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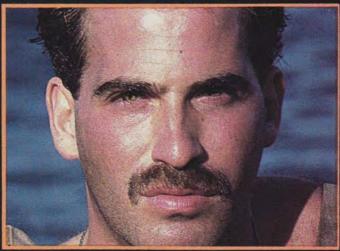
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NOVEMBER 1986 VOLUME 9 • NUMBER 8



COVER BY: B BOY PHOTOS

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GAY PRESS ASSOCIATION



Big dicl

BY RICK . PHOTOS BY ROMEO

Every so often my lover and I cut out on our own and go looking for strange cock to play with. One such Saturday night I went cruising the bars. I wasn't having much luck. Sometimes I don't. Billy always does. He's always a jump ahead of me.

In one place I overheard a guy tell his buddy about a jerk-off club he'd gone to the night before. I didn't get the exact address, but it was in the meat packing district. I figured I'd run into other guys in the area going to the club, and I'd follow them. It worked.

I walked up a long flight of stairs inside an old warehouse. "25 HOT JERK-OFF STUDS" said the sign. I paid my ten bucks and pulled open the steel door.

In the center of the huge room was a small stage. On it was a muscular black dude, naked except for black leather kneehigh boots. He was dancing to the latest hot music. His big balls and half-erect cock were bouncing. I watched him dance, his meat slapping against his thighs and stomach. At full hard his tool was gonna be

a big one.
The stage lights spilled over the first two rows of seats, so I was able to watch other guys playing with their hard-ons. Hands were jerking, balls were bouncing.
I found an empty seat in the first row. It

was in the corner, so I had an excellent view of the audience and the performer.

I looked across the stage as the black guy danced. I saw a guy pumping the meanest rod I had ever seen. Thick head, a long, curved, super-thick shaft. His big balls were mean too. They hung low. Next to him was another big cock and bouncing

balls being pumped by its handsome blond owner. He was watching the Mean Dick, not the guy on the stage.

I looked around at the other rows. In the second there were a few guys pumping. One cock was at least seven inches—and not even up yet. Thick as a beer can, with a fuckin' monster foreskin! It would of hung helf way to bis known if he'd of let as a fit. half way to his knees if he'd of let go of it. guys on either side of him wanted to hold on to it, but he wouldn't let 'em just yet.

The music stopped. A voice announced, "Gentlemen, handsome Mike is coming

on stage."

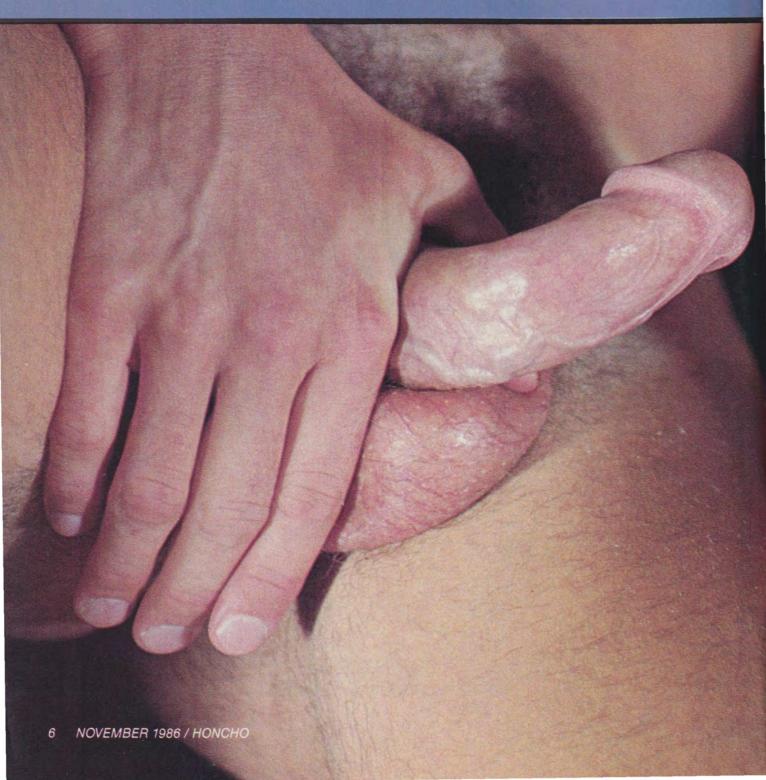
Some of the guys in the seats clapped and whistled. Some yelled, "Go Mike go!"

Mike was handsome, with a well defined body, firm ass, and brown crew-cut hair. He brought with him a tall bar stool and a botspread his legs wide open. He squeezed oil onto his sleeping meat and started nudging it awake. He worked slowly at first,

squeezing and rubbing the oil into his dickflesh and his balls till everything was shining.

I watched his cock grow into a long, solid, up-curved rod with a thick head. Stud meat. I watched his hand going up and down the curved shaft, his fingers rubbing the knob. A lot of the guys in the audience were pumping their own swollen

oil, bent back, and squeezed some onto



his cock. Then he started pumping again. His meat turned into a hard, dark-brown

As the black guy jerked off, he watched Mike jerk off.

They watched each other.

black balls were bouncing up and down. Big white balls were hitting the stool. Black guy and white guy started moaning.
"Ohhh." The black dude arched back and shot wad after wad onto the stage.

Mike followed. He grabbed hold of the stool, pushed his cock up, and shot thick cream in every direction. The cum kept comin'. A fuckin' shower of man-juice! Then one huge, thick wad oozed out of Mike's nozzle and down the shaft to his

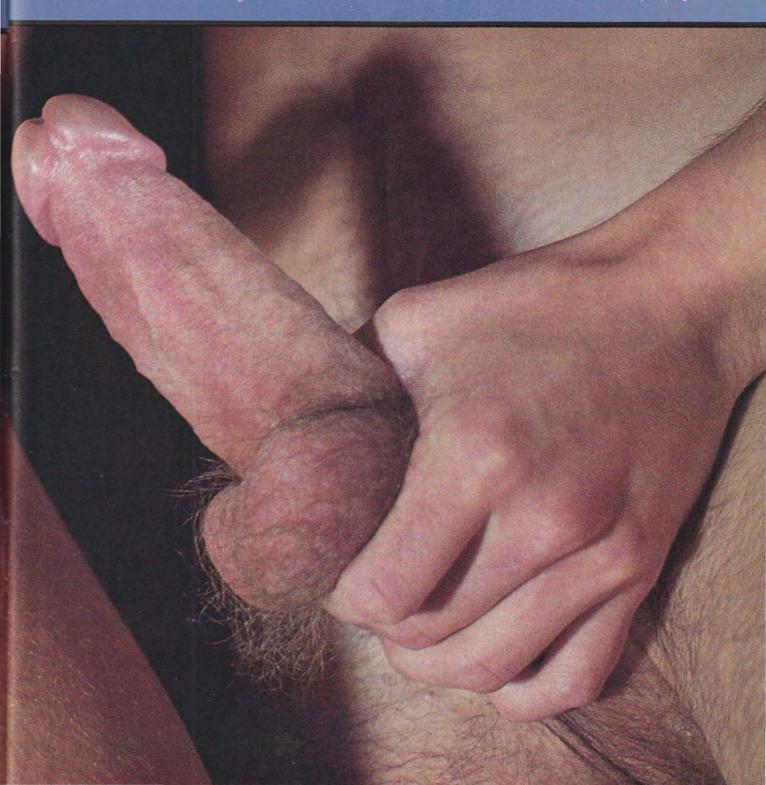
them both. Some yelled: "Thataway Mike!"
From out of the shadows two rows behind me came a hard white cock and

balls so enormous they'd of put a horse to shame! A guy sitting next to it began jerking it with both hands.

I wished it was me doing the honors.

A few strokes and the horse shot a dozen fat gobs of cum onto the back of the chair

More whistling and clapping.
I couldn't hold off anymore. I opened my jeans and pulled them down. I leaned back in my seat, spread my legs, grabbed my hard shaft, and started pumping. I used





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Mean Dick across the way seemed to like what I had, since he was jerking off to my rhythm.

A young Hispanic guy who'd been giving me the eye since I came in sat down next to me and pulled his pants down. His cock was beautiful: thick, brown, and long, and as smooth as his heavy brown balls.

We grabbed each other's tools and whacked. Mean Dick was really getting turned on now. He had to work real hard to keep up with us. But he did it. I wished our stroking would go on for hours, but I knew it wouldn't.

My handsome young partner moaned. His whole body stiffened. He shot again and again, beautiful Hispanic white cream, all over my hand. I rubbed it on my cock for lube.

He grabbed my dick. A few more strokes and my balls were ready to release their load. Suddenly he pulled my rod straight up.

"Oh God!" I cried.

How did he know I liked it that way? I didn't get a chance to ask. With his other hand he squeezed my bursting balls!

"Ohhhh shit, man!"

Juice boiled out my piss slit. He used it as lube and kept pulling my cock, kept pulling down on my balls. I was going crazy with pleasure.

He coaxed the last drops out of me gently, stroking my undershaft and knob with his fingers.

My stomach and my hairy chest were covered with cream. It spilled over my side. It ran down my legs.

I saw Mean Dick shoot. He was standing up in the bright light, arched back. Superthick load after super-thick load came squirting out his knob. Some squirted onto the stage, some oozed down the curved shaft to those mean balls.

Some of the guys clapped and whistled. My young Hispanic friend quickly pulled up his pants and left. Damn! I was hoping he'd hang around.

Two new guys came onto the stage. A tall black and a handsome blond. Hot music. They started dancing. I kept my eyes on the bouncing balls, and the bouncing dicks.

I glanced at the guys in the audience. Pumping hands. Stiff dicks.

Three more black hunks came on stage to dance, and one Japanese. Six naked guys dancing.

Two of the black guys started jerking off. They used grease from a jar one of them had brought out. They faced each other and pumped.

Then the hunky one walked to the edge of the stage. His hard-on was sticking out into the audience. His cock was for the taking. Some white guy took it.

He reached up and began jerking the big black meat.

The handsome black dude bent back and let the white guy do the pumping. When the white guy pulled hard on the black balls, the big black rod got bigger.

The black dude's dancing partner poured mineral oil on his own meat and began jerking his tool. In seconds it was rock-hard. He pranced around the stage for all to see his long, slim rod, redishbrown knob, and hairy balls.

The audience went wild. In the front rows some guys were pumping their own meat, others were working on their neighbors' hard-ons. Back in the shadows I couldn't see what was going on. But I could hear the moans.

I watched the Japanese guy's cock swell to full mast. It was big, up-curved in front of his hairy belly, a solid equal to Mean Dick's.

He walked around the stage to show everything off. His big balls were buried in a mass of coarse, black hair. He turned around, bent over and spread his ass so we could all see his hole. It looked inviting.

He got lots of whistles and cheers.

By this time I was hard and ready to shoot again. I stood up and started jerking.

The Japanese guy's eyes and mine made contact. He walked over to the edge of the stage and jerked his meat right in me aimed toward the rafters.

The audience cheered, whistled, and clapped.

I sat down. My partner left the stage. The two black guys who'd been jerking off in tandem turned to face each other and shot their loads. They splashed hot cum onto each other's sweating black body.

I thanked the older guy who'd given me the hand-job. "Thank you," he said, and left. I stayed and watched more hot studs dancing and jerking off on the stage.

Two blond studs came on and sat down on the stage. They had on metal cock rings. They faced each other, legs spread open. They stroked each other to slow love music.

Everyone watched. Their cocks grew bigger and thicker; veins were popping out. Their strokes were long, slow, and teasing. They larded on the grease. About a half hour later they pressed their rockhard cocks together, head-to-head, and released huge wads of cream simultaneously. It poured out of their swollen knobs, mixed together, and slid down their shafts.

They left to a cheering crowd.

Mean Dick was up and at 'em again, pumping along with more stage-studs. Horse Cock came back out of the shadows. Nude, except for an open shirt,

In the center of the huge room was a small stage. On it was a muscular black dude, naked except for black leather boots. He was dancing to the hot music and his big balls and half-erect cock were bouncing. His meat slapped against his thighs and stomach. At full hard, his tool was gonna be a big one.

front of my mouth! I was only a tongue length away from those beautiful hairy balls.

Everyone was watching. I cupped my hands around his balls as he jerked his rod.

A strange greased hand relieved me of duty on my own rod. The Oriental pumped himself hard and fast. His sac grew tight in my hands. I squeezed and pulled down on his nuts. My cock was getting pumped hard and fast.

The Japanese guy rolled his head back, moaned, and shot a huge creamy load. It slid down his shaft onto the stage.

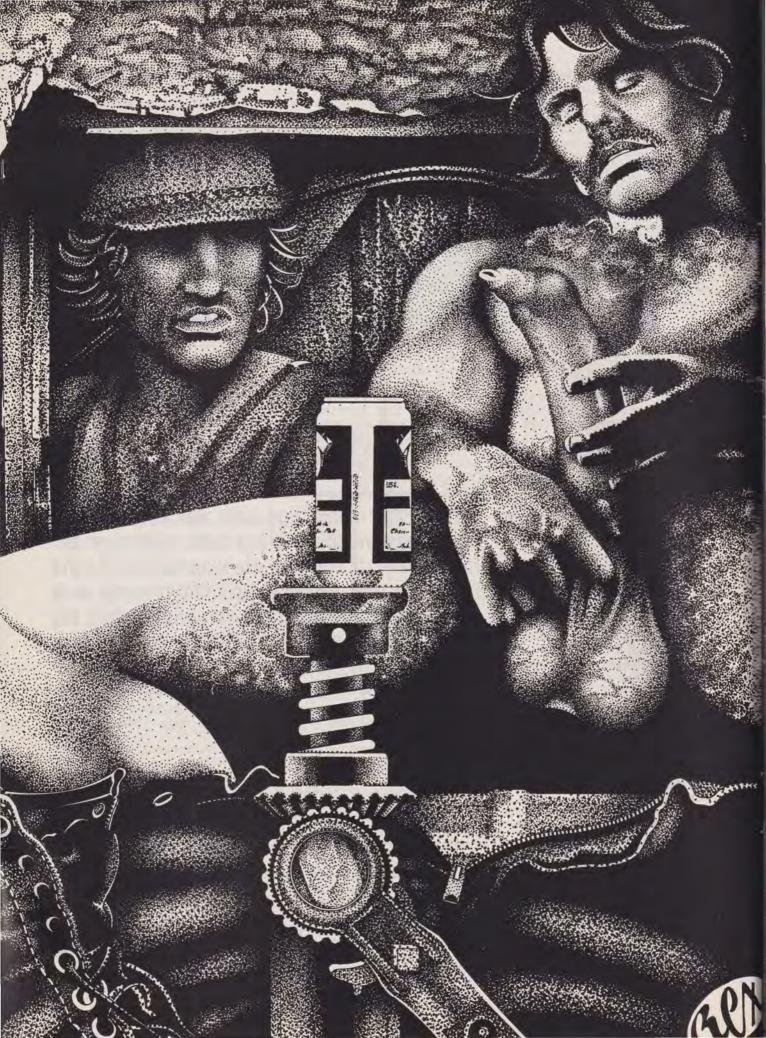
Shit! I was ready to cum. I arched back and let it fly. Thick and creamy. Four shots straight up. The disembodied hand kept he sat on the edge of the stage and rubbed his muscular, hairy chest with one hand. With the other he pumped himself to release, his enormous balls bouncing on every stroke.

He got whistles and cheers as his superwad shot out his horse-dong, up into the air and down onto the floor.

More guys came on stage and danced and jerked off as guys in the audience jerked themselves, jerked each other.

Suddenly the guy with the huge foreskin popped into the bright light. I had forgotten all about him. His 14-inch rod and his huge balls were sticking out of his fly. The foreskin hung over the red, acorn knob about six inches.

A short guy came out of the shadows,



BY BRIAN WHITTIER . ART BY REX

I must have fallen asleep, because I thought a steam locomotive from the 1940s was passing me. I sat up and scooted my hat to the back of my head. The brim had kept oncoming headlights out of my eyes. It was the tow truck. It pulled off the road in front of me and backed up. The back-up lights made me raise my arm so I wouldn't go blind. I got out of the car and stretched my aching back. God only knew how long I'd been sitting.

The driver jumped down from his cab and slammed the door. I couldn't see him too well. Exhaust from the truck made it look like he was stepping out of a fog. His silhouette suggested that he was younglean with broad shoulders and a boyish haircut. He had a slow, easy way of walking, like he was in absolutely no hurry. He was slightly bow-legged and wearing boots.

"What seems to be the trouble?"

Up close I could see that he was young-mid-twenties. But his hair was not boyish. It was a a tangled mess. He had a beard, light brown and neatly trimmed; he stroked it, his pride and joy. The young macho look. His teeth were a little too small, like somebody from the backwoods who'd been undernourished as a child.

'Your guess is as good as mine. Better, I hope. One minute I was going 65 or 70. Next minute I was going slower and slower. I pumped the accelerator but it didn't do anything. Engine went dead. That's all I can tell you.

He looked at me like it was all my fault. "Better let me take a look at it."

He opened my door, scooted behind the steering wheel, and turned the ignition key again and again. I could have told him it wouldn't do any good. And then I noticed his crotch. The light under the dashboard illuminated the sausage inside his faded jeans. It was a mouthful. And his balls were the size of eggs, grade A extra large.

"Gotta look under the hood."

I had the feeling he'd caught me studying his cock, because of the long look he gave me, sizing me up. I looked everywhere I could except at him. I felt guilty as sin. And scared. He wasn't the type to take kindly to queers.

Getting out of my car, he had a grin on his face like he knew more than I wanted him to. A real wise-ass. I followed him to the front of the car, stood back so I wouldn't crowd him. He grabbed a flashlight from his hip pocket and raised the hood. That wasn't all he'd raised by that point. I'd have given anything to get fucked by a straight macho stud like him.

"Afraid we're gonna have to tow her in." It was all right by me. That's what I'd expected.

"You in a hurry?" he asked.

"Not particularly. I was on my way to a boxing match. They're probably into the third round."

"Boxing, huh?"

"Oh, yeah. Me and boxing go way back.

'Hmmm."

I wondered what his problem was. Didn't he think a guy who could be interested in his crotch could be interested in boxing too?

He climbed into the tow truck and backed it in closer to my car. He made a lot of noise hooking chains to my front end, more noise than necessary, like he was showing off. Go ahead, I thought. Prove what a man you are. He raised my front end with the hydraulic system. He looked real proud of himself, leaning on the lever. Man over machine. Big deal.

"Okay, buddy, we're ready to roll."

We got into his truck. First thing he did was he unbuttoned his jeans, unzipped his fly, reached down and adjusted his cock. All I could see was light-brown hair.

"You don't mind if I do this, do you? I keep telling my wife not to use hot water on these. They shrink. She does it every time."

The bastard was teasing me. He knew my scene and he was rubbing it in. Go ahead and rub, I thought. You're not my

'My wife's a real pisser," he said as he pulled onto the road. "She doesn't do the things I ask her to do, and she does the things I don't want her to do. Like in the bedroom. 'What's wrong with giving me a blow job?' I ask. It's not for her, she says. Too unsanitary. Bullshit. I keep my cock cleaner than my hands."

"Why you telling me?"

He looked at me like who's kidding who.

I was sorry I'd asked.

"Because you never know when some guy might be in the mood to go down on you.

"You got me figured all wrong, pal." "Do 1?

He whipped out his dick and reached for his balls so they would lay over his jeans. I had to admit it, his cock was a beauty.

"Well?" he asked.
"Well, what?"

"Do I have you figured right?"

"Forget it. If we had an accident, it's my car that would get it."

"There's a rest stop a mile ahead."

"You're pretty sure of yourself, aren't you?'

"I'm pretty sure you can't pass up a good cock like this one I got here.'

'That's what you think.'

"Listen, motherfucker, I'm asking you to

The driver of the tow truck was a real horny. ornery bastard. "My wife won't give me a blowjob," he volunteered. "She says it's too unsanitary. Bullshit. I keep my cock cleaner than my hands."

"Why are you telling me this?" I asked. He looked at me like who's kidding who. I was sorry I'd asked.

"Because you never know when some guy might be in the mood to go down on you."

suck me off."

"Suck yourself off."

He swerved off the road and stopped along the shoulder. The guy was out of his

"This doesn't look like a rest stop to me," I said.

"It'll do."

"There's cars driving by."

"They're going too fast."

"Let's get to the service station. Okay?"

"You're too late for the boxing match. You said so, yourself."

"I was wrong."

"Suck me, you prick."

"Look here, you may be a lot younger than me, but I'm not too old to take a slug at you if you keep up that kind of talk.'

"Why won't you eat me? Look at this cock. Where you gonna find another one that looks so good?"

"If you love it so much, why don't you just jack off?"

"You're really getting mad, ain't you, mister?"

"Do you carry on like this with all your customers?"

"This is something I always wanted to do, and you're the one I want to do it with."

"Why me, if I might ask?"

"Because I can trust you."

"Don't be so sure."

"I got all night, mister. As long as it takes.

The kid wasn't fooling. He leaned back against his door, slung one arm over the steering wheel, slung the other over the back of the seat. His balls were still hanging out over his opened jeans. His dick was standing straight up. It would have tickled his bellybutton if his shirt hadn't been in the way. I looked straight ahead. I didn't want to get any more turned on than I already was. I despised him for exploiting my

"Hey. I'm sorry for calling you a prick." "Why should you be sorry? That's what

"No, you're not. That's what I'm making you feel like.'

"You're making me feel like I wished I was in that boxing ring, slugging the shit out of someone.'

"Come on, buddy. Suck my dick. It'll make you feel better.'

"I'm not into sucking."

"So what are you into?"

"I'd like a good stiff cock up my ass. That's what I'd like. Something to take my mind off all my problems."

"You want me to fuck you? Is that what you want?"

"I didn't say you."

"I wouldn't mind trying that."

"You have a wife you can fuck. Remember?'

"That's no challenge. I can fuck her anytime. I'm bored fucking my wife. She takes it for granted. She don't appreciate it no more. She hates me for having a cock. She needs cock, so she needs me. She wishes she could do without both. I hate her sometimes, my wife. What's it like, fucking a guy?"

