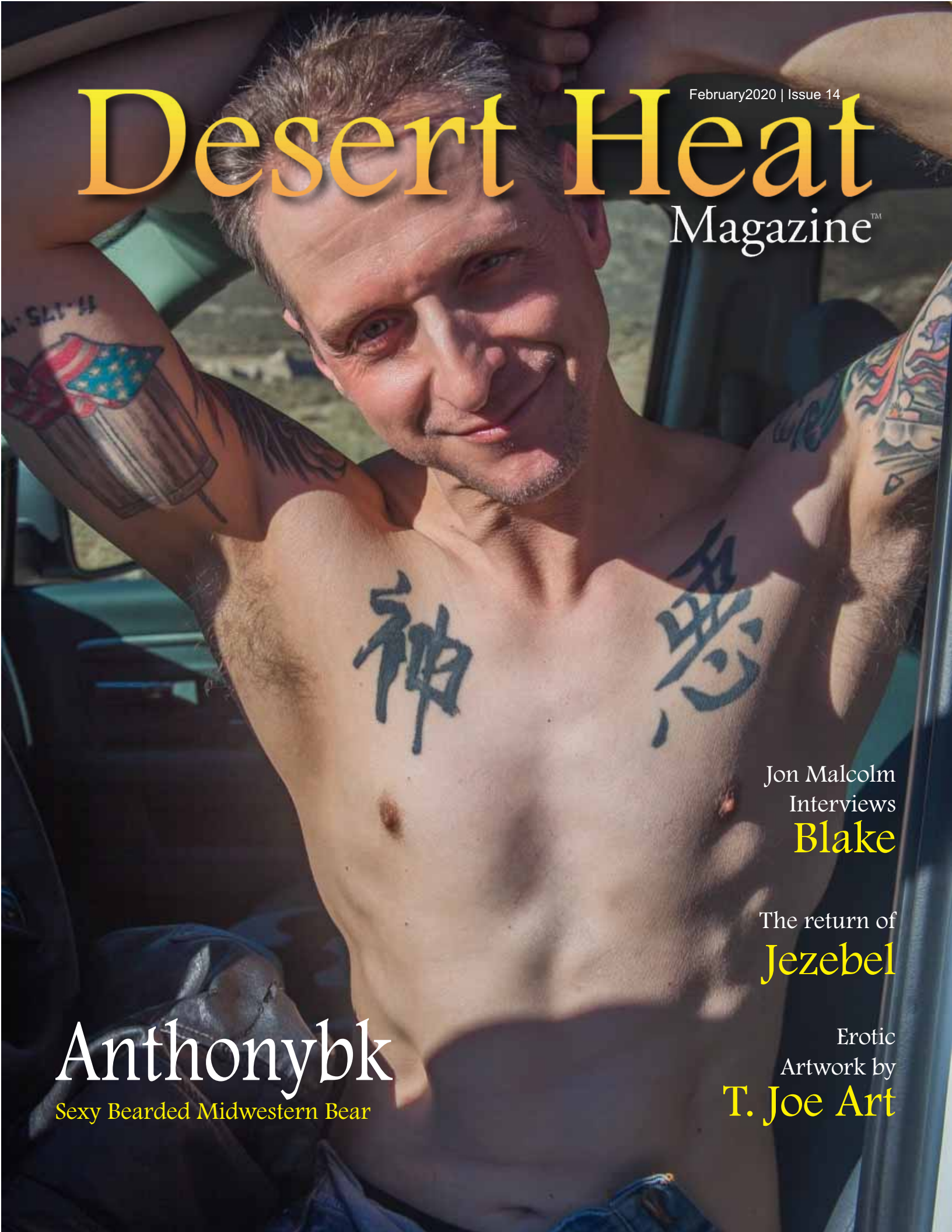


February 2020 | Issue 14

# Desert Heat

Magazine™



Jon Malcolm  
Interviews  
**Blake**

The return of  
**Jezebel**

Erotic  
Artwork by  
**T. Joe Art**

**Anthonybk**  
Sexy Bearded Midwestern Bear

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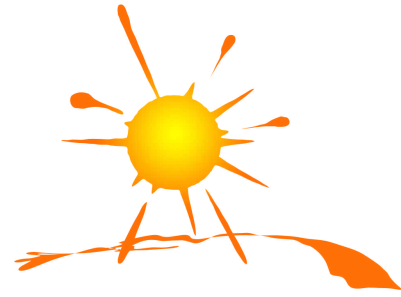
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# MODEL CALL

MEN OF ALL SIZES

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# Ramblings From the Editor

So, I have to give a big shout out to the cover model, Anthonybk. As most of you know, I was in Las Vegas over the winter holiday and was lucky enough to get Anthony to model for me.

I wanted to do something outdoors; I love shooting outdoors; and he was up for it. I had read about an abandoned mining town that we both thought would be a great backdrop for a shoot.

It was 64 degrees when I picked Anthony up at our pre-determined meeting spot and that's when I asked him if he was up for shooting outdoors. He was a real trooper and said he was. The drive was just over 2 hours north of Las Vegas but neither of us had anything else going on that day.

We got to know each other a bit on the ride up to Delamar. It was quite the adventure of two lane and dirt roads which culminated in a road that only a 4 wheel drive would make it up safely. This had to be a great spot, right?

Well the scenery was definitely awesome however by the time we go up to the location it was 34 degree faranheit there with snow all over the mountain sides! It was cold just getting out of the truck to scout the area.

I didn't figure Anthony would be up for the shoot in that kind of exteme weather so I asked him if he wanted to head back to town, we could get a place to shoot, and stay nice and warm. He, on the other hand, wanted to shoot there since we had driven all that distance anyway.

The first half dozen shots went off well

until my finger got so cold that I couldn't push the button on the camera. Needless to say, Anthony was bare naked so he was feeling the weather even more so.

We ended up shooting two or three shots, then he would crawl back in the truck, which we left running, to warm up. I'd go out of the truck, get into the spot I was going to shoot the image, handle single him to where I wanted him and he would dash out and "pose" until we had to run back to the truck.

I only preface this because this guy deserves some heavy pats on the back, and other body parts, for being such a great trooper of a model.

Yes, it would be said we were both nuts for doing the shoot like that, but I'm all about experiencing adventures, and it appears he is the same way.

Needless to say, I look forward to working with him again in the very near future, when it warms up. This time, however, we are going to shoot when we are certain it is warm outdoors.

In any event, I hope you enjoy the images of him on the cover and in the Magazine. If you want to give him a shout out, just drop me and email and I'll forward on the messages to him.

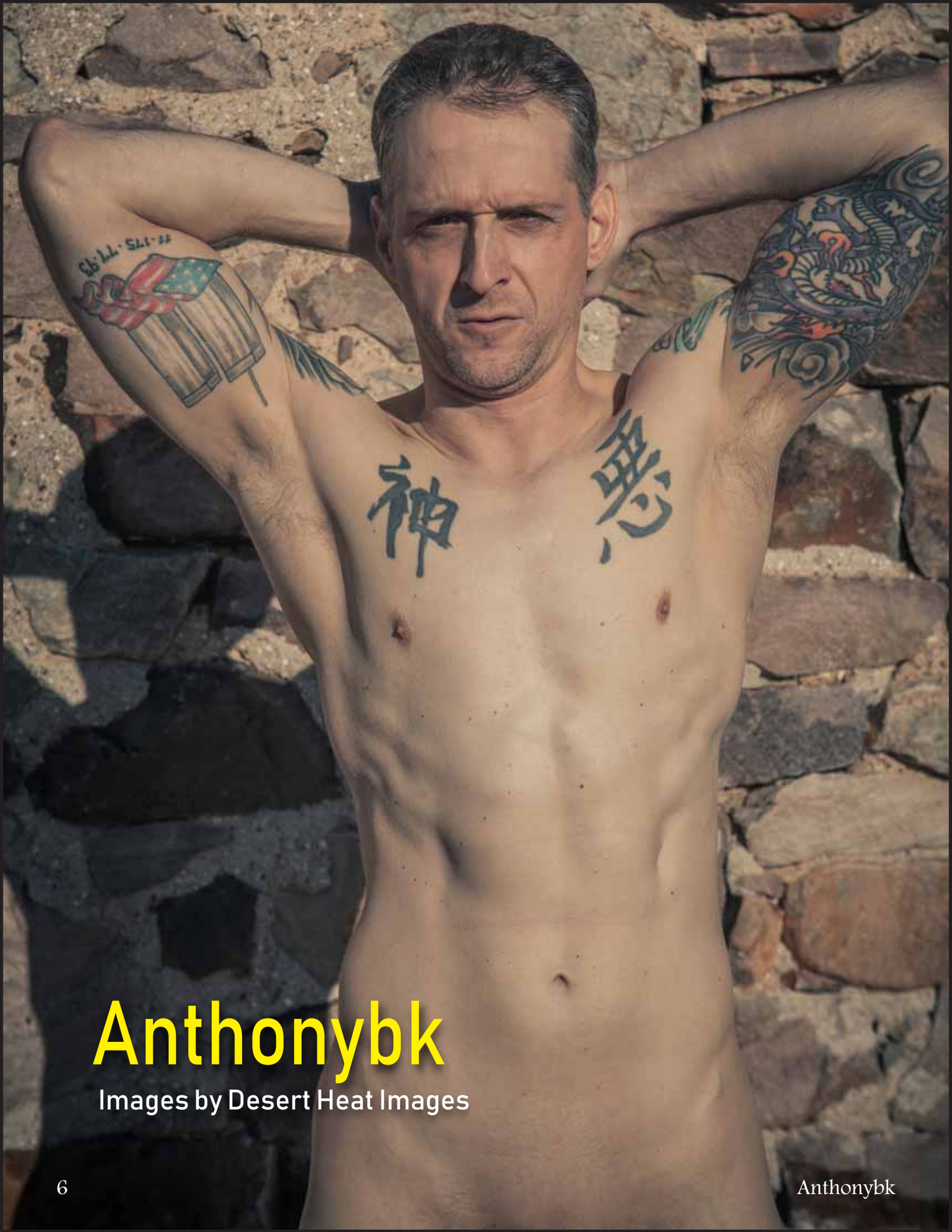
Of course, many thanks go to the other contributors of this Issue. Without them this Magazine would not have the following it does.

Thanks for your continued support!!

*John*







# Anthonybk

Images by Desert Heat Images



































*Yes, you can Blake, said that primal voice deep inside him, And you can take a lot more. You have before, and you will again. You'll experience a lot more than this before this case is through, Blake, that's a fact. You've fucked with the wrong people, Blake. You've fucked with the Tigers, Blake, did you think you wouldn't get eaten alive?*

# Jezebel

Story by Elijah James Barrett

"We're on the other side," says Mick, "Of course it looks different. This is the side of the hotel no one sees."

Blake looks around. Mick's statement didn't reassure Blake at all. It didn't feel like the same place at all... but regardless, perhaps when he and Mick got further away from this place, and closer to the world's fair ruins, things would be back in perspective.

"Alright, Mick, buddy. I trust you. But I swear this place doesn't look at all like the same place we went into," says Blake, "I mean look at the sign."

Mick looks up at the sign where Blake was indicating.

"The Blue Jungle," says Mick, sounding as if he knew what it was going to say, he then does a double-take at the sign... "Blue Jungle?" says Mick shaking his head for a moment, and now seeing the sign in a different light, squinting at it.

"See what I mean?" asks Blake.

Mick, for a moment, looks confused, and bewildered, but then puts his arm behind his head, and laughs it off.

"Ahaha," laughs Mick, "Of course, this side of the hotel must not be finished yet, this is probably the real name of the Blue Rose Club, or they decided to change it, yeah, that's it..." it sounded like Mick was trying to convince himself

of this more than anything. Blake wasn't convinced. He sensed Mick knew more than he was letting on, and was hiding it for some reason.

"Mick, level with me," says Blake, "Now I've seen some strange stuff in my life, and a lot more lately, since you came into it. Now, what's going on?"

"Well, I..." Mick scratches the back of his neck, contemplating, Mick sighs, "You're right Blake this doesn't look the same hotel, but other than that I'm not exactly sure what's going on here. I mean, I've never been to this side of the hotel before."

Blake raises an eyebrow at Mick, and can tell, by the worried look on his face that he was telling the truth. Mick usually had an air or aura of confidence that assured Blake he knew what he was doing, even if the plan (or lack of) sounded crazy, but this time, Mick looked just as confused as Blake did. Mick looks at where the hotel was standing, now seemingly replaced by a building, while just as large as the hotel, was derelict and beaten down by time, dark and ominous as a great shipwreck on a deep ocean floor.

