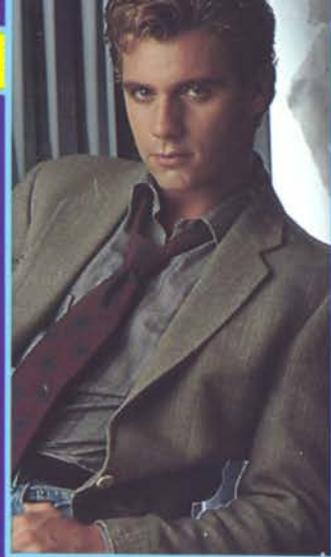


**Buster-The hot blond just gets hotter with age!**

**HCI**

# Just Men



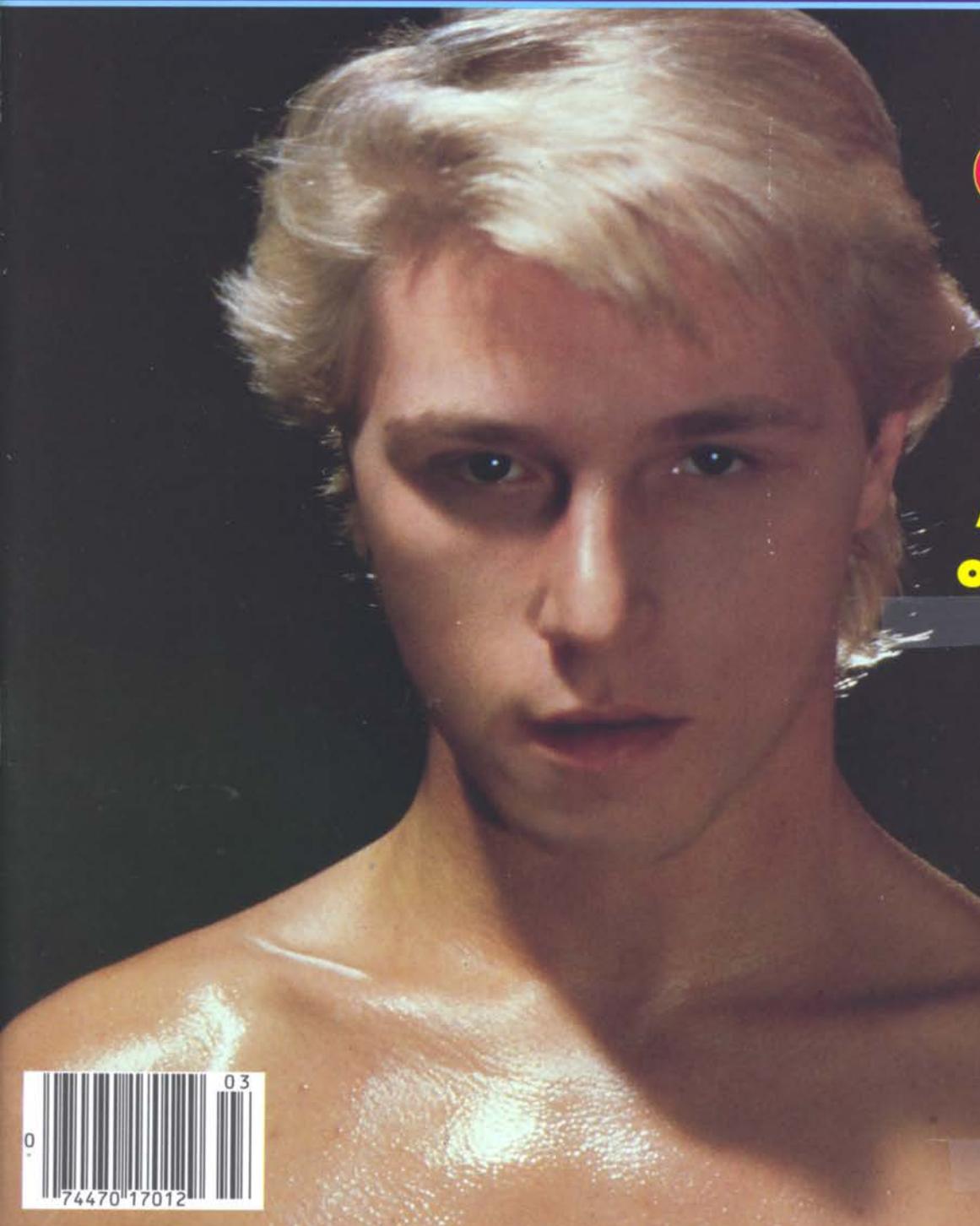
First pix—  
French filmmaker Cadinot  
X-poses a Paris boys home!

