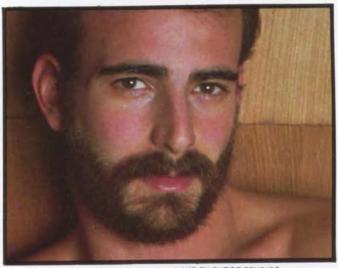


# HONGHO

# THE MAGAZINE FOR THE MACHO MALE

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"Slowly Miles and Will stripped the juicy young cowboy out of his gear. He was like the ham in a sandwich between them. They hardened to the scent of his fresh meat. He liked the way they moved him around the store with the same sort of confidence that a couple of old-hand cowpokes can handle a young, wild stallion in a dusty corral."

J. BRIAN'S

LASTBACKS

Photography by J. Brian . Novelization by Jack Fritscher

# EPISODE THREE:

wandered back up Polk Street checkcowboy with one of those dry Oakie The kid was four days into Frisco heart midbeat. His first day in town, purple hair and pierced noses. He'd rom a salesman passing through a water before. But it was the kids on Greyhound to get to San Francisco. Polk that mixed him around a little. coilet in Tulsa that a guy could find iked the Bay better, especially the accents that stops a grown man's ng out the punk kids his own age. shake his blond head at the weird from Oklahoma. Long, lean, lanky way the Golden Gate framed the because that's where he'd heard ocean. He'd never seen so much He couldn't do much more than he ate shrimp at the Wharf and He had traveled two days by

himself some real men.

He stopped in a taco shop, but the Cal-Mex fastfood tasted nothing like the chili verde he knew where to drive for back home. A guy on the stool next to him asked him for the hot sauce, and then asked him what

he was into. The Kid said he was mainly seeing the sights, but he thought he better get himself a job, because the \$16.50 a night at the Zee Hotel in the Tenderloin was eating up his savings fast.

"Come on over to the Castro," the guy said.

The Kid allowed he'd heard of that

neighborhood.
"I got a motorcycle. Whyn't you tuck your taco on down, and climb on my bike?"

The Kid checked out the guy's eyes. He knew how to read a man's face.

"What are you looking at?" the guy asked.
"I may talk slow, but I ain't slow,"

he said. "I come to Frisco to suck

me some dick and fuck me some ass."
"And vice versa," the guy said.
"I'm Hank. What's your name?"

"Jim."
"Okay, Jim, let's go. I got a couple connections around town. I do you a favor..."

"...and I owe you one."
"You got it, cowboy." He reached into the hot warm crotch of the Kid's jeans. A good solid piece of

"The two men licked his armpits and tongued his mouth deeply. They had a hard hold on him; they weren't gonna let him go anywhere, and he didn't want to. He breathed and tasted and swallowed the hard-riding juices of their sweating bodies."

Oklahoma longhorn started waking from its nap under the pressure of the biker's hand. "Jim-boy, if that dick of yours tastes and looks as good as it feels, don't you worry about \$16.50 tonight. I'll bunk you in my sack for free."

"Times bein' what they are, Hank,

you got yourself a deal.'

"If you work out okay, Kid, I can

even get you a job."

"You sure must be somebody!"
His big blond face broadened into a grin as wide as open plains. His blue eyes already had that curious western squint that made a man want to teach this Kid in a hurry all the stuff he was in a quicker hurry to know.

"I'm managing a western shop off Castro. Hell, if I put an authentic

"...Oklahoma..."

"...cowboy like you behind the counter, all these urban cowboys are gonna walk on their own tongues to my door." He put his hand on the Kid's rawboned shoulder. He felt strong, sinewy, through his western shirt. "Enjoy it all," he said. "Nothing like being the new Kid in town."

That had been two days before Jim was left alone to tend the western store by himself for the first time. He felt shit-sure he could handle the job. Sure was a hell of a lot easier stacking shirts and checking boot sizes than it was dogging cattle on his daddy's ranch. Besides, the smell of the new leather in the boots and belts, and the C&W playing on the shop radio, made him feel right at home. He smiled thinking how easy putting out a little of his dick had been. Hank was a goodlooking man, and one hell of a cock swallower. Jim's own eight inches squirmed around in his Levis when he remembered the number of times he and Hank had fucked each other in the last forty-eight hours. He put his hand on his crotch and smiled. He was still hot to trot.

