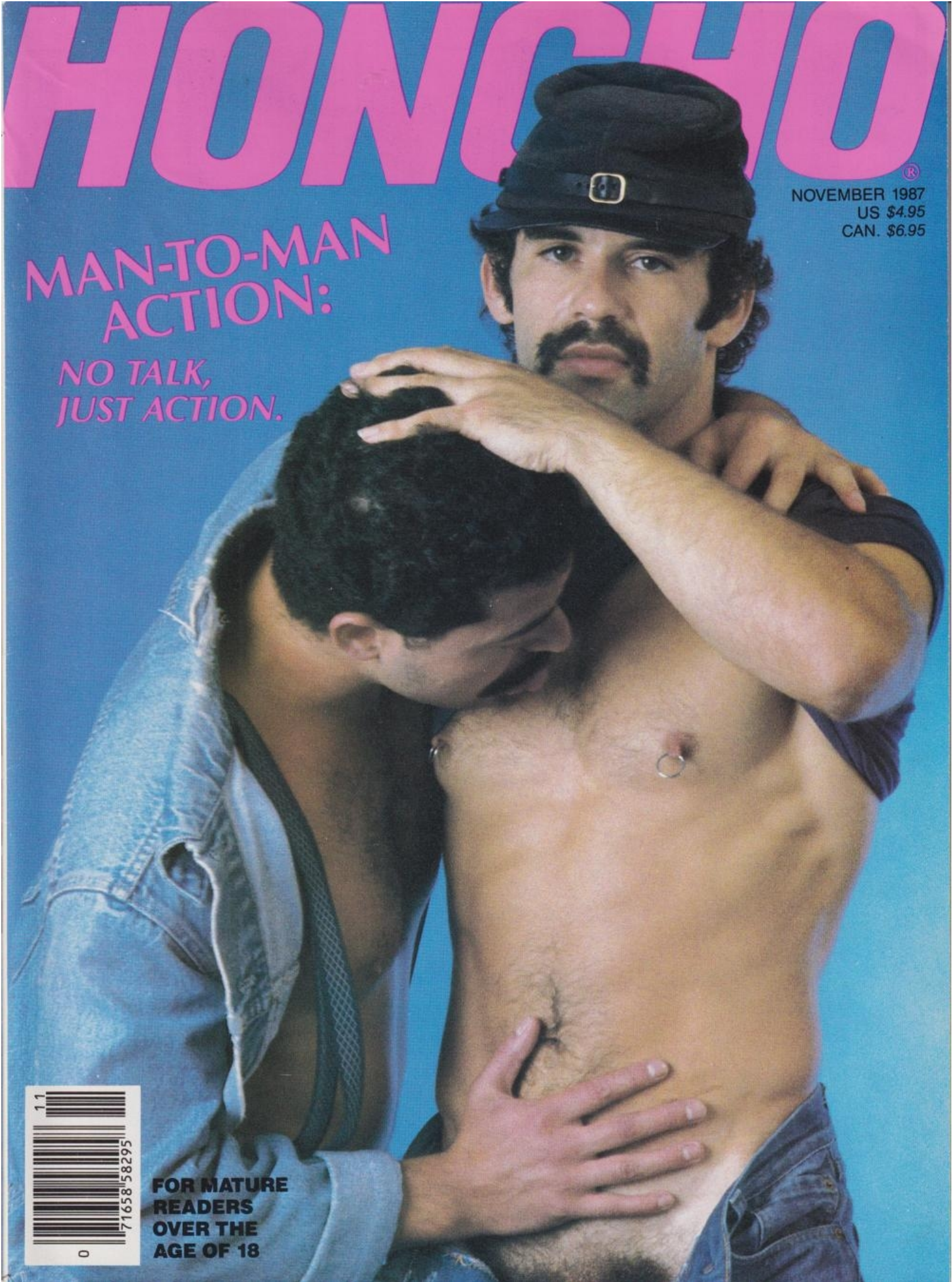


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