Jon King—the discovery of the year at play

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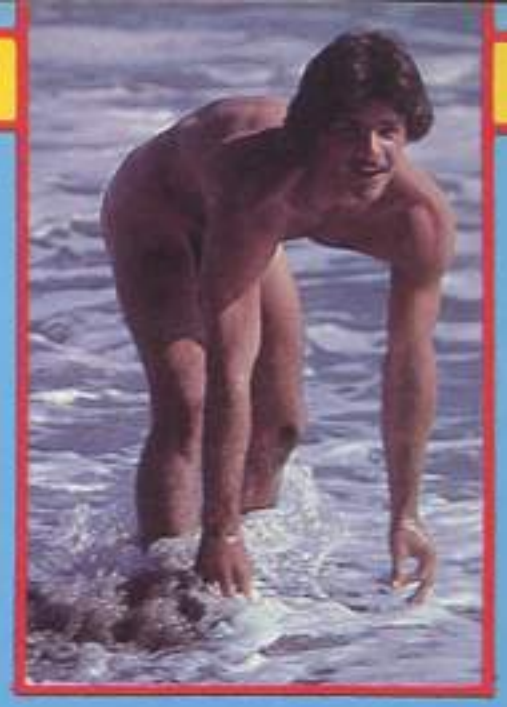

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Just Men

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1

ON THE COVER □ 44
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.

INSIDE

INSIDE □ 5
What's between the sheets of this premiere issue

NEW FACES □ 6
Old ones are fading and blue moviemakers groom new ones.

CONFESSIONS □ 9
In his own words, a young man sucks and tells.

SCREEN □ 10
Higgins gives two unknowns a chance at stardom

PEOPLE □ 16
California Choice's **Buster** and his never-ending sexual adventures

MOVIES □ 30
Exclusive stills from Studio TCS' late summer fantasy

FICTION □ 38
He was the ham in their incredible sandwich

PRIVATE PHOTOS □ 42
Shots from a guy's personal collection made public

PERSONALITIES □ 44
Even **Jon King** needs a day of rest now and then

Newcomer Adam Stewart, 10

California Choice's Buster, 16

New rage Scott Nichols, 30

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California Choice's Steve & Buster (right)

INSIDE

Our title says it all. If it has to do with men, you'll probably see or read about it in our pages. In each and every bi-monthly issue.

In this premiere issue, we zero in on the movie business, and in particular the rush to new faces that's seeing the studios scrambling for discoveries to replace the porn stars who've come and gone. Oh, there are still all-time box-office draws like Jack Wrangler, Casey Donovan and Al Parker still drawing at the turnstyles, but with the video boom and its never-ending need for product, the studios have found an appetite for blue movies. And lots of them. And new blood in them.

In these pages, we take a look at two of the major studios scrambling for those boxoffice dollars with a gamble on new talent. Studio TCS, which struck gold last year with "The Summer of Scott Noll," is here with its second entry in the blue movie sweepstakes. Will it strike it rich again? Well, if the exclusive *hardon* stills (not the kind you can see in most major newsstand mags) are any indication, stand back! The Studio's gambling on a cast of nearly unknowns. Only "Summer of Scott Noll's" Jeff Starr and Higgins discovery Jamie Wingo are fairly familiar, and then nowhere near household names. The focal point of the late summer-early fall feature-length release is the blond surfer everyone's hot about, Scott Nichols, who's on the cover of this premiere issue (with Jamie Wingo). He's already been on the cover (and centerfold) of *In Touch* magazine, in *Stallion* magazine, and upcoming in William Higgins' "Malibu Days—Big Bear Nights," but the *hardon* shots of him in action have never been published in any mag-format publication. Until now. In these exclusive stills from the set of "Summer Fantasy" you'll see just why this honest-to-goodness Southern California blond surfer is causing such a fuss.

New talent is something master filmmaker William Higgins is always after. And nobody discovers and films it better. Kip Noll, Jeremy Scott, J.W. and Jon King, and Giorgio Canali give you an idea. So when it comes to satisfying the appetite of the blue movie screens for new faces and bodies, no one does it like Higgins. For example, get a load of the two studs who wrote personal letters to him recently and got a chance at blue movie stardom. Their story, from initial letter writing, to screentest, to being cast in a feature-length pornpic, is here, along with *exclusive* on-the-set stills you'll see only here. Will they make it? Who knows, but at least you can say you saw and read about it here first.

Next there's two pornstars who have made it—and are still going strong. Jon King, who became an overnight sensation once his first movies were distributed by Higgins this year, is being billed as the "star of the '80s." But even a blue movie star needs a day off now and then. So our cameras followed J.W. King's "little brother" to the deserted, nude beaches above Malibu and caught him in the act—of being himself. After all, even a big sex star needs some time to himself—away from the movie camera. Even if the still camera still hangs around.

Next, there's Buster (no last name), the star of an outfit named California Choice, who popped up three years ago with a deep tan, a surfer's body and blond curls. Buster got into all sorts of sexual adventures in Laguna, in Beverly Hills, in Palm Springs, and in a private gym in Brentwood. And now, here, in these pages, for the very first time in any magazine, you're going to see Buster in all his glory. Doing what comes naturally.

There's much more too. Humor, fiction, pictures from private files, true confessions written by the readers themselves. But this is only the beginning. Wait 'til next time!

Jon King at play

NEW FACES

Sean Weston, Matt Thomas, Tige Masters

Buster

Jon King

OLD FACES ARE FADING AND BLUE MOVIEMAKERS ARE GROOMING NEW ONES

NEW FACES

Adam Stewart

Alan Howell

Scott Nichols, Jamie Wingo

Just men in movies. That's all we ever really wanted. And we got them. Some came and went. And some are still with us. Longevity in the blue movie business is as rare in our world as it is in the straight one. They always seem to burn themselves out and retire far too early. And who wouldn't, what with all that sucking and fucking day in and day out?

Amazingly, in a business that falls in love and out of it faster than you can say "fuck me!", our first and most popular superstars are still hanging in there. And aging gracefully. Casey Donovan (in Wakefield Poole's "Hotshots"), Fred Halsted (in his own Cosco product), Jack Wrangler (last in Francis Ellie's "Boots & Saddles"), and Al Parker (last in "Turned On") come to mind first. And of course Peter Berlin (still doing his own thing), Kip Noll (when they can find him), and George Payne ("Superstars" among others) reappear from time to time.

But what about the others we've known and loved and lost? Like bodybuilder Gordon Grant and Roger and Dakota and Jim Cassidy? And Bill Eld and Joe Markum and the Christy Twins? And who can ever forget our only truly superhung star Bill Harrison? Where are they now that we need them most?

Sure there are others who've made it and are still cranking them out. Like Nick Rodgers and J.W. King, Richard Locke and Eric Ryan. And most recently Scott Noll, Scorpio, Leo Ford and Jon King. But what about the future? What will the new crop be like? Who's going to give us a hardon in the theatre and a thrill at home?

Perhaps we'll see the emergence of another musclebound star, or maybe one with a dick worth remembering. Or perhaps we'll see one from a foreign land with an accent to match. Or maybe we'll see the discovery of the first real black superstar. We're certainly ready for them. And the screen hungers for them more than ever before.

The scramble for new faces (and bodies) is heating up, and it's going to be a truly steamy winter. Most of the studios are putting unknowns before the cameras, but hedging their bets by casting proven boxoffice draws with them. Whatever happens, the search should be a movie in itself.

7 Great Choices from California Choice

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300 ft.

CCF-3 PRIVATE SHOOTING
200 ft.

CCF-4 BUBBLE DELIGHT
300 ft.

CCF-5 BUSTER GOES TO LAGUNA
300 ft.

CCF-6 YARDWORK
200 ft.

CCF-7 BUSTER'S SOLO
200 ft.

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CCV-1 Includes Sunkist, Big Surprise & Private Shooting.
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_____	CCF-3 Private Shooting	☐ $29.00	☐ $32.00	_____
_____	CCV-1 Video Tape $69.00	☐ Beta	☐ VHS	_____
_____	CCF-4 Bubble Delight	☐ $39.00	☐ $42.00	_____
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YOU SEE, BOBBY AND I WERE HIGH SCHOOL JOCKS THE TIME IT FIRST HAPPENED TO ME . . .

