

*All Men Are Beautiful!*

March 2020 | Issue 15

# Desert Heat

Magazine™



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**Can I Call  
You Uncle?**

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*Furry Sexy Country cub!*

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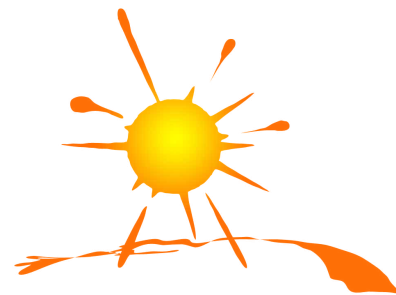
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# MODEL CALL

HAIRY MEN OF ALL SIZES

## DESERT HEAT MAGAZINE

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# Ramblings From the Editor

Don't try to have any fun on Twitter!!! Their thought police are just as bad as that self loathing neo nazi dick sucking Zucherberg from the hate mongering Faceturd!!

So what's this all about? I decided to change the birthdate on the Magazine account to reflect the date the account was set up, which coincided roughly with when the Magazine was conceptualized, on Twitter. Less than a second later the account was locked, but shows that it does not exist to users of Twitter, and I had to upload an ID to prove I was over 13 years old. And to make matters worse, you can't even speak with a live person, just some imaginery fucker that decides the fate of the account by either how cute he/she/it thinks you are or if they are actually doing their job.

Anyway, just a fair warning, don't try to do anything out of the ordinary on Twitter. Follow the sheep mentality of posting sexualized whatever and politics. Yeah, Twitter loves politcs too!

Enough fromm the soap box about social meda. Let's talk about this Issue:

Malcolm John, along with his writing partner, have not submitted an interview this Issue, but rather a serialized story that we are honored to start running in the Magazine. It is hot as fuck and definitely going to get you going!!

We also have a few new photographers that have graced us with some incredible work that I think you are all going to enjoy. Hopefully we will be able to convince them to submit repeatedly so you can all enjoy all they have to

offer.

And of course, this is an incredibly furry Issue! We all love fur, right? Eric, in Phoenix, and Kirk, in Florida, out did themselves with some incredibly hot furry men!

I've also decided to bring back thbe social media links on the postings. Believe it or not, I heard quite a bit of feedback when it was not in the last Issue. So please, take a moment, or two, and drop the models/artists/phogoraphers/everyone a quick thank you message, or anything else as long as it is constructive and not overlly negative. They all love to hear from their fans and definitely deserve the praise, don't you think?

Now for the pandering part: If you know of any models/photographers/artists who might look great in this publication, please send them the link to check us out. We are always looking for new talent and would love to expand our network. This will only benefit all of us, right?

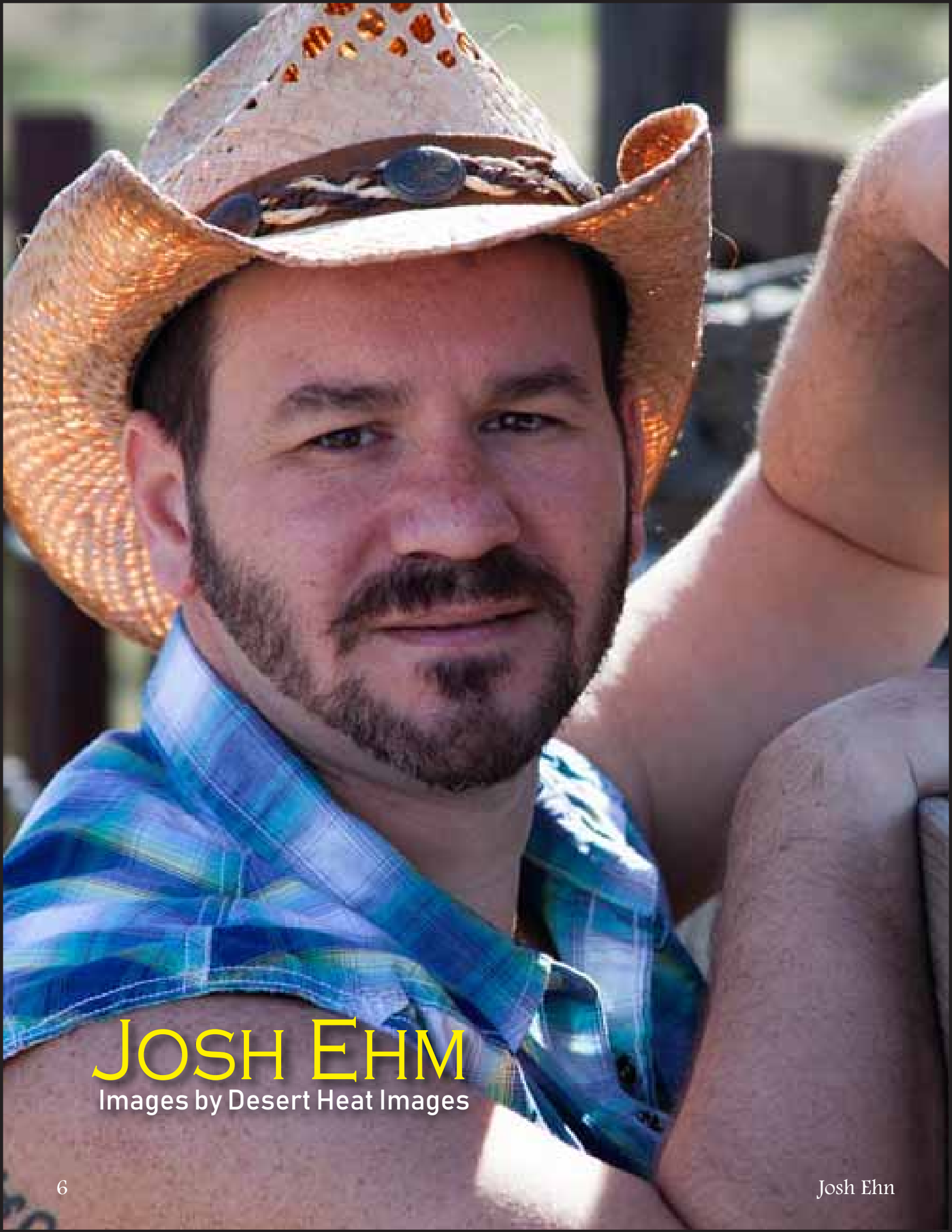
Once again, we wouldn't be anything without all of you. We hope you enjoy what we bring you each month. If you do, spread the word. Our goal this year is to at least double the readership and we need your help doing so!

Thanks for your continued support!!

*John*







# JOSH EHM

Images by Desert Heat Images





Josh Ehm





















*Now cum-soaked, Blake knew he had to hit the shower and get his day started. Blake had a lot of editing work to do in his photography studio, and he didn't want Brad to think that he'd been lazy all day. Getting up from the bed and slowly walking into the bathroom, Blake turned on the water for the shower and got in. As he washed off the cum that was mangled in his chest hair, his mind started to wonder again about finances. Ever since he'd been laid off that always seemed to be on his mind.*

# Can I Call You UNCLE

Story by **Coyote Studios and Gareth Johnson**

## Chapter 1

"You bastard!" shouted Brad.

"Easy, dude... It's just a game!" laughed Leroy, grabbing his drink bottle from the side of the court.

"I just wish that I could beat you occasionally!" laughed Brad, picking up his towel to wipe the sweat from the back of his neck. "I can't even seem to score a point today."

"You do seem a bit distracted..." acknowledged Leroy. "Is everything okay?"

"Yeah, it's fine, I guess..." shrugged Brad. "Come on, let's go get a shower. I'm going to have to be back in class soon." "What do you mean, you guess?" asked Leroy, following Brad through to the locker-room of the racquetball court. "What's going on?"

"Well, it's just that Blake's lost his job..." explained Brad, as they started peeling off their sweaty t-shirts, stripping down for a post-match shower.

"Fuck, that's a bit of a kick in the nuts..." acknowledged Leroy. "What happened?"

"They told him that they were down-sizing..."

Paid him a week's notice, and that was it..." shrugged Brad. "He never liked working there anyway, so maybe it's the push he needed to go and figure out what he really wants to do."

"So, it's a good thing?" asked Leroy, hanging his towel on one of the nearby hooks and turning on the shower to let the water run hot.

"I'm just a bit worried about the money side of things..." admitted Brad. "If he doesn't get another job soon, I'm just not sure how we're going to pay the bills. Obviously my salary is nowhere near enough to support us both."

"Fair point..." acknowledged Leroy, soaping himself up - the white suds of the soap contrasting sharply against his dark skin. "Has Blake started looking for work?"

"He says he has..." shrugged Brad. "But he doesn't seem to be making much progress. I've been thinking that maybe we should try renting out our spare room for a while, just to bring in some extra cash."

"Really?" asked Leroy. "Like, a lodger or something?"

"I guess so..." nodded Brad. "Although, I haven't really thought it through. I'm not even sure where we'd advertise for one. I guess there must



be websites or something.”

“I’ve got an idea...” said Leroy. “You know how I work with that charity... Big Brother Little Brother...”

“You talk about it all the time...” smiled Brad. “Obviously I know about your work with Big Brother Little Brother...”

“Well, sometimes we’ve got some of the older kids who we need to try and find accommodation for...” explained Leroy. “Once they’ve left school, we have to try and help them get a job, sort out somewhere to stay, and try and get their lives on track.”

“Where are you going with this?” asked Brad, turning the shower off and grabbing his towel to start drying off.

“Why don’t I see if there’s any of the older kids who are looking for somewhere to stay?” suggested Leroy.

“We need to make some money to pay the bills...” protested Brad. “I’m in no position to be handing out a free room to a homeless teenager.”

“That’s my point...” insisted Leroy. “The charity would pay the bill. They’d pay the rent on the room as part of helping the kid find his feet and get started in the workforce. This way, you’d be doing a good deed and bringing some cash in to help make ends meet.”

“Oh, that does sound like a pretty good option...” considered Brad. “Let me talk it over with Blake tonight and I’ll let you know tomorrow. Wouldn’t they need to screen us or something? Don’t they need to check that we’d be a good influence on whichever kid comes to stay with us?”

“Usually there’s some kind of screening process...” confirmed Leroy, pulling on his clothes as they both started getting dressed. “But I’ll be able to vouch for you, so we’ll be able to fast-track the whole thing.”

“It would be weird to have some young guy in the house...” mused Brad. “I’d feel a bit responsible for him... Like we’d have to set a good example or something.”

“It’s not like you’d have to babysit him or anything...” laughed Leroy. “Whoever they place with you is going to be old enough to do whatever he likes, but the charity just wants someone who can provide a stable and supportive environment.”

“Cool, I think we could manage that...” decided Brad. “Actually, it might be good for us.

You know how I keep dropping hints to Blake about maybe getting married, or starting a family or something... Maybe having a younger guy around the house for a while might trigger a few paternal instincts in him.”

“He’s still not interested in getting married?” asked Leroy.

“I think it’s a bit of a lost cause, to be honest...” admitted Brad. “Any time I make any sort of suggestion about it he puts me on blast for being a victim of the heteronormative construct...” “That’s a bit of a boner-killer...” grinned Leroy.

“Don’t get me started!” groaned Brad. “We haven’t had sex once since he got fired. I’m fucking climbing the walls!”

“I thought you chubbed up pretty quickly in the showers...” teased Leroy.

“You’re not wrong...” confirmed Brad. “I’m on a hair trigger at the moment... the slightest things sets me off. It’s been getting a bit awkward in class, to be honest.”

“You know, I’m always ready and willing if you need a hand to blow off some steam?” suggested Leroy, his eyes locking with Brad’s.

“Fuck... right now there’s nothing I’d like better...” nodded Brad. “But you know that Blake and I have agreed to be monogamous. I don’t want to screw up everything we’ve got just because I couldn’t keep my dick in my pants.”

“I get that...” nodded Leroy. “But, you know I’m always here for you, buddy, and that offer is still on the table if you ever need me to step up to the plate.”

## Chapter 2

The sun was piercing through the slit in the curtains.. The morning brought a cool breeze through the half-opened window, it danced along Blake’s half-naked body as he lay in bed. A white sheet wrapped around his muscular, tanned, and hairy body, as he lay motionless, fighting the urge to stay in bed.

“Fuck, it’s 10 AM already?” groaned Blake, rolling over to look at the time.

Brad had already gone to work, and Blake was still in bed with a raging hard cock. He was also dealing with the guilt of knowing that Brad was working while he was being lazy. No matter what

Blake tried, he couldn't get back to sleep. His mind took over with thoughts of finances before his imagination led him back to the hot young kid from the gym that he'd been fantasizing about.

"Well, there's no one here to do it for me so I might as well..." Blake mumbled to himself, grabbing his fully erect eight-inch cock in his hand.

Blake started to imagine the young kid he'd been fixated on from the gym. The kid had to be in his early twenties. His sexy toned body, nice six-pack abs, and cute round bubble-butt made a beautiful fantasy. Spreading his legs while playing with his nipples, Blake let out a loud moan, shooting thick rope after thick rope of sweet cum all over his chest and neck.

