



# Desert Heat

Magazine™

January 2019 | Issue 04

Featuring

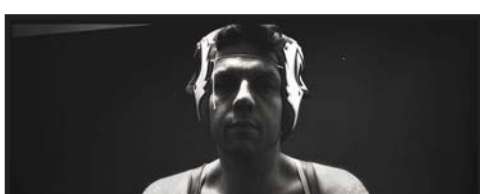
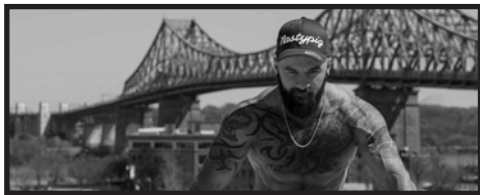
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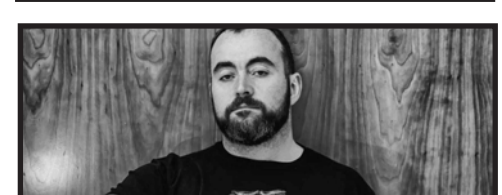
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# Chris Culver



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# Jezebel

by Elijah James Barrett

**Mick starts the water from the faucet, turning it warm. It runs over both of them, and they start showering together. Mick shakes his head under the running water like a happy dog, Blake watches Mick getting wet for a moment, looking over his big body with admiration before he starts showering with him. Mick doesn't even bother opening his eyes to catch Blake looking over his body this time, he just smiles, knowing this whole experience is new to Blake.**

## Chapter 4

Once in the bathroom, Mick takes off his robe showing off his backside and ass. Blake is captivated, seeing Mick's fully naked form in full lighting, like staring at a big beautiful animal (like looking at an enormous Kodiak bear). Mick turns his head, to see Blake staring at his big naked backside.

"You don't mind if we shower together, do ya, man? The hot water doesn't last long here."

"Sure, no problem," says Blake. After what they just did, there was very little to be shy or embarrassed about now. He was looking forward to a hot shower in a place other than the bathhouse, even better a shower with this big guy. Blake takes off the underwear he was wearing and hops in the shower stall with Mick.

Mick starts the water from the faucet, turning it warm. It runs over both of them, and they start showering together. Mick shakes his head under the running water like a happy dog, Blake watches Mick getting wet for a moment, looking over his big body with admiration before he starts showering with him. Mick doesn't even bother opening his eyes to catch Blake looking over his body this time, he just smiles, knowing this whole experience is new to Blake.

Blake had never showered with another man like this before, well there was that time in the football locker rooms, but not as close as this, their big bodies were almost touching. He

watched Mick's big shoulders, back and ass move back and forth in the shower, as if he was dancing slowly, Blake couldn't stop watching him. Blake shook his head, realizing he needed to start showering as well. He scoots closer to Mick, to get under the water as well, he leans in, grabbing a bar of soap and then pushes right against his back, his crotch pushing against Mick's big strong wet ass. Blake blushes, but doesn't say anything, the feeling of this man's big body against his in the shower made his brain melt. Mick chuckles, feeling Blake bump against him.

"Hehe, hey there," says Mick.

"Uh hey there, my bad," responded Blake, still dumbfounded from what just happened.

Mick, still chuckling at Blake's awkwardness, grabs another bar of soap and rubs it onto his chest, covering it with bubbles and foam.

"Man this feels good! Don't ya think Blake?"

Blake, still in a foggy state of mind, doesn't answer; he's just holding the soap as he watches Mick.

"I guess you need some help there, Buddy?"

Mick turns around to Blake, soaping up his chest too.

"Ah that feels good!" Blake sighs, his grip on his soap tightens and slips out of his hands, hitting Mick, and falling to the floor. Blake tries to pick it up and steps hard on Mick's right foot.

"Argh," Mick grunts, he leans down rub his toes.

"Sorry, man," says Blake, embarrassed.

"That's okay," says Mick, grunting. He stands back up, "Maybe you better get in front of me, and soap up first."

Mick scoots to the back of the shower so Blake can be under the nozzle, Blake faces the shower wall, as to make it less awkward. He feels Micks big butt brush up against his under the water.

"Excuse me, buddy," chuckles Mick. There's not much room, Micks' butt presses firmly against his, wiggling against it for a moment. Blake almost let out a groan. Mick's big manly ass against his felt so damn good. He had no idea that men's bodies could feel so good together. Blake slides to the other side of the shower, as Mick goes to the back. Blake feels the hot water cover his body, and rubs his chest, which Mick soaped up for him. He was starting to get hard again from Mick touching it. He starts washing himself, but zones out with the water hitting his face. He turns to Mick who is also washing himself, he notices how big Mick's pecs are, and his hug arms, the way they bulge and move as he washes his chest, rinsing off the soap, and his big broad shoulders. Blake stares. He's always admired big men like him, with massive builds, from afar; he never dreamed he'd be showering right next to one. He was overcome by Mick's husky yet herculean physique.

"Hey Mick," says Blake.

"Yeah, buddy?" asks Mick, opening an eye, his hair, beard, body hair and muscles wet and shiny.

Blake is captivated by Mick's big chest.

"Um, Mick, I know we've only been friends for a bit, but...I've never showered with a guy like this before...and for some reason I really want to touch you...your chest...would it be cool if I...?"

Blake indicates Mick's big body with his eyes, looking him all over, then at his face, with an expression like a puppy-dog was trying his hardest not to pounce all over him.

"Hehe," Mick chuckles, "This really is all new to you isn't it man? Sure, go ahead, touch away," Mick even flexes for him.

Blake slowly reaches out his hands and touches Mick's chest, feeling his nipples then slowly spreading his hands over his massive, hairy, firm (yet still soft) chest, grabbing his big pecs, kneading them in his hands. Mick grins, seeing Blake's intense look. Blake grips Mick's big chest again, rubbing his nipples with his

thumbs. Mick grunts deeply. Blake's look suddenly turns in to a big grin as well; his hands slide to Mick's arms. Mick happily puts an arm up and flexes a bulging bicep. Blake grips it, feeling how massive it was, and hard. Blake was a big guy himself, but Mick's arms alone made him feel small.

"Ah, man," says Blake, feeling Mick's big biceps, then his chest again, and broad shoulders, "This is so cool, I mean...I didn't know how much I wanted to touch a guy, I mean...ehem."

"That's okay, man," says Mick, patting his head, "I completely understand. Feel free to touch anythin' you want."

Blake blushes then proceeds to feel Mick's muscles, as he flexes still showing off to Blake, starting at his biceps working towards the chest. Blake's runs hands over and between those massive pecs, then runs his hands down his belly,

"You don't mind if we shower together, do ya, man? The hot water doesn't last long here."

he could feel Mick's abs through his fluff (he was all muscle under his extra chub), feeling Mick's body hair as well as his muscles. Mick chuckled a bit, he seemed to like his belly rubbed. Blake looks down at Mick's lower body, those massive muscle slabs of powerful legs that he had, and his big cock and balls dangling down there. He wanted to touch it again. He was just lowering his hands to Mick's happy trail when Mick let out a big hearty giggle. Blake looks at Mick's face, his eyes are closed and his big canine like teeth barred like a dog as he laughs. Was he ticklish? Seeing this big bearded bear of a man lose it like this at his touch was just too adorable. That adorable bearded face. Blake re-directs his hands up Mick's body, sliding them to his face. Mick opens his eyes, and looks confused.

"Huh?" asked Mick.

Blake massaged Mick's beard with his hands, then his eyebrows, loving touching this guys facial hair. Mick looked unsure about this, like an animal unsure if he wants to be petted, but then he looks happy, and shuts his eyes again, like a happy dog being scratched behind the ears. Blake focused for a moment on Mick's big handsome, hairy adorable face. Mick opens his eyes as if reading Blake's thoughts. Blake is captivated by those olive green eyes again.

"You ever kissed a guy before?" asked Mick, with a grin.

"What?" asked Blake.

"Have you ever kissed a guy before?" asks



Mick.

“Uh, no... I haven't.” said Blake.

Mick cracks a smile and a wink.

“Well, now's your chance if ya like,” he says deeply, with a grin.

Blake didn't know what to say, but he'd thought about this for a while. Blake takes a breath, looking at this handsome, feral man's eyes. With both hands on Mick's bearded face, Blake leans over toward his lips. Blake closes his eyes. He feels Mick's lips caressing his lips, as well as his facial hair rubbing against his. A tingling sensation comes over Blake's lips, Blake wants more as he moves his hands to Mick's big shoulders and moves his mouth with Mick's, more hungrily, and slips his tongue inside, as he feels Mick do the same. Blake heard a muffled moan escape from his mouth, as he kissed Mick, and Mick kissed him back, but he couldn't help it, the sensation was incredible.

Kissing a man for the first time felt right. When Blake was with Jezebel and when they kissed, the feeling wasn't the same. Something was missing. Blake breaks the kiss and looks at Mick, with his cheeks flushed red as his beard, and a look of realization in his eyes (a line of drool between their lips). Mick opens his eyes and looks at him, and gives a confused tilt of the head.

“Hmmm? Somethin' wrong, buddy?” he asks, looking like he was wanting to continue their man-kissing.

“Nah, not at all man,” says Blake, “it's just that I kissed a man for the first time. I like it.”

Mick chuckles then put his forehead against Blake's forehead, “Then shall we make out some more?” asks Mick, with a happy, yet sly smile.

“Oh, fuck yeah,” says Blake. He grabs a hold of Mick and really frenches it with him as he gropes his big body, feeling his chest, and arms and every inch he can reach. Blake feels Mick's dick grow hard against his, both getting harder and stronger together. Mick works his tongue around in his mouth, and their lips massage each other. Mick was a good kisser. Blake feels Mick's dick getting harder up against his penis, this makes Blake push in closer to Mick's body, rubbing his dick against Mick's, as he kisses him, feeling his body all over.

Mick and Blake kiss like wild animals, their red and black beards ruffing together, wet in the shower, grabbing on to each other's wet hair in their hands. Mick turns Blake around, in the shower, and puts his back to him. Blake presses his back to Mick's chest and belly, his rear flush against Mick's groin and his hard penis, he leans Jezebel

his head back and Mick kisses him passionately, Blake kissing back. He didn't know if this kind of intimate kissing meant any more than them being just friends, but he love it. Mick runs his hand down the front of Blake's wet, hairy body, as Blake leans his body back against him, kissing endlessly. His hand runs down his chest, rubbing his belly, and Blake kisses Mick more vigorously as it lowers. Mick's hand slides down Blake's happy trail, to his cock while Blake instinctively pushes his back and butt against Mick. Mick pushes his rock hard dick up against Blake's muscular butt checks.

“Wait a moment” says Mick, “You haven't had sex with a guy before.”

Blake is still pushing his back against Mick. “I don't care,” says Blake, huffing. “I want it, man.” He wasn't acting like himself. He was completely ready to bend over for this big burly specimen of a man. He just wanted Mick to take him and do whatever he wanted to him.

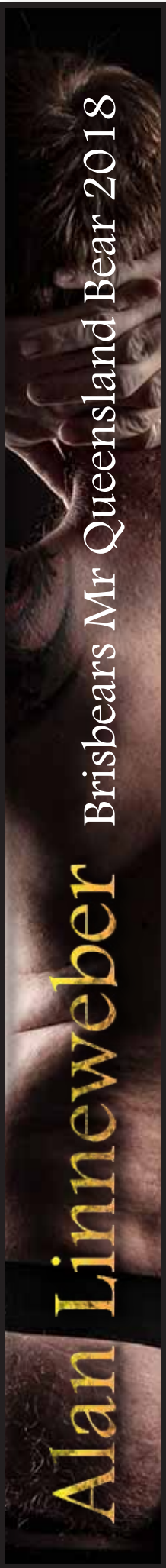
Mick grinned, looking like he was ready to push in, then took a quick breath, and shook his head quickly. “Look, buddy,” he grabs Blake and turns him to look at his face. “I really, don't think you're ready for that, I'm...I'm kind of a big boy...I might hurt ya,” Mick looks like he's trying to control himself, and fight his urges with logic.

Blake looks at Mick's face. Blake was surprising himself with how he was acting, he'd never behaved like this before, wanting to do something so raw and sexual with another big man, or anyone for that matter. He thought what'd he felt with Jezebel, the attraction to her beauty and the urge he'd had when they had sex, feeling her breasts, watching her slender form, their warm (yet somehow empty) kisses and embrace, had been what he was supposed to feel. He'd got off on it, but it felt like just going through the motions. This...this was a drive, a need, something he felt he'd been missing, this bond, with another male, a dominant one like this, like a large wolf or bear, a beast, hovering over him. It was like an animalistic sense had awakened, that he never knew he had. He stares into Mick's olive green, eyes, and nods.

“Hehe, yeah, I guess this is all just new to me, I'm movin' too fast,” Blake laughs.

Mick chuckles as well, then looks embarrassed, as his big hard dick is poking Blake in his belly. He scratches his hairy bearded chin, blushing, “Well...um...you know, there is stuff we can still do....”

*Continued on page 40*



Brisbears Mr Queensland Bear 2018

Alan Linneweber







Alan Linneweber



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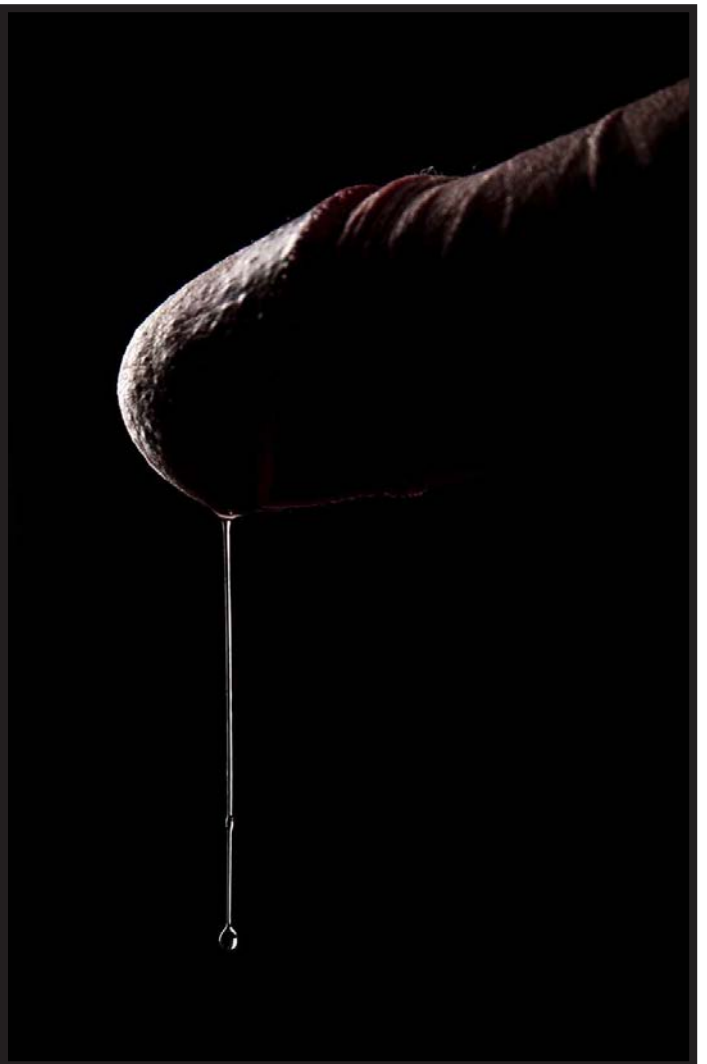




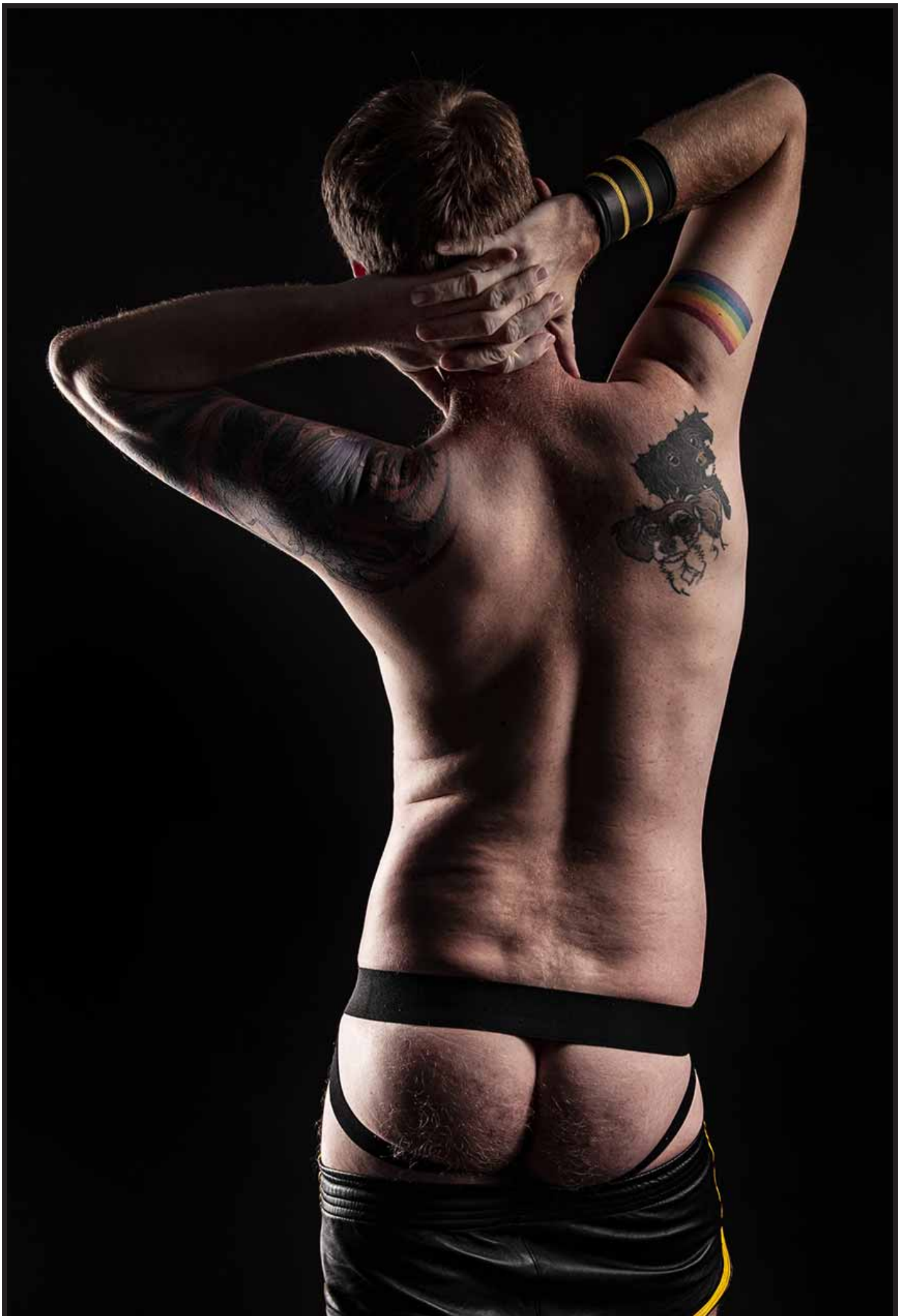










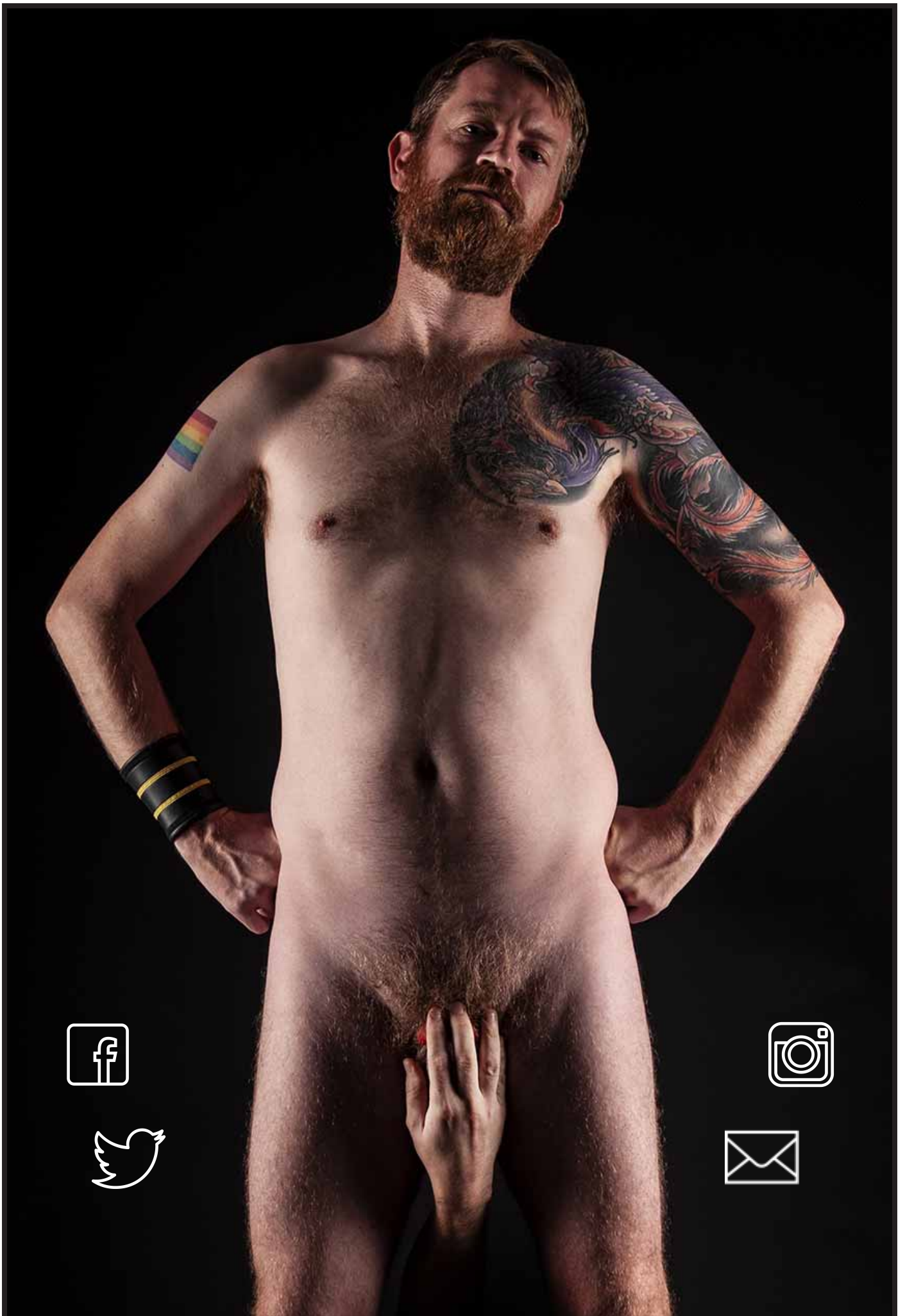
















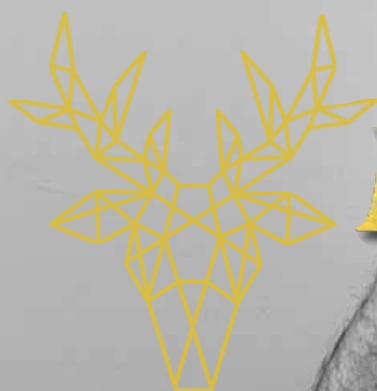
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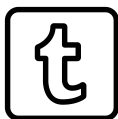


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## *Jezebel continued from page 16*

"Yeah?" asks Blake, raising an eyebrow, his curiosity burning, and liking Mick's thinking.