I gave him a sideways glance, like he had to be kidding, asking me a question like that. "I wouldn't know. All I know, all I

like, is getting fucked." He snatched the hat off my head and threw it on the floor. He could fuck me if he wanted to, I decided. I no longer cared how obnoxious he was. He grabbed my ankles, raised my legs onto the seat, and forced me to lie face down. "What the hell are you doing?" I asked

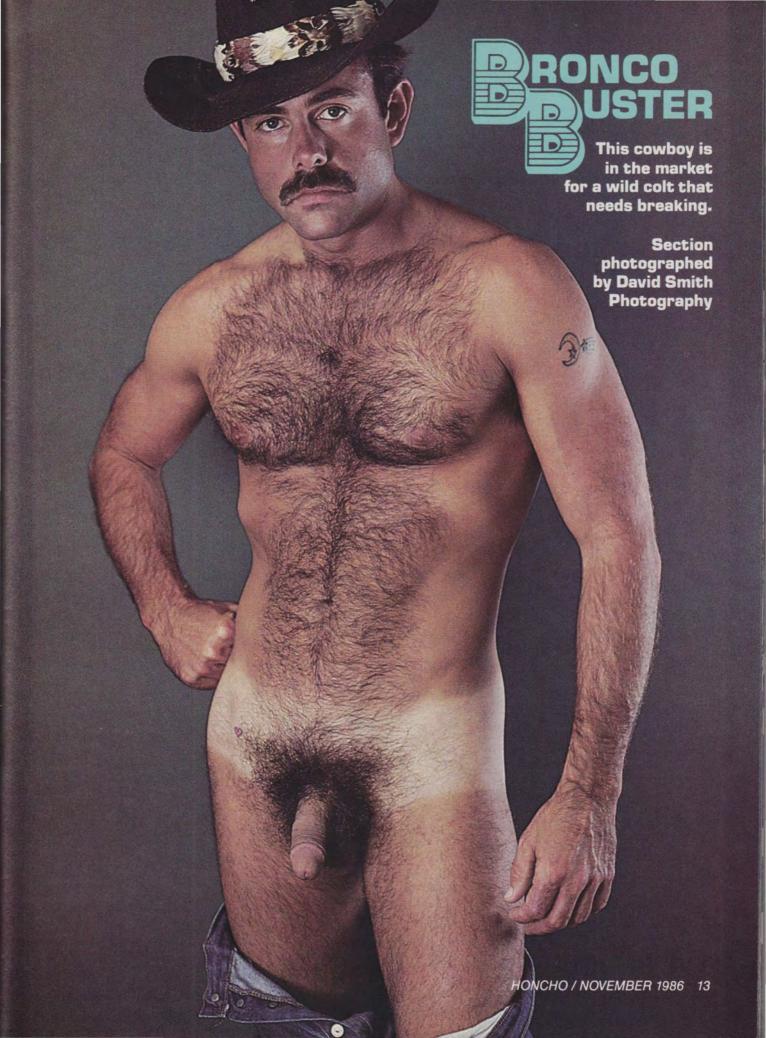
"Shut up, goddamn you! Take off your pants!"

I hated him because that's exactly what I wanted to do. He hugged me and unfastened my trousers and pulled them down to my knees with my underpants. He slapped my ass and said, "That don't look like no pussy, but I'll bet I can fuck it twice as hard."

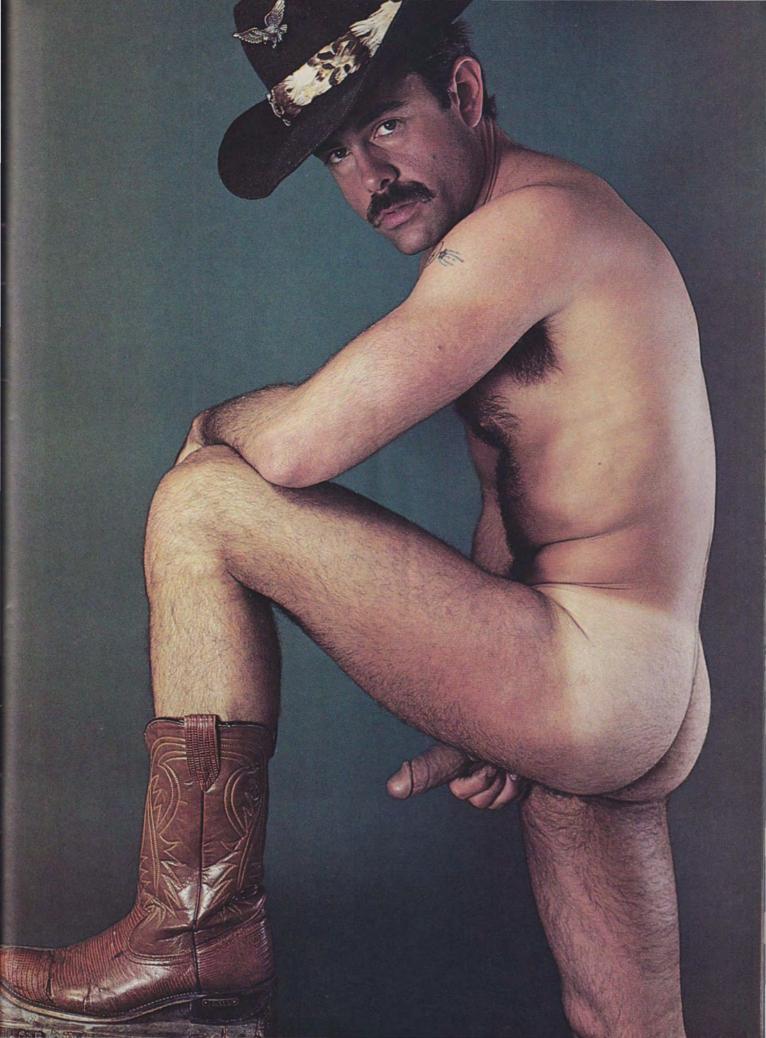
'Let me up, you sonofabitch."

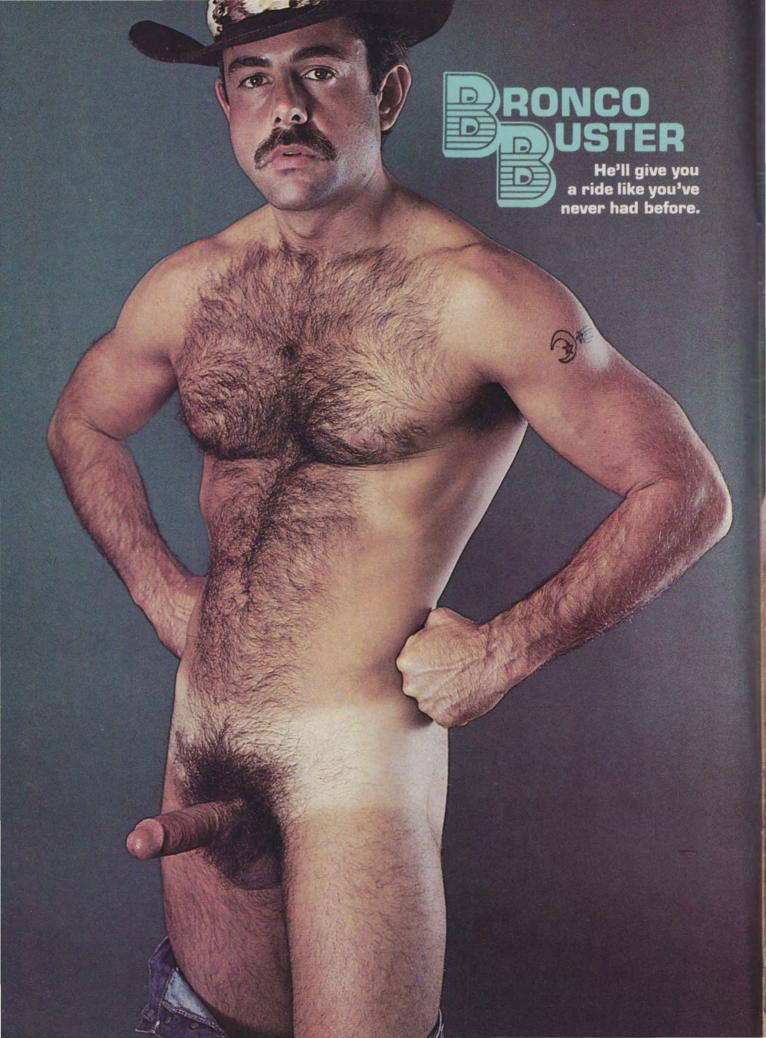
"How am I supposed to do this? Just

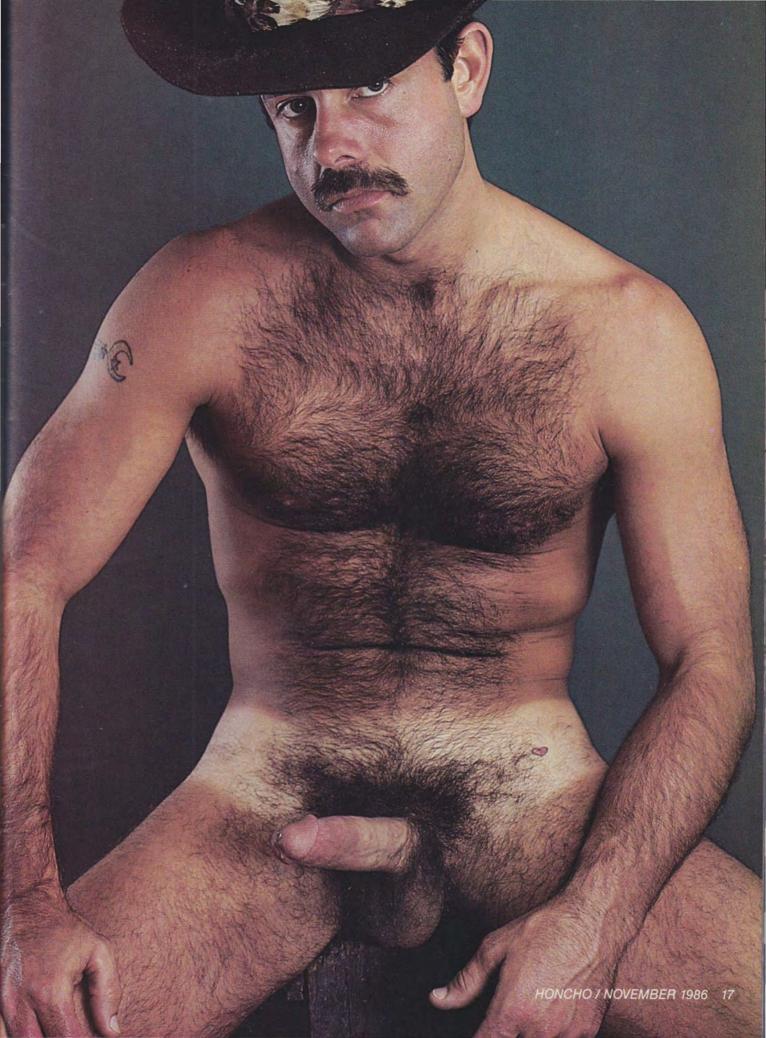
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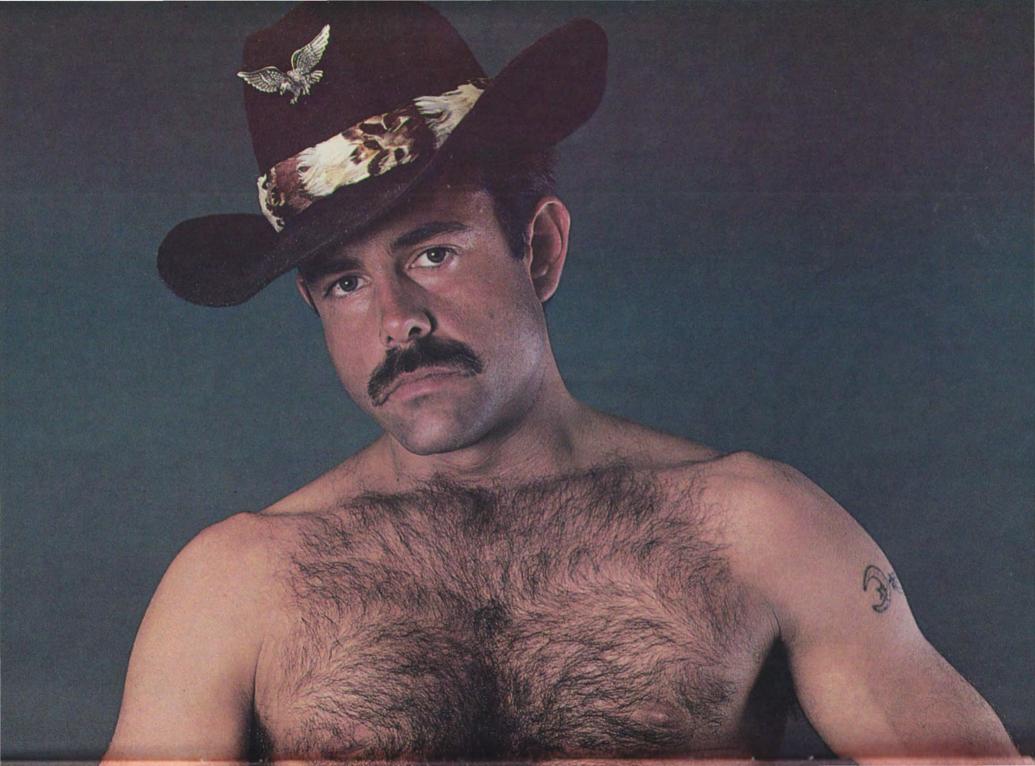
















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TOW TRUCKER

Continued from page 12

stick my cock up your asshole?"

"Spit on it first. You think I can take that

big thing of yours dry?'

With my face against the seat, I heard him clear his throat, spit, and rub it over his cock. Before I could relax my sphincter, he'd jammed his rod up my ass so far I could feel his balls tickling my buns. No wonder his wife didn't appreciate him. He had all the finesse of a football lineman at the twenty yard line. Holy shit, I wanted to scream! I reached back and spread my buns with my hands. Might as well open the hole as wide as possible. He started fucking before I had a chance to relax.

'Oh, man, this feels good! I feel like I

could fuck you for days!

Oh, Jesus, I thought. Please make him slow down till I can get used to it.

Every time he fucked me, he wiggled his cock around inside. When he withdrew, he let it pop out of my ass, so he could poke around and jam it up my hole full force. I relaxed because I had no choice. He wanted to fuck me hard-my feelings be damned.

Much to my surprise, he lay still on top of me for a moment. Our faces touched. Intimacy amidst the brutality. "You feel good, baby. Real good."

A small consolation.

He started fucking me again. He fucked steadily. But with each thrust he'd shove his dick up my ass till I had to grip the seat to keep from scooting away. I forced myself to relax my asshole. Eventually he plowed into me and it didn't hurt. It felt great. His cock rammed me full-force and his balls bounced off my buns. My asshole was dripping sweat. I was shoving my ass up to meet him.

"Oh, shit! This is good!" he hollered.

It was good for me too. The pleasure was nonstop. I let one foot drop to the floor so I could spread my buns wider. My partner braced himself with one foot against the door, to gain more leverage.

"I'm coming," I shouted. "Fuck you, you asshole!"

He fucked me harder. My cock scraped across the seat every time he rammed his dick inside me. I came all over the upholstery, and that loosened up my asshole even more.

He grabbed my shoulders and rode me like a horse.

"I'm coming!" he yelled. "You motherfucker! I'm-oh, yeah! Ah! Oh!"

His jizm filled my crack and I wiggled to milk him for all he was worth. Finally he slipped out of me and leaned against the

door

I sat up as fast as I could and pulled up my pants. I was afraid of what he would do, afraid he would take out his anger on me. He was staring at me hard and mean.

"Let's get to the service station," I said. "Okay?"

"Yeah."

He tucked his cock into his pants and zipped up. We drove to the service station in silence.

He ran my car up on the rack, checked it out, had it fixed in no time. He handed me the keys and walked away, silently, into the garage.

I got into my car and started to pull away, but he came running out and waved for me to stop.

He walked up to my window, hesitated for a moment, then . . . "I liked it."

"I'm glad. So did I."

"I get off at eleven. You want to meet me?

"Sure," I said. "Sure."

When I came back, he was just closing up. We sat in my car and talked. Nothing else. For hours. I'm not sure where it got us. I'm not sure where it's gonna lead. It was only last night. I'm meeting him again tonight. At eleven.

BIG DICK NIGHT

Continued from page 9

got on his knees in worship, and put his hand on the tip of the 14-incher. He pushed and pulled the foreskin over the knob in a slow rhythm. Then a little faster, and faster still, till the guy's whole body went stiff and he shot his creamy load. The short guy held tight to the 14-inch dick; the cream kept coming. The short guy closed the foreskin over the knob with one hand and, with the other hand, jerked the enclosed rod. Cum kept oozing out.

The short guy got a hug after the big guy had shot his full load. The soft meat hung halfway to the floor, like a limp fire hose.

Cheers and whistles.

Hot music again. New guys dancing on the stage.

I decided next time I'd try and get my lover to come with me. And if I could get him to come, I'd try and get him up on the stage with me. We're hot together. We're like a couple of fucking animals.

I'd like to fuck for these animals. They'd go wild. If I can get Billy to come down here.

Then I saw him come out onto the stage. I smiled at him and he smiled back and motioned me to join him.

Billy's always a jump ahead of me.



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I knew sooner or later his turn would come up on the work detail roster, and there it was, plain as day, first name on the list. He'd drawn the extra duty for some minor infraction of the rules. No matter how conscientious the soldier, eventually he makes a mistake and has to take his punishment. The rules are designed that way. By men like me-the brass.

Private Simpson was a good-natured New England farm boy, not too tall but thick and muscular. His close-cropped blond hair and sky-blue eyes suggested Scandinavian ancestry. Just my type. The first time I saw him in my unit my heart started racing and my hard started rising. I checked him out: no education beyond high school, eager to learn and to make a successful army career, determined to get ahead no matter what. Again, just my type.

"First Sergeant, I need a man Saturday morning to help me with some mechanical work at my place. Any of these men capable of repairing simple machinery?" I knew full well that Simpson had scored extremely high in mechanical ability and had quite a background in that area in civilian life.

The first sergeant wrinkled his brow. "Well, sir, Dawes might be of some good to you, but he's a little slow, if you know what I mean. I'd say Private Simpson would be your best choice. He's sharp, sir, and very eager."

'Eager?"

"To get his name off the infractions list." "I see. Well then, send him around first thing Saturday morning—say, nine-thirty."

"Yes, sir. I'll have him there."

I'll have him there, I thought to myself,

exactly the way I want him: alone and . . .

Saturday morning, I was surprised but not at all displeased when my patio doorbell rang a few minutes before nine. Soldiers with infractions on their records are always on time but rarely early for work detail. I glanced in the mirror. I smiled at the reflection of a distinguished-looking military man in his late forties, his temples shot with gray, a good strong face, the physique of a man a decade or so younger, excellent muscle tone and sharp definition, an impressive bulge at the crotch of his skimpy bathing suit. Not bad, old boy, not bad, I thought.

Before abandoning my reflection I carefully readjusted my self-satisfied grin into the strictly-business, superior-officer mask I decided was more appropriate for

By Robert Ralph • Art By Matt

I didn't get the chance to make even a single thrust. A couple of slides from Danny and my rocket was launched. He kept up his grinding and clenching until he'd squeezed out every last drop. Then he yanked free and leapt out of the pool. "Right on target, sir," he quipped as he tugged on his suit, "a direct hit!"







greeting Private Simpson. But when I swung open the door, my face fell into a scowl.

"I know I'm early, but I can explain. I have an extra practice this morning because our next meet has been moved up, and my instructor wants me to—"

"Okay, okay, but be quick about it, Danny. I have an appointment."

My pool boy, who was also the son of one of my sergeants, smiled and strutted his hunky little frame past me. His thin, yellow-and-blue-striped speedo was even skimpier than my trunks. He didn't show any box to speak of, but his melon buns were youthful perfection.

"If I'm lucky," he said, bending over the pool and going right to work, "I may get a scholarship to college this fall—what with our success at the Olympics."

Nice kid. Bright, hard-working, an accomplished swimmer and runner. Tight, velvet-smooth, deeply tanned skin. Curly chestnut hair with freckles to match on the bridge of his nose. Yeah, nice. But it was five after nine now and this unexpected intrusion was lousing up my plans.

I sat on the edge of the pool at the shallow end and watched as he fished out the leaves with the net. When he squatted to get nearer the water, his suit slipped down in back and exposed the tip-top of his stark-white butt. He strained further and about two inches of ass crack appeared. My balls started tingling; my dick soared to full hard. In the suit I was wearing there was no hiding the bulge.

"Listen, Danny, that looks fine to me. You can hit it double-time next week."

"Gee, thanks, sir. Say, it's really hot this morning. You mind if I take a quick dip to cool down before I go on to my next stop?"

"Just make sure it's a quick one," I grumbled. I turned away to reach for my cigarette pack. I heard him splash in, then felt the spray. I lit my cigarette and turned back to the pool. The water was churning. Momentarily Danny surfaced, tossed me a



mischievous grin, then jack-knifed toward the bottom. I got a nice flash of two cute little ass cheeks. On the tip of the diving board I noticed a crumpled mound of yellow and blue. The little bastard was skinny dipping!

Danny shot out of the water, swam to the shallow end, and draped himself over the edge of the pool a few feet away from me, his bare ass within touching distance. The mischief behind his grin was unmistakable: his eyes were fixed on my hard.

I had no intention of making the first move, no matter how many hints he might give me. I watched as his grin broadened. I thought he was going to speak, but instead abruptly he just reached across my thigh and grabbed my dick, thank you very much. Okay, so he'd made the first move. That out of the way, I didn't mind a bit giving him a little help with the next one. I pushed my hips forward so he could get a firmer hold, then rocked back and forth so all he had to do to jack me was squeeze.

"Wow, that's quite a rocket launcher you're packing."

"You bet your ass it is."

Danny laughed.

"I know how to use it, too."

Danny stopped laughing. He reached back with his free hand and stroked his snowy cheeks, groped the dark crack between them. "I'll just bet you do. . . sir. I've got a target that's perfect for practice launches." He glanced from side to side: "Ready on the right! Ready on the left!" He turned around and presented his "target."

There was no way I could turn down what Danny was offering, plans or no plans. I jumped into the water and pushed

my suit to my knees.

'Ready on the firing line!" he called, clamping his fist around my dick and guiding it toward the target. He pushed his ass back, spread himself around my dick, and sucked it in. "Fuck it, sir." He wiggled from side to side to prime my pump. But I hadn't had a piece in over a week, and the last thing my pump needed was priming.

"Oh, God," I growled through clenched teeth. "I can't hold it."

I didn't get the chance to make even a single thrust. A couple of slides from Danny and-kablewy-my rocket was launched. He kept up his grinding and clenching until he'd squeezed out every last drop. Then he yanked free and leapt out of the pool. "Right on target, sir," he quipped as he tugged on his suit, "a direct

"Danny, I-"

"Don't worry, sir, I'll be back for another round of target practice. Later, when I've got more time."

I pulled up my suit and followed him to the door. "You know, Danny. . . I hope your father-"

"Later, sir," he called as he opened the door, almost colliding with Private Simpson. Danny turned back to me, winked, waved, jumped into his car, and raced down the street.

"Private Simpson reporting for duty as ordered, sir." Simpson saluted and I waved him inside. He had obviously been taken aback by the scene he'd just walked in on, and by my state of undress. Most likely he'd always assumed that officers eat, bathe, and sleep in full uniform, socialize rarely with civilians, and never with civilian youths. He looked over his shoulder at the heavy tire marks Danny was burning into the pavement, then back at me.

