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HONCHO

THE MAGAZINE FOR
THE MACHO MALE
JUNE 1982
\$3.50

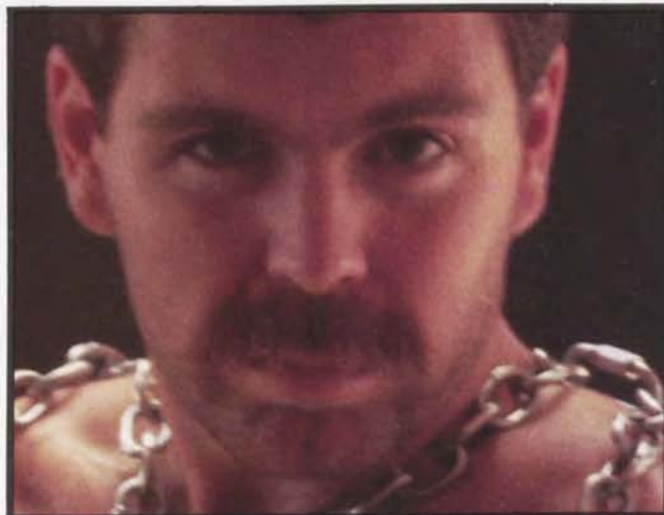
**HONCHO
EXCLUSIVE:
MR. INTERNATIONAL
LEATHER WINNER
MARTY KIKER
SHOWS IT ALL!**



HONCHO

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE MACHO MALE

VOLUME 5 NUMBER 22 • JUNE 1982



COVER PHOTO: FRED BISSONNES

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STAFF

PUBLISHER / GEORGE MAVETY
EXECUTIVE V.P. / EDWARD S. DA MOTA

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF / JOSEPH SMENYAK
EXECUTIVE ART DIRECTOR / TONY FEO
ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTORS / CLIF ROBINSON, ROBERT SOTO
ASSOCIATE EDITORS / FREEMAN GUNTER
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR / JERRY COHEN

V.P. ADVERTISING / DON BEAVERS
(212) 691-7700

Honcho is published monthly by Modernismo Publications, Ltd. Editorial and production offices are located at 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013. Phone (212) 691-7700. Honcho is distributed exclusively by Flynt Distributing Corporation, 2029 Century Plaza East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067. Honcho is registered with the U.S. Patent Office; the entire contents is copyrighted by Modernismo and the Library of Congress. Reproduction of editorial or advertising contents in any way whatsoever without the written permission of the publisher is strictly prohibited. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the claims of advertisers and has the right to reject any advertising. The inclusion of an individual's name or photograph in this publication implies nothing whatsoever about that individual's sexual orientation. Artwork and manuscripts may be submitted to Honcho at 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013. Publisher assumes no responsibility for loss or damage to materials submitted. Subscription rate: \$29./12 issues.

J. BRIAN'S

FLASHBACKS

EPISODE FIVE

Photography by J. Brian • Novelization by Jack Fritscher

I shot my lover this morning. With the garden hose. Just as a joke. I mean, he'd slept in late, and then walked bare-ass out into the garden where I had been working up a two-hour sweat. He was a little hung over, besides being a lot hung. So I was tempted. Right? What's a spritz of cold water between lovers? I figure if I know Doug at all, he's gonna get off on a little wet horseplay. So I blasted him. Right between the buns. Bullseye! Shoot! How was I to know if you give some guys an inch of hose, they'll shove eight inches

baby-blues with that ol' razzle-dazzle that made my own dick twitch.

Doug won my heart in San Francisco that wet January night! And we've lived together ever since: the best of lovers, fuckbuddies, and friends. When I found out that Doug had been 4H, like I had back in Iowa, we both decided to grow our own garden in the secluded backyard we have behind this really small cottage we rent up in the Castro. The best of both worlds: all of San Francisco humming around us while we work buck-ass naked out in our garden

session. Talk about a bright, bright sunshiney day! Basically, all he said was, "Good morning, Frank," and, like I said, paraded his hard swimmer's body past my face. With the garden hose already running in my hand, I rained on his parade! If seduced he wanted me, seduced he got me. But I was gonna play too.

