

HOMBRES

Latinos

Dario

**Manuel Menéndez's
Iván el Terrible**

#5

\$6.95



**SALE TO MINORS
PROHIBITED**

plus

Oscar De La Mayer



HOMBRES LATINOS

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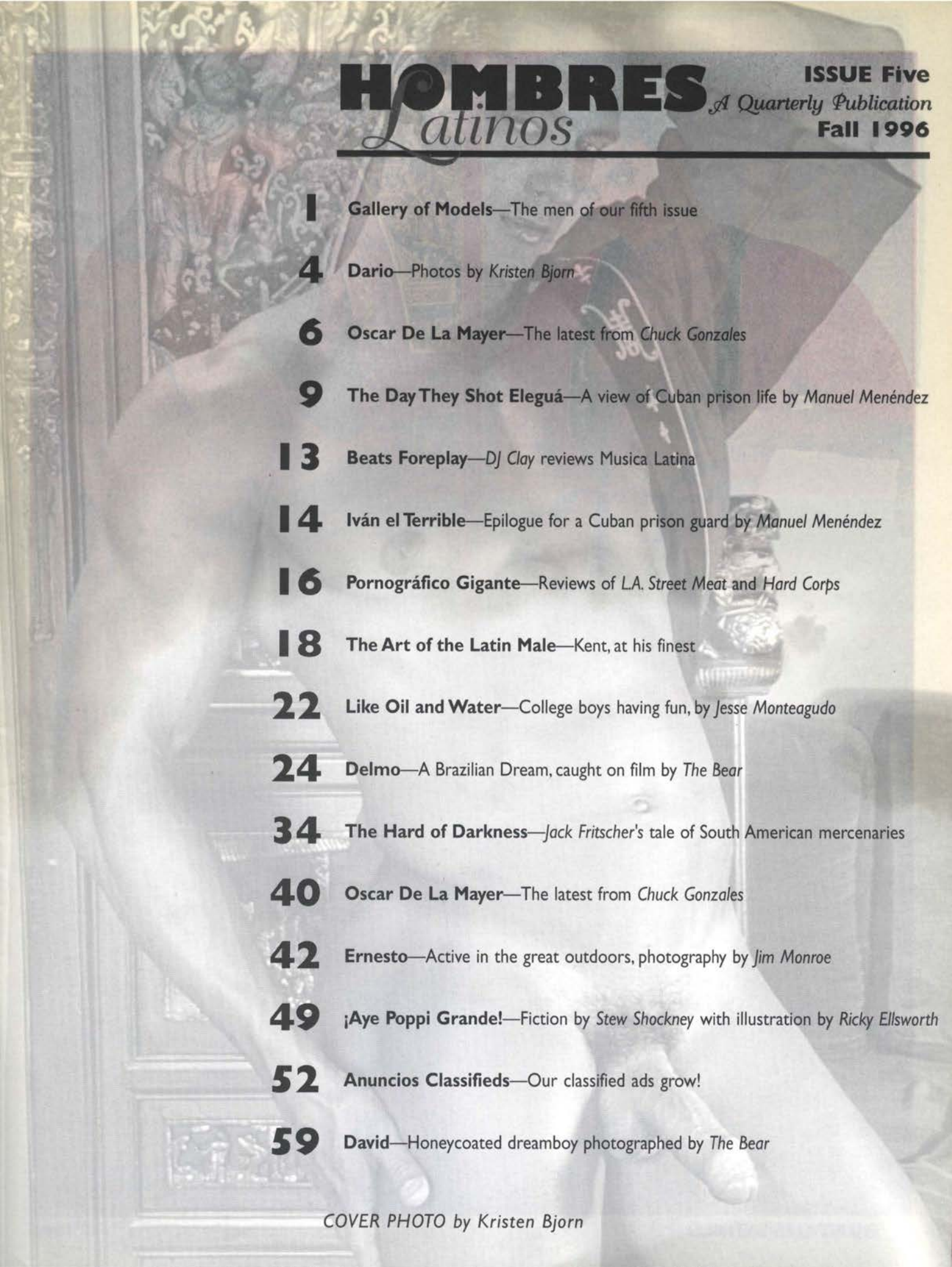
HOMBRES