"My pool boy."
"Oh. Yes, sir." He still hadn't responded to my gesture. He just stood there in the doorway in his immaculate, crisply ironed fatigues, his boots gleaming like polished

Meanwhile, I was getting tired of holding the door open. "Private Simpson."

for the master bedroom, where I pretended to search my bureau, knowing perfectly well that the "extra" swimsuit I'd bought for Simpson was neatly folded in the bottom drawer. "Here we are." I tossed him the sheer, cream-colored, zip-up shorts. Yes, I thought as he held them in front of him, just as I planned—at least one size, maybe two sizes, too small.

He could see that they weren't his size, of course, but he was too shy to say anything. He was also too shy to be at ease undressing with me in the room. I stayed, of course, on the pretext of searching my closet for something or other.

Simpson chuckled nervously and sat on the edge of the bed to remove his boots. Then he slowly unbuttoned his fatigue jacket and took great pains—and as much time as possible-to fold it properly, hoping I'd find what I was looking for. I didn't, except in the full-length mirror on the inside of the closet door, with which I kept myself informed of the progress of his strip. Next on the bill was the removal of his

Simpson was completely relaxed now. He didn't offer the slightest resistance when I turned him on his stomach and parted those fabulous buns. I sucked on his pucker for a while, filled it with spit, then ran my tongue all the way up his spine. "I'm gonna fuck you, soldier," I whispered. "You know that?"

"I, I guess so, sir."

"Would you mind stepping into the back yard so I can close the patio door?"

"Oh, yes, sir. Of course, sir."

I shut the door, locked it, and turned toward the pool. "Did the First Sergeant explain the problem?"

"He said it was mechanical, sir. Something to do with your swimming

"The hot tub, to be precise. Over there, at the far end of the deck. By the way, I hope you brought your bathing suit."

'Why, no, sir, I-

"You planned to work on pool machinery in a freshly laundered and pressed uniform?"

"I'm sorry, sir, I just-I guess I didn't think it through."

"Well, no matter, Simpson. I must have an extra pair around here somewhere."

He followed me into the house. I checked a couple of closets then headed

T-shirt. His smooth skin underneath was so white-in stark contrast to the sunbronzing that ran from his forehead to his. collar bone and from about halfway down his biceps to the tips of his fingers—that for a moment I thought he was wearing another T-shirt underneath the one he'd just pulled off. But no, it was skin all right, rounded and sculpted and white, with hard, pink, quarter-size nipples crowning his perfect pecs.

His metal dogtags rattled as he stood up. I'd seen him often without a shirt before, but when he lowered his fatigue pants, I got my first glimpse of those thickly corded calves and thighs, which were as white and as hairless as his torso. His jockeys showed three distinct, promisingly proportioned lumps. He slid his fingers under the waistband, hesitated. (His modesty amused me; I wondered how he managed in the barracks.)

Before shucking the underwear, he

turned his back on the mirror. No problem for me. I was delighted with the reflection cast by his narrow, hairless, firmly rounded cheeks. Unfortunately, in about two seconds it was gone; that's how long it took him to leap into the bathing suit. Oh, well. The sheer fabric clung to his butt like an outgrown second skin. The suit was so small on him that a portion of each cheek hung out over the top. I had selected well.

When I turned back around and shut the closet door behind me, I saw that the poor fellow was blushing.

"Gosh, sir, I don't know if they'll work. I can't get the zipper closed." He had managed to fasten the button at the top, but the fly was gaping open a good two inches, exposing the top of his blond bush.

"They'll do fine, soldier. No one here but you and me."

I gestured toward the door and followed him out to the hot tub; what a pleasure to see those buns in motion. I explained the mechanical problem, then settled down in a nearby chaise and lit a cigarette. When he bent over to inspect the mechanism, the

shorts slipped lower on his ass. My dick, primed by the escapade with Danny, began to stiffen.

'I think I've found the problem, sir. I'm going to need . . ." He named the tools; I fetched them from the shed, then returned to my ringside seat.

He had to lie on his back to get under the tub mounting, then raise up on his elbows to get at the equipment. He raised his knees and clenched the planking with his feet for leverage, and as he did so his balls fell out one leg of the bathing suit. Nice, overstuffed ballsac, silky smooth and covered with fine, golden hairs.

"Here's the trouble, sir."

Of course, he was simply informing me that he'd found the problem. But I treated his announcement as if it were a request for me to join him and take a look. I got down on my stomach and scooted forward on my elbows until I was shoulder to shoulder with him under the tub. I craned my neck to see, letting a hand fall against his firm, sweaty thigh. He moved slightly to get out of my way. When he did, the button popped open and his dick poked out of the shorts. I only saw this out of the corner of my eye. I'm sure he hoped I hadn't seen at all; I'm sure he assumed it was because I couldn't see that I accidentally placed my palm between his legs and slid it so close to his crotch that my wrist lightly touched his balls.

"I don't see anything, soldier. Show me what you found," I said in my most efficient voice.

He pointed and explained. "I'll . . . I'll have it fixed in no time, sir. I promise you." I could feel the tip of his cock against the inside of my wrist. It was beginning to harden.

"I still don't see anything, but I'm sure you know what you're talking about." My arm pressed hard across his nuts as I withdrew it and stood up. I sat down again and listened to him tapping and banging and cranking with his tools. Presently the pump whirred into action.

Simpson scooted out from under the pipes, and keeping his knees raised in a useless attempt to block my view, he wrestled with his hard-on, trying to force it back inside the shorts. Finally he stood up and turned around. His face was beet red. He was holding the flaps together, but his hands didn't hide his erection any better than the fabric did. "I-I-don't understand, sir. It's the shorts, I guess. They're so tight and they were squeezing me down there and I guess I just got, you know-"

"Why don't you get into the hot tub and relax, Simpson? You've earned it."

'Great idea. Thanks, sir." He turned his back again, dropped the shorts, and scrambled into the water.

Continued to page 37

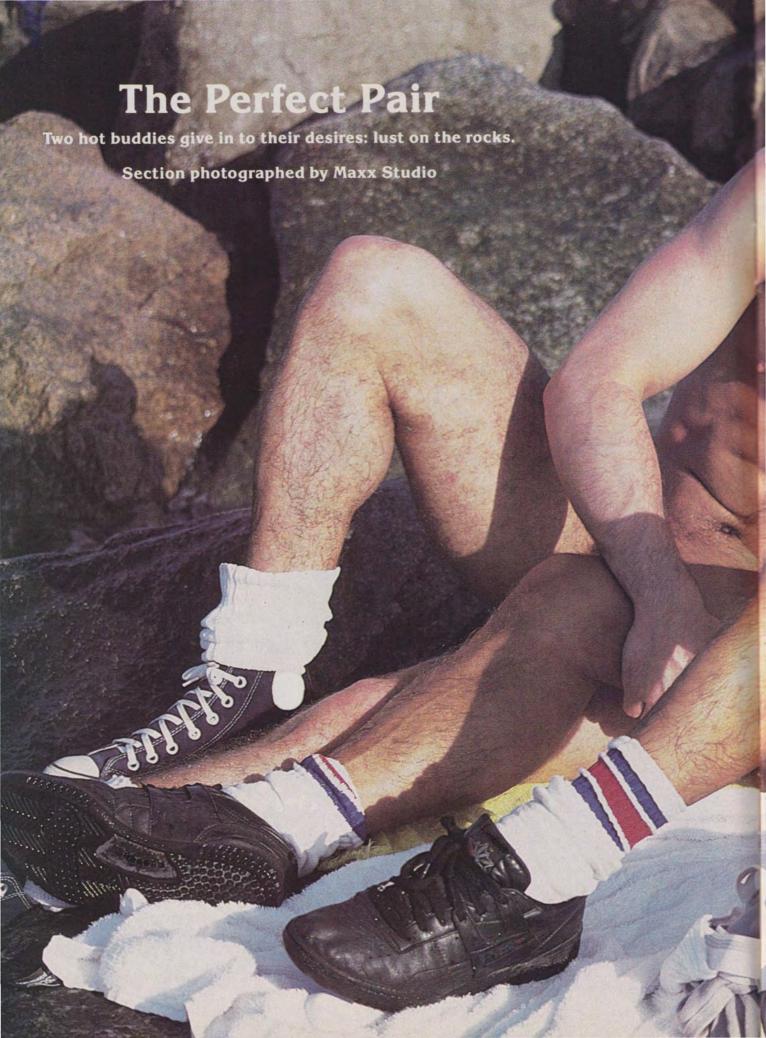


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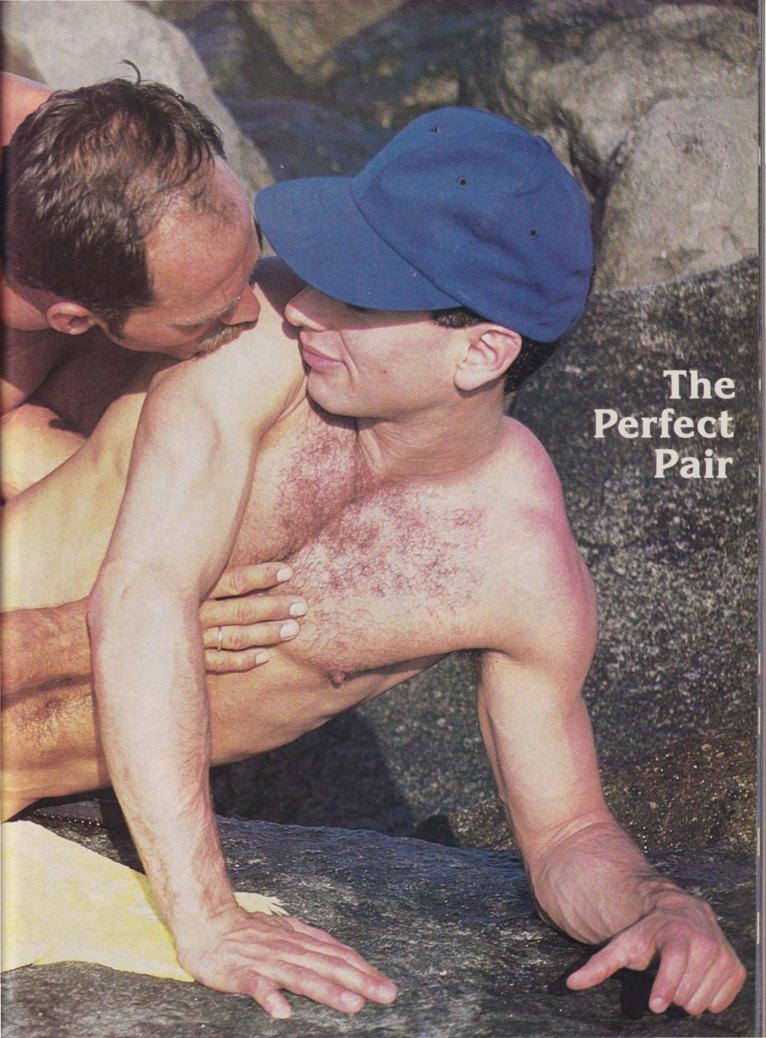
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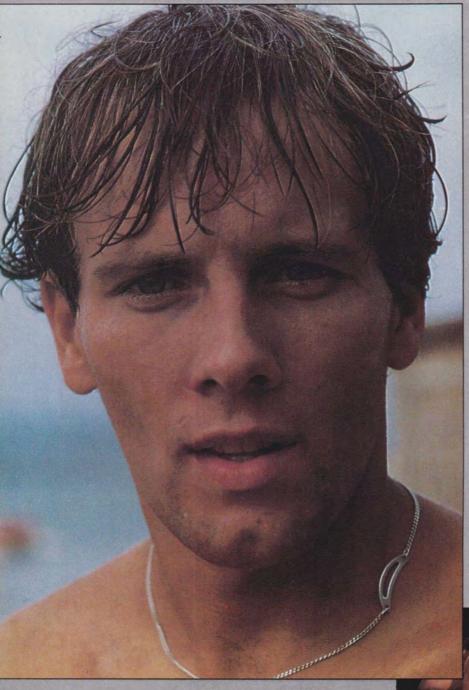








The Perfect Pair They've always wanted each other, but someone had to make the first. move. Someone has. HONCHO / NOVEMBER 1986 35



World-class award winning erotic filmmaker Jean-Danie Cadinot turns up the heat in a trio of scorchers calculated to set your sparks flying!

IN TENSE

Beach Boys: Warm-blooded youths under a sultry tropical sun. Dark muscular MacKenna rescues his new friend from the surf -- but the mouth-to-mouth contact that follows is strictly for pleasure. Down the beach, two blonds compare the bulges in their bathing straps and wrestle in the sand -- while the leather boys retire to the bushes to work out some private kinks of their own. The couples finally come together for a free-wheeling orgy that threatens to set the brush afire.

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TARGET PRACTICE

Continued from page 28

I gave him a couple of minutes, then climbed in with him. He hadn't been expecting that, and it brought the blush back to his cheeks. Yet when our knees touched under the water, he didn't pull away. Nor did he jerk when I rested my toes over his. He was rambling on about something. I have no idea what. I wasn't paying the slightest attention.

My hands glided back and forth just below the surface of the churning water. On each pass I lowered them slightly. On the fifth, I made contact with hard, hot flesh. Just as I'd suspected, he hadn't gotten rid of that boner. If anything, it was stiffer than before. He jumped when I touched it a second time.

"Sir, I'm really sorry. I don't know why-"

"Relax, Private."

"But you must think-"

"I said, relax." This time I let my fingers come to rest on the object of his discontent, and I flashed him a grin. "Relax."

At long last, it started to sink in. "1...

1...Yes, sir."

I closed my fingers around the base of his cock and slowly moved them up to the tip to take his measure—a good nine inches, I estimated. I started jacking him. His face was redder than ever now, but he didn't move. And after half a dozen strokes, he even started to relax.

Soon he was actually enjoying himself. Careful not to disturb my rhythm, he hoisted himself up onto the edge of the hot tub, leaned back on his elbows, closed his eyes, and opened his legs. When I wrapped my lips around his quivering cockhead, a long, low moan rattled in his throat and he fell back onto the deck, his forearm flung across his eyes. I sucked hard and drew my head up and away from his cock, then dropped my tongue to his balls. I licked and slobbered my way across and past them until I reached his juicy asshole. As I plunged inside, his moaning got more intense and he began to writhe on the edge of the tub.

"Oh, God, sir," he gasped. 'Oh. Oh, God I'm gonna shoot. I'm gonna shoot!"

I jammed a finger up his ass and poked around.

"Please, sir. Please finish what you started." He hunched forward, pushing his meat right under my nose. I took it into my mouth. Instantly, he shoved himself all the way down my throat, grabbed my shoulders, and started yanking me up and down on his cock. I didn't care how violent he got, as long as he got off exactly the way he wanted to get off. Because once he'd

shot his load, I was gonna get off exactly the way I wanted to get off—ride 'em, cowboy. Which was not to say that I wasn't enjoying the pleasures of the moment. There's nothing tastier than horny young stud meat, except maybe horny young stud juice. Oh, yeah. I was really looking forward to that. And all I had to do was suck.

Momentarily I was sucking a mouthful of boiling jizm out of Simpson's exploding cock—more than a mouthful. He kept shooting and twitching until the stuff was running over my lips and down my chin and into the frothing waters.

Simpson was completely relaxed nowinert is more like it. He didn't offer the
slightest resistance when I turned him on
his stomach and parted those fabulous
buns. I sucked on his pucker for a while,
filled it with spit, then ran my tongue all the
way up his spine to the crest of his
shoulder. "I'm gonna fuck you, soldier." I
whispered. "You know that?"

"I... I guess so, sir."

"Well, you guessed right. What do you say about that?"

"Whatever you want, sir, whatever it takes...to get me back in your good graces.

"Ever been fucked before?"

"1...no, sir."

"I knew it. First time I saw you. Virgin, I said to myself. Virgin asshole. Prime. Yeah. Yeah. Just my..." I paused for a moment, positioned myself. "... type." I slammed into him.

The slightest whimper escaped from his lips. Then he was silent. But not for long. As I began to develop an even rhythm, he started moaning again, with pleasure.

"Born to be fucked, Private. This asshole was born to be fucked."

"Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah. Do it to me, sir. Do it to me. Harder. Harder."

I was only too happy to oblige. I started twisting from side to side, ramming him at sharp angles. On my upstrokes I'd pull all the way out, then stab him brutally to the root of my cock. He clawed at the deck and tried to crawl forward. I caught him by the shoulders, held him rock-steady, gave him a few shallow pumps, then—simultaneous with my geyser-force explosion—buried my pile driver in his battered prostate.

He screamed in pain; I screamed in release. He sighed with relief; I sighed with pleasure. He was still for a moment, absolutely still. Then he started moaning and cooing and wiggling his firm little Nordic butt to let me know that his cries and his screams and his moans had all been expressions of different kinds of pleasure.

"Excellent job, soldier boy. I can promise you you'll never see your name on an extra duty roster again."

"Thank you, sir."

Continued to page 76



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divorced, and his mother did not look kindly upon the man who had abandoned her and her son when Ben was still an infant.

Ben's father, Benjamin Ian Forsythe, Sr., a prominent attorney in town, had, until very recently, totally ignored his sonexcept for the court-ordered support checks. Then out of the blue, the senior Forsythe decided to "repent" by trying to ingratiate himself into his son's favor. Young Ben found himself inundated with expensive gifts and apologetic notes.

As any 14-year-old would have been, Ben was thrilled to have his own home computer system, quadraphonic stereo, and video camera with recorder and monitor. But as the gifts continued to arrive. he began to have qualms. Over the years, he had built up an intense hatred for his father, fueled by constant reminders from maternal relatives that dad had abandoned mother and child because marriage and family interfered with dad's favorite sport: skirt-chasing.

Then again, maybe what young Ben was feeling was not misgiving but simple frustration. He wanted his father's gifts and he wanted to "get even." But how could he have it both ways?

Everyone in town knew who Ben's father was, so the boy began raising hell in school -not to hurt his mother but to embarrass his dad. When Ben realized that his sexual

Bob drove directly to his home and was there just long enough to deposit his books, fix a light dinner, shower, and change. He then headed directly to the tubs. When he checked in, the attendant handed him the key to his room, a towel, a package of condoms, a safe-sex advisory, and a small black eye mask. He smiled at Bob. "We're having a costume party, but we don't want the costume to interfere with your good time."

Bob patted the attendant gently on the face. "Nothing is going to interfere with my good time tonight, Steve."

As he walked to his assigned room, Bob was pleased to see that there were already a good number of hunks wandering the halls, each wrapped in a towel, each wearing a small black mask. After he had undressed and wrapped his towel around his waist, Bob headed for the showers. He hung his towel and mask on a hook, put the rubbers and pamphlet on the shelf, wet himself down, and jumped into the big in-

After swimming ten lengths, he climbed out of the water. With deliberate casualness, he stood at the pool's edge and hand-wiped some of the water from his body. His actions seemed completely natural, but in truth they were calculated exhibitionism. Although he was a very average five-feet-nine, his height was the

cessful in taking it down their throats were usually content to roll over and take it up the ass. The rubber second skin which nowadays Bob always wore over his tool in no way dampened anybody's enthusiasm.

His exhibition over, Bob stepped under the shower and rinsed the chlorine from his body. Then, grabbing his towel, key, mask, and safe-sex kit, he walked into the dry sauna. He toweled his hair and face and put on the small mask. As he slowly wiped the rest of his body, he stood in front of the large sauna window overlooking the

It was the first he had noticed the Halloween decor. Sitting around on every shelf, table, and even the floor were about 40 carved and lighted jack-o-lanterns. Only the pool lights were on, and although they cast enough light for Bob to get a good look at the other studs, the electric glow didn't detract from the eerie yet sensual effect of the flickering orange globes.

Bob noticed one particularly hot-looking dude lying on a chaise longue and wearing nothing but the small eye mask. The guy had his ankles crossed and Bob couldn't see the crotch area, but the rest of his body was pure hunk. The man's left hand slowly stroked the carved pumpkin sitting on the table next to him; his right hand lazily moved across his massive, almost hairless pecs. He seemed to be watching Bob, but the teacher couldn't be sure because of the mask. Bob ran his towel over his genitals; the man smiled, uncrossed ad spread his legs. Bob let out an audible gasp when he caught sight of the man's sexual equipment. Hanging over a pair of balls even larger than Bob's was an uncut cock so long that the foreskin-covered head lay on its side on the cushion below. Bob's cock hardened immediately. He took hold of it and began to stroke.

The man stood and walked toward the sauna, his cock swinging like a giant pendulum. When he stepped into the room with Bob, he extended his hand. "Hi. My name's Bif. If you're interested, I'd like to suck on that big cock of yours to get it slick enough so you can shove it up my hungry ass." He knelt on one knee and plopped the head of Bob's cock into his mouth. He sucked for a couple of minutes, then stood and kissed Bob hard.

When the kiss Broke, Bob could only mutter, "1...ah...think we might be more comfortable in my room."

The two studs had barely stepped inside Bob's cubicle before towels and masks were tossed aside and the two of them found themselves on the bunk, locked in a hand-groping, body-rubbing, tonguesucking clutch. Quickly, Bob, who was on top, swung around into 69 position and grabbed hold of Bif's gigantic cock. "Holy shit, just how big is this motherfucker,

He leaned over and kissed him softly on the lips. "Sounds like you could use a sympathetic ear, as well as a lubricated rear. I'd be glad to volunteer for both."

