

Jon King—the discovery of the year at play

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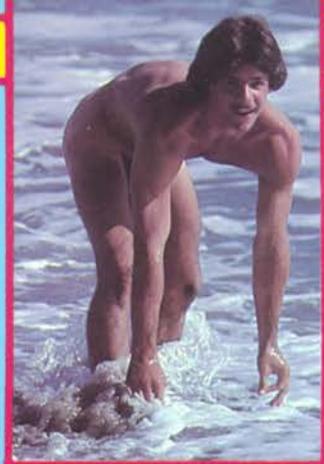
Choice pix: Buster's ongoing sexual adventures

Higgins' unknowns get a chance at stardom

Scott Nichols—the blond surfer everyone wants

Just Men

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1 \$6.00



NEW FACES (AND BODIES)

The blue movie screen needs new discoveries, and the studios are scrambling!



PREMIERE ISSUE!

Just Men

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1

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Scott Nichols pairs up with Jamie Wingo in a knock-your-sox-off scene from Studio TCS' "Summer Fantasy," a late summer entry in the blue movie sweepstakes.

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Even **Jon King** needs a day of rest now and then

**B&W
DOUBLEFUCK**

Photo/William Higgins Productions

**"Once entered, I'm
the ham in
their sandwich."**

FICTION

By JACK FRITSCHER

Double your pleasure. Double your fun. That's my theme song. When my butt gets horny, one dick won't do when a man can have two. Ain't nothing like an interracial doublefuck. Yeah. Figure the gymnastics. How three guys can climb into the sack, and two of them can stroke up their hard cocks to full throbbing hardons that, righteously greased, can together slip, slide, and ram into the third guy's stretch-hole. Feels good up the butt. Feels super-good to the two studs chute-fucking together. They get the hot, tight asshole squeezing their two dicks together. They get the pleasure of each other's hot cock rubbing wet and slick against their own meat while they doublefuck their buddy's butt. Ain't nothing like a big hung white boy, and a huge hung black stud, double-pumping their not-gonna-take-No-for-an-answer equipment up a groaning honky ass.

Hank is all western muscle. Rufe is all Manhattan hustle.

Common sense may tell me that a man's lust should exceed his physical capacity—or what's a heaven for. But the day I found that my butt could handle what my head craved—a great big good old black-and-white doublefuck, I figured common sense had never been my strong suit. I wouldn't know how to stop it if I could. I don't know if it's worth stopping. Some men do some things; others, others. Double-fucking is what I respond to. Not necessarily all the time. Because it just ain't that easy to find. I prefer, sexually, the energy of men. Nothing strikes me better than to have two energy sticks plugging deep up into my socket—except maybe three. But I can't figure the gymnastics on how to accommodate that number. And besides, *The Guinness Book* is missing a section on sex.

So for now, I'll settle for one, namely me, divided by two, namely Hank and Rufe.

Hank is long, lean, and lanky with one of those big-headed long prongs that swings halfway down his slightly bowed legs. A handsome fucker. He shows what he knows he's got. He likes to straddle my chest and drop his dick in close to my face. For study purposes, he says. He sports the stallion length needed to perform a doublefuck. And his cowboy body is hard enough to back up the promise of his dick with

some special delivery. Hank strokes his meat with the air of authority that comes when a guy realizes he's a sexual Olympic athlete. And real good at all events. In fact, Hank likes the challenge of offbeat sex. The crazier stuff gets, the longer he stays hard. For a rough-and-ready redneck, he can fuck like a mink; he can just keep right on fucking and fucking and fucking, until that certain offbeat beatoff something clicks in his head, and the scene turns wild enough for him to go for his fucking nut.

Rufe, who calls himself the biggest hung black stud in town, is just bad enough to make Hank real crazy about slipping his white pole up against Rufe's black shaft. Something about that nigger spit on those two cocks. Something about that honky hawker wetting those two rods. Something about a tight white butthole ready to be used, abused, and double-loaded with two scoops of red hot cum, when it's

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finally pumped out of those black and white hoses. Ain't neither man a lazy lover. Or an easy comer. Both last long in the sack.

What was it Rufe said to Hank the last time they drove over to stick it to me? "We gonna be fuckin' this Wish-bone all night. You take one leg, bro. And I'll take the other. And when we both get ready to cum, let's make a wish and puuuuuuuuu!"