Latinos

ISSUE Five

A Quarterly Publication

Fall 1996

- 
- 1** Gallery of Models—The men of our fifth issue
- 4** Dario—Photos by *Kristen Bjorn*
- 6** Oscar De La Mayer—The latest from *Chuck Gonzales*
- 9** The Day They Shot Eleguá—A view of Cuban prison life by *Manuel Menéndez*
- 13** Beats Foreplay—*DJ Clay* reviews *Musica Latina*
- 14** Iván el Terrible—Epilogue for a Cuban prison guard by *Manuel Menéndez*
- 16** Pornográfico Gigante—Reviews of *L.A. Street Meat* and *Hard Corps*
- 18** The Art of the Latin Male—*Kent*, at his finest
- 22** Like Oil and Water—College boys having fun, by *Jesse Monteagudo*
- 24** Delmo—A Brazilian Dream, caught on film by *The Bear*
- 34** The Hard of Darkness—*Jack Fritscher's* tale of South American mercenaries
- 40** Oscar De La Mayer—The latest from *Chuck Gonzales*
- 42** Ernesto—Active in the great outdoors, photography by *Jim Monroe*
- 49** ¡Aye Poppi Grande!—Fiction by *Stew Shockney* with illustration by *Ricky Ellsworth*
- 52** Anuncios Classifieds—Our classified ads grow!
- 59** David—Honeycoated dreamboy photographed by *The Bear*

COVER PHOTO by *Kristen Bjorn*

The Hard of Darkness

by Jack Fritscher

UNCLASIFIED

Nicaragua. Shit! Managua, a nightmare. Hanging upside down by my boots, which are lashed to the fan in the center of the room, I spin in slow circles, bombed. My blood, my sweat run down from my feet to my face. Inside my camouflage boxer shorts, my thick dick, bigger than my daddy's, hangs down past my navel. Prime uncut American meat. Choice Kansas cornfed. I feel my foreskin peep open around the blood-thickening head of my cock, descending hard. It's Jack Daniel's making me turn around and around, tripping me out on who I am, who I was, where I was, and where I'm headed. My hand reaching on my dick feels better than good and brings me floating down from the circling fan to the bed.

I'm getting this sick feeling. The kind you feel when you know you're living on the edge. The kind that only feels right when your jaw aches from one punch too many in the good-time bar of the Hotel Managua. The only pain that feels better is the ache in your own knuckles from breaking some other poor fucker's jaw. Weird shit, man. A barroom brawl gives me a hard-on. But that's another story.

I wrap my bruised fist around my dick, strip the foreskin back, and slowly piston it like a steam train starting up back in the hills with swarthy young Sandinistas riding shotgun on the cattle guard. Grind-

ing noise and puffing smoke. Soot from the 'stacks blowing back into the cattle car packed with boxes of rifles, half from the U.S.S.R. and half from the good old United States. Nicaragua's like Abbott and Costello: Who's on first? You think I care? I pledge allegiance to cash, although I confess a weakness for American dollars. I may be a merc, but born in the U.S.A., a traitor I'm not.

My dick in my hand feels as smooth and sweet as the tough young soldier no more than a snot-nosed 18, who lay back two nights ago and smiled his "si, señor" smile when I stood over him, kicked his combat boots apart, spread his legs, kneeled down between his thighs, reached under the bandoleros of cartridges crossing his torso, unbuttoned his shirt, rubbed my callused hands over his hard chest, dived in on his nipples, pinioned his muscular arms back with his shirt, licked his sweaty armpits, tongued down his tight belly to the cinched equator of his belt. His juicy young Latin body was all promise of big dick.

"Americanos," he said. "You all want the same thing."

"The same thing you want."

"Asshole!" he said and smirked.

"Dick," I corrected him.

"An asshole wanting dick," he spelled out what he meant.

"A red-white-and-blue cocksucker," I said.

He shrugged his shoulders and moved both his young hands to the pistol in his belt. Sex and death and the whole damned thing. But his palms passed over his pistol, and he smoothed his hands down over his camo crotch. "How much you say?" he said. He laughed when he saw my reaction. I'd thought he meant to sell his dick for trade. "No," he said. "How much you bet me my dick is bigger than yours? My dick shoots more than yours. Eh? Mano a mano. Twenty-five bucks, maybe? Fifty? A hundred?"

