

All Men Are Beautiful!

April 2020 | Issue 16

Desert Heat

Magazine™

Javier Lara
brings us
**The Super
Heroes**

The return of
Jezebel

Images by
HDGimage

Aussie Tradie

Steel

Furry muscle bear Vegas style!

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MODEL CALL

HAIRY MEN OF ALL SIZES

DESERT HEAT MAGAZINE

IS LOOKING FOR MEN WHO WANT TO SHOW IT OFF!

GOT WHAT IT TAKES?

THEN CLICK THIS IMAGE, SEND US A MESSAGE,
AND WE'LL GET BACK TO YOU!

Ramblings From the Editor

First thing is first, I hope all of you are safe and sound, including your loved ones, from this madness in our lives! Please be practicing social distancing and washing like you have never washed before!

Second thing, make sure you are listening to credible information, P L E A S E!!! Our so called commander in chief likes to spread lies, even in a time of crisis which is not only appalling, but very dangerous for everyone in the world. I don't mean to get political, as I could care less which side of that spectrum you fall, however I hope you keep yourself informed from credible sources, and that isn't always any ONE news source.

Speaking of social distancing, if you check out social media, there are still those that are refusing to follow it. I see many, and I hope they are just old videos reposted, guys posting videos of hookups during the isolation phase of this pandemic. I sure hope my readers are not following those practices! I would have to lose any of you to this preventable stage of the disease.

Within all this madness I have been blessed to continue to have contributors which allows me to bring this publication to you. And it appears that the readership is growing, so I guess that is the silver lining to the Stay In Place orders by most States.

I hope to continue to bring you the Magazine in the near future through those generous content contributions.

Along those lines, I would love to hear back from you regarding the content you like,

want to see, or just plain don't want to see any more.! The email address is on the site, so please take advantage of it and contact me. I'd love to hear what you think. Also, if you know of any photographers, models, artists, etc that are looking for somewhere they'd love to show their work, please send them our way. We are always looking for new perspectives to share with the readership.

And finally another plug, if you'd like to be added to the mailing list, just send me an email stating as such. I promise your information is kept confidential and it will let you know when we are putting out the next Issue and such. I also promise that I don't bombard your email inbox with a ton of email, even though some of the readership would love it! LOL

Again, please stay safe, practice social distancing, I know it seems like this is going on forever but a few months out of your whole life is not much time and the benefits are so much more than if you do not.

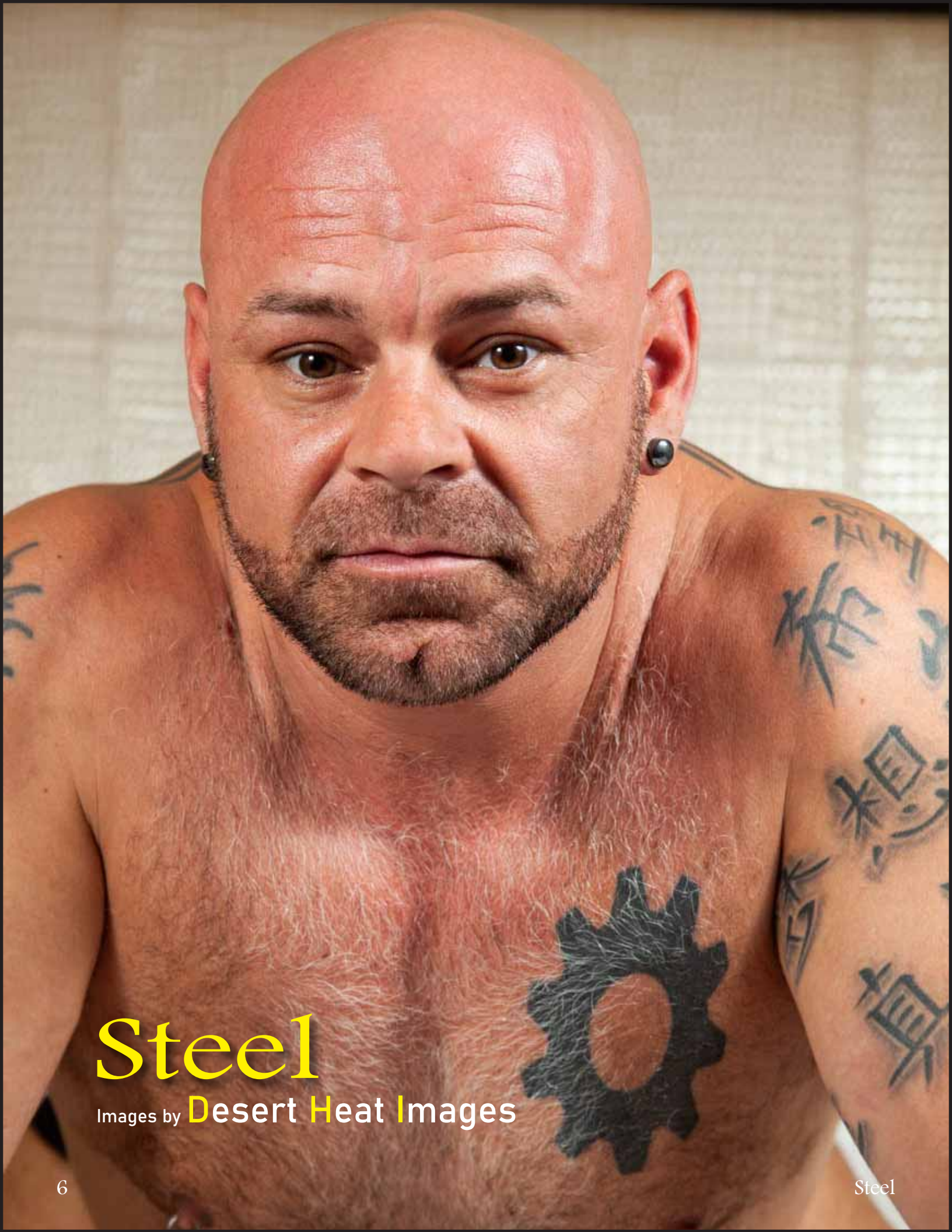
Also, give your love ones a call, text, message, or whatever and let them know just how important they are to you. Reach out to old friends via phone or online and let them know you are thinking about them. It helps to alleviate some stress and who knows, may rekindle something that needs it!!

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!



John

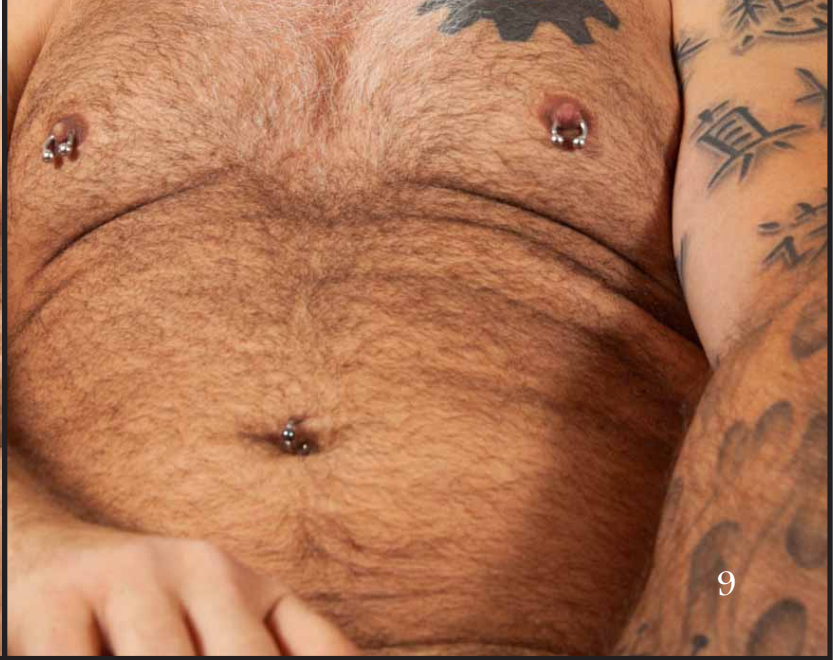
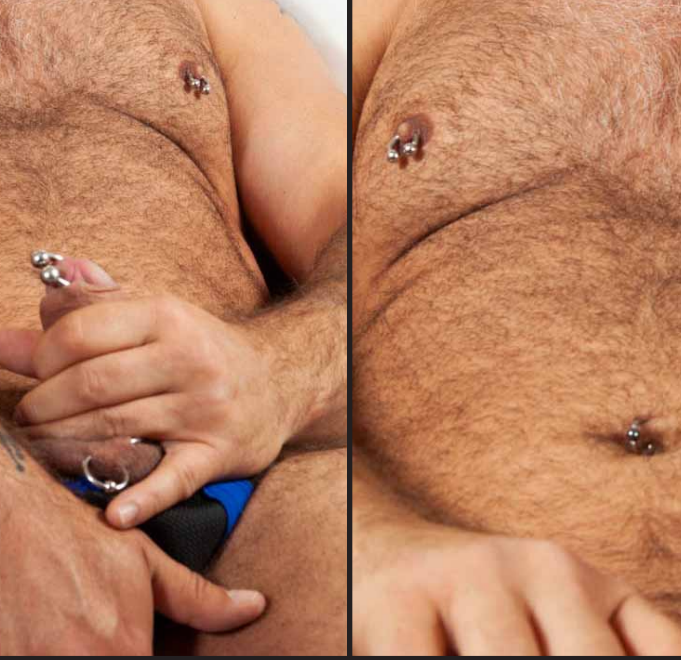


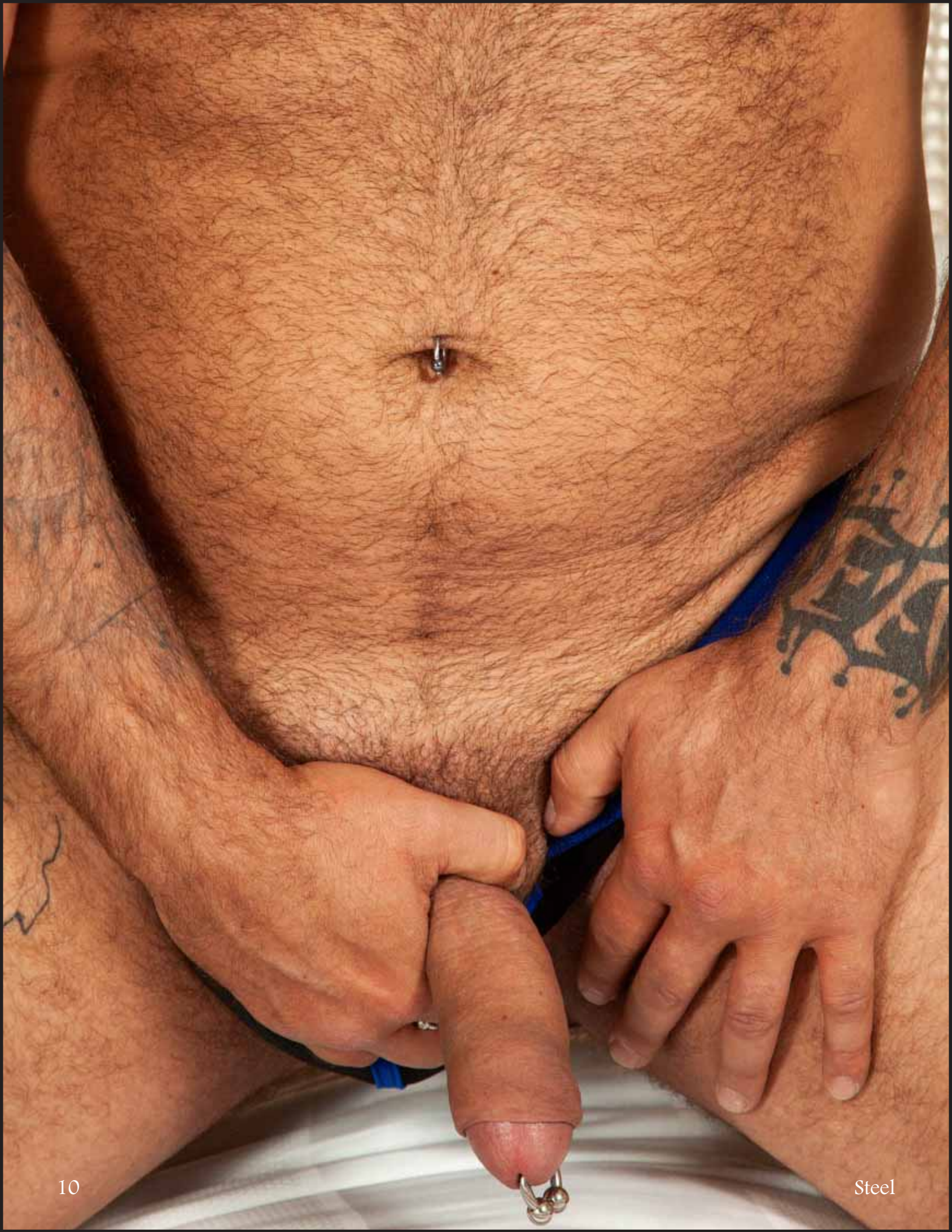
Steel

Images by **Desert Heat Images**













Mick but instead saw the giant, black wolf in a fedora and trench coat, glowing orange eyes, and vibrantly white, sharp teeth, which were smiling at him. A large hungry grin. Fluffy black fur all around his neck, sticking out at the collar of the coat, near his broad, strong shoulders. Blake nearly shouted out loud, making a muffled sound as one of the big wolf paws came down over his mouth.

Jezebel

Story by Elijah James Barrett

It wasn't only Blake's courageous sense of adventure, or his strong commitment to finishing this Jezebel case that made him want to stay in this horrible place and investigate, while that monster was still out there. There was a strange sense of familiarity about this place, the ruins of the worlds fair, that he couldn't quite place, as if he had some distant memory of being here, perhaps with Christina, on a possible date, long ago. ...

...But that wouldn't have been possible, both he and Christina had only met years after the worlds fair of 1933 had been closed down and abandoned. Yet there was still that memory, of he and Christina looking out across the lake, on the docks, and the worlds fair was still there, gleaming silver, proudly (or perhaps ominously) in the distance. Blake couldn't remember anything beyond that. Memories of Christina, or Jezebel so often came unbidden, triggered by something unpredictable, and now, when Blake wanted to remember, anything that might help him figure out why he would remember this place, the memories wouldn't come. He would have to wait for them, he guessed, and that suspense, not knowing how or when the memory would finally hit him, Blake found horrifying, as if it was waiting for him just around one of the dark alley corners up ahead.