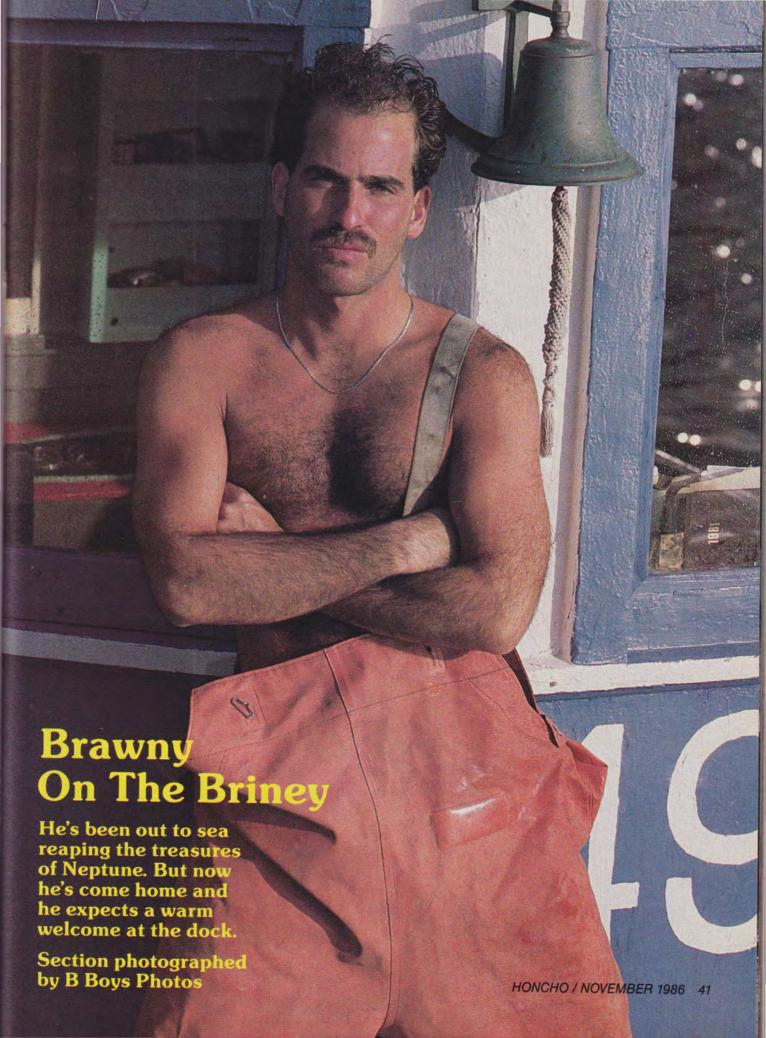
stimulation came from guys and not girls, he began his subtle seduction of his hunky math teacher. He wasn't thinking about what repercussions those actions, if successful, would have on his teacher, his mother, or himself. His thoughts ranged only as far as the effect his actions might have on his dad, once the public found out that the great Benjamin Ian Forsythe, Sr., had sired a "queer."

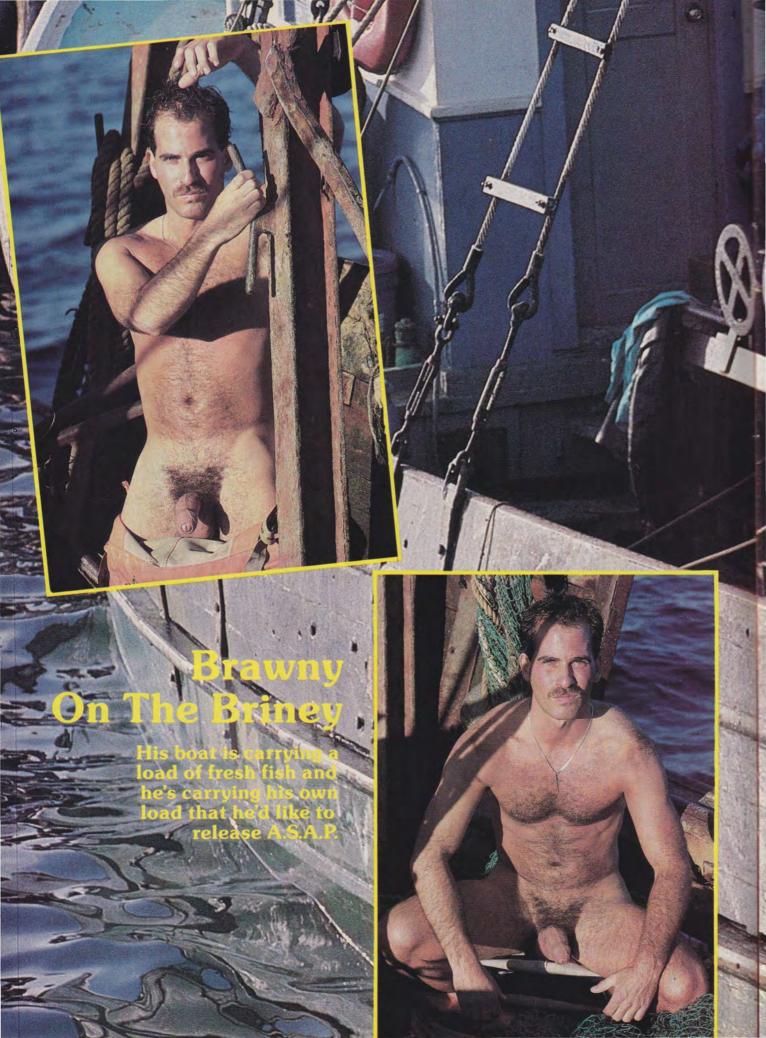
Bob was not aware of all the convolutions of Ben's mental processes, but he did feel that somehow the father was responsible for the sudden change in the boy's behavior. As a result, Bob Craebeck had built up his own personal resentment of Benjamin Ian Forsythe, Sr., without ever having met the man.

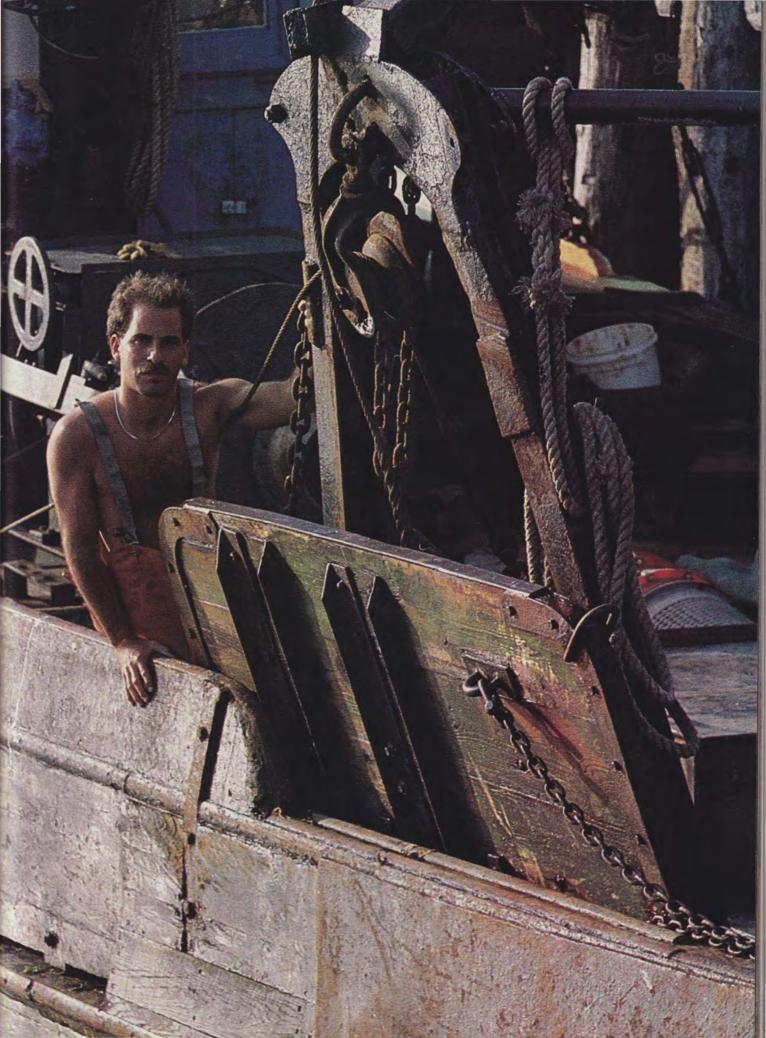
When Bob left the school building at 4:30 that afternoon, the custodians were trying to remove the eight-by-seven-foot plate glass window from the principal's office in a last-ditch effort to get the ranting administrator out.

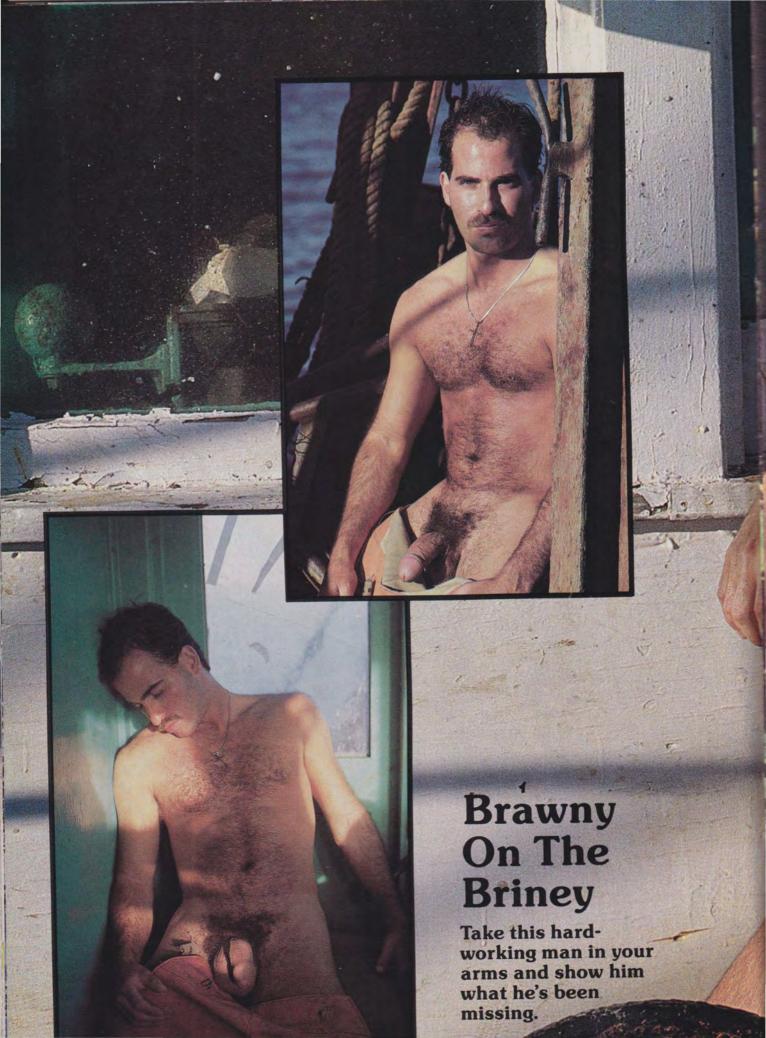
only thing about him in the average category. A fine athlete and serious bodybuilder, Bob was all chiseled muscularity from his ankles to his chin. The fine, silky brown hair that covered his chest, arms, and legs only added to his macho sensuality. When he bent over to wipe the water from his legs, he presented an unrestricted view of his tight buns. Although the rest of his body still bore the summer's deep tan, his ass cheeks looked like two white spotlights.

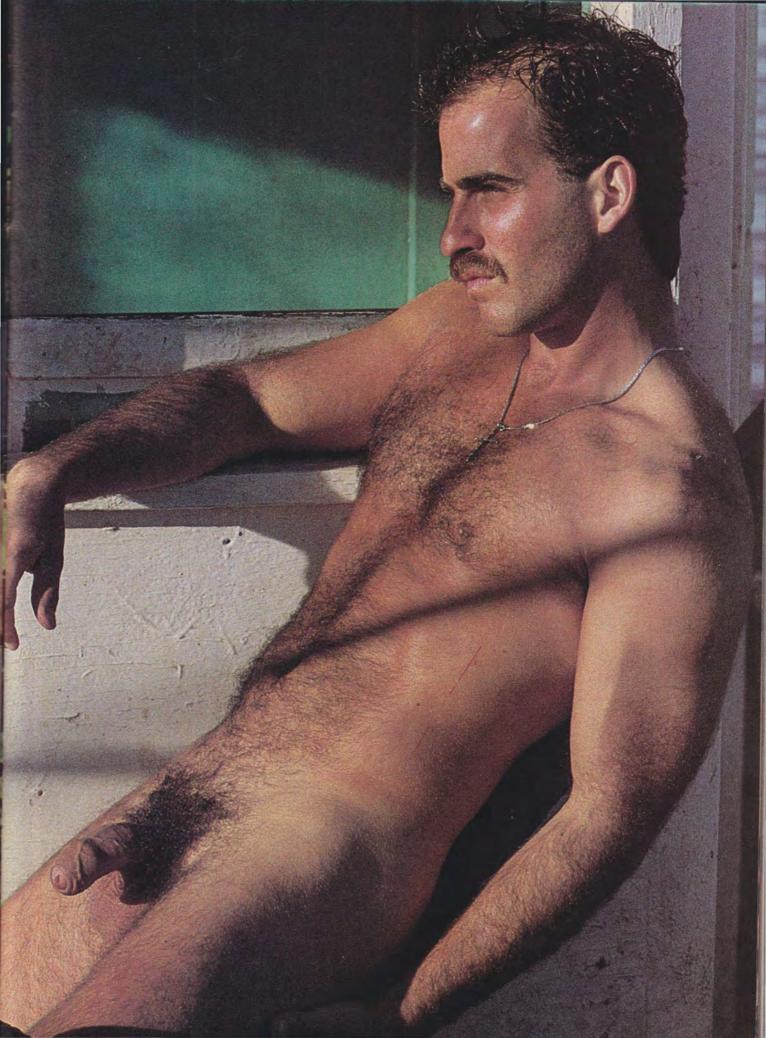
Bob straightened up and stretched, thrusting his pelvis forward. This action gave all within viewing distance a good look at the young teacher's piece de resistance. Hanging over a pair of lemonsized nuts was a cock that would do any bull proud. Soft, it hung a fat seven inches. Erect, it stretched to well over nine inches of marble-hard fuckmeat. Even deepthroating experts often found it difficult to take Bob's cock all the way, because of its thickness. But those who were unsuc-



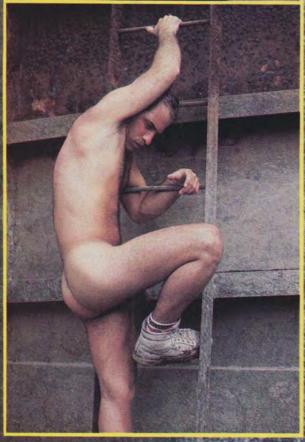




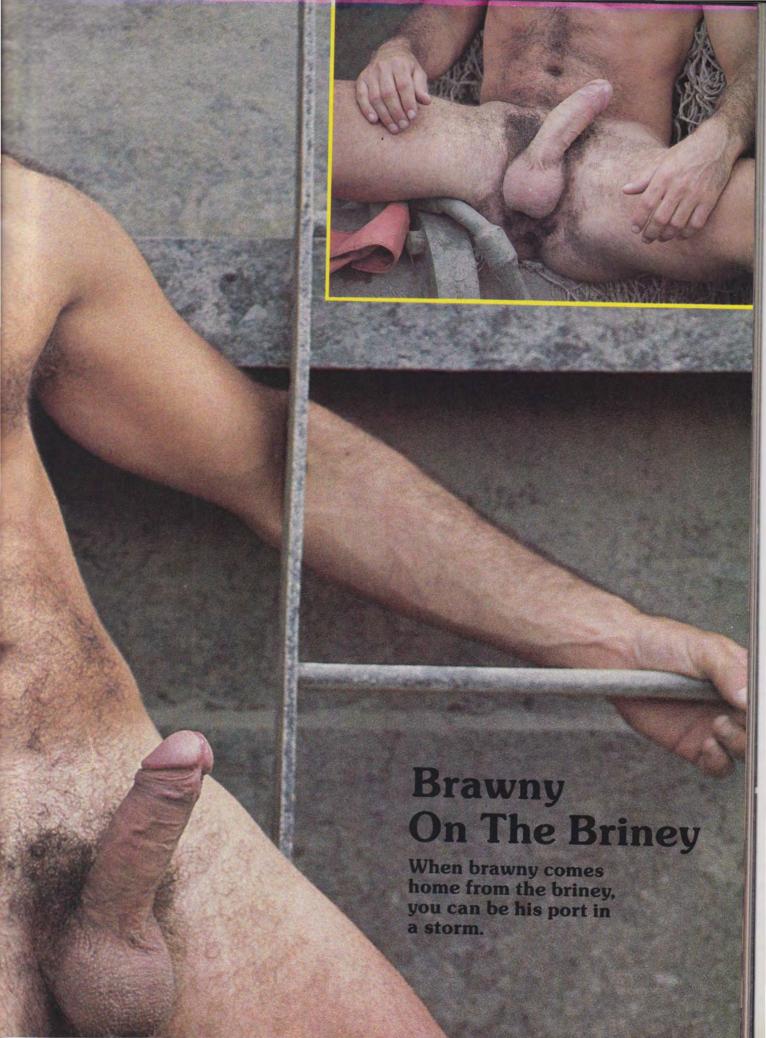


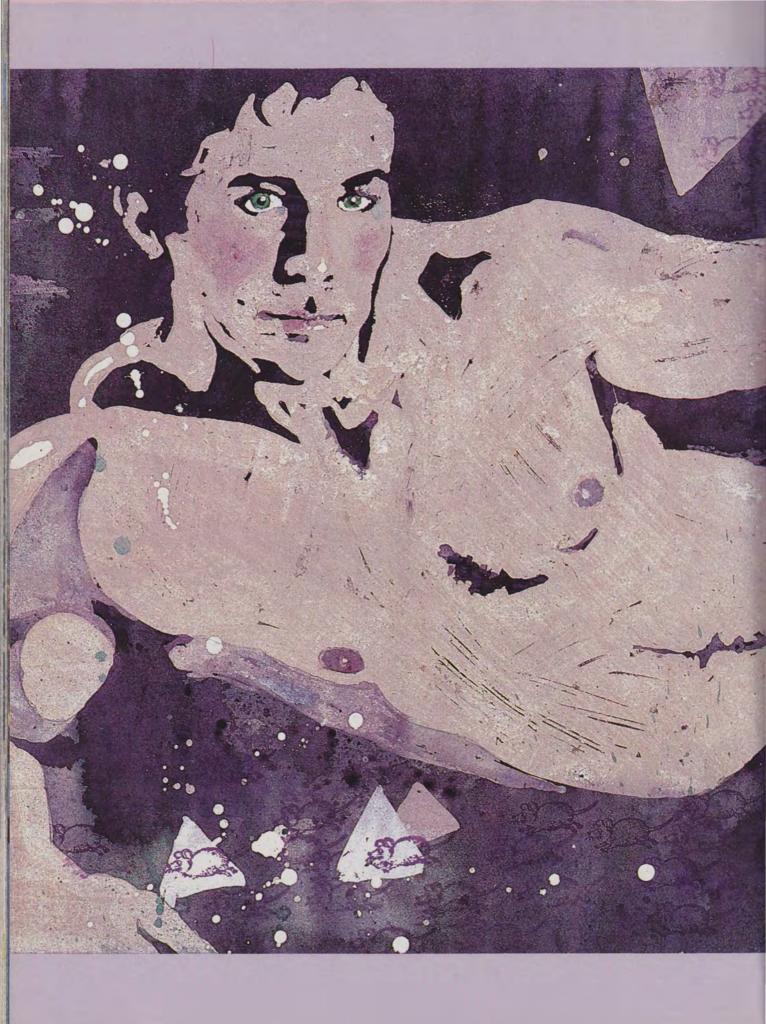


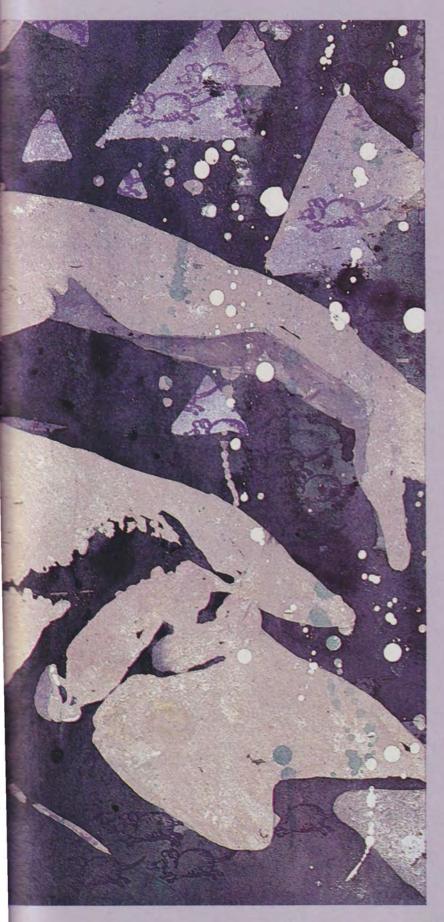












by Rick Adams . Art by T. Marflake

I couldn't fuckin' tear my eyes off the huge bulge in the instructor's ski pants. And I couldn't get my mind off it either.

"When you get about halfway down," he was telling us, "ski off to the side and stop by that thick cluster of evergreens. We'll start the lesson there."

It was the hugest fuckin' bulge I had ever seen, straining against the stretch material and leaving a mountain of a shadow on his

"Do you see it?" he was asking.

Fuck, yeah-

"Okay. Go over real close and stand right beside it."

Suddenly I was jolted back to reality. He wasn't talking about his cock, for chrissakes. He was talking about skiing!

I forced myself to squint up at the slopes where dozens of skiers crisscrossed, making patterns on the white snow. The evergreens stood off to the right, thick and solid, sticking up out of the hillside.

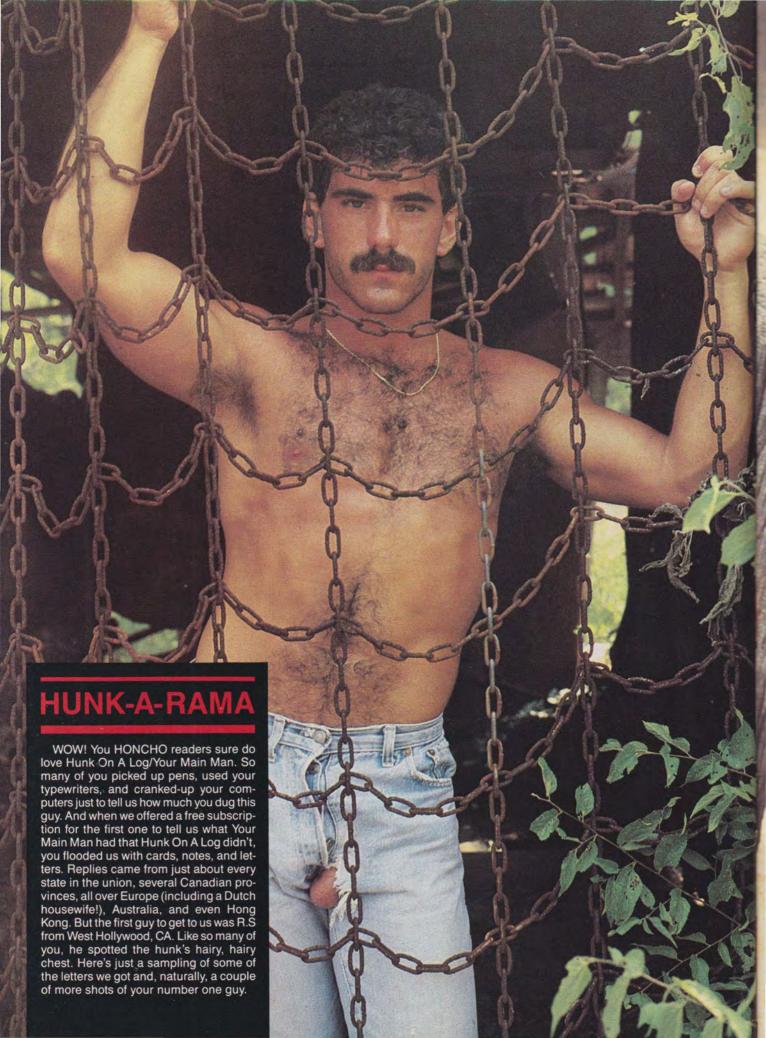
I smiled to myself as I stole another quick glance at the only hill I really wanted to learn anything about.

