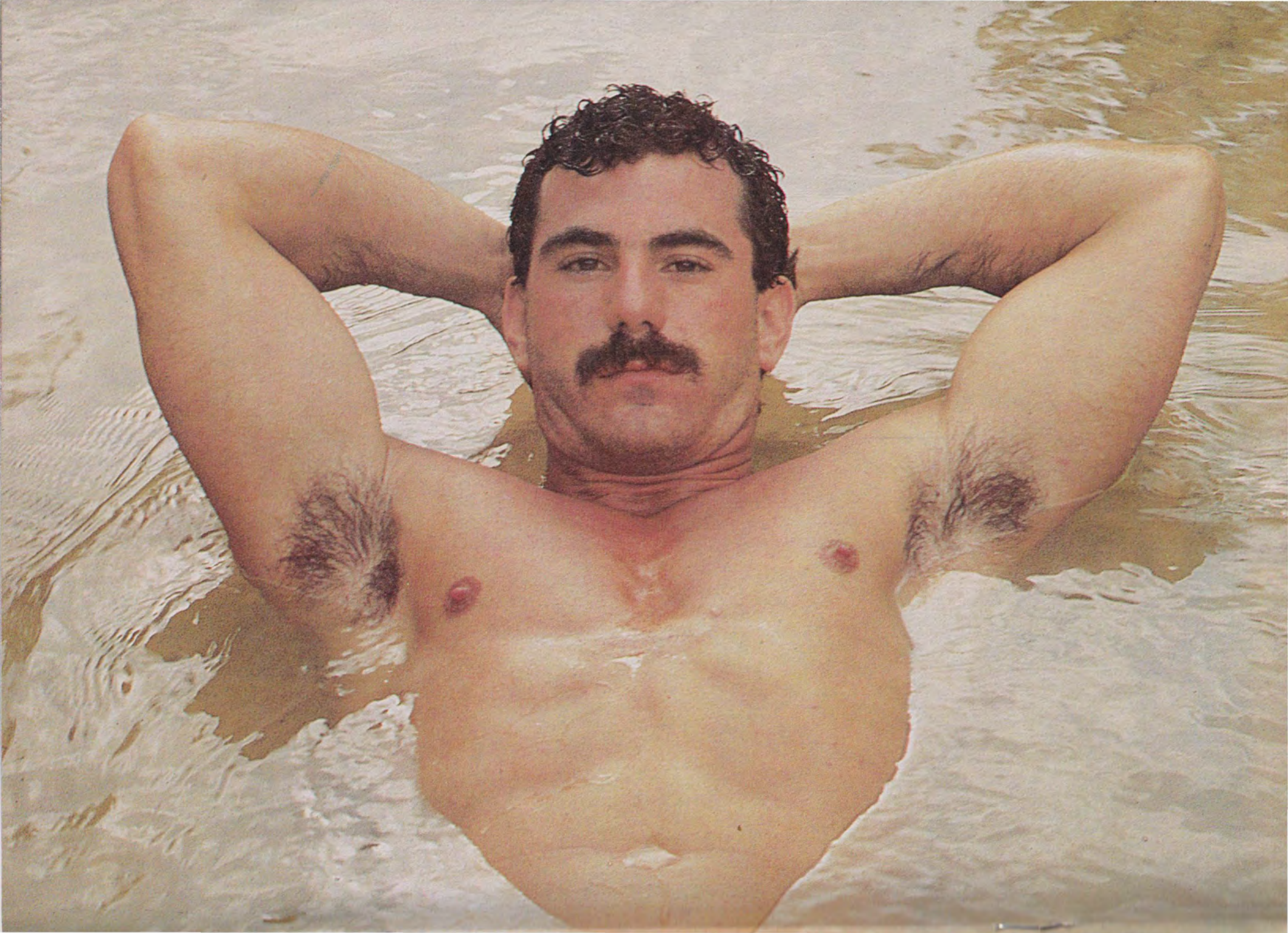
A lumberjack has taken care of one tree, now it's your turn to get to work on the fleshy one between this guy's legs. Work that pole with all your might, and you may get him to yell "Timber!"







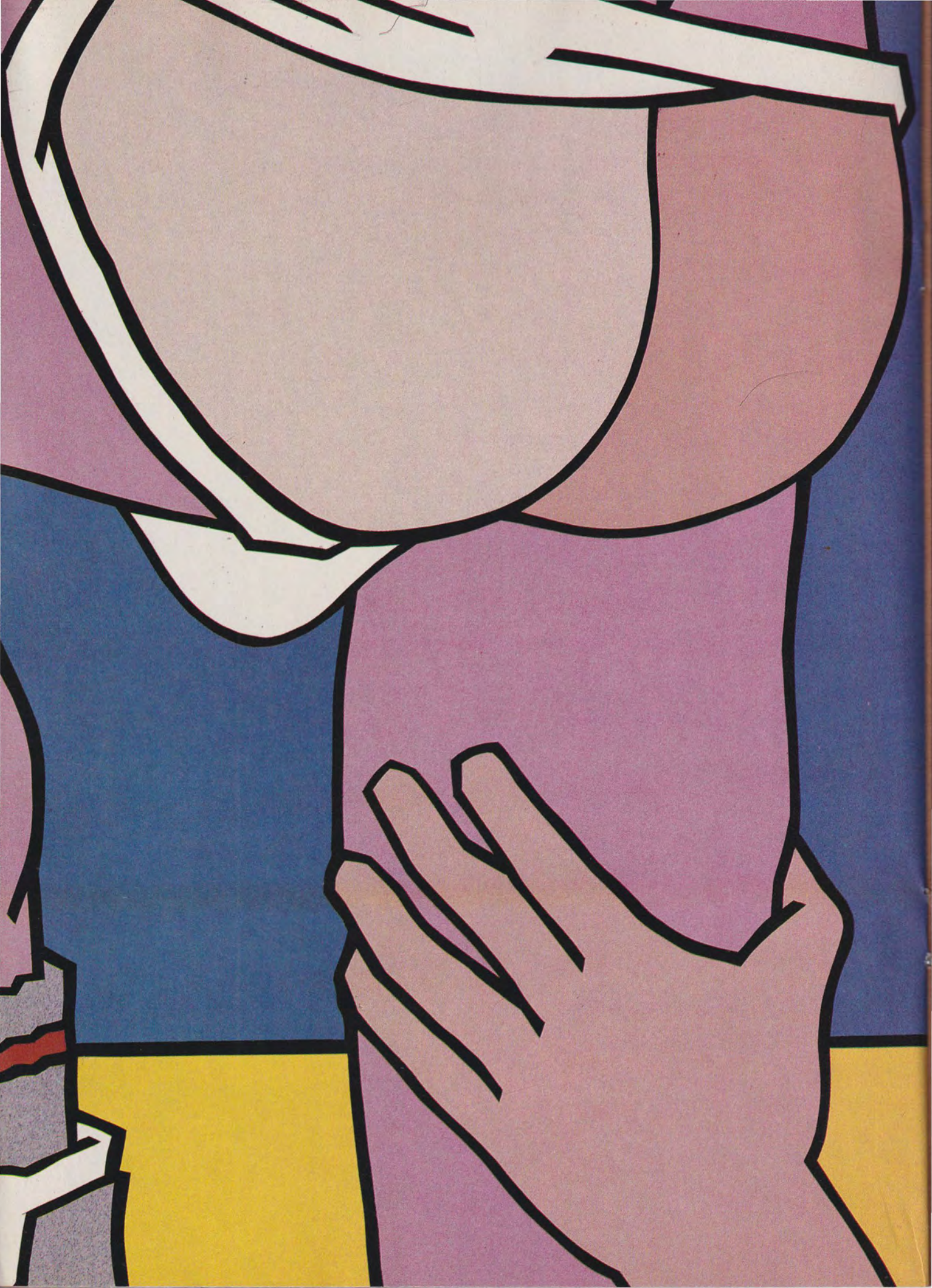














# MR. STRAIGHT

BY GARY GRAY • ART BY DA FROG

**I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND THIS  
OBSESSION OF MINE; I WASN'T  
QUEER, OR ANYTHING LIKE  
THAT. YET FUCKING MY WIFE  
LEFT ME FEELING SO EMPTY.**

Who says you don't get a second chance? I did. It was sheer luck, and I wouldn't count on it happening again; but it did happen.

I was standing at the newsstand in the drugstore around the corner from my office building, casually flipping through the pages of *Playgirl* and hoping no one would notice. (This was a game I played for years.) I love looking at cocks. Ever since high school I've been fascinated by them. Long or short, thick or thin, cut or uncut—I don't care. A thick mat of pubic hair helps—how would it feel to bury my face in another guy's fur?—and a pair of hefty balls to fondle is a definite plus. I get light-headed just thinking about it.

I didn't want anyone to know this, though. I wasn't about to let anybody get the idea I was queer or anything. It was just a private quirk that I kept to myself. I'd sneak a peek in the men's room, or in the shower at the gym where I work out, but it was strictly all look and no touch. I was Mr. Straight and I had a wife to prove it.

All that soon changed. Like I said, I was standing at the newsstand feasting my eyes on a centerfold when someone called my name. I almost jumped out of my skin. I looked up at one of the most gorgeous men I had ever seen. He was standing there smiling at me and holding

out his hand.

"It is Rusty Green, isn't it?"

He added a slight question mark at the end of his greeting, but he looked like he was sure he was right. And he was.

"Yes," I answered, hastily shoving the *Playgirl* behind a *Sports Illustrated*. The man looked vaguely familiar, but I was sure I didn't know him. He had sparkling green eyes and a shock of sun-bleached hair over a broad, tanned forehead. He stood about six-three and had broad, strong shoulders and slim hips. His clothes fitted snugly on his body, outlining well-etched muscles, yet he moved easily with a smooth naturalness, as if he had no clothes on at all. His grip was firm and friendly and his greeting obviously sincere.

"You don't remember me?" he laughed.

And with the sound of that deep-throated chuckle I knew who he was.

"Clint! Jeez, is it really you? I haven't seen you since..."

"Since high school. I know. I've been out in the wide world seeking my fortune."

From the look of him, he'd found it. Everything about him said health and, if not wealth, at least well-off. Of all those wet, glistening bodies that I had stared at in the high school gym's shower,

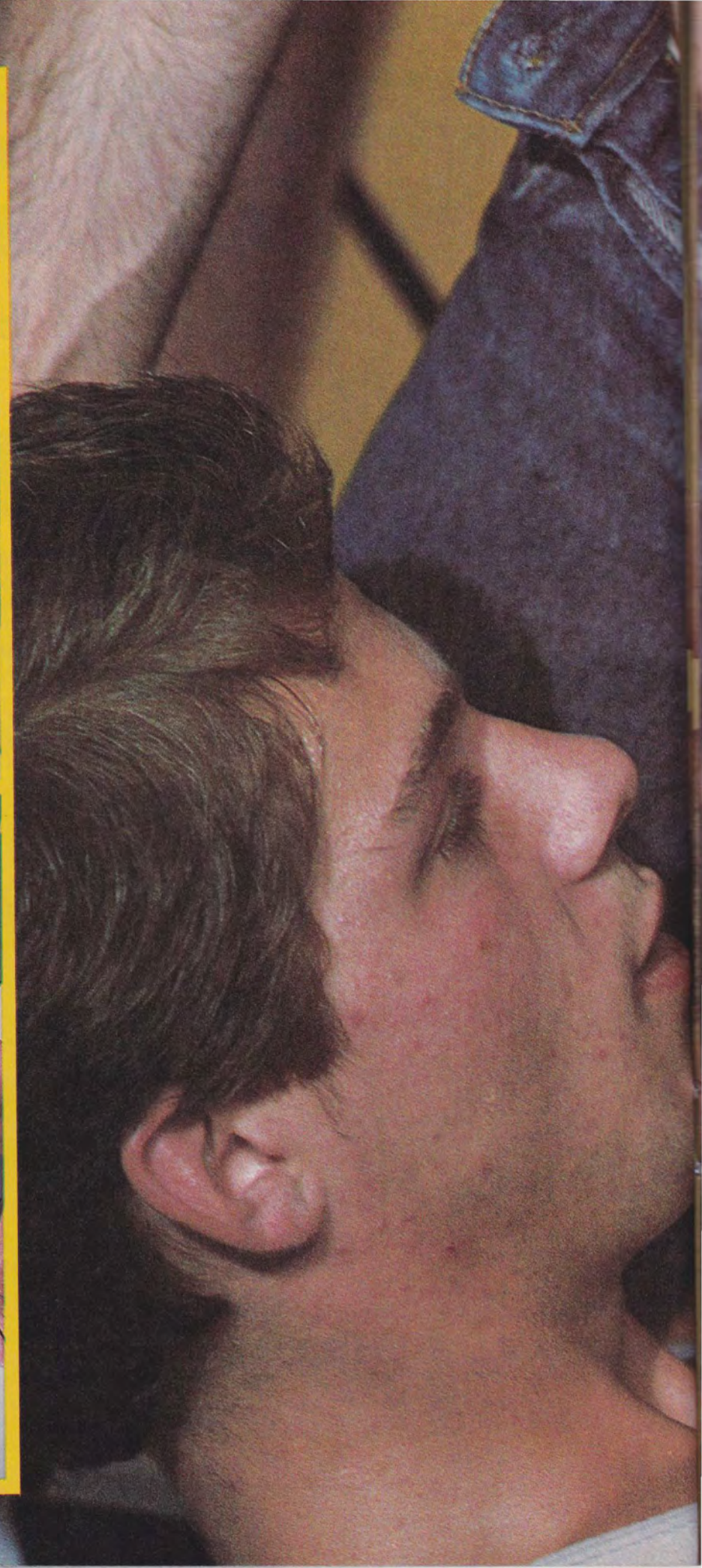
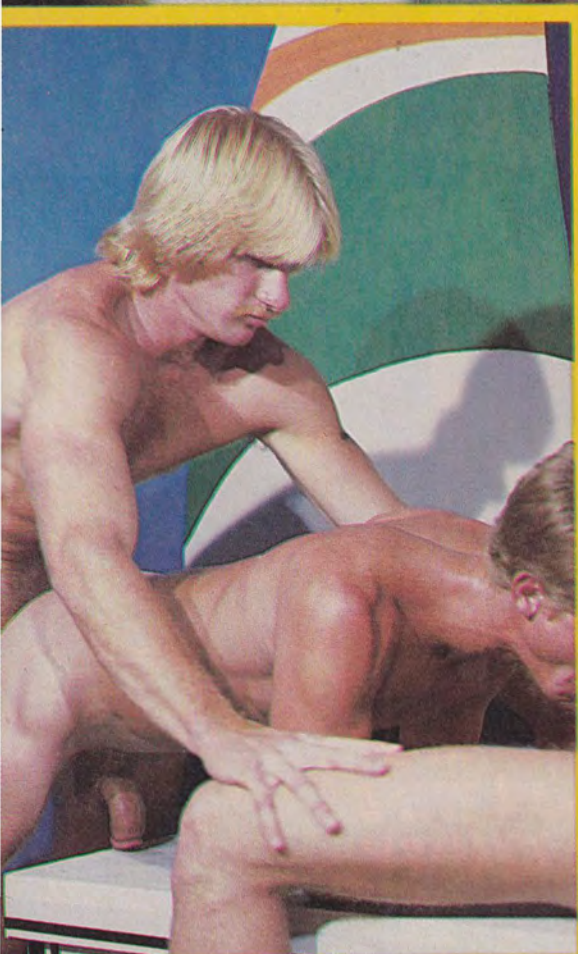
Clint's had been the best-looking, the one I most wanted to touch—but never dared. There was something frightening about that desire. I wasn't supposed to feel that way, but I couldn't help it. I couldn't keep my eyes off his swaying dick—obviously the biggest in the school—and it was embarrassing to feel my own dick stirring every time I admired the size and shape of his. Sometimes I would have fantasies about touching and tasting and playing with that tool. It was just kid's stuff, of course, all innocent, and didn't mean anything. I wasn't homosexual.

I checked out his crotch as we stood together, curious what he had to offer. Was his dick as big as I remembered it? The tight fit of his pants bulged promisingly, but I couldn't see much more than that. I looked back at his face quickly to see if he had noticed where my eyes had strayed. I hoped he hadn't, and I was encouraged when I saw him smiling at me. He suggested we have a cup of coffee. I couldn't be sure if he had caught my wandering eye or not, but it didn't matter. Soon we were drinking hot coffee and catching up on the years that had passed since we had last seen each other.

He was a geologist who did explorations for oil and gas companies. He had always loved nature and took every

*Continued to page 68*









# WISH FULFILLMENT

SILICONE VALLEY MEETS WEST HOLLYWOOD IN *HARD DISK DRIVE*, THE STORY OF A COMPUTER WIZARD WHO INVENTS A PROGRAM THAT DOES EVERYTHING BUT JACK YOU OFF. ONCE YOU PUSH THE "ENTER" KEY, YOU ARE WHISKED AWAY TO A FANTASYLAND OF HOT, HARD ACTION. YOU CAN TASTE THE BANANA SPLIT AT YOUR FAVORITE SODA FOUNTAIN, OR HEAR THE SURF AND LICK THE SALT ON THE BEACH WITH THREE HUMPY BLOND SURFERS. YOU CAN EVEN SPEND THE NIGHT IN THE HOTTEST ROADSIDE MOTEL YOU'VE EVER STOPPED AT.

SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY SURGE STUDIO

HONCHO / DECEMBER 1985 53





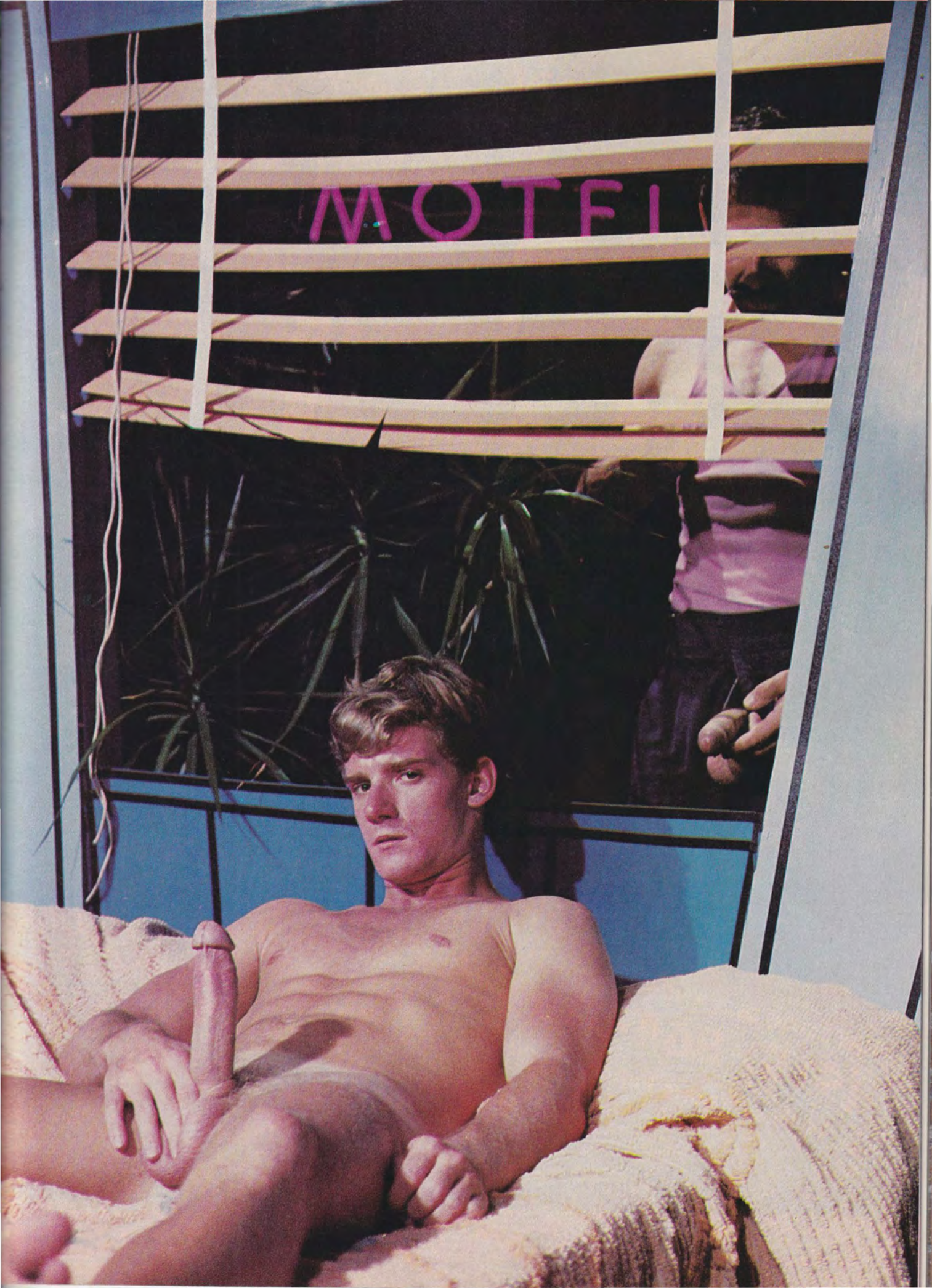


## WISH FULFILLMENT

*HARD DISK DRIVE* FEATURES A CAST OF FRESH NEW FACES: CHASE TURNER, JAKE SCOTT, NICK SHULTZE, RANDY RIDER, MICHAEL CUMMING, BLAKE McDONALD, AND JESSE KOEHLER. THE VIDEO WAS PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY AL PARKER. THIS SURGE STUDIO RELEASE IS AVAILABLE FOR \$69.00 FROM SURGE, PO BOX 624, HERMOSA BEACH, CA 90254.









# **FANTASY MEN**

Hot Cops, Sweaty Construction Workers, Cowboys ...

**AND  
MORE!**



**FREE LONG DISTANCE CALLBACKS**

**(415) 864-3104**

**24 Hour Phone Fantasy Service**

**VISA, MC, AMEX**  
**Discreet Billing**

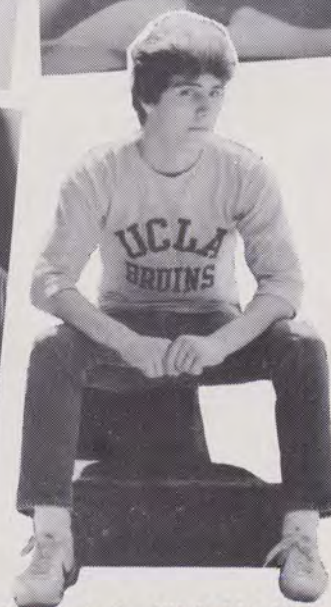
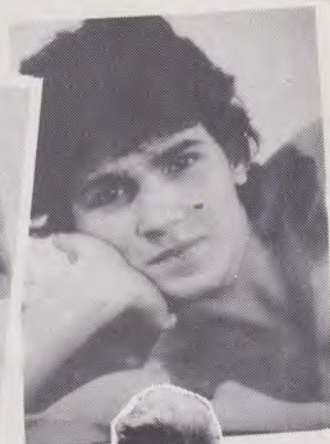
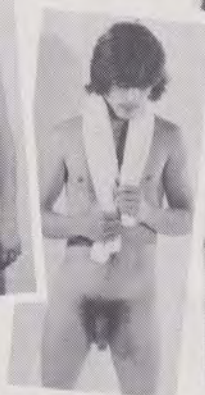
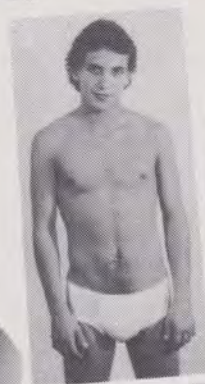
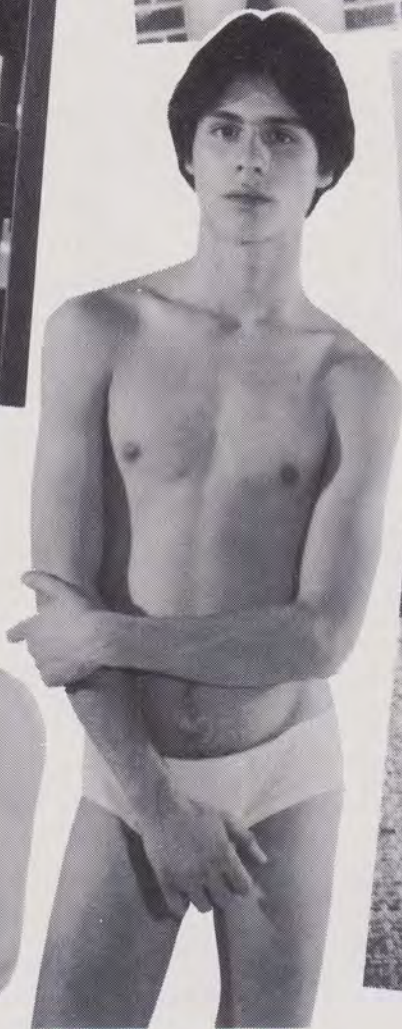
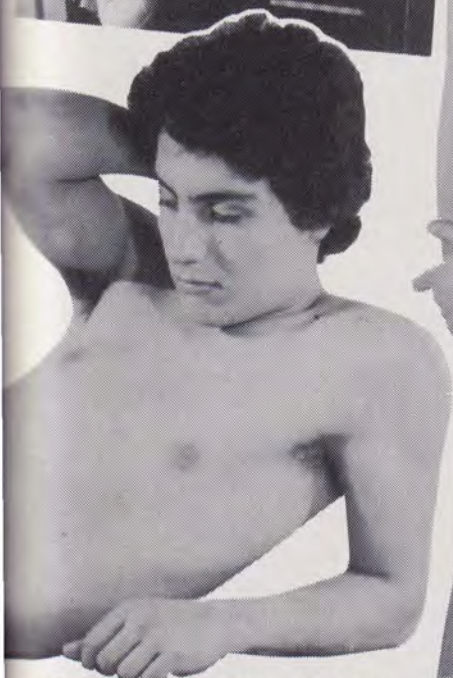
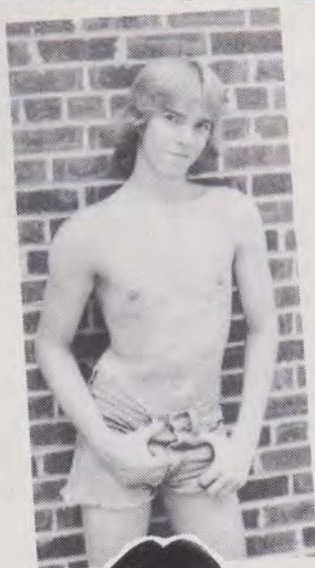
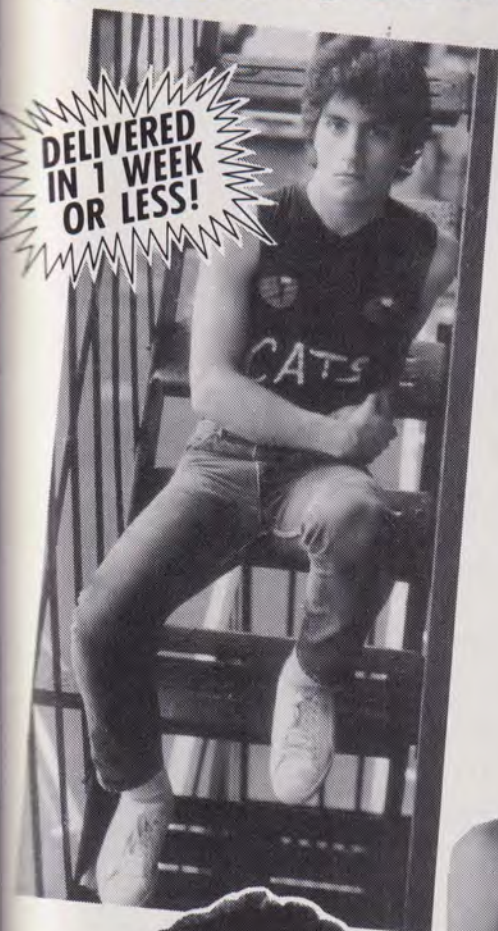
**Must Be Over 18**



# THE FUNTIME! PREVIEW TAPE

**DELIVERED  
IN 1 WEEK  
OR LESS!**

**\$29.**  
VHS or BETA



## CUTE YOUNG GUYS!

Sample every cute young guy featured in every Funtime! video production. As they slowly take off all their clothes, you'll see in close-up every inch of their gorgeous athletic bodies, smooth tight asses, and big hard cocks. You'll also see (and hear) the best cum shots ever put on tape!

**FREE WITH YOUR ORDER:** The world famous Funtime! video catalog featuring over 100 pages of sexually explicit photos featuring the world's sexiest young men.

(Available separately: \$5-see order form.)

**TOLL FREE**  
**800-422-4242**  
**NY & International**  
**914-235-5329**  
**Customer Service**  
**914-235-5846**  
**Mon.- Fri. 9-5 E.S.T.**

Funtime!, 527 Main St., New Rochelle, NY 10802-1630

Rush in a plain package in one week or less THE FUNTIME! PREVIEW TAPE in ☐ VHS ☐ Beta plus your huge all-male video catalog. I have enclosed \$29. plus \$3. postage/packaging. If shipping to a P.O. box, enclose an additional \$3. certified fee. NY residents please add sales tax.

☐ Catalog Only - \$5. (Refundable with 1st order; no credit cards)

Payment: ☐ Cash ☐ Check (requires 15 business days) ☐ MO ☐ Visa ☐ MC ☐ AmEx

Card # \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

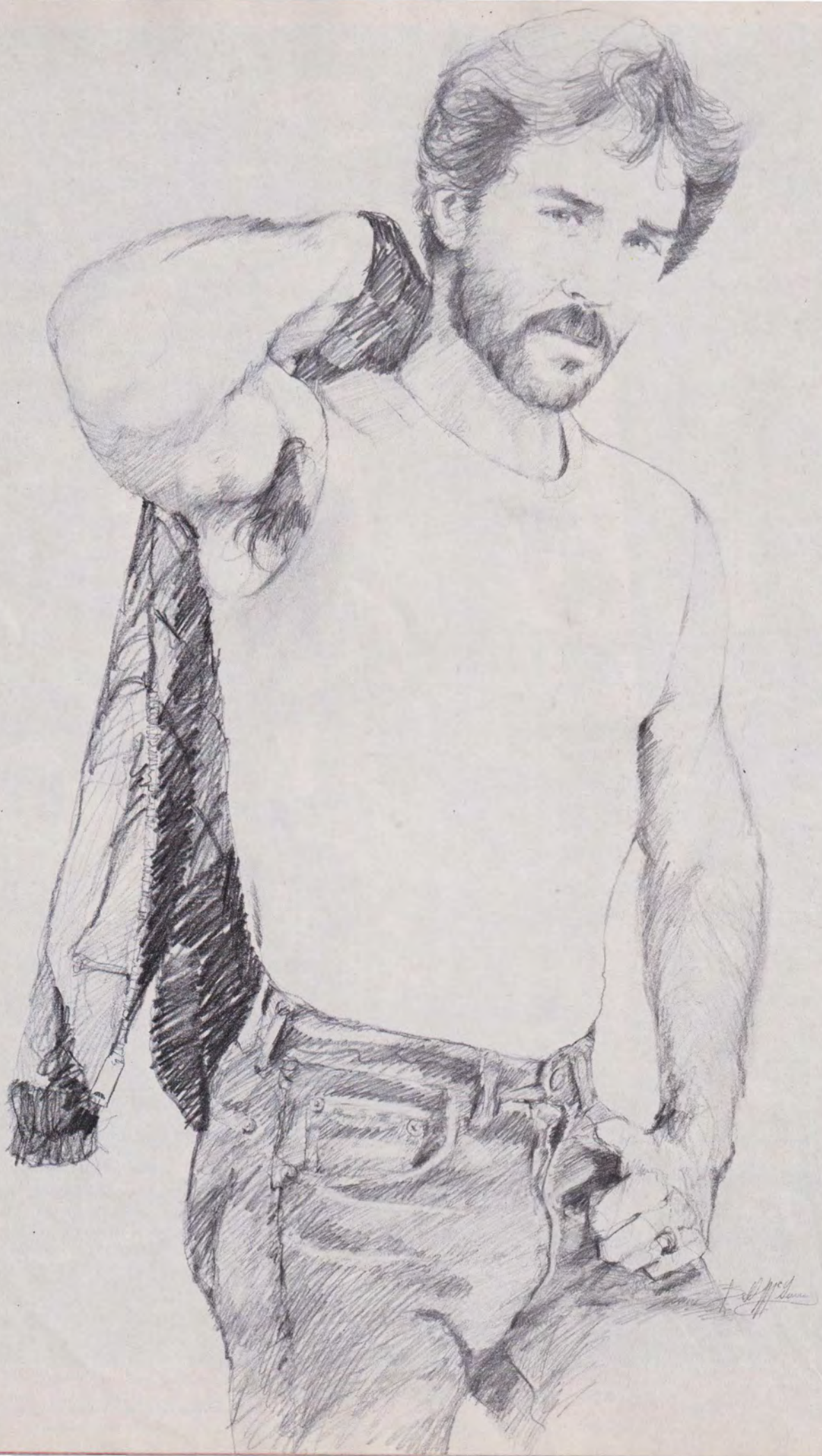
Address \_\_\_\_\_ Apt. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

SIGNATURE: \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

I am at least 18 years of age and am not offended by this material.







by Will Cole • Art by Bill McGuire

# CAVERN SHAFT

**After the guide pointed out a stalagmite called the "Steak and Potatoes Formation," Eric said: "If that looks like steak and potatoes, I'm carrying lunch around in my jockey shorts."**

I found myself in a rut that weekend. I had run out of pleasures. I was burnt out on the bars, tired of park sex and tea room cruising. The same old anonymous orgasms in the same old places had completely lost their thrill for me. Even though I knew there would be no chance of finding a hunky forest ranger or deer hunter, I decided to drive north and explore some real wilderness—not the islands of trees and bushes amid the concrete of the city, but the wide expanse of forests and mountains for which the northern part of Alabama is famous.