"Damn, that was hot!" Blake muttered.

Now cum-soaked, Blake knew he had to hit the shower and get his day started. Blake had a lot of editing work to do in his photography studio, and he didn't want Brad to think that he'd been lazy all day. Getting up from the bed and slowly walking into the bathroom, Blake turned on the water for the shower and got in. As he washed off the cum that was mangled in his chest hair, his mind started to wonder again about finances. Ever since he'd been laid off that always seemed to be on his mind.

"How are we going to pay the bills with me not working?" muttered Blake while washing his hair.

Photography was something that Blake had always loved since he was a teenager. Over the years, his skills improved drastically, and he had several showings of his photography around town. He did both landscape and model photography. Landscape photography brought in the most money, but his new passion was photographing models. After Blake and Brad's last vacation to Utah, he had a couple of hundred photos to go through and edit for a series he wanted to do about National Parks of America.

Blake threw on some gym shorts and a white t-shirt and headed into his studio. Sitting down at his desk, he turned on the computer. While waiting for everything to load, his mind again got fixated again on finances, which led to him to feel unmotivated.

"Fuck it..." said Blake suddenly shutting down the computer. "I need to go to the gym to clear my mind and blow off some steam."

Blake went down the hall, grabbed his gym

bag, and headed out the front door to his truck. As he pulled into the parking lot of the gym, Blake recognized the black Ford truck that belonged to the very nicely chiseled kid he'd been fantasizing about for a while. Blake always had a secret fetish for younger smooth guys who were muscular and fit. Even though Brad was a sexy muscle cub, which Blake loved, a younger smooth guy was always a fantasy for him.

Seeing the black Ford perked him up. He flew into a parking spot, jumped out of his truck and strutted into the gym.

"Howdy, guys, how you all doing?" greeted Blake, as he walked past the front desk. The staff all knew Blake. He spent a lot of time at the gym working out and keeping his dad-bod hot and sexy. As Blake headed back to the locker room to change, he did a quick scan of the gym for the kid, but the hottie was nowhere to be found. Disappointed that he didn't see the kid, he assumed that the kid was on the second floor where the stationary bikes were located.

Blake came out of the locker room and headed over to the treadmill to warm up a little. This time of the day the gym hardly had anyone in it. Since the gym was two full floors, it was hard to hunt someone down. After a while on the treadmill, Blake headed over to the leg press machine. Blake was proud of his thick and muscled legs, and loved to work them hard.

After being at the gym for about an hour and jumping from machine to machine, Blake was about to give up on running into the kid in the black truck. But as Blake headed over to the dumbbells and started in on his sets, he caught a glimpse of the kid he'd been prowling after over on the dipping bars. The kid noticed Blake looking at him from the wall-length mirror, so Blake turned and gave a quick head nod and got back to his dumbbell routine.

"What am I doing?" Blake scolded himself. "I can't flirt with him... he might not even be gay. Besides, Brad and I are monogamous!"

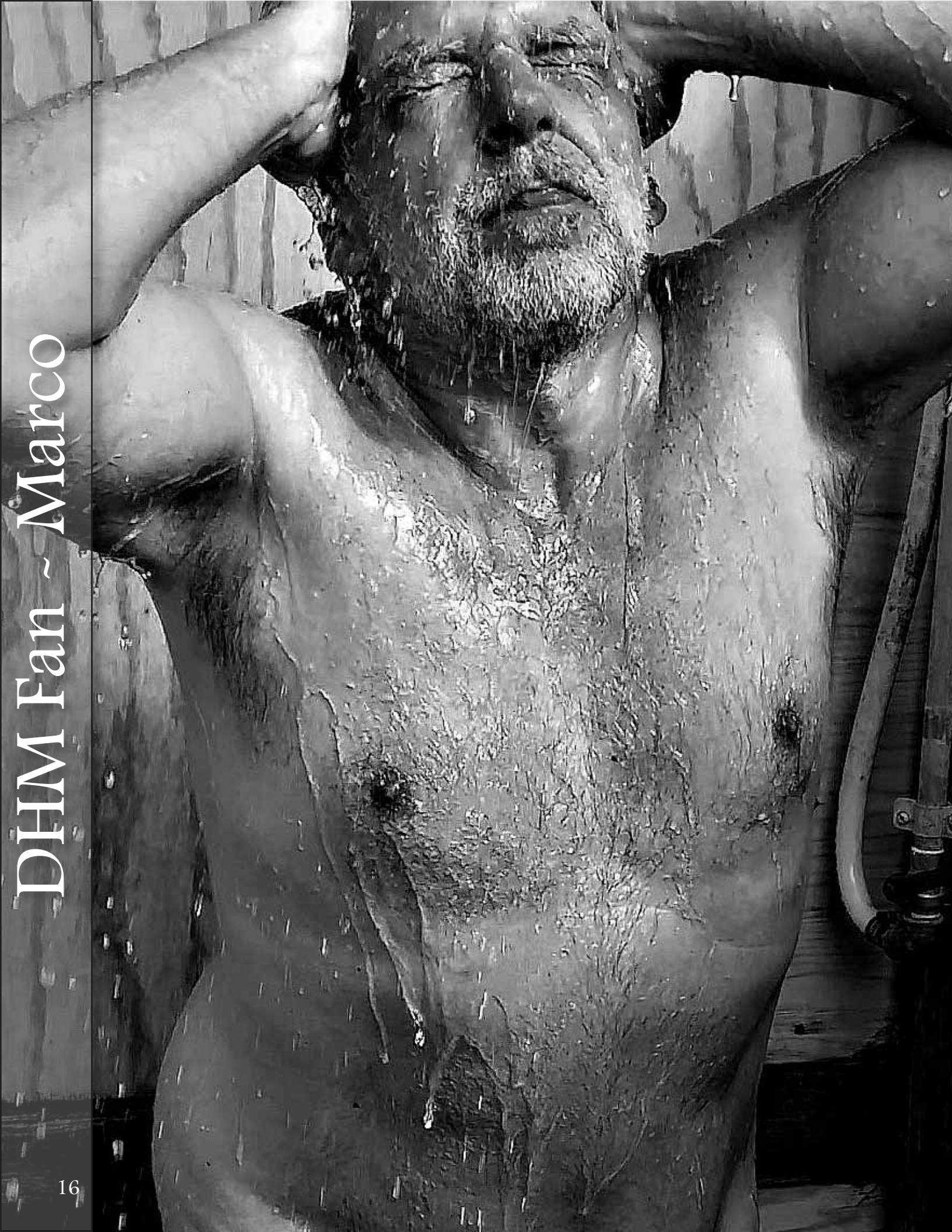
While blazing through his sets with the dumbbells, his mind started focusing on the kid. All of his thinking got Blake hard.

"I need a cold shower!" Blake thought to himself, getting frustrated with the whole situation.

*Continued on page 26*



DHM Fan ~ Marco





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Blake started really getting into his dumbbell set, trying to get his mind off of his cock and the other kid's cock. Sweat ran down his face, and he dropped the barbells in exhaustion. "Okay, a quick set on the bench press and then I'm done..." decided Blake.

Blake walked over to the bench press with his head looking down, he just wanted to finish his sets and get out of there, but in the back of his mind, he also wanted to show off for the kid. Blake threw 170 pounds on the bar and laid down and got to it. He powered through the first set and was barely able to reach the bar back up on the rack. Exhausted, he lay there for a minute with his eyes closed, trying to catch his breath.

"Do you need a spotter?" someone above him asked.

Blake opened his eyes and saw the kid who drove the black Ford truck standing right above his head. Blake saw the outline of the kid's nicely packaged cock through his gym shorts. Blake wasn't sure what to say but could feel the blood rushing to his cock, bringing it to life very quickly. Blake knew the kid would see the outline of his bulge in a matter of seconds.

"Um... yeah sure. That would be cool..." muttered Blake. I'm on my last set anyway."

"I'd be happy to oblige..." smiled the kid.

Blake flew through his last set, got up off the bench and started to wipe off the sweat from his face.

"Wow, you must work out a bunch to have a body like yours..." said the kid.

"As much as I can, but you look pretty good yourself..." winked Blake, holding out his hand for an introductory handshake. "My name's Blake."

"Nice to meet you..." said the kid. "I'm Steve."

"So, I was headed to the shower..." said Blake. "Are you working out some more or are you done?"

"Oh, I was ready a while ago..." winked Steve. "I was just working up the nerve to come over and say hi to you."

Coincidentally, their lockers happened to be right next to each other which fuelled the sexual energy between the two of them. While they

stripped off their sweaty gym clothes, Steve made it a point to not be shy about being nude.

"What days are you usually in the gym?" asked Steve. "Maybe we could be work-out buddies?" Blake was distracted by

Steve's body, his eyes transfixed by Steve's sizable cock, swinging back and forth while Steve made conversation.

"My schedule is kind of all over the place, but I'm sure we can find time..." Blake eventually replied. "So, you said you just started working out here, are you new to town?"

"No, I go to the college up the road. I don't like working out there with all those college guys, I like being around the older men more." grinned Steve. "Meet you in the shower!"

"Who are you calling old?" protested Blake as he followed Steve into the showers, his eyes never leaving Steve's cute bubble butt.

Steve stood about 5'-10", must have been around 175 pounds, was lean, defined, and smooth, and had a cute round bubble butt. His cock was uncut, close to five inches soft and probably huge when it got hard. The fur in his crotch was nice and trimmed. His balls hung low and were shaved perfectly smooth. His body was perfectly tanned and showed no tan lines. His eyes were a deep brown that matched his dark wavy hair.

Blake towered over Steve by five inches and thought Steve's face would fit nicely between his pecs, or anywhere for that matter. They both got showers next to each other. As hot water poured out of the shower heads, the shower area began to get steamed up.

"Can I borrow your soap, kid?" asked Blake. "Yes, Sir..." grinned Steve.

"You don't need to call me Sir..." laughed Blake. "Then, can I call you Daddy?" asked Steve.

"Come here you little cock-slut..." growled Blake, wrapping his hand around the back of Steve's neck, drawing him in with a passionate force, and kissing him passionately.

While the two guys had their lips firmly locked, Blake took his other hand and started playing with Steve's luscious bubble butt. Blake fingered Steve's sweet boy-hole and got more aroused. The only thing on his mind now was to breed Steve's ass.



“Oh fuck, Blake you are making me so turned on right now...” Steve said as his hole was getting opened up by Blake’s fingers.

Blake knew Steve wanted it bad. Blake guided the kid’s head down to his chest and on to his pierced nipples.

“Suck them good, or else you get a spanking!” growled Blake. Steve eagerly licked and sucked. Blake’s head tilted back in ecstasy. Hot water flowed over his head and down his back while Steve serviced each nipple.

Steve reached down and grabbed Blake’s cock, stopping for a minute to take in just how big and thick it was.

“Are you going to be able to take all of that?” asked Blake. “Give it to me, Daddy!” nodded Steve.

Blake turned Steve around and pushed him up against the shower wall. Blake shoved one finger, then two into Steve’s warm moist boy-hole. He could feel Steve was good and loose and all ready to go.

“Yes, Daddy...” moaned Steve.

“Good boy, you’re really opening up good for Daddy...” growled Blake. Blake spat into his hand and rubbed it on his eight-inch cock as Steve’s bubble butt stuck out to accept Blake’s cock.

Blake wrapped his muscular arms around Steve and nibbled on his ear as he popped the bulbous head past the opening of Steve’s hungry fuck-hole. Steve let out a loud moan gasping for air as Blake slammed in all eight inches.

Blake started with some slow in-and-out action as Steve’s ass gobbled up as much of Blake’s cock as it could. The thrusting picked up with intensity. Blake reached around and grabbed his boy’s seven-inch cock and started stroking it in rhythm with his thrusts. The steam mixed with their sweat as it ran down both their bodies. The rhythm was pretty intense now, and they both were in ecstasy.

“You’re about to get bred, boy!” warned Blake.

Steve couldn’t control himself and shot out a nice thick stream of hot cum, covering the shower wall in front of him. Steve almost collapsed from exhaustion, but Blake wasn’t done with his ass yet. After a few more minutes, Blake arched back, drove his cock deep into Steve’s ass and

unloaded.

Blake kept his cock in Steve while both guys tried to catch their breath. Blake slid out, and immediately Steve got on his knees and cleaned up Blake’s cock. Steve tasted the leftovers of Blake’s sweet load mixed with his own ass.

“Good boy, clean that up good...” growled Blake..

“Damn, that was hot. I haven’t had sex like that in ages...” grinned Steve, as they headed back to their lockers to get dressed.

“I know the feeling all too well, kid.” That’s when it hit Blake - he had just fucked around behind Brad’s back.

“So you still up for being work-out buddies?” asked Steve. “I think I’m going to be really motivated!”

“I’m really sorry kid, but this can’t happen again...” said Blake. “I have a boyfriend, a partner. This was a one-time thing. I’ll see you around...”