CONFESSIONS

Proving once and for all there's nothing as hot as the naked truth, a recent high school graduate proves that his first experience with another guy is worth telling about in this true, unedited confession. Preferring to remain anonymous, the teenager recalls for us the time he got and gave his first blowjob with a fellow high school jock. The words are all his:

I'd be damn glad to have my own story in your mag. Shit! It still gives me a hard-on just thinking about it. It was with a guy I met in school. I was 17 about to turn 18 when it really got started. We were both on a couple of different teams and I guess we were thought of as jocks. Shit, we *were* jocks! But this was around the end of the year after a game, and we were both on locker duty, so had to be in the showerroom after the other guys were gone. I kinda liked it 'cause it gave me a chance to take my time taking a shower, and making myself kind of feel good.

Well, this guy, Bob his name was (we called him Bobby most of the time), was in the shower too. You know guys of that age when they known damn well they got a good bod get off on other guys who do too, but most ain't got the guts to admit it. But we were there, rubbing our hands over our bodies, and I was kinda getting off on it, feeling my muscles respond to the gentle massage, and looking at Bobby doing the same. I was getting about half-hard, and Bobby was, and shit! Before we knew it there we were beating off like hell watching each other do the same thing, and soon shooting all over the shower! It was a really wild scene. But we didn't touch each other or nothing. Not then! When we were ready to leave, I thought maybe Bobby'd be embarrassed or something. I wasn't. I felt great! But instead he stopped me before we left and asked me if he could have my phone number. "Maybe we can practice ball some during the summer," he says. I thought I knew what balls he was talking about too! (smile) So I ripped a page out of my notebook and gave him my number.

I didn't hear nothing from Bobby for awhile and thought maybe he'd changed his mind. Then two days after my 19th birthday the phone rang and it was Bobby. I was so fuckin glad to hear from him, and he said could he meet me outside my house and we'd go somewhere, and of course I said sure.

Bobby looked the same except he had a great tan and we were walking along the road. We went to the lake and it was dark there, but warm. He said he knew of a private cove and did I wanna go skinny-dipping. So that's just what we did!

We were laying there in the grass, and the moon was kinda bright and I noticed Bobby looking at me. We were both still naked, and I mean Bobby was looking at *all* of me. It happened kinda quick then. We both knew why we were really there, and all I said was "you want it, you got it!" And Bobby's hand moved to my chest and he started playing with my tits. I didn't know guys could do that, but it sure felt fucking good! He started running his hand down over my washboard abs. And that felt pretty fuckin good too. Well, I was getting hard as a rock pretty damn quick, and Bobby was already heard. And when he moved down to my cock what he found was like a steel pipe! I've got eight or eight and a half inches when I'm hard, and I'm pretty thick too. What I was only just now noticing was I didn't have much on Bobby who must have been at least as long, but not quite as thick. But I was so hot and so fucking horny three inches was all he would've had to have to turn me on!

". . . I took his huge rod in my own mouth and tried to imitate what he was doing to mine."

I didn't want it to end too soon, but I was so damn horny, and it was the first time anybody but me had touched my cock and my big balls were just busting, and I shot like a geyser! Bobby said I must really be hot. I thought it was only fair, so I took his big rod in my hand and beat him off too, and it only took a few seconds. Then we washed off and layed in the grass again. But there was more to come!

We'd been talking for five minutes when Bobby moved his hand to my tits again. I had my eyes closed, but I reached over and started playing with his tits too. And shit! He loved it. I didn't have to see to know that! But before I knew what was coming down, he had his mouth on my cock and his was in my face! And what he was doing with his mouth felt so fuckin good, I thought I'd almost die! But I'm damn glad I didn't! Well, I wasn't going to argue, so I took his huge rod in my own mouth and tried to imitate what he was doing to mine. And what he was doing to mine was lickin it all over, around the head, down the shaft, around my balls, and sucking on my balls and my cock. I'd never heard of doing this, but it felt so fuckin good, how could I resist? In the meantime I was thinking why the hell not, and reached down and started playing with my own tits. I'd never done that before, tho I dunno why the hell I'd never thought of it. And seeing how it was me and not Bobby, I applied a lot more pressure than he had, or I had on him. Truth be known, I was kinda getting off of that little bit of pleasurable pain. Shit! It felt good more than it hurt anyway.

But I don't think Bobby even knew I was doing it. He was just so involved with sucking on my cock, and getting off on my sucking his that I don't think he noticed nothing else.

I was on my back with Bobby more or less laying over me, and I could look between his legs from time to time and see him sucking away on that swollen rod of mine, and I knew I wasn't gonna hold off cumming much longer. I didn't know if he'd want my load in his mouth but sure as fuckin hell wasn't gonna stop him now. And when I shot, man, I *really* shot. I don't think I ever came like that before. And I could see and hear Bobby was swallowing it. Swallowing a man's load was something I never would've guessed I'd do, but I really liked it!

We just layed there for awhile. But what was funny was just before we left the lake Bobby said, "Summer hasn't hurt you at all. You still sure know how to play ball!"

Dear Mr. Higgins . . .

Photography by WILLIAM HIGGINS

TWO UNKNOWNS WRITE THE BLUE MOVIEMAKER AND GET A CHANCE AT STARDOM

SCREEN

Who hasn't fantasized what it must be like to be a blue movie star? How many of us have wondered about the life of a porn performer? How *do* those hot guys get chosen? Who *do* they know to get themselves discovered?

For two new William Higgins discoveries, the answers to these and other penetrating questions were suddenly made clear when they were recently plucked from obscurity and groomed for stardom by the master blue moviemaker himself. Their debuts are upcoming in the big Higgins movie for fall, "Malibu Days—Big Bear Nights." Their discoveries are the real story.

Red-haired Adam Stewart and dark-haired Alan Howell were chosen for two of the major roles in the picture by writing personal letters to William Higgins, asking to be discovered for the blue movie cameras. Higgins, whose unerring knack for spotting stars like Kip Noll, Giorgio Canali and J.W. and Jon King (to mention only a few) is well-known, saw the potential in both unknowns and brought them to Hollywood for the film. The rest may become legend.