Mick gives another one of his sly smirks. "Ya ever sucked another guy's dick before?"

Blake perks up to the idea, "No, I haven't," says Blake.

"Well...umm...if you want to try it out...I don't mind if ya...Oh?" Mick sounds surprised, as Blake suddenly works his way down.

Blake immediately gets down on his knees facing Mick's fully erect dick. He stares at the plump big boner Mick is sporting, his mouth drooling. He'd never had a dick in his mouth before, now was his chance, and there it was, big, wet and drooling as much as his mouth was. Blake gets his face closer to Mick's big head, to where his lips are almost touching it; he opens his mouth. Mick's cock pulses and stands up a little more from feeling Blake's breath; it hits the tip of his nose, slapping him, leaving a trail of precum.

"Oops, my bad," grunts Mick, embarrassed.

This is too much for Blake, feeling Mick's warm dick and precum on his face, and grabs Mick's massive rod with both hands, cupping his big balls, and takes Mick's cock into his mouth, sucking it like he was starving. The feeling of Mick's cock-head entering his mouth was euphoric, even though he was the one sucking Mick off, tasting his precum, a bitter and slightly sweet taste dribbling down Blake's tongue. Mick groans.

"Man you're good... and you never sucked a man off before?" Mick asks him. looking down at Blake as he continues to sucking him off.

Blake, his brain fuzzy as he goes to town on Mick's cock, looks up for a moment, stops sucking abruptly, and pops Mick's wet, juicy dick out of his mouth, still holding on to it, "Nah, first time," says Blake, catching his breath.

Mick chuckles deeply, "Damn, buddy, you're good..." before Mick could finish speaking, Blake takes Mick's big wet dick back deep into his mouth, sucking hard.

Mick's cock filled the entirety of Blake's mouth, and all he could think to do was to keep sucking on it. This surprised Mick, as his whole bodies jumps at Blake taking in his cock, his big pecs bounce as he throws his head back.

"Wow, man," groans Mick, suddenly. Mick has to hold on to the shower walls to keep from falling and places one of his beefy legs up on the side of the tub (gripping the edge of the tub with his toes), as Blake is still going at it on Micks rock hard cock. At this rate, Mick was going to cum into Blake's mouth. Mick pulls his cock out of Blake's mouth with a loud "pop" suction sound, precum drooling from the head of his dick to Blake's mouth and tongue.

Blake extends his tongue to lick the tip of Mick's cock, making Mick groan deeply, and tries to take it back in his mouth, but Mick slaps Blake's face with it, getting more pre cum onto Blake's face and beard.

"Well, looks like your enjoying yourself there buddy!" says Mick as he looks down at Blake, still on his hands and knees, hungry for Micks cock.

"Oh, hell, yeah, man," says Blake, breathing heavily, he'd never felt as good as he did now, servicing this big, dominant, muscular bear of a man, sucking on his big dick. Mick grins at the expression on Blake's face, his mouth and tongue hanging out open like an obedient puppy, and licks Micks cock some more like a hungry animal, craving meat.

"You know at the rate we are going, I'm gonna cum soon, but before I do...Woah! Ahh!!"

Blake takes Mick's hot wet cock back into his mouth, sucking hard on it, fondling his big round balls in one hand. Mick groans. Blake didn't want to let go; he couldn't rationalize it. Here he was, a gruff, grumpy, bearded private detective in his thirties, who never liked

**"Hey, buddy, you sure you want this?" asks Mick, as if he was afraid of losing control somehow.**

lowering himself to anyone, or thinking irrationally, who didn't believe in love, or had made many friends, or liked showing any emotion, and here he was, in the shower, on his knees, sucking on another man's (another detective's) dick. And he loved every moment of it.

Mick's toes curled, with one leg up on the edge of the tub, his muscles flexed as his body heaved and he groaned. He looked down at Blake, with a grin, looking impressed. Blake looks back up at him, his big wet dick in his mouth, and sucks more vigorously, making Mick throw back his head again, like an animal, and moan. Blake loved making this big boy moan, watching his whole body react to him, his muscles tense, and his big chest flexing, and bouncing. Blake loved seeing those big pecs of his bounce, and sud-

denly wanted to taste them. Blake takes Mick's cock out of his mouth, and licks up his body, from his groin to his chest. Mick moans as Blake licks his big chest. Blake feels the mass of muscle and hair against his mouth and kisses it, flicking Mick's right nipple with his tongue (he did this with Jezebel before, but it felt better to him doing it on a man).

"Ah, fuck, buddy!" groans Mick, looking down at Blake munching on his chest, his whole body tense, "You're gonna make me...I'm gonna..."

Blake hears Mick moan loudly, feels his big body tremble, and a strong white hot stream splash against his chest. Blake quickly goes from Mick's chest, back to his big dick, trying to catch his spurting load in his mouth. He takes Mick's cock back into his mouth, as Mick's thick streams of white cum coat his beard, excited as a puppy, and swallows. Blake's tongue feels the hot semi sweet taste of Micks cum as he tries to swallow. Blake's own cock is hard and warm. Blake groans, as Mick's cock still pumps his mouth and throat full of his cum. Blake releases Mick's cock from his mouth for a moment, but it's still spurting. Blake loves it, he licks the cum drooling from Mick's shaft, licking his nice smooth big balls, sucking them, then put's Mick's cock back in his mouth, sucking it like a baby at a bottle. The warmth of Mick's cum in his mouth, going down the back of his throat, somehow made him feel like he was receiving a part of him, and the taste of his load was surprisingly sweet, and Blake guzzled it down, greedily.

Blake continues to suck on Mick's dick, feeling the last drops of cum flowing out of it. Blake takes Mick's dick out of his mouth, licking up the hard underside of his shaft, another dollop of Mick's white cum getting on his red beard, and on his chest. Mick loves this sensation as he looks down at him, panting.

"Hehe, did you enjoy yourself, buddy?"

Blake keeps licking Mick's cock and balls, before standing up, still panting, and giving Mick a big wet kiss, and a taste of his own cum. Mick kisses back, tasting his cum on Blake's tongue, Blake's cum covered beard rubbing against Mick's, their big strong chests pressing together. They break their kiss and look into each other's eyes.

"Thanks," says Blake, with a grin, "I didn't know how much I needed that."

"Hehe, you're welcome," says Mick. They stand in the shower with the water running over them, looking intently in each others eyes for a moment, as if they saw fire burning in them. Then Mick cracks a big smile at Blake.

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"Haha! You've got my cum all over your beard!" He laughs.

Blake rubs his red beard and then raises an eyebrow, looking at Mick.

"So do you," says Blake.

"Yeah...I...Oh..."

Mick touches and strokes his beard, covered in his own jizz. He puts his arm behind his head, and scratches the back of his hair.

This makes Blake laugh. It was the goofiest expression, but it looked adorable on a big rough man like Mick. Blake was glad he found this guy. They had blown off some steam together and were spent for the moment, but Blake still felt like he could keep on going with him. He wanted to try more stuff out with him, to experience it all with this guy. But they had to hurry and finish their shower. Mick seemed to think the same thing.

"We better get ya washed up again, buddy," says Mick, patting his head.

"Uh...yeah," says Blake, his big boner was poking against Mick again.

"Hmm?" Mick gives a quizzical look, and looks down at Blake's hard dick. "Oh? I forgot. you still need to give some attention to your guy down there," Mick takes a bar of soap, and rubs it against Blake's cock.

"Ah..." Blake moans. He wanted to, but what he was really wanted was...

"Come on, we need to get ya soaped up," says Mick, teasingly, touching Blake's beard.

"Right, soap," says Blake, looking around. He sees his bar of soap on the shower floor and bends over to grab it. As he bends he feels Mick's dick touch his ass. Blake stand up immediately, panicking, and turns around, his grip on his soap tightens and slips out of his hands again, hitting Mick in the face, causing Mick to drop his soap as well, trying to catch the other bar. The bars of soap fall down onto Mick's feet, hitting his toes.

"Ouch!" Mick leans down to try rub his toes, but ends up slipping onto Blake's crotch making him fall too.

Blake falls back, his foot and leg going up, Mick falling on top of him. Blake lands on his back, hitting his head slightly on the tub, Mick lands on top, his crotch against Blake's and his face right up against Blake's face as well. Blake grunt's, it hurt, falling like this, and Mick's big body falling on top of his, but he looks and sees their current position, with Mick pressing against him, their faces, almost smashed together.

"Hey, you alright bud?" asks Mick's his nose against Blake's his mouth less than an inch from his.

Blake is speechless for a moment.

Jezebel



"Yeah, just a little sore, but I don't mind," says Blake, as he stays still.

As Mick lifts his face up to make eye contact with Blake, their eyes meet, locked to one another. Mick leans in and starts to kiss Blake on the lips, Blake kisses Mick back as he starts to hug Mick's wet naked body while the shower still sprays on the both the men.

Blake couldn't believe what he was doing, but his impulse was to kiss this big man back, he feels his big muscular back, his broad shoulders, and down to his strong muscular round ass, Blake's legs wrapping around Mick's waist, the hot water running over both of them, their beards dripping with water, rustling together. Blake groaned, he wasn't even thinking about what has happening anymore, he felt Mick's body, about to grab on to his fine ass, he gropes it firmly, he could feel Mick's crotch pushing against his crotch, which is getting rock hard again. It wasn't too long ago that they jerked off together, then he gave Mick a blowjob, but being naked and wet together under the warmth of the shower's running water was too hard to resist. Blake starts to grind up against Mick, as Mick grinds back. Both of their dicks are rock hard sliding against each other. Mick breaks their kiss for a moment.

"Ya want me to make you cum?" asks Mick with a growl, nibbling his ear.

Blake felt Mick's prickly beard caress his neck. Blake nods, then growls in Mick's ear.

"I...I want your dick in my ass," says Blake. "I want you to fuck me until I cum."

"Okay buddy," whispers Mick, deeply in his ear. They go back to kissing.

Mick starts to press his finger up against Blake's ass, rubbing around the hole, this makes Blake groan loudly, his jaw and tongue still locked with Mick's. Blake's toe's curl around Mick's hips, his dick growing hot from rubbing with Mick's in the shower, and Mick's finger on his tight hole. Mick lubes his fingers with soap and water and slowly slips them inside, cleaning him out, and stretching his hole. Blake grabs on to Mick tightly, as there was a tight pinching sensation. Blake held on through the pain, wanting this badly. This sort of behavior would have made him uncomfortable with most people, but with this big guy, he wanted it, he couldn't rationalize why. Jezebel

As if sensing his sudden eagerness, Mick breaks their kiss suddenly, drool between their lips, and both look at each other's eyes, and heated expressions.

"Hey, buddy, you sure you want this?" asks Mick, as if he was afraid of losing control somehow.

Mick pulls out another pair of briefs for Blake to wear, "Hopefully you don't mind wearing these out, I don't have any other kinds of underwear."

Blake nods his head in agreement, even though he was a virgin with other men, he was willing to go all the way with this rugged bear of a man. Even though he's huge, Blake is willing to take it from

Mick.

Mick adjust his body over Blake's cock, Blake feels Mick's big dick slide off of his, and slap against his thigh, Mick looks down at Blake, a beastly fire in his eyes, as he pushes his big wet cock down Blake's leg, his balls, and toward his ass. Blake grabs onto Mick's big broad shoulders, like a cowboy grabbing onto a big strong bull at a rodeo, getting ready for the ride. Mick slowly presses up against Blake's tight asshole, the pre-cum from Mick's dick is helping Blake's hole feel more relaxed, allowing his dick to enter the hole.

Blake is ready for it, as Mick pushes his big cock in, the girth of the head is making Blake grunt loudly, and he shuts his eyes for a moment, gripping Mick's big round muscular shoulders tightly. It's nice warm and wet, going inside him, but he feels his hole getting stretched by Mick's girth. Mick stops for a moment.

"I'm warnin' ya, I'm a big boy," says Mick with a chuckle; he looks embarrassed. "I know you're new to this so, if ya wan't me ta stop..."

Blake suddenly pulls Mick closer, pulling him down for a kiss, and they lock lips again, Blake moans. He's never wanted something so bad, even if it hurt, it was beyond logic. He wanted his new big manly friend to plow him relentlessly. He hugs Mick tight to his body. Mick groans as well, he shoves his hard dick into Blake's hole some more. Surprisingly Blake's ass took Mick's cock in with little to no pain, Mick gives a moment for Blake to relax his ass some more before plowing away.

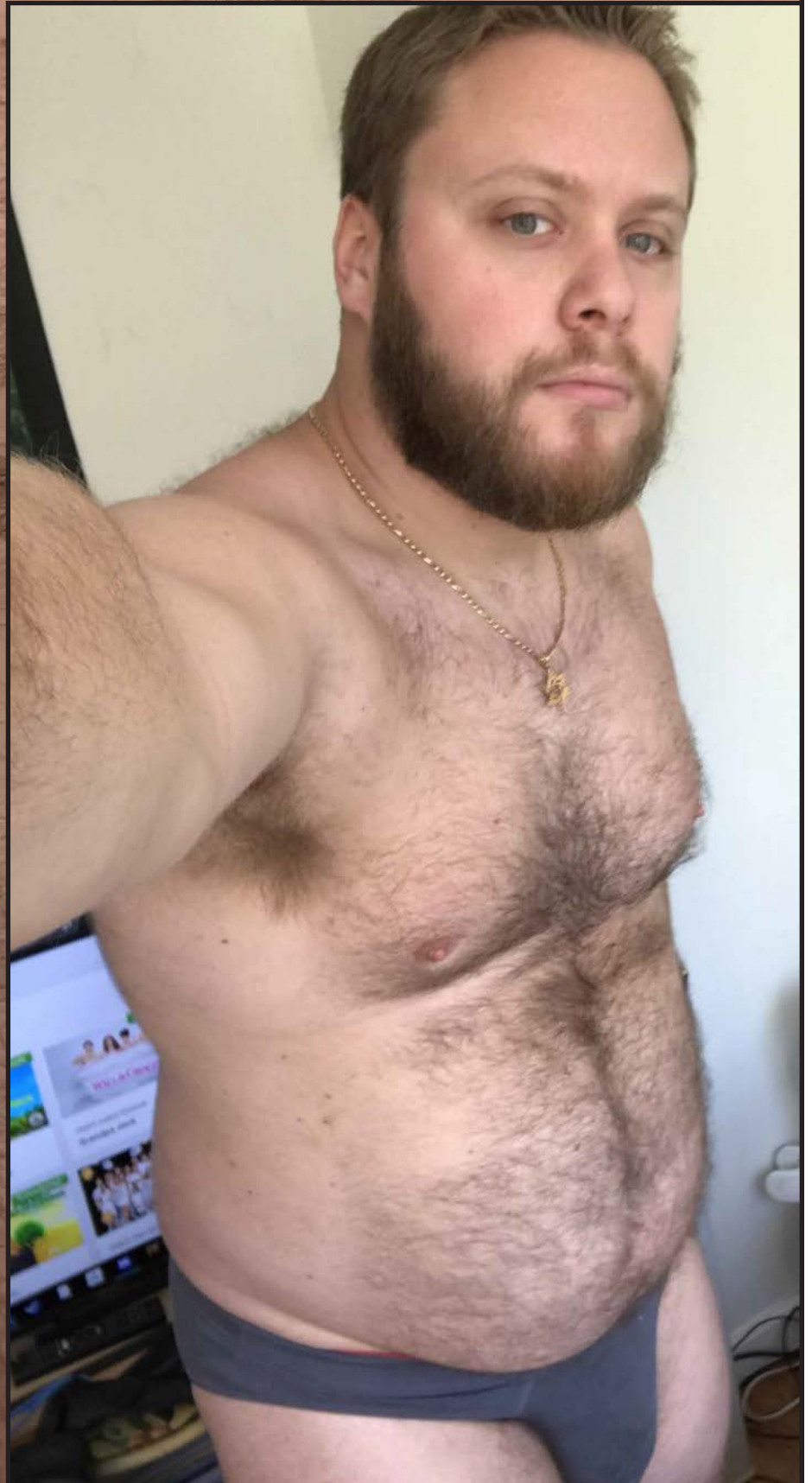
"You alright man?" asks Mick.

"Yeah, I'm good!" Blake's dick is also hard dripping with pre-cum.