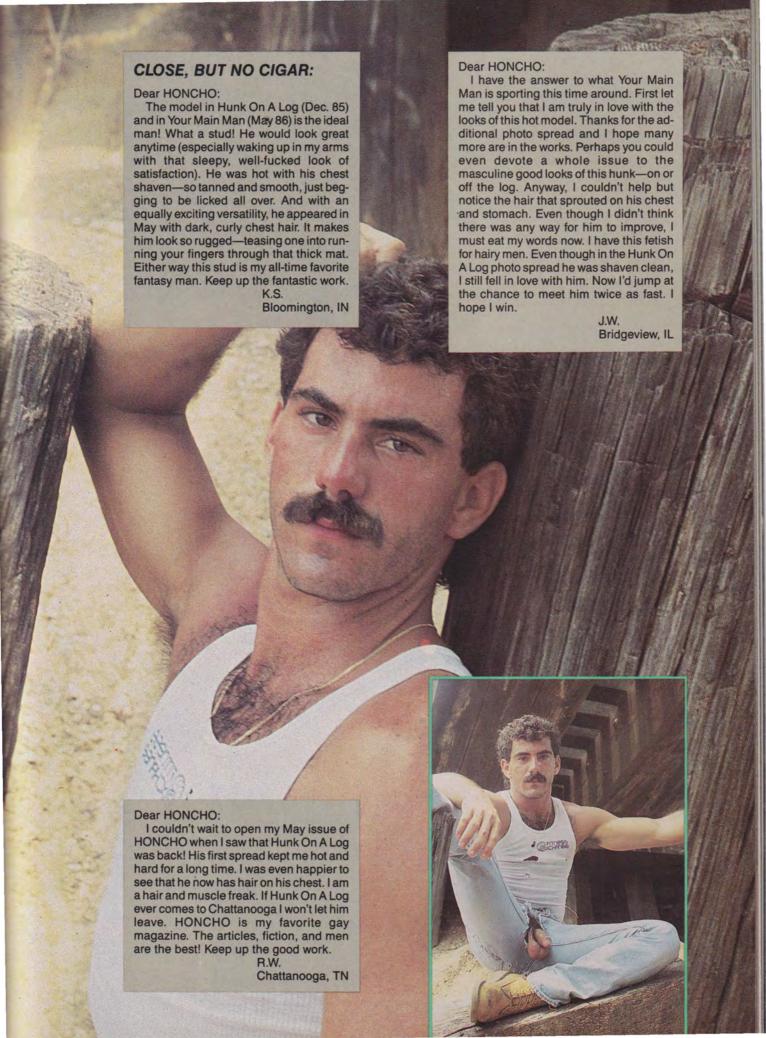
"You with us?" he was asking. I looked up at the face of the cocky, handsome kid who was our instructor for the morning. I imagined his eyes were grinning at me, like they were enjoying a joke. Like he knew something nobody else did-nobody else but me. That's what I imagined. But his face was blank.

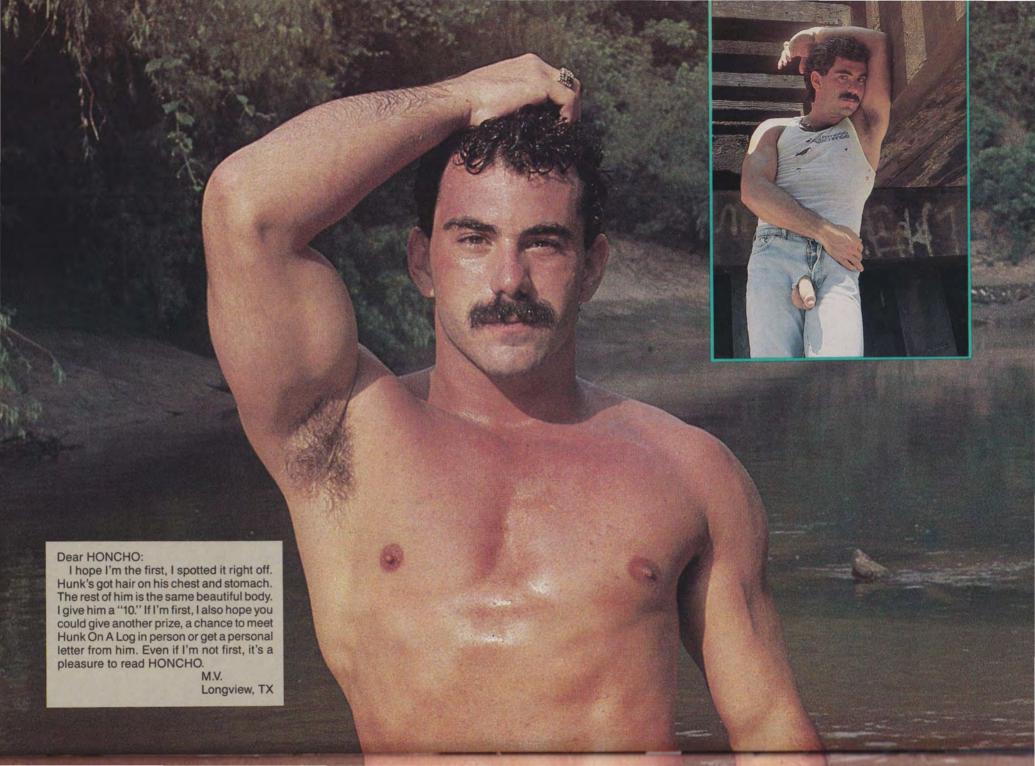
"Yeah," I said.
"Okay," he called, shoving off, "let's go!" A hot thrill trickled down through my cock. "Jesus, this bastard's got me fuckin' screwy!"

Paul was the name sewn into his jacket. I chortled to myself and wondered how the hell I'd ever got my eyes off his big bulge

Continued to page 57







TAKE ANOTHER LOOK:

Dear HONCHO:

I thought your first Hunk spread was hot, but your second one was even hotter. If I'm not mistaken, the little something new which he happens to be sporting this time is a new necklace. Hope I guessed right.

J.I. Denver, CO

Dear HONCHO:

My Main Man's little something new is the gold chain he's wearing, I'm talking about the smaller one around his neck. This Hunk On A Log is my favorite—in your magazine or any other. If I should win, how about saving your free subscription and send me his address or a way to contact him. I'd love to meet the man.

J.E.

Provincetown, MA

Dear HONCHO:

I just purchased the May 1986 issue of HONCHO magazine. I went through my back issues of HONCHO and I think that the something new is a hairpiece. I hope I'm right.

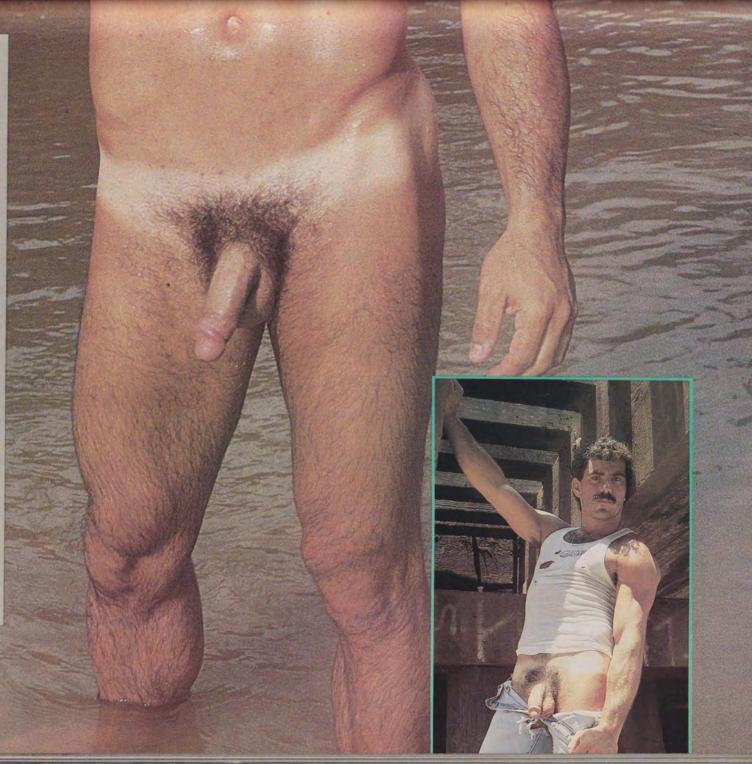
E.S. Wheeling, W.VA

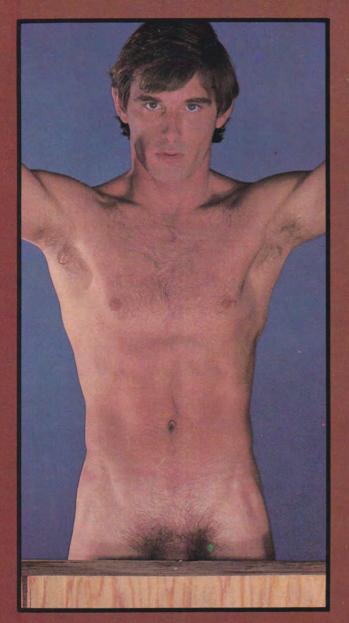
THE BEST FOR LAST:

Dear HONCHO:

Your Main Man has hair on his chest. It's really beautiful and I was wondering how he did that. I'd love to grow some hair on my chest. Can you tell us how Hunk grew his? I love HONCHO.

D.T. Dallas, TX



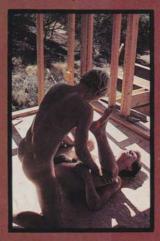




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SKI STUDS

Continued from page 51

long enough to notice.

"Everybody ready?" he was calling. "Come on!"

As I watched him ski his ass off in his tight stretch pants, I muttered, "Fuck, Paul, I'm ready for a lot more than you think!" But he and some of the others in the group were already lining up at the chair lift. I shoved off to join them.

When we got to the evergreens, there was already another class in the spot where Paul had told us to go. "What the hell are you doing here?" Paul joked to the other instructor. "This is my territory."

"Mine too. I always come here," the other guy shot back with a smile, as if they were sharing some kind of private joke.

I looked at the label on his jacket and saw that his name was Joel. He was a big brawny kid, probably only 19 or 20, with a thick moustache above full, ruddy lips.

"All right," Paul conceded, "I'll go down a little farther, even though this is my favorite spot."

"Fuck off," Joel growled between clenched teeth, as he grinned at Paul and gave him a little mock shove.

There were ten of us in the group, and Paul started off the lesson by lining us up and asking our names one by one. He was pretty good at this, memorizing each name and saying something personal to each individual.

I was second to last in the line, and by the time he got to me I had butterflies in my stomach. I don't know why really. I just found it real sexy the way he strutted around on his skis.

"So, what's your name, big guy?" He was looking directly at me through

squinted eyes.

"Brian."

"Well, Brian, I'd say you've got a good body for skiing. You look very athletic.'

"Thanks," I mumbled, "I work at it."

"Ever hot-dog?" he asked.

"What?"

"Hot-dog. You know, acrobatics, on your skiis.'

"Oh. No."

"Just wondered. You look like you might have a good body for it."

Damn! All this body talk. Could he possibly have more than a professional interest?

After the lesson, Paul told us to concentrate for the next few hours on practicing what we had learned. The last thing I remember him calling to us was, "Don't forget what I told you!" Then he skied off on his own."

I didn't give a shit right then what the hell





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he had told us about skiing. All that was going through my head, and stirring up my balls, was the huge package stuffed inside his ski pants and the way he hadn't seemed to mind my stare. But then again, had he even noticed it?

Later when I was skiing, I noticed Paul and Joel standing at the bottom of the hill talking. I skied down slowly, twisting and turning deliberately to take up more time, but heading straight toward them. It was as if these two studs were a magnet and I was being drawn to them by a force completely beyond my control.

As I neared the bottom, they began to

take off their skiis and head toward the chalet for lunch. I followed.

I filled up my tray and sat three tables over from Paul and Joel. Paul was sitting mostly with his back toward me, his legs about three feet apart. Goddamn, he looked sexy! Even though I couldn't see his face. Joel sat opposite Paul with his elbows on the table and his right leg stuck cockily in the rungs of the chair beside him. I sat down with my legs spread wide, straddling my chair. I felt a tingle of power creep up my spine and swell into the back of my head.

I couldn't keep my eyes off those two as I ate. I don't think I thought of anything else

When I finished eating. I put my tray away and went into the men's room to take a piss. I ambled up to the urinal, pulled out my dick, and let it tumble down in front of me. I watched it jiggle around and start to piss out its hot stream.

In a minute, a guy came up to the urinal beside me and vanked out his cock. My eyes darted sideways to check it out. Holy fuck! It was so spectacular that I had to cop a second look. It was about seven inches long and fat as hell, with a big, red, cut knob bulging at the end. Out of the corner of my eye, I let my gaze creep upward. I just had to get a look at the stud with the fuckin' monster between his legs.

Joel was grinning broadly at me. "Nice, huh?"

"Yeah," I mumbled.

He jiggled it around with his fist so that his piss splattered all over the inside of the urinal, and he laughed out loud. Then he took a long look at my dick dangling low in front of me, and he didn't laugh. He raised his eyebrows and looked up at me. "You were in Paul's group earlier, weren't you?"

I nodded.

He took a quick look over his shoulder to make sure nobody was around to hear. "Couldn't keep your eyes off his dick, could you? Got the hots for it, don't you, you horny bastard?" He stared straight into my eyes for a few moments, then flicked his cock back inside his pants. "You're hung real nice, too," he said, giving me a wink as he turned to go. "Catch ya later. Maybe you'll do some hot-doggin' with us."

"I'm not that good on skiis, but I'd love to

He winked again, and I felt his hand slap my ass as he passed me on his way out. I could only stare down at my cock, which was poking its eight inches straight up in the air.

I tried to ski after that, but I couldn't really keep my mind on it. All I could think about was Paul's bulge and Joel's cock. I was just about ready to pack it in for the day when I heard someone swooshing up behind

"Hey, Brian!" It was Paul. "You going up? Wanna share the chair lift?"

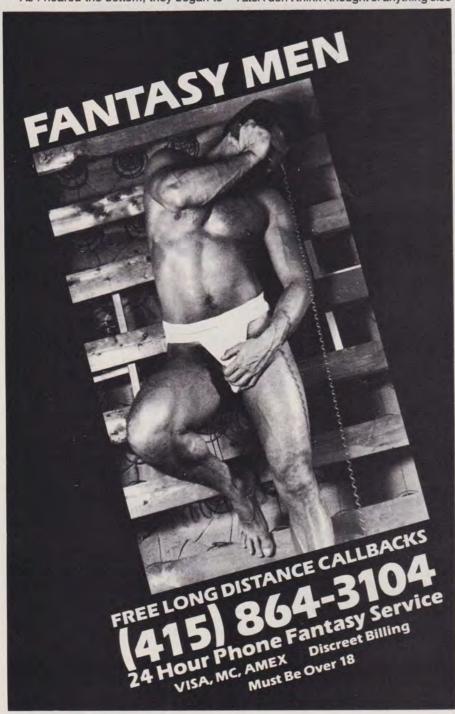
As we stood in line, he looked over at me. "I hear you got to know my friend Joel a little bit."

"Yeah, a little bit."

"Gonna watch us do some hot-doggin" later, huh?"

"Planning on it."

He just smiled at me and ran for the chair. We plunked ourselves down and lowered the safety bar. Paul was sitting with his legs so far apart that he was taking up about three-quarters of the room, and he was still trying to push wider. His right leg pressed hard against me. I glanced down



at his crotch. He seemed to be shoving it out and up to make it look as huge as possible, to make it as obvious as he could.

When I looked up at his face, he was staring right at me. "You like these ski pants, don't you, man?"

"Yeah, but they look pretty flimsy. Don't

you get cold?"

"Haven't froze my balls off yet." He grinned as he fluffed up the big bulge stretching away from his crotch. "But I'll let you in on a secret. I keep the equipment warm with leather underwear." He pulled the front of his elastic pants forward so I could plainly see his black leather underwear, jam-packed with "equipment".

"But how do I know it works?"

"I guess you'll just have to check that

one out for yourself."

At his invitation, I slipped my left hand out of my ski mitt and let it slip under the elastic of his pants. My fingers crept down over his hairy belly and started exploring his underwear. My fist grabbed the huge mound of leather and squeezed it roughly. Het my fingers slip underneath and into the tight bush of hair. I found the base of a thick shaft nestling between two enormous balls, and I began to follow it down farther and farther. The skin was hot and pulsing with blood. I kept exploring until at last I came to a big bump. It was his fat cockhead hidden under a heavy foreskin. My fingers circled it, then dug inside the opening to nuzzle the moist tip.

"Yeah," I said. "Nice and warm. It does work."

"So do your fingers. But we're getting near the top.'

I pulled my hand out and slipped my mitt back on. "Okay, so you got a hot cock. Me, too. But my ass is cold.

"See those thick evergreens about halfway down? Follow me and share some of my heat." He raised the safety bar and we hopped out.

When we got to the evergreens, Joel was waiting for us. "Let's go in where it's a little more private." He shoved off and led the way into the low-hanging branches.

I stood there for a few seconds watching the two studs guide themselves expertly between the trees. The branches were so low and thick that I had a hard time following them, but I managed to stay close behind in their tracks.

In a few minutes, we came to a tiny opening about four feet by four feet. Joel stopped and looked over his shoulder at me. "Come on up here, man. Put your skis between my legs."

I maneuvered up behind him and slid my skis between his.

"Get your cock out, man. Grease it up good with spit."

My cock was already so hard inside my pants that I had trouble getting my zipper down. While I was pulling my meat out into





the cold air, Paul was pulling up behind me with his skis wide apart, straddling both mine and Joel's.

"Pull your pants down, man," Paul instructed.

I turned half way around and saw that he had vanked out his thick column of meat and that huge pair of balls. I reached back and grabbed the shaft. Slowly, very slowly, I shoved my fist toward him so I could watch the thick foreskin peeling back over his cockhead.

"Hurry up, man!" Joel said, "I'm fuckin"

I rubbed some spit around my cock, quickly found his hole, and started trying to push in. Paul was doing the same to me. As I slid into Joel's hot ass, I felt Paul's big rod piercing mine.

"Grab onto my dick, man," Joel coaxed. "Rub it hard while you're fucking me."

I grabbed his cock in one hand and his balls in the other and started trying to pump. But Paul was pushing in so hard behind me that I could barely move. Then Paul began to fuck me with long, hard strokes that were so forceful they shoved my dick deep inside Joel's asshole.

'Rub my dick, man. Rub my big fuckin' dick. Rub it fuckin' hard, man," Joel kept repeating. His asshole was grabbing my thrusting cock real tight, and Paul was pounding furiously into me, making me pound furiously into Joel. "Rub my fuckin" dick harder, man! Rub it fuckin' hard! Rub my fuckin' dick hard, man . . .

My fist raged at his meat and Paul rammed fiercely into my asshole. My balls were boiling with cum, ready to spew their hot spray.

"Fuck me hard, man! Rub my fuckin' dick!" Joel was begging now.

My cock flashed with stabs of pleasure and started squirting out its streams of

"Fuck me, man!" Joel moaned, "Shoot your fuckin' cum into me. . ." Shot after shot streamed through my shaft and squirted out inside him. Paul strained deep inside me, shooting hard into my ass. Cum

shot up through Joel's shaft, streaming out of his cockhead and onto the snow in front of him.

After a minute, I felt Paul pulling out of my ass, and I pulled out of Joel.

'That was one hot session!" Paul said, as he stuffed his meat back into his pants so he wouldn't get cold.

'You're not kidding!" I said. "I'm damn near bushed. I don't know if I can make it down the hill. Surely you guys aren't gonna do any hot-doggin' today."

Joel and Paul looked at each other and snorted.

"We did it already," Joel said.

"What? When?"

"Just now."

"What the fuck are you talking about?" Paul grinned at me. "We heated up our wieners and stuck 'em between warm buns. That's what we call hot-doggin"."

I looked at them both and busted out laughing. "And I thought I was no good on skis."■

An Interview with-Mackenzie

By Bob Dell . Photos by Maxx

Mackenzie Poe has been making quite a name for himself; his live performances in New York and San Francisco have left audiences begging for more, and his sizzling video The Blue Angel has made him a hit from coast to coast. Recently, Mackenzie talked to HONCHO about the in's and out's of life as one of the top performers in the world of all-male entertainment.

HONCHO: Tell us, how did you get started in the business?

POE: That was quite a trip. I was in San Francisco and there was a jockstrap contest at the Nob Hill Theater. There were only two entrants, so the manager asked me if I would do him a favor and enter, so I reluctantly did it. The judging was done by applause from the audience and-to my total surprise-I won the contest. I was onstage after the contest was over and I got

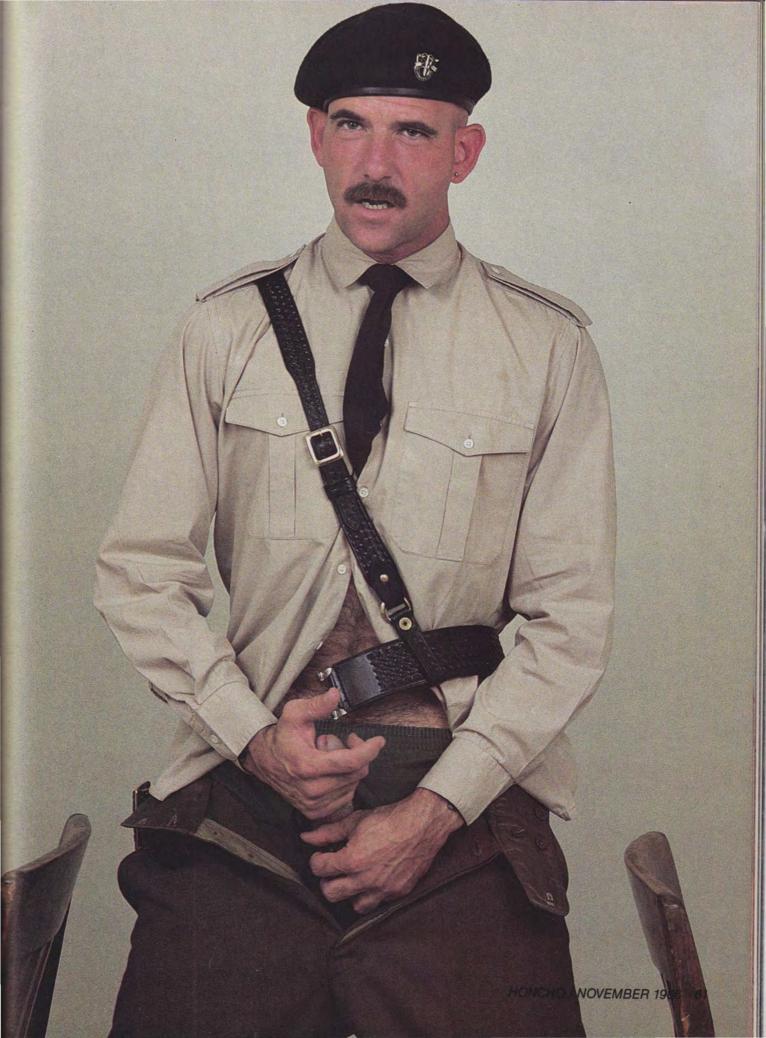
so aroused by the whole thing that I got a hard-on. I immediately fled the stage. The manager offered me a job, which I did not accept at first. About a month later I took him up on his offer and started doing shows on a regular basis. Then I came to New York and performed at the Show Palace.