Blake kept his suspicions that he had been

here before a secret from Mick. He didn't want his new big friend to think he was crazier than he already was, and perhaps lose him. But here he still was, even after they had almost had a run in with that ghostly white creature. If Mick would still stay with him, even after that incident, he was sure nothing could scare him away.

Blake and Mick neared the center of the worlds fair grounds when another shadow began to approach them, crawling up the side of an alley wall. Blake and Mick stopped in their tracks, ready to dodge behind another wall, but this was not the same shadow they had witnessed before. It instead grew smaller as it approached, and from their hiding place Blake saw that it belonged to a figure much meeker and far less imposing, almost frail and frightened looking. Blake recognized the figure right away as one of the guards, or delivery boys from the back of the hotel, the frail looking hyena-man, who looked like he had never been cheerful in his life. He looked completely human now though, but still had the same facial features, if that was even possible. The hyena man looked around him, holding a flashlight and shivering, looking as if he did not want to be here, on a night shift he did not want to be a part of.

Blake and Mick stayed still as they watched the frail hyena man look around and take a turn in

the opposite direction. Blake wanted to take one more look at the strange little man as he turned the corner. Suddenly all his animalistic features seemed to come back, the muzzle looking just as sad and scared as the human face.

"That's the most miserable looking hyena I've ever seen," thinks Blake out loud.

"Yeah...you got that right," said Mick's voice quietly...but it sounded a little different. A little more... gravely... like a growl. Blake looked up at Mick but instead saw the giant, black wolf in a fedora and trench coat, glowing orange eyes, and vibrantly white, sharp teeth, which were smiling at him. A large hungry grin. Fluffy black fur all around his neck, sticking out at the collar of the coat, near his broad, strong shoulders. Blake nearly shouted out loud, making a muffled sound as one of the big wolf paws came down over his mouth.

The hyena guard heard this and turned around quickly, pointing his flashlight down their alley, just missing them.

"Who's... there?" asked the hyena guards voice, trying to sound intimidating, but the almost squeaking voice was shaking. Something must have spooked him bad. The hyena man didn't dare to venture into the alley where they were, and he sniffed, his whole body shivering, nose twitching like a rabbit's.

"Is.... is anybody there?" The voice sounded less certain and clearly shaken this time. "Is... is it you..Leon?...." no response "...Barrett?... Sam?"

Blake almost felt bad for the guy, he had the feeling he was here against his will. Probably sent by the other guards who had bullied him before in the hotel's storage rooms.

"It... it couldn't be you again... could it?" The hyena man's voice sounded even more nervous than before, as if he was about to shatter to pieces at any moment. The hyena man waited for a response, but Mick and Blake kept silent, Blake trying not to look at Mick, as the Buru-Bara was making him hallucinate the great Black Wolf again. The hyena man kept his flashlight pointed at the silent, black mouth of the alleyway. Nothing. "I... guess I'd better be going now..." he said feebly, talking to himself, as he backed away into the opposite alley, his eyes still on their hiding place, as he waited to see if anything would emerge. After a moment of staring at the empty alley, the hyena guard sighed with relief and continued on his way,

his shadow disappearing around the corner.

Blake sighed as well, and looked back at Mick who was now human again.

"Woah... he almost found us," said Mick.

"I don't think he wanted to find us," said Blake. "I think he would have shit himself if he did."

Mick chuckled at this, trying to stay quiet.

"Heh, yer funny Blake, but yeah, he sure did! Aha!... Hey, by they way, you're acting kinda jumpy tonight man. Why'd ya almost scream?"

"Hey, I wasn't going to scream," said Blake defensively, "...but yeah... I was staring to see things again... you didn't... look like you."

Mick looked oddly understanding, and nodded, after looking into Blake's eyes.

"Hmm... I see... boy, seems like Buru-Bara really has an effect on you. I think you might be sensitive to the stuff"

"I'll say... I mean I did breath in a bunch of those fumes back there at the hotel..."

"Might take longer than I thought to wear off... that's no good," says Mick, contemplatively rubbing his chin and beard, and looking off to the side. Then he looks at Blake again, assertively, but still wary. "Well, just keep in mind, whatever you might see, try not to yell, or freak out about it. Just act as if it's real, and you don't want to attract its attention".

"Yeah I'll..." Blake starts to nod... "...what exactly is that supposed to mean?"

"Just keep it in mind," says Mick, "this place is dangerous, regardless of whether what you see is real or not. And whatever you do, don't look at a reflection of yourself while you're here."

"Okay... but why...?"

"Trust me, just don't, not if that stuff is still in your system".

Blake nods, and they go back out into the open street, out of the alley, the coast now clear. They make their way to the central hub of the worlds fair.

Mick and Blake had wandered the old fairgrounds, blindly, for about eleven minutes, when they finally came to what looked like an open clearing in the dense thicket of dark buildings, and tattered ruins.

They had found the source of the colored lights, which did not seem to illuminate much around them at all, but they could see well enough to view what remained of the great buildings of the

so called "Rainbow City" of the 1930s. It looked like something from a Hollywood movie, some sort of technicolor "other-land". The kaleidoscope of color, as dim as it was, still managed to hurt Blake's eyes, even though it was strangely beautiful.

Blake and Mick hid in the shadows of the dilapidated buildings and attractions for a moment, while Mick looked around, he motioned for them to go out into the area with the colored lights. When Blake asked if they might be seen or caught, thinking of the monster they had seen earlier, Mick assured him that hardly anyone went into thus part of the old "fairgrounds". The reason, the overwhelming smell of chlorine. It reminded Blake of the swimming pool at the bathhouse where Blake loved to swim at night, to cool down on a hot day, and clear his head. The smell was to cover up a nastier piece of the past, lurking in the fairgrounds, for underneath all the glistening, futuristic splendor, and colorful galas and buildings of ammoniated cleanliness, and cutting edge "modern" conveniences, was unfiltered sewage water, veining through the buildings. This was why the entire area had been condemned and quarantined, waiting for its inevitable destruction, and all the optimistic promises of the future had been abandoned.

"You know why the chlorine smell is so strong here, Blake?" asks Mick, as if he had been reading his mind again.

"The colors in the water?" Blake guesses.

"No, it's to clean up this place, and make it sanitary again. The water here was toxic back then, at the time of the World's Fair. Lots of people got sick from it and died...I think about 90 people"

"What from?" asks Blake.

Mick gives a queasy look at Blake. "Amebic dysentery" he says.

Blake winces. "What an awful way to go."

Blake looked at the beautiful, yet poisoned waters that illuminated the surrounding buildings like a glowing multicolored version of Venice, and remembered what one of the thugs in the hotel had mentioned. Something they called "rainbow death." Could this be what they had been referring to? No, Blake thought to himself, That wasn't it. Somehow Blake knew that whatever they had been speaking of, was far more active and dangerous than something as stagnant as poisoned water. The fear in that Hyena-man's voice was enough to tell Blake

Jezebel

that much.

But there were other things to be found in this once wondrous mass of color and filth than the pungent stench that clouded Blake's senses, portals to forgotten places, temples preserved in time from across the seas, from China, from India, and Peru. The recreations of these places were remarkable. A great building made out of pure glass was a little further behind the temple replicas, standing tall overt them, a faint green hue emanating from it. Some of the towers looked like colorful cylinders like, and the rail cars remain suspended from the Sky Ride wires above them, the wires barely visible, making it looks as if the rail cars were floating up against the black and starry sky, like colorful floating umbrellas...and at the very center, was a massive structure, with three connected towers, standing tall, but dark and shadowed, like a smaller shadow of the much larger and vast towers Blue Rose Hotel. There was so much to soak in, inside this place, that Blake would have probably greatly appreciated if he eyes and nose weren't being assaulted by the deadly fumes.

Blake and Mick continued exploring the vast epicenter of the ground, trying hard not the breath in the chemicals which filled the air around them.

Blake took in the colorful, yet fell surroundings around him. The faintly glowing futuristic city looked like it was painted into life by vibrant rainbow colors, which shined up from floodlight beneath polluted waters against a pitch black background of inky, impenetrable night. The colors of the floodlights made each building look as if it were only an impression or a ghost of itself in the dark. The place that was once refuge from the rest of the city, was now decayed, and left forgotten. A colorful shadow.

Blake and Mick walked through the colorful jungle of buildings until they began to spread apart into rows, creating a lane that extended to the edge of the great lake. There were lines of abandoned hotels, that stretched all the way to the far end of the island, where it looked like some of them, as impossible as it sounded, still had signs that were partially lit up. There was one in particular, with glowing green lights crawling up the sides, which struck Blake as strangely familiar. The similarly

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Grinded

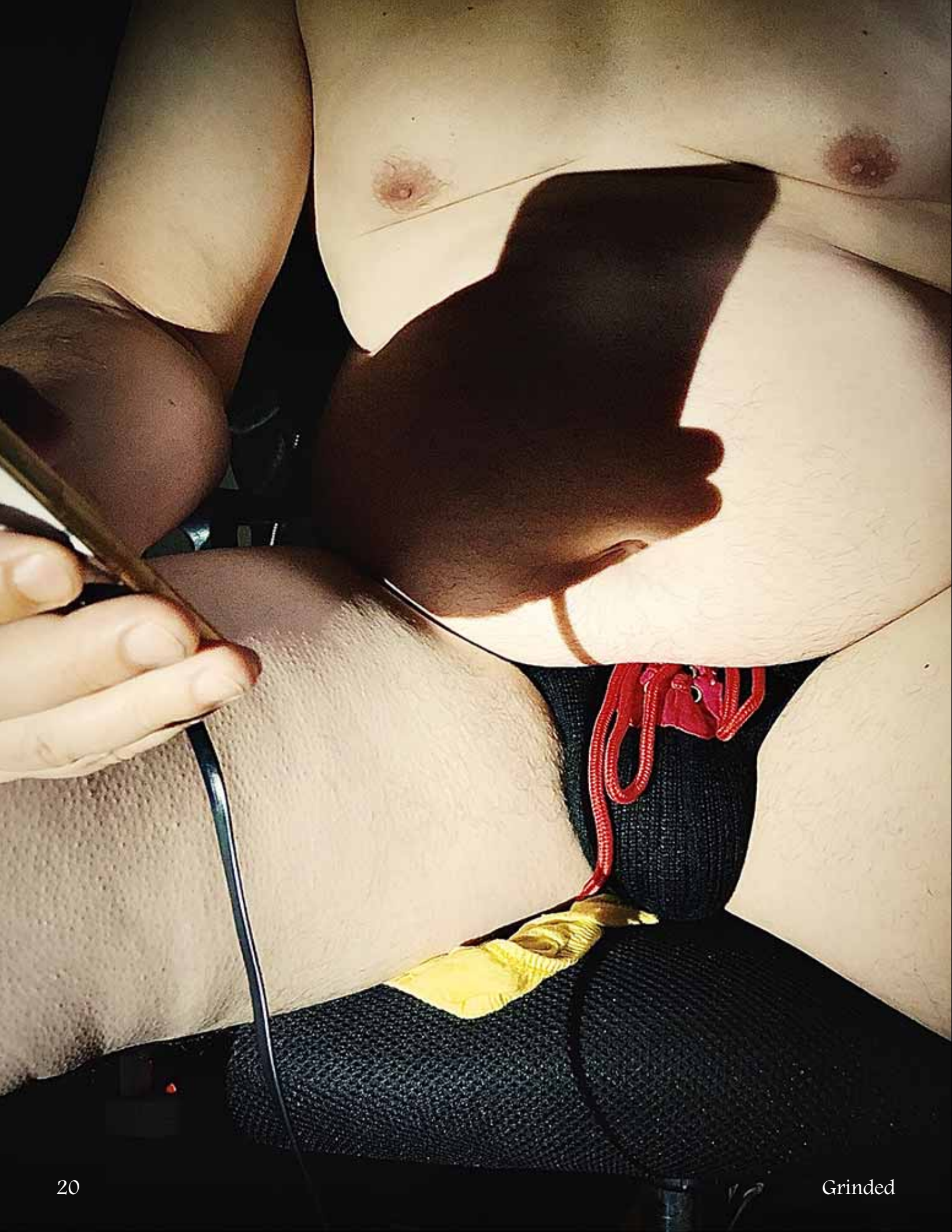


Models:
Miguel Nochair and Friends
Images by:
Miguel NOCHAIR Photography











Brad left the racquetball courts and headed back to school. He couldn't shake the images of Zach out of his head, Zach showering naked next to him, Zach soaping his body up, Zach talking about which underwear he'd look best in. Brad was so turned on by Zach that he was worried that he'd just suddenly snap and jump the kid.

Can I Call You UNCLE

story by **Coyote Studios** and **Gareth Johnson**

Chapter 5

"Later, boys - I'm off to work, don't stay in bed too long!" yelled Brad, as he hurried out the door to work.

"Have a good day..." a groggy Blake muttered from their bedroom.

Blake walked out of the bedroom, naked, to make some coffee and start some breakfast for himself and the kid.

"Oh shit, I should not be out here naked..." Blake reminded himself, quickly grabbing some loose fitting boxer briefs from the bedroom before returning to the kitchen to finish making coffee and breakfast.

While Blake sipped his morning coffee, he'd thrown some bacon in the skillet to start cooking. It didn't take long for the smell of bacon to drift into every room of the house.

The smell of sizzling bacon soon woke up Zach. He pulled on his gym shorts and walked out to the kitchen.

"Ah wow, you cooking again?" grinned Zach, sitting down on the bar stool in the kitchen

while trying not to stare at Blake's perfect chiseled chest and loose-fitting boxers

"Someone has to feed your skinny ass..." smirked Blake, while he scrambled some eggs. "Can you make some toast? The bread is right there on the counter..."

"Sure!" nodded Zach, walking around the bar in the kitchen to take charge of the toaster, distracted by the sight of Blake's big beefy arms, his perfectly round muscular pecs, and dime-size nipples nuzzled in his hairy chest.

"Want some juice?" offered Blake.