"I do have a hunch," says Mick, "But....I'd rather not tell you what it is right now. I just hope I'm wrong."

"Why's that?" asks Blake.



Mick looks back over at Blake, the expression in his eyes more serious than Blake had ever seen before.

“Trust me buddy. You don’t wanna to know.”

Blake almost felt like laughing in disbelief, not used to hearing Mick sound this serious, but instead a chill went up his back, as if being touched by an icy hand. Blake felt suddenly very cold all over. Not just from the weather, and Mick’s look, but from something in the air around them. Blake surveys the area around them. The rain had stopped, replaced by a thin veil of cold mist, which was growing thicker by the moment, making the few lights around them, and the blue lit sign on the building, bleed into the mist like an oil painting. Perhaps it was the mist that had given Blake this sudden chill. But there was something else. Something Blake couldn’t explain that was troubling him to his core, an almost primal sense that he and Mick were being watched from afar, or even worse, being hunted. Blake tried to shake this notion from his mind, as he could see Mick’s expression becoming even more worrisome.

Mick scratched the back of his neck again, a nervous habit that always reminded Blake of a dog or bear scratching himself, as he stood in thought, then looked behind him, to the great looming shadows. He suddenly smiled over at Blake, sounding enthusiastic.

“But hey, look,” said Mick, smiling that big, toothy comforting grin of his, looking over his shoulder at Blake, and pointing a finger to the misty horizon. “We found that world’s fair, after all. That means we’re in the right place, at least.”

Blake looks to the shadows of the world’s fair buildings, and attractions, standing tall against the skyline, the mist slowly circling around them, and enclosing the area, making it look as if they were seeing it through a telescope.

“...And from the looks of it, if we keep goin’ forward from here, we should be there in no time,” continues Mick, with his sudden upswing of positivity.

Blake, still confused, looks at Mick and sighs out loud, “Well as long as you know what you’re doing, I trust you man.”

Mick smiles warmly at Blake and nods, then looks around at the thickening mist.

“Looks like we’d better hurry,” says Blake, “if this mist gets any thicker, we’ll lose our way.”

“I wouldn’t worry too much about that,” says Mick, “I’ve got a pretty good sense of direction, even in fog. Just follow me,” he says with a wink. “Oh, and uh...stay close to me...just in case.”

“Just in case of what?” Blake thought, and almost asked him out loud, but decided against it, and followed Mick into the mist towards the great ruins of the world’s fair grounds.

...

As Blake and Mick made their way through the mist, toward the world’s fair grounds, Blake couldn’t help but sense that something was watching them within the fog banks surrounding them. As they get closer towards the fairgrounds Mick points out something to Blake in the distance.

“Hey do you see that, Blake?”

Blake looks in the general direction of where Mick is pointing and sees something move through the fog, about nine meters away from them, sweeping by, gliding, something that looked like a black shape, with a pale, ghostly white face. Blake was surprised he could see it, so far away in this fog, his depth perception was usually sharp, but not like this. He still couldn’t for the life of him tell what it was, as it was gone, back into the fog, within seconds, but from what he could see, it didn’t look altogether human. The figure had stood upright, but its arms, which protruded from its black clothes were incredibly emaciated looking and long, much longer than any human arms Blake had ever seen, covered in what appeared to be white hair, which led all the way up to its grotesque, long, claw-like hands. The pale white face was elongated too, like an animal’s, but it had passed so quickly that he could not tell what animal it looked like. The head had almost looked like a predatory animal’s skull, he would have sworn he had seen the creases of its jaw and cheek bones, it’s hollowed out eyes, and teeth, which had been sharp, with knife-like canines that overlapped each other. He hadn’t seen the color of its eyes, as they appeared shut, and sunken, as it glided through the fog, but the thing that stood out the most, was two spire-like protrusion from its head, which came out of its skull. They were nearly the length of its own head, and stood straight up, alert, the same ghostly white as its head. Had they been horns, or ears?

Blake, feeling speechless, for fear that whatever had passed through the fog would hear



them, and start searching for them, finally found his words. "Yeah," says Blake in a whisper, "I saw it alright. What the hell was that thing?" Blake's fright at the strange figure seeped through his mask of courage. Blake didn't feel he wanted to continue through the fog, and wanted to head back to the hotel, and back through those doors, and leave Northerly Island altogether, never to look back, and stay in the safe confines of his apartment. Blake usually thought himself a brave man, not one to run away from a fight or a mission, driven by an unexplainable instinct, almost like a sense of smell, that told him what he was capable of, and that he had the strength and will to take on even people larger than himself in dire situations. But what he was sensing now was making him want to drop this case, and forget about Jezebel, in spite of his curiosity and need for closure on that chapter of his life, because what he sensed coming from that strange person, or animal, was an intense hunger, and a stench of death, and it was aware of their presence in its territory.

Mick doesn't respond to Blake, but quietly looks through the fog, standing tall and alert, still and silent, surveying the mist, and taking in big whiffs of air through his nostrils. After standing quietly next to Blake for a moment, Mick speaks up. "I think it's gone," says Mick, taking another breath through his nose and looking around over his shoulder, "But I think it's best if you stay very close to me until we get out of this fog," he adds.

"Don't need to tell me twice buddy," says Blake, and instinctively grabs on to Mick's hand, tightly. He still sensed danger surrounding them, but it was slowly disappearing, like heat from a rash that was finally beginning to sooth. These thoughts were never logical to Blake, but he had come to trust them over the years.

Blake holds on as Mick moves forward in the dense fog banks of Northerly Island to the abandoned remains of the World's fair. As they move forward, Blake still holds tight onto Mick's hand, Mick continues to sniff the misty air around him.

"We should be coming up on the fairgrounds any moment now," says Mick, "It's just hard to tell which direction they're in while we're in this fog," says Mick with another sniff.

"That's a relief," says Blake, "Any sign of... anything else?" he adds, still shook up from what Jezebel

they saw moving in the fog.

"Nope, I haven't sensed...I mean, I haven't seen or heard anything near us since we were back there...I think we're good now...but I just wanted to make absolutely sure" Mick gives the air another sniff. "Yup, it's gone!" says Mick, with a sound of relief in his voice.

Blake lets out a loud sigh and releases Mick's hand and continues to walk forward at a faster pace looking back Mick, "Man, Mick you really are a..." Blake stops abruptly into what looks like the metal pole of a steel chain-link fence, bouncing back and falls flat on his ass.

Mick looks up at the fence, and sees the "no trespassing sign" to the abandoned World's Fair grounds. "Oh," says Mick looking at the fence, then looking down at Blake with a smile. "We're here."

"You're telling me," grumbles Blake, rubbing his face.

Mick helps him up off the wet ground, and he walks over to the chain-link fence, putting his fingers through the holes in the chain-links to see if he could see anything of the fairgrounds in the mist. Blake squints, only able to make out a few tall shapes of buildings in the distance, and what looked like extremely tall telephone poles, connected with wires, lining a path away from the fence, and a few solitary lamps which still somehow burned after all the years of abandonment. Other than that, they could have been anywhere.

"Ya sure this is the World's Fair?" asks Blake.

"Yeah, I'm sure," says Mick, nodding, next to Blake, "I can tell because of the smell, this place has had a very distinct smell to it, over the years... but I'll explain more about that later...for now, we've got to try to get in."

"Alright, anything you say man," says Blake, who had now stopped questioning Mick's methods and logic, as it so far had not made any sense to Blake, but somehow was yielding great, yet unexpected results.

Blake continued to squint through the fog, at the land that lay behind the fence. The mist was either beginning to thin, or his eyes were adjusting incredibly well to the fog and the dark. He could now see many more shapes forming in the mist, of

*Continued on page 34*





# Artwork

by T. Joe Art

T. JOE  
2022



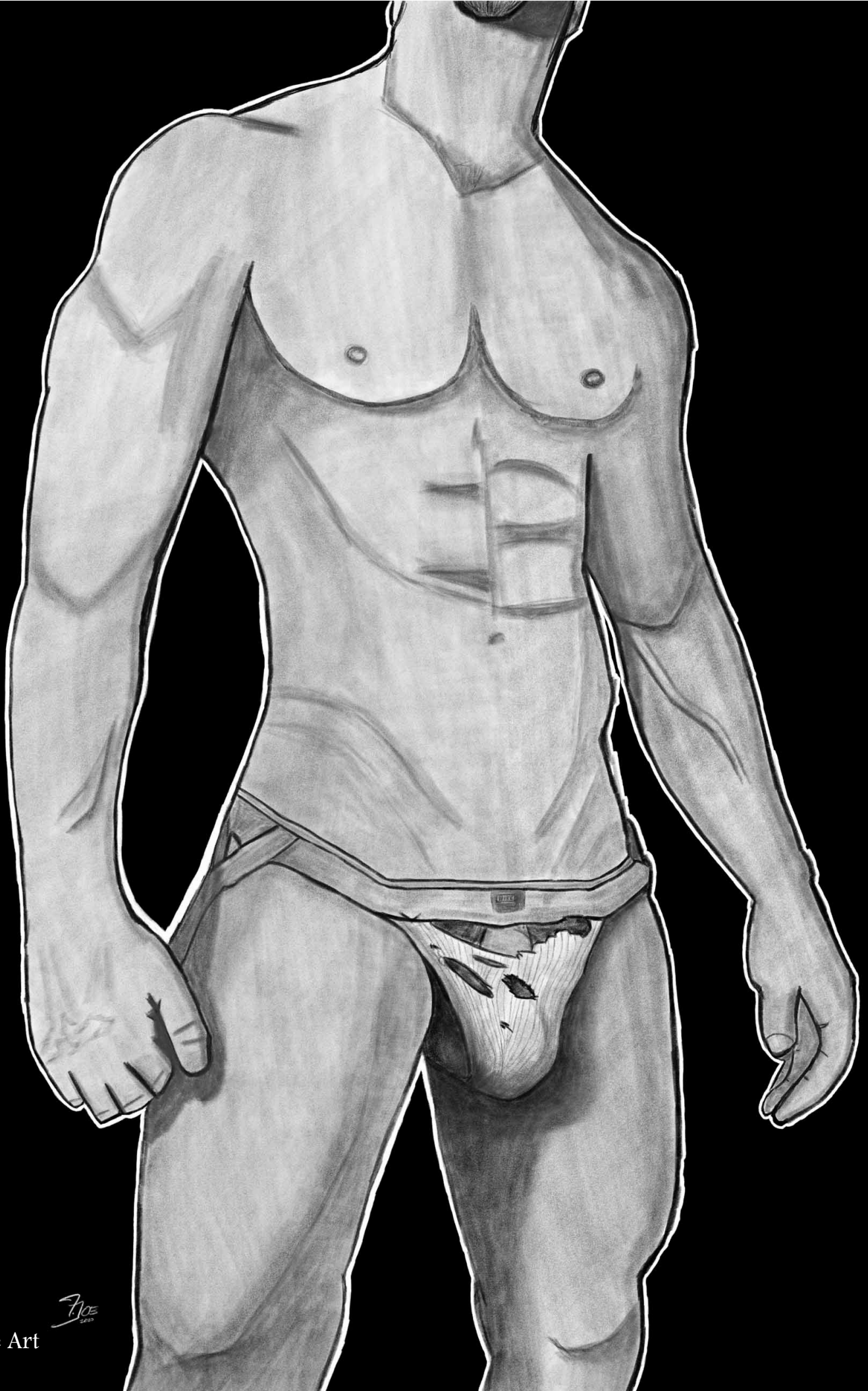






T. JOE  
2012









# Blowing My Long Time Friend

Story by u/lonewolf3205

Jim and I had finished watching a movie in his basement and were trying to figure out what to do next. His wife was away with her sisters for the weekend, so we were spending the first evening together in over a year. Actually, it had been a few years since he and I had really spent an evening alone without our wives and I had forgotten how different it was without them. We had met in college and were roommates for a couple of years afterwards before he was married. The evening brought back memories of watching B-grade movies and making jokes throughout.

It was his TV, so he switched to Youtube, flitting between movie trailers and various funny videos that he found in his history.

"Wait a minute -- what's that twerking video I see in your history."

Jim chuckled sheepishly, but I could tell it was an act, "Yeah right, that was just something I played by mistake. There's a million of those videos on YouTube."

