

# DHIM

DESERT HEAT MAG

All Men Are Beautiful!

February 2021 | Issue 26



## Pup Love

Featuring Pup FurDMan,  
Pup Zach Drays, & Pup  
Uri Nation

The Return of  
Jezebel

Miguel NoChair Photography

Love, hate and  
Deculture

Kirk Stephens Studio

Southern Winter

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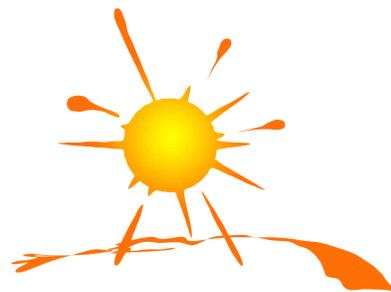
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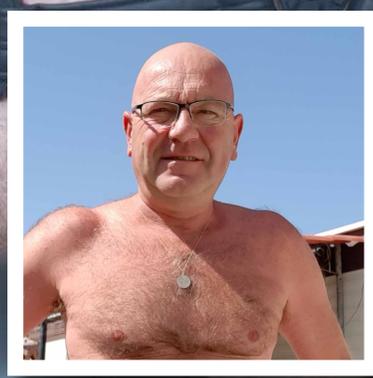
# Table of Contents

## Photography

PUP LOVE	6
SOUTHERN WINTER	20
LOVE, HATE, AND DECULTURE	29
DAVID	37
FARMBEARSTX	48
BEEJAY	55
POLYAMORY FETISH	64
INCREDIBLY RESILIENT	62
APRES-SKI	87

## Articles

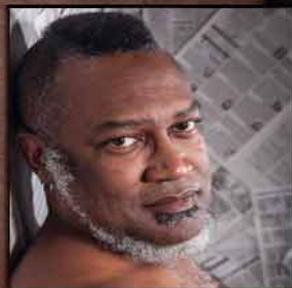
13	JEZEBEL
18	ALL THINGS DRUB
35	THE FULL FORWARD
94	BLOWING MY LONG TIME FRIEND



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# Ramblings From the Editor

*"Redemption!" "Hate did not win out this time!" "Truth won over lies." "Time to get back to a 'normalcy' again!"*

These are just a very few things that were said after the current President was elected. Of course, more was heard around the world, via the internet and media, also.

But the real question, is 'normalcy' what we should be striving for? '

'Normalcy' is what led to a tyrant like 45 to get into power in the first place. Policies, laws, and turning our heads away from what is really going on in this nation is what led to the disaster of the last four years.

Complacency lent it's hand in the mess also. People were basking in the glow of "getting their way" while not really looking into what strife it was causing on the other side of the aisle.

There was not compromise from either side which is exactly what caused what happened.

Going back to "normal" is not going to fix what is broken in this Country. Going back to 'normalcy' is nothing but a bandaid to a wound that definitely needs EVERYONE to work together to heal. Our country is hemorrhaging hate and distrust rather than embracing love, compassion, or compromise.

Our Government is filled with adolescent minds, on both sides of the aisle, that have the "it's my ball, I am going to take it and play the way I want to" attitude rather than "Let's play together by making up the rules together" attitudes. It is shameful, embarrassing, and without both sides we are just going to see the

pendulum swing the other side, continually happening as the administration is taken over by the other side.

I honestly don't think most realize just how close Democracy was to failing this January. The zealots that invaded the Capital are being hailed as heroes by some and villains by others rather than being seen and treated like the insurrectionists they were. And do you honestly think they are ALL that is out there that think like that? Wake up, America, that was a trial run!

So how do we fix this? How do we bring our Country back from the brink of being changed forever?

One thing is to bring the media in check! They most definitely play a LARGE role in dividing this country spewing the hate and slanted "news" of the latest incident. We need to pass legislation, if needed, that make

them have to report "truth" rather than "their version of the truth". Don't believe me, next time check out foreign press regarding something that happens in the U.S.

With all that said, don't let your guard down. Use your head and research the hell out of anything that you are fed from the media and social media too!

For now we got our way. Tomorrow we may not have it!

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

*John*





# LOVE PUP LOVE

Images by Desert Heat Images

# Pup FurDMan



# Pup uri Nation



# Pup Zach Drays









*I remain the tiger, and I'm walking from its point of view, and I'm hungry...I'm on the hunt...I can feel that my prey is growing closer...I've felt like this before...in the jungle...when I was with you as the wolf...but I'm alone now, and this isn't the jungle...it's a city at night...I continue on my way, knowing where I need to go...what I'm hungry for...I have no control over myself, as I realize I've been here before, and I know, too horribly where I'm going. But I can't stop, I continue, watching through the tiger's eyes...*

# Jezebel

Story by Elijah James Barrett

## Chapter 17

Blake woke up with his face buried in a pillow to the warm smell of coffee, toast, eggs, and bacon. Blake sniffs and opens his eyes. He slowly sits up from the bed and looks around to see Mick standing in the kitchen area, holding a frying pan and spatula over the stovetop, cooking breakfast. He's wearing a pink apron, with nothing else underneath. The apron is tied snugly above Mick's big bare bubble butt, his entire naked backside exposed as he cooks. Blake notices that he's not wearing his bandages on his back, and there a long scratch-mark scar down his back. It looks completely healed up. Blake smiles to himself, seeing Mick like this was a welcome sight, especially after the dream he just woke up from, which was still ringing echoing through his head. There was music playing on the record player next to the kitchen as well, a jazzy melody, which Mick seemed to be swaying his hips, and dancing to while cooking breakfast. Mick notices out of the corner of his eye that Blake is awake, and turns, pan and spatula in his hands, and grins a big goofy grin at Blake.

"Mornin' buddy!" says Mick, grinning big, "Hey! You're finally awake. Wanna join me? I'm makin' us breakfast."

"Yeah, I can see that," says Blake, groggily, smiling and sitting up, the side of his face felt like

there was something sticky that dried on it, and on his beard as well. "And thanks. I'll be right up..." Blake lifts himself up, pushing himself up with his arms, as he was sleeping on his stomach, as if he were doing naked push-ups, and turns himself over to sit up on the bed in an upright position. He's about to get up when he realizes he's completely naked and covers his crotch with the bedsheet. "Oops," says Blake, embarrassed, "I forgot I was naked," he covers his bulge with the sheet. "Just let me get dressed first, then I'll join ya over there."

"Aw, come on, dude," says Mick, "It's not like I haven't seen ya naked before. Why do ya need clothes to relax around the house?"

"Well..." Blake was still tired and hadn't considered that, "I guess..."

"Besides, we'll be much closer friends if we don't wear any clothes when we're hangin' out. See I'm not wearin' anything under here," he indicates his apron, Blake can see his big bulge move around under it. "As I used to tell a good buddy of mine when we grew up together, why should clothes come between bros? Eh?" He winks at Blake.

This makes Blake chuckle.

"Yeah, I guess you're right," said Blake. He removes the sheet from his crotch, and goes to join Mick, naked, in the kitchen.

Blake walks over to the table and takes a seat. The wood chair felt cold on his rear and balls, but he liked the feeling of just hanging out naked with another man, especially since that man was Mick. Blake watched Mick finish cooking (and his big naked ass), as he was soon setting up large-laden plates of bacon, toast, and what looked like large omelets, bringing them over proudly to the table. It looked and smelled wonderful.

Mick places a plate in front of Blake and the other on the opposite side of the table. "Hope ya hungry bud!" says Mick with a smile.

"Starving," says Blake as he grabs his fork and takes a bite of the omelet. "Damn these are tasty! Where did ya learn to cook man?"

"Oh, I've always loved to cook," said Mick, shrugging, modestly. "Have to thank my mom, though. She's the one who taught me. Ever since I was a kid she'd have me help out in the kitchen after I was workin' out back on the farm."

"Oh, yeah, I forgot you were a farm kid, country boy," said Blake, taking a bite of toast.

"Oh, yeah, that's where I learned all my country cookin'. The secret is to always use lots of lard...haha. Just kiddin'. That stuff is good though. No, my mom taught me most of her recipes. These are her special omelettes she used to cook for me."

"I'll say," said Blake. "They're the best omelettes I've ever tried. What's in them."

"Oh, an old family recipe, I can't tell ya that," said Mick, with a wink. "...Nah, I can tell ya. Spinach, mushrooms, onions, some Swiss cheese, ham...the rest is secret. Oh, and make sure to have some bacon with it. Us country boys always had to eat plenty of bacon, ahaha," Mick laughed.

Mick was so cute, Blake thought while looking at him.

Mick was about to untie his apron and sit down with Blake when he realized something.

"Oh...Coffee...Got to have something to wash this all down with. Can't believe I forgot, God-pound-it!" He playfully facepalmed his face and laughed. Mick runs to grab the coffee pot and quickly pours the coffee into two coffee cups. "Gotta have it while it's fresh," says Mick. "There's also some fresh-squeezed orange juice when you're ready."

("I know what I'd like to squeeze," though Blake, when Mick turned around to put the coffee pot back on the machine, showing his big round

naked ass.)

The aroma of the coffee was fantastic, as Blake took a sip. Mick could make coffee better than anyone he'd ever met (other than Jane's great cup of coffee at Irene's, that is).

Mick unties his apron and takes it off, showing off his meat stick for Blake. With a slight sway of his hips Mick's dick starts to follow suit as he walks back to his seat, this gives Blake a chuckle as well as a hard-on starting to happen.

"So what time you have to meet up with that old timer today?" asks Mick, putting his apron on the oven-door handle and pulling out his chair from the table.

Blake was distracted by Mick's naked body, his dick, his balls, his ass cheeks, his big full pecs, and the muscles all over which all seemed to bounce as he walked.

"Time?...Oh, yeah...that's not until tomorrow," says Blake, he realized he was completely hard under the table from watching Mick's big burly physique walking around naked.