"Yeah, if you have orange juice that would be great!" nodded Zach, as he grabbed the plates to take them to the table. "You're in luck, we do..." confirmed Blake, scooting in behind Zach in the tight kitchen on his way to the refrigerator. Blake's chest brushed along Zach's back. Zach felt every hair on Blake's chest as they danced across his smooth skin, sending chills down his spine. Zach could feel Blake's warm breathe on the back of his neck. "Sorry, it's a tight kitchen."

Blake stood in front of the open fridge longer than he needed to, trying to cool himself down,

realising that he probably shouldn't just wear boxer shorts around a sexy young guy like Zach.

Zach grabbed the two plates and quickly sat down at the table, trying to adjust his semi-erect cock which was hard to conceal in his gym shorts. Blake eventually brought two glasses of orange juice to the table and sat down across from Zach.

"Wow, this looks great!" mumbled Zach, already munching on a piece of toast. "Thanks for cooking, Uncle Blake."

"No problem..." smiled Blake. "I love cooking, so I tend to be the cook of the house."

"I feel like you two are pampering me..." said Zach. "You're both so nice to me - I haven't had it this nice in a long time."

"We just want to make you feel at home, Zach..." shrugged Blake.

"Well, I appreciate it..." said Zach. "What's on your agenda for today?"

"Nothing much..." mumbled Blake. "I need to start looking for work, but I also want to edit some photos in my studio..."

"I didn't know you were photographer?" said Zach. "I'd love to see some of your work?"

"Cool!" grinned Blake, finishing the last of his breakfast. "I'm going to take a shower then head to my studio, just pop down when you're ready and I'll show you what I've been working on."

Blake headed down the hall to the bedroom and closed the door and landed on the bed. Laying there, he kept thinking about that moment in the kitchen when his chest brushed against Zach's back, he'd felt the intensity of the connection between them, he knew that he could have just taken Zach right there. The thoughts made Blake's cock hard in an instant. Sliding his boxers down to his ankles he slowly started to stroke it, playing with the precum that had begun to flow. Blake reached over to grab his computer and went to his favorite porn site - Daddies and Sons. His favorite video was already keyed up - the one where the step-dad catches his step-son getting fucked by the neighbor. Blake had always fantasized about the daddy-son dynamic. It went back to when he was a kid, he always liked to hang around the older muscled guys at the gym. His dad was big and beefy also.

It had been two of the guys at the gym who had first given Blake a taste of what it feels like

Can I Call You Uncle?

when an older guy takes charge. Blake had been kicking back in the sauna at the gym one day, after a workout. He always liked the sauna, just being able to sit around naked with other guys, listening to their conversations, admiring their bodies. The sauna had been empty when Blake went in, he threw some water on the hot stones and spread his towel out on one of the wooden benches. It was only a few moments later that Hank and Stan walked into the sauna. Blake knew them a bit, he'd seen them working out at the gym a couple of times. They were friends of his Dad. It was only a small sauna, and Hank and Steve sat on either side of Blake as the three of them shared the wooden bench. "Hey, Blake..." nodded Hank.

"How's your Dad, kid?" asked Stan.

"Hey, guys..." nodded Blake. "Yeah, all good..."

"You're getting some nice definition there, kid..." observed Hank. "You'll be putting your old man to shame pretty soon!" "Hardly!" grinned Blake. "He's way bigger than me."

"Not in every respect..." winked Stan, wiping the palm of his hand down across his sweaty chest, down across his stomach, and down to rest on his cock. Blake tried not to stare.

"You ever jack-off in here, kid?" asked Hank. "Um, no..." replied Blake. "Never have."

"Looks like you might need to..." winked Hank, looking at Blake's cock which was obviously chubbed up with the excitement of being naked next to the two big guys.

"We're always jacking off in here..." added Stan, running the palm of his hand up and down his cock-shaft. "Getting all sweaty always turns me on..." Blake couldn't quite believe what was happening as he watched Hank and Stan both begin jacking their thick cocks.

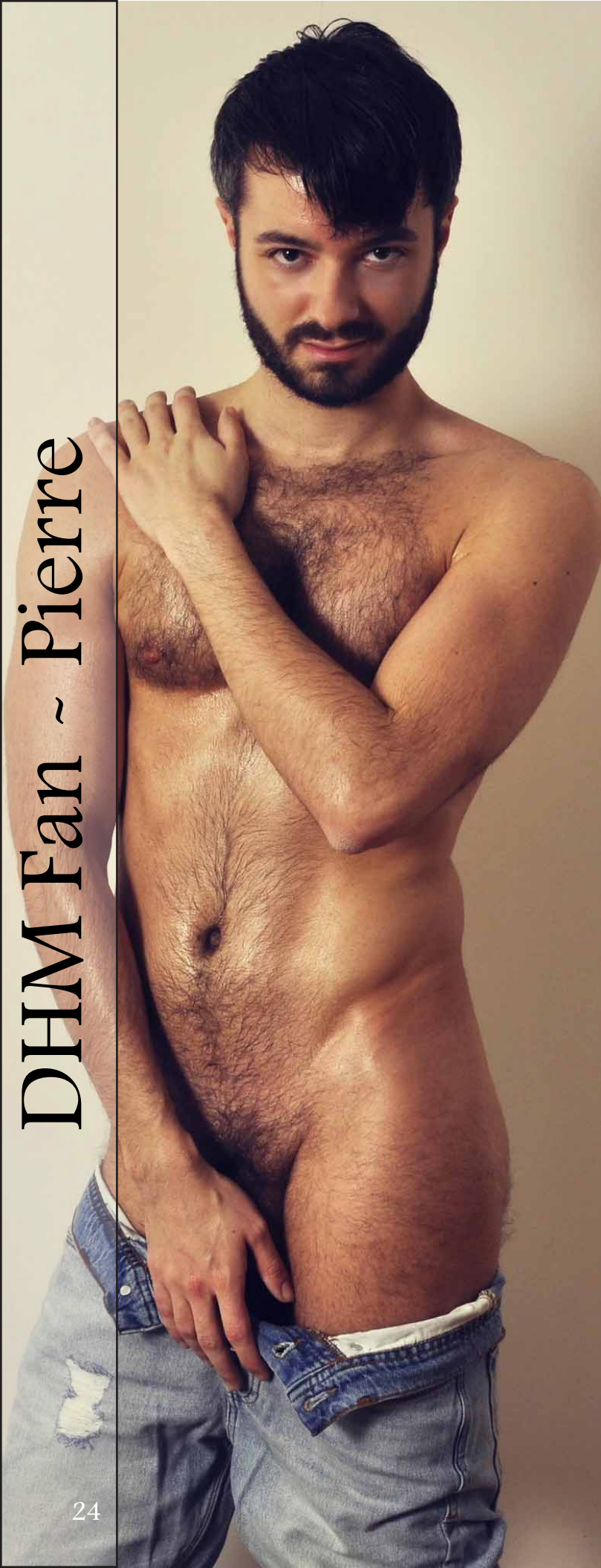
"Are you going to join in, kid, or are you just going to watch us?" asked Hank. Blake's resistance crumbled and he wrapped his fist around his hard cock and began firmly jacking.

"Ever stick your fingers up your hole while you're jacking?" asked Stan. Blake shook his head. "Here, let me show you..." said Stan, using his spare hand to reach between Blake's legs until his fingers found Blake's sweaty boy-hole.

"Ungh..." moaned Blake, as Stan's fingers

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DHM Fan ~ Pierre





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BEARS & BALLS

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SUPER HEROES



Images by **JAVIER A LARA**



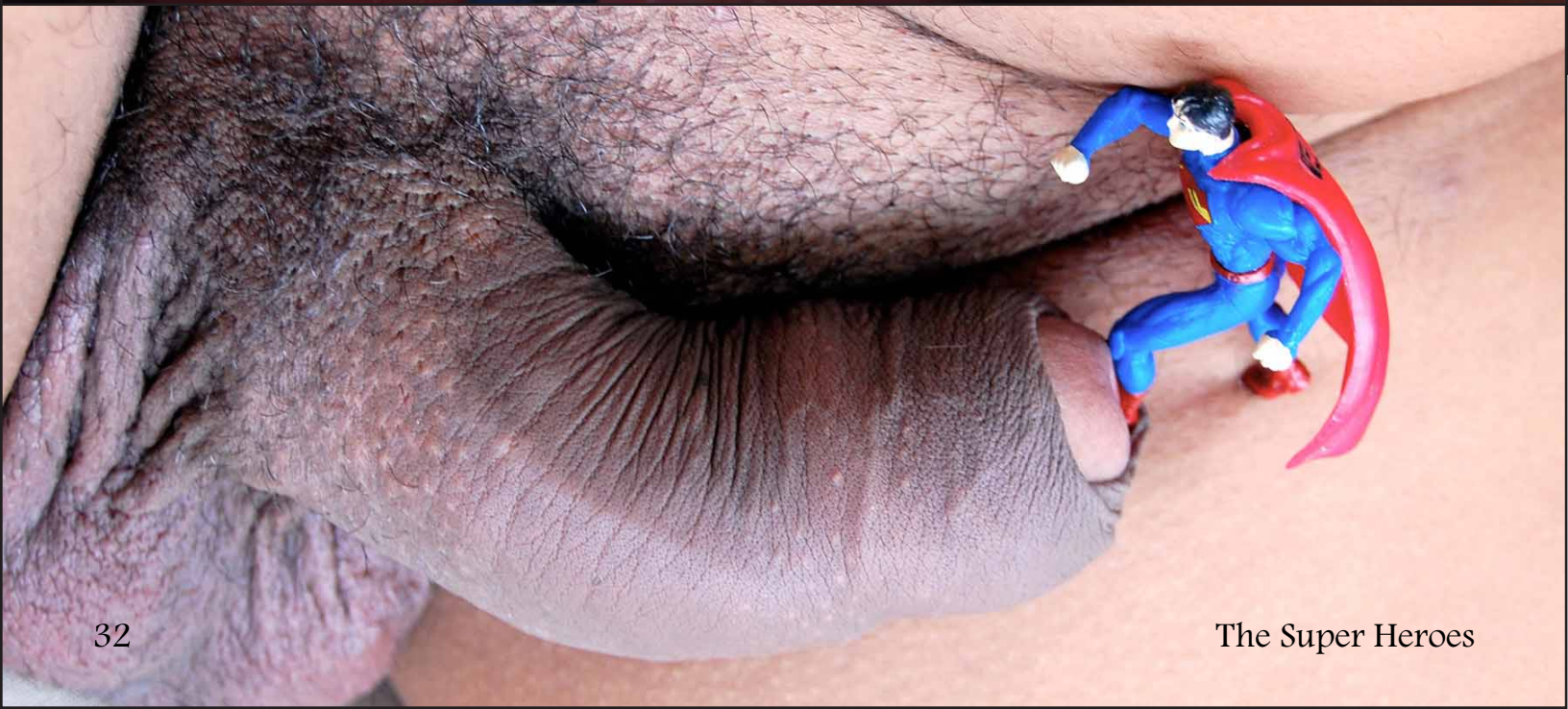














The Superheroes is a project that found a different meaning in these chaotic time we are living, this is a project I want to share because it makes a call for reflection, and shares humor as a therapeutic outlet. But lets never forget that:

-Money is worth nothing because Rich & Poors we are all exposed to the same things. The human race is vulnerable and even in times like this, not even the most powerful countries had the technology to fight the pandemic. Lest not forget that water is the most precious resource and that

-by washing our hands we can prevent so much. Nature finally had a chance to breathe, and air quality improved, and fish saw in rivers that had not been seen in years, and people became friendly. Most importantly let's not forget alternative news are more dangerous than the problems, they produce chaos they miss inform, the produce hate.

Let's not forget that real leaders put aside politics, and work hard for what is best for the nation that elected them. And do not forget that home is the best shelter to Center in one's spiritual belief, and never forget this experience.

About Javier Lara

I am a son of the Americas. I was born in Colombia, raised in Venezuela, and pursued my higher education in the USA, having received a B.F.A. from Rhode Island College in 1992. In between, I had the privilege to work in the HIV/AIDS field in Massachusetts and in California from 1994-2000, where I developed the first HIV Spanish curriculum for the Department of Public Health in Los Angeles County, California. In 2003, I celebrated an artistic milestone, receiving my M.F.A. at the Art Institute of Chicago.

My personal life history has both colored my journey and been an important influence on my art and creativity. My parents have been the most important artistic influence on me: by exposing me to different cultures and allowing me the space and freedom to have the world as my playground. I pay homage to my parents by keeping their voice alive through my work creations.

green neon sign on the side displayed the absurd, vertically placed name: "E EL TOWER". Blake stared at the distant sign for a moment. That couldn't have been the complete name. There were dark spaces in between the letters which indicated there were letters missing. This particular tower, which looked like a grand, greenish glowing hotel, not unlike one of the towers of the "Blue Rose" itself, should not have stood out to Blake as much as it did, but for some reason he couldn't take his eyes from it, he remembered it somehow. Blake searched his memories, which were turning up blanks, trying to remember if and when he had seen this tower before, when his eyes drifted over to a wall at the back of one of the buildings in the foreground. The wall belonged to what looked like an old, yet streamlined house or museum of sorts. It reminded Blake of a cartoon he once saw, about a "House of Tomorrow". It wasn't huge, and looked much less impressive than the buildings surrounding it, but was decked out in the same art deco style that was so prevalent during the years of the great depression. What drew Blake's attention to it wasn't the house itself, but something written on its side wall. It appeared to be a sign, or engraving of some kind, or perhaps graffiti? Blake could not see it clearly, from here, it was the one shadowed place in this otherwise glowing town square.

Mick had his eyes set on the same tower Blake had been looking at only a moment before. He had noticed a lit window, the only lit window in the tower, way up on the roof level. Blake headed toward it, overcome with curiosity.

"Do you see that?" asked Mick, his eyes on the window, "Now who do you suppose could be up there? In a place like this?"

"I don't know, man," said Blake, his eyes still fixed on the shadowed building about twenty feet away.

Mick squinted his eyes, looking at the lit window in the tower.

"Well, someone's up there...I saw movement...let's go check it out...stay close behind me buddy."

"Okay..." said Blake mindlessly. He thought he could hear music, almost non-existent, coming from that old, dark, museum-like building. Was it in

his mind, or was it really there? Either way, it drowned out Mick's words, and he could hear nothing else.

Mick, who was as equally transfixed on the window of the tall hotel tower in the distance, took off towards it, not noticing that had Blake stayed behind, and was now heading in the opposite direction.