"Well go ahead and play it anyway," I said with encouragement. I made a comment about how both of us obviously like women with big butts. Jim rolled his eyes with a smile but scrolled to the video and hit play. I thought we'd get a laugh out of it, but it was really just a bit awkward for two men in their early fifties watching a 20-something girl shake her ass. I was about to tell him to just find something else when the girl's dog came into the picture and started staring at the girls ass, seemingly hypnotized by the clapping of her generous asscheeks. That broke the awkwardness a bit as we both laughed a little then, thankfully, it was over.

Jim tossed me the remote as he got up to get us a couple more beers out of the fridge upstairs. "You pick the next one," he said.

Since we had just watched the twerking video, YouTube was recommending other ones. Just bored, I started scrolling through them mindlessly. I wasn't really looking for another twerking video, but I didn't have any thoughts on what else I was in the mood for at the moment.

"You're not looking for another one of those, are you?" Jim said as he came up behind me. I was sitting the armchair facing away from the doorway and didn't hear him coming.

The next thing I knew, Jim was standing between me and the screen shaking his ass in front of me. He used to do this sort of thing when we were roommates just to be funny.

"Here, I'll twerk for you."

But I was a little alarmed to find myself admiring his ass. He had gotten a little bit stocky over the years, but he was still in pretty good shape. The thin warm-up pants he was wearing were draping pretty nicely over his ass.

"Fuck you," I said, slapping his ass and pushing him out of the way. I felt like my hand was on his ass just a bit too long.

Jim chuckled and handed me the beer, then went back to sit on the couch.

"No, I just wasn't sure what else to watch," I said, telling truth. "You ever watch porn down here in your little den?"

I instantly regretted saying it. I didn't really want to watch porn and we had never really done that in the past.

"Sometimes," he said somberly. "But it kind



of depresses me, so not that often."

"What do you mean, 'it depresses you?'" I asked.

"It's not like Patty and I do much any more, so it's kind of depressing to watch other people doing it."

"Oh," I said, not sure how to react. We never really talked about our sexual relationships with our wives.

"You know, after you've been married 30 years and until recently, there were kids in the house, so there just doesn't seem to be much going on. I haven't had a blowjob in years."

"Really?" I immediately felt bad that I sounded so shocked. Jim and Patty were engaged for two years and she was saving herself for marriage, but he told me once that she made up for it by giving him blowjobs all the time. "I guess I just thought..." I trailed off, not knowing what to say.

"Yeah, well once we were married, she didn't really do that anymore. You know how it is."

The truth was, I didn't know how it was. Anne still loved to blow me and did it at least a couple of times a week. Since she'd gotten a bad back, it was what we did most often. I didn't want to tell him that, so I just let out a noncommittal "Hmm"

"When's the last time you had a good blowjob?" Jim asked, seemingly sure that the answer was the same as his.

"Two nights ago." I answered.

"Aw, fuck you." He looked at me skeptically, "I don't think Anne would do that."

It's funny, but it did seem our wives were different in bed than people would think. I always thought Patty would be giving head regularly and he thought Anne wasn't "that kind of woman." Who would have thought that the opposite was true.

"Seriously, she blows me two or three times a week." I felt bad talking about Anne that way, so I threw in that I did miss the swallowing though.

"Damn, you're lucky. What I wouldn't give for a blowjob." As he said that, I could see him reach down and adjust his pants. Talking about it seemed to give him a bit of a hard-on. I'd never seen Jim's dick, but I could tell he was a pretty nice size.

"Gimme that back," he said as he stood up to get the remote. As he walked over, I could see his cock swinging inside his warm-up pants. It

looked like he wasn't wearing underwear and I couldn't take my eyes off of it as he walked over.

"Oooo," I said mockingly, "it looks like the conversation's gotten to someone." I instantly regretted it. Jim had always teased with homosexual inuendo since we were roommates, but I never did. I could tell he was just joking and I was always worried it wouldn't seem like joking if I did it.

But that broke the tension. "Yeah," Jim immediately went into his playful voice. "All this talk about blowjobs gave me a little stiffy."

"Nothin' little about it, dude." 'Dude' wasn't really something I said often, but it seemed a good way to play along.

As he grabbed the remote, he rocked playfully back and forth, his cock swinging freely in his pants. "Here, I'll twerk for you again, big guy."

Holy fuck! I couldn't figure out if this was still playful homosexual banter or if he was really coming on to me. I still thought it was banter, but I actually felt me cock spring to life as I watched his schlong swinging back and forth. I searched for something to say to keep things light. "Don't tempt me, man."

"Yeah, you wish." Jim said, laughing.

My mind and heart were racing. Should I just end this or keep it going? In a way, I was truly scared about what I might say or do. It wasn't the kind of fear you have when you're afraid something bad is going to happen, rather, it was an apprehensive excitement.

"Maybe I do," I said, forcing a laugh. I was still trying to play the homosexual banter game, but I realized immediately that I had gone too far.

"Are you still kidding?" Jim asked, forcing a half-smile, but obviously confused.

"Yeah," I said, trying to seem casual, but I felt that it wasn't really convincing.

"You ever seriously think about it?" Jim asked, somewhat seriously.

"C'mon guy, what are you talking about?"

"That's not a no," he said. "You ever think about doing it with a guy?"

"What the fuck is this about?" I said, forcing a laugh and trying to diffuse the tension. I was worried I'd given myself up. Jim was still standing by the chair. If he was really afraid that I was into

*Continued on page 70*



DHM Fan ~ Andrew A







# ABF20

## BEARS & BALLS

02 July 2020 - 05 July 2020 • AtlantaBearFest.com

Photo & design: © KarpaGraphics.com • Model: Justin Dudkiewicz





*Lovers*  
*In Paradise*

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# **GO** **NAKED** MAGAZINE



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buildings, great and small, and other structures, so bizarre and out of place in the windy city, that they could only belong to an attraction like the World's Fair. His view of the ruined World's Fair cleared slowly, like he was watching a sunrise, before dawn, the details of the buildings and structures gradually taking form, and revealing themselves to him. What he saw take shape before his eyes in the dark was the remains of a grand futuristic city, a once resplendent mess of an idea from the great depression of a bright happy future filled with science and technology, but with all the grandiose art deco of the 1930s. Despite how dark and blurry it was, Blake could see the vast array of silvery towers and domes, and the lines of multicolored buildings, which almost looked as if they were lit by colored floodlights. The floating rail cars still hung from the sky-ride wires above the city, like bodies left to hand and decompose outside the city gates of a tyrant.

The more Blake looked at this place, the more it seemed that there were actual lights, of many colors, slowly coming to life and illuminating the dead buildings of this forgotten mock-city. Blake was quick to blame it on the Buru-Bara and it's effects, just like the many other phenomena he had seen this night, but one other element of his surroundings quickly came to his attention that convinced him otherwise. The mist, which had made it look as if they had been walking through a cloud, was now all but gone, leaving them in front of the fence with a clear view of the faintly illuminated, colorful World's Fair city, basking under a pitch black, but starry sky. The sudden shift made Blake feel as if he had entered a tunnel and had suddenly found himself inside of a dark ride, as the picturesque feel of the colored buildings had the convincing yet phony appeal of a movie set. He also became suddenly all too aware of the distinct, repugnant smell Mick had spoken of, an overwhelming chemical smell, but one that smelled as if it was covering up something much fouler.

Blake looks over at Mick, who is looking at the chain-link fence, seeing if there's an opening they can get through. He appears to be taking his time, scratching his chin, and then "trying" to pry the chain links apart. From what Blake had seen of Mick's strength before, there was no question that

he could tear them a hole in the fence, that didn't seem to be the problem, it looked to Blake as if Mick was looking for something, either on the fence, or rather on the ground surrounding it. Blake looked down to the ground as well, now visible since the fog had (quite suddenly) lifted, and saw nothing on the muddy earth except strands of newspapers, wrappers, cigarette butts, and other rubbish, blowing about in the wind as if they were dancing at their feet. There was a particular clipping of discarded newspaper, more intact and readable than the rest, which caught Blake's eye on the ground, he walked over to it, as Mick continued to examine the fence. From what he could see, the words on the headline of the newspaper said:

*"JACKAL STRIKES AGAIN, 3 more dead in boating accident, child feared drowned in the deep lake..."*

The print faded into obscurity after the headline, the paper looked very old. There was a picture, though, almost as faded as the print but still intact, partially shrouded in the awkward folds of the newspaper. It looked like a decrepit boat, washed up on the side of the great lake, having collided against a dock. It looked burned, and blackened, but that could have been the print itself making it look that way. Blake picks up the clipping of faded newspaper from the ground, and unfolds it, he sees the rest of the picture... there's a giant chunk of wood torn out of the hull of the boat, as if a chunk was bitten out of it by a large shark or some other marine animal. *That looks like a large bite, even for a shark (thinks Blake) more like a shark the size of a whale, or somethin'.* What disturbed Blake even more about the picture, was that all over the sides of the burned boat, and it's hull, were scratches, not from teeth marks, but from what looked like giant claws, they were on the bow and stern as well, as if whatever had attacked the boat had climbed aboard and attacked the passengers on deck as well. *What sort of thing that size could have climbed onto the boat and done that?* thinks Blake. His eyes drift back up to the headline "JACKAL". Blake scans the article again, but even though this was said to be the work of the titular "Jackal", there was no description of who or what it was. There was, however, a list of names, of the lives the "Jackal" had claimed.

The names of the dead in the "accident"



were listed in extremely faded print, but from what Blake could see, their names were... Jane Frost, Cassandra Frost Wolf, and Michael David Wolf. Michael...Wolf? Blake read the name again. It must have been coincidence. There was no way. Why would this paper list him dead with the victims? Was he a ghost? There were no pictures of any of the victims in the paper, living or dead. This must have been another man with the same name. Blake was just about sick of all of these mental fucks he was going through tonight. He didn't think he could take one more.

*Yes, you can Blake, said that primal voice deep inside him, And you can take a lot more. You have before, and you will again. You'll experience a lot more than this before this case is through, Blake, that's a fact. You've fucked with the wrong people, Blake. You've fucked with the Tigers, Blake, did you think you wouldn't get eaten alive?*

Blake looks at the charred remains of the boat in the picture, and the hull, which looked ripped open by something, large, and with teeth, he could see the teeth marks in the charred wood, like it had been slashed with sabers. His eyes drifted from the disturbing scene of the wreck, back to the headlines, to the article itself, and the three names lifted, then, out of sheer curiosity, Blake looked above the headline, to the date of the newspaper, in the upper right-hand corner, which he had overlooked before, and it seemed it had been waiting for Blake to find it. What he saw made him stop breathing for a moment. The date on the paper read... *January 23rd, 1947.*

"From...Next year...?" Blake says aloud, in his bewilderment and dread.

"What you got there Blake?" asks Mick's voice suddenly.

Blake looks up at Mick from the old newspaper. "I... I... it's nothing Mick, just some old newspaper with some silly headline."

Mick raises his eyebrow not buying what Blake just said. "Let me see then, Blake." Mick grabs the ratty old newspaper from Blake, as he tries to keep away the paper from Mick. Mick takes the paper away from Blake's grasp and reads the headline out loud "Jackal strikes again?" Mick's eyes widen as if he saw a ghost then his demeanor changes to that of anger, as his eyes scroll down the page, and stop on the names of the victims, he begins to crush the newspaper in his hands,

Jezebel

ripping it. Blake looks concerned, as if he knew that it was Mick in that article. After all that has happened to Blake, he doesn't question the events going on anymore. He doesn't ask Mick about it, the look on Mick's face was quite scary, even to Blake, it looked like he wanted to kill, and his eyes looked almost glowing in the dark again. Mick crumbles up the newspaper, shutting his eyes, and gritting his teeth, he takes in some heavy breaths, almost shaking, tossing the crumpled and torn paper back over his shoulder, then opens his eyes, looking at Blake, they still looked fiery and angry, and strangely beautiful to Blake. "Come on," says Mick, "We should get inside this place while we have the chance," he smiles at Blake, trying to hide the fear and anger from his face.

Blake nods, troubled after seeing Mick truly shaken by this, as Mick looks at the chain link fence. "We don't have time to find another way in," says Mick, "Not if we want to get in there tonight, before we're seen," says Mick.

"Seen?" asks Blake, but the look on Mick's face when he turns to look at him silences him at once. By the look in Mick's eyes, Blake could tell, and was just as afraid, that they had already been seen by someone, or something, and they had to act quickly, while they still could, before whatever it was caught up to them.