"Ah, excellent!" says Mick with a smile, as he sits down naked with Blake, at the table. "That means we'll more time to find stuff for your report. We'll have to buckle down though," Mick takes a huge bite of bacon (a whole slab of it) and omelet, then toast, and washed it down with a huge gulp of coffee. The way Mick ate reminded Blake of a big ravenous animal, like a bear, or a wolf the size of a bear. "Ah," Mick sighs after his big gulp of coffee, "And...I was hoping to get to the bottom of this Jezebel business before you talked to that Newman guy anyway," said Mick.

"What do you mean?" asked Blake, taking another bite of toast. He was trying his best to concentrate while having a raging boner under the table, and with Mick only inches away, both of them bare naked.

"Well..." Mick sighs, "I didn't want to tell you this at first, but you were saying some things in your sleep last night that was rather concerning."

"Really?" asked Blake, feeling embarrassed. "I didn't know I talked in my sleep. It must have been that bad dream that did it."

"Yeah, that's exactly my point," said Mick. "I mean...from the way it sounded, you were having a while conversation with her."

"With who?" asked Blake.

"Jezebel, of course," said Mick.

"Oh, yeah..." said Blake. "I was afraid it was her...I dream about her all the time now. Ever since I started this case. It's like memories, except it feels like I'm really there, with her you know. I even start to become aware of things around me like I can touch them. It's so real...And her voice. It's like I can actually hear her in my dreams."

Mick looks more concerned than Blake had ever seen him. He couldn't explain it, but he had that look again as if he knew something that Blake didn't, and whatever it was, it was scaring the hell out of him.

"I think it might be a good idea, if we're really going to get to the bottom of this case, that you start telling me everything you know about this Jezebel...or Christina, as you knew her. How you met, how long you were together, what she told you, anything that you can remember," said Mick. "I've been holding off on this, since we've become pals, but I really need to know how far she's gotten to you."

"What?" asked Blake, his coffee cup stopped right in front of his mouth as he was about to take a sip, something about that last statement didn't settle well with him.

"It's not easy to hear, but I don't believe in trying to keep spewing bullshit when someone's life is at stake. Didn't know if you were ready to hear it, not many people are. I believe that this case you're involved in, the one we're involved in, is much bigger than just the fact that Charles Newman's daughter went missing. In fact I don't really believe for an instant that she's really missing at all."

Blake wasn't expecting this turn, but for some reason it didn't shock him nearly as much as it should have.

"I'm listening," said Blake when Mick looked like he might stop. "Go on."

"I think he knows exactly where his daughter is," said Mick, "And I think he wants you to find her. He knows you will. But he's playing along, pretending, making it seem as much like a real missing person case as he can. Wanting to know what you find. To make sure you're eating up as much of this story as possible, finding whatever bait he's laid out for you. You see, my instinct when you first told me of this case, what Charles told you, was that the whole thing doesn't add up...unless the person behind this is Jezebel herself."

Jezebel

"That..." Blake should have been more surprised at this, a side of him was, even angry at Mick for accusing Christina of such an elaborate feat, but...there was another side that wanted to be free of her, and also questioned why he was still so head over-heels over her in the first place. "... That sounds crazy...but...I think I've been suspecting that myself for awhile now. Just too afraid to think it might be the case." He looks into his coffee cup, then takes a sip. It tasted bitter now, even though it was good coffee, "Some detective I am..."

"Ah, man, don't say that," said Mick, the comforting Mick was back, "The thing to do now is test this theory of mine. While going forward with the plans we already had anyway. We'll present Newman with what we find, see his reactions, and go from there. See what he wants of us...of you. It's best if he doesn't know I'm working with you."

"Sounds like you're coaching me on my own case there, Mick ol' pal," said Blake with a sarcastic laugh.

"Well, we did agree to be partners in this," said Mick, "Whaddya say? Eh, partner?" He rubbed his foot against Blake's under the table and up his leg. Blake nearly spit out his coffee.

"Sure...yeah, we'll seal the deal after breakfast if ya like," added Blake with a laugh.

Mick chuckled, smiling warmly at Blake like a big dog, then looked serious again,

"But please, tell me everything you can about Jezebel today, maybe a little now, some later, but today if you can. There might not be much time. You might be in serious danger, pal."

Blake could tell how serious Mick was about this, and that he meant every word of it. How he knew all of this, Blake was sure Mick would tell him later. He probably had his reasons for only telling him this much now. Blake probably would have freaked out or denied Mick's hunch if he told him this when they had first met, but now, after all they had seen these past few days, Blake trusted Mick enough to accept this.

Blake nods.

"I will," said Blake, "But...maybe after we eat some more breakfast, I don't want to talk about her on an empty stomach."

Mick nodded with a slight smile.

*Continued on pg 26*

# GO NAKED

MAGAZINE



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DHM Fan ~ Marco

Piss play. I love watersports. I love nothing more than to be on my knees with my man or a collection of well meaning friends with benefits getting hosed down, drenched, soaked through my clothes on down to my jockstrap and whatever socks I'm trying to actively ruin.

I love it filling my mouth or fucked into my guts with warm streams of mellow gold. I love to watch a piss pig do the same for me.

I'm not a connoisseur of urine by any stretch BUT I can always tell if somebody smokes or drinks honey sweetened ice tea. I am all too happy to latch on to the tap for dear life and draining it all down to my stomach. Like a hummingbird in honeysuckle I can take on gallons of it. Some guys are very studious and careful where they never miss a drop but I get so hopped up on the pheromones that I can't help but make a mess out of things. It's often the goal with me, dribbling down my chin to purposefully stain whatever I'm wearing with wet, hot piss.

I'm a pig in the best sense of the word. I never get upset when dirty and practically beg for it in a multitude of ways. If there was a pig scale and it went to 10, I'm definitely an 11 and I happy to tone it down to a 1 for the squeamish.

Piss is the second fetish I came to terms with in my early 20s, with the first being my sweaty sock, sneaker, boot, foot fetish. I knew at 18 I was going to be a nasty, disgusting pig (said and taken in the most loving way when uttered by others in the know) by the time I hit 40, and I wasn't wrong.

I think my curiosity got the better of me when I came out at age 18 and I've been a seeker of sexual knowledge ever since. I never stop finding legal kinks in the sexual realm, so much so, that when guys ask me what I'm into it's easier to list what I'm NOT into rather than a laundry list of possible cards to play during a solid romp. It's so much easier to list the 4 things that I just won't

# ALL THINGS DRUB

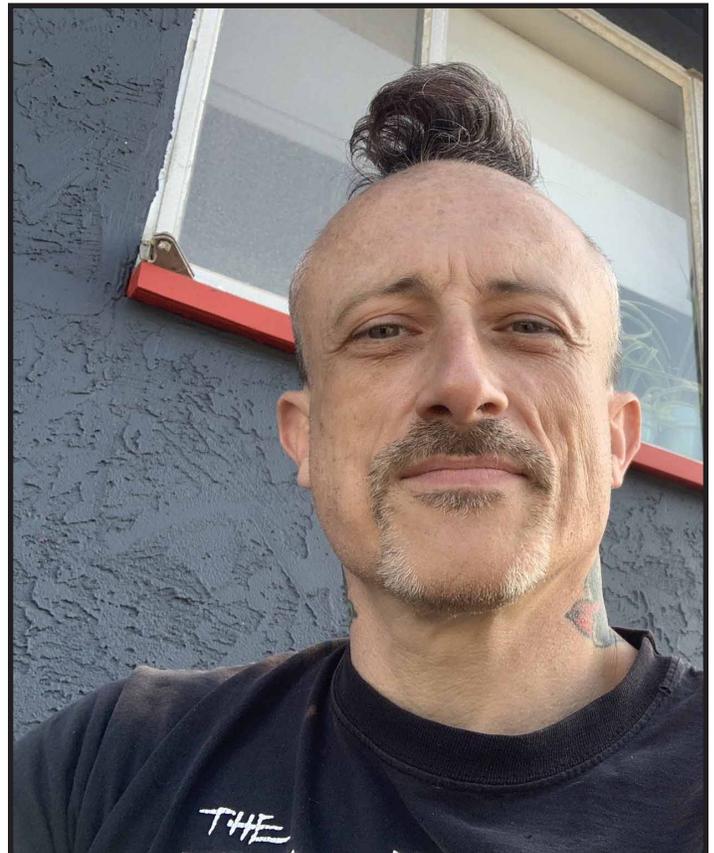
even think about doing. No blood, no permanent damage, only legal aged men with hairy balls, and no fucking Nazi fetishism. Everything else is negotiable.

Maybe it's this lavender mules I've been knocking back with my main squeeze that's giving me a jovial, loose lips attitude tonight. Or maybe I was making

some damn good chicken soup and I'm suddenly distracted by a beautiful cock whipped out leaking jizz on my red jockstrap and me getting blasted with so much delicious piss that my clothes were soaked down to my jock and socks as I sat in a puddle, straining in the wet fabric with a devilish grin on my face.

My vote is with the latter. And I finally appreciate the linoleum kitchen floors.

--  
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# Southern Winter

Featuring **Ivan**



Images by

**Kirk  
Stephens  
Studio**













"Take your time, man, take your time."

...

Blake dug in to his large breakfast with Mick, as they ate Blake noticed how much he liked the jiving jazz melodies playing from Mick's record player in the corner.

"That's some cool jazz you got playin' there," said Blake, after a sip of coffee.

"Thanks, buddy. Yeah, I thought I'd put on one of my Artie Shaw records this mornin'. I love his stuff. Him, Glenn Miller, Cab Calloway, and "the Duke". Those guys are bangin'! No one does swing like they do."

Blake smiled, he loved seeing how passionate Mick was about his music. Blake didn't keep track of names, unfortunately, he only knew the songs by whether or not he had heard them before, nothing much else. Blake takes a big piece of bacon from his plate and bites it.

...

As Blake and Mick talk, Blake notices the source of the glimmering and sparkling light he saw the previous night as he was falling asleep. Next to the remains of the blue rose, under glade, in a nook in the corner of the apartment was a rose made of glass, on a stand. Blake wondered who it was from, maybe a former flame of Mick's. He didn't dare bring it up yet though.