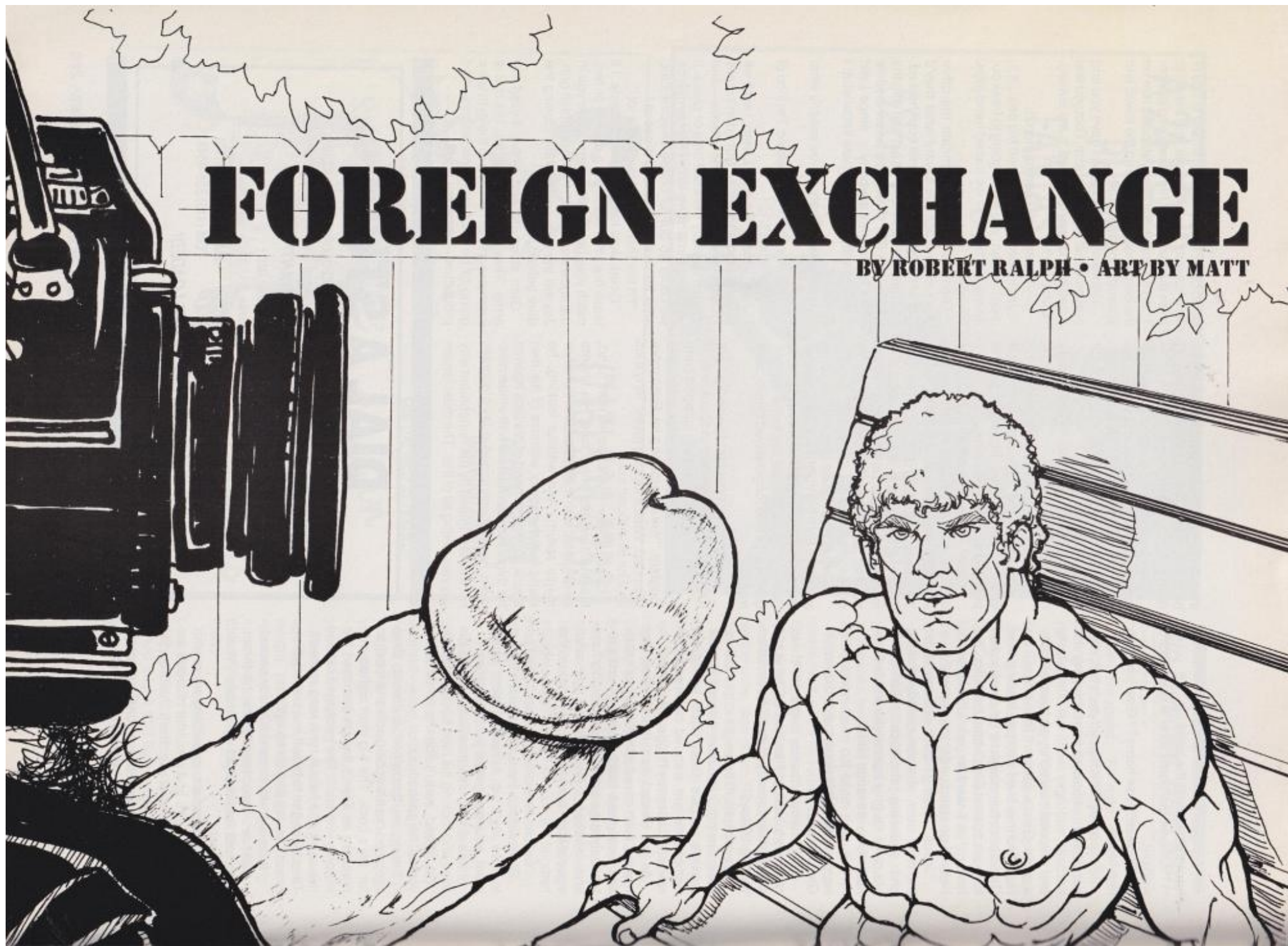
NO TALK,  