Mick grips the chain-link fence, with his big, strong, paw-like hands, and starts pulling, with that same intense look of anger on his face when he read the article. "Now, these chains should...be pretty old...so if I just," Mick grunted, pulling the chain-link fence, and all of the sudden an entire chunk of the fence tore right off in his grip, leaving a crude but large open gateway in front of them. Mick stands for a moment, the large slab of chain-link metal in his hands, and looks at the open, circular hole he just made, the sharp broken wires twisting around the opening, like it was a giant mouth with thin, sharp, twisting teeth. He looks impressed with himself, then turns his head to Blake, and then smiles, shrugging his shoulders, and letting out a hearty laugh. "Hehe, I guess those chains were weaker than I thought, ahaha." He tosses the large torn chunk of fence to the side on the ground, then looks at Blake. "Now, let's get goin', kid," says Mick with a wink, and finger

*Continued on page 55*



# Jay

Images by  
Menasco Photography

















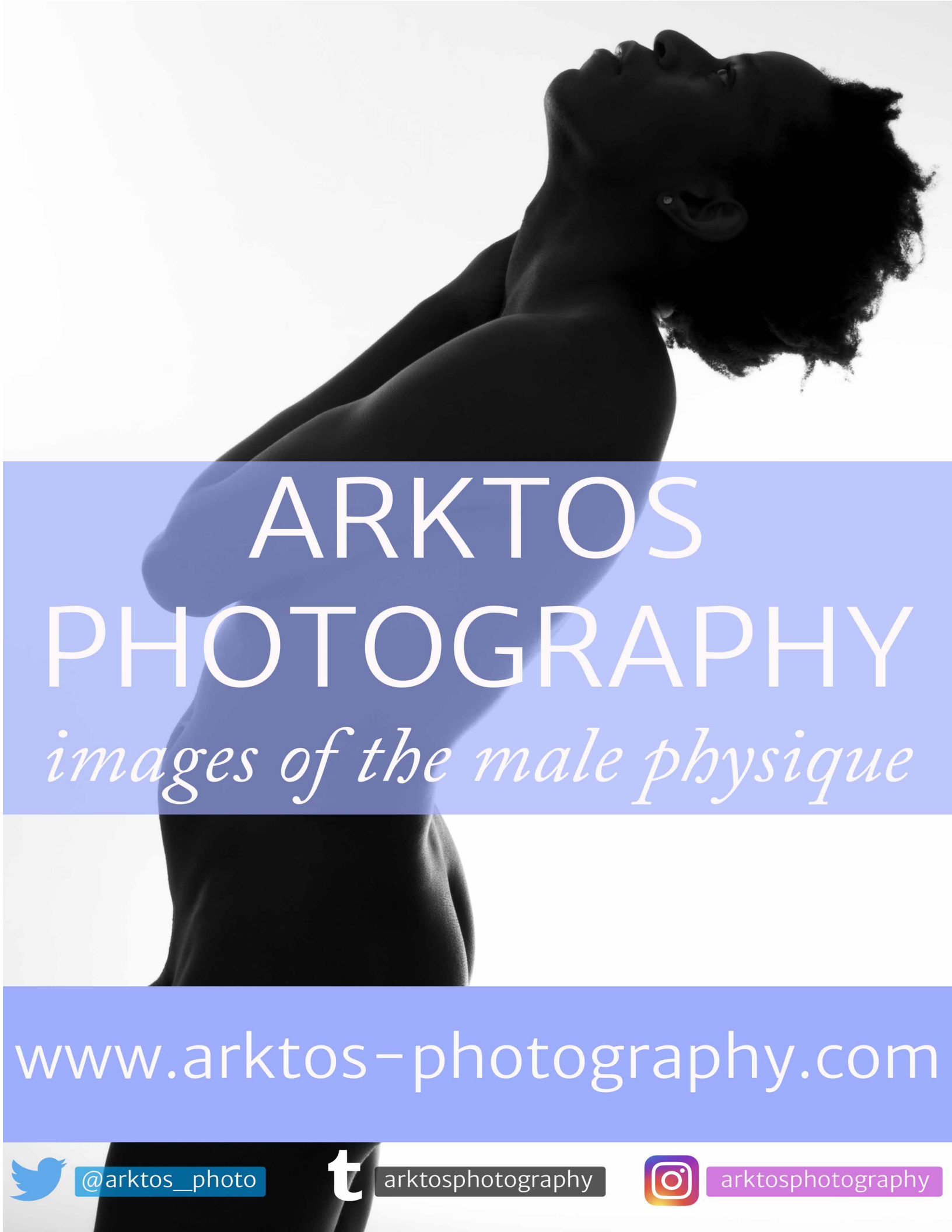












# ARKTOS PHOTOGRAPHY

*images of the male physique*

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*Aspiring  
Underwear  
Model  
Blake*

Heating up the camera  
lens and more!

Interview by  
Malcolm Jon



***So tell us a little about yourself?***

I'm 21 years old, going on 22 in March. I'm a Washington state native currently living in St. Louis, Missouri while I'm going to pharmacy school. In my free time I'm a huge video game nerd, cider and wine enthusiast, and have recently gotten into currency collecting. I don't tend to go out too often but when I do, I love hanging out with the daddies and bears at the leather bar down the street from my campus.

***Where have you traveled and what is your favorite place?***

I've been to quite a few states in the USA and have visited Canada. My most recent trips have been to Chicago, Nashville and last summer I took a road trip all the way from Seattle to St. Louis. My favorite place in the world by far has to be France which I visited in 2014. I absolutely fell in love with the country. There's so much amazing culture, history, cuisine, and not to mention hot guys.

***When did you have an interest in modeling?***

I started having an interest in modeling when I met a friend on a dating app a few years back and he just so happened to be a photographer and asked me if I wanted Interview with Blake

to model for him. He took some amazing photos of me and I loved them so much we decided to schedule another shoot and I've been branching out and modelling even more ever since.

***How much modeling have you done?***

I've done quite a bit more modelling since I was first introduced to it in 2017. School can make it a little difficult for me to find time for it but I always



try to make some time for it whenever the opportunity presents itself. So far I've done 13 shoots with 7 different photographers and I'm always open to new collaborations. I'm hoping to build up my portfolio even more this year and potentially apply to some modelling agencies this summer.

***What genre of modeling would you like to do?***

I'd definitely like to do fashion and underwear/swimsuit modeling. I wear a lot of Andrew Christian, Calvin Klein, and 2(x)ist so I'd love to model off some of their newer garments. I am comfortable with my body and have no problem posing for the camera.

***You're in college now? What is your major?***

The school I currently go to has a unique program where you can start working towards your doctorate while you're finishing up your bachelor's degree. I'll be earning my B.S. in Pharmaceutical

Sciences with an emphasis in Health Sciences and then go on to earn my PharmD.

***What does the future hold for you? Modeling? More school?***

After I get my doctorate and become a pharmacist I'm definitely going to be done with school, I don't think I could handle another 4-6 years! As for modelling, I'm seriously considering it as a career for the time being and maybe even after I earn my degrees. I have so much fun with it and I love helping photographers bring their visions and ideas to life in their photographs while adding a little bit of my own personal flair to them as well.

To keep up with Blake follow him on his website and Instagram

[blaketravismodel.wixsite.com/bmtm](http://blaketravismodel.wixsite.com/bmtm)

Instagram [@blaketravismodel](https://www.instagram.com/blaketravismodel)





## About the Author

My name is Malcolm and I am proud to call the Pacific Northwest my home. Having lived here all my life I started taking photographs of the beautiful scenery in and around my hometown of Portland in my 20's. I am self-taught photographer, and have taken my passion of photography to include the male form. While doing that I accidentally stumbled into interviewing interesting people all over the world.

I have been married to my wonderful husband for 5 years. In our free time we like the outdoors, hosting dinners, meditation and yoga. I am also a bit of a bookworm, which is new for me.

I am always out looking for the next guy to photograph and the next person to interview.