Sneak preview— Spring's  
sizzling male movie lineup!

Jon King 'unretires'— for  
one night & for good reason!

VOLUME 3, NUMBER 3

\$6.00



**HERE  
COMES  
DANE  
FORD!**

**Leo's 'little  
brother' is  
'GETTING IT'  
on screen too!**



**THE WORLD'S #1  
HARDON MALEMAG!**

# Just Men

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### ON THE COVER

Blond malemovie vet **Leo Ford's** "little brother" **Dane** snuck in the X-rated backdoor while Leo wasn't looking, and proves it in this issue's exclusive pictures from his debut film "Getting It." And if Dane can handle 16 gangbusters in the same night, it appears the business has yet another hot blond pornstar on its hands!

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Jon King, 44

ON THE BEACH, THE HOT SUN AND SHIMMERING SAND  
ARE NO MATCH FOR THE HEAT & LIGHT BURNING IN  
YOUNG MEN'S BODIES ...

# CALIFORNIA BOYS!

By JACK FRITSCHER

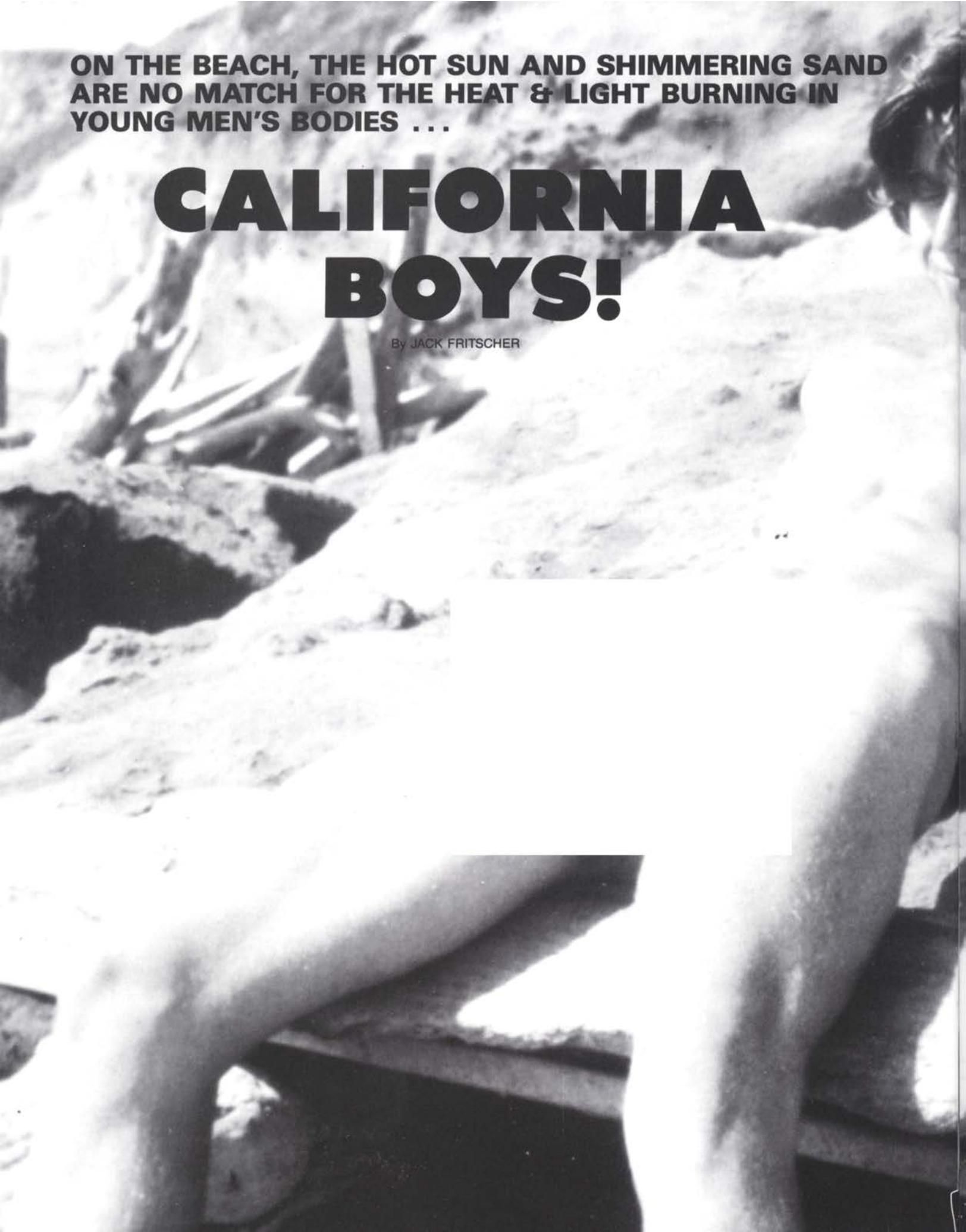




Photo: Brian

## FICTION

### "He wiped the head of his meat across Carl's tongue."

The Southern California sun melted into Scott's lean blond torso. The ocean wind blowing in against the high rocky cliffs cooled the beads of sweat and suntan oil glistening on his inner thighs. He lay alone on the deserted beach. He was nearly naked. His hands groped, rubbed, and stroked the pouch of his bright red Speedos. He liked the big-bulged feel of his balls and his half-hard cock. His dick was almost as laidback as his head on this morning when he had split from the rollerballing zoo in Venice Beach where the skateboarders roared along the strand dodging the skaters with their headphones, all of them maneuvering past the hulking bodybuilders hunkering shirtless in their tight shorts and enormous white gymshoes.

Scott had awakened that El Lay morning with the alarm, thought twice about it, rolled over naked from his belly to his back on the sheets for a few more winks, and woke up an hour later with the pressure of his hardon pointing straight toward the ceiling. The sun blazed through the windows of his sleeping loft. On the wall hung a full-color poster of the Redhot Chili Peppers. They were New Wave beachboys, younger, blonder, and definitely more muscular than the old Dennis Wilson group of Beach Boys from the '60s. He had beat off to their dynamite video on MTV. He dug their music as much as he liked their shirtless, tanned, athletic look. They were like guys he knew. Shoot! They were like him.