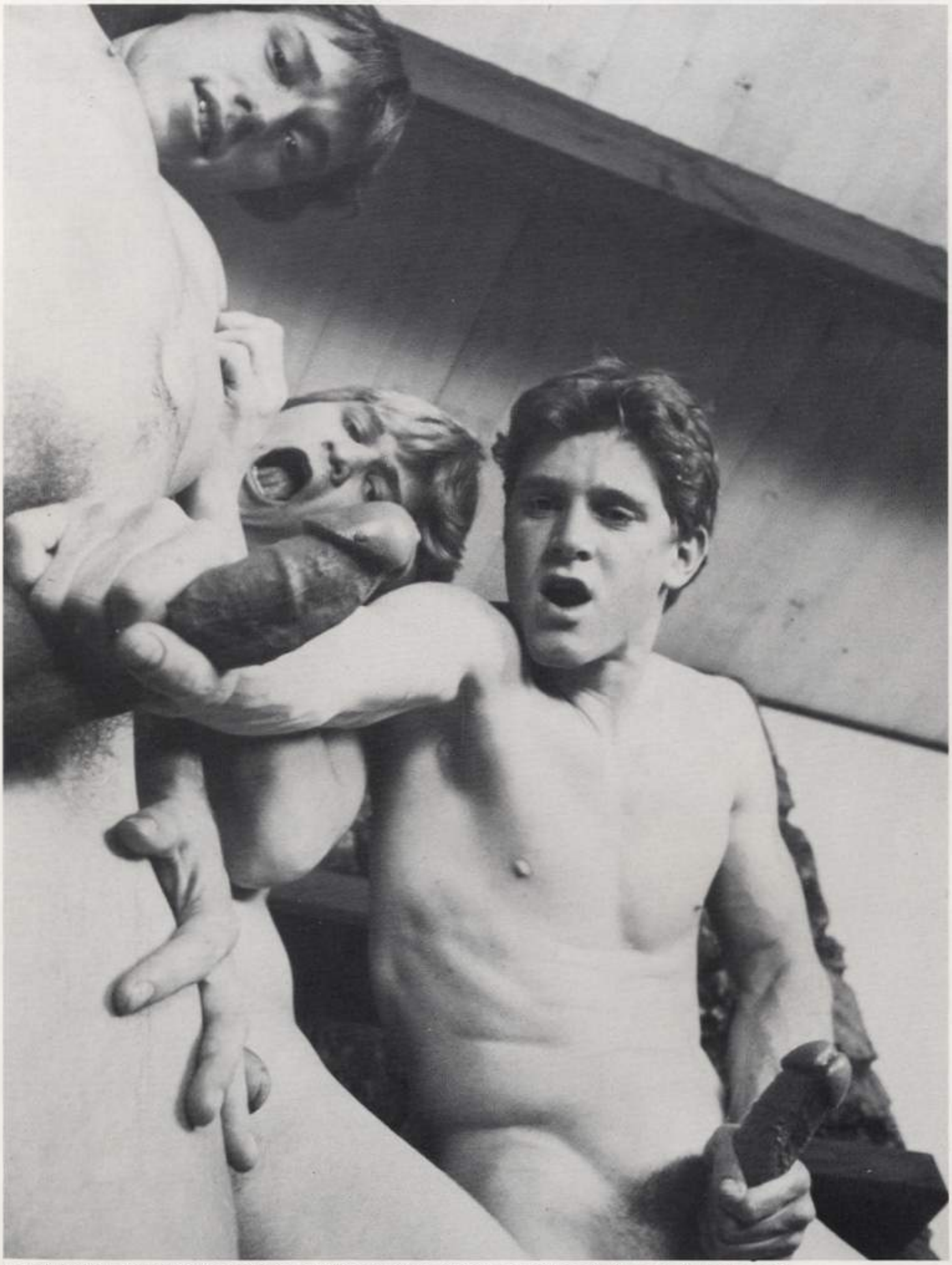
Redhead Adam Stewart, from Las Vegas, is a real rarity in a business which has never seen or embraced a true freckled, red-haired performer. But with his fair-skinned good looks, more-than-adequate equipment, talented cheeks and a standout gymnast-defined body, stardom may not prove so elusive. Co-star Alan Howell came in from Canada for the Higgins' cameras, and when the dark-haired, happy-go-lucky young man dropped his drawers, a real claim-to-fame plopped out in front of the lens. The largest hung of all four cast members in the mountain cabin scenes in the film, Alan not only has the usual equipment necessary to fame, but the ability to use it in front of cast, crew and camera. And use it he did, even on Adam's tightly-muscled asscheeks!

The two screen hopefuls co-star along with Kurt Franklin and Joel Allen in the story of four college students who rent a ski cabin during winter break and get into all sorts of sexual hijinks in the snow-bound house. Of course the picture also boasts a cast including Nick Rodgers, Giorgio Canali, J.W. King, Jamie Wingo and Mark Scott Solo, just for boxoffice insurance. But all eyes just may be on the two new discoveries making their own bids for blue movie stardom. Stay tuned.

Higgins' discoveries (from left), Kurt Franklin, Joel Allen, Alan Howell, Adam Stewart on Big Bear location.

Adam Stewart proves his mettle once the Higgins cameras were rolling.

Adam Stewart proves his assets aren't all up front when he sits on co-star's claim to fame.



Unknowns now, but Higgins people are counting on success for their new discoveries once film's released.

AT LAST, SOME CHOICE STILLS OF BUSTER'S NEVER-ENDING SEXUAL ADVENTURES

PEOPLE

For over three years Buster has been going to Laguna and getting big surprises from Steve "12 Inch" York, but unless you ordered films from California Choice (an L.A.-based mail order outfit), you probably never knew it. But at last, in this exclusive photo spread, the film studio that's been giving Buster all the fun has decided to spread it around.

When he was just a typical, but hot, Southern California whippersnapper with a beautifully tanned, smooth surfer's body and a tangle of blond, blond curls, California Choice discovered a teenager named Buster and thrust him into some choice sexual adventures. That was over three years ago. Now Buster's developed into a tanned, smooth-bodied, blond young man—and he's still going off on all sorts of sexual adventures.

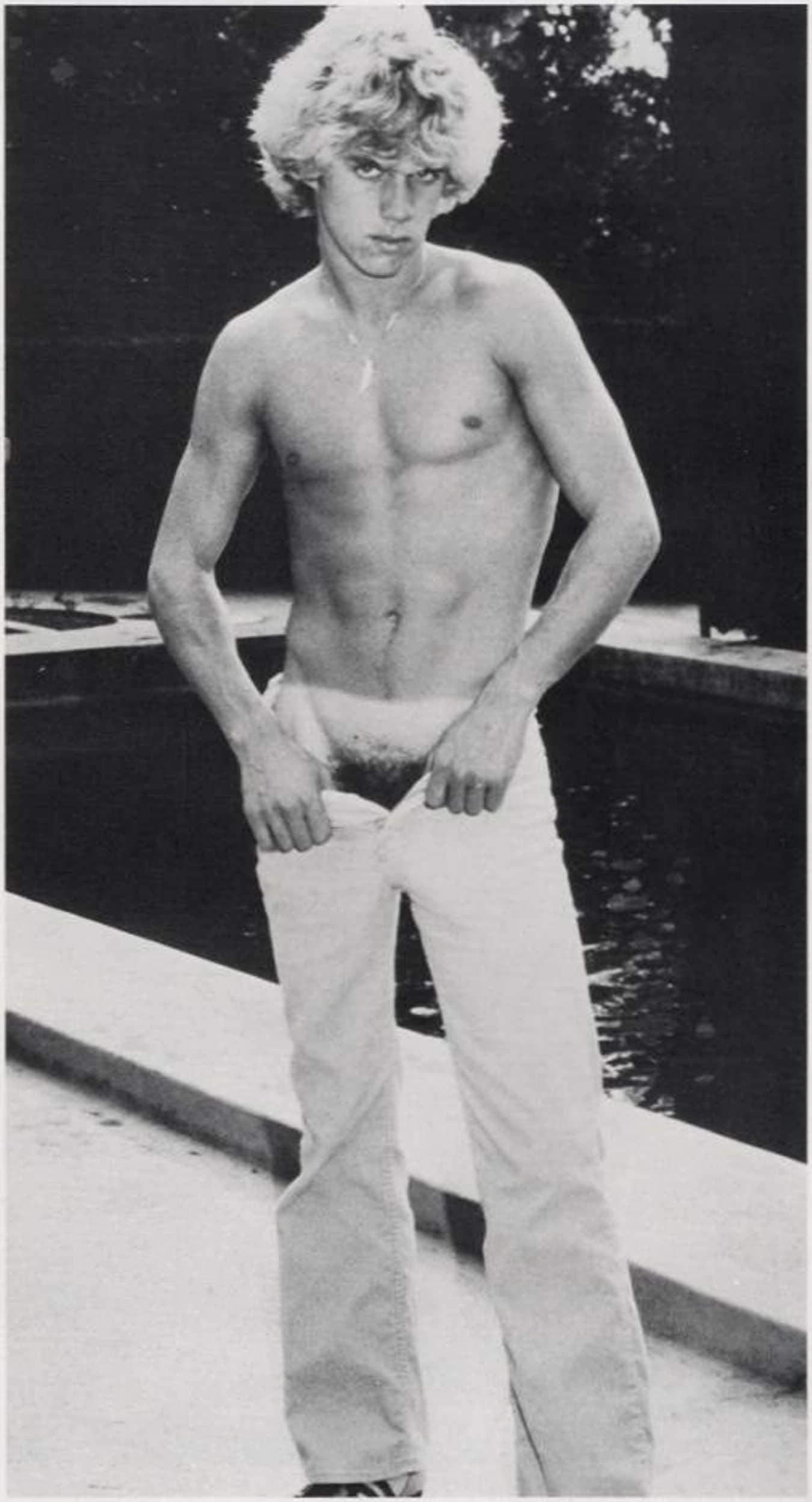
His first filmic adventure was a poolside episode at a Beverly Hills mansion with a supposedly straight buddy named Steve. While the two of them were soaking up the rays by the Grecian pool, it seems Buster got turned on to his dark-haired pal's tanned, smooth-bodied good looks, and before long Buster's eight hard inches were buried up Steve's firm round buns. Well, you get the idea.