Mick chatted on about his love for Artie Shaw, the jazz musician, who continued playing on the record player, then started talking about someone called "The Duke", as the song on the record player switched to a much more somber melody. This caught Blake's attention. He knew this song, thought not in jazz form...where had he heard it? The somber trumpet solo reminded Blake of a slow dance...was it with her? Blake tried listening closely to the song, trying to remember it, while he nodded and pretended to know what Mick was talking about until Mick asked "So, Blake, what do you think of the Duke?"

"The Duke?" asks Blake.

"Yeah, the "Duke", said Mick, "Duke E." Mick said this as if Blake should know exactly who he was talking about.

"Duke E.?" asked Blake, he was still lost, "Who the hell is Duke E.?"

"Duke Ellington, man," said Mick.

Blake still didn't know, he shook his head, still trying to hear the music, and remember.

"Wow, man. How can you not know "the Duke"?"

"Sorry, I'm not good with names of musicians," said Blake. "If I heard the song maybe... by the way, Mick, who plays this song?" asked Blake.

"Ya mean what's playin' now? Oh, that's Artie Shaw, this record's all Artie Shaw. Brilliant isn't it. Only he could cover Ravel as jazz like that."

Ravel, thought Blake. That was it. He knew what the song was called. It was one of her favorites. It was...

"Pavane for a Dead Princess," says Blake out-loud, remembering.

"Woah," said Mick, sounding impressed, "You don't know Artie Shaw, or Duke Ellington, but you know classical. That's classy...disappointing, but classy."

"Yeah...I wonder why..." Blake thinks out-loud. There were only a few songs and composers he could name off the top of his head...and they were all linked to memories of...

"Jezebel?" asked Mick.

"Yeah...I...how did you know?" asked Blake.

"Just a hunch," said Mick, holding his coffee, and shrugging his big bare shoulders. "Most of the memories you've brought up to me have to do with her in one way or another. It's like that's all she left you with."

"Yeah...that's exactly what it's like," said Blake miserably.

"Maybe we'll wait until lunch for you to tell me about her," said Mick, seeing Blake's expression "Looks like you need a long break from talking about her."

"Yeah..." said Blake, "Maybe that's for the best. I will tell you one thing I remembered just now though, thanks to that song."

Mick perks up, looking intrigued.

"Yeah?"

"It was the dream I had last night, not the first one, but after I fell asleep for a second time. That song was playing. This has been a recurring dream of mine for quite some time now..."

Mick leans back in his chair, eager to listen.

"Go on," he says.

Blake continues, all the while the "Pavane

Jezebel

for a Dead Princess” plays on the record player, and in Blake’s head. He closes his eyes, trying to envision and remember the dream as best as he could.

“In these dreams...I’m out with Christina at night, going to some sort of concert, to hear a symphony. We’re dressed in fancy clothes, stuff we couldn’t afford. She’s in white, I’m in black. We find our seats, the lights go down, and the curtain goes up. Then the orchestra starts playing...it’s this song...but different. We disappear as we listen to the music, like we’re lost in the song. Christina... or Jezebel...she smiles, and closes her eyes, listening, picturing images in her head like a movie, as she hears the music. She urges me to do the same, and I close my eyes...then...I can see what she sees...first there’s darkness, then I see a movie in my own mind. The stage reappears, but it’s Christina, performing a dance to this song, like a ballet, but it’s just her, a light coming from her and all around is dark, she comes up to me, right toward my face, where she smiles, then she dances away, into the dark...and disappears...

...That’s where it ended for awhile...but each time I have the dream it continues just a little bit... and recently... it faded to another shape taking form in the darkness, of me...but I’m not myself...it’s the image of myself as a tiger, a gigantic, powerful tiger, and Mick, you’re there as a large black, Bear-sized Wolf, and we’re roaming a jungle together under the moonlight, and I’m the happiest I’ve been in years...we hunt, I can smell the earth, see the moon, as we run under it, and we mate...two males...under the moon...then we go for a drink of water...I...we go to a pool in a glade in the forest at midnight...I go to drink, and see the moon in the water...and I fall into it... then it fades to dark, and I’m suddenly in the deepest ocean, it’s almost could be outer-space, except there’s no stars, and I can’t breath, and I see something large, a great black fish, or shark, swimming in circles in the abyss, and only seeing its glowing white eyes as it grows nearer. And yet, while I’m scared, this deep dark place was where I wanted to be... because there was an alternative... and it’s shown to me in my final moments before the mouth of the big fish closes in on me...

...I remain the tiger, and I’m walking from its point of view, and I’m hungry...I’m on the hunt...  
Jezebel

I can feel that my prey is growing closer...I’ve felt like this before...in the jungle...when I was with you as the wolf...but I’m alone now, and this isn’t the jungle...it’s a city at night...I continue on my way, knowing where I need to go...what I’m hungry for...I have no control over myself, as I realize I’ve been here before, and I know, too horribly where I’m going. But I can’t stop, I continue, watching through the tiger’s eyes...as I see the building, and approach it...I enter the building, go up the stairs, on all fours...until I reach a familiar apartment, that belongs to her... and I can hear her singing, this song...no words, just a beautiful hum...and I want to get in to see her...I try to knock, but instead I claw at the door, and I see the massive tiger’s paws, and I know what’s going to happen, but I can’t stop it. I hear here...she’s coming to greet me, but I want her to stay back, but the tiger is hungry... and he’s forcing me to be him, and eat her as the tiger...no I’m tiger...and I break into her apartment, as she opens the door...and I come in...I leap on her... and I rip her to shreds...her screams...they echo like the song...I...” Blake stops talking... “I...I...don’t think I can talk about this anymore...not yet...”

Blake opens his eyes...he was shaking, he felt that his eyes were watering, and Mick watched him with concern on his face. Blake felt embarrassed, but relieved at the same time that he had finally told someone this terrible dream, so it didn’t just stay inside his head and fester.

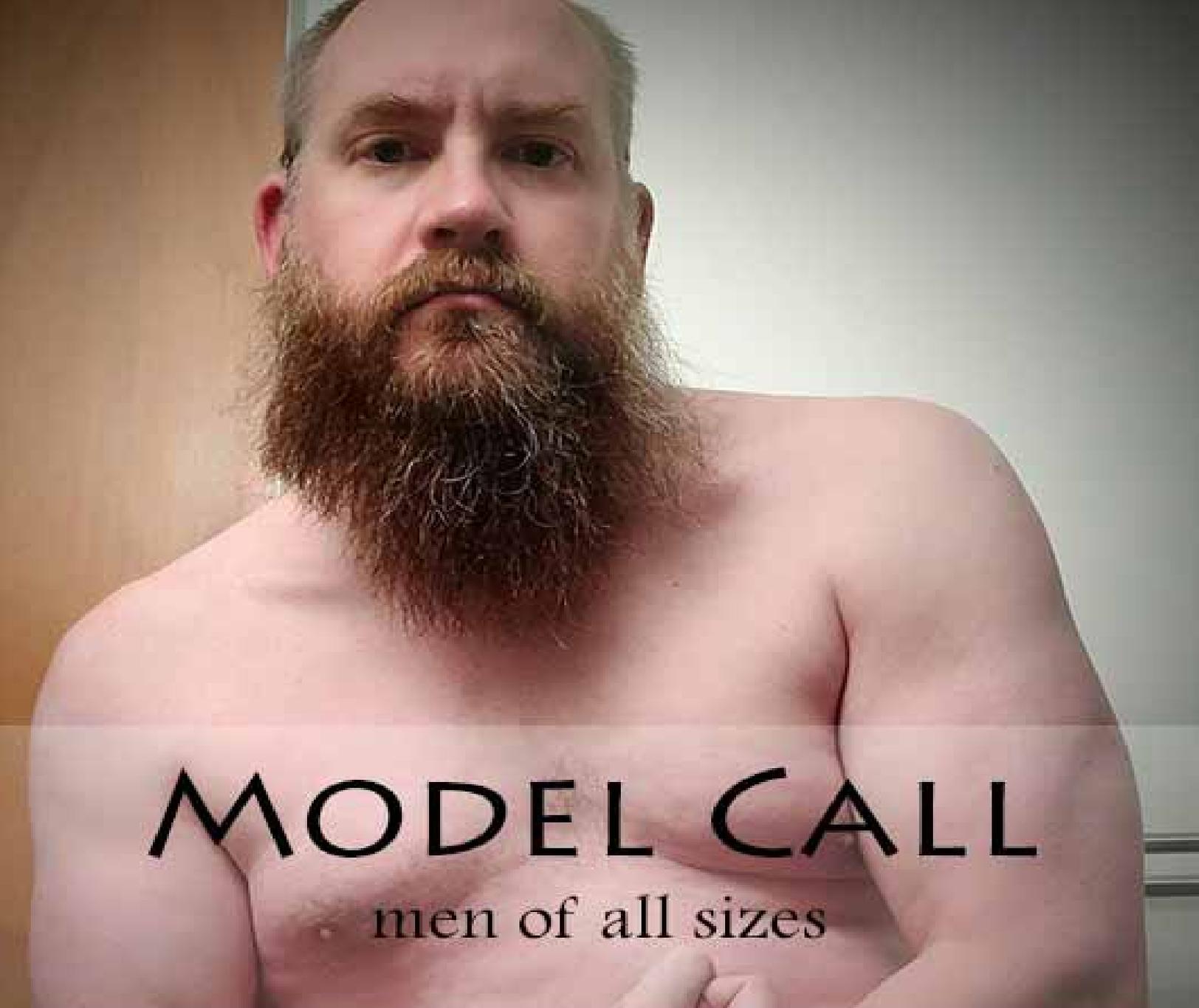
“I’m sorry man,” said Blake, laughing awkwardly. “I thought I could handle talking about it.”

“No, problem man. Later. That’s some nightmare , Blake,” says Mick.