Steve smiled to himself as he watched Blake drive off, he had a feeling that he’d be seeing that daddy dick again soon.

## Chapter 3

“I’m so glad that you’re on board with this, dude...” grinned Leroy, as he met Brad outside the offices of the Big Brother Little Brother charity.

“I think I’ve convinced myself that this is a good idea...” shrugged Brad.

“What about Blake, is he okay with having a lodger come and stay?” asked Leroy.

“Yeah, totally...” nodded Brad. “We talked it over, and we know it’s going to require some adjustments for us both, but if it’s going to help us pay the bills then it’s a bit of a no-brainer really...”

“Awesome...” grinned Leroy. “Well, how about you wait here and I’ll go and get the kid that the charity has matched you with. His name’s Zach - you might remember him, he was a student at our school for a couple of years.”

While Leroy headed into the offices of the charity to collect the lodger that had been allocated to them, Brad waited outside in the sun, racking his brains to try and remember any of his past students called Zach.

*Continued on page 43*



# Trevor



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# ABF20

## BEARS & BALLS

02 July 2020 - 05 July 2020 • AtlantaBearFest.com



# Army Dude

## Story by Miles

Yesterday was just another day inside the crowded Downtown Monterey bookstore I frequent.

Arriving about ten, right on schedule, I received a dirty look from the clerk at the counter, which is par for the course; he knew what I was there for, as I came for the same thing, every day. Sex! To feel the wet lips of another man wrapped around my stiff dick, to do the same to some hot, willing stud. This has been my livelihood since I was sixteen years old, and probably will be for the next twenty.

There is something incredibly thrilling and exciting about making it with an anonymous stranger in the dark, about giving head to the goodlooking man you just met as though the two of you had been friends for years. I have had sex in this manner all my adult life; and, while admittedly unfulfilling in some aspects, it has its moments.

Like yesterday.

I was hanging around the back where the viewing booths are, waiting for some kid or maybe a horny biker to come in to see a skin flick. You'd be surprised how many straight hunks will let a faggot swing on their cock just to get a load off! There are two booths in the back that have glory holes, and these are the ones I work.

All the sudden, the batwing doors that lead to the front of the store swung open, and in strutted this soldier! At the time, if you had

asked me, I would've told you he was the most handsome stud I had ever seen. He had dirty blonde hair and big blue eyes and a massive, thick brown moustache and I just about creamed my tight 501's as I watched him shake his pretty ass down the hallway and into a stall. He had an obvious erection. I could see his massive horseneck plain as day as the monster bulged and strained to be released from the obviously overworked fly of his tight fatigues. He needed a head job!

But what killed me, though, were those boots.

For a second there, after I had arrived at the bookstore, I could have sworn I smelled a man's boots. Usually I can. When some construction worker or Cal Trans stud struts in wearing his Red Wing Steel Toes or Colorados, my nostrils usually perk right up. This case was no different, I had smelled his big, black army boots the minute he had entered the store. But I hadn't seen him! I stared at his feet as he went in, a thin, involuntary strand of drool running down my chin as he clopped into the stall like a horny draft horse, giving me a curious, innocent glance that made my heart melt. I was in love!

He closed the cheap black plywood door behind him, but didn't bolt it.

That gave me not only motive, but opportunity.



Pretty soon I began to hear sounds of a woman getting fucked, hard, emanating from the booth he was in. The stud soldier had pumped quarters into the movie machine and now he was probably pumping himself, working the head of his meat with his fist, probably squeezing his swollen balls as I stood there, all my receptacles empty, hungrier than hungry for his cock and his jizz. The image of those big black boots burned into my mind and made me salivate. I wanted him! I was driven, now, by an all-encompassing hunger for soldier cock. He was so damned goodlooking! I made up my mind that I would have to try for him, even if it was the last thing I ever did, even if he beat the shit out of me for implying such a thing; although, I knew in my heart this wouldn't be the case. He was too laid-back and cocksure for that. He was a grade-A stud, the kind of man women dream about at night.

On rubber legs, I shakily made my way to the stall this incredible human stallion was in. Getting closer, I could hear him panting as he masturbated, could hear the scraping sounds his boots made as he braced them against the walls of the cubicle, jacking his huge cock off as he watched some horny slut get gang-fucked. This hot young army stud was ripe! And I could tell what he wanted, what he needed. A hole. A soft, wet, warm receptacle in which to bury himself to his swollen soldier balls. I was determined to be that hole!

Shaking, I hunkered down on my hands and knees; a position in which, it seemed, I had spent a lifetime. But, unlike all those other times, this time there was a reward!

The U.S. Army hunk was sitting on the narrow bench, his boots kicked up on the narrow walls of the stall, jacking a prick a horse would be proud of. This soldier's cock had to hang twelve thick, drooling inches! He

made me proud to be an American. And hungry for cock. Rotating his hand around the swollen head of his thick ponymeat, watching the flick as he got himself off, both his moustache and his legs twitched in unbridled sexual pleasure as he masturbated unabashedly, willing now to do anything to get rid of the thick, rancid load of spunk that was setting his handsome loins on fire. But, as of yet, he still hadn't seen me! I watched, wide-eyed, as the horny Sergeant (I could tell by his stripes) reached down with his other hand and began to rub his hairy, spunk-swollen balls as he worked over his stiff dick. Shifting my eyes, I could see what was happening on the screen. The woman who was getting fucked was covered with jism. There was an enormous prick fucking her in and out of her huge tits. All the sudden, a huge, slimy load of spunk hit her in the face and she stuck out her tongue, licking the shit into her mouth like it was the most delicious delicacy in the world. I knew I would have to act soon, or lose the load that was burning in Sergeant Studly's big balls!

So I pushed the door to the stall open.

The stallion froze for a second, probably thinking of some commanding officer. Then, seeing who I was, a grin began to spread across his handsome face. He knew what I was there for! I began to wonder if the whole thing had been an act. I closed the stall door and then, squeezing into the stall between his massive, muscular thighs, I began to kiss him; unafraid now that he might hurt me, we had become soul brothers in pleasure, in this ancient and primeval act of fluid exchange, in this noble calling stronger than life itself. In response to his need, I had become all hole.

I began by sucking on his boots. Cuffing him around his ankles, I glanced up

*Continued on page 62*



# Alberik



Images by  
**Ben**

Alberik





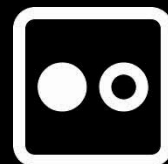














“Hey, Brad...” said Leroy, emerging back outside. “This is Zach...”

“Good to meet you, Zach...” greeted Brad, shaking the kid’s outstretched hand. “Actually, now that I’ve got you standing in front of me I think I do remember seeing you around school a while back. I don’t think that you were ever in my class, though. Is that right?”

“Good to meet you, sir...” replied Zach, politely. “No, I don’t think you ever taught me at all.”

“Please, call me Brad...” insisted Brad. “It makes me feel way too old when guys your age call me Sir.”

“So, how about you two guys go and grab a coffee or something?” suggested Leroy. “I’ve got some paperwork to catch-up on here. If you get along okay, then we could get everything finalised and Zach could move in today?”

“Sure!” nodded Brad. “Is that okay with you, Zach?”

“Yes, Sir... I mean, Brad...” stumbled Zach. “Coffee sounds good.”

Zach followed Brad to the car, and they drove a short distance to a nearby donut and coffee place.

“So, tell me a bit about yourself...” suggested Brad, as they found a table in one of the quieter corners of the restaurant. “What led you to getting involved in the Big Brother Little Brother scheme?”

“It was a combination of factors, I guess...” shrugged Zach. “Things were a bit messed up at home, and my grades were suffering at school. Mr Johnson suggested that the people at Big Brother Little Brother might be able to help me out...” “Always sounds weird when people refer to Leroy as Mr Johnson...” smiled Brad. “Was it a good move for you? Have they been able to help you get things back on track?”

“Yeah, absolutely...” nodded Zach. “But once you get to my age, and you’re finished with school and stuff, it’s time to start thinking about getting a job and being a bit more independent... I really appreciate that you’re making your spare room available to me.”

“Well, it’s a good deal for us as well...” explained Brad. “It’s not like we’re doing you any

huge favours - the charity is picking up the tab for renting the room, and that helps us pay the bills. Don’t feel that you owe us anything, or that you’re obligated to us in any way. Have you started looking for work at all? Any idea of the type of job that might suit you?”

“I’m not sure, to be honest...” shrugged Zach. “I was thinking maybe a bar job or something could be fun. I’ve always been a pretty good dancer, so I was thinking of maybe giving that a try.”

“You mean, like, dancing in a bar?” asked Brad.

“Yeah...” shrugged Zach. “Do you think that’s a good idea?” “Um, well - you’ve certainly got the right look for it...” replied Brad. “But you’d have a lot of guys wanting to... push the boundaries with you...”

“I think I’d be okay with that...” winked Zach. “I don’t mind a bit of... having my boundaries pushed...”

“So, you’re into guys then?” asked Brad. “Yeah... I’m into guys...” confirmed Zach.

“Cool, I just didn’t want to assume anything...” smiled Brad.

“I guess that’s why they’ve placed me with you and your husband?” suggested Zach. “So you can give me a bit of... guidance?”

“Oh, Blake and I aren’t married...” corrected Brad. “Although, we’ve been together so long that sometimes it feels like we are. Plus, I don’t think that we’re in any way qualified to be giving you guidance about anything. Maybe you can learn from some of the mistakes that we’ve made along the way, but we’re definitely not experts on anything.”

“Does that mean that you’re happy to rent the room to me?” asked Zach.

“Yeah, totally...” nodded Brad. “Look, you seem like a good kid. If we can help you out by giving you a place to stay while you find a job and get yourself sorted, then that’s the least we can do.”

“Awesome!” grinned Zach. “It will be like having two Dads, or something...”

“That’s too weird!” laughed Brad. “We’re not old enough to be father figures! Maybe you can think of us as uncles or something, that’s only slightly less weird.”

“Do you want me to call you Uncle Brad?” suggested Zach. “No!” laughed Brad. “I definitely do not want you to call me Uncle Brad! Just plain old Brad is going to be perfectly fine. Come on, finish your coffee. We’d better get back and tell Leroy that we’re good to go.”

## Chapter 4

“Here you go, Zach, this will be your room. The bathroom across the hall is all yours, Blake and I have our own off our bedroom. There are towels in the cupboard, and if you need any extra toiletry items just let us know because we always keep extras...” Brad informed Zach as he gave him the tour of their home.

“A little help please!” yelled Blake from the front door. “Did you buy the whole store out?” laughed Brad. “This was just supposed to be dinner for three, not for the Queen.”

“You two just grab a bag and head your asses into the kitchen...” grinned Blake, handing grocery bags to Brad and Zach. “I wanted to make a good dinner for our new house guest. But don’t expect this every night...”

“Don’t listen to Blake...” Brad explained to Zach. “He cooks a feast every night, and it always tastes amazing!”

“Thanks, guys, really you didn’t have to do all this, but I want you to know that it means a lot to me...” said Zach. “I can’t remember the last time I was treated this nicely.”

“No problem, now how about you and Brad go throw on a movie or play some hoops or something while I make dinner...” instructed Blake, wanting the guys out of his way so he could focus in the kitchen.

“That sounds perfect...” smiled Brad. “Zach, you up for shooting some hoops?”

“Sure!” nodded Zach. “Let me change into some gym shorts and I’ll be right out.”

“Hey, that’s nice of you to make this big dinner for Zach...” said Brad, draping his arm affectionately across Blake’s shoulders.

“No problem...” winked Blake. “I kind of like having the kid here already, but I hope this is a good thing we’re doing in the long run. We don’t even know that much about him. How do we know that we’re doing this right? It’s not like we’ve ever

parented before?”

“Well, I trust Leroy, and he wouldn’t steer us wrong...” reassured Brad. “Besides, the extra income is giving us some breathing room with our finances.”

“I guess you’re right...” shrugged Blake, not sounding totally convinced.

“Just give it some time and let’s try and make it work...” said Brad, moving behind Blake so he could wrap his arms around him, gently kissing him on the back of the neck, reassuring him.

“Ready?” asked Zach, returning to the kitchen after having changed into his shorts.

“Got to go, the boy is ready!” laughed Brad as he ran after Zach. Blake smiled to himself as he opened a bottle of wine and started on dinner.

“Okay, kid, let’s see what you got...” said Brad as he distracted Zach, grabbed the ball and made a shot.

“Oh, I see... we’re going to play that way...” taunted Zach as he dribbled past Brad and gained a point.

“Not bad, kid, but don’t get too cocky, I almost went Pro...” declared Brad as he popped off another shot for a point.

“How about a little less talk and little more playing...” laughed Zach.

About an hour had passed before Zach called a timeout. “Hold up, I’m going to run in and grab some water, do you want some?”

“Sure, thanks, kid!” gasped Brad, as he wiped the sweat from his forehead, and pulled off his sweat-drenched t-shirt. “It’s hot out here...” Zach’s eyes locked on Brad’s bare chest, covered in sweat. Zach followed suit and peeled off his shirt as well before heading inside to get the water.