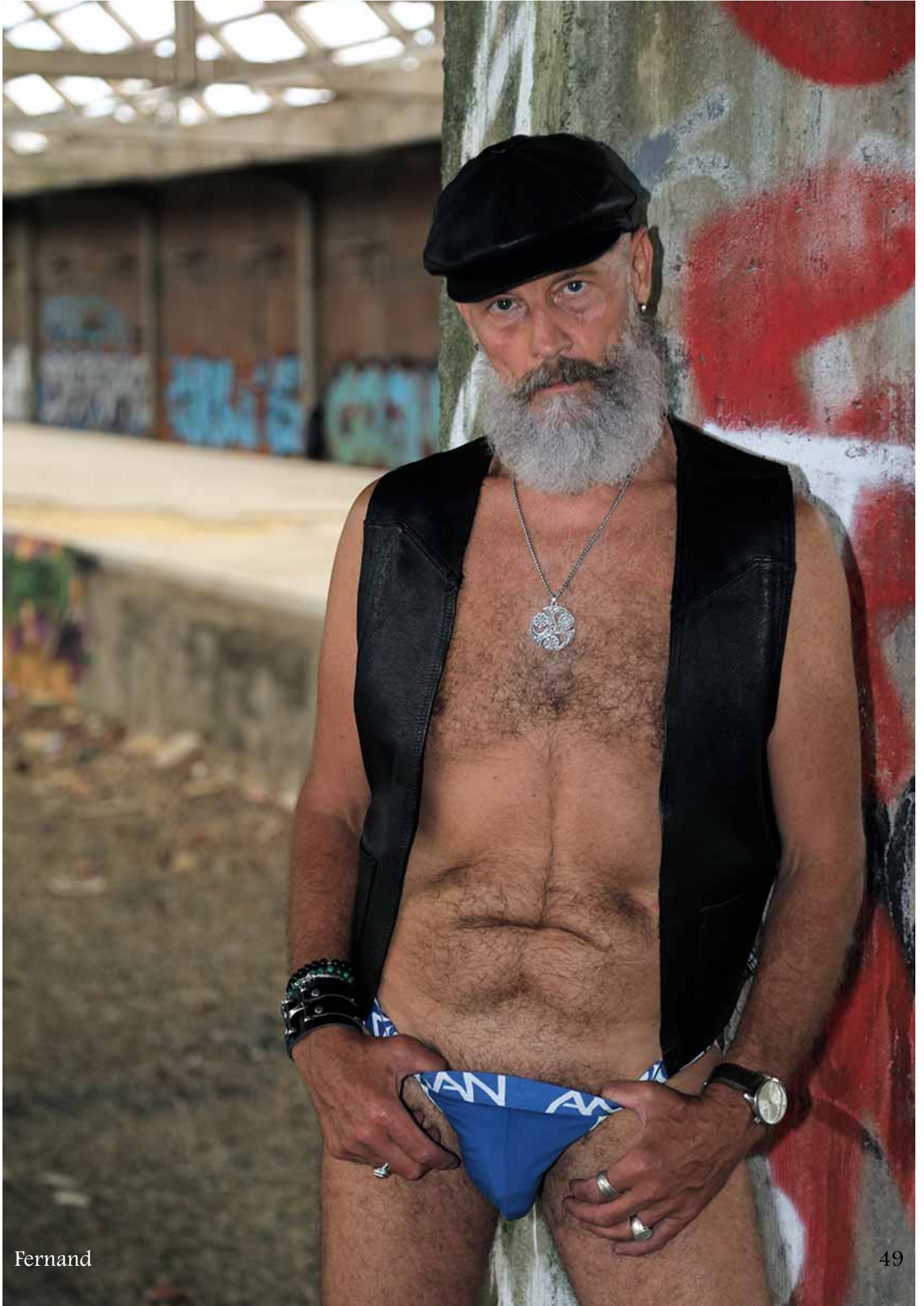


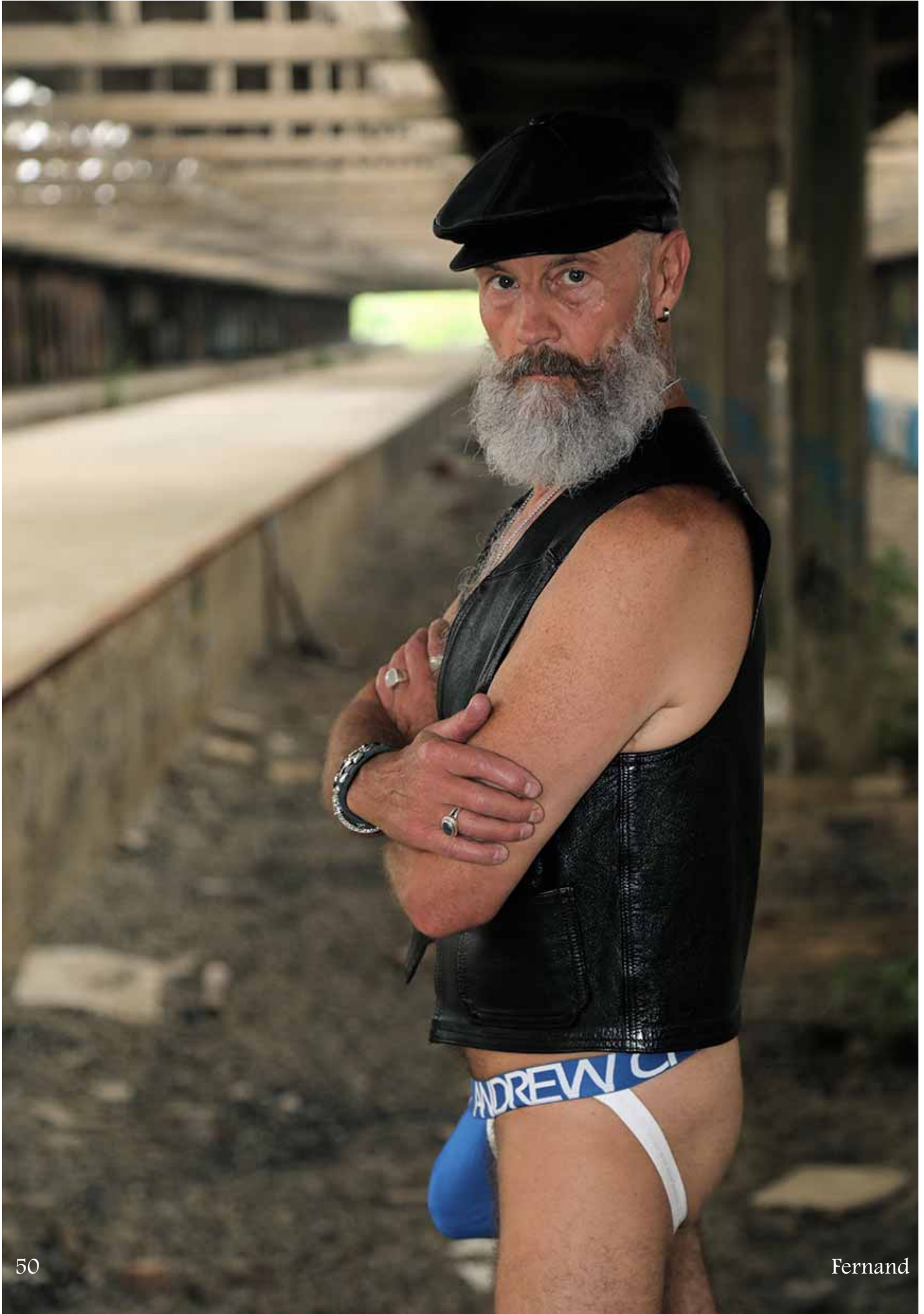


# Fernand

Images by  
**Afri Fotografie**











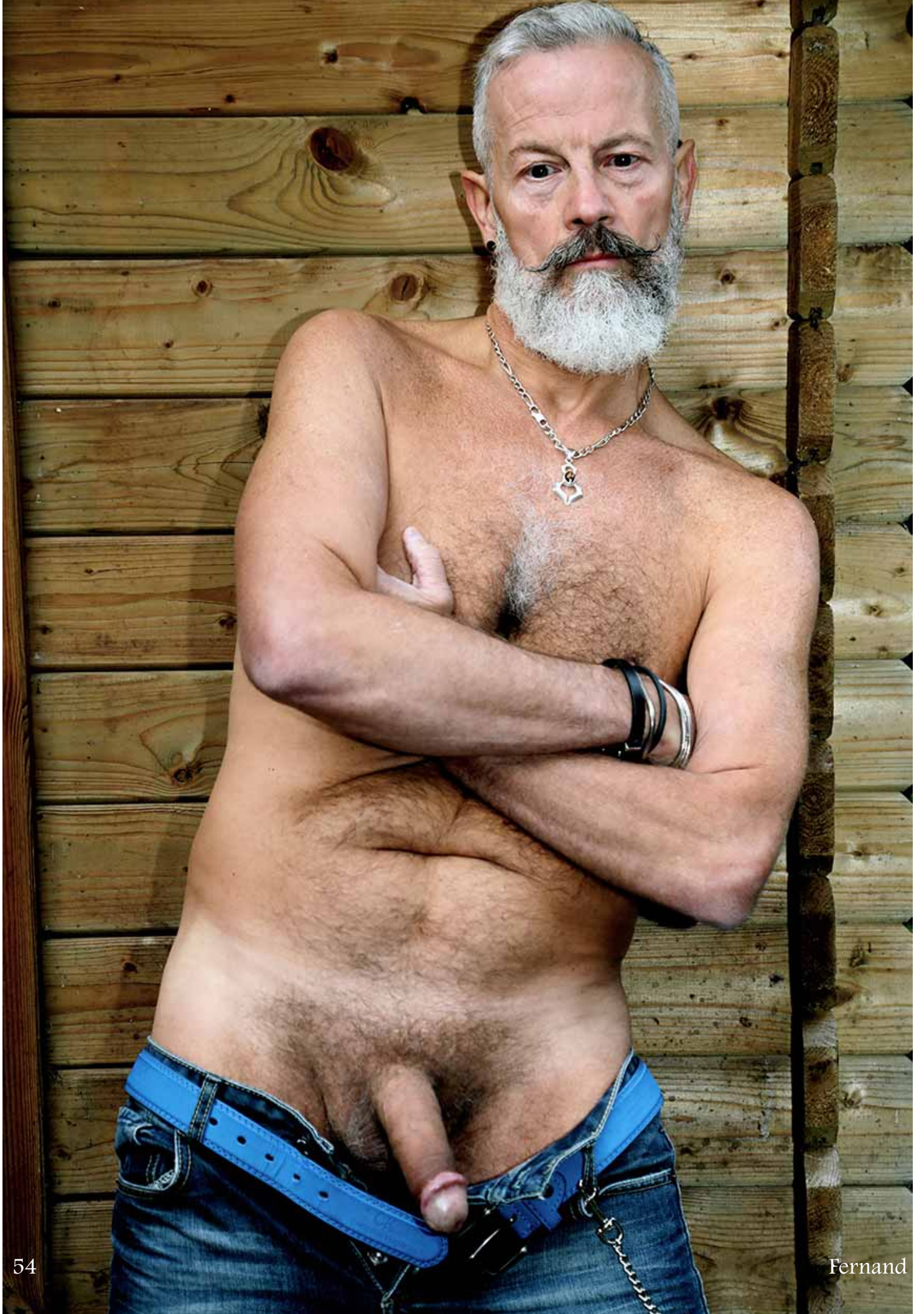






Fernand







pointed at Blake.

“Kid?” says Blake, confused, but Mick doesn’t respond, he’s already going through the hole in the fence.

“Argh,” says Mick, getting scratched on the cheek by one of the broken chains, “watch your step there, buddy, these stray chains are pretty sharp.”

Blake follows, silently. Something about Mick’s cool, overly confident attitude was disturbing him. He was acting the same as usual, but something was off, like he was trying to hide some terrible fear behind his usually comforting smile. The best thing to do, Blake thought, was follow him, and keep close and quiet. He seemed to know more about what they were dealing with here than he did. As he steps through the gate that Mick tore open in the fence, he notices drops of blood, fresh blood. Blake looks up to Mick to see his face ... there was no cut. There was a smear of blood, but no actual laceration on his skin. Blake rubbed his eyes, tiredly, (subconsciously rubbing the scar from the cut over his left eye,) and didn’t question it, he had seen much more bizarre things this evening than Mick’s disappearing cut, but this added to the list of things Blake kept in his mind, of things that didn’t add up, or seemed unnatural about Mick, another was seeing him pull apart the chain link fence with ease like a bear. Sure, Mick gritted his teeth and “acted” like it was a difficult feat of strength, but Blake could tell by his movements that it wasn’t that difficult for him. Exactly how strong was Mick, and what else could he do? How much was Mick keeping from him? Was he someone Blake should keep an eye on and suspect in all these strange events, could he really trust him at all? What if...Blake shuddered to think of it...he was one of those things they had seen back there in the hotel, who looked like men...but were more animal? This thought stayed with Blake as they continued walking into the abandoned world’s fair grounds, the opening in the fence gaping open like a wound, waiting to be infested by some unwelcome interloper or parasite.

...

As Mick and Blake break into the World’s Fair grounds, something watches them from Jezebel

several feet away. A silent wind picks up and blows debris around the littered ground near the fences. The discarded newspaper that Mick had torn to shreds blows across the ground. The buildings around the gates look just as dead as the ruins they surround, as the wind carries the paper past them to a desolate area of charred looking ground. The paper comes to a sudden halt at the maimed looking feet of the watcher. It continues to watch, hungrily as Mick and Blake begin to disappear from view, passing through the gate. A white, emaciated, clawed foot comes down onto the remains of the newspaper, lurching forward, approaching the torn open gate in the twisting metal fence. The foot looks disturbingly human, but covered in white hair.

...

Mick and Blake found themselves in the middle of a vast, exhibition graveyard, navigating alleyways between buildings that they couldn’t even recognize, and their purpose unknown. Had they been hotels? Apartment buildings? Convention centers? They certainly were large enough, but were now completely empty and devoid of identity. They each seemed like they had come to life out of some art deco painting, but the artist had forgotten to fill in the details. The only clue that these buildings had once been inhabited, and not built to be left open and rot without use or purpose, was the surprising amount of garbage littering the streets and alleys of the World’s Fair city. It was as if it had been closed down, never cleaned, or destroyed, the day after the World’s fair closed. There were cigarettes, newspapers, old bags of popcorn, cotton candy sticks, food and gum wrappers, paper cups and spoons, exactly what was left on the outside of the gates but increased by ten-fold. And Blake could smell it all, all the scents of the discarded food and wrappers, as if they had left a trace of themselves behind, to remind anyone who wandered here that there was once life in this place. If Blake closed his eyes, he could see, just from the scent, a large bustling city of science and magic, and foods from all over the world brought here to be enjoyed in a time of peace and advancement. But that was not what he saw. Whatever color Blake had seen of this mock-city from outside the gate had been drained away with all of its life, as every corner they turned in this decaying labyrinthine place was

covered in an ominous and deathly shadow, and Blake felt, just as he could sense it on Mick, that they shouldn't be here. And there was also that smell... amidst the ghost smells of popcorn and candy, was a foul, almost nauseating stench. A smell of excrement, and sickness, just like outside the gate, all being covered up by an equally repulsive chemical smell, which made Blake's head hurt and his eyes sting. It was far worse than what he smelled outside the gate, and felt he had to get out of here, but Blake forced himself to stay silent about these alarming thoughts, as he was determined, along with Mick, to find some shred of evidence within these derelict grounds that would point to Jezebel having once been there. Of course, Blake didn't know how they were to determine this in such a vast and dirty place.

They had wandered deep to the center of the ruined "city" without the use of their flashlights, as not to attract any attention (both had the foreboding sense that they were not alone in this place), until they were sure it was safe, and now found themselves at a fork in the alley passages. Blake took in their surroundings. This place looked like a sort of crossroads, but greatly compact and squeezed between the surrounding buildings, there was even a metal signpost, with four different signs indicating the streets (all the names were faded and unreadable). Above them were large strange giants that looked like telephone poles, with interlocking cables, but they were taller, and the wires carried cars, like giant buckets, which were now suspended above their heads with no way down. Given the intersection of the cables, Blake theorized that they must have been somewhere close to the epicenter of the fairgrounds. The cars creaked and swung slightly in the silent wind, making Blake think that one might fall on top of them.

Mick stood still for a moment, looking at each of the alleyways, there were four to choose from, putting an arm out in front of Blake, not wanting him to move any further, sniffing the air once again. Everything was quiet.

"Okay," says Mick in a deep, but faint whisper, "I haven't seen anyone...I think it's okay if we turn on our flash..." Mick was just about to give the all clear signal, for them to turn on their flashlights, when they heard something shuffling in the alleyway across from them.