Mick wasn’t looking at him like he was crazy, but as he always did, as a friend and equal, with a warm comforting gaze. Blake felt better, and sighed deeply, taking another sip of Mick’s excellent coffee. There was a part of him that was worried Mick would think of him differently after telling him this, but nothing had changed. Blake was glad about that.

“Yeah...it is....” says Blake, sighing again, “...and it’s happened... I don’t know how many times now...but event while we were dating I had those....” Blake stops talking and drinks his coffee.

*Continued on pg 44*



# MODEL CALL

men of all sizes

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# Love, HATE and Deculture



Images by Miguel NOCHAIR Photography















I've mentioned before how I don't like full forwards. They are always so cocky and full of themselves, and they are always the heroes on any footy team because they kick goals. The backs never get many accolades. It's just the way it is. Our full forward wasn't any different to the others. He was a cocky asshole, and I didn't hang out with him much, or have much to do with him at all for that matter. In most footy teams, the guys you play with are the guys you're closest with, so the backs are always tight, and the forwards are also good mates. Fang was a good looking fella though. About 6 foot, 90 kgs with dark hair and blue eyes. At any one of our footy nights at the club, there were literally girls lined up to suck the guys cock. He used to treat them pretty mean to be honest, which I never really liked about him. Come to think of it, there wasn't a great deal I did like about fang!

We often play a couple a country games a year where we go away just for the weekend and play footy. It's not part of the usual season and usually happens just at the start of the year. Azza couldn't make this trip, so I was rooming on my own. We had finished the game and I was hanging out at the pub with a couple of the other fellas, one of the half backs and the ruck rover, when fang wandered over and started drinking with us.

"How are ya bomber. Haven't caught up with you in a while mate, what with you all the way down the back there. How's your season going?" I honestly wanted to tell him to get fucked, because all the asshole was doing was waiting for me to ask how many goals he kicked. He wasn't going to get that from me.

"Pretty good fang. Keeping the forwards busy mate. You know how it is. Us backs do all the heavy

The Full Forward

lifting hey" Fang just smiled at me in that snarly sought of way.

Jono and Bear ended up leaving the bar and it was just fang and I left. The conversation got a bit weird at that point. I could sense something was up, but to be honest I didn't like that guy at all and wasn't the least bit interested in him. But he kept trying to make conversation with me, and I kept it to small talk.

"So no roomy this time mate? You and Azza are pretty close. Very close" he said with a smirk.

"Yeah. What's that supposed to mean" I said pretty short. What did he know?

"Ah nothing mate. Just noticed how you guys are always hanging out. Always sharing rooms"

"We're just good mates. Like all you forwards are mate"

"I don't think we're as close as you boys mate" Fang said with a condescending laugh. By that stage I'd had enough of his crap.

"Ah mate, I'm pretty tired. Think I'm gonna drink up and head back to my room" I said, doing the whole stretch and yawn thing.

"Righto. I might pull stumps too and walk back with ya"

Fucking great. I just can't get rid of this guy tonight. We both drank up and started wandering back to the hotel room. That's when fang said to me;

"Man I'm toey tonight. What would you and Azza normally do when ya get back?"

"Um. Go to sleep? Fang, I don't know what you're getting at mate, but it's not what you think" Fact is, it was what he probably thought, and whatever and however he knew, he wasn't letting it go.

"Chill man. Chill bomber. I aint having a go at

ya mate.” I flicked him a bit of a glare and he put his hands in the air and said “Ok ok....”

We got back to my room and I said “Night fang” and he stood there for a sec and said “mate, can I come in for a sec?”

“What for?”

“Just...let me come in.”

I opened the door of my room and he walked in. I shut the door behind me turned around and said “What?” At that point, fang undid the top button of his jeans, undid his fly and dropped his pants, jocks and all.

“Suck my cock” was all he said.

“Fuck you!” is what I said back with some vigour. But, his cock was beautiful. It was about 6.5 inches on the slack, uncut with a fat knob and these veins that ran through it. It was a thing of beauty. Pity it was attached to such a dickhead.

“Ah come on bomber. Suck me off man.” he said as he waived the thing at me slowly. It was getting blood in it too. I was moving towards him and I said “Seriously Fang. I aint your bitch mate.”

“I never said you were. My balls are full. Haven’t jerked off for two days. Can’t with my roomy mate. Come on. Help a buddy out”

I was fucked. He was like the earth and I was the moon, and the gravitational pull of that beautiful cock was drawing me in. I couldn’t take my eyes of it as it got a little fatter by the second. There was a second of silence, and I just surrendered. I walked over, dropped to my knees, and scooped the whole lot. His crotch smelt fucking beautiful. So musky and masculine. Hi trimmed his pubes but not too much, as they were tickling my nose as I swallowed that lovely piece of meat. He had a really full sack too. Fang gasped a little bit as I started working on his cock in earnest.

“Oh fuck man. I thought you would be good. But this is.....ahhhhh”

I pulled his pants right down, and released his cock from my mouth for a second as he kicked his shoes off and ripped his strides and undies off. He was just standing there in a t-shirt now with a massive hard on. It was so hard it was purple. He pushed his hips forward towards my mouth and I grabbed that delicious thing with my hand and started to do the whole jerk and suck motion, slobbering all over his cock. Fangs knees buckled just a little bit and he put his hand on my shoulder for support.

“Easy man. It’s been a while. Fuuuuuccck” was all he could gasp. I figured I definitely wasn’t his bitch and decided to take control a bit. So I stood up, looked him in the eye and pushed him back onto the bed. He fell onto it with his legs spread grinning just a little bit.

It was at this point i got on my knees and positioned myself between his legs, grabbed his legs at his hamstrings and pushed him back a bit to expose his ass.

“Mate. What are you doin.....” He looked a little concerned. “I dunno if I’m gonna like.....my ass is kinda...oh. Oh fuck. oohhhh fuck...” was all he could say as my face dived into his ass and started chewing on it. I licked from his pink pucker all the way to the base of his balls, and he surrendered to it. All he could do was gasp and breathe heavily. And then he grabbed the back of my head and pushed it into his ass more as I slurped and licked this big studs ass. Being a full forward, he had a chunky, muscular ass too with legs like tree trunks, covered in soft hair. And they were wrapped around my head. Heaven.

His dick was so full of blood now and drops of pre-cum were leaking down his shaft. I decided it was time to make him pop. I swallowed his cock again and was slowly tugging on it at the same time. With my other hand, I was slowly rubbing fangs ass up to the base of his balls with long strokes of my fingers. By this stage, he had arched his back and was bucking wildly.

“oh fuck. oh man. oh fuck. ohhh....” was all he could say. I felt his cock start to really harden and his ass cheeks clench. Right at that point, he gasped “oh my gooooo” as his voice trailed off and he grunted deeply as the first few volleys of this mans jizz got shot into my waiting mouth. I actually felt it hit the inside of my mouth, and there was a bit of power behind it. I greedily swallowed his sweet tasting cream and milked it for every last drop as his body convulsed and spasmed with what I reckon was one of the best orgasms he’s ever had. He collapsed onto the bed as I released his cock, wiped my mouth stood up over him and said “There’s your clothes. Get dressed. Time for you to go”

He opened his eyes and slowly got up off the bed.

“Man, I never...”

“I don’t wanna hear it Fang. I don’t want you to ever mention this again or tell anyone about this, ok?”

“Um. Sure bomber”.

He quickly grabbed his clothes and got dressed, his head clearly spinning still. I waited at the door and opened it and said “night fang” and closed it as soon as he was out the door. I went and stood in the bathroom and looked at myself in the mirror, and then cracked up laughing at how I had just made that guy my bitch for the night. These days fang always says hello to me and makes small talk. I always smirk and laugh at how I probably made him feel how he used to make the girls feel.

Just for one night, he was my play thing.

*David*



Images by  
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Photography











David



DHM FAN ~ Mathew



“How about we talk about somethin’ else?” says Mick. “Somethin’ to take yer mind off of things.”

“Like what?” asks Blake

From the gleam in Mick’s eye, Blake thought he was going to suggest they do something about their hard-ons while they were naked, but instead...

“Do ya like movies, Blake?” asked Mick.

“Movies?” asked Blake, taken aback. “I don’t really have to time to...”

“Well, what’d ya say? Wanna go catch a movie together sometime, when we have free time? Maybe...tomorrow? After your meeting with Newman? might do ya some good to see some cool images other than those in your head. It could be fun.”

Blake was speechless. He was being invited out to the movies for the first time by someone else. By Mick. His new friend and crush. Was this a date? Blake smiled.

“Yeah sure, Wolf,” said Blake. “I’d love to go to the movies with ya.”

“Great. Then that’s settled,” Mick says, leaning over the table, taking a big bite from a piece of toast. “Except for what movie we’re gonna see. Let’s check the paper...see what’s playin’.”

Mick excitedly grabs the paper and flips it to one of the back pages to investigate the movie times and what was playing. Blake was too giddy and warm with the thought of going out on a date to the movies with Mick to pay attention to the movies he was listing out-loud. He had a hunch Mick knew this was the case because he felt Mick’s bare foot brush up against his and up his leg, caressing it. Blake flushed. Mick seemed to pretend to keep his eyes on the paper, and Blake strokes Mick’s foot back with his toes. This man drove him crazy. He didn’t know how long he could go without doing something about his hard-on now. While Mick checks the movie showings in the paper, Blake unfortunately sees one of the local paper’s headlines about the “Jackal Murders”. Mick notices Blake’s expression when he sees the headline, the fear and worry spreading across his face again. He takes a look at the side of the paper Blake was looking at.

“Oh, yikes. Sorry, pal. I didn’t see that

there,” Mick apologizes.

“It’s...fine...” said Blake, “I’d see it sooner or later,” said Blake.

Mick looks concerned again, and instead changes the subject to what movie they should see.

“So, what movie ya wanna see, Blake?” asks Mick.

“Not sure, anything you’d like Mick,” Blake lifts his coffee cup, “I’ll let you pick, I don’t go to the movies much.”