He stretched his naked body. Thought what the hell! Walked to the phone in the hall, with his morning hardon bobbing against his belly, dialed the beachfront restaurant where he worked near Gold's Gym, and called in "well."

"Everybody," he said into the phone, "always calls in sick to get a day off. I'm calling in well. Sort of a mental-health day."

His boss, the oldest working lesbian on the California coast, laughed. "You're all my boys," she said. "Enjoy!"

He said, "Thanks."

She said, "But tomorrow I intend to work your buns off."

Lying alone on the windswept sand, he didn't doubt but that she would. He dozed in and out of a dream. His hand scratched the itch in the crotch of his red Speedos. He wanted his buns worked off okay. His ass

puckered for the redhot chili pepper hanging between the legs of the guy strutting through his beachdream: a hunky, hung, big-blond lifeguard prodding him awake with his sand-covered foot that led up his sunbronzed body to a pair of mirrored sunglasses shielding his handsome face haloed with a mane of sweat-wet blond hair. The dream made his dick harden.

His daydream doze of eyes cruising him, he remembered later, floated up from some erotic intuition that he was, in fact, being watched as he lay, slathered with Coppertone, on his towel in the sand. He slowly opened his eyes against the glare.

He felt a presence.

His eyes searched along the high rock cliffs. The cove of this beach was deserted. There was no one. But then, suddenly, in the heat-shimmering brightness there was. On the path along the lip of the cliff, a guy straddled a sleek bicycle. His big basket hung down the oceanside of the bike frame. He fuck-rocked his hips back and forth along the tubular bar between the seat and the handlebars, rubbing his dick hard. His rod tented the crotch of the tight black stretch shorts that bicyclists wear snug around their strong butts and stronger thighs. He was more than staring at Scott. He was cruising him.

Scott groped himself again. He wanted to show the cyclist he was interested. The guy lowered his gloved hand and groped his own crotch.