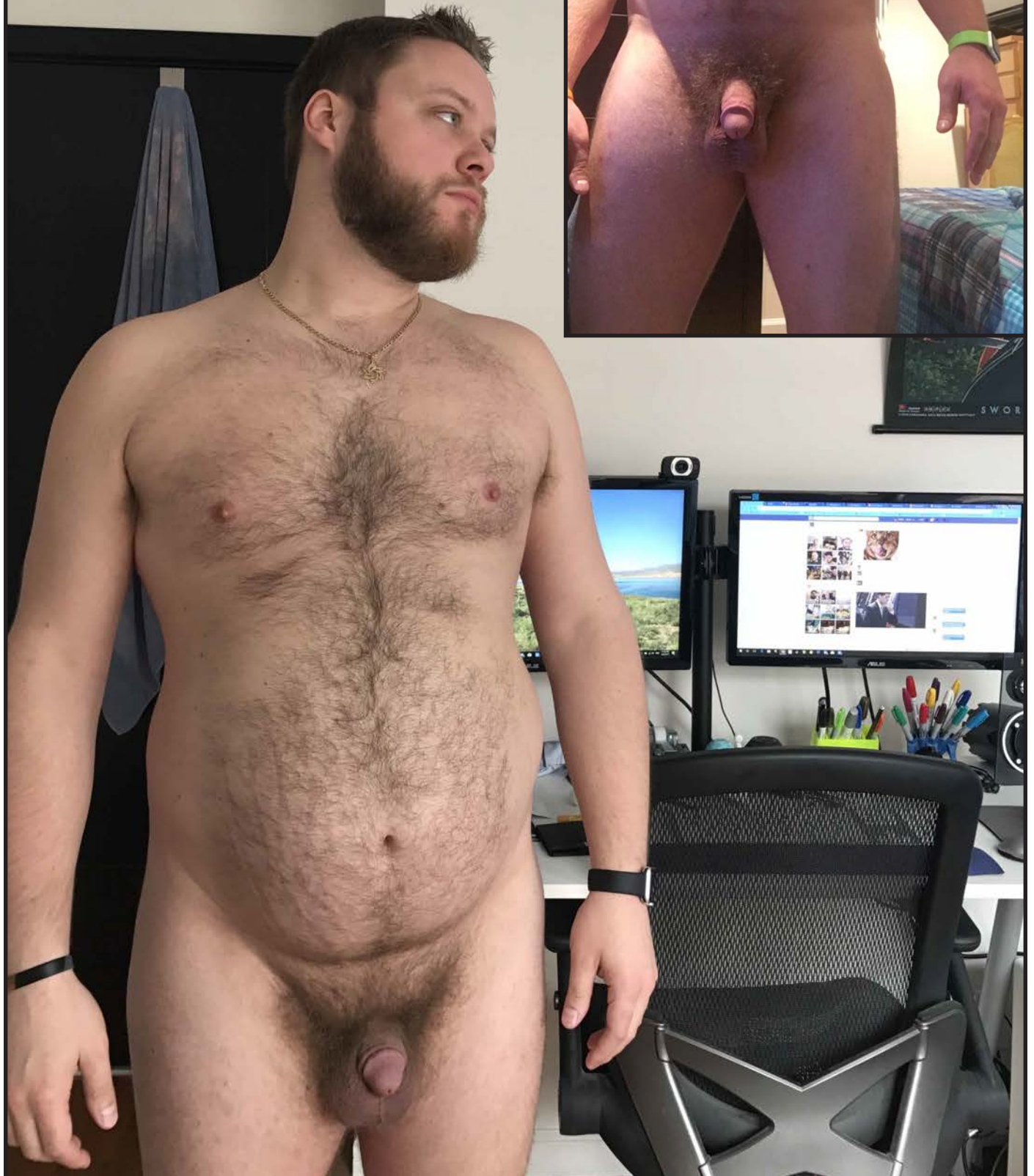
*Continued on page 75*

# Matty Bear

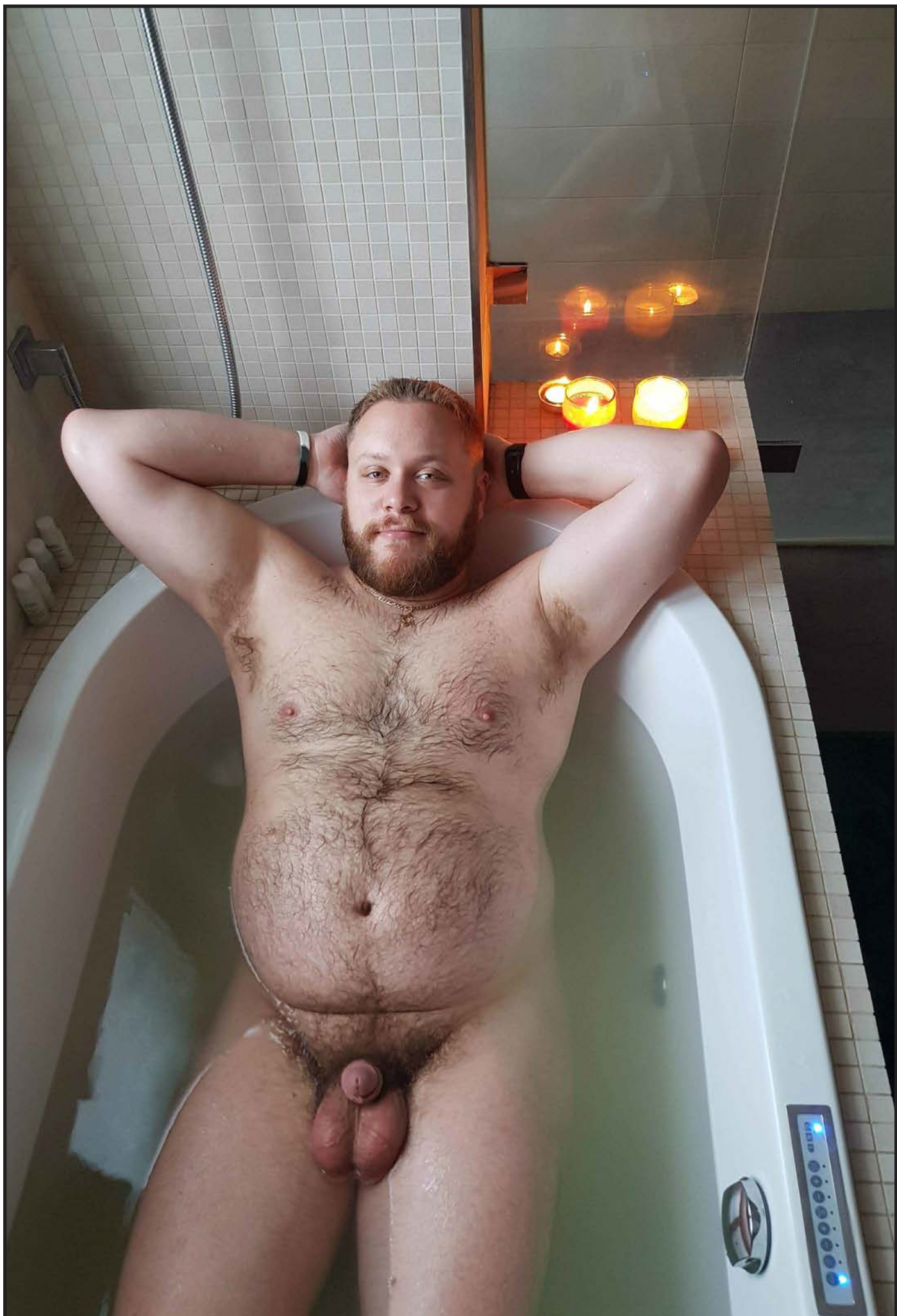
Photography by Matty Bear







Matty Bear







Matty Bear







Matty Bear









# MODEL CALL

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# Turning the Lens

## Photographer Interview

Meet the man behind

### Menasco Photography ~ Eric Menasco

From insects, to landscapes, and then to naked men, Eric has run the gamut in his photography career. His work shows his passion and dedication no matter what he has in front of his lens. This time the lens is turned on him as we sit down and ask him a few questions so that his fans, which there are many, will know a little bit about him.

***Tell us a bit about your personal life:***

I'm Eric, 43 yrs old, and I live in Mesa, AZ, which is right next to Phoenix. I moved here from Northern California back in '99 for college. I also met my partner Dan that same year. This past October was our 19 year anniversary. We got engaged last year, but haven't set a wedding date. My day job is auto & property insurance, but my passions are photography, travel, and insects. Lol. I know that last one is a little weird, but I've always loved all living things.

***Do you have any formal training in photography?***

Not really. I took a semester of photography in college in 2002, but didn't really learn much from that class. I bought my first DSLR camera in 2008. I shot everything in automatic for many years. After watching the movie *The Big Year* in Nov. 2012, my partner Dan suggested I try a photo project to try and photograph as many bird species that I can find in Arizona for 1 year. So I started that project Jan 1, 2013. That forced me to get out of using auto on my camera and switch to manual. I quickly learned how important all the different settings could change the look of a photo. I also started reading lots of photography books. That photography project took me all over Arizona, gave me a new appreciation for birds, and turned my photography skills around. I ended up photographing 169 species of birds that year.





## ***How did you develop an interest in photographing men?***

After I got comfortable in photography and learned what could be done with the settings, I started doing more landscape, animals, and insect macro photography. It was fun, but was starting to get a little boring. Then in April 2014, my friend Juan invited me to join him to photograph a model he was going to shoot. He let me use his flashes and umbrella to photograph this guy. I was amazed at the photos I took. I was hooked.

I bought myself some cheap flashes and an umbrella, and started inviting my friends over to practice photographing them. I love to photograph all men, but especially enjoy photographing the average guy, guys who don't have what society calls the perfect body. Being a bigger guy myself, I've always been self-conscious about my body. I love being able to photograph guys to show them that everyone can be beautiful.

## ***What, in your opinion, is most important to consider while shooting images of men?***

Standing in front of a camera can be intimidating. Being naked in front of a camera is even scarier for some guys. Most of the guys I photograph have never done a photoshoot, so they are usually a little nervous. I try to ask them about themselves and get to know them. I want to make sure they feel comfortable. If they are uncomfortable, it'll show in the photos. I like to show them some of the pic-



tures on my camera as I'm taking them. I think it eases them up a bit knowing the photos are turning out good.

## ***Describe a typical photoshoot for you.***

I usually chat online with the model about what kind of shoot they are looking for. A lot of guys just want sexy photos. But what one person thinks is sexy is totally different from another. I'll ask if they have any hobbies, like sports, or other things we could incorporate into the shoot.

I turned a bedroom here at my house into a studio, so I shoot in there usually. Sometimes we'll find places around the house to shoot so mix up the background. Most guys say they don't want to get naked, but just want photos of themselves in sexy underwear or jocks, but by the end of the shoot, they've gotten comfortable enough to pose nude.

## ***What advice, if any, would you give an aspiring model?***

Don't just think about it, get out there and get



photographed. I get asked all the time about doing photoshoots with guys, but so many of them tell me they just want to hit the gym, tone up, or drop some weight before they get photographed. But then I never hear from them again. Stop thinking about having that perfect body. Who says you don't already have it. Get photographed now, and then you can always do another shoot in a few years.

***Who are you most interested in working with?***

I love Joel Grimes photography. He does a lot of composite photography, where he photographs a model in the studio, then merges them into a separate background image he took. I would love to work with him and learn from him.

***Do you have any upcoming projects?***

I'm working on a photo art project right now. I hope to be done by the spring. I've always been interested in insects. I was that little kid wading through the creeks and fields collecting insects while most other kids were playing video games. And unfortunately for my partner, I never outgrew my love of insects. Lol. As my passion for photography grew into photographing nude males, I wanted to merge my love of insects and love of the male nude body into one. Don't want to give too much of it away, but that's the basic idea.

*Thanks for taking the time to answer the questions for your fans, Eric. You know we love your work and are excited to continually feature you. We look forward to see what you bring next to the Magazine.*



*If you are in the Phoenix, Az area and are in need of a great photographer, or you want to be photographed for the Magazine, we definitely recommend you reach out to Menasco Photography and work with him. His one on one hands on approach will definitely produce the images you want.*

*You can reach out to him via the social media links below.*







*Kenneth Crecch*  
Photography

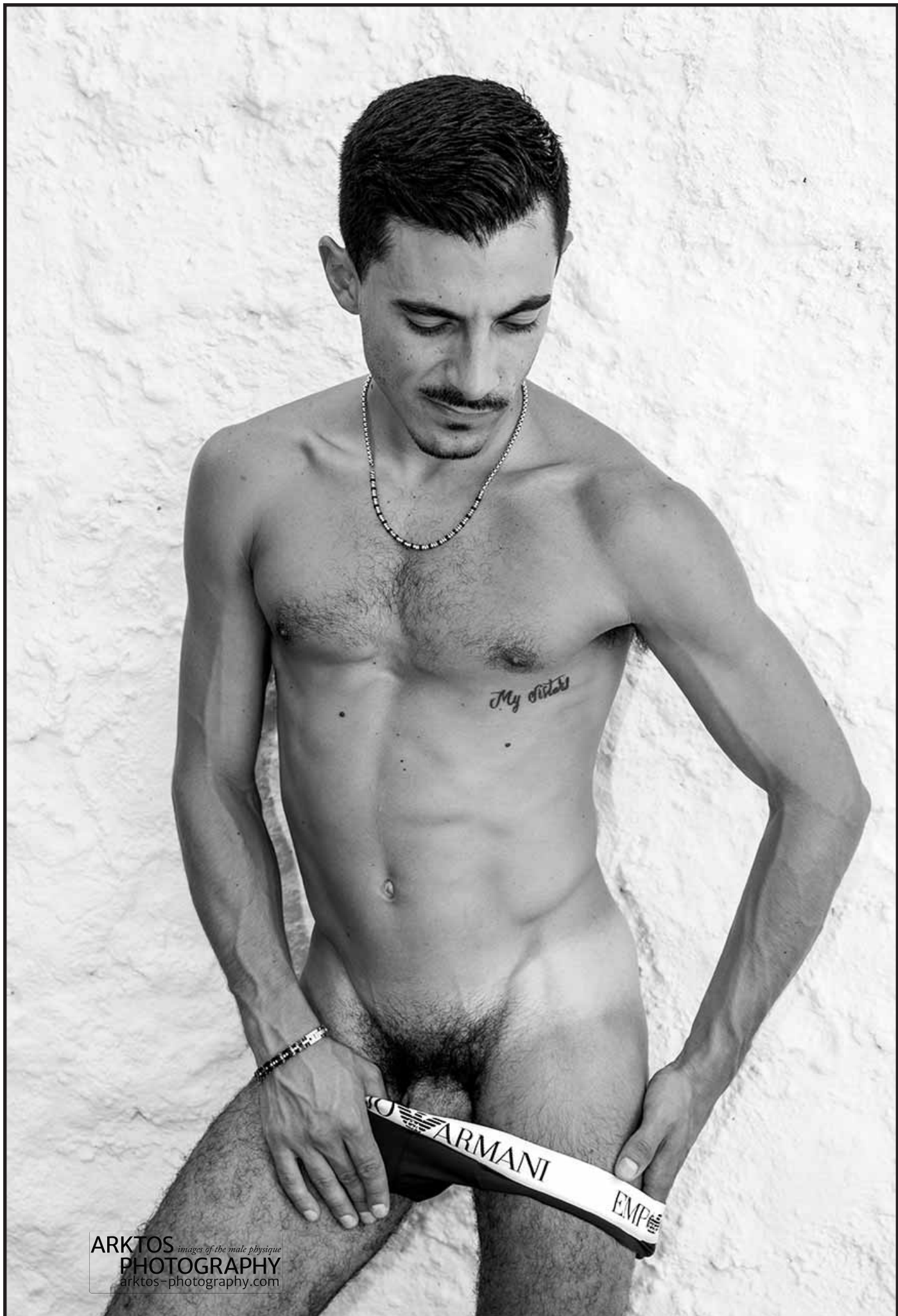


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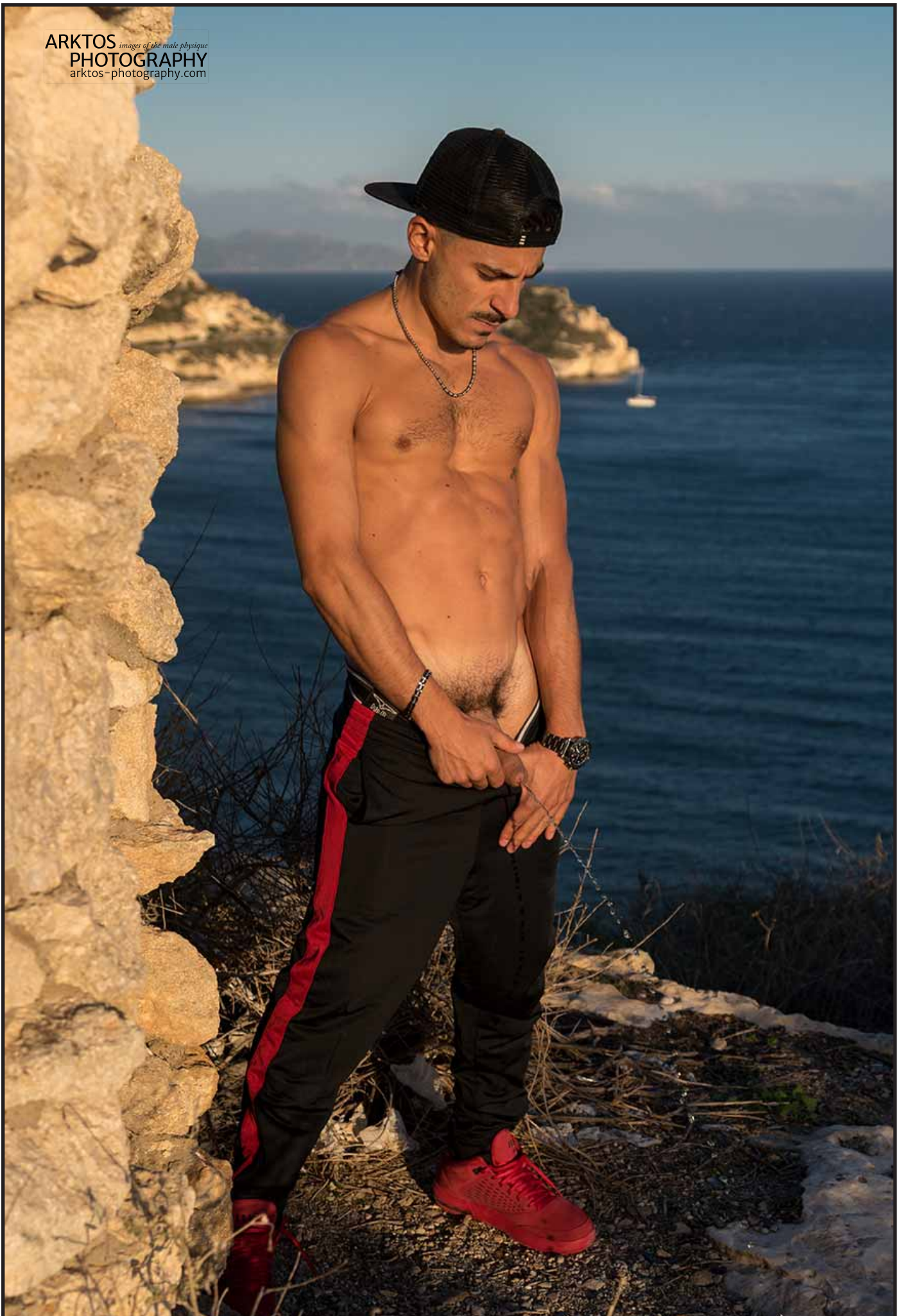




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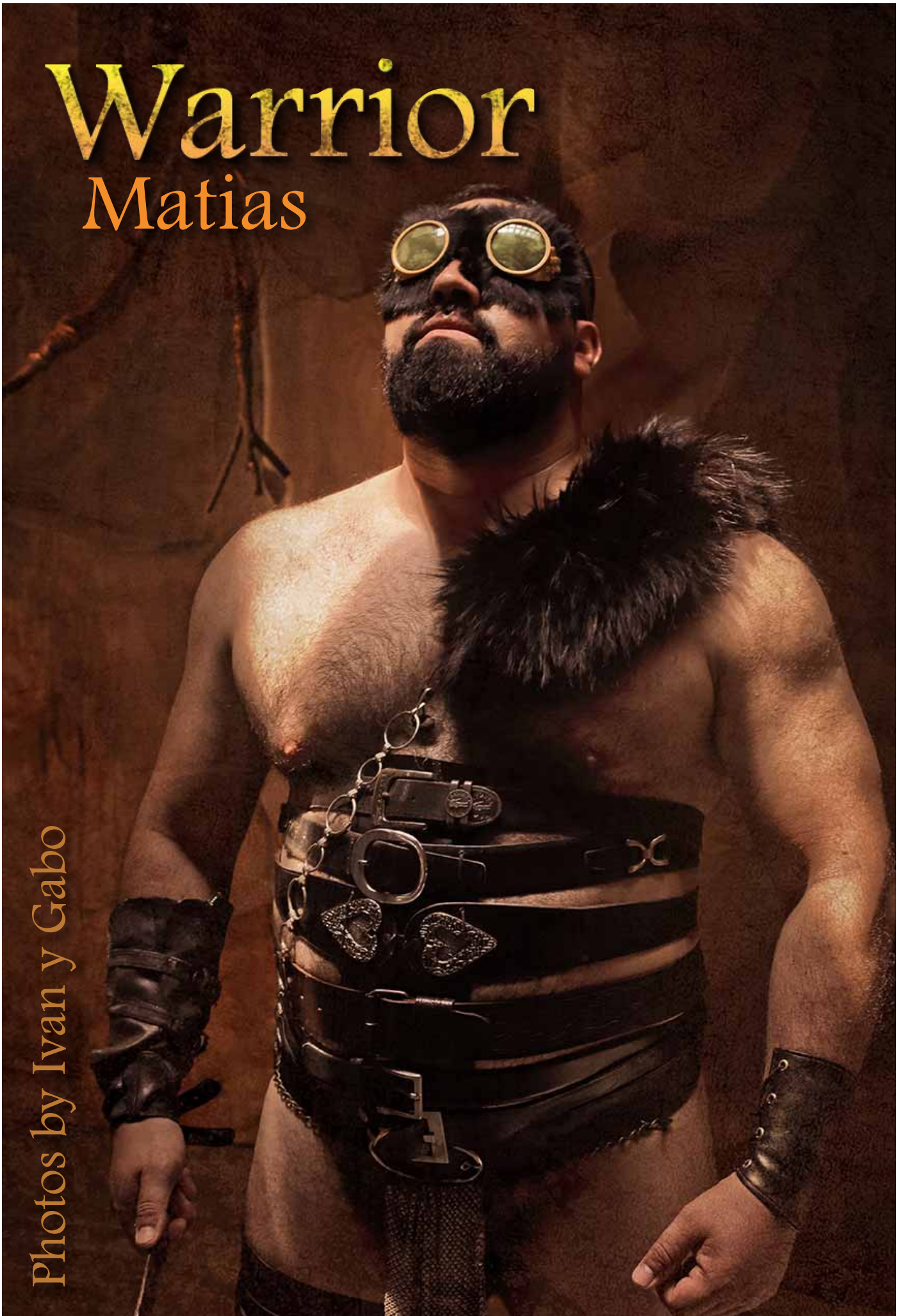