I packed a few clothes and hiking gear into my BMW and started on my way. Stopping at a service station on the interstate to fill up, I went to use the restroom. There was no air conditioning in the john. The smell of piss and sweat was strong, but there was also another odor: cum. Two urinals were placed beside four stalls which had no doors. I casually sauntered down the line of stalls, looking over the three occupants.

A red-haired kid with his running shorts around his ankles sat with his long creamy dick hanging over the toilet seat. A black-bearded man leaned back with his hands clasped over his head; rivulets of sweat ran down his hairy body. The flow was especially heavy from his bushy armpits. His sweatshirt and sweatpants lay on the floor beside the toilet. But the best was in the third stall: a fair-skinned stud with shiny auburn hair and blue-green eyes that glinted like sunlit sea water. He held his fat, uncut cock in his hand. It was gooey and slick with pre-cum. He rubbed his index finger in the hole and put it in his mouth, sucking it and licking it clean. Then he wiped the sweat off his balls and tongued it from his fingers, too.

Groaning, he said, "Man, I got to have someone watch me. You want to see me eat my own cock? You want to see my own cum in my mouth?"

I almost came on the spot. "Go ahead, stud. Eat that dick!"

"Yeah," he whispered. "Fuck, yeah! I'm gonna suck my own dick and drink

my own sticky cum. Watch me!" He put one arm under his thighs, pulling his hips up, and grabbed his dick with his free hand. He bent over, slid his tongue under his foreskin, and moved it around and around the bloated purple head. Finally he pulled the skin back and took his dick halfway into his mouth. A shudder of pleasure shook his muscular back. His eyes looked up to make sure I was watching, but his mouth stayed on his cock. In a second it went even farther down the thick shaft.

"Mmmmm, mmmmm," he whispered in his throat. His nose was now buried in his sweaty balls, his studmeat crammed into his throat all the way to the root. Spit dripped over his balls. He slid his mouth slowly down then back up his dick, licking the head with his broad tongue on the upstroke. After a few minutes of this, he started shaking and groaning and sucking his dick faster. Suddenly he pulled his mouth away, just licking the head in a frenzy and jacking his meat. Little animal noises came from him. His ass lifted up off the toilet seat as a spurt of thick cum squirted right onto his lapping tongue. He sucked and slobbered, gobbling each jet of fluid that shot into his mouth. Cleaning his cock thoroughly, he left no trace of his juice.

Finished, he leaned back and smiled; a drop of cum sparkled at the corner of his mouth. "Thanks," he said, catching the wayward cum drop with a flick of his tongue.

I nodded and started to leave. I had forgotten about the other two men, so when I turned to go I was surprised to find the red-haired kid avidly licking and sucking at the hairy man's armpit. Both of them were jerking their stiff cocks. The kid's face was streaming with his own sweat, and the armpit sweat of the other man ran down the kid's chin. Cum spurted from both their dicks at the same time, joining numerous other pools on the dirty tile. Now I knew where the smell of cum came from.

I almost left without pissing, but now that my dick had gone down some, I felt the urge even stronger than before, so I pissed.

Back on the interstate, I felt proud for a minute that I hadn't indulged in the tea room activities. Only for a minute,

though. Now I was as horny as hell and willing to fuck or suck the first billy goat that might be hitchhiking.

Getting my mind back to the road, I noticed a small, unassuming sign that read: "Ruby Caverns Next Exit." I didn't remember seeing the sign before. It was old and rusty, and I had probably just never paid it any attention. Since I had been this way many times and not noticed the sign, maybe others hadn't either, I reasoned. Therefore, the place might not be crowded by tourists; it might be a fun place to spend the afternoon before I got to some serious hiking. I turned off the exit and onto a little road surrounded by trees. Every mile or so I passed another rusty sign pointing the way to Ruby Caverns.

About 20 miles down the road was a building shaped like a hexagon, and painted on its rear wall was: "Welcome To Ruby Caverns." I pulled into a small parking lot; only two other cars were there.

Getting out of my car, I was struck by that terrible heat you feel only in the humid Deep South. I walked into the small building, only to discover that, like the service station john, it wasn't air-conditioned.

A man and woman sat on a bench sipping orange drinks, and a blond angel in old patched jeans sat at the ticket counter. I went over to ask him about the cavern.

"What's Ruby Caverns?" I asked.

He rolled his eyes. Speaking with a drawl, he said, "Everybody that comes here, and that ain't too many, wants to know that."

"Yeah, it doesn't surprise me that not many people come by. It's pretty far off the beaten path!"

"I guess so." He smiled and pointed at the foot of a small hill. "The opening to Ruby Caverns is at the foot of that hill. I'll be leading you and two other people through. That is if you want to buy a ticket." He rubbed his crotch through his tight jeans. "Damn heat got my balls all sweaty and itchy," he said.

"Give me a ticket." I wanted to help him air those hot balls out.

When we finally entered the caverns, there were two guides for the three of us tourists; the other guide was a Mexican



transfer student working for the summer. He had a piece of meat that peeked out from the leg of his tight khaki shorts every time he moved a certain way. And he seemed to move that way a lot. Of course the all-American husband and wife I had seen when I first arrived had to go along on the tour. Bemoaning my bad luck, I traipsed along dreaming of cock and ass in the dark.

Manuel, the Mexican student, led the tour, while Eric, the blond angel, brought up the rear. My rear actually, since he was forever brushing his hand against my ass. I wanted to reach back and get a handful of his meat, but I still wasn't sure about him. There were a lot of rocks to trip over, which might be causing him to fall against me. And his earlier unself-conscious grope of himself fell right in line with the behavior of all the country rednecks I had known in my life who constantly pulled and scratched at their cock and balls.

Manuel's accented English broke my train of thought. "Here we have the 'Steak and Potatoes Formation.'" He was pointing his flashlight at a mal-formed stalagmite of yellow-green limestone. The woman oohed and ahhed. "Yes, I can see it," she said. "Can't you?"

"Yeah, honey," answered her husband in a bored voice.

The others walked ahead a bit. I purposely loitered around the "Steak and Potatoes." Eric whispered, "If that looks like steak and potatoes, I'm carrying lunch around in my jockey shorts."

It was true. The formation looked like a stiff dick with two fat balls at its base.

I decided to take a chance. "I'm starving," I said.

He flashed his light in my face. "We'd better get our asses back with the rest of the group." His breath was warm on my face. When I turned to go, his big hand grabbed my left asscheek. "Damn rocks," he muttered. But there wasn't one rock in this particular area. My dick began to enlarge.

All in all, Ruby Caverns were like many other caverns. They were nothing special. One very large cavern had a waterfall at its far end. The water looked red because of the rocks behind it, thus the name Ruby Caverns.

I was standing between Manuel and Eric, who had been whispering to each other earlier. Manuel said, "We're going to turn our lights off for a few minutes to show you just how dark it is in here." Suddenly everything was completely dark.

"This is spooky," squealed the wife.

From behind, a pair of hands began rubbing my ass and my cock, while from

the front a big wet tongue licked my face until it found my mouth and dove down my throat. The tongue fucked me, filling every part of my mouth. I reached back and felt a huge dick through cloth, running my hands a little farther down, I felt hot skin. Manuel wore shorts, so he was behind me, dry-fucking me through our clothes. His peach-fuzz moustache started tickling my neck as he kissed it. Eric was massaging my dick through my jeans. I was just about to get a handful of his tool when the wife screamed, "I can't take it anymore! Please turn on your lights."

Both men stopped what they were doing, leaving me drifting in horny-land. The lights came back on. Eric was apologetic. "I'm sorry, ma'am. We was just tryin' to show you how dark it is underground."

"I know," said the silly bitch. "It was just sooo spooky. I'm ready to go back."

"Well, the tour isn't over yet," Manuel said. "But if you want to go back, you can take my light. The rest of us will go on with Eric's light."

Her husband played tough guy. "I'll get you back outside, honey. Don't worry." He took the light, and they left.

When they were out of sight, Eric wedged his light between two boulders, illuminating half the cavern. He smiled at me. "Let's do some hard fucking, boys."

Manuel stripped his t-shirt off, revealing his lightly muscled brown chest. Downy hair swooped from each nipple to meet at his navel and disappear into his shorts. I went to him and sucked his tits, nipping and licking them. "Suck those tits," he said. I worked my way to his right armpit, drinking the salty sweat from his hairy cup. He shivered and moaned. "Dios mío! That feels so damn good!" His musky scent filled my nose; I even tasted it in his sweat. Dropping to my knees, I ate his dark cock where it protruded from the leg of his shorts.

Manuel stepped away and Eric took his place. Looking up at his naked body, I wanted to eat every inch of him. His stomach was rounded and hard as a rock, like each of his pecs, which I stroked and pinched as I buried my face in his sweaty balls, savoring the taste and smell. With a ball hanging down each side of my chin and my tongue lapping at his hairy sac, I was in heaven. Then Manuel pulled my shoes and pants off. His big tongue plunged right up my asshole. He tongue-fucked my hole and bit my ass cheeks savagely. I was in such heat from the tongue lashing that I swallowed Eric's dick down to the root. It was firm and meaty without being so hard that it felt like John Wayne's

bootspur. It slid in and out of my mouth, leaving a trail of cum on each pass across my tongue.

Manuel stopped his rimming. I heard him spit and I knew what was coming next. My asshole relaxed completely. His big dickhead nudged at the hole and slid in easily because of his expert rimming. His fat meat massaged my prostate as he pumped my tight ass. I clenched my ass muscles.

Eric pulled his dick out of my mouth and turned his big, hard ass around into my face. "Eat it out, man!" he said. "Give me some tongue!" He bent forward slightly and spread his firm cheeks, showing me his bushy chute. I gave him one big lick, all the way from his balls to the upper part of his crack. Then I slipped my tongue inside the musky hole. As I tongue-fucked him, he groaned and shoved his ass back onto my face. His hole twitched and jerked while I kissed and sucked it. I was making slobbering sounds and grunting. Manuel said, "Eat that ass, boy. Oh, yeah, eat that hot culo!" He fucked me harder.

Eric turned around and shoved his dick back into my mouth, fucking my face like there was no tomorrow. "Eat my meat! Eat it! I'm gonna shoot! I'm gonna shoot a load in your mouth, man! Take it! Take it!" His rod stiffened and pulsed, then a hot wad of cum spurted into my eager mouth. I swallowed and swallowed. Only a few drops ran down my chin and I caught these with my tongue.

"Put your dick in my mouth," Manuel told Eric. "Now!"

Eric walked back to him, and Manuel sucked on his still oozing cock. I beat my meat in time to Manuel's hard strokes. Suddenly Manuel began pumping like a jackhammer. He spat Eric's dick out and shouted: "Take it, man! Here comes my wad. Fuck, fuck, fuck!" He pushed his pole all the way in, and I felt his cum scalding my insides and even running back out of my hole around his piston. I flogged my dick to the most intense orgasm I have ever had, shooting cum everywhere. I wanted to collapse. I felt a tongue licking around my ass, where Manuel's dick was still firmly planted. Looking over my shoulder, I saw Eric bent over and licking up the cum that was leaking out around Manuel's cock. I fell forward, and Manuel's dick left me with a plop. Eric continued sucking my asshole until he was satisfied that all the cum was gone.

After we had put our clothes back on, I said, "I think you two have been exploring other holes than Ruby Caverns."

Eric laughed. "Hell, we're adventurous. Ain't no hole around that we're afraid to go into." ■





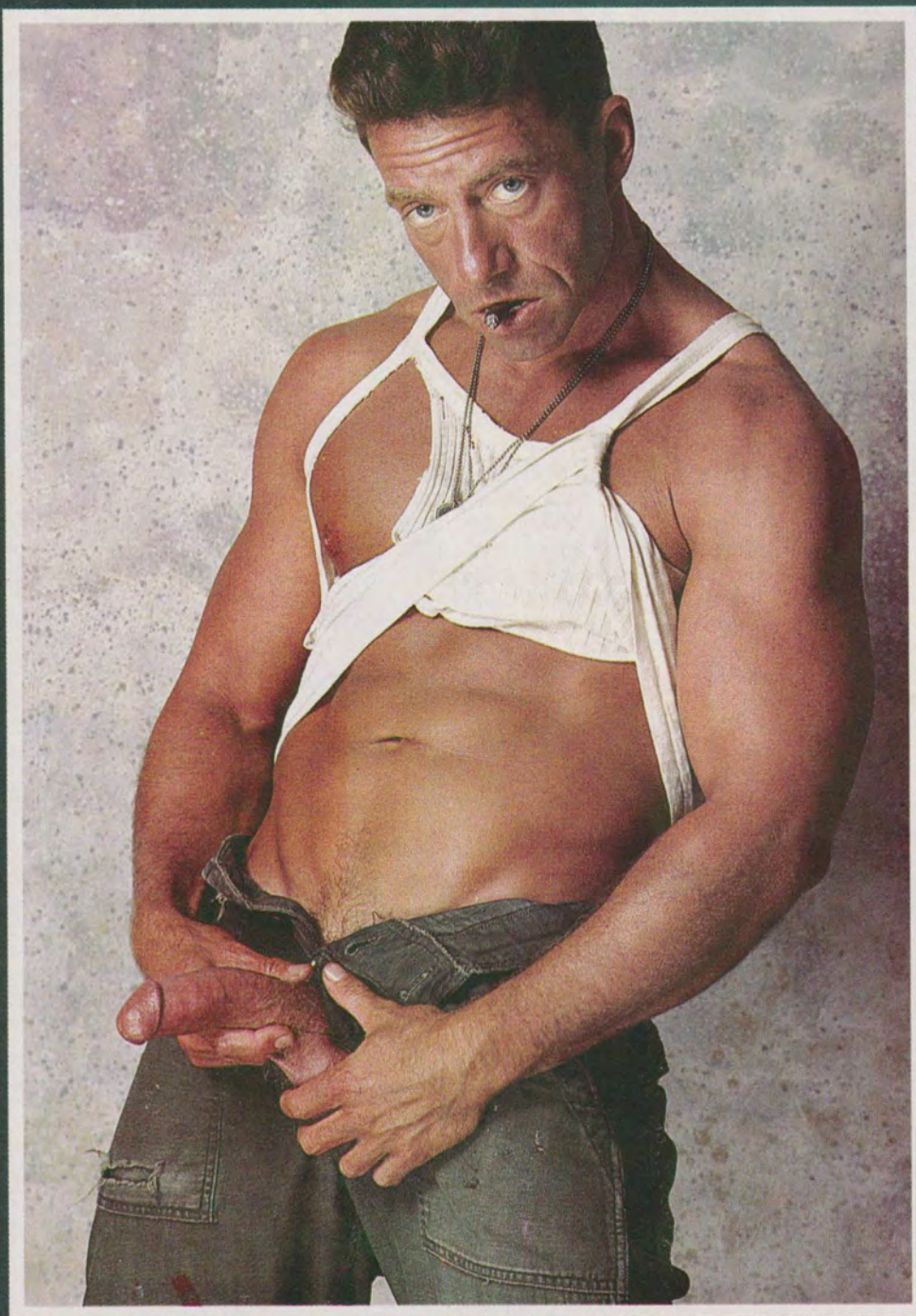
# A SUPERIOR OFFICER

IF YOU WANT TO GET ALONG WITH SERGEANT TOPMAN, JUST FOLLOW ORDERS.  
HE WON'T TAKE ANY OF YOUR SASS, BUT HE EXPECTS YOU TO TAKE A LOT  
OF HIS.

SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALFREDO



# A SUPERIOR OFFICER



**HE WANTS YOU TO DO SOME CLOSE FORMATION DRILLS: GET CLOSE TO HIM WHILE HE DRILLS YOU. DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT DISOBEYING AN ORDER.**











## A SUPERIOR OFFICER



**OKAY, SOLDIER, TIME TO WORK DOUBLE-TIME. GET ON YOUR KNEES AND BEGIN: UP-DOWN, UP-DOWN, UP-DOWN. SHOW THE SARGE YOUR BEST STUFF.**







# A SUPERIOR OFFICER

NOW IT'S TIME FOR THE FINAL INSPECTION.  
BUT YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO BE DOING  
ALL THE WORK. STICK OUT THAT TONGUE AND  
MAKE YOUR SERGEANT SHINE. YOU JUST MIGHT  
MAKE THE PLATOON!





From the Producers of  
ENEMA NIGHT/ ENEMA SLAVE

# BLACK ON RED

Starring

Chris Burns & Brick Samson!



Feature Length All-Male Video

Dildos, licking, enemas, catheters,  
piercing, shaving, and more!

VHS or BETA ..... \$79.95

Plus \$3. shipping. CA res. add 6 1/2% tax.

Toy Catalogue \$3.00

J.B.'s Supply Ltd.