As Blake heads toward the abandoned futuristic looking house, Mick heads for the tower...

Several minutes later, Mick had made it nearly half-way to the base of the tower, still unaware of Blake's absence. He still had a ways to go, but he was close enough now that he could see the lit window at the top, in much greater detail. It looked like the balcony window of a penthouse, and Mick could see it all the way from where he stood, his vision had always been exceptional. There was a thin, colorless curtain, illuminated by a lamp, and someone was standing behind it. He had seen a hand disappear behind the folds of the curtain, just a moment ago, and at that moment Mick was certain that someone was indeed watching them. He quickly turns to Blake, to alert him, but he was no longer in the area.

"Blake?" asks Mick. There's no response. He sniffs the air. There is no sign of him.

Mick had been so preoccupied on getting over to the tower he had completely lost track of Blake's scent. "Shit, Mick, now you've gone and done it..." says Mick, disappointed with himself. He takes off, following his own path down the lane of abandoned buildings, looking for Blake for about ten minutes before he finds himself back at the crossroads, near the colorful town square. He stops here and sniffs again.

Amidst the foul smell of the sewage and chlorine he finally picked up Blake's scent again.

Mick looks around him, frantically, and sniffs the air, he follows the scent of Blake's trail like a hound, until he sees that Blake's path is leading towards a dilapidated looking building, like a futuristic museum. Suddenly his nostrils were ablaze, and he felt a terrible aura coming from this place. One that he had sensed before, just before they entered the abandoned fairgrounds. It was a very bad smell, but mixed with something else, almost appealing, and suddenly Mick realized what it must be. He started running, following the trail of Blake's scent as quick as he could.

“Blake! Blake!” he called after him. He had to find him as fast as possible.

By the time Mick had realized Blake was missing, Blake was already coming up on the wall of the strange house of the future, where the sign that had caught his eye was. He had kept his flashlight off, so as not to attract any attention. It was quiet in this place, even more so than the rest of the grounds they had explored. By this point, the music had disappeared, and Blake was sure that it must have been his imagination. There was little that he could see around him, except a statue near the house, which seemed to be missing a head. Blake squints, looking at the wall on the left side of the house. The sign looked cluttered, impossible to read in this light. Blake felt he had no choice but to turn on his flashlight. He points the torch at the wall, and flicks it on. An enormous engraving meets his eyes, ornate, giant letters, boasting the motto of the “Century of Progress” :

*“SCIENCE FINDS, INDUSTRY APPLIES,
MAN ADAPTS”*

Blake walks over to the door of the futuristic house. He was startled at first as he neared the doors by a line of figures standing in a row outside the house. Blake almost was ready to fight them, thinking that they were about to attack, but the figures did not move. After a moment, Blake realized that they were mannequins, or dummies, positioned across the path leading to the house. Blake shined his flashlight on them. He saw that they were mechanical, almost robotic looking, formerly dressed in fine clothes which were now only scraps of cloth, and now looked like skeletons, which were falling apart, still standing with their frozen smiles, greeting and welcoming people into the “House of Dreams”, as the sign next to them read. Blake looked around the derelict lawn of the futuristic house and saw that there were more of them, looking like they were mowing the nonexistent grass, pruning trees, a family of these robotic mannequins we’re having a picnic at a table on the lawn, and some had fallen, sprawled out in pieces around the table, looking like a murder scene amidst the wholesome family scene.

Blake approaches the glass doors to the house, examining them for a moment with his flashlight, about ready to pry them open when they
Jezebel

creaked open suddenly, sliding aside. Blake jumped back. There seemed to be an automated voice coming from a speaker inside the house. Blake braced himself, not exactly sure what he would find inside this place, and went through the doorway.

A record player somewhere in the house started playing, it must have been set to automatically start when guests entered the house. Blake heard the music play out of speakers in the walls, and jumped again. No lights turned on, leaving the house dark, so Blake wondered how the record player was operational with no apparent power. The instrumental music and the crooning voice coming over the intercom was familiar to Blake...he had heard it once or twice before. It was the same music he thought he had heard earlier on the way to this house. It was Peter Van Steeden and Dick Robertson’s “Home (When Shadows Fall)”. Blake had the impression the music was used to make the visitors feel like they were returning home from a long day, welcoming them, as if this was their own home to relax in. There were lots of futuristic versions of home comforts surrounding him, including a self rocking chair, a coffee table which was automatically setting itself with a thermos of coffee, cups, and stacks of cards, and other devices that Blake couldn’t even guess the function of.

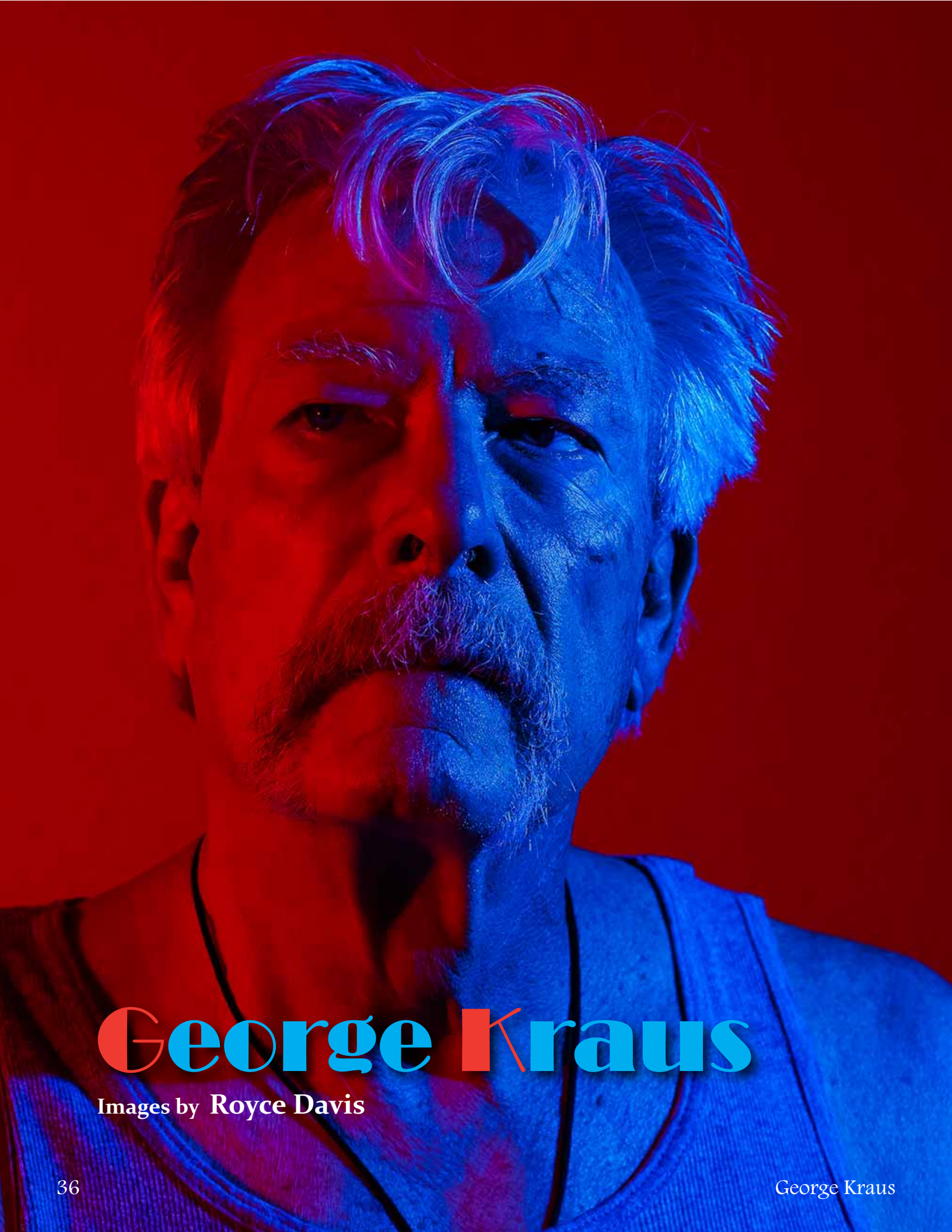
Blake sees a robot-mannequin in the corner near a window, of a woman, smoking a cigarette, silhouetted against the faint light seeping in. She looked half like a store mannequin, and half like rusted, corroding machinery. The arm resting on the table moved with mechanical creeks, up and down, as a lighter flicked on and lit her cigarette, and the robotic hand bright it up to her mouth, there was a billowing sound, and smoke came out of the robot mannequins mouth, cheeks and eyes.

What other bizarre contraptions were in this place? Blake thought to himself.

Blake suddenly wanted to explore this strange future house, maybe it was a place Christina, or Jezebel would have liked to visit while here.

Blake wanders the house looking for anything that might remind him or help in finding Jezebel. He thinks it’s in vain, what could possibly

Continued on page 53



George Kraus

Images by Royce Davis



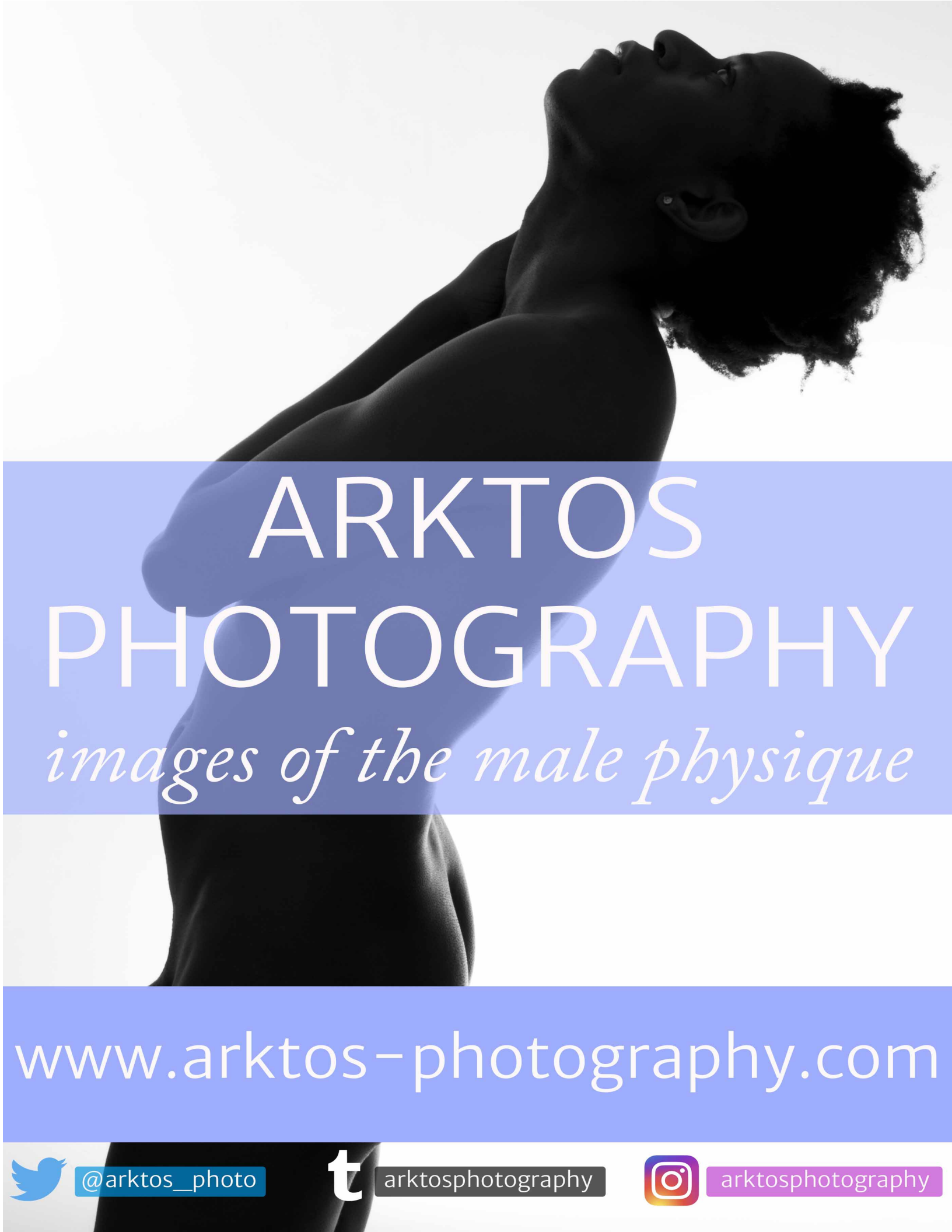












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made contact.

"I think he likes it..." grinned Hank, as Blake spread his legs to give Stan better access, allowing Stan's fingers to push deeper inside him. "Come and sit up here, little man..." said Hank, practically lifting Blake so that he was sitting on Hank's lap. Hank pulled Blake's knees back towards his chest so that Stan could continue working his fingers in and out of Blake's tight and smooth boy-hole. "Does that feel good, little man?"

"Uh huh..." nodded Blake, the sweat and heat sliding between his body and Hank's hairy chest.

"You think he's going to be able to be able to take that?" asked Hank, as Stan lined his thick cock up against Blake's boy-hole. "I've got him pretty loose..." shrugged Stan. "Besides, it's not every day you get to take the cherry of your buddy's son." "Good point..." grinned Hank. "Who knew that the kid would be such a Daddy's Boy"

As Blake got older, and his body filled out and became more muscular, his taste changed from older guys to younger guys, but there was always something about the power dynamic between an older guy and a younger guy that really got Blake horned up. Watching the video on his computer, as the Dad and the neighbor tag-teamed the slutty son and filled him with their cum, Blake was soon firing off thick ropes of hot cum all over his chest. He reached down and grabbed his boxers to clean up his load and threw the spent mess on the floor before heading to the shower.

Zach finished cleaning up after breakfast and headed down the hall. While passing the guys' bedroom he noticed the door was half-open. He was curious so he peeked through the open door. Zach heard the shower going, so he knew he had a few minutes to look around. He noticed Blake's underwear on the floor. As he reached down to pick them up and smell them, he heard the shower shut off. Not wanting to get caught, Zach quickly rushed back to his room and shut the door.

Zach fell onto the bed, he couldn't believe he had Blake's boxers in his hand. He started to examine them and noticed they were wet.