Mick instinctively grabs Blake and pushes him back behind the wall they had just emerged from, and holds him, urging him silently to remain still. Blake obeys, while trying not to be excited by being thrown by Mick into a wall, his big body pressing against his (Blake liked Mick being rough with him like this). But there was little time for Blake to feel excited, because once the shadow from the opposing alley appeared, lurching forward, along with the shuffling, Blake's body went completely cold. Mick looked into Blake's eyes, green meeting green, his arms holding him tighter. Mick said nothing, but Blake saw the fear in him, as his eyes held an expression he had never seen before. Blake didn't know how he had gotten so good at reading Mick's signals, but he could tell by Mick's body language that he meant for them to stay absolutely still and silent. And Blake soon knew why. That same sense he had felt before, that horrible aura of hunger and bloodlust, was coming back, it was moving right towards them. Blake felt every hair on his body stand on end, even the ones on his back which he didn't know he had. Blake felt and urge to look over his shoulder and look into the alley, and his head began to turn slightly, but he kept his focus on Mick's eyes. He didn't budge, he was sure that's what Mick meant for him to do, by staring at him for this long. The shuffling feet grew closer, Mick bit his lower lip, looking right at Blake, Blake looking back. He tried not to breathe, only the faintest bellows of air entering and escaping his lungs. Blake's eyes could only see slightly to the right, where the shuffling was drawing near, almost a slithering sound, Blake slowly rolled his eyes downward, toward the base of the wall. He saw nothing but the empty alley floor for a moment, then a ghostly white foot, almost like a claw, stepped forward, from behind the wall. Blake quickly brought his eyes back to focus on Mick's, who now looked more petrified than ever, as Blake heard a rasping breath, and smelled a putrid stench of blood right near his cheek. Blake tried to keep his chest from heaving, as his heartbeat suddenly rose, and tried not to look at it, and keep his focus on Mick.

A long claw-like hand grasps the air blindly in front of it. Blake sees a shadow on the opposing alley wall, out of the corner of his eye, of a long maw and a set of jaws with sharp, long teeth, the maw remained open, hungrily. Blake looks at



Mick's eyes, fearing for a moment that this was how they were going to die, and he found it oddly comforting to at least know his last few moments were going to be around this big guy. But what would that matter when they were torn to shreds? he suddenly thought. The fear started to overtake him, and the ghostly white creature began to consider Blake's presence, turning its hungry white maw, around the corner, as if it could smell the fear on him. From what Blake could see there were traces of red on the white mouth and teeth. It had killed (recently), there was blood on its lips. Blake felt a shout begin to form inside his chest, wanting to escape. Mick continued to look deep in his eyes, seeing what was about to happen, and Mick made a sudden movement, not toward the creature or to escape, but toward Blake. His lips locked over his, just as Blake was about to scream, and suddenly Blake's mind became blank and warm. All the fear seemed to disappear as Mick took his breath from him. ... they stood silently, pressed against the wall, lips locked as the ghostly creature seemed to pass by them, now as if they didn't exist, as if it smelled better prey close by. By the time Blake's mind cleared, and his eyes opened again, as Mick broke their kiss, the creature had passed on, out of sight. Blake felt like he had been holding his breath underwater, and inhaled so deeply that his rising chest burst the first few buttons off of his shirt, exposing his chest.

*What the hell has happened?. How did it not see them?* Blake thought. Was Mick kissing him all it took? Blake thought there had to be more to it than that. Either way, he was grateful to his big buddy for saving his ass, and he was a good kisser.

"Thanks for that," sighs Blake.

Mick nods.

"Let's get moving, that thing might be back," says Mick.

"Right," says Blake, nodding, and he follows Mick's lead.

"I think we should head back to the hotel, and get out of here," says Mick. "Who knows when that thing will be back."

Blake wanted to agree with Mick, but his inner stubbornness and his will to find out what might have happened to Jezebel outweighed his sense of danger. He just knew that he would find a connection to what happened to her in this place.

Jezebel

It had been hidden away and forgotten behind the Blue Rose Hotel after all. But why? Why was this ruined place kept around for so long instead of being demolished? Charles Newman was an influential guy, was it her, Jezebel's wish for it to be kept like this? This theory only existed at the moment in Blake's imagination, but he felt he was on to something.

"No," said Blake, Mick looks surprised at him. "No, we made it this far, it would be a waste if we didn't find something before we left. Besides, that thing was heading in the direction back to the hotel. If we go that way, we may run in to it."

"Hmmm... true..." says Mick, contemplative. "But if we do run in to it, don't expect me to cover you're scent again."

"Oh? Is that what you were doing?" asks Blake, with a sly look at Mick.

"Well...umm..." Mick looks like he shouldn't have said that. "Well, I was tryin' to keep..."

"Don't worry about it," chuckles Blake. "Thanks just the same."

"So...um... you sure you want to do this?" asks Mick. "Ya sure you want to stay here and keep looking?"

"Yeah," Blake nods, with a serious look in his eyes.

"Okay," Mick nods. "Man, Blake. I'm impressed with ya," says Mick. "You've really got some balls, wanting to stay around this place after seein' that thing"

"Yeah well, they're kinda blue now, after this mornin'," says Blake

Blake winks at Mick. Mick tilts his head, confused for a moment, then almost lets out a deep hearty laugh, but covers his mouth, trying not to make too much noise.

"Heh, well, I'll be sure to do somethin' about that later," says Mick, winking back at Blake. "When we're not in danger of being eaten of course," Mick jokes jabbing his buddy in the ribs. Blake chuckles silently, but feels his stomach sink at the thought of what Mick had just said.

"Right, let's get goin'," says Blake.

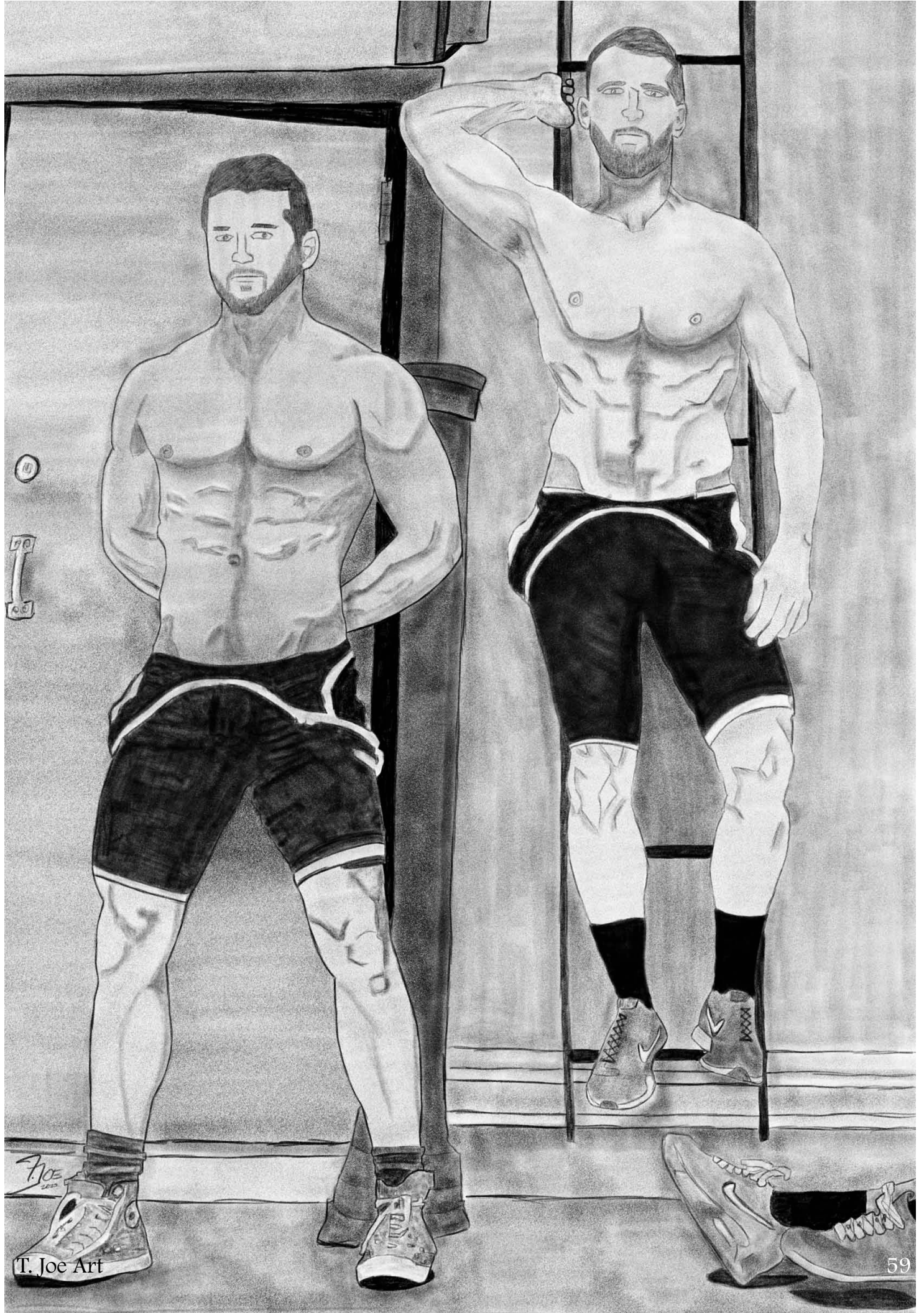
The two detectives trek further into the deep ruins.

**To be continued**



T. JOE  
2010





T. JOE  
2008

T. Joe Art







T. JOE  
2022

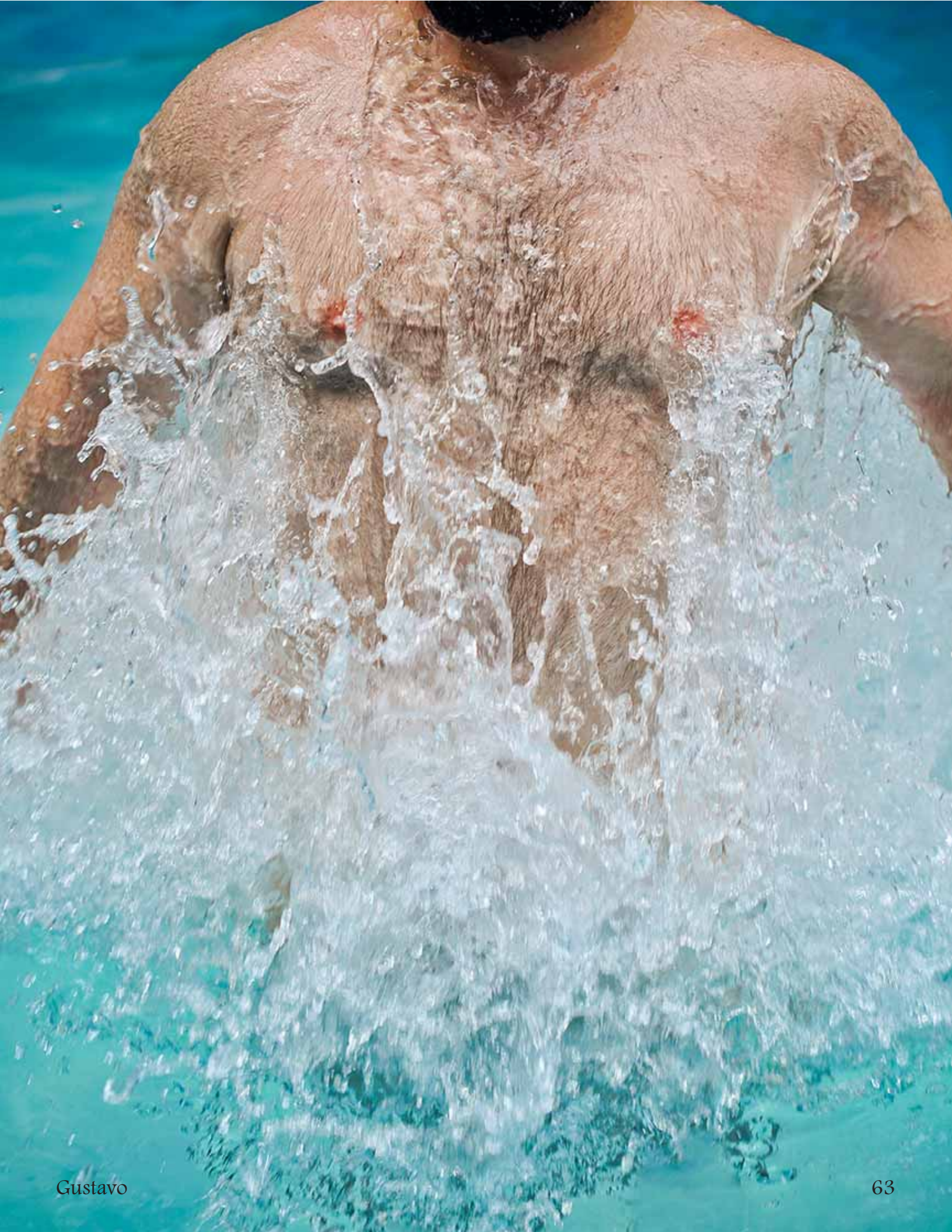




# Gustavo

Images by Ivan y Gabo































sucking cock, he wasn't recoiling. I felt my heart race again. I couldn't decide if I wanted to end this line of questioning or delve further. "C'mon dude, everyone's thought about it." I said dismissively, "It doesn't mean they really want to do it."