Dominik Sardo

# Warrior

## Matias

Photos by Ivan y Gabo







Warrior Matias







Warrior Matias







Warrior Matias

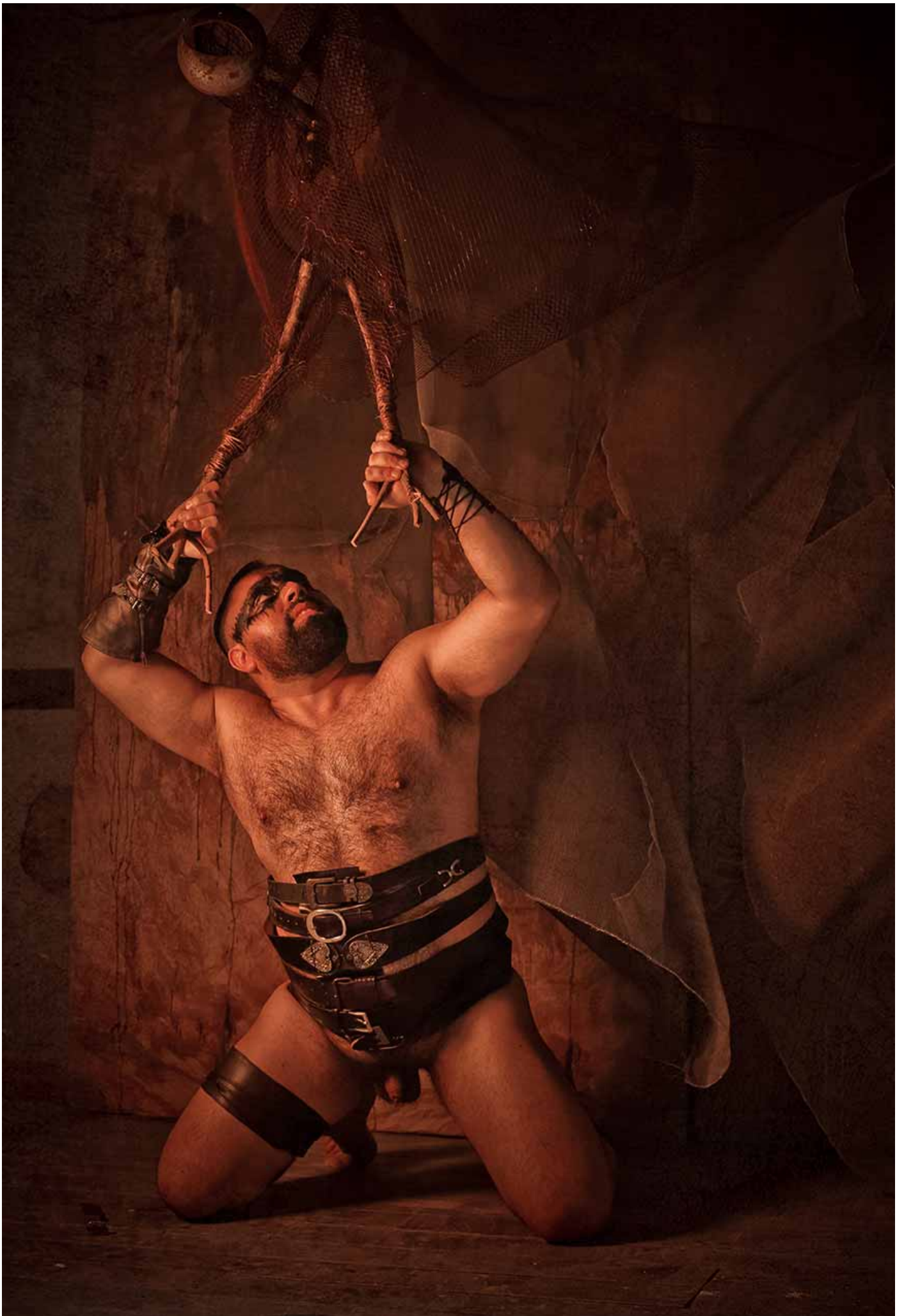








Warrior Matias







Warrior Matias

## *Jezebel continued from page 42*

Mick strokes Blake's dick, playing with the tip. Blake pulls Mick back into their deep kiss (Blake loved making out with this guy) as Mick starts thrusting faster and harder into Blake, stroking him as he fucks him like an animal. Blake feels Mick's dick plunging deep into him, his big body and balls smacking hard against his ass, Mick groaning deep and happily, feeling Blake's virgin hole tight around his cock as he pumped it inside him. Blake loved that Mick was enjoying himself and groaning this way, that it wasn't just one sided. Mick was loving Blake's body as much as Blake loved Mick's body on top of him and his dick inside him. Mick was sounding more and more like a wild beast, thrusting his powerful hips faster, not holding back as he slammed his cock relentlessly into Blake's bubble butt. Blake feels the urge to cum soon, and with Mick's meat pushing up against Blake's hole it's no wonder Blake feels that he's about to burst.

"I... might cum soon, Mick," moans Blake.

Mick kisses Blake some more, with a deep growl Mick grinds into Blake, thrusting his cock as deep as it can go into his hole, Blake feels it hit him, and groans, feeling Mick hit his spot, he starts to cum. He's never felt such a strong orgasm before, he kisses Mick harder, moaning as he cums all over himself and Mick's chest and belly. Blake releases for a while as Mick still fucks his rear end, Mick growls while rubbing the cum from Blake all over his chest.

"Get ready buddy, I'm about to..."

"Yeah buddy, cum in me," growls Blake, wanting his friend's cum inside him. "Give it to me!"

Mick roars, about to cum inside Blake, pumping his hips, about to thrust again, and deliver his load. Blake sees the look on his face, as he's about to cum, and grabs him into a tight hug again, wrapping his arms and legs around him, wanting to kiss this big primal beast as he breeds him.

Mick's roar is muffled by Blake's lips, as he bursts his hot man-cum inside of Blake. As Mick ejaculates in Blake they share another passionate kiss. Blake can feel Mick's hot jizz all inside of his hole, spurting deep into him, filling him up. They break from their intense kiss, as Mick huffs, and pants, his hips still flush against Blake's round ass.

"Damn that was hot!" moans Blake as Mick is panting like a dog.

"Yeah, that was. Hell, I'm surprised you took

me all in!" says Mick, still gasping for breath.

Blake grins, reaching up, and ruffles Mick's hair. Mick looks happy, shutting his eyes and smiling, like a big happy dog who's been rewarded for being a good boy.

"Wow," says Blake again, gazing up at Mick, happily, "You're amazing Mick."

"Hehe, shucks! You know how to make a man blush!" says Mick, then Mick's expression changed to shock.

"Oh shit! The water is turning cold! We need to shower still!"

Blake grins, "Well, I guess we'd better get up," he says, with a chuckle.

"Right," says Mick. They both remain still, on the shower floor, looking at each other. They both laugh. "I guess I better take my boner out of ya first," laughs Mick.

"Haha. Yeah, that'd help," laughs Blake. He was so much more relaxed now. Blake marveled at what a manly yet adorable man Mick was. He still couldn't believe he just had sex with him. Somehow, he felt like this had strengthened their budding friendship.

Mick lifts up and starts to pull his dick out of Blake, Blake's ass not wanting to let go, tight and hot. As Mick's dick pulls out, Blake feels his cum drip and leak out of his ass.

"Wow, man," groans Blake, "You sure left a big one."

"Hehe. You've got a nice ass buddy," laughs Mick, "Ya can't have an ass like that and not use it." He gives Blake a wink. "I wanted to put it to use since I first saw it."

"Heh, now you're makin' me blush man," laughs Blake.

Mick stands above Blake, giving him a nice view of his beefy body. He pulls Blake up to his feet and hugs him again. Blake hugs him back. They both laugh again.

"Heh, that was awesome, man," says Blake.

"Hehe, thanks man!" says Mick. Both are slaphappy, hugging. They break their hug and Mick ruffles Blake's wet hair, both smiling. Then, Blake winces.

"Ah," grunts Blake.

"What's wrong, buddy?" asks Mick.

"Ah," Blake rubs the back of his head, "I think I banged head pretty bad when I fell," says Blake. "I must have made it worse, after what we did."

"Aw, I'm sorry, bud," says Mick, concerned.

"Nah, it's alright, I didn't mind the bangin' too much," Blake winks.

Mick looks confused for a moment, then grins really big, liking this new side he brought out in



Blake. They both laugh again, then get back to their shower, both not being bashful at all about helping each other get clean or touching each other. Blake and Mick shampoo each others hair, Blake almost laughing the whole time, he'd never had so much fun showering before in his life. After soaping up their bodies and faces (helping wash each other's dicks as well), they took turns rinsing off under the showerhead.

"Man I'm hungry!" Mick with a carnivorous growl, his stomach began to rumble.

Blake couldn't agree more. He suddenly felt ravenous, like he and Mick had just got done competing in a big football game.

"Yeah, I could go for a bite myself," says Blake.

"Know any good places?" asks Mick.

"Hmm..." Blake thinks for a moment, "Besides the diner that we went to earlier, there's a steakhouse on the other side of town that's pretty good!"

"Sounds good to me then, man!" says Mick, grabbing some towels for the both of them. He tosses one to Blake, and Blake starts drying himself off, he looks over at Mick a few times, watching him dry off with a big smile on his face.

They dry themselves quickly, occasionally using their towels as whips to slap each other's asses. After being fully dried off, both Mick and Blake go back into the living room to check Blake's clothes to see if the radiator has dried them off. Mick grabs the shirt and feels it.

"Hmm, still damp. Is this thing even working?" Mick checks the jeans, the same thing, still damp. With a sigh, Mick turns to Blake, "Looks like you'll be wearing some of my clothes while we get a bite to eat." Mick then turns to one of the many boxes in his room, "Let's see." Mick pulls out a blue denim button up shirt and some Khaki pants, and a pair of socks, "Here ya go, these should fit ya, they were always tight on me," Mick hands the clothes to Blake, "Sorry I don't have any clean undershirts," says Mick.

"That's okay man," says Blake. He starts with the shirt, letting his dick hang free for a few moments. He puts on the denim shirt, and starts to button it, "Hey, the top buttons are missing," says Blake.

"Oh, yeah!" says Mick, just remembering, and laughing, "There's a story behind that..." Mick looks like he's going to say something else, Jezebel

looking happy, and then suddenly looks sad.

"Somethin' wrong?" asks Blake.

Mick looks down to the floor not paying attention to what Blake had said to him. "It's nothing, just something from the past." Mick continues to pull more clothing out of the boxes, and hands Blake a necklace of some kind, a thin leather strap, with some sort of tooth on it, a sharp tooth.

"What's this?" asks Blake.

"Hm?" asks Mick, he snaps to, still lost in memory, "Oh, that? I just thought it might look good on ya, you know. With your chest showin' and all," Mick laughs.

"I don't know, I might get cold," says Blake, Mick's shirt is still kind of baggy on him, in spite of it having been "too tight" on Mick.

"Nah, you've got a nice chest man, show it off," says Mick with a wink.

"Really, ya think so?" asks Blake happily, blushing, "Thanks!"

Mick smiles big, showing his big white teeth. Those teeth almost reminded Blake of a canines'. Blake shook his head and felt his rear getting cold; he looks around.

"Um...Mick?"

"Yeah buddy?" asks Mick, still grinning.

"Do you have my underwear?"

Mick looks stupefied for a second then facepalms and laughs.

"Oh, of course I forgot the underwear. How stupid of me! Haha!" Everything seemed to be so amusing to this big guy. "I'll get ya a new pair," says Mick.

"But I thought I just had..."

Mick pulls out another pair of briefs for Blake to wear, "Hopefully you don't mind wearing

these out, I don't have any other kinds of underwear."

Blake blushes, "It's fine man, I don't mind." Knowing the fact that these briefs are Mick's is making Blake hard again, Blake pulls one side on and the other up, cupping his balls and ass nicely to his body. Mick takes a moment to admire the view. Blake sits down on the couch to pull on his socks, he looks at the necklace in his hand, at the tooth on it. It looks like a... "Hey Mick," says Blake. "What is this necklace, anyway?"

"Well, it's uh..."

"It looks like some sort of charm or somethin'", says Blake.

"Yeah! That's it. A charm. My lucky charm. Haha!" Mick rubs the back off his head.

**"Aren't you gonna  
puts some clothes  
on, too?" asks Blake.**

Blake thought something was off, but shrugged, he liked the way it looked. Blake puts on the necklace, then pulls on his socks, and stands up to put on his pants, he looks at Mick, still standing there.

"Mick," says Blake.

"Yeah buddy?"

"Aren't you gonna puts some clothes on, too?" asks Blake.

Mick looks down at his bare naked body, then laughs again. He seemed so slap-happy for some reason. "Ha! Of course!" He grabs himself some clothing from the boxes, a plain white t-shirt and a pair of blue jeans, Mick also grabs a pair of underwear and socks. He puts on the briefs, then socks, then his pants, and last his shirt. "All set now!" says Mick, pulling the shirt over his head and down his body.

Blake watched Mick's muscles ripple as he pulled on the shirt, it really complimented his body, big arms, chest, and his muscle-gut, the darker tone of his skin, and overall shape of his body. So did the jeans. Blake thumbs up, Mick thumbs up back. Mick grabs an umbrella as well as a leather jacket.

"Looks like the rain hasn't let up since this morning." says Blake,

"Well we have this to keep ourselves dry," Mick pokes the umbrella at Blake's butt.

Blake playfully swats the umbrella away, "Watch where ya point that thing!"

Mick grins, then throws him one of his tan trench-coats. "This should keep ya warm," says Mick.

"Hey, thanks!" says Blake. The coat was comfy, and smelled like him (like Mick). They head out the door.

The rain hasn't stopped outside in all this time, even after nightfall, as Blake and Mick stepped through the deep puddles, cutting across town on the sidewalks (their thick work boots kept their feet dry, fortunately). They couldn't find any taxis or buses in the wet haze of the rainstorm, but managed to stay under the umbrella most of the time, until they got to the subway.

Mick and Blake walk down the stairs leading into the underground area, Mick walks up to the ticket booth and buys two tickets for him and Blake. As Blake is waiting for Mick, in the corner of Blake's eye he sees a young woman, with black hair, in a black coat with a sash, buying a train ticket on the opposite side of the platform. Other than the hair color...it looked just like...

Right when Blake turns his head to look, a

train zooms past, obstructing his view.

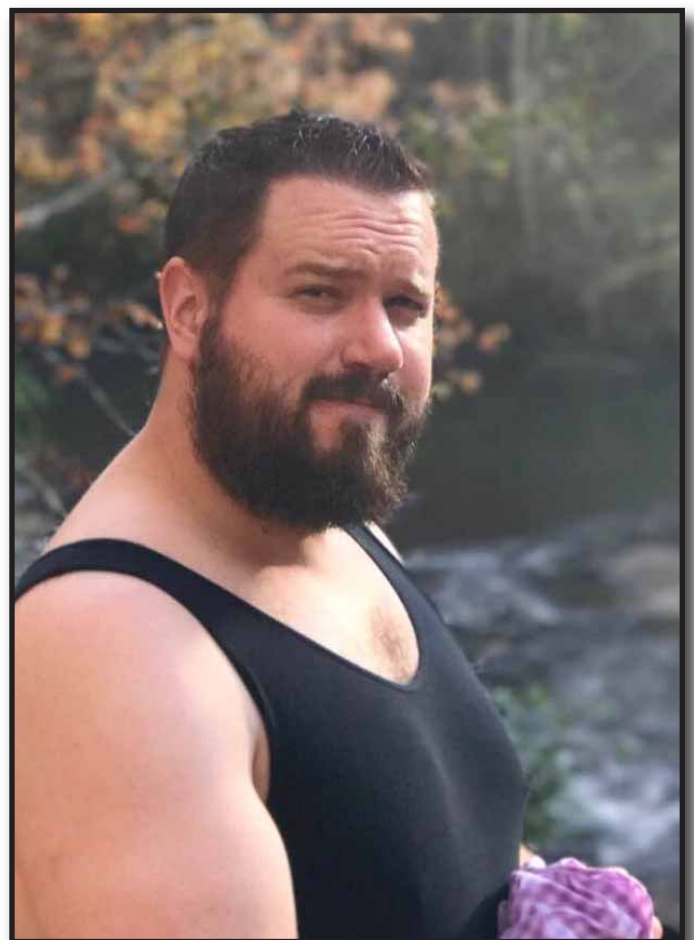
"Hey, come on," says Mick's voice behind him. Blake turns. "We've got our tickets," says Mick, holding up the two tickets, "Come on, or we'll have to wait to catch the 10:20".

Mick grabs his arm, and pulls him along through the turnstile and across the platform to catch the train. They make it through the doors just in time. Blake runs to the windows of the train, facing the opposite platform. There's moisture from the rainstorm outside fogging up the glass. Blake uses the sleeve of his coat to wipe some moisture away enough to see outside, there was no one there. Blake rubs his eyes and looks again, still nobody around, "Did I just see her?" Blake thinks to himself.

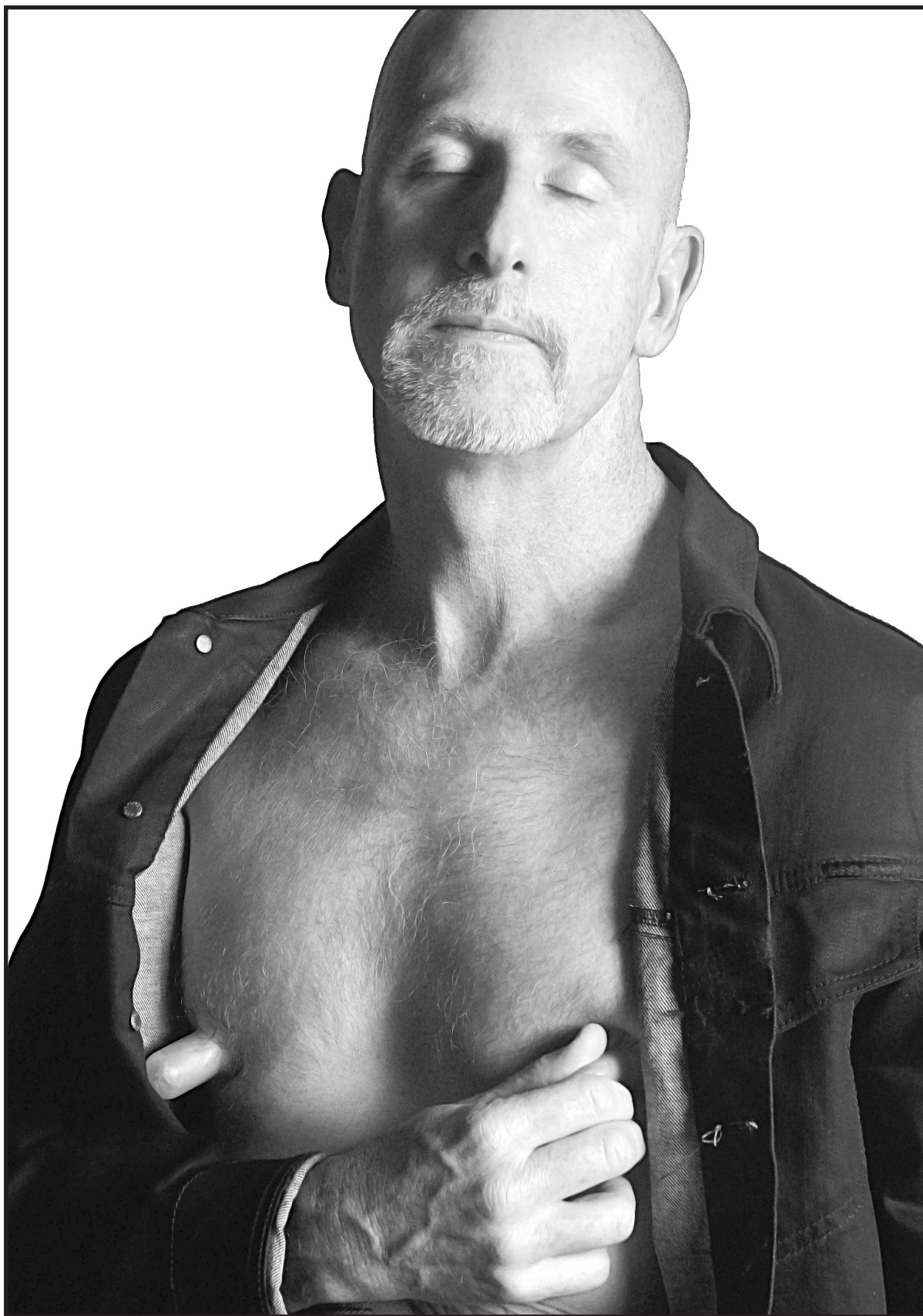
"What are you doing man?" asks Mick, he can tell there's something on Blake's mind.

"Oh... I thought I saw..." then a sound of a train cuts off Blake's speaking.