P.O. Box 85667-H

Los Angeles, California 90072

Age and Signature required

## MR. STRAIGHT

Continued from page 51

chance he could to go backpacking and hiking. My work (and my wife Jan) kept me more confined. Clint was not married, and he didn't miss the chance to remind me of the advantages of being single. I countered with a few of the benefits of married life, but they sounded a bit hollow compared to Clint's freedom. And if I had been truthful, I would have admitted that my marriage wasn't working. There was something missing. I had a vague itch that I couldn't seem to scratch with Jan, but I wouldn't admit that it had anything to do with my private little "quirk."

But I did know that I liked being with Clint. He was so alive and exciting. Just the feel of his hand against mine was enough to make me shiver: a strange feeling that I didn't know how to analyze.

"Do you ever do any backpacking?"

Clint asked.

"Me?"

"Sure. Do you ever get away from it all? Out in the mountains? With the fresh air, the smell of pine trees, the sound of rushing water, and wild ducks calling across a mountain lake?" As he went on talking, his eyes pulled away from mine. He seemed to be experiencing the view he was describing. I had never been much of an outdoorsman, but he was making it sound quite appealing. "You'll have to go with me some day, Rusty."

## THE TEST CAN BE ALMOST AS DEVASTATING AS THE DISEASE



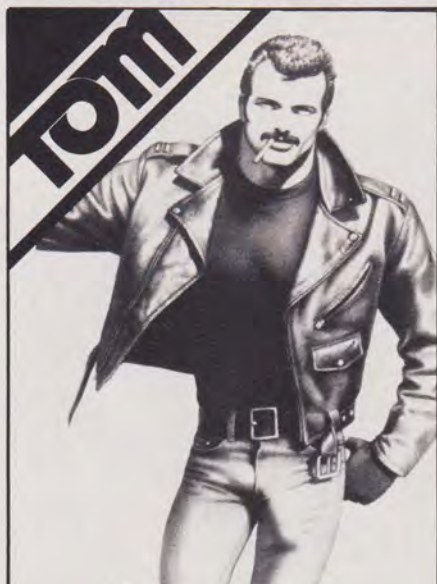
The new test  
for antibodies to the  
"AIDS virus" doesn't tell  
you very much of anything. It  
only indicates that you have been  
exposed to the virus. What it can do  
is frightening.

Imagine, if your health insurance company found out that your  
test came back positive, they might cancel your policy. Even your job  
and home may be at risk.

Names might be reported to the government and find their way onto a  
master list.

In fact, desperately needed research is being hindered because the Federal  
government refuses to guarantee confidentiality. So, if you do take the test, make  
sure you get a guarantee in writing that your name and the results of your test  
won't ever be released to anyone.

Otherwise, our advice is, stay away from the test. It's bad news.  
**GMHC Hotline 212-807-6655** Sponsored by GMHC ©GMHC 1985 Model: John Burke



## california men

A series of 8 - 8 x 10 Drawings on  
heavy stock, suitable as a gift.  
\$12.50 per set plus \$2.00 shipping

Send \$3.00 for our full line Catalogs  
(Check or Money Order)  
State that you are 21

**Tom of Finland**

P.O. Box 26716 Dept. H  
Los Angeles, CA 90026





I started to protest, but he brushed my objections aside. "You'd love it," he assured me.

The coffee break ended far too quickly, so we promised to meet again. And that's how our friendship blossomed. We had lunch together often. I had him over to the house to meet Jan, and he invited me to his apartment for poker with a couple of his friends. He was interested in working out and I told him about the gym where I went. We worked out together and compared notes on hip measurements, hardening thighs, and bulging biceps. It all looked so easy for Clint; he was in fantastic shape. I had to struggle for what little progress I made.

I also had a hard time hiding my excitement when I watched him peel off his clothes and step into the shower. He had really developed since high school. His broad chest was covered with soft blond hair which grew thicker as it plunged down to the root of his dick. His rod was even more exciting than I had remembered. The head was large, with a wide slit that seemed to gape open, inviting me to dive in.

He had the most beautiful cock I had ever seen; I was dying to touch it, feel it, and hold it in my hand. I couldn't understand this obsession of mine; I wasn't queer, or anything like that. Yet fucking Jan left me feeling so empty. I would touch her flesh and think of Clint's. Soon all I could think about was being with him.

When he repeated the idea of a backpacking trip, I was ready to go. He promised he would make it an easy trip, one suited to a "tenderfoot" like me. He helped me buy camping gear, and we spent hours pouring over maps and making plans; he picked out a spot in the Snowy Range of Wyoming. It was easy to get to, but remote enough that we would be by ourselves. He assured me we could come back quickly if I couldn't take the outdoor life.

The hike was rough; it took all the stamina I had. I was glad to reach the small mountain lake Clint had picked as our campsite. We set up camp quickly so that we could enjoy relaxing before the campfire. Clint peeled off his clothes and strode down to the lake. After a moment's hesitation, I joined him. Soon we were romping in the clear, cold water.

"This is the life!" he gloated. "There's nothing like it."

"I see what you mean," I echoed, feeling my nerves tingle as the cold water ran over my bare skin and a cool mountain breeze struck my wet flesh.

We splashed and played in the water, then retreated to the smooth grass by the water's edge. We admired the way

the sunlight struck the snow on the mountain peaks around us. Gradually, our conversation died and we just lay there. The moment would have been perfect, except that I was painfully aware of his nakedness, and the way his cock seemed to thicken and stretch even when he was still. I tried to look at other things—the trees, the wild ducks flying across the water, the color of the clouds as the sun inched its way toward the horizon—but my eyes kept coming back to that beautiful cock.

I looked to see if he had noticed me staring at him; his eyes were riveted on mine. He had a thoughtful look on his face, but he didn't say anything. Instead, he reached over, took my hand in his, and lifted it up.

"What do you want?" I asked, troubled.

"I think you know," he answered as he placed my hand on the soft hair below his firm, flat belly. I was touching him, and it was his idea. I felt a surge of fire spark through me, followed by confusion. I started to pull my hand away, but he held it and said, "Don't. I've waited too long for this."

"For what?" I wanted to ask, but I already knew. As if my hand had a will of its own, it inched its way down to his dick, which was standing tall.

"You know what I want," he went on, "because you want the same thing. Ever since high school you've wanted this. You wouldn't let yourself think about it, but I knew."

His words were so quiet, a stark contrast to the hunger and urgency I felt in his body. But I couldn't give in; I stood up and quickly walked back to the campfire. I stood there rubbing my body with a towel, trying to rub away the feelings that were surging through me. My mind's eye could still see the flame in Clint's eyes, and feel the jerky throb of his erect dick against my hand. I told myself I ought to get my clothes on, cover up my own excited cock, and get my mind on something else. I stared at the fire and listened to the call of the wild ducks and the murmur of the wind in the pine needles. For some crazy reason, tears came to my eyes; I had to swallow hard to hold back a sob. As I did so, I felt Clint's hand gripping my shoulder to steady me. His touch was like an electric current that flowed from his fingers into my body.

My knees began to tremble and I had to turn slightly toward him to keep from falling. For a long moment we stared at each other's eyes until I seemed to vanish in the dark points of his pupils. His face drew closer to mine and his fingers gripped my shoulder firmly. I

## **Black Is Beautiful and Big Is Too.**

### **SUPERIOR STUDIOS**

**Present**

## **JUBILEE**

### **JUBILEE 2**

**BLACK MALE NUDES  
YOUNG, HUNG & BLACK**



**YOU'LL LOVE THE  
DUELING DICKS,  
FIRST NUDE MODEL,  
AND HIGH HOPES.**

**An all new, all exciting, all  
black male nude  
magazine. Four  
sensational black models  
in revealing poses and  
scenes that will drive your  
fantasy wild.**

**Black.  
Bountiful.  
Beautiful.**

**Send \$10.00 plus \$1.50 for  
postage and handling to:  
SUPERIOR STUDIOS  
PO Box 138086  
Chicago, IL 60613-8086**



# ALL MALE FANTASIES FROM PULSE!



CHERRY'S REVENGE



LIKE A HORSE # 2



ROVERS



GYM NASTY



HOT SUMMER COCK



A MATTER OF SIZE

1 at \$10

3 at \$27

ALL 6 for \$52

Plus with the purchase of all six you will receive  
a **FREE HOT ACTION MAGAZINE.**

Make checks payable to and mail to:

PULSE, 211 E. Baltimore St., Suite 37-Dept. H, Balto., MD 21202

Rush me the following hot mags:

- ☐ ROVERS ☐ LIKE A HORSE #2 ☐ CHERRY'S REVENGE  
☐ GYM NASTY ☐ A MATTER OF SIZE ☐ HOT SUMMER COCK

PRICES: \$10 each, 3 for \$27, ALL 6 for \$52 With the purchase of all 6 we will send you a free hot action magazine. Add \$3.00 for postage and handling.

U.S. DOLLARS ONLY.

Signature: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

By my signature, I warrant that I am over 21 years of age, not a law enforcement official or postage inspector and am not offended by sexually explicit materials.

☐ Check this box and include \$5 for our exciting brochures of hot new mags, video cassettes and novelties to get you off! (Free with order.)

Enclosed is check, cash or money order for \$ \_\_\_\_\_

NAME (print) \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY/STATE/ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Offer void where prohibited. In Maryland add 5% sales tax. ATTENTION: Canadians add \$2; Foreign add \$3 per mag. No C.O.D.'s. CASH SENT AT BUYERS RISK.

moved toward him and we embraced. My head was cradled on his shoulder as his lips brushed against my cheek, my eyes, my nose, and finally my lips. He kissed me slowly, lovingly, as if he cherished the taste of my mouth on his. I couldn't understand what was happening, but I didn't care.

"You do want me, I know you do," he whispered. I felt his tongue push into my mouth; I welcomed it greedily.

"You're something else, Rusty. I always knew you would be like this."

I didn't understand the words. I only heard them as his lips went down my neck to my nipples. His blond, curly hair was soft and my fingers tingled with its touch. He raised his head; our mouths met once again, this time with a passion I could not deny. For one brief moment I thought, "This is what it should be like, this thing I could never find with Jan." Then I stopped thinking.

"I've always wanted you, you know," Clint murmured, his hands moving over my body. "Ever since high school I've wanted you. I thought I'd never get the chance. I'm so glad I was wrong."

His hands were now moving all over my body: in my hair, down my back, tracing the line of dark hair that goes from my navel to my dick. He grasped my cock with gentle firmness. My own hands were busy exploring the shape and feel of his meat, so stiff and hot it seemed filled with fire.

"Oh God, Clint, I didn't know I could feel like this," I gasped. My hands were holding a treasure now. His dick was fully erect, rigid, and the large head glistened. For one moment fear flicked through my head; this was forbidden—I shouldn't be doing this. Then a surge of excitement boiled up inside me, and I stopped caring.

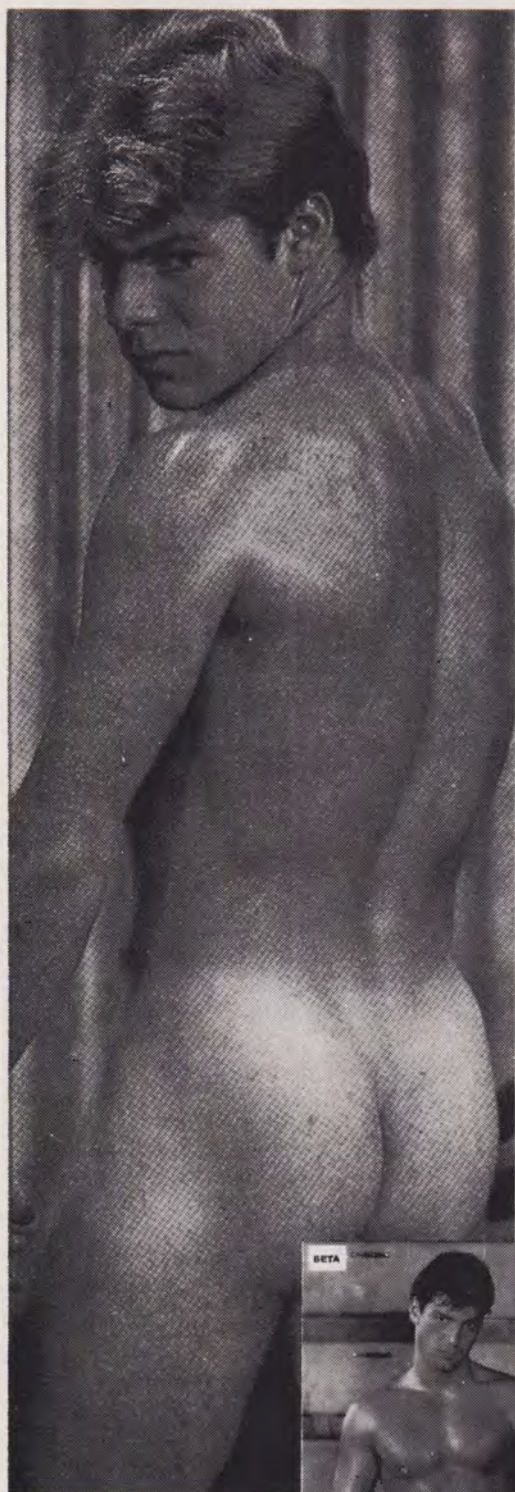
Clint's lips were busy kissing my body. His fingers traced the outline of my dick with a light, feathery touch, causing me to shiver with excitement. He slid to his knees, his lips and tongue making a moist trail down my belly to my cock. His tongue licked the throbbing head of my dick.

I was so excited that my trembling legs threatened to give way under me. I grasped his head to steady myself, and pulled his face into my crotch. His open mouth swallowed my cock while his hands caressed my ass. His hungry mouth moved up and down my dick, his tongue moving rapidly around the head, coaxing greater excitement from me. The excitement was too much; I could not hold back. I felt the cum boil up inside me and rush to be let out.

"My God, Clint, aghhhh!"

The raging cum erupted like a white-hot river. It filled his mouth and ran over





See For Yourself Why  
Our Selection & Service Have Made  
**Bijou Video Sales**  
The Nation's Most Popular Mail  
Order House For Gay Video

This month save on the films of  
**WILLIAM HIGGINS**

## Delivery Boys

Dark, masculine Tony Marconi makes his screen debut as a pizza delivery boy. Multiple climaxes are the norm for Tony and his virile co-workers in this action-packed film.

### They Work Hard For Their Money

Lee Mann, Rex Donahue and Jim Bentley are among the warehouse guys willing to do anything to please the boss. They can't possibly work as hard as they play.

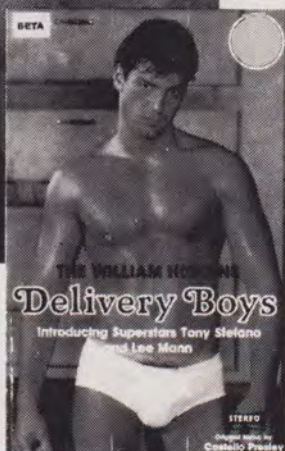
**\$54<sup>95</sup>** each \*

Other William Higgins' films available at \$54.95 each\*  
Preppy Summer • California Summer  
Pipeline • Beyond Hawaii  
These Bases Are Loaded

FOR CHARGE ORDERS, CALL

**1-800-932-7111**

(In Illinois, call 1-800-572-2369)



**BIJOU VIDEO SALES**

*THE GAY VIDEO EXPERTS*

—1349 N. Wells, Chgo, IL 60610—

To order by mail, send cashier's check, m.o. or VISA, MasterCard or Amex number, with expiration date, along with a statement that you are over 21. Include shipping charge (\$3 for the first tape, \$1 for each additional tape) and indicate whether you need VHS or Beta format.

Please state that you are over 21.

Send \$1 for our catalogue.



\* Prices good through January 10, 1986





Free Long-Distance Callbacks  
New Lower Prices  
• Discretion Assured •

- Cowboys
- Truckers
- Straights
- Jocks
- Cops
- S/M

## Deep in the HARD of TEXAS

(713) 526-4739  
TEXAS

(305) 525-5559  
FLORIDA

his lips onto his chin. He sucked the seed hungrily and fondled my balls, as if to urge them to give him more.

It was over so fast, I almost wondered if it had happened at all—but it had. My swimming head and trembling knees were proof, as was the thin line of cum that trailed from Clint's lips to his chin. He stood up and brought his face close to mine and murmured, "That was fantastic." Our lips met and for the first time I tasted the salty tang of my own cum. I thought it might repulse me, but it didn't. I wondered if his cum tasted the same.

Shyly, self-consciously, I said, "Can I do that for you?"

He said, "What do you think?"

I looked into his eyes and saw trust, love, and a joyful eagerness. I knelt before him, my eyes fastened on his beautiful meat. He was rock hard now and his dick made little jerking motions. I touched it with my fingers and was amazed how hot it felt.

I had never sucked a cock before (and wasn't sure how to do it now), but Clint's musky scent and the smooth skin of his dick were so exciting that I lost my fear.

"Take it in your mouth, Rusty. I want to feel your lips around my cock."