“Not go to the movies?” asks Mick, “I don’t understand ya. I love movies. Well, we’d better see a good one. I’ve gotta catch ya up....Now...let’s see what kind of movie you might like...hmmm... you don’t seem to be a romance kind a guy... maybe comedy...definitely not musicals...hmm... ahah! ...I think I’ve got one! Oh, man, guess what’s playin’ again?” Mick seemed very excited with what he had found in the paper.

“What?” asks Blake.

“Cat People,” said Mick.

“Cat People?” asked Blake.

“Yeah...oh, come on, don’t tell me ya’ve never seen “Cat People”.”

Blake thinks for a moment, trying to recall.

“Hmmm...Cat People? Don’t think I’ve ever seen that one.”

“What? Really? But I thought a guy like you...ah, man, you’re missin’ out,” says Mick, “It’s one of Val Lewton’s best.

“Who’s he?” asks Blake.

“Aw...come on...Val Lewton, the producer. “I Walked With a Zombie”? “The Leopard Man”? “The Body Snatcher”? No?”

Blake shook his head.

“Well, he’s great. He was a pulp novelist first, but joined RKO, and they gave him shit titles they owned the rights to, hoping to get a cheap shlock horror movies...he took those titles and turned them into great films. Man. Now, Cat People, there’s one I like.”

Blake smiles, seeing how excited Mick was getting.

“I’m surprised it’s even still playing anywhere,” continues Mick, “I remember when John and I used to...” Mick’s expression suddenly changes, he looks pained, anguished, he even looked like he might start to tear up. Blake didn’t expect this. Mick seemed to catch himself, not

wanting to show his sorrow. "Never mind...that's... that's in the past," says Mick.

Mick looked so sad, whenever he mentioned John this seemed to happen. This made Blake want to try exceptionally hard to cheer him up.

"Well, maybe you and I better go see it together," said Blake.

Mick seemed to perk up at this comment, excited again.

"Really?" he asks.

"Hell yeah, we should see it," says Blake, affirming.

Mick smiles warmly.

"You got it," says Mick.

Blake liked the idea of going to see a movie with Mick. Like a date. Was it a date? Blake liked to think that it was.

"It's a date then," said Blake, smiling slyly at Mick.

Mick seemed surprised, then smiled, happily. He winks at Blake, lifting his cup of coffee and rubbing his foot against Blake's again.

"Sure is, buddy," says Mick.

Blake and Mick continue their breakfast, eating what felt like three pigs worth of bacon and, a mountain of toast, and stacks of omelets, draining two pots of coffee and a pitcher of orange juice, chatting about happier moments of their pasts, Blake liked this, knowing and dreading the conversation that was waiting around the bend, of Jezebel, putting it off as long as he could, so he could have a nice morning (or rather afternoon, it was two o' clock) with his big friend. Mick got a little frisky under the table with his legs and feet, as they rubbed together with Blake's, he was afraid Mick's leg might reach up high enough to reach his boner. Blake tried his best to focus on their conversation, as they talked about movies, as all he could think about was all the stuff he wanted to do with his buddy while they were naked. This only worsened when Mick got up from the table to get a glass of water and Blake saw that he had a raging boner as well. Soon they were sucking each other off on the floor, in a 69 position, feasting on each others dicks, on their sides, both with a leg up. Blake loved having Mick's big dick in his mouth, and sucking it, but now that he was having a taste of Mick's cock-sucking skills he was afraid he was going to cum before he did. Blake sucked faster  
Jezebel

abs harder, as both big men seemed to be in a contest trying to make the other one cum first. Mick groaned while sucking Blake off, damn his mouth felt good...but he wasn't going to give in and cum first, he had plans for that. Blake grips Mick's big ass in his hands and starts to thrust Mick's big cock deep into his throat, nearly reaching his balls. Mick groans and starts thrusting his hips, he can't control himself anymore, fucking Blake's mouth with his dick. Mick cums in Blake's mouth. Blake pats Mick's big ass with his hand as he swallows Mick's big load of cum, being pumped into his throat. Blake pops Mick's big juicy dick out of his mouth and grins back at Mick, who is still sucking on Blake's dick.

"Looks like I win, big boy," says Blake, giving Mick's cock a wiggle, a stream of cum still working its way out of it.

Mick, with Blake's cock still in his mouth, gives Blake a sad puppy-face.

Blake grunts.

"Ah, I don't think I can hold it anymore though...fuck...you're really good at this," grunted Blake. "I was tryin' real hard not to cum first. Quick, get up."

"Get up?" asked Mick, confused, after popping Blakes' hard dick out of his mouth.

"Yeah, just stand up, real quick, I wanna do something, hurry...I'm gonna..."

Mick quickly gets to his feet, as does Blake, with his big hot throbbing dick in hand.

"Turn around," said Blake.

Mick shrugs his big heavy shoulders and turns around.

"Now lean on the counter and push your butt back," said Blake.

Mick leans on the counter and pushes his ass out at Blake, arching his back. Blake gets a full view of Mick's big bubble butt.

"Ah shit, dude! Yeah! That's so fuckin' hot... Damn! I'm gonna...Arggh!"

Blake strokes his dick and shoots his huge load of cum all over Mick's ass, some even goes up his back.

Mick chuckles, "Damn buddy, if I knew you liked by ass this much I would have bent over for ya sooner."

Blake pants for breath, "Yeah...I've been thinking' about it all mornin'. You showing off that ass of yours...Hehe."

Blake chuckles as well, Mick winks back at him.

“Well, then, if ya like it so much then we’ll have to do somethin’ about it. You really think my ass is that great, Blake?”

“Oh, fuck yeah,” said Blake, “I...” he was still panting for air, “I don’t think I’ve ever cum that hard in my life.”

“Yeah, it did sort of feel like being hit by a pressure washer,” chuckled Mick, still leaning on the counter, Blake’s white cum dripping over his ass and back. “I wonder what it would feel like if you cum inside me next round?”

Blake blushes and lets out a nervous chuckle, “Well maybe next time then?” he really liked that idea, he just didn’t think Mick was the kind of guy who liked taking it as well, he pictured him as always...well...dominant. Blake is soon distracted by Mick’s broad muscular back. The scar on it looked almost completely healed. Blake rubs his hands over Mick’s back.

“Woah, you heal really fast,” said Blake in astonishment.

Mick lets out a hearty chuckle.

“What can I say, pal? Good genes. Ahaha!”

Blake chuckles as well then looks over at the clock and notices the time.

“Wow, I didn’t realize it was already past two o’ clock,” says Blake.

“Wait...it’s two?...ah, shit,” says Mick, standing up, and pushing himself up off the counter so fast he almost knocked Blake backward with his big butt. “Oh, sorry, Blake. I told Jane I was going to stop by her and Charlie’s place at 2:30 to see Cassie. That poor girl hasn’t seen her daddy in days.”

Blake found it awkward that Mick was talking about his daughter, given what he and Blake just did, and Mick still had Blake’s shiny cum all over his ass. Mick looks around for a pair of pants to pull up over his big naked ass. First Mick pulls on some tight fitting red briefs, with a white waistband with red letters spelling out “T.B.D.” He pulls them up over his large muscular ass. When Mick pulls up his red briefs, they fit him tightly, hugging his big round muscular ass.

“Damn these were some of the largest briefs I could find. Don’t tell me I grew more. I must be putting on my winter weight again,” Mick grumbles.

46

“Looks fine to me,” says Blake with a smile, liking the way the briefs outlined his fine big ass and hugged to him, complimenting his curves. It also showed off his big package up front, showing the contours nicely.

Mick sighs, “I might need to get some bigger sizes again.”

Blake is still looking at Mick’s ass, “Which department store do you buy your underwear from?”

“Oh these are custom made, you can’t buy these at any department store.”

Blake raises an eyebrow confused, “Then where do you get them from?”

“From Frost Designs,” says Mick as he looks for a clean to wear, winking back at Blake.

“Wait...Frost...The same Frost Designs that are making those suits for us....that means.... Jane made...?”

Mick taps his index finger on his nose signaling yes, “Yep... the same Jane Frost who made the suits.”

“Wow, Jane does a great job tailoring those! How does get her patterns to fit so well?”

Mick blushes looking away from Blake, “Well she really...takes her time...and... measures my junk and my ass well.”

“I see,” says Blake, looking at Mick, now Blake is curious to see how Jane measures Mick’s bottom half, this gives Blake another hard on just thinking about it. “Well, if I were her, I’d take my time with the measurements as well.”

Mick smiles back at Blake.

“Hey, I’m sure she wouldn’t mind taking your measurements as well, if you’d like a pair,” says Mick.

“Oh...I...don’t think that would work out well,” said Blake, feeling flushed at the idea. “I don’t know if I could get measured like that. I might get... um...”

“Looks like you’re gettin’ that way now,” said Mick.

“Oh...yeah...um...” Blake covers his boner. “Maybe I’d better get dressed as well.”

Mick chuckles as he pulls on a clean shirt.

Blake and Mick continue getting dressed, Blake watching Mick pull up his pants over his firm fitting underwear, distracted by how they hugged his ass and bulge, and making sure they have all the files and materials they need to discuss the

Jezebel

case with Jane later in the afternoon. Blake decides to put on the necklace Mick gave him, with the wolf's tooth, under his shirt. He felt like it gave him good luck. Mick made sure to grab the blue rose under the glass and put it in his trench coat pocket, with the teacup, before they left. Blake stares at the glass rose again, trying to see if there was any inscription on it. So far he couldn't tell, he might have to take another look at it later.

"Hope you don't mind if I drop ya off at Irene's, it's on the way," said Mick.

"Oh, I was hoping to go see them with you," said Blake, right before they left the apartment.

"Oh, yeah, well, we were gonna come back to Irene's right after and have the meetin'," said Mick. "I was gonna pick Jane up and come back, that way you don't have to walk all that way and back. Besides, you can look over all our info while ya wait, and maybe plan out the day. Get a cup of coffee or some lunch while ya wait."