It was man-to-man semaphore more ancient than Greece.

The guy kicked his leg over the bike and knocked it up on its stand.

They teased each other in anticipation as the cyclist climbed down the cliff. Scott lay back on his big beach blanket, stroking his hardon up to full welcome. The cyclist was blond, built, and handsome. He was the kind of young jock a guy would figure for a natural athlete. Scott had dreamed of a lifeguard. This dude, he figured, was close enough.

The cyclist stalked like a panther down the path through the cliff rocks: slow, intense, aggressive. The sea breeze blew cool around the heated whirlwind of his sexy approach. He knelt next to Scott, rubbing his own cock, and feeling up the hard hidden rod, ripe and ready inside Scott's Speedos.

*continued on page 40*

## CALIFORNIA BOYS

*continued from page 37*

Scott palmed the lean cyclist butt, and lay back, as the guy straddled his sun-hot thighs, and fingered and tongued his way up Scott's belly, licking the sweat and sweet oil, biting his nipples, and then landing full bodypress on top of Scott, pressing their mouths together, sliding his tongue deep down Scott's throat. His breath was fresh and sweet.

Their dicks rubbed hard together. Nylon Speedos against nylon bike shorts. The cyclist, pulling his face back from Scott, eclipsed the brilliant sun with his head. "My name's Carl," he whispered. His hand without more introduction, pulled Scott's dick from his trunks. Scott reached in turn for the hard cock he wanted in his own mouth and ass.

They slowstripped each other's lithe young bodies naked.

Alone together on the sandy beach, they rolled into an easy 69. Their soft mouths sucked down on their hard dicks. Past lips and tongue, they pulled their juicy cocks down the warm backs of their deep throats. Carl spread his hands and feet to a "push-up" position over Scott's body and drove his cock down deep into his mouth. He was strong as a highschool wrestler. He pumped out the pushups, fucking Scott's face, driving his thick dick deep down his throat. Scott's own big blond dick rose straight up over the twin eggs of his almost hairless balls.

On his every downward swoop, Carl dove mouthfirst down on Scott's dick, ramming it hard into his own hot wet throat.

They facefucked like twin pistons.

Carl pressed out the pushups like a mean machine. His arms and chest and thighs pumped with lean muscle. He was a young athlete whose lower body was built by cycling; he worked his upper body with close to a thousand pushups a day. He pumped out a silent cadence, rising on his strong arms and legs almost weightless, pulling his sucking mouth off Scott's dick, pulling his rockhard dick from Scott's sucking lips. Spit and sweat wet their shafts. On the upstroke, juice dripped from Carl's dick into Scott's face; long gossamer strands of seclude stretched down from Carl's mouth to Scott's dick, and ran down Scott's balls. Carl slammed down. Scott bucked up. Their event was Olympic.

Carl rode as hard as he ever rode his bike, or any horse back where he had been raised in Montana. They were a match for each

## "They facefucked like twin pistons."

other. Young and strong. Blond on blond. Pumping hard body into hard body. Picking up rhythms one from the other. Both thrusting and sucking with the pounding rhythms of the sea crashing in on the rocks around them in the cove. They sucked long and deep, until, finally, Carl, winded by the workout, dropped panting, the full-length of his body on top of Scott.

For a sweet while they lay in each other's arms, breathing hard together, their thick cocks pressed between them, harder than their breathing. The warm breeze cooled the sweat of their exertion. Scott pushed his hips up against Carl. Carl pushed back and they began a long slow bellyrub. Their hard meat sliding together from groin to navel in the slick sandwich of their washboard bellies. Their arms wrapped in tight embrace around one another's shoulders, pumping out the deep groans of grinding adolescent sex.

The blond cocks throbbed together, smoothed through their mutual sweat, excited through the soft blond down of their teenage groins. Their sensual rhythms rose to impassioned bellybucking.

The blanket beneath them, driven by the force of their bellyfuck, twisted and tucked deep into the sand.

They squeezed body to body, chest to chest, nipple to nipple, navel to navel, thigh to thigh, cock to cock.

Their mouths sucked tongue.

Carl rose up to his knees over Scott's body. "I'm gonna cum!" His voice was intense. He straddled Scott's shoulders, resting his butt light on his chest. His huge blond dick, thick-veined, stood erect and throbbing over Scott's face held tight between his muscular thighs.