“Who won?” asked Blake, as Zach came running into the kitchen with nothing but his basketball shorts hanging low on his waist.

“Still going...” grinned Zach. “I’m just grabbing some water. Give us five more minutes so I can beat Brad - I’m down two points.”

“There’s cold bottled water in the fridge, help yourself...” instructed Blake, turning his attention away from his meal preparations to check that Zach had found the water. Blake almost dropped the knife he was holding as he took in the sight of Zach wearing nothing but his gym shorts and sneakers.

“Got it!” declared Zach, as he grabbed two



bottles of water from the fridge. He opened one up and took a long drink.

The sweat was running down Zach's face. Blake's eyes followed one drop that went down his neck to his smooth chest. It ran between his beautiful pecs and ever so slowly down his perfectly chiseled six-pack abs, only to be lost in the waistband of his basketball shorts.

"That boy is going to get me into all sorts of trouble..." muttered Blake to himself, turning his focus back to the vegetables he was chopping as Zach ran back outside to resume the game.

"Here you go, something to cool you off, old man..." grinned Zach, throwing a bottle of water to Brad.

"Who are you calling old man?" protested Brad. "Aren't you down by two points?"

Brad was having a hard time focusing on the game, he was constantly getting distracted by Zach, shirtless, showing off his six-pack abs that were covered in sweat.

"I told Blake that I only needed another five minutes to beat you..." declared Zach.

"Less talk, more play..." dismissed Brad.

Zach carefully dribbled the ball as he approached the basket, but suddenly stepped in towards Brad and made contact.

"Foul!" yelled Brad. "What kind of move was that? You can't just go around grabbing guys balls just because you're behind and want to win!"

"Relax!" grinned Zach. "I barely grazed them. What are you going to do about it, anyway?" Brad retaliated by grabbing Zach in a bear-hug and started tickling him intensely.

"Stop! Stop!" yelled Zach, laughing hysterically.

In the tussle, they fell on the grass. Brad landed on top of Zach, their bodies crunching together, the sweat on their skin sliding between them. Brad continued to tickle the squirming Zach as he laughed and tried to wriggle out of Brad's bear-hug.

"You've got five minutes to get cleaned up and then it's dinner time!" yelled Blake from the kitchen.

"Coming!" yelled Brad, immediately releasing his hold on Zach and rolling off the young guy's body.

"Pretty sure that I won..." winked Zach,

taking Brad's outstretched hand to pull himself up off the grass.

"Because you cheated!" shouted Brad, as Zach disappeared into the house. Brad decided to wait outside for a moment to try and calm his hard cock down. Wrestling with Zach had got him more excited than he'd expected, he hoped that Zach hadn't felt his boner through his shorts while he was laying on top of him. Plus, he didn't want to start any dramas with Blake by walking into the house with his hard cock on display.

"This kid is going to get me in all sorts of trouble..." Brad muttered to himself.

"Oh dang, Uncle Blake, dinner looks amazing!" said Zach as he dished up his plate. "Uncle?" repeated Brad, raising a quizzical eyebrow at Zach.

"I'll let it grow on you..." grinned Zach, turning his attention to the mound of food on his plate

"Wow, someone is hungry!" laughed Blake, admiring Zach's appetite.

"Sorry, guys, I haven't had food that smelled this good in a long time..." mumbled Zach between mouthfuls "I'm used to mac-and-cheese and pop tarts. Dinner tonight is like eating at a gourmet restaurant."

"Easy, you're going to inflate Blake's head so much he won't be able to fit through the door..." chuckled Brad.

After about an hour every plate had been licked clean, and the conversation was winding down.

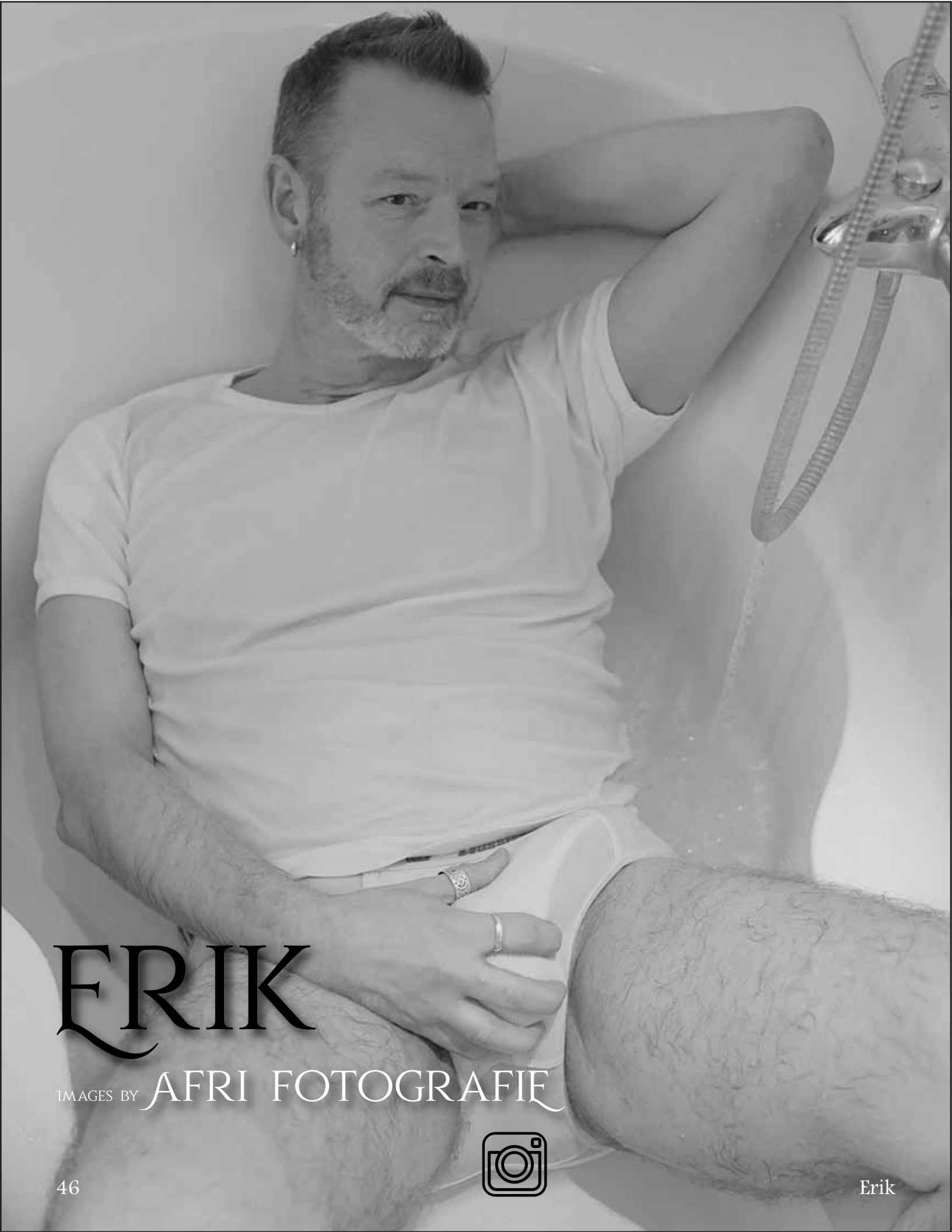
"Okay, you two, time to clean up the dishes and kitchen, since I cooked..." announced Blake.

"Let me take care of everything..." offered Zach. "You've both been more than kind."

"If you insist..." shrugged Brad, settling in next to Blake on the sofa and pouring them both another glass of red wine.

By the time that Zach had finished cleaning down the kitchen, Brad and Blake were snoozing in each other's arms on the sofa. Zach paused for a moment to take in the sight of Brad's head nuzzled in Blake's chest. He watched as Brad's head went up and down with each breath Blake took. Zach reached out and touched both guys on their shoulders, startling them both.

*Continued on page 52*



# ERIK

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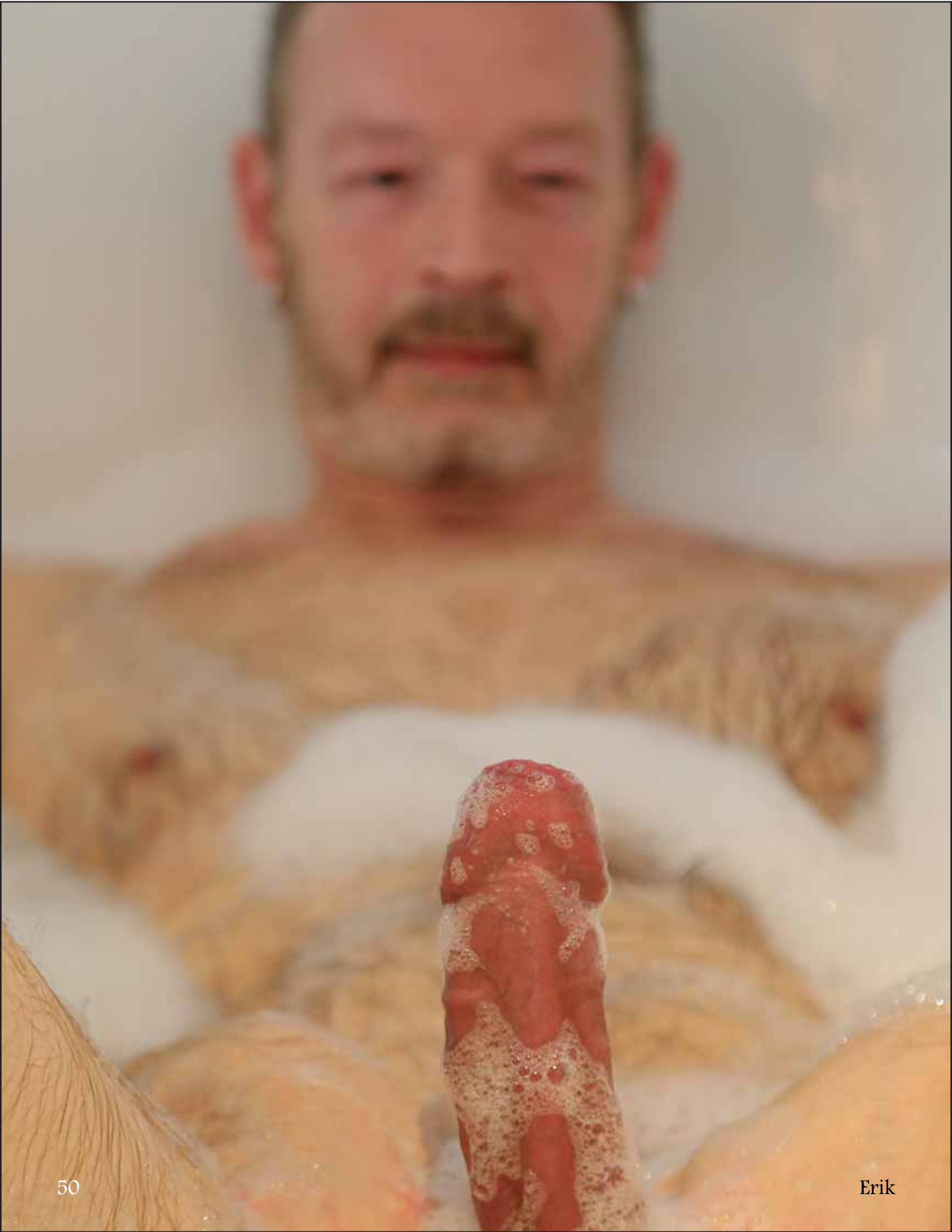
















Erik

“Guys? Sorry to wake you...” apologised Zach. “I’m just off to bed. Maybe you should go too?”

“I think you’re right...” yawned Blake. “Come on, Brad, bedtime. Night, kid, sleep well. Let us know if you need anything.”

Once in their bedroom, Brad and Blake peeled off their clothes and threw them on the floor before climbing into bed. They loved to sleep naked, especially in the summertime.

Blake wrapped his arm around Brad and smiled,

“You know, Zach is a good kid...” said Blake, wrapping his arms around Brad and pulling their bodies together. “Handsome as hell too.”

“Blake!” protested Brad. “We’re responsible for him - we can’t be fucking around with Zach, he’s off limits.”

“I know, but you have to admit he has a nice ass... and that chest!” grinned Blake.

“Okay, I’ll admit, he does have a nice ass... and chest also...” conceded Brad..

“Have you ever thought of having a houseboy, someone who can help around the house with chores, so it frees our time up?” suggested Blake..

“You mean help around the house sexually too?” asked Brad. “That’s always been a fantasy of mine...” acknowledged Blake. “Having a younger guy in the house. Tell me you wouldn’t mind a hot young guy strutting around the house all day in a jock strap? A sexy young slutty guy that we could both have some fun with?”

“I’m not totally against the the idea...” admitted Brad.

“Not totally against the idea?” grinned Blake, reaching down and wrapping his hand around Brad’s thickening cock-shaft. “Feels like your cock is totally up for this idea...”