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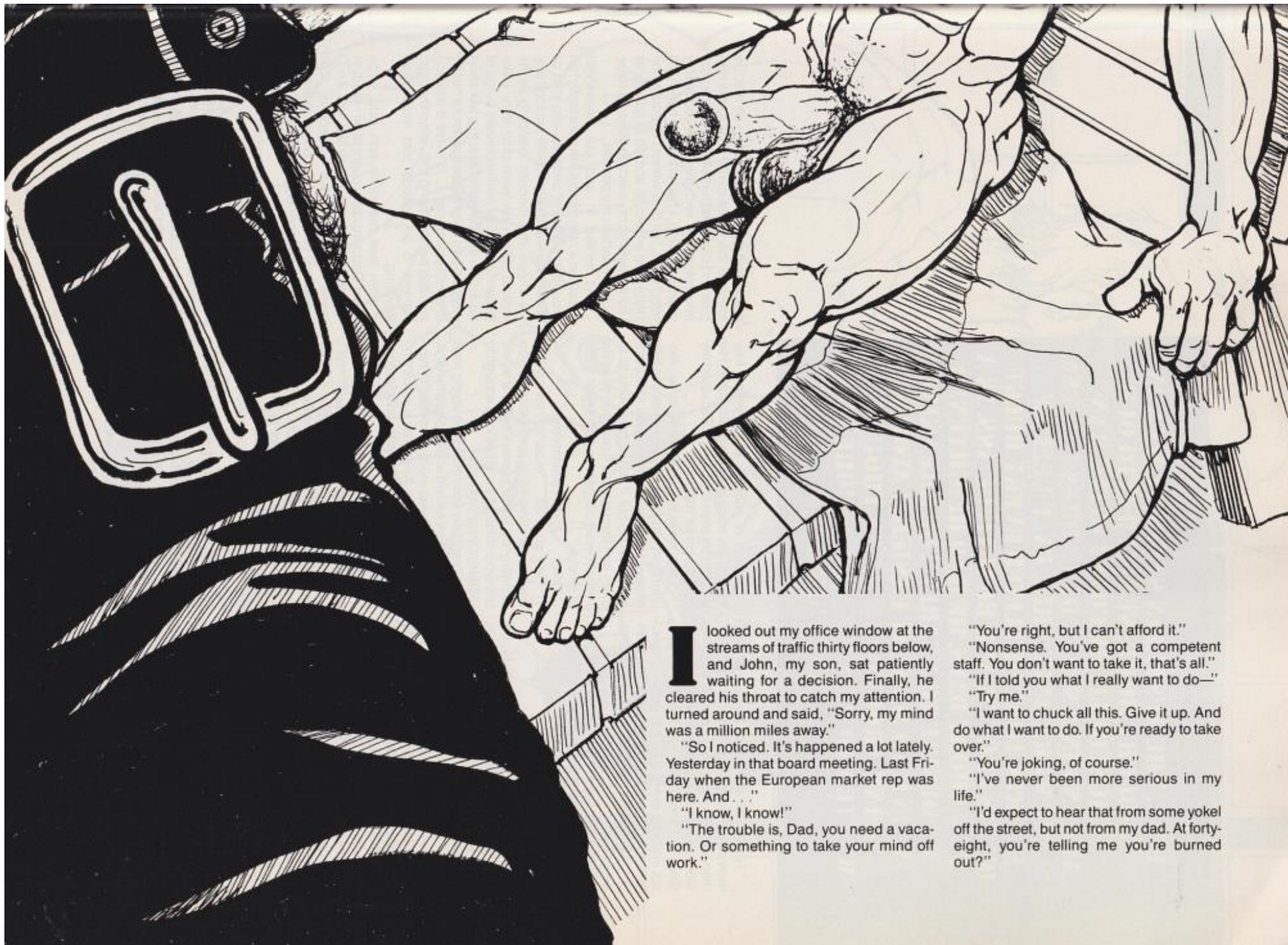