HONCHO: Describe your stage act for our

POE: I've got two different military costumes, one leather costume, one as a coach, and one as a "Castro clone." Each one has different music and movements. I picked the music and had it mixed.

HONCHO: Do you do your own choreog-

POE: I wouldn't call it choreography. I basically go on stage and have sex. I really like to communicate with the people in the audience. I get off and they also seem



to get off; that's what makes it a lot of fun. HONCHO: What do you remember about your first time on stage?

POE: I didn't enjoy it! It took me a few weeks to really settle down and relax. It takes some time to get used to doing something like this in a public situation. HONCHO: Is it hard to get the audience's attention when you perform?

POE: I think you automatically have their attention. The audience in San Francisco is very demanding. For example, though I won't mention any names, there have been some very famous porn stars who have been booed off the stage—some very, very big names—because the audience didn't like the stage show. As a performer you have the audience's attention as soon as

the curtain opens; then they'll decide whether they like you or not. If not, they sit there and yawn or read the paper or talk or walk out. I usually have almost everybody's attention. And what's really exciting is when the front row starts jerking off when you're on.

HONCHO: Do people expect you to act differently on the stage than you do normally? POE: I'm just being myself on stage. There's no split between on stage and off stage. I'm not acting when I'm up there.

HONCHO: What kind of audience reaction do you get after the shows? Do people ask you to come home with them?

POE: Sure, naturally they do. Usually their comments are very complimentary. I'm glad when they enjoy it.

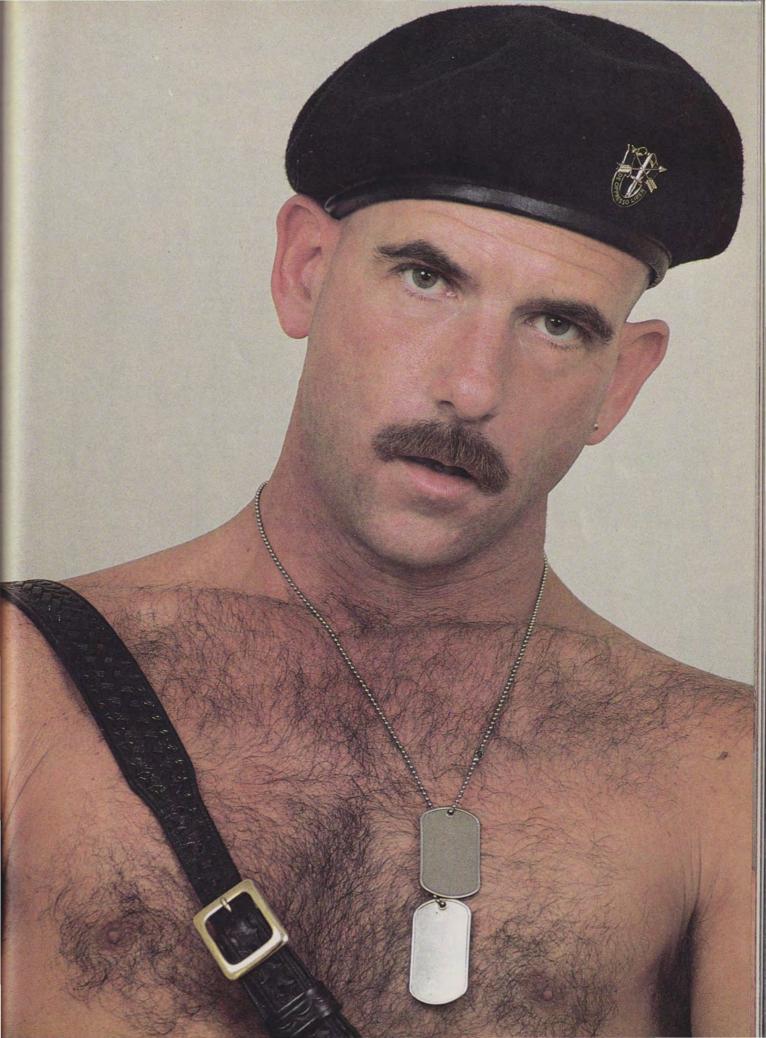
HONCHO: Is there a big difference between the New York and San Francisco audiences?

POE: The audience in New York is much easier and much more receptive and, in some ways, more supportive. They appreciate that I have a specific show with costumes, music, and sets that all go with the scene. In New York, you're on stage for about 15 minutes. In San Francisco the show is about 20 minutes.

HONCHO: Do you come at the end of each show?

POE: In San Francisco I do. But here in New York you have to do five shows a day, so it's not as easy. But I usually manage to come a couple of times a night, especially for the last show.







HONCHO: Guys who see you on stage look at you as a fantasy figure. What are *your* fantasies?

POE: I like having the ability to communicate with a great group of people, all at the same time, on such an intimate level; it's one of the most exhilarating things I've ever experienced. There's a lot of sexual energy in the air, and if you're the one on stage, you have every advantage going for you; whatever abilities you have as a performer are enormously enhanced. I just get caught up in the fantasy of what I'm portraying; that's it. I have no fantasies of what happened in the past or taking a person out of the audience and fucking them. But when I come, I like to look at the audience. I think that's very exciting.

HONCHO: In addition to your stage work, you've just done a video. How was that experience?

POE: The thing that strikes me the most is just how grotesquely I underestimated how much work it was. There is an enormous amount of work in post production, editing it, then getting the music for it. It was just a mammoth proposition. I'd fucked in films a couple of times, but I never produced one before. This video is called the *Blue Angel*. HONCHO: What kind of video is the *Blue Angel*?

POE: It was conceived as a response to the fact that the city of San Francisco tried to close down every gay club in the city, and there's a lot of opposition to that. We drew political parallels between Berlin of the late twenties and early thirties and San Francisco in the eighties. We put in some politics to make a statement, but we also made the video very erotic and sexy.

HONCHO: Is there a specific plot?

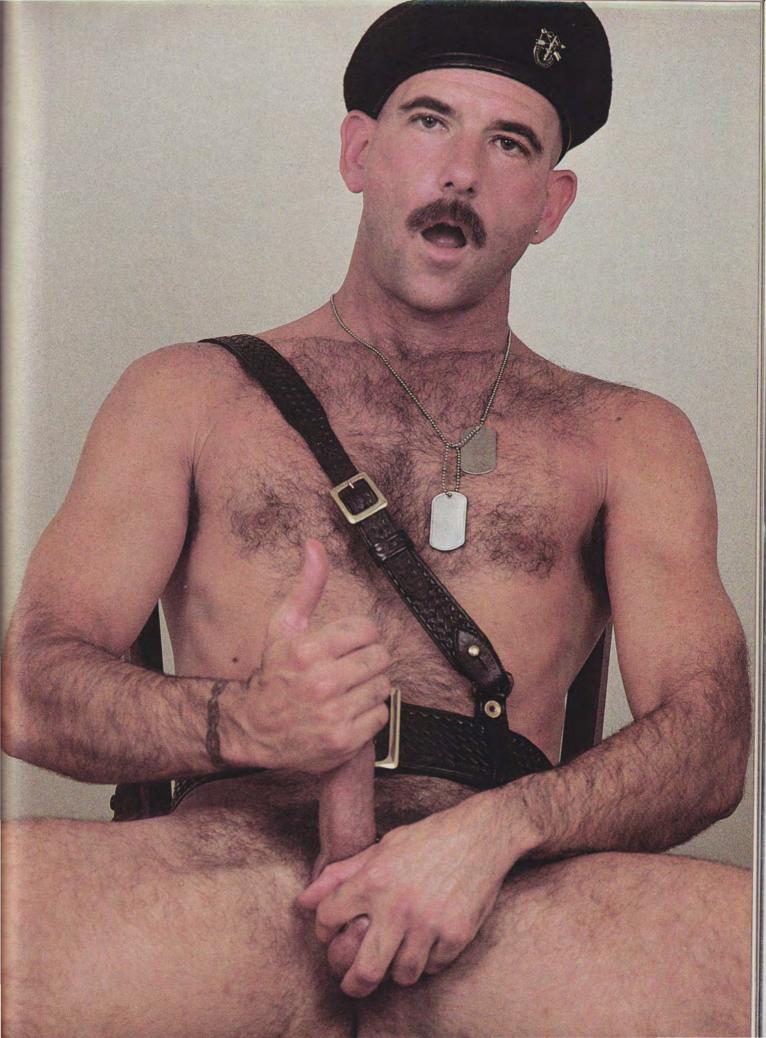
POE: Yes. The plot involves the last night at a cabaret that the city is closing; the cabaret specializes in sex fantasies. I play the MC who introduces the acts. There are a couple of fantasies, and the customers get together with the dancers on stage. There's a couple of fuck scenes, too-all safe sex done with rubbers. I think it's important that it be safe sex; it seems to me that it should be that way. If you do something, like having a guy put a rubber on, then he should do it very naturally. Just show it a couple of seconds and cut to the next action shot; no lectures or anything like that; let it be a very natural occurrence. I think it's important that all videos start doing that.

HONCHO: What do you think of gay videos in general?

POE: I think the quality of gay porn is getting better. Some of the really big hits have great production values, and that's what you want to achieve. That's what I hope to achieve.

HONCHO: Do you plan to make any other videos?

POE: I'd like to make one more video with a military situation.

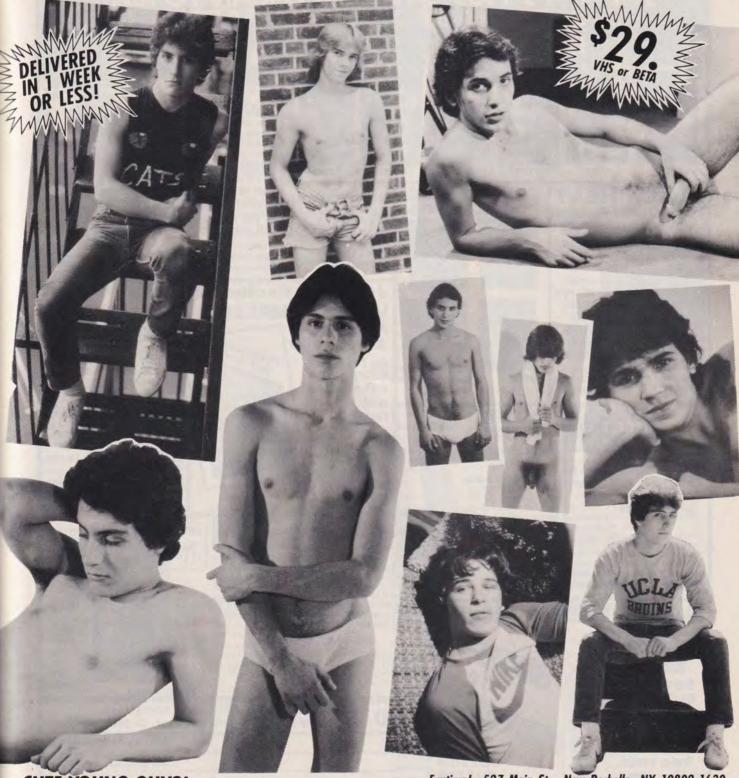


HONCHO: Do you have a military background? POE: Yes, as a matter of fact I was in the Navy in Viet Nam for a year and a half. It wasn't my idea. HONCHO: You've done video and you've performed on stage. Do you like one more than another? POE: I can't really say that I have a preference. They're very different. Any performance on a live stage is different from video. On a live stage there's no chance to cut for a few minutes, to rest, or do anything like that. The stage is much more demanding and it's very exciting. Film is less exacting because you can take breaks and you know the people who are there. However, since you can retouch and edit, you can make a very complete fantasy and you can do things that you can't do on stage. So I'm totally ambivalent-I like them both. HONCHO: Thank you for taking the time to talk to us. It's been very interesting. POE: Thank you.





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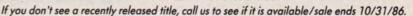
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THE GOBLIN

Continued from page 40

anyway?"

Bif chuckled. "Well, let's just say that if it were one inch longer, I could honestly claim that I was a man born with three feet. two of which I cover with shoes."

Bob lowered his mouth over the tip of his first 11-incher. He opened his mouth wide and pushed, closed his lips tight and sucked. Then he pulled his head off the cock, peeled back the foreskin, and worked his tongue underneath.

The sensation drove Bif crazy, and he sucked hard on Bob's cock. He seemed to have more difficulty swallowing Bob's nine inches than the teacher had with Bif's eleven. Bob pushed his head downward with more and more force, until his nose was mashed between Bif's huge nuts. He had been deep-throating Bif for some time before he finally felt his cock slide fulllength into the other man's throat.

Both remained motionless for a long moment, each savoring the taste of the other's manmeat, the thrill of another man's lips and throat clutching at his cock. Then, pulling his cock from Bif's mouth, Bob climbed off the bunk. He leaned over the small night table, dug under his towel, and pulled out a small foil package. "Hope you don't mind. I'm a teacher and I do things by the book. The revised edition strongly advises-"

"You don't have to explain. I'm a professional man myself. I keep myself informed. And healthy." With that, Bif took the package from Bob, opened it, and pulled the condom out. "Lie down."

Bob did as he was told, and Bif sat on the edge of the bed and looked down at him lasciviously. Without breaking eye contact, Bif stuck the rigid plastic ring between his lips and gently sucked the rubber inside his mouth. Then he got on his knees between Bob's legs and-still not losing eye contact-slowly lowered his rubber-lined mouth over the teacher's cock, all the way to the base. When Bif pulled his head away, it was Bob's cock that was now rubber-lined. It was one of the sexiest experiences Bob had ever had, and good God, it was only the prelude!

Somehow Bob managed to restrain himself while Bif dressed his own cock in a rubber, which had been buried under his towel on the floor. As soon as Bif was finished, the teacher pushed him onto his

back, greased himself, scooted forward, lined his cock up with Bif's asshole, and shoved.

"Oh, yeah," Bif groaned, as Bob plowed into his guts. When he felt his fucker's balls banging against his upturned ass, Bif grabbed his own cock and started beating

Bob found Bif's ass incredibly tight and hot. The pleasure was supreme. He fucked hard. His cock slid in and out like a welloiled piston. After about ten minutes of wild fucking, he slammed deep inside Bif and emptied his balls. Then, with his hard cock still buried in Bif's ass, Bob leaned forward and sucked about six inches of the man's cock into his mouth. Through the thin latex sheath, his tongue felt every ridge, every pulsing artery.

Getting sucked by a guy who still had his cock buried in his ass was a new experience for Bif. In a few seconds he was over the brink. He thrust his ass upwards, sending his cock deeper into Bob's mouth. With a series of loud grunts, he came.

Bob let the cock slip out of his mouth, the tip of the condom ballooned with Bif's liquid offering. He collapsed full length on top of the man. They lay that way until their labored breathing subsided. Bob was the first to speak. "That was one incredible fuck. Now I'd like to see if I can take that magnificent horsecock of yours up my ass.

"My pleasure. But let's take a shower first."

"Are you sure we need it?"

Bif pulled off his condom, poured the contents onto Bob's stomach, and rubbed it in. Bob followed suit. "We do now."

They showered in the same stall, soaping and groping each other. It wasn't long before both were hard as rocks again.

When they returned to the room, Bob used Bif's technique for orally applying a fresh layer of saliva-soaked latex to his partner's fuck tool. Then he crawled onto the bunk with his ass in the air and his head and arms resting on the pillow.

Bif worked grease into Bob's ass, then coated his cock. He crawled onto the bunk behind Bob and mounted him.

Bob gritted his teeth as his ass was splayed open by the biggest cock he'd ever been fucked with. He held his silence. With it's rubber second-skin, the cock felt like a giant dildo-but a dildo that pulsed and swelled with real live passion.

When Bif was fully buried inside Bob's ass, he held still and let the teacher adjust. When he felt Bob pushing hard against his groin, Bif shifted into high gear and began giving him the fuck of his life. Bif's cock was so fucking big that Bob's prostate got a constant massage, and before Bif finally shot his own thick load deep into Bob's guts, Bob had come twice, shooting thick, ropy strands of sperm onto the bedsheet.

They lay together, talking, fondling, and kissing. Soon Bob was ready to throw another memorable fuck into Bif's hot ass. And after putting on a rubber, he did just that. They lost track of the number of times they sucked and fucked and showered, but in the wee hours of Saturday morning, both were ready to call it a night.

"I've really enjoyed tonight, Bif. I'd like to do it again sometime. Soon."

Bif smiled. "I was hoping you'd say that. If I give you my number, will you give me a call?"

A wicked grin spread across Bob's face. "You bet your ass. Against mine."

"Wow! I can't lose!"

"Neither can I." Bob rummaged around in his bag for paper and pen but couldn't

"Don't worry about it, Bob. I've got business cards in the car. Ah . . . you were planning on leaving, weren't you?"

Bob nodded, and the two men made their plans to dress and then meet in the coffee bar.

While they were having coffee, Bif stared silently, uncertainly at Bob for a moment. Finally he spoke. "I've got kind of a confession to make. I acted like a whore tonight, I quess because it turns me on. But it is just an act. The fact is, I'm just beginning to venture out of the closet. Don't get me

wrong; I've been sucking cock since I was 13, but I always told myself it was just a phase. I had trouble believing that, of course, so to convince myself I've been something of a lech in the straight world. I turned 36 last summer, and I decided this 'phase' shit has got to go. I'm gay, and I want to learn to be proud of it. But I'm still pretty paranoid about coming out, I mean really coming out, to everybody in my life. Anyway, that's my sob story."

Bob could see that the man was feeling terribly awkward. Apparently, he'd never talked to anyone so candidly. Bob was touched. He felt special. He liked feeling special to this man. He leaned over and kissed him softly on the lips. "Sounds like you could use a sympathetic ear," and then to lighten things up he added, "as well as a lubricated rear. I'd be glad to volunteer both."

"Offer accepted-as long as you'll accept the same favors in return."

"Deal."

The two men gathered their things and checked out.

It was still dark when they entered the lighted parking lot behind the baths. Bif asked where Bob's car was, and the teacher pointed proudly to his new Chrysler Sports Laser.

"I'll get a card and be right back." Bif dashed across the lot.





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Bob unlocked his car, climbed in, and rolled down the window. He watched Bif unlock a big Mercedes. Bob smiled and sang softly: "If I were a rich man..."

Bif approached Bob's car, leaned into the window, and handed Bob a card. "You will call me, won't you? This may sound stupid, but...I don't want to see anyone else now, not till we've, you know, seen how far it's going to go with us."

"This may sound stupid, but I feel exactly the same way. I'll call. Scouts honor." The teacher watched as the man who was looking more and more like lover material walked back to his Mercedes. As Bif pulled out of the lot, he waved, and Bob answered with a Scout's salute.

Bob reached into his back pocket and extracted his wallet. In the semi-dark, he fumbled through the plastic card holder until he found an empty pocket. He slipped Bif's card inside. Then it hit him what he'd seen—what he thought he'd seen. He reached over, flipped on the overhead light, and looked at the card. "Jesus! I don't believe it!" But it was true. The card read: BENJAMIN IAN FORSYTHE, SR. — COUNSELOR AT LAW.

No wonder Benjamin the Younger had been lavished with so much gelt; Benjamin the Older was laden with that much guilt. Not just the guilty conscience of the hetero philanderer, but the typically more profound self-doubts of the newly-uncloseted gay father. "Wait till he finds out his son is gay, too. Wait till all that guilt comes crashing down on him," Bob muttered to himself.

But Bob would see him through it. Before Monday's meeting, the teacher would make certain that his wayward student's father had all the private counseling he needed. After all, what are lovers for?

TARGET PRACTICE

Continued from page 37

I pulled out of him and fell back into the warm, swirling waters, the motor Simpson had repaired still purring soothingly under my feet. He hadn't budged, but his cheeks were spread wider now than they had been the last time I stared into them, and his hole was stretched open to the precise circumference of my erect tool. I watched my cum dripping out of it and into the hot tub.

At last he raised himself up, swung around, and perched on the edge of the deck. "Anything else, sir?"

"For now, no. I'd say it's time you got dressed and headed back to the post."

"Yes, sir."

"I'll ask for you again when I need you. I'll ask for your *voluntary* help. I'm always needing help around here."

"Very good, sir."

"Yes. Very."

After shutting the door behind Private Simpson, I returned to the chaise, stretched out, lit a cigarette, took a deep drag. I hadn't felt so relaxed, so content, so pleasantly exhausted in a long, long time. Ah, the privileges of rank.

My trance was abruptly broken by the harsh, insistent jangling of the doorbell. As I got up and walked toward the house, it occurred to me that that was what I could have Simpson do for me the next time I summoned him: a new doorbell. Some sort of chime maybe. Something soothing.

Whoever was at my front door was taking no chances that I might not know about it. The damn bell didn't stop ringing for a second, all the time it took me to get into the house, throw on a robe, and unfasten the lock.

The moment I swung open the door, Danny's dad charged past me without a word. I closed the door and turned to him. He was standing at attention dead center in the living room, a very serious expression on his face.

"At ease, Sergeant."

His body relaxed, but not his face. He hesitated for a moment, then plunged ahead. "I'm Danny's father, sir."

"Yes, Frank, I know that."

"Danny told me what happened this morning, sir."

"Did he, now? And just what did he say?"

"Maybe...maybe you know what he said, sir."

"Maybe. Maybe not."

"I just want to know. . . is it true?"

Now it was my turn to hesitate. It was obvious that Danny had told him the truth. What should I tell him? "If it were the truth—whatever it is he told you—what would you like to do about it?"

His expression slowly changed from stern to blank to smiling. Then he reached down and groped his basket. "I'd like to stay a while, sir. And discuss my promotion."