"I don't know if I can think about that," said Blake. "We just had that big breakfast you made."

Mick chuckles and wraps his arm around Blake, "Oh I'm sure a big guy like you can handle a cup of coffee on a full stomach."

"That's not exactly what I meant," started Blake, but the next thing Blake knew, Mick was showing him out the door, his arm around him, and they were off, out of the apartment.

...

Mick and Blake walk to Irene's, which seemed odd now that it wasn't drenched in blue light at nighttime, it looked rather plain with its sign not lit up. Mick drops off Blake at the door, and says goodbye to Blake with a pat on the butt and they exchange a quick kiss when no one was looking. Before Mick left, Blake stopped him for a moment.

"Hey, why don't I just come with ya, to say hi to Cassie? I kind of want to see her as well," said Blake.

"Oh, yeah, well, I was thinking maybe later tonight," said Mick, scratching the back of his own neck with his hand, "Kind of wanted to see my daughter by myself, since, I haven't got to spend time with her lately."

Blake realized how forward he was being with Mick.

"Oh, shit, I'm sorry, man. I get ya. I didn't  
Jezebel

mean to be..."

"Ah, no sweat buddy, just wanted to have some time to spend time with my family, before we get back to business. And Jane, you know, has been missing some one on one alone time with me as well." Mick gave a hearty chuckle.

Blake suddenly thinks he gets Mick's drift. After all, Mick, Charlie, and Jane seemed to have a sort of "pack" relationship, was he dating the two of them at the same time? And possibly Blake? And they were all cool with it? Blake liked that idea. It just seemed natural to him. Or perhaps it was relieving, to know someone could love several friends, partners, at the same time, rather than belong to one person. Even after all this time, Blake still felt he still "belonged" to Jezebel, and hated that notion. It didn't feel like belonging, it felt like he was haunted. This idea, of belonging to a "pack" felt different. It felt good.

"Ah," I get ya," said Blake, "I understand, you and Jane haven't had as much time to be alone together. Now that I know what she's missin', I don't want to keep her waitin' for ya." He winks at Mick.

Mick looks oddly taken aback at Blake's comment, then blushes for a moment, "Oh, well that's not exactly what...oh...that...well, yeah that too. We kind of like that as well,ahaha!" Mick rubs the back of his neck awkwardly. "Charlie might take Cassie to the park while we...um...ehem." Mick coughs.

Blake felt like saying he wished he could see that, he wanted to know what watching a couple like Jane and Mick would look like together during sex, with how big he was and how petite she was, maybe she rode him like a giant bull...but Blake decided to leave it there. He was starting to get hard again thinking about it. "Well, you two have fun," said Blake.

"Yeah, I might give her a massage, help her relieve some stress before she goes to work," said Mick.

"Heh, I bet you will," said Blake, nudging Mick.

Mick blushes harder again, then scratches his chin, chuckling, "Yeah, well I guess I'm good at that," said Mick, shrugging, "I do have a rep for being good in bed." Mick continues.

*Continued on pg 62*

# FARMBEARSTX



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# BEEJAY



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**BEEJAY**













DHM Fan ~ Nathanael



This makes Blake chuckle as well, "Yeah you do Mick."

Mick looks flattered, he looks away from Blake and starts to rub the back of his neck, "Well...yeah, haha!" Mick chuckles.

"Wish I could be there to see it," says Blake with a wink, "I'd love to see how Jane uses you for stress release...I mean..." Blake was shocked he said that out loud.

Mick tilts his head curiously to the side now then grins.

"You would, eh?" asked Mick with a sly grin, he nudges Blake now.

Blake looks over at the diner, now scratching his chin as well.

"Yeah, well, I guess you're both my type," said Blake. "On either side of the spectrum I mean."

Mick's smile grew wider, more like an excited dog.

"Janey will love to hear that, buddy," Mick said excitedly. "Maybe we can work somethin' out. That'd be fun."

"No, please don't tell her I said that," said Blake. "I...I'm still not used to all of this. And I've just started to get to know her."

"Aw...oh, alright," said Mick, looking a little pouty, "I won't tell her, she would find it flattering though."

"Heh, thanks," chuckles Blake.

"I'd better be on my way, bud," said Mick, about to take off. "Take a look over those files while I'm gone, 'kay? ...and..." Mick winks one more time at Blake. "Imagine how fun it would be if we got Jane and Charlie to join in on our fun."

Blake's first thought was of seeing Charlie naked down on all fours getting pounded by Mick, and moaning as Mick's massive dick rams up Charlie's fat ass each thrust... this makes Blake get harder. Then the thoughts of all three of them with Jane made him blush. He wasn't used to such thinking.

"Heh, sounds fun," said Blake, "I just don't know if I should be thinking about all that in public...you know..." Blake indicates his slight erection in his pants. Mick looks confused for a moment then realizes what Blake was implying.

"Oh, your boner!" says Mick out loud,

looking at Blake's pants.

Blake looks around, nervously, trying to tell if there was anyone around heard him. Mick laughs out loud and pats him on the back.

"Aw, its okay man, it happens to all of us guys," he gives another wink. "I'll see ya later buddy," said Mick, with a wave, as he starts to turn away from Blake and take off.

"Yeah, see ya Mick," said Blake with a smile, watching his ass as he walked away. He did love being around his big new buddy a lot, and felt happiest when he was around him...but perhaps Mick made him a little too happy when out in public. He'd have to try and control himself more around him. Fortunately, Blake's briefs held his boner tightly to him, so unless anyone was really paying attention, they couldn't tell that he was hard as a rock in his pants. Blake took a deep breath, then entered the glass doors, and walked into "Irene's".

...

The moment Blake sat down at his favorite booth in "Irene's" a waitress was already flipping over his coffee cup and pouring him a piping hot cup of black coffee. The waitress wasn't Jane of course, she wasn't in yet (and was probably at home having some fun with Mick), but was the one that had been rather rude to her a few days earlier. She didn't seem to think much of Blake either because she asked rather suddenly "what'll ya have?" and when Blake failed to respond immediately she took off to another table with out even making eye contact. Regardless the coffee was still good and Blake reminded himself to ask what kind of coffee they served here at Irene's so he could buy a can or a bag of it and make himself a cup at home. It was good coffee, and Blake felt relaxed after blowing off some steam with his buddy Mick in the morning, and started looking over the "materials" for the case that he had brought with him, his notes, and the files in the folders, yet all the while he got the same sense he was being watched again. It was broad daylight so Blake felt safer than he did at night, but as much as he tried to focus, the feeling didn't leave him. He thought he might buy a morning paper, when he realized Mick had packed one in his satchel. He was so thoughtful. He read the headlines, but the reports on the "Jackal" murders around town made

him feel on edge again, so he turned to the back where he saw the list of movies playing in theaters, he saw "Cat People" in the listings and was reminded of his upcoming date with Mick, and this took his mind off his worries for just a moment, wondering what the movie was all about. As Blake was distracted by the paper, the strange feeling of dread worsened, but Blake did his best to ignore it, even though his senses were blazing, telling him to look out the window. It was broad daylight, what could happen? Blake hesitated before looking out the window on his right, thinking crazy things, like what if the "Jackal's" horrible face from his nightmares was waiting right there outside the glass, leering at him, but when he looked, there was nothing there, only people passing by in the streets, and a still smoking cigarette on the sidewalk next to a trash can. Blake shrugged and went back to his paper. Blake suddenly looked up again from his newspaper seeing the same disgruntled waitress from before, standing over him. Her sudden appearance made Blake jump in his seat for a moment.

"Know whatcha', want yet?" she asked, looking impatient and annoyed.

"No...a...just more coffee...please," said Blake, he could barely finish his sentence before she sighed in exasperation and marched off to another booth. Blake didn't know if she even heard his request.

Blake shrugged and went back to his paper.

The front door to the diner opens, and the bell rings, indicating someone has entered. Blake doesn't pay attention to who it is, and continues reading the paper. Blake hears the foot-steps as the stranger enters the diner, and walks across the tiles with his heavy shoes (it must have been a large man by the sound his shoes were making against the floor.) Blake notices something else, with every alternate step there's another sound, a tapping against the floor, as if by a long and heavy cane. Blake thinks he recognizes the pattern of this man's gait but chooses not to look up, to keep his face behind the newspaper and his eyes glued to it, hoping that the man will find another seat at the counter or on the opposite side of the diner. But the footsteps come closer. Blake continues not to look, his heart beating faster, hoping that this stranger would pass him by. He knew that walk...it was...

...The sound of the heavy footsteps and the

tapping cane come to a stop right next to his table and booth...

Blake looks up from his newspaper.

Above him stands a tall, well-built, broad-shouldered man with golden blonde hair with side burns as well as facial hair, a nice strong chin and jaw, and a pair of sun glasses on, he is wearing a tan trench coat as well as, he is wearing brown gloves. Blake looks at the man's face he sees a scar over his nose and underneath his eyes. This stranger would have been incredibly attractive to Blake, given his build and features, if it wasn't for the blank, indiscernible stare he was giving him, and an aura of dread and suspicion which he carried around with him that sent Blake's senses ablaze. There was also a smell, an overwhelming scent of peppermint chewing gum, tobacco, coffee and cigarettes coming off of him, mixed with something else. It wasn't cologne, but a strange flowery aroma, an almost sickening scent that Blake couldn't trace. He appeared to be blind, and Blake thought, possibly, that he didn't know that Blake was there, and thought he was standing above an empty booth. Blake was almost comfortable in this thought, before the man smiled down at him.

The man stands silently above Blake for a moment, looking down at him with his unseen eyes, before finally speaking.

"May I sit down?" asked the man in the shades.

Blake felt extremely uncomfortable, being cornered by this man. He pretended not to hear him, and looked into the inky blackness of his coffee, staring into his coffee cup, pretending to be lost in thought.