Next the studio sent Buster to Palm Springs where he got a big surprise from Steve "12 Inch" York. You see, Buster came to clean the pool, and there was good old Steve soaking up the rays while his legendary meat filled out his swim trunks, and well, one thing led to another and before long Steve had Buster inside with that 12-incher up his blond buns.

Then there was the time that Buster was supposed to shoot some footage of a dark-haired, muscled stud named Tony in somebody's private gym. Yes, Buster's a young man of many talents (camerawork among them), and pretty soon he was back on top, plugging the muscled hunk right there on the bench press.

But the adventure Buster's most famous for is the one where he went to Laguna and met a fellow surfer named Billie. Billie was as tanned and blond (and horney) as Buster, and the two of them really hit it off.

California Choice has made other pix too, like "Bubble Delight" (also with Steve York) and "Yardwork," but as these never-before-published stills prove, it's Buster and his adventures which are worth remembering and seeing!

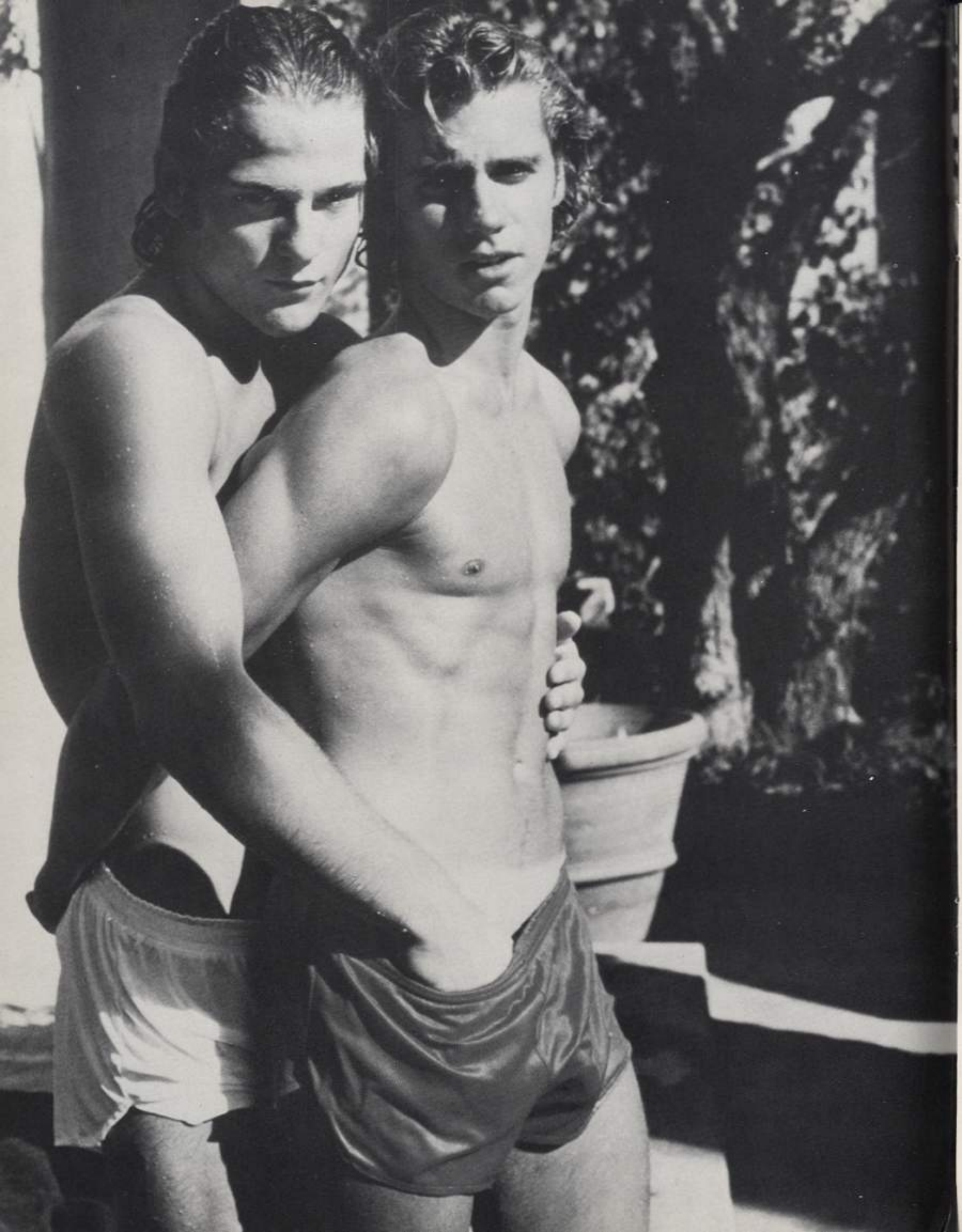


Buster (right) and fellow surfer Billie pose for the camera before their lens-fogging sex session (below) in "Buster Goes To Laguna."

Buster (with camera) in "A Private Shooting" with co-star Tony.

Gymnasium hijinks are about to begin for Buster and muscular co-star Tony.

Buster grabs hold of Tony's own equipment before the fucking begins in "A Private Shooting," shot entirely on location in a private gym.



Beverly Hills estate provided the breathtaking setting for "Sunkist" filming.

Buster gets down on his knees for co-star Steve Royce once filming began.

Steve York's 12-incher looms in front of Buster's bewildered face before fucking begins.

Buster knows there isn't a thing he can do but relax and enjoy it when the legendary Steve "12 Inch" York gets ready to do his thing.

Steve York (left) and Buster on location for "Big Surprise" filming.

Steve York's incredible 12-incher gets a hand from Buster in "Big Surprise."

Buster gets on all fours once filming moves indoors and co-star Steve York gets ready to deliver his "Big Surprise" to Buster's backdoor.

Summer
Fantasy

A NEW MOVIE PINS ITS HOPES ON THE ARCHETYPAL SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA BLOND SURFER

"Summer Fantasy's" unknowns (from left) Sean Weston, Tige Masters, Matt Thomas, and Jeff Starr display their credentials prior to film's big orgy scene.

In the rush to new faces in the blue movie world for men, Studio TCS has come up with a cast of largely unknowns for its late summer-early fall entry "A Summer Fantasy." And while such a spread of film stills would normally go into our companion movie mag for men, *Studflix* (which comes out next month), we figured these exclusive, hardon shots were just too darned hot to hold.

Studio TCS, of course, is the outfit that broke boxoffice records with its initial outing "The Summer of Scott Noll," and took no chances its first time out by casting sure-fire draws like Leo Ford and the little brother of the famed Noll clan. But with a solid hit under its belt and the shared belief that the blue movie screen needs new blood, the Studio was willing to go into production with a cast of no name draws. For now.

The star of the picture, Scott Nichols, looks to be the biggest thing to hit the screen since Jon King, and in fact, both Studio TCS and another major blue moviemaker have thrust the archetypal blond surfer into the limelight. His face and centerfold have already made it into more than one make newsstand magazine.

But the film also boasts some other real finds. Sean Weston, a dark-haired looker with a sexy scar on one side of his face, and Matt Thomas, a brown-eyed, darkly-tanned hunk with an intense look and a friendly disposition, are certainly worth more than a passing glance.

The film does feature a couple of familiar faces, but hardly household names. Boy-next-door Jamie Wingo has been in a couple pictures (but stardom has eluded him), and basketball-tall Jeff Starr was featured in one scene of the Studio's "Summer of Scott Noll."

But the focal point of this picture is undoubtedly the star, Scott Nichols. Filmmakers seem to be putting their money on the chance that the blue movie audience in theatres and at home are hungering for a genuine Southern California surfer whose buddies like to hang 10 off his blond buns. Time will tell. But the advance stills from this feature-length pornpic about surfbuddies who discover all the action isn't in the water certainly prove the camera loves him!

Side-by-side sex is the focal point of the film's final orgy sequence featuring four of the unknowns the producers are pinning their hopes on.