I opened wide so that my teeth would not hurt him, and felt the huge cock in my mouth. I stopped for a moment, wondering what to do. I wanted to taste more and more of him, so I thrust my mouth down on his dick until my lips were against the base of it; my nose pushed against the soft cushion of his blond pubic hair.

"That's it. Move up and down on it. You know what to do," Clint moaned.

I moved back and forth, feeling his cock slide over my tongue and down my throat. As I moved up and down on him, he began to thrust his cock into my mouth with urgent movements. Though I had never done this before, it all seemed incredibly easy and right. I could not believe the excitement; my own dick was rigid again.

"Rusty, you're incredible!" Clint gasped as his body tensed. He was on the verge of orgasm. But suddenly he pushed my face away, breaking the exciting rhythm.

"What's wrong?" I asked, suddenly worried. "Did I do something wrong?"

"Not on your life. I just don't want to come yet. I want to do something else. If you'll let me."

I wondered what he meant, but I soon found out.

With his gentle but insistent hands, he urged me to the other side of the campfire to our sleeping bags. He pulled me down to the soft, padded surface and began kissing me again. Clint concen-

**DIAL-A-DADDY**  
For Discipline & Training

HOT TOPS  
HOT COPS  
TRUCKERS  
LEATHER  
MUSCLEMEN  
UNIFORMS  
SWEAT - WS  
JOCK STRAPS  
BONDAGE / S&M

**(415) 821-9952**  
PHONE FANTASIES  
Free Callbacks  
Available  
CREDIT CARDS

Make checks payable to  
M.M. & M.M.  
P.O. Box 421043  
San Francisco, CA 94101

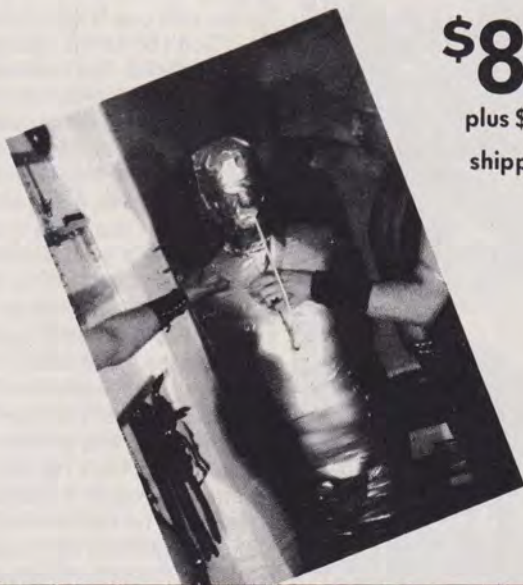
**MEN-MEN  
& MORE MEN**

Must be over 18 yrs. old



## mummy dearest

Filmed in San Francisco, here is a virtual "bondage seminar," illustrating the many different ways to wrap a body (including plastic foodwrap) and still enable the victim to breathe. The victim is tied to a cross with leather restraints and wrapped in duct tape. A twitch is used on his cock and balls and clamps are attached to his nipples. Finally he is taken outside and hung on a wall on Castro Street like some strange object of art. An Inter-Vision production, directed by Dave Nesor. Absolutely authentic. Not for the squeamish.



**\$85**  
plus \$3 for  
shipping.

Order your Slave & Master tapes by  
credit card Call Toll Free

**1-800-932-7111**

(In Illinois, call 1-800-572-2369)

Slave and Master videotapes can also be ordered by mail. Send m.o., cashier's check or your VISA, MasterCard or American Express card number with expiration date, a statement that you are over 21, and whether you need VHS or Beta format to the address below. For a catalog, send \$1 with your name, address, and a statement that you are over 21 to Dept. H at the address below.

**Slave & Master**  
**PRODUCTIONS**  
1349 N. Wells, Chicago, IL 60610

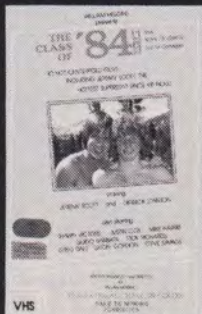


## SUPER HOT VIDEOS HARD-CORE MALE FEATURES

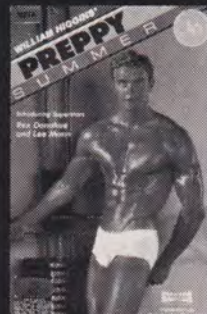
**\$49.95** / 5 for **\$199.00** SAVE **\$50.00**  
ea.



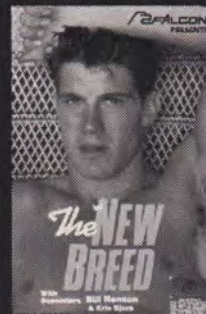
THE CLASS OF '84  
PART I  
JEREMY SCOTT  
DERRICK STANTON



THE CLASS OF '84  
PART II  
GUEST STAR  
"KIP NOLL"



PREPPY SUMMER  
MUSCULAR  
BLOND STUDS



THE NEW BREED  
FALCONS (3)  
SIZZLING STORIES

V  
H  
S  
&  
B  
E  
T  
A

### BROTHER LOAD



BROTHER LOAD  
PHYSICAL BOND  
OF (2) BROTHERS

Remit To: LYL-P.O. Box 5171-Balto., MD-21224 Dept. H

<input type="checkbox"/> BROTHER LOAD	V _ B _ Name _____
<input type="checkbox"/> THE CLASS OF '84 (I)	V _ B _ Address _____
<input type="checkbox"/> THE CLASS OF '84 (II)	V _ B _ City _____ State ____ Zip _____
<input type="checkbox"/> PREPPY SUMMER	V _ B _ I am 21 years old and desire to receive explicit sexually oriented material for my own personal use.
<input type="checkbox"/> THE NEW BREED	V _ B _ Signature _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> BankAmericard <input type="checkbox"/> Visa <input type="checkbox"/> Mastercharge <input type="checkbox"/> Cash <input type="checkbox"/> M.O.
	Account no: _____ Exp. date: _____

Add \$2.50 postage per item  
ORDERS SHIPPED SAME DAY



**When you need it Rough**

**CALL:**

**(213) 659-8743**

**Tough  
TelephoneTalk  
24 Hours a Day**



**MUSCLE MASTERS**

Use any major credit card Photo sets available

You must be over 18

**Young Guys who  
like to talk ...**

**Steven's  
18+**



**213-  
650-8023**

A 24 Hour Telephone Fantasy Service  
Use Any Major Credit Card

We're over 18  
you gotta be too!

trated on my nipples and the sensitive skin under my armpits. He moved down my body, licking my navel and the skin at the base of my cock. He pulled my legs open so that he could tongue my balls.

"My God, Clint, what are you doing?" I moaned in amazement and alarm. My body was shaking under the attack of his tongue, and my dick was so hard it actually hurt. Clint was between my legs now, with one finger probing my ass.

"Don't be afraid, Rusty. This may hurt a little at first, but it will feel good soon."

He spread some hand cream on his dick and some on my asshole. Then, poised over me, he placed the broad head of his dick against the entrance to my ass. He was going to fuck me! I felt a stab of fear. But there was no protesting; the fire in his eyes, and the urgency of his movements, told me to relax as much as I could and let him do it.

He was surprisingly gentle for all his eagerness. He pushed slowly but firmly into me, and I could feel the broad ridge of his cockhead moving further and further inside. I was so excited by his touch that I pulled back my legs to give him a better approach. It did hurt for a moment, but he kept murmuring words of encouragement and appreciation, and I relaxed to let him in deeper.

"Oh God, you've got a gorgeous ass. I've wanted to do this since I first saw you in the gym shower. I'm right where I belong—right here inside your tight ass."

His movements lost some of their gentleness and became stronger and more insistent. Each thrust was ecstasy, each pulling away a moment of fear that the ecstasy would be lost. Now that we were joined, his face hung above me. His hair fell over his forehead, his eyes sparkled with excitement, and his hot breath singed my lips. The movement of his belly over my cock and balls, as he thrust his cock deeper and deeper into my ass, made me so excited that I lost all reason. Wild ducks called across the lake and the evening breeze washed over our bodies. The smell of pine trees mingled with the smell of Clint's body.

"Oh God, Rusty, this is it!" Clint bellowed as he drove his cock into me. I felt the hot cum spurt as his dick erupted. His intensity triggered the fire in my loins, and my own cum came hurtling out of my dick and shot upward into our faces.

It seemed like an eternity before my heart stopped racing and my breathing returned to normal. We were locked in each other's arms, Clint's dick still up my ass. My legs felt cramped, but I was not ready to give up the warm glow of his body. He was murmuring words of love



now, words I was as eager to repeat as I was to hear them. Why couldn't we have known this the first time, before Jan, when we were still young and free?

"You were my first love," Clint said, "and I almost made myself sick from wanting you. But I couldn't say a word."

"I know," I answered, "but I wish you had. Perhaps I would have understood myself better then and not have made this mess with Jan."

Clint disentangled his body from mine; he stretched out beside me and I rested my head on his shoulders.

"Don't think about it, Rusty. You weren't ready then, and I guess I wasn't either. All that matters now is that we've got a second chance. We'll work something out."

He kissed me and I thrust my tongue up between our lips. The fire was still there, still burning in us, and would not be quenched. My dick was stirred insistently and I could feel his cock thrusting against my naked thigh.

A log fell on the fire and the blaze shot up, sending a shower of sparks into the night air. Our hike into the mountains would not last forever, but we had the night. There would be more. There must be. Our bodies had melted together, and nothing would ever pull them apart. ■

**HAVE A TEXAS...  
TROPICAL AFFAIR**



**Lyle's Deck**  
A QUISTHOUSE

(write or call for brochure)  
512/943 3632, P.O. Box 2326  
South Padre Island, Texas 78597

**XXX FILM DEVELOPING  
PRIVATE & CONFIDENTIAL**

**24 HR. QUALITY COLOR FILM PROCESSING.  
SAFE AND CONVENIENT. NO HASSLE.**

SEND NAME, ADDRESS, CITY, STATE & ZIP  
ALONG WITH CHECK or MONEY ORDER TO:  
**PHOTOS UNLIMITED**  
P.O. BOX 14548, PHILA., PA. 19115

SAVE MONEY! ORDER A 2nd SET OF PRINTS FOR A FRIEND!	12 EXP. ROLL or DISC \$9.99	24 EXP. ROLL \$16.99	36 EXP. ROLL \$23.99
--	-----------------------------------	----------------------------	----------------------------

ADD \$2.00 PER ORDER FOR POSTAGE & HANDLING.  
PA. RESIDENTS MUST ADD 6% STATE SALES TAX.  
OTHER PHOTO FINISHING SERVICES AVAILABLE - PRICES ON  
REQUEST. INCLUDE SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE.



**MAKE  
CONTACT!**

Meet your match!  
In your area or when travelling.  
Through the ALL NEW  
**NATIONAL CONTACT NETWORK™**

Find the "right" lover for a nighttime or a  
lifetime YOU select from thousands of bright,  
aware, active men and women All 50 states,  
Canada and Mexico For free info pak and  
application.

**Call NCN now! (24 hrs.)  
(212) 689-3653**

Or rush coupon for free info pak!  
PLEASE PRINT

**NCN 175 5th Ave., Suite 3269-h  
New York, N.Y. 10010**

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_  
Tel: \_\_\_\_\_ Age: \_\_\_\_\_ Sex: M F

**\* EXPLICIT GAY SEX 'ONE HANDED SIZZLERS!' \***

**A \$122.50 VALUE FOR ONLY \$66.-** **\* Another Erection Collection! \***



Barry Gable  
presents:









**HOUSE ONE**

**Another SEVEN for Six Sale!**  
**\$17.50 Mags. for only \$11.- each.**

\* Ship.....Magazines  
Enclosed \$.....

☐ I paid for six Mags  
ship the 7th FREE  
Prices include  
Shipping Charges

**ALL  
COLOR**

Now Available From:  
**\* HOUSE ONE: 6045 Vineland Ave., N. Hollywood, CA 91606**

Please ship "EXPLICIT GAY SEX" Magazines marked below:

NAME.....  
ADDRESS.....  
CITY.....  
STATE.....ZIP.....

Signature.....

Based on the "Consenting Adult Laws", with my signature, I attest to the fact  
that I am of legal age and wish to receive the Explicit Gay Sex Magazines.

Bank Charge No..... Enclosed: H22  
Expiration Date.....  
☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ M.O.  
☐ Master Card ☐ Visa

Attn: Canadians add \$2.- and Foreigns add \$3.- per Magazine.



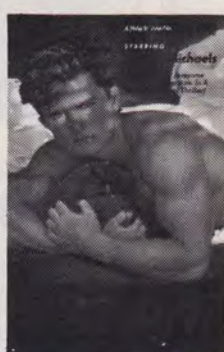
## HOT ALL-MALE VIDEOS! SUPER LOW PRICES!



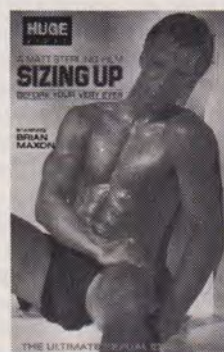
CALIFORNIA SUMMER



ROUTE 69



GETTING IT



SIZING UP

**\$69 ea./2 for \$135/All 4 only \$260**

- ☐ CALIFORNIA SUMMER  
☐ GETTING IT  
☐ BETA

- ☐ ROUTE 69  
☐ SIZING UP  
☐ VHS

Prices \$69 ea., 2 for \$135, All 4 only \$260

Add \$2.50 for postage-Canada & Foreign

Add \$3 per video All prices in US dollars.

MD residents add 5% sales tax

No CODs

Cash sent at Buyer's risk

Personal checks allow 4-6 weeks for delivery

Offer void where prohibited by law.

Make checks payable & mail to: **PULSE**, 211 E. Balto. St., Suite 37, Dept. H  
 Baltimore, Maryland 21202

Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

By my signature, I warrant that I am over 21 years of age, not a law enforcement official or postal inspector and am not offended by sexually explicit materials.

☐ Check this box and include \$5 (free with order) for our exciting brochures.

Enclosed is check, or money order for \$ \_\_\_\_\_

(US Dollars)

Please Print

NAME (print) \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ CITY/STATE/ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

## DIAL-A-LOAD PHONE FANTASY



"Jason"