*Continued in Next Issue*



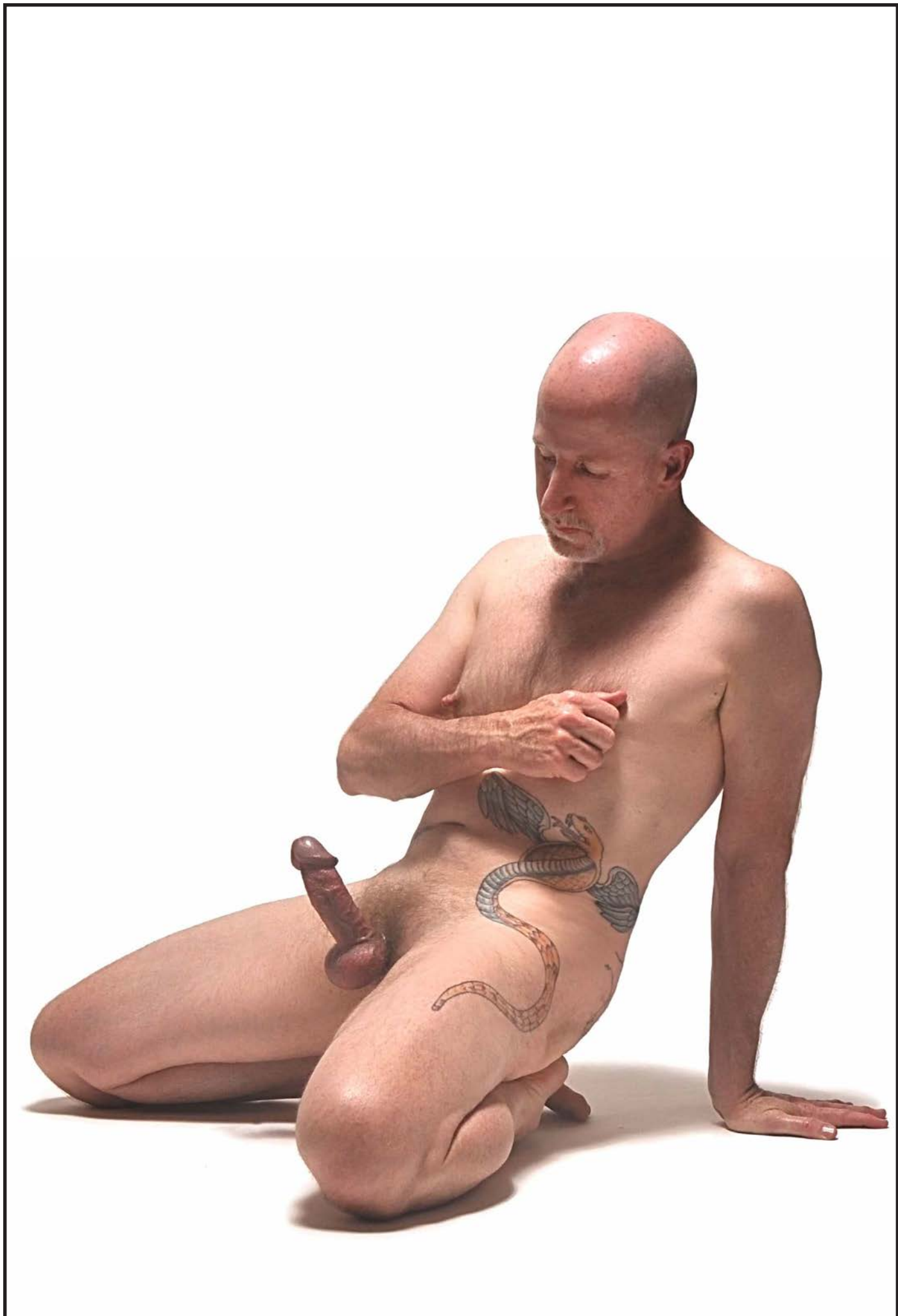




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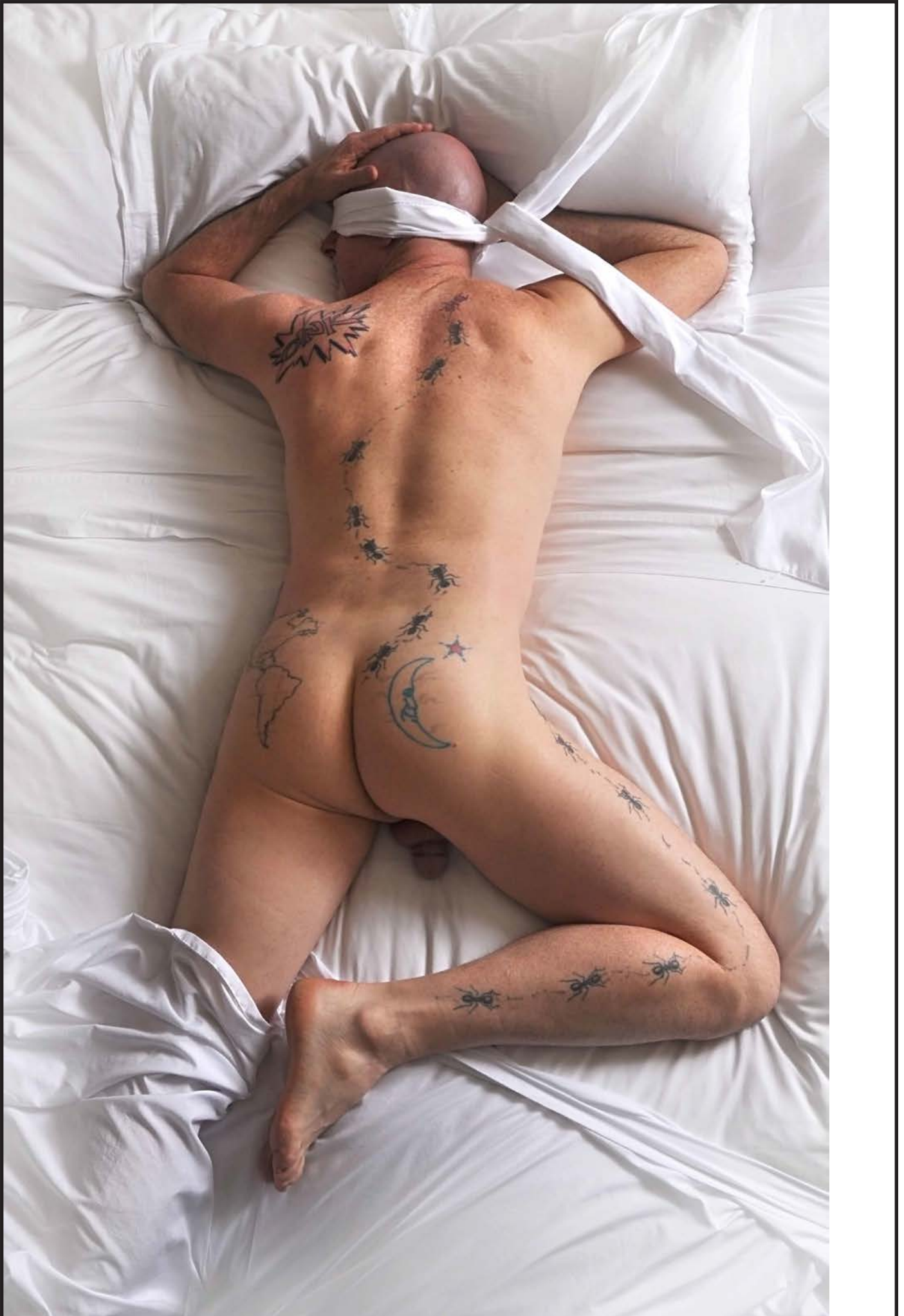




























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# Big Beast KIMO



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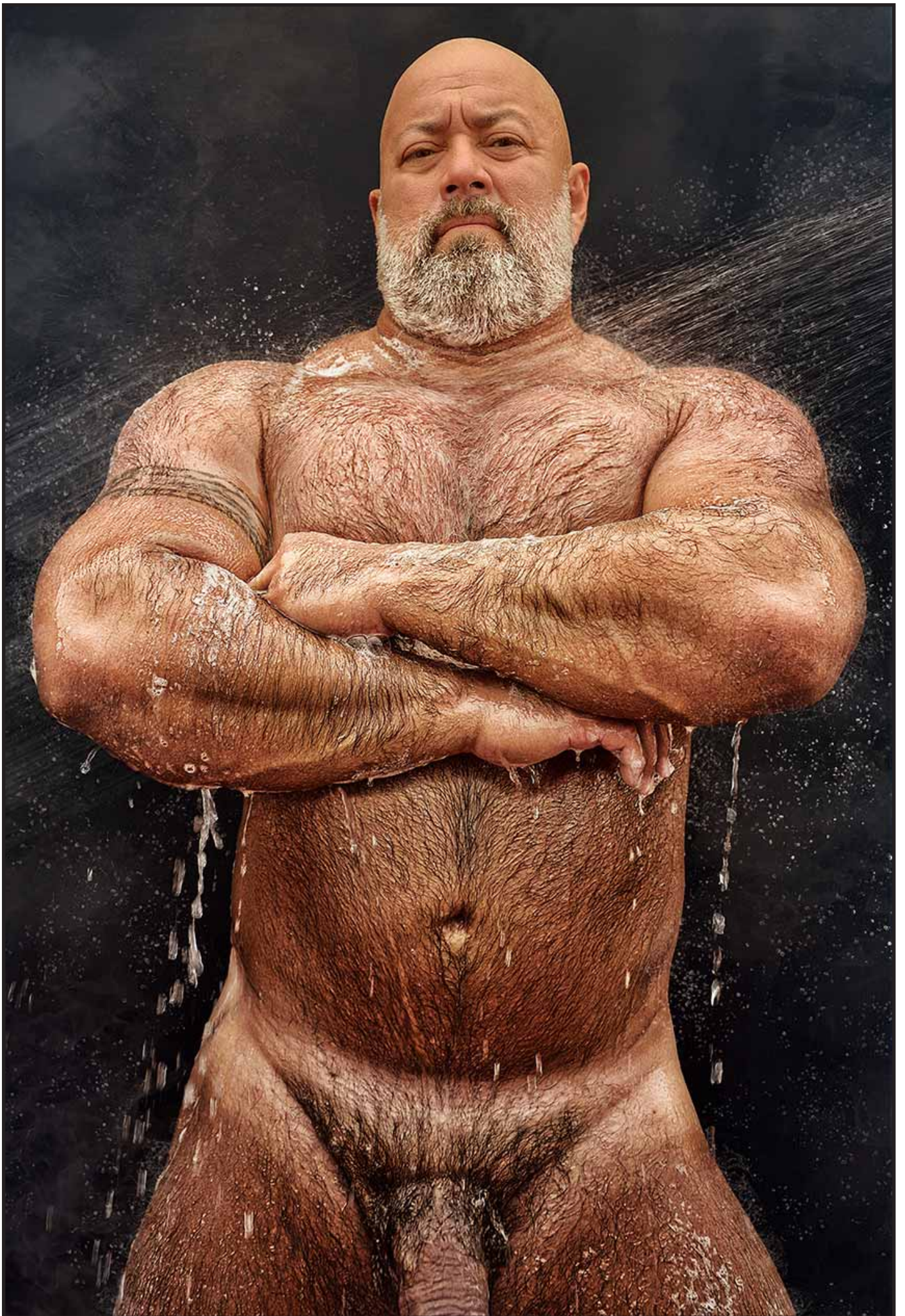




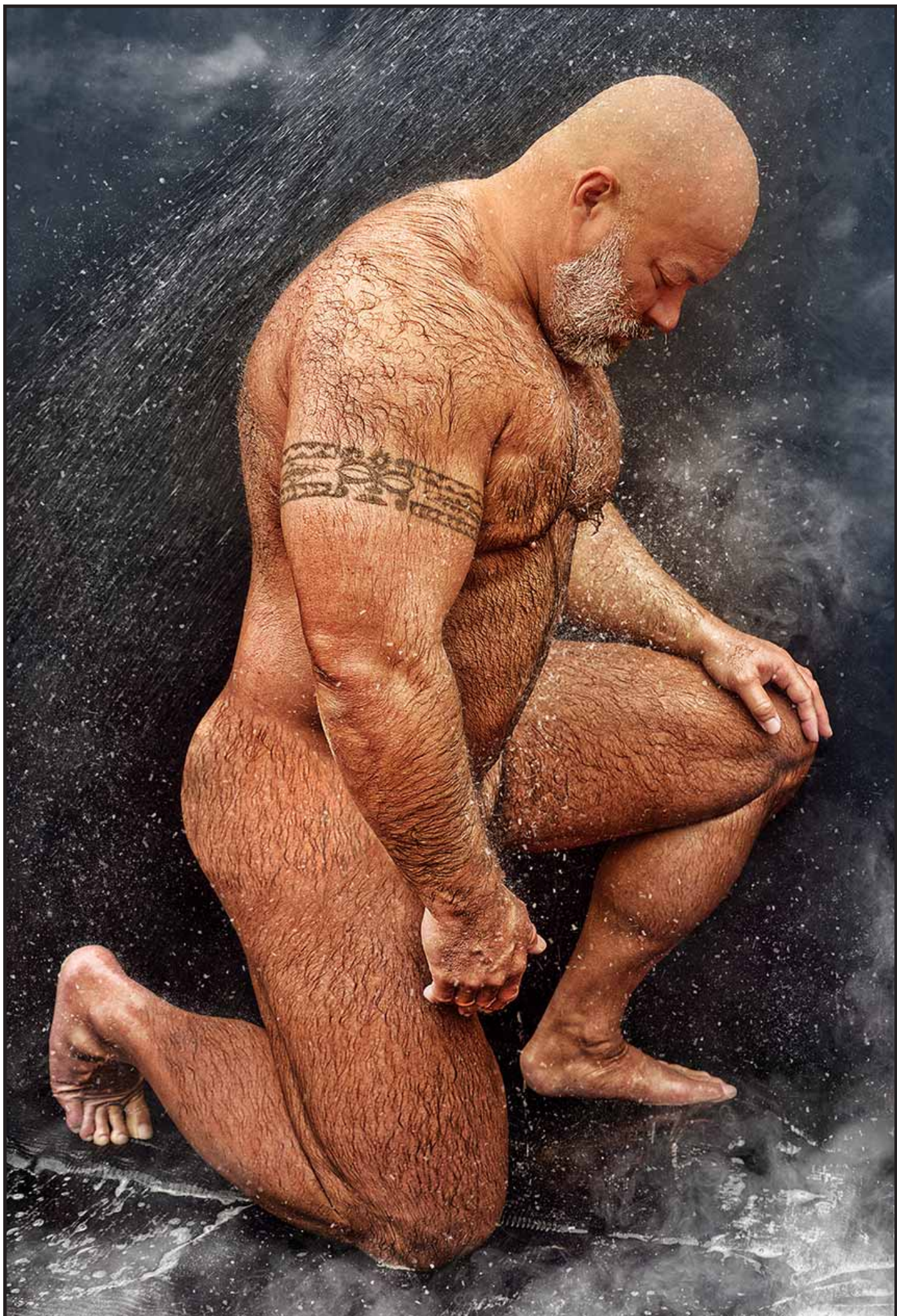


Big Beast Kimo





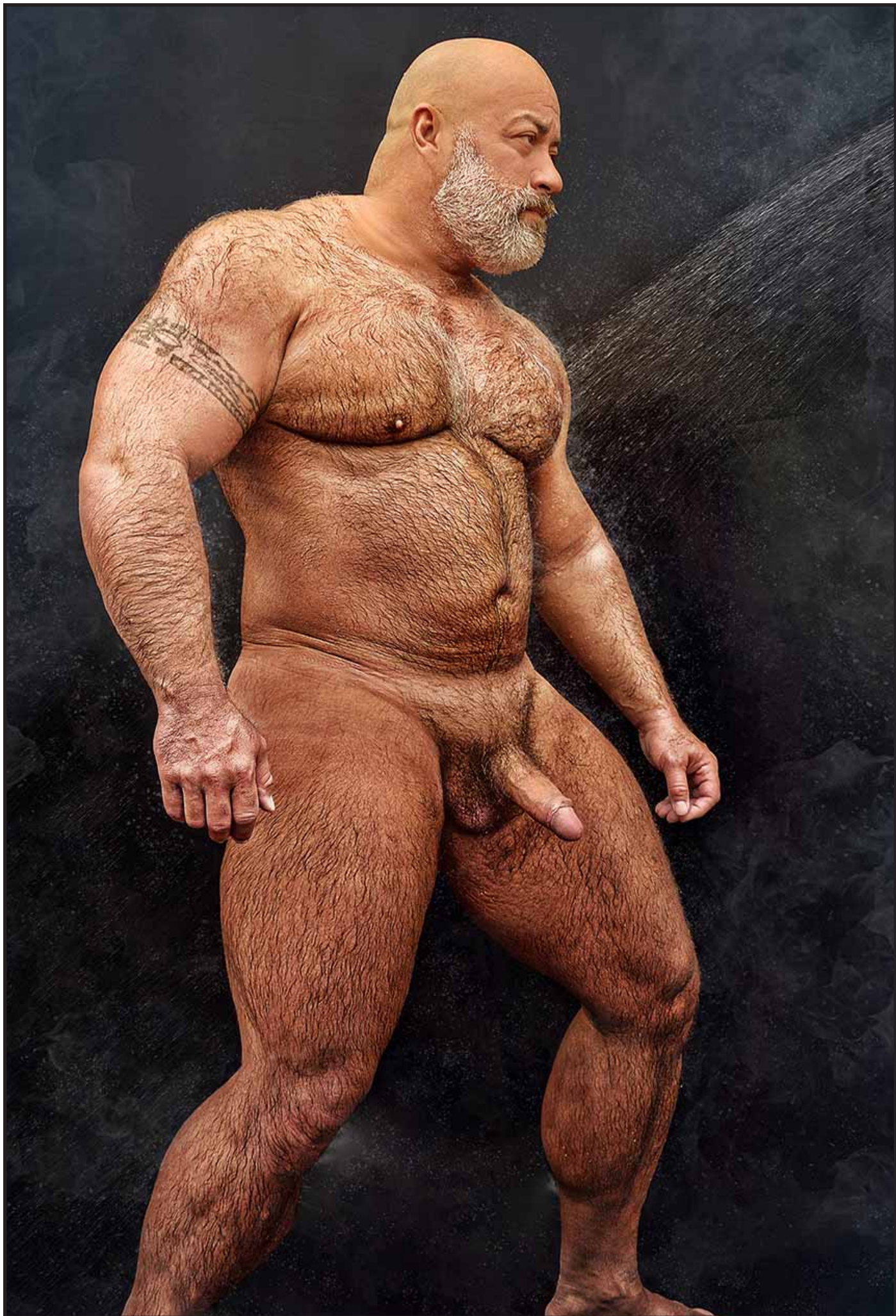












Big Beast Kimo









# Ramon

## in Sacramento



Fiction by Gunter Ragen

This is a story based on a true hook up, but embellished a little to make it worth reading and getting off to. It takes place in the late 1980's

I had a few chance encounters when I was going to tech school in Arizona. I was fresh out of high school and horny as hell. I had traveled home to Northern California for 3 day weekend in the summer. My roommate at school traveled with me as he was also from my hometown. I dropped him off as soon as I got to town and we went out separate ways. The trip was good to get away from the heat of Arizona, but it was nearly as hot back home. It was a couple of fast days visiting my family and partying with my stomping ground buds.

Most of them were in their late 20's and early 30's, at 18 I was the young pup in our gang. We all met and became buds through our mutual dope dealer Johnny.

While I was in high school, I spent most of my free time with these roughnecks, stoners and hard core alkie. They took me under their wing and we partied a lot. They were all straight, and to this day never knew I wasn't.

My experience with Ramon was a one night stand, stranger sex at its best. It all started the last night I was in town. My buds and I were all over at dope dealer Johnny's place. I was all packed up and ready to head back to AZ, but wanted to tip a last few brews, twist one up with my buddies and stock up on some mean California green to take back to Arizona.

There were a number of other guys there partying there too, mostly construction workers who clung to Johnny because he sold all varieties of dope. My friends and I spent most of the night standing in the driveway out in front of Johnny's open garage drinking and

smoking.

As the night drew late, my pals got tired and went home. I should have been hitting the road as my roommate was expecting me to pick him up late tonight for the drive back to Arizona. But I decided to hang out a little longer as I had been shooting it with a guy I had met there.

Ramon was pretty hot and I was having a good time hanging. I hadn't thought I'd get lucky, but was enjoying his company.

Ramon was married and about 35-40, twice my age. He was an outwardly proud Mexican stud with a robust bravado and meaty build. He worked as a framer for a local home-builder and was the icon of macho. His rough pockmarked skin, stubbled face and sharp handlebar goatee framed his square jaw line with a masculinity that I found quite alluring. His arms covered in tattoos and he gave off an unmistakable ex-con aura. While I was turned on by him, I was also a little intimidated.

It was well after midnight and we were both pretty stoned. We had virtually nothing in common but seemed to have no problem finding everything to talk about. I would tell him about the crap I was studying at tech school in Arizona and he would tell me about building houses.

Johnny became more scarce and others left. It was Ramon and I sitting on the hood of a car all to ourselves. As the conversation began to dry up, Ramon finally looked my way and asked, "So you get a lot of pussy down in Arizona?" I immediately felt the hair on the back of my neck stand through the beads of sweat from the hot summer night. I knew where this was headed. "No", I replied. "I am too busy with school and work to get laid much".



Ramon took a swig of his beer and nodded. "Yeah, my old lady she don't put out much anymore after she had the kids". I nodded and stared into the night sky. In his sexy Mexican accent he said, "I just jack off all the time, three or four times a day". Surprised at his open admission I looked up at him. He was looking me in the eye, gauging my reaction. "There's nothing wrong with it you know, it really helps relieve stress", he continued as he took another swig of his beer.

Looking at me he asked, "What about you? You like to jack off?" I was open minded but still pretty bashful and far from confident in my sexuality at 18. I was blushing and clearly embarrassed. Sensing my hesitation he chided, "Yeah you do! You jack off all the time huh?" I finally let out a laugh and nodded, "Yeah, I like to pound it".

He laughed mockingly and stood up, taking another hit off his beer. He then stepped over to me and leaned in close enough that I could feel the heat coming from his chest. "You ever like jack off with your buddies?" I swallowed nervously and took in a deep breath. He cocked his head and remained face to face, just inches between us. "It's ok man, nothing wrong with a couple guys helping each other get off", he offered. "It's don't mean you're a fag or nothing. We used to do it all the time when I was in the joint".

Feeling my cock stir and my heart racing at the same time I nervously offered, "Yeah, I did back when I was a kid" In reality I had done a lot more than that. But I didn't know this rough ex-con stranger that well. Ramon backed off and smiled, letting out a guttural Latin jeer. "See, you know what I mean then, just a couple helping each other out huh?" I took a deep drink of my beer and looked back at him. He rubbed his crotch and continued in his deep and sexy Mexican tone, "Boy I sure wish I could go blow my load right now man, I am horny as fuck bro!" My cock pinged as I saw him clasping his package through his faded jeans.

Looking back at me he stared into my eyes with a wanting and said, "You want to get out of here bro?" My heart raced in nervous excitement. He continued confidently, "You must be dying to bust your nut too man. Come on bro, lets go somewhere just you and me, Please?"