“Feels like our cocks are both in agreement on this one...” grinned Brad, wrapping his hand around Blake’s thick cock-shaft.

“You wouldn’t know how to handle a young slutty guy like that...” teased Blake, firmly jacking Brad’s cock.

“Why don’t you show me how it’s done?” challenged Brad. Blake firmly shoved Brad’s head down onto one of his nipples and Brad started

going to town on it, licking and sucking, biting and chewing.

“Yeah... that’s it...” encouraged Blake. “Love it when you chew on my tits...”

“You’re being too soft on this boy...” growled Brad.

“Yeah?” grinned Blake. “Why? What would you be doing to him?”

“I’d be straight into his tight little boy-cunt...” growled Brad, flipping Blake over spreading his muscle-hard ass cheeks to expose Blake’s hairy fuck-hole.

“Ugh...” moaned Blake, as Brad’s mouth made contact with his fuck-hole. “Damn, I’ve missed your tongue back there! Fuck yeah... Eat that muscle-cunt!” Brad spat and licked and chewed on Blake’s fuck-hole, pushing his tongue deep inside, feeling Blake’s muscle-cunt getting wet, getting loose, getting ready. “You ready for my cock, stud?” asked Brad, pushing his fingers into Blake’s spit-slick fuck-hole.

“Hell yeah, shove that bad boy in there...” urged Blake, bending his knees to give Brad maximum access. “it’s been too damn long. I need some Brad cock to breed my man-hole.”

“So fucking tight...” grunted Brad, driving his cock into Blake. “I need to fuck you more often to keep that hole opened up.” “Less talk and more fucking...” instructed Blake.

Usually, Brad played the bottom role since he was smaller in stature and loved being controlled in bed by Blake’s hard, brawny body. However, the talk about houseboys, as well as seeing Zach shirtless and covered in sweat, had ignited a spark in Brad that Blake hadn’t seen in a very long time. Brad was pounding Blake’s fuck-hole with long, powerful fuck-strokes, and Blake was loving every inch of it.

When Blake was good and opened up, Brad pulled his cock out of Blake’s ass. He lay on his back and grabbed his cock with his right hand to make it stand straight up.

“What are you waiting for?” ordered Brad. “Hop on, fucker, you’re going to ride this cock!” Wasting no time, Blake climbed on top and sat down on Brad’s cock with ease. Brad had a perfect view of Blake’s chest, glistened with sweat as he rode up and down. Blake leaned his head back in ecstasy as he enjoyed every minute of the ride. As Brad thrust deeper, Blake grabbed his own cock



and started stroking it. Brad had a great view of Blake's cock beginning to drip pre-cum. He imagined fucking the cum right out of him.

"Keep doing that and I'm going to blow a big load in your ass..." grunted Brad.

"Oh yeah?" grinned Blake, increasing the intensity of his ride. Blake suddenly lost it. "Ah, fuck!"

Cum started firing out of Blake's cock, stream after stream hit Brad's face and lips. Brad quickly stuck out his tongue and began to lick Blake's hot jizz from his lips.

"Get ready, fucker, here comes a big cum-dump in your ass!" announced Brad.

"Seed my ass, fucker!" encouraged Blake. Brad was so turned on, he tensed up and started filling Blake's ass with load after load of his hot cum.

Blake finally collapsed on top of Brad's cum-soaked chest. He scooped some of his cum off Brad's chest and fed it to him. Grabbing a bit more, he spread the cum all over Brad's lips and then went in for a deep kiss.

"Mmm..." Blake muttered while tasting his sweet load all over Brad's lips. "Someone made a mess!" Blake went down without hesitation and started to lick his load off of Brad's chest.

"Fuck, that was hot!" exclaimed Brad as Blake finished up the last drop of cum from Brad's chest and face.

"I think that was the hottest sex we've ever had..." Blake said as he laid his head on Brad's chest.

"I think you're right..." laughed Brad. "You don't think we were too loud, do you?"

"I kind of hope he heard us..." grinned Blake. "Let him know how real men fuck... Let him know what we'll do to his ass if he keeps wearing those tight shorts..."

"Keep dreaming..." laughed Brad. "Don't forget, the kid is off limits!"

*To be continued...*

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## About Coyote Tales

This is a series of gay erotic fiction about encounters between guys.

Can I Call You Uncle?

The stories are fictional, and any resemblance to people or events is coincidental. Scenarios depicted in the stories represent erotic fantasy. All characters depicted in the stories are above the relevant age of consent, and acts between characters are consensual.

The stories are a collaboration between Coyote and Gareth Johnson.

## About The Authors

### Coyote

Coyote came out to the world at 39 as a gay man. He left all the baggage that came with living in a conservative town behind, and threw himself into photography and writing. This is Coyote's first work of erotic gay fiction, but there's a lot more stories to be told.

Follow Coyote @CoyoteStudiosNW



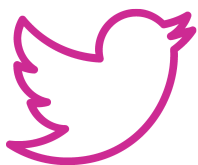
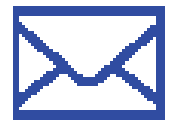
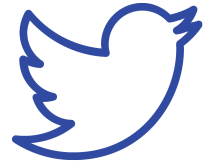
### Gareth Johnson

Gareth is an Australian, living in London. A writer and journalist, much of his work focuses on the world of gay men. Gareth spends too much time on Twitter @gtvlondon



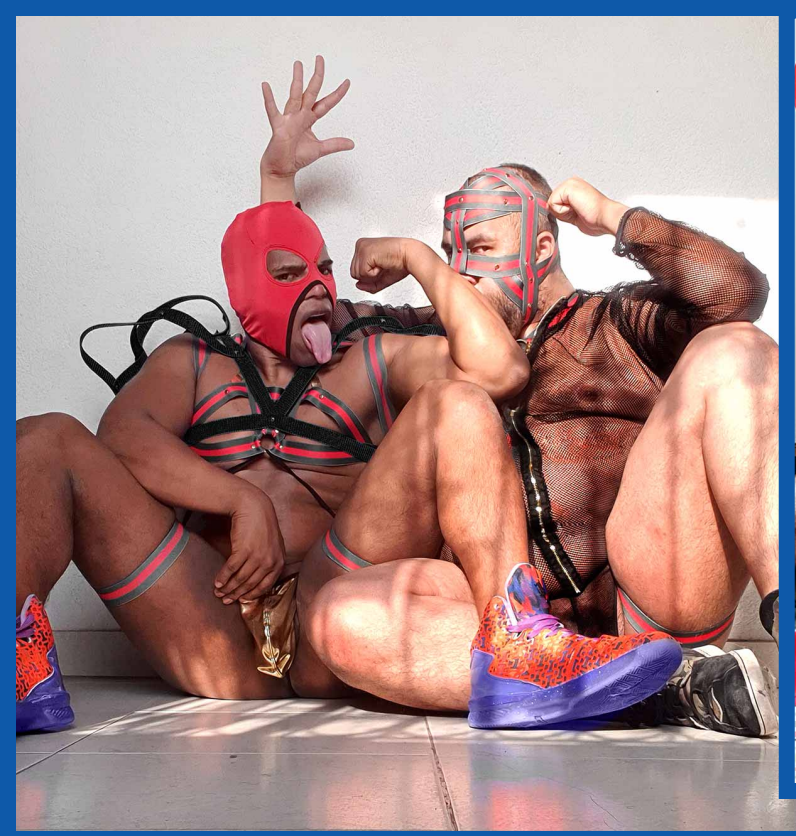
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WRESTLERS**





Private Wrestlers











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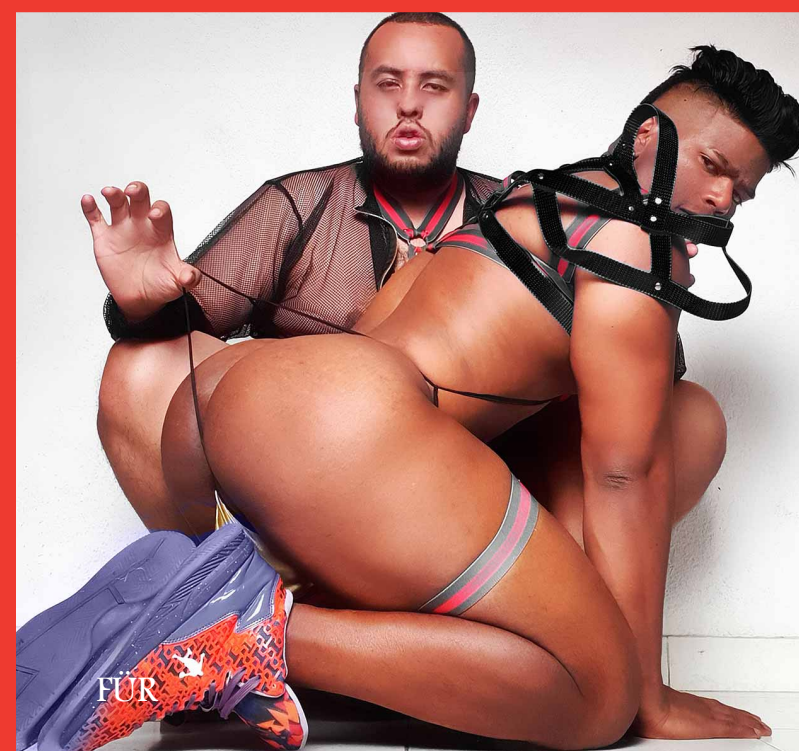
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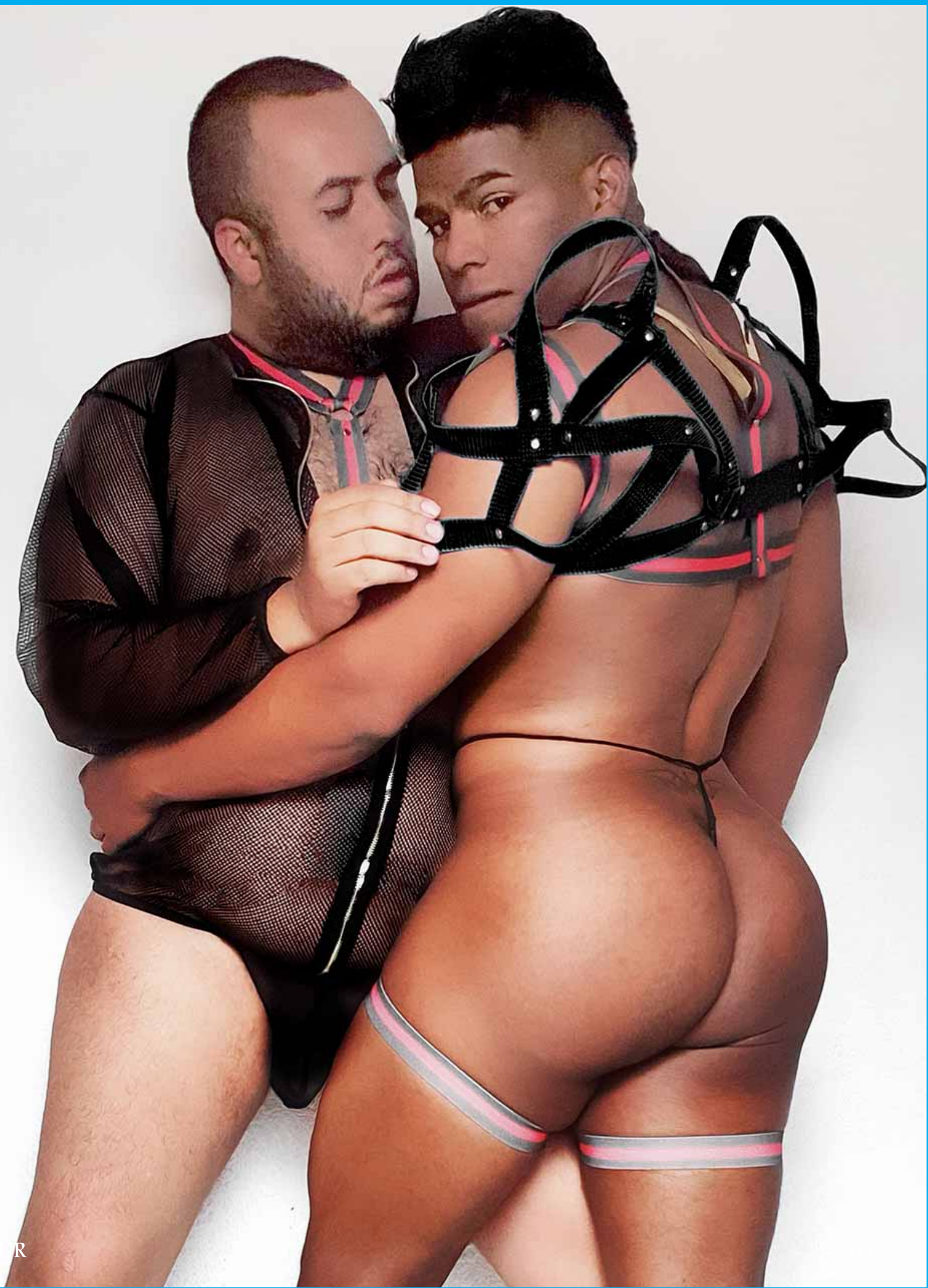












to see his moustache twitching with overwhelming sexual need as he watched me worship his undeniable manhood. His dick tented out the crotch and fly of his tight camo pants, and I couldn't help but notice again how worn that area appeared to be. And, rightly so! This was one sexy, overcharged, superheated U.S. G.I. Issue stud! And, he was all mine now. For this moment. It gave me a warm, fuzzy feeling inside.