Scott felt the shadow of the enormous rod fall across his sweaty face. Carl took his meat in both his hands and pumped it hard. Its mushroom crown knobbed big above Carl's twofisted grip. He opened his mouth. Wide.

Bucking like a young Marine in the sun, Carl beat his meat, arching his body back, shouting into the seabreeze, shooting the

load of his thick, white, gelatinous cum across Scott's face and hungry tongue. His shining body jerked with the quake of young ejaculation. One last thick clot of white cum drooled out the head of his dick. He rammed it down deep into Scott's throat, and, with it buried there, rolled over on his back into the hot sand, pulling Scott up on top of him, without ever taking his dick from Scott's hungry mouth.

Scott swallowed the last thick drop and pulled up off of Carl's dick. The heaving blond's meat flopped, still throbbing, back across his body, stretching up past his navel. Scott's own cock was cusped on cuming. Exactly as Carl had straddled his face, he climbed across the panting cyclist's chest, tucking Carl's head between his thighs.

"Cum on me!" Carl's mouth was hungry. "Shoot your load on me!" He opened his mouth and stretched out his hungry tongue.

Scott dragged his hard cock across Carl's face. With one hand he held Carl's thrashing head steady by his blond hair. With the other, he pulled his dick, teasing, stretching it from its head down to its root, exhibiting its full length and thickness. He dragged the weight of his cock repeatedly across Carl's open face. Then he squeezed his meat down, holding it tight around its base to show off the stiff arc of its magnificent jut.

"Shoot your cum on me!"

He held Carl's head down by the hair and aimed the long thickness of his cock at the target of the wideopen mouth. He wiped the head of his meat across Carl's tongue. He gritted his teeth. He pumped his meat. He felt the hot cum rising from his nuts, flowing like lava up the volcano of his cock. He pulled Carl's head back by the hair and squeezed his cheeks between his thighs. He was grinding the cum out of his guts. "Take it!" he said. "Take it!"

Carl's mouth opened wide.

Scott groaned, convulsed, and spewed the thick clots of his white juicy cum deep into Carl's mouth. He jammed his cock down Carl's hot and hungry throat, choking him to ecstasy with the length of his fat blond dong.

If anyone had been watching them from the high rocks above, they froze into an almost painterly scene: two boys in hot blond fuck, poised in the golden sand against the blue ocean and the bluer sky. For a long while they remained locked together, stockstill in the hot sun: Scott kneeling over Carl's face, his dick buried deep in his sucking mouth, both of them panting from exertion.

Finally the breeze cooled them. Scott rolled off Carl's body and they lay flat on their backs next to each other, silent in the sand, with their stillhard dicks glistening in the Southern California sun.

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*ED. NOTE: "Corporal in Charge of Taking Care of Captain O'Malley and Other Stories," and "Leather Blues," are two new works of fiction by one of Just Men's contributing writers, Jack Fritscher. Both are available in bookstores, but if you prefer discreet mailorder, and/or wish personalized copies, signed and dated by the author, at the regular cover price, both "Corporal in Charge" (at \$10) and "Leather Blues" (at \$5.95) write: Mansquared Publications, 2755 Blucher Valley Road, Sebastopol, CA 95472. Include \$2 postage and handling of one or both books. You must signify with order that you are 21 or over.*

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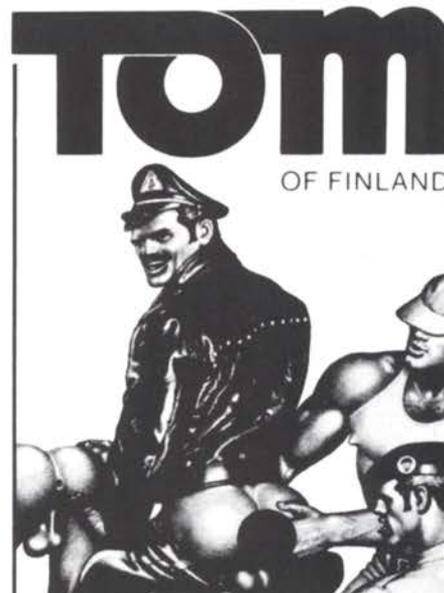
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