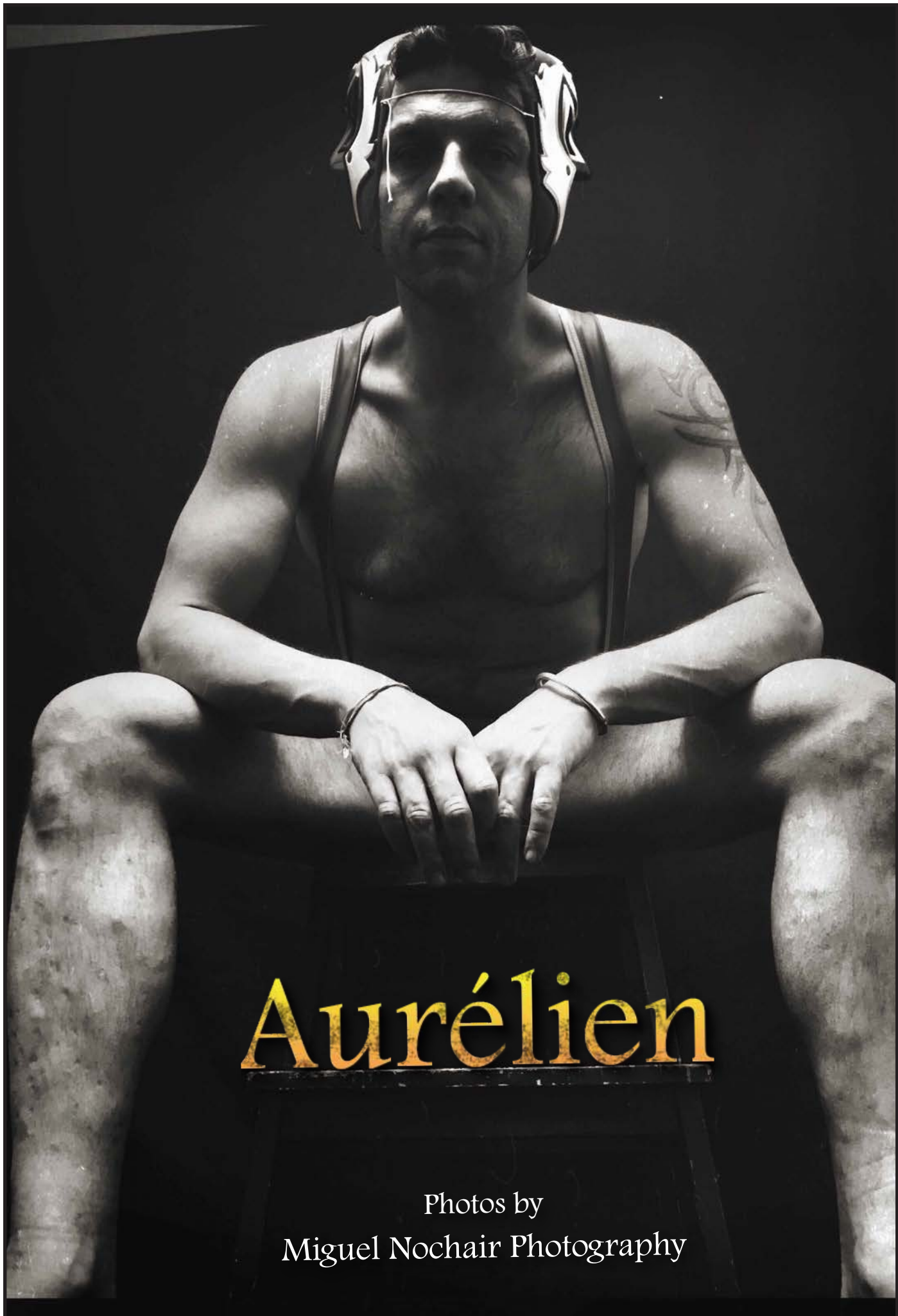
I got a dose of spine and agreed. "Sure man, let's go." Ramon smiled, "Right on bro!" We both grabbed a few beers from the ice chest and took off in my car This was my stomping ground and I knew well the places to go hide out for dirty business. Just around the corner from Johnny's house was a wooded field where you could get cover for just about anything. I drove off the main road down the dirt path and hit my lights. As I crept toward the canopy of the large oak trees, I could smell Ramon's musky scent filling my car in the summer air. He had been out working all day in the sun and smelled of sweat, sawdust, beer and smoke.

Once we stopped the car, we both got out and set our beers on the hood. Standing in by the front bumper, he took the lead and peeled his worn T-shirt off and threw it on the car. I was getting horny and stiff in my jeans but was still a little nervous as I had never been with a older man this masculine before. Ramon said, "Dude don't be nervous, take your shirt off and relax man". As I peeled my T-Shirt off, he unbuckled his leather belt and pulled it loose, letting the ends dangle as he unbuttoned his 501's. Running his hand across his sweaty lightly haired chest, he sank his other hand into his underwear and clutched his meat. Arching his back in a posing stretch, he let out a sexy grunt. "Uummmm, that feels good"

Watching his sweaty muscular tatted torso reflect in the moonlight made me reel. As he pulled his hardening tool from his briefs I was shocked to see for the first time a fat uncut Latin cock. He pulled on it a couple of times and it quickly came to size. Handling himself he looked up at me, "You like what you see man?" He nodded at me in a come here kind of way. "Come closer man. Come have a closer look."

As I stepped over to him he grabbed my hand and placed it on his rock hard cock. In his Mexican drawl he offered, "It's ok man, go ahead and stroke it." I wrapped my hand around his thick veined shaft and gently pumped his tool a couple times and gave it a tight squeeze. "Oh yeah man, that feels good. Keep doing that man". While I marveled and pumped his Latin meat, his hands were unbuttoning my pants and working their way into my

*Continued on page 137*



# Aurélien

Photos by  
Miguel Nochair Photography

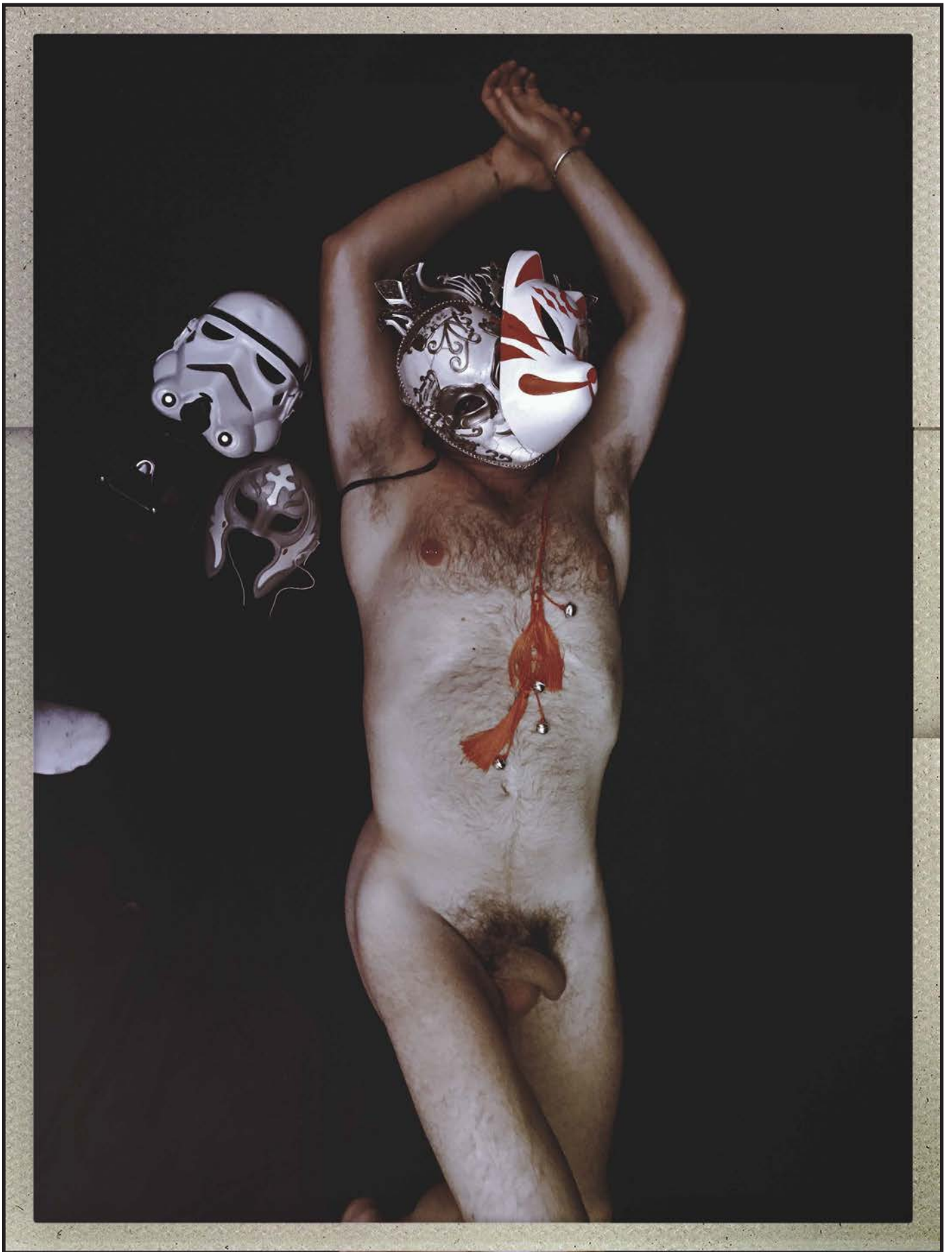
















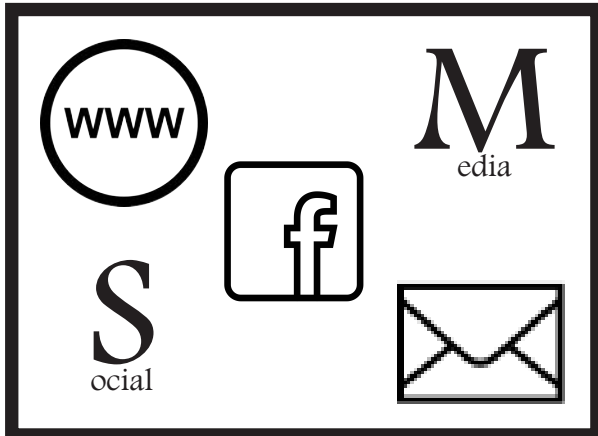












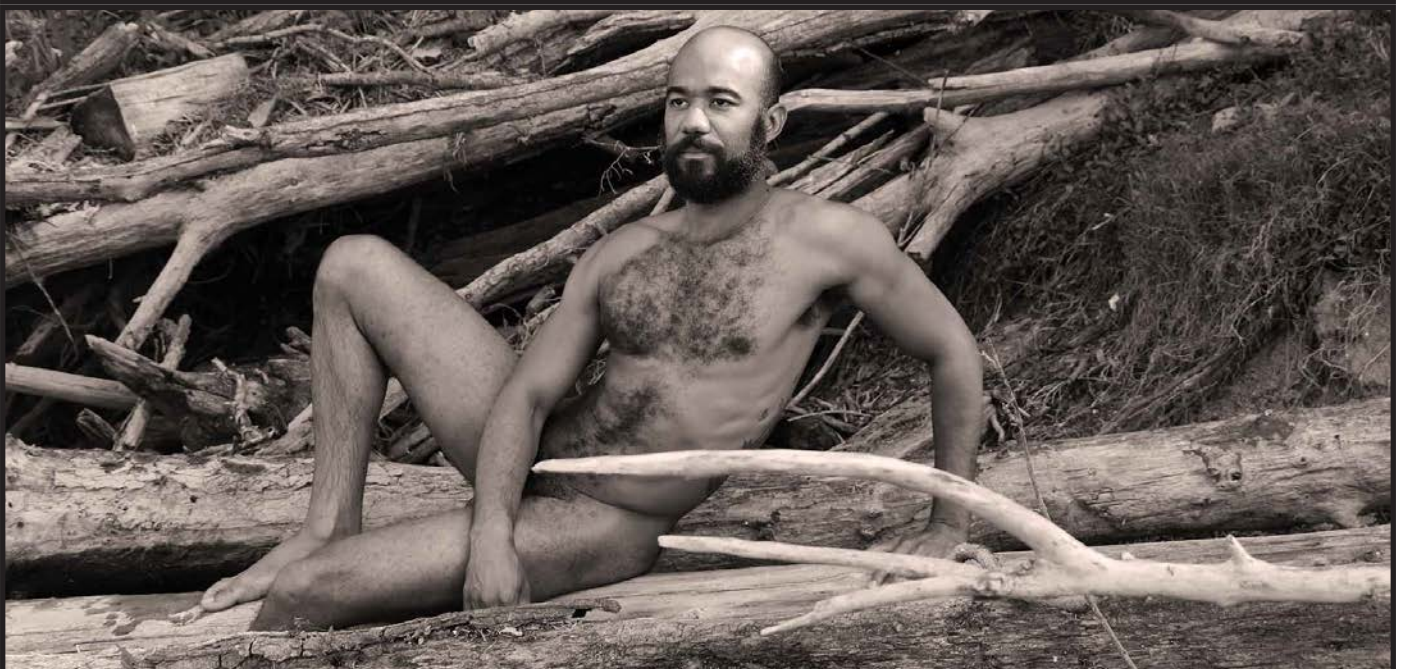
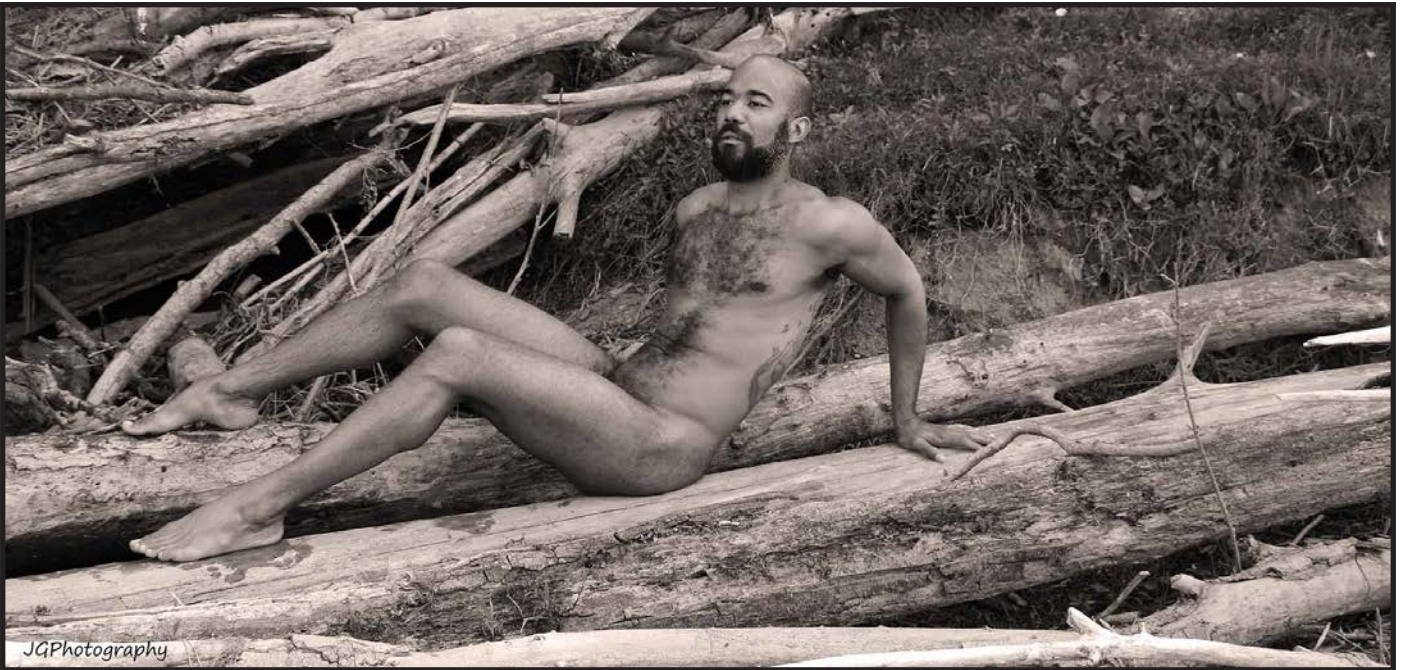