"Are you Private Investigator Blake Bolton?" said the stranger. The man's deep voice was sure of itself, and had a slick, pompous, precise, almost British flavor to it. It didn't sound like this was a question to Blake.

Blake looks up from his coffee cup, knowing he wasn't fooling this man.

"I think you're fully aware who you're speaking to," said Blake, eyeing the man up and down suspiciously.

The man "smiled" slightly, if you could call it a smile, there seemed to be no real expression in

*Continued on pg 76*

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# POLYAMORY Fetish

















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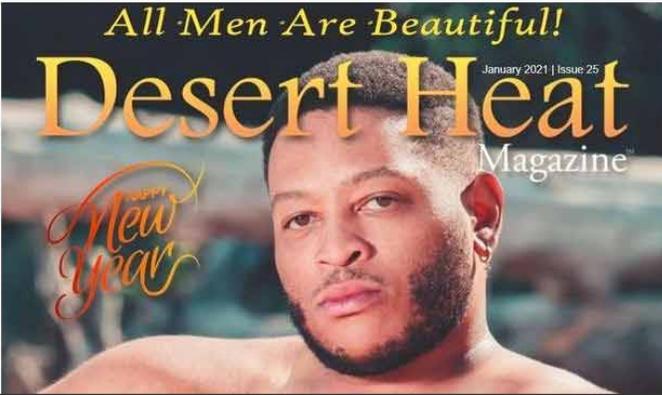
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his face at all.

“May I sit here?” asks the man, indicating the seat on the opposite end of the booth.

“I don’t think so,” said Blake, who wasn’t too keen on chit-chat with strangers, especially ones who approached him so boldly in broad daylight.

“I assure you, I won’t take up much of your time,” said the stranger. “I only wish to convey some information you may find useful, concerning your case, or rather the individuals involved in it. Revolving around a certain... Jezebel.” He said these words slowly, almost as if tempting Blake with an invisible piece of meat as bait.

Blake stared the man down, trying to detect if there was any sign of a lie in his voice or mannerisms. It was nearly impossible, as he barely moved a muscle while speaking. There was also something disturbingly familiar about him, something that reminded him about himself.

Blake reluctantly motions and invites the man to sit across from him. The man smiles politely, barely a smile, and proceeds to sit down, leaning his cane against the booth’s back-rest. Blake makes sure to clear off the satchel with the documents, materials, designs, and the plans of the “Blue Rose Hotel”, so this stranger couldn’t accidentally or intentionally get his hands on them.

The man adjusts himself, comfortably in his seat, stretching his gloved hands across the table, as if spreading out an invisible document. He then cracks his knuckles, and stretches his hands out, fingers locked together, with his gloves still on. The man appeared to “look” around for a moment, at nothing in particular, and breathe in deeply through his nostrils. As his shades remained on, Blake gathered that this man must indeed be blind. His cane was unusual for a blind-man though, not white or foldable, which usually signified blindness, it was long, black and sturdy, which Blake gathered meant that it wasn’t just used for “seeing” his way around, but also self defense. Also the fact that he didn’t remove his gloves or coat told Blake he didn’t plan to stay for long, had a fear of germs, a hypochondriac, or that there was something on his hands, arms or fingers that he didn’t want Blake to see. More scarring, perhaps, given the nasty scar under his eyes, and over the bridge of his nose. The way the man breathed, occasionally sniffing

the air deeply, as if he could smell something no one else could, reminded Blake disturbingly of Mick. Blake also got the sense that somehow, this stranger could smell Mick on him, knowing that Blake had been with him. Blake didn’t know why he thought this, but each time the stranger’s line of sight caught Blake in his unseen gaze, Blake couldn’t help but think he knew about him and Mick.

For a few moments neither men said a word, and Blake soon realized that this man was going to make him speak first, and pry for the information he had. Not wanting to waste any time, Blake spoke first.

“So...what do you know about Jezebel?” asked Blake, his voice still sounding irate.

“The question is,” said the man, “What do you know about Jezebel? For all you know, I’ve been on this case longer than you have.”

“No fucking games,” growled Blake, quietly, trying his best not to show how much this man’s shit was getting to him. “I don’t have time for that today, and I don’t fucking appreciate it. Get to your point, or this conversation’s over.”

The man tilted his head slightly, reminding Blake more of Mick’s mannerisms, this guy’s personality, however, was nothing like Mick’s. Blake thought that this guy, if Mick ever met him, would piss him off as well.

“Very, well, Mr. Bolton,” said the stranger. “Coffee first, though,” he help up his right gloved hand and motioned for the waitress.

Blake felt furious, but didn’t show it.

“Don’t make me fuckin’ wait anymore,” Blake thought, having the feeling, no...by his senses he knew, that this man was screwing with him on purpose, and he, against his better judgment, had invited him to sit. But now the game was on, and he didn’t want this stranger to leave until he told him what he had to say, what he knew about the “Jezebel” case.

The disgruntled waitress passed by their table again and stopped when she noticed the stranger’s hand, and sighed.

“What’ll it be this time?” she asked, as if she had seen this man before.

“Just one more coffee,” said the man in shades, “Nothing else. I won’t be here for long.”

“Not a pastrami on rye with it, like before?” asked the waitress.

"I said nothing else," said the man, shortly.

The waitress turned away swiftly, sighing in exasperation again, and came back in a moment with a pot of coffee, turned over the coffee cup in front of the man in shades, and started pouring. Blake and the man seemed to silently lock eyes over the sound of coffee pouring, as if they were in a staring contest, each one afraid that something would happen if they took their eyes off the other. Finally, the coffee stopped pouring, and Blake took his eyes off of the man, momentarily, expecting the waitress to refill his cup as well, but she took off in the opposite direction with out even glancing at him.

Blake returned his sites to the stranger, who methodically dropped two sugar cubes in his coffee cup and the stirred it slowly with his spoon, Blake noticed just how precise and exact he was with each circle he made in his coffee, the lifted the spoon, tapped it exactly three times on the coffee cup, and lifter the cup to his mouth, taking a large and silent sip. Blake wracked his brain, trying to figure out where he had seen this man before. He knew he had. The stranger finished his sip of coffee, removed the cup from his lips, and sighed. He placed the cup of coffee down on the saucer with his gloved hand, Blake keeping his eyes glued to him, waiting for a response to his previous question. When it appeared he was going to be silent again, Blake opened his mouth about to ask the man blatantly who he was, but the man responded before he could ask the question.

"I'm a private investigator, like yourself, Mr. Bolton. I've known you were working on this case for several days now, and wanted to have a little chat with you. I wanted to wait and get you alone somewhere, so we won't be bothered by any of your, shall we say...other friends in the business."

"Is that so?" asked Blake, coldly.

"I figured I'd find you somewhere, and talk to you, in a place where no one knows you."

"That's not true," said Blake, not wanting this man to have the final word on anything, "I happen to be friends with..."

"You're favorite waitress isn't working here today...well, not until this afternoon... I made sure to find out about her schedule..." he lifts his coffee to his mouth, "From her co-workers of course." The stranger sips his coffee.

Everything this man said sounded falsely

polite. It made Blake feel sick to his stomach.

"Who are you?" asked Blake again, demanding, wanting a full answer this time.

The man in shades and trench-coat smirks, as he takes his sip of coffee. He places his cup of coffee down down on his plate, and then lifts a gloved finger and thumb towards his sleeve. Blake was suspicious at first, but as quick as a snap the man produces a business card out of his coat sleeve. It was bordered in white, with one simple name printed across it.

"Jones," says the man, emotionless sounding as ever, "Cabell Jones. I'm a Private Investigator from out of town. Here's my card." The cold officiousness of his words was in direct contrast to how Blake felt around Mick. There was no warmth to be found in this man, even if he was rugged looking and attractive to him, the coldness of his demeanor made Blake extremely uncomfortable. The ice to Mick's fire.

Blake mindlessly reaches for the business card, but it's disappeared. It was just there.

"Oh, my, how embarrassing, I would have sworn I just had it...pardon me...let me get another one..."

The stranger, Cabell, as he called himself, carefully removes one of his gloves, the right hand, and reaches into the opposite coat sleeve, to pull out nothing, then reaches across the table and snaps his thumb and forefinger to produce a card almost magically out of thin air, just like in the movies, Blake thought. Blake didn't care for magic, even cheap magic tricks like this.

Cabell gives Blake his card, handing it to him with his ungloved hand, and Blake notices he has scars, burn marks on the fingers of his right hand, as if the skin had burned and melted completely away, then reformed, as if long ago he had stuck his hand directly into a fire and attempted to grab something, to pull something out of it, and it singed him. Blake's eyes dart from Cabell's hand to his card. It looked very professional, eggshell white (or rather the color of egg-whites) printed with letters in ludlow, a sans serif font with Cabell Jones' name in bold, his information in ludlow radiant medium. "I prefer the Erbar-grotesk font myself" thinks Blake. He wished he had a card that looked as good as Cabell's, his

*Continued on pg 84*

# INCREDIBLY Resilient



Returning family values to a nation almost destroyed by a 45th 'so-called' president.

- Kids were separated from parents, Holocaust style.
- Reproductive rights in states were taken away from women.
- Environmental regulations were curtailed.
- A nation was politically and racially and socially divided.
- Huge tax cuts for corporations and billionaires.

What is more important to teach to our kids?

Is Money more important than Life ?

Is Greed more valuable than Humanity ?

Are the deaths of hundreds of thousands of Americans enough for a wake-up call?

One half of the country needs to be reminded and should feel deeply ashamed for supporting and allowing all this injustice, hypocrisy & racism that took place over the last 4 years. The 45th and those from the side that supported him should be held accountable.

Where are our heroes to unite and keep the family well ?

**IMAGES BY JAVIER A LARA**

**MODEL: BOOKER STEELE**











just looks like a plain printed index card with a semi cursive font.

Blake's eyes dart from the card to Cabell's scarred fingers again.