"No way, Jose," I said. "Fifty." I sized him up. He was a handsome fucker. No more than a kid. I figured, like the rest of them, he'd been soldiering for six years, since he turned 12, and he had grown fast from boy to man before the dark of his first night in camp was broken by his first penetrating grunt of pain turning to unexpected pleasure before sunup. Every country—I know, because I've seen plenty—trains its young recruits the same; the same being the older soldiers doing what I was trying to do to this young Latin stud to kill a long train ride from Nada to Manana, and us still more than a 150 clicks from Managua, Nicaragua, "such a heavenly place," as the Tin Pan Alley lyrics go: "You ask a señorita for a sweet embrace." Shee-it! Fuck the señorita. Or better, don't fuck her. Fuck her brother.

"Put up," he grinned. He stuck 50 bucks American on his Russian pack. His white teeth flashed between his perfect brown lips crowned with his black mustache. He was an arrogant young bastard who followed his own Jack Daniel's, the handsome Daniel Ortega, the way our revolutionary footsoldiers followed Washington. He smiled when I stuck 50 bucks next to his. The rattling boxcar vibrated around us as it pulled through the hot, humid, jungle night.

"You want it," he asked, "soft or hard?"

"First soft. Then hard." I rubbed my fingers over my own covered cock. He rubbed himself the same. His tongue moved slowly, tip first, from between his lips, exactly the way the tip of a hardening cock slides out between the tight lips of foreskin. He slick-wet his berry-ripe lips. My heart leapt to my throat the same in sex as in combat. My cock tucked and rolled. I moved from between his legs and knelt on the outside of his left thigh.

Bold, he popped the buttons on his fly, raised his butt, and stripped his hips and thighs down naked. His huge uncut cock lay atop the

furrow between his hairy legs. A good 12-incher. Maybe more. Maybe a lot more. The jungle night was dark even under the tropical moon. He grinned at me. "You can beat my meat?" he asked. His voice swaggered. Back in the States, he probably had cousins, illegals, hustling 42nd Street. If they were hung like him, they'd be rich in no time flat. His soft, olive-skinned cock stretched long as a snaking hose. My fingers tipped along the incredible length of his dick, which was as soft as velvet. The tight curlicues of his dark pubic hair forested its base and his big studnuts.

"Are there anymore at home like you?" I asked.

He grunted. "This is Nicaragua, señor. There are always more at home like me. That is the point." He gently but firmly pushed my hand away. "Are there anymore," he asked, "at home like you?" He spit past the open target of my face into the darkness. In the light of the full moon spilling into the open door of the slow-moving rail car, his smile was part contempt, part joke, and all young lust. "Now," he said, "you show me your big North American prick." For the first time, he called me his nickname for me: "Señor El Norte, show me your big white dick."

"You talk big."

"I am big." He tightened his naked groin muscles and flexed every veined inch of his exposed cock.

Whether I was hung bigger or smaller, I had won the bet by getting him stripped part-naked. Very sexy. Fifty bucks had peeled his dick from his uniform. I stripped my rod free, flopping it out, kneeling next to his left thigh. His eyes widened. He grabbed my cock at its root and stared at it as if he had never seen big blond Estados Unidos dick up close. He liked it. I liked it. Jeez! Stuck fuck in the middle of nowhere, rattling like two BBs in a boxcar, probably going nowhere fast, we were a fair match, dick to dick. Different, but we had a couple of beauties. We both knew it. We both recognized it. His lip of dark olive foreskin was, maybe, an inch longer than mine. Soft inch for soft inch, our bet was a meatman's draw; but hard, he'd win, I could tell, by a mile. I took his dick in my hand while he held on to mine.

"Even Steven," I said.

"Hermanos, El Norte," he said. "OK."

"There's only one way to win this fucking 50 bucks," I said. If there's anything I respect, it's a man with a big soft cock. If there's anything I want, it's making a man's big soft cock stand up stiff and hard. "This time, kid, I'll bet you another 50, that you're bigger hard than I am."

"That's no bet, El Norte."

"But it's a sure thing to get me what I want."

He laughed, spit in his hand, and stroked my stiffening rod until my dick stood rock-hard pointing straight in his face. My hand worked his meat, mauling him up to full attention.