"Holy fuck! Blake must have shot his load before his shower..." muttered Zach, his fingers confirming the unmistakable consistency of a fresh

load of cum. The thought of Blake's fresh load in his hand got Zach's cock rock-hard instantly. Zach ripped off his gym shorts and began to stroke his cock. He took the boxers and tasted Blake's load. The taste sent Zach over the edge. He began to shoot nice thick gobs of cum all over himself. Zach used Blake's boxers to wipe up his fresh load, mixing their cum together.

After his shower, Zach grabbed a towel and dried himself off. As he was trying to tame his hair, he realised that he didn't have any more hair gel.

"I wonder if the guys have any I can borrow?" Zach said to himself. He wrapped a towel around his waist and went to see if he could find Blake to ask him.

"Blake, are you in there?" said Zach, loudly directing his question to the closed bedroom door.

"Down here, Zach!" shouted Blake, from the spare room down the end of the hall that had been converted into Blake's photography studio.

"Hey, buddy, welcome to my studio!" grinned Blake, admiring Zach's body. "What's with the towel?"

"I ran out of hair gel and was wondering if I could borrow some from you guys?" asked Zach. "Wow - cool photos! I love this black and white series!"

"Thanks!" grinned Blake, flattered by Zach's praise. "I usually do landscape photography, but lately I've been venturing out and doing portraits. Here's one I did of a couple of college guys that modeled for me recently..."

"I love how you captured their bodies..." admired Zach.

"They were a couple of hotties..." winked Blake. "Very easy on the eye, and very easy to work with."

"Could I model for you sometime?" suggested Zach.

"Sure, we can do a short one today, if you like?" shrugged Blake.

"What's this framed piece behind here?" asked Zach, reaching around some light stands and other camera equipment.

"Let me help you with that..." offered Blake, moving in behind Zach to help lift the heavy portrait. Zach stumbled, and Blake instinctively reached out and put his hands on Zach's waist to help him regain his balance. In the process, Zach's towel fell to the floor, exposing Zach's perfect

bubble butt. Zach turned around. Blake's hands were still on Zach's waist just inches from his cock. Blake looked down and took in the size of Zach's cock and balls before bending down to retrieve Zach's towel from the floor.

"Yikes! Sorry about that..." apologised Zach, taking the towel but not making much of an attempt to conceal his nakedness "Let me go get dressed and then I can model for you - unless you want me to model nude?"

"Ah, maybe go grab some clothes and then we can talk about the scene..." said Blake, not wanting to totally dismiss the idea of Zach modeling nude but also not wanting to seem too eager. "Sure, be right back..." grinned Zach.

Staring at Zach's ass as he watched him walk out of the studio, Blake realised that he was quickly losing his self-control around Zach.

"Hey, Zach..." said Blake. "Can we do this tonight? I forgot that I have to meet a buddy at the gym, I owe him a work out." "Sure, no problem..." replied Zach, a little confused by Blake's sudden change of plans.

Blake pulled into the gym parking lot and was relieved when he saw Steve's black Ford truck parked in the lot. Blake's cock began to swell in anticipation of another fuck-down with Steve. As he walked into the gym, Blake saw Steve heading into the locker-room.

"Ready for round two?" asked Blake, walking up behind Steve and placing a firm hand on his shoulder.

"I thought you said it was a one-time thing?" grinned Steve. "Do you want to talk about it, or do you want my hard cock in your cunt?" growled Blake.

"You're the boss, Daddy..." winked Steve. "My cunt is yours whenever you want it..."

Chapter 6

"For someone who's never played racquetball before, you sure picked it up quickly!" conceded Brad, leading the way off the court and into the locker-room.

"Beginner's luck, I guess..." grinned Zach.

"Don't tell Blake that you beat me..." instructed Brad. "I'll never hear the end of it..."

"Deal..." winked Zach, kicking off his

trainers and starting to strip off his sweaty t-shirt.

Brad tried to focus his attention on anything except Zach. There was no denying that he wanted to see what the kid looked like naked, but he didn't want to give the impression of being a pervy kind of guy. But Zach didn't seem self-conscious in any way, throwing his towel over his shoulder and walking naked through the locker-room to the shower. As he followed Zach into the showers, Brad couldn't keep his eyes off the kid's smooth, hairless ass. Brad's cock instantly began to chub up as he imagined pushing his face between Zach's firm round ass-cheeks.

Hanging their towels on the hooks near the open row of showers, Brad turned on the shower and immediately stuck his head under the cold water to try and cool himself down a bit. "Fuck that's cold..." he spluttered.

"Isn't there any hot water?" asked Zach, tentatively testing the water with his hand.

"Yeah, it will warm up in a minute..." confirmed Brad. "I guess I just wanted to clear my head a bit..."

Brad tried to think of suitably safe conversation topics so that he didn't get distracted by watching Zach soaping himself up, but having the kid standing next to him naked was really messing with Brad's self-control.

"So... what are your plans for this afternoon?" asked Brad, turning his shower tap a bit colder to try and keep his cock from giving too much away.

"I'm going to just go home and relax a bit..." replied Zach. "I've got a trial shift at a bar in town tonight, so I want to make sure that I've got plenty of energy for that."

"Will you be dancing?" asked Brad.

"Yeah, my first shift as a go-go boy..." grinned Zach. "They were a bit reluctant to hire me as I don't have any experience, but I convinced them to give me a try tonight so that I could show them what I could do."

"Excellent..." nodded Brad. "That's the kind of enthusiasm and persistence that employers want to see. Have they told you what to wear?"

"They seemed pretty relaxed about that..." shrugged Zach. "What do you think I should go with? I've got a pair of baby-blue Aussiebum briefs,

Continued on page 78

Barlow

Images by
Kirk Stephens Studio















be here ?...

Blake wanders the main living room, seeing what else he could find. There were several stacks of boxes close to the glass coffee table, where the coffee thermos was now automatically pouring coffee into each of the cups, each of the boxes marked with a logo of what looked like a red dog's head, with pointed ears it seemed, facing forward, and the print "B.R.W. INDUSTRIES" stamped on each box. Behind the boxes a bizarre electrical fireplace tries to spring into life, but dies with only a few short sparks. A large mirror was suspended over the fireplace, hanging from an odd angle, looking like it was about to fall off the wall.

Blake looks at pictures on the mantles, and the walls. Nothing familiar. Mostly advertisements for the appliances featured in this house and the world's fair itself. He does see an open book laying on a glass table underneath one of the windows. Blake goes over to examine it. Blake rubs his forefinger over one of the exposed pages, removing a layer of dust. The print is faded and there are cobwebs on it, but it looks like the book contains a list of names on each page, stopping on the page that Blake had placed his finger on. It appears to be a guestbook of visitors who entered the "house of tomorrow". Blake can't read any of the names in the dark, and the flashlight just makes the print look blurry to him. Blake decides to pocket the guest book, putting it inside his overcoat. He doesn't think anyone will miss it. There was a chance he might find something useful in its pages, he thought.

Meanwhile... outside.... the music of "Home" can be heard emanating from the house, echoing across the empty world's fair grounds. Someone watches the house from afar. They hear the music and they know that someone is inside. They approach the house.

Blake wanders into the kitchen. It looked like it was all once very cutting edge and streamlined, with appliances that looked high-tech... and strange early versions of dishwashers that transported the plates and glasses and silverware along their own sort of slides and conveyer belts to what looked like a large glass fishbowl filled with water and soap, which had now grown dark and rusty looking. There was a kitchen

table in the middle of the room, made of very squared off acute angles, and when Blake walked toward it, he stepped on a tile that sunk slightly and caused the table to drop into a trap door in the floor, and ironing board came up in its place, then descended, followed by a washing machine, then a makeshift futuristic bathtub. Blake watched the various appliances, and kitchen furniture go up and down in succession through the trap door, making mechanical noises, before the old system ultimately gave out, and Blake heard a crash, as the table falls and breaks through the trap door, leaving a giant empty black pit in the kitchen floor.

Blake carefully skirts around the pit to the other side of the kitchen. Blake eyes the pristine looking refrigerator, which glowed with compartments for various kinds of food, with buttons on the side, labeled with the types of food each box provided. Christina would have loved this, Blake thought, it would have reminded her of the automat, although all the food, the sandwiches, pies, salads, and cakes, all looked like they had been molding and inedible for years. Next to the fridge was an automatic juicer next to a glass cylinder filled with old rotting fruit, almost petrified looking, across the kitchen were the automatic "Superatomic" ovens on the walls, each with their own glass doors, built in pots and pressure cookers on the stovetops, electric kettles and teapots, and percolators, close to the sink was an automatic sandwich maker, and on the counter a sandwich. Blake wondered how many years that sandwich had been sitting there. Upon closer inspection Blake realized that unlike the rotting food in the refrigerator, this sandwich was fresh, like it had just been made. It had just been made. Blake could smell it. Blake picked up the sandwich, the bread was still soft. Maybe it was someone's lunch.

Someone's lunch? It's the middle of the night, thought Blake. But Blake knew what this meant... someone had been here, not long ago, to make this and would most likely be returning for it. Did someone live here? Blake carefully goes back into the living room, and passes by a picture on the wall that catches his eye. He stops and looks at it. It's a view of the world's fair, from across the great lake, the fair looking like a gleaming silvery futuristic version of the city, shining, smiling back at the main city from across the waters of the lake. Something about this picture, the view of the fair,

struck a cord in Blake's memory. ...

"Not right now..." Blake thought, having the feeling that someone would be back soon, and he didn't have time to stay here... but he let it happen, and let the memory fill his mind...as he fell back into...

...Shining waters, the sun beating down on them... and a silver city in the distance. They were sunning here during the day, after a swim in the great lake...Christina...or Jezebel had brought him to this spot to look out at the silver city of "The World's Fair".

He remembers when they were here, he didn't remember how many years ago, on the docks, in their bathing suits, swimming across the lake's bay, to the beach on the other side, Blake was a good swimmer and could easily swim from the docks over to the beach on Northerly Island, but she kept up with him, and bear him on their first swim race. Naturally, in retrospect, she was much smaller, slender, and leaner than his large, six foot plus, stocky, muscular build.

That summer would stay in Blake's memory as one of the best he ever had. He remembered the feel and the scent of the breeze on the water, and the sun reflecting as they sat on the docks.

After their swim, Blake pulled himself up onto the docks with his upper body, his red swim trunks had nearly come off. Christina smiled as she watched Blake pull himself up from the water. She said she loved watching his big muscles ripple when he swam and pulled himself up. He was like a big tiger, her big tiger, she said. Blake had scoffed and said that he wasn't like a cat, cats hated water, and he loved the water.

She said... "Ah, but Blake, tigers love the water..." ...and she was right.

She reclined on the dock, next to him, to dry off in the summer sun, in a red, one piece bathing suit which clung to her petite, yet voluptuous body. He couldn't take his eyes off of her, which was strange to him, because usually he had no interest in women's bodies. He had intimated this to her, that she was a rare exception, and she was the only one he ever told, before Mick, that he liked men.

Ever since he was a little boy he had always liked watching full grown, mature men, big men, in the summer, who were strong with big muscles and sometimes a little extra fluff on them, to go with all

the meat. He loved watching the men in their swim trunks, walk around the docks, the lake or at the pool wondering what was under their shorts, imaging them losing them in the water, pulling them off, along with his, imagining all the ways they would hold him and do things to him, and he would do things to them, burying his face in their naked crotches...thoughts he wouldn't understand until years later. He would have sworn, in his youth, that he saw a man, just like Mick, swimming in the lake, near the sunny shores, and laying out in his red swim trunks, on the dock. He had seen him while sneaking a smoke on a cigarette (a habit he had started early), in a secret spot near the docks and beach, in a ditch, swimming up to the docks and pulling himself out of the water, fixated, as if he had just seen a magnificent, strong and beautiful animal. He was mesmerized by the beastly man's muscles, his body large and brawny, beefy, and beastly, tanned, with huge arms legs, and chest and shoulders, with jet black hair and beard. The big man laid himself out on the dock, resting on his back on a towel. Blake had wanted to sneak up to him, as he hid under the dock, and pull off his swim trunks, and suck on his cock. It was the first time he had ever felt such and urge. He had seen men doing this before, being in places he shouldn't have been at his age, and imagined himself, sucking on this big strong man's dick, his balls full, and imagined him groaning like an animal at his touch, lifting up one of his big legs as he reached climax. In secret, in the ditch under the dock, Blake masturbated to this in his trunks for the first time. The memory of his first "crush" had always stuck with him, and that big man, more like a beast, had looked just like Mick. But it couldn't have been... Mick was his age...or was he?...The idea that Mick might have been the man he watched and masturbated to when he was young was an appealing idea...but quite impossible... In his adulthood he still found himself thinking of strong, big men, now resembling his type a little more, and the thought of him and other men wrestling in the waters of the lake, or the pool, taking off their trunks, and feeling each other's strength and muscles always did more for him in his fantasies than thoughts of being with a woman. He had always known he had wanted cock, he had a hunch his oral fixations with cigarettes had something to do with his secret desire, and the

feeling of laying down with other men...so why now was he attracted to this very feminine woman? Was he changing? He asked her this, after confiding in her.

"Well, I'm certainly flattered I'm your first woman," she had said on the docks next to him, "But no, I don't think your changing...I don't think we'll ever understand why we're attracted to people...but I think we fall in love with a person, and their soul...not their sex...I think many people surprise themselves in their life time."

"Heh, you can say that again," said Blake, reclining on his back next to her... "So...uh...you don't find it weird...that I like...um...other guys...?"

Christina looked at him for a moment, the sun reflecting in her beautiful eyes, even through her sunglasses... "Not at all...it's just a shame most people don't think the same way"

"Yeah...I agree..." said Blake...but couldn't think of anything else to say. His thoughts were now only fixed on her.

This was when Blake truly felt he knew she was the one. After revealing what for years he thought to be his deepest darkest secret, she wasn't surprised, or appalled, she didn't run from him, and that meant the world to Blake. He was so smitten by her, his first, and so far only female crush. Her smile, her hair, her body, her eyes, her personality, the sunglasses she wore. She was exactly the type of girl that would make him bend in a new direction, and fall in love with. The girl from his dreams... if only those dreams he had of her were as pleasant as his memories...as the memory of her face and smile began to fade like the rippling reflection of clouds on the water...why was he remembering this?...why?