I gave him a fast squirt! The cold water on his sunhot skin made him jump into action. He came running at me, jumping over the rows of lettuce and cabbage and carrots, and took me on in a water-wrestle that

**"I took him hot, hard
and deep within me. My hands ached
to reach for his face. He kissed me;
his face close up to mine was intense.
I straddled his hips."**

down your throat and up your ass? With good old Doug, I should have known!

Both me and Doug like the mix of outdoor sex, sunshine, hard, wet, muscular bodies, jockstraps, and hot action. Must be because we both came out in the Midwest, and both moved out here to Frisco. I arrived here maybe six months before Doug pulled his pud out of someplace like Peoria. That's when we met: at a dance bar called the End-Up. Doug was one of the contestants that night in the End-Up Jockstrap Contest. Hot damn! I took one look at his long, fine, blond body, and figured I was gonna get me a piece of that veal. He moved real good the way a young man should! And besides, his double-packed, jock-pouch bulged bigger than all the other five contestants. But mostly it was the way the stage lights hit his

where we keep a good bit of lawn for sunbathing, and, well, frankly—True Confession Time, okay?—some hardballing f-u-c-k-i-n-g around!

Anyway, this morning of the day when I was supposed to be a contestant in the Jockstrap Night at the End-Up, Doug parades his suntanned buns right by my face. I'm sort of weeding around the cabbages when this naked number, my lover, comes strolling out, showing me his morning hard-on, tempting me with his big uncut blond serpent swinging between his legs and over his nice, nice balls. Gives you a good idea how Eve felt in the Garden when you see something that long snaking down over a pair of big apples you want to fill your whole mouth with.

Just like he dared me to enter the Jockstrap competition, I knew he was teasing me into getting into a good old mid-morning outdoor fuck

was the nicest kind of foreplay for getting two hot bodies wet enough and slick enough to slide over each other into some good-loving sucking, rimming, and fucking.

Doug was a swimmer in high school, and we both were on the varsity wrestling teams; but, even though I've got more the short, hard, dark wrestler's build, he's got some height on me. To say nothing of his broad swimmer's shoulders. Usually, I can always take him when we wrestle. Besides sex, wrestling is our main way of keeping in shape. But who-the-fuck always wants to pin his lover? How's that song in *Oklahoma!* go? "Everytime I lose a wrestling match, I somehow sort of feel that I won!" If you catch my meaning!

We got into a playful, but genuine tussle, all arms and legs, with him trying to get the hose away from me. Sometimes, I admit, we get a little

kinky at night and get into some watersports with each other; and with the hose shooting all over us in the hot sun, right there at the edge of the garden, this was sort of the same kind of turn-on. Only somehow on the garden walkway, with both of us laughing, and getting hotter by the minute in the sun, this seemed like a real wholesome way for two guys to get wet for sex.

The horseplay stopped almost as fast as it started. Doug's hands left the garden hose and tugged at my nylon swimming trunks. He pulled them down off my ass, and worked the elastic waistband down slowly over my soaked jockstrap. My white tank top clung wet to my torso, but it felt warm as he ran his hands over me. I reached for his big blond uncut cock and felt him hardening in my hand. We kissed, briefly, and I went slowly to my knees, my face watching his shaft, rich with hard-pumping veins. The knob of his cockhead working its way out of his heavy lip of clean foreskin tasted sweet and fresh in my mouth. I licked him, and then took his dick, big head and thick length, all the way down my throat.

Guys tells us we make a good couple: him so blond, me so dark. His hands in my hair rode my head as I pumped his dick in and out of my throat. I took him in shallow at first, kind of prickt teasing him, looking up at him, studying his lean-muscled bond goodlooks, and then I opened up the back of my throat and hoed down on his cock to the root, burying my face in the golden wet hair of his crotch. His body arched back as my throat tightened around his rod; and his hands never left me, as if he wanted to plow me as much as I wanted him to.

