

SEARCH FOR THE WORLD'S BIGGEST MEAT!

INSIDE:
50 INCHES OF
CENTERFOLDS!

AUGUST 1985

\$3.95 FDC 51380

INCHES

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN WHO THINK BIG

**FALCON'S
13³/₄" BLACK
STALLION!**

**BIGGER THAN
JOHN HOLMES!**

EXCLUSIVE: BLUEMOVIE NEWCOMER CHRIS THOMPSON IS 'GETTING OFF CAMPUS'!

**THE WORLD'S No.1
BIG BEEF MAG!**



INSIDE

INCHES

VOLUME 1 • NUMBER 4

AUGUST 1985

- 8** **TOM MARTIN.** Tall, dark and big!
- 14** **TRUE CONFESSIONS.** A reader recalls the biggest dick he ever had!
- 16** **PORNSET DIARY.** Filming Adam & Co's "Modern Men—Modern Toys."
- 22** **MEASURING UP.** What's noticeable, notable, and what's not.
- 24** **JUAN CRUZ.** Old Reliable's Puerto Rican stallion!
- 32** **HOROSCOPE.** Is this your *Inches* month?
- 34** **"GETTING OFF CAMPUS."** Chris Thompson & Pat Allen together!
- 40** **GLORYHOLE!** What goes on through holes in toilet walls is hot!
- 46** **O.G. JOHNSON.** Falcon's black stallion is bigger than John Holmes!
- 58** **COMICS.** Buff's X-rated adventures in the big city!
- 62** **MANTALK.** Writer Jack Fritscher meets the Adams boys!
- 64** **SKIP DAILY.** J. Brian's newest "Golden Guy"!
- 70** **ASK INCHES.** Sex questions & problems answered fast!
- 72** **SIZING UP.** Measuring malemovies on the *INCHES* ruler.
- 74** **"SLEAZE MASTER" EXPOSE.** Christopher Rage finally lays Johnny Rivera!
- 80** **MAX MONTOYA.** Adam & Co.'s topskin-dicked stud!
- 92** **MEAT MARKET.** X-rated ads from readers who want to *meat* you!

PUBLISHER / GEORGE MAVETY
EDITOR / BOB JOHNSON
ART DIRECTOR / SABIN
EDITORIAL ASST. / MILT VAN SICKLE

CIRCULATION DIRECTOR / FRED MANAS
V.P. ADVERTISING / DON BEAVERS
(212) 691-7700

Cover photo: Chris Thompson by Spike Video

CHARTER MEMBER



INCHES MAGAZINE (ISSN #8758-6338), August 1985, Volume 1, Number 4. Published monthly by Inches, Inc., PO Box 7836, Van Nuys, CA 91409. Copyright ©1985 by Mavety Media Group Ltd. This publication is published under license from Mavety Media Group Ltd. Distributed worldwide by the Flynt Distributing Company, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Advertising offices: 11th Floor, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10013 (212) 691-7700. Editorial offices: PO Box 7836, Van Nuys, CA 91409. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited manuscripts. All rights in letters sent to INCHES will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and are subject to INCHES' right to edit and comment editorially. Any similarity between the people and places in the fiction in this magazine and any real people and places is purely coincidental. All photos posed for by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos, nor words used to describe them, are meant to depict the actual conduct or personalities of the models. Nothing appearing in INCHES Magazine may be reprinted either wholly or in part without written permission. Subscriptions: U.S., Possessions, APO and FPO—\$32.00 for one year. Canada and Foreign—\$41.00 for one year. Canadian and Foreign subscriptions should be remitted by International Money Order in U.S. funds. Single Copies—\$3.95 (add \$1.05 for postage and handling). Send subscription correspondence to INCHES Subscription Department, PO Box 7836, Van Nuys, CA 91409. Notify subscription department of change of address at least 6 weeks in advance. Please include new address and mailing label from most recent issue. Inches is a trademark of Mavety Media Group Ltd. Printed in the U.S.A. All rights reserved. (Note: Subscriber lists are never rented or sold.)



Writer Fritscher gets an earful from the Adams boys

"I wanted both those big, young, redneck dicks."

Believe it or not, I just finished with the Adams Boys. Or was it, they just finished with me? No need to stretch the truth where Mike and Wolf, Mr. and Mrs. Adams' long-stemmed sons, are concerned. They're hillbilly half-brothers, hung big, with 21 inches of cock between them. They got Southern drawls, you-all's, and meat enough to make the South rise again!

"How big you want it?" Mike asked. "Drooping down or all the way up?"

"Show me that monster cock."

Mike licked his palm and stroked the shaft of his thick pud hanging low between his thighs. His wet hand made slap-slap on his meat. I focused on him through the viewfinder of my video camera. His big soft penis grew hard, blood rushing to fill the longest, thickest cock I'd seen in a long time, longest and thickest except for his half-brother's equally long, thick dick. The Adams boys are an embarrassment of riches in the long, thick, hick-prick department. My mouth watered.

"Y'all want me to kick in?" Wolf asked.