A couple gayboy customers came in and cruised him hard. He was nice to them. Why not? They were all after the same stuff. Then for about twenty minutes, he was alone in the shop, rubbing his long, thick-veined dick through his jeans, when the best looking customer he ever did see walked in and asked for a pair of tight Levis. Jim kept one hidden hand on the big head of his dick, and with the other pointed toward the jeans. "The fittin' room's back to the right a ways," he said.

Five minutes later, a real wellbuilt man, more muscled than the first, came in and picked up a pair of Levis. "Think these'll fit?" he asked.

Jim sized up the huge bulge in the guy's crotch. "Y'all better try the

next size, sir."

The guy switched jeans and headed back to the fitting room like he'd been there before. Jim watched him slowly unbutton his worn Levis with one hand as he shouldered his way through the fitting room's

swinging doors.

What happened next continued the Kid's education in San Francisco. He turned out to be such a fast study that, later, when Hank found out, he sent the Kid down the next night to the End-Up Bar Jockstrap Contest. "You got appeal," Hank said. "Getting you up there stripped to a jock is a thousand bucks of free publicity." Meanwhile, the Kid had a fast lesson in groupsex to learn.

The guys back in the cubicles were checking each other out. The first one knelt and reached for the enormous dick hardening in his face. They had been fuckbuddies once before during a hot night out on the town. Miles, who had come in first was kneeling before Will's cock. He grabbed a handful and tongueteased the wet head up to full glory. Will leaned against the wall enjoying the deepthroat of Miles' mouth sucking his shaft. Miles' own meat stood at attention between his legs. In the way the shop mirrors reflected the fitting room mirrors, Jim was watching it all.

"Did you catch a look at the Kid at the counter?" Will asked.

Miles looked up with a mouthful of cock and grinned. He winked at Will. Wordlessly they made their instant pact: corral, strip, and initiate that lean and hungry-looking cowboy.

"Hey, cowboy," Will ordered. His full voice came from deep inside his big balls. "Bring us another pair of

jeans."

Jim, figuring something was up, and figuring the something was going to be interesting, reached for a tighter size, and moseyed his slightly bowlegged way back to the fitting rooms. He stopped, and smiled at the two big cocks waiting for him. Hank had told him the customer's always right.

Slowly, Miles and Will stripped the juicy young cowboy out of his gear. He was like the ham in a sandwich between them. They hardened at the scent of his fresh meat. He liked the

way they moved him around the store with the same sort of confidence that a couple oldhand cowpokes can handle a young wild stallion in a dusty corral.

They took turns fucking his young blond face, slicking up their hard cocks to switch-hit between his mouth and his butt. Will and Miles knew their moves. While Jim was gulping Will's cock down to full choke, his ass, still highschool tight from the saddle, was stretching like wet-and-willing rawhide to accommodate the size and plunge of Miles' dick. The two men rocked the young cowboy between them. He was moaning at the size and pace of the hard dicks insistently plugging him at both ends. Miles and Will smiled at each other: the Kid was a real working cowboy. They never heard a discouraging word.

The Kid's mouth was hungry for cock. His dick was hard for sucking. His ass was ripe for rimming. He knew he'd found the action he'd laid awake many a night beating off to back in Tulsa. Shoot! He'd even seen these two guys in one of those leather-western type magazines that his ma had found. That had been the week before, and the reason why, he left to get exactly where he was.

Will moved behind the cowboy's butt. He gave each blond cheek the kind of slap a horse accepts for guidance from a good rider. The Kid's moan was impaled on the shaft of Mile's cock. Will liked the long, lean, lanky look of the blond back: tight haunches that he slapped again, narrow boyish waist flaring out to his big rawboned shoulders; his blond head sucking Miles' cock; his lean-muscled arms holding onto an old wooden chair for support under the weight of the two men who ate his ass, licked his armpits, and tongued his mouth deep. They had a hard hold on him; they weren't gonna let him go anywhere, and he didn't want to. He breathed and tasted and swallowed the hard-riding juices of their sweating bodies.