Matt Thomas and Jeff Starr doing what comes naturally.

Tige Masters aims his ample equipment in co-star Sean Weston's direction.

PhotoWilliam 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 supergood 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. Doublefucking 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 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.

"When my butt gets horny, one dick won't do when a man can have two."

What was it Rufe said to Hank the last time they drove over to stick it to me? "We gonna be fuckin' this Wishbone 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 puuuuullllll!"

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 hard-balling 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

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

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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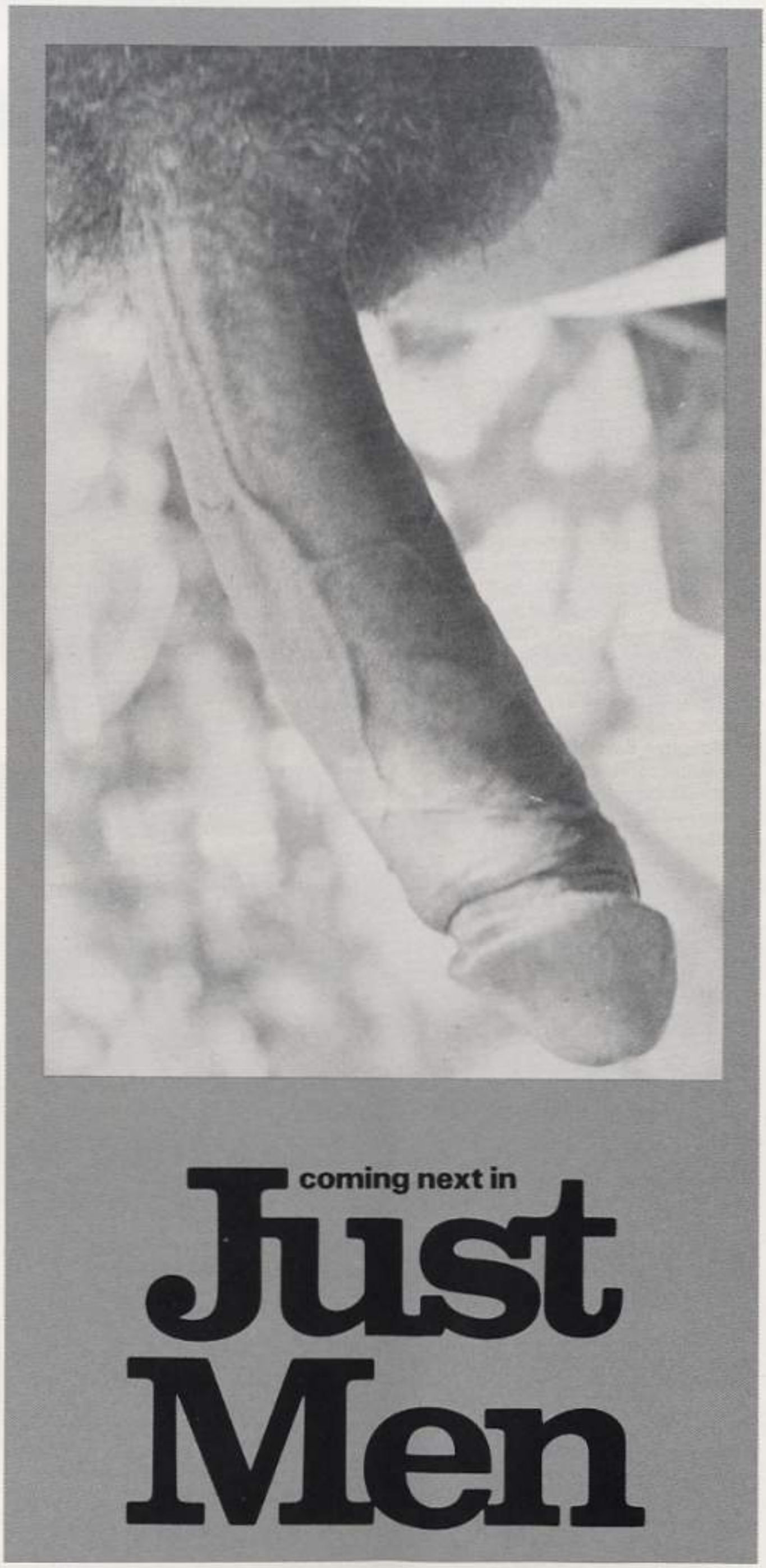

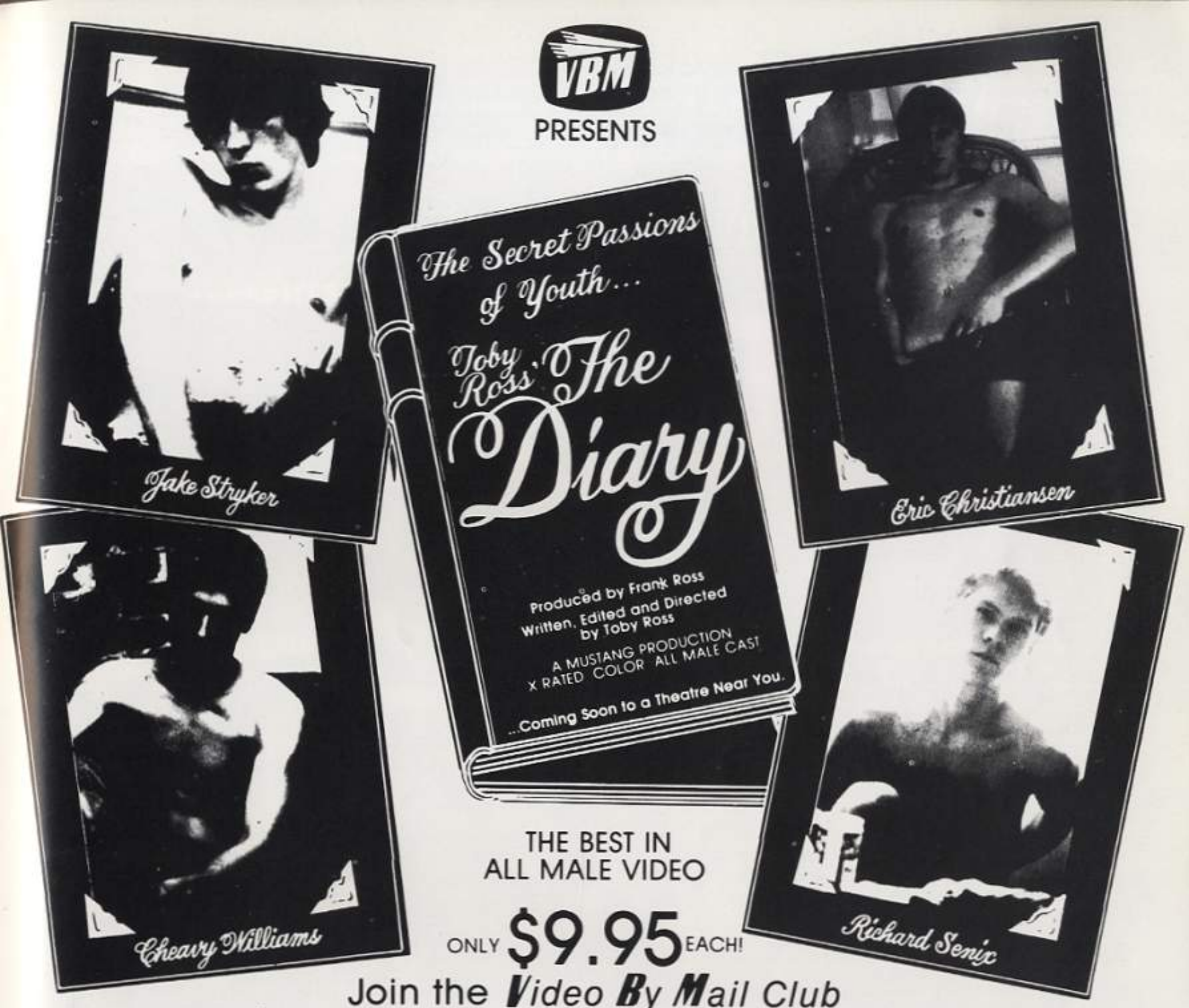

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"I always come on like I'm a Hollywood talent scout looking for hot young guys to be in dirty movies or magazines. I always tell 'em they're gonna have to drop their drawers and get it hard for the camera. And more often than not, they fall for it. I know it's dishonest and I'm a real heel for doing it, but how else would you end up with a private photo collection like I have? How else could you come up with pictures of guys who never were and never will again be in front of a camera? And with their pants down and their peters up? Well, I've been at it for years, and you'd be amazed at my photo collection of young (but over 18) mostly straight guys with their drawers down around their ankles and their dicks pointing toward the sky. Anything for a chance at Hollywood.