"Hit it."

This was supposed to be a hot videotape of two brothers, both hung too big to be missed, jerking off together, wearing boxer shorts and smoking cigars. A fetish film if ever there was one. Jerk off, shorts, cigars—but most of all, not just one boy, but two brothers, each dragging 10½ inches.

They're so unusual!

ANTALK

By JACK FRITSCHER

Mike and Wolf stood over my face, beyond the camera lens, flopping out their meat, comparing one dick to the other, moseying up to full hardon the way they always had back in their old Kentucky home. True exhibitionists.

"Our daddy always said we ain't neither of us got no shame," Wolf said.

"Who could be ashamed of all that," I said. "Is your daddy hung as big as you?"

"He's the same," Wolf said.

"No. He ain't," Mike said. "He's bigger."

These mountain boys were tall, lean, and lanky. And they loved hanky-panky.

I moved the camera in for a tight close-up. Both big blond dicks sported huge shafts and big heads. Veins wrapped around both dicks almost identically. The glisten and shine of spit and lube wet their palms. Their balls slapped between their young thighs. My mouth ached to swing on both pieces of meat right down to the root.

"You guys ever go down on each other?"

"Shit no, man. We leave that to guys like you. Most we ever do is kick back and jerk off together."

"Is this a sound movie?" Wolf asked.

"I'm catching every word you say."

"Damn!" Mike said. "My prick is burnin' up!" The head of his blond dick flushed purple from the pressure.

Wolf pulled his shaft from the head to the base, catching up, keeping pace. The bodyscape of their crotches looked like two valleys with twin missiles powering up to full blast-off. A man could taste the thick loads of cum triggering up in their long rods.

"You want us to cum beating off?" Wolf asked.

"Or you want to suck us off?" Mike offered.

Talk about a sexual dilemma!

Wolf was hot. "You want to suck . . . or wha-a-a-t?" he drawled, sounding for all the world like Brad Davis playing Sonny Butts, the good-looking, degenerate young

Southern sheriff in the movie "Chiefs."

I wanted both those big, young, redneck dicks. Did I want their cum on camera or did I want it in my mouth? One way I could rerun it and cum many times. The other way I could taste the firm clots of the real thing.

Mike bailed me out. "We both can shoot more 'n once," he said. He was matter-of-fact, the way supremely potent young cocksman are.

"Cum on camera," I said. "I'll take care of you later."

As if I'd dropped a checkered flag, they both stood in front of my video cam, revving up to a bad-ass cum. Their hips pumped. Their butts tightened. Their hands slapped dick. They rocked, swayed, and spit-palmed the huge circumference and length of their enormous cocks. Mike moaned first. His fist clenched tight around the base of his cock. His first spurt of white, gelatinous cum set off the cum in Wolf's dick. Thick white clots rained down from both dicks, landing hot on my naked thighs, as I knelt videotaping in front of them. One of them came as much as two and both of them together, way more than four. The bigger the gun, the larger the load.

The scene looks dynamite on videotape: Two hillbilly brothers, very Appalachian in the looks department, swinging two unusually kingsized pieces of wild mountain meat.

Without even a breather, Mike asked. "You ready now?"

"We're ready," Wolf said.

I licked my lips.

They stayed hard, working their cocks with their hands, while I rooted around their balls, sniffing their sweet sweat, licking my way first up Mike's cock, then Wolf's. Then back. Chowling down finally, alternating one dick with the other, feeling the huge cylinders of cock strain the opening of my mouth, dropping my jaw to suck down deeper, choking and gagging, all the way from the tip to the base, defying my throat, intent upon taking two verifiably measured 10½-inches down to their base, until my head was filled with cock, big

continued on page 87

MANTALK

continued from page 62

cock, two big cocks, one after the other, both cramming their dicks down my throat, holding my head, pumping my face, cuming, first one and then the other, deep down my throat, cum exploding out of my nose, runing out of my mouth, my eyes watering for the total experience of two brothers, together, feeding me more meat than I've ever seen on

"The bigger the gun, the larger the load."

any two men in recent memory.

"He liked it," Mike said.

"I know he liked it," Wolf said.

They both lay back with their still-hard dicks flopped up, navel-height, against their tight bellies.

"You want anything else?" Wolf asked.

"Yeah," I said. "I want a Trophy Shot."

"What's that?" Mike asked.

"I want to put my 35mm still camera on cable release and shoot the two of you hanging your dicks across my face, so I can have proof I really had two 10½-inch dicks at least once in my life. I want to hang us over my fireplace mantel."

They liked the idea. They stood over me as I sat in front of the camera. Click. They laid their dicks like huge roll bars across my face. Click. They clowned around. Click. They each stuck their hard 10½-inch cocks into my ears. Click. Two brothers. Click. 21 inches. Click. My face. Click.

© 1985 Jack Fritscher

ED. NOTE: The Adams Brothers are real. If you want to see them in action, hot photos and color slides and a 30-minute color/sound videotape, write Old Reliable, 626 N. Wilcox, #107, Hollywood, CA 90028.