FOR MATURE  
READERS  
OVER THE  
AGE OF 18

# FOREIGN EXCHANGE

BY ROBERT RALPH • ART BY MATT





**I** looked out my office window at the streams of traffic thirty floors below, and John, my son, sat patiently waiting for a decision. Finally, he cleared his throat to catch my attention. I turned around and said, "Sorry, my mind was a million miles away."

"So I noticed. It's happened a lot lately. Yesterday in that board meeting. Last Friday when the European market rep was here. And..."

"I know, I know!"

"The trouble is, Dad, you need a vacation. Or something to take your mind off work."

"You're right, but I can't afford it."

"Nonsense. You've got a competent staff. You don't want to take it, that's all."

"If I told you what I really want to do—"

"Try me."

"I want to chuck all this. Give it up. And do what I want to do. If you're ready to take over."

"You're joking, of course."

"I've never been more serious in my life."

"I'd expect to hear that from some yokel off the street, but not from my dad. At forty-eight, you're telling me you're burned out?"

**ERIC, THE AUSTRIAN STUDENT MY SON BROUGHT HOME, SETTLED INTO OUR HOUSEHOLD. HE CONSTANTLY RAN AROUND IN A STATE OF UNDRESS. OFTEN HE WORE ONLY THIN, PALE-YELLOW SHORTS THAT OUTLINED EVERY BULGE OF HIS CROTCH AND BEAUTIFUL ASS. IN A FEW SHORT DAYS, HE HAD HEIGHTENED MY DESIRE TO NEARLY THE BREAKING POINT. TO MAKE IT EASIER, I AVOIDED BEING AROUND HIM, EVEN THOUGH I WANTED TO BE AROUND HIM MORE THAN ANYTHING.**

"No, but all my life I've done what was expected. I played football because my old man wanted it. I went to the schools my mother picked. I started in the stockroom at Standard Enterprises and worked my way up, learning every phase of our business. When required, I stepped in as Chairman of the Board. Signed, sealed, and delivered."

"Well, I'm not ready to tackle it yet. You need a change of pace. A diversion."

"What do you suggest?"

"You need a love interest."

"Fat chance."

"Well, you've always wanted to do something with your photography. Now that I'm grown . . . and Mother's gone . . . why don't you?"

"Too many people depend on me. But it does sound appealing. I'd like to do something I've always wanted, without any outside considerations." I looked out over the horizon. "I wish I could leave, for a while at least, and indulge myself." I dreamed a minute. "No, it's out of the question." John looked at me with a strange, almost devilish smile. "You're up to no good," I told him.

"I've got an idea," he said. "One that might solve your problem." He jumped for the door as I muttered a reply. "Don't ask, Dad. I'll fill you in on it, later."

When John returned home that evening, he brought a reluctant young man with him. The visitor wasn't overly tall but was very chunky, with knots of muscle bulging from his tight shirt. He wore European-cut walking shorts, exposing a magnificent set of thighs and calves, as well as a large box.

His mane of snarled, butter-yellow hair framed an appealing, angular face. His dark-green eyes instantly picked up on my admiration for his body.

"Dad, meet Eric. He's an Austrian student from school who needs a place to live, cheap. He was a part-time ski instructor last season, but it didn't pay enough to carry him through this academic year. So I volunteered our garage apartment. Free of charge."

"Well . . . I . . ." I stammered.

"He's an artist . . . of sorts. Having him here might serve as an inspiration for you to finally do some serious camera work, take your mind off the office long enough to recharge your batteries."

As I carefully scrutinized the young man with the thick accent and handsome face, I wondered if I was ready to cope with having him under foot. And I was curious why John thought he would be the inspiration I needed.

"I do hope it's not inconvenient," Eric said, genuinely concerned. His green eyes riveted on mine and a warm glow poured over me. I got extremely nervous.

John glanced at his watch. "Gosh, I'm late for my next class. Got to run. You'll have to show Eric his space. Just look at that face, Dad. I see the cover of GQ in that jaw line!"

"The apartment's out back," I said, picking up the nearest bag.

Once the sexy Austrian and I were alone, my knees began to shake. We were barely inside when Eric pulled off his shirt and wiped perspiration from his brow. His pecs were as angular as his cheekbones and

proportionately large. Staring at me, he touched the sweat-damp shirt to his nipples and caressed himself. I became very uncomfortable and the room suddenly seemed stifling. I had photos of him in my mind's eye, but they weren't GQ material! I mumbled an excuse and left as quickly as I could, holding my erection down by shoving my hands in my pockets.

Eric settled in and our household assumed a new routine. He constantly ran around in a state of undress—no shirt or underwear—and usually with unlaced tennis shoes, the tongues slapping as he walked. Often he wore only thin, pale-yellow shorts that outlined every bulge of his crotch and beautiful ass. In a few short days, he had heightened my desire nearly to the breaking point. To make it easier, I avoided being around him, even though I wanted to be around him more than anything.

John took me aside and said, "You know, Dad, you really ought to be friendlier to Eric. He thinks you don't like him. And I know he'd be a great subject for your camera. If you really don't care for him—"

"Why, nothing could be further from the truth."

"Well, at least try to be nicer. He's very sensitive."

"I'll do my best."