Anybody standing along the tracks that night could have seen in the door of the train rumbling by in the hot Nicaraguan moonlight the duo of soldiers handpulling each other's meat, stripped to the uniforms dropped around their knees, slapping and rubbing chests and bellies, tongues wrapping, sucking spit, blowing air down throats, re-breathing, sucking the air back out, twisting nipples, making hard-assed love in an almost empty car on a half-deserted troop supply train.

War is a hard time in a harsh place and nothing soft passed between us in our rough wrestle toward cumming. We panted and grappled like soldiers. Our dicks bobbed and weaved. I pulled him to his feet and jammed our bellies together, grinding meat into meat, sportfucking, challenging for the kill, hands pulling each other's dicks, gun barrels jousting, ramming cockheads and long shafts between

sweaty thighs, fucking slick dick between hot legs, balls bouncing, big dicks slamming, ready to burst, rocking with the roll of the train.

He put his hands on my crewcut head. He had big arms. He tried to force me down to my knees to suck his cock. I grappled with him, wanting to ram my dick down his young throat; but he was too strong. I let him be too strong. He resisted me. I let him resist me. The next roll of the train slammed us against the wood wall. I stumbled on the pants tangled around my combat boots—stumbled because I wanted to stumble; because every time that I'm fucking with a young soldier and I lose a wrestling match, I somehow sort of feel that I've won.

I'm the kind of hunter who eats what he stalks.

He forced me to my knees. The full glory of his huge cock manifested itself over my face. My mouth opened, and he drove himself in, head and shaft and crotch hair, balls banging my chin. I took him the way I'd wanted him: all the way in, sucking him in deep, swallowing him in deeper, holding his huge cock, his teenage daddy-cock that had made—and would make—who knows how many babies; sucking his salty seed-taste deep inside me, till I could hear, above the rumble of the train, the roar in his throat that charged his slamdriving fuck of my face with his big cock.

Each lunge brought him closer to cumming. My left hand held his toro balls tight against my chin. My right hand slapped my own cock to the edge. Spit ran from my lips, dripped on my chest, wet my cock. He grabbed my ears in his hands and, holding my head dog-steady, almost pulled his 12 hard inches from my mouth. I sucked hard on the grenade head not to let him escape; but escape was not what he wanted.

He wanted surrender.

He started a slow drive into my mouth, inch by inch, sliding the full length of his massive rebel meat down my throat, still holding my ears, then driving the final inch down my throat, cutting my breathing, me trying to gasp around the 8-inch circumference of his dick, feeling his explosion coming like far-off cannon fire, like the animal roar of his cumming, igniting, blowing off, exploding deep in my throat, hot white thick clots of his seed spewing hot shrapnel molten-deep in my throat, gushing out around his cock, flooding my cheeks, his cum shooting out of my nose, blowing out of my snotlocker, my own cock cumming under the passion of his relentless facefucking. I wanted what I got, and I got what I wanted.

When he pulled his logjam from the deep river of my throat, I slumped forward on my knees and wrapped my arms around his strong young thighs.

"You win," I said. "I know when I'm beat."

"Your president too," he said, "should know that about us."

All the world's a smart-ass.

So here I am crashed in this crummy hotel room, with a throat still sore from two days ago, and a memory I'll never forget of Carlos, or Paco, or Esteban, or whatever his name was, unless his name was Jack Daniel's which is a name, sweet Jesus, I never forget, because I am Señor El Norte. I know, because a young Sandinista with brown eyes, a saltlick taste, and a 12-inch dick told me so. But he's gone. Maybe dead by now. That's too romantic. He's not dead. Tonight he's cribbing in somewhere, probably with some pretty chiquita banana, maybe not drinking as hard as me, but then he's too young to have much to forget. He's not 34, crapped out in a room with an honest-to-Christ flashing neon sign outside the window, listening to the monsoon rainstorm batter the glass.

El Norte's got to get his ass out of Nicaragua.

continued on page 38.....