Jim raised one eyebrow and half-smiled, "Maybe, but do you really want to do it?"

I just didn't think before I spoke this time, "Do I really want to do what? Suck your dick?"

Jim laughed in disbelief, "Well fuck me, you do want to suck my dick, don't you."

I figured at this point, he was just fucking with me. He didn't really think I wanted to suck his dick, but he didn't know I was actually thinking about it. I doubled down, figuring he would just back down.

"You think I want to suck your dick? Well whip it out if you're man enough, motherfucker."

"Don't think I won't."

"Yeah, right. You're all talk." We had gone back to somewhat playful voices, so it seemed I'd called his bluff.

"Fuck you," said Jim. Still smiling, he reached down and yanked his pants down. Indeed, he wasn't wearing underwear and he did have a hard-on, so his 7" schlong sprung out pretty much into my face.

"What the fuck?" I said playfully. I wasn't sure if he was just doubling down now to call my bluff. "Put that schlong away!"

Still smiling, Jim mocked "I can't remember the last time I had a blowjob and you had one two days ago. I think you owe me a fucking blowjob."

I could feel my face turn white. I just couldn't tell if he was serious or not. Did he really want me to go down on him? It certainly looked like it. I actually wanted to, but if I was wrong, this could seriously fuck up our relationship. I stared at his hard cock, hanging over the arm of the chair only inches from my face. I looked up at Jim.

"Seriously man," he said softly, "I'm cool with it."

My face was hot as the blood rushed back into my cheeks. I looked back down at Jim's cock. Damn, it was a nice looking cock too; cut, perfectly straight and thick with a nicely proportionate head.

I could hear Jim let out a slight groan as I took it in my hand. What the fuck was I doing? I

was just about to suck off my best friend. Sure, I'd experimented a couple of times in college, but that was 35 years ago. As I hesitated, he gently put his hand on top of my head. That's all the reassurance I needed. I slowly put Jim's hard cock in my mouth.

For a few seconds, I just held it there. I'm not sure what I was waiting for. Perhaps I was waiting for Jim's reaction or perhaps I just wasn't sure if I should do this. But I wanted to do it and there was no turning back now. I ran my tongue along the underside of his cock. It was nice and smooth and his cock filled my mouth. I took it deeper into my mouth, making sure to get it as wet as possible. At about two-thirds of the way down his shaft, it hit the back of my throat. The couple of cocks I'd sucked before weren't this long, so I just started working my mouth slowly up and down his shaft to the two-thirds point.

I didn't want to go too fast because I was didn't want him to cum right away. Actually, I didn't want him to cum right away because I wasn't sure what I was going to do. Could I swallow his cum? Would I take it in my mouth and then go spit it out, perhaps in an empty beer bottle? I didn't want to make him cum all over his chair.

I was thinking through all of this when I heard Jim start to moan with each bob of my head. That distracted me from worrying about cum and I just started to enjoy having his throbbing cock in my mouth. I had started to go a little faster when he moved his hand to the back of my head and forced it further down on his cock. I gagged a little and he let go. I realized that since I was only 5", I'd never had this problem of my cock only fitting part of the way into Anne's mouth. I moved my forward a little to give his cock a straighter path down my throat and went for it, getting my lips all the way down to the base of his cock. Surprisingly, I didn't gag at all. I rested it there for a few seconds, his entire cock in my mouth and throat, then slid it back over my lips, make sure he felt only lips, tongue and throat. It crossed my mind that having a cock makes one a pretty good cocksucker.

I felt Jim's cock get even harder and I felt him tense as I took it deep into my throat two more times. I knew it wouldn't take much for him to cum, so I started thinking again about how I would handle it. I thought of asking him to tell me when he was going to cum, but I didn't want to break the mood. I picked up the speed a bit, having decided



that if his cock was far back in my mouth when he came, most of his cum would just go straight down my throat.

Then I felt it, his cock throbbed and I could tell he was cumming. Holy fuck, Jim was cumming in my mouth and I was going to swallow it. Surprisingly, my strategy worked and most of it just went right down my throat. Jim let out a huge groan as he unloaded into my mouth. It felt fucking great to know I was giving him this bit of pleasure that he hadn't had for so long and that I took for granted. I kept my mouth tight around his cock until I was sure he had finished cumming.

Spent, Jim, pulled his cock quickly out of my mouth. "Oh fuck, that was fucking awesome." He leaned over, resting his hands on the arm of the chair. I could see his legs shaking as he caught his breath. His cock had softened and hung peacefully between his legs, still glistening wet with my saliva. I just stared for a few seconds at Jim's cock, thinking about what I had just done.

Jim staggered backwards and plopped down onto the couch, pants still around his knees. He threw his head back and let out a huge sigh. I also sat back in the chair in the same position, looking up at the ceiling as I tasted his salty sweet cum in my mouth.

"You alright?" Jim said with genuine concern in his voice.

"Yeah." I said. "I'm good. You?"

"That was fucking incredible. You really were OK with doing that, weren't you? I could tell if you were joking, but I was hoping you weren't."

I chuckled as I spoke, "That's funny. I was thinking the same thing. I couldn't tell if you were really expecting me to do it or if you were just doing your usual thing."

I looked over at Jim and he looked over at me. I could tell right away that we were going to be alright.

"We should do this again," Jim said. "I can't tell you how good that felt."

It was a strange feeling, but I felt good knowing that I had given him sexual pleasure. "Yeah, I remember how good that feels."

"You should, you said it was only Tuesday."

"Yeah, I had a blowjob Tuesday, but I can't remember the last time Anne swallowed. You fucking owe me now."



**Love who the  
fuck  
you want  
just because  
you  
can!**

**Toderick Hall - Amen**





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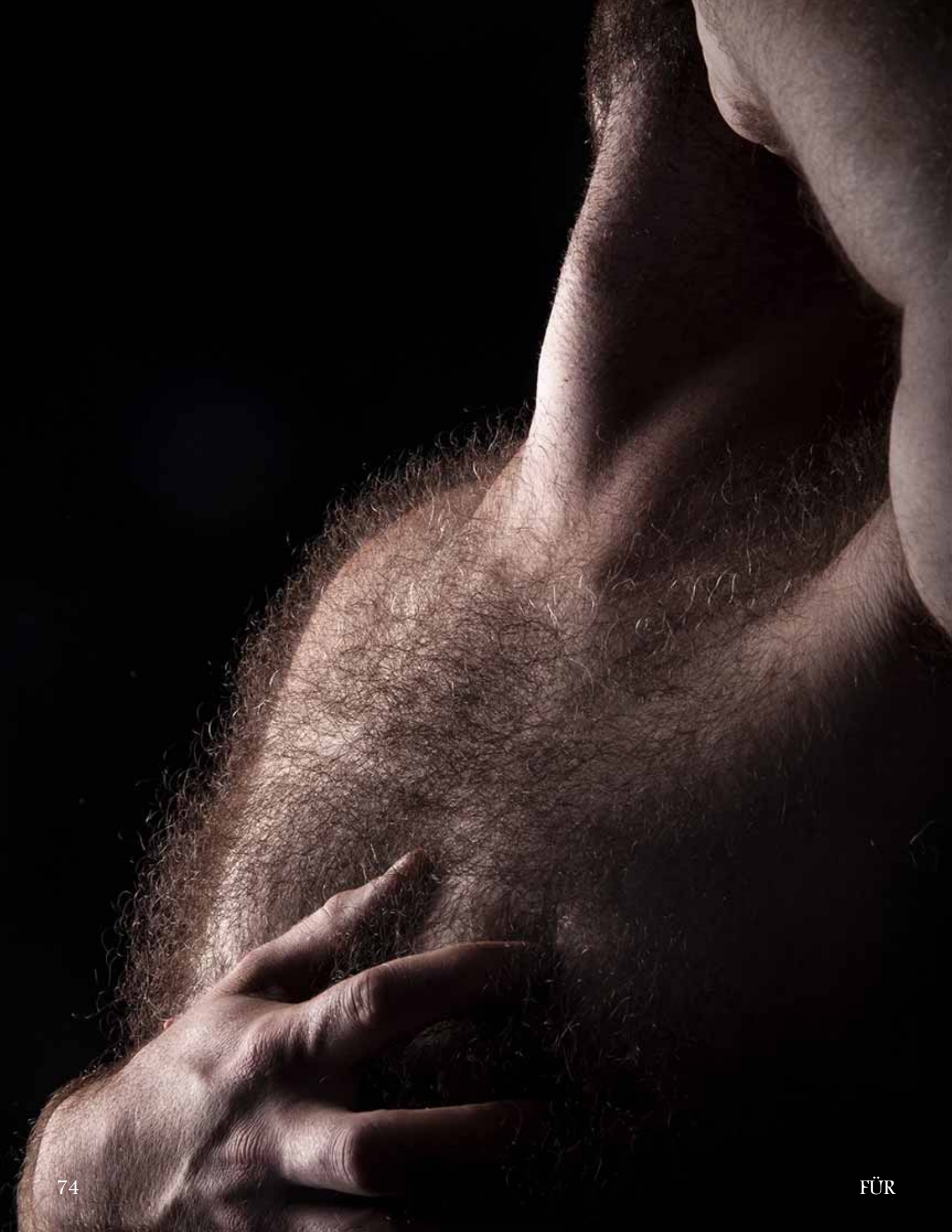
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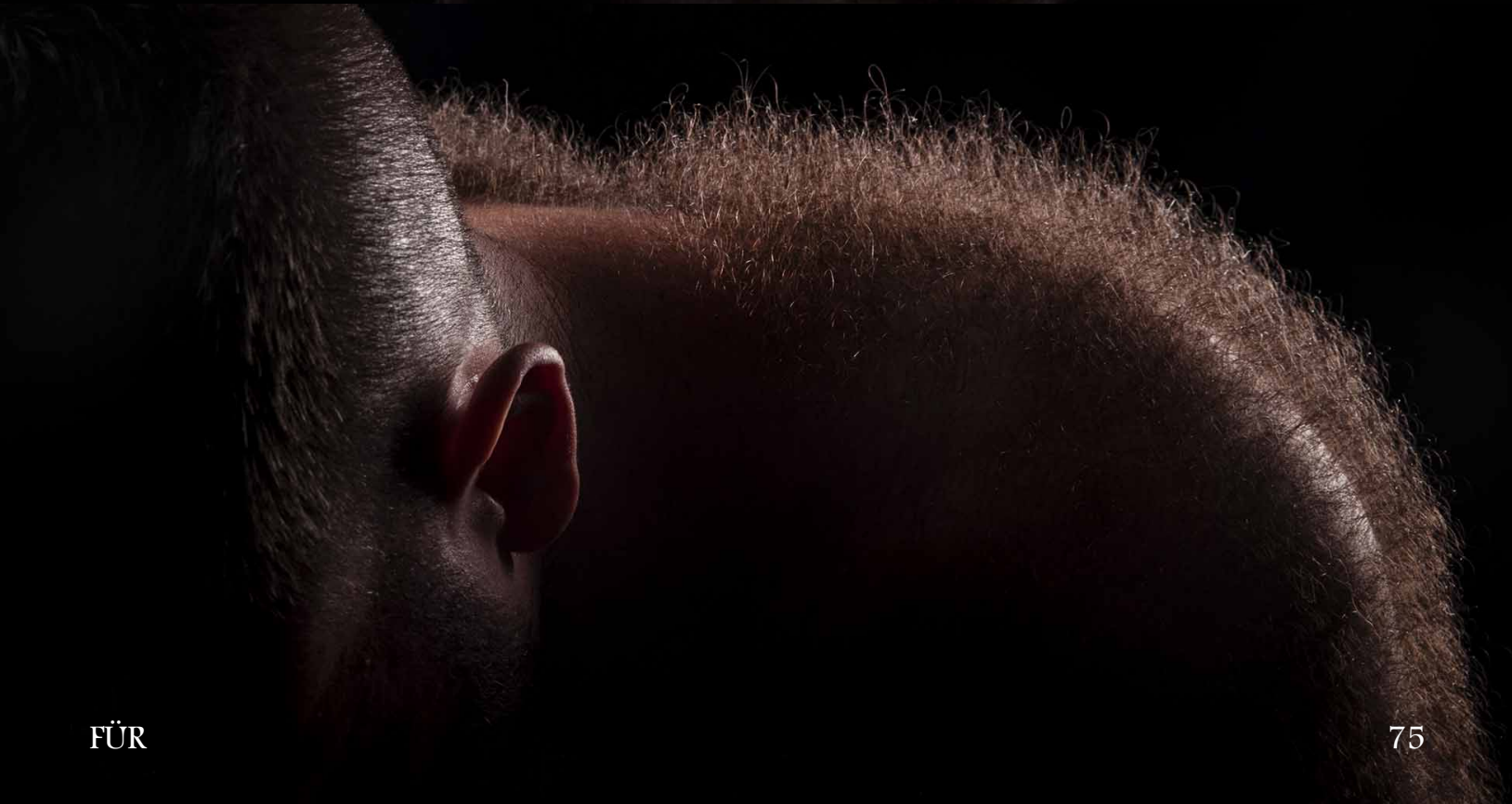
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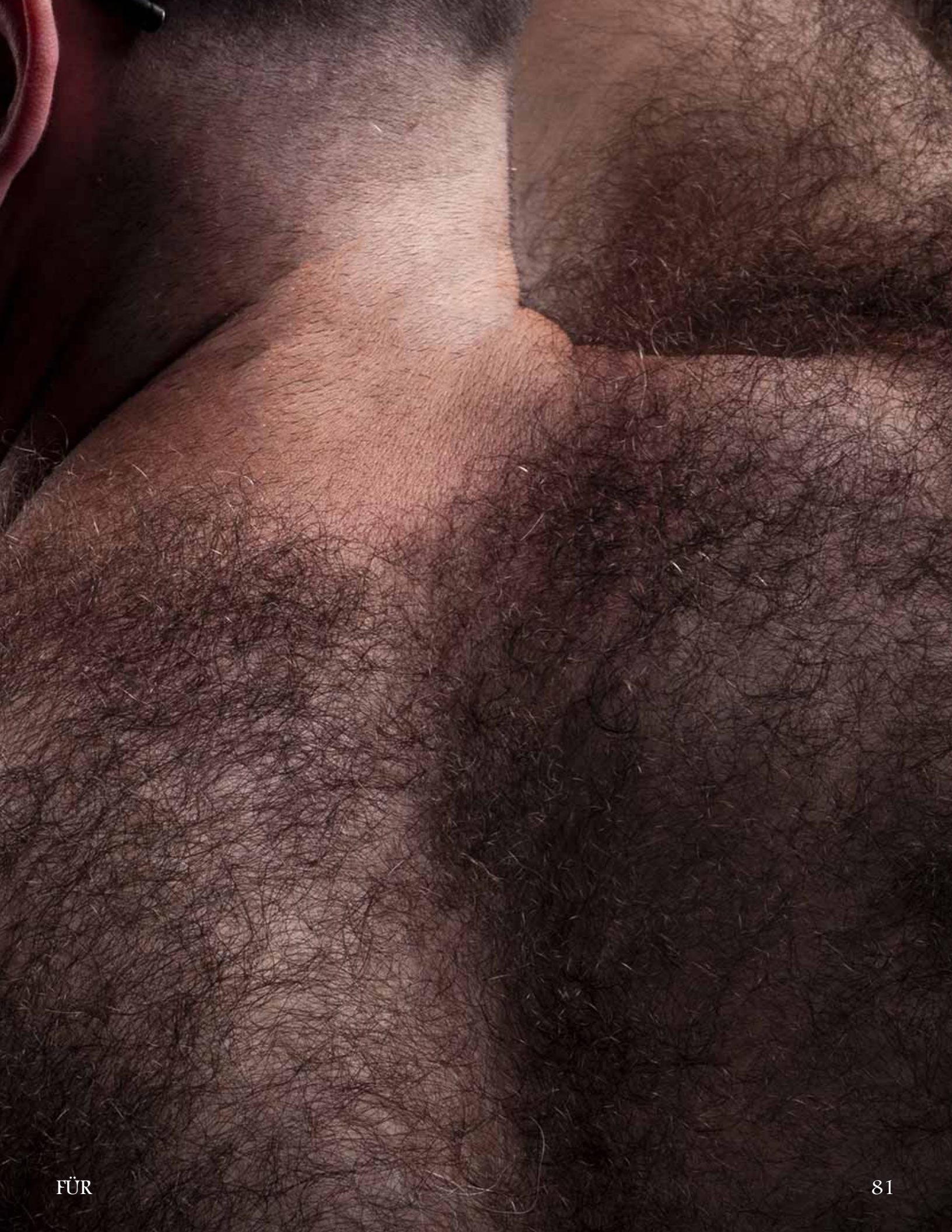
