# Elias

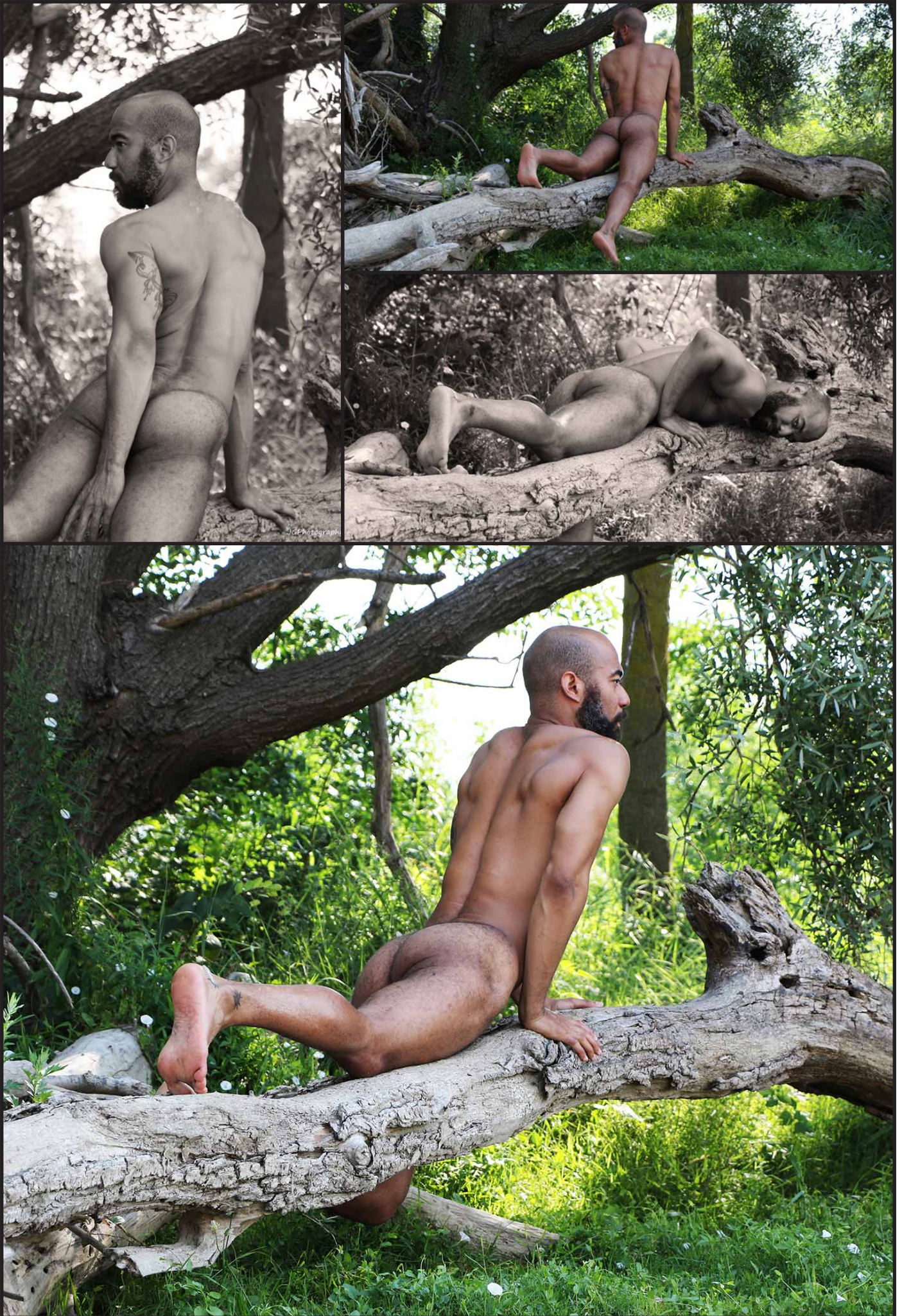
Photos by  
JGPhotography

JGPhotography









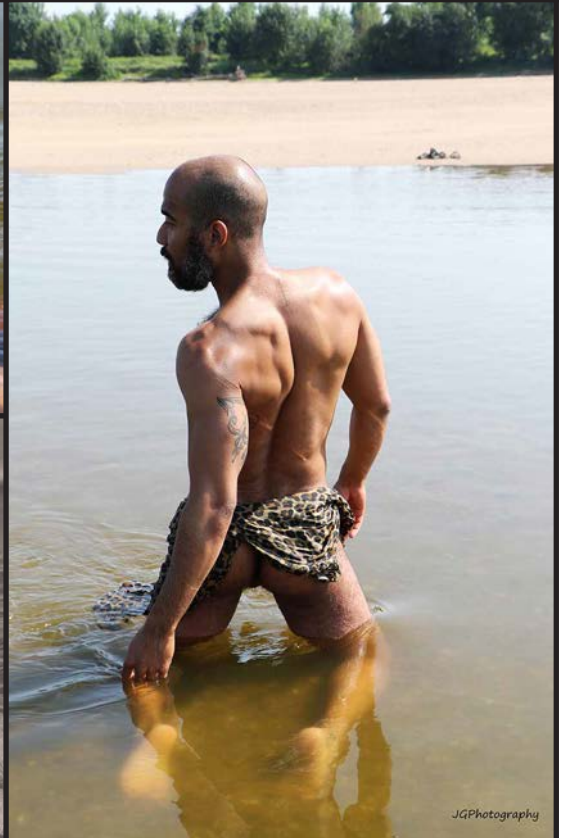




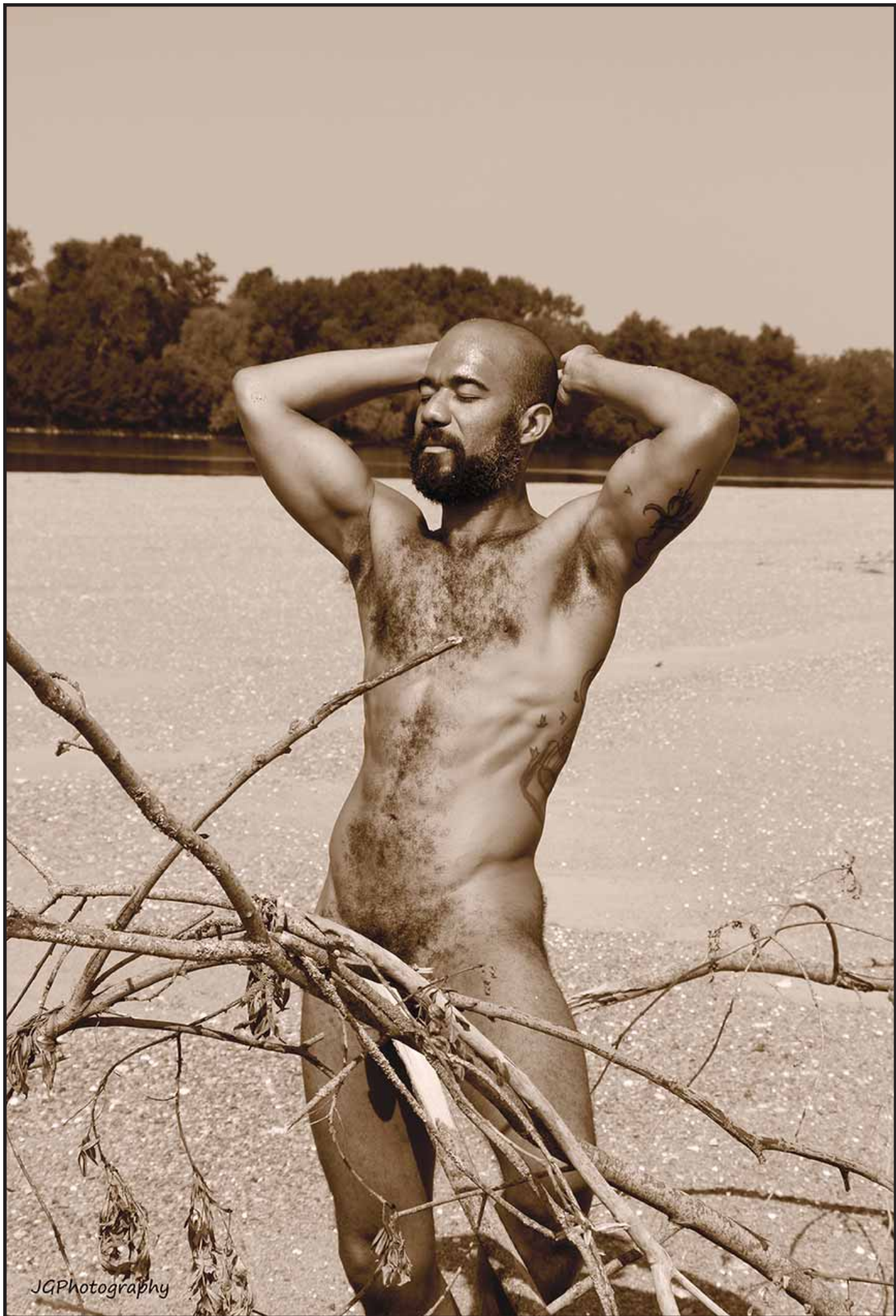


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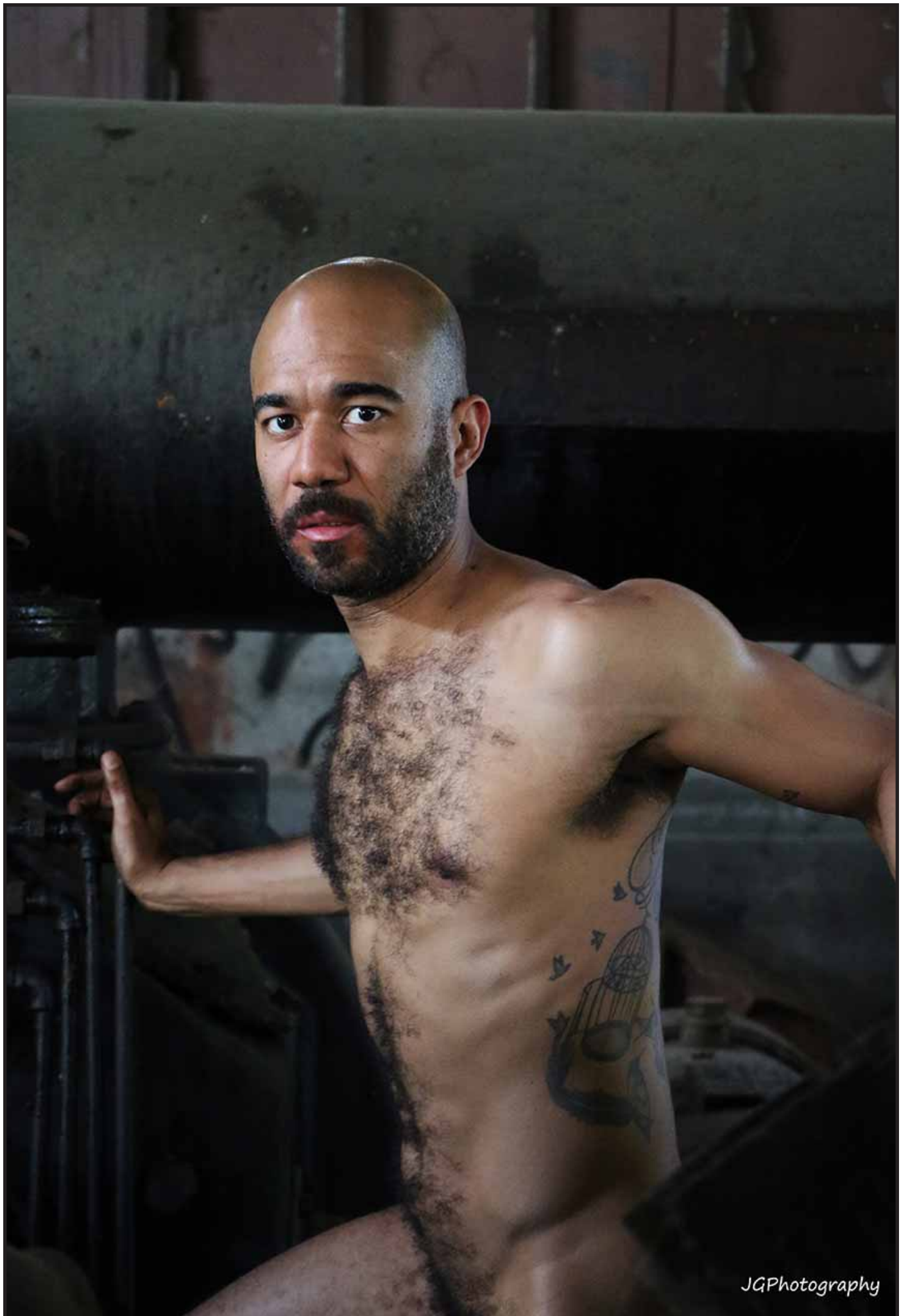


JQPhotography





JGPhotography



JGPhotography



# JGPhotography



Passionate about photography for a very longtime, I decided to devote myself seriously to it for 4 years. I started with work on still life and landscapes., then i turned to the self portrait.

Artistic photographer declared since 2016 (my secondary activity) ,i work the portrait, the nude ,essentially male for the moment and i have predilection for the work of staging , scenario : Urebx, reflexion from literary texts ( Jean Ganet, Jules Laforgue, Alfred Musset, Rimbaud, Francis Ponge, Baudelaire ... ). I also love working on recreating famous paintings.

My work presupposes a closes collaboratio with the model with wish ( at least some of them) i really like to work and depend our knowledgof the body and the possibilites work. My model

are small group of the models with whom i have woven more than links . of the work but of frindship , complicity and mutuel understanding. My projects turn to more elaborate forms of the photography with the projects ( Oedipus, Holy stories revisited, etc....) . But also to the video work that i would like to start.

## Exhibitions:

### *Art not sorted*

WITH Charles Moser, Pantin, Paris,  
24/25 juin 2016.

### *Autumn – Winter 2016/2017 works,*

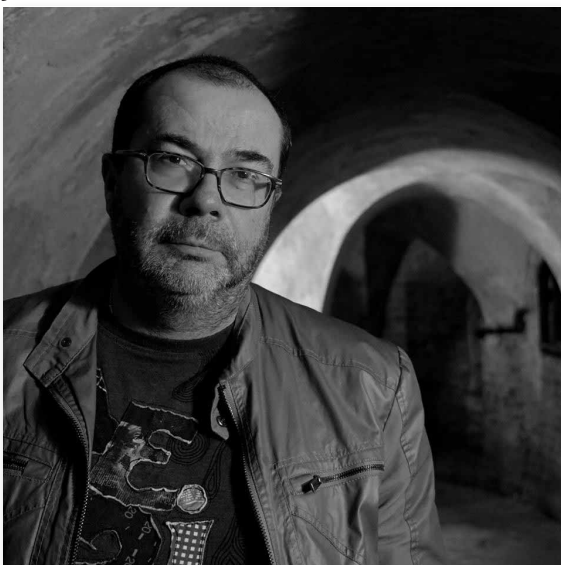
Gite des Saulaies,  
april, october 2017

### *Le Morvan à Poil,*

PoiL Hostel,  
september/november 2017

### *Saint Aubin island in all its states,*

Juillet 2018



## 2019:

*The male nudes of JGPhotography,* Perpignan,  
January/february 2019

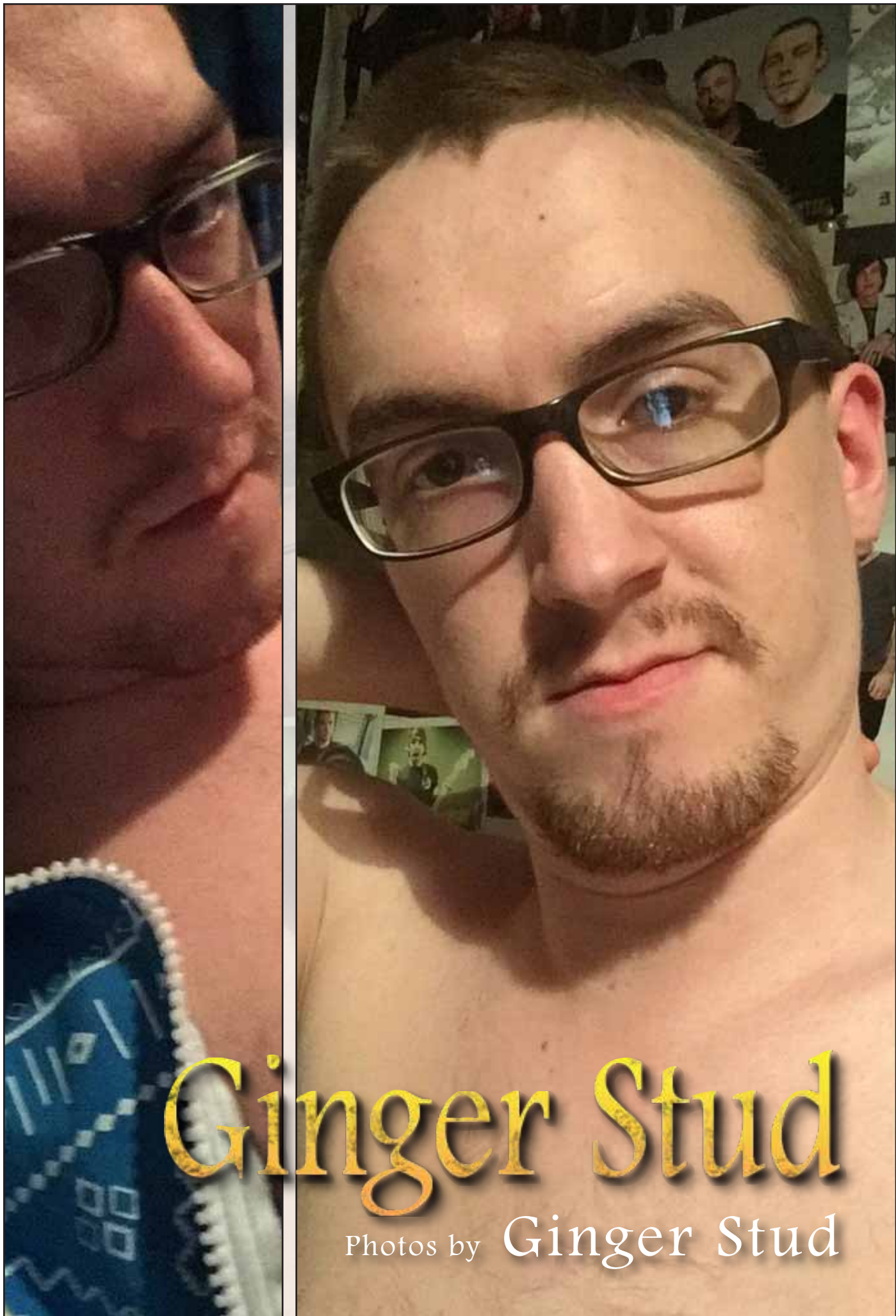
*Sacred and profan pieces,* Angers,  
May/june 2019