The Kid knew was was coming. Will's dick stood at hard attention; holding his hands out from the Kid's defenseless cheeks, he aimed the glistening, thick head of his cock, handlessly, like a real sex-pro, straight at the sweet blond pucker of the cowboy's well-rimmed asshole. He pushed, again handlessly, the head of his dick against the practically virgin hole, and then slowly, with all the skill of Big City cocksmen, slid the length of his dick

into the Kid—up to the hilt. The Kid's loud moan gave Will a trembling rush. Then his big hands gripped the cowboy's hips and they took a ride no mechanical bull at Gilley's ever dreamed of.

The western gear shop was perfect for breaking the Kid in. Stacks of Acme boot boxes and Wrangler shirts and Levis jeans smelled new and fresh as the Kid himself. Miles and Will looked at each other over the boy's body and decided to go for it.

The Kid was all the sweetmeat a guy could ever want to fuck full of manseed: mouth and ass. Their lust for his innocent blond goodlooks drove their cocks deep and furiously into him. His moans made them hornier with lust. The Kid was begging them to fuck his ass, his face; to suck his dick and ass; to deepfrench his throat right past his Oakie moaning drawl for more!

Will's load shot across the Kid's ass. Miles' spunk hit his face. Together, between them, they held the Kid, who smelled like new-mown hay, in their big arms, squeezing his young body tight while his hard-calloused cowboy hand beat his own meat, while their fingers went up his ass, cupped his balls, and ran across the hardness of his frame. They pinned him, and worked him, and held him tight between them right up to the full gallop of his first threeway cuming.

# **EPISODE FOUR:**

Leo was Contestant Number Three the night he fell for Contestant Number Four. Their eyes had met, and fixed on each other, wordlessly saying all, the night they both entered the End-Up Bar Jockstrap Contest. Stripping down for his appearance onstage, Leo sized up the darkhaired boy next to him: slim, muscular, darkhaired, and hung big. He liked the way the guy had stepped into his black jockstrap and slowly worked the elastic up his legs, tucking his balls into the pouch, momentarily letting his big cock flop up and out and over the waistband. He was a show-stud. Leo liked that. He exposed his own dick hanging long and lean from his blond crotch; then slowly, almost teasingly, he pulled on his own blue jockstrap. They turned toward each other. Their black and blue pouches equally full. In tight mirror-image, the dark one smiled into the blond smile that wanted as much as it flaunted.

## **FLASHBACKS**

Continued from page 65

The End-Up MC interrupted their cruise. "And now will you welcome," he announced to the audience, "Contestant Number 4!"

Leo broke off his hard stare, and bounded out into the multi-colored

lights of the stage.

"This is Leo," the MC said over the applause for the nearly naked boy. "He's from Florida. He's a Cancer. And he works as a busboy. He's been in San Francisco just two days. He says he's 'staying' with friends in Marin." The MC sized Leo up over his clipboard. "Who are you here with tonight, Leo?"

"I didn't come with anybody

tonight," Leo said.

The crowd cheered.

"Do you have a favorite fantasy, Leo?"

"Yeah. I have a fantasy."

"What is your fantasy here at the End-Up?"

"I noticed there was another Contestant..."

"We see how your dirty mind is wheeling tonight, Leo!" The MC moved in tighter on the young blond. "What's the other Contestant's number?"

"Contestant Number Four."

"So let's do two Contestants together. Would you all give the clap for Contestant Number Four: Jamie!"

The dark-complexioned Jamie strode out into the bright stage light.

"This is Jamie. He's from Georgia. He's a Capricorn. And he says he's a model."

The MC stood between the blond and the brunette. "So, Leo. You think this man can fulfill your fantasies?"

"I think he could more than fulfill my fantasies."

"And what about you, Jamie?"

"I think he could do the same for me."

"Okay, gentlemen. Let's see what happens here..."

In a soft-focus dream, the Contestants dissolve into each other's arms. Their contest numbers still hang form their necks, but they are outdoors, poolside in Marin. Hands running over bodies. Tongues wrapping around tongues. Hugging. Palming. Groping. Two love-wrestlers exploring ancient holds on their young bodies.