He pulled me up and kissed me, frenching down my throat, following the furrow his cock had taken. We pulled my wet tank top off and, nipping and tongueing his way down my chest and belly, he sniffed and licked at my dick through my wet jockstrap, hardening me, pulling my cock loose, and sucking me into his mouth. Both of us are natural-born cocksuckers, and after more than a year together, we know each other's rhythms and strokes as good as we know our own. No man has ever sucked my dick as perfectly as Doug. His wet mouth swallowed my cock down to the hilt, and I fucked long strokes deep into the back of his tossed blond head. His hand

worked under my balls, and stroked the wet curly hair around my asshole. His fingertip rimmed my soft pucker. I pushed out on my buttohole. His finger probed deeper. His mouth worked my dick in longer strokes.

I pulled him up off my cock, and we kissed. I sucked his wet tongue in past my teeth. Both his hands were feeling up, and spreading, the burning cheeks of my ass. I wanted his tongue up my butt, his face buried in my crack, his dick up my hole. We pulled apart with a knowing glance, and I raced him back across the grass and did a bellyflop a true swimmer could appreciate flat down on the big towel he had spread on the grass.

He was right behind me. His tongue went down to taste and wet my crack. He burrowed his face between my cheeks, probing my hole with his tongue, kissing me hard where it counted most, and then, licking and kissing his way up my back, he handlessly placed the head of his cock against my asshole. He pushed, gently. I relaxed and received the head of his cock, and then inch by loving inch, felt him planting his dick deep in my ass. His love-bits on my neck made my cheeks arch up full-mounded toward him. He knew I was ready for the kind of long-stroke hard fuck he liked to throw.

I took him hot, hard, and deep within me. My hands ached to reach for his tits, his butt, his face, rubbing his long, lean body. No sooner thought than done! Doug pulled his cock out of my ass and flipped me over on my back. He kissed me and raised my butt up so all my weight, like in a good wrestling pin, rested on my shoulders. And then he sucked ass! Just buried his face in my well-fucked butt, and ate ass. Then he dropped my butt down, and rammed his cock home up inside me. His face, close up to mine was intense. He kissed me, and flipped me again, wrestling me around, buttfucking me again on my belly, driving me into the towel, into the grass, into the ground, until he reared back, and heading down the home stretch, pulled his dick from my ass and shot his thick, creamy, hot, white seed-load all over my tanned cheeks.

Hardly missing a beat, we switched around, and he lay back on the towel, his dick still throbbing and hard. I straddled his hips and sat on his cumslick pole, fucking myself with his big dick. His hands ran all

over me. I beat my meat looking down into his sexy eyes and, with the bouncing ram of his dick up my ass, I shot my load, thick and spunky, up his belly, across his chest and toward his grinning face.

We fell on top of each other right there in the grass, panting, laughing. The garden hose was still running. "You're sure as hell gonna be," Doug said, "some fucking hot Jockstrap contestant tonight."

For sure, I'd be a smiling contestant, because there ain't nothin' to put a smile on a farmboy's face like

a good big-city fuck!

He walked from the empty shower room toward the dude in the pool. Without hesitation he stepped down into the water. The warmth felt good on his thighs and his rising cock that pointed in front of him like a hard prow cutting through the water toward the lanky black. Their eyes met. Ray sank down into the pool and wrapped his lips around the head of the dusky cock. The dude raised his hips and fed the white boy his meat. They locked together like sea animals. Ray bobbed up and down on the juicy wet head. The dude reach-

ed for Ray's tits under the water and twisted them smoothly in his long slender fingertips.

A guy standing off in the steamy shower watched them. He was half-visible in the white mist. The way dreamy naked boys appear and disappear in Pasolini films. He beat his meat to full hard-on. As the dude guided Ray up and out of the pool, the third guy joined them. He shoved his tongue deep into the dude's mouth while Ray knelt between them, sucking, the hard pair of black and white dicks. The room echoed with the sounds of wet frenching and sucking.

The dude turned his ass into Ray's face and pushed the other guy down on his black rod. Ray rimmed deep up the clean asshole, kissing, nipping, sucking, feeling the hard butt push back into his face as the dude fucked the other face with long rhythmic strokes. Filled with the taste of ass, Ray dropped down to suck on the blond dick drooling with lube. The mixed taste of black and blond turned him loose. San Francisco is the place where, when you go there, you have to be careful what you wish for, because you'll get it.

In slow graceful turns the three-some switched position to position: Ray sucking out the mouth of the blond while the dude sucked on the blond's dick; the dude eating out the blond's ass, prepping it with his tongue for the deep entry of his long black shaft; Ray maneuvering in under the blond to suck his dick while the dude rammed the blond ass, banging both sets of heavy nuts up against Ray's wet chin. The blond was moaning from the deep fucking.

Easily they all turned; the dude lay back on the jacuzzi rim; the blond went down on the black cock that tasted of his own ass; Ray, coting in under the blond butt, sucked out the fresh-fucked ass. The tile floor felt warm under his back and legs stretched out full length. He sucked harder as the blond's hands reached back to spread his cheeks. Ray beat his own dick wildly to the three-way hump rhythms. He could feel the blond's butt tightening. He knew the guy was going to shoot. He wanted that load. He pushed his head on under and through the guy's crotch. The pair of muscular black thighs cradled his head. In an instant, the blond, jerking his dick, shot thick cream across Ray's moustache, into his open mouth, and up the lean-muscle black belly.

The blond, still hard and throbbing, stood up. He straddled Ray who flipped over on his stomach and moved in close-up to watch the dude beat his huge meat. The black guy had the blond's long cock in his mouth. He was intense. Sucking out every last drop of cum. Ray was wrapped into the passion. Into the heat. The black balls bounced in front of his face. The dude's hand worked his cock harder. The veins rose and twined around the shaft. From deep in the dude's gut, a cum-roar started. Six. Five. Four. Three more strokes. And white spunk was shooting up through the black hand wrapped tight under the thick head of enormous dick. It rained up the black belly, mixing with the blond cum, running in rivulets of sweat down toward the wiry hair.

Ray dived in, tongue first, lapping up the mixed loads of his fuck-buddies. His own dick was lubing in his hand. He was sucking in the cum, tasting the rich cream clots flow over his tongue, biting into the dark crotch for every last drop. He was swallowing the juices of these men, pulling their sex energies into his own body. The thought of where he was, who he was, and what he was doing, with his head pressed between two hot crotches, unleashed his own load. His body spasmed. Their hands ran across his chest and nipples. He sniffed and swallowed and licked. And came. And came. And came.

EPISODE SIX

Husky. Young and hunky. Ray had it all: the good looks, the All-American high school football-hero body, the cocky attitude. He was from Hamtramck, one of those Detroit suburbs where a guy grows up tough and streetwise. He knew how to handle himself, his meat, and his trips. He knew what he liked: ACTION! He'd found plenty in Michigan. But too many nights when he was hot and horny the weather was freezing and thigh-deep in drifts. A guy thinks twice about heading out for some mansex when he knows the thick ice on the streets makes for thin pickings for cruising.

After his first winter out, and after a hard-fucking summer driving every weekend in his daddy's truck over to the sand dunes of Saugatuck, the Fire Island of the Midwest, Ray whipped out his dick and piss-wrote

his g-o-o-d-b-y-e in the next autumn's first light snowfall. He bought an old junker off his best fuck-buddy and headed west out of Detroit. He sucked his last Michigan cock in the last rest stop on I-94 before he hit Indiana and points west. He blew his way, hitting I-80 outside Chicago, all the way to San Francisco, eating a steady menu of truckers, hitchhikers, and a couple of cowboys in Cheyenne.

Ray was ready for the City he knew was ready for him!

He gladly reached into his jeans at the toll plaza leading on the the Bay Bridge. His dick hardened. He could make out the skyline of the City. "How much is it?" he asked the moustached attendant.

"Seventy-five cents."

"Three quarters, huh?"

"Yeah," the attendant said. He eyed the Michigan license plate. "A pretty cheap price to pay for admission to Disneyland North."

"Am I gonna like it?" Ray asked.

"Does Marie Osmond have brothers?" The attendant smiled and rubbed the palm of Ray's hand a beat too long as he scooped up the quarters. "You're gonna like it. Trust

me."

Ray grinned, shifted into first, and headed up the bridge rising seventeen stories over the Bay. "Shit!" he shouted into the warm November wind, "I'm coming home to a place I've never been!"

In three weeks, he toted up one share-rental in the Castro, a parttime job in an ARCO station, a gym membership, and more fuckbuddies than he could count. Sex leaned in doorways, writhed its tastes through cafes, magnified its sounds through the open windows of crowded bars, and wafted its sweet sweaty smells in plush-carpeted locker rooms. As fast as men drained him of his juices he filled himself back up with theirs.

The Arab who owned the ARCO was young, swarthy, well-built, and straight; he worked Ray hard, stationing him out on the pump islands. he was smart enough to know Ray's hairy-chested good looks were good for business. Servicing everything from pickups to Porsches, Ray's hands grew rugged, hard, and greasy fast. After his shift, he got into the habit of hitting the gym across Market Street.

"You like to go there? Clean up a

little bit?" The Arab smiled. His eyes glistened and his moustache, thick and black, hung heavy over his lip.

Ray figured the Arab knew plenty, but he could never know how hot the gyms in San Francisco could get. "I like a long slow shower now and then," Ray said. He let it go at that. He figured if straights knew how easy and luxurious gay sex was, they'd only get jealous.

He wasn't about to spill the beans about what really went down.

How could he tell his boss about the cruising in the shower room? How could he tell a straight man about the orgy in the jacuzzi? No way. Let straight folks know you're gay, he figured; that's enough. Don't give them details.

Certainly not details about how good naked bodies look against white-tiled walls with spigots of water cascading over shoulders, down chests and bellies, dripping in heavy run-off from the tips of soapy cocks. All the careful cruising in the showers. Comparing meat. Catching the glances. The come-ons. The soft dicks hardening in frothy handfuls of suds. A face peering around the white ceramic corner. Gauging the

tan lines on bare butts. The quick grope of big wet balls. The guys sitting in the foaming jacuzzi working their dicks while the jets of water pump hard against their clean assholes.

Ray felt he was proof you can take the white boy out of Detroit City, but you can't take Detroit out of the boy. He had a sometimes definite craving for big black meat. The gym gave him a chance to pick out the stripped-down best of the lot. Never one to miss a shot, Ray sized up, one winter evening, a lean and lanky black dude sitting alone in the bubbling pool. He looked imperial. Like some dark African prince. His svelte muscular arms were spread wide on the pool edge. His big black dick bobbed its head up to the surface of the water, then dunked, popping up again, hardening, no, *hard*, discreetly in the swirling bubbles. The dude was cool. His eyes looked straight ahead. He was ready for what he knew he wanted; and Ray knew he wanted to take that shaft deep down his throat.

He walked from the empty shower room toward the dude in the pool. Without hesitation he stepped down into the water. The warmth felt good on his thighs and his rising cock that pointed in front of him like a hard prow cutting through the water toward the lanky black. Their eyes met. Ray sank down into the pool and wrapped his lips around the head of the dusky cock. The dude raised his hips and fed the white boy his meat. They locked together like sea animals. Ray bobbed up and down on the juicy wet head. The dude reached for Ray's tits under the water and twisted them smoothly in his long slender fingertips.

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