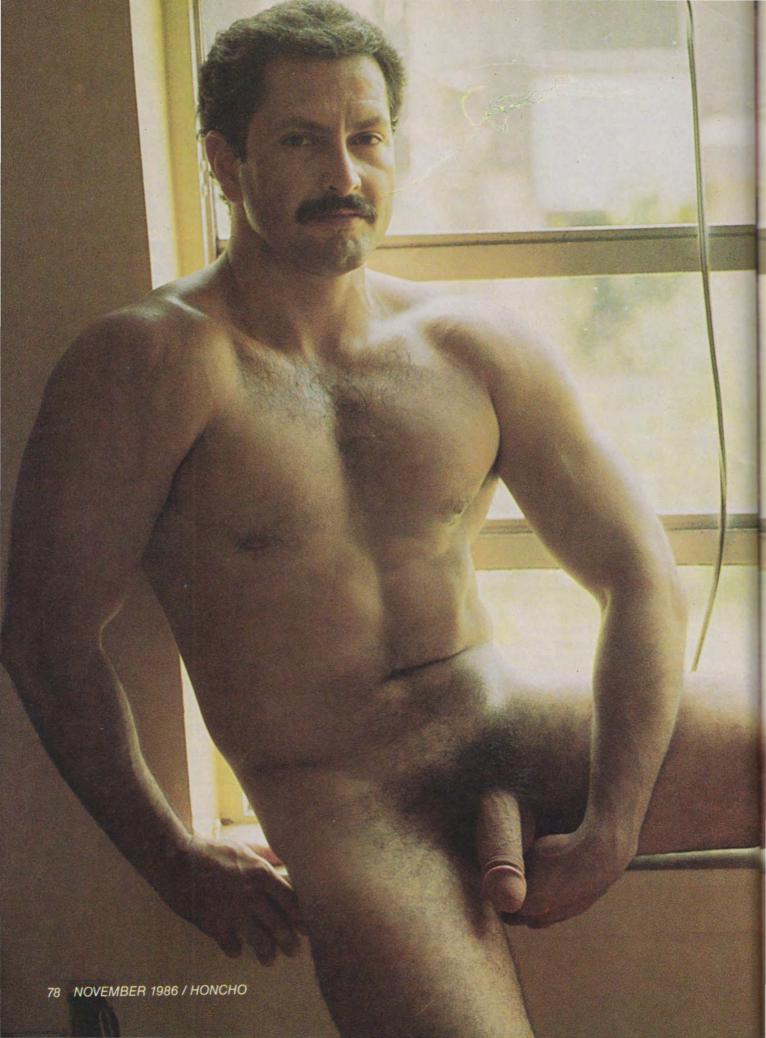
"I never recommend a promotion unless a man's...ability to perform...proves him worthy."

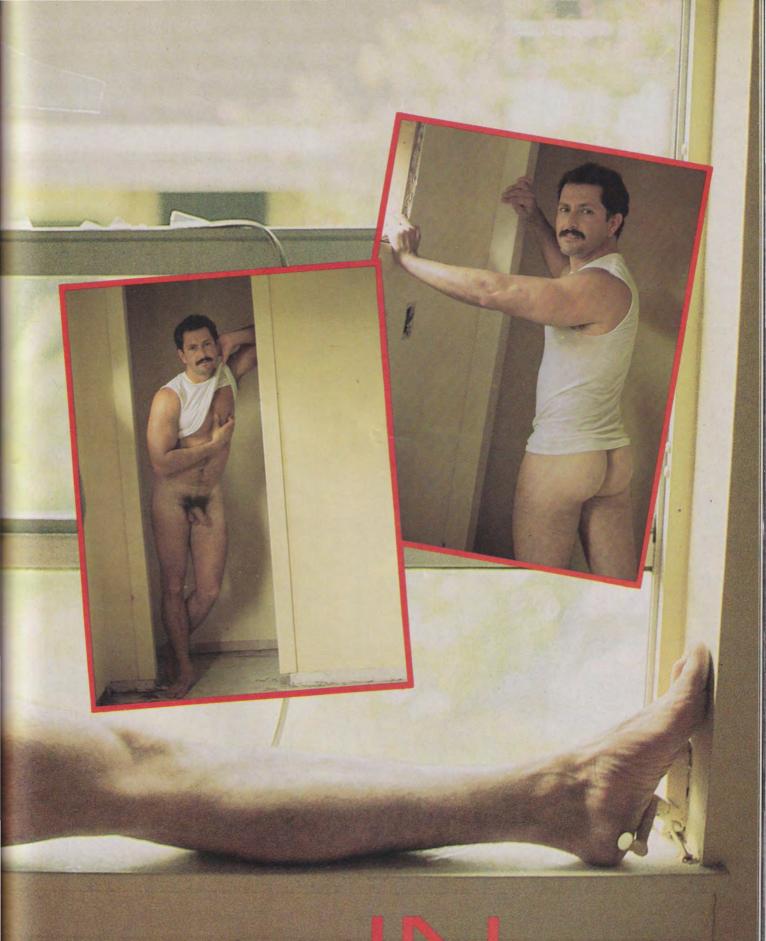
"Like father, like son, sir. Only I've had a bit more experience, and I'm a lot more versatile, and unlike my son, my...equipment is fully developed. I think you'll find me extremely worthy."

Versatile, huh? Experienced. Fully developed—yes, that I could see—his fatigues were tented out at least ten inches in front of his crotch. Yes, yes, just what I needed to balance off the earlier activities of the morning.

I led Danny's ambitious father through the house and out to the pool area. I lay down on the deck, on my stomach, and spread my cheeks.

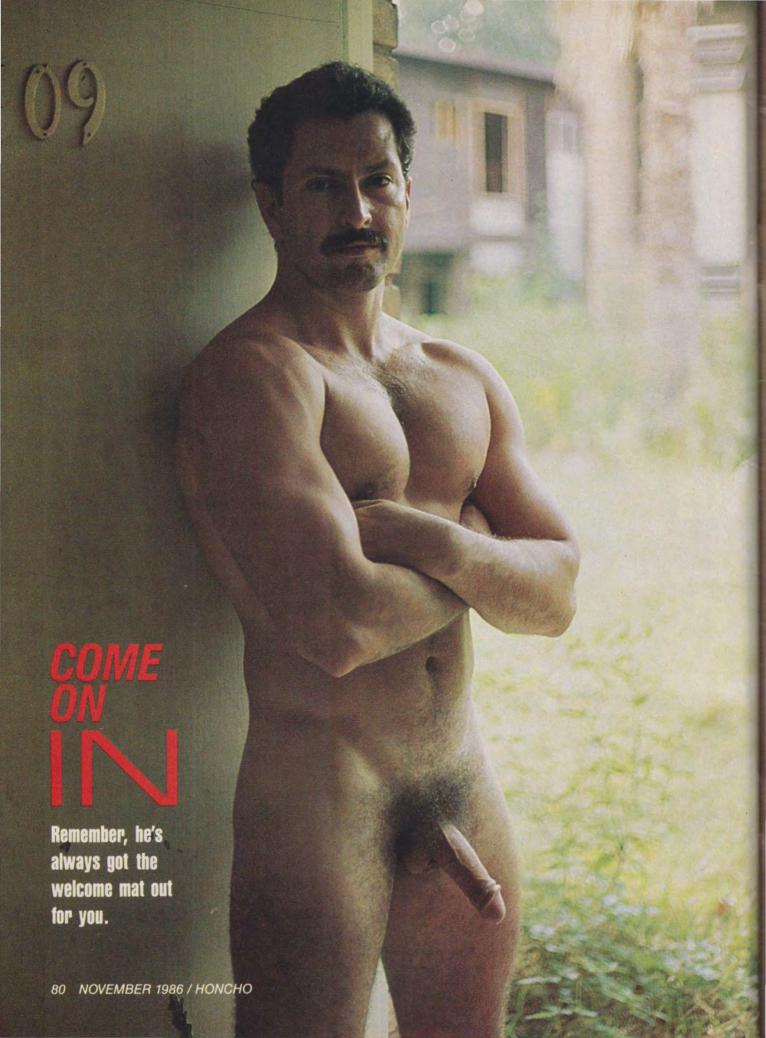
COME ON And make yourself at home. He's been waiting for you. Section photographed by Graven Image HONCHO / NOVEMBER 1986 77

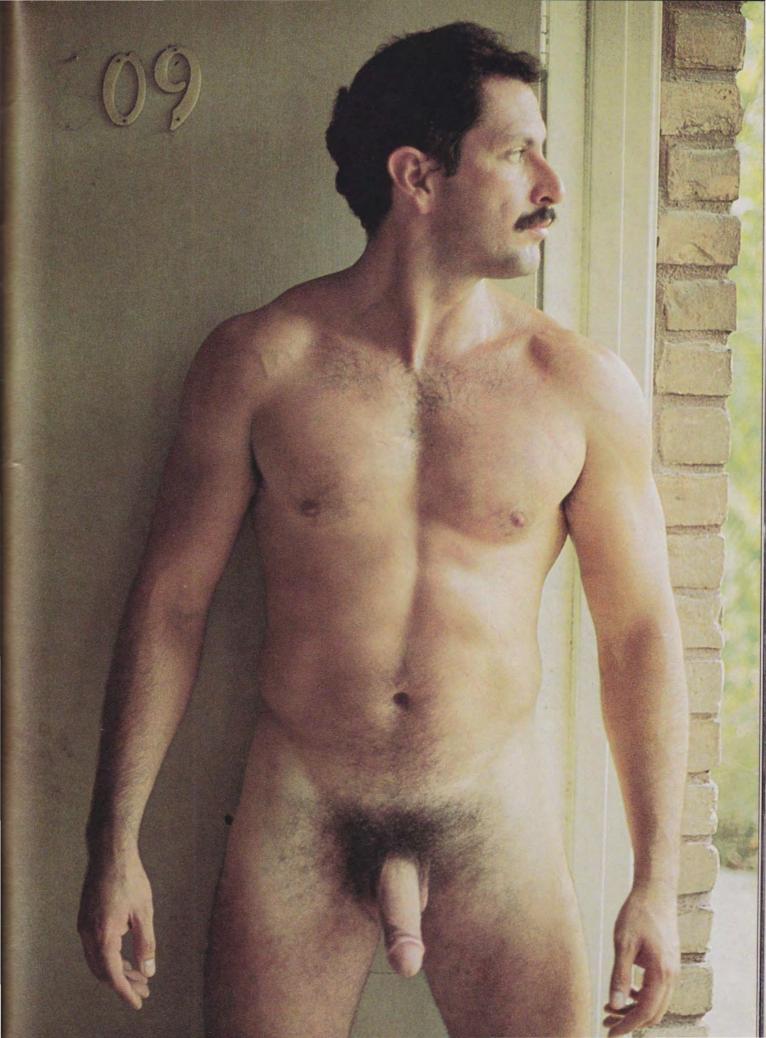


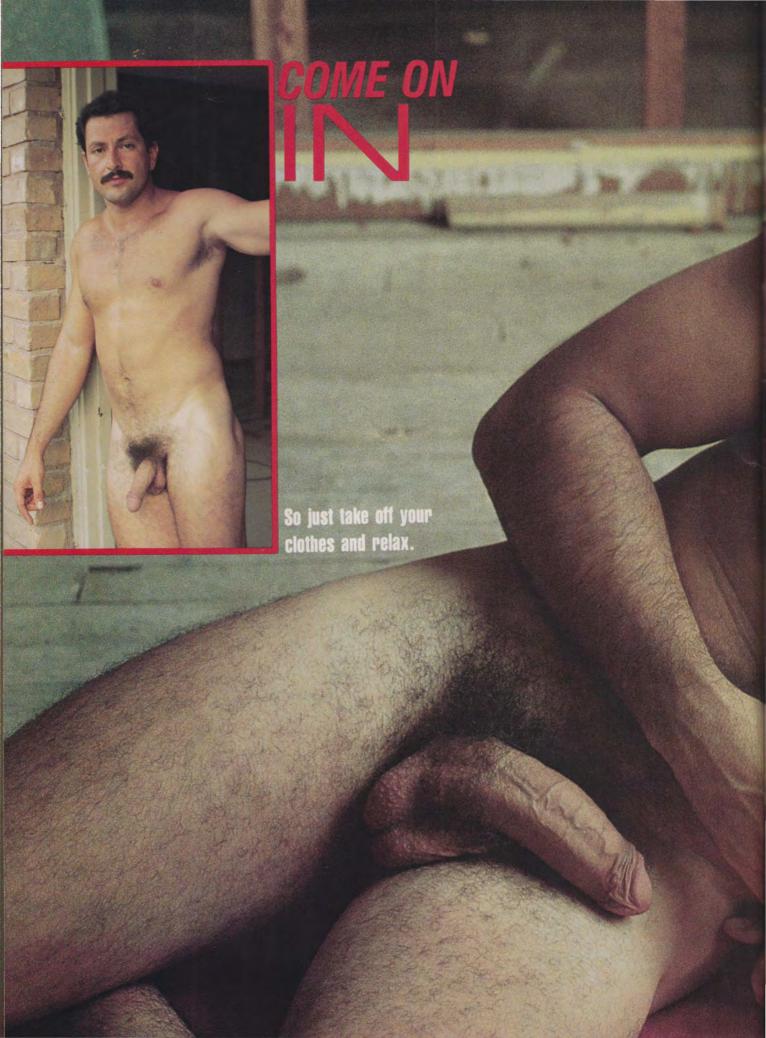


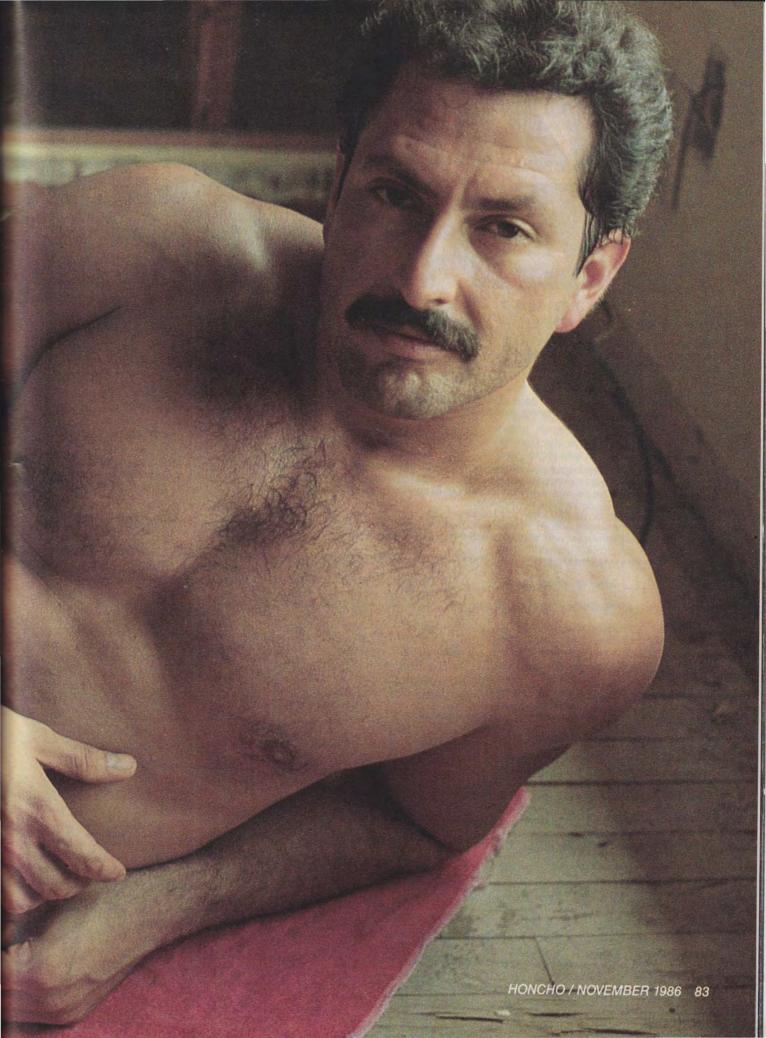
COMEON

There's not much furniture, but there's a lot to see.









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3/1/86	6/1/86
4/1/86	7/1/86

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Multiply cost × number of issues ad runs = \$	Signature
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Enclosed \$ for HONCHO CLASSIFIED (make check out to same and mail to: 155 6th Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10013.	Address City, State, Zip
Any questions write or call the Advertising Dept. (212) 691-7700	

ARIZONA

HOT & HORNY COWBOY

Masculine GWM, 20, 6', 180 lbs., with 8 juicy inches seeks correspondence with other REAL MEN. Nude photo & letter gets mine. Rick, Box 32452, Tucson, AZ 85751.

ALABAMA

PENPALS

Attractive GWM, 24, 5'8", 150, brown/ blue, versatile, seeks correspondents 18-35. Letter w/photo, fantasies: Paul, P.O. Box 550295, Birmingham, AL 35255-0295.

CALIFORNIA

RETIRED FIREMAN, FOREST RANGER

seeking applicants for Volunteer Fire Dept. State your HOT qualifications and photo, to: Volunteers, P.O. Box 1155, Forestville, Calif. 94137.

YOUNGER MEN WANTED (18+)

Dad GWM, 36, 6'2", 180, br. br. beard, wants boys 18-31 into hot J/O and cocksucking to service Dad's dick. Call Al (213) 650-0720. No fat, fems.

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 81/2" 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.

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.

HOT SADISTIC TOP

Has opening in stable. Letter & pix to Box 5692, Glendale, CA 91201.

COLORADO

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/WM, 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

FIREMEN/COPS

Wanted by hot, goodlooking, bi, 36, very uninhibited yet safe, healthy & discreet. Turn on to gear, uniforms, stories. Scott, P.O. Box 421, Palm Beach, FL 33480. 305-863-9333. Thanks, dudes!

STRAIGHT ACTING GWM

57, 120 lbs. Seeks friendship and fun. Write Henry L. Land, Lot 20, 38 Brookville Dr. N., Jacksonville, Fl. 32211.

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.

SCULPTURED BODY

W/M 24, 6', 170 lbs. Extremely good looking, tan muscular body, smooth skin, cute ass. Prefer smooth bodies, 18-25. Nude photo and phone a must: 2009 NE 22nd Street, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33305.

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

GAINESVILLE AREA

Straight acting, GWM, 37, 5'10", 155 lbs, seeks friendship and/or relationship. PO Box 2313, Gainesville, FL 32602 with photo.

GEORGIA

DAD SEEKS YOUNGER, SLIM STUD

Please me with your mouth, ass and uninhibited nudity, and you'll get affectionate dominance from hairy, masculine man, 42. Photo to: P.O. Box 306, Atlanta, Georgia 30301-0306.

STUD BROTHERS

Ranchers. Clint: 40, 5'9", 160. Bi. Hairy. Salt/pepper hair/moustache. Hung 9" × 51/2" around. Mike: 30, 6', 165. Straight. Tan. Black hair/moustache. Hung 81/2" × 5" around. Invite letters, calls, and visits from masculine men, especially those who travel in our area regularly. Esp. truckers, hardhats, military, lawmen, firemen, and salesmen. We are for real. You be, too. WE DO NOT WANT PHONE SEX. We want the real thing. CTJ, P.O. Box 1782. Americus, GA 31709 (912) 924-4038, weekdays, 8AM-5PM; some nights 9-11PM. Ask for Clint or Mike.

HEALTHY HOT MAN.

35, 5'9", 155, hairy. Brown hair/moustache. Invite letters, pics, from masculine men with moustaches. RJ, Box 9142, Merietta, GA 30065.

HAWAII

WAIKIKI GDLKG/BLK STUD

Disease free, 30, Fr A/P Gr/A, 8". To meet clean Bi/Gay visitors 18-35 with smooth swimmers, hard bodies. TS/TV Bi M/F Cpls, androgynous males get TLC. Photo/letter to J., P.O. Box 85, Pearl City, HI 96782.

ILLINOIS

LONELY, Y/W/M

Seeking relationship with caring person. Very talented in many ways, would like to meet responsible male over 25 yrs, good personality and want to have a good time. I like some sports, music, movies, dancing, quiet times

and cooking because I own my own restaurant. Write to P.O. Box 83. DeKalb, IL 60115, send name and address and I'll write back. Not into B&D. S&M, or sickos.

INDIANA

HOT AND HUNGRY

Guaranteed clean-Good looking GWM, straight acting and looking-5'9" Brn, Blu, moustache, hot ass and cock (71/2") with insatiable appetite for sex, looking for a clean guy my age (32) to 45, married OKdiscretion. Scott. 1507 Locust #107. Elkhart, IN 46514

SEEKING CARING LOVER/ **FRIENDS 19-30**

No drugs, fats, or fems. GWM 5'11" 169, 22, BR/BL. Box 768 North Vernon, IN 47265.

WM 54 5'8" 178 LBS

Bald 69. No J/O calls. Andv. 219-872-0491, 201 Hoyt Street, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

IOWA

GWM-TOP 6'4" 195 LBS.

Blue eyes, moustache, 36 yrs. seeks young males 18-27 needing to be dominated. Send letter of submission. Photo a plus. P.O. Box 94101, Des Moines, Iowa 50394.

BEGINNER, GLKG, 22.

Like to be fucked. Seek G/Looking guy. Hispanics & Arabics welcome. Write: DINO, Box 1015, Des Moines, IA 50311.

KANSAS

MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE

Dominant master/daddy, 35, 5'10", 155, seeks slave for weekend/occasional use and abuse. Variety of scenes. Prefer hot young studs with good build. The Master, P.O. Box 1373, Manhattan, Kansas 66502.

MASSACHUSETTS

OLDER GWM

Wants GWM well endowed, uncut, 23-35 as son, lover, master. Into light bondage. Nude photo and phone answered first. Write Lou, P.O. Box 459, Manomet, Mass. 02345.

MICHIGAN

GOOD LOOKING GWM

6'1", 170, brn., brn., moustache, hairy. Looking for correspondence and possible meeting. Send photo, letter. If interested write c/o Jeff, P.O. Box 1062, Sterling Heights, Michigan 48311-1062

CLARE-CADILLAC

Single sex partner sought for discreet 6'2", 165 lb., 31 yrs. in area. P.O. Box 353. Marion, MI 49665.

MICHIGAN TOP GUN

Masculine, single, bi. I got it, you want it, come and get it! P.O. Box 1300, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49501.

MISSISSIPPI

MISSISSIPPI

Would like to hear from G/W males 25 to 45. Sidney Burks, Jr., P.O. Box 251, Hickory Flat, Mississippi 38633.

NEW JERSEY

LEATHER/LEVI TOP SEEKS BOTTOM

I'm 23, six foot six, BL/BL 200 lbs. Looking for hot bottoms 20-40 slim for hot times. Will answer all photo, phone a plus. No scat, TV's or drugs. Reply to Rick, 67 8th Ave. #2, Passaic, NJ 07055-2122.