Blake's current surroundings in the abandoned future house began to take shape once again, and he was suddenly aware, while still staring at the picture, of an overbearing sense of danger growing all around him. He wasn't alone anymore, someone was coming. He was about to turn to face the door when he saw, from the corner of his eye, a shadow move quickly across the empty lawn outside. Blake went to the window and peered carefully out through the blinds, which cast lines over the interior of the house. Nothing was there now, but he had seen... Blake turned suddenly... something was coming through the

door.

Blake went behind an alcove between the hallway and the kitchen and hid, waiting, as someone or something made their way through the open doorway, and into the house, shuffling along. Blake held his breath, turning off his flashlight, remembering that terrible creature he and Mick had encountered back in the alley. He heard the intruder looking around, picking things up...turning things over. They knew someone was here. Blake lifted his arm, holding his flashlight in his fist, waiting for the figure to come close, so he could bash them over the head and make a run for it. But the figure didn't come. They were still rummaging in a circle, in the main living space, as if looking for something in particular.

"Perhaps they were looking for their lunch... what an absurd thought," Blake thought to himself. Blake suddenly heard the music stop as the needle was carefully lifted from the record player, leaving the empty house dead quiet.

Blake heard the figure sniff. It reminded him of that creature in the alleyway. He heard the figure shuffle toward the hallway. This was it. Blake gripped his flashlight in his hand, he was ready to attack, then make his escape out the door. The figure began to pass into the hall, toward the kitchen. He saw a head, shadowed. This was it. With a roar Blake brought his arm down, with the flashlight, on the back of the figure's head, as hard as he could, knocking them almost to the ground. It was then he realized it wasn't the creature from outside, but a much smaller figure. A little man. They let out a yelp as they fell to the floor, then pulled out a gun, pointing it at Blake.

Blake's reflexes acted quicker than his mind or logic as he grabbed the figure's gun arm, and twisted it, making them drop the gun, Blake grabbed it off the floor before the figure could. The man tried to make a run for it, but Blake whipped around and went after him grabbing him by the shoulder and throwing him against the wall of the living room, breaking the glass picture frame of the world's fair cityscape. Blake then grabbed the man by the collar and lifted him up against the wall, pointing his own gun at him. Blake gritted his teeth, not letting the little man go as he squirmed

"P...please don't hurt me..." said the almost

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squeaky sounding voice. "N...no...not again."

Blake recognized this voice. He couldn't see the face, but the eyes seemed to glow and reflect like an animal's in the night. He pointed the flashlight at his face and was staring into the eyes and furry muzzle of the wimpy and sad looking hyena-man. The hyena-man winced, shutting his eyes.

"You?" asked Blake.

The hyena-man shivered then opened his eyes again, getting a clear look at Blake and sighed.

"Oh... oh.... you're... you're not him...that's good. Good... good... aha...." the hyena seems to try to laugh, but it cut out... as if he didn't know how.

"You were expecting someone?" asked Blake.

"Why...n...nnn...no..."

Blake gritted his teeth, he could tell the man...animal...hyena... thing... was lying. He tightened his grip on his collar.

"I...mmm...mean yes," said the hyena in a panicked voice. "A big guy. Bigger than you.... different hair...I mean fur color... big muzzle... big bushy tail... black fur...oh...what a horrible face...aha..." the weak suppressed laugh snuck out again.

"So this guy isn't a man?" asked Blake.

"Yes he is... I mean as much as you or I that is. A man... but also a monster. Glowing. Glowing eyes, man... like a pumpkin. Like a big Halloween pumpkin. Like looking at jack o' lantern."

"So... he has... a pumpkin head?" asks Blake, his mind still on that strange cartoon he has seen.

"What? No. This guy wasn't at all like that. He was more like wolf-man. Like a man but more like a wolf...big... big wolf... and black. With glowing Halloween eyes...I'll never forget those eyes, man..."

The hyena-man sounded almost out of his mind... then again he looked like an animal himself, so him describing a giant wolf wasn't all that farfetched. What worried Blake was his description. It sounded like...

"A Black Wolf you say?" asked Blake, "...with orange eyes?"

64 "Yeah...oh man, when he comes back I'm in

for it."

"What was his name?" asked Blake sounding demanding, pointing the flashlight in the hyena's eyes.

"P...please turn that thing off. It's bright... we might be seen. Something might...."

The hyena-man looked frightened, suddenly looking over at the window.

Blake complied with his wish and turned off the flashlight, leaving them both in the dark, with only dim orangey light from outside left.

"Answer my question," said Blake in a deep, threatening voice. "Did he say his name?"

"Nah, he didn't give a name... just Paw... p...p...Paw..." the hyena man shuddered... he almost seemed like he was going to wet himself.

"Paw?" asked Blake. "Where did you see this Paw?"

"Days ago. Me and my pals... we were loading the docks for Newman....we heard something. I was told to check it out. They always send me cause I'm so small... yeah... ya know. They make me do their... well anyway I went and that's when the... big... big paw grabbed me. Biggest I've ever seen... into the fog... and then I was looking into his face... those eyes.... that big wolf face...those teeth. Oh.. boy...I thought I was a goner for sure. Teeth...big teeth..."

Blake was putting things together in his mind, he didn't like where this was going.

"The docks, eh? What did he want?"

"He... he wanted to know a way inside. Needed an inside man to help him. I told him what he wanted to know. I thought I was a dead man. If the others find out, they'll kill me..."

"Inside the Blue Rose Hotel?" asked Blake

"M-hmm..." the hyena-man nodded his head, almost whimpering like a dog.

Blake released his grip on the hyena man's collar, his mind racing. It... it couldn't have been him... it just couldn't. That was only a hallucination after all. His eyes playing tricks on him... from the fumes. But the image Blake saw when he looked at Mick while on "Buru-Bara" had been the same each time... a big black wolf....with glowing orange eyes... Oh, please no, he thought. Blake suddenly came to from his thoughts and looked at the wall where he had been holding the hyena-man. He was gone.

Blake turned around to see the hyena-man,

Jezebel

only a foot away, trying to sneak out. Blake grabs him and the hyena-man falls face first into the stack of boxes, crashing into the glass table. Blake couldn't believe the grace of this guy. Blake picks the hyena-man up from the shattered glass, lifting him up by his collar again, leaning over to stare him in the face.

"One more question," says Blake, staring the hyena-man in the eyes. "Those murders at the docks last night. Do you know anything about them?"

The hyena-man looked more frightened than ever. He nodded.

Blake felt his stomach knot up. He didn't want to know, even to ask the question, but he had to.

"Was it him?" he asked

"Who?" asked the hyena.

"The Paw?" Blake suddenly yelled at him, getting angry, he didn't know where this was coming from. "The big black wolf? Did he kill them?"

"I... I don't know...I'm not sure..."

Blake gritted his teeth again, almost growling at him (why was he growling? Blake thought in the back of his mind), he tightened his grip on the hyena-man's collar.

"Heh...e...easy there, Tiger..." said the hyena-man, nervously. "No need to get angry... it's the truth, I swear."

Blake released his grip slightly. He lowers the hyena-man to the floor.

"He seems like he'd be capable of it..." the hyena-man continues, "...but I really don't know. Something did though. And whatever did.. it ate them..."

Blake looks intently at the hyena man again.

"Ate them?" asks Blake in disbelief.

"Y...yeah it was a horrible...horrible sight. But Mr. Newman doesn't want any of this getting out you see...he doesn't want people to be afraid of coming to his hotel...even when there's a killer on the loose. A man-eater...aha..." The hyena-man "laughed" again, Blake realized that this hyena-man's "laughs" were more like squeaks of fear. "So...Newman doesn't want this getting out...interesting...one more question...why are you helping this Paw? What's in it for you?"

"Are... are you kidding? Newman doesn't care about us... but we have to work for him... he

has things on us.. on everyone who works for him... so we can't leave him...doesn't care how many of us get killed... treats us like we're not human. The wolf-man... Paw says he wants to take Newman down... so I agreed. I was afraid I was going to die... but I'd die anyway... working for Newman..."

"You're not human are you?" says Blake, beginning to suspect that what he was seeing hasn't only been because of the "Buru-Bara".

"N...not any more or less than y...y... you, Tiger..."

For some reason this made Blake angry. It was the same nickname Christina had given him. But why this guy?

"That's another thing I'm not liking about you.." snarls Blake, lifting the hyena-man up off the floor again "why do you get off on calling me Tiger?"

The hyena-man looks at Blake like he's crazy, then looks around. "B...because... that's what you are.... isn't it?" asks the hyena-man.

Blake looks at him, confused, and for the first time in the dark takes notice of his own hands, that are gripping the hyena man's collar. They are big....bigger than he's used to seeing them, and very hairy... with sharp nails... claws.

No way...

Blake looks up immediately across the room, and catches his reflection in the angular mirror above the fireplace. There he sees, standing above the shivering hyena, a large inhuman figure, beastly, a great tiger on its hind legs, with glowing eyes, in his clothes, staring back at him from the mirror, barely visible in the dark, but enough for Blake to see what he is. The tiger's large muscles and striped orange fur ripping through his clothes, a tail coming out the back of his pants, his ears pointed and feline, teeth sharp as sabres.

Blake shuts his eyes quickly, and grunts. His own voice sounded more like a growl than anything. No.. this was all a hallucination, Blake thought. That Buru-Bara stuff was causing him to lose his mind. It was just like Mick said, he shouldn't have looked in the mirror.... but then what if Mick knew....?

Blake, shutting his eyes tight, drops the hyena-man to the floor, his knees landing against

Continued on page 100



Aussie Tradie





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or I've got Pump jockstrap in neon pink?"

"Um... I don't know if I'm the right person to ask..." mumbled Brad, turning the tap on his shower colder again, trying to keep his cock under control while his head was filled with images of Zach dancing on a bar in his underwear.

"The briefs are cute, but I know that my ass looks really good in the jock..." continued Zach. "Which do you think guys will be more into?"

"Maybe the briefs?" suggested Brad. "It's only your first shift, why not get a feel for how it all works before you reveal everything, so to speak"

"Yeah, I guess so..." nodded Zach. "That's good advice. Thanks, Uncle Brad..."

"Stop calling me Uncle!" exclaimed Brad.

Turning the shower off, Brad grabbed his towel and quickly dried himself off. Zach followed him back to the locker-room where Brad was getting his clothes on as fast as possible.

"Are you in a rush?" asked Zach.

"I've got to get back to class..." explained Brad. "Good luck with the trial shift at the bar tonight. Let me know how you get on."

Brad left the racquetball courts and headed back to school. He couldn't shake the images of Zach out of his head, Zach showering naked next to him, Zach soaping his body up, Zach talking about which underwear he'd look best in. Brad was so turned on by Zach that he was worried that he'd just suddenly snap and jump the kid. As he walked into the school buildings, Brad tried to discreetly adjust his hard cock, trapped uncomfortably in his tight briefs.

"Hey buddy, what's up?" asked Leroy, as Brad knocked lightly and entered Leroy's office.

"Hey, got a minute?" asked Brad, closing the door behind him. "Sure, everything okay?" asked Leroy.

"Yeah..." shrugged Brad. "It's just this whole Zach situation is doing my head in..."

"What do you mean?" asked Leroy. "Is he causing you problems?"

"Well, not really..." admitted Brad. "He hasn't done anything, to be honest. The problem is me."

"I don't get it..." replied Leroy. "What are you talking about?" "I'm just so fucking horny all the time!" exclaimed Brad. "I know that Zach is totally

off limits, but he's so damn sexy... I've just played racquetball with him..."

"Did he beat you at racquetball?" asked Leroy.

"That's not important right now..." dismissed Brad. "I was standing next to him in the showers after the match and I had to have the water on freezing cold just to try and keep my cock under control. It was all I could do to stop myself from grabbing him, pushing him up against the wall and slamming my cock into that sweet peach of an ass."

"You know that's against the rules of Big Brother Little Brother?" cautioned Leroy.

"I know!" exclaimed Brad. "That's why I was standing under a cold shower freezing my balls off!"

"Can't Blake help you out with all of this pent-up sexual energy?" suggested Leroy.

"Yeah, he does..." nodded Brad. "Our sex life has definitely improved since Zach moved in. But Blake isn't here right now, my cock is rock hard, and I'm about to go and try to teach a classroom full of 16-year-old boys!"

"What exactly would you like me to do?" asked Leroy.

"I need you to help me out, dude..." replied Brad, quietly. "Help you out?" repeated Leroy.

"Yeah..." nodded Brad. "You said that your offer was always on the table, right?"

"I thought that wasn't an option because you guys are monogamous?" asked Leroy.

"I can't worry about that, right now..." dismissed Brad. "If I don't get my rocks off right now, I'm going to fucking explode..."

"Don't sweat it, dude..." grinned Leroy, standing up and locking the door to his office and closing his blinds. "I'm here for you... Whatever you need, I'm here for you..."

As Leroy moved closer to Brad, their bodies suddenly crunched together, almost as if they were magnets, drawn together by the heat between them. Their mouths connected, their lips mashed together, Leroy could feel Brad's hunger, the urgency, the pent-up need for release. Their tongues wrestled as their hands explored each others' bodies.

"We don't have much time..." cautioned Leroy. "You want me to fuck you?"

"No way, man..." growled Brad. "I need to

fuck you... I've been fantasising about that kid's tight ass non-stop, I need to sink my cock into your man-cunt..."

"Fuck yeah..." growled Leroy, taking his jacket off and hanging over the back of a chair. Leroy grabbed a tub of cocoa butter from one of his drawers and put it on the desk next to Brad. Leroy undid his belt and let his trousers fall to his ankles before bending forwards over his desk and offering his ass to Brad.

"I really appreciate this, dude..." acknowledged Brad, sliding Leroy's tight white briefs down, exposing his smooth black ass. "I'm not doing you any favours..." grinned Leroy. "I've been begging for your cock for months. Make sure you use plenty of lube, it's been a while since I've had anyone as big as you slamming their cock into me."

Brad pulled down the zip on his trousers and freed his already hard and aching cock, slapping it a couple of times on Leroy's ass before scooping out a generous dollop of cocoa butter and smearing it over his cock head and shaft. Brad scooped out some more cocoa butter and roughly jammed his fingers into Leroy's fuck-hole.

"Ungh..." grunted Leroy, as Brad used his thick fingers to quickly loosen his buddy up. "Jesus, dude. Is this what you call foreplay?"