One who comes to mind first is the teenager I took to the company offices at midnight. The one who was into girls, but had a hardon the minute his dick flopped out of his jockeys. I can still remember him, sox still on, and naked as a jaybird on the boss' desk. That night he came at least four times in three hours . . .

Then there was the one I met in the Valley who posed for me out in the hills of Thousand Oaks. I don't remember his name, but I'll always remember how he shot his load more than six feet onto a rock nearby . . .

Then there was the kid I met in Glendale and took to Griffith Park. Gawd, he was the friendliest, most uninhibited guy I ever met. Into chicks, but so eager to make new friends. I'm pals with him still. We still get together to get stoned and get horny . . .

Oh, yeah, then there was this teenager I met on the beach near San Diego years ago. The black and white Polaroids I took of him still bring back vivid memories of his smooth body and superman dick, which was so heavy it hung down even when it was hard . . .

There were others, sure, young studs in motel rooms and teenagers from the streets, and I've got the pictures to prove it . . .

I can still remember him, sox still on, and naked as a jaybird on the boss' desk.

I don't remember his name, but I'll always remember how he'd shot his load more than six feet . . .

Then there was the kid I met in Glendale and took to Griffith Park . . .

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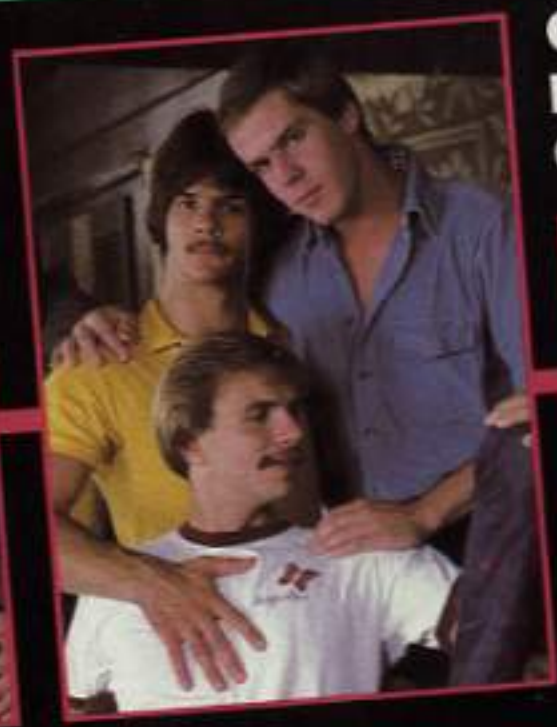

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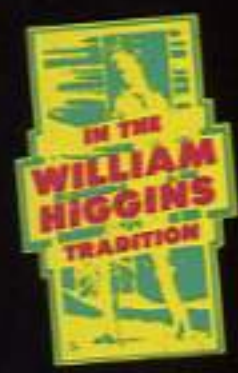

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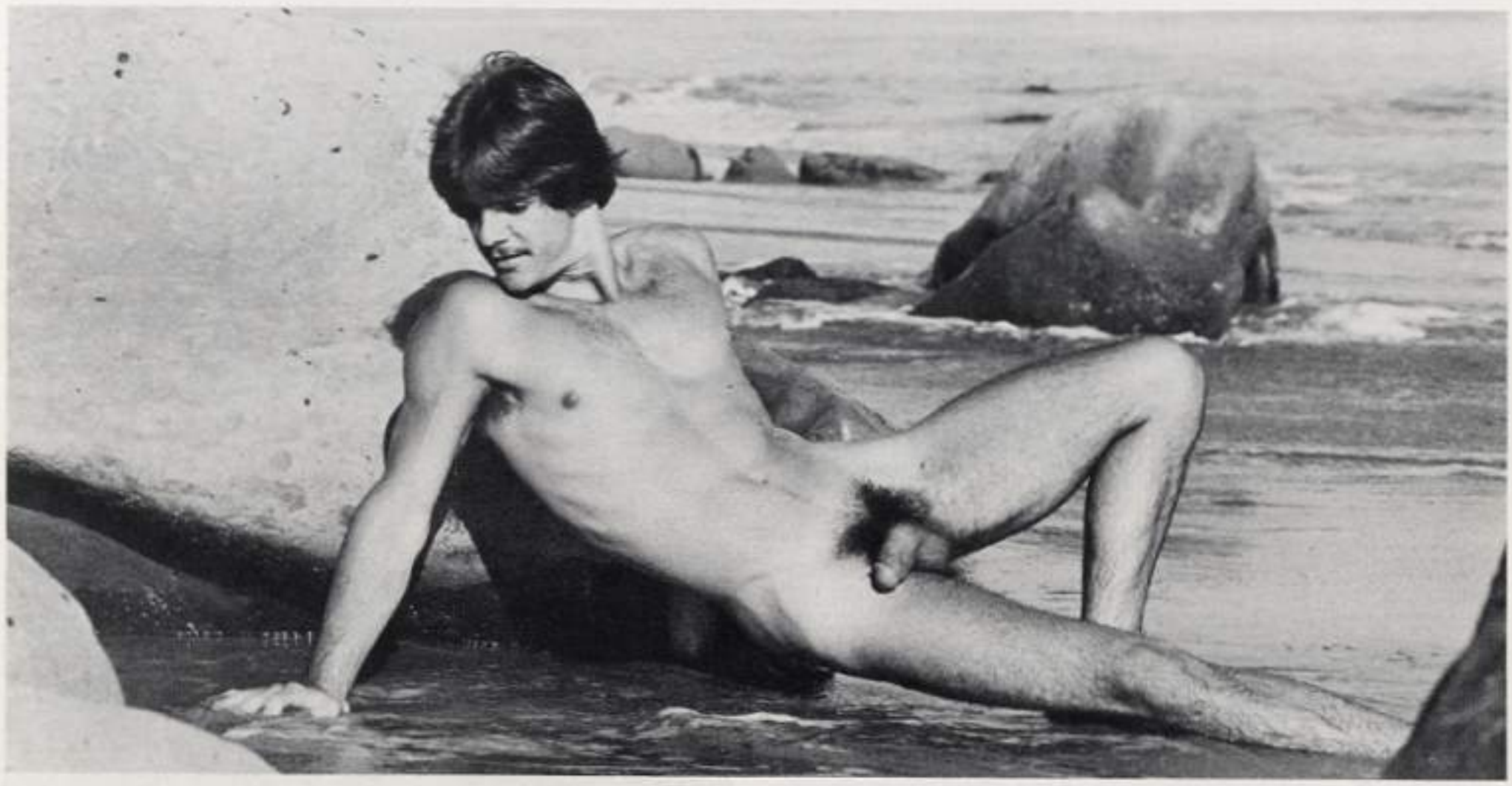
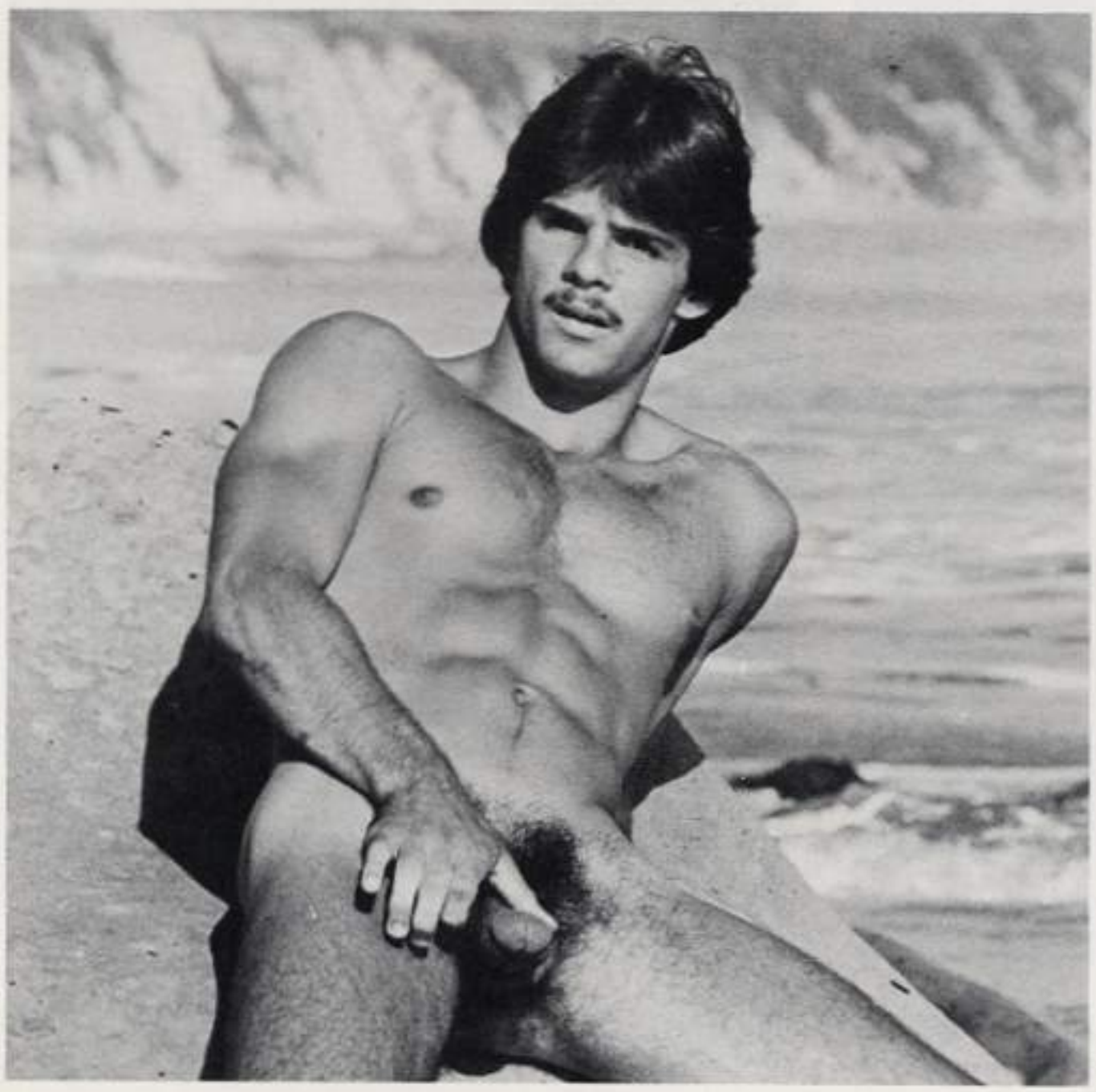
EVEN HIGGINS' "STAR OF THE '80s" NEEDS A DAY AWAY FROM THE CAMERAS NOW AND THEN