**FREE** Call-Back option

Must Be 18

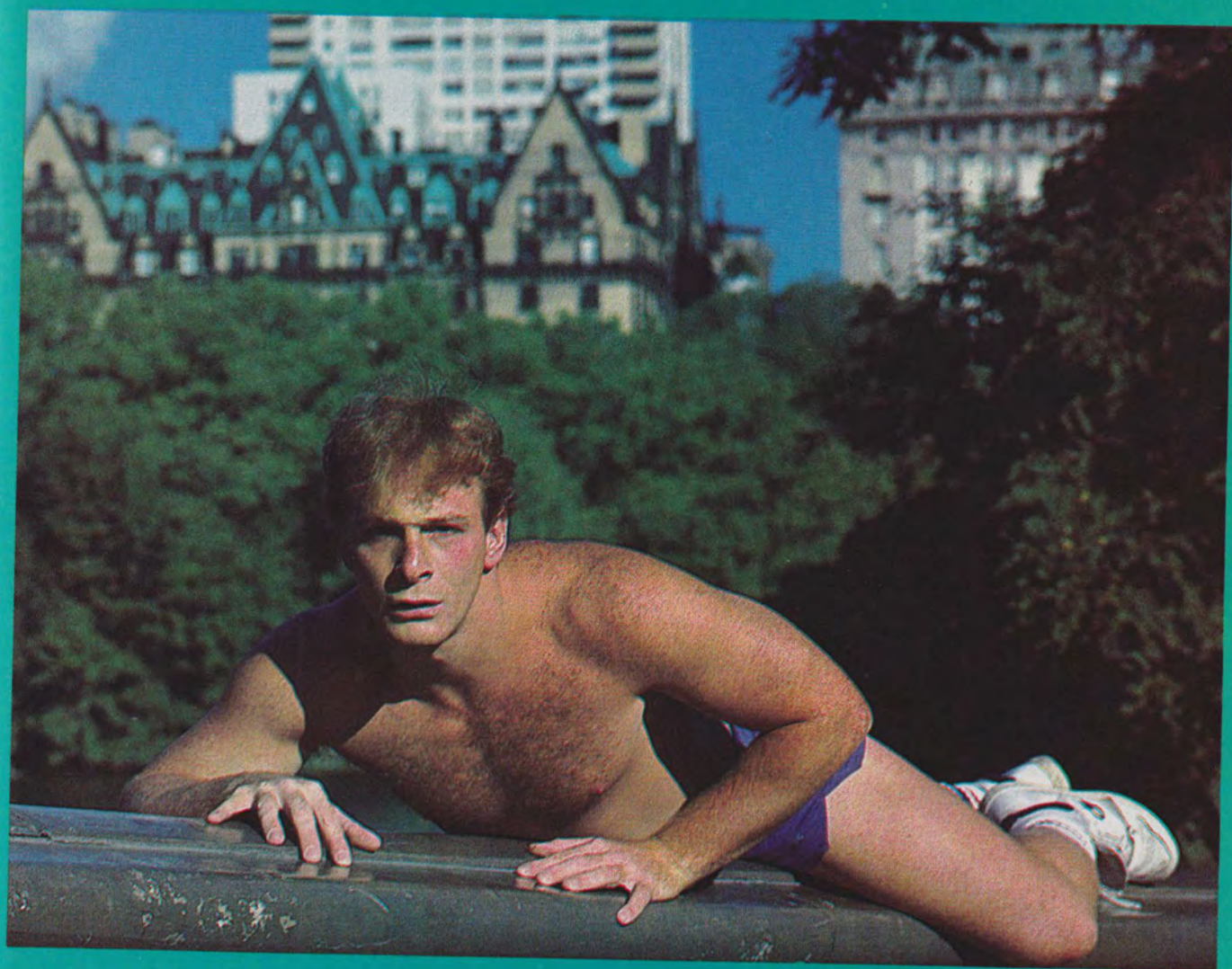
24 Hours



**1-415-558-8448**



# CAUGHT

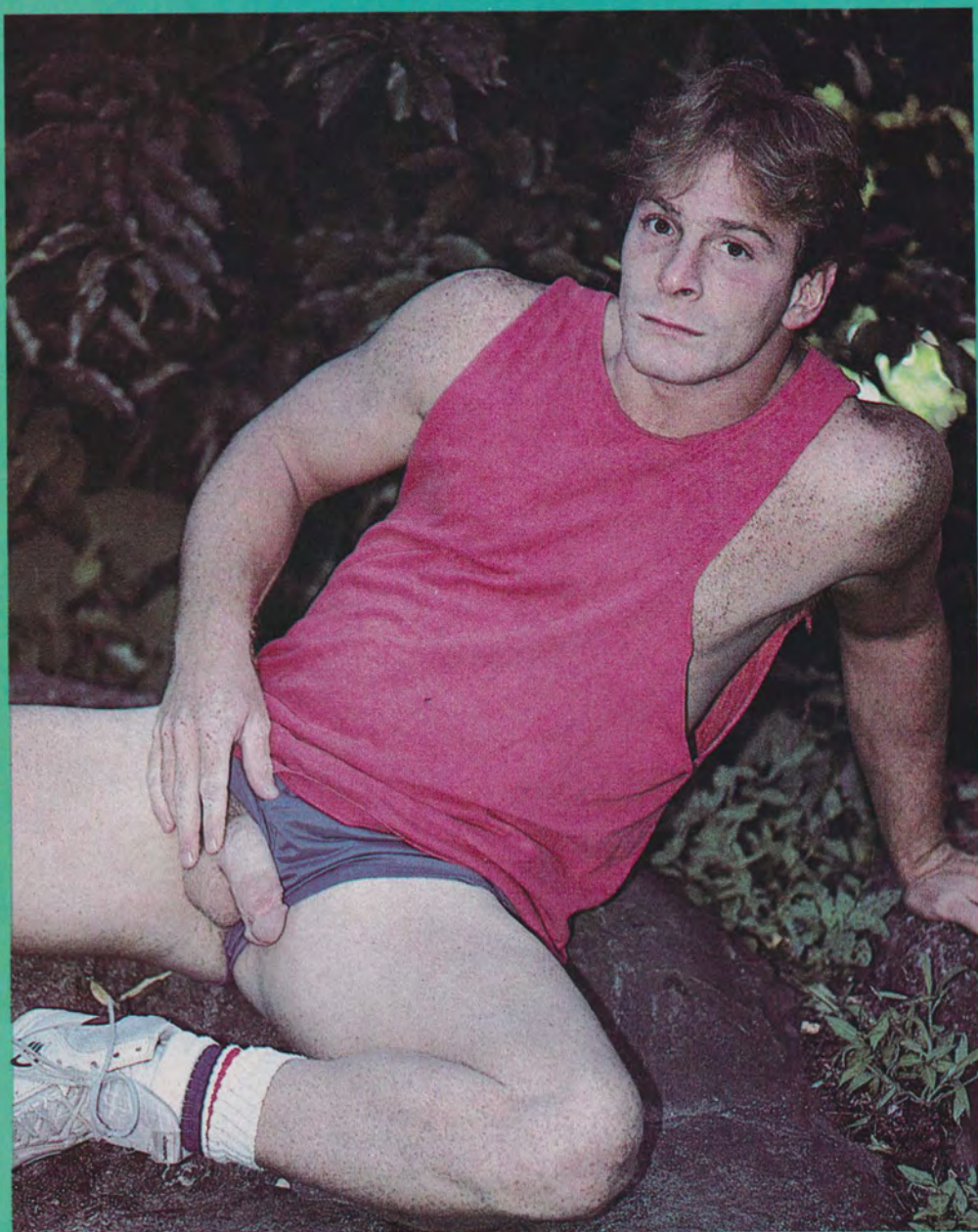


**"Ah, come on officer. I was just taking a short cut through the park. Jeez, don't take me in. I bet we can work something out."**

**Section photographed by 9-D Studio**



# CAUGHT



**"Why don't you put that summons book away? See, I'm not hiding anything. Maybe you should frisk me just to make sure; I'll be real cooperative."**









# CAUGHT

"Officer, is that your nightstick, or are you just glad to see me? Looks like you're going to do some in-depth interrogation. You don't have to worry, I won't hold anything back."















# MAN SEARCH

## HOW TO PLACE AN AD:

The cost for a HONCHO ad is 50¢ 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.

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

AD DEADLINE	ON SALE
11/1/85	2/1/86
12/1/85	3/1/86
1/1/86	4/1/86
2/1/86	5/1/86
3/1/86	6/1/86
4/1/86	7/1/86

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.

☐ My ad is \_\_\_\_\_ words @ 50¢ per word

☐ Commercial—add \$25.00 per issue to total cost

DISCOUNTS: ☐ 24 issues 30%  
☐ 12 issues 20%  
☐ 6 issues 10%

Cost for one placement of ad \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Multiply cost × number of issues ad runs = \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Start my ad with the on sale date of \_\_\_\_\_ (see schedule above).

Enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_ for HONCHO CLASSIFIED (make check out to same and mail to: 155 6th Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10013.

Any questions write or call the Advertising Dept. (212) 691-7700

PRINT CLEARLY all information and sign below.

With my signature I declare that I am over 18 years of age and that the information in my ad is true and correct. I am aware that no proofs of my ad will be submitted to me for my approval and I waive all claims regarding accuracy of reproduction due to mistakes or technical failure. I understand that HONCHO is in no way responsible for any contacts or transactions that occur as a result of placing this ad.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City, State, Zip \_\_\_\_\_

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---



## ARIZONA

### DADDY'S BOY/SLAVE.

Sought for monogamous relationship by 6', 165 lbs, 38, mature, stable, industrious, masculine, straight acting and appearing, supportive, extremely affectionate and cuddly who seeks the same. You: like deep throat, body worship, light B&D, are intelligent, good looking, 18-28, athletic, muscular, and extremely smooth hairless skinned guy. Must be able to relocate. No drugs, cigarettes and drink occasionally. Robert, 5823 North Invergordon Road, Scottsdale, AZ 85253.

## ARKANSAS

### GWM 23

Would like to hear from GW males 23-40. Jimmy Lee McKinney, 3721 W. Capitol, Little Rock, AR 72205.

## CALIFORNIA

### DEEP THROAT WANTS YOU

W/M, 27, 5'10", 150, brn, blue, F/A-P, G/P, attractive seeks man 18/37 who are hung 8½" or bigger. Small cocks are a turn off. I'd love to go all the way down your shaft to your balls (even your 13" John Holmes). No wierdos, fats, or phone sex calls. If interested write c/o PO Box 71347, Los Angeles, CA 90071 or call 213/385-2426. P.S. Correspondence from any state or country welcome.

### TWO VERSATILE EAST BAY

w/Buddies, 35/40 looking for 3rd. We're into leather, boots, uniforms, toys, tits, balls, bondage, D/S, creative safe-sex. Want to play? Tell us about yourself, your fantasies. 484 Lakepark #190, Oakland, CA 94670.

### FORMER EXECUTIVE

Military B.G.M.C., D.S.C., ex-P.O.W. Now prisoner of my own country. Self defense A.D.W. Six months to go. Forced coprophagy as P.O.W. Previously servicing young military as asseater and toilet. Also aggressive fellatio & J.O. service to all in Battalion. Into pass. W/S & light S&M. I am youngish, 45 years young, slim & trim. Neat & clean. Never disease. 5'10", 150 lbs. Blue & brown. Military school & war college graduate. No family, no mail, career gone. 8½ years prison. Please write. Richard Joe Kidd, Box 689-B72191, Soledad, CA 93960.

## SILICON VALLEY BOY

GWM, 19, brown/brown, straight looking, hairy chest, stomach, ass. I want you for friendship, sex. New and eager to learn. Reply w/photo. Hablo español (50% Mexicano). I want to hear from you. Alan, PO Box 710282, San Jose, CA 95171.

### COCK SLAVERY

Attractive GWM, 32, 6'2", 150 lbs, dark hair, beard wants imaginative partners into extended oral workouts. Obedience, deep throat work, force-feeding, cock worship. Mutual preferred but will train. Also: fucking (condoms), bondage, titwork. Must be hairy, bearded, sensitive, fit and hung 7" plus as I am. Foto and fantasies to Tom, 240 Sanchez, SF, CA 94114.

## COLORADO

### VERY SEXY SEEKS SAME

Sexy, intelligent, gdlkg stud seeks same 18-35. Photo gets mine. Box 167, Greeley, CO 80631.

### NEEDS GOOD FUCK

Horny GWM 6', 170, 28, Green/br. beard seeks dominant daddy. Daddy must be 30-55—big, thick cock very important. Nude photo and letter gets mine. Mike, 1337 Corona #2, Denver, CO 80218.

## CONNECTICUT

### FRIENDS/PEN PALS

Good looking/straight acting Bi/W/M, 23, 5'6", 160 lbs., brown/green seeks same for hot times. No weirdos or drugs. Photo and address. Allen, PO Box 133, Trumbull, CT 06611.

## FLORIDA

### GWM 32-175-6'

would like relationship with same 18-35 no fats. Wayne, PO 1040, Eagle Lake, FL 33839.

### BREVARD GWM COUPLE

Seeks other couples for new friendships, sharing activities, entertaining, talking and visiting. Let's meet! P&R, Box 503, Sharpes, FL 32959-503.

### SINCERE YOUNG ENDOWED "STUD"

SEEKS ENDOWED "DADDY"  
Much to share. Please send photo, nude preferably. Yours gets mine, you won't be disappointed! 1661 Poinsettia Dr., Fort Lauderdale, FL 33305 Resident

## DAYTONA-ORLANDO AREA

34, 6' 7", WM, Likes to get it on with hot studs who read HONCHO. Am versatile and appreciate same. Photo, phone preferred. T-ROOM, PO Box 5223-A, Orlando, FL 32805.

## FT. LAUDERDALE AREA

Want a hot man 5'10" 28 years old 132 lbs Blonde Hair Blue eyes Very hairy chest. And I have 8" cock. I like to suck & fuck. I want a hot man between the ages of 28-30 years old. Also I want to have a possible relationship with him. Please Send Photo. Frank J. Klempa, 108 SW 19th Ave., Apt. #108, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33302.

### GWM, 31, 6', 157 LBS.

Brown/blue, bearded, seeks masculine, sensitive guy for friendship/long-term relationship. NO smoking/drugs. Send photo. PO Box 2726, Pinellas Park, Florida 34290-2726.

## GEORGIA

### HANDSOME W/M, 30, 6'1", 185 LBS.,

Brown hair and eyes, hairy body. I enjoy working out, cuddling and corresponding with attractive, masculine guys 18-40. Tell me what's on your mind! Your photo gets mine. Box 624, Riverdale, GA 30274.

### HAIRY FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Seeking pilots, F/A's, ramp or ground crew—Coast to Coast. I'm handsome, 6', 170, 30, W/M. Ready to overnight and travel. Photo gets mine. Box 20315, Atlanta, GA 30325.

### I AM SPANISH, 23,

5' 7", 140 lbs., brown eyes, black hair, like to meet that someone special, blonde and prefer from California but not necessary, 18-30 for relationship and willing to move to another state if happiness is around please write Erick, 700 South Jolly, Apt. 4, Clarkston, GA 30021. Love to hear from you.

## ILLINOIS

### YOUNG RELATIONSHIP

Young 52, GWM, 6'2", 185, sincere and understanding. Enjoy films, travel, homelife, cuddling. Seeks 18-35 swimmer/gymnast body. No fats, feds, drugs, S&M, blacks. Letter & photo to John Richards, PO Box 911, Midlothian, IL 60445.



## INDIANA

### YOUNG ASS MASTER

Wants hot ass slaves. Photo and letter of submission required. Box 6862, Valparaiso, IN 46383.

### W/M, 27, 5' 10", 155,

blond, blue, married, seeks discreet muscular hunks to worship. I want to please you. Occupant, Box 35, Butlerville, IN 47223.

### HUNG & HORNY

Goodlooking GWM 34, 180 lbs., 6'2", blk/brn, moustache. seeks GWM 21-35 for correspondence and intimate encounters. Discretion assured. Write PO Box 4547, Elkhart, IN 46515.

## KENTUCKY

### GWM, 5' 9", 185, 21.

Needs Daddy, friends, companions. Box 299, Burgin, KY 40310.

## LOUISIANA

### ALTERNATIVE

For a change in style or color—Men's Human Hair full wigs—uncut 6 to 8 inch lengths—Beards etc. Send SASE to A.Y.L.I. Office, PO Box 740339, New Orleans, LA 70174.

### W/M ATHLETIC, GOOD LOOKING

Straight appearing, 25 yrs. 5'10", 170#. Want athletic, masculine man, no fats, feds, drags. Send photo, Phillip, PO Box 91681, Lafayette, LA 70502.

### PEN PALS

Goodlooking, intelligent, hairy GWM, 21, 5'8", 150 lbs. Photos exchanged. All answered. Box 2626-SLU, Hammond, LA 70402-2626.

### AN INTER-RACIAL AFFAIR

I'm a Black Gay. Want to meet a nice sexy white guy. If you are 8 in size or more, we could have a for real relationship. Send photo, not necessary, but I would like very much a reply. Melvin Pratt, 1417 Houston St., Leesville, LA 71446.

## MICHIGAN

### WM, 39, MARRIED, MASCULINE,

Congenial, Discreet For Fun/Friendship. P.O. Box 91, Muskegon, MI 49443

## MASSACHUSETTS

### LONELY WHITE MALE

GWM 39, 5'7" 135 lbs. Wants to be dominated. Into B/D, piss, shaving, spanking, scat, light S/M. Send descriptive letter plus photo to Allan Gillis, PO Box 261, Malden, MA 02148.

## MISSOURI

### BODYBUILDER

Masculine GWM, 5' 10", 195 lbs. Attractive, seeks same, Ages 20-35 (sexy), for prolonged cock play, etc. with yours and mine. Personal and sexy data and photos gets reply. PO Box 40305, Kansas City, MO 64141.

## NEBRASKA

### GWM, 25, BODYBUILDER, TOP

Into playing doctor, daddy or policeman. Box 80733, Lincoln, NE 68501.

### GWM, 20, 6', 175

Wants to meet men 18-35, in area, for fun and possible relationship. Photo a plus. No fats, feds, blacks. Scottie, PO Box 6783, Omaha, NE 68106.

### NEED DICK!

GWM, 25, 5'8", 150 lbs., 7". Hunger for hot, hard-on clad men. Write with hot photo—Doyle Anderson, Box 4, Hartington, NE 68739.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE

### NEW TO NEW HAMPSHIRE

GWM, 23, 5'10, 145 lbs., Blond/blue, moving to N.H. (S.E.; July) seeking new friends between 18-30, trim and fit. Photo a must. No feds/blks. G.G. Galm, 98-211 Palimomi, Suite 615, Aiea, Hawaii 96701-4306.

## NEW JERSEY

### GWM 38, 5'9"

Brn/Brn, 165. Versatile, Friendly, Fr/Act/Pass. Seeks Masc. Gay/Bis For Good Times. Bob, P.O. Box 1245, Union, N.J. 07083

### GWM-37-5'7"-137 LBS.

Beard - brown hair/blue eyes - gym defined - trim - versatile - educated professional - wants to meet guys in area for friends, companionship, play - no smokers, drugs, fats or feds - Write: Paul, PO Box 1077, Vernon, NJ 07462.

## HOT, YOUNG & SERIOUS

GWM, 25, cute, black hair, dk brown eyes, nice slim body, tired of cruising bars and one night stands. Looking for macho, straight looking, hot muscular guy between 18-35 for true relationship leading toward serious commitment. Photo will get mine. PO Box 3201, Guttenberg, NJ 07093.