EDISON GWM COUPLE

23, 6'1", 170, smooth, brown/hazel; 32, 5'6", 145, hairy, moustache, uncut, seek UNDER 25 for visiting, friendship, and 3-way safe sex. NO smoking/drugs. Photo if possible. P.O. Box 643, Edison, N.J. 08818-0643.

WANTED: BODY MAXIMUS!

Gorgeous Mediterranean type, 28, 5'8", 145 lbs. (chunky) wants bodybuilder to initiate me into the world of body worship (and servicing). Your photo gets mine. Write: POB 32, Leonia, New Jersey 07605.

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 fems - Write: Paul, PO Box 1077, Vernon, NJ 07462.

NEW YORK

ROCHESTER AREA

GWM 26 6'1" 180, blue/blond, seeks good looking tall executives, cops and firemen for friendship and possible relationship. No blacks, fats, fems or S/M. Send phone, photo to P.O. Box 67450, Rochester, NY 14617.

TALL ITAL/JEWISH BIG BROTHER

Do you remember your hunky feet (size 11+) serviced by your hot brother-WM, 30, 6'1", 185, very attractive, masculine and sincere? Then call Tony at (212) 675-7352, between 8 pm-12 mid., to meet for an explosive reunion and possibly more.

G/W/M VIRGIN

Brown/green 5'11", 155 lbs., 31", 23, looking for G/W/M 18-35 for good times. No drugs, no fats, no fems. Photo, phone (Plus) will answer all (Hurry). Write: Box Holder, P.O. Box 507, Vails Gate, NY 12584

TOP/BOTTOM

BI/W/M 32 looking for same to have fun and explore together. Write your fantasies to PO Box 24661 Rochester, NY 14624

ARAB, HISPANIC, ASIAN TOPMAN WANTED

I am seeking an Arab, Indian, Pakistani, Guyanese, Hispanic or similar type topman who wants to give sexual domination and or discipline by spankings, belts, punishment enemas. You should be dominant, have a desire to be a disciplinarian, serious man. Teach me to respect you. I am a white male 30's, trim, goodlooking. I will answer letters from anywhere. Write to: P.O. Box 431, R.H., NY 11418 U.S.A.

HAIRY MASTURBATOR, 31

Let's trade horny letters and dirty nude J/O photos. Into jockstraps, boxer shorts, cock rings, hairy chested studs. Mike, P.O. Box 5033, Utica, NY 13505.

ATTRACTIVE WM

6'1" 170 lbs. 35 married seeks good looking nice body 20's-30's married or not. Utica area. Good sex, possible relationship. Box 106, Yorkville, N.Y. 13495.

MWM 34

Is looking for a buddy. You should be closeted and looking for a real friend and true buddy. Married preferred but others considered who are willing to become a part of my life and develop a serious relationship. This could save our lives. I'm 5'11" 170 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair and in shape. I expect the same. Send detailed letter with photo if possible and a way to establish contact to P.O. Box "B", Staten Island, N.Y. 10301.

NORTH CAROLINA

GWM 26 5'9" 170 LBS.

Honest, loving, seeking permanent relationship with GWM 35-50 who's dominant, healthy, loving, settled minded. Mark, P.O. Box 2231, Gastonia, NC 28053.

OHIO

ITALIAN STALLION

W/G/M, 29, dark, hairy, masculine hot 9 inch love tool ready to "meat" your every need! Tight ass and hot mouth ready to serve your love tool! Will travel. Joe Malaro, Box 969, Steubenville, OH 43952. Hot nude photo and phone gets mine.

OREGON

35 YR OLD DAD.

Needs son 20 or younger. Good looking and very hairy. Photo and phone gets mine. L.B., 1451 Salishan S.E., Salem, OR 97302

PENNSYLVANIA

SINCERE, LONELY, ATTRACTIVE

GWM (38, 150 lbs, beard, moustache) looking for others for friendship, possible relationship. P.O. Box 1683, Pittsburgh, PA 15230.

GWM 37 INVITES LETTERS AND VISITS

from masculine men traveling in South Central PA. Married, salesmen, truckers welcome. Hairy chests, giant balls a plus. Denny, 510 E. Main, Apt. A, Lititz, PA 17543.

HOUSEBOY/SLAVE GWM

18-29 to meet my every demanding need. TT, G&BT, extended B&D. Call to set interview. H.H. (617) 497-0651.

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.

GWM, 21

Needs lasting relationship with caring GWM, 18-25 who is turned on by overweight guys. Box 424-H, Sunbury, PA 17801.

GETTYSBURG/ CHAMBERSBURG AREA

GWM 28, 5'10", 140, Br/Br, seeks GWM 25-35 for companionship/relationship. No fats/fems. PHOTO A MUST. P.O. Box 61, Blue Ridge Summit, PA 17214.

SOUTH CAROLINA

BWM PROFESSIONAL

Seeks same for sincere friendship. Likes sports, workouts, outdoors. Occupant, PO Box 168, Aiken, SC 29802

W/M WANTS BODYBUILDER

or muscular football-type to share first experience with. Photo and phone appreciated but not necessary. P.O. Box 42189, Columbia SC 29240.

TEXAS

WANT TO PLAY

Two versatile fuck masters, looking for adventurous, versatile third for leather, dildos, FF, and prolonged action. Send photo with reply. D&M, 947 Bayland Ave., Houston, Texas 77009.

26 YEAR OLD G/W/M

5'8", 140 lbs, seeks phone sex and other HOT AND JUICY correspondence with gay policemen and highway patrolmen. Long term relationship desired. 806/894-4398.

EL PASO, TEXAS

Lonely, 39, 5'11", 140 lb. bottom person. Like top person-fun, gentle, 35 plus. (915) 566-2204.

VIRGINIA

TOP/BUTTOM GWM 30

Looking for hot times. Let's explore together. Can travel. Photo a plus. Write now to explore-Scott, 1111 Arlington Blvd. #409, Rosslyn, VA 22209.

WASHINGTON

HOT 29 Y/O BI/W/M SINGLE

Seeks very hairy bearded/heavy mous man 30-42 for hot action. Prefer men 8" or more, married discreet men O.K. I'm 5'10" Dk. Brn. hair, green eyes, cut thick, and very hot. Send letter with photo (preferably nude) and I'll write back. I'd like my hairy fantasies to cum true. Write to: Larry P.O. Box 5125, Olympia, Washington 98503.

WEST VIRGINIA

LONELY G/W/M

Seeking friendship with kind, caring individual. Am 5'11", 25, 170 lbs., dark hair, blue eyes, affectionate. All sincere answered, Charlie Anderson, P.O. Box 4615, Charleston, WV 25364.

INTERNATIONAL

ARAB, HISPANIC, INDIAN. PAKISTANI, GUYANESE

Topman wanted, see New York section.

POLISH GAY

Who lives in Warsaw, I'm 25 years old. I would like to correspond with gays from U.S.A. I'm interested theatre, opera, cinema, music and tourism. I know English language. Marek Wyloga, Skrytua Polzt. 142, 00-953 Warszawa 30, Poland.

Two beautiful, muscular sons, 24, seek wealthy father. Will travel. Reply to 80-21-10405 Jasper Ave., Edmonton, AB Canada T5J 3S2.

WANTED

Old issues of BIG (I will buy cash a whole collection), HIM, old Colt mags. Address yr. terms to Claude, BIG, B.P.77, 56700 Hennebont, France.

COMMERCIAL

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, firefighters, farmers/ ranchers and similar trades. For limited time, any HONCHO staff member or any guy who has appeared in a Honcho layout will be given a complimentary year's membership. Proof of eligibility must be furnished. Free Information. No Obligation. Send Self-addressed. stamped envelope to: The Gemini List. P.O. Box 1782, Americus, GA 31709. Phone verification: (912) 924-4038. Weekdays 8-5.

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Color videos (VHS, Beta); Piss Pig, Dildo Fun, Cum Chronicles, Foreskin, Foreskin 2, Piss 2, Shave Pig, Hardcore Spanking, Peeping Tom, Enema Fun, Latino Men, Ass Eater, \$49.95 each; Scat, \$89.95. SIRCO, PO Box 14425, S.F. CA 94114.

UNCUT MEN!!!

In Award-Winning Video. Info: \$5 (refund w/order). Preview tape: \$25. State over 21. Adam & Co., 7985 Santa Monica Blvd. #109-209, L.A., CA 90046, (213) 856-8762.

KISS MY BUTT!

Muscular bi-guy, 26, humiliates slaves. Into W/S, hazing, scat. Also do tapes and calls. \$5 for first letter to: Phil, PO Box 10509, Portland, Oregon 97210-0509.

KEEPING YOUR HAIR MEN

Men. I almost lost my hair unnecessarily because I was uninformed in how to keep it in my head. Do not lose your hair unnecessarily because you are uninformed in how to keep it in your head. Become informed of one reason why a man may lose his hair, and what informed men do to keep their hair. Become informed because once your hair is gone it is gone for good. You are never too young or old to lose your hair unnecessarily. For your copy of "Keeping Your Hair Men," send \$7.95 plus \$1.25 postage (NY res. add sales tax) to: INFORMED, P.O. Box 1062, Peck Slip Station, New York, NY 10272.

SWEATY JOCK/FIREMAN!!

TOPS in Phone Jackoff! Call (714) 240-2220 or (213) 669-0220! Visa/MC/AE—\$35.

SALE—PRIVATE COLLECTION

Classic Male 8MM Reg. Films. Inexpensive. Sale List—\$1.00. Box 215, Lincroft, New Jersey 07738.

SELECT-A-STUD

Personal encounters, photos, phone fantasies. Credit cards accepted. Worldwide service. Also hiring. 813-823-5629 anytime.

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

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Hot phonesex with a friendly, imaginative, very horny, muscular, well-hung stud. Any scene you want! Only \$15—no time limit! Visa/MC/Amex. Please call Scott, (415) 441-7825. Sizzling action anytime!

NEW YORK MODEL

and escort. Pretty Black guy. Smooth olive skin. Robby. Morning, Noon or Night. (212) 534-7550.

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New York's hottest model/escort for your pleasure. 6'2", smooth chest, 9" thick, discreet & friendly. Midtown location. Robert (212) 734-4185.

NEW YORK MODEL & ESCORT

Pretty black guy. Smooth olive skin. Robby. Morning, Noon or Night. (212) 534-7550

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Hot, live phonesex with a friendly, imaginative, very horny, muscular, well-hung stud. Any scene you want! Only \$12.50—no time limit! Visa/MC/Amex. Please call Scott (415) 441-7825. Juicy action anytime!

HOT AND HEAVY STORIES

We will buy your story for publication. P.O. Box 2411 Dept. H1, Station A, Oshawa, Ontario L1H 7V6.

BLACK MEN

All original—all black videos photosets. SASE to BFP, P.O. Box 42691-G, Los Angeles, CA 90042

ORGANIZATIONS

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Men into cigars, POB 15344, San Antonio, Texas 78212-8544.

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Hairy men/admirers. Nationwide uncensored adlistings. Nude infopixpak \$3.00: MAN-HAIR, 59 West 10, NYC 10011.

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BALL CLUB

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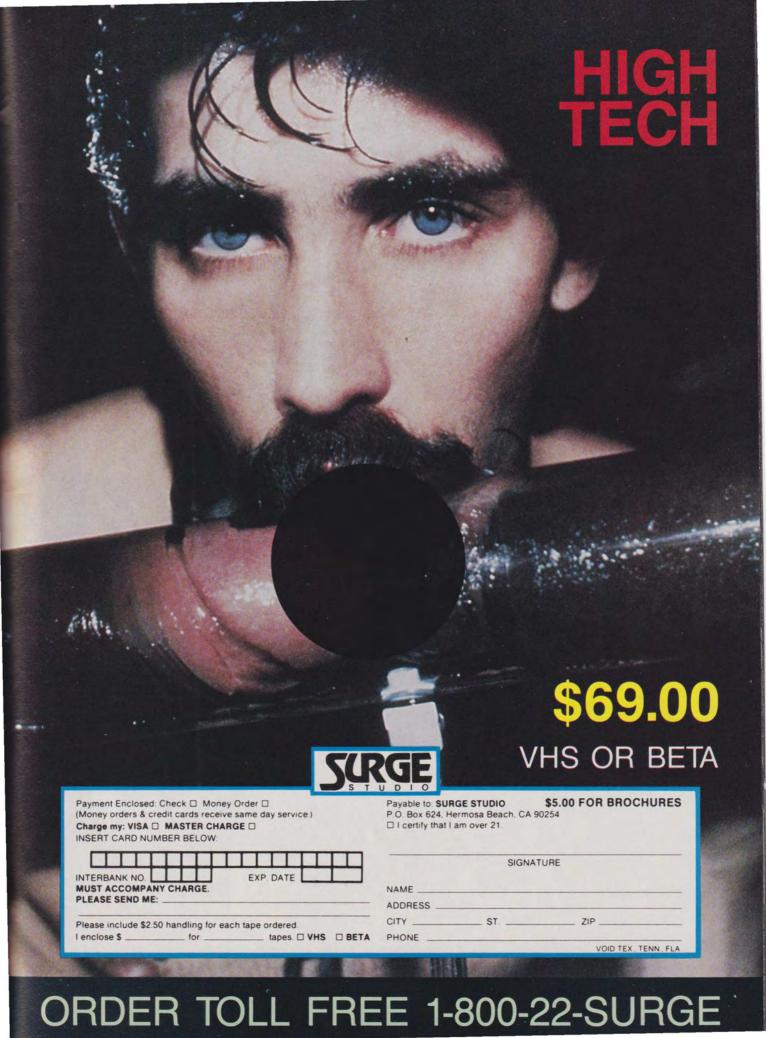
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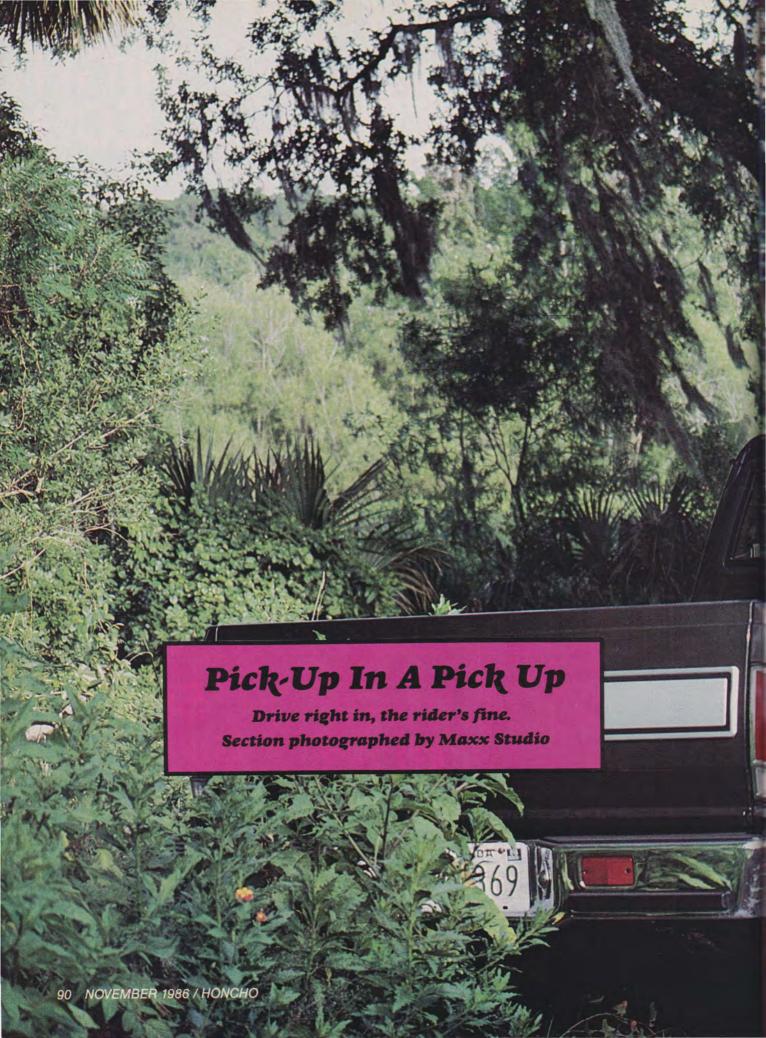
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Correspondence/contact club for men. For info: SASE to: Skipper's Mates, PO Box 264, Bellbrook, Ohio 45305.

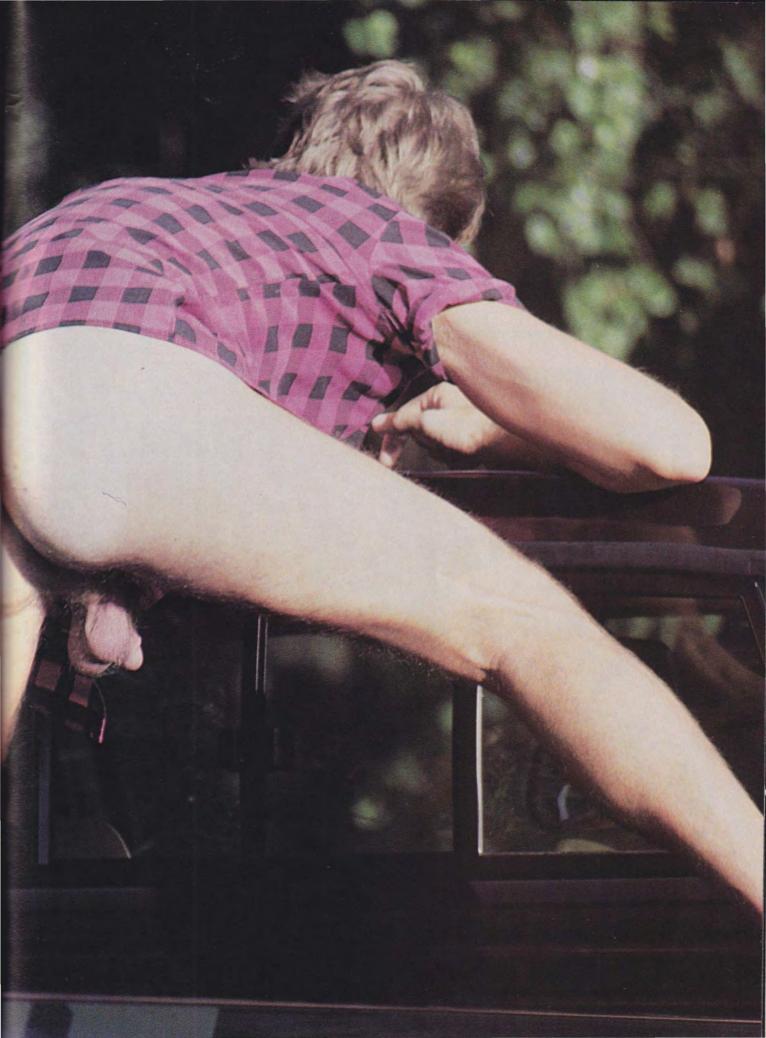








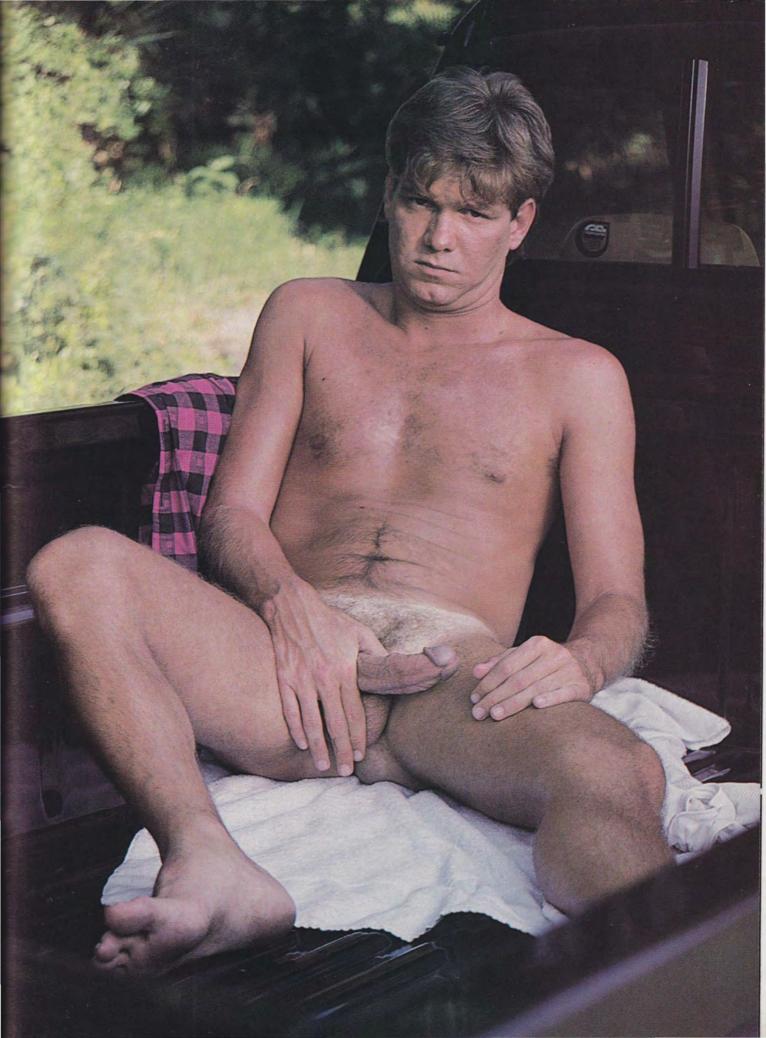
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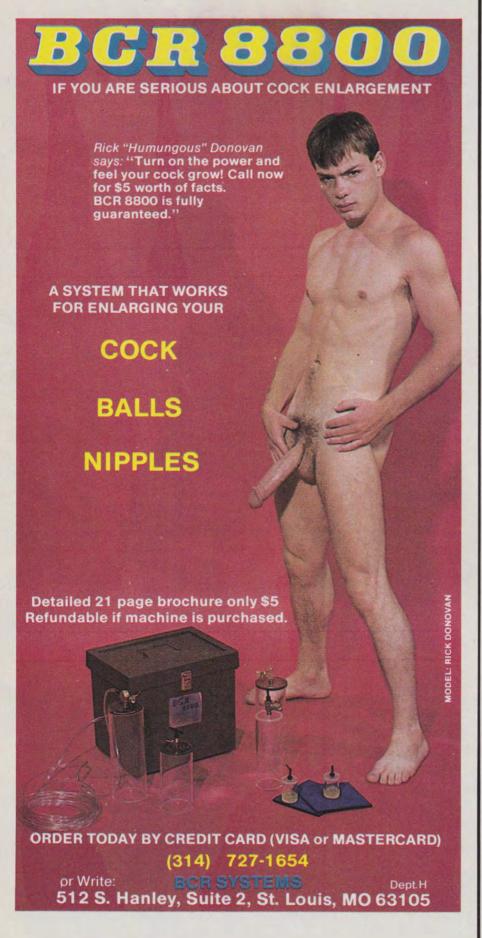


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