## Calendars:

The Gods of ST Aubin island 2018

The Gods of St Aubin Island 2019





# Ginger Stud

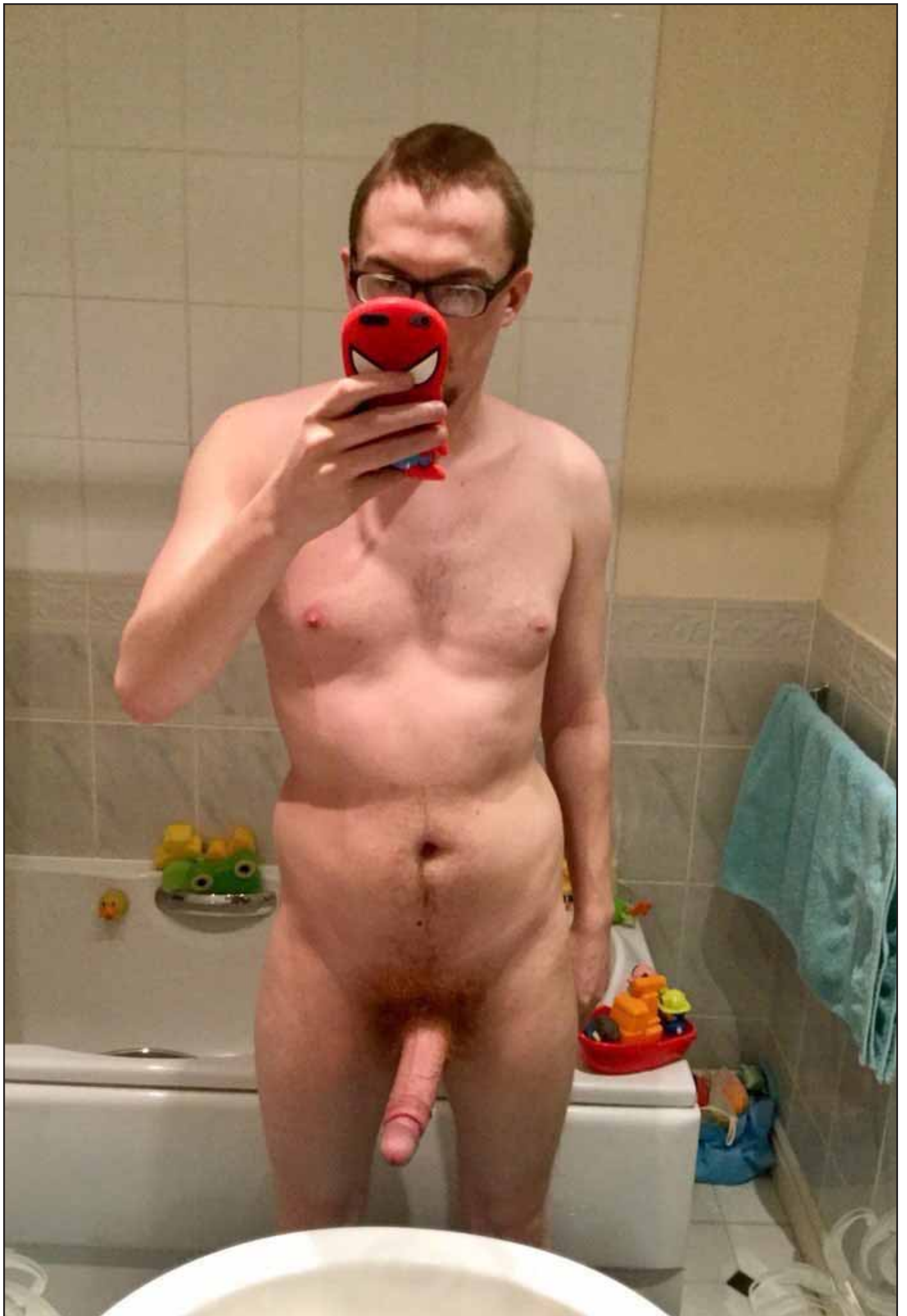
Photos by Ginger Stud





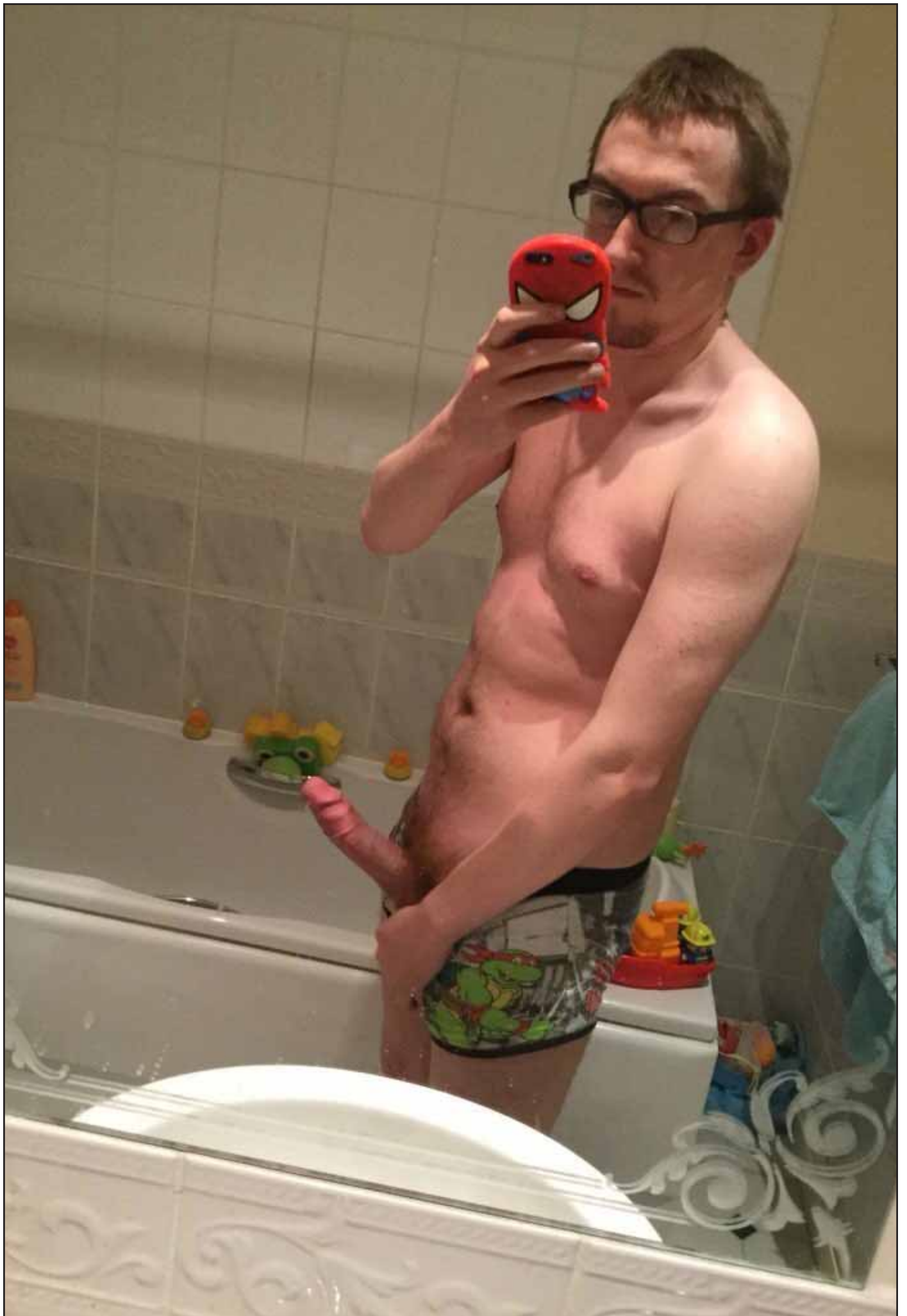




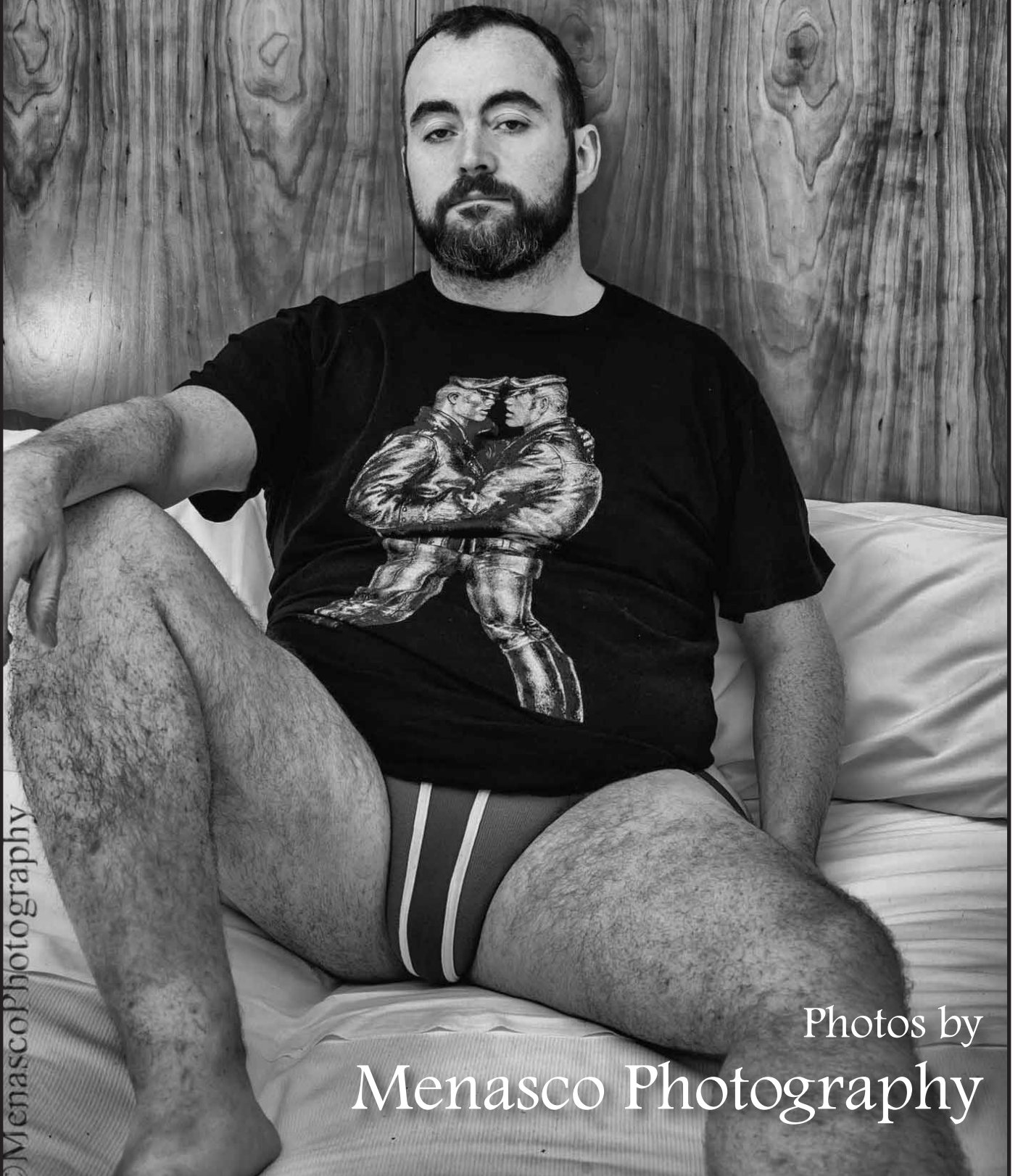








# James

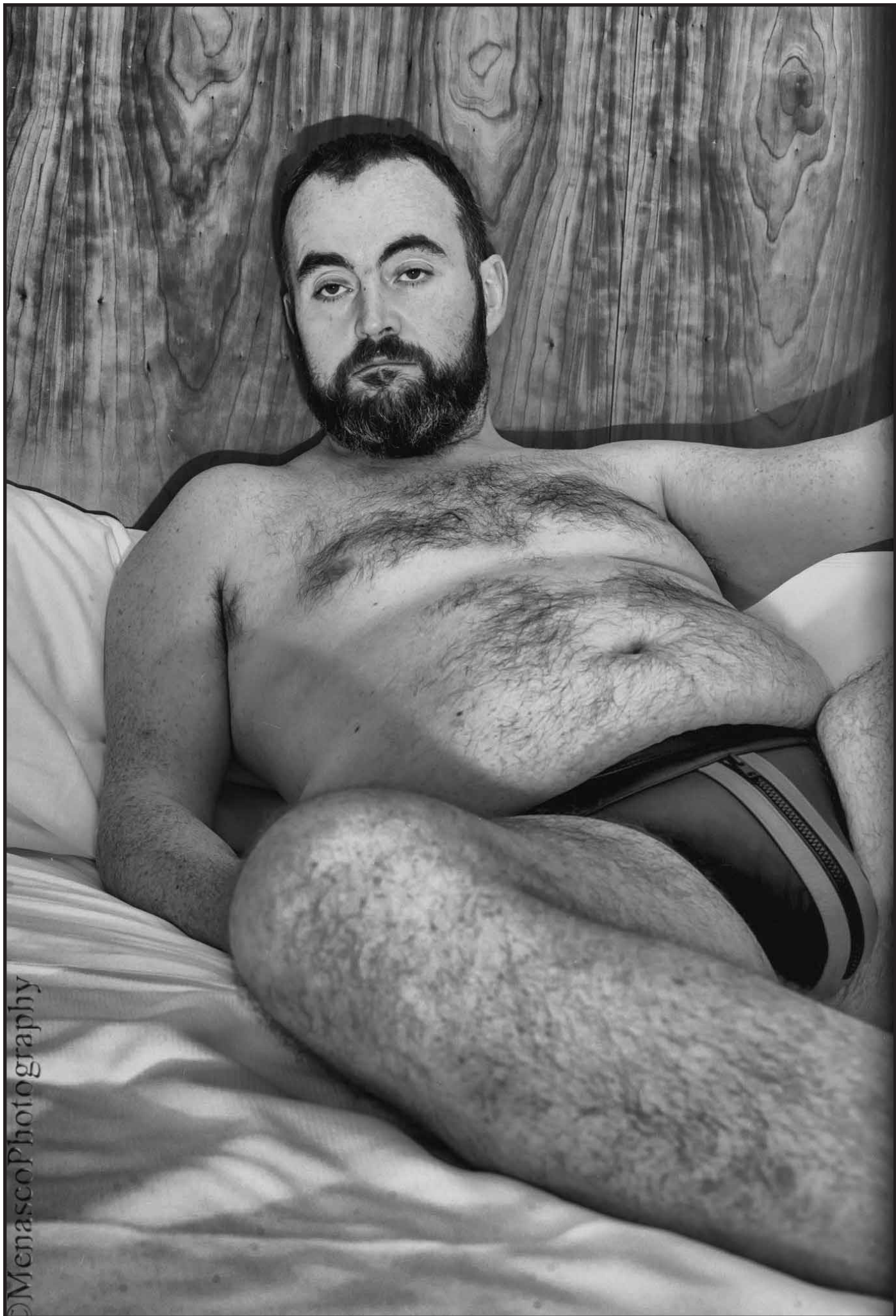


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Menasco Photography

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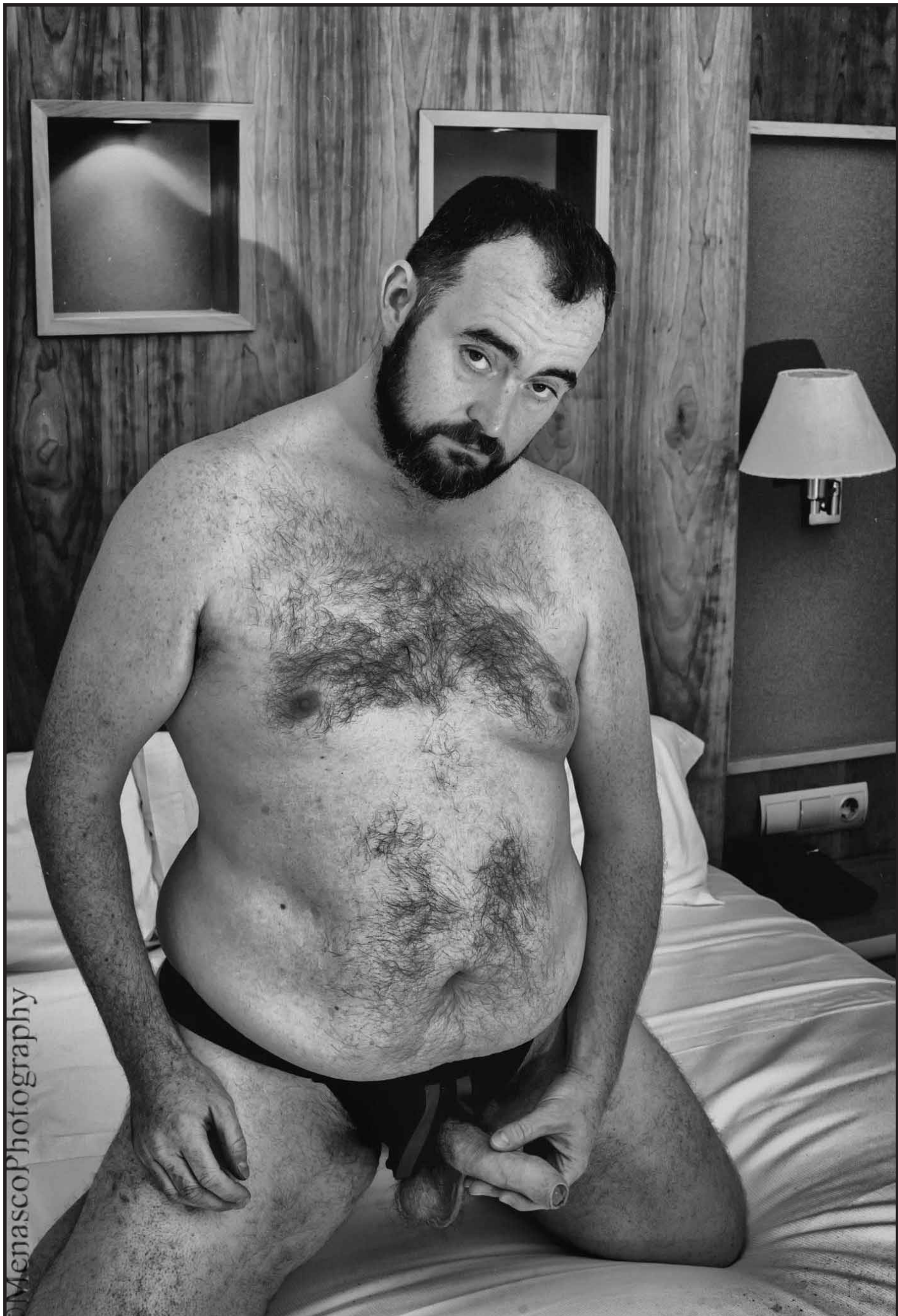
MenascoPhotography

James









MenascoPhotography

James



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MenascoPhotography





James

package.

After he got my pants open and pushed down a bit I soon felt his rough skinned construction worker hands wrapping around my stiff cock and balls. I am only about 6" but he liked what he felt. "Nice cock bro", he said. He then wrapped his hands around my backside and forcefully pulled us together, grinding his tool into mine. His hot sweaty chest pressed against me and I got a good strong whiff of this hot Mexican stud. Confidently coming on to me he looked into my eyes and said, "You want to get down and dirty bro?" Music to my ears, I responded by clutching his ass cheeks and pulling him more tightly toward me.

He gave me a sexy masculine look and said, "Right on bro, why don't get on your knees a suck my dick then" He then leaned back against the fender of my car and with his hand on my shoulder guided me down onto my knees in front of him. I was excited but also nervous. I had never actually given a true blow-job before, just some licking and play with a high school bud or two. This was a real dirty full grown macho man. As I got my face up to his stinky tool, the stench of his piss, sweat and grunge overcame me. I was also marveling at the look of his uncut cock, thick and covered with veins.

"What's wrong bro? Never seen a cock the way God made it?" He then grabbed my skull with his rough hands and shoved my face into his sticky stink nest. "Go on bro, lick my cock and clean it up good! It's nice an raunchy down there man". On my knees before this Mexican stud, my resistance to the stench of man funk became a slovenly race to get his meat in my mouth and savor all of it. It was almost natural, my desire to suck and lick on his meat for all the flavor it was worth.

Before I knew it I was slithering my tongue into his foreskin and feverishly licking the ooze off the head of his cock. In his sexy Latin tone he drawled, "Ohh yeah bro, that feels to good". He then clasped my skull once again and began guiding me down his 8" stink shaft. He slowly burried himself into my throat to the point of refusal, which was when I gagged slightly. My nose was buried deep in his thick bushes of black pubes. "It's ok bro, It can't all fit in there I'll take it easy". He then

began pump fucking my face as he held my head solid with is rough hands.

I after what seemed like five minutes of me working his meat and tasting his oozes I was beginning to wonder if he was ever going to cum. He face fucked me on and off and then I would break away and lick his shaft up and down. Finally he pulled away from me and told me to stand up. He then wrapped his arms around me and pulled me to him face to face. Feeling his heated panting breath and his thick handlebar goatee against my face he looked me in the eye for a moment and then he began kissing me rough and passionately.

Squeezing me tightly in his tatted arms I melted as he slithered his tongue in and out of my mouth. The feeling of his rough five o'clock shadow and goatee rubbing against my face was a feeling I had never experienced before, a rough stud kissing me. After a moment of the rising passion he looked me in the eyes with a hungry stare and said, "You ever been fucked in the ass by a real man bro?" That sent me over the edge. In my heated hot breathing and panting I replied, "Just be some friends in High School". He smiled, "Dude, let me fuck you in the ass bro. I'll make you feel so good man." I hesitated for a moment. "Come on dude, please?".

Going for it, I immediately stepped back and pulled my pants and underwear the rest of the way down to my ankles. His eyes lit up like a kid on Christmas morning. I then turned around and bent over, resting my sweaty chest the hood of my car. "Oh man bro, that what I need man", he sighed as I spread my legs and got a good plant. The warm hood of my car against my chest I felt his rough thick hands grabbing my ass cheeks.

The he switched gears. In his masculine Mexican drawl he taunted, "You're gonna get beetchfucked bro. You gonna remember Ramon." He slapped my ass with his hand letting out a loud crack that I could hear echo through the trees. "Yeah, you gonna know what it's like to get fucked by a real man bro!"

That immediately struck a wave of fear and nervousness through my body like a bolt of lighting. I was suddenly starting to regret this moment as I reeled in fear of what was to come. I had been fucked in the ass a number of times by guys my own age in high school, but this was a big rough Mexican ex-con con-



struction worker with tattoos and a fat 8" cock. As the sweat poured from my forehead and I realized that there was no getting out of this I suddenly felt Ramon's rough hands spreading my cheeks apart.

"Oh bro, you got a tight little asshole.not for long" he taunted. Just as I was about to say something stupid like "take it easy", I felt his rough goatee and whiskered face sink into my ass crack. It took the breath out of me when his hot wet tongue began slithering in and out of my hole. His rough hands pulled my ass cheeks apart more tightly as he dug into my love nest, licking and spitting and thrusting and writhing his tongue. I had never even heard of rimming before, let alone had it done to me. It felt so good and within seconds my tenseness and worry was gone. I was pushing my ass toward him as his stubbled face grinded into my baby skinned hind quarters. For the first time in our foray I let out a deep moan and sex rant, "Oohh man! That feels so good! That feels so good man!"

With my cock dripping precum down the fender of my car he finally pulled away and stood up. Continuing to spit on his fingers and massage my hole he said, "You got a sweet hairy pussy bro. You ready get beech-fucked?" I didn't answer, but he didn't care. My hole was nice and juicy and softened up for the kill. I heard him spitting and wetting up his cock and then felt his blunt uncut stick probing at my ring. He slowly probed me a couple of times and put another wad of spit on his tool before he deftly sunk it in without warning.

Like the slamming of a door he slid his thick 8" inch cock deep into my ass. As the sudden wave of sharp and dull pain over took my whole body, I tensed up and let out a yell "Aaaaaaoooooww!" Suddenly panting deep and fast, I let it out "Ooowww! Ohhh man it hurts". He responded my sinking his meat deeper shifting the weight of his body onto my back with his rough hands. It felt like he had split my hole wide open. I imagined a bleeding tear in my sphincter muscle, blood running down me leg. "Oww, oh God that hurts, pull it out dude, pull it out!".

Ramon scoffed and remained with his weight pinning me against the hood of my car with his cock stuffed up my aching hole. In his Latin drawl he chided, "Don't be a fucking pussy bro, it'll only hurt for a little while". With

that he started to slowly push and pull his thick stick in and out of me. With his hands gripping my shoulders tightly his thrusts began to increase in speed. I was panting like a ravenous dog as my knees shook and I battled to stay still. He suddenly pulled out of me and lathered his stink rod up with more spit. I let out a breath of relief that was so short lived.

Again his wet fingers massaged my swollen hole just before I felt his fat cock entering again. The wave of pain shot through me again, only this time he slammed his stick hard and began violently thrusting me like I have never been fucked before. My high school buds had never been this rough. His sweaty beefy body was putting all of its weight into sticking me hard. His hot hard friction fucking was banging my whole body against the fender of my car. I was letting out incoherent moans of nervous pain, "Ah Ah Ah Ah Ahhhhhh" as this race horse got into a jack hammering groove, bitchfucking me raw. I had never felt anything like this before. It was like the biggest fattest most painful shit I had ever taken, only ramming in and out of me for an eternity. Slap, Slap, Slap, I could feel the stinging slap of his groin against my ass. "Oh dude you got such a tight little ass bro", he grunted in his sexy Mexican voice. "You know how to make a man feel good bro" Over my moans and his grunts I could hear the gas sloshing back and forth in the tank of the car. A magical transformation happened about now. The burning pain and stinging friction of his assault on my hole began to turn slowly to a craven pleasure. The dull ache and pounding pain became an intense feeling of euphoria that began to overtake me. My cock was spewing juices as it banged against my fender and my hole began hungering for more of his rough hard cock.

It came out of my mouth without the slightest bit of hesitation, "Oh Fuck me! Fuck me dude! Fuck me harder!" It was almost coherent in between my animalistic panting. He grunted tauntingly at me, "I told you it would only hurt for a little while." He pulled his throbbing meat from me and told me turn around and lay on my back. As I stood up I felt juices running down my leg. He hurriedly picked me up in his arms, set me up on my hood, and laid me back. Saddling up to me and throwing my legs up on his shoulders he said, "I want to see your face when I shoot my seed into you".

He then spit on his rod a couple more times and began fucking me raw again. My asshole was stinging and burning, aching deep inside from his violent fuck but I wanted it more! He wrapped his tattooed arms around my back and gripped me tight as he slammed his uncut stick hard and deep. The smell of man sex was in the air and his sweat was raining on me. He leaned in and kissed my neck a few times as he jack hammered my hole. The feeling of this stud's whiskers on my neck while he bitch-fucked my asshole raw finally sent me over the edge. I blew my load in an explosion of hot creamy white ropes of sticky juice between his thrusting chest and mine. As I continued to spew he laid down on me and kissed me some more. My cum was lubricating our chests as he slammed back and forth.

He soon began bucking rougher and harder as if that was possible. Standing up he grabbed my legs and made a last few hard thrusts deep and fast. He looked into my eyes with a sexy masculine loving stare and said, "I'm gonna cum bro, Im gonna plant my seed in your bitch hole " As I writhed in my pool of sweat and pleasure he smacked my swollen nest with a few last violent thrusts. I watched his handlebar goatee and rough shaven face contort in pleasure as his mouth dropped open. His eyes rolled back and closed. I felt a warm wetting sensation deep in my aching hole as he blew his Mexican cum into me. "Ahh, Ooohh fuck dude! Your ass feels so good man!" he grunted.

His thrusts became slower and smoother as his cum lubricated my hole. He laid back down on my cum drenched chest and we kissed for a few moments. He continued to thrust in and out of me as felt the wetness of his spunk running out of my hole. He ran his rough construction worker hands through my sopping wet hair and kissed me some more.

We finally got up off the car and got cleaned up a little. We gathered ourselves, twisted up a joint and toked it down as the sun began to rise. I finally realized that I had to be going. I had to pick up my roommate across town and get on the road to Arizona. He was probably pissed now that I was about 5 hours late. We had to be back home the next day for work and school.

Ramon came to a similar realization and asked if I could drive him home. "My wife is

going to be pissed that I stayed out partying all night" he said sheepishly. When he said that it made me feel kind of dirty. Then he wrapped his arms around me and we kissed some more. "Don't worry bro", he said. "We're just a couple of dudes helping each other out".

I drove Ramon home and dropped him off. His wife met him at the door and was already swinging her hands and shouting before he entered the hose.

I soon picked up my roommate and we got on the road. I let him drive as I was trashed and tired. Luckily he was understanding when I told him I got laid and that was why I was late. He was straight and as far as he was concerned I was too. "So, was she blonde or brunette?" he asked. I just smiled as my wet sticky asshole ached. "A brunette."

## Writers Wanted

Desert Heat Magazine is always looking for writers of short erotic fiction or other non-fiction articles for publication in the Magazine.

Do you think you got what it takes to have a man fumble with his zipper while he's scrolling through your story? Or do you have something that our readership will find interesting or are in need of knowing? If so, we want you!

No experience necessary, just a drive to want to express yourself.

Just drop us an email here and we'll get back to you right away.



# Desert Heat

Magazine™

March 2019 | Issue 5

Coming March 1st

Featuring

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Turning the  
Lens

**Dylan**