I set up my little darkroom with the best equipment I could lay my hands on and started to indulge myself. The creative energies flowed at an incredible speed. I took a week off from work and kept no particular schedule but photographed around the neighborhood until I was too exhausted



**THE YOUNG STUDENT WRITHED AND LOCKED HIS LEGS AROUND MY WAIST. MY DICK PRESSED AGAINST ERIC'S ASS, AND I GROPED AROUND THE NIGHTSTAND FOR THE KY. THE SECOND MY FINGERS TOUCHED HIM WITH A GOB OF THE LUBE, HE SLID AGAINST THEM. "YES, DO IT. SCREW ME NOW."**

to think straight. I was on a high like nothing I'd ever experienced before. Selling my work was another matter. I was determined not to capitalize on my family name, but to let my photos rise or fall on their own merit. I knew it was good work. Certainly better than average. And I knew it was saleable. But I couldn't find anyone to take the chance on an unknown. It didn't matter. Not really. I was having the time of my life, even though I knew it was to be a short-lived diversion.

My attraction for Eric grew daily. I tried to be friendly, but it was extremely difficult, since I wanted to be much more than friendly. He and John were together a lot, and I became convinced they might be having an affair. It sparked my jealousy, until John reminded me I was supposed to be friendlier to our house guest.

One Saturday afternoon, Eric was sprawled in a chaise in our secluded backyard, drinking in the sun, putting the finishing touches on a spectacular tan. He wore only the briefest salmon-colored trunks. I decided to ask him to pose for me, at long last. Deep down inside, I knew I had ulterior motives.

"Mind if I take a few shots, while you're just lying there?"

He stood up and stretched his sweat-slick body. "Of course not!" he said, warming to my friendly overture. "It's the very least I can do, after all your hospitality. I've been hoping that you'd ask."

In one swift move, he shucked the skimpy bathing suit and plunked himself down again, stark naked. It took me completely by surprise. He arranged his ballsac and draped that big cylinder of a dick limply across his muscle-corded thigh, then put his hands behind his neck and leaned back, grinning knowingly.

"Is there any particular way you want me?" he asked quietly, raising an eyebrow.

"No, no—you're fine," I stammered.

My gaze targeted his crotch, and his wry

grin became a broad smile. He pushed his hips forward and arranged his dick once more, tugging it slightly. It began to balloon, like it was filling with gas from an unseen source. It rose and fell and emitted a large puddle of pre-cum.

"Just tell me . . . how you want me," he said sensuously, his dick almost completely erect. "I'll do *whatever* you want me to."

"Just stay as you are," I managed.

"*Whatever* you want."

I tried to focus, but I was hypnotized by his cock stiffening and softening, moving back and forth, dribbling sticky liquid.

"Eric," I said at last, "thank you for your cooperation. But it's too hot out here to work."

"It is getting rather hot, isn't it?" he said.

"Indeed."

"Perhaps we should go inside," he suggested.

"Yeah."

He followed me into the house, his semi-erection flopping from side to side.

"I need to clean up," he remarked.

"Then . . . we can try again."

"Sure," I said, nodding towards my bathroom.

He made a lot of noise but didn't turn on the water. Finally, he stuck his head around the door and said, "I can't work this shower."

I remembered I'd installed one of those four-speed shower massagers on the nozzle, which confused him. "I'll show you how it works," I said.

"Good," he answered, as I turned on the water and adjusted the temperature.

He stepped into the tub, only inches from me, and my gaze traveled up and down his hard body, conditioned by countless hours on the ski slopes. It was hairless, except for the heavy bush around his long, pink, uncut cockmeat and pendulous balls.

"It's a shower massager," I explained, adjusting the flow of water to the correct

density.

I touched the stream lightly to his chest, and he gasped as I raked it slowly from nipple to nipple. The little darts of flesh hardened under the cascade. Eric groaned with pleasure.

"It is the most wonderful thing I ever felt!"

I splashed the water down his sides and over his thighs, tickling up his calves and into the crack of his broad ass. He shut his eyes and purred like a lion. I couldn't control myself and let the caressing stream crawl to his front again and took a swipe at his ballsac. Instantly, it drew up and his dick lurched. As I flicked the jets along the shaft, it swelled from the titillation. I continued spraying until he got a roaring hard, the big head shoving through the ring of uncut flesh, glazed by the continuous flow.

Eric clenched his fists and kept groaning as I worked faster and faster, increasing the force until water was spraying everywhere, stroking his dick in a flurry of motion. I knew I should stop, but I was fascinated by that huge erection responding to my attack.