## NEW YORK

### HORNY 19 YR OLD VIRGIN

WM 5'5", 130 lbs., extremely good looking, dark, sensual skin with cute ass just waiting for you. If you are white, good looking, have a gorgeous body, and are 18-24 yrs. old, show me how great sex with another guy is. Nude photo and phone a must: Box 353, Elmont NY 11003.

### EX ONEONTA FARMER

WM 6'4" 250 lbs. Full beard, hairy, 30 years old, interests include farming, logging, enjoy fishing and hunting, have rubber boot fetish, looking for someone with similar interest in and around the Oneonta NY area. Have moved away but frequent often. Mark, PO Box 175, Manchester Ctr., VT 05255.

### HOT BLACK MALE

29, attractive, sincere, athletic. Likes dancing, music seeks fun, friendship, possible relationship. Box 6746, Syracuse, NY 13217.

### HISPANIC OR ARAB MASTER WANTED

GWM 30s goodlooking, seeks a master/top who wants to give discipline by enemas, belts, W/S. You: either Hispanic or Arab, dominant, have desire to be a disciplinarian, serious person. Novice master welcomed. Will answer letters from anywhere. Write: PO Box 431, RH, NY 11418.

### HOT COLLEGE FRESHMAN

Attractive, gentle, sincere. Live next to Fingerlakes Mall. Seeks men up to 35 for friends, good times, sex. Possible relationship. Box 238 Fosterville Road, Auburn, NY 13021.

### SWEATY HORNY JOCKS

Do you fantasize your big feet (size 11 +) serviced by a hot WM, 29, 6'1", 185, who is very attractive, masculine and sincere? Then call (212) 675-7352 btwn 8-11 pm for real locker room action.



## **BIG HOT JOCKS WANTED**

by tall horny guy, 27, 6' 4", 190 lbs. (212) 874-0296.

## **TWO YNG GUYS**

Seek yng well defined Body Builders. Tony (718) 762-2544; Box 1026, Woodside, NY 11377-1026.

## **BUTCH LITTLE HUMP**

Looking for lover, I get enuff tricks w/o an ad. Me 5'4", 125, 36C, 28W, 8 thick cut, brn/brn hairy chest moustache. Into film, photog, travel, cruising. Successful, versatile. You are short, blond, uncut, hairy legs. I'm almost 40 but due to a wild and misspent youth I easily pass for 27. Steve Hirsch, 241 6th Avenue, NYC 10014.

## **NORTH CAROLINA**

### **PIEDMONT AREA**

Goodlooking Bi/WM, 23, 5'1", 165 lbs, seeks friends and/or pen pals. No fats, fems or blacks. Photo a plus. Write Doug. N.—PO Box 4122, Glen Raven, NC 27215.

## **OHIO**

### **GWM, 19, 5'9", 155**

Br/Blu, college jock inexperienced, but eager to learn everything. Anxious to meet you soon! Worldwide Correspondence, too. All letters answered. Write: Terry Love, 11650 W. US Rt. 224, Alvada, OH 44802

## **OREGON**

### **LOOKING FOR A PEN PAL?**

Let me help! Send SASE for info to Ron, Box 3004-27, Corvallis, OR 97339

## **PENNSYLVANIA**

### **YNG, BLOND SLAVE**

Seeks Yng Levi/top (18-30), gdlkng, smooth bod & well hung. Me: 6'4", 128 lbs., thick 8 1/2" cut, hot, tight ass. Seek blonds, long hairs, cowboys, military types and jocks. Dig B/D, W/S, CBT/T, fucking, sucking, fisting, rimming, feet, dildoes, verbal abuse, humiliation, toys, showing, oiltrips, smoke, amyl/ethyl, "fun drugs," 3-ways. Send photo/phone to Bryan, 181 S. 17th St., Pgh, PA 15203, or call (412) 683-7384 wknds. Sincere only.

## **FRIENDS & LOVERS**

Dom GBM 59 155 lbs Seeking long term relationship with submissive male 18-27 yrs. South Central PA area. No fats fems or tvs. Occupant, PO Box 166, Lebanon, PA 17402.

### **WHITE MALE, 25,**

Blond hair, blue eyes, seeks relationship, to be taken seriously and understood. Will answer all. To: Mitchell Miller Brown, 61 Golden Drive, Meadville, PA 16335.

### **BOY WANTS MASCULINE DADDY TOPMAN**

Cleanness and handsome 24 yr. old son wants straight acting, stocky, older daddies who are Greek active, uncut and hairy a plus. Please write to Sonny, PO Box 15285, Philadelphia, PA 19125.

### **BGM 25, 5' 10", 137 LBS.**

Seeks WGM 20-30 in Loyalsack for long term serious relationship. Business mind, honest, mature, tall, slim, masculine build, straight appearance, hung one lover man. Only serious need reply. Photo, phone. 717-323-1599.

### **TRIM HOT & HORNY BI-W-MALE**

Willing to please males and females ? to 35 I am 29-135 lbs-5'8" have 8" love tool. Hot mouth and ass that needs your love tool all you males. J.R. Hazleton Apts., Apt. 1508 (701 W. 24 St.), Hazleton, PA 18201.

## **SOUTH CAROLINA**

### **WM SEEKS MEN**

and bodybuilders for correspondence and possible meeting. Send letter and photo to PO Box 6684, Columbia, SC 29260

## **TEXAS**

### **COUNTRY DISCIPLINE**

Masculine, Bi/WM, 6', 160 lbs., 37Y, healthy, hung, and virile satisfies 21-34 trim, firm boys requiring no-nonsense training. GF, 2615 Waugh Dr. #221, Houston, Texas 77006.

### **FOR EXPERTS ONLY**

GWM, 6', 165, Bi/Bu, hairy, with hot receptive ass. Hunting for a masculine, adventurous, well hung (long & thick) top for mutual satisfaction. Not a submissive, but a participant. Thick moustache/beard a plus. Party favors welcome. No fats, fems, blacks. Bored

by blue prints. Reply: PO Box 35992, Dallas, TX 75235.

### **TEXAS MAVERICK NEEDS TAMIN'**

Like my sex hot and rough. Afterwards cold beer, hot shower, warm sleep if you're man enough. 5710 Glenmount, Apartment 104, Houston, TX 77081 713-668-9912 "JAKE"

## **WISCONSIN**

### **GWM 26, 6' 195 lbs.**

Well hung but inexperienced seeks blond WM for mutual enjoyment, into sucking and being sucked. Your photo gets mine. Scotty, Box 11344, Shorewood, WI 53211

### **HAIRY, HORNY, GWM 32**

Seeks bareassed buddies 18-42 for naked fun, outdoor sex. Your hard-on photo gets mine. PO Box 1085, Madison, WI 53701.

## **INTERNATIONAL**

### **NEW IN VANCOUVER**

Would love to suck you. Also enjoys mutual J/O and water sports. GWM mid 30's. Bi's welcome also. Call 681-6000.

### **WM 50 GREAT SHAPE/LOOKS**

offers black dude room for vacation, companionship. Any action if mutual. No drugs. Box 2871 St. Thomas, VI 00801.

### **NEW IN CALGARY**

GWM mid 30's loves sucking, mutual J/O, water sports. I like hard hats, uniforms, athletes, etc. No race or age hangups. Gay or bi call 229-3668.

### **DUTCH GAY-BOY (27)**

with moustache, wants to have contact with good-looking boys and men until 35 years old for friendship, sex and correspondence from U.S. and everywhere. I know English, German and Dutch. I only answer letters with a photo of you. Write Franz: Slotemaker de Bruinweg 54-B, 6533 CJ Nijmegen, NETHERLANDS.

### **GERMANY**

Blond, sensuous stud 27/6'/130 looking for exciting, amusing correspondence and lustful meetings. Box 1726, 4620 Castrop-Rauxel, W. Germany.



## HAIRY FLIGHT ATTENDANT

See "GEORGIA".

## 37, CHINESE,

5'9" tall, black hair, brown eyes, with 7" cut horny tool, want to write and meet sincere guys with hairy body or with moustache for serious relationship 30-60. I love swimming, boating, fishing, horse-riding, sun-bathing, cooking, travel, gardening and photography. I'm slim and hairless, and active. Jose Po Tan, PO Box 764, Cebu City 6401, Philippines.

## GWM 30'S

Seeks friends, playmates for good times. Please enclose a photo for faster reply. #1208-610-4 Ave SW, Calgary, Alberta T2P 0K1, Canada.

## INTERNATIONAL/GERMANY

Handsome German, tall, 1.86m, cut 7', looking for straight men age about 35-40, for contact and correspondence: H. Weyand, Gartenstr. 6, 5480 Remagen, W. Germany.

## WOULD LIKE DUTCH,

England, Sweden gay 19-32. My age 35. Very straight acting and good job. Would help with schooling. Will answer letters with nude photo and address. S.S., PO Box 61, Crooksville, OH 43731. 614/697-7329 10 pm to 8 am.

## COMMERCIAL

### HORNY TOAD

Smelly, sweaty, piss stained, cum streaked used jock w J/O letter & picture of wearer just \$15. Hot cassettes, "Piss," "Dirty Jokes," "Master's Orders," "The Cop Calls." \$10 each. Videos too! SIR, PO Box 14425, SF, CA 94114.

### TELEPHONE PROBLEMS

Long distance telephone-atics costing you a bundle? End it permanently with one last call. Bill (409) 696-2583.

### PHONE FANTASY!

Call a hot young stud at (415) 976-5959, only \$1.50 per call plus toll, must be over 18, California residents only.

### OVER 100 RESTAURANTS

and bars for sale in the Greater New York area and U.S. Virgin Islands. DWYER BUSINESS SALES, INC., 128 Court Street, White Plains, New York. (914) 997-2534..

## PUERTO RICAN STUD HOUSE

Of young macho chicos offers unique Salsa Latina nude erotic photo sampler. \$12.00 prepaid to over 21. From: Boyeros, PO Box 958, Dorado, Puerto Rico 00646.

## NICK'S PHONE SEX

Ex-hustler sells it over the phone. Hot, hung, musc. & shoots big loads. Get on your knees and start dialing. MC-VISA (212) 691-3850.

## STAY HEALTHY WITH SIR

DOUBLE FEATURE ONE \$39.95  
Part one THE PISS PIG. Urine galore in this golden showers extravaganza. Gallons of shimmering liquid gold. See the piss pig drink it. See him soaked in piss from head to toe. Part two THE CUM CHRONICLES. Sirco men at their best. Shot after shot after shot of big, creamy white loads as you like 'em.

DOUBLE FEATURE TWO \$39.95  
Part one ABUSE. Spanking and slapping has been refined to an art in Abuse. Cross the line between pain and pleasure. See sexy firm white buns turn red as hamburger before your eyes. Into handcuffs or curious about cattle prods? This video is for you. Part two FORESKIN. Meaty, juicy cocks with lots of foreskin to gently caress and suck on. Ever wonder what it feels like? Now see for yourself. Mouthwatering close-ups.

SUPER SAVING SPECIAL. All four videos on one tape just \$59.95. Ready for immediate mailing. Save \$20.00.

DOUBLE FEATURE THREE \$39.95  
Part one THE PEEPING TOM. Sirco's telephoto lens brings you those big cocked exhibitionists who like to jack off in their front window for everybody to see. Very stimulating. Part two LATINO MEN. Hot Hispanics, Horny Hondurans, Pretty Puerto Ricans, Brazen Brazilians, Colossal Colombians, Chic Chicanos, Potent Portuguese in passionate action.

SIRCO, PO Box 14425, San Francisco, CA 94114.

## DON'T CUT, PERM OR DYE—

Send off and buy. Men's wigs and accessories. Details SASE to A.Y.L.I., PO Box 740339, New Orleans, LA 70174.

## HOT YOUNG STUD

Wants to make it with you! 5 call or 6 calls \$20.00! (313) 239-0940. MC/VISA. 10 pm - 3 am EST.

## HOT MEN OBSERVED

2 hot videos. #1 Men caught jerking off in various places by hidden surveillance cameras, #2: More men seen being tattooed, pissing C&B shaving, jacking off, etc. \$59.95 each. M/C, Visa, M/O. SASE info. Now Tapes, 5299 Fountain, #106, LA, CA 90029.

## DICK AND MORE!

Big, sizzling-hot, uncensored national cock-adlists. Nude/erotic infopixpak \$3.00: AD-MEN, 59 West 10th, NYC 10011.

## CALL A HOT STUD TONIGHT!

Two calls only \$25! (313) 239-0940. MC/Visa, 10 pm-3 am EST.

## BEST AND MOST DISCREET LIST

For those who want total discretion and personal service, THE GEMINI LIST IS #1. Especially good for bi, married, traveling men, and Honcho Type contacts. 5 Free memberships given each month. Maybe you qualify for one? Special discount to truckers, hardhats, military, lawmen, fireman and similar trades. Free information. No obligation. SASE to: The Gemini List, PO Box 1782, Americus, GA 31709. Phone verification: (912) 924-4038, Weekdays 8-5.

## BUILD UP YOUR IMMUNE SYSTEM AND STOP WORRYING ABOUT AIDS

Safe, natural proven methods also improve sexual energy and help you feel better and stay young longer. Interesting, fact-filled book. \$6.00 PPD. Cash, Check or M.O. CAMC ASSOCIATES, 12731 Research Blvd. Suite A-101-13, Austin, TX 78759.

## GET INTO SOMEONE'S SHORTS

Undercoverman: the jockey shorts, jockstrap, all-underwear fetish club for men. Info \$2: Box 623-UCH, New York, NY 10013.

## BLOW SOMEONE'S SOCKS OFF!

Footman: 6th sensational year of the world's longest running boot, shoe, socks, sneakers and bare feet club! Info \$2: Box 623, FMH, New York, NY 10013.

## ORGANIZATIONS

### HOTTEST J/O WORKOUT GROUP

Apply Box 303, Dallas, TX 75221.

### BEAT YOUR MEAT

With NY's Hottest Horniest Dudes! Weekly J/O Group in Manhattan and nationwide Phonesex club. Box D-34, 496 Hudson Street, NY, NY 10014; 1-212-420-9118 or 1-718-225-1943.

### PHONESEX

Get off over the phone—call NOW—(313) 239-0940. Become a member and receive Free Phone Calls! 10pm-3am MC/VISA.

### FIRE ISLAND S/M CAMP

Come learn or expand with Interchain. Daddy/Top interested masters also may apply. A weekend or a week. Box 3024, GCS, NYC 10163.



# Street Meat

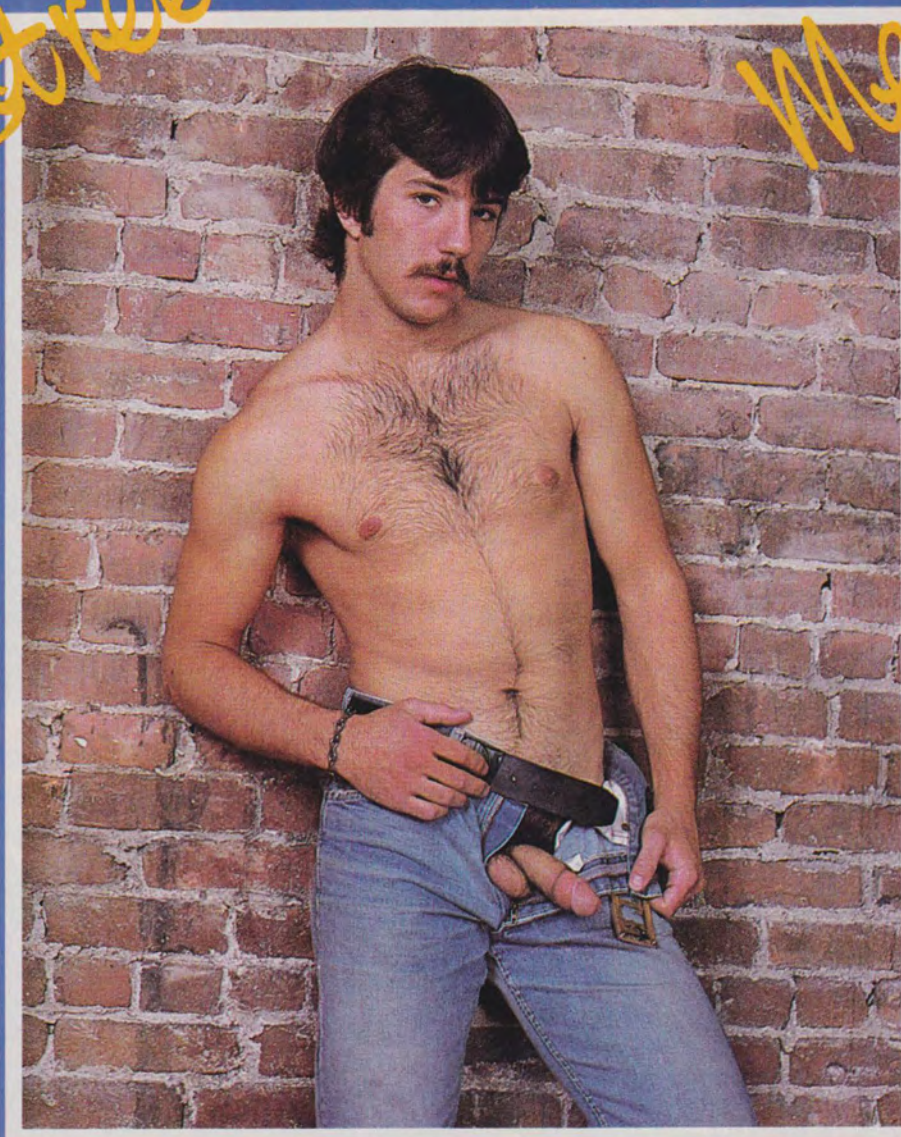
A full-page photograph of a man with a mustache and dark hair, shirtless, wearing a leather jacket and jeans, standing against a brick wall. The man is looking directly at the camera. The leather jacket is open, revealing his hairy chest. He is wearing blue jeans and a black belt with a large gold buckle that says "GTO". The background is a red brick wall.