PERSONALITIES





Even an overnight sensation needs a day off from the pornset now and then, and so Jon King decided to soak up some of Southern California's rays on a deserted beach above Malibu recently.

He may be the blue movie discovery of the year and Higgins' "star of the '80s," but Jon's just another sun-loving 19-year-old when the movie camera stops rolling and the crew goes home. Jon, who usually dips his body in the Atlantic when he's home in Florida, found the Pacific' shoreline to his liking, particularly the stretch of crowdless sands favored by California's nudists north of the beach colony's boundries.

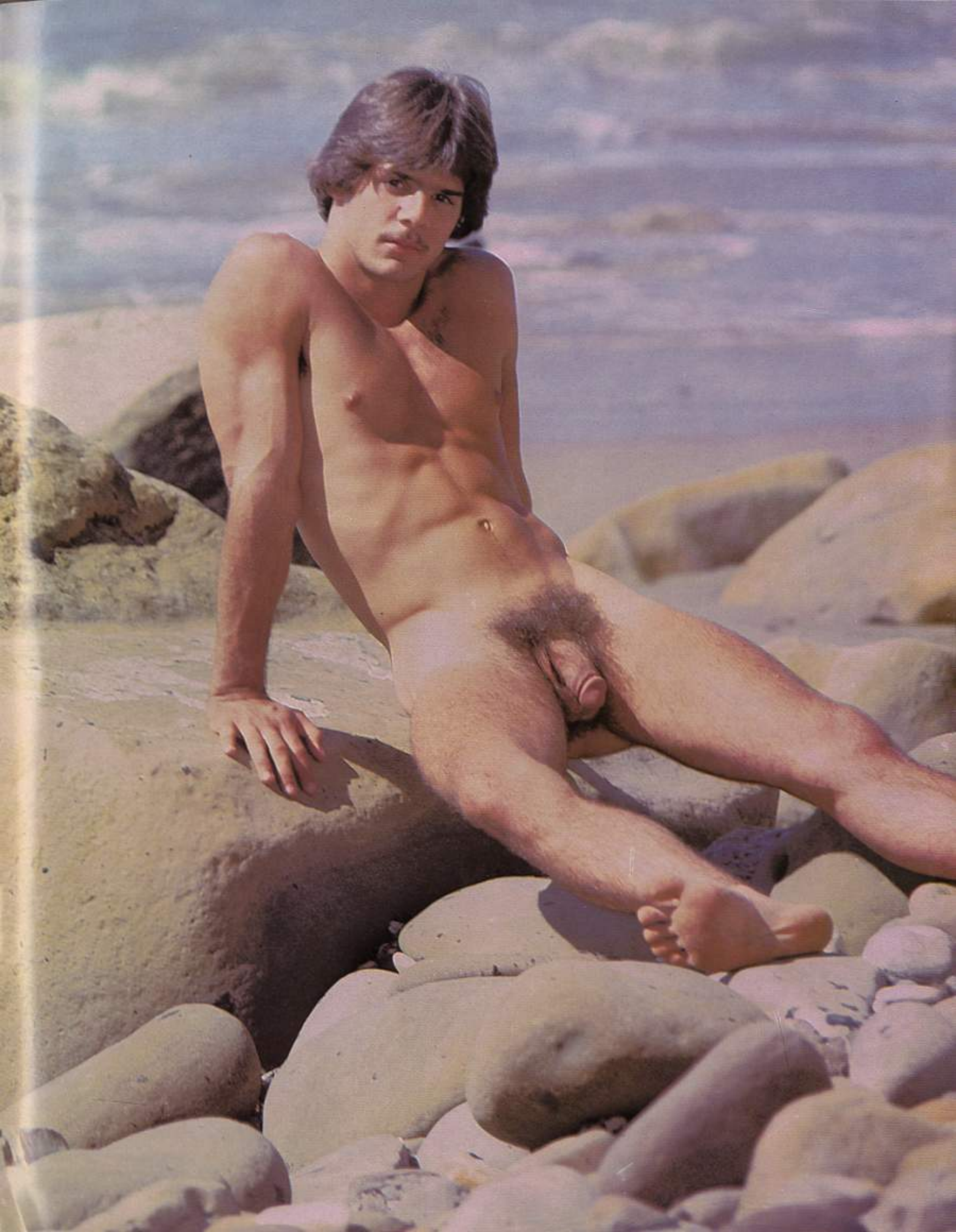
He loves the sun and the water, this shy, easygoing teenager who was literally unknown a year ago when he made his first film for William Higgins, but with the lines he's causing at the boxoffice in '82, discovering deserted beaches is an absolute necessity when he wants privacy.