A man can be out too long, especially when he's between assignments. He forgets who he is and which side he's on. I been paid cash money by at least three different flags to tackle the same covert mission. I use that money well, which is how I started drinking sometime the night before last at the only male whorehouse in greater Managua, a famous place, if you ask the right people, no sex maniac ought to miss. I been a regular for maybe a year. Luis, the owner, invited me to a game and a gamble that keeps me coming back. He knows I'm hung big and he knows I like size, so he prides himself on scouting the biggest cocks he can to beat my meat. Luis knows I'll pay up to a hundred an inch for better-than-ordinary, good-looking young dick. One of my Size Nights at Luis' can cause inflation to ripple through the Nicaraguan economy. But, hey, I'm El Norte. I get paid big; I spend big; I suck big. Bigger is always better, and, maybe because I'm blond, Latin meat looks all the sweeter: brown shafts, cocoa foreskins, olive-ripe dickheads.

That's how I know I better split. There's plenty of mercenary work, but, fuck it, I've been out so long all I want to do is play. Suddenly this summer, I'm turning into fucking Sebastian Venable and I remember how dark young Latin men did lunch with him. But that hardly stopped me that last night at Luis', when Jack Daniel's and Sebastian and I went out into the heart of darkness for one last time, straight to the neon flash of La Cantina de Luis.

When a country's at war, anything goes. In the back rooms off his main bar, Luis had converted a storeroom into para-mutual betting, sort of like on horses, where those who bet on the winners divide the bets or stakes, minus a percentage for the management. Luis was no more a fool than the dozen or so CIA operatives and other U.S. and Russian military advisors positioned around the small smoky room, watching the action, where the bets weren't on horses but on the horse-size cocks of the contestants. Take me to any hot little room in any war-torn little country on a Saturday night in a makeshift bar for masculine gay men, and I'll introduce you to half the Pentagon.

Luis' gambling show was in Round Three when I arrived. I liked it. Three young studs, two good-looking Nicaraguans and one blond Swede—a merc with big, tattooed arms—were standing buck naked, butts twitching, with their dicks wrapped hidden in soft brown chamois rolls and laid out like bagged sausage on a crotch-high wood counter. The Swede was jittery. He kept both hands busy dialing the nipples on his big hairy pecs where the number "2" had been painted with black gun-grease. The shorter Nicaraguan, a black-bearded bull, naked next to him, put his fingers in his teeth and whistled for Luis. "The gringo plays with his tits," he said. "He cheats."

"Fuck you, Number One," the Swede said, swiping his big paw at the number painted on the short man's pecs and belly.

The crowd called out for more. The contest was for size of cock; but sometimes size of mouth was a good kickass kickoff. The bettors, able to see no more than each contestant's body, naked except for the tight wrap of chamois-skin leather around the cock, handicapped their bets based on general body-size, gauging particularly the size of fingers and noses, two sure signs of cockiness. Nearly everyone bet on who had the largest dick, but some hedged their stakes, betting on who had the smallest, which, considering Luis' back-office auditions, wasn't that small, since a man auditioning less than 8 inches would never be invited to strip down, chamois-wrap his dick, flop it out on the table, and stand naked, working the crowd, trying to get the bettors to go for him, because, win or lose, he got a sweet percentage of the total bet on him. What a contest! Three naked men trying to convince a crowd of national soldiers and international paramilitaries

to bet big cash on the size of their big cocks.

I sucked off Jack Daniel's again. My own cock stirred at the temptation to enter Luis' inch-worm contest just one time before I split Nicaragua. As the bottle splashed down from my face, I recognized the third contestant—the other Nicaraguan—not the short bull who had complained about the Swede's tits, but the taller, juicier one, the hairier one, the one I hadn't realized was so hairy two nights before on the supply train when all I wanted was to deep-case his big foot-long throat-sausage. The fucker had won my 50 bucks. What did I care? I'd swung long and hard on his massive meat, which he, with great pleasure, had crammed as far back down my throat as he possibly could. He hadn't killed me with it, but I suspected men lay dead, dying happy, smiles on their faces, with their throats torn open, where he had face-fucked before.

"Yo, Luis!" I shouted. "Two hundred on Number 3. What's his name?"

"El Capitan," Luis shouted. He was a tout with nicknames.

El Capitan, oh yeah, recognized me, he did, and grinned. He pointed at his wrapped cock resting on the table, then shook his fist, warning me not to reveal the long secret of his one-eyed trouser snake. God! It thrilled me to think of the nerve some young studs have, like they're God's gift to man, which they are, to strip down and lay their dicks out on tables for strange men's inspections and bets, because they're confident they're sporting the biggest dick around. Who, at what age, first tells them that?