The soles of his Army boots were Vibrams, with the black, lugged soles; I began there and started licking in earnest, wet sucking noises coming from my mouth and grunts from my throat as I tasted on his boots everywhere he had been, everything he had done, every cheap, two-bit whore my stud stallion soldier had fucked. As I have undoubtedly said before, my nose is very sensitive. I then proceeded to drench his boots with my spit, licking and sucking and slurping as he made bestial grunting noises in his throat, getting off on my submission, turning his big right Army Boot this way and that so I could better lick it into my wet, sucking mouth, cooing with pleasure as I grovelled at his booted feet even as I got off on the hot, heady smell of the leather combined with the good, clean smell of his American Soldier Feet.

His massive boot had been a good appetizer, but by now I was hungry. As the woman onscreen got fucked and screamed on and on, I climbed ever deeper between the Sergeant's legs, kissing and licking his massive, ropy thighs through his pants, working my way ever-closer to the massive, stiff soldier dick I could smell. He wrapped his boots around my back, scraping my spine with the cleats, making shivers run up me as my tongue went into overdrive and did its

work on him. Then, finally, he spoke, uttering something more sophisticated than an animal grunt. He spoke to me!

"You want it?" "Yeah," I managed, pulling my mouth off the area where his thigh met his butt, just long enough to say the word. "I didn't hear you, faggot. If you want my dick, you're gonna have to do better than that." "Don't tease me," I managed, my head going back down to his bulging crotch and shaking thighs as soon as I had uttered it. I kissed my way up, licking the soldier's stiff penis through his fatigues, turned-on like I never before had been.

"Take my prick out, dude," he said.

I took the Army dude's fly down with my lips and tongue. As I wrapped my mouth around his stiffie, those big boots that I had sniffed and licked, those huge soldier boots that I had sucked, were once again cinched around my back. I sucked and swallowed, finally eating the dick he had been teasing me with so long. As the woman in the movie continued to groan and scream out in pleasure, as I listened to the hideously sexual sounds she was making, they inspired me to make love to that soldier's crotch like I had never before made love.

I began to eat him, making suggestive slurping noises, unable to help myself as the filthy, cheesy taste of his stiff, bestial soldier cockmeat was rammed, inch by inch, down my slippery, sucking throat. The blonde soldier grunted like a horse as he fucked my mouth, ramming himself in and out aggressively now, wrapping his shaking boots around my back as his knees got weak, his eyes smouldering with pleasure as I stuck my tongue up inside his smelly foreskin and licked the stinking cheese out.

"Ugh. Ugh... Oh! Ugh!!! Mmmmmmn. Oh, Jeesus, SWALLOW ME! Ugh, ugh, OOOH! Feels sooooo good! C'mon, cocksucker! EAT IT! EAT IT! EAT IT!



By this point I had wrapped my luscious lips so far around the base of the soldier's stiff, throbbing pecker I could lick his balls while I swallowed him. My tongue stroked the massive, swollen, egg-sized testicles on this Army stud while I gave him the best head I knew how. His whole body began to jerk and shake as I tortured him sexually with my tight, hot mouth. Pretty soon I could tell by the throbbing of his dick that this massive blonde soldier was going to cum. Looking up, I could see how the foamy spit was running off his moustache in his heat. This dude was foaming at the mouth for me! As I sucked him faster and faster, I could tell he wanted me just as bad as I wanted him.

"Ugh, dude, suck it, UGH, SUCK! Suck my big dick! UGH! AAAAH!"

With that, the sexy human horse began to ejaculate. I choked on his oyster, the semen squirting out my nose and dripping thickly down my shirt. I immediately began to get off on the size of the load, swallowing the shit as fast as I could. The experiences I've had with cocks swelling up in me could've never prepared me for this big, sticky wad of Army semen. Cum gushed out my nose. Cum ran down my lips and chin. I could feel each squirting wad as it filled my mouth, making my receptacle overflow as Sergeant Studly overwhelmed me with his scum. I could feel each throbbing squirt as his massive, pumping horseneck swelled and shot down my throat. I choked on the lumpy U.S. Army spunk, tears running from my eyes, feeling each pumping squirt as this handsome young man shot and shot and shot his seed down my throat. I could feel a big, sticky runnel stuck to the back of my esophagus as I swallowed glob after roppy glob of his thick, delicious splooge.

The Sergeant squirted and I swallowed. The woman on the video screen

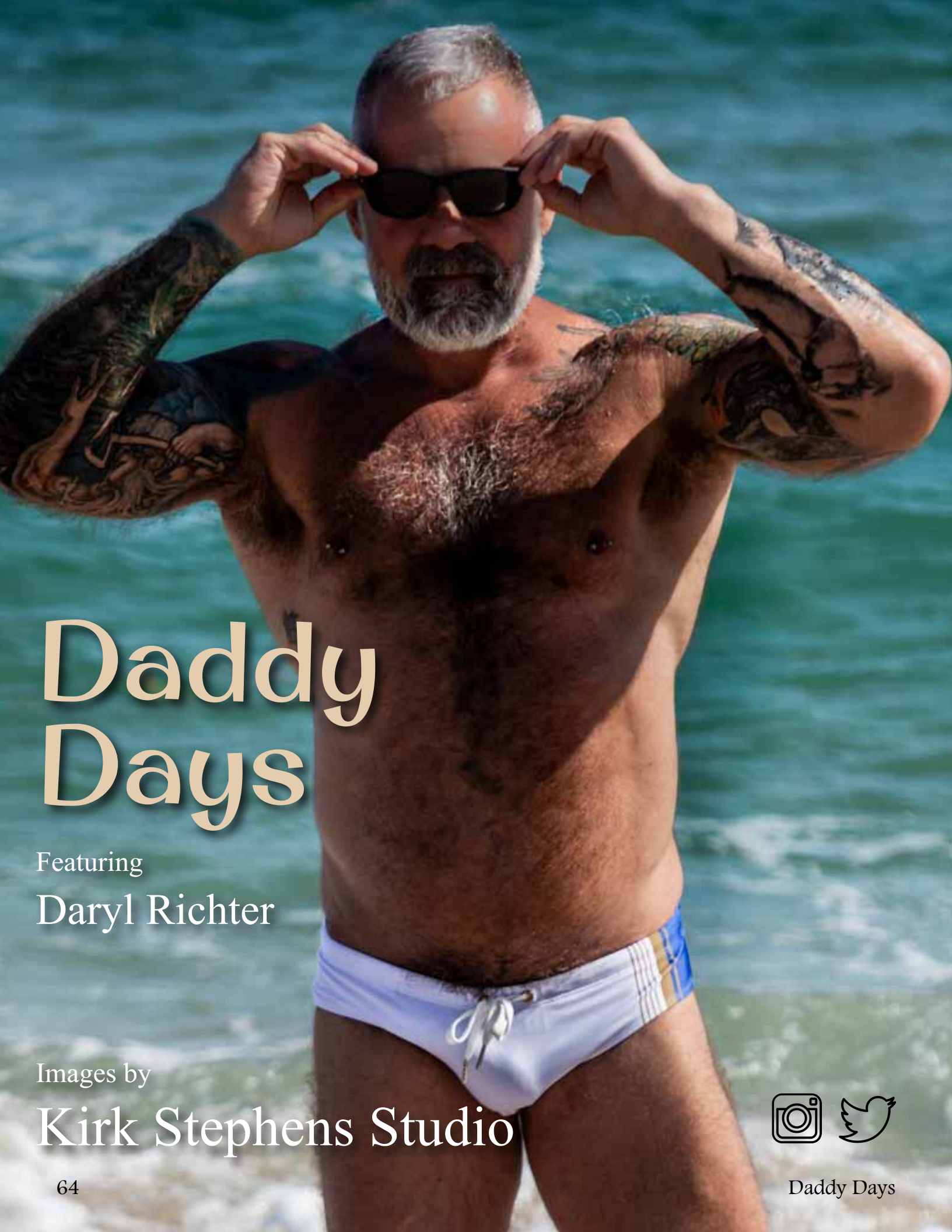
grunted with pleasure as two men began to fuck her at once. My nose was buried in his pretty, brownish pubic hair and I began to lick his big brass Soldier balls as the spasms of his swollen, dripping dick began to subside. He had big balls and I really got into licking them, unmindful of his sensitivity, tonguing him at the base of his swollen cockshaft, which was still buried in my throat. I rubbed his own semen all over his balls as he grunted and cooed with pleasure, loving the feel of his own oyster all over his swollen nuts.

Finally, unceremoniously, the Sergeant pulled inch after inch of dick out of my jizz-slimy oral cockhole. The head of his thing pulled free with a squishy POP!, and he grunted with sexual satisfaction as the last of his thick, buttery semen sprayed me in the face. I was covered with his scum. I reeked like a soldier. And I loved it! He had shot such a big load there was slippery jism all over the crotch of his fatigues. This soldier had cum like a horse!

Cuffing his boots, I told him what a stud he was. I told him I would be his receptacle any time he needed me. I licked the semen up off his pants and then showed him my tongue so he would know I was really swallowing it. Then I worked on his boots for maybe forty minutes, until the clerk came and made us leave.

Since then, the phone hasn't stopped ringing. He must've told all his friends about me, as I regularly get calls from Fort Ord. The soldiers usually want me to come and pick them up. Usually something about a load of cream is promised. Usually they wear their boots.

I haven't been back to the bookstore in months. There's no reason to go there. Soldiers with aching stiffies usually seek me out now. They know I can take care of them.



# Daddy Days

Featuring  
Daryl Richter

Images by  
Kirk Stephens Studio

































I met Brett my first year of college when we were both placed on a recruiting team that would travel each weekend to different locations throughout the midwest and mid-Atlantic regions. My first impression of him was that he was certainly easy on the eyes and had a pleasing personality to match. Since our recruiting team was musical, I discovered that he had a great tenor voice that paired nicely with my own baritone. During our rehearsals, I gleaned much information about him -- information that I hoped would be useful in the future that school year.

Brett had played soccer or "futbol" as he learned to refer to it during his elementary and high school years growing up in Chile where his parents worked as Americans overseas. He had an athlete's build above the waist, but his thighs were as thick as you might expect a footballer's to be due to all that running about the soccer field. At least, that was what I told myself whenever I would see him filling out a pair of sweats or wearing less than that. He admitted that he didn't work out, yet his body seemed to naturally maintain the tone of a man who could blame it all on great genes. At 24, he had that clean-cut look of a straight guy that you'd love to see naked but didn't know how to make that possible. I was 19 at the time and very naive when it came to love; yet, I was an expert when it came to lust. I had been lusting after manflesh since a kid and had honed my skills on seeking out the guys to whom I was attracted. Sadly, I had never actually expressed my feelings for one, nor had I complimented one's looks, and I had certainly not had any experience with another

guy's dick before. I was "young, dumb, and full of cum," as we say.

Our rehearsals happened every Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday evening in spartan rehearsal rooms on our college campus. Devoid of unnecessary furniture, there was simply a piano and its bench for the pianist. Vocalists gathered around the piano with their binders of music in hand and stood until we needed a break from all the singing. Then, we would all collapse onto the floor and either discuss our upcoming trip or simply gossip about school; after a while, we'd return to singing and would finish rehearsal for the evening.

Our recruiting team was comprised of both men and women, and as often happens on such teams, romances develop. Brett, a brown-haired, brown-eyed, gentle guy with a talent for playing Latin guitar pieces by memory fell for a devastatingly cute blonde Oklahoma girl with sparkling blue eyes and an almighty perky personality that most straight guys would appreciate. Despite college prohibition on dating amongst recruiting team members, Brett and Stacey managed to keep their relationship off the college administration's radar, and they had the blessing of the rest of us on our team.

Since Brett was a few of years older than me and was pursuing his master's degree, he was able to have an apartment of his own away from the dormitory life that I had to endure. I was jealous of his ability to come and go as he wanted, to stay out past the curfew time that those of us in dorms were subjected to, and, most importantly, to continue to build his relationship with his should-



have-been-off-limits girlfriend. I wanted freedom from dorm life, so I took a leap of faith and put my plan into motion.