"Like you said, we don't have a lot of time..." shrugged Brad. "Today it's a quick pump and dump. I'll give you all the foreplay that you need next time..."

"Next time?" replied Leroy. "There's going to be a next time?" "Ready?" asked Brad.

"Ungh..." grunted Leroy, as Brad began pushing his cock forward. "Oh, fuck... Easy, man... Easy..."

"So fucking tight..." growled Brad, forcefully driving his cock forward, holding Leroy firmly by the hips.

"I told you to put plenty of lube on that thick cock..." grunted Leroy, trying to relax his body, trying to accommodate inch after inch that Brad was pushing inside him.

"There... you got it all now, dude..." growled Brad, pausing for a moment with his entire cock embedded in his buddy's man-cunt.

"Fuck... yeah..." grunted Leroy, using his ass muscles to begin to slowly work backwards and forwards on Brad's thick cock. "Feels so

Can I Call You Uncle?

fucking good..."

"You ready for this?" growled Brad.

"Yeah..." nodded Leroy. "Fuck yeah... Give it to me... Tear that fucking ass up..."

Brad loosened his tie a little, took a firm grip on Leroy's hips, and then began to pull his cock back and then push forward, pulling back and pushing forward. Each time he pulled back, Brad would withdraw his cock a little further, and each time he pushed forward he would drive his cock harder and deeper into Leroy's fuck-hole.

"Oh, fuck yeah..." grunted Leroy. "That's a big fucking cock... Fuck... Give it to me... Fuck yeah..."

"Jesus, man... Feels so fucking good..." growled Brad. "Fucking prime piece of man-cunt... Taking it... taking my cock..."

The force of their fucking was rocking Leroy's desk backwards and forwards, drawers were sliding open and slamming shut as Brad pounded his cock in and out of Leroy's greased-up man-cunt. Brad was so horned-up that in no time he could feel the cum beginning to boil up inside him.

"Fuck... Dude... I'm getting close..." warned Brad, realising that he wouldn't be able to last much longer, that he was reaching the point of no return.

"Yeah... Give it to me..." urged Leroy. "Give me that fucking load..."

"Ungh! Fuck! Ungh!" Brad arched his back and drove his cock as deep as possible inside Leroy as he cum began to flow. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!"

As the intensity of his orgasm began to slowly subside, Brad continued sliding his cock in and out of Leroy's cum-filled man-cunt. Leroy turned his head back over his shoulder and arched his back to bring their mouths together in a deep, passionate kiss.

"Did you cum?" asked Brad.

"All over the test papers that I'm supposed to be marking..." grinned Leroy. "But it was worth it."

"Thanks, dude..." smiled Brad. "You've got no idea how much I needed that..."

"Actually, I think I felt exactly how much you needed that..." grinned Leroy. "I felt every fucking

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Mushtaq

Images by DeeJ











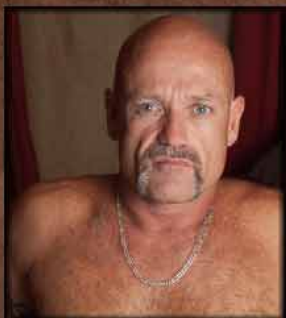






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inch of how much you needed that.”

Chapter 7

“Hey buddy, how’s things?” asked Zach, walking into the bar to start getting ready for his shift.

“Hey Zach...” grinned Steve. “Good to see that you’ve come back for more - not everyone does.”

“I guess I like the attention...” winked Zach, opening his locker and beginning to sort through his bag.

“You’ve got to be a bit of an exhibitionist to dance in a place like this...” agreed Steve.

One-eyed Jack’s was the bar that Zach had been given a trial shift at as a go-go dancer. Having performed fairly well, the manager of the bar had put him on the roster of dancers and he was beginning to pick up shifts on a regular basis. He liked the energy of the club, all the guys were pretty friendly, and the customers were happy to show their appreciation with some generous tips.

“Do you think I should wear the briefs or this jockstrap?” asked Zach, holding up his choices so that Steve could give an opinion.

“Your ass is going to look great in that jockstrap...” shrugged Steve. “I’m going to have to stick to a pair of briefs tonight though, after the pounding I took at the gym this afternoon if I wore a jockstrap I’d be giving the punters a real eye-full of my puffy and cummy fuck-hole. Although, I guess quite a lot of them would really like that...”

“Who were you fucking today?” asked Zach, starting to strip off out of his t-shirt and jeans as they began getting ready to go out on stage.

“It was that muscle-daddy at the gym again...” explained Steve. “He’s fucking ruined me this time, he’s stretched and pounded my cunt so hard I’m not sure it’s ever going to be the same again...”

“Just the way you like it...” winked Zach.

“Exactly...” grinned Steve. “He’s probably old enough to be my father, but there’s something about him that just really turns me on...”

“Maybe that’s exactly what turns you on?” suggested Zach. “That he’s about the same age as your father.”

“Oh, totally...” nodded Steve. “I’ve always loved a bit of daddy dick.”

“Dude, you should see the guys that I’m living with at the moment...” said Zach. “They’re my ultimate daddy dick dream team...”

“They’re a couple?” asked Steve. “That could be fun?”

“Yeah, but they’re monogamous...” explained Zach. “They’ve got some sort of agreement and they’re not allowed to have sex with anyone else.”

“Bummer...” acknowledged Steve.

“I know, right?” laughed Zach. “I’ve taken it as a bit of a personal challenge, to see if I can get them to break their rules. I just wear my underwear around the house, and I always make a point of bumping into them in the bathroom. But so far they’re giving me nothing.”

“Maybe they’re just not that into you?” suggested Steve.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” laughed Zach. “Touch all of this! How could anyone not be into what I’m serving? It’s driving me a bit crazy, to be honest. I’m so horned-up I’m ready to fuck pretty much anyone...”

“I’d offer to introduce you to my muscle-daddy at the gym, but to be honest I’m not ready to share him...” shrugged Steve. “I can still feel his cum inside me... he really tore my cunt up today.”

“Let me have a look?” asked Zach. “At my ruined cunt?” replied Steve.

“Yeah...” nodded Zach. “Let me see how your muscle-daddy has used you...”

Steve stepped out of his shorts, raised one foot onto the wooden bench and bent forward, arching his back to present his freshly-fucked hole for Zach’s inspection.

“How’s it look?” asked Steve. “Ruined...” grinned Zach. “Seriously?” asked Steve.

“It looks awesome, dude...” admired Zach, gently tracing his fingers across Steve’s smooth ass. “It’s all puffy and loose... You can tell that it’s really had a work-out... Let me just check something...”

“Oh... Fuck yeah...” moaned Steve, as he felt the warmth of Zach’s mouth making contact with his ravaged fuck-hole. Zach was eagerly licking and slurping and biting and chewing on Steve’s freshly-fucked cunt.

“Dude, I can taste his cum...” mumbled Zach, his face still buried between Steve’s muscular ass

cheeks.

"Really?" moaned Steve, grinding his ass back against Zach's face, encouraging his tongue to push deeper inside.

"Uh huh..." nodded Zach. "So much fucking cum... A big load of daddy-cum seeded deep..."

As Zach continued to chew and slurp on Steve's cum-sloppy boy-cunt, the bar manager came back-stage to check that all of the dancers on the roster had shown up to work.

"That's enough, boys..." growled the bar manager, interrupting the growing heat between Steve and Zach. "Save it for the paying customers. They're all out there looking for a reason to spend some money, get up on that stage and put your asses to work."

Chapter 8

Blake was set up in his studio for a photoshoot, Zach was finally going to pose for some pictures - the two of them had been talking about it for a few days.

"Hey, Blake, how's things?" asked Zach, sticking his head around the door of the studio. "Are you ready for me?"

"Wow, you're all smiles for getting in so late last night..." grinned Blake. "Or should I say this morning?"

"No lectures, Uncle - if you work hard then you get to play hard..." winked Zach. "I hooked up with one of my co-worker's from the bar. I'd never really been that into him, but he told me a hot story of this daddy he hooked up with at the gym, so he got me all juiced up."

"Really?" replied Blake, trying to keep his cool. "Sounds interesting. Are you going to share the details?" Blake was hoping that this was just a coincidence, but his heart was racing and he was feeling guilty about his under-the-radar hook-ups with Steve.

"Well, his name is Steve..." began Zach, more than happy to share the details. He was showing me his wrecked hole, he said that this daddy really tore him up good in the locker-room at the gym..."

"Steve..." repeated Blake, almost talking to himself.

"He propped his leg up on the bench so I

could get a good look at it..." continued Zach, not registering Blake's discomfort. "When I saw all of that daddy jizz just leaking from his wrecked cunt, I couldn't help myself - I went in to taste it and then I started eating Steve's cum-sloppy fuck-hole out. That daddy jizz tasted so good!"

"You ate the cum from his cunt?" repeated Blake.

"Totally..." grinned Zach. "I would have fucked him right there, added my cum to the daddy-load he was already carrying, but we got caught by the manager of the bar, so we had to hook up after we finished our shift..."

"Stop right there!" growled Blake. Zach looked at Blake blankly, unsure what was going on. Blake grabbed Zach and pulled him close, their bodies crunching together, their mouths instantly connecting in a deep, long, sensual kiss.

It was like the sexual floodgates opened. Zach grabbed hold of Blake and buried his tongue in his mouth.

"I've been waiting for this since I moved in with you hot daddies..." moaned Zach, as he pawed all over Blake's muscled body.

"My daddy-load tastes pretty good in Steve's ass, does it?" growled Blake, chewing on Zach's ear.

"Holy shit!" exclaimed Zach. "You're the hot daddy?"

"Yes, boy, that was my seed that you slurped out of that slut's wrecked cunt, and your ass is next..." growled Blake. "Start sucking my cock to get it ready for your hot little fuck-hole."

Zach couldn't wait to get his mouth over Blake's huge cock. He slurped it down as best he could. Blake grabbed Zach's head, and face fucked his boy good.

"Get to work on those balls, boy!" instructed Blake.

"Yes, Daddy!" mumbled Zach, his mouth full of Blake's hard cock.

"Ah fuck, boy, I'm going to wreck your cunt like I did your buddy Steve..." snarled Blake, grabbing Zach and bending him over the sofa, giving the boy's bubble butt a firm smack, leaving a nice red handprint on Zach's ass. Blake spread Zach's ass cheeks apart and buried his face in his sweet puckered boy-hole.

"Damn, boy, you taste good!" growled Blake, as he buried his face again in Zach's ass.

“Oh fuck, daddy, that feels so fucking hot!” gasped Zach. “You ready for daddy’s cock, boy?” grunted Blake.

“Yes, daddy...” nodded Zach, wiggling his hungry ass towards Blake.

Blake grabbed a big glob of lube from a tube in one of his desk drawers, lubed his cock up, placed his huge purple cock-head at the opening of Zach’s fuck-hole. He could see Zach’s boy hole puckered with anticipation, finally going to get that daddy cock that it had been craving. Blake placed his hands on Zach’s shoulders and slammed his lubed cock in with one thrust.

“Whoa! Oh shit! Damn!” grunted Zach. “Fuck me, daddy!” “Good boy...” grunted Blake, slamming his cock in and out of Zach with intensity. Sweat rolled down Blake’s hairy chest, mixing with the lube being shoved into Zach’s ass.

With his cock still embedded in the boy’s fuck-hole, Blake picked Zach up and walked them both over to his desk, clearing it off with a brush of his hand before laying Zach down on his back, and then resuming his punishing fuck-down. Zach wrapped his legs around Blake’s body as Blake ran his big hands all over Zach’s chest, Zach moaned louder as Blake pinched his nipples and worked them over good. Blake wrapped his strong arms around Zach and lifted him up off the desk, bouncing Zach up and down on his cock.

“Can I cum, Daddy?” Zach begged, unable to take much more of the pleasure that Blake’s thick cock was giving him.

“Yes, boy...” growled Blake. Show Daddy what you got, because you’re about to be bred good...”

“Aw fuck yeah!” grunted Zach, arching his back as he blew a huge load of cum all over his sweat-covered chest. After Blake saw the load Zach had sprayed all over his chest, he was ready to breed the boy’s ass.

“Get ready, you little fucker...” growled Blake. “You’re going to get a big load of daddy-seed - just like your brother did!”

Zach’s ass was flooded with daddy seed as Blake deposited load after load.

“Aw, take all of Daddy’s seed, you fucking slut!” Blake yelled.

Blake put Zach back on the desk, he got down and lapped up a big load on his tongue from the cum dripping out of Zach’s ass. Blake then

crawled on top of Zach and dropped the cum into Zach’s mouth.

“There, now you’re my boy...” growled Blake.

“Mmm...” was all Zach could mutter, as he lay there next to his daddy, exhausted.

To be continued...

About Coyote Tales

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

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.