Rufe paid his dues in Times Square, before he followed his cock to Southern California. "Hollywood is a circus, man," he says. "But at least it's the Big Top." He likes the view of L.A. from my apartment above Sunset. I like the view of his dick hanging in my face. Because I like to see, smell, caress, and lick big hunky nigger dick up to full potent fucking size, just so I can memorize for sure the quality of the quantity that's gonna shove its big way toward equal opportunity with a redneck wang right on up my grinning butthole.

Let me be perfectly clear. Just because some of the words I use haven't been spoken lately hardly makes me a bigot. Redneck, nigger, cocksucker. Fuck. Maybe I'm perverse. But just saying some of those "forbidden" words is almost as much an erotic hardon as is actually fucking with a nigger and a redneck. Shit. When Hank and Rufe have me balanced between them, ready for the entry of first one, and then the other, I look up, and I see two hot men made all the hotter by the mix of their ethnic looks. Any man who denies that interracial fucking doesn't provide at least some turnon has a screw missing—in more ways than one. And a good screw it is too. Especially when it's doublefuck time in the OK Corral!

Hank likes to slow-drip spit in my mouth. He makes me get down and wash out the inside of Rufe's big uncut meat. Hank's main hardon is forcing me to service nigger dick. He gets up and ready for doublefucking by making me lick and suck on Rufe's big black rod. Pushing my face down into those tight wirey pubic hairs. Choking on the beer-can thickness of that big-knobbed cock. Making me sniff and lick and suck and tongue deep up inside that sweet black butt. Ain't no butts in America built with the pitch and fullness of nigger butt. Rufe's big dick gets hard at the feel of a white trash tongue sucking his cheeks, cleaning up under his big Mandingo balls, and eating his big slab of dark meat. Altogether, the three of us turn on with the kind of heat that makes the all-American melting pot positively boil.

Fully hard, Hank lays back on the bed. His big country-western dick slick wet. "Get on it," he orders. I look at the size of it. "You heard the man," Rufe says, standing at the bedside, a massive black tower of dick, chest, shoulders, arms. Rufe puts his big black hand, with the hard long nigger nails and the pink palm, on the back of my neck. "Sit on the man's dick," he orders. He half lifts me. Half drops me down on the redneck meat. Cock as big as Hank's ought to be enough for any asshole.

But not where these guys are concerned.

Hank pushes up and in with his muscular hips. Inch by fucking inch his knob and shaft disappear. Rufe beats

his meat. Long mean strokes. Hank's dick is shoved in for the volume of the fuck. Rufe readies his dick for the hardballing action. Stuffed full of cowboy cock, my ass is spit on, greased, and I'm bent over toward Hank's belly and chest, while Rufe climbs in between Hank's spread legs, and aims his big cock straight at my stuffed hole. The feel of the head of his dick against my stretched pucker sparks like black fire. He slaps my cheeks. Once. "Relax." Twice. "Open up." Then the head of his dick, slipping in alongside Hank's probe, gains a hold on the ring of my ass. Once the knobhead of that nigger roots itself in a butt, hang on. He starts the slow slick slide, shaft to shaft with Hank, up inside my butt, until their cocks are nestled like two hard hot animals, and their big balls are hanging wet and sweaty and loaded for the cum that some righteous fucking will pump out.

The double entry is the calm before the storm. The double entry is enough to make my dick harden and drip with pre-lube. But the double entry is nothing compared to the doublefuck. Once positioned. Once entered. I'm the

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ham in their sandwich. With Hank under me, twisting my tits, and grinning his big white-toothed cowboy grin right in my face, and with Rufe behind me, slapping my butt and holding my hips in place, there's no way I can get off Hank's monster cock, and absolutely no way I can get my butthole away from the jabs, rams, and in-and-out deep slide of Rufe's conquering meat. These boys have got their timing down. They fuck me till they agree they're both ready to cum, and then I about die when they both start jamming the full length and circumference of their dicks all the way in, wrapping their arms around me and toward each other, until I'm practically crushed, suffocated, between their big heaving bodies, with only enough play left between my cock and Hank's belly to rub my dick till I shoot, with my asshole stuffed with two cocks still throbbing with the last of their red hot cum.

Common sense may tell me all kinds of stuff about a man's lust; but nothing speaks louder to me than a good old black-and-white doublefuck. Amen.

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