One evening after rehearsals, I walked with Brett back to his apartment and brought up the topic of me moving in with him and splitting the rent 50/50. During the 15-minute walk, not only was I able to broach the topic, but he gratefully agreed to the terms, stating that he had been looking for a way to have some extra money in the bank that he could use for himself instead of pouring everything into the college's pocket. He let me see the apartment, a simple studio with a double-sized bed for him, a small kitchen, and a small bathroom with a shower/tub combo. We discussed where my twin bed would go (perpendicular to his bed) and how I'd be adding a six-foot folding table to the unit for us to both use for our writing. I promptly wrote a check for my part of the rent and moved in the next weekend.

Through the next couple of weeks, I was absolutely in heaven. Life in the apartment was just like I had hoped it would be, and it was very different than dorm life with just a few similarities. One similarity was that we couldn't get away from each other's phone calls, so I would have to be privy to his conversations in with his parents who were still overseas and also to his conversations with Stacey. I would make my phone calls from the recruiting office where there was more privacy. This was back in the days of "Call 1-800-COLLECT! It's free for you and cheap for them!" and the phone wars between AT&T and MCI. Another similarity was that both he and I would strip down to our underwear while in the apartment for the evening or during the weekend. I wore boxers and he wore white briefs. If we had done our laundry together, we'd have never had our underwear confused for each other's. My suspicions about his thighs were confirmed: they were thick and strong. Also, I was able to appraise the rest of his visible body: smooth and strong chest, slight treasure trail, and developed but faint abs. He was SO easy on the eyes! Since there was just one sink in the bathroom, we swapped morning time in the shower and time using the sink. We were typically a combination of naked or toweled before we headed off to class, so we each saw each other naked every morning.

He had a habit of not using the table at all  
Thanksgiving in the Ozarks

for his work. Rather, he would spend his evenings reclined on his bed, books spread open around him, and a legal pad handy to jot notes. When I would return to the apartment at night after finishing my shift at work, it was commonplace to find him stripped to his underwear and studying his lessons. Grades were paramount to both of us, so we were diligent with our studies. Yet, after my work shift, I was ready for bed, so I would strip down and climb into bed. His lamp was bright, so I would always cover my head with my sheet and blanket then fall asleep.

One evening, and I don't know exactly what make me do this, instead of falling asleep, I lay awake looking through the small vent that I gave myself as a way to breathe while my head was covered up. Due to the perpendicular nature of my bed's placement with Brett's, I would either be facing a wall when lying on my right side, or I would be facing Brett's bed when lying on my left side. This night, I was lying on my left side and could see Brett studying on his bed. What I noticed caught my breath and made my heart start racing. In his left hand he was holding the book which he was reviewing. He had his right hand on his crotch (not uncommon) and his dick was an enormous bulge in his underwear (very uncommon). I had never seen Brett with a hard-on before, so this amazing development went beyond any hope or fascination I had dreamed before moving in with him. I wasn't even breathing as I watched, enthralled, as he lazily drummed his fingers on his cock, gave it a squeeze, then slid his hand down inside his briefs to cup his balls and roll them in his fingers. This entire episode lasted no more than five minutes. While he had his hand inside his briefs, he glanced over at my bed where my head was, and although he could not see my eyes and had no knowledge that I was anything other than in a deep sleep per my usual routine, he pulled his covers over himself before continuing to do something rhythmic under the covers in the area where his cock and balls would be. He still had his book in hand, but there was activity going on with his other hand.

I noticed that my own dick had burst through the opening in my boxers and was throbbing. My heart was still pounding like a stallion on the racetrack, and each beat of my heart was felt in my

*Continued on page 94*



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DHM FAN ~ pontiacpipebear





# *I would like to be a poet....*

CHRISTIAN BAILLY

I WOULD LIKE TO BE A POET,  
TO SOW STARS  
ON THE WAY OF YOUR LIFE,  
HANG A MOONBEAM  
TO OUR CUDDLY NIGHTS.

I WOULD LIKE TO BE A POET,  
TO MAKE YOUR DESTINY  
A DREAM POEM,  
FREEZE THE TIME CLOCK  
UNDER A CLOAK OF FROST.

I WOULD LIKE TO BE A POET,  
TO KEEP THE CLOUDS AWAY,  
SHOW THE INFINITY OF MY LOVE,  
MAKE THE WAVES SING,  
THE MELODIES OF MY HEART.

I WOULD LIKE TO BE A POET,  
MAKE OUR NIGHTS SUNSET,  
AND NOWADAYS,  
MAKE OUR WHISPERS SING,  
WRITE MY QUATRAINS IN YOUR SKY.



I WOULD LIKE TO BE A POET,  
TO TAKE YOU AWAY EVERY NIGHT,  
IN THE GARDENS OF EPICURUS,  
FLOOD YOUR PLEASURE,  
IN THE OCEAN OF MY DESIRES,

I WOULD LIKE TO BE A POET,  
TO WRITE OUR BARBARIAN NIGHTS  
AND OUR SWAN SONGS,  
RHYME OUR SIGHS,  
COMBINE OUR LITTLE DEAD.

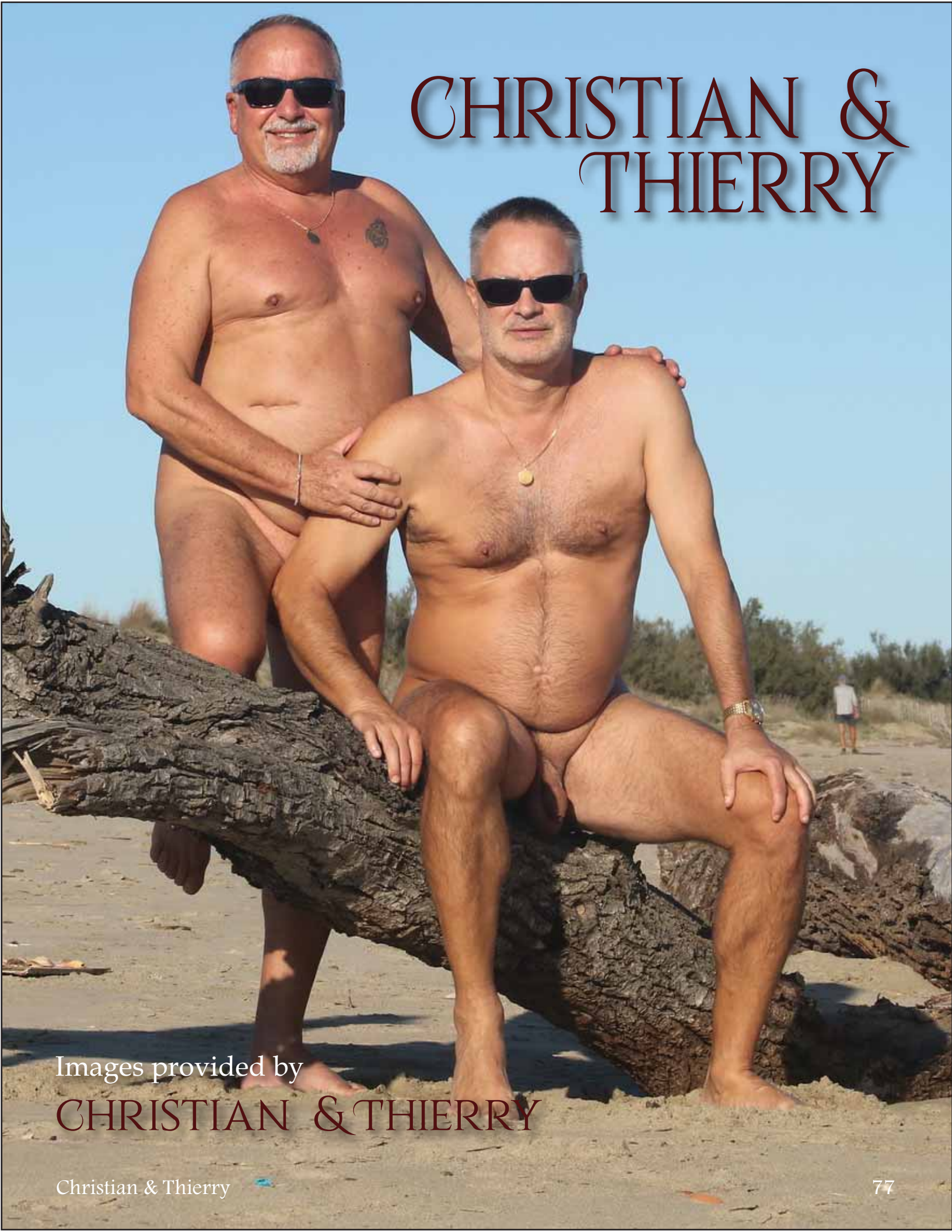
I WOULD LIKE TO BE A POET,  
YOUR CURSED POET,  
TO WRITE OUR MALE FLOWERS,  
YOU WOULD BE THE FERMENT OF MY  
MADNESS,  
THE OUTLET TO MY REASON,

I WOULD LIKE TO BE A POET,  
YOU WOULD BE MY NEUROSES,  
I WOULD BE YOUR DELUSIONS,  
CARRIED AWAY BY THE WINDS,  
OF OUR LATEST OUTRAGES.





# CHRISTIAN & THIERRY



Images provided by

**CHRISTIAN & THIERRY**



















# WORKIN' THE WORKMEN

Story by Robert MacNeil



The doorbell goes. Its two guys from a gas company, to quote for central heating. One of them, Tom, is a bit broader than the other, Andy, but they're about the same height, and both are good-looking in a rugged way.

I make them coffee and Andy starts off measuring where the new boiler will go. When he reaches up with his measuring tape, I see a bit of tanned back above his work trousers, and the waistband of his CKs.

Tom and I leave him and go from room to room, with Tom measuring for the new radiators. When we get to the bathroom, he says, "Just have a quick pee, if you don't mind," and before I know it, he's got the toilet lid up and his dick out. I mumble that I'll leave him to it, but he says "No, just hang on, won't be a minute. I'm not shy anyway."

"With a cock that size, you've got nothing to be shy about", I say, but looking him in the eye so he knows I'm not checking him out. Much.

"Oh, do you think so?" he replies. He unbuckles his trousers and pulls them and his EA briefs down to his knees as he's shaking the last few drips off his dick. "Good big balls, too. Mind you, don't get much of a chance to do much with them. Not been drained for days. Any chance...?"

I don't need much persuading. I get over and get my hand round his balls. As I fondle them his dick starts to swell. I kneel down in front of him and get his dick in my mouth. Tom puts a hand on the back of my head and strokes it gently. "Up here, Andy, when you're ready," he shouts. Then he says quietly to me, "If that's all right with you. He'll want to join in."

I nod, I can't speak with this dick down my throat. I get my hands round and caress his meaty ass and he gets some rhythm going with his hips. Andy comes in and stands for a moment, watching us, fondling his dick through the front of his workman's trousers.

Andy comes over, lifts me up till I'm standing, kneels down in front of me. As he's kneeling, Tom gets his hands on my jeans. My dick is soon lunging out of them and into Andy's waiting mouth. Tom stands behind me, arms round me, rubbing my nipples, his mouth nuzzling at my neck. I can feel his solid dick at my ass cheeks.

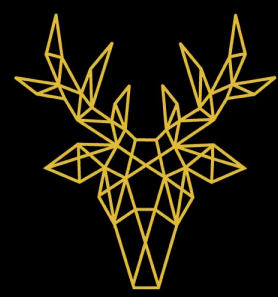
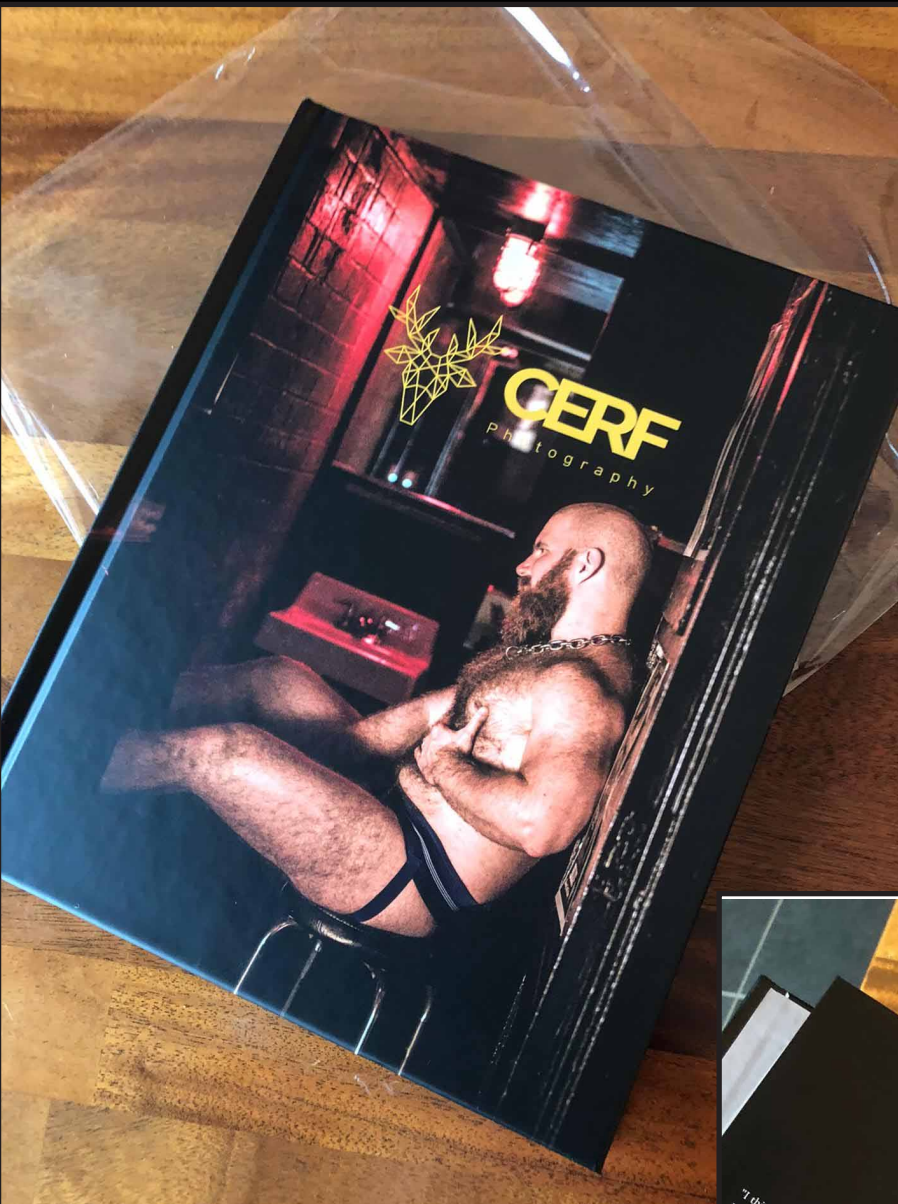
Tom comes round and joins Andy and they take turns at my dick with their mouths, then get on either side of the shaft. It looks really horny to look down at these two guys with their mouths on my cock. I can see their dicks between their knees: the guys are having a wank at each other's cocks as they blow me.