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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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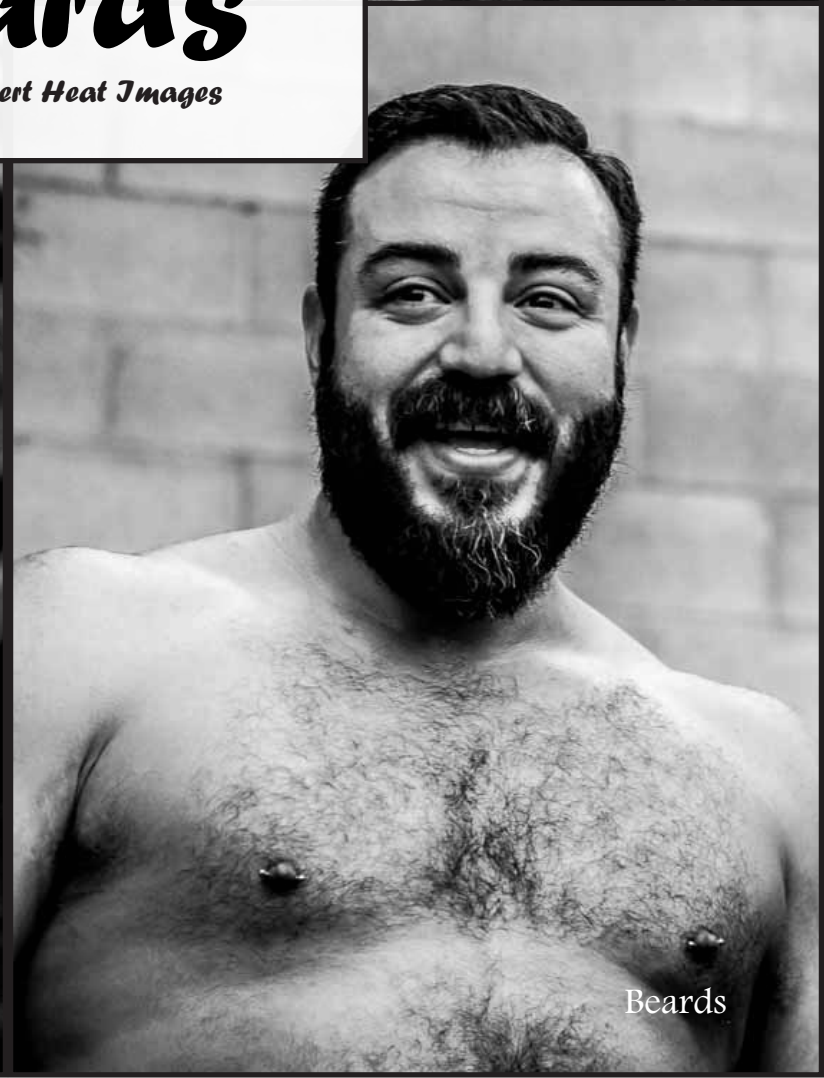
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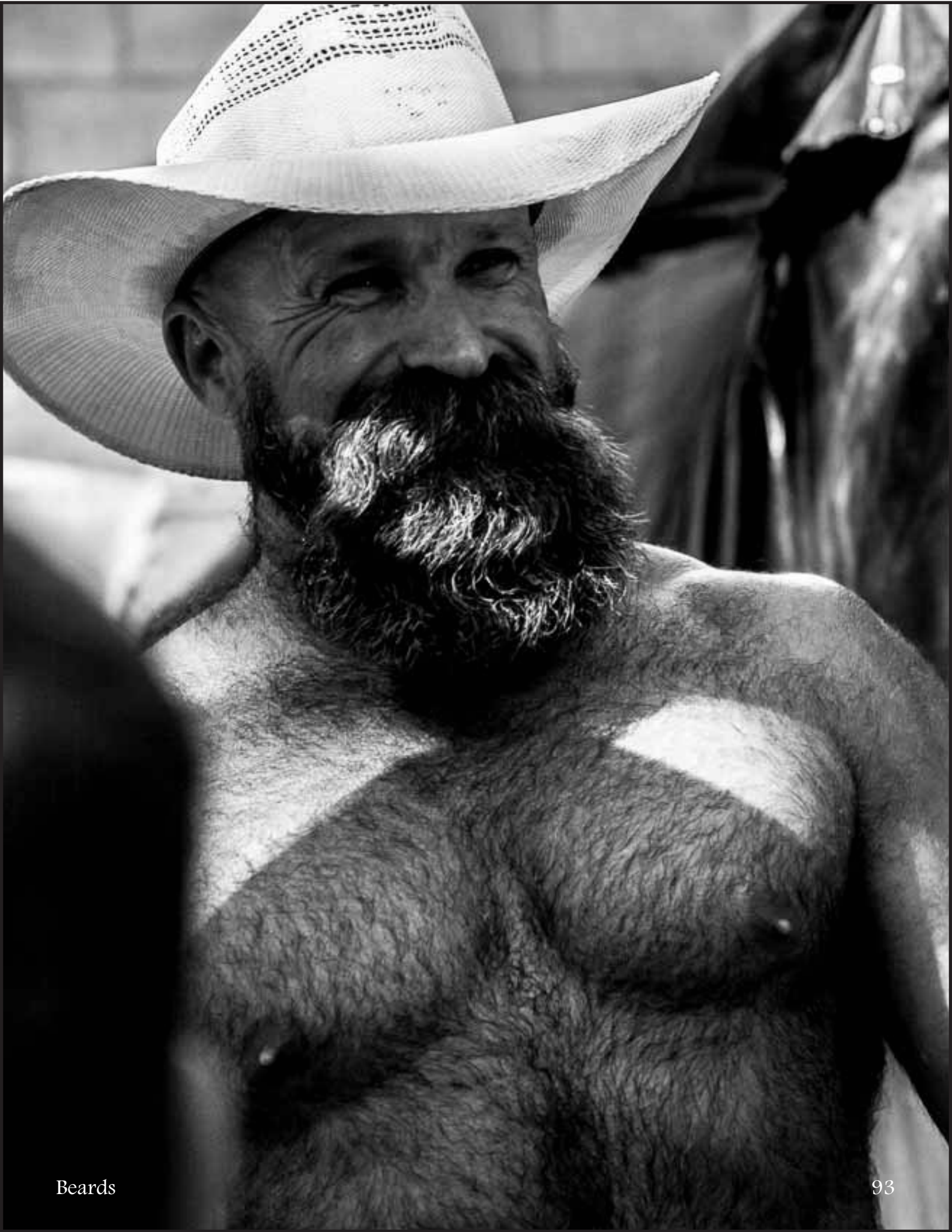
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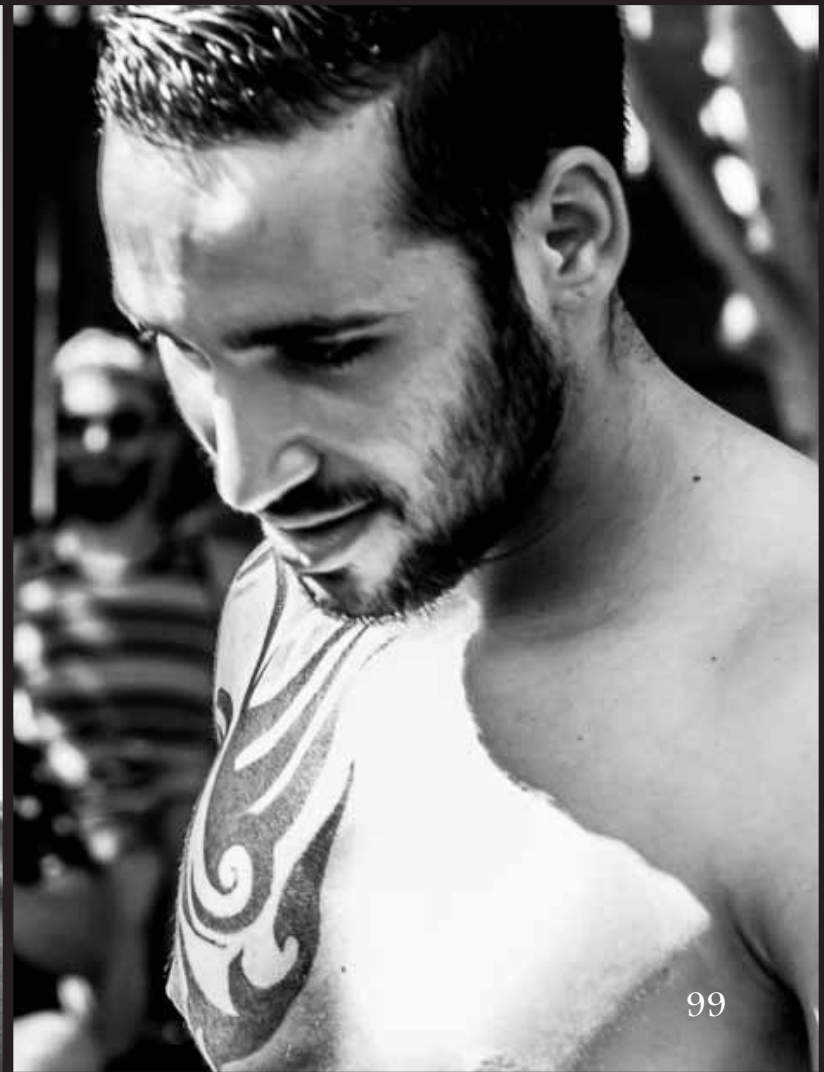












the broken glass. The hyena-man lets out a sharp whimper of pain.

... A strong wind suddenly blew against the house outside, but hidden in the sound of the wind was another sound...an eerie howl. Blake suddenly opened his eyes, hearing the strange howl, a shiver going down his spine. The hyena-man looked in the same direction...looking more frightened than ever, his nose twitching. Blake turns to the open window, where the wind caused the blinds to swing back and forth. The howl almost sounded like a terrible laughter, which made Blake grow cold. It was a terrible sound.

Blake looked back at the hyena-man

“What is that?” asked Blake, his intimidating voice breaking. But the hyena-man said nothing and just stared silently, looking frozen with fear, his eyes almost dead looking. This look unnerved Blake and he looked away, back out the window where the sound was coming from. He walked closer to it.

While Blake is distracted, the hyena man slowly gets to his feet, grabbing a pink lamp from a small glass table next to the sofa. As Blake silently listens for the noise again, the hyena man hits him over the back of the head with the lamp, causing Blake to fall to the ground, face first.

The hyena man takes off, Blake knocked out, and runs toward the doorway. As the hyena man tries to make his escape he stops in his tracks. The doorway isn't empty. There, towering above, in the doorway, staring down at him, is an enormous, anthropomorphic, jet black wolf, with glowing orange eyes, strong, muscular, and broad as an ancient statue. Like a tall living shadow. The hyena man lets out a whimper or fear as the shadow of the wolf covers him, and seizes him, pulling him out the door.

Blake wakes up on the floor amidst shattered glass and porcelain. He must have only blacked out for a moment or two. He gets up steadily from the floor, grunting, a pain in the back of his neck. Blake puts his hand on the back of his neck, and stretches as he rises off the floor, brushing pieces of shattered lamp off his shoulders and coat. He feels the back of his head and neck for blood, but there's doesn't even seem to be a

mark.

“That damned hyena...” thinks Blake. “...just wait until I get my hands on him...”.

Blake cracks his neck, then looks, nervously over to the mirror over the fireplace. To his relief he looks... human.... just the same as he always did. Blake lets out a sigh of relief, then looks around. The whole place had gone deathly silent. The wind howled through the windows and empty doorway. Blake looked to the doorway and saw that something had changed. He walks to the door, picking up the hyena man's fallen gun on the way. Blake examines the doorframe. There appeared to be gashes in it. Fresh claw marks in the sides of the frame and on the door itself. There was also something embedded in the ground outside.

Blake turns his flashlight on and points it to the ground. There were tracks in the dirt outside the house. Not human tracks, but large paw prints, bigger than any animal's he had ever seen. Blake suddenly remembered the wet prints in the hallway of Mick's apartment building. Blake took a breath and headed outside, into the windy night.

Blake exited the house, the wind making his hair and trench coat billow, his flashlight pointed at the tracks, and gun ready as he followed the tracks around to the back of the house. The tracks stopped suddenly near a patch of overgrowth near a brick wall. Blake looked around for any signs of life but there was nothing but dead silence, and the howl of wind. He turned off his flashlight.

Blake was ready to turn back, when he noticed something on the wall...

Blake approached the wall on the right side of the house, the same one he had seen when he had first entered the grounds. There was something on it. It was the same sign as before... but there was something different about it now... something had changed. Blake could not tell what it was in the dark, it looked cluttered and illegible. Blake flicks on his flashlight once again and shines it on the wall. The same sign as before was there:

“SCIENCE FINDS, INDUSTRY APPLIES,
MAN ADAPTS”

...but scribbled, crudely across the engraving on the wall, in rust red paint, that almost looked like dried blood was the foreign word:

“GILA”.

Blake stares at the defaced wall, blankly for a moment, trying to decipher what it could mean, when he catches sight of a patch of blue, growing near the base of the wall. Blake shines his flashlight down to the ground at the bottom of the wall. Upon closer inspection he finds it is a patch of blue roses, growing wild, vining up the wall. Blake can't believe his eyes. There was something else on the ground, not too far from the roses, as well, protruding upward from the ground, but Blake was too captivated by the roses to notice. He goes over to inspect them, their smell intoxicating, and their beauty alluring. He never thought such a thing existed. Blake feels a need, against his logic, to touch one of them, to make sure it was real, but his instincts were screaming in protest. Blake felt drawn to the roses, as much as he had been drawn to the blue mist back in the hotel's club, and his mind felt fogged, helpless to their charm. But Blake fought it, and his hand stopped, just as he was about to touch their petals.

“Blake! Don't!” came Mick's voice from behind. “Don't touch them!”

Blake immediately recoils from the flowers, and backs away, as Mick comes in to view.

“Blake, man, you okay?” asks Mick, frantically.

“Yeah,” says Blake in confusion.

“I lost you there for awhile,” says Mick catching his breath. “What happened.”

“Sorry, pal, I thought I heard something coming from this house, and went to go investigate... why were you yelling?”

“You didn't let it touch your skin, did ya?” asks Mick.

“No... why?” asks Blake.

Mick huffs, and points his flashlight next to the patch of blue roses. There, on the ground, next to the roses were a scattering of bleach white bones. Human bones. Several skulls, femurs, but there didn't appear to be any hands or feet, but there was a rib-cage that looked so stretched out it looked like it had been ripped open, as if something, when this person was still alive, had ripped open its chest, to get to their heart.

“Jesus,” exclaims Blake. “What the hell could have done that?”

Mick doesn't answer, but goes over to the Jezebel

wall where the blue roses are growing and squats down, examining them. Mick puts on a glove and picks one of the flowers from the vining bush. He examines the flower in his gloved hand for a moment, and crushes one of the petals between his fingers, a blue smear forming. Mick puts the flower he picked carefully into his trench coat pocket.

“I had my suspicions about this place,” says Mick, “But I know now.”

“Know what?” asks Blake, wanting Mick to give him some answers.

“This site,” says Mick, standing up and turning toward Blake, “Where the world's fair was built, where the Blue Rose Hotel stands now, it's... .” then Mick went silent. “..Wait a minute...” He looks around, behind him at the building, and across the lake, at the horizon of the city...only... “Blake?” asks Mick... “Do you see the city?”

Blake turns to where Mick is facing, across Lake Michigan, where the skyline of Chicago was...except...there was no city.

“Mick...what's happened to...?” Blake starts to ask.

Mick stands quiet for a moment, piecing things together, then looks terrified, realizing where he is.

“We have to get out of here. We have to go back now,” says Mick.

Before Blake can respond, a terrible noise fills the chilly night air. A bone-chilling scream came from the other side of the island, ripping through the night, followed by a cackling howl.



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