The three young men stood one-two-three shoulder to shoulder, with the Swede in the middle. Soldiering had hardened their tough young bodies, but in their faces, especially in the face of the 18-year-old El Cap, a sweet trace of boyhood's sunset glowed. Their muscular bodies sweated under the bright spotlight of the gaming table. The shorter Nicaraguan stood like the bull he was. The Swede was the kind of perfect military blond who always shows up whenever anyone throws a war, a crusade, or a barroom brawl. El Cap, lean as a Latin boxer, was the mean fighting machine that keeps a hungry guerrilla army going past all endurance.

Blue smoke from fine Havana cigars, gifts from cousin Fidel, wafted through the bright light. The crowd, most in jungle camo uniform, loud with booze, eager with lust, cheered as the last bets were placed. Hardly anyone bet the short, swarthy bull had the biggest dick. Most went for the tattooed blond merc, swayed by his attitude and the size of his powerful Swedish body; but the smart money quietly bet on El Cap. I'd sucked him in the dark and had no real idea how much bigger than big he might really be hung. I wanted to know. I wanted his long gun of a prick down my throat again.

Luis fired his pistol into the ceiling. Plaster dust fell. A basso whore upstairs screamed drag-soprano. The crowd cheered. The three naked men, with their dicks bagged and laid out along three rulers nailed to the table, concentrated, thinking those thoughts a man thinks when he wants to hands-off make his cock hard. The Swede's chamois bag inched forward first. The short bull grunted and his bagged dick edged past the Swede's. El Cap, running his own dirty movie on the inside screen of his closed eyes, ignored their contest like a runner pacing the leaders till they run themselves down.

The Swede's dick was approaching 8 inches. At 8 inches on the ruler, Luis' move was to unwrap the dick from the chamois bag, but the naked, hardening dick had to stay, untouched by hands, inching along the edge of the ruler, until it hit 10, when the contestant could finally take his meat in one hand to palm-drive it up past 11 inches, to 12, 13, however far it would harden.

The house record was painted in red on the table: 14½ inches of bone-hard cock, set by a Texas cowboy who drove his red Ford pickup into Managua one night so three-days-drunk he never knew he had crossed the border out of Texas into Mexico and had kept heading south on unmarked back roads. That's the great seduction about Central America: A man can drive there.

The bearded bull was in a sweat; his big cock ached for a handjob, a blowjob. He had the meat, but he needed the pull. The Swede hit 8 and Luis stripped his big, fat blond cock free of the chamois. His dick was a beauty: thick blond porcelain-veined with blue trceries, tipped with a big nipple of uncut foreskin. The crowd applauded. Even those who hadn't bet on the Swede had to cheer the sheer beauty of his manhood rolling, stretching, lengthening, toward 9 inches, then past 9, untouched, toward 10.

The bull wasn't doing bad for himself. A dozen soldiers from his outfit spurred him on, yelling to him like they personally knew how big his cock was, shouting obscenities to him to make it bigger, reminding him what a big face-fucker he sported between his hairy thunder-thighs. The squat bull bared his white teeth in his black-bearded face and strained. His chamois-roll slid past 8 inches. Luis stripped his bullcock bare, careful to accidentally touch it, careful to accidentally stroke it, entrepreneuring the man's hard-on, figuring to make the contest more interesting. The bull roared as Luis stroked his cock.

The crowd cheered. A beer bottle flew overhead and smashed against the wall. The bull's dick thickened and inched past 9, straining for the 10 he knew he was hung with, the 10 inches and maybe more, depending on how excited he was, like now with the crowd cheering his size, aching to beat the gringo blond, worrying about the too-quiet kid next to him with his dick wrapped in chamois and lying like a secret arms shipment about to be exposed on the table.

The bull's dick hit 10 inches. Luis blew his whistle. Bull grabbed his dick, stroking it carefully, watching the Swede's dick inch toward 10 and hit the magic number. Again Luis blew his whistle. The Swede took his own dick in hand. Shoulder to shoulder, the two soldiers beat their meat, slamming their rods down side by side, blond against olive, along the rulers. The bull was pulling 11 and the Swede was right behind.

"El Capitan!" I shouted. "Number 3!"