I'm greedy for their cocks again, so I take my dick away from their mouths and kneel down. They both stand up and I get a hand on Andy's ass while I get Tom's dick in my mouth. Tom puts a hand on Andy's ass, too. Andy's dick edges nearer to my mouth and I get my other hand onto Tom's dick while I start to blow Andy.

The guys stand close together and I glance up and see they are snogging. Both dicks are rock solid. Well, I've never tried this before, but here goes... I get them as close together as possible and get my mouth round both heads of their dicks, and stretch my mouth open as far as possible. I run my tongue over the base of their dicks. Andy's hand is on the back of my head. Fuck, this is really hot, looking at these two guys, with their dicks crammed into my mouths, trousers round their ankles. I get a hand on my dick and wank furiously at it, in a moment I'm shooting spunk everywhere. The guys cum almost simultaneously. I take a bit of the thick, salty spunk in my mouth then get a hand on both dicks and finish them by hand, rubbing the spunk on my face.

The guys help me clear up, even though I ask them not to, and say that when they come to fit the radiators we'll get time for a good, long play. I can't wait....





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# ANDRE FORTIER

Images by  
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AF WHITEWATER EXPEDITIONS

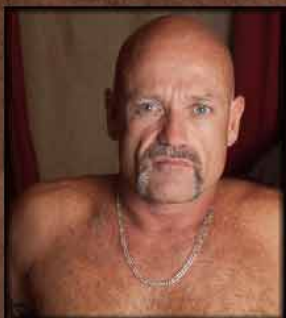






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stiff penis. I couldn't then and still cannot accurately describe the feeling of watching him, despite his being thoroughly infatuated with a girl, pleasuring himself in front of me. My body was trembling under the covers as if I was naked in a howling snowstorm, and my breathing had resumed shallow and fast. My previous college roommate had been prudish in comparison to what I was watching unfold before me, and I couldn't have been more delighted with how my plan was playing out.

Soon, Brett threw off the covers and, respecting my presumed sleep, quietly went to the bathroom. He was still hard. As soon as I heard the door click, I rolled over onto my back and jacked off in a frenzy. I came in seconds, and I jizzed all over my body and the sheets. I knew that I'd have to try to sleep despite the cold, slick spots of cum on the sheets, but I didn't care at all. Who wanted to sleep anyway? I had just experienced my gorgeous roommate playing with himself, and the gears of my imagination were spinning. The next morning, I was so horned up in the apartment and couldn't help jacking in the shower while he was shaving and humming on the other side of the shower curtain. My dick was girthy even then, and he might have noticed my post-cum bulge when I exited the bathroom. We headed out to classes, and I couldn't wait to get back to the apartment after work that night to see if I could catch the same show that I saw the night before. It became a nightly routine: go to work, jack off in the work bathroom due to excitement about possibly catching Brett fondling himself later that evening, then dashing home to play it cool while I was on fire inside.

Thanksgiving break was coming up in a couple of weeks, and since his parents and family lived overseas and he hadn't made plans yet to go anywhere, I invited him to come with me to my grandmother's house in Kansas. He excitedly accepted since he would have otherwise just spent Thanksgiving by himself in the apartment. This was more than satisfactory to me because I wanted to go out drinking one night with him and see if he might be interested in a blowjob as drunk straight guys often get. Also, my grandmother lived in a two-bedroom house and Brett and I would

likely end up sharing the double bed in her extra bedroom -- another very satisfactory element to the trip that I hoped would pay off in spades.

We left on Wednesday after classes and drove the two hours in his 1978 Honda Civic, a car which he painstakingly nursed along with dutiful oil changes and spark plug cleanings. In addition to being a wonderful guitarist, he had mechanic skills. On the way, we talked about college, about his undergrad experience in Arizona, about Stacey, and about other guy things. He asked me about my girlfriend (who was non-existent) and whether or not I saw myself getting married. At this point in my life, I was still 100% in the closet, so I didn't want to drop any hints about my sexuality. I let him ask his good-natured questions about my family, and I plied him with questions about growing up in South America. Since he was driving, I had more than enough time to continue to admire the easygoing way he carried on the conversation and the way that he managed the clutch and stick shift of his pride and joy. How I wanted his hand to be working my stick, but I needed to wait until we got to my grandmother's house before I subtly inquired about his interest ... if I inquired at all.

My sweet grandmother had already made up the guest room by the time that we arrived, and we both dropped our suitcases beside our respective sides of the bed and headed to the dining room for a simple supper before the next day's feast. After we ate, the Uno cards came out and we played until after dark. Soon, my grandmother said that she was heading off to bed and would see us in the morning. Brett and I adjourned into the small living room and, since TV reception wasn't much to speak of, we started to talk again.

I asked about his undergrad dorm life experience, and he responded with the fact that he never did stay in a dorm. In fact, when he came up to college from South America, he moved straight into an apartment because dorm life never appealed to him. We continued talking about college life, the intense recruiting schedule that we were both under, and trying to find ways to compare our upbringing. We had talked well into the night when, without warning, he switched to a topic that made my balls tingle: masturbation. He began to tell me how he enjoyed his privacy and how he had a stash of porn magazines in his



previous apartment that he kept under his bed. I wasn't shocked to hear that he had been addicted to jacking off and would do so several times throughout each day. (I, too, had a hunger for beating off -- my record was 12 times in one overnight period.) The reason that he wasn't so aggressive with masturbation anymore was because he was so busy with school, he confessed. Then he dropped the Tsar Bomba: he had to jack off in the bathroom every night before he went to sleep, otherwise he wouldn't be able to fall asleep at all. However, that was the extent of it, he stated. I was rendered speechless, and I'm pretty sure my eyes boggled out of my sockets at his pronouncement.

After this flood of sexual information from a young man who I found adorable and highly fuckable, you can bet your boots that I was as hard as a damn rock. We had both worn sweats on our trip from college to my grandmother's house, and I was grateful that I had chosen to sit cross-legged in my grandma's recliner because my upward-pointing cock would have been a very visible bulge to him if I had sat in any other way. I had my hand resting on my bulge so that I could adjust myself a couple of times as we were talking, and I knew that I had precum filling my foreskin and soaking into my boxers. I wondered if he had managed to arouse himself with his lengthy monologue on porn and jacking off, and I began to feel a camaraderie with him that deepened as we kept talking, looking at each other. There seemed to be a connection with him that hadn't existed before that night.

The conversation continued with both of us talking about how and when we had jacked off when we were younger. He wanted to know if I thought that there was anything wrong or sinful with doing it, and I told him that I had no idea about the spiritual aspect of it but since it felt so amazing, I didn't really care. He agreed, and we laughed so hard at that comment, I thought for sure that my grandma would wake up! But she had taken out her hearing aids, apparently, and couldn't hear a thing. We even talked about the riskiest place that each of us had jacked off; mine was in the back seat of the family car when I was in high school and all of our family was returning from a trip to the beach, and his was in the stacks of bookshelves at his undergrad college. We were both still virgins due to similar strict religious upbringings, and we

Thanksgiving in the Ozarks

admitted that masturbation was both a way to relieve sexual tension and also a way to bring some pleasure to life.

I was still in a crazy sexy fog that had settled upon me when he had switched the conversation topic, and I needed so bad to get off. I didn't want to stand up and head to the bathroom to relieve the pressure because I didn't want him to see that I was fully erect and had a precum spot on my grey sweats. Despite the fact that I wanted to fuck him raw right then and there, he didn't know that I was gay and I didn't want to out myself to him and potentially ruin the living arrangement that had been working out so well for both of us. Yet, if he had stood up and taken a step toward me, I'd have definitely had an orgasm just by shifting positing in my chair. My dick had come out of the flap of my boxers and was tingling furiously.

The conversation slowly wound down since it was past midnight and we had been awake since 6:30 the previous morning when we were getting ready for class. It was past time to go to bed. Brett, also wearing grey sweats with the logo of his undergrad college on the thigh, stood up and headed to the bathroom. It took my breath away to see that he had a dark spot on his sweats like I had on mine! It wasn't as big a spot as mine, but still, clearly a precum spot! He didn't have a the bulge that I had been so blessed to see a few times, but he apparently had been having one during our conversation. What could it mean? Knowing that he had to masturbate in the bathroom before he fell asleep, and believing that this was the reason for his bathroom visit now, a rush of adrenaline and excitement filled my body. My head was absolutely buzzing; I couldn't think straight. I wanted so badly to get up from the chair and follow him into the bathroom, but where would my manners be? I was, after all, sort of hosting him at my grandmother's house and didn't want to be a creep. The door clicked shut and I was on tenterhooks.

Stealthily, I rose from the chair and tiptoed to the hallway to give a listen. There was nothing erotic about what I heard: he was taking a long piss. I turned as if I was going to walk down the hallway to the bedroom, but instead of walking, I stood still to hear if he would maybe make any noise that would give away his actions. Again, there wasn't anything remarkable about the sound



of water in the sink as he likely washed his hands, then the doorknob rattled as he turned it to exit the bathroom. I started to walk toward the bedroom as soon as I heard the sound of the doorknob. Brett turned off the light in the living room and came into the bedroom a moment later.

I was taking off my t-shirt and sweats as he came in. I've never been one for sleeping in pajamas or even shorts, and although it was a cold November that year in Kansas, I had never worn anything to bed other than boxers -- when I wore anything to bed at all. In the apartment, I always wore boxers to bed when Brett was there, and he always wore his white briefs. This night would be no different for me, so I stripped down and pulled back the covers to get into the bed. I was aware of him taking off his clothes as well, and I glanced his way to see that he had his back to me and was pulling on a pair of basketball shorts over his briefs. This was highly irregular! I anticipated briefs like always, but perhaps he was a bit too modest to wear only underwear to bed when sleeping alongside another guy. He didn't seem at all bothered by me being in boxers, though, and we both got into bed at the same time.

A double bed doesn't offer much room for two college boys, especially two tall guys who have decently fit physiques. My job required lots of loading and unloading of boxes, so my upper body was toned. His everywhere was toned; plus he had thighs for days. We were already bumping into each other in that small bed, and we laughed at the awkwardness. I turned away from him as he turned away from me, and I turned the lamp off. The darkness of rural Kansas filled the room as we lay there breathing, waiting to fall asleep.

I would have thought that after being awake for over 18 hours that sleep would eagerly descend upon me, but it was elusive. Who was I fooling, anyway? I was aroused by the radiant heat from Brett's body warming my own body. Further, I was trembling from the excitement of lying next to him, my mostly-naked body wanting to become one with his, and I hoped that, if he could feel it, he would just interpret it as shivering and not actual trembling out of sexual excitement.

Soon, his breathing deepened and I knew that he had fallen asleep. The thought occurred to me that I had neither gone drinking with him, nor had I shared my sexuality with him. Maybe the

next day on Thanksgiving we would be able to go out and I would find my courage, but that night wasn't going to offer an opportunity for that. I don't remember falling asleep, but it finally happened. The coldness of the room didn't bother the two of us who were keeping each other warm underneath the sheet and three blankets covering us.



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