T. Joe Art









# Max

Images by Baer Galerie





























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# COCK FUN AT THE OFFICE PARTY

Story by Robert MacNeil

I work in an insurance office. It's open plan, the bit I work in. The call centre section is separate from us, because of the noise. We're divided into sections; I work in Accounts, and we've got our own boss, our own budget, different hours from the call centre lot, of course.

But this afternoon most of us are in the board room at a party for the end of our Financial year. It's the usual crap, cheap sparkling wine, supermarket food, but it's good to have a laugh with some of my colleagues who get pretty drunk, tell dirty jokes, flirt and dance as soon as any music comes on.

There's a guy I don't recognise over at the food. He's in a suit. His tie is loosened. He looks twenty-something. I wonder who he is and go to pour myself a coke. Then he's there at my shoulder, holding a glass out, asking me to fill it up, too. He introduces himself, Stephen.

We stand and chat and I learn he's an intern, working here unpaid for two weeks. He's on holiday from University, so he's hoping that working in places like this, unpaid, he might increase his chances of a job when he graduates. He's got a gleaming smile and a hefty looking package, whenever I glance down. I don't suppose I'll ever get to explore it, though.

He asks me a question.

"Have I got a photocopier login number?" Of course, I tell him. He explains he hasn't, and asks if I can spare 10 photocopies for him as a gift. Sure, I say. He grabs my arm, a bit excitedly, and, taking our drinks with us, leads me to the photocopying room.

"What have you got to photocopy?" I ask as I put my number in.

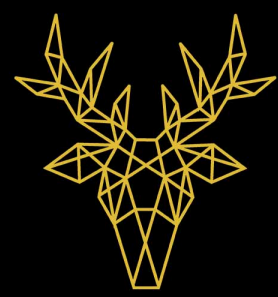
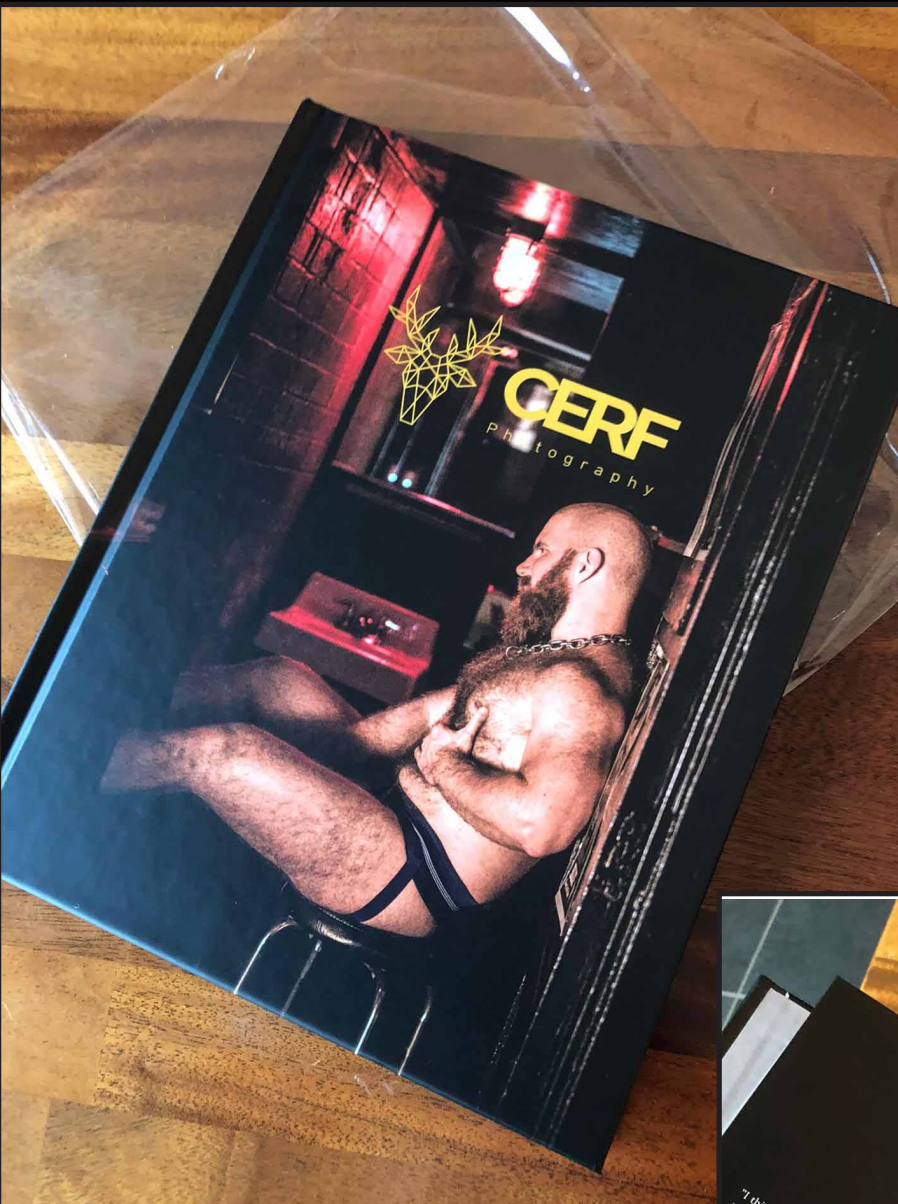
"This!" he says gleefully, unbuckling his belt, pulling his trousers and boxers down. He sits his bare ass on the glass of the machine. "Hit ten copies for me, mate. I need to keep still."

I do as he asks, trying not to notice his thick looking dick. The light slides along the glass, and I pick up the first piece of paper that comes out. "You can see your bollocks as well as your ass," I tell him. He takes it from me, but the photocopier has stopped now. "D'you think that would be a good way to introduce myself to clients?" he asks.

"Well, it would make ME want to fuck you, but I don't know if that's the effect you're after." He jumps down, kneels in front of me, and starts to undo my fly. "Let's get this baby hard so that it can give me a good fucking," he says, as he gets my dick out. Almost immediately I feel my dick start to stiffen in his hot wet mouth. It's really horny looking down at this good looking guy, suit trousers round his ankles, dick hard in front of him, blowing me. He gets my cock rock hard, and gleaming with his wet spit.

Then he's up and turning round, offering his ass to me. I get a bit of spit on my index finger and rub it on his ass hole. The puckered ass opens invitingly. I slide my finger in, then get some more spit at it. He's an experienced bottom, this guy, because before long I've got two fingers in comfortably. He groans occasionally as I move my fingers around in his hole. Then I've got my cock at his ass, and he reaches his hands back to get his cheeks spread. I edge my cock in, but before long he's thrusting back against it and soon I'm hammering away at him. My hands have been on his shoulders but I get one round to jerk his dick, and as I feel his swollen shaft in my hand, I start to groan, and then shoot my load inside him. He gets turned on by this, and his spunk starts to fly, too. Some lands on his trousers and boxers, some on the floor.

In a minute, we're dressed. We decide to leave the spunk on the floor, though the photocopies of his ass might be a bit of a clue.



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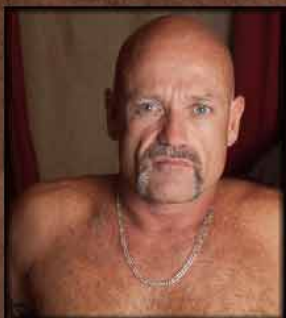






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March 2020 | Issue 15

# Desert Heat

Magazine™

Coming March 7th