El Cap grinned at me and spit, the way he liked to spit, past the two soldiers masturbating next to him. He flexed his powerful butt and blasted his wrapped cock straight past 8 to 9 inches. Luis blew his whistle. The crowd roared. Men started clapping. "Take it off! Take it off!" Luis unrolled the chamois from El Cap's cock. A cheer rose up. Untouched, El Cap's dick writhed and rolled, stretching hard past the 10, 11, and 12 inch marks. He was stud-18 with a bullet. The wet eye of his advancing cockhead, peeping through its big dark foreskin, was set on 13. The bull and the Swede paused in amazement.

"Oh shit!" the Swede said.

"Oh God!" The bull should never have looked at the size of El Cap's cock. His own lust for sucking big dick undid him. He shuddered, spasmed, tried not to—but couldn't help—cumming, turning, shooting his hot load of slop across El Cap's thick pipeline still heading untouched past 13. The bull fell back. His own 10-inch boner, 8 inches around the base, stuck straight out from his bull-body, dripping sperm like the animal cock it was. He raised his thick arms in salute. The crowd cheered. Sweat I wanted to drink ran from the inside of his big biceps down into the twin thickets of his dripping, hairy armpits. The bull may not have been the biggest stud, but he was big

and he was a stud. A general, some advisor from the Potomac, waved two 100-dollar bills at him, which easily matched his winnings from Luis' Inches Derby, and made him the general's for the night.

The Swede, buck naked against the color of his tattooed arms, stood alone next to El Cap, who had yet to touch his inchward cock. The blond spit in his hand and stroked his rod, working the blond beauty for every last micropinch he could add on his hard-on. He stripped his foreskin back, pressed his thighs into the table, tweaked his hard nipples, slapped his dick down the length of the ruler, and watched the head hit square on 13. The crowd cheered. The Swede smiled, but he knew it was all he had in him. If there is a hell, it must be having the goodluck/badluck of a 13-inch cock that's still not big enough.

The Swede had no alternative. I'd have done the same thing. He nodded to Luis who blew his whistle. He spit in his hand, looked straight into El Cap's eyes, got his go-ahead, and did the honors. He touched El Cap's untouched cock topping 13 on the ruler. He lifted it up, his face amazed at the cock's engorged weight, teasing its tip with his fingers, stroking its silo-length, feeling its throbbing growth, then finally, El Cap's size so overwhelming, falling to his knees in front of El Cap, opening his mouth, his brilliant blond mustache catching the light, his own big meat bouncing with lust, wanting the young rebel soldier's cock rammed down his throat, begging for it.

The crowd went wild.

El Cap turned to me. I held up \$300, which was only one-fifth of what I was going to win from my bet on his cock. He winked. Three hundred was OK. He held up one finger to signal me his intent. Then he dropped his big balls into the blond's waiting mouth. His olive dick showed to huge advantage measured up across the grid of square blond face. Men whistled. The blond crossed his eyes adoring at close range the monster cock.

Finally, El Cap pulled his hairy nuts dripping from the Swede's bulging cheeks. The blond's own meat was ready to blow in his hand. El Cap's dick loomed over him. His mouth opened, and to the slow stamping of feet that grew louder and faster, El Cap drove his drill-rig cock inch by inch past the blond's mustache and lips and tongue and deep down his throat where he held his position, with at least 4 more inches to go, hearing the crowd shouting, "Ole!" and watching the Swede's eyes, crossed again, his head impaled on the huge dick, waiting for the blond to give the nod for the final thrust, and taking, when the nod of surrender did not come, the final choking slide down his throat, so final, so good, so victorious, the captive Swede shot his load between El Cap's naked calves, and the house came tumbling down.

El Cap slowly pulled his dick out of the gasping blond merc's throat. Luis ran to him with a tape measure, sure he had a new house record; but El Cap gently pushed him away, and said, "Not now." He meant not ever. He had no intention of being a man measured by his cock.

Yeah. Sure. Later that night, and for several weeks thereafter, hanging around Managua, with several side jobs crossing to Honduras, dodging Contras, I was privy to every fucking inch of the private parts of my own El Capitan, and my lips, now that they've been stitched back together, are sealed.

All I'm saying is that, measure for measure, that drunk cowboy who drove his 14½ inches in from Texas one night to Luis' Inch Derby probably ain't much to write home about, which is something me and Jack Daniel's have got to do one of these first mananas before El Norte finally hauls his ass out of where he don't belong.