"You know it's not polite to stare at people's scars," said Cabell's voice suddenly, as if he could see him, making Blake flinch. "I gather that you know how it feels, to have people stare at your scars." He indicates the scar on Blake's face, over his right eye. How did he know he had a scar there if he couldn't see? "Whenever one looks at our scars, it forces us to relive those unpleasant memories doesn't it? It must have been a traumatic experience for you as well."

Blake didn't answer, he couldn't remember exactly how he got that nasty scar over his eye, but it didn't matter. This guy was fucking with him and it was pissing him off. He felt like taking Cabell's card in and tearing it apart, but didn't. He had the feeling he may have use of this card some day. Besides, if he tore it up, Cabell might just produce another one out of thin air and piss off Blake even more. Blake takes Cabell's card from his hand and puts it away in one of his coat pockets. Cabell smirks again, as if he was pleased that Blake accepted it.

"What do you know about Jezebel?" asked Blake once again.

"Jezebel?" asked Cabell. "Who ever said anything about Jezebel?"

"Listen, fuck," said Blake, his anger now evident. "I told you not to waste my time. Do you have information for me about the Jezebel case or don't you?"

"I do," said Cabell, taking another sip of his coffee.

"Then why did you just say you don't know anything about Jezebel?"

"Because you misunderstood me. I said that it had to do with the Jezebel case, not with Jezebel herself. Those involved with the Jezebel case. Close to you."

"Cut the shit. What...who are you talking about?"

Cabell seems to give a weak smile, then looks serious.

"How much do you know about your P.I. friend Mick Wolf?" asks Cabell.

Blake felt a cold wave wash over him. He hadn't expected Cabell to say this, and yet, there was a small part of his subconscious that had been afraid of this, dreading it even. He tried not to react, or show any change in his demeanor.

"Mick Wolf?" asks Blake, trying not to show his worry.

"Yes," said Cabell, "How well do you know him?"

Blake raises an eyebrow, part of him is skeptical about Cabell's question, but another part of him is curious to know. Or worried to know, he had grown so close to his new pal over the past few days, he didn't want to hear anything that might put any mistrust between the two of them.

"I know him well enough," said Blake.

Cabell nods, and subtly scoffs, as if he had something important to say about the matter, but was keeping it to himself. It was then that Blake realized that Cabell's eyes (his unseen eyes) beneath his shades seemed to be focused on the nape of Blake's neck, where the wolf's tooth necklace was, partially hidden, under Blake's shirt collar. Did Cabell somehow know about that too, and that Mick had given it to him? Cabell winced, as if he smelled something terrible, or was repulsed by a thought.

Blake was curious now just how much Cabell knew about Mick. How much that Blake didn't know. Blake had the sense it might be a mistake to pry any further, but did anyway.

"How well do you know him?" asks Blake.

"How well do I know him?" Cabell gives an unsettling chuckle. "Oh, Very well. Very well, indeed. ...He was my partner."

"...What?" asks Blake, as he nearly chokes on his coffee. Something about how Cabell said it gave Blake the impression that they weren't just partners in a professional sense. This greatly disturbed Blake. "What do you mean, partners?"

"Exactly what I said, in every meaning of the word," said Cabell. "You see. We go way back, he and I. Former friends... partners...then rivals... partners again...a bit more..."

"Which are you now?" asks Blake, "Friends or rivals?"

"I'm sorry did I need to clarify?" says Cabell. "We are rival detectives. Former partners...now rivals. Not sure where or how it will end up in the end. The two of us, have a rather complicated

relationship. He's a clever fellow. Uses many names. Which name did he give you? Mason Grant? Mick Wolf? His other alias?"

"He used his real name," said Blake, not liking that this guy was apparently trying to sow seeds of distrust between the two of them.

"Ah, so Wolf, I guess that would be the least suspicious name to go with," said Cabell. "Or "the Paw", that's one of his favorites to use. Only in certain circumstances, though. You haven't seen him how I have."

Blake just stares him down.

"Are things going well with the case, the two of you working together?" asks Cabell.

"What concern is it to you?" asks Blake, defensively.

"Oh, all the concern in the world," says Cabell. "Because I'm trying to see which of us, that is Detective Wolf and I, will get to the bottom of this case first. You being in the way, coming between my old partner and I, might be a problem."

Blake decides he doesn't like this guy one bit.

"All the more reason for me not to tell you anything," says Blake, "I'd rather Wolf and I solve this case by ourselves, thank you very much."

"I'm still not sure you quite understand," said Cabell. "This is our case, Wolf's and I. We've been looking in to this case, surrounding Jezebel and Charles Newman for weeks now, before it brought us here. It's always a contest between the two of us, to see who solves it first, since we went down our separate paths, that's how it's been. We have our own goals, and methods as to how and why we get things done, but it's always the same in the end. Which is why, for your own safety, I'm asking you how much you know this man, Wolf."

"Just what are you implying?" asks Blake.

"Nothing to imply," said Cabell, "Just trying to warn you about what kind of people you're dealing with. That you're working with. You work with Wolf, you're not truly investigating the case together, he's using you as a means to finding this "Jezebel" before I do, in the best case to reach the end before I do, in the worst case to offer you up as bait. Once the case is over, if you're not a casualty alongside her, being used to lure out Jezebel herself, you'll be forgotten, left, used, tossed aside. It's happened before."

"I don't give shit, just..." Blake, not wanting Jezebel

to hear Cabell's accusations of Mick, suddenly stops, something Cabell said, "...what did you mean, if I'm not a casualty along-side her?"

Cabell smiles.

"Did you never stop to think of what Wolf's plan was once the two of you found Jezebel?"

"No...but I assumed it was..."

"To hand her over to Newman? Well, I'll ask you this. If Newman already knows where his daughter is, what good will that do? Not that Wolf would tell you what his true goal is, you might have not agreed to help him then."

"He agreed to help me," said Blake.

"If that's the way you want to look at it. But... sooner or later you'll find out what Wolf has in store for your Jezebel. It's only a matter of time."

"You're just trying to turn me against him, so you can get to the bottom of this case first," says Blake.

"That is a possibility, I can't convince you, it's up to what you decide to believe in the end, I hope you don't regret it. You don't know him like I do."

Blake didn't know what to say at this point, he hated feeling that Cabell had gotten the better of him for the moment, but he had nothing left to say. He wanted to honestly deny anything bad Cabell said about his new friend, but the truth was there was a lot that Blake didn't know about Mick. And there was a chance, even though Blake didn't want to think it was much, that Cabell was right. He wished that he knew Mick better before having this conversation, so that he could shoot down what Cabell was saying as slandering his new best friend. But he couldn't do that now, and the hole of doubt that Cabell was digging around him was making his heart sink. Blake was sure, even though Cabell was blind, that he could see the uncertainty on his face, like a leech could smell blood.

Cabell must have been satisfied, because he started to pull his right glove back on, as if he was getting ready to leave.

"Well, I've taken up enough of your time, Mr. Bolton. If you wish to talk again you should know how to reach me. It's on the card."

Cabell pulls his glove all the way on, stretching his fingers, he then starts to gather his coffee cup, saucer, spoon, and cane.

"Also, if you really want to know more about

your big friend Wolf, I would recommend asking him about “Frost Wolf County” and what it is...or rather what it was. He’s bound to answer, I wish I could be there to hear what he says,” says Cabell. “And while you’re at it... Why don’t you ask him to tell you what happened to John.”

Cabell’s formal way of speaking dropped during this last sentence, and a tinge of anger was apparent in his voice, his accent changing as well, if only for a moment, to what was distinctly American mid-western.

Cabell gets up to leave, as Blake looks shaken, trying not to show it.

Before leaving, Cabell pulls a glass perfume bottle out of his coat and sprays it around himself then gets up and sprays it over the booth seat and table (everywhere he has touched or been). The scent was sweet and at the same time repulsive to Blake’s senses. It stung.

“Lavender. Old ladies drench themselves in it,” said Cabell, with another one of his rare smiles. Cabell grabs his dishes from the table, and clutches his long black cane in the other.

Cabell looked as if he was finally about to leave, when he turned back to face Blake one last time, looking down at him.

“...Oh and if you care anything for your safety, it would be wise not to tell Wolf anything about our meeting. ...Just in case.”

“Just in case of what?” asked Blake.

Cabell remains silent, as another smile spreads across his face, sending chills down

Blake’s back. He leaves.

Blake is left to stew for awhile on Cabell’s words, knowing that he had a pending conversation at hand with Mick.

Cabell takes his empty coffee cup, spoon and saucer up to the counter and leaves it with the waitress, then heads out the door, tapping his cane. Blake watches him walk away, down the sidewalk, only stopping before he crosses the street to turn and nod to Blake through the diner window, as if he could see him. Cabell then walks away, across the street, and disappears, leaving Blake to his own thoughts, his mind racing with questions.



# APRÉS-SKI

Featuring **Ramm**



Images by

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Après-ski















# BLOWING MY LONG-TIME FRIEND

Story by 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  
Blowing my long-time friend

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 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.

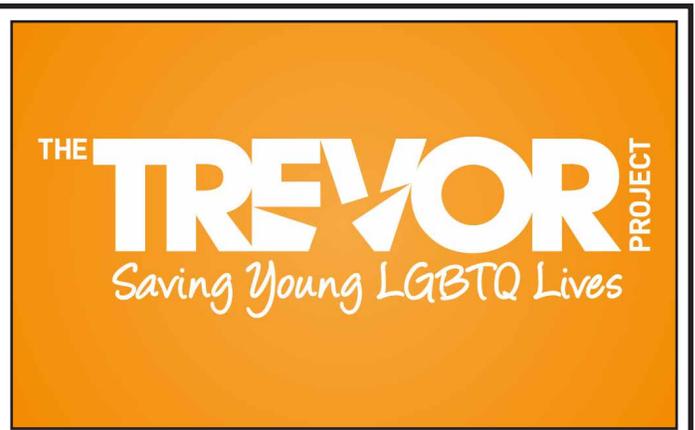
"We should do this again," Jim said. "I can't tell you how good that felt."

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."

Blowing my long-time friend



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