You've seen him all over the place: at the bars, on the docks, and in the hottest leather clubs in town. You finally got the nerve to approach him, and now he's back at your place. He knows you like it nice and rough.

Section photographed by Malexpress Studio



# Street Meat



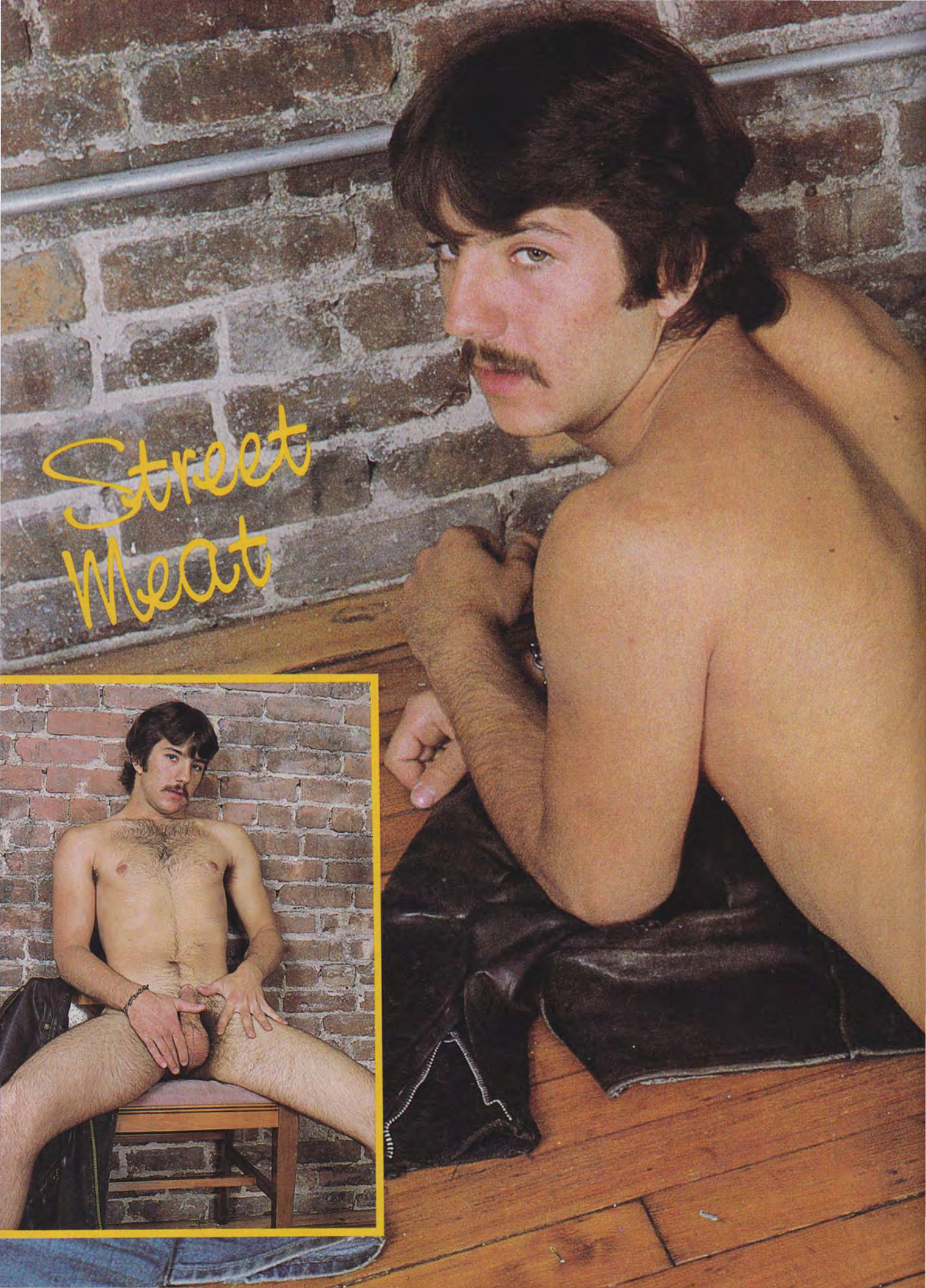
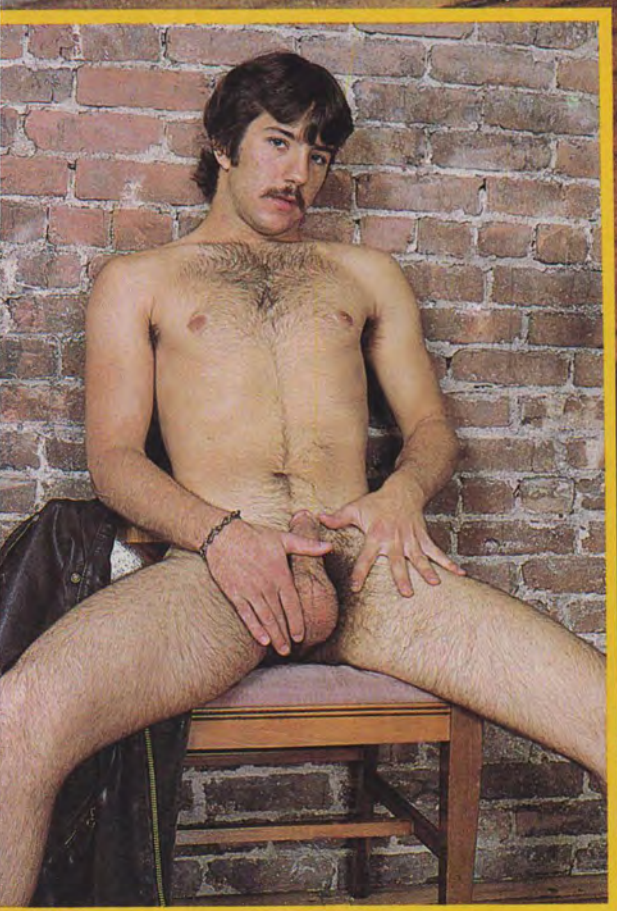
**He doesn't bother with names or chit-chat; he's here for the action.  
He wants you on your knees, and all you want to do is serve him.**







# Street Meat





Your young master wants you to beg for it. Tell him how much you want to lick him, suck him, and feel him inside you; he gets off on dudes who are obsessed with his furry body.





A shirtless man with dark hair and a mustache is leaning against a brick wall. He is looking towards the camera with a slight smirk. He has a chain bracelet on his left wrist and is wearing a dark leather jacket. The background is a red brick wall with a white vertical pipe on the left.

# Street Meat

Enough words; time for action. He doesn't have much time left, so you better get moving. If you're lucky, he'll hang around for a couple of hours, but you have to give him a good reason to stay.







NEW

# HEAVY DUTY ELECTRIC VACUUM

NEW



## FINALLY -- A SYSTEM THAT WORKS FOR ENLARGING YOUR COCK • BALLS • NIPPLES

This system has been so successful over the past 3 years that we now have started the **ELECTRIC VACUUM CLUB** so that you can talk with others who are successfully using the system.

- So Powerful That Two People Can Use It At The Same Time.
- Ball Attachment Will Double Their Size.
- Adjustment Valves Adjust Pressure Up Or Down On All Attachments.
- Nipple Attachment Is Known As The Ultimate Tit Clamp.

**WE FEEL SO STRONGLY ABOUT THIS NEW HEAVY DUTY ELECTRIC VACUUM SYSTEM THAT WE MAKE THIS STATEMENT AND GUARANTEE!**

### STATEMENT

If you have any loss of potency either totally or partially due to age, or perhaps an operation, or even possibly psychologically. The heavy duty Electric Vacuum will help restore that potency, so you will be completely hard again.

### GUARANTEE

IF, AFTER 10 DAYS, you feel that this system does not live up to everything and every claim we have made in our Brochure and is not the most powerful Machine you can purchase to enlarge the penis, we will refund the full purchase price of The Machine.

### DO IT RIGHT

Send \$5.00 for the very detailed 21 page brochure on this incredible new system.

**NEW  
QUIET  
CASE**

### BCR SYSTEMS

Dept. H  
512 S. Hanley,  
Suite 2  
St. Louis, MO  
63105

\$5.00 REFUNDABLE IF MACHINE IS PURCHASED  
FOR FURTHER INFORMATION OR CREDIT CARD ORDERS CALL

**1-314-727-1654**

VISA — MASTERCARD — AMERICAN EXP.

NEW

NEW



Some people get all wrapped up in their **FILM**. Others have changed to: **VIDEO TAPE**. Why not change

your personal film collection to: Beta, VHS, U-Matic & Reel? **FAST — DISCRETE — SERVICE**

**FREE BROCHURE**

**Trans-Video**

Box 70021 H Sunnyvale, CA.  
94088-4021

## NEW YORK model & escort

PRETTY BLACK GUY

Smooth Olive Skin—ROBBY

Morning, Noon or Night

(212) 534-7550

## SPANKING!



### For the ULTIMATE IN QUALITY SPANKOGRAPHY VIDEOS and PHOTOS

Punks, Surfers, Incorrigibles, Brothers, Sons, Nephews, Preppies, Students, and MORE!!!

### Plus, HOT BOTTOMS!

A Bi-Monthly Spanking Magazine filled with Hot Spanking Stories and Personal Ads

**INTENSE, SIZZLING  
VIDEO/PHOTO BROCHURE \$1.00  
HOT BOTTOMS! Sample Copy \$4.00  
TOY and PADDLE BROCHURE \$1.00**

SEND TO:

**CONTROL-T STUDIO**  
13624 Sherman Way #475H  
Van Nuys, CA 91405 USA

STATE OVER 21. OFFER VOID IN TENN.  
Not affiliated with any other company, past or present.



A winner in or out of the water



W6 SWIMMER - Spit cheek brief w/up front support Nylon Spandex Black or white SM. M. LG. \$14.95

# BODY SLEEK

## ACTIVE WEAR

FROM MALE POWER

Light and form fitting to enhance every asset



W3 TERRY STUD - Black w/white piping SM. M. LG. \$12.95

Look hot and stay cool - for every occasion



W7 PIPELINE - Cotton pocket shorts Black w/white piping, suntan (shown) w/black piping SM. M. LG. \$19.95

Why not show it off?



W9 MACHO T-SHIRT - Nylon White One size fits all \$14.95

On the beach or at the gym - a front runner



W5 RACER SHORTS - Nylon green, yellow, light blue, royal blue, dayglow red, gray, black SM. M. LG. \$16.95

Fit to a tee!



W8 RIO TANK TOP - Nylon lycra black or white One size fits all \$15.95

Irresistibly revealing



W2 SHEER SHORTS - Rip stop nylon Army Olive SM. M. LG. \$14.95

Soft and sultry European brief



W4 ADONIS - 100% cotton red or black SM. M. LG. \$11.95

Fast and racey!



W1 KEY WEST - Ultra brief nylon Lycra Light blue, blue, turquoise, also in solid black or red cire, one size \$14.95

I enclose \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Check ☐ Money Order  
☐ MasterCharge ☐ Visa Card

# \_\_\_\_\_  
 Expiration date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_



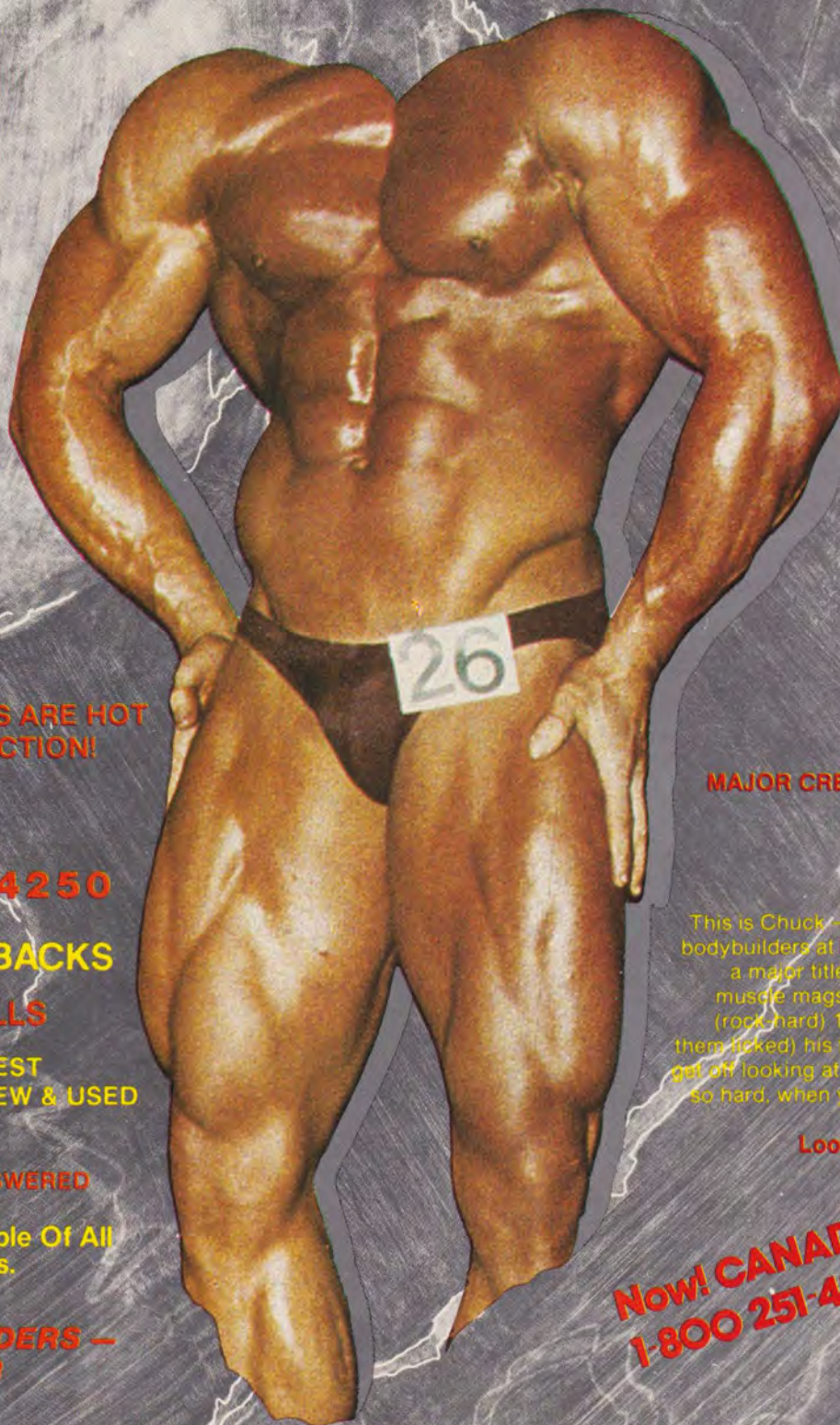
**MARKSMAN  
PRODUCTIONS**

P.O. BOX 7836 VAN NUYS, CA 91409



# MUSCLEMANIA

Presents **CUMMING WITH A WINNER**



**ALL 26 OF OUR  
BODY BUILDERS ARE HOT  
& READY FOR ACTION!  
24 HOURS**

**IN CALIFORNIA**

**213-871-4250**

**FREE CALL-BACKS**

**WAKE-UP CALLS**

**STILL THE LARGEST  
SELECTION IN NEW & USED  
GYM GEAR**

**ALL FAN MAIL ANSWERED**

**Photosets Available Of All  
Our Bodybuilders.**

**TO PLACE ORDERS —  
213-466-1643**

**MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED**

This is Chuck — one of our 26 competitive bodybuilders at **MUSCLE MANIA**. Chuck is a major title holder. You've seen him in muscle mags before. He has a 50" chest (rock hard) 19 1/2" arms (he loves to have them fucked) his thighs are so huge, you just get off looking at them. Most of all, his ass is so hard, when you grab it, it's like "cumming with a winner."

**Look for more of our guys in  
up-coming ads.**

**Now! CANADA  
1-800 251-4331**

**THE NO. 1 SERVICE OF ITS KIND!**

**1-800-648-7728**

Must Be Over 18

7985 SANTA MONICA BLVD., STE. 109-350, L.A., CA 90046

COPYRIGHT © MUSCLEMANIA 1984 — ALL RIGHTS RESERVED