Jamie licks, nuzzles, sucks down

on Leo's chest. Leo's hands guide Jamie's head. Blue sky above them. Blue water below. They dive together deep into the pool. Stroking. Swimming. Surfacing in water-slick embrace. Climbing to the edge of water and sky. Jamie's hands work down Leo's chest and hips, pulling his blue jockstrap down his thighs, freeing his hard cock. He pulls the big blond dick into his mouth. Sucks it deep down his throat. Feels the rigid veins twining around the velvethard shaft. Tastes the sweet cockjuice.

Leo pulls Jamie up. Hand to hand they jerk their meat. Leo reaches for the baby oil, and rubs down Jamie's body. His lean muscled body gleams, slickens. The oil spreads from one body to the other. Their torsos slide together. Jamie slips down, tongue-first, on Leo's cock, jerking himself to full hardon.

"You like that, don't you?" Leo says, "You like that."

Jamie swallows him deeper, then pulls back off his cock, lifts it, and dives in for the free-swinging balls. Leo pours more oil on Jamie's athletic body. He works it into his shoulders and chest. Then he pulls his nuts from the hungry mouth and stabs down the willing throat with his oil-wet cock. His driving thrusts work his wild young dick deeper. He is in command. Fuck-crazy. "Get up and bend over," Leo orders. Jamie flips over on his belly; his butt in the air.

Leo's tongue darts into the dark. hairy ass. He sucks on the tight pucker, wetting it, loosening it. Jamie pushes his hole back toward the blond mouth, feeding Leo his hairy crack. Full of ass, Leo stands, his dick bobbing over the wet hole: touch of head to ass, tentative probe, then full-push penetration. The long blond shaft docks deep up inside the hairy young butt. Leo spreads Jamie's cheeks wide apart; he works his dick expertly out and in, teasing Jamie into asking for more and begging for it harder. Hipholding the ripe ass, Leo fucks Jamie's hole, driving his face into the chaise lounge. The grip of Jamie's tight ass on his dick makes Leo pull out. "Not yet," he says. "Not yet."

Leo slips up on the chaise, flat on his back. Jamie climbs between his legs and sucks the taste of his ass of the golden wet hardon. His tongue flicks around the pearl-drop of prelube oozing out of Leo's piss-slit. Leo's hands grip Jamie's dark hair. "Suck my big dick." He forcefeeds his meat into the hot mouth until his load is hair-triggered again in his rod. He pulls himself free.

Jamie lifts Leo's butt and hungrily rims him. A look comes into his eyes. He towers over Leo. His energy and dick and dark presence rise over the laid-back blond. He spreads Leo's legs. Turnabout is fair play when a man's fantasy fucks him back. Leo's groans turn into jungle animal cries under the dark foliage around the bright pool. His legs spread wide, opening to the long, lean, slow fuck, while he beats his own meat. "Fuck me hard," Leo says.

Jamie's rhythm intensifies.

"Fuck me hard!" Leo's hand jerks his cock to full throttle. He shoots great threads of white cum, lacing out across his tight belly, landing in heavy clots on his chest.

Jamie pulls out of his spasming ass: he straddles Leo's hips, jerking his butt-slick meat over the cum pooling up in his navel. His dick rides huge in his hand. He slaps it harder, intensifying, bowing in close over Leo's face; working his loaded dick between their two bellies; zeroing in on Leo's eyes begging him to cum. He rears up. His body arches back: taut. His hand pulls his dick down to the base one hard last time. He holds it by the root. The head of his rod explodes. Cum shoots the length of Leo's writhing body, hits his cheek. A long line of white cum hangs along his blond jaw.

Jamie, still stroking, leans in over Leo, inching up to his face, kissing the cum on his lips.

"This," Jamie says, "is a jockstrap fantasy come true."

They dive into the pool together.
They dissolve back to the End-Up

"That's Contestants Three and Four," the MC says. "Let's hear it for these two fine gentlemen. A tough act to follow."

### THE SOLDIER

Continued from page 56

it?" He stepped closer, his eyes soft and friendly, looking directly into Peter's. "My name's Chuck," he said, and offered his hand.

Peter could feel the electricity coming from the man's body. A strong, manly sexuality. He was aware that his basket was straining