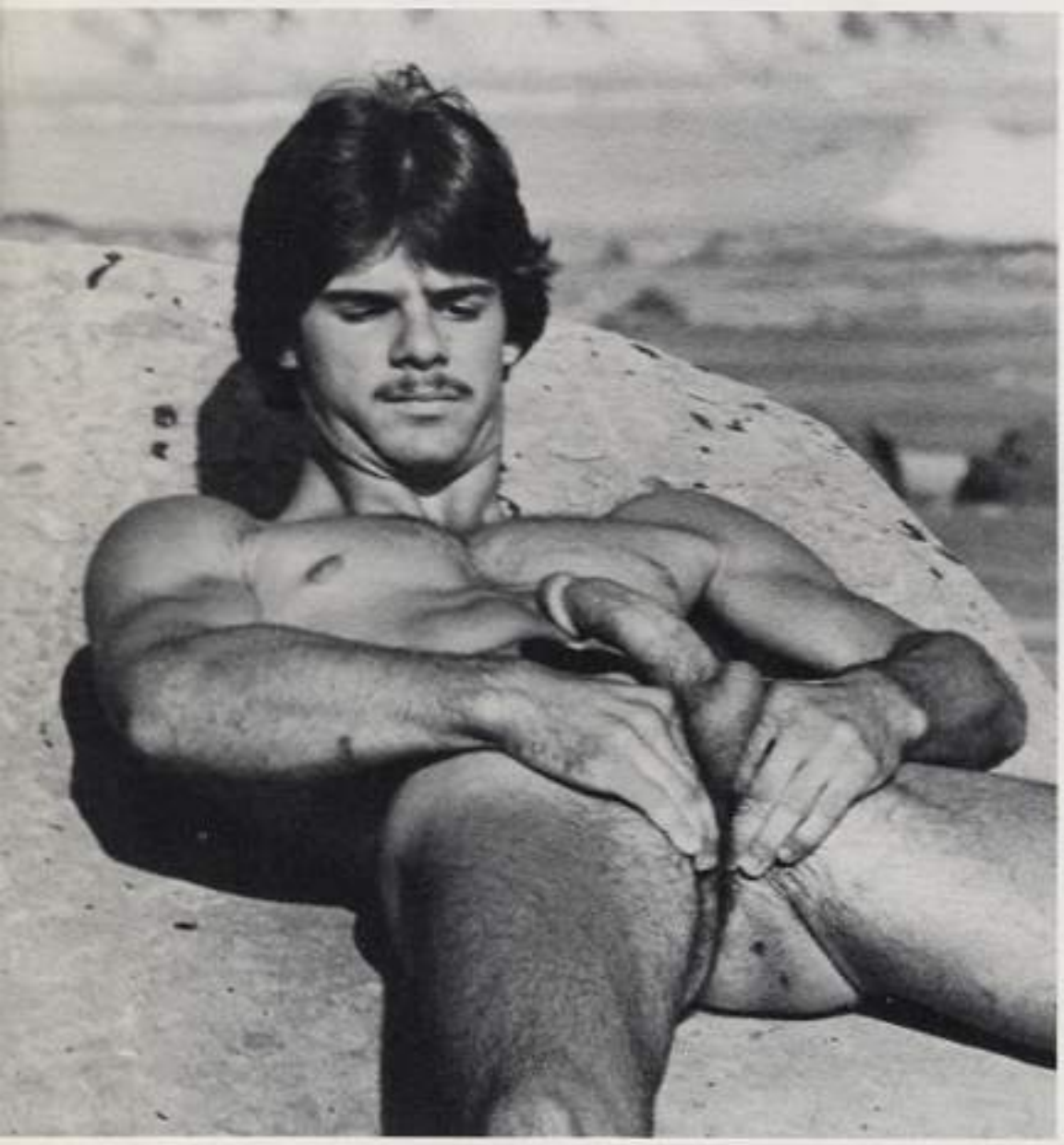
Propelled to fame by the release months later of Higgins' "Brothers Should Do It" (in which he co-stars with "big brother" J.W.), "Kip Noll, Superstar," "These Bases Are Loaded" (again with J.W.), and this summer's "Members Only," Jon's never out of the public eye. And as these exclusive, never-before-released shots show, never out of the camera's eye, even on a day off.

King, 19, was discovered by filmmaker William Higgins just one year ago, and now's an overnight success.

King, who can't get used to sudden popularity, still shuns the spotlight whenever he can.

Off-camera publicity still shows the reason King's the 1982 rage of the blue movie screen.





On the rocks, King can't keep a good thing down when there's a camera around.

Jon, who grew up on Florida's beaches, finds California's shoreline home away from home.

WOW! I COULD HAVE HAD A V-8!

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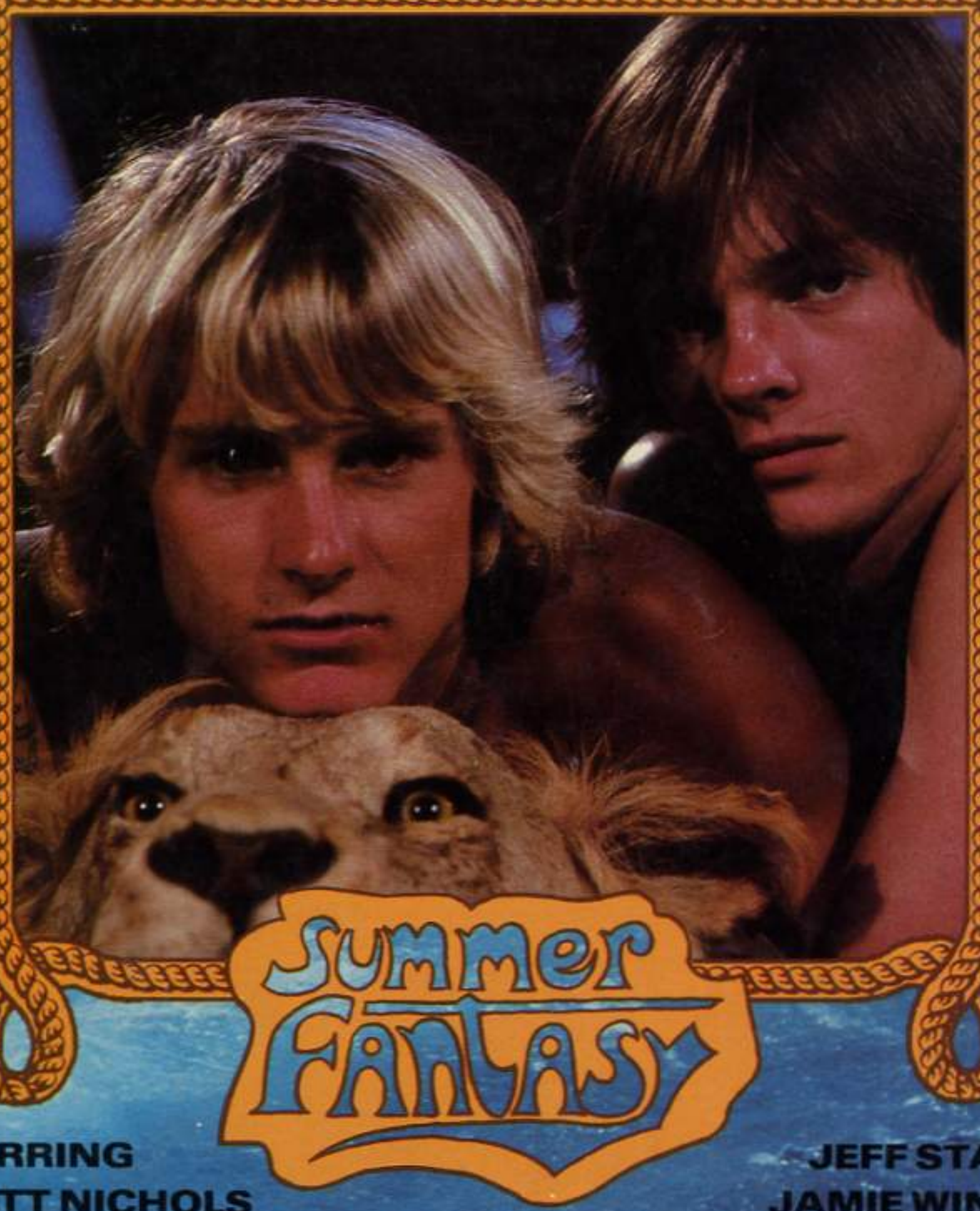

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