Suddenly, Eric's face contorted and he began gasping, a low moan steadily rising in pitch. I hammered away at the tip of his dick. He turned to face me and screamed wildly as cum spurted a good two feet into the air and struck my chest. It burned through my shirt for a second and then grew cold. The milky spray kept peppering me, and Eric kept yelling in pleasure. When his dick began to soften, I handed him the implement.

"I think you can see how it works."

"Yes," he said smiling. "I understand a lot more . . . now." He hung the massager on its hook and began unbuttoning my sticky shirt.

"God, I want you! I want you!" he whispered, pulling at my buttons. "I've waited too long!" He ground his mouth against mine.



## FOREIGN EXCHANGE

Without separating, we managed to get my clothes off, strewing them from the bathroom to the bedroom. There wasn't time to take off my socks. Eric writhed and locked his legs around my waist, moaning fiercely, tonguing the inside of my mouth. My dick pressed against his ass, and I

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groped around the nightstand for the KY and got a handful before dropping the tube. The second my fingers touched him with a gob of it, he slid against them.

"Yes, yes, yes... do it... now... oh, God, do it now! Screw me! Now!"

I was ready. I felt for the opening and pressed against it. I'm pretty big across the head, but he accommodated me easily. We fit together like we were tailor-made for each other. I got all the way in before he went berserk, thrashing and tossing from side to side, groaning like a wild man. At first, I wasn't sure if it was pleasure or pain, but the smile on his face answered that question for me. I slowly ground in and out and around, in time with his frantic gyrations.

"Oh, God," he moaned, "it's so good, so fucking good!"

He raked his fingers up and down my back, bit my neck and earlobes, yanked my hair, shoved his ass harder against me. I kept stroking, and licked his neck. His body began the wildest contortions yet, and I thought sure we'd roll off the bed. He threw his head back as I pushed my dick all the way inside and found paydirt.

"Oh, God!" he cried. "That's it, that's the place! Oh, God! Oh, God, I'm coming! I'm coming!"

His nails dug into my shoulder and he unloaded wads of thick, steaming cum all over us. I trembled with excitement as I forced my own hot load inside him. As it rushed against the tortured walls of his ass, he screamed and locked his legs around my back. We shook all over and rolled from side to side, mashing KY on the sheets, throwing pillows half way across the room. When our wracked bodies finally cooled down, we lay holding each other, Eric running his hands through my hair.

"Our bodies seem to fit together pretty well," I said.

"That's an understatement." He smiled. "Does that mean I can stay a while longer?"

"You just try and leave," I said and

kissed him.

Next morning at breakfast, we were touching toes under the table. He ran one foot up my leg and I got an instant hard. He felt it with his foot. Not one word was spoken. I shoved the table aside and pulled him out of the chair. My mouth crushed against his, and my hands tugged at his shorts. In my haste, I popped every button off and ripped one side. The only lubricant handy was the butter on the table, but it worked fine. Madness, utter madness. Sheer animal passion. Rolling over and over, coming wildly amid our mutual cries and the sound of breaking dishes as we overturned the table. Wild and wonderful.

Lying on the floor, calming down, I whispered, "I love you, Eric. I love you like crazy."

"That's good," he replied.

We heard a commotion in the hall and scurried to put the room in some semblance of order before John sleepily wandered in.

"What the hell's going on?" he asked.

"We're just..." I began.

"Getting better acquainted," Eric finished.

"Well, you're sure making a hell of a lot of noise doing it," John said. "But I'm glad."

"So am I," Eric answered.

"Does this mean you're finally going to get down to some serious camera work, Dad?"

They both looked at me. Eric and I winked at each other.

"I think it does," I said. "It also means I've finally gotten down to something else you thought I needed."

"Like what?" John asked coyly.

"Like a love interest, you conniving little fag."

Eric laughed. "Like father, like son," he said.

"Wait a minute. You haven't been fooling around with my son as well as with me, have you, Eric? I'm the old-fashioned type. I don't go in for that sort of—"

"Neither does your son, Pop. Neither does Eric. Believe me, he only has eyes for you."

"That is not all I have for your father, John. I also—"

"Never mind," John interrupted. "None of that kind of talk while I'm around."

"Then if you'll excuse us..." I said, rising from the table and gesturing for Eric to follow.

Apart from what we consumed in bed, Eric's and my next meal was a midnight, candle-lit supper, graciously prepared and served by my romantic but ever-so-proper son, for whose benefit Eric and I struggled—fairly successfully—to behave